



DELPHIC

1977

DELPHIC

ST. HELEN'S HALL
of PORTLAND, OREGON

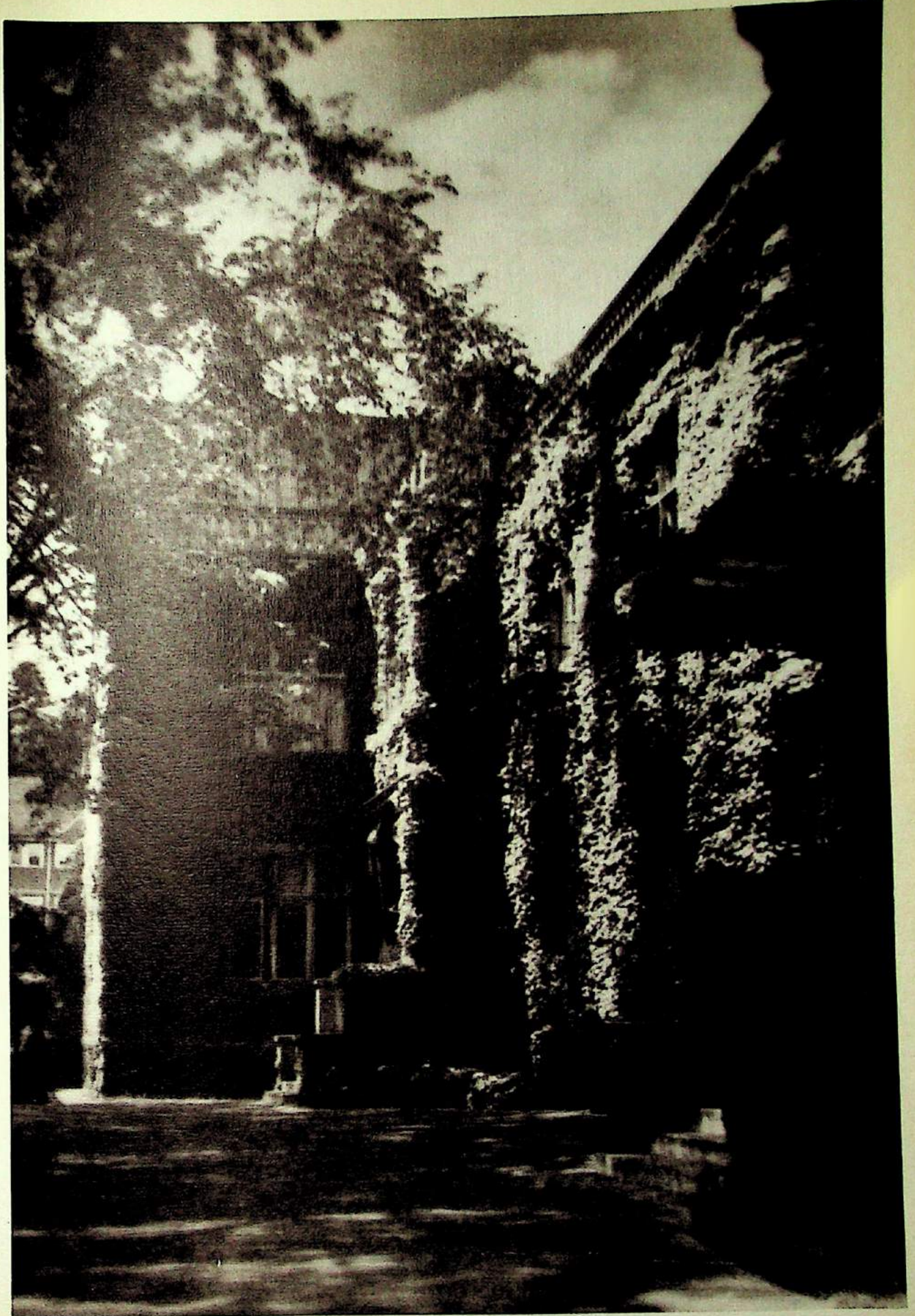


1936 - 1937

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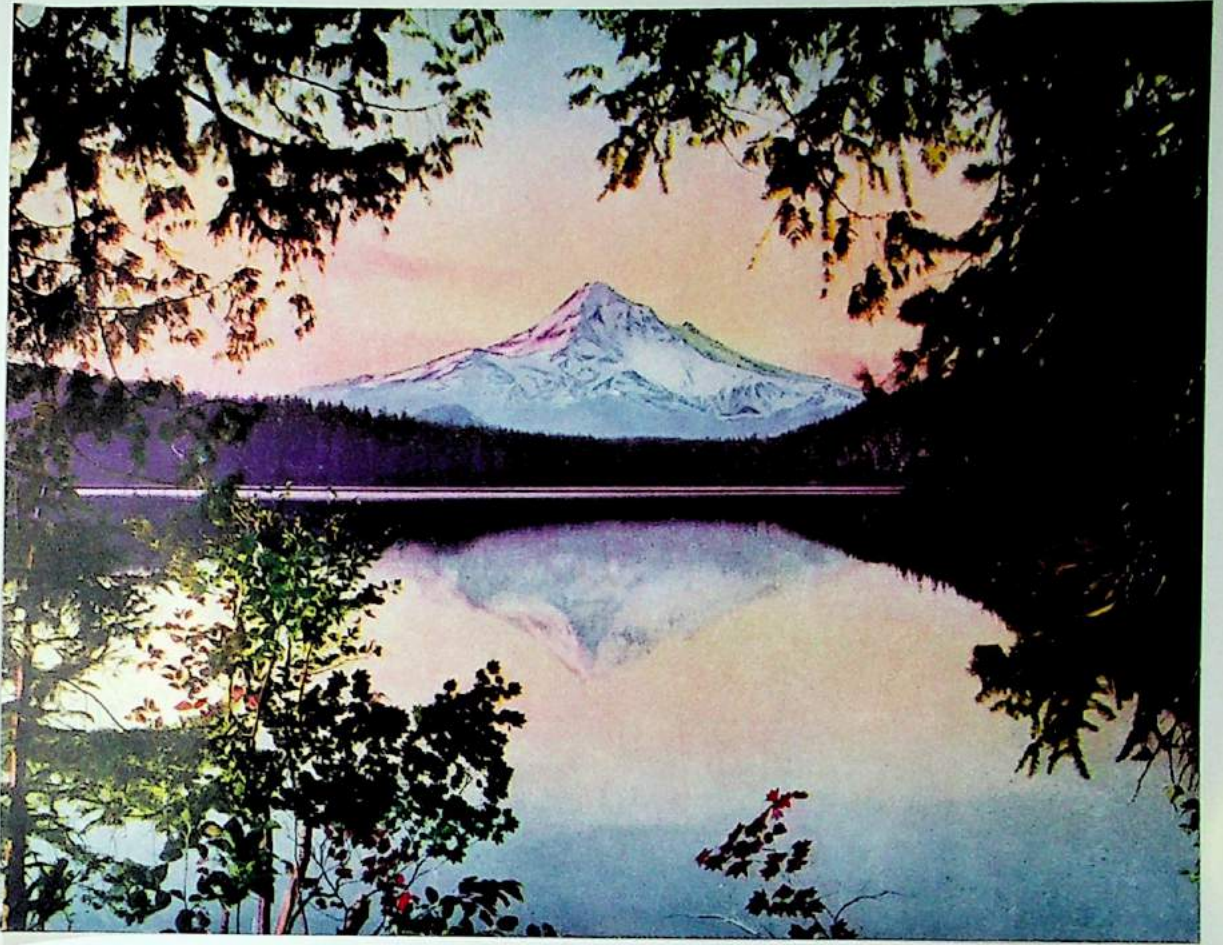


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THE HALL

Almost in the heart of Portland stands a beautiful, old brick building, St. Helen's Hall, from whose windows one may see the distant snow-capped mountain peaks. Since the founding of the school in 1869 it has continued to thrive and grow until today it comprises not only a grade and high school but also a pre-school and Junior College. For thirty-three years the Sisters of St. John Baptist, by their untiring efforts, have been fulfilling the hopes and dreams of Bishop Morris, the founder of St. Helen's Hall; and today it is one of the oldest and most outstanding schools for girls in the West.



MOUNT HOOD FROM LOST LAKE

MT. HOOD

Like a great sentinel it stands, in snowy splendour, as though it were the guardian of the city far below. Through the wind and rain of centuries it has stood, overlooking a beautiful valley in which today is situated the city of Portland.

Against the cold grey skies of winter, its peaks look jagged and cruel; but, in truth, it is a friendly mountain as it lends its rugged sides to the adventurous mountain climbers who scale the dizzy heights of its summit. On its glazed slopes ski trails have been made, and with the swiftness of a swooping eagle down comes the skillful skier into a snowy-white world below.

DEDICATION

To Sister Waldine Lucia, our Sister Superior, whose unusual, diversified talents have been so ably demonstrated in the masterful manner in which she has guided the building, growth and activities of St. Helen's Hall; to her keen sense of humor and sympathetic understanding of our problems, which have made our years so pleasant as well as profitable, we lovingly dedicate our 1937 annual.

DELPHIC

OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS

Rector

THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN DUNLAP DAGWELL,
THE BISHOP OF OREGON

Chaplain

THE REVEREND RICHARD F. AYRES

General Superintendence

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST
(Holy Scripture, Church History)

RUTH BRACE	Science
University of Minnesota, B.A., M.A.	
HARRIET BRANDT	Home Economics
Oregon State College, B.S.	
ESTHER BURCH	History, English
Reed College, B.A.	
MARGUERITE JACKSON DULLEY	English, French
Wellesley, B.A. University of California, M.A. Sorbonne, France	
JANET EASTERDAY	French, Latin, History
University of Oregon, A.B. College de la Guild, Paris, France	
DOROTHY LACHMUND HARVEY	Physical Education
Oregon State College, B.S. University of California	
RUTH JACKSON	History, English
Nebraska Wesleyan Pennsylvania State Teachers' College University of California New Mexico Teachers' College Denver University	
ELDRESS JUDD	Physical Education
University of California University of Oregon, B.A.	

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REV. LOUIS B. KEITER	Sacred Studies
Carleton College, A.B. Seabury Western	
LORINE PETERSON	French, Spanish
Reed College, A.B. Mawson Editorial College	
TANYA SCHREIBER	German
Junior College, Russia College, Dresden, Berlin, Germany Nice, France Naples, Italy	
HELEN SHUMAN	Mathematics
University of Oregon, B.A. Columbia University, New York	
IRENE SOEHREN	French
Mills College, B.A.	
GENE WAY	Physical Education, Science
Columbia College, South Carolina, A.B. University of Oregon Harvard University	

MUSIC AND ART

HELEN BESTEL	Chorus, Piano
DAVID CAMPBELL	Piano
CARL DENTON	Piano
RUBY PAGE EUWER	Dramatics
Emerson, Boston	
JOCELYN FOULKES	Piano
JOHN WALLACE GRAHAM	Violin
HELEN HOLLISTER	Piano
RUTH PATTERSON	Art
Mills College, B.A. Cas'alto School, Italy Art League, New York	



M. Francis, C. Boyden, J. Broughton, F. Haworth, E. L. Green, B. Nichols, E. Hobbie, B. J. Shown, L. Back, C. Meyer, C. Abbott, J. Anders, A. Larrabee, A. McLean, D. James, N. Stolte, B. Sumner. Insert: Jean Groves.

DELPHIC STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Jean Groves
Literary Editor	Ankey Larrabee
Assistant Literary Editor	Betty Jo Shown
Calendar	Catharine Kern
Business Manager	Dorothea James
Assistant Business Manager	Elizabeth Nichols
Old Girl Notes	Jean Anders
Art Editor	Nancy Stolte
Athletics	Frances Haworth
Humor	{ Laura Back
	{ Eliza Hobbie
	{ Betty Sumner
Exchanges	{ Anne McLean
Music and Entertainment	{ Cavell Abbott
Advertising Manager	{ Elsie Lou Green
Assistant Advertising Manager	{ Catherine Boyden
	{ Jean Broughton
Advertising Staff	{ Marjorie Francis
	{ Evelyn Manning
	{ Carolyn Meyer
	{ Doris Rudesill



Jean Groves



Dorothea James

STUDENT BODY

Four years ago the Student Body was organized. Each year has seen it grow more successful and this year its activities were enthusiastically supported and enjoyed by all. A Barn Dance was held in the fall and in the spring a May Day formal was given. A Valentine formal was planned and all arrangements were made but unfortunately it had to be cancelled due to an influenza epidemic. During Christmas vacation the annual party for the children from the Day Nursery was a gala event. In addition to these activities, twice a month an outside speaker addressed the Student Body. Jean Groves made an unusually splendid and capable president of the organization during the fall term, and Dorothea James ably took over the presidency for the second term.

In November the Student Body presented light-resistant window-shades for the St. Helen's Hall auditorium. This enables us to have motion-pictures during the day. They are very attractive and were greatly appreciated.

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Elsie Lou Green



Elizabeth Nichols



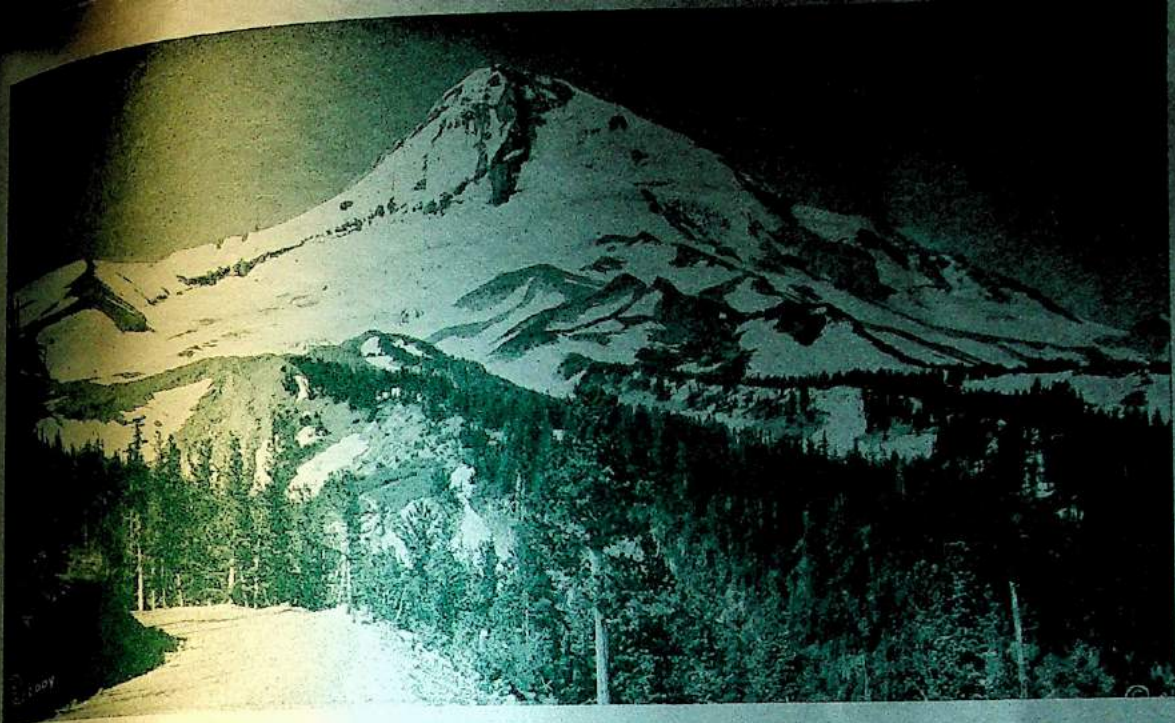
Betty Jo Shown

STUDENT COUNCIL

Student government at St. Helen's Hall has been found successful indeed during the past years. The purpose of this organization is to assist the girls in learning and keeping the school regulations. This year the council, composed of Alpha Theta members, was under the leadership of Elsie Lou Green. We feel that the organization has been of great help to the girls and that it will continue to be a competent form of government.

