

NORMAL RUNS KIBBE FOR SEHOME MAYOR

"Mush" Bacon's Ear Bitten Off by Bill Bowen in Tong War.

At last the Normal R-Own temperance league has procured the well-known speaker the Normal has been waiting for. In last Tuesday's assembly this novel and instructive talker addressed the students. The theme of the oration was "The harmfulness of narcotics and nicotine," and the speaker was none other than the honorable Mr. Al Capone.

As he mounted the stage all the students quivered in their seats for no one knew what to expect. And can you imagine the whole assembly sitting with their hands in the air—such it was when Al reached in his pocket for his handkerchief. (I guess he's got a rep—allright! all right).

Al Is Guarded

Accompanying him on the platform were three R-Own league members so that this noble man should not be harmed. In addressing the students he said, "Since Prohibition has come into effect narcotics are unlawful. This reason alone should keep you from them." (Ah! but he is such a wise man.)

With him on his trip was his wife, a former Normalite. She is very proud of Al dear, as she calls him—and wishes that all the girls now at the Normal may some day get such sweet and innocent husbands. (Ain't it grand—this thing called love!)

Loving Embrace

Librarian in Pajamas

Greets Reporter

It was with firm tread and joyful mien that I ascended the steps of the library, tripped over the doorsill and entered that gay little sanctuary dear to the hearts of so many students—Miss Mable Zoe Wilson's office.

That noble guardian of our books rose to her full height of six feet and gathered me into a motherly embrace, murmuring, "Just call me Maybelle!"

She was exquisitely costumed in yellow net pajamas which, against the scarlet of the carpet was just too much for me and I immediately donned my dark glasses. The room in which I found her reflected in every way her magnetic personality.

In fact I could scarcely find my way around because of the electrostatic machines and high-powered wires.

She proceeded to put me at ease by serving me with a prohibition cocktail consisting of hard cider and prune juice from her own special shaker which she keeps concealed in the wastebasket. Of course, by this time we were both feeling good and were singing "For she's a jolly good fellow—Who's a jolly good fellow—Why, Maybelle Zoe!"

After another hour or two of this

(Continued on Page 46)

Marquis Recommends Virginia Dare Tonic

Must we go to assembly? No! Our old friend "Charlie" Fisher has announced that all those not desiring to go to assembly will not have to, but may go to a smoker that is to be held in the conference room in the library instead.

This change was made necessary because of the smoke that clutters around the ceiling in the auditorium, making it hard for those who sit in the gallery to see. Maybe a ban should be put on those who smoke in assembly but that would be contrary to our rights as Vikings.

Carpets have been put in the aisles in the auditorium so that when the "bread line" gets up and walks out it won't disturb those who are sleeping.

News Flashes!

Trenton, New Jersey.—Dec. 25, 1776—Crossington Washes the Delaware. Cleans up on German troops. Details of escapade on page 19 of tomorrow's issue.

Athens, Greece.—399 B. C.—Socrates died as result of drinking orgy. Prominent radical succumbs after indulging in hemlock cocktail. Syndicalism charges dropped.

(Continued on Page Two)

STUDENTS DEMAND MORE CLASS WORK

Teachers Reluctantly Comply with Kiddies' Wishes.

Ah, Me! Ah, Me! What's this I hear! Unemployment at the Normal? Yet it is so! At a very important meeting of the Board of Control, December 2, the matter was taken up seriously (believe it or not).

President Colin Campbell in addressing the students said, "Ah, but we were sorely sad to hear of a situation like this existing in these halls of learning. It breaks my heart to see some of our fellow men standing in the bread lines at Edens hall, the Cafeteria, and Baughman's. (BooHoo! It's so sad). Something must be done."

Cites Pathetic Cases

"Why, even such important figures as Gym Gillispy, Gordy Nickels, Ed West (East, North, or South—do we care?), Mort Hogley, Art Smith, Rollie Gizburg, and Kurlie Gross were seen standing in the halls trying to get employment so they could earn some grades," he concluded.

