I SHALL introduce you to the main characters in this story—just so you will know who they are when they arrive. First, the girl in the store. There are at least one—or three—or, there isn’t any story; at least there wouldn’t be any reason in it. Her name was Phyllis Lang—she had lived next door to me ever since her mud-pie days—so that’s why it made me, well, sort of disgusted when she tried to high-ball me after she’d been away to school for a year. She was quite pretty before she went away, and didn’t look so different at the Christmas holidays. If she’d looked then as she did when she came home in the summer, I’d never have spent three-fifty on that compact for her. Of course, in all due justice to her, she had changed some then—but she did have an eyebrow worthy of the name—and had not become addicted to cigarettes.

Next, the other fellow—I hate to call him a fellow, because the name carries with it considerable respect—but I can’t say the other guy, because I’m the third party, and if there’s the other guy, I’m a guy, too, you see.

He was from her college town. He wore flannel and a sweater—and a mao— and spats, and spoke of his father as the “pater.” His name was Everett—still is, I guess.

Phyllis said he was “aingerher sophisticated.” Well, he may not have been sophisticated when he came from, but he was a swell outfit.

You see, there was a big fight outside that day to hold but

**Misplaced Eyebrow**

A Short Story

By BOB BUEHRER

outside of town. Mr. Summers had told the gang at the Christmas party that as soon as the new barn was finished we could have a barn-warming, and Phyllis had promised to go with me if it didn’t come off until summer. Well, this Everett person and his mother were visiting across the street from Phyllis’, and she thought that as he was an acquaintance in the school town—“city,” she called it—that she should be polite and take him, especially as he did not know anyone else. I asked her when introductions had gone out of style, and she said, “That’s no small-townish.”

Small-townish! Did that burn me up! I told her that I thought that she really should go with him for four good reasons—one of them being that her perfectly silly two eyebrows matched his perfectly silly one eyebrow that he wore on his upper lip. The fourth being that no other girl in town would go with him. Thereupon she informed me that in later years she’d always noticed that boys of my age were always jealous of older men.

Boys of my age—older men! I decided I’d better get away from there or I’d be all burnt up to cinder, and maybe not able to plan revenge.

Then Everett came up to the gang’s place, and bundled Phyllis into a car, with the other girl, and they drove away.

(Continued on page 28)
Oh, there you are! And I'm right about . . . there!! Can you find yourself in this assembly picture? It's the first one ever taken. Imagine 1150 students still at one!

The photographer caught this class in a semblance mood. Mr. Anderson's science classes are favorites with freshmen.

He needs no introduction. Now superintendent of city schools, L. P. Brown guided high school students for many years as principal.

White sails and a Puget Sound breeze on the blue waters of the bay. Let's go sailing—just one of the things Olympia offers.

Best-loved of students, Scotty MacDonald has served his school well. After holding many positions, he became A. S. B. president in his senior year.

These boys help to keep the high school paper a live one. The young advertising solicitors standing are: Dimmit, Yvon, Reber, Armstrong, Williams, siring, Thumberg, B. Cusman, Dilloway.

Student leaders, all: Borchert, MacDonald, Jenkins, Lynch and Mace were A. S. B. officers this year.

When the call of the open road comes, bike out to Priest Point Park where the Swiss chalet is a pleasant place to stop.

Every school must have student managers to help the student government. Left to right: VanDerwerker, social; Measenger, foreman; Von Toone, stage; Wright, athletic.

They make the school go 'round. Here is the executive council chosen by the students to represent all classes and activities. Top row, left to right: Lynch, Von Toone, Graham, Borchert, Maury, Pierce, Yearout, Nelson. Bottom: VanDerwerker, Measenger, Cartensen, Barker, Ouelley, Kegley, Jenkins, MacDonald.

When PEP in large letters is ordered, the band under the baton of Vincent Held is always on hand to dish it up in large quantities.

Though he has been with us but one year, Principal W. J. Myers has won a place in the hearts of the students he has so ably directed.

