

# THE TRAIL

VOLUME II

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1923

NUMBER 10

## JUNIOR-SENIOR GIRLS WIN OUT IN CLASS MEET

The Junior-Senior Girls' Basketball Team won the hotly contested championship game from the Freshman A Team, Monday afternoon in the last game of the class series, by the score of 4 to 3.

Neither side was able to score to any advantage, as the guarding was too efficient. The two side centers, Geske and Hauge, fought continually and were well matched.

Evelyn Ahnquist, former Varsity player, was at her old position as center. In the last quarter she played forward and scored the winning basket for her team in the last minute of play. The sides were very evenly matched and it was only a matter of seconds that meant the scoring of the winning point.

The lineup—  
Junior-Senior 4 Freshmen A 3  
Lero F Vye  
Pangborn F Coffman  
Ahnquist JC Leatherwood  
Hauge SC Geske  
Bowen G Lunzer  
Brix G Lytle

Subs: Schmid for Pangborn, Pangborn for Ahnquist.

Last week the first two games of the tournament were played. Tuesday, when the first practice was called 30 girls were there.

Wednesday, Nov. 14, the Freshman A Team defeated the Freshman B Team by 23 to 8. Muriel Vye was one of the fastest players on her team. She made the total 23 points for the Frosh A Team.

Geske, at side center, played a wonderful game. For swiftness, her equal is hard to find. Searle, forward for the Frosh B Team made 6 points and Oskness 2. They are both fast players and splendid material for the Varsity. Miller as guard, and Longstreth, jumping center, played well.

Each girl deserves praise for her consistent hard playing. Only one day of practice was had and several had not played before in their lives.

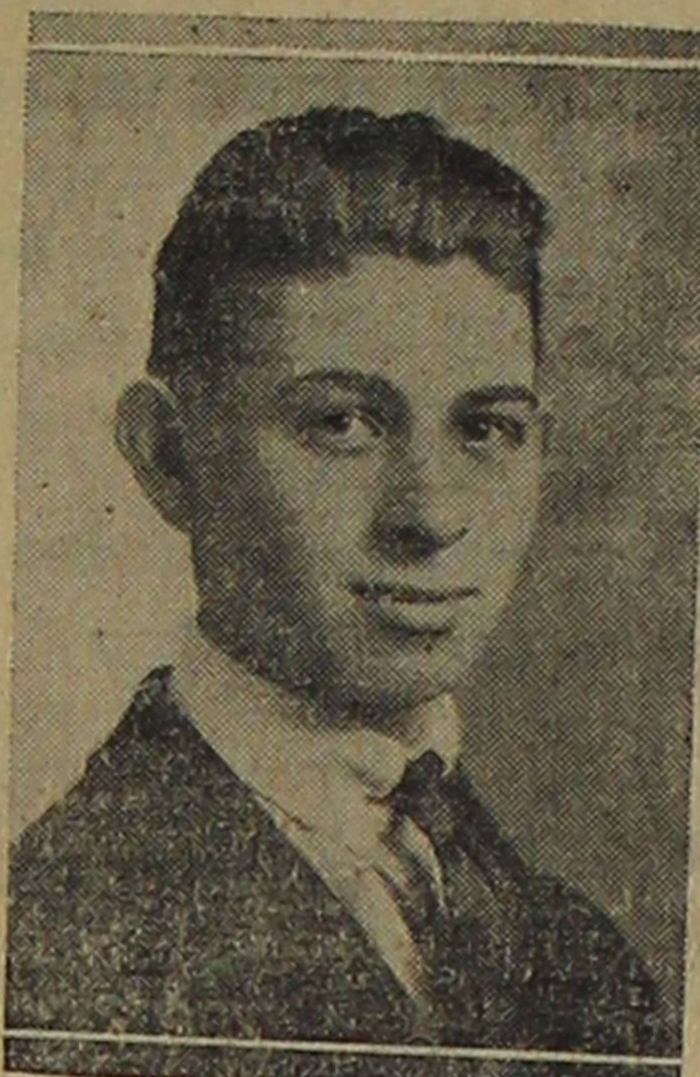
On Thursday, Nov. 15 the Junior-Senior Team won from the Sophomore by a score of 8 to 3. Bernice Olson, forward for the winners made 6 points and Mary Weaver, 2 points. Hauge, side center, was the fastest player on the upperclass team. She was everywhere at once. Gladys Anderson made the three points of the Sophomores, one field goal and one converted foul goal. Bernice Davis, at guard showed up well.

Following are the line-ups for both games.

Wednesday Nov. 14.  
Frosh Team A—23 Frosh Team 8  
Vye F 23 Searle F 16  
Coffman F Oskness F 2  
Leatherwood JC Longstreth JC  
Geske SC Van den Steen SC  
Lunzer G Miller G  
Lytle G Parks G

Thursday Nov. 15  
Jun.-Senior 8 Sophs 3  
Olson F 6 G. Anderson F 3  
Weaver F 2 E. Anderson F  
Pangborn JC Lundquist JC  
Hauge SC Dunlap SC  
Wallace G Davis G  
Bowen G Foresburg G

**WEEKLY CALENDAR**  
Wednesday, Nov. 21—  
Girls' Glee Club Practice 12:05  
Student Volunteer 12:45  
Sorority Meetings 4:00  
Thursday, Nov. 22—  
Student Body Assembly 9:50  
Sigma Mu Chi Fraternity 12:05  
Delta Kappa Phi 12:05  
Y. W. Advisory Tea 3:30-5  
Friday, Nov. 23—  
Party for Freshman girls in Home Economics Room 8:00  
Saturday, Nov. 24—  
Freshman-Sophomore Party in C. P. S. Gym 8:00  
Monday, Nov. 26—  
Oxford Club 12:35  
Philo-Amphic Debate in Chapel 8:00  
Tuesday, Nov. 27—  
Y. M. and Y. W. Meetings 9:45  
Boys' Glee Club Practice 7:30  
Debate, Freshmen vs. Stephens Club of U. of W. in Chapel 8:00



RALPH BROWN, varsity football man, who was injured in the Ellensburg game.

