

The Weekly Messenger

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

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NO. 24.

Normal vs. Cheney — March 31

FACULTY BANQUET GIVEN IN HONOR OF DR. NASH SUCCESS

SPACIOUS DINING ROOM OF NEW EDENS HALL

The spacious dining room of the new Edens' Hall was elaborately decorated for the faculty banquet given in farewell to Dr. Nash on Monday evening March 20. The color scheme of yellow and green was charmingly carried out in daffodils and fernery. The table was lovely in the soft glow cast by the yellow-shaded candles which alternated with long boxes of daffodils. Plates were laid for eighty-five people. The place cards cleverly carried out the idea of farewell being small traveling bags bearing the message "Bon Voyage."

During the evening, Mrs. Nash sang a group of solos accompanied by Miss Maude Williams, after which Mr. Philippi as toastmaster, called upon Mr. Whitcomb and Dr. Miller. Mr. Whitcomb responded with a talk on "The Relation of the President to the Board." Dr. Miller gave a talk on "The Relation of the President to the Faculty." In conclusion, Dr. Miller, in behalf of the faculty, presented Dr. Nash with a diamond stick-pin.

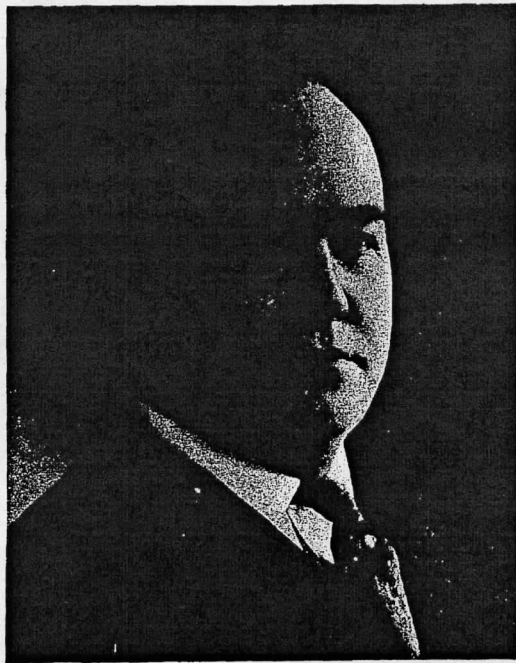
—B. S. N. S.—

NORMAL ALUMNI HONORS DR. NASH

In a characteristic Indian setting midst tepees, camp fire and braves, "Chief" G. W. Nash, president of the Bellingham Normal since August, 1914, was tendered tribute by the Alumni of the school. The reception was held at Eden's Hall. A. D. Foster, superintendent of the Meridian high school district, and president of the Alumni of B. S. N. S., presided. Dr. Nash said that it was one of the most delightful experiences in his life and also one of the most impressive scenes he has ever enjoyed.

The evening program began in the dining room at 7 o'clock. A seven-piece orchestra provided music during the entire banquet. Following the dinner, several impromptu responses were given after which the gathering adjourned to the social hall of the dormitory. At the doors they received from the hands of red skins a program entitled "Around the Campfire." On the inside of the cover was the statement: "A Tribute to Dr. Nash from the Alumni of B. S. N. S." The title of the program, was very beautiful and impressive, "A Fare-

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DR. GEO. W. NASH,

Retiring President Bellingham State Normal School.

A TRIBUTE.

By quiet soothing waters of repose
He bared his heart to God and all was well.
In deep and scented bush of wooded dell
Above the careworn strife of men, he rose.
With love unmeasured, warm his heart o'erflows;
Of frankincense and myrrh his gardens tell.
Nor friend nor foe but knows the sainted spell
Divine his gracious, gentle kind bestows.
At twilight's golden glow reflections stir
Some quiet tender thought of life and love;
And ever thus it is with some we know;
They, leave the noble uplift of the fir,
A strong desire to scale the heights above.
All this, yea more, our Chief God bless you; go!

—MARY B. EGBERT.

IMPORTANT SUBJECT TO BE TALKED ON; RIVALRY IS KEEN

EXPECT TO CAPTURE THE GUY ALLISON DEBATE CUP

One week from tonight Cheney visits us—trying her best to defend the Guy Allison Debate Cup, now in her possession. The question is, "Resolved: That the United States should give the Philippine Islands their independence by the year 1930."

