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# THE DELPHIC

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1931







ST. HELEN'S HALL



# THE DELPHIC

ST. HELEN'S HALL  
*of*  
PORTLAND, OREGON



1930 - 1931

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## MUSIC AND ART

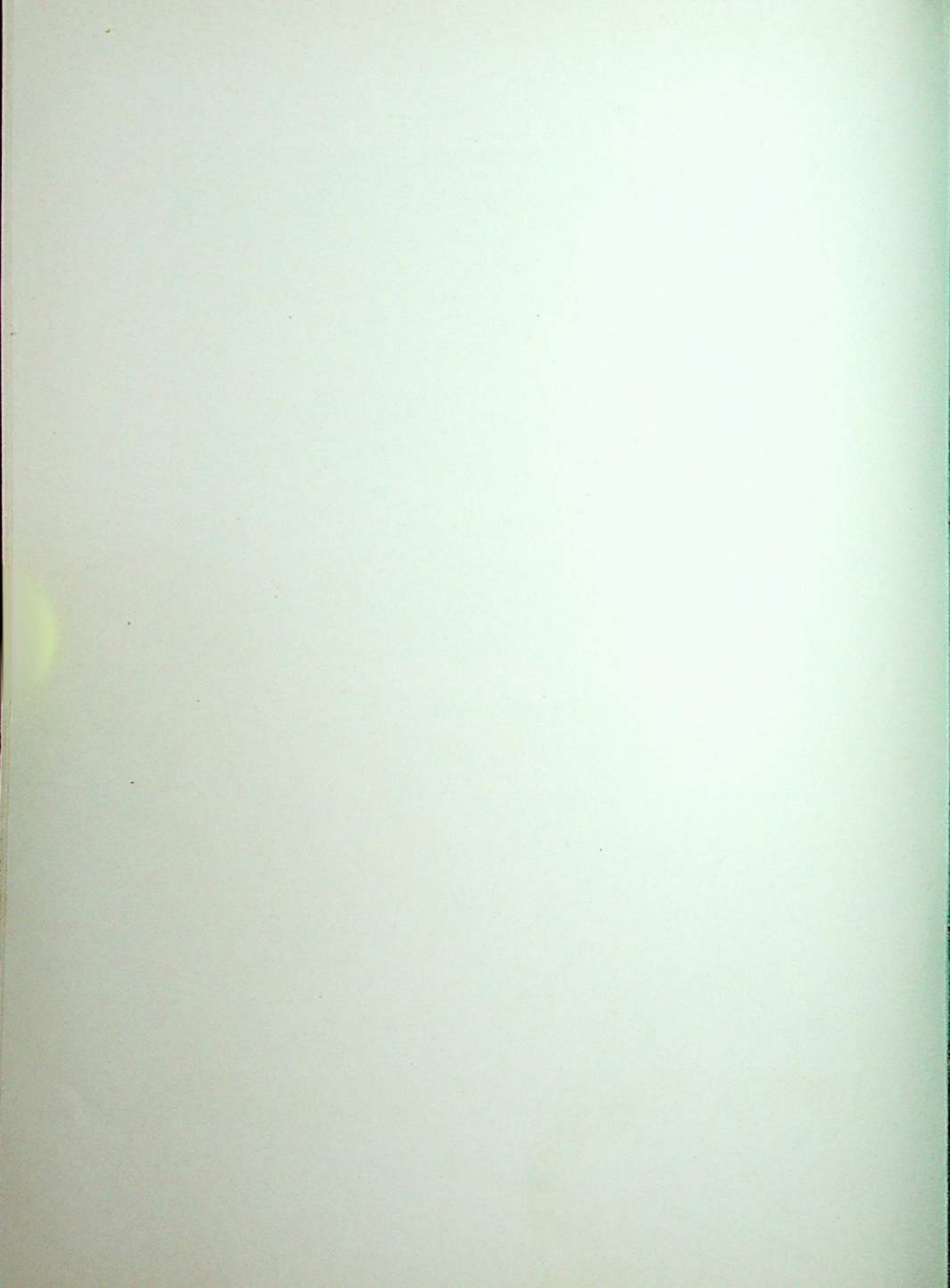
- PAULINE MILLER CHAPMAN.....*Voice*
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Interpretation of Modern Music under Louis Victor Saar, 1927
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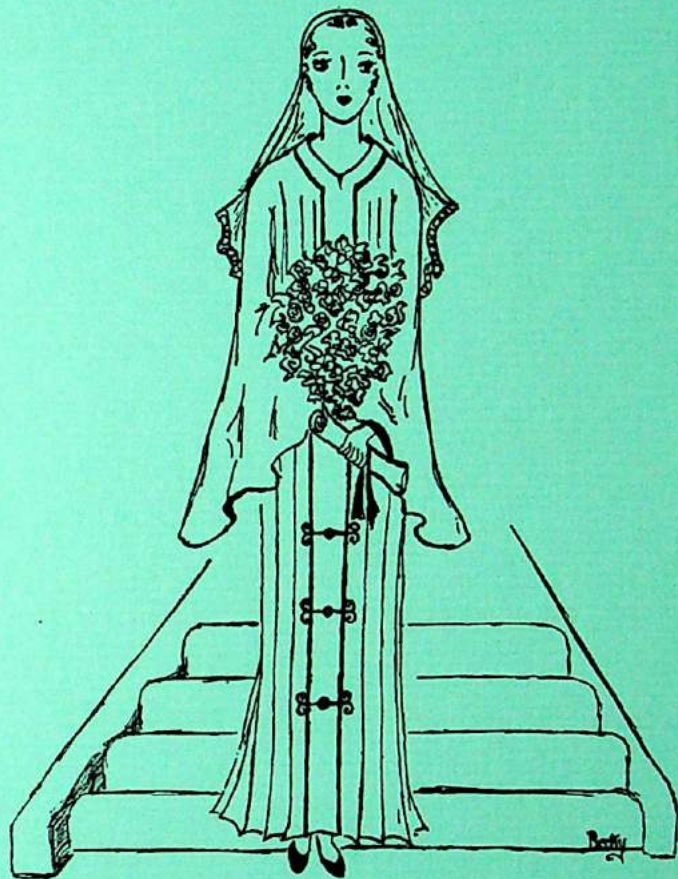


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1930-1931

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RUTH SCRUGGS



HELEN STRATTON





HANNASUE WATTS

## Class Prophecy

June 2, 1951.

My dear Mrs. Fariss:

I imagine that you will be greatly surprised to hear from whom this letter comes. Do you remember Mary Beckwith and Hannasue Watts of the Class of 1931? We thought that you might be interested in hearing about the rest of your pupils of our class. Do you realize that twenty years ago tonight we walked down the aisle and received our diplomas? What a thrill surged through us all!

I have been promoting bigger and better walkathons over the world. I took Mary along as a traveling partner, but, as she tired of this life, she is going back to Portland tomorrow as the matron of the Waverly Baby Home. She always did love children! Should you be interested in hearing of the girls that we saw on our travels?

Evelyn Bates has endowed a fund for the aid of all children who fall and hurt themselves in basketball. Do you remember how she always used to hurt herself? Irene Carter came to me one day as a traveling saleswoman and tried to sell me a Remington typewriter. On our trip to promote walkathons in the jungles, we found June Clancy working as a missionary among the natives.

When we returned to Portland, hunting for new talent, we found Peggy Cullers planning luncheon sales for Grandma's Kitchen. We decided to visit Portland's new theatre to relax our nerves. My! What a surprise! One of the dancers in Fanchon and Marco's Stage Revue was none other than our fellow student, Barbara Fiske. On our way out, we saw Nancy Foley, looking rather worried. She informed us that she was now secretary at the Hill Military Academy and that she was hunting for some of their "dear naughty boys".

We wanted to put an advertisement of our contest in the paper and so went to see the editor of the *Oregonian*. It was Katharine Gilbert, and she refused to put such "trash" in her newspaper. She called Mary Katherine Johnson to see us and showed us some of the poetry that Mary Katherine had been writing for the *lovelorn*. While we were still talking to them, Mariah Grimes walked in. She is a model for the *Baby's Boudoir*.

After leaving the girls, we decided that we should tour California. I had to write a letter to my Southern manager, and upon going to the Air Mail service to send it, we found that an old friend, Rhoda Holman, was the owner of the service from Portland to Palo Alto. She used to send so many letters, that we weren't the least bit surprised.

On the train we found Vivian Howe: she is, as you probably know, Greta Garbo's greatest rival. How these two can act! She told us that Helen Hoffmann is leading a life of dissipation and dance in Paris. At the station we were met by Elizabeth Heckman, who had heard that we would be in town. Mrs. Fariss, I have a surprise for you. She is going to send you her revised edition of grammar rules. She started to drive away when her Ford suddenly stopped. After tearing her hair for awhile, she telephoned for a garage man. Who should come in a towing car but Maxine Mieth! She is now the Ford Company's most famous

mechanic. She said that she had repaired Gladys Norville's Ford limousine. Gladys is the rising young pupil of Helen Kane—the boop-boop-a-doop girl.

We decided to make ourselves beautiful, and so we asked Elizabeth and Maxine where we should go. They said that Ruth Scruggs and Dorothy Enos had opened a hair-dressing establishment on the roof of Woolworth's.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot to tell you. Traveling with us are Susan Sargent and Helen Stratton. They do a trapeze act during the fifteen minute rest periods. It is certainly exciting! Helen catches Sue on a double somersault.

Well, we must close, but before we do, we want to congratulate you on your new edition of Shakespeare's works.

Your old students,

MARY BECKWITH and  
HANNASUE WATTS.

\* \* \*

## When We Were Very Young

(See Opposite Page)

Mary Beckwith	Helen Stratton	June Clancy	Susan Sargent
Barbara Fiske	Maxine Mieth	Vivian Howe	Nancy Foley
Mary K. Johnson	Ruth Scruggs	Helen Hoffmann	Dorothy Enos
Peggy Cullers	Hannasue Watts	Mariah Grimes	Evelyn Bates
Elizabeth Heckman	Katharine Gilbert	Rhoda Holman	Gladys Norville





## Class Will

We, the graduating class of 1931, will to the Juniors the joys and sorrows of being a Senior.

To all underclassmen we will the honor of looking up to Seniors.

I, Evelyn Bates, will my baby voice to Dorothy Hill.

I, Mary Beckwith, will my blond, flowing tresses to Martha Carpenter.

I, Irene Carter, will my athletic ability to Bernice Norville.

I, June Clancy, will my ability to make insipid puns to Anna Louise Rice.

I, Peggy Cullers, will my ability to maintain order in class meeting to Jean Luckel.

I, Dorothy Enos, will my ability to do my hair up, to Kathleen Aston.

I, Barbara Fiske, will my boisterous ways to Jean Cameron.

I, Nancy Foley, will my ability to get A's to Blanche Rusconi.