Action alone does not bring out all the true heroism in an individual. We all praise the man who distinguishes himself by courageous action, but how much more he would praise him if we could only realize the heroism this man displays when he calmly submits to a forced inaction.

When Ralph Brown went into the football game against Ellensburg Normal School, he was only fulfilling one of his greatest desires, that of giving his best on the football field.

After three minutes of play, Ralph smashed thru the opposing line and the ball was kicked, just as Ralph plunged forward to tackle the punter. The ball hit him in the face, temporarily blinding him. He tried to keep on playing, but he soon found this impossible.

He was sent to a doctor who cleaned the dirt from his eye and bandaged it. It was not until Ralph was at his home in Seattle that he learned that the retina was torn from the pupil of the eye and that it was a matter of chance whether it would grow back again. If it did not, he would lose the sight of the eye.

He had to lie on his back keeping perfectly still until the eye healed. It was eight days before he was allowed to move around. Then came a period of two weeks when he could do nothing but sit around, not daring to exercise for fear of reopening the wound.

All this time he was getting behind in his school work and the team was playing the most important games of its season, while he had to sit around unable to do anything.

It was three weeks from the time Ralph was hurt before he could return to school. He had all his back work to make up and a recent test showed that he could scarcely see with the wounded eye.

The football season is over, but it will be some time yet before Ralph will recover from the effects of it.

So here's to Brown, who proved himself not only a hero but a real man when things went against him.

## Unique Plans Are Made for Ceremony

A unique and interesting event will take place in the near future on the new campus before the cement is put down on the floor on the ground floor of the Jones building, according to President Edward H. Todd. The entire student body and all alumni who can possibly attend will march in a body to the new campus, and track across the ground before the cement is poured for the ground floor. In this way the individual footprints will be preserved.

The forms of the ground floor are now being taken out and in a day or two, those for the second floor will be erected. The concrete stairway to the first floor is already built.

Plans are being completed for a furnace room in the end of Science Hall. It will heat both Jones Hall and the building in which it is located.

In the near future, the laying of the corner stone will take place, since Mrs. Jones has returned. Unless it is decided to wait until the second floor is completed, that ceremony will take place very soon.

## INTEREST IS CREATED IN POINT SYSTEM SUGGESTED

Last week, this paper printed a contribution from Miss Pangborn, setting forth the merits of the point system. It is the purpose of this article to substantiate these merits and to elaborate upon them.

The paramount reason for coming to college is to enjoy educational advantages that are not obtainable elsewhere; and chief among these is the association with books and instructors. Nevertheless, it is not to be doubted that college activities are a part of education as well and there in lies the point at issue.

To what extent is a student expected to enter into college activities? (By college activities I do not mean social or athletic activities.) To the extent that it interferes with the student's scholastic endeavors? Most assuredly not. The major part of his time should be unreservedly devoted to the work of the class room then any work of the class room, then any fields if the student so desires. Where there is no system governing the participation in activities the results are obvious—those students who are most capable are overburdened with official duties. Also a less capable student may not be able to handle the duties of an office as acceptably as the more capable one, it is assume that the former, devoting full time to a given task should be able to accomplish as much, and just as satisfactorily, as the latter who divides his time among several activities. Since these activities are as educational in themselves, it is no more than fair and just that each student have an opportunity to benefit by them.

Therefore, I recommend the Point System as the medium whereby those students who hold an important and responsible office, shall be restricted in participation in numerous activities to the detriment of all of them; and whereby a larger number of students may have the privilege of participation in some activity.

Referring to the plan outlined last week, I would criticize it by saying that it is hardly strict enough. Either the number of points a person should be allowed to carry should be lowered or else the number of points for each office should be raised. As it is, the plan now outlined provides too much liberty for the people in responsible positions to engage in other activities.

—Dick rost.

## JUNIOR PLAYERS ARE CHAMPIONS

Rough, fast basketball featured the deciding game in the class championship, when the Juniors took the long end of a 32-12 score from the Sophs. Although the score was one sided the game was a hard battle for the third year team, and they had to play at their best.

The Sophs lacked the experience of their opponents. Four players on the Junior aggregation have had varsity experience, to two varsity players on the second year team. The Sophs were lacking in their shooting ability more than anything else.

