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Dedication

To those Ex-Service Men who are now attending our High School we dedicate this number of The Olympus

LITERARY

Half a Minute.

Western Union Tel. Co.

To Jack Dual, Hyde Park.

"Will be there."

Dad.

That had been all. Just three words. Seemingly commonplace and yet to one who knew Dual senior, and realized his greatest ambition, they spoke volumes. They held all of the joy of life's fondest hopes realized—hopes which he had thought would never be fulfilled—to see Jack, his youngest son, wear the purple and gold of Washington as he and his other two sons had. They held all of the pride—rejuvenated pride—of a father who gives his college his last football son.
"Will be there." The three words flamed in Jack Dual's feverish brain, as he sat there among the substitutes. Across the muddy sky of sleet and rain, shadowy, mingled with the game—the words wavered.

Dual squirmed uneasily and tried to blot out the vision. "Will be there." Why couldn't he think of something else? Why did the words keep torturing him? He wanted to scream—to leap into the air, yelling, waving his arms, anything to break the nerve-racking suspense—and he could only sit there, tense, motionless. It was maddening.

He could picture the trio, sitting up there in the grandstand. With Dad, happy, laughing, and contented, in the middle and Bob, with one arm on his father's shoulder, on one side and Dick on the other.

"Who ever would have thought it?" Bob was saying.

"Why I didn't know the kid had ever turned out for football!"

"Neither did I," laughed Dick. "Why I always thought the Kid had a streak of yellow. You know how the other kids used to beat him up at school and how we always had to jump in and take his part. The worst of it was that he wouldn't fight back."

"We've all done the kid an injustice," the father agreed.

"Anyone that can win a place among the first string players on the Varsity, hasn't got a speck of yellow in him. You can wager on that."

Dual nervously kicked the bench and felt a shoe string snap but he did not attempt to tie it. "Will be there?"—They would expect him to play sensationaly. His father, in his day had been all-northwest full back. Bob had won undying fame for his fearlessness. Dick had captained the team and played brilliant football. And he, Dual, was only a substitute. It was possible that he wouldn't get the opportunity to play at all and perhaps it would be for the best if such were the case. What could he do against those brawny California men?

Dual was losing his self control. His high tension spirit, tortured by the suspense, tormented by the thought that his people would expect almost superhuman efforts from him, was at the snapping point. Seemingly the whole world was in a state of excitement and chaos.

He glared almost apprehensively around. There was "Happy!" Collins, grinning in defiance at a wrenched knee and begging Donnivan to let him play. He was "alright—almost," the last as he made a futile effort to stand. And over there was "Plunge!" Parker—silent, grim, moody—with one arm broken—warning physicians to let him alone or he would "mop up the earth with them." He wanted to see the game.

And there, leaping up and down, shouting, pleading, cursing the team to greater efforts, was Donnivan, Varsity coach and ex-half back.

"Water's, get your man," he was screaming. "That's it—Good boy—look out Preston—get him Jones—Say, what's the matter with that line?—are you yellow? Then hold, hold, HOLD."

He halted an instant to regain his breath. From the continual shouting, his face had turned purple and his voice sounded harsh and hollow.

"Speed up there," he yelled. "Oh, Trenton, you're rotten. Why, a two-year-old could have hit harder than you did. Pep up. Come on boys—please—Don't you know that if we win this game we've got the championship? Just one little touchdown will give us the lead. Parker hasn't missed a goal this season. You're not best. That touchdown they got was a fluke. They can't make another one. Get that man, Jones. Say, what do you think this is, a tea party? Why didn't you hit him—hard."

Again he stopped for want of breath. Then an instant later. "Who the devil is laid out—now—Great Caesar—no it can't be—yes it is—it's Billings. Have to put another sub. in. That makes the whole backfield, except Conn, second string men. Aw, Rats!"

"You'll go in at left half, Dual, and remember kid—fight, fight, FIGHT. The team is up against odds—big odds. California hasn't lost a man and we've lost five of our best. They are getting discouraged, kid. It's awful out there—mud, mud, mud and rain and sleet and freezing weather."

He was silent a moment as he pulled the heavy sweater over Dual's head then his voice rasped forth harshly, again.

"But we're going to win. D'yu get that? We're going to win. We'll get that touchdown and goal kick. But you've got to fight, fight, FIGHT."

"What's the matter, kid? Broken shoe string. Kelly, tell the referee to give us half a minute more."

Dual almost thanked Providence for that trifling incident which gave him even this brief space of time. Half a minute more to think—thirty seconds more of grace; half a minute to decide.
He bent over to pull out the severed strands but his hands trembled so violently that he could hardly accomplish his purpose. His face was ghastly, his red, feverish eyes, glared wildly at nothing and his lips trembled and twitched in a paroxysm of terror.

A myriad of fears, wild orgies and impossible imaginations filled his brain for a few seconds. Then he became calmer, almost resigned to his fate.

He could see it all clearly now. Fate or Providence had intended that he should be a coward. He had no choice in the matter. Hadn't this already been proven? Hadn't he been humiliated all his life because of this cowardice?

His brothers knew of his cowardice. Perhaps, even now they were telling each other that he, Dual, couldn't change—that he would show fear, in the crucial game. His father, too, probably thought the same, but was too kindly to express such an opinion.

Dual recalled the final instructions Bob had given him before he left for college. "Make a try for the paper, kid. It doesn't need back-bone to write." And Jack had dropped his eyes so that his brother could not see the pain the words caused.

Dick, his other brother, had been more lenient. "I'm sorry, Jack," he said, regretfully, "that you won't have a letter to place up there on the wall. We're awful proud of those emblems—Dad and Bob and I—but we hoped there could be one more to place there."

Jack had run from the room, biting his lips till they bled, blinking his eyes to keep back the tears and talking incoherently to himself.

Bat Helen had caused him the greatest pain. Helen—the brown-eyed girl that lived across the street, who could dance so gracefully and converse so interestingly. Her laugh was always quick and sincere; her sympathetic nature eager to cheer, and her interest in everyone and everything genuine.

She had known Jack less than a month and knew very little of him. Only by a chance remark, and not intentionally, had she opened the old wound.

