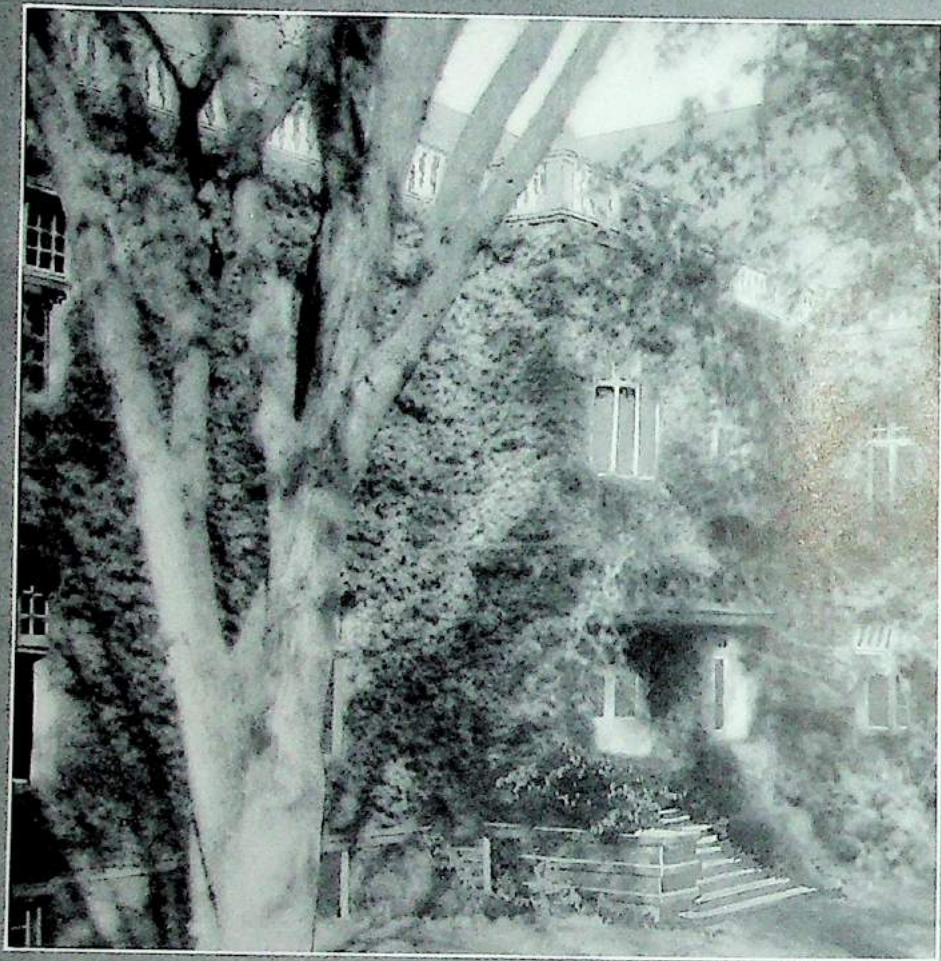


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1933







ST. HELEN'S HALL

The Delphic

St. Helen's Hall
Of Portland, Oregon

1932 - 1933

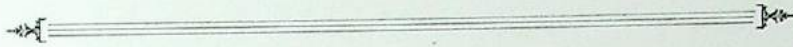
Volume XXXIII

Number 12



ST. HELEN'S HALL

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Of Portland, Oregon

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RECTOR

THE RIGHT REVEREND WALTER TAYLOR SUMNER THE BISHOP OF OREGON

CHAPLAIN

THE REVEREND JAY CLAUD BLACK

S. T. B. Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Illinois
Graduate Work, University of Grenoble, France

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCE

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST

(Holy Scripture, Church History)

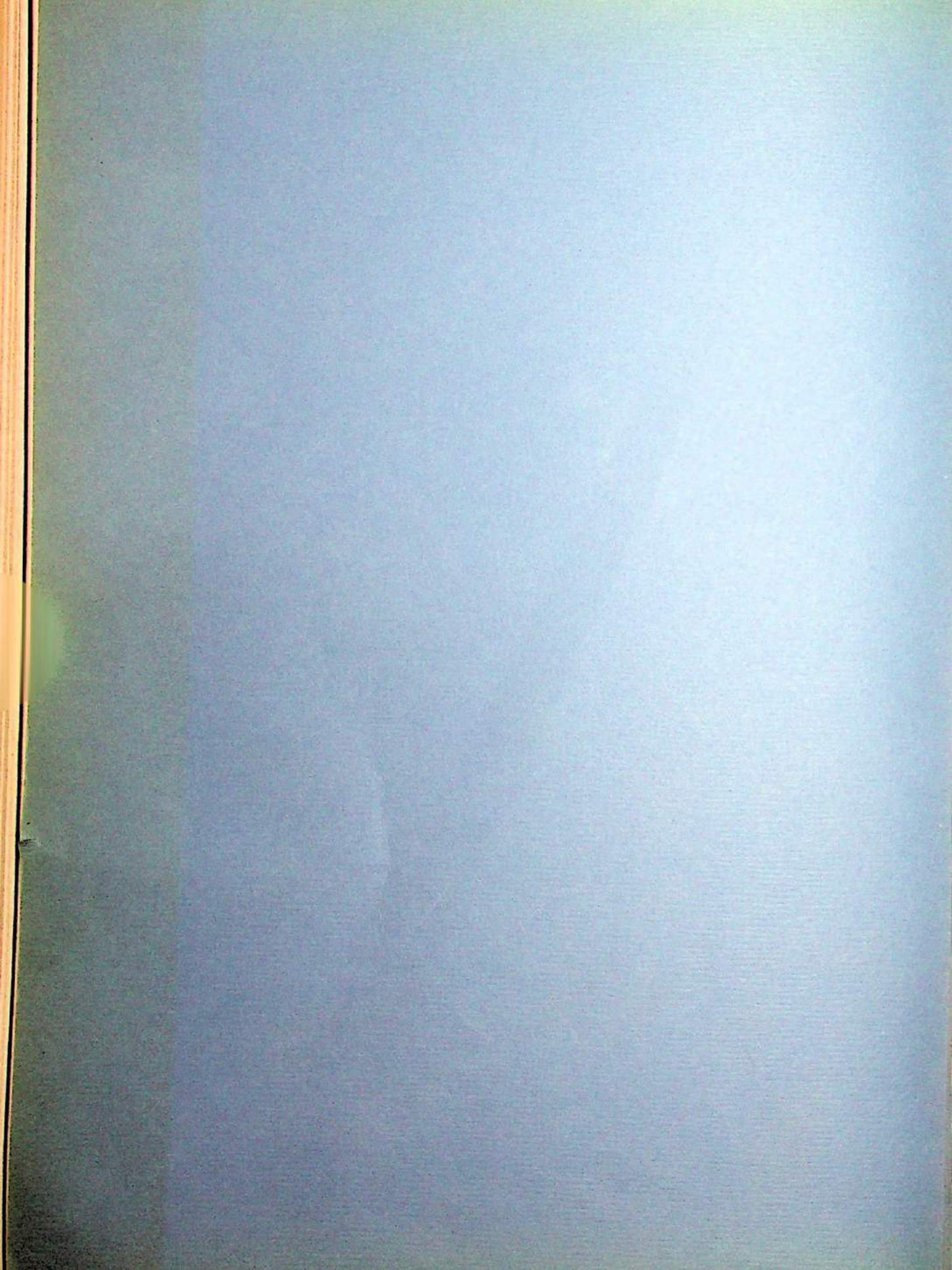
GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS	University of Oregon, B. A. Cornell University, M. A.	English
HELEN W. SHUMAN	University of Oregon	Mathematics
ESTHER C. WALKER	University of Oregon, B. A.	English, History
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EMMA JO STEWART	Reed College, B. A. University of Washington, M. S.	Basic Sciences
GRACE TAYLOR FORREST	Mills College, B. A. University of California, Berkeley	
ELVA CONSUELO MERVY	Reed College, B. A. Diploma de L'Alliance Francaise, Paris	Languages
FLORENCE BRENT THOMPSON	Wellesley College, B. A. Graduate Work, University of Oregon	English
MILDRED MEYERS	Oregon Normal School	Lower School
HELEN OLSEN	Oregon Normal School	Lower School
MARGARET E. FORNEY	Spearfish Normal School, Spearfish, South Dakota	Lower School
KATHERINE WELLS	Wellesley College, B. A.	Languages
LORINE PETERSON	Reed College, B. A.	Languages
SUSANNE COCAINE	Diploma de Tours	French
W. HOWARD KNAPP	Temple University of Philadelphia Graduate Work, Yale University	Fencing Instructor
GEORGE BARRINGER	Oregon State College	Swimming Instructor

MUSIC AND ARTS

PAULINE MILLER CHAPMAN	<i>Voice</i>
CONSTANCE ROTH FOLTS	<i>Dramatics</i>
University of Oregon, B. A. Sam Hume's School of the Theatre for Teachers, Berkeley, California	
JOCELYN FOULKES	<i>Piano</i>
Pupil of Malwin Bree, Vienna Repertoire and Interpretation with Percy Grainger	
WILLIAM WALLACE GRAHAM	<i>Violin</i>
Royal School, Berlin, Germany	
FLORA GRAY	<i>Piano</i>
Pupil of Paul Kursteiner, New York, and of Abby Whiteside, New York	
MABEL HALL-SMITH	<i>Glee Club, Voice</i>
New England Conservatory	
ANNE O'REILLY KROMER	<i>Cello</i>
Member of Portland Symphony Orchestra Pupil of Van Vilet, New York, and Ferdinand Conrad, Portland	
KATHERINE LAIDLAW	<i>Aesthetic Dancing</i>
Pupil of Ruth St. Denis	
JANE O'REILLY	<i>Violin</i>
Pupil of Stassevitch, New York, and Rex Underwood, Eugene, Oregon	
LOUISE M. THOMSON	<i>Art, Piano</i>
Guildhall School of Music, London Interpretation of Modern Music under Louis Vicar Saar, 1927	
DR. W. S. KNOX	<i>School Physician</i>



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BETTY TUBBS
President



ELEANOR LUPER
Vice-President



FRANCES WATZEK
Secretary-Treasurer



ROSALIE ADAMS





KATHLEEN ASTON



BETTY JANE BARR



BARBARA BERGER



JANE BLAIR

LOUISE HARLAN



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MARGARET INGRAM



JANNETTE JONES





LOIS KATHERINE JONES

LUCILLE LEONARDO

JOSEPHINE MCGILCHRIST

FRANCES MILLER

SUSAN STEIWER



JANE TENNISON



DOREEN PLYMPTON





BETTY TUBBS
President



LOUISE HARLAN

The Student Council

The Student Council was reorganized this year in order to give the girls an opportunity for student government. The Council, which is composed of representative girls from each class, is under the able leadership of Betty Tubbs, President, and Louise Harlan, Vice-President. It is felt that the institution has been successful this year in realizing its aim, the maintenance of the high standards of the school in regard to scholarship, dress regulation, and conduct.



