

1944

SCINTILLA

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ST. HELEN'S HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE
PORTLAND, OREGON

VOLUME XI, 1944

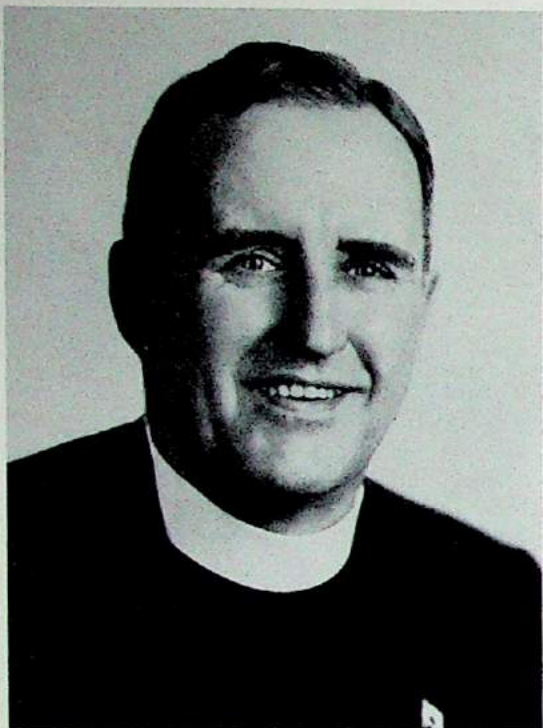
Dedication

To the Sisters of the Community of St. John Baptist—through whom we have touched that serene beauty gained in living for service to others; in whom we have seen life so nobly patterned that our own small shadows deepen with strength; from whom we face the trial of parting, knowing these years to be ours forever—do we dedicate this Scintilla of 1944, to acknowledge our heritage, sprung from an Almighty Godhead.

Theme

Within the tall, slender alabaster vessel of the soul, curves of deepest, palest blue, forms a tiny flame, silver-tipped above a glowing heart. At first the flame burns low, and deeper than shadows is the dark, fathomless blue; the flame reaches higher, and in the spreading light, the harmony of curving grace becomes translucent tones of vibrant blue, merging, dissolving, reforming in the silver glow, diffused through the alabaster veil. And now the flame bursts beyond the clinging shadow of palest blue, enveloping the slender form in its intense blue fire, a crucible that consumes this alabaster of the soul; and flame and form are one, a spirit consecrated to the silver heart of Beauty. . . .

This volume is the reflection of our flame of Beauty, still caught in the merging, dissolving patterns of silver and blue. We have guarded our flame, nurtured it with the richest oils gathered in these two moments of college; we have watched it grow from a passive depth of blue to a leaping, eager light, tipped with silver. Now the flame seeks to transcend the alabaster. In these first flickerings of blue and silver shall be discerned, as through a veil, the full flame that guides us in the search for the Beauty we know is ours.



REVEREND THOMAS M. BAXTER

It is the hope of your chaplain that one of the most enduring possessions gained from your two years at St. Helen's Hall will be a conception of the beauty of holiness. The day is past, thank God, when ugliness was considered a virtue. Christianity is, and always should be, a thing of beauty. Its founder showed us, as no one else ever has, the true beauty of human life. He taught us the beauty of the lilies of the field and the beauty of God's dealing with man. His Church has tried to follow His example. Her historians wrote and delivered to us, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the most beautiful of all stories—a story which has moved the hearts of men as none other. Her members have produced or inspired the most beautiful in art, architecture, and music. Her worship is consistently beautiful.

It is my prayer that those who go forth from this place will carry with them such a memory of the beauty of holiness that they will seek it wherever they go.



Each hour . . .
A moment of eternity
To be held or lost;
Hold it in beauty,
And each hour is yours . . .
Eternally.



GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS

To The Class of 1944

... Years ago as she wandered through the Land of the Children, the little girl came upon a garden in which grew the pure white blooms of the Flower of Beauty. Their radiance passed into her soul, and their fragrance filled her being; so that, when the time came for her to depart from the Land of the Children in order to search for the Earth-land, she wept because she must leave the garden. But like all of the other children who were to visit the Earth-land, she was given one seed from the garden to bear with her.

... After the little girl had come to Earth-land but while she was still a child in mortal years, she buried the seed in the warmth of the earth. Each day she watched over it, putting into the soil year after year the most careful and faithful work of which she was capable. When at the coming of each spring no bloom appeared, she enriched the soil with her gradually increasing patience; she learned all that she could of the care of this rare seed and cultivated the earth with the tools of her growing wisdom and understanding; she gave up many childish pleasures in order to care for her precious possession and so watered it with the dew of self-sacrifice. And when the bloom still did not appear, she turned her eyes upward and prayed that she might see Beauty.

... And then one day the flower bloomed, and the little girl passed from childhood as she watched in ecstasy. But as suddenly as it bloomed, the flower faded. She who had nurtured it wept for what she had lost. She grieved until her sorrow was finally lost in sleep. But as she slept, a miracle occurred, and the young girl became lost in the woman. In the heart of the woman there lay hidden the white blossoms of Beauty.

... In the freshness of the early morning the woman awoke and smiled quietly in her joy. For the flower that she loved bloomed now in the place that she had prepared for it. She knew that there would never again come the moment of fading for the immortal flower. It was safe forever in the sheltered garden of her heart.

—GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS

Faculty Members



ELSIE ANDREWS
English Composition



ALICE BOGARDUS
Music Appreciation



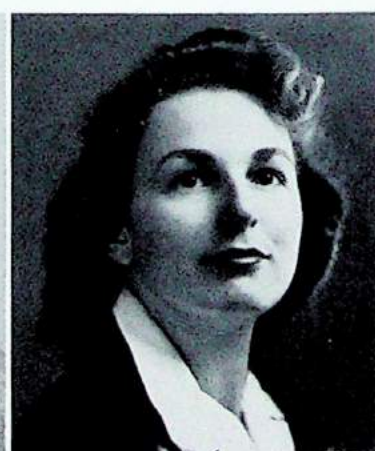
CAROLYN BOWERS COLLETT
Dramatic Art



JANET EASTERDAY
Secretarial Science



FAITH FORS
Librarian



PEGGY JANE GIDDINGS
Home Economics, Physical Education



WALTER A. HATCH
Science



DOROTHY CRAVEN
Psychology

The teacher who walks in
the shadow of the temple,
among his followers, gives
not of his wisdom, but
rather of his faith and his
lovingness.

—GIBRAN

Faculty Members



ADENA JOY
Social Science



WINIFRED B. LINDSAY
English Composition



ELIZABETH P. MOUSER
Professional Nursing Courses



EDITH T. NORENE
Science



NADINE K. SAWTELLE
Science



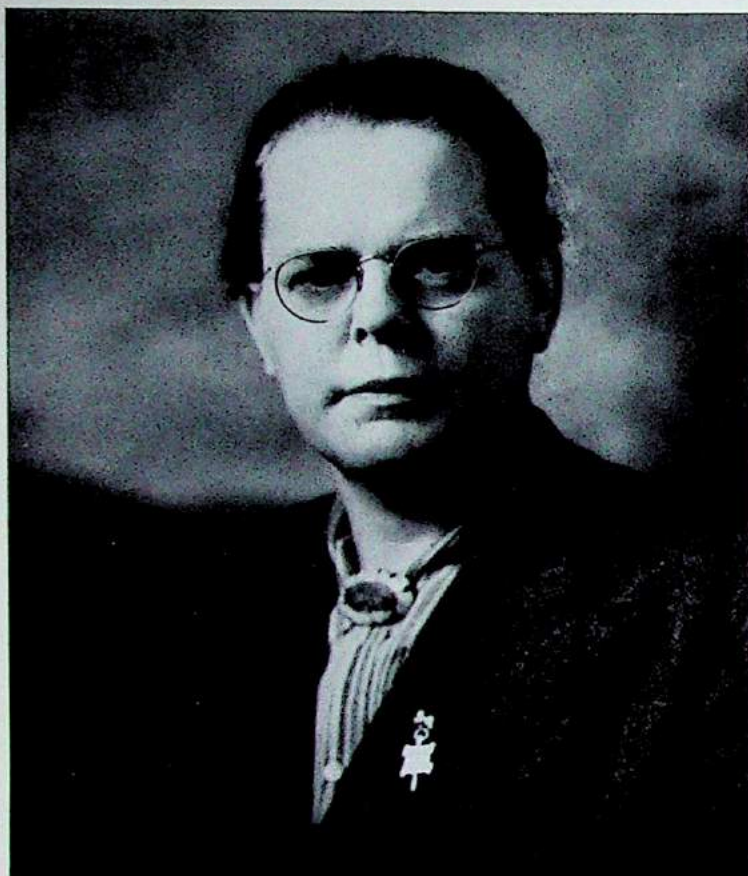
PAULINE TURNER
Bacteriology



ELIZABETH WRIGHT
Child Care and Family



RITA YORK
Child Care and Family



DR. ALICE M. BAHRS

In Appreciation

For her twelve years of guidance, instruction, and companionship spent with complete generosity at St. Helen's Hall Junior College.

