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A full line of fountain pens and eversharp pencils.

"Shaw Sales Satisfy”
1015 Pacific Ave.
The Puget Sound Trail

December, 1920

THIS ISSUE
OF THE TRAIL
IS DEDICATED TO
THE HONORABLE TED
AND HIS DARLING DOROTHY
AND OUR "EAT 'EM ALIVE" FOOTBALL TEAM
AND THE ANNUAL LIVELY, NOISY, COLORFUL, COLLEGE BANQUET
AND CHRISTMAS
AND THE FACULTY (GOD BLESS IT)
AND THE ADMINISTRATION (GOD BLESS IT TOO)
AND THE FRESHMEN (WE CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WHICH ANY MORE)
and—
EVERYTHING

Vol. X.  Tacoma, Wash., Dec., 1920 No. 3

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Entered as second-class matter October 20, 1920, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The January Issue of the Trail is to Be Dedicated to the Memory of Our Beloved Teacher
Dr. John O. Foster

And

Happy New Year
What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen, and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is argon. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts, and their practical application will take care of itself.

And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.
The sullen clouds hang dark and low,
A cold wind whistles round.
And dreary piles of dead brown leaves
Lie heaped upon the ground;
But what care I for sullen clouds,
Or shrill winds' lonesome sound;
For Christmas time is Friendship time,
Love rules the whole world round.

Fain would I lay at Friendship's door
Fruits of this wealthy age,
And send to you, of gifts a store
And call it Love's true wage;
But gifts we buy are earthly bound,
Though high our wishes lead;
So send I not these princely gifts,
My thoughts I send instead.

My thoughts—a joyful fairy band;
Wild tempests fear not they,
Nor dreadful woods, nor roaring floods,
Nor chasms' dark array.
Undaunted by the ice-clad peaks
Or lonesome desert wide,
Across the miles of dreary waste
On the wild west wind they ride.

So what care I if rain comes down
Or chill winds whistle shrill;
To you, as quick as lightning flash,
Send I my thoughts at will.

To you, as quick as lightning flash,
Send I my thoughts at will.

So this one great inspiring truth
This winter day I've found,
That Christmas time is Friendship time;
Love rules the whole world round.

Dorothy A. Smith, '24.

Elise

Anonymous

A Scenario—Comedy in Three Acts

Characters

A Girl—Of Lights and Shadows.
A Man—Of Vision and Weakness.
The Boy—On the Threshold.

ACT I.

Scene—Night. The Rain-swept street of a big city. Many lights gleaming. A few pedestrians braving the wind and rain.

Time—About eight o'clock in the evening.

A MAN emerges from a restaurant as a young girl passes on the street. They clutch their hats and as the wind buffets them about they near each other. The man catches a glimpse of a young and beautiful face marred by rouge and pencil, but partially redeemed by violet eyes in which there lurks a shadow of honesty. The man is well-dressed and apparently a gentleman. The girl passes and turns the corner. The man hesitates, then seems to be impelled by a sudden impulse and hurries after the girl. He perceives her some distance away, running. He follows and overtakes her in front of a brightly lighted theatre. He approaches quietly, takes her arm as she walks and addresses her. The girl takes his action quite as a matter of course.

The man: "Pardon me, have I frightened you?"
The girl: "Oh, no! It was that Jew. He's been following me. It was from him I ran."
The Man: "We will easily get rid of him. Are you cold?"
The Girl: "A little."
The Man: "Are you hungry?"
The Girl: "A little."
The Man: "Then we'll go in here and have something hot. I imagine the Jew will tire in the rain."
The Girl: "Oh, no, he won't! He's been following me for an hour! That's why I'm tired."
The Man: "I'm sorry, but I think we can get rid of him."
(They enter café.)
**Scene II.**

Interior of a restaurant with booths arranged along far side.

The man and the girl enter and are seated in booth.

The Man: "I have an engagement here in a few moments with a friend. I can change our arrangements and you and I will go to a theater if you wish. It is warm there and you can rest. Shall I order chocolate for you?"

The Girl: "Please do. I thought of meeting a girl friend near here at eight-thirty. She is going to a dance. Perhaps we——"

The Man: "Could make a party of it? Perhaps we could, although neither my friend nor I dance much, but——"

The Boy enters, looking about for his friend. The Boy is handsome, with refined intelligent features. There is a difference of three or four year's between the Boy's and the Man's ages. He sees the Man and approaches.

The Man: "Hello, Charlie, glad to see you on time. Meet my friend, Miss——"

The Girl (softly): "Just 'Elise'."

The Boy: "I'm very pleased, I'm sure."

The Man: "Elise and I just met recently, Charlie. She is meeting a girl friend in a few moments and suggests that we make a party. It seems the friend is determined to go to a certain dance. Does it attract you?"

The Boy (who has hardly taken his eyes off the girl): "I don't care to dance, but I will go anywhere with you—and Elise."

The Man (rising): "That's good! Then we'll go. Where to, Elise?"

The Girl: "First to meet Bobby and then to the dance. It's a hard times dance, ten cents for the ladies and fifty cents for the gents."

The Man: "This is going to be good. Let's go."

The Girl: "The Jew will follow us. He has just passed the window."

The Man: "Oh, no, he won't. This is his last wait. I think the two of us will frighten him away."

(They go out, laughing and talking, the Girl between the Boy and the Man.)

**Act II.**

A public dance hall. A large crowd in motley garb, as "hardtimes" costume, dance to a jazz orchestra.

The Man is seen to be dancing with the Girl. The Boy is talking to "Bobby," the blonde, vivacious, rather loud, friend of Elise. The dance ends, the Man and the Girl rejoin the Boy and Bobby. After a moment's conversation the Man and the Boy withdraw to one side and light cigarettes.

The Boy: "Hal, do you mind if I make a date with Elise?"

The Man: "Why, no, Charlie, if you think it's wise. But you won't want to when I tell you the truth. I 'picked her up' on the street. I don't know why—an impulse. I don't know why we came here—simply following up—an impulse."

The Boy: "Well, I'm glad you obeyed your impulse tonight, old pal, because I—I like Elise immensely."

The Man: "Then I'm sorry, Charlie, if that's the result. I'll admit she has an indefinable and alluring charm, but she's distinctly dangerous. Her beauty is entrancing, her sweetness deceiving. I don't know what she is, I can only surmise from circumstances that she is a thing of the streets. Befriend her if you will tonight—forget her tomorrow. Shall we join them?"

(The Man and the Boy join the girls.)

The Man and Bobby soon dance off; the Boy and the Girl sit down.

The Boy: "Elise, I want to make a date with you for next week."

The Girl: "I'm sorry, Charlie, I'd like to, but I can't—won't be in town again for a month."

The Boy: "Gee, that's too bad. Don't you stay at home then?"

The Girl: "No. I stay at a boarding school."

The Boy: "Well, anyway, I'll write you there."

The Girl: "N—n—no. We're not allowed to receive letters."

The Boy: "Well, can't I come and see you?"

The Girl: "No. We—oh, I might as well tell you. (Almost savagely.) I'm parked out at the Parental School. Got two years more until I'm eighteen."

The Boy: "You're only sixteen now?"

The Girl: "Will be, next week."

The Boy: "I'd like to see you anyhow."
December, 1920

The Girl: "Thanks, but it's impossible. Come on, let's dance this out."
The Boy: "No, please."
(Another man advances, almost rudely claims the Girl, and whirled off with her. The Man and Bobby join the Boy.)
Bobby: "I gotta go, kids. It's a quarter past twelve now and I promised Dad I'd be under the whites at twelve. See, looks the prize I won! Some class to my costume, eh? Me and that wop got third. Gee, I sure had a grand time. Where's Elise?"

The Man: "We'd better get her and go." (Elise joins them.) "Do you live close together?"
The Girl: "No, but we'll all go home with Bobby first. I'll get into trouble anyway, so it doesn't matter if I'm a little late."
Bobby: "I dunno, Elise, your Dad—"
Elise (furiously): "Oh! my Dad! It's him that sends me out there, isn't it? Some dad that will send his own girl out to the brick-pile."
Bobby: "Well, you know, if you go clear out to my house you'll miss the last car."
The Girl: "I don't care.
The Man: "But it will take two hours to get you home and it's twelve now—"
The Girl: "I don't care, if it's morning."
(The Boy and Bobby start out.)
The Man: "Elise, you're not very happy, are you?"
The Girl: "Why, of course I am. I'm always happy because I never worry."
The Man: "What of the future? Don't you worry about that?"
The Girl: "I have no future, so no worry."
The Man (taking her gently by the shoulders): "Elise! Haven't you any desire to change?"
The Girl: "Not the least. I've tried before. There's no one to help me. Everything pulls me the other way."
The Man: "But your mother—"
The Girl: "I have no mother."
The Man: "She is—"
The Girl: "Divorced, of course, and gone long ago."

The Man: "Elise, don't you realize the power of your beauty? Most men will have to be very good or very bad with you."
The Girl: "Then we'll be very bad."
The Man: "Come, let's go."

ACT III.
Scene—Interior of a rapidly traveling taxicab. Time—2:30 a.m. The Girl in the arms of the Boy. The Man regarding them thoughtfully.
The Man: "Elise, are we the first men that have ever wished you well?"
The Girl: "The only ones, except Daddy. And I wish you were like the rest."
The Boy: "And we've kept her out until almost three in the morning."
The Girl: "Oh, no, you didn't. I wanted to go home with Bobby and I thought there'd still be cars running. Here we are now."
(The taxi stops.)
The Man: "Elise, I shall never see you again. Then—"
The Girl: "I don't suppose so. Won't you kiss me goodnight?"
The Man: "No. You're just a little baby. We both want to help you so much, and you just—laugh."
The Girl: "Maybe I am a baby, and then again, maybe I know more than either of you big—babies. Charlie, you'll kiss me goodnight?"
The Boy: "Elise!" (Takes her in his arms.) "I'm going to see you again."
The Girl: "No. Tonight is goodbye. Tomorrow I go back to the 'Home,' and stay a long, long time. I'm very tired and very sleepy. Goodbye. It's only a few steps from her. You'll hear me close the door."