Delphic Staff

1932 - 1933

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Betty Tubbs
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Louise Harlan
<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>	Gretchen Smith
<i>Calendar</i>	Betty Jane Barr, Frances Miller
<i>Old Girl Notes</i>	Barbara Berger
<i>Art</i>	Lois Katherine Jones
<i>Athletics</i>	Kathleen Aston
<i>Exchanges</i>	Margaret Ingram, Jane Tennison
<i>Jokes</i>	Rebecca Hopkins
<i>Business and Advertising Staff.</i>	Frances Watzek
<i>Assistant Manager</i>	Eleanor Luper
<i>Staff</i>	Susan Steiwer, Jannette Jones, Doreen Plympton

Class Prophecy

Oh, a prophecy is a prophecy in whatever land it be.
 So all ye who love (?) the Seniors, harken unto me.
 For be it foul or be it fair, their futures are foretold,
 And whether it be true or not, it's worth its weight in gold.
 First comes our fair President, Bettybelle by name;
 As a cow-girl on a dude ranch she now doth earn her fame.
 Our author next, Lou Harlan, a bolshevist at heart,
 Is trundling baby orphans around a New York park!
 As for Katie Aston, though so quiet formerly,
 She's a politician now and works for Tammany!
 Josephine McGilchrist has done herself no hurt;
 She just defeated Culbertson and is THE bridge expert.
 Comes now our Susan Steiwer, who at last has reached her goal!
 She's a missionary to the Indians up around the northern pole.
 You must remember Doreen; she's down in Hollywood,
 Teaching all the stars and starlets to giggle as they should.
 Our military Eleanor, all other aim eschewing,
 Is running things in Timbuctoo, where a revolution's brewing.
 A word concerning Betty Barr will not come in amiss;
 She made her fortune selling pins, saying, "My point is this—"
 Ah, yes, there's Margaret Ingram, who has a civic mind;
 She now is writing articles on the Five Year Plan for *Time*.
 Now Frances Watzek skips and bounds in manner most entrancing;
 She leaped to fame and made her name through her aesthetic dancing.
 And red-haired Becky Hopkins—far above us has she "riz"—
 With all her cups and rackets a tennis champ now is.
 Next Lucy Leonardo, her fate we shall have sealed!
 She's patented her "air-brakes" for use on a baseball field.
 Barbara Berger's future! Who could ask for more?
 She's a Chinese correspondent with cablegrams galore.
 And our athletic Rosalie at last has found her place!
 She'll represent America in the next Olympic race!
 Now to mention Annie Blair, since we answer all demands;
 She's struggling to perfect the art of talking with her hands.
 Lois Kay's a sculptress, with a style most modernistic;
 Her latest statue of a horse is certainly quite mystic.
 And Jeannette Jones' profession, we cannot do without it!
 She, alas, a surgeon is; we're quite "cut up" about it.
 Jane Tennison, the blonde, with "specs" and hair un-curled,
 Is an important business figure in the financial world.
 And Frances Miller, 'tis sad but true, alas, how well we know it!
 Although she may a lawyer be, she'll never be a poet!
 Thus the prowess of the seniors is here for all to see,
 Pile flowers, then, upon the grave of the class of '33!

FINIS

The Last Will and Testament

SENIOR CLASS, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE

- I, Lois K. Jones, leave my "Buttons" to Wahnita Mills, or any other girl who likes uniforms.
- I, Frances Watzek, leave my "rather" large feet to Dot Hill.
- I, Doreen Plympton, leave my manners to the nearest kindergarten.
- I, Eleanor Luper, leave my delicately shaped nose to Nathalie Lewis.
- I, Betty Tubbs, leave my title as the "Sternest Girl in the School" to Esther Jobes.
- I, Betty Barr, leave my penny and dime bank to Peggy Osborne and the Capitol of Arizona.
- I, Kathleen Aston, leave my Athenian physique to Mary Helen Pruitt.
- I, Rebecca Hopkins, leave my "wim and wigor" to Betty Zehntbauer.
- I, Louise Harlan, leave my even disposition to Sally McCune.
- I, Josephine McGilchrist, leave my daily letters to the next boarder who is homesick too.
- I, Frances Miller, leave my grammar ability to Mrs. Fariss.
- I, Lucille Leonardo, leave my "sylph-like" speed in basketball to Ruth Clark.
- I, Margaret Ingram, leave my pictures of Burns to the next unfortunate Senior Class.
- I, Rosalie Adams, leave my pursuit of knowledge to Peggy Lou Smith.
- I, Barbara Berger, leave my delightful greeting of "Oh, I've got something to tell you" to Anne and Laddie.
- I, Susan Steiwer, leave my wild enthusiasm for basketball games to Jean Latourette.
- I, Jane Blair, leave my ability to keep silence in the English room to Betty Zehntbauer.
- I, Jeanette Jones, leave my charming voice to Wahnita Mills.
- I, Jane Tennison, leave my golden tresses to Margaret Kribs, or any other girl who desires blonde hair.

We, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and thirty-three, will to the Junior Class our marvelous ability to raise money, to the Sophomore Class our great intelligence, and to the Freshman Class our knack of appearing impressive.

Thus we leave our dear school days behind and proceed to the next great adventure in life — the Alumnae Association.

Building a Perfect Senior

The perfect Senior who might have been
Will need much building, so let us begin.
If Doreen would give those beautiful eyes,
'Twould help a great deal — perhaps moralize.
Kay Aston, I'm sure, would gladly agree
To lend us her nose for my fantasy.
The perfect smile and those pearly teeth
Eleanor would donate, but not to keep.
The hair we want curly and ever so fine
May we borrow from Loie? 'Twould be sublime!
The complexion, above all, most perfect should be.
I've chosen Barb Berger's — do you all agree?
The shape of the head includes even the chin;
Let us choose Jeannie Jones' — it can't be a sin.
And last to complete this perfect face,
Fran Watzek's lips could add no disgrace!
Now, this perfect girl must indeed have a form;
The best one is Miller's — many have sworn.
As for hands and for feet which must be shaped well,
Betty Jane's will be perfect as best I can tell.
The arms and the legs have caused much dispute.
How about it, Annie — do you think yours would suit?
For leadership, Betty — intelligence, Lou —
For two better suited, there are none it's true.
Personality is important for this beauty of ours —
Jo, yours is the sweetest of all others by far!
I've argued and threatened, but still some do claim
That pep or vivacity should follow my name.
And now I've completed and put to the test
A most perfect girl out of some we love best.
We can't all be perfect, so the best we can do
Is to model our Senior and hope she suits you!

BECKY HOPKINS, '33.



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School Honors

Pittock Cup for French	Eleanor Luper V							
E. H. Meyer Cup for Mathematics	Jane Bickle VI							
Alumnae Cup for Latin	Eleanor Luper V							
Holford Cup for Sacred Studies	Ada McIntosh V							
Honorable Mention	Louise Harlan V							
American Legion Certificate of Honor	Peggy Lou Smith II							
Pin and Testimonial Awarded to the Boarder Having the Highest Average in Good Citizenship	Lucille Leonardo V							
Honorable Mention	Helen Campbell VI							
Gift from Mrs. John S. Parke to the Boarder Who on All Occasions Is Most Courteous and Helpful	Frances Watzek V							
National Colonial Daughters Medal and Certificates	<table border="0" style="display: inline-table; vertical-align: middle;"> <tr> <td rowspan="5" style="font-size: 4em; vertical-align: middle;">}</td> <td>Frances Corfe III</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Margaret Holford III</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Helen Margaret Strong II</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Mary Jane McDonald III</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Georgia Littlepage II</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Mary Helen Pruitt III</td> </tr> </table>	}	Frances Corfe III	Margaret Holford III	Helen Margaret Strong II	Mary Jane McDonald III	Georgia Littlepage II	Mary Helen Pruitt III
}	Frances Corfe III							
	Margaret Holford III							
	Helen Margaret Strong II							
	Mary Jane McDonald III							
	Georgia Littlepage II							
Mary Helen Pruitt III								
Bishop Sumner Cup for Archery	Eleanor Luper V							
Alumnae Association Pin Given to the Senior of Good Scholarship Who Has Most Actively Contributed to the School Life	Irene Soehren							
Honorable Mention	Jane Bickle, Jane Meyers							

TENNIS

- Cup donated by the Alpha Theta Club won by:
 Jean Cameron in the Senior Singles
- Cups donated by Athletic Association won by:
 Esther Jobs, in the Junior Singles
 Rebecca Hopkins, Beginners' Singles
- Doubles between Days and Boarders won by the Days:
 Eleanor Luper and Ruth Smith

SENIOR SWIM — 50 YARDS

1st Prize	Ruth Smith
2nd Prize	Eleanor Luper
3rd Prize	Peggy Lou Smith

JUNIOR SWIM (CRAWL STROKE) — 25 YARDS

	A Division	B Division
1st Prize	Peggy Lou Smith	Margaret McMillan
2nd Prize	Yvonne Shepherd	Margaret Holford
3rd Prize	Lillian Brooke	Betty Baker

BEGINNER'S SWIM

1st Prize	Lucille Leonardo
2nd Prize	Wahnita Mills

SIDE STROKE

1st Prize	Ruth Smith
2nd Prize	Peggy Lou Smith
3rd Prize	Margaret McMillan

Testimonials

The First Testimonials were awarded to pupils attaining an average for the year of:

90% in every study;
 90% in attendance;
 95% in order and punctuality;
 99% in conduct.

