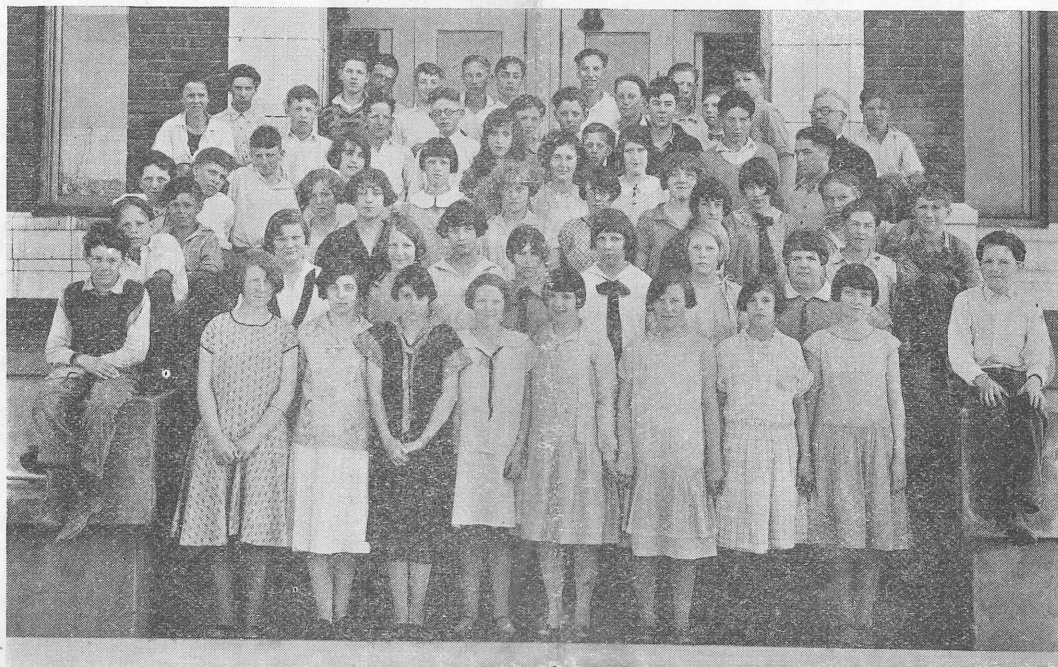


LOWELL LEADER

MAY 1926

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

VOL. I., No. 3



EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATES

OUR ORCHESTRA

We now have an eighteen-piece orchestra under the direction of Lowe Bartruff of the Normal school. Those in our orchestra are: First violins, Frances Brochman, Stella Lindberg, Billy Malmquist, Eugene Ryman, Leslie Peterson, Philip Bolton; second violin, Carolyn Griffith, Ethel Stafford, Edward Lund, Alex Altose, Bernice Bloxham; clarinet, Mark Wagar; saxophone, William Bredal; cornet, Frank Jenkins; alto, Herbert Burroughs; drums, Clyde Winters, Newall Norse; piano, Dorothy Montgomery.

Our orchestra is to play for an assembly at Normal school June 1.

LESLIE PETERSON, 8A1.

B CLASS OFFICERS

On April 13 the 8 B class selected the following officers: Mary Shaw, president; Rosie Smith, vice-president; Mary Benson, secretary; Ralph Corbett, treasurer.

The president appointed the following committees:

Building Committee—Marvel Miller, Dorothy Montgomery, Stella Lindberg.
Constitution—James Smith, Jeanetta Biery, Herbert Borroughs.

Room Committee—Dorothy Wilkinson, Francis Donnelly, Josephine Kindall.

Program Committee—Karl Aberlietner, Gus Neswoog, Tom Prentice.

PROGRAM APRIL 23

A school program was given at Lowell school, Friday afternoon, April 23. As the admission was but 5 cents, the auditorium was well filled.

