



THE DELPHIC
NINETEEN · THIRTY · FIVE

THE DELPHIC

ST. HELEN'S HALL
OF
PORTLAND, OREGON



1934

:::

1935

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RECTOR

THE RIGHT REVEREND WALTER TAYLOR SUMNER, THE BISHOP OF OREGON

CHAPLAIN

THE REVEREND RICHARD F. AYRES

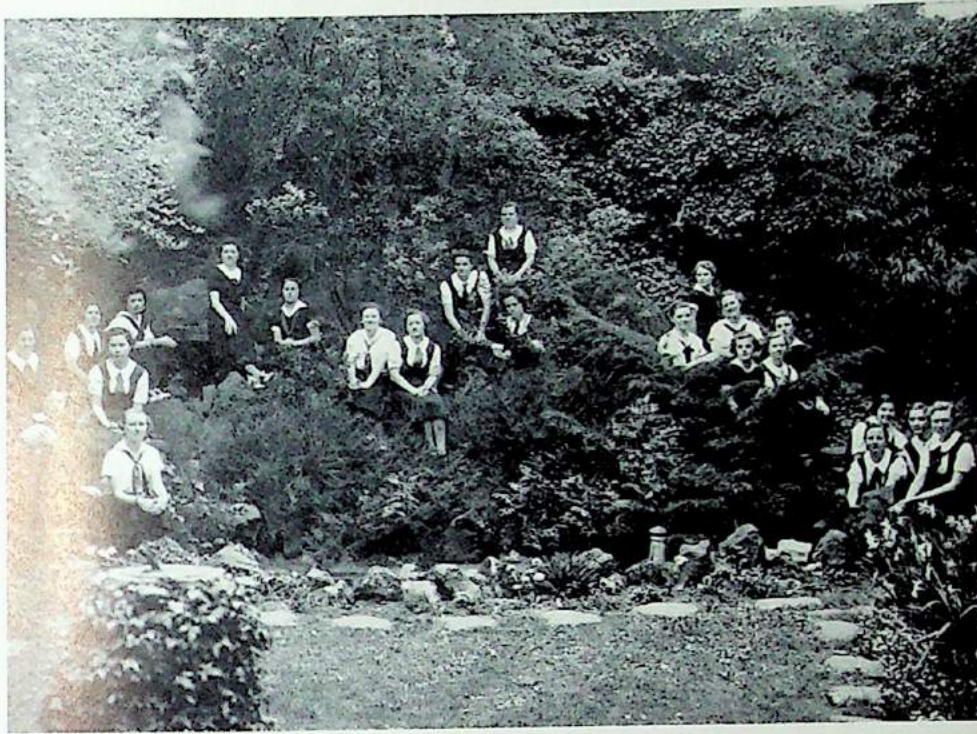
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCE

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

SUSANNE COCAINE Diplomée de Tours	<i>French</i>
CATHERINE DISHER Mills College, B. A. Graduate Work, University of Oregon	<i>English, Secretarial</i>
FANNIE HECK Mills College, B. A.	<i>Latin</i>
W. HOWARD KNAPP Temple University, Philadelphia Graduate Work, Yale University	<i>Physical Director</i>
HELEN MULCARE Oregon Normal School	<i>Lower School</i>
HARRIET McISAAC Whitman College, B. A. Graduate Work, University of California	<i>English</i>
HELEN OLSON Oregon Normal School	<i>Lower School</i>
LORINE PETERSON Reed College, Portland, Oregon, A. B.	<i>French</i>
TANYA SCHREIBER Junior College, Russia College: Dresden, Berlin, Germany; Nice, France; Naples, Italy	<i>German</i>
HELEN W. SHUMAN University of Oregon, B. A. Graduate Work, Columbia University	<i>Mathematics</i>
ERNESTINE SMITH University of Michigan, A. B., M. S.	<i>History, Geography</i>
EMMA JO STEWART Reed College, A. B. University of Washington, M. S.	<i>Mathematics, Science</i>

