

LOWELL LEADER

APRIL, 1926

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

VOL. I, No. 2

CAMEFIRE AND FIREFLIES HOLDS GRAND COUNCIL FIRE APRIL 17

April 17, 1926, the Campfire Girls of Bellingham will hold a grand Council Fire in the auditorium of Whatcom High School. Prizes will be awarded to those who make the best fudge, cake and pie. Also there is a prize to the one who can best recite the Campfire Girls' Creeds. At that time the Fireflies will become Campfire girls. Honors will be given later on and there will be a cake, pie and fudge sale.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 6, the Onaway Fireflies met at the home of June Headrick. Honors were taken. Roll called and business was discussed. Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.

MARVEL TWISS, 6A.

We have a Good Citizen Club to teach us thrift, order, health, safety and beauty. We also have programs. Some people tell jokes, some tell riddles, and some act plays. The first month the officers were: President, Jean MacIntyre; vice president, Louise McKinnes; secretary, Robert Miller. Officers for second month: President, Evelyn Thurston; vice president, Wesley Brooks; secretary, Louise McKinnes. Two people are on each committee. Thrift committee tells us about thrift. Order they tell about order; health, they tell about health; safety, they tell about safety first; beauty, they tell about beauty.

EVELYN THURSTON, 4B.

The 8A girls and boys of Miss Johnson's room are trying to keep the school yard clean. The girls are working in the flower beds and have worked very hard. Please help them by keeping away from the flower beds and by putting orange peelings and apple cores and other garbage into the garbage cans.

LILLIAN HAGGEN,
7A, Lowell School.

Marvell Twiss of 6A has been confined to her bed with illness but is able to return to school.

WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

Out where a crescent coast line bends
Out where the West begins and ends,
Around an island-dotted bay,
Winds Chuckanut and Tulip Way.

Out where the grass is always green;
Out where the tulip reigns supreme;
Out where a salt tang fills the air,
Lies Bellingham beyond compare.

Out near the ocean's creamy foam,
Some day you'll come and build a home;
Out where you'll never say "goodbye,"
Out where you'll want to live and die.

God made a spot for you and me;
Out where the sun sinks in the sea;
Where, in the golden afterglow,
The white-winged gulls sail to and fro.

Out where the twilight lingers long,
As if reluctant to be gone;
Out where the glorious northern light
Shoots amber shafts into the night.

Out where the soft sea breezes creep,
Thru open casements while you sleep,
When, all too soon, the night is gone,
And birds are heralding the dawn.

Come out with us and play—or stay
In Bellingham, out on the bay,
The rainbow's pot of gold, dear friends,
Is where the West begins—and ends.

Unintentionally the following teachers' names were omitted from the list of faculty members in our March issue. We ask pardon and wish to print the following names:

Mrs. Minnie Thomas, who has charge of an ungraded room; Miss Baxter, domestic science; Mr. Fisher, manual training.

8A CIVICS CLASS STUDY BOTANY

The civics class of the 8A room enjoyed a short study in botany Monday, March 18, when Miss Nielsen, the civics teacher, entertained them with her collections of about one hundred and twenty-five red, green and brown algae specimens, which she collected while taking a course at the biological station of the University of Washington at Friday Harbor.

KATHLEEN LEE, 8A.

On account of mumps and influenza there are numerous absences in the 6A.

THE WOWATONG TRIANGLE OF GIRL RESERVES EN- JOYS SPLASH PARTY

The Wowatong Triangle of Girls Reserve met at the Y. W. C. A. Tuesday, March 30, for a splash party. The dinner, consisting of weiniers, hamburger steak, buns, cookies, pickles and jello, was served at 5:30. A few songs were sung and Miss Brown entertained with ukelele selections. At 7:30 the girls went home after having a most enjoyable time.

PRESIDENT ELNORA ENGELBRETSON.

