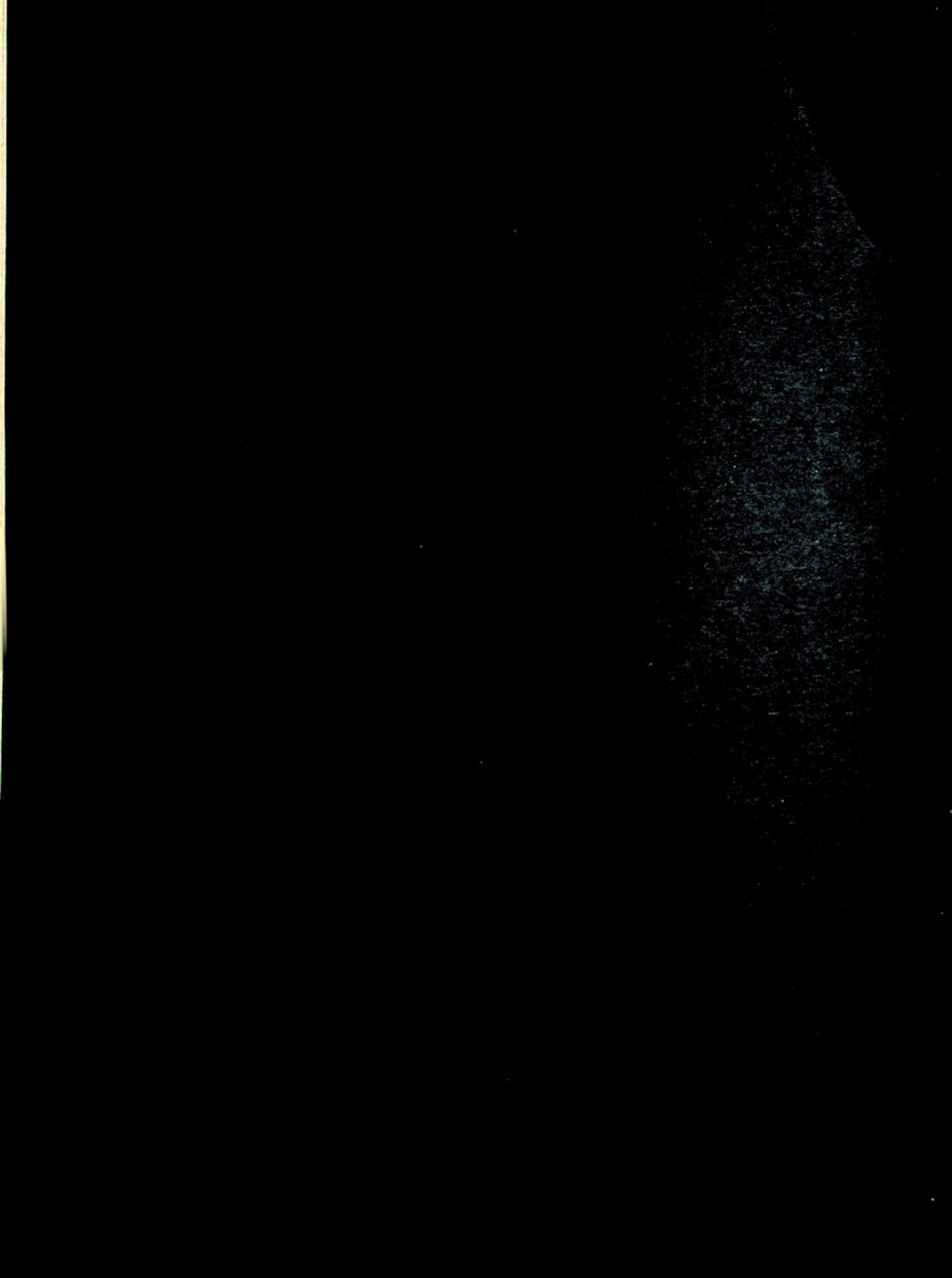


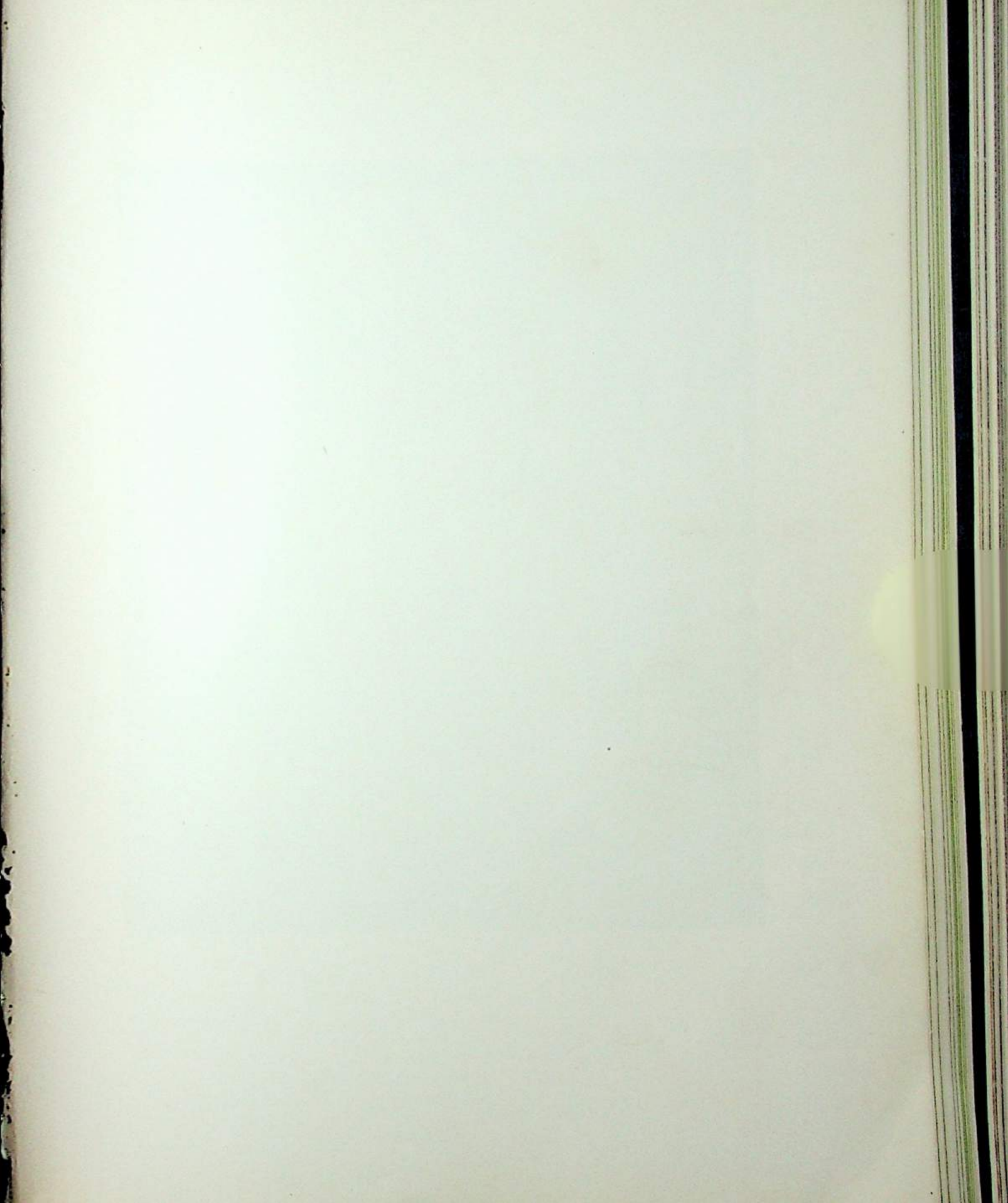


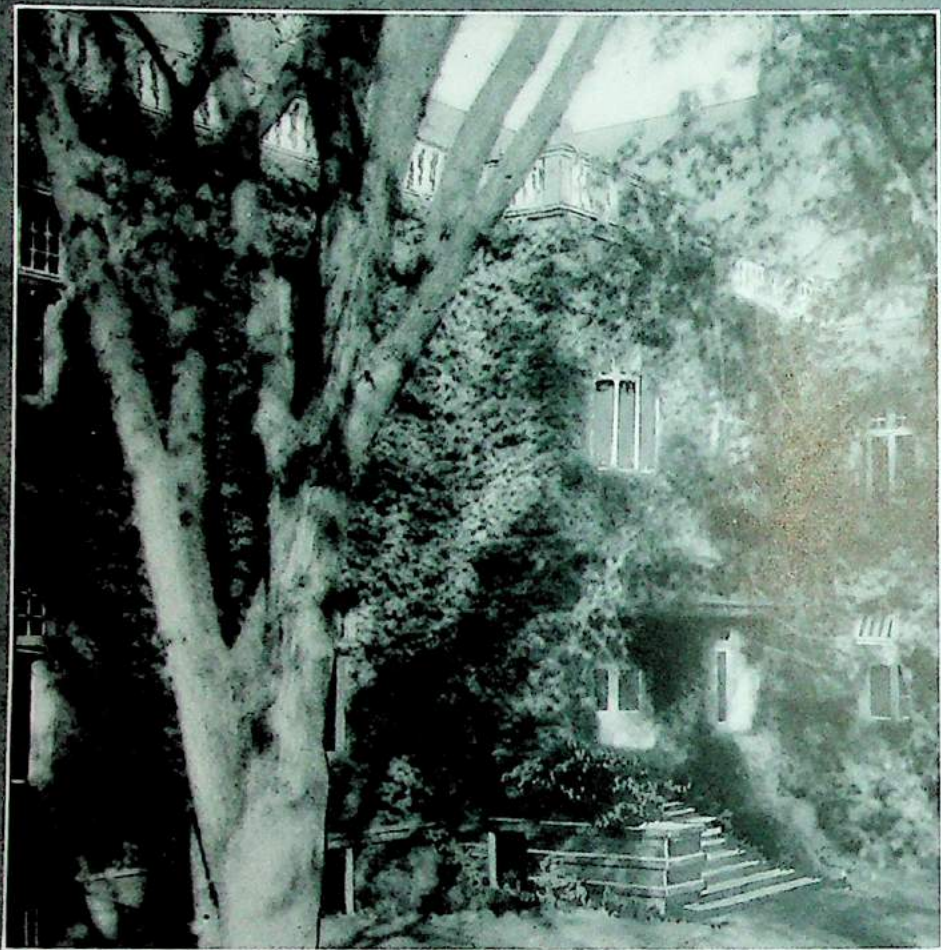
# The Delphic

1932









ST. HELEN'S HALL

# The Delphic



St. Helen's Hall  
Of Portland, Oregon



1931 - 1932

Volume XXXII

Number 12

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 Guildhall School of Music, London  
 Interpretation of Modern Music under Louis Victor Saar, 1927
- DOCTOR W. S. KNOX.....*School Physician*

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1931-1932

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ELYSE M. WEST



EVELYN R. ZEHNTBAUER



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## Class Prophecy

I was speeding toward the Unseen in an automobile. Out of the chaos I struggled nobly to collect my scattered wits. As I became calmer, I perceived that I was being rapidly transported through a weird, gloomy forest. The shadows were as those of eternity. They appalled, they oppressed me. Suddenly, a tire blew out. Helplessly, I sat down and bewailed my fate. My knowledge about tires was exceedingly vague. I had a faint idea that somehow air must be captured and laboriously injected into the tube, but how to accomplish this, I had no idea. Suddenly, I was startled by a slight rustling behind me. Apprehensively, cautiously, I looked around and beheld a wizened little man who leered sweetly at me and then conducted me to the mouth of a yawning cavern. He bade me go on alone. The passage was dark as midnight. Hesitantly, tremulously, I groped my way along, clinging to the cold, clammy walls.

Presently I distinguished a dim light in the distance and heard indistinct voices. As I crawled nearer, words became plain. "Tickets, please!" "Stop pushin'!" "Ice, eight cents a chunk!" "Fans, palm-leaf and Japanese, very cheap!" "Get your overcoat checked here!" etc. What did all this mean? Where was I? But suddenly I found myself in the midst of a large throng. Frail forms with wings, demons, and goblins composed the mob. What—and then it came to me as a sudden light. This was the Inferno of Dante and the lower world of Aeneas.

