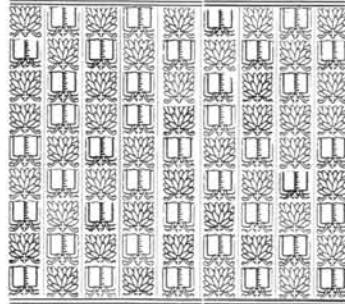


The Klipsun

THE BOOK OF THE
SENIOR CLASS



VOLUME VIII

Washington State Normal School

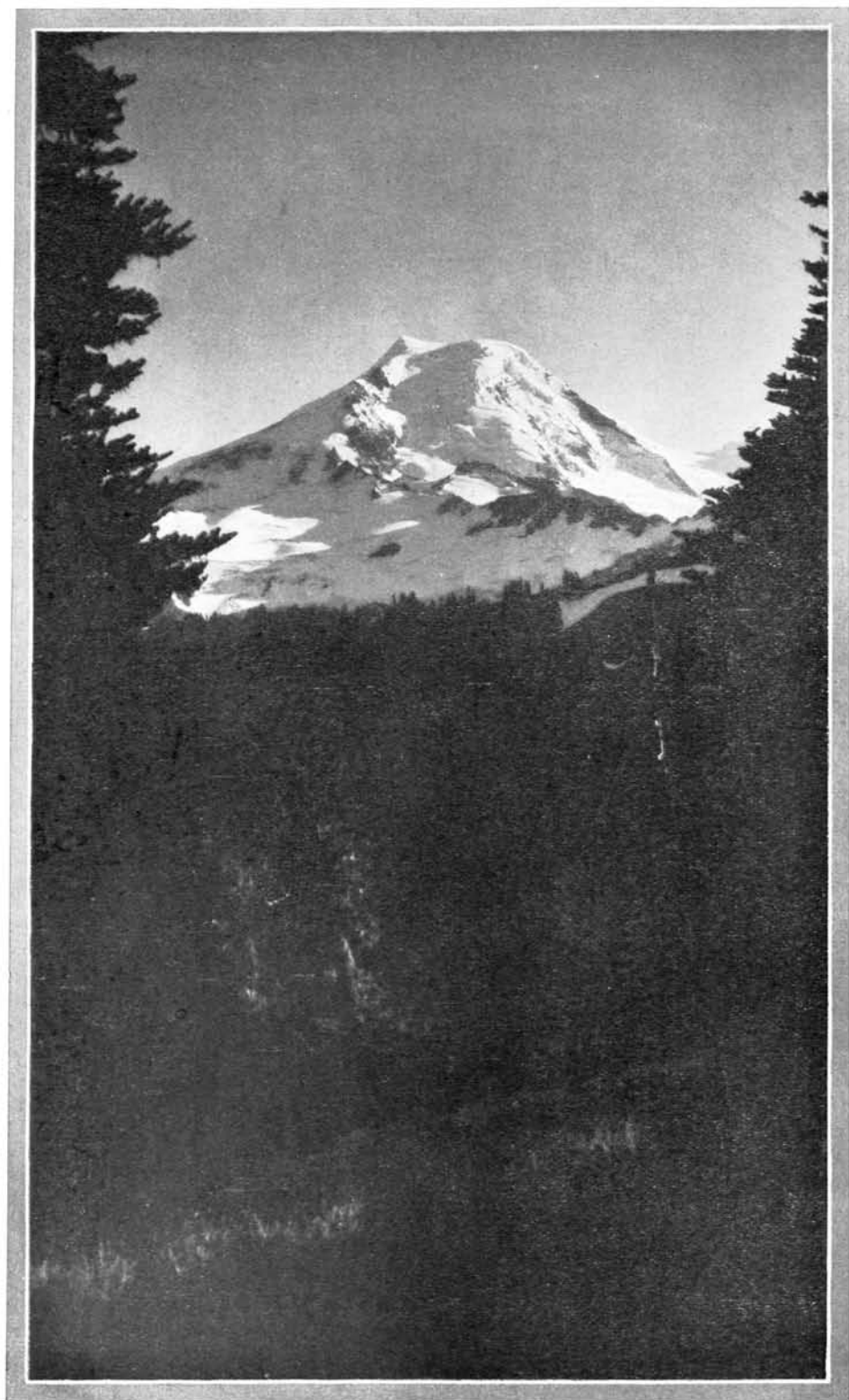
Bellingham, Washington

MCMXX

Dedication
To
Elias A. Bond

A man whose gospel of hard work and whose ready helping hand has been an inspiration to every serious minded student, we the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty respectfully dedicate our Annual





Mount Baker

*Purple, mauve, a violet haze, a splash of fine spun gold,
A charging cloud 'cross an opal sky, like a heavenly warrior bold,
A fringe of green in the shimmering sheen, a glare of silvered sun,
A sigh of breeze 'mong the sentinel trees, the work of God well done,
A mountain rears its wonderful heights like a crown on Nature's
brow,*

*A towering mountain clothed in white as pure as an angel's vow,
A circle of hills, a stretch of land, a sweep of an inland sea
The mountain enthroned on the roof of the world beckons to
you and to me,*

*The sun beats down on its silver crown, the waters softly creep,
There are stars, a moon, the nights' soft croon, the world has
gone to sleep.*

— GUY MANNERS.



TWIN SISTERS AND MT BAKER
© BANKS & WICKERSHAM



View of Lake Whatcom & Bellingham Bay
© Clyde Banks - 1927



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

An Appreciation

To our President

Whose boundless faith in the future welfare of our school and the work for which it is dedicated will remain an incentive and a cherished memory to every one of us.



The School Survey

THE site of the Bellingham State Normal School occupies sixty acres of land in the most picturesque spot on Puget Sound — on the slopes of Sehome Hill, above the Bay, and surrounded by beautiful mountains, with Mt. Baker towering in the background.

The school is in its twenty-first year of splendid achievement, and has graduated two thousand six hundred people. These twenty-six hundred graduates represent forty-nine different occupations. This manifests the various vocations for which one may prepare at the Normal. The greatest number, or one thousand four hundred sixty-two, are engaged in some form of pedagogical work, four hundred forty-eight are housewives, seventy-six are doing advanced study at colleges and universities, and fifty-nine are clerical workers. The number engaged in each of the other occupations range from one to seven.

The standards of teaching have been raised each year. From the beginning, those graduating from the eighth grade were admitted. So the requirement remained for ten years when it became necessary for one to complete one year of high school before entering. The following year, two years of high school training were required, and in 1917, one had to be a graduate of high school before entering. Now the qualifications are the same as those for college entrance.

One-year, two-year and three-year courses are now offered, and this year a four-year basis for the Normal was authorized. Also a one-year course is offered to university graduates.

The courses of study have been expanded. New features have been

BS NEWS

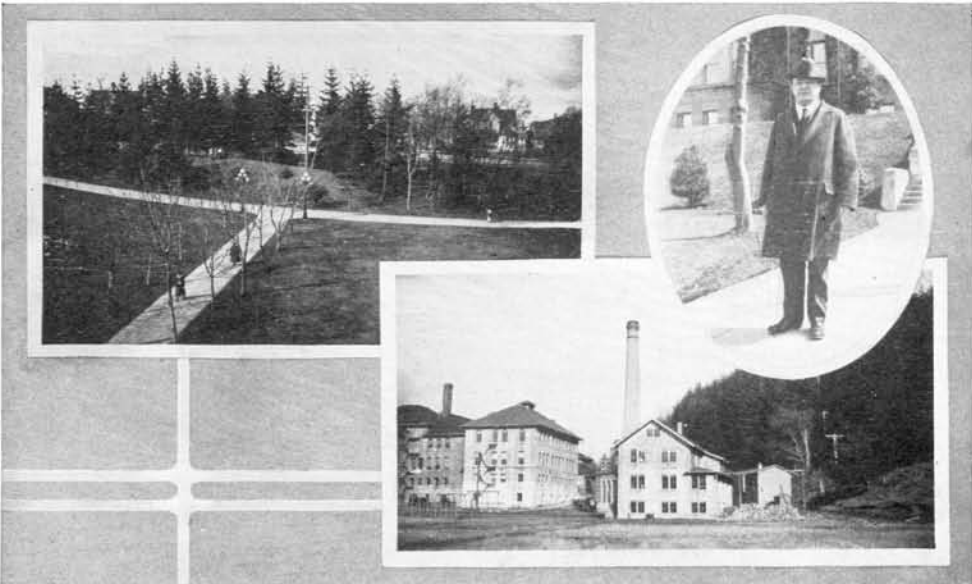
added in the various departments. The Federal Government has granted six thousand dollars to the Department of Hygiene. This department will be co-ordinated with the Department of Biological Science. With the co-operation of the head of this department with the School Nurse and the Physical Education, instructors and teachers will be better trained to carry on general work in personal and community hygiene.

The enlarged manual training building provides separate rooms for elementary woodwork, advanced woodwork, forge work, mechanical drawing, printing, and smaller rooms for repairing and finishing work.

A great development has taken place in the Extension Department in the past two years, and results of this work are becoming more and more pronounced. This course is given to those who wish to do part of their Normal work while teaching, and receive credits for their work, graduates who wish to keep in touch with the educational movements of the day, graduates of other institutions who wish to take some Normal work, and teachers and others desiring general culture. Sixteen of our teachers are engaged in this field, and twenty-two subjects are taught. These instructors sometimes hold community meetings where people may get in closer touch with one another, or where they may learn from speakers sent out from this school. By special arrangement, books may be secured from the Normal Library by those taking correspondence work.

The Student Loan Fund has proved instrumental to many in securing their education. Students may borrow from this fund to complete an entire course if they so desire. The fund increased from \$1,800 to \$12,000 in two years through the assistance of Mr. Charles Allen, of Seattle.

As the demand for more and better teachers is in evidence, so this school has and ever will meet that situation, by itself becoming bigger and better each year.







SEPTEMBER

8. Monday —
*"Comes the youth from farm and sea-shore,
 Gathered for the year."*
 The Seniors indulge in many hearty laughs, thereby forgetting their troubles of last year.
 The programming procession proceeds. Ladies first? Then the men will never get there. Many sad partings from fond parents and beloved dollars.
9. Tuesday —
 Repeat performance. The Juniors assume a sophisticated attitude.
10. Wednesday —
 First assembly. Three a week.
11. Thursday —
 Everybody seems lively. Just wait, however, until they encounter psychology.
12. Friday —
 First club meetings.
15. Monday —
 The fleet arrives. Edens Hall turns out en masse. In the evening we are entertained with a display of searchlights.
16. Tuesday —
 We have a holiday this afternoon. Wyoming and Arkansas are very popular. So are sailors.
17. Wednesday —
 Some "gobs" visit Normal.
 Mrs. Douglas appointed editor of the Messenger.
18. Thursday —
 Philo picnic, Whatcom Falls.
19. Friday —
 First Students' Association mixer. A fine program in the auditorium, furnished by the various "houses." Then games and refreshments in the big gym.

22. Monday —
 Dr. Nash gives a description of his experiences in Seattle last week when he saw President Wilson review the great fleet, and later heard the president speak.
 Miss Beardsley enthusiastically boosts the Salvation Army drive. About \$200 is pledged.
 This afternoon Dr. L. C. Karpinsky, of the University of Michigan, gives a lecture on the science of numbers and history of arithmetic. He has some old text-books, which some of us examine.
24. Wednesday —
 A great assembly! The Faculty give impromptu speeches. Dr. Nash says they are. Miss Beardsley still is boosting the Salvation Army.
 Miss Wilson gives a report of the meeting of the Pacific Northwest Library Association at Vancouver. Mr. Kibbe tells of a committee meeting in Olympia, which he attended.
 Miss Sperry tells of her Berkeley experiences; Mrs. Thatcher of her island visit, and Mr. Philippi promises us good things in moving pictures. Dr. Herre swells our hearts with prophecies of a lodge on the slope of Mt. Baker.
26. Friday —
 Some visit the Whatcom County Fair at Lynden.
 Y. W. C. A. reception is held in the evening.

OCTOBER

1. Wednesday —
 National Grand Concert Players.
 Questions: Whom was the prima donna looking at? How old was Lottie Louise Lough?

2. Thursday —
Aletheians initiate.
3. Friday —
Sage Brush Society organizes.
4. Saturday —
Major Girls hike to Chuckanut.
Faculty gambol (not gamble) in the gymnasium. Professor Bever shows his big league training.
6. Monday —
Chaplain Reagor speaks of the American spirit.
10. Friday —
Guy Allison, former editor of the Messenger, gives us advice born of experience.
Mr. Baughman joins the Benedicts.
11. Saturday —
Miss Burnside entertains the Philos at Eldridge Farm.
13. Monday —
Kenneth Huen, formerly of Normal, plays for us in assembly.
Gems of oratory are heard and the Students' Association election is held.
Harold Marshall is elected to be president; Miss Estelle Burnside, vice-president.
Theo. Karle, well known tenor, who originally hailed from Seattle, sings before us in the evening. A great day for all Seattleites. They were his play-mates.
15. Wednesday —
Dr. Mathes, former president of Normal and Y. M. C. A. worker near the front, tells of a trip he made while in France.
New Association officers installed.
Elwyn Bugge makes his "farewell" speech.
17. Friday —
Mr. Hoppe speaks on "Spontaneity."
Senior mixer in evening. Cider and pie.
You should see Mr. Bever skip around.
18. Saturday —
The Oregonians enjoy the famous Jack Martin waffles.
20. Monday —
Harrison Raymond, a Normal graduate, sings before us, accompanied by Miss Althea Horst. Good luck, Harrison in your further studies.
Miss Ida Gardner, a noted contralto, sings before us in comparison with her "re-creation" on the phonograph. We are all "fooled" by the similarity.
21. Tuesday —
D. A. Y. Barber Shop and Powell's Emporium are established.
22. Wednesday —
Normal Glee Club sings in assembly.
New Student Council elected. Now we feel safe. The enterprising Juniors held a program in class meeting. We learn that Roosevelt was a great admirer of Harold Marshall.
23. Thursday —
Philomathean initiation. Pass the spaghetti, please.
24. Friday —
Miss Brown, student secretary for the Y. W. C. A. speaks on behalf of the Student Volunteer movement.
The Messenger proves too interesting, and Dr. Nash requests that distribution be withheld until after assembly.
25. Saturday —
A submarine visits Bellingham Bay and some of us return the visit.
27. Monday —
Gladys Weir, accompanied by Madame Engberg, entertains us with her violin.
Herbert Hansen delivers a stirring Roosevelt address, whereby Webster loses his reputation.
28. Tuesday —
The Home Economics IV Class serves a Hallowe'en luncheon.
29. Wednesday —
We are entertained with "The Teeth of the Gift Horse" by the community Dramatics Class. Movies afterward.
30. Thursday —
The Major Girls banquet in the cafeteria.
31. Friday —
"Sports," by "Luke," makes its debut.
Sagebrush Club holds a Hallowe'en party.

NOVEMBER

1. Saturday —
Many of the Faculty attend the W. E. A. convention at Seattle.
3. Monday —
Junior Girls' indoor baseball team loses to Fairhaven 44-43.
The Evening Chorus is working on an oratorio, "The Prodigal Son."
4. Tuesday —
Dr. Anna Y. Reed of the Junior Division of the Employment Service at Washington, D. C., begins a series of lectures.
5. Wednesday —
Dr. Reed speaks on the "Area of Success" — ability, reliability, endurance and action.
6. Thursday —
The Normal Fire Department is being organized by Mr. Coughlin. We may expect fire alarms now.
7. Friday —
Very bright moon. Foolish thing to mention, isn't it?
8. Saturday —
Everett Club picnics at Lake Whatcom.
10. Monday —
Mr. and Mrs. Boucher, of the Bellingham School of Music, delightfully entertain us in assembly.

DECEMBER

11. Tuesday —
Armistice Day! At 11 o'clock we stand at attention for two minutes. Mr. Bever speaks in special assembly. A parade is planned but does not materialize.
First of inter-club games. Thespians defeat Rural Life in a good game, 20-12.
12. Wednesday —
Miss Agnes Hill, first Y. W. C. A. secretary in India, tells us interesting things about that land.
13. Thursday —
Philomonic Orchestra makes its debut. "A treat for all music haters."
The Rural Lifers hold their cruel initiations.
14. Friday —
Tacoma Club party in the little gym. Two boys to every girl. What's this school coming to, anyhow?
17. Monday —
We are urged to send delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines. About \$300.00 is pledged.
18. Tuesday —
"Do you drink coffee?" "Naw, I board at Edens Hall."
Thespians defeat the Philos in the second of inter-club games.
19. Wednesday —
Business Girls' League meeting. Domestic Science Department holds an Exhibit.
Herbert Hansen elected editor of the Messenger.
20. Thursday —
All tonsorial activities transferred to the locker room.
21. Friday —
The Messenger blooms forth with much poetry, semi-, pseudo- and iso-poetry from Jameson Hall.
Community Dramatic Class gives four plays in the afternoon.
In the evening, Mrs. Maude Willis entertains us with the "Witching Hour."
22. Saturday —
Philomatheans tenth birthday party.
24. Monday —
Dr. Kirkpatrick and Judge Howard speak of the dangers of Bolshevism. We're becoming nervous lately.
25. Tuesday —
Philo-Rural Life basketball game ends in a tie. In playing this off Rural Life wins by one basket.
26. Wednesday —
First quarter graduation.
The graduates are not the only ones leaving. Excessive scattering for boats and trains. Woe to those that must remain.
27. Thursday —
Thanksgiving--we're all home.

1. Monday —
Thanksgiving over but not gone. "Only three weeks till Xmas," sighs one Tacoma maiden. Prof. Sedgewick of the University of British Columbia modestly recounts his experiences in teaching English.
Miss Baker speaks in behalf of Mrs. Pankhurst.
2. Tuesday —
Courage men! There is increased strength in numbers.
Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, of suffrage and war service fame, speaks in Liberty Hall.
3. Wednesday —
Mrs. Pankhurst gives us her impressions of France.
4. Thursday —
Miss Woodard takes the Aletheians out on the campus and introduces them to a study of the stars.
15. Monday —
Men of the school hold banquet and appreciate their own society. They come from all parts of the globe.
16. Tuesday —
"The New Dormitory"—a topic for conversation.
17. Wednesday —
A secret game. Normal defeats Fairhaven, 26-8.
18. Thursday —
Santa makes an early appearance at some of the clubs.
19. Friday —
Training School renders a Christmas program.
The Christmas number of the Messenger appears in special issue of magazine form dedicated to Dr. Nash.
30. Tuesday —
Normal beats Blaine in an easy game, 26-14.

JANUARY

2. Friday —
The Normal team starts the year well by chastising the Mount Vernon American Legion, 39-8.
5. Monday —
The Walton Brothers entertain us. One sings, "Please Let Me Sleep," but we don't; we encore him.
6. Tuesday —
Calamity! No Board of Control meeting.
7. Wednesday —
Men of school hold meeting to consider forming of association.
8. Thursday —
Messrs. Philippi and Coughlin test suspected liquid that the county sheriff sends up.

9. Friday —
Yell practice for the Whatcom game. In a preliminary game the Philos defeat the Rural Life girls 33-4. Whatcom is defeated by one point 15-14. They, like the Arabs, silently steal away, muttering, "Wait 'till next time."
12. Monday —
Miss Wilson highly recommends Lazzari, who sings tonight at the American. We had to sneak up a dark alley to hear Carolina, but she is worth it.
13. Tuesday —
Mr. Carver manouvers for some postage stamps.
14. Wednesday —
The Misses Mead, Croxford and Kesler returned from Des Moines, tell of their experiences and inspirations.
15. Thursday —
The debate tryout committee gives a discouraging report. Mr. Simondson suggests the formation of a "Mens Auxiliary." Tom Skeyhill, Australian poet and soldier in Gallipoli and France, gives us his impressions of America and the war, especially his experiences with our "slanguage."
16. Friday —
Everett Club party at the home of Mrs. Hargitt.
17. Saturday —
Normal puts up a fine game, but is defeated by the Vancouver Ex-Normal team, 26-24. The second team defeats the Y. M. C. A., 29-17. Business Girls hold banquet.
19. Monday —
Dr. Nash tells us all to be vaccinated. Elwood Davis gets vaccinated and then repenting, tries to cheat nature.
20. Tuesday —
We succumb to the inevitable. Some steppers grow naughty and are obliged to seek new lodging.
21. Wednesday —
The Men's Association of Normal meets and elects officers. Mr. Hoppe suggests that the various societies take up debating.
23. Friday —
Archie Erickson and Ira Loree are both awarded pennants, one by Mr. Kolstad, the other by Dr. Nash, for inventing the best school yell. Normal marches down to the Whatcom gym in a body. Whatcom is out-yelled and out-played. Normal girls win 18-16. Normal boys clinch the city championship 18-12. A parade through town on the way back, too.

24. Saturday —
Y. W. C. A. Bible Institute is being held.
27. Tuesday —
Father O'Sullivan, missionary, gives us a picture of Egypt, its land and pyramids.
30. Friday —
The Sing-Yell number of the Messenger appears. Juniors hold a mixer with taffy.
31. Saturday —
Normal defeats C. P. S., 32-8.

FEBRUARY

9. Monday —
Dr. H. E. Jackson of the Federal Bureau of Education, outlines his plans of training for citizenship and pleads for our support. Boys' smokeless smoker is announced.
10. Tuesday —
Many visit Liberty Hall and hear Walker Whiteside in "The Master of Ballantrae."
11. Wednesday —
Feverish practice for the oratorio continues.
12. Thursday —
Valentine parties are the vogue. March Seniors banquet at the — (Pheasant)!
13. Friday —
The Evening Chorus, under the direction of Mrs. Thatcher, presents an oratorio, "The Prodigal Son." Mrs. Nash, Mrs. Spratley, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Harter, as soloists, kindly aid in making this an excellent evening.
17. Tuesday —
Normal debating team chosen. Advanced Cookery Class gives a Valentine luncheon. Expression Class entertains for the evening with one-act plays.
18. Wednesday —
Miss Agnes Clippenger and Mr. C. L. Simonson eulogize Washington and Lincoln.
19. Thursday —
We are awakened in psychology by rude blasts on the hillside.
21. Saturday —
Normal team donates to St. Martin's College a second defeat, 40-27. March Seniors hold party.

MARCH

4. Thursday —
Domestic Science exhibit.
5. Friday —
March Senior Messenger appears.
8. Monday —
The Junior Class presents Mr. Guy Johnson as "The Scarecrow," aided nobly by the Prince of Darkness, Archie Erickson, and others who came

most naturally to their roles. Good work, Juniors; may the Seniors do as well.

9. Tuesday —
The camera at Grosart's continues to crack.
11. Thursday —
The hillside excavators start down for China.
13. Saturday —
Myrtle Club entertains.
16. Tuesday —
Board of Control meeting. All present.
18. Thursday —
Mrs. Kibbe demonstrates that she can make her own furniture. Mr. Kibbe should have his salary lowered.
19. Friday —
The Normal mixed quartette presents itself to the delighted country folk of Lawrence.
20. Saturday —
Edens Hall girls up to Chuckanut.
A Philo minority reaches the top minus the coffee pot.
Watch for "King William at the Battle of Chuckanut."
21. Sunday —
Mr. Kolstad entertains at Lake Whatcom.
Who? When?
22. Monday —
Mrs. Kelly, secretary of the National Consumers' League, advocates a pure clothes act. No more "all wool" then.
26. Friday —
Ezra Meeker, one of the Northwest's young men, compares his ox team with a modern Ford.
27. Saturday —
Men of the school volunteer work on the tennis court.
29. Monday —
Amateur Pankhursts from Edens Hall resort to mob spirit and picketing in the library, shouting "Votes for Wimmin!"
Enger Hall girls give a taffy pull flavored with hypnotism.
31. Wednesday —
Our pride must fall. We are subjected to the army mental test by Mr. Kolstad.
Second bump — Normal is defeated in baseball by Mount Vernon, 15-5.

APRIL

1. Thursday —
Wake me not up. Home again.
5. Monday —
Dr. Nash makes the opening address at the Teachers' Institute. Several of the Normal Faculty speak at sectional meetings.

7. Wednesday —
Mrs. Josephine C. Preston, State Superintendent of Education and president of the N. E. A., addresses the institute in the Normal auditorium.
Dr. Chas. Francis Meserve, of Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina, speaks in assembly.
8. Thursday —
MacPherson raises shrubbery.
9. Friday —
Aetheian picnic supper in the cafeteria.
Messenger enters politics?
10. Saturday —
Philomatheans' annual banquet at the Leopold.
12. Monday —
How do you get up Chuckanut? Climb.
13. Tuesday —
Tennis rules are delivered.
14. Wednesday —
Mrs. Mayhew argues for school spirit and suggests the publication of a book of songs.
16. Friday —
Basketball letters awarded to the team. Good work, boys!
Student election.
Arbor Day exercises in assembly and on the campus. Dr. Nash reminds us of Normal's part in the war.
Normal meets second defeat at the hands of Mount Vernon, 9-7.
Mr. Kibbe is hero of hold-up and saves thirty cents.
The Steppite boys try their hand at entertaining — and go —
17. Saturday —
———up Chuckanut. The Marathon is on. Who wins?
19. Monday —
Mrs. Charlotte Hammond speaks in assembly with Mrs. Firman, of Chicago.
Elwyn Bugge gives violin selections, accompanied by Miss Ingalls.
Ab Hennes pleads for the new "U" Stadium.
Normal bats Fairhaven off the map, 8-0.
20. Tuesday —
Mental test results show the boys win more A's in that test than the girls. It couldn't be helped.
After several difficulties the Seniors are announced winners of the Marathon.
21. Wednesday —
Mrs. Sacoreom, of Armenia, pleads for her countrymen.
Dr. Moore, chairman of the Commission on Fine Arts, tells us of the beauties of Washington, D. C.
22. Thursday —
Robert C. Craven gives an illustrated humane lecture.

23. Friday —
 "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," by the Choral Club, assisted by many men of the school and children of the Training School.
24. Saturday —
 Whatcom is humbled, 10-6.
 The Flonzaley String Quartette gives a delightful evening of music.