(Continued on page 24.)

Scene III.
A deserted street. The Man and the Boy outside the taxi-cab.
The Boy: "Hal, call me a fool if you will. I've known a good many girls in a good many countries, but I tell you, man, I could marry that girl!"
(Continued on page 24.)

STONE
Tackle

CLAY
Tackle

BRADY
Tackle
Red Hair for Christmas
By Sigrid Arline Van Amburgh

It was visitor's day at the Harper's Children's Home. The taut expectancy with which the day always began for the children had strained to the snapping point, and reaction was setting in. Five o'clock! All the morning's bustle and preparation were wasted from the orphans' viewpoint. No one had come but a couple of deaconesses! Everyone knew, even the littlest orphan, that deaconesses do not count as visitors, because they cannot be considered as possible mothers. And it was mothers who were expected and longed for by these aching, lonesome hearts. It seemed to be a poor season for visitors, and this was the last visitor's day before Christmas, which was just a week off. Of all the times in the year when a mother is most needed, it is the week before Christmas. And by Christmas day, when hope is a dead thing, even the gifts proffered by the Home do not placate the cruel disappointment.

Mrs. Harper had gone into the kitchen to begin preparations for dinner. Discipline was relaxed somewhat, when the noise of the children was stilled by the sound of a bell ringing. Mr. Harper, long, lean and mild, came down the hall, motioning the gathering children away as he came. They were all upstairs in the playroom when he opened the door and admitted the visitors—a Mr. and Mrs. King.

"We've come to look over the Home, and the children," said Mr. King, shaking himself out of his heavy fur overcoat. "Oh, yes—yes," stuttered Mr. Harper, quite overcome for the moment by the evidences of wealth, but he soon readjusted his scattered wits and conducted them thru the building. Finally, one by one, he called the children to him and presented them to the visitors. Now that they knew these were possible parents, the children were self-conscious and awkward. All, perhaps, except winsome little Grace, with her golden curls, who, having been in the home but a short while, was so buoyed up by the glory of her own hope that she did not, like the rest, realize that it might be just that—a forlorn hope.

Their inspection over, Mr. King, followed by his wife, went down the stairs and stood talking with Mr. Harper in the lower hall, unaware that eager little eyes watched them for a sign of interest and more eager little ears strained to hear what was being said. Each child strove to get closer to the bannister, wondering who would be taken. Jimmie, by right of seniority, had first place against the railing, but because he favored Grace, she stood close beside him. Jimmie regretted that he had neglected to brush his shoes. He had been so busy helping the other children, and as his thoughts reverted to the fact he remembered he had not brushed his hair—and he ran his hand hastily thru the mop of red hair flying in all directions.

"You don't think Jimmie would suit you?" questioned Mr. Harper, as he rubbed his thin hands over each other.

"Is that the red-haired boy you mentioned having been left here as a baby?" asked Mr. King.

"Yes."

"That ugly, little, red-headed thing!" exclaimed Mr. King, as he turned to his wife. "Why, I wouldn't consider him.

"Oh, Mark," rebuked his wife. "He's a fine little lad, mischievous as most boys; but bright, very affectionate and with a good disposition," added Mr. Harper.

"But he's too homely—absolutely ugly," reiterated Mr. King, adding: "Now I rather fancy that pretty, golden-haired girl."

"Grace, you mean?" questioned Mr. Harper. "She's very pretty and sweet, of course."

"But I want a boy, Mark; you know our boy would have been just eight if he had lived." Tears came into Mrs. King's eyes.

"Well, well, we won't decide tonight, Harriet," replied Mr. King hastily.

"But you promised not to let another Christmas go by without having a child at the house," she pleaded; "it's so lonesome at Christmas time without children."

"Well, it's a week before Christmas and we'll think it over first," returned her husband with such finality in his voice.

BAKER
End

KINCH
End

BROOKS
End
that further argument at that time seemed useless and Mrs. King tearfully followed her husband to the car.

Jimmie, about whom the uncomplimentary remarks had been made, overheard the entire conversation. A flood of red as bright as his hair swept over his face, and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Aw, g'wan," he said roughly, as he brushed aside his sympathetic consolers. "I don't care, anyhow." And he tried to laugh, but it wasn't the whole-souled, hearty laughter of the Jimmie they knew. With his rough coat-sleeve he brushed the tears off his cheeks and fled down the hall, seeking refuge on the back door-step.

So that was why he had been left all these years! Each time one of his companions had been taken away from the Home, the hope had always burst into bloom again that perhaps his turn would be next. He had dreamed how it would seem to have a real home, to have a father, and most of all a mother to care for him. And now the dream would never come true. He was too ugly.

Never before had he ever considered beauty in connection with a boy. Girls were expected to be pretty, but he felt just being a boy was all that was necessary for boys. He decided to face the situation and hurried to the deserted hall, where he stood, shivering with cold, before the long, cracked mirror. The thought occurred to him that one of the boys had said: "If Jimmie had any more freckles he'd have to enlarge his face." As he stood looking at himself, he felt a tug at his arm and turned about. It was Grace.

"Jimmie, he was a mean old thing to say that; you are not ugly."

"You don't know anything about it," retorted Jimmie savagely. Face to face with the truth Jimmie clung to it like a bulldog to a piece of meat. The weight of argument seemed to be more than convincing.

"I like you just the way you are, Jimmie," she persisted.

"But you couldn't be my mother," replied Jimmie in grieved tones.

There was silence for a brief space and then Grace lowered her voice as if to make what she was to say strictly confidential:

"I heard them ask for a boy with black hair 'cause their boy had it."

"Did they?" Jimmie questioned as he ran his hand thru his bright red hair.

Grace stood looking at him critically, her little brows wrinkled in a frown. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Why don't you dye it?"

Jimmie turned around with a quizzical look, at first disdainful, and scornfully muttered: "Dye it—with what?"

"Why, they blacken stoves and shoes and things, don't they? Why couldn't you blacken your hair?"

The suggestion seemed plausible.

"Do you think it would take?" he asked doubtfully.

"Well, you can try it and see—it won't hurt you, anyway." Jimmie felt the suggestion was worth considering at least, convinced that with hair any color but red the probabilities of acquiring a home would be more in his favor.

He decided not to let anyone know what he was contemplating—not even Grace. The thought kept revolving in his mind all day long. Finally, he decided to give prayer a first chance. While he did not bank much on prayer, having on previous occasions petitioned for useful and useless things, and never receiving any response, he had been taught "Ask and ye shall receive." It wouldn't hurt to try once more. Nothing now seemed quite as important as acquiring black hair. He determined to devote a little extra time to his entreaty, and convinced that with hair any color but red the probabilities of acquiring a home would be more in his favor.

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would mean the loss of a much needed nourishment. He realized he would have to curtail the treatment and finish it at a more opportune time. Jimmie mopped the liquid running down his face and neck with a towel which sopped up a good portion that the inflammatory-colored hair did not seem to absorb readily.

One thing Jimmie had not counted on was the necessity of explanation for his changed appearance. It did not occur to him even then, and only when greeted by a simultaneous cry from Mr. and Mrs. Harper, as well as shrieks from the children, and worst of all stifled laughter from Mr. King, who had just come into the room, did Jimmie realize that perhaps all was not as he had hoped.

"Why, Jimmie!" exclaimed Mrs. Harper. "What have you been doing?"

Thru the streaked portions which had absorbed the blacking, wisps of bright red gleamed in contrast. The tell-tale streaks journeyed over his pale skin and gave him a grotesque appearance. A general uproar followed, and as the laughter burst on Jimmie's ears, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Look at the Indian," one of the children shouted.

The surprise was about as great to Jimmie as to the others, and he sat there almost unaware that the uproar was about him. When he finally awoke to the fact, he shut his lips tightly, determined to bear the consequences.

Mr. King's early visit was due to a remark made by his wife the day before.

"They don't look overfed, and none of them looked kissed enough," he had thought to himself. While gruff in manner, he had a tender heart and he had determined to investigate living conditions at the Home on a day when they were not prepared for visitors. The unusual entrance of Jimmie swerved Mr. King from his purpose. As he looked at Jimmie, who sat determinedly smiling thru the streaks zig-zagging down his face, he decided Jimmie had good stuff in him. But what was the reason? It was evident that the spirit of mischief had not prompted such an action.

The children were silenced by Mr. Harper, and when they had finished their meagre breakfast of plain oatmeal and bread, they buzzed out of the room with toned-down excitement. "My boy, what made you try to improve on nature?" asked Mr. King smilingly. Jimmie's throat pulsed with the sobs that he tried to control. As he looked at Mr. King, the author of his trouble, an angry gleam came into his eyes. But no amount of persuasion from either Mr. King or the Harpers could extract a confession. They were convinced at last it was useless to question him further.

Mr. King turned to Mr. Harper.

"I was just passing on my way to Hampton, and I thought I'd stop and see if there was anything you wanted for Christmas. I think it my duty to help and shall be glad to do what I can."

He had taken a check book out as he spoke, and as Jimmie looked at him, he turned to the boy and said:

"What do you want for Christmas, Jimmie?"

Jimmie almost surrendered. Now was the time to express the one fervent desire. But, as he looked at Mr. King, the man who had made the cruel statement, Jimmie's mind wavered. There was, however, a peculiar spirit of fairness in Jimmie's make-up, and he realized that what Mr. King had said was true, and he was not to blame.

"What do you want, Jimmie?" purred Mr. Harper, smiling in his bland way as he gazed at the check-book. As Jimmie stood there, his mind recalled the picture of the visit to the city the week before, with its memory of wonderful toys. He saw the shoppers hurrying along, their arms laden with mysterious packages, and all the Christmas trees gaily decked with colored lights.

He remembered Grace tugging at his arm when they saw a small girl, dressed in beautiful furs, walking towards them with her lovely mother, and Grace remarking:

"Oh, I wish I had some furs—and a mother."

