

THE TRAIL



Thanksgiving Number

NOVEMBER 1916

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The Puget Sound Trail

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

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The Puget Sound Trail

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No. 2

WAR POETRY

ALICE BAKER '19

Poetry is the art of expressing in melodious words the creations of feeling and imagination. As usual, there is an exception to this rule, for the person overcome with passion cannot write poetry. Not passion, but passion in retrospect is the stuff out of which true poetry is made. For this reason the Great War has, perhaps, not yet created the best poets or poetry of which such a terribly passionate happening is capable. People who have felt themselves smothered by the floods of verse released by the war may take comfort in the assurance of its early oblivion. On the other hand, there will be a small part of all this emotional outpouring of true war-poems. Let us see if, at this stage of the war, we can discover a few of the people who write such poetry and the most worthy of their works.

England, of all the warring coun-

tries, has produced the most war poetry, and because of this fact we are compelled to take her poets and their work as examples of how the war has influenced this phase of the world's literature.

Mr. E. B. Osborn, of the London "Morning Post," tells us that he is engaged in writing an anthology of true war poems, "not the stuff turned out by professional poets sitting at tidy desks in comfortable rooms." His book will admit only the work of soldiers and sailors, and he seeks eagerly the unprinted poems, which are often as fine as anything that is published. He denies that some of the stay-at-home singers have written verse for war-time, which is worthy for their reputation in peace-time. Poets

Who sleep at ease
In a safe corner of a world
in flame

have to pass a severe examination of the products of their labor.

This writer says that in the intolerable deal of realistic or romantic war-poetry, which is merely rhetoric, there are perhaps half a dozen pieces so simple and sincere as to convince the soldier-critic that the war "had entered as iron into the author's very soul." All the rest has that fault of insincerity which sooner or later falls short of the ideal, so that the fighting man shrugs his shoulders and thinks to himself "that these writing chaps, by Jove, are a jolly dangerous crowd, what?"

The psychological reason of all this over-emphasized emotion is not hard to find. All non-combatants in the warring countries are, more or less, "at feud with fate today" for making them too young or too old to fight, or, worse still, of the wrong sex for fighting. This secret shame expresses itself in the following lines from a newly published book of verse:

Not these bright feet,
Which tread their chosen road
of death, deplore,
But ours which walk the cus-
mary street,
Barren and dull and anxious as
before.

These million dead
Need not your tears; but let
them flow
For us to whom is given our
daily bread

And are content—as long as
this is so.

These are the words of a poetess, so you can imagine how one who is a poet and a man rages at himself and destiny. Manly poets, such as Mr. Kipling and Dr. Bridges, both English, have hardly written a verse since the war began: the truth is, that they are too angry for tasks of interpretation, which can only be achieved to the artist's satisfaction in serene and self-contemplative moods, as before stated.

If this is the case with English poets, it is otherwise with those of France, "who see the long, bleeding gash in the white side of their beloved country, and feel the pain of it in their very heart strings," and with the Belgian poets in exile "in whom a sense of years lost that can never be regained burns like an old wound, when the skies are weeping." Some of these have endured so much that pain has lost its power over them. So there is no suspicion of insincerity in the war poems of M. Emile Cammaerts, for example. His work is like that of a new creature, as compared with what it formally was. Love of country is all in all to him; hatred of the enemy is a sterile emotion. What matter the huge reports, veritable air-quakes of Germany's guns, as long as the Angelus can be heard each evening in the heart of an exiled poet? Such is the theme suggested in one of his poems.

Mr. Osborn declares that the

English poets are incapable of such war-poetry because England has not yet felt in her quiet, green countryside the wounds of warfare, the anguish of invasion which must be felt before a nation's soul can fully find itself.

So if we wish to think about the war as suggested by real war-poetry we must resort to the soldier-poets, who alone know in their hearts what the ordeal of battle truly is and their small gifts of verse, however crude, should mean more to us than all the cunningly wrought artistry of the professional poets, who are not living in the war. An example of such is the following, which illustrates a night in a trench within ear-shot of the busy enemy:

This is indeed a false, false
night,

There's not a soldier sleeps,
But like a ghost stands to his
post

While Death thru the long gap
creeps.

There's an eerie, filmy spell
o'er all—

A murmur from the sea;
And not a sound on the hills
around—

Say, what will the silence be?

And in the following, the sincerity and true patriotism, "which is so much more than an ordinary ism," is shown vividly:

Within my heart I safely keep,
England, what things are yours:
Your clouds and cloud-like

flocks of sheep

That drift o'er windy moors,
Possessing naught, I proudly
hold

Great hills and little gay
Hill-towns set black on sun-
rise gold

At breaking of the day.

Tho unto me you be austere
And loveless, darling land;
Tho you be cold and hard, my
dear,

And will not understand,
Yet have I fought and bled for
you,

And by the selfsame sign,
Still must I love you, yearn to
you,

England—how truly mine.

Perhaps the most widely read English poet of today is John Masefield. During the early part of the year 1916 he came to America from the trenches, where he was doing Red Cross work, to lecture on his poetry or his life, "whichever, it does not matter," someone has observed, "for there is life in his poetry as there have been poetry and romance in his life." In his first lecture he asked his audience to select individual poems for him to read. Someone suggested "August, 1914," and, after explaining the circumstances, he began to read it with quiet enthusiasm, but soon his voice became lower and it could be clearly seen that he was struggling with a deep emotion. He read on, however, until he came to the lines:

An died (uncouthly most) in
 foreign land
 For some idea but dimly un-
 derstood
 Of an English city never built
 by hand,
 Which love of England
 prompted and made good,

when the poet's voice faltered and he was overcome with emotion. He was excused for not finishing the verse, but went on reading other poems.

Masefield came to America with keen interest in what poetry America is writing, and America was, in turn, anxious to obtain his views on modern poetry. Masefield said he liked it, and believed that it was but one manifestation of a period of experimentation which usually heralds the coming of some one great poet. So it behooves us to study our poets and find out if the one is yet in our midst. Masefield is of the opinion that he has not yet come.

According to Masefield, England is thinking of other things rather than poetry. "But in five or ten years," he prophesies, "when the fire of sacrifice has died down and the ashes alone are left, the English poets will be singing a new song." He pays a tribute to English poetry by saying that it reflects the nation's personality. Like the English climate, it is companionable. The English poets are not remote, they mingle with the crowd. They are not masters of minds, but compan-

ions of men's hearts. That is why the English soldiers, on their way to death, repeat snatches of Gray's "Eligy."

In modern war-poetry, realism is a rare quality. This is natural for poets, especially those who know their art well, find that a subject needs to be idealized before it becomes fit for poetic treatment. Therefore, they write rather of the emotional and spiritual phases of war than of its stern actualities. But in this intensely dramatic poem, there is an accurate picture of that death-filled waste between the trenches to which has been given the name "No Man's Land":

No Man's Land is an eerie
 sight

At early dawn in the pale gray
 light;

Never a house and never a
 hedge

In No Man's Land from edge
 to edge,

And never a living soul walks
 there

To taste the fresh of the morn-
 ing air,

Only some lumps of rotting
 clay,

That were friends or foemen
 yesterday.

What are the bounds of No
 Land?

You can see them clearly on
 either hand:

A mound of rag-bags, gray in
 the sun,

Or a furrow of brown where

the earthworks run,
 From the eastern hills to the
 western sea,
 Thru field or forest, o'er river
 and lea;
 No man may pass them, but,
 aim you well,
 And Death rides across on the
 bullet or shell.

Here is one of the more idealistic,
 yet equally sincere. The contrast
 between peaceful England and the
 battle-covered sea is strikingly brot
 out. It is entitled, "Watchmen of
 the Night":

Lords of the sea's great wilder-
 ness,
 The light gray warships cut
 wind;
 The headland dwindles less
 and less;
 The great waves breaking,
 drench and blind
 The stern-faced watcher on the
 deck,
 While England fades into a
 speck.