HALLTONIAN

The Halltonian, organized three years ago, has completed a very successful year. Elizabeth Nichols was editor during the fall term and Betty Jo Shown, a Junior, in the spring. The new mimeoscope for illustrations, presented to St. Helen's Hall by the Student Body was found extremely useful in each publication. The paper has continued to grow and we feel that it was unusually clever and original this year.



SENIORS

DELPHIC

ELIZABETH ANN SUMNER

PRESIDENT OF CLASS

"Vivacious and Loyal"



ANKEY LARRABEE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF CLASS

"Frank and Whimsical"



CATHERINE ANN BOYDEN

SECRETARY-TREASURER OF CLASS

"Friendly and Appreciative"



DELPHIC



EDITH CAVELL ABBOTT
"Musical and Conscientious"



JEAN PICKRELL ANDERS
"Cordial and Interesting"



LAURA D. BACK
"Willing and Affable"

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JEAN BROUGHTON

"Vivacious and Cooperative"



MARJORIE ELIZABETH FRANCIS

"Unaffected and Sweet"



ELSIE LOUISE GREEN

"Fastidious and Enthusiastic"



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JEAN ELIZABETH GROVES
"Sincere and Charming"



FRANCES E. HAWORTH
"Agreeable and Pensive"



ELIZA E. HOBBIIE
"Precise and Calm"

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DOROTHEA W. JAMES

"Poised and Convincing"



CATHARINE C. KERN

"Warm-hearted and Impartial"



EVELYN M. MANNING

"Original and Fun-loving"



DELPHIC



ANNE COOPER McLEAN
"Composed and Earnest"



CAROLYN M. MEYER
"Sincere and Generous"



ELIZABETH JANE NICHOLS
"Joyous and Loyal"

DELPHIC

DORIS LOUISE RUDESILL

"Enthusiastic and Pleasant"



NANCY KAY STOLTE

"Blithe and Attractive"



CLASS HOPES AND WILL

Dear reader, below discover the final will and wistful aspirations of the Senior Class of 1937. To the Seniors, we leave our delightful unconcern toward the duties of our class. To the Juniors, a respect for dignity. To the Sophomores, silent charm; and to the Freshmen, our subtle wit. The eighth grade will receive our tact and poise; the seventh grade our financial embarrassments. So now at peace with man, we bid a fond farewell.

- I, Cavell Abbott, owner of a racing stable in Kentucky, will my musical talents to the Mead twins.
- I, Jean Anders, world-renowned radio singer, will my interest in the Chi Psi's to Ruth Condon.
- I, Laura Back, a wealthy traveler, leave my roommate, Pat Tracy, to Marty Thurtell —may heaven help them both!
- I, "Cathy" Boyden, a buyer for Lord and Taylor's, leave — I feel that leaving is sufficient unto itself.
- I, Jean Broughton, financially independent, will a Beta to Arvilla Bates.
- I, Marjorie Francis, organist in a large cathedral, will my ability to get what I want to any underclassman in need.
- I, Elsie Lou Green, member of the foreign diplomatic service, will my cousins to Nancy Stratton.
- I, Jean Groves, dress designer for Saks, Fifth Avenue, will my greeting of "Have you that Delphic material?" to next year's editor. She also has my sincere good wishes and sympathy.
- I, Frances Haworth, a journalist, will my red hair to Jeanne Miller.
- I, Eliza Hobbie, a surgical nurse, will my quiet dignity at the dinner table to Wilma Roesch.
- I, Dorothea James, doer of the unusual, will my good points to those who find them.
- I, Catharine Kern, the second Florence Nightingale, will my ability to spend each week-end at the beach to some homesick boarder.
- I, Ankey Larrabee, English Literature teacher at an exclusive finishing school, will my ability to be charmingly frank in classes to Eilean MacDonald.

DELPHIC

- I, Evelyn Manning, successor of William Randolph Hearst, will my extra inch to Frances Conger.
- I, Carolyn Meyer, a famous Archeologist in my old age, leave the Civics Class to Ruth Hopper.
- I, Anne McLean, an Anesthetist, will my ability to miss Junior Symphony scale practice every Saturday morning to Dickie Word.
- I, Elizabeth Nichols, a United States Diplomat in Turkey, will my ability to detect humor in Pat Livesley's jokes to Betty Simpkin.
- I, Doris Rudesill, Private Secretary to the President, will my excellent grades in Civics to the next sufferer.
- I, Nancy Stolte, second Anthony Eden, will my dislike to wear my "specs" to Sue Sigel.
- I, Betty Sumner, another Horace Greeley, will my ability to behave in Gym. to Patsy Livesley.

CLASS PROPHECY

As I was walking in the yard of the State of Blank's Refuge for Rovers, something white fluttered along the ground a few paces before me. Pushing aside several pink elephants, I advanced and retrieved this object—it was a newspaper dated June 21, 1945.

On the front page was a column concerning the exploits of one Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin, nee *Cavell Abbott*, who is now giving a concert tour with her husband in Siberia. The headlines were at least six inches high: "*Dr. Jean Broughton* Discovers a Whiskered Protopudgobia — Scientists Stumped by New Menace to the Clover Bee." Looking through the pages I beheld a notice of the latest screen success of *Marjorie Francis*, co-starring with the aging Tyrone Power in a stirring drama of death on the Panama Canal.

On page three was a heading which read, "Senator *Elizabeth Nichols* and Representative *Betty Sumner* battled over Bill 0472-J." On reading further, Bill 0472-J proved to be for the propagation of elastic teeth braces with which patients can fidget, thus eliminating fingernail chewing. In Ripley's now antiquated "Believe It or Not" was a picture of Professor *Frances Haworth* who, after working six years in her laboratory near Los Angeles, has patented a device for dyeing rabbits all colors. The Easter egg era is now out of date.

The third anniversary of Miss *Jean Ander's* finishing school in Minneapolis was commented upon on page sixteen. The students have classes twice a week, for a period of fifteen minutes; — quite sufficient for the training of our modern girl!

In New York, the opening of Miss *Catherine Boyden's* musical review "High-spots of Harmony" was received with applause. La Boyden is Gotham's leading blues singer. *Carolyn Meyer* is spending six months in Indo-China, where she will produce one more novel of superior zoological quality. Her latest, you will recall, was "Elephants and Aphids, My Finest Friends." In the personal column, I perceived the *McLeans'* frantic appeals to their daughter *Anne*, who recently joined the crew of a lumber boat, bound for Kamchatka and points west.

The President has created the new office (that is to say, new to our country) of Poet Laureate, to which the famed *Catharine Kern* has been officially appointed. She wrote a sonnet in honor of the recent election, entitled "Sunflowers, Blood, and Bottles." This inspiring eulogy of our triumphant party is a great favorite, especially among school children.

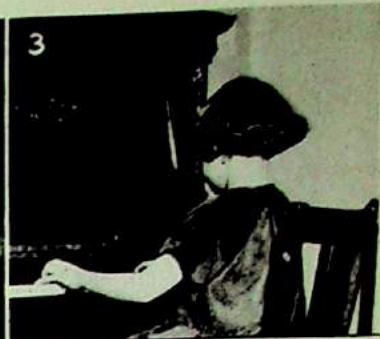
Evelyn Manning sails tomorrow for London, where she will be the master of ceremonies at a dinner at Scott's Restaurant where all royalty will be present. Miss *Manning* still holds the title of "Little Miss America." There was a candid camera shot of Miss *Nancy Stolte* marching to her Senior Spanish class, umbrella in one hand and eight volumes tucked neatly under her arm. She has only recently recovered from a poisoned apple offered to her by one of her pupils. *Doris Rudesill* is again competing in the motor-races at Indianapolis. Her twin sons ride on the carburetor, acting respectively as ballast and good-luck charm.

Dorothea James is now Health Commissioner for Oregon. She tours the public schools, giving demonstrations in the use of dumb-bells and rowing machines. This journal, from which I read, was published by *Jean Groves*, who has forced Hearst to retire because of the deplorable decrease of his circulation. There were two interior views of the world-famous home of *Elsie Lou Green*, the renowned furniture connoisseur. Last week, she bought a Chippendale bookcase valued at two million dollars. She is lucky to have for a husband, a Vanderbilt who is able and willing to finance her little fad of collecting.

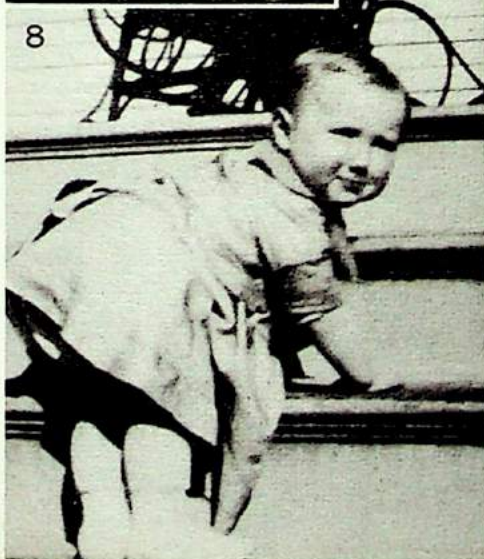
The Hobbie School of Beauty in New Mexico is producing more and more lovely girls each year. The founder, *Eliza Hobbie*, is kept very busy turning away superfluous applicants. Brigadier-General *Laura "Cat-o-nine-tails" Back* and her bloodthirsty "Amazonians," as she calls her female cohorts, are marching north to quell the riotous Esquimaux.

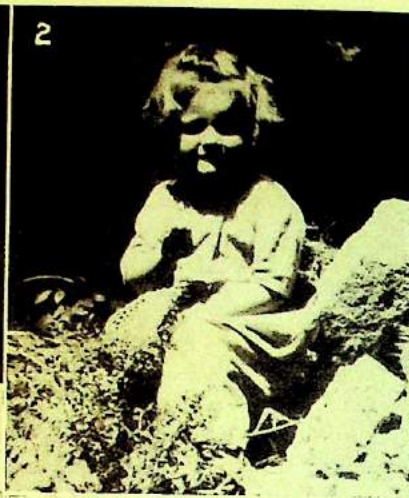
A chill wind arose, so I tossed away my finished paper, put on a cozy straight-jacket, and resumed my walk.

ANKEY LARRABEE.



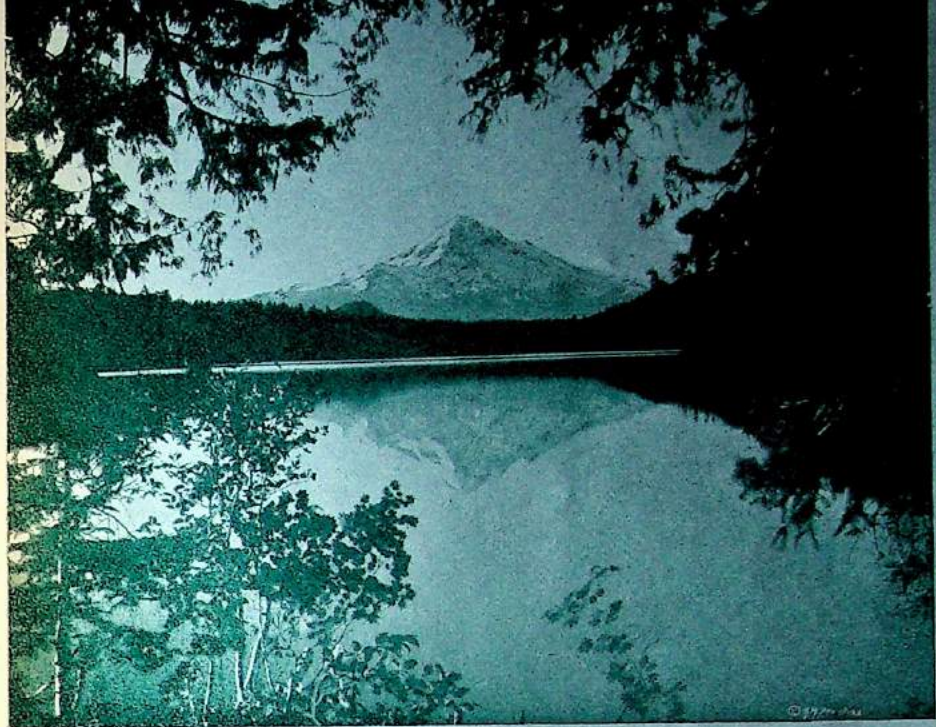
1 Catherine Ann Boyden
2 Laura D. Back
3 Edith Cavel Abbott
4 Jean Pickrell Anders
5 Elizabeth Ann Sumner
6 Elsie Louise Green
7 Doris Louise Rudesill
8 Jean Broughton
9 Ankey Larrabee
10 Eliza E. Hobbie





1 Carolyn M. Meyer
 2 Frances E. Haworth
 3 Anne Cooper McLean
 4 Catharine C. Kern
 5 Jean Elizabeth Groves
 6 Nancy Kay Stolte
 7 Dorothea W. James
 8 Elizabeth Jane Nichols
 9 Evelyn M. Manning
 10 Marjorie Elizabeth Francis





UNDER CLASSMEN



DELPHIC



JUNIOR CLASS

BACK ROW — B. Newcomb, M. Ditto, E. Olliver, K. Thompson, F. Gribbin, R. Ogburn, E. M. Robinett, M. Metcalf, D. Kellaher, R. Hopper, N. Stratton, M. Rauch, N. Falkner, J. Streibig, M. Bissell, D. Dicks.
FRONT ROW — M. Kernan, W. Jerman, P. Livesley, B. Simpkin, S. West, J. Miller, B. J. Shown, B. Morfit, S. Giltner, S. Kennedy, R. Nelson.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

BACK ROW — N. Browning, N. Wollum, N. Watkins, S. Lake, M. L. Vincent, S. Sigel, B. D. Kirk, N. Hosford, M. Deacon, N. Latourette, S. Wolfe, K. Kamm, S. Faytinger, R. Freeman.
FRONT ROW — J. Christensen, J. Maguire, P. Palmer, P. Tracy, M. Thurtell, B. Johnson, E. Brant, J. Barnes, A. Gregory, R. Condon, B. Wade, M'Liss Loeding, W. Roesch, M. M. Blackler.



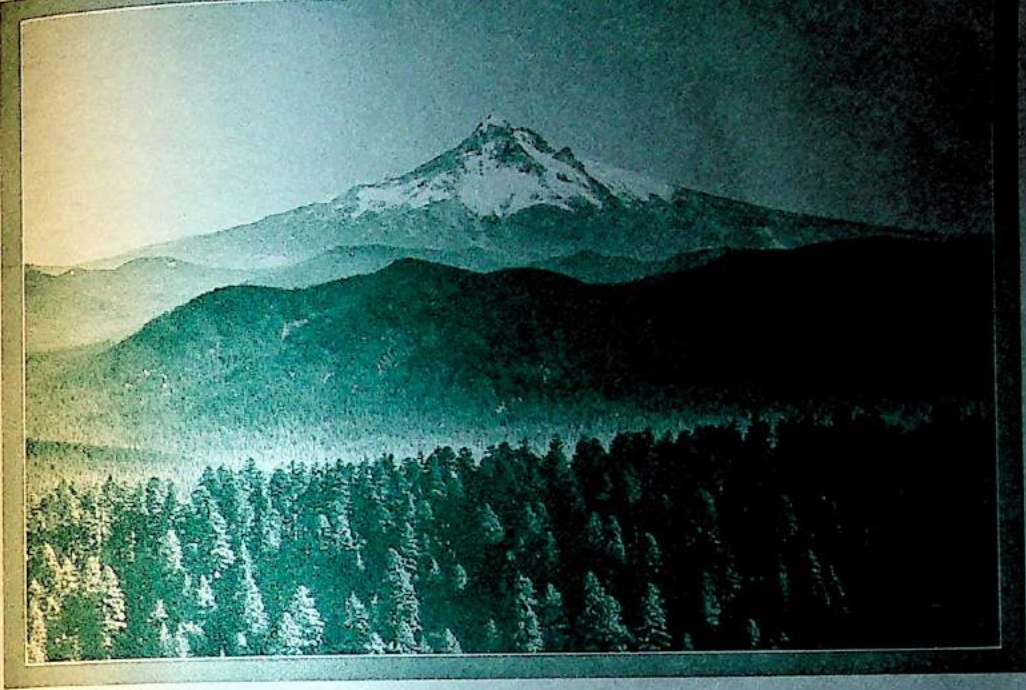
FRESHMAN CLASS

BACK ROW — L. Karg, B. A. Eddy, A. Alton, D. A. Stauffer, C. Haskins, M. Englehart, E. J. Pearson,
D. Englebart, M. Smith, G. Housman, E. Auterson, M. F. Johnson.
FRONT ROW — M. F. Ross, C. J. Roxbury, D. Simpkin, E. MacDonald, M. Word, L. Cornwall, A. Moore,
J. Kernan, G. Squires, T. Amacher, J. Callahan, E. Conley, M. Cake.



SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

BACK ROW — C. Maguire, P. Magill, J. Lewis, H. Banfield, C. Williams, B. Mend, B. Bean, G. Baldrige,
B. J. Coleman, A. Stoddard.
FRONT ROW — M. Aldrich, J. Lestoe, M. Sumner, E. Darling, J. Morrison, P. Mead, C. Scott, M. Renton,
A. Kimball, R. Thurm.



LITERARY



DELPHIC

SCHOOL HONORS

JUNE 1936

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| The Holford Cup for Sacred Studies | Alice Freeze VI |
| American Legion Certificate of Merit | Evelyn Ireland II |
| Award for Good Citizenship in the Boarding Department | Billie Wade III |
| Gift from Mrs. John S. Parke to the Most Courteous and Helpful Girl | Barbara Jones VI |
| Alumnae Pin Given to the Senior of Good Scholarship Who Has Contributed the Most to School Life | Alice Freeze VI |
| Honorable Mention | Ruth Rose Richardson VI |
| The Violin Department Scholarship | Erma Darling II |
| Emblem Awarded for Progress in Her Work | Evelyn Ireland II |
| In the Fidac Essay Contest, conducted by the Portland unit of the American Legion Auxiliary, the following prizes were awarded: | |
| First Prize | Victoria Hartwell IV |
| Second Prize | Betty Lou Roberts VI |
| Third Prize | Betty Jo Shown IV |
| In the Essay Contest sponsored by the Foreign Trade Department of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, the following prizes were given: | |
| First Prize in the School | Betty Jo Shown IV |
| Second Prize in the School | Robin Nelson IV |
| Second Prize in the City | Betty Jo Shown IV |
| Third Prize in the City | Robin Nelson IV |
| In the Statue of Liberty Essay Contest sponsored by the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the following awards were made: | |
| First Prize in Multnomah County | Betty Jo Shown IV |
| Honorable Mention | Molly McGuire IV |
| | Susan West IV |
| First Prize in Oregon | Betty Jo Shown IV |
| The National Society of Colonial Daughters' Medal and Certificate of Merit for the Best Essay on a Patriotic Subject | |
| | Jane Taubman IV |
| | Jean Maguire III |
| | M'Liss Loeding III |
| Other winners of Certificates of Merit | Mary Louise Vincent III |
| | Sally Bowerman II |
| | Margaret Renton II |
| In the "Noted Picture Contest" the following prizes were awarded: | |
| First Prizes | Sybil Kennedy IV |
| | Eilean MacDonald I |
| In the annual Beekman Essay Contest sponsored by the Oregon Historical Society the following award was made: | |
| Honorable Mention | Cavell Abbott V |

TESTIMONIALS

The First Testimonials are 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

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Cathryn Collins VI | Ruth Richardson VI | Bette Morfitt IV |
| Dorothy Dixon VI | Peggy Lou Smith VI | Robin Nelson IV |
| Alice Freeze VI | Jean Groves V | Betty Jo Shown IV |
| Charlotte Lee VI | Nancy Stolte V | Jane Taubman IV |
| Georgia Littlepage VI | Mary Justine Gilbert IV | Ruth Condon III |
| Phyllis Natwick VI | Victoria Hartwell IV | Lisa Gill III |
| | M'Liss Loeding III | Jean Maguire III |

DELPHIC

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

85% in every study
90% in attendance
95% in punctuality
98% in conduct

Barbara Jones VI
Frances Paris VI
Elsie Lou Green V
Dorothea James V

Betty Nichols V
Carol Mount IV
Molly McGuire IV
Barbara Sasnett IV

Jean Shorts IV
Susan West IV
Jean Barnes III
Billie Wade III

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC AWARDS

BASKETBALL

Letters and First Stars

Betty Jo Shown

Sybil Kennedy

Ankey Larrabee

Second Stars:

Dorothea James (Captain)
Peggy Lou Smith
Phyllis Natwick
Alice Freeze

Frances Haworth
Ruth Rose Richardson
Georgia Littlepage
Marjorie Kernan

Susan West
Carolyn Kamm
Betty Lou Roberts

TENNIS SINGLES (ADVANCED)

First Prize Betty Lou Roberts (Silver Cup) Athletic Association
Second Prize Dorothea James (Silver Ball Medal) Alpha Theta

TENNIS DOUBLES

First Prize { Betty Lou Roberts (Gold Tennis Ball Medal)
Dorothea James (Gold Tennis Ball Medal)
Athletic Association

BEGINNERS' TENNIS SINGLES

First Prize Dorothy Wells (Silver Ball Medal) Alpha Theta

DECK TENNIS SINGLES

First Prize Barbara Sasnett (Numeral)
Second Prize Georgia Littlepage (Numeral)
Alpha Theta

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADE DECK TENNIS SINGLES

First Prize Ida Johnson (Monogram)
Second Prize Jean Morrison (Monogram)
Alpha Theta

VOLLEY BALL

Letters given by the Freshman and Sophomore Classes:

Betty Lou Roberts
Dorothea James
Phyllis Natwick
Barbara Sasnett
Carolyn Kamm

Elinor Bakke
Lisa Gill
Verna Lee Franklin
Bette Morfitt
Jane Taubman
Charlotte Lee

Suzanne Sigel
Peggy Lou Smith
Barbara Jones
Sybil Kennedy
Carol Mount

EDITORIAL

"The end is but the beginning." How true is this statement when applied to the members of our Senior Class as we find ourselves fast approaching the day toward which our every effort has been directed since we severally enrolled in dear St. Helen's Hall. Then, as questioning freshmen, we were happy in the opportunity that was to be ours of attending an institution that has stood for so much in the education and development of young women in our Northwest. Diligently we have applied ourselves to the tasks set for us by our Sisters and instructors in charge. Month by month, term by term, and year by year, we have seen ourselves drawn nearer to our goal, but now that it is almost within our grasp, what shall we do with it?

"The end is but the beginning." On June seventh the members of our class of nineteen hundred and thirty-seven will have reached the end of their high school road. As we march out of our beloved Trinity Church, we shall realize that it is not the end, but rather the crossing of the threshold toward a beginning which promises greater advancement; greater future opportunity.

Beloved by all who have seen its rugged and snow-capped summit, standing like a sentinel beckoning to those of sturdy limb and stout heart to come out of the level of crowded, whirling industry; leading to greater heights and clearer visions of broader opportunities stands Mt. Hood, the challenge and inspiration of all who see it. So stands our St. Helen's Hall, beloved not only by this year's class but by all who have been privileged to go from class to class, led forward and urged upward to greater attainment. As Mazamas, coming down the trail toward timberline, look back and say, "We have been there," so each St. Helen's girl points with pride to her days in the Hall. For us, however, the trail leads up not down.

"The end is but the beginning." Again, I say: What shall we do with it?

Isn't it strange, that princes and kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings
And common folk like you and me
Are builders of Eternity?

"To each is given a kit of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules;
And each must build ere life has flown
A stumbling block or stepping stone."

Yes, "The end is but the beginning." What shall we do with it?

JEAN GROVES, Editor-in-Chief.

EDITORIAL

This year, twenty girls will be leaving St. Helen's Hall and entering a life which, at present, seems full of excitement and promise. During the years which we have spent here, we have accumulated a vast store of knowledge. The Sisters and teachers have not only given us an education of superior quality, but also encouragement and friendship,—two great and marvelous gifts.

There are many bonds which we hate to break. Our lives have been so much fuller and richer since our advent to the Hall. When we allow ourselves to dream for a moment, scores of happy memories come. Yet we hesitate between the past and the future. It would be idyllic to turn back, and remain forever with our friends here; yet the great outside calls us and we must answer.

We have an overwhelming debt to pay. We come from an institution of the finest quality, bearing a name which we dare not smirch. Each one of us hopes to attain fame and have the world as "her oyster." Time and fate may tarnish our aspirations. A few names may be remembered, but the rest will sink into oblivion. Yet, whatever may be our future, we have "our shield, the truth, to cherish," and the example which is set by our Sisters, one of physical fortitude and moral purity, by which to live and conquer.

ANKEY LARRABEE, Literary Editor.



CHAPEL

"Lord, the newness of this day
Calls me to an untried way:
Let me gladly take the road,
Give me strength to bear my load,
Thou my guide and helper be —
I will travel through with Thee."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

In the quietness of morning and before the rush of the day has begun, chapel brings to each girl the spirit of faith and religious guidance essential in her life. To begin the day with God's blessing is an inspiration and a gratification which will continue throughout the day. The knowledge of God's eternal love and understanding is one of the fundamental principles of St. Helen's Hall.

BETTY SUMNER, '57.

THE MEANING OF A MIDNIGHT HOWL

Charley was fast asleep, but about one o'clock was awakened by a mournful howl, coming from somewhere downstairs. It was low at first but increased until it was quite loud. Charley froze in his bed. He had heard of ghosts and had never believed in them, but right now he could have been easily convinced that there were such things. While he sat in bed it gradually died down, but all of a sudden it started again. Charlie dropped below the covers and stayed there for a long while.

Slowly he drew himself out and then he felt braver. He felt for his flashlight and snapped it on. He had heard that ghosts, if a ghost it was, were afraid of light. He crept down the stairs, through the kitchen, and was about to turn into the dining room when the howl came again from the basement. Down those stairs he went and sighed with relief when his flashlight revealed his dog, sitting on the floor with his head up and mouth wide open and the family cat, Tabitha, in his doghouse. His dog was very glad to see him and more so when Charley put the cat on her own bed and left the doghouse for him.

SALLY JEFFCOTT, Lower VI.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

When you are sad and lonely
Just turn to Him, my dears,
And tell Him all your troubles,
Your sorrows and your fears.

For He will give you strength again,
If you will just be true.
And give Him all your heart and soul
He gave His life for you.

NADA SKIDMORE, Lower VI.

SPRING

Hear the little birdies sing;
Don't their voices ring?
Crocuses are turning blue,
I'm sure it's Spring, aren't you?

The sun is shining all around,
On flowers and trees and on the ground.
It makes them all look very bright
Don't you think it's a pretty sight?

SANDRA NICOL, Lower IV.

SPRING

Essence of Spring — the scent of the rose,
The quiet hush of the evening
While the gentle wind blows,
And bright stars hover near.

Essence of Spring — the song of the bird,
Its melody at early morn
Is the sweetest e'er heard
On the season's crisp air.

Essence of Spring — the call of the soul
To far-away dreamlands,
And you make them your goal
When you wake up from sleep.

FRANCES HAWORTH, '57.

I.

Feeling the sorrow mirrored in your eyes
Down through my aching heart in silence
torn

Words that rise trembling, falter, cease to
be —

Die yet unborn.

II.

Perhaps if other years had brought your face
and touch of hand —

As flitting through the rainbowed days, I
could not understand —

And all the beauty and the joy valued above
all cost

That I have found and loved in you, might
have died young and lost.

BETTY SUMNER, '37.

MY GARDEN

I know a garden sometimes fair,
With lovely flowers and fragrance rare,
And people passing, pause awhile,
Upon my garden, just to smile.

But sometimes people hurry by,
And then I know I have not tried
To keep my garden always fair
With lovely flowers and fragrance rare.

A sincere heart — the mother earth
Through which kind thoughts and deeds have birth,
Make fragrant and lovely my garden fair
For those who pass to stop and share.

NANCY STRATTON, '38.

PEACE

The sun went down behind the hill,
The shadows lengthened, all was still;
And then the moon came forth and shone
Upon a silent tomb, and lone, —
The unknown soldier's grave.

Three shadows lurked beside the grave,
In uniforms of soldiers brave.
"I died amidst the great World War,
To bring world peace forever more."
Spoke one in tones so grave.

"Aye, brother, so did I, but still
The wars continue yet to kill;
Brave men are dying left and right,
And still they want to kill and fight,
I say, there is no peace!

Thus the second soldier spoke,
And then the third the silence broke.
"World peace will never come from war,
And greedy leaders wishing more
And greater wealth at cost of lives.

"If they'd but stop to think, they'd find
That peace is really in the mind,
If they'd but listen to their soul,
Then we would reach our long-sought goal —
A perfect peace with all mankind.

MARGARET RENTON, Upper I.

BLUE

Where is that tiny elfin sprite
For whom I search each starry night?

She who paints my garden flowers
With blue from heaven's dowers.

The lupine bold with rugged air,
She splashes him with paint to spare.

Forget-me-nots from blue skies down
To earth she brings to scatter round.

The blue flowers nod and smile and say
The loveliest color of all are they.

If I could find her, I'll confess,
I'd ask her please to paint my dress.

ELIZABETH CONLEY, '40.

A PERFECT SENIOR

From out the portals of the Hall
 Go seniors on their way.
 If we could keep a part of all
 Their memories would stay.
 I'd take the form of Nancy, slim;
 Attach the head of James.
 The curls of Groves would make a rim
 For a face of many names.
 There'd be the black-lashed Hobbie eyes,
 With Betty Nichols' brows;
 And Catharine's nose is just the size
 Attention to arouse.
 The timely wit of Larrabee,
 And Manning's ready mirth:
 With skin of Meyer, you will agree,
 Would give perfection birth.
 The loyalty of Frances
 The talent of Cavell;
 Sincerity of "Cathy" should
 Be voiced by Rudesill.
 The winning smile of Laura Back,
 And Anders' easy talk
 Completes the Sumner charm, but lacks
 The easy Broughton walk.
 The disposition of Anne McLean, —
 Ability of Green;
 And Marj's friendliness would gain
 The image of a Queen!

BETTY JO SHOWN, '38.

"LONELY"

The woods through which we used to stroll,
 'Twas in the month of May,
 Are void of life, caressing warmth —
 "Why did you go away?"

The leaves are growing limp and brown,
 They darken day by day,
 And as they drop they seem to cry —
 "Why did you go away?"

The birds, (we used to watch them fly)
 The birds, who sang so gay:
 But now, I fear, their song has changed.
 "Why did you go away?"

The little brooklet down the gorge, —
 'Twas there we used to say,
 That this one spot was made for us.
 "Why did you go away?"

The world is lonely, cold, and chill,
 'Tis now the month of May,
 But Nature has not blossomed yet.
 "Why did you go away?"

JEANNE MILLER, '38.

THE PILOT STAR

We have set our sails; we have planned our chart;
 We have tested each mast and spar.
 Yet the thing that must guide us or ever we fail,
 Is not the mast and is not the sail,
 But a bit of steel in the vessel's heart
 That points to the pilot star.

For masts have broken and winds will veer,
 And storms have driven afar;
 And under the wreckage of many a wave,
 All tarnished, unheeded and powerless to save,
 A compass true, that was given to steer,
 Still yearns for its pilot star.

And though you win to a wonderful mart,
 It isn't the masts or the spar,
 But the faith that can pierce through the clouds in the skies,
 And cleave to the star that is hid from the eyes.
 Thank God for the Something, deep in the heart,
 That is kin to the pilot star!

CATHARINE KERN, '37.

"THE ROCKING CHAIR"

The aged rocking chair stood against the chimney wall. It had, at last, reached its downfall, but it still stood majestically in the dusty and cobwebbed corner. As it glanced around, it remembered its exciting and, you might well say, famous life.