"'When you win your letter in football, Jack, she said demurely, 'I want to place it up there on the wall, myself, right by your father's and brother's.'"

At college he had turned out secretly and during his freshman year had studied and practiced the principles of football intensely. He went to libraries and carefully gathered all the information that he could procure. He had long talks with Donnivan. He made diagrams of each play and worked out every possibility of the art of offense and defense with minute exactness.

By intense application to his study, he began to "know" football. He learned the exact moment to dive to effect a tackle; he learned the art of running thru a broken field, straight-arming, sidestepping, twisting, and dodging to avoid a tackler. He invented the "delayed step," a clever little step that often prevented the opponent from effecting a tackle.

So absorbed was he in the study of the game that he forgot his fear and made brilliant gains that won him a place as substitute on the Varsity. He was the lightest and fastest man Washington had ever claimed.

Assured by the coach that he would have an opportunity to play on Saturday for a short time at least, he wired home: "Will play in game with California."

His thoughts were interrupted by a low roll of drums, gathering in sound until it crashed in a thunder over Denny Field. And following with almost equal volume came the Washington yell.

"Do you hear that?" Donnivan demanded. "They're cheering. They're giving the old Varsity yell. They're telling California that they're going to win yet. Ready, kid? Then give 'em some of the old brand of ball that Jim or Bob or Dick would give 'em. Fight—Fight—Fight!"

Dual, rising to his feet looked toward the grandstand and saw the mass of people; saw the waving pennants and heard the yells and cheers from the enthusiastic Washingtonians and, did he imagine it, or could he really detect a girl's voice among them—Helens? Then, turning, he darted out on the field as if pursued by fear itself.

The last quarter had just begun and the score still remained six to naught.

"Fight, fight, fight," he thought. Dual repeated the words, thru trembling lips, as he lined up at left half. Fight—fight—fight!

"Fight, fight, fight." Over and over he hissed the words thru clenched teeth. He would think of nothing else. "Fight, fight, fight."
Once he was conscious of a sharp pain in his side, but he quickly leaped to his feet muttering, “Fight, fight, fight.”

He heard cheering as if from a distance. A long incessant clamor that held only one name—“Dual.” They must mean Bob or Dick or Dad. But what did it matter. “Fight, fight, fight.”

Vaguely, he realized that the goal posts were nearer and that with every play he carried it still nearer. But he must think only of “fight, fight, fight.”

Half a minute to play—74-81-2. It was Dual’s number. Again he plunged forward, straight-arming, side-stepping, avoiding tacklers by almost superhuman effort. On and on, he went, wondering why he wasn’t tackled. Nearer and nearer the goal. Two strides more and—his mind went blank.

When he regained consciousness, some minutes later, a girl was stroking his forehead—a pretty girl with brown eyes who was breathing “Jack,” and there was a new note in her voice, a note of admiration.

A physician stood hovering over him. Dual wondered what a doctor was doing there. And there was Bob and Dick and each seemed to be afflicted with a severe cold, for each was using his handkerchief. Then he remembered.

“Let me up,” he pleaded. “We’ve only got a few minutes more to play.”

“The game is over,” Bob said huskily, “you made that last touchdown just as the whistle blew and we won by seven to six. And Jack, we will all be proud to have the letter of a man who played twelve minutes with three broken ribs, placed beside ours on the wall.”

H. L. ’20.

A Fiction Burglar.

Harold was hiding in a college magazine when I spied him and dragged him forth, pompomore, horn-rimmed glasses, pinched-back coat and all. He protested violently. “I don’t want to be in your old story,” he cried angrily. “The last time you made me wear a skull cap and yell “raw, raw, raw,” till I nearly lost my voice along with my patience.”

“Now, listen, Harold,” I tried to reassure him, “I know you’ve had a pretty raw deal in most of my stories so far. You’ve been ducked in the lake, tossed up in a blanket, run over by an automobile and a score of other things. But this time it will be different.”

“Eludeate,” Harold said suspiciously. “And it it’s anything like those other stunts, I’m going on a strike. And say for Pete’s sake let we wear some other colored tie besides a green one. And these purple socks are getting out of style. Can’t you change them?”

“Impossible,” I told him kindly. “They are the sine qua non of the College character.

“Aw, shucks. This story is going to be just like all the others. I can see that. I’ll have to plod around the dormitory with a bunch of yaps and laugh my fool head off when some idiot springs one of Adam’s original jokes. Is that the verdict?”

“No,” I protested, “this time you are going to burglar.”

“Aaw, nix,” he argued. “As a burg, I’m as promising as a Vag is for the presidency. And I don’t want to soil my trousers. A fellow is apt to get all dirt climbing thru windows and running across roof tops.”

“And,” I went on, ignoring his objections, “you’re going to become acquainted with a beautiful girl—”

“Enough,” cried Harold. “I’m thru. The last time I was in a story with a Jane she took up the whole two thousand words with her chatter and all I did was to carry around her satchel and look out for her poodle dog.”

“But this is ab-so-lutely different, Harold,” I insisted. “In the first place, Marjory is not like the average girl.”

“I should hope not,” Harold said fervently. “That last
dame you put me opposite to was awful. Say, I bought her just fourteen boxes of chocolates in that tale and she ate the whole works before the two thousand words was up."

"Well, Marjory doesn't care particularly for chocolates," I reassured him. "She is a sensible girl and a thinker. She spends more time studying and perfecting her education than in the frivolities of life."

"I'm glad of that," Harold observed. "That other girl didn't care about anything except dances and suppers. I was always broke. And say, do I have to get down on my knees and spout that "I love you" dope. That sure gets my angora."

"Well," I remarked, "maybe you would like to in this case. Marjory is a very pretty girl."

"Aw, rats," Harold said in disgust. "Whenever I am in a story with a pretty girl, there is always about a dozen rivals hanging around, and usually she gets the big head before the final kiss and after we get yoked, it's more like a life sentence than happiness. After that she's forever telling me about the handsome men she could have had."

"Well, Marjory has lots of admirers," I said, "although she gives them little attention. She seems to care more for her books than compliments and festivities. Don't you think you are a bit egotistical to take it for granted that she will like you at all."

"Hope she don't. Then this story will come to a speedy close and I can go over to Jim's and shoot a game of pool."