APRIL

25. Sunday —
 The bulb farm offers attractions to Normalites.
26. Monday —
 Governor Hart takes charge of Normal for the time being.
 The Fisk University Jubilee Singers inspire us.
 The Home Economics Class gives a luncheon in honor of Governor Hart and other notables.
27. Tuesday —
 Last meeting of present Board of Control. Good luck, ye new!
28. Wednesday —
 We are favored by four well-known men: Representative Gallatly, of Cheilan County; Mr. L. D. McArdle, of the State Bureau of Inspection; Mr. Frank Dallam, of the Post-Intelligencer staff, and Mr. Hartramft, Silver-Burdette Company representative and evident humorist.
30. Friday —
 Everett-Snohomish Club gives a Klipsun benefit penny party.

MAY

1. Saturday —
 Normal girls participate in the Bellingham Tulip Day parade.
 Philomathean week-end party at Mr. Kolstad's cottage, Lake Whatcom.
3. Monday —
 New student officers installed and the old ushered out.
 The Kline Cup is awarded to Miss Florence Baker, captain of the Junior girls' basketball team, and the Herald Marathon Cup to Miss Margaret Xitco, vice-president of the Senior Class.
 Hygiene 2 class gives a practical first-aid demonstration.
4. Tuesday —
 Cooking class field trip and picnic.

5. Wednesday —
 Dr. Herre presents a new song to the tune of "John Brown's Body." Another song is sung but the author is unknown.
 Rev. P. H. Raymond, chaplain of the Monroe Reformatory, gives an inspiring sermon on our place in life.
 Miss Evelyn Whittier wins the Messenger humorous poem contest. We move a resolution to thank Mr. Allison for his interest in the school.
 Seniors hold an important meeting.
6. Thursday —
 The Parent-Teachers' Association invades our halls and is welcomed by Dr. Nash. A course in ushering is offered.
7. Friday —
 Men of school discuss Mt. Baker trip. Signing up for tennis tournament.
 Normal plays Meridian, 17-7.
10. Monday —
 Senior go announced.
 Tennis tournament on. Go to it!
11. Tuesday —
 Ruth Linrud sings and plays at the Garden M. E. Church.
12. Wednesday —
 Junior Day. Junior program is presented in assembly and enjoyed very much, especially "The Junior Jazz Orchestra."
 Thespians give evening of plays.
14. Friday —
 Junior reception to Seniors.
15. Saturday —
 Normal plays Whatcom.
17. Monday —
 Annual school excursion.
21. Friday —
 President's reception to Seniors and Faculty at the Aftermath Club House.
22. Saturday —
 Alumni reunion and banquet at Aftermath Club House.
23. Sunday —
 Commencement sermon at First Presbyterian Church by Rev. H. S. Templeton.
24. Monday —
 William Howard Taft honors the Senior Class Day exercises.
25. Tuesday —
 Senior Class play, "The Saving Grace."
26. Wednesday —
 Twenty-first annual commencement exercises. Address by Dr. Ira W. Howarth, of California.
 This concludes the program.

FACULTY



lewis

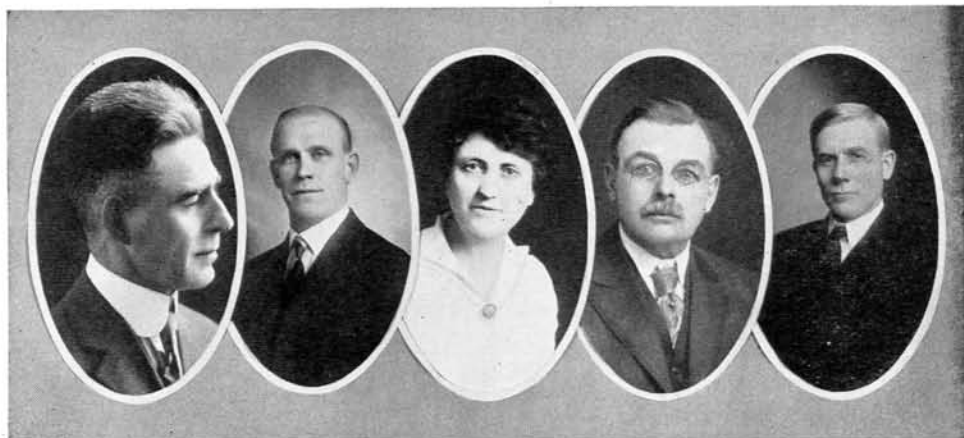
BIOLOGICALS



Irving E. Miller *Education*
 Catherine Montgomery *Asst. Supt. Training School*
 Arthur Kolstad *Education*
 Hope Mowbray *Observation and Primary Methods*
 Lynus Alonzo Kibbe *Education*



John Vincent Coughlin *Agriculture*
 Albert C. Herre *Biological Science and Hygiene*
 May Mead *School Nurse*
 Ida Agnes Baker *Nature Study and Forestry*
 Bertha Hughes *School Physician*



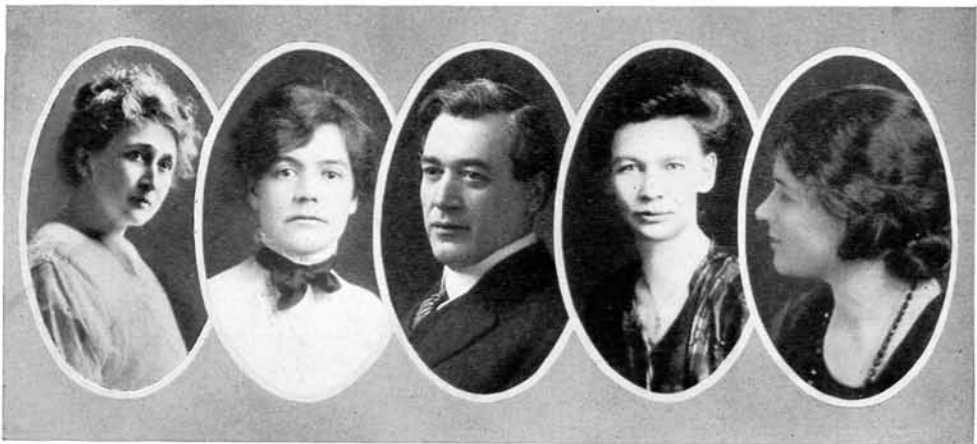
M. W. Heckman
 . . . *Industrial Arts, Faculty Advisor, Board of Control*
 Edward Julius Klemme *Rural Education*
 Belle Wallace *Supervisor Grammar Grades*
 Lyman D. Bissell *Printing*
 John Rindal *Industrial Arts*



Georgie Gragg *Penmanship*
 John F. Caskey *Business Education*
 Mrs. James Gaul *Spanish*
 W. J. Rice *Penmanship*
 Mrs. May Lovegren *Business Education*



Thomas F. Hunt *Geography*
 Helen Beardsley *French and Spanish*
 M. Belle Sperry
 English, Director Young Women's Christian Association
 Zeta Mayhew, *English, Literary Critic Klipsun and Messenger*
 *English, Literary Critic Klipsun and Messenger*
 Victor Hoppe *Oral Expression*



Marie Carey Druse . . *Art and Handicraft, Art Critic Klipsun*
 Mabel Zoe Wilson *Librarian*
 James Bever *History and Sociology*
 Ruth M. Boring *Art and History*
 Enid Striker *Art and Handicraft*

STONES



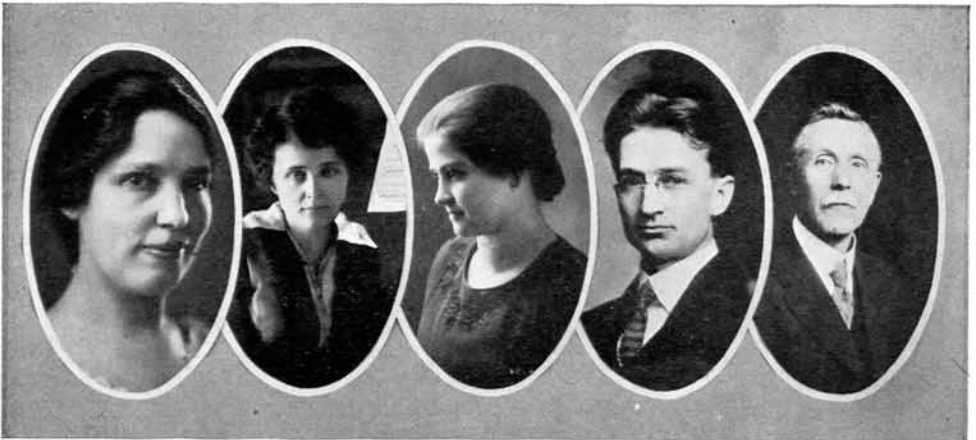
Mrs. Florence Fox Thatcher *School Music and Voice*
 Ethel Gardner *Pianoforte*
 Gertrude Longley *Home Economics*
 Mildred Moffat *Supervisor Primary Grades*
 Esther Clark *Home Economics*



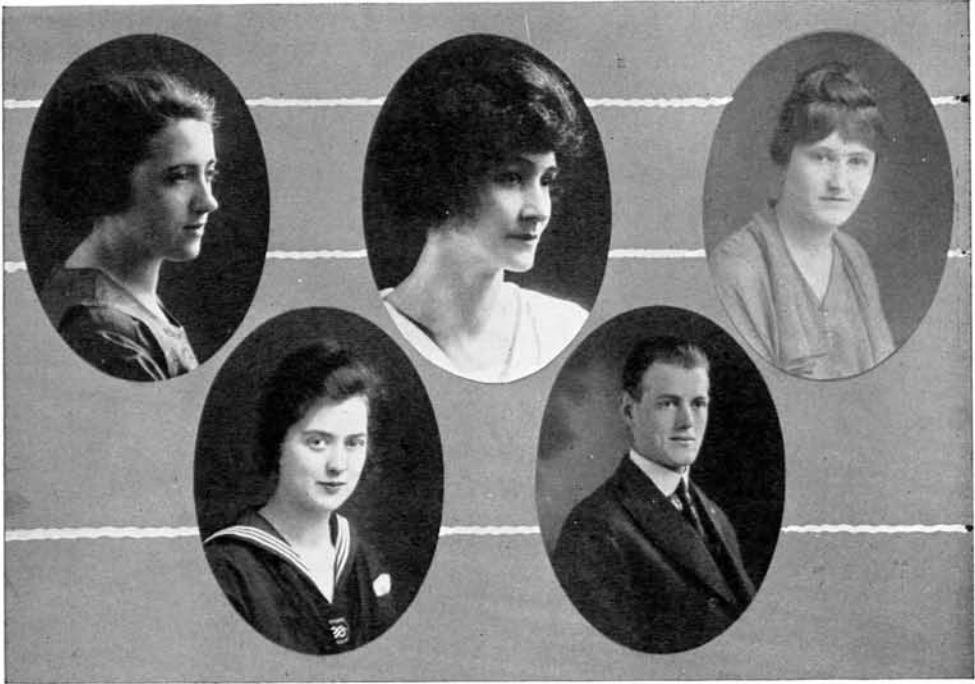
Florence Friedenberger, *Supervisor Lower Intermediate Grades*
 Lota M. King *Supervisor Upper Grades*
 Nellie Lee *Supervisor Lower Grades, City System*
 Ruth Bell *Supervisor Lower Grades*
 Mrs. Edna Samson *Supervisor Upper Grades*



Helen Tompkins *Pre-Primary Supervisor*
 Eleanor Gray *Supervisor Upper Intermediate Grades*
 E. Gertrude Beasley *Supervisor Grammar Grades*
 Laura E. McDonald *Supervisor Upper Intermediate Grades*
 Bertha Crawford *Supervisor Upper Grades*



Exean Woodard *Dean of Women*
 Mme. Davenport Engberg *Violin*
 Mrs. Ina Kirkman *Supervisor Geneva School*
 Harry C. Philippi *Physical Science*
 F. L. Olslager *Registrar*



XITCO

FRANK

BURNSIDE

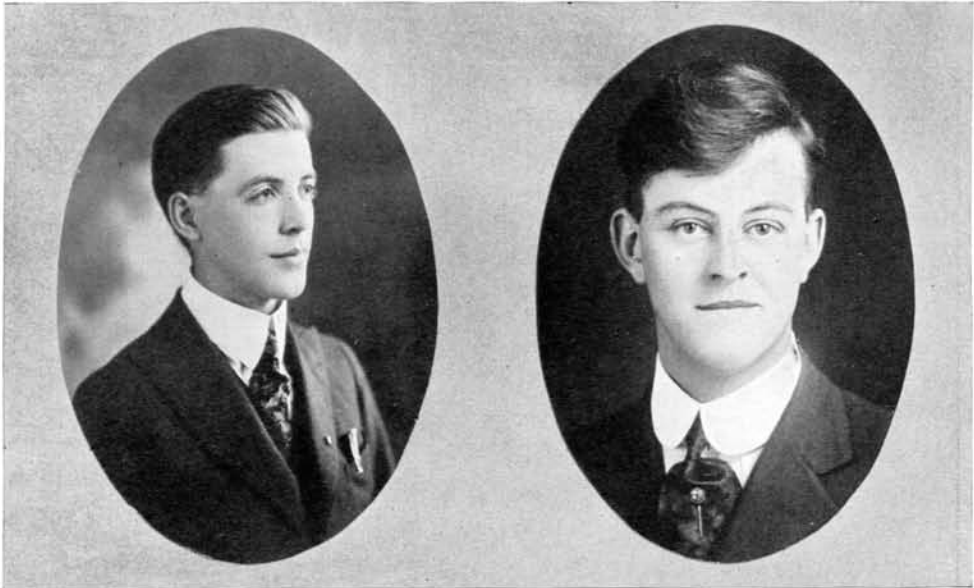
SELBY

LEE

The Klipsun Committee

The Klipsun Committee wish to thank all those who have so willingly co-operated with them in editing this number of the Klipsun.

The loyal five, the business manager and editor have worked hard in order to bring this number up to the standard of the school. Their hope is that you will carry it away with you as a reminder of those "precious days at Normal."



BUGGE

FREEMAN

Klipsun Staff

Elwyn Bugge	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
Muriel Lee	<i>Associate Editor</i>
Stanley Freeman	<i>Business Manager</i>

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Edith Kesler	<i>Entertainment</i>
Beverly Hatch	<i>Organizations</i>
Maude Elliot	<i>Dramatics</i>
Olga Heggem	<i>Training School</i>
Ethel Burkland	<i>School Survey</i>
Noel Wynne	<i>Calendar</i>
Stella Lowry	<i>Social</i>
Elwood Davis	<i>Athletics</i>
Margaret Xitco	<i>Athletics</i>
Henrietta Welch	<i>Jokes</i>
Kenneth Selby	<i>Snaps, Humor</i>



HATCH	LOWRY	BURKLAND	LEE	DAVIS	SELBY	WELCH
	XITCO		HEGEM		ELLIOT	
CLAASSEN		WYNNE		WHITTIER		KESLER



JUNIORS



The Class of 1921

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Eva Bond	<i>President</i>
Muriel Young	<i>Vice-President</i>
Lorraine Winters	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

SECOND QUARTER

Ira Loree	<i>President</i>
Paul Culver	<i>Vice-President</i>
Muriel Young	<i>Secretary</i>
Arthur E. Bowsher	<i>Treasurer</i>

THIRD QUARTER

Arthur E. Bowsher	<i>President</i>
Francis Smith	<i>Vice-President</i>
Pauline Noll	<i>Secretary</i>
Tom Harrison	<i>Treasurer</i>

JUNIOR CLASS SUMMARY

At this closing time of the year, when our sojourn as Juniors is almost over, it seems rather difficult to summarize the many activities of our class. As we look back over the path we have trod, we think with sorrow that our Junior days will be no more.

Many jolly mixers, where the spirit of good-fellowship held sway, helped us in becoming acquainted, and in binding us together in unvidided loyalty to the Class of 1921. The art of the Juniors to enjoy a good time is unsurpassed and the memory of these jollifications will be with us always.

Clubs and societies rejoiced to find in our midst such talent and wisdom. Without us their former reputations could never have been upheld.

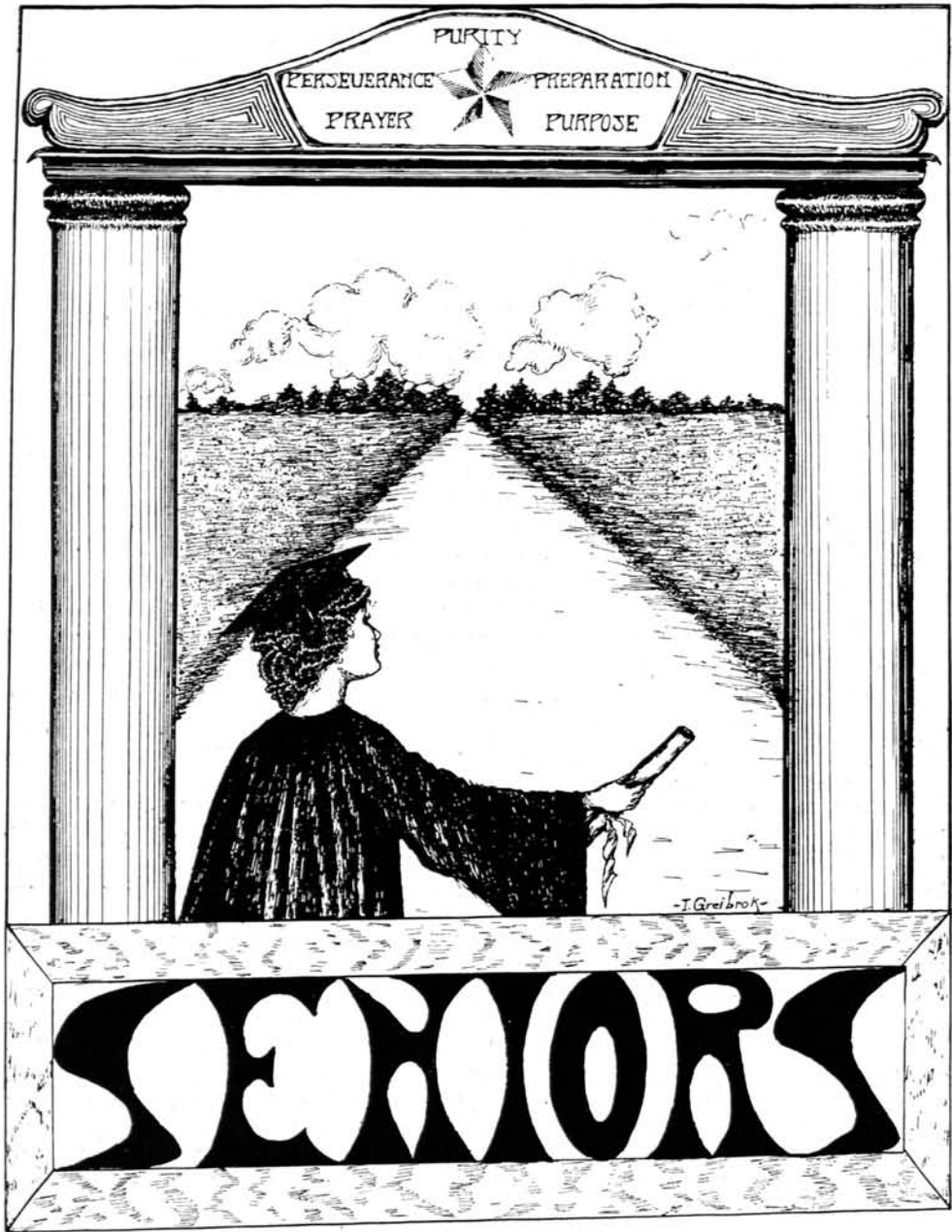
In athletics we have shown our capability and willingness to play the game, as well as to give the "peppy" support that means so much to every team. Our girls showed their efficiency by their victory over the mighty Seniors in the Kline Cup series. The majority of the members of the school teams, needless to say, were chosen from the Class of 1921.

Dramatics also held a high place among us. Our class play, "The Scarecrow," will long be remembered by those who saw it. The beauty of the play and the talent of the players made that finished production one of our most treasured memories.

The success of the year is due to a very large extent to the unceasing work, and true interest of our class advisors, and to them we are deeply grateful.

"In closing, "when distance lends enchantment to the view," and fond memory brings to our minds the many helpful and joyful things that happened during our dear Junior days, may we show by our deeds and lives our appreciation for all that we have gained, and, as Tiny Tim said, "God bless us everyone!"

— BERNICE DAY.



The Senior's Farewell

*We needs must ponder ere we journey forth
With joyous hopes, each on his separate way,
A little on those things we leave behind,
Which came to mean so much in our brief stay.*

*The new-made friends from whom we now must part,
The hills we climbed, the vales we wandered through
Those things which helped enrich and shape our lives
Are ours eternally, though we must bid old scenes adieu.*



Senior Class History

In the early days of September a crowd of expectant looking persons assembled from the four corners of the earth, waited their turn patiently in Professor Bever's office. Some felt more at home than others, as they were Juniors the year before, others having done some work in other institutions, and still others, in fact the majority, were returning after several years of experience in the teaching profession. This is the secret of the patience shown as they waited their turn in the line, standing first upon one foot and then upon the other.

The following officers were elected for the first quarter:

Pearl Nesson	<i>President</i>
Helen Robertsen	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ethel Burkland	<i>Secretary</i>
Mary Lee	<i>Treasurer</i>

SECOND QUARTER OFFICERS

Stella Lowry	<i>President</i>
Regina Frank	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mildred Murry	<i>Secretary</i>
Beverly Hatch	<i>Treasurer</i>

THIRD QUARTER OFFICERS

Carl Irish	<i>President</i>
Margaret Xitco	<i>Vice-President</i>
Muriel Lee	<i>Secretary</i>
Agnes Pettigrew	<i>Treasurer</i>

The opening days of school were indeed busy ones and several social functions did much toward making the students happy. The first Senior mixer was enjoyed during the last days of October. Did we have a good time! Anyone who made their entrance into the gymnasium by sliding down the "chutes" and joined in all the contests and games with zest will say we spent an enjoyable evening.

The Senior Class did their part toward bidding their brothers and sisters, the November and March graduates, a fond adieu. A delightful banquet was given in honor of the March graduates at the Pheasant Tea Room and Dr. Nash most delightfully entertained them as well.

The seventeenth of April was the date of the famous Chuckanut Marathon in which a large per cent of the school participated. Competition was strong between the classes for the winning of the prize, the Herald cup, but the spirit in which the students responded was whole-hearted and joyous.

Among the whirl of events that occupied our last days together was the "Senior Sneak." Yes, it was a real sneak! All cares were put aside. Such worries that especially appear during the "last days" were absolutely forgotten. Eats were plenty, spirits were high, studies were forgotten. You know the rest!

We sincerely appreciate the hearty co-operation of our class advisors, Mr. Bever and Dr. Miller, and now I suppose we must bid our dear B. S. N. S. a long farewell. Although it is farewell, still memory will always bring us back to her.

— ANAIDE MAE MYERS.



Senior Class Prophecy



Mildred Murray — Margaret Xitco is still in the profession. Now at Columbia.

Hazel Peterson — Anne Adams is studying music in New York. She made old B. S. N. S. a visit while on her last tour of the West.

Edith Kesler — You ask for a list of Elwyn Bugge's latest plays. Here are six of them: "Blue Roses," "Midnight at Noon," "The Flea Who Loved an Elephant," "The Horrible Joy," "The Stationary Comet" and "Reaching Down from the Bottom."

Ethel Burkland — Could I advise you as to which would make the better husband, a garage man or a floor walker? What, not married yet?

No, I'm sorry. I can't.

Gertrude Dupuis — You can get the Columbia record of Mme. Peronteau's recitation entitled "To a Man Who Journeyed Afar."

Ann Bennett — No, Effie Mann and Rhoda Hubbard are not jealous of each other. Why should they be? They each have a husband.

Harry Bartruff — No, indeed, never let a woman have the key to your heart; there's more fun letting her pick the lock — at last!!!

Russel MacPherson — Yes, Ethel Brown is teaching in South America. What's the matter, Mac; did your bubbles fade and die?

Estelle Burnside — No, I have searched the country over and not yet have I found a man with "parallel" eyebrows. I'm afraid, Estelle, you will have to change your tastes.

Helen Robinson — Beverly Hatch is now making her last serial, "Happy Though Married," under the direction of her director-husband, Carl Irish.

Regina Frank — Yes, Gertrude Sears found the good-natured man at last.

Anaide Myers — Nellie Gutcher is teaching school. Guess she's still waiting for "Bobby."

Bessie De Graff — Surely, I can tell you where Stella Lowry is. She and her husband, who is a New York banker, are spending their summer at their Long Island summer home.

Carl Sangster — Stanley Freeman and Hilda Matson Freeman are making a movie series with Ruth Watrus playing heavy.

Irma Conn — You ask about Agnes Wentjar and Eva Horback. Miss Wentjar is now starring in "Left Alone" and "Eve" has retired from the profession and is happily wed.

Lula Foster — It does seem hard to believe, but it is true that Oza Myers is now on the faculty at B. S. N. S.

Grace Dancer (1925) — Yes, Ellwood Davis is still a bachelor. No use, "Gracie," only Physical Ed. girls need apply.

Muriel Lee — Well, I certainly can't answer such questions as, "Is Kenneth Selby divorced?"

Gladys Jensen — Yes, Mrs. Carpenter's life work has been and will be illustrated lecture courses on "Look Before You Leap."

Olga Kuehl — As to Clyde Bancroft's whereabouts. You remember he was wounded three times in the Meuse-Argonne offensive (consult your anatomy dictionary) and now he has joined the Bull's Eye Film Co.

Francis John — What, Francis, still an old maid? You want to know what I believe about equality between man and woman. "I do not talk of equality between a cabbage and a rose."

Grace Green — Harold Marshall is now at Washington debating the nation-wide anti-grape juice question.

Lyla Robin — "Dr." Warrick is now studying in Vienna. His former practice has been at Ferndale.

— M. A. P. '20.



Senior Class Will

WE, the 1920 Senior Class, the best class that ever graduated from the Bellingham State Normal, of the County of Whatcom, in the State of Washington, United States of America, being of a firm understanding and disposing memory, and on the verge of leaving this sphere, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, thereby declaring null and void all wills made by us at any other time, to-wit:

ARTICLE I.

To our Alma Mater we bequeathe our best wishes for her success in continuing to do as much for others as she has done for us.