Afar, on that horizon gray,
 The sleepy homesteads one by
 one
 Shine with their cheerful lights
 as day
 Dies in the valley and is gone,
 While the great moon comes
 oe'r the hill
 And floods the landscape,
 white and still.

But outward, mid the home-
 less waste,
 The battle-fleet held on its way.

On either side the torn seas
 raced,
 Over the bridge blew up the
 spray;
 The quartermaster at the wheel
 Steered thru the night his ship
 of steel.

Once from a masthead blinked
 a light—
 The Admiral spoke unto the
 Fleet;
 Swift answers flashed along the
 night,
 The chart house glimmered
 thru the sleet;
 A bell rang from the engine
 room,
 And ere it ceased—the great
 gun's boom.

Then thunder thru the silence
 broke
 And rolled along the sullen
 deep;
 A hundred guns flashed fire
 and spoke,
 Which England heard not in
 her sleep
 Nor dreamed of while her
 fighting sons
 Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England sweet
 and clear;
 Birds in the brake, the lark in
 heaven
 Made musical the morning air;
 But distant, shattered, scorch-
 ed and riven,
 Gathered the ships—ay, dawn
 was well
 After night's red and raging
 hell.

But some came not with break
 of light,
 Nor looked upon the saffron
 dawn;
 They keep the watch of endless
 Night,
 On the soft breast of ocean

borne,
 O, waking England, rise and
 pray
 For sons who guard thee night
 and day!

(to be concluded next issue)

OUR FACULTY

We welcome four new members to our faculty this year; Professor Smith, as head of the Oral Expression department; Professor Robbins, as Coach and Spanish teacher; Miss Rummel, as head of the Art department and as sewing teacher, and Mrs. Robbins, as girl's athletic instructor. These teachers come to us with high recommendations and we certainly appreciate the work they are doing for the College.

Professor Walter Davis is back with us for another year, although we suppose that his political ambitions will some day carry him far away from the halls of dear old C. P. S.

The English department is headed for another year by Professor Reneau. We certainly consider ourselves lucky in being able to keep her for another year, because we heard it humored that she was getting a wee bit tired of such large classes and planned to take up work on the order of private tutoring. We do hope that she changes her mind concerning any such plans.

Miss Wilson surely must be making some dandy cooks, down in the

Home Economics department, if we can judge by the fragrant aromas coming up to the chapel room from the Domestic Science Laboratory. Miss Wilson learned to like us so well last year that she simply couldn't stay away this year. We are a little afraid that we are getting the best of the bargain, but of course we won't tell a soul.

Really, now, we just couldn't run this institution without Professor and Mrs. Arthur Marsh, could we? When you think of C. P. S., you just can't help thinking about the above mentioned two and when you think of the above mentioned two, you think of C. P. S. Now, isn't that true? Welcome back for another year, Professors!

Professor Hanawalt is with us for another year, endeavoring to teach students the exact difference between *real* Astronomy and *porch* Astronomy. There really is a difference, you know. We greatly appreciate his work among us and look for a great improvement in the Freshman class, both as to distinguishing between the above kinds of Astronomy and in attaining a mathematical turn of mind.

Professors Morton and Harvey are in the same boat with several other of our teachers. It was a case of love at first sight last year and neither one was able to get over it, so they came back to renew our acquaintance. We don't wish to act conceited over the affair, but you know the old adage says "Actions speak louder than words." Stay just as long as you want to, Professors, because we students are real pleased to renew your acquaintance.

Professor M. E. Davis is head of the Modern Language Department. She is doing grand work and is actually succeeding in making real, live Germans out of half-dead Swedes, Irishmen and Englishmen. That's going some, isn't it? She will be able to manufacture Dutchmen faster than ever now that she has the German Club completely organized.

Miss McGandy has been placed at

the head of the Preparatory Department. The students in that department should consider themselves lucky in having such a fine teacher. Not a few of we college students are a little envious of the Academy students. We just wish we had a chance to be in Miss McGandy's classes.

Last, but not least we have Dr. Foster with us again. We would not try to tell of all the things he has done for us. We know that he is personally interested in each one of the students of C. P. S. We are mighty glad to have you with us for another year, Dr. Foster, and each of us students are growing to love you more and more.

Taking it all the way around, we certainly have a dandy faculty this year and there is no school of its size in the Northwest that can present such a good faculty as can C. P. S.

OUR COLLEGE TRADITIONS

ARTHUR L. MARSH, '08, Dean

We, who gather at the seats of learning on the sunset coast, are compensated with the thrill, the hope and the vision of the pioneer, but we are denied in a large measure that ineffable privilege of those who meet in ancestral halls. We can set the proud stake of discovery, but we cannot inhale the sweet aroma of sentiment that breathes forth from ancient foliage and age-long monu-

ment and time-honored custom. Only with prophetic eye, like an "Abraham" or an "Isaiah," can we share in the glory of later days with heritage increased and enriched by the passing of the years. If we are gifted with imagination, we may rejoice in the vision of fifty autumns hence when our children's children will come trooping into the halls of the College of Puget Sound. With that vision we may rear the stone to speak to them our welcome, we may plant the tree to whisper to

them our hopes as they loiter in its shade; we may start the custom that will instill in them our reverence or relish for the things we count worth while. It is ours to make the path, to set the mark, to lead the way. It is ours to fix what a hundred generations will do and hallow by the doing.

A few paths and forms are already quite plainly discernible in the traditions of our campus and our College life. It is to call attention to the products and processes extant and active that this brief review of traditions in the College calendar is offered.

The first event of the year that calls forth exclamations of delight from freshmen, professors and visitors versed in college ways is the L u n c h Reception or in common "Puget Sound" p a r l a n c e, the "Bean Feed," given by the Christian Associations to welcome the new students and to introduce them to "Puget Sound" student activities.

As the new students have a very fresh recollection of the beans, sandwiches, coffee and pickles, speeches and "pep" that graced that occasion, it need not be dwelt upon.

The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. "Mixer" on the first Friday evening, welcoming the new boys in their "creases" and the new girls in their "ruffles" to "names," games and punch, which are also well registered in the memory of the year's recruits.

So, too, like Cicero, we may "omit" but "mention" the Ep-

worth League receptions tendered by First and by Epworth, the neighboring Methodist churches.

Likewise, the annual home dinners to the out-of-town students, for which the members of the Women's College League were hostesses, has come and gone.

Before you read this article, the Hallowe'en parties, given by the different literary societies, with their "second degree" to neophytes, will be recorded in College annals and in many diaries.

The freshmen and sophomores have not failed this year to manifest their presence and identity on the campus in keeping with the universal tradition of inter-classic rivalry, but both classes seem handicapped in giving full and adequate expression to their bursting class spirit by the lack of any fixed and definitely understood conventions for settling their mutual aspirations. No satisfactory lightning rod has as yet been installed at the College of Puget Sound to save the beauty and order of the place from indelible disfigurement. At least two things seem to be needed: first, a contest sufficiently fair and sufficiently fierce without departing too far from sanity, safety and dignity—especially in the case of the Amazonian co-eds; second, a color-post or some such device, designed to receive liberal coatings of green and other colors, and not constitute an objectional monument after the flood of battle and spirit has subsided. President Todd has some constructive ideas

on the subject, and other ingenious inventors might labor here with profit to our own and other generations.

Late in the fall, the Philomatheans contribute an annual event that deserves a place in the mention of our College traditions. I refer to the Public Contest Program, between the boys and the girls of that society, the decision based on originality and excellence of rendition.

The College Banquet, held on or near February 22d, has become one of the high peaks in College events. All parts of the College constituency—students, faculty, alumni, trustees, Women's College League, patrons and friends are present in full or are represented, making it an all-College event. Every after-dinner speech is a clean-cut, polished diamond and every class outdoes every other in furnishing a golden setting of clever songs, yells and repartee.

