

# THE TRAIL

OCTOBER, 1921

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	Page
Bell & Son .....	Inside Front Cover
Bonds & Wright .....	17
Brown & Haley .....	15
Buckley & King .....	19
Burnside Hat Shop .....	Inside Back Cover
California Florists .....	18
Caswell Optical Co. ....	19
Chocolate Shop .....	Fillers
College Supply Store .....	18
College of Puget Sound .....	Inside Back Cover
Correct English Pub. Co. ....	16
Dickson Bros. Co. ....	1
General Electric Co. ....	2
Grumbling & Co. ....	18
Hart, Frank C. ....	1
Hilton & Hotchkiss .....	19
Hinz Florist .....	20
Hoyt Doughnut Co. ....	19
Independent Market .....	19
Kimball Gun Store .....	13
Little Gem Market .....	18
Lynn, C. O. ....	18
Mahncke & Co. ....	Inside Front Cover
Mahncke Florist .....	15
Martin, M. R. & Co. ....	20
Modern Cleaners .....	20
Olympic Ice Cream Co. ....	Inside Front Cover
Park Barber Shop .....	20
Pettit & Mills Shoe Co. ....	19
Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co. ....	18
Pirret, P. K. & Co. ....	20
Rhodes Bros. ....	Back Cover
Turrell Bros. ....	Inside Front Cover
Sacajawea Club .....	17
Shaw Supply Co. ....	Inside Front Cover
Silver Moon .....	7
Sixth Ave. Barber Shop .....	19
Smith & Gregory .....	20
Stone-Fisher Co. ....	Inside Back Cover
Sunset Theatre .....	18
Washington Tool & Hdw. Co. ....	Inside Front Cover
Yansen Confectionery .....	19

25 to 33%

Below the prices of one year ago should be the general reduction on men's wear, including clothing, hats, shoes and furnishings, and you will find this percentage of reduction reflected throughout the stock in this House.

We are well satisfied with the business of the past nine months, and we know that the next three months will take care of themselves.

**Dickson Bros. Co.**

1120-22 Pacific Avenue



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
The Piker .....	3
Trials of a Shoe-Vender .....	4
Lost in the Fog .....	5
Letters of a Frosh .....	6
Biological Rhapsody .....	7
In Memoriam .....	8
Resolutions .....	9
Editorials .....	10
Athletics .....	11
School Notes .....	14
Society .....	17
Alumni .....	17
Personals .....	19

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General  Electric  
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HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

## The Piker

Carol Vinson

I WAS busy reading about a new airplane engine in the "Popular Mechanics" the other night when all of a sudden Nell butted in and said: "Say, Ral, I heard somebody say today that you were an awful piker."

"Well, what of it?" I said.

"Don't you know what a piker is?" she asked.

"Don't know and don't care," I replied, kind of impatient. "Lemme alone, will you?"

"Not until I have enlightened you on that point, dear little brother of mine," she answered, real silly, like most girls are. "They called you a piker because you constantly ignore the ladies—the fair ones. When you go anywhere you take your own sweet self and no one else—that's what a piker is. And they don't like it because you persistently let them alone."

"They don't have to like it," I said, feeling real crabby. "They can go jump in the lake for all I care. For the love of Pete close up and let a fellow read."

Well, she did then, for a wonder. The trouble with Nell is, she's too long on the gab. Once in a while I think she almost shows real sense, which is unusual for a girl, and then she'll let loose with a lot of crazy bunk which leaves me certain sure she's as much a simp as the rest of them.

Some chaps are born unlucky, and I sure must be one of the picked crew. It seems like I can't even get inside the door of the high school without running into some little emptyhead who walls her eyes and shows her teeth at me like she thought she was Theda Bara and I was the next victim. But believe me, you don't catch me falling for a lot of goo-goo eyed babies that don't know anything except how to powder their noses, and talk about their clothes, and fix a shredded wheat biscuit over each ear.

Can't even get rid of 'em out on the football field. When I come in from practice there'll be some of 'em hanging around and making fool remarks about a guy. "Doesn't he look swell in his football uniform?" and "I do think he's the cutest kid!" Suffering sassafras! Why don't they go down and rave about a cigar store Indian?

We had a pretty good football season this fall, winning three out of four games. But when it came to the last game it looked like we were going to have hard pulling to make it. Well, we did—the hardest kind of work. We had tied in the first half and nobody had made a score in the second until, when we were on their forty-five yard line with half a minute to play, I managed to get the ball and cross the line for a touchdown, with a couple of fellows on top of me.

When they piled off I found my ankle was on the blink. Coach said I'll have to keep off it for several days, and when I did get around again I had to go on crutches for a while. That wouldn't have been so bad, but Holy Moses, those girls! I thought they were fierce enough before, but now they acted like a bunch of tramps around a pile of ten dollar bills! It got so hard on my disposition I had to stay out of school for two or three days more, or I would have been a wild-eyed madman.

I expected Swat Franklin to come over and sympathize with me, for he had been smashed up a little in the game before, and was quite some hero himself. Swat is my pal and we have been side partners for a long time—ever since we both got whaled for running away and going to the ball park together. Whenever the chickens got to cackling around him too thick he'd come over and have a good chin-fest with me, same as I did with him.

But this time there was no Swat, and when I went back to school I found out why. I was meandering down the hall in the direction of his roll room, thinking he'd be glad enough to see old Pie—meaning myself—again, when I spotted him coming along with that little Vivian Wilson. And they were so busy talking, Swat didn't once look my way.

I gazed after them with disappointment and—what's the word?—disillusionment sticking out all over me, thinking that though my last friend had now turned traitor and joined the opposing forces, I'd stay with the fort even unto death!

And then a fluffy-brained kid called Madeline Miles came hopping out of the door I happened to be in front of, and nearly knocked one of my crutches across the hall.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! It's so dark out here I didn't see you at first," she gurgled. "But I've just been wishing for a chance to tell you what a wonderful player I think you are, Raleigh! The whole school is talking about that game, and I just think you are as brave as can be!"

But I beat it and let her spout.

And then the fellows got to kidding about it.

"Here comes the Old Bach," somebody said at noon, as I went in the door of the pie-shop across the street.

"Ah! Ze gran' matinee idol, Getts Amall!" said Bud Allison. "Allow me to introduce to you, gentlemen, the most heartless lady killer of the uncivilized world."

"I'll bet you can walk without those sticks," said Stub Pearsall. "You just trot 'em along with you to make a hit with the ladies."

"Pie," Benny Thorsen said, like he was telling me something confidential, "if you walk the length of the hall with any dame in the school—you get your choice—and talk real nice to her all the way, I'll set you up to the best of your namesakes in this here shop—with a couple of doughnuts, thrown in."

"Ah," sighed Swede Larson. "I'd hold her hand and propose matrimony into the bargain for a chance like that."

There was no getting away from it. Everywhere I went there was either a bunch of girls getting in my way or some of the fellows guying me. I sure did wish for the day when I could take out my good old motorbike and get rid of the whole tribe of them for a while.

And then one morning I skipped study hall and went over to watch the swimming class, just for a little diversion. But they couldn't let me alone even there.

"Bless his dear little heart, if here isn't Wallie Reid," said one of them. "Isn't he sweet?"

"Prof," said somebody else, "what do you call these benighted chaps who totally abstain from Cupid's intoxicants?"

"Maybe you mean celibates," suggested Prof Davids, when he blew the water out of his mouth.

"That's it—celibates," said Dan Kennedy.

"Did you say cellar-bats?" inquired Angel Andrews. "I should say that the bats were in his belfry."

"Oh, you guys give me the earache," I said, and left.

But going through the dressing room I had an idea. Picking up Dan's shirt and sox and trousers and tie, I went along and distributed them in other fellows' booths, exchange-

ing a sock for a collar, a vest for a shoe, and so on until I had the whole bunch so well hashed that one chap had two pairs of B. V. D.'s but no trousers; another had three sox, all different pairs, and only one shoe; while a third could consider his wardrobe complete when he had on a shirt, a vest, and one purple garter. Leaving behind me what I considered a thorough job, I went back to the main building.

I didn't know it at the time, but I found out later that that same bunch of fellows was booked for a launch party on the lake that evening. The lake is about fifteen miles out of town, and they had made arrangements to leave the burg right after school, taking their girls with them, and make an early start on the water.

I suppose they must have had quite an interesting time in the dressing room when they came up from the tank, with five minutes to take a shower and get dressed in. None of them were less than twenty-five minutes late to the next class, it seems, with the exception of Jimmy Yuill, who wore gray pants and a brown coat and a shirt and shoes that weren't mates—and that was all—to geometry class, getting there in time to answer roll call just as he entered the door.

Of course the whole gang of them had to stay after school

(Watch for the second installment of "THE PIKER" in "THE TRAIL" for November.)

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## Trials of a Shoe-Vender

Steve Arnette

**B**EING due at the store at nine o'clock, I sprained a lung as I tore up the stairs, (so to speak) at 9:15. The force was all at work and the boss was at his desk, of course.

"Good-morning, Mr. Jones," said I. "How are you this morning?"

"Oh I'm feeling better this afternoon," he replied, looking at his watch. "I'm glad you decided to come down today. We might miss you. I can't imagine how we could get along without you. Don't let work interfere with your sleep, tho. Anytime in the afternoon is O. K. with us, you know."

I took all this with proper difference of a lowly shoe clerk and went and hung up my coat and hat.

My first customer was a smartly dressed young lady of perhaps forty-five. I have an idea she had seen forty-five summers and had probably been blind awhile also.

"A pair of shoes, miss?" said I.

"Yes, yes, indeed, a pair of shoes," she countered. "Folks don't go to the shoe department for kitchen-ware usually," she added.

"Certainly not, certainly not," I vouchafed, "altho, we have some excellent shoes for kitchen wear. They're called 'sink-shoes.' They have excellent paper soles and come at \$7.00 per pair, \$4.00 for the right, \$3.00 for the left. If you ever have a wooden leg madam, try to make it the right and you'll save money. Right shoes always come higher."

She eyed me with a feendish glare, as deadwood Dick would say, speaking melerdramatically.

"Yes, a pair for myself, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. How did you guess it? What d'ya think I wanted, a pair of horse shoes? Any fool would know I wanted them for myself."

"Yes, Madam, that's why I asked you," I answered.

"What do you mean?" said she with another fiendish glare.

"Nothing," I squeaked, as I dragged off her right sled.

"That's a four and its too large," she ground out.

"Indeed, indeed," said I, as I examined the split seams and bulging sides.

"They're always too large."

I hauled out a pair of sevens and tried one of them on her toes. It fit her toe excellently, but left her heel out in the cold.

that afternoon on account of being tardy, and neither they nor their girls got to go on the party because by the time they were excused it was too late to make connections. And I noticed several damsels going along with their noses in the air when they passed certain chaps who used to be high particular with them.

At last my ankle could stand walking on, and the very first Sunday after I threw away my crutches I got out my little old motorcycle and went out along the boulevard to the lake. Last summer Swat and I invested in a second hand motorboat, and I wanted to see if the thing was still in running order. After a little tinkering I made her go, all right, but it was a little too windy and cool on the lake for a long ride to be much fun. So about the middle of the afternoon I locked her up in the boathouse again and headed for home.

I'd covered about half the distance back to town when I noticed a girl monkeying with a bicycle out at one side of the road. I was made that way, I guess, but I always have to look in on any works that have something wrong with them, so I swung out and slowed down.

"Having some trouble?" I sang out. "What's the matter?"

"A little long, and a trifle narrow," said she.

"So it is, so it is," said I, speaking from experience.

I tried a pair of eight and they came within two or three sizes of fitting. With two shoe horns and the assistance of three more clerks we managed to get them on.

"What an excellent fit," said I as I pried the button off in an attempt to fasten the strap across her instep. It made no difference to me, the right shoe being on the left foot. Wired on another button and fastened the strap on the inside.

"Take that off you sap. Don't you see you have the right shoe on the left foot?" she yowled.

"Oh no, madam," I answered, turning bolshevic, both in color and sentiment. "Above one forty-five, the right and lefts are both alike."

"Very well," she replied to the ceiling. "I didn't want to buy anything, I just wanted to see if you had anything small enough for me. Good-day."

"Good lord," I gasped, leaning on one of the shoes I had tried on her.

"Ain't nature wonderful?" said a fellow clerk and sufferer.

My next customer was a pretty little girl of six years.

"Hello, Mister Shoeman," she said in a sweet voice.

"Hello, sister," I replied.

"May I buy a pair of slippers from you for myself?" Here's the money my mother just gave it to me.

"You certainly shall have those slippers, little angel, money or no money."

"These I have on are three but my feet grow quite fast and may be I ought to have threes and a half. Don't you think so?"

I tried on a pair of threes and a half and they fit perfectly.

"May I wear them home, Mr. Shoe Man," she asked sweetly.

"Yes, you may, little girl," said I, thanking heaven for children.

She paid me and went out.

"Thank you Mr. Shoe Man."