And that was what he wanted—a mother!

"Don't want nothin'," he said, and gazed out the window. Suddenly he lifted his clear blue eyes and saw real sympathy in Mr. King's face.

"Say—but Grace wants somethin'—she wants..."

He hesitated a moment, struck by the foolishness of pleading for someone else. No, he wouldn't mention what she wanted. He would speak for those skates he had so longed for, which even tho a secondary consideration to getting a mother and a home, would be something.
December, 1920

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

As Mr. King saw the hesitation, he urged Jimmie to speak.

"What does Grace want?" he asked, as he put his hand kindly on Jimmie's head.

The touch broke the stubborn thoughts and he burst out:

"She wants some white furs just like the girl on the street—and a mother, too."

All right," replied Mr. King. "We'll see what we can do for Grace. I don't say anything to her and we'll make it a surprise for Christmas Eve when you have your party. And here's a check for the party, Mr. Harper."

Mr. Harper's eyes bulged as he saw the size of the check; it would be sufficient to pay for the coal, too.

"My, I wish he was my father," sighed Jimmie, as he went slowly upstairs.

As Mr. King looked back at the bleak, plain, unpainted board home, three stories high, he too sighed. But his sadness was overcome as he drove on thru the cool December air. He looked at the purple镖hood mountains, which were outlined by the brilliant sun shining its rays like a benediction over the waters, which in turn reflected the blessings like golden amens, and he determined that he, for one, would bring some enjoyment to the hungry little hearts.

Christmas Eve came. The Home had been decorated with evergreen and holly. The Christmas tree stood glistening in its glory.

Already an audience was assembled to witness the entertainment by the children. Faces gleamed with recent scrubbing, and picnics kept on heads where perhaps they had never been before. The children were all excited, and never been seen before. The children were all excited, and he determined that he, for one, would bring some enjoyment to the hungry little hearts.

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The next afternoon found Tom Billings waiting in the anteroom of the Officers’ quarters.

"I say, Billings, is the Colonel gonna call you on the carpet?" asked one of the boys, looking up from a ledger.

"Nope. I’m gonna call him on the carpet. Ma Sweetie, I’m gonna get the cute little sum of $50 from him for the Christmas fund."

"Gad, kid, you want the whole shebang to get ripped up the back? Why, you insect, can’t you see that you will get us all in Dutch if you ask him for it? If you——"

"You’re an inch and a half taller he, ain’tcha?"

"Well, if you——"

"Here he comes. Put on the soft pedals."

A tall figure was silhouetted in the doorway. He looked over the situation, strode into the office and returned the salutes of the various men, then went into his office, closing the door none too gently after him.

"Get warm feet yet?"

"Yeah. Nice and warm," and he grinned and winked one eye slowly. "Ask the old deah if I can see him, will ya?"

"I’ll do no sucha thing, if——"

"You won’t? Well, then, I will." With that he started for the door. The other got quickly to his feet and started after him.

"Hold on there, kid. Can’t you listen to reason?"

"Are you going to open that door or shall I?"

"Oh, I will if you insist." He knocked on the door, and when a big voice shouted “Yes,” he hesitatingly opened the door and went in. He soon appeared and motioned Billings in.

At the end of fifteen minutes fifty men were waiting near the quarters, among them the Sergeant.

In twenty-five minutes they saw the young private come slowly from the building, with a deep scowl on his face.

"Ha, ha! Didja ever see anyone so happy in your life?"

"Ain’t he sweet lookin’?"

"Were the little pills too bitter?"

"Didja get a Christmas present?"

"Hello, Merry Christmas!"

He met all of these taunts and many more with scowls and haughty expressions.

Taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he wrote something on it and handed it to the Sergeant. The Sergeant, grinning triumphantly, took it and slowly opened it. As he read it his lower jaw dropped and his surprised eyes looked at the boy.

"What’s it say?” asked someone.

"Yeah. Let us in on it. Read it."

"Er—er—Yes.” The Sergeant read: “Dear Sergeant: You remember our bargain. Inclosed please find a receipt for $5 and a request that you pay at once. I got $100, a lecture and some fatherly advice from the Colonel. Pay up P. D. Q. I’m in a hurry to get the money in."

Yours truly,

Tom Billings,
Private."

"Yip! Yip! For Merry Christmas Tom,” shouted the men.

---

"Merry Christmas Tommy"

By Rosa M. Perkins, ’23

---

Burnside Hats
are now
3.85

Latest pleated back caps in latest over plaids.

Mocha Gloves $2.65

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Candy
Perfume
Stationery
Ivory
Community
Silver
Pyrex Ware

Books
Toys
Games
Xmas Cards
Smokers Sets
Pipes and
Cigars

SUN DRUG CO.
Expert Drugmen
Cor. 6th & Anderson
Phone M. 646
Free Delivery

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GIFTS

APPRECIATED

Toys
Games
Xmas Cards
Smokers Sets
Pipes and
Cigars

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THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY

THE past month has been one of success for Amphictyon. We won the inter-society debate against Theta. Now we look forward to our next debate with the H. C. S., who were victorious in the Philomathean-H. C. S. debate.

We also have increased our membership by a goodly number of new students. The list includes:

Anita Chapman
Lucile Greene
Bernice Olsen
Ethel Schuster
Edith Turley
Nellie Wallace
Gertrude Smith
Russel Penning
Hilda Skreen
Elle Huff
Theodore Thorsen
Elmer Carlson
Catherine Kerr
Sibyl Heinrick
Roy Craver
Ruby Tennant

John Purkey
Thelma Scott
Selma Peterson
Roy Bowers
Fred Johnson
Helen Fangborn
Lula Kenny
Marjorie Kennedy
Thelma Bestler

Russel Penning
Hilda Skreen
Elle Huff
Theodore Thorsen
Elmer Carlson
Catherine Kerr
Sibyl Heinrick
Roy Craver
Ruby Tennant

These members were given their first degree initiation at the last three meetings.

The Amphictyon programs have been few this month, as the debates have occupied most of the time. We are all looking forward to the Christmas program and tree and hope to have plenty of mistletoe.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

M A Y • M O N T H

December, 1920

THE Kappa Sigma Theta Borovity is proud to announce the new members who have received both degrees of initiation during the past month, and are now full-fledged Thetas. They are girls of no mean ability and we expect them to take active part in all College activities. They are:

Anna Tuell, Mildred Forsberg, Mildred Gillies, Ruth Kennedy, Audrene Hedstrom and Roma Schmidt.

Following our second degree initiation a spread was enjoyed in the Home Economics Rooms and we were glad to have as our guest on this occasion Dean and Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Alice Baker Hanawalt.

Our programs have been exceptionally interesting this month. Our special program for Thanksgiving was as follows:

The First Thanksgiving ............................ Eva Bock
A Modern Thanksgiving ....................... Ethel Beckman
Duet ............................................... Myrtle Warren and Olive Martin
What We Owe to the Pilgrims .............. Winifred Wayne
Blue Laws ........................................ Hilda Scheyer
What I Have To Be Thankful For .......... Extempo

The new Thetas were given their first opportunity to display their ability on December 8, when the following program was given:

COLLEGELOGY

Bugology ........................................ K. Anderson
Campusology ................................... R. Kennedy
Gameology ...................................... M. Forsberg
Solo .............................................. K. Boyle
Chapelology .................................... A. Hedstrom
Hipology .......................................... A. Tuell

For the remainder of December we expect to be busy making plans for our Christmas Tree and Spread, which is an annual affair.

H. C. S.

FOOTBALL season is over now and H. C. S. will be able to get down to work on Literary meetings. During the past weeks we have had to let things go easy because so many of our men had their time taken up by football. Now we are going to have some real programs again.

Our schedule for the winter and spring includes some of the leading business men in town. We will have them address the H. C. S. meetings on their lines of activity. Visitors are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The new men have gone thru the "mill" and have pronounced it very efficient. The new members are Dick Wasson, Eddie Rumbaugh, Gene Schrader, Stanton Warrbuton, Lars Rynnning and Sam Levinson.

The H. C. S. debate team came out victorious in the first of the inter-society clashes by defeating the Philomatheans on the question, Resolved: "That the Cabinet System of England Should Be Adopted By the United States."

Sam Levinson and Fielding Lemmon composed the H. C. S. team. Our next debate will be with the Amphictyons. The question and the date for this final debate have not been settled. The winner of this contest will keep the Newbegn cup for the next twelve months.