The orchestra played a few selections which were the Bugle song, Jollification, minuet from "Don Juan," and "Ecocaise." Two humorous plays and a pantomime were given. The plays were first, a comical one-act play, "My Suitcase." The boys that participated in this play were Clinton Veireck and Ernest Walstrom. Some of the boys of the eighth A gave a pantomime entitled "Mr. Bumski's Musical Three." The boys were Allen McNeil, Robert Roberts, Stannard Beard, Harry Campbell and Francis Wilson. The program was brought to a close with another one-act play, "A Frightened Lodger." The boys who contributed to the program with this play were Clinton Veireck, Ernest Walstrom, Tony Mardesick and Rolland Wallace.

BERNICE ADAMS, 8A1.

OUR MAY BASKETS

We had a box and we pulled a lot of crepe paper around it. Then there was a little piece of cardboard with numbers on it that we put paper on and then put it on the basket for a handle. We put a lot of flowers in them and then took them home to our mothers.

HELEN GREENE, 1B.

MUSIC MEMORY CONTEST

The following Lowell students received 100 per cent in the music memory contest:

5B—Catherine Marincovich.

6B—George Impero.

6A—Verna Bodlos, Marvel Twiss, Francis Mardesich, Robert Slusher, Marie Louise Watts.

7B—Vaughan Bateman, Minnie Marincovich, Thad McGlinn.

7A—Alex Altose, Francis Brockman, Oliver Gudmundson, Lena Haickel, Ariss Halbush.

8B—Ralph Corbett, Josephine Kindall, Mary Shaw, Marvel Miller, Dorothy Montgomery.

8A—Margaret Einarson, Genevieve Greene, Caroline Griffith, Leslie Peterson, Robert Roberts, Margaret Sigfusson, Helen Stark.

The five Sigfusson girls that attend Lowell have greatly honored their school and have brought honor to themselves by being on the honor roll. The girls range in age from six to thirteen. Lucille, six years old, is a pupil of the first grade; Eleanor, nine, a pupil of the fourth grade; Laura is eleven, and is a pupil of the sixth A class. Oline of the seventh A is twelve years old, and the oldest, Margaret, is a member to be proud of in the eighth A class.

BERNICE ADAMS, 8A1.

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DOES POLITENESS PAY?

Yes, politeness does pay. When you are polite to the teachers they have respect for you.

The teachers depend upon the ones that are polite.

If you are polite at school it shows that you have had the right training.

If you go out and act rudely what do they think of?

Politeness pays—pays in business and at all times.

BILLY MALMQUIST, 8A1.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

There is an old saying that people in glass houses should never throw stones.

Criticism is the easiest thing to make and the hardest thing to take. People form a habit of criticizing without thinking they are doing it, and often deserve criticism for more serious things than that which they criticize. We should be very considerate in our thinking of others, and should always be very careful in expressing our opinions of others' faults, when we know that we all have faults equally as glaring.

HELEN STARK, 8A1.

DON'T ROCK THE BOAT

A few summers ago a friend of mine, my brother and I went for a canoe ride. We were about half a mile from shore when I accidentally splashed my friend. Immediately a war broke out in the canoe. We didn't stop to think where we were. My brother drew back his paddle, and I ducked to one side. The first thing we knew we were paddling around in the water all trying to get on the overturned canoe at once. Luckily for us there were some girls in a rowboat not far away and they picked us up. After that we took it easy when out at sea.

BOB HAWLEY, 8A1.

The girls and boys that were practicing for the spelling contest were greatly disappointed last week after being notified that there was to be no contest this year.

The pupils of the 8A classes are going to begin to diligently work for penmanship diplomas. We all earnestly hope that many diplomas will be given this year.

BERNICE ADAMS, 8A1.

AND HE DIDN'T

It was in the frontier days. Gunburg, Utah, was a small trading post near the boundary of Colorado on the upper Colorado river. It was also on a branch of the old Spanish trail.