On Campus Day, in addition to the annual clean-up by the Marthas and Jameses, the day has been made the occasion of setting out trees and shrubs and other such living monuments by classes, societies, etc. This delightful and appropriate custom has suffered suspension for several Campus Days, but is well worth revival and enrollment among the permanent traditions.

In the spring, at intervals of one or two weeks, in rotating order are featured annual public programs of the literary societies of the College, these being the crown of the year's literary efforts and representing the

achievements and progress of the year's work in each society. In two of the societies, which graduate their senior members, this annual program has been the occasion of conferring their graduation parchment.

The spring social event of the societies has been the moonlight launch party, with its fire and food and frolic on a sandy beach. Of course the home trip is not complete without a melodious "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," a sonorous "Hole in the Bottom of the Sea," a romantic "Seeing Nellie Home," and a heart-touching "Good Night, Ladies."

About the first of May occurs one of the finest traditional events of the year: the "Cap and Gown Day" exercises. On this day the seniors receive their first public recognition of admission to candidacy for the honors and responsibilities of the College degree. For the first time they enter the chapel in cap and gown to be welcomed to the rostrum and henceforth to share with the faculty their chapel section. The juniors advance to the vacated senior rows. On this occasion the seniors' assumption of the higher responsibilities is symbolized by their conduction of chapel exercises. In the past, until three years ago, this senior program was featured by the bestowal of a class picture to adorn the College walls and of some practical monument for their Alma Mater. Among such gifts have been the President's chair, the chapel Bible and the College flag. The

seniors' foreshadowed departure from student ranks is betokened by a final farewell and the passing of an ancient hatchet newly ornamented with their bow of colors. Each class joins in the recessional. In early years the day was completed by a reception or dinner tendered by the juniors to the senior class, but this feature has been omitted in recent years.

For many years a College picnic was an annual event in May and was held at one of the lakes or other picnic grounds adjacent to Tacoma. The leading feature of this picnic in times past has been baseball, especially an inter-society co-ed game. The attendance began to fall off in recent years, owing, no doubt, to the increased earnestness and seriousness of the students in scholastic pursuits, and the picnic has not been held for the last two years.

We come lastly to the Commencement period, the climax of the year in traditional events. The annual baccalaureate sermon is delivered by the President in the First Methodist and Epworth M. E. Churches alternately—this year in the latter church. For this service an academic Procession is formed at the College with all candidates for degrees and the faculty in academic costume. Decorations for this event are in charge of the sophomore and freshman classes. In the afternoon is held a vesper service, led by a member of the senior class. This service is devoted to a summing up and appreciation of what the Col-

lege has mean to each, and an expression of the aspirations and spirit with which each goes forth from the College portals. In the evening an address is delivered by some chosen minister to the Christian Associations in Epworth or First M. E. Church—this year in the latter—the presidents of the two associations sitting on the rostrum and having a part in the service. The Christian Associations are responsible for the decorations. On Monday occurs the last chapel session of the year, with special features and the conferring of student activity awards, and in the evening an annual program is rendered by members of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music and Department of Public Speaking. On Tuesday is held the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees and the Women's College League, the latter organization entertaining the trustees and faculty to dinner at noon. On the evening of Tuesday a public reception is given by the President in the President's residence. Class Day exercises are given at the option of the graduating class. The last day, the "great day of the festival," is Wednesday. An academic procession consisting of candidates for degrees, faculty, alumni, trustees and distinguished visitors is formed at the College. Graduation exercises have been held at various auditoriums; this year they will occur at the First Methodist Church. The juniors are responsible for the decorations and junior women serve as

ushers. The Commencement orator is chosen by the College administration. At this service the honors of the year are awarded, the precious parchments conferred and the progress and prospects of the College set forth by the President. Following the Commencement exercises, the new alumni are guests of the College Alumni Association at a luncheon at the College, after which they are formally initiated into the Association. In the evening they are the guests of honor at the Annual Alumni Banquet.

The events, which we have briefly summarized, are only a few of the worn spots in our College life. Indeed, an encyclopedic record would hardly be consistent with the spirit and sentiment of traditions. Custom does not wait for orders, and sentiment objects to being scientifically scrutinized and publicly proclaimed. Our traditions for the most part must be read from the book of College life directly, each day a page, each form an illustration and each act a line.

HIC JACET

John Barlycorn

Here lies John Barlycorn at last;
His day is done, his life is past;
His minions stand around aghast
The funeral to see.

Go, bloody monster, to your tomb;
Go to the deepest, darkest gloom;
Go to the rayless, hopeless doom,
Where you deserve to be.

You robbed the widow of her son;
You broke your contracts, one by one;
And never left a thing undone
Where there was hope of gain.

You practiced long your brag and bluff;
And claims that you possessed the stuff
To buy up men and states enough
To rule the whole domain.

But now at last you'r down and out;
We put you'r impious brood to rout;
And caused the most triumphant shout
That ever came this way.

A thousand peons o'er your grave;
 Ten thousand shouts we gladly gave;
 A million banners wildly wave
 Because you'r down to day.
 Your "bootleggs" did not help one bit;
 "Speakeasies" also had to quit;
 Your "joints" and "highballs" had to git
 Your "blindpigs" lost their squeal.
 The snow flake ballots laid you out;
 The women helped to start the rout,
 And sober voters, without doubt,
 Made you feel their steel.

Our people now are buying shoes;
 And cutting out your rotten booze;
 And feeling they are not to loose
 By paying honest bills.
 You tried to fool us all the time;
 You saddled on us grief and crime
 And gave us filth and stench and grime
 And multitudes of ills.

We've had enough of cheek and chin;
 And bloat and blear and devlish grin
 From all your hated kith and kin
 And progeny of shame.
 Go, hated, hounded villain, go;
 We wish you'd left us long ago;
 We shy these epithets to show
 We hate you'r very name.

Take all saloons and bottles, too;
 Your sourmash and filthy brew;
 Whatever else belongs to you
 And keep them out of sight.
 Farewell, old sanguinary boss;
 No one will fell the slightest loss,
 Because the Styx you had to cross;
 John Barlycorn, GOOD NIGHT.

—Dr. J. O. Foster.

The preceeding poem was written by Dr. Foster
 and delivered to the students by Dr. Foster at chapel.

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Tacoma, Wash.

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Editorial

THE TRAIL—A SCHOOL PAPER

Dear Readers:

We wish to inform you that the Trail box was not placed in the main hall of the Administration Building to serve simply as an ornament. It was placed there rather to serve in the capacity of receiver of literary works.

Thus far the Trail box has not broken down under the weight of literary endeavors. It seems strange that in a school of this size more material is not turned in. Just remember, students, that everyone of us is interested in just the same things that you are. We don't expect literary work of Homeric or Shakespearean style to be handed in. If you have something under your hat that you think the students might like to know, put it in the Trail box and the staff will endeavor to make use of it. If your first attempt doesn't succeed in getting into the Trail, try again. The editors of the different departments

will make an earnest effort this year to explain to its contributors just why certain of their articles could not appear in the Trail.

Students, you don't know how gratifying it is to see an article or story printed in the Trail with your name attached to it. Try it next issue and see for yourself.

Yours truly,
THE STAFF.

IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO US

The student body took a step both radical and commendable, when they assumed complete responsibility in the library. Always it has been attributed to the honor of the students that we have had no faculty library supervisor. But of late more than once the honor of the student body has been held lightly as far as library control goes. The censure applies to upper and lower classmen alike.

In the recent edition of the Alumni Report, an article gives the plans of the Alumni for launching a campaign for books which have long been needed in the library. The interest they have shown in their Alma Mater is great! Now comes our part. Let us show our willingness to make our library of service to the greatest number of students by conduct which regards the rights of others as sacred.

Is a library for study an impossibility?

School Life

I. P. A. ORGANIZED

Following a convincing and forceful talk by R. H. Rolofson, Pacific Secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, a live branch of the League was organized in our school. Officers elected were: President, Harry Sorrenson; Vice-President, Ernest Clay; Secretary, Hertilla Barlow; Reporter, Vera Sinclair; Treasurer, George Helgeson.