"You won't say that when you see her," I told him. "Everybody is crazy about her."

"Well, we'll see. Who else is in this story."

"A bunch of college chaps—Bill Jones, Fred Loomis and Wenton Smity."

"Aw, shucks. And I suppose I've got to get out the banjo and add my voice to the general discord as we gather in Jones' room. Don't you suppose a fellow gets tired of that stuff."

"You won't have to in this story. "All you have to do is to get into an argument with them and finally make a wager."

"A bet?"

"Yes. You bet Smity $50 that you can successfully burglarize a house."

"I'm game. I'll bet four-bits I can do it, too—after the way that burglar worked in your last story. 'Terrible Phil!' you called him and the boob was about as ferocious as a newlywed to his mother-in-law."

"Enough," I snapped. "Now get busy and climb up those ivy vines to that window."

"But I'll get poisoned."

"No, you won't. This is fiction. And don't take all night or I'll have a fiction cop stroll over this way."

Wherewith Harold climbed up the side of the house and broke into the story proper.

"It's nice to be a fiction burglar," he thought as he moved stealthily about. "I didn't have to carry this gat and dark lantern around. When I needed them the writer placed them right in my hands. But this business it awfully uncertain. You can't tell what an author will make you do. He's liable to make you croak a guy and get sent to the pen for the rest of your life or maybe fall from a window. Gee, I'm glad it's only four stories to the ground. Great Caesar's ghost, it gives a fellow the creeps to roam around in the dark. Say, maybe that writer will have a real burglar hidden some place who will jump out and choke the life out of me. Well, I hope he doesn't soil my collar. That's the only one I've got to wear to the Freshman dance. What was that? Gee, I wish I wasn't so far in this story. I'd back out. But I'm in about a thousand words now. Sounded like somebody coughing or maybe gasping. Wow! I never felt so queer since that wild cat chased me down the mountains. There is a gleam of light showing thru the crack of that door. I'll bet the hole in a doughnut that there is a mystery in this house."

Cautiously Harold moved nearer. Now there was only four words that prevented him from seeing in to the adjoining room. He bent over and peered thru the keyhole.

"Holy petrified tadpoles," ejaculated Harold. "A girl—and sitting up at this time of night to write. Well, I'll say she's different. But isn't she a beauty though. Look at that mass of golden hair and those features—they're perfect. I could study her all night. Gee, I hope that author don't spoil the story by making her talk like a college professor. In that other tale the girl was about as interesting to talk to as a sardine. Wish I had asked the writer if I was going to win her. Wonder what's next."

"Put your hands up," said a cool voice behind him.

Harold obeyed, mumbling incoherently.

"Now open the door and go in."

"I'm Marjory's dad. Caught you pretty niftily, didn't I. That burglar alarm worked fine."
Who is this?” asked the girl as the pair entered.

“I'm Harold, the typical college chap,” Harold explained.

“In the last story I had poor but honest parents, but this time I am blessed with wealth. Dad is Junius B. Great, the railroad magnate.”

“I never heard of a railroad magnate's son engaging in burglary,” said her father skeptically.

“Oh, shucks! I only did it on a bet.”

“What he says is true father,” corrected the Vision.

“I've seen his picture in the papers lots of times.”

“I have a notion to call in a cop,” said her father, still skeptical.

“No one would like the story if you did,” Harold said, triumphantly. “And now for a snappy O. Henry ending to this tale. Dearest, I love you. Will you marry me?”

“Yes, Harold,” she whispered.

Ex-Service Men We Have With Us.

Last year there was a department in this magazine called “Under the Colors.” Most of the men mentioned in it have returned, but so far as known, only five of these ex-service men are at present attending high school. They are as follows: John S. Rowe, Fletcher Fishback, Howard Strock, William Strock, and Virgil Otis.

The itinerary of these men covers the Pacific Coast, parts of the United States, England, France and Germany.

The brief service records of these men stand as follows:

John S. Rowe: Enlisted at Camp Lewis on September 12, 1917, in the 116 Engineers, 41st division, and had the distinction of being the youngest member from this county, and the youngest member in his regiment. He first went to Camp Greene and then to Camp Mills and from there sailed for France on November 26, 1917. He landed at St. Nazaire and was transferred to the 1st Engineers, 1st Division. The First Division went to the front on January 19, 1918, to take over a part of Toul sector. Thence he went to Montdidier to help capture Contigny, thence to Soissons, next to Pont-a-Morison, next in St. Mihiel drive, from there to Verdun, thence to the Argonne, thence to Sedan, when the armistice was signed. Here he waited for two days, then started for Germany. He landed in Germany 20 kilos north of the Rhine. Mr. Rowe stayed in Germany for eight months and then on August 21st, 1919, left Germany for home.

Fletcher Fishback: Enlisted on April 9, 1917, in the 8th company, Washington Coast Artillery Corps. He was not called out till July 25th following, when he went to Tacoma and remained there a short time. He then went, on August 1st, to Port Flager, where he remained until he went to Seattle, on June 13th, 1918, and went to New York. He arrived in New York on June 20, did M. P. duty until July 13, and then sailed for Liverpool in a convoy of 13 ships and landed in Liverpool after a voyage of 13 days. From Liverpool he went by rail to Ramsay, thence marched fifteen miles overland and re-em-
barked for France, where he landed at La Havre. From here he traveled for two days and nights in a Francia box car (8 horses or fifty men), to Aixe-Sure-Vinne, where he stayed a month and received his education as to special duties. He set forth now for Loectomy, where he remained for two weeks, or until the armistice was signed. He then spent two weeks at Consac, and then five weeks at St. Maure. When he started for home, marched thru Bordeaux, and entrained on the American train for Marseilles. From here he sailed on the Italian S. S. Cessina, stopped for three days at Gibraltar, landed at New York within twenty-one days, and was discharged at Camp Lewis on April 21st, 1919.

