CULTIVATION

Of the banking habit is universally acknowledged to be a good thing.

The Government during the war depended on the banks for temporary accommodations and without their aid would have been handicapped.

It is exceedingly irksome to be "broke," and to insure yourself against that condition will pay you to cultivate the habit.

Start a Savings Account, and insure yourself against becoming handicapped in later years.

Olympia National Bank
"The Bank of Service and Courtesy."

FOR

Good Pictures

Ford & Cogswell

"WARMS AS THE SUN WARMS"

Cosy Glow Electric Heater

-Simple and convenient to operate.

-Sanitary, healthful—does not vitiate the air—its warmth is clean and odorless.

-Safe—absolutely no danger—it’s fuelless and fireless. Just what you want for that cold room.

Olympia Light & Power Co.

ASK TO SEE TALCOTT BROS. $100.00 DIAMONDS.

A BEAUTIFUL
ELGIN
WRIST
WATCH

The smallest one made by the Elgin people.

$25.50.

The dependable, practical gift for the girl at school.

“An Elgin!”

TALCOTT BROTHERS
Established 1872.
PARROTT & HAHN
MACHINISTS

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY STATION
BATTERIES TO RENT
LARGE STOCK OF NEW BATTERIES
MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING GAS, STEAM,
ELECTRIC AND ALL OTHER MACHINERY.

300 WEST FOURTH ST., OLYMPIA. PHONE 213.

The Best Clothes Obtainable
ARE MADE BY HARRY WISE
"THE TAILOR WHO KNOWS"
Successor to Wise Bros.
222 EAST FOURTH STREET. OLYMPIA.

OLYMPUS
Published Quarterly By Students of the Olympia High School
OLYMPIA WASHINGTON
Vol. XVII. No. 1

CONTENTS
Patriotic Number--1919

Dedication ........................................ 4
"My Country First" ............................... 5
"A Lesson for Two" ................................ 8
"Jeremiah Jerusalem and Cupid" ........... 12
Editorial ........................................... 14
New Members of the Faculty ................. 16
Concerning Valentines ......................... 17
Athletics .......................................... 19
Society ............................................ 23
Senior Class Notes ............................ 25
Junior Class Notes ............................. 27
Sophomore Class Notes ....................... 28
Freshman Class Notes ......................... 29
Home Economics ................................ 30
Music ............................................. 31
Manual Arts Department ..................... 32
French Club Notes ............................. 32
Alumni Notes .................................... 33
Jokes ............................................. 34

THIS SPACE DONATED
BY YOUR FRIENDS
Prigmore & Sears
Dedication

To the memory of those boys of Olympia High School who gave their lives in the service of their country we proudly dedicate this number of The Olympus:

Ira Carter
Fred Clark
Harry Coulter

Everett Hoke
Alfred Leach
Lee Lewis

Tribute.

What shall we say of them, the dead who died
Upon the fields of France to crush the foe?
How shall we show our pity and our pride?
How shall we crown their glory and their woe?
Not by the means of futile words of praise—
The nameless dead do never ask this gift—
Not by the splendid monuments we raise
Nor by the half-mast flags we sadly lift;
But let this be their glory, be their due,
Let but their single thought speak for them here:
In that rich moment when they gave, each knew,
E’en as he lost the things he’d held most dear,
That, matter not what be Life’s unseen plan,
He’d played his part, and proved himself a man.

(Stars and Stripes.)

My Country First

As one descends the narrow trail down the steep sides of Mt. Washington he comes suddenly into a wide, open space between two high cliffs and entirely surrounded by tall pine trees. Through this opening bubbles a brisk mountain stream. A little beyond is a small log cabin which shows signs of recent habitation.

Late one evening a young man came hurrying down the trail. He sped swiftly across the brief open space and to the doorstep of the cabin. Nor did he stop there, but, unbolting the door, passed swiftly in. To a casual observer the boy’s actions would have seemed nothing less than mysterious and had he regarded them more closely his astonishment would have increased two-fold, for immediately after entering the building the young man began searching wildly as if for some means of concealment. A pallor spread over his countenance and a faintness began to steal over his body as no hiding place revealed itself. A sudden, upward glance, however, showed the anxious boy a square opening in the ceiling. “I must hide up there,” he gasped brokenly, “where no one will ever find me.” Pushing a stool directly beneath the opening, he jumped from it to the square hole above through which he quickly pulled himself.

A half hour after the coming of the strange boy, an old man, seemingly bent with age, approached the cabin with the air of one who was accustomed to this lonely spot. He walked straight to the cabin door, and opening it without knocking, stepped in, slamming the door after him. A moment later a cheerful light came from the little square window of the cabin and there was the familiar elick of dishes and theattle of pans as he prepared his evening meal.

At the moment the old man had entered the dwelling, a boy of eighteen was descending the foothills over which the other boy had traveled. But it was now night, and the trail, dangerous enough in the daytime, was well-nigh impassable. As the lad pushed on he often stumbled and fell. Many times he lost his way and, wandering to the right and left, was in great danger of falling over some cliff to dizzy depths below. He seemed exhausted from long travel and from loss of sleep,
but always he pushed on as one who is on a mission of the greatest importance.

And indeed, he had a great mission. He was on a mission for his government, yet he wore no uniform; had no papers in his pocket, but he was on the trail of a slacker—and this slacker was his cousin, Raymond. Three days had passed since he had left the home of his aunt who had urged him to find his erring son who had left his home to escape being called to the "colors." Ray had just reached his twenty-first birthday when the Selective Draft Law came into effect. He had taken his number along with the millions of other youths of the land. He had faced the possibilities of being called to the "colors" until a few days before he was to be brought to the exemption board, then he had slipped away to the mountains.

"You must bring him back, Kenneth, you must. Surely there can be no slacker in our family." The boy still heard the words of his aunt ringing in his ears. "There are still four days left before he is disgraced."

"I must bring him back. I must. A cousin of mine—a slacker." These were the words which the brave boy murmured drowsily to himself as he pushed along the difficult path down the rugged mountainside.

Finally, he came to the clearing through which his cousin had passed earlier in the day. Lights gleamed from the solitary window of the cabin beyond the stream and were a welcome sight to the weary traveller as he entered the meadow between the two cliffs.

"Perhaps poor Ray is inside," he whispered softly to himself as he crept to the side window and looked in. Seeing only an old man, a disappointed look spread over the young man's face, but quickly his habitual look of cheerfulness predominated as he stepped to the one door and knocked. The aged hunter came to the door and admitted the boy, who gave him a grateful look for his evident hospitality.

Having shared the old man's lonely meal and listened to his quiet talk, Kenneth determined to confide in him. Accordingly, he told him of the importance of his mission and of the seeming hopelessness of his plans, but the old man encouraged him and admired his evident patriotism.