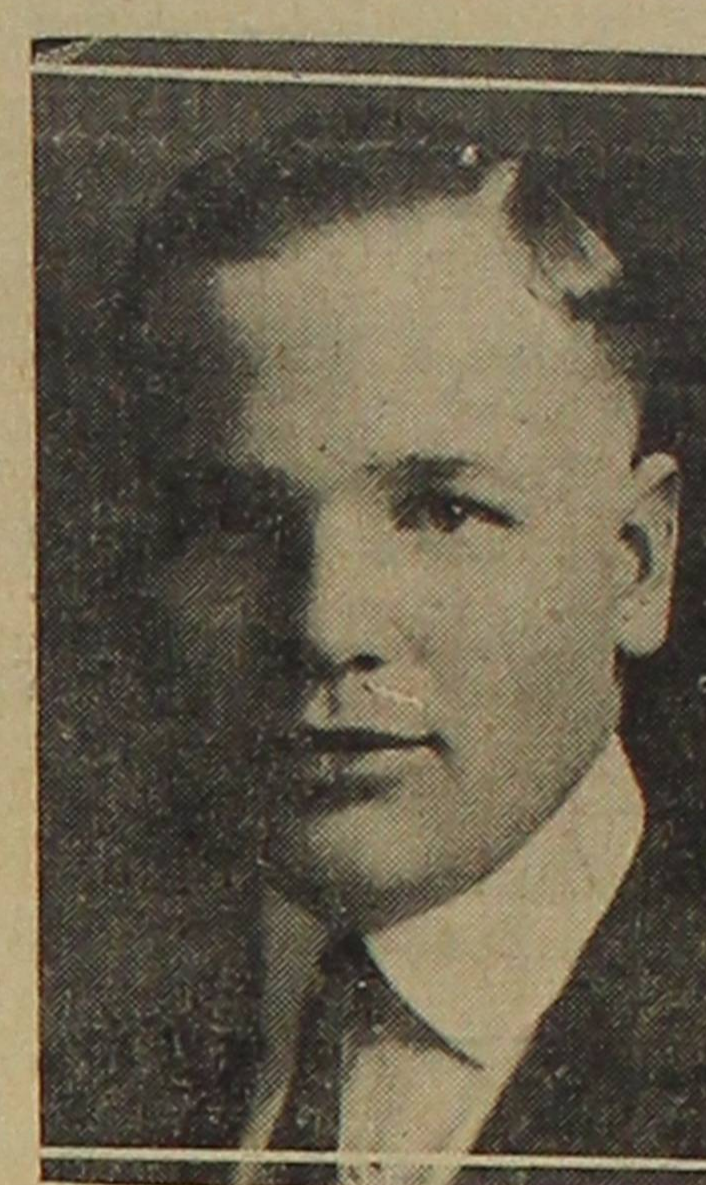
Chowning was high point man of the game. He had 3 field baskets and five foul shots to his credit. Haganess had the most field baskets with five ringers chalked up for him. Enoch's did some good floor work. He was going in his old form of last year. Blevins at guard was playing a good game for the third year men, Amende his running mate worked well with him.

For the Sophs, McArthur did good work. He was playing a hard, fast game at all times, and he was showing the form that won him a place on the varsity last year, when it came to rushing the shots of his op-



Miss Dorothy Wallace, editor-in-chief of the Tamanawas for next year, and Ted Raudebaugh, business manager.

Miss Dorothy Wallace of the Junior class will edit the Annual for 1924, and will have as business manager, Ted Raudebaugh. Other members of the staff will be Roma Schmid, associate editor; Ed Newell, athletics; Esther Osborne, art manager; Dick Weir, humor; Constance Clark, calendar; Grace Bowen, organizations; Helen Small, dramatics;



Eleanor Kennricks, classes; Noble Chowning, circulation; and Frances Clinton, faculty and trustees.

Miss Wallace has been a varsity debater for two years and is a member of Pi Kappa Delta, national forensic fraternity. Mr. Raudebaugh is affiliated with the Philomathean Literary Society and the Delta Kappa Phi fraternity.

## PHILOS TO MEET AMPHICS MONDAY IN FIRST DEBATE

Bang! "They're off!" cried the crowd, and the debate season at C.P. S. was under way. This year we open with two of the snappiest debates on the program.

Monday evening, November 26, the Philos and Amphics are going to struggle for debate supremacy. Excitement is running high between the two societies and one of the best debates they have ever staged is to be expected. The James Newbegin trophy is again up for the winning team.

The question for debate is: Resolved that the Supreme Court should be denied the right to declare acts of congress unconstitutional. Amphic, upholding the affirmative is represented by Betty Reynolds and Chester Biesen. The negative is to be fought for by Roy Norris and Harley Notter, representing Philo.

Tuesday evening, November 27, finds the Freshmen waiting for the sound of the gun that will set them into action. The first men's debate is scheduled for that evening, between our Freshmen boys and the Stevens Club of the University of Washington. It is to be a dual debate. C. P. S. is to be represented on the affirmative by Ernest Miller and Merrill Guernsey and on the negative by Dennis Schenk and Ray Stuart. The question is, "Resolved, That a Constitutional amendment be passed providing that a two-thirds vote of house and senate shall cancel a decision of the Supreme Court, declaring any particular law unconstitutional." Last year, we succeeded in winning both of the debates and the boys have been working hard to repeat that this year. The negative team is to travel. These boys deserve your support.

ponents. Van Devanter played a nice floor game, but he was not running true to form in his shooting. Swartz, at center for the Sophomores played a hard floor game.

The game gave the coach a good line on some of the men who will be out for the varsity five. McNeal expects to have his varsity turnouts started this week, and he is looking forward to a successful season in the hoop game.

Sophs	Juniors
Parker F	Hageness
Yost F	Chowning
Swartz C	Enochs
McArthur G	Blevins
L. Olene G	Amende

Subs: Sophs; Van Devanter for Yost.

## CLASS HOOPSTERS MEET IN SERIES

Basketball started out at the college last Wednesday when the Sophs won from the Frosh by a 20 to 7 score. The game was a hard fought contest through-out, and the superior team work of the second year men was responsible for their victory, to a large extent.

Van Devanter was high point man of the game. He managed to drop through a few difficult baskets. He was right there on the floor work also. McArthur was the man who was responsible for the small score of the yearlings, probably more than any other man. He was in there fighting and breaking up shots as fast as the frosh could get near the basket.

The whole frosh team was in the fight at all times, and their game-ness was praised by many, but they lacked the experience of their opponents. Some of their men gave promise of making valuable basket-ballers.

SOPHS	FROSH
Van Devanter	Leak
Yost	Miller
Swartz	Leatherwood
McArthur	Schuler
L. Olene	Faulkner

Substitutes: Sophs—Parker for Yost. Frosh—Guest for Leak, Stewart for Faulkner, McDonald for Schuler.