Jane Bickle, VI	Irene Soehren, VI	Gretchen Smith, IV
Jane Campbell, VI	Louise Harlan, V	Peggy Bernard, III
Helen Monner, VI	Eleanor Luper, V	Anita Cadonau, III
Elizabeth Reeves, VI	Frances Miller, V	Dorothy Furnish, III
	Margaret Holford, III	

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Catherine Dahm, VI	Ada McIntosh, V	Helen Jenkins, IV
Virginia Proctor, VI	Frances Watzek, V	Peggy Krumbein, III
Evelyn Zehntbauer, VI	Dorothy Howe, IV	Jeanne Latourette, III
	Mary Kathryn Shoemaker, III	

Editorial

LYING before us, the graduates of 1933, is probably a more uncertain course than has awaited an outgoing class for many a year. Together we have worked and striven to overcome the obstacles we have had to meet in our school life. We have found through practical experience the value of cooperation. However, unless each individual gives the very best that is in him, even cooperation will not reach its desired goal. It will, perhaps, hit the target without hitting the bull's eye.

We have had opportunities that are precious and of inestimable value. Not everyone is as fortunate as we in receiving so full and well-rounded an education. Some of us have, of course, experienced more difficulties in school life than others. So it is in the broader field of life — some find life wholly worthwhile and intensely interesting, while others are ever wishing that Fate had not dealt them such wretched hands.

Either triumph or defeat lies before us. We ourselves are responsible for our success in the world. God gave each of us a free will with which she may make or ruin her life. The gift was a precious one. We should receive it as such and show our appreciation of its true value by the use we make of it. We should feel ourselves constrained to live steadfastly up to our ideals in future times of darkness and stress as well as in times of prosperity and happiness.

Perhaps after that last eventful night of the awarding of the diplomas, our class may never again be assembled with "all present and accounted for." The diplomas are the symbols of our departure from the routine of high school life and of our parting with dear and loving friends. Graduation is a time when close ties must be severed by separation, and each must take her separate path. Fond memories of our school life will always remain with us. As we leave St. Helen's Hall, may we step forth as her worthy representatives, and may we hold always before us her motto, "That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple."

Editorial

IT IS the mistaken idea of many an unconcerned person that, when a girl graduates from high school, a few kindly words of good cheer and a blessing are all that she needs to propel her into a world of which she as yet knows little.

How often do we see a man or woman anywhere from the ages of twenty-five to fifty and say, "That person has not made the success in life that it was possible to make!" Then we dismiss him from our thoughts and go on our respective ways, often to pave streets of the self-same mediocrity for ourselves to tread.

It is one of the great tragedies of civilization that there is so much wasted energy and talent in the world. So many of us are willing merely to "get by," with the hope that our pots of gold will be waiting for us at the end of the rainbow, regardless of how much energy we have expended in our efforts to procure the reward.

Because young people are often head-strong, stubborn, and unwilling to listen to advice from experience-wise elders, many mistakes are made both in the choosing of vocations and in the carrying out of plans in life.

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Because young people are often head-strong, stubborn, and unwilling to listen to advice from experience-wise elders, many mistakes are made both in the choosing of vocations and in the carrying out of plans in life.

It is unfortunate that the formal education to be found in many of the schools of today leaves much to be desired in the way of spiritual and moral training for the young boy and girl.

Young people today have more power than ever before. They are free from the fetters of the stuffy Victorian and pre-Victorian idea expressed in the trite and thread-bare phrase, "Children should be seen and not heard." And in their new freedom they are striking out into the maze which they will find life to be, not heeding the warnings from others. They will no longer listen to long sermons on their duty, their actions, their life work. They deem them unnecessary and out-dated, this generation which has come to regard duty as odious and a sermon as a dull talk through which to sleep.

Luckily, the boy and girl of today are learning to think more wisely concerning their futures. However, here are two types of individual who generally do not fare so well. These types are the idealist, who often has neither the knowledge nor the practicality necessary to carry him through difficulties, and the lazy person, who will let his affairs drift in any direction they may take.

It is for us, the class of 1933, to use our new-found freedom of thought and action to the best of our ability. Our foundation has been good, our training excellent; we should go far! It remains for us to make the most of life, which is just beginning for us, so that at the end of a fully-rounded life each of us may say, "I have done my best."

Furness Abbey

NESTLED between two hills and surrounded by oak trees older than itself lies Furness Abbey, that memory of another age. Built eight hundred and two years ago by the friars, it withstood the batterings of Oliver Cromwell. Nay, more, it has withstood the ravages of the elements for centuries, and it is now, perhaps, more beautiful, wrapped in its cloak of age, than when it was first built.

To see Furness Abbey at its best, one must wait for that glorious summer twilight that only Northern England can offer. Approaching from the rural path, with fields of grain spread on either side, one breasts a knoll and sees this gem of medieval architecture wrapped in the red haze of the dying sun. Its arches stand out in bold relief from the background of deep shadow. Its walls, mossy with age, still impress one with their rich solidity. As one penetrates into the shadows, his spirit becomes conscious of something sacred. Though vacated so long ago, this beautiful spot still maintains that atmosphere of peace and dignity bestowed on it by its former inhabitants. As one stands in this old building, he views the surrounding beauty through glassless windows, where rose panes, no doubt, at one time added to the restfulness of the interior.

As one wanders among the ruins, the only sound that disturbs the deep quiet is the murmur of the shallow water gurgling over the rounded rocks. This stream runs through the back of the monastery, and it is easy to picture a black-robed monk sitting on a rustic bench enjoying this same hour before renewing his studies.

Little swallows dart in and out among the ruins, building their nests in the same crevices as their ancestors did when the Abbey was first erected. Perhaps it is they, and they alone, who can tell us the true story of this ancient structure.

KATHLEEN ASTON, '33.

I Help!

POP had always been pretty successful in business and had earned lots of money; so when he and Mom got married, they had a big house built out on Lakeshore Drive. Mom had worked hard to get Sis "out" on her debut, and I guess she'd made a success of it except that all Sis's friends were girls. I remember Sis often used to look very enviously at the girls who had boy friends, but she never went out on a date nor nothin'.

Well, one day she was a-crying away up in her room, and when I went to ask her what was the trouble, all she said was, "Oh, go away, Tommy, you're no help." Well, I went and done my duty and told Mom and then listened through the door. Sis was awful depressed 'cause she thought she didn't have any boy friends like the rest of the girls. When Mom came out, she looked awful worried, too, but when we all sat down at the dinner table (Sis's eyes were all red, but nobody said nothin'), Mom looked cheered up. When she said, "Joan, Jack Bell called up while you were upstairs, and he said he was coming up to see you tonight," I just knowed that she had something up her sleeve. Well, Jack Bell came at 8:15, and boy, did he have a slick-looking car, all red with silvery wheels! I wouldn't have blamed Joan for falling for — the car. Joan was all dressed up waiting for him, and he and Mom and Pop and Joan talked and talked. Pretty soon I was sent off to bed, but I heard Jack go about ten o'clock.

This kept up for about a week; Sis looked awful happy, and so did Mom. But one afternoon I went up to Sis's room, and she looked sorta sad and was star-gazing out the window. I asked her what the trouble was, and she said, "Tommy, I like Jack, but he never says anything or does anything to make me think he likes me."

I offered the consolation of, "He comes to see you 'most every night."

"Oh, yes, but just coming to see me! — He never takes me any place."

"Gosh," said I in a very awed tone, "Mom wouldn't let you go any place with him alone anyway, would she?"

"No, I don't suppose so."

"I'll try to concentrate on a plan for you 'n him, Sis."

"You! Oh, you couldn't help; you're of no use!" and again she went to her starless gazing. There was nothing for me to do but exit.

But I fooled her. I did concentrate, and when Mother gave her consent to let Mr. Bell — as the folks called him (just to be perlit) — take Joan to Marjory Rane's dance about a half mile out in the country, I about shouted I was so glad.

Well, Joan got a new dress for the 'casion, and, honest, she looked swell when Mr. Bell came for her in his spiffy car. I went to bed at nine, and at nine-thirty I heard the folks come upstairs to bed. I clumb down outside the window by hanging onto the water pipe, and it was not long before I was speeding on my way to the Rane's house on my bike.

Everything was ablaze with light, and so I spied Mr. Bell's car easy. I took out all except a little bit of gas from the tank and then hid in the bushes by the side of the road. First thing I knew — 'spect I'd been asleep — I heard a horn, and a car went ripping past, but it wasn't Joan, so I waited some more. Then I saw a flash of red, and Joan and Jack went by. They got only a little way up the road from where I was when the car stopped. Boy! Just as I'd planned.

"We'll hail the next car," I heard Jack reassure Joan. That was my next problem. I ran — my bike was caught in some brambles — back to the house, and there was just one car left. They didn't know me, so I hollered, "Those people in the other car are spooning, so drive on past 'em and don't stop."

"O. K., kid," they answered, as they drove away. I heard them go by Joan, and after about thirty minutes — boy, did I get some good food at the Rane's house in the meantime — I hung the can with the rest of the gas in it on my handlebars and started up the road. I didn't know how they was going to appreciate what I'd done, so I took it kinda cautious like. All the lights were out — guess they wanted to save the 'lectricity in this time of depression.

First thing I heard was, "I always have, Jack."

"Oh, Joan, you darling."

I thought that was enough, so I approached and said sorta low, "Mr. Bell (I thought the Mr. would go over bigger), I brought you some gas."

All the response I got was, "Oh, yes, if the folks consent."

Again I tried, "Sis, I thought maybe—" But it was no use. I could see that their heads were pretty close together, and I kinda thought maybe he was kissing her, so I'd better not disturb them.

So I sat down to wait for them to realize that I was there and that I wanted a ride in the spiffy car. Pretty clever plan on my part, I calls it! Huh! I couldn't help — oh, no, not much!