Pearl Stroughton, Margaret Spaight, and Oliver Ingersoll will do their utmost to out-talk the Cheney orators here, upholding the negative side of the question. They are pets of Mr. Rahskopf and might readily be termed "Pearl the Flowery," "Peggy the Forceful," and "Ollie the Convincing."

Mr. Rahskopf will accompany the affirmative team to Ellensburg, where the same question will be defended by Norma Rokes, Inga Bentson and Mason Hall.

Both teams are working "night and

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—B. S. N. S.—

FAREWELL CHIEFTAIN DRAMATIZED LEGEND

A DRAMATIZED LEGEND

by

GEORGIA POWELL GRAG

Assisted by

Bertha Crawford Belle Wallace
Cassie Cales

Plot, Miss Gragg.

Lines, Miss Gragg, Miss Wallace, Miss Cales, Miss Crawford.

Directed by: Miss Crawford and Miss Gragg.

Prexy—

On Seheme's sun kissed hillside,
By the sparkling, dancink waters,
Stood the wigwam of Wokesape,
Spirit of Wisdom, keen Wokesape.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them.
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big Sea Water.
There the good and learned Spirit
Heard the whispering of the great gods,
Whispering, murmuring from the Heavens.

Heard the pleading of her children,

(Continued on Page Five)

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NOTED PIANIST TO BE AT ASSEMBLY WEDNESDAY

The Normal Auditorium will be the scene of one of the most entertaining and interesting musical events on Wednesday evening, March 29, when Percy Grainger makes his appearance.

Just think! A world famed pianist and composer who has appeared in the greatest concert halls of both Europe and America, is to honor us with his most unusual talent.

He is said to be the greatest interpreter in the world. He has also proved himself a master of high attainments and this concert promises to be one of the biggest features offered Normal students this year.

Let us show our appreciation and loyalty by supporting this function. That is the way to get more of them. No one can afford to miss it.

NORMAL ALUMNI HONORS DR. NASH

(Continued From Page One)

well to our Chieftain." The program was prepared by Miss Georgia Gragg, Miss Wallace, Miss Crawford, and Miss Cales.

It might be interesting to note that Miss Gragg, Miss Crawford and Miss Cales are alumni of the Washington State Normal School. Miss Crawford and Miss Gragg are members of the present faculty and of the Alumni committee, while Miss Cales is a former member of the faculty. Miss Wallace has been a member of the faculty for the past two years.

The drawing room scene was a characteristic Indian setting. The lights had been dimmed and the glow of the fireplace (arranged as a campfire) enveloped the room in a dim red. Before the campfire was a tepee and a number of "braves." As soon as the Alumni had assembled, the girls of the Junior high school, in Indian costume, danced to the strains of a minor Indian melody.

In typical Indian fashion, homage was given Dr. Nash by members of the Alumni, in form of an acoustic that spelled "President Nash." The long biography of Dr. Nash, which was written after the fashion of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," were given by the following:

Camp-Fire Girls	Junior High School
By the Waters of Minnetonka	
Katherine Myers	
Prexy	Mrs. O. N. Munn
Rally	Paul Washke
Efficiency	Ruth Layshon
Stormy Seas	Amanda Nessen
Indian Songs, Cadman	
Harrison Raymond	
Normal Growth	Leonard Anstett
Assistance	Pearl Nessen
Songs of Service	Bessmarie Alexander
Home Fires	Mrs. Richard
Sky Blue Water	Mrs. H. W. Spratley
Hail to Our Chief	Audience

As the last note died away, Mr. Foster, attired as an Indian chief and with a redman's manner presented Dr. Nash with the farewell token of the Alumni. The gift was a beautifully framed picture of Curtis' celebrated "A Vanishing Race." Dr. Nash was very much moved and expressed his sincere appreciation of their courtesies and support of the schools. He said that he would take with him fond memories of his seven years at Bellingham, and especially of the Alumni banquet, which, he said, was like a fairyland. The banquet closed with an informal gathering in the drawing room.

