

KLIPSUN
1919

L. A. Kibbe.

KLIPSUN

The
KLIPSUN

The BOOK *of* the
SENIOR CLASS

VOL. VII

Washington State Normal School

Bellingham, Washington

MCMXIX

KLIPSUND

To

DR. GEORGE WILLISTON NASH

*the Class of Nineteen - nineteen
dedicates this book in apprecia-
tion of his keen personal interest
in each member of our class
and his cooperation with and
loyalty to the student body as
a whole.*

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GEORGE WILLISTON NASH, B.S., M.S., LL.D.

IN MEMORY

of

MRS. TILLIE GISH

Active member of the Senior Class of
1919. Member of the Klipsun Staff
and Editor-in Chief of the Weekly
Messenger.



MABEL BANGLE

BERYL DREMOLSKI

ANNE HARRISON

THERESA RICHBOW

Loyal members of the student body
of the year 1918-1919.

IN MEMORY
of
LOUIS GLOMAN
HERMAN UDDENBERG
FRANCIS ALTMAN

Active and loyal members of
former student bodies of our
Alma Mater who enlisted and
paid the supreme price for
their country.

Recompense

GLENN HUGHES

*Let the gross world go by
As it will;
And let the sad hours die —
We have still
In spite of winged time
And despair
That which makes all things
sublime,
All things fair.*

*Where music is, where lights
Ever burn,
Where perfumes of sweet nights
Turn on turn
Flood the earth, 'tis there the
soul
Wakes and sings
Like a skylark with no goal
But swift wings.*

*Art is a steady light,
A sweet song,
A flower of delight
Borne along
By white hands in the dark
Toward that sea
Where all men shall embark
And be free.*



Whatcom Falls in Winter

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School History

THE FIRST FACULTY

DR. MATHES	<i>President</i>
SARAH ROGERS	<i>Superintendent Training School</i>
CATHERINE MONTGOMERY	<i>Primary Supervisor</i>
FRANK EPLEY	<i>Science</i>
IDA BAKER	<i>Music</i>
JANE CONNELL	<i>English</i>
ROBERT VAITE	<i>Assistant in English</i>
AVADANA MELLET (Mrs. Tucker)	<i>Art</i>
HATTIE THOMPSON	<i>Librarian</i>

FIRST BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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THOMAS SMITH	

Twenty-six years ago the citizens of Bellingham were anxiously awaiting the decision as to where in the county the new State Normal School was to be located. On February 19, 1893, a newspaper stated: "Now that Anderson's Normal School bill has passed, West Geneva and Langtry Point on Lake Whatcom are mentioned as desirable locations for a site." However, when the present site was donated, all other locations were forgotten.



In 1896, the first building was erected at a cost of \$45,000. The school opened its doors to students on September 6, 1899. The faculty hoped for an attendance of one hundred. Three hundred forty-nine enrolled.

The first assembly room was but a part of what is at present the library. The commencement exercises were held in the Bellingham Theatre, in old What-

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com. The first office of the president was the room which Mr. Bever now uses as an office.

The one large ivy-clad stump is a reminder that in the early days there were twenty-four such, set in a spushy, mosquito-inhabited swamp which lay between the knoll and the Normal building. The east end of Sehome was excavated and this swamp filled in. At that time there were not so many trees on the hill and those few stragglers which were striving to cling to the steep sides were only four or five feet tall.

From a small beginning has grown our present institution. The Training School building was added in 1901; Edens Hall in 1905; Science Annex in 1907; the Manual Training Shop and an additional annex to the Training School in 1913.

Dr. G. W. Nash became president of the school in 1914. Under his direction each department has steadily improved until our school has recognition throughout the entire United States. It is the purpose of Dr. Nash to keep the school abreast of the times and to offer courses that attract students from all parts of the state and other states as well. The result is seen in the large student body. A beautiful and well kept lawn is the pride of all of the students.

During the year 1918-19 the Students' Loan Fund was increased to \$15,000.

Among the appropriations which have been granted to the Normal School during the year 1918-19 are \$100,000 to be used for a dormitory, \$15,000 for additional grounds and \$82,000 for either a library or a new gymnasium.



The Trail

FIRST PRIZE POEM

EVA SANTEE

*Currant leaves, cedar trees, hazel bush, and pussy willow,
Maple vine, white pine, hemlock bark of red,
Dogwood and cottonwood, mountain ash and larkspur,
Juicy, acrid bloodroot — then, a gentle tread
In forest deep on yonder trail when day is done!
When all the West is lighted with the dying sun!*

*Columbine and deer tongue, blue flag and ginger cup,
Maiden fern, trillium, each one in retreat;
Johnny-jump-up, violet, mayflower white, and green moss,
Leafy limbs that quiver as the tall trees meet
In a stir of evening wind; and swiftly then
Falls the twilight on the trail, and on the woody glen.*

*Din of battle over, and tread of hurrying feet,
Bullets' whizz and trench-fire are long since passed away.*

* * * * *

*A rider comes on woodland trail, as dusk lay in the forest,
Who passes many an old-time haunt, clothed now in sun-
set ray!
He's back from gore-stained fields of France, beyond the
mighty foam;
He helped bring Peace to all mankind — so now, he's home!
he's home!*



OLIVE EDENS

Acting Head of the English Department and Literary Advisor of the Klipsun.

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MARIE CAREY DRUSE

Head of the Department of Art and Handicraft, and Art Advisor of the Klipsun.



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KLIPSUN STAFF

Klipsun Staff

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<i>Business Manager</i>	Harry Sorenson
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<i>Association</i>	Margaret Stockton
<i>Athletics</i>	Jack Whittaker
<i>Calendar</i>	Eva Santee
<i>Dramatics</i>	William Edson
<i>Faculty and Seniors</i>	Mary Burke
<i>Jokes</i>	James Barnett
<i>Literary</i>	Edith Palmer
<i>Organizations</i>	Harriet Swasey
<i>Training School</i>	Marion Andrews



MARGARET McNAUGHTON
Editor



HARRY SORENSON
Business Manager

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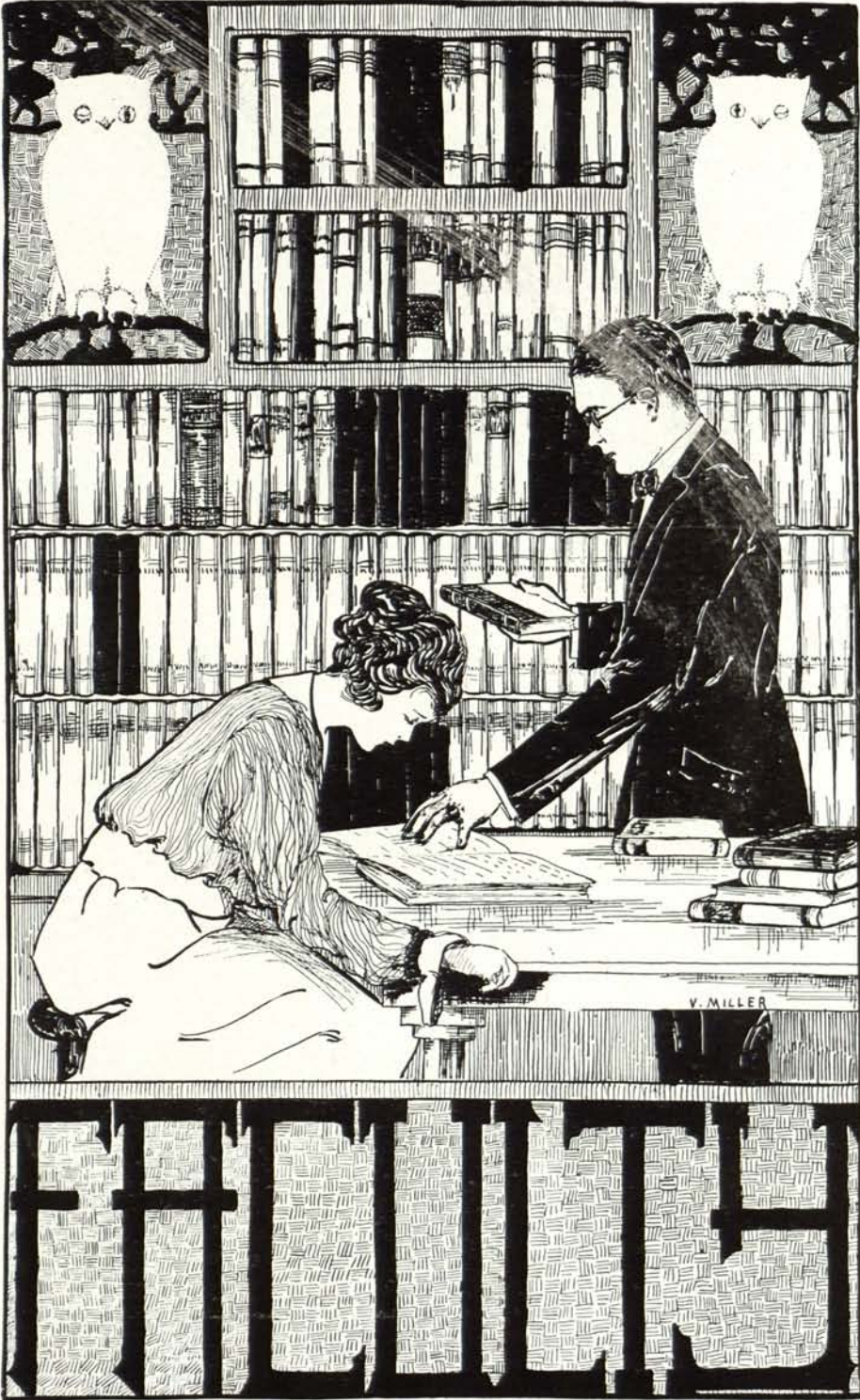


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Dean of Women

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Senior Class Advisor



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Sub-Primary Assistant



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Expression

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*Primary Grade Supervisor City
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*Fifth and Sixth Grade
Supervisor*



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Supervisor Meridian Cadets



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Geneva Supervisor

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Supervisor Everett Cadets



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B.S., M.A.
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Library Assistant

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*Assistant Superintendent
Upper Intermediate and
Grammar Grades*

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Supervisor Primary Grades



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Violin



J. F. CASKEY
Business Education



IDA AGNES BAKER, B.S., M.A.
Nature Study

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Assistant in Art

M. W. HECKMAN, B.A.
Industrial Arts



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French and Spanish



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Assistant in History

ETHEL GARDNER
Piano

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Ph.D.
Education

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Supervisor Upper Grades

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Rural Education



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Assistant in Education



J. V. COUGHLIN, B.S.
Agriculture

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*Physical Education for
Women*



MAY MEAD
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Reading and Primary Methods

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*Supervisor Seattle Cadets.
Head of Extension Department.*

ELEAS M. BOND, B.A.
Mathematics



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MARIE CAREY DRUSE
Art and Handicraft

OLIVE EDENS, B.S.
*Acting Head of English
Department*

GERTRUDE EARHART, B.S.
*Superintendent Training
School.*

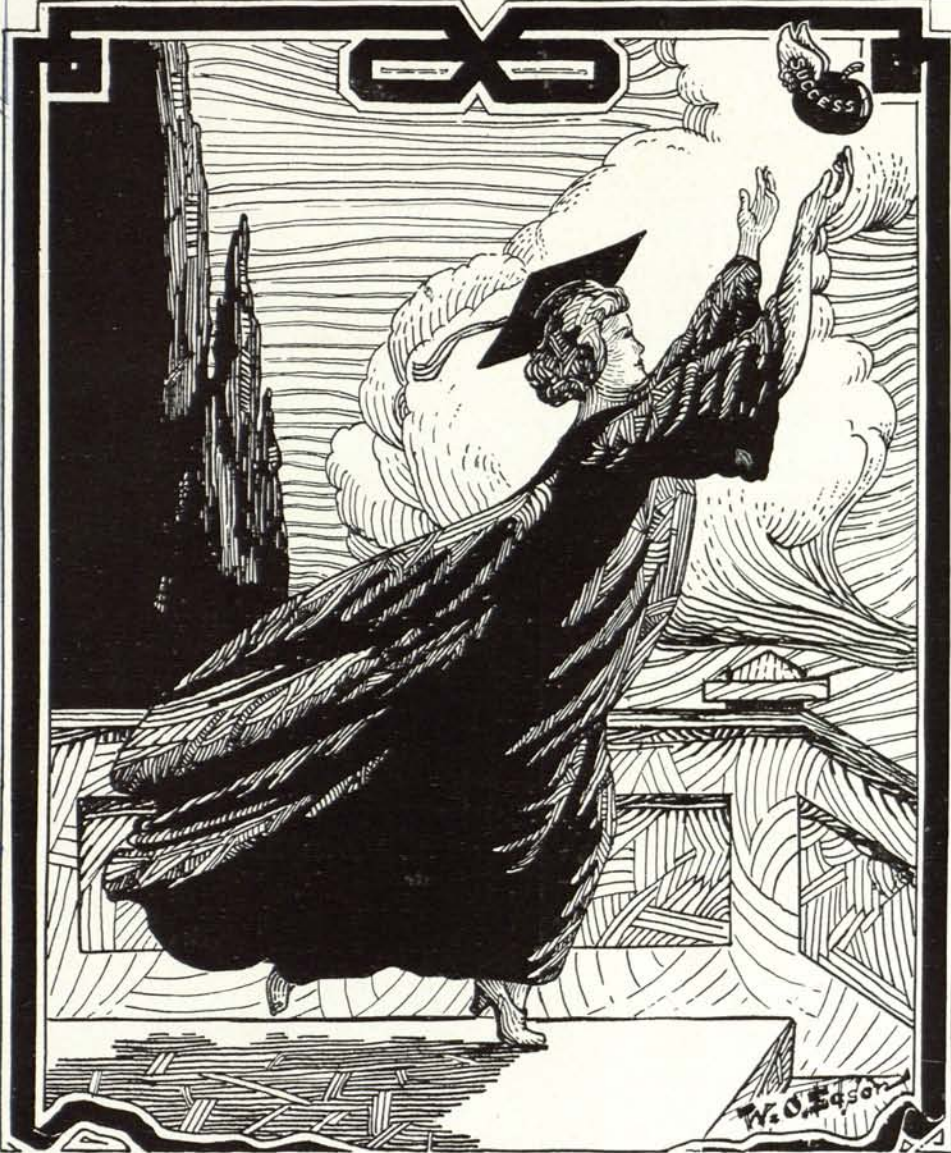
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- THOMAS F. HUNT, B.S. . . *Geography and Training School Science*
- JARID M. KNAPP *Assistant in Biology*
- CATHERINE MONTGOMERY
*Assistant Superintendent Lower Intermediate and Primary
Grades*
- MRS. EDNA SAMSON *Supervisor of City Cadets*
- ABBIE H. SUMMER *Expression*
- MRS. VICTOR ROTH . . . *Assistant to the Dean of Women*



Frolics and Frolicers...



KLIPSUND



SENIORS



AGEE, JESSIE MAE Blaine

Attended Blaine High School 1910-11-14; Linn (Mo.) High School '12; entered Normal 1914.

ALEXANDER, GRACE . . Mount Vernon

ANDERSON, EMILY MARGARET

Graduate of Jefferson High School, Portland, Ore., June, 1917; entered Normal Sept., 1917; Rural Life Club; President Sisters' League.

ANDREWS, MARION H. Tacoma

Graduate of Stadium High School, June, 1917; entered Normal Sept., 1917; Ohlyesa; Sisters' League; Y. W. C. A.; Tacoma Club; Vice-President Sisters' League; Secretary Senior Class second and third quarter; Klipsun staff.

BARNETT, JAMES E. Napavine

Graduate of Winlock High School, 1916; entered Normal 1916; Orchestra; Thespians; Klipsun staff; Senior Basketball '19; Basketball '19; Baseball '19.

BASSETT, ADELE Bellingham

BAYLOR, BLANCHE Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School, 1917; entered Normal 1917; Philomathean.

BEACH, DOROTHY Olympia

Graduate of Olympia High School, 1917; entered Normal 1917; Philomathean; Y. W. C. A.; Business Girls' League; President of Philos, first quarter; Chairman Social Department of Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Senior Class second and third quarter; Messenger reporter, third quarter.

BEACH, HAZEL Seattle

Graduate of Broadway High School, January, 1918; entered Normal 1918; Studio Art Club; Choral Club; Vice-President Choral Club; Treasurer Studio Art Club; Oratorio "H. M. S. Pinafore"; Senior Play cast; Senior Play committee; President Studio Art Club.

BEARDSLEE, WILL Bothel

Graduate of Bothel High.

BERG, IDA Tacoma, Wash.

BETTANINI, VIVIAN Seattle

Graduate of Franklin High School, January '18; entered Normal January '18; Choral Club; Oratorio "H. M. S. Pinafore"; Seattle Club.





BJORLIE, CLARENCE . . . Bellingham

BILLINGTON, LILLIAN Seattle

Graduate of Franklin High School, Jan. '18; entered Normal Jan. '18; Y. W. C. A.; Choral Club; Ohiyesa; Y. W. C. A. cabinet member; Treasurer Ohiyesa.

BISHIP, MARY . . . Pollatch, Wash.

BORGGARD, CLARA Enumclaw

Graduate of Enumclaw High School '15; Ellensburg Normal '16; entered Bellingham Normal '18; Thespian.

BREWER, LEO W. Bellingham

Graduate of Harmony High School; entered Normal '16; Baseball Team; Y. M. C. A.; Rural Life Club; Treasurer Senior Class; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President Rural Life Club.

BROWN, ERMA Portland, Ore.

Graduate of Jefferson High School '16.

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BROADBENT, VERNON E. . Bellingham

Graduate of Normal High School '17; entered Normal '17; Philomathean; Y. M. C. A.; N. G. C.; Student Council; Messenger staff.

BUGGE, KARMEN ALEXANDRIA
Port Townsend

Graduate of Port Townsend High School '17; entered Normal '17; Ohiyesa; Treasurer and Yell Leader Ohiyesa.

BURKE, MARY KATHARINE . . Seattle

Graduate of Broadway High School '17; U. of Washington; entered Normal '18; Alkisiah; program committee Alkisiah; Klipsund staff; Y. W. C. A.

BUTTON, ARTHUR . Hamilton, Wash.

CAMPBELL, HALLIE Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '17; entered Normal '17; Thespian.

CARLYSLE, RUTH Anacortes

Graduate of Anacortes High School '17.





CARY, MRS. EDITH *Bellingham*
 Graduate of Edmonds High School; Hyades Club.

CASTATOR, MARIE . . *Winlock, Wash.*
 Graduate of Winlock High School.

CHAMBERS, EMMA GRACE . . *Bothell*
 Studio Art Club; Treasurer Studio Art Club; Choral Club; Alkisiah Club; Y. W. C. A.

COON, IRMA *Portland, Ore.*
 Graduate of Jefferson High School '15.

DAHL, RENA *Bellingham*
 Graduate of Bellingham Normal High School '17; entered Normal '17; Aletheian; Choral Club.

DAVIS, MRS. ROSE MCVAY
St. Paul, Minn.
 Graduate of Willmar, Minn., High; State Normal, Winona, Minn. '07; student at U. of W. '14-'15; graduate three-year course, Bellingham, '17; post-graduate special industrial arts '19.

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DENNY, ROXY M. . . . Quaker City, O.

Graduate of the Quaker City High School, Ohio; attended Oregon State University; Alkisiah; Y. W. C. A.

DINKLE, FLORENCE Bellingham

Graduate of Harmony High School '17; entered Normal '17; Rural Life Club.

DOCHERTY, MARY Seattle

Graduate of Winlock High School; Choral Club; Alkisiah.

DODGE, AVIS R. Pe Ell

Graduate of Pe Ell High School '16; entered Normal '17; Alkisiah; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.; Choral Club Quartette; President Choral Club; Secretary Alkisiah Club.

DOUGLASS, MRS. ROZELLA

Bellingham

Entered Normal '15. June '18; Y. W. C. A.; student and worker in theological and educational field.

DEL DUCA, DOMENECA E. . . Seattle

Graduate of Franklin High School '18; entered Normal '18; Seattle Club; Ohlyesa; Choral Club; Sergeant-at-Arms Ohlyesa.





DUMAS, MABEL Dayton

Graduate of Dayton High School '17; entered Normal Sept. '17; Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.; Red Headed Club; Sage Brush Club; Vice-President Rural Life Club.

DUNN, AGNES Tacoma

Graduate of Lincoln High School '18; entered Normal Feb. '18; Aletheian; Choral Club; Tacoma Club; Secretary Aletheian.

EDSON, WILLIAM O. Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '16½; entered Normal Jan., '17; Adelante Club '17; Glee Club '17; Oratorio '17; double quartette '18; Y. M. C. A.; Klipsun staff '18, '19; Thespian '19; Student Council '18; President Adelante Club '17; Editor-in-Chief of Messenger '18; Chairman of Men's Student Council '18; cast of "Green Stockings," "The Lion and the Mouse," "Pinafore."

EVANS, BESSIE Seattle

Graduate of Lincoln High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Vice-President Alkisiah Club; Seattle Club; Choral Club.

FIEDLER, ELIZABETH Bellingham

Graduate of Corvallis High School '16; Oregon Agricultural College '17; entered Normal '17; Choral Club; Ohiyesa.

FINSTROM, ANNA Issaquah

Graduate of Issaquah High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17.

FRASIER, ALBERTA Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '18; entered Normal Feb., '18; Philo; Choral Club.

FUNNELL, VERA Seattle

Graduate of Seattle Pacific College '17; entered Normal '17; Seattle Club; Philo.

GEBHARDT, MARY U. Portland, Ore.

Graduate of Washington High School, Portland High School, Portland, '15; entered Normal Sept., '16; Y. W. C. A.; Oregon Club.

GISH, MRS. TILLIE Onalaska

Entered Normal '11 and '18; Thespians; Young Housekeeper; Secretary Thespians; Editor-in-Chief Messenger; Klipsun Staff.

GOODCHILD, DOROTHY Renton

Graduate of Vashon High School.

GOODRICH, MYRTLE Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '18.





GORDON, MRS. JENNIE . . *Bellingham*

HADFIELD, BEULAH *Blaine*

HAGEN, OLGA *Ferndale*

HAMILTON, GLADYS A. *St. John*
Graduate of St. John High School '12; entered Normal Sept., '18; Thespian Club; Sage Brush Club; Choral Club; Senior Basketball.

HAMILTON, BERNICE M. *St. John*
Graduate of Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, '14; entered Normal, Cheney, Sept. '16; Yep Kanum Club, Cheney; Choral Club, Cheney; Sage Brush Club, Bellingham; Thespian, Bellingham.

HAMMOND, CAROLINE *Everett*
Graduate of Everett High School '16½; entered Normal '17; Everett Club; Choral Club; "Pinafore"; "Quality Street."

HAMPSON, HARRIET Omak

Graduate of Omak High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Choral Club; Oratorio Club; Hyades Club; Board of Control; Sage Brush Club; Oregon Club; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Hyades '18; Secretary Board of Control '18-'19; Secretary Sage Brush Club '19; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '18-'19; Choral Club.



HARDIN, GRACE Everson

Graduate Nooksack High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Choral Club; Oratorio; Y. W. C. A.



HAWLEY, CATHERINE . . Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Philo; Junior member Student Council; Senior member Board of Control.