FRANCES WATZEK, '33.

DEAR UNCLE HANNIBAL:

The other day I had a very embarrassing ride on the trolley. I don't very often blush, Uncle, but as that thoughtless, clumsy, old trolley started with a jerk just after I had climbed on, I was gracefully placed in the lap of a very handsome young man. From the way he blushed I don't think he had ever had a young lady land on his lap before.

Well, I was so embarrassed and flustered that I just couldn't move until some old flap-eared gentleman came over to us and, leading me to a seat, informed me that the street-car was no place for such conduct. I attempted to explain, but the man said, "Yes, yes, I know. The reform school is the place for you!" Then everybody in the whole car turned and stared and began whispering to his neighbor.

Anyhow, bound and determined to get my money's worth, I was not going to leave the trolley then, no matter how embarrassed I was. Hearing some one honking a horn outside, I looked out the window and saw my father in his car. I had to leave the trolley then to ride with him. He had seen me sitting on the young man's lap, and I had to spend the rest of the day trying to convince him that it was only an accident.

Your embarrassed niece,

RUTH JOHNSON, '34.

A Visit to Grub Street

ONE evening as I was sitting by my fireside dreaming, I was aroused from my reveries by a knock on the library door. It was my faithful Mrs. Tiffingtuffer, who brought in a note delivered by a messenger boy. Upon opening the note, I found it to be from my good friend, Samuel Johnson. He requested me to accompany him to Grub Street. This invitation interested me immensely, as I had heard a great deal about this famous street but had never had the opportunity of going there. Of course I sent my answer in the affirmative.

I had no sooner donned my great coat and my hat than a knock came at the door. I descended to find Mr. Johnson standing in the vestibule. He was disturbing Mrs. Tiffingtuffer greatly by wiping mud off his boots on her immaculate carpet. I greeted my friend and, to my good housekeeper's great relief, suggested that we leave.

We walked down the street at a very rapid pace. More than one person glanced a second time at my companion. He strode along, entirely unconscious of the many curious glances cast in his direction, his deformed shoulders humped a little more than usual, his gaze on the ground, his unkempt clothes all contrasting with those of the well-dressed people on the Strand. After perhaps twenty-five minutes we turned off the brilliantly lighted street into Grub Street.

My mind was recording everything we saw as we neared our destination. The street was rather poorly lighted, but one could see that the houses were all old and in a slightly dilapidated state. We entered a house that looked as if it might collapse at any moment. Mr. Johnson led the way down several steps into a coffee shop in the basement. He entered without knocking, and I very meekly followed him. We threaded our way among the tables and chairs, placed at intervals about the room, which was blue with smoke. This smoke was not from the best grade of tobacco, and the room had a rather unpleasant odor. Every one was speaking in low tones, and only occasionally was the voice of a patron heard distinctly.

Johnson greeted several people as we walked through the room. Of these I did not know any one. We seated ourselves at a table with one other gentleman, whom Johnson introduced to me as David Garrick. I glanced at the table. It was covered with a heavy, checkered cloth. The food the waiter brought us was on heavy china, and the ale was in thick glasses. I tasted the food placed before me and hastily swallowed the most inedible morsel that I had ever put into my mouth.

I noticed several people in the room glance curiously at the couple sitting with me. After listening to the conversation for a few minutes, my attention finally became centered on a young man at a table not far from us. His hair was in a deplorable condition. He wore a ragged suit, and the cuffs of his shirt were frayed and tattered. He ate very little and said less. His eyes had an expression that fastened itself in my mind. They were large and sad; from their depths his soul was bared. All evening he gazed into space. After he had left, I could not rid my mind of the thought of him.

Johnson rose a few minutes later and said that, as it was getting late, perhaps we had better go. I assented, and we paid for our fare and went out. In the street the air was clear and crisp. I took several deep breaths and exclaimed on the clearness of the night. Johnson absently agreed with me. I saw that he was still arguing mentally with his friend, Garrick.

We arrived at my home a short time later. Before I bade Johnson good evening, I asked him if he had noticed the young man in the coffee shop. He replied that the

stranger was Richard Telford, a young poet who had been unable to sell any of his works. I determined that I should buy some of the poet's work very soon.

I retired after a huge dose of Mrs. Tiffingtuffer's medicine, which was, to quote the good lady, "A blessin' to be sure hafter runnin' around with one of thim crazy poets, h'eatin' the junk he would be feedin' you."

The next morning, when I arose at a comparatively late hour, I picked up a message from my writing table. It had come from Johnson. The contents were as follows: "Your friend, Richard Telford, has committed suicide. You will not have to buy his bad poetry now."

SUE STEIWER, '33.

When the Faculty Smiles

THE dictionary states that a smile is a change of facial expression, the most noticeable signs of which are a brightening of the eyes and an upward curving of the corners of the mouth. It may express amusement, tender affection, approval, pleasure, restrained mirth, irony, or joy.

Smiles are as varied and as numerous as people. No two are exactly alike, and many are very individual. There are big ones, small ones, sweet ones, sour ones, broad ones, and skimpy ones.

Mrs. Walker's starts with a flicker and finally, when the strain becomes too great, spreads over her face like a strawberry festival on the front lawn.

Miss Stewart tries hard to smother hers, but once in a while fails to catch it, and it breaks through in a sudden little burst, accentuated with parentheses, only to disappear as fast as it came.

Mrs. Shuman's takes only a moment to get well on its way, and in the end it extends from northwest to southeast with a little tilt on the southeast corner.

Mrs. Knapp has a smile that is to be found nowhere else. It consists of a series of hearty chuckles, culminating in a broad smile.

Miss Mervy's begins with twinkling high-lights that are instantly caught up at the corners of her mouth, like curtains, and, when the smile is an especially animated one, it continues and finally discloses a stage set for the act of laughter.

Mrs. Fariss hesitates for a second and then allows hers to climb to high altitudes at the corners.

Miss Wells has a smile that is original and certainly has a style all its own. First it sparkles in her eyes, and then corners of her mouth dart straight up, forming a crescent.

Miss Peterson's smile is one of the high-lights of the Hall. Although it is a short episode, it occurs often.

What one of these smiles can't do! The day may be blue, and everything can go wrong, but when Mrs. Walker gives you one of her "strawberry festivals" or when Mrs. Shuman bestows one of her "northwest to southeasters," the scene changes.

The influence of a smile is such that it brightens the whole day. It makes all of us agree with the statement, "What the wag of a dog's tail is to another dog, so to a man is the understanding smile of a comrade."

PEGGY OSBORNE, '34.

Stop-Over

THERE is not much of a cargo here to load. It won't take more than three hours." Those were the words of the first mate—the words that so greatly disappointed Jean and Terry when they first heard them. Jean and Terry were on their honeymoon. They were going to Europe via the Panama Canal.

"I had planned so much on spending lots of time in Colon. It's such an interesting place. And now, just think, Terry, only three hours! We might just as well stay on the ship."

"Oh, no! Don't let it bother you like that. We'll hurry and just make the best of those three hours."

The ship finally was anchored, and the gangplank lowered. Jean and Terry started off down the long pier together. At the end of the pier was a line of queer-looking carriages, driven by the native men. These carriages were very frail-looking. Some were built for two people and others for four. The drivers were black natives, and many of the horses looked as though they did not have many more years to live.

Although it was but a short distance from the pier to the center of Colon, Jean and Terry were so thrilled by the appearance of the carriages that they decided to ride. As Jean stepped in from one side, the entire carriage tipped as though with a little more weight it might go over. This cab was built for only two, and the decrepit horse could barely pull the load.

On their way to the center of the city, the driver took his passengers past the government building, the one hospital of Colon, and down narrow, winding, back-streets, along the sides of which were dark and dingy dwelling-houses. As soon as they reached the main streets, Terry called to the driver to stop, and having paid him, the two started on their hurried tour of Colon.

"Amber beads! Bags! Panama hats! Buy our wares. We have low prices!"

"What on earth is that young child doing?" cried Jean.

"She must be calling people to her father's store."

Sure enough, this black-eyed, fuzzy-haired, colored child was standing on a box, shouting her father's wares. The two young visitors learned later that this sight was not at all unusual. At the time, however, Jean could hardly keep from showing her amazement as she passed the child on going into the shop.

Inside the shop all the clerks were more than anxious to wait upon the young couple. The owner was determined to sell something.

"I have best amber in city. You see. Feel it. It is so light! So beautiful! No? You do not care for amber? Then you must look at my straw hats. My bags are all made by the natives. They are not expensive. I will sell—"

"Oh! I couldn't have stayed in there a second longer!" wailed Jean as they hurried out.

"Look, Jean, how beautifully colored this shop is. Let's go in here."

"Have a sit, Ma'am, have a sit," a clerk said as he rushed up to Jean with a chair on his arm.

Jean and Terry sat down. They wanted at least a souvenir from this quaint city. The clerk showed them straw hats, bags, amber, perfumes, and heavy linen materials. His prices were all very high, but Terry found it amusing to make him lower them. The first mate on the ship had told Terry that the natives always raised their prices when ships came into port.

Finally, having walked up one street after another and into one shop after another, Terry stopped one of those "cabs" and directed the driver to the boat. The ride back was just as novel to them as though they had never been in such a vehicle before. The driver had no respect for them. He seemed to hit very bump in the rough cobble-stone streets, and by the time the pier came into view, Jean was almost jolted to death.

As the two young people walked up the gangplank of the ship, Jean exclaimed rather apologetically, "I'm so very glad that we went! Those three tiny hours were worth while."

JANNETTE JONES. '33.

Shanghai!

THERE'S only one thing we must be careful about — don't let Betty know by a titter or a smile that anything is wrong."

"My dear, you do me an injustice to even insinuate that I'd do such a thing!"

"Don't split infinitives. All right, then, here are the plans."

The confused buzz of voices could be heard down the hall, which was cheerily lit with the sunshine of an April afternoon, but no distinct words could reach the ears of any would-be eavesdroppers.