I, Katharine Gilbert, will my threadbare *Burke* to the Smithsonian Institute.

I, Mariah Grimes, will my gold fish to Gladys Taylor.

I, Elizabeth Heckman, will my willowy figure to Nancy Lou Cullers.

I, Helen Hoffmann, will my tidy ways to Barbara Berger.

I, Rhoda Holman, will my fraternity pin to Katherine Espy.

I, Vivian Howe, will my quiet feminine ways to Ruth Smith.

I, Mary Katherine Johnson, will my liquid diet to Ruth Simmonds.

I, Maxine Mieth, will my ability to bluff to Jane Bickle.

I, Gladys Norville, will my Prima Donna voice to Jane Tennison.

I, Susan Sargent, will my sense of humor to Helen Drill.

I, Ruth Scruggs, will my pleasing laugh to Carolyn Stratton.

I, Helen Stratton, will my pearly white teeth to Pepsodent as an advertisement.

I, Hannasue Watts, will my pep to Doreen Plympton.



Literary



## School Honors

1930

The Oregon Historical Society in the C. C. Beekman Prize Contest for 1930 awarded their First Prize, \$60.00, and a beautiful bronze medal to Jane Bickle. The subject of her essay was: "The Admission of Oregon to Statehood." Second Honorable Mention was given to Peggy Cullers.

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

Betty Tubbs

Other winners of Certificates of Merit:

Jane Tennison  
Frances Miller  
Helen Drill  
Helen Dahl  
Gretchen Smith

The Alumnae Pin is awarded to the Senior of good scholarship who has most actively contributed to the School Life. This honor went to Marion Denton. Honorable mention was given to Blanche Coe and Jane Fales.

A silver vase has been given to the Boarding Department. On this each year are put the numerals of the class obtaining the highest average in Good Citizenship. The honor of this year's inscription went to "1933", the Freshman Class.

For the highest average in Good Citizenship a pin and testimonial were awarded to Frances Watzek.

In the Fire Prevention Essay Contest the First Prize, \$5.00, was awarded to Ruth Clarke. The Second Prize, \$3.00, was awarded to Meela Whitehead. The Third Prize, \$2.00, was awarded to Margaret MacMillan.

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

A beautiful silver bon-bon spoon given by Mrs. John S. Parke to the girl who on all occasions is most courteous went to Daria Sangster.

The Holford Cup for Sacred Studies was awarded to Lillian Troest. Honorable mention was given to Elizabeth Reeves.

## 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

Lela Blanche Coe  
 Jane Bickle  
 Jane Campbell  
 Peggy Cullers  
 Helen Drill

Marjorie Mautz  
 Frances Miller  
 Elizabeth Reeves  
 Mary Reinhart  
 Nancy Cullers

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

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

Elsa Boyer  
 Isabelle Chandler  
 Catherine Dahm  
 Barbara Fiske  
 Helen Monner

Bernice Norville  
 Elizabeth O'Reilly  
 Margaret Reeves  
 Betty Tubbs  
 Frances Watzek

Evelyn Zehntbauer

Honorable mention was given to Vivian Howe and Susan Strowbridge, who failed to win the Second Testimonial because of absence due to illness.



## *Editorials*

Here are we, the class of 1931, standing, like explorers of old, with our faces to the setting sun and the land that lies far to the West. Our Spanish galleon is rolling on the waves, and the fresh salt wind blows free in our faces. All life lies before us! Behind is the known world, the world of everyday struggle, of peace and security. Before us stretches only a vast and boundless sea. We hate to leave this happy harbor, but the breeze is blowing from the West, and with its naked sting it bears a promise of the great unknown. Winds may howl, and waves may lash around us before we reach the Happy Isles, but our ship will come back into port under full sail, heavy with dreams fulfilled.

Anchors away! We are out to conquer!

\* \* \*

School spirit! How often we read editorials in school annuals upon this subject. Too often, many people say, but, if we stop to think of how important is school spirit in making our school activities successful, we can begin to realize the reason for the many editorials devoted to this theme.

If we notice the schools in which many different sports play an important part, we shall also notice that these are the ones in which the enthusiasm of the students runs high. Their attendance at the contests and competitive games and their willingness to work for their team are the things that make the sports a success.

School spirit, however, goes deeper than the mere activities. It is necessary, of course, to turn out for the games and to join in the support of the team, but to be loyal to our school in the truest sense of the word is still more important. Our loyalty is reflected in our attitude toward all phases of school life, in obedience to rules, and in application to studies. Students receive much from their school, and in return they should give the best of themselves.

We, the Seniors, are about to end four happy years at St. Helen's Hall. We have gained in knowledge and have made lasting friendships. We have received innumerable benefits, and in return we hope we have reflected that genuine school spirit and loyalty which are so essential to the life of our school and so necessary to the molding of our characters.

## The King and His Successor

TWO characters more in antithesis than Claudius and Hamlet, the king, could hardly be imagined. In one man we see intensified all the rotten traits of human nature, covered by a mask of smirking hypocrisy. In the other man we see all the noble traits, glorified to an almost epic heroism.

Claudius is the more complex of the two. He is flesh and blood, with his very humanity a halfway pardon for his sins. Contrary to what Shakespeare himself said about death and the evil that man does, the death of Hamlet has erased in the hearts of men his misdoings and left only an exaggerated record of his virtues and achievements. He lacks the frailties which would make him human.

Claudius is a coward. Instead of settling the dispute with Norway by war, as Hamlet would have done, he tries to arbitrate and prevent war. He will probably be more successful by this wily policy, however, than as if he had given way to hot-headed bravery.

He is more perceptive than the former king. Hamlet loved Gertrude and believed that she was as admirable as he. Claudius understands her and takes advantage of her weakness.

Claudius places everything second to his ambition. He wishes to be king of Denmark. It is true that to accomplish this he will have to commit a few crimes, such as fratricide, but it is a very simple matter to kill his brother and induce his brother's wife to marry him. To do this successfully he must have had a genius for intrigue and a strong power of fascination. He is a shrewd man with the cunning of a fox. Hamlet was probably of greater intelligence but of less cleverness.

What puzzles me is how any one who knew even a little about the influence of heredity could create two brothers so different in every way, and who had no traits, apparently, in common. But we must bow to the genius of the world's greatest playwright and, overlooking his seeming mistake, say with Hamlet, "The play's the thing!"

—MARY KATHERINE JOHNSON, '31.



## Exploration

AS I sat before the fire reading those memorable speeches of Lincoln, I became very weary and longed to start on a vacation trip through the "Land of Fancy". I settled down in my easy chair and allowed my imagination to reign. Up through the night I flew with wings of wind. In my staunch little aeroplane with my pilot keen and sure, I went to the big North Pole and to the very end of the rainbow. Along the starry lanes we sped and passed an old witch on her broom.

Blithely we coasted for many a slippery mile along that dazzling rainbow. We had no need for lights. When we were brought up short against the Pole, there, to be sure, was the pot of gold. The gold was too heavy to carry away and entirely useless in our happy world of fancy.

Along the Milky Way we sped to the Tavern of Cream and Cheese. There we drank the Dipper dry and went to bed in a cloud.

At dawn again we climbed the clouds. The Winds went into gales of laughter at the foreigners visiting Skyland. Surprised, the Sun rose and then sat down.

Again it was brilliant night. The air was full of elfin things. How we were ridiculed! Every Star in the heavens pointed at us and winked at each other. The baby Stars laughed out loud.

The Dragon with the blazing eye ordered us out of his own blue sky. Scorpio tried to sting us. We splashed him with milk from the Dipper. The Comet lashed his tail. We twisted it around the Pole.

The Man in the Moon, swinging his feet from the outer edge, shouted that he would shiver our timbers. He pelted our tiny plane with snowballs and drenched us with moonbeams. We were quite moon struck. We reached up and tickled his toes. The Man in the Moon went into an eclipse.

Once more our golden ship, in a sea of black, sailed along the star-lit lanes, while the Meteors showered and spit. The Whale with a star in his nose tried to swallow us. The little Stars began to cry. But we followed the signs of the Zodiac and arrived at a port on the coast of Mars.

Old Man Mars was leaning on his front gate. He was not very cordial. He was clad in armor brave and was blazing in wrath. We were only "worms of earth". Shouting Martian oaths, he shook his horny fist and called us "base earthenware".

The funny little Martian soldiers challenged our approach and mustered for defense. They sailed down their canal, throwing thunderbolts and lightning chains at the poor earth worms invading their shores. The Comet hissed and lashed his tail, and Old Man Mars shot shooting stars and almost smashed the "base earthenware".

But we had toasted some bread at a small volcano and dipped it in cream at the Milky Way. Trembling, we offered it to Mrs. Mars. They had never tasted milk-toast. We had won their hearts!

We invited them to join the League of Nations. The Stars began to sing, and we all had a loving cup at the Milky Wayside Inn. The Comets wagged their tails in glee.

We could not find the home of Santa Claus, but we are going to continue our explorations in the future. "The world is so full of a number of things" that we should never stop exploring.

—KATHARINE GILBERT, '31.

## Ideals

Ideals  
 Are fragile things  
 Like lacy flower petals  
 That flutter under shining drops  
 Of dew ;

Or like  
 The powdery wings  
 Of butterflies that know  
 The sweetness of the morning sun  
 For warmth.

Don't touch,  
 For shining drops  
 Are shaken from the flowers  
 With the lightest finger-tips  
 They brush.

Don't touch,  
 For butterflies  
 Are stirless when their wings  
 Are crushed. Are not ideals the same,  
 My dear?

—MARY KATHERINE JOHNSON, '31.

\* \* \*

## Revenge

THE little Boat came chugging up the river and gave a shrill whistle. "Open to me, Oh Bridge."

"I will not," said the Bridge, "to any one so insignificant as you."

The little Boat was highly indignant and chugged past, but, before leaving, he screamed, "Oh Bridge, some day I shall make you open for me."

The Bridge only made a scornful sound and returned to his slumbers as the little boat went by.

One day a large boat steamed up the river, and, as it neared the Bridge, boomed loudly for passage, while the little Boat following in its wake shrieked, "Open to me, also, thou haughty Bridge."

Reluctantly the Bridge opened, amidst a loud scraping and grating of its ancient limbs, and let them pass. When they had gone by, the Bridge, with a loud crash as it opened its rusty, red gates to allow the cars through, growled, "Some day you shall pay for this, silly Boat."

—MARY BECKWITH, '31.

## First Aid to Seniors

DURING the years of my high school life I have often pondered over plans which I think would be a great improvement in the curriculum of any high school, but, now that I am a senior, I believe that it is a more fitting task to devote myself to bettering the conditions of those poor, long-suffering creatures who have managed to survive the rigors of three years of high school life. Seniors. I believe that this is a most opportune time to give expression to my plans, but for some unknown reason, instinct possibly, I feel that my well-meaning designs will have no influence upon the school heads.