The purpose of the League is two-fold: to know the liquor problem more thoroughly and to prepare for service in its settlement. The I. P. A. is the most extensive and active college movement of a civic character among American colleges and is proving efficient because it is gripping the coming leaders while they are young. The Association keeps in touch with ninety thousand students a year, and has an enrollment of fifty thousand alumni. Plans are being made by the local League for credit courses, oratorical contests, lectures and field activities. Such an organization should be boosted by all students!

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The social season the Conservatory of Music opened with a picnic at Point Defiance on October 4.

The occasion was Mrs. Schofield's birthday. Four automobiles, carrying musical folks, eats and a ukelele, left the Fine Arts Building at 3 p. m. Entertainment included a drive, a tennis tournament (some reported "love" games) and a feed. Ruth Johnson made the birthday cake, which was presented to Mrs. Schofield, and all generously assisted in its disappearance.

❖ ❖ ❖

The second social event of the Conservatory of Music was a Halloween party, given in the Academy Building on Friday evening, October 26. The rooms were gaily decorated for the occasion. Dr. Schofield won the prize for his extensive knowledge of musicians, ancient and modern. Dainty refreshments were served.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Schofield gave an organ recital in the First M. E. Church of Seattle on Sunday, the 15th of October. He was assisted by Dr. James R. Harvey, tenor, of Seattle.

❖ ❖ ❖

Professor Fritz Kloepper's song recital on Friday night, October 13, was a decided success and was well attended.

ATHLETICS

Are we down-hearted? No.

In looking at the scores of the past games, it might appear that we ought to be discouraged, but we're not. Give the new men on our team the chance to learn the game and they will at least make it interesting for anybody in the Northwest.

On October 14, C. P. S. met the Tahoma Athletic Club in the Stadium and although the Athletic Club carried off the large end of the score, 18-15, they had a "race for their money," and felt themselves lucky to come off victors at even so small a margin.

October 28, C. P. S. lost to Bellingham in the Stadium, with a score of 47-0. The foot ball team of the State Normal School has played together for three years and outplayed the C. P. S. boys from the start. At least, the game showed the College team their weak points. We fully expect to even up the score on the return trip to Bellingham, November 11.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Of course, you don't expect France to love Germany; neither do you expect the Sophomores to love the Freshmen. So, when unwilling praise is wrung from the Frenchman, the German may well feel that he has accomplished something. By the same tokens, we Freshmen may pat ourselves on the back a little, for there is considerable grudging praise emanating from the Sophomores,

occasioned by a series of skirmishes, reaching a climax in a scrap in the Ad Building one noon. It doesn't lessen our glory one bit to concede (and anyway we would be forced to acknowledge) that the Sophomores are WORTHY OPPONENTS.

There is scarcely one among us starting with the flag pole, and who does not now boast a membership in a literary society, whereas one month ago we were a mass of strangers; now we emerge from the "Rushing Pot," "Amphicts," "Philos," "H. C. S." and "Thetas." We have been initiated, too. But that is a secret matter.

About the only important class business of this period was in connection with our Freshman party. We appointed an entertainment committee of Neal Woody, Alma Byrd, Bessie Shone, Fulton Magill and Mae Bixby. Harry Beardsley is our yell leader and the chairman of the yell and song committee. His associate on this committee is Gladys Moe. We have adopted a constitution.

In two classes in the school, both almost entirely composed of Freshmen, vigorous campaign speeches and debates have been and are in progress.

But it is not only in oratory that we do ourselves proud. Publicly in these columns we want to express our pride and gratitude to the members of our class who have fought so gallantly for the Maroon and White on the football field. We are proud of you!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

We have been very quiet this month and you may have often seen us in deep communion with thought. This is partly due to the fact that there has been simply nothing doing, but mostly because we are deserting the frivolous life and getting down to real labor. We wish to set an edifying example for our dear Freshmen to follow. But let them remember that fame is not reached by a single bound. Their path will be beset with many difficulties before they reach the goal of true Sophomore achievement.

This does not mean, however, that we are withdrawing from all social affairs. Indeed, we are anxiously awaiting the party that our Freshmen friends are to give us and please don't put it off too long.

JUNIORS

Perhaps you have wondered why you have heard nothing from the Juniors so far this year. The reason is not hard to find—they are busy. You may be curious as to what they are doing. There is scarcely an organization in school which cannot point to at least one Junior as an important factor in that organization. And lessons—mercy, what a pile! You see, most of them have made records in the classroom in years past and they must keep them up.

But don't worry, they aren't dead or asleep and they will prove it before long, when they entertain you in chapel. The class of '18 has always been up and doing and tho

it is willing to turn over a part of its activity to the underclassmen, the Juniors want you to remember that they won't need crutches when the time comes to act.

Then watch the Purple and Gold, for where their colors are seen there will be the thick of the battle or the jolliest of jolly good times.

Y. W. C. A.

The new girls are certainly showing what they are made of by coming to Y. W. Our average attendance this year has been sixty-five. Now, isn't that great! But, girls! We must make it "a hundred per cent. Y. W." Get into the contest and see that your side wins. This contest is led by Cora Scheibner and Francina Kennedy. Remember this means a feed for the winning side. We have had some very fine leaders for our meetings this year. A most interesting talk was given on "Our Best, Always" by Miss Hoska of the city organization. We were delighted with Miss Smith, our elocution teacher, and hope she will read for us again. The next meeting was led by Mrs. Robbins, which was exceptionally good. Our cabinet meets every Friday after Y. W. Here we talk over our yearly plans and the best ways to build up the association. The old members are more than pleased with the way the new members have entered into the Y. W. spirit. We only ask them not to lose their enthusiasm, but keep it up the entire year. Remember our motto is "A hundred per cent. Y. W."