What the well-dressed high school girl will wear was shown at the Girls' club fashion show, after which a tea was given in honor of the mothers. The chairman were Helen Brooks, Frances Parker and Virginia Axtell.

To remind the passer-by that Olympia marks the end of the Oregon trail, stands this monument at Tumwater.

Artists and authors of the Wharton, publication of the English and art department, assemble for a picture.

Viewing their work with a critical eye. Advisers and editors to the Wharton: Miss Edna, Miss Glennie, Miss B. and Mrs. Jona. Scogin, Dorothy Van Pockerall, Dorothy Leondie.

Where is the victory beard? It slips are in order. Some care than Mae Eggers and Kathry Williams of the color francs.

Though Olympic winters are notably mild, winter sports are not far distant. Through this gateway to Mount Rainier many have passed in search of snowy thrills.

Through these portals 1150 students pass each day.

Shall we send this picture to Ripley? Imagine study hall as quiet as this when Mrs. Woodin is not in the room. Wake up, Bert!
AND a Maying they went—the May Court ruled by King Chick Hardiny and Queen Rhoda Schmidt. Attendees are Betty Palmer, Vingl Littlejohn, Joe Littlejohn, Arche Jenkins, Joy Ashbell, Homer Fulton, Marie Schmidt, Bob Dickson, Jean Stewart, Leo Skowinski, Mary Ann O'Farley and Art Ester.

May there be more like him—Homer Fulton, senior—chosen as the student doing the most for his class during his high school years.

Olympia's future school leaders—the freshman officers: Kathryn Dodson, Marie LaFond, Ford Mulher, Rodney Blanchette, Philip Lynch and Norman Good.

X—Y=? This group could tell you—the interscholastic algebra team. They entered nine contests and won nine—pretty good, eh?

Some more wonders—the chemistry team—they placed second in the state meet.

Ann, Amy, Alice—and so forth. Deaf the 9th class with Miss Nina director.

The front entrance—but where are the skaters?

"Save me a place"—shirts, shucks—and the school bus leaves to deliver its passengers home.

When it comes to thinking of new ideas, these students take honors, for they think up new ways to advertise Whatnot, senior plays, and everything that comes along.

Into the dark you pass—but it happens that it's into the House of Representatives that you go this time.

Practice makes perfect, so they say—the girls' gym classes practicing the Maypole dance for the May festival. And this shows an excellent view of our gym.

DEPYY boosters—junior boys.

Can you find Bert Horison, next year's A. B. president, among them?

These folks are fast and sure, for they uphold the tennis fame of Olympia. Back row: C. Eaton, Rose Yeager, Hardiny, Littlejohn. Front row: W. Heus, Arkin, Philbrick, J. Eaton.

His fellow classmates voted him the one boy who had done the most for his class. Most Duan Davis, junior class president.

What can they do? Harmonize mostly. The "Three Spatikals" often showed what they could do at school assemblies. Ray Adams, Frank Ayers, Carroll Adams.

Many of you have bumped to school in these buses, or similar ones. A scene on Twelfth street after 3:15.

Mr. Matters was caught running himself at the front entrance to our institute of learning.

Remember the posters and show-case displays. Maybe there are the artists who fashioned them. This fifth period art class is busy at work at a number of things.

From the Girls' Athletic association, honor teams are chosen for all sports. This group of girls won the honors this year.

A guarded tree on the capital grounds caught the "Olympia" editors in its tassles while the camera clicked. Kathryn McAuley, Peggy Kelly.

The entire "Olympia" staff left their work for a moment to come out for a picture. Standing: Will- lett, Buscher, Fischer, How, New- ell, McDougall, Stewart. Sitting: McAuley, Wright, Kelly, Pierce.

They may be beginners, but they don't lack for numbers. From this first year journalism class will come next year's "Olympia" editors. Did you see their edition?
MASCULINE members of the largest class that has ever entered Olympia high school—the freshman boys, 108 of 'em. Don't they look green?