For her unswerving loyalty in thought, spirit, and deed to the highest ideals of the Hall and for the expression of those ideals in her own life.

For her respect and unselfish devotion to science, establishing standards for the science department that have become integral parts of the Hall.

For her ever youthful enthusiasm, rivalling that of any student, which has made each hike an adventure in the wonderland of nature.

For her ability to make science interesting to the literature majors.

For her great energy and tireless industry that so often transformed the impossible into the possible.

For her invaluable leadership in Curie, the science honorary, making that organization one of the pillars of the college.

For her wisdom and her practical philosophy that recognize God in a world of science.

For all the girls who in their college years have known her as instructor and friend and whose fervent best wishes promise for her a future that shall double the fruits of these years of service at the Hall.

Sophomores



Beauty is life when life unveils her holy face.
But you are life and you are the veil.
Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror.
But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

Student Body Officers



EDITH DEMMON
President, Spring Term



MARTHA MOULD,
Pres., Fall and Winter Terms



FRANCES LANGHARDT
Secretary



SALLY WINSTON WIRE
Treasurer



RUTH WACKER
Sergeant-at-arms



HELEN MILLS
Sophomore Representative



DOROTHY HART
Sophomore Representative



VIRGINIA TORGESON
Freshman Representative



FRANCES CRAWFORD
Freshman Representative

Sophomore Class Officers



DOROTHY HART
President



MARGARET BROTEN
Vice-President



NORMA GRANSTROM
Secretary-Treasurer



SALLY WINSTON WIRE
Editor, *Scintilla*



ELISE BEDE
President . . . Forum
Vice-president . . . Curie
I. R. C.
Photography editor . . . Scintilla



ELSA JEAN CORDOVA
Angelas
Vice-president . . . Delta Psi Omega
Representative Freshman Girl
Literary editor . . . Scintilla



MARGARET BROTTEN
Vice-president . . . Sophomore class
President . . . Curie
Vice-president . . . H Club
I. R. C.



RUTH CURRY
President . . . H Club
Curie
I. R. C.



JACQUELINE OOHN
I. R. C.
Brush and Buskin
Art editor . . . Scintilla



MARY ANN DAVIS
Secretary-treasurer . . . H Club
Secretary-treasurer . . . Forum
Sergeant-at-arms . . . I. R. C.



EDITH LOUISA DEMMON
President . . . Student body, Spring term
Vice-president . . . Student body
Chairman . . . Student council
H Club
I. R. C.
Princess . . . May Carnival
May Girl-of-the-Month



PEGGY JACOBSON
Curie
Freshman representative
May Queen



NORMA GRANSTROM
Secretary-treasurer . . . Sophomore class
President . . . I. R. C.
Editor . . . Hall Tree
Chairman . . . War Stamp committee
January Girl-of-the-Month



MARJORIE MALMQUIST
Vice-president . . . I. R. C.
Curie
Business manager . . . Scintilla



DOROTHY HART
President . . . Sophomore class
Secretary . . . Student body
Sophomore representative
Angelas
Delta Psi Omega
Activities editor . . . Scintilla



HELEN ROWENA MILLS
Sophomore representative
Angelas
Secretary-treasurer . . . Delta Psi Omega



MARTHA MOULD
President . Student body (fall and winter terms)
Curie
I. R. C.
H Club
Nelson Shield Award



BURNICE MAY ROSS
H Club
Glee Club



JEAN OSHANIC
Secretary-treasurer . . . Curie
I. R. C.
H Club



CARMEN ORA SYNNES
President . . . Glee Club
Forum
H Club

SALLY WINSTON WIRE
Treasurer . . . Student body
Angelas
President . . . Delta Psi Omega
Editor . . . Scintilla
Manager . . . Book store





FRONT ROW: Barbara Tippet, Barbara Starkweather, June Richards, Beverly Triplett, Frances Crawford, Kay Joslin, Margaret Rogers, Joann Elliott, Sally Irvine, Jean Bowman.
 SECOND ROW: Mary Moffitt, Pat Doersch, Beverly Lundstrom, Virginia Hawes, Ruth Wacker, Marilyn Luster, Virginia Torgeson, Mary Helen Duffy, Norma Davis, Evelyn Gannett.
 THIRD ROW: Marilyn Rice, Lorraine Milbrandt, Marge McEnany, Virginia Fretwell, Jane Greenberg, Eugenie Hoppe.

Class of 1945

September 13 . . . a mob of new faces . . . which names belong to which faces . . . sophomore big sisters trying to talk to three bewildered freshman little sisters at the same time . . . this is Scott Hall . . . Morris Hall . . . Sumner Hall . . . don't use the front door . . . and be sure to wear hats for chapel . . .

Outnumbering the sophomores three to one . . . electing the secretary of the student body and the sergeant-at-arms from the freshman ranks . . . freshman representatives sitting in on council meetings, listening quietly and a little amazedly to the machinery of school government . . .

Hordes of eager freshmen volunteering for committees . . . wonderful cooperation . . . decoration . . . clean-up . . .

Introducing each Hall tradition and school event to the freshmen and watching their enthusiastic response . . . dances . . . assemblies . . . projects . . . oh, yes . . . projects . . . the Red Cross fund drive . . . and a volunteer basketball team of freshman girls challenging a Warm Springs team to an action-packed benefit game . . . the winners . . . S.H.H.J.C. and thirty-five dollars for the Red Cross . . .

Clubs . . . activities . . . fun . . . and student duties . . . the freshmen receiving the precious and long-treasured ideals of Hall life . . . in class . . . friendships . . . loyalty . . . service . . .

Following the long line of gray-robed freshmen up the carpeted aisle of Trinity . . . sophomores marching out as graduates . . . and the class of 1945 carrying the banner of St. Helen's Hall . . . a commencement . . .

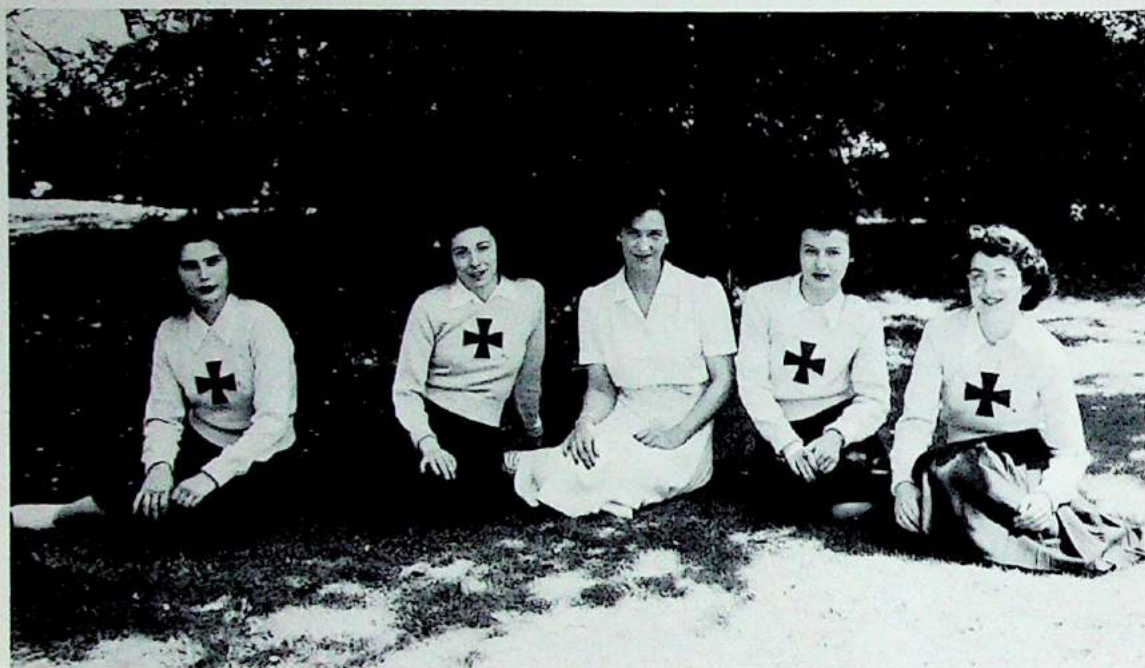
Activities



Where shall you seek beauty,
and how shall you find her
unless she herself be your way
and your guide?