"You are welcome." Is what I said aloud. To myself I said—"Ain't it awful what a few years will do to a person?"

# Lost in the Fog

William Brown

NIGHT had spread its mantle over the great city. As if watching the signal, the fog came stealing up the avenues, dimming the street lights that tried in vain to give a sense of direction to the people hurrying home.

So dense was the fog that Morton drove a block past his home in his big car before he realized his mistake. He entered his palatial residence and quickly switched on the lights, throwing a challenge at the darkness without. Beside the reading lamp he found a note from his wife stating that she had gone to a bridge party and would not be back until very late. A further search of the house showed that the servants had taken advantage of the absence of authority and had vanished also.

After satisfying his appetite, Morton lit a cigar and settled down to read the newspaper, the very quietness that surrounded him seemed to work on his nerves. He became aware that his watch was ticking loudly enough to awake the dead. A millionaire, he was not used to being ignored and left alone. He regretted that he had not spent the evening at his club where he would have been assured of company at least. He was about to throw the paper away when his eye caught a paragraph that held his notice, a slow smile spreading over his clean shaven face as if he already had advance knowledge of the outcome of what he was reading.

The article that attracted his attention was but one of a series of articles that of late had been enjoyed by the news-devouring public. It contained the exploits of an unknown burglar that for over a period of eight months had been robbing the wealthy of the city. According to City Detective Carter, the thief must be a rich man who merely robbed for adventure's sake for according to the records of the police every article had been returned to its owner. They all came back in the mail with the compliments of the man who had robbed them. The article wound up by saying that Carter had just received important clues and that the police expected to capture the thief within the next twenty-four hours.

As he read this, Morton collapsed into a fit of laughter. Going to the phone he got Carter on the wire.

"Morton, the broker, speaking."

"Yes," came over the line.

"Say Carter, I have to go over to Jersey tonight and there is no one at home. I wouldn't ask it under ordinary circumstances but this burglar scare has been worrying my wife. could you send up a man to watch the house tonight?"

"Sure thing, Morton. I'll send a man right up."

"I'll straighten it out when I return. Hope you get your burglar."

"Much obliged. Good night."

He instantly became a man of action. He hurried to his room and quickly changed into an old suit, flannel shirt and checkered cap. As he moved swiftly about, he hugely enjoyed the joke he was playing on Carter. To have police protection in your own home while you rob somebody else's was certainly a unique circumstance. The sorrow of the whole thing was that he would be unable to tell them about it. Procuring a flashlight, a jimmy bar and an automatic pistol took but a second and he was ready to go. Leaving the door unlocked so the detective he had hired would not have to stay out in the cold, he left.

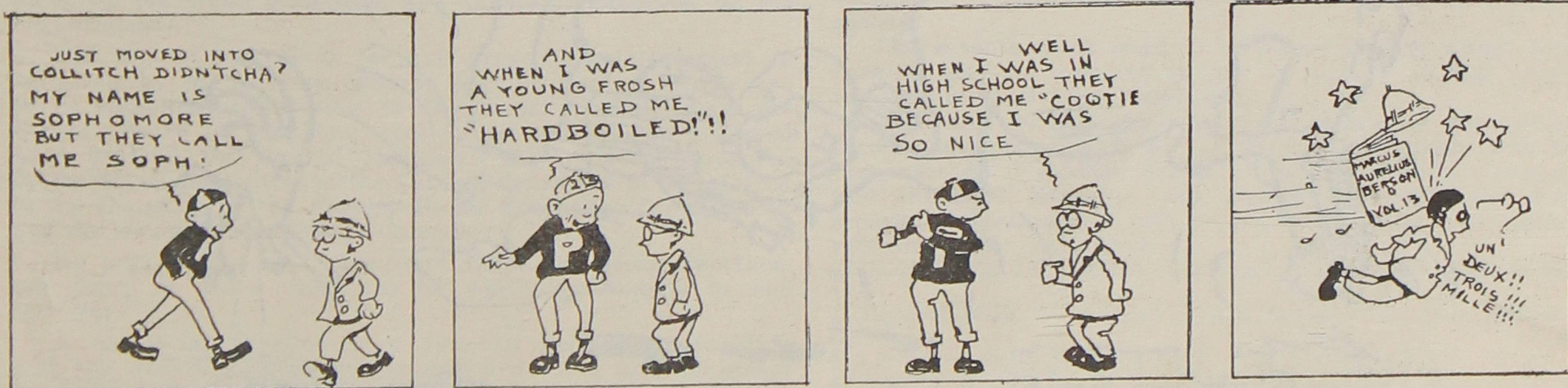
He noticed that the fog instead of lifting had become so dense that he could hardly see his feet, much less guide them. Walking briskly for several blocks, he was about to make a street crossing when the headlights of an automobile loomed up directly in front of him. Only a violent leap to one side saved him from being entirely run over. As it was, he was hit by the side of the car and thrown upon the sidewalk, unharmed but slightly stunned and turned around.

A few more minutes of walking brought him to a large house. He could not discern it through the mist but the sense that guides people through the dark had brought him to what had all the appearance of "good pickings." He was about to jimmy a window so as to force an entrance when he happened to think that maybe the door would be unlocked. At least it would be if the occupants were rich. It was only the poor people who had nothing to lose that locked their homes. Morton's theory proved to be correct for the door opened. Very quietly he shut it after him and took his flashlight out of his pocket. This was the moment that he loved. The danger that had enveloped all of his escapades was more to him than his entire fortune. Again the thought of the detective far away in another home entered his mind. But they were fools and their single track brains could not imagine much less suspect the real criminal. With slow jerks his flashlight illuminated the opposite wall in search of the light switch. At last he found it and he began silently walking towards it, keeping it within the circles of light as he went. Suddenly to his surprise and dismay a hand reached out from the darkness and switched on the light.

"Hands up!" the man who gave the command had him covered with a revolver. With regret, Morton realized that his own lay harmlessly and beyond reach in his hip pocket.

His eyes which at first had been blinded by the sudden light were approaching their normal vision. The man advancing toward him with the handcuffs was none other than Carter, the man of whose ability he had only contempt. He looked slowly around the luxurious room and swore with great feeling.

Lost in the fog he had made a terrible mistake! He was in his own home!



# Letters of a Frosh

## Fielding Lemmon

DEAR OSWALD:

i just got to thinking i promised to swing you a few pens full of ink when i left but like most ladies and gents what have much to do i plumb forgot.

Since arriving here o. k. and getting matriculated which I don't suppose you know what it means but it means just like it would on the farm namely getting your pedigree and getting registered. Well as the pt. was I have been busy which began to happen after I had matriculated which I just explained anyway after that a little fellow come up to me and says,

"Isay but do you play football, I'm the coach" and I looks him over kind of funny like and says "sure" not knowing what the game is but thinking if that guy was nutty enough to think he was the coach I was game so i says "sure" again "you be coach and i'll be the coal car" and then he says kinda cold like "well if you do come over to the gym and get an outfit" and without blinking and eye which is characteristic of me i says back "i don't know gym, is he nice a fellow? Then he tells me i must be a freshman which i agrees to mainly because i am one.

Well you know Osie i am awful curious so i goes over to the gym as he calls it but really it isn't a fellow but only a place where you take exercise if you don't happen to live on a farm and don't have to hoe corn and milk cows and etc. such as you and i used to do and which you is still doing but not i.

At the gymn they dressed me up in knee pants and shoes with corks on them but they really isn't corks but just what people here call little leather lumps, and then they showed me what football is like. It wasn't bad the first night all they doing to me was to step on my face and kick me in the back a few times but after about a wk. we began to have scrimmage, and honest its lots worse than it sounds.

Scrimmage you see is just like football. Its this way. You put a ball on the ground and eleven men on one side and eleven more on the other. Then you stand up and get ready and the inst. the ball moves you try to jump on the guy opposite you if he doesn't jump first. If he jumps first, then you jump up and see if any bones is broke and if not you

scrape the dirt out of your ears and iron out the cork marks on your face and get ready to jump first, next time. The object is to take the ball from one end of the field to the other without getting any men killed or injured so they have to go to the hospital.

It sure is exciting. When somebody gets hurt everybody yells and cheers and think its great sport. One guy comes through the line (that's what they calls the place where you aint when you're lined up) and hits me and oh boy i was glad he wasn't the coach for he hit like the locomotive and if the coach had been their too i wouldn't be here now for it sure was just like a train backing into a freight car only worse for a freight car couldn't feel the bump like i did and like i do yet for its still sore.

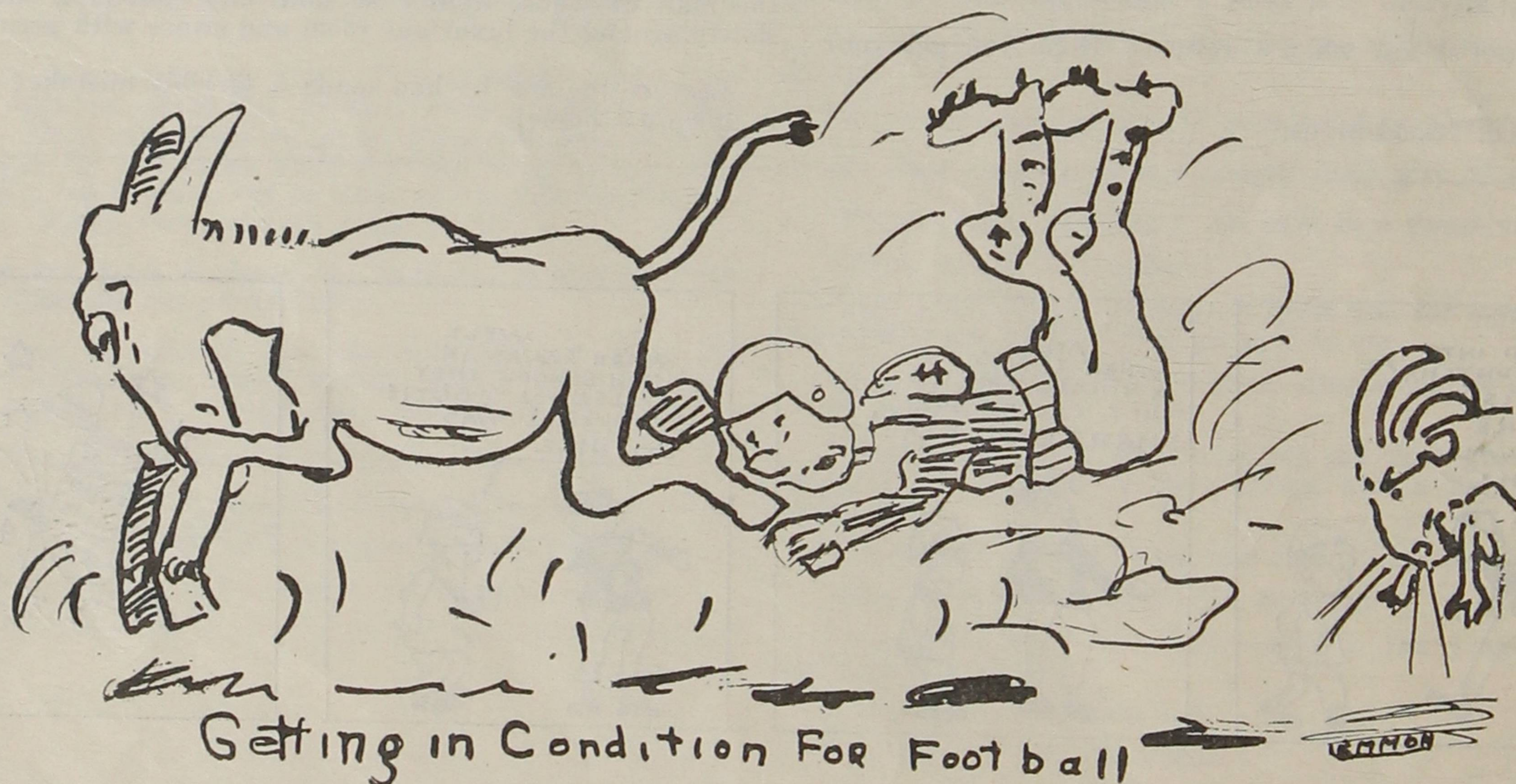
Then theys what you call a forward pass. First the ball goes back from no man's land where you aint to the quarter-back which they call him because he ain't all back I guess, then he grabs the ball and throws it to a guy which runs way out and is supposed to grab it if the other team doesnt gang him and cave in his ribs. In the mean time we guys on the line is supposed to poke each others eyes out and smash each others slats, etc. Line smashing is another part of football that is interesting and which means just what it says, smashing the line which includes me for i happen to be stopping at the present time on the line but which i dont when i get hit.

It sure is a great game but a rough way to get educated i repeat for emphasis. You'll like it i'm sure cause you always was knocking something.

The coach asks me once if working on the farm made me in good condition like i was and i says yest but next year Asie you are coming so here is my tip to get into condition. Go over to Jones old place with a pitch fork and get behind his mule and prod him and fix it so when he kicks you out of the barn Jones' goat is waiting and he butts you back in and when you get back in the mule kicks you back out etc. until you get real hardened so when you start football you wont think it's so awful rough like.