"1-2-3! Ready? Tra-la-la-la —
No, you're off again." And so on through the period. Yes, it's Miss Elizabeth Herr, who coached the operetta.

Popular or prominent? Both. It's Andrew Nelson, Olympia representative for the sophomores, chosen as the student who has done the most for his class.

Olympia high is no jiggery when it comes to the health of her students. We have an able caretaker in the person of Miss Maud Bartlett, school nurse.


Don't they look sisterly? Nevertheless, it is the social committee of the student body. They are Van Derveer, chairman; Stokes, Stewart, Littlejohn, Hurl, Schmid, and Skorupinski.

All: Four cups to add to our beautiful collection of trophies! These four won first places in the music meet. They are Williams, Henderson, Buch, and Carlson.

Olympia's picturesque and ever-popular golf team. Why is it that golf players are always so attractive?

The class of '32's "intellect." Mary Borden, left, and Helen Fischer, right, saltimbanco and valedictorian of the senior class.

More athletes! The famous Big O lettermen, all of whom have worn at least one Big O.

Light, but oh, so fast! The wrestling team has held its own this winter despite its light weight.

WHEN the freshman girls get together something usually happens. This time it was a pic-nic.

And the best man wins—that is, when it comes to jumping. Morris Fixer, the high jump record holder of Washington.

Has off to you, Marie La Fon? She was chosen by the freshmen as being the most representative student of her class.

And he's acting up again! This is none other than Albert Heath, our famous actor, in stage make-up.

Could they be so industrious? If so, English must be a great subject. Miss Elizabeth Mackley conducting her fourth period English class.

Yes, my dear—you are seeing right and this isn't a junk pile—just some famous Olympia oysters.

Oh, for the life of a sophomore! These trusty people led the class this year. Left to right: Ray Hurl, Dorothy Graham, Charles Porter, Irving Sholand, Winfred Castle, James Carpenter, Andrew Nelson and Walter Olson.

Oh, who can be causing this big smile? Pauline Andrews was recently elected Girls' club president for next year. Here's luck to you, Pauline!

The times that we have passed this place! You are old enough to go near now—so take a look at this small playground in Sylvester park.

When others play someone must work. This stage crew holds true to that rule. Above are Gordon Von Torre and Ed Cowell. Below are Miss Anne Irene Johnston, J. W. Fuller, Bill Wagner, Harold Yates, Clarence Irwin and Frank Daly.
THE "Cubs" football players lined up for their picture. There is a lot of work and not much glory in their jobs.

Here are a few members of the girls' gym classes "working out" on the fire escape. Margaret Schmidt, aren't you afraid you'll fall?

Floaty clouds with silver linings, and sparkling ripples on the bay's surface. But to the average fisherman (you can see a boat full of them) scenic beauty is of no importance.

The Girls' club cabinet, sponsors of the lyceum programs, leap year dance and, oh, so many other things, posed for the camera.

This is the committee whose work made possible the junior prom, the last social affair of the year, held May 20, 1933. Lester Jensen is in the "limelight," as usual—notice the winning smile.

Narada Falls, principal landmark on the road to Mount Rainier from Longmire Springs. If you are a statistician, figure out how many gallons per second flow over this cliff.

Here are some inquisitive chemistry students finding out what happens when an acid reacts with a base. Ask Mr. Gaines, and he'll give you a lecture—ask the students, and they'll change the subject.

This is the usual noon-tide scene—except in rainy weather. The two big fellows in the foreground are evidently "camera-shy." Can you guess their names?

If this were a "talking picture," the noise would be deafening, so we have left out the sound effects. Just a group of typists getting out their "budgets."

T HE Olympia football team under the coaching of Eugene Dils placed second in the South-west Washington league, giving way only to Hoquiam who took the honors for first.

Here is a group of football men in action. From left to right: Earl Weatherbee, Frank Sudler, Boyd Grandall and Boyd McCelland.