ARTICLE II.

To our president, Dr. Nash, we bequeathe:

SEC. 1. Our deep gratitude for the help he has given us, both directly and indirectly.

SEC. 2. A copyright to his invention of a convenient yet hasty method of adjusting eyeglasses.

ARTICLE III.

To the Faculty we bequeathe:

SEC. 1. The knowledge of the high esteem by which they are held by all of us.

SEC. 2. A new class of students on whom they may pass their idiosyncrasies as to the management of schools, and the like.

ARTICLE IV.

To the supervisors in the Training Department we bequeathe:

SEC. 1. The privilege of taking a holiday now and then.

SEC. 2. Many sleepless nights to be used in dreaming of new contrivances by which they might take the joy out of the lives of unsophisticated teachers.

SEC. 3. The children of the Training Department, hoping they know as much now as they did before we were amongst them.

ARTICLE V.

To the 1921 Seniors, whom we know will be foolish enough to accept them, we bequeathe:

SEC. 1. All our claims to the deeper pedagogical literature.

SEC. 2. Our seats in the front of the assembly, so that they, by a closer view of the faculty, may see themselves as they will be seen in their future life.

SEC. 3. The use of room number two hundred and twenty, on the second floor and fourth Wednesday of every month, providing:

First—That those Seniors all present themselves in some way or other at the meetings.

Second—That they help keep the school democratic by each one's expressing himself, even if he hasn't anything to say.

SEC. 4. Our great prestige in every branch of the school, providing it is not relied upon entirely, for securing a "pass" on the credit slip.



ARTICLE VI.

To the Juniors we bequeathe:

SEC. 1. The entire course of study, which shall at first seem annoying, but which shall gain admiration as the end of the school year approaches.

SEC. 2. The use of all the books in the library for which an interest may be cultivated if absolutely necessary.

ARTICLE VII.

Of special bequest we make the following:

SEC. 1. To Miss Earhart, a medal for her patience with practice teachers. This medal shall bear the names of all who did not suffer sudden chills or experience a feeling of "I wish I were home," on the occasion of their first teaching.

SEC. 2. To Mr. Bever, a machine into which blank programs may be inserted and returned, ready for his signature, thus freeing him from any conflicts.

SEC. 3. To Dr. Miller, our Marshall to be used in child study.

SEC. 4. To Mr. Kibbe, a set of scales to be used in finding the avoirdupois of prospective pedagogues, so that a record of their weight before and after teaching may be kept, and a good measure for finding the exact amount of cranial expanse of each.

SEC. 5. To the Dean of Women, our own diaries, which shall be printed in books to be used as texts to guide the younger generations in what to accept and what to reject in their daily lives.

SEC. 6. To Mrs. Thatcher, our thanks for having given us a chance to sing to the Faculty on assembly mornings.

SEC. 7. To Miss Boring, a class that is punctual at 8 o'clock in the morning, accustomed to yards and yards of notes, and willing to believe in the doctrine of "The survival of the fittest."

SEC. 8. To Miss Wilson, twenty assistants to work in the library during the time she is introducing and explaining her wares to new students. These assistants shall portray a beaming countenance on finding encyclopedias in the periodical room or the books in general re-arranged by the studious ones.

SEC. 9. To Miss Baker, a class to be instructed on how to bend little twigs.

SEC. 10. To Miss Gragg, the push, pull movement, which shall be used both in and outside of penmanship class.

SEC. 11. To Mr. Caskey, the promise of a phonograph for use in beginners' typewriting classes, providing the students are instructed that its purpose is to guide only the fingers to rhythm — the feet must remain flat on the floor.

SEC. 12. To the English Department, our surplus knowledge of the English language which shall be used as reference material when perplexing problems arise.

SEC. 13. To Miss Druse, her choice between an elevator and a telephone unless the price of shoe leather takes a sudden fall.



SEC. 14. To Mr. Bond, all our triangular affairs which he shall make into "obsolete" angles.

SEC. 15. To Dr. Herre, all stray animals to be used in physiology classes for the purpose of chilling the blood of the delicate.

SEC. 16. To Mr. Hunt, more students to be taught why the moon was not given to their keeping, and more globes so that they may learn just what makes the world go round.

SEC. 17. To Miss Beardsley, our slanguage which shall be the basis of a new language to be used in emergency cases.

SEC. 18. To Mr. Hoppe, the satisfaction that we are all eloquent speakers.

SEC. 19. To Mr. Philippi, the pictures of our benign physiognomies to be shown on the screen in assemblies in a reel entitled "The Origin of the Comic Section."

ARTICLE VIII.

We, the Senior Class of May, 1920, do nominate and appoint Notary F. L. Oslager, of the Bellingham State Normal, City of Bellingham, County of Whatcom, State of Washington, United States of America, as sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

ARTICLE IX.

In witness whereof, we have hereby signed, sealed, published, and declared this instrument as our last will and testament, at the Washington State Normal School, at four o'clock, on this twenty-sixth day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty.

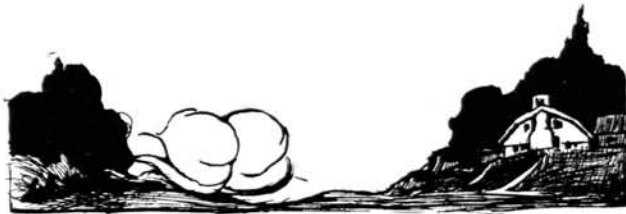
Signed and sealed.

— SENIOR CLASS OF MAY, 1920.

ARTICLE X.

Signed and sealed, and declared to be the last will and testament by the testator, Class of 1920, in the presence of me, who at their request and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set my name as witness to the execution of their last will and testament, on this twenty-sixth day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty.

Signed, F. L. OLSLAGER, Notary.





Mrs. May Wilson Aldrich . . . *Bellingham*

Mary Alexander *Everett*
Graduate Everett High School (1918); Snohomish County Club.

Marie Andresen *Vancouver, Wash.*
Graduate Vancouver High School; Philomathean; Sage Brush Club; Y. W. C. A.

Hannah S. Anderson *Sumner*
Graduate of Adelpia College, Seattle; Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.; Choral Club; "Mikado"; "The Prodigal Son."

Mae Anderson *Standard, Alberta*

Margaret Anderson *Port Hadlock*

Edith May Atkins *Bellingham*
Philomathean.

Clyde A. Bancroft *Seattle*
Graduate of Franklin High School (1916); Vice-President of Rural Life Club; Des Moines Delegate; Seattle Club; Sage Brush Club.

Harry Bartruff *Ferndale*
Graduate of Ferndale High School; entered Normal 1917; Rural Life Club; Alaska Club; Basketball (Captain); Baseball.

Cecil Bolender *Olympia*
Graduate Olympia High School; Y. W. C. A.; Ohiyesa Literary Society.

BELLINGHAM

Eunice May Bonham *Hoquiam*
 Illinois Club; Teacher in Rural Schools.

Ellen Bergstrom *Du Pont*
 Graduate Lincoln High School, Tacoma; Ohiyesa;
 Tacoma Club; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.

Florence Boucher *Bellingham*
 Alkisiah; Illinois Club.

Mrs. Ethel Bridge *Bellingham*

Ethel Beatrice Brown *Walla Walla*
 Whitman College, Walla, Walla, Wash.; Ohiyesa;
 Sage Brush; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; Y. W.
 C. A.

Elwyn B. Bugge *Bellingham*
 Principia Academy, St. Louis; Graduate of Normal
 High School (1917); Normal Orchestra; Philo-
 mathean; Junior Class President; Editor-in-Chief of
 Messenger; President of Students' Association;
 Junior Play "Mice and Men" (1919); Oratorio
 "The Prodigal Son"; Editor-in-Chief of 1920
 Klipsun; Senior Play, "The Saving Grace."

Ethel H. E. Burkland *Meadowdale*
 Graduate of Edmonds High School; entered B.
 S. N. S. September, 1915; re-entered September,
 1919; Alkisiah Reporter; Sage Brush Club; Choral
 Club; Senior Secretary; Klipsun Staff; Y. W. C.
 A.

Mrs. Fay Jackson Burnett . . *Bellingham*
 Graduate of Normal High School.

Estelle Burnside *Bellingham*
 Vice-President Students' Association; Messenger
 Staff; Editor-in-Chief of Senior Messenger; Busi-
 ness Girls' League; Philomathean President; Chair-
 man of Klipsun Committee.

Selma Carlson *Lake Crescent*
 Graduate of Port Angeles High School; Y. W.
 C. A.





Margaret Carman *Nooksack*
Rural Life Club.

Ruth L. Claassen . . *Vancouver, Wash.*
Graduate of Vancouver High School; Vice President of Studio Art Club in 1919, and President in 1920; Studio Art Reporter for Klipsun; President of Edens Hall; Klipsun Staff.

Edna Dalziel *Brush Prairie*

Grace Dancer *Bellingham*

Elwood C. Davis *Anacortes*
Graduate of Anacortes High School (1914); attended B. S. N. S. 1916-1917; Football (1917); Basketball; Thespian; President of Men's Organization; Athletic Editor of Klipsun.

Betty I. DeGraff *Alpena, Mich.*
Onaway High School; Cheney State Normal School; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; Sage Brush Club; Aletheian; Y. W. C. A.

Gertrude Dupuis *Bellingham*

Helen Edwards *Tacoma*
Graduated from Stadium High in 1915; attended B. S. N. S. summer session of 1917; re-entered in September, 1919; Tacoma Club.

Flora Elder *Enumclaw*
Graduate of Skykomish High School; Alkisiah.

Anna M. Ericson *Seattle*
Graduate Ballard High School, Seattle; Messenger Staff.

B S N S

Gladys L. Erickson . . . *Rochester, Wash.*

Graduate of Centralia High School (1915); Alkisiah.

Hazel Elizabeth Evans . . . *Bellingham*

Alkisiah; Catholic Girls' Club; Basketball Team.

Lulu Foster *Junction City, Ore.*

Graduate of Washburne High School; Oregon State Normal; Oregon Club President; Aletheian; Sage Brush Club; Y. W. C. A.; Young Housekeepers' Club; Senior Basketball Team.

Regina Frank *Bellingham*

Graduate of Whatcom High School; Philomathean; President Catholic Girls' Club; P. E. Club; Basketball.

Mrs. Stanley P. Freeman . . . *Ferndale*

Graduate of Ferndale High School (1913); attended U. of W. (1914); Alkisiah; Sage Brush Club; Business Girls' Club; Young Housekeepers' Club; Business Manager of Normal Cafeteria.

Stanley Prentice Freeman . . *Ferndale*

Graduate Ferndale High School (1913); President Rural Life Club; Editor-in-Chief of Messenger 1917 Summer Term; Business Manager of 1920 Klipsun; attended C. P. S. (1917).

Clara Gordon *Yakima*

Graduate Chicago Training School; President of Aletheian Club; Secretary Illinois Club; Sage Brush Club; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer March Graduating Class.

Mina Maud Graham . *Pt. Peninsula, N. Y.*

Grace Geraldine Green . . . *Walla Walla*

Attended B. S. N. S. 1915-1916; Choral Club, "Messiah"; "Mikado"; re-entered 1919; Alkisiah; Vice-President Choral Club and Klipsun Reporter; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"; Sage Brush Club.

Nettie Gutcher *Lyle*

Graduate Whatcom High School; Philomathean.





Sylvia Anna Hardman . . . *Portland, Ore.*
 Graduate of the Oregon Agricultural College, B. S.; Portland Business College; Aletheian; Oregon Club; Business Girls' League.

Mable Hardy *Forest*

Mrs. B. M. Hartt *Port Angeles*

Beverly Hatch *Castle Rock*
 Thespian Reporter; Klipsun Staff; Senior Class Treasurer; Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.

Helen Hawk *Portland, Ore.*
 Lincoln High School; Oregon Agricultural College; Aletheian; Alkisiah; Oregon Club.

Layra B. Haynes *Bellingham*
 Graduate B. S. N. S. July, 1920; Physical education Course; Major Girls' Club; Sage Brush Club.

Olga Heggem *Bothell*
 Graduate Broadway High School, Seattle; President Sage Brush Club; Vice-President Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.; Senior Baseball Team; Klipsun Staff.

Evelyn Grace Henderson *Seattle*
 Graduate of Lincoln High School, Seattle (1917); entered B. S. N. S. from the University of Washington September, 1919; Alkisiah; Tacoma Club.

Helen Higley *Hoquiam*
 Hoquiam High School (1916); Alkisiah.

Anna Burch Hixson *Skamokawa*
 Graduate of Astoria High School, Oregon; Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; Choral Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."



Alice Margaret Hoover . . . *Walla Walla*
 Aletheian Treasurer; Sage Brush Club.

Rhoda Hubbard *Mount Vernon*
 Graduate of La Conner High (1917); Alkisiah
 Club; Choral Club; Skagit County Club.

Dora Huelsdonk *Spruce*
 Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.

Faith E. Huggett *Olympia*
 Primary Course; Ohiyesa; Choral Club; Vice-
 President of Y. W. C. A.

Carl L. Irish *Bellingham*
 Graduate of Whatcom High School; entered B.
 S. N. S. 1915; re-entered 1919; Thespian; Sage
 Brush Club; Senior Class President.

Gladys Lorine Jensen *Fargo, N. D.*
 Graduate Fargo High School; Alkisiah.

Frances M. Johns *Bellingham*
 Graduate Whatcom High School; Alkisiah Club.

Ina V Johnson *Heppner, Ore.*
 Graduate of Heppner High School; Thespian Club
 Artist; Secretary of Oregon Club; President of
 Busiess Girls' League.

Ruth Florence Johnson *Poulsbo*
 Graduate Queen Anne High School, Seattle;
 Choral Club; Rural Life Club; "Mikado"; Ora-
 torio "The Prodigal Son."

Clara Kallander *Nooksack*
 Rural Life Club.





Edith Kesler *Edgeley, N. D.*

Graduate Edgeley High School; Northern Normal, Aberdeen, South Dakota; Alkisiah Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; Klipsun Staff; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention; Y. W. C. A.

Rosa M. Kiser *Washougal*

Olga Kuehl *Seattle*

Entered from Broadway High School September, 1915; attended Summer School 1917; re-entered September, 1919; Choral Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; Alkisiah; Seattle Club.

Gladys Lambert *Bellingham*

Graduate of Whatcom High School.

Mary Vivian Lee *Seattle*

Graduate Franklin High School; Y. W. C. A.; Sister's League; Seattle Club; Ohiyesa; Treasurer Senior Class; Student Council.

Muriel E. Lee *Davenport*

Davenport High School (1917); Alkisiah President; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Student Board of Control; Klipsun Committee; Associate Editor of Klipsun; Senior Class Secretary; Commencement Speaker.

Ethol I. Lewis *Randle*

Studio Art Club; Choral Club; Y. W. C. A.; Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."

Marion Lindell *Bellingham*

Oakesdale, Wash., High School; Cheney Normal; Alkisiah; Sage Brush Club.

Leta Ann Lipp *Bay View*

Graduate of Burlington High School; entered Normal 1916; Choral Club; Everett Club.

Evelyn Little *Tacoma*



Stella M. Lowry *Chehalis*

Graduate Chehalis High School; Rural Life Club; Sage Brush Club; President Senior Class; President Rural Life Club; Klipsun Staff.

Chlora T. Lucas *Chelan*

Graduate of Chelan High School; Rural Life Club; Sage Brush Club.

Russell Cambell Macpherson . *Denver, Col.*

Colorado State Teachers' College; Basketball; Baseball; Track; Men's Association.

Effle Blanche Madson . *Great Falls, Mont.*

Y. W. C. A.; Choral Club; Sage Brush Club; Business Girls' League.

Marie McCadden *Bellingham*

May Ross McMillan *Seattle*

Graduate Calumet High School, Calumet, Mich., (1917); President of Aletheians; Y. W. C. A.; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; Seattle Club.

Effie Mae Mann *Mount Vernon*

Graduate of Mount Vernon High School (1915); attended B. S. N. S. 1915-1916; re-entered 1919; Alkisiah; Seattle Club.

Eva Lucille Main *Port Angeles*

Graduate of Port Angeles High School (1916); entered B. S. N. S. 1917.

Louis Morgenthaler *Bellingham*

Florence Janet Morrison . . . *Bellingham*



B S U N S



Anaide Mae Myers *Hillyard*

Graduate Hillyard High School; Thespian Club; Sage Brush Club; Senior Basketball Team; Choral Club; attended Cheney Normal one year.

Loda Helen Mullen *Tacoma*

President Tacoma Club; Vice President Choral Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son"; Catholic Girls' Club.

Mildred Murray *Sandpoint, Idaho*

Graduate of Sandpoint High School (1917); attended Lewiston State Normal School one year; P. E. Girls' Club; Sage Brush Club; Ohiyesa President; Secretary of Senior Class.

Oza B. Myers *Prineville, Ore.*

Graduate of Crook County High School; President of Alkisiah Club; Secretary of Choral Club; Student Council.

Esther M. Nelson *Custer*

Graduate of Ferndale High School; Y. W. C. A.; Rural Life Club; Des Moines Delegate; Students' Volunteer Band; Choral Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."

Myrta Noon *Bellingham*

Ruth E. Nyberg *Camas*

Sage Brush Club.

Roswell Oliver *Bellingham*

Philomathean President.

Mavie Olson *Hoquiam*

Hoquiam High School (1914); Alkisiah.

W. Ella Pallas *Mukilteo*

Ohiyesa; Choral Club; President of Everett Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."

BELLINGHAM

Sarah M. Parr *Laurel, Ore.*

Choral Club; Oregon Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Hazel Peronteau *Bellingham*

Graduate of Assumption School; Aletheian Club; Catholic Girls' Club; Choral Club.

Hazel L. Peterson *Wenatchee*

Aletheian Treasurer; Y. W. C. A.; Sage Brush Club.

Margaret Agnes Pettigrew . . *Silver Lake*

Graduate of Castle Rock High School; Alkisiah; Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; Choral Club; Senior Class Prophecy.

Corrine Maude Ranford . . . *Ridgefield*

Graduate of Vancouver, Wash., High School; Aletheian; Sage Brush Club; Y. W. C. A.; Young Housekeepers' Club.

Lulu F. Rau *Seattle*

Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.

Lyla J. Robin *Bellingham*

Graduate Whatcom High School (1918); Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; Oregon Club; Vice-President Rural Life Club; Senior Basketball Team.

Helen Robertson *Grandview*

Graduate Grandview High School; Thespian; Sage Brush Club; Vice-President Senior Class.

Mae Isabel Robinson *Yelm*

Attended Yelm High School two years; Seattle Seminary (1913-1914); Charter Member of Aletheian Society; Choral Club (1915); Y. W. C. A.; Oratorios "The Messiah" and "The Prodigal Son."

Frankie L. Roe *Koshkonong, Mo.*

Graduate Koshkonong High School; Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.; Association News and Klipsun Reporter; Business Girls' League; Young Housekeepers' Club.





Ruth L. Rostedt *Tacoma*

Graduate of Lincoln High School, Tacoma; Choral Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Ohiyesa; Society Editor of Senior Messenger.

Sophia L. Ruzicka . . . *Vancouver, Wash.*

Graduate of Vancouver High School; entered B. S. N. S. 1916; re-entered 1919; Y. W. C. A.

Helen A. Sargent *Cle Elum*

Graduate Cle Elum High School; President Studio Art Club; Sage Brush Club.

Floetta Schmitt *Blanchard*

Graduate Edison Union High School; Y. W. C. A.; Aletheian.

Alta Vista Sears *Arthur, Ill.*

Graduate of Arthur High School; Ohiyesa; Illinois Club; Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."

Gertrude Sears *Danville, Ill.*

Graduate of Arthur, Ill., High School; one Summer Term at University of California; Aletheian Reporter; President Lewis-Cowlitz County Club; President Illinois Club; Chairman of March Graduating Class; Choral Club; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."

Kenneth E. Selby *Bellingham*

Normal Training School; Graduate of Normal High School; President of Junior Class; Junior Play "Mice and Men" (1919); Philomathean; Alaska Club; Men's Organization; Business Manager Weekly Messenger; Klipsun Staff; Klipsun Committee; Senior Play "The Saving Grace"; Commencement Speaker.

Lela B. Senska *Bellingham*

Margaret J. Shannon *Anacortes*

Graduate of Anacortes High School (1918); entered B. S. N. S. September, 1918; Ohiyesa; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member.

Lola Eve Shepherd *Seattle*

Graduate of Franklin High School (1919); Secretary of Alkisiah Club.





Alice Sherwood *Everett*

Graduate of Everett High School; Rural Life Club.

Lottie Smith *Newport*

Graduate of Newport High School; Sage Brush Club.

Mary M. Soper *Arlington*

Graduate of Arlington High School; Rural Life Club; Everett Club; Sage Brush Club; Y. W. C. A.; Senior Basketball Team.

Barbara Steele *Sedro-Woolley*

Ohiyesa Literary Society.

Florence E. Townsend *Olympia*

Graduate of Olympia High School (1917); Aletheian; Vice-President Senior Class; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of Aletheians.

Virginia J. Vandermast *Ridgefield*

Business Girls' Club.

Hilda Van Liew *Bellingham*

Graduate of Normal High School (1917); Choral Club; Senior Play.

Ruth Watrous *Tacoma*

Graduate of Stadium High School; Rural Life; Choral Club; Treasurer of Tacoma Club; Business Girls' League.

Grace Waite *Bellingham*

Graduate of Whatcom High School; Sage Brush Club.

Henrietta M. Welch *Bothell*

Graduate of Pacific Academy, Newberg, Oregon; Philomathean; Choral Club; Klipsun Staff; Young Housekeepers.





Carrie Whittier *Seattle*
 Queen Anne High School, Seattle; Philomathean
 Literary Society; Klipsun Staff.

Evelyn Whittier *Seattle*
 Broadway High School, Seattle; Critic Philoma-
 thean Literary Society; Seattle Club.

Elsie Wilsted *Bryn Mawr*
 Graduate of Franklin High School, Seattle (1916);
 entered B. S. N. S. September, 1916; re-entered
 December 1, 1919; Secretary of Rural Life Club;
 Normal Basketball Team; Choral Club; Oratorio
 "The Prodigal Son."

Vera A. Winchester *Everett*
 Graduate of Everett High School; entered B. S.
 N. S. 1917; re-entered April, 1919; President of
 Everett Club; Rural Life Club; Senior Indoor
 Baseball Team; Basketball.

Noel Hugh Wynne *Ferndale*
 Graduate of Ferndale High School; Philoma-
 thean; Junior Play "Mice and Men" (1919); Stu-
 dent Council; Board of Control; Klipsun Staff.

Margaret C. Xitco *Bellingham*
 Graduate of Fairhaven High School (1918); Philo-
 mathean; Tacoma Club; Catholic Girls' Club; Klip-
 sun Committee; Klipsun Staff; Manager of Junior
 Basketball Team; Captain of Senior Basketball
 Team.

Lillian Bourke *Bellingham*
 Thespian; Oratorio "The Prodigal Son."

Frieda Norma Brett *Auburn*
 Graduate of Appleton High School, Appleton, Wisconsin; Graduate of
 American College of Physical Education, Chicago, Illinois; Member of Y.
 W. C. A.

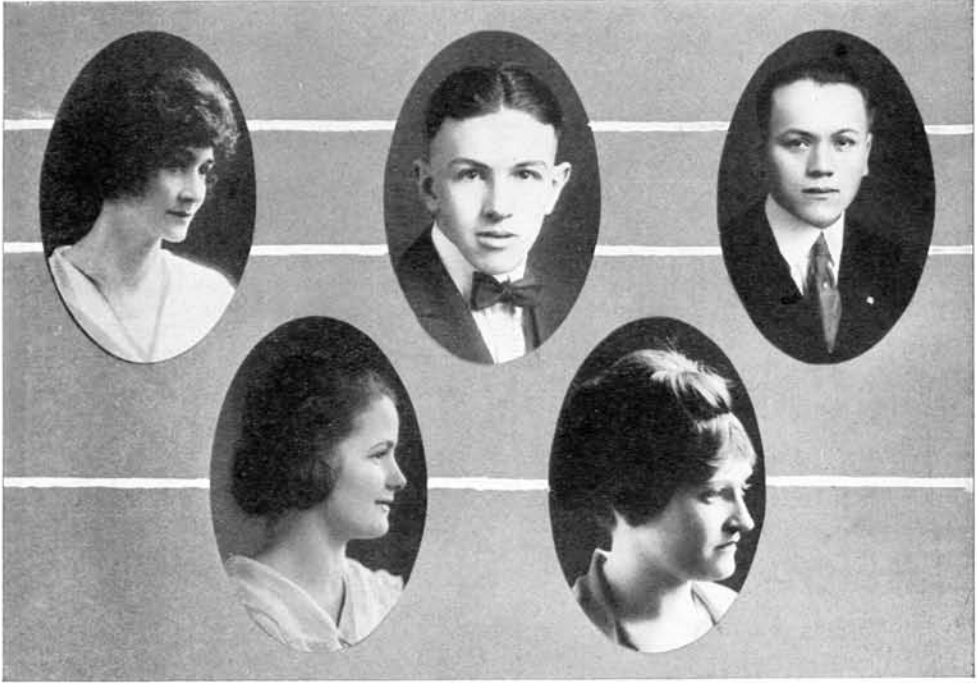
Maude Elliott *Seattle*
 Graduate of Lincoln High School; Intermediate Course; Klipsun Staff.

Namane Sherwood *Everett*
 Graduate of Everett High School; Chicago Evangelistic Institute, one
 year; Everett Club; Illinois Club; Business Girls' League; Student Volun-
 teers; President of Y. W. C. A.

Aleta Swayne *Chehalis*
 Rural Life Club; Y. W. C. A.



