

The Scintilla



Ex Libris



Dedication

To those who see human emotion in water--the power of a surging ocean, the mystery of a silent pool, the joy of a dancing waterfall, and the peace of a quiet stream.



The Scintilla

Volume Four

Published by the class of 1937

St. Helen's Hall Junior College

*General Superintendence of the Sisters of
St. John Baptist*

Portland, Oregon

Foreword

It is the tradition of Youth to be able always to look forward—on to new adventure and experiences, never backward. Now we reverse that order and look backward, and what we see in the last two years is a mixture of happiness, new faces, new experiences, hard work, strong friendships, and knowledge that will last us the rest of our lives.

Junior colleges are rather different in the world of education. They have not yet come to be regarded as a necessity in the lives of young people. Schools for girls alone are not within the realm of every young woman's experience. We have had the joy of having both properties in one institution. Here we have had the opportunity to establish new contacts, to develop in ourselves hidden abilities, to see before us that glimmering light of happiness. Some give that happiness the form of a career, fame, and all the glitter that accompanies it. They have tried to develop the abilities they command in the direction of that image. Others see in happiness a home, comfortable and contented. We all have had a different idea to work out in our search for knowledge, and we all have found the enthusiastic aid and support we needed to further our ambitions in the persons of our instructors and all those who surrounded us.

We looked forward when we came. Now we are leaving, and we look backward for a moment, feeling in our hearts a great thanks that we cannot audibly express. We still have our image before us, and now we have started—all of us—on the road to its attainment.

Rosemary Hintzen

Administration



Chaplain's Message

In the face of an increasing tendency to rely upon the passage of new laws or the submission of the affairs of our daily lives to the control of national governments in order that we may achieve security and comfort, it is well to be reminded of the warning uttered over a century ago by William Ellery Channing:

"It is idle to hope, by our short-sighted contrivances, to insure to a people a happiness which their own character has not earned. The everlasting laws of God's government we cannot repeal; and parchment constitutions, however wise, will prove no shelter from the retributions which fall on a degraded community."

The foundations of national well-being lie deep in the character of her citizens. Social environment does, indeed, condition for better or for worse the development of personality. But of far greater importance is the fact that the character of our social institutions depends absolutely upon the quality of their individual members.

Fundamentally, Freedom and Justice are spiritual qualities, and their continued existence as ruling elements in our social life depends upon the spiritual maturity of our men and women. The great challenge which faces our educational system today is not that of presenting new "solutions" to the "problems of modern life." The great challenge today is that of furnishing citizens of worth to our world civilization, and this can be done only as all of the latent possibilities of human nature are drawn forth and given opportunity for development in youth. Physical health and mental alertness must be founded upon spiritual freedom—a freedom which comes of a knowledge of the Divine Law of Life—if we are to have characters which will enable us to take our part in a world-order which demands new resources of power and light if it is not to be reduced to chaos.

The Rev. Richard Flagg Ayres, B.D., Chaplain

Editorial

Away from the main road lies a woody glen where the sun cannot penetrate the thick matting of branches overhead except in sudden bursts, and the air is spicy and cool. Far back in the trees is a scene of breathless calm. In a small clearing rests a silent lake, whose depths are unfathomed, a mirror of nature, where trees and flowers bend over the edge to see their reflections.

Now there is a stretch of open countryside with green hills of varied shades in the distance guarding the valley. It starts to rain. A river floods its way with drum-like rhythm, and there is more rhythm in the pelting drops falling into it. Suddenly, startlingly, a cliff looms in the path, and beyond it the surge of the mighty ocean stretches to meet the horizon. The rhythm is still there, but the rain has lessened to a mist. The sun appears, and through the mist a giant rainbow blazes an arc across the sky, its colors vividly flaming against the hills. The rain stops entirely, and the sky is clear. The ocean carries on the rhythm, but it is calm now—regular, like breathing. The waves sparkle as they rise to their full height and then dash themselves to pieces on the sands.

We feel the power of the ocean. We have pulsed to the rhythm of the waters. We have sensed a mystery in our souls like that of the forest pool. And now we have heard the plaintive, groping, wonderful melody of life—picked up and carried on forever in the symphony of the waters.

Nature has thus provided the theme for this book—the story of mankind in water.

The Editor



Gertrude Houk Fariss
Dean

Esther Christensen Walker
Registrar

Dean's Message

To the Class of 1937:

Constructive and purposeful living demands, as civilization advances, a constantly greater breadth of interests. If during these years at St. Helen's Hall junior college there have opened to you new vistas and broader concepts; if you have developed the ability to accept the challenges of a changing world with unprejudiced consideration, with searching examination, and with honest evaluation—then indeed you have availed yourself of the most far reaching benefits that education has to offer. It is the hope and conviction of those who have shared with you these educational experiences that during the years to come your understanding will become ever deeper, your judgments increasingly tolerant, your thinking less hampered by the shackles of prejudice and inertia, and your ideals of living more completely realized.