"I was once a slacker," the man exclaimed, which confession greatly interested the young listener.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said, seating himself. "I was a young man like you when the Civil War broke out. Although they didn't have conscription, at least not at first; they had something worse. That was the reproaches of the women and of the old men. I didn't want to go and when things became worse I planned to escape to some uncivilized spot in the far west and there keep myself until the war was over. But something held me back—kept me at home and now I know it must have been the expression in the eyes of my grandfather, who would look at me with that sad gaze of his until I finally became so nervous that every little noise had a most disturbing effect on me.

"Just when my spirits were at their lowest ebb my grandfather came to see me. 'Jim,' he said, 'you ain't going to desert your country, are you? When your country is in danger you must fight. And, Jim, have you forgotten the family motto, that motto which went through two preceding wars unsheathed?'

"Well," the old man went on, "my grandfather had been through a great war himself. Many times he had told me all about it, but he sat down beside me and told again all about the wounds, the sufferings, the cold, the starvation, and he told me, too, of the glory of it all. And, my boy, I was brought to realize the extreme importance of one's duty to his Country. I was won over. I didn't leave my Country; I stayed and fought."

The old man's voice was husky, and a far-away look was in his eyes. The light of the woodfire in the hearth gave his aged face a halo of glory.

The old man finished his story. There was a rustling in the loft above. The boy leaped to his feet. The aged host heard, too, and stood at attention. Then a pair of muddy shoes appeared from the hole in the ceiling.

"It's my cousin," the boy whispered. "It's Ray."

"Yes, it's Ray—your cousin," the older boy exclaimed bitterly as he dropped to the floor, "but a slacker no longer. I heard your story," he said, turning to the older man, "and I am going back—back to my duty—to fight for Uncle Sam."

"And your motto, Ray?"

"My Country First!"
A Lesson for Two

"You are hereby directed to appear before this Local Board for physical examination at 8:30 A.M. on November 10, 1918. Failure to do so is a misdemeanor, punishable by not to exceed one year's imprisonment, and may also result in your losing valuable rights and your immediate induction into military service."

Such was the text of an official notice that was being received with varying degrees of hospitality by several members of the 18 to 45 draft throughout the little town of Aipmylo.

Among those in whom we shall concern ourselves was Randall Morgan, son of a well-to-do banker, whose name ranked high among the influential men of the state. This morning, Randall, having concluded his breakfast, was reading the morning mail. With a sudden exclamation of surprise he sat bolt upright and proceeded to read to the assembled family the notice above recorded. As he finished he tore the card into fragments and essayed to leave the room.

"What's the matter with that slacker!" grinned his ever-intruding sister Dorothy.

"Matter," exclaimed Randall. "Don't you see? They're going to draft us fellows just as we are about to complete the most important part of our education, take us over there to fight for those cowardly English, who have done their best to wreck our country whenever they had a chance and just because they are getting what they had coming to them for a long time. I for one claim it to be a dastardly outrage, and football season just coming on at that."

"Randall, that will do," boomed his father in no uncertain tone.

"That is the very first time I ever heard Ran worry over his education," tittered Dorothy.

Randall had played football during his sophomore and junior years. On entering his senior year he continued to dream, read and talk football with ever-increasing enthusiasm until it might well be said that his heart was hopelessly lost in the popular sport.

As the aggrieved youth made his way toward school he was joined by his chum, Walter Bowers. Although the boys were friends of long standing, it was soon evident that present relations were somewhat strained. And as Randall talked to him, the sight of Walter's tortoise-shell rimmed glasses annoyed him.

"I tell you, Walt, you're the only Englishman I ever saw that wasn't yellow clear through. Football is usually too rough for them."

"If you say so, it certainly must be so," said Walter dryly. "I guess you don't stop to realize that your acquaintance with them might be somewhat limited."

As the discussion warmed the boys found themselves confronted by a crowd of whooping students, who gleefully proclaimed that school was closed on account of the influenza epidemic.

"Let's get our books," suggested Walter.

"I don't think I care to," responded Randall coldly. "It looks to me as if some of you fellows should be turning out for football, or at least taking some of your study time for gymnasium work, and we wouldn't be having to close school on account of the weaklings who don't take care of themselves."

He stopped as if to reassure himself and then rushed madly on, "But then, of course, you're an Englisher and can't understand the situation. No, don't try to tell me different."

"I'm sorry we can't agree," said Walter and left abruptly.

Little did Randall dream that Walter's daily training for a coveted place on the football team was gained before his own rising hour, for Walter had long made a practice of making an early morning cross country run.

Five weeks later school again convened. After the long vacation the requisites of the model pupil came slowly to the assembled students and as Professor Renker mounted the platform confusion reigned. After obtaining a semblance of order and stating that he himself felt somewhat lost and abashed after the long absence from school routine, he declared himself overjoyed that, with only one exception the epidemic had finally been exterminated. The mention of the name of this one exception caused Walter to gasp with surprise. Could it be possible that Randall had fallen a victim to the epidemic? There certainly must be some mistake. That evening, bow-
ever, his fears were confirmed by a visit to the Morgan home.

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "the poor boy is out of
his head and continually raves about failing the team just
when they need him the worst."

The next night and each succeeding one found Walter
Bowers telling faithfully to fill the vacant position. Although
somewhat lighter than most boys, he was wiry and strong, but
best of all qualities was his marvelous speed and wind, which
at once became an object of curiosity and comment. Two
weeks later three of the four games had been played and won
at least partially through the playing of the speedy little
half back. The morning of the last and decisive game dawned
clear and cold—the type of day that makes sporting blood
run high. One o'clock found the grounds packed to their
utmost capacity with eagerly rooting fans, their excitement
pitched to the last notch. Among these was Randall, pale,
weak, but intensely excited.

"The fellows have certainly been lucky this year, and if
they could only get this game they could lay claim to the
state championship," he observed to a bystander.

"Too bad you can't play, old man," returned the other.

"I would give anything if I could, and I think it would
make a difference, too. Thomas never was much good."

"Thomas," said the other, wonderingly. "Oh, yes, that's
the substitute, isn't it?"

"Who is playing left half then?" asked Randall.

It looked like Walter, he thought to himself, but surely
it couldn't be he, for he couldn't play the game the way that
half was doing it. When he asked who it was a bystander
volunteered the information that the man was Walter and
others exclaimed in chorus he was the best man they ever
had. Here the conversation was interrupted by the hoarse
voice of the yell leader organizing the yell for the opening
play.

The half hour saw fast, furious playing, with the vis-
itors gamely resisting the onslaught of the home team. Time
after time Walter carried the ball through a broken field far
into the enemy's territory. Here, however, the defense stif-
fened, holding their line desperately. Then finally the lengthy
full back punted the ball far back out of the danger zone.

Randall's first impulse was to be jealous of his successor.

but the continued brilliancy of his playing soon forced him to
recognize in his old chum a superior player, and try as he
would he could not help feeling a mingled pride and love
for him.

"Time out," shouted the perspiring umpire. All the joy-
ful excitement faded out of Randall's face as he saw Walter
carried bodily from the field within the last few minutes
of play.

"Just knocked the wind out of him," said the coach.

"Take his place, Thomas." With Walter gone, the former
dash and pep was also gone and at the final whistle a scant
two yards separated the visitors from victory.

