

The Weekly Messenger

Published by Students' Association of State Normal School, Bellingham, Washington
 Entered in the Postoffice at Bellingham, Washington, as second class matter.

MILLER & SUTHERLEN PRINTING CO., Printers

Subscription rate by mail, \$1.50 per year, in advance; single copies 5 cents;
 Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications, other than news items, to The Business Manager
 of The Weekly Messenger, Bellingham, Washington.

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YES, THEY COULD SING!

In all probability the most enthusiastically received choral recital ever rendered in Bellingham was the production given by The Russian Symphonic Choir. The sample presentation given in the afternoon evidently convinced the students that the Russians actually could sing, as a great many attended the evening performance.

Russian music is weird; it is soulful; it is the music of a great people, coming up through great tribulations. The Russian Choir was a true exemplification of that soul, of that music. Their costumes as well as their music was indicative of a people who can lay one hand, as it were, on the age of barbarism, the other on the highest type of modern civilization.

Their intonation chants and folk songs were as a gigantic storm sweeping across the great steppes of Russia, dying away finally to whisper of evening zephyr. The temple song, "Lord Have Mercy," by Lvovsky cannot be given due credit and praise. All that can be said concerning it is, that it possessed a quality of sublimity.

The delicate gradations of the dynamics was a feeling of wonderment and admiration and oftimes gave the impression of the presence of a stringed orchestra. Art, color, and unbelievable tone, combined with numerous, almost inexpressible characteristics pertaining to that which is paramount in the world of music, would scarcely do justice to the praise due the Russian Symphonic Choir.

WHY A LITERARY CONTEST?

Announcement of a literary contest was made in the first issue of the Messenger for this fall quarter. The battle of pens is now finished and a pronouncement of victors has been made.

Two and a half months is rather a long period for a literary contest, whose contributions are usually confined to less than a thousand words. Fred R. Bechdolt, one of the few fascinating writers of Western tales, often completes a short story of four or five thousand words in less than two weeks, we have been told by Mr. Bechdolt's father. A comparison here is, of course, entirely out of place.

The regrettable fact is that the responses to this contest were very few. Perhaps not enough publicity was furnished, although it seems that a contest of this nature could hardly be enhanced by advertising. An appreciation of literature can be directed and enlarged, but the so-called "urge" for self-expression toward the creation of some form of literature is essentially native and is usually evident by the end of the high school year.

But the trial of contest was worth-while. The poems, essays and stories received by the judges were of merit. Certainly the poetry, which was accorded first place was so deserving that had one hundred others challenged, it is dubious that its final rank had been altered.

Interesting proof of this, however, would be to succeed this literary contest with others each quarter. Winners of the late contest might be allowed to still compete, and others, who perhaps did not have time now to compete, could enter. Perchance they might achieve premier places.

NOTE BOOK FIENDS

Some instructors are so conglutinated to this demented hurry-up-and-get-your-note-book-in-complex that special days are set for bearing the sacrificial note book to the brown desk altar. Big days for them are July 4; dinner in the park; Labor Day; Thanksgiving; and Last Note Book Day, the best day of all.

It is an obnoxious, antideluvian, and insipidly vitating custom, this Hamlet (check up, there, English students, page 37 in your note books) said, "It's a consummation devoutly to be wished," thinking, doubtless, subconsciously, of this pernicious note book habit.

Well meaning students in the flush of their sophomore and excelsior years, doing research in encyclopedias, have to detour every two or so pages, because of pencil and finger marks of those who have gone before in their tireless search for note book filler.

Instructors probably vie with each other in trying to grind from classes "bigger and better" note books each quarter. And such teachers who expend time to instruction and not to the indulgence of this notebook passion are probably looked upon with tolerant derision.

Training school disciples when for a minute their thoughts are not infested with "projects" should consider note book work. They will never "arrive" in the art of teaching until some knowledge of note book managing is mastered.

But then, get your note books in next week, for the teachers have a surprise for you. They are going to "remember" you before Christmas.

WE WENT AND ARE NOT SORRY!

It is very seldom that students have the opportunity to see pagantry and pantimime. The gorgeous and elaborate show presented by the pupils of the Training school last week merits a great deal of recognition. It is a mark of distinction for any group to present as distinctive a program as was presented Wednesday. The portrayal clearly revealed the untiring work that had been expended by the pupils and teachers. The production divulged beyond doubt that there is an unusual amount of potential aesthetic ability among the Training School youngsters.

We here express our appreciation for the invitation extended us by the Training School.

The Passing Week

By V. A. V.

The Russian Symphonic Choir only reminded me of the little boys in the Philippine Islands who, in moonlight nights, used to sing in concert in the same manner, but in a more disconcerted fashion than the Russians do. Primitive music by primitive man was in that fashion. Before musical instruments were invented music in its primeval rude form was already in manifestation. Primitive man of the wilderness had only to imitate, and then modify the sound he heard from the birds, and the brooks and the falling of trees, and the loud peal of thunder. The march of civilization only brought about the invention of the different musical instruments that we have at present age.

There is a very great difference, however between the music furnished by the Russian Symphonic Choir and that of the boys in the Philippines. But the principle seems fundamentally the same.

Here are the high lights in the speech of Miss Charlotte Frazer, general secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in America, at the assembly November 23: "I missed lots of punch and pep of college life by not attending a co-ed school."

"A man does not know much after being married three days."

"We don't know what the future has in store for us. We do not know what will come into our individual lives."

"America has never been licked due to right leadership."

"Consecrate your life to leadership."

Miss Frazer also said that when she was in school she had only one dollar allowance a month. These days that dollar will disappear like a soap bubble in an instant.

