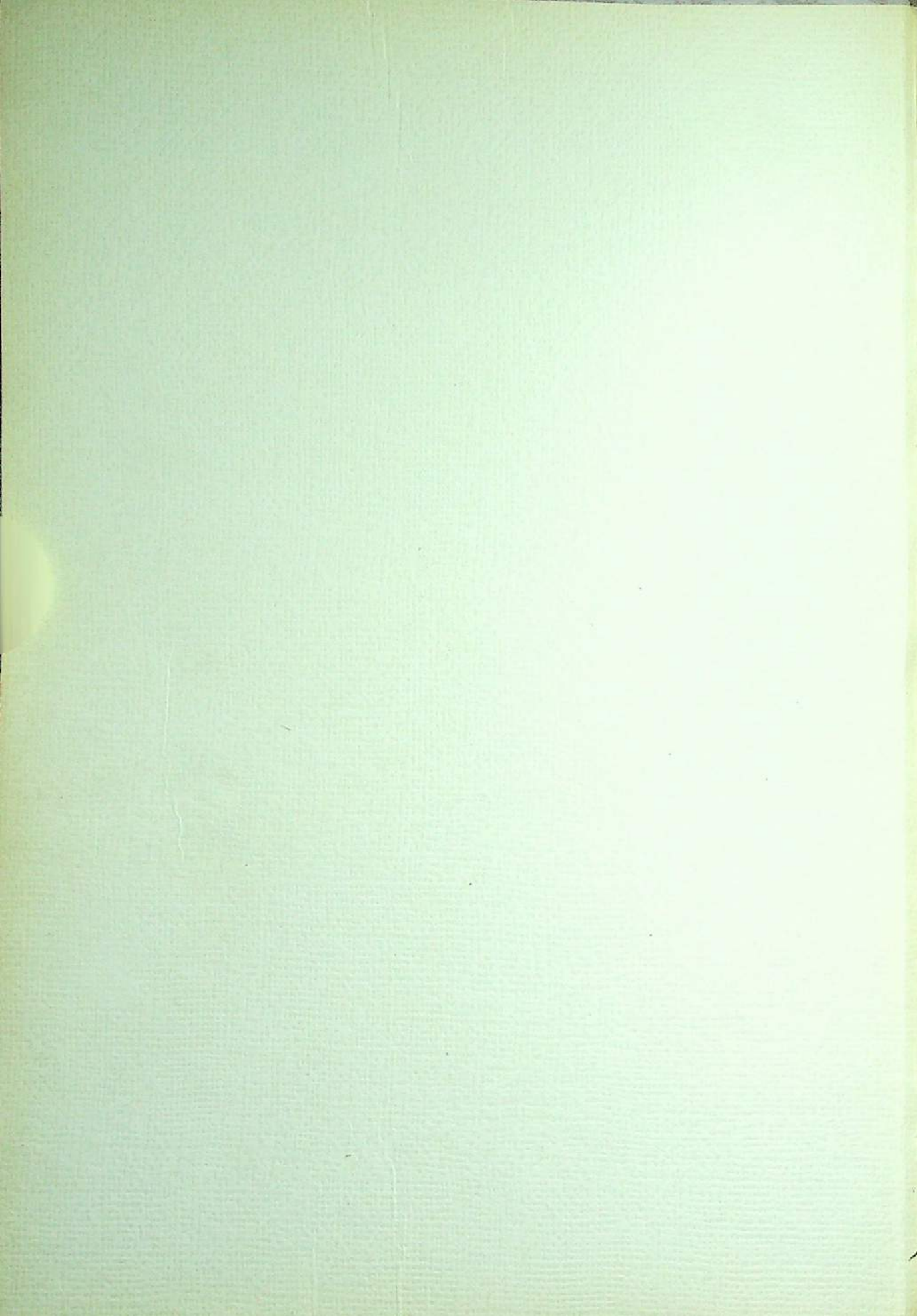
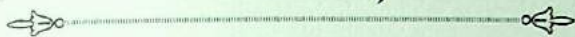




*The Deloitte*  
NINETEEN THIRTY



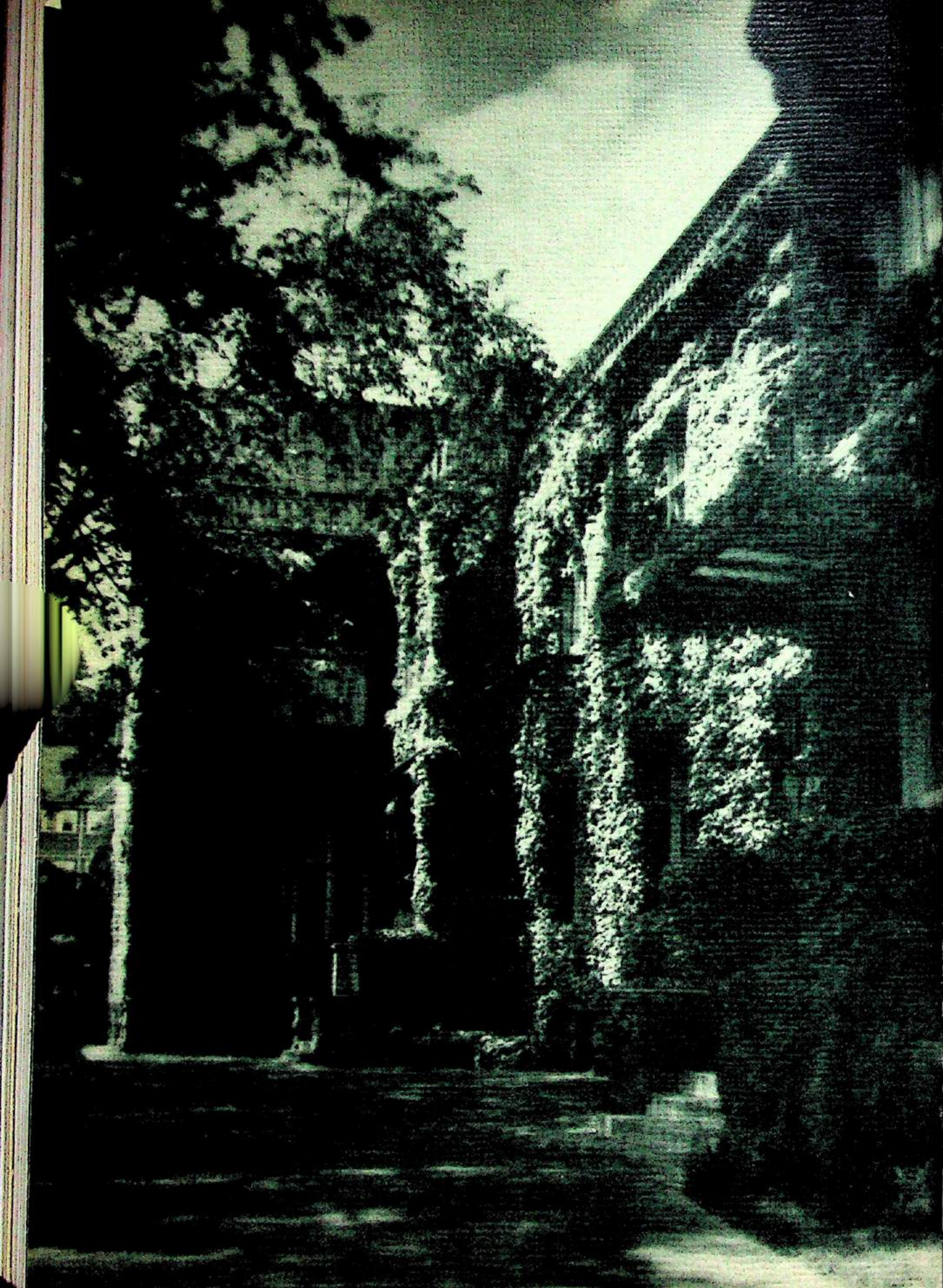
# The Delphic



ST. HELEN'S HALL  
of PORTLAND, OREGON



1935 ~ 1936



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## Dedication

To the Sisters of Saint John Baptist whose vision when things looked darkest, whose spirit of perseverance and determination in the face of gigantic difficulties, and whose noble sacrifices at all times have built for us our school, St. Helen's Hall, this magazine is lovingly dedicated.

## In Memoriam

### SISTER KATHARINE ANGELA

The late Bishop Sumner's prayer at the funeral of Sister Katharine Angela expresses her life and spirit.

Almighty God, in Whose sight the death of Thy saints is most precious, we heartily thank Thee for the useful and consecrated life of Thy servant, Sister Katharine Angela, whom Thou hast called hence to be with Thee.

We heartily thank Thee for her constant and unselfish thought of others, for her helpfulness, her uniform kindness and her ever-present courtesy to all.

Especially we thank Thee for the vocation in which she was trained in the care of the sick and broken bodies, and for the sympathetic employment of its blessings.

We thank Thee for the gift of music whose happy expression she gladly passed on to others and with which she constantly, reverently and inspiringly filled Thy Temple;

For the skill in art and handicraft with which she made and fashioned and beautified otherwise common things, giving them a new material and spiritual glory both in and out of Thy Church;

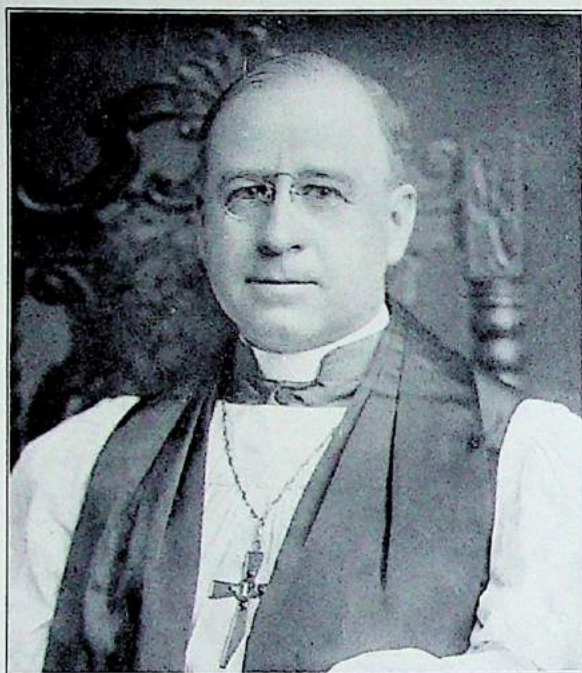
For her understanding, helpful and constructive daily guidance, advice, and counsel to precious childhood, leaving them better for their contact with her rare wisdom and kindness;

For her Christian fortitude and indomitable courage;

For her radiant spirit of joyfulness which she universally imparted to others, brightening lives and transforming clouds into bursts of sunshine.

More especially we thank Thee for calling her to the Religious Life where, with unstinted zeal even to the last moment, she devoted herself entirely to the Christian Life and to the service to which she was set apart in her sacred vocation dedicated to Thee.

We beseech Thee to grant her abundant entrance into Thy Heavenly Kingdom and an immortal crown, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



### In Memoriam

A guiding spirit through twenty years of service to St. Helen's Hall, Bishop Sumner was a great influence on the lives of the Hall girls. He was a shepherd; we followed where he led. Our love and praises follow him, living on forever.



### In Dedication

We, the graduating class, wish to dedicate this page as an appreciation of our new Bishop, Bishop Dagwell. He, in a measure, like us, is starting a new path, a broader life. As we start our lives in other places, may we always be of his flock, faithful and devoted to St. Helen's Hall.