Ruth Thurman	Burlington
Graduate of Burlington High School (1917); Ohiyesa; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member.	
Loucygne Wilcutt	
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.	
Helen Mary Wilson	Ferndale
Serina Anderson	Emmons, Minn.
Eva Mae Baltuff	Seattle
Anne Bergstrom	Bellingham
Lillian Bourke	Bellingham
Frieda Brett	Auburn
Mrs. Bess Carpenter	Bellingham
Mrs. Ruth Crow	Vancouver
Olah Cresap	Potlatch
Mrs. Clara Christensen	Dewey
Irma Coon	Portland, Ore.
Anna Davis	Lake Burien
Mrs. Rose McVay Davis	Williams, Minn.
Geraldine Drake	Wenatchee
Maude Elliot	Seattle
Laura Flood	Walla Walla
Mary Fullerton	Coupeville
Margaret Hannah	Renton
Catherine Harris	Everett
Margaret Jones	Seattle
Matilda Kahout	Goldendale
Elvey Lovegren	Centerville
Bess McGuire	Aberdeen
Carrie Morrow	Bellingham
Elizabeth Owens (Mrs.)	Bellingham
Elizabeth Quillen	Greenville, S. C.
Gladys Roach	Bay Center
Namane Sherwood	Everett
Frances Spotts	Langley
Vera Stolts	Prescott
Beth Stuart	Seattle
Aleta Swayne	Chehalis
Mrs. Thompson	Port Orchard
Mrs. Janet Thompson	
Ruth Thurman	Bow
Lewis Tromp	Lynden
Virginia Vandermast	Ridgefield
Agnes Wentjar	Astoria, Ore.
Bernice Whitaker	Bellingham
Frances Willard	Sedro-Woolley
Ermine Wagner	St. John
Dora West	Friday Harbor
Loucygne Wilcutt	Blaine



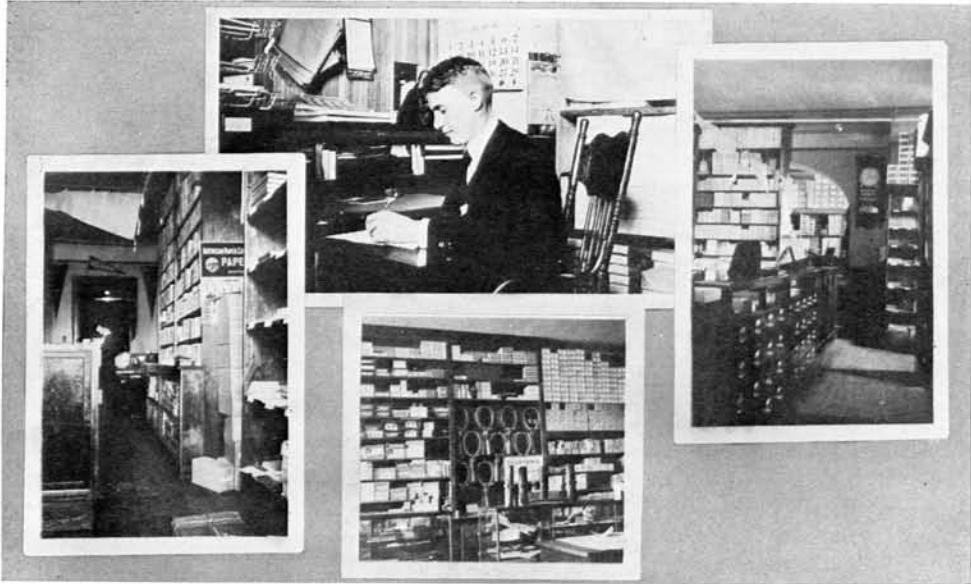
Board of Control

Harold Marshall	<i>President</i>
Estelle Burnside	<i>Vice-President</i>
Eva Bond	<i>Secretary</i>
Muriel Lee	<i>Student Representative</i>
Noel Wynne	<i>Student Representative</i>

Every Tuesday at 12:30 the Board of Control convened to direct student activities. This took much time and patience, but we have enjoyed our work to the fullest extent.

To the board of next year we can say that they have both pleasant and unpleasant experiences before them and we leave for their use this motto:

“Never explain. Your friends don’t need it and your enemies will not believe it.”



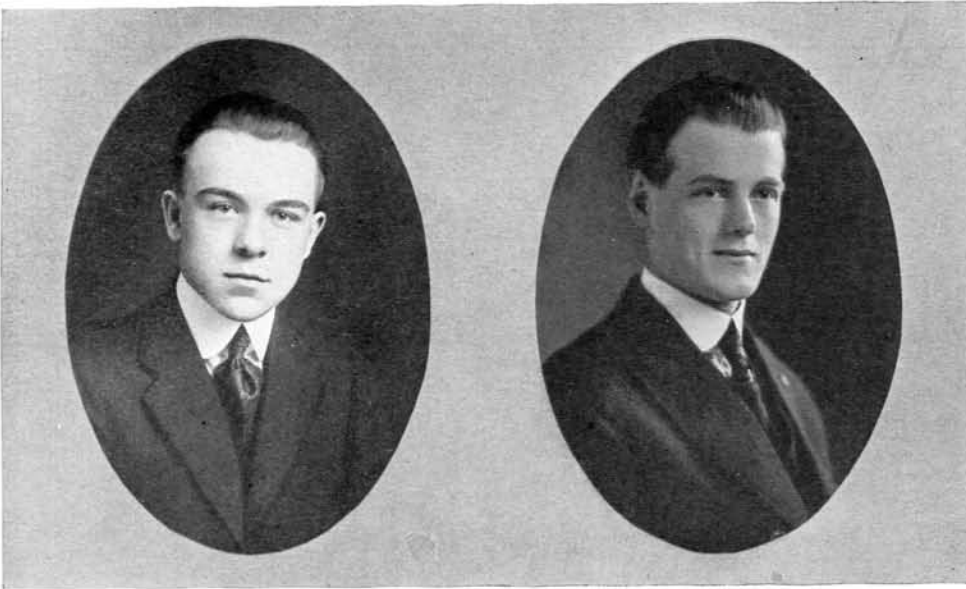
School Co-Op.

The Normal Book Store, owned and controlled by the Students' Association and appropriately designated "The Students' Co-op," is rated as one of the finest and best equipped stores in the country.

The store has been in existence since 1908 and, until four years ago, was operated by student help. Then Mr. C. C. Baughman, a former student of this school, took full charge and under his capable and efficient management its resources have steadily increased until now its capital outlay is practically four times what it was at the time he assumed the management.

During the past year Miss Ruth Sanford, a graduate of Whatcom High School, of this city, has ably served as the store assistant, and her pleasant manner and charming personality have won her the friendship of all the students.

The "Co-op" aims not only to supply students with the proper equipment for school and recreative life at moderate cost, but it stands for efficiency in its management, prompt service and courtesy to its patrons.



HERBERT HANSEN, *Editor*

KENNETH SELBY, *Business Manager*

The Weekly Messenger

THE first issue of our school paper was published at the Whatcom State Normal School in 1899 and was issued only once each quarter. It did not at that time bear the name under which it is now published, "The Weekly Messenger." In 1903 the size of the paper was slightly increased, and it was then published monthly and remained a monthly publication until 1916 when it became a weekly publication, although its size had again been increased both in size of sheet and in number of pages.

The paper was very successful and has continued since that time as "The Weekly Messenger." During the present school year the paper has been published in the regular sized eight-page form with the exception of a few issues during the second quarter when it was temporarily reduced to meet the extra expense incurred by the publication of a very beautiful magazine issued at the Christmas season giving a history of the institution and appropriate cuts of the buildings and grounds and a handsome full-page photograph of the president of the school to whom the special issue was dedicated.

The Weekly Messenger is published by the Students' Association of the Bellingham State Normal School. A business manager is appointed by the Board of Control at the beginning of each year, and is paid a salary. The editor is appointed quarterly through the advice and recommendation of the censor of the paper and the endorsement of the Board of Control. He receives credit in English. A faculty advisor is appointed by the president of the school and does the work of censorship of the contributed material as well as the general makeup of the paper. Training in journalism is required for eligibility to the office of editor or staff-membership.

The Weekly Messenger

Devoted to the Interests of the Student Body, Washington State Normal School

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1920

OUR DEBATERS

From the very beginning, this year has been one of the most extraordinary along debating lines. In such a large assembly of students from all over the state, one generally finds many who are not interested in debates. Such is not the case in our school, however, for everyone zealously sought a place on the team. When the notice for prospective debaters was posted on the bulletin board, some students stood in line for more than an hour, awaiting their turn to sign up. The judges on the try-out committee, not anticipating such a vast number, were forced to call the literary societies to their aid in selecting debaters for the team. After much thought and deliberation, and many repetitions of the speeches, the debaters were finally chosen. The strength of the team was exceptional—three being married ladies with much experience in argumentation, and the other three are members of education classes where opinions clash regularly.

The first debate was with the Normal of Candle, Alaska, the best normal north of Bellingham. Before the boat arrived from Alaska, a rally was held in assembly. All students were filled with enthusiasm and cheered vehemently as one of our speakers informed them that there was no question but what we'd win. All the peppy school songs were sung as the students marched ten abreast through the streets of Bellingham, to the dock. The subject for debate was "Resolved, that it is the Sun which causes the Aurora Borealis, by its reflections on the snow and ice." There were hot discussions throughout. The listeners sat tense with perspiration rolling from their foreheads. The debate might have been lost had it not been for two decisive questions asked by the negative debaters: "If the sun causes such a great array by shining on the ice, why doesn't a little sunshine on a cold requirement cast through reflection, a little light

on the subject?" "Why, on a bright day, does an icy look not reflect a sunny disposition within?"

The visiting debaters were astounded at the great opposition that was theirs, and declared that they had never before met with ones so skilled in oratory.

The second debate of especial importance was with the University debaters from Hawaii. On occasion of the arrival of the boat from Honolulu, school was dismissed an hour earlier than usual. Again the Student Body went to greet the outside debaters. The Normal ukulele orchestra headed the procession. The Hawaiians expressed great surprise when they found our musicians could present sweeter music than that heard on the islands in the Pacific. A barbecue was held on the campus in their honor. Four beeves were roasted, and along with other refreshments arranged for by the refreshment committee, a perfect meal was given the hungry multitude. Potatoes were scratched off the menu, but a large hand-painted likeness of one was displayed near the tables erected for the occasion.

The crowd gathered in the auditorium to hear the debate "Resolved, that the beach at Waikiki is more famous than Squalicum Beach." Here again the negative side upheld by our team, won.

The last debate of the season was international, and held at London. Six aeroplanes carried our people across the water. They left here amidst shouts and cheers, early Friday morning, and sent a cablegram back to Bellingham late Saturday.

Being so near the grounds where their husbands sent back the Boche, the lady debaters set sail for France

from England. On first arriving there, they began searching for the girls who had been seen with their husbands in some of the pictures they brought back from over there, and tried some of their elocution on them. Our faculty members who accompanied the team, feared that our debaters would strain their voices, thus rendering them incapable of doing their best on their return to England, but our ladies soon ceased arguing with the French girls on account of the unsatisfactory answers received.

The debate at England took place on Monday night. Thousands of people came from all over the British Isles to hear these notorious debaters. The question, "Resolved, that the English language is more difficult to speak than the slangue," was skillfully handled by both sides. Our debaters who were the affirmative speakers, at first seemed to lose ground, but as they pointed out the much greater number of people who spoke the American language, a combination of English and slang, headway was gained. The debate was ours, even before the last rebuttal was made. To say the least, the victory was very bitterly fought for by every speaker.

After visiting in England for a few days, our winners arrived home. The whole town celebrated in their honor. The papers all over the nation are publishing their pictures and their speeches.

These people are daily receiving requests for autographed pictures, and moving picture companies and Chautauqua leaders are seeking contracts with them. Other opportunities still are being offered them, but they desire to stay with the work of their choice—school teaching—for which we admire them still more.

ODDS AND ENDS

The easiest way to make enemies is to hire friends.

Beauty is only skin deep, but that is enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Marrying the wrong girl is the one mistake you've got to live with all your life.

Education will broaden any mind, but there's no cure for the big head.

Tact is the knack of keeping still at the right time.

When you make a mistake, do not make the second one—keeping it to yourself.

A man's first duty is to mind his own business.

A man who does big things never has time to talk about them.

Today is your opportunity, tomorrow, someone's else.

A woman's heart is like a stock ticker—it never beats over anything except money.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS

Mr. Elwood Davis spent last Friday evening paying visits to the occupants of various chairs in the library. A very good time was had by all but the librarian.

Mr. Kolstad very industriously spent the better part of the day last Saturday in his garden, laboriously turning over his beans, so that the sprouts would be uppermost. The tiny seeds appreciate his fatherly attention.

Friday night the Normal students of the Bellingham Normal had a delightful entertainment in the big gym. They did not try to dance, but they stepped, jazzed and shimmed to their heart's content.

Stanley Freeman and Carl Irish spent the 10 o'clock hour Tuesday at a very enjoyable game of tennis. Stolen sweets are always best.

Sam Carver tramped all of Friday morning searching the building for a stray, loose, or unoccupied man to indulge in a hearty game of checkers.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

A 1912 Ford by a
Lady with an
Extra Tire

We Make the Interest of
Our Depositors Our
Interest

THE BUST'EM
NATIONAL

LOST—By Erwin Black,
his power to "vamp"
the girls. Big reward
offered.

For the Sweet Girl Graduates
DIAMOND RINGS
LINK'EM UP JEWELRY CO.



ATHLETIC SUMMARY

ATHLETICS play a very important part in the activities of any large school. During the past year our Normal School has made a very satisfactory record in that line; although one branch of sports did not "function" in our school this year. The second quarter of school found abundant material for a football squad worthy of representing the average college. However, it was the *second* quarter instead of the *first* when this material could have been used.

In 1916, Coach Carver was given credit for turning out the strongest non-conference football team in the West. With the return of many of the men now in school, together with the coming of others who are suitable, it is hoped that he may be able next fall not only to turn out a team able to make a good showing with the non-conference teams, but also that his team can be scheduled with conference representatives.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Mount Vernon . March 31, There
 Mount Vernon . . April 16, Here
 Fairhaven April 20, Here
 Whatcom April 24, Here
 Burlington May 1, There
 Bremerton May 7, There
 Whatcom May 14, Here
 Bremerton May 21, Here
 Arlington May 22, There

The work in girls' athletics this year has been rather limited, due to the "flu" and other unavoidable causes. The sports participated in have been basketball, baseball, tennis and swimming. We are planning to have the hockey field fixed and play the closing weeks of school. Although we have indulged in only a few games, credit is due to Miss Moffat and Mr. Carver for the splendid spirit of co-operation and sportsmanship which has been developed.

The girls who have taken an active part in athletics have received the joy that comes from one of the best activities of school life. Every girl should share the opportunity offered them.



MOFFAT

Fifty-two



CARVER



BASKETBALL

FAIRHAVEN H. S. 8 — NORMAL 26

The basketball season opened after two weeks of practice in our "gymette" with a game with Fairhaven High School. The game was very greatly enjoyed by the spectators, for seldom does one see a game in which both teams pass and shoot so wildly. The game demonstrated to us a great need of team work and basket shooting.

BLAINE H. S. 14 — NORMAL 26

MOUNT VERNON 8 — NORMAL 39

During the Christmas holidays the team assembled several times for practice; they also played two games during that time.

The first was a contest with Blaine High School at Blaine and was a victory for the Normal.

The second game was played with the Mount Vernon American Legion at Mount Vernon. Here the first signs of hope for a basketball team were raised, as great improvement was shown, both in passing and in basket shooting.

WHATCOM 14 — NORMAL 15

We have no alibi for not running up a larger score on the loopers from Whatcom. A failure "to get started" seems the only excuse, although the game was a spirited game and was played before a large crowd.

VANCOUVER EX-NORMAL 26 — NORMAL 24

The fast Canadian group looped two free throws too many. They won a fair game and proved themselves true sportsmen.

WHATCOM H. S. 12 — NORMAL 18

In the second game played with Whatcom the Normal team was beaten according to soothsayers and prophets even before the game was staged or the first whistle blown. The large gym was a handicap to our men, after their practice on the smaller floor on the hill. However, we secured eight field goals to Whatcom's two and the final score stood in favor of the Normal.

C. P. S. 8 — NORMAL 32

The quintet from Tacoma came up to play us in our own gym, but we failed "to get properly wound up." Our visitors demonstrated very good football tactics but they failed to loop the ball a single time during the entire game. They did manage to make eight out of seventeen free throws.

VANCOUVER EX-NORMAL 25 — NORMAL 15

Our little trip to the Canadian metropolis proved conclusively that a group playing together for several years has a very great advantage over the "one-year team." The Ex-Normal team again defeated us by out-playing and out-shooting us.

ST. MARTIN'S COLLEGE 24 — NORMAL 33

St. Martin's College, of Lacy, spent a very enjoyable evening with us, leaving with the little end of the score. We found these fellows clean sports, and feel it a pleasure to have relations with them.



BLACK, C.
DAVIS, G.

BARTRUFF (CAPT.), G.
YORKSTON, F. JENKINS, F.

MONROE, C. (SUB)
MACPHERSON, F.



C. P. S. 19 — NORMAL 17

On our trip down the Sound little did we expect to meet defeat from the Tacoma quintet after having whipped them so soundly a few weeks previous. However, our team fought well and gave their opponents a hard battle.

ST. MARTIN'S COLLEGE 27 — NORMAL 40

At our return game with St. Martin's at Lacy we again won by a comfortable margin.

STARTUP 23 — NORMAL 36

We started on our east-of-the-mountains trip, but the "flu" prevented our going farther than Startup where we played and won the last game of the season.

BAKETBALL LINEUP — FIRST TEAM

Harry Bartruff (captain), <i>Guard</i>	Max Jenkins <i>Forward</i>
Elwood Davis <i>Guard</i>	Russel MacPherson . <i>Forward</i>
Erwin Black <i>Center</i>	Carl Sangster <i>Center</i>
Herbert Yorkston . . . <i>Forward</i>	George Monroe <i>Center</i>



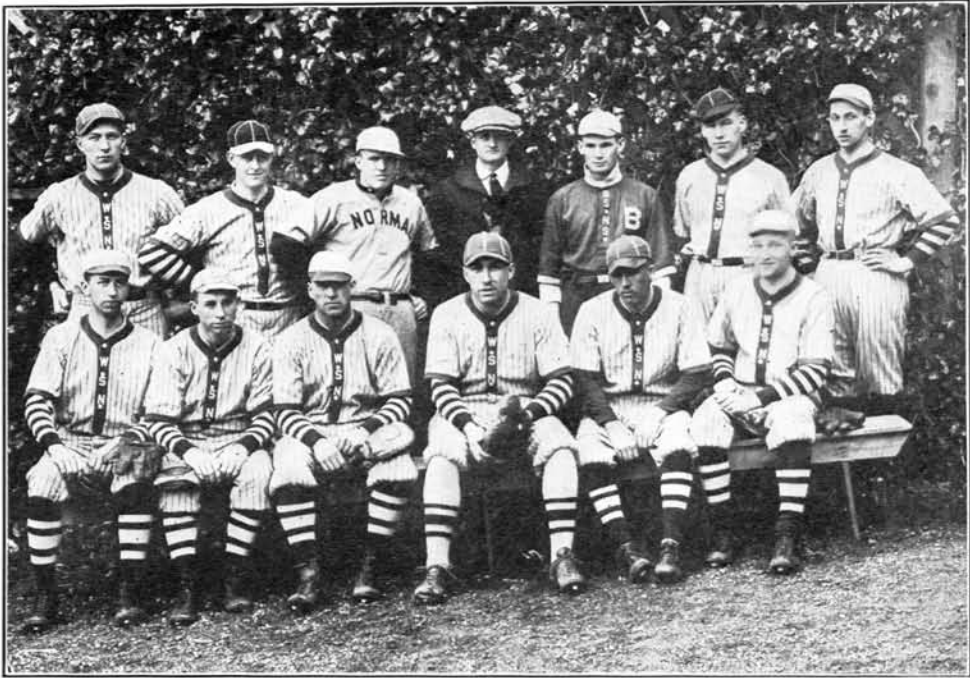
BASKETBALL LINEUP — SECOND TEAM

William Elder	<i>Center</i>	Arthur Bowsher	<i>Forward</i>
Guy Stickney	<i>Forward</i>	Paul Culver	<i>Guard</i>
Ira Loree	<i>Forward</i>	Archie Erickson	<i>Guard</i>
Guy Johnson	<i>Guard</i>		

The success of the first team was greatly enhanced by the strong, persistent resistance of the second team. There is no doubt that some of these second team men will be strong candidates for positions on the first squad this coming year.

BASEBALL LINEUP

Elmer Karlson (Capt.)	C. F.	Harry Bartruff	3B
Raymond Prevost	P.	Herbert Yorkston	S. S.
William Elder	P.	Paul Culver	R. F.
Russell MacPherson	C. F.	Guy Stickney	L. F.
Elwood Davis	1B	Stanley Freeman	Utility
Carl Sangster	2B	George Monroe	Utility



MOUNT VERNON 15 — NORMAL 5

Our baseball season started out rather discouragingly when we played with Mount Vernon High School at Mount Vernon. Our defeat was due mostly to wild pitching and wilder base throwing.

MOUNT VERNON 9 — NORMAL 7

Mount Vernon came up here two weeks later only to defeat us in the last inning. The Blue and White had gradually forged ahead until the eighth inning which found us two scores to the good. But our opponents, rallying, scored four times in the ninth and secured the victory.

FAIRHAVEN 0 — NORMAL 8

The game with Fairhaven High School was encouraging, as well as providing excellent practice for the game with Whatcom which followed.

WHATCOM 6 — NORMAL 10

Again we found these prophets of sports rather dazed and uncertain when we defeated Whatcom High School. The team from the "School on the hill" started out rather raggedly in the first two innings and the boys and girls from Whatcom were delirious. But Coach Carver's men caught the spirit of the old fight and kept climbing until the close of the game.



Upper Row — FOSTER, XITCO, FRANK, MISS MOFFAT (Coach) Standing.
 Lower Row — EVANS, NOON, WILSTED, MYERS.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball, the most important and popular of girls' athletics, is inspiring much pep and enthusiasm in the basketball lovers. Both Juniors and Seniors hoped to receive the Kline Cup, but the Juniors were the pronounced all-star champions. Every year the two classes compete for the Kline Cup.

PHILOS 33 — RURAL LIFE 5

The Philos and Rural Life played a preliminary game before the clash of our boys with Whatcom. The game was a fast exhibition of girls' basketball. The fast and skillful guarding of Regina Frank and Hilda Woodburn prevented the Rural Life forwards from building up a high score. Only one field basket was secured by the Rural Life forwards, the other three points being made on free throws.

PHILOS		RURAL LIFE
Agee	F.	Wilstead
Xitco	F.	Foye
Weir	C.	Baker
Wilson	S.C.	Winchester
Woodburn	G.	Eacrett
Frank	G.	Robin



Standing — CONN, BROMLEY, CARVER (Coach), AGEE, WEIR.
Kneeling — FACRETT, BORNSTEIN, BAKER, STROMFORD.

NORMAL 18 — WHATCOM 16

On January 23, under Miss Moffat's coaching, our fast sextette defeated the hitherto supposedly invincible Whatcom girls' team in a closely contested game. Whatcom failed to come up to the Normal score during the first half, but during the second half they tied the score by securing a free throw, and two more field baskets made things seem pretty dark for the Normal team. The Normal team set to work in grim earnest and soon had the score in their favor and so it remained until the end of playing time.

The lineup: Forwards, Agee, Wilstead, Evans; centers, Baker, Bornstein; guards, Frank, Stromford.

JUNIORS 32 — SENIORS 9

On Wednesday afternoon, February 11, occurred the first Junior-Senior game. The Juniors outranked their opponents from the start. The Seniors worked hard and played a clean game.

JUNIORS		SENIORS	
Agee	F.	Wilstead	
Bromley, Hartley	F.	Xiteo	
Baker, Weir	C.	Frank	
Bornstein	S.C.	Evans	
Stromford	G.	Myers	
Conn	G.	Foster, Noon	



GIRLS' INDOOR BASEBALL

Last fall the Seniors and Juniors organized baseball teams and selected a school team with Mr. Carver and Miss Moffat as coaches.

The games were close and exciting, displaying the good sportsmanship of the girls.

SCHEDULE

November 3, Juniors 43	Fairhaven High School 44
November 4, Seniors 22	Whatcom High School 54
November 10, Juniors 51	Seniors 48
November 12, Normal 21	Whatcom High School 24
November 20, Normal 32	Fairhaven High School 18

Senior lineup: Soper, c.; Xitco, p.; Frank, 1b; Winchester, 2b; Bergstrom, 3b; Pallas, 1ss.; Lowry, 2ss.; Anderson, lf.; Heggem, cf.; McGuire, rf.

Junior lineup: Bornstein, c.; Baker, p.; Bromley, 1b; Hartley, 2b; Rust, 3b.; Eacrett, 1ss.; Natterlund, 2ss.; Weir, lf.; Xitco, cf.; Simpson, rf.

Normal lineup: Bornstein, c.; Baker, p.; Frank, 1b; Rust, 2b; Weir, 3b.; Xitco, 1ss.; Eacrett, 2ss.; Foye, lf.; Lowry, cf.; Bromley, rf.; Xitco, substitute 3b.

ORGANIZATIONS



L. FLANDERS.



The Philo-Sopher

VOLUME I

MAY 3, 1920

EXTRA

Published by the Philomathean Literary Society
Edited by NOEL WYNNE

This issue is for deliverance into the hands of strangers, foes as they may be, and consequently cannot display the treasure of confidences, poetry and wit that has graced its pages throughout the year. The Philo-Sopher was published first in October, 1919, to us falling the honor of being its editor. It immediately became the journal of the Philos and has fulfilled the duty of unifying the society. Who could forget the "Ode Initiation" by Miss Whittier or the Forecast Number, edited by Miss Sutherland?

The Junior coupe at the first of the year placed Roswell Oliver in the president's chair and two other of that class in offices. Miss Estella Burnside, vice-president of the Student's Association and chairman of the Klipsun Committee, was our next president. Elwyn Bugge, editor of the Klipsun, succeeded her in the third quarter.

Sixty-two



The Philos boast of two Si's — "Sci" Philippi and "Psy" Kolstad.

The Philo initiation proved a source of joy to the older members but of misery and fright to the "nouveaux Philo." Spaghetti was the characteristic dish on the menu.

Look into the records of responsible positions of the school and into the literary and other rewards. The Abou Ben Adhems' names are there.

The Philos, as a society, were ten years of age on the twenty-second day of November. Then they celebrated in the true old Philo way at the home of Professor Philippi, with program, balloon races, birthday cake 'n everything. Dr. Nash, our oldest Philo, was present and gave us some advice as club members.

