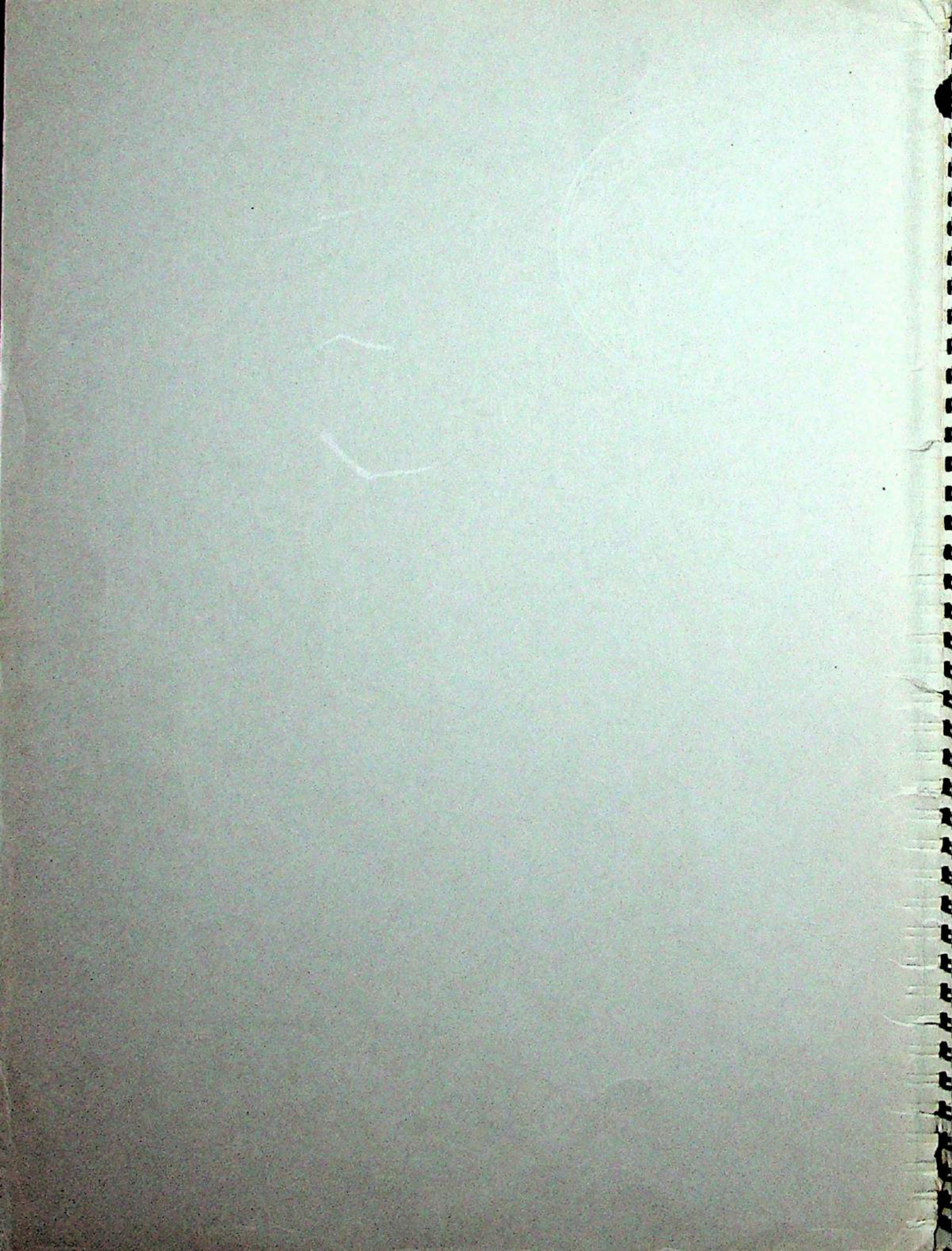




SCINTILLA

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE



Scintilla

St. Helens Hall Junior College
PORTLAND, OREGON, VOLUME XII, 1945

THEME

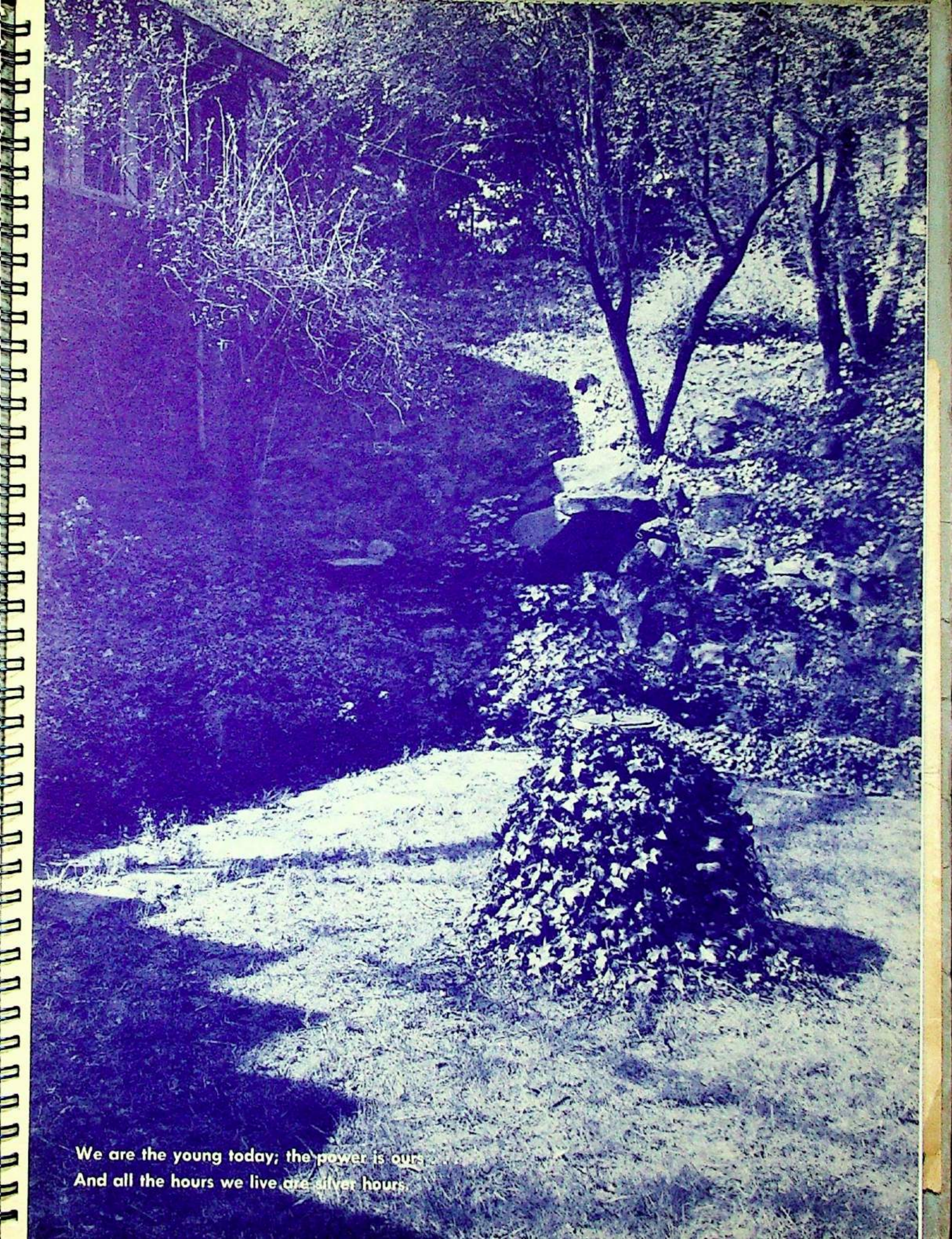
We, the young, the strong, step forward to build a bright new world. The world is ours, and time is ours — the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Behind us are our years at the Hall, giving us broader vision, deeper understanding, a code of life. With us is Today, swift, urgent, exhilarating. Before us is the thrilling adventure of the Future.