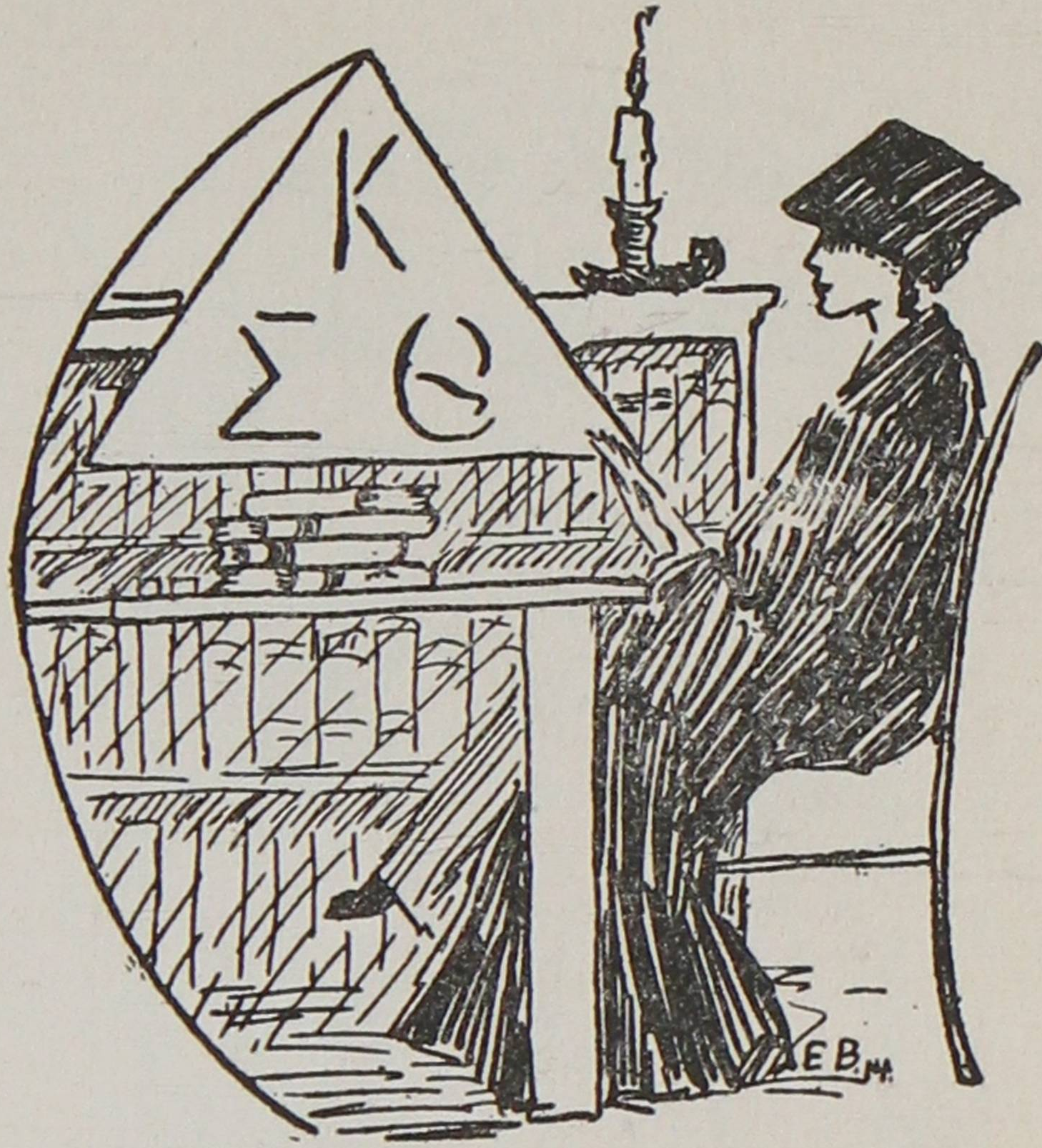
ORATORY AND DEBATE

Thirty-seven names were handed in for the inter-class debate. Here they are: Seniors, Icel Marshall, Junia Todd, Marion Bigelow, Florence Cook, Marcia Smith, Frances Town, Edith Tennant, Charles Miller; Juniors, Percy Harader, Ralph Remington, Francis Powell, Elizabeth Shackelford; Sophomores, Hulda Carlson, Hazel Hooker, Ruth Morckell, Edith Ahnquist, Madeline Meiers, Dorothy Darr, Helen Hart, Loyd Burk; Freshmen, Esther Temple, Martha Ssakleford, Alice Moser, Margaret Dorwin, Muriel Hover, William Bowman, Harold Young, Stanley Sutton, Harry Sorensen, Stanley Freeman; Academy, Harry Earle, Herbert Feller, W. F. Pool, Robert Forkner, Lauren Sheffer, Ansel Nye. Is your name written there?

We are glad to see so many girls signed up for debate. Willamette University has challenged us for a ladies' debate. Here's your chance, girls.

The inter-class debates will take place in chapel during December. The winners of the Junior-Senior debate will debate the winners of the Freshman-Sophomore debate in January.

The large registration for inter-class debates shows splendid class spirit. If you have not registered, do so at once.



The Kappa Sigma Theta Fraternity has been busy during the past month in helping its new sisters adjust themselves to Theta life and instilling them with Theta ideals and spirit by means of first and second degree initiations. The first initiation had the desired effect of producing a spirit of humility among the new girls. The second initiation was followed by a spread, for which the Thetas are famous. There was a generous supply of Theta cake and olives. When the heap of olive pits upon the plates became too large for the girls to see their neighbor across the table an occasional pattering upon the floor was heard. This was caused by the girls slipping olive pits from their plates to the floor.

The new Thetas are: Edith Rummel, Fanny Guptil, Gladys Moe, Esther Temple, Marjorie James, Ethel Aldrich, Marjorie Mills, Hertilla Barlow, Mae Bixby, Charline Tuel and Dorothy Darr.



PHILOMATHEAN

Now that the receptions, the friendly handshakes and the general get-acquainted spirit are passed we are ready to work and strive to make this year our best.

Eighteen new members have already been added to our society and now that they have taken their pledges they are ready to work with us.

Our programs from the first have been very interesting and well attended by both members and friends. If you want to enjoy a good program and have a jolly good time, come and visit us, for we believe that we can help you and we know you can help us.



AMPHICTYONS

We have had a lot of wet weather lately, but that hasn't dampened the spirit of the Amphictyons in the least, in fact we have been a little bit more merry, have worked a little bit harder and have had better programs than ever in order to forget the obstinacy of the weather man.

We have had the very jolliest kind of a time at our meetings during the past month. We have had a good many visitors and hope they have enjoyed us as much as we have enjoyed them.

Our programs are improving every week and with the new talent we have gained during the past few weeks we expect they will be still better.

Our Hallowe'en party was a great success in spite of the storm and we wish Hallowe'en would come a little oftener. We extend to all a hearty invitation to attend our meetings

and enjoy our good times, whether you are Amphictyons or not. Remember, Amphictyon means neighbor and we each of us want to be a neighbor to everyone else in school. If you don't know us, come and get acquainted, for

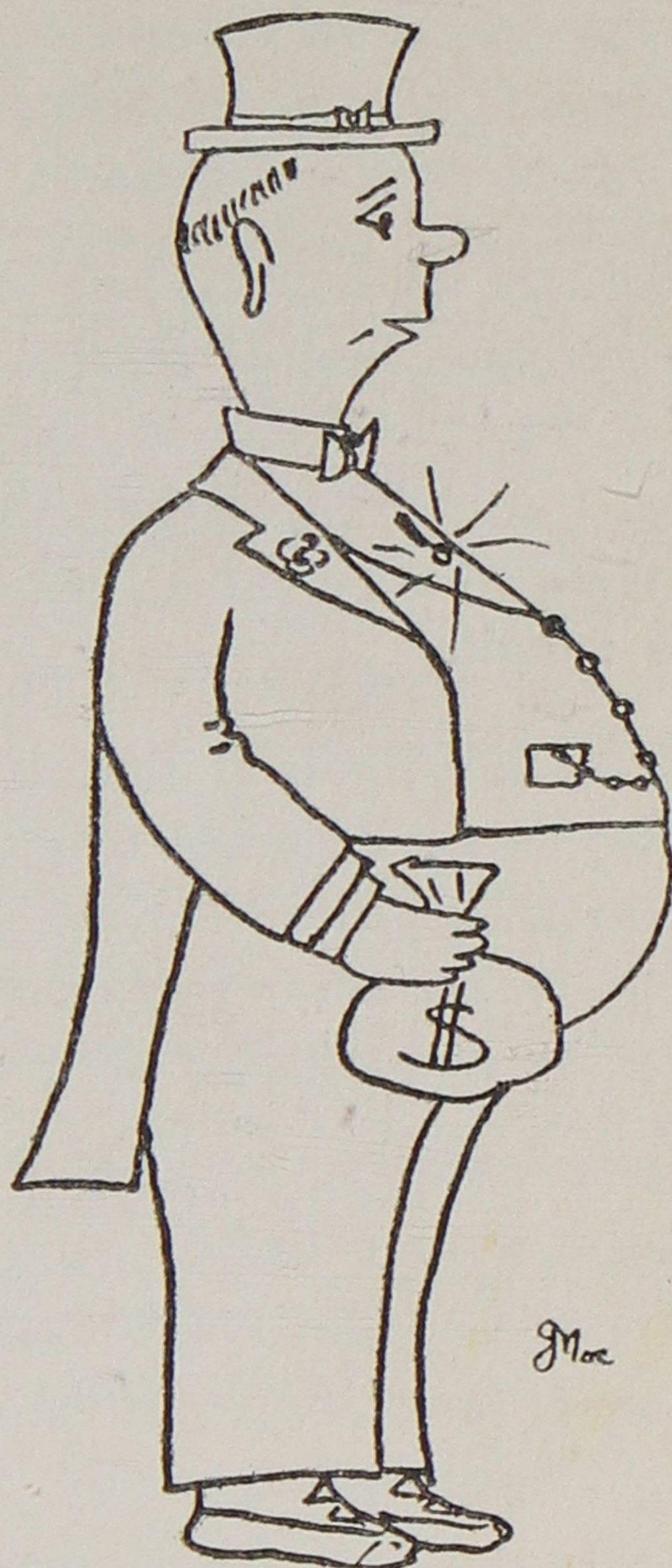
"We're a jolly good bunch."

