



SOCIETY

A hearty and cordial applause was given both Mr. Tyndale and the Olympia Stringed Quartet when they

entertained the High School with some splendid musical numbers.

The High School Band gave two entertaining selections at one of the assemblies. Mr. McClelland has done excellent work as bandmaster.

Preparations are now under way for a Christmas program.

Land of Nod—Assembly.



Olympus



X-mas



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OLYMPUS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
OLYMPIA HIGH SCHOOL.

OLYMPIA

WASHINGTON

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Extracts from Mr. Winden's Diary

(Not Based on Facts.)

Monday—Well, after all my hard work this building ought to look pretty clean. Of course, Miss Pelton says all I do is transfer the dust from one thing to another with my feather duster, but my eyes are a little dim and I can't see where it settles to go back after it. My back aches like sixty tonight from picking up papers in the Sophomore row in the assembly.. I guess the co-eds must have been trying Mr. Harrington's new method of studying geometry that I have heard so much about. I was congratulating myself that there were two desks perfectly free from paper when I met Miss Gregory and she said the per cent. of attendance in the Sophomore class was coming up, for she had only two girls absent today. Wouldn't it be a happy day for me if they were all absent!

Tuesday—My friend, Mr. Jenkins, janitor of the Washington School, in a little town in Illinois, wrote me a letter telling about his school. I guess I'd better write it down and perhaps I can get some comfort out of it when I come home in the evenings, tired and cross. Here's part of it "We have a table in the assembly room and when anything is found on the floor, even a piece of scratch paper, it is put on this table. Every Friday the pupils line up and march around the table, and in this way all lost articles may be found, and we have a good time about it." How I wish we could adopt the plan in our school, and perhaps I wouldn't get such severe attacks of rheumatism from bending over to pick up jack-knives, snap-shots, love letters and the like. Also per-

haps Veva Parker, Bertha Hansen and a few more of our artists would learn to keep their works of art in their desks.

Wednesday—Assembly, and everything that goes with it. To begin at the beginning, Mr. Aiken had engaged a speaker and everyone was in the height of joy. Then when I took the chairs onto the platform everyone began to clap, so I thought I'd see what I looked like and find out what was the object of all the enthusiasm. But I'll come to that later. We certainly had a rousing speech today, but I seriously object to ending an assembly with a yell, because those strong-lunged youngsters shake enough dust from the ceiling and walls to keep me busy for an hour longer than usual in the evening. Well, at noon I went down to take a peek in the mirror and it is still undecided in my mind whether the glass has been removed or whether it was so surrounded by Freshies that I couldn't see it.

Now I can't see why the Glee Club girls don't sing. Every Wednesday Miss Ferguson has to spend half an hour of the hour period getting some volume into the singing, but at the next lesson the singing starts out as weak as ever. Now when the girls learn some volume, whatever that is, there will be some hopes of their singing on a program for us some day.

Thursday—Was down in the cooking room today and saw a little book lying on Miss Pelton's desk, which, after glancing through it, I found to be her diary. Now Miss Pelton and I are great friends, although we do disagree on some things, and I knew she wouldn't mind if I looked through it; so I did, and was very startled to find that she had discovered a little trick I had played on her. Here are the words: "I was amused today to find out a clever little trick Mr. Winden has been playing on us. I glanced out of the window just in time to see him feeding a thin, scrawny cat. I became very interested

and upon further inspection found the food to be a product of our Domestic Science girls' lesson for today." Now, honestly, Miss Pelton, I did that only once.

Friday—The last day of the week and everyone knows it. All the country students are going to see the folks, and those who live in town are going some place, too. Typewriters in Mr. Thoma's room are exceeding the speed limit and everyone is hurrying—as if they would get out any earlier for it. I guess I do a good deal of grumbling, and so do the rest of you; but it's a pretty good old world after all, and we don't need to grumble any more till Monday.

Stella McA., '16.

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last fly of summer,
 Left buzzing alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are swatted and gone.
 Not one of her kindred
 Of summer survives;
 They've given up ere now
 Their millions of lives.

I'll not leave the, thou lone one,
 To stagger about;
 Since thy kindred are sleeping
 I must knock thee out.
 Thus kindly I swat thee
 Upon thy bald head.
 As thy mates are all swatted,
 Lie buzzless and dead.

