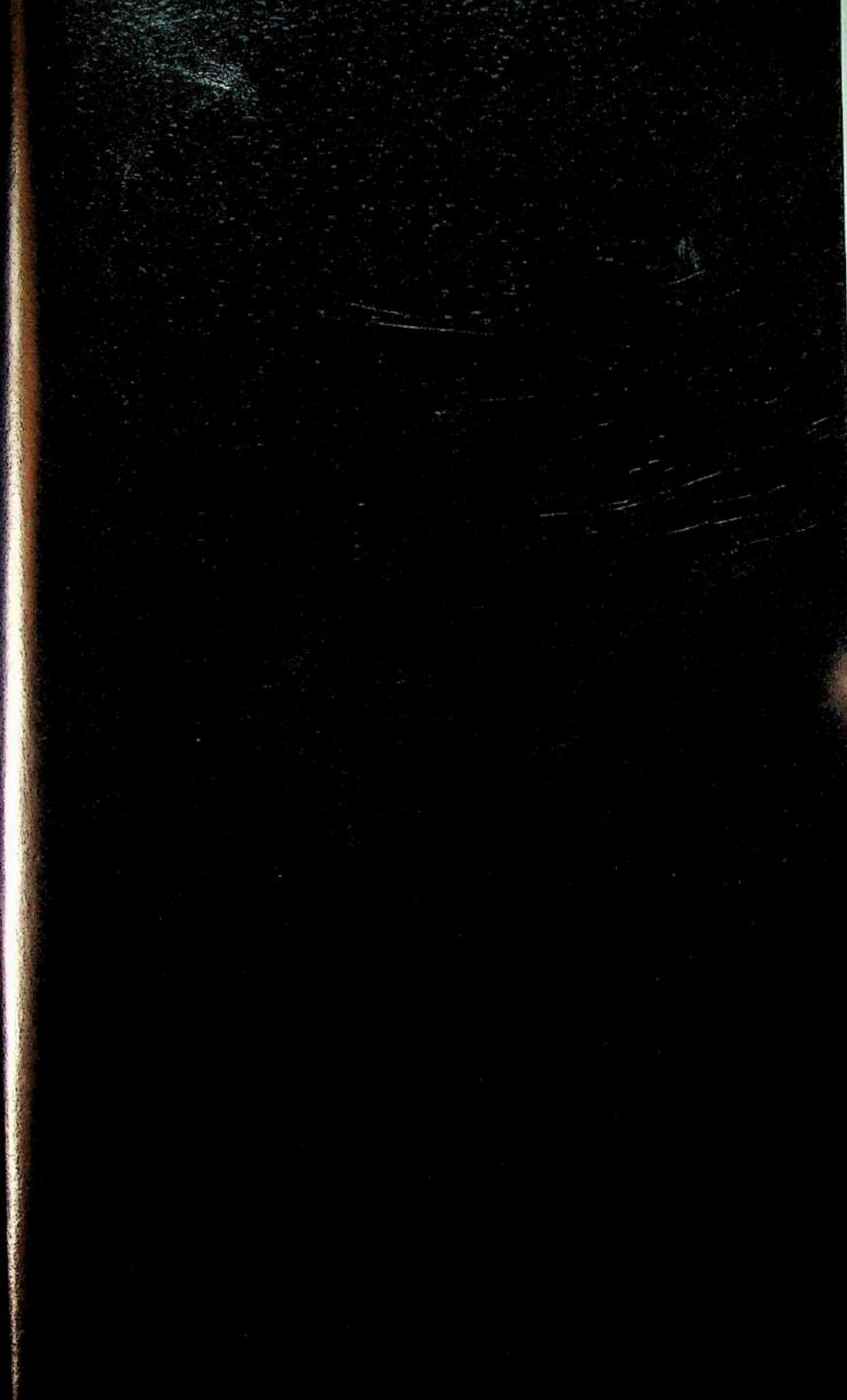


Scintilla

1934







ST. HELEN'S HALL

Scintilla

1933-1934

Foreword

When the time came to depart from the temple, there were silence and sorrow in the hearts of those who had been first to enter and must be first to leave. With flames from the traditional altars reflected in their eyes, they gave the keeping of the temple into novice hands and passed through the doors, eager to prove themselves worthy of being the first.

VOLUME I

Published by the Sophomore Class of
ST. HELEN'S HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE
PORTLAND, OREGON

Scintilla

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Back Row—Knapp, Folts, Walker, Fariss, Hoskin, Ellis, Walsh.
 Front Row—Marston, Nichols, Bahrs, Serrurier, Bradshaw.

SEEK THYSELF

For what is time but abstract thought in dreams
 From infinite depths of lonely minds and souls?
 And what is knowledge other than a sense
 Of losing the illusion of Thyself?
 What is the Universal Love more than
 A concept at the bottom of a heart?
 The mysteries of the world are great, and life
 Is but illusion's outer sign—the depths
 Thereof attainable by full flight to
 The highest regions of sublimity!
 Before the darkness comes, the sable shock
 Of Lethe's waters flowing from the dim
 And haunted vale of shadows,

Seek Thyself!

Be all thou thinkest and hast will to know.
 'Tis thus illusion tears away the sign,
 And Man discerns himself to be a vast
 And boundless thing, eternal, should he will
 It so; for in his ego lies the god
 He may become when spirit rises high
 Above invasive matter and resists
 The absolute to hold the hand of death;
 And, on the borders of a wisdom great
 With hauntings by dark powers, then transpose
 Those dreams into reality and be
 Not sane in all extravagance but seek
 The phantoms of desire and find—Thyself!
 Selves may be enigmas to themselves;
 To each its own infinity, and yet,
 Take care! If there be one who does not know
 That sun and stars are overhead, his self
 Will drag a stunted soul from horrid hole and set
 It dancing on an evil wind—and that
 Be self-infinity of those who have
 No mercy on themselves, of those who look
 Not upward but advance to meet the pomp
 Of earthly ways, which brings them to a deep,
 Devitalized but self-inflicted hell.
 Ideals not fettered to a human mind
 Are disembodied spirits of those selves
 Who knew a transcendental giving-up
 Of life at just that moment when was found
 That beauty lies beyond the visible.
 Then seek to find thyself's infinity,
 Disdaining life's illusions. Seek it since
 Infinity alone is not deception.

Seek Thyself!

—Carolyn Bowers, '34.

Class of June 1934

BERIJEAN ALLEN



CAROLYN BOWERS



CATHERINE CLIFFORD



REGINA De ARMOND



FLORA FETZ



Scintilla



JANE GAULT



HELEN HINGLEY



IRMA McPHERSON



HARRIET MILES



DOROTHY O'DEA



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VERONA ZURHORST



Class of January 1935

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PEARL KARR



JULIA PHILP



MARIAN WAKEFIELD



HISTORY OF ST. HELENS HALL

"That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple—." Such was the expressed ideal of the founders of St. Helen's Hall when, sixty-five years ago, they laid the first cornerstone.