NOTES FROM HELEN'S HALL

When we hear the words "the ladies' dormitory," we usually think of some kind of a grinding institution composed of rigid rules and constant vigilance. This is not so of our hall for women at the College of Puget Sound. We have rules, of course, but they are so softened by the home touch that they do not become bold and irksome to follow.

The many careful details, admirably performed by our Preceptress and her efficient assistant, such as carrying flowers and dainties to the ailing, making birthday cakes and observing likes and dislikes in diet, all take root and grow into happiness.

It would be hard to discover when we have our most enjoyable times at the dormitory. There is the dinner hour, where there is much political rivalry and exchange of ideas, and then occasionally on Sunday afternoon and after dinner in the evenings there is the big sing. To say the least, we value these diversions and find them necessary after the routine of classroom and study.



WITH THE MILLIONAIRES

Once more do we take our aching head in one hand and our pen in the other and attempt to write a few lines about that noble bunch that dwelleth within the Hall. We are all in (the Hall, of course) and as happy as ever. Even Dr. Sutton is becoming used to the snores of the Bishop and the Judge.

We held a meeting the other day to talk over the matter of entertaining the girls from Helen's Hall. Of course, the Professor thought we ought to have them here for a feed. But Kenney objected on the ground that he and Prof. Davis wouldn't be able to give them anything but

charcoal. He didn't think the girls could survive a feed of burnt offerings.

Millionaire Sorensen has continually been speaking of stocks. Finally another millionaire cornered him and made him confess that his stocks were merely corn stalks on his father's ranch.

First M.—Why is it that Erp always gets shoes that are too small?

Second M.—I don't know, unless his feet are so far away from his eyes that he can't judge their size.

Schaper—Matty, why don't you systematize your eating?

Matty—To my system is just where it goes. Now, what more could I do?

H. C. S.

The banquet sets a new precedent in H. C. S. history and, also, it marks a new era in the life of this society. Reorganization has taken place. The constitution, as well as the by-laws, have been revised, which gives us a new impetus for work this year.

Literary programs, combined with good fellowship, will be given every two weeks in the new H. C. S. room, third floor of the Administration Building. Many special features have been arranged which will be worth while.

Seven new men have been initiated into our society. They are: Messrs. Wood, James, Huntington, Larson, Miller, McConihe and Arnett.

SOCIETY

ALICE BAKER

Helen's Hall Entertains

On the evening of Friday, October 28, the girls of Helen's Hall gave a very jolly Hallowe'en party for their friends, who came at the proper hour, masked and costumed, ready for fun. How spooky it was, as, silently, eight ghosts greeted the arriving guests! "Judge Sorenson represented his appellation in a pompous manner. Mr. Sheffer came as a lady in white, lace trimmed gown, and did his best to win attention with his sweet smiles. Lloyd Burke and Stanley Sutton came garbed as priests and kept themselves busy denouncing the many sins of the company and dooming them to perdition.

After being led through many rooms and cubby-holes and up stair-ways, the ghosts took their guests to the upper regions commonly known as the attic, where their fortunes were told amid mutterings, moans and shrieks. Then the procession wended its way slowly down-stairs into the domain of the cook and then back again into the lighted parlors, where the order came to unmask. Then it was that the real identity of each one was disclosed. What fun there was!

Then followed merry games, including more fortune telling, for who ever heard of a Hallowe'en without fortunes? The fortunes are, of course, too sacred to be produced in cold print.

PHILO HALLOWE'EN

On Monday evening, October 30, the Philos gathered at the home of Ruth Vigus, where, with the aid of witches and goblins the sacred rites of the second degree initiation were performed.

The rooms were appropriately decorated in orange and black, witches and cats. Rain and puddles, long flights of echoing stone steps, piercing shrieks in dark passage ways, clammy objects all about and trapeze stunts on swinging auto tires caused much embarrassment for new Philos and much mirth for old members.

When the new Philos had taken solemn vows and Philo spirit had waxed warm within them, pumpkin pie, cider, cookies and apples helped to clear away all unpleasant memories.

Those initiated were the Misses Eklund, Hallin, Cronander, Adelle Reed, Elsie Reed, Foley, Hungerford, Whitman, Amende, Magnusson, Lief, Sadd and Ahnquist, and Messrs. Schurle, Geoghegan, Young, Sutton, Freeman, Beardsley, Dews, Sheffer, Clay, Powell and Dixon.

H. C. S. BANQUET

The H. C. S. banquet, given on Monday evening, October 23, was pronounced a great success by every one present. It was strictly a stag affair, altho the delicious eats were prepared and served by the Thetas, under the direction of Miss Wilson. The decorations and menu, as well

as the program, were unique and original. Three tables were arranged in triangular form, enclosing a large circular table, graced by the presence of the faculty. (For once, at least, the students had the faculty where they could watch them.) Each table was tastefully decorated with red carnations and smilax. The menu would have tempted an epicure, to say nothing of ravenous football men and half-starved married men of the faculty. Nevertheless, Coach Robbins did full justice to the repast and, of course, dared not cast a reproachful glance upon his stalwart charges.

Professor Davis opened the program with the definition of a "fluent" speaker, as quoted from Mr. Woody, of foot ball fame. Many quotations were given during the evening, but none were as pertinent as that quoted from "flue," which "is a shaft for the passage of hot air."

After many witticisms, Professor Davis introduced Mr. Gebert, whose toast was to "Our Guests." Mr. Terry followed, with a piano solo. Dean Marsh spoke on the dual topic of "The Place of a Literary Society" and "H. C. S. in C. P. S." Mr. Schlatter gave a vocal selection, followed by Professor Hanawalt on "C. P. S., Past and Present." Professor Schofield presided at the piano in masterful style. Coach Robbins then spoke on "Football." After a duet by Messrs. Snypp and Hedberg, Mr. Crane, an alumnus of H. C. S., gave

a few remarks. Mr. Frank Young closed the program with an outline of the plans of H. C. S. for the year. Professor Harvey, who filled the unexpired term of Toast Master Davis, stated the happy evening was then at a close, while the town clock was striking nine-thirty.

AMPHICTYON HALLOWE'EN

The wind howled around the corners and the rain beat against the window panes, as the Amphictyons gathered in the art room for their annual Hallowe'en party.

The lights were heavily shaded to cast the necessary gloom into far corners; and leaves, pennants and orange streamers were used for decorations. There were many cozy corners, well padded with cushions and very much in demand. Did you ever fathom the bean-stalk? The Amphictyons did, and then the girls proposed to the boys, who accepted most gracefully. Georgina Wilson's proposal was most noteworthy and Professor Davis more than did his duty in accepting his partner. Several weddings have already been planned as a result of the evening's entertainment.

And, say, the refreshments were great. The cider was in the cutest little keg you ever saw. Everyone helped himself, so that particular corner was very popular.

Mrs. Hanawalt read a most ghostly ghost story that sent the shivers down the spines of those present and then after singing several good

old college songs "goodnight" was said.

ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1916

Hazel Bock, in Little Rock High School.

Alice Goulder, in Buckley High School.

Paul Granlund, in Orting High School.

Victor Hedberg, with the Hedberg Shoe Company of Tacoma.

Nola Langford, at home.

Marian Maxham, at home (though not yet "at home," however).

Mable Meiers, in Sumas High

Mr. George Thompson, '14, and Miss Jean Bullock, Normal class '14, were married August 15. Mr. Thompson is on the High School staff at Chehalis.

Miss Lillian Lister, '14, has succeeded Miss Fry in the Chehalis High School. Miss Ann Fry, '15, has entered the Deaconess Training School in Seattle.