It recalled that the first time it had seen the world outside of the factory, it was in a little country shop in France. It was really a very attractive little rocking chair then: it had wine-colored leather covering and faintly carved lion heads on the back. It was rather shy but, nevertheless, the owner of the shop displayed it right up in front, to the amazement of all the older chairs; and it remembered the young girl who passed the shop daily. She always looked in longingly and finally bought the little rocking chair. Then it recalled the happy days they spent together, just the three of them: the young girl, the girl's mother, and the rocking chair; and it thought of the day the girl came home to find her mother dead in its restful arms.

Then the little chair remembered that there was hustle and bustle, cleaning, sweeping and packing, and that one day it was wrapped and stuck away in a dark box. It didn't remember much then, but it could tell that it was traveling, and it recalled how dizzy it got one day when it was hoisted high into the air. It could remember rough talk, and for about five or six weeks it felt rather up-and-downish. Then it was again hoisted and put on some traveling vehicle which was exceedingly rough and bouncy. One bright and sunshiny day it was again brought out into the world. How happy the little mistress was and how she sang and worked! Then, one day they had a newcomer: the little chair could remember seeing something like it before. Oh yes! now it remembered: this person was like the chair's first master. The chair remembered that sometimes the new master would come home at night and instead of rocking and singing he would fall asleep immediately, while the little mistress would sit and knit for hours and hours. Then, one day, the little chair saw something new, something it had never seen before. It was roly-poly, soft and pink — the chair soon discovered that this was little Janie.

As the years rolled by the family increased, and the little chair, which was growing older and a little weak and rickety, was still the pet chair of the home. The home also had grown and was now very elaborate and beautiful. Then, when the little mistress (who was now old) died, the little chair was no longer a favorite. It was pushed and shoved about; and, after many ponderous and lengthy debates, was finally relegated to the attic.

There, the little old chair sang a beautiful song that it had heard its mistress sing and slowly and gently rocked itself to sleep.

WILMA ROESCH, '39.

ROMANCE AT HER FINGERTIPS

The eager young girl gently gathered her gingham skirts about her as she mounted the musty attic stair. Dust descended upon her as she pushed open the door; and as she walked stealthily across the floor, cobwebs brushed her arm. She reached a curiously carved oak chest and laboriously lifted the lid — revealing relics of romantic yester-years. She lovingly lifted the dainty dresses and held them up admiringly to her shoulders. Her eyes sparkled as she slipped off her simple dress and slithered into a shimmering satin gown. Its silky softness enveloped her slender body and felt deliciously cool and smooth. The folds of the skirt reached the floor and the heavy train slowed her step as she softly hummed to the solemn tempo of the Wedding March. She loved the swish of it about her ankles and she thrilled to the smoothness under her fingers. She fondly lifted the long filmy veil and put the wreath of stars about her soft hair. It floated about her like a cloud and settled at her heels. She began walking down the stairs and the heavy fringe of lace gently tugged at her head — holding it high.

BETTY JO SHOWN, '38.

"THE GALLOPING GOOSE"

My mother always complained of the despicable state in which her car was left after a trip to the beach. It was gritty with sand for months afterward and both the upholstery and paint ruined by the salt water. One night Dad announced at dinner that he had solved the problem of ruined cars at the beach. He made the startling statement that he had bought a third-hand car for the princely sum of eighty-five dollars. However, he said, the man had told him that the engine was in good order and the tires practically new.

When the machine arrived the next day, it turned out to be a 1924 model Essex, as square as a cracker box. We took one ride in it and promptly dubbed it, "The Galloping Goose." The name was quite appropriate as "the Goose," on starting, completely left the earth and then settled down to moving, first with a lurch forward and then with a waddle sidewise. The noise that issued forth from under its rusty hood sounded like a flock of wild ducks at close range. But don't think that this masterpiece was spurned by our family because of its deficiencies — rather we took to it as we would have to a stray pup or kitten. And from that day on the "Galloping Goose" was firmly established in our family.

How we got it down to the beach I can neither remember nor imagine; but, somehow, it safely reached its destination. Mother decided it needed paint; and when she found a nice conservative tan in the the basement she started ambitiously to sandpaper and paint the ancient vehicle. By the time she had finished the body, the paint was all gone and the only color left was some Chinese Red which had been used to paint the breakfast nook. The spokes and the trimmings were decked out in this very festive color and the "Galloping Goose" was ready for use. It held up really quite well all that first summer, sometimes making as much as twenty miles an hour, on the level. The only tragedy that took place that summer occurred on the way to the regatta in Astoria. "The Goose" is a respectable five-passenger car but on that memorable day we had loaded in ten. This was too much for it; the battery fell out of the bottom.

The second summer "the Goose" was unable to make the hills between Cannon Beach and Seaside. It would stop on the slope, puff, gasp, and give out; one just sat until it got its strength again and cooled down enough to make the top.

The third summer we didn't even attempt to make a gradual ascent and, in order to shift, one had to kick the gears with all the strength one could put into the blow. The only thing that had any real power left was the horn!

Then it slowly dawned on us that "the Goose" was aging. For the last few summers it has rested in the garage, only being taken out for a jaunt to the grocery store once in a great while. My brother still tinkers with the motor and the whole family lives in the hope that some day the "Galloping Goose" may make a grand and glorious come-back.

MARY LOUISE VINCENT, '39.

SIGHT

With a gradual sweep of the arm, night drew a film of rain over the hills. Above a shining lake, the tendrils of mist eddied and curled fantastically like a slow whirlpool of moonlit grey. The shaggy islands crouched gloomily in the black water, with morose shoulders hunched high in the star-peppered sky. One broad road of moonlight streamed down, and billowed with the waves. Far to the south, a shore was designated by the occasional glow of ruddy patches — distant beach fires leaping and retreating in the cold, velvety shadows. A lone, yellow point of light warned passersby of the wickedly obscure reefs. Its fellow tossed fitfully on the masthead of an invisible ship, in a waste of darkness; borne onward through the phosphorescent surf.

ANKEY LARRABEE, '37.

PROGRESS OF DANCING

Years ago, in Grandma's day,
They danced the polka with a smile.
Big ruffled skirts of fancy lace
And bonnets were in style.

Mother danced the minuet,
To the sweet old-fashioned song,
Also that same Blue Danube Waltz
That remained with us so long.

The music changed from slow to fast,
And the fox-trot was the rage;
But that was very modest
To the dances of this age.

The songs kept getting faster,
Until at last we find
The Charleston and the Rhumba,
Which left the rest behind.

Now that we are so up-to-date,
The high-school dance we know,
Isn't like the olden days,
It's just "Swing High — Swing Low."

RUTH CONDON, '38.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY

The slanting rays of warm October's sun
Cast lacy shadows on the rippling stream,
Diffusing in all the atmosphere a glow
That lingers with me as a cherished dream.
Our feet bathed in the water's cooling depth
We wandered down the streamlet's winding way;
Upon our faces shone that strange, sweet warmth
Brought only by an Indian-summer day.

And on the banks, the goldenrods we found,
Tousled to fringy softness at the tips.
We gathered armfuls of the golden stalks,
And with the sweet wild grapes we stained our lips.
What beauty was there in that tranquil day
That calls to me through years, when I have seen
The roaring sea, majestic waterfalls,
The haunting beauty of a desert scene?

Far grander these and well remembered, too;
But all their grandness can not strike the spark
That keeps the memory of that autumn day
A thing alive and glowing in my heart.

CATHARINE KERN, '37.

MAGREGOR

Magregor, at the age of ten months, felt that he was as wise as most dogs and could, therefore, look even the largest of them in the eye and not be afraid. He also felt that he knew just what to do upon every occasion. On this certain occasion that happened to be at the beach he had explored all the nearby territory and succeeded in getting sand up his nose, to say nothing of in his eyes. All this was very new and exciting for him; and he wasn't satisfied, until he had become thoroughly drenched by a cold ocean wave, to settle down to normal living. Soon he learned not to sniff at the sand and to stay a respectable distance from the surf. Nothing pleased him more than to lie on the hot, dry sand and let the sun bake down on his back; but he never could lie still long enough really to enjoy it. Along in the afternoon, Magregor disappeared for nearly an hour and when he returned it was under the heavy burden of nearly ten feet of kelp which he had proudly dragged for a great distance. Because it did not move or show any signs of life, he naturally thought it was dead and the only respectable thing to do was to bury it. He buried the large end first and continued on down the whole length of it until the kelp had disappeared from sight. After this feat he was proud but tired, and lay down to rest for a while. Soon he became curious to see how the kelp was getting along and so he dug it all up again. After he had dug it up and buried it some three times, he pulled it off to one side and started to chew it, but it had an extremely disagreeable taste and he abandoned it to chase seagulls. Magregor never seemed quite the same after that beach trip, and I am sure that he has had many a longing to struggle with another piece of kelp.

NANCY WATKINS, '39.

PENNIES FOR SALE

Her feet hurt as she stood behind the jewelry counter. The department store was crowded. Before her swarmed endless waves of humanity that pushed and shoved like tired travelers who have wearied of their journey. The Neon sign that hung high above their heads on the north side of the wall seemed to drive them on, as it flashed the words "Three more shopping days until Christmas." She had watched that sign for what seemed to be years and had seen the number of days dwindle from eighteen to the present three and, as the numbers declined, business increased.

The insistent drum of the piano in the music department throbbed over and over "Every Time It Rains, It Rains, Pennies From Heaven." It seemed to be obsessed with the song that it played and replayed. On the counter before her lay glittering bits of tin and brass disguised in the form of rings, clips and bracelets. She was suddenly aware that one of the travelers had addressed her. He was eagerly thumping his dingy dime on the velvet edge of the bracelet section. Scarcely tall enough to reach her hand in which he placed the money, he babbled in his high, shrill voice how he had found it in the street "just as the lights were changing." He knew exactly what he wanted and he pointed proudly to the gleaming gold chains from which dangled five new pennies. She watched him as he disappeared in the crowd and saw him reappear at the door. Outside a soft snow sifted through the air and the red Santa whose bell had rung heedlessly on as the crowd surged by shivered as he gazed into his almost empty kettle. The little boy standing beside him labored industriously as he pulled the pennies one by one from the flimsy chain. When five bright objects lay in his palm, he pushed his way to the Santa and dropped the pennies one by one into the kettle. With each clink the Santa smiled. When the last penny had fallen the boy, rubbing his little hands, trotted merrily on — he had given his contribution.

BETTY SUMNER, '37.

AN AVERAGE MAN

He was an insignificant man. There was nothing startling about him to make people gaze in wonder as he walked down the street. Indeed, people rarely favored him with even a glance. He was that average. He was neither small enough, large enough, ugly enough, handsome enough, clean nor dirty enough to compel people's attention. He walked with a common-place gait, had a common-place look and was thoroughly trite. His only claim to individuality was a wen on the end of his nose; but even that was so infinitesimal that no one ever noticed it.

For years he had walked the streets unnoticed and alone. Neither friend nor enemy had he; he was even too colorless for that. When he was fifty-two, life became almost unbearable; he developed insomnia thinking of his condition. His appetite (always normal) fell off slightly (but not enough to be alarming.)

Early, one dark morning, as he lay shivering and sleepless in his bed, his body revolted to all this mistreatment in the only way it knew. He dozed, then slept.

When he awakened, he glanced unconcernedly at his watch — then stared wildly. It was 8:55. He had overslept! He jumped convulsively, pulling the covers over his head in a futile attempt to drive from his mind the repulsive face of that watch. He leaped from bed and dressed in a mad frenzy; his collar buttons were missing, but he didn't care. The unthinkable had happened — he was late! His tie was purple, his suit blue — but things like that no longer mattered. This thought threatened to bring on an attack of apoplexy. His regular morning egg even decorated his shirt front with a gooey, yellowish smear.

Once outdoors, he elbowed old ladies and stepped on kiddies' toes in his frantic efforts to board the street car. He was so preoccupied that he sat in the last vacant seat, without noticing a woman who was eyeing him with a baleful expression. The average man would have offered his seat to her; but not this average man: he was past all that now. With one hand on his hat and the other flying disjointedly out to one side, he cavorted down the street to his office, arriving ten minutes late. Everyone gaped at him, but the boss only said, "Don't let it happen again."

The next morning the people on the car stared at him, jabbing their neighbors with sharp elbows and whispering in awe-struck voices: "Look at that man over there. There, the one with the wen on his nose. Have you heard? They say he's crazy." This last remark was made with a kind of shudder.

When the average man heard these words he glowed visibly. People were staring at him and talking about him: he wasn't particular about what they said. He developed a swagger and a benevolent smile — he had found the insignificant man's Utopia . . .

JEAN MAGUIRE, '39.

SUNSET IN THE SOUTH WEST

As the emerald-green mountains in the distance slowly turn into a deep blue and the sage brush between the rolling sand dunes takes on a delicate violet hue, the clear blue of the sky and the snow-white of the few drifting clouds suddenly burst into a rich golden yellow; and, as the sun slowly sinks, they gradually turn to a deep, rich shade of orange and the whole of the heavens seems to be on fire. The few snow peaks of the distant mountains become a delicate shade of pink and the winding, ribbon-like Rio Grande has the appearance of a molten stream of gold. The sun sinks lower and lower until, at last, it is completely out of sight; and, before we can realize it, everything has changed its aspect. The mountains have turned to a velvety black, the snow peaks have a weird, silvery appearance and the sagebrush of the rolling plains is transformed to a deep, rich shade of purple. Then we realize that evening has pulled down her curtain of shadows over the sun and night is upon us.

ELIZA HOBBIE, '37.

THE OLD CLOCK

Time. Time. The continual passing of time, the constant swing of the pendulum of the old clock that monotonously ticked away the eventful, dull, happy, sorrowful, never-to-return hours of every day. Year after year — generations past, present and future, the old clock ticked away moments: some forgotten, some remembered, some scorned and some cherished by the generations of inhabitants of the great brick mansion. Moments — none forgotten by the old clock before whose face passes the cavalcade of time.

The old clock stands at the foot of the massive oak staircase. It is tall and has the stately pride that the family possesses. The clock, although it can not speak, is, without doubt, the most frequently consulted member of the family and it is brimful of the knowledge of generations. Before its polished face passes the continuous story of the family.

If one should ever stop to consult the clock upon any happening in the past family history, he would receive a detailed account, even to the color of the lace petticoat that unintentionally peeped out from under the dancing frock of a guest or to the kind of cake and brand of wine served at a certain ball fifty years previous.

The clock treasured many secrets, also. No one will ever know how Miss Jane cried the night her brother and Ronald left for the "War Between the States." No one will ever guess that Vicki once hid a skunk in the clock because he had found it outside, chilled, and Vicki had a passion for offering the warmth of the house to any less fortunate creature. No one will ever know the exact words that were cruelly passed between father and son, when young John had returned from an outlandish escapade.

The clock had seen tears, too. Tears of sorrow at the deaths that darkened the days; tears of acute pain when Arnold had been thrown from his favorite mare; tears of injured pride and, perhaps, something else when Margy had been turned over father's knee after the dining-room draperies had mysteriously been cut into grotesque designs; tears of happiness when Bess returned; when Martha descended the stairs all in white satin and tulle, looking so lovely that a lump uncontrollably rose in one's throat.

Gaiety, too, had had a generous place. The colorful annual hunt-balls, when lovely ladies from behind open fans, coyly lowered their lashes at handsome men in hunting attire. When laughter rang through the great halls and father, on hot summer days, contentedly sipped mint juleps with his friends.

The clock knows all the stories that play their part in the tableaux of generations. No secrets are hidden from its sleepless eyes. It is, after all, a good thing that clocks can't talk, for all tales are safe within the shiny mahogany casing that tells of and sees the passing of time.

ELIZABETH NICHOLS, '57.

SOUND

She had a crisp taffeta dress. She danced in it once for her young daughter. With heels clicking in an airy rhythm, like fairy castanets, she pirouetted about the dark room — to the awed delight of her single spectator. There was a loose board by the door, which gave an involuntary groan under her light steps, squeaked out a surly apology and yawned back into its former position. Her dancing transported one to the autumn woods, where the bracken hums in a crackling voice to the wind's song; and the warm rain taps merrily down the broad leaves, pattering out an unheard tune . . . But the dance ended too soon, and she slipped through the waiting door, her skirts whispering little bursts of melody to her — and tip-toed down the empty hall, out of her daughter's heaven.