The school, which "was originally established as Spencer Hall in Milwaukie",* was founded by the Episcopal Church in 1861, only two years after the admission of Oregon to statehood. Thus its growth and development have paralleled those of the state whose widening needs it has always served. In 1869 the school was opened as St. Helen's Hall in Portland by the Rt. Rev. B. Wistar Morris, D.D., and his sisters-in-law, the Misses Rodney. The ground upon which this original school was built was secured through the liberality of Mr. John D. Wolfe and his daughter, Catherine, of New York, the site being that on which the City Hall now stands.

The school opened on September 6, 1869, with Miss Mary B. Rodney as principal. Miss Rodney, who was educated at St. Mary's Hall in Burlington, New Jersey, had hoped to found a St. Mary's on the west coast, but finding a Roman Catholic convent by the same name well established in the city, she decided to name the school after the mother of Constantine the Great, who was converted to Christianity by him. Then, too, the great snow peak, St. Helen's, overlooked the city like a white-robed sentinel, and the name seemed singularly appropriate.

By 1890 Portland had become a large city. St. Helen's Hall was too much in the heart of the business section, and the site was wanted for the City Hall. Thus the property was sold and a new site secured on Vista Avenue, in spite of much adverse criticism from those who felt that it would be too far out in the country and quite inaccessible for day students. Nevertheless, Bishop Morris, with the same dauntless faith and courage as before, went ahead with the plans and laid the cornerstone on June 9, 1890.

After the death of Miss Rodney, April 15, 1896, the work was carried on by her sisters, the Misses Lydia and Clementina Rodney, until the close of the school year. They were succeeded by Miss Eleanor Tebbetts, who was principal until January, 1904, when, by the request of the Board of Trustees, the Community of St. John Baptist took charge of the school.

The St. Helen's Hall historic building was practically destroyed by fire in 1914. It was deemed inadvisable to rehabilitate the edifice, which was subsequently razed. However, St. Helen's Hall never closed its doors. School was held temporarily in a nearby gymnasium, and, since Bishop Scadding had passed away the previous spring and Bishop Sumner had not yet come to the diocese, "Bishopcroft" on Portland Heights was utilized for the few boarding students. The next fall classes continued to meet in the gymnasium, while the boarding department occupied old "Bishopcroft" on Nineteenth and Everett Streets. Arrangements were made in 1918 to move the school to the present site, the old Portland Academy, and this building was eventually purchased for the permanent use of the school.

As the Hall grew, the need of a separate building for the lower forms began to be felt. Moreover, a place was needed for the dances, plays, and other

*Quoted from the Seventh Annual Diocesan Report, 1895.

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entertainments of the upper school. For these purposes a Lower School building, containing a large assembly and recreation hall, was built.

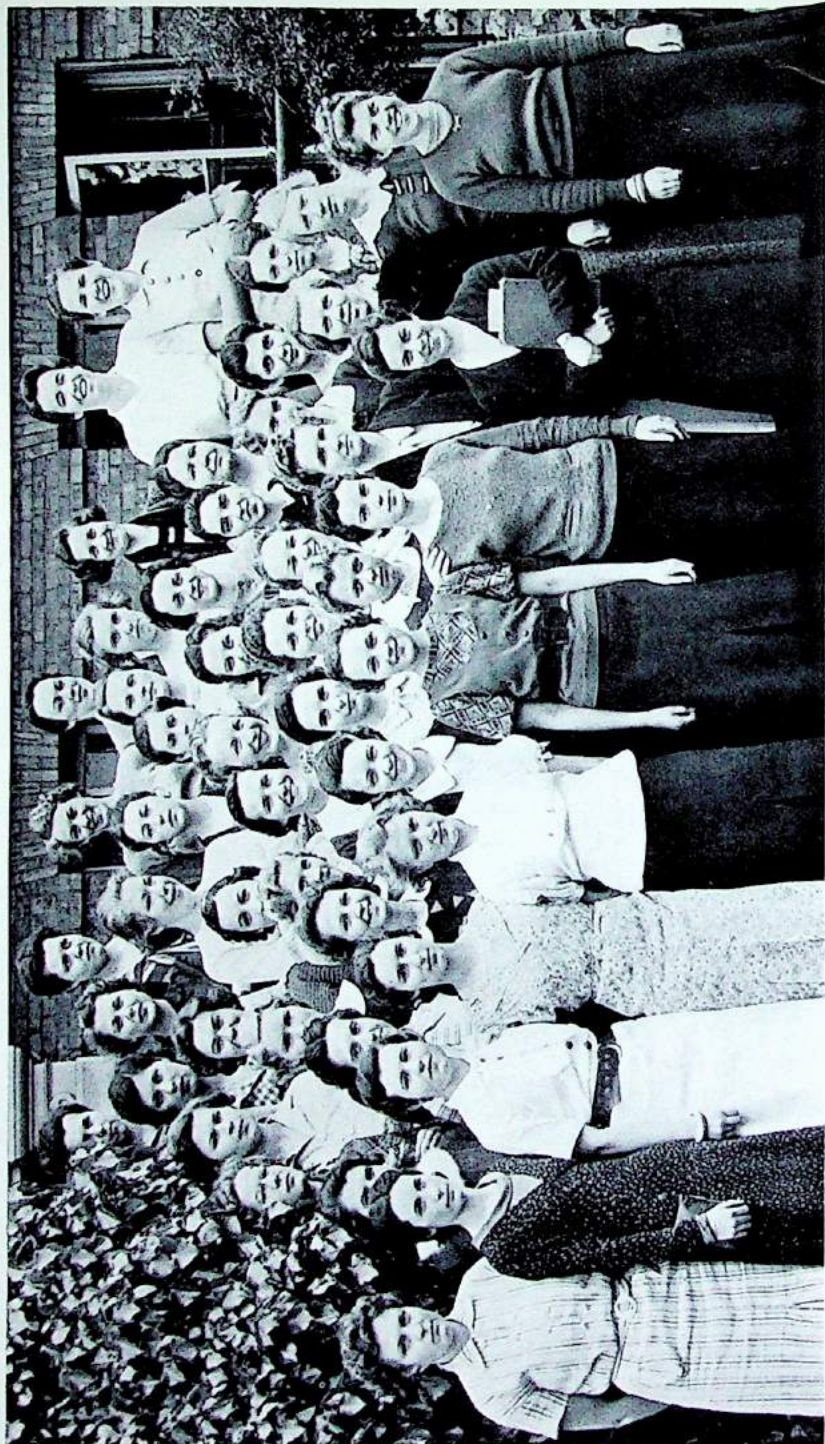
Everything seemed satisfactory, and it looked as though St. Helen's Hall might settle down to a routine existence. But it was not to be so. A necessity arose that the postgraduate department of the school be enlarged. Inasmuch as the state institutions of higher learning had made rulings to the effect that no credit should be given for postgraduate work in any school after 1931, the Sisters and Trustees of the Hall decided, in August, 1932, to establish a junior college.