—B. S. N. S.—

DR. G. W. NASH IS GIVEN A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT

Dr. Nash was very much surprised at the Friday assembly to be presented with a beautiful pair of cuff links, expressing the love and admiration of the Student Body. "I have called on Mr. Haeske so many times for announcements that it has become a matter of course. Had I known of his mission on the platform, I would have hesitated in calling upon him," stated Dr. Nash. "I wish to thank each and all of you people. This is an occasion where words cannot express my appreciation. I shall wear these cuff links with the greatest of pleasure and they will always bring back loving memories of the Bellingham Normal. Your new president is a wonderful man, with many qualities which I have not nor never will possess. It is my sincere hope that you will all stand behind him and that each one put forth his greatest effort in keeping the name the B. S. N. S. possesses from coast to coast.

Appreciations

Mason Hall—"A man's greatness is judged by the number of friends he has. It has always been most significant to me that everyone feels he has in Dr. Nash a true friend."

Harold Gaslin—"Dr. Nash since coming here has done much for the good of the school. Many improvements, such as Eden's Hall, the heating plant, and the electric lights on the campus, are due to his influence and untiring effort. He has always been in favor of athletics of all kinds, and has been willing to lend a helping hand."

Ella Norling—"A man well worth knowing."

Anne Brannick—"A true friend to every Normal student."

Mabel Miller—"In all the years that I have known Dr. Nash, he has been, to me, a steadfast, true friend."

Carroll Haeske—"A good sport."

Alberta Bateman: "We shall miss Dr. Nash's big smile, but we wish him every success."

Albertina Pierson—"His cheery smile will be greatly missed around this institution."

Glady's E. Parr—"May the greatest of success be yours, Dr. Nash."

Sam S. Ford—"Dr. Nash has filled his position so desirably that he will be difficult to replace."

Roscoe Altman—"I have always found Dr. Nash sympathetic and helpful. He treats his students as his friends. I know that in his new work he will make many new friends and I hope that if possible he will be even more successful than he has been here."

Estill Cain—"Dr. Nash has always stood for the upbuilding of our school, and the success of the 1922 Klipsun will be due to his efforts and wherever he may go we will know that he is a booster for the B. S. N. S."

Robert Caulkins—"Never have I had a truer friend."

Roy Twent: "He has taken an active part in all school work. As long as I have known him he has put forth his best efforts in all departments of our school."

Helen Goke—"A larger part of the success of the Junior play is due to Dr. Nash's hearty support."

Ruth Wenz—"In Dr. Nash's severance of connection with the Normal we feel that our school and community loses one of the most enthusiastic leader of leaders, worker, and booster it has been our privilege to work with."

Vida Lewis—"Normal won't seem like Normal, when Dr. Nash is gone."

Dr. Miller speaks the sentiment of the faculty as follows: "A man of vision, enthusiasm, and tireless energy, sparing not himself in any task to which he sets himself; a man of great moral earnestness, holding spiritual and social values as the great finalities; sincere; nothing in life or character that needs to be concealed; an idealist; holding money cheap when spent in the service of mankind; a dreamer of dreams, yet practical in their realization; exercising the authority of a great position, yet as one who serves; democratic; accessible to the humblest student, employee, or teacher; large hearted; appreciating friendship and giving warm human sympathy to all who come to him in need of it; appreciative of all that is best in every man, he has built an enduring foundation in the Bellingham Normal School which cannot be destroyed. We need him here. We do not see how we can let him go, but we rejoice with him in the call to a larger service."

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TULIP QUEEN APPEARS BEFORE KIWANIS CLUB

Last Wednesday, at the luncheon of the Kiwanis club at the Hotel Leopold, two of the contestants for Tulip Queen appeared, the candidate from the high school and our candidate. Carroll Haeske introduced the Normal candidate and Principal Clark of the Whatcom high school introduced their candidate. "Tina" Pearson was cheered to the echo when she was presented. Ellen Reep, accompanied by Mary McNally sang several of her beautiful solos.

Last Monday, Miss Pearson was presented at the American Legion dance, and the ex-soldiers "raised the roof" with cheers (in the words of Wade Bristol). If all this good work keeps up, Tina has the throne cinched.

—B. S. N. S.—

EXCURSION SATURDAY TO OUR EIGHTY ACRES

Have you seen your eighty acres yet? The land on Lake Whatcom that was purchased by the Student's Association last fall? If not, take a cup, toothpick, and some "grub" and report at Elk and Holly streets at 9:00 o'clock Saturday. The Lake Whatcom car will take us as far as Whatcom Falls park, and then—a matter of some three miles along the shores of Lake Whatcom to the Association property. Boats can be rented at Geneva for twenty-five cents for the entire day, and those that would rather exercise their arms than their legs can take advantage of this. All the boys that go are requested to bring axes so the trail can be properly blazed. Oh, yes. We have to blaze the trail. The two times that the Board of Control went out to the land the members lost their way—and they were under the leadership of professors Kolstadt and Bond, both expert woodsmen and pathfinders.