That evening the two chums met midway between their
respective homes.

"I was just coming over to congratulate you, for although
you didn't actually win, the tie score still gives you a chance
for the pennant. And, by the way, I wish to apologize to you
for what I said the day school closed. It was certainly very
unjust."

"Don't apologize for that, it was just the incentive I
needed," said Walter laughingly, and then added more seri-
ously. "Well, I'm scheduled to leave for camp tomorrow and I
intend to get into some football playing if I can, because I
think that it is the best physical training there is."

"I believe that I have learned a really valuable lesson," said
Randall, "for when I was a convalescent, I did more
reading than usual: it seemed that the papers all intimated
that the British had borne the brunt of the last big drive and
done some wonderful fighting. Anyway, I am glad that I am
to leave with you for camp tomorrow, as I received my notice
this evening."

Randall gripped the proffered hand, and the band of friendship was welded once more.

"Say, Walter, what became of those tortoise-shell glasses
you always insisted on wearing?" asked Randall jokingly,
as he bought the tickets for a "Doug Fairbanks" show.

"Aw, shut up," was the rejoinder.

L. V. E., '19.
Jeremiah Jerusalem and Cupid

Down in Virginia the sun shone brightly, while soft, dreamy clouds floated across the sky; all in accordance with the blissful serenity of the little black soul, who sat perched on the topmost fence rail.

Jeremiah Jerusalem swung his heels and calmly watched the approaching form of his cousin, Rastus Scipio.

"What you-all gwine, Rastus?"

"Ah's gwine to town to buy de most go'geous ready-made valentine dat ah kin diskiver. I've got fifty cents what Mammy give me fer cotchin' dat ole mouse dat's been eatin' de cheese Mammy done made. Yassah, my gal Emma'line is sho' gwine to hab de puttiest valentine in dis yer country!" So saying Rastus shied a skillfully aimed ball of paper at Jeremiah and fled on swift feet to complete his mission in the village.

Jeremiah quickly picked up the ball of paper and took careful aim, but just then his eye fell upon the words, "Ten Dollars Reward!"

Jeremiah Jerusalem settled back comfortably and unrolled the wad of paper. Half of the sheet was covered with the pictures of two young negroes of a rich chocolate complexion with chests expanded in magnificent self-importance. Below was offered ten dollars reward for the capture of or information concerning the whereabouts of Jasper Johnson and Moses Fraser, notorious chicken thieves.

"Ten dollars!" breathed Jeremiah, as he rolled his eyes in doubtful reflection. "Why, ah could buy Ca'line—" but he stopped here to close his eyes to the vision of a certain adorable little kinky-head, bent in wondering admiration over a big lace bordered valentine.

Leaning back Jeremiah Jerusalem gazed meditatively in the direction of the river. Suddenly he sat erect. It was only yesterday that he had found the ashes and the remains of a little camp which had been made in the deepest part of the wood bordering the river. To Jeremiah's mind there was only one solution—the chicken thieves!

Hurriedly he climbed down from the fence, the precious paper clutched tightly in one hand. Finding the coast clear, he cut across the cotton fields and gaining the bank of the river, set out for the little camp, which was perhaps, about a mile away.

The path was thickly overgrown, and dusk was falling when he came upon the deserted camp.

"Jeremiah Jerusalem, Ah jess reckon you-all done got fooled dis time!" Just then a faint tantalizing odor was wafted by a gentle wind to Jeremiah's nose. "Land o' Golly!" ejaculated Jeremiah. "Dat shuah am a chicken cookin'." Cautionously he felt his way through the dark, instinctively following that faint aroma. Suddenly he paused, a light shone through a window of a tiny cabin. Jeremiah's heart knocked hard and fast against his ribs. Nearer and nearer he crept until gaining the window he stealthily raised himself and peered within.

The sight that met his eyes aroused in him a faint twinge of forgotten hunger. Chicken! Crisp and brown, heaped on a plate between the two big fugitives, and each was ravenously devouring an ever-generous piece. When Jeremiah Jerusalem was able to transfer his thoughts from chicken to culprits he was startled by their size. It would be useless to try to capture them single-handed, so he must go for help quickly. Softly he stole from the window and was turning to go, when he suddenly stumbled and fell with a crash into the underbrush. Before he could regain his feet a pistol shot rang out. Again Jeremiah Jerusalem hit the ground. Fear for the life of him he could do no more than lift his head, fully expecting to have a heart-to-heart chat with Saint Peter right then and there!

He opened his eyes and found himself blinking in the sunshine. Dazedly he gazed around, then a familiar sound smote his ears.

"Jeremiah Jerusalem! You-all get up offen dat dere ground an' help dis yere gentleman fix his tire! Ah 'clare to goodness if you-all ain't been snoozin' up dere on dat fence! You-all gwine help dat Mistah Tough-Luck fix his eyar an' him's gwine to gib you-all dis yere fifty cents, if yo'-all works and don' make no fusses."

"Fusses!" thought Jeremiah as he scrambled over the fence, his fascinated gaze riveted on the fifty cents that was to buy—well! Softly he whistled as he worked, "Ah hear's you callin', Ca'line!"
There is no more familiar term in modern colloquy than "slacker." Perhaps not so many of us could define that first cousin to a "slacker," a "sicker." A "sicker" is a "slacker" who camouflages his identity. Though it is bad to slack it is far worse to slick. Avoid the aspect of the hypocritical. Especially may this be applied in school work. If you have bluffing down to a science don't take credit to yourself for getting by with an unprepared lesson when your stuttering neighbor, also unprepared, fails to. If you haven't prepared honestly admit it and attempt to retrieve yourself. Don't waste valuable time and overwork your salivary glands attempting to conceal the fact of non-preparation. The longer it takes you to admit that you know nothing of the subject in hand, just that much longer will it be before you do know. Say what you know and if you don't know, say so. Don't be a "sicker."

We might rhapsodize at length on our splendid new building, but space and time do not permit. The words uttered by a Freshman on a certain stormy day express our sentiments: "Gee! Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin' not to be paddlin' around from one building to another in this stuff?" In a later copy of The Olympus we plan to feature the different items of interest in connection with the new building.

All the students of the High School know well why the first number of The Olympus is coming out in February, but lest it puzzle future generations who may glance through the covers of this paper we offer an explanation—the flu! It may be a small word, but the effects of it have been mighty.

Don't forget that everyone must have their money for the Victory Boys and Girls campaign turned in by March 1. If you haven't already done so it's about time that you asked father what he will pay you for setting his alarm clock, or mother for conserving on butter.
NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.

The corps of teachers at the Olympia High School this year is the largest it has ever been, among them many new teachers who have been added to the faculty.

First and foremost in the pedagogical ranks stands our principal, Mr. E. L. Breeckner. Mr. Breeckner comes to us from Wallace, Idaho, where he has been principal of the Junior-Senior High School for the past three years. Previous to his position in Wallace he was at the Pullman High School for one year. Mr. Breeckner did most of his scholastic work at the University of Missouri but attended the summer schools at the University of Washington and Pullman.