This new venture was so favorably received in the city that, the next school year, the freshman enrollment had to be closed for lack of room. The Lower School building was given over to the college, and again the children had to be crowded into the high school building. It was necessary either to build or to give up the college. Thus on December 28, 1933, ground was broken for the new college wing, and when the girls returned from Spring Vacation, March 19, the building was ready for occupancy.

The first official spade of earth for the college chapel had been turned by Bishop Sumner on January 10th at a simple ceremony, attended by the trustees, faculty, and student body. Later, when the chapel was completed, the Bishop was present for a short dedication service. The chapel was named St. John Baptist Chapel, in honor of the Community of St. John Baptist. On Ascension Day three stained glass windows, forming a reredos in the chapel, were dedicated to the memory of Miss Mary B. Rodney. The subjects of these beautiful windows are The Nativity, Christ Teaching in the Temple, and The Sermon on the Mount. Later in May the old cornerstone of 1890, now a part of the Junior College building, was officially unveiled. The Mother Superior of the Community was present, as were also many of the school's alumnae.

St. Helen's Hall has been an important factor in the educational life of Oregon, and the addition of the junior college enables it to extend its field of usefulness. Here, truly, the student may lay the foundations for a liberal education, an education developing greater intellectual and moral power.





UNDERGRADUATES

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School Song

Music—"Land of Hope and Glory" by Elgar.

Verses:

St. Helen's Hall, thy Crown exalt
To realms as yet untried;
Thy banners fling to heaven's vault
With purest sunset dyed.
Young voices sing and young hearts swell,
With thy true glories fired,
Granted thy strength wherein to dwell,
To deeper good inspired.
Hark! Hark! ye halls with garlands wreathed,
Unto those voices clear;
Strong-hearted youth, resolved, beneath
These pillars quitting fear.
Thy holy Cross, the blessed shield,
Maintain for Truth and Light;
Give us thy name on high to wield,
Pursuing paths of right.

Chorus:

Onward, ever onward, guide our footsteps sure,
To that land of promise, shrine of ideals pure,
Crown our brows with glory, ever striving Youth;
God who lives eternal fill our hearts with Truth.

—*M. C. Richards*, '35.

EDITORIAL

Seventeen girls have been graduated from the Junior College of St. Helen's Hall—seventeen girls who are going on into universities scattered over the United States. Yet, although their next few years may lead them into widely divergent channels, they will be bound by a common purpose—that of striving to make their accomplishments worthy of St. Helen's Hall.

In the two years of their work together, they have adapted themselves to common ideals of scholarship and fair play. They have seen the college start with a handful of students and develop into a well-organized, growing institution. They have watched the development of a new college—they have lent to that development their fervor and ambition. These seventeen girls form the nucleus from which the college has grown. They have been the impetus, the incentive force of the St. Helen's Hall Junior College.

Two years ago these seventeen girls entered upon a new phase of their lives. As members of the first class, they worked to gain for the college a standing in the educational world. As the year progressed, new students entered, and it became the duty of the first class to establish precedents and lay the foundations for the traditions of the college. Conscientiously, they strove to weave loyalty and honor into the filere of their school.

As they were graduated, they carried with them the ideals developed by their contacts within the college. One spirit permeated all—the knowledge that theirs is a bond of loyalty created by the strength of common purpose.

EDITORIAL

The junior college movement in the United States is essentially a development of the past fifteen years. The impetus for the movement came almost entirely from individual initiative and private enterprise, but in many states public schools of this type have already been founded to supplement the four-year colleges and universities. These junior colleges, whether private or public, segregated or co-educational, are serving as a great national laboratory in which educational experiments are being performed and the results weighed. Much yet remains to be learned about this form of education. We must conscientiously examine and retain what is best in the older methods; on the other hand, we must open-mindedly search for and accept what is best of the new.

Many modern educators and psychologists believe that the transition between high school and college is too abrupt, particularly for the immature student. This problem is solved by the junior college, where the student is enrolled in small classes and is given an opportunity to know personally his instructors and most of his fellow students. Here his chances to attain distinction either in scholastic achievement or in extra-curricular activities are greater, and with his success he acquires a sense of personal worth which is essential to a well-integrated personality.

In general, the junior college offers the liberal arts and pre-professional courses of the freshman and sophomore years of the four-year colleges and universities. These courses are designed to develop personality, to cultivate the creative faculty, to train in clear, logical thinking, to instill ideals and habits of service to country and humanity, and, lastly, to lay the foundations for successful vocational careers. Specialized work and intensive research are reserved for the years of upper division and graduate study.

In the junior college for women only, these purposes and ideals are the same. The young woman learns to think for herself and to play satisfactorily her part in the rapidly changing civilization of today. The first two college years, with their non-specialized orientation and liberal arts courses, become for the girl two years of exploratory experience, two years in which to learn to know the best minds of the past and present, two years, finally, in which to seek and find—herself.

LITERARY



POETRY

Fantasy

Little white angels
Catch me a star;
Throw it down, down
From afar, afar.
Let it burn crystal,
Let it burn blue,
That I may have it
In common with you.
Fling me a moonbeam
As thin, as white,
As shines through the forest
On a still night.
Make me a ladder
Of fragrant dew,
And I shall ascend it
And play with you.

—*Carolyn Bowers, '34.*

Plea to K . . .

Let me read aloud to you.
The words my eyes caress are points of light,
And soundless murmurings in my throat seek wings—
Let me read aloud to you,
For here a giddy drop is fallen
From the ink horn of a god.
I hold it in the hollow of my hand.
Alone, I bend to taste the drop
And see it shrink to nothingness.
You smile, and I in wonder feel
The rim grow full again—
Oh, let me read aloud to you.

—*Margaret Reeves, '35.*

Three Poems

1.

Let me go! I won't be long!
Let me seek those highest hills,
Grasp the tincture of the sun,
Bury my head in yielding clouds,
Fly passionless from all the Present,
Seek comfort in the arms of sky,
See shadows merge and separate,
Smell the damp of early dawn,
And feel the motion in me
Triumph there against a silent world.
Do you feel my lone desire?
Then, understanding,
Let me go!

2.

Quivering—uncertain
Rays of the late sun
Etch erring shadows
Upon a background of
Constant green!

3.

A certain melancholy comes
From contemplation of Beauty.
The sadness of natural perfection
Flows silently.
To see and adore the expression,
Yet to realize the charm which moves
To ecstasy is unattainable,
Leaves reality to temper rapture,
And sensibility to bear still grief.

—*Mary Carolyn Richards, '35.*

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Bona Mors

(Chant-Royal)

1.