ANKEY LARRABEE, '57.

THE BOY WHO WANTED A SPANKING

Jerry and Wilbur were on their way home from school. Each had received his report card. Wilbur's showed a very favorable report as usual, but Jerry's was decked with C's and D's.

"Gee," said Wilbur, "what'll your mother do when she sees that report card?" "Oh, she'll probably just give me another spankin'" replied Jerry, importantly. "Does it hurt awful?" asked Wilbur. "I've never had one." "That's why you're such a sissy," said Jerry. "If ya wanna be a man you gotta be spanked. It don't hurt much if you're prepared, but, boy, if ya ain't — ! "Are you prepared today?" asked Wilbur. "Sure," replied Jerry. "I won't even feel it." "What do you do to get spankings?" asked Wilbur. "Oh, most anything bad, report cards, throwin' rocks, lyin', but swearin' mostly," Jerry replied. They had arrived at the wall which led to Jerry's house. "By, Sissy," said Jerry.

Wilbur walked slowly down the street towards his own home. Everyone called him "sissy" because he had never been spanked. Wilbur decided definitely, that he wanted to be spanked. He decided he would try swearing. "That ought to do it," he thought to himself.

That evening at the dinner table his big chance came. "Eat your potatoes, dear," said Mrs. Johnson, Wilbur's mother. Wilbur abruptly answered "No! I don't want to eat 'em." Surprised, his mother said, "But, Wilbur dear, you must eat them so that you will grow up strong like your father." Wilbur replied, "Oh! dam! dam!" "Wilbur," shrieked his mother; Mr. Johnson gasped. "Oh, my dear little boy, you must be ill. Call the doctor quickly, Ronald," cried Mrs. Johnson in one breath. Thoroughly disgusted, Wilbur was rushed off to bed with a hot water bottle and a dose of distasteful medicine.

Wilbur lay awake in his bed half the night, pondering over his difficult problem. Finally a plan entered his head. If his father refused to give him a spanking he'd pretend he had. He wouldn't be called a sissy any more.

The next day Wilbur pretended that he was dreadfully ill, and remained in bed for the three following days. When he again went to school he was greeted with — "Well, sissy, did you eat something that was too strong for you?" or "Couldn't you take it, sissy?" Wilbur had a surprising answer for them. "My Dad spanked me so hard that I had to go to bed to get over it," he said. The boys were astonished. All through school there was a buzz about Wilbur Johnson's terrific spanking: Wilbur became exceedingly popular. After school several little boys fought to see who would be the honored one to walk home with Wilbur.

Jerry won. Jerry had never asked Wilbur to stop at his house before, but this afternoon he insisted upon it and Wilbur told Jerry's Irish mother the tale of his spanking.

Mrs. Ryan was terrified. She immediately went to tell her next-door neighbor. "Sure, 'n I'll not be lettin' such things be a goin' on in this town while I can help it," she said to her neighbor. "Whippin' such a nice little boy like that. People that have a lot of money think they can be a gettin' away with murder. Methinks the police ought to be a hearin' about this." Mrs. Ryan and her friend went to the police and told Wilbur's story.

When the policeman reached Wilbur's house, Mr. Johnson had just returned home from work. He did not know what the policeman meant when he began questioning him about beating his son. Mr. Johnson immediately called Wilbur, who had returned from Jerry's house earlier in the afternoon. "Wilbur, did I whip you?" asked his father. "Yes," answered Wilbur. Mr. Johnson and Wilbur were taken to headquarters for further questioning. "For the tenth time, Wilbur, did I whip you?" shouted Mr. Johnson. Wilbur's answer was still "Yes."

Mr. Johnson was asked to pay a twenty-five-dollar fine.

There were a few words between Mr. Johnson and Wilbur as they returned home. When they entered the house Mrs. Johnson met them in the hall, where Mr. Johnson blurted out furiously, "Marion, you have had charge of this child long enough. Why he told this atrocious lie, I don't know, but I do know that he is going to have the kind of punishment I used to get for such things. A good old-fashioned spanking." Wilbur marched triumphantly up to his father's room. He was going to get a spanking but it wasn't going to hurt, because *he* was prepared.

Mr. Johnson began to give Wilbur a severe spanking with his hair-brush. Wilbur was taking it like a man! Not a tear did he shed! After a slight investigation Mr. Johnson found the true cause of Wilbur's bravery. Wilbur had stuffed a small pillow into the seat of his little breeches. Having made this discovery Mr. Johnson was overcome with amusement. How well he remembered having done the same thing when he had been a boy. However, the fact still remained that Wilbur had told a disgraceful lie. Considerable reasoning between father and son resulted in Wilbur's true confession. "Well, everybody said I was a sissy 'cause I'd never been spanked." Mr. Johnson promised, "You'll have every spanking you deserve from now on, my boy. To be a man you have to be spanked. Right?" "Right," echoed Wilbur.

PATRICIA TRACEY, '58.

THEY WON'T STAND FOR IT

Nervously, Mr. Jackinhorpe pushed the black elevator button with a trembling finger. Already, he could see the small shining tools used by dentists to torture their victims. Too soon he was carried sky-ward in the familiar little cage which stopped with quick jerks, sending shivers down Mr. Jackinhorpe's spine. Perhaps the dentist would be on a vacation or out to lunch. Why hadn't he taken the time to make an appointment? As he opened the door of the office, Mr. Jackinhorpe's last hope fled. The room resembled a six o'clock street car. The two chintz-covered chairs were filled to the brim with two stout and elderly matrons, busily engaged in reading magazines. The chintz-covered couch had been temporarily transformed into an airport, where two small boys diligently kept up an incessant din to accompany their toy airplanes of tin. Their mother, a forbidding creature with smudges of rouge riding her cheek bones, glared at Mr. Jackinhorpe as he approached the couch. A young girl leaned against the radiator, lost in a current movie magazine. Mr. Jackinhorpe wondered where the nurse was and walked across the room to the window. After three minutes of staring into infinity and rain, he shifted his weight to the left foot and scowled in the general direction of the couch. Why weren't there more chairs? Five minutes later he leaned against the wall and the floor beneath him moved as the microscopic rug slipped forward. Grabbing the radiator, Mr. Jackinhorpe saved himself from making a complete forced landing. Roaming over to the window again, he busied himself by watching two raindrops scooting down the pane.

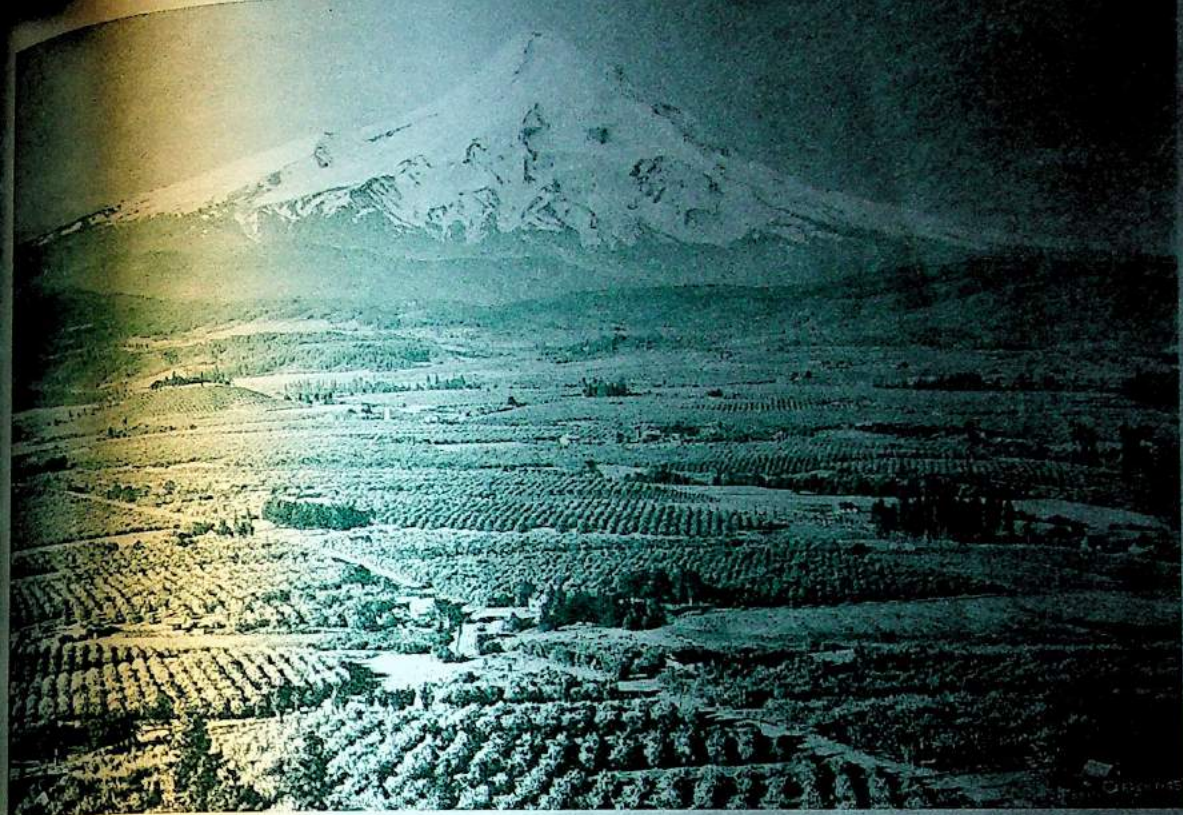
"If the fatter one reaches the bottom first, the dentist won't pull that tooth," said Mr. Jackinhorpe.

The drop perversely stopped to visit with a fly which buzzed up and down. Mr. Jackinhorpe groaned, and at this moment the door to the inner den opened and a nurse stepped toward him. It was not Miss Hicks, his dentist's nurse. No. Miss Hicks had never been so young as this girl.

"Did you want to make an appointment for a psychological examination?" she smiled at him.

Mr. Jackinhorpe gulped and backed out of the door, stammering excuses. There was no point in telling her that he was in the wrong office. He felt dejected after standing so long. The dentist could wait. As he walked down the street he saw a line of people nearly a block long, standing before a theater. Mr. Jackinhorpe mechanically fell in with them.

BETTY SUMNER, '57.



ATH





BACK ROW — N. Latourette, R. Condon.
MIDDLE ROW — D. James, S. Kennedy, S. West, J. Morrison.
FRONT ROW — B. Morfitt, S. Giltner, B. J. Shown, M. Kernan, J. Kernan.

BASKETBALL TEAM

Captain — Betty Jo Shown

Forwards	Marjorie Kernan, Joan Kernan
Centers	Betty Jo Shown, Dorothy James
Guards	Bette Morfitt, Shirley Giltner

SUBSTITUTES

Forwards	Jean Morrison, Dorothy Newcastle
Centers	Mary Louise Vincent, Sue West
Guards	Robin Nelson, Betty Doris Kirk

YELL LEADERS

Nancy Latourette and Ruth Condon

BASKETBALL GAMES

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

March 5, our first game of the season was played with Lincoln High School on their floor. Our team was in good form and, after a hard-fought game, we won by a score of 26-20.

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

March 12, we accepted the challenge of Washington High School and played on their floor. Our girls fought hard but were unable to defeat the powerful Washington team. The game ended with a score of 35-11 in their favor.

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

March 18, we played a return game with Washington which was very exciting, as both teams were fighting hard. Washington won by a score of 22-18.

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

April 8, we played the Junior College in a very fast and exciting game. In spite of the hard fight put up by our girls we lost with a score of 25-21.

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. MISS CATLIN'S SCHOOL

April 12, we played Catlin's School on our floor. The game was one of the most exciting we had and ended in a score of 29-26 in favor of Catlin's. This was the last game of the basketball season.

THE NEW GYMNASIUM AND TENNIS COURT

This year we are very fortunate in having an inside gymnasium. It has a large floor and is very convenient during the cold weather when we are unable to play outside. It occupies the second floor of the building which used to be Miss Gabel's School. The Hall purchased it last year and converted it into the Lower School building.

Another attraction in the field of sport is the new tennis court. It is on the grounds of the newly acquired building and is conveniently placed so that the sun does not shine directly on it. It is larger and more level than the old court and has a higher fence surrounding it. Athletics have always played an important part in the lives of the girls at St. Helen's Hall and we are all extremely grateful for this new gymnasium and tennis court.

QUILL AND INK

This year marked the second and third-term history of Quill and Ink, the Literary society of St. Helen's Hall. It was originally organized February, 1936, under the leadership of five girls: Victoria Hartwell, president; Jeanne Miller, vice-president; Jane Taubman, treasurer; Molly McGuire, secretary; and Mary Justine Gilbert, sergeant-at-arms. The head of the English department, who automatically becomes the faculty adviser, is, at present, Mrs. Marguerite Dulley.

This society was formed for the purpose of encouraging, in the school, ability and sincere interest in the Fine Arts.

The bi-annual activities consist of a dinner at the University Club, held the first Wednesday in each term, followed by a meeting to welcome formally, as pledges, those girls in the high school who have given proof of their literary ability, and a contest for the best literary composition judged for its originality of theme, style and skill in presentation. The award for the contest is a perpetual trophy with the winner's name inscribed thereon and is awarded by the Queen of the May Fete, held each May at St. Helen's Hall. Ankey Larrabee was the first winner of the trophy for her essay entitled, "On Having a Friend."

May, 1936, the first Silver Tea was held at the home of Mary Justine Gilbert. This was an exceedingly beautiful event with the Gilbert gardens for its setting and was most successful.

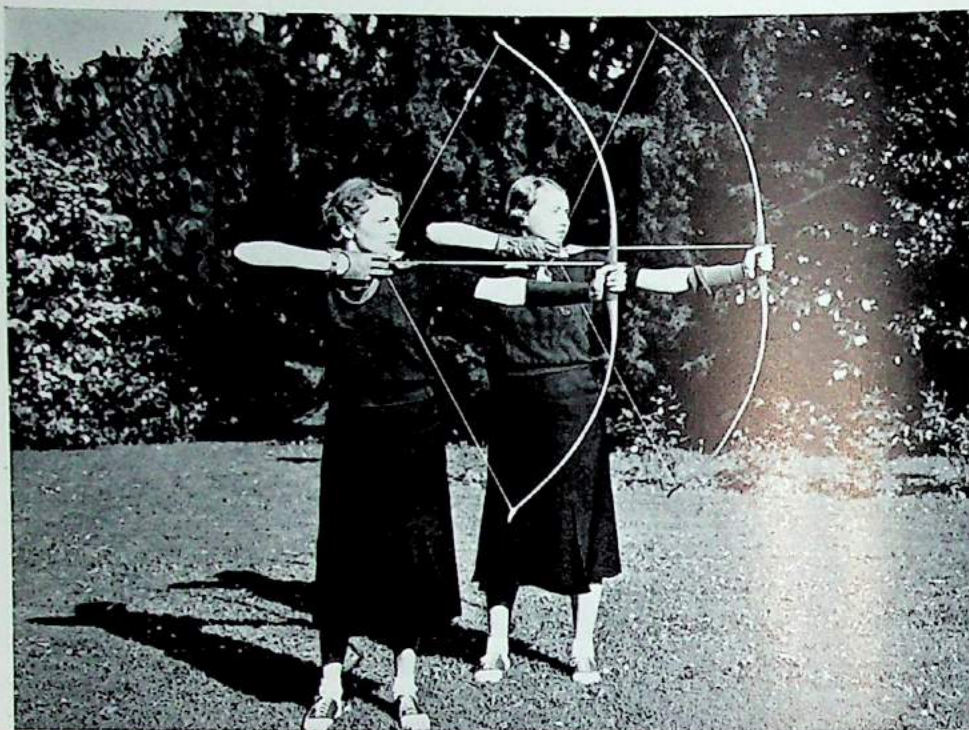
Last winter, Quill and Ink presented Ruby-Page Euwer in two miniature plays at their second Silver Tea, held in the school auditorium. Mrs. Euwer's interpretation of the plays was one of inspiring beauty and was greatly appreciated by the girls of the society.