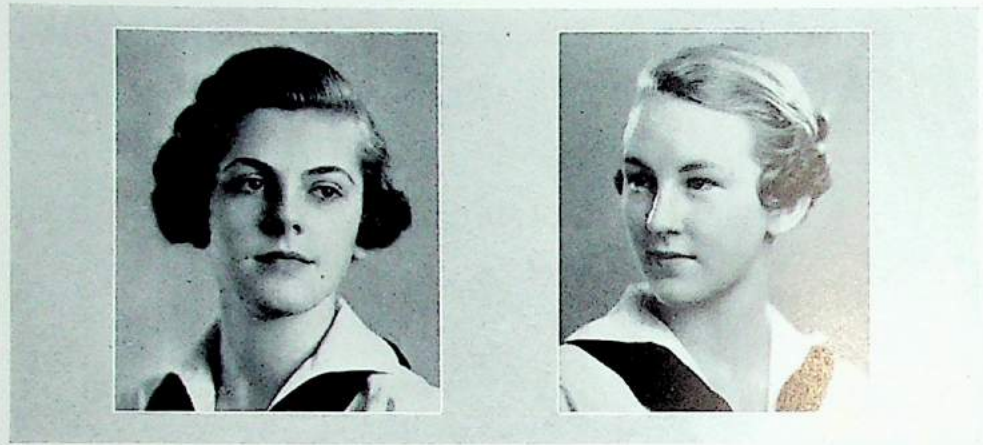
Music and Art

PAULINE MILLER CHAPMAN	<i>Voice</i>
JOCelyn FOULKES	<i>Piano</i>
Pupil of Malwin Bree, Vienna Repertoire and Interpretation with Percy Granger	
WILLIAM WALLACE GRAHAM	<i>Violin</i>
MABEL HALL-SMITH	<i>Voice, Glee Club</i>
New England Conservatory	
KATHERINE LAIDLAW	<i>Aesthetic Dancing</i>
Pupil of Ruth St. Denis	
LIVIA MARSTERS	<i>Piano</i>
University of Oregon, A. B. Philomath College, B. M.	
JANE O'REILLY	<i>Violin</i>
Pupil of Strasevitch, New York, and Rex Underwood, Eugene, Oregon	
MARY HARRIS	<i>Dramatics</i>
Pomona College, B. A. George Washington University, M. A.	
EILEEN MARION DENTON	<i>Piano</i>
Cornish School Pupil of Bertha Poney Jacobson	



Delphic Staff 1934-1935

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Dorothy Furnish
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Peggy Bernard
<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>	Alice Freeze
<i>Calendar</i>	Geraldine Hanny, Byrl Browne
<i>Old Girl Notes</i>	Caroline Stratton, Jane Mount
<i>Athletics</i>	Maryalice Enos
<i>Exchanges</i>	Anita Cadonau, Margaret Holford
<i>Music and Entertainment</i>	Helen Stone, Phyllis Grenfell
<i>Business Manager</i>	Mary Louise Blodgett
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	Margaret Mary Mann
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	Laddie Green
<i>Assistant Advertising Manager</i>	Peggy Krumbein
 <i>Advertising Staff</i>	{ Elizabeth Stone, Dorothy Good, Jeanne Latourette, Mary Helen Pruitt, Anne Berkey, Marion Rosenblatt, and Mary Kathryn Shoemaker.



PEGGY BERNARD

DOROTHY FURNISH

The Student Council

THE Student Council was organized in order to instill in the girls the competency and efficiency of self-government. This year the Council, which was composed of fifteen members of the Senior class and a representative from each of the other classes, was under the leadership of Peggy Bernard as president and Dorothy Furnish as vice-president. We feel that the Student Council this year has been a success, and we have tried to prove that with the cooperation and loyalty of the girls an effective student government can prevail.



LADDIE GREEN



PEGGY CARLETON

The Student Body

THE Student Body was organized last year and was very successful. We feel that this year it has had a repeated success in the fact that it has promoted more school activities, giving everyone an opportunity to share them. At the first of the year a school paper was organized, which has been kept up by our capable editor, Phyllis Elder. At Christmas time, a party was given by the Student Body for some poor children, also some additions have been made to the school for the welfare of the students. Two dances were given by the Student Body along with other activities. Laddie Green was president the first term, and Peggy Carleton the second term.