The pinnacle of enjoyment was reached when we spent our annual week end at Mr. Kolstad's cottage by Lake Whatcom. The experience was varied, from sleeping in bath tubs and row boats to playing baseball on Sunday. Verily, we will go again, if invited.

The annual banquet was held at the Leopold on April 10th. There our desires, physical and intellectual, were amply fulfilled, to the accompaniment of music, readings and most witty toasts.

That the Philos are appreciative of music was proved when we were entertained by the Philomonic Orchestra, which played from the works of Ivan Offulitch, the great Russian composer. When the orchestra had finished we applauded loudly.

Although the boys were defeated in basketball, the Philo girls obtained revenge by an unmentionable score.

Santa Claus visited us three days before Christmas and applied for admission into the society.

What does the word "Philomathean" mean? As Mr. Philippi explains, it may mean either "Lovers of Learning" or "Learners of Loving," perhaps.

"That's why, that's why, a Philo feels that way.

For once a Philo, always a Philo, forever and a day."





The Alkisiah Club

*Yes, we are the Alkisiah Club,
Whom Fortune bestowed with a smile
Upon the Bellingham Normal School,
There to reign for a long, long while.*

— GLADYS JENSEN.

We are nearing the close of our fourteenth year. With each successive year we have added new friends and new ideals. The Alkisiah Club was formed in 1906 under the sponsorship of Miss Baker, who has continued in that capacity ever since. We hold the distinction of being the oldest club in the school and also of belonging to the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Throughout the years we have striven to keep always before us the ideals and the work of this great organization.

Our first meeting this year was held at the home of Miss Baker, where although few in number we planned the work for the first quarter.

One of the first social events of the year was the children's Hallowe'en party at Miss Baker's. Here all of the members came in pinafore and pgi-tail, to frolic before the fireplace and listen to stories. The success of a party, however, is always determined by the refreshments, so just mentioning pumpkin pie and stick candy will explain why everyone proclaimed it "the nicest party" she had ever attended.

B S I N G

The next event of importance was the initiation of new members. After finding their way from the third floor to the gymnasium blindfolded, they were put through various stunts, even to riding the "goat."

On February 14th, according to custom, we met at the Hotel Leopold for our annual banquet. There we were delighted to meet several of our former friends and clubmates.

*Now nineteen-twenty is a year
That holds for girls a ray of cheer.*

So accordingly the Alkisiahs gave the first leap year party.

Varying our custom of a Christmas bulb sale, we decided to postpone it until Easter time. Just before Easter about fifty blossoming bulbs were sold, from which we derived the double benefit of learning something of bulb culture as well as the financial aid.

Hikes and outings comprised the social program for the spring months, our annual house party at Miss Baker's cottage on Lummi Island being the crowning event.

Throughout the year we have had reports from the "Woman Citizen" in our meetings; in this way keeping in touch with the great work of the Federation. Last fall we received an inspiring report from the Federation convention held in Centralia, Washington, to which Avis Dodge was our representative. We hope that again this year we may be represented.

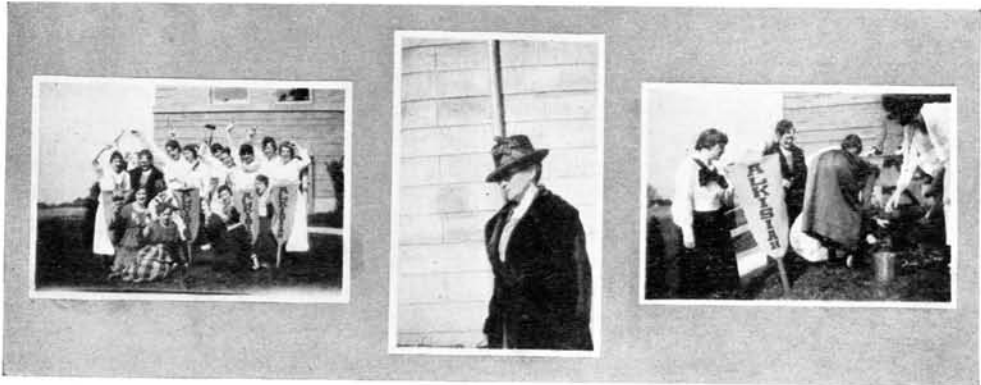
OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

Muriel Lee	<i>President</i>
Oza Myers	<i>Vice-President</i>
Lola Shepherd	<i>Secretary</i>
Frances Johns	<i>Treasurer</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

Oza Myers	<i>President</i>
Victoria Huston	<i>Vice-President</i>
Bernice Webster	<i>Secretary</i>
Gladys Jensen	<i>Treasurer</i>





Ohiyesa Literary Society

"Main one-nine-three-O.

"Hello, this you, Margaret? Yes—. Do you realize that it is just ten years since we were at Normal together? Well, you know my niece was just packing her trunk and getting ready to leave—yes, she is going to Bellingham, too. She leaves tomorrow. I was just telling her about the different clubs and organizations. Of course since I've told her about ours, the Ohiyesa, she says she wouldn't belong to any other.

"Do you remember our year together—1920, wasn't it? Yes, indeed—and that taffy pull, the first meeting of the year, wasn't it? Oh yes, and the initiation. I can just feel the pain I had in my joints now when I think of it. Oh, and can't you just see those old members doing the 'lame duck' down the hall after they had initiated us? We certainly surprised them when we turned the tables.

"I surely do remember our Thanksgiving party at the Bever House, the Christmas party at Jenkins Apartments. The interesting programs and plays were always attractive to me. Oh! and our stunt at the Country Fair



—‘ a photograph gallery ’ of the faculty, wasn’t it? We made some money, didn’t we?

“ ——— Yes. I’m baking bread today. It’s in the oven now — almost done by now, I think. Say, we had a joint meeting with the Alkisiahs, too, wasn’t it a fine meeting!

“ But, really, weren’t Miss Gray and Miss Moffat the best sponsors we could have had. I’ll never forget their kind interest in the club. And what wonderful chaperons they made, especially to the theater party at the American and supper at the Pheasant.

“ Oh! and our beach parties and so many other good times; but I smell my bread burning — I must hang up. Good-bye.”

MOTTO — “ *The Winner.* ”
 COLORS — *Red, Gold, Green.*

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Gladys Roach *President*
 Dixie Porter *Vice-President*
 Ruth Rostedt *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Barbara Steele *Reporter*
 Reta Gard *Historian*
 Agatha Foley *Marshal*
 Mildred Murry *Yell Leader*

SECOND QUARTER

Mildred Murry *President*
 Janice Brooks *Vice-President*
 Ruth Thurman *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Pearl Ingalls *Reporter*
 Elin Johnson *Marshal*
 Edna Nichols *Yell Leader*

THIRD QUARTER

Nell Bromley *President*
 Ruth Ostle *Vice-President*
 Alta Sears *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Marion Edgerly *Marshal*
 Ethel Brown *Reporter*
 Dora Stromford *Yell Leader*
 Ellen Bergstrom *Klipsun Reporter*





Thespians

Okanogan, Wash., April 31, 1921.

MY DEAR DOROTHY:

As I sit at my desk — the children gone for the day — memories of last year's student life flash before me.

Just one year ago today, I remember, the Thespians were so busy getting out posters for the four plays, "Weeping Wives," "Dust of the Road," "Open Gates" and "The Bishop's Candlesticks."

Mr. Hoppe was so wonderfully patient with us and without him our success would have been impossible.

How I wish you could drop in on us some evening and see our dear little birds' nest of a cottage. We're very careful to see that there is enough fuel in for the evening, curtains are drawn after sunset, and never answer the door after dark. Not afraid to stay alone or afraid in the dark — you understand — but we are of a too convivial nature to enjoy the songs of the night birds and tree toads. Both of us are strong believers in dreams — and such horrid ones are generally the result.

O, that makes me think of the play "Unsuppressed Desires" we gave last year. Mae Andersen, Will Beardsley and Loraine Winters were the cast, were they not?

Sixty-eight



Glancing to the back of the room, my eyes fall on some Pilgrim posters the children made in November. They remind me of the dainty little entertainment the November graduates presented us with. What a picturesque little group — every member in the Puritan costumes, sitting very prim, enjoying the Swedish reading, "Courtship of Miles Standish" by Pearl Nesson, and the quaint little songs by the quartette. Then they led us to the cafeteria to that real Thanksgiving dinner — as near like the original as could have been arranged.

Remember the night we clashed victoriously with the Philos in debate? But after that animated little farce starring Helen Robertson, Tromp and Roe, we were friends all over again.

Helen just came and wants me to go home so I will finish "The Thespian Biography" this evening.

8 P. M., SAME DAY

This is my evening to keep the old fireplace glowing. Between firing-up times perhaps I can talk to you.

Did the Normal have a Country Fair this year? Wasn't our booth pretty last year? Those days we spent making wisteria and cherry blossoms — makes me tired yet. Such a long debate we participated in over a booth and finally decided on a Japanese tea garden. The unique costumed little maidens toddling here and there serving the kneeling guests to tea; tinkling Japanese music, and the heavy odor of incense added to its bizarre-like atmosphere.

Will you ever forget the night we entertained the two basketball teams the night we played the C. P. S.? How dexteriously Archie Erickson exchanged Dr. Nash's and Sam Carver's dish of jello when it was discovered that Gretchen had accidentally added salt to some of the whipped cream in place of sugar.

Our worries were few compared to our good times and accomplishments.

It is growing late and our fuel is low, so I must bring these dreams to a close. I think it's all right to dream if we don't make dreams our master, don't you?

Always yours,

— BEVERLY

P. S. — Give all Thespians my best greetings. Once a Thespian, always a Thespian.

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Will Beardsley *President*
 Mae Andersen *Vice-President*
 Nell Henry *Secretary*
 Pauline Bornstein *Treasurer*

SECOND QUARTER

Erwin Black *President*
 Paul Culver *Vice-President*
 Loraine Winters *Secretary*
 Gertrude Dupuis *Treasurer*

THIRD QUARTER

Irene Stewart *President*
 Paul Culver *Vice-President*
 Anne Hillier *Secretary*
 Carl Irish *Treasurer*

HONORARY MEMBERS

Maude Williams
 Gertrude Beasley

Mr. Hoppe, *Sponsor*



Studio Art Club

SONG

(SMILES A LA ART)

*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 filled with 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!*

“Why, hello Amy! Where in the wide world have you been keeping yourself this past year? How is Harold and the baby? Yes, I graduated last year, too. I couldn't get a man, so I got a teacher's diploma.

“Things have been in such a whirl lately. I have been on the go constantly. But the most weird thing of all happened last Saturday night when a bunch of us girls went over to that old woman who tells fortunes by crystal gazing. You remember her, don't you? She lives out near Elizabeth Park. Well, anyhow she picked out Julia, Ethol and me and then she just let out a regular blizzard.



"She began by saying that we all had a great deal in common. She said that she saw a many-colored band around us. Of course none of us believes it, but it did make us think of our club days. She sort of waved her hands in the air and made me, at least, think that she was painting a picture.

"This queer woman then said in her sepulchral voice, 'Spirits of you who sit in this circle, I see in the past that you have worked out in black and white that which will bring to you fame and admiration. You have taken pure carbon and upon white parchment you have made much beauty of line. You have each worked out your own life's thoroughfare. One shall travel on country roads, another shall choose the smooth lake, while another shall journey forth upon a wild sea of dark surroundings.'

"I didn't tell her, Amy, but you know those charcoal sketches that we made in Art Club last year, each represented something that she mentioned. I don't believe that she knew what she was talking about, but isn't it queer?

"Then she went on to say that beauty was an expression of the spirit. Ours had proved itself by delighting an audience of country folks, prize babies and even the renowned Jesse James at a country fair. That must have been the one the school gave for the Klipsun fund. You remember how we worked for hours at a time making hearts, cupids, baskets and everything else.

"Yes, Amy, and that's what capped the climax! She told about the movie that we attended, and then she told how Helen had gone east of the mountains and had married that good looking man of hers, even though she had been offered the position of art instructor under Miss Druse.

"Now, I really don't see how that woman knew so much and I really don't believe a word of it, it is so uncanny, but — ah, there's your car now! Do give my love to your mother. Good-bye!"

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Ruth Claassen	<i>President</i>
Ethol Lewis	<i>Vice-President</i>
Namane Sherwood	<i>Treasurer</i>
Hermina Haveman	<i>Secretary</i>

SECOND QUARTER

Helen Sargent	<i>President</i>
Julia Whitmore	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ruth Robbins	<i>Secretary</i>
Lauretta Mulhern	<i>Treasurer</i>

THIRD QUARTER

Helen Sargent	<i>President</i>
Ethol Lewis	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ida Greibrook	<i>Secretary</i>
Amy Peterson	<i>Treasurer</i>

YELL

*Zipti miny gazully ga zum,
Ti ally ally, hoo! hoo! Art!*



Aletheia

FIRST OFFICERS

May Ross McMillan	<i>President</i>
Elsie Davies	<i>Vice-President</i>
Lulu Foster	<i>Secretary</i>
Hazel Peterson	<i>Treasurer</i>

SECOND OFFICERS

Clara Gordon	<i>President</i>
Mrs. Bertha Hart	<i>Vice-President</i>
Florence Townsend	<i>Secretary</i>
Alice Hoover	<i>Treasurer</i>

Aletheia was formed in 1915 by "the seekers after truth and wisdom." Miss Crawford and Miss Woodard have been the sponsors for the last two years, and the club has prospered. There are thirty member now enrolled.

During the winter the program consisted of studies of various nations. The people, their language and costumes, their literature and music were discussed. In addition there was a study of astronomy. Several charts were made of the most important constellations and the girls spent some

BEGINNING

very interesting evenings "star-gazing." They studied the position of the stars and learned the legends connected with the names of the stars.

The club enjoyed a Christmas party just before the vacation. A large number were present and took part in the merry-making. Several new members were initiated. Dainty refreshments concluded the party. Everyone agreed that there was not a dull moment during the affair.

On February 19 the club held a Colonial party. George and Martha Washington, impersonated by Miss Sears and Miss Peronteau, received the guests. Nathaniel Green, Lafayette, Stark, Benjamin Franklin and many other famous Revolutionary gentlemen attended, each with his wife. Old time games and dances occupied the evening. Refreshments, in which cherries predominated, were served in the cafeteria.

Just before Arbor Day the girls hiked to Flat Rock. They toasted marshmallows and practiced songs and yells until darkness forced them to take the home trail.

Aletheia spent an evening at Dead Man's Point. There around the fire the girls told Indian legends and discussed Indian music. Although marshmallows were never an article of Indian diet, the girls did not fail to appreciate them. At the following meeting the girls played a number of Indian records on the Victrola.

On Arbor Day the Aletheian colors were conspicuous. The grey and rose streamers floated in the air, carried by white clad girls. In addition to the rose bush already flourishing, the girls planted an ivy vine on the western side of the Training School. The little plant seemed to imbibe the spirit of the songs and yells of that day, for it is growing vigorously.

The year has been a fine one for the club, unsurpassed by any in the past. The future seems bright with promises of success for Aletheia.





Rural Life Club

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Harry Bartruff	<i>President</i>
Olga Heggem	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mary Soper	<i>Secretary</i>
Archie Erickson	<i>Treasurer</i>
Clyde Bancroft	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

SECOND QUARTER

Stella Lowry	<i>President</i>
Clyde Bancroft	<i>Vice-President</i>
Elsie Wilsted	<i>Secretary</i>
Frankie Roe	<i>Treasurer</i>
Tom Harrison	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

THIRD QUARTER

Stanley Freeman	<i>President</i>
Frances Smith	<i>Vice-President</i>
Olga Heggem	<i>Secretary</i>
Tom Harrison	<i>Treasurer</i>
William Elder	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>



Not long after taking up my duties as a rural school supervisor, I arrived one afternoon about four o'clock at a dear little school house tucked in the hollow of the side of a hill. Late flowers bloomed in the garden and an air of peace and quiet seemed to pervade the place. A recitation was in progress and the other children were so busily engaged at their desks that it was possible for me to enter unnoticed and remain an undiscovered but greatly interested visitor. This simple but pleasant school room was a delightful place in which to linger.

It was an industrious and happy school, made so by a teacher with the true rural spirit, who after dismissing her school gave me a most cordial welcome, expressing regret that she had not found me out sooner. Her eyes lighted with joy when I mentioned B. S. N. S.

"Oh, you are an old Bellingham student! Then of course you know Mr. Heckmann and Mr. Coughlin, our Rural Life Club sponsors. I am very much indebted to them for the ideas which you have approved so highly in my work this afternoon. We have a very active P.-T. A. Its members have been no end of help to me, and it is the ideal P.-T. A. which Mr. Heckmann so enthusiastically advocated."

Then in a reminiscent mood I told her of some of the good times I had with the Rural Lifers back in 1920: "At a Valentine party Mr. Coughlin told us of a vision he had of an ideal community. I have not seen all of your community, but if it corresponds to your school his dream is realized." She modestly acknowledged my praise by saying, "A true product of the rural course of dear old B. S. N. S. could not do less, but infinitely more."

We chatted for some time, recalling many delightful experiences in the Rural Life Club. I related the events of our first meeting at Whatcom Falls: the "ripping" game of baseball, the appetizing eats, the cheerful chat of our sponsors and last but not least the toasting of marshmallows over a big bonfire while we roused the timid woodfolk with our hearty singing.

"You enjoyed the Rural Life conferences?" I continued, "So did I. I think the Rural Lifers appreciated the situation presented by Mrs. Preston more keenly than others because our hearts were in it. Vividly she recalled to mind various sojourns in the country schools and the needs which existed then as they do now — needs of community centers and more intelligent living upon the farm. After her address we gathered in the big gym and romped hilariously like little children."

Reluctantly I bade the little teacher farewell and went on my way rejoicing at her success and hoping the other Rural Lifers were duplicating her spirit and as successfully realizing the hopes of their Alma Mater.

— ETHEL McCLELLAN



CHORAL CLUB



Choral Club

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

Pearl Ingalls	<i>President</i>
Loda Mullen	<i>Vice-President</i>
Elizabeth Umbarger	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

SECOND QUARTER

Victoria Huston	<i>President</i>
Grace Green	<i>Vice-President</i>
Oza Myers	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

THIRD QUARTER

Victoria Huston	<i>President</i>
Grace Green	<i>Vice-President</i>
Oza Myers	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
Ann Newman	<i>Reporter</i>

There is no part or group in the Student Body of Bellingham State Normal School so small, so remote or far removed from the activities of the school but what has come in contact with the Choral Club. This club is the melting pot of all the other social and literary organizations of the school. Students have long recognized the potential value of the club, as is proved by our list of seventy active members.

The club is one of the oldest in school. It was started about 1904 by a few lovers of music, for the sole purpose of enjoying an hour of community singing. It has now become a regular part of the school program, meeting at the 1 o'clock hour every Tuesday.

Since music (as one author states) is one of the four fundamental elements of life—the purpose of the club is to learn to appreciate and reproduce the better type of music suited to a girls' chorus in any community.

The early efforts of the club this year resulted in rendering several selections for the student assembly. The latter part of the year was spent in preparing an operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," which was given in April. This proved to be the debut of our most talented members.

Sometimes our individual precepts have been rather indefinite, our interest has sometimes shifted to other scenes. But through the persistent labors of our director, Mrs. Thatcher, we have in the end reached our goal. But as a whole, our climb has been so interesting that few members have dropped out prematurely.

But this club is not all work. We have enjoyed many social evenings and look forward to many more next year. Wise is she who joins.

— GRACE G. GREEN



H. E. Major Club

At the beginning of the first quarter (1919) eight had entered the newly organized course in physical education. These eight met one day in the gymnasium and decided informally to organize a club, planning our first good time—a hike to Chuckanut. This was followed by an early morning breakfast up Sunset Trail.

Some weeks later a strictly gymnastic dinner was cooked and served in the Domestic Science rooms. It was Hallowe'en Eve as I remember, and the only *goblins* were those partaking in the delicious eats.

Just before Christmas we were good as we could be and were rewarded with a mock track meet given by Misses Moffat and Williams. "Pep" and skill were not lacking. The elephant's miraculous stunts at the circus will long be remembered with jovial laughter.

Another breakfast! This time at Initial Rock. Here as before the coffee deserves honorable mention. It was just like mother used to make before she learned how to cook.

Hurrah! twelve more have realized the great value and need of physical education and have entered the course with us. We hope to see many more take up the work with the realization that *health* is necessary for the attainment of every worthy ambition and achievement. May they go forth to teach this, the first work of the school, with whole-hearted interest and enthusiasm.



The Young Housekeepers

Few groups without regular officers or time of meeting have so persistently pursued their purpose as have the Young Housekeepers.

The dean, Miss Woodard, has for the past few years interested herself in the welfare of the many girls who do their own housekeeping, and at intervals has called them together for discussion, consultation and mutual help. During this year there were not many gatherings, but reports of those few were scattered broadcast. Among the items in a certain newspaper were some quite unbelievable stories about what the Normal girls were doing to the H. C. of L.

After musical selections, the main points of interest at the meetings were definite study of the food value in calories of our most common foods; balanced rations from the standpoint of the main elements in them; their cost, and labor-saving devices. Different houses tried to see which would excel in offering the best menu for a reasonable price.

These gatherings were very profitable, and if the Young Housekeepers did not serve refreshments at their meetings they at least had much "food for thought."



Business Girls League

The Business Girls' League, an organization of approximately seventy members, was founded by Miss Exean Woodard, Dean of Women, for the purpose of co-operating with the working girls and meeting the difficulties arising in their several lines of employment.

The one big social feature of the year was the Business Girls' banquet, which was given in the Normal Cafeteria. The hall was artistically hung with clinging ivy and draperies in the league colors of blue and white. Miss Estelle Burnside acted as toastmistress, while the toasts were given by the following honorable members: Mrs. Samuel Gompers (Estelle Burnside), Mrs. Herbert Hoover (Hilda M. Freeman) Julia Lathrop, Chief, (Oceola Thomason), Miss Woolworth (Grace Thatcher), Mrs. Ignace Paderevski (Donna Klinker), Miss Carnegie (Margaret Zurbrick), Mrs. John Mitchell (Sarah Mowad), Mrs. John L. Lewis (Frankie Roe), Miss D. W. Griffith (Muriel Young), Mrs. Wm. F. Bigelow (Alice Neander).

*With many a heavy, weary heart,
Defeat they'll ne'er confess;
Bravely striving toward the goal
Which means naught but — success!*

Eighty

— CAROLYNE HOWELL, Reporter.



Sage Brush Club

OFFICERS

J. V. Coughlin, *Sponsor*

FIRST QUARTER

Marie Andresen *President*
 Bernice Webster *Secretary and Treasurer*

SECOND QUARTER

Olga Heggem *President*
 Mildred Murray *Secretary and Treasurer*

THIRD QUARTER

Ethel Burkland *President*
 Ethel McClellan *Secretary and Treasurer*

CLUB YELL

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

The Sagebrush Club is composed of fifty of the jolliest livewires of the school. Although we were only privileged to several social functions the first two quarters, the quaint hard time party and the second social party may well be remembered as paramount favors of the term.



The Everett Club

The Everett Club is composed of students from Snohomish County. Many social events were held during the past year which will live in the memory of all our members.

The most important affair of the year was a "kid" party held on December 13 in the "big gym." The members came dressed in juvenile clothes and wore their hair bobbed or in curls. Even Miss Stryker and Miss Clarke forgot their dignity and dressed to suit the occasion. Erwin Black, attired as a seven-year-old girl, was the cause of much merriment. About nine-thirty Santa Claus arrived with a supply of candy and presents for everyone.

Most of our success is due to Miss Clarke, our sponsor, whose readiness for a good time and willingness to co-operate with us in planning social affairs has earned her a warm place in our affections.



Oregon Club

Rita Olson *President*
 Ina Johnson *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Myrtle Mathiesen *Reporter*

Early in the fall the old Oregonians, together with several new members, met to organize and to discuss plans for the year. At this meeting it was decided to have one social function each month.

The first event was a breakfast at Jack Martin's where the Oregonian appetite was satisfied by delicious waffles.

One of the most enjoyable times was spent with the Misses Ina and Cornelia Johnson. The members of the club came dressed in relics of past splendor and spent the evening reviewing old memories and playing almost forgotten games. The climax of the evening was an old-fashioned taffy pull, and many burned fingers served as reminders of those pleasant hours.

Dead Man's Point was the scene of our next gathering. Early rising has no horrors when the vision of ham and eggs flavored with smoke and cinders replaces the "little white pitcher." The breakfast will be a pleasant memory among Oregonians for centuries to come.



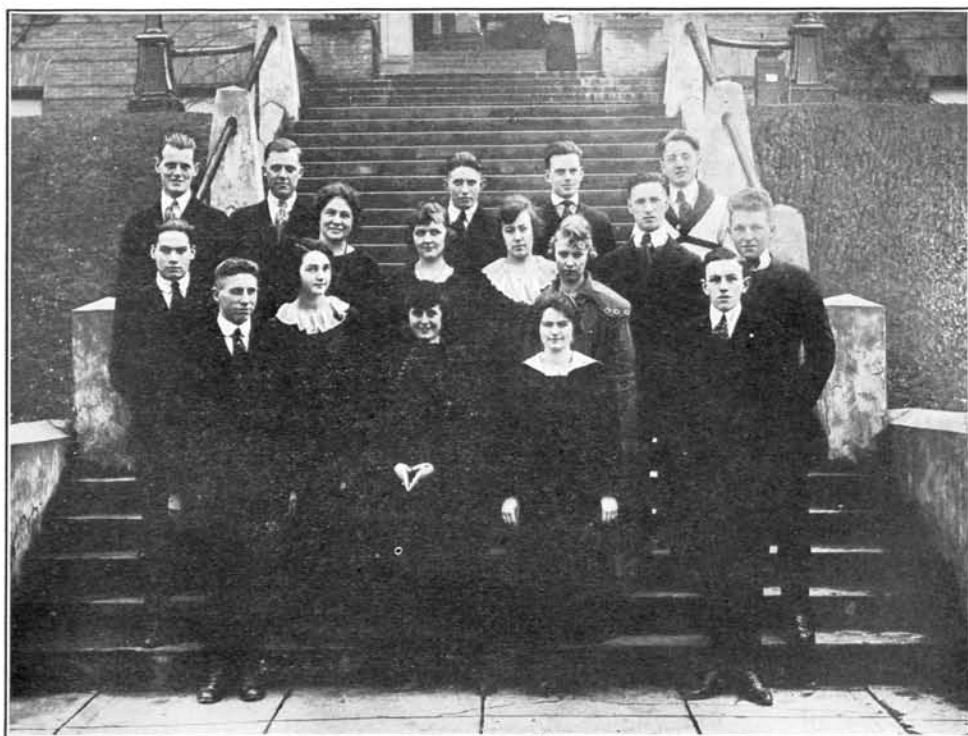
Tacoma Club

Early in the first quarter the Tacoma Club members met and organized. The officers chosen were as follows:

Loda Mullen *President*
Margaret Xitco *Vice-President*
Julia Whitmore *Secretary-Treasurer*
Miss Boring, *Sponsor*

The object of the club was: "To present suitable entertainments and to counteract the effects of our study and brain fag." That the results were entirely satisfactory no one would doubt had they gone on the hike to Lake Whatcom and eaten beefsteak, broiled over a bon-fire, or sat around another bon-fire at Lake Geneva and consumed "eggs on the half shell." Such primitive amusements, however, were not the only means employed to make life agreeable. In the second and third quarters two mixers were held and were enjoyed by the entire club and the boys of the school.