Howard H. Stroock: Enlisted on May 20, 1917. Immediately went to Fort Lawton and was sworn in. Then went to Fort Russel and was taken into Troop "F", 25th Cavalry, and then transferred to Battalion "C", 53rd Field Artillery. In February, 1918, the regiment went to Camp Fremont, and in July, on account of sickness, he was transferred to Company "L", 8th Infantry. In October he left for New York, on October 28 he sailed for France, and landed at Brest on November 7. He made several minor moves in France, but saw no action on account of the signing of the armistice. In the following July he went to Coblenz and then to Trier. He was transferred to Company "I", 25th Infantry, for transportation to the states, landed at New York on September 4th, and was discharged at Camp Lewis on September 28, 1919.

William Stroock: Enlisted at Olympia on March 13, 1919, and was sworn in at Fort Lawton on April 1, 1917. On April 17, he went to Fort McDowell and twelve days later left for San Diego via the S. S. Governor. He stayed in San Diego for a month, and then left for the target range at Imperial Beach. On July 13, he returned to San Diego and two days later was assigned to "D" Company, 21st Infantry. He left on March 2, 1918, for Imperial Beach and remained there until April 29th, following, when he left for Wilmington, California, to do ship guard duty. He left Wilmington for Camp Kearney on August 31st, and on September 8 was transferred to "D" Company, 21st Infantry. On February 12, 1919, he was re-transferred to "D" Company, 21st Infantry, and a week later left for Vancouver Barracks. On March 5th he went to Fort Wright, Washington, and left there for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on May 1st. Here he was at once assigned to the 1st Company, United States Disciplinary Barracks Guard. He was discharged at Fort Leavenworth on September 16, 1919, and returned home at once.

Virgil Otis: On August 12, 1918, enlisted as a sailor, and spent six weeks in training. He went several times to sea, made trips around Vancouver Island, and one to Portland. In October he shipped on a sixty-five hundred ton merchant which was carrying supplies to France, but left the ship at San Francisco. He remained at Frisco until October 21st, when he enlisted in the artillery with a view of reaching France sooner, but was not sworn in as the armistice was signed. Otis remained in Frisco until December, and returned to Olympia two days before Christmas, 1918.

—A. C. W. '20.
On a Surveying Trip.

On a bright and sunny morning of June (however the absence of the sun might be noted), a party of youthful civil engineers to be set forth from this beautiful metropolis, to explore and make safe for democracy the wilds and wastes of a vast region heretofore unknown, and undreamed of by human beings. With this one object in mind these brave, heroic, and self-sacrificing engineers sailed forth, many never to return, with a grim determination to conquer all for the accomplishment of civilization.

Arriving at Hoquiam that afternoon the party amused themselves as best they could with the aid of a jitney dance, carnival and show. Getting to bed early (in the morning) was a habit with them so they immediately made themselves at home and also created havoc in its wildest forms. After making the curtain-pole look like a snake and a few other minor activities one member contributed a fitting selection to close the program entitled “If you don’t give me half the bed, I’ll tear the sheets”—orchestra play. Another event which was out of order because the program had ceased, but was interesting, was the marvelous contortions of the voice box, called by some as singing, but call it what you like it was the most pleasing and marvelous sound ever created by mankind and continued to be throughout the whole trip.

Leaving Hoquiam next day we arrived in Moclips, the coming city of the West, that railroad center where you change for all points of the compass and some that aren’t, and remained there for another day to recuperate and prepare for our wonderful trip into the wilds. A distance of nine miles was traveled to Taholo on the Quinault River, which was found to be the next to last place where signs of civilization were to be noted. The last place was at Queets on the Queets River, sixteen miles farther on. This sixteen miles was perhaps the hardest that any of us had ever experienced. Twelve miles of it was traversed on the beach thru a driving rain and a 60-mile head wind. At that I believe I had rather do my hiking on the beach for it is preferable to swim in rain and sea than mud. All this was done on one sandwich and a cookie.

Arriving at Queets that night the party was in such ex-
An Indian Dream.

In the midst of the tombstones of the old deserted Indian graveyard up in the Black Hills, by a gnarled oak tree the small form of Tommy Ferguson shook with heart-breaking sobs. Huddled in his favorite refuge from the attacks of the world, he leaned against the tree and the rock inscribed "Chief Chasook", the resting place of Tommy's favorite Indian hero. Tommy was probably the most miserable he had been at any time of his ten years. On Thursday, only two days off, Thanksgiving was to be celebrated in all the cottages in the hills but that of Tommy. His mother, who had been deserted by her husband years ago, with her two other boys younger than Tommy, worked harder and harder each day, but funds for a glorious Thanksgiving dinner were simply not forthcoming.

Tommy's sobs died away and his head dropped to his breast. But immediately was jerked up at the amazing sight standing before him. A huge savage Indian, painted with many colors and terrible with his array of scalps around his belt was beaming on him. Without a word he came up to the rock and moved it. Then pointing to a hole in the ground he stooped and withdrew his hand filled with gold pieces, which he gave to Tommy. Again Tommy's head dropped and when he looked up the Indian was gone, but there was the money. As proof with a joyful shout Tommy leaped to his feet and ran home, but without seeing the dark figure behind the tree.

Who knows but what Tommy's father had suffered some pangs of conscience?

—M. O. '20.

O! What's the Use?

Two weeks before, three weeks before
Olympus I comes out,
The Editor slams you on the back,
And yells with manly shout,
"Hey! Useless, got them Olympus notes
All written up!" says he.
"Not yet," say you, "I'll have 'em to
By 3:15, that's me."

Well 3:15 comes poking up,
The Editor close behind,
And asks again with spicous eyes
The surplus of your mind.
"O! Bunk! I plumb forgot," says you.
"O! Bunk! of course," says he.
"This fistie right of mine means death."
"By nine o'clock. That's me."

Next morn and every other morn,
The Editor rares in sight.
With outstretched hand, a askin' for
Them notes you didn't write.
And then he takes to cussin'.
I sure was shocked one day,
To hear the awful language one
Will learn while on survey.

When cuss words fail and threats fall flat,
The Editor's up a stump.
He figures how he'll have to use
His own big knowledge bump.
But first he makes one more grand try,
His eyes chock full of pain,
With many a noble gesture wild
He 'deavors to explain

How his old paper can't be did
Without them special notes;
(And how department editors
Plumb got their upper goat).
Of course you feel some cheap and punk
To think that after all,
A thing like notes you didn’t write
Should make poor Editor bawl.