The boys of the seventh and eighth grades have organized a glee club, of which Billy Malmquist was elected president. The boys who were chosen by Miss Bergstrom were allowed to be in the club. Every Friday they practice. They are progressing rapidly and will be ready to appear in assembly in about a month.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lowell P. T. A. was held in the auditorium on Wednesday evening, March 17, at 8 o'clock. A vocal trio from the 8B Class, consisting of Dorothy Montgomery, Mary Shaw and Josephine Kindall, entertained with a song. Francis Brockman of the 7A Class, pleased the audience with a well executed violin selection. Superintendent Wiedman then gave an explanation of the aims and organization of the Junior High School or Intermediate School. Among other things he explained that the Board of Education had adopted the principles of the Junior High School and would try to apply these principles in the organization of the work of the seventh and eighth grades at Lowell and the Roeder schools. We are sure that this will prove a great benefit to us here at Lowell and we will do all in our power to cooperate with the Board of Education and superintendent in introducing the Junior High School work here next year.

The Onaway Club of Campfire Girls will have its next meeting at the Junior Music Club.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF COURTESY

There is nothing that brings as much joy to everybody in general as does courtesy.

Early in life children should be taught to be courteous to each other in play, then as they grow older it would be perfectly natural for them to be courteous always. Children forget that when they are rude and fail to be courteous it reflects on their parents.

Coarse and unrefined people even admire those who are courteous. Success in any line of business or in social intercourse depends greatly upon courtesy, and the man or woman who has made this a big thing in life since childhood has something which is admired by everyone.

HELEN M. STARK, 8A.

When two strangers meet opinions of each other are immediately formed. They are either one of two things, that is, either good or bad.

Of course, all of us want to appear well in the minds of strangers. There is only one real way to do this and that is by being courteous. People go out and meet strangers, some are polite and well bred, others act rudely and seem bored. Naturally the ones who are polite are talked about in the homes, but nothing is said of the people who are rude except, perhaps, a few occasional remarks as, "I don't see how anyone can stand that man," or "He hasn't it in him."

In other words, whether we are polite and courteous has a great deal to do with our reputations.

HARRY CAMPBELL, 8A.

Pupils do not always realize the noise they are making.

When there is no teacher left in charge of the room pupils may think that they can have a little fun. There is no reason for pupils

saying teachers are cross or cranky when they do not show a least bit of respect to them. Throwing erasers, paper or pencils around the room and making noise is enough to cause anyone to be disgusted. When there is no one left in charge of a room, pupils should be at their best.

It is not only for the pupils' own benefit to be obedient but think of the reputation each room could have if every one was at his best. It would also make the teacher happier to see an orderly room.

ELNORA ENGBRETSON, 8A.

HOW I CAN IMPROVE THE LOWELL SCHOOL GROUNDS

I can improve the Lowell School grounds by not throwing things on the grounds, by picking things up and by telling smaller children not to throw things on the grounds. If my teachers asked me to help I should be willing to. When I am playing I should not run and jump over bushes nor step on flowers. I should not throw or break glass on the school grounds. In these ways I could improve and help keep the Lowell School grounds clean.

LECELLE LIND, 7A2.

Would you care to have visitors come here and hear some of the rude remarks of the children of Lowell school when on the playgrounds or in the rooms? Why not try to be polite and see how much better it is? Let us make the school something to be proud of.

ELLEN KILHAMER, 8A2.

DOES POLITENESS PAY?

One day as Bob was going through the woods on his way from school he heard a woof! woof! behind him. He turned around to see a huge bear coming up the path. He was frightened but he tried not to show it.

Just then he remembered the topic they had in English that day at school, which was, "Does Politeness Pay?" He said to himself:

"I shall try it and find out." So he took off his hat and stepped to one side of the path and said, "Good evening, Mr. Bear." The bear gave him a funny look and trotted on down the path.

When Bob reached home and told his father about the bear, and then added, "Well, I believe polite-

ness does pay or the bear would have chased me."

CAROLYN GRIFFITH, 8A.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

What do you think of a fellow that has a grouch on all the time? Don't you feel like giving him a good whipping?

If some one comes along and bumps into you, don't get angry, just say, "That's all right," or turn around and let him bump the other side.

When you're playing ball and you want to play "sides" and all the rest want to play something else, do what the majority wants. Always practice sportsmanship.

CLINTON VIERECK, 8A.

The Girls' Literary Society in Miss Crull's room gave a program last Friday, March 26. A chorus of girls with Margaret Altose at the piano, sang the song of "Peter Pan." Elvira Westin sang a vocal solo, "Our Tulip Town on the Bay." Besides several recitations, two girls dressed in Irish costumes did an Irish dance.

The Boys' Literary Society expect to show the girls what they can do on April 9th.