Miss Connell, head of the Business Department, was formerly the secretary of the Board of School Directors in Portland. Before holding this position she was engaged in educational work for the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Troy, the assistant in Home Economics, is a graduate of Pullman. She taught last year at Rearden.

Miss Minniek, "Profesora en Españoled," and Miss Beaver, instructor in French, General Science and Botany, are not strangers to the High School students, though this is their first year in High School. Miss Minniek taught last year in the grade schools and Miss Beaver two years ago. Last year Miss Beaver was in Nooksack.

Mr. Liddell, instructor of Manual Training, spent last year in Tacoma. Part of the year he worked in the grade schools and part at Lincoln High School.

Mrs. Heilman, English teacher and adviser for the Olympus staff, was at the High School in Burton last year. She is a graduate of the University of Washington.

Mr. Lee, who teaches Palmer Writing, was recently in the Officers’ School of the Navy.

Miss Holmes, city supervisor of music, manages the Glee Club and leads us in singing on those rare occasions when we sing in Assembly. Miss Holmes taught last year in Anacortes.

CONCERNING VALENTINES.

Although we would have liked to devote the entire February number to the interesting subject of Valentines it was deemed unwise and practically impossible under the existing circumstances. We wish to extend our earnest solicitude and deepest regret to the Freshmen, for we realize the poignant sense of grief and loss that the first February without the annual Valentine Box must bring. We proffer these few gems with the earnestly expressed hope that they may bring some slight measure of balm to the bereaved. Apologies are also due in view of the absence of decorative touches, such as pierced hearts, bows and arrows and forget-me-nots, but the business manager, when interviewed, delivered such a polysyllabic and statistical account concerning the expense of such that we were rather bashful about pressing the point. Let your active imaginations supply the lacking details:

GREETINGS FROM THE SOPH. TO THE FRESH.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Grass is green,
And so are you.

VALENTINE GREETINGS TO THE SOPH.

Hush, little Sophomore,
Don’t be so bold,
You’re only a Freshie,
One year old.

TO THE JUNIOR.

Never mind Junior, you can’t help it!
We all have to pass through this painful stage
Some time in our career.

(Note. It will be fruitless endeavor to attempt to make
this rhyme.)
TO THE SENIOR.

Your ever-growing dignity,
   Exalted self-esteem
And pride, are such, that really,
   After careful thought, we deem
A valentine too juvenile,
   To in the least be worth your while.

TO THE FACULTY.

We see you round the corner,
   We catch your watchful eye,
And when we don’t expect you
   You’re right behind to spy.
You scold us on the stairway,
   Reprimand us in the hall,
But when we all behave ourselves
   You are not there at all.
ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

This year Coach Meyers was brought face to face with the problem of developing a football team out of a squad composed almost entirely of new men, Captain Brazel and Channing Aspinwall being the only veterans available.

In spite of this the end of the season found Olympia with the best team she has been represented by in the past three years. Much of the credit is due to Coach Meyers, who is responsible for the splendid teamwork developed.

The outlook for next year is much more encouraging than was the one for 1918. Channing Aspinwall will again be in the lineup along with Orval Kiser, Ralph Lindsey, Waldo Stentz and George Calvert. Johnny Williams, second team captain of last season, has developed into a good man and will probably hold down a position on the first team this next season. Besides this it is rumored that Ray Johnson, Harold Weston and Johnny Lyman will be in school next year.

Taken as a whole the outlook for next year is very good as our high school boys will not be going into the army and navy as they were last year and also in 1917. This is true not only for Olympia, but for the whole state as well.

This last season was greatly handicapped as everyone knows, by the “flu” ban as the schools were closed just at the time needed most for practice. But this could not discourage our coach and his eager followers. No, not one iota! After the ban was lifted they worked all the harder and developed a light, fast team which decisively defeated Centralia by a score of 19 to 6 and Auburn to the tune of 36 to 0.

These victories placed the Southwest Championship laurels on our fair brow. Bellingham having won the Northwest Championship, we tried to arrange a game to decide the state championship, but Bellingham did not see fit to accept our challenge, so the honors remain even.
A review of the letter men follows:

Walter Brazel, (third year on team), full back and captain. The mainstay of the team, good on both offensive and defensive. His splendid passes were responsible for a number of the season's scores.

Harold Troy, (first year on the team), right half. Handicapped by lack of weight he has by hard work developed into an efficient and reliable man.

John Koenig, (first year), left half. A fast, hard hitting half. A good yardage gainer.

Charles Lyman, (first year), quarter back. A good head, speed and the ability to use them are his. He is a good man on the receiving end of a forward pass and used this ability to a great advantage in the games.

Ralph Lindsey, (first year). A hard hitting, fast playing end.

Henry Bolender, (first year). Possesses all the attributes of a good reliable tackle.

Allen Gunston, (first year). He fights every minute and when he tackles he tackles hard.

Hubert Overton, (first year). He works hard from the first whistle to the last.

Channing Aspinwall, (second year). A tackle every man he has played against will pronounce good.

Orval Kisor, (first year). Heavy and fast. One of the best ends in the state.

George Calvert, (first year). He fights every minute and when he tackles he tackles hard.

Ernest Barnes, (first year). A fast man who, although light, is full of fight and pep.


Waldo Stentz, (first year). A linesman, good at end, tackle or guard.

The second team under Captain Johnny Williams did much towards making the first team what it was and deserves all due credit for its efforts.

BASKETBALL

The basketball prospects for this year are good, the following men having turned out regularly: Stentz, Barnes, Troy, Morford, Brazel, Kisor, Faulkner, Koenig, Overton, Wilder, Tyler, Lindsey and Lyman. The above are the high men on the list and out of these the following will perhaps be the first team men: Stentz, Morford, Brazel (captain), Kisor, Overton and Tyler.

As can be seen from the above the material is excellent and our basketball season shows all the signs of being as successful as the football season has proved to be. A plan is on foot to eliminate all first team men from inter-class games and it shows good chances of adoption. The class teams are getting started, but will not do much till the gymnasium is opened.

The City League is not started yet, but it is hoped that it will soon be on its feet. The boys will not be hampered because of this, however, as they are going to play out-of-town games.

Let's all get behind the High School team and boost them for all we're worth so we can feel that we are partly responsible for the many victories they are going to win for us. All right, men, let's go!

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

—1—

Quicker than lightning, and fast on his feet,
That Charlie Lyman is sure hard to beat.
Sharp, clear and steady, he calls for the pill,
And pilots the team by the force of his will.

—2—

"A" stands for Aspinwall, sweet and serene,
And speaking of tackles, he sure is a "queen."
He tackles 'em high, and he tackles 'em low,
And he'd tackle the world, if you'd give him a show.

—3—

Old Trusty Pete, he gets his man,
He gets his goats too, even spans their nan,
His reputation at this great game,
Is second, only, to his basketball fame.