So out of pity and compassion
For them elevated goats,
When next old dear comes raring up,
You scribble off them notes.
So fast and furious do you write,
You don’t know what you say,
So in the end he has to write
Them over anyway.

—O. K. '20.

AUTUMN’S QUEEN.

This little tree clothed in Autumn’s most beautiful dress,
looks like a queen amid the rest of the green and yellow shrubbery. As we do not know the name of this tree I will call her Autumn’s Queen.”
The tall slender trunk seems wrapped in a soft, furry coat of drab color. Then higher up, the branches are of a silvery green, so limber that they droop gracefully with the dazzling yellow leaves. Some of the leaves’ edges have begun to curl and turn a dull brown. The under side of the leaves are lined with a peaceful grey wool, the red from the top shining thru.

—V. G. '21.
In presenting the initial issue of the Olympus for this school year we are pleased to acknowledge a feeling of pride in the personnel of our faculty and student body. While we have not as yet had time to sound the general opinion as regards the different school activities and school work in general, we believe and hope that there is a determination to really accomplish something this year, and to display more life and school spirit than heretofore. Always following in the wake of a great war there is a necessity for revision and reconstruction of the affairs of state and social conditions in general; and it is only natural that our educational system and student spirit should likewise be affected.

It is our school paper about which we are most concerned at present. Any school publication is the subject of critical eyes, and properly so, and for that reason we want your suggestions and help in making the Olympus a truly representative magazine. This appeal is addressed to the members of the faculty as well as the students. We want especially to make clear that the columns of this magazine are not limited to a favorite few but everyone is urged to contribute. Even if we cannot print your contribution it will be appreciated, as our labors will be considerably lightened if we do not find it necessary to make a personal appeal for each bit of material necessary to the make-up. Remember that the Olympus should and must, in order to be a decided success, represent all the students of the Olympia High School.

In carefully estimating the cost of publication it was found necessary to increase the price of the Olympus subscription from seventy-five cents to one dollar for the school year. There is no profiteering in this figure; in fact, it is absolutely necessary if we are to “break even” this year. So if there are not as many cuts or stories as you would like remember that there is a financial side to the question. In speaking of the business side of our publication we take occasion to express our gratitude at the generous support given to our advertising section.

As this is the football number we are especially interested in the team and our new athletic coach, Mr. L. P. Brown. He has produced a scrappy bunch and in spite of a crushing defeat in the second game of the season they showed a fighting spirit and football ability in the next game that was not to be denied.

The football season will close in a short time, but the basketball season will be starting soon. The way we supported the football team was far from satisfactory, but we will have an excellent opportunity to show our “pep” in the basket ball season. If we have any school spirit at all it will show in the way we boost our teams and there is no reason why we shouldn’t have record-breaking crowds of rooters at the basket ball games played in Olympia this season. There is no question but that we need a few snappier yells and a snappier way to give them. However, if the students will display some life and pep in the way they boost the team, yells will surely be provided. And we are certainly not going to let a visiting crowd show us up again in our method of giving yells.

The cover design is the work of two artists, Dorothy Rose and Allen White. Dorothy Rose drew the figure and Allen White did the lettering.

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**OUR CAFETERIA.**

Fish, duck soup, lamb, cocktails and about forty other delicious dishes comprise the bill of fare in our cafeteria. The High School has a regular cafeteria now and a large portion of the students patronize it. The food is excellent and the prices are very moderate. Well-known authorities say that the pie is “just like mother used to make” and on a cold day we find that a bowl of soup sure tastes fine. The success of this cafeteria cannot be determined as yet but its fine start is due largely to the efforts of Mrs. Otis. It seems pretty well assured that it will become a permanent institution in the High School.
FOOTBALL.

When Coach Leland P. Brown issued the call for football candidates during the first week of school, a turn-out of almost 40 boys responded the following night. Most of the material was green, only five letter men returning, but all the candidates worked faithfully, and a very creditable preliminary showing was made.

The first test of the season came when the High School bunch lined up against a strong team representing the Olympia Alumni. This game was more in the nature of a try out for Coach Brown's gang, as most of them had never played in a real game before. From a spectator's standpoint, the battle was rather ragged, the old timers romping off with the big end of a 9 to 0 score. However, the High School eleven showed promise of developing into a real foot-ball team before they entered the November finals.

The first real tussle of the season was pulled off a week later, when Olympia Hi bucked up against a similar aggregation from Montesano. Coach Brown's protégés entered the fracas with a fighting spirit that was not to be denied, and came home with the bacon, 26 to 7. The ball was kept in

Montesano's territory practically all the time, their only score being made via the air route.

The following week the O. H. S. warriors journeyed to a quiet, inoffensive looking little place by the name of Chehalis, with excellent intentions of repeating the past week's performance. The result of this game came very nearly knocking Olympia's football prospects into a cocked hat. Olympia displayed a decided lack of training, and the fighting punch that won the game a week before was missing. The massacre finally ended, with Chehalis on top of a 29 to 0 score.

The week following the Chehalis game, Olympia met Hoquiam on the local field. A great change was apparent in the home crowd, and they upset all dope and sprung the surprise of the season by holding the strong, down-harbor team to a 6 to 6 tie. The local boys outplayed Hoquiam from every standpoint, forcing them to punt repeatedly in order to keep the ball out of their own territory.

One of the best and most exciting games of football ever seen on the local field was staged the Saturday following the Hoquiam game, when the much touted Centralia eleven arrived for their annual mixup with the wearers of the blue and white. It was a battle royal from the blow of the whistle, both teams playing stellar foot ball, but during the last few minutes of play, with the Lewis county aggregation leading by 2 points, the Olympia boys completed a brilliant series of forward passes, that ended in a touchdown, and just before the final whistle blew, scored another one on straight football, thus copping the honors, 28 to 16.

Olympia's big chance to get revenge for the first Chehalis game came the next week when the speedy Chehalis squad came for a return game on our grounds. Both teams fought doggedly from the blow of the whistle, and for the first half the honors were pretty evenly divided. It was not until the second half that Coach Brown's squad hit their stride. Then they battered their way up the field for a touch-down, but failed to kick goal. This left the score 7-6 in favor of Chehalis, and so it remained until the end of the game. However, in the last quarter Olympia had the ball a yard from Chehalis' goal but lost it on downs.