The senior class gets in all its glory as it is displayed every Wednesday, senior day.

Louis XIV and his henchmen are up to their old antics. This is the way Tom Taylor, Bob Schmidt and Neil Lynch looked in their roles in the junior class play, "If I Were King."

It juts out into the tranquil waters of Puget Sound like the rocky point of Gibbous. This picturesque cliff is found three miles from Olympia in historic Priest Point park.

Three famous dancers of the Coast appeared in the annual operetta, "Sota," presented by the music department under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Huff, December 18.

One is president of the entire student body, the other leads the Girls' club. Who are they? The Macdonald twins, Ethel and Scotty.

Hoop skirts, ruffles and old lace predominated Whim-nut day. Do not try to hide back there, James Gill, we see you.

Dorothy Jane Pierce, Marie Schmidt, and Marjorie Geiger, three senior class officers, were caught sunning in the southwest entrance to the building.

The largest freighter in use in the world at the present time poses for a still. The S. S. Robert Dolar is seen bound for a foreign market at the Olympia port.
LOOK at those beaming smiles, 
Olympia high teachers look 
as if they enjoyed their jobs.

Every year, Olympia’s name is 
planted far by her football team. 
Wright, Yearout, Keay and 
Grady did much to support their 
school.

Much interscholastic friendship is 
achieved by debate. Under the 
coaching of C. A. Biss, Stanley 
Lillian, Delbert Milholland and 
Lora Byng have done this work 
well in the past.

To those who go down the bay 
in the summer time, this is a com-
mon sight.

Skip, alay, and go, go, go for a 
good stiff breeze. The Ruffians 
seem to be looking toward foreign 
shores.

These gridiron heroes are 
showing us a lot of action. From 
left to right they are Lauren John-
sen, Bob Fulton and Scott Ohms-
stead.

A familiar point of interest 
managed to get into this picture. 
Here is a view of the chalet at 
Priest Point park.

Those boys headed the Dad’s 
night affair. And was it a suc-
cess? How could it be otherwise 
with these managers? Left to 
right: Homer Fulton, Morris Fi-
sher, Bud Meyer, Duane Davis, Ar-
chie Jenkins, Hugh Hinkelman, 
Frank McMurry and Bob Bennett.

If you want to learn how to boil 
water, enroll for a class in this 
room. A scene in one of the 
foods classes.

And here we have a mass of 
happy faces. If you look closely, 
they may be identified as the jun-
ior girls.

THE clock was turned back- 
wards and the entire school 
returned to the gay days of 1899. 
On Whalton day, grandma’s old 
clothes were resurrected and adorn-
ed these students. Do you know 
them?

Behind the line of scrimmage 
we find these four upholders of 
Olympia’s football fame. Left to 
right: Kenneth Yaman, Percy Bus- 
track, Frank Ayers and Ovville 
Jenkins.

Here are some of the ped-
agogues of William Winfield Mil-
er. Back row: Biss, Mumford, 
Burke; second row: Hill, Crockett, 
Mollestad, Lucien, Ayers; front: 
Werner, Bennett, H. Jenkins, M. 
L. Jenkins, Troy, Everston.

These unsung heroes carry on 
behind the floodlights but not in 
public view. These members of the 
stage crew, Frank Daly and 
Harold Years, were caught at 
work when the camera clicked.

Olympus and Olympica editors, 
snapped at the Thirteenth street 
entrance. Left to right: Jean 
Stewart, Doodee Jane Pierce, 
Peggy Kelly and Kathrynn Mc-
Ardle.

Had any classes here? A wing 
of the high school building taken 
from the campus.

This majestic mountain graces 
the landscape in view of Olympia. 
Mr. Rainier, seen in the distance, 
is the pride of this city.

Meet Charles Sutherland and 
Gene Speckart.

Rolling Russians mingled 
with humor and conspiracy that 
fascinated plot of “Sonia,” 
the operetta presented by the mu-
sic department. Here the cast 
poses.