The clubs of the school should be getting busy in the matter of "scaring up" funds to build their lodges. The original plan was to have a big central lodge or pavilion and surrounding it the lodges of the clubs. There is enough fir on the "80" for a few dozen log cabins.

So, if you haven't anything else to do, and even if you do have, put it off and take the electric special to the Lake. Mr. Kolstadt will serve as guide and official coffee maker.

Of course, in case J. Pluvius comes along with his rain bucket on Saturday the hike will have to be postponed.



MRS. GEO. W. NASH.

**FAREWELL CHIEFTAIN
DRAMATIZED LEGEND**

(Continued From Page One)

Pleading long for love and guidance.

When the moon rose o'er the waters,
And the starlight bathed the hillside,
To the doorway of Woksape,
Came there couriers from the people,
Anxious couriers pleading bravely.
"We have come to crave your blessing,
Come to win your friendly favor
For our kinsmen on the hilltop,
Yearning there for greater knowledge.
We have schools and tools a-plenty,
We have students many waiting,
But the hallways seem deserted,
Lacking there the guiding vision.
Send us now a Strong-heart Chieftain,
Who will lead us on and upward."

Taking down the Torch of Knowledge,
Lighting it with steady fingers,
Striding through the open doorway,
Hurried on the keen eyed Spirit.
Up and down the land she wandered,
Searching here and peering yonder,
Trailing on the steps of wise men,
Watching, waiting for the Leader.
Thus it was that he was chosen,
Chosen from the ranks of strong men,
From the crowded, stifling Eastland,
For the broader, freer Westland,
Here to lead and guide the children,
Here to be both friend and counsellor.

Rally—
I shall tell you of the Rally,
Of the great and glorious Rally,
Which shall echo down the ages.

When the dusk witch touched the valleys,
When the fireflies flashed their lanterns,
High upon the rugged hilltops,
Beacon lights gave forth their signals,
Signals for a grand reunion,
Signals of a Chieftain's coming.

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
From the farms and from the seashore,
Came the warriors of the nation,
All the warriors drawn together,
By the call of the Wise Spirit.
From the stillness and the darkness,
On the clear, transparent waters,
Came a birch canoe asailing,

At the bow the Chosen Chieftain.

Then the tomtoms beat their music,
Beat their weird, fantastic music,
As the dancers circled nearer,
Circled in and circled outward,
Chanting clear these words of greeting.
There has come to us a leader,
A Deliverer of the Nation,
Who shall guide us and shall teach us,
Who shall toil and suffer with us.
We will follow in his footsteps,
Where he leads us we will follow.

As they planned their work together,
As they pledged themselves to service,
As they smoked the friendly Peace Pipe,
Sunbeams kissed the distant skyline,
Darkness vanquished by the new light.
Then they rose to greet the sunrise,
Greet the steady, glowing sunrise,
With their hearts filled full of glory,
Filled with promise of a new day.
Thus it was they rallied round him,
Rallied round their Great Chief Strong Heart,
Pledged to him their loyal friendship,
As he came to labor with them,
To advance the cause of learning.

Efficiency—
On the hilltop the Great Chieftain,
Faced the duties of a new day.
Gazed he westward on the waters,
On the peaceful, sapphire waters.
"Give me of your depth and broadness,
Of your calm and peaceful spirit,
So that I may lead with patience,
All the young who seek my guidance."

Turning then, he faced the mountain,
Faced our stately, snowy mountain,
Rising there a strong-armed sentinel,
Guardian of Our Halls of Learning.
"Give me of your strength, O Baker,
Of your strong, immobile spirit,
So that I may serve with justice
All those seeking counsel with me."

So, with steadfast heart and humble,
Worked he in the Halls of Learning.
Prayed for greater skill in loving,
Prayed for greater skill in giving,
Prayed for profit of his people,
For advantage of his nation.
Then he called them all together,
Called the students all together.
In the spacious Halls of Council,
Sat they round in friendly fashion,
Talked as brother unto brother.
Bound he them with cords of friendship,

Bound them tight with cords of friendship.