That afternoon when Betty reached her room at school after a few hours of shopping downtown, the girls, her roommates and the two in the adjoining room, came in to chat. They had taken care to place within her reach the daily paper, opened to a page containing the picture of a beautiful new passenger ship which was sailing that night for the Orient and stopping at Shanghai.

Mary unconcernedly remarked, "Look at that lovely ship." She peered at the print underneath. "It's sailing for Shanghai! Wouldn't you just love to go on it? Midnight is a nice time to leave, too. Oh, school is nice and everything, but it's not romantic enough. Just think — to stow away on that ship and go to the Orient!" Here she rolled her eyes with amateurish emotion, which would have betrayed her at once to experienced eyes, and gave a deep sigh.

With a serious air Betty replied, "It certainly would, but of course—"

Barbara chimed in here with excitement, "Well, why not? We're only sophomores. It would mean only that we'd graduate in '34 instead of '33. And *think* of the fun we'd have. I have ten dollars, and when we arrived in Shanghai, we could get jobs, I know. How about it?" She smiled winningly.

"I'm all for it," Janice put in.

"Oh, we couldn't possibly do that. Think of our parents' worry, and, if it shouldn't happen to work out right, think of the mess we'd be in here at school."

"But we could write to our parents and explain things easily enough."

At this point Barbara chimed in with, "We could pack our laundry bags with the few clothes we'd need and could save room that way. Don't you think that's a good idea, girls?"

"Mm—hmm," they muttered simultaneously.

"Now, let's write our mothers," added Janice, who always enjoyed making the most of a dramatic moment.

"But how would we get out?" asked Betty, by this time half won over to the plan but still dubious and hesitant.

"Oh, we could tie our sheets together and attach them to the bed-post. I've heard of its being done often. Let's see, we'll have to leave here at about eleven in order to reach the boat by twelve. We'd better get a taxi."

Janice said this at the same time that she sat down at her desk and drew out a piece of writing paper before her. Her pen lay idle for a moment, but soon her face began to work convulsively, and large tear drops splashed upon the paper, making it bumpy in spots and totally unfit for use. Once she was started, it was not hard for Janice to continue her heavy sobbing. Betty, assuming a protective air, crossed the room and tried to comfort her. "You'll feel better later on, Janice, I know. It won't be so hard once we're gone."

At dinner that night the four girls were rather silent and could be seen looking about at their stay-at-home companions with a sad, farewell gleam in their eyes. Their laughter, when it did come, was strained and unnatural. Betty especially looked thoughtful, and she was engrossed in giving her sister, three years younger, who sat next her at table, a long dissertation on the proper behavior for young children.

At nine o'clock that night the girls began in feverish haste to pack their bags with only the absolute essentials for an ocean voyage as stowaway passengers. After lights had been put out, each girl rose cautiously from her bed and donned part of her clothes, so that she might be the more prepared to leave when the time came.

"I know that none of us will sleep a wink, but if we should, I'll wake you at eleven, Betty," whispered Barbara, Betty's roommate.

Soon the breathing of four peaceful sleepers was the only sound besides that of the two little clocks in the girls' rooms.

Early morning sunshine was the first sight that greeted Betty's eyes as she opened them. She lay there for a moment thinking; suddenly she saw her full laundry bag on the floor, and she remembered their plans for escape.

But Barbara was missing, and her bag was gone, too. Betty looked into the other room. Two girls and two bags were missing there. Then she looked on Barbara's bureau and saw lying on it a scrap of the brown wrapping paper with which Barbara had wrapped cherished photographs for packing. Her eyes perused the scribble on the paper, and she sat down weak with anger. However, there was in her mind a rush of relief, which came to her as she contemplated the whole affair. The girls, Barbara said in the note, had seen her sleeping so peacefully that they hadn't had the heart to wake her, but she added that they'd drop Betty a postcard from Shanghai.

The lone occupant of the room put on the remainder of her clothes and meanwhile pictured the girls far out at sea, probably arguing with a hard-boiled sea-captain to let them stay on the ship. Adventure! Romance! And she was still at school! She thought of their climbing out the window by means of sheets. As this idea occurred to her, she gave a cursory glance at the sheets on Barbara's bed and then glanced into the other room. No bed linen was missing there, either. Then suspicion struck her. She further noticed that Barbara's tennis racquet was gone from its accustomed spot on the wall. She crossed the room quickly and looked out the window toward the tennis court. They had gathered another recruit and were playing doubles!

Betty slowly unpacked her laundry bag, unable to wipe from her face the foolish grin that had settled there.

Dream Voyage

I'd love to go to Ireland, to England, and to Greece,
 To cross the mighty ocean
 On a steamer grand and gay;
 I'd love to sail to sunny France and stop perhaps at Nice,
 And then I'd go to Paris
 And see Champs Elysees.

I'd love to visit Egypt with its pyramids so high,
 To see them excavating
 On sights of ancient fame;
 And then I'd hie to Switzerland with warm, blue lakes close by,
 And snowy Alps quite covered
 With flowers I cannot name.

But after I had traveled o'er full many a land and sea
 And met and known the people
 Where e'er I wished to roam,
 With joy and satisfaction I should quickly turn and flee,
 And on the fastest steamer
 Come back to cozy home.

GRETCHEN SMITH, '34.

Marble

From the cliffs of Paros,
 Crowning Athens worshipped height
 With true pagan splendor,
 Stately halls, a gleam, snow white,
 Ruins of white marble,
 'Gainst a blue Athenian sky,
 Still and solitary,
 Breathe of glorious days gone by.

SALLY McCUNE, '34.

Joy

Some find joy in reading books;
 Some in pampering hounds;
 Some get joy from loving looks;
 Others from Parisian gowns.
 After searching the world for a lifetime,
 Covering much time and space,
 I find one thing that makes the sun shine;
 That is trumping my partner's ace!

SUE STEIWER, '33.

Juvenile

Why?

Mother, what makes the sky so blue?
Why are the trees so tall?
And why do I hold tight to you?
Why was I made so small?

What makes the crackle of the flames?
Why is the smoke so gray?
Why does the funny speckled hen
Nest in the fragrant hay?

God made the trees grow green and tall.
I hold your hand for love;
Though you are small, you'll grow, my dear,
Aided by God above.

LISA GILL, Form VI.

The Snowman

The snowman is a funny thing.
He stands so great and tall,
But when the sun starts to come out,
He soon begins to fall.

The snowman wears a big black hat
And has a great big mouth;
But not one pretty bird sees him,
For they are in the South.

MARY SUMNER, Form III.

Ghosts and Goblins

On Hallowe'en when ghosts come out,
You'd better watch what you're about;
'Cause if you haven't been very good
A goblin would get you if he could.

MARY SUMNER, Form III.

A Romance

I HAVE traveled over miles and miles. My mistress is very good to me, though she sometimes chews me. My dress is lavender with a black belt and black satin trimming. Don't you think that sounds beautiful? If you want to, you may unscrew my satin, which will reveal my slender brass leg, that goes both up and down.

I usually live in a beautiful red leather case, but I assure you I've done better things than that.

My suitor wears a handsome red uniform and a silver sword. I met him on the lawn last year where my mistress had dropped us to watch some rockets, it being the Fourth of July. He has traveled extensively and has seen many things, some of which he has described to me. He told me about the funny, fat, old lady who gave him his uniform after he had been carved. Then he was shipped to Portland, Oregon, where Lisa bought him at a big store.

Later —

I've just announced my engagement to Sir Palmer Penholder! Hear the wedding bells ringing? For I'm to be married tonight to Sir Penholder, and I have only three hours to be Miss Eversharp Pencil.

—Dedicated to LISA GILL by MISS PENCIL. Form VI.

Louise's Adventure in Cookie-land

WOULD you, Louise, like to go to Cookie-land where cookies grow?" asked a sweet voice of Louise as she sat looking out the window at a bird building its nest. Louise looked up in surprise, and there stood a lovely fairy. "Oh! I would love to," she said, "but how long would I be gone?"

"Just a little while, my dear, and I will bring you safely back here," replied the fairy.

"All right, I will go," said Louise, so the fairy took a pair of wings out of her pocket and fastened them on Louise's back. Louise and the fairy flew out of the window, and, after they had traveled for some time, they flew down to a tree.

"Now," instructed the fairy, "close your eyes and count to ten. When you have finished counting, you may open them."

The little girl counted as she was told, and when she opened her eyes, she was in a beautiful place where everything was made of cookies.

"If you want to," said the fairy, "you may have a bite of each flower, tree, or whatever you see."

"Oh! thank you, good fairy," said Louise, and she took a bite of a small flower. To her astonishment, some more cookies grew where she had taken the bites of things, until at last the fairy told her it was time to go home. "Now close your eyes and count to five, and you'll be by the window-side."

Louise shut her eyes and counted.

Just then she felt a gentle pull at her arm. "Wake up, dear," her mother said. "You've been sitting here asleep for longer than an hour. I want you to go to the grocer's and get some cookies for dinner."

JEAN LITTLEPAGE, Form VI.

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The Basketball Team

FIRST TEAM

Center	Frances Watzek
Side Center	Ruth Smith
Forwards	Eleanor Luper, Ruth Smith, Rebecca Hopkins, Gretchen Smith
Guards	Dorothy Hill, Edith Kohlchase, Betty Tubbs

SECOND TEAM

Center	Mary Kathryn Shoemaker
Side Center	Lucille Leonardo
Forwards	Esther Jobes, Jane Tennison
Guards	Lois Katherine Jones, Jean Moir
Yell Leaders	Betty Baker and Wahanita Mills

Basketball

THE basketball team this year made an excellent showing. Under the able leadership of the captain, Frances Watzek, the team completed another season without being defeated. Many of the 1932 team were back playing better than ever, and several new players ably filled the vacancies left by last year's seniors. The student body gave their team good support by attending all the games, and, spurred on by the yell leaders, Betty Baker and Wahanita Mills, the girls showed the traditional Hall spirit.