—Gertrude Houk Fariss

Alice M. Bahrs
Laboratory
Sciences



Harriet Brandt
Home Economics



William Bruce
Social Sciences



Janet Easterday
French



Ruby-Page Euwer
Drama



Rachel Griffin
Art



Dorothy Harvey
Physical
Education



Eldress Judd
Physical
Education



The Reverend
Louis Koiter
Ecclesiastical
History



Ena Marston
Composition and
Literature



Ruth Patterson
Art



Marian Pettibone
Chemistry



Eulalia Serrurier
Ramsay
French



Frances Samuels
Librarian



Tanya Schreiber
French and
German



Ruth Wheelock
Backgrounds of
Nursing



Eileen Smith
President



Vilate Tackett
Vice-President



Virginia Harding
Secretary



Marion Hollowell
Treasurer



Alda Lehman
Sophomore
Representative



Georgia Burrows
Sergeant-at-Arms



Betty Day
Freshman
Representative



Virginia Rupp
Freshman
Representative



Student Council

The Student council was composed of the officers of the Student Body, presidents of the clubs, and especially elected representatives from the two classes. Its president was Vilate Tackett, vice-president of the Student Body.

Sophomores





*For the rain it raineth every day.
..... Shakespeare*





Elizabeth Adams
International Relations
club
Hall Tree advertising
staff
Part in dramatic
production
University of Oregon

Doris Cahill
Vice president of
sophomore class
Vice president of Curle
Chairman of May
carnival program
committee
Hall Tree and Scintilla
advertising staffs



Katherine Cannon
International Relations
club
Beta Phi Gamma
Secretary-Treasurer of
Sophomore class
Business manager of
Scintilla
Assistant editor of
Hall Tree
University of Oregon

Josephine Chenoweth
Curle
May carnival program
Forum
Nurses' Training at
Good Samaritan
hospital

Hazel Davis
Editor of Hall Tree
Assistant editor of
Scintilla
Beta Phi Gamma
University of Oregon



Gertrude DesBrisay
Alpha Mu Gamma
Curie
Forum
Artist for Scintilla

Dorothy Dewey
International Relations
club
Artist for Scintilla

Camilla Flower
International Relations
club
Typist for Hall Tree
and Scintilla
Oregon State college



Helen Gurdane
Oregon State college

Rosemary Geneste
International Relations
club
Delegate to I.R.C.
Conference at
Victoria, B. C.
Date committee



Sally Guthrie
 President of Athletic
 association
 Delta Psi Omega
 Sergeant-at-arms of
 Student Body
 Editorial staff of
 Hall Tree
 Advertising staffs of
 Hall Tree and
 Scintilla
 Stanford

Mary Henderson
 International Relations
 club
 Stage setting for
 dramatic production
 University of
 Washington



Rosemary Hintzen
 Editor of Scintilla
 Beta Phi Gamma
 Hall Tree staff
 Business manager of
 Hall Tree
 University of Oregon

Virginia Harding
 Secretary of
 Student Body
 Alpha Mu Gamma
 Hall Tree and Scintilla
 advertising staffs
 International Relations
 club
 Scintilla picture
 committee

Margaret Hinkle
 International Relations
 club
 President of Forum
 Delegate to I.R.C.
 conference at
 Victoria, B. C.
 Part in dramatic
 production
 Sergeant-at-arms of
 sophomore class



Marjorie Hunter
 Delta Psi Omega
 International Relations
 club
 Writers' club
 Literary editor of
 Scintilla
 Delegate to I.R.C.
 conference at
 Victoria, B. C.

Ruth Kaser
 Parts in three dramatic
 productions
 Chairman of Fall 1936
 informal dance
 International Relations
 club
 Delta Psi Omega



Alda Lehman
 Delta Psi Omega
 Secretary of Curie
 Parts in two dramatic
 productions
 Sophomore representa-
 tive to Student
 Council
 Advertising manager of
 Scintilla
 Queen of May carnival

Margaret Mullen
 International Relations
 club
 Curie
 Music for get-togethers
 Part in dramatic
 production
 Oregon State college

Josephine McPherson
 Curie
 Forum
 Chairman of bridge tea
 refreshment
 committee



Judith Oswald
 President of
 Beta Phi Gamma
 Chairman of 1937
 Spring formal
 committee
 International Relations
 club
 Delegate to I.R.C.
 conference at
 Victoria, B. C.
 Hall Tree staff

Eileen Smith
 President of Student
 Body
 Freshman Representa-
 tive to Student
 council
 International Relations
 club
 Writers' club
 Basketball letter

Mary Sutherland
 International Relations
 club
 Berkeley

Jean Shown
 First prize in Cotton
 Opening
 Chairman of
 Sophomore dinner

Helen Stone
 International Relations
 club
 Chairman of bridge tea
 ticket committee
 Scintilla business staff
 Basketball award
 Forum
 Oregon State college



Lois Sylvester
 Secretary of
 Student Body
 Beta Phi Gamma
 International Relations
 club
 Delta Psi Omega
 Hall Tree staff

Vilate Tackett
 Most outstanding
 freshman
 Vice president of
 Student Body
 President of
 Student Council
 Chairman of Spring
 Informal dance
 Delegate to I.R.C.
 convention at
 Victoria, B. C.



Ruth Tollenaar
 President Sophomore
 class
 President Delta Psi
 Omega
 Parts in three dramatic
 productions
 Advertising staffs of
 Hall Tree and
 Scintilla
 University of
 Washington

Peggy Victors
 Treasurer of
 Alpha Mu Gamma
 Music for get-togethers
 Scintilla picture
 committee
 University of
 Washington

Alberta Vaillancourt
 President of Curie
 Alpha Mu Gamma
 General chairman
 Willamette Valley
 Science conference
 Student Council



Deloise Wester
President of
Alpha Mu Gamma
Curie
Chairman of bridge tea
Willamette Valley
Science conference
Student Council

Eva West
Future undecided

Fay Hall
January graduate
Assistant editor
Hall Tree
Treasurer of Beta Phi
Gamma
University of Oregon

Irene Hoover
January graduate
International Relations
club
Oregon State college

Story of Year's Activities

The thirty-two members of the 1937 class of St. Helen's Hall junior college will be officially graduated Tuesday evening, June 8, after a successful two years of activities.