—4—

A Missouri mule would have to buck hard,
To buck Brick Gunstone off from his guard;
Solid and steadfast, just chuck-full of vim,
The rock of Gibraltar's got nothing on him.

Now here's to the fellow that plays a great game,
"Vimpins" his specialty, Kisor's his name;
When half backs endeavor to make yardage on him,
Their end of the score looks exceedingly thin.

Oh, here's another of our hard-hitting crew,
"The men who chew, are the men who do;"
Troy punts 'em so high, and he puts 'em so far,
Till you'd think that they'd never come down, by Gar.

Plunging and diving, and hittin' 'em hard,
Bolender plays his man clear off his guard;
"Blood" is his middle name, shes he spares not,
Where the fray's thickest, he's right on the spot.

And now comes another of our famous old team,
Renowned the world over for his pep and steam;
Center's a man-sized job, on most any day,
And Calvert plays it to perfection, we'll say.

You see that boy yonder? Ralph Lindsey's his name,
He sure can play football, but woman's his bane.
He can tackle and scrimmage, and hit the line hard,
But one single "chicken," and Lindsey is barred.

Another good player we must not forget,
Is Koenig, our half back, we all see him yet,
As he runs swiftly forward, a touchdown to score,
And six points are added, then hear them just roar.

And last, but not least, comes the captain supreme,
A clean, clever sportsman, full worthy his team;
His name's Jimmy Brazel, you all know him well,
His record speaks for him, more than I tell.

-C. T., '20.

---

SOCIETY

Owing to the inconvenience of holding an assembly in the Baptist Church and the prevailing "flu" ban our assemblies have been few and far between. The first important assembly was held to hear the reports and further assist the Victory Boys and Victory Girls in their campaign for the United War Work drive. Mr. Burwell of the Y. M. C. A. spoke for a few minutes upon this subject and introduced Lieut. Holtsclaw, of Camp Lewis, whose talk was based on an appeal to have each student do his utmost in earning and giving to these seven worthy causes. Needless to say the High School responded exceedingly well and put the Victory Boys and Victory Girls' quota "over the top."

The Olympus assembly followed soon after. Nancy Wilson, editor-in-chief, Walter Brazel and Harold Troy, also of the staff, reviewed the history of The Olympus and pledged their best support. It was decided that only three issues would be put out this year, one in February, one at Easter and the last at Commencement.

The football season opened with a rush of enthusiasm. At the assembly amid songs and strains of some jazzy music, the contest opened for the four classes working for the championship of the ticket sale. The Seniors, as usual, carried off the pennant, much to the envy of the other classes.

The last assembly before the Christmas holidays was exceptionally entertaining. Mrs. Wallace of the W. C. T. U. and the Rev. Mr. Seear, presented Dorsey Cunningham with the state prize of $25.00 offered for the best prize essay. For four years the Olympia High School has upheld this record, and it was deemed an added honor this year, for the boy who won it wore the khaki suit of his country. Singing of Christmas hymns followed and a Christmas reading was given by Marie Chesser of the Junior Class.
The Alumni of the High School met in the High School auditorium January 24 to organize an Alumni Association. The officers elected were W. W. Manier, president; Noyes Talcott, secretary; Ernest Britt, treasurer; and Marie R. Dunbar, historian. C. E. Beach, Principal E. L. Breckner and E. C. Townsend delivered short addresses. A committee was appointed to report on plans for a permanent memorial for the High School boys who entered the service.

The formal dedication of the William Winlock Miller High School took place Saturday evening, January 25. C. E. Beach, superintendent of city schools, introduced the speakers of the evening. Then followed a march, played by the High School orchestra, and invocation by Rev. R. Franklin Hart.

Clark V. Savidge, Commissioner of Public Lands, presented the High School with a service flag containing 156 stars, of which six were gold.

Dr. G. W. Nash, president of the Bellingham State Normal, delivered an address on "Freedom." At the close of his interesting talk Dr. Nash complimented the school board on its splendid new building.

The audience then rose and sang "America," which completed the ceremonies.

First Yank: "Where did you get those fine shoes?"
Second Yank: "Why, off a German, of course."
First Yank: "I guess I'll have to go out an' get me a pair."

He came back two hours later superbly shod. But why had he been gone so long?

"Well, he apologized, "it took me some time. I had to kill forty-seven different Germans before I could find one with a pair of shoes that would fit me."

CLASS NOTES

Seniors

Olympia High School,

Dear Darrell:

I quite realize that it is time for me to write, not having written since school began, so will begin from the beginning. As you know, the High School burned last summer, so we had to make use of two or three churches and the Women's club. Before the schools closed on account of the "flu" we had an election of officers. Of course, as it should be, the most able and popular classmen were chosen for the highest honors—Ernest Barnes, as president, with Harold Troy as vice-president and Hubert Overton, secretary and treasurer. The class voted to donate the class dues to the football team, which was done.

You know some rather amusing things happen unexpectedly in the classes, and ours are no exception, especially in English. One day, Mrs. Heimiller asked Owen Hughes who Esau was, and he answered, "He was Jacob's mother's son." Another time we were having a "Macbeth" quotation spelled down. Edward Dean was opposite Mable Turner and when she quoted "The Thane of Fife, he had a wife, where is she now?" he gave the quotation, "Shake not thy gory locks at me, thou canst not say I did it." It brought a roar of laughter.

We moved into the new building after the holidays, and as the Seniors are always first we gave the first yell in the
building, although one of the lower classes came in for a close second.

If a close observer would watch a Senior for a while he would learn some news by the stealthy scratching movement in the vicinity of the heart—O, now don't misunderstand me—it's not the "cooties," he is just polishing his new class pin. Peach too!

Time runs short, so will close, with greetings for all.

CLIFFORD.
The Sophomores are still here with even more pep and enthusiasm than last year. We have, we will admit, lost a great deal of our ignorance and greenish hue that we exhibited as Freshies. But in spite of that, younger and inexperienced members have found difficulty in locating their roll rooms in the new building. With their genius they ought to be able to imitate "Stoddard's Lectures in Europe," and produce "My Travels from the Assembly to Class Rooms."

We may consider ourselves fortunate in having such a worthy bunch of class officers. They are Ralph Lindsey, President; Ronald Wilder, Vice-President; Sibyl Chambers, Secretary and Treasurer. The class colors are blue and gold.

We won the cane-rush from the Freshies, but lost the tie-up, owing to the loss of several of our "husky" members of last year.

The Class is represented in football by Ralph Lindsey and Channing Aspinwall, both on the first team.

Owing to the fact that we Freshmen were quartered all by ourselves in the Episcopal Church our worthy upper classmen did not have the advantage of laughing at us, as usual. In former days we Freshmen have reminded the others of stray chickens with a lost mother. But this year the Sophs as well as the rest looked just as stray as they wandered from church to church.