Dearest Diary

- 1943
August 3 I am really a sophomore now. Just returned from the party at Everglades for prospective students. Swimming, boating, eating, and singing. Almost wish school opened tomorrow.
- September 13 Haven't time to write, Diary. It's Freshman Week.
- October 4 At last the freshmen look normal again after the initiation in Scadding. I think even the sophomores were glad to see the last of green bows and pale faces.
- October 15 The return party the freshmen gave for the sophomores was almost an initiation. Perhaps we were too hard on them. We **did** have an hilarious evening, and the food was wonderful.
- October 18 We should have a Mothers' club. Dear Diary, this decision comes after seeing the success of our Mother-daughter tea this afternoon in Scott Hall and what lovely mothers the girls have.
- October 29 Oh, the first dance of the year, the Hallowe'en informal! This is the first time we have invited service men, but not the last. The dance was marvelous, the men coming from the Port of Embarkation. There's something about the glitter of a lieutenant's bars—well, the atmosphere from corn husks and a witches' well was so realistic, I'm positive I saw a few goblins.
- November 20 For the past two days members of the student council have attended the Oregon Federation of Collegiate Leaders Conference at Lewis and Clark College. We talked with student leaders from large and small schools, and we all agreed that SHHJC was the best.
- November 17 The end of the term, exams finished, and vacation just ahead—but best of all was the Christmas formal. We invited service men again and had a delightful evening swishing around in formals. Every one seemed to be enjoying herself or himself—I was!
- 1944
January 19 Today we had a most profitable demonstration of school cooperation at the box lunch sale sponsored by the sophomores. The freshmen bought every one of the gaily-wrapped boxes—the money we made!
- February 12 Spent all afternoon decorating Scadding with hearts, ribbons, and flowers for the Valentine dance. Short dresses and heels were the feminine style, and army and navy uniforms, the masculine.
- February 14 In student body meeting today we gave Mrs. Fariss a book on English literature for her birthday. Diary, it's these little traditions that make it exciting and different to attend the Hall.
- April 6 Tra-la, la-la, the birds and bees—and spring vacation.
- April 27 Spring is here! We announced it officially at school this morning with Cotton Day. Every one wore cotton frocks and flowers in her hair. We opened the windows to the ceiling, and Spring walked right in. And the informal dance in Scadding was fun galore. Men from the air base, music from a dignified nickelodeon, and dancing until 11:45.
- May 18 Campus Day! Everglades! We just returned from the lake. It was the first time since Freshman Week, and it was delirious. All the memories of other visits aren't half so nice as the real thing. The campus looked so neat after we had raked and swept and hoed and raked again. We're all ready for tomorrow.
- May 19 May Carnival—and Queen Peggy Jacobson looked like a fairy ruler. Can't remember attending any classes, Diary.
- May 20 The last dance, the Spring formal. My, this has been a busy weekend—a regular May festival—and the dance was a wonderful conclusion.
- May 21 Today was Baccalaureate Sunday at Trinity Episcopal church. The music and the solemn and inspiring message seemed to be as a consecration of our two years at the Hall.
- May 28 Torchlight in the dusk of the college campus. I shall never forget this night, dear Diary, with the sophomore procession, the revealing of the representative freshman girl, the tapping of new Angelas members—all the deep, solemn traditions of the Hall that lie beneath the laughter and the foolishness.
- May 31 Dearest Diary, I am writing this last entry before I go to Trinity for the graduation ceremony. In one more hour, our class will have completed two of our happiest and most precious years. We shall be a lasting part of the Hall, and this evening is our commencement of lifelong loyalty to its ideals.



Sally Winston Wire, Helen Mills, Mrs. Fariss, Dorothy Hart, Elsa Jean Cordova

Angelas

Sister Katherine Angela . . . in memory . . . truth, loyalty, leadership . . . a deep blue Maltese cross on a gleaming white sweater . . . emblem of service to the school and to the students . . . willingly, enthusiastically, perseveringly . . . girls with the highest ideals for the Hall, for inspirational living . . .

Starting the academic year by visiting prospective members in the summer . . . looking forward to the first week of school . . . old and new friends . . . Freshman Week . . . bringing the spirit of Hall friendliness to the new freshmen . . . picnics . . . that long, long hike . . . Everglades . . . singing . . . sports . . . a tea . . . Angelas members . . . here . . . there . . . everywhere . . .

So many new faculty members . . . let's introduce them to administrative and student life . . . October . . . you are cordially invited for an hour of crumpets-and-tea and firefighting in the wing lounge . . . informal . . . all the faculty . . . Mother Superior from New Jersey with two boxes of chocolate creams . . . candlelight . . . sitting on the floor by the fire . . .

December and the gaiety of the week before Christmas vacation . . . a whole Saturday at the Hall decorating the college rec room . . . a beautiful Christmas tree . . . long festoons of bright red cranberries . . . fluffy white pop corn . . . whipped Lux soap suds daubed everywhere . . . very realistic . . . vacation . . . feverish and complicated plans for the Christmas breakfast for the alums . . . Mrs. Fariss' kitchen . . . scrambling eggs and bacon . . . watching the toast with an eagle eye . . . singing carols . . . meeting the Angelas members we had seen in the Scintillas . . .

Each month . . . choosing the girl-of-the-month . . . for quiet, unobtrusive service never materially rewarded . . . thrilling to see their happiness . . . Elizabeth Trump . . . Kay Joslin . . . Norma Granstrom . . . Ruth Wacker . . . Betty Clark . . . Edith Demmon . . .

Mrs. Fariss' birthday . . . secret plans and smiles for a week . . . a complete surprise party and Matchabelli's Ave Maria . . .

Spring at the Hall . . . the last yet the first . . . time gone in a rush . . . May 28 . . . Torchlight . . . under the stars in the quadrangle . . . the solemn beauty of young faces . . . tapping new members . . . the candlelight initiation in the college chapel . . . consecration of lives to service . . . bearers of the flame . . .



FRONT ROW: Beverly Lundstrom, Jean Bowman, Jean Oshanic, Margaret Broten, Elise Bede, Martha Mould.
 SECOND ROW: Shirley Multhauf, Pat Doersch, Peggy Jacobson, Norma Granstrom, Marjorie Malmquist, Elizabeth Trump, Ruth Curry.

Curie OFFICERS

President.....Margaret Broten
 Vice-president.....Elise Bede
 Secretary-treasurer.....Jean Oshanic
 Advisers.....Dr. Bahrs, Mr. Hatch

Science honorary organization of the college . . . formed in the spirit of the dauntless perseverance and endless search for perfection of Madame Curie . . . founded by Dr. Bahrs for those students who show their interest in science through scholarship and enthusiasm . . . the creativeness in science . . . women and the glowing future of research . . . the worthiness of working for the betterment of mankind . . .