When Mr. Trueman spoke on Japanese social custom at the men's club he touched on the antiquated custom of arranging the marriage of a son and a daughter. There is one practice among the Japanese as a result of this custom that the speaker forgot to bring up. It is the national practice of committing suicide when the matrimony thus arranged by the parents does not turn out successfully. Suicides in Japan due to this is almost a daily occurrence.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

is coming, are you going?

JUNE WETHERELL

REVEALS SECRETS

(Continued from Page One)

Whidby Island. The young poet was then spending a short vacation in that place.

Since then several of her poems have been published in various publications, although they have not yet found their way to literary magazines. The young rhymer did not perhaps dream of emerging victorious in a literary competition, but just a day or two ago the news leaked out of The Messenger editorial office that the nine-year-old girl who wrote the stanza on the snow, some eight years ago, has won the first prize in the literary contest conducted by the Weekly Messenger. The allusion pertains to June Patricia Wetherell.

Miss Wetherell is a Freshman in the Normal and is a member of the Drama club and the Philomathean club. She is a graduate of the Fairhaven high school, Bellingham.

From all present indications there seems to be a bright future and a splendid career for the foremost poet of the Normal. Miss Wetherell intends to be "an author of novels and starve to death, rather than go into business, or teaching especially." In her poems there is an unmistakable clue to the poet's profound love of Nature. But in the realm of romance where many a new-born poet loves to dally and dream, Miss Wetherell entertains an unusual attitude. She will "never get married until she is rich and famous."

Up to the present day Miss Wetherell has to her credit one hundred and fifty poems. She also writes prose, but which of the two she devotes more time to she cannot tell.

All roads lead to THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Faculty Opinion

When I surveyed the last issue of The Messenger, especially its editorial column a feeling of solicitude pervaded me, and I said to myself, "How pathetic; what misfortune—that these editors should leave their tasks in such depravity and go to their Thanksgiving turkey, greet their friends with a frown and participate in family reunions halfheartedly as though they might be smitten with bad cases of dyspepsia."

It was true "blue" and maybe too blue for a Thanksgiving send-off. "What has Florida to be thankful for?" "the paradox of Japan" (as though we, in the merry U. S. A. had no paradoxes), and then, lastly, "the training school children climbing over sheds" with "student teachers who do only little classwork"—could it be that the achievement tests had such devastating effect on their dispositions or was it the high price of turkeys? Poor editors, what have they to be thankful for!

It was also interesting to note

such an unfortunate love of intolerance coming from future teachers of children and moreover a slightly deformed if not misplaced bit of information in regard to what was being done and what the student teachers have to do in planning their work for the practical arts.

We will admit that the noise was a problem and every attempt is being made to remedy that. Let us not, however, get used to the idea that to be the best students we will have to have sound-proof studios.

If last week's editorial was written for the sake of increasing student interest, then the editors have perhaps achieved their purpose in stimulating a return salvo and if it was written from deep conviction (not too deep) then here is a plea for greater tolerance and increasing wisdom. In either case you shall have not only forgiveness but sympathy, as well.

HERBERT C. RUCKMICK.

INTER-CLUB COUNCIL GIVES AID TO CLUBS

(Continued from Page One)

clubs which occur from time to time. It functions as an organization to help make the club organizations live, useful and helpful parts of student life.

It is also an object of the Inter-Club Council to encourage student participation in club activities. The different social and departmental clubs represent a distinct phase of school life and the student who has not taken some part in club activities has not received all that the school has to offer. Students are urged to early identify themselves with some form of student organization.

(This is the fourth of a series of articles written for the Messenger by George Allez, Student Body President.—Editor.)

Y. W. C. A. MEMBERSHIP PARTY IS TOMORROW

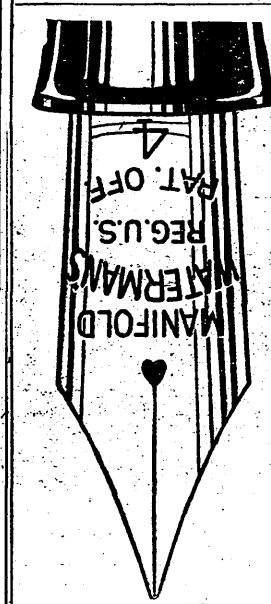
The Y. W. C. A. membership party which was formally scheduled for Thanksgiving week will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Thomas Cole on the Lake Whatcom road, near Geneva. Those going may take the 1:30 P. M. Lake Whatcom car from the corner of State and Holly streets.

Every preparation is being made to make this a remembered event for the new members. Various problems of campus life were discussed at the regular meeting last Thursday.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

Dec. 10 and 11.

MANIFOLDERS' WEEK



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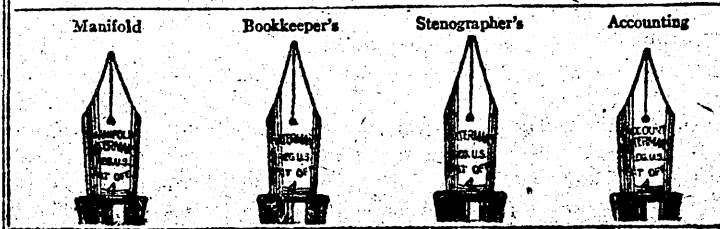
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Maude Scheerer, a dramatic reader, will present the play "He and She," by Rachel Crothers. At 8 o'clock in the auditorium on Wednesday evening Miss Scheerer will read John Galsworthy's play "Skin Game."

Assembly on Friday will be turned over to the discussion of student affairs and the presentation of football awards by George Allez, student body president.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY, Dec. 10 and 11.

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