T-T-T

PHILOMATEHAN LITERARY SOCIETY

PHILO is justly proud of its new members and expects great things of them. The new members are:

Miss Brix
Miss Keller
Miss Wheeler
Miss Williams
Miss Kloeppe
Miss Coman
Miss Storey
Miss McKenzie
Mr. Hart
Mr. Erickson
Mr. Beattie
Mr. Stone
Mr. Norris
Mr. Monty
Mr. Brown
Mr. McWilliams
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Smith
Mr. DeWade

As usual, our Christmas program will be a play, this year "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Wiggin. Miss Perkins is
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL
December, 1920

directing the play, and with the following cast an excellent production is assured.
Carol Bird ........................................... Miss Sinclair
Mr. Bird ........................................... Mr. Bowman
Mrs. Bird .......................................... Miss Coman
Effrida .............................................. Miss Keller
Uncle Jack ......................................... Mr. Erickson
The Angel .......................................... Miss Shunk
Mrs. Riggio ........................................ Miss Kloeppe
Sarah Maud ....................................... Miss Ohlson
Peter ................................................ Mr. Stone
Pearl ................................................... Miss Hastings
Kitty ................................................... Miss Jones
Cornelius ........................................... Mr. DeWade
Clem .................................................. Mr. Cory
Baby Larry ....................................... Mr. Monty
Professor and Mrs. Dunlap have charge of lighting and properties.
Although Philo lost the debate to H. C. S. we are proud of the showing made by our team, Russell Clay and Alfred Matthews.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

AND we all went to Tokyo. We were all there and pronounced it the most successful Freshman-Sophomore party we have ever attended. We were ushered in to a wonderland of cherry blossoms, jack-o'lanterns and funny little cozy corners as only the Freshmen could create. At times we wondered whether it were not possible that we were really in fairyland. We had a wonderful time playing those unique Oriental games and eating with chop-sticks or chewing string to get the raisins suspended in the center. As for the orchestra—we pronounce it "regular jazz." We wouldn't want Coach Peck to know how many cakes or how much candy "Rip" ate.
The Sophomores are taking a very active part in all College activities. Several of our members have taken their places in the societies and are busy acquainting themselves with the ideals and duties of their new life.
Our men have been turning out faithfully for football and Stone, Brady, Brooks and McPhail are easily letter men for this season's work. We extend to them our hearty congratulations.
Billy Ross and Sam Levinson, representing the Amphictyon and H. C. S. societies, respectively, have done credit in debate to the standards of the Class of '23. We congratulate them also in having won the decisions for their respective sides.
We are turning out a fine lineup for inter-class basketball, and are going to give any teams we run up against a run for their money.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

IT is with a great deal of eagerness and not a little cur
ting that the Freshmen await the coming of the College Banquet on December 22. The Class will attend as a whole and little urging will be necessary. We anticipate an enjoyable evening, especially as we have heard rumors that our firm friends, the Sophomores, are planning a rare program for our entertainment. We can hardly wait.
Have you noticed the pins we are wearing? We certainly are very proud of them. The Freshmen have all greatly enjoyed the many parties, banquet and suppers given during "rush week. From now on the Freshmen hope to show their appreciation by proving to be assets to whatever sorority, fraternity, or literary society they may have joined.
The Freshman party is now a thing of the past. We are breathing a bit easier now and sincerely hope that the combination of crackers, salt water and rice were not greatly detrimental to the health of our guests.
"Tryouts are in progress for the Freshmen boys' basketball team. Harold Fretz, the manager, has secured a game with the Burton High School for December 17. Games with other high school teams are being arranged. The girls are expecting to have a basketball team also, but nothing definite has been announced so far.

CLASS PINS
Or Sorority Pins Made to Order in Any Style.

WALTER BROS.
Manufacturing Jewelers
1201 Pacific Ave. R. R. Watch Inspector

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

THERE is one class that is going to be heard from "Big" at the banquet—that's the Juniors. Our yells and songs are going to rock the pictures on the walls and set the window panes to rattling. We've decided to break loose for once from our staid dignity and we are going to show you a thing or two at "THE" Banquet. Watch for our colors, the green and white, on December 22. That's our number, '22.
We are getting busy on our Annual. We have begun in good season and we are going to make this absolutely the very best Annual that has ever seen daylight.
The Junior Class has been well represented at all College affairs. At each football game the Junior Class was to be found backing up and encouraging the football squad.

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF C. P. S. TREASURER'S REPORT FOR NOVEMBER, 1920

T—T—T

TRAIL FUND:
On hand ........................................ $282.92
Disbursements .................................. $291.03
Balance ........................................... $111.45

Drama FUND:
On hand ........................................ 22.65
Balance ........................................... 22.65

BANQUET FUND:
On hand ........................................ 29.74
Balance ........................................... 29.74

DISBURSEMENTS $291.03

INCIDENTAL FUND:
On hand ........................................ 56.23
Balance ........................................... 57.13

Balance in Trea. $1,344.70
Nov. 30th ....................................... $298.24
Overdrawn ...................................... 22.65


T—T—T

NOEL

C'est la saison du Noel
Et nous quitterons l'ecole
Nous chierons avec la joie
Saint Nicholas est le roi
Nous retrouverons a chez nous
L'Esprit du Noel est partout
Nous chierons tout le jour
Et joie est la core

Tres exeles les petits
Pour eux chaque heure est haut
Le pere et la mere aui
D'un air secret se conduisent

Et moi, je suis si heureux
Que le monde est plein de fleurs
Le soleil brille plus brillant
Que quelque autres jours de l'an.

ANTS WHEELER.
THE TRAIL

H. G. FELLE, Editor
FRANCES GOEHRING, Associate Editor
FRANK BROOKS, Business Manager

Published monthly, from October to May by the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound. The purpose of the Trail is to give expression to the intellectual and literary life of the undergraduates and to provide a field for the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to the College. In the realization of this purpose the Trail cordially invites the cooperation of students, alumni and faculty. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, or may be left either in the Trail box or in the editorial room.

The terms of subscription are $1.60 a year. Single copies are on sale at the book store at 20c or may be obtained from the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

THE College of Puget Sound has long prided itself on the large number of strong, aggressive thinkers which she has trained and sent out into the world, men who have played a leading role in almost every field of human endeavor. These men and women have given testimony for C. P. S. wherever they have gone. It is evidence of the great life of the College that her younger sons seek to emulate the records of those who have "arrived." Just as that "C. P. S. Spirit" put enthusiasm and determination into the very nature of our predecessors, so that same "indescribable something" is filling us with courage and strength to do our best along whatever line we may pursue. What does this mean? Does it not mean that we are finding more to think about than that which sits nearest our noses? If there is a college in which the students are not actively engaged in grappling with problems which really are problems and not mere elementary questions set by the professor upon which one puzzles one's brain to the extend of thinking about them in class just before being called on, that institution is in a deplorable condition. What I claim for C. P. S. is an exceedingly active intellectual curiosity displayed on the part of both students and professors in almost every field of activity. Books and studies are not the whole end of our endeavors. To live, fully and completely, is our endeavor, and this C. P. S. is teaching us to do.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET

THE annual banquet this year is to be held on December 22, at the Commercial Club. This is one of the finest events outside of Commencement on the College calendar—an event looked forward to by students, faculty, alumni, and all those interested in the College. It is a real family reunion—an occasion for the renewal of former acquaintances and the formation of new friendships. On this great occasion the College body, past and present, is at its best; the classes try to outdo each other in demonstrations of College spirit and cheer and good fellowship reigns supreme.

HAVE YOU SEEN "ELISE"?

Do you want to read a story that's "different"—something weird—something with a grotesque plot? "Elise" is about the queerest story we've ever read; start it and we know you will want to finish it. It will grip your attention and carry you along to the final period. It's modern and you'll find its counterpart on many a night-court docket. It is from the pen of one of the best romancers of C. P. S., and has been pronounced by all our literary critics to be "strangely fascinating." Read it, and let us have your opinion.

With that black broadcloth suit Professor Slater reminds us of Abraham Lincoln—all he lacks is the wart.

Yea bo! we're agoin' to the banquet.

The Trail Staff wishes everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The eventful day fast approaches.
ALUMNI

STUDENTS of C. P. S. have reason to be exceedingly proud of one of their alumni, Dr. Frank La Violette, who has been elected President of the Washington State Commercial Club. That a minister should be selected to head a body of business men is a tribute to this man's ability. We of C. P. S. are proud of him.

Dr. La Violette has built a splendid church in Bremerton, where he is pastor. He received his A. B., M. A., and D. D. degrees from the College of Puget Sound.

It was during the war while he was serving as a chaplain in the army that a carrier pigeon flew into his dugout, carrying a capsule under one wing with a German call for reinforcements. That was at the time of the last big German drive on Paris. The message was received with great joy in the Allied camp and a possible German victory was turned into defeat.

Among our former College girls who are married and living in the city are Mrs. Dix Rowland, nee Georgie Clulow; Mrs. Thompson, nee Lillian Clulow; Mrs. Arthur Mohr, nee Grace Skewis; Mrs. Dexter Armstrong, nee Florence Cook; Mrs. Sandall, nee Lois Bean; Mrs. Burns Poe, nee Elsie Grumblin; Mrs. Dexter Armstrong, nee Alice Goulder; Mrs. Ray Hild, nee Edith Tennant; Mrs. Ted Lynn, nee Gladys Maddock; Mrs. Harold Maddock, nee Alma Tuell.

Icel Marshall, '17, is teacher of Public Speaking and Oratory at Bellingham High School.

Bertha Day, '11, a sister of Mrs. T. E. Dunlap, is a teacher at the Logan School.

William and Fremont Burrows are students at the University of Washington. Both were students here in 1917 and 1918. William was seriously injured playing football at C. P. S., and was on crutches for several months, but is now quite recovered.

Alice Warren, '15, is principal of Summit School, McCleary, Washington. Arnold Warren, '13, a brother of Alice and of Ermine Warren, and editor of the first C. P. S. annual, is a salesman for the Calamba Sugar Estate, one of the largest sugar estates in the Philippine Islands. The plantation is near Manila, and Mr. Warren is a frequent visitor of Professor Schofield, who is head of the Department of Music at the University of Manila.

Calbert Crockett, '15, is now County Superintendent of the Kitsap County Schools.

Harold Hanawalt, oldest son of Professor and Mrs. Hanawalt, is now in Tacoma holding a responsible position with the Todd Shipyards.

Ina Bock is teaching at the Irving School. Hazel Bock Herrick and her husband are in the South American Mission Field. Both are graduates of C. P. S.

Ralph Simpson, '15, alumni speaker at last year's Annual Banquet, is now credit man for the Standard Oil Company at Spokane.

M. B. Sidney M. Carlson, a former student of the College, is now managing editor of the "Northwest Surgeon's Guide," published bi-monthly by the Shaw Supply Company. All manner of interest to surgeons of the Northwest is contained in the Guide, which has a circulation of over 4,000. During his college days Mr. Carlson took a very great interest in the student publication. He served The Trail as editor, art director, and business manager. In all its career The Trail has never had a more talented artist than Mr. Carlson. He keeps a warm spot in his heart for struggling Trail editors and business managers and has helped us a great deal in getting our extraordinary 1920-21 Trail under way. His "hints" and "suggestions" have been of inestimable value to the staff.

We wish to extend to Mr. Carlson our congratulations. We expect to see him climb steadily on up the ladder of editorial fame. His successes will be an inspiration to us.