## Officers and Instructors

Rector

THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN DUNLAP DAGWELL, THE BISHOP OF OREGON

Chaplain

THE REVEREND RICHARD F. AYRES

General Superintendence

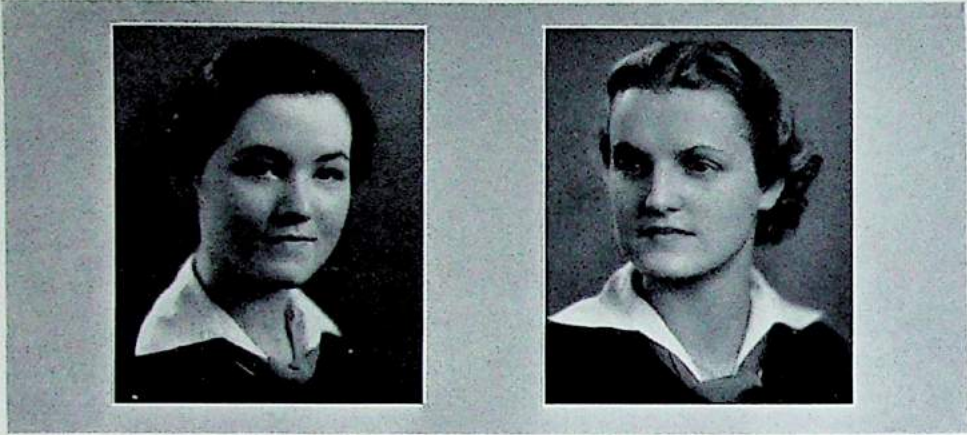
THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST  
(Holy Scripture, Church History)

VIRGINIA BELL	Mills College, B. A. Peabody College for Teachers, M. A.	English
JANET EASTERDAY	University of Oregon, B. A. College de la Guilde, Paris, France	English, Latin
SUSANNE COCAINE	Diplomee de Tours	French
MARJORIE JEAN INGLE	Oregon State College, B. S. New York University, M. S.	Sewing
RUTH JACKSON	University of Nebraska	English, History, Mathematics
HELEN MULCARE	Oregon Normal School	Lower School
MARJORIE MAUTZ	University of Washington, B. A. Columbia University, M. A.	English, French
MARGARET MCGINTY	University of Missouri, B. S. University of California	Physical Education
DOROTHY LACHMUND	Oregon State College, B. S.	Physical Education, Typing
HELEN OLSEN RITH	Oregon Normal School	Lower School

# The Delphic

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LORINE PETERSON	Reed College, B. A.	French, Spanish
MARION PETTIBONE	University of Washington, B. S.	Science
TANYA SCHREIBER	Junior College, Russia College, Dresden, Berlin, Germany Nice, France Naples, Italy	German, French
HELEN W. SHUMAN	University of Oregon, B. A. Graduate Work, Columbia University	Mathematics
ERNESTINE SMITH	University of Michigan, A. B., M. S.	History, Geography
RUBY PAGE EUWER	Emerson College	Dramatics, Public Speaking
SALLY REED	University of Oregon, B. A.	Piano
NAN MORELAND	Mills College, B. A.	Pre-school
HELEN JACKSON BESTEL	Cornish School	Pre-school
MARGARET MCVAY	Oregon State, B. A.	Pre-school
LITA LAYTON NELSON	Washington State College, B. A. Territorial Normal School, Honolulu, T. H.	Pre-school
JOCELYN FOULKES	Pupil of Malwin Bree, Vienna Repertoire and Interpretation with Percy Grainger	Piano
WILLIAM WALLACE GRAHAM		Violin
MABEL HALL-SMITH	New England Conservatory	Voice, Glee Club
JANE O'REILLY	Pupil of Strasevitch, New York, and Rex Underwood, Eugene, Oregon	Violin



ALICE FREEZE

MARION CONDON

### The Student Council

Student self-government is a much disputed question in many schools. We of St. Helen's Hall are fortunate in possessing such an organization. By this representative form of government the girls learn the problems facing them as future citizens of our country. At the same time the school authorities can be relieved of numerous petty corrections of school dress and minor rules of conduct. Naturally the serious actions are supervised by older and wiser heads, yet the members of the body learn to judge the course of action needed.

This year the members of the Council were chosen from the various classes in high school. Alice Freeze was president and Marion Condon was vice-president. We feel that the Council has been of aid to the school and hope that it may continue to be a help to the authorities and an efficient organization.



BARBARA JONES

PHYLLIS NATWICK  
JEAN GROVES

MARION CONDON

### The Student Body

The Student Body was organized three years ago and has been very successful. This year we had many more activities socially and governmentally than in the previous two years. We made and voted upon a new, more complete constitution. Included in this are various progressive measures such as a governing cabinet consisting of two faculty members and the officers. Two dances held a great deal of attention each term. During Christmas vacation at the annual party for poor children the girls had a great deal of fun preparing the gifts and arranging for the Christmas atmosphere of the party. Truly the Student Body is responsible for much of the school spirit, both at sport activities and social affairs. The president for the first term was Barbara Jones; Marion Condon held the gavel the second term.

### The Halltonian

Again the Student Body sponsored a school paper. Under a new title, "The Halltonian," the paper became larger and better throughout the year. All the staff worked very hard to produce a bi-monthly edition the first term under a senior editor, Phyllis Natwick. In the spring term, the seniors turned the managerial positions over to their junior assistants, giving themselves more time for Delphic work. During this term the girls published a larger monthly edition with Jean Groves as the editor. Everyone has cooperated with the hard-working staff who typed, mimeographed, and cleaned up, making a very successful paper.



### The Delphic Staff

Editor-in-Chief  
Literary Editor  
Assistant Literary Editor  
Calendar  
Old Girl Notes  
Athletics  
  
Music and Entertainment  
  
Exchanges  
Humor  
Art Editor  
Business Manager  
Assistant Business Manager  
Advertising Manager  
Assistant Advertising Manager

Advertising Staff

Alice Freeze  
Peggy Lou Smith  
Frances Haworth  
Louise Good  
Betty Lou Roberts  
Phyllis Natwick  
Frances Paris  
Cathryn Collins  
Barbara Minahan  
Carolyn Kamm  
Georgia Littlepage  
Barbara Jones  
Charlotte Lee  
Ruth Richardson  
Dorothy Wells  
Marion Condon  
Dorothy Dixon  
Nanette Moore  
Georgia Littlepage  
Betty Lou Roberts  
Elinor Bakke

*Seniors...*

- A hearth, cold and bare,  
To find, to conquer, and to warm.



ELINOR BAKKE



CATHRYN COLLINS



MARION CONDON



DOROTHY DIXON





VERNA LEE FRANCKLIN



ALICE FREEZE



LOUISE GOOD  
Secretary-Treasurer of the Class



CHARLOTTE HILL

BARBARA JONES



CAROLYN KAMM



CHARLOTTE LEE



GEORGIA LITTLEPAGE





DOROTHY WELLS

## Class Hopes and Will

To whom it may concern, we, the graduating class of 1936, knowing the sorrow we leave behind by our parting, bequeath a token of our love to solace the woes of the less fortunate. To the new seniors, we give our sophisticated ability to do all things. The new juniors receive our looked-for position as the most active class in school. We present the new sophomores with the respect of school rules and for the dignity of the senior class. To the new freshmen goes the honor of being at last undergraduates, trodden upon by the mighty upper classes. The new eighth graders partake of our knowledge of what to do and when to do it. The seventh grade now possesses our congratulations on their graduation six years hence. With these things, hoping we have healed your sorrow at our departure, we leave you:

- I, Elinor Bakke, the President's private secretary, will my strength to Ankey's fierce faces.
- I, Cathryn Collins, financially independent, will Dorothea James my curves.
- I, Marion Condon, a second Demosthenes, will my ability to lecture the student body to my sister, Ruth.
- I, Dorothy Dixon, New York's leading psychiatrist, will my good grades to anyone who really studies hard.
- I, Verna Lee Francklin, the world's dietetic's authority, will my ability to catch street cars to Dorothea James.
- I, Alice Freeze, a struggling country doctor in China, will my English humor to Sybil Kennedy's jokes.
- I, Louise Good, Molyneux's assistant, will my fraternity pin to Betty Nichols.
- I, Charlotte Hill, the American Express' model traveler, will my giggle to anyone who hasn't such a charming one as mine.
- I, Barbara Jones, now Mrs. Blank Blank, will my Italian accent to anyone who will take it.
- I, Carolyn Kamm, "Pop" Warner II, will my nervous excitability to my sister, Kathryn, who can't sit, stand, or remain in one position one or two seconds.
- I, Charlotte Lee, Agna Enters' successor, will my grace and ease to Betty Sumner.
- I, Georgia Littlepage, the modern Pasteur, will my locker mirror to the vain underclassmen.
- I, Barbara Minahan, America's leading advertiser, will my ability to get into trouble in fourth period English class to Jean Anders.

## *The Delphic*

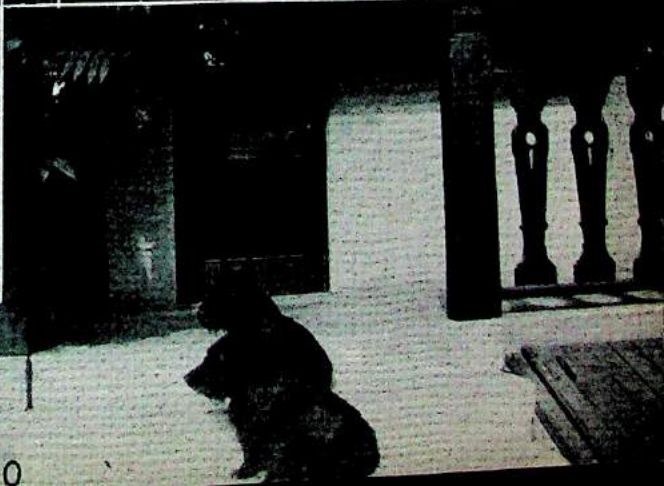
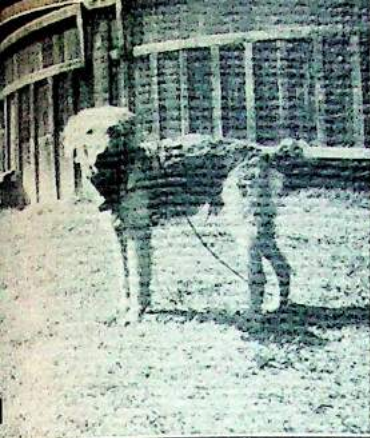
- I, Nanette Moore, a steeple photographer, will my love for animals, especially goats, to Jean Shorts.
- I, Phyllis Natwick, the follower of Madame Schumann Heink, will "The St. Louis Blues" to Cathryn Boyden.
- I, Frances Paris, the distinguished Dollar Line traveler, will my musical ability to Cavell Abbott.
- I, Margeurite Peters, a belated Shakespeare, will my slow ways to Nancy Wollum.
- I, Ruth Rose Richardson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, will my ability to argue to Betty Nichols.
- I, Betty Lou Roberts, Saks' Paris buyer, will my vim and vigour to next year's basketball team.
- I, Peggy Lou Smith, America's Florence Nightingale, will my position as forward to Sue West.
- I, Dorothy Wells, the West's cowgirl, will my typing speed to any girl who does more than twenty words a minute.

We hereby assert our sanity and reason and do testify to the validity of this document.