I shall not have a friend or lover vigilant,
Or e'en a guide, my bounteous ship of life to steer;
For I would live my hour alone, communicant
With only stars and suns until my waiting bier
Decides to claim its own and takes as willing bride
My body and my flesh and all my mortal side,
And lets my wingèd soul at last be off and free
To seek its longed-for dream of immortality—
The dream it visioned all its weary days on earth
And first saw promised in a star-crazed, moon-mad sea—
So I would walk to meet you, Death, alone from birth.

2.

Nôw while I live, and living, am a supplicant
At Life's own shrine, I vainly long for, yet I fear
That dawn when I shall be a joyous emigrant
Embarking for another world, another sphere,
But forced to leave all glories of the eventide,
My loved green earth, and ever-changing ocean tide.
So while I have my little time to live and be,
I would enjoy all mortal things in reverie
And take what comes with sadness or with blissful mirth—
So I would walk to meet you, Death, alone from birth.

3.

Where flaming suns and crystal stars are scintillant
Shall be my house, and to my ever-list'ning ear
The wafting winds will speak in whispers sibilant;
And I shall live in Life's most blessèd atmosphere.
And to no human thing shall I my thoughts confide
Except to loneliness, who walks now, at my side.
So I shall pass my many years most anxiously
Awaiting Death's first kiss while Life is holding me.
Nor can I sense ought else of ever-lasting worth
Except that I was born and Death is waiting me—
So I would walk to meet you, Death, alone from birth.

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4.

My life must be a house of one lone occupant
Where I must stitch my trousseau, year by lonely year,
And make my bridal gown, or shroud, illuminant
With every aching heart-beat and each pain-wrung tear
Until I finish it, and looking up in pride,
Behold my dark-robed lover standing by my side.
Nor will he have to urge or sternly threaten me,
For though I am the captive mistress of the earth
My real self I would save for only Death to see—
So I would walk to meet you, Death, alone from birth.

5.

A thousand fools walk with the crowd, incognisant
To all the beauty on this earth, then disappear;
But I would walk through life, in silence, vigilant
Of all its glorious majesty; then, leaving here,
In confidence serene, my body would confide
To earth, to help it bring in bloom the countryside,
And then my soul in mounting ecstasy could flee
Off with its lover, Death, to vast infinity.
Nor would the world, within its certain, narrow girth
Be anything but just an interlude to me—
So I would walk to meet you, Death, alone from birth.

ENVOI

Then some night when my life is ebbing with the sea,
Know only that my lover, Death, is kissing me,
And give my helpless body to the willing earth,
For I know happiness beyond all simile—
So I would walk to meet you, Death, alone from birth.

—Carolyn Bowers, '34.

SHORT STORY



The Charmed Smile

SIR GENTRY YATES was tired. The little sagging lines about his mouth betrayed it. The last few months in London had worn him out—garden fêtes, house-parties, balls, receptions, dodging reporters, trying to keep his whereabouts secret from the many prying individuals who would give him no peace once they located him. Things had finally come to a point where he simply had to get away from it all. Rest and quiet were imperative.

So he had come here to the Caribbean outposts of the British Empire in search of the seclusion he had been unable to find in England. Nevis, his destination, was about the smallest and sleepest island of that West Indian group. No radios there, no telegraph, no wireless. Sir Gentry had made careful inquiry about such things before coming. Surely in this place he could find the peaceful, undisturbed privacy he craved.

He stood on the quay at St. Kitts and stared across the bay toward Nevis, rising conically from the sparkling blue Caribbean. "The world forgetting by the world forgot," he mused, stroking his mustache thoughtfully with his thumb and forefinger. "Famous resort in Hamilton's day. And now deserted."

Steamers didn't stop there. That was why Sir Gentry had landed in St. Kitts that morning and was waiting now for his chartered sailboat to come alongside the jetty. The tropical sun beat down on his jauntily cocked pith helmet and flashed from his gold-rimmed monocle as it swung from its black silk cord. The sun flashed intermittently and dazzlingly from the heliograph at the Battery. It danced on the water and twinkled on his watch crystal as he glanced impatiently at the time.

"Beautiful day!" a pleasant voice behind him remarked.

Sir Gentry turned to find a tall man in white. He nodded in polite agreement and screwed his monocle in place.

"Just landed? Or—just leaving?" the amiable gentleman continued conversationally. His sharp blue eyes scanned Sir Gentry's bags.

"Just landed *and* just leaving," amended Sir Gentry pleasantly.

The newcomer came closer. "Allow me to introduce myself," he said and shook hands warmly. "Major Tarleton. Recently transferred here from the Indian army."

"Sir Gentry Yates, a tired and retired gentleman of leisure," returned Sir Gentry, smiling that droll little smile of his that had charmed all London. "I've come down here for a rest."

"You've come to the right place!" exploded the major. "Nothing ever happens here. Heaven knows it was bad enough in Peshawar! But then the midnight raids those natives put on every now and then somewhat broke the monotony."

"I should think so!" Sir Gentry still smiled. He rather liked this fellow.

"Yes," the major went on reminiscently, "those beggars have given us some mighty bad scares. An old berserker ran amuck in one of those border

towns just before I left. Killed seven people—two were our men—and wounded about a dozen others before we could catch him. Religious fury! Pah! Race hatred!" He paused a moment. "At that, though, they've more excuse for savagery like that than some of these American gangs one is always reading about. I'd rather live in *India* than in America!"

"I don't know about that," objected Sir Gentry.

"Where would you rather live?" Tarleton's tone was tinged with incredulity. "America?"

"No. England!" was the reply. And they both laughed.

"But do you know that England herself is beginning to suffer from this plague of gangs?" the major volunteered. "Something should be done about it before they become too powerful to cope with. Trust the Yard, though."

"Yes. Trust the Yard," remarked Sir Gentry drily and rolled his stick back and forth between his hands.

"They were working on an interesting case when I was home last month," the major went on. "You've probably heard of it. The Driscoll jewelry robbery? All London was talking of it!"

"Yes, I have heard of it, I think. A little more subtly done than the usual robbery, wasn't it, if I remember rightly?"

"Ra—ther! Quite the cleverest case the Yard's been up against in a good many years. They seem to think that one man planned and executed the whole thing himself. A man like that is too dangerous to have at large. Scotland Yard will be doing a great service by running him down."

"But can they do it?" interposed Sir Gentry.

"They're working on it now."

"I know, but have they any clues? You can't track jewel thieves without clues."

"Well, they haven't anything much to go on. A snapshot of the man they suspect, taken by one of the young ladies at the house-party. I don't know why they center their suspicions about this man, though they must have good reason. But no proof. At least they didn't have when I left. When I was there, I talked to the Inspector. At that time their chief concern was to locate the man. He'd slipped through their fingers as neatly as you please. However, with the Yard on his trail, he won't be at liberty long."

"A great deal of confidence in the Yard, haven't you?" observed Sir Gentry laconically and turned to gaze across at Nevis. "Why, here comes my boat! Well," with a glance at his watch, "it's about time, too!"