Yours as will be,

FREDDY THE FROSH.





## BIOLOGICAL RHAPSODY

ONE evening, as I sat beside my window, facing west,  
 Watching all the sunset colors in their radiant love-  
 liness,  
 I was thinking of the peaceful happy day that I had spent,  
 And a drowsy, restful feeling filled my heart with sweet con-  
 tent.

But suddenly upon my ear there fell a hideous sound,  
 Just as if ten thousand million billion fords were close around,  
 And I looked to see from whence all this terrific racket came,  
 But the sight I saw upon the sill did fill my soul with shame.

For there, just underneath my nose, I saw a giant frog;  
 'Twas his croaking that had startled me and set my nerves  
 agog.

For his back was cold and slimy, with a blister here and there,  
 While with his dreadful bulging eyes he gave a baneful stare.

At first my tongue was frozen stiff, I couldn't say a word,  
 But then I thot, to be afraid of frogs was quite absurd.  
 So I asked him why he'd come to spoil my pleasant reveries,  
 Why he didn't stay at home among the lily pads and reeds.

"My name," he croaked, "is Rana pretioso, don't you see,  
 'Twas my father that you cruelly cut and slashed most terribly,  
 With your scissors did you slash his skin, with picks his  
 nostrils pried,  
 While fierce Professor Slater stood a-watching by your side.

My father was a King of frogs, the bravest of his clan,  
 And I, his son, have but one aim, to help him all I can.  
 Revenge is sweet to those whose friends have been so basely  
 slain;  
 Now you will never have the chance to be so cruel again.

With that he took from out his sack a monstrous pair of  
 shears;  
 He sharpened them until they were so sharp they looked like  
 spears,  
 And then he waved them o'er his head with many an awful  
 curse,  
 While there I sat, transfixed with fear, and growing worse  
 'n worse.

But just as he was springing toward me with a fearful lunge  
 I struck my head upon the sill, and took an awful plunge—  
 This woke me up, and there I sat upon the bedroom floor,  
 But that old frog had hopped away, I saw him never more.

So now, I vow, I'll never touch another frog again;  
 I never will dissect them or cause them any pain,  
 No matter how Prof. Slater may rave and rant and roar,  
 He may flunk me if he cares to, I'll cut up frogs no more.

—R. S.

— o —

## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF THE COLLEGE

THE social life of the college in a large measure centers around the several organizations in the college with the exception of a few all-college functions.

In regard to social activities the following rules have been made by the social committee and should be observed by the organizations.

The request and plans for any proposed entertainment to be given by or for any student organization or group are to be submitted in writing to the Social Committee of the Central Board at least one week in advance of the proposed time to hold the desired function. All requests approved by the Social Committee of the Central Board are to be referred to the chairman of the Faculty Social Committee for approval and for entry on the College Calendar.

No organization will give more than four social functions per year, no more than two of which shall come in one semester.

A non-social function is a function held in conjunction with the weekly society meeting, which meeting and non-social function shall not extend over two hours and thirty minutes. Such a function shall not necessitate extended preparation in decoration, food, etc. A non-social function does not require approval of the Social Committee.

## INTER-SOCIETY RULES

THE following changes in rulings have been adopted by the Pan Hellenic Council.

The first six weeks of college or up to October twenty-fourth, shall be a period during which no initiations either verbal or written shall be given to any student to join a society.

The seventh week shall be a period during which formal rushing may be indulged in but no answer to bids may be received until October thirty-first.

Of course in this short period it would be impossible to become acquainted with all the worth-while people who have just entered. A student who is not invited to join an organization the first semester, will possibly be asked the second semester. Some of the best people are those who are slow in revealing their true worth.

Reserve, free of charge, private Balcony for your parties.

SILVER MOON

917 Broadway

## In Memoriam

Ed Longstreth was a fine boy—one the students of the College shall not forget. There was a rugged aggressiveness about his personality; a stubborn determination to see a thing through; a spirit that insisted upon realities.

We remember him as he used to stand out in the hall and thresh things out with his fellow workers; and in those days his bold distinct tones were very emphatic. We recall him as a debator when he argued stoutly for his society, yet lost with generous spirit. Also we think of him as a student, determined to get at the real facts of a subject, and withal exceedingly obliging and accommodating to his fellow students.

We had expected great things of him. We believed he would finish school and go out into professional life and become one of those stalwart, reliable, virile, uncompromising men who are the upholders of all that is best in our social order. And had he lived, we are confident this would have been true.

But he died; and so quickly did he go that we are still shocked with the suddenness of it and unable to realize wholly that he will not be with us again. But we feel of necessity that there is another life, where promising personality may complete itself by carrying on the processes of its development; and believing he is in this other life, we are reconciled.

## RESOLUTIONS

Resolution Adopted by the Faculty of the C. P. S. in  
Special Session Assembled, October 3, 1921.

Whereas death has taken from our midst in the person of Edward Longstreth, one of our greatly beloved Seniors who had spent three years in this College; and during that time, by diligent application to classroom tasks; intelligent participation in college activities; and above all by kindly sympathy and helpfulness in all situations, had endeared himself to us all, therefore

Be it resolved that we hereby record our profound sense of loss at his going, and extend to his family our deep and sincere sympathy.

President of the College.

Resolution Adopted by the Student Body of the  
College of Puget Sound.

Three years ago there came into our midst a man of promise. He went about his work and recreation with a cheerful and courageous spirit which early won our admiration. Misfortune overtook him, and when others would have complained he cheerfully rose above his affliction. We marveled at his courage, for we never heard a word of complaint.

His smile inspired us to strive to face life with head up and purpose high. The memory of his life will be with us and guide us on to nobler deeds.

Ed. Longstreth occupied a prominent place in student activities, and will be missed from our midst; Therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the students of the College of Puget Sound, hereby express our heartfelt sympathy to his family and his friends.

Resolution Adopted by the Amphictyon Literary  
Society

Our friend has left us and we shall all miss him very much. During his stay he built for himself a place in the life of each of us that will long contain the memory of his stalwart character. Smilingly he bore his part, and trials that would have caused others to complain, he met with such cheerfulness that few realized his misfortune.

Ed. Longstreth was a true friend, a loyal student, a willing worker, and was ardently devoted to his society.—Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the Amphictyon Literary Society express their heartfelt grief and sympathy to his family and friends.

## THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make a man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night—

It was the plant and flower of Light.

In small proportions we just beauties see;

And in short measures life may perfect be.

—B. Jonson.

— o —

## RESIGNATION

*I do not ask that life may be*

*A pleasant road;*

*I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me*

*Aught of its load.*

*I do not ask that flowers should always spring*

*Beneath my feet;*

*I know too well the poison and the sting*

*Of things too sweet.*

*For one thing, only Lord, dear Lord, I plead;*

*Lead me aright,*

*Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,*

*Through peace to light.*

*I do not ask O Lord, that thou shouldst shed*

*Full radiance here;*

*Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread*

*Without a fear.*

*I do not ask my cross to understand,*

*My way to see;*

*Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,*

*And follow thee.*

*Joy is like restless day; but peace divine*

*Like quiet night;*

*Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,*

*Through peace to light.*

—Adelaide A. Foster.

FLORENCE MADDOCK, '22—Editor  
EDWARD AMENDE, '25—Associate Editor

PAGE EDITORS

Literary, Helen Monroe, '22  
Poet's Corner, Roma Schmid, '24  
School Notes, Esther Graham, '23  
Athletics, Matthew Thompson, '25  
Humor, Spencer Smith, '24  
Society  
Mildred Forsberg, '24— Ruth Wheeler, '24  
Staff Artist, Irwin Blanchard

# THE TRAIL

Published by the  
ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY  
of the  
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND  
Phone Main 1455

HAROLD FRETZ, '24—Business Manager

Circulation  
Arthur Harris Hilda Scheyer  
Stenographers  
Edith Thomas Katheryne Chester  
Myrtle Warren

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ington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## Editorials

### *Around the Corner*

CAN you remember when you were—oh, ever so young, and you were afraid to go into the next room unless Mother held your hand ever so tightly? As you got older you began to be self-conscious about your fear and wouldn't speak of it for the world, but it was there, nevertheless, and didn't it feel good if Mother just happened to be going the same way you were? And then the time came when you started to school, and even now the thrills run up and down your back when you remember those first experiences. Years and years passed, and the time came when you were to be initiated into the awful mysteries of High School life. Oh, no, you weren't afraid! You assumed the boldest attitude you could and in your desire to appear like a Senior you became the poor insignificant Freshman that you were. The time came when you felt that your time of uncertainty and fear was over, but you soon learned that you had to pass thru the same experiences of doubt and anxiety before you were initiated into the ways of college life.

And so it goes on; always we have facing us the uncertainty of what lies around the corner of our life, and the question we must answer is not, "What is there?" but, "How will we meet it?" Are you strong enough to face whatever comes, or must you have someone forever near to hold your hand in case of danger?

At the beginning of this school

year we are rounding a corner not only in our own life but in the life of our school. Around the corner lie many experiences of which we have never dreamed, some pleasant and some unpleasant. In order to meet them, we must be ready for whatever comes, and to do this we must get rid of fear. Let us start out this year with a spirit of trustfulness toward Faculty and Student and school activities. Without this spirit we cannot win, but with this spirit there are no foes even around the corner which we cannot conquer.

### *Ideas and Ideals*

EVERYTHING has two aspects. On the one hand there is the material side of the thing itself. On the other hand there is the picture of the thing that we have in our mind, and this we call an idea. But an idea may also have two aspects, for we have the picture of the thing in its present state and the picture of the thing as we would like to have it.

When an architect builds a house, he first gets an idea and then he gets an ideal. Altho the architect may have reverses he never loses sight of his ideal, for it is only by thinking constantly of it that he is able to make any progress.

At the beginning of this year we had an idea about this Trail, and since we have been working on it we have gotten an ideal. We are keeping this ideal con-

stantly before us, altho we realize that we may never reach it. The sailor never reaches the North Star, yet without a North Star he could never reach port.

The Trail is the Student Body publication. Begin to think about it. Get an Ideal, and then let us know about it. Without an idea there is no thought, without an ideal there is no progress.

It is a curious thing that the fellow who would divide his last dollar with you seldom has the dollar.

If it isn't any of his business the average student is likely to take a keen interest in it.

One trouble with this school is that the average student doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him.

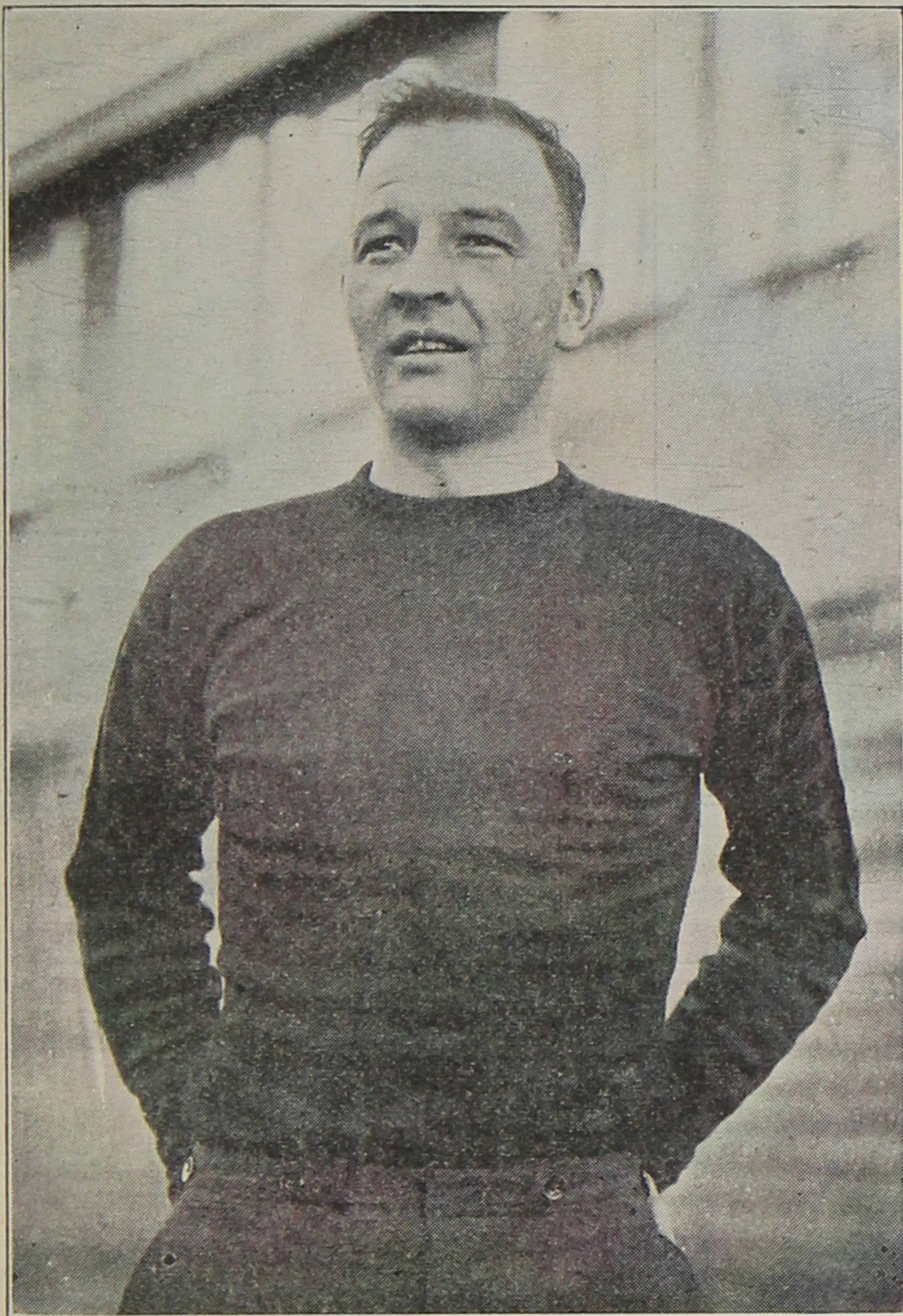
You have probably noticed that the fellow who says, "Well to make a long story short," seldom does it.