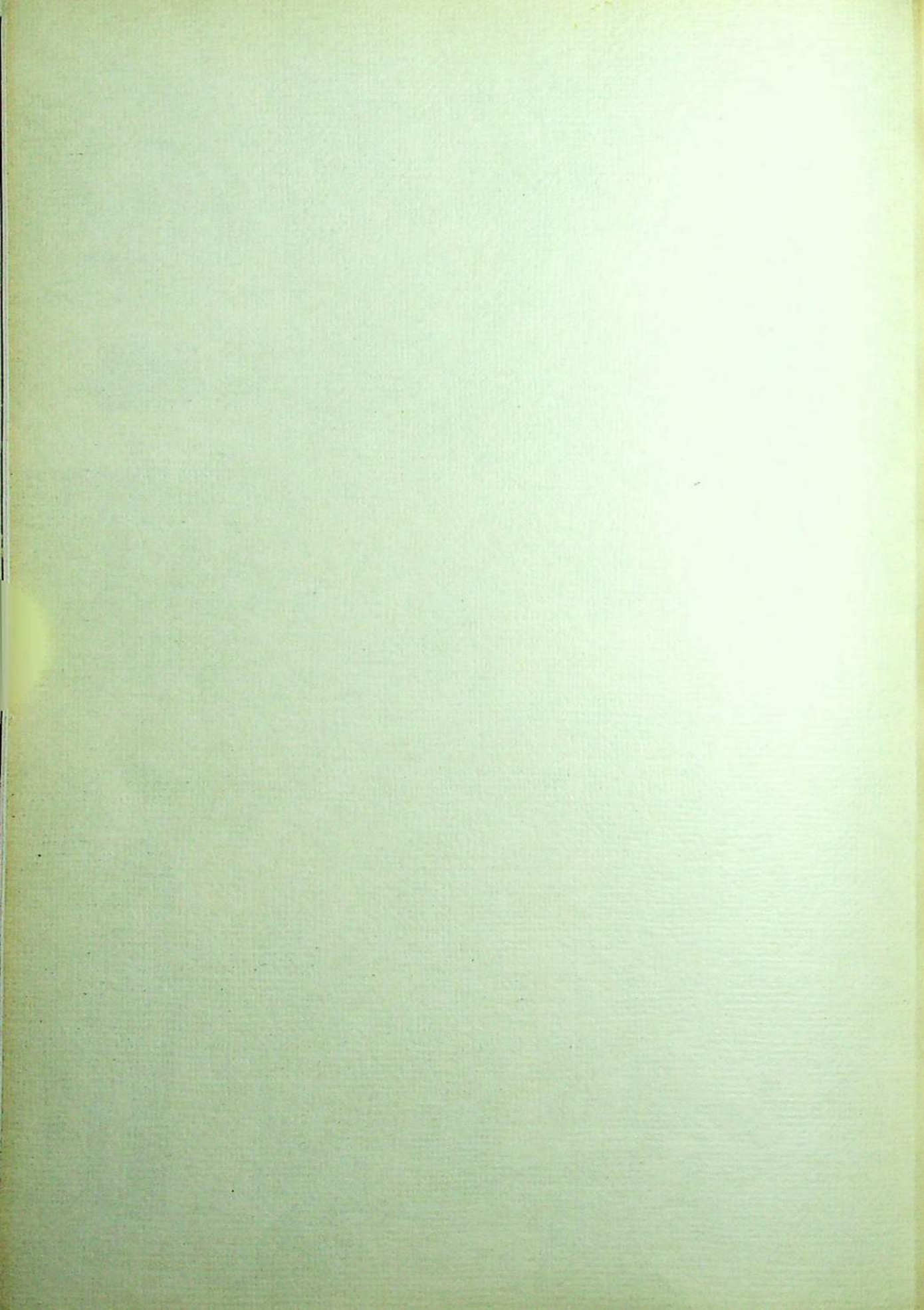
Sincerely yours forever,

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1936





The One and Only Dawn  
 The Breakfast Hike Was Perfect  
 Kennedy Ranch's Cowboys  
 Soda Pop and Those Open Spaces  
 Pensive Dawn in the Bus  
 Four on a Bench  
 Homeward Bound from the Ranch  
 We Lost the Oars  
 One, Two, Three, Jump!  
 Our Bishrr's



*Literary...*

- A word is like a campfire,  
A glorious glow, or a dubious flicker.



School Honors

JUNE 1935

The Holford Cup for Sacred Studies . . . . .	Bette Morfitt III
American Legion Certificate of Honor . . . . .	Molly McGuire III
Pin and Testimonial Awarded to the Girl Having the Highest Average in Good Citizenship . . . . .	Alice Freeze V
Gift from Mrs. John S. Parke to the Most Courteous and Helpful Boarder . . . . .	Alice Freeze V
Alumnae Pin Given to the Senior of Good Scholarship Who Has Contributed the Most to School Life . . . . .	Mary Helen Pruitt VI
The School Ring Was Awarded in Appreciation of Her Splendid Work in School Activities . . . . .	Jane Mount VI
In the School the Gorgas Memorial Essay Medal Was Awarded . . . . .	Jane Mount VI
In the "Noted Picture Contest" the following prizes were awarded:	
First Prizes . . . . .	{ Dorothy Furnish VI Peggy Bernard VI
Second Prize . . . . .	Nanette Moore IV
Third Prize . . . . .	Geraldine Hanny VI

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

Peggy Bernard VI	Cathryn Collins V
Lillian Brooke VI	Alice Freeze V
Byrl Brown VI	Charlotte Lee V
Anita Cadonau VI	Phyllis Natwick V
Dorothy Furnish VI	Jean Groves IV
Geraldine Hanny VI	Dorothea James IV
Nancy Ann Hilton VI	Mary Justine Gilbert IV
Peggy Krumbein VI	Victoria Hartwell IV
Elizabeth Stone VI	Bette Morfitt III
Marion Clark V	Peggy Stevens III

Jane Taubman III

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

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

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Mary Louise Blodgett VI | Dorothy Dixon V      |
| Phyllis Jane Elder VI   | Louise Good V        |
| Maryalice Enos VI       | Barbara Jones V      |
| Dorothy Good VI         | Frances Paris V      |
| Phyllis Grenfell VI     | Janet Crosse IV      |
| Margaret Mary Mann VI   | Frances Haworth IV   |
| Jane Mount VI           | Janet Mann IV        |
| Mary Helen Pruitt VI    | Martha Ditto IV      |
| Marion Rosenblatt VI    | Carol Mount IV       |
| Helen Stone VI          | Kathryn Thompson III |
| Susan West III          |                      |

### High School Athletic Awards

#### TENNIS SINGLES

- |                        |                              |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| First prize . . . . .  | Peggy Krumbein (Gold Medal)  |
| Second prize . . . . . | Phyllis Elder (Silver Medal) |

#### TENNIS DOUBLES

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| First prize . . . . . | } Peggy Krumbein (Gold Medal)<br>} Nancy Alber (Gold Medal) |
|-----------------------|---|

#### FENCING

- |                        |                                |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| First prize . . . . .  | Charlotte Lee (Gold Medal)     |
| Second prize . . . . . | Nanette Moore (Silver Medal)   |
| Third prize . . . . .  | Phyllis Natwick (Bronze Medal) |

#### ARCHERY

- |                        |   |
|------------------------|---|
| First prize . . . . .  | Carol Mount (Gold Medal from the School and a Silver Cup as the Bishop's Award) |
| Second prize . . . . . | Jane Mount (Silver Medal)   |
| Third prize . . . . .  | Ruth Richardson (Bronze Medal)  |

## Editorial

For thirty-two years the Community of St. John Baptist has sent its faithful service to St. Helen's Hall. Through the unending efforts of the various Sisters, St. Helen's Hall has grown larger and better, ever increasing the founder's dreams of an outstanding girls' school in the West, true to its motto: "That thy daughters may be as the polished cornerstones of the temple." In the new sites, new buildings, new organizations, one sees the power, the force, God has given these believing helpers of His. Their means were limited, the drawbacks to advancement were innumerable. No silver spoon brought easy success, yet they achieved. Just this year two more buildings were purchased across the street to enlarge space through an Annex. Little by little, year after year, St. Helen's Hall has increased from the pioneer school. As time moves forward, St. Helen's Hall will continue to grow and grow, a worthy answer to the dream.

From our whole hearts, we the graduating class this year with the alumnae, wish to, nay must, express in words the love and reverence we feel for you who have given us an education of book-learning, sportsmanship, independence, society, and worship. As we start our Commencement, may we go with this hope in our hearts, "That thy daughters may be as the polished cornerstones of the temple." May we be an asset worthy of you and our school forever. You have given us the courage for turning back defeat, making it glorious victory. We owe you an unpayable debt of appreciation.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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## Editorial

We, the seniors of St. Helen's Hall, begin to realize what our school has meant to us. As we look back upon that day, so long ago it seems, when we, very small and impressionable children, took our places in the lower school to have our little blue veils tied on for that first morning in chapel, we know that it was the peace, the dignity, and through all the pure joy that made our hearts swell almost to bursting with the happiness of it all, and we know, too, that it was then that seeds of courtesy, of fairness, of loyalty, of reverence, and love for all were planted in our wee small beings.

This foundation made it easy for us to step from one advancing class into the next, and always, for those whose hearts and souls and minds were open to the influence, there was inspiration and a challenge to the higher things of life.

We have grown joyously, normally, splendidly, during our four years of high school life, and now a wondrous portal is slowly opening before us over which is written the solemn and dignified words: "The School of Life." A sudden aching tightness is around our hearts as we look backward over the familiar, happy years which we have allowed to slip almost carelessly away and for-

ward into the strange, unknown future. And yet we must consider this: just as the Lower School prepared us to take up with confidence the more difficult tasks of the Upper School, so our four years of High School have strengthened and developed us so that we might go forth bravely and with joyous courage to meet Life.

As seniors our hearts are warm with love and appreciation for the Sisters of Saint John Baptist, who through long years have labored intelligently, patiently, and persistently that we might have a school with high ideals and high scholarship.

Now we feel only instinctively what St. Helen's Hall means to us; but in the years to come when we meet life's problems one after another and find ourselves solving them calmly, sanely, and fairly we will realize how surely our school training has shaped our lives.

LITERARY EDITOR.

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## Spain

A land of dramatic contrasts with rich setting! It is as if we had entered another world. What is this romantic strain impregnating the air with its mysterious and beckoning refrain? It seems to sing of the centuries past. As we stand on the street corner, we see these centuries go by. Drifting along with them are the ghosts of the past and of the present, mingled, curious and alluring.

There seems to radiate from the buildings and the artistry of the surroundings a restful mellowness, and then with the distant click of castanets and the swaying rhythm of the Spanish dance, we feel a surge of life come through the air, increasing under a certain strange suppression. As the music finally bursts its bounds and reaches a height of ecstasy and gayety, we feel the true spirit of Spain. The Spanish senorita flashing and proud in her richly embroidered brocades, brilliant spangles, a gilded shellcomb and rose in her black hair, whirls by, gloriously beautiful and surging with life. Carmen for centuries has danced her way through the streets and open air pavilions. She is the true gypsy, a Spanish gypsy, unlike any of the others in the world. These wandering folk have not changed as times have changed. They are picturesque and aloof from all others. Their lives are emotional, their spirits wild, untamed.

On passing away from the dancing, we wander down a winding street paved in cobblestones. The soft clappity-clapp sound of the burro's unshod hoofs comes out of the distance, grows louder, and then the beast, passing us, goes slowly on its way carrying two heavy baskets on its sides. Dumb oxen pass pulling their heavy carts behind them. The babel of many voices rises and falls like the changing of the wind, as people busily make their way through the street.

## The Delphic

Page Twenty-three

Everywhere there are fountains and pools made of colored tile. Their clear waters seem to tell the old story of Spain, its romance, its fame, its glorious past. Reflected in them is the inspiring cathedral which rises, firm and protective, but with grace and beauty unexcelled. Wonderful is the delicate, many-colored maze of intricate carving. The stones seem more like a lacy film than solid rocks which have stood through centuries. Then, as we admire its beauty, the cathedral's deep-toned bells peal forth their rich sonorous chime even as they have pealed in the countless years before. Their voices, too, seem to speak of the past of Spain.

We clamber along a rocky path in steep ascent, and finally reach the top of a hill on which a great castle firmly stands. Its frown of austere dignity seems to throw long shadows over the little town which nestles sleepily below. The afternoon sun, warm and bright, is shining from a cloudless sky on the quaint, sunbaked houses with their spotless, whitewashed walls, red tiled roofs, balconies, and green vines. As the sun moves ever lower, long blue shadows creep across the terraced garden of the castle. The time of evening has come when silence and serenity are golden. The little breezes, rustling through leaves, seem to whisper so meaningfully of the past of Spain and accompanying deeds, intriguing and bold, that we no longer live in the present, but again feel the mystery and deepness of the ages which make a background smooth and finished. We gaze far away where the valleys, dotted with little farms, roll gently into sloping wooded hillsides. In the distance, we see the spires of the cathedral pierce the sky of delicate blue, and almost float as if without support in the golden beams of the fast setting sun.

In the distance we see a white balcony almost hidden among the climbing roses. But the most beautiful rose of all is the one on the balcony, leaning gracefully over the balustrade. Below we see a wide-brimmed hat, tipped back as if its wearer were looking upwards. On drawing closer we see a Spaniard of dark complexion with flashing eyes, strumming his guitar and singing a simple, expressive song to his lady love. Here is the Spain of which we have dreamed, romantic and overflowing with the catching rhythm of castanets and the wistful strains of the *senor's* guitar as he sings his ardent song to his *senorita*.

As we look over the village roofs, we see the last rays of the golden sun flooding the valley. Far away rise the lofty peaks of the distant mountains, blue with haze. Below us lies Spain stretching out over a vast plateau. On the streets we again see the dancers whirling and bending. We are enthralled by the picture before us, for though the centuries have mellowed the atmosphere, a certain untamed wildness still predominates. This is romantic, "sunny" Spain, gay and melancholy, progressive and ancient, never dull; moody, yes, but always beautiful.

As we stand drinking in these enchanting moods, a strange melody drifts up softly from the streets. The exotic song floats away into endless space, leaving a lasting memory of the unforgotten glories of Spain's past.

MARY JUSTINE GILBERT, '38.

## A Fantasy

Think of struggling for hours up the side of a sheer, steep cliff, only to reach the top and— But it is better to begin at the beginning.

It was night when this idea of climbing the steepest cliff, or perhaps it was a mountain, in the world came upon me. Just what provoked the idea I do not know, but at the time it seemed an excellent one. At any rate it was irresistible, and so I began my ascent.