The graceful sloop came alongside, and a slightly-built mulatto boy scrambled up on the jetty. His coffee-colored body above the tattered dungarees gleamed like burnished metal in the bright sunlight. His white teeth flashed in a wide-mouthed smile.

"Is yo ready t' sail, suh?" he grinned.

"Ready? I've been waiting Heaven knows how long! But no matter! Here! Pile this luggage in and we'll push off."

"Yas, suh!" And he set to work.

"Well," Sir Gentry turned to the major with a smile, "I'll see you again, Major Tarleton?"

"Ra—ther! I'll pop in on you at tea-time some day, and we can finish our little chat." He was regarding Sir Gentry quizzically.

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"I say," he began eagerly, "haven't I seen you some place just recently?" He paused. A puzzled little frown wrinkled his forehead as he tried to remember.

"I hardly think so," said Sir Gentry lightly.

"It was your smile that made me think I'd seen you before." The smile faded quickly. The tired lines about the mouth reappeared. "It seems so familiar. And yet I can't place it. Stupid of me! Oh, well, never mind. Here! Let me help you there."

He lent a hand with one of the bags.

"You know, I would have sworn I saw you in London last month," he remarked, handing down the scratched and travel-worn bag to Sir Gentry when that gentleman was finally seated in the boat.

Sir Gentry calmly let his monocle drop.

"It's—a—a—possible," he said and shoved off with his cane.

"Good-bye!" shouted the major and watched the little craft catch the wind in her sail and fling the white spray from her bowsprit into the sparkling blue-green Caribbean as she shot away toward Nevis.

"Just the same," remarked Tarleton to himself, "he reminds me of some one. A—ah—Matterson— No. Let's see. Madison, Morrison—a—a—Mawson—a—a— That's it! Mawson!" He stared after the fast-disappearing sloop, and suddenly a strange light dawned in his blue eyes. He drew in his breath sharply. "No telegraph, no radio, no cable, no wireless! What then?"

Five minutes later the almost obsolete heliograph at the Battery flashed this message to Nevis:

"Arrest man traveling as Sir Gentry Yates and return to St. Kitts under guard. Have proof he is Cyril Mawson, suspect in Driscoll case. Initials on luggage scratched out. Has twisted smile like man in snap at Yard.

Tarleton."

—Barbara Burras, '35.

Midnight

Hush, soft wings are brushing through the grass,
And beauty sings to beauty as they pass,
While music like the silver threads of pain
Is falling noiselessly to earth, as rain.

Skyscape

Here is all the majesty of night
With the vastness of her windy skies;
Eternity unveils her shining eyes
While the stars faint slowly in the light.

Twenty-three

Fancy Furs

JACKIE THORN was only six years old, but that was no sign he didn't know things. In the first place, he knew that his father, Mr. Gary Thorn, had made a mistake. Mr. Thorn had dismissed Jackie's bosom pal and companion, Elva, the nurse, and had hired a housekeeper who was to do other tasks in addition to taking care of Jackie. Mr. Thorn felt that Jackie needed no nurse now that he was six years old.

Jackie's Daddy had been gone a whole week. Any moment now he might return. As Jackie sat, toy train in hand, staring out the playroom window onto the front drive, he fervently hoped that the nice lady Daddy was going to bring home with him would be just like Elva. Jackie was afraid of having a mother, because he preferred having just Daddy. Of course Elva had been sort of a mother, although she was really the nurse and the best friend in the world. Jackie wanted Elva; he missed her terribly. He could almost visualize her standing beside him in her clean, white uniform. Best of all he liked to think of her face. It was so kind and beautiful, although it really wasn't an unusual face.

Jackie's gaze wandered out the window again. He saw a car stop before the house. His precious Daddy crawled out and ran around the car to help out a lady. Jackie held his breath. How he hoped she would be like Elva! He needed to look only once to be satisfied. The lady was not at all like Elva. She was dressed in fancy furs, and she hung too affectionately on Daddy's arm. Jackie almost hated her. "Why did they need her, anyway?" As a matter of fact, she would be a hindrance.

Jackie felt a lump rise in his throat; tears welled in his eyes. He threw himself full length across the window seat and sobbed in great convulsive outbursts. How he hated that woman!

As he stopped to gasp for breath, he heard the door open. He hoped he wouldn't have to face her. Possibly she would leave. Instead, he felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, and he slowly lifted his head in fearful anticipation. All he could see through the tears was fur. Gradually his gaze became clearer, and a face appeared within the furs. It was not an unusual face, but it was kind and beautiful. Jackie jumped to his feet and threw his arms around the fine lady's neck.

"Elva, my Elva!" he sobbed.

—Betty Tubbs, '35.

Somnus Turns

Waking in the darkness of the still night,
I meet the long, black ether of a dream,
While just outside, the tangled boughs of fir trees
Make etchings on a sky of witches' green.

Be Patient Yet

CURTIS EDWARDS looked down at old Annie Shanahan. "You're getting pretty old to be scrubbing floors, aren't you, Annie?" he asked.

Annie looked up from her scrubbing brush and smiled. "It won't be many more days now and my son will be home. Then I won't have to work at all."

"God speed his return," said Mr. Edwards as he went down the corridor.

It was a pity, he thought, what war was doing to those left behind, not to mention those who went over. Here was old Annie Shanahan whose one son, Michael, had answered the war cry and left her alone. Only a mother with great faith in her heart could have done what Annie had been doing these three years that her son had been away.

Arising at four o'clock in the morning, she would walk through the quiet, gray streets to the Shay building, where she was employed as janitress. On winter mornings, her gloveless hands would become blue; the cold wind would whip at her face ruthlessly; and when she reached the building, she would be panting for breath. But Annie didn't care. She had but one thought in her mind. Her Michael was coming home some day. He would take care of her.

Everyone liked Annie. No matter how important a person was, or how busy, if his office was in the Shay building, he greeted her with a cheery "hello," or stopped to inquire as to her health or news from her son.

The great day came! Annie received a brief cablegram from her son stating that he had been honorably discharged and would be home in two weeks.

"Mr. Edwards! Oh, Mr. Edwards!" Annie ran after her employer as he walked down the hall to his office.

"Well, what is it? What's all the excitement?" he asked.

"My son's a-comin' home," breathed Annie, handing him the cablegram. "See! Read it!"

Mr. Edwards read it and smiled at Annie. "I'm going to miss you," he said.

"Could I stop right now?" Annie asked. "I've a lot to do to get ready for my boy."

"Of course," said Mr. Edwards, patting her on the shoulder. "Come into my office, and I'll give you your wages up to date."

He opened the door of his office, and they walked in.

"What's Michael done to receive an honorable discharge?" Mr. Edwards asked as he sat down to write out a check.

"Sure now, and I don't know," Annie replied. "All I know is that he's comin' home. My son's comin' home!"

"If he has any difficulty in getting a job, tell him to come to me," said Mr. Edwards as he handed her the check. "He's good at figures, isn't he?"