The second round of the class basketball championship was played Thursday between the Juniors and Seniors, and the third year team came out on the long, long end of a 50 to 8 score. At no time did the mighty seniors have a chance, but they never stopped trying. This fight shown throughout the game was the big point of the contest, and that sportsmanship was admired by the fans.

"Inky" Haganess, the midget forward on the Junior aggregation, was the high point man of the game. He dropped through 12 field baskets for a total of 24 points. Harry "Rabbit" Enoch's gave an exhibition of good floor work. He was going in his last year's form. Chowning did some good floor work, and made seven field baskets besides.

The third year men's team was made up of players who have had much experience at the hoop game, and they worked together as a team more than their opponents.

JUNIORS	SENIORS
Haganess	Fretz
Chowning	Olene
Enochs	Buckley
Blevins	Brady
Amende	Tolles

rooting for the Cougars. The fans were pleased with the game, although W. S. C. lost at least two good chances to push over a touch-down for the final score. Both teams were fighting and doing their best, was the one thing that those fans were certain of.

## President Todd To Go To East

President Edward H. Todd will leave for the East about January 1, and will go to Chicago, New York and possibly Indianapolis. While in Chicago, he will attend the conference of the Association of College Presidents and that of the Educational Association of the Methodist Church. He will spend only a few days in New York and if possible, he will go to the Student Volunteer convention in Indianapolis. He will be gone several weeks.

## W. S. C. and O. A. C. Play 3-3 Game

A strong defense on the part of the Oregon Agricultural College's football team was responsible for the 3-3 score at the end of their game against the Washington State "Cougars" Saturday in the Stadium.

It was a good game and a hard fought contest at all times. The Cougars seemed to have the better "all around" team, but whenever they were within scoring distance the Oregon men would hold them for downs. The Cougars were going in great form, but their team showed a few rough places in their team work and especially when it came to running interference.

The Loggers fans were not a few at that game, and they were all

Mr. Albert Sutton of the firm of Sutton & Whitney, architects for the college, died very suddenly last Saturday night. From his very first associations with the College he took a deep interest in the construction of its plant. He and President Todd spent many hours together. His going is a distinct loss to the college and the city. His excellent work as architect will have a lasting memorial in C. H. Jones Hall and in the plans for the Science Hall which have been begun.

## THE TRAIL

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### PLEDGES ENTERTAIN

The pledges of the Delta Alpha Gamma sorority entertained at dinner Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Luth Cliff complimenting the full-fledged members of the organization.

Decorations were in Thanksgiving motif and covers were laid for 20. The honored guests were Mrs. Lynette Hovious, Mrs. Lester Kelley and Misses Helen Small, Ardis Fox, Florence Davis, Vera Landers, Sue Mitchell, Mildred Harper, Ruth Hoage, Willabelle Hoage, Beatrice Wahlgren and Helen Brix.

Those giving the dinner were Misses Rose Adams, Vilva Corey, Violet Cliff, Laura May Joseph, Frances Clinton, Marjorie Hoyt, Hazel Olson and Barbara Shanks.

### VISITS IN SEATTLE

Miss Jane Little spent the weekend in Seattle, visiting at the Alpha Phi house where she is affiliated.

### KNIGHTS PRESENT SKIT

The program for student assembly last Thursday was in charge of the Knights of the Log. A skit was presented, the scene, a logging camp in the state of Washington in the year 1940. C. P. S. had turned into a lumber camp and a reunion of the Knights of the Log was held when it was discovered that the new employees who came straggling into camp had once been fraternity brothers at the old college.

The stage was realistically set with the products of the forest, and the loggers wore the true woodman's outfit. Songs were rendered by the "old gang" and Walter Hunt sang "Marcheta." Just before the dinner gong sounded, calling the men to chow, coats were doffed, and the Knights stood arrayed in their white and maroon sweaters, with their emblem, the axe embedded in the log, sewn on the front of each jersey.

Before the program began, a peevee and an axe were presented to the student body on behalf of two members of the football team, who brought the above mentioned spoils of war back from Pacific where the emblems of the Loggers had been put to misuse.

The Amphictyon Literary Society at the College of Puget Sound had the use of the Blue Triangle Lodge at Indian Point over the week-end for their first house-party of the year. Thirty-four members and three

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## ORGANIZATIONS

### Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, November 22, at the beautiful new home of Mrs. James Garvin, 901 North Yakima, the Advisory Board of the Y. W. C. A. will give its annual Tea for all women of the college, the women of the faculty, and the wives of the faculty members. This tea is one of the most enjoyable affairs of the year and should be well attended. Tea will be served from 3:30 to 5 o'clock.

At its recent election, the Advisory Board chose Miss Elizabeth Barclay as president. She is a very capable woman and under her leadership the Y.W.C.A. should continue to progress as it has been doing in the past.

"World Fellowship" was the subject taken by Miss Heller for her talk at the Y.W.C.A. Tuesday morning. She said in part that we as students have been challenged to bring about world fellowship because of the opportunities we have had of obtaining an education. She also said that we are part of a large organization for the bringing of the Kingdom of God on Earth.

### LAMBDA SIGMA CHI

The program Wednesday was mainly musical. It consisted of two vocal solos, "Mattinata" and "Home" by Elena Hart, and a piano solo by Ella Miller. A paper was given by Bernice Olson.

After the program, dainty refreshments were served by Lucile Greene and Helen Kennedy.

Epworth Church has organized an Intermediate Department to which four classes belong: 1 the mixed college class with Prof. Hedley as teacher; 2 the boys' high school class, Mr. Maddock, teacher; 3 girls' high school class, Mrs. Maddock, teacher; and 4 a girls' class, Miss Ruth Phoenix, teacher.