Freshman week . . . and the famous annual Curie Hall Hills Hike . . . one-hundred and four steps to the top . . . running over hard-packed dirt paths . . . that gloriously free "back to nature" feeling . . . pausing a moment to listen to the almost noisy silence of the woods . . . suddenly bursting into the clear sunshine on the summit of the hill . . . the next two hours filled with the carelessness of a picnic . . . songs for the freshmen . . . reviewing the club organizations of the school . . . a sudden feminine shriek . . . a herd of very audacious goats . . . with beards and long horns . . . joining our group . . . admiring Dr. Bahrs' dexterity in maneuvering the animals down the hill . . . sundown and the return trip . . .

December . . . student body assembly . . . Dr. Bahrs, guest speaker . . . an interesting hour of geology . . . sparkling with enthusiasm and extensive knowledge of the speaker . . .

Special assembly . . . to present to the school the Alice M. Bahrs science cup . . . as a lasting tribute to the years spent at the Hall . . . realizing Dr. Bahrs is so much of the Hall that will never pass . . . remembering the meetings to plan the presentation and Dr. Bahrs' always arriving at the most inopportune moments . . .

Formal initiations twice during the year . . . early spring . . . dinner for the new members and then to the theatre to see "Madame Curie" . . .

Torchlight . . . presentation of the Alice M. Bahrs science award to the girl having contributed most to the science department of the college through her constant interest and enthusiastic support.



Dorothy Hart, Helen Mills, Elsa Jean Cordova, Mrs. Collett, Sally Winston Wire

Delta Psi Omega

OFFICERS

President.....	Sally Winston Wire
Vice-president.....	Elsa Jean Cordova
Secretary-treasurer.....	Helen Mills
Adviser.....	Carolyn Bowers Collett

National honorary fraternity of dramatic art . . . Sara Siddons chapter . . . creative art of the theatre . . . the drama in life . . . center of college dramatics . . . for those who give their service selflessly to all productions . . . high personal and scholastic standards . . . ideals of the Hall . . . the inspiration of creating . . .

Two weeks before the fall term . . . elected to get a script for Delta Psi Omega contribution to Freshman Week . . . frantic pencil chewing . . . an original masterpiece . . . a "melter-dramer" to end all melodramas . . . "Curses, Foiled Again" . . . sandwiching in rehearsals . . . Scadding Hall . . . six to ten . . . alums helping . . . Wednesday evening . . . watching the audience through the hole in the curtain . . . changing costumes in the dressing rooms with seven other girls . . . where's a moustache . . . old-time olio songs . . . which song is next . . . "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" . . . amazed at the ad libbing . . . finale . . . how to reach that top note . . . cleaning up peanut shells . . . dying of thirst, no cider left . . .

Cold, crisp days of Christmas vacation . . . sending pledge invitations . . . four freshmen . . . long lists of alums for the Christmas pledging at the Envoy . . . everyone has the flu . . . Mrs Collett's ration points for the wonderful food . . . pink roses . . . tall, slender candles . . . four quiet and starry-eyed pledges . . .

Monday night meetings . . . school forgotten until tomorrow . . . viewing drama as seen in all the arts . . . literature . . . dance . . . music . . . countless pots of tea . . . no sugar, please.

April . . . spring initiation . . . Mrs. Fariss' home . . . trying to meet the Arlington Heights Express . . . Mary Helen Duffy . . . June Richards . . . Virginia Torgeson . . . Ruth Wacker . . . picking violets and trilliums in the yard for the table . . .

Spring pledging . . . the next minute, spring initiation . . . Kay Joslin . . . Beverly Triplett planning the Awards Tea . . . invitations to parents, student officers . . . barely time to breathe . . . lemon in your coffee . . .

Realizing we are ten . . . eager to find the true theatre art . . . the drama of life . . .



FRONT ROW: Elise Bede, Marge McEnany, Martha Mould, Joann Elliott, Jean Bowman, Bernice Ashkar, Margaret Rogers, Jacqueline Cohn.
 SECOND ROW: Lorraine Milbrandt, Norma Granstrom, Miss Joy, Marge Malmquist, Mary Ann Davis.
 THIRD ROW: Ruth Curry, Marilyn Rice, Jean Oshanic, Elizabeth Trump, Frances Crawford, Norma Davis, Sally Irvine, Margaret Broten, Edith Demmon, Pat Doersch, Mary Moffitt.

I. R. C. OFFICERS

President.....Norma Granstrom	Sergeant-at-arms.....Mary Ann Davis
Vice-president..Marge Malmquist	Secretary-treasurer....Lorraine Milbrandt
Adviser.....Adena Joy	

International Relations Club . . . to bring to the students a deeper understanding of today's world . . . foreign affairs . . . national policies . . . student reactions . . . sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace . . . receives pamphlets and publications monthly . . . a view of world horizons . . . the I. R. C. book corner in the library by the dictionaries . . . Gandhi . . . Shirer . . . Gunther . . . fascinating reading . . .

September . . . sophomores organizing for the coming year . . . B. J. presiding . . . the Far East situation . . . let's discuss China first . . . and India in the spring term . . . the first of the fabulous I. R. C. dinners . . . wearing "swish" dresses and "heels" to school . . . everyone knowing they mean a wonderful evening . . . Adele's for Russian food . . . determined to eat as the Russians do . . . borsch with sour cream or hamburger . . . hamburger . . . the only one eating a Cossack special . . . the others enjoying a T-bone steakski . . . coming to school the next day a full-fledged connoisseur Russe . . .

Freshmen invited . . . swarms of them . . . interested in world affairs . . . now the largest club attendance . . .

November . . . student body assembly in Scadding Hall . . . college and high school . . . Mr. McDonald, British consul in Portland . . . relating circumstances of his recent visit in England . . . hearing about falling bombs . . . destruction . . . while the lilting song of a robin drifts through our peaceful auditorium . . .

Christmas vacation . . . solidifying U. S. foreign policy . . . a dinner at Hung Far Low . . . Chinese delectables . . . bean sprouts . . . snails (really mushrooms) . . . dragon's blood . . . ordering a pair of chopsticks . . . in desperation and hunger, resorting to a familiar fork . . .

School again . . . Where's B. J. Tappen . . . she's married . . . Norma, take over . . .

March . . . another student body assembly . . . enthusiastic organization . . . discussion group . . . U. of Washington . . . Russia and the U. S. . . three interesting speakers . . . girls . . . look at that diamond ring . . . admiring the throaty accent of the Austrian girl . . . exchanging ideas . . . the future for the two countries . . .

Banquet for twenty at the Bohemian . . . alums . . . a private room . . . magnificent food.

April . . . the Pagoda . . . more chow mein . . . no chopsticks . . .

Last activity of the year . . . summery, gay Cotton day . . . no sweaters or skirts . . . cotton frocks . . . splashy colors . . . stripes . . . squares . . . flowers . . . original style show . . .

Miss Vaughn from Meier and Frank . . . winners chosen by faculty judges . . . points on style . . .

Ending the school year with plans for the next . . .



FRONT ROW: Barbara Starkweather, Mary Moffitt, June Richards, Beverly Triplett, Mrs. Collett, Kay Joslin, Marilyn Rice.
 SECOND ROW: Pat Doersch, Beverly Lundstrom, Virginia Hawes, Ruth Wacker, Miss Giddings, Virginia Torgeson, Mary Helen Duffy, Frances Crawford, Marily Luster.
 THIRD ROW: Barbara Tippett, Jackie Cohn, Virginia Fretwell, Marge McEnany, Margaret Ann Rogers, Joann Elliott, Evelyn Gannett.

Brush and Buskin

OFFICERS

President.....	June Richards	Secretary-treasurer.....	Frances Crawford
Vice-president.....	Marily Luster	Advisers.....	Carolyn Bowers Collett Peggy Jane Giddings

Plans for new club system at the old-new officers' summer meeting . . . a new arts club . . . drama . . . art . . . talent . . . looking up the word "buskin" to see what it means . . . first meeting . . . millions of freshmen . . . one sophomore . . . Mrs. Collett and Miss Giddings advising . . .

Enthusiasm . . . energy . . . lots of work . . . posters for the War Chest, for other clubs . . . business meetings in the stage room . . . too much business, not enough time . . . social meetings in Scott Hall Rec room after school . . . refreshments and programs . . . drama . . . design . . . all art . . .