The first Quill and Ink initiation was held at the beach house of Victoria Hartwell at Neah-Kah-Nie, Oregon. Miss Deborah Smith was an exceedingly adequate chaperon and added much to the success of the trip. Four girls were initiated: Betty Jo Shown, Martha Ditto, Robin Nelson and Lisa Gill.

December, 1937, Jean Maguire, Mary Louise Vincent, Jean Shorts and Billie Wade were formally taken into the society at an initiation held at the home of Robin Nelson in Portland.

May 8, 1937, Robin Nelson was again the hostess at a Quill and Ink initiation at her mountain home. Anne Alton, Alice Gregory, M'Liss Loeding, Margaret Thurtell, and Patsy Tracy are now members. With the forest as a background, a rousing good time was had by all after the informal initiation. Mrs. Dulley and Miss Gene Way were sporting chaperons.

The officers for 1936-37 are as follows: Jeanne Miller, president; Robin Nelson, vice-president; Betty Jo Shown, treasurer and Martha Ditto, secretary.



Sue Wolfe, Betty Jo Shown

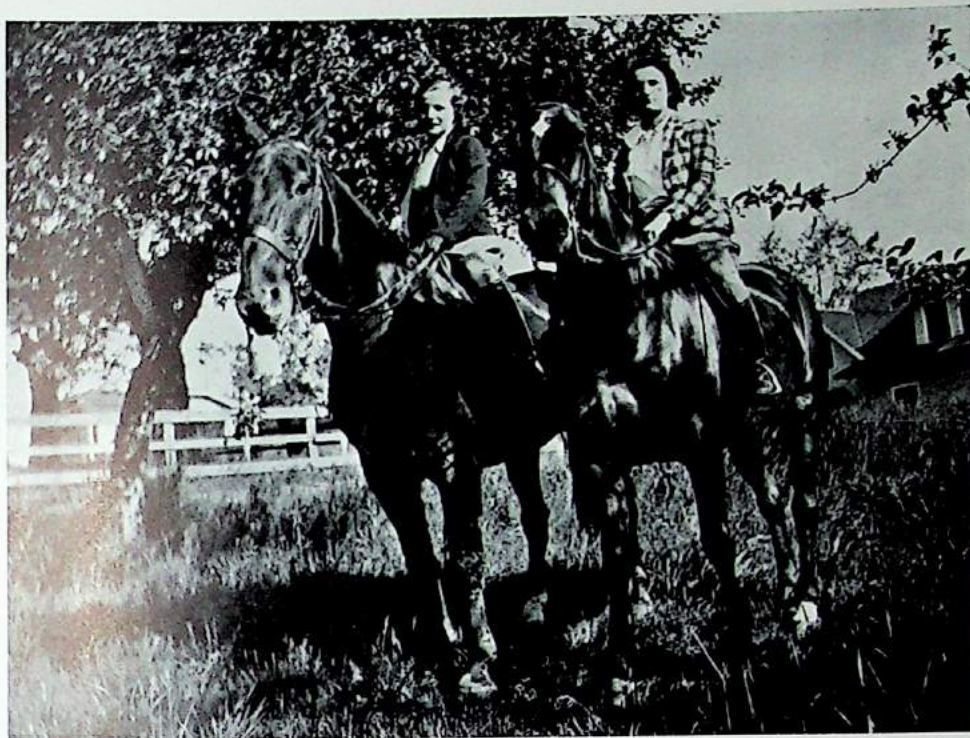
ARCHERY

An Archery Club was organized again this year by the girls interested in the sport. They practiced as much as possible in their free periods, as well as during their regular "gym." periods and many are becoming quite expert in the handling of the bow and arrows. The target was placed in the yard of the lower school where those interested in archery congregate.

VOLLEY BALL

Volley ball was extremely popular this year and several teams were organized. The competition was keen and the games were very exciting. This sport is beginning to come into its own at school and almost all the girls participated in the intermural games.

Instead of classes playing against one another, as last year, the teams were composed of members of the various classes and therefore were more evenly matched. There was a great controversy as to whether we should play interscholastic volley ball or basketball. Several speeches were made, some advocating basketball, others volley ball, after which a vote was taken and it was decided that we should retain our interscholastic basketball as in former years.



Caroline Collier, Barbara Johnson

RIDING

Riding has become extremely popular with the Hall girls this year and many of them attend the weekly riding classes held at Highlands Riding Academy. They enjoy many a happy canter over the beautiful trails and are becoming quite expert riders.

Those in the class are:

Marjorie Kernan
Joan Kernan
Dorothy Dicks
Evelyn Manning
Shirley Giltner
Elsie Lou Green
Jean Broughton

Barbara Johnson
Caroline Collier
Margaret Renton
Patricia Tracy
Mary Bissell
Jean Anders
Dorothea James

TENNIS

The tennis tournaments were very interesting this year, with many girls turning out for the games. No distinction was made between the beginners and the more advanced players. The games were played after school hours and the competition was very keen. We seem to have some future tennis champions in our midst. Due to the rainy weather the tennis matches were not completed in time to publish the names of the winners.



BACK ROW — B. Simpkin, P. Livesley, W. Jerman, B. Wade, S. Kennedy, C. Boyden, M. L. Vincent, D. James, J. Miller, S. West, R. Nelson, F. Haworth.
FRONT ROW — M. Deacon, N. Stolte, M. Kernan, C. Abbott, Miss Judd (adviser), E. L. Green, A. Larrabee, J. Broughton, S. Giltner, B. Morfitt, R. Condon, B. J. Shown, B. Sumner.

ALPHA THETA

Alpha Theta is the athletic organization of St. Helen's Hall and occupies an important position in the school. It is an honorary as well as an athletic club; and only those girls who have high scholastic standing and who take a prominent part in school activities are accepted for membership.

This year it has the added responsibility of acting as the Student Council. The Student Body has been very helpful in doing its part in co-operating with Alpha Theta and helping it to make a success of its first year as a Student Council.

As last year, "Posture Week" was again sponsored and prizes were given at the end of the week for the best poster, essay and poem. Ten awards were also made for the most perfect postures and a short skit on posture was given by some of the girls. On the whole, it was an extremely beneficial week for all, and the students have derived much good from it.

The first term officers were: Elsie Lou Green, president; Betty Jo Shown, vice-president; Bette Morfitt, secretary.

The second term officers were: Elsie Lou Green, president; Bette Morfitt, vice-president; Marjorie Kernan, secretary.



Princess Dorothea James, Princess Doris Rudesill, Princess Elizabeth Nichols, Queen Nancy Stolte, Crown bearer Sally Colwell, Princess Elsie Lou Green, Master of Ceremonies Betty Jo Shown, Princess Jean Anders, Princess Carolyn Meyer.

THE MAY FESTIVAL

The St. Helen's Hall May Fiesta, held on May 12, was a very beautiful affair this year, although obliged to be indoors because of the uncertainty of the weather. The auditorium was decorated to resemble a hacienda of Early California and everything had a Spanish or Mexican touch.

The first event was the crowning of the Queen by Betty Jo Shown, master of ceremonies. The Queen, supposedly English, was visiting at the hacienda with her princesses. The servants of the rancho gave Mexican dances in her honor and members of the household performed the Spanish numbers. Everything was very gay as they danced in their colorful costumes to the clinking of castanets. It made one feel as if one were really in California in the days of the great Spanish fiestas, the gaiety and fun going on all around serving to make the illusion more complete. Then, as a fitting climax to the Festival, there was a real Spanish May Pole dance.

This beautiful fiesta was followed by the New Girls' party to the Old Girls. The New Girls presented all the entertainment and thus ended an exciting and most enjoyable day.

The Queen was Nancy Stolte and her royal court included:

Elsie Lou Green
Elizabeth Nichols
Dorothea James

Doris Rudesill
Jean Anders
Carolyn Meyer

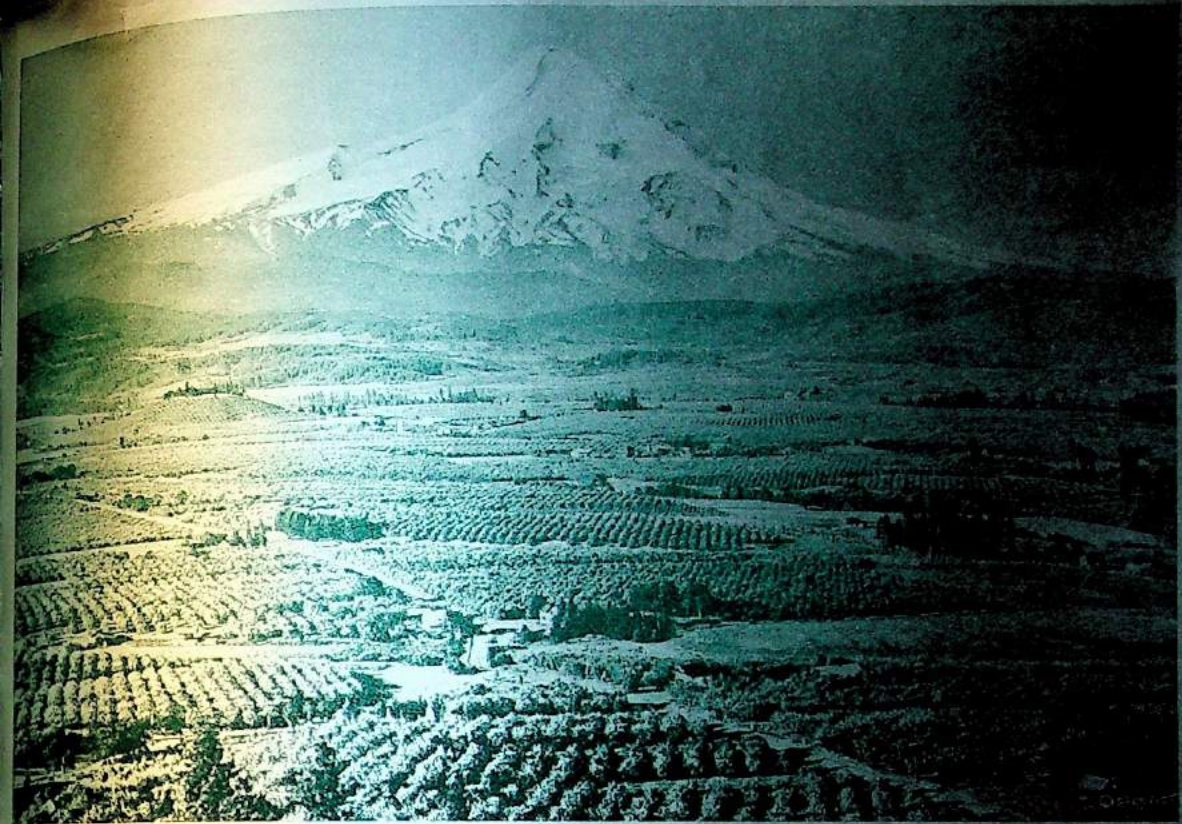
DELPHIC



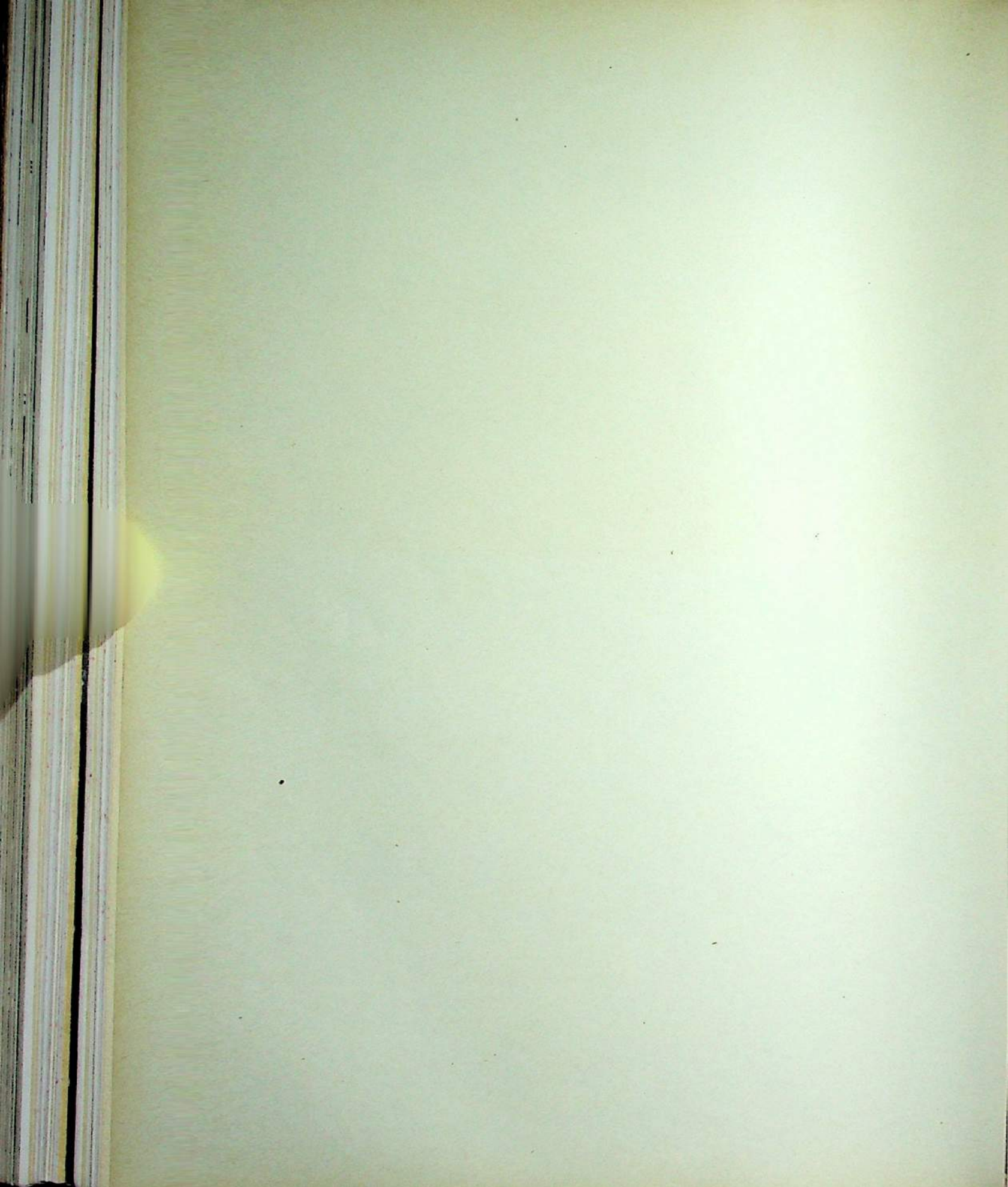


1. "The Prince Who Was a Piper"
2. "The Cream of the (Senior) Crop"
3. "Westward Ho!"
4. "The Four Stooges"
5. "Three Amazons and a Boat"
6. "Everglade"
7. "Young Russia"
8. "The Pride of the Boarding Department"
9. "Reactions"
10. "Smile, please."
11. "All Visitors Ashore"
12. "Ship Ahoy"





CALENDAR



DELPHIC

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER 4

"Hello there!" "How tanned you are!" "Are you glad to be back?" The Boarders arrived with packed trunks and sunburned noses.

SEPTEMBER 5

First day of school with the New Girls wandering around the halls asking, "Where is Room V7?" New Seniors occupying the back seats in Study Hall.

SEPTEMBER 18

The first Alpha Theta social is held at the home of Frances Haworth.

SEPTEMBER 20

The Alpha Thetas have their first Rush Luncheon, at which five girls became pledges, at the Campbell Court Hotel.

SEPTEMBER 30

Nanny Wood Honeyman gave the Student Body a very interesting talk on "The Woman in Politics."