The first event of interest to us was the annual cane rush, which was held last September in front of the old High School. It was the largest rag pile Olympia ever saw or ever will see (unless they see us next year). Most of us counted the minutes until that event was pulled off. When the time came everyone was waiting breathlessly for the signal to be given. As one looked down the line, not a knee was shaking nor an eye moving, but you could hear the teeth grit a mile away. When the signal was given we dashed in and we put up a stiff fight. It was a hot day and the perspiration mixed with the cinders from last summer's fire blackened our faces past recognition. The Sophomore boys were heavier and stronger, so they won the game 7 to 2 hands, but of course you all know that we tied up all the Sophs at the tie-up, out at the ball park.

**IN MEMORIAM**

**RUBY SMITH**

Died December 18, 1918.

"None knew her but to love her; None named her but to praise."
Home Economics

For two years the sewing classes have had many hardships to contend with. Last year the classes were held in the Reed house and this year in the Woman's Club house, but now the girls are all at peace with the world, for they are comfortably settled in the cheerful convenient Sewing Department on the third floor. Even the wonderful view of Mt. Rainier as seen from the east windows of the sewing room cannot distract the attention of the girls from the splendid work that is being accomplished under the supervision of Miss Grube and Miss Troy.

This department was very fortunate in having its equipment in the Reed house, therefore it was not destroyed in the fire. By the addition of considerable new equipment it is now one of the most fully equipped up-to-date departments in the school.

The girls have been doing a good deal of sewing for the Red Cross this year, as well as some regular work.

The cooking department is exceedingly convenient and well arranged. It consists of a well lighted, pleasant dining room where school luncheons will be served, and a strictly modern kitchen and pantry.

Each girl is provided with separate cooking utensils and a gas plate. On the whole, the kitchen is equipped with everything necessary for the pursuit of the culinary art.

In the pantry is a most modern cooler and long rows of drawers, bins, and cupboards.

If the old proverb, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is true, there are a great many girls in the O. H. S. who will not live a life of solitude. Owing to the lack of room at the club house, no regular cooking course could be carried on, but the Sophomore girls canned considerable fruit, vegetables, meat and pickles. Now, however, the cooking is going in full swing and many dishes that would tickle the palate of even the cross, crabby bachelor, are being prepared.

Quite a number of new Freshmen girls will enter school next semester, and we hope they will all take Domestic Science.

ORCHESTRA.

All the members of the orchestra have enjoyed their practice, even if they had to meet in one of the churches, pending the time when the school could be moved into the new building. The personnel of the orchestra is as follows: First violin, Helen Watson; Mildred Bateson; Mildred Mamby; Virgil Otis and Ottmar Kotlek; first cornet, Allen Gunstone; second cornet, Harold Horton; saxophone, George Gunstone; 'cello, Wilabelle Hoage; baritone, Mr. McClelland; drums, Elmon Christopher; pianist, Florence Willey; director, John G. Gerwick. The orchestra is proud of the fact that they have a new baby grand piano to use. The orchestra made its debut at the dedication exercise of the new High School building.

GLEE CLUB.

Because of not having a place to meet, and the "flu" vacation there have only been four meetings of the Glee Club this year. The girls are interested, and enjoy the forty-five minutes spent twice a week under their careful and competent instructor, Miss Holmes. As yet, they have taken up only some of the songs that are familiar to most of them. They are expecting some pretty new pieces which have been ordered.
Manual Arts Department

The classes for this year have been very busy changing the machinery, arranging the desks and sorting the tools for the Manual Training. In addition to this by no means light task, the classes have under construction 24 drawing tables to be used in the Mechanical Drawing Department. This work will be completed some time in February and the students will then be able to devote their time to the construction of articles for their own use.

On account of not having tools and machinery the Forge and Sheet Metal Shop will not be set up this school year.

French Club Notes

The French Club of the High School held its first meeting at the Woman's Club House on November 26. Dues of 25 cents per month were decided upon and the following officers were elected: President, Clifford Van Iderstein; Vice-President, Phyllis Fitzhenry; Secretary and Treasurer, Mary O'Wings; Chairman of Entertainment and Refreshment Committee, Nancy Wilson; Chairman of Program Committee, Frederick Johnson; Club Reporter, Dorothy Rose. At this meeting Miss Beaver gave the club all the information she had gained concerning the war orphan which the club has adopted.

On the evening of December 20 the French Club entertained with a Christmas party. The club house was artistically decorated in green and red. French games were played and new members were initiated with unique ceremonies. Delicious refreshments were served the latter part of the evening. The menus were cleverly written in French and the table was appropriately decorated with holly. Following the refreshments a miniature Christmas tree was brought in, from which each one present received a souvenir of the evening.

ALUMNI NOTES

Cupid has been casting his darts rather promiscuously of late. The following marriages have occurred within the last year: Paul Avery, '18, and Marjorie Cotteril; Ivan Creed and Nettie Bethel, '14; Irving Lloyd and Jane Meyers, '18.

We are represented this year at the University by Leota Otis and Irene Springer, '18, and Marion Troy and Ardis Ball, '17.

Lucille Hord, '17, and Philip Royal, '18, entered Pullman at the beginning of the school year.

Irene Collier, '17, who attended the University at Moscow, Idaho, the first semester, is now attending the University of Washington.

Florence Townsend, Dorothy Beach, Alice Jennings and Dorothy Christensen are attending Bellingham Normal this year.

Mary Conner, Margaret Whidden and Alice Whitney, all of class '18, are now in nurses' training.

Irene Wilson, '18, is working in the office of Capt. Ziegans.

Rochelle Bloom, Mildred Renker, Charlotte Seully, Esther Berg and Charlotte Rogers, all of class '18, are employed as stenographers in the State House.

Lyndale Shaw, Burney Jones, Bradford Barnes, all of class '17, and Truman Trullinger, Dewey Martin and Harold Kearney, all of '18, who have been in training at the S. A. T. C., have now received their discharges and are occasionally seen walking the halls of our new building. Dorsey Cunningham of class '18, and Ralph Haycox of '17, who attended the S. A. T. C. of the College of Puget Sound, have been discharged and Dorsey is now enrolled in the Business Department of the High School.

Katherine Johnston, '17, and Ruth Johnston, '16, are attending Whitman this year.

Helen Yelverton, '18, Pearl Gingrich, '18, and Harold Kearney, '18, are enrolled in the Business Department of the High School.
With deep anguish Pete begged her to reconsider her answer.

"If you don't marry me, Elizabeth, I'll blow my brains out."

"Oh, don't do anything as rash as that. But—but—" she reflected, "that would be a good joke on father, because he thinks you haven't any."

We have often heard that Germany's ideas of militarism were bred in the bone. As we get better acquainted with Germany's military heads it certainly looks plausible.

Mrs. Heinniller: "Owen, what do you think about the white lies of society?"
Owen: "I think that they are very hypocritical and wrong."

Mrs. Heinniller: "Well, what would you do if you had an engagement that you didn't want to keep?"
Owen: "Why, I'd get sick at the last minute."

A LITTLE GAME OF DRAW POKER.
By Shakespeare.