The class, which was organized on Wednesday, January 20, elected Ruth Tollenaar as their president and swung into immediate action, selecting the class gift, a radio for the recreation room, and sponsoring an amazingly successful bridge tea. Deloise Wester, chairman of the committee for the tea, which was held on April 17 and featured a style show, with students modeling home-made dresses, was largely responsible for the success of the venture.

On October 30, the Pumpkin Frolic, first dance of the season, was held in the St. Helen's Hall auditorium, with decorations and programs in keeping with the Hallowe'en spirit. Ruth Kaser, Camilla Flower, Sally Guthrie, Jane Wisdom, and Irene Hoover were members of the committee.

Large Thanksgiving day and Christmas baskets, containing jelly, fruit and vegetables were sent to needy families, while the college made generous gifts to both the Red Cross and the Community Chest.

Vivian Byers headed a committee which sponsored one of many amusing get-togethers on Wednesday, November 18.

A WPA Christmas play, presented on December 9, put the college into the true yuletide spirit before the welcome vacation.

The Christmas formal, with Lois Sylvester as chairman of the committee, was held on December 18, at Waverly Country club.

Sally Guthrie, sophomore president of the newly organized Athletic association, made a straight A record in her first term's work, leading the whole school. Miss Guthrie made 48 grade points for 16 hours.

The International Relations club, one of the largest in the school, sponsored a vaudeville on January 29 to raise funds to send delegates to the conference in Victoria, B. C.

An unexpected vacation of two days came to all the students of the college when an energetic snow storm imprisoned all Portland.

Mildred Roberts, a high school graduate of 1929, presented several violin selections in one of the most impressive assemblies of the year. Miss Roberts declared that this was the loveliest concert of her whole year.

Maryalice Burnham, Margaret Hinkle, Katherine Waldron, Francis Robison, Marjorie Hunter, Barbara Minahan, and Judith Oswald represented the junior college at the International Relations club conference in Victoria, B. C., and reported many of the things they heard and saw to the interested students left at home.

The spring informal was held Friday, April 16, in the school auditorium, with Vilate Tackett as chairman of the committee.

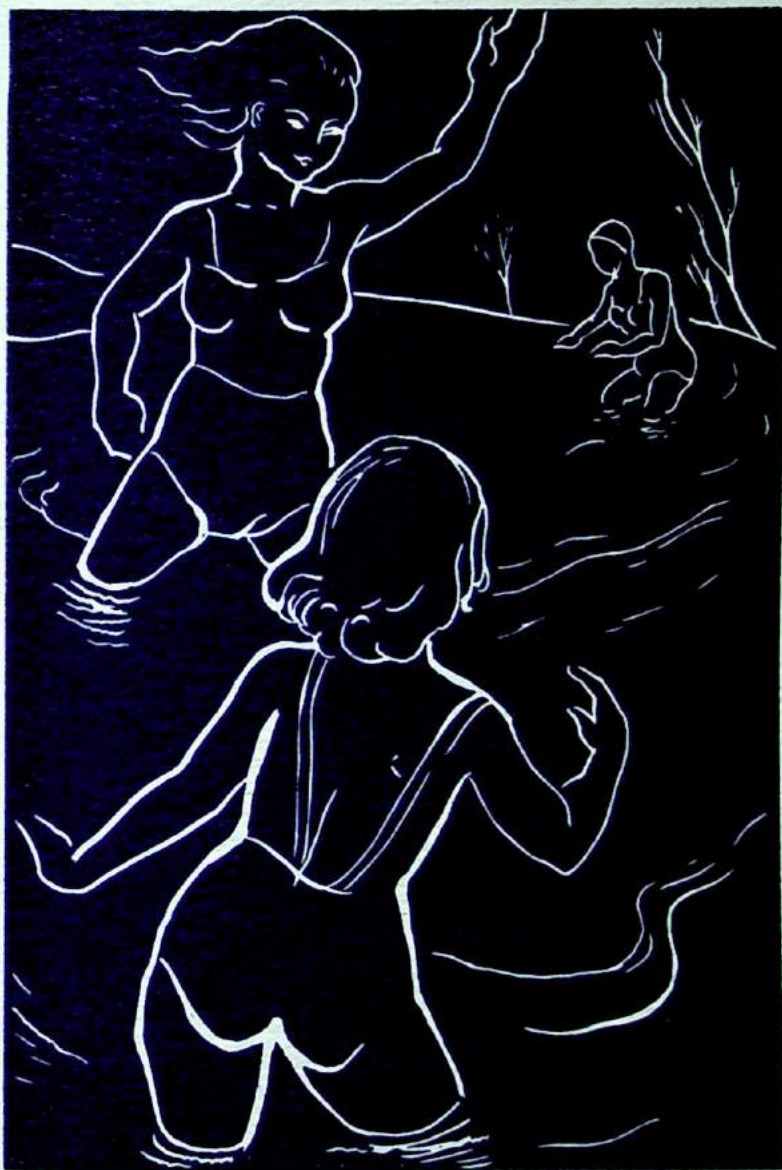
Jean Shown, sophomore, and Betty Day, freshman, won the prizes offered by Beta Phi Gamma, national journalism honorary, for the most attractive dresses on their Cotton day, April 7.