English is the very first thing that has come to my notice. In the first place I should insist upon weak-willed English teachers, who could easily be prevailed upon to extend the time limit for handing in book reports indefinitely. Macaulay's *Essay on Samuel Johnson* would be used, but there would be no requirement concerning the memorizing of any of the allusions. Now we come to the literature of that most illustrious man, William Shakespeare. There is one point upon which I stand firmly. This point is that there would be no paraphrasing. Also for this part of the English course the text book would be Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Another much discussed feature of Senior English is Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*. Because I can find no way of simplifying the study of this speech, I am afraid that it would have to be done away with altogether, and I might even go so far as to prohibit having one single copy on the school ground. During the part of the year in which grammar is struggled with, Pribble's *Correct English Usage* would be the text book, and, of course, there would be no grammar rules to learn.

There are many different history courses taken by Seniors; therefore, I can lay down only a very few stipulations, and, although they are not original, they are very practical. There would be no dates to be memorized and no wars to be traced. That difficult course, Art History, which is taken by so many hard-working Seniors, could easily be improved by one or two changes, such as refusing the teacher permission to "spring" written lessons on her conscientious pupils.

The French course for Seniors could easily be made more attractive by merely permitting the students to write the English above the French words in the translation.

I have outlined the most important improvements, and now I might mention a few minor details. Homework would be, of course, an unthought-of distraction. Now, examinations! As every one suspects, I have a secret desire to abolish them. However, I am afraid that this plan would meet with much opposition; therefore, as a substitute, I should offer the system of revealing, about a week or so before examination time, the contents of the dreaded papers.

—PEGGY CULLERS, '31.

## The Steeple

"YOU'LL never do it," said Willis major. "Bet you I do," replied Manyard confidently. The two boys were gazing up at the slender top of the Elcombe Church spire, which raised itself into the sky three hundred feet above their heads. For generations it had been the ambition of every Elcombe boy to climb to the top of the ladder which was fixed to the spire. The feat had never been accomplished, and now Manyard, the best athlete in the school, had resolved to do it.

Apart from the risk, there was also the chance of punishment. Manyard had realized this, but he had decided the risk was worth taking. And whatever the punishment, what a hero he would be!

"Yes," he said to his chum, "I'll do it."

"When?" asked Willis doubtfully.

"Let's see," said Manyard. "The day after tomorrow is Sunday. I'll tie a handkerchief to the top early Sunday morning."

Willis whistled. "Do you want anybody to know?"

"Give a hint Sunday at breakfast time to look out for something startling," he said.

At five o'clock Sunday morning Manyard stole softly out of the dormitory. He was clad in a cricket shirt and a pair of gray flannel trousers, and on his feet he wore a pair of tennis shoes.

There was not a soul around, and in a few minutes he was at the church, looking up at the steeple. The first part of the feat consisted of getting onto the roof of the church, and this was comparatively easy. From the roof the ladder started, and grasping the iron rungs, Manyard began the climb.

His condition was excellent, and he went a considerable way before he had to stop to breathe. From the beginning he had told himself that he must not look down. Nevertheless, he was seized with an almost irresistible desire to do so. Setting his teeth, he recommenced his climb. This time he did not go so far and, looking up, saw that the steeple was as far as ever. Wearily, he went up, up, up, and already his arms were beginning to feel the strain.

At the next halt he wondered why he had been such a fool as to try the climb, but the thought of winning spurred him on and finally brought him to the top. He had taken the precaution to attach a clip to his handkerchief, and soon it was fastened. Then he permitted himself to take a look below.

Immediately after he had done so, a feeling of sickness and giddiness and the terrible impulse to let himself go came over him. Perspiration broke out all over him, and his lips refused to move. He swayed, let go with one hand, and then with an effort grasped the rung again. It was a terrible feeling. Would he ever get safely to the ground again? Presently his strength came back to him, and bit by bit he began to descend. The way seemed interminable, and once or twice the feeling came over him that he must throw himself down.

After what seemed to him hours he again stood on the grass, looking up at his handkerchief at the top of the steeple—the proof that he had accomplished his task.

The whole school was excited, but the hero was not to be seen. As a matter of fact he was lying in bed, pleading fatigue, but really suffering from a reaction of nerves.

Soon Manyard heard that an assembly had been called, and he knew perfectly well what for. When the school had assembled and all were silent, Fletcher, the Head Master, said, "Some time last night a handkerchief was tied to the top of Elcombe Church steeple. Will the culprit please step forward?"

There was a pause and sickening silence. Then Manyard managed to step forward.

"Ah, Manyard," said the Head Master. "So you performed this very—er—athletic act?"

"Yes, sir," said Manyard.

"Why did you do it?"

The question took Manyard by surprise.

"I don't know," he murmured.

"Never do anything without an object. You placed the handkerchief at the top of the steeple, and, therefore, you will have to bring it down."

A gasp ran around the school, and Manyard hardly heard what came afterward.

"In order to give the rest of the school the benefit of seeing you, you shall make the ascent on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock. The alternative will be expulsion."

For the rest of the day Manyard sat in his study and stared blankly before him. He thought of the dreadful moments he had spent on the ladder, of the impulse to jump down. No, he could never do it again, and yet the alternative was expulsion.

If that day was bad, the night was even worse. He had hideous nightmares, and he dreamed that he was on top of the ladder. Then he let go of the rungs and was falling, falling! But just when he was reaching the ground, he woke up.

That night the wind came up, and a regular gale blew through the countryside. Lying in his bed, Manyard heard it and thought how much harder it would be if this wind kept up.

The next morning the school had a surprise. A small boy brought the news that the handkerchief was no longer there. Quickly the news spread through the school and was carried to Manyard. Some thought that perhaps he had taken the handkerchief down.

"Did I? Blazes!" said Manyard.

There was a tap on the door, and Manyard heard, "The Head Master wishes to see you at once, Mr. Manyard."

When Manyard entered the office, the Head Master noted with satisfaction the boy's pale face and tired eyes.

"Ah, Manyard," he said, "this is the day of your ascent to the steeple, and now I find that the handkerchief is gone. Did you take it?"

"No, sir."

"H'm. Then the gale must have blown it away. Well, as you cannot fulfill your task, the alternative is expulsion."

Manyard tried to speak, but no sound came.

"But," said the Head Master, "as you appear to have been punished enough, I have decided to let you off with being 'gated' for a month."

"Gated" for a month! That was nothing. Manyard stammered a few words of thanks and hurried out.

That evening the Head Master handed five shillings to a small, middle-aged man who had called.

"You didn't find it hard, then, Harper?" he asked.

"Not a bit, sir," was the reply. "We steeple-jacks are used to such things. The young gentleman must have found it rough, though."

"I'm sure he did," said the Head Master. "I know he'll never attempt it again, nor will any one else."

—SHIRLEY FULTON, '32.

\* \* \*

## Dawn on a Frosty Morning

It was a dark and sharpened night,  
And thick hoar-frost had fallen.  
I saw a thin, clear ray of light—  
A moon fast fading out of sight—  
That showed beneath dark starry skies  
A world—all white.

And then the moon sank out of sight;  
The stars went after one by one;  
The earth was dark and void of light.  
With hushed steps came the end of night,  
And then the faintest glimmer showed  
The world—all white.

That glimmer was the end of night;  
A new fresh day was born.  
Then rose the sun, and with delight  
Through trees lit with the rosy light  
I saw in crystal loveliness,  
A world—all white.

—HELEN DRILL, '33.

## The Fairyland of Music

IS there any one whose soul is so senseless that it cannot be inspired by the enchantment of music? Surely there is no one who is without a tune in his heart when he is happy.

To truly music-loving spirits, the melodious strains of music are like a fairy-wand, which enchants them and carries them away into the land of beautiful dreams and fantastic visions. In that land of glamour and beauty there are gurgling birds, twittering in the trees of the forests, clear blue skies, magnificent castles, and all the other spectacular scenes which delight the human mind so much.

In attaining this land, however, there is one hindrance, which sometimes mars its beauty. There is a dwarf hidden away within the depths of the largest and most splendid forest of the land. He very often causes the charming fairy queen trouble. He lives in the hollow trunk of an enormous old oak tree, and, when he stays at home, there is peace in this land of enchantment. On the other hand, when he goes abroad in search of followers, whom he so ardently desires, the skies darken, the birds cease singing, and the fairies fly to their homes as quickly as their tiny, delicate wings can carry them. It is his desire to become the ruler of this gorgeous land, and, when he tries to fulfill this desire, the clouds darken and gather, loud claps of thunder ring through the land, lightning streaks the skies, which were once so pleasantly blue, and the entire scene is one of turmoil and trouble.

It is necessary for the queen to make this change, so that she may protect herself and her subjects. This condition cannot last, however, because the dwarf is too insignificant, and the dainty fairy queen is too marvelously clever and beautiful ever to make it possible for the dwarf to rule her kingdom. The wicked dwarf realizes that he can never carry out his desire while the queen is aware of his plans, and so he once more penetrates the forest and returns with a saddened heart to his home in the old oak tree.

Again there is peace, and the beautiful markings of the land retain their original form. The queen, who is still ruler, waves her wand, and the music fades away into the distance. The vision of the beautiful green meadows, the castles, the forests, and the gurgling brooks is growing dimmer and dimmer, until finally it has completely faded away.

The listener, who has just returned from a trip into the "Fairyland of Music", has experienced a more wonderful voyage than any he could expect to experience in the material world, and he feels thoroughly satisfied with the land he has just explored. He hopes that he may again visit that land and, perhaps, take with him a friend, who has also learned to appreciate music and the thrills it possesses for those who love it.

—BETTY TUBBS, '33.

## I Wanna' Drink

IT was a beautiful day, one of the kind that California claims to have three hundred and sixty-five times a year, but that Oregon really has in early spring. The lure of camping was in our blood, and the only way to cure it was to go out and endure it for a weekend.

We found ourselves on this particular morning out in the forest on a beautiful ridge road, high above a roaring stream.

Now at this time my brothers and I were just at the "I wanna' drink" age: that is, the age when you always wake up in the middle of the night and call out sleepily, "I wanna' drink", or, as soon as you enter a church or any such public building, you have to tug at your mother's dress and shout in a stage whisper, "I wanna' drink", and at the mere sight of a street car or railway train you become thirsty.

This morning was no exception. The minute we spied that river away below us, we broke out together, "I wanna' drink". We had to keep this up without stopping for about three miles, before our poor parents finally gave in. Of course everything was packed away in the camping kit except one small tin cup. As my father climbed out of the car, I could see by his face that he was making rapid calculations as to the number of trips he would have to make down that steep bank with that miserable little cup, if we each averaged two cups to drink and two to spill. Suddenly he had a bright idea. "Come with me", he said to the three of us, "and I will teach you how to drink the way your savage forefathers did in the days before there were any cups". Two minutes later he had us all lying on our stomachs along the bank with our heads stuck out over the edge, drinking to our heart's content.