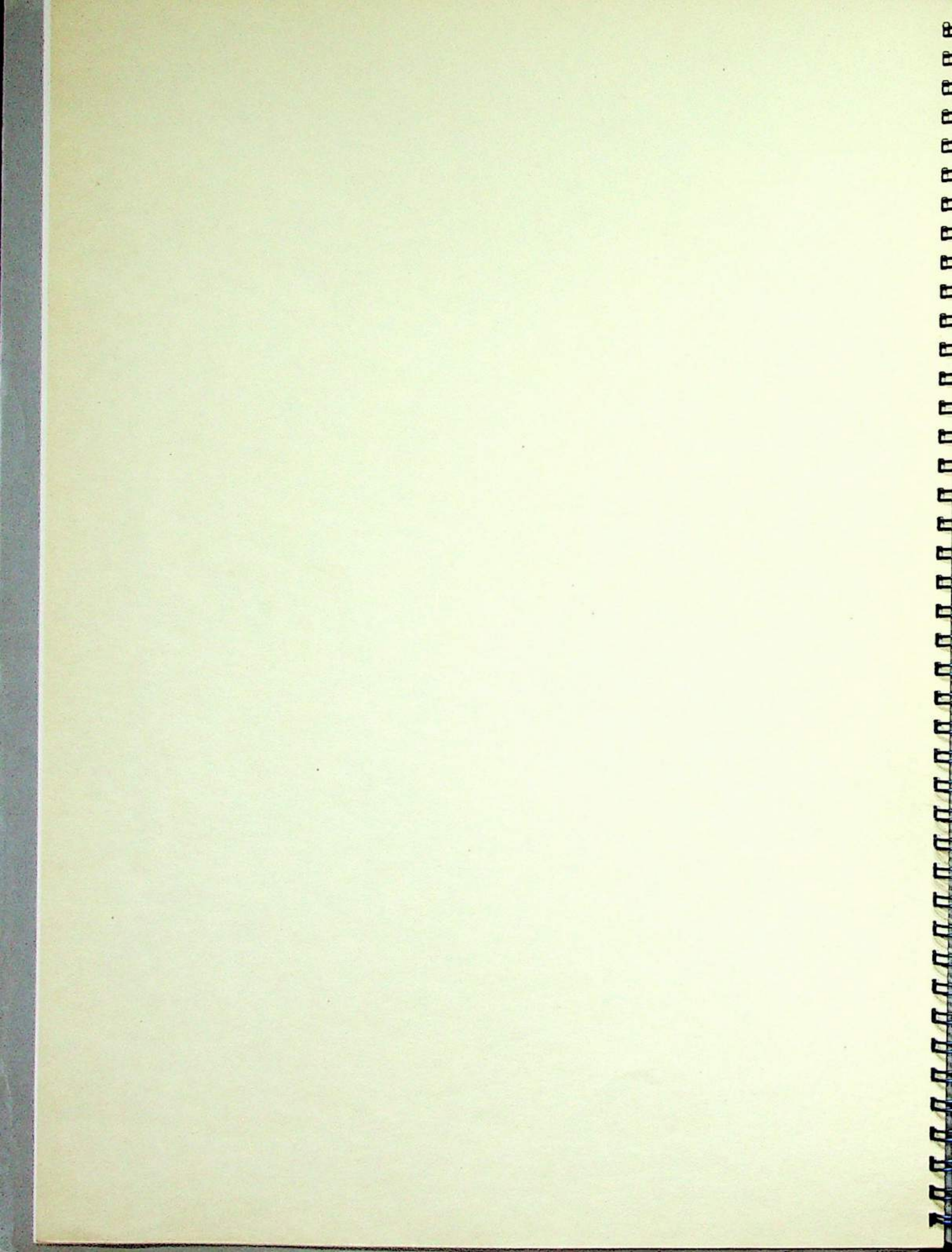
On our memories of Today's laughter and Today's tears we build our shining Future. The memories shift and merge into the mists of the Past; the Future lies before us, radiant with dreams.

We give you this book:

*A memory of Yesterday,
An expression of Today,
A dream for Tomorrow.*



We are the young today; the power is ours
And all the hours we live are silver hours.





CAROLYN BOWERS COLLETT

DEDICATION

To one who has been inspiration and guidance to many Hall girls we dedicate this book.

This is our way of saying "thank you".

Thank you for selfless giving of yourself to us in your years at the Hall.

Thank you for your wonderful sense of humor and charm.

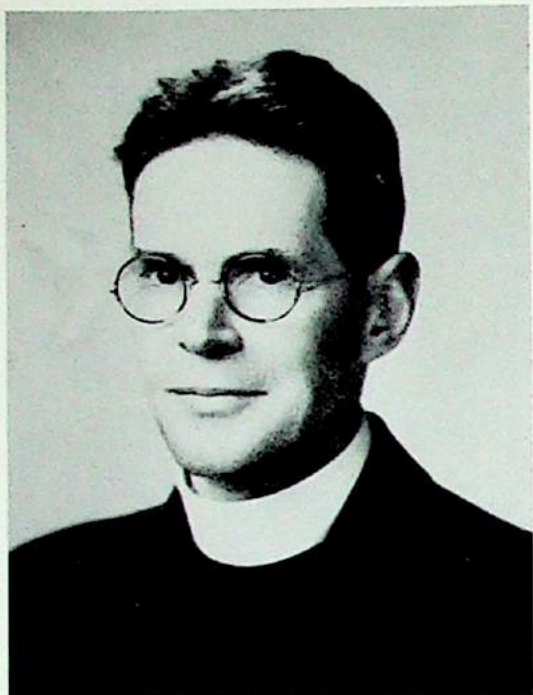
Thank you for unfailing understanding of our troubles and weaknesses.

Thank you for giving us the ideals by which you live, ideals founded on the deepest faith.

Thank you for inspiration, for your ability to draw out the best in others.

Thank you for your friendship.

To Carolyn Bowers Collett we dedicate this book.



THE REVEREND LEONARD C. WOLCOTT

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

"Let no man despise thy youth."—I Timothy 4:12.

It is a commonplace that the good are still young when they die. Have you ever thought why this is true? I think it is because the good cling fast to idealism and loyalty, two qualities inherent in youth and needed by the ageless world which men try to age—qualities which, lost by the average adult through selfishness and cowardice, are considered by him to be stark madness-foolishness. Yet I am certain that they are qualities of the never aging God. They are the foolishness of God, which St. Paul declared was wiser than the wisdom of men. They are the attributes of unspoiled, eager youth. They lead from thoughts and hopes through courage to an act of foolishness—to sacrifice. This, too, is madness, foolishness to the learned—the Greeks. But to the Called it is Christ, the power and the wisdom of God.

So, as you go forth, keep youth within your hearts always!

LEONARD C. WOLCOTT.



GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS

DEAN'S MESSAGE

To the Class of 1945 —

Laying behind the familiar, the loved; daring the hazards of stormy seas and unknown shores; trusting in God and His care, sailed those who were destined to give to the world a new nation. With tears for all that they had left with unflinching determination and unshaken faith, they held firmly the proud banner of their ideal.

Across interminable miles of desert and prairie and mountain, through hazard and want and fear marched courageously the endless procession of those who had determined that they would give to America new frontiers, a new horizon. Eyes straining toward the West, hearts set upon building a new land, they pressed steadily forward.

Strengthened by the courage and the traditions and the ideals of those stalwart ones from America's glorious Past, march we of Today, pledged to save, with our abilities and our energies and even our lives, the cherished concepts and the precious way of life which is our heritage from them. Set faces and stricken eyes bear too frequent evidence of the price we pay, but we are driven on by the silenced voices of those millions who have made equal sacrifices to give us that which we must now save.

Into the minds and hearts of you of Tomorrow pass the strength and the courage and the vision from America's Past and her Present. To you is given the grave responsibility and the rare privilege of translating the glories of the Past and the strivings of the Present into the peace and security, the justice and honesty, the tolerance and understanding of the world of which America will be a part Tomorrow. May you, with a faith in God as great as theirs who have gone before you, carry on.

GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS.