PHYLLIS ELDER

The Blotter

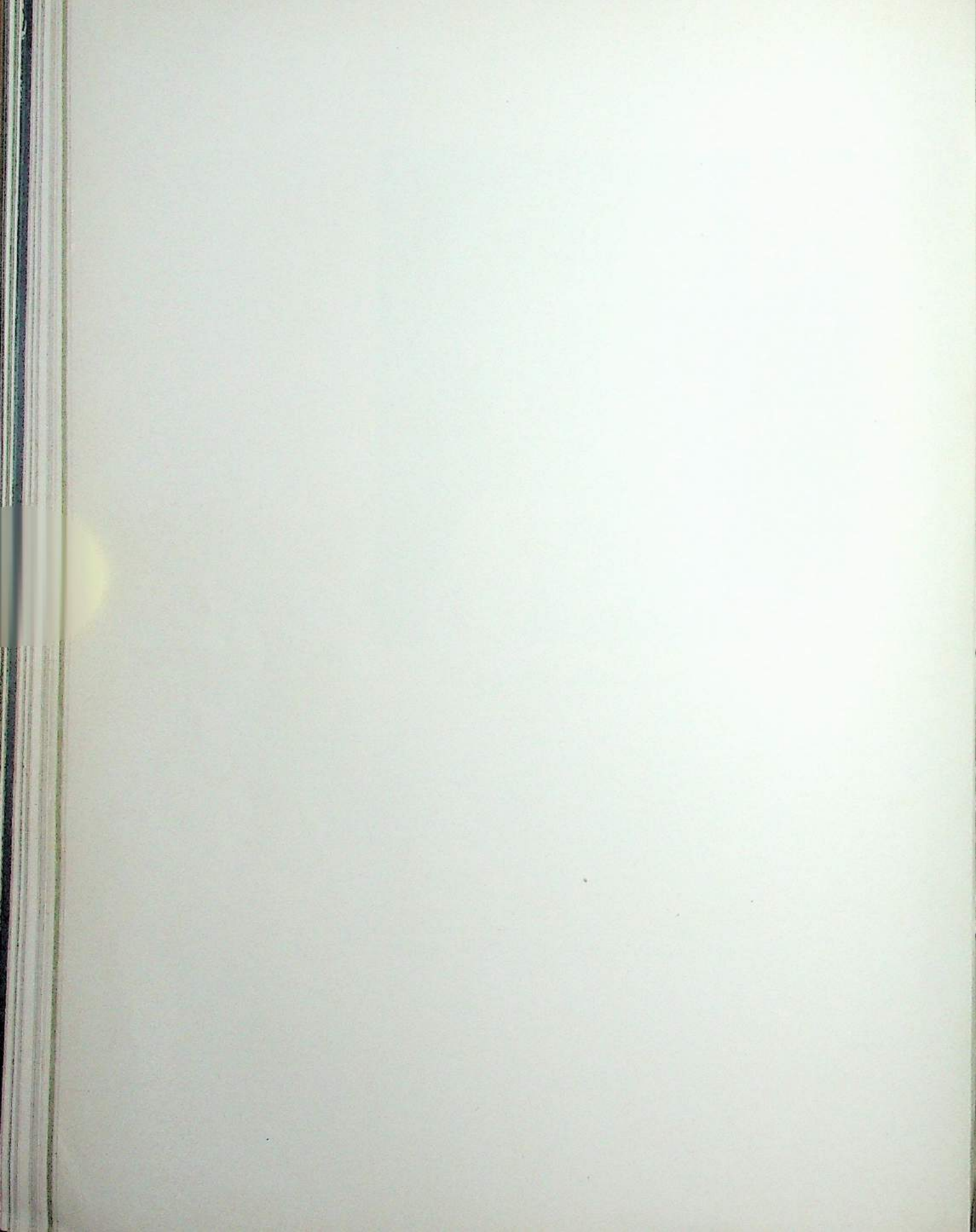
UNDER the auspices of the Student Body a school paper was formed this year. This paper was organized last fall and it continued throughout the entire school year. Phyllis Elder was elected editor, Marguerite Peters was elected assistant editor, and a large staff was appointed. The paper has given the girls a fine opportunity to express themselves. It has also given those on the staff experience in editing a paper, for they have mimeographed it themselves. A great deal of credit for the paper's success should be given to Phyllis Elder who has worked hard to make it interesting. Congratulations to the members of this year's staff and good luck to the "Blotter" for the coming year!