HAYSLIP, ETHEL MAY . . . Vancouver

Graduate of Vancouver High School '14; entered Normal '16; Rural Life; Choral Club; Clarke County Club; Treasurer Rural Life; President Choral Club; President Clark County Club.



HEFTY, SOPHIA Bellingham

Graduate of Fairhaven High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Rural Life.



HODGSON, GERTRUDE N. . Richardson

Graduate of Broadway High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Studio Art Club; Art Editor Klipsun; Senior Play.





HORST, CLAUDE W. Portland, Ore.

Graduate of Ridgfield High, Wash., '14; entered Normal Sept., '16, and March, '19; College Club; Rural Life Club; Clarke County Club; one year at Polytechnic Engineering School, California. Entered Normal Sept., '18; Aletheian.

HOWELL, EVELYN Centralia

Graduate of Normal High School and Wilson's Business College, Seattle; entered Normal, '15; Rural Life Club.

HULL, CLAUDIA Seattle

Graduate of West Seattle High School, '17; entered Normal '17.

IRISH, NINA Wapato

Graduate of Fergus Falls High School, Minn., '06.

JEWETT, MARY E. Eugene, Ore.

Graduate of Riceville High School, Iowa; entered Normal Sept., '18; Aletheian; Choral Club; Oregon Club; President Choral Club; Reporter for Aletheians; Chairman Klipsun committee.

**JAHN, ETHEL F.
Richmond Highlands**

Graduate of Ballard High School '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Rural Life; Sergeant-at-Arms and Vice-President Rural Life; Y. W. C. A.; Business Girls' Club.

JOHNS, LOIS Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '17; entered Normal Nov., '18; Alkisiah.

JOHNSON, EDITH Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '18; entered Normal April, '18; Choral Club; Secretary Choral Club.

JOHNSON, FREIDA C. . . . Bellingham

Entered Normal as elementary in Sept. '15; Rural Life Club; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.

JOHNSON, VERNIE Seattle

Graduate of Queen Anne High School, '13.

JORDAN, WINNIE Swofford

Graduate of Mossyrock High School, '16; entered Normal '16; Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.; Y. W. C. A. Messenger Reporter; R. L. C. Membership and Program Committee.

KINNEAR, ALICE Seattle

Graduate of Marysville High School '17; entered Normal '17; Studio Art Club; Seattle Club; Y. W. C. A.





KOBELT, ERNEST E. *Bellingham*

Graduate of Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, '15; entered Normal Sept., '16; Philo; Y. M. C. A.; Sage Brush Club; President of Students' Association; President Philomatheans; President of Sage Brush Club; Secretary-Treasurer Philomatheans; Yell Leader of Seniors; Captain of Juniors Debate Club '18.

KOEHLER, THELMA E. *Chehalis*

Graduate of Chehalis High School '17; entered Normal '17; Basketball '18-'19; Rural Life Club; President and Secretary Rural Life.

LANDAAL, LESTER H. *Lynden*

Graduate of Lynden High School '17; entered Normal '17; Philomathean.

LANE, AGNES V. *Stanwood*

Graduate of Whatcom High School '17; entered Normal '17; Ohiyesa; Choral Club; "Pinafore"; Junior Play; Vice-President A. S. B.; Vice-President Junior Class.

LEE, MARGIE BETH *Davenport*

Graduate of Davenport High School '13; entered Normal Sept., '14; President Alkiesiah Club; Sage Brush Club; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.

LIFVENDAHL, EDITH E. *Anacortes*

Graduate of Anacortes High School '15; entered Normal '15; re-entered '18; Rural Life; Choral Club; Business Girls' League.

LINEBERRY, RUTH Vancouver

Graduate of Kallispell, Mont., '17; entered Normal of Northern Illinois '17; entered B. S. N. S. '18; Philomathean; Clark County Club; Debate Team; Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class.

LINSTEDT, ANNE Bellingham

Graduate of Fairhaven High School '18.

LOCKE, BELL Everett

Graduate of Everett High School '15; entered Normal '17; Vice-President Everett Club; Secretary-Treasurer '19; Vice-President Hyades '19.

LOCKE, EFFIE Everett

Graduate of Everett High School '16; entered Normal '18; Hyades; Everett Club; President of Hyades.

LORENTZEN, OLIVE Seattle

Graduate of Lincoln High School '14.

LOWERY, HAZEL Blaine

Graduate of Lynden High School '15; entered B. S. N. S. '15; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.; Rural Life Club.



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MACKEY, DICEY *Spanaway*

MARTIN, HAZEL L. *Bellingham*
Graduate of Laurel High School '16; entered Normal '16; Choral Club.

MATHES, HARRY CLINTON . *Nooksack*
Graduate of Newmarket, N. H., High School '94; New Hampshire College of Agriculture and The Mechanic Arts '98; B. S. College of Puget Sound Normal Department; two-year course; Thespian; President Y. M. C. A.

MILES, LOIS *Port Angeles*

MILLER, IRENE *Sedro-Woolley*

MITCHELL, ADELAIDE, Payette, Idaho
Two years at Payette High School; four years at B. S. N. S.; Alkisiah; Sage Brush Club.

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B

MOONEY, ELMA E. Tacoma

Graduate of Stadium High School '14; attended Ellensburg Normal '14; attended B. S. N. S. '18; Philo and Tacoma Club.

MOONEY, LILA Tacoma

Graduate of Stadium High School '16; attended Ellensburg Normal '16; attended B. S. N. S. '18; Philo; Tacoma Club; Secretary-Treasurer of Tacoma Club.

MURPHY, NITA Arlington

Graduate of Arlington High School; Choral Club; Alkisiah; Everett Club.

MCLEOD, LETA Custer

Graduate of Whatcom High School '17; entered Normal '17.

MCNAUGHTON, MARGARET . . Tacoma

Graduate of Stadium High School; President of Thespian; Tacoma Club; President Sisters' League; Y. W. C. A.; Editor-in-Chief of Klipsun; Literary Editor for Messenger, first quarter; Business Girls' League; Celia in "Green Stockings."

NEISWENDER, JESSE A. Boyds

Graduate of Hillyard High School '14; entered Normal '18; Philo; Sage Brush; Klipsun committee; Student representative auditing committee.





NELSON, BEULAH *Cashmere*

Graduate of Cashmere High School '17; entered Normal '17; Alkisiah; Choral Club; Sage Brush Club; Treasurer Alkisiah.

NEWELL, VALENTINE . . . *Bellingham*

Graduate of Fairhaven High School '17; entered Normal '17.

NOE, MARIE *Chelan*

Graduate of Chelan High School '16.

NOLTE, MRS. KATHERINE . . *Seattle*

OBER, BERNICE *Bellingham*

Graduate of Central Wesler Academy, Mo.; entered Normal '17; Thespian Play '18; Junior Class Play '18; President Thespians '19.

OLSEN, JOSEPHINE MERLE, *Nooksack*

Graduate of Nooksack High School '17; entered Normal '17; Choral Club; Messenger staff second quarter.

B

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KLIPSUN

OSTEN, WINIFRED Seattle

OWEN, FRANK E. Bridgeport

Attended Bridgeport High School three years; Philomathean; Klipsun committee; Y. M. C. A.; Business Manager of the Messenger; Vice-President of the Sage Brush Club.

OYEN, PENELOPE Everett

Graduate of Everett High School '17 and completed the one-year college course at the Everett High School '18; entered Normal '18; Thespian; Choral Club and accompanist; Everett Club.

PAINTON, HELEN MORDORETTE

Vancouver

Graduate of Oregon City High School '14; U. of Oregon summer school; entered Normal '15; Oregon Club; Clarke County Club; Thespians.

PARLETTE, LEONA Seattle

Graduate of Cheney Normal High '16; Junior work at Cheney; entered Bellingham Normal Sept., '18; Thespian Club; Seattle; Choral; Evelyn, Class Play.

PELLAND, STELLA Bellingham

Graduate of Duke of Connaught High School, New Westminster, B. C., '17; entered Normal Sept., '17; Ohiyesa; Choral Club.





PETERSON, NEVA C. Sequim

Graduate of Sequim High School June, '15; entered Normal '15; re-entered '18; Aletheian; Red Head Club; Choral Club; President Aletheians.

PETITE, HELEN E. Heisson

Graduate of Vancouver High School '17; entered Normal '18; Rural Life Club; Clarke County Club; Y. W. C. A.

PETITE, J. EDWARD Heisson

Graduate of elementary course Ellensburg Normal; attended B. S. N. S. summer session '16; re-entered Feb. 24, '19; Thespian; Clark County Club.

PHILLIPS, CORA JOE . . . Bridgeport

Graduate of Bridgeport High School '15; attended Cheney Normal '16; entered B. S. N. S. March 17, '19.

**PHILLIPS, MRS. LA VERNE
Bellingham**

PIERSON, HANNAH L., Mount Vernon

Graduate of Mount Vernon High School '14; entered Normal '14; re-entered '18; Rural Life Club.

POPE, OLIVE Bellingham
Graduate of Whatcom High School.



RICE, ANABELLE Wenatchee
Graduate of Wenatchee High School '11;
entered Normal '14; Rural Life Club;
Choral Club; Red Headed Club.



RICE, FLORENCE Wenatchee
Graduate of Wenatchee High School '15;
entered Normal '17.



ROBERTSON, JENNIE O. Ferndale
Graduate of Ferndale High School '17;
entered Normal '17.



ROCHFORD, ANTOINETTE
Bellingham



ROOT, CLARA Seattle
Graduate of Seattle Pacific College '14;
Cheney State Normal; entered Normal '18;
Aletheian Club.





SANTEE, EVA Ridgefield

Graduate of Washington High School, Portland, Oregon, '14; entered Normal June, '18; Thespian; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.; Clarke County Club; Messenger staff; Klipsun staff.

SCHAFFNER, HAZEL Puyallup

Graduate of Kansas High School '12; entered Normal '18; Philo.

SETTLES, JOHN Bellingham

Graduate of Whatcom High School '16; entered Normal '16; Rural Life Club '17; Philo '19.

SIMS, JESSIE L. Portland, Ore.

Valley City, N. Dak., State Normal; Monmouth, Oregon, State Normal; Aletheians; Choral Club.

SMITH, BERTHA MAY Centralia

Graduate of Centralia High School '12; entered Normal '18; Aletheian; Y. W. C. A. cabinet; Bible Study Chairman; Vice-President of Aletheians.

SMITH, LUELLE Brewster

Graduate of Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane; attended Washington State College; Alkisiah; Sage Brush; Y. W. C. A.

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SMITH, MARION Clearbrook
Graduate of Sumas High School '18.

SMITHAM, ESTHER . . Mount Vernon
Walleo High School, Chicago, Ill.; one
year Lewiston Normal, Lewiston, Idaho.

SORENSEN, HARRY Nooksack
Graduate of Nooksack High School '16;
entered Normal Jan., '19; Philomatheans;
Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Presi-
dent Philos, third quarter; Business Man-
ager Klipsun; Senior Play cast.

SQUIRES, DORA Edison
Graduate of Edison High School '17; en-
tered Normal '17; House President of
Edens Hall, first semester.

SQUIRES, MAUD Seattle
Graduate of Broadway High '14.

STAHLNECKER, LAURA . . Bellingham
Graduate of Renton High School, Seat-
tle, '17.





STENVIG, MILDRED Bellingham

Graduate of Fairhaven High School '17; entered Normal '17; Choral Club; Studio Art Club; President of Studio Art Club; Board of Control; Vice-President Choral Club.

**STOCKTON, MARGARET AUGUSTA
Freewater, Ore.**

Graduate of Preparatory Department of McMinnville College '16; entered Normal '18; Philomatheans; Y. W. C. A.; Oregon Club; Senior President; Klipsun committee; Klipsun staff.

**STUBER, ESTHER ELOUISE
Bellingham**

Graduate of Whatcom High School '17; entered Normal '17; Ohiyesa; Vice-President of Ohiyesa.

SCHWARTZE, HELEN Yakima

Graduate of Yakima High School '16½; entered Normal '17; Alkisiah; Y. W. C. A.; Sage Brush Club; Debate Team; Student Council.

SCHWARTZE, RUTH Yakima

Graduate of Yakima High School '16; entered Normal '17; Y. W. C. A.; Rural Life Club; Klipsun committee; Sage Brush Club.

SWASEY, HARRIETTE E. Raymond

Graduate of Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass., '14; entered Normal '17; Ohiyesa; Choral Club; Secretary of Y. W. C. A.; Editor-in-Chief of Messenger; Klipsun staff.

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THOMAS, BERTHA Yakima
Graduate of Oakville High School '17.



THOMAS, ESTHER M. . . Bellingham
Graduate of Whatcom High School '16.



THOMASSON, NETTIE . . . Ridgefield
Entered Normal '15.



THOMSEN, TILLIE Arlington
Graduate of Arlington High School '15;
entered Normal '16; Rural Life Club.



TREMAIN, MILDRED E. . . Bellingham
Graduate of Whatcom High School '17;
entered Normal '17; Studio Art Club.



TUCKER, MARY A. Tacoma
Graduate of Port Townsend High School
'17; entered Normal '17; Secretary Ohiyesa.





TURKINGTON, RUTH Acme
 Graduate of Whatcom High School '14;
 entered Normal '14; re-entered '18.

VANDERMAST, MINA ELIZABETH
Ridgefield
 Graduate of Ridgefield High School '15;
 entered Normal Jan., '18; Y. W. C. A.;
 Rural Life; Clarke County Club; Sisters'
 League.

WHITTAKER, JACK . . . Bryn Mawr
 Graduate of Franklin High School '18.

WARD, EVANGELINE Tacoma
 Graduate of Lincoln High School, Ta-
 coma, '17; entered Normal '17; Aletheian;
 Choral Club; Tacoma Club; Housekeepers;
 Treasurer Aletheians; Reporter Tacoma
 Club.

WATTS, RUTH M. Bellingham
 Graduate of Whatcom High School '17;
 entered Normal '17; Philomathean.

WEBBER, VERA Eagle Cliff
 Graduate of Clatskanie High School '13.

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WESTMAN, LILLIAN Novelty

Graduate of Monroe High School '15; entered Normal '15; re-entered '18; Ohiyesa; Seattle Club; Business Girls' Club.

WIEL, BODIL Seattle

Graduate of Franklin High School Jan., '18; entered Normal Jan., '18; Choral Club; Ohiyesa; Seattle Club; Basketball Team; Vice-President and President of Ohiyesa; Captain Basketball Team '19.

WILSON, MAUD Wenatchee

Graduate of Whatcom High School '16; entered Normal '16; Choral Club; Sisters' League.

MARTINSON, RUTH L., Mount Vernon

Graduate of Mount Vernon High School '17; entered Normal '18; Rural Life Club.

McROBERTS, JEN . . . Bozeman, Mont.

Graduate of Gallatin High School, Bozeman, Mont.; entered Normal '17; Studio Art Club; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.

HOWARD, MAE Freeborn, Minn.

Graduate of Mankato State Normal; entered Normal September, 1918.

LABRASH, RUTH MARIE . . . Seattle

Graduate of Everett High School '17; entered Normal April, '18; Treasurer Alkiah; President Everett Club.

SMITH, A. R. Portland, Ore.

Graduate of Vancouver High School '16.

RICHARDSON, NONA . . Bend, Oregon

Graduate Walla Walla High School; University of Washington; Chairman Program Committee Hyades; Oregon Club; Y. W. C. A.; Business Girl's League; Assistant Editor of Klipsun.



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VANDERMAST, VIVIAN	Ridgefield, Wash.
AGNEW, NELLIE J.	Seattle
ALBRIGHT, ELLA	Seattle
BAILEY, MYRON EDWIN	Seattle
BARTON, JENNIE CATHERINE	Seattle
BENSON, ELLA	Seattle
BRUCE, JULIA M.	Seattle
COUGHLIN, ROSE MARGARET	Seattle
DAHL, FLORENCE	Seattle
FARRAR, GRACE HARRIETTE	Seattle
FASSOLD, MARY B.	Indianapolis, Ind.
FISHER, CLIDE O.	Seattle
GRAGG, GEORGIE POWELL	Blaine
HAZEN, OLGA PAULINE	Ferndale
HARTZELL, NORA M.	Monroe
HIGGINSON, VESTA NICHOLS	Bellingham
JACOBS, FANNY	Seattle
JOHNSON, EMMA HELENE	Burlington
KELLY, JANE	Emmetsburg, Iowa
LUCKMAN, REXY S.	Hutchinson, Minn.
MALTBY, ADDIE E.Seattle
MILLER, ETHEL E.	Seattle
MCGINNIS, MRS. VERNA	Bellingham
MATHESON, ANNA MAY	Seattle
MITCHELL, L. LILLIAN	Corwith, Iowa
MOULTON, RUTH VIOLET	Burbank, Wash.
NETERER, ELIZABETH	Seattle
NELSON, KATHRYN	Seattle
PETER, MARIE	Seattle
POLLY, MARGARET JANE	Everett
QUAM, GERTRUDE	Silvana
ROBERTSON, HELEN RAE	Grandview
STRAND, MATILDA CORNELIA	Bellingham
SCHUMAKER, KATHERINE	Seattle
SHELLEY, MYRTLE	Seattle
THOMAS, ESTHER MAUDE	Bellingham
FASOLA, NANNA	Astoria
WARD, ALMA	West Union, Iowa
WESTLEY, EDITH	Bellingham
WINTERS, MRS. IDA F.	Stanwood
WHEELER, ADELLA	Seattle
WALKER, MAUDE ELIZABETH	Seattle



HELEN SCHWARTZE

ERNEST KOBELT
Pres. Students Ass'n

MARGARET STOCKTON

Senior Officers

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HELEN SCHWARTZE	<i>President</i>
FLORENCE TOWNSEND	<i>Vice-President</i>
LEO BREWER	<i>Secretary</i>
TILLIE GISH	<i>Treasurer</i>

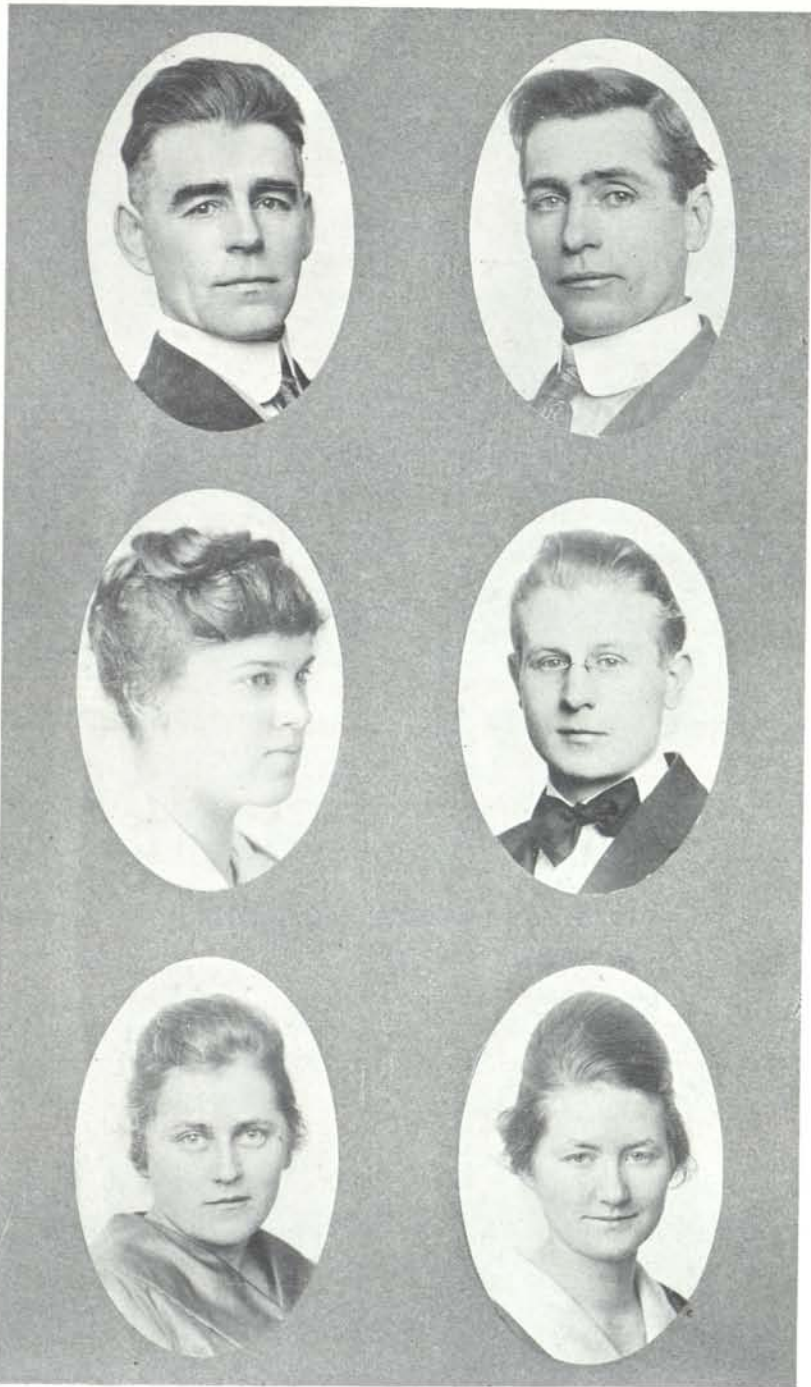
SECOND QUARTER

MARGARET STOCKTON	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY BEACH	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARION ANDREWS	<i>Secretary</i>
LEO BREWER	<i>Treasurer</i>
RUTH LINEBERRY	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

THIRD QUARTER

MARGARET STOCKTON	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY BEACH	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARION ANDREWS	<i>Secretary</i>
LEO BREWER	<i>Treasurer</i>
FRANK OWEN	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

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Whetcom Falls
BATHS



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PHROSO KLINKER	<i>Correspondence</i>
BLANCHE SCHNEIDER	<i>Auditorium Editor</i>
ELLA GRANGER	<i>Humor Editor</i>
TILLIE GISH	<i>Club Editor</i>

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FAYE WILSON	<i>Correspondence</i>
LULU FOSTER	<i>Jokes, Calendar Editor</i>
BEATRICE MORRISON	<i>School News Editor</i>
JOSEPHINE OLSON	<i>Exchange Editor</i>

THIRD QUARTER

ELWYN BUGGE	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ELWYN BUGGE	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
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AVIS DODGE	<i>Auditorium Editor</i>
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HAROLD MARSHALL	<i>Literary Editor</i>
IVA LARSEN	<i>Organization, Society Editor</i>
NOEL WYNNE	<i>Correspondence Editor</i>
BERNARD CONVERSE	<i>Jokes, Calendar Editor</i>
CLARENCE LESSARD	<i>School News Editor</i>
CLARA BORGGARD	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
EDWARD RAIRDON	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
ED W. SHIDLER	<i>Alumni Editor</i>

KLIPSUND

JUNIORS





JUNIORS

A Tale of Normaland

Normaland is a land of high altitude lying between Sehome Hill on the east and Bellingham Bay on the side toward the setting sun. This is the scene of my tale, which especially concerns the coming of the tribe known as Juniors.

Prior to this invasion, Normaland had a quiet existence, being inhabited by a people called Seniors. The chief occupations of these Seniors were studying, reciting and matching wits with those creatures who live toward the south in the Training School. Over all ruled the gods and goddesses, the Faculty, who met in a great council. They decided many things for the common good, aiding all strivers after goodness and learning.