—Ex.

Man and His Miseries

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill.

He riseth up today and flourisheth like a rag weed and tomorrow or the day after the undertaker has him in the ice box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goes.

The banister of life is full of splinters and he slideth down with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the morning to absorb ozone and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$237.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him, and runneth one of its legs in to his ear.

In the gentle springtime he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far away from home, and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and the cashier speculateth in margins and then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers and a wasp that abideth in them filleth himself full of intense excitement.

He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Ohio, and in the end learneth that the other fellows have carried it.

He buyeth a watch dog and when he cometh home

the watch dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy morn.

He goeth to the trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her paternal ancestor goeth under with a few assets and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

I looked amazed at Bowen, fair,
 And wondered how he'd lost his hair;
 And with it I can but surmise
 His head had decreased half its size.
 Where took the verdant fern its way?
 Where are the puffs of yesterday?

The elevator to success is generally stuck—try the stairs.

Titles and Authors

- I Wish That You Belonged to Me.—Pi Morford.
 Take Me Back to Babyland.—Harry McCray.
 What a Charming Bright Display.—Edna Edings.
 I Love You, Dear.—Fishback.
 Where Did You Get That Girl?—Perry Andrews.
 When I Beheld Your Manly Form.—Percy Raymond.
 All That I Ask Is Love.—Charles Hahn.
 I'll Get You.—Marie Rowe.
 Come, Now, My Beauty.—Jess Weatherby.
 I'm the Guy.—Walt Draham.
 On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine.—Wolfe.
 E. C., '16, and M. W., '14.

OUR IDEAL GIRL.

Hair.....	Ina Brewley
Eyes.....	Clara Avery
Nose.....	Sylvia Bohac
Smile.....	Elizabeth Chadwick
Teeth.....	Dorothy Beach
Dimples.....	Florence McLane
Hands.....	Margaret Main
Feet.....	Eva Countryman
Walk.....	Gladys Cline

OUR IDEAL BOY.

Hair.....	Donald Godman
Eyes.....	Elmo Beckwith
Nose.....	John Ayer
Smile.....	Hubert Scully
Teeth.....	Roland Kegley
Dimples.....	Earl Wilder
Hands.....	Winthrop Chaplin
Feet.....	Malcolm Leghorn
Walk.....	Charles Fullerton

Trial Balance

If you see a High School student,
 One who once was gay but prudent—
 If you see this lad of late
 Crying out against his fate,
 And you know
 That his face is sad and worn,
 And he looks so lone and lorn,
 Even so.

You can see the sad one tremble
 When the pupils all assemble,
 And his face, so pale and white,
 Tells of a sleepless night—
 Awful dreams.
 To his mouth the downward curve—
 Ah! the lad is losing nerve,
 So it seems.

See his shoulders! they are bent;
 All his energy is spent.
 See the dull and listless eye;
 Hear the ever-sounding sigh,
 Soft and low.
 Shall I tell you what's the trouble?
 For I've been in that same muddle,
 And I know.

He is surely keeping books;
 You can tell that by his looks,
 Though he's used up all his talents,

Yet he still is off his balance.
 What a shame!
 It may be just three or twenty;
 May be less or more than plenty—
 It's the same.

Just a month or so ago
 I was five off, don't you know,
 Though I added up each column
 In a manner grave and solemn,
 Many times.
 Yet it drove me half insane
 Just to add them up again.
 It were crimes.

In my sleep I'd see fives dancing
 Everywhere that I'd be glancing—
 Great big, ugly wooden fives,
 Scarred up badly with the hives.
 Serves 'em right.
 They'd be walking o'er my bed,
 And I wished that I were dead
 That same night.

When I'd cry out in despair,
 "Don't come near me; it ain't fair!"
 A smiling one appears to say:
 "Try again some other day.
 In a while
 You'll get that awful balance—
 Hateful, spiteful, ugly balance—
 Called the "Trial'."

E. G., '16.

SPASM NO. II.

Getting my trial balance.
 Do not breathe or talk!
 I'm just forty-seven million and eleven thousand off.
 E. G., '16.

(Preying on her mind—what?)