We were thrilled at this new experience, and for the rest of the trip not one of us touched a cup but spent most of our time flat on our stomachs by some babbling brook.

However, the trip was soon over, and we were all back in the city again. What a dry old place it seemed, as we wandered up and down the cement sidewalk looking for something to do. Suddenly around the corner loomed a sprinkling wagon, and the three of us dashed to follow it down the street.

What fun it was to watch that great spray come spouting out at the sides and wash everything away in front of it, forming a regular little river in the gutter. A river! The thought was unanimous. We remembered what our father had taught us. We fell with one accord flat on our stomachs upon the curb, and—, but why go into the gruesome details? We all lived through it, and now, after laboring through this tale, "I wanna' drink".

—DOREEN PLYMPTON, '33.

## Liberality

LONG ago in Arabia three men were disputing as to who was the most generous person among the Arabs. One gave the preference to his friend, Abdallah, another to Kais Saad Obadah, and the third to Arabah. After much debating, an Arab who was present proposed that to end the dispute, each of them go to his friend and ask for assistance. In this way they might judge the generosity of these Arabs by their donations.

This was agreed upon by all. Abdallah's friend, going to him, found him just mounting his camel for a journey and thus accosted him: "Abdallah, I am traveling and am in need." Upon hearing this, Abdallah alighted and bade him take the camel with all that was upon her. Thereupon, the friend took the camel and found on her some robes of silk and four thousand pieces of gold.

The second went to Kais Saad Obadah, whose servant told him that his master was asleep and desired to know his business. The friend answered that he had come to ask Kais's assistance, as he was in need of help. Thereupon, the servant said that he would rather give the help than wake his master. The servant gave his master's friend a purse of seven thousand pieces of gold, assuring him that it was all the money in the house. He also directed the man to go to those who were in charge of the camels and to take a camel and a slave and to return home with them. When Kais awoke, and his servant informed him of what he had done, the master asked him why he had not called him. "For," he said, "I would have given him more."

The third man went to Arabah and met him coming out of his house, leaning on two slaves, because his eye-sight was failing him. The friend no sooner made known his case than Arabah let go the slaves and, clapping his hands together, loudly lamented his misfortune in having no money, but desired his friend to take the two slaves. The man refused to do this, until Arabah protested, saying that, if the slaves were not accepted, he would give them their freedom. With that, he left, groping his way along the wall.

On the return of the adventurers, judgment was unanimously given by all who were present to Arabah, the most generous of the three.

—NANCY LOU CULLERS, '33.

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## Dreams

If I could only dream the whole night through  
 And let the dark be silvered with those dreams  
 And find love fall to earth like shining dew  
 Or dance in the misty light of blue moonbeams—

I'd find my love—I'd know him by the light  
 Of the first pale star that lovers wish upon:  
 We'd sway and swirl on the windswept hill of night  
 Where the tall rank grass grows long.

—MARY KATHERINE JOHNSON, '31.

## It's Eight-thirty

"THURSDAY night, October 4th—". No doubt those are familiar words to every one, at least to those who are blessed with the conveniences of today. Just to show you what an important part new inventions play in one's life, I'm going to illustrate my meaning by taking an example from the average American family of today.

Dinner is over. Father, who is comfortably settled in the Morris chair, is hidden by the evening paper. Mother is in the kitchen executing her weekly duty, which always confronts her after dinner on Thursday nights. As every one knows, Thursdays are the servants' holidays, and these days off are never missed, no matter what special occasion exists.

Junior, esteemed in his judgment as making up a large portion of the family, is in conference over the telephone, trying to decide who should be quarterback in the coming big game against the rival junior high-school.

Anne, the young lady of the family, who is "just at that age", is rigorously biting her thumb nail behind her science book, tormented by her brother's lengthy discourse over the telephone. (Dates are usually made on Thursday nights for the coming weekend.) Since Anne is an attractive young lady, she has prospects of being "dated up" for the weekend, but, when one's family gets on the telephone, one might as well give up hope. Poor Ted! Anne has visions of Ted's giving central his opinion of her in no undecided expressions, when, instead of Anne's sweet voice reaching his ear, he is met by that incessant buzzing noise.

Grandma is seated in the rocking chair, diligently mending her son's footwear, but, nevertheless, keeping an eye on the clock.

And thus we find the Jones family, supposedly at peace with the world, uneasy, waiting for something to happen.

Ah, here it is! The voice is recognized.

Junior's phone call is immediately cut short. He hurries to the living room. Mother leaves the dishes, dries her hands, and follows him. The expression on Anne's troubled face changes to one of joy. She seats herself on the footstool. Grandma sighs with relief and totters over to the other side of the room. Father puts the paper down and takes off his glasses. He moves his chair.

Did the telephone ring for Anne? Or was it the Martins dropping in for a game of bridge? Or, perhaps, did Junior finally settle his wrangle?

No. It was something far more important than any such trivial things as those. It was the melodious voice of Mr. Bill Hays, "Amos 'n' Andy in person, sponsored by the Pepsodent Company of Chicago!"

—HELEN STRATTON, '31.

## A Day in Old Granada

LAST summer my grandmother and I made a European trip. We were gone five months, and, although we visited Spain, Italy, France, England, Scotland, Germany, and Belgium, the two short days we spent in Granada were the most interesting of all.

On Thursday, the day we were to do most of our sight-seeing, our guide arrived rather early and took us to the Generalife. It was formerly the summer palace of the Moors, and it was also used as a sort of nursery in which to grow plants to use in the Alhambra itself. We took some pictures there and then proceeded to the Alhambra.

The Alhambra is marvelous. It seems to me, as it did to Irving, that it can never be overpraised. I am sure that there are no more wonderful wall and ceiling mosaics anywhere in the world.

In the Myrtle Court we saw an artist working on a beautiful water-color of an orange tree growing in a corner of the court.

By then it was time for luncheon, and we went back to our hotel, rather tired but very enthusiastic over the beauties which we had seen.

We spent the afternoon seeing statues and works of art of other kinds in different parks throughout the city. Then, about four o'clock came the greatest thrill of all!

The artist whom we had seen in the morning had invited us to his house, and we went through the dirty "native" quarter of Granada and out into the Square of San Nicholas. It was a typical Spanish Square, but it had a view which was far from being ordinary. From it we could see, far away, the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains, and across a canyon we could see outlined against the horizon the dainty towers of the Alhambra.

The artist, Mr. Wynne Apperly, is an English artist who has been living in Spain for about ten years. He has received medals from the Spanish government, and some of his pictures are in the National Art Gallery in Madrid. Mr. Apperly has a very fascinating Spanish house, in which many of his pictures are to be seen. It is from the balcony of this house that one can get this wonderful view. It ended by my grandmother's buying the picture which Mr. Apperly had just painted that morning in the Myrtle Court.

This completed one of the most wonderful days we had during the whole trip. It was the "high light" of our time in Spain. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for Granada, and I shall always remember the glorious day we spent there.

—ESTHER ALLEN JONES, '34.

## Climbers

WHILE visiting a mountain resort, have you ever noticed that curious and unusual family, the mountain climbers? Watching them is an amusing pastime, if you have any of the instincts of a collector.

All of the species belong, as perhaps you've observed, to that large genus, the snap-shooters. They show unbounded enthusiasm for taking pictures of each other astride horses or burros, sitting upon large boulders, leaning upon knotty staves, or assuming any position which represents to their minds the strong, virile quality of the mountains.

Then there are those large, ponderous individuals whose chief delight is riding upon small and melancholy burros, which struggle valiantly up steep, winding trails. What dignity, what noble repose!

Oh, and have you seen the type which seems to find nothing more amusing than attiring themselves in picturesque cowboy costumes? This variety, galloping about, whooping and yelling, riding tired horses, and kicking up great clouds of dust to add to the hilarity, usually comes from the East. Just wait till they tell the folks back home all about it! You wonder if they will mention the next day's agony.

To the ladies! Or are they? At any rate you can't fail to notice those females who apparently must, to get into the spirit of the thing, don knickers. Then, of course, there is simply nothing for it but to add chiffon hose and French heels to complete the ensemble. Oh, well, if they enjoy it—

Not the least among the mountaineers are the collectors. Such a satisfying sport! They toil up tortuous trails, turn aside or bend to snatch up something every few moments, or stop to rest, always finding new and finer trophies. Long before they reach the summit, they are forced to unload, not only prickly pine cones and weighty pebbles from their pockets, but also almost equally large quantities of gravel from their shoes. After this they are free to start all over again.

The last and most delightful of the species are the yodlers. Surely you have heard of them. They come out almost any time of the day, and far up on some proudly attained pinnacle they become inspired by the Muse to unearthly warbling and bellowing. This is usually for the benefit of Aunt Jane or Cousin Otis, down in the valley.

Have you, too, begun to wonder if all these species might not be put under the general classification of mountain goats?

—SHIRLEY PAULSON, '32.



## Dialogue on Democracy

"AND," argued the doctor, "you really think Lowell's idea of democracy has in it the true, underlying principle? Your honest answer, if I should ask you your opinion of democracy as compared with Lowell's, would be that you entirely agree with him? You believe that democracy means not, 'I'm as good as you are', but, 'You're as good as I am', in the words of Thomas Parker?"

"That's exactly my opinion," concurred the lawyer. "I fully agree with Lowell, too, when he so aptly defines democracy by calling it 'that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man has a chance and knows he has it'."

The two men were discussing "Democracy" by James Russell Lowell, whose works they both earnestly enjoyed. The two often met for a friendly chat, usually ending in an argument which delved into the principles of many great works.

"So often," went on the lawyer, "this new democracy, according to Lowell, infects Europe, and this infection is traced to us. But, Lowell argues, it is not democracy. It is nothing more than a conglomeration of offensive ideas which these people have, because the name sounds learned, called democracy. Do you think it a true criticism of democracy to say that universal suffrage has given the vote to the ignorant masses, unpracticed in self-government?"

"Well," began the doctor, "that may be a criticism that is in a small part true, but it must be taken into consideration that the ignorant masses are not the true Americans, but are people whom the European countries have exported to us. It is these people among whom democracy is not safe. I am in part quoting Lowell in this statement, for my idea of democracy is closely modeled upon his."

"That speech should have almost winded you," laughed the lawyer, "but you certainly spoke words of wisdom. I think, too, that it is wrong to maintain that democracy weakens authority. It seems to me that, since it makes the people intelligent in the matter of whom they are to obey, it would rather tend to strengthen authority. It gives the man a chance to admire what is better and more beautiful than himself and to pay tribute by paying respect to that man or men. This giving of authority to those deserving of it through brain and work, instead of to the ones who reserve it by claims of heredity, leads to Lowell's definition of democracy."