Isaac Clarmont, the founder, was called "True Shot." He had a clear cut face, Roman nose, grey-blue eyes, and glistening black hair. In Gunburg from the smallest child up all declared him the best shot in the United States. Jeanetta Arron, the daughter of a horse trader, was his lady love.

Caravans of pioneers were passing to and from California, the latter being laden with gold. The result was frequent raids from Indian and road-men.

One sultry July afternoon a caravan came rushing in crying, "Indians!" Isaac's thoughts turned to Jeanetta, who had gone to see her father, who was guiding a caravan to Jimstown, which was another trading post. He must warn her.

Taking Beauty, his swiftest horse, he galloped off in that direction. About half an hour later he saw that she was being chased. He spurred his horse to get within gunshot. Almost there he went flying through the air. He ran back to his horse and found that it had stumbled in a gopher hole.

Running on he saw the Indian catch Jeanetta, go down to the banks of the Colorado and climb into a canoe. A hot chase followed. Two days later he was within gunshot. He put his hand on his gun.

"Johnny, go to the store and get some eggs!" "Aw, gee, Mom, have a heart," came the answer. But before John left he said, "Please Mr. Isaac, don't shoot the Injun till I come back."

ALBERT HENRY BANNER, 7A.

"HE DARED ME TO DO IT"

"Tommy, see that telephone pole over there?"

"Yes, what about it?" said Tommy.

"Well, I dare you to climb to the top and touch that insulator."

"Pooh," jeered Tommy, "anybody but a 'scairt-cat' could do that."

And with that he made for the pole. He went up fairly fast until he got three-fourths the way up. Then he looked down. After that he didn't feel so big, for it looked a long way down. He went up cautiously after that. There were only three steps left but they seemed like three miles. At last he reached the top. He reached for the insulator but still it was six inches from his reach. He made another attempt to reach it, when all at once he felt himself falling. Head down he went with surprising speed.

Thump! He hit had hit the ground. When he opened his eyes he found himself completely tangled up in the blankets on the floor.

"Gee, I'm glad it was only a dream," thought Tommy.

ALLEN McNEIL, 8A.

THE WOODS

In the great Northwest we are fortunate in having beautiful forests. Forests give us scenic beauty. Many people earn their living in the occupation of lumbering. The forests in Western Washington consist mostly of fir, cedar, hemlock, spruce and many other hardy trees. The eastern part of Washington has pine, tamarack and fir.

The Olympic national forest gives you a good example of Washington trees. Forest fires have destroyed about one fourth of it, but the other tree-fourths are so beautiful that it makes up for the burned part. When we travel through the forests we go along a straight, smooth, unpaved road, with tall, stately trees on either side. We, the people of Washington, should be very proud of the beauties Mother Nature has given us and it is our duty to protect them.

KATHERINE KELLOGG, 6A.

FISHING FOR A WILD CAT

Mr. Lartin's hen roost had been visited twice in one week by a wild cat. Each time the marauder had stolen away with a chicken. Now Mr. Lartin was not a rich man by any means and he could not afford to lose his chickens, so he planned a trap for Mr. Wildcat.

All his traps had failed him so far, so he decided upon a very original trap of his own. He fastened a baited hook to one end of a long rope, made of twisted buckskin, and the other end he securely fastened to his own wrist, then he went to bed.

It must have been in the wee small hours when a terrific jerk brought Mr. Lartin out of bed, tumbling on the floor with a thud that resounded through the small cabin. He was awakened immediately and ran hurriedly down the steps. When he stepped outside a low, menacing growl warned him that the wild cat had been caught. But too late he saw the fiery eyes of the cat leap at him in the dark night.

He stepped aside just in time to see a furry form go hurtling through the air. Now Mr. Lartin was a wise man, and he knew he was no match for this angry wild cat. (in his hurry he had forgotten to bring his weapon with him) so with a deft twist he unloosened the rope from his wrist and darted back into the house. Just in time, too, for a thud against the door told him the wild cat had made his second leap. He grabbed his gun and shot through the door. He heard an angry squeal, sounds of a struggle and then quietness. He waited a few minutes, not a sound, then opened the door and saw the bloody form of the wild cat at his feet.