Miss Crull's room is working hard to get blue birds in the "U. S. Citizens' Club," they being harder to capture than red stars. The 5A class is visiting many places in their trip around the world.

Wallace Farnsworth of 6A left Saturday for Alaska, where he will join his mother.

Lowell girls played Silver Beach a practice game at Fairhaven Park April 7. Lowell was defeated by Silver Beach, 13 to 26.

LENA HAICHEL,
7A Class, Lowell.

A vaudeville was given by the Larrabee P. T. A. Tuesday, April 6, 1926. It was held at the Lowell school.

Pupils of the Larrabee dressed like negroes sang songs. Three one-act plays were given. Miss Donna Lehman delighted the audience with a reading. The performance was brought to a close with selections by the Victoria Hotel orchestra.

FANNY AUGUSTSON,
7A Class, Lowell.

WHY WE SHOULD BE PROUD TO LIVE IN BELLINGHAM

You like Seattle, you love Tacoma, but you live in Bellingham.

Bellingham is a city of opportunity. What else would you wish than to live in Bellingham, with woods and mountains back of you, and the beautiful Bellingham Bay with its Chuckanut Drive at the front?

Annually in the spring this city (known as "Tulip Town" because of the wonderful tulips grown here) has a Tulip Festival when many of the flowers are in bloom. This festival draws many outsiders. A queen is chosen to reign over the festivities. This year the festival is to be held during the sixth, seventh and eighth of May. School children play games and do exercise drills. The exhibition of grade school children takes place at Battersby Field, where many spectators are drawn.

This year the queen receives a trip to Europe, where she will be made known while passing through the United States and Europe.

Bellingham has many recreational spots. Swimming, picnics, hiking excursions to the islands and sometimes best of all a nice quiet evening at home working in the yard or watching the sunset are to be enjoyed here.

Bellingham has wonderful play grounds for children, tourist parks for tourists and drives for all of us. In the midst of the city there is beautiful Sehome Hill, with its circling drive. From the top you can see mountains, lakes, islands, the bay, the city which lies below at your feet.

Bellingham has another name other than "Tulip Town." It is often spoken of as the "City of Sunsets."

The place to live is where you can be happy and have pleasant surroundings and Bellingham meets these needs.

GENEVIEVE GREEN, 8A1.

COMMON THINGS TO BE HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL

We often hear Roy Chase walking down the hall. Bang! Bang! Carl Swartwood trying to tell the teachers what to do. Mr. Hoof lecturing for a whole period now and then. Miss Johnson saying, "Well, get to work now. Push, pull, push, pull." Miss Neilson, "Well, have you your civics for today?" Stannard Beard laughing. Clinton Viereck telling jokes. Bob Hawley chewing gum.

ROBERT DUNN, 8A1.

WHAT IF THESE NAMES WERE CHANGED A BIT?

How would it sound if Billie Malmquist were Mang instead of Billie, Alice Straight instead of Curly, Lucille a Hunter not a Fisher, Eugene Black instead of White, and Genevieve Yellow instead of Greene? Would we like Bob as well if he were a Thorne instead of a Hawley, or Helen a Crow

instead of a Stork? Can you imagine Alan a Boot instead of a Slipper, or Henry a Flag instead of a Banner, Genevieve a Duck instead of a Schwan, Stannard a Mustache instead of a Beard?

Would we want our Campbell to become Harry Heinz or our magazine (Collier) to become Billie Saturday Evening Post?

ROBERT DUNN, 8A1.

I WONDER WHY

My papa gave me a whipping
'Cause I didn't do my work;
But when I'm in his office,
I sometimes see him shirk!

One day he came out to the woodshed
And looked at me and said,
"Since you didn't do your work today
You'll have to go to bed."

He says 'tis all for my own good,
And I just wonder why
'Cause all the good it is to me
Is to make me kick and cry.

GRACE FISHER, 5A.

A CLOSE CALL

I was neary out of breath. The Indians had been chasing me for two long hours. Over hill and dale I had been running never being able to entirely escape them. They were close behind now, almost at my heels. I had been running along the top of a hill. I turned around to see if they had gained any. I found myself falling. I had fallen over the edge of a cliff. I awoke and found myself on the floor.

MELVIN FLORENCE, 7A1.

Scene—A public library.

Characters—Spoiled child (Freddie); Fond Mother, Librarian.