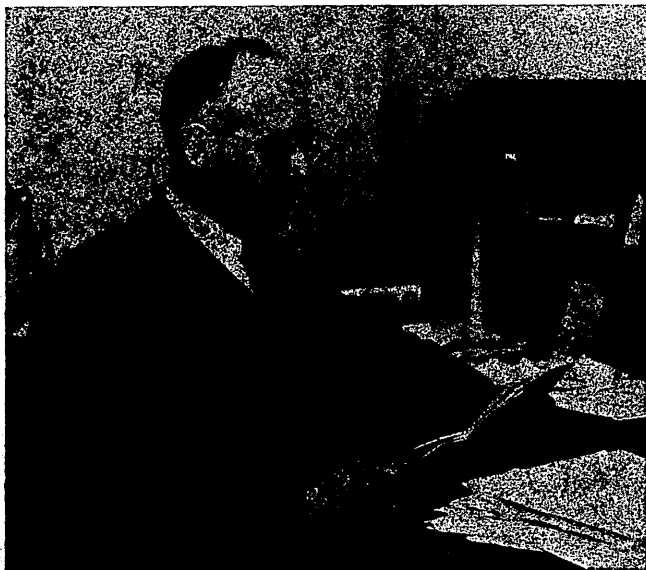
It was decided by the board that each teacher in the school will be called upon to contribute to a fund, the slogan of which is:

MORE WORK

FOR THE WORKLESS

Everyone is conferring and we hope the existing situation soon will be remedied. Ah Me! Ah Me!

Sees All; Knows All



This is the nth year of the history of our school. Starting in a big way it warms the cockles of my heart to welcome you students who have flunked out either here or at other institutions of lower learning.

Faculty members are glad to destruct such a large number of dumbbells and dumb bunnies in attendance. We do not take a back seat to any institution of higher learning in this state in keeping a lengthy "flunk list."

The school has gradually expanded in spite of reduce-oids. We have done all we can to give a liberal education. We believe in broadening the mind—as well as the figure—the figure on the budget. It is with darndest regret that our fees are increased but we MUST have our faculty.

I don't want it to be a mystery to you students concerning the present depression and the effect it has on our slashed budget. What hurts me most about this thing called depression is my own salary, and the salaries of my teachers. It matters little that this school is going to the dogs intellectually. What hurts me most, I repeat, is my own reduction—morally, physically and spiritually. I thank you!



(Continued on Page 46)

Normalite

THIRCUTH
THWEET THONNETT
THOCK
THAD THOTRY

By
D. Cuthter Anderthun

Announcer: And now the "Spillmore Vaseline Circus and Sideshow"

Barker: "Ladeez and Gentawlmenn—We have with us tonight the wurld's greatest feature attract-shun, Monarch of all, 'Spillmore', the Normal Health Dept. eliminating liar!"

Spillmore: "Moo."

Barker: "There's Spillmore n-o-w." "And now let me show you the leader of the much-debated Health Dept., 'Miss Lead.'"

Audience: "Boo."

Miss Lead: "Just let me gaze on your gozzle and I'll send the lot o' yez to the Pest House for I am Miss Lead, Ah, haaaaaa . . . Hah, Hah, hah . . ."

Barker: "Quick, Liar's Famous, throw old Lead into the den with Spillmore the Health Dept. eliminating liar. At her, Spillmore, at her . . ."

Barker: "Old Lead is no more, for mightily Spillmore has eliminated her and we are free . . . free to get all the diseases we please!"

Barker: "And now Ladeez and Gentlemenn—we have to present to you 'The Shortest Song and Dance in the Wurld.' This verse was written by A. S. Toodense. His song will soon be widely caroled.

"I ET TOO MUTCH"

Barker: "And that Ladeez and Gentel menn concludes our Spillmore 'Come-clean' Vaseline Circus and Sideshow for this evening. Toodelloo."

W.Eth.N.Eth.....

OUR NURSERY

Mary's nose was a little sham
In summer, white as snow
But everywhere that Mary went
In winter—it did glow!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
None o' your lip you lousy yap—
And furthermore, Who wants to know!"

Dickory, dickory, dock.
The run ran up the sock
He didn't frown
He rolled it down
Dickory, dickory, dock.

W.Eth.N.Eth.....

Gnow looke wat hez happuud tew thee Vi-kyng! Sheez gawn tab-loide! Lookes tew me leighk prezzy & mee r thee ownlee safe & seine mowmentz yn thiz institu-shun. Butt mabe wen ye edittors & colycomnists gett samptnyng undur thee belt tewmor-rowe (& I betcha I gett thee neck



(Continued on Page Five)

MUSSOLINI LEADS ASSEMBLY FORUM

Belle Livingston Discourses on Red Apparel

Unique in the annals of sporting events held at the Bellingham State Normal school, was the athletic contest staged on Lake Waldo last week. This goofy battle that we speak of was put on the program in place of the annual inter-sectional football game between the Vassar College women's eleven and the Podunk Center Icemen's Union, because of the presence of too much aqua on the terra firma.