In the autumn of the year, there appeared on the lower slopes of Normaland, the Juniors. They soon filled the land and, noticing not the envious Seniors, betook themselves to their various occupations. Those that were exceedingly wise applied themselves to the sciences. Others trained themselves to do their peculiar part in overcoming those creatures, the youths of the Training School.

These Juniors, acting with courtesy and wisdom, soon won the admiration of the gods, some of whom, including the patron of mathematics, Mr. Bond, forsook the Seniors and joined the councils of the new tribe. Mr. Bond, calling forth his eloquence, persuaded the Juniors that they should band themselves together. They, being of a like mind, chose one of their number, Elwyn Bugge, to be their leader. They then proceeded to choose others from among them for responsible positions. This momentous assembly occurred in the winter of 1918-19.

Reciprocating in no way the hatred of the Seniors, they invited all, friend and foe alike, to a love feast. Multitudes came and were served. This was adjudged by all to be most successful and pleasing, calling forth praise even from the envious Seniors.

In the spring of the next year the Junior boys held several battles with their natural foes, the Seniors, whom finally they defeated. The Junior girls were not as successful with their opponents. This was, however, to be expected, considering that their antagonists were vastly superior in age.

Toward the beginning of summer the Juniors, having defeated their foes in many battles, and having learned to control those creatures, the youths of the Training School, demanded full possession of the country. The Seniors, being advised by the Faculty to emigrate, did so. Thus, the Juniors, after a year of striving and struggle, were left in possession of Normaland.

The Unmarked Trail

The Sailor speaks—

I may pray in vain for the wild, wild nights of life in the open sea—
 Those days when I kept to the Unmarked Trail that never again may be!
 For my ship, she has sailed for realms remote and far from my land of birth;
 She has slipped the bars of the Golden Gate and heads for the end of earth!
 Oh! Gladly I'd hail the sting of the spray—I'd wade in brine to my neck
 Could I feel today the tilt of my ship, and plank my feet on her deck!

They have sewed on my sleeve a discharge stripe, and tell me that I am free,
 Free from that portion, the lot of the "gob"—a gob on the open sea!
 They tell me again that lucky I am, with life and with love before.
 My mate can't they see that life is behind, that love is a closed door?
 They have shut me up in ten by twelve to sit here and push a pen,
 And they call that life, and they ask me why I long for the sea again!
 Yet here o'er my ledger I dream once more of the days that never can be,
 While my ship sails on by the Unmarked Trail that leads away to the sea.

I've traveled the deep from the Guernsey Isles to lands of the Southern Cross;
 I've broken the laws of God and man, and I've killed my Albatross;
 I've suffered the curse of the "evil eye," and I've drifted at sea afar.
 But instead of the pen, I've held the wheel, and I steered by a guiding star!
 I've seen the crimson of the bursting mines in the sunset's after glow,
 And the grey-streaked terror, stained with blood, whom we sent to death
 below.

All these I saw, and was unafraid, still undismayed I went forth;
 For blessed was I with a holy joy—I loved a lass of the North.

But faith, it can waver and vanish, and love, it can wither too;
 So give me my ship on the ocean, the only lass that is true;
 And we'll leave for the sea together by way of the Unmarked Trail;
 We shall have a placid clearing, and not the sign of a gale;
 At the Golden Gate our skipper shall lift for us the bars,
 And there in the glow of sunset, we'll set our course by the stars.

—IRENE PURDUE.

The Training School



The work in the Training School this year has lived up to its already-established high reputation. The faculty of this particular department of Normal work has been strengthened by the return of one of its former members, Miss Catherine Montgomery, and the addition of Misses Charleton, Morse, Moffatt, Wallace and Tompkins.

The work of the Junior Red Cross was carried over from last year most successfully. The enrollment was 100% of all Training School Students. The allotments of work to be done were sent direct from Seattle to Normal.

As far as athletics are concerned, the following quotation from the *Normal Messenger* shows the ability and school spirit of our juvenile athletes:

“Too much cannot be said in praise for the splendid record the Normal Training School basketball teams have established for themselves. During the season just closed, our boys won five out of six games played, and they acquitted themselves remarkably well throughout. Jack Whittaker, who coached the boys, may justly be proud of the results attained.

“There were two organized teams, one composed of eighth grade boys, and the other of both eighth and ninth. The eighth grade team was composed of the following: Edgar Foster, Norman Carr, Cyrus Neilson, Howard McClannahan, Ray Smith, Hubert Boone, Vance Radovyck and Ralph Hennes. The following made up the eighth and ninth: Norman Carr, Leslie Stuart, Cyrus Neilson, Howard McClannahan, Vinton Groat and Gordon Broadbent.

“The schedule of games played with the results follows: Normal 14, vs. Lowell 10; Normal 22, vs. Lowell 6; Normal 29, vs. Whatcom Freshmen 24; Normal 29, vs. Whatcom Freshmen 28; Normal 31, vs. Y. M. C. A. Intermediates 28; Normal 17, vs. Y. M. C. A. Intermediates 28.”

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In the lower grades, under the able supervision of the Misses Montgomery, Charlton, Moffatt, Tompkins and Gray, the little tots made splendid progress during the year, even though the "flu" hindered them.

It is an inspiration to see the halls and rooms decorated with the work of these youngsters, some of which might put older people to shame.

One of the valuable additions to the numerous advantages given pupils of the Training School this year is the juvenile library. In a room, especially furnished, these juvenile books are attractively displayed. That such a library has been long wanted is evidenced by the eagerness and enthusiasm as displayed about it by all, even the littlest tots.

Our Normal School has sent cadets into the city school systems of both Everett and Bellingham, where they have met with great success in their work under the able supervision of Miss Drake in Everett and Mrs. Samson and Miss Nellie Lee in Bellingham.

Miss Earhart, the efficient principal of the entire Training School, is responsible for much of the success of this year. Through many difficulties she has raised the standard, and bears the loyalty and good-will of the pupils and student-teachers alike.



Whittaker—Coach. McClanahan. Groot, Stewart,
Foster, Neilson, Broadbent

Training School Basketball Team

The Training School basketball team established a record this year which will keep future teams busy to equal. They won five games out of six played.

The first two games were played with the Lowell Grammar School, when our boys easily sent their opponents to defeat.

The next games Coach Whittaker took the boys out of their class and put them up against the Whatcom High Freshmen. The Freshmen gave the boys a hard fight, but superior team work gave our team both victories.

The final two games were played with the Y. M. C. A. intermediates. Against this team our boys were greatly outweighed but managed to break even, winning one and losing one game.

Jack Whittaker believes the secret of their success lies in the fact that the boys put in a great deal of extra practice.



JUST GIRLS





ORGANISATIONS



ALETHELIAN

Aletheian Society

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

Neva Peterson	<i>President</i>
Agnes Dunn	<i>Secretary</i>
Evangeline Ward	<i>Treasurer</i>
Ruth Carlyle	<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i>
Mary Jewett	<i>Reporter</i>
Bertha Crawford	<i>Sponsor</i>
Exean Woodard	<i>Sponsor</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

Jessie Sims	<i>President</i>
Ruth Carlyle	<i>Vice-President</i>
Marie McCaddon	<i>Secretary</i>
Hazel Peronteau	<i>Treasurer</i>
Mabel Whitmore	<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i>
Mary Jewett	<i>Reporter</i>
Bertha Crawford	<i>Sponsor</i>
Exean Woodard	<i>Sponsor</i>

THE REVELATIONS OF THE ALETHEIAN SOCIETY

In the beginning was a synagogue for teachers on a hill, and the synagogue was without life and a gloom was upon the faces of all therein.

And a spirit took form and moved upon the faces of a few, and the few said, "Let there be clubs"—and there were clubs.



And the people saw the clubs that they were good, and they divided themselves among the clubs. And the evening and the morning was long ago.

Then another few said, "Let there be another club among the clubs and verily it shall be literary." And the club was called Aletheia, which being interpreted means truth. And the forests brought forth an owl which is the bird of wisdom, and laid it at the feet of Aletheia. And it was morning 1916.

And it came to pass that

Aletheia waxed strong and flourished as a green bay tree, and the club grew and became mighty because of its members.

Now Bertha, of the tribe of Crawford, Supervisor, raising herself to her full height, called to her assistance one Exean Woodard, known throughout the synagogue as Dean, and behold, they had the interests of the club at heart, and the fame of it was noised abroad into all that synagogue, so that the multitudes loitering in the corridors thereof were heard continually to exclaim, "What is this great thing that hath come to pass among us!" And straightaway came the multitudes to the doors of the tabernacle, beseeching admittance therein.

And lo, throughout that age there was much rejoicing and feasting in the tabernacle of Aletheia. Four days did they labor, and on the night of the forth the trumpet of the jubilee was caused to sound and they did eat and were merry. Moreover, not only were these occasions of feasting, but many and great were the problems propounded—yea even unto art, literature, music and science. And the evening and the morning was 1919.

Now a voice which was heard as it were a trumpet saith, "Come up hither and I shall shew thee things which will be hereafter," and behold we saw greater things than these which were to come to pass, and lo, a great multitude clothed in raiment that neither mud nor dust can corrupt. And a smile is upon the faces of all, and verily it is a week-end festival of the Aletheians.

And it came to pass that the name of Aletheia waxed mighty throughout the length and breadth of the synagogue, and its members loved it exceedingly. And the deeds of Aletheia became an example for the clubs of other synagogues.

Yea, though we walk through the valleys and shadows of life, yet shall we fear no evil, for thy influence, O Aletheia, is with us, memories of thee, they comfort us, thou restoreth our soul, thou leadeth us in the paths of understanding and truth for thy name's sake. Surely love and appreciation for thee shall follow us all the days of our life, and we shall think of thee kindly forever.





Clark County Club

OFFICERS

MR. HECKMAN	<i>Sponsor</i>
ETHEL HAYSLIP	<i>President</i>
RUTH LINEBERRY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

The twenty students from Clarke County organized a social club this year. The first trip of the season was a hike to Lake Padden on March 29th. The weather was ideal for picnicking. A hearty dinner was eaten around a crackling campfire.

Later, hikes were made to Lake Whatcom, Chuckanut and Inspiration Point. The visit to Vancouver, B. C., proved to be very interesting and instructive.

Much credit for the good times which the club members enjoyed is due Mr. Heckman because of his cheerfulness and his ever ready answers to the innumerable questions of the nature study enthusiasts.



ALKISTIAH

Alkisiah Club

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

Helen Schwartze	<i>President</i>
Bessie Evans	<i>Vice-President</i>
Avis Dodge	<i>Secretary</i>
Ruth LaBrash	<i>Treasurer</i>
Elizabeth Banks	<i>Reporter</i>
Miss Baker	<i>Sponsor</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

Margie Lee	<i>President</i>
Gladys Wilkes	<i>Vice-President</i>
Sarah Nealeigh	<i>Secretary</i>
Beulah Nelson	<i>Treasurer</i>
Mabel Walters	<i>Reporter</i>
Miss Baker	<i>Sponsor</i>

The Alkisiah Club stands as one of the most successful clubs in the school. It was organized in 1906. Miss Baker was requested to be club advisor by the organizers, and from that time she has been, not only an ardent worker in the club, but a real friend and advisor to each girl member. Through her un-failing inspiration and the interest of the members, the club has been able to accomplish its aim in literary work.

Programs have been interesting and instructive. The first semester's meetings were devoted to the study of Finland. This began with a map study of Finland that created the desire to travel through that land of lakes and fens. This was followed by the story of the rediscovery of their epic poem, "The Kalevala." The study of the quaint customs and legends of those people with illustrations from their myths, and finally a short history of that much troubled little land.



The study of copies of famous art productions in the Normal building and their respective artists was taken up the second semester. This study was given in talks on the lives of the artists, with the discussion of such of their paintings as we could find reproduced in the Normal hall pictures, and in the other photographic collections. This course was equally interesting. Instrumental and vocal

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music, readings, recitations and parliamentary drills lightened the programs.

The first big social event of the year was a trip to Miss Baker's cabin at Lummi Island, taken on the twenty-seventh of September. All who went had a most delightful time.

On January first and March first were held the initiation parties, both proving interesting and successful. The Christmas party that was to be given at the home of Mrs. Jenkins, was planned and well under way, but influenza stopped all operations. The party was given on the sixteenth of April, instead, and all went in pinafores and pigtails, casting aside cloaks of dignity for the time being.

On the fourteenth of February the Juniors of the club entertained the Seniors at a banquet at the Leopold, a continuation of an old established custom of the club. Mrs. G. W. Nash and her mother, Mrs. Fuller, were the guests of honor.

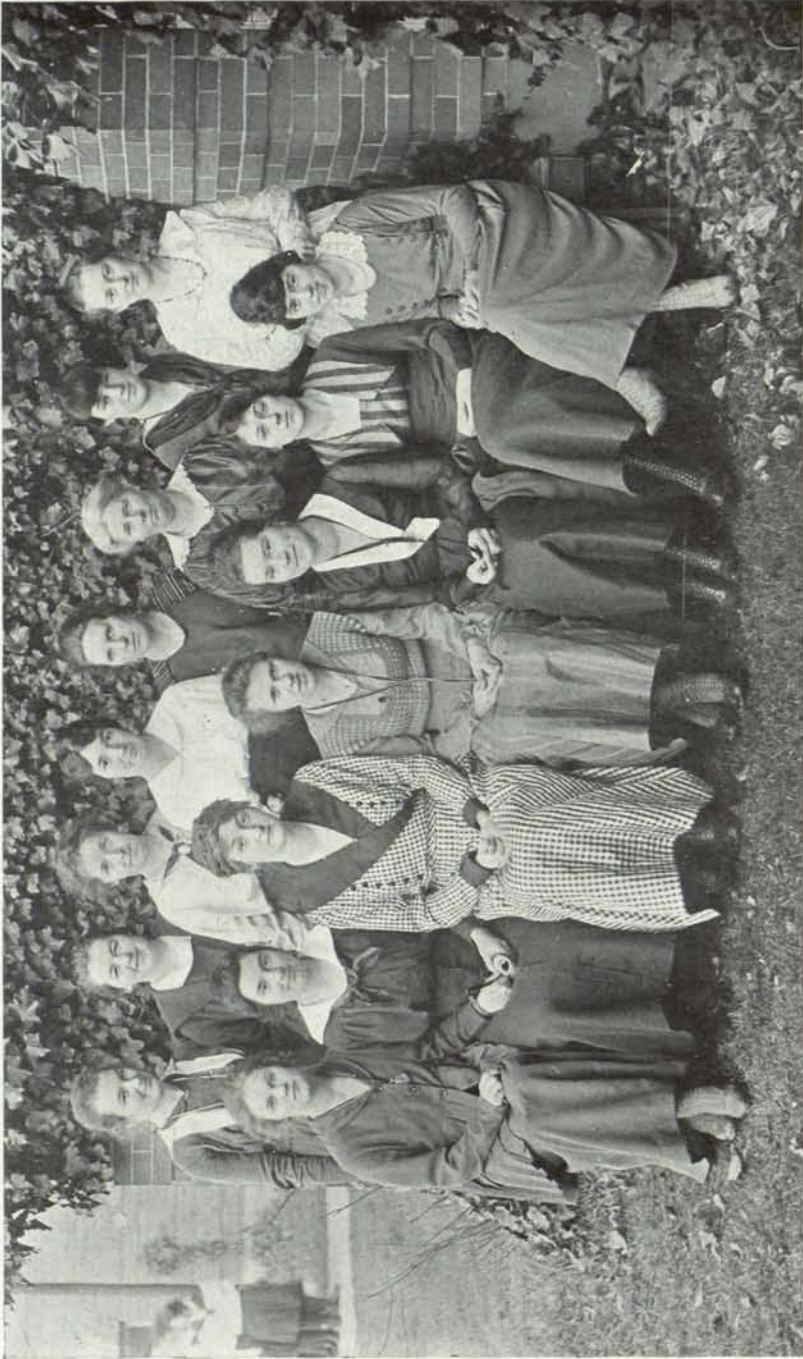
In keeping with the ideal of service, the club held a candy sale on January the twentieth, and the proceeds were given to the Armenian Relief Fund. On March twentieth, Mrs. Foster of this city, gave a very interesting talk on her experiences while teaching in Northern Alaska. Another interesting feature was the Arbor Day program given by the clubs of the school. The aim was to beautify the campus of our dear old Alma Mater.

And now all members look with sorrow to the time when they must of necessity dissolve union, but there will linger in their hearts, unchangeable by time's rough seas, happy memories of our times spent in congenial fellowship.

*"Memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us
hangs,
Shines on a distant field."*

—LONGFELLOW





EVERETT CLUB



EDENS HALL

Edens' Hall

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

DORA SQUIRES	<i>President</i>
GLADYS HAMILTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELMA MOONEY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MABEL MAIN	<i>Fire Captain</i>
MABEL MAIN	<i>Reporter</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

HELEN SCHWARTZE	<i>President</i>
RUTH LINEBERRY	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAUD ELLIOT	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
CLARA NUGENT	<i>Fire Captain</i>
DOROTHY BEACH	<i>Reporter</i>

THE YEAR AT THE "DORM"

Believing in starting the new year right, the old girls of the hall entertained the new girls on a "Sunset Hike." We sang and toasted marshmallows until long after dark. The grand finale was the serpentine down the trail to the tune of "Forty-nine Bottles."

The second memorable event was the costume party. Promptly at seven-thirty all gathered together for an evening of riotous carpet-making. Everyone enjoyed the pink lemonade and popcorn balls.

In February, the girls decided that their Eden had been Adam-less long enough. Therefore they entertained the boys of B. S. N. S. at a Valentine party. The world will little note nor long remember what was said there, but it can never forget Will Beardslee's wonderful exhibition of hypnotic power.

And then of all nights — the night that the girls slumbered(?) on the second floor hall! The taffy pull in the laundry! The narrow escapes from the borax fiend! The art exhibition in the "beau parlor!" The wild adventures of the N. S. U.! Indescribable are the dancing academy on the third floor, the almost-celebration of New Year's, "Ole," the faithful watch dog, the mysterious notes on the clothesline, the serenade, or the escapades of the Red Kimona!

The grand finale was the arrival of the new Victrola for after-dinner dancing. In consequence there was no question the last few weeks as to what all preferred doing with their spare time.



Hyades Club

OFFICERS

Miss Gertrude Longley	<i>Sponsor</i>
Effie Locke	<i>President</i>
Clara Locke	<i>Vice-President</i>
Gladys Thomas	<i>Secretary</i>
Agnes Wentjar	<i>Treasurer</i>
Esther Clark	<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i>
Harriet Hampson	<i>Messenger and Klipsun Reporter</i>
Misses Morse, Cales, Clark, Earhart	<i>Faculty Members</i>

HYADES CLUB

Hyades activities opened this year at the beginning of school, with initiation ceremonies in the club room — where the Magic Circle was formed.

Many meeting have been devoted to war work, combined with music, readings, and "spreads." The "spread" at Miss Earhart's apartments deserves honorable mention.

The Club adopted a little French war orphan, and have received many interesting letters concerning her.

To its faculty members the club gives credit for anything of value which it has been able to accomplish this year.

Long will we remember the pleasant times which we have enjoyed through the club's activities.

OUR CLUB SONGS

(Tune to "Anyone Here Seen Kelly")

*Has anyone here seen Hyades,
H — Y — A — D — E — S
Has anyone here seen Hyades,
Have you seen us smile?*

*With our girls so bright and faculty true,
We are alive and going too;
Has anyone here seen Hyades,
Have you seen us smile,*

(Tune to "Long, Long Trail")

*Up among the stars so dreamy,
There is a cluster that's bright
Along side of the dipper
And upon Orion's right;
It stands up there for service,
And is the emblem to please,
And it's service that we're giving
Down here in the Hyades.*

— HARRIET HAMPSON





Ohiyesa Literary Society

OFFICERS — FIRST QUARTER

PHROSO KLINKER	<i>President</i>
BODIL WIEL	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY TUCKER	<i>Secretary</i>
LILLIAN BILLINGTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARY LEE	<i>Reporter</i>

SECOND QUARTER

BODIL WIEL	<i>President</i>
ESTHER STUBER	<i>Vice-President</i>
BARBARA STEELE	<i>Secretary</i>
KARMEN BUGGE	<i>Treasurer</i>
HAZEL SMART	<i>Reporter</i>

KLIPSUND

This has been the banner year for the Ohiyesa Club. Miss Gray and Miss Milne, the club sponsors, have made possible through their good counsel and interest, much of the rapid growth and success of the club.

In September was held the first reunion at Squalicum Beach, around a camp fire.

Throughout the year our programs have been based upon the holidays of each month.

The club did its "bit" at the students' mixer in February by giving the shadow play, "Mary Jane."

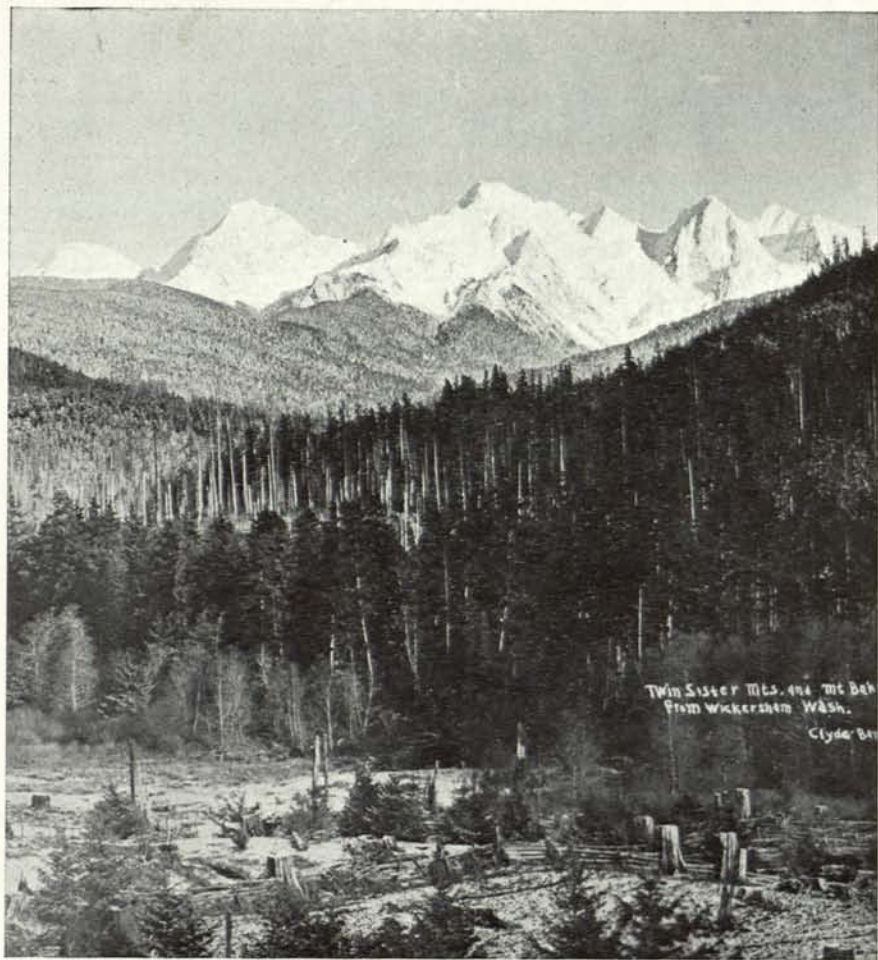
In March, Miss Milne and Miss Gray entertained the club at a social meeting with great success.