"He's good at anything. He's a wonderful boy."

She glanced at the check as she folded it to put it into her pocket. "Oh, but Mr. Edwards!" she cried, "You've made a great mistake. It says \$100, and it's supposed to be only ten."

Mr. Edwards rose from his desk and came towards her.

"Annie," he said, "go out and buy yourself some new clothes. Doll yourself up for your son. You deserve it."

Scintilla

"The good Lord will bless you, Mr. Edwards." Two tears rolled down Annie's cheeks as she turned and went out the door.

* * * *

It was the day before the U. S. S. Garfield was to bring Michael home that Curtis Edwards felt a tug at his coat sleeve. Turning, he came face to face with an elderly woman—kind-faced, well-groomed, dressed simply but attractively.

"Mr. Edwards! How do you like the way I spent your money?"

"Why, Annie! I hardly knew you," said Mr. Edwards, as he looked at her admiringly. "You'd better be careful. That son of yours won't recognize you."

"Well, he'll get a mighty good lickin' if he doesn't know me," she said, smiling broadly. "Oh, if you could see what I've done to our house," she continued. "I've had it painted on the outside and all done over on the inside. I had Michael's room fixed up, just the way he's always wanted it. And I bought him that set of books he's been wantin' for so long. It cost me nearly every cent I've saved, but it's worth it!"

"Indeed, it's worth it," said Mr. Edwards. "I'll bet he'll be glad to get home."

"And I'll be glad when he gets home." Annie stopped and looked up at Mr. Edwards. "These years he's been gone have seemed endless. It seemed like I was goin' down a long, long road, all alone; and the days were like milestones. I'd count each milestone as it went by; and I'd say "Michael's comin' home some day. And now," she smiled through misty eyes, "Michael's really comin'. I don't have to wait and hope any longer. He's really comin'."

"It's wonderful for you, Annie," said Mr. Edwards. "You've worked hard, and you need the rest. I do believe you're looking better already."

"I don't know about that, but I do know that I'm happier than I've ever been before. Oh, but I must be on my way. Mr. Edwards, you couldn't guess what I'm goin' to do now, so I'll tell you. I'm goin' to get my picture taken for Michael's room. Imagine! An old devil like me havin' her picture taken." She chuckled and went on.

* * * *

A knock sounded at Curtis Edwards' office door.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened. Mr. Edwards stood up and stared in shock at the object in the doorway. It was an old lady dressed in a faded smock, run-over shoes, and tattered stockings. Her countenance was strange—that of a woman despairing, defeated.

"Can I have my job again?" she asked.

"Annie!" Mr. Edwards cried. "Michael—didn't he come yesterday?"

"Yes, he came." Her swollen eyes filled with tears. "Michael—is blind."

—Jean Brophy, '35.

FANTASY



Grulfo Ulstru Majou

THINGS were pretty dull on Mt. Olympus. All that the Gods could find to do was to eat, to sleep, and to hold beauty contests; for Troy had fallen, and Helen had gone home to her husband. Finally, the Olympic Beauty Contest Corporation went to the wall, and things were in a terrible state. The Gods ate and drank till Juno could no longer ride upon her dainty peacock, but had to purchase six Nubian slaves to carry her around. Jupiter, in despair, called a special session of congress.

"Brothers and Sisters," he began, "something must be done. We have grown so much that our mountain has settled six feet. The depression must not continue, or we shall be entirely submerged in the earth. The chair is open to suggestions."

Mercury, engrossed in testing the repairs on his winged feet, spoke quickly. "Let's have a cooking contest."

The suggestion was received with groans, but as no better plan was suggested, Mercury's idea was adopted; the Olympic Cooking Contest was started.

The industry among the Gods was amazing. Ingenious Venus bored holes in the moon and produced green cheese. Ever-hungry Juno drained part of the milky way and condensed it into ice-cream. So the Gods, with the exception of Mars, proceeded with the work. Mars was a lazy fellow who, in times of peace, was always asleep. After a long rest he awoke, noticed the activity, and decided to enter the contest. He started to work but, feeling sleepy, succeeded only in dumping some nectar and ambrosia into an iron pot to cook. He awoke four days later to find that his concoction had almost boiled dry. He tasted it; three hours later, Mars was able to pry open his jaws. He grinned with satisfaction while he cut the substance into strips and tied the strips in palm leaves. After hiding them, he proceeded to go back to sleep.

The great day came. The moment had arrived for Mars to present his delicacy. Walking triumphantly before the judges, he handed a leaf to each. The judges retired with specimens of the Gods' culinary skill. When they returned, each wore a look of supreme joy.

"Brothers and Sisters," began Jupiter, "after careful deliberation we find that the wonderful invention of Mars has been chosen to receive the award in the first Annual Cooking Contest. We are pleased to present him with the pearl-handled potato masher, donated by Vulcan and Son. And now, Mars, tell us the name of your creation."

Mars had to think fast. Not wanting to tell them the real substances, he originated a name in this manner: The Olympic name for nectar is Grulfo and for ambrosia, Ulstru Majou. Quickly Mars combined the initials of the three words.

"Friends," he announced. "Laboriously I have toiled for months to perfect this boon not only to the Gods but to all humanity. I shall no longer keep you in suspense. The name of the substance is—G U M."

—Isabelle Crown, '35.

Serenia

AFTER he had traveled all the night, drinking in the loveliness of darkness and the bitterness of solitude, and all the day, feeling Nature's heart beat as in his own breast and her soul flow in slow rhythms of mystery through the world, and just as evening was again approaching, Aldar came to a brick-paved terrace that hung out over a sea, silver-waved and mist-veiled. In all directions distance faded into distance until reality became a dim dream.

Through a parallel row of slender trees standing straight and tall like the columns of an ancient temple dedicated to Pan, but more perfect than any columns fashioned by mortal hands, for these had been conceived in a god-dream, Aldar gazed at the terrace. It was bordered with white pillars supporting a trellised framework of grape vines, from which hung clusters of dusty-coated purple fruit. Between each two pillars were long marble benches; but, on the sea side of the terrace, the two center pillars had no seat between them. At the base of each stood a large blue jar, forming an entrance into space. Over the nearest bench was thrown a cloak woven of sunset, more fragile than clouds. Aldar wondered to what place he had come and to whom belonged the cloak. The last vestige of sun seeped into a blue twilight as he looked; and from somewhere came the faint sound of silver bells chiming in the wind. Still Aldar gazed.

The moon came up from the water; and the night appeared, scattering tiny stars in the branches of the trees, where they caught in the leafy foliage. By their light, Aldar saw the figure of a girl leaning against one of the central pillars, looking out over the sea. Her robes faded into the colors of the night; her face gleamed white like the marble about her; and her eyes—Aldar sensed rather than saw—had the purple lustre of the grapes. Slowly she turned her head, and the beauty of her eyes fell upon Aldar, chilling him with their knowledge of all the unspoken dreams, of all the unwritten poetry, of all the untold love of countless centuries.