Following is a word by word description of the big race as given by Itch and Scratchit, the Normal school's Gold Dust Twins, over station I. O. U.

Lake Rough

"Hello, my friends of the radio audience; and how are you this great big beautiful day? From here in the broadcasting booth we have a seagull's-eye view of the vast panorama of Waldo Lake. And what a puddle it is! Extending from one side of the football field to the other and from goal post to goal post it makes one of the finest crew racing courses in the universe. Way down the lake on the fifty-yard line is my worthless opponent Scratchit. It is a great day for the race, folks. As a matter of fact, an excellent day for bears. And can we believe our eyes, that's a bear on Sehome Hill right now. He looks a little anemic, but we've got to remember that these are depression days and we have to take what we can get. This is the first crew race to be held on Lake Waldo. There are many boats entered in the classic. The Faculty scow is stroked by C. H. Fisher; coxswain, Mr. Hoppe; Miss Rich, bow; Mr. Hunt, No. 5; and other athletes of rather doubtful ability. The Scholarship Society raft is held together by Eddie

(Continued on Page 63)

Normal Stage Hit

Cyclops In Manchuria

Is Flabergaster

(By Aloysius Kritic)

What a frost—what a flop—what a fizzle this next play, "Kamil in Howling Kamp" is going to be. Eh, the disappointment of it all!

Here your renowned critic wasted a whole two hours and three minutes (by actual count) the other afternoon attending a rehearsal of the darned thing and all I got out of it was a headache.

In the first place the language used was way over my head—too much reference to the Deity, etc. Then, for instance, the name of the production "Kamil"—there's only one bright crack in the whole thing and that's where somebody asks—"What the (censored) is a Kamil anyhow? And I agree—what the (censored) is a Kamil, anyhow?"

The only actor who's any good at all is Bert West, the janitor, and he doesn't say anything or do anything or think anything (maybe). Deb Altose and Bill Bowen and Preston Wright and Lew Lovegren and all the rest of the layout are

(Continued on Page Six)

SOU'EAST NORSEMAN

CIRGINIA VARVER Editor
 MEAN JURY Associate Editor
 ALVELYN ELMAN Make Up Editor
 STIMMIE JODDARD Radio Editor
 JERDA GENSEN Scandal Editor

SPECIAL STAFF SCRIBBLERS

Dodger Rapman, Roberth Walhers, D. Cuther Anderthun,
 Mary Luthille Jordan, Irene Stkhegull

NEWS HOUNDS

Cerry Took, Madine Nattson, Wune Jelch, Arch Foxie, Leinar Arson,
 Sill Bells, Manet Parthur, Alborah Deltose, Camlin Cobell,
 Sobrt Rhier, Cirginia Veorge, Harjorie Mall, Nelen Horthen

Men of the school, little Princess Butter-nose has a message for you! Are you ready? A vital discovery has been made in the vicinity of the nurse's office. While trimming her finger nails—bromidrosis—one evening Miss Kathleen OMalley, assistant nurse, decided that, if the diphtheria germs—impatigo contagiosa—can be carried from person to person—care being taken to use plenty of newspapers when wrapping in order to prevent breakage—they must be in a receptive state and therefore the only manner in which they may escape from the throat, other than by way of the mouth—sarcoma carcinoma—is through the pores of the Adams apple—laryngotracheotomy. Following this amazing scientific discovery she called Mr. Dak into consultation and—with the aid of the power mower they experimented upon "Pop" Gwyn with a startling result. True to her suspicions, after shaving his Adams apple—laryngotracheotomy—a dark substance was found visible upon the blade of the mower. The advice of the school authority to you men is to abstain from shaving below the chin, even if it forces you to grow a beard. The Southeast Norseman is more than ready at any time to sponsor a beard contest.

It has been remarked that cleanliness is next to Godliness. If so, why can't we as a school at least pretend to more celestial aspirations by keeping the cuspidor in the main hall cleaned and shined? It would take only a few minutes of each day to scrape and sandpaper the brass and if some public-minded club of the school would appoint a committee to see that this was taken care of the students would have more reason to stick their chests out. Only five minutes out of every twenty-four hours for this civic undertaking. How about it, you Y. W. C. A. members?