We are here in God's own country,
We have here a perfect setting
For a noble school of learning,
For a school of fame and grandeur.
We shall watch and tend it carefully,
Warm it with the rays of kindness,
Pluck out all the weeds of malice,
Till its fame shall roll like thunder,
Roll and crash like peals of thunder,
From the North unto the Southland,
From the eastern coast to western,
Till the fairest of fair daughters,
Till the strongest of all strong men,
Shall come knocking at its portals,
Shall come begging for admission.

Then he gave them playgrounds many,
Taught them games of skill and prowess,
Taught them how to run and wrestle,
How to leap and run and wrestle,
How to swim and dive with pleasure,
How to bring home many trophies,
Trophies of a clean fought battle,
Till their bodies grew like pine trees,
Straight and supple—full of vigor.

Like a mansion standing empty,
Bleak and bare and full of dullness,
Is a frame of bodily vigor
With no guiding mind to steer it.
So he gave to them good teachers,
Wise and faithful, earnest teachers,
Leading them in paths of learning,
Paths best fitted to their talents,
Till at last there rose to greet us
Supermen of mind and muscle.

Supermen of mind and muscle,
Builders of our nation's glory.
But the pulse of the whole structure
Is the soul which fights and wins.
So he gave to them high standards,
Inspirations that would guide them,
Showing them the wondrous beauty,
Of the life to service given.

Till they caught the shining vision,
That would ever guide and lead them,
So it was they always found him,
Ever building up his nation,
Ever working for his people,
Working for the cause of progress,
Fighting all the foes which threatened,
Smoothing out all difficulties,
Entering many fields of service,
Never failing in his duties,
Calmly resting in the memory
Of a noble, faithful service.

Stormy Seas—

Then he started for the pow-wow,
Started for the great Law Council,
At the place men call Olympia,
Where the mighty chieftans gather,
Here to make laws for their people.

Here they gathered from the cities,
From the villages and hamlets,
From beyond the line of mountains,
From the borders of great rivers
And the shining Big-Sea waters,
Gathered here the Mighty Council.
Here the burden of his people
Each chief laid before the Council
For the Chieftains to consider,
Each one showed where his was heaviest,
Each one asked for a greater portion
Of the common fund provided,
That should give him an advantage
When he went back to his people.

Then up rose our great Chief Strong-Heart,
Laid HIS claim before the Council,
Told the needs of education
For the many youths and maidens
Who come seeking Wisdom's teachings.
From his lips fell words persuasive,
As he spoke in accents simple,
Speaking many words of wisdom,
Making many telling speeches,
To convince the Great Law Council
Of his children's need for learning.

(Continued on Page Six)

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Then there rose a mighty tumult,
Like the stormy seas in winter,
When the storm swoops down upon
them,
And the winds are wild and angry,
And the waves dash high with fury,
As each struggled for a hearing,
Begging for a larger portion
Of the monies in the treasury.
Then the Chieftan, heavy hearted

Might have faltered in his purpose,
Might have weakened and grown weary,
If his Counsellor, Board of Trustees,
Had not given words of courage,
Had not cheered him with their counsel,
So the Chieftan, the Strong-Hearted
Looking toward the snowy mountain,
Toward the beautiful Tahoma,
Seemed to draw an inspiration,
Secret strength and help came to him,
As he looked upon the mountain.

Once again he rose in Council,
Once again he spoke in Council,
Spoke to them in voice majestic,
As the sound of many waters,
Falling into deep abysses.

"Listen now, O Chiefs and Chieftans.
You have wealth in lands and forests,
You have mighty timber standing,
And your streams are full of fishes,
And your mountains full of treasure;
You have fruits in great abundance,
Golden fruit and berries luscious,
Ripening harvests pour their treasures,
Ripening grains of wheat and barley—

Ample is your wealth, O Chieftans;
Lightly do you spend your substance,
For the pleasures of the moment;
Nobly would you pour your treasure,
Should the tom-tom sound the war-cry.
Why deny the call of Learning?
Why deny the call of Wisdom?
You must give to youth and maiden
The advantages of Learning
If you'd still maintain your places,
If you'd keep your nation prosperous.