SENIOR SWIM — 50 YARDS

1st Prize	Ruth Smith
2nd Prize	Eleanor Luper
3rd Prize	Peggy Lou Smith

JUNIOR SWIM (CRAWL STROKE) — 25 YARDS

	A Division	B Division
1st Prize	Peggy Lou Smith	Margaret McMillan
2nd Prize	Yvonne Shepherd	Margaret Holford
3rd Prize	Lillian Brooke	Betty Baker

BEGINNER'S SWIM

1st Prize	Lucille Leonardo
2nd Prize	Wahnita Mills

SIDE STROKE

1st Prize	Ruth Smith
2nd Prize	Peggy Lou Smith
3rd Prize	Margaret McMillan

Testimonials

The First Testimonials were awarded to pupils attaining an average for the year of:

90% in every study;
 90% in attendance;
 95% in order and punctuality;
 99% in conduct.

Jane Bickle, VI	Irene Sohren, VI	Gretchen Smith, IV
Jane Campbell, VI	Louise Harlan, V	Peggy Bernard, III
Helen Monner, VI	Eleanor Luper, V	Anita Cadonau, III
Elizabeth Reeves, VI	Frances Miller, V	Dorothy Furnish, III
	Margaret Holford, III	

The Second Testimonials were awarded to pupils attaining an average for the year of:

85% in every study;
 90% in attendance and order;
 95% in punctuality;
 98% in conduct.

Catherine Dahm, VI	Ada McIntosh, V	Helen Jenkins, IV
Virginia Proctor, VI	Frances Watzek, V	Peggy Krumbein, III
Evelyn Zehntbauer, VI	Dorothy Howe, IV	Jeanne Latourette, III
	Mary Kathryn Shoemaker, III	

Editorial

LYING before us, the graduates of 1933, is probably a more uncertain course than has awaited an outgoing class for many a year. Together we have worked and striven to overcome the obstacles we have had to meet in our school life. We have found through practical experience the value of cooperation. However, unless each individual gives the very best that is in him, even cooperation will not reach its desired goal. It will, perhaps, hit the target without hitting the bull's eye.

We have had opportunities that are precious and of inestimable value. Not everyone is as fortunate as we in receiving so full and well-rounded an education. Some of us have, of course, experienced more difficulties in school life than others. So it is in the broader field of life — some find life wholly worthwhile and intensely interesting, while others are ever wishing that Fate had not dealt them such wretched hands.

Either triumph or defeat lies before us. We ourselves are responsible for our success in the world. God gave each of us a free will with which she may make or ruin her life. The gift was a precious one. We should receive it as such and show our appreciation of its true value by the use we make of it. We should feel ourselves constrained to live steadfastly up to our ideals in future times of darkness and stress as well as in times of prosperity and happiness.

Perhaps after that last eventful night of the awarding of the diplomas, our class may never again be assembled with "all present and accounted for." The diplomas are the symbols of our departure from the routine of high school life and of our parting with dear and loving friends. Graduation is a time when close ties must be severed by separation, and each must take her separate path. Fond memories of our school life will always remain with us. As we leave St. Helen's Hall, may we step forth as her worthy representatives, and may we hold always before us her motto, "That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple."

Editorial

IT IS the mistaken idea of many an unconcerned person that, when a girl graduates from high school, a few kindly words of good cheer and a blessing are all that she needs to propel her into a world of which she as yet knows little.

How often do we see a man or woman anywhere from the ages of twenty-five to fifty and say, "That person has not made the success in life that it was possible to make!" Then we dismiss him from our thoughts and go on our respective ways, often to pave streets of the self-same mediocrity for ourselves to tread.

It is one of the great tragedies of civilization that there is so much wasted energy and talent in the world. So many of us are willing merely to "get by," with the hope that our pots of gold will be waiting for us at the end of the rainbow, regardless of how much energy we have expended in our efforts to procure the reward.

Because young people are often head-strong, stubborn, and unwilling to listen to advice from experience-wise elders, many mistakes are made both in the choosing of vocations and in the carrying out of plans in life.



Tennis

Last year, besides the school tournament, the Hall played two Interscholastic tournaments. The school senior singles matches were won by Jean Cameron; Esther Jobs won the junior single matches; and Rebecca Hopkins won the beginner's matches. The Days won the hard-fought doubles match from the Boarders. The school team was made up of Jean Cameron, Eleanor Luper, Ruth Smith, and Kathleen Aston. This team lost only one match out of five, when they played St. Mary's. We did not, however, make such a good showing with Reed because our first man, Jean Cameron, was unable to play; consequently, we won only one match, but this was quite a victory because our second player defeated Reed's first.



Riding

Riding has always been a source of enjoyment for the Hall girls. This year again the girls attended the weekly classes, and in the spring they rode at Oswego near the Lake House.

Volleyball

The revival of interest in volley ball came with the spring, as it does every year. The girls find keen competition among themselves in this exciting game. They are fond of volleyball just as they are of all sports.



Alpha Theta

Alpha Theta has made rapid progress during the year and a half that it has functioned. Already this athletic club has set fine standards and lived up to them well. Five girls were pledged in September and initiated in January at the Lake House. The initiation was followed by a dinner dance, at which the pledged members were honor guests. Later in January three new girls were pledged and were initiated in May. Only girls interested in sports are eligible for the club. This year Frances Miller was president; Rebecca Hopkins, vice president; and Lucille Leonardo, secretary.



Fencing

This year greater progress than ever before has been made in fencing. The class was again under the very competent direction of Mr. Knapp. A ladder was formed of all the girls who fenced, and, in order to determine their positions, the girls challenged the person whose name appeared just above theirs on the ladder. Much keen interest was afforded in this way. Ruth Smith and Frances Miller tied for first place. The class met once each week.



VIEWS AT EVERGLADE, OUR LAKE OSWEGO HOME

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The Calendar

SEPTEMBER 7

Once again school opened, and blue and red ribbons were seen in abundance, the tokens of the old girls. The Seniors were heard proclaiming their lofty, new-found position far and wide and looking with contempt on mere under-graduates.

SEPTEMBER 28

As the results of several weeks' swimming lessons, we were able to hold a swimming meet at the Lake house, in which many of the girls participated. We will certainly turn out some English Channel swimmers in the future.

OCTOBER 11

Shades of robots, wedding parties, and clowns! We had the Old-girl, New-girl party, strictly fancy dress. This year we enjoyed an added attraction, that of the initiation of the teachers. Many lovely costumes, including original ones, appeared, and the party was complete, even to a witch who liberally gave out fortunes to one and all, and what fortunes!

OCTOBER 21

A rush tea was given by the Alpha Theta club at the home of one of the members. Many of the girls attended, and six girls were chosen as pledges. Enjoyable refreshments were had by all — particularly by the members!

OCTOBER 27

Water, water, everywhere! We had a canoe meet at the lake — just some more of our water sports — which resulted in several stiff arms and backs, as well as blue ribbons for the winners.

NOVEMBER 18

Basketball season opened with a bang! The first game of the season was played here today against Miss Catlin's with a score of 105-3.

NOVEMBER 19

Evidently Old Man Depression had us in his clutches. The Seniors gave a depression dance for the purpose of raising money. The hall was appropriately decorated with patches and placards which seemed to betoken the condition of most of our pockets. Anyway the dance was a success, and all seemed to get their ninety-nine cents worth of pleasure.

NOVEMBER 21

Symphony Concert season opened, and many of the music lovers attended. The concerts this year were especially beautiful and interesting.

NOVEMBER 23-28

With visions of home, turkey, and what have you, we left for Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER 10

On with the dance! The Boarders gave a dance merely for the love of the art, strange as it may seem.

DECEMBER 15

A Christmas entertainment was given, and many of us attended. The Dramatic Art Class gave a most enjoyable play, and the Latin class sang some hymns in Latin. The Dancing class also entertained us with a few numbers; in fact, most of the audience seemed quite amused.

DECEMBER 19

The Boarders celebrated Christmas by presenting a Christmas Cantata, followed by a feast de luxe, to which many of the Days were invited. Somehow most of us failed to have many of our lessons the next day.

DECEMBER 20

The beginning of Christmas holidays.

JANUARY 4

School started again, and everyone began preparing for exams. It was rather hard to settle down again after the holidays, but it was finally accomplished.

JANUARY 12

A representative from Sarah Lawrence College in New York talked to us about her interesting school. Of course, every girl was then determined to attend Sarah Lawrence, no matter what other school had been considered previously.

JANUARY 14

This was the sacred day when the convenient dogs about school were initiated and made glorious Alpha Thetas. In honor of the occasion, the members gave a delightful dance for the late pledges.

JANUARY 18

A party was given by the Junior College to the Seniors of the various high schools. The idea of a night in Bohemia was carried out, and the amusing entertainment was enjoyed by all. We especially enjoyed the cheese crackers.

JANUARY 23-28

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." You guessed it! This was exam week, which in spite of our fears, most of us managed to struggle through.

JANUARY 25

The tea for the Episcopal Diocese of Oregon was given here, and many of the girls assisted in serving.

JANUARY 31

We were entertained by an interesting talk on Lapland and the Scandinavian countries by Miss Nora Borghlan. Miss Borghlan's lecture was very amusing as well as educational.

FEBRUARY 10

It seemed that Alpha Theta just couldn't get along without their pledges, and today another rush tea was given in order to get another supply.

FEBRUARY 17

Another victory for the Hall! Will the girls never cease being good? — well, we hope not! The Hall played St. Mary's Academy at Shattuck School, winning 47-19.

FEBRUARY 28

The seniors gave a bridge tea in order to raise money (which, I might add, is *the* problem). The tea was a great success, and we have reason to believe that many of the girls added to their bridge experience by playing with the ladies who attended.

MARCH 1

The good old team isn't losing its pep yet. Again the Hall conquered. Reed was defeated on our own floor, 47 to 17.

MARCH 12

This time the Hall played Pacific College at Newberg. Who won? Well, really, the Hall, of course! The score? 39-2.

MARCH 17

There is just no way of getting these girls down. A score of 34 to 12 was made by our girls today against St. Mary's.

MARCH 21

The Hall ended its victorious season in basketball today by the victory of 48-20 over Reed College on their floor. We enjoyed the games very much and wish to offer our congratulations both to the team and to the yell-leaders for their good work.