Students holding future jobs will 
thank J. H. Bohle, vocational ad-
viser.

Pepper himself glances over his 
trophy case. He’s a fine old mascot, 
Pepper is.
HERE are the tricky cagers who upheld Olympia's reputation on the basketball floor this winter. Coach M. W. Rockey at right.

This is the way they look out on the field. These football bozos are, from left to right: Bob Eastray, Homer Fulton, Duane Davis and Carl Solomon.

In the good old days Scooty Macdonald leading the rooting section at Stevens's field.

Mother's gowns were brought to light on Whatnot day to advertise that annual publication.

Under a shining silver ceiling and surrounded by glittering icicles, seniors entertained juniors at the annual Senior Ball in December.

Here are M. W. McLoud, Mrs. Ada Woodin and Homer Fulton of the senior class who did much to make the seniors' party successful.

Hood Canal offers views like this to the inquisitive. Is it any wonder this is called the "charmed land"?

Fluttering hearts, shamful intrigue and old French gallantry held sway in the junior play, "If I Were King." Left to right, Virginia Axtell, Kenneth Walker, Max Guiberson and Margaret Wiedebreck.

We hope it goes in, Bud. Here's the city champion making a putt.

They represent the seniors in executive council meetings. Elizabeth Carstensen and Norman King.

This picture was taken when the tennis courts at Stevens's field, gift of the senior class of '31, were dedicated. Tennis stars from Portland played exhibition games.

Auntie whispering in, Olym-pians enjoy the golf course and wide verandas of the Olympia Golf and Country club.

Page Twelve
WORLD history is the cause of the interest indicated on the part of Martin S. Miller’s fifth period class.

Looking down on a portion of the industrial section of Olympia as viewed from the dome of the capitol building.

With this their initial year as an organization, the Harmonica club, under the direction of C. B. Mumford, has become a recognized part of Olympia high school.

Because of its natural wildness to man and civilization, the wild deer is seldom seen in his native habitat. Some lucky photographer has caught a shy fawn in a perfect snapp.

Olympia boys learn early the lure of foreign lands and business of trade at the Port of Olympia. This ship is from Japan.

Dave Russell is headed for a fall. Favorite noon pastimes on the campus.

Resembling the silver hair of some wonderful fairy nymph as it streams over the rocks, Bridal Veil falls is a center of tourist attention.

Diminutive? Yes, but he coached the one-act play to the height of fame. Meet Mias Helena Jenkins, dramatic coach.

They have guided the junior class in all its endeavors and made its social year a success. These are the junior class officers with Duane Davis, president, second from the left.

The journalism neophytes look proud of their edition of the school paper, The Olympia, which they put out May 5. Ramona Rockway, editor, is standing second from the left.

The audience was kept in a continuous uproar by the antics of Albert Heath as “Master Pierre Patelin” in the one-act play by that name. Olympia was awarded first prize in the competition with Hoquiam and Aberdeen.

GOVERNOR ROLAND H. HASTIE addressing at the tree-planting ceremony held in observance of the Washington centennial. In the foreground: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. S. Bates and Governor Hastie.

What have we here? All shapes, sizes, heights and weights. Quite a conglomeration, but nevertheless it’s the sophomore boys.

And here we have the long and short of it. Of what? The senior class. Deloris Wright holds the door for Edna Woods.

Tall green trees, cool shady, and Boston Harbor offer a beautiful landscape drive to those who love it. This typical scene may be found most anywhere around Olympia.

In this snap we caught the inspiration of the football team—Archie Jenkins—the Rotary medal winner. Each year a medal is presented to the boy who was the greatest inspiration to his team mates.

Why are we famous? Gaze upon this picture and you’ll see one reason. A scene in the Olympia oyster beds at Oyster bay.

As seen from the Fourth street bridge, Mount Rainier dominates the landscape on a clear day.

Noah and his Ark. Here is pictured one of Olympia’s curiosities. This Noah has his ark decorated with stars and illuminated with Bible stories.