WARREN W. WILCOX
Psychology



DOROTHY McPHERSON ROY
Art and Clothing



DOROTHY KING GERRETSON
Physical Education

FACULTY



CLORINDA TOPPING
Music Appreciation and Glee Club



LORENE WICKERT
Biological Sciences

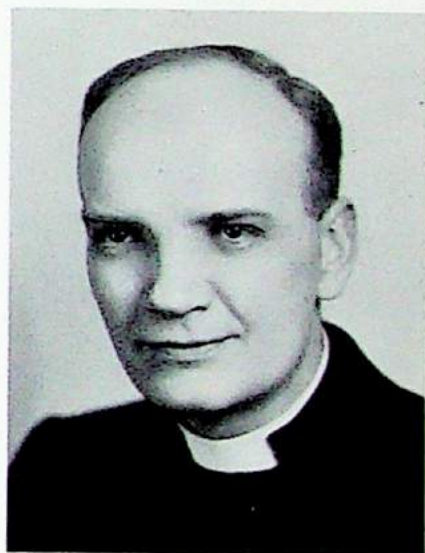


CAROLYN BOWERS COLLETT
Drama and Literature



JANET EASTERDAY
Secretarial Science

MEMBERS



THE VERY REV. CHARLES M. GUILBERT
Christianity

VIRGINIA L. LANDQUIST
Physical Sciences

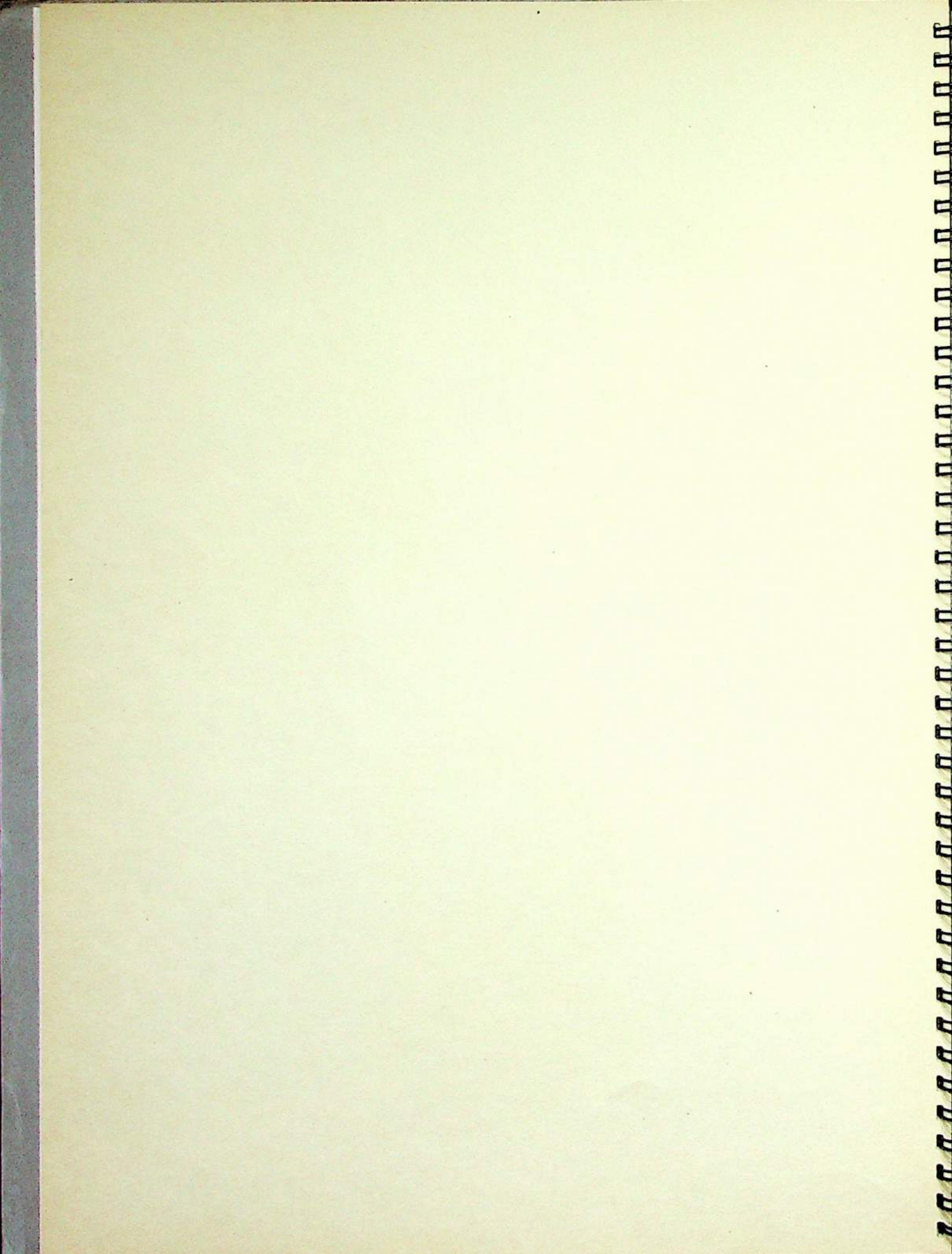


HELENE SENN
Written English



We are the young, and we can reach the sky;
Put out your hands: the sky will come to us.

Sophomores



Sophomore Class Officers



MARGARET ROGERS
President



BARBARA YOUNG
Vice-President



JUNE RICHARDS
Editor, Scintilla



BERNICE ASHKAR

Vice-president . . . Student body
Chairman . . . Student council
Delta Psi Omega
Vice-president . . . I. R. C.



JOANN ELLIOTT

I. R. C.
H-Club
Girl of the Month



MARY HELEN DUFFY

Delta Psi Omega
H Club
Sextet
Red Cross Talent Unit



VIRGINIA FRETWELL

Vice-president . . . H. Club
I. R. C.
Sextet
Secretary . . . Studio Club
Red Cross Talent Unit

JANE GREENBERG

H-Club
Scintilla Staff





KATHERINE L. JOSLIN

Delta Psi Omega
President . . . H Club
Glee Club
Treasurer . . . Student body
Chairman . . . Red Cross College Unit



JUNE RICHARDS

Sophomore Representative
Angelas
Vice-president . . . Delta Psi Omega
Editor . . . Scintilla
Manager . . . Book Store



ELIZABETH TRUMP POLLOCK

Angelas
President . . . I. R. C.
Red Cross Talent Unit
Production Manager . . Red Cross College Unit
Secretary . . . Sophomore Class



MARGARET ROGERS

President . . . Sophomore Class
Delta Psi Omega
H-Club
I. R. C.
Scintilla Staff



BETTY STURGEON

May Fete Committee
Talent Troupe
Sextet
War Bond Committee



HELEN TIMS
 Delta Psi Omega
 Sextet
 Talent Troupe
 Understudy
 May Fete Committee
 I. R. C.



BEVERLY TRIPLETT
 Angelas
 Secretary-Treasurer . . . Delta Psi Omega
 Studio Club
 H Club
 Nelson Shield Award
 Art Editor . . . Scintilla



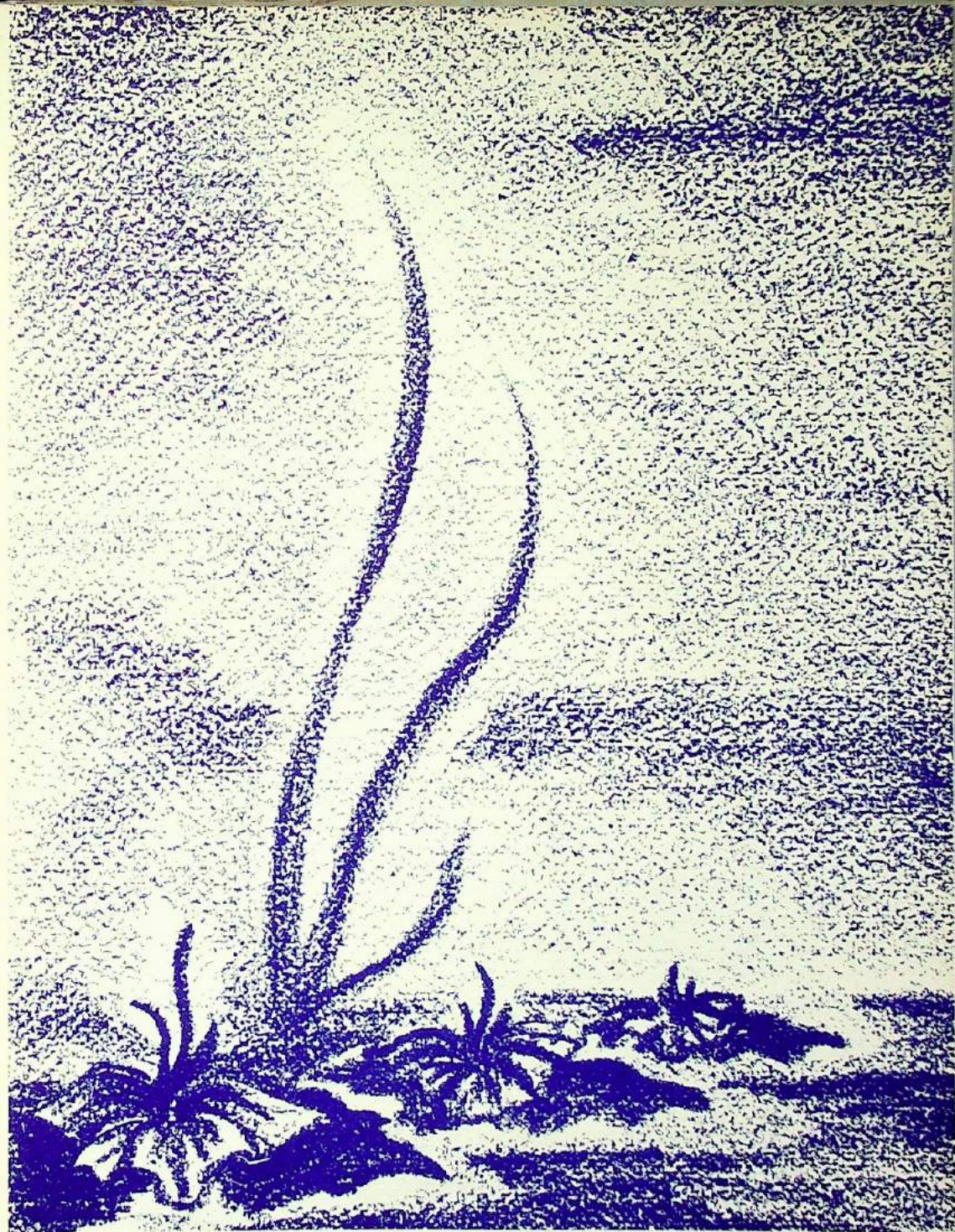
VIRGINIA TORGESON
 Angelas
 President . . . Delta Psi Omega
 Sophomore Representative
 Talent Troupe



RUTH WACKER
 President . . . Student body
 Delta Psi Omega
 Angelas
 Representative Freshman Girl
 Freshman Representative
 Activities Editor . . . Scintilla