"That's very true," acquiesced the doctor, "but how did we ever begin such a serious discussion of democracy? It's an interesting subject, though, and Lowell's address is really important today, for democracy has spread far and wide. It is probably this very spreading of the so-called disease that Europe feared so much, but we feel that we have that which is best for us, and as long as we keep our democracy, there will be a glorious future for our people and our empire."

—NANCY FOLEY, '31.

## Reform

MANY are the evils of contemporary society. Perhaps it is only natural that a few of these should find their way into the Hall, but natural or unnatural, we find it deplorable. For instance, it is customary for a group of young ladies, their arms lovingly encircling the waists of their friends, to spread out in a broad phalanx and then stroll nonchalantly down the corridors. They never seem to be in a hurry. Father Time himself waits for them, and to break through their ranks is as much an impossibility as for a boarder to avoid eating carrot salad (or any other kind of salad) for lunch.

Another common sight is a sociable gathering in the corridor or some doorway to discuss a weighty matter of no importance. Then there is nothing for the would-be passer-by to do but to wait patiently until the conference is finished. Its members will disperse in a leisurely fashion, when the spirit (or the bell) moves them.

Occasionally some one goes to the other extreme, becomes panic-stricken at the thought of being late to class, and charges madly down the hall. In such a case any one who chances to be in the hall should withdraw into some classroom or the shelter of a doorway until the tornado has passed. Even the members of the faculty say that there are times when it seems scarcely safe to attempt a passage through the halls.

Plainly, reform is needed and needed badly. Fair readers, I appeal to your better selves. Neither run in undue and undignified haste, nor amble unconcernedly down the corridor, but search, and you will find, the happy medium which, once arrived at, will be more conducive to the peace of mind of all concerned.

—IRENE SOEHREN, '32.

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## The Silent North

AS I stood on the shore of a lonely island where probably no other man had trod, I felt a deep, hushed awe. My ears were filled with the music of the wilderness, and yet there was a serene and haunting silence. It was evening, and the sky was arrayed with many wondrous colors, all harmonizing with the peace of the world about. The snow-capped mountains, though they spread a beautiful background for the trees that stood aloft, still held their majestic dignity. The pebbled sea-shore led me to the calm and placid waters of the sound. It was a deep, blue mirror for the beauty all about it. As I turned, I felt His Presence pouring blessings on the wonder of His earth.

—ELIZABETH HECKMAN, '31.

## The Wind

Who sits hidden in the tree, mumbling to himself,  
 Huddled in his foggy cloak that snuggles 'round his ears?  
 Who blows out the candles twinkling in the deep night sky?  
 Who perches on a comfy cloud to watch the passing years?  
The Wind.

Who trims the wicks of winter moons in the midnight hour?  
 Who calls down the chimney and whispers on the stair?  
 Who peers from darkest corners and taps upon the pane?  
 Who pauses on the rooftop to comb his long, gray hair?  
The Wind.

Who strolls beside the friendly stream and takes tea with the birds?  
 Who walks alone although the world bows to his magic wand?  
 Who flaunts his tattered coat tails, with a feather in his cap,  
 And stoops to kiss the haughty rose, a merry vagabond?  
The Wind.

Who is a stately gentleman whose words are a caress?  
 Who is a wicked rogue who stamps his foot in rage and scorn?  
 Who woos the silver willow with his pleading, merry harp?  
 Who creeps from out the dusty sky to greet the sweet spring morn?  
The Wind.

—ANNA LOUISE RICE, '33.

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## The Awakening

THE starlight could not penetrate the thick folds of night. The moon was hidden by gigantic clouds. The dense darkness was gruesome; even the owls seemed awed. Not a sound crept from the forest. A curtain of deep, cold, caressing violet had been spread over the world.

The unending shadow was a protection to all creatures on earth. I felt as if it were guarding me as I slipped through the woods into the Unknown. It soothed my fears of the path I was to tread in so short a time.

A spark, a flash of a star, pierced the night. It stabbed my soul. Then the mighty clouds rolled away; a faint gleam of light suggested the coming of day.

—MARY BECKWITH, '31.



## Juvenile

### The Three Little Butterflies

THERE were once three little butterfly brothers, one white, one red, and one yellow. They played in the sunshine and danced among the flowers in the garden. They never grew tired, because they were so happy.

One day there came a heavy rain, and it wet their wings. They flew away home, but, when they arrived, they found the door locked and the key gone; and so they had to stay outdoors in the rain. Of course they grew wetter and wetter.

By and by they flew to a red and yellow tulip and said, "Friend Tulip, will you open your flower-cup and let us in until the storm is over?"

The tulip answered, "The red and yellow butterflies may enter, because they are like me, but the white one must stay out."

But the red and yellow butterflies said, "If our brother may not find shelter in your flower-cup, then we will stay out in the rain with him."

So they flew to the lily and said, "Good Lily, will you open your bud a little so that we may creep in out of the rain?"

The lily answered, "The white butterfly may come in, because he is like me, but the others must stay out."

Then the white butterfly said, "If my two brothers cannot come in, I will stay out with them. We would rather die of cold than be parted." So the three little butterflies flew away.

But the sun, who was behind a cloud, heard it all. He knew what good little brothers the butterflies were and how they had kept together in spite of the wet, and so he pushed his face through the clouds and dried the wings of the three little butterflies and warmed their bodies. They ceased to sorrow and danced among the flowers until evening. Then they flew home and found the door wide open.

—MARY HELEN WALKER, Grade VI.

## Thanksgiving

Hurrah for the turkey, good old fellow!  
He comes every year when the trees are yellow.  
My, but he's a noble bird  
From all the stories I have heard.  
This one went to the farm with his mother.  
He had nine sisters and just one brother.  
When Farmer Brown came out one day,  
All the turkeys were in the hay.  
Turk kept this up the whole year 'round  
And got so fat he weighed fifteen pounds.  
He was too large to serve on a platter,  
And when they carved him, he made a splatter.  
We finished our dinner in peace and good will,  
And each one was thankful he'd eaten his fill.

—HELEN MARGARET STRONG, Grade VI.

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## An Adventure by the Congo

IN the middle of the afternoon, I was walking by the bank of the Congo. It was rather cool, because it had rained that morning. All the natives seemed very ambitious, probably because of the heavy shower. Carts loaded with various things were being hauled to town, and now and then one could see the little negro boys climbing up trees to get cocoanuts for the evening meal.

All of a sudden something disturbed the peace of that beautiful scene. A Tom Tom was heard in the distance. Every one was running in one direction. Not knowing what had happened, I started running with the others. Natives were beginning the war dance. There was such confusion that I thought that perhaps a strange tribe had come to make war upon them, for the natives were weeping and wailing. But I finally was told that one of their gods had been stolen. I almost laughed when I heard that.

This was a matter of no interest to me, and so I was turning towards camp when I heard the people shouting, for there, holding the god, was the old Chinaman who had lived with the tribe for many years.

This idol was about the size of an apple carved into the shape of a head. It was hollow inside, and usually a stick held it up. Under the head there were some sacrifices given by the natives.

The Chinaman was killed, as was the custom of the country, and the god was put back in its proper place. Everything was peaceful and quiet again.

—CAROLYN MAE MEYER, Grade VI.

## The Cougar

IT was a beautiful evening when I first opened my eyes. As I lay there cuddled up close beside my mother, I found that I was not the only little cougar, for I saw two little brothers, just like myself, lying by me. How warm and cozy it was in that big, dark cave.

Mother and father took care of us. We usually slept all day, and at night our parents fed us. As soon as we were older, we were taught how to hunt our birds of prey after the habit of our family. What fun it was to climb trees and steal quietly up behind rabbits and then pounce upon them! We tried very hard to learn.

Later, when we were old enough to take care of ourselves, we said goodbye to mother and father, and then we went into the world to seek our fortunes and live by ourselves. I live in a big, dark cave almost as nice as the one I was born in, in the coast mountains. I am strong now and can hunt very well. I am getting my new winter's coat. It is so soft and warm. The farmers don't like me and are always setting traps for me, and so I have to be very careful.

—EDITH CAVELL ABBOTT, Grade VI.

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## The Fir Tree

Whenever I see a fir tree  
 Standing far away,  
 It makes me think of the Christ Child,  
 Who in a manger lay.

That cold day in December,  
 With Mary standing near,  
 While Joseph was a-kneeling,  
 And Shepherds filled with fear.

The angels sang a hymn of praise  
 To God Who watched above,  
 "We thank You, God, Who sent the Son,  
 Whom You so dearly love."

It tells the Christmas story,  
 As it stands so straight and tall,  
 And reaches its arms to heaven  
 Summer, winter, spring, and fall.

—BETTY SUMNER, Grade VI.



Sports





### The Basketball Team

#### First Team

Center ..... Peggy Cullers  
 Side Center..... Mary Louise Kendall  
 Forwards..... Ruth Smith, Eleanor Luper  
 Guards..... Nancy Lou Cullers, Evelyn Bates (Capt.)

#### Second Team

Center..... Frances Watzek  
 Side Center..... Betty Tubbs, Nancy Foley  
 Forwards..... Gladys Norville, Gretchen Smith, Dorothy Hill  
 Guards..... Bernice Norville, Helen Monner  
 Jean Cameron, Edith Kohlhasse (Subs.)

#### Yell Leaders

Helen Stratton and Hannasue Watts

## Basketball

When the basketball season opened in November, more girls than usual turned out for practices. Because of the fact that there were so many sport lovers, Mrs. Knapp was able to choose an excellent team, one which did not fail under any circumstances.

### First Game of the Season

What shouting and yelling could be heard on November 21! Why? Because we were playing the first game of the year and against Holy Child Academy. This game was an exciting one. From the time the first whistle blew until the last whistle, both teams fought hard and furiously. Appearance looked as though we were playing a losing game, but our fears were groundless, as we made a basket the last moment and tied the game, 17-17. We should have known the team would not fail us.

### The Reed Game

There is always great excitement when we are to play our games, and on February 19 we were especially excited, as we were going to play Reed College. The girls always enjoy their games with Reed, as they are always played so smoothly. This game was one beautiful pass after another, and we finished the game with a more hilarious feeling than when we had started, as the score was in our favor, 30-14.

### Return Game With Reed

Our return game with Reed was on March 5. This was another fast game, marked by swift passes and clever thinking. The Hall made a basket the first minute, and one could see a new light of encouragement and determination cross the faces of our girls. We were rewarded, too, as the final score was 37-22 in our favor.

### Last Game of the Season

Superstitious? I should say not! We played one of the most interesting basketball games of the season, and believe it or not, it was on March 13. This was the first game in the history of the school that we had played with St. Mary's Academy, and I must say that our opponents put up a real fight. St. Mary's made the first basket, and our nerves were strained to a high pitch, but this tension was all for naught, as our own team made the next basket. The players were equally well matched, and we had to work for every basket. The final score was in our favor, 25-19.