All college students are invited to come and visit this department and join the college class.

Officers of the department are: President, Ray Stuart; vice-president, Erma Eagan; secretary, Rosalie Robbins; treasurer, Herman Brix.

The college class officers are: President, Ray Stuart; vice-president, Erma Eagan; secretary, Katherine Bradley; treasurer, Edith Harrison.

We hope to see some more new members next Sunday. The college class is steadily growing in members.

The Epworth League of Epworth Church especially invites all college students to their Win-My-Chum service, Thursday, Nov 22. There will be a free Boston Baked Bean supper at 6:30 after which, Prof. Hedley will speak on "Speeding the Parting Guest."

Come and bring your friends.

### KAPPA SIGMA THETA

Our pledges gave the program last week. A Russian drama in seven acts. The local color was very vivid et tout a fait farce. No one would question that Connie pulled down a 1 x in her Russian lesson—but then of course we were not surprised. Some subjects are always more interesting than others. Evelyn and Amy displayed a great deal of ability as tragic actors and we are looking forward with a feeling of pride to the time when Billie will make her debut in Russian opera. We enjoyed the whole program very much including the peanuts, (pop-corn chewing gum, and candy).

### AMPHICTYON

Yes! We have no stiff bodies this week. But what can you expect after a week-end of the most thrilling experiences at Indian Point? In spite of all of our ailments we returned to Tacoma Sunday evening and Monday evening at 8:00 sharp enjoyed the following program:

Tacoma "City of Destiny"  
Lumber Capital of America,  
Dick Yost  
Harold Fretz  
Eleanore Kenrick  
Lois Hoover  
Ruby Tennant  
Percy James

Amphic was real glad to see one of its former members in the halls of C. P. S. last Friday morning—Emil Lindseth—who is at present a Sophomore at W. S. C. Emil played in the band Saturday at the game, otherwise his time was taken up by Miss—Oh, that's all right, Miss Ruthie!

### STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

The Student Volunteers will meet Wednesday at 12:35. Ina Hagedorn will lead the meeting.

We had a fine time out at Asbury M. E. Church Sunday night. This is the first meeting of this sort that we have held this year, but we plan to hold many more.

### PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Monday evening, Nov. 19, our new members entertained with a very lively program. They looked real "cute" as "Baby Philos."

Program "Philo Fledglings"  
Thscart ..... Mr. L. Lougheed  
Thistling Tholo ..... Miss S. Mitchell  
Luv Pomes ..... Miss W. Hoage  
Firth Notes ..... Mr. F. Tibbitts  
Mr. A. Corey  
Our Piece ..... Miss N. Huseby  
Miss M. Hague  
Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic, ..... Miss G. Pritchard  
Me 'ikes Ou ..... Mr. F. Johnson  
Miss A. Oksness  
Birdies Firth Party ..... Miss M. Gynn  
Miss E. Meader  
Mr. H. Norman  
Mr. H. Niman  
Bithicle Waltz ..... Miss M. Johnson  
Miss L. Joseph  
Playin' House ..... Miss K. Bradley  
Miss M. Burrows  
Mr. L. Lindstrom

"We Are The Philomatheans",  
All Fledglings

A large audience of Philos and visitors were present. We are very proud of our new members, who took Second Degree Monday night. In a few weeks our famous "Third Degree" will take place.

### DELTA ALPHA GAMMA

The Alpha Gammas have been having some glorious times lately with a house party, a dinner given to the sorority by the pledges and the pledging of two new members, Hazel Olson and Muriel Vye. Friday at 6:30 p. m. at the home of Violet Cliff, the pledges certainly gave the sorority a wonderful dinner, after which the following program was given:  
Toastmistress ..... Laura Mae Joseph  
First Impressions of the Sorority, ..... Vilva Cory  
Vocal Solo ..... Marjorie Hoyt  
Our Future Hopes for the Sorority, ..... Rose Adams  
Reading, ..... Violet Cliff

### CHAPEL NOTES

Professor Georgia Rencau spoke at Chapel on Wednesday, November 14. Miss Rencau told of how two men who argued at great length whether some mud on a piece of glass was clay or was not clay and failed to notice that the "piece of glass" was a valuable diamond. "In the world's great books, we often find a queer little detail attached and in the argument that ensues, both sides lose sight of everything but the detail."

There is one book in the Bible, to which a detail is attached, but Miss Rencau said we should ignore details and consider what the book teaches.

There is a difference between fact and truth, yet we are apt to confuse them. A fact is nothing but a particular concrete event and is always just as large as when it first became a fact. A truth, however, is a principle, which is elastic and widens throughout time.

The Book of Jonah contains or teaches two big truths.

The primitive idea of God was that he belonged to a particular land, so it was that Jonah thought he was getting away from his god by leaving his land, but he ultimately found that he had not done so. Thus, the first big truth is that Jehovah is the God of the whole universe.

The second truth derived from Jonah's wish that the Ninevites might be destroyed even though they had repented and his mourning over the withered gourd, is that God's loving kindness and his mercy extend all over the universe.

On Friday, Rev. Long who is making collections of the college pledges spoke at Chapel.

For the Scripture reading, he read the names of the twelve spies who went to spy out the land of Canaan. Rev. Long observed that we did not recognize the names of the ten who brought in the majority report, while we knew the two who make the minority report. With them it was a difference in faith.

Let us then not be afraid to be in the minority when the minority is right. We should cultivate the habit of using that faith we have and to those who use what they have, more will be given.