February . . . assembly in the chapel for the student body . . . panel discussion on the place of the arts in war . . . Mr. Davis, Art Museum director . . . Mr. Marie, Civic Theatre . . . Mr. Gershkovitch, Portland Junior Symphony . . .

Plans for the Army Show . . . Betty Clark, and intriguing sketches for the huge songbook instead of scenery . . . stretching out on the splintery floor of the upstairs gym, painting lions and dishes . . . cats . . . a park bench . . . vainly scrubbing the floor to remove the splotches of red . . . blue . . .

April . . . inviting Miss Gibbson, designer from Ungar, to be club speaker . . . how to improve personal charm . . . coming to V and D the next morning bedecked in flowers . . . veils . . . padded shoulders . . . Mrs. Collett insisting they be worn all period . . . general bewilderment in the halls . . .

White elephant sale . . . scouring everywhere for anything . . . Virginia Torgeson, auctioneer . . . two lunch hour sales . . . girls buying what they had brought . . . 100% profit . . . ("buskin" . . . a laced half-boot worn by Greek actors . . .)



Carmen Synnes, Elise Bede, Mary Ann Davis, Shirley Multhaut

Forum OFFICERS

President.....Elise Bede
Secretary-treasurer.....Mary Ann Davis

Student religious organization . . . reflective of inspirational education in a church institution . . . service in small, important ways . . .

This year, four members, one of the most active clubs . . . traditional duties . . . care of college chapel . . . arranging hymnals . . . dusting . . .

Red Cross project for student body . . . clothes for overseas . . . blanket squares or layettes? . . . blanket squares . . . dearth of skillful seamstresses . . . wondering if any one knows the blanket stitch . . .

The unforgettable solemnity of early morning communion . . . quiet dignity of silent prayer . . . breakfast with Sister . . .

Spring . . . sponsoring an assembly . . . Father Keiter . . . All Saint's Episcopal Church . . . young and Phi Beta Kappa . . . "Why Attend a Church School?" . . . interesting . . . very unsermonish . . .

Outside meeting . . . comfortable lounge . . . fire and casual talk with Father Baxter . . .

Remember Quiet Day of last year . . . let's have one in April . . . helping the Student Body conduct the third annual Quiet Day . . . one of the most inspirational services of the entire year . . . newly-mown quadrangle bathed in exciting sunshine . . . wondering at the perfection of star-shaped daisies . . . like prayers . . . meditation and intermittent services all Saturday morning . . . a true Hall tradition . . .



FRONT ROW: Beverly Triplett, Carmen Synnes, Evelyn Gannett.
 SECOND ROW: Virginia Hawes, Ruth Wacker, Mrs. Stone, Virginia Torgeson, Burnice Ross.
 THIRD ROW: Mary Helen Duffy, Barbara Tippet, Sally Winston Wire, Jean Burlingham.

Glee Club OFFICERS

President.....Carmen Synnes
 Secretary-treasurer.....Helen Tims
 Adviser.....Mrs. Stone

First week of school . . . where's the Glee Club . . . I love to sing . . . second week of school . . . SHHJC Glee Club . . . mostly freshmen . . . voice students . . . and I only sing for fun . . . getting Mrs. Stone to direct us . . . Carmen Synnes, president and accompanist . . . when can we rehearse . . . big plans for the year . . .

October . . . the last important practice before the Mother-Daughter tea in Scott Hall . . . suddenly forgetting all the words and the second part . . . a maze of kindly, motherly faces . . . small squares of cake . . . cool punch . . .

November . . . faculty-parent reception . . . Scadding Hall . . . pastel formals . . . a long, long line of people . . . singing lustily . . . this Glee Club isn't so bad . . .

Extra practices . . . get ready for program at Trinity Episcopal Women's bazaar . . . three-part harmony amid the clatter of tea cups . . . soloists . . . Ruth Wacker, Helen Tims singing . . . missing a half day of school . . .

The hysteria of exam week . . . temporary retirement . . . last day before Christmas vacation . . . singing in the halls . . . the thrill and magic of holly wreaths . . . sleeping in the morning . . . Christmas Eve . . . the United Seamen's Center . . . program for merchantmen . . . hearing "Silent Night" in Russian . . . talking in sign language . . . is "Dostoevski" good to eat? . . .

Back to school . . . February . . . Valentine Dance . . . six girls and a song . . . "Be Careful, It's My Heart" . . . sultry blond atmosphere . . . "Night and Day" . . .

Very informal sessions for the rest of the year . . . the final week of school . . . one last and glorious fling in the stage room . . .



Dorothy Hart, Elsa Jean Cordova, Elise Bede, Mrs. Fariss, Sally Wire, Marge Malmquist, Jacqueline Cohn

Scintilla Staff

STAFF

Editor.....Sally Winston Wire	Activities.....Dorothy Hart
Business manager....Marjorie Malmquist	Photography editor... ..Elise Bede
Literary editor.....Elsa Jean Cordova	Art editor.....Jacqueline Cohn
Adviser.....Gertrude Houk Fariss	Betty Clark

The Scintilla . . . project of each sophomore class . . . combining the unchanging spirit of all Hall classes with the distinct personality of the present . . . sparkling with newness . . . new laughter . . . new ideas . . . new faces . . . always reflections of a girl . . . seeking . . . creating . . . praying . . . the Hall girl . . .

February . . . and a sophomore class meeting . . . election of editor of the Scintilla . . . wondering just what an editor does . . . edit, of course . . .

The Staff . . . what an official word . . . visiting printers . . . photographers . . . learning of the shortage of paper . . . shortage of film . . . the war . . .

March . . . staff meetings . . . ad staff . . . no one's advertising . . . get them anyway . . . the inexorable editor . . . a capable business manager handling the mysteries of finance that seem so necessary . . .

Talking to the printer . . . learning so many new words . . . insert . . . lithograph . . . half-tone . . . converting the Book store into a city desk . . . clattering typewriters . . . the floor knee-deep in crumpled paper . . .

Time flying at an amazing speed . . . Mrs. Fariss giving invaluable assistance . . . guidance . . . moral fortitude . . .

May 24 . . . looking over the books with Sister and Mrs. Fariss . . . the thrill of distributing them at Torchlight . . . the obvious pride of every editor . . . realizing each Scintilla is the work of many . . . staff members . . . freshmen and sophomores . . . the wisdom of the adviser . . .

This volume . . . memoirs of two years at the Hall . . . the fun . . . the work . . . the unforgettable hours of friendship . . .



FRONT ROW: Jean Oshanic, Burnice Ross, Edith Demmon, Dorothy Hart.
 SECOND ROW: Kay Joslin, Ruth Curry, Miss Giddings, Margaret Broten, Mary Ann Davis.
 THIRD ROW: Virginia Fretwell, Mary Moffitt, Carmen Synnes, Martha Mould, Frances Crawford, Marily Luster.

H Club

OFFICERS

President Ruth Curry
 Vice-president Margaret Broten
 Secretary-treasurer Mary Ann Davis

Executive and administrative body of the college athletic organization . . . membership gained after girls earn one hundred points through ten hours of active participation in sports . . . extra activities . . . tennis . . . swimming . . . skating . . . establishing the athletic hour for those who wish to earn points . . .