Illness played havoc with basketball this year, keeping us from playing a few games. Mrs. Knapp was very much pleased with the team, for it did not lose a game. Mrs. Knapp feels that the team this year was one of her best, but, though many of the girls were Seniors, next year's team seems equally promising.



### Class Games

During the last weeks of March the class games were played. The Freshman-Sophomore game was very interesting, although it was rather discouraging for the Freshmen, as their star player was absent. The final score was 41-12 in favor of the Sophomores.

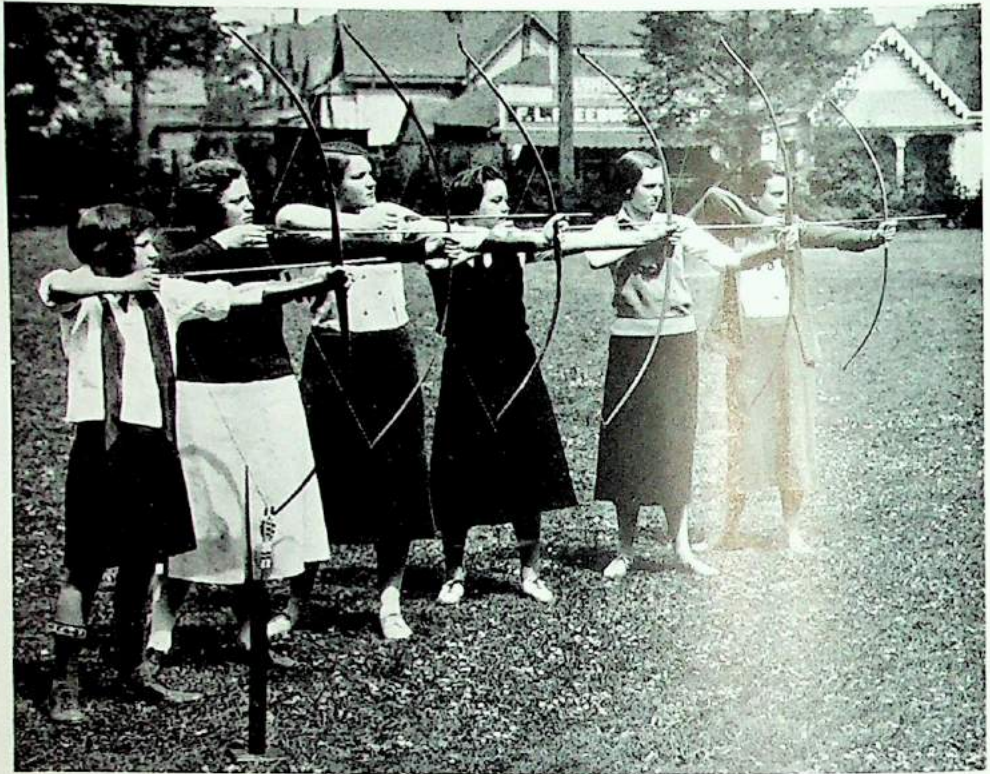
The winners then played the Juniors, and this game seemed just about as one-sided as the first, as the Sophomore team was composed of a great many girls who are on the school team. The final score was 29-5, leaving the championship open to the Sophomores and Seniors.

This game for the championship was indeed a hard fought one, and the Seniors played an excellent game, although the odds were against them. The game was won by the Sophomores, with a winning score of 19-6.

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### Riding

For years riding has been of great interest to the girls. This year they went weekly to the Riding Academy to enjoy this sport. It was enjoyed by a number of boarders and day students.



### Archery

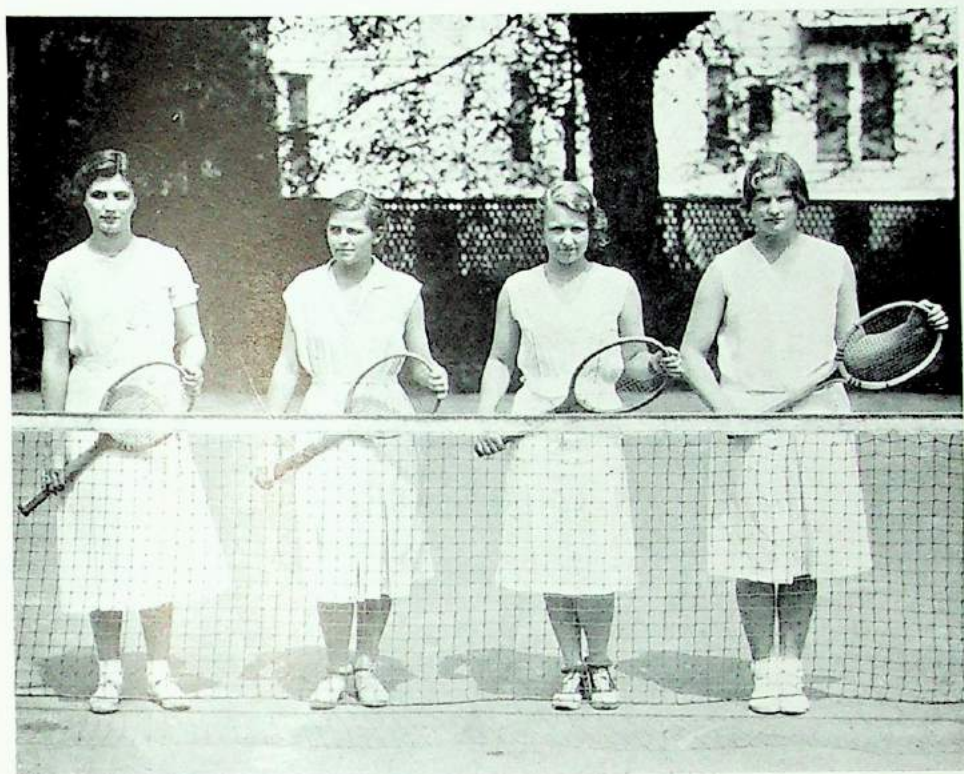
This year archery took the lead in the spring sports, as more girls than usual were enthusiastic over it. We purchased new bows and arrows, painted in the school colors.

### Fencing

This sport promised to be one of the most popular of all, but, since it is a rule that every one must have fencing jackets, the class was discontinued until next year.

### Indoor Baseball

Indoor baseball always draws the attention of the girls, and there was great excitement over it this year. The girls worked hard in order to make the indoor baseball a success.

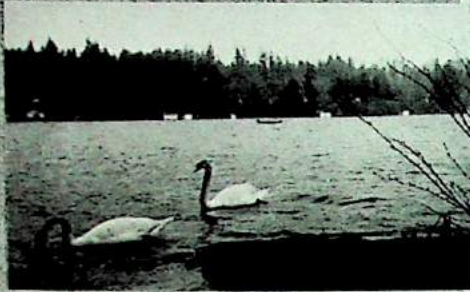


## Tennis

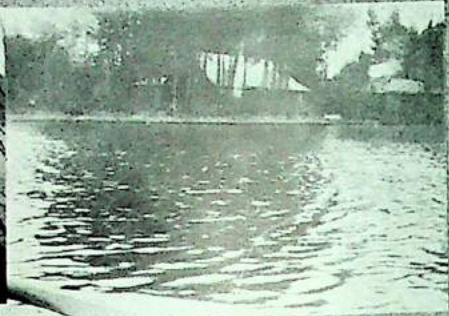
One sport which always comes with spring is tennis. Last year the tennis tournament was one interesting game after another. Peggy Krumbein won the beginners' finals; Eleanor Luper, the junior finals; and Sally Reed, the senior finals. The doubles between the day students and the boarders were won by Jeannette Hale and Muriel Gabriel, who made up the boarders' team.

This year a hundred and twelve girls entered the tournament. The beautiful cups given to the winners of the different tournaments are always incentives to sign up for the games.

The girls chosen for the tennis team this year were Mary Beckwith, Jeannette Hale, Eleanor Luper, and Ruth Smith.



Our Lake Mascots



Everglade



Sailing out to sea



Study of girl and dog



Impudence and dignity



Paddlin' home



Pals



Five men in a boat



Don't shoot me



Ten on a bench (not to mention the dog)



All wet



Calendar



## The Calendar

1930-1931

*September 3.*

The old girls grow dizzy doing good turns for the newcomers. We're into it now!

*September 4.*

We shift into high. School work begins in earnest.

*September 8.*

The boarders make the most of a glorious afternoon at Mrs. Smith's home at Lake Oswego, with swimming, canoeing, and motor boating vieing for favor. Toasted marshmallows, too. No wonder they are contented!

*September 14.*

Invited to Oswego again. The boarders inspect the longed-for Lake House. Lo and behold, the bus has a "flat", and so they ride home in taxis, with a more or less musical accompaniment of songs.

*September 26.*

The annual Old Girl-New Girl Party makes the Assembly Hall rock.

*October 11.*

The first boarders' dance causes great excitement.

*October 19.*

To the unbounded satisfaction of all, the Lake House becomes the property of St. Helen's Hall.

*October 28.*

Bishop Jenkins visits chapel and talks interestingly upon Nevada.

*October 30.*

Teachers and mothers become acquainted at the annual Teachers' Tea, held in the other house, with the Juniors and Seniors assisting.

*November 3.*

Out come the formals for the first Symphony Concert, held in the Civic Auditorium.

*November 7.*

What a marvelous time the boarders have on their first weekend at the Lake House!

*November 10.*

An Armistice day program, to which mothers and friends are invited, is given in the Assembly hall. Refreshments do not detract from the occasion.

*November 15.*

The Junior-Senior dance is the first of many good times at Everglade.

*November 20.*

The Rev. J. B. Bartlett speaks in chapel upon the contribution through missions to the cause of humanity.

*November 21.*

Our basketball team plays Holy Child Academy to a tie. Oh, well!

*November 22.*

The Sophomore-Freshman dance is held at Everglade.

*December 7.*

Baptismal service is held in the chapel.

*December 11.*

A charming Christmas program is presented by the Glee Club and Dramatic Art Club before a large group of parents and friends.

*December 18.*

The Boarders' Choir presents the Christmas Cantata in the St. Helen's Hall Chapel. And afterwards—well, a good time is had by all.

*December 19.*

Along comes Christmas vacation. Welcome, stranger.

*January 6.*

Bishop Sumner presides in chapel and wishes the girls a "Happy New Year". Coming back for more after the best vacation ever, every one is surprised to find Canute's place taken by Laddie.

*January 18.*

Baptismal service is again held in the chapel.

*January 22.*

Honoring the Rev. and Mrs. Richard Flagg Ayres, a tea is given by the Juniors and Seniors.

*January 23.*

Miss Foulkes favors us with a most interesting talk on music. The soloist whom she brings with her sings several delightful selections.