The following week the Olympia bunch journeyed to Hoquiam and played another hard-luck game. The battle was waged under the most unfavorable circumstances imaginable; but the mud and rain failed to daunt the Olympia warriors,
and they made a whirlwind start taking the ball down to the Hoquiam goal in three minutes only to lose it on a fumble. The boys played great ball but Hoquiam scored in the second quarter—the only tally in the game. When the mud-drenched battlers finally ceased their struggle, the score was 6 to 0 in favor of Hoquiam.

There still remain two games to be played before the season ends. Auburn and Puyallup are to be met and (we hope) conquered. The men who have been playing regularly on the first team so far this year are as follows: Lyman, center; LaChance and Otis, guards; Aspinwall and Fishback, tackles; Kisor and Lindsay, ends; Calvert, captain, quarter; Morford and Tyler, halves, and Williams, full. The following men have also appeared in the first team line up: Robertson, Schrader, Ames, Peasley, Wilder and W. Strock.

The second team, which has been doing excellent work under the leadership of Howard Strock, is composed of the following men: McKinney, Hudson, Koenig, Berlin, Ashwell, Bullock, Clark, H. Strock, Liebo, M. Mills, Johnson, and G. Mills. This team has been ably coached by Pierre Oulette, and has developed into a hard hitting bunch of pig skin chasers. They recently defeated Shelton 10 to 0, but lost to the speedy St Martin's Midgets, 21 to 0. They have several more games in prospect.

LITTLE WILLY.

Little Willy from the mirror
Licked the mercury all off
As he shot, in childish error,
It would cure the whooping-cough.

At the funeral Willy's mother
Sadly said to Mrs. Brown:
"'Twas a chilly day for Willy
When the mercury went down."

O. K.
Young. On the other hand we are glad to welcome Wynne Bragdon, Fletcher Fishback, Carol Peters, Martha Juvenal, Henry Bacon and Harry Lounsbery.

 Clarke, Harold Norrie, Harvey Frye and John Jennings. The spirit of the games is of the best and we are sure it will continue to be so.

 A hearty welcome is extended to all members of our class who have enrolled since the beginning of the year, and we trust that your associations with us will prove mutually beneficial.

 At various class meetings the following offices were elected: Ronald Wilder, president; Sibyl Chambers, vice president; Madonna Webb, secretary and treasurer, and Morris Lamborn, yell leader.

 We are proud of our football players who have done excellent work so far, and we shall not forget to back them. The Junior Class is represented on the first team by Channing Aspinwall, John Lyman, Willmot Morford, Ralph Lindsay and William Strock, with Lyle Peasley and Howard Strock as substitutes. On the second team by Clare Dickenson, Robert

 IN MEMORY
 OF
 DOROTHY JOSEPHINE OTIS
 Born October 1, 1904.
 Drowned August 22, 1919.

 Yes, we're Sophomores this year, although it seems a few have forgotten that important fact, as "Freshman" was used in the yell at the first yell practice and the Freshmen tell us that we're only Freshmen one year old. Just ask a sophomore boy what it feels like to have your hand on the cane. He'll tell you.

 We have to admit the loss of the tie-up this year (there were three Freshmen to every Sophomore tied). But then we can sympathize with the Sophomores of last year.

 We are proud possessors of Theo La Chance, formerly of
Dupont High, who holds the position of left guard on the first team, and Albert Schroder, Joseph Koenig, Bob Clarke and Harold Liebe, who all hold positions on the second team. We have some boys on the field even if we didn't win in the season ticket contest.

We are fortunate in obtaining the following officers for this year. They are: Stanley Knox, president; Genevieve Robinson, vice president; Marion Harman, secretary; Maxine Jeffers, girls' treasurer; Harold Liebe, boys' treasurer. And just listen to us yell with Carl Gertch leading us.

****

FRESHMEN

Buzz! Buzz! Bumblebee! Freshmen! Freshmen! 23.
(repeat)

Some pep to our class. There are two hundred of us and we are the largest class that ever entered the Olympia High School. In a class meeting a short time ago the following officers were elected: President, Wilson Tyler; Vice President, Harold Chambers; Secretary and Treasurer, Miriam Elwell; Sergeant at Arms, Ward Hempfing; Yell Leader, “Bally” Miles. Helen Lord, Virginia Kuhns and Tracy Ditmars comprised the committee which chose the colors, yell and motto.

Although we lost the cane-rush by a close margin, we retaliated and showed our superiority over the Sophs in the tie-up by defeating them decisively.

An unusual amount of spirit was shown in the ticket contest, when the Freshmen came in a close second, the Seniors winning with a higher percentage.

We also shine in foot ball. Six or seven of our members being on the second team, and Williams on the first team. Harvey Berlin is a substitute on the High School team.

So from early indications, our class is apt to make some of the upper classes hustle if they intend to keep ahead of us this year.

****

JACKSON HENRY.

Jackson Henry was a nigger—
Face as black as is the night,
He got Cs and Ds in Hist'yr
In all others he was bright.

But when Henry got his 'port card
He received an awful fright,
When he saw an A for Hist'yr
That his black face turned pure white.

F. A.
dred Bateson; Levy Smith and Harold Nelson really lead the orchestra by carrying the melody on the violins. A second melody is necessary, of course, to blend harmoniously with the first and this is carried by Ruth Hong, Stanley Knox, Pearl Smith, Pauline Blanich and Robert Johnson. Willabelle Hoage handles a “fiddle” twice her size and handles it well. George Gunstone and Harold Roberston (Ex-officio) handle their “east iron” saxophones, while Harold Horton and Carroll Peters manipulate “oily-valved” cornets. Alfred Brower and Delbert Ruehry, both newcomers, puff on long “hard rubber pipes” (clarinets) and Elmon Christopher, as usual, wields the “chopsticks” and “boom—ERANG!”

In order to develop our best talent, those who have been with the orchestra several years, a second orchestra has been organized. It is of stringed instruments alone and only an advanced class of music is played.

THE GLEE CLUB.