There is nothing really remarkably noteworthy in the feat of the New York clergyman who broke up a meeting of disloyalists by singing "The Star Spangled Banner." In the hands of the average amateur singer "The Star Spangled Banner" is no mean weapon.

Getting married is like eating mushrooms — you never know whether you have picked the wrong kind until it is too late.

# ATHLETICS

MATTHEW THOMPSON, *Editor*



COACH PECK

— o —

## FOOTBALL

**T**HE football season at C. P. S. started with a bang Wednesday afternoon September 14, when 35 men turned out and were issued suits. Many of these men came to C. P. S. as a result of a campaign inaugurated by the Athletic department to induce High School Stars of the State to come to this school and represent us in the various athletic contests. Among those who came and seem promising in the football field are Turley, Morrow, McGee, Cook, Mathis, Stiles, Rule, and Blanton.

The first few days were spent in light workouts and then the tentative squads got down to business and engaged in some practice scrimmages.

The prospects for a strong varsity team are very favorable. Many of last year's letter-men are back. Captain Clyde Kinch who can always be depended upon to hold down his end of the line no matter what team he is against, Big Dick Wasson, Silent McPhail and Stonewall Stone are last year's line-men who can be depended upon to make a showing this year. Those of the 1920 backfield men who are again with us are, Jack Dorsey, Rip Revelle, Schroeder and Rumbaugh.

## COACH PECK

Thruout the pages of history we find that every change which has affected a reform has had its origin in some great man, who was big enough to be misunderstood and misjudged if need be, for the accomplishment of his purpose. Time was when C. P. S. was not athletically powerful, when it's foot-ball teams were not victorious teams, and when the student body was not willing to back to the limit, its representatives on the gridiron.

Coach Peck had technical ability, grit enough to stay by a task until it was finished—and more than all else, he had faith in his men. For this reason a reform has been effected—and thanks to our Coach, C. P. S. is athletically powerful, it's foot-ball team is successful, and it's student body is ready to back to the limit—and then some—the team that it saw in action on Saturday, October 8, 1921.

— o —

Candy by the ton or candy by the dimes' worth, Chocolate Shop,  
908 Broadway

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## SEASON TICKET SELLING CAMPAIGN

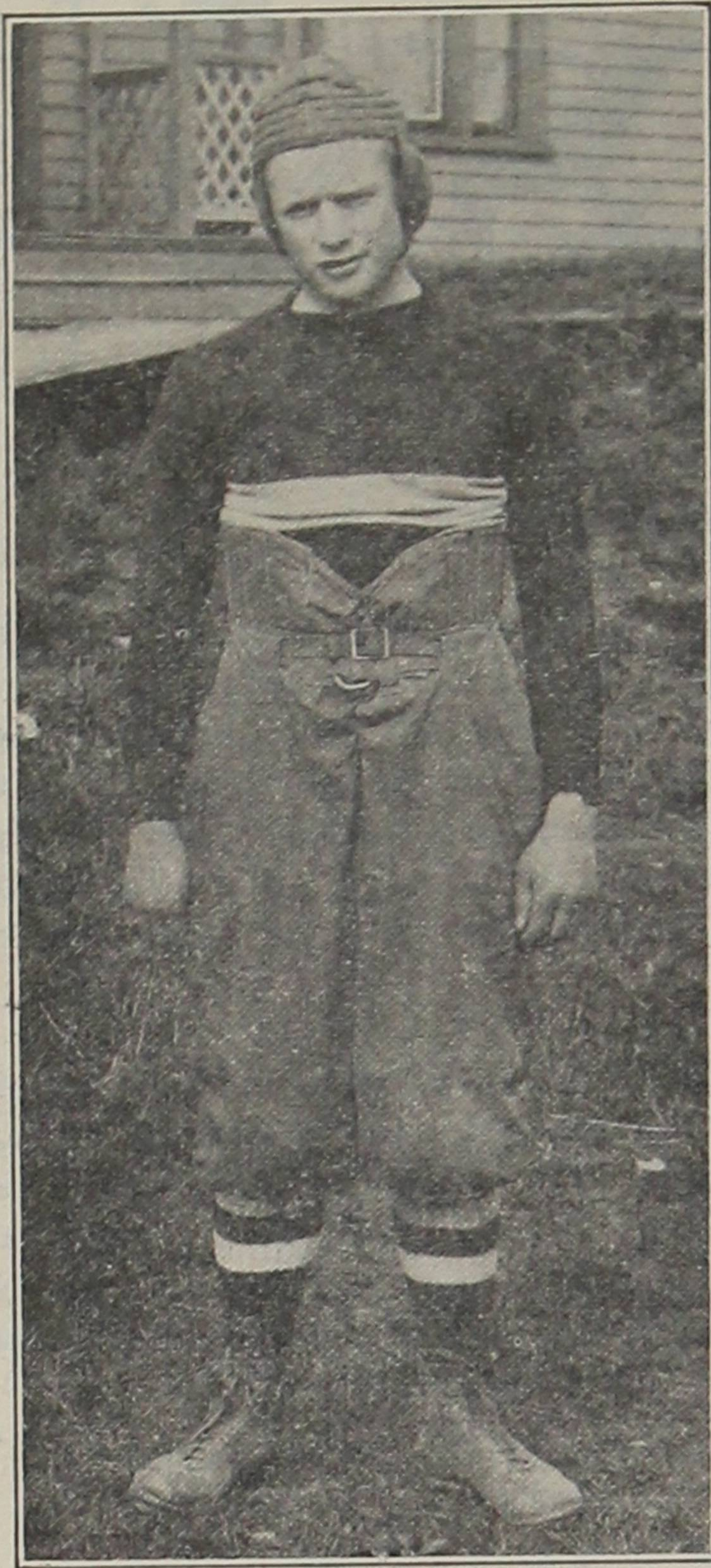
**W**EDNESDAY evening, September 28, a banquet was given to the Citizen's Athletic Department. Tho there were only a few present, the results of the banquet were very favorable. Talks were given by the Dean, Tom Swayze, Coach Peck, Frank Brooks and President Todd. The Business men represented by Dr. E. C. Wheeler issued a challenge to the students that the business men would sell as many season tickets as the students. This challenge was accepted by Frank Brooks in behalf of the students. Plans were then launched and committees appointed among the business men to sell the tickets. These were:

- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Rotary Club .....     | H. L. Brown     |
| Kiwanis .....         | Mr. Emmons      |
| University Club ..... | Dr. Mattson     |
| Commercial Club ..... | E. C. Wheeler   |
| Elks .....            | Dr. Siegle      |
| Eagles .....          | George Shanklin |
| Ministers .....       | Dr. Warner      |

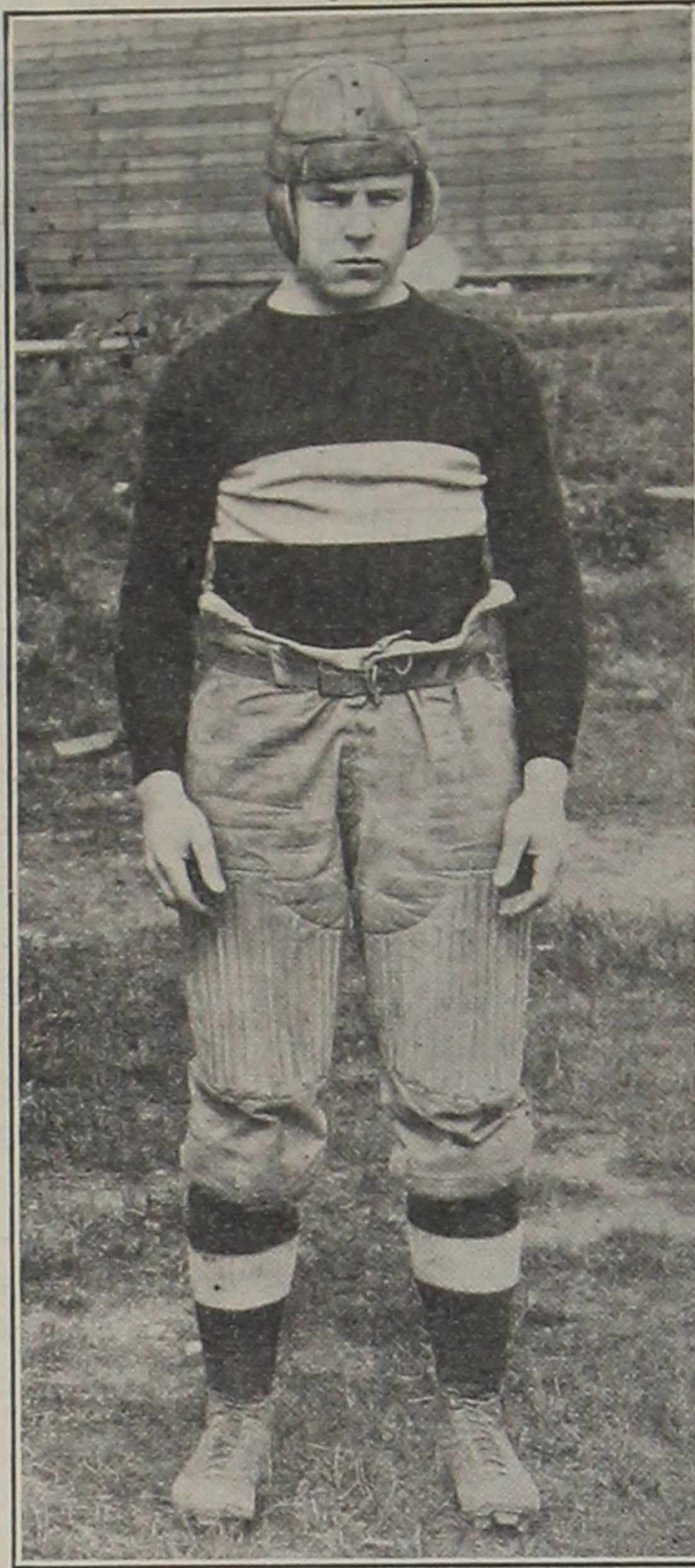
H. L. Brown of Brown & Haley Candy Co. offered four \$3.00 boxes of candy as prizes for the committees and individuals who would sell the most tickets. Tom Swayze presided at the meeting. The following day the students were divided into committees of ten to sell the tickets.