"They come to take hands." .......... Much Ado About Nothing
"Well, sit we down?" .......... Hamlet.
"My worthy friends, will you draw?" .......... Timon of Athens.
"And so thou draw' st, swear horrible." .......... Twelfth Night.
"The very opener." .......... King Henry IV.
"I am sorry now that I did draw." .......... Comedy of Errors.
"No, faith I'll not stay." .......... Twelfth Night.
"I'll lay down." .......... A Winter's Tale.
"Believe me, I am passing." .......... King Henry IV.
"Thou art good velvet." .......... Measure for Measure.
"Take away the edge." .......... The Tempest.
"A sly fellow." .......... Measure for Measure.
"Pray you come in." .......... Titus Andronicus.
"Now masters, draw." .......... Measure for Measure.
"Now might I do it pat." .......... Hamlet.
"I am in." .......... King Richard III.
"I stay." .......... Measure for Measure.
"I will fill the house." .......... King Henry IV.
"I have it full." .......... Taming of the Shrew.
"Two of both kinds make up four." .......... A Midsummer Night's Dream.
"Do you call there?" .......... All's Well That Ends Well.
"I shall raise you." .......... Julius Caesar.
"I am bound to call." .......... Measure for Measure.
"Let's see these four threes." .......... A Winter's Tale.
"Thanks to you that called me." .......... Antony and Cleopatra.

After the Game.

"So, so, so, so: They laugh that will." .......... Othello.
"It would make any man cold to lose." .......... Cymbeline.
"'Tis but fortune; all is fortune." .......... Twelfth Night.
"Go presently, inquire and so will I where money is." .......... The Merchant of Venice.
"Let's go away and get our jewels." .......... As You Like It.

Mary Jane: "Why do you like sailors best?"
Evelyn C: "Because they go barefooted aboard ship, so you don't have to be knitting socks for them all the time."
B. Kearney: "Say, Owen, why do they call you Brick?"
Owen: "Well, you see my hair is so wirey that when I wash it, it rusts."

Romantic Nancy: "How the trees are moaning and sighing."
Web: "Well, so would you if you were as full of green apples as they are."

Miss Clark: "Are you sure that I have the very latest kind of influenza?"
Doctor: "Certain! You sneeze exactly like the President's wife."

A dignified lady called at the Barnes residence the other day. Ernie answered the door and said that his mother was out. The haughty one took out a card to leave, and in doing so let the tissue sheet flutter to the ground. Ernie glanced at it: "Please, ma'am," he said, "you dropped one of your cigarette papers."

---

Goods Are Getting Cheaper

WE HAVE REDUCED THE PRICES ON THE FOLLOWING:

4-4 Hope Muslin from 33c to .................. 23c
Best Outing Flannel from 35c to .................. 25c
Heavy Unbleached Muslin from 27c to ................. 17c
Haun "C" Cloth Muslin from 12 1-2c to ................. 10c

Sheets and Pillow Cases are about 10c lower.

As the market fluctuates we will give the public the benefit of all quotations regardless of our losses, because it is our business that

"YOU CAN DO BETTER AT"

MOTTMANS

---

Fred Levee
TIRE HOSPITAL
330 Main Street.
BICYCLES, MOTORCYCLES & SUPPLIES.

DON'T FORGET
C. H. Bethel
When in Need of School Supplies.
1501 MAIN STREET.
REFINED RECREATION
At
Y. M. C. A.
REMARKABLE IN RESULTS.
PRICE WITHIN YOUR REACH
SWIMMING POOL
VOLLEY BALL
GAMES
MEDICINE BALL
INDOOR BASEBALL
POCKET BILLIARDS
BASKET BALL
OTHER GAMES
　　Special Classes for High School Boys.

A dignified Senior named Harold,
On a wet, muddy day beheld,
His lady so fair,
(Shel has light, curly hair)
And his heart gave a leap and a thud.

"I'll go over to see her," thought he,
"O, ecstasy! joy! Ah me!"
"Twas a thought, that's all,
Just then Troy had a fall,
And I heard Annie giggle, "Tee hee."

TROY & STURDEVANT
Attorneys-at-Law
OLYMPIA, WASH.

If your feet are large
Or if your feet are small,
Turn your footsteps
Towards the Shoe Store
That can fit them all.
Washington Shoe Store
327 MAIN STREET.
OLYMPIA, WASH.

"If a burglar entered the cellar, would the coal shoot."
"No, but perhaps the kindling wood."

"Can you tell me the scientific name for snoring?"
"Sheet music."

FOR GOOD BREAD
PATRONIZE
Olympia
Bakery

STATIONERY,
MAGAZINES, ETC.
At
The
Smokehouse

Jimmie Brazel: "Do you serve lobsters here?"
Pretty waitress: "Yes, we serve anyone. Sit down."

Mary: "Charlie tells me all he knows."
Gladys: "My, isn't the silence dreadfully depressing at times?"

DIAMOND BRIQUETS
Fine for Heater, Furnace or Fireplace
HERMAN MALLORY
Phone 688.
Pasquale was doing his first sentry duty and was pretty nervous, so when the corporal made the rounds he challenged in a very weak tone of voice:

"You will have to do better than that," said the non-com, "or you will get in Dutch when the officer of the day blows around. Sing it out and sing it loud."

All of which Pasquale intently noted and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later he was greeted with—"Tra-la-la-la, who coma dees way?"

---

**The Bookstore**

Remington Typewriters and Typewriter Supplies.
Fountain Pens. Fine Stationery.
Late and Popular Fiction.
School Supplies. Office Furniture.
Kodaks and Supplies.
Engraving.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMING.
WE DO KODAK DEVELOPING AND PRINTING.
MAY WE DO YOURS?

410 MAIN STREET. OLYMPIA.
PHONE 1.

---

**J. E. KELLEY**

THE OLYMPIA HOUSEFURNISHER.
Phone 247.
502-508 East Fourth Street. Olympia, Wash.

Real Merit Attracts Attention
Every Day Finds Us Selling More
YOUNG MEN'S SMART CLOTHES.

We find real pleasure in showing these clothes. There are none better.

DISCOVER THEIR MERIT FOR YOURSELF.
GOTTFELDS 211 EAST FOURTH STREET

---

**Start the Year 1919 Right**

By Buying a Red Package of

SPERRY'S ROLLED OATS, FLAKED WHEAT,
PANCAKE FLOUR, GERMIA.

Rolled Oats in Bulk; Farina, 10-lb. sacks; Graham Flour, 10-lb. Sacks; Whole Wheat Flour, 10-lb. Sacks.

EVERY PACKAGE GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Reder & Phillips
PHONES 598 AND 594.
Portraits
WE MAKE SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.
Phone 270 Today for an Appointment.
Jeffers' Art Studio
Corner Fifth and Washington Streets.
THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE STUDIO IN THE CITY.

Kneeland Barber Shop

KNEELAND SHINING STAND
For Ladies and Gents.
Joe Rollman.
Cor. Fourth and Main Sta.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR.
"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF."
ROSE-NEPPLE AUTO COMPANY.
210 Main Street. Phone 610.