Mr. Lartin's chickens were stolen no more.

CLEVA DAVIS, 8A1.

OUR PLAY ORCHESTRA

In our room we have a Good Citizens' club. Last Friday we had a play in our room. Our play was an orchestra play. John Sanich played a violin. Henry Bateman, Billy Knutson and Robert MacIntyre played drums, which had been made from oatmeal boxes. Lawrence Miholovich played a mouth organ. Evelyn Thurston played a comb. We had also two singers, Lonna Joyner and Wilma Breedlove.

HAROLD STROMME, 4A.

Mr. Pierron gave a girl in the 5A permission to keep the hall in front of the 6B room orderly.

The 6B class recited on the national parks and other wonders of North America.

The 5A class are finishing their studies in geography about "My Trip Around the World."

The children each contributed a penny or more to buy flowers for Orville Noice, who is in the hospital.

The 6B received and answered a letter from a girl in Kansas City, Kansas, who wanted to know about our beautiful West.

BILLY CAVANAUGH, 6B.

A GHOST STORY

"Do you really believe those stories about ghosts in the old Smally house?" asked Tim. He was speaking to Billy Edgeworth. Billy had just related one of the stories about the haunted house to Tim Mitchell.

"I'll tell you," cried Billy, "we'll go over to the house tonight at 10 o'clock and see if there are any ghosts. Will you be there?"

"Sure," cried Tim. They parted as "Come to supper, Tim," as heard from the kitchen of Tim's house.

Promptly at 10 o'clock that night the boys were at the old Smally house.

"I'm not afraid to go into the haunted house. I'm not afraid of any old ghost," boasted Billy.

"All right, go ahead, but I'm not going in," said Tim. So Billy boldly entered the haunted house.

Soon Tim, who was watching, saw red lights darting here and there while the shutters banged and squeaked. Then a blue head darted into view from a hidden door. There sounded a low wail followed by a scream and the slamming of a door. At the same time out ran Billy, pale and shaking all over.

"He g-g-g-got m-m-me," stuttered Billy and started for home as fast as he could, followed by Tim.

Back in the house two boys laughed so hard that they were heard a block and in their hands were the simple devices, two flashlights covered with red cloth, a frame made of wood with a silk cloth stretched over it and having the features of a skeleton down on it.

BILLY CAVANAUGH,
6B, Lowell School.

A TRIP UP MT. TAAL

Mt. Taal is located on Luzon Island, one of the many islands of the Philippines. The mountain is in the center of Taal lake.

To reach the mountain we had to have some native men take us across in a boat.

The boat was made of reeds which grow around the edge of the lake. A large sail was stuck upright in the middle of the boat, but it was not canvas like the sails of our own country. It was of coarse cloth woven by the Filipino women.

We rowed over to the mountain and then the men rowed the boat back to the mainland.

We were warned before we started that the mountain was frequented by snakes, but that did not frighten any of us.

The mountain was not forested, but it had a number of bushes and brush that was so dry it looked like sage brush, but it was much taller.

Here and there we saw a tall dried up looking tree with no leaves at all.

We saw several snakes on the way up, but you can be sure they didn't have time to see us.

When we arrived at the top we were quite warm, for it was about noon and the sun was high.

The last time the mountain had erupted was in 1911. It had completely destroyed the city of Taal, which was eight miles from the mountain.

We tried throwing a rock across the crater, but the steam was rising with considerable force so that the rock was carried back to the banks of the crater.

When we looked down into the crater it appeared to be boiling like the water boiling in your mother's tea kettle.

We ate the lunch we had prepared and by that time the sun was so hot that we had to start down the mountain.

When we arrived at the bottom the men had the boat ready to take us back.

DOROTHY WINTERBURN, 7B.