— FLORENCE BAKER, *Reporter.*



Alaska Club

If you habitually have the blues, ask an Alaska Club member what to do. He will tell you to make a trip to Alaska so you may become an Alaska Club member, and will add that should you do so, you will never regret it. Not a happier group could be imagined than those who answered the call issued at the beginning of the second quarter.

Upon being organized the club planned its first event. It might properly be called a rush down to Camp Perfection. No one could make any of the members who were there admit that they did not have the time of their lives, though it is rumored that the bill of fare was limited to catsup, cookies, buns and pickles.

The club's second affair of the quarter was a banquet and theater party. Everyone who was there declared that they had a good time.

During the early part of the third quarter, the club enjoyed an outing at Mr. Kolstad's cabin on Lake Whatcom. Memories of ham and eggs still linger.



Lewis and Cowlitz County Club

OFFICERS

Ethol Lewis, Vance *President*
Alta Sears, Kelso *Secretary-Treasurer*
Impi Saari, Vader *Reporter*

Hail! from Southwestern Washington. The thirty students from the border counties, Lewis and Cowlitz, organized a social club early last fall.

Late in October the club went to Flat Rock, where an ideal breakfast was enjoyed by all around the crackling fire.

Our numbers joined with the Seattle Club and celebrated with a party in the big gym. The numerous stunts and games provided enjoyment until the refreshments were announced.

Mr. Bond is the faculty club member.

Our motto is "A good bunch and good time."



Seattle Club

FIRST OFFICERS

Gretchen Weide	<i>President</i>
Mrs. Nye	<i>Vice-President</i>
Inez Clark	<i>Treasurer</i>
Helen Thayer	<i>Secretary</i>

SECOND OFFICERS

Ruth Robbins	<i>President</i>
Clyde Bancroft	<i>Vice-President</i>
Dorothy Robbins	<i>Treasurer</i>
Pauline Noll	<i>Secretary and Reporter</i>

Our club was organized the latter part of the first quarter, and although we were late in starting, the true Seattle spirit soon asserted itself.

Among the many social functions enjoyed by the club was a "Kid Party," held in the big gymnasium, where we united with the members of the Lewis and Cowlitz Club. The next event was a hike to Squaticum Beach accompanied by the members of the Everett Club. Since then we enjoyed a breakfast on the top of Sehome Hill.



Edens Hall

OFFICERS

Elsie Wilsted	<i>President</i>
Julia Whitmore	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
Betty De Graff	<i>Fire Captain</i>
Corinne Castle	<i>Reporter</i>

OUR "SCHOOL HOME"

If we dare say it, and who has a better right, the last bunch of the old "dorm" has been the best bunch a house could wish!

Our many distinguished members include our worthy officers, musicians (even some who could actually run the phonograph!), artists, vocalists (some voices "sound like thunder," others merely "shriek"!), but we truly have some excellent singers, aesthetic dancers, readers (famous as "story tellers"!), and — but we can't begin to enumerate our talents!

Among our fondest memories we count our spreads, hikes, slumber parties, dancing parties (including second-floor events!), "others," and theater parties. The "Red Kimona," too, is now a memory and we have serpented our welcome to Miss Mead, who has come to us replacing Miss Woodard.

The dearest memory of all will be of our house mother, Mrs. Powell. We hope that the inhabitants of the new Edens Hall will have her with them to brighten their days. This is the biggest and best we can wish for them.



Catholic Girls Club

OFFICERS

Regina Frank *President*
Nell Henry *Secretary-Treasurer*
Miss Nabstein, *Sponsor*

The Catholic girls of the Normal School have, for a number of years, organized as a purely social club. This year we have had many opportunities for social gatherings, the most prominent one being our Hallowe'en party held at the Assumption School with the Juniors and Seniors of that institution.

Each one of us appreciates the privilege of being brought closer together in a social way and we are sorry that the end of the term brings an end to our good times.

— AGATHA M. FOLEY.



CABINET OFFICERS

Y. W. C. A.
OFFICERS

Namane Sherwood	President
Faith Hugget	Vice-President
Frances Jennings	Secretary
Margaret Scott	Treasurer

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Muriel Lee	Loucygne Wilcutt	Vivienne Croxford
Frankie Roe	Esther Nelson	Margaret Shannon
Hilda Freeman	Ruth Thurman	Ruth Ostle
Eva Bond		

Miss M. Belle Sperry, *Faculty Sponsor*

The activities of the Y. W. C. A. began with the meeting of trains to welcome new girls.

On Thursday afternoon, September 11, the first "get together" meeting was held in the Y. W. C. A. room.

The first devotional meeting was held the following Sunday afternoon. Miss Sperry, who had returned from a year's vacation, brought the message.

The social events of the year began with the annual Y. W. reception to the whole school Friday evening, September 26. Many acquaintances



DES MOINES DELEGATES

were formed which have ripened into friendships during the year. Punch and wafers were served.

After the organization of the cabinet the work moved along rapidly. The chairman of the Bible Study Committee soon had classes organized in the largest rooming houses on the hill. About two hundred fifty have been enrolled in these classes.

The Y. W. C. A. has been serving the school in a very practical way through their management of the cafeteria.

Miss Brown, the Northwest Field Secretary, visited in early November to interest us in the great Student Volunteer Convention held in Des Moines, Iowa, during the Christmas vacation. We are proud to think that our Student Body, Faculty and Alumni with the assistance of the Y. W. made it possible to send our full quota of six delegates to this convention.

The annual Bible Institute was held January 15 to 18. Mrs. Campbell, of Seattle, came again to be our speaker. This, as in other years, was a time of great inspiration.

The Association has been especially blessed by the visits of missionaries this year. First, Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Clark brought us a message of opportunity from India. Next, Rev. Stanley Soltau made us feel the heroism and the wonderful faith of the Koreans. Miss Cable and the Misses French brought us greetings from two of our own students, Lydia Berthold and Nina Gemmell, in China. These glimpses into the foreign field broadened our vision of Christian service.



Gilii Uakanati

At the suggestion of Dr. Miller there was formed at the beginning of the school year an organization termed by outsiders as "The Men's Auxiliary." Its membership included all of the men of the school, both faculty and student, and its aim was to promote clean, wholesome fellowship among the men students and to otherwise foster a spirit of friendliness and cooperation among its members.

Several genuine "stag" socials were held during the year, which were judged by all concerned to be the greatest gloom chasers in history.

The Boosters

After Christmas some of the young men who had been prominent in student activities met and formed "The Boosters." Though social in nature, this club was formed along an entirely different line from any then existing in the Normal School.

The object of the club is to foster good spirit among the students as a whole and between the organizations of the school. It aims to promote an interest in the Normal among the high school students, many of whom do not understand the work of this school either because it has not been brought to their attention, or because they are indifferent.

Hail to B. S. N. S.! May the future bring in greater quantities what the past has not been generous with — men.



Training School



GERTRUDE
EARHART

*Supt.
Tr. Dept.*

questions are a measure of the success of the experiments, which have been performed in the Training School this year.

The first grade children cover a greater diversity of impressions in their reports than any other class. They tell about work for various holidays beginning with Hallowe'en. They like to play stories because they are so "inter-sting." They go to the library to see the pictures and read the Peter Rabbit books. They make a wigwam and Indian life groups on the sand-table, an Eskimo scene and a cotton field with negro workers. They also mention nearly every activity of their school day, including moving pictures, lunch room, "where we learn to act nice," and "Sembles."

In the second grade we get the first idea of studying a thing because "It's good for me." The children are interested in the May-pole dance they are learning, in the sand table and in their songs.

The third grade worked out several projects in history which remain in their memories, among them the Viking Boat, an Egyptian House and a Pioneer Wagon.

The fourth class tell of their history projects as making a Greek temple; their excursion as when they studied a bay; their garden project and number work which grew out of that. They also tell about the costume designing in drawing.

The fifth and sixth grades enjoy particularly their various dramatizations. They mention some history dramatization and explain how this makes their work more interesting. They tell how the dramatization in English makes them more careful in punctuation, capitalization and also

THE physical and chemical laboratories are in the north wing of the building; but in the south wing the Normal has a different sort of a laboratory, one where the pedagogy and psychology of the Seniors are tested out. Test tubes and retorts of chemical laboratories give no account of experiments carried on in them; but the children of the Training School bear a permanent impression and can give an account of the experiments which the Seniors have been conducting with them for subjects.

With this in mind, late in April, the children of the Training School were asked to write what things they had done during the year, which they considered the most interesting with a reason for the answer. The answers of these

that it helps them "to speak better." Much interest is shown in their Book of Myths of Bellingham, and the magazines for the hospitals.

The reasons given by the Junior High School pupils for their work are more clearly defined. Many of them speak of some project in English and say that they gained a greater appreciation for literature and sometimes the moral is mentioned. The benefits gained in punctuation, in the use of verbs, in the mechanics of writing and in general information are all given as reasons why they approve English project.

The children see the advantage of the superiority of the Senior plans as well as the Senior, herself. One teacher devised the scheme for three of the class to act as judges to decide whether topics were satisfactorily handled. The 7-A pupil who reports this says, "This made us study our lessons more thoroughly." Manual training has interested the boys because of the articles of furniture they were able to make for their homes. One class measured and calculated the cost of the excavation for the new dormitory. The pupils also tell what they gained from excursions made early in the year when studying types of industry.

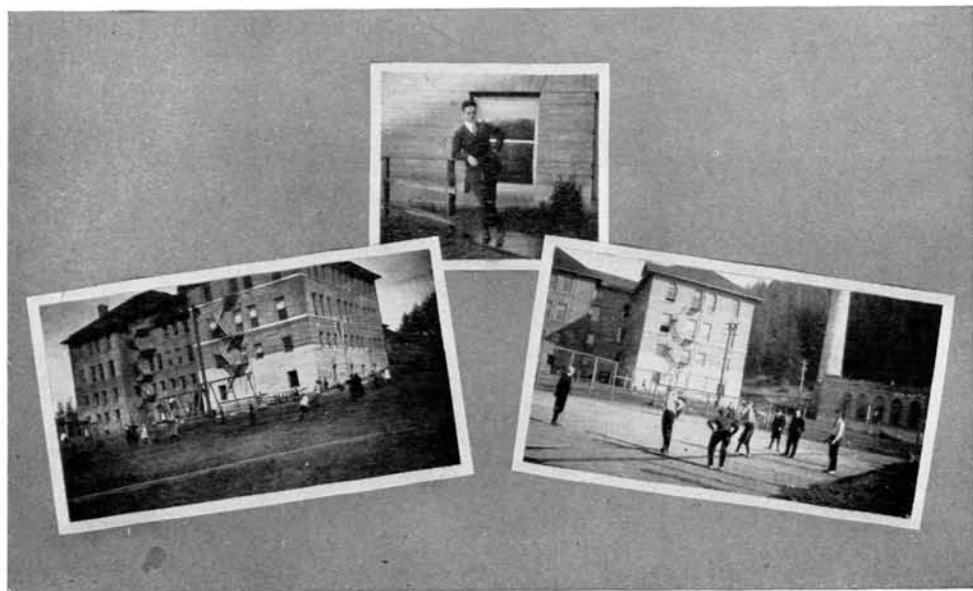
These reports from the children prove that the Seniors have put their pedagogy and psychology into practice; and have show themselves able to handle the very latest frills in education in such a way as to be both interesting and beneficial to the children.

TRAINING SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The boys' basketball was not as successful this year as in the past. This was largely due to insufficient practice, as the boys were deprived of practice periods to a large extent. Nevertheless they worked hard and faithfully, practicing whenever they could. Out of a total of eight games three were won. The games won were against Ferndale, Scout Troop 4 and Roeder. A good showing was made against the large heavy team from Lowell and in the last game with Franklin the score was only 12 to 13 at the close of the game. The boys were coached by Arthur E. Bowsher.

On April 20th the boys were presented their letters. Those earning letters were Lester White, Vance Radvaney, forwards; Claude Snitzler, center; Arnold Wastrom, Montford Alsop, guards; Weston Hayes and Elmer Peterson, substitutes.

The girls' team won two games out of three played. These were from Franklin. The game lost was with Lowell. After this game the Training School girls served refreshments to the two teams which were enjoyed by all.





THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS

Entertainments

THE PRODIGAL SON

The Oratorio Chorus, under the direction of Mrs. Thatcher, gave the oratorio "The Prodigal Son" at the Normal auditorium, Friday evening, February 13th. At Liberty Hall Sunday evening the oratorio was repeated to a very large and appreciative audience.

There were several very beautiful solos, duets and quartets given by Mrs. G. W. Nash, soprano; Mrs. H. W. Spratley, contralto; Mr. Oscar Shaw, tenor, and Mr. C. B. Harter, bass. The accompanists were Miss Maud Williams and Miss Edith Kesler.

The whole oratorio was beautifully rendered and reflected much credit on the director.

THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS

Under the direction of Mrs. Thatcher, the Choral Club gave one of the most artistically beautiful programs of the whole year when they presented "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," a Chinese operetta by Paul Bliss, Friday evening, April 23.

The stage was artistically decorated with colored lanterns and bright flowers. The chorus and cast, dressed in their gayly colored costumes, gave us many beautiful songs and dances. The Oriental atmosphere of the operetta carried the entire audience to the distant land of China where they all spent a most delightful evening.

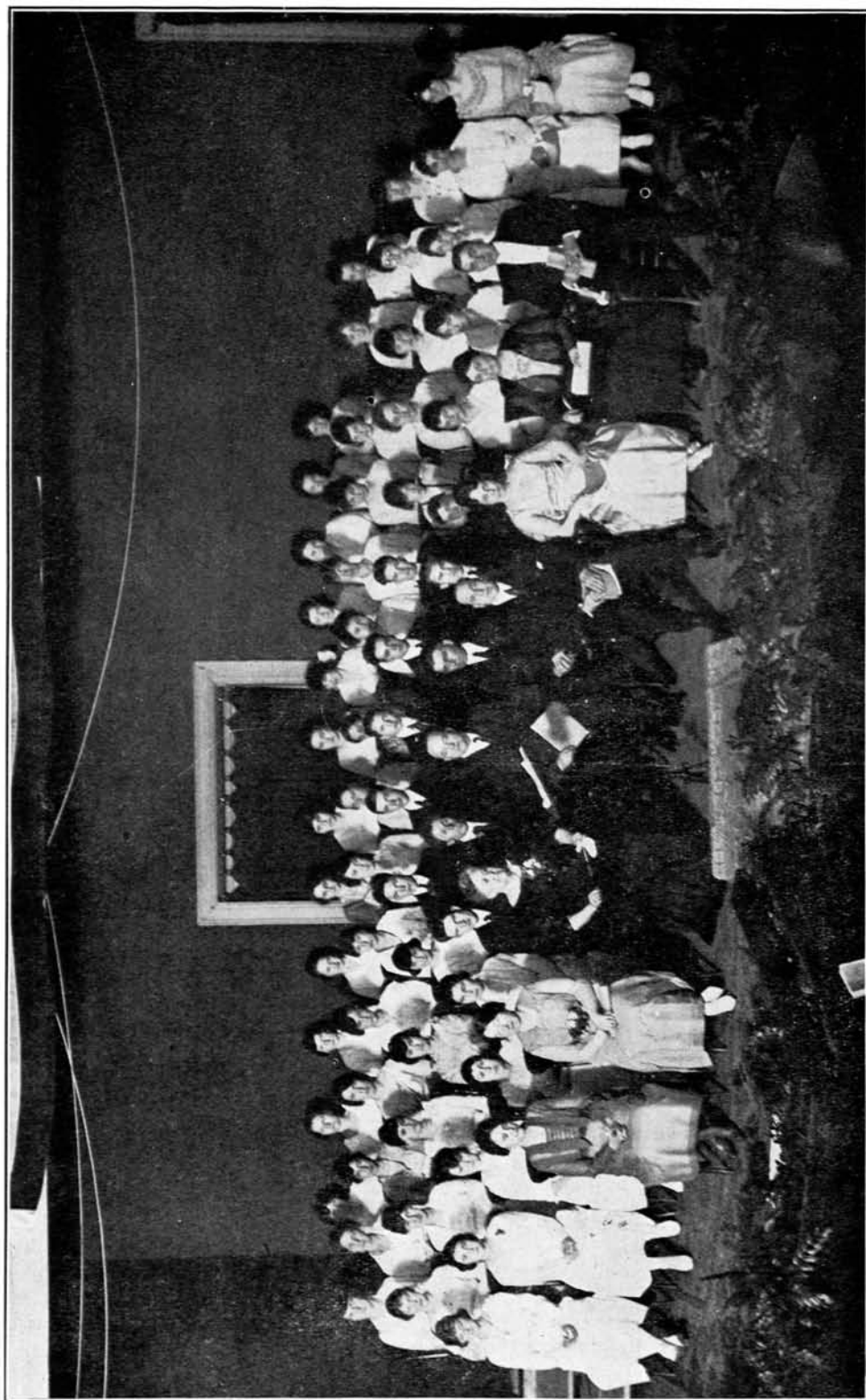
The soloists were Dora Agee, Irene Stewart, Anaide Myers, Ethel Burkland, Helen Jones, solo dancer; Elwood Davis, Ira Loree and Archie Erickson.

THE NORMAL QUARTET

The mixed quartet, consisting of Pearl Ingalls, soprano; Grace Thatcher, alto; Elwyn Bugge, tenor, and Mr. M. B. Thatcher, bass, who substituted for Guy Stickney during his absence, have given some pleasing entertainments during the year. They went to Lawrence and other places near here, giving an evening's program in each place.

Their program consisted of quartet numbers, duets, solos and violin music by Mr. Bugge. Victoria Huston went with them as reader and Edith Kesler as piano soloist.

The quartet was organized and directed by Mrs. Thatcher, whose efforts helped to make the organization a distinct success.



ORATORIO "THE PRODIGAL SON."



The Senior Play

"THE SAVING GRACE"

CAST

Mr. Blinn Corbett	Elwyn Bugge
Mr. William Hobbs, his man servant	Carl Irish
Mr. Ripley Guildford	Kenneth Selby
Mrs. Corbett, Blinn's wife	Anaide Myers
Susan Blaine, Mrs. Corbett's niece	Marian Moore
Mrs. Guildford, Ripley's mother	Agnes Clippenger
Ada Parsons, Mrs. Corbett's maid	Hilda Van Liew

The curtain rises and Hobbs and Parsons, the help of the Corbett home, discuss their present situation and financial embarrassment due to the financial difficulties in the home. A boy delivers a duck which must be paid for and Susan, Mrs. Corbett's niece, meets the difficulty. Mr. Guildford, a suitor of Susan, is expected for dinner, thus the added delicacy.

The dinner proves to be a success and Susan and Guildford steal quietly away and return blushing and happy, as they have become engaged. But in the midst of the rejoicing Mrs. Guildford, a very cold and dignified person, is ushered in and upsets the happy plans because she insinuates that Susan is already the third girl to whom Ripley had been engaged.

Mrs. Corbett remains a staunch friend to Ripley Guildford through all the trouble and tries to make Susan see her mistake in dismissing Ripley.

Mr. Corbett, who has won considerable fame in his brave deeds in South Africa, tries to enlist in the present war, but at first is refused because of his age, but finally he is accepted. Hobbs also enlists and is likewise accepted.

Ripley and Susan's love affair is mended, due to the Ripley's assertion that the girl in question is happily married. And thus the difficulty is solved. Financial straits are likewise improved and all the characters are left in a contented frame of mind.

Evening of One-Act Plays

The members of Mr. Hoppe's expression class put on a series of four one-act plays, on the evening of February 24th. The funds received were turned into the fund for financing the Klipsun. Beginning with "A Little Fowl Play" and continuing through "Come Michaelmas," "Indian Summer" to the last, "The Violin Maker," the appreciative audience enjoyed every minute.

Ninety-seven



The Junior Play

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Blacksmith Bess	Donna Klinker
Dickon	Archie Erickson
Rachael	Pearl Stoughton
Richard	Ira Loree
Justice Merton	Ray Buswell
Lord Ravenshane (Scarecrow)	Guy Johnson
Mistress Merton	Gretchen Weide
Micah, servant	Howard Griggs
Captain Bugby	Arthur Bowsler
Minister Dodge	Charles Powell
Mistress Dodge	Lorraine Winters
Sir Charles Reddington	Erwin Black
Mistress and Amelia Reddington, daughters	Pauline Bornstein and Gladys Jacobs

"The Scarecrow," a comedy by Percy Mackaye, was presented by the members of the Junior Class. The scene is laid in Massachusetts at the time when witchcraft flourished. Of course magic runs through the entire play from the introduction of the "Mirror of Truth" to the moment when the pipe was broken and the "Scarecrow" drew his last breath.

The talent displayed was worthy of all of the praise and admiration which the large audience so graciously extended. The school has Mr. Hoppe to thank, for it was his splendid coaching which paved the way for the success of the production.



JUNIOR PLAY





EXTRACTS FROM THE BELLINGHAM HERALD

BELLINGHAM, WASH., SEPT. 20, 1919. — The Normal students of the Bellingham Normal were very delightfully entertained at the Association Mixer on September 19, at the Normal on the hill.

The first part of the evening was spent in the auditorium with "stunts" pulled off by the various occupants of the different houses on the hill.

After the stunts they very quietly adjourned down the banisters to the big gymnasium, where they all joined in games and contests which lasted until someone called "Eats!"

With a great amount of hesitation they rushed to the "eats" booth where ice cream and wafers were dealt out without even the asking. After this cool reception they all went home, well pleased with "Normal society."

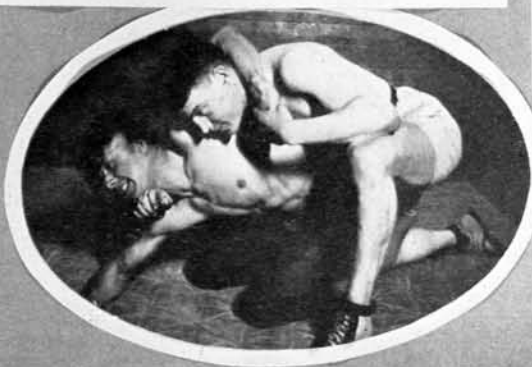
BELLINGHAM, WASH., DEC. 16, 1919. — Last evening the "minority" of the Bellingham Normal banqueted and enjoyed their own society to the utmost. Along with their other ingredients they swallowed speeches, impromptu and otherwise, toasts, songs and yells — until all wished for more elasticity to the membrane of some parts of their anatomy.

BELLINGHAM, WASH., FEB. 7, 1920. — Last night at the Normal occurred one of the most interesting events in the history of Bellingham. This was a genuine Country Fair, staged by the students of the school.

After an intensely interesting comedy and vocal solos in the auditorium, the entrance to the grounds were thrown open — only to be filled by the rush of Bellingham's population. Here they were entertained with events ranging from grand opera to dog show. Some of the special features were vaudeville, fortune telling, stock shows, rogues' gallery, baby contest and eats. Never in the life of the big gym has the moon witnessed such an evening of co-operated pep and whole-hearted enjoyment as that of last night.

BELLINGHAM, WASH., MARCH 6, 1920. — Friday evening, March 5, the men of the Normal enjoyed themselves at a smoker held in the small gym. Numerous forms of entertainment were indulged in, such as boxing, wrestling, racing and horizontal and parallel bar exhibitions. Following this violent exercise they were refreshed with cider and doughnuts.

BELLINGHAM, WASH., APRIL 17, 1920. — One of the events of the year at the Bellingham Normal that depends upon the weather-cock is the annual Chuckanut Marathon which was celebrated by the students on Saturday, April 17, 1920.





Among Our Visitors

THEO. KARLE

Theo. Karle, the great American tenor, gave us one of the treats of the season when he appeared at the Normal, October 13. His mastery of vocal technique, diction and musicianship give him equipment enabling him to present artistically the widest range of song literature. His voice mastery was admirably displayed in the Beethoven aria, "My Heart Is Sore." But the beauty and tenderness displayed in the shorter, simpler songs won the sincerest applause.

CAROLINA LAZZARI

Of all the musical programs which we were privileged to attend none was more enjoyed than the concert given by Carolina Lazzari, contralto. Her wide range, rich full tones and charming personality help make her one of the few great artists of today.

MRS. MAUD E. WILLIS

Mrs. Willis gave us an interesting program of plays in our auditorium November 28. She is called "an interpreter of plays" and justified the title in her interpretation of "The Witching Hour," the play of Augustus Thomas. Mrs. Willis is a woman of charming presence and a clear, pleasant voice, which won much applause from her audience.

DR. ANNA REED

Dr. Anna Reed, who came to us from Washington, D. C., where she is director of the junior division of Employment Service. She gave us a series of very interesting lectures. Dr. Reed showed herself to be a woman of rare personality, a very forceful as well as entertaining lecturer.

TOM SKEYHILL

Tom Skeyhill, an Australian war poet, speaker and soldier, appeared as the third number of our lecture course. As a speaker too much can not be said of his ability and after one has become used to the "English" in his voice, one sits spellbound or rocks with laughter as the case might be. He gave a lecture on "The Poetry of the War."