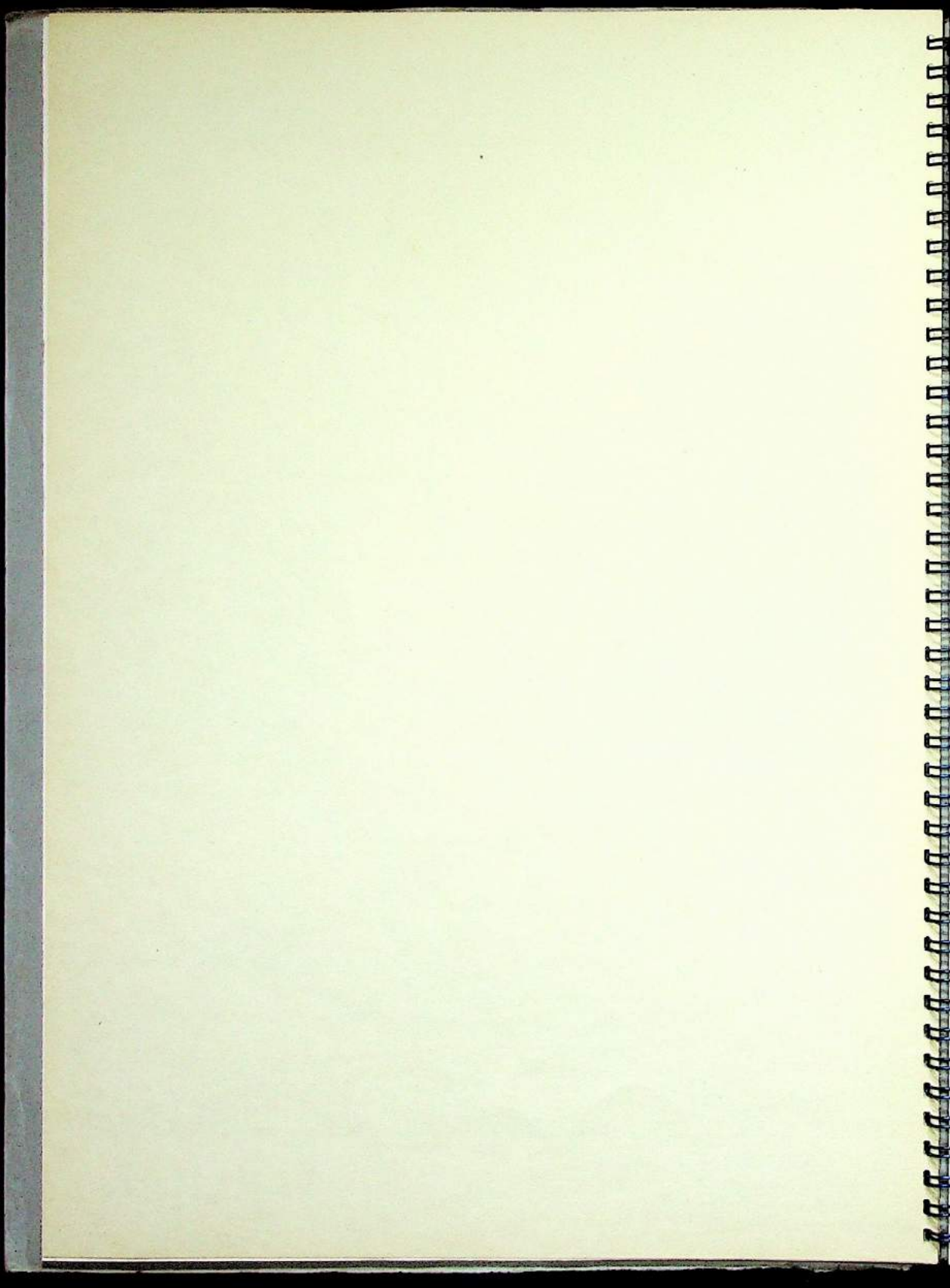
BARBARA YOUNG
 Vice-President . . . Sophomore Class
 Queen of May Fete





All yesterdays are dreams that slowly pass,
Today is life with April in the trees . . .
Tomorrow is the wind that laughs and grieves.

Activities



CALENDAR

1944

- JULY 27 Everglades . . . prospective freshmen . . . hot dogs, cokes, potato chips, and, thank you, faculty! Watermelon . . . excited sophomores, anxious for school to begin . . . cool water, songs by the fire . . . Hall girls and those who would be Hall girls.
- SEPT. 11 "Here come girls from every corner" . . . Freshman week . . . new faces . . . redecorated college rooms . . . introductions, activities . . . classes may begin in earnest next week, but in the meantime . . .
- SEPT. 29 Ah! sighs of relief . . . freshmen in lipstick again . . . no more horrible hairdos, green bows . . . Freshmen initiation, that fiendish ordeal . . . over!
- OCT. 16 Tea time . . . scene: the Recreation room . . . daughters serving . . . mother and faculty chatty over tea cups . . . getting acquainted, exchanging plans for the Mothers' Club . . . what a delightful social beginning for a college year.
- OCT. 29 The hour of the Freshmen . . . Sophomores as little boys and girls . . . "Oh mummy, a spook show all for us!" . . . grand fun and frolic . . . wonderful refreshments.
- DEC. 1 Salem and the Intercollegiate Conference at Willamette University . . . meetings, councils . . . student leaders organizing for better understanding of campus problems and government.
- DEC. 12 First term final exams over . . . the slate wiped clean . . . Christmas is coming . . . at the Christmas program . . . candlelight, carols . . . the angel and the story of Bethlehem . . . vacation . . . see you next year.

1945

- JAN. 9 Open house for the entire school . . . tea visitors . . . gracious young hostesses greeting guests, conducting them through the halls.
- FEB. 9 "No Coward Soul" . . . symbolical costumes . . . purple heather . . . "to thine own self be true" . . . enthusiastic audience . . . Charlotte Bronte's little painting . . . flowers . . . candy . . . tears and smiles.
- FEB. 14 Student Body silent, waiting, our traditional surprise . . . "Happy Birthday, Mrs. Fariss!" . . . beautiful album of records, *Otello*.
- FEB. 28 Red Cross Charter granted to college group . . . first such charter in Multnomah County . . . many celebrities present . . . something to be proud of.
- MARCH 6 "Work, work, work; produce, produce, produce!" . . . motto for exam week.
- MARCH 14-16 . . . "No Coward Soul" given for Red Cross Benefit . . . six dollars maintains the Red Cross for a second . . . how many seconds does \$130.00 buy?
- MARCH 15 . . . Daisies bloomed in the Quadrangle today.
- MARCH 30 . . . There's a gypsy in the first day of Spring Vacation.
- APRIL 7 Party Bohemian . . . checkered table cloths . . . guests, men from Barnes General Hospital . . . dancing . . . a floor show . . . coke 'n cake . . . and what music! Bill can certainly "pound the ivories".
- MAY 1 Robins chirping "Cotton Day!" . . . Miss S.H.H.J.C. in cotton frock, flowers in her hair . . . Spring . . . sunshine . . .
- MAY 10-11 . . . Sophomore class sponsored play, "Old Acquaintance" . . . My, we've gone sophisticated. Will she really light that cigarette? . . . "Everyone needs old friends—or an old friend . . ."
- MAY 16 Campus Day—High-ho! and off to work we go—maps, pails, buckets—lawnmowers, rakes, clippers . . . everywhere a team . . . Spring house-cleaning . . . all new and bright and sparkling . . . and then the reward—Everglades!
- MAY 18 May Carnival . . . Coronation of Queen . . . Maypole dance . . . jesters . . . color, laughter, gaiety . . .
- JUNE 2 Delta Psi Omega Awards' Tea . . . whole student body present . . . speculation, anticipation . . . satisfaction.
- JUNE 3 Baccalaureate Sunday . . . Trinity Episcopal Church . . . grey-robed sophomores in solemn processional . . . to us the message, inspiring steadfast purpose.
- JUNE 3 Torchlight . . . through the campus twilight . . . sophomore processional . . . deep stillness of solemn tradition . . . tapping of new Angelas members . . . laurel crown for the representative freshman girl . . . reception for sophomores and parents.
- JUNE 6 Finally we are here—at Trinity church—our hearts in our throats, graduation . . . a commencement of memories, ranging over two years spent in learning, creating, building . . . in service, in friendship . . . of continuation of a lasting loyalty as we travel new roads . . . "Onward, ever onward, guide our footsteps sure . . ."

MARY-HELEN DUFFY.



BACK ROW: G. Pate, J. Eggink, M. Johnson, G. Adams, L. Calderwood, V. Fraser, J. Holbrook, S. Kading, L. Cochran, K. Patterson.
 FRONT ROW: N. Kaloury, T. Annreiter, S. Kookan, B. Holey, M. Leicht.

FRESHMAN CLASS

September seventh brings another Freshman Week to St. Helen's Hall Junior College. Sumner Hall recreation room welcomes us, the new group of freshmen, eager, interested, excited, a little bewildered. Angelos members, outnumbered and therefore very busy, introduce us, put us at ease. Sophomore "big sisters", each with several "little sisters", answer our questions. At tea-time we meet our instructors and spend the next hour trying to fit their faces to their names and their names to their courses. The less said about entrance exams, the better! Other memories of Freshman Week are soon ours: the wishing well; physical exams, all of us decked out in sheets like homeless ghosts; campus tours; the scavenger hunt; Everglades and garlic bread, mmm . . .

Work starts in earnest. Names begin to stick to faces. We devoutly hope the sophomores appreciate our pretty green hair ribbons and our entrancing new hair styles—ugh! With freshman initiation finally over, we really begin to feel that we "belong" now. With great dignity we elect our own officers. Life becomes a round of chapel services, back seats, places on committees, memberships in clubs, work, and fun. After much argument and preparation we give the sophs a return party. They come all decked out in sailor suits and pinafores. It is as much as we can do to handle them!

As the year wears on, we gradually learn Hall traditions and ideals. We become an integral part of Hall life. We help move sewing lab and "rec" room. We get the "our Hall" feeling. In rapid succession come dances and parties, rehearsals for the talent unit, sports and games, activities galore. We lose our timidity. We learn to "speak up" in student body meetings. We go to classes, of course! and naturally! and but definitely! We undergo term papers and grades. Mutual suffering binds us together! We learn to find our places in the Hall scheme of things.

In the spring a young maid's fancy . . . but we find we have no time for fancy, what with the spring play, the May fete, campus day, daisies blooming in the quad, baccalaureate, commencement. At last our freshman year is over. We bid a reluctant farewell to our big sisters. We wish we could live it all over again.



J. Richards, V. Torgeson, R. Wacker, Mrs. Fariss, B. Triplett, E. Pollock.

ANGELAS

Angelas came into being in memory of the inspirational life of one who contributed immeasurably to the founding and to the early years of St. Helen's Hall Junior College. It is a sophomore service honorary, which strives for those qualities of womanhood so truly evidenced in Sister Katherine Angela. A deep blue Maltese cross is the emblem of service to the College and of the Angelas ideals for inspirational living.

Angelas members look forward to each new college year and to the fun of greeting old friends and new freshmen. The activities of Freshman Week bring the spirit of the Hall to the freshmen. Picnics, hikes, teas, and sports fill a busy week and reach their culmination in the all-college get-together at Everglades. This enchanting retreat invites to swimming, food, and chatter. As twilight comes and the girls gather round the huge fireplace singing songs, in one still moment the true meaning of the Hall is clearly established for every one. The singing of the school hymn ends a perfect day.