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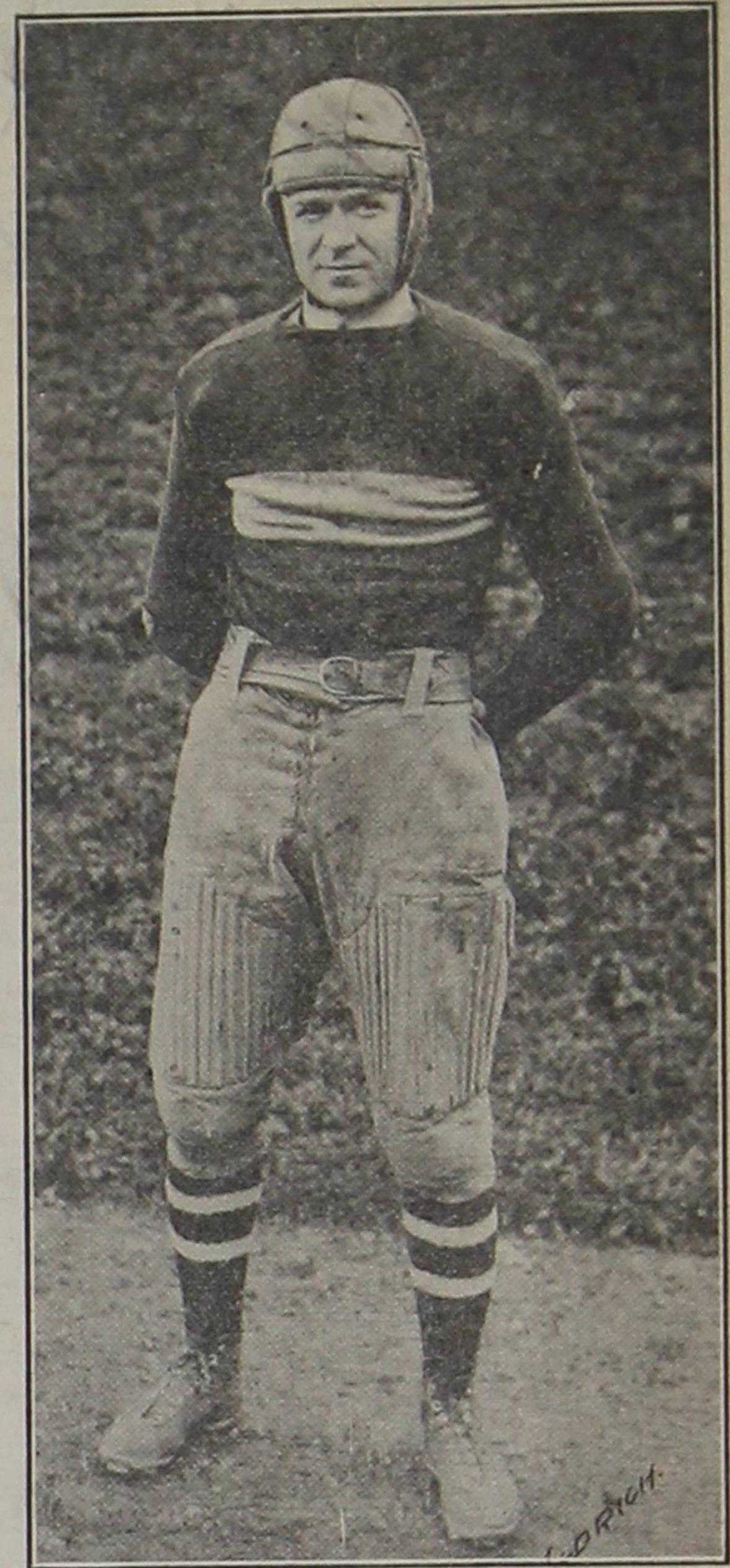
Could you eat a ton of candy? Try it some time. Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway



**CAPTAIN CLYDE KINCH**  
 Little, but oh my. Related to tiger, bearcat and bulldog. Has played on C. P. S. varsity for three years and never been hurt. Captain 1921.



**"RIP" REVELLE**  
 Rip Rip Smash Bang Rip. "First down 10 yards to go." That's the way Rip plays. Halfback. Captain 1920.



**JACK DORSEY**  
 Jack is one of the best half backs C. P. S. has ever had. He is fast as well as a sure ground gainer. Varsity '19 and '20.

**C. P. S. - BREMERTON GAME**

26 - 13

The team started the season in grand style, winning their first game with the Bremerton Apprentice School by a score of 26-13. The score does not indicate the relative strength of the teams by any means. One of the Bremerton touchdowns was the result of a fumble by C. P. S., recovered by Switzer, Bremerton left half, and a sprint of 72 yards down a clear field to a touchdown. The other was the result of Tomlinson, Bremerton halfback, intercepting a forward pass and running thirty yards for a touchdown. The four College touchdowns came through straight line bucking and end running.

Claude Turley, fullback, was the shining star of the game. Time and again he went through center for five, ten, twenty yards, and his running back of punts was wonderful to behold. Dorsey and Revelle, halfbacks, gained yardage consistently in a wonderful manner, and Morrow proved himself a first class football player to all doubters by the way he directed the team. Though the linemen were unable to do anything spectacular they did all that was expected of them. When Bremerton had the ball there was a stone wall. Bremerton made yardage only twice during the game. When the College had the ball the linemen invariably had the holes ready for the backs to go through, McPhail and Stone opening gaping chasms large enough for a team to go through. Puget Sound made yardage twenty-four times during the game.

Summary of the game, score by quarters:

C. P. S. ....	6	0	6	14	—	26
Bremerton .....	6	0	0	7	—	13

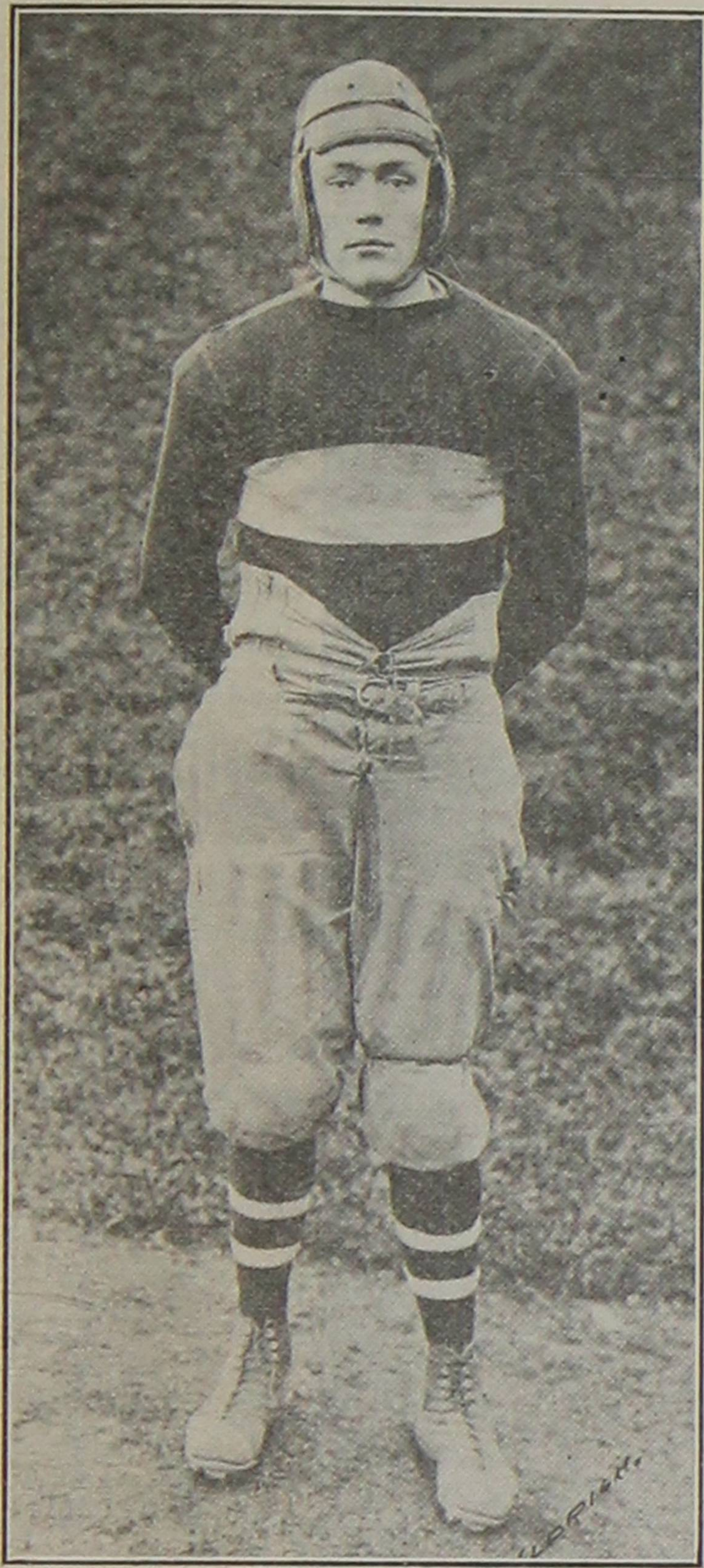
C. P. S.		Bremerton
Kinch .....	LER.....	Koenig
Crawford .....	LTR.....	Frink
Mathis .....	LGR.....	Mucham
Wasson .....	C.....	Ashton
McPhail .....	RGL.....	Huff
Stone .....	RTL.....	Baker
Schraeder .....	REL.....	Allison
Morrow .....	Q.....	Jerkson
Dorsey .....	LHR.....	Tomlinson
Revelle .....	RHL.....	Switzer
Turley .....	F.....	Cook

Goals—C. P. S.: Turley, Revelle, Morrow, Dorsey; Bremerton: Switzer, Tomlinson.

Substitutes—C. P. S.: Amende for Mathis, Rumbaugh for Morrow, Mathis for Amende, Morrow for Rumbaugh. Bremerton: Bunker for Huff, Williams for Allison, Olson for Koenig, Thackston for Tomlinson, Allison for Olson.

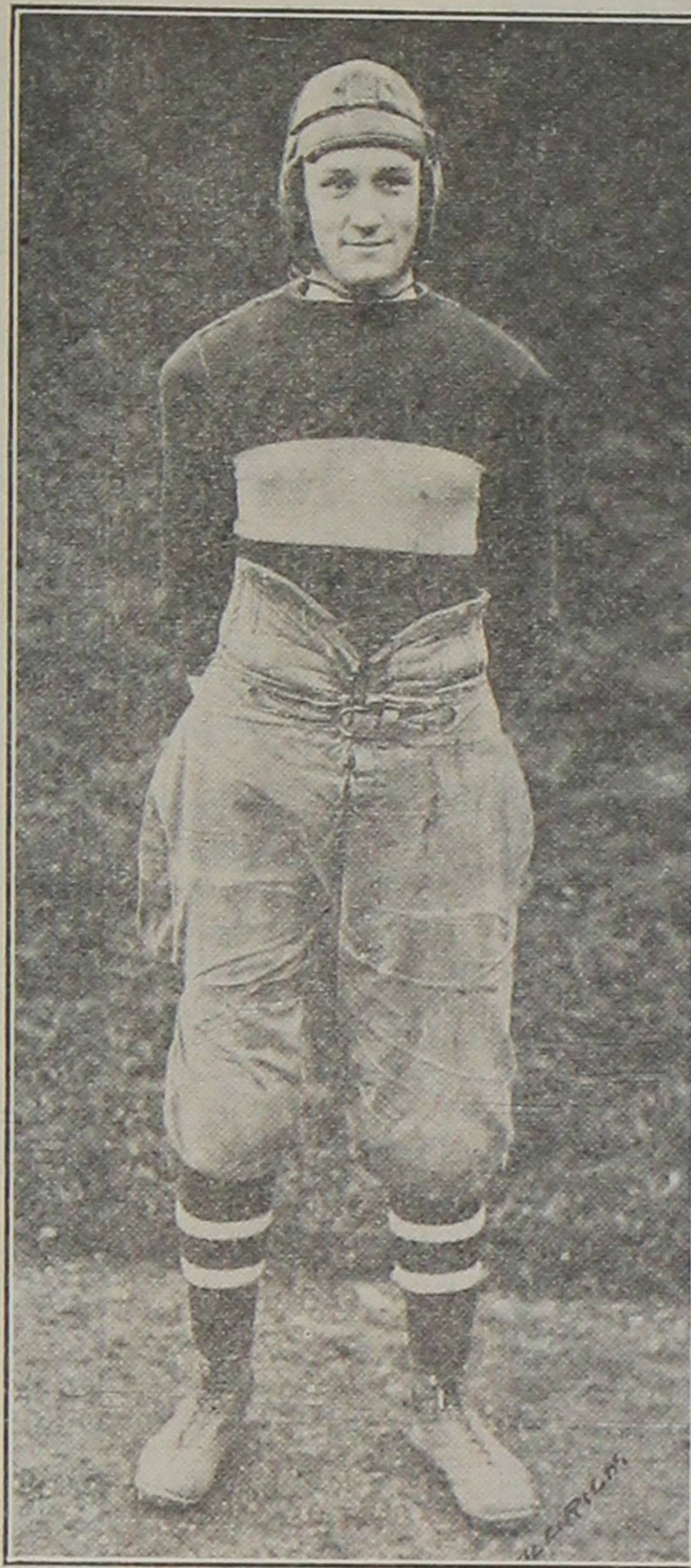
Referee: Homer Tilley. Umpire: Carl Staatz. Head linesman: Bob Abel. Timekeeper: C. A. Robbins.

Time of Quarters: 15 minutes.