Perhaps no reference should be made to initiation. All cannot be told of it, but nose races, aerial flights and blood-curdling scenes of terrible warfare and living torture took place. Let us bury the past.

Esther Stuber delightfully entertained the club in her home, in April. Every club member will long remember that evening.

Another party each club member cannot forget, is the Garden Hall party. At that party everyone enjoyed herself to the full extent of the law.

By faithful and harmonious work the club has accomplished its original aim and the interest of the new members gives encouragement for the future. Those members who go out of school this spring leave with a wish for the success of Ohiyesa, and may its standard always proclaim it in all its enterprises, "The Winner."



Twin Sister Mts. and Mt. Baker
from Wickersham Wash.
Clyde B.



Oregon Club

OFFICERS

LULU FOSTER	<i>President</i>
AUGUSTA STOCKTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
SARAH PARR	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MARY GEBHARDT	<i>Reporter</i>

OREGON CLUB

One of the first social clubs to be organized this year was the Oregon Club. To belong to the Oregon Club one must have lived in Oregon at least three months. A "good time" is the motto that prevailed among the thirty members. Mr. Kibbe, Mr. Bond and Miss Moffat are the members of the faculty who have attended school in Oregon, and they take an active part in club affairs.





Sage Brush Club

OFFICERS

J. V. COUGHLIN	Sponsor
ERNEST KOBELT, Spokane	President
FRANK OWEN, Bridgeport	Vice-President
HARRIET HAMPSON, Omak	Secretary
CLARENCE LESSARD, Walla Walla	Treasurer

Early this spring, a group of about fifty Eastern Washingtonians joined together under the name of the Sage Brush Club.

The Club members have had many good times together. It has been proved beyond doubt that there is a curious bond of friendship that links all of one land together when they find themselves in a far distant and unknown country.

Who of those there will ever forget the house party at Lake Whatcom? How everyone did enjoy the club house with its fireplace, piano, and easy chairs! There were also the many boat rides on the lake itself, which have an especial attraction for those who have no opportunity to enjoy such privileges at home in Eastern Washington.

Every member will long remember our yell given under the leadership of "Red" Beardslee! Often and often this spring the echoes have rung with:

*"Sagebrush and fields of grain,
Bumper crops without a rain,
A jolly bunch full of fun,
All from Eastern Washington!"*



PHIOMATHEAN

Philomatheans

OFFICERS — FIRST QUARTER

DOROTHY BEACH *President*
ERNEST E. KOBELT *Vice-President*
DOROTHY GOODCHILD *Secretary-Treasurer*

SECOND QUARTER

MRS. MABEL McMILLAN *President*
VERNON BROADBENT *Vice-President*
ERNEST E. KOBELT *Secretary-Treasurer*

THIRD QUARTER

HARRY SORENSON *President*
RUTH LINEBERRY *Vice-President*
EVA BOND *Secretary-Treasurer*

Centuries ago, when the foundation of history was assuming the strength and proportion necessary to sustain the burden of future civilization, the adamant rocks of Delphi gave issue to oracular fumes of superstition. Men journeyed to this place to gain the knowledge for which their restless natures yearned. They believed in the veracity of the Oracle, and believing, they knew.

One day a group of travelers entered the mystic sanctums of Delphi. They were prominent men of ancient Athens. The cold realities of the present dissolved into obscurity, and the seers were gazing at a marvelous picture, a picture animated by strange beings with strange costumes. They were sitting about a camp fire in the jungles of Whatcom Falls Park. The solemn roar of the fall itself could be distinctly heard, while the phantom-like shadows of the campers danced in grotesque array among the nearby trees. But hush, one Ernest Kobelt was speaking, while the rest did heed in rapt attentiveness. He related hideous tales about bears and catamounts that he did overcome and subdue, how at one time he did descend through the hollow of a tree to the domain of a ferocious grizzly bear and, with but the aid of a cork-screw, urge said grizzly to leave his domicile. As the speaker concluded his harrowing narrative, he was rewarded with ejaculations of wonderment and awe.

The picture faded, as does a vivid dream when the sleeper is disturbed, but another took in its place. Our Grecian wights gazed upon the same gathering, but under vastly different circumstances. The oracle portrayed a large, beautifully furnished room. People were sitting around tables, shaking little cubes of wood with letters upon them. It was evident that a game of some sort was in progress. Moving about among the company and smiling quietly to himself and everyone else, was observed a tall, scholarly looking gentleman, often addressed as Mr. Phillipi. It could plainly be seen that he was sponsor and host of the proceedings — that he was entertaining them in honor of an important event. It was the birthday party of a great organization.

Other pictures of interest appeared and vanished. These showed different members of the same organization busy at various occupations of work and amusement. And they showed themselves capable of entering just as heartily into one as in the other. In fact, many were called upon to act as leaders in school activities, and they performed their duties with efficiency and dispatch.

A most interesting portrayal of this congenial body of young people was that describing their week-end party in the wilds of Lake Whatcom. Nature seemed determined to outwit the happy plans of the party by calling down unending floods of rain, but in this she was unsuccessful. Each camper wore a smile that could not wash off, and went about his duties, social and otherwise, with joy and sincerity. A few accidents occurred, which only made the occasion a success. One of the campers attempted to step from a row-boat onto a float — but, sad to relate, he missed the float. An enterprising youth started to take a party of ladies for a launch ride — and ran out of gasoline. Two of the boys “borrowed” a row-boat — and were caught.

But the most beautiful picture was that showing the campers grouped around a glorious beach fire, singing, telling stories and otherwise enjoying the friendly companionship which no human being should be so unfortunate as to lack. And it was on this scene that the Grecian seers saw the picture slowly fade, and felt the realities of their present, hum-drum existence intrude upon their minds. They left the mystic, enchanted atmosphere of Delphi fully realizing that they had seen the work and play of the *Philomatheans* — Lovers of Learning.



Tacoma Club

OFFICERS

MISS BORING	<i>Sponsor</i>
JESSIE MACOMBER	<i>President</i>
HAZEL BURGER	<i>Vice-President</i>
LILA MOONEY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
EVANGELINE WARD	<i>Reporter</i>

For some time the true-blue children of Tacoma felt the need of a club which would represent the "City of Destiny" and carry on the work begun last year. This feeling took form at the beginning of the second quarter when the Tacoma Club was organized with the definite aim "to have a good time."

The "weather man" was not always quite fair to them, but all in all they lived up to their motto.



RURAL LIFE CLUB

Rural Life Club

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Hazel Lowrey	<i>President</i>
Mabel Dumas	<i>Vice-President</i>
Thelma Koehler	<i>Secretary</i>
Hazel Evans	<i>Treasurer</i>

SECOND QUARTER

Thelma Koehler	<i>President</i>
Ethel Jahn	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ethel Miller	<i>Secretary</i>
Ethel Hayslip	<i>Treasurer</i>

THIRD QUARTER

Leo Brewer	<i>President</i>
Mabel Dumas	<i>Vice-President</i>
Hazel Berger	<i>Secretary</i>
Earl Bixby	<i>Treasurer</i>

*"Our club will shine tonight,
Our club will shine;
We'll shine with beauty bright
All down the line.*



I turned to see from whence came that familiar air. To my surprise and delight, I recognized Leo Brewer, an old school-mate of mine at the Bellingham State Normal. We had scarcely exchanged greetings, when a cheer arose from those on deck, and we turned for a last look at the Statute of Liberty, standing out in bold relief against the glowing afternoon sky.

"We can now partially appreciate the emotions of our soldier boys when they left New York ten years ago," he said, as we sought the comfort of some steamer chairs. "I take it that you, too, are bound for Paris to attend the International Education Association."

Upon my answer in the affirmative, he started to reminisce. "The year when we were at Bellingham—that was in 1918-1919, was it not?—was rather a discouraging one for the Rural Life Club, but we were not the only sufferers from the 'flu.' At any rate, we more than made up for a bad beginning."

"Indeed we did," I warmly agreed. "The Christmas party was a success even though it did come after the New Year. I still laugh over the way Patty and Zeramba looked after the initiation at the Valentine Party."

"They resembled Indians in war paint," laughed Mr. Brewer. "Do you remember that idea of having sectional meetings? I have carried out the same plan in our high school literary society. Public speaking with Mr. Klemme was surely a pleasure. By the way, did you know that he is on this same boat?"

"No," I exclaimed in delighted surprise, "then we certainly must find him. Perhaps he can tell us if Miss Keeler and Mr. Coughlin still keep up the music and dramatic sections. How I should like to pay the club a visit!"

"Same here!" he responded with boyish enthusiasm. "Last year I attended the Rural Life Conference, but did not enjoy it half as much as the one in 1919. Every member worked hard to make that conference a success. I still keep my gray and crimson badge among my sacred relics."

"Has our Arbor Day shrubbery survived?" I asked.

"Survived? Every spring they say it is the most beautiful clump on the campus!"

Thus talking and laughing over our club, and the happy days we spent at Bellingham Normal, we realized how very much the Rural Life Club had meant in our lives.



City Y. W. C. A.

Behind the bars ("run in" for debt,
And other failings, too, I'll bet!)
We here declare, with good intent,
These holdings for our owing rent:

Up at the "Y," in room three-four,
(You'll find her placard on the door)
Fair Mary owns a Kewpie doll,
A rummy deck, an Ingersoll,
A pair of boots, a well of ink,
And "snaps" of Arthur M., I think.

Along the line, in room three-six,
You'll find these things in pretty fix:
A Brinkley print, a tumbled bed,
And such improper things, 'tis said!
For Mary 'Tuck' and Agonie
Here held their nightly symphony.

In three-naught-seven, "Poor Purdue"
Paid rent for quarters "built for two,"
Where Leta dear (the happy wife)
Expounded views on married life.
Their sole possession, though 'twas "jake,"
Consisted of a fire escape!

Across the hall, in three-sixteen —
(Now "Carm" was stout, and Mabel lean)
On closet shelves you'll find a flask
With contents claiming — since you ask —
To change one's stature, fat or thin,
To suit the latest mode that's "in."

In two-naught-four Anwylyd stayed
In single bliss, the wise young maid.
Though sailor lovers far may roam,
And search the seas from Blaine to Nome,
On berg nor sand-bar shall they find
A heart more gentle, good or kind!

Now, Hesba Griggs, who roomed above,
Thrice blessed with beauty, youth and love,
In sweet content had cast her lot
With table, mirror, bed and cot;
While close beside, Anne Bennet, too,
Had "hung her shingle" to the view.

In two-one-five, the second floor,
Behind her peaceful, bolted door,
Miss Mitchell lived, and no more heard
The noisy ravages on third!
Her potted plants, her singing birds,
Were fair exchange for noisy words.

And now we sinners, gathered here,
Desire to have our "reps" made clear.
For while as inmates of the "Y,"
We're free to do our worst — and die —
As future guides for untrained youth
We'll vote for virtue, right and truth!



STUDIO ART CLUB

Studio Art Club

Our club is distinct from the other clubs of the school in purpose, although it lives under the same principles of organization. Its aim is to cultivate and instill the appreciation of every kind of beauty, whether it be of a mountain or a flower, or a canvas likeness of either. That we have in a measure achieved this success is due to the efficient guidance of our sponsor, Miss Druse, the efforts of the honorary members, Miss Milne and Miss Boring, and the cooperation of all of the club members.

Our first quarter officers elected at the beginning of the fall term were:

President, Mildred Stenvig; Vice-president, Gertrude Hodgson; Secretary, Alice Kinnear; Treasurer, Adele Bassett. For the second quarter: President, Gertrude Cornett; Vice-president, Elizabeth Carmen; Secretary, Juanita Morrow; Treasurer, Hazel Beach. And for the third quarter: President, Hazel Beach; Vice-president, Ruth Claassen; Secretary, Adele Bassett, Treasurer, Enid Stryker.

On account of the influenza vacation much valuable time was lost and we did not get to do many things which had been planned. Our first quarter was mainly taken up with the making of a number of joke and scrap books for convalescent camps. These were certainly a credit to the society.

In the second quarter we had more time, with less interruption, for more formal work. We took up the study of famous artists and their noted paintings. Among those artists studied Corot and Whistler held prominent places. We took up the lives of the men and then studied their works, first as a whole and then as individual masterpieces. Corot's landscapes and "Whistler's Mother" will never fail to be an inspiration in the future.



In this quarter we also did our share on "stunt" night. The girls in their uniforms of white middies, dark ties and skirts, with their gaily embroidered pillows and daubed palettes, swayed to and fro to the rhythm of their songs. Their chalk talks too, conformed to the purpose of the club.

KLIPSUND

In the third quarter, the annual banquet held on March sixth was the most charming event of the year. The tables with the yellow daffodils, edged programs and dainty daffodil place cards resting on the glasses harmonized beautifully with the fluffy evening gowns of the guests under the mellow candlelight. During the evening musical selections, readings and toasts were given, the toast mistress being Ruth Claassen. The toasts came from all quarters in a lively and novel manner.

The spring quarter closed with several picnics, and around the fire all joined in heartily with

*Oh, it's art that makes us happy,
Oh, it's art that makes us glad;
Oh, it's art that keeps the whole world going
And it's art that's going to be the fad;
All the world is full of charm and beauty,
That the eyes of art alone can see,
And the club that knows about this beauty
Is the Studio Art Club — we !*





Thespian

OFFICERS

FIRST OFFICERS

MRS. VESTA HIGGINSON	}	<i>President</i>
MARGARET McNAUGHTON			
MARGARET McNAUGHTON		<i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. TILLIE GISH		<i>Secretary</i>
NELLIE AGNEW		<i>Treasurer</i>

SECOND OFFICERS

BERNICE OBER	<i>President</i>
BERTHA SEAMONS	<i>Vice-President</i>
GERTRUDE DUPUIS	<i>Secretary</i>
BEATRICE DAHLQUIST	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Memoirs of a Thespian

*"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Everybody here's a Thespian!"*

So vividly did I dream, that I started violently up and looked about for the old familiar faces. Of course there was nothing to be seen but the inky blackness outside the glow of the dying fire and the laughing moon and the jolly little stars overhead. Soon the fire was crackling away right merrily and I lay down again to let my imagination paint pictures in the flames.

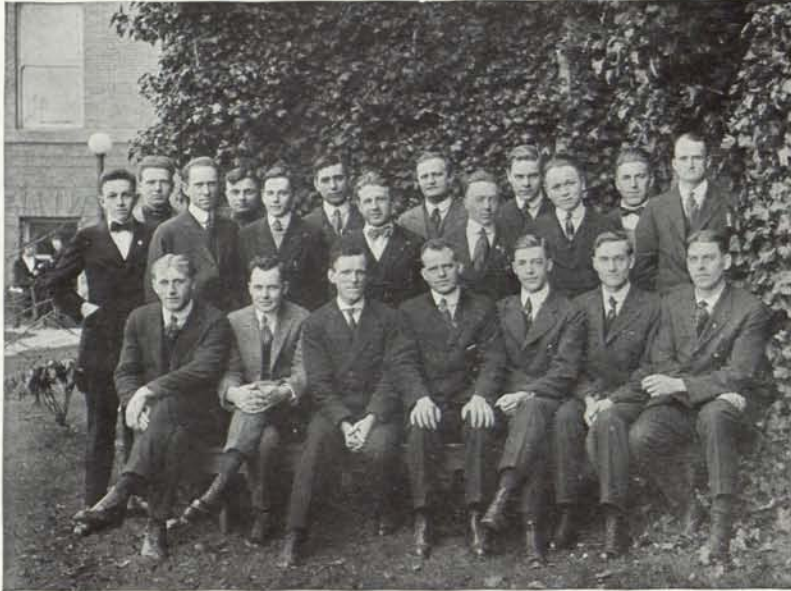
I remembered the first Thespian meeting in the fall of 1918. The faces were all strange with the exception of one old member, Mrs. Higginson. But our heart's desire was for dramatics and with that bond to hold us together we determined to make Thespian *the club* of the school.

"Did we do it?" And even as I laughed at the sound of my own voice in the stillness I waited for that circle of faces there in the fire to shout "Aye!" For so thinks every loyal Thespian.

Then came the picture of the dull days when the "flu" raged in our midst. Quickly passing that I came to the second quarter when "Sis" Ober and "Red" Beardslee, Thespians of former years, came back to us. With the aid of Ab Hennes, whose loyal Thespian heart brought him back on club nights, they guided us into the paths of true Thespianism.

I laughed as I thought of our wild debates over a Thespian play, and felt a little sad, too, to think that we could not arrange to have it in the spring when we were all there. Big plans were made, however, for what should be done during the summer session.

Then came the last quarter and the return of "Bill" Nobles with all his Thespian pep. How the time flew from then until the annual banquet and we closed the year with one riotous evening over the festal board.



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

H. C. MATHES	<i>President</i>
LEO BREWER	<i>Vice-President</i>
VERNON BROADBENT	<i>Secretary</i>
HARRY SORENSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Due to war activities, the Y. M. C. A. was discontinued during that period as the boys were so few at the Normal. An attempt was made, at the suggestion of Dr. Nash, to revive Y. M. C. A. activities. This was done and for a brief period our organization assumed an air of prosperity. Interest, however, soon lagged and the group finally resolved itself into a small group of Bible students who met each Thursday at the usual hour under the leadership of Mr. Bond. He kindly gave his time, and under him the life of St. Paul was studied.

Many thanks, however, are due the several officers and members who have helped to keep the association alive.

KLIPSUND



Y. W. C. A.

The Young Housekeepers

The Young Housekeepers is an organization founded by Miss Woodard, the Dean of Women, in 1916, for the purpose of promoting sociability and maintaining high standards of living among the many young women students who prefer to do their own housekeeping. Meetings are called from time to time in which problems of mutual interest are discussed. These business meetings are sometimes varied with musical numbers by some of the many talented members. During the war, Hooverized programs were given at which the following line of topics prevailed: "Substitutes for Meat and Wheat," "How to Keep Up Nutrition and Keep Down Expense," "Tasty and Nutritious Dishes from Left-overs."

B The one big event of the year is the Young Housekeepers' mid-winter picnic. This is held in the big "gym," each family group seated around its own red table cloth and indulging in house "yells" and songs. Crossed frying pans furnish mural decorations, while broomsticks stacked like rifles add the military touch, and gay festoons of yellow grocery bills make the old "gym" a fitting bower for the festive occasion. When we have played until the whistle is a welcome sound, we seat ourselves "Turkish fashion" and have an open forum in which each contributes her bit along the line of little economies which she has discovered, the best places to buy, a good recipe for cheap cake, et cetera. "Fun, friendship and physical fitness" is the slogan of the Young Housekeepers.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS FOR 1918-19

HAZEL HUNTSBERGER	}	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY GOODCHILD			
FLORENCE TOWNSEND	}	<i>Vice-President</i>
EVA BOND			
HARRIET SWASEY		<i>Secretary</i>
HARRIET HAMPSON		<i>Treasurer</i>

OFFICERS FOR 1919-20

LOUISE OFFUT		<i>President</i>
EVA BOND		<i>Vice-President</i>
MABEL WALTERS		<i>Secretary</i>
FERN BASSET		<i>Treasurer</i>

The year's work for the Normal Y. W. C. A. began with an all-day cabinet meeting at the home of Mrs. Thos. B. Cole at Lake Whatcom. Plans were made for the usual fall tasks of meeting trains and boats, and welcoming the new girls with gifts of flowers.

The first devotional meeting was held Sunday, September the 15th, in the Association room. Dr. Nash gave us a message of comfort and cheer, and pledged his hearty sympathy and co-operation, and for the redemption of that pledge he has our deepest gratitude.

The two o'clock period was set aside on Thursdays for our regular Association meetings. We have had many very interesting speakers.

Two weeks after the opening of school a reception was held on the third floor of the Normal, to which the whole school was invited, and especially the new girls. This proved to be the only social event in school until the middle of December, as two weeks later the Normal was closed indefinitely on account of the prevailing influenza.

A tea was served on Thanksgiving Day to those who could not reach their homes during the one day allowed for a vacation.

Mrs. Ethel Thompson, the assistant dean of women, acted as our chief advisor until the new year, serving in the place of Miss M. Belle Sperry, who is taking a year's leave of absence. Influenza was the primary cause of our losing so valuable a helper; the secondary cause was a gentleman by the name of Muir, who stole her away from us to a beautiful home in Seattle.

For a while we were like a ship without a pilot, but our salvation was found in Miss Gertrude Longley, head of the Home Economics Department.

There are numerous Bible and mission study classes scattered over the "Hill" and at the Y. W. C. A. building. We desire to thank all the faculty members and others who have made these classes possible.

The Y. W. C. A. cafeteria has been under the charge of Miss Grace Ryckman, to whom the whole school owes a vote of thanks for the bodily comfort her hot lunches have been to the school.

MUSIC



R. Schwartz



CHORAL CLUB

Choral Club

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

MARY JEWETT *President*
 HAZEL BEACH *Vice-President*
 MARY DOCHERTY *Secretary and Treasurer*

SECOND QUARTER

AVIS R. DODGE *President*
 MARGARET STOCKTON *Vice-President*
 AGNES LANE *Secretary and Treasurer*

THIRD QUARTER

ETHEL HAYSLIP *President*
 DOROTHY ZINSER *Vice-President*
 NELL HENRY *Secretary and Treasurer*

Under the direction of Mrs. Thatcher, the Choral Club spent a very enjoyable and profitable year. The enrolled numbered about sixty. The club met every Tuesday.

The purpose of the club has always been to study and appreciate the best music. Under the leadership of Mrs. Thatcher much has been accomplished in this particular branch of Normal work. The club has furnished the music for several commencements, and also for the Rural Life Conference. A beautiful recital was given later, May 16.

The club is grateful to Mrs. Thatcher for her hearty cooperation with, and interest in the club at all times. Her kind and faithful attitude toward the organization has added much to the pleasure and profit of the year's work.

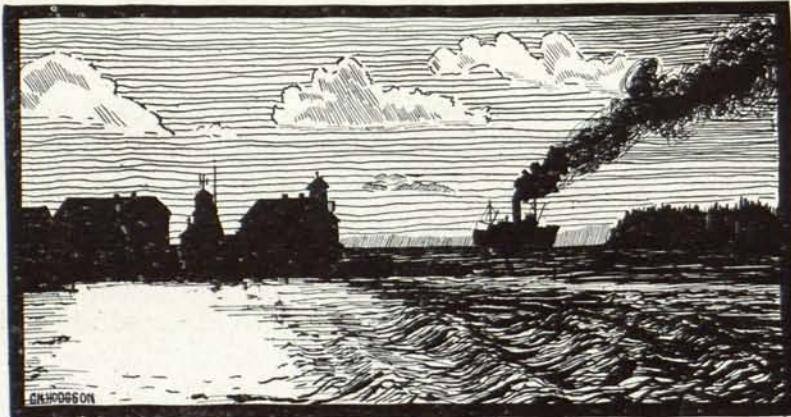
Upon several occasions, the quartette has visited the smaller towns outlying Bellingham, giving recitals, furnishing music for Liberty Bond drives and school programs. A splendid repertoire was the result of continued and faithful practice. Much musical experience and knowledge has been gained by the young women who will in turn form like organizations in the schools to which they will go.