In a recent article in the Oskaloosa Gazette it was stated that, of the 444 college presidents existing at this time, only 4 really know what the present depression situation is about. The other 440 read the papers.

Faculty Opinion

With seemingly every division of this Normal getting slapped on the chin by some over-ambitious student by well-worded and "constructive" student opinions, I feel that it is time that a little advice be handed the students. I feel that I'm not talking through my hat for the simple reason that "I'm not that kind of a boy." I have gathered my data and statistics from various employees of "this here teacher's institution." George Dak requests that the students walk on the grass and give the sidewalks a rest. By a chemical method of acidosis, it is decreed that our walks cannot last much more than 1,000,000 years, (thanks be!) and we should give the grass a break. And what could be more picturesque than a lot of well-worn paths among the trees and shrubs of the campus. And just think of the sole leather it would save if we trod on the terra firma for a few years.

And the teachers are requesting that all studes heave their waste paper out of the windows instead of using the receptacles provided. "I'm getting doggone tired of sprinting up and down the stairs, and emptying the waste basket," "Ma" stated yesterday. All right, students, let's get right in and pitch this waste paper situation into the public eye.

And in response to numerous requests from the Wolves of High street, with a liking for Edens Hall, a lobby with radios, davenport, books, magazines, and a refreshment stand will be provided for the patronizers of this popular dorm.

Also, chairs plus smoking stands will be provided for these lounge-lizards who persist in loitering about the bulletin board for the entire day.

"We are doing our best to do

away with all morning classes and dispense with enough of the afternoon classes so that each student may get a daily four-hour afternoon nap," a member of the curricula committee announced yesterday.

And for the benefit of the teappers and cookie-crunchers who live in the Men's Club room, mustache cups will be provided for the former gang and bibs for the latter crowd. And on Friday afternoons root-beer and pickles will be served as an added attraction.
 I. M. Aroused.

Dear Editor:

I see by the paper that you are publishing various and sundry opinions, therefore I think the faculty should have a voice in the matter.

There are several situations existing in this school which have been vexing my worser nature since I began teaching here twenty-five years ago, I am firmly convinced that this younger degeneration is going to the dogs (in fact my dogs hurt already). One thing bothers me terribly. As they don't sell gum in the Co-op I have to hop rides on passing velocipedes and go clean over to Baughman's and that is too far away. I'm advocating a fire sale to be held every Monday Wednesday and Friday, in which bigger and better gum is to be auctioned off at low prices; this sale to be held on the first landing of the main stairs.

I have gone deeply into statistics and I have found that 99 44-100% pure of the faculty agrees with me. We sincerely hope you will treat this matter seriously.
 Yours very truly,
 —E. A.

LINER SINKS WITH ALL FEET ON RAIL

Blasphemy Is Used by Teachers In Big Turtle Race.

After touring the country in conquest of more fame for their alma mammy, the Notre Dame hoop team from Southbend met a tartar in the Normal Vikings on Thanksgiving day, November 26, in the year of Our Lord 1931. The final score was 11-7 in honor of the Normal.

Notre Dame, with 33 men on their squad, left South Bend last January in the Graf Zeppelin but as it was delayed in the Hawaiian Islands with tire trouble the Irish were unable to get here for the big game before Thanksgiving day.



DELAYED?

Most of the boys wanted to get in on the turkey so they chartered a taxi cab from San Francisco.

The Ramblers lay claim to fowl play as the result of their first hoop loss in two years. Evidently they claim that Turkey they ate at the banquet given them in their honor in the main reading room of the library was prepared by student teachers, poisoning them mentally so as they couldn't live up to their high standard of play.

Starting out like a bang in the first ten minutes of play the Irish rolled a seven, while holding the Norsemen to a nil. But within the next half hour of battle, after shooting crap for five consecutive rolls the blue and white shot an 11 in the last minute of play. The crowd was in a continuous uproar, exactly one thousand students and 13 kids from the training school being present.

Sheetiski, Caredio, and Jasckwich starred for the Irish, while "Gabby" Peterson, Bud Burke and Jess Sutton starred for the Normalites.

Much money was wagered on the game and the Irish are now asking for charity. Bellingham is expected to back the homeless waifs by giving them the \$42,000 milk fund in milk tickets.