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Dean Henry explained the various  
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# Literary

## BEAVER CREEK CANYON

Charlie Brady

"Luck is a queer thing," declared Jim Anderson, a retired miner. "You can't always tell whether it is good or bad by first sight, sometimes the things that seem to be the worst turns out for the best." Here he stopped speaking and gazed thru half closed eyes, over the beautiful garden before him. His large gaunt frame filled a deep armchair, he seemed to absorb the place and luxury around him. "What makes you say that, Uncle Jim," asked a lad who was lounging on the veranda, "what has lady luck handed you now?" "Oh, I was just thinking back ten years ago when I started up Beaver Creek Canyon I didn't think it would turn out so my old days could be spent in comfort like this," replied the miner.

"Jack Mooney and I had been prospecting together for about fifteen years. All the way from northern Alaska and Canada to Old Mexico. It was always the same thing. Most times we didn't strike anything but sometimes we'd hit a likely looking prospect but they would always pinch out on us leaving us barely enough to get another grub stake and start out again. We didn't seem to care much then whether we found anything or not. The game seems to get in one's blood like cards, dope or strong whiskey, and the hills or barren country which ever the case may be, calls the prospector in a way he is unable to resist.

"When I first met Jack Mooney he was working out an old placer prospect in southern Oregon. He was just a kid then, not yet twenty but husky and a great worker, and knew more about prospecting than most of the older ones. He wasn't getting much pay dirt, and when I told him I was starting for Alaska, he was all for going with me. I told him I might consider a partner, so we teamed up, and have been sharing things alike ever since.

"The third party in our company was Mike, my hound dog. He was just a pup then, but he afterward grew to be a big strong brute and a real help to us. We fixed a pack for him and he carried his share of the supplies. Many a time when one or the other of us was working we sent him with messages to the other, and often we would give him a note and send him to nearby villages for supplies.

"For five years we had wandered around having mostly poor luck. Then in the fall of 1910 Jack and I had just finished a hard two years in the barren hills of Old Mexico. Like most of our other ventures we found just enough to keep us working like fools, and then it petered out, leaving us broke and thoroughly disgusted and most of all sick of the barren rocks and hills and baking sun that parches the skin, till it seems as if it will brake every move ones makes.

"So we decided to hit for Washington where we could feel our hides soaked with a real rain, and work in the logging camps to make a little money to buy more supplies. "We struck a camp that suited us pretty well, and we decided to stick there. Old Mike soon made friends with the cook and got so many bones and meat scraps to eat that he became almost too lazy to bark.

"It was a pretty good thing we had there. But when spring began to come around again we began to feel the call as strongly as ever.

"During the winter there he had made friends with an old prospector who had gone thru the mill, the same as us, only he had spent more time at it and was now so old that he couldn't stand the hard work anymore, so he was now doing light work around the cook house.

"As soon as he heard we were prospectors he began telling us about Beaver Creek Canyon. Of course we knew every old prospector has a treasure garden somewhere, and there is always some reason why he can't get it and become a millionaire. In the case of this old fellow, he was too old to stand the travel. The way he pictured it, everything sounded pretty good, and as we had a little stake made from our winter's work, we decided to give it a try.

Jack being the younger and of a more restless nature decided he would need a few days vacation before making the trip. So we made for town. Towns never did appeal to me very much so after the first couple of days I had all I wanted and was ready for the hills again. But Jack was having the time of his life and I didn't like to stop

him, so I decided to take old Mike and start out and Jack could follow as soon as he was broke, because I knew he wouldn't leave town before then.

"Jack was satisfied with that plan so we went down and bought our supplies. We made two maps like the one the old man gave us. I took my share and started out.

"We boarded a dingy little old Train and rode fifty miles over the worst track I ever was on. But it took us far up into the hills and I was back on another prospect trip so was happy. We got off the train at a junction where the train stopped for water. There wasn't a clearing in sight. The railroad wound its way thru a thick forest, that rose like a great wall on both sides of the track. There was about a foot of heavy water soaked snow on the ground and we had quite a time finding the trail but we soon located some old blazes and decided to follow them.

"After we got back in the woods the blazes became more distinct and we made pretty good progress. It was now noon and we had only four or five hours of light so we stepped along at a pretty good gait. We covered a piece of flat country, the blazes led up a steep hill, then swung to the left and followed along the hill. The rise in altitude also caused the snow to be deeper and we were now in about two feet of it, and it had been soaked with the spring rain making progress quite difficult. It affected Mike worse than it did me. He was carrying his usual pack following in the trail I was breaking, but the sides of the pack dragged in the snow, adding much to labor.

"After forcing our way thru for a couple of hours, we found we must hurry if we were to get to the cabin before dark. The map showed the cabin several miles beyond us. Several times Mike stretched himself out in the snow to rest and I waited for him.

"We had been hearing running water for some time and knew it was a mountain stream, swelled to the size of a river by the melting snow but it always sounded a long distance away. After working our way up the side of a steep ridge we saw the other side of the ridge break off to a deep canyon. Ordinarily the rushing creek at the bottom of it would have been no barrier to us as it could have easily been forded, but swelled as it was now, it was impassible.

"My watch showed four o'clock, and already dusk had begun to fall under the thick timber. Mike and I had camped out under a tree many times, but such a camp loses its charm when there is a couple of feet of snow on the ground. So the prospects of the cabin appealed to us.

"So we buckled down and hit it a little harder. We decided to hunt for a footlog, to cross the canyon on, and as the sides of the canyon narrowed up the ridge we chose that direction. After about a quarter mile we found a log. It was an old windfall about three feet in diameter heaped with snow making it look much larger than it really was. The canyon at this point was about sixty feet wide and fifty feet deep. The sides of the canyon were nearly perpendicular. The creek tumbled over the rocks below with the velocity and roar of the typical mountain stream.