It was a snow-clad giant, that mountain. Its summit shone with an unearthly light, and I was alone, attempting to climb the highest pinnacle in the world, at night, and all I had to eat was a huge chocolate bar. It was not any enviable position to be in, yet to turn back seemed impossible.

And so it began. It took hours even to attain a foot of ground because, strangely enough, it was much easier to slide backwards than to climb forward. I was forever munching on the chocolate bar, which, like the night, seemed to have no end.

Finally, it must have been days, but dawn had not yet come, I reached that fascinating peak that shone so luridly in the moonlight, and immediately proceeded to fall off into space.

It was maddening. Had I climbed all this way only to be defeated in the end? Furthermore, it was no fun to feel oneself rolling and turning in empty space. I decided that my end had at last arrived. At least I should die eating a chocolate bar, which was some consolation, for I felt sure I'd have some left to eat in eternity. I was nearing the end of my worldly journey now and I was feeling more than one queer sensation inside of me. I saw the ground beneath me rise up. A strange ringing noise pierced my ears, and I knew that the end had come—of a bad dream.

I opened my eyes and looked out on the dawn. That was satisfying; at least I was not dead. The ringing continued. The rising bell! It came on me all of a sudden that this was another school day—the first school day after exams. I am not sure which was the lesser of the two evils that befell me on that morning. Was going to school better than falling off the highest peak in the world? I'm sure I don't know. They both seemed to be bad ideas.

JEAN SHORTS, '38.

Miss Hepzibah

Old wine is mellowed and rendered almost priceless by the passing years; old fruit cake has a flavor all its own; old lace cause "ohs" and "ahs" of appreciation; but old women shrivel and become less and less beloved as time goes on. This is especially true of poor old women who have no chauffeurs, butlers, velvet cushions, or large bank accounts to help them along.

Just such a one was Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon. She was a withered leaf of a lady who lived, as nearly as she could in her reduced circumstances, according to the proprieties of sixty years past. Alone she drifted through the gloomy halls of her house trying to disguise her poverty and her other sorrows with her faded gentility. She was not even pretty but, on the other hand, angular and ugly with a scowl on her wrinkled face which terrified the few people who saw her and made them think her cross and hard-hearted. She was really extremely kind and it hurt her when she saw through her myopic eyes men and women whispering about her.

Her whole soul was wrapped up in love for her imprisoned brother, Clifford. Frequently during each monotonous day, she labored up the creaking stairs of her home to embrace his miniature and to sob to herself that he was much too sweet and good a man to be a murderer. This miniature was her one joy and comfort. When she gazed at the delicate face pictured in it, her thoughts fled from her sad, empty life, the curse that was on her dwelling, and the cruelty of her affluent cousin and revelled in the far-away days when she and Clifford had played together among the luxuriant blossoms of the Pyncheon garden.

VICTORIA HARTWELL, '38.

---

Spring

Each spring in Spain  
The lovelorn swain  
May strum his sweet guitar,  
But spring to me  
Means agony  
As I nurse the old catarrh.

The breezes fair  
Perfume the air  
With the pollen of the rose;  
On every breeze  
Is born a sneeze  
To every nose that blows.

NANCY WOLLUM, '39.

## Jungle Night

Darkness, such complete darkness prevails. Not even the matted tangle of trees and vines is outlined against the dull sky. Silence reigns, a heavy silence that fills every nook and cranny of the jungle. But now the tomb-like silence is shattered by the roar of a ferocious beast as he makes the kill or the death shriek of the weaker and defenseless animal.

Not a breath of air stirs until it seems as though the air itself will become as stagnant as a jungle pool, covered with green slime and reeking of decay. But now over a bank of ominous black clouds which hangs above the rolling eastern hills rises the moon, not the golden moon of our world but the pale-white ghastly moon of the jungle. With her comes a gentle breeze that blows through the jungle treetops and playfully tosses billowy black clouds before her ghastly brilliance. Once more silence reigns, for the great beasts of prey have given up their chase until a cloak of darkness again envelopes their movements. How can even the kings of the jungle know when the jungle will be flooded with brilliance or plunged into darkness if Lady Moon herself does not know? For the moment the breeze and the clouds hold the supreme power of life and death.

But at last the moon haughtily soars above the earth-bound clouds into the clear blue sky, and with her haughty conquest of such earthly things, begin the jungle drums. Softly, slowly they beat, growing louder and louder, closer and closer.

Through the jungle shines a light, the light of a native bonfire, around which dance the natives in time to the steady pum, pum, pum, pum, pum of the drums. Their writhing black bodies are as shiny as ebony except for the splotches of white paint. The flickering firelight illuminates their faces fantastically with jumping blood-red flecks of light and as they dance they chant weirdly. Led by their witch doctor, a little wizened old man with a skull of a water oxen, long ago bleached to a bone-white, over his head, the natives danced all through the night to the sound of the jungle drums.

By the time the moon had neared the horizon, the chief whom they had hoped to heal by driving out the evil spirits with their dance lay dead, and the exhausted natives fell around the last glowing embers of the fire.

With a knowing wink at the rising sun the moon sank behind the western horizon and left him to view with horror what destruction and despair had fallen upon the jungle in her one short rule of a jungle night.

MOLLY MCGUIRE, '38.

I sought relief in poetry of old,  
 In tapestries, and in exquisite tales.  
 My rooted pain increased a hundredfold,  
 As I beheld the pure and stately sails  
 Of my soul's ship—and feared the turbulent seas  
 Would sink it—and I prayed for utter ease  
 From all my thoughts—that velvet darkness might  
 Engulf me in oblivion of peace—  
 In the soft shades of silent, endless night  
 We met—my sorrow never will increase.  
 The sun has risen—and the world is light.

ANKEY LARRABEE, '37.

## The Dawn of Wind Instruments

Daniel tended his father's geese all through the long, weary days. Being an original child of fourteen, he sat dozing and waking by the swamp, trusting to luck that the honking, noisy beasts would not stray during his more listless moments, and occasionally tossing a bit of grain into the marshy weeds by his side to keep his wards contented and satisfied with their present environments.

Daniel often dozed off into a kinder world with a long reed extending out of one corner of his mouth. So often had he watched with envy the older men seated about the evening campfire, smoking pipes with a deep and studied satisfaction, that he longed to do the same. At least it would be some sort of a pastime, since in those days before the discovery of musical instruments, the children had nothing much to interest them. What a dull life they must have led! Dancing and singing were then non-existent diversions. Existence on the whole was colorless.

One particularly warm, dreamy afternoon we find this ambitionless child in his habitual attitude, dozing away the hours, stretched out on his back with a long, thick reed hanging between his teeth. The busy geese occasionally rustled the fall marsh grass and the heavy air was filled with the perpetual hum and drone of flying insects.

Finally, a rather large and annoying fly, more inquisitive than his fellow playmates, settled himself squarely on Daniel's upper lip and began to flutter his wings and walk about until suddenly Daniel's body grew tense, his face became redder and fuller, and forgetting the reed in his mouth, he blew. A long, eerie, hollow noise filled the air. The boy sat up with a start, peered expectantly around—"the geese?"—no, a different sound entirely, in fact, much like the wind in the swamps on stormy nights, but not a leaf was stirring today. Gradually his teeth drifted apart as he assumed the usual expression of surprise and the guilty reed dropped into his lap. Unconsciously, he placed it back in, his heart stopped pounding and he decided that he had been dreaming, after which he let out a relieved "whew"—again the eerie, hollow sound, this time short and staccato, filled his ears, but this time, his senses being sharpened and alert, light dawned in the usually foggy brain of Daniel as he realized where the strange, new, and interesting sound was coming from. He slept no more that afternoon.

As evening slips on the quiet afternoon we hear unusual noises drifting across the flat lands from a glowing campfire around which are seated many happy people, each with a long reed taking the place of the accustomed pipe which is thrown disinterestedly to one side.

Daniel is seated in the place of honor as being the discoverer of the wind instrument which now plays such an important part in the lives of all types and races of people today.

### Alone on the Moor

The sun had set on the moor, and the long, gray shadows of twilight stretched endlessly below a pastel tinted sky. The faint, cool breeze of evening rustled the heather at my feet. I could almost hear the tinkling of the tiny blue-bells. The empty stillness only accentuated the rustling noise of the tiny night creatures, who now that the heat of day was over, seemed to come mysteriously to life in the cool evening air. I was alone with the moor, an aching feeling in my heart for the lonesome beauty all about me. The wind was rising and making a wild, low, rushing sound through the gorse and broom.

Suddenly I came upon a child, a wild child of the moor, with tattered dress and shaggy hair. Her fearless black eyes were startled at finding herself not alone. I smiled; she paused a second, staring wonderingly, then a laugh both eerie yet strangely sweet like the laugh of an elf, filled the air with music. Suddenly becoming shy, she turned and with a light, fleet step disappeared into the shadows. Long after she had gone, her laugh hovered faintly in the air. Again I was alone on the moor.

GEORGIA LITTLEPAGE, '36.

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### Winter

When the trees are bare and the flowers are gone  
And the birds have hushed their cheerful song,  
The old east wind with its mournful tone  
Brings crisp Jack Frost to every home.

This little man has ever a brush,  
With bristles of silver, his cold fingers rush  
O'er crystalline figures on each window pane  
And his laughter is silvery like tinkles of rain.

Then the snow fairy calls to her millions of flakes  
And softly they cover—grass, trees, and lakes,  
Till the world is a vision of beauteous delight,  
Brilliant—sparkling by day, softer—moon-touched by night.

This is the jolliest time of the year  
When the world is all white and Christmas is near,  
And sleigh bells jingle, and children shout  
Round lighted trees with gifts all about.

Oh, winter, we love you! Your Jack Frost, your snow,  
Your gay Christmas season with trees all aglow,  
Your crisp, starry nights, and the wind's whistling sound,  
Bright logs in the fireplace with loved ones around.

PEGGY LOU SMITH, '36.

## My First Attempt to Haunt a House

My first attempt to haunt a house could not be said to be a material success, although technically the house was haunted to the nth degree. I, as you probably already guessed, am a ghost, an unemployed ghost. Maybe you mortals didn't know it, but the depression has struck us just as hard as it has you. For example, a very good friend of mine, Graves by name, owned a group of haunted apartment houses before the crash, and now there is a mortgage on every one of them, and the manner in which they are being haunted is a disgrace to Ghostdom. I became a ghost during the depression; consequently I had had no experience at haunting until my first attempt which I shall tell you about now. I hope it scares you, but more than likely it won't because I have never been able to frighten anyone yet, this being the chief reason that I'm unemployed.

October thirty-first was on hand, and I, not wishing to miss any of the fun, decided to rent a house for the night. I found this more difficult than I had imagined, as all the best houses were taken. Finally, as a last hope, I went to Bones and Bones Company, dealers in hauntable cemeteries. While I was waiting I met an old friend. After explaining to him the situation, he told me that he would gladly let me use his house, as he had been haunting it all year and wanted a change for this bewitching night. Of course, I accepted, and arrived at the given address a few hours before twelve. The house itself was in the gray of condition, having a musty attic and a gloomy cellar. Only a few of the numerous rooms were in use, giving a spooky atmosphere. I wish, however, that this could be said of its occupant! This was the first disappointment. I had hoped for a houseful of scary old maids, but instead I found a grouchy, grumpy old man who probably hadn't the slightest idea that it was Hallowe'en. I did not give up hope, however, and when he settled himself in a chair to read by candlelight, I began work.

I had procured some bolts of lightning and some very loud thunder, also Bones and Bones Company had rented to me a large gust of the North Wind giving a banging shutter atmosphere. These I immediately let loose and added a few howls on my own part. By this time I thought that the absorbed reader would at least grow curious, but he did not so much as lift his eyes from the book. I now began to spread it on thick, literally speaking. I rattled chains, moaned and groaned, made sounds of footsteps, rocked rocking-chairs, and played the "Funeral March" on the organ, but still no response from my host. At this time some boys rang his doorbell. To this also he paid no attention. As a last resort, I blew out his candle. This roused him to the point of striking a match and relighting the candle, which I calmly blew out again. After repeating this about five times, he got up and decided to go to bed. At last, I thought, now is the time he will listen. As soon as he was in bed I went through my haunts, but the only response was a rat-trap snore. This he kept up all night, and my efforts proved fruitless. When what I used to consider a friend, returned, I explained to him the situation. He laughed and was about to tell me the reason for my unsuccessful attempts when it dawned on me. The simplicity of it had been my downfall. There was only one answer, the old man was deaf!