XXIII Psalm

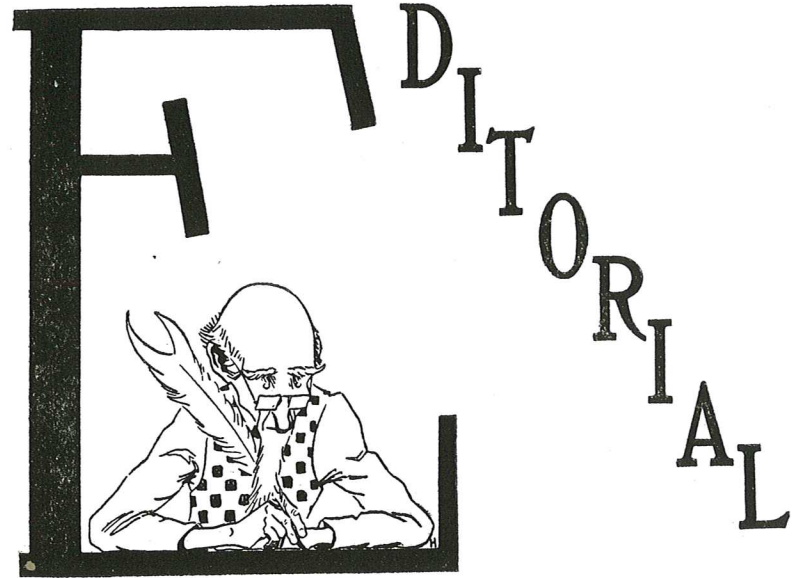
OF THE CLASS IN GEOMETRY

Mr. Harring is my teacher.
 I shall not pass.
 He maketh me to explain hard propositions and ex-
 poseth my ignorance before the whole class.
 He restoreth my sorrow.
 He causeth me to give rules, for my grade's sake.
 Yea, though I study until midnight, I shall gain no
 knowledge, for circles they do distress me; originals
 sorely trouble me.
 Thou preparest a test for me in the presence of the
 Seniors: Thou giveth me a low grade; my sorrow run-
 neth over; surely sadness and distress shall follow me all
 the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the geometry
 class forever.
 Selah.

STUDENTS WE HAVE KNOWN

By Walt D., '16.

Names—	Childhood spent.....	Appearance.	Amusement.	Destiny in Life
Percy Raymond..	O. H. S.....	Husky.....	Fighting.....	Prize fighter.
Munson.....	Grand Mound.....	Dazzling.....	Girls.....	Mormon.
Guerin.....	Hasn't spent it all yet.	Dissipated.....	Joking.....	Comedian.
Moony Morford..	Bumming.....	Yiddish.....	Talking.....	Bartender.
Paul Adams.....	On the gay White Way	Impressive..	Bullying.....	Judge.
Harold Shaffer..	In jail.....	Innocent.....	Yodeling.....	Chorus man.
Charles Fullerton	Jerusalem.....	Deceptive....	Playing marbles..	Missionary.
Pete Maynard..	Smoking.....	Smoky.....	"Dragging".....	Hodcarrier.
Malcolm Leghorn	Eating.....	Dutch.....	Eating.....	Cook.
Pie Morford.....	Combing his hair.....	Touching....	? ? ?.....	Life-saver at
Ronald Fishback	In growing.....	Dainty.....	Fussing.....	"Coney" Will marry Midget of Ringling Bros. Circus.



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Once more the Christmas season is with us, and it seems as if good old St. Nick himself has come down from the land of ice, snow and frost-bite, where he has been busy for the past year, manufacturing such household necessities as Teddy bears and mechanical toys, and in rubbing witch hazel on his chilblains.

We welcome him, not alone because of what he brings us, but because of the opportunity which he gives us of showing our good will toward our—ahem! unsuspecting fellow men.

In the good old days Kris Kringle contracted the habit of doling out quantities of birches to small boys who had committed some of the many blunders—we call them blunders because of the fact that we of the editorial “we” were a small boy once ourselves—of which only the little angels (!) are capable. We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that science has at last frowned upon the practice, declaring it to be unsanitary and a survival of a mediaeval custom (hear! hear!). This is doubly welcome, because the editor’s allotment of this type of furniture would have to be transported by means of an autotruck.