The third annual Willamette Valley Student Science conference was held at St. Helen's Hall junior college on Saturday, April 24, with Alberta Vaillancourt, president of the Science club, as general chairman.

Queen Alda Lehman, and Princesses Lois Sylvester and Judith Oswald ruled over a hilarious May carnival on May 5.

Activities





*O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls
as free.*

. . . . Byron



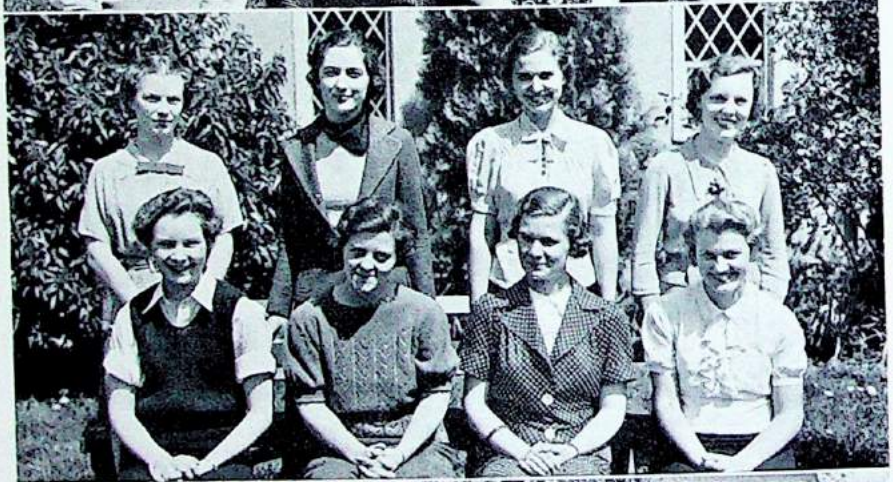
Queen Alda



May Carnival

Queen Alda Ruth Lehman ruled over the May carnival, held May 5 on the college campus. Her royal court was composed of Lois Sylvester and Judith Oswald, princesses; Marilyn Hunt, ring bearer; and Katherine Waldron, jester.

The queen was crowned by Gertrude Houk Fariss, dean, in the opening ceremonies of the carnival. During the afternoon the court was entertained by many different sorts of dancing and singing. In the evening the Athletic association served lunches to those who attended.



Beta Phi Gamma—Standing: Minahan, Hintzen, Cannon, Davis; Sitting: Hall, Oswald, Pariss, Sylvester.
 Alpha Mu Gamma—Standing: DesBrisay, Cadonau, Starr, Richardson; Sitting: Victors, Ramsay, Wester, Vallancourt.
 Delta Psi Omega—Standing: Knight, Smith, Shives, Priest, Hinkle, Waldron, Robison; Sitting: Tracy, Guthrie, Tollenant, Euwer, Kaser, Sylvester, Lehman.

Beta Phi Gamma

President.....	JUDITH OSWALD
Vice-President.....	LOIS SYLVESTER
Secretary-Treasurer.....	FAY HALL
Faculty Advisor.....	MRS. GERTRUDE HOUK FARRISS

Beta Phi Gamma, national journalism honorary, ushered Spring into the junior college this year by sponsoring the annual Cotton day, one of the most colorful since its inception several years ago. Jean Shown and Betty Day were awarded prizes for their gay spring print dresses, which they made themselves. The Reverend J. B. Delawney, language professor at Portland university, and Duane Hennessy, political reporter on the Oregonian, were guest speakers at dinners, to which the student body members were invited.

Alpha Mu Gamma

President.....	DELOISE WESTER
Vice-President.....	ALBERTA VAILLANCOURT
Secretary.....	VIRGINIA HARDING
Treasurer.....	PEGGY VICTORS
Editor.....	GERTRUDE DESBRISAY
Advisors.....	MRS. BEULAH RAMSAY MISS TANYA SCHREIBER

"Pecheur D'Islande," a French film, was presented on April 28 and 29 at the Jefferson Street theater by Alpha Mu Gamma, national language honorary for French, German, and Spanish students. About 350 people attended the moving picture, which had sub-titles in English.

The organization, which regularly meets on one Sunday a month, was given addresses on famous authors by Dr. Lelia Walsh, Miss Tanya Schreiber, and Mrs. Beulah Ramsay. The Reverend J. B. Delawney was guest speaker at the initiation banquet.

Delta Psi Omega

President.....	RUTH TOLLENAAR
Faculty Advisor.....	MRS. RUBY PAGE EUWER

Delta Psi Omega members were cast in *Ladies in Waiting*, the play presented this year by the dramatic department, under the able direction of Mrs. Ruby Page Euwer. Every student who had a part in the play is a member of the national dramatic honorary. Practical experience in direction and production was afforded by the department, while such problems as stage settings were discussed at private meetings.



International Relations Club—Back: Cooper, Mould, Vollum, Sutherland, Robison, Hunter, Bergholz, Flower, Cahill, Mader, Koehler, Cannon; Middle: Love, E. Timmons, Kallio, Blodgett, Cadonau, Phelps, Stone, Dixon, Adams, Mullen, Herron; Front: Tackett, Smith, Sylvester, Knight, Geneste, Walker, Hinkle, Barnham, Waldron, Renick, Oswald.
 Curio—Standing: McPherson, Garnett, Dixon, Mockford, Wills, Mullen, Wester, Lee; Sitting: Chenoweth, Renick, Havely, DesBrisay, Lehman, Cahill, Vallanceourt, Bahrs, Freeze.
 Writers Club—Smith, Guthrie, Tollenaar, Marston, Hunter, Mackenzie, Byers, Davis.