This was my first and last attempt to haunt a house. At present I am considering getting a job at the White Laundry, pressing sheets.

## Well-Trained Fords

The natural inclinations of rattly old Fords tend with slight training to make the Ford a past master in the arts of excitement, tragedy, comedy, and romance. A much larger variety of different occurrences happens in Fords at the correct time than in any other car. No one expects to see a new shiny car stranded on the side road, but when one sees a rattly Ford slightly overloaded with college boys uncontrollably stopped miles from a gas station, he invariably laughs, but with sympathy in his heart. In spite of some drawbacks, no car holds such power as a well-trained Ford.

Nothing is quite as exciting as seeing or being in a suddenly brakeless wreck of a Ford dashing hither and yon down the side of a mountain, barely missing the edge of the road by a few thousandths of an inch while the bouncing occupants of the back seat vainly try to save food, luggage, and themselves from utter ruin. Arriving on safer terra firma, limp rags of excited boys start the long weary climb to the top of the hill to recover several suitcases and any stray food or missing parts. Mother's loveliest and most super chocolate cake is no more for dust has returned to dust. One sprained ankle will never see the college prom. But these few incidents are mere statements of minor events. A tragedy of tragedies stalks at the foot of the hill. A person who had never laughed in his life would roar at the sight of four surprised and shocked faces of four disgusted boys. All four tires of the car are allowing the rims to touch the ground. Excitingly tragic humor, is it not?

Two weeks later, the same little battered Ford makes a new appearance. Recently shined and redecorated, it now takes the position of honor, carrying its owner and his beautiful date to a scavenger hunt. But horrors of horrors, the car has stopped! Now what could be more annoying than being stranded in the middle of the country around midnight with a squealing baby pig and a cackling hen in the rear seat of the car? Well, 'pon my word! Only one big head can be seen silhouetted against the big round moon. The equation for the disappearance of one curly head is this: Two people liking each other, plus one glorious full moon, plus one stranded Ford with no passers-by equals romance. A well-trained Ford knowing when to stop and when to go is conducive to romance. Could I interest you in an excellently, superbly trained Ford?

ALICE FREEZE, '36.

## The Native City of Shanghai

Adventure! For the first time since our vacation to the Far East had begun, I felt my pulses quicken with excitement. A babbling of strange tongues, a conglomeration of vivid colors, and a mixture of unforgettable odors—these were my first impressions of the unique Native City of Shanghai. The streets were dark, narrow, and twisted. They wound about and never seemed to achieve an actual purpose. These odd thoroughfares were lined with shops—and such shops! Side by side I noticed a jade shop with rare displays of breath-taking loveliness and a street cafe, where a bit of Chinese "hash" might be purchased for a few coppers. Indescribably filthy throngs clogged the streets, wandering aimlessly along without any apparent destination in mind. Suddenly a gentle whine at my sleeve startled me and I glanced quickly around. Not three feet from me a relic of a man stood moaning piteously. He was barefooted, his clothes were rags, and one of his legs was horribly crippled. As I looked at him I thought of a stray dog. And yet, this bedraggled spectacle frightened me thoroughly. Just as I was going to throw him a piece of silver, our guide stepped up and gruffly ordered him to be off. Later Mr. Tang, our honorable guide, told me that had I given him a piece of money every beggar in the vicinity would have been on my trail in a few minutes. We wandered on through the maze of crooked streets, shopping a bit here and there. Late in the afternoon we found ourselves back where we had entered the Native Quarter. There our car and driver awaited us. But when I went, I knew I should always treasure the memory of this unique settlement which teemed with adventure and excitement.

CATHRYN COLLINS, '36.

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## Is the Moon Tired?

Is the moon tired?  
She looks so pale,  
Sailing across the sky  
Within her misty veil.

Does she miss her sister light  
Who gallantly sails by day?  
Is she lonely in the dark  
For friendship in her play?

She thinks not of these trivial things,  
But sheds a soothing light,  
And we, from troubles of the day,  
Find comfort in the night.

CHARLOTTE LOUISE LEE, '36.

English

History is my Waterloo,  
French is my greatest bore,  
Latin is most obnoxious,  
But English I adore.

So many people wrote things  
It's hard to keep them straight,  
And after you have learned them  
You have to know their date.

Addison wrote essays,  
Familiar was the kind;  
Steele wrote some also,  
His was a brilliant mind.

Gray wrote an elegy  
When he was six and twenty;  
Collins wrote an ode or two  
Which I think was plenty.

But I like the English writers  
And all their different styles.  
Some leave you in salty tears  
And some all wreathed in smiles.

A toast to you, dear English,  
I hope you will e'er do well,  
But with all that awful grammar  
I'm afraid I'm stuck, Miss Bell.

FRANCES E. HAWORTH, '37.

7777 A. D.

"Father, it looks as if the planets are going to have good weather for the opening day of the Universe Series. Earth is going to play against the rest of the solar system. I also hear that Saturn is going to play first base. Mars has to play second base although he wanted to pitch, but Earth decided he was too far away from home for that position. Jupiter was pleased with the opportunity to play third base because last year he had to play short stop."

"William, what part is Moon going to play this year?"

"Oh, she is playing pitcher on the side of Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter. I always knew the Moon and the Earth lived too close together to get along. Those people on Earth have always thought they were better than we. They are always bragging about their great discoveries and their knowledge of their own past history. Just yesterday I heard and saw over my spectacles (they are not used in 7777 A. D. as they were in 1800, 1900, and 2000 A. D.) that they have been doing some underground exploring. They have dug up an ancient place in which it is believed humans lived as far back as the twentieth century. They have found a good many species of the feminine sex with scars and holes in their heads. Some ancient story tells that they used to wind their hair around some wires. What suffering for vanity's sake!"

"Father, don't you think it is about time for the game to start?"

"You're right. Here it goes!"

The game begins, and Earth soon gets ahead. The spectators, Venus, Mercury, and Neptune, who have bet large sums of money on the solar planets (Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter), are steadily losing their tempers because the umpire from Uranus counted one of Earth's balls as a strike instead of a foul.

Every year Earth had been victorious in the thrilling games of the series. The other planets had taken all they could stand. They were overfed with this everlasting defeat. Venus, Mercury, and Neptune spread the word around in a few minutes of plans that would start things popping before the game ended.

The people of Earth were so engrossed in watching their players almost make a home run that they did not see the army rockets advancing above carrying their doom. The game came to a sudden end. Earth turned a brilliant red in the sky. Even the sun blinked with the powerful glow. Poor Earth fell into a trillion pieces while the triumverate of spectators victoriously returned to their places in the sky to rule supreme. Earth was broken, but not her record of no defeats, for the home run won the game.

BILLIE WADE, '39.

Lincoln

In this short month we celebrate  
The birthday of a man so great  
His name will live through Time.

Although from humble home he came  
To rise to power and to fame  
His heart was always kind.

Kind to man and bird and beast  
With understanding for the least  
And sympathy divine.

May we from him one lesson take  
And from it our life motto make;  
To everyone be kind.

BETTY JO SHOWN, '38.

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Wise

I've always been in half socks  
And skirts up to my knees;  
I never thought I'd reach the age  
To do just as I please.

I always thought 'twould be a treat  
To go out having fun,  
Like all the other older girls  
And not get in 'till one.

But now that I have reached the age  
To go out on a date,  
There's just one thought I keep in mind  
"Now don't get in too late."

RUTH CONDON, '39.

## LOWER SCHOOL

### Our Junior Red Cross Work

The Lower School pupils are members of the Junior Red Cross, and we try to make as many children happy as we possibly can.

For Hallowe'en we made oranges into Jack o'Lantern faces by putting in licorice candy for eyes, nose, and mouth. The expression on some of these orange faces made other small faces smile.

What do you think we made for Christmas? Little sleds of holly paper, with delicious candysticks tied on with red ribbon, to represent yule logs! We also covered match boxes with fancy paper and filled them with candy, dates, and small, gay toys. To make these boxes look jolly we put a large Santa Claus on the front of them.

We saved nine dollars and bought enough gifts to send to S. Marguerite's Home in the East. These gifts are given to the little girls on their birthdays.

Now we are dressing four dolls. Two are curly headed girl dolls and two are the darlinest baby dolls you ever saw. They will soon be sent, with complete wardrobes, to make four little hearts happy.

The first and second grades are making little bib aprons decorated with crayoned Mother Goose rhymes.

The fifth grade is planning a book for Poland in return for the lovely book the Polish children sent to us.

I am sure the children who have received our gifts will not be happier enjoying them than we were in preparing them.

We look forward to making many more children happy next year.

JEAN LEWIS, Form VI.

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### "An Interrupted Breakfast"

The recent snow storm has made it difficult for the little fur and feathered creatures near my home to find food. One morning Mother called me to the window to see a saucy squirrel holding a large red apple in his forepaws. His bushy tail was turned up over his head for a protection against the rough wind. While he nibbled his breakfast, he didn't forget to be on the lookout for danger. Every once in a while, he would stop munching that luscious red apple and look all about, straining his ears for the faintest sound. Suddenly the milkman came down the driveway. Mr. Squirrel looked up in alarm, but decided he couldn't leave his apple, for with a quick flourish of his tail, he picked it up with his sharp teeth, ran across the driveway and up the nearest tree to safety.

JEAN AINSLIE, Form V.

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### "Raining Flowers"

I have a garden full of flowers  
That are yellow, red, and blue.  
It looks as though there'd been a shower  
Leaving flowers of rainbow hue.

MARILYN ADAIR, Form V.

### "Adventure of a Stamp"

I will begin my story by telling you that I am a little German stamp.

The first thing I can remember, I was lying on a table while a boy wrote a letter to his American cousin. When he was through he put me on the letter and left us on the table until morning.

In the morning he took me to the town and put me in the mail-box. Inside the box there were many other letters. Some were going to other countries in Europe and others were going across the sea.

The next day a postman took me out of the box and I was put on a boat and sailed for America. After we had been sailing for a few days there was a storm and the boat rolled about so much that I felt rather dizzy.

When I arrived I was taken to another little boy who lived in the country. He opened the letter and read it. Then he put me in some water and soaked me off the envelope. Now I am in his stamp collection, and I must say I am very proud to be in such a varied collection of stamps.

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### "When Spring Comes Back"

Some folks watch the calendars,  
To tell when Spring returns;  
But I can tell by the singing birds,  
And the flowers and the ferns.

For when you see a tiny bud,  
Or maybe a crocus dear,  
And a violet nodding its pretty head,  
It means that Spring is here.

I do not need a calendar,  
Or a yearly almanac,  
For when I see God's messengers,  
I know that Spring is back.

NADA SKIDMORE, Form V.

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### "Coming of Winter"

The icy winds blew through the trees,  
The leaves swirled to the ground;  
Through the night the brisk breeze  
Sends forth its sweeping sound.

The trees are left bare and gray,  
Like sentinels they stand,  
And under the whistling wind they sway,  
A bleak and dreary band.

BETTY GUNDERSON.

*Athletics...*

- Our hunted goal, to play, to win,  
Even to lose, smiling in defeat.





### The Basketball Team

#### FIRST TEAM

Center	Alice Freeze
Side Center	Marjorie Kernan
Forwards	Betty Lou Roberts, Peggy Lou Smith
Guards	Dorothea James, Phyllis Natwick, Carolyn Kamm

#### SECOND TEAM

Center	Dorothea James
Side Center	Ankey Larrabee
Forwards	Sue West, Betty Jo Shown, Sybil Kennedy
Guards	Georgia Littlepage, Ruth Rose Richardson, Frances Haworth

#### YELL LEADERS

Elsie Lou Green, Shirley Giltner

#### CAPTAINS

Dorothea James, first, and Phyllis Natwick, second

## Basketball Games

## ST. HELEN'S HALL vs. THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

The season opened with our customary first-season game with the Junior College. By hard work and brilliant plays from the entire team, we vanquished the college team with a score of 37-14.

The return game with the college was one of the fastest, most contested games of the year. Both teams were determined to win, but when the final whistle blew, the score was 24-25 in favor of the college.

## ST. HELEN'S HALL vs. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

The game with Washington High School was our first out-of-school game. It was packed with excitement from beginning to end. With the end of the game thirty seconds away, the score was for us by one point. With a bit of clever passing and skillful dodging, however, a Washington forward slipped a shot into the basket, making the score 26-25 when the whistle was blown.

## ST. HELEN'S HALL vs. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

Our second public high school game was played against Lincoln High on their floor. By clever teamwork and passing our team won 36-14. This was the first time we had played Lincoln, but we look for some keen competition with them next year.