And now we wish the students, the faculty and every one connected with or interested in our Hi School the merriest of merry Christmases and the happiest of happy New Years. May you see none but the bright side of the coming year, and may you, by a kind word or a cheery smile, be the means of lightening the burden which some other poor sinner is carrying down life’s road.

Remember:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this good old earth
Hath need of your mirth.
It hath sorrow enough of its own.



JOKES

It gets to be a serious matter when Miss Diven proposes to the whole Senior class.

Miss Gregory (in Eng. II)—“Give me one of Shakespeare’s comedies.”

Kegley—“Two Gents of Vanilla.” (Verona).

Miss D.—“It is five minutes to twelve, but we will have time to get started on Bacon anyway.” (Time to start, if it’s a little tough. How about it?)

Miss Diven (in Eng. I)—“Set your chair down and put your four legs on the floor.”

Miss Diven (in Senior Eng.)—“What kind of phantoms do men chase, Fred?”

Fred—“I don't know.”

Miss D.—“I thought you could tell us.”

E. M. (in Anc. His.)—“Alcibiades had a dog and this dog had a very fine young tail.”

Miss Thurmond (in Anc. Hist.)—“The Spartans never went home until they were all killed.”

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That our lives are all sublime—
Not when Mr. Aiken makes us
Study history all the time.

We haven't much use for a quitter;
The most of us hate him like sin.
But another chap makes us more bitter:
The chap who's afraid to begin.

In Freshman English:

“These emblems of living and perspiring (aspiring) ambition.”

“Irving wrote the ‘Playmates of Columbus.’”

“Irving was sent to Spain as a preacher.”

“The Guinea pig belongs to the bird family.”

“One fine autumble morning.”

“Figures of speech, humidity, exzaduration and schnectady.”

“It was a fine beverage.”

Miss Gregory (in Junior English)—“Now take the life of Bacon; prepare for it.”

A crow once lit on a Junior's head,
Perhaps on mischief bent.
He picked away for a year and a day,
But he couldn't make a dent.

Father—“Young man, were you out after ten last night?”

Son—“No, father; I was only out after one.”

Miss D.—“What does ‘a choleric Dutchman’ mean?”

Joyce H.—“Well, it must mean that he has the cholic.”

Miss D. (in Senior English)—“When did you study the Ancient Mariner, Willis?”

Willis—“When I was a Freshman.”

Miss D.—“Oh, yes, that was last year.”

(Quite right, apparently.)

Domestic Science Professor—“Can you cook on an emergency?”

“No, but I can on a gas stove.”

Mr. Mc. (in Phy.)—“When is a body in unstable equilibrium?”

Ronald B.—“When half full.”



SOCIETY

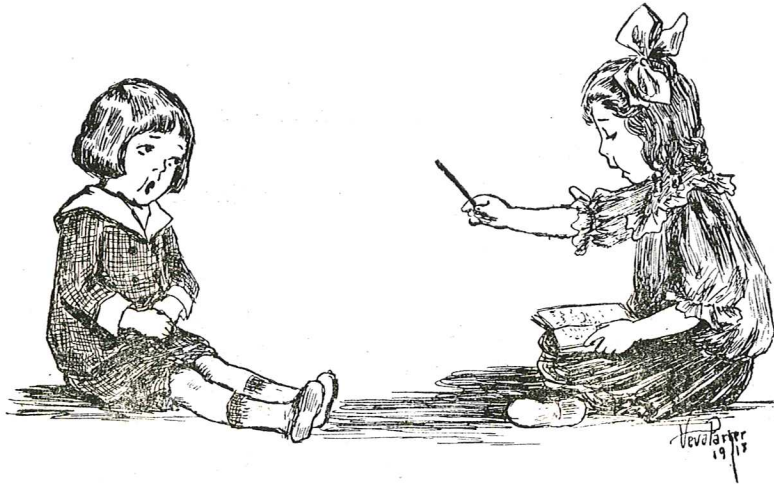
A hearty and cordial applause was given both Mr. Tyndale and the Olympia Stringed Quartet when they

entertained the High School with some splendid musical numbers.

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Preparations are now under way for a Christmas program.

Land of Nod—Assembly.



MUSIC

GIRLS' CHORUS

Under the supervision of Miss Ferguson the Girls' Chorus is progressing famously and they soon hope to appear before the assembly to "show off" their talent.