Nan Adams Knapp

For fourteen years, Nan Adams Knapp taught the gymnasium classes here at St. Helen's Hall. The impression she left on the mind of each girl who came in contact with her was one of sympathetic understanding of girls. Each girl knew that at all times she could confide in Mrs. Knapp and receive competent advice.

Mrs. Knapp was a splendid coach and her inspiration and direction made our basketball team one of the strongest in the city for many years. Every girl who knew Mrs. Knapp is proud to have had her friendship and grateful to her memory for having enriched the lives of all of us.



SENIORS

ANNE A. BERKEY



PEGGY BERNARD



LILLIAN N. BROOKE



MARY LOUISE BLODGETT





ANITA M. CADONAU



BYRL ARTINE BROWNE



FRANCES CAROLINE CORFE



PEGGY CARLETON

DOROTHY JANE FURNISH
Secretary-Treasurer of the Class.



MARYALICE ENOS



DOROTHY G. GOOD



PHYLLIS JANE ELDER
Editor of The Blotter





HELEN LADD GREEN



PHYLLIS GRENFELL



GERALDINE HANNY



MARGARET HOLFORD

NANCY ANN HILTON



PEGGY KRUMBEIN
Vice-President of the Class.



NATHALIE FRANCES LEWIS



JEANNE LATOURETTE





LUCILE CLAY LATOURETTE



MARGARET MARY MANN



JANE WEEKS MOUNT



MARY HELEN PRUITT
President of the Class.

MARY KATHRYN SHOEMAKER



MARION MARX ROSENBLATT



MARIAN SIEGFRIED



ELIZABETH H. STONE





HELEN STONE



CAROLINE H. STRATTON

Class Will

K NOW all men by these presents that we, the class of 1935 of St. Helen's Hall realizing the uncertainty of ever meeting again and the certainty of our undying friendship, and being of sound mind and judgment, do hereby make this our last will and testament:

- I, Anne Berkey, will my high and excitable voice to Dorothea James.
- I, Peggy Bernard, will my eyebrows to Nancy Alber.
- I, Mary Louise Blodgett, will my sneeze to Victoria Hartwell.
- I, Anita Cadonau, will my typing ability to Janet Mann.
- I, Frances Corfe, will my seven-league boots to Catharine Kern.
- I, Maryalice Enos, will my basketball ability to Ankey Larrabee.
- I, Helen Ladd Green, will my art of blushing to Yvonne Shepherd.
- I, Dorothy Furnish, will the Chi Psi's to Jean Anders.
- I, Dorothy Good, leave my sister to carry on.
- I, Peggy Krumbein, will my ability to leap to Peggy Parker.
- I, Nathalie Lewis, will my ability to have a good time to anyone who doesn't.
- I, Lucile Latourette, will my beaming face to Jean Groves.
- I, Jeune Latourette, will my many moods to Shirley Giltner.
- I, Margaret Holford, will my love for tennis to Mary Justine Gilbert.
- I, Lillian Brooke, will my dramatic ability to Eleanor Oliver.
- I, Margaret Mary Mann, will my emotions to Babe Peters.
- I, Peggy Carleton, will my boyish figure to Cathryn Collins.
- I, Phyllis Grenfell, will my cod-liver oil pills to Ruth Richardson.
- I, Marian Siegfried, will my curly hair to Dorothy Dixon.
- I, Helen Stone, will my turned up nose to Frances Paris.
- I, Geraldine Hanny, will my dainty laugh to Betty Nichols.
- I, Caroline Stratton, will my senior dignity to my sister, Nancy.
- I, Mary Kathryn Shoemaker, will my rosy cheeks to those who need them.
- I, Elizabeth Stone, will my ability to make funny faces to Bobby Jones.
- I, Byrl Browne, will my curves to Alice Freeze.
- I, Mary Helen Pruitt, will my ability to sit still to Betty Sumner.
- I, Nancy Ann Hilton, will my buxom figure to Suzanne Sigel.
- I, Marion Rosenblatt, will my disposition to Eileen MacDonald.
- I, Jane Mount, will my ability to write poetry to my sister, Carol.
- I, Phyllis Elder, will my Hi-Y pin to Janet Crosse.