AN ALUMNUS WRITES

Seattle, Washington.

Editor the Trail:

Dear Editor:

I have had the pleasure of reading the last two issues of the "Trail," and I wish very much to compliment you upon the manner in which they have been edited. It is a pleasure indeed to read a paper which combines both the excellency of literature and college spirit in the remarkable degree that is evidenced in your Thanksgiving number. To my mind, it far surpasses the issues preceding it, and it is beyond my ability to suggest any improvement whatever. I hope you will continue the good work.

Yours until the snow flies,

Rex (has) fugitavert.

(Anonymously by request—the Editor.)

A LETTER FROM "MAGGY"

December 2nd, 1920.

Dear Editor:

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Yours until the snow flies,

Rex (has) fugitavert.

(Anonymously by request—the Editor.)

News of Alumni and Former Students

MAUDE SHUNK, Editor
ISS Norma Lawrence entertained for a few of her friends at her home the evening of December 8. Miss Lawrence proved herself to be an ideal hostess, as any of the guests can tell you. The Freshman Class gave a Japanese party for the Sophomores in the college gymnasium. If the land of Japan was correctly depicted by the Frosh the Sophomores have decided en masse to travel to Japan, for it would certainly prove a land of delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Cory last week. Several guests and the members of the Oakes Club were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Z. Smith, of Barneston, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, November 22. Mrs. Smith (nee Dorothy Fulmer) and Mr. Smith are Theta and H. C. S. Alumni, respectively.

Some students who will be going home over the Christmas holidays are Katharine Anderson, Mildred Gillies, Harold R. Ross and Elmer Anderson.

The second week in November was "rush week," and Theta had her share in the festivities. One rushing party was held at the home of Mrs. Paul Hanawalt in Puyallup. Another of the dates was a spread in our Theta room and the final date of the week was a breakfast at the home of Myrtle Warren. All of these dates gave the Theta girls an opportunity to become better acquainted with the new girls. The conclusion of the rushing period was Tuesday night, November 16, which was pledge night. Following the Amphietyon-Theta Debate, the Theta's with their pledges and the H. C. S. men with their pledges enjoyed refreshments at the home of Florence Todd.

The C. P. S. New Yorkers had a mighty pleasant reunion last Saturday, Nov. 27th, on the occasion of the Army and Navy football game. Bob Ellsworth visited us in all the glory of a West Point cadet, and it was mighty delightful for the four of us (Cramer, Earle, Ellsworth and myself) to be together in this distant city and talk of things C. P. S. and Tacoma.

All of us here have followed the activities of the football team with great interest, and we were indeed disappointed when the Thanksgiving game was lost to Willamette. We know you fellows fought with all your might, and that you are determined to go 'em with increased vigor next year. We trust that you beat them in the debating field, and we'll anxiously await results.

I hope the motto "A Better and Bigger C. P. S." is ever before you, and that the entire student body will work harmoniously for that end. C. P. S. has a future, and you fellows who are on the job should feel happy in the fact that you have an opportunity to share in the shaping of her destinies.

Let me hear from you once in a while. Sincerely,

H. A. MAGNUSON.

No. 123 West 113th,
Apartment 61,
New York City.

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THE WEDDING

Elma was the town selected, Thanksgiving the day, for the marriage of Dorothy Day and Professor Dunlap, both of the College of Puget Sound. Miss Day is finishing her Senior year at the College and Mr. Dunlap is professor of Chemistry.

The wedding was somewhat of a surprise to Professor Dunlap's parents, where he and Miss Day were spending the Thanksgiving holidays, accompanied by Miss Alta Jeffers and Mr. Lauren Sheffer.

When the morning of Thanksgiving Day arrived the maid was shy and lingered behind the portieres. Ted took the bride by the hand and led her forth. They accosted Reverend Dunlap.

Said Ted, handing the license to his father: "Here, Dad, is a job for you."

Faculty and students join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap all possible happiness.

T-T-T

THE ANNUAL COLLEGE BANQUET

The Annual Banquet of the College of Puget Sound is to be held December 22nd at the Commercial Club. The principle committees have been appointed by the general manager, Anton Erp, and are completing all necessary arrangements.

Program Committee: Thelma Hastings, Mr. Bowers and Margaret Ohlson.

Invitation Committee: Hazel Brasslin, Myrtle Warren, and Dorothy Nichols.

Committee for decoration of Guests' Table: Francis Goehring, Florence Todd, Marion Myers, Ruth Wheeler and Norma Lawrence.

The various classes have also appointed their committees to take care of the decorations for their tables and also to prepare their songs and yells for the occasion.

The speakers have not yet been definitely decided upon, but the toast-master presiding over the evening's entertainment will be Tom Swayne.

About 100 invitations have been issued to the friends and alumni of the College. The whole student body is looking forward to the banquet with great pleasure, as it is the one big social function of the year.

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Social Events

Society
MARION MYERS AND WINIFRED WAYNE, Editors

---

CHOCOLATES, LUNCHES, LIGHT GROCERIES
and STATIONERY

Yansen's Confectionery
Sixth and Five

---

Frank C. Hart & Sons
287 Broadway
TIN WATCHES & JEWELRY
RESUME OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

THE football season is over and we have a chance to look back and see where we fell short and where we succeeded. It seems to be an impossibility to rectify our mistakes until after everything is over, but now we have the chance.

In the first place we started the school year with a shadow of doubt over the coaching staff. The Administration had Coach Peck to handle football this season and when the gentleman failed to show up for work Coach Dorsey was recalled to do the work.

Coach Peck showed this season that he is a real coach and a coach of college caliber. Whatever doubts that may have been present about him were certainly dispelled after the army game. Our squad of footballers played the game of its life against the Camp Lewis team on Thanksgiving Day, and they showed that they had been carefully and scientifically coached for this contest. Football critics who saw the C. P. S. plays that day have said that the College squad was the best coached eleven in football fundamentals that they had seen for some time, and that their open play was as spectacular and efficient as could be found in any University.

This goes to show what the College can do and next year we are out to do it.

It is hardly right for the season to pass, however, without a few remarks about our players. In the first place, we had another backfield this season that was worthy of all praise.

Rumbough, quarter-back, is just at the beginning of his football career, and we will have him back again with us next season. Jack Dorsey, who distinguished himself in the Thanksgiving Day game, will be registered as a full hedged stud and will be able to play his same old style of gaining football. Arrnett probably has played his last football for C. P. S., but we have Schrader to take his place.

Scraner has played a good game all season and has the distinction of being one of the three men on the C. P. S. team this season who has scored a touchdown. He went across the goal line at Bremerton for the only score that C. P. S. made this season. Jack Dorsey, who distinguished himself in the Thanksgiving Day game, and when the gentleman failed to show up for work Coach Peck was recalled to do the work.

Schrader has played a stellar game at end and in the backfield, and Stone will be a strong foundation for a backfield. As linesmen, Brooks, McPhail, Wasson, Brady, and Rumbough as quarter will be back in school. The team will miss Kinch, who has played a stellar game at end and in the backfield, and Ernest Clay, both of whom will graduate. Gourley will probably not be back.

Prospects for next year's team are better than they have ever been because Tacoma business men are more interested in athletics at C. P. S. than they have been at the close of any previous season. A number of these men have voluntarily signified their willingness to contribute financially to the support of the Maroon and White athletic program. On the strength of that interest manifested by Tacoma business interests, the athletic manager will, in the next few weeks, formulate a program for next year and go out to secure an athletic sinking fund of $5,000. This money will in no sense be used to hire professional players, but will be used to secure the enrollment in C. P. S. next fall of a large number of first class athletes. It takes money to do this. At the present time that money is not available. Our next season's success largely depends on whether or not the necessary funds are secured with which to pay advertising bills and traveling expenses of the coach as he visits, personally, some of the high school stars in an effort to enroll them at C. P. S.

TACOMA has one college and one of the greatest places to play football in the world; namely, the Stadium. Tacoma also has a population of 100,000. This is a great setting for success. For the first time in several years, the College of Puget Sound took its place alongside of the best secondary colleges of the Northwest in football and played creditably in each contest on the schedule. Only strong teams were played and in each game C. P. S. proved a worthy foe for its opponents.

From a financial point the season was a success, also. Here tofore, C. P. S. has played teams that were near at hand, and often times these nearby teams were not of college class. No great expense was involved in the playing of these games. But this year a different policy was carried out by the athletic management. Games were scheduled with teams that were strong enough that it was a great credit to C. P. S. to even lose to them. To play such teams, it was necessary to bring them to Tacoma or to travel several hundred miles to play elsewhere. This involved a large expense. The expenses of the season's schedule have been met, and in addition a large amount of equipment has been purchased. At this writing the athletic management is not able to say exactly as to the season's receipts and expenditures, but it can be said that in spite of the larger and more pretentious schedule, the athletic department will just about break even financially on the season.

Prospects for next year are very good and if present plans work out C. P. S., at the close of next season will be well on its way to a place in the Northwest conference, if such a place is wanted. A majority of this year's players will return again next year. Arnett, Reville, Dorsey, Shrader and Stone will be a strong foundation for a backfield. As linesmen, Brooks, McPhail, Wasson, Brady, and Rumbough as quarter will be back in school. The team will miss Kinch, who has played a stellar game at end and in the backfield, and Ernest Clay, both of whom will graduate. Gourley will probably not be back.

A nice hair cut and shave is what puts the polish to your appearance.

SIXTH AVE. BARBER SHOP
The College Barber
2409 6th Ave.
December, 1920

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

17

AN APPRECIATION

To Those Who Have Seen Us Through

With the football season over it seems to be the duty of someone connected with athletics at the college to give a vote of thanks to the many friends of the college team that have helped us through the present season. To begin with those loyal fans who turned out for every game that the C. P. S. team played, or to such games as they were able to get to, deserve the vote of thanks of the entire student body, for it was these people who made our present season possible. Next year we hope to double or even triple the number of loyal spectators who followed the team through the season.