In honor of his stupendous triumph Coach Sam Carver invited all the men on his victorious squad over to lunch. He will supply coffee, cream and sugar if the boys are willing to bring their own lunch. Carver also extends greeting to Bond, the boy who blew a winning whistle for the Normalites.

Gordon "Penny" Carter, Tom "Fish" Delaney, Eddie Duyff, Paul "Windy" Guard, Donald "Mucky" Mullas and Edward "Ban" Myers will spend their Thanksgiving vacation at their homes in Friday Harbor.

Normalite

Continued From Page 1

& gizzarde) liphe yn thiz plase wyl resoom a Normal atmosphere. Slappetick, cumedeans, mae, thro piez, at type acterz hutt it takes a printur tew pi these type—and buoy, I mean wat I saye tew!

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CENSORED

LUTEFISH TACKS & TICTION
by gimmie stode

The propose of this column is to encourage the eating of that famous Viking dish "lutefish". If you ever expect to be on one of Cam Sarver's team you'll have to eat it three times a day, once in the morning (boiled), once at noon (fried), and once at night (cream-ed). ask poP gunN for instance, and he'll say, "boys, look at my son, squiT gunN, i even feed it ot him when he yells at nightT."

Next season is expected to be extremely successful with such material available as marshal bacon, oliveR fieldS, "reD" gunderson, and morriS thal.

Basketball season is just around the corner, in fact you even have to find the right corner, an if the red ligse says go, you go or don't go, but as fishY was saying, baseball is a good game maybe.

sHH: fishY is concentrating—but, alias the poor boy is ill, so ill in fact he looks bad. BuT whY—go ahead and tell me i don't know, i know, olsen's Terrible swedes want to play caM Sarver a game of basket ball and not let Sarver pay one send of expense, in fact they will guarantee him—with a big score.

aS fishY gazes out the window he sees coming up the broad walks three stalwart sons of the bluE & whitE, in person, donovan SINKo, and allen. One cannot help but think of what training according to hoyle has done for them, winning ways with the weaker sex, strong bodies and weak brains.

buT tomorrow is my holiday, as tomorrow i let the turkey have his day, but not for long as men like turkey better than fish, therefore, turkey is all eaten up, while fish just sits around.

asked why the coast football is a better brand of ball than eastern ball fishY replied, "eat more lute and the answer will come to you."

NEWS FLASHES

(Continued from Page One)

Manilla, Philippines.—Aug. 13, 1898.—Local lad makes good. Dewey at age of 61 lays foundation for great naval career by capturing Manilla.

Concord Conn.—April 19 1775.—Paul Revere well-known horseman, arrested for disturbing the peace. Local farmers complain of midnight rides and unseemly noise.

Washington, D. C.—1867.—Seward to go into refrigeration business. Secretary of State purchases Alaska with view of giving work to jobless icemen, during depression.

Jamestown, Va. — 1620. — John Smith, captain of local Boy Scout troops, saved from death at hands of Indian tribe by quick action on part of Camp Fire Girl, Pocahontas.

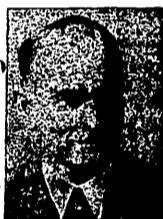
Alexandria, Egypt.—39 B. C.—Prominent Roman statesman and Egyptian queen in notorious scandal. Lovenest of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra brought to light following investigation.

Friday afternoon the members of the McDowell club will attend a jazz concert under the direction of Harold B. Smith.

MUSSOLINI'S FORUM

(Continued from Page One)

Duyff, who is madly waving their beautiful black and blue pennant in the breeze. Way over on the far side of the field the Thespians are having a terrible time with the seagulls. Looks as though even the gulls like school teachers. Don't forget folks, this program is coming to you by permission of the copyright owners and Consolidated Concrete False-Teeth, 0000% Fiji Islands. Oh, oh, oh. There goes Pat Allen. That sweater of his is surely taking a beating today. He just fell off the library after a vain attempt to lead the Campus Lounge Lizards in a yell for his old alma mammy, Siwash Seminary. Huzzah, here comes the Edens Hall skiff, manned by the pick of the fire-escape climbers. Miss Johnson is wielding the stroke oar; Miss Longley at bow; Helen Edgar at the power-house No.5 oar; and Helen Shipley, dressed becomingly in yellow and pink at the coxswain's seat. We're just about ready for the race, ladies and gents. Here comes Sam Carver with his "Pop" Gunn to start this great regatta.