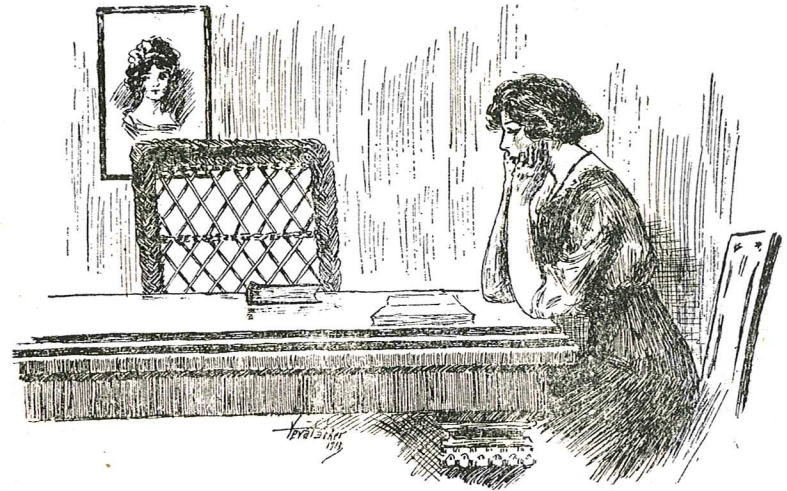
BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Now that the football season is over several members of the team have joined the Glee Club for lack of something more exciting to do; and with this added number there are hopes that the talent of the club will equal that of the Girls' Chorus.

INSTRUMENTAL

It is needless to say that the Boys' Band is getting along fine. They have already shown this very plainly by the demonstration they gave before the assembly not long ago. They have been working under a number of difficulties—by the loss of several good musicians and also by the lack of material to work on.

N. B.—These notes were written by the Music Editor, not by the Editor-in-Chief.



SENIORS

Seniors, are you aware of the fact that it is almost Christmas time, and after that, what then? "Oh, nothing but the semester exams." "Nothing," we say; but it does mean something. It means our chance of graduating, so let's do our best and strive to win out, so that we can break the record of the High School.

The class pins that were chosen by the committee were turned over to the class for inspection, and were sent for right away. We are now the possessors of a beautiful class pin of which we are all very proud.

We are very much pleased at the success of our debating team against Centralia. Those on the team were Winthrop Chaplin, Aubrey Guerin and Norman Haynor, all Seniors. This shows our marked superiority, gives our class another honor and adds to our already long list of them.

Our football boys have also made a good showing, winning four games out of seven. As most of the team are Seniors, this adds to our success as a class.



Had John Alden suddenly come back to earth and had he happened to stroll up to the High School on the day of November 21st, we are quite certain that Priscilla would have stood no chance whatever. He probably would not have recognized the fact that we were sup-

posed to be freaks, and were celebrating "freak day" in Puritan garb.

As the football season is now over, we wish to express our satisfaction in the showing the boys made. I am sure we are all more than pleased.

Now as the Yuletide approaches, we are all looking happily (?) forward to the mid-year exams, which shall put us on the road to Seniordom.

Would that I could insert a goodly quantity of Christmas cheer into a pepper box, as it were, and sprinkle it liberally over these pages, but as that can scarcely be done, let us think of something more probable—Christmas gifts, for instance—that good old St. Nick, in all his hurry and scurry, might overlook.

Dear Santa—Please bring to the Junior class ponies on the following subjects: German, English, Cicero, Algebra, History and Physics:

Also:

To Leroy—A method of absorbing new jokes.

To Ethel B.—Seven or eleven new "bows," no age limit, but must have read at least three chapters of the Bible. No Freshman need apply.

To Donald G.—One high silk hat.

To Dora H.—That peace and tranquility of mind and spirit which would most fittingly grace a parsonage. Santa Claus, North Pole.

Gentlemen—In the inclosed stocking please insert a cost. If you have none on hand, you may substitute a Price. Thanking you in advance for this favor, I am,

Yours hopefully,

Donald H.



SOPHOMORES

A few of the High School grads are waking up to the fact that the Sophomore class is not so slow after all. They begin to recall what they did when they were Sophomores, but they have to hand it to the present class when it comes to going into things, whether they have a chance or not, and pushing them along. In everything so far this year the Sophomores have come out on top.