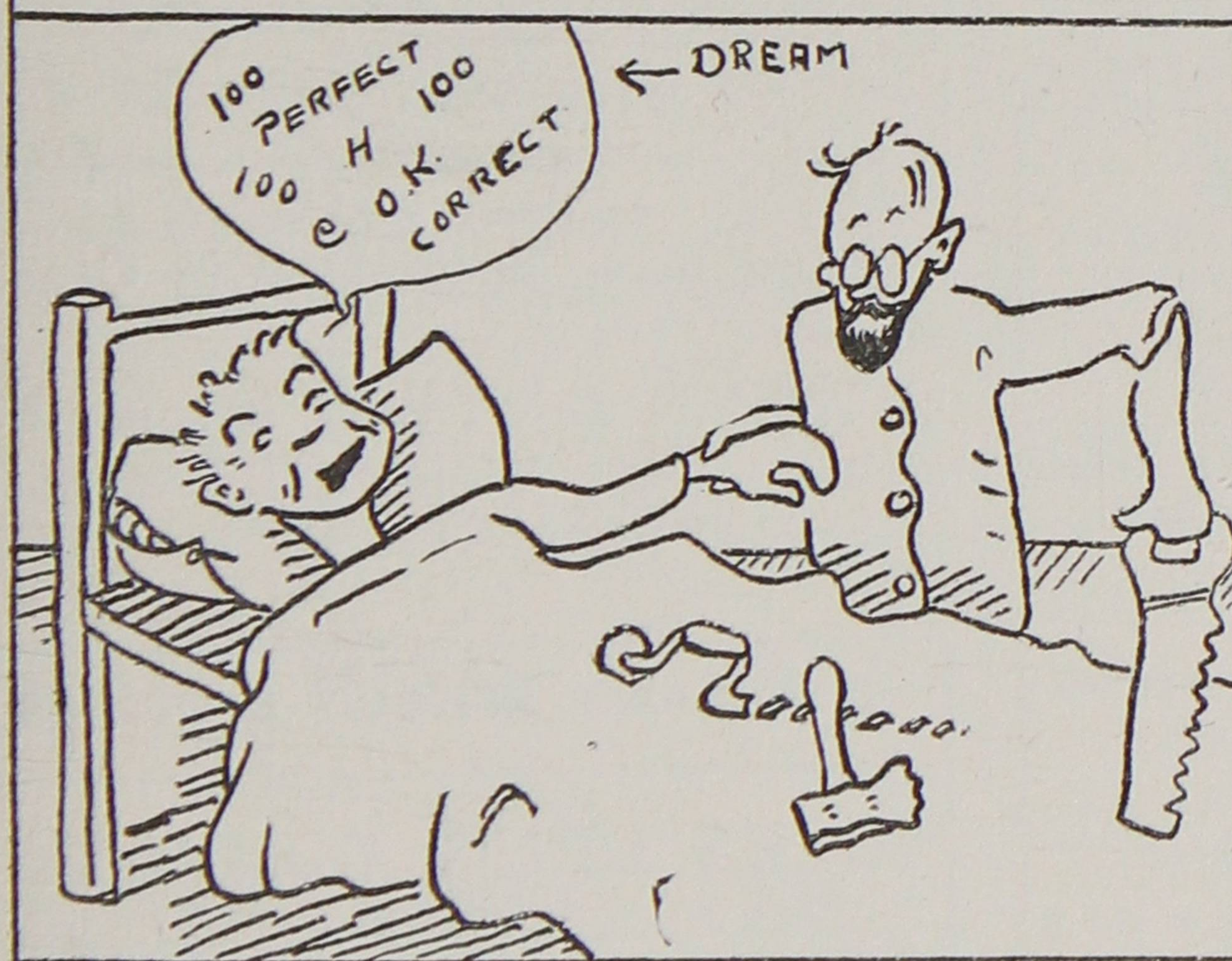
Miss Vinnie Pease, '07, who received her A. M. degree at the University of Washington last June, has accepted a position of instructor in Botany in the University of Minnesota and will continue to work for a doctor's degree.

Miss Mary Manny, '15, is teaching History in the Whites School for Girls at Austin, Texas.

Miss Ora Bullock, '08, is teaching in Dayton.



TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
AT PUGET SOUND COLLEGE
 GEO. HELGESON NEARLY GETS
 100% IN GEOMETRY. THE
 SHOCK IS TOO MUCH FOR
 THE LAD. HE SWOONS.

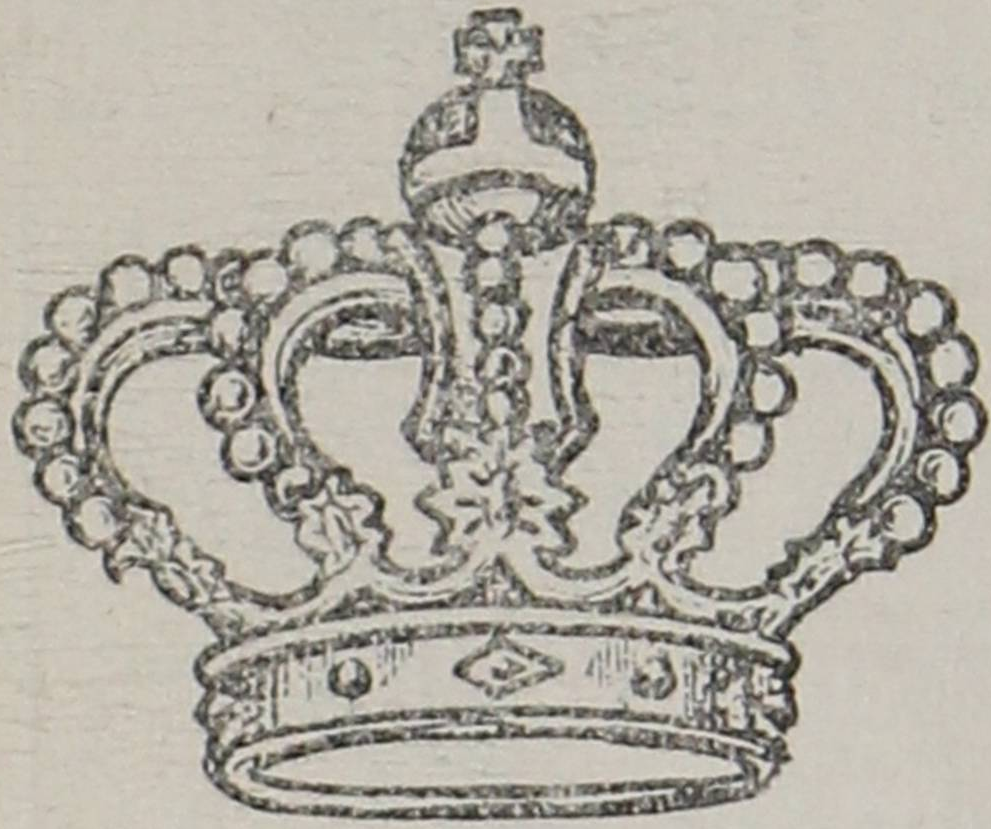


FOR 17 DAYS OUR
 HERO HAS LAIN IN
 A SEMI-TROPICAL
 STATE OF
 UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
 HE MURMURS
 CONSTANTLY.



ODEEROMERCY! HOW AWFUL!
 HOWEVER DESPAIR NOT.
 HIS GEOM. TEACHER VOLUNTEERS
 TO BRING HIM TO PERPENDICULAR
 CONSCIOUSNESS WITH A
 FEW WORDS OF CHEER.

CALL AGAIN.



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LUNCH ROOM

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Loyd Burk, waking up in Greek
class:

"My! I didn't think it could be
morning yet. Wonder if breakfast
is ready?"

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\$15—Every Suit at—\$15

It's Old-Fashioned to Pay

THREE DOLLARS

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TRY A

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Harriett—That's nothing. I do that everyday.

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Other Delicacies

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Miss Smith to the Drama Class:
"Will someone give me what he considers the most important passage in the play 'Agamemnon?'"