Heavenly strains from the auditorium on Glee Club nights. You’d be surprised to know that a mere girl had a voice at all. Miss Rogers leads the class from the piano the same as she leads the boys glee club. Here is the real stuff. When a collection of deep rich basses and baritones combine harmoniously with clear ringing tenors then you have real music. Just go down in the basement on boys glee club morning and you’ll hear something worthwhile.
On September 26th we held our first musical assembly. The student body was led in vociferous vocal attempts by Mr. Issacs, a well-known "community sing" leader. He aroused us to enthusiasm unequalled, along musical lines.

Then we had our first football assembly. Much "pep" came forth, both from the speakers and the audience. Following the speeches, the ticket contest was staged; the Seniors won.

After that for one week the Hi students who were suffering from the dancing disease kept the Kuhn orchestra going, while they "struggled" in the Gym at noons. Until—well, until word came to desist.

Next a football assembly was called for the purpose of urging the students to attend the rally and the first game of the season with Montesano.

On Tuesday, October 20th, the Olympus contest was launched with lots of spirit—in an assembly. The Seniors won the contest which allows them the privilege of putting a picture of their highly intellectual visages in the Olympus, as an in-
of the sixth and seventh grades who three times a week walk boldly into the department, and each taking his pet piece of work begins to work industriously. Each class has a foreman, sweepers and tool men so that everything is taken care of in good systematic order. Oscar Bullock who is in charge of these classes asserts that some of these little fellows have actually learned to plane a piece of wood on all sides without making it look like a freak French curve when finished, this being quite an accomplishment for one who has donned his apron for the first time.

Next let us look at the Freshmen and Sophomore classes upon whose faces streaks of intelligence have begun to shine. Mr. Gregory is in charge of the Freshman and Mr. Liddell takes care of the Sophomores. In both of these classes unusual ability is being shown for so early in the year. In October it could readily be seen that some beautiful pieces of furniture would be completed by the end of the year.

Some estimate of the cost of furnishing this department can be realized when we tell you that our new electric emery wheel cost one hundred iron men. This is a mere detail and the cost of furnishing this department is more than any other. The students are taking advantage as shown by the the third year class of sheet and metal work. This class is by far the most successful of all, at least in the eyes of the Juniors and Seniors. Over one hundred berries worth of equipment for the forge shop has been ordered and the course in the treatment of iron will start next semester.

Mr. Liddell who is in charge of the class says that his twenty pupils could soon tear the foundations from the most solid of schools if they were turned loose for a period's time. But wait till next semester and then come down and take a look at us. The village blacksmith and his chestnut tree will shrink into utter insignificance.

The Home Economics classes have opened this year under the able instruction of Misses Grube, Bolton and Losee. Miss Bolton succeeds Miss Troy, who is now teaching in the Home Economics Department of the State College at Pullman.

A few improvements have been made in the laboratories this year, among them the addition of two dozen very attractive sewing chairs which add much to the appearance of the sewing room, as well as comfort and convenience of the girls in the classes.

A commodious new supply table for the kitchen is being built and before long, furnishings for the dining room will complete the equipment needed to make the entire department ready for every phase of its work.

The Freshman girls have sewing the first semester, so quite a number of them are finding this a good opportunity for making part of their gymnasium costumes. The first semester of the Second year work is devoted to cooking. This year the girls canned considerable food for home use, as well as for the school.

Twenty-three quarts of canned fruit, six dozen glasses of jelly and conserve, and six quarts of pickles were made for their homes.

Classes in Hygiene for girls were organized this fall, and are being conducted by Miss Grube. The classes meet once a week and the course extends thru one semester. The work is required of Freshman girls.
ALUMNI NOTES

MARSHALL MILLION
Drowned July 29, 1919.

Since the war the necessity of higher education is being recognized and we are proud to say that many of the alumni of O. H. S. are attending colleges and universities.

Those attending the U. of W. are Francis Lamborn, Elizabeth McElroy, Evelyn Chambers, Verna Nelson, Don Faulkner, Lloyd Van Eaton, Ernest Barnes, John Koening, Harold Troy and Hubert Overton.

Joe Rowe ’12 is attending the University of Washington this year as a freshman.

Mildred Mumbly is attending the University of Oregon.

Phylis Fitz Henry is going to Wheaten College in Massachusetts.

Ted Naden is attending Cornell.

Allen Gunstone is attending Pullman.

Those affiliated with sororities and fraternities are: Francis Lamborn and Elizabeth McElroy, Gamma Phi Beta; Mildred Mumbly-Delta Gamma; Joe Rowe, Delta Delta Delta; Don Faulkner and Hubert Overton, Theta Delta Chi; Harold Troy, Phi Delta Theta, and Lloyd Van Eaton, Lambda Chi Alpha.

Those employed in or near this city and making much money are: Walter Brazel, Charlie Lyman, Lecon Aller, Levy Johnson, Henry Bolender, Nora Hollingsworth, Katherine Peters, Mary Jane Sams, Hazel Dent, Gladys Holecomb, Bernice Ely, Nancy Wilson, and Genevieve Rabeck.

Grace Kenny is attending Wilson Business College in Seattle and Dorothy Meath is employed by her father there.

Florence Clark, graduate and former teacher in the Olympia High School is now employed in the Olympia National Bank.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to the fact that this is the first issue of the Olympus, exchanges have been few, and of those few but one is in magazine form, the "Tahoma," from the Stadium High of Tacoma. The others are weekly papers from Spokane- Yakima, Seattle, Oakville, and Portland, Ore. The idea of weeklies in the larger schools as a means of keeping the student body posted on school activities is excellent.

"Tahoma"—Stadium High, Tacoma—Your literary department is good. However, it will have to hold its space against the advances of your advertising manager. Would suggest a censor for your magazine.

"The Lewis and Clark Journal," Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane—Superior to all papers received. Your editors certainly know the business.

"The Wigwam," Yakima High School, Yakima—Very well organized, with lots of school spirit.

"Totem," Lincoln High, Seattle—A comprehensive paper. A little more system in the presentation of your material would improve it. Your "In Other Schools" column is interesting.

"Our Hot Stuff," Oakville High School, Oakville—Good paper for a school of your size. The appearance of your paper would be improved if advertisements were not put on the front page.