As I stood among these creatures, an official-looking man beckoned to me to follow him. My friend finally stopped in front of a door with the sign, "Ladies' Fitting Establishment", above it. Once inside the door I felt more at home than before. There were a number of other new arrivals there, who were also being fitted. To my great surprise I met Helen Monner. She told me that she had been living in Italy, where she had served as model for the cherub faces portrayed by leading Italian artists. Then I told her of my great work as a Salvation Army leader in Africa. In the course of our conversation about the class of 1932 Helen told me that Jane Bickle, head of the first organized League of Bachelor Girls in America, had her headquarters in Salt Lake City.

With the help of an attendant, who spoke a very strange language which puzzled me, I arrayed myself in a cool-looking white gown and started forth. Just as I was about to leave, I saw Margaret Downs enter the room. She told me she had been living in Denver, where she had established a very exclusive kindergarten, and that her only two pupils were the twin daughters of Jane Campbell, the famous actress, best known for her role of Lady Macbeth. Margaret also told me that, at the famous Tabernacle, she frequently attended lectures given by the well-known I. W. W. leader, Jean Cameron. In fact, Margaret said that she had been so impressed by Jean's talks that she herself had become a convert to the philosophy and hence had reached her present state. As I opened the door, I was stopped by the owner of this establishment, who was none other than Katherine Espy. She had been a model of the latest styles from Paris in one of New York's smartest shops on Fifth Avenue.

When I stopped outside the door, I saw a girl standing there alone. She seemed so sad that I said, "Hello", and immediately saw that it was Jean Watson. When I asked her what she had been doing, she replied that for some time she had played the saxophone with the "Red Heads", a popular girls' orchestra in New York. Jean told me that she had visited Nfagara Falls just before she left the other world. She had seen Jane Myers and Jean Luckel perform their spectacular feat of going over the Falls in a barrel. Upon reaching the bottom, they had come straight to their present abode. With her was Shirley Fulton, who had accidentally entered the underworld while carrying on her archeological investigations of Egyptian tombs. Jean Watson offered to lend me her fan, and I gave her my smelling-salts and handkerchief in exchange. We then agreed to go on together, looking for some of our former classmates.

We followed the other shades and soon came to the bank of the river Styx. There was no bridge, and I couldn't understand how we were to cross. Presently I heard a whistle, and a large double-decked steamer came into view. Standing on the deck, in a blue mackintosh and brown leggings, his whiskers blown by the wind, was Captain Charon. He glanced toward the shore for a moment and then cried out in a loud voice, "All aboard!" When the boat pulled out from shore, the former Hotel St. Francis orchestra, the leader of which I recognized as Elizabeth Reeves, began to play lustily, "Down by the Sycamore Tree", with Sara Jane Henderson crooning the chorus. As the boat neared the other shore, we heard blood-curdling barks and howls and immediately saw Cerberus, the three-headed dog which guards the portal. Captain Charon threw him a piece of Angel Food cake which put him to sleep and allowed us to pass by the cave and enter the dwelling place of the shades.

We came upon the tragic scene where Judge Minos reigns supreme. Every departed soul must stand before his judgment seat to answer for all crimes committed in life. The people to be judged were arranged in long rows far up the mountain side. In the first row from Chicago we saw Helen Campbell, who had been leader of a Chicago gang. Next, we found Anne Latourette in the Oregon City line. She said that she had been mayor of Oregon City, first woman governor of Oregon, and now hoped to replace Pluto as the ruler of the Underworld. From New York we saw Irene Soehren, who had been one of America's greatest Communist leaders. She had first won recognition for herself by leading a hunger strike, during which she had refused to eat carrot salad. We also saw Mary Louise Kendall, the second Houdini, who had built her reputation on her ability to extricate herself from any locked building and who had recently taken French leave from the other world; and Peggy Jones, who had been Hollywood's leading beauty expert and had produced more platinum blondes for less money than any one else in the country. From Portland we met Catherine Dahm, who had been head of the chemistry department of Reed College and, in an elaborate experiment in scientific research, had just blown herself straight to Hades. Saville Riley and Elyse West swooped down upon us in their aeroplane. They told us they were among the leading aviatrixes of America and had just accomplished the first non-stop flight to Hades.

Having been given a broad acre in the Elysian fields, we passed through several divisions of the lower world. We came to the dwelling place of those who had been put to death under false accusations. Here I met Evelyn Zehntbauer, the famous pianist of the Orpheum circuit. When I asked her what false accusation had been brought against her, she sorrowfully told me that she had been accused of getting a permanent.

We travelled through several other districts and viewed the walls and gates of Tartarus. Several blocks farther on, a beautiful vision spread before our eyes. We saw before us the green fields through which ran the river Lethe and the white marble buildings in the distance. We knew we had reached Elysium.

VIRGINIA PROCTOR,  
HELEN MONNER.



## The Last Will and Testament of the Class of '32

I, Jane Bickle, will my angelic disposition to Jane Tennison.

I, Jean Cameron, will my ability to get order marks to Esther Jobes.

I, Helen Campbell, will my raven tresses to Margaret Kribs.

I, Martha Carpenter, will my halt system of typing to Becky Hopkins.

I, Katherine Espy, will my art of hair dressing to Edith Kolhase and Helen Jenkins, to be equally divided between them.

I, Nancy Cullers, will my knack of "getting by" without studying to Frances Watzek.

I, Catherine Dahm, will my bobby-pins to Ruth Smith.

I, Margaret Downs, will my parking space to Theresa Grossmayer.

I, Shirley Fulton, will my graceful carriage to Ruth Clark.

I, Sara Jane Henderson, will my *Essay on Burns* to the highest bidder.

I, Peggy Jones, will my domestic aptitude to Ora May Holdman.

I, Mary Louise Kendall, leave my pug nose to Frances Miller.

I, Jean Luckel, leave the class motto to any one who will dig it up.

I, Anne Latourette, leave my fruitless quest for knowledge to my sister, Jean.

I, Helen Monner, will my athletic prowess to Betty Watkins.

I, Jane Myers, will my quiet sneeze to Sue Steiwer.

I, Virginia Proctor, will my Sacred Studies genius to Barbara Berger.

I, Elizabeth Reeves, will my ladylike conduct to Laurabelle McGrail.

I, Saville Riley, will my back seat to Margaret Kribs, who is usually in it.

I, Irene Soehren, leave my powers of concentration to Ruth Simmonds.

I, Jean Watson, will my red hair to Elizabeth Zehntbauer.

I, Elyse West, will my blushes to Dot Hill.

I, Evelyn Zehntbauer, will my hearty laugh to Jane Wilmot.

I, Jane Campbell, will my serious aspect to Mary Jane McDonald.

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-two, leave our pictures in the study hall to smile down on the Junior Class, to whom we leave the honor of being Seniors; and on the Sophomores, whom we wish the best of success and to whom we leave our school spirit; and on the Freshmen, to whom we leave our dignity.

Now that we have finished our will, we are ready to pass into the great beyond—The Alumnae Association.



VIEWS AT EVERGLADE, OUR LAKE OSWEGO HOME

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## School Honors

1931

The Oregon Committee on Prize Essays for the American Chemical Society awarded its second prize, a certificate and a copy of "Chemistry in Medicine", to Nancy Foley, a Senior. The subject of her essay was "The Relation of Chemistry to National Defense".

The Medal and Certificate for the best essay on a patriotic subject, awarded by the National Society of Colonial Daughters, was won by:

Dorothy Hill, a Freshman.  
Subject, "Patriotism".

Other winners of Certificates of Merit:

Billie Reynolds,  
Gretchen Smith,  
Ruth Clarke,  
Dorothy J. Furnish.

Honorable mention was given to Helen Dahl and Jean Moir.

The Alumnae Pin is awarded to the Senior of good scholarship who has most actively contributed to school life. This honor went to Peggy Cullers, President of the Senior Class.

A silver vase has been given to the Boarding Department. On this each year are to be put the numerals of the class obtaining the highest average in Good Citizenship. The honor of this year's inscription went to "1931", the Senior class.

For the highest average in Good Citizenship a pin and testimonial were awarded to Nancy Foley. Honorable mention was given to Helen Campbell, Evelyn Bates, and Lucille Leonardo.

The American Legion gives a Medal and Certificate to an eighth grade graduate for strength and stability of character; high standards of conduct; keen sense of what is right; adherence to truth and conscience; devotion to duty; and practice of clean speech. In our school this medal went to Jeanne Latourette.

A beautiful book, given by Mrs. John S. Parke to the girl who on all occasions is most courteous and helpful, went to Katherine Espy.

In the Fire Prevention Essay Contest the First Prize, \$3.00, was awarded to Mary Jane McDonald. The Second Prize, \$2.00, was won by Frances Corfe, and the Third Prize, \$1.00, by Dorothy Furnish.

## 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  
 Jane Campbell  
 Nancy Cullers  
 Peggy Cullers  
 Katharine Gilbert  
 Eleanor Luper

Frances Miller  
 Helen Elizabeth Monmer  
 Shirley Paulson  
 Elizabeth Reeves  
 Gretchen Smith  
 Betty Tubbs

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.

Martha Burkhart  
 Catherine Dahm  
 Helen M. Dahl  
 Dorothy Enos  
 Barbara W. Fiske  
 Vivian Howe

Maxine Mieth  
 Jane A. Myers  
 Bernice Norville  
 Ruth Scruggs  
 Hannasue Watts  
 Frances Watzek

Evelyn Zehntbauer

Honorable mention was given to June Munroe, who would have received a Second Testimonial had she been here the whole year required by the rules.



## Editorials

We, the Seniors, stand gazing into the mystery of the vast beyond, trying to read the future, to unfold its hidden secrets, but all is veiled in obscurity. We falter, hesitant and uncertain, but, still, for us the future holds great promise. Far beyond, challenging us to glorious battlefields and brave deeds, lie treasures yet unfound, new worlds to conquer!

We turn back and behold the solidity and unchangeableness of the basic structure upon which we have built our intellectual, spiritual, and moral edifice. We shall always be deeply grateful to those who have assisted in its building, hoping that our future lives may redound to the happiness of these faithful and patient architects. Our tasks have been much lightened by pleasant association with our fellow students, sharing alike each other's cross and crown. Words are inadequate to express our deepest and sincerest wishes for the future success of our school and of all those who come within its walls. And as we pass from out its portals, may our lives ever reflect its noble purpose, "That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple".

These are serene and happy memories, but we must face the future with its uncertainty, its joys and its sorrows. A sudden flash of light penetrates the darkness. We see the gleams of a far-off beacon, which kindles within us the fire of zeal and courage, the torch of hope and faith. Our fears are banished, and we now step forth, finding our feet upon the firm foundation we have built.

Make way! We are the class of '32, and victory is our goal!

\* \* \* \* \*

Commencement! It is the Alpha and the Omega—the beginning and the end. For we, the Seniors, stand at the crossroads. True, it is not the first time. There was that awful day, many years ago, when we went to school for the first time and, in spite of coaxing and threatening, could not be prevailed upon to say a word to the teacher. Then there was the time when we outgrew our little blue frocks and put on high heels and did up our hair and they called us "Miss". All this seems many years ago—when we stood at those other crossroads. Insignificant they seem now, almost nothing compared to the course that lies before us, for, our high school days ended, we stand again at the crossroads.

Looking back, we realize how splendid has been our heritage as the daughters of St. Helen's. Knowledge of the classics, the sciences, the arts, understanding of things spiritual as well as intellectual, she has given to those who would take them. Realizing how much we owe to our Alma Mater, we shall do our best to be worthy of her, to attain the perfection she demands of us. If perfection be our goal, we know that we can never quite reach it, but we know also that "he who shoots at the mid-day sun shoots higher than he who aims but at a bush".

So we leave behind us the happy, carefree days of our youth and, with seriousness of mind and heart, go forth to find our place in the world, to take up new tasks, new responsibilities, to make our dreams at last come true.

## “These Tedious Old Fools!”

POOR, funny, old Polonius! All the ridiculous, silly, stupid traits that a human can have, it seems, are rolled up in this one little old man. In his younger days he may have been a very clever person, but somehow the possibility is doubtful to me. Nevertheless, I do respect him in that he, from time to time, has shown some good common sense, although I reiterate that I have never noticed any cleverness in his character. I think he is at his best in his speech to his son, who is just leaving for France. On this occasion he gives advice which may prove profitable to any one that reads it, young or old.