The Ladies' Quartette

The Ladies' Quartette was organized by Mrs. Thatcher during the winter of 1918-19, and has been a popular and successful organization. The quartette has provided many musical numbers in programs at the Normal and elsewhere.

The members of the quartette are grateful to Mrs. Thatcher for her hearty support and co-operation with this organization.

The members are: Fay Johnson, first soprano; Mildred Stenvig, second soprano; Edith Johnson, first alto; Avis Dodge, second alto.



KLIPSUND



ART

G. HODGSON

Art Department

I must make my creation good and honest and true, so that it may be a credit to me and live after I am dead, revealing to others something of the pleasure which I found in its making. Then will my creation be art whether I be poet or painter, blacksmith or cobbler, for I shall have labored honestly and lovingly in the realization of an ideal. — C. Valentine Kirby.

Art competitions are familiar to all of us. There are competitions in landscape studies, portrait painting, flower compositions — all the many lines of so-called art. The Inland Printer for March, 1919, calls attention to the result of a nation-wide competition in letter-head arrangement. What is the meaning of this new competition? It merely offers a concrete example of the growing feeling that art and progressive industry are inseparable. The letterhead is a business proposition; its arrangement is a matter of design. It may please or offend as the design is good or bad. Business men are learning that poor design is poor business. They are beginning to demand with greater and greater insistence that the schools of the country send them workers who can turn out an artistic product.

But besides serving the ends of industry, art is something that enters into the very fibre of our lives. It takes the most common necessities of life — food, clothing and shelter — and by a touch so light it seems accidental, transforms these into things of charm and beauty. Unconscious art is the moving factor in all play, and the hardest work may become like play through the magic of an art touch that gives it rhythm, movement or color.

If art has a real value in making life itself livable plus a value in industry as a thing by which we live, then, surely, art is too precious a thing to drop out of the minds and hearts of our American boys and girls, men and women. Its value is great today, but it will be greater tomorrow, and its greatness will increase until its influence will be felt by all of us down into the minutest details of our lives.

Our art department has been an exponent of these two essential characteristics of art — a thing to live and a thing by which to live. We have dwelt long and earnestly on the fundamentals of all true art — honesty of purpose, good faith in execution, pride and pleasure of accomplishment. Our work has borne out our definition of art as refined commonsense.

The work done by a class of girls from the home economics department is one illustration of this. Their study of color and color harmony was applied to making appropriate decorations for a luncheon table, and afternoon tea, or, perhaps, a design for a school dress. Their study of lettering was applied in the making of menu cards. The contents of the home piece bags were utilized in the making of applique designs for such varied articles as piano

scarfs, pillow tops, dress and evening bags. Another class transformed ordinary gunny sacks into attractive porch pillows by adding designs worked out in bright colored yarns. Another and entirely different phase of the work has been the making of commercial posters by one of the advanced drawing classes. One especially attractive set advertised foods; another used the "Own your home" slogan, and a third developed "fashions." These posters showed remarkable originality of thought as well as skill of workmanship.

There have been two exhibits of work during the year. The first was held during the time of the Rural Life Conference, when several hundred visiting teachers, principals and superintendents passed through the four rooms of the art department. This exhibit had been planned to be of special help to the teachers of the rural schools, and the number of notebooks in evidence spoke eloquently of the appreciation of the visitors.

The second exhibit was held in May and was an unusually attractive affair. The walls and tables were covered with excellent work done during the year, the rooms were bright with flowers, and the Studio Art Club girls served tea at beautifully appointed tables. An exceptionally fine collection of baskets made by the basketry class was one of the big features of the exhibit. Another phase of work shown was a group of local landscapes in water color, and some splendid pencil sketches by the advanced drawing classes. There was much work that could be carried directly into grade classes, and the work was arranged in such a way that the development from primary to intermediate, from intermediate to upper grades could be easily seen and followed. The whole exhibit carried out the idea that the real artist must see *art* in every walk in life.

The Flower and the Weed

A weed is but a misplaced flower,
 Which wastes its strength in useless bloom,
 To live a parasitic life and die, at least,
 As useless as it lived.

A flower is but a weed
 So placed that bloom and beauty
 Lift themselves above the common stalk and clay
 To show unfathomed depths divine in life.

The mission of the flower is beauty,
 Of the weed, a misspent life;
 One is misshapen, vile and low of purpose,
 The other is of the ethereal wealth of the universe.

So shall the weed and flower exist in life;
 But many are the weeds and few the flower.

— E. E. RAIRDON.

KLIPSUND

DRAMA



F. Borell



Junior
Play



Mice and Men

"Mice and Men" was presented by the Junior Class March 7, under the successful direction of Mr. Glenn Hughes.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mark Embury, scholar and scientist . . . Elwyn Bugge
 Roger Goodlake, his neighbor Noel Wynne
 Capt. George Lovell, his nephew Kenneth Selby
 Sir Harry Trimblestone Charles Countryman
 Kit Barniger, a fiddler Herbert Warrick
 Peter, Embury's servant Harold Marshall
 Joanna Goodlake, wife of Goodlake . . . Ruth Leyshon
 Mrs. Deborah, Embury's housekeeper . . Regina McCabe
 Peggy, "Little Britain" Nita May Hamer
 Matron of the foundling hospital . . . Beatrice Dahlquist
 Beadle of the foundling hospital Henry Patey
 Molly, a kitchen maid Edna Tull
 Girls from foundling hospital: Hazel Means, Francelia
 Sturtevant, Eva Bond, Lyla Robin, Nell Henry, Mabel
 Whitmore, Gertrude Rainey. Masked ladies: Gladys
 Wilkes, Sara Nealeigh, Fern Bassett.

"Mice and Men" is a pretty romance of the Revolutionary period. Mark Embury, a scholar and scientist, had theories that the best way for a man to obtain a partner in life is to bring up a wife after his own ideals. This he planned to do, but as Burns said, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee." Embury reared a wife, but reared her, as it turned out, for another man. So the play ended, not as expected, but happily after all, with Peggy, "Little Britain," as the bride of Captain George Lovell.

Green Stockings

"Green Stockings" was ably presented by the Senior Class, May 26, under the direction of Mr. Hoppe.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Admiral Grice (retired) Will Beardsley
 William Faraday, a man of 65 Wm. Nobles
 Colonel Smith, "Col. Vavasour" Harry Sorensen
 Robt. Tarver, an empty-headed young swell Edw. Petite
 Henry Steele, a young man Arthur Button
 Celia Faraday, age 29, unaffected Margaret McNaughton
 Madge, sister of Celia Gertrude Hodgson
 Evelyn, another sister Leona Parlette
 Phyllis, Celia's youngest sister Cora Philipps
 Aunt Ida, warm-hearted, quick-tempered Hazel Beach

"Green Stockings" is a rollicking English comedy of about the time of the Boer War. The plot of the play centers about Celia, the eldest of the four Faraday girls, who, unlike her sisters, seems still free from any matrimonial entanglements. Becoming desperate over her "position," she decides to create an imaginary lover, and, to keep up appearances, writes him some love letters, addressing them to Col. John Smith, with the English Army in Africa. Phyllis, finding one of these letters, thinks that Celia had forgotten to mail it, and sends it off with the other mail. But as it happens, there *is* a real Colonel Smith in the English Army, and a game Colonel Smith, for upon receiving Celia's letter he decided to find the writer and hold her to the sentiments expressed in the letter. So it was that Celia did not have to follow the old custom that the older sister of the family must wear green stockings if the younger ones are married first.



SENIOR PLAY



TAUBE

MARSHALL

SHUMWAY

Junior-Senior Debate

The annual interclass debate took place in the auditorium on Wednesday morning, April 2.

The question, "Resolved, that the United States Government should permanently retain the control and operation of railroads, constitutionality waived," drew best talent from the school. The Senior team, composed of Ruth Lineberry, Helen Schwartz and William Edson, spoke for the affirmative, while the Junior team, made up of Enid Shumway, Anna Taube and Harold Marshall, argued for the negative. Sad to say, the Junior team was awarded the decision.



EDSON SCHWARTZE LINEBERRY

The first speaker for the affirmative was Ruth Lineberry, who pointed out that out of sixty-five countries having extensive railways, sixty-one of these were successfully operated by the government, with economy and efficiency. Miss Lineberry's speech was very forceful and convincing.

Miss Taube was the first speaker for the negative. She contended that in the private ownership and control of railways, the average wage paid to employees was higher than during government control. She also stated that more transportation could be bought in the United States for a certain sum of money than could be bought in Europe for the same amount. Miss Taube brought out her points very well, indeed, and her arguments were also forceful from the economic point of view.

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Next came Miss Schwartze, the second speaker for the affirmative. Miss Schwartze maintained that railroads under government control were more unified and co-operative, whereas the privately managed and controlled roads were managed for money and personal gain. Miss Schwartze cited the cases of the Alaska railroad and the Panama railroad.

Enid Shumway was the second speaker for the Juniors. She claimed that government ownership would be a positive menace to railroad efficiency. Trained men, educated along this line, would be the only successful operators, and besides, if the government were not strictly honest, the public would be easily filched.

The last speaker for the Seniors was William Edson. He said that people and all they possessed should not be entrusted to the care of a few capitalists, but should be placed in the hands of the government. He pointed out that during time of war, the European government ownership was successful in getting men and supplies to the front in less time than privately controlled railroads would have done. Besides this, dividends were increased in the government controlled railroads.

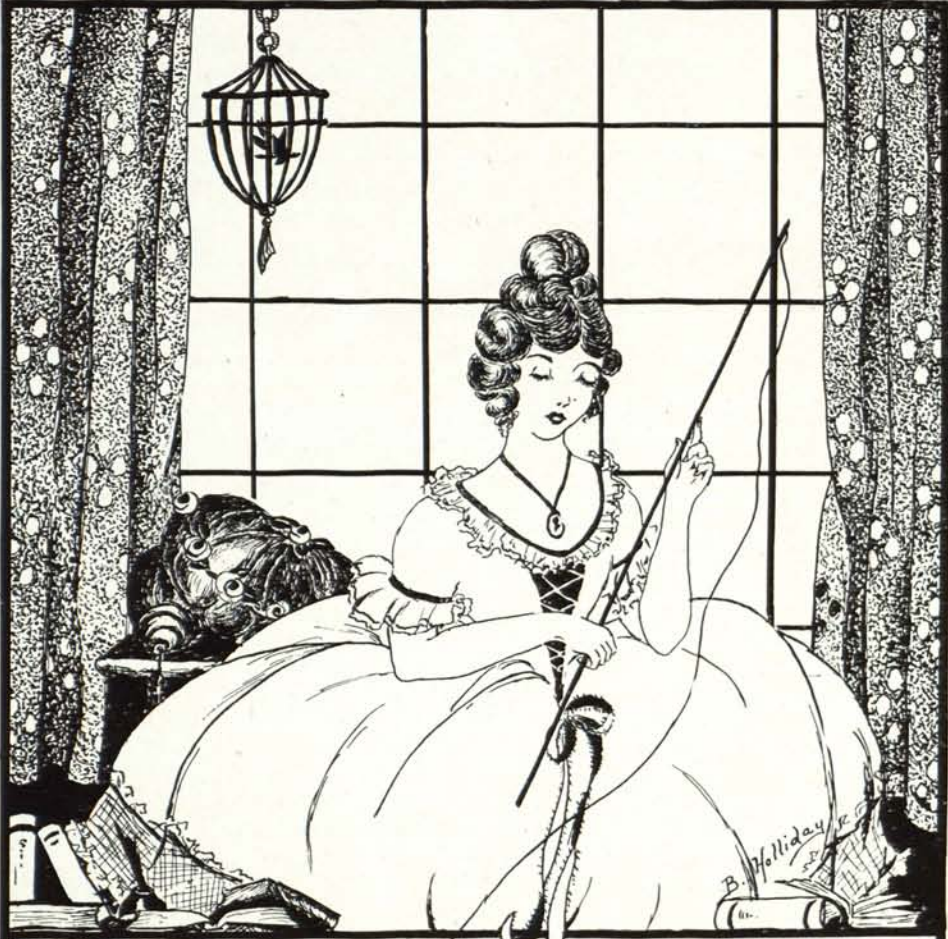
Harold Marshall, the last speaker for the negative, made a most brilliant speech.

The rebuttals for each side were convincing and each summarized points very cleverly.

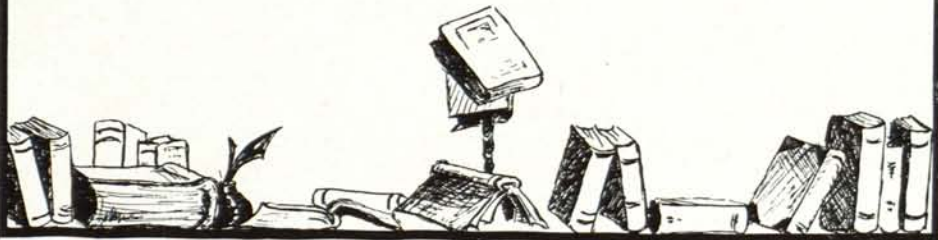
This debate is an annual inter-class affair of great importance. It was attended with a grand show of class spirit.

The judges were Mr. Charles I. Roth, Judge Craven and Professor Forrest, of Fairhaven High School.

KLIPSUND



LITERARY



A Winning Game

FIRST PRIZE STORY

CLARA LOCKE

Dick Curtis wiped the perspiration from his forehead as he started to leave the gymnasium. The second team basketball had given the first a hard tussel. Tomorrow night the big game between Hanford High and Burton was to come off.

"Gee! I wish I were a real player!" sighed Dick to himself, "but I guess we second teamers are worth something just to keep the first in practice."

"Wait a minute, fellows!" Bob Lane, captain of the first team, ran across the floor and stood with his back to the door.

He studied the slip of paper in his hand for a moment, then lifting his head with a quick smile, read: "Lineup for tomorrow night, center, Olmstead; forwards, Lane, Curtis; guards, Sanders, Rolman; subs, Kirkfield, Olson, Gray. Now keep the diet rules. We *must* win this game." Then with a laughing, "Excused," in imitation of one of their professors, Captain Bob threw the door open and stepped aside to let the others pass.

Dick stood speechless, the basketball which he had been idly tossing up and down poised ready for another toss. "Forwards, Lane, Curtis! Forwards, Lane, Curtis!" kept drumming in his brain. Suddenly he saw Joe Prescott's white face, the other side of the group. Why had Joe been put off? Dick's heart filled with a strange pity—then a sudden anger at himself, "to be put on the first team and then wish you weren't," he upbraided himself, and flung the basketball viciously under the bench. Joe glanced across quickly and a smile hovered around his drawn lips as their eyes met. The other boys were silently filing out. Joe was evidently waiting for Captain Bob. This was what Dick had intended to do.

"It won't do for both of us to wait. I'll try to walk home with Bob," he decided, and hurried into the dressing room. His mind's vision of Joe's white face was now changed to the picture of a happy girl bending over a letter, and that letter was from himself, telling of his new honor, but again Joe's white face would take first place. "Pshaw! It's not my fault," he muttered, vigorously applying his towel after his shower. "But Joe has played on the team every game this season and is as good as Lane," his conscience insisted.

Bob and Joe soon entered the dressing room. Dick spent a good deal of time lacing his shoes and managed to leave the room just ahead of Captain Bob. He waited on the steps and they passed down the walk together. Neither spoke. Queerly enough, now that they were alone, Dick could think of no way to broach the subject. He cleared his throat. Bob paid no attention but walked on with a pre-occupied air. Dick eyed the set face angrily.

"Pity he can't say something. Maybe he's got a spite against Joe." This notion was so out-of-place with all they had seen of their splendid captain that Dick was intensely ashamed of himself for the thought. He glanced uneasily at Bob—then, again clearing his throat, began, "Say, I—I think those new bushes the gardener planted here look fine, don't you?"

It was not what he had intended to say.

Bob started. "What? Oh, yes! Fine!" he answered absent mindedly.

Dick made another try. "Going to the mixer Saturday night?"

Bob did not seem to hear. Then almost startling himself by his abruptness, Dick had it out. "Bob," he cried sharply, "what's the matter with Joe? Why is he put off the team?"

Bob halted, hands in pockets. "I'm sorry, Dick, but it's not a matter for publication," he said crisply.

They walked on. Bob's manner forbade further questioning. "Well, here's where I turn off. Good-night, Dick," and contrary to his usual custom, Bob turned down a side street.

Dick stood staring after him. "Well, I'll be switched!" he ejaculated.

Soon the new member of the Hanford High basketball team was in his own room. Flinging his books on the table, he sat down to think. But his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"I need new shoes if I am to play tomorrow night, so I may as well go down town and get them."

He was soon on his way, following a short-cut that led down through the railway yards. As he reached the yards a log train was slowly puffing through. Idly watching, Dick was thinking about the possible history of the trees. Suddenly he sprang erect. The second side log of the car now passing was slipping. Yes, a stave which evidently had held it in place lay teetering on the log below. Ten feet in front of him an Italian workman was shoveling sand. The log would surely strike him. And his back was towards it! Dick's flesh grew cold in horror. Then at the same instant that he was saying, "Oh, well, he's only a Dago," a sweet girlish face with a reproachful expression flashed through his brain.

He sprang forward and flung his shoulders against the loose end of the log with all his furious young strength. The loose end swayed back towards the car. The workman, awakened to his danger by Dick's scream, dropped flat and with a quick roll just escaped the log. But the boy's force on the loose end acted as a lever to the whole log. It bounded off the car and Dick was pinned securely beneath it.

Other workmen came hurrying from all directions. They soon extricated the lad and sent him to the hospital. One leg was broken and the other badly bruised.

The next day dragged by as though the minutes were weighted down. The nurse brought him a morning's paper. Glaring headlines announced, "High School Boy Saves Life of Italian Laborer." And oh! horrors! there was a picture of himself. With a feeling akin to anger and disgust, he thrust

the paper under his pillow and lay staring at the ceiling. "I suppose I ought to feel like an angel of mercy," he soliloquized, "but I feel more like murdering somebody."

At noon he was surprised by a visit from Bob. "Hello, Dick!" said the captain in a cheery tone, as he grasped the outstretched hand. "I'm more sorry about this than I can say, but we are proud of you."

"Oh, shut up! Anyone else would have done the same thing."

Bob laughed, then his face grew troubled. "This team business tonight is bothering me. Now that you are out of it, it means either Kirkfield or Gray. Which do you think is best?"

"Gray," answered Dick, and lay still, afraid to ask the question that he had asked Bob the night before.

Bob studied the floor. "It's just this way about Joe, Dick," he finally began. "I never thought him that kind of a fellow, but the faculty are to hold a meeting at four this afternoon and will probably expel him from school."

"Expel him!"

"Yes!"

Again there was silence.

"What did he do, Bob?"

"He stole some money. Fifty dollars. He has been working at Blakely Hardware Co.'s on Saturdays. Last Saturday, when he came back from lunch, a gentleman had just been in and paid his bill of fifty dollars. Miss Hanson, the cashier, very carelessly left the money on her desk while she went after a new receipt book. The gentleman had stepped into the office to talk to Mr. Blakely. When the cashier returned, the money was gone. The time clock showed that Joe Prescott came in just at that time, so he and the office boy were the only ones in the room. The money was found on Joe. He claimed that he had just received the money in a letter from his father. Mr. Blakely read the letter. There was nothing in it about money and it does not seem likely that Mr. Prescott would send paper money instead of a check. Joe is the last person I would ever think would do a trick like that, but I know he has been short of funds for some time."

Dick lay silent. It was hard to think of Joe in that light. He has always seemed so clean about everything.

"Yes, I guess he was just down and out for money." Bob remained thoughtful a moment, then jumped up guiltily. "Well, I'm a pleasant visitor to the sick," he said in a tone which showed that he was disgusted with himself.

"Oh, rot! A broken leg doesn't make a fellow sick."

Dick could think of nothing but Joe all the afternoon. He could not believe Joe guilty but again there was the evidence which surely proved that he was.

About four o'clock that afternoon a colored boy was brought into the ward and placed in the second cot from Dick's. "He has been run over by an auto," explained the attending doctor to one of the nurses. "He's stunned and badly bruised, but will probably be out of danger by tomorrow."

Half an hour later, the new boy suddenly sat up in bed. "Shivah mah timbabs!" he hollered. "Shivah mah timbabs!" and began pounding his bed clothes with clinched fists. "Ah'll pound you to a jelly—yuh wall-eyed, sniveling cabbage." By this time two nurses had reached the bedside and forced the boy down into the bed again where he lay struggling and muttering out vague threats. A doctor was coming swiftly down the room to the assistance of the nurses. Suddenly the light of consciousness dawned in the wild eyes. The boy lay back quietly and stared at the nurses. "Where am I?" he gasped. "Where's Joe?"

"You were run over by an auto, but you'll be all right soon."

"Oh!" exclaimed the panic-stricken boy. "Tell Marse Blakely tah come quick. Tell Joe tah come. Ah'm gon-a die! Ah knows Ah'll die!"

"Here, here now!" interposed the doctor sternly, giving the boy's shoulder a shake. "Stop that racket! You're not going to die."

"Oh, but Joe did'en tak' the money. Ah was mad cause he licked me fo' eatin' Miss 'Anson's choc'late creams. Dat money is under Miss 'Anson's blotter-pad this minute. Oh, Lord, forgive me!"

The light of understanding had dawned in the doctor's face and his lips were twitching with a strong desire to laugh, as he said, "Well, if you promise to keep still, I'll call Mr. Blakely."

"Ah promise," and the darkey boy closed his mouth tightly and stared wildly at the ceiling.

Dick reached up and gave his electric bell an energetic push. A nurse came hurrying to him. "What time is it?" he asked abruptly.

"Four-forty," answered the nurse, glancing at her wrist watch.

"Will you call Main 6402 for me and tell Bob Lane to come down here just as quick as he can? Tell him it's important and he must come."

The nurse glanced quizzically at her patient, then with a pleasant "I'll try," departed on her errand.

Twenty minutes later Bob was at the hospital. His face was anxious and puzzled. "What's up?" he questioned.

It did not take Dick long to explain. Mr. Blakely had entered the ward a few minutes before and with a relieved look on his face was now leaving. Bob followed him outside and then stepped up to him. "Pardon me! Mr. Blakely," he said. Mr. Blakely turned and eyed the young captain up and down. Bob flushed crimson and felt very awkward, but struggled on. "I am Bob Lane." The financier extended his hand, with a genial smile. "Captain of Burton High basketball team?"

"Yes," said Bob, rather surprised, and hurried on. "My friend just happened to overhear your office boy's confession. Joe has been one of our best players and we had to put him off because of that theft. Now if we could get the proof——"

"He could play tonight," finished the financier. "Come along to my office and we'll find out right away."

They jumped into the waiting auto and were soon on their way.

"I used to play basketball myself," explained the big man, "and I'd do anything in my power to help Burton High win and to make amends to Joe."

The bills were discovered where the darkey boy had placed them.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Blakely fervently, as he drew them forth.

Mr. Blakely, Bob, and the auto were kept very busy the next half hour with the result that when the boys' Burton High team ran onto the floor that evening, Joe was among them.