International Relations Club

President.....	KIYOKO TSUBOI
	MARYALICE BURNHAM
Vice-President.....	CAMILLA FLOWER
	MARGARET HINKLE
Secretary-Treasurer.....	MARGARET HINKLE
	KATHERINE WALDRON
Advisor.....	MRS. ESTHER CHRISTENSEN WALKER

Twelve members from the International Relations club of St. Helen's Hall junior college, the largest representation for its size of any college present, were sent to the conference of International Relations clubs, held this year at Victoria, B. C., on March 12 and 13. The organization is affiliated with the Carnegie Endowment.

On May 3 and 4 the group entertained the International Relations clubs of the city high schools and Reed college at Everglades, Oswego lake house.

The only dance of the school year open to outsiders was sponsored by the International Relations club on May 21, in the outdoor gymnasium.

Curie--Science Club

President.....	ALBERTA VAILLANCOURT
Vice-President.....	DORIS CAHILL
Secretary-Treasurer.....	ALDA LEHMAN
Faculty Advisor.....	DR. ALICE BAHRS

Under the sponsorship of Curie, St. Helen's Hall junior college played host to the Willamette Valley Science Student conference, April 24, in its largest and most successful meeting to date. 221 students were registered and 114 papers were presented. A trip to Depoe bay, a hike to Nesmith point, and various interesting experiments on nationally advertised products and luminescent bacteria were other activities undertaken by this organization.

Writers' Club

President.....	VIVIAN BYERS
Faculty Advisor.....	MISS ENA MARSTON

The trend of the Writers' club has always been toward informality, producing, in addition to freedom of expression, an enviable spirit of good-fellowship in their ranks. The club has proved invaluable for those in composition classes who take their work more seriously, and for those no longer taking courses in creative writing who wish to write more frequently.



Hall Tree Staff—Standing: Dodd, Guthrie, G. Hall, F. Hall, Oswald, Sylvester; Sitting: Day, Barnham, Davis, Fariss, Cannon, Hintzen, Knight.
 Scintilla Staff—Standing: Dewey, DesBrisay, Hunter; Sitting: Davis, Hintzen, Cannon, Lehman.
 Athletic Association—Judd, Buckler, Guthrie, McKay, Harvey.

The Hall Tree

Editor.....	HAZEL DAVIS
Business Manager.....	ROSEMARY HINTZEN BARBARA MINAHAN
Assistant Editors.....	KATHERINE CANNON FAY HALL
Columnists.....	MARYALICE BURNHAM SALLY GUTHRIE
Staff.....	LOIS SYLVESTER, JUDITH OSWALD, GRETA MATZEN, RUTH DODD, ROSEMARY HINTZEN, BETTY DAY, MARYETTA KNIGHT, MARGARET LOVELL
Ad Solicitors.....	SALLY GUTHRIE, RUTH TOLLENAAR, DORIS CAHILL, FRANCIS RENICK, ELIZABETH ADAMS, ROSEMARY HINTZEN, ALICE FREEZE, ALICE PLUMMER, SUSAN CAMPBELL, DARLENE HARRIS, GUINIVERE HALL, ALDA LEHMAN
Cartoonist.....	GUINIVERE HALL
Faculty Advisor.....	MRS. GERTRUDE HOUK FARRISS

A four-column printed paper, issued bi-monthly, appeared this year to take the place of the mimeographed sheet of last year. The Hall Tree has continued the progress which has marked it as a barometer for the junior college's advancement.

Scintilla Staff

Editor.....	ROSEMARY HINTZEN
Assistant Editor.....	HAZEL DAVIS
Business Manager.....	KATHERINE CANNON
Advertising Manager.....	ALDA LEHMAN
Literary Editor.....	MARJORIE HUNTER
Artist.....	GERTRUDE DESBRISAY, DOROTHY DEWEY

The Scintilla staff wishes to acknowledge with thanks the cooperation of all those who served on the advertising staff and of Camilla Flower, who served as staff typist.

The Athletic Association

President.....	SALLY GUTHRIE
Vice-President.....	RACHEL MCKAY
Secretary.....	PEARL BUCKLER
Advisors.....	DOROTHY HARVEY, ELDRRESS JUDD

The Athletic association was organized this year to include all members of the student body who participated in any sort of physical education. Under the direction of Dorothy Harvey and Eldress Judd, advisors, a constitution was written which was adopted by the student body.

The first president of the organization was Sally Guthrie, who, with the aid of the other officers and the advisors, arranged intramural basketball schedules and supervised the awarding of letters for outstanding participation in the association contests.



Freshmen—Standing: Mould, Blodgett, Waldron, Tuttle, Shives, Hoss, Bergholz, Starr, Bailey;
 Sitting: Phelps, Rupp, Robison, Knight, Helberg, Cooper, Benick, Havely, Mackenzie.
Freshmen—Standing: Fraser, Lee, Petrie, Love, A. Thumons, Lewis, Mockford, Wills, Haskins,
 Hudson, Kallio, Cadonau; Sitting: Pfeiffer, Mader, Koehler, Harris, McKay, Gallien, Todd, Van
 Luyen, Beier, E. Timmons, Garnett.
Freshmen—Standing: Fake, Herron, Plummer, Hall, Richardson, Hawkins, Vollum, Matzen, Kennell,
 Dixon; Sitting: Lovell, Tate, Pickering, Day, Campbell, Dodd, Tracy, Buckler, Temple.