If one has ever known the joy of having an old grandfather, one can forgive the little nonsensical things which Polonius says and does during the course of the play, *Hamlet*. They are typical of childish old age. One is even a little ashamed of Hamlet, sometimes, when he appears disrespectful to the old gentleman. But old men such as Polonius are bound to be more or less provoking to youths such as Hamlet, who are full of clever irony and witty sarcasm. Hamlet cannot be blamed harshly for criticising old Polonius, for the boy is undergoing great sorrow, and the strong desire to avenge his beloved father is ever rankling within him. The incoherent prattlings of Polonius must seem to Hamlet but a waste of the time which is so precious to him at this critical period.

Polonius, like many old men, is overconfident. He feels that his many years and experiences have brought him great wisdom and understanding, and so, of course, they have, but he is too much aware of this fact. He gives sound advice, but it is often at the wrong time, and it may frequently bring harm and disaster to those who heed him.

On the whole, however, Polonius is not a bad sort of person. He furnishes a great deal of amusement in the play. The incident in which he is made an end of through the arras is even rather droll. That last is a harsh, cold-blooded statement. I repent for having held such a thought. Why could it not have been the wicked king behind the tapestry instead of poor old wordy Polonius?

—SAVILLE RILEY, '32.

## City Night

A city at night glimmers from far off  
 With its myriad lights.  
 A city at night is a glamorous woman  
 In an opera-cloak of dusky velvet  
 Spangled with glittering sequins  
 Of brilliant gold and green and red.  
 But coming close I find the satin lining of the cloak  
 Frayed and threadbare,  
 And there are moth-holes in the velvet.

—ADA MCINTOSH, '33.

## Inside the Mail-pouch

THE mail-pouch was growing fatter and fatter as it neared New York. There were letters and letters of every kind, thick business ones in big typewritten envelopes, dainty little scented notes in envelopes of various bright colors, and all sorts and sizes in between. All of them, however, were tightly sealed and told nothing to the outsider but where they were going and from where they came.

The postal cards were different, especially the picture ones (and my, what stacks there were of these!), carrying their messages boldly uncovered, trusting that no one but the right person would read them, and, as for their pictures, flaunting their gay colors, really very proud to be looked at. They were becoming very crowded, though; and, finally, when a fresh lot was squeezed into the pouch and one of the cards was pressed closely against another, it said, a bit crossly, "Dear me! I don't like to get so close to you this hot day; it nearly gives me a sunstroke. You look like a jungle. And what are those yellow spots on you?"

"Humph!" said the other. "I don't think you can see very well. My picture is not a jungle at all but a Honduras banana plantation, and those yellow spots are bunches of ripe bananas. Where did you come from, not to know about bananas? By the way, I don't like to look at you either; you give me cold chills! What are all those piles of ice on you, anyway?"

"I came from St. Moritz in the high Alps of Switzerland," replied the other. "That ice is an exquisite glacier. Many tourists come to St. Moritz to see it. What are those bananas of yours good for?"

"Good for?" echoed the banana card. "Well, you must be ignorant! Good to eat! And the way people eat them in the United States! Why, from around my country they ship billions of them up there."

"If you ask me, I'd rather live in Bruges, where I came from, than either of your hot or cold places," interposed another card.

"Where is Bruges?" asked the Alpine card.

"In Belgium," replied the other, "and it is the quaintest, loveliest old city you ever saw. There are pretty canals all through it, with swans floating around on them and mossy stone bridges over them."

"Yes, Bruges seems to be all right," said the others, peering critically at the card, "but what is that ridiculous-looking cart in the front of your picture, with the tall cans in it, the big shaggy dog hitched to it, and the boy standing by?"

Thereupon the Bruges card broke into a discussion about the milk cart. Suddenly, it was interrupted. "I heard one of you talking about the mountains awhile ago—the Alps, I think you called them. But I wonder if you ever heard of our mountain in Japan? Its name is Fujiyama, and we think it the most magnificent mountain in the—"

"Oh, yes, but what is the pink stuff on you? You're all covered with it."

"Those are cherry trees in blossom," explained the Japanese card. "We have a special holiday to celebrate 'Cherry-viewing Time', and the emperor gives a beautiful party in his palace garden. I think it's ever so much more charming,

the way people do in Japan, than in other countries, where, I hear, the most folks think of, when they look at cherry trees, is how many pies and preserves can be made from them."

"Don't be so cock-sure!" another card burst out. "In California, where I come from, we've started a day like your 'Cherry-viewing Time', only it beats yours all to pieces! We call it 'Blossom Day'. Do you know, in one valley alone we have ten million plum and peach and cherry trees, and from now on, Californians are going to make a business of looking at them. So there, now! You needn't brag so about Japan."

"Do you come from California?" asked the Japanese card in surprise. "Your picture looks just like the inside of a rowboat with people sitting on each side and staring down at the bottom. What on earth are they looking at?"

"Now, surely you've heard of a glass-bottomed boat! You see, I come from Catalina Island, where there are wonderful sea-gardens. Talk about your emperor's garden parties! He'd have something to look at if he went out in a glass-bottomed boat in the bay at Catalina!"

"Gracious!" said the Bruges card with a shudder. "I should think the glass might break and everybody drown!"

"Oh, no," continued the Catalina card, "there's no danger. The glass is very thick, and you can sit there and look down into the water at the most fascinating things. There are trailing sea-weeds and kelp all spangled with silver; and there are queer, flowery-looking things that are half animals and half plants, and fish—oh, my, such fish!—red and green and blue and purple and orange and gold and silver, and the light sifts through the water and sparkles like hundreds of rainbows. Moreover, sometimes you can see into big caves full of mermaids, combing their curly hair—light green, you know—with golden combs—"

"Oh, hush!" cried out the Alpine card.

"Tut, tut!" said the banana card.

"What?" ejaculated the Bruges card.

"Humph!" sniffed the Japanese card.

—EVELYN ZEHNTBAUER, '32.

## Spring

Birds are flying northward,  
Soft, warm breezes blow;  
Trees will soon start budding,  
Flowers begin to grow.

Evening light lasts longer  
'Ere the crickets sing;  
Nature seems to answer  
The gentle call of Spring.

—ANNE BERKEY, '35.

## The Innkeeper's Story

I WAS staying in Ludlow, England, two days, and for that reason I found it necessary to register at the Castle Lodge, a fifteenth century building which was just outside the walls of Ludlow Castle and was in olden times used as the Guest House to the castle. The innkeeper, guiding me up the narrow, winding staircase, told me I was to have the room in which Marion de La Bruere spent one night many, many years ago. I was, of course, greatly interested in what the aged man said and was eager to learn more.

"Do tell me more," I begged in a soft voice, "for such things as this interest me."

"Right you are!" returned the jolly Englishman. "I fancy I can give you a tragic account of the life of Marion de La Bruere."

"Oh, please do!" I enjoined, greatly taken with the friendly attitude of the old innkeeper.

"To start," he began, "Marion de La Bruere was an exceptionally fair maiden. She was visiting at Ludlow Castle when she was given the King's permission to meet Arnold de Lys, who was imprisoned in Pendover Tower. She was rather persevering in her attentions toward the gallant young knight and soon fell a victim to his fascinations.

"Marion de La Bruere had not known Arnold for long when he succeeded in inducing her to assist in his escape. The escape was effected one dark night through one of the windows by means of tying together sheets and towels. However, on'y a short time had passed when Marion de La Bruere began to long for Arnold, and so on a certain festival day, pining for her lover, she feigned illness and begged to be left in private. In due time she sent word to Arnold, who together with Huger de Lacy conspired to take the castle.

"Accordingly, one moonless night Arnold, with a thousand men-at-arms and with Marion de La Bruere's aid, clambered up a ladder which had been left suspended. He passed noiselessly through the castle, and after killing the guards in their beds, he took the entire castle.

"In the morning Marion realized that she unconsciously had aided Arnold in his treachery. Seized with despair and anger, she snatched Arnold's sword and pierced him to the heart while he slept. Then she opened wide her window and flung herself hundreds of feet to her death."

"What a tragedy!" I exclaimed. "However, when one considers it, those happenings were not uncommon in that age. But you are so kind to tell me this story, and when I go into the castle tomorrow, I shall notice particularly those places of which you have spoken."

With these my parting words, the old gentleman walked cautiously from the room, closing the door behind him.

—JANNETTE JONES, '33.

## Special Grammar Class

GRAMMAR! Is it possible that there exists, in the English language, a more appallingly suggestive word? It is a name that causes students to shudder and to speak softly. For those who disobey its rigid precepts are cast into a special grammar class and mercilessly condemned to analyze complicated and complex sentences. Here they distinguish themselves by doing violence to our fair language, while a helpless English teacher vainly endeavors to explain constructions. But the light never seems to dawn, and grammar remains an inexplicable mystery.

There was a time, many years ago, when those who spoke the Anglo-Saxon tongue were not bound by rigid and cumbersome formalities of speech. But years passed, and the laws of correct and incorrect usage crept in. Rigid, unbending, they made our beautiful language a precise and technical subject. Participles must no longer dangle, and infinitives must cease to split. Modifiers must not be misplaced. All must be balanced, logical, grammatically correct.

A new terror to the student arose in the grammarian, who, solicitous lest the purity of the language be defiled, denounced all words of Latin origin, held the dictionary to be the supreme and final authority on controversies pertaining to diction, and first evolved the theory that copulative verbs must never take objects.

But a new generation came, and a new order arose. Slang, picturesque, vivid, colorful, threatened to destroy the sacred principles on which correct and effective English is founded. Special grammar classes were instituted and have secured unexpected results. The day is past when a Senior might, with impunity, abuse the mother tongue. Out of the past, out of the grammar books which record that past, the solemn injunction of the grammarian speaks, "Elegant English, young ladies, elegant English!"

—IRENE SOEHREN, '32.

## "Just an Old Spanish Custom"

WHETHER Tim, the clumsy-footed setter puppy, was a descendant of some Spanish bovine was not known, but the spirit of the bull fight seemed instinctive, as he rushed and charged at the crimson flannels blowing in the breeze of some unsuspecting neighbor's back yard.

Again the unseen toreador flaunted the red in Tim's face, but Tim was waiting for this opportunity, and the cloth was in his mouth—rather unconventional for a bull, but of course Tim hadn't any horns, and his teeth served just as well. Tim administered a terrible tossing to the red thing and left it limp and torn on the ground. He was glowering and panting, when the matadora came bounding into the arena. However, the glittering sword was replaced by a threatening broom stick. It was at this moment that the magnificent bull decided to depart most unceremoniously, an act which he did with amazing celerity, for Tim reasoned that the matadora wielded that broom much too aptly.

Thus ended the life of a pair of clean red flannels and of a perfect ten minutes for Tim and the writer.

—JANE CAMPBELL, '32.

## Far Seas

STANDING on the wharf, looking out over the murky water, the murky sky, the murky smoke rising from the large chimneys across the river, stood the tired business man, a man of about forty-odd, well groomed, yet with an air of utterly disconsolate weariness about him. He leaned against an old building of the docks and contemplated life. How tired he seemed, how depressed, and how utterly futile were the duties he performed daily, those duties which at certain times were enveloped with such an air of importance. It was too much! He was too tired to go on with this monotony of life.

Suddenly his shifting gaze was arrested by the sight of a man. Any other person at such a time would have passed over this man, simply thinking, "unkempt, dirty, shiftless". But as he went aboard the tramp steamer lying alongside the dock, he was followed by the tired eyes of the business man. As the weary gaze of the latter rested upon the ship, his worries dropped from him, and he seemed to take new life and heart, as though his burden had been lifted. Shall we look into his thoughts?

\* \* \* \*

A lonely tramp steamer is gliding slowly down the river at eventide. The river, a tiny silver thread, fades into the distance. How far away seems freedom and the ocean! But no, the ocean comes into view, and the lonely little vessel, carrying its shiftless, unkempt captain and crew, sails gallantly forth in search of new seas to traverse, new lands to explore.

Southward she travels and on her journey sees great waves beating relentlessly upon a cold, gray cliff; the sunset on a coral strand; the sound of temple bells and voices; dancing girls and music.