*February 3.*

Several girls are confirmed at a beautiful service in the chapel.

*February 7.*

The new radio purchased for the occasion is the guest of honor at the second boarders' dance.

*February 17.*

Several amusing French plays are presented by members of the Lower School.

*February 19.*

We defeat Reed College at basketball with a score of 14-30. (Rather clever of us.)

*February 20.*

We honor George Washington by giving a program in the Assembly Hall.

*February 21.*

The Dramatic Art Club and Glee Club make their radio debut in a Washington's birthday program.

*February 25.*

Ash Wednesday marks the beginning of Lent.

*February 26.*

"The Work of the Red Cross in Foreign Lands" is the subject of an address given by a member of the Junior Red Cross before the faculty and students. Quaint friendship gifts illustrate the lecture.

*February 27.*

To enable the girls to understand and enjoy Wagner's opera, *Rhine Gold*, Miss Foulkes gives a brief summary of the story, accompanied by the various musical motifs.

*March 5.*

We finish the return game with Reed College with another victory to our credit.

*March 16.*

The Sophomores top the Freshmen in a fast basketball game.

*March 18.*

The Sophomores are again victors, this time over the Juniors.

*March 19.*

Spring vacation is upon us—and, oh, how welcome!

*March 24.*

We are back again. Early to bed—a new way for the boarders to make up deficiency.

*March 26.*

The Seniors come out ahead on their luncheon sale, but lose a basketball game to the Sophomores with a score of 19-6.

A group of boarders go to town in the Lincoln to look at boats for Everglade.

*March 29.*

Baptismal service is held in the chapel.

*April 1.*

As a result of the Easter offering of dresses for the poor, prizes for the best dresses made by the girls are awarded as follows: First, Helen Drill; second, Bernice Norville; third, Shirley Fulton and Meela Whitehead.

*April 11.*

The boarders give their last dance of the year. Our radio furnishes excellent music. Isn't it odd how well-patronized the refreshments are? One of those perfect affairs.

*April 13.*

The boarders attend a formal dinner party, and afterwards Mr. Hill takes the party to the Dufwin Theatre. Every one has a most delightful time.

*April 24.*

The Seniors come into their own and spend a wonderful weekend at Everglade, where they make the most of the water sports.

*May 5.*

The Glee Club presents an operetta, *The Egyptian Princess*, before a satisfyingly large and appreciative audience.

*May 23.*

The Alumnae entertain the graduating class at their annual tea. What an antidote to that lost feeling that comes to departing Seniors is the knowledge that they belong to the Alumnae Association of St. Helen's Hall!

*May 30.*

The Lower School presents a clever program before the student body and friends. Such talent is certainly a valuable asset to our school.

Don't think we're conceited, please, when we call this year's Junior-Senior Prom just about the best ever given, for we really mean it.

*May 31.*

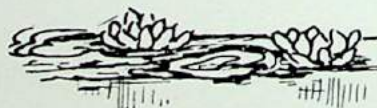
Baccalaureate Sunday furnishes other pleasant memories. The Right Reverend Arthur S. Huston delivers the Baccalaureate sermon at St. Stephen's. Then back to the Hall, where the incoming Seniors serve luncheon to the graduates. Next comes the impressive unveiling of the picture and, last of all, the distribution of THE DELPHICS.

*June 1.*

Members of the Senior class present their traditional Senior Play, this year *Monsieur Beaucaire*. The freely-given praise is not only well-earned but certainly well-deserved.

*June 2.*

Commencement—the grand finale of a wonderful four years.



## *Music and Entertainment*

### The First Boarders' Dance

The first Boarders' Dance of the year was given October 11. Our Assembly Hall with its wicker furniture and long drapes was more attractive than ever since the work was done on it during the summer vacation, and it formed an ideal setting for our dance. For the new girls this was the first of our many parties, and for all of us it was one to be remembered.

\* \* \*

### The Old Girl-New Girl Party

The Old Girl-New Girl party this year seemed more peppy and full of fun for every one than ever before. It was held in our own hall, and undoubtedly even that hall was curious as to who was hidden in those clever costumes. The grand march was certainly a "grand" one. The Chain Gang, Evelyn Bates, Gladys Norville, and Nancy Foley, won first prize, for no one could deny that they certainly looked the part. They had close seconds in Rosalie Adams and Elizabeth Reeves, who were dressed as clocks. Rhoda Holman and Maxine Mieth, dressed as the Patchwork Girl and the Scarecrow, took third prize.

The best part of the evening was the wonderful spirit in which the new girls took the initiation, and we all had to admit that we had gained some true Hall girls.

\* \* \*

### Our Week-end at Everglade

Off to Everglade! Excitement was certainly in the air that glorious Friday afternoon, for the first week-end at Everglade would be one to go down in the annals of the school.

Excitement was still in the air on Sunday when every one came back. Stories of the fun, the darling house, and the boats flew from person to person. How those who hadn't gone envied the more fortunate! It seemed by a unanimous vote that Everglade was a huge success.

It was, indeed, such a success that several weeks later the Juniors and Seniors gave a dance. Imagine dancing, windows open, a big log burning in the fire-place, and music and fun everywhere. If your imagination works at all, you can easily conclude that this was a dance of dances.

## Second Boarders' Dance

On February 7 the boarders celebrated again and initiated the new radio. The music proved to be exceptionally good, but any vote for popularity would most certainly have been a tie between the punch bowl and cookie plates.

\* . \* \*

## The Last Boarders' Dance

The last Boarders' dance of the year might have been a sad one for the Seniors, but it would have taken Sherlock Holmes himself to detect it. Perhaps the fact that we had worked so hard for our radio gave more zest and pep to the music, but whatever the cause, fun was the password of the evening. Before the refreshments we had an appetizer, for waiting verily makes appetites. The ice cream may have been hard, but it was delicious, and served to top off the whole evening.

\* \* \*

## The Formal Dinner

On Monday evening, April 13, all the older boarders forgot their worries when they attended a formal dinner and theatre party. At six-thirty we all went down to dinner in the school dining room, and, although formality may have been the rule then, it certainly wasn't an hour later, when we were over at the other house dancing until it was time to go to the Dufwin. The play, "The Argentine", was very exciting, and we all leaned forward and held our breath while we waited to see whether the fierce-looking firing squad (who were only Hill boys, after all), would really put an end to the poor bandit, but to our great relief he was saved, and it all ended happily. Then came the real thrill of the evening! We all went backstage and, one by one, were introduced to Leo Carillo and the rest of the company. We had our pictures taken on the stage, too, and, since Mr. Hill was kind enough to have them made and autographed for us, we have a constant reminder of one of our happiest evenings at the Hall.

\* \* \*

## Junior Prom

Our Junior Prom was held on Saturday, May 30, and every one will admit that it was a great success. The warm night seemed to have been made for dancing, and, as the strains of music floated out through the open windows of the Assembly Hall to where the tiny lighthouse was bravely trying to light the pool and rock garden with its glow, more than one Senior felt a queer catch in her throat to think that this was her last dance at the Hall. I am sure, however, that she must have been glad that she would have such a beautiful memory of it to keep in her heart always.



# Old Girl Notes



## Old Girl Notes

### Class of 1920

Marion Jenkins is teaching in the lower school this year.

### Class of 1921

Thyra St. Clair was married to Jack Blaine Loughary in Seattle, Washington.

### Class of 1922

Mrs. David Berry Charlton (Frances Spaulding) resigned the position of president of the alumnae association at the time of her moving to Corvallis, Oregon.

### Class of 1923

Lillian Luders announced her engagement to Joseph Lawrence Leonard of Portland.

### Class of 1924

Mary Ray Fraley announced her engagement to John William Eaton last February.

### Class of 1925

Celeste Proctor was married to Duncan Stuphen, Jr., last fall and is now living in New York.

Evelyn Meyer recently graduated from Wellesley College with high honors. Liliias Peltier was married to Dr. W. E. Snook last fall.

### Class of 1926

Helen Peters was elected president of the entering class in the graduate school of nursing at Yale University.

Helen Abbot was recently married to Lawrence Rodgers of Portland.

Cornelia Ireland was married to Robert Cromwell of Pasadena, California.

Elizabeth McIntosh was married to Oswald Arthur Stevenson of Portland.

Helen Hembree visited Portland during the holidays and is now living in Chicago, Illinois.

Phyllis Henningson was married to Dr. William Horn Downs and is now living in China.

Vivian Sandstrom was married to Hope Blevans and is now living in Portland. Her attendant was Harriete Chase, a member of the class of 1927.

### Class of 1927

Dorothy Livesly was married to Conrad William Paulus last summer and is now living in Salem.

Mary Malarkey was married to Howard Wahl and is now residing in Hollywood, California.

Margaret Johnson has moved to Los Angeles, California.

Mary Louise Zan was recently married to William Giles and is now living in Berkeley, California.

Jane Boyer is connected with the Civic Theatre Players.

Margaret Price was a recent visitor at the school.

Jane Cullers is vice-president of the Associated Women Students at the University of Oregon.

Mary Elizabeth Wheeler was elected president of college government at

Wellesley College. This is one of the highest honors which can be conferred upon a Wellesley girl.

Esther Scarbrough is attending the University of Oregon.

Deborah Ball has returned from an extended trip abroad.

Jean Rosenblatt is living in town this year.

Elaine Hickman has been prominent in the plays given by the Civic Theatre Players this year.

#### Class of 1928

Helen Adelsperger was married to Howard Page and is now living in Bay Point, California.

Jean Adix is studying dentistry in Portland.

Barbara Jane Averill was married to Robert Sutton in the early fall.

Mary Helen Carr is attending business college in Portland.

Marjory Holman is at home this year.

Barbara Clarke is attending Mills College.

Emma Johnson is attending Oregon State College.

Janice Hedges, Helen Kaufman, Elizabeth Kaser, Esther Kaser, Jeanne Knapp, and Myrtle McDaniel are attending the University of Oregon.

Maxine Bennett is studying dancing in New York City.

#### Class of 1929

Ardeanne Hemmingson has gone to China to live.

Mildred Roberts is studying the violin in Dresden, Germany.

Dorothy Lane Russell has recently returned from an extended trip in California.

Fanny Taylor is attending school in the East.

The marriage of Evelyn Keyt and Warren Koffeen took place in Portland.

Madelon Brodie has recently returned to Finland, after spending a few months at her home in Oregon City.

Margaret Proctor is attending Pine Manor in Massachusetts.

Doris Lichty was married to Kenneth Proctor last fall.

Betty Bond and Sally Cannon are attending the University of Oregon.

Helen Hall was married to Kent Echenberger and is now making her home in Pullman, Washington.

Katherine James is a student nurse at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Jean Morrison is at home in Portland.