They selected “The Royal Family” the senior class play, Maryette Geiger, Coach M. L. Jenkins, Helen Fischer and Ray Armstrong.

A study in brown and white—Clifford Porter and Vincent Hilden.

Page Fourteen
Marble

At dawn it holds us spellbound—a pale pink dome against a pure blue sky—at noon a golden sun emphasizes its whiteness—at night a thousand lights transform it into a spectral palace.

From east, west, north, or south no matter from which part of the city we look, the sight makes us catch our breath, for there looms the massive structure of the Washington state capital building and its two guards—the Insurance Building and the Temple of Justice.

Before entering the building our guide tells us a little of the history of the state capital that we may have a better background for what we are about to see. First he tells us that by act of Congress, March 2, 1853, Governor Isaac I. Stevens selected Olympia as the capital, and that the Territorial Legislature met in 1854 in a little frame building which stood at the corner of what is now Second Avenue and Capitol Way. In 1891, the new State Legislature met in the Capitol building of frame construction, which was situated at the present capital site.

As we enter the seven million dollar capital, we will want to study the six massive bronze doors, illuminating industrial Washington, which are found at the front entrance to the building.

Stepping, with our guide, into the interior of the building and standing by the seal of Washington in the very center of the floor, we look up for 165 feet to the ceiling of the dome where hangs that massive chandelier which floods the halls with light. This six-ton chandelier, which was purchased from the Tiffany Company in New York, cost the state about $14,000.

Perhaps you would find it interesting to go to the top of the dome. We went up to the base of the dome in one of the elevators, and then the fun began. We started up a circular staircase. Never had we seen so many steps in our lives. We survived, though, and finally reached the top. We all agreed that the climbing had been worth it for we were fully repaid by the view that we saw—Olympia and the surrounding county—and miles down the bay. We felt as if we were on top of the world for, from the dome to the top of the lantern, is about 287 feet.

Next we learned that the stone used to build the building came from the Willows quarries in Pierce county, Washington, while the marble used on the interior was imported from all parts of the world.

Entering the Senate chamber which is on the left of the rotunda we see the brown Fornaces marble which was imported from Germany, while in the House chamber, on the right, is Ecalete marble which was imported from France. Broche Viller marble from Italy forms the walls of the (Continued to Page 25)
SENIORS

Viola Daniels
James Cowgill
Frank Cushman
Frank Daly

Mary Darlin
Betty Dearth
Helen Joy Deolin
Bob Dickison

James Dietz
Watertop Dillaway
Bud Dinmore
Harriet Dinmore

Adeline Docherty
James Donnelly
Geraldine Eells
Ray Ellis

Kenneth Enssley
Quintin Erickson
Helen Fischer
Morris Fiser

Horner Fulton
Marjorie Geiger
Kenneth George
Joe Grady

Emmet Hall
 Frances Halliday
Sylvia Hammer
Henschel Hardisty

Mary Harris
Mildred Hawley
Albert Heath
Louise Henderson

Louise Christman
Evelyn Clark
Alton Cone
Sidney Cone
Page Eighteen

Ellen Adair
Carroll Adams
Ruth Adams
Wilbur Afflerbaugh

Mary Akers
Frances Allen
Dorothy Ames
Sara Amos

Hilga Anderson
Ray Armstrong
Joy Ashwill
Frank Ayers

John Bach
Mildred Beigh
Velma Beigh
Robert Bennet

Pauline Bergfield
Mary Borchert
Lewis Boysen
George Brockway

Robert Brooks
Miriam Brooks
Stella Campbell
Bob Bucher

Kenneth Brown
Elizabeth Carstensen
Orville Charles
Billie Chobski

Page Nineteen
From the portals of William Winlock Miller high school, thirteen classes of seniors have gone forward. The building was first dedicated in February, 1919, when the front portion was built. In the spring of 1926, plans were started to add a new wing, including an auditorium and gym. The addition was opened on October 14, 1927, when dedication exercises were held. The school now accommodates 1150 students.