MARCH 23-28

That old germ, "Spring fever," once again spread to all of us. But Spring vacation came to save us from utter ruin. There was just enough time to escape from school books and have one fine time and then once more to settle down to our last, long stretch before the final night.

MARCH 29

A representative from Mills College visited us and gave an interesting description of Mills. It made quite an impression, and many of us sent for catalogues.

APRIL 29

The Junior class gave a bridge style show which afforded us a novel as well as an amusing afternoon. The clothes were from H. Liebes Company, and the models were none other than our worthy Juniors themselves; and very good ones they were!

APRIL 29

The Alpha Theta Club gave a sport dance to raise money for the gym lights. The colored lights and good orchestra made it an enjoyable time for all who attended.

MAY 13

Today came the traditional Alumnae Association tea, to which all the Seniors were invited. It made them fully realize how near they were to the end of their years at the Hall.

MAY 25

The annual New-girl, Old-girl party and the final tennis tournaments were held today. Great enthusiasm was aroused by the fine playing of the participants in the matches, and the program presented by the new girls was greeted with great delight. The dancing and the refreshments were also enjoyed.

MAY 29

We at length reached that final last hurdle — examinations! The school was in even more chaos than at mid-term. However, they were not so bad as we might expect, and it is comforting to know that they are all now completely finished.

JUNE 3

Under the colored lights, to the lilting strains of the orchestra, the Seniors enjoyed the last dance that they will attend as students of the Hall.

JUNE 4

The Very Reverend Horace M. Ramsey delivered the impressive Baccalaureate sermon at St. Stephen's. After church, luncheon was served in the gym. Then came the unveiling of the Senior class picture and the giving out of the DELPHICS. It was a day we shall always remember.

JUNE 5

The last event before Commencement, the Senior play and the awarding of the honors! This year a French play, "Le Vent d'Ouest," and an English play, "The Romancers," were presented before a large audience. Afterwards the testimonials and other rewards were given out by Bishop Sumner, and most of us left contented.

JUNE 6

At last the long-awaited day! It was the final memory of this our Senior year, and one that we shall long cherish, not without a few tears. And so with this, the last event, we end the calendar and pay our final respects to the DELPHIC.

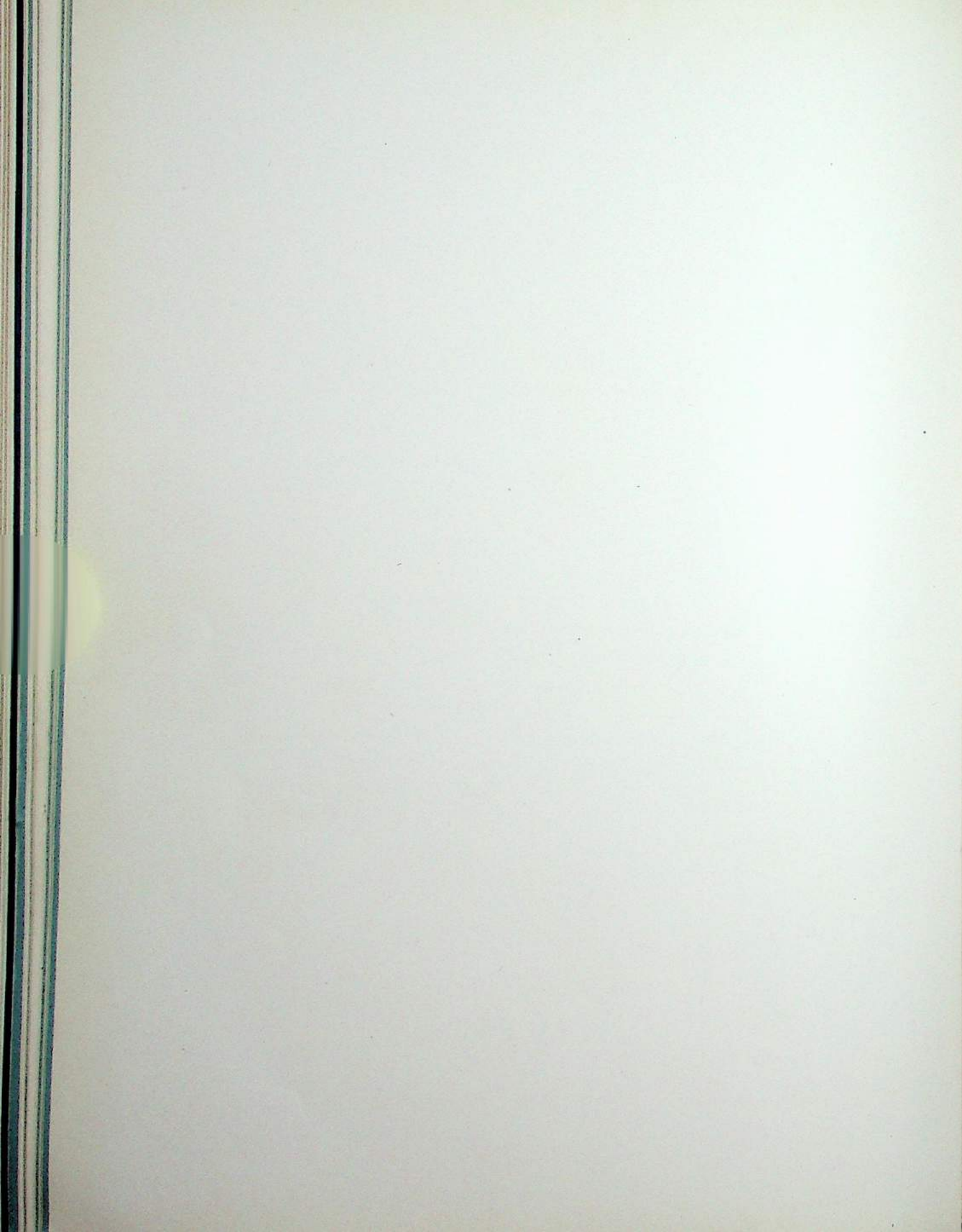
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*Address to the Alumnae Association by the
President of the Senior Class, Betty Tubbs*

Sister Superior and ladies of the Alumnae Association, in behalf of the graduating class I wish to thank you for the great kindness you have shown to us. Today is a day which marks an important event in our lives, and one which we shall never forget. It is difficult to express the emotions which we naturally feel today, but I am sure that you can understand, far better than I can explain. Now that we are approaching the goal for which we have been striving, I sincerely hope that the class of '33 will be beneficial rather than detrimental to the Alumnae Association of St. Helen's Hall. If I may judge from past relations with my fellow classmates, I feel safe in asserting that we, of the graduating class, will be true to our motto, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," and, therefore, true to St. Helen's Hall, to which we owe so much.



Old-Girl Notes

'32

THE girls who are attending the University of Oregon are Nancy Cullers, who is a Gamma Phi Beta; Anne Latourette, who is a Kappa Alpha Theta; Evelyn Zehntbauer, who is a Delta Gamma; Virginia Proctor, who is a Delta Gamma; Jean Luckel, who is a Gamma Phi Beta; Katherine Espy, who is a Delta Delta Delta.

Some of the girls attending Reed College this year are Elizabeth Reeves, Catherine Dahm, Jane Campbell, and Helen Monner.

Jane Meyers is in Madison at the University of Wisconsin.

Margaret Downs is working for Dr. Babbitt of Portland.

Irene Soehren attends St. Helen's Hall Junior College.

Saville Riley is secretary to David Campbell of Portland.

Peggy Jones is attending Oregon State. She is a Pi Beta Phi.

Shirley Fulton is studying art at Lincoln High School.

Mary Louise Kendall, Martha Carpenter, and Elyse West are spending the year at home.

'31

Susan Sargent, Rhoda Holman, Mary Beckwith, Hannasue Watts, June Clancy, and Dorothy Enos are at home this year.

Maxine Mieth is attending Mills College.

Helen Hoffman is in Los Angeles at Homby College.

Vivian Howe is at the University of California.

Barbara Fiske is a Delta Zeta at Oregon State.

Mariah Grimes, now Mrs. Rex Davis, has a son, Reginald Rex.

Gladys Norville is now Mrs. Lloyd Saunders of Puyallup, Washington.

Elizabeth Heckman is living in Seattle.

Peggy Cullers is now a Gamma Phi Beta at Eugene, Oregon.

Helen Stratton is doing secretarial work at the International Patent Company.

'30

The girls who are spending the year at home are Barbara Jennings, Charlotte Shallenberger, Marjory Mautz, Dorothy Insley, Josephine Williamson, Alice Devereaux, Elizabeth and Katherine O'Riley, Daria Sangster, and Elizabeth Berger.

Jane Fales is a Kappa Alpha Theta at Oregon University.

Betty Lou Hudson is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at Oregon University.

Sally Reed is a Kappa Alpha Theta at Oregon University.

Jane Dutton is now living in California.

Blanche Coe is attending Stanford University.

Marion Denton is studying music at home.

Margaret Reeves is attending the Junior College at the Hall.

Marion Bilyeu is one of the secretaries at St. Helen's Hall.

Mary Lueddemann is now Mrs. Taylor Eccles of Portland.

Frances Stevens is now Mrs. Robert Gilly of Portland.

Coie Barnard was married to Basil Brown during the past year.

Phoebe Greenman is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at the University of Oregon.

'29

Elizabeth Bond, Constance Green, Helen Owens, and Frances Taylor are at home this year.

Helen Hyde is working at the English Hat Shop.

Margaret Proctor has announced her engagement to Henry E. Dunn of New York City.

Katherin James is in nurse's training at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Mildred Roberts is returning home after having studied the violin in Germany for the last four years.

Dorothy Lane Russell is now Mrs. Francis O'Shea of Portland.

Sally Cannon is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at Oregon.

Evelyn Keyt is now Mrs. Warren Coffeen.

Madelon Brodie is living in Finland, where her father is United States Minister.

Ardeanne Henningson is living in Shangai, China.

Virginia Insley is a senior at the University of Washington, where she is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

'28

Myrtle McDaniel and Jeanne Knapp are at home this year.