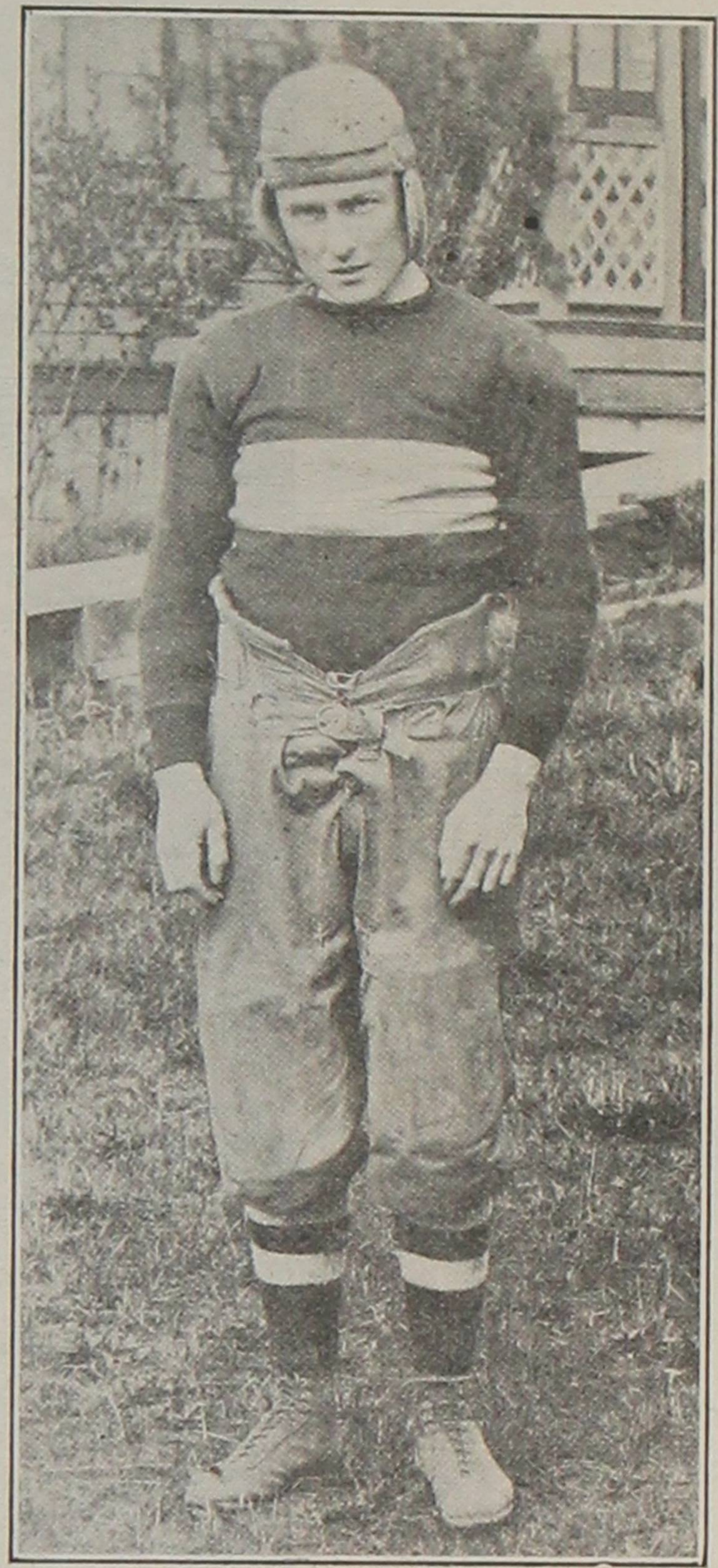
NEWELL STONE

When an irresistable force meets an immovable body what happens? If that irresistable force tries to go thru Stone's tackle it stops. Tackle.



BIG DICK WASSON

Six feet tall, 190 pounds. Dick is where he wants to be, when he wants to be, regardless of the other team. Center.



ROSS McPHAIL

It has been said that Ross is not dumb. The most earnest, most dependable man on the team. Varsity '19 and '20. Tackle.

CHEHALIS HI-C. P. S. FROSH

39-14

SATURDAY, October 1, the Frosh team journeyed to Chehalis only to suffer defeat to the tune of 39-14. This was the first time the Frosh had ever worked together as a unit excepting for about half an hour signal practice preceding the game. Chehalis made 3 touchdowns in the first quarter and then the Frosh began to tighten up allowing one touchdown in each of the following quarters. In the final quarter the Frosh showed real team-work and scored two touchdowns within ten minutes by straight line bucking and end runs.

Turley received a severe blow in the solar plexus during the last quarter which rendered him unconscious for forty-five minutes and necessitated taking him to the hospital. The injury did not prove serious.

Turley, Morrow and Cook were the stars of the game. The Frosh lineup:

- Left End ..... Rule Anderson
- Left Tackle ..... Crawford
- Left Guard ..... Alexson
- Center ..... Stiles, Wasson
- Right Guard ..... Amende
- Right Tackle ..... Mathis
- Right End ..... Blanton
- Quarter ..... Morrow
- Left Half ..... Turley, McGee
- Right Half ..... Cook, McGee
- Full ..... Thompson

Are you boosting for the Army-C. P. S. game, which is scheduled for Saturday, October 15? This is to be one of the hard games of the season and the boys need your support. Let's get in line with the foot-ball boys and go over the top with them

— o —

WE ADVERTISE IN THE TRAIL FOR RESULTS  
WILL WE GET THEM?

Football Equipment — Headgears, Shoes, Balls,  
Shoulder Pads and Supporters.

Maroon and White Sweaters.

\$11.50

Wholesale **KIMBALL'S** Retail

1107 Broadway



**GENE SCHROEDER**

They used to call him "Freight car" in grammar school. Did you ever see a freight car run wild and hit something? That's "Gene" on the football field. Back and end.



**EDDIE RUMBAUGH**

Brainy and fast and a demon for open field running. Second year. Quarter.

## School Notes

ESTHER GRAHAM, *Editor*

### SACAJAWEA NOTES

ONCE more ye Indian maidens are assembled in their tribal teepee, the Sacajawea Club, or, for the benefit of more civilized minds—1614 Division Avenue, and there one may be assured of a guaranteed, unadulterated, simon-pure, fourteen-years-in-same-location, square-deal Gloom-chaser from the time "Ma" rings the cow bell at 6:45 'till the last weary head has nodded over Chem. or French.

Not the least of the laughs are laid at the door of—ahem—the "Kitchen Cabinet" consisting of four members, Vanilla, Mapleine, Cayenne and Paprika, who take turns appearing on the "Pan" circuit. Ah, pardon, we must not neglect our masculine member, Sir Up, who after being duly knighted received his sword, shield and knight cap.

Thursdays have thus far been devoted to hilarity for if you have kept up with the society column of the Sacajawea Gazette you have noticed the following items:

"Thursday evening, September 22, the Misses Newton, Peterson and Oakes entertained for a charming group of girl friends. Delicious refreshments were enjoyed at a late hour" and—

"The evening of the 29th was given over to merrymaking at the College Dorm. where the Misses Parkin, Anderson and Isenhart made the hours speed by for a number of girl friends. Thider was thipped thru a throw before the fireplace and the girls were delighted with a group of clever readings by Miss Storrey."

Do we have fun? Maybe so! And at times our conversation loses even its eloquent scholasticism and we indulge in such expressions are, "Ernie, join me in a spud" and "Ma, you make her let me have the crust."

Our family this year consists of:

Ermine Warren, "Mapleine" also Sacajawea.  
Margaret Ohlson, "Ma."  
Ethel Storrey, "Cayenne"  
Phoebe Nicholson, "Paprika"  
Estella Peterson  
Mildred Oakes  
Jessie Newton  
Averill Isenhart  
Almarie King, "Vanilla"  
Dorothy Wallace  
Margaret Parkin, "Nip"  
Marjorie Anderson, "Tuck"  
Mrs. Reese, our house mother  
Mrs. Simpson, our indispensable cook.  
Anton Erp, "Sir Up"

P. S.—We are making a valuable collection of unusual songs. If you know any that are especially weird please favor us by turning them in.



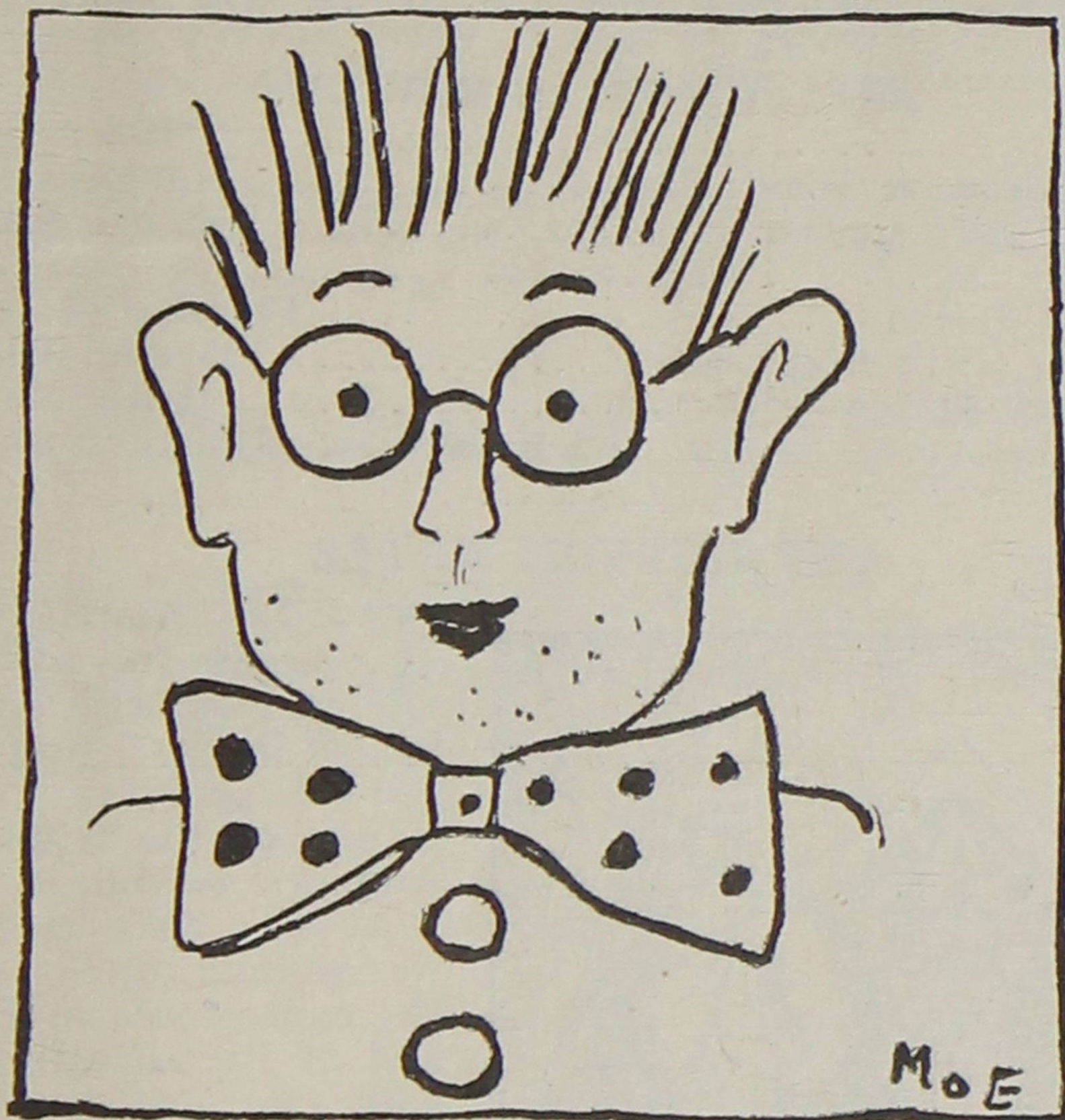
THE STUDENT HANDBOOK

MANY new and pleasing features are seen about the college this year. Among them is the Students' Handbook. This is a small directory of student affairs carefully arranged and bound in book form suitable for carrying in the pocket. Much time has been given to and no amount of pains has been spared in assembling and writing up the Customs and Traditions of the college, Constitution of the Student Body, write ups of the different organizations, etc.

The back portion of this useful little book is arranged in diary form and at proper dates are printed the events of the year—the school calendar. In the front of the book the calendar appears on the full page. These features, together with others, make the book a ready reference for both old and new students.

Alumni and those having attended C. P. S. but now teaching or otherwise engaged in work outside of college will find much of value and personal satisfaction in this little book. The best of college life is printed in it.

The book—the first of its kind at C. P. S.—is published by the Y. M. C. A. and is being sold at cost. It was hoped that it might be given to students free of charge, but because the Y. M. had not the resources with which to finance such an undertaking, a small charge is being made for the book of twenty-five cents for students and fifty cents for other people who have wished a copy of the book. Mr. R. M. Owen is business manager of the Handbook and still has a few copies on hand.



FROSH!

FRESHMAN NOTES

At a meeting of the Freshman class the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

- President ..... Matt Thompson
- Vice-President ..... Lyle Lemley
- Secretary ..... Ray Fisher
- Treasurer ..... Evelyn Ahnquist
- Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Claude Turley
- Trail Reporter ..... Ed Amende
- Central Board Representative..... Nelson Pierce
- Yell Leader ..... Ted Raudebaugh

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF A CEMETARY

(Apologies to A. Lincoln)

One score and two years ago, our upper classmen brought forth upon this campus a class scrap. Conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all classes were created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether the freshmen or the sophomores, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their freedom that our class might live. It is altogether fitting

and proper that we do this. The sophomores will little note nor long remember what we say here, but they can never forget what we did here. They shall know that the freshman class has had a new birth of freedom and that the government of the school shall be by the freshmen, for the freshmen and shall not perish from the campus.