#### Class of 1930

Sally Reed, Nancy Nevins, Jane Fales, Eleanor Sheeley, Daria Sangster, Elizabeth Berger, Josephine Williamson, Mary Lueddemann, Betty Hudson, Phoebe Greenman, Dorothy Insley, Coie Barnard, Barbara Jennings, Rosemary Walker, and Katherine Goodpasture are attending the University of Oregon.

At the University of Washington are Marjorie Mautz and Elsa Boyer.

Blanche Coe is attending Leland Stanford University.

Marion Bilyeu and Arvilla Grey are attending Oregon State College.

Alice Devereaux, Frances Stevens, Charlotte Shallenberger, Marion Denton, Norma Johnson, Isabelle Chandler, Jane Forbes, Katherine O'Reilly, Elizabeth O'Reilly, Muriel Gabriel, and Margaret Reeves are spending this year at home in Portland.

Jane Dutton is making her home in Long Beach, California, this year.

Alma Geddes is living at her home in Baker.



# Exchanges



## Exchanges

THE DELPHIC wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The "Blue and White"—King Edward High School, Vancouver, B. C.

The "Cantoria"—St. Nicholas School, Seattle, Washington.

The "Columbiad"—Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

The "Cue"—Albany Academy, Albany, New York.

The "La Reata"—St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, Texas.

The "Lens"—Washington High School, Portland, Oregon.

The "Magpie"—St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut.

The "Nugget"—Baker High School, Baker, Oregon.

The "Satura"—St. John Baptist School, Menham, New Jersey.

The "Tahoma"—Stadium High School, Tacoma, Washington.

"The Garrulous Pine"—Catlin's School, Portland, Oregon.

"Orange and Green"—Polytechnic High School, Riverside, California.

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

\* \* \*

The "Columbiad"—Columbia University, Portland, Oregon. We wish to compliment you particularly on your literary department. The articles contained are very entertaining; however, we think that a few more serious editorials would improve your publication. Your sports section also is very well done. Our compliments to your cartoonist, Sullivan.

\* \* \*

The "Cue"—Albany Academy, Albany, New York. Your directory on the back of the cover page is certainly a fine summary of your school organization. Your sports section is complete, concise, and well written. We admire the calibre and scope of the Exchange Department. However, the high-light of the publication is the editor's notes.

\* \* \*

The "Blue and White"—King Edward High School, Vancouver, B. C. After reading the "Blue and White", THE DELPHIC staff was certain that there was a great deal of school spirit reflected in your paper. We were pleased to receive both the February and March numbers. Your Joke and Athletic Departments were especially interesting. We think that your paper could be improved by enlarging your Exchange and Literary Departments.

\* \* \*

The "Magpie"—St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut. Your last number of the "Magpie" was extremely interesting and was gratefully received by THE DELPHIC staff. Your Literary Department was certainly excellent, and we especially enjoyed the longer stories. The review of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Philippa" was very well written. Your poetry was also excellent. We missed your jokes, though; where were they? We also think that an enlargement of your Athletic Notes would make your magazine still more interesting.

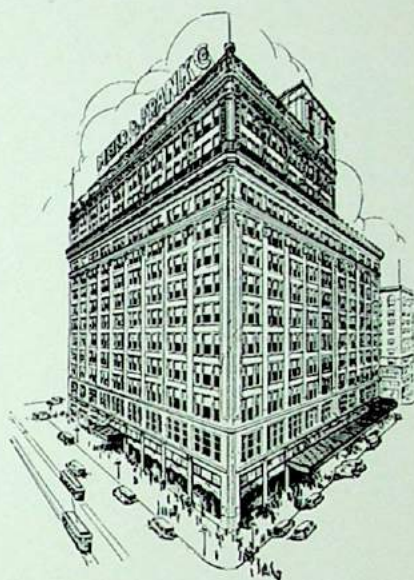




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"Colonel and Mrs. Browne request the pleasure of Captain Greene's company at dinner on September 15."

To this she received the following reply:

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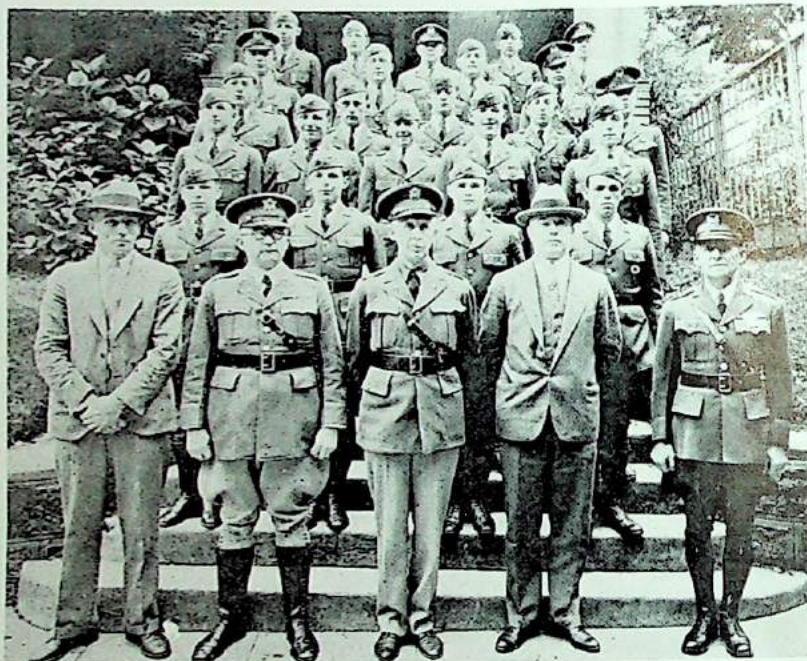
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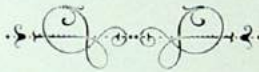
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# Mezzotones and Etchings

By

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Teacher: Tom, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?

Tom: Yes, ma'am. It's a boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.

—*Annapolis Log.*

Miss Evans: What part of speech is *always* in this sentence?

Silence reigned.

Miss Evans: Well?


L. Leonardo: If no one else is going to guess, may I?

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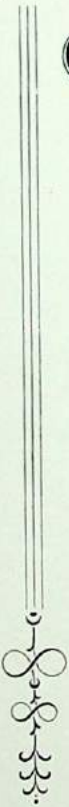
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120 First Street

F. Miller: Betty, are you taking a bath?  
B. Tubbs: Yes.  
F. Miller: I thought so; my soap is gone.

SACRED STUDIES IV CLASS

Teacher: At what council was this statement decided?  
K. Espy: Council of Vesuvius.  
A delicate outburst by the rest of the class.—After the storm had died down.  
Teacher: By the way, what is Vesuvius?  
K. Espy: A man or something.



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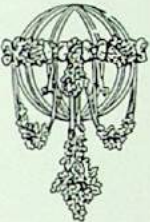
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A pupil was asked to write a short verse using the words *analyze* and *anatomy*.

My analyze over the ocean,  
My analyze over the sea,  
My analyze over the ocean,  
O, bring back my anatomy.

—Annapolis Log.

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When I get to heaven, just whom  
Will I see?  
From cares and troubles they say  
You are free.  
To tell you the truth, I really  
Don't care,  
Just so there are not any rising  
Bells there.

—FRANCES WATZEK.

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Ho: What is your worst sin?

Hum: Vanity.

Ho: How come?

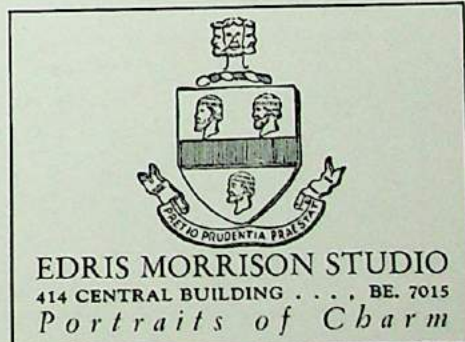
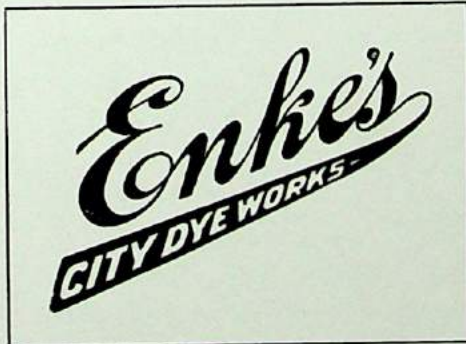
Hum: I stand in front of a mirror for hours admiring my beauty.

Ho: Vanity? That's not vanity; that's imagination!

J. Tennison: To whom did Rome fall?

L. Leonardo: The Gauls.

S. Paulson: I always thought Rome fell to ruins.



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A RECIPE FOR A ST. HELEN'S HALL BOARDER

1 thin form	5 cups conversation
6 cups fat	1 teaspoon sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brains	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon seasoning
1 cup conceit	1 pint sluggish walking
	1 teaspoon flavoring

Take any thin form and gradually add the six cups of fat till you get a heavy and thick appearance. In a separate dish mix the brains and conceit together till you get a rich color. Pour the latter mixture into the empty skull of the now fat form. Add the conversation, sugar, and seasoning slowly, stirring constantly. Later add the pint of sluggish walking, which may be purchased at any grocery store. Add the flavoring to this mixture, last, thus producing a pale appearance and a rich flavor.

This makes a very tasty and delicious boarder.

—MARIE BARNARD.

We have come to the conclusion that Irene Carter was never a baby. She can't produce a baby picture; so where is her proof?

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### THE CLIMAX

The shadow of a great event,  
 Had passed and eyed the victims spent;  
 The tension of the air was tight;  
 The girls stood still with lips pressed tight;  
 The great tension, they dared not speak,  
 And none was there who moved to speak,  
 Till from the back there came a cry,  
 Oh! tell me now, before I die,  
 That English test you gave the class,  
 Miss Evans, tell me, did I pass?

—DOREEN PLYMPTON.

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Alder at Park

Portland, Ore.

Miss Evans: Which word in this sentence is an infinitive?

J. Hale: Me.

And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war.  
Yes, dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?

—*Annapolis Log.*

## THE PERFECT SENIOR

Hair—	Mary Beckwith
Eyebrows—	Elizabeth Heckman
Eyes—	Ruth Scruggs
Nose—	Hannasue Watts
Mouth—	Mariah Grimes
Smile—	Evelyn Bates
Teeth—	Helen Stratton
Complexion—	Susan Sargent
Chin—	Nancy Foley
Neck—	Barbara Fiske
Figure—	Katharine Gilbert
Arms—	Irene Carter
Hands—	Dorothy Enos
Legs—	Peggy Cullers
Feet—	June Clancy
Voice—	Gladys Norville
Dignity—	Helen Hoffmann
Style—	Maxine Mieth
Artistic Ability—	Rhoda Holman
Dramatic Ability—	Vivian Howe
Brains—	Mary Katherine Johnson

## SHEET... ...MUSIC

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