All this passes with the steamer, and the business man finds himself many days upon the ocean, an azure blue ocean with the sun beating torridly down, never ceasing. Nights pass, cool nights with stars above and only the sound of the ship's making progress to a farther point.

\* \* \* \*

A break came in the thoughts of the dreamer. He started and found himself once more upon the dingy wharf, gazing upon an old sea captain with tarnished buttons on his coat, shouting orders to his motley crew. The tramp ship slowly slipped away, down the river. He was alone, all alone upon the dock.

Slowly, he raised his hand to his forehead, feeling, so it seemed, the battered cap of the old sea captain. "There, but for the hand of fate, go I", he muttered, and turning upon his heel, he left the lonely dock in stillness.

—MARY LOUISE KENDALL, '32.

## Washington's Influence on Our Life Today

*(Awarded first prize for State of Oregon)*

GR<sup>E</sup>AT nations are always proud. America, with her untold wealth and resources, is a great nation. She has a right to hold her head high among the nations of the world. But she must be proud only of the right things. Vast resources and wealth can never replace great men. History shows that a nation must inculcate its principles into the lives of its leaders. If it fails to do this, it will die for lack of ideals and worthy aspirations.

Yet we often excuse our failure to emulate the greatness of our leaders by saying that their paths were lighted by the fire of genius, that they were endowed with a superhuman knowledge and wisdom, that they were thus enabled to reach heights of perfection we can never hope to attain. Thus we endow them with the characters of gods rather than of men, and, convinced of the futility of our attempts to reach the shining goal they have set, we scorn those faculties we possess as unworthy and content ourselves with obscurity instead of fame. The nation forgets that those principles for which her ancestors fought are the underlying principles of our republic today, and that the characters and the policies of her early leaders are as vital now as they were two centuries ago.

Today the name of Washington has become synonymous with the highest American ideals. It is a name that stands for patience and modesty, truth and honor, courage and patriotism. It is the name of a man who sacrificed personal desire that these United States might be forever free. We who have inherited this freedom have also inherited the principles of George Washington. Life is the great teacher. If we can discover nobility in the lives of others, it will teach us to make our own noble. Our understanding of how great men have faced danger and struggled will help us to conquer in our own struggles.

From his distinguished ancestors, Washington inherited a high code of honor, a love of truth, and a deep sense of justice and duty. From them, also, came an inherent faith in God—an unshakable belief in a merciful and all-divining Providence. To his mother he owed his simple dignity, steadfast courage, and ability to command.

Washington received only a rudimentary, colonial education. Loving knowledge, he learned by observation and experience. The training which prepared him for his great calling was purely American. Thus George Washington was the Son before he was the Father of his country. He loved the superior culture of the Old World. He admired its refined aristocracy—its ancient code of chivalrous courtesy and unstained honor. Yet when the crucial test came, it was not these shadowy, romantic traditions of a forgotten past that he acknowledged, but a new ideal—a new creed for a New World.

Washington's standards as a gentleman were irreproachable. These standards were not merely refinement, nobility, and education, but also kindness, hospitality, and generosity. Guiding him always was conscience, bidding him be fair, just, and helpful. Today, when the laws of courtesy seem forgotten, we may well

remember Washington, who so perfectly embodied these principles. Modern youth has declared a second War of Independence—a rebellion against restraint and formality. There is a tendency to throw convention to the winds and seize upon the sensational and novel. Our daughters often forsake the ideal of feminine grace and charm, and our sons disdain the gallantry of other days. We admire culture abroad; we ignore it at home. But the example of George Washington, gentleman, keeps always before us a worthy ideal.

Intelligence is required to recognize intelligence, and it takes a great mind to see the workings of God. Washington, in his triumphs and failures, acknowledged an Intelligence greater than his own. His belief in a Supreme Being was deep and constant. Early in life he was taught by his mother to "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He was taught forbearance, self-denial, and modesty—stern lessons which we of a care-free age too willingly forget. But these lessons made a lasting imprint upon Washington and have today become the heritage of American youth.

Washington, the statesman, combined personal integrity and moral principle with intense loyalty. With singleness of mind and heart, he served his country, and with a foresight and vision we cannot readily understand, counselled her to preserve peace at home and abroad. Undoubtedly he foresaw the entanglements that would result from foreign alliances. At any rate, his influence upon our national policies has been tremendous, and, in times of stress like the present, his counsels are our surest guide.

Two centuries have passed since the birth of Washington, but two centuries have not sufficed to dim the glory or obscure the splendor of that immortal name. As long as America stands, a monument to liberty and democracy, that name shall also stand. As long as Americans exist upon the face of the earth, that name shall be revered and honored. As long as freedom and justice prevail, it shall be remembered. And so, with Lincoln, "in solemn awe we pronounce the name of Washington, and in its deathless splendor leave it shining on."

—IRENE SOEHREN, '32.



## Meat-Shop Fantasy

“VUN pound of bacon,” sighed Mr. Schmidt, as he handed a package over the counter to the very small person with a pink hair ribbon bobbing just above the counter. “Ach,” he sighed again, as he gingerly followed the customer to the door and snapped the bolt with equal gingeriness, “Vot a hard day.” So saying, Mr. Schmidt cleaned the meat block, hung up the vicious-looking carving utensils, took off his rather soiled apron, and then went out the back door of his meat market to climb the stairs to the apartment above, from which the sound of Mrs. Schmidt’s voice was heard singing above the clatter of dishes.

Mr. Schmidt entered the living room, put on his slippers, and took up his large meerschaum pipe to smoke and to read the paper before dinner. “Ach,” he smiled to himself, as he settled back into the chair, “Ach, no more meat for anuder day.”

But for the rest of us the day in the meat market is not over; in fact it has just begun. Hours pass, dusk falls, and then suddenly there is a small squeal from the little pig with the big red apple in his mouth. It is the signal for the dance to begin! Out of the ice-box, the show case, and the storerooms come the meats, one by one marching gayly out. The little pig turns, and, as each passes, he bows to the little queen in the showcase with the apple now placed on her head for a crown.

“Begin,” says she, as the sausages with their arms about each other dance out into the middle of the circle. Chorus girls could do no better. The dance is a huge success, and the queen nods her approval as the performers run off.

Now comes the act of the lamb chops, who, each with his frilled pant leg, do an old-fashioned minuet. Now for a change, for next on the floor come the ox tongues. They are certainly wooing the queen, as they sing in marvelous harmony, “Oh, the tongues can tell what the eyes cannot.”

Next from the queen’s own right hand come her close relatives, the pigs’ feet. Never before has such wonderful tap dancing been done. The tapping resounds marvelously on the cement floor of the market, and the act is applauded so long that the pigs’ feet do an encore of the black bottom, which is equally good.

Then comes the heart, which is so overcome at the sight of the beautiful queen that its palpitations are as amusing as are its other performances.

But hark, there are movements overhead, a step on the stair. Back to the showcase, up to the storerooms, into the ice-box, up and away, all! The door opens, and Mr. Schmidt greets the new day from his market. As the little pig settles down comfortably with the apple again in her mouth, she notices that the town clock says seven o’clock—another day.

—FRANCES WATZEK, '33.

## Davy Jones' Locker

Down in the deep blue sea  
The fishes live right merrily,  
Merrily they glide along,  
Merrily they slide along  
Over the green sea-weed.

Down in the deep blue sea  
Dead men live right cheerily,  
With pearls for eyes  
Of the proper size,  
They see much more than we can see.

They court the mermaids young and fair,  
Mermaids with the long green hair,  
Who've combs of gold  
And castles old  
That dot the landscape everywhere.

On roasted roots of kelp they dine,  
Dished up with sea-froth, spice, and wine,  
And nectar sup  
From a clamshell cup  
'Way down deep in the salty brine.

They robe themselves in garments fair,  
And crowns of coral deck their hair,  
Rare jewels and gold  
And treasures old  
From sunken ships lying there.

They ride on the crest of the tossing waves  
On stormy nights when the wild wind raves.  
Oh, hark, to the wail  
Of the roaring gale!  
They rest in the deep-sea caves.

—ADA MCINTOSH, '33.

## Washington Cathedral

THE noble idea of having a Protestant Episcopal Cathedral at the capital of our nation was conceived in the early part of the nineteenth century, and the present structure is fast nearing completion to take its place among the world's most beautiful cathedrals.

There are many hallowed traditions connected with the site of the present cathedral, which represents the ministry of the Word and the Sacraments side by side in the nation's capital. The Ministry of the Word was provided for, even before the Cathedral was built, by open-air services, by Cathedral Missions in different parts of the District of Columbia, by the office of "Canon Missioner", and also by the St. Chrysostom Fund. The Ministry of the Sacraments is taken care of by the beautiful Jerusalem Altar in the Little Sanctuary, where Holy Communion is celebrated daily, and by the Jordan Font in the Baptistry, where the Holy Sacrament of Baptism is administered.

On Sunday, October 23, 1898, a magnificent Iona Cross of stone was erected in the presence of the Bishops and Clergy of the General Convention of the Church and the President of the United States. This twenty-foot cross was raised on the Cathedral site, a tract of over forty acres on the top of St. Alban's Hill, about four hundred feet above the level of lower Pennsylvania Avenue. When looking upon this cross, one is awed by its impressive dignity and grandeur. It marks the foundation of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul and the first meeting of the General Convention in the capital of the United States, and also commemorates the end of the war with Spain.

The Cathedral is situated south of the center of the Close, the west front being marked by the Peace Cross. The building itself will extend east five hundred feet, the Chancel facing the rising sun. East of the Chancel there is to be an immense amphitheatre, with a capacity of twenty thousand people, where open-air services are to be held. South of the west front of the Cathedral is the Little Sanctuary containing the Jerusalem Altar, the Glastonbury Cathedral, the Hilda Stone, and many other objects of interest. Through the archway of the Little Sanctuary can be seen the Glastonbury Thorne, a shoot of the Holy Throne of Glastonbury Abbey. Beyond the gate of the Little Sanctuary is the Cathedral Choir School, facing the cloister. North of the Cathedral stands the Baptistry, containing the beautiful Jordan Font, and west of the Baptistry is situated St. Alban's Parish Church, under whose Chancel has been buried the saintly Bishop Clagget, the first Bishop consecrated on American soil. The Cathedral School for Girls, donated by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, is in the northwest corner of the Close.

The beautiful Little Sanctuary was given by the children of the late Mrs. Percy R. Pyne in remembrance of her interest in the Cathedral. The architect of this structure was Edward L. Satterlee. The first object of interest in the Chapel is the historic stone from Iona Cathedral, with Columba's last words carved upon it. Facing the entrance is the Jerusalem Altar, the stones of which were taken from the quarries of Solomon in the Holy City of Jerusalem. On the south side

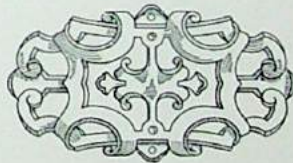
of the altar has been placed the Book of Remembrance, containing the names of all those who have contributed to the Cathedral. Over the opening containing this book is placed the cherished Hilda Stone, which was formerly the keystone of an arch in the Abbey of St. Hilda at Whitby. On the north side of the Chancel is the Glastonbury Cathedral, made from stones of Glastonbury Cathedral, which were given by Mr. Stanley Austin and have at his request been formed into a Bishop's Chair.

The Baptistry is situated near the center of the Cathedral grounds, in what will be the angle formed by the north wall of the Nave and the north Transept of the Cathedral. This building contains the magnificent Jordan Font, which is made from pure white Carrara marble. The interior of the Font is lined with stones gathered from the River Jordan. To add to the majestic splendor and beauty of this Font, on its eight panels have been sculptured the principal events of Christ's Life and, rising in the center, as though to crown its glory, is a marble figure of Our Lord. This triumph of beauty, grandeur, and art was designed and carved by Mr. William Partridge, the architect of the entire Baptistry being Henry Randall.

In General Washington's plan laid out by Major L'Enfant for the federal city, he provided for a National Cathedral, but he never realized his dream. The foundation stone for the Cathedral was laid in 1907, a ceremony in which President Roosevelt took part. It is built Cruciform and in Gothic style and has been pronounced one of the most perfect examples of this type of architecture. The architects were George Bodley of London and Henry Vaughn of Boston. One of the most significant features of this Cathedral is that it combines in perfect unity materials from the New World and from the Old.