What class dare challenge the Sophomores to a game of football? Coach Harrington states that the whole first team lies in the Sophomore class and the future rep-

utation of the High School for playing football depends on the players of the class of '16, although this is the first year in football for some of our men and they are gaining rapidly in football knowledge. Any school in the State will find it a hard job to hold next year's team down.

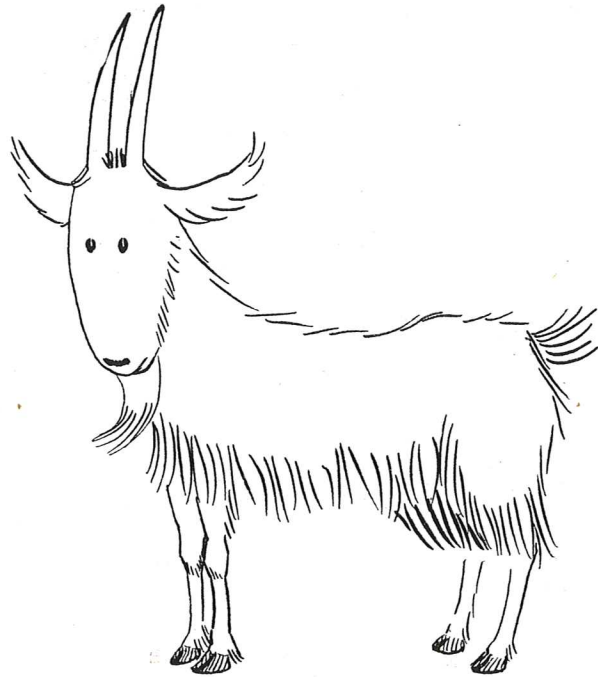
About three weeks ago an assembly was called in the afternoon and all assembled, including the Freshmen—much to their sorrow. The president of the Senior class presided. He first called for the names of the committee of the poor, down-trodden Freshmen who were supposed to have toted a box for the rally, but who—by the way—had failed to do so.

It was found that none were appointed—an inconceivable neglect on the part of the Freshman class officers, who were promptly landed on the stage. They were asked to give reasons for their misdemeanor, but failed. All were made to make speeches, and if their English teacher had been present, they would certainly have flunked. As it was, they were somewhat fussed, it being their first appearance as public speakers.

Speaking of Christmas gifts, the treasurers seem to think a little dues from some members of the class would be most acceptable.

We again showed some of our class and school spirit at the Olympia-Hoquiam game. It was up to the Sophomore class to procure a yellmaster, and they certainly did a good job. The cheering helped a good deal to win the game. The yellmaster who upheld the honor of the Sophomore class and the Olympia High School was Harold Shaffer.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.



FRESHMEN

At the last meeting of the Freshman class, we elected Raymond Lewis yell master and also practiced some new class yells.

It seems that the Freshmen, who are often unjustly imposed upon, were selected to carry a perfectly good box down Fourth street so that a few students could make some speeches.

The Freshmen objected to this because the Sophomores were appointed to see to it that the box materialized. As a result, many upper class men complained about the box because of its absence.

The next week there was an assembly in which several Freshmen ascended to the rarified atmosphere which surrounds the platform, and from that eminence, discoursed ably and well upon the subject of the box.

The High School, overawed and entirely speechless by reason of our eloquence, readily agreed to let us off on condition that we provide a box for the support of the understanding of the yell master.

This we did, not because of any intimidation of which tradition accuses us, but by reason of the fact that we possessed more, and a better quality of school spirit than we are said to possess. We are certain that if the job had been left to the Sophs the box would have been distinctly and noticeably absent.

Joe Bowen, our distinguished heavy-weight, would like an opponent. His training quarters are located in the gulch back of the High School.

Query: Must we continually remind you that you must pay your dues?

Ans: Uh-huh, yep!

MANUAL TRAINING

Wallace Parker

A number of small pieces of wood work, including wood joints, drawing boards and stands, sleeve boards, saw-tooth models, etc., have been made by each of the boys. Work on the larger pieces will be commenced after the Christmas vacation.

More hard wood will be used this year than before. This will help to make the annual exhibit a great success.

With the temporary drawing stands complete the drawing is well under way.