Tacoma newspapers are next in line, for they gave us space to tell the fans what our team was doing. The publicity received by us through the newspapers is a bigger advertisement than the College ever has had or can very soon hope to have. At this time we thank the sport editors and hope they will be equally as liberal with us next fall.

Our other advertising friends come next. This list includes the Puget Sound Bank, the Scandinavian American Bank, the Stone-Fisher Co., Rhodes Brothers, The Hoyt Drug Co., and last, but by no means least, the Tacoma Railway and Power Co. The T. R. & P. proved to be a valuable friend to the College and the big ads which they inserted in the papers proved a big charge, brought much spectators to the games.

The Rotary Club also must receive its share of the thanks for by buying 200 tickets to the Willamette game they gave the Athletic Fund a big boost. We hope the Rotarians will also be back of us next season.

An individual who has taken a keen interest in the college team this year and who should be listed separately under this list is Art Graham, of the Kimball Gun Store, who has followed every game this year, and has been present whenever a lift was needed.

Whatever measure of success the College team acquired this year is due partly to Graham's untiring work, and we take particular pleasure in thanking him for his services.

Our other friends come next. This list includes the Tacoma News, the Puget Sound News, the Tacoma Ledger, the Tacoma Democrat and the Tacoma Times. The Tacoma Ledger.Include your name here.

Eddie Daniels benefit game

The football season closed with a win for the college and the only victory for the football year of 1920. The C. P. S. team, supported by three Camp Lewis players, met and defeated the Tacoma Athletic Club team in the final contest of the season; a contest which was staged for the benefit of Eddie Daniels, who played with us last season.

The final score was 14-13, the College squad winning by a margin of only one point, but the team deserved to win, and should be complimented on the excellent brand of football that was displayed.

Things looked dark in the first quarter for the College squad and the T. A. C. piled up a lead of 13-0 in this first period. The second quarter was ours, however, and when the whistle blew the score stood 13-7 in favor of the T. A. C. Zimmerman made the first touchdown, driving through center.

The third quarter was a fifty-fifty proposition, with neither side scoring, but in the last "canto" the surprise of the season happened. Steve Newell, Stone grabbed a fumbled punt and ran 65 yards to a touchdown, tying the score, and a few seconds later," Rip" Revelle sent the winning point between the cross bars.

It was all over but the shouting, and a few minutes later the game ended with the score still 14-13, and the game was ours. The final win was a fitting climax for a successful season.

Most of all, we wanted to beat the T. A. C., for they thought we could not do it. Now they know we can.

C. P. S. should extend the heartiest of thanks to Roderick, Zimmerman and Crawford, who bolstered up our injured line-up. They fought all the way, and were partly responsible for our victory.

THE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Basketball is next on the docket of the C. P. S. sport calendar, and by the time this is printed we will be engaged in daily practice for the indoor sport.

Basketball prospects are about the same this season as they were last year. We have most of the old men back with us this season and from the present outlook we will have two teams.

Basketball season is new is being tried this season, and that is the inter-class games. This should be good work up interest in basketball and get everybody to playing the game.

The letter men who are back in school are Brady, Brooks (captain), Kinch, Clay and Lemmon. Besides these, some promising material is entered at the school. Stone made quite a name for himself at Willamette last season, and will turn out with the men at C. P. S. this year. Runbaugh, Crucer, Brown, Scott, Levinson and others will be out for the squad, and Coach Peck is ready to begin work on the Varsity.

A complete schedule is being arranged for the team and a good many out of town games are on the list. The best plan for the C. P. S. team is to play most of the games away from the city, as basketball does not draw very well here.

High schools may be bothered with this season, but colleges occupy the schedule list. If a freshman team is organized separate from the Varsity squad, games with state high schools may be scheduled against them.

THANKSGIVING DAY ARMY GAME

Thanksgiving Day produced the thrill of the football season for the C. P. S. team, and although our boys were defeated by the Army by the score of 7-0, the game was the kind that makes coaches famous, give spectators a "rise" for their money and furnish Ring Lardner and Irving S. Cobb with ideas for football stories. In other words, the game was a "humdinger" from the time that Homer Tilley blew the whistle for the game to start until final time was called with the pigskin well on the way towards a touchdown for the College.

Starting out in the beginning of the first quarter the Camp Lewis team took the offensive, and a mole line plunging and several exchanges of punts Matlock broke across the C. P. S. goal for the first and only touchdown of the game. After the next kick-off conditions were reversed and the Maroon and White squad took the lead with a great exhibition of forward passing in which Jack Dorsey especially distinguished himself by taking to the air, bringing down one pass that looked to be out of his reach. The now fighting "Grizzlies" carried the ball to within five yards of the Army goal, but here the soldiers held like a stone wall and took the ball down the field.

Brilliant work on the part of Zimmerman and Roderick took the ball out of the danger zone, but "Rip" Revelle, fighting like the devil, but so that he walked groggily, intercepted a forward pass in the last quarter that kept the Army from again scoring, and gave the college the ball on the C. P. S. thirty-yard line.

What happened next would have commanded front space on every Pacific Coast newspaper if C. P. S. had the reputation of Washington University, and the Camp team had been the West Point eleven. "If's" to be sure, don't get you anywhere, but still it is sometimes a good thing to stop and "if" and this happened to be one of those "sometime's."

C. P. S. took the ball 70 yards from the goal, and without losing it once carried it to within 4 yards of a touchdown when time was called. And the Grizzlies still had their teeth in the oval and on only first down at that. That 66-yard field was made by more thrilling open playing with Dorsey, Schrader and Kinch all connecting with passes from "Rip's" hands that netted yardage; by off-tackle plays with Dorsey and Revelle made time after time; and by end runs by Dorsey that netted big gains. Dorsey, diminutive as he may be, was the shining light of the Maroon and White team. In the first quarter he threw himself toward the Army line for big gains, circled the ends for yards at a time, and stuck to forward passes like flies to Tanglefoot.

The whole C. P. S. team played well in this game. The line held in pinches and fought like real gridders. The backfield played up the play was consistent and the glaring feature of the whole game was the injury to Steve Arnett early in the first half.

With the crowd that turned out for the game and stood through the first half in the pouring down pour of rain, it is safe to say that C. P. S. can make the Thanksgiving Day game an annual affair and get the support of the Tacoma fans.
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

December, 1920

C. P. S. DIRECTORY

THE Trail presents this month a directory of WHO'S WHO IN STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS for the use of the students. The organizations have become so numerous that the strongest memory is taxed to the limit in recalling officers of clubs, classes, and associations, for practical purposes of reference.

CENTRAL BOARD

Ernest Clay ......................................................................... President
Ed Longstreth ........................................................................ Vice President
Alta Jeners ............................................................................ Secretary
Anton Erp ............................................................................. Treasurer
Vera Sinclair ............................................................................ Senior Representative
Florence Maddock ....................................................... Junior Representative
Howard Erickson ................................................................ Sophomore Representative
Harold Frey ............................................................................. Freshman Representative
Maude Shunk ........................................................................ Y. W. C. A.
Roy Owen ................................................................................ Y. M. C. A.
Sam Levinson ............................................................................ Debate Manager
Lars Rynning ........................................................................... Music Manager
Tom Swayne ............................................................................ Athletic Manager
Rosa Perkins .......................................................................... Dramatic Manager
Earle Brown ........................................................................... Yell King
Herbert Feller ........................................................................... Editor Trail
Frank Brooks ........................................................................ Manager of Trail
HeLEN Monroe ........................................................................ Theta
Billie Ross ................................................................................ Amphi\text{t}yon
C. C. James .............................................................................. Philomathean
Paul Hayward .......................................................................... H. C. S.
Professor Davis ........................................................................ Faculty Representative
Mrs. Hovious ............................................................................ Faculty Representative
Dean Cunningham .................................................................... Faculty Representative

SENIORS

Lars Rynning .............................................................................. President
Thelma Halsey ........................................................................ Vice President
Clyde Kinch ............................................................................. Treasurer
Winifred Wayne ...................................................................... Secretary
Ernest Clay ............................................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms
Elmer Anderson ................................................................... Trail Reporter

JUNIORS

Paul Snyder ............................................................................... President
Ethel Beckman .......................................................................... Secretary
Myrtle Warren ........................................................................ Lucas Room
Florence Maddock ................................................................... Trail Reporter
V. Ciscar ................................................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

SOPHOMORES

Tom Swayne ............................................................................... President
Esther Graham .......................................................................... Vice President
Frances Goehring .................................................................... Secretary
Dean Hart .................................................................................. Treasurer
Billie Jones ................................................................................ Trail Reporter
Douglas Bowman ................................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

FRESHMAN

Dwight Hedstrom ...................................................................... President
Ruth Wheeler ........................................................................... Vice President
Ruth Kennedy ........................................................................... Secretary
Anna Tuell ................................................................................ Treasurer
Harold DeWade ........................................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms
Hilda Skren ............................................................................. Trail Reporter

AMPHICTYON

Ed Longstreth ............................................................................ President
Clyde Kinch ............................................................................. Vice President
Esther Graham ........................................................................... Secretary
Dorothy Michener ...................................................................... Treasurer
Anton Erp ............................................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms
Lewis Craver ............................................................................. Critic
Paul Snyder ................................................................................ Trail Reporter
Billie Ross .................................................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms
Anton Erp ................................................................................... Historian

H. C. S.

Tom Swayne ............................................................................... President
Fielding Lemmon ................................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
Ross McPhail ........................................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms
Fielding Lemmon ................................................................... Trail Reporter

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

Winifred Wayne ........................................................................... President
Helen Bruce ............................................................................... Vice President
Katharine Anderson ................................................................ Secretary
Myrtle Warren ........................................................................ Lucas Room
Hilda Scheyer ............................................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms
Frances Goehring ..................................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

PHILOMATHEAN

Vera Sinclair ............................................................................ President
Russel Clay .............................................................................. Vice President
Douglas Bowman ................................................................ Secretary
Max Vaughn ............................................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms
Ernest Clay .............................................................................. Critic
David Beatty .............................................................................. Chaplain
Merle Cory ................................................................................ Trail Reporter

Y. M. C. A.

Roy Owen .................................................................................. President
Tom Swayne ............................................................................ Vice President
Frank Brooks ........................................................................... Secretary
O. R. Anderson .......................................................................... Treasurer
Charles Brady ........................................................................... Trail Reporter
Paul Snyder ............................................................................... Religious Education
Russell Clay ............................................................................ Deputation
Clyde Kinch ............................................................................. Employment

Y. W. C. A.

Maude Shunk ............................................................................... President
Dorothy Mitchell ........................................................................ Vice President
Eva Bock .................................................................................... Secretary
Esther Graham ........................................................................ Lucas Room
Margaret Olson ......................................................................... Social Chairman
Florence Todd ........................................................................ Seaboot Conference
Florence Maddock ................................................................... Missions
Ethel Beckman .......................................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
Myrtle Warren ........................................................................ Membership

Waiting for your selection—hundreds of boxes of Xmas Candies at Chocolate Shop

L. H. BURNETT, President

BURNETT BROS.