Freshmen

Next year's student body officers have been elected from the freshmen class. They are Katherine Waldron, president; Betty Lou Phelps, vice-president; Darlene Harris, treasurer; Marjorie Todd and Anita Cadonau, sophomore representatives to the Student council. The secretary and sergeant-at-arms will be elected next year.

The freshmen have given their full cooperation to the sophomores in this year's student body affairs.

Freshmen of the student body administration were Georgia Burrows, sergeant-at-arms; Betty Day and Virginia Rupp, representatives.

Several members of the class worked on the Hall Tree staff during the year.

The sophomores wish the freshmen class as much success as they have had during their last year.



Ladies In Waiting

By Cyril Campion

CAST

<i>Patricia Blakeney</i>	SALLY GUTHRIE
<i>Pamela Dark</i>	RUTH KASER
<i>Dora Lester</i>	RUTH TOLLENAAR
<i>Maud, the maid</i>	FRANCES ROBISON
<i>Mrs. Dawson, the cook</i>	MARGARET HINKLE
<i>Lady Spate</i>	ALLISON VAN ANTWERP
<i>Una Verity</i>	ALDA LEHMAN
<i>Phyllis Blakeney</i>	LOIS SYLVESTER
<i>Janet Garner</i>	ANITA YOUNT

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Lights and Sound</i>	W. E. HUNT, JR., EILEEN SMITH
<i>Stage Setting</i>	MARY HENDERSON, CAST
<i>Properties</i>	FRANCIS ROBISON, ROSEMARY GENESTE
<i>Assistant Director</i>	KATHERINE WALDRON
<i>Business</i>	MARION HOLLOWELL, BETTY DAY
<i>Stage Hands</i>	MARGARET MULLEN, ELIZABETH SHIVES
<i>Ushers</i>	ROSEMARY GENESTE, MARGARET TRACY, BETTY DAY, MARJORIE HUNTER, AND MARYETTA KNIGHT



The Alumnae Association of St. Helen's Hall Junior College

Every June since the first college commencement in 1934, an increasingly large number of names has been added to the list of graduates of St. Helen's Hall junior college. Some of these girls have remained graduates; others have enjoyed the privilege of becoming alumnae. The distinction is a real one. The graduate accepts her diploma and departs from the school, and her only claim to the institution is that diploma and the right of recollection. The alumna, however, remains to cooperate with the undergraduates and to participate in their activities and in the future of the school.

The Junior College Alumnae association, today representing the loyalty of five graduating classes, has from its inception been organized for a definite purpose—namely, quoting from the constitution, that of “keeping intact the associations and ideals of the junior college and cooperating with the active junior college and its sponsors.” This purpose can be fulfilled only as long as graduating students continue to add their support and to work cooperatively with the organization.

And so, confident of the strength that the members of this class of June, 1937, will bring, the Association welcomes them, not as graduates, but as Alumnae of St. Helen's Hall junior college.

Literary



*Oh, could I flow like thee, and make
thy stream*

My great example, as it is my theme.

. . . . Denham

Rain Spell

Why is it that rain gives one such a lost feeling? Life just couldn't be as frightening as rain—a clammy blanket smothering your soul with only glimpses of other bent figures through the fog. The wood of this old building smells so wormy and moldy. Mr. Feldstein has put up his awning. We used to have storm windows before—

She stood in the doorway in her fall hat and coat, trying to look as though they were her regular winter garb. Of course she had had better looking ones before the —. Oh, there was someone else coming out of the wet. She hoped he wouldn't say anything, because she just couldn't trust her voice when her teeth were chattering so.

The newcomer glanced at the first tenant without obvious interest and tried to hide the mended place in his overcoat where he had torn it pushing his fists down so hard. He took off his hat to shake away the rain drops and hurriedly put it back on so she wouldn't see last year's rainspots on the band.

Rain is something like night. The most mysterious and most meaningfully hidden things happen at night. Every thief and every lover waits for night to hide him and his indulgence. Rain is something like that; it obscures the view and distorts everything caught in its net.

She drew her thin coat around her, suppressing a shudder, tugged her sagging hat to a more becoming angle, and pulled out a moist tendril of hair that was clinging wretchedly to her neck. She saw him look at her with preoccupation and guessed that he was mentally fingering the sparsely scattered coins in his pocket.

The wheeze of a hand-organ blew in upon them with a fresh gust of wind and rain, and following it came an old man, just as soaked and as wheezing as his organ. The letters on the card held around his hat by a rubber band were running into one another until you had to guess that they spelled "blind." The old fellow shuffled along, now and then pushed by a thoughtless passerby who murmured a hurried "Oh, sorry," and rushed on to get shelter from the dampness. She couldn't hear him say anything until he reached the corner of the doorway and stepped in, as if from habit. She moved lightly out of his way and heard his quavering lament, "Help the blind. Help the blind."

She looked quickly at her neighbor and found him staring at the old man, but he quickly lifted his gaze to her face, and she saw that he had discovered something. There was renewed hope in his eyes. He thrust his hand savagely into his pocket and brought out three small coins, dropped two of them into the tin cup attached to the wheezing organ, and put the third back in his pocket. She watched this display of brotherhood, shifting her worn purse from one hand to the other. After a minute she determinedly opened it and placed all its contents in the cup except a dime, which she held gingerly up to view. Then she smiled warmly.