Ah, ah! Dean Marquis, official judge and all-day sucker vendor, just nipped a conspiracy in the bud. Roy Abbott, W club captain, was caught smuggling a Johnson Quad outboard onto his ship. Tut, tut, Abbott. Carver just fired his "Pop" Gunn, and the race is on. The Thespians are having a terrible time with the seagulls. Earl Hutchins, skipper, is using Flit on the pesky things. Stroke, stroke, stroke, and the Faculty boat creeps into the lead. Mr. Hoppe is lulling the W club boat to sleep with a soothing mammy song. Ah, Miss Longley just caught a crab. The Faculty boat is not feathering its oars as it should. As a matter of fact they look like they are going into a molt. They are just crossing the thirty-yard lines with the Faculty holding a six point lead, a drop kick, two foul shoots, and a birdie on the third green doing the work. No, they aren't in the lead. Danny Donovan coming in fast, stopped them on the line of scrimmage. What a tackle and what a game. Ruckmick and Bond are leaving the race. Guess they forgot their attractivity tickets. The Board of Control boat is calling a special meeting on their thirty-yard line. There, the Edens Hall gang just crashed through the big wave. Looks like a first and ten. Arntzen and his Rule are wading out of the field to measure. The boats are just crossing the fifty-yard line and have stopped for refreshments. All right, Scratchit, you take the mike, but be sure to bring it back.

Moon to Rise

Hi, studes, this classic of the year is just half over. Refreshments are now being served the athletes by Mr. Marquis and the W. A. A. The unofficial time for this race thus far is good old Pacific Standard. The paddle squad just bounced Virginia Carver for peeking through the Campus Keyhole. It is getting rather dark and chilly out here now and the shadow of

SEHOME ERUPTS

In keeping with the depression idea, thirteen Normal Co-eds staged a stag pary last Saturday evening. Following the serving of a meager supper the guests participated in a game of strip poker.

The girls' Social Ethics classes attended a "smoker" at the Liberty Hall last night.

Sehome is creeping across this vast expanse of H2O. It is getting so cold that the boats are having trouble with the icebergs. The Thespians just crashed into one, but Earl Hutchins is going down with his ship. He and Posey Flowers can be seen shooting craps on the poop deck. The Sol Duc is just passing by and three of the boats are being swamped by the waves. Ullin and Weythman are splashing badly in the Faculty boat. The rhythm in the boat is breaking. Sperry affecting, folks, Sperry affecting. And rather than see his float go down in defeat Captain Fisher has leaped from his ferry and is rapidly floating to victory. And, with the band playing "Annie Laurie" and the assembled mob tearing their Empress Eugenies to shreds, "Prexy" floats between the uprights for a touchdown and victory.

Profs Win

Conversion failed, as "History" Williams got his dates mixed and failed to show up for the race. The engineer in the power house has sounded three long boos on the Edens Hall dinner bell, and the flag is being lowered to half mast. Three jeers for the "Profs". Well, people, it's time for us to take the air. And don't forget that this program has come to you through the courtesy of the Bored of Education and the Consolidated Grape Growers and Bottle Cap Manufacturers of South Africa. Itch and Scratchit now singing off. Are you listening, HUH?

NOSE NURTS

Due to the fact that so many members of the faculty have been absent from school this week, victims of the recent epidemic of brain fever, there will be no school on Thursday and Friday of this week, November 26 and 27. This was the official notice issued from Miss Mead's office late yesterday evening.

Jimmy Stoddard returned to school yesterday after a three-weeks' illness, caused by a broken toe nail.

Kay Frose has been confined to the isolation hospital for the past few days as the result of a recent accident when Kay's bicycle collided with the 5:30 Great Northern train on the corner of High Street and Railroad Avenue, last Thursday evening.

Bessie Taylor and Cathleen Hill have just been released from the Pest House after a month's confinement, due to an extremely serious case of housemaid's knee.

Thirteen Normal students were severely injured, and three killed, in an accident Tuesday evening when a kiddie kar, driven by Eddie Duyff bumped into Bob Cox's bob sled. The unfortunate accident occurred on Sehome Hill late in the evening, when members of the sleighing party were on their homeward ride. As a result of the tragedy Eddie has had his driver's license forfeited for the remainder of the year.

Theona Flift and June McLeod will return to school next week. They have been ill at their respective homes in Mexico since last Friday when they both received serious blisters as a result of a hike up Sunset Trail.