Gunstone & Johnson
REPAIR ALL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS.
WE CAN REPLACE PARTS FOR ALL MAKES.
WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK.
Phones 460L, 362R.
Leave Your Machine at the Washington Shoe Store.

During the severe storm that flooded Galveston and caused some loss of life and much damage to property, an artillery officer, on leave of absence telegraphed to his superior officer in command of the Coast Defense at that point:

"Sympathy to the regiment. Where are my clothes?"
The answer he received was:

"Sympathy from the regiment. You have no clothes."

Telegram: "Wash out on line. Can't come"

Pantorium Dye Works Cleaners and Pressers
Phone 192
W. H. WILLIAMS, Prop.
511 Main Street.
White Cross Dental Offices

DR. W. L. GREGG, MGR.

PHONE 564. OLYMPIA NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

Motto for the American "Doughboys": "Always ready when kneaded."

First Yank: "I heard about a man yesterday who lives on onions alone."

Second Yank: "Well any guy that lives on onions ought to live alone."

"We Don't Please Everybody—But We Try."

SHOES OF ALL KINDS.

Moderate Prices.

EKREM SHOE COMPANY

423 MAIN STREET.

Ted Dean in Senior English: "Then Jacob built an altar and sacrificed a-er-a-a-a-a-a-"

Mrs. Heimiller: "A goat?"

Ted Dean (in an undertone): "I'll say it was the goat."

Spring Sporting Goods

OF QUALITY

Van Arsdale Hardware Co.

Joseph Bohac Harness Shop

NEW ASSORTMENT OF AUTO ROBES.

FISHING TACKLE AND LEATHER GOODS.

AUTO TOPS REPAIRED.

West Fourth Street.

After church the padre said, "I wish to speak to those of you who have not been confirmed. Will you divide yourselves into two parties, please? Those who have, fall out on the right, and those who have not, on the left."

Most fell out on the right. In the shuffle this remark was heard:

"You been confirmed, Bill?"

"Bet your life. Got marks on me arm yet."

FOR QUALITY—FOR SERVICE.

Capital City Creamery

Phone 55.

Fifth and Columbia Sts.

Olympia, Wash.

Waldo Stenz: "Gee, I feel like thirty cents."

Birdie Churchill: "My, how things have gone up since the war."

Fine Jewelry for

Particular People at

D. R. SIMENSON & SON

Fourth and Franklin Sts.

FOR GOOD SERVICE

OLYMPIA BATHS

W. Klaumbush, Prop.
OLYMPIA DAIRY PRODUCTS CO.
BUTTER, ICE CREAM,
MILK AND CREAM
DEALERS IN BUTTERMILK AND COTTAGE CHEESE. SEPARATORS.
J. L. JORGENSEN.
316 WATER STREET. PHONE 10.

Olympia Door Co.
SECOND AND JEFFERSON STREETS.
PHONE 78.
Lumber and Mill Work. Get Our Prices.
Mill Wood—Green & Seasoned

Meath's Cafe and Ice Cream Parlors
O. H. S. PATRONAGE APPRECIATED.
236 EAST FOURTH STREET.

Bumps: "Why is it that Pete Otis has a perpetual cold?"
Oecie B. : "Have you ever noticed how much of him is on the ground?"

Sergeant Bean, in an N. C. O. examination: "Spread the toes out well, step off on the front foot which is behind the foot that is near the rear foot." Can it be done?

Strand Theater
THE HOME OF FIRST-RUN PHOTO PLAYS.
EVERY DAY IS FEATURE DAY WITH US.

Papa Flu Germ: "The board of health has decided to abolish the roller towel."
Chorus of baby flu germs: "Boo hoo! Now we can't have any more fun looping the loop."

THE OXFORD BOWLING ALLEYS
BILLIARDS TOBACCO
and POOL and CIGARS.
J. F. KEARNEY & CO.

GROCERS

Phones 780-781-782. 427 Main Street.

Feist & Bachrach

Successors to Rosenthals.

Phone 237. 408 Main Street.

DEPENDABLE QUALITY OF MERCHANDISE.
THE SEASON’S LATEST MODES IN WOMEN’S,
MISSES’ AND CHILDREN’S GARMENTS.
UNDERWEAR, CORSETS,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS,
DRESS AND WASH GOODS,
SILKS, LINENS, LACES.

FOR
Lumber : Lath : Shingles
GLASS, WINDSHIELDS, BOXES AND
GENERAL MILL WORK
Go To
Buchanan Lumber Co.
FOURTH AND WATER STREETS.
PHONE 412.

Mills & Gowles
Spalding
Sporting
Goods
CHEVROLET

POWER
ENDURANCE
ECONOMY

PHONE 533 AND LET US SHOW YOU.

Buxom boy,
Cigarettes,
Little grave,
Violets.

The Wardrobe
Clothing, Furnishings,
Shoes for Men.
CRAM & MAHLUM,
Props.
323 East Fourth Street.

Muddy day
A little hole,
Harold Troy,
Ocean roll.

Fine Cut Glass, Sterling
Silver Toilet Sets and
Plateware.
Fine, Perfect Diamonds,
Newest Styles in Jewelry.
F. H. NEFFER,
517 Main St. Olympia.

Dark night,
Banana peel,
Mary Jane,
Virginia Reel.

The Star \Laundry
DOES ONLY FIRST-CLASS WORK.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
PHONE 254. 205 MAIN STREET.

Bolster & Barnes
GROCERS.
THE HOME OF BLUE RIBBON BREAD.
Phones 48, 49. Cor. Fourth and Columbia Streets.

Young Men AND Young Ladies
Wearing Apparel

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

"YOUTHFUL KLOTHES"
Our Specialty.

SAMS & PETERS
Real Estate and Insurance Agents. Rents Collected
and Tolls Paid for Non-Residents. Loans Negotiated.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.
"Pa, What's phonetic spelling?"
"It's a way of spelling that I often got whipped for when I was your age."

Mrs. Heinniller (in Senior English, after speaking of the different kinds of love—parental, brotherly, filial, etc.) : "Are there any questions?"
Levy J. (furiously waiving his hand in mid air) : "What would you call the love a boy has for his dog? That wouldn't be brotherly love."
Anna S. (in a stage whisper) : "No, puppy love."

**Job Printing**

We are equipped to do the best, to handle the large orders, to handle the small orders, to handle the difficult orders. This book has just been turned out of this office. We invite criticism.

---

**WE WILL NOT DO POOR WORK BECAUSE YOU WANT A "CHEAP" PRICE.**

---

**ENGRAVED STATIONERY FURNISHED.**

---

**Washington Recorder Pub. Co**

58—PHONE—58.
Start Today

On the happy road to financial independence by opening a savings account with this growing institution. Begin to save a part of every dollar earned and sing with Bobby Burns:

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

We have never paid less than 6 per cent. per annum on savings. Assets now $600,000.00

Olympia Building & Loan Association
"A Mutual Savings Society."

DIRECTORS:
P. M. Troy, Attorney.  Fred W. Stocking, Treasurer.
J. F. Kearney, Chairman Executive Committee.

Walter F. McDowell, Secretary.