Wisdom is the greatest treasure
That can come to any people;
Sunlight, moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Thus is Wisdom to her people..
All the nations bow before it,
All the nations seek it's counsel,
Give us means to teach this wisdom
That we may preserve our nation,
That our youth may grow in learning,
And our nation ever prosper."
Then the Council heard with favor,
Saw the wisdom of his pleading,
Gave him all he asked full gladly,
Sent him back rejoicing, gladdened,
That his people might have learning,
Might not fail for lack of learning.

Many moons since then he's labored,
Has the Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Spending of the nation's monies,
Spreading Wisdom 'mong his people.

Normal Growth—

Then the Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Needed teachers for his children,
So he went among his tribesmen

Seeking leaders for his people,
Who could lead the youths and maidens
Thru the mysteries of learning,
Make them able by their learning
To become in their turn teachers.
Went he searching thru the Eastland,
Thru the Northland and the Southland,
Thru the land of the Dakotas,
Searching for the wise and learned,
To assist him in the teaching
Of the eager youths and maidens
Who came crowding to his portals
To acquire the art of learning.

As the skies so gray and sullen,
Spill the snowflakes in the winter,
And they fall in countless numbers,
Thick and fast upon the hillsides;
So the eager youths and maidens
In their eagerness for learning,
Came in ever greater numbers
Seeking Wisdom's shining portals.

As the swelling buds in Springtime,
Crowd and burst their winter wrappings,
Burst and burst their winter wrappings,
Burst and reach for room to grow in,
As they feel new life surge thru them;
So it was the youths and maidens
Found themselves all cramped and
crowded,
Needing room for more expansion
As they came in greater numbers.

Then the Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Saw the need among his people;
Saw the need for greater buildings,
For the ever-growing numbers
Of the many youths and maidens
Who came thronging Wisdom's portals.

So Strong-Heart, the mighty chieftain,
Called unto him many workers,
Called the tribesmen and the workers.
To the cramped walls, spoke he, saying,
"Give my children room, O strong walls,
Give them room that they may gather,
Gather here in greater numbers."

So the walls spread wide and wider,
Adding north-wing, adding south wing,
Adding reading-room and kitchen,
Adding furnace-room and workshop,
Making more room for his children.

Thus the Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Once more solved his people's problems

Assistance—

To the Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Came a youth one day in trouble;
Sadness in his mien and manner,
In his heart a heavy burden.
He must leave the halls of learning,
No more sit in halls of learning.
To the Chieftain's questions answered,
That he there could stay no longer
As his savings were exhausted,
And he had no means to keep him
Longer in the halls of learning.

Heavy lay upon his conscience
The promise he had made his people
That he'd bring the torch of learning
Back to light his people's journeys,
That should light them in their darkness,
That they might not grope in darkness.

Then the Chieftain's heart was heavy,
Heavy with the young man's burden,
And he thought of many others
Who must leave the hall of learning
Lacking funds to keep them longer.
And he saw his hardest workers
Dropping from the ranks of teachers,
Just because there was no trust-fund,
Which in times of stress and trouble,
Might be borrowed by the needy.

Assistance—

To his lodge the youth he hastened,
To his lodge upon the hill side,
Showed the youth how he might earn
Food and lodging for the winter,
By attending to the camp-fires,
For the great Chief and his people.
So the youth returned rejoicing
To his studies with new courage.

Then the Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Set the facts all clear before them,

Called a council of the wise ones,
Told him how the youth came to him,
And for lack of means to keep him,
Would have given up his mission,
Would have failed to lead his people,
Into ways of light and learning.

While the Council sat and pondered
Ways and means to aid their children,
How to keep the youths and maidens
Longer in the halls of learning,
Came a voice that spoke with courage,
Said that he would give them vumpum,
Called it "Trust-Fund" he would give
them,

If they'd add an equal portion,
And entrust it to the Chieftain
For the youth of future ages.

Assistance—

Then the followers of Chief Strong-
Heart,
Who had left the halls of learning,
Having staid their full time training,
Sent a message, loud and eager,
"Let us also help, O Chieftain."
So the Trust-Fund grew and trebled.

Now may every youth and maiden
Follow, each, his noble calling;
Thus it was the great Chief Strong-
Heart,

Opened wide the gate of Learning.
Songs of Service—
On a sudden rose a war cloud,
Rose and covered all the heavens,
Rose and burst on men affrighted,
All unheeding, unsuspecting,
Till the hosts of war were marching,
Marching on the peaceful nations,
Spreading death and desolation,
Leaving black despair behind them.