## Intermural Basketball Games

The senior class won the interclass basketball championship by taking all of their games in the round robin tournament. Sixty-six girls participated in the games, which brought forth much talent from the girls as well as great enjoyment by both players and spectators.

Tournament results are as follows:

Seniors defeated Sophomores . . . . .	39-14
Seniors defeated Juniors . . . . .	53-10
Juniors defeated Freshmen . . . . .	39-19
Sophomores defeated Juniors . . . . .	34-11
Sophomores defeated Freshmen . . . . .	21- 3
Freshmen defeated Eighth Grade . . . . .	10- 4
Eighth Grade defeated Seventh Grade . . . . .	36- 3

## Athletic Activities at St. Helen's Hall

St. Helen's Hall offers a great variety of sports for every student interested in the cultivation of grace and ease. Miss Margaret McGinty and Miss Dorothy Lachmund are the physical education instructors of great ability, and one just can't help liking to learn from them. The principle and technique of almost every girls' sport available is taught here so that one can really enjoy athletics and become expert at gymnastics.

It can well be said that basketball is the most popular as well as the most entertaining sport at the Hall. For years the St. Helen's Hall basketball team was famous for its "unbeatability". For years to come it will signify the school spirit of the Hall for basketball is taken very seriously. It is the demonstration of athletic prowess combined with severe practice. The school has a team of which to be very proud.

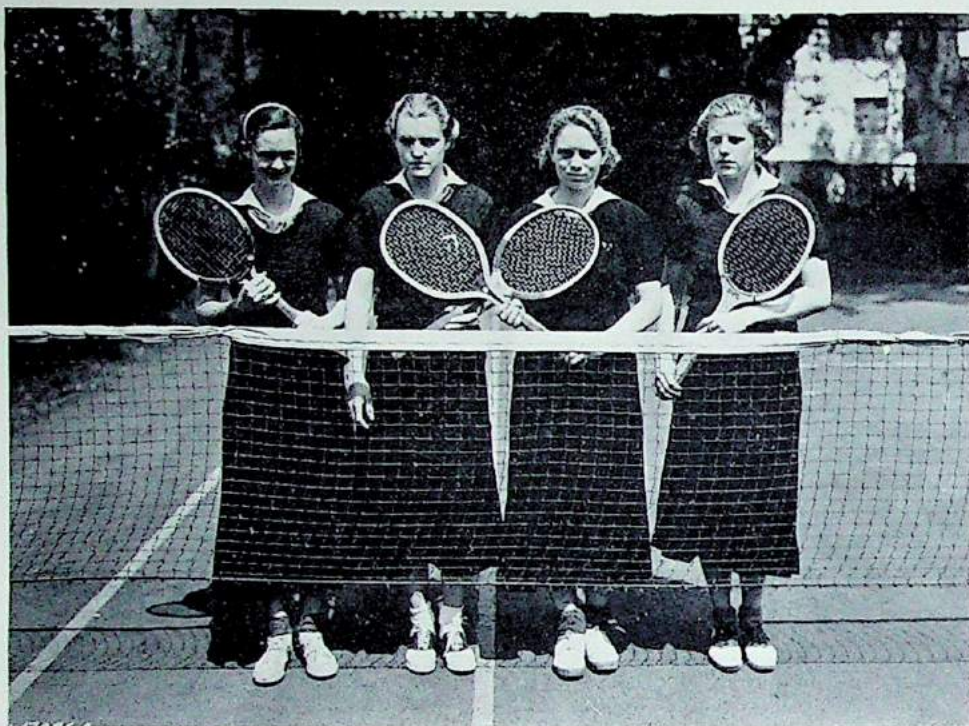
Tennis is one of the most outstanding sports in the school. Each spring there is a tennis tournament played. The tennis singles and doubles for the beginners and advanced students are played preliminary to the finals. Finally on the day of the New-Girl Old-Girl party, the finals were played as a part of the May Fete entertainment.

Another fascinating sport which is winning quite a place in the Hall spotlight is deck tennis. Regular gym classes have this interesting sport, and one must say that it requires a great deal of agility and quick thought to be an expert.

During the very cold spell this winter, the open air gym proved too chilly for the general taste. This brought forth the ingenuity of Miss McGinty, and soon the entire school was doing folk-dancing. It was a familiar sound to hear "Country Gardens" or "Irish Lilt" accompanied by claps and stamps drifting through the halls. Quaint folk dances typifying various foreign countries have become "more fun"!

Archery plays a most important part in the spring sport season. Baseball runs it a close second, while fencing is held in special classes. Other activities are natural dancing, tap dancing, and acrobatic dancing. A nearby riding academy is the goal of many a young equestrienne who craves a cantor over wooded paths and swooping plains.

As if all these sports were not enough, the Hall purchased property on Lake Oswego, near the city, and made a rustic lodge to accommodate water sport fans. Here the resident pupils enjoy many a week-end outing, canoeing in one of the slim canoes, rowing one of the row-boats, dashing about the lake in the motorboat, swimming, playing tennis, or doing any one of the thousand entertaining things. The lodge, Everglade by name, must be seen to be appreciated; it is situated on a wooded peninsula, almost surrounded by the sparkling blue waters of the lake. An anchored float is constantly used for diving and sun-bathing. This wonderful place is also the scene of day students' parties. This lovely playground will remain in the hearts of all Hall graduates as a beloved memory as long as the Everglade's curlew pennant shall wave.



## Tennis

The tennis season had a rather late start this year because of the unusual weather, but nevertheless many girls signed up for tournaments. Advanced and beginners' singles and doubles were held. After much competition and hard practice the finals were played on the day of the May Fete as part of the entertainment for the royal court of the Queen. Although the tournaments are only in the spring, one can find someone on the court on a sunny day even in winter. The team was chosen from the school for its ability and represents the best players of the school. They are Betty Lou Roberts, Carolyn Kamm, Peggy Lou Smith, and Marion Condon.

## Volley Ball

Volley ball has been present at the Hall for quite a period of time but was not extremely popular until this year. A team of the school was organized; those on the team were chosen by merit of their playing on their class teams in the intermural games. A great interest has developed in the game and it is already the favorite sport of a great many girls.

In the interclass volley ball games, the seniors won all their games in the tournament. The boarders and days formed teams to play. The day students won the game after a very hard-fought battle. Fifty-eight girls participated in these games. Everyone enjoyed the competition very much and is looking forward with great anticipation to the next year's tournament.

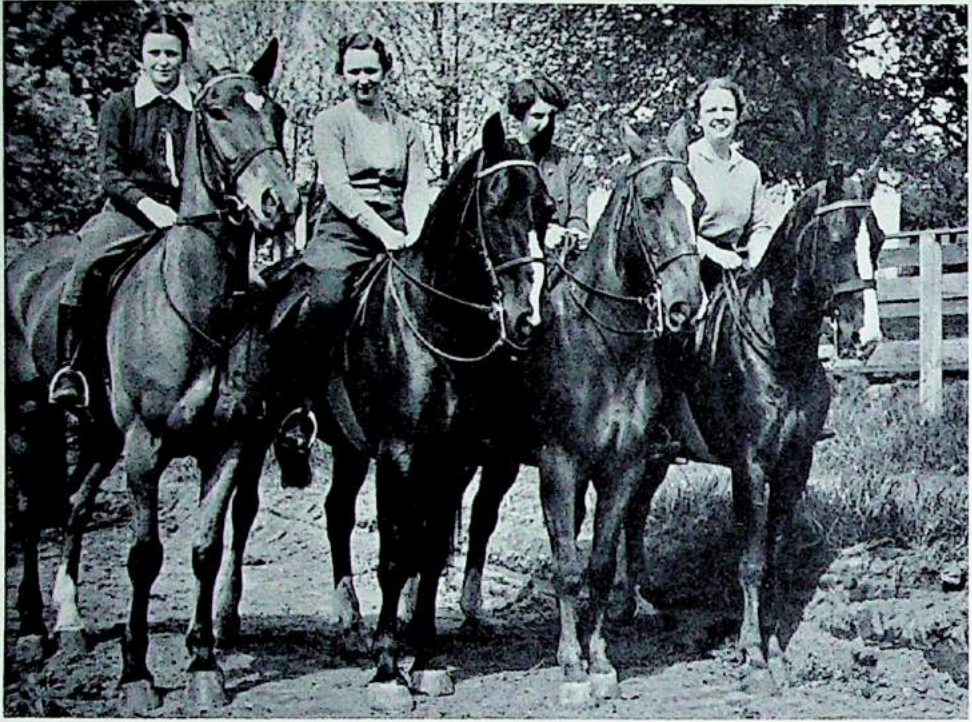


### The May Fete

On May nineteenth, our annual May Fete was combined with the New-Girl Old-Girl party in an American Festival in which almost every girl in school participated. Queen Marguerite Peters and her Princesses, Verna Lee Francklin, Alice Freeze, Cathryn Collins, Barbara Jones, Elinor Bakke, and Marion Condon, presided graciously over the affair. Families and friends of the Hall girls attended the Festival.

The activities of the afternoon were divided into five periods in American History. The period of Discovery and Exploration was depicted by folk dances of Spain, England, and France, as well as an American Indian dance. Then came the period of Early Colonization, bringing German, Dutch, Irish, and Swedish dances. The American Colonization Period was shown by a dainty minuet. Next came the Pioneer Period which was typified by the Virginia reel and the quadrille. Last, the Reconstruction Period was depicted by the rye waltz and a polka.

The dances were followed by the tennis tournaments. After these the usual picnic lunch was served by the new girls. The Festival was ended with the New-Girls' entertainment for the Old-Girls. Everyone enjoyed the entire day of festivity and fun.



### Riding

On Friday afternoons a bevy of girls attired in the garb necessary to successful experimentation with a saddle and bridle, leave for Highland's Riding Academy for the purpose of indulging in the equestrienne's sport. One of the most popular of sports at any time, riding is a particular favorite at the Hall. Beautiful trails lead through woods and meadows; thrilling log jumps are advantageously placed at just the right spots. Spirited horses make these afternoon rides particularly satisfying. For the more timid or for the beginner, an open ring and expert instruction make the trails seem not so far off nor so very difficult to maneuver. Some of our more expert riders are Marjorie Kernan, Mary McCrea, Jeanne Miller, Elsie Lou Green, Shirley Giltner, Nanette Moore, Phyllis Natwick, Dorothy Wells, Geraldine Denman, Cathryn Collins, and many other girls who attend other riding academies or ride at home.

---

### Archery

As a game to build grace and ease archery has no equal. It has shown its popularity this spring among many of the girls. Budding Robin Hoods are shooting all over the campus, regardless of one's proximity to the target. There is an archery club for those girls particularly interested in the sport.