Respectfully submitted,

Class of 1935.

We, the class of 1935, will our dignity to the Seniors; our enthusiastic nature to the Juniors; our search for knowledge to the Sophomores; and our ability to organize functions to the Freshmen.

Class Prophecy

Chicago, Illinois, January 30, 1948.

My Dear Jan:

WHILE I was waiting for the Coast Express, which as usual was delayed by the storm conditions over the mountains, I decided to wander into the library to while the time away. I went into the periodical room where the headlines from papers gathered from all over the world attracted my attention. Imagine my great surprise to find on one of the prominent New York papers the picture of one of the '35 graduates of St. Helen's Hall. It was that of the former Laddie Green, who is now the Queen of Timbuctu! Was I astonished! In the same paper I noticed one of the clever cartoons done by the famous Dorothy Furnish. There was a notice of the promotion of Phyllis Elder to the position of head announcer of the Pepsodent Hour, and, by the way, I see by the advertisements that Peggy Bernard is their Prize Picture Poster Girl.

This promised to be so interesting that I decided my time was being well spent and I began to look on in earnest, to see what I could find of the rest of that class. I saw in the Viennese news that Anne Berkey is making great headway in career as an opera singer. In the notices of that paper I also ran across an account of the new Silly Symphony being produced in German by its originator, Phyllis Grenfell, who plays all the piccolo accompaniments herself.

I noticed in a paper from Calcutta, a rather old one at that, that Jeanne and Lucile Latourette are spending some time at the palace of the Rajah, where Jeanne is teaching the royal wives the art of bleaching their hair, and Lucile is learning the authentic way to charm snakes. Also from the Oriental Journal of Shanghai, I find that Jane Mount is very successful in her venture of trying to edit a Chinese "College Humor". Lillian Brooke is the Matron of the new Manila Children's Home, so the paper says.

And now to return to the United States, where in the papers from the west coast I find that Geraldine Hanny has organized a fine circus in which she shows the terror-striking Brutus, the cruel man-eating lion, and his harem. Maryalice Enos has charge of the tight-rope-walking section of the outfit, and Anita Cadonau does a toe-dance in between acts. Strangely, too, I find the picture of Nathalie Lewis on the sport page, for Nathalie is the new manager of a widely known baseball team.

News flash from Paris! Peggy Krumbein, who always did have high aspirations, is a highly praised poetess. Margaret Mary Mann is mentioned for creating a new device whereby the visitors of the Eiffel Tower, where she is head elevator girl, can have restful music on the trips up and down in the elevators. Byrl Browne, who lives in Lyons, owns an exclusive shop where she models Dr. Locke's shoes: she also goes around to the hospitals where she demonstrates. I found among these papers a late paper from Holland, where I see Marion Siegfried has opened a new dairy farm, and her partner is Elizabeth Stone, who is veterinary for the bovine population.

From the Lithuanian papers I gleaned this information, Marion Rosen-teachers' speed prize, for she is teaching a school of her own there now. Nancy Hilton is conducting a dancing school in Barcelona where no less a young person than the son of Fred Astaire is in training.

From the Lithuanian papers I gleaned this information, Marian Rosenblatt has syndicated her famous "Tell Auntie" column. Then I found this news in the paper from right here in Chicago—Dorothy Good is in her tenth year as the

head telephone operator in the great Grain Exchange Building. Margaret Holford has an option on the comic section of the New York Times and tries out all her humor on the Young Peoples Corrective School, which is in charge of another of the girls from that same class, Mary Kay Shoemaker. Mary Louise Blodgett has been promoted to the rank of General in the Salvation Army, and no doubt that lassie spends many a sleepless night over her former class-mates. And by the way, Jan, I heard that Helen Stone was left more than a million dollars at the death of her husband, the late Sir Skeiton Thursly, the Cream of Asparagus Soup King. Mary Helen Pruitt, who always had a wish to travel, now probably does it on the ocean floor; for I see that her husband, William Beebe Jr. has made several trips to the bottom of the sea lately, accompanied by her. In the latest paper from the growing metropolis of Dufur, I see that its prominent citizen, Peggy Carleton, has written the final chapter in her outstanding book, "The True Life of the Old Grey Mare." She must have to work very hard, for she also edits a monthly agricultural paper called "What's What in Wheat."