Bright Student:

"This is it: 'May the gods quit me of my toils.'"

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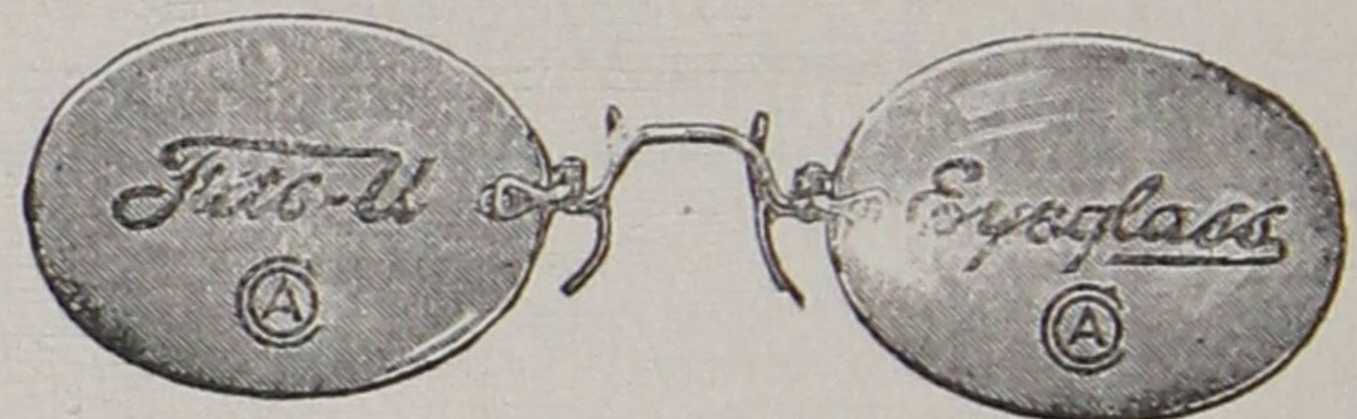
Chocolates

Lunches, Light Groceries and
Stationery

SIXTH & FIFE

"Wiesenbach," asked his roommate, "to what girl are you writing? That letter is pretty long for an ordinary acquaintance."

"This isn't to my girl, it's to my father. I am thanking him for his unremitting kindness. I have been broke for a month."



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"but I am sure I heard at least four."

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Cut Flowers for all Events

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"Marion, why did you stand so long on the porch with that young man?"

"Why, mother," she replied, "I only stayed for a second."

"I know," answered the mother,

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College men, before you buy your fountain pen come in and ask to see

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for topping off that Thanksgiving
dinner:

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Candies are made in our own sanitary
factory on Broadway.

PASTERIES OF ALL KINDS

Home Cooking—Hot Lunches

The other day a Freshman girl
was overheard trying to define the
proper name Marmaduke. It was
something like this:

"Marma" means 'young school
teacher'; "duke" or "duco"
means 'to lead.' Hence "Marma-

duke" means 'to lead pretty young
school teachers.' Mr. Dodsworth
says the definition is correct.

J. W. FIDDES

- - GROCER - -



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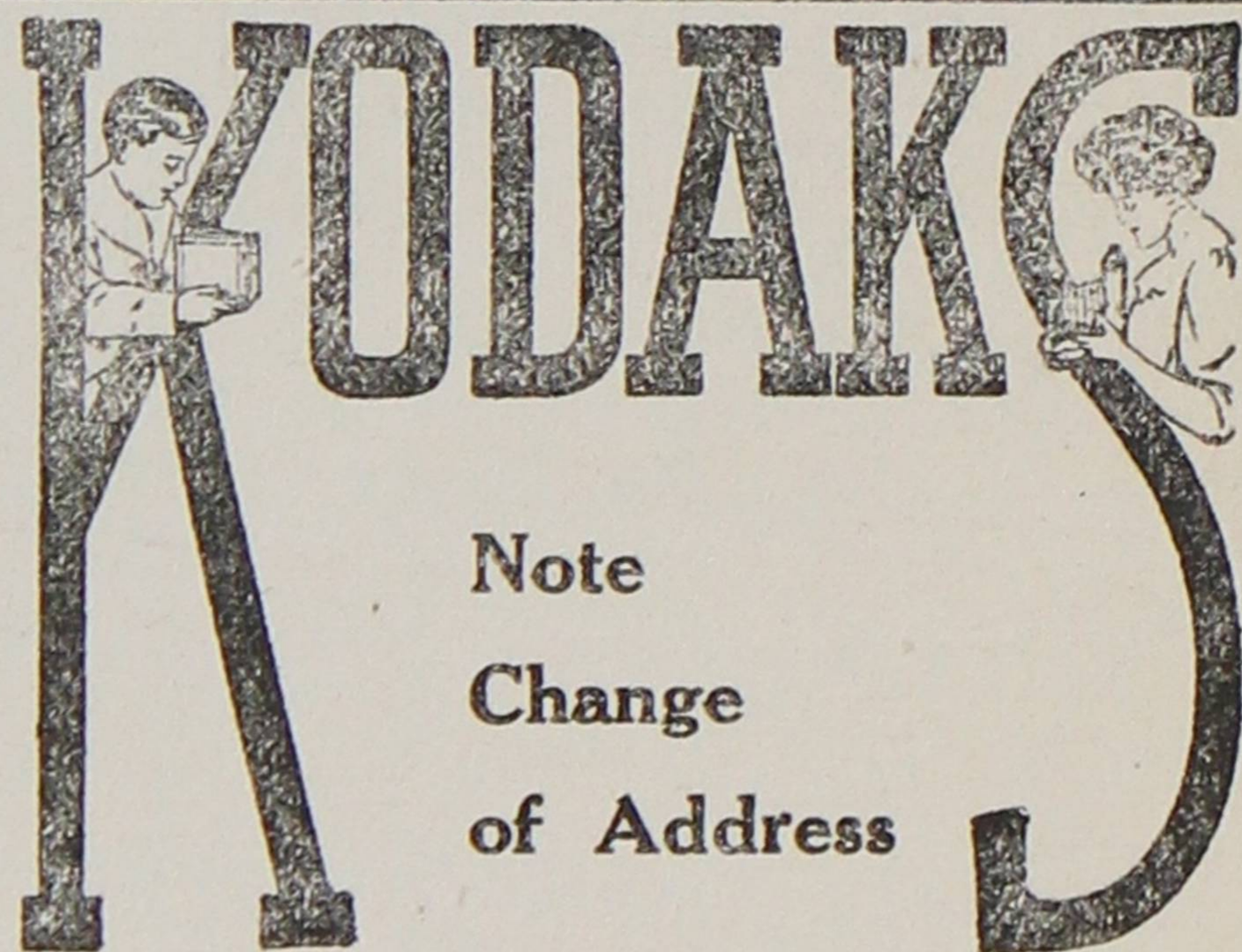
If we haven't it in stock we'll send
to publishers and procure it for you.

Fountain Pens for Sale

Frank Young visited the public
library recently in search of a good
novel to read. Meaning to inquire
of the librarian if she knew anything

about the book, he asked: "Have
you read Freckles?"

"No," she replied indignantly,
"and what's more, it's none of your
business."



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Won't This Electrify You?

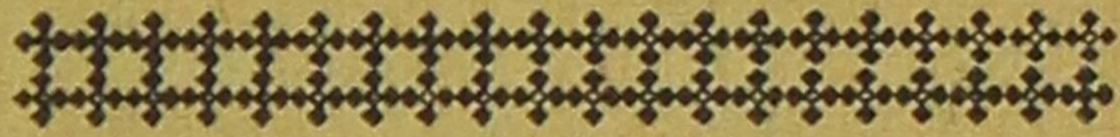
"Watt hour you doing here?"

"Eating currents," replied the student. "Anode you'd ketch me at it. Wire you insulate this morning?"

"Leyden bed."

"Fuse going to do that every morning, you may take your hat and go ohm."

And the current broke right there.



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