"Enough for coffee and doughnuts," he answered her thoughts aloud, and they stepped out into the rain. Two shadowy figures—together.

Rosemary Hintzen

Red Memory

Spring is all deceitful promise.
It whispers greenly, "Courage!"
And then buds jasmine white and hawthorne
That tore my heart before.

"Breathe fragrant life!" Each tree
Spreads shade invitingly,
Leaves rustle triplets of music, hope, and happiness
That failed my youth before.

Children shout, "Gay spring is here!"
But she, awakening the tired dead,
With empty smile twists
A grass green blade in the old wound
Gushing up once more the painful blood,
Red memory.

Vivian Byers

A Crime Against Color

The small, untidy boy ushered me into a room, evidently the "company" parlor, to await the arrival of the lady of the house. Having stood for some moments in the somber hallway, I was dazzled by the long, bright shafts of sunlight striking through the tall windows. As my eyes gradually accustomed themselves to the light, I became slowly aware of an uneasy feeling, a sense of turmoil and restlessness which seemed to emanate from every object in the room.

At last, in full possession of my visual senses, I looked about. Violent clashes of color burst upon me as if they had been blows. Glaring yellows, bilious greens, garish reds in raucous combination. In one corner the harsh tile shade of a chintz-covered Morris chair was engaged in mortal combat against the sensuous purple of a large, velvet foot stool. On the wall at my right the delicate pastels of a spring landscape struggled feebly in a losing fight against the great dark red expanse of the plush sofa directly beneath it.

My eyes darted nervously about seeking some relief for my offended senses. Each glance brought a further shuddering recoil. Blotched blue drapes which the sun had faded unevenly, a flashy orange lampshade, a fat black pillow with tarnished gold spangles, another chair in soiled peacock-blue. Everywhere jarring discord. The large rug of sickly green with gaudy splashes of color contributed to the general giddiness of the whole room. In sheer desperation I closed my aching eyes to shut off this agonizing conflict of color.

Marjorie Havelly

Adventure

Three bottles on the counter
brittle and white as shattered tears
turned up their glassy noses.
"Something in perfume—
for me."

Tapering fingers drew the stopper.
A stripling moon like a
saffron bubble arose.
"A little too gay
for me."

From the second, veils of
silken loveliness in fragrant folds
caressing her. Wraiths of mystic
blondness—"not Gardenia
for me."

Pomegranate moons and smoldering
camel chips poured from the slender
mouth in voluptuous curls
of smoke—
"for me?"

An awful moment of seduction—
tempting, aromatic essence to
cloak her in its cloudy glamour—
"But with these ankles—
For me?"

Her voice grew hard.
The dull weight of existence
fell heavy upon her. "Lavender
again—
for me."

Marjorie Hunter

Through the delicate web of the alabaster birch floated wisps of cloud
crystals.

Green water, swirling a rapid around the mossy rock, broke the cool, green
silence with a splash of foaming white.

Eileen Smith

Domestic Troubles

"Say, maybe I'd better take blind dates all the time!" I breathed as the raven-locked bit of femininity opened the door. She was awfully easy on the eyes—looked something like me. I mean that her hair and eyes were black too, only, naturally, her physique was a trifle more dainty and feminine than mine, but it still had about the same good proportions. And she was, I should say, about three or four years younger than I. Her shiny hair was combed in those funny little sausages, kinda floppy, when she laughed, and her eyes were as big and as round as a football—basketball maybe.

I'm always afraid of getting stuck on a blind date with one of those personality girls—you know—not so good looking, but, oh boy, what a personality! But this dream of nature was really O.K.

For once I didn't have to wait while my date powdered her nose and put on more lipstick. Her nose wasn't shiny, and she didn't wear lipstick, so she was ready on time.

I told her, as I helped her with her coat, that she'd bowl 'em over at the dance in that natty outfit. She thanked me, and we started out the door.

"By the way, I'm Chuck Morgan, and you're Carol Day, aren't you?" I started.

Carol nodded and added a gay, "Hello, Chuck!"

"Uh . . . nice weather, isn't it? Well—do—do you like football?" I asked, wanting her to inquire about my past as a football hero.

"Oh, do tell me all about your wonderful experiences as star fullback. Please. You *are* the great player, aren't you?" Carol murmured, gazing up at me with starry eyes. Now I'm not one to like all this hoey about inflating a man's ego to get him, but *she* was different. She was just interested in me—just wanted to know about me. That's natural, isn't it? No fooling, Carol wasn't like the rest of all those clinging vines. She was all right. I could really care for her.

"Well, I play a little—"

* * *

"Hey, Chuck, how about a dance with your kid sister?" hailed a pudgy youngster from the stag lines.

"She's no relation, and, anyway, you're too young, kid," I replied, as a beefy blond planted her spike heel on my favorite corn.

"All right, I'll wait," he assured me, while dodging a vicious elbow.

"You do that little thing, son, and come around next season."

About midnight I was getting pretty tired of hauling around all the janes whose fellows wanted to dance with Carol. Some men like to take out popular girls (ones whom they won't get stuck with), but this business of my dancing with my own date only three times was just too much, or too little. I decided for Carol that we didn't see that couple beckoning to us, so I shoved her out to the lawn.