Mother (to librarian)—Here is little Freddie. He has just learned to read and he wants a book.

Librarian—Look, Freddie, here are some children's books. (Goes to shelf for small children).

(Meanwhile Freddie appears bored.)

Mother—Look, Freddie, here is a nice book.

Freddie (indignantly)—I don't want that one. I want this one (picks up a book, looks at it). No, I don't either (throws it on the floor).

Librarian—Here is a book which I think Freddie will like; see that pretty picture, Freddie?

Freddie (loudly)—I don't like that book and I won't take it.

Librarian—You must tell your child not to talk so loudly in this library.

Mother—Yes, Freddie, you must be quiet in a library.

Freddie (loudly)—I don't like this place and I want to go home.

Mother—But don't you want a book? Look, here is a nice one about fairies.

Freddie (beginning to cry)—I want to go home.

Mother—Come Freddie. (Then to librarian) I think we must go. Freddie isn't feeling well today.

(Exit mother and Freddie.)

Librarian (after they have gone)—Well, I'm glad they have gone. (Begins picking up books and returning them to the shelves.)

(Curtain)

FRANCIS WILSON, 8A.

JOHN AND TIM IN THE KAYAK

One Saturday morning we started for a small cruise around the islands in our small two-seated kayak.

The sun was shining brightly and the air was slightly cold because we had started early.

With our sail set we started in the direction of Deception Pass. When we were in the middle of the bay a small gale came up. It made our boat go so fast we couldn't turn around, so we headed straight into Deception Pass. We saw a large whirlpool ahead. We were heading straight for it. Closer and closer we came. Finally we hit it. It was as wide as our boat was long. We started to go down. We went down, down until we hit the bottom. Luckily the sand was very soft and it did not injure our boat. We waited about two hours for it to close in so we could go up to the top. Finally we were hungry, so we found a few dry pieces of wood and started a fire. We cooked bacon and eggs. By that time the water had started to close in so we got into our kayak. The water started to whirl us up to the top but just then I awoke and found that I was doing the Charleston in my bedroom.

TOM WYCKOFF, 7A.

AN INTERESTING HIKE

It was 5 o'clock in the morning when I woke from a deep sleep to hear some boys yelling and shaking me, trying to awaken me. They had a hard time of it, but finally succeeded and I was soon dressed and ready. We ate breakfast and stepped out into the morning air and were on our way. We walked up a steep slope for several miles, then stopped to rest and to view the scenery. We could see nothing but gullies, knolls, and rocks. We started to walk again and soon reached our destination, which was a small lake with good fishing and duck hunting. There was a good beach for swimming and for landing a small boat that was in a cabin near by. We made camp and then set out to have a good time. Some went fishing, others swimming, and the lazy ones slept. The afternoon passed and we cooked our dinner and then sat around the camp fire and told stories until it was time to go to bed. The last thing I heard before I went to sleep was the howl of a coyote calling for its mate.

LLOYD NEWEL, 8A2.

MY GREATEST SCARE

The Time—The summer of 1925, July 20, midnight.

The Place—Alaska Icy Straits in a very narrow inlet.

We were just leaving this little inlet for the hunting grounds of the fish. I was sleeping in my bunk (or bed) when we hit something. Three seconds later I heard four bells (which meant danger, full speed backward).

I dressed quickly, then went upon the deck where I stood staring. I saw my father at the wheel, an iceberg at the bow which I could touch with my hand and in the stern a large, thick rope extending out into the night. I asked my father where it led. He told me that it led to another boat which was being caught between two icebergs. We were expecting a hole in our boat every minute. We broke two or three ropes before we succeeded in pulling the boat from between the icebergs. The men worked hard trying to prevent the boat from being struck. For an hour we moved forward and backward, doing our best to prevent our boat from striking ice. A piece of ice struck us on the side which shook the whole boat, broke the left guard of the boat. With a good strong rope we tied to the other boat behind us. After going about two rods we heard the engine of the other boat starting, the rope was being pulled on our deck. We moved forward, then waited for the other boat to join us, then we started toward the hunting grounds. Every one was happy and thankful no lives had been lost, and we were again ready for a hard day's work.

TONY MARDESICK, 8A2.

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT

One day a girl friend of mine was out trying her roller skates. When I saw her I said to myself, "That looks so easy I'd like to try. I'll bet it's the easiest thing I ever tried."