A no-hostess dinner was given by members of the Kitchen Crew last Tuesday evening. Colin Campbell and James Stoddard received the guests.

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CLUB NOTES

Abtrusive Sudents

Give up the Ghost

BEFORE



The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Fack Jalkner was one of the loveliest affairs of the season. The wedding took place in the back room which is found somewhere in the Co-Op. Mrs. Falkner was dressed appropriately in a green and orange striped gym suit with a bouquet of poison ivy. (Already her pure and remote mind turns to thoughts of poison). The preacher, Mr. Walter Sinko, warned Mr. Jalkner about bringing his spouse too near any fire-arms, (or any arms at all for that matter). The wedding guests were served with dainty helpings of ross biff and feesh. The young couple will pitch a tent on the out-skirts of yon campus and will be at home there to their many friends until after the depression.

AFTER



"Mary Had a Little Lamb"

ALL-STAR BALL TEAM MAKES GRID HISTORY

Ten Thousand Howling Fans See Hair-Raising Spectacle.

Taking advantage of a thirty-pound edge in weight which they held over the men of the faculty, the Normal's women pedagogues, playing under the cognomen of the Pansies, scrapped out a 6-0 win over the highly touted Violets.

Ten thousand madly cheering fans saw "Beefy Bever" win the fateful toss and elect to receive. The biggest "Sis-boom-bah" ever heard in Bellingham greeted the smart end over end kick-off made by "Kelly" Keeler from her own forty-yard line. Taking the ball on a dead run "Dynamite" Miller attempted some super psychology and hoped to delude the opposition by scudding to the left instead of following the interference but was nailed in his tracks by "Antelope" Jones on his own thirty-yard line. "Hula Hip" Hoppe, diminutive halfback, then dropped back an attempt to pass to "Soup Strainer" Ruckmick. The toss proved to be too high and sailed into the arms of "Killer" Kangley. Nestling the pig skin in her arms she dashed to the Violet 25-yard line before being brought down.

Preferring to get their touchdown by conservative football the Pansies decided to get their yardage on running plays. "Happy" Erickson plowed through "Peggy" Williams' position at right tackle and was brought down with great difficulty by "Half Pint" Upshall.

When the pile was untangled Upshall was unable to get up and it was later found that he had sustained a sprained I. Q.

Mable Sparks

By The Author

It was the most unreasonable thing to do to ask little Mable to spark at this inopportune time. We can't think of one funny thing to say, really, because we want you to understand that there is not one funny thing about us except maybe the way we comb our hair—and then our feet are sort of odd—of course folks have laughed at our nose and mouth and eyes and then we are sort of short and fat and our legs are bowed, but, as we said before there isn't one funny thing about us.

But suppose I had fallen down and broken my arm and couldn't write this—that would've been sompin, I guess.

I'm a very serious young lady just prognosticating about life and the facts thereof and if not why not. I've always heard that men shy away from girls who have brains—now, do you suppose—of course I have brains (I didn't ask you how many, Oscar, and please take your seat). But, as I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted—The point, is Mr. Editor, my stuff is really worth printing—Gee, folks thanks for the cabbage—I like cabbage but next time never mind the turnups—I don't care for them.

And artichokes—Oh—Oh.

By special request we are using this phrase "filthy lucre". Filthy lucre—filthy. lucre—filthy. lucre—filthy lucre.

And there was a girl who ran into a policeman.

Soon after Steamship Ford had replaced Upshall, the Violets were penalized fifteen yards, for use of profane language, giving the women the ball on the 5-yard line.

On the third line plunge, "Bone Crusher" Countryman succeeded in diving over "Eddie" Arntzen for the touch down but was injured. After a long parley "Husky" Horton was induced to leave the warm shelter of the broadcasting booth long enough to participate in the try-for point. Her kick was blocked.

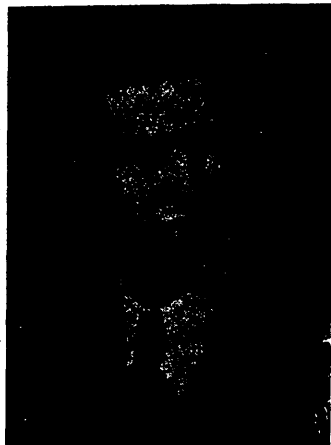
Steamship Ford snared the Pansy kick off and raced 90 yards through a broken field before being dragged down from behind by "Speedy" Ullin. The shock aroused by his brilliant play was so great that members of both teams were completely prostrated by surprise, and the game was awarded to the Pansies.