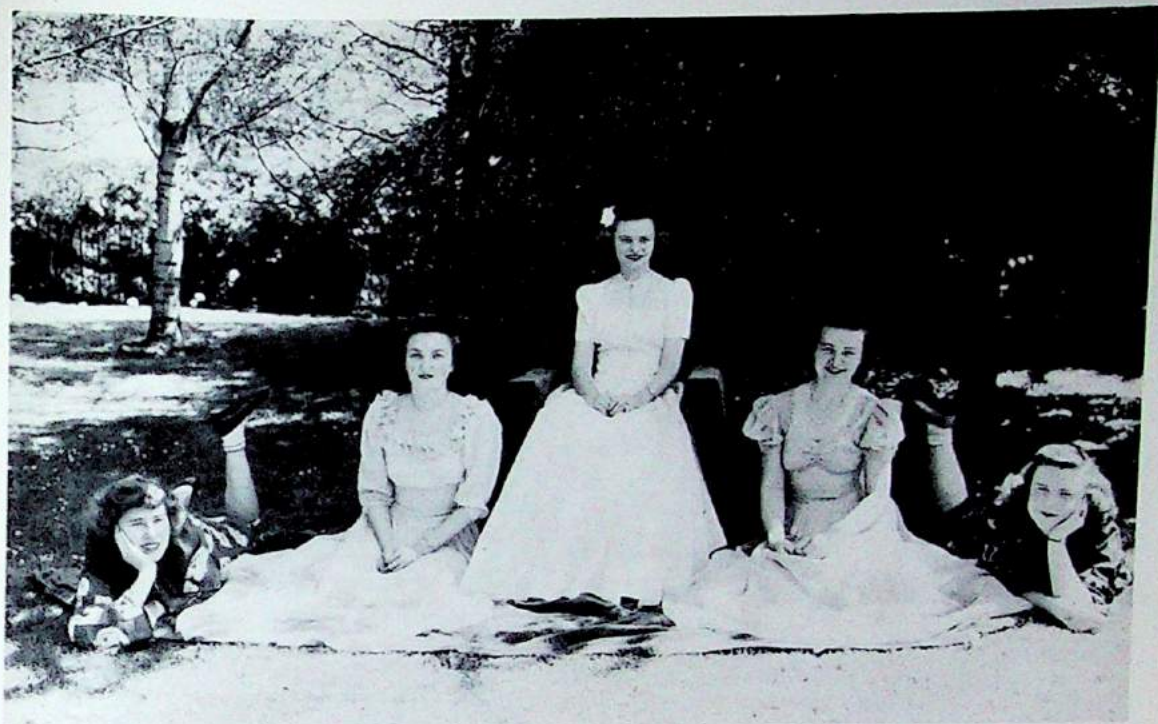
Freshman Week . . . the freedom of the campus frolic . . . an hour of informality . . . games in the outdoor tennis court . . .

Military drill . . . President Ruth Curry as Cadet Colonel Curry . . . to the right oblique, march . . . left—no, right flank . . . squad halt, please? . . .

December . . . Christmas assembly in the stage room . . . Dr. I. Q. . . bespectacled Professor Broten . . . questions about the Hall . . . its history, motto . . . names of buildings . . . what is the junior college called . . . Sumner Hall . . . the ivy on the sun dial is from Westminster Abbey . . . suddenly seeing Santa Claus, resembling Betty Jean Tappen, pop out of the fireplace on the stage . . . the Christmas tree and all the foolish gifts . . . a three-hundred piece jig-saw puzzle that is finished in two days . . . true school cooperation . . .

Spring and the daisy carpet on the quadrangle . . . sponsoring a pingpong tournament for the last weeks of school . . .

Elections for the May Court . . . tantalizing the entire student body with knowing and secret smiles and "wait until Cotton Day for the announcement" . . . exciting plans for a delightful May Carnival . . . annually sponsored by the athletic organization . . .



Princess Edith Demmon, Queen Peggy, Princess Margaret Broten; Jesters: Frances Crawford, Sally Irvine.

Presenting Her Royal Highness of the May Carnival, Queen Peggy

The magic of fairyland . . . a lovely petite ruler and her blue-frocked attendants . . . a kingdom of laughter . . . color . . . spring fantasy . . .

May 19 . . . one of those rare days . . . a glorious whirl of golden sun, blue sky, and whispery breezes . . . the college grounds positively shining after Campus day . . .

The first surprise . . . dinner served by the Mothers' club in Scadding Hall . . . baked salmon and everything good to eat . . . time for the coronation . . . gather all the visitors and hurry . . . the spirit of May caught by every one . . . the appearance of the jesters announcing the arrival of the royal party up the long aisle to the purple-draped throne . . . Mrs. Fariss with the crown of white flowers . . . "I crown thee Queen Peggy of the May Court" . . . "Loyal subjects, I declare this a day of festivity for your pleasure . . . Call forth the court entertainers" . . .

A flash of color—the sharp click of high heels . . . and a whirling seniorita heralds the evening of enchantment . . . another dancer . . . and then suddenly being transformed to the magic of Never-Never-Land . . . where Peter Pan and Wendy fly with the most delirious freedom . . .

Childhood dreams fade . . . and the stately May-pole dance climaxes the evening . . . girls in pastel formals . . . weaving and blending of colors . . . a picture of rhythm . . . billowing skirts and entwining strands of blue and pink . . . a final bow . . . the completed May-pole . . . tribute to the gracious court . . . and the May Carnival becomes a spring dream . . .

Drama

The Creative Mood

"The creation of a human soul is an unforgettable experience—" There are, in such creation, times for tears and times for laughter, just as there are such moments in life . . . the drama department has had this year, perhaps more than ever before, a balance of both . . . and thus fulfilled its purpose—to mirror life!

An actress must understand comedy in order to understand tragedy . . . "Work sincerely, feel intensely, keep the tempo moving, and above all, enjoy yourselves." To the encouraging tune of this advice, the drama department, possessed of great enthusiasm, a little stage fright, and an overwhelming desire to welcome the new Freshmen, raised the first curtain of the year. The occasion was the performance of "Curses, Foiled Again," presented on the annual foolish and frivolous Wednesday evening of Freshman Week. The audience, seated at small tables, "a la ye old saloon", munched peanuts thrown by unruly, well-bustled ushers and drank cider from honest-to-goodness steins.

An actress must be versatile . . . "Play from your heart and from your soul—play from what the dignity and grace of Christmas are to you." In December, in vivid contrast to the previous performance, the acting class presented "The Women of Bethlehem" as narrated by an angel of the Lord. The audience was ushered into Scadding Hall by the silver-voiced chiming of bells whose melody created a mood of wonder and thanksgiving which was never interrupted throughout the performance. Again the chimes were heard at the conclusion of the program, lingering in the air long after, as a memory of the joy and the triumph of the Christmas season.

An actress must give of herself if she would justify her profession . . . "Because the theatre must prove its right to a place in a world at war, the drama department will, this year, sacrifice its regular production schedule to the putting on of an entertainment for the armed forces. Try-outs will be open to any one in the college who is interested in serving her country in this way." With a gasp of amazement, St. Helen's Hall sat up and prepared to try out for parts in a Gay Nineties Revue. "The Girls You Left Behind" began to take shape rapidly; and soon the whole school was humming "We Are The Girls You Left Behind" and "The Victory Polka". After weeks of strenuous rehearsal, and not a little fun, the show reached performance level. It was given under the auspices of the American Red Cross, which arranged for the tour to take place during the week of March 20-25. Seven performances were given in five days. The cast included fifteen girls, who were accompanied by three chaperons, Mrs. Carolyn Collett, production director; Miss Peggy Jane Giddings, dance director; and Mrs. Gertrude Fariss, dean of the college.

In producing the play, a script was written that would please an all-masculine group. Youth and gaiety—laughter and song—jokes, flirtatious winks, black lace stockings—these were the things the show was made of. Several numbers invited participation, on the stage, of a member of the audience; and the actresses learned that there is nothing bashful about a service man!

While the army show limited the other dramatic performances during the year, it gave valuable experience that could be gained in no other way. The cast learned to play to different audiences in completely different settings, whether there were twenty minutes or an hour to become accustomed to the strange stage. The girls learned to sense the mood of each new group immediately; to make each successive performance more spontaneously alive. They learned, too, what is meant by the professional expression, the "feel of the house". One of the appreciative letters received by the school after the tour reflected the audience response: "The show has sparkle, youth, enthusiasm, and music that is both familiar and fun. The men like to sing, and enjoy the feeling that they too are a part of the performance."

"The technique of acting is the creation of a human soul through art." The theory under which the acting class is instructed is the technique expounded by the late Constantin Stanislavsky, who was director of the Russian Moscow Art Theatre. He believed that art is produced through the medium of a "creative mood" and that the actor must offer his mind and his heart in order to receive it. For its final project of the year, then, the drama department made a class analysis of Susan Glaspell's Pulitzer-prize play, *Alison's House*. Through this study, the girls came at last into a full realization of their year's work . . . the creative mood was invited freely . . . and successfully . . . and the final lesson was learned . . . "On the stage, as in life, each person must work for the good of the whole; no one can act his part alone."