I suppose that no really nice couple would show any demonstrativeness or affection toward each other when they were out on a blind date, but, after all,

can I help it if we just seemed to click from the very start? There is such a thing as love at first sight, you know. And besides, she told me that she was an orphan, the same as I am, and, being alone in the world, she needed the protection that I could give her. So, as I always said, "Never fail to help a lady in distress!"

* * *

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Carol certainly looked divine in that halo of gardenias, and the veil of her wedding gown added just the right touch of virginity.

There was a deafening silence as the minister requested in unvarying tones, "let him speak now or forever hold his peace." Just as I stole a side glance at my beautiful bride-to-be, to my horror I heard a woman's voice say, "I object to this marriage." Who was this to break up my wedding? Why should she— Then I saw the object of my anger. She was a good-looking, dark-haired woman, who looked like both Carol and me, and she walked briskly up to the chancel, where we were standing.

She stated clearly to the minister and to the congregation the fact that she was married twice, having a boy by her first husband and a girl by the second.

Carol and I were brother and sister!

Eileen Smith

Peaks

Our mountain, at sundown, outlined in white against the deepening azure sky, seemed far away. Warm snow, partially covering brown rock, became rosy with the fleeting sunlight. The symmetric beauty came to a peak beneath the dripping, silver edges of a horizontal cloud.

The mountain, closer now in the twilight, sleeps under a dead white blanket of cold snow, and its lava is as soft as brown velvet. A halo of clouds encases the top in a billowy ruffle, and the full moon, a veritable pearl, sails slowly above the cloudy sea.

Eileen Smith

Let Me Die Young

Life is sweet now. It fills
my singing heart
to overflowing.
Oh, gladly could I sip
of death's tart cup
and, smiling, die
While happiness is mine.

If, by some mystic formula
long sought,
time could be fettered
And present gladness never
end or change
or sorrow come,
Then would I live always.

But all must change. Our
separate destinies
prod, prick us on—
So, lest my own unwilling
feet find future
tragedy,
O Lord, let me die young.
Vivian Byers

Garden In Gold and Silver

Gold

Even the sun dial blinked in the steady glare of the August day. Under the fitful shade of the lily pads the pool dozed, tepid and murky. A limp weeping willow slumped over its left bank, dripping its leaves into the water as if vainly trying to mop its brow. Underneath a wilted and feverish rose bush a fat snake sunned himself—alone of all the garden content in the waves of heat.

Silver

The frost had encased the willow's last leaves in shining silver armor. The breeze puffed across the pond, raising white ruffles on its polished surface and making it lap monotonously at the bank. The moon was serene—as young and graceful as a white butterfly. The garden was lost in its stillness, enchanted in its pale magic. And over it all—the trees, the bushes, and the pool—the moon trailed pencils of light.

Marjorie Hunter

Betty Comes For Dinner

There is a domestic strain in my soul which is never at rest away from a kitchen. This side of my character had been entirely overlooked by Betty, judging by the dubious tone in which she accepted my invitation to a dinner prepared by my own soft hands.

"I'll show her," I said to me, brandishing a tea towel and an enormous butcher knife. "She shall live to eat her words—and my dinner!"

When her brisk knock re-echoed triumphantly through the kitchen, I was debating whether to strain the butterscotch pudding or to serve its Titanic lumps as dumplings with the roast chicken. Misgivings crept into my mind. Perhaps, considering the fact that I had never before made a pudding, and had only exciting conjectures on what goes into one, I should have used a recipe. I hid one scorched pan in the oven and went to the door.

"Come right in. Dinner will be on any minute now, I've practically finished the dessert already." Perhaps it was the faint perfume of burned sugar which made her skeptical. She raised one eyebrow slightly and looked significantly at the clock.

"Now sit right down on the davenport and study. I'll call you when—" but with her eyebrow still lifted she followed me to the kitchen. The scene told its own tragic story. Dishes and pots and gummy spoons mutely called down upon me a maternal vengeance. A poor, white egg, beaten unmercifully, lay in the electric mixer; a half of roast chicken rested dismally cold on the drainboard; and the butterscotch lumps boiled merrily on the stove. Something suspiciously like a twinkle played in Betty's eyes.

She stood in the doorway for an hour and a half watching the weary trek of the chicken from pan to pan, the cruel fate of the potatoes as they sank to a disheartened watery substance, and their later resurrection as a mashed delicacy, the peas scalding in a blackened pan, and the final union of the butterscotch and the martyred egg.

But the dinner broke Betty's silence. It was delicious—I might even venture to term it a masterpiece.

"I might have complimented you if I hadn't seen the procedure backstage," said Betty dryly.

With a philosophic shrug I answered,

"The difference between a good cook and a bad one is a matter of privacy."

Marjorie Hunter

The petals are angels' tears which have fallen, some upon the boughs, some upon the grass beneath. The fairies painted them the hue found only in the heart of a shell where the roar of the sea yet lingers.

Marjorie Hunter

Success

Success is a word with many meanings. To some it spells fame, having one's name constantly before the public. Some call it the state of perfect service, rendering valuable aid to others. Many reckon it strictly in dollars and cents.

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Rosemary Hintzen

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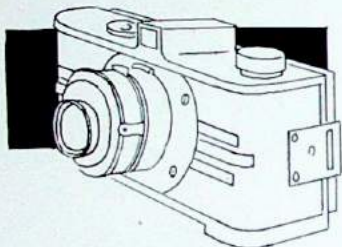
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