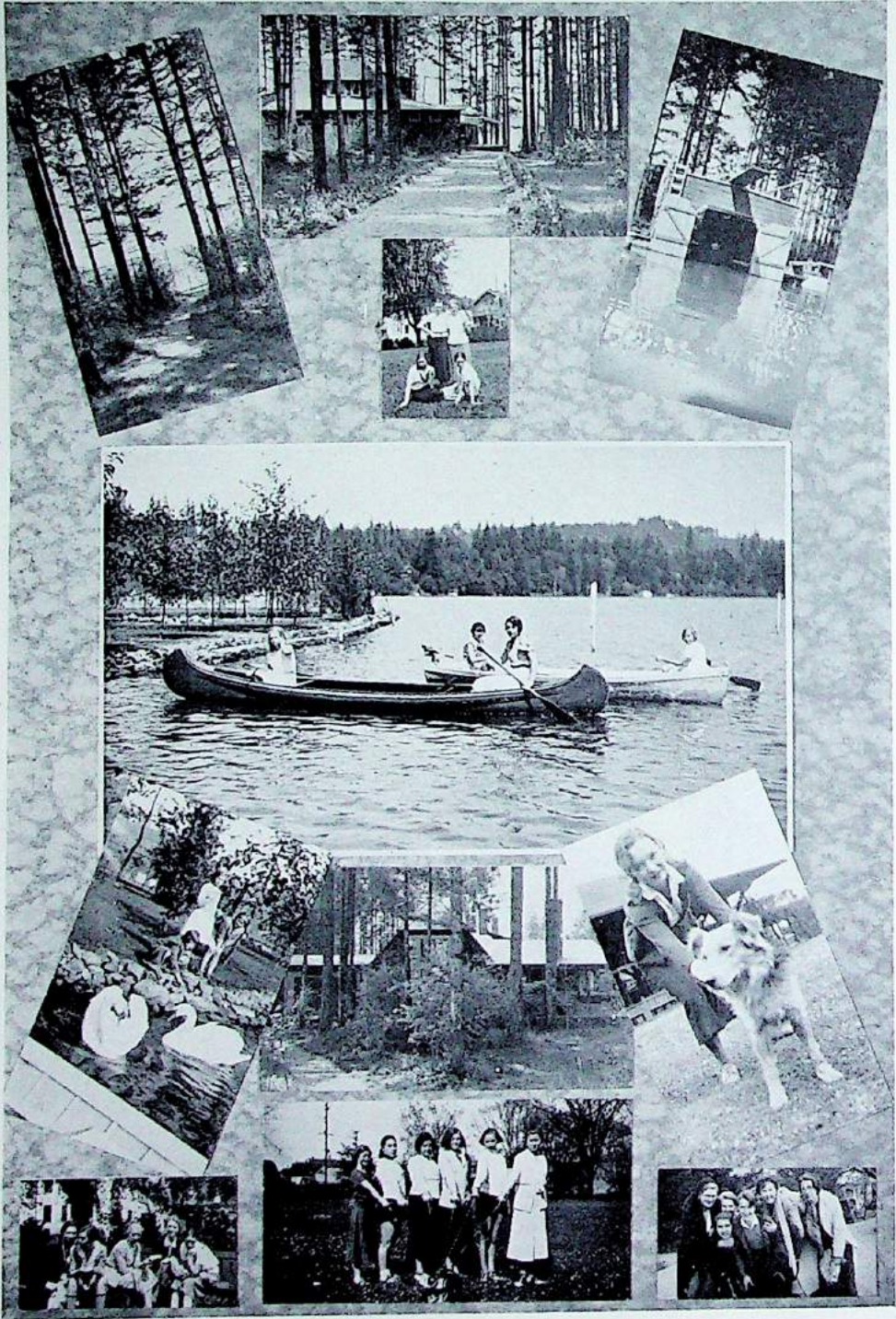
### Alpha Theta

Alpha Theta has become an established organization in the school since its beginning six years ago. The purpose of the club is to sponsor and promote athletic interest and sportsmanship in the school. The members must participate in sports as well as have excellent characters, standing for high ideals, of helpfulness, courtesy, obedience, and loyalty.

This year the club sponsored a "Posture Week" to impress good posture on the girls' minds. Many colorful posters adorned the walls, while a contest for the best theme and poem on posture was held. Posture became as important as many of the active sports through the girls' efforts during this week. In addition, the medals for the tournaments which Alpha Theta sponsored in tennis were given by the club to reward the winners.

The group has tried throughout the year to increase athletic sportsmanship, to uphold the ideals of the school, and to honor girls who show the greatest sportsmanship and highest characters. We feel that it is an asset to the school.

The first term officers were Betty Lou Roberts, President; Georgia Littlepage, Vice-President; and Betty Sumner, Secretary-Treasurer. The second term officers were Georgia Littlepage, President; Elsie Lou Green, Vice-President; and Peggy Lou Smith, Secretary-Treasurer.



*Calendar...*

- Time, jesting in its hurried flight,  
Gave so much, so very much.



## Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

#### SEPTEMBER 10

At school again! We started the new year in a whirl of greetings for new and old girls. The halls buzzed with the excitement of it all.

#### SEPTEMBER 24

The seniors started their activities with a luncheon sale. It was a great success and enjoyed by all.

#### SEPTEMBER 25

Judge Mary Jane Spurlin told many of the meanings of the titles of the alphabetical government, pointing out the work of the various ones. Her talk relieved the doubtfulness in our minds about the actual meaning of some of the initials.

### OCTOBER

#### OCTOBER 3

The Old-Girl New-Girl Party was the official welcome to the many new girls. After a rather strenuous initiation, apples, doughnuts, and cider were vociferously welcomed by both the initiated and initiators.

#### OCTOBER 5

Alpha Theta held its semi-annual rush tea. Six girls pledged the sport club. Congratulations!

#### OCTOBER 9

Dean Collins, from the Journal, spoke to us on "The Value of Writing as an Individual". This was our first Student Body entertainment, and it was enjoyed tremendously.

#### OCTOBER 11

Sigmund Spaeth, tune detective from New York, visiting the Portland Symphony, gave us and the Junior College girls a very interesting display of the composition of many well-known songs.

#### OCTOBER 16

Our seniors had a battle to the death today! The cause was one of Shakespeare's mighty works, "Hamlet". The fifth period class succeeded in convincing the judges of the young man's sanity, but the first period class is still doubtful as to the veracity of any one's conclusions. "To be mad, or not to be mad".

#### OCTOBER 23

Mary Cullen from the Journal talked to the juniors and seniors with the Junior College on the varied and wide work in the Home Economics field. Who knows but what there might be some great cooks in our midst!

#### OCTOBER 25

Let's dance! You've guessed it, our first Student Body dance is in full swing.

#### OCTOBER 29

Today we again held our annual Faculty Tea in the Lower School Assembly Hall. Our parents greatly enjoyed meeting our teachers while the juniors and seniors served tea.

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 6

Quincy Scott of the Oregonian came from his place of pointed cartoons to talk to us on Armistice. He gave us many new and interesting ideas on the subject of peace.

NOVEMBER 7

The end of the first quarter is here. School marches on!

NOVEMBER 8

Armistice vacation starts today. Hurrah!

NOVEMBER 13

Major-General Creed C. Hammond spoke to us today on the Philippine Islands, making them seem a fascinating although hot country. He was presented by the Senior Class president, to whom we are very grateful.

NOVEMBER 15

The Alumnae Tea was a grand success, with many old graduates meeting the new graduates while a few of the graduates-to-be assisted in serving. Mrs. Howard Wall's home was the lovely scene for renewal of old ties of friendship.

NOVEMBER 27

Thanksgiving vacation! Time has flown with our thoughts as everyone rushes home to that heavenly feast.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER 2

Back to school again. What, so soon?

DECEMBER 4

Mrs. Chin talked in the Junior College on "The Modern Chinese Woman and Her Education". Our sisters in the Orient are quite progressive and very interesting in their new-found freedom.

DECEMBER 11

Father Simmonds talked to us on "Legends and the Spirit of Christmas". The talk was greatly enjoyed and gave us a cheery Christmas feeling.

DECEMBER 12

The first basketball game of the year inspired such a grand turnout that the team valiantly won, 35 to 14, playing against our rivals, the Junior College. Excitement was no word for the cheers that echoed for many a block!

DECEMBER 14

The Alpha Theta initiation was held at the home of Frances Haworth. Later there was a dinner and Christmas party out at the lake. Bette Morfitt, Dorothy Wells, Jeanne Miller, Sybil Kennedy, and Ankey Larrabee became true members of Alpha Theta.

DECEMBER 17

We all enjoyed the picture, "King of Kings", this evening in the lower school building. It was sponsored by the Student Body and was greatly enjoyed by the girls and their guests.

DECEMBER 19

The girls learning to play the violin gave us a grand program, showing us just what they had done in the few months of work. Although we do not claim perfection for these our younger members, we do say, "Congratulations on your rapid work."

The Boarders gave the Mystery Play again this year, producing it themselves, with Phyllis Natwick as the director. As usual many of the "days" spent the night, and it is needless to say that much food disappeared while loud but happy noises filled the halls. Vacation next day was just a continuation of the fun.

DECEMBER 22

The Student Body played hostess to sixteen small boys and girls from the Fruit and Flower Mission. Jolly Saint Nick arrived with many a bulging package to make these tiny tots have a real Merry Christmas.

## JANUARY

JANUARY 7

We are back again. Oh, for a good sleep!

JANUARY 13

The Dramatic Art Class presented the delayed Christmas play, "King in Nomania". Our school possesses some good dramatic ability.

JANUARY 16

Marion Condon was elected new Student Body president today. Congratulations.

JANUARY 17

Can it be possible? Today ended the second quarter of the year.

JANUARY 20

Our fate is sealed. Exams have started today! Need we say more?

JANUARY 25

The Alpha Thetas held a rush tea at the home of Betty Sumner. Now there will be four new pledges to be at the beck and call of the members.

JANUARY 27

Five of the seniors assisted at serving tea today at the Fruit and Flower Mission. This loving institution is assuredly being a great help in caring for the little poor children of our city.

A new term started today. We welcomed several newcomers in our midst.

JANUARY 29

Our new Student Body officers were installed at a quite impressive ceremony when each girl took her oath of office before Sister Superior. May the new term prosper as the old one has.

## FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY 5

Today we were privileged to have with us Mrs. John Y. Richardson. Her topic was crime prevention, which is of interest all over the world today.

FEBRUARY 7

Today our team suffered a heartbreaking defeat at the hands of Washington High School's team. A last minute basket by the other team made the score 24 to 23. The battle was lost, but both teams played an excellent game, ours doing its best to bring back victory.

FEBRUARY 12

Today will be long remembered by Episcopalians all over the country as well as by the school. At high noon Dean Dagwell of Denver was consecrated Bishop Dagwell of Oregon. He automatically became President of the Board of

Trustees of St. Helen's Hall. We, students of the Hall, were extremely proud on this auspicious occasion and welcome Bishop Dagwell to his new position with all our hearts. A lovely tea in the afternoon in the lower school building gave many of the girls a chance to meet our new Bishop.

FEBRUARY 21

The actresses of the Dramatic Art Class presented a George Washington play. Everyone enjoyed seeing it.

The Hall White House held a "Special Session", and dancing was enjoyed to the delightful strains of Ronald Buck's orchestra. The prize dance was won by Jean Anders and Matt Kelly.

MARCH

MARCH 1

The Gabel School across the street was purchased for an Annex next year. Our school is always growing.

MARCH 4

Mrs. Chin spoke to the entire Student Body on the education of the Chinese girls. These foreign students lead as active lives as we do according to the description of their many sports.

MARCH 11

In the morning the seniors with the college saw and heard an excellent picture on the Orient given by the Dollar Steamship Lines. The little bug of travel hit the majority of us.

This afternoon we were fortunate indeed to have with us Mr. Richard Montgomery, the author of "The White Headed Eagle". He gave us an insight into the life of John McLoughlin, the man who gave so much to our country.

MARCH 12

We left at noon today for our long-awaited spring vacation; we welcome a little bit of spring and a lot of vacation.

MARCH 17

Back to school after our vacation, which seemed all too short. The end of school looms before us as we settle down to study.

MARCH 18

The P. W. A. orchestra won much praise and enthusiasm by its spirited playing in the college. The familiar strains of many a piece called for many an encore.

MARCH 24

Today the team played Lincoln High School. It was an exciting game, and the final score was 36-14 in our favor. Rah, Rah!

MARCH 25

This morning we were greatly honored by having our Bishop Dagwell speak to us at the college. This was his first address to the school as a whole, and everyone was happy to greet one who has such an influence on our school.

This afternoon Miss Foulkes brought some talented musicians with her to give us some lovely selections from well known composers. We appreciate her kindness in bringing such excellent entertainers.

MARCH 27

The "Days" played the "Boarders" in volleyball. The "Boarders" just couldn't hold their stride, and thus the "Days" took the last two winning games.

## APRIL

APRIL 3

The college had its first victory over the high school today. The game was close and exciting, finally ending with the score of 25 to 24. Better luck next year.

APRIL 7

Bishop Dagwell came again to favor us. He confirmed many of the girls in a beautiful service.

APRIL 12

Easter! the day of beauty and joy! Between a noisy egg hunt and new clothes, a most exciting day was had by everyone.

APRIL 17

The day of the Senior Class play! The seniors played hooky on a "Flunk Day". Sister Superior joined us on the neighboring hill for a jolly breakfast in the open, after which we sang the school songs. Our hearts were just a little bit heavy with the looming thoughts of leaving. The afternoon was spent in blissful slumber to make us fresh as daisies for the play.

The play, "The Bride of Quietness", was a success. Mrs. Euwer was our director. Now that the thrill is over, we look back and think of all the fun we had in producing it.

APRIL 24

Sybil Kennedy was hostess for a lively set of Hall girls at her home in Central Oregon. Horses, spring, and those wide, open spaces made the week-end a highlight of fun and gaiety.

## MAY

MAY 19

The day of the May Fete! What gaiety and fun for all!

MAY 23

The annual Alumna tea was held this afternoon. We, the Seniors, now have our Alumnae cards. To think our days here at the Hall are almost over!

MAY 25

Exam week! For the second time this year we drag ourselves through a period of mental torment.

MAY 29

What a gay program the lower school gave today.