Marjory Holman is now Mrs. John E. Day of Portland.

Mary Helen Carr is now Mrs. Oscar Linder of Portland.

Helen Adelsperger is now Mrs. Howard Page. Mr. and Mrs. Page have one child.

Barbara Jane Averill is now Mrs. Robert Sutton, and has a daughter.

Barbara Clarke was graduated from Mills College last year.

Elizabeth and Esther Kaser are living in Juneau, Alaska. They were graduated last year from the University of Oregon.

Helen Kaufman is working in Portland this year.

Elizabeth Ann Johnson is living in Los Angeles.

Emma Johnson, now Mrs. Arnold Reiss, is living in Mexico City.

Virginia Holland has recently announced her engagement.

Janet Wentworth is doing Junior League work.

Jean Adix is studying at Dental College in Portland.

Louise Holford is attending a school of horticulture in Arubler, Pennsylvania.

Maxine Bennett is doing professional dancing in New York City.

'27

Elaine Hickman is now Mrs. Robert H. Knight of Portland.

Margaret Johnson is now Mrs. Henry Bristol of Portland.

Geraldine Dye is now Mrs. Sydney Woodbury, Jr., of Portland, and has a young daughter.

Mary Malarkey is now Mrs. Howard Wahl and has a daughter, Helen.

Mary Louise Zan is married to Mr. William Giles and is living in New York.

Dorothy Livesley (Mrs. Conrad Paulus) has two children. She is now living in Salem.

Deborah Ball is Mrs. Thomas Burke of Portland.

Dorothy Dunham is now Mrs. Lewis Ankeny and has a child.

Mary Elizabeth Wheeler recently visited Portland.

Jane Cullers has been working at Gill's Book Store this year.

Serena Morrison Hines is working at Bergs' in Portland.

Elizabeth Zan is working in New York City.

Chauncey Devereaux, Jean Rosenblatt, Mary Simmonds, Mary Alice Meyer, and Jane Boyer are at home this year.

'26

Nancy Carpenter is now Mrs. Robert Farrell and has a daughter.

Elizabeth St. Clair was married in Seattle to Homer A. Shuey, and is now living in Houston, Texas.

Maybelle Allen is now Mrs. Ralph Prag.

Ardelia Haradon is now Mrs. Dan J. Malarkey, Jr.

Vivian Sandstrom is now Mrs. Hope Bleveans of Sacramento.

Helen Spencer is now Mrs. Thomas Mahoney, Jr., and has a son, Pat.

Nancy Chipman is at home this year.

Helen Peters is a graduate nurse of the Yale Medical School.

Mary Mildred Reynolds is working in Portland.

Elizabeth Martin has recently returned from abroad.

Phyllis Henningsen (Mrs. William Dorus) is living in Shanghai, China.

Marion Statter is working in Portland.

'25

Celeste Proctor is now Mrs. Duncan Sutfin, Jr., of New York City.

Dorothy Statter (Mrs. Waldon Byers) is living in Pendleton and has a son, Brock.

Catherine Martin is now Mrs. Alexander Sargent, and has interest in the Blue Cupboard Exchange of Portland.

Mayanna Sargent is now Mrs. William Hawkins.

Evelyn Meyer is at home this year.

Catherine Mayhew is teaching at the Gable School in Portland.

'24

Edna Ellen Bell is at home this year.

'23

Lillian Luders is married to Keith Blair of Melbourne, Australia.

Anne Wentworth (Mrs. Ralph Staley) is living in Portland.

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Exchanges

The DELPHIC wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Adjutant — Hill Military Academy, Portland, Oregon.

Garrulous Pine — Miss Catlin's School, Portland, Oregon.

Cardinal — Lincoln High School, Portland, Oregon.

Nods and Becks — Miss Head's School, Berkeley, California.

Cardinal — Lincoln High School, Portland, Oregon.

We find your magazine very interesting throughout. Perhaps an explanation of the activities of your various clubs would add to the interest of your pictures. The cover theme of your annual is very clever and unusual.

Saturna — St. John Baptist School, Mendham, New Jersey.

The snapshots of your school activities were unusually interesting and very well arranged. We enjoyed your class histories. Perhaps a humor section would add more pep to your book.

Saint Katherine's Wheel — St. Katherine's School, Davenport, Iowa.

We wish to compliment you upon your full and interesting calendar. Do you not think that individual Senior pictures would be better than the group picture?

Croftonian — Crofton House School, Vancouver, British Columbia.

We especially enjoyed your literary department. The Lower School contributions were indeed noteworthy. A few schoolroom jokes would add a great deal to your annual.

Memoirs — Grant High School, Portland, Oregon.

Your literary section was exceptionally well done, and your editorials were very interesting. The pattern throughout your book was very well carried out.

Academia — St. Mary's Academy, Portland, Oregon.

We enjoyed your book very much. Your poetry is also very well done. Perhaps a few more pictures would add interest to your annual. A basketball picture and a picture of the *Academia* staff would be appropriate.

J. TENNISON.

M. INGRAM.

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Puny Puns

The neighbor's cats were howling again for the third consecutive night under the boarders' windows.

Lou (in one of her sieges of anger and showing off her Chem. ability): "Gee! I'd love to give them cyanide!!!!"

Miller (a wit of the Chapel dorm): "Then it would be cyanide of potcatsium!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Peterson: "Josephine, what was the name of that French explorer of whom we were talking yesterday?"

Doreen (anxious to recite): "It was Hudson."

Jo (mildly): "No, it was Cadalac."

B. J. B.: "Yesterday it was La Salle."

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Wahnita (tasting the cream-colored soup and grumbling): "Well, there is no turtle in this soup!"

The Head of the Table (overhearing the remark and answering pointedly): "No, and there is no horse in the horse radish."—*Columbus*.



Miss Mervy: "What do they call the instrument the French use for beheading people—in today's lesson?"

Phyllis Grenfell: "The Gillette, I think."—*Life*.



Little Maybelle found a button in her salad.

She remarked: "I suppose it fell off while the salad was dressing."—*Christian Register*.

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"Are you wearing glasses, ole girl?"

"Yes. Through cross-word puzzles I've contracted an optical defect. One eye travels vertically and the other horizontally!"—*Pink-Un*.



Optimist: "Cheer up, ole man. Things aren't as bad as they seem to be."

Pessimist: "No, but they seem to be."—*Vancouver Province*.



Buttons: "You are the breath of my life."

Lois: "Let's see you hold your breath."—*Daily Oklahoma*.

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Mrs. Fariss (asking questions of the Senior class on *L'Allegro*: "And what did L'Allegro hear next?"

Betty: "The Hounds on the Hoar Hill."

Miller (innocently): "Does that make them horehounds?"



Miss Forney (hearing a noise in the yellow dorm and slipping in, only to find Lillian in the middle of her bed in convulsions of suppressed laughter): "Lillian, what are you doing out of your bed?"

Lillian (quite surprised at Miss Forney's presence and filled with giggles): "I—er—ah—heh—heh—gulp—I got out of blinds to put the bed up."

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Lou, hearing the alley cats striking up their harmony for the evening at about 10 p. m., dashed to the window and opened it as wide as possible, stamped her foot, clenched her fists, and softly murmured, "Scat!"

"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd. "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."

"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got," was the answer.

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.—*Arcanum Bulletin.*

"Say, Mom, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Yes, Son."

"I guess they like to have things quiet up there, huh, Mom?"—*Service Magazine.*

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Jokes

Kay Aston (one of the impatient customers in the butcher shop): "Two pounds of liver, please. I'm in a hurry."

Butcher: "Sorry, Miss, but there are three ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order."—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*.



Barb Berger (after several literary attempts): "Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story."

Sue (quite enthusiastic): "Congrats, Barb. From whom did you get the money?"

Barb: "From the express company. They lost it!"—*Lowell Citizen*.

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Jane T. (appearing brilliant) : " Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

Esther (wisely) : " I know something that they all thirst after."

Jane: " What's that?"

Esther: " Salted almonds."—*Boston Transcript*.



Jo: " They say if there's anything in a person, travel will bring it out."

Lou: " You tell 'em! I found that out my first boat trip to Alaska."—*Wright Engine Building*.



Annie: " Imagine my embarrassment, when, according to my custom, I looked under the bed before retiring. I had forgotten that I was in an upper berth."—*U. P. Magazine*.

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Prince Rupert of H. M. Academy (trying to start a conversation with the Hall chap-
erone): "Do you like romantic old ruins?"

Miss Coles (quite bored): "If they'd only stop asking to marry me."—*Malteaser*.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mel: "Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls."

Miller: "Oh, indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"—*London
Opinion*.

◆ ◆ ◆

Bob: "Are you fond of moving pictures, Kathleen?"

Kay (hopefully): "I surely am, Bob."

Bob: "Then maybe you'll help me get a half dozen down from the attic."—*Royal
Arcanum Bulletin*.

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Porter (to Lois, who evidently missed the train): "Did you miss that train, Miss?"

Lois: (rather peeved because of having to wait till four hours later): "Oh, no, I just didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."—*Open Road*.



Frances Watzek: "They laughed when I walked over to the piano—but they were right! I couldn't lift it."



Mrs. Knapp (to her basketball players): "Whoever she is, there is a thief on this team. In the past week I've lost one Wellesley tennis racket, a Smith fencing foil, a bow and arrow from Mills, a Reed basketball, and a couple of Y. W. C. A. towels.—*Carolina Buccaneer*."



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 No man, in days of yore,
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—*The New Outlook*.

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Ruth: "What shall I do? Jean has been under the water for twenty minutes."
Dot Hill (impatiently): "Let's go home! I wouldn't wait any longer for any one."
—*Flamingo*.



Street Car Conductor: "Miss, this transfer has expired."
Jeannie Jones (irritated because of having had to stay an hour after school): "Well, you can't expect much else with the cars so poorly ventilated."—*Wright Engine Builder*.



Lucy Leonardo (on board train homeward bound to The Dalles): "Do you call this a fast train?"

Conductor: "Yes, Miss."

Lucy: "Well, do you mind if I get off and see what it's fast to?"—*Aggravator*."

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