This beautiful Cathedral is our national shrine, and within its portals every travel-stained and weary pilgrim may find peace and comfort. It is indeed fitting and proper that we should have at the capital of our glorious republic, a national Cathedral, symbolizing the supremacy of Our Heavenly Father in all things and filling us with trust that with His guidance our nation shall ever lead the nations of the Earth.

—JANE BICKLE, '32.



## Tundra

IF you could picture for yourself the severest, most solitary, most treeless sight in the world, that sight would be the Alaskan tundra.

*Tundra* is a Russian word and one particularly expressive. Webster gives his usual colorless, concise definition, "One of the level or undulating treeless plains characteristic of northern Arctic regions in both hemispheres." To Alaskans who have learned to love and fear it, it means much more. It signifies to them a means of livelihood in summer, a great danger in winter. It affords the only scenery for those who have been born and reared on it. It is a solitary, endless place, whereon, it seems, earthly troubles should have no place.

During the short summer season there is extensive mining on the tundra. Often can be seen an old, high-booted prospector with torn clothes, mosquito-netting over his hat, and on his back a pack, consisting of bacon, beans, flapjack flour, and a frying pan. He treks stoically and hopefully over his beloved land, seeking that ever-sought-for, ever-elusive metal, gold. The miner wades through the knee-deep, icy-cold water on the surface of eternally frozen ice and mud; he stumbles wearily on nigger-heads, which are knolls of earth, moss, and bright Arctic flowers; he occasionally routs by accident a mother ptarmigan, who tries bravely and pitifully to lead him from the warmth of her nest of new-laid eggs or new-hatched babies. The man is pestered continually by the large and vicious mosquitoes which buzz about and attempt to extract blood from his dry old bones. If there is a hill in the distance, the slope seems to retreat far into the distance as he approaches it.

In winter the story is different. Then the miner keeps to his cabin, for unless of extreme necessity no one ventures out into an Arctic blizzard. The ageless tundra is weighted down by a mass of snow many feet deep. That waste of whirling whiteness and icy, cutting gale means swift oblivion to any one out in it for even a very short period of time.

The austerity, solitude, and withal the vital quality and beauty of Alaskan tundra have never been woven into magic by writer's pen.

—LOUISE HARLAN, '33.

## Why?

Oh, why was man made so,  
That after day's last radiant glow,  
He sometimes seems to sly and furtive grow,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
So that his tongue, which doth  
So often laugh and praise and sing,  
Must also utter words that pierce and sting?

—BETTY TUBBS, '33.

## Spring Fever

SPRING FEVER is a most elusive ailment, one which defies diagnosis and scoffs at sudden cures. It usually appears along with the first robins, and one of the early symptoms is a violent tingling, accompanied by a desire to sit and gaze into space, as well as a most peevish attitude when the victim is aroused.

When this peculiar malady is nearing the crisis, it is usually made manifest by dark smudges appearing on the face and arms, the results of removing the parlor stove. Shortly after, there is a turn for the better. Father may be found in the basement repairing his fishing tackle, while Mother is planning a lunch for the first spring picnic. Small sons and daughters dutifully swallow the odious sulphur and molasses, fortified by the thought of going barefoot the first warm day. Such conduct is evidence that the patients will survive.

It is only fair to say, in defense of the progress of mankind, that the return to normal health in this day and age is more simple. Woolen underwear, unheard of except in remote sections, no longer contributes to that peculiar tingling. The gas furnace is extinguished for the summer, and Mother directs the maid to clean the rooms with the new vacuum. Father brings out the golf clubs and gets in a few practice swings at the cat. Son returns for Spring Vacation and more funds, while daughter dreams of rumble seats and full moons—and this spring's fever is just another memory.

—SUE STEIWER, '33.

## Genius

FROM the time I learned to read, I made up my mind to be a great literary figure. I am convinced that I have that "poetic instinct" which makes the poet so different from mere man. Even in my earlier days I composed tender eulogies on "Spring, thy beauteous spell is everywhere" and "Oh, see the violet in the field," which my aunts and uncles read with "Ahs!" of wonder that words of such beauty could come from the mouths of babes. But, as I pride myself on not being conceited, I shall dwell no longer on my poetic genius and will enlighten you as to my great ability in other fields.

As a writer of short stories I am beyond comparison. If I must say it, I believe my works rank with those of Hawthorne, Horatio Alger, and others of renown and fame. Of course, I don't tell this to every one, as I am exceedingly modest. My plots are very original. One which I have been ruminating upon just now concerns a beautiful young girl and two young men, one rich and the other poor but honest. Now, now, don't praise me. I have brilliant ideas like that all the time.

One thing that puzzles me, however, is that the teachers do not appreciate the high artistic appeal of my works. They try to discourage me in my chosen occupation by giving me "C's" and "D's" on all my themes. Nevertheless, I shall persevere. My small difficulties will be triumphed over by my undeniable genius, and I shall soar to heights never before reached by poet or prose writer. I shall be a veritable Pegasus in the land of fiction.

—FRANCES MILLER, '33.

## Lucky Day

THE pungent fragrance of spring and of spring flowers drifted through the green foliage of trees outside the little country church and journeyed straight to the sensitive nostrils of Mr. Robert Patterson, Junior. Mr. Patterson was attending the weekly church service in the company of his father and mother. His usual overwhelming desire to yield himself to the solaces of sleep at the most boring point in the sermon had failed him today. Somehow he found it difficult to remain in one part of the seat more than a second at a time. The presence of a stern father on one side and a gentle but firm mother on the other made it quite impossible, however, for him to relax comfortably.

The atmosphere of spring seemed to be seeping into every part of him. His heart was filled with a longing to be in the great outdoors, to be a part of it, and to revel in the thrills of spring which are pleasing to a young man of ten years of age. School would soon be out—ah, yes! But what good would it do him? Vacation, spring, and the old swimmin' hole were all going to be of no avail to him this year. When the thought of this misfortune entered his mind, the corners of his mouth drooped slightly, his throat tightened, and he vehemently clenched his brown fist.

Suddenly, church was over. He was at the door clasping Reverend Williamson's hand and was forcing as pleasant a "Good morning" as possible. He was soon ushered into the car by his parents, and they went speeding homeward.

Robert's mind was not asleep all this time, however. He was thinking, thinking—more seriously than he had thought all year. School would be out the following week and then would begin his bondage. Certainly this outlandish fate was never meant for him! Nevertheless, he was destined to endure it. Suddenly, an idea came to him. He need not stay at home and wait for the chains to be placed upon him. He could take True Boy, his pony, and ride far away before the dreaded day arrived. A real inspiration, so it seemed to him. At this point in his meditations, he realized with a start that the car had stopped, and they were in the drive before the house. He heard his mother speaking to him.

"Robert, dear, run upstairs and wash your hands and comb your hair, because Uncle John and Aunt Sara are coming to dinner."

"But, Mother——"

"Now Robert, don't argue. Do as I say; you know that Aunt Sara is being very good to take care of you this summer while Mother and Father are away."

"Oh, all right," he replied gloomily.

What he couldn't understand was why his Aunt and Uncle should have to come to dinner when he was supposed to go to their house the very next day. He knew what it was like to stay there. Yes, he had been there before; in fact, he had spent, or rather wasted, one whole long summer vacation there. Every morning, noon, and night there had been inspection for clean ears, neck, shirt, hands, and finger nails. These thoughts irked him; they were repulsive to him, and as he ascended the stairs in an irresolute manner, he came to the decision that he and True Boy would make their departure a few hours after the setting of the sun on that very evening.

Uncle John and Aunt Sara arrived promptly at the decreed hour, in accordance with their accustomed punctuality. Robert underwent the most arduous afternoon he had spent for many days. Little twinges of lonesomeness and resentment went through him when he thought of his parents' departure on the following day for New Mexico. Pangs of intense self-pity shook his very being when he thought of spending the summer with Aunt Sara.

Nevertheless, the day finally passed, and at last Robert was sent upstairs to bed with an aching heart but an inexorable and determined will. He was not sleepy, however. His mind was keenly and alertly awake. He waited, seemingly hours, until the house grew reassuringly quiet. Luckily, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson's room was not near the head of the stairs where Robert's was. At length, when he thought he had waited long enough, he softly opened his door and slipped noiselessly down the carpeted stairs. He went directly to the stable, where he found True Boy in his stall. Robert saddled and bridled him and led him slowly and cautiously out into the tree-bordered lane. There Robert mounted and set out upon this new venture in his young life. The moon was shining brightly, and the stars twinkled like millions of brilliant, resplendent diamonds in the heavens. A warm, gentle breeze was blowing, which gave Robert new courage as he inhaled its fresh, invigorating currents.

When he had ridden for some time, he realized that he would soon be nearing Reverend Williamson's house. Even then he noticed that he was already on the pastor's property, for the great trees at the side of the road were a part of his extensive orchard. Robert rode on and was soon within sight of the stately dwelling place of the pastor and his family.

Robert noticed, as he rode past, an unusually queer light in the basement. He thought nothing of it, however, until he looked again and saw vast quantities of smoke pouring forth. His love of adventure and his recognition of duty instantly sent him off True Boy's back, in through the front gate, and into the house by means of the pantry window, which he and the pastor's son, Dick, had used so many times in forbidden escapades.

He hastened to the pastor's bedside and roused him from his slumbers to warn him of the danger. Then he ran to Dick's room and hurriedly wakened him. Robert did not wait for Dick but ran back downstairs toward the fire. As he ran through the parlor, he slipped on a small rug, which was not very stationary on the smooth, hardwood floor, and hit his head on the corner of a table. He felt the warm blood trickling down his brow, and after feebly staggering to the davenport, he knew no more.

During an interim of a night and day, Robert was vaguely conscious of the world about him. He realized only dimly that other people were near and that they moved soundlessly through the room. His condition was not serious, however, as it was due only to loss of blood.

The sun shining brightly in his face awakened him to a glorious spring day. He thought nothing of his past experience, until he suddenly realized that the room he was in was not his room at all. Heaven forbid! He was in Aunt Sara's guest chamber! Then all his strivings had been in vain. His plotting and planning had all come to naught! He was startled by Aunt Sara's voice in the doorway.

"Robert, do you feel like coming to breakfast?"

"Why, of course," he replied, as he jumped out of bed.

"All right," she said, and left before he had further opportunity to speak.

He went downstairs and, seeing his father and mother in the drawing room, rushed in to greet them.

"Good morning. How are you? What became of Mr. Williamson's house?" he blurted out breathlessly.

"Saved, son, because of you," replied Mr. Patterson with an air of pride.

"Yes, dear," his mother added, "all the family would have perished in their sleep but for you."

"Why are you here?" Robert queried a bit hopefully. "Aren't you going to New Mexico?"

"Yes, darling, we are leaving in about thirty minutes."

"Oh," in a weak, dry tone. He could not answer naturally. The lump in his throat had welled up too suddenly for him to conquer it in time. An instantaneous hush fell over the room, and then Mr. Patterson spoke.

"Hurry and eat your breakfast, son. You can't travel on an empty stomach, you know, and we have only thirty minutes."

A look of mingled joy and amazement crossed Robert's countenance as he turned on his heel and sped toward the breakfast nook.

—BETTY TUBBS, '33.

## Dawn

WHAT ho! Old Sun, come on ahead! The busy plants wait anxiously for your arrival. They wish to unfurl their sleepy petals and show the world how beautiful God made them. It rained during the night, old Sun, and all the young slender birches drip silver water-drops from their long finger-tips. Down in the deep pine mold a perfume is distilling, a rare and magic fragrance to ascend as a morning offering to you. Come, old Sun, peer through those mists above the river; they are so thick they veil the willows on the other bank, making the river smoke and rising high in the clear blue Heaven like incense or burnt offerings of old.

These drowsy birds, old Sun, already have begun to sing. Hear how the blue-jays chatter their early-morning gossip from the tip-tops of the pine trees. There, now, the woodpecker has begun his drumming on a fallen tree, giving competition in this matter of noise-making. Under that manzanita bush I saw the flirt of a gray squirrel's tail, and now I hear him scold.