LORADO TAFT

On Monday evening, March 15, Lorado Taft, a prominent American sculptor, appeared at the Normal as the sixth number of our lecture course. He gave an illustrated lecture on "Rambles With the Boys in Burgundy." Many beautiful slides were shown, bringing out the art work on old cathedrals, churches and monuments. Mr. Taft's lecture was very entertaining, and it was punctuated with bits of humor.

FLONZALEY QUARTET

The Flonzaley Quartet, often spoken of as the finest stringed quartet in existence, appeared here April 24 as the last number of our Lyceum Course. Their perfection of technic, remarkable blending of tone and musical attainments rank them first in artistic merit as an organization.

LITERARY



Gipsy

FIRST PRIZE STORY

GEORGE STEPHENS



GIpsy stood in the middle of the road holding his broad straw hat in his hand, watching a horse and buggy disappear in a cloud of dust in the distance. Then he turned and climbed to the top of a high gate under the oaks by the roadside. Alone with his thoughts he sat with his freckled face buried in his hands, thinking of the work his guardian, Mr. Ross, had told him to do the next day.

The next day was the Fourth of July, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross had gone to town to stay a couple of days, leaving Gipsy in charge of the farm. He sat for some time listening to the hogs cracking acorns under the oaks, with now and then a satisfied grunt coming from them. The soft breeze blew his long red hair about his face. When the sun sank lower long shadows crept across the road and out in the meadow a lark sang its last song of the evening. Finally he was aware that tears were trickling down his face. Wiping them on the sleeve of his shirt he slipped hurriedly to the ground and followed a path to the grove by the spring. His homespun breeches dangled half way between his knees and bare feet as he walked along. He whistled to keep up his courage.

When he came to the barnyard he was greeted by a friendly whinny from an old white mare that stood under a sagging cow shed. Gipsy had traded a bushel of small Irish potatoes and a gallon of molasses to a band of gypsies who had been passing through the country the fall before, for that old white mare. He was known as Gipsy ever since by the neighborhood boys. For the first time he led the mare into the barn, for Mr. Ross had forbidden him to bring her there. He was to keep her under the cow shed and feed her on fodder. The protruding hip bones of the mare showed conclusively that fodder was not a very substantial food. Johnny Lucey, a neighbor boy, said "She looked more like a hat rack than a horse," and so saying he walked up and hung his hat on her hip bone where it hung until Gipsy, red with anger, grabbed it and threw it over the fence into the corn field.

Gipsy led the mare right into a box stall, then brought a heaping bucket of oats and dumped them into the feed box. The mare stuck her nose into the oats, and lifting her head she looked at him thoughtfully. Then the boy climbed into the hay loft and filled the manger with hay. Jumping



down he went to the house and after glancing hastily around to see that everything was all right, he returned to the barn, patted the mare gently on the nose and climbed to the hay loft for the night. He lay awake for some time on the new mown hay and watched the full yellow moon climb into the sky. It reminded him of another night a long, long time ago when he lay awake on a little white bed near a window, while his mother walked the floor nervously. Finally three gun shots echoed in quick succession down the mountain side and a few minutes later his father plunged into the room, holding his hand to his bleeding heart. Next day he died and a few weeks later his mother died of a broken heart. The day had come for him to leave the mountains. When he was going around the last bend down the road he looked back at the large tree which he knew sheltered the graves of his mother and father. Now as he lay on the hay watching the moon he saw two little stars close together, twinkling. "One is mother and one is father," he whispered and dozed off to sleep.

He arose early next morning and going to the smoke house he ate a hastily prepared breakfast of cold corn bread and milk. He looked wistfully at the house where he knew there were lots of honey and good things to eat, but Mrs. Ross had taken what she wanted him to eat to the smoke house near the spring and had told him not to enter the house. After milking the cow he turned the mare into the large pasture among the blue grass and clover, took his hoe and started for the corn field on the hot hillside back of the house where Mr. Ross had told him to work. He hacked away at the tall weeds along a row of corn down to the other end of the field, then back. The sun was boiling hot and he felt the sweat trickling down his back. He sat down in the shade of a mulberry tree and watched a large chicken hawk go sailing lazily by toward the wood where it lighted on a dead snag.

Finally the boy heard his name called. Getting upon a stump he saw Johnny Lucey and Skinny Fuller coming up the hill; each boy carried a fishing pole over his shoulder. "Whoope Oh, Gipsy," came the cry. Gipsy's laziness instantly disappeared and he ran down the hill to meet them. "Come on Gipsy," said Johnny. "Let's go fishing."

"Oh, I reckon I can't nohow," drawled Gipsy.

"Oh, yes ye can. Jest ye come ahead, an me an Skinny will hep ye all hoe corn tomorrow, an old man Ross won't know it nohow."

After fifteen or twenty minutes' argument the boys persuaded Gipsy to go with them. Arriving at the turnpike Gipsy discovered he had no fish-hook.

"Oh, take a pin," suggested Skinny.

They searched their clothing but could not find a pin.

"Oh, gee! I ain't goin' if I can't fish," exclaimed Gipsy.

Suddenly a horse and buggy and two girls appeared from a bend down the road. "I have a scheme," said Johnny, tossing his fish pole to Gipsy, "jest ye watch your Uncle Jake," and he proceeded down the road walking lamely.

Soon the horse and buggy drew up and the elder girl inquired why the boy was limping.



"Oh, I jest stuck a splinter in the bottom of my foot and I ain't got airy a pin to pick it out."

The girl searched in her waist for a pin, then climbed to the ground with a sympathetic look. She handed the pin to Skinny who passed it to Johnny; she motioned for the boy to come nearer so she might help him. Suddenly the boys darted away down the road kicking up a cloud of dust as they went. The girls looked after them in surprise. The boys climbed a rail fence and struck out across a field toward the creek.

"Oh, let's go wadin'!" said Skinny, "maybe we can find some soft-shell turtles over by the sand bar."

"Let's do!" exclaimed Johnny.

Gipsy followed willingly as they ran splashing down the shallow stream. At last they came to a deep hole by the cliff, sheltered by the dense foliage of the trees. Skinny ran out in the field and dug some worms with a stick. Then he and Johnny divided their lines with Gipsy, who tied the pin, which he had bent in the shape of a hook, to the string.

After several hours of fishing, which netted Skinny one perch, Johnny two and Gipsy one sucker, they showed signs of discontent. Gipsy yawned and stretched then "accidently," on purpose, knocked the can of bait into the water. Skinny jumped to his feet and threw his perch after the can.

"Go to thunder, bait and fish; come on, fellers, let's go down to old Mr. Brown's place and steal some muskmelons."

"It ain't right to steal," returned Gipsy, quietly.

"Oh, who's askin' ye to steal," demanded Johnny, "Jest ye watch your Uncle Jake."

The boys crept cautiously down the creek toward the Brown farm, taking the lines from their poles as they went.

Climbing the picket fence to the garden they sneaked along behind some broom corn toward the muskmelon patch, whose vines they could see stretched over the ground with the much coveted fruit on them. As Skinny got hold of a big yellow one ready to snap it from the vine, they heard a voice nearby:

"Well, well! boys, so you have come to call on an old man."

Glancing around they saw an old man walking with a cane, emerge from the broom corn patch, his soft blue eyes smiling with friendliness.

"I am so glad you have come," continued the old man, "very few people call on us now days and you must come right along over to the house. I know Mrs. Brown will be just as glad to see you as I am."

Johnny looked at Skinny with almost a lump in his throat.

"Just ye wait, Mr. Skin," he threatened in a loud whisper, "just ye wait. I'll fix ye, getting us to come here and get caught."

"Let's run," advised Skinny.

The old man had started for the house, chuckling to himself. He motioned for the boys to follow. Gipsy started after him, whispering back, "Come on, fellers, don't be afraid of an old man. Come ahead, Johnny, and tell him about your Uncle Jake."

Johnny and Skinny followed shyly. They found that Mrs. Brown was a little bundle of good nature who smiled and looked over her spectacles



at them. She seemed to take special interest in Gipsy and eyed his long baggy breeches with sympathy. She invited the boys to the front porch which was shaded by low spreading branches of a locust tree. Old Glory waved from an old flag pole and cast its shadow on the steps of the porch. They sat in some home made rockers with deep cushions in them. Mr. Brown sat opposite Gipsy and began telling them a story of his boyhood days. They could hear Mrs. Brown humming a hymn as she walked quietly about her work in the kitchen.

After an interval she appeared at the door and announced dinner. The boys looked at each other sheepishly as they followed the two kind old people into the house. The table was spread with a snowy white cover and set for five. Gipsy was to sit between Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Johnny and Skinny on the opposite side. First Mrs. Brown brought out a large platter of fried chicken; then mashed potatoes, green peas, green onions, radishes and last of all muskmelons. The boys looked at each other shyly and as Johnny said afterwards, they thought the dreaded moment had arrived, but Mr. Brown's look was as indifferent as his voice and not a word was said or hinted at about stealing muskmelons.

After dinner Mr. Brown took the boys through the lower part of the garden where he had planted some watermelons and gourds. Some of the gourds had vined up a big oak tree and hung down as if they had been placed there with care. Skinny was sent to the barn after a sack which Mr. Brown filled with muskmelons and small watermelons.

Finally the boys departed for home, promising to call again soon. They lugged the sack up Clover Hill. Then they sat down to rest in the shade of a sycamore tree. For some time they remained silent, then Johnny began to cry. Skinny said nothing but swallowed several times and looked away at the blue mountains. A flock of noisy little birds flew by. Gipsy got to his feet and stammered out:

"Oh, shoot, fellers, 'taint goin' to do no good nohow!"

After talking over what they should do, they hid the melons in a fence corner among some goldenrod. Gipsy said good-bye to the boys and walked up the hill toward home. Johnny and Skinny went by a short cut through the woods. When Gipsy came to a moss covered log he sat down and soon he began to cry. He finally lay down among the tall grass and drifted leaves, looked up through the branches of the tall trees at the white drifting clouds and murmuring several times, "Oh, if she was only my mother!"

Taking up his way again he came to the top of a hill where he could look down upon the Ross farm in the valley. The hush of the summer's evening settled down upon the valley. He could see several white chickens walking slowly toward the hencoop to roost, the tinkle of a cowbell echoed from the clover field and the rattle of a wagon came from down the turn-pike. He loped down the hill at an easy gait, and after milking the cow went to the clover field, climbed to the top of the rail fence and called to his old white mare. He whistled several times, then he got down and walked along the fence to a clump of blackberry bushes. He called again. After an interval a full moon appeared from behind old Thunder Mountain,



flashing its clear rays out over the valley, revealing a white object stretched out on the ground at a little distance from him. Gipsy smiled and whispered, "Sleeping."

He crept slowly up but the mare did not move as he approached. In surprise he caught her mane and lifted her head, but it fell back heavily and a pair of white glassy eyes stared up toward the sky.

An hour later when Mr. Brown and Judge Fields came to the Ross farm looking for Gipsy they found him sitting on a fence corner crying. When Gipsy saw them coming he howled louder than ever and pointed out to the mare and mumbled out between sobs, "She's dead, she's dead."

The two men walked over to the mare. Gipsy heard them say that she had eaten too much. Mr. Brown walked back to Gipsy, picked him up and carried him to the road where he and the Judge had left the horse and buggy.

That night in a little room with white walls and blue ceiling Gipsy lay awake listening to Mr. Brown and Judge Fields talking out in the sitting room. Finally he heard them make arrangements for him to stay with Mr. Brown. Gipsy cried — then he got out of bed and walked to the window and gazed out into the moonlit night. Way up toward the moon two tiny stars twinkled brightly, "Mother and father are happy, too," he whispered as he tiptoed back to bed.

Isolated

AN INCIDENT

GEORGE STEPHENS

THE weeks had grown into months and the months into twenty years since the ill-fated ship ran on a sunken reef near the South Sea Islands. The only survivor, a tall, handsome Englishman, a perfect specimen of manhood, had at first looked upon his isolated life with indifference. Taking advantage of the wreckage, he built a rude but comfortable hut in a grove of tall palm trees at one end of the largest islands near where he had been washed ashore the day of the disaster.

His health wore slowly away with the years and at the end of the nineteenth year he could no longer concentrate his mind upon his flock of tame tropical birds nor could he hunt coconuts and dates for any length of time without a sudden wild dash along the white, sandy beach in the boiling surf murmuring and screeching to himself. Occasionally a ship appeared far away on the horizon. The days came and went much the same. Now and then the solitude was broken by the shrill cry of a large parrot, or the deep, heavy breathing of the sea, or the wind as it moaned sadly through the palms to remind the man that he was alone.

One night, the full, yellow moon rose lazily above the quiet blue sea. The man, with wild, hollow eyes sat on a little grassy knoll watching the approach of a large steamer. Now and then a faint yellow light gleamed from the ship. The man arose suddenly and followed a dim path down



the cliffs to the beach. He walked slowly along until he came to a large flat rock. He knelt and examined the rock carefully. He ran his long bony fingers through his matted hair. The name "Ellen" was carved on the rock, but was badly worn by the waves. He arose, his half-starved body shaking with hunger, and whispering to himself he stretched his long bony arms toward the moon. A big red and green parrot flew to his shoulder and cried out shrilly, "Ellen, Ellen, Ellen." The man slowly regained his mind. His whole past life flashed before him. He made a few wild leaps up the cliff to his hut. Grabbing some coals of fire, he ran to the edge of the cliff and with the aid of the tall, dry grass soon had a small blaze started. The ship was now passing nearby and faint sounds of music drifted in with the hot sea breeze. The man's mind left him as suddenly as it had returned and when the fire took a sudden leap upward, he jumped upon it and trampled it out with his bare feet. Then he dashed wildly down the dim trail, along the beach in the wake of the boiling surf, screeching and waving his arms above him. His flock of tame parrots answered from the palm grove.

Love in 1920

SECOND PRIZE STORY

PEARL STOUGHTON

WELL, it's leap year," announced Ted Carewe.
"Um," grunted Jeremiah Pettigrew from the depths of a huge volume on "Organic Acids." To Jeremiah nothing was of any importance that did not pertain to chemistry.

"Say, Jerry, aren't you afraid for your scalp?" flung in Jack Wells. On occasions the boys undertook to teach Jeremiah a few of the experiences of Normal college life but in vain. He clung obstinately to his ferrocynides and bicarbonates until the attempts of his friends had descended to mere joking.

"What say?" he asked, now looking up suddenly through his round tortoise-shell glasses.

"Why, it's leap year, man," cried Ted.

"Leap year?" asked Jeremiah regarding a diagram interestedly.

"You bloomin' blockhead! Don't you know that during leap year the ladies may propose to the gents? You must beware!" chortled Phil Hardy.

"Ladies propose!" ejaculated Jerry with a scandalized look.

"Sure," said Phil, winking at Ted. "You want to look out. I heard Bess Holden say just recently that you had such a romantic nose, she thought she'd try for you."

Jeremiah recalled the dashing, brilliant Bess and shuddered. During all his studious life he had above all things avoided girls, but now —

"They — they don't really. You're just guying me —" he wavered.

"Indeed not," Jack assured him solemnly. "It's gospel truth. You



see you've never gone after the girls so they're going after you. I noticed Blanche Wilson watching you in class this morning. Now she's not a bad sort ———"

"Say, clear out of here. I've got to get this formula straight, right now!" he shouted in desperation.

Contrary to all precedent the trio withdrew meekly. However, had Jeremiah's hearing been keen he might have heard the low murmuring that proceeded from Jack's room across the hall.

"——— scare him stiff — girls'll never know — some joke on the old boy! I'll bet he'll beat it worse than ever!"

"I say, let's get little Ann Mayo in ——" came Phil's voice.

"Nix," ordered Ted.

The lecture next evening offered an opportunity for their nefarious scheme to be put in operation.

"Say, Jerry, old man, will you do me a favor?" begged Phil in an undertone.

"Um," grunted Jeremiah, not pausing in his note taking.

"Harriet Franklin's here with her chum Blanche Wilson. Now you just see Blanche over to the hall — come along with us you know, and I'll be your Aunt Isaac," coaxed the mischief maker.

"Oh — I —" began Jeremiah.

"Thanks, old man. Awfully kind. I'll do something for you some day," broke in the rogue.

"I say — I —" began Jerry again.

"Sh — you're disturbing the speaker," whispered Ted as he administered a sharp dig in his roommate's ribs.

Jeremiah subsided, but his eyes, fixed on the speaker were terror-filled.

Phil saw that Jeremiah had no chance for a private word before they joined the girls. Then he whispered, "Now with a little tact, you know, she can be kept from ——"

Jeremiah strode along in silence beside the vivacious young lady.

"Oh, Mr. Pettigrew, a penny for your thoughts," came Miss Wilson's insinuating tones.

Jeremiah realized with a start that he was entirely alone with her. The others had dropped back. He stammered dismally.

"I'll bet you were thinking about me," announced the young lady suddenly.

What he said Jeremiah never knew. At all events it was entirely inadequate to the situation.

"Isn't the moonlight romantic, Mr. Pettigrew?" she persisted.

Jerry murmured something about never having noticed.

"Doesn't the soft glow just make your heart quiver —"

At this point Jeremiah lengthened his stride. He had noticed what had escaped his companion — the proximity of the hall steps.

"Why, Mr. Pettigrew, how you walk!" she gasped.

"Oh, yes — here we are — good night," he burst forth and with a nervous twitch of his hat he vanished, leaving Blanche overcome with



silent mirth. She was joined almost immediately by her co-conspirators and all three rocked with laughter.

Poor Jeremiah did not rest well that night. His cheeks burned and quivers were running up and down his spine. What if he should meet her again? What if—but here he fell asleep to dream of being pursued by a disheveled creature breathing smoke and flame.

By afternoon of the next day he could think of other things for a half hour at a time. At last he betook himself to his beloved laboratory. Before long he was deep in an experiment—so deep that he did not observe the entrance of a small, thin, young lady who occupied the place next him. He was aroused by a quiet, persistent voice.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pettigrew, but could you reach that bottle? Some one put it up high."

Jeremiah started and turned a deep crimson.

"Excuse me, Miss Smith," he murmured as he handed her the bottle.

Julia Smith was a plain little woman devoted to organic chemistry and utterly guiltless of coquetry, but to Jeremiah she appeared to be a siren. He drew as far away from her as possible and stared blindly at his dish of bubbling grease.

At length he gained control of himself sufficiently to reach for a tube of yellow stuff from the rack.

"Mr. Pettigrew, will you ———"

But she was interrupted by a loud sizzling and a cloud of smoke. Jeremiah's start had overturned a beaker into his dish of grease.

Miss Smith's scream brought several people to the spot but Jeremiah had recovered his presence of mind and was wiping up the mess with a dilapidated towel. This procedure brought his right hand into view.

"Oh!" cried Miss Smith, "It's burned!"

It was certainly burned and in spite of his protestations Jeremiah was sent to a doctor.

The doctor pronounced the burn not serious and Jeremiah with an interesting bandage caught the car for home.

Unable to write because of his burned hand Jeremiah found peace and quiet in his room. Just as life was becoming quite normal again Ted rushed in with the announcement that they both must attend a party at Morris Hall. In vain Jeremiah pleaded and rebelled; his roommate was obdurate and in the end he submitted.

If ever there was a miserable man that man was Jeremiah Pettigrew as he entered the cosy living room at Morris Hall. Ted immediately found his way into the midst of a merry group and Jerry was left to his own devices. He found a quiet nook watching the young people before him and marveling at their fearlessness.

At last his glance rested on a slim little miss in a fluffy white dress. She was standing not far from him watching the others with bright grey eyes and rosy parted lips. Jeremiah's gaze, however, was riveted on her hair. He had never seen anyone's hair so coppery in color and so curly. He felt a desire to catch one of the little rings that clustered around her face.

As he watched, Ted approached the girl and with a laughing remark



drew her into the group before the fire. Jerry longed to join them but dared not.

Some time later he was so near Ted and the red-haired miss that his roommate introduced him.

"Ann Mayo, the name fits her," he thought.

"Not half homely when he smiles," was Ann's mental comment.

Jeremiah did not say much. That would have been impossible, but his eyes followed Ann wherever her bright head could be seen.

It was a thoughtful Jerry that left Morris Hall that evening. He decided that after all leap year might not be such a bad affair.

The next day as Jeremiah came down the library steps, reading as he walked, he became aware of someone just ahead of him. It was Ann Mayo.

Flushing with embarrassment, he fell in step beside her, choking out a feeble "Good morning." Then he waited wondering what would she say. "—— crisp weather is the nicest for picnics."

Jeremiah made an attempt to reply and drew a deep breath.

Ann chatted with him from the library to the door of Morris Hall. When he left her Jeremiah felt that he had done a bold and hazardous deed. In this pleasing frame of mind he returned home.

When Ted came, he was overflowing with joy. There was to be a big concert in town tomorrow. Everyone would be going. He thought he'd ask — maybe Blanche Wilson — or, well — Ann Mayo.

Suddenly a thought flashed into Jeremiah's mind. For a second he was too dazed by the idea to speak. Then with a burst of confidence he rushed to the telephone, leaving the exuberant Ted open-mouthed. Still boldly he gave the number of Morris Hall. While he waited for the answer all the terrors of his venture burst upon him, appalling him. He had just decided to hang up the receiver and flee when someone answered. Breathlessly he asked for Ann Mayo.

"Hello — hello — is this Miss Mayo? Yes — this is — well — yes — I am — that is — I'm Jeremiah Pettigrew speaking. I — I heard — that is Ted — I mean I heard about the concert and I thought — I wish — that is — I hoped — oh, well — will you go with me? Thanks — eight, then. All right. Good-bye."

Trembling at his own audacity Jeremiah returned to his room. For the rest of the day he turned a deaf ear to the sallies of Ted and Jack. Every time he thought of it he experienced a sinking sensation. He was so absorbed that he paid no heed when Ted came in growling because "Ann Mayo had other arrangements."

He spent an unprecedented time getting ready the next evening and yet he never felt so awkward and unprepared as he did when he presented himself at Morris Hall.

Ann did not keep him waiting, and with an almost enjoyable excitement he strode along beside her. His face burned and his heart pounded. Ann chatted gaily on a hundred and one topics but one person cannot make a conversation. Ann found it so and after a time she, too, grew silent. To Jeremiah the silence was awful and he made one or two valiant attempts to entertain her. By the time they reached the theater Jeremiah



was watching one loose red curl and wondering how it would feel to be so short. Ann was stealing side glances at her companion, noting the firm mold of his chin and the dreamy light in the eyes behind the round glasses.

The concert may have been a success, but neither Ann nor Jeremiah heard much of it. Each was considering the long silent walk home. It was as bad as they had feared. Ann walked along in silence and Jeremiah had not the courage to utter a word.

The girls at Morris Hall looked very mysterious when Ann entered, but her preoccupied air gave them no excuse to unburden themselves.

Jeremiah undertook to devote himself to his chemistry, but the beloved subject had lost its charm. He found himself seeing Ann's face on the page before him; the silvery ring of one bottle against another suggested her laugh; the glowing fluid in his test tube was just the color of her hair; the eddy and whirl of the ascending gases was like the wave of her hair. He even noticed little Miss Smith was just Ann's height.

At last he went to the telephone and called her. With a vast amount of embarrassment he managed to make her understand that he would like to call. Could he have seen the half amused, half tender light in her grey eyes as she listened to his halting words!

With great nervousness he dressed and fled from Ted's questions. As he neared Morris Hall his feet lagged. Once he paused and almost turned, but he overcame the impulse and ascended the hall steps.

He rang the bell and was ushered into the hall by a wise looking little person who went after Ann. Jeremiah suffered tortures before the girl appeared. Perhaps something of it was in his face—certainly Ann saw something there that made her very kind to the frightened young man.

Jeremiah was, as ever, tongue-tied. He was quite content to sit and watch the curl of Ann's hair, the sparkle of her eyes. He felt no need of words. The girl fidgetted at his silence until the humor of it struck her, flashing a dimple into view in one cheek.

"Do it again," he said involuntarily.

"What?" she cried in amazement.

"Oh—no—nothing," he stammered, a deep crimson flaming in his cheek. "I—I must be going.

He arose abruptly and departed forthwith, leaving Ann to laugh softly as she ascended the stairs.

"Oh, Ann," cried Blanche Wilson, with a teasing inflection.

"Oh, Ann," echoed several others, with much laughter.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"Oh—Ann—did—did you—oh—I shall die—" choked Blanche doubling with mirth.

"Have you anything to say? If so, get it out of your system quickly," advised the girl coolly.

The other girls joined in the laughter until weak and wet-eyed they leaned against the wall.

"Did—did you propose to dear Professor Jeremiah?" giggled Blanche at last.

"Not that I know of—why?"



"Dear me! I must tell you the joke. You know Ted Carewe — he told me. The boys stuffed Mr. Pettigrew with a big tale about girls proposing and leap year until Jeremiah was scared stiff! Oh — I shall die — when I think of it! He's expecting the girls to propose. You should do your duty when he gives you the chance."

"I think you and Ted Carewe have been in big business. I think Mr. Pettigrew is the truest gentleman here — and Ted, the silliest puppy. You might both of you spend a little time learning common decency from him," cried Ann with blazing eyes.

With this she flung herself into her room and slammed the door upon a group of very surprised young ladies.

The sudden spell of cold weather that fell on the little town in no wise cooled Jeremiah's heated brain. He grew more absent-minded than ever. He nearly blinded himself in the laboratory and generally disgraced himself. Whatever ailed him he could not tell. In the midst of a most absorbing lecture he would be staring straight before him, his pencil twirling uselessly in his fingers. Ann he did not see. Whatever she was doing she succeeded in keeping out of his sight.

About a week after his call upon Ann he came home to find Ted in a great state of excitement. He was getting up a skating party for the next afternoon and Jerry must go. Jeremiah pleaded a headache and every other excuse, but in vain.

The next afternoon saw him well and warmly clothed plodding along in the rear of a party of students bound for Lake Mary. Quite despondently he trudged along, dangling his skates, until he heard above the clatter and laughter a voice that sent a thrill through him. With startled intentness, like one frightened out of a sound sleep, he straightened and surveyed his companions. He saw her far in the lead, a small conspicuous figure in her brown suit. From that moment he began to notice what was happening around him.