November brings crumpets and tea for the Faculty in the wing lounge. Candleglow and firelight set the atmosphere for this informal hour of pleasant companionship. Eager Angelas members, preparing and serving refreshments, notice quiet amazement registered on the faces of faculty members. "Oh, dear, aren't crumpets supposed to be cut in half?"

Christmas—and once more Angelas decorates the college "rec" room. It is a beautiful tree—well, just a wee bit lop-sided. But fluffy popcorn balls; bright red cranberries; and Lux soap, whipped into a wonderful semblance of snow, certainly provide the atmosphere. Candlelight and Christmas carols fill the room, in which goodwill and peace abound. The day after Christmas is filled with exciting preparations for tea and crumpets at Mrs. Fariss' home. Nervous but eager Angelas members wait to meet the alumnae of whom they have heard so much. Pleasant conversation by the fireside and Christmas carols result in a grand time for every one.

St. Valentine's Day brings a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Fariss. Remember the heart-shaped cake and beautiful gold earrings? What fun it is to see Mrs. Fariss' face light up when she is surprised!

Spring at the Hall reaches its culmination in the Torchlight Procession under the stars in the Quadrangle. The thrill of tapping new members fades gradually into the inspiration of the candlelight initiation in the college chapel—and the new Angelas members are ready to carry on the guiding light of the flames.



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BACK ROW: K. Joslin, J. Richards, B. Triplett, Mrs. Collett.
MIDDLE ROW: V. Torgeson, M. H. Duffy, R. Wacker.
FRONT ROW: B. Ashkar, M. Rogers, H. Tims.

DELTA PSI OMEGA

The members of the Sara Siddons Cast of Delta Psi Omega, national honorary fraternity in dramatic arts, strive to maintain within the College an active interest not only in the creative arts of the theatre but in the art of living, since the stage must receive its ultimate inspiration from life itself. Membership in this organization is conferred only upon those who have freely and willingly given of themselves and of their time to all dramatic productions within the college, who have consistently maintained high scholastic standards and fine personal ideals, and who have undergone and completed the responsibilities and tasks of the pledging period.

"College Daze", a traditional part of Freshman Week, begins the Delta Psi Omega calendar for the year. There is much excitement and backstage giggling as the profs and students of the mythical "dear old Shucksford" prepare a royal welcome for the quaking Freshmen. Hot dogs and cokes served to audience and cast alike complete the collegiate evening. Farewell, alums!

October brings Chinese Stunt Night. After much costume-hunting, acquiring of Chinese walks and accents, stern practicing of concentration while kowtowing, the show is on, complete with Chinese banners (falling unexpectedly), weeping willows, honorable Mandarins, and wretched "prop-prop" man. Shall we ever forget the almond(!) cakes and Chinese tea (hm! tastes like alfalfa) that our dear president risked life and honor to procure?

Christmas brings its traditional dramatization of the birth of Christ. Later there is the beautiful candlelit pledging ceremony, replete with pink roses and wonderful food (as usual) at Mrs. Collett's. The dedication of the candles will not soon be forgotten.

Delta Psi Omega brings in the New Year by giving a Bohemian dinner party for Understudy Club. International intrigue is the order of the evening—spaghetti, grape-juice in wine decanters, checkered tablecloths, Gestapo members, and the Underground.

February and March—and we all live and breathe the creation of our roles—the crystallization of our ideals in acting.

March brings with it the solemn beauty of initiation, the sweet poignancy of the final pledging for the year.

May is the fullest month under the sun. In the "time of Roses" there is so much to accomplish—the last play of the year; the Awards' Tea with its recognition of those who have most fully lived Delta Psi ideals; another initiation; one last toast "that our hearts may be forever bound in this one brotherhood—just striving all together for the things which we hold good."



BACK ROW: G. Pale, M. Johnson, J. Eggink.
FRONT ROW: B. Haley, Father Wolcott, L. Calderwood.

FORUM

Forum enables students at the Hall to express both a civic and a personal conception of religion. Its members seek not only to offer material service but also to gain spiritual guidance.

Traditional privileges of chapel care keep Forum members unobtrusively busy; the chapel is comfortably warm at every service; book-markers for the hymn books eliminate the old fumbling for the right page. Reverently serious faces look toward the stained-glass windows and the fresh flowers on the candlelit altar.

Tuesday and Thursday noons during winter find the Forum girls turning cooks! Every one crowds eagerly into the foods lab. "Have you any mushroom? Mmm, this is good!" And then members diligently begin their dish washing—always remembering to save the cans for the tin drive.

Spring—and Forum plants flowers! See, they are growing already—delicate morning glories and other bright, gay flowers—in the Quadrangle, the rock garden, near Scadding, everywhere.

Wet paint! What's this? Admiring students gaze upon freshly painted steps. They look almost too dazzling to walk on!

April means Quiet Day, one of the most precious of Hall traditions. Quiet and earnest prayer, inspiration and consecrated meditation, peace and beauty fill the chapel and the minds and hearts of every one.



E. Pollock, M. J. Duffy, H. Tims, V. Fretwell, J. Eggink.

GLEE CLUB

Through music the soul is expressed fully and delightfully. The aim of the Glee Club is to perfect the beauty of song and to seek after creative expression of that beauty.

A complete reorganization is the first achievement of the year for Glee Club. Fifteen new members undertake strenuous Tuesday rehearsals, which seem at first a combination of beautiful piano accompaniment and sour notes, playing havoc with the harmony. December, however, finds Glee Club ready for the first public appearance at assembly, highlighted by the ethereal quality of backstage descants. The Christmas song-fest at Mrs. Topping's home fairly brims over with carols and Christmas spirit. Another Christmas party at Helen Tims' home gathers members of Glee Club, Delta Psi Omega, and Undersudy for a big tree, games, gifts (especially Thusnellda, a goldfish given to June Richards), and lots of food.

January is a red-letter month because of the organization of the sextet and its appearance at the Y. W. C. A. "Quick, what are the words?" "Whew, it went over successfully." Lunch together afterwards is lots of fun. Another appearance follows quickly—only this time at Barnes Hospital. "Jeeps, no piano!" "Well, we kept on tune, didn't we?"

February gives the Glee Club a chance to entertain for the Mothers' Club. The box of chocolates, a surprise gift from the mothers, makes every one plead, "Let's sing here more often."

March finds us at Barnes again! What a wonderful way in which to help the war effort! Men—Too-Ra-Loo-Ra—St. Patrick's Day—green ribbons and shamrocks everywhere—all of these impressions blend into a perfect memory of Barnes.

May and the May Fete again offer Glee Club an opportunity for entertaining. Pastel colored formals are everywhere. Liltng melody, music shared with others for the love of beauty, bring true inspiration.



BACK ROW: B. Triplett, E. Pollock, H. Tims, M. Rogers, J. Greenberg, L. Calderwood, B. Haley.
FRONT ROW: M. H. Dully, V. Fretwell, Mrs. Gerretson, K. Joslin, J. Elliott.

H-CLUB

H-Club is the honorary which is the heart of the college Athletic Association. Its purpose is to further interest in physical education. Membership is gained after girls earn one hundred points through ten hours of active participation in sports.

September brings with it H-Club's first activity of the year, initiation, followed by a slumber party. *Slumber?* Well, one or two hours, perhaps, but principally H-Club members indulge in food and fun.

During an October assembly H-Club letters are presented. Each one represents twenty-five hours of work in various sports. Sweaters adorned with letters appear everywhere.

Remember the roller skating party at the Rollerdrome in February? Girls whiz by on skates. "Oh, if only I had a pillow!" The one lone man present reminds every one again of this man shortage! But members find solace in cokes around a cheery fire during the after-skating party.

May, as always, means plans for the annual May Fete. Excitement runs high during the election of the May Court. Who will be queen? Secret smiles are everywhere, until the excited announcement on Cotton Day. The H-Club year reaches a perfect climax in the beautiful May Festival, ruled over by the gracious Queen of St. Helens and filled with the carnival spirit and entertainment of her devoted subjects. Fortified by the delicious supper served by the Mothers' Club, every one gives herself up to enjoyment of the gay pageant, replete with fantasy and fun. The Kingdom of St. Helens adds another year to its colorful history!



BACK ROW: J. Elliott, M. Rogers, L. Calderwood.
FRONT ROW: M. Johnson, E. Pollock, Father Wolcott, B. Ashkar, H. Tims.

I. R. C.

Members of I. R. C. strive to obtain a deeper understanding of today's world and an unprejudiced view of world affairs. I. R. C., sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, receives monthly pamphlets and publications concerning world affairs. These events are discussed at meetings, and opinions are expressed and debated.

Organization and interesting plans fill the fall. Dinners prepared at the College by the members with Father Wolcott giving cooking hints to the girls—a combination of coffee and chocolate is by far the most interesting—make the meetings something really to anticipate. Baked potatoes and scrambled eggs prove that I. R. C. members can really cook! Students willingly join I. R. C., especially if they happen to wander by the foods lab. during dinner preparations.

Spring reminds us of the approach of one of the favorite college events. Cotton Day causes skirts and sweaters to vanish as if by magic. Instead, perky cotton dresses in gay colors and original styles appear on all sides. "Walk up on the stage and slowly turn around." "Oh, isn't that dress darling?" "Who will win?" Faculty and fashion experts judge. "Let's do this again next year!"

Regular meetings through the year are filled with discussions of the Atlantic Charter, of Dumbarton Oaks, of book reports of special interest—all impregnated with serious and deep thinking about citizenship—maintaining universal peace and security—the world's future.



BACK ROW: B. Ashkar, L. Calderwood, E. Pollack, L. Cochran.
FRONT ROW: G. Adams, K. Joslin, Mrs. Roy, B. Haley, P. Kooken.