"The log didn't look any too safe, but I decided to try it. My decision didn't prove popular with Mike, however, for he stayed back on the bank and whimpered and barked until I turned back for him. I took his pack and carried it myself, and as I progressed along the log I would kick the snow off making better traveling for him, then with a good deal of coaxing and whistling I got him to venture out. I didn't feel any too secure when I got out in the middle and looked down on the rushing water.

"After we had covered about three quarters of the distance I began to feel a little more secure and a bit impatient. I kicked the snow ahead of me to clear a good path for Mike. It was frozen to the dead bark of the log and when the snow fell off it carried a large strip of bark from under my feet. I made a wild attempt to regain my balance, it failed, I faced toward the bank and jumped as far as I could.

"I never knew just what happened, but I came to, some time after that, at the bottom of the canyon, very dizzy and badly bruised. My clothing was filled with snow, I still had my pack on my back. I shook some of the snow off and attempted to stand up. A million sharp pains

like hot irons jabbed me in the leg. I sank back in the snow feeling a bit dizzy and had a sick empty feeling in my stomach. I pressed the aching spot with both my hands, there was a grating feeling and more darting little pains. Both bones between the knee and ankle had been broken.

"I slit my trouser leg with my hunting knife. The leg was already badly swollen, I had to cut my high top shoes to get them off. The darting little pains gave way to a dull ache and the leg below the break became numb. I straightened the leg as best I could, then took two slats from my pack board and with my shoe string, I tightly splinted it, then wrapped it in an extra shirt I had in my pack to keep the snow off.

"My face felt feverish and I was very thirsty. I was on the very edge of the creek, and I wiggled over on my stomach to drink. Moving brought back the dizzy feeling and as I drank, hundreds of little yellow and black specks danced before my eyes. I gazed at them and faintly I could remember hearing the old prospector say, "The creek bed is full of it, it's mixed with the sand, the finest dust in the world." Then the throbbing pain in my leg made me back to a more comfortable position. The creek bed was forgotten. I sat still for a while, the pain subsided a little, then I began to realize I was getting numb with cold, and darkness was beginning to fall. I knew I must get out of the canyon soon for the numbness of the cold would make it impossible for me to move.

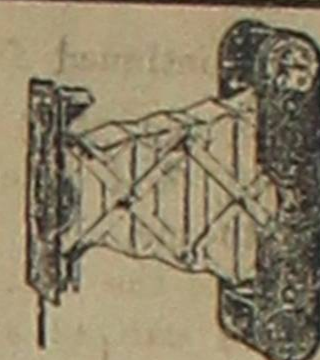
"With both hands and one knee, dragging the other leg, I started crawling up the steep side of the canyon. Here was one place the heavy snow aided me. It gave me a footing that made the steep climb possible. After some minutes I reached the top. I stopped to rest and look about me. A few hundred feet away I saw a dry snag, and I made for it. The pain in my leg was terrific and several times I was about to give up, but summoning all my strength I kept on.

"Finally I reached the snag, and was glad to see little slivers of pitch sticking out on it. I soon had the snag afire. The pitch seams burned readily and assured me of fuel for several days. I scraped the snow away as best I could, and in a few minutes was fairly comfortable. The heat of the fire and my exhaustion made me drowsy and I soon fell asleep.

"I was awakened abruptly by a joyous yelp and a heavy wet body pounced upon me. It was Old Mike. In my pain and work I had forgotten him. He had not been able to cross the log and when I fell, he had hunted up and down the creek no telling how far until he found a place he could cross; then he came to me. With little yelps he was telling me he was glad to see me, and hoped I was all right.

"Then I began to feel hungry and remembered my pack was still down at the bottom of the canyon. I had

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never sent Mike for a pack, but he had carried numerous other bundles. So I took him by the collar and boxed his ears lightly, and he opened his big mouth and snapped playfully at my hands, then I pointed toward the canyon.

"Go get my pack Mike, go get it," I said.

"He pricked up his ears, looked toward the place I had come thru the snow, then started away. When he came to the brink of the canyon, he stopped and looked back at me.

"Go get it, old boy, go get it," I encouraged.

He disappeared over the edge of the canyon. It was a half hour before I saw him again. Then I saw his long tail appear, next the dog, then the pack. He was walking backwards dragging the heavy pack with his mouth.

"I shouted encouragement to him, and he would drag all the harder. Stopping now and then to rest he would run to me, I would pat him, then he would run back and tug at the pack. Finally he got it to the fire, then came and put his head in my lap and rested. Right then I decided all the gold in the world couldn't buy that dog from me.

"I melted some snow and made some coffee, that with fried bacon and a few pieces of hard tack, we made out a pretty good meal. Then I crawled in my sleeping bag and went to sleep. I was badly exhausted from my afternoon's experience and I slept soundly. The sun was well up when I awoke in the morning. Old Mike was gone but I could hear his deep voice baying down the hill, when he was on the trail of a rabbit for his breakfast.

"My leg was very sore making me groan with pain every time I moved it. I knew it would be weeks before I could travel. My only hope was to be found by Jack, and he was having the time of his life in the city and it might be a couple of weeks before he would come this way. I had quite a bit of grub, but my fire would burn out in a few days and I would be unable to gather more fuel. There was only one thing to do, I had to get word to Jack, and my only hope was Mike.

"I wrote a note on a piece of wrapping paper, saying, 'Mr. Jack Mooney, Eagle Hotel, Hillburge, Washington. Broke my leg in a canyon about a half day's trip from the Junction at the water tank. Come as quick as you can. Jim Anderson.'

(Continued on page 4)

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## BEAVER CREEK CANYON

(Continued from page 3)

"Soon old Mike came trotting up the hill, and when I whistled he came to me.

"I took the note, wrapped it in a piece of canvas and tied it on his collar in a place where anyone could see it. Then patting him on the back I pointed back over the train from whence we had come.