"Who are you?" he asked, and so faint was his voice that the sound was lost in its own breath.

"Serenia," replied the figure in a voice lovelier than the sound of falling water or the sound of children's laughter in the wind; and, as she spoke, the first rays of the morning star slid down upon her hair and then caressed her throat. Terrace, pillars, and figure slowly faded into the star beams. Aldar could see longer only the strange, time-filled eyes fixed upon him silently, sadly.

"Don't go," he cried, "don't go." But even then her eyes were obscured in the star; and Aldar stood alone on a cliff above the sea, and the morning was beginning to sing. "I shall find you again," spoke Aldar, "if I have to search the world and the air and the water a million times over." And somewhere in the distance, he heard the faint chiming of the tiny bells swaying in the wind.

—Carolyn Bowers, '34.

DRAMA



THE TROJAN WOMEN
of Euripides

Translation by GILBERT MURRAY
Director—CONSTANCE ROTH FOLTS

THE GOD POSEIDON.....	Polly Lou Todd
THE GODDESS PALLAS ATHENA.....	Helen Hingley
MELPOMENE—Greek Muse of Tragedy.....	Carolyn Bowers
HECUBA—Queen of Troy, wife of Priam, mother of Hector and Paris	Regina De Armond
CASSANDRA—Daughter of Hecuba, a prophetess.....	Barbara Burras
ANDROMACHE—Wife of Hector, Prince of Troy.....	Marian Johnson
HELEN—Wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, carried off by Paris, Prince of Troy.....	Jane Gault
TALTHYBIUS—Herald of the Greeks.....	Verona Zurhorst
MENELAUS—King of Sparta, and together with his brother, Agememnon, General of the Greeks.....	Evelyn Elde
ASTYANAX—Child of Hector and Andromache.....	Gloria May Miller
CAPTIVE TROJAN WOMEN.....	Flora Fetz, Jean Brophy, Marian Wakefield, Julia Philp, Bonnie Joynes
SOLDIERS ATTENDANT on TALTHYBIUS and MENELAUS.....	Mai Louise Dolph, Mary Helen DuBrock

THE Play Production Department of the college is a constant source of energy and activity. Interesting creative events are continually taking place behind the closed doors of the workshop and of the practice stage. At length the results of these secret activities are introduced to the public in the form of finished plays.

The power and inspiration behind every play produced are Constance Roth Folts, the capable director of the department. Mrs. Folts brings to her work a deep and sincere love of the theatre, and she expends no small amount of time and effort in her attempt to achieve the most perfect results possible. It is due to her untiring efforts that the Dramatic Department has become one of the most influential factors in the life of the school. Every girl who works under her direction receives invaluable help, not only in the art of the theatre but also in the all-encompassing art of living.

The first major production of the department was the presentation last year of the famous Greek tragedy, "Antigone," by Sophocles. It was truly a massive undertaking, and many were dubious concerning the outcome. The storms were successfully weathered, however, and the play was pronounced a marked success. All members of the department took part in the play, and each contributed outstandingly to the ultimate success of the whole.

The "Antigone" production led inevitably to the major production of this year, which was another Greek tragedy, "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, from the English translation by Gilbert Murray. This play is a powerful poetic treatise against war, depicting as it does the sufferings of the women of Troy following the Trojan War. Their cries echo the cries of women of all ages who have passed through the strife of war. Because of the universality of its theme and especially because of its timeliness in the present international crisis, the play proved a happy choice. The entire Play Production class took active part in the construction of scenery as well as in the actual playing. The play was presented on the evenings of the 12th and 13th of April, and both performances were received with great enthusiasm.

The freshmen who were enrolled in the Speech Interpretation course of the department contributed their part in the dramatic events of the year with the presentation of three one-act plays on the evening of May 4th. The repertoire of plays included "Bargains in Cathay," a romance by Rachel Field, "El Cristo," a tragedy by Margaret Larkin, and "Green Eyes from Romany," a comedy by John Kirkpatrick. These plays were directed and produced by members of the advanced Play Production class and were under the general supervision of Constance Roth Folts.

The entire department has grown immeasurably during the two years of its existence, and confident hopes are held for its future success.

CALENDAR FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1933~1934

THE COLLEGE BUILDING

The new building was an event in itself and as such is worthy of special mention. The ground was turned by Bishop Sumner January 10th, 1934. The weeks passed quickly, and soon the worthy dream of a new college building had materialized. The building was ready for occupancy March 19th. An impressive ceremony was held in which the chapel and assembly hall was fittingly dedicated to the Sisters of the Community of St. John Baptist. Had it not been for their untiring efforts, the college would still remain nothing more than a beautiful dream.

On May 10th three stained glass windows forming a reredos in the chapel were dedicated to the memory of the first principal, Mary Burton Roduev. Later in May, during the visit of the Mother Superior from New Jersey, the cornerstone was officially unveiled at a beautiful and awe-inspiring ceremony.

OCTOBER 13—The old girls entertained the new girls at a party which served the purpose of initiating them into the college life. Much was made of the fact that this date chanced to fall upon Friday the 13th.

OCTOBER 18—Mrs. Donald Spencer, manager of the Portland Symphony Orchestra, presented a most interesting talk on the "Highlights of Symphonic Orchestras." Her talk was supplemented with numbers given by Ted Bacon and his viola quartet.

OCTOBER 21—The College Students entertained their mothers at a formal tea which was held in the college hall. The mothers of the student body officers poured, and all those who attended took advantage of the excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the school's faculty.

OCTOBER 24—An evening "get-together" was held by all members of the student body. A pot-luck supper was served, and a well-planned entertainment was the order of the evening.

NOVEMBER 10—The first dance of the year was given in the college hall and was strictly informal. The "Armistice Day" theme was carried out.

DECEMBER 16—A rummage sale was held for the obvious purpose of raising money.

DECEMBER 21—A Christmas Formal held the spotlight of the evening. Blue and silver were the leading motives of the strikingly beautiful decorations.

JANUARY 20—The college students entertained the girls planning to enter the school at mid-year with a tea given at the home of Miss Margaret Shaw.

FEBRUARY 3—A luncheon and card party was given at the "Pewter Plate." Many friends of the college attended.

FEBRUARY 9—An informal St. Valentine's dance was the last social event preceding the Lenten Season.

Scintilla

APRIL 7—The sophomore class made an interesting morning trip through Lincoln Memorial Park.

APRIL 7—A bridge tea was given in the afternoon. Cards were played in the old college hall, but tea was served in the new building. As this was the first social event to be held in the new building, it was doubly important.

APRIL 15—The freshmen were entertained by Sister Superior at the Lake House. Swimming, boating, and many other diversions were enjoyed by all.

APRIL 20—A Sport Dance was held in the gymnasium, which proved a delightfully cool spot on a very warm evening. The marine idea was carried out in the blue and white of the decorations.