Junior College Honors

DELTA PSI OMEGA AWARDS

The Delta Psi Omega Drama Honorary Award, given annually to a non-member of the fraternity, for outstanding service "behind-the-scenes", for efficiency, dependability, and cooperation, is presented to the freshman whom Delta Psi Omega members consider as having contributed most selflessly to the dramatic life of the school, Betty Clark.

THE DIRECTOR'S AWARD . . . to a member of the Brush and Buskin club who has contributed most in a specialized field to the dramatic activity of the college. This year two awards are presented, to Beverly Triplett and to Virginia Hawes.

THE DIRECTOR'S AWARD . . . to a member of Delta Psi Omega who has most selflessly and consistently participated in all dramatic productions throughout the years of college work, tirelessly working on small details as well as on larger projects, holding only one goal in mind, that of advancing college dramatics. This award goes to Sally Winston Wire

CURIE AWARD

This year a new award has been established in the junior college, the Alice Bahrs cup, named for Dr. Alice Bahrs and dedicated to her, as founder of the science department of the college and adviser of Curie. This award is presented to the girl who has shown a constant and creative interest in the field of science, has maintained high scholarship, and has entered willingly into all activities of Curie and of the college. The recipient this year is Shirley Multhauf.

FRESHMAN AWARDS

Each year the Nelson Shield is presented to the freshman who has contributed most to the activities of the school. This year the award goes to Beverly Triplett.

A representative girl is chosen from every freshman class. The choice is the girl whose character, ideals, and activities are most truly representative of St. Helen's Hall junior college. The honor this year goes to Ruth Wacker.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AWARDS

THE FRESHMAN AWARD . . . to the girl who is outstanding in athletics and who has contributed most to the Athletic Association is presented to Frances Crawford.

THE SOPHOMORE AWARD . . . to the girl who has shown loyalty, achievement, and outstanding sportsmanship goes to Ruth Curry.

Snapshot Awards



BEST STUDENT CANDID, 2ND.
by Virginia Hawes



BEST SCHOOL CANDID



BEST STUDENT CANDID, 1ST.
by Helen Mills

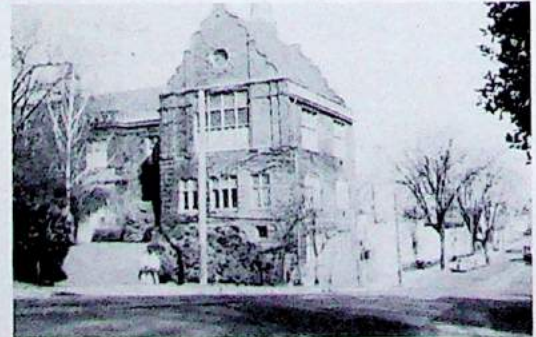
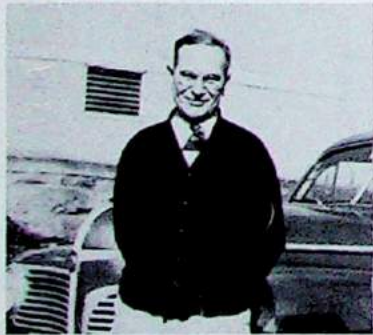


BEST TYPICAL
by Helen Mills



BEST CAMPUS
By Eugenie Hoppe

Honorable Mention



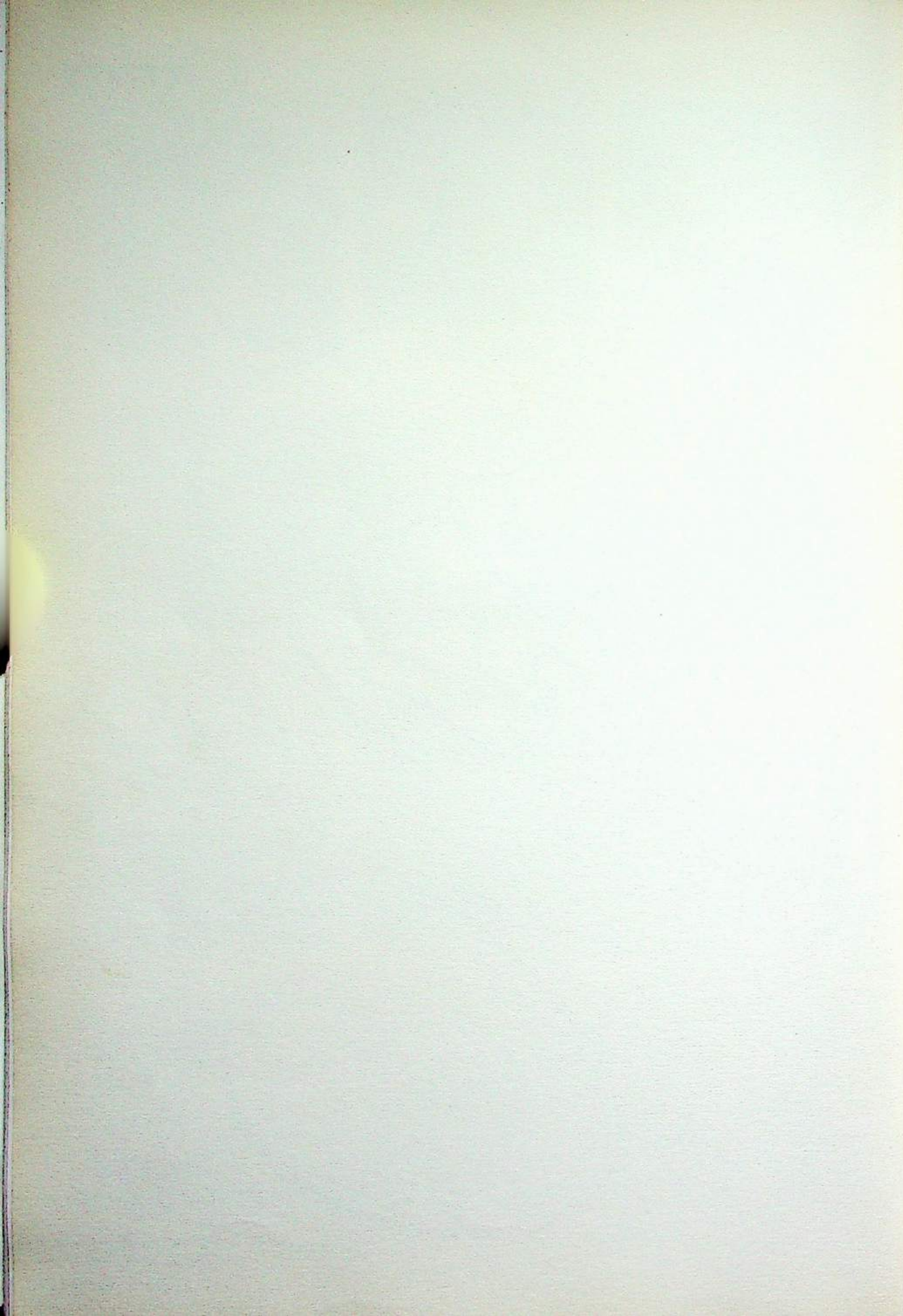
Literary



And beauty is not a need but an
ecstasy.

It is not a mouth thirsting nor an
empty hand stretched forth,

But rather a heart enflamed and a
soul enchanted.



College Vignettes

The Freshman Studies

A QUIET HOUR IN THE BOOK-STORE

I find it a little difficult to study around this school. Maybe I decide to retire into the book-store, for instance, for a quiet study hour. I walk in and settle down to my books. Everything is fine for a few minutes. Then I realize it is stuffy and open one of the windows. Having opened a window, I become absorbed in watching a soldier walk down the street. He turns a corner, and so, with a sigh, I return to my work.

I study intensively—for about five minutes. Suddenly the door bursts open, and a prospective customer comes bounding in. She wants to know if we have any index cards. We haven't.