Line-up

Violets—	Pos.
"Soup Strainer" Ruckmick	LE
"Beefy" Bever	LT
"Eddie" Arntzen	LG
"Treble Clef" Smith	C
"Hec" Philippi	RG
"Peggy" Williams	RT
"Prexy" Fisher	RE
"Hula-hip" Hoppe	RH
"Half-pint" Upshall	LH
"Marty" Marquis	FB
"Dynamite" Miller	QB
Pansies	Pos.
"Slim Jim" Shumway	RE
"Speedy" Ullin	RT
"Killer" Kangley	RG
"Blondie" Weythman	C
"Posy" Platt	LG
"Floppy" Johnson	LT
"Antelope" Jones	LE
"Kelly" Keeler	LH
"Bone-crusher" Countryman	RH
"Lengthy" Longley	FB
"Happy" Erickson	QB
Official Poposter—Bond.	
Referee—"Shiny" Carver.	
Substitutions—	
Violets—Ford for Upshall.	
Pansies—Horton for Countryman.	

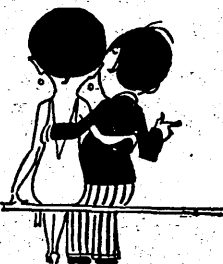
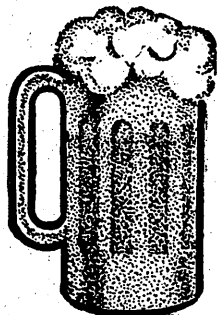
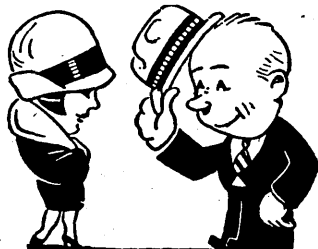


The BIG WIND



Last Friday evening a Valentine party was given in the Pink Room of Edens Hall for the sophomore men and the girls of the school. A very delightful evening was spent in a study of fossils. Refreshments were not served.

Story Without Words



LIBRARY LOVED ONES

(Continued from Page One)

sort of thing I gathered my scattered belongings together and prepared to depart when I suddenly recalled my mission, whereupon I clutched my Ticonderoga and started firing questions at the startled lady. I finally rounded up the following information:

Maybelle has at last decided to include Ballyhoo Whizbang and True Confessions in the magazine stacks, under pressure of the Faculty Council and the N. W. Viking. The ritziest of French novels and all smuggled and unexpurgated books which have slipped by the customs will henceforth be found on the shelves.

Then she told me all about herself, her hobby is cutting out paper dolls, which occupation she indulges in during her spare moments with the utmost joy. She is very athletic and engages in daily tournaments of tiddley-winks and rummy with her crony, Miss "Lil" George.

"And—Oh, yes", she said, yawning over her cigar, from now on I'm going to urge the students to come into my office anytime they like and listen to the victrola and hold all their dances in the large reading room. I'm determined that they shall enjoy the library." And with this she kicked me out the door and threw me down the stairs in her own coy way.

Miss Wilson said they made a great mistake when they adopted the Dewey Decimal System of Classification, for this groups the books in different classes and is worse than a cross-word puzzle to figure out. She says the one volume library will soon take its place.



FLABBERGASTER, ETC.

(Continued from Page One)

terrible. And they might just as well know it now as anytime.

Deb is supposed to have consumption or something and she's about as consumptive as a healthy



young heifer. I never saw anybody with such an appetite. Bill Bowen thinks he's a handsome lover but unfortunately no one will agree with him. And as for Preston—words fail me as far as that old walrus is concerned.

The whole thing is an involved spectacle done in the manner of Shakespeare, that is—in pantomime. The deaf, dumb and blind are urged to attend as they are the only ones who will enjoy it. As for the rest of you—It's going to be a waste of your time and money to see it, even if it doesn't cost you anything to get in.

It's supposed to come off December 2 and 3, or maybe it's 3 and 4—go look at your own calendar—I've got to go and take care of this headache.

A delightful afternoon affair was a garden tea given by three members of the football team, Dan Donovan, Noel Flowers, and Earl Sybrant, at the home of the latter.

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