I think by the things I have read that most of the girls must be happy in their chosen fields, don't you? It certainly seems that most of them have fulfilled their wishes for travel and lots of it for they seem to be widely scattered over the earth's surface.

Well, I think I shall close now, for we seem to be arriving at the airport. Write to me soon and tell me the news of some of the other girls we used to know.

Best regards to you and yours,

Toots.

P. S. Did you see that Caroline Stratton, the head-huntress, had gone to South Africa to make a picture. The boat was wrecked on the way and Colonel Lindberg was sent to rescue her! My, what an exciting life that girl must lead.



The Perfect Senior

No person here in all the world
Without a single fault is known,
Until we join our parts together
And find a perfect Senior grown!

Lucile Latourette has the prettiest legs,
Phyllis Elder produces the style,
Mary Kay Shoemaker has the complexion,
And Peggy Bernard, the smile.

Anne Berkey's hands add a touch to it all,
Caroline Stratton's ebony hair,
Dorothy Good has a wonderful nose,
White, and shapely, and fair.

For one short look at Jeanne Latourette
 Her feet, of all, the best choice.
 The ideal height comes with Geraldine
 Hanny,
 With Peter Pruitt, the voice.

Peggy Krumbein is known for her teeth
 And for eyebrows, our friend, Byrl
 Browne.
 Dorothy Furnish's wonderful figure
 Has never produced a frown.

Anita Cadonau has the best eyelashes,
 Peggy Carleton, the chin;
 For brains, it is known that Elizabeth
 Stone
 Cannot be beaten therein.

Marian Siegfried has cute little ears,
 Laddie Green has such deep, dark eyes.
 Mary Louise Blodgett with all her vitality
 Lets nobody else take the prize.

Maryalice Enos goes in for athletics,
 For music goes Margaret Mann,
 Nancy Ann Hilton has dancing ability
 As fine as anyone can.

For conversation, Nathalie Lewis
 Among the best is known,
 For geniality, Margaret Holford,
 Dependability, Helen Stone.

For friendliness it's Phyllis Grenfell,
 Ingenuity, Jane Mount.
 Marion Rosenblatt, tranquility
 To take into account.

Always the funny side of life
 By Lillian Brooke is seen,
 For loving generosity
 Is Frances Corfe the queen!

And so we have our Perfect Senior
 In every little thing.
 When they are placed together here
 The Senior praises sing.

JANE MOUNT.



1 NANCY HILTON
2 PHYLLIS GRENFELL
3 HELEN STONE
4 JANE MOUNT
5 LILLIAN BROOKE
6 LADDIE GREEN
7 ANNE BERKEY
8 MARYALICE ENOS
9 PHYLLIS ELDER
10 PEGGY BERNARD
11 MARY LOUISE BLODGETT
12 FRANCES CORFE
13 BYRL BROWNE
14 ANITA CADONAU
15 DOROTHY GOOD





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- 16 PEGGY KRUMBEIN
- 17 MARY HELEN PRUITT
- 18 MARIAN SIEGFRIED
- 19 JEANNE LATOURETTE
- 20 LUCILE LATOURETTE
- 21 MARION ROSENBLATT
- 22 GERRY HANNY
- 23 NATHALIE LEWIS
- 24 DOROTHY FURNISH
- 25 ELIZABETH STONE
- 26 CAROLINE STRATTON
- 27 PEGGY CARLETON
- 28 MARY KAY SHOEMAKER
- 29 MARGARET HOLFORD
- 30 MARGARET MARY MANN



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LITERARY

School Honors

JUNE, 1934

Holford Cup for Sacred Studies	Charlotte Lee IV
American Legion Certificate of Honor	Patricia Baker II and III
Pin and Testimonial Awarded to the Girl Having the Highest Average in Good Citizenship	Alice Freeze IV
Gift from Mrs. John S. Parke to the Most Courteous and Helpful Boarder	Grace Natwick VI
Alumnae Pin Given to the Senior of Good Scholarship Who Has Contributed the Most to the School Life	Gretchen Smith VI
The School Ring Was Awarded in Appreciation of Her Splendid Work in the School Activities	Dorothy Hill VI