RED CROSS COLLEGE UNIT

The Red Cross College Unit was organized at the Hall this year, the first college unit to be formed in Portland. Its aim is to aid in the relief of all human suffering. Activities are many and varied.

September introduces members to their first activity—the nutrition course. Busy girls conjure with calories and try to figure out what kind of fruit should be served with pork. From six until eight on Thursday evenings, when every one else is eating in peace and comfort, they are learning to feed others. Finally come canteen and actual practice in using recently acquired skills.

In the meantime girls are sewing on diapers, every one volunteering to finish at least one. Student body meeting, with so many industriously hemming, is quite a sight! Well, one has to learn sometime!

The real Christmas spirit is evidenced by the pocking of twenty-four boxes sent to the boys overseas. Practically every one in the student body runs into the "rec" room in between classes to help wrap the gifts in scads of tissue paper and with bright colored ribbon. Well, they are all ready to be sent. "Merry Christmas, soldier."

The Talent Unit is formed. "Smile at those boys at Barnes Hospital. That's what they need—a friendly smile!" Performances are ready on schedule, once every month. Those evenings are unforgettable: dinner at school—girls perfecting last-minute touches before the performance—walking down hospital corridors—appreciative smiles of the soldiers—visiting and chatting by the beds. "Say, my girl sings, too. Can you sing *White Christmas*?" "... a wonderful time! Let's go more often."

The drama department presentation of *No Coward Soul* as a Red Cross benefit is a huge success. The money raised will help save many lives.

"It costs six dollars a second to maintain the American Red Cross all over the world. Let's help!" Thinking about such matters, the College embarks on the Red Cross War Fund drive. Competitive sides, taking part in what is called the Gold-Diggers' Contest, succeed in collecting the quota in five minutes. A coke party rewards the winning team.

The crowning glory of the year comes when the American Red Cross presents its official charter to the St. Helen's Hall Junior College Unit. It is a recognition not only of the work of the members but also of the active participation in Red Cross work of the entire student body. Trips to the Blood Bank are frequent occurrences. Common purpose brings complete unity and ceaseless striving together for the banishment of want and suffering.



BACK ROW: B. Ashkar, L. Calderwood, G. Pate.

FRONT ROW: M. Rogers, H. Tims, P. Kooken, Mrs. Collett, J. Eggink, B. Haley.

UNDERSTUDY CLUB

Understudy Club, sponsored by Delta Psi Omega, is an active and indispensable part of the dramatic life of the college. This organization supplies the stage crews and technical staff for all productions throughout the year. Membership is open to any student who is willing to give before an open meeting some proof of her interest in any phase of dramatic art.

The installation of new officers is always an impressive ceremony, especially when intensified by candlelight. There are vows to be made, congratulations to be extended; and then the formality is over. Yummy refreshments of hot chocolate and fresh ginger bread just out of the oven complete the meeting.

Chinese Stunt Night is here, and the auditorium a mess. Sue to the rescue, almost single-handedly, arranges all the chairs and mops the floors.

Now come the weeks and weeks of preparation for Experimental Night. Materials must be bought and costumes made. Costumes must be fitted—and re-fitted—and re-fitted—and re-fitted ad infinitum. Why do the acting people lose so much weight? Are they doing it just to plague us? Do we have all the properties lined up? It really takes personality to wheedle antiques out of crochety owners. Oh, those light and curtain cues! Will we ever live through this?

At last it's over and we're still here. But no rest for the wicked, as the saying goes. We must be terribly wicked; for now we have to find sophisticated dinner gowns and divisional style modern furniture; oh, yes, and a Louis XIV set thrown in for good measure. One thing the drama department has, and that's variety. Never a dull moment.

June—Commencement—peace at last. Farewell Understudy; Delta Psi, here we come!



M. Leicht, B. Ashkar, B. Young, J. Richards, B. Haley.

Presenting Her Majesty,
QUEEN BARBARA I
of the Kingdom of St. Helens

"Her majesty decrees that the evening of the eighteenth day of May shall be one of feasting and merriment for her court and loyal subjects."

Prior to this royal proclamation which officially opens the May Carnival of 1945, Her Royal Highness, Princess Barbara, and her ladies-in-waiting, the Princesses June Richards and Bernice Ashkar, together with all other members and guests of the court, have been served by the Mothers' Club a delicious royal banquet (chicken and all sorts of good things!).

The coronation ceremonies beginning with the royal processional, the jesters prancing along in mock dignity beside their petite ruler, have progressed to their climax as the Prime Minister (Mrs. Fariss) places the crown of white flowers on the head of the new sovereign, proclaiming, "I crown thee Queen Barbara I". Now comes the first royal edict of Queen Barbara, officially opening the evening to merry-making. The ceremonies are placed in the hands of the Mistress of Court Entertainment, Margaret Rogers . . .

"Her majesty's loyal subjects welcome spring." (A doubtful spring, with intermittent showers) . . .

Music, dancing, a kingdom of color and laughter . . .

"For the pleasure of your gracious majesty . . ."

Fairyland comes to the Hall for a brief moment with the never-failing enchantment of Peter Pan and Wendy.

Last of all comes the traditional May-pole dance. Girls in pastel formals weave a symphony of color around the white pole . . .

With a low curtsy the Mistress of Court Entertainment declares the program to be at an end. The recessional music begins . . . the queen rises and is helped from the throne by the jesters. Another May Carnival becomes a memory.

DRAMA DEPARTMENT

Rehearsals started even before school began; and if the drama department continues to run true to form, rehearsals will undoubtedly still be going on long after school is out; for productions seem to go on forever! During Freshman Week, the new students were to be introduced to the drama department via *College Daze*, the first performance of the year. After a series of fun-packed rehearsals, the play was ready to be presented. A Lowly Freshman, portrayed by Ruth Wacker, under the wing of an Academic Guide, played by Mary-Helen Duffy, was led through the trials and tribulations of a mythical college life, in which she underwent registration, sorority pledging, psychological tests, nursery-school training, and selected classes. Hoping that the audience would return at later dates for more serious productions, the drama department bade adieu to what might well be described as "low" comedy.

Christmas seemed to come earlier than usual, for some reason, and with it came more rehearsals. This time, however, the mood was quite different from the first show of the year. Peace and hope were the messages the girls worked to convey through the production of *Women of Bethlehem*. Joyous music from two choirs, combined with the soft glow of lighted tapers, added greater meaning to the Angel's prayer for a war-torn world: "... and may the light that filled the world on that blessed night so long ago bring the promise of peace to all nations and the richness of love to each of you ..."

Christmas vacation brought the beginning of a new year; and with that new year, plans were made for the first major production of the season, the Student Players' seventh annual experimental night. The date was set for February ninth. An original script was compiled by Mrs. Carolyn B. Collett from books and plays about the three Bronte sisters of Haworth, England. The title, "*No Coward Soul* . . .", was taken from the last poem ever written by Emily Bronte; and the nine scenes of the play were introduced by excerpts from poems written either by Emily or by Charlotte Bronte. Into the roles of the famous sisters were cast Virginia Torgeson as Charlotte Bronte, June Richards as Emily Bronte, and Beverly Triplett as Anne Bronte.

"The creation of a human soul is an unforgettable experience . . ." To the cast of "*No Coward Soul* . . ." came the tremendous responsibility of portraying characters who had really lived. Each girl approached her role with humility, realizing that any misinterpretation on her part would be a blasphemy against a "human soul". Several weeks of research acquainted each girl with the intricacies of the character she was to depict, including even the minute details of personal correspondence.

In the staging of this experimental production, the "fourth wall", or proscenium arch, was actually used in the set. A dark purple drapery was hung to stage left, just inside the outer stage curtain, only its border revealed. This drapery represented a window in Haworth Parsonage. Whenever an actress stood by it, she was gazing, in her character's mind, upon the dismal moors which so influenced the lives of the Bronte sisters.

Experimental in nature, also, was the costuming of the play. All of the costumes were stylized, being made exactly alike in accordance with one, simple, period pattern, differing only in color. The symbolical value of color was employed to denote the essential qualities or core of each character to be portrayed.

On the opening night, the "before-curtain" hush back-stage was momentarily broken when Mrs. Collett brought in a small hand-painted picture of pale blue harebells. The picture had been painted by Charlotte Bronte herself almost one hundred years ago, and had been brought to the play by a great-niece of Arthur Nicholls, Charlotte's husband. It was as though the very spirit of the moors had entered Scadding Hall. Each girl went on stage more resolved than ever to do justice to the story of the Brontes.

"*No Coward Soul* . . ." was twice repeated during March for the benefit of the Red Cross War Fund. Having once given the play for their own creative and aesthetic satisfaction, the girls were anxious and willing to repeat it for such a cause and in this way to prove that the theatre can have a definite place in a world at war.

Reluctantly, oh, so very reluctantly, the girls closed the prompt book for "*No Coward Soul* . . ." and began rehearsals for the spring play, John Van Druten's *Old Acquaintance*. A far cry from Haworth Parsonage on the Yorkshire moors and from the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels, a duplex flat in Greenwich Village and a Park Avenue apartment in New York were the new stage-sets for Scadding Hall. The girls were now to learn that even so-called "sophisticated comedy" must be created with truth and absolute sincerity. As the rehearsals progressed, the underlying drama was revealed. The girls realized that to feel intense emotion and cover it with sparkling repartee took even greater ability than to portray unconcealed emotion.

May tenth and eleventh saw the final performances of the Student Players of 1944-1945. The academic year had been filled with rehearsals, rehearsals, rehearsals; but each girl found herself infinitely richer in human experience and understanding after even a brief submerging of her own personality in another character; for, although the performance is the technical goal of rehearsals, the perfection of a role may often be reached in the rehearsal room. Truly each girl learned to develop "... the creative spark which burns as a flame in the soul of each of us."