HOW I GOT MY PUPPY

When I was in the first grade at Lowell there were some boys that lived near the school. They wanted me to buy a puppy. At first they wanted 50 cents apiece. But later they gave me one. Then I carried him home. I made a little house for him. I called him "Spot." He grew to be very smart and cute and I had lots of fun with him. My father then sold our farm and I had to give up my smart little puppy.

There happened to be some children visiting their grandmother, who was a neighbor of ours. The children heard we intended to give our puppy away. They came over after it. I thought he would have a good home. At least I hope he did.

HENRY BATEMAN, 4B.

THE HEALTH FAIRY

Once upon a time the Queen of Health fairies came out of her milk bottle and what do you suppose she saw? Her house was surrounded by Coffee pot fairies. She ran into the milk bottle and got all the other fairies. They got a rope and tied the Coffee fairy that was in the way of the door and took a new rope and put their heads out of the window and lassoed every one that was outside the window. Then they chased the others away. When they had done all the capturing they told the Coffee pot fairies to change their clothes to milk bottle clothes. They did because they did not want the children to refuse them. Then they had wonderful white gowns. The other Coffee pot fairies were refused by everyone in town and everyone was healthy.

EVERLYN THURSTON, 4B.

LIEUTENANT TED GOES OVER THE TOP

"Over the top and at them," Ted said. Ted was a young lieutenant in the A. E. F. and was going over the top in a company of men. They were ordered to cut wire in "No Man's Land."

"Scatter, men," Ted whispered. "Here, Kent," he added, "you come with me."

"Yes, sir."

"Hist! What's that?" Kent's ever-open eyes had caught a sound of muffled voices. Ted stood still and listened. He tiptoed over to a big shell hole—a star shell broke overhead.

"Down!" he heard Kent's voice behind him. Ted tried to duck, but tripped over a root and pitched headlong into the shell hole with Kent Upper after him.

It was the same shell hole the voices had come from.

Ted was up in an instant covering the Huns. One of them was to be taken by surprise without giving a warning cry.

Kent looked at him. "Here, Fritz, cut that out."

Just then Ted looked up. "Look out," he shouted. One of the Germans had sneaked up behind him and now was raising his gun over Ted's head. Down it came—then blackness.

When Ted recovered consciousness he was in a hospital with a Distinguished Service Cross pinned to him.

He had been rescued by his little band of men after the Hun had delivered his knockout.

SIDNEY LINES, 6B.

A young boy skipped school one fine afternoon. When the teacher asked him for his excuse he had none. He was sent home. He, after much labor, wrote:

Dear Teacher:

I tore my pants yesterday so I could not go to school.

MY MOTHER.

OUR SAVINGS BANK

Every day we bring pennies to put in our bank. Some of us earn our pennies and sometimes our fathers give them to us.

On our door we have a large piece of paper which tells how much each has in the bank. Some have as much as twelve dollars.

MARY MOODY, 2A.

A DREAM

One day I decided to take my doll for a walk. I put her best clothes on her and started.

As we were walking along the street I met an old lady. She was very, very old, and she walked with a stick. I went over to help her but she vanished.

I walked on and met an old man. I went over beside him, but he changed into a bear. I thought he would eat me, but he did not have time, as my mother called me and I woke up to find myself out in the backyard. I had been asleep and dreamed it all.

EVA JOHNSON, 5A.

Poem by Thomas Prentice, 8B

Under the spreading elm tree,
The broken-armed Norman lies,
While he was shoeing an army mule,
He forgot to shoo the flies.

BIRD'S THOUGHTS

Once I lived in a little house,
High up in a tree,
I thought the world was made of straw,
And small and round it seemed to me.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
And landed amid green leaves;
I thought the world was made of leaves,
And how blind I was indeed.

At last I flew beyond the trees,
To seas and lands unknown;
I don't know what the world is made of,
But neither do my neighbors.

—Cora Franett, 7B.