O, the long and cruel warfare,
O, the fierce and cruel warfare;
O, the courage of the brave man,
O, the anguish of the women,
O, the wailing of the children,
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Grew the graves 'mid Flander's poppies;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Struck the sorrow into men's hearts,
Struck the blighting, blasting sorrow.
O, the long and cruel warfare,
O, the fierce and cruel warfare;
All the earth was blasted by it,
Felt the shock, and reeled, and stag-
gered.

Then our chieftain, the Strong-Hearted,
Found another task awaiting;
On his heart a heavy burden,
In his heart a mighty sorrow,
Sorrow for the men in battle,
Sorrow for the women waiting,
Sorrow for the little children,
For the little starving children.

Hard he labored in the homeland,
Day and night he toiled and labored,
Making speeches to the people;
Now he stirred their souls to passion;
Now he melted them to pity;
Urging all to show allegiance,
By the giving of their substance,
Buying bonds to help the war-cause—
"Victory Bonds" the people called them—
That the men who bore the burden
Where the battle raged the hottest,
Might have food and clothes and com-
forts.

That the little suffering children
Might not waste and want and perish.

How the people rallied to him,
How the people gathered round him,
How they poured their all before him,
Gold and silver without stinting,
Gave their treasured life-time savings,
Gave, and grudging not, for the war-cause.
High, and higher rose the war-fund,
Hard, and harder toiled Chief Strong-
Heart,
Giving time and strength and money,
Never asking what he gave not,
Always leading when he called them,
Urging, pleading, never resting,
Till at last there flashed the glad news,
Bellingham had raised its quota!
More than that—had over-past it!
Royally had the people answered!

(Continued on Page Seven)

15 DAYS, BEGINNING MARCH 24

All Normal School Student's Shoes Shined for 5c
Every 20th Customer Who Gets a 5c Shine Will Get a

Pair of Half Soles

F R E E

**LADIES
SHOE SHINING PARLORS**

With
GARLICK'S SHOE REPAIRING SHOP

203½ W. Holly St.

Next Door to Gage-Dodson

N. KARAHAELOS, Prop.

LIBERTY SHOE SHINING PARLOR

NEXT TO THE LIBERTY THEATRE

We Sell All Kinds of
SHOE POLISH, SHOE STRINGS AND BUTTONS

We Clean and Dye
All Kinds and Colors of Shoes

132 WEST HOLLY ST.

BELLINGHAM, WN.

JUKES

Photographer to
the Normal School.

Sunset Bldg. Cor. Elk and Holly

Rummage

Sale

in

TENNIS SHOES

AT LESS THAN COST

Students' Co-Op.

Gran'ma's Teeth

My gran'ma's teeth, they shake aroun'
An' fall out on the floor.
I find 'em stickin' in her brush,
N' lotsa places more.
So I just phoned down town to dad,
So when he starts for home.
He'll stop in at the ten cent store
N' get her a new comb.

OTHER GOOSE RHYMES.

I had a little "run-about"
And it with mud was gray.
It used a heap of gasoline
For which I had to pay.
I sold it to another guy,
For just two hundred bucks.
Now, if I wish to get a ride,
I hook it off'n trucks.

HEAR LA MARECHALE

LATE GEN. BOOTH'S ELDEST DAUGHTER



MARCH 19

TO

APRIL 9

MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH-CLIBORN

"The World's Greatest Woman Preacher"

Call them heroes, who in battle,
Gave their all to free the nations,
Gave their all to crush the tyrant.
There ARE heroes; do them honor,
Sing for them your highest praises,
Pay to them your highest tributes.
But for those who toiled in homeland,
Serving in the humbler places,
Where no crown of honor waited,
Is there not for them some glory?
Shall we not call them, too, heroes?
Heroes? Yes, he is a hero,
Who without a thought of glory,
Gave himself in loving service,
Kept the home-fires burning brightly,
Though no stripes be won in battle,
Though no croix de guerre be granted.
So I sing the songs of service,
Of our Chieftain, the Strong-Hearted
As he labored in the homeland
In our nation's day of peril.