APRIL 21—The second annual campus day was observed. Each girl came equipped with some garden implement, and by the end of the day the campus had assumed a thoroughly rejuvenated aspect. Added excitement was caused by the visit of the "Candid Camera Man," who snapped some pictures of the girls at work. These pictures were duly printed in the *Oregonian*.

MAY 12—The first rummage sale of the year was so successful that a second one was held in order to augment a sadly depleted treasury.

JUNE 1—The last formal dance of the year was held. Honor guests were the graduating sophomores, who were royally entertained by the freshmen.

JUNE 3—The Rt. Rev. Edward Makin Cross, of Spokane, Washington, preached the Baccalaureate Sermon at Trinity Church. After luncheon at the Hall, the sophomore class picture was unveiled. Sister Superior was hostess for a picnic supper at Everglade, after which parents and friends were invited to witness the first traditional Torchlight Procession. At this time the school seal was entrusted by the sophomores to the freshman girl, who, in their opinion, is most worthy to carry on the traditions and uphold the ideals of St. Helen's Hall Junior College.

JUNE 6—The Commencement address was delivered at Trinity by Dr. Norman F. Coleman of Reed College, and diplomas were awarded to the graduates.

SPEAKERS OF THE YEAR

Norman C. Thorne—"The Junior College in Education."

The Rt. Rev. Walter T. Sumner—"Altruistic Vocations."

Anne Shannon Monroe—"Writing as a Career."

Mary Jane Spurlin—"Law as a Woman's Profession."

The Very Rev. Horace M. Ramsey—"The Spirit of Christianity and Its Effect Upon Women."

Dr. Philip A. Parsons—"The Nature and Prospects of Civilization."

T. Nakamura—"Relations Between Japan and the United States."

Spencer Miller, Jr.—"The N. R. A."

Mrs. Donald Spencer—"Highlights of Symphonic Orchestras."

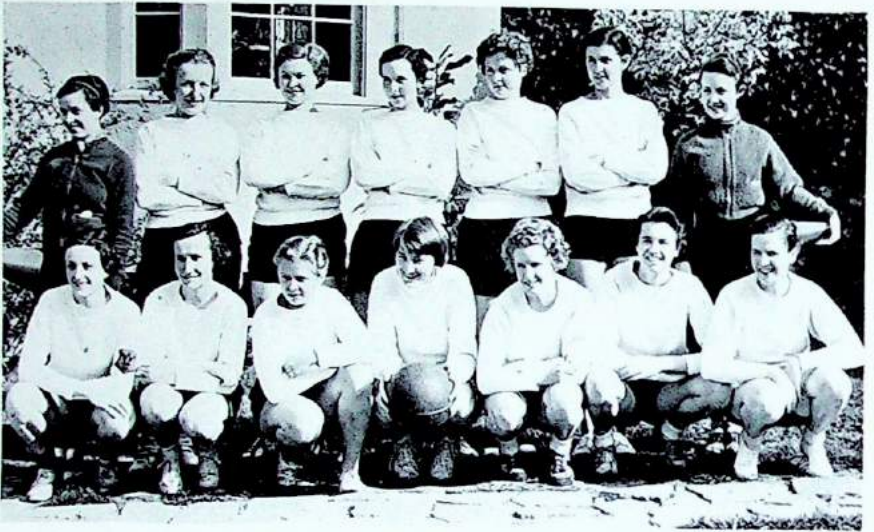
Burt Brown Barker—"The Return of the Voyager."

Benjamin F. Irvine—"The Need of Education."

Dr. Philip A. Parsons—"The Nature and Prospects of Civilization," continued.



SPORTS



Back Row—Brophy, Alfredson, Mitchell, Crown, Tubbs, Skei, Graves.
Front Row—Allen, Wheeler, Bargelt, O'Dea, Captain, Hendricks, Richards, Hockley.

BASKETBALL

Basketball is the major mid-winter sport in the Junior College and, as such, received the enthusiastic support of the students. Last year our team played the high school only, but this season a team was organized for inter-collegiate competition. With Dorothy O'Dea as captain, the sextet and substitutes made a good showing in spite of the fact that the organization is entirely new.

Five intercollegiate games were played. Scores were:

- Reed College vs. Junior College. First game, 23-21
- Reed College vs. Junior College. Return game, 27-15
- Linfield College vs. Junior College. First game, 13-42
- Pacific University vs. Junior College. . . First game, 30-24
- Pacific University vs. Junior College. . Return game, 34-21

To Gartha Graves and Jean Brophy, our yell leaders in blue and red, was entrusted the important task of evoking mighty "Rahs" from the rest of the student body.

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball was played during the season by many of the girls, not as an organized sport but as a pleasant diversion. No teams were assembled, but the girls gathered at odd hours to play this enjoyable game of quick returns.



ARCHERY

A great deal more interest was shown in archery this year than last. Every sunny afternoon girls armed with bows and arrows gathered on the campus for practice in marksmanship. The new target was lost somewhere between here and Missouri. In the meanwhile, the somewhat dilapidated old one was used. Notwithstanding these difficulties, numerous girls developed accuracy and precision in aim. A silver cup was given by Bishop Sumner to the winner of the archery tournament.



TENNIS

Tennis is always a popular sport, and the campus court is seldom vacant during the tennis season. The spring tournament opened this year with thirty-two girls participating. All the games were fast, showing the pep and action characteristic of the net game.



RIDING

Riding, while not an organized activity on the campus itself, has proved throughout the year a popular sport for one group of college girls. The various riding academies provided fine horses and interesting bridle paths for cross-country rides. Girls were given opportunity for instruction in formal, trail, cross-country riding, drill, mounted games, and jumping. Paper-chase hunts and supper rides were enjoyed during the late spring months.

Thirty-five



FENCING

During the two years of the existence of the college, interest in fencing has been outstanding. Fencing is more than a sport; it is a fine art as well. In the use of the light-weight, blunt-tipped foil, art is all; brawn is nothing. Intricate, graceful attacks and parries, smooth-flowing lunges, statuesque escape thrusts—all these as accessories to the swift, sure play of the mind make fencing the best possible training in co-ordination and poise.

About forty girls don masks and plastrons three times each week and cross blades in snappy duels on the open-air pavilion. This year a team of three girls, including Lenore Lavanture, Sue-Mar Shoemaker, and Verona Zurhorst, was organized under the direction of William Howard Knapp for inter-collegiate competition. They fenced at Reed College and in Seattle at the meet of the Amateur Fencers' League of America.

The annual college fencing meet was held April 26. A demonstration was given by the entire class to acquaint parents and friends with the technique used in the sport. The team championship was won by Lenore Lavanture, captain, Janet Anderson, and Pearl Karr. The individual fencing championship was won by Lenore Lavanture, who was awarded a silver cup, and second place was taken by Verona Zurhorst, who was given a fencing foil. Honorable mention went to Julia Philp.



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