"Reed College Quest," Reed College, Portland, Ore.—Evidently your school has life. Your news is well presented, but a paper of smaller size could handle it.
A FEW OF THE BOYS

Adorable Artie's Artful Ability.
Bashful Buddy's Bonneking Brains.
Cutie Charlie's Carefree Capers.
Dashing Donald's Deplorable Doings.
Essential Elmon's Effective Eyes.
Fiddling Fishback's Fantastical Fancies.
Highbrow Henry's Hicky Headgear.
Jealous Jenkins' Jumping Jimminies.
Kicking Kotick's Kunning Kisses.
Languid Lyman's Lustrous Lamps.
Mournful Morford's Mammoth Map.
Naughty Norrey's Nutty Notions.
Pretty Peggie's Provoking Preciseness.
Rash Reuben's Rushing Restlessness.
Simple Stroock's Shivering Shimmy.
Toughey Tyler's Trembling Tribulations.
Vivacious Virgil's Violent Vamping.
Wistful Waldo's Winning Ways.

—O. H. '21.

SOME PHRASES WE HAVE HEARD

Mr. Breckner: "I have a few announcements to make."
Mr. Gerwick: "That will expedite matters considerably."
Mr. R. R. Brown: "O-o-o-h, is that so—w-w-e-l-l."
Miss Hooper: "R-r-r-o-l-l you-r-r-r-r-r-o-f-f."  
Miss Kronshnoble: "Your advance assignment is on the board."
Mr. Loomis: "Please bear that in mind."
Mr. L. F. Brown: "So it behooves you to prepare carefully."
Mr. Liddell: "Not so loud, boys!"
Mr. McClelland: "This will require considerable ingenuity on your part."
Miss Rogers: "We will all rise and sing the first and last verses."


POPULAR SONGS AND STUDENTS

Carry Me Back to Old Virginia......................Ruth Peters
Indiana .....................................Merritt Mills
I'm a Jazz Baby..................................Jenny Kuhrs
More Candy .....................................Helen Lord
Can't You Love Me? ..............................Eileen Gunstone
Kisses ............................................Pete Otis
Dimples...........................................Ocie Bullock
You Don't Know How Much You Have to Know in Order to Know How Little You Know ... Baldy Miles
Heart Breaking Baby Doll .........................Clara Funk
Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here ... Bachelor's Club
Everybody Shimmy Now .........................F. M.'s

WANT ADS

In a Private Home: A woman wanted to wash, iron and milk cows.
Teamster: A man to drive a pair of mules with a Christian disposition.
Olympia Oyster House: A young boy to shell oysters seventeen years old.

Pegy Wilder—What is the feminine of cowboy?
Bob Clarke—Milkmaid!
THE DIFFERENCE
To win affection from men
Requires profound sagacity,
To win the love of woman takes
Considerable audacity.

Try this recipe.—To give the face a good color get a pot of rouge and a rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home, and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there.

But you can do better
at
MOTTMAN'S

B. G. WILLISTON
CANDY, FRUIT, TOBACCO AND CIGARS
TRY OUR Malted MILK

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I stood upon a hill, I looked upon a plain;
I saw a bunch of green stuff, it looked like waving grain;
I looked at it again, it looked just like green grass;
But heavens! to my horror, it was the freshman class.

Teacher—Now prove to me that the earth is round.
"Bud" Lamborn—Aw, I never said it was round.

WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF
ATHLETIC GOODS IN TOWN

VAN ARSDALE HARDWARE CO.

Bill Strock (Who is a member of the Boy's Glee Club)
I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song.
Howard Strock—Why don't you get the key and then you will not have to break in.

HELEN ARDELLE CANDIES
AT
The SMOKEHOUSE
Begin saving early and
You won't be slaving late.
A savings account is the best business
Lessen any boy or girl can have.
It gets you acquainted with the bank
And the bank acquainted with you.
That is a mutual acquaintance
This bank is always glad to make.

Capital National Bank
OLYMPIA, WASH.

Jack—"Did you hear of the daring holpup last night in
our back yard?"
Jim—"No. What happened?"
Jack—"Two clothes pins held up a shirt."

Waldo—Did you see May?
Christy—May who?
Waldo—Mayonnaise.
Christy—No, I couldn't.
Waldo—Why?
Christy—She was dressing.

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gas, oil and tires at
Hewitt Drug Store
Tumwater
Ford
Authorized Sales and Service
ST. JOHN & TITUS
Tires—Supplies
Three Garages—Olympia, Tenino, Centralia

Elizabeth B.—What's that bump on your head.
Aileen J.—That's where a thought struck me.

Edith—"I consider that sheep are the stupidest creatures living.
Stanley—(Absent mindingly) "Yes, my lamb.

GOOD CANOE AND ROWBOATS TO LET
FINES IN CITY
Buchanan's Boat House
West Fourth Street
Olympia, Wash.

Mr. Gerwick—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?
Smithy—At the bottom.

Lost: A Ford by a boy with a self starter and painted red.

CITY DYE WORKS
CLEANING, PRESSING AND REPAIRING.
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ICE CREAM

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Telephone 176 304 Fourth

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THE HOME OF THE BEST IN PHOTOPLAYS
Fox, Goldwyn and First National attraction, Sunshine
Comedies, Weekly, good short subjects and
current topics
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW
T. F. Griner R. V. Griner, Manager

— "Why aren't you in school to-day, my lad?"
Freshie: "I stayed away because of sickness."
— "Who is sick?"
Freshie: "The truant officer."

Mr. Brown—What are the three most common words in
our vocabulary?
Mildred B.—I don’t know.
Mr. Brown—Correct.

Stamping Done to Order
Hemstitching

Needle Craft Shop
Mrs. L. McCallum
415 East Fourth St. Olympia, Wash.

OLYMPIA HARDWARE COMPANY
P. G. BLAKESLEE, Prop.
325 Main Street Telephone 201

Definition by a Freshman: "The faculty is a body of people
hired to help the Seniors run the school."

Kisor—Fishback, did you take a showerbath?
Fishback—No. Is their one missing?

Conductor on Tumwater line—Madam, that child looks
older than three years.
Mother—Yes indeed he does, conductor. That child has
had a lot of trouble.

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Mill Wood—Green & Seasoned