Home Fires—

Then unto our noble Chieftain
Was vouchsafed another vision.
Once again the Spirit called him
To another mighty service.

Long he labored, planned, and counselled,
With the vision still before him,
Beckoning still to urge him onward,
Till at last the monies granted
Gave him leave his task to forward.
To the fir tree spake he, asking,
"Give us of your wood, O, Fir Tree,"
Of your straight-grained wood, O, Fir

Tree,
Help us to fulfill our vision."
To the quarry spoke he, asking,
"Give us of your rock and granite,
Give us of your sand and limestone,
Help us to fulfill our vision."
To the toilers spoke he, asking,
"Give us of your craft, O, Workmen,
Labor for us with your prowess,
With your cunning craft and prowess,
Help us to fulfill our vision."
So at last there rose on Sehome,
On the hillside of old Sehome,
Rose a dwelling fair and spacious,
"Edens Lodge" they named the dwelling.
Dark behind it looms the fir trees,
Fir trees with the cones upon them;
Bright below it beat the waters,
Beat the shining Big-Sea waters.
Not a spot in all the broad land
Fairer than this Sehome hill side.
Thus the mighty work was finished.
Now his children are not homeless
When they leave their homes behind
them,
Coming here to halls of learning,
But may gather round the Home Fires,
Here find shelter, home and comfort.

Now our Chieftain's task is finished,
Wider fields have called him from us,
Now he goes to higher service;
Visions of a greater service.
Though our hearts are sad at parting,
We are glad we've had him with us,
Glad we've known our Chieftain Strong-
Heart.

And we clasp his hand in parting—
That strong hand so oft extended,
Helping, lifting, gladdening, cheering,
With a heart of love behind it—
Clasp his hand and bid him God speed.

Presentation Speech—
Chieftain of Our Halls of Learning,
We, the Alumni, rise to greet you.
You have heard our songs of praises,
Heard our songs of love and praises.
We have tried to tell a portion,
Of the gratitude we owe you,
Gratitude for love and guidance,
Gratitude for faithful service.
We are proud of you, O Chieftain,
Of the school that you have built here.
Of the splendid, worthwhile students,
Yearly coming here to study,
Of the growth of our dear Normal,
Of its fame throughout the country.
As you go to higher service,
Service of your Master's calling,
You will leave behind you friendships,
Friendships that no space can sever,
So we bring to you this token,
Token of that endless friendship
May it bring you happy memories,
Memories of our years together.



Latest Hits

In Sheet Music:

"SHE'S A MEAN JOB"

In Columbia Record:

"TELL HER AT TWILIGHT"

THE MELODY SHOP

207 W. Holly St.

"The Shop of Personal Service"

BASEBALL MATERIAL TURNING OUT FOR THE FIRST PRACTICE

SAM CARVER PRAYS FOR GOOD WEATHER

Coach Sam Carver has his men going thru the preliminaries of baseball and states that the material is very promising and that he looks for a good season. The pitching end of the team for this year will be held up by McComas, Rankin, Lindstedt, Stowell and Jenne.

These men form a "mound" aggregation of no small account. The twirlers, in their workouts, are all showing up to good form. The home plate will be covered by Knowlton, Kepinger and Zander, all of whom have had former experience.

The bases and fields will be guarded by the best men out of two groups. The first group includes men with some previous experience while the second consists of men out to make good. In the first group are: Vanderford, Allen, Rue Bristol, Gasland, King, Dunn, McDonald, Radcliffe and Blaney.

The second group has Burke, Tallman, Bjyman and Nyman. Those who will represent the Normal first team could soon be picked if old man Jupe would take a vacation. Coach Carver has no schedule as yet planned but expectations are that the Normal will play two games with the University of Washington Freshmen, one or more games with St. Martin's College and possibly a game with Sedro-Woolley and Mt. Vernon.

There is also a possibility that games will be played with Whatcom and Fairhaven high schools. Practice games will be played between the scheduled games so the teams will be kept quite busy. With Carver as coach, promising material, new suits and dry weather, the Normal will be a baseball demon to fear.

—B. S. N. S.—

WHATCOM ALUMNI IS DEFEATED BY WHATCOM

The Whatcom Alumni girls played a very lively game Thursday evening with the Whatcom girls and were defeated by a score of 22-10. The girls put up a strong fight but the Whatcom sextette proved too much for them.