Now you are coming up! The infant trees cast long, horizontal shadows, and, see, each tiny blade of grass has its wee shadow, too. Hah! I hear a whispering in the maple trees. They, too, are waking from their furled sleep. And now the river has begun to sing an answer to your gay and golden greeting, as soft upon the new-born breeze there comes that rose-sweet spice, the perfume of the lady-slippers.

So, ho, old Sun, I must be going. The sweet, strange moment of earth's first awakening is gone, and soon the world will rouse to busy toil.

—ADA MCINTOSH, '33.

## Juvenile



## What the Wind Heard

HOW gracefully the little snowflakes fall around me—indeed the prettiest I've seen fluttering down in many a long year. But it is cold, and that wind stings me sharply. There are white, frothy caps on the tumbling waves of the lake. The crisp air has certainly put a stiffness into my old ropes.

Here come some laughing children. Just look at that red cap, blue coat, and those white mittens—quite a little patriot! That same little figure is skimming down the hill on a bright, new sled, and what a happy time he and his small friends are having!

Look! A little girl is coming toward me. She's brushing the snow off her leggings, and now, oh joy, she is sitting down in me. Dear, dear, how stiff I am with the cold! I hope she swings long enough to limber me up, but I fear she will not stay long, for that wind is too sharp and biting. Alas! Just as I thought, her mother is calling her for dinner, and I am left alone, and oh, so lonesome.

I expect to sleep till morning now, unless the wind keeps me awake, tossing me about so rudely. The big, red sun is coming up from behind those tall pine trees. It is morning, and what a restful night! The wind died away, and I, lulled into the most beautiful dreamland, saw the summer again around me, and all the little children flocking to see me and enjoy the pleasures I offer. They had such a glorious time, swinging high and swinging low. Then my dream was suddenly ended by the bright sunbeams which play upon my surface.

I shall not weep but be patient and hope for the long, summer days, filled with happiness and laughter, when at night the breeze sways me back and forth, and the trees whisper amazing secrets.

—MARY ELLEN SMITH, Grade V.

## The Wind Woman

Through the swaying trees she goes,  
Blowing into drifts the snows,  
Tearing off the peoples' hats,  
Whistling past the doorstep mats.

Rattling windows in the house,  
Making sounds just like a mouse,  
Howling onward o'er the snows,  
Icily she blows and blows.

Winter long she goes this way,  
Till about the month of May;  
Melted then is all the snow.  
Blow, wind woman, softly blow!

—KATHRYN ROGERS, Grade VI.

## A Letter from Willy Whale

146 Antarctic Way,  
South Pole,  
September 24, 1932.

Dear Billie Shark:

It is very cold here at the South Pole. I wish I were with you near the South Sea Islands. My doctor prescribes a change in climate, and I shouldn't mind basking in some of that golden sunshine about which you wrote me.

Down here it is very dull since Dickie Byrd and his crew left. They were good scouts, and we didn't mind putting on free shows for them, so that they could take back some pictures of us sporting about in the snow. No telling when we shall have some tourists again; although Dickie and the boys promised to return and see us, we haven't heard from them yet.

How much fun it would be to try pearl-diving, which sounds so exciting. My! If I could only find a fresh-water pearl for a stick pin, wouldn't all the other boys be jealous when I returned home?

Unless I hear from you that there is nothing exciting happening at your resort, I shall be up to spend the Christmas holidays with you. Give all the folks my best regards, and keep a good share for yourself.

Your huge friend, Willy Whale.

—DOROTHEA JAMES, Grade VI.

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## The Basketball Team

### First Team

Center ..... Frances Watzek  
 Side center ..... Helen Monner  
 Forwards ..... Eleanor Luper, Ruth Smith, Gretchen Smith  
 Guards ..... Dorothy Hill, Betty Tubbs, Edith Kolhase

### Second Team

Center ..... Mary K. Shoemaker  
 Side center ..... Rebecca Hopkins  
 Forwards ..... Rebecca Hopkins, Catherine Dahm, Elizabeth Reeves  
 Guards ..... Jane Campbell, Jean Cameron

### Yell Leaders

Lucille Leonardo and Frances Miller

## Basketball

The Basketball season opened this year with the Hall's making a good start. Four games were played in all. The team was perhaps one of the best the Hall has ever had. There were some excellent players, and the girls showed their

school spirit by turning out for every game. Ruth Smith, one of the star players, was elected captain by the student body. Frances Miller and Lucille Leonardo were chosen yell leaders.

### First Game of the Season

The first game of the season was played here March 8, with Reed College. It was exciting and interesting in spite of the fact that this was the first game. The final score was 4—40 in favor of the Hall. Ruth Smith and Eleanor Luper were on their toes throughout the game. Reed played a good game and gave our team plenty of competition. After the game refreshments were served.

### Return Game With Reed

On March 10, at Reed College, the Hall girls turned out in full force to witness the return game with Reed. The game was very close in the first quarter, but the Hall gained rapidly. The game ended with the score 61—17 in favor of the Hall. Both teams played a hard game, and the passing was excellent. After the game the Reed team served refreshments.

### St. Helen's Hall vs. Pacific College

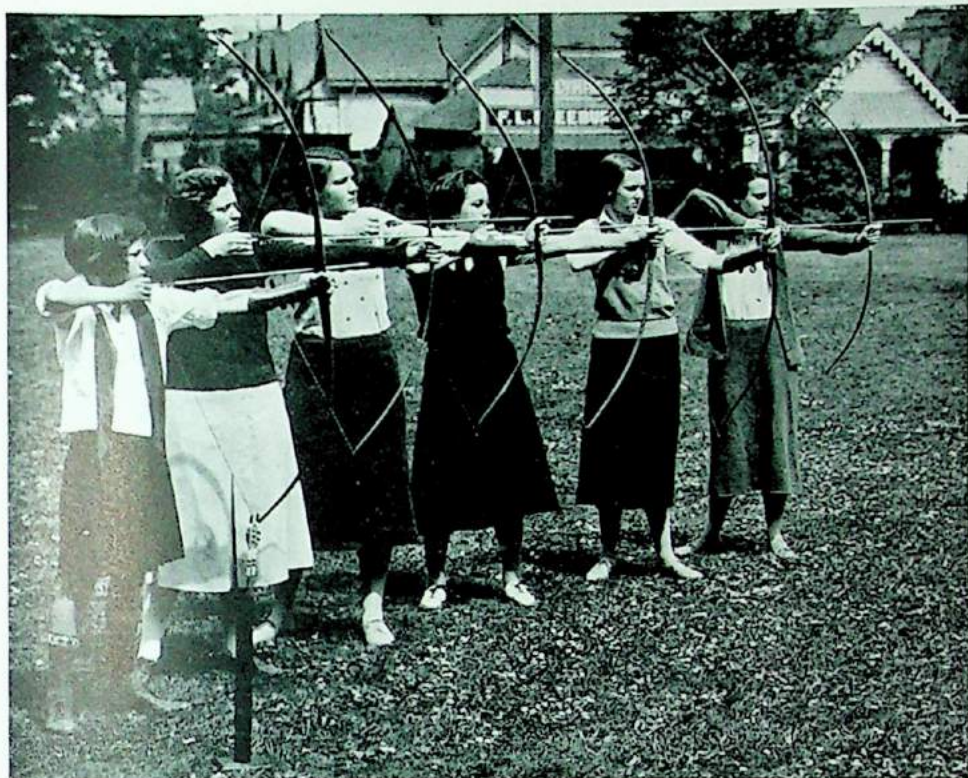
The game between Pacific College and the Hall was played March 10 at Newberg. This was one of the hardest fought games of the season. Pacific had a strong fighting team, and the Hall girls certainly had to work hard. The two teams were very evenly matched. The score at the end of the half was 18—18. In the last quarter, however, our team showed some peppy playing. The final score was 57—20, with the victory for the Hall. We were sorry that we were not able to play a return game with Pacific.

### St. Helen's Hall vs. St. Mary's Academy

By far the best game of the season was that played with St. Mary's on March 18. The thrills were many, and the tension, great. At the end of the half the score was 19—19. In the third quarter the Academy gained. Up and down the floor the ball went, first to one goal, then to the other. Who would win? A minute to play, then seconds! The game ended with the score 37—35 in favor of the Hall. It was a fast game, played in a splendid manner, and much credit is due both teams.

### Class Games

The class games in Basketball began soon after the first of April, and all the classes had good teams. The winners were not announced until later, but the game between the Sophomores and the Juniors was the real battle, as both classes had the same number of players on the first team.



## Archery

Many of the girls have become interested in archery. Bishop Sumner presents a beautiful silver cup to the winner of the meet, which is held every year. The trophy was won last year by Eleanor Luper.

## Baseball

Baseball was a very popular sport this year. Many girls turned out, and a team was chosen for possible interscholastic playing. There were several heavy batters and also some very good pitchers. During the spring days, Mrs. Knapp could be seen coaching a fast game on the diamond.



## Riding

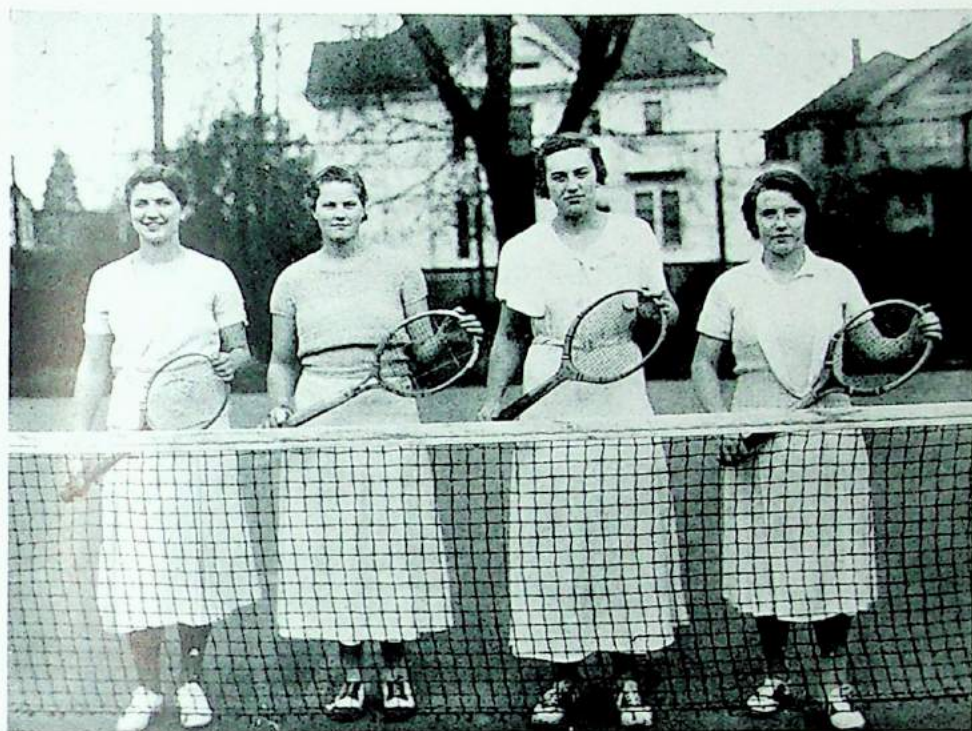
For the past few years horseback riding has been a popular sport. This year a number of girls, both boarders and days, enjoyed these weekly lessons. Many of the girls are excellent riders.

## Fencing

The girls showed a great deal of interest in fencing this year. They met twice a week and went through their positions. Those who took an active part in this sport were Frances Miller, Betty Lou Roberts, Irene Soehren, Esther Jobes, Mary Jane McDonald, Jane Myers, Rebecca Hopkins, Margaret McMillan, and Natalie Lewis. We all hope that fencing will continue to be as popular as it has been this year.

## Volley-ball

Another interesting and enjoyable game this year was volley-ball. Many girls showed an aptitude for this game. It was suggested that a team might be organized to play Reed College. However, we were not yet ready to cope with outside teams.



## Tennis

The weather man was kind to us last spring. Our tennis tournament proceeded smoothly. Over a hundred girls participated. The Beginners' finals were won by Betty Lou Roberts, who defeated Peggy Lou Smith. Mickey Whitehead and Peggy Krumbein competed in the Junior finals; Mickey was victorious. The Senior finals were played between Jeannette Hale and Eleanor Luper. They played a three-set match, Jeannette winning. The match between the Boarders and the Days resulted in a victory for the Days. The Boarders' team was composed of Jeannette Hale and Jean Cameron, while the Days' consisted of Eleanor Luper and Ruth Smith. So far this spring, weather has prevented our tennis tournament, but nearly one hundred girls have signed up.