JUNIOR COLLEGE HONORS

FRESHMAN AWARDS

The Nelson Shield goes each year to the freshman who has contributed most to the activities of the school. This year the award goes to Bevins Haley.

From every freshman class a representative girl is chosen. She is the girl whose character, ideals, and activities seem most truly representative of the ideals of St. Helen's Hall Junior College. The Representative Freshman Girl this year is Lois Calderwood.

DELTA PSI OMEGA AWARDS

The Delta Psi Omega Honorary Award goes to the non-member of the fraternity for outstanding service "behind the scenes". This year the freshman whom the members consider as having contributed most selflessly to the dramatic activities of the school is Bevins Haley.

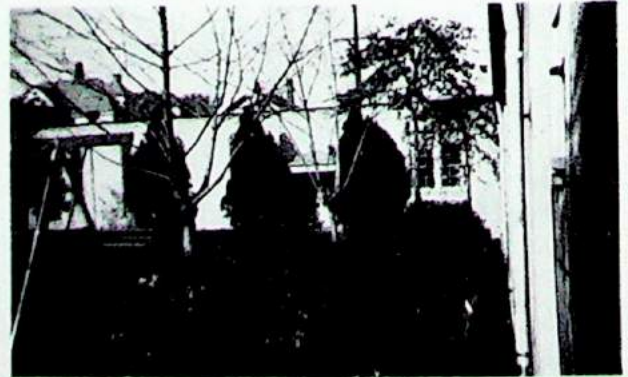
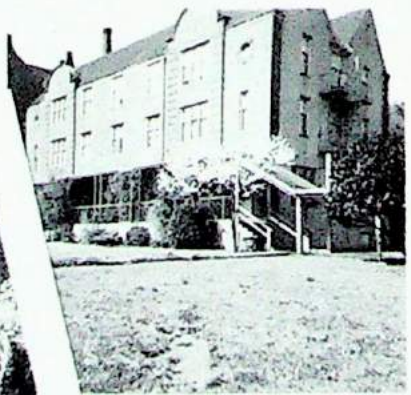
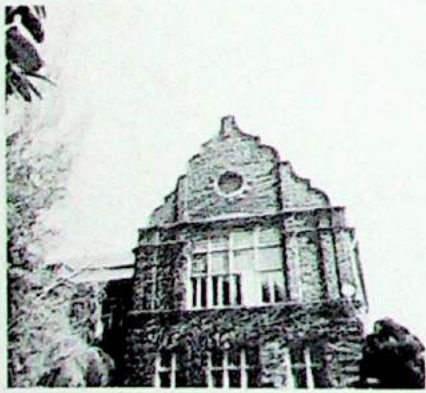
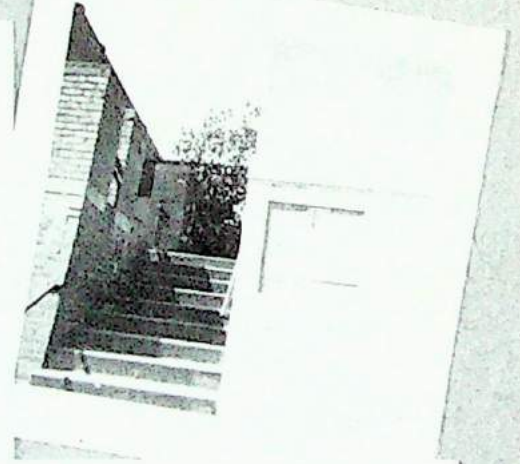
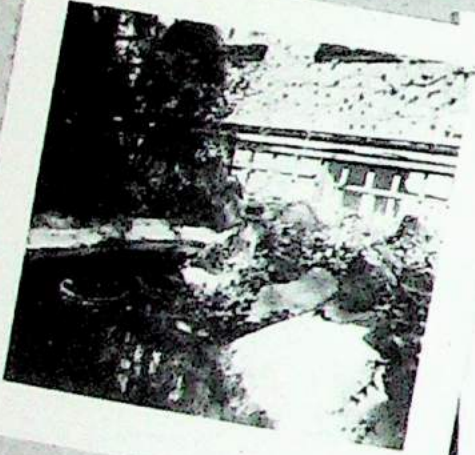
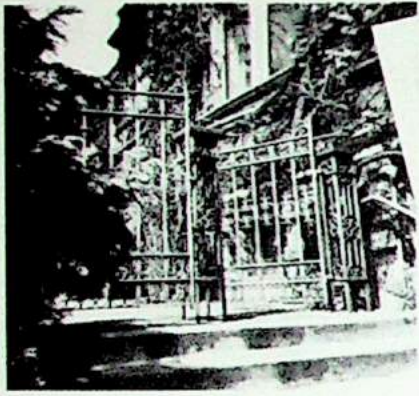
The Director's Award . . . to a member of Understudy who has contributed most in a specialized field to the dramatic activity of the school. This year the award goes to Lois Calderwood.

The Director's Award . . . to a member of Delta Psi Omega who has most selflessly and consistently participated in all dramatic productions in her years at college, in large ways and small ways, holding as her goal the advancement of college dramatics. This award goes to Beverly Triplett.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AWARDS

The Freshman Award . . . to the girl who is the most outstanding in athletics and has contributed most to the Athletic Association is presented this year to Bevins Haley.

The Sophomore Award . . . to the girl who has shown loyalty, sportsmanship, and achievement in her years at college goes to Katherine Joslin.

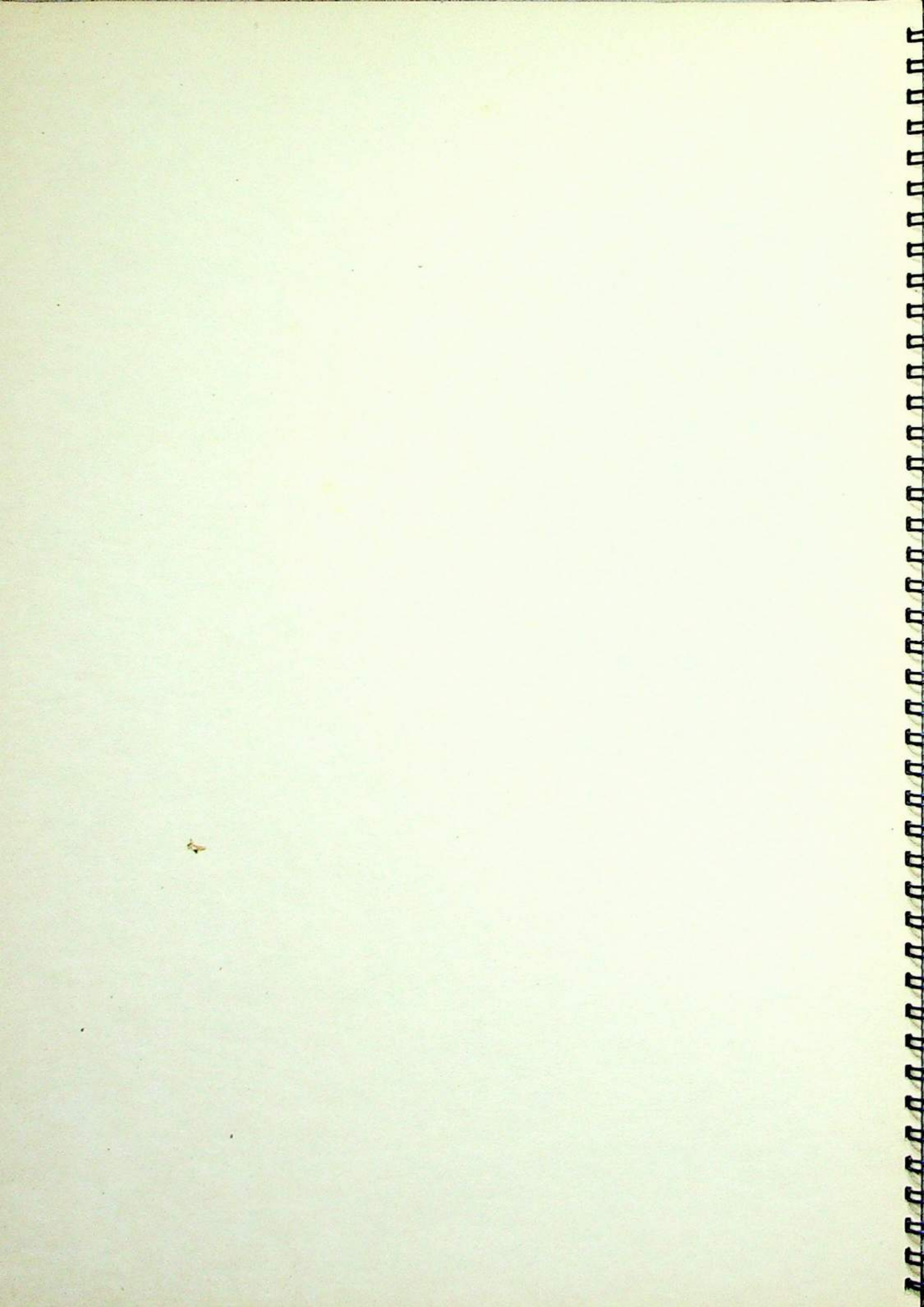


Snapshots for Your Album of Memories



Like birds in April, future winds I'll brave
Through darkness on some far but certain flight.
—Jesse Stuart.

Literary



THE SPIRIT OF THE HALL

*"Day is done — and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night . . ."*

The last farewell was sounded, the last locker closed. The outside door banged once again as dust sifted slowly through the quieting air. Absolute silence—then a faint whispering sigh gathered in the Hall. Before a door—in the locker room—down the corridor—nothing visible, but surely the air was stirring. An echo, perhaps, not yet dead. . . . Or a wish not quite fulfilled. . . . Or a memory too new to rest. . . . From the book store a murmur arises. Not a sound—no, not a sound; for there is no sound where there are no ears to hear. But could mortal ears now listen, would they then hear sound?