Wanted by the Domestic Science class, a man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes; also, a man with one tooth to bite holes in doughnuts.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The first year class in cooking gave three Thanksgiving luncheons, the guests being half the members of each three divisions and the following teachers: Miss Haycox,

Miss Coulter, Mr. Harrington and Miss Pelton. They are also planning to give three Christmas luncheons.

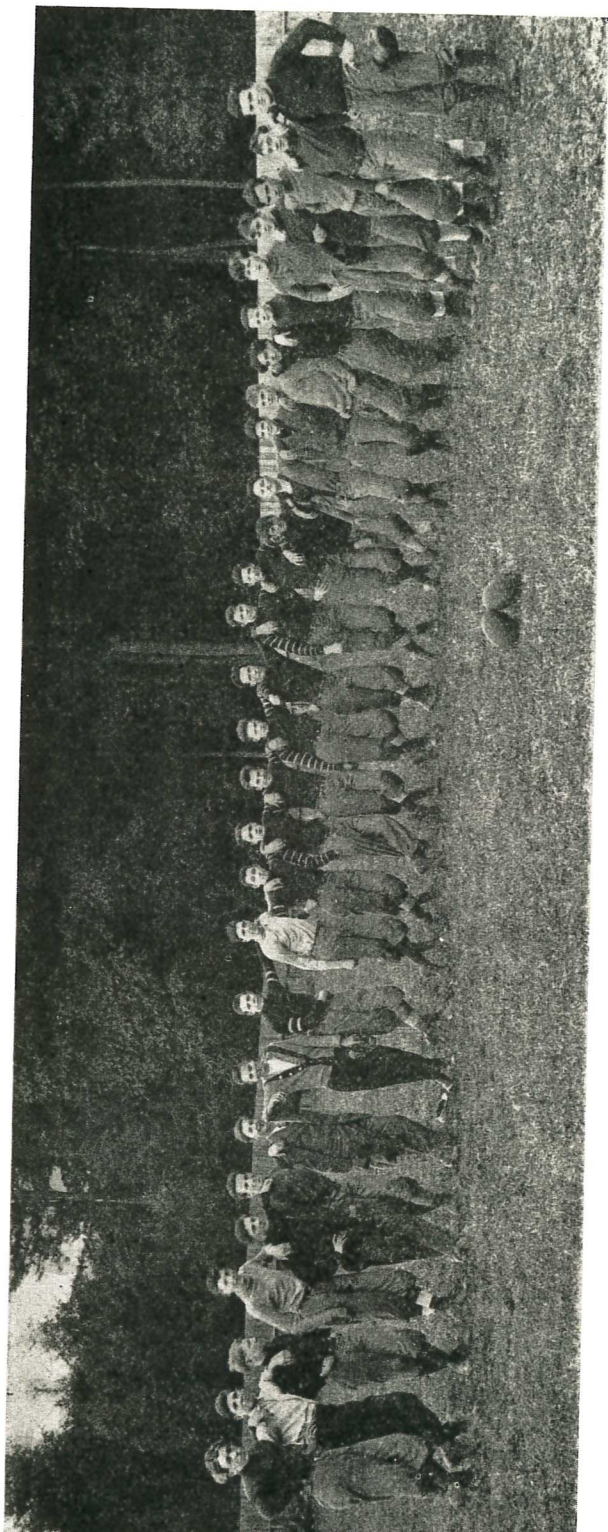
It is hard to keep up in average that you don't have.

The second year classes in cooking have been making spiced apple jelly and fruit cake and selling them to the members of the classes at cost.

Preparations are being made for a candy sale on Friday, the nineteenth, the candy for it to be made in the Domestic Science kitchen.

The second year class in sewing has just completed woolen dresses and both the first and second year classes are now working on Xmas presents.

The first year art classes are working on interior decorations. The second year class has completed stenciled waste paper baskets and is now working on desk sets, calendars, etc., for Xmas presents.



HIGH SCHOOL FOOT BALL SQUAD

EXCHANGES

We wish, in this issue, to thank a great number of schools for sending their papers to the "Olympus." We want our friends to criticise us and point out our faults. Then we may not only commend ourselves where we deserve it; but also profit by helpful suggestions.

We acknowledge receipt of the following:

"Tahoma", Tacoma, Wash.