Spencer Smith.

JUNIOR NOTES

We scarcely realized that we were Juniors until the Freshman-Sophomore scrap. But when the cases of kidnapping began to be too numerous for the police to report and in the midst of it all we were unmolested we began to realize that baby clothes, green caps, and kidnapping were forever behind us.

Oh, we didn't keep out of it altogether. The memory of the two years of victory made our blood tingle and our hearts yearn for the fray. But we remember that our dignity must not thus be imperilled and satisfied ourselves with a few hints to our brothers and sisters of the Freshman class.

We have a great future—behind us—and we hope we have a great past—before us. For two years the Glee Pennant has graced our section in chapel and we have vowed that it shall grace it for two more. We took part in all the scraps that were offered us and won. Last year members of our class carried away the honors in reading and oratory and led on the honor roll.

So much for the past. As to the future our President, Newell Stone is already reminding us that we have to put out the College Annual.

Furthermore we intend to work for high grades and the Glee Pennant.

- Hip-hick-tra-boom!
- Qui-bizzum-rah-zoom!
- Hulla-balloo-ballo-balla!
- Juniors-Juniors-rah-rah-rah!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Class Officers

- President ..... Harold Fretz
- Vice-President ..... Miriam Kloepfel
- Secretary ..... Thelma Bestler
- Treasurer ..... Dwight Hedstrom
- Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Dick Wasson
- Central Board Representative ..... Mildred Forsberg
- Trail Reporter ..... Ruth Kennedy

Due to the H. C. L. and many other "trifles" the Sophomore class reports several members missing this semester.

We are small but mighty. There has been a great deal of class spirit this year among the girls but men—where are you? You turn out famously for football but we need you in our meetings.

On October the seventh we had the pleasure of honoring the class of 1925 with a "Smiling Party." The party was a great success and most every Frosh and Sophomore was there with a smile and lots of pep. Committees in charge were as follows:

- General Chairmen ..... Miriam Kloepfel, Ruth Wheeler
- Invitations ..... Thelma Bestler, Ruth Kennedy
- Decorations ... Hilda Skreen, Selma Peterson, Erwin Blancher
- Games ..... Ethel Schuster
- Refreshments ..... Nan Tuell, Roma Schmid

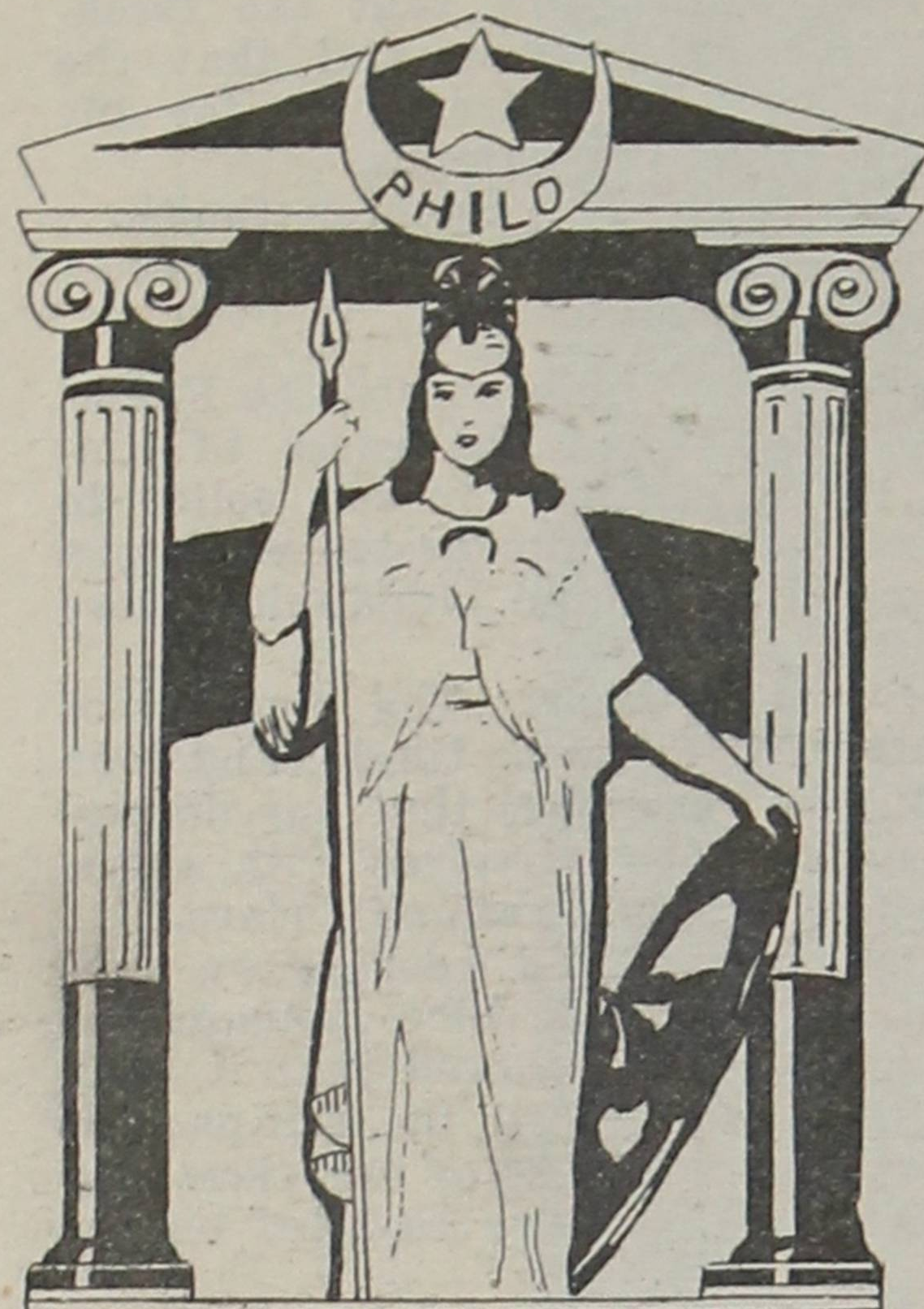
We are well represented on the football team this year, too. Four of our men are again "eating dirt" and risking a few bones, for C. P. S. McPhail, Wasson, Revelle, Schrader, and Rumbaugh are all on the "grid" again this year. Come on "Sophs" let's show some class spirit and support these men by attending the games. Let's go!

Start the year right and keep sweet the year through with

ORIOLE HONOR CANDY

Brown & Haley

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



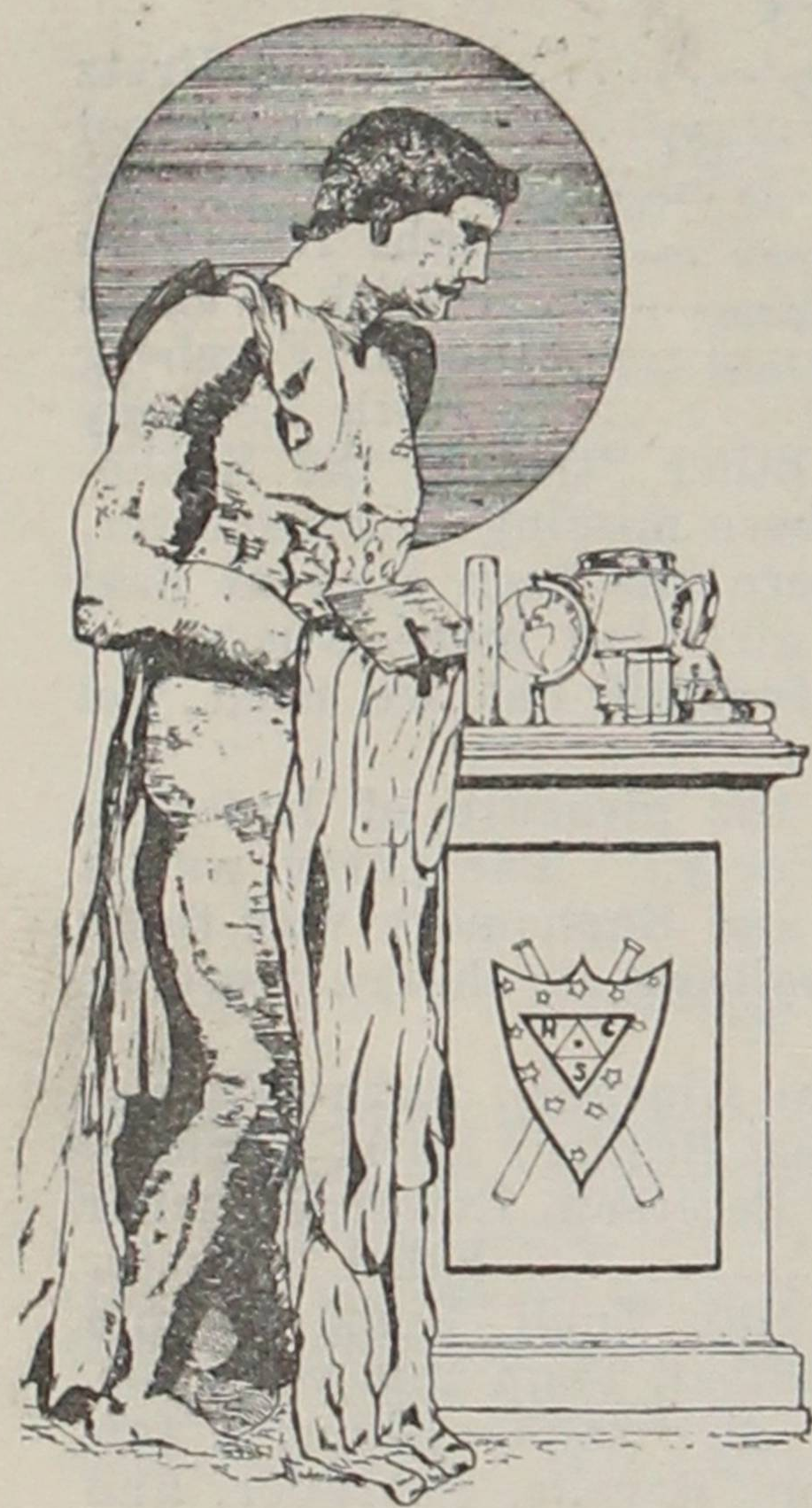
IN spite of the fact that she lost twelve of her most loyal members—nine graduating from College and three from the normal department—Philo comes back this year with a total enrollment of thirty-one active members.

Three months of vacation have served only to strengthen our devotion to C. P. S. and Philo, and to inspire in us a renewed purpose to live up to the ideals set by the five points of our star: Christianity, scholarship, personality, recreation, and service.

A true spirit of fellowship has been manifested in our meetings thus far.

We have been honored by a great many visitors and have thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to become acquainted with them. We hope they will come often. We wish to extend our friendship to all new students and to all who grace our college halls.

H. C. S. NOTES



THE Prodigals all came back but where, oh, where, was the fatted calf?

That is to say the most of them came back. Willis G. Gourley is now planking his feet under a table at meal times in Portland, Oregon, at the Dental College while Lars Rynning is teaching school "Somewhere in Washington." Sam Levinson is sojourning at the U. of W. knocking 'em dead as usual.

The rest of us are all here literally speaking and otherwise. Four interesting programs mark our activities for the present semester to date. Each time we had a goodly number of visitors, nice fellows whom we enjoyed having with us.

If you are looking for a good time for Monday evening we want you to come and visit us in the H. C. S. room on the third floor of the Administration building. Everybody is

welcome despite race, color, sex or previous condition of seritude.

Professor Kelley has kindly consented to be our sponsor for the coming year. We are glad to have him with us and are looking forward to pleasing times with him.

Everything is running smoothly for us and we don't mind the occasional knocks, for after all, "they never knock a dead one."

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KAPPA SIGMA THETA



"A IN'T it a grand and glorious feeling" is the sentiment of every Theta as she returns again to dear old C. P. S. After a usual summer filled with new thrills and good times the Thetas are ready to show their pep and school spirit in the class-room as well as on the campus.

We are greatly pleased that such a goodly number have come back this year. For the benefit of the new students we are glad to introduced the girls who are proud to be Thetas: Myrtle Warren, Marjorie Mills, Helen Monroe, Florence Maddock, Helen Brace, Frances Goehring, Ethel Beckman, Hilda Scheyer, Nan Tuell, Roma Schmid, Ruth Kennedy, Evelyn Ahnquist, Helen Buckley, and Mildred Forsberg. We are hoping that one of our members, Florence Todd, who, on account of illness, is not attending school at present, will be with us next quarter. We are to have back one of our old Thetas, Marjorie Mills, who has joined the faculty as librarian.