MAY 29

The Junior Prom! What a lovely dance! May we boast a little and say that it was quite the best of the year? A musical ending of four years!

MAY 31

The Baccalaureate Service was held at Trinity Church. The Seniors felt very dignified in their caps and gowns. Afterwards we came back to school for the traditional luncheon, and then went to the other building for the unveiling of our picture and the giving out of honors. The afternoon was completed by the giving out of the Delphic.

## JUNE

JUNE 1

Commencement! The beautiful, yet sad, end to our four wonderful years at St. Helen's Hall.

### Old-Girl New-Girl Party

The annual Old-Girl New-Girl party held on September twenty-fifth was more fun than ever. The initiations were amusing although we were not permitted to initiate the new teachers. Prizes were awarded for the cleverest costumes, and the refreshments of apples, cider, and doughnuts were welcomed and cheered by all. The party was a grand send-off to the new girls to start their new year in a new school in a gay manner.

### Faculty Tea

The annual Faculty Tea on October twenty-ninth helped our parents become acquainted with our teachers. The juniors and seniors served tea to the guests while everyone had a lovely afternoon meeting many new friends.

### Boarders' Dance

The first Boarders' Dance was given in December. The decoration of the assembly hall was carried out in red and white crepe paper and confetti. In the middle of the evening everyone became playful and as a result, confetti and streamers covered the room. Really, we hadn't realized what fun dancing on paper could be! Late in the evening a delicious box lunch was presented by Sister Superior for the enjoyment of all.

### Open House

On May eighth, the Alumnae of St. Helen's Hall sponsored an Open House. Each class from the kindergarten through the high school exhibited the various types of work that has been accomplished this year. Mothers and friends of the Hall girls and alumnae attended. Mrs. Robert Bishop was chairman of the tea which was served during the afternoon. The senior class officers poured and members of the class assisted.

### Concerts, Symphonies, and Operas

A large number of the girls attended the series of concerts presented this season by the Ellison-White Bureau, and according to numerous reports, Brailowsky seems to have been exceptionally well liked. Other celebrated artists who appeared were Giovanni Martinelli, Agna Enters, Jan Kubelik, Kathryn Meisle, Moscow Cathedral Choir, Lotte Lehmann, and Martha Graham.

This year the Symphony held the interest of those who attended even more than usual, for many outstanding artists were presented in these concerts. During the week of March tenth to fifteenth, the San Carlo Opera Company was in Portland. Although all of the operas were well-liked, Aida and Madam Butterfly seemed to be the favorites of most.

### The Junior Prom

On the night of May twenty-ninth, the seniors attended their last dance as students of St. Helen's Hall, and even though light feet danced to the swaying music of Johnnie Callahan's orchestra, and soft lights and laughter enhanced the gaiety of the dancers, every senior senses a queer little ache in her heart as she realizes that her school life at the Hall is ended. In spite of this feeling of sorrow, each girl enters merrily into the spirit of the evening which she will remember throughout her life along with her many other happy recollections of the Hall.

*Old Girl Notes...*

- Friendship binds our hearts in love  
Around our noble Alma Mater forever.



Old Girl Notes

1935

Jeanne Latourette, Nancy Ann Hilton, and Dorothy Good are attending the University of Oregon and are members of Kappa Alpha Theta. Phyllis Elder is a Kappa Kappa Gamma, also at the university.

Mary Kathrine Shoemaker is working here in Portland while living at her home at Lake Oswego.

Anne Berkey is attending Pine Manor Junior College in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Margaret Holford and Jane Mount are studying at Reed College.

Nathalie Lewis married Robert Baxter on the twenty-first of February.

Caroline Stratton, Helen Ladd Green, Peggy Bernard, Mary Helen Pruitt, and Helen Stone are day students at St. Helen's Hall Junior College. Byrl Brown and Elizabeth Stone are boarding college students.

Maryalice Enos is studying at the normal school in Monmouth.

Dorothy Jane Furnish and Margaret Mary Mann are at Mills College in California.

Phyllis Grenfell, Mary Louise Blodgett, and Marion Rosenblatt are at home in Portland.

Lucille Latourette and Peggy Krumbein are both at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

Peggy Carlton is a Chi Omega at the University of Washington, while Geraldine Hanny is a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Anita Cadonau is traveling in the Orient.

Frances Corfe is taking a business course here in Portland.

1934

Betty Watkins is attending Stanford University.

At the University of Oregon: Betty Baker and Betty Pownall are Pi Beta Phis; Betty Zehntbauer is a Delta Gamma; Gretchen Smith is vice-president of Alpha Delta Pi, and the women's athletic association; Betty Glaiser, Wahnita Mills, and Jean Bay are also at Eugene.

Jean Moir has announced her engagement to Lawrence Wheeler.

Billie Reynolds and Dorothy Hill are Pi Beta Phis at Oregon State College.

Ruth Johnson is attending Pomona College.

Mrs. Grodan Coward (Helen Jenkins) announced the birth of her son in March.

Grace Natwick and Edith Kolhase are students at St. Helen's Hall Junior College.

Margaret McMillan is working with the Portland Civic Theatre.

At the University of Washington, Esther Jobes is a member of Alpha Phi and Martha Burkhardt of Pi Beta Phi.

Peggy Osborne is training at the Good Samaritan Hospital in nursing.

Ruth Smith is at home here in Portland, and Sally McCune is living at her home in Hongkong.

1933

Eleanor Luper married Karl Neupert on the twenty-seventh of January and now is living in Portland.

At the University of Oregon are Betty Jane Barr and Josephine McGilchrist of Kappa Alpha Theta and Frances Watzek who is president of the Pi Beta Phi sorority house and the women's athletic association.

Mrs. Gilmore (Jane Tennison) announced the birth of her daughter, Patricia. Louise Harlan is studying at Stanford University.

Lois Katherine Jones is a Delta Gamma, and Rebecca Hopkins is a Chi Omega at the University of Washington.

Betty Tubbs announced her engagement to Peter Watzek at the University of Oregon. They are to be married this spring.

Frances Miller is going to school in Berkeley, California.

Sue Steiwer is at home in Fossil, Oregon.

Doreen Plympton is attending the art classes at the Museum in Portland.

Jeannette Jones is teaching at Sears pre-school in Portland.

Kathleen Aston is a Kappa Alpha Theta at Oregon State College.

1932

Students at Oregon University are Nancy Lou Cullers, who is the president of Gamma Phi Beta, Jane Meyers, who is also a Gamma Phi Beta, and Virginia Proctor, who is affiliated with Delta Gamma.

Margaret Downs married Almon Baker on the eighth of January and is living in Portland.

Helen Monner and Jane Campbell are both attending Reed College.

Peggy Jones has announced her engagement to Albert Bergh.

Mrs. Harry Wolfe (Anne Latourette) is at home in Portland.

Mary Louise Kendal married Donald McCook this winter.

Katherine Espy is working here in Portland.

Jean Luckel has announced her engagement to Jerry Donnell.

Mrs. Daniel Babbitt (Sarah-Jane Henderson) announced the birth of a baby girl this winter.

Evelyn Zehntbauer is at home in Portland.

Irene Soehren graduates this spring from Mills College.

1931

Mary Beckwith is doing provisional work for the Junior League.

Rhoda Holman during the winter married Brockwell Statter and is living here in Portland.

Maxine Meith married Norman Hendryx on the twenty-first of December.

Helen Stratton is doing secretarial work at the First National Bank.

Suzan Sargent is doing Junior League work while living with her parents.

1930

Sally Reed is teaching music here at the Hall while living at home.

Alice Devereaux (Mrs. David Eccles III) announces the birth of David Eccles IV.

Katherine O'Reilly is engaged as a professional cellist in Portland.

Elizabeth O'Reilly is supervising piano and violin at the Hall.

Nancy Vance Nevins is working at the U. S. National Bank in Portland.  
Josephine Williamson is living here in Portland.  
Jane Forbes is living in Klamath Falls, Oregon.  
Isabelle Chandler is now a senior at the University of Oregon.  
Marjorie Mautz has been teaching in the Hall.

## 1929

Constance Green married Charles Baker this winter.

## 1928

Myrtle McDaniels married Richard Holman on the twelfth of February.  
Maxine Bennett has opened a dancing studio with her sister in Portland.  
Jeanne Knapp is married and now lives in Oakland.  
Louise Holford has opened a week-end flower shop in Oswego while living at her home in Dunthorpe.  
Mrs. Metzger (Esther Kaser) is living in Juneau, Alaska.

## 1927

Mrs. Sydney Woodbury III (Geraldine Dye) is living here in the city with her two children.  
Jeanne Rosenblatt is living at home in town.  
Imogene Wentworth married James F. McIndoe during the winter.  
Mrs. Francis Heitkemper (Jane Cullers) is living in Portland.  
Mrs. Richard Musgrove (Mary Simmonds) is at home on Oswego Lake, near Portland.

## 1926

Margaret McCall graduated last year from the University of Oregon with a Master of Arts degree.

## 1925

Gwendolyn Hall married Walter Nielson.  
Jane Fales is working at the U. S. National Bank of Portland.  
Lillian Bennett and her sister, Maxine, have opened a dance studio in Portland this spring.  
Mrs. William Hawkins (Mayanna Sargent) now has twin boys.  
Mrs. Alexander Sargent (Catherine Martin) has charge of the Blue Cupboard Yarn Shop in Portland.

## 1923

Mrs. W. Kieth Blair (Lillian Luders) is living in Melbourne, Australia, and has two children.

## 1918

Mrs. C. M. Kennedy (Eleanor Cram) is living at Gateway, Oregon.

## 1915

Mrs. Lowell C. Paget (Beatrice Thurston) is president of the Oregon League of Women Voters.

### Exchanges

The Delphic staff has had the pleasure of exchanging annuals with the following schools:

"SATURA" . . . . .	St. John Baptist School .	Mendham, New Jersey
"THE SHIELD" . . . . .	Annie Wright Seminary	Tacoma, Washington
"WORKS AND DAYS" . . . . .	Miss Burke's School . .	San Francisco, Calif.
"GARRULOUS PINE" . . . . .	The Catlin School . . .	Portland, Oregon
"CROFTONIAN" . . . . .	Crofton House School .	Vancouver, B. C.
"CANTORIA" . . . . .	St. Nicholas School . .	Seattle, Washington
"FERRY TALES" . . . . .	Ferry Hall . . . . .	Lake Forest, Illinois
"ACADEMIA" . . . . .	St. Mary's Academy . .	Portland, Oregon
"ST. KATHARINE'S WHEEL" .	St. Katharine's School .	Davenport, Iowa

*Humor...*

- To smile is to forget sorrow;  
To forget is to remember joy.



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Teacher: "There's a young lady making a dunce of herself; when she is through, I'll start."

\* \* \*

Boarders: If we could only sleep as soundly at night as we do when the rising bell rings!

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B.'s parents spend half their time worrying how she will turn out and the rest of the time wondering when she will turn in.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "R., do you play golf?"

R.: "Oh dear, no. I don't even know how to hold the caddie."

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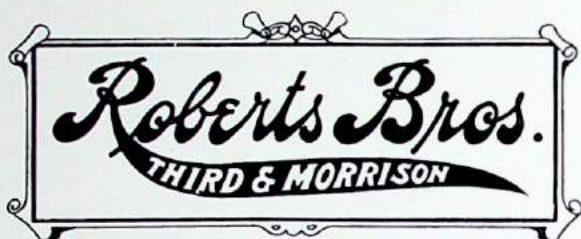
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Teacher: "And now if I were to be flogged, what would that be?"

Seventh Grader: "That would be corporal punishment."

Teacher "And if I were to be beheaded?"

Seven Grader: "Oh! that would be capital!"

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Teacher: "Now, girls, after seeing these bacteria you see why one should never kiss an animal."

P: "My Aunt Emma used to kiss her lap dog."

Teacher: "Yes, what happened?"

P: "It died."

\* \* \*

G is the kind of motorist who thinks that a locomotive whistles at crossing just to keep up his courage.

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Like the little boy who said after his first day at school, "No use me going any more; I don't know anything." R.N.

\* \* \*

B: "What shall we do tonight?"

B: "Let's toss for it. If it's heads, we'll go to the pictures. If it is tails we'll call on the girls. If it stands on edge, we'll study."

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Silverware*  
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If every penny counts, dollars must be mathematicians. R.N.

\* \* \*

F: "Where is B.?"

Teacher: "Well, if she can canoe as well as she thinks she can, she is canoeing, but if she canoes as well as I think she can, she is swimming."

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