OCTOBER

OCTOBER 1

Big yellow bows in the hair of the New Girls. A scared look. Why? The annual initiation of the New Girls into St. Helen's Hall, conducted by the Old Girls.

OCTOBER 7

Dr. Perry C. Hopper tells the Student Body of some of his experiences while traveling in Europe. Commissioner Riley also spoke to the Student Body on "Fire Prevention Week."

OCTOBER 16

The intermural games are started by Alpha Theta. These games are intended to bring out some new athletic talent in the school.

OCTOBER 21

We learn about the Olympics from Mr. Robert Krohn, gymnastic director of the public schools, who was sent as a representative from Portland. My! it was interesting.

OCTOBER 25

Pumpkins, chickens, rakes and a real scarecrow grace the Hall's first dance of the season. What fun!

OCTOBER 28

The faculty met the parents at the Faculty Tea, at which the Seniors always do the serving. We really enjoy this opportunity of getting acquainted.

OCTOBER 30

The second Alpha Theta social was held at Bette Morfitt's home.

DELPHIC

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 4

Miss Gibson, buyer for Ungar's, gave the Student Body some very practical advice on "Choosing a Wardrobe."

NOVEMBER 10

The Dramatics Class presented an Armistice Day play. This year's Senior Class formally presented two rose bushes to St. Helen's Hall, and then planted them.

NOVEMBER 18

We learned to distinguish the rhythms of different countries, when the Public Works Administration orchestra played for us.

NOVEMBER 19

President Jacques of Scripps College gave the Student Body an interesting talk on the college, which many of the Seniors found beneficial.

NOVEMBER 25-30

"Um! Turkey!" Thanksgiving vacation to us, but "Home" for the Boarders.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER 4

An Alpha Theta social was held at the home of the president, Elsie Lou Green.

DECEMBER 7

With the consent of Sister Superior, a group of talented girls organized the St. Helen's Hall Music Club.

DECEMBER 12

The Alpha Thetas have their initiations. The informal meeting was held at Frances Haworth's home; the formal initiation taking place at the Hall's lake house, "Everglades."

DECEMBER 16

"Noel! Noel!" Christmas carols by the Junior College Glee Club and an address by Bishop Dagwell on the "Christmas Spirit." We always enjoy having him with us.

DECEMBER 17

The Boarders gave their Christmas Cantata and invited a few "Day Dodgers" to join them in a feast afterwards. My! what a wonderful time we had!

DECEMBER 17-JANUARY 5

Christmas vacation! Three whole weeks away from our studies. What marvelous times we had!

DECEMBER 22

Betty Sumner invited the Senior Class to dinner, and afterwards we went caroling. This was one of the most enjoyable of our Christmas parties.

DELPHIC

DECEMBER 25

Santa Claus made his annual personal appearance at the party we gave for the children of the Fruit and Flower Mission. It is difficult to decide who enjoyed this more, the guests or the Hall girls.

JANUARY

JANUARY 16

The Alpha Thetas gave a Rush Tea at Betty Sumner's house. Five nervous girls became new pledges.

JANUARY 25-29

Much "cramming" is going on this week! Why? Mid-Term Exams!

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY 1

Due to the terrific siege of snow which Portland had, only two day students attended school today.

FEBRUARY 5

School settled back into the usual routine and we elected new Student Body officers. Dorothea James, president; Wilda Jerman, vice-president; Mary Louise Vincent, secretary; Ruth Condon, treasurer; Sue Lake, sergeant-at-arms.

FEBRUARY 5

An Alpha Theta social meeting was held at the home of Catherine Boyden.

FEBRUARY 25

Members of the Civics Class and all the Seniors spent an exciting day visiting Salem and the Houses of the State Legislature.

MARCH

MARCH 5

Our basketball team is victorious over Lincoln High School with a score of 26-20.

MARCH 12

We played Washington High and, although our team played its hardest, Washington won with a score of 36-11.

MARCH 18

Washington played the return game on our floor. Again the fates were against us and we lost 22-18.

MARCH 19

Robin Nelson, with her genial hospitality, was hostess to the Alpha Thetas.

MARCH 31

The Alumnae Tea, at which the Seniors served, was held at the home of Mrs. Lyle B. Kingery. We always enjoy this opportunity to meet the alumnae.

DELPHIC

APRIL

APRIL 1-7

The Spring vacation! It is longer this year in order to give us time to recover from that disease dreaded by us and our teachers, "Spring Fever"!

APRIL 8

We played the Junior College in a very exciting game. They won with a score of 25-21.

APRIL 12

We played Catlin's School on our own floor but lost with a score of 29-26. This was the last game of the basketball season.

APRIL 17 AND 18

The last informal gathering of this year's graduating class was held at the "Everglades." An enjoyable week-end was spent. Bishop Dagwell conducted services for us in the lovely Chapel.

APRIL 19

Frances Haworth was hostess to the Seniors with a picnic on her yacht "Phantom". Many Seniors arrived at the Class Play with sunburned noses.

The Seniors' knees are knocking. "Will I be able to remember my lines?" This was the usual remark coming from back-stage as the Seniors of 1937 prepared to present their Class Play, "The Prince Who Was a Piper."

MAY

MAY 1

The Student Body gave a closed Formal Dance. The surroundings and the music helped to make the dance a huge success.

MAY 8

The Quill and Ink Club of St. Helen's Hall spent the week-end at Robin Nelson's mountain cabin. From all the yawns in classes Monday, they had a grand time.

MAY 10

Bishop Johnson of Colorado spoke to the Student Body. It was most interesting.

MAY 12

The New-Girls gave a lovely party for the Old-Girls today. Everyone had a grand time and the refreshments were delicious.

The Pre-School had its first open-house. Many interesting drawings were made by the young pupils and the parents enjoyed seeing their children's efforts.

MAY 12

The annual May Fete was held with great festivity. Nancy Stolte was crowned Queen and Betty Jo Shown acted as master of ceremonies. The Princesses were Elsie Lou Green, Elizabeth Nichols, Dorothea James, Doris Rudesill, Jean Anders, and Carolyn Meyer.

DELPHIC

MAY 15

The Alpha Thetas had a wonderful day at the Hall lake house, "Everglades."

MAY 20

The Boarder who had the fewest order marks received a prize from Sister Superior. There is always a great deal of rivalry for this honor.

MAY 22

The Alumnae Tea for the graduates. The Senior Class became members of the Alumnae Association of St. Helen's Hall. We had, at last, received this great honor.

MAY 27

The future Seniors entertained the Class of '57 at a Tea. They must have been in a hurry to become Seniors. We didn't blame them; it has been a grand year.

JUNE

MAY 31-JUNE 4

Final exams. The Senior Class will soon be leaving us, just when we are realizing what grand pals they were.

JUNE 5

The Lower School presented a very charming play for the entertainment of the Seniors.

In order to bid a tender farewell to the Seniors, the Juniors gave their "Prom." Johnny Callahan's music, soft lights, and a beautiful night made it one of the best "Proms" the Hall has ever had.

JUNE 6

Baccalaureate Sunday. The services at Trinity Church began at eleven o'clock with the Reverend Lansing E. Kempton delivering the address. Then we returned to the Hall for lunch with Sister Superior; and at 1:30 the traditional awarding of the school honors and the unveiling of the Senior Picture took place.

JUNE 7

Commencement Monday! There was a queer feeling in the hearts of the Seniors. Tears were shed as we bade "Au revoir" to our happy, but all too short, years at St. Helen's Hall. The Right Reverend Benjamin Dunlap Dagwell delivered the graduating address at the Commencement exercises at eight o'clock.

Following the Commencement services the Junior Class gave a delightful dance for the Class of 1957 at Oswego Country Club. A more picturesque setting could not be found. Graduates and new Seniors, and their escorts, spent a most enjoyable evening dancing to the accompaniment of the soft and melodious strains of Dan Flood's orchestra. Truly, a happy ending to a most eventful day.

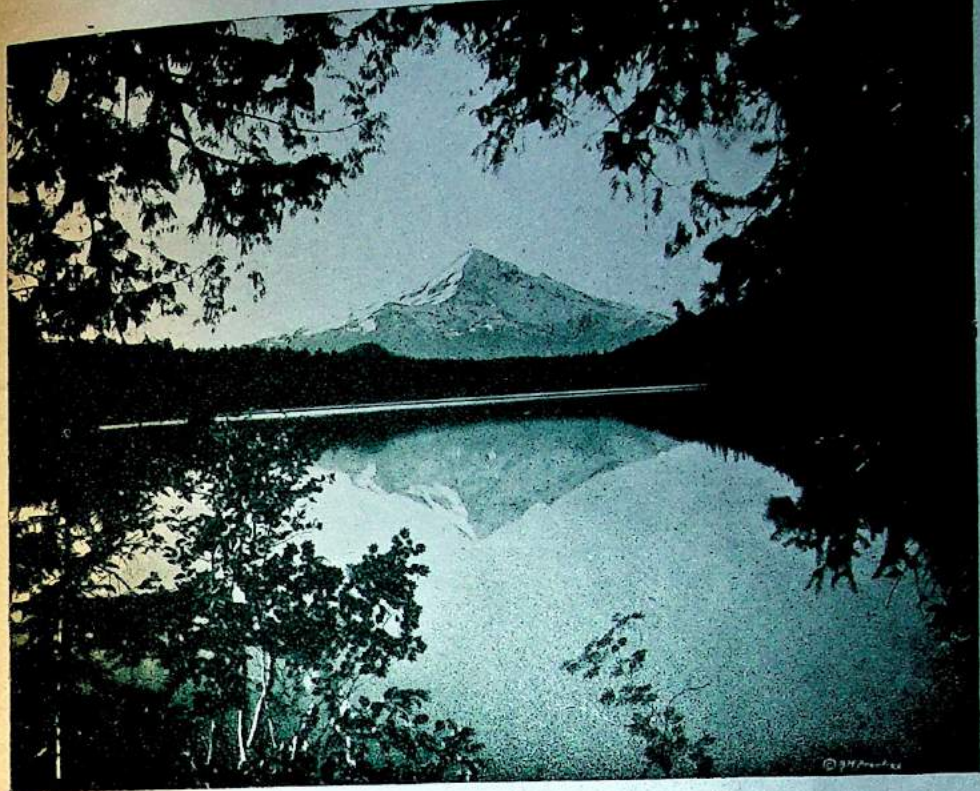


E. Nichols, J. Groves, D. James, N. Stolte, C. Boyden, A. Larrabee, E. L. Green, D. Rudesill, F. Haworth,
L. Back, C. Meyer, B. Sumner, E. Manning, J. Broughton, E. Hobbie, M. Francis.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"THE PRINCE WHO WAS A PIPER"

The King	Catharine Kern
Prince Denis	Dorothea James
Jegu, the Lord Chancellor	Ankey Larrabee
Bernez, equerry to Denis	Jean Groves
A Sentry	Doris Rudesill
Princess Maie	Nancy Stolte
Lizina, the Governess	Catherine Boyden
Tephany, the Maid-in-Waiting	Elizabeth Nichols
Marzinne, a Peasant Girl	Elsie Lou Green
Helene, a Shoemaker's Daughter	Jean Broughton
Three Peasant Girls:	
Christina	Frances Haworth
Mareanna	Carolyn Meyer
Angela	Betty Sumner
Dancers	Laura Back, Evelyn Manning
Stage Setting — Courtesy of Ungar, Inc.	



MUSIC AND
ENTERTAINMENT

DELPHIC

THE OLD GIRL NEW GIRL PARTY

The first party of the season was the "Old Girl, New Girl Party" given on October 1st by the old girls for the purpose of initiating all new members of the Student Body. Costumes of all shapes, sizes and colors were exhibited in the Grand March, after which the teachers, who acted as judges, announced the winners. After two hours of hilarious laughter at the peculiar incidents which occurred during the initiation, refreshments were enjoyed by both new and old members of the Student Body of 1936-37.

DANCES

Of the numerous activities during the busy scholastic year, two which will be long remembered were the Student Body dances. At the first dance in October the hall was transformed into a barn, with handsome farmers swinging their farmerettes in and out among the haystacks and pitch forks to the music of Johnny Callahan and His Harvesters.

On May 1st, to the soft strains of the orchestra, graceful couples swayed to and fro under the quiet lights of the Spring Formal.

DRAMA

On several occasions the Dramatic Art Class, under the capable direction of Ruby-Page Euwer, offered its bit to the entertainment and amusement of its audiences.

WINTER SPORTS

From October to March, Mt. Hood, Oregon's winter playground, was deemed the most popular spot for week-end vacationists. Down the snowy-white Timberline Trail many Hall girls, at various times, attempted to learn the difficult art of skiing, while others took the most dangerous curves with ease and agility.

STUDENT BODY ASSEMBLIES

Throughout the year we were especially fortunate in having interesting programs and speakers for our Student Body entertainments. Some of these were: Dr. Perry Hopper, who spoke on his travels in Europe; the illustrated talk on "The Olympic Games," given by Robert Krohn; Miss Gibson from Ungars, whose topic was "Choosing a Wardrobe," and the Christmas program at which Bishop Dagwell spoke to us about the "Christmas Spirit," and the College Chorus completed the program with carols.

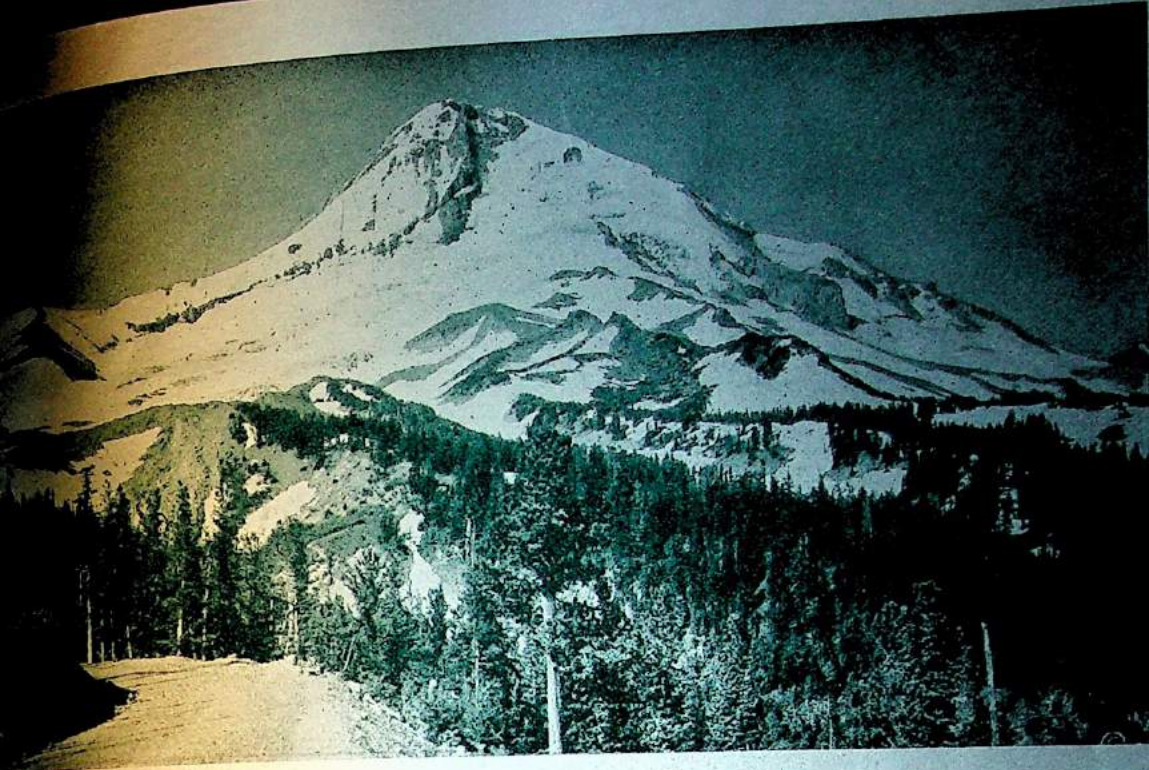
One of the nicest assemblies, however, was the concert given by Miss Mildred Roberts, a young violinist. It was especially enjoyable because Miss Roberts graduated from the Hall in the Class of 1929.