The dusk thickens, and in the library the pages of the scrapbook rustle on the table. From the heart of old Scintillas a little puff floats, seems to drift toward the scrapbook. Softly from the chapel comes the faintest of organ chords, softer than the flicker of an altar candle. A living silence—and a murmur grows more in the library. For now the assemblage is complete, the Spirit of the Hall is gathered.

The echo of each year takes its place at the long table, and one is noted that is more than a year old. This is the newest of them all, too near yet to its own birth to be adult, too recently parted from the adieus of the year's perpetuators to be tear-dried. Anxious to present its true account, to fill its proper place in the sequence, yet too closely bound to recent life to wish to leave it, reluctantly the newest spirit yields to the roll.

As the head-scribe questions, however, the echo answers truly, ". . . few in number, but all possessed of honest hearts . . . traditions loyally observed and faithfully upheld . . . keenly felt the value of our work . . . cherished . . . worked ever for the goal we held . . . possessed a pride in that which was well done . . . gained a deep, enduring love and counted parting sorrow, yet left with richer hearts and a clearer sense of purpose . . . built for life, yet fashioned of memories . . . refused ever to forget the path we traveled forward. . . . Each left a bit of heart within these walls, and yet retained a fuller heart than she entered here . . ."

Then the eldest spirit speaks, "Welcome here . . . for truly you are of us. Know you that here, though you are a living part of the Hall Spirit—never to die, or to be forgotten . . . preserved always in the pulsing throb of all Hall hearts."

And the scrapbook turns another page, exposing a clean leaf; the dust settles back on the pages of Scintillas, covering the newest year book, too; and the Spirit of the Hall sinks into its rest for the new year . . .

INDELIBLE INTERLUDE

Through the eyes of a disinterested observer, the small Naval Air Station is indeed small, but through the eyes and heart of a mother, sweetheart, or sister of an LTA sailor, the station is magnificent, cruel, exciting, and yet heartbreaking. From every state in the Union come these men, from Mexico, Cuba, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands. They come not to fight the "battle of the blivy bags", as they describe it, but to see the world or to win the war from a flat top or battle wagon. They come from all walks of life, after all types of training, to be lighter-than-air men on this small base. Many are dissatisfied, but here they are, working together and taking care of their "blivy bags", the non-rigid airships commonly known as Navy blimps.

Here in the wee small hours of morning of Thanksgiving Day, they move through the patches of mist, passing the immense buildings with their weird shadows. The only light is the shifting beam of green, the ceaseless beacon, guiding the way to the main hangar.

Things are "jumping" in the hangar, but no more so than usual. The vibrant hum of motors, the tinkle of tools dropping from tired hands to the cement, even the voices of weary men produce a bustling activity not unlike that of a farmhouse kitchen. But there is little thought here of Thanksgiving Day!

"Bill, d'ya think we'll ever get this damn engine tinkin' again?"

"Ah cain't tell you-all, mate. Ah jest know that, effen we doan't soon, ah'm jest goin' to flake out right heah."

Hear that whistle? That's for the shiphandlers. They pour from the barracks, corridors, offices. The boys are struggling into their dungarees and heavy jackets now, as they run onto the slippery field. Huddling in a small group, shivering, teeth chattering, the boys watch the huge splinter of silver float earthward.

"Cripes, you'd think they'd wait until a decent time of morning to bring that damn thing down."

"Gimme a cigarette, Pete."

"Can't. No smoking on field. Some fool Nip's liable to see it 'n blow us up."

The knot of men breaks up as the cables swing to the field. The huge balloon glides closer, closer, only a foot more to go. A gust of wind, and the ship is carried to the opposite end of the field. The men run there and back, to the right and to the left, until ship and men are united, all disappearing into the hangar.

The work continues quietly during the better part of the morning. Little is said; much is done. At 1100 comes the sound of another whistle, unlike the shiphandler's signal. It must be important. Each man has a set, determined frown on his face as he "falls in", and soon the O. D. marches up, smartly salutes, and snaps out his orders. Another crew strides out and boards a ship. Another follows, another, and still another. Once more comes a blast of the mighty siren, "all hands turn to". The huge doors are rolled back with a mighty groan, and a blast of driving rain sweeps in. Soon four shimmering beauties are in the air, lunging through the storm. Destination: peril.

One hour passes, two, three, four. The silence is broken only once. "Anybody goin' up for chow?" Some one shoots the sailor a scornful glance. Every man has a fearful look on his face. Each is thinking of the crews of those ships. One poor fellow "out there" is expecting an addition to his family any hour. Another is leaving tomorrow. Each mechanic is meditating on his engine, the one he swears at, spits at, and kicks. But right now he's calling her "honey" and pleading with her to bring her cargo of men home safely. Each fabric man is dreading the thought he tries to banish, the thought of hard machine gun blasts, plunging the carriage of human lives into a cold, beating ocean. More slow hours pass. Radios are still silent; not a sound can be heard, only the pounding of rain. Occasionally a man lifts a tired hand to wipe perspiration from his brow. At 1900 the silence is broken.

"K33 calling ABC tower. Roll back those pearly gates, mates. We're comin' home."

The men jump to their feet, dash out into the storm, and pull the giant balloons to safety.

Cheers go up as the landing crew spy the empty depth charge racks and notice the absence of bombs. Each ship is empty of her ammunition, and each flight crew has completed its mission.

"Well, Joe, 'spose we can still find some turkey and dressing waitin' for us?"

"Gosh, it is Thanksgiving, isn't it?"

—PATRICIA MOORE.

STAR-LIGHT

God looked down and saw a world black as the Pit with sin and hate and greed. He saw his children stumbling over the racks, for they were blind in the absence of light; shivering, for they were cold in the lack of heat. And he leaned over and loosed the fastenings of a tiny star, so that it swung free from heaven and drifted—drifted low till it floated among the children of earth.

The little star saw what God had seen; and it knew God's purpose, so it gleamed brilliantly, shedding its glow that the children might see. Under the shining of the star, the children lifted their heads and, beholding it there, close above them, walked more surely; for the way was now light. Coming close to the star, they lifted their arms to clutch it, so that they might hold it always, as a candle in the dark; but they found that they could not touch the star and were disappointed. The star gave counsel to comfort them, saying, "By fingers I cannot be held; but open your hearts, and I will enter."

Hearing this, the children obeyed, and God, looking down, saw the rays of the star flashing in mirror-like gleams from within the children's hearts.

An angel asked of God, "Now will you bring the little star back? For they have seen its light, and their own hearts reflect it."

And God replied, "Not yet. A mirror-like heart is not enough."

So the tiny star burned brighter, more fiercely, so that the children began to feel the warmth of its beams. And that which was ice within them melted. Their frozen hearts thawed and began to feel the pulse of life.

Again the angel turned to God, asking, "Now will you bring the star back? For they have felt its warmth."

But still God answered, "Not yet. One moment more."

Then into the beating hearts of the children the star cast its strongest rays; and in the souls of the children the sparks caught fire and glowed of their own accord. With wonder, the children watched and fanned the sparks gently, nursing the flame.

And as the heart-fires grew, the tiny star rejoiced; and the angel turned to God, who smiled and said, "Go now, and bring the star home."

But when the angel arrived to carry the star back to heaven, the children wept and cried aloud until the star itself silenced them, saying, "Weep not for me, nor consider me as gone, for I am warmth and light. Therefore, as long as my flame burns in your hearts, I am here. Now go and spread my fire, that I may be with you always."

So the children scattered and carried the flame to the darkest corners of the earth. And to the tongues of the children, when they spoke of the star, came many different names. Some called it "Hope", some "Faith", and some "Kindness". But more often than by any other name, it was called "Love".

—BEVINS HALEY.

"LET FREEDOM RING!"

Anthems echo from the gate
Of God's great realm above;
Ageless tunes reverberate
New words of sacred love;
For marching feet no more resound
Upon the earthen floor;
Psalms of joy, long-lost, are found
Within men's hearts once more.

Notes of rapture, touched with prayer,
Ring out through all the world;
Chords from Heaven's shrine, so fair,
Breathe peace on flags unfurled,
Within this new day's glorious scope,
Which dims all mortal pain,
Strains from Angels' lutes bring hope
To war-torn homes again!

—HELEN L. TIMS.

PEACE

The highway stretched before me, long,
Like a silver ribbon streaming.
The moon was bright,
The breezes light;
And all the world was dreaming.

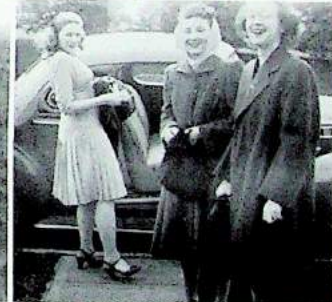
Around, the untamed prairie ranged
In solemn stillness wreathed.
Tumbleweeds played,
And wild sage swayed,
While I their perfume breathed.

The cactus raised its prickly arms
In endless supplication.
A calf forlorn,
Alone since morn,
Bawled out its consternation.

A pungent sweetness filled the air
And sent my senses reeling.
A desert hare
Leaped here and there
With a spirit I was feeling.

The sun-scorched hills and yawning voids . . .
The plains which never cease.
This scene portrayed
To me conveyed
An everlasting peace.

—VIRGINIA FRASER.



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*This page is dedicated to
the former students of
St. Helen's Hall Junior College
who are now serving in the
Armed Forces*

St. Helen's Hall Junior College
MOTHERS' CLUB