Tacoma's Leading Jewelers

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Dead Men Tell No Tales—neither do dead students.

Oh Boy says he'll see you at the banquet.

Big Saving on Leather Gift Articles for XMAS SHOPPERS

TAECMA TRUNK CO.

932 Broadway
INTRODUCING THE GIRLS’ CLUB

The proverbial Methodist preacher has nothing on us when it comes to monthly meetings. We have it down to a science. November 5 was the eventful day when we took possession of our new quarters. Noon of the following day found the membership of the club gathered in Marguerite’s room, parked on various corners of the bed, indulging in cinnamon rolls and pickled pigs feet.

Speaking of the ups and downs of life—an ancient couch possessing a decidedly uneven disposition served as a resting place for Isabelle, Rosa and Esther. Three well filled suitcases supported three corners of the couch, while the other end was held up by a pile of library books. Esther was balanced on the edge. Rosa camped on the window sill and Isabelle occupied the occupiable portion of the old couch. Rosa’s regular nominal program began with a toning selection entitled: “I’d like to see the girl that would fall for Bill Clay.” We are told that other entertaining selections followed which, contrary to all rules regarding unity, coherence and emphasis, were cheerfully received by the appreciative audience.

A great deal of difficulty has been encountered in securing an adequate proper name for our institution. Since the folks on the other side of the fence are known as the “Clinging Vines,” this was unsatisfactory, however, for although we admit that the “Sturdy Oakes” are nice enough to cling to, yet the members of our family prefer not to cling. After due consideration of the subject “The Girls’ Club” was selected as a fitting name. The charter members are Rose Perkins, Isabelle Mullenger, Rita Todd, Esther Graham, Gerda Gasman, Marguerite Thoman and Thelma Hastings.

With the exception of Rota and Marguerite, who were able to go home for Thanksgiving, the members of the Club spent Thanksgiving Day at the Oakes Club, where the family with a few Millionaire’s Club guests gathered around the table laden with a big Thanksgiving dinner. The program was as follows:

Song—“Jingle Bells”
“Spirit of Thanksgiving” Professor Davis
Original Poem Honoroble Bud Harris
“What I Am Most Thankful For” Thelma Hastings
“An Turkey’s Biography” Ross Cory
Exttemp—“While There’s Life There’s Hope,” Maude Shunk
“Der Sturdy Oakes” Isabelle Mullenger
“Our Clinging Vines” Esther Graham
“My Opinion of Oakes Club Members on Thanksgiving” Charles Brady

“A Talk by Ma” Mrs. Cory Doxology

After the dinner and program the young folks sang songs and played games. We hope to make our Club an asset to the community and are well on our way, as we have taught several to wash dishes and cut wood and the like.

MILLIONAIRES’ CLUB

It is with a deep feeling of duty and responsibility that we take our pen in hand and write this with a lead pencil.

We welcome to our family circle Mr. Spizzerinkrum. He is a very accomplished vocalist and keeps us awake nights with his practicing. Senator Davis and Newell Stone have handed in their resignations to the Bachelors’ Club, while Bud Harris and Cy Jones have started an organization of their own called the “Down and Out Club.” We claim to have it down to a science, and the tu m ult died, but more tramping of feet took place, then a great silence like the calm before a storm, then again clashing of steel against steel was heard. This lasted about fifteen minutes, then the shouting broke out anew. But several voices had been seriously changed by these several happenings.

No, kind readers, this is not a description of the battle of the Marne, nor even of the Irish rebellion, but merely dinner time at the Oakes Club, with musical (?) accompaniment.

“T-T-T—The Candy with a Conscience,” we make it. Chocolate Shop

Heartiest Wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year
From
The Store That Sells

USEFUL XMAS GIFTS

Washington Tool and Hardware Co.
10th & Pacific Ave.

“Home of Spalding Athletic Good”

Oh Boy says the Editor had a hard time with this Trail.

AT FROM 50c TO $5.00

We can show you a world of useful articles that a man will appreciate and wear and that will, as a consequence, make an acceptable Christmas present.

DICKSON BROS. CO.
1120-22 Pacific Ave.
THE DEPARTMENT OF DRAMATICS

The Department of Dramatics has kept up its good work this year well begun. The department has gained the reputation of furnishing good entertainment whenever it is called upon. This is largely due to the time and work Mrs. Hovious has devoted to the Department. She is to be congratulated on the results she has obtained.

All but one of the one-act plays have been presented before limited audiences and all are now ready for the final production.

"Glory of the Morning" will be presented to the public about December 16. It is a play portraying the life and legends of the Winnebago Indians. Helen Monroe takes the part of "Glory of the Morning" and interprets the character with unusual skill. Alice Beardedmphil shows her usual ability in the role of "Black Wolf." Frances Goehring plays the part of "Oakleaf" the "Pretty One" charmingly, and Esther Graham, as "Redwing," "Oakleaf's" brother portrays her character well. Sam Levinson is "Half Moon" in the cast, the white husband of "Glory of the Morning."

With "Glory of the Morning," "The Clod" will be produced also. The role of "The Clod" is played by Hazel Hooker. Tom Swayze plays the part of "Thaddeus" creditably. Hilda Scheyer is cast as the "Sergeant," Myrtle Warren as "Dick," and Elmer Anderson as the "Northern Soldier."

"Dolls," a clever Christmas play, will be presented at the same time.

Last month a recital was given by the department. The program was as follows:

One-act Play—"The Twelve Pound Look."  
(Savaranal—(Cutting by George Elliot) .... Alice Beardedmphil)

Scotch Dialect  
(a) "A Man's A Man For A' That."  
(b) "John Anderson My John."  
(c) "Cuddle Doon."

Negro Dialect  
(a) "Spress Yo' Self."  
(b) "Coquette Conquered."

On December 3, another recital was given in the chapel. The Program follows:

One-Act Play—"Overtone."

Harriet  
Rosa Perkins  
Hetty  
Helen Brake  
Margaret  
Olivia Martin  
Maggie  
Florence Maddock  
American Girl  
Daly  
Just Thankful  
Ruth Campbell  
The Happiest Time  
Culling  
Mrs. Jean DeLong  
When Angelina Sings  
Unabar  
The Clod—One-act play.

DEBATE

Of interest this month were the inter-society debates which were held on November 16 and 29. On November 16, the Amphictyon team, composed of Billy Ross and Roy Owen, upholding the affirmative of the question, Resolved: "That the Japanese Immigrants Be Denied Citizenship," defeated the Kappa Sigma Theta team, Florence Maddock and Helen Brace. On the twenty-ninth, the Philo team went down to defeat in a hard fought contest defending the negative of the question, Resolved: "That the Cabinet System of Government As Used In Great Britain Be Adopted By the United States." Fielding Lemmon and Sam Levinson represented H. C. S. against Alfred Matthews and Russel Clay of the Philomatheans.

The Amphictyon team will clash with the H. C. S. team probably early in January for the final debate, which will determine the possession of the Newbegin trophy. Tryouts for the intercollegiate debates will be held immediately after the Christmas holidays. The rules for the oration for the $100 Burmeister prize have been posted in the Department of Public Speaking. Here is an opportunity to corner something. Try for it.

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum, hm—I can't recall his face now.
Y. M. C. A.  

The Y. M. C. A. has shown a vast improvement over the last few years. Practically every man in school attends the meetings. The leadership as well as the speakers are exceptionally good. The meetings have been a big success so far, and we hope they will continue so throughout the school year.

The Y. M. C. A. urges its members to get behind and boost the 1921 Pageant.

Y. W. C. A.  

The Y. W. C. A. meetings during the past month have been well attended by the girls, and it is a fact that the girls who do not come are missing something good. At the present time the cabinet is adopting plans regarding the Pageant, which will be put on next spring. In order to make it a success it will be necessary for Mrs. Hovious and the committee in charge to have the co-operation of every person in school. Be prepared when called upon to do your part in making this Pageant an even greater success than the one put on last year.

Many specials in Candy for Xmas—Chocolate Shop  

TACOMA GLASS CO.  

Sash Door Glass  Wind Shields  
Plate Glass  Glazing  
We Make Mirrors  
764 Commerce St.  Phone Main 379  

CHAPEL REVIEW  

Dr. Schuett, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Kennedy, of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, were two of the speakers of note who conducted interesting chapel services during the past month. The chapel period conducted by Mrs. Hovious was also well received.

Dr. Dyer, of the First Congregational Church, delivered a timely address on "The Heritage of the Pilgrims," in chapel on December 6, as the beginning of a series of evangelistic services which are to be held during the week. Dr. Coughlin is the speaker for the remaining services.

THE SCIENCE CLUB  

The November meeting of the C. P. S. Science Club was held at the home of Mr. Brooks, on South 7th Street. Following one of those indescribable and unsurpassed Science Club dinners, served by Miss Brooks, Mr. Douglas Bowman was initiated into the deep and fathomless mysteries of the life of a Scientist.