"Whims", Broadway Hi, Seattle.

"The Review", Sacramento, Cal.

"The Oread", Rutland, Vermont.

"Wheat", Ritzville, Wash.

"Our Tattler", Walton, N. Y.

"The Toltec", Durango, Colorado.

"Mirror", Wilbur, Wash.

"Wigwam", North Yakima, Wash.

"Native American", Phoenix, Arizona.

ALUMNI

A good many of the Alumni were home for Thanksgiving.

Anna Jacobson, '09, is taking a post graduate course in the commercial department.

Frank Stocking, '09, was married Thanksgiving to a young lady of Seattle.

Earnest Mallory, '12, has gone into partnership with Eshom in the garage business.

Neva Stusey, '12, is stenographer in Vance & Parr's law office.

Hansen Berg, '10, is teaching in the Olympia public schools.

Viven Hindley, '13, is a stenographer in N. P. R. R. office.

Elizabeth Mottman, '12, is taking the English course at the Pacific Lutheran Seminary.

Lucile McReynolds, '13, is working in the state printing office.

Mabel Hollman, '10, is a stenographer in the state land office.

Homer Dana, '10, and Bliss Dana, '12, are attending W. S. C.

Edna McKensie, '09, is a stenographer in the state insurance office.

Maude Roberson, '12, is teaching at McAllister Springs; and her sister, Helen, '13, at Pine Grove.

Roy Johnson, '13, is spending the winter at his home in Portland.

Everett Hoke, '12, is working in Seattle.

Earnest Britt, '11, is attending business college in Seattle.

John Dunbar, '07, graduate of the "U" law department, is practicing law in Seattle.

Margaret Rankine, '11, who attended Whitman last year, has opened a piano studio at her home this winter.

Lew Lewis, '10, is attending W. S. C. this winter.

Glenn Garrison, '12, is working in a Seattle hardware store this winter.

Oscar Mell, '12, has been with a surveying crew at Lake Washington all summer and fall.

Jesse Leverich, '13, and last year's editor of the Olympus, is clerking in the Antisdell drug store.

Irving Miller, '13, is a clerk in Mann's seed store.

Edith Lemon, '10, is a Junior in the State Agriculture College of Michigan.

Mildred Lemon, '11, is attending Wellesley.

Alice Gottfelt, '10, is a Junior in the U.

Howard Clees, '11, is planning to enter W. S. C. after the holidays.

Catherine Claypool, '11, who attended Whitman last winter, and was prominent in musical circles, is at home this winter.

Steve Chadwick, '11, will graduate this year from the Washington and Lee University.

Harriett Chadwick, '11, is learning the millinery trade in the shop of Buffum and Wright.

Will Gaston, '10, has a position with an express company in Boise, Idaho.

Marvel Johnson, '12, is teaching at Oyster Bay.

Noyes Talcott, '11, is working in Talcott's jewelry store this winter.

Ralph Erskine, '12, is at the W. S. C.

Harold Edmonds, '10, is a Senior at Whitman.

Louise Richardson, '08, is now living in Vancouver. B. C. She formerly attended the State University of Idaho.

Flora Schively, '07, is stenographer at the Soldiers' Home in Port Orchard.

Hugh Schively, '08, will graduate from the law school at the U. of W. in February.

Clarence Butler, O. H. S. '09—Oberlin '13, is teaching in the commercial department at the Protestant Syrian college in Berut, Syria.

Boyce Heintzelman, '07, is employed in Olympia and officiated at two of the football games this fall.

Charles Schively, '12, recently spent a few days in Olympia, visiting his old friends and speaking at the High School.

Lovina Wilson, '09, writes that she enjoys teaching in Juneau, Alaska, very much, and intends going into the interior at the close of school.

Mrs. Victor McNamara, formerly Ruth Fitzgerald, died recently at a hospital in Portland. Her death is particularly sad in that she was a bride of only a few months.

Maimie Goldenberger, '07, is teaching in one of the districts of this county.

Will Hahn, '08, is employed in the Eshom-Mallory garage in this city.

Miss Elsie Doragh, '12, has returned home from the University to spend the rest of the winter.

Alena Loomis, '12, was married in September to Elliot Spring, who is employed in the Capital National bank.

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