Soon my friend came up to me and asked me if I cared to try. Of course, I was ready. Then she handed me the skates. I strapped them on and when I stood up I nearly fell. I said, "I'm going to do just as you did." I then took two long strides and down I went! I tell you pavement is not a very soft place to land!

I found out then that skating isn't as easy to do as it looks.

MARGARET EINARSON, 8A1.

MY GREATEST SCARE

One night three of us boys were sitting out on a small cliff telling ghost stories. One of the boys was telling an exciting story, when some tin cans came rolling down the bank. The cans made considerable noise. We surely did scoot up the bank and run to Jack's house. The next day we learned that one of the neighbors had heard us telling stories and had thrown the cans over the bank to frighten us.

WALLACE D. SIMONDS, 8A1.

NO MORE RIDES FOR ME

One day last spring I read how men came down from an airplane in a parachute. I thought it would be quite easy so I took some sacks and sewed them together and tied some rope to them. Next I climbed upon a garage roof and paused for a moment before I jumped. Then! Bang! Ouch! I don't care for that kind of a ride.

PEER STROMME, 6B.

TWO PLANTS

Miss Alexander had two plants,
Two plants which would not grow.
So she brought them into our room,
To be cared for just so.

Stannard Beard was to water them,
To water them every day,
While Robert Mullen was to take the place
If Stannard were away.

And now the plants are growing fine,
And soon will blooming be,
While Miss Alexander says,
"I just can't see why they would not grow for me."

KATHLEEN LEE, 8A1.

JOKES

Father (to son with new drum)—
Now, Jimmy, don't annoy your mother with your drum.

Jimmy—I don't annoy her. She annoys me telling me to be quiet.

Peggy S.—What kind of a wrist watch have you?

Bernice A.—A wonder watch.

Peggy S.—A wonder watch?

Bernice A.—Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is.

Mr. Pierron (in booming voice)—I venture to say there is no one in this school who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests.

Stanley H.—Yes, sir, once I killed a woodpecker.

A few days after a farmer had started his children to school a book agent called on him and said, "Now that your children go to school you ought to buy them an encyclopedia."

"Hanged if I will," was his retort.
"Let 'em walk, as I did."

AN INDIAN STORY

Many years ago, in Kentucky, there lived a large band of Indians. A man by the name of Smith and his child had recently moved to this state.

One bright June morning the father was working out on the farm, and hearing the church bell he knew there was a danger of Indians. He quickly rushed to his little log cabin, picked up his child in one arm and his rifle in the other. He

tried to reach the fort in time but he heard the war whoop of the Indians and turning his head in the direction of the river he saw the Indian canoes coming very rapidly and he knew that he could not reach the fort in time, and quickly he placed his little girl among the tall grass in a neighboring field and told her to wait until he could come back. She, being a brave girl, told him to hurry back. Many people were captured. Mr. Smith was one of the unfortunate ones. After a few years he escaped and came back to his village. He asked the people about his little girl and they said they thought he had taken her with him. He took them to the field where he left her and all he found was the little silver buckles that had been on her shoes, her hat and an Indian arrow. You may be sure he felt very bad but he knew he had done what he could for his country.

IRENE PANNETT, 7A.

A tired father trying to get forty winks, while a small son asks too many unnecessary questions.

Scene — Living room of the Brown's residence.

Characters—A Tired Father, a talkative Small Son.

Father (leaning back comfortably in his armchair)—Now, son, just sit down on the floor here and play with that new toy train I bought you. Daddy wants to get a few minutes sleep before it's time for dinner.

Small Son (sitting quietly for about five seconds)—Daddy, what makes this train go?

Father—Electricity. Now listen, son, I want to take a little nap now. Just play quietly.

Son—What makes 'lectricity? Where does it come from? Where does it go? What does it do? Does it come from the 'lectric light? Daddy, wake up! Tell me!

Father (waking up with a start)—What did you say? What? Oh, yes! I remember. Well, electricity comes from (yawning) Oh! I'm so tired um-m this chair is so comfortable.

Son—Daddy, what makes you talk? Why do you want to go to sleep? Why does Spot wiggle his ears? What does he bark for? Daddy, get up, it's time for dinner. (Son gets up and pulls his father's ears.)

LUCILLE FOSTER, 8A.