"Eat 'em up! Eat 'em up!" howled the Hanford lines.

One hundred voices from the Burton lines hurled out triumphantly,

*"Stop your racket,
Stop your fuss,
Stop your howling,
And watch us!"*

And Hanford answered back:

*"Rickety rick-rack!
Chickety chick-chack!
Give them the horse-laugh,
Ha! Ha — a!"*

The teams were very evenly matched and the game was fast and furious throughout. The final score stood 25-20 in favor of Burton.

As soon as visitors were allowed next morning, Bob, with face alight, was again standing by Dick's bedside. "Dick," he exclaimed happily, "we played a winning game; but it wouldn't have been possible without Joe, or without you, for you made it possible."

"They would have found out Joe was innocent, if I hadn't done anything," protested Dick.

"Yes, but not in time for the game. You've been playing a winning game right here."

A Bachelor's Experience

SECOND PRIZE STORY

FLORENCE RICE

I am a government agent — along just what line is immaterial to my story, except that my investigations led me through a wild and sparsely settled region of the Middle West. It was here I stumbled onto a most remarkable circumstance, the memory of which will never leave me — a thing unanswerable, dreadful — yet of baffling interest.

It all hinged upon so simple a thing as a drink of water. I had traveled a weary way under the hot August sun and was very glad, indeed, when I chanced upon an old well, which stood some little way from a ramshackle log house.

This was during those troubled times when German treachery was being evidenced on every hand. Thirsty as I was, I yet paused a second, trying to realize what the poisoning of water supplies must have meant to thirst-maddened soldiers. On top of that thought came another, most unwelcome. Such things were not unknown in our own country! Suppose it were unsafe to drink from this inviting fountain! Had I any right to risk my own life and jeopardize the government interests with which I was intrusted?

I thrust the idea aside as being foolishly morbid and looked about for a bucket. First, I turned the old-fashioned windlass, hoping to find one attached to the weather-beaten rope. There was nothing there but the swinging end, which appeared to have been severed with a knife.

Disappointed, I looked sharply about, but discovered nothing more than a bit of soft leather, which had plainly once been a baby's shoe. The buttonholes were stretched open from repeated fastening across some chubby little foot. Something forlorn in its unexpected appearance in this wilderness caused me first to pause and then slip it into my pocket.

How universal is the appeal of a baby! Here was I, a hard-headed professional man, a bachelor of thirty-nine years and absolutely without the softening influence of mother, sister or even a stray aunt — here was I, clumsily fingering a bit of chamois just because it had once covered a baby's pink foot! "What strange creatures we men are!" I was thinking as I approached the house in my search for a bucket.

The door was slightly ajar. I rapped perfunctorily, then stepped inside. The sight that met my eyes was most disconcerting. The room was a dining room and kitchen combined. Evidently a meal was in the process of preparation, for the table was set for two and I noticed several pots and pans on the stove. The cabinet doors stood open, revealing many-sized jars and tins

of spices, sugar, etc. All was just as it might be if the woman of the house had stepped out to call dinner — all but the dust.

There was dust piled thick over chairs, tables and dishes. Cobwebs swung from the rests on the stove, back and forth, and among the pots and pans. The floor was so thick with dust that I looked behind to find my own footprints staring boldly at me from the doorway.

My curiosity was greatly aroused, and I passed on into the next room. Here, again, was food for speculation. Before a comfortable looking heater was drawn a low-back chair and on the stand beside it a book lay, face down, as though the reader had received sudden interruption. On a rack, by the stove, some clothes were airing, which I recognized with a start as baby's garments.

The thing was getting on my nerves. Here was every evidence of recent habitation, while the dust and the stillness were silent witnesses to the contrary.

I turned to go upstairs and nearly tripped over a baby's bottle lying hidden by the dust and gloom. Upstairs, clothes were strewn about on the bed as if hastily torn from the closets. Bureau drawers were half open while the only sign of life was an old owl blinking peacefully from the rafters.

Nonplussed by the affair. I retraced my steps to the sitting room. What possible fortune or misfortune had caused people to depart so hastily from their home? What did it all mean? Looking about for a clue, I picked up the book from the table. What I discovered there roused me instantly from a state of dreamy wonderment to a practical realization of a serious situation. The book was a German text and from its pages dropped a manuscript, the signature of which I knew only too well as belonging to the leader of an organization most deadly to our government.

Here was a matter worth looking into and I determined to inquire at the first opportunity. Literally shaking the dust of this place from me, I plodded on into the twilight before reaching shelter with a hospitable farmer and his wife.

Inquiry from him and from others throughout the locality gave me this information: A man and his wife had settled there nearly two years before. Nothing was known of their previous history and very little of their doings while there. They were often seen working together in the fields. He was a silent man, forbidding in aspect, and his wife was strangely unyielding to social advances. While there, a little child was born which seemed to be continually crying. No one appeared to know when they left or anything at all about their departure. The last seen of them was February 20 when the above farmer had gone that way for a load of wood. A date which he remembered since that load of wood made the last payment on his place. His wife then reminded him that the house had been deserted three days after that date, when they had stopped in on their way to town. This narrowed the time of departure to three days, February 20, 21 and 22.

The next step was to question the stationmaster of the lone depot, which formed the only means of exit. This was a proceeding which promised little at first, as his memory did not seem equal to the occasion. Just as I was about to leave in despair, he "came to" with the statement that his sister was married February 21. Irrelevant as the remark appeared, it formed the basis for the following sworn statements. On the day of his sister's marriage, while the bridal party were waiting at the depot, he remembered distinctly seeing this fellow Black hanging around with another man. He was very sure about it because he had his "bloomin' old satchel" right in the road all the time. "'Peared like he was skeered suthin' would happen to the old thing. Marthy was mighty bothered fear folks might think he b'longed to her party — him and that disgraceful lookin' baggage! Why they was great cracks split in the leather an' the whole thing was fastened with — now what do you s'pose?" demanded the old man; but I had no time for that.

I wanted to know if any one had left the day before or the day after. "No," grumbled the old fellow, "all the excitement had to come to onct! Why couldn't them two guys hev come the week before, when everything was so dead or when I was so darn lonesome durin' the storm? Ye see we had a storm for the nex' ten days an' not a soul come nigh!"

That was enough for me and I rushed out, flinging my thanks behind me as I went. Undoubtedly Black left on that train and the man with him might have been his wife, but if so, where was the baby? An ugly suspicion flashed into my mind that made me involuntarily seek out the little shoe in my pocket and gave me a new motive for search.

The police records finally confirmed the stationmaster's report, for a man and his wife dressed in man's garb, had been arrested in a nearby city the evening of February 21. Documents on their persons established their identity and guilt without question and they had been sentenced to a long term. The only question now, was, what had become of the baby?

Maybe most people will think me a fool, but I still have that little shoe in my pocket and I am still looking for my answer. Black and his wife escaped, so that possible source of information is gone. Every stone has been turned but without avail.

Three possible solutions chase each other through my mind as I turn the tiny footwear over in my hand. First, I try to think that the poor baby may have died from weakness and disease, before Black and his wife fled. To dispel this comes a memory of tiny robes hung by the fire and a baby's bottle lying on the floor. Then I fancy perhaps the child is alive somewhere today, and that Black and his wife carried it off in their strange baggage. Perhaps they cut the rope from the well to secure it better. How I wished I had let the old stationmaster talk when he wanted to! But even so, how had they gotten rid of it so quickly? The arrest was made immediately as they left the train and though their baggage was searched no mention was made of a baby. Always there comes back that lurking suspicion — the shoe lying by the

curbing, the rope cut and the customary bucket gone! Put with this the desperate nature of their enterprise and the ruthless character of the participants and you have some ground for serious reflection.

Nevertheless, being a philosopher, I hold the little shoe to the light and claim it as mine, for whether the baby is lost or found, it is something for a man to feel ownership in a baby's shoe.



LIFE

Life is the plaything of Father Time,
The hours are counted with glee;
So get what you can e're the clock with its chime
Hastens the hours which flee.

..... E. E. RAIDON

The "W"

HONORABLE MENTION

WINNIE SPIESEKE

The house was what nearly all who passed called "The House of Dreams," for it represented the ideal home that everyone plans more or less definitely some time in life. It wasn't what an architect would call "stylish" and the garden wouldn't have suited the ideas of a modern landscape gardener. The house itself, a small, plain, white building with green shutters and the same colored roof, nestled peacefully among the trees and flowers. It had age and stability that can only be acquired after generations of people have passed through its rooms. From the chimney curled a thin, blue smoke, that added the human touch to the scene; for where fire is, there is life. As the sun was low in the West, the birds were chirping their last farewells to the day, and over the garden descended the quiet and peace of twilight. The fragrance of the hollyhocks, the jasmines, the roses, the pansies, the phlox and all the other beautiful, old-fashioned flowers blended together into a delicate odor that spoke of rest and peace. That was what the house had different from other dwellings. It was peace and harmony, not the peace that comes from inactivity, but the peace that comes after the battle has been fought and the victory won.

Over one of the flower beds that was bordered with candy-tuft, and which had been recently spaded and raked, bent an old lady. With the handle of the hoe she was very skilfully marking off a large "W" in the center. When the lines were straight enough to suit her, she carefully and tenderly lifted from a box beside her a bunch of forget-me-nots and planted them on the line. One bunch after another she planted until in the center of the bed was a large "W" made of these little blue flowers. Rising slowly, she stood and watched the man as he gently sprinkled the little plants with an old-fashioned sprinkling can. After this was done and the man had gathered up his tools and gone off, she stood a long time gazing at the W with eyes that saw not, for she was buried in thought. A large, white Angora cat came down the walk and rubbed his head against her skirts. As if slowly bringing her thoughts back to the present, she stooped and picked him up, and carrying him under one arm, she slowly made her way to the house and disappeared within doors.

* * * * *

It was night and the garden was in darkness, but from three of the windows of the house a soft amber light flowed out and lighted up a small space before each window. Looking into the room one saw first the white-haired lady as she sat in the large wicker chair beside the table. At one side of her stood the large

amber-shaded reading lamp, and the light fell, as it seemed, with special kindness over the regular wrinkled features as she sat knitting on some socks. Noticing that the light from one of the mantel lamps fell directly on the bird cage, and so kept the little songster from sleep, she arose and turned it off, and picking up a piece of black cloth carefully covered the outside of the cage so as to keep out all the remaining light.

Then as she came back to the table, she opened the drawer in it and took out a photograph of a young man. He was dressed in a United States officer's uniform and one could see that he was the woman's son, for he had the same regular features, the piercing eyes and the strong mouth. His face showed courage and character as did the face of the woman who bent over the picture. But in both was the peace that comes with spiritual life, that which most people call "that something." As she looked at the picture the woman's eyes lost their stare and slowly filled with tears, and her face seemed to tremble as if she were suppressing powerful emotion. Blindly she groped for the little Bible that lay near the reading lamp, and propping the picture up so that it faced her, she took the Bible and from out of it she took a letter, postmarked France.

With trembling fingers she took the letter out of the envelope and re-read the contents:

France, April 16, 1918.

To the Dearest Mother:

Please don't worry because this letter comes from a hospital, for really I am sure I am not badly hurt, as I have no pain at all. We went "over the top" two days ago and I got along very well, until on the second day a piece of shrapnel got me in the left shoulder. I like the hospital, for everything is clean and every-one kind. One of the head doctors used to be one of my profs. at college, and so I consider myself lucky. By the way, mother, I am sending you a piece of the wild forget-me-not that the nurse brought me. It was very nice of her to do it, for you know how I like flowers. She says that they grow near here wild like the dandelions do at home. She just came in now and told me I must stop and so I will finish this letter later.

W

That was all, but as she carefully opened the second sheet, a piece of a dried flower fell into her lap. She picked it up and put it near the picture before she re-read the second letter.

France, April 18, 1918.

My Dear Madam:

I hope this short note will bring a grain of comfort to you in your sorrow. Your son, madam, let me say, was one of the finest young Americans I have ever met. He was a student of mine while at college, but I hadn't seen him for a very long time until he was brought into my ward mortally wounded in the shoulder. He thought it was just a scratch because there was no pain, as we kept him under powerful drugs. He started a letter to you, but the

nurse had him stop before it was finished. Late that night as I was inspecting my patients I found him in a bad condition, but conscious. He said he wanted the letter, for then for the first time he realized that his time was short. I suggested that he just sign his name, but he said "No, always, 'with love.'" And that "W" at the end of his letter is all that he was able to do, for his strength gave out. He died shortly after, but he was conscious up to the end, telling me over and over again to write to you. His was a fine spirit. We buried him in the little cemetery behind the hospital in the officers' plot. As it is customary here, a bunch of forget-me-nots was planted on the mound under the shadow of the little cross.

May I close by saying that your son was brave, courageous and noble and that the cause, for which he so gallantly fought and died, will surely be victorious with such men as your son fighting in its defense.

Yours very sincerely,

MAJOR B. S. BLACK.

American Hospital No. 97, France.

Slowly the little woman put the letters and the sprig back in the envelope, and picking up the much-worn Bible, she turned to the Twenty-third Psalm and as she read a look of harmony and of reliance filled her face, and when she put the letter and the picture in its place in the drawer she said softly as if to herself, in a calm, sweet voice, "Thy will be done."

* * * * *

Out in the garden the next morning the little blue forget-me-nots of the "W" turned their faces towards the rising sun, and all was peace.

A Vision

SECOND PRIZE POEM

WILLIAM EDSON

*The countless daisies in the fields,
Like stars that dot the skies at night,
Had strewn the quiet meadow land
With twinkling beams of light.*

*And there upon a grassy slope
I lay, and scanned the blue above,
As if to see if earth or sky
Had more of nature's love.*

*So tranquil was the day that soon
My eyes were closed in peaceful sleep,
And then across my consciousness
I felt a vision creep.*

*I looked upon the throbbing world
It seemed, and all men gaily went
About their tasks as if at play,
And all appeared content.*

*But as I watched, the sky grew dull,
And far away appeared a cloud
Of sable hue and frightful mien,
It seemed a ghastly shroud.*

*It grew quite black and terrible,
And coming swiftly nearer by,
It seemed a mighty genie, who
Decreed that men should die.*

*I tried in vain to shriek, as one
Will do in dreams, but then I saw
That men on earth were not afraid,
But merely filled with awe.*

*The young man talked with deep concern,
The old man gravely shook his head,
And then from every walk of life,
No matter where it led,*

*Men mutely dropped their tasks in hand
Nor pausing once to look behind,
Strode quickly toward the gath'ring cloud
Which threatened all mankind.*

KLIPSUND

*The monster hovered on the earth,
And there was little time allowed,
But hosts of men marched bravely forth
And disappeared within the cloud.*

*I saw that mothers' hearts were torn,
And many anguished sweethearts cried,
But then behold the cloud grew light,
And on the other side*

*I saw a host come marching out
Beneath the fading, misty screen,
And every man was clad alike
In dullish yellow-green.*

*The host of men came marching back.
They laughed and joked as if at play,
And yet the band seemed not so large
As when it marched away.*

*The men took up their tasks again,
And all was as it was before —
But suddenly the vision ceased.
I tried to dream some more,*

*But found that I was wide awake.
The birds were singing sweetly still,
And there was yet the hum of bees
And babbling of the rill.*

*I then arose upon my feet
To brush away the grass and flow'rs
That hung upon my coat. I felt
As if I'd slept for hours.*

*And then I paused, for I beheld
I brushed a coat of yellow-green
Just like the men had worn within
The vision I had seen.*

*But how this vision changed me thus,
Or why it had been planned,
Or what it meant, or its result
I cannot understand.*

*It surely must have been a dream.
What else could it have been?
But still, there lies that yellow suit
Where I have laid it in.*

*Perhaps, at some far distant time,
When doubts are gone and spent,
I'll better understand the thing,
And what it all has meant.*

The Wishing Star

HONORABLE MENTION

FRIEDA JOHNSON

*Far-away star of the infant evening,
What are thy gifts for the world tonight?
Do you ne'er tire of granting our wishes,
Or piercing the dusk with your first gleam of light?*

*All that I wish is a soul like the sunshine
That leaves, when departing, a warm, friendly glow;
And after the shadows have deepened around me,
May I rise with the sunbeams, some brightness to
show?*

Dusk

HONORABLE MENTION

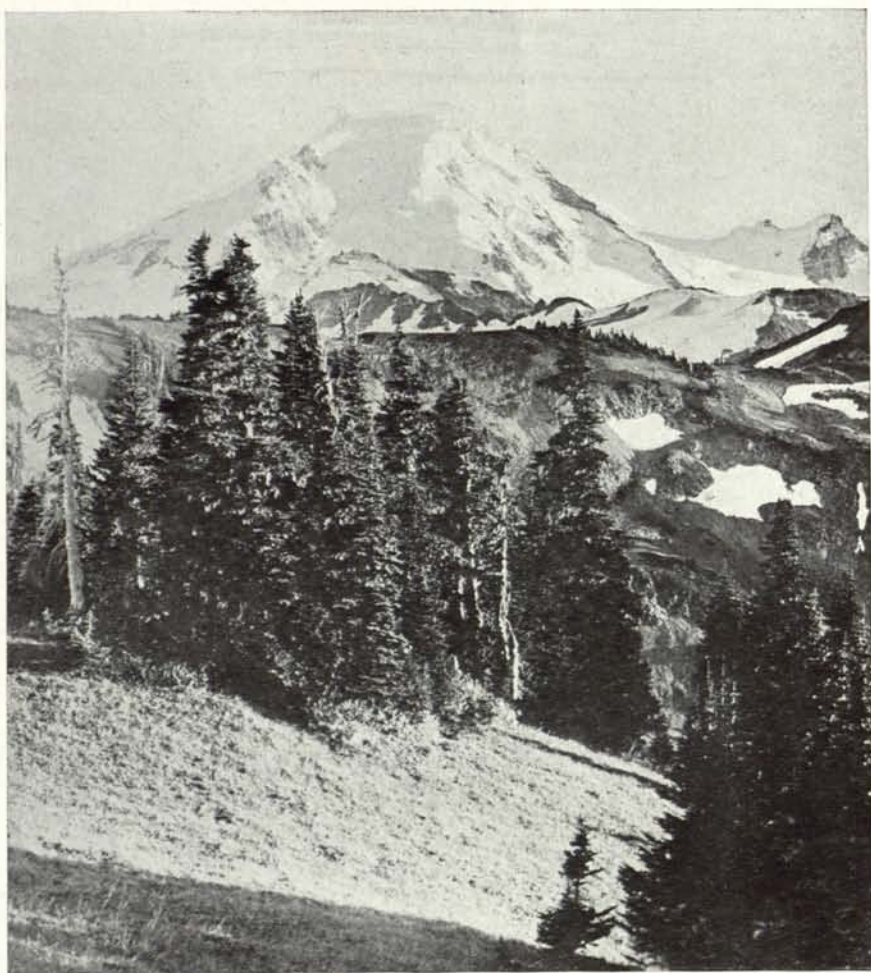
COMAY CRAVER

*When the dew is on the rose
And the sun to slumber goes,
Then a calm is over me,
For the close of day I see.*

*Quiet dusk doth close my eyes
And memories of the day arise,
Then my heart doth feel a prayer
And the breath of God is there.*

*So I feel that He is here
And there is naught on earth to fear,
But in the twilight He doth stand
To guard us sleepers with His hand.*

*And that is why the sweet repose
Comes when the dew is on the rose.*



Mount Baker



CALENDAR



SEPTEMBER

Sept. 9 — We arrive on the scene of action, where many before us have trod the road to learning.

Sept. 10 — Some of us take up our duties as dignified teachers in the Training School.

*"Bless me, this is pleasant
Teaching training school."*

Sept. 11 — One burden from our minds is over — we're programmed!

Addresses of welcome, Dr. Nash and Rev. Harrison, of the Episcopal Church. Just think! thirty-six thousand people are glad to see us! The speakers said so.

Sept. 13 — Friday, the thirteenth! After a week's absence, not a few of us wish we were home "wiv mar."

Edens Hall girls christen Sunset Trail.

Sept. 16 — Alas! some of us lose our way! Junior, on the third floor: "Is Miss Mead's office up here? I want to be examined."

Sept. 18 — Miss Mead and Miss Osborne are busy examining every linear, square and cubic inch of us — and then some!

"Join the corrective exercise class."

Sept. 20 — After two weeks of school, the faculty express their opinion thus: "It is amazing the power that the human brain has of resisting knowledge." But we're not worrying, for it doesn't apply to us. When we teach, without doubt, we shall understand the psychology of it.

Sept. 25 — Judge Kellogg, "Fourth Liberty Loan drive." We feel much consoled to think that we have more time than cents (sense).

Election of student council.

KLIPSUND

Sept 27 — We enjoy ourselves at the Y. W. C. A. reception.

Sept. 28 — Alkisiahs' annual trip to Lummi Island.

OCTOBER

Oct. 1 — Student loan fund drive. Show your dollar.

Oct. 2 — Mrs. Gilfilen sings at assembly.

Oct. 4 — Some people have a holiday! Mr. Coughlin takes his agricultural classes "under his wing" and proceeds to the far-off city of Lynden. His young upstarts gaze in open-mouthed wonder at the exhibits. They bring home valuable food conservation recipes — such as toasted hay flake pudding, bird seed crackers, and many other relishes.

Oct. 5 — Red Cross Tag Day.

Oct. 7 — Dr. Powers begins series of lectures, "The Deeper Causes of the War."

Surgical dressing rooms are busy.

Oct. 8 — NOTICE: No school until further announcement, on account of the rapid spread of influenza. We're sorry about school closing, but the faculty will not believe us. Wonder why?

Oct. 9 — Everybody's getting the "flu." Oh, dear! Everything's closed. Not a single place to go.

Oct. 10 — Miss Mead is administering all sorts of pills and cures. Verily, our joints are becoming ball-bearing.

Oct. 13 — One Sunday that we'd like to go to church! When will the ban be lifted?

Oct. 14 — We decide to go home. We collect all "impedimenta" and away we go, our last question being, "When will school reopen?"

Oct. 15 — For many days — We sneeze, we cough, we bark, we ache, we burn, we wobble. In truth, many and varied are our pains.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 1 — Still —

*"The flu'll get you
If you don't watch out!"*

Nov. 11 — Hurrah! the war is over! We're so happy, but — what about school?

Nov. 15 — All is hurry and bustle. The mail brought us messages — "School reopens Monday. Be in your respective places on that date without fail."

Nov. 18 — Like obedient children, we've arrived. The Normal sounds like a bees' nest.

Dr. Nash speaks on "United War Work."

We don't know whether we're so glad to be back after all. We're swamped with work.

Nov. 19 — Guy Allison, of the '07 class, tells us how fortunate we are to be students at the B. S. N. S. (We'll take back what we said yesterday, maybe.)

Nov. 21 — Dr. Wilson, Y. M. C. A. worker from France, speaks at Y. W. C. A.

Nov. 26 — We're so happy tonight. We heard Bess Gearhart Morrison, who gave us a series of entertaining readings.

KLIPSUND

Nov. 27 — Dr. King, of this city, who has been a "Y" worker in France, addresses us.

Harrison Raymond sings.

Nov. 28 — Thanksgiving! No "home eats," for there is school tomorrow.

Y. W. C. A. tea.

Nov. 29 — Part of the classes are missing! Where are they? General school mixer. We're all mixed in fine shape, now.