SYMPHONY AND OPERA

The Ellison White Bureau this year, as usual, offered great attractions for the music lovers. The artists who, without doubt, were the most popular in this concert series were: Fritz Kreisler, Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks. Other interesting programs of the year were: the concert given by Serge Rachmaninoff; Gregor Piatigorsky, world-famous cellist, and Poldi Mildner, youthful pianist, both soloists with the Portland Symphony, and the two lovely ballets, Joose European Ballet and the Ballet Russe. The Sunday matinee concerts, given by the Portland Symphony, were well attended this year and the music varied from the lighter compositions of Strauss to the heavy but beautiful Beethoven Symphonies. Before closing this paragraph we should like to mention the Junior Symphony concerts which were quite outstanding in quality for such youthful musicians. The Opera Week in March again brought the San Carlo Opera Company to Portland and once more we were able to hear the famous arias from Carmen, Madam Butterfly, and others.

MUSIC CLUB

In November of this year a music club was organized under the direction of Wallace Graham, Jr., the members consisted of Mr. Graham's students and others who were interested in music. This organization, named the Triad Club, is one which will grow, and in the future years will be of importance to all student-musicians of the Hall.



OLD GIRL

OLD GIRL NOTES

1936

Elinor Bakke is a member of Gamma Phi Beta, Oregon State College.
 Cathryn Collins is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Oregon.
 Marion Condon is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Oregon State College.
 Dorothy Dixon is studying at St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Verna Lee Franklin is a member of Alpha Chi Omega, Oregon State College.
 Alice Freeze is studying at St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Louise C. Good is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Oregon.
 Charlotte Hill is attending Willamette University, Salem, Oregon.
 Barbara Jones is a member of Delta Gamma, University of Washington.
 Carolyn Kamm is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Oregon State College.
 Charlotte Lee is a student at the St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Georgia Littlepage is in Russia with her parents, and sister, Jean.
 Barbara Minalian is studying at the St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Nanette Moore is a member of Phi Beta Phi, Oregon State College.
 Phyllis Natwick went East in the fall, but is now at her home in Camas, Washington.
 Frances Paris is studying at the St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Marguerite Peters is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Arizona.
 Ruth Rose Richardson is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Oregon State College. Early in April she left with her mother for an extended trip in the East.
 Betty Lou Roberts is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, University of Oregon.
 Peggy Lou Smith is a member of Alpha Delta Pi, University of Oregon.
 Dorothy Wells is studying at Stanford University.

1935

Anne A. Berkey is studying at Pine Manor, Wellesley, Massachusetts.
 Peggy Bernard is employed at Sealey Insurance Company.
 Lillian Brooke, now Mrs. Robert Austin, is living at Oregon City, Oregon.
 Mary Louise Blodgett is a student of St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Anita M. Cadonau, after her return from Europe this year, is attending St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Byrl Browne is a member of Delta Gamma, University of Arizona.
 Frances Caroline Corfe is at home this year.
 Peggy Carlton is a member of Chi Omega, University of Washington.
 Dorothy Jane Furnish is attending Mills College.
 Maryalice Enos is studying at Monmouth Normal School.
 Dorothy Good is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Oregon.
 Phyllis Jane Elder is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, University of Oregon.
 Helen Ladd Green is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Oregon.
 Phyllis Grenfell is employed at Loose Wiles Biscuit Company.
 Geraldine Hanny is a member of Phi Beta Phi, University of Washington.
 Margaret Holford is studying at Reed College.
 Nancy Ann Hilton is a Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Oregon.
 Peggy Krumbein is attending Scripps College, California.
 Nathalie Frances Lewis, now Mrs. Robert Baxter, is living in Seattle, Washington.
 Jeanne Latourette spent the winter, with her mother, in Palm Springs, California.
 Lucile Clay Latourette is employed at the Oregon Housing Corporation.
 Margaret Mary Mann is studying at Mills College.
 Jane Weeks Mount is studying at Reed College.
 Mary Helen Pruitt is a member of Pi Beta Phi, University of Washington.
 Mary Kathryn Shoemaker is a Kappa Alpha Theta, University of Oregon.
 Marion Rosenblatt is at home this year.
 Marian Siegfried is a member of Chi Omega, Oregon State College.
 Elizabeth Stone is a member of Delta Gamma, University of Arizona.
 Helen Stone is studying at the St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
 Caroline Stratton is studying Home Economics in Portland.

1934

Betty Watkins is attending Stanford University.
 Betty Baker is a member of Pi Beta Phi, University of Oregon.
 Betty Pownall is a member of Pi Beta Phi, University of Oregon.
 Betty Zehnbauser is at home this year.
 Gretchen Smith is vice-president of Alpha Delta Pi at the University of Oregon and of the Women's Athletics Association.
 Martha Burkhart is a member of Pi Beta Phi, University of Washington.
 Helen Jenkins, now Mrs. Gordon Noel Coward, has a son who was born last July.
 Esther Jobes is a member of Alpha Phi, University of Washington.
 Grace Natwick is employed in the office of the Crown Willamette Paper Mills at Camas, Washington.

DELPHIC

Edith Kollhase is at home this year.
Jean Bay was married last fall to Arthur Gillis.
Wahnita Mills is attending the University of Oregon.
Sally McCune and her mother are visiting England for the coronation.
Billie Reynolds is a member of Pi Beta Phi, Oregon State College.
Dorothy Hill is a member of Pi Beta Phi, Oregon State College. We are proud to say that Dorothy is president of her sorority house.
Ruth Johnson is a member of Alpha Phi, University of Oregon.
Jean Moir, now Mrs. Lawrence Wheeler, is living in Portland.
Ruth Smith is attending Oregon State College, Corvallis.

1933

Betty Tubbs, now Mrs. Peter Watzek, is living in Eugene, Oregon.
Mrs. Karl F. Neupert (Eleanor Luper) has a daughter, Marlyn Louise, born January 24, 1937.
Frances Watzek is president of Pi Beta Phi, University of Oregon.
Kathleen Aston is a Kappa Alpha Theta at Oregon State College.
Betty Jane Barr is attending Mrs. Holmes' Secretarial School.
Barbara Berger is at home this year.
Louise Harlan is graduating from Stanford this June.
Rebecca Hopkins is attending the University of Washington and is a member of Chi Omega.
Lois K. Jones is attending the University of Washington and is a member of Delta Gamma.
Jannette Jones is teaching kindergarten in Portland.
Josephine McGilchrist is graduating from the University of Oregon this June and is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta.
Frances Miller is president of Gamma Phi Beta at the University of California at Berkeley.

1932

Jane H. Campbell is studying at Reed College.
Martha A. Carpenter is at home.
Nancy L. Cullers received a scholarship to Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois.
Catherine M. Dahm is now Mrs. Joseph Howard.
Margaret D. Downs is now Mrs. Almon Baker.
Katherine A. Espy is working for Bert Gording in Portland.
Shirley V. Fulton will be graduated from Marylhurst College this June.
Mrs. Albert Berg (Mariette D'Lorah Jones) is living in Portland.
Mrs. Harry Wolle (Ann Latourette) is now living in Dallas, Oregon.
Mrs. John Gerald Donnell (Jean E. Luckel) is now living in Los Angeles, California.
Jane E. Meyers is an assistant professor in the chemistry department at the University of Oregon and is also taking pre-medical work.
Virginia M. Proctor is at home.
Elizabeth Reeves is at home this year.
Irene E. Soehren is teaching French at St. Helen's Hall.
Evelyn R. Zehntbauer is at home, studying music.

1931

Mary Beckwith is at home.
June Clancy is at home.
Peggy Cullers is employed at the Haslett Warehouse.
Dorothy Enos is at home.
Barbara Finke is at home in Portland.
Katherine Gilbert is at home this year.
Mrs. Robert Walker (Vivian Howe) is living in Portland.
Helen Hoffmann is at home this year.
Mary Katherine Johnson is teaching at Corvallis.
Susan Sargent is visiting in the East with Betty Holman.
Helen Stratton is working at the United States National Bank.
Mrs. David Clarke Steele (Hannasue Watts) is now living in Portland. She has a daughter, Winnie Elizabeth, who was born last July.

1930

Mrs. George Sheehan (Marion Denton) is now living in Gearhart, Oregon. She has a baby girl, Aileen Marion.
Muriel Gabriel is working as secretary for the School District.
Nancy Nevins is employed at the United States National Bank.
Jane Dutton is living in Long Beach, California.
Mrs. Henry F. Chancy (Elizabeth Berger) is now living at Waverley Heights, Portland.
Katherine Goodpasture is living in Portland.
Elizabeth O'Reilly is living at home this year.
Katherine O'Reilly is teaching music in Portland this year.
Mrs. Kevin G. Cooke (Josephine Williamson) is living in Portland. Her marriage was an event of September 4, 1936.

DELPHIC

Betty Lou Hudson is living at home with her mother.
Mrs. Taylor Eccles (Mary Luddemann) is living here.
Jane Fales is employed at the United States National Bank.
Jane Forbes is employed at the Resettlement Administration Regional Office, Portland.
Marjorie Mautz is living at home.
Mrs. Robert Gilley (Frances Stevens) is living here.
Mrs. David Eccles (Alice Devereaux) is living in Portland.

1929

Mrs. Chas. Barker (Constance Green) is living in Portland this year and doing provisional work for the Junior League.
Mildred Roberts recently announced her engagement to Palmer Dawes, a nephew of ex-Vice President Dawes.
Virginia Insley is doing provisional work for the Junior League.
Elizabeth Bond is visiting in San Francisco.
Mrs. Henry Edward Dunn (Margaret Proctor) is now living in New York.
Mrs. Howard Warner (Katherine James) is now technician in the laboratory of the Good Samaritan Hospital.
Janet Wentworth, now Mrs. Philip Church Smith, was married July 4.

1928

Mrs. J. E. Day (Marjory Holman) is doing provisional work for the Junior League.

1927

Mrs. Francis Heitkemper (Jane Cullers) has a daughter, Frances Letitra, who was born July 11.
Mrs. J. F. McIndoe (Imogen Wentworth) has a son, Bates, who is seven months old.
Mrs. Carl Carlmack (Mary Elizabeth Wheeler) and her aviator husband are now living in Urbana, Illinois, after having been stationed in Hawaii for two years. They made a six-months' tour of the Near and Far East, and Africa.
Chancey Devereaux, now Mrs. Lewis C. Cook, was married January 20, and is now living in Hollywood, California.
Mrs. Thomas C. Burke (Deborah Ball) is now living in Eugene, Oregon.

1924

Mrs. George J. Alstadt (Irene Brix) is treasurer of the Alumnae Association.

1923

Mrs. W. Keith Blair (Lillian Luders) is living in Melbourne, Australia. Her husband is with John Sharp & Sons, lumber dealers. They have two children.

1916

Mrs. John L. Riddell (Ethel Malpas) is a member of the Executive Committee of the Council of Social Agencies, Los Angeles, California; chairman of the Committee of Social Legislation of the Council of Social Agencies; corresponding secretary of the Board of the Children's Protective Association and chairman of their Children's Service to Children; legislative chairman of the Los Angeles League of Women Voters; secretary of the Social Service Department of the Women's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Los Angeles; chairman of Social Relations, Southern California Council of the Federated Church Women and member of the Advisory Committee of the W.P.A. Mrs. Riddell also has two daughters.

1914

Mrs. James W. Crawford (Susan Elizabeth Truby) is corresponding secretary of the Oregon League of Women Voters and Americanization chairman of Willamette Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

1909

Mrs. Loyal H. McCarthy (Vieve Cecil) has moved to Portland from Burns, Oregon.

1905

Mrs. W. R. Reed (Winifred M. Van Dusen), of Astoria, Oregon, is active in Church work, the Garden Club and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

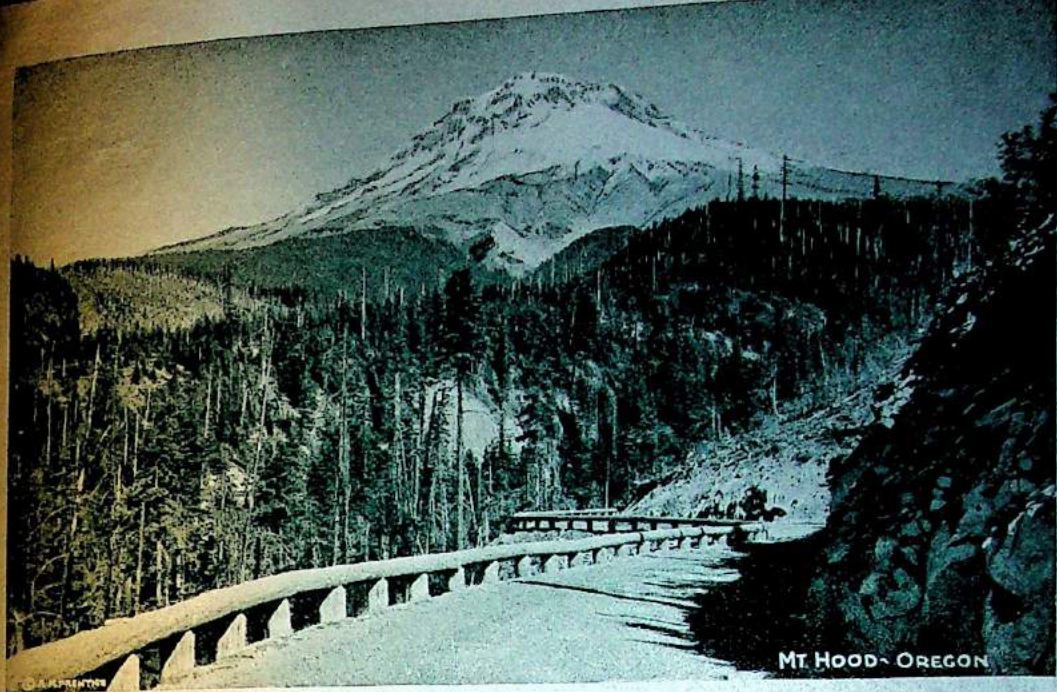
1898

Mrs. Elmer P. Dodd (Stella Alexander) is living in Hermiston, Oregon. Her daughter, Ruth, is attending St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
Marion Bauer, who is a composer, lecturer and writer, is living in New York, where she is associate professor of music at New York University. She also is the New York editor and critic of the "Musical Leader." Miss Bauer gave St. Helen's a book she wrote on music, entitled "Twentieth Century Music."

EXCHANGES

The Delphic staff wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges. We have received several clever editions during the past years and are grateful to those schools which have shown their interest in the Delphic by exchanging with us.

"CANTORIA"	Saint Nicholas School	Seattle, Washington
"CARDINAL"	Lincoln High School	Portland, Oregon
"PATURA"	Saint John Baptist School . . .	Mendham, New Jersey
"RE-WA-NE"	Reno High School	Reno, Nevada
"LA REOTA"	Saint Mary's Hall	San Antonio, Texas
"CROFTONIAN"	Crofton House School	Vancouver, B. C.
"FERRY TALES"	Ferry Hall	Lake Forest, Illinois



HUMOR



DELPHIC

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AT 8531

"Is there any good shooting around here, son?" asked a city man out in the country with a gun.

"Well, no," said the boy, "no deer or rabbits or birds or anything like that, but our school teacher is taking a walk just over the hill."

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GRADUATING CLASS*

CARTOZIAN BROS., Inc.
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J. Groves: "I don't know."

E. L. Green: "I'm not prepared."

D. James: "I don't think I can add anything to what has already been said."

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—E. M. Robinette.

Who thinks a pool hall is a place to swim? — M. Adair.

What intelligent Senior thinks John Mascefield was Poet Laureate of England
during the Romantic Period?—C. Boyden.

What enthusiastic cooking student thinks "basting a fowl" means sewing it up
with needle and thread?—J. Anders.

Frances: "Have you Lamb's Tales?"

Laura: "This is a library; not a meat market."

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Dorothea: "Just before semester exams."

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