## Alpha Theta

This year a new organization was formed, which has been given the name of Alpha Theta. It was formulated for the purpose of promoting athletics in the school; only girls who take an active part in sports are allowed to become members. The club endeavors to represent the high standards of the school and to live up to them. The acting officers for this year are Frances Watzek, president; Eleanor Luper, vice-president; and Betty Tubbs, secretary-treasurer.

## Coach Impressions

The season's work of the girls on the basketball team has been both satisfactory and successful.

We regret deeply that two of the schools we defeated did not give us a return game. We should have enjoyed trying to add two more games to a victorious year.

Ruth Smith, captain, has done some very unusual playing. We are glad, indeed, that she is a Sophomore.

Gretchen Smith, forward with Ruth, has done such perfect passing that we always knew she would pass the ball to Ruth at the right place and the right time for a basket.

Eleanor Luper, also a first team forward, realizes the value of "keeping her head" in a game. When the ball was passed to her, she would take time to place her ball and score. She seldom misses a basket.

Frances Watzek, first team center, has done splendid work all through the year. She inspires confidence by her ability to get the ball first.

Helen Monner, little but quick, manages to know just where a side center should be when needed. We are very sorry that she will not be with us next year.

Dorothy Hill, guard, moves around so quickly that she seems to be several places at once.

Betty Tubbs, also a guard on the first team, does good work but needs a little more speed to keep up with Dot.

Edith Kohlhasse, guard, has improved very much in her work.

Rebecca Hopkins, forward, has her own quick way of "getting places", but needs more practice in placing the balls for score. We are glad she will be with us next year.

Catherine Dahm and Elizabeth Reeves have done some pretty work as forwards. We regret that this is their Senior year.

Jane Campbell's hard, conscientious work has made her guarding most effective. We are sorry that we shall lose her this June.

Jean Cameron has done some good work as guard. We know, however, that she did not work as hard as she could have.

Mary Katherine Shoemaker, our second team center, is the only Freshman on the school team, and her work promises much for the future.

With the exception of our Senior side-center, our first team will be with us next year. We are expecting to have a better, stronger team than ever before.

We are happy to say that most of the fourteen girls on our teams are "A" students as well as outstanding athletes.

—NAN A. KNAPP, Coach.

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## Calendar

1931-1932

SEPTEMBER 8.

Boarders are getting settled into their dorms, setting up perfume bottles and photos on their dressers, while the day dodgers are in the mad whirl at Gill's, trying to buy books.

SEPTEMBER 9.

School begins with vim and vigor. The new girls get into the swing of things with the help of us old girls, wearing the little red and blue ribbons.

SEPTEMBER 11.

The boarders spend the first weekend at Everglade. They have loads of fun with the boats and canoes, and the new girls are delighted with it all.

SEPTEMBER 14.

The girls visit Hill Military Academy and go on an inspection tour through the new buildings.

OCTOBER 7.

There is a flag-raising at H. M. A., and several of us attend. There is something so thrilling about that military atmosphere.

OCTOBER 8.

Gay costumes, cider and doughnuts, initiations and apples! This is of course the Old Girl-New Girl initiation party. New girls are old girls now.

OCTOBER 17.

The boarders give their first dance of the year. Hill boys are present in large numbers. We hope they enjoy our dances as much as we always enjoy theirs.

OCTOBER 22.

The faculty tea, at which the mothers and the teachers become acquainted and renew old acquaintances, is given.

OCTOBER 31.

A delightful Hallowe'en hop is given at Hill. Much fun is had amidst the appropriate decorations.

NOVEMBER 2.

A symphony and reception for Mr. Van Hoogstraten are attended by the girls.

NOVEMBER 13.

A quarter has ended. Would you believe it?

NOVEMBER 14.

The boarders celebrate after the end of the quarter and give a party out at the lake. Supper and dancing and boating are enjoyed by all of us, and everybody returns Monday morning with renewed enthusiasm to start the quarter right.

NOVEMBER 25.

Day dodgers are lugging groceries to school by the ton, and boarders are packing their bags to go home for Thanksgiving. The groceries are for the Good Samaritan Hospital.

NOVEMBER 30.

We are back at school again. Our four days of Thanksgiving festivity were just enough to make us have vacation on the brain, and we are glad to know that we have a long Christmas holiday ahead of us.

DECEMBER 10.

The Glee Club gives a delightful concert. The Dramatic Art class exhibits real talent. We are also entertained by a program of dancing.

DECEMBER 16.

The boarders sing their beautiful Christmas Cantata. Afterwards many of the day dodgers are overnight guests of the boarding department.

DECEMBER 17.

More groceries and toys and clothing are brought to school to be distributed among the poor to gladden their hearts and help them feel the joy of the Yuletide. We are off for a glorious vacation, which is to last nearly three weeks.

JANUARY 6.

The teachers find it hard to keep order in the classes today, because we want to tell all our friends about our Christmas gifts and parties and all the rest of the fun we had.

JANUARY 9.

The boarders have the time of their young lives at the Imperial Skating Rink. Black and blue are the predominating colors the next day.

JANUARY 15.

St. Mark's informal party is a delightful social event to be long remembered.

JANUARY 20.

The first edition of the school monthly paper appears. Every one enjoys it.

JANUARY 22.

The Athletic Club, which has been newly introduced into the Hall, gives a charming tea.

JANUARY 25.

Why do we wear long faces today? Why, because this is the first day of examination week, and we find that it pays to be serious and devote much time to study.

FEBRUARY 4.

Members of the lower school present a charming French play, "Marianna". It was adapted from Beston's Fairy Tale and put into dramatized form by the Sister who is in charge of the lower school. It was translated into French by Mlle. Cocaine.

FEBRUARY 22.

Washington's birthday is celebrated by the unveiling of a statue of the first President, which is presented to the school by Forms I and II. The Dramatic Club gives an appropriate playlet. An indoor military meet is held in the armory of Hill Military Academy in the evening.

FEBRUARY 26.

Miss Foulkes favors us with an interesting talk on music. She discusses rhythm and harmony.

MARCH 2.

Chief Clear Sky visits our school and gives us a most interesting talk on Indian customs and beliefs. He is Chief of the Iroquois and is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He distributes sweet-scented beads of all colors among his delighted listeners.

MARCH 3.

We have a game of basketball with Reed, over whom we are victorious with a score of 40—4.

MARCH 10.

We win a game of basketball with Reed.

MARCH 12.

We ride to Newberg, where we play a game with Pacific College. The score is 20—57 in our favor.

MARCH 18.

The most exciting game of the year is played with St. Mary's out in our gym. St. Mary's girls are present in crowds. They have an excellent team, and we admire their peppy cheer-leaders and also their clever yells. The score is 35—37, our favor.

MARCH 24.

A beautiful Communion Service is held in the Chapel. The boarders display the fine results of much good training in singing the devotional music.

MARCH 25.

Dresses and underclothing for the Lenten mission box are brought to school and hung in the study hall as usual. Frances Watzek wins first prize for having knitted a beautiful little blue sweater and hat. Jane Bickle wins second prize for the two dainty organdie and lace dresses, and to Lois Katherine Jones and Georgia Littlepage goes the third prize.

MARCH 31—APRIL 5.

We are having our spring vacation. We are also having numerous April showers, but they aren't spoiling our fun.

## APRIL 6.

The new cafeteria idea is manifested today over in the lower school building. We find the food to be exceptionally good and well-prepared.

## APRIL 13.

The boarders are given a dinner party at the Yew Bow Inn and a theater party afterward. They attend the Dufwin and see "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine".

## APRIL 28.

The Glee Club gives an entertaining Operetta, "The American Girl". Mrs. Smith, who has trained the Glee Club and has had charge of our Commencement singing for ten years, is at the piano. The dramatic part of the Operetta is directed by Mrs. Folts, who has been able to bring out much talent in the Dramatic Club.

## MAY 16.

The Seniors attend the Alumnae Association tea and are graciously welcomed into the association.

## MAY 19.

The new girls give the old girls a party at which the final tennis tournaments are played off. Picnic supper and dancing are enjoyed by us all, after we have watched the performances which the new girls give for our amusement.

## MAY 27.

Our final examinations are in session. The Seniors have reached the last hurdle. Can they make this one final jump? Of course! They are spurred on by the thought of those diplomas awaiting them.

## JUNE 4.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" An evening in June, we should answer, with balmy breezes and the scent of sweet-smelling blossoms and delightful music for dancing. Thus is our Junior Prom.

## JUNE 5.

Bishop Sumner delivers an impressive Baccalaureate sermon at St. Stephen's. After this we go to school and enjoy the luncheon which the Juniors (Seniors now) serve to the graduates. We then unveil the Senior picture and sing the school songs. Oh! This is a big day. The DELPHICS are given out, and people are rushing about getting them autographed. This is the last day at school.

## JUNE 6.

The Senior class play is given. We produce "The School for Scandal" this year, and every one seems to enjoy it. We have a packed house, which inspires the players and helps make the play successful.

## JUNE 7.

Commencement.

## Music and Entertainment



### The Old Girl-New Girl Party

A great deal of sparkling fun and a myriad of colored costumes featured the Old Girl-New Girl party this year. The affair, held in our own hall, was unsurpassed by previous anniversaries. Sympathy might have been offered to the judges who chose the prize-winning costume from the grand march, for a more difficult decision could not be imagined. However, Frances Corfe was the recipient of the first prize. She was attired as a mouse, and a very realistic mouse she was, though not sufficiently terrifying to make the other young ladies lose their composure. Peggy Lou Smith was awarded the second prize for her novel duck disguise, and the third prize was given to Shirley Fulton and Jane Myers, two clever, red and white clowns.

The initiation of the new girls supplied the chief entertainment, which, we hope, was enjoyed as much by the new girls as by the old.

### Everglade

Everglade! We can think of no better place to spend an outdoor vacation. After our classroom trials and tribulations, the lake house is "Paradise Regained". We drown our sorrows in the blue waters of Lake Oswego and paddle serenely down shady channels. We motor far down by the rugged cliffs or row painfully across to the opposite shore. Deserting the lake for a game of tennis, hiking in the surrounding woods, begging crackers from the house to feed the swans, we abandon ourselves completely to the joy of the hour. In the evening we play games in the great, rambling house or gather around the fireside and tell stories. Outside, many-colored lights pierce the shadows and throw their brilliant colors on the black waters. The old moon looks down on a happy, peaceful scene and we—tomorrow will bring its lessons, but who cares?—we are happy.

### The Symphony

A group of girls attended the symphony concerts and the Steers and Coman series for the 1931-1932 concert season. Numbered among the distinguished and famous artists who appeared were Rudolph Ganz, Percy Grainger, Georges Enesco, Micha Levitzki, Mary Wigman, Dusolina Giannini, Myra Hess, John Charles Thomas, and Paderewski. The concerts were greatly enjoyed, and since Miss Jocelyn Foulkes had given several lectures on the history of music, the symphony orchestra, and the compositions presented during the winter, the girls were able to appreciate the music and understand its deeper meaning.

## Boarders' Dance

November fourteenth the boarders had a supper dance at Everglade. It was a perfect day for canoeing and rowing on the lake, and the girls and their guests enjoyed it to the utmost. An attractive supper was served in the lake house, and later dancing was enjoyed. The pool and ping-pong tables were also popular, although the ping-pong balls insisted on rolling towards the fireplace. The boarders remained at Everglade after the dance, which they declared to be one of the best they had ever given.

## The Glee Club

Throughout the entire school year the Glee Club has offered delightful entertainment to the school. The "high lights" of the Glee Club this year included a charming program on the evening of December tenth. Color and grace were added to the evening by some attractive dance numbers given by the dancing classes. But the greatest event of the year was the Spring Operetta, "The American Girl", which was given on the evening of April twenty-seventh before a large and appreciative audience. Then, indeed, it seemed as if springtime were song-time.