DECEMBER

Dec. 4 — Dr. Brown, returned from Turkey, lectures on "Conditions in Turkey."

Dec. 6 — Food Conservation Day, or is it Food Conversation Day? They talked, anyway, and we listened.

Dec. 9 — Dr. Miller goes to Camp Lewis. Vocational work for the soldier.

Dec. 11 — Dr. Nash repeats an address that made an unforgettable impression last year, "Aeneas."

Dec. 13 — Senior mixer.

Dec. 14 — Reception to students at the M. E. Church on Garden Street. Too much entertaining — some get the "flu."

Dec. 16 — Christmas Red Cross Roll begins.

Dec. 20 — Vacation days are here! Merry Christmas to all! We're on our way singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Dec. 29 — Each of us have this soliloquy on "Home" as we leave: "One lingering look, behind I cast."

Dec. 30 — School again!

Dec. 31 — Goodbye, 1918!

JANUARY

Jan. 1 — Dr. Nash fulfills his promise. He greets us in person on New Year's Day. We begin the new year right by going to school. Why? Because our studies are so engaging that we can't leave them.

Jan. 2 — Reception to Seniors at Dr. Nash's home.

Jan. 3 — First quarter graduation exercises.

Address, T. B. Cole, of Bellingham. We're all made of "mud." No wonder we're so stuck up!

Jan. 6 — Second quarter begins. The male attendance is increasing!

Jan. 8 — The Boston Opera Company entertains us.

Jan. 9 — Miss Wilson goes to Camp Lewis to do library work.

Jan. 10 — Lieutenant-Colonel Pringle, of Nova Scotia, delivers a stirring address on "The Soldier's Life Overseas."

Jan. 13 — Armenian-Syrian Relief Fund. As usual, we surpass our quota.

Messrs. Hoppe, Kibbe and Klemme go to Camp Lewis for lecture work among the soldiers.

Jan. 15 — Miss Mead, "Social Welfare Work."

Jan. 16 — Thomas B. Fletcher, eminent editor, "Laxity in Present-day Teaching."

Jan. 17 — Bible Institute begins.

The Juniors have a mix-up. We've never found out who was mixed up the best.

Jan. 20 — Military assembly. The boys in school who have been in the service address us. Mr. Hughes reads some of his poems on army life.

Home Economics classes serve supper at the Y. M. C. A.

Jan. 24 — Charles Gorst, the bird-man, entertains.

*"Oh, wish I were a merry bird,
Happy would I be;
Perched all day in a shady tree,
Or, down among the clover
Drinking in the dew,
I'd like to be a merry bird,
Say, wouldn't you?"*

Jan. 27 — Mr. Klemme, "Hands Full of Honey."

Jan. 31 — Princess Radziwill, "Conditions in Russia."

FEBRUARY

Feb. 2 — The ground hog sees his shadow.

Feb. 5 — Mr. Klemme's advice:

*"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees from thy pores no perspiration run!"*

Never mind, it's running — even in February.

Feb. 7 — Basketball, Senior-Junior classes.

Feb. 10 — Rev. Addison Baker, of the Unitarian Church, "The Trend of Intellectual and Religious Interests Today."

Feb. 12 — Walter Whitcomb, "Lincoln — His Life and Letters."

Ionian Serenaders. Oh, those accordions!

Feb. 13 — Dr. Nash leaves for the N. E. A. at Chicago.

Feb. 14 — Valentine school mixer.

Feb. 15 — Alkisiahs banquet at the Leopold.

Basketball, Normal vs. Lynden.

Feb. 17 — Mr. Parrish, "The Grammar of Life." We leave the assembly with new names. What are you striving to be? A proper noun!

Feb. 19 — Attorney George Downer, "Washington."

Feb. 21 — It happened in this wise: Some of our young braves set sail in the good ship "Sea Breeze" for Friday Harbor, where they engaged in a basketball scrimmage. Monday finds them in a harder one, though — with their studies.

Feb. 22 — What a pity! Our holiday comes on Saturday!

Feb. 24 — We've received news! We're to have a new dormitory and a library building.

Feb. 26 — Harrison Raymond. Musicale.

Senior-Junior basketball game.

Feb. 28 — Mr. Bond, "Ideal Citizenship." He envies us our forty years of teaching service, which lies ahead of us!

KLIPSUND

MARCH

March 3 — Corporal McGinnis, of the Canadian forces, "Stories of Trench Life."

March 5 — Mr. Edson, "Puget Sound Birds."

March 7 — Junior play, "Mice and Men."

*"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."*

Housekeepers' mid-annual picnic.

March 10 — Dr. Nash returns from Chicago; gives sketch of trip.

Dr. Canse, "Hunger."

Lynden-Normal basketball game.

March 11 — Strickland Gillilan lecture, "Our Sense of Humor."

March 12 — Basketball, Thespian-Philo game.

There! Mr. Coughlin goes on another excursion with his classes. How fortunate some students are! This time it is to the Hawley chicken ranch. We'd all like to see how chickens walk on one leg, how they swim, etc. How disappointing that we all couldn't go!

March 13 — Faculty tea.

Reception to second quarter graduates at the president's home.

March 14 — Commencement exercises.

Address, Gomer Thomas.

March 17 — "The Wearing of the Green."

Third quarter begins. We're on the homeward stretch!

Maud Powell violin recital.

March 19 — N. B. Coffman, of Chehalis, "The Nobility of Life."

March 20-22 — Third annual Rural Life Conference. Speakers: Mrs. Preston, Presidents Showalter, of Cheney, and Black, of Ellensburg; O. J. Kern, of Berkeley, Cal.; Mr. Shultz, of Washington, D. C. They emphasize our responsibility as teachers of the men and women of tomorrow. Some students say, "It's a great life, if you don't weaken."

March 22 — Business girls' banquet.

Bill Edson lost his voice. Finder, please return.

March 24 — Rev. McPhail, "Man's Inner Life."

Plans are made for baseball games.

March 26 — Clarence Dahlquist, former student, talks on army life.

Mrs. Thatcher sings.

Everybody shows up at assembly. "There's a reason."

March 28 — L. R. Traver, "Thrift" — a four and one-half hour talk given in twenty minutes! Come again!

The Juniors are mixed for the last time.

School tea at Edens Hall for all those whose names are included in the letters "A" to "N." The rest of our mouths "water."

March 29 — Announcement of the spring tennis tournaments.

March 31 — We "dig up" some school spirit.

KLIPSUN

Camp Lewis Military Quartette.
Mr. Philippi has time to exercise his respiratory organs once more — all "Klipsun" pictures are taken.

APRIL

April 1 — April fool! The faculty are having a banquet. We hope it isn't a "Barmecide Feast."

April 2 — Senior-Junior debate, "Resolved, That the Government of the United States Should Retain Permanent Control and Operation of the Railroads. Constitutionality Waived."

April 3 — We are lulled to sleep by the frog orchestra.

April 10 — Dr. A. E. Winship, of Boston, "Community Democracy."

April 11 — At last the rest of us have tea — "N" to "Izzard."

April 12 — Philo banquet at the Leopold.

April 14 — Dr. Powers returns to give his series of lectures, "The Terms of Peace."

April 19 — Chuckanut marathon. We go "over the top."

April 22 — Leopold Godowsky piano recital.

April 24 — State College Glee Club. We decide that two evenings a week are not too many to spend away from our work!

April 25 — Physical education demonstration. We march as straight as sticks. Our bodies move like clocks.

April 30 — Awarding of athletic emblems — Kline and Herald cups.

MAY

May 1 — May Day festivities.

May 16 — Choral Club recital.

May 17 — School excursion to head of Lake Whatcom. We come home tired and happy.

May 19 — S. O. S. Call! Our brains are in danger! They are slammed, banged, jammed, crammed, crunched and punched with "last day thoughts."

May 22 — Thespian banquet.

May 23 — President's reception to Seniors. It's nice to be a Senior.

May 24 — Alumni banquet. We clasp hands with old-time friends.

May 25 — Baccalaureate sermon, Bishop Matthew S. Hughes, of Portland.

May 26 — Senior play, "Green Stockings."

May 27 — Junior reception to Seniors.

Everything's done up. We are, too.

Now for our diplomas!

May 28 — Twentieth annual commencement.

Address, Bishop Frederic W. Keator, of Tacoma.

Senior representatives, Helen Schwartz, Ernest Kobelt.

We have to say "goodbye." We think it is not quite so nice to be Seniors, after all.

We leave, clad in the armor of knowledge, going forth to conquer and be conquered!

*"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."*

Among Our Visitors

BESS GEARHART MORRISON

One of the most delightful evenings of the year was spent November 26, when Mrs. Bess Gearhart Morrison, one of America's distinguished readers in Chautauqua and lyceum work, entertained with readings in the auditorium.

Mrs. Morrison has had wide experience in lyceum work, and, consequently, knows just how to please her audiences. Her ease of manner, her method of presenting her readings and her selection of subjects on the simple, every-day occurrences of life endear her to all. Every number she gave was enjoyed, but, perhaps, her audience will hold longest memories of "Mirandy Ann," "Under the Christmas Stars," "Old Glory," and last, her realistic description of "The Old-Fashioned Parlor."

CHARLES C. GORST

The coming of the "bird man" was hailed with much joy. This was, indeed, one of the rare treats of the year.

Mr. Gorst whistled the familiar songs of many of our outdoor friends. This marvelous singing was accompanied by enlarged pastel paintings, and a humorous, picturesque talk on the life and habits of the feathered songsters. His personal experience of birds as he has studied them in the depths of the forest, in meadows, and by sea, lent much to the evening's entertainment. He left with us a new and lasting enthusiasm for the beauty and usefulness of birds, and all went forth giving his slogan, "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Fortunate, indeed, was the Normal to have the privilege of hearing Mr. Gillilan, prominent writer in American magazines, and America's foremost humorist. True to his nature, he gave the spirit of optimism, for the joy and enthusiasm he aroused in his audience in the space of one hour, was really wonderful.

Mr. Gillilan left with his hearers a message of cheer, and he pointed out the duty to mankind in performing services of kindness and happiness, especially during these days of stress and responsibility.

DR. H. H. POWERS

Recognized as a nation-wide authority on questions, national and international, because of his extensive study and experience abroad, Dr. H. H. Powers, of Newton, Mass., was able to give some unusually instructive and timely lectures pertaining to the problems confronting the Peace Conference. His five addresses covered these topics: "Punishment and Reparation; How Can Germany Repair the Wrong She Has Done?" "National Resources; the Economic Basis of Nationhood," "The New Nations," "The New Wards," "The League of Nations and Its Sponsors."

KLIPSUND

DR. A. E. WINSHIP

It was a pleasure to hear, April 10th, the editor of "The New England Journal of Education," Dr. A. E. Winship, who has, also, won fame as a speaker. His interesting and educational address on "Progress" is deserving of merit. He says that in order to keep pace with the times, when we are moving along at the speed of a century a year, it is imperative to realize the vitality and value of new things. These new things have been brought about chiefly through the war. Perhaps the greatest lessons the war has taught are harmony and co-operation — the building of a true democracy based on the unit of community interests.

PRINCESS CATHARINE RADZIWILL

Princess Radziwill, a princess of Russian birth, who is connected with many of the royal houses of Europe, gave an address on the subject of "Russia; Wherein Lies Her Hope for the Future." Her plea was for her country which has suffered so much at the hands of Germans and spies. She emphasized the immediate need of help, if her country is to be saved.

For many years Princess Radziwill has had experience in government affairs in Russia. During her earlier years, she was present many times at the court of Berlin. Consequently, she was well able to speak with authority on her subject.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

Of all the musical programs which the people of Bellingham have had an opportunity to attend, perhaps there is none which compares with the Godowsky concert. On the evening of April 22, the entire school listened with intense interest to this great master of music, who played the piano with wonderful interpretation of his selections and with the greatest of ease and grace. Mr. Godowsky is world-famed as a pianist. He has appeared in all great centers of music both in Europe and America, gaining such fame and prominence as has not been surpassed since the time of Liszt. He is, also, a composer of music, and has made important additions to piano music.

The Chopin "Sonata" will especially be remembered, for he proved himself capable of producing the effects of that beautiful composition most impressively.

MAUD POWELL

Although not on our lecture course, many of us availed ourselves of the opportunity to hear the noted American violinist, Maud Powell. Her numbers were appreciated highly. We shall never forget those delightful selections, "To Marguerite," "May Night," and her tunes of old folk-songs.

She played her program with the sympathetic understanding and faultless technique of a great artist, and made each number of her concert a delightful memory to be treasured in the hearts of those who heard her.

This year we have, also, been favored with other interesting musical numbers. The Boston Opera Company, the Ionian Serenaders, the Camp Lewis Military Quartette, and the Pullman Glee Club gave us most enjoyable musical programs.



ATHLETICS

Basketball—Men

Because most of the Normal students were in the service, Coach Carver could not put a regular basketball team in the field this year. However, after the armistice was signed, a number of husky lads dropped back into school. Nothing daunted by the lack of a school team, they got together and "picked up" a few games with outside teams. Notwithstanding the fact that the team was not really representative of the Normal and that little practice was held, a fine record was made.

Those who played are: Bjorlie, Countryman, Broadbent, Barnett, Sherman, Quinn, Whittaker. The following is a record of the games:

FAIRHAVEN HIGH 36 — B. S. N. S. 24

On February 11, the boys played a practice game with the Fairhaven High School team. The Normalites were not in good shape at that time and suffered defeat to the tune of 36-24.

LYNDEN SECOND TEAM 24 — B. S. N. S. 26

On February 13, the team journeyed out to Lynden and played a preliminary game to the Lynden-Friday Harbor game. In this game the team showed itself to be somewhat out of condition. The first half ended with the score of 20 to 10 in favor of the Normal, but they were unable to keep the pace and as a consequence Lynden gained in the second half. However, the Normal team managed to keep the lead and "brought home the bacon."

FRIDAY HARBOR 11 — B. S. N. S. 61

While at Lynden, the team from Friday Harbor challenged the Normal, and on February 20 our boys took the trip to Friday Harbor. This game was a regular "walk-away" for the Normal. Every man in the team procured more than his regular allotment of baskets, but it remained for "Chuck" Countryman to top the list with thirteen baskets for a total of twenty-six points.

AVON 10 — B. S. N. S. 30

Our third game was played with the Avon team. This team was a combination of Avon and Mount Vernon players, but they were no match for the Normal players, who sent them down to defeat to the tune of 30 to 10. The game was a roughly fought contest, but the Avon guards were unable to prevent Bjorlie and Countryman from cinching five and six baskets, respectively, while the Normal guards kept Avon down to the small number of ten points.

KLIPSUND

LYNDEN 25 — B. S. N. S. 21

March 10 saw the Normal team humbled by the Lynden second team. Over-confidence and the lack of practice were the main factors in the calamity. During the first half the Lynden boys ran rampant over the Normalites, but in the second half the Normal team gained steadily and a few more minutes playing would undoubtedly have reversed the score.

LYNDEN 9 — B. S. N. S. 29

The Normal team regained its laurels on March 14 in defeating the Lynden aggregation by the score of 29 to 9. The game was fiercely fought, but the Normalites were out to avenge their previous defeat. Their opponents were bewildered by the Normal team-work, finally succumbing to the aforesaid score.

CLASS GAMES

Junior players — Countryman, Marshall, Quinn, Sherman, Warrick, Wolters.

Senior players — Alm, Barnett, Bjorlie, Broadbent, Button, Neiswender, Sorensen, Whittaker.

The Junior boys won the basketball championship of the school by taking four out of the seven games played. The Seniors opened up strong on January 2 and defeated the Juniors in a practice game 21 to 1.

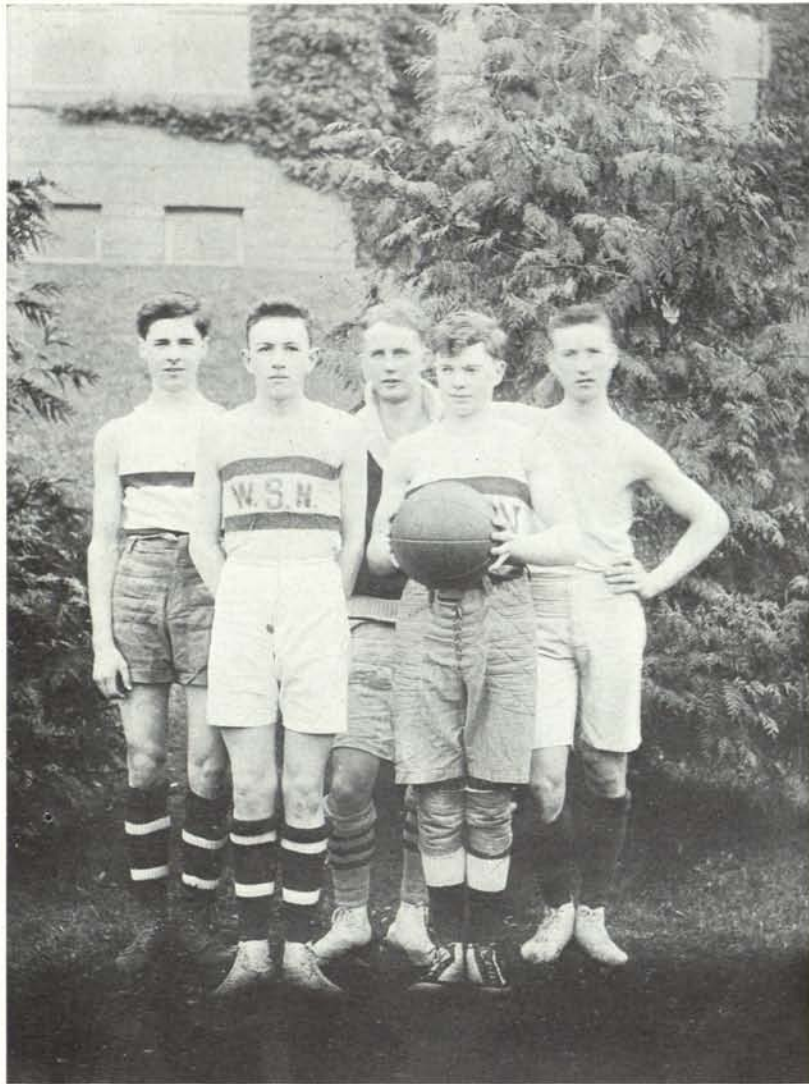
January 31 saw the first game of the series. It was a bitterly fought contest and ended 23 to 20 in favor of the Seniors.

After these two victories the Seniors became somewhat over-confident and took a beating on February 7 by the narrow margin of 25 to 24.

On February 18, the Seniors came back and defeated the Juniors 29 to 23. The games now stood 2 to 1 in favor of the Seniors.

Things began to warm up, and on the following night the Juniors evened up the series by defeating the Seniors 36 to 21. This game saw Countryman hit his stride from which he was never headed throughout the season.

The last two games and the championship went to the Juniors. The scores were 23 to 20 and 23 to 17.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Warrick

Sherman

Wolters

Marshall

Quinn

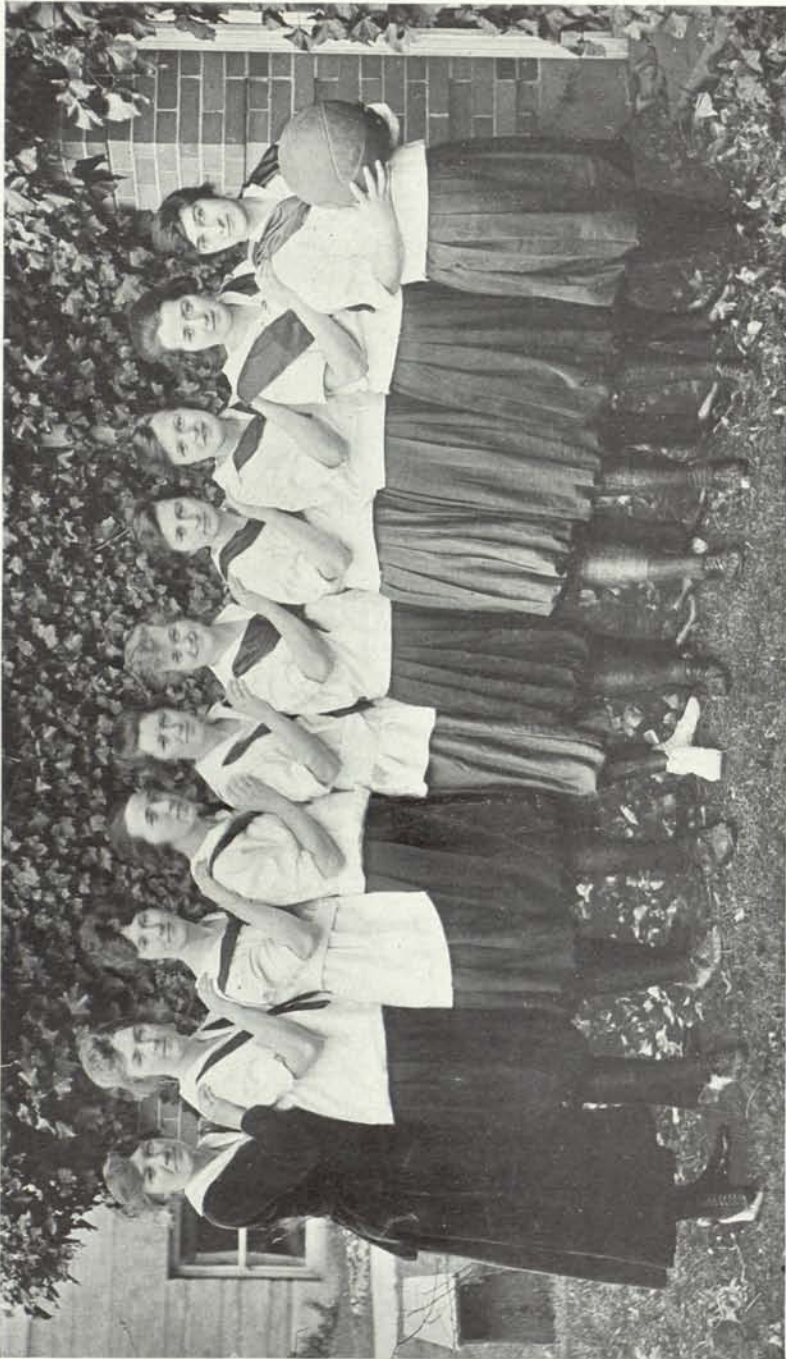


SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Button	Bjorlie	Neiswender
Sorenson	Whittaker	Broadbent



GIRLS SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
Locke
Koehler
Hamilton
Newell
Rochefort
Wiel



GIRLS JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
Moffat—Coach, Noon, Mead, Xitco, Appleton, Norling, Shane, Robln, Davis, Caples.

Kline Cup Series

To the Senior girls goes the honor this year! A hard fight the Juniors put up but it was in vain!

The first game of the Kline Cup series was played on the afternoon of February 7, 1919. Rooters from both classes were lined up ready to cheer their respective teams to victory. By the end of the first half the Seniors were leading by a score of 8 to 2. The second half saw the Juniors open up with vim, but the Junior forwards were unable to penetrate the Senior defense, while the Senior forwards continued to snare baskets. The final score was 21 to 7.