"I like to come to school to learn," was stated by a first grader. She probably had a different impression of school from others who are often heard to state, "I come to school because I have to."

Miss Johnson: What would we be if we went to Russia?
Texas: Foreigners.

"What is the greatest farm yard bird?"

"A chicken because it gives a peck for every grain it eats."

"Why is a horse like the letter o?"
"Because g (gee) makes it go."

A Willing Worker

For two days the soldier had fought and marched with scarcely any rest. At last they were back in camp and every one took his opportunity to catch up his lost sleep. They had no more than settled down when the lieutenant stepped into the tent and in a burly voice asked for volunteers to run the supply train.

Deep silence prevailed. Way down the line a couple of men started snoring. Again in a louder and more demanding voice he asked for volunteers. Back in one corner a fellow turned over and in a drowsy voice said, "Put me down as a sleeper."

CHARLES MORRISON, 6A.

WHEN VACATION COMES

What'll I do when school is over,
through,

When tests and home work all are
What'll I do when all my teachers
Go to vacation as I'll do?

When I awaken in the morning—
Shall I always feel so gay,
Just because I never have to
Hurry back to school that day?

If vacation ever greets me
With a glad, hilarious call,
Do you think I'll really welcome
Teachers, classes in the fall?

This I can't and will not answer—
For today will only spell
These few lines of written meaning,
'Tis that, "only time will tell."
—Dorothy Wilkinson, 8B.

EVENING THOUGHTS

As the gray twilight drops,
I sit, I look and think,
As the big red sun
Drops over the brink,
Of the boats that pass,
And their journeys, too,
Of where they are going,
And what they go through.
Some start to China,
And others to France,
None of them certain,
Just guided by chance.
—Dorothy Montgomery, 8B.

Miss Johnson: Roy Chase, what do we get from Brazil?

Roy: I don't know.

Miss Johnson: Where do you get your coffee?

Roy: From Brazil, I guess.

Neighbor Girl (visiting school): No, you don't; you borrow it from my mother and you never pay it back, either.

"What the difference between a cat and a comma?"

"A cat has its claws at the end of its paws, and a comma has its pause at the end of a clause."

NEWS

The Patriot Club of the Sixth B and Fifth A Class of Miss Murphy's room gave a very interesting negro play called "Aigs" (eggs) April 9. The officials of the club are: George Imperio, president; Peer Stromme, vice-president; Syndey Lines, secretary and treasurer.

KATHLEEN LEE, 8A.1.

A PENNY

I have just come from the mint and have been shipped to Bellingham. I was given to a man in change. He gave me to his little boy because I was so bright and new. The little boy put me into his bank and said, "What a nice new penny." One day he wanted a sucker, so he took me out of his bank, but on his way to the store he dropped me between some boards and I was lost.

MARGARET THIEL, 4B.

BEING IN A PLAY

We have to be mice and crawl around the floor. The Piper tells us what to do. Miss Gray says a poem.

TREVELYN KENT, 1A.

A VERSE

One day I thought I could fly,
I flew up into the sky,
I flew into a cloud,
And heard a skylark sing aloud.

I flew to Mars,
To see some stars,
Then I flew down,
And told my adventures in the town.
—Henrietta L. Spahr, 5A1.

Peggy: Do you know how to stand on your head?

Billie M.: Naw, I never tried, it's too high up.

RIDDLES

1. Question—Why do we all go to bed?

Answer—Because they will not come to us.

2. Question—How many sides has a pitcher?

Answer—Two—inside and outside.

3. Question—When is sugar like a pig's tooth?

Answer—When it's in a hog's head.

4. Question—What is the best bet ever made?

Answer—The alphabet.

Melvin did his best but could not succeed very well with his lesson. "Oh, Melvin," exclaimed Miss Alexander, "can't you finish this English. I don't believe you are trying."

"Why teacher," returned Melvin, looking up reproachfully, "yesterday you told me I was the most trying boy in school."