## Junior-Senior Prom

Witching moonlight, soft music, graceful formals, perfumed summer air—all this, and more, was the Junior-Senior Prom. It was a night that will go down in our annals as a perfect one. The Seniors, knowing it to be their last Hall dance, were a little saddened by the thought, but they permitted nothing to mar the happiness of the occasion. The last dance proved to be the best dance—the joyful climax of four happy years at the Hall.



Old  
Girl  
Notes



## Old Girl Notes

'23

Mrs. Ralph Staley (Anne Wentworth) is living in Portland.  
Lillian Luders was married to Keith Blair of Australia.

'25

Edna Ellen Bell is at home this year.

'26

Helen Peters is a graduate nurse from Yale Medical School.  
Helen Abbot is married and is making her home in California.  
Ardelia Haradon is married to Dan Malarkey, Jr.

'27

Mary Malarkey is now Mrs. Howard Hall and has a small daughter, Helen Huntington.  
Jane Boyer and Margaret Price are spending the year at home.  
Jane Cullers and Jean Rosenblatt are also at home this year.  
Deborah Ball is married to Thomas Burke.

'28

Maxine Bennett is in New York City with her mother and Lillian. Both Maxine and Lillian are doing professional dancing.  
Helen Adelsperger was married in 1931 to Howard Page.  
Jean Adix, after attending the University of Oregon, is now a student at the Dental College in Portland.  
A recent visitor at the Hall was Mrs. Robert Sutton (Barbara Jane Averill) with her very small daughter.  
Mary Helen Carr and Marjory Holman are spending this year at home.  
Barbara Clarke is a senior at Mills College.  
Emma Johnson is spending the year abroad in Vienna.  
Janice Hedges, Elizabeth Kaser, Esther Kaser, and Myrtle McDaniel are attending the University of Oregon. Janice is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, the Kaser twins are members of Chi Omega, and Myrtle McDaniel is a member of Pi Beta Phi.  
Jeanne Knapp is learning to be a business woman at Northwestern Business School.

'29

Ardeanne Henningsen, Fanny Taylor, Constance Green, and Margaret Proctor are staying at home this year.  
Mildred Roberts is still studying the violin in Germany.  
Dorothy Lane Russell and Sally Canon are attending the University of Oregon.  
Evelyn Keyt is married to Warren Koffeen.  
Doris Lichty was married last fall and is making her home in Eugene.  
Betty Bond, who has been living in Pendleton, has moved to Portland.  
Katherin James is in nurses' training at Good Samaritan Hospital.  
Madelon Brodie is abroad in Finland.

Eva Jane Erwin graduated from the Oregon Normal School with high honors and now is applying for a position in one of the schools.

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

## '30

Jane Fales, Betty Lou Hudson, and Phoebe Greenman are students of the University of Oregon. Jane Fales is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta. Betty Hudson and Phoebe Greenman are members of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Nancy Nevins, Eleanor Sheeley, Elizabeth Berger, Josephine Williamson, Dorothy Insley, Rosemary Walker, Alice Devereaux, Katherine O'Rielly, Elizabeth O'Rielly, Charlotte Shallenberger, Sally Reed, and Alma Geddes are at home this year.

Mary Lueddeman is visiting in Washington, D. C., with Senator and Mrs. Borah, her aunt and uncle.

Coie Barnard was married last April to Basil Brown. Mr. and Mrs. Brown live in Klamath Falls.

Muriel Gabriel is working in the United States National Bank.

Margaret Reeves is at Roberts Brothers.

Barbara Jennings attends the University of Oregon and is a member of Alpha Gamma Delta.

Marjory Mautz is attending the University of Washington.

Blanche Coe is a student at Stanford University.

Marion Bilyeu is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma at Oregon State College.

Marion Denton is attending the Cornish School of Music in Seattle.

Jane Dutton is living in Long Beach, California.

## '31

Evelyn Bates is attending Pomona College in California.

Mary Beckwith, Dorothy Enos, Irene Carter, Rhoda Holman, and Hannasue Watts are spending the year in Portland.

June Clancy is attending Behnke-Walker's Business College.

Peggy Cullers is a student at the University of Oregon, where she is a member of Gamma Phi Beta.

Barbara Fiske, Mary K. Johnson, and Helen Stratton are attending Oregon State College.

Mariah Grimes was married the twelfth of September to Rex Davis. They are making their home in Klamath Falls.

Vivian Howe is a student at the University of California in Berkeley.

Helen Hoffman is attending school at Holmby College, Los Angeles, California.

Maxine Meith is at Mills this year.

Susan Sargent is attending Dana Hall in the East.

Ruth Scruggs is working in the office of the Library in Portland.

Nancy Foley is at Washington State College in Pullman.

Gladys Norville has recently been married to Lloyd Sanders and is living in Seattle.

Elizabeth Heckman is at home in Seattle.

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## Exchanges

THE DELPHIC wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

- The "La Reata"—St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, Texas.
- The "Cantoria"—St. Nicholas School, Seattle, Washington.
- The "Satura"—St. John Baptist School, Mendham, New Jersey.
- The "Thingimitite"—Holmquist School, New Hope, Pennsylvania.
- The "Cue"—Albany Academy, Albany, New York.
- The "Columbiad"—Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.
- The "Magpie"—St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut.
- The "Camosun"—Victoria High School, Victoria, B. C.
- The "Zephyrus"—Astoria High School, Astoria, Oregon.
- The "Matric Annual"—King Edward High School, Vancouver, B. C.
- The "Saint Katharine's Wheel"—St. Katharine's School, Davenport, Iowa.
- The "Blue Print"—Katharine Branson School, Ross, California.
- The "Croftonian"—Crofton House School, Vancouver, B. C.
- The "Academia"—St. Mary's College and Academy, Portland, Oregon.

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The "Academia"—St. Mary's College and Academy, Portland, Oregon. The "Academia" is surely one of our very welcome exchanges. Your Literary Department is of high quality and well organized. We especially enjoyed your Music and Joke Departments.

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The "Matric Annual"—King Edward High School, Vancouver, B. C. We enjoyed receiving your magazine very much and were particularly attracted by your Sports Section. We think your paper could be improved, however, by enlarging your Literary Department. We hope to be favored with other numbers of your publication.

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The "Blue Print"—Katharine Branson School, Ross, California. We enjoyed your magazine very much, most of all your School Notes. Perhaps some notice of athletics would add to the interest of your magazine.

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The "Croftonian"—Crofton House School, Vancouver, B. C. Your clever magazine was gratefully received by THE DELPHIC. Your Literary Department is excellent, and we were fascinated by your poems. However, we missed your exchanges.

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The "La Reata"—St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, Texas. Your poetry and your Class Prophecy are very well done. Your clubs are most interesting, as they tend not only toward pleasure but toward instruction. We also find your Sports Section very good. Don't you think, though, that you could improve your magazine by enlarging your Literary Department?

The "Cantoria"—St. Nicholas School, Seattle, Washington. We wish to compliment you on your Literary Department and your Sports Section. Also your "As We Shall Be" was excellent. We think that your magazine could be made even more interesting than it is by adding an Exchange Department and enlarging your Joke Section.

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The "Satura"—St. John Baptist School, Mendham, New Jersey. We congratulate you on your Literary Department and also on your Sports Section. We think that if you added a Joke Section your magazine could be made still more interesting.

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The "Thingimitite"—Holmquist School, New Hope, Pennsylvania. Your Literary Section is excellent, and we wish to compliment you on it. We think it would improve your magazine to enlarge your Exchange Section.

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The "Cue"—Albany Academy, Albany, New York. We find your magazine fascinating, especially your Exchange Department. Don't you think that you could improve your publication by enlarging your Literary Department?

---

The "Camosun"—Astoria High School, Astoria, Oregon. Your Literary Department and your Poems are very good. Your Sports Section and Joke Section are exceptionally well done. Don't you think that it would lend interest to the magazine if you added an Exchange Department?



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## Queer?

He broke a date  
with me the  
other night and,  
He later said  
that he had spent  
the evening with  
a boy friend of  
a girl friend of mine.  
I cannot understand,  
for I had spent  
that evening  
with the boy friend myself!

—HELEN E. JENKINS.

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She leaned her head against my breast  
Her face was wondrous fair.  
Her eyes looked pleadingly in mine—  
My hand lay on her hair.  
And yet I spoke no word of love,  
No tender glance I gave,  
Though well I knew the lady fair  
Was thinking me a knave.  
At last I felt that I must speak  
Would I her wrath appease,  
So then I said, "Open your mouth  
A little wider, please."

—A DENTIST.

## Elegy to Jean Cameron

A green little senior  
In a green little way—  
Some chemicals mixed  
Just for fun one day.

And the green little grasses,  
Now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little senior's  
Green little grave.

—JANIE MYERS.

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EDRIS MORRISON STUDIO  
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*Portraits of Charm*

Jean Cameron (in English class): "It's a queer world. Keep still and others think that you're ignorant."

Mrs. Fariss (vehemently): "Talk and you remove all doubt of it."

\* \* \*

Miss Foulkes: "Esther, name the different scales."

Esther: "Fish scales are the only ones I know of."

\* \* \*

On a voyage of one of the Cunard liners from New York to Liverpool, a Major H. Reynolds of London was registered on the passenger list. The purser, running over the names, assigned to the same stateroom, as fellow travelers, this Major Reynolds and a husky stockman from the Panhandle of Texas.

A little later the cattleman, ignoring the purser, hunted up the skipper. "Look here, Cap," he demanded, "what kind of a joker is this here head clerk of yours? I can't travel in the same stateroom with that there Major Reynolds. I can't and won't. Far as that goes, neither one of us likes the idea."

"What complaint have you?" asked the skipper. "Do you object to an army officer for a traveling companion?"

"Not generally," stated the Texan, "only this happens to be the Salvation Army. That there Major's other name is Henrietta."

—*Union Mutual Messenger.*

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Jane Tennison: "Thinking of me, dearest?"

Joe: "Was I laughing? I'm sorry."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Smith (to maid): "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

—*The Churchman.*

\* \* \*

Becky: "Has your baby learned to talk yet?"

Mrs. Walker: "My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

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Class of 1926

Smith: "Whom are you working for now?"

Jones: "Same people—wife and five children." —*Christian Observer.*

\* \* \*

Mrs. Myers: "Jane, you were a long time coming. Didn't you hear me calling?"

Jane: "No, mother, not till you called the third time."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Fariss: "Where did Addison go to college?"

Doreen P.: "Oh, he was sent east to Wellesley."

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## NEUBAUER'S

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Jane Wilmot (after dubbing a drive): "My trouble is that I stand too close to the ball after I hit it."

\* \* \*

Pop (to his bright infant): "What's wrong?"

Son (twelve years of age): "I had a terrible scene with your wife."

—*Montreal Star.*

\* \* \*

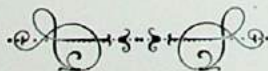
"Yes," said Miss Evans to her class one balmy spring afternoon, "it isn't the heat; it's the stupidity."

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Nancy: "I thought you could keep a secret?"

Mary Louise: "Well, I kept it for a week. What do you think I am, a cold-storage plant?"

\* \* \*

Kay: "I could lend you five cents, but lending money only breaks friendships."

Helen: "Oh, well, we were never very good friends."

—Everybody's Weekly.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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Frances Watzek, languishing in the Infirmary, demanded something to eat. The nurse gave her a spoonful of tapioca.

"Now," she said, "I should like something to read. Please bring me a postage stamp."

—*American Girl.*

\* \* \*

Donald, the Tourist-Scot (to wife at railway station): "What! Ye canna' get a porter tae tak our luggage?"

Wife: "Na, na. Ye try, Donald. Yere accent's no' sae noticeable."

—*Christian Herald.*



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\* \* \*

Mrs. Fariss: "Use *vegetation* in a sentence."

Eleanor: "There's a vegetation farm near Portland."

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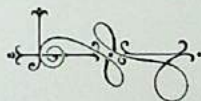
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Louise (when very small): "Baw-aw-aw-, I want a drink of water."  
Mrs. Harlan (a mother of Alaska): "Hush, dear! It's only six months till morning."

\* \* \*

Jean Luckel (buying a fur coat): "Can I wear it in the rain without hurting it?"

Salesman: "Madam, did you ever see a rabbit carry an umbrella?"

—*American Girl.*

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