"Mike straightened up pointing his nose down the trail.

"Go get Jack," I said to him. He looked at me, then back down the trail.

"Then I repeated, 'Go get Jack.' That was a command he knew. Many times I had sent him with messages to Jack when we were work-

ing on different claims. But what would he do when he couldn't find Jack, that was the question that bothered me.

"He looked at me, then wagged his tail, and with a bound was off. Down the canyon he raced, and out of sight. It was nearly an hour before I saw him again, then he was racing up the canyon on the other side. The muscles rolled under his smooth black and tan skin like those of a slim race horse. He struck the trail and vanished.

"Two days passed and nothing happened. My leg began to knit a little and it was so sore I could hardly move it.

"The snag that furnished the fire proved a real success. It burned a hole out in the middle and the outer shell which was the wettest, formed a big fireplace that reflected an abundance of heat. I was faring pretty well until the afternoon of the third day.

"The sun had been out all day with a warmth that could be felt even thru the timber. The snow was beginning to fall off the trees. Great bunches of it would hit the ground with a thud as it slid off the branches a hundred feet from the ground.

"I was lying in my sleeping bag, trying to sleep a little when a mass of snow slid off a big hemlock tree whose branches spread over me. Many pounds of it broke loose about fifty feet above the ground, and the bulk of it struck me. All the pain I had felt up to that time was nothing compared to what I then experienced. It became unbearable and something within my head seemed to snap. The world swam before my eyes.

"I don't know how long I was that way but it seemed as though centuries passed. I could see the black and yellow specks dance before my eyes, as they did when I drank from the creek. I would reach out for them. Then the creek would roar like a great river and the water would start to envelope me. Then the vision would change to the city, where I would see Jack Mooney sitting comfortably in a fashionable restaurant. When he saw me he would laugh and point his finger at me. At his side sat Old Mike with his contented grin. Then always the scene would change to the black and yellow spots dancing in the bottom of the creek.

"The first break in the nightmare came when I felt a burning sensation in my throat. I opened my eyes to see Jack Mooney forcing some whiskey down my throat.

"I felt very weak and dizzy and finally managed to ask, 'How did you get here?' Then I sank back in another faint before he could answer.

"When I awoke again things had changed. Jack had constructed for me a comfortable lean-to, of bark and poles. The fire in the snag had given away to a camp fire over which a pot hung. The air was scented with boiling beans and the aroma of coffee.

"My head felt clear but I was awfully weak and hungry. I heard Jack getting wood and called to him. He left his work and came to me. 'So you're awake are you?' he said. 'How do you feel and how in the dickens did you get in this fix?' I told him as best I could. 'Well,' he replied, 'you were certainly raving wild when I got here, the worst cussing I ever got in my life was when I tried to get that whiskey down you. By golly, Jim, certainly sounded like an anti-liquor delegate,' he said with a laugh.

"But how did you get here is what I want to know?" I said.

"It was like this," replied Jack, 'I was having a wonderful time. I came to the hotel one night and a railroad conductor was waiting for me. When he found out I was Jack Mooney he gave me your note. I knew your scribbling and right away began to get ready to come to you. But the conductor told me I had better wait and take the train that left early the next morning, so I did.

"Then I asked him how he got the note," continued Jack. 'And he said a big dog was waiting for the train when it stopped at the water tank. At first they didn't pay much attention to him. Then he put his front feet upon the conductor and barked. The conductor saw the note. He tried to get Mike on the train but nothing doing, he stayed right at the tank and waited.

"When the train stopped next day he was looking for me and nearly ate me up, he was so glad to see me and right away started leading me up the trail.

"Every one on the train seemed to know about it and a lot of them wanted to take his picture, but nothing like that for Mike. It was business before pleasure with him. So here we are."

"Say Jack," I said, 'for the love of Pete go look in that creek and see if it makes black and yellow specks before your eyes, they almost drove me coo coo.'

"Jack looked at me as if I was already crazy, but to humor me he went.

"A few minutes later I heard a yell and up the sides of the canyon he came like a wild man. Both hands were full of something. He fairly threw himself on his knees beside me. 'Gold,' he gasped, 'gold, the creek is full of it.' And holding out his hands, they were full of black sand dotted with yellow specks. 'We're rich, Jim, we're rich.'

"Putting the sand on the a piece of paper to dry then with a pan and a shovel, he made for the creek again. By night he had panned more gold than we had seen in our fifteen years prospecting, and there was a whole creek full of it.

"Some nights later we were sitting by the fire. My leg had mended enough to allow me to hobble around on some crutches I had made. Back in the leanto, was gold enough to make us financially independent the rest of our days.

"Taking a plate I dished out a liberal plateful of beans to Jack. Leaning comfortably back against a tree, he managed to gasp between mouthful, 'It ain't every millionaire that can have beans like these.'"

## BIG GAME AT TACOMA

The following is taken from the Vashon Island News Record. We are glad to see that college students are properly appreciated by their home towns:

Tacoma, Wash.—When the University of Washington Huskies take the field at the Tacoma stadium Saturday against the College of Puget Sound Loggers one of the largest crowds that ever attended a football game in the huge stadium is expected to be present, and to a Vashon Island boy, Harold Fretz, belongs the credit for arranging the game.

Fretz, as athletic manager for the College of Puget Sound, dreamed of the day when the Loggers would take the field against the major teams of the Coast conference, and set to work to make his dream come true. He has worked tirelessly and his work has borne fruit.

In a large measure, too, the powerful team which represents the College of Puget Sound this season is due to the efforts of Fretz, who, during the summer months has done much to induce football men to come to the College of Puget Sound.

The Loggers this season have a good team, one of the best that has represented the College of Puget Sound in years.

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