After she leaves, I try once more to read my assignment. This time I am disturbed by the sound of voices outside. I lean out the window and carry on a scintillating conversation with the girls below. The conversation consists of such brilliant remarks as, "Where are you going?" and "Bring me something to eat from the bakery."

Once more I resume my reading (I have covered one and a half pages), and once more the door opens. This time it is my friend, Suzie. She wants me to write a little note to her boy-friend's pal, who is lonesome and wants a letter. I agree and then chew on my pen for ten minutes. Shall I be casual and breezy and start by saying, "Hi, Slug"? Shall I be affectionate and say, "Dearest Joe"? Or shall I perhaps be business-like and begin with "My dear sir"? My brooding is interrupted by the entrance of the girls from the bakery. I decide to pause long enough to take a little nourishment; after all, I need my strength.

I devour the last crumb of food and go back to my studying. But hark! What is that? Can it be . . . it is! The bell has rung. I cannot understand how time can go so quickly.

JUNE RICHARDS

While the Sophomore Muses

SPRING MELODY

You know, I like the Hall—especially in Spring! There's something about crisp yellow sunshine that makes you want to twirl around three times and sing hilariously about many things—especially about how glad I am to be a student at S.H.H.J.C. The red bricks and gray walls of the buildings seem to echo my exuberance; and even the bacteriology laboratory assumes a lighter, more subtle fragrance in honor of the Goddess of Spring.

Honestly, you'd be surprised at the small things I find exciting at the Hall. You might even laugh when you discover that I love to open the windows to gaze philosophically at fat cotton clouds against pale blue, wishing for a new dress to match the color of the sky; to race to the store in between classes to buy a shiny yellow-red apple that has such a juicy sweetness it tastes like nectar; to lie flat on my back on the floor of the stage room, the air swelling with Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun", the sun crowding in to share my enjoyment; to renew faded memories at the piano with any one who drifts into the room, lured by snatches of melody; to offset the war-time maid problem by aiding in the kitchen, clumsily arranging, to the consternation of the cook, crisp pieces of lettuce in arty salad patterns; to throw myself half out the window, waving at every male who goes by, whether he be the streetcar conductor or the pre-school darling; to freeze happily in the icy temperature of all play rehearsals, breathlessly watching fragments grow into a tightly woven production; to laugh hysterically at my attempts at being graceful in modern dancing; to marvel at the faculty who can be as gloriously young as we giddy students; to kneel with friends in thankful prayer in our small chapel, dedicating our lives to lofty ideals—

Yes, these are the things that I will remember about the Hall. Studies? Have you forgotten? It's Spring!

ELSA JEAN CORDOVA

Reflections

"Our Father"

All voices are hushed as the heavy doors of the sanctuary swing open and we file two-by-two into the deep silence ahead. Softly through this silence, becoming almost a part of it, float the sweet strains of the "Ave Maria", creating an atmosphere of divine reverence, filling our hearts with the desire to worship and to humble ourselves before the one true, living God.

Our heads bowed, we silently express our praise as we kneel, awaiting the beginning words of devotion. We are, in this instant, lost between Heaven and earth.

Such as this are our brief moments with God as we thank Him for our blessings and as we pray for a peace which will remain with us in the days to come.

Through the final words of benediction the great voice of the organ is again heard, its music expressing the glory which we have felt, the wonder of this haven in a world of turmoil, these moments with "Our Father—".

CARMEN SYNNES

Love Song

These are the things I love;
Soft candlelight and loving laughter,
The sound of rain on the roof above,

The sparkling dew in the early morn,
Brown eyes, and music low and sweet,
The starfish hands of a babe new born,

The sound of wind so clean and free,
The stormy sea, the touch of mist;
These things are dear to me.

—JUNE RICHARDS

Night

Oh, night—thou sweet, enfolding opiate,
Quieting the ravished, throbbing earth,
Let me hide among thy circling clouds,
And sleep—in sleep there is no war.
Let me shut my eyes against the death
Of comrades. Help me to forget the tales
Of pain and famine ruling far-off lands . . .
And yet, oh, night, thy sweet oblivion
Is like the river Lethe's dark-robed spell,
A thick, enfolding dream, the weaklings' god;
For with the roseate dawn of a new day,
There comes the shining glory of the sun,
And Hope eternal rules each heart again.

—MARGARET ROGERS

Wings of Love

The human soul is like a dove
Which soars to heights unbound;
Its fervor guided by that love
And faith in Heaven found.

The flame of trust reflects the light
Of man's ideals inspired;
Celestial glory brings delight,
When duty is desired.

Though hearts be linked with worldly things,
The spirit stays sublime;
The freedom of each soul yet rings
Throughout the realms of time.

Though sorrows mar the joys we share,
God's love will not decay;
For His own thoughts are everywhere
To sanctify the day!

—HELEN L. TIMS

Line and Form

Birches . . .
Slender maidens
In white and gold, with veils
Of pale green mist entwined in arms
Of grace.

Candles
Pray in silence,
White-robed nuns immobile,
Each flame a heart consumed by love
For God.

—S. W. W.

Space

I climbed to the summit of a tiny hill,
And as I stood there on its height,
I dreamed the world was at my feet . . .
The sky—the earth—
The immeasurable space between
Was there before me.
I was the master of that space, in spirit;
And yet . . .
In flesh, I was but one small part
Of that great universe,
An infinitesimal mortal thought
Lost on a tiny, earthly hill.

—BEVERLY TRIPLETT

Fantasy of the Opal

Slowly, slowly, I sank into the cool green water that closed over me with long, gentle fingers caressing my cheeks in silky green coolness. Slowly I drifted down, down; and the depths rose above me in the silence of eternally cool green. It was cool, cool over my eyes and lips, cool over my arms, cool, so cool, cold, cold past my fingers, cold everywhere; and the depths were green-blue. Slowly I sank, and time was drowning in the green-blue. I was drowning in the langorous satin of the blue-green, and my cold white arms were burning in the dark, clutching blue . . .

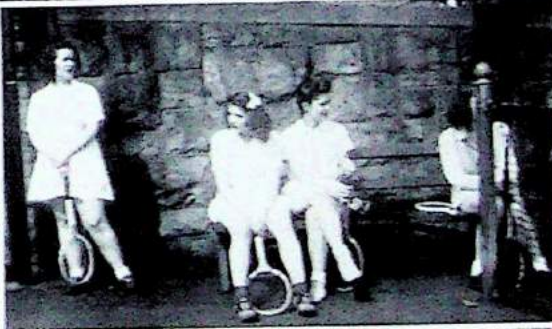
Now I was drifting, down and away, slowly, turning slowly, faster, faster, while the icy blue fire whirled me deeper and deeper. My eyes were flaming coals, and the sword-edge blue pressed hard against me, until my arms were molded to the gleaming white of my nerveless body. Deeper I sank . . . and never had I known the rough warmth of sunlight; forever and ever I had drifted in this world of crushing blue that seeped into my veins and smothered my heart; forever and ever the dark blue had poured above me in torrents of passionless cold . . .

Around me now swirled great pinwheels of fathomless blue, dark blue, crystal blue, and shadows of amber. Now my feet and body and arms were bathed in blue-amber. Amber-blue embraced me, kissed my resistless lips, closed my staring eyes with its oily fondling. Great floods of burning amber washed me, and the cold, icy amber covered me. I was consumed by the inferno, and the silver ice sheathed my limbs. Now I saw below me the gentle slope of the ocean sand swathed in shadows of amber and blue and green with amethyst and topaz. Slowly I sank, and my feet drifted on the silver pearl sand, and the cold fire laid me gently on the ocean floor . . .

Drifting about me lazily, entwined about me was dark green and amber seaweed. Slowly, carelessly, relentlessly the strands curled about my face, over my lips, around my arms and through my fingers. With its pearl-incrusted strands and coral-laden fingers, the seaweed was my shroud as I lay on the clean, smooth sand. Now I had stopped drifting, and the gold-flecked sand was burying me slowly, silently, eternally . . .

When I awoke, I saw the motionless body in the seaweed and sand, and I moved toward it to comfort such loneliness. As I moved, great rivers of amber, blue, and green swept me close to my lost possession. I reached to touch it, but the heavy amber swirled me beyond and away . . .

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