Many splendid programs have been given this year. A unique one was a day at the Puyallup Fair which was cleverly put on by the girls. The Thetas entertained at open house for all the girls in school on September twenty-eighth. After the program "The Pictorial Review" a delightful informal afternoon, during which tea was served, was enjoyed by a large number of girls. We hope that our visitors will come to see us often.

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW

- A Story ..... Helen Brace
- Woman's Ideas on Disarmament ..... Marjorie Mills
- From the Poet's Corner ..... Roma Schmid
- Piano Solo ..... Nan Tuell
- Bit's About Books ..... Florence Maddock
- The College Girl's Cook Book ..... Myrtle Warren
- The Fashion Review ..... Helen Monroe
- Models ..... Helen Buckley, Mildred Forsberg

AMPHICTYON NOTES



THE Amphictyons began the new semester with an extemporaneous program full of pep and vigor. It was on the return of Amphics to college.

At the next meeting we all had thrills over the experiences in B. C. and at Paradise Inn. It made us feel lonesome for some of our vacation experiences again. We certainly enjoyed Mr. Lamoreaux's singing and hope that he will come often to Amphic. Do we like lollypops? Ask Helen Van Loon; she knows.

After reading over the "Round Robin" letters we find that the majority of Amphics had a good rest last summer, so we are expecting some good programs from them this year.

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# Society

MILDRED FORSBERG and RUTH WHEELER, *Editors*

Miss Florence Todd, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Todd, has been greatly missed by her wide circle of acquaintances and friends about college during her illness of the past month. We are very glad to hear that she is convelescing, and hope that she may be with us again in the near future.

— o —

Registration in Mrs. Todd's department of romance seems to have been largely restricted to faculty members during the past summer. Professor and Mrs. James R. Slater, formerly Miss Elsie Knapp, returned from an extended honeymoon trip thru the Canadian Rockies but a few days before registration. The wedding of Mr. Clayton Johnson and Miss Myrtle Hedberg took place in mid-August and they are now at home to their friends in their charming new bungalow on North Seventh Street. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick have returned from their summer home at Salmon Beach to their attractive new home in the north end.

— o —

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore E. Dunlap are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Theodore Jr.

— o —

The friends of Senator Davis, the professor of history and economics, are indeed sorry to hear of his illness. We miss him greatly and hope that he will be with us again very soon.

— o —

Miss Thelma Hastings of the class of 1921 made us a brief visit recently and we were glad to hear that she is so pleasantly situated in her school at Gig Harbor.

— o —

Harold DeWade, a student of last year, was married during the summer and we wish him the utmost happiness.

— o —

The Kappa Sigma Thetas have been visited on various occasions by several of their alumni. Among them were the Misses Gladys Moe, Winnifred Wayne, Kathleen Boyle, Edith Rummel, and Charline Tuell.

The Epworth League of the Epworth Methodist Church entertained the college students at an informal reception in their usual hospitable fashion on Friday the twenty-third.

The First Methodist Church also entertained for the students on the evening of the thirtieth. It is needless to say that each affair was a huge success from every standpoint.

— o —

The Kappa Sigma Theta sorority held open house on the afternoon of Wednesday the twenty-eighth. After a delightful and interesting program tea was served and the remainder of the afternoon was spent informally.

— o —

An impromptu luncheon was given for the members of the freshman class at the home of Miss Marion Harding on the day of the annual bag rush. The class turned out en masse and the Harding home was alive with green caps and class spirit.

— o —

## Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. FUNCTIONS

"LET'S eat," were the words heard on every hand, as nearly the entire student body, on the second day of registration turned out for the annual bean feed. Decorated in school colors and pennants, and overflowing with school spirit and pep, the gymnasium was the scene of activity. After the BEANS, short talks were given by the heads of the various departments followed by school yells and songs.

Fun, frolic and refreshments marked the college mixer, held in the gymnasium on September 16. The entertainment directed by Miss Blossom Perry of the U. of W. was enthusiastically participated in by all the guests. Much amusement was found in the exploits of our worthy professors in the realms of spiritualism and the drama. After a dainty supper which carried out the color motif of maroon and white, the guests left, each feeling that he had made a host of new acquaintances.

# Alumni

PAUL SNYDER, *Editor*

WHAT does a C. P. S. education do for a person? This is a serious question and should be given a place in our thoughts. This question is partly answered in this column during the year. Bill Clay says that they either get married or join the teaching profession. Ask him whether he is going to teach or not.

Those that journeyed to Chehalis to see the football game, also saw our last year's May Queen, for she is teaching in the high school in that city.

The man of ancient languages, Lars Rynning, is teaching in Bremerton, Wash. Do you remember Ernie Clay; of course you do. He is going to Rush Medical this year. (We notice that Manel Amende is still teaching school.)

We hear from the town of Kent about three of our number. Miss Winifred Wayne is teaching French in the high school and Miss Elizabeth Pangborn is teaching Dramatics and English, while Miss Dorothy Townsend is teaching in the grade schools.

Our college is well represented in Gig Harbor this year. Miss Hastings is teaching science at the new High School, and Miss Maurine Martin is teaching English in the same building. Miss Agnes Sund is teaching at the Artondale School, while Miss Dorethy Terry is at Midway.

— o —

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- Would the world stop turning—
- If girls begged for gym. every day?
- If Mr. Hanawalt encouraged tardiness in his classes?
- If Miss Mills loved noise in the Library?
- If we had a lively Assembly once in a while?
- If Pablo and Ruth ever separated for two minutes?
- If Warburton never had some unfinished business?
- If Mr. Harvey stopped talking for a fraction of a second?
- If Ray Fisher ever forgot his Ivory Comb?
- If Cavanaugh never had anything to say and told new jokes?
- If Anton Erp was short and stubby?

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12:05	Good Eats

**FRESHMAN SOPHOMORE BAG RUSH**

THE annual class scrap between the Freshman and Sophomores took place on the morning of the 29th of September, after an extended series of kidnappings and hair breadth escapes. When the hour of battle drew near only five of the Sophomores were still at liberty, four of which were somewhat insignificant in weight as compared with the unusual size of the opposing team. The fifth man however made up for the apparent lack of power on the Sophomore team.

Little progress was made by either team until each fighter became so engrossed with the idea of downing his opponent that the bag was forgotten and lay unnoticed and forsaken on the field of battle. One gallant warrior in the person of Ben Crawford, became suddenly aware of the situation and taking the bag in his arms, carried it tenderly to the Sophomore line, amid the wild cheers of his fellow Frosh.

Good sportsmanship was shown thruout and all agreed that the ordeal was well worth the effort.

— o —  
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**Y. W. C. A. NOTES**

Special efforts have been made by the Y. W. C. A. to make the new girls feel at home at C. P. S. The "Little and Big Sister" custom was again put into practice. The Bean Feed and Mixer, both given by the Y. W. and Y. M., did their part in making us all better acquainted.

The membership drive was quite successful, and a goodly number of girls have become members of our organization.

The girls are all cordially invited to a tea given by the Y. W. and the Sacajawea Club, from 3-5, Tuesday, October 11. This will be an opportunity for the new girls to become acquainted with members of the advisory board and with each other.

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**YAKIMA VALLEY NOTES**

AN organization of Students who hail from the sunny Yakima Valley wishes to announce its arrival among the other organizations of the school. The first meeting was held in the Chapel on October 6, 1921, where the following officers were selected:

- Claude Turley, President ..... Grandview
- Ester Graham, Vice-President ..... Prosser
- Roy Morrow, Secy-Treasurer ..... Sunnyside

The rest of the charter member are:

- Nelson Pierce ..... Selah
- Russ Gordon ..... Ellensburg
- Helen Temby ..... Selah
- Wilma Zediker ..... Granger
- Newell Stone ..... Grandview
- Ray Henton ..... Grandview
- Harold Mackey ..... Sunnyside
- Wilfred Jones ..... Sunnyside
- Ed Amende ..... Wiley City
- Jess Mathis ..... Granger

Students who live in other parts of Eastern Washington will later be asked to join after a legal name has been adopted.

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**THE SCIENTIFICIANS**

The Scienticians held the first meeting of the year at the home of Norma Lawrence, Wednesday, September 28. The evening was entirely devoted to business. Invitations to membership were issued to Mildred Forsberg and Bernice Ohlson, bringing our membership up to nine. The Scienticians who have returned to school are Margaret Ohlson, Ermine Warren, Thelma Bestler, Norma Lawrence, Myrtle Warren, Mary Anderson, and Ethel Beckman.

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Thomas (from the back of the room): "Gee, all that work for nothing."

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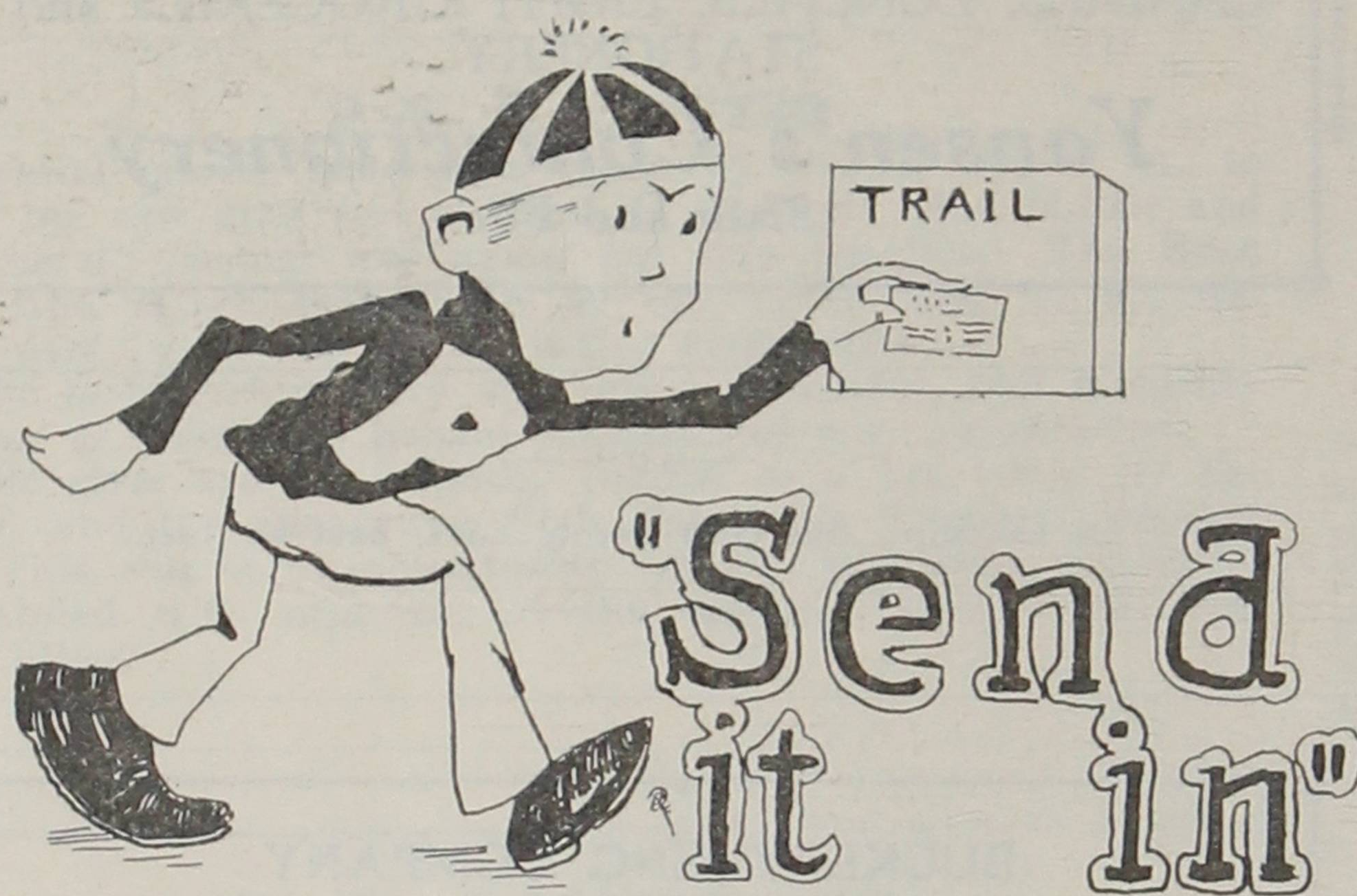
He: "He said 'Dam it!'"

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Send it in;  
Or a joke that will amuse  
Send it in;  
A story that is new  
An incident that's true,  
We want to hear from you—  
Send it in.  
Never mind about the style,  
If the news is worth the while  
It will help or cause a smile,  
SEND IT IN!

Rumbaugh (at the piano): "This key won't play."  
Janitor: "Never mind, I'll make a note of it."

Bill: "What does your brother do at the bank?"  
She: "He is the draft clerk. He opens and closes the windows."

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SCHOOL BOOKS and SUPPLIES  
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Dean: "8 o'clock."

Frosh: "All right, if I'm not here don't wait for me."

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Paul: "My grandfather has a wooden leg."

Tom: "That's nothing. My girl has a cedar chest."

A little word of advise to—?

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