In the "Noted Picture Contest" the following prizes were awarded:

First Prize	Billie Reynolds VI
Second Prize	Mary Helen Pruitt V
Third Prize	Dorothy Jane Furnish V

In the National Recovery Act Essay Contest prizes were won by:

Betty Watkins VI
 Peggy Bernard V
 Kathryn Rogers II
 M'Liss Loeding I
 Lisa Gill I

Tennis

Singles cup given by the Athletic Association won by:

Ruth Smith

Doubles cups given by Alpha Theta won by the Days from the Boarders:

Ruth Smith
 Peggy Krumbein

Fencing

First prize of a cup from the Athletic Association won by:

Ruth Smith

Second prize of a fencing foil from the Athletic Association won by:

Charlotte Lee

Testimonials

The first testimonials were awarded to pupils attaining an average for the year of:

90% in every study
 90% in attendance
 95% in order and punctuality
 99% in conduct

Sally McCune VI	Geraldine Hanny V	Charlotte Lee IV
Gretchen Smith VI	Peggy Krumbein V	Georgia Littlepage IV
Byrl Browne V	Marion Rosenblatt V	Peggy Lou Smith IV
Lillian Brooke V	Marion Clark IV	Dorothea James III
Anita Cadonau V	Alice Freeze IV	Jean Groves III

The second testimonials were awarded to pupils attaining an average for the year of:

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

Betty Baker VI	Nancy Ann Hilton V	Elaine Tubbs IV
Peggy Bernard V	Helen Stone V	Janet Crosse III
Dorothy Jane Furnish V	Dorothy Dixon IV	Frances Haworth III
Dorothy Good V	Louise Good IV	



Editorial

THINK, graduates of 1935, how much more you have before you than did the graduate of St. Helen's Hall of fifty years ago. Think of the opportunities offered to the young woman of today as compared with those offered her grandmother.

Today the young woman graduating from high school has her choice of going to work immediately or of attending college and then entering any one of the many fields offered to the modern young woman. Women of the twentieth century have many of the same opportunities in the business world, the political world, the social world, and the economic world as do the men, and it is up to us, the coming generation, to carry on the excellent reputation already acquired by the women of this generation.

When our grandmothers finished high school, very few of them went on to institutes of higher learning. They either got married, taught school, or became old maids. It was considered a disgrace for a woman to have to work to support herself.

And so, with the preparation given us here at St. Helen's Hall, let us, the graduating class of June, 1935, face the future with eagerness and with the assurance that we are equipped to live our lives intelligently and modernly.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Editorial

WHEN one is about to write her last composition as a student, it might be expected that some tribute be paid to the school which received her in girlhood, and sent her forth in womanhood. The poetical beauties of Keats, the profound depths of Wordsworth or the logical analysis of Carlyle might each claim their portion of the acknowledgment. But believing that the more lasting monument to the worth of our school can be built by an adherence to the truths which it has and ought to teach, and by such a moulding of our lives, that in the years to come it can point with pride to its children, I shall dedicate this to my classmates.

In all probability, we shall never again be assembled. Some will answer the call of life from afar; some will find fame and honor; others will take their places among the silent and obscure workers of the world; but no matter where we are, when we experience in different ways the tense excitement of a basketball game, the dread of exams, the impatient waiting for report cards or the thrill of commencement, our thoughts will often be together.

LITERARY EDITOR.

Teeth, the Pride of January

JANUARY BLACKFEET was a little coon, just as high as the picket in a fence, and about as wide. His mouth was filled with the "pearls of great price" which were the pride and joy of all the Blackfeet. His trousers were ragged, his feet bare, but his heart was singing, for he was going to the "Big House" in one more week to be a page boy for Master Ben, his one ideal.

January went humming down the road as fast as his legs could carry him, trying to beat his shadow along the lane, for though Jan was old enough to know better, he was still afraid, just a tiny bit, of ol' man shadow's reaching out to grab the one and only authentic shadow January Blackfeet possessed.

"Mammy's goin' ta mek a lil' shortnin', shortnin',
Mammy's goin' ta mek a lil' shortnin' bread!"

sang January at the top of his lungs as he neared the cabin which was home to Mammy Blackfeet and her army of children.