February 18, 1919, saw the girls take the floor to play off the second game of the series. The Juniors were determined to reverse the first score and for the first few minutes of play it seemed as though they were going to accomplish their purpose. But toward the last of the first half the Senior girls took a little spurt and ended the first half with a lead of eight points. The second half was even more bitterly fought than the first. The guards on both teams played with every ounce that was in them. The Seniors were held to three baskets, while the Juniors were only able to ring two. The final score was 20 to 10, in favor of the Seniors.

This game determined the winners of the series but, in order that those girls who had turned out regularly might have a chance to earn their letters, a third game was played. The Juniors put up a hard scrap, but the Seniors were again victorious.

LETTER GIRLS

<i>Seniors</i> —		<i>Juniors</i> —
Newell	Forward	Norling
Rochefort	Forward	Xitco
Hamilton	Center	Appleton
Wiel	Side-center	Shane
Campbell	Guard	Noon
Kaylor	Guard	Davis
	Guard	Roland
	Forward	Caples



Baseball

During the latter part of March, Coach Carver sent out his call for men to turn out for baseball. Because of the small number of boys on the team, the turnout was not very large, but with such players as Smith, Reardon and Brewer, who have played for the Normal in past years, there was great hope for a successful season.

Their first game with Mount Vernon realized this hope, for the score was 3 to 0 in the Normal's favor. Although the game came on Friday and thus no rooters could go from Bellingham, the home team came out splendidly. Brewer held the Mount Vernon players to one hit.

At the time of going to press, the schedule for the rest of the season is:

PLACE	TEAMS	TIME
Blaine	B. S. N. S. vs. Blaine	April 12, '19
Ferndale	B. S. N. S. vs. Ferndale	April 19, '19
Seattle	B. S. N. S. vs. U. of W. Freshmen	April 26, '19
Whatcom	B. S. N. S. vs. Whatcom High	May 3, '19
B. S. N. S.	B. S. N. S. vs. U. of W. Freshmen	May 7, '19
B. S. N. S.	B. S. N. S. vs. Ferndale	May 10, '19
B. S. N. S.	B. S. N. S. vs. Whatcom High	May 17, '19
B. S. N. S.	B. S. N. S. vs. Sedro-Woolley	May 24, '19

UNIVERSAL NEWS

All the News That's Fit to Print

VOL. 99,999

MAY 28, 1939

No. 11,111

ELECTION AROUSES ATTENTION

TIE FEARED

OLYMPIA — The election for State Superintendent, which has aroused so much interest here, terminated yesterday. It was not until all returns were in that one could form an opinion as to whether Leo Brewer or Vernon Broadbent would be elected. The personalities of the two men have won many friends throughout the state.

It is rumored that the physical stature of Mr. Brewer probably decided the election, as public opinion has conceived the impression that the office requires a tall gentleman in order to dominate over the teachers serving under him.

Miss Nita Murphy is to serve as assistant state superintendent.

Other items of interest in connection with the election are: (1) The re-election of Harry Sorenson as King County Sheriff; (2) election of State Auditor, Arvilla Jackel.

LECTURE NUMBER WINS APPLAUSE

The lecture musical number of last evening, given by the Boston Opera Co., was loudly applauded. The program follows:

Vocal solos.....Mary Jewett
(Accompanied by Miss Dorothy Beach on the ukulele.)
Piano solo.....Avis Dodge
(Who has won recognition abroad.)
Group of readings
.....Miss Dora Squires
Dance, "The Spritely Butterfly".....Hazel Beach
Violin solos.....C. Bjorlie
(Accompanied by Blanche Baylor, Flora Belville, and Karmen Bugge on the Jew's harp.)

STRANGE MAN SCARES CITIZENS

FERNDALE — No clue has been found to the identity of a strange man who attempted to look upon the beautiful home scene of

three spinsters, Beulah Nelson, Valentine Newell, and Leona Parlette, by means of that exquisite bay window designed by a well known architect, Alice Kinnear.

After leaving the home of the above citizens, this mysterious man seriously frightened and thus endangered the lives of two bachelors, living alone. Both gentlemen, Arthur Button and Ernest Kobelt, are at St. Luke's Hospital under the efficient care of Dr. H. C. Mathes and nurse, Mabel Dumas. Both patients are improving.

SOCIETY

A farewell party was given at the home of Vernie Johnson in Seattle last evening in honor of Misses Lillian Billington, Dorothy Goodchild, Harriet Swasey and Gladys Hamilton, who are to sail tomorrow for mission work in the Fiji Islands. A large number of friends, including the following, were present: Mlle. Oyen, instructor of music; Lois Miles, Dicey Mackey and Grace Alexander, teachers at Broadway High; Jack Whittaker, who is interested in the improvement of kindergartens; Vivian Bettanini, supervisor of opening exercises in Seattle Schools; Claudia Hull, owner of Hull's Book Store. James Barnett, cook at Chauncey Wright's, delivered a touching farewell speech.

Clara Borgard and Florence Dinkel have returned after twenty years' service in Hawaii.

Domenica Del Duca and Bodil Wiel are now at the New Washington, enjoying a brief vacation after fifteen years of active duty as hairdressers.

A reunion luncheon was given at the home of Mrs. Dorothy Beach Dana last week. Those present being Geneva Kellog, Marion Andrews, Misses Ruth and Helen Schwartz, Margaret McNaughton, Ethel Jahn, Misses Lila and Elma Mooney, and Erma Brown. A great deal of pleasure was received in counting the grey hairs of each person present.

Clara and Effie Locke announce the arrival of their book, "Trials and Temptations of a Fat Woman," from the press of Fraser and Finstrom.

ADVERTISEMENTS THE GRAND

MONDAY AND TUESDAY One-act farce, "Life of Two Squirrels," Mr. Squirrel, "John Settles"; Mrs. Squirrel, "Mary Burke"; The nuts, Adele Bassett, Nellie Agnew, Bertha Thomas, Nona Richardson, Myrtle Goodrich, Elizabeth Gallenger and Leta McLeod; squirrels' enemy, Pussy Cat, Catharine Hawley.

COMING Vaudeville, starring Bessie Evans, Elizabeth Fiedler, Agnes Dunn, Mary Docherty, Mrs. Gordon, Hallie Campbell.

LOST — A small black dog. Mrs. Vera Funnell Osburne.

SALE OF SECOND-HAND CLOTHING — 4444 Garden. Frank Owen, collector.

GARBAGE REMOVED— Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowery & Johnson Garbage Co., Neva Peterson, proprietor.

SITUATIONS WANTED HEAD WAITRESS in clean establishment. Bertha Carnahan.

POSITION as housekeeper and fire builder. Mrs. McMillan.

NURSE for little girl and three or more kittens. Helen Painton.

EXPERT DARNER and mender. Desires position in small family. Mary Gebhardt.

HELP WANTED FOUR Waitresses for banquet given by "Old Maids of Martyrdom." Apply Maude Wilson, Thelma Koehler, Mildred Tremaine, Jennie Robertson, com.

DETECTIVE to watch younger sister. Margie Lee.

TWO expert mixers. Apply Helen and E. Petite, manufacturers of pink ink.

AGENCIES MATRIMONIAL Agency. Salary accepted in gumdrops or jelly beans. "Success is my aim." Margaret Stockton.

BE A COMEDIAN! Charlie Chaplin Comedy School. H. Shaffner, instructor.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1919 of the Bellingham State Normal School, State of Washington, County of Whatcom, United States of America, being of sound minds and not acting under fraud, bribes, or wrong influence of any individual or living creature, do organize and declare this our last will and testament for the purpose of disposing of all grudges, cares, and grievances; and bestowing our beauty, good times, and numerous "Senior requireds," do cheerfully devise and bequeath as follows, to-wit:

ARTICLE I.

First. To our Alma Mater, all best wishes for the success of improvements which are to follow our departure.

ARTICLE II.

First. To Doctor Nash, we give (a) our sincere thanks for help given us this year and (b) a book entitled "Advice for Treatment of 1920 Juniors," compiled and copied from texts of psychology, biology, and pathology.

ARTICLE III.

To the 1920 Seniors:

First. Room 308 as a place for meeting, that each may be provided with sufficient exercise.

Second. Our highly esteemed Father Bever, on condition that they care for him with wisdom and forethought.

Third. Our assembly seats, so that all who attend may obtain an excellent view of the faculty present. May they provide sufficient extra rest and sleep for those in need.

Fourth. Our dignity, wisdom, and good fellowship. All references to the above will be placed on the reference shelf in the library.

Fifth. The Kline Cup, providing it is kept shining brightly with the engraved name of "Senior Class."

ARTICLE IV.

To the 1920 Juniors:

First. Our "pep," hoping that it will be used often.

Second. All text books in Junior subjects which we neglected until our Senior year. Take warning that you may not need to repeat this act.

Third. Someone to understudy "Frenchy's" laugh.

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ARTICLE V.

Individually and collectively we bequeath the following:

First. To the next Senior Class President, a paper crown and a tin gas mask, to prevent members making suggestions after the motion for adjournment has been made.

Second. To practice teachers, quantities of lesson plans, that the book store may not exhaust the paper supply, and a wireless system whereby they may be warned of the approach of a supervisor.

Third. To the boy with the largest pocketbook, a girl from Edens Hall.

Fourth. To the Dean of Women, a pair of rectilinear lenses that she may be able to study the birds and the chickens at the same time.

Fifth. To all Physical Education Methods classes, prepared outline forms by the bushel, to fill out with notes on how to make a forceful pause.

Sixth. To Mrs. Thatcher, our thanks for obtaining entertainment for us before the lecturer's arrival and our sincere appreciation for the many tears she has dried because of "that" solo in Music I.

Seventh. To Mr. Klemme, we cannot bequeath jokes, poetry or stories, so we bequeath a "shining light" to direct him to the "bluest" Junior with a word of cheer.

Eighth. To the teachers of the Art Department, a revolving stairway from the Training School to the third floor of the Science Annex.

Ninth. To Miss Stephen, a man guaranteed to prevent any rattle about a Ford.

Tenth. To Mr. Coughlin, two baby chicks and a ton of scratch food.

Eleventh. To Miss Morse and Miss Cales, four puncture-proof tires, to insure against tiresome delays by the roadside enroute to Columbia.

Twelfth. To Miss Keeler, time off to attend assemblies and a sure cure for writer's cramp.

Thirteenth. To all supervisors, a machine to investigate and grade lesson plans and our heartfelt thanks for their interest in us and their patience with our mistakes.

Fourteenth. To Miss Milne, a practical and interesting course in household management.

Fifteenth. To Mr. Philippi, a newly discovered chemical compound which will prevent washouts and other mishaps on railroads by which lecture course artists are journeying Normalward.

Sixteenth. To Miss Earhart, an illuminated map, that she may locate all "vacancies" in this world and the next.

KLIPSUND

Seventeenth. To Dr. Herre, a butcher who has had proper training in dismembering animals, to supply him with specimens for all physiology classes.

Eighteenth. To Mr. Bond, our sincere best wishes, and a pedometer to register the number of steps from the Normal to the top of Chuckanut.

Nineteenth. To Miss Vera Moffat, our friendship everlasting with best wishes for the safe return of the 361st.

Twentieth. To Miss Edens, a lapse of memory from 10 P. M. to 7 A. M. every night, in order that she may not have nightmares over Normal publications.

ARTICLE VI.

We, the Senior Class, do hereby appoint Dr. Nash, President of the State Normal School, City of Bellingham, County of Whatcom, State of Washington, U. S. A., as sole executor of this, our will.

ARTICLE VII.

In witness whereof, we have hereby signed, sealed and published and declared this instrument as our last will and testament, at Bellingham State Normal School, at two o'clock on the sixth day of May, Nineteen Hundred Nineteen.

Signed and sealed:

— SENIOR CLASS OF MAY, NINETEEN NINETEEN.

The aforesaid document, purporting to be the last will and testament of the Senior Class of the Bellingham Normal School, is on this twenty-eighth day of May, 1919, admitted to probate.

— MARGARET AUGUSTA STOCKTON,
President of Senior Class.

In testimony of the validity of the foregoing will and testament of the Senior Class of 1919, I hereby affix my hand and seal this twenty-eighth day of May in the illustrious year of 1919.

— ERNEST KOBELT,
President Students' Association.

— HARRIET HAMPSON,
Secretary.

JOKES

HEARD IN CLASS

Mr. Phillipi (in Chemistry): "What is the chemical composition of milk?"

Student: "H²O plus C. O. W."

Miss Kellog: "What's C. O. W.?"

Mr. Kibbe (Education 20): "Do you know that there is a woman suffrage magazine and I'm the only one that reads it?"

Domestic Science Teacher: "Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Art Button: "Yes, ma'am. Hash."

Dr. Herre: "Now, Miss McNaughton, if you will give me your bones and teeth I will show them to the class."

Mr. Phillipi: "What is the atomic weight of Fluorine? It's the same as some of your ages."

Miss Baylor (loudly): "Nineteen."

Question: How old is Miss Baylor?

Miss Lee (to student teacher at Franklin): "I'll meet you outside."

Dr. Herre (discussing the value of good feet): "No army is stronger than the men's feet."

Miss Nelson: "Have you a match?"

Mr. Wynn: "No, but I can soon make one."

Vernon: "Since studying sociology, my ideals of society are all shattered."

Mr. Klemme (Vernon and Hallie both absent): "Well, I wonder where Mr. Broadbent and Miss Campbell are."

Miss Beardslee: "What English word sounds like the French word *dormi* (sleep)?"

Appleton: "Dormitory."

Girl (in Mechanical Drawing): "Oh, Mr. Heckman, I can't get this to come out right."

Mr. Heckman: "Why, what's the matter?"

Girl: "Oh, it won't come out right, all these circles are round."

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Edna (in Nature Study): "I heard an owl last night."

Miss Baker: "How did you know it was an owl?"

Edna: "Well, — er — the person I was with said it was."

Miss Baker: "Maybe *he* didn't know."

HEARD IN THE "DORM"

"Girls, a MAN!"

G. W.: "It's not for me to say."

Room 15 (preceded and followed by blank verse): "*Shut the door!*"

Mabel: "Ain't nature wunnerful!"

R. C. — "That man interests me."

G. B.: "Aw, you're just making that up."

C. N.: "It *is* you know."

R. C.: "I only got two letters today."

P. A. and A. K.: "We do not look alike."

A. K.: "Somebody turn on the sun, this rain's getting me wet."

"Girls, the bell has rung."

P. A.: "Listen bunch, all Aunt Hattie'd let me have this time was a loaf of bread, three dozen cookies, a dozen eggs, a cake, a pound of butter, a package of tea and four pounds of sugar."

"Girlie, what makes his head wiggle?"

LATEST FROM THE SEAGULL

Art: "This fish is very rich."

Tommy: "Yes, it is well supplied with bones."

Sorenson: "How're your eggs, 'Red'?"

"Red": "I'll match you to see who goes back for the gas masks."

Waiter: "Never mind, you will be waited on in time."

Jack: "Yes, but I would like to eat before the price of food rises again."

IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Miss Ober: "Do you know that George Washington never told a lie?"

Pupil: "No, ma'am; I only heard it."

"Red": "I punish you because I love you."

Pupil: "I wish I were big enough to return the love."

PROVERB REFUTED

There is no fool like an old fool.

I don't know; there's the young fool that marries an old fool.

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HAPPY

Carolyn: "Ignorance is bliss."

Clara: "My, but you must be happy."

ON THE SENIOR

Junior: "What are you going to school for?"

Senior: "To improve my faculties."

Junior: "I thought the teachers were faculties."

SAGE ADVICE

F. Gay: "I owe nine letters."

Quinn: "I advise you to use carbon paper."

"Clam": "I don't believe in parading my virtues."

"Chuck": "You couldn't anyway. It takes quite a number to make a parade."

Tommy (coming from the "dorm"): "Well, how did you come out?"

Sorenson: "I came out with four cookies in my pocket."

ON THE TENNIS COURT

Gladys Hamilton (after making a poor serve): "That's because of penmanship."

Bugge: "Love-thirty."

Vernon (frightened): "Not all at once."

QUITE DESCRIPTIVE

Mabel: "What kind of boy is Mr. Lessard?"

Ruth: "Like an evening star."

Avis: "But he doesn't come out at night."

ON THE PROFS

Visitor: "The professor seems to be a man of rare gifts."

Mrs. Bond: "He is; he hasn't given me one since we were married."

Visitor: "My, your rugs always look so nice and clean; what do you use on them?"

Mrs. Klemme: "My husband."

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VOLUNTARY ASSISTANCE

A. S.: "I got a box of candy today for my birthday."

G. Brown: "I'm going to club tonight. What time shall we eat it?"

(From a little girl's essay on "Men"): "Men are what women marry. They drink, and smoke and swear. They don't go to church like women do. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but women sprang farther."

Mr. Sorenson: "I'll have you understand my feet are no small matter."

First Student: "When I die I want to die by the bullet."

Second Student: "I want to drown."

Third Student: "I want to be tickled to death and die laughing."

You might move whole audiences to tears, but most of us move whole tiers of our audiences.

Teacher: "What's the matter?"

Johnnie: "Jimmie kicked me in the stomach when my back was turned."

Jack: "What are you taking for your cold?"

Frank: "Make me an offer?"

Wanted: A cure for Clam's chuckle.

Broadbent, S. A. T. C. (on guard): "Halt; who goes there?"

Answer: "Chaplain."

Broadbent: "All right, pass Charlie."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Dr. Nash (from platform): "I am sure the students will wish to congratulate Mr. Earnest Kobelt and Miss Helen Schwartz."

E. Bugge: "Can't you people get in more jokes for the Messenger? There are plenty of them around here."

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If you want to start a war of your own:
Ask Frenchy to sing "Smiles."
Call Walters "Gooffie."
Tell Vernon you can beat him a game of tennis.
Mention one of Dr. Herre's tests.
Ask Mr. Coughlin what he carries in his little green bag.
Ask Bill Edson where his voice is.
Talk in the library.
Ask Art Button to chuckle.
Leave Assembly during session.
"Cut" through the training school.

B. Hamilton: "We are to bring the best joke we can find."
F. Owen: "May I take you?"

Resolved: That women should marry for love, not money.
Frank Owen and Gladys Brown, negative.
F. Owen: "This will be a good week end discussion."
G. Brown: "But we are on the wrong side of the question for that."



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THIS IS OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE TO GRADUATES

The policy of this school is to always keep in touch with its graduates and former students so as to be of assistance to them whenever needed.

The Normal Book Store, being a part of this institution, also desire to keep in touch with its patrons and has this proposition to make:

To those of you who will be located in places where it will be impossible for you to get many of the things needed in teaching we will agree to fill any order sent us *provided we have the goods in stock and providing cash is sent to cover.* You are all more or less familiar with our prices, so in making your remittances *please send enough to cover the articles, together with the postage.* If there is anything left we will return the balance to you or give you credit for same.

Those of you who are located handy to regular dealers, we advise that you buy of them. It is not our desire to secure business that rightfully belongs to them.

NORMAL BOOK STORE

C. C. BAUGHMAN, *Manager*

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Montague & McHugh

Incorporated—"Merchandise of Quality Only"

OUR POLICY

Absolute integrity, satisfaction and accomodation with the intention of winning and holding the patronage of every person entering our store. For over thirty years the house of Montague & McHugh administered to the wants of this community in a satisfactory way—our proof for this may be clearly understood if we were to reveal the fact that this department store has grown to be the largest north of Seattle, with more than sixteen departments contributing to the wants of our thousands of patrons. Largest and most complete stock of high grade merchandise represented—Womens and Children's Shoes, Underwear and Hosiery, Notions, Men's Furnishings, Draperies, Art Needle Work, Children's Apparel, Bedding, Women's Accessories, etc.

THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE OF THE NORTHWEST—
PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY FILLED

Women's Apparel Salon, 2nd floor, cannot dwell too noticeably on the fact that a generous showing of womens and misses' Sweaters and most up to date

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Waists, Sweaters and Millinery

await your inspection. Most enthusiastically endorsed by all who view them.

Right of corset represented here—Nemo, Warner's, Rust-Proof, Refern, W. B. and La Camille models, to suit all kinds of forms. Expert corsetiere at your service too.

Headquarters for the largest and most complete stock of high grade

Silks, Woolens, Wash Goods, Etc.

in Northwest. Butterick Patterns to help solve your sewing needs.

10% Discount to all Normal Students and Faculty

Cor. Holly St. and Railroad Ave.

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QUALITY, QUANTITY,
VARIETY AND VALUE

Is what you get when
you trade with us.

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—Always Reliable—

For your graduation—

Adler Gloves
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For party and reception,
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KABO CORSETS

*Exquisite Laces has spread the
fame of the Battersby Store.*

*For Better Things in
Confectionery*

The Pallas

The Home of
DE LUXE
Chocolates

Lunches

Ice Cream

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We carry a full line of
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School Supplies.

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*We make everything run
that has wheels*

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Watch Expert

Alaska Bldg. Bellingham

*E. L. Teeple
& Sons*

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Art

Visit our Studio, 1250
Elk Street, just off
Holly, Exchange Bldg.

P.S.—We do develop-
ing and printing and
do it right.

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THE BROWN STUDIO

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR THE
KLIPSUN FOR THE YEARS 1914, '15, '16, '17 and '19

We are glad to know our work gives such good satisfaction and thank you one and all for your splendid patronage.

Photographs that look like you are the only kind we make. Compare our work with others; it is our best advertisement.

BROWN STUDIO

Sunset Block

Elk and Holly Streets

IT'S QUALITY
THAT COUNTS
in this World

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Candies and Ice Cream
stand for that.

119 EAST HOLLY

*Engberg Drug
Company*

KODAKS

Our developing, printing and enlarging department is always at your disposal for information, instruction and general assistance. Our prescription department is the best in the city.

Corner Elk and Holly Sts.

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Union Printing, Binding & Stationery Co.

Printers, Bookbinders,
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Let us call particular attention to our Copperplate and Steel Die Engraving Department, where we execute high class engraving by these processes, specializing in Invitations, Announcements, Calling Cards, Embossed Stationery, etc., including Commencement Announcements and Graduate's Cards.

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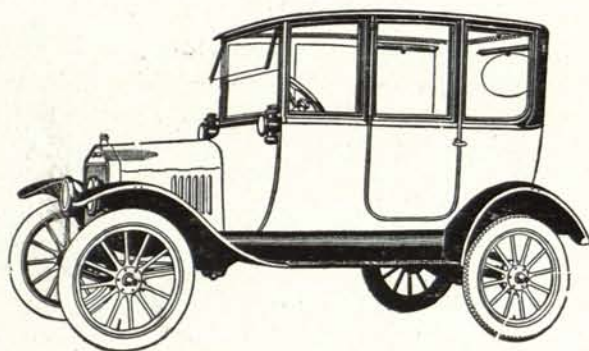
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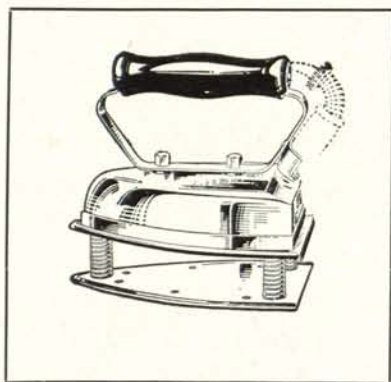
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Cannot rust or pull the cloth.
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