Doris Wickwire
Dorothy Wickwire
Dorothy Willett
Dorothy Williams

Kenneth Williams
Edna Woods
Roy Woodcock
Marian Worley

Bert Wright
Delos Wright
Shelby Wright
Sylvia Wyman

Harold Yates
Kenneth Zandell

The gaze of many a senior in rooms 143 and 232 has indubitably strayed to the impressive grandeur of the new Thurston county court house. The building, made of Tumusis sandstone, was dedicated September 12, 1918. The structure stands opposite the high school on the north side.
Wonder

By Earl Stockwell

Wonders if the marble building
Standing just across the way
Will be standing strong and stately
When the century is passed away.
Will the proud imposing structure
Still be looking o'er the bay,
Or will marble blocks be scattered
On the ground.
With the forest grown around,
And its history forgotten
In the legends that, begotten
Of its mystery untold,
Spring up among the natives
That the purple forests hold.

Marble Halls

(Continued from page seventeen)

State Reception room on the second floor. The main corridors throughout the building are finished with gray marble from Alaska.

On the way out we pass one of the four shadow lamps that stand in the four corners of the first landing. Surrounded by bronze and glass, the light gives an unusual and appealing effect.

Having completed our tour of the building we once again pass through the rotunda, out through the bronze doors of industry and into the afternoon sunshine where the trees, grass and shadows form an ever-changing picture, while the great white House of Law stands unchangeable.

Husband: "We've had this car for years and never had a wreck."
Wife: "You mean we've had this wreck for years and never had a car."—Presbyterian Magazine.
She: "There's an old clothes man coming to the door."
Her: "Tell him I've got all I need."—Glasgow Evening Post.
An old-fashioned girl blushed when she was ashamed—now she is ashamed when she blushed.—Wd. Street Journal.
Dolly was just home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"
"Not much," replied the child, "I've got to go again."—Montreal Star.
"Dear teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. At home we never hit him except in self-defense."—The Survey.

When your grandparents were younger than you are now—

The Talcott Brothers

Carried their stock home each night in a small tin box...

NOW IT IS KEPT IN A BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT.

Since 1872—60 years ago—We have pleased your grandparents and your parents—NOW we please you.

TALCOTT BROTHERS

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Since 1872
FOR the first time in the history of Olympia high school, Olympia will have a contender for the Olympic games as Morris Fierz, 18-year-old senior, has signified his intention of entering the Olympic trials at Seattle. As this story goes to press before the trials we do not know of Morris’ success, but if he clears 6 feet 3 inches in the trials he will be eligible for further Olympic trials to be held in California later during the summer.

In Paducah, Kentucky, a future track star was born who proved to be no other than Morris Fierz. Morris came to Monticello, Washington, a few months after his birth. Here he attended school until he had completed the seventh grade at which time he moved to Tumwater, where he attended school there and in Olympia.

Early indications were that Morris loved to run because at all times, when sent on errands, he would make good time by running the full distance.

His first thoughts of being a high jumper were in his sophomore year when he attempted jumping during his gym period. After much running by Coach M. W. Rockey, Morris succeeded in clearing 4 feet 6 inches. Coach Rockey remarked at one time that he doubted if Morris could take even a ninth place in a meet.

That spring he turned out for track with the intention of being a high jumper, but upon finding that Virgil Littlejohn could clear 5 feet 2 inches, he decided to be a miler instead. After the cross-country run of that year, he again tried jumping. By using a new system, Morris made progress until he cleared 3 feet 8 inches and placed second in the Southwest Washing-

How High is Up?

By LEONARD ZARP

ton track meet. In one meet in his junior year he captured firsts in the high jump and low hurdle events. He tried for first in the Southwest Washington track meet at the record height of 5 feet 11½ inches and at the state meet also tied for first, leaping 5 feet 11½ inches.