The larger part of the evening was given over to listening to papers by Mr. Erp, Mr. Longstreth, Mr. Brooks and Professor Slater, which were the cause of much thoughtful discussion among the members. We were glad to welcome Mr. Gjesdahl back to our circle after his extended sojourn in distant parts.

Mr. Erp is to be the host at the last meeting of the Science Club in the year 1920.

One of the active members has been so indiscreet as to attach to himself a wife, and since our deliberations are of too deep a nature to be rachised into any woman's ear, we will gently place our much mourned brother on the roll of those who have passed on. It is with great sorrow that we are compelled to do this for—it was to have been Professor Dunlap's duty to be host at the first meeting of the Science Club in 1921.

Mr. Gjesdahl says his psychology class is getting too witty for him.
LETTER FROM A FOND FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER AWAY AT C. P. S.

My Dear Rebecca:

Ma and I have been much worried since receiving your last letter. I have looked that Wasson up and find he is from Gig Harbor. Now that settles it. Drop him. Besides I have a young preacher picked out for a son-in-law. Besides I have a young preacher picked out for a son-in-law.

Your college basket-ball team was in town last Friday and the fools spent two hours trying to throw a ball in a basket with a hole in it. I spent thirty-five cents to get in and I could not go before it was over, for I thought some fool would discover that the basket had a hole in it. They all had on short trousers and I am glad you were not here to see them. I think that sort of thing should be suppressed.

Rebecca, please don't join any secret societies. I belong to the Grange now and that's enough for one family. Also you don't need to study any foreign languages because you can ask for money in forty different languages now.

The Glee Club was in town Wednesday night. I took your mother and the tickets cost fifty cents each. When it was over I went up and asked them if they knew you. They grinned and started singing: "How you going to keep her down on the farm?"

Your loving Daddy,

Will B. Nutts.

P. S.—Uncle Hiram lost another new hat. It was on election this time. He bet on Cox. — (Apologies to)

T—T—T

Better Service—Lower Prices—For You. Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

An Irishman was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop, and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it. Later on the quarry boss came around and said to another Irishman: "Where's Mike?"

"He's gone," was the reply.

"When will he be back?" asked the boss.

"Well," was the reply, "if he comes back as quick as he went he'll get here yesterday."

"Hey, what mashed this mountain out of shape?"

"A cloud fell on it," explained the scene shifter.

T—T—T

"What should I wish a lady candidate?"

"Many happy returns."

T—T—T

"So you graduated from a barber college? What was your College yell?"

"Merty: "Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw."

T—T—T

"Man (to the waiter): "Bring me some ham and eggs, some corn and some potatoes. Wait, you may eliminate the eggs." Waiter (returning after long absence): "Say, boss, wouldn't you all jest as leave have your eggs fried? We done busted our eliminator."

T—T—T

TWO VIEWS

The pessimist:
Love is transient
Love is fleeting
Love is none
Love is nothing
Love is cheating
Love is foolish
Love is funny
Love is fickle
Love costs money

The Optimist:
Love is blissful
Love is beauty
Love is joyous
Love is duty
Love is lasting
Love is honey
Love is pleasure
Love costs money

VERILY, VERILY

"Every time I have an argument with my wife I enter it in a small diary."

"Ah—I see. You keep a little scrap-book."

"Excuse me, old man, but your nose—I never saw it like that before. The result of an accident?"

"Partly, but mainly the resulted of a dispute between surgeons. One wanted it set Greek, the other Roman."

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator," asked the police.

"Well, I gives him a telegram to my girl and he starts reading it, and I soaked him."

T—T—T

WORSEN THAT

"What is it when you marry twice at the same time?"

"Polygamy."

"And when you only marry once?"

"Monotony."

T—T—T

NEVER

"What are you doing here?"

"Just airing my views," explained the photographer, as he put some blue prints out to dry.

T—T—T

YOU TELL 'EM, BACK ROW

Prof. Davis (to Sociology Class): "When you think of Kitch, you think of him in relation to what? Is it football?"

Freshie: "No; it's Girls."

T—T—T

Ireland's new phone number: MacSweeney—ate nothing (80).—O'Beary.

T—T—T

Freshie: "What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen."

Soph.: "You've got me. What?"

"Time the clock was fixed."

T—T—T

Teacher: "Henry, can you define a hypocrite?"

"Henry: "It's a kid who comes to school with a smile on his face."

T—T—T

"Gimme a chicken."

"Do you wanna pullit?"

"Naw, I want to carry it."

T—T—T

An empty head, like an empty wagon, rattles much more than a full one; in each case, the tongue pilots the rattle.

T—T—T

EVER FEEL THIS WAY, BILLY?

He: "Darling, why are you so sad?"

She: (gulping down a sob): "Oh, dearest, I was just thinking this will be our last evening together until tomorrow night."

T—T—T

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows, Is one who ploughs and ploughs and never sows.

T—T—T

DEGREES OF FINALITY

When a girl says "no" She may kinder grow. But there's little hope When she says "nope.

And there's not a bit When she murmurs "Nite."

T—T—T

Katie B.: "Will a pair of socks hold all you want for Christmas?"

Mid F.: "No, but a pair of socks would."

T—T—T

"Dere Editor: Why does Kathleen go with Lemmon? I thot she pre­ferred something sweet."

T—T—T

A MODERN ROMANCE

DO NOT BELIEVE A WORD OF IT

Fred Herzog has a new job. He is the walking advertisement of a new patent hair tonic.

Professor Harvey is organizing a new class in aesthetic dancing.

Newell Stone is a confirmed woman hater.

The library has been reduced to absolute quiet since the petition was sent around requesting silence during study hours.

Clyde Kinch has lost all his former ardor for Lucille.

Professor Slater has decided to convert all lab periods for any of his classes into social get-acquainted hours.

The Day-Dunlap wedding was a complete surprise to the students of the College.

Gene Shrader and Rosa Perkins have organized a mutual admiration society.

Ross McPail wishes it announced that he expects to be the prize winner in the Oratorical Contest this year.

Douglas Bowman has already launched a political campaign in the hopes that he may be music manager next year.

The charivari on the Dunlaps on the night of December first was a huge success. All the participants agree fully as to the truth of this statement.

Prof. Dunlap: “What is $AS_2O_3$?”

Fretz (thinking): “I have it on the tip of my tongue.”

Prof. Dunlap: “Spit it out; it’s arsenic.”

“Once, but the place was raided.”

Old Lady: “If you want to remain pretty you must always be good.”

Her Grandchild: “Then, grandma, you have been very, very naughty.”

FOUNTAIN PENS - EVERSCHARP PENCILS

Stationery is one of the few things a young lady can accept from a young man.

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740 St. Helens Ave.

MAX, HOW ABOUT THIS?

“Father, you shouldn’t have kicked poor Max last night. You nearly broke his heart.”

“Nonsense. His heart wasn’t near where I kicked him.”

She: “He talks like a book.”

He: “What a pity he doesn’t shut up as easily.”

Have you noticed our Saturday Sales Prices on Candy?

Chocolate Shop

The fool and his money are soon parted.”

“Yes, but the mystery to me is how they ever happened to get together in the first place.”

Professor: “What is the logical way to reach a conclusion?”

Bright Student: “Take a train of thought, sir.”

INDependent Market

Fresh and Cured Meats Butter Eggs

Groceries and Vegetables of all kinds.

Watch Sixth Avenue News and News-Tribune for specials every Friday.

Free Delivery Phone Main 383

Thye, and she’ll be there, and Rector, and Wasson and all those pretty Frosh girls, and Dean A. B. C. and all the honorable faculty, and lots of alumni, and Russel, and Winifred, and Miss Hart is going to sing, maybe, and we’ll have olives, lots of them, no annual banquet is complete without olives, and when the yells get going there’ll be more noise than twenty boiler shops—in everything.
The End.
A Christmas Greeting
From
The Christmas Store
Beautiful

We are Glad to Extend
To the Trail Staff
And All its Readers
Our Sincerest Wishes
For
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year.

AND A LAST WORD
—If your Gift List is still incomplete—This is the Store for Gifts, beautiful and fine, from extensive stocks, for most helpful service.

THANK YOU

The Perfect Gift

ORIOLE CHOCOLATES

The Hallmark of Good Taste

Feist & Bachrach

Suggesting the Welcome Gift

Plan to make your Christmas Gifts thoughtful gifts. Start thinking and selecting now. Each section of this store is radiant with Holiday Displays.

In the spirit of helpfulness the Apparel Sections now present gifts of thoughtful consideration for luxurious comfort.

It is with pleasure that one chooses from our displays of French Ivory, Gloves, Silk Hosiery, Umbrellas, Dainty Handkerchiefs and Neckwear; Bags, Vanity Cases, Pearl Beads and odd pieces of Jewelry.

The Men’s Section offers suggestions of an acceptable gift nature, available in a wide variety of novelty and newness.

Let our Ads serve as Suggestions.

BROWN & HALEY
LET RHODES STORE SERVICE HELP YOU TO MAKE THIS A MERRY CHRISTMAS

In every part of this great store you will find inspiration for selection of worthy gifts, you will find helpful, cheerful service, a whole store radiant with the Christmas Spirit.

WHERE TO SHOP FOR GIFTS IN THE RHODES STORE

1st (Broadway) Floor

2nd (Eleventh St.) Floor

For Women's Furs, Suits, Coats, Skirts, Blouses, Sweaters, Petticoats, Brassiers, Millinery, Negligee Apparel
3rd Floor

For Toys, China, Pottery, Glassware, Housewares, Electrical Goods.
3rd (Market St.) Floor

For Women's House Apparel, Lingerie, Children's and Infants' Apparel, Rugs, Draperies, Curtains
4th Floor

For Furniture Groceries Bakery Goods
5th Floor

For That Particular Gift
THE GIFT SHOP
4th Floor

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