When Ann's partner left her for a moment at the edge of the lake Jeremiah awkwardly stepped up and offered to put on her skates.

Ann consented with faintly flushed cheeks, conscious of the impish glance of Blanche Wilson.

With a great deal of fumbling and awkwardness he finally strapped them on and, rising, held out his hands. Ann accepted silently and the pair swung out onto the lake quite unmindful of the wrathful amazement of Ted and the amusement of Blanche.

Jeremiah was a good skater and Ann loved the sport. No happier couple swung across the ice that chilly afternoon, although there was many a noisier pair. As they glided he observed how the wind drove the rich red to her cheeks and loosened sundry glowing curls. Ann was noticing the easy, tireless stride, the quiet mastery with which he guided her. So absorbed was each that they did not see the little inlet which they were approaching until it yawned before them.

"Oh!" she screamed — but too late.

There was a great splash! a sudden cold shock — and Jeremiah found himself in the icy water. He made a motion to swim when he felt something



beneath. He straightened and stood upright on the bottom of the creek. He reached for the bit of brown and caught Ann's dress. He slid his arm about her and held her for a second.

"Stand up — the bottom is just down there," he said.

But the water reached to his shoulder and Ann was shorter than that. She could not touch the sand and clung to him pitifully. Then Jeremiah proved that he was a man as well as a genius. He gathered her into his arms and waded shoreward.

"Let me down now," she begged, as they drew in closer.

Jeremiah's answer was not in words, but it was very plain to Ann.

Several couples had heard Ann's scream and had seen the accident from a distance, but so quickly had it all occurred that they arrived at the spot just in time to behold the bedraggled young man openly clasp the dripping young woman in his arms and express himself in several moist smacks.

"Heaven help us!" ejaculated Ted, pulling off his coat to wrap Ann. What — what's happened!"

Half an hour later in the big kitchen of a nearby farmhouse Ann, clad in a dress far too large for her, came shyly forth to greet Jeremiah, arrayed in garments several sizes too small for him.

"Come on, Blanche. We're not needed," cried Ted, shoving the other occupants out of the room.

Some time later Jeremiah ventured a gentle observation:

"We — we — we're engaged, aren't we?"





My Mountain Stream

FIRST PRIZE POEM

ANNA ERICKSON

*Are you fleeing from unknown danger
Or rushing to new delights,
My mountain stream, rushing, rushing,
Through the days and through the nights?*

*Is it joy that sets you bounding
In all your windings far;
Or do the stones that fill your way
Hurt you and bruise and mar?*

*Is it mirth and the long glad hours
That cause you to dance and leap;
Or the hidden pain of memory,
That will not let you sleep?*

*Mountain stream, turbulent, merry,
Kin of my woes and delights,
I would go rushing with you,
Through the days and the nights.*

*Rushing, just rushing with you,
New ways, new scenes where we pass;
The rough, brave strength of the mountains,
The tender voice of the grass.*

*And rushing, perhaps we'll discover,
Far out where the bright sunlight glows,
An expanse of deep, soothing stillness
My mountain stream — peace and repose.*



Echoes

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

LETHA S. DUCOMMUN

I WAS lost. I gazed helplessly around, but no one came. In front of me were ridges of hills, trees and thick underbrush. Night was fast falling, the sky became blacker and small drops of rain pattered down on the ground beside me. I called out once, then again, but all I heard was the echo.

In my heart, I knew I must find the answer to that echo, and it was not to be solved by gazing at the already black sky, or wondering if someone would come. I must go ahead. So half walking, and half stumbling, I made my way over the first hill. The briars cut me but still I went on. By this time, the rain came in torrents and I stumbled and fell, but at last all out of breath, I reached the next hill.

What was that? A light! I knew that light was the answer to my echo, but that answer could be obtained only in one way, by continued effort and hard work.

My face was dirty, and my clothes were torn by the cruel briars, when at last I reached the gate of the farm house, the light of which had guided and helped me on. But to my dismay, I was met by a large dog which growled, broke the slender rope which bound him, and jumped at me.

Imagine if you can my relief when a pleasant voice said, "Down, Rover, down," and then, "Come in, stranger, and make yourself at home." The warmth of the fireplace and the kindly atmosphere of home were like a healing benediction to my wounded and bedraggled spirits. Truly it was the answer to my echo.

How many have stood alone, lost on the hills of knowledge, and calling out have received the echo, but have not, as yet, secured its answer? The answer is there, but each one must find it for himself.

We are all receiving echoes every day. When the war came we waited for a long time calling out, receiving the echo but letting its answer wait. It was not until we sent our boys ahead with effort and hard work that the answer came.

Today, you and I are standing not on a hill, but on the mountain of knowledge. The children who need us have given the echo, for there is such a dearth in the ranks that we must find that answer although it does mean hard work and low salaries.

At first we do not wish to face it—we call out—we hear just the echo; somehow, somewhere ahead is the light, the answer to our echo. For our country and for the future citizens, you and I must find that answer and count not the cost.



What of Tomorrow?

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

HERBERT HANSEN

THE everlasting question, "What of tomorrow?" is one that throughout all ages has been puzzling mankind and to which many have essayed an answer. One thing is certain, mortal man is not endowed with the power of prophecy, but it is equally certain that coming events cast their shadows before them, so that mankind, through a careful and candid consideration of the past and present can to a large extent answer the time-old question and foretell what the future has in store for them.

America today is at the dawn of a great tomorrow. The most gigantic struggle in the annals of time has just ceased and the world has not yet recovered from the shock thereof. Reconstruction is progressing slowly and meanwhile millions impatiently are peering ahead and wondering what tomorrow holds in store for them. Will it be a day of honor and glorious splendor, or will it prove a disappointment—a blot to mar our national history? Momentous times are there, and great, indeed, are the problems which face our leaders.

Foremost in our mind arises the question, what has America gained from the war? What have we to show in return for the billions of dollars we spent, and the thousands of lives that were sacrificed? What were the benefits of the war and what do they tell of tomorrow?

Before the war Germany dominated the field of chemistry. Undisputed her scientists reigned in their laboratories, concocting all manner of infernal devices—also their far-famed dyes. Every novelty or souvenir we purchased must bear the unescapable mark of Germany. But the war has changed all this. No longer is America dependent upon Germany, for no sooner had the war shut off our supply of dyestuffs, than American chemists turned their dyes upon the market. Not works of beauty, to be sure, but the war did start us in this line of manufacture which is a benefit for which we should be devoutly thankful.

Commercially, a great tomorrow awaits America. Considering our geographical position, it is but logical to assume that the bulk of South American trade should be in our hands. Before the war, through our neglect, we allowed the enterprising German salesmen to snatch this from beneath our very eyes. Now that the war is over Germany is already preparing for the commercial battle. Shall we of America sit idly by and allow this fruit of victory to be snatched from our hands? What does tomorrow hold in store for us? Shall we arise and maintain our commercial supremacy, or sink into oblivion? Assuredly the promise of tomorrow is a bright one if we but grasp it.

But South America is not the only field that beckons for American products. India, China and Japan are joining the ranks of civilized nations and crying for manufactured articles. But at that Japan is not so much a field for trade as a commercial rival. While Europe has been devastated by war and the industries of the United States turned into martial activities,



Japan has not been idle. While the nations of the world that previously led in mercantile activities have remained stationary, Japan has progressed, and now the dawn of her tomorrow is a rosy one. Whether the so-called "yellow peril" constitutes a serious menace or not, is another and a lengthy question, but at this time it is a self-evident fact that if America does not beware, Japan will sweep down with her now powerful merchant marine and lick up the cream of the trade with other awakening Oriental countries. Press dispatches from all sources at this time indicate that Japan's expansion in foreign trade is regarded as general. At present Japan has the advantage due to the slow progress of reconstruction, but whether she shall permanently retain it or not is a vital question upon which depends much of the glory of our tomorrow.

Another of the fields of trade mentioned above was India. Most of India's 315,000,000 obtain their living through agriculture. Primitive methods were employed until recently but now the demands for American manufactured products is unsatisfied and the possibility for trade with India is limited only by our initiative. It is unnecessary to say more concerning the trade prospects of America for the future. The dawn betokens a bright tomorrow for commercial America.

There are, however, other vital questions demanding solution. Paramount among these is the peace treaty and the League of Nations. Undeniably the ideals of those advocating the League of Nations are high and noble. War is always detrimental and any means that would abolish it should be worthy of consideration. Whether the prophecies of League advocates come true and war is forever wiped from the face of the earth remains to be seen, but as was said before, no man is a prophet, and the lessons of yesterday and today do not speak well for the peace league of tomorrow. The experiences of the immediate past do not indicate that human agencies as yet can remove war from the world. If the linking of the United States with the nations of Europe would promise well for our tomorrow is one of the questions over which our statesmen are pondering today.

As yet the opening question, "What of tomorrow?" remains unanswered, but as a glorious sunset foretells a glorious dawn, so does today foretell a bright tomorrow.



Twilight on the Wenatchee

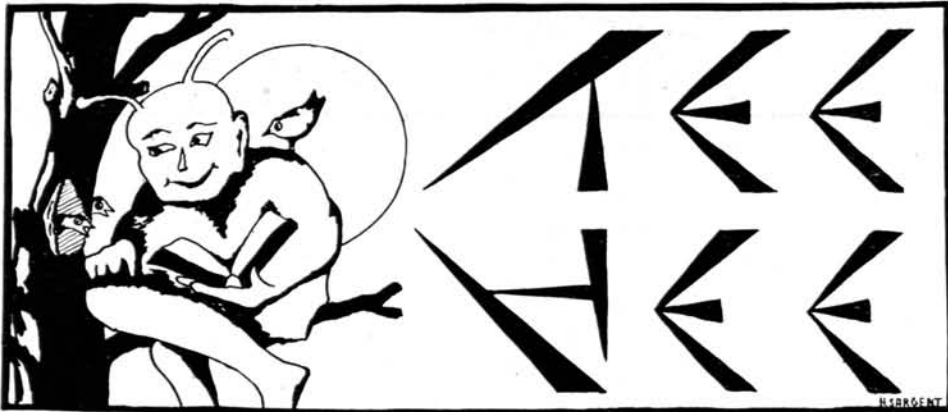
SECOND PRIZE POEM

NAMANEE SHERWOOD

*Under the cottonwoods, gay with gold
Stolen from Autumn's store;
Quietly resting upon the rocks
Belting the lonely shore;
I sit and gaze,
While purple haze
Shuts off the valley's door.*

*The river is flowing to meet her mate
A thousand leagues away.
She hums and whispers a low, sweet song
From dawn till close of day.
And on the shore
Forevermore,
The wavelets run and play.*

*The sun is bidding the world good-night,
And rosily tints the skies;
The pines, on the everlasting hills,
Grow black, and daylight dies.
In peaceful rest
On Nature's breast,
The world in silence lies.*



THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why it is necessary to take roll in assembly?

If the Canadian B. B. guard with mustache is married?

Why M. Anderson hasn't time to attend club meetings?

How Mr. Hoppe became such a talented violinist in "The Violin Maker"?

Why Tromp doesn't visit the Cedars any more?

If Nettie G. is afraid of the (K)night?

If Pinkney and Nichols have a lease on Sunset Trail?

Why Loree needs a Gard?

Where E. Burklund got the sparkler?

Why Green favors a "Chevrolet."

WANT ADS

WANTED—A girl like the other fellows have. Monroe.

WANTED—A lounging couch and dressing table for Association room. L. Marshall.

WANTED—A position in a baby show. Harrison.

WANTED—More young men. Normal Girls.

POSITION WANTED in noodle house. Call Bowsher and Wynne. Green 2323.

WANTED—Some of the Senior dignity. Juniors.

WANTED—A rolling pin. Mr. Freeman.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—One Day. N. Wynne.

LOST—Several hours sleep. R. Knight.

LOST—One girl. Tromp.

LOST—One assembly period. Oliver.

LOST—One trophy cup. Juniors and Faculty.

FOUND—A trophy cup. Seniors.

FOUND—M. Hardy locked in the library. The janitress.

FOUND—A baseball game from Whatcom. Normal Team.

FOR SALE ADS

FOR SALE—Valuable note books of every description at the "Senior Second Hand Store."

FOR SALE—Children's toys at low prices. Wynne Factory.

FOR SALE—Good Ford machine; will take a Bond in exchange. Kenneth Selby.

FOR SALE—A Hope chest with the "Hope" included. Mr. Harrison.

FOR SALE—Cretonne sun hats. Art Department.

FOR SALE—Worries of graduation. Seniors.

FOR SALE—A pair of gym socks. Oliver.

I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN "IF"—

Nobody talked in assembly?

The Senior Class had some pep?

Nobody had the "flu"?

Bugge and Marshall couldn't scrap?

"Herby" Yorkston had a bass voice?

E. Bond didn't drive her Ford?

Mr. Hunt couldn't read his newspaper?

E. Burklund couldn't go to church on Sunday?

All the Seniors were at a class meeting?

We "arose" to suit Mrs. Thatcher?

We were childish "enuf" for Miss Mowbray?

We separated Nettie and "Bobby"?

We were psychological enough for Mr. Kolstad?

Dr. Herre believed all that his Hygiene Classes told him?

Mr. Coughlin ceased to smile?

The Chemistry Class could continue to make alcohol?

Mr. Bever ceased to say, "Please rise so that we can see you?"

The Seniors received condition slips?

Mr. Bond forgot to attend Junior Class meeting?

It wasn't for the Class of '20?



WHO SAID THIS?

"That's the dead line, come up here."
"Absolutely not."
"This should be a socialized class."
"How often should a baby be fed?"
"Now, I don't know."
"Get into your character."
"It's the custom of the clubs—"
"Rise and explain."
"My uncle's grandfather said—"
"I doubt that, I doubt that."
"Appoint yourself a committee of one—"
"You big boot, you!"

A. Neander: "What does your father do for a living?"

E. Simpson: "Why, he takes up the collection in church."

G. Weir: "I gave Herbert the thirty-second degree last night."

B. Day: "Are you a Mason?"

G. Weir: "No, but that's the freezing point, isn't it?"

Miss Boring: "When did the revival of learning take place?"

Junior: "Just before the quarterly test."

From a newspaper: "Man dies as result of hard drink. He choked on a piece of ice."

Senior: "Have you ever heard the story of the two holes in the back yard?"

Junior: "No."

Senior: "Well, well!"

Mrs. Sangster: "Ta-ta, dearie; I shall write before the end of the week."

Mr. Sangster: "Good gracious; you must make that check last longer than that."

Innocent Junior: "I've heard of a Good Friday and an Ash Wednesday, but what in thunder is a nut sundaes?"

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you. Laugh again and you laugh alone.

Teacher: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams."

Herbert Warrick (in Physics VI): "How long is a short circuit?"

THE MARATHON

The shades of night were dark o'ercast
As up Mt. Chuckanut there passed
Some youths who bore with manner nice
A banner with that strange device—
"Seniors will win!"

Their brows were set, their eyes so deep
Looked very much bereft of sleep,
And ever they were heard to sing
On their way up the same old thing,
"Seniors will win!"

And later there was seen to pass
A Junior and a pretty lass.
Above the Senior's fires shone
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Juniors will win!"

Try not the pass the Seniors said,
But still straight up the hill he lead
The lass who walked on by his side,
And loud and saucy he replied,
"Juniors will win!"

At break of day was seen to be
A member of the faculty
Climbing furiously and fast,
And Seniors saw his sign at last,
"Instructors win!"

"O, stop!" the students cried—"and rest."
But their intent the traveler guessed,
A twinkle flashed from his blue eye,
And he was heard to make reply,
"No, we must win!"

And all day long by twos and more
Their banners up the hill they bore,
Pausing to eat hot buns and dogs,
But sat not long upon the logs—
For each would win.

One man helped twenty maids or more
Surmount the hill to boost the score.
A modest man he was in truth,
But brave, oh brave, must be the youth
At Normal School!

Travelers by the way were found
Exhausted—lying on the ground,
Still grasping in each grimy hand
A banner which revealed their band—
"Juniors will win!"

And many days they figured up
To find who won the silver cup,
Until at last there came the day
When in Assembly Luke did say,
"The Seniors won!"

Irish: "I haven't slept for days?"

Black: "What's the matter, sick?"

Irish: "No, I sleep at nights."

Howard Griggs: "Barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (looking him over carefully):
"Oh, about two years."

Teacher: "Johnny, tell me what you know about the Caucasian Race."

Johnny: "I wasn't there. I went to the baseball game."



A MODEL B. S. N. S. STUDENT

Hair like	Pauline Bornstein
Complexion like	Herby Yorkston
Blushes like	Beverly Hatch
Eyes like	Helen Robinson
Teeth like	Effie Mann
Laugh like	Arthur Bowsher
Brains like	Carl Irish
Voice like	Elsie Davies
Hands like	Betty De Graff
Good nature like	Lyla Robin
Fun like	Regina Frank
Spirit like	Ethel Burklund
Modesty like	Ethel Brown
Temper like	Elwyn Bugge
Neatness like	Gladys Jensen
Daintiness like	Irma Coon
Persistence like	Clyde Bancroft
Dignity like	Oza Myres
Feet like	Muriel Young
Popularity like	Archie Erickson
"Pep" like	Harold Marshall
Cleverness like	Stanley Freeman
Warm-hearted like	Miss Mead
Athletic like	Elwood Davis
Sensible like	Muriel Lee
Independent like	Stella Lowry
Grace like	Helen Higley
Talent like	Edith Kesler

A STUDENT'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

- 1—Thou shalt not skip assembly.
- 2—Thou shalt honor thy team with all thy songs and with all thy cheers.
- 3—Thou shalt love thy faculty with all thy heart that thy A's may be numerous.
- 4—Thou shalt not loiter in the halls lest thou be reported in the office.
- 5—Thou shalt not sit in the wrong seat in assembly let thou be marked absent.
- 6—Thou shalt love thy brothers, for they are few in numbers.
- 7—Thou shalt not hide thy ears from view, neither shalt thou dress in unseemly clothes.
- 8—Thou shalt not study diligently lest thy eyes be taken from thee.
- 9—Thou shalt not covet thy room-mate's supervisor lest thou get a worse one.
- 10—Thou shalt write school songs and poems by the volumes that thy name may be honored and future students may be saved the trouble.

Kenneth Selby (in Senior play practice): "How do you tremble with love?"

Mr. Hoppe (in Exp. III): "Bring your Foundations to class with you."

Reta Olson: "Why, Olga, you out in this rain without an umbrella or hat? Your hair will rust."

Miss Price (dictating a short story about the lost kitten): "Miss Erickson, will you please repeat the kitten's third speech?"

HEARD IN DEBATE

Mickey (excitedly): "Who runs these foreign born steamship lines?"

Powell: "I can go with any girl I please."

Davis: "Yes, but do you please any?"

McPherson (referring to basketball): "I expect that Davis will soon be our best man."

E. Brown: "Oh! This is so sudden."

H. Hansen: "I think I shall revise the alphabet."

G. Weir: "Why?"

H. Hansen: "Well, so U and I will be closer together."

Miss Wilson (in Library Instruction Class): "Use your own judgment and also the books I put on the shelf with Mr. Bugge."

Student Teacher: "What are you learning back there, Johnie?"

Johnie: "Nothing; I'm listening to you."

REMEMBER?

Do you remember the time when —
The Student Association room wasn't occupied?

Bugge forgot to make an announcement about the Klipsun?

Helen May wasn't using the typewriter?

Hansen wasn't talking to Mrs. Mayhew?

Marshall failed to use the word "pep"?

Dr. Nash forgot to take off his glasses?

Mr. Kolstad forgot to spring a test?

Nichols and Pinkey weren't strolling on the campus or Mac and Ethel were going home?

The Seniors won the Marathon?

Someone wasn't collecting fees on the first landing?

We kept off the grass or didn't run over the knoll?

Eva and Archie ran for president?

The library was open before 8:02 A. M. or 6:32 P. M.?

Movies weren't given on Wednesday?

Room 119 wasn't occupied by social clubs?

When Black wasn't cutting hair?



All the old men have to watch their steps!



"If you fellows want to start something ---"



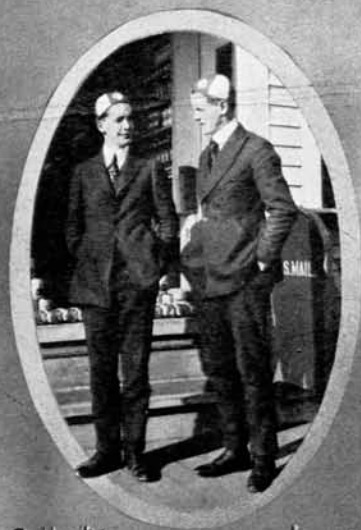
"Post no Bills"



"Sizes or ages"



"Where's the official Mudscraper"?



Selby: "You owe me a bar."
Bugge: "How do you get that way?"



What kind of "nut" The leaning tower tree is this! of the Normal.

Woodman, spare that tree!



Drown the traitor.



"Sh, he thinks he's a little ship."

















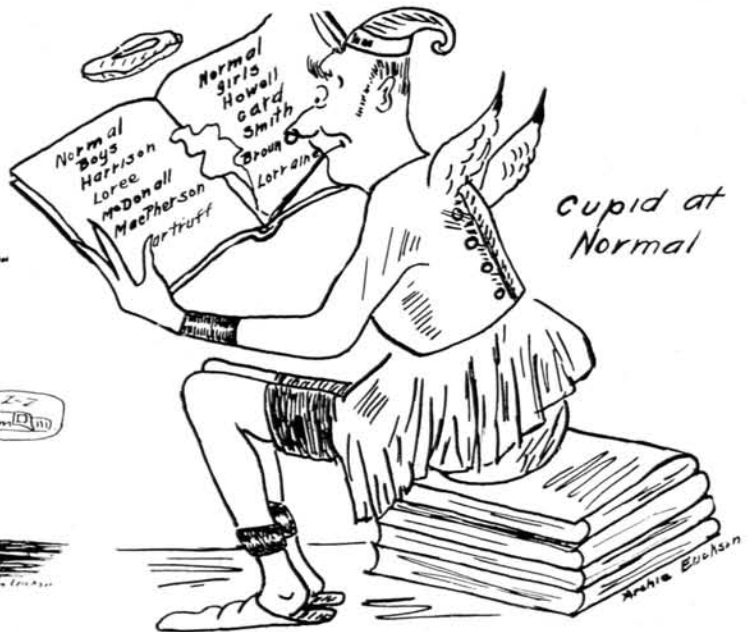
- Hash Day -



A.M. Eden Hall Specials



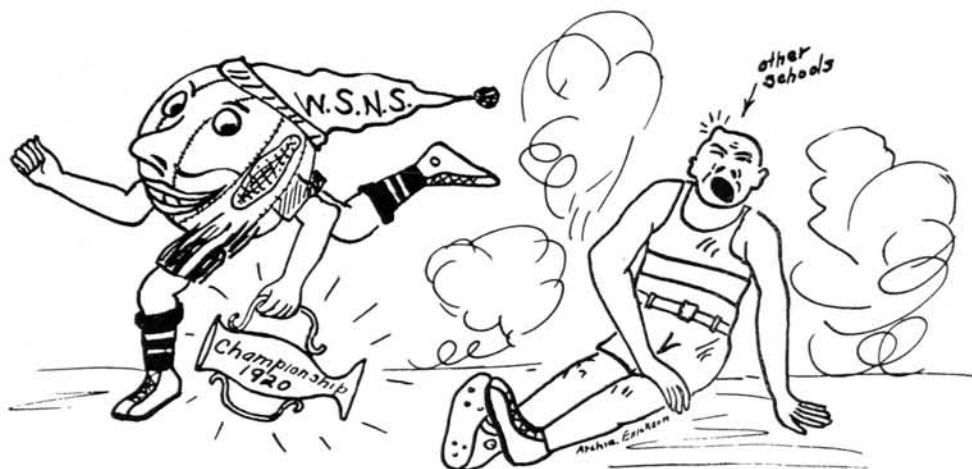
Hard times at the Normal
10 to 1



Cupid at Normal



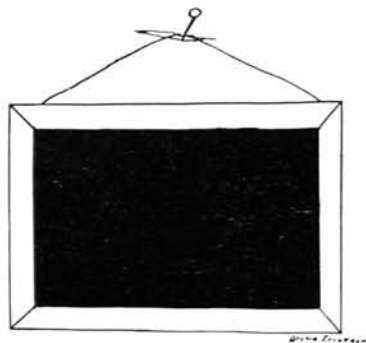
A Study on Souls



Normal Basket Ball

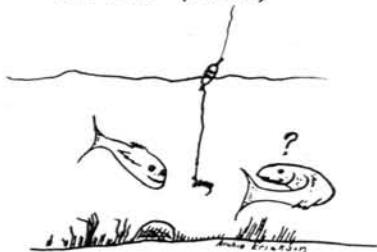


saturday



Picture of the Normal by night.

Resolved that the Fish be given De-bait (debate)



Block Making a Visit.
 you sing a little song
 and have a little chat
 you make a little candy fudge
 and then you take your hat,
 you hold her hand and say,
 "Good-Night?"—, as
 sweetly as you can, Now!
 Ain't that a deuce of an
 Evening, for a Great Big, Husky
 Man?



In Harting

THE work on this number of the Klipsun has, as with all previous ones, been very interesting to those who have been actively engaged in its production. Now that the work is finished, the staff members will feel amply rewarded if the book to which they devoted so much of their time serves as a pleasant and comprehensive review of the past school year.

Much credit is due to various students in the Art Department for the admirable etchings that appear throughout the book. Especial mention should be given to Miss Ruth Claassen, who submitted the Klipsun cover design, and to Miss Ethol Lewis, who designed the running head. The Senior Class poem, which appears below the Senior etching, was written by Misses Carrie and Evelyn Whittier.

To the many others who have helped in producing the 1920 Klipsun, we gratefully say, "We thank you."

— ELWYN BUGGE, *Editor.*

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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.

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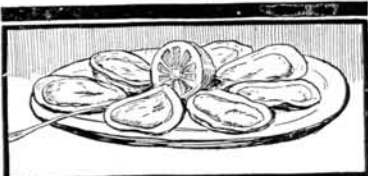
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