This year Fierz won three events in several meets. At the Centralia elimination he won the high jump, setting a new record of 5 feet 11½ inches, and the broad jump with a leap of 21 feet 2½ inches, also a new record. In the Southwest meet he cleared 6 feet 1½ inches in the high jump and 21 feet 3½ inches in the broad jump to break two records. To date, his farthest marks were made in the state meet at Pullman where he set a new state record in the high jump at 6 feet 3 inches and also captured first in the broad (Continued on Page 30)
Misplaced Eyebrow

(Continued from page one)

before in spite of her eyebrows.

After the barber had shaved off
Everett's mustaches, we hitched on
a tow rope and went on to the dance
—somehow it hadn't been as much
fun as we'd thought.

I thought the barber was making
fun of us, when he said, "What do
you mean, eyebrows?" I thought
about that a lot—and well, I
thought, my gosh, it'd be bad
even to be a sissy—why couldn't
we have let him keep his silly old
mustache—Chuck didn't say much,
either.

At eleven o'clock we all un-
masked, and somehow I wasn't feel-
ing as if I was going to enjoy the
unmasking—I couldn't see why,
though.

The band fiddler called, "Get
your partners," and there right
alongside of me stood Phyllis, and
her father. His upper lip was
clean and jewelled. I never re-
traced how black his eyebrows were
until that night.

It seems that Everett had been
called back to the city, so Mr. Lang
said he'd take Phyllis, and so . . . .

Well, I haven't been over there
yet . . .

A colored man got his nerve to-
together and took a flight in an air-
planes. As he climbed out after the
ride he turned to the pilot and
said, "Sis, Ah has to thank you
for both dem rides."

"What are you talking about," said
the aviator, "you had only one
ride."

"No, nub," returned the pas-
enger, "Ah done had two—mah first
and mah last."—Young Men.

Ford Motor: "I hope my little
darling has been as good as gold
all day."

Nurse: "No, ma'am, he went off
the gold standard about tea-time."

—Humorist.

Ode to Music

By Norma Bueh

Your rhythm thrills my very inner soul,
I know not why.

You have the power to give me love and joy,
Or make me cry.

Your Oriental tones enthrall me,
For hours I stay

Listening to your weird, quaint strains
Of melodious array.

Again you make me want to dance,
Oh most Divine!

Your music is as to my soul
A costly wine.

I should like to spend my days
Alone with you.

To let your music rule my hungry spirit;
To live anew.
Ode to Puget Sound

By Ray Ellis

I stand by my window for hours
Watching your rolling waves,
I cannot resist your attraction
With your changing blues and grays.

Today it is snowing—just lightly
Your waves are a slateish gray—but
But tomorrow, if the sun is shining
You color will change with the day.

Even at night you enchant me
When your black waves so sinister
Are seen
While a ribbon of light glides o'er
Them, "Tis the flash of the moon's own beam.

Sometimes you rear and you
Thunder
With a dangerous desiring look;
Then again you ripple so softly
Like a harmless little brook.

But whatever your mood or your color
Whether gay and gentle—or wild
You'll always keep me spellbound,
Puget Sound—the Ocean's child.

How High is Up?

(Continued from Page 27)
jump with a mark of 21 feet 4½ inches.
In regards to his coach and the track team, Morris said, "I owe everything to my coach, Mr. Martin S. Miller. The track team kept the record of the school up and I will long remember my acquaintances with the members of the track squad and wish them good luck in the future."

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CLASSROOM WISDOM
(Excerpts from Examination Papers collected by "The Grade Teacher"
***
Most of the beautiful buildings in Boston are of the Renaissance period of architecture.

The name of America is anonymous with Liberty.
***
The digestive juices are the bile and the sarcastic juice.

Ambiguity is telling the truth when you do not want to.

The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin.

The whole world except the United States is in the Temperance Zone.

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Remember the cubes and old Shaw. Be you on the final next year. Bauck.
We see you around. You're a lot better basketball player than I'll ever be. 

Perry "Red" Berta