"January! January!" called Mammy from the lean-to kitchen. "Did yo fetch me thet lil' piece of wool Ah asks yo to?"

"Yah, Mammy, it's raht her' in my pocket, an' do yo know what Marse John done tol' me? Mammy, Ah'se next for page boy on ol' Colonel's list, yas! Ah is! Mammy, an' Ah'm so happy Ah could die!"

Yo! Wall, bless mah ha't if Ah didn't done fo'got to tell yo thet! An' Ah knowed et since early this very mo'ning! Now run yo'se'f to the sto' up thar an' buya new toof brush wif dis money har; yo' got to have pearls fo' ol' Marse!"

"Yah, Mammy, here Ah goes! Ol' Man Ribber, dat ol' Man Ribber . . ." warbled little January Blackfeet.

* * * * *

Just one more day 'till January's exodus to the Big House. Clothes are ready, just so, and according to the rule of the mistress of the Big House.

"Mammy! Whar yo got to? Ah'se looked high over low to fin' yo an' now yo's hid! Mammy, whar yo gone?"

"Har, chile, land of mercy! What yo done? Somebody done hit yo one awful wallop plumb on yo mouf!"

"Mammy! Do yo know what? Ah'se got a feelin' lak dis har toof is 'bout to fall outer mah mouf! What'll de Marse say? Mammy, will he cane me? . . . Ah'se *never* goin' ta play wif ol' Jonah Fishcollar, nevah mo'. He tuck me under-wears an' biff! he knocked me spinnin' a mile!"

"January! dat ol' horse done whop yo? Wait'll Ah gits mah han's on him! Done ruined mah honey lamb's mouf an' lose him a toof! Law's a mercy, here comes Marse Clive! Wha' he goin' say 'bout dis!"

"Mammy Blackfeet?"

"Yas, sir, Marse Clive, here Ah is."

"You son ready to come now?"

"Wall, sir, Marse Clive, he done had a small accedent, but . . ."

"What's this? you lost your tooth? Well, sonny, you are a sight for my tired, sore eyes! Wait 'till Father sees you! Here, don't hide! He'll like it! He said last night he was yearning for a boy who could take a licking and grin! C'mon, January, you and the Master will be great pals!"

MARY HELEN PRUITT, '35.

Rest by the Roadside

HOW much or how little the meaning these few words, "Rest by the Roadside", can convey.

To one, the wayfarer weary with life's struggles, too, it is not only "Rest by the Roadside" but beauty in contemplation as well; and I have in mind the person who filled the lowly task of hod carrier and who has recently been awarded the coveted prize offered by the Denver Artists' Guild for the most outstanding painting of the year.

This man, humble and self-taught, painted in oils on cardboard cut from a box and enclosed in a crude, handwrought frame, a phantasy in green, a pastoral sonnet of grassy retreat—the picture of one of his childhood haunts, where, as he says, he spent many happy boyhood hours.

In the sunset of his life, despite eighty-two years of menial labor, he has been able to reproduce in livid colors, this fond memory which he affectionately calls, "Rest by the Roadside".

How beautiful it must be when one nearing the end of this earthly journey, is able to recall from the recesses of his mind and memory the imprint of true beauty made in early youth.

How beautiful that a rendezvous in youth can to old age be a "Rest by the Roadside".

CAROLINE STRATTON, '35.

The Orient

The delicate odor of cherry trees,
 The beauty of Orient eyes,
 The fragrant wind as it gently sighs
 And opens a bud in passing by.
 The wave of an ancient fan,
 A running jinrick-sha man,
 A thousand faces, not one old.
 Pearls, ivory, ebony, and jade,
 Trinkets of polished or dull, old gold,
 Incense rising will slowly fade
 Like to romance never told.
 Tiny tinkling temple bells,
 A jeweled crescent moon hung high
 In a grayish violet velvet sky—
 Dreams!

Rattish, withered yellow men,
 Scurrying down a narrow street
 Past a smoky opium den,
 Their dodging journey to complete.
 And some decaying seaworn junk
 That lies anchored in a sluggish river
 Where other ships have sunk,
 To draw their final breath and shiver.
 On the filthy cobblestones,
 Sordid children may be seen,
 While nearby some leper moans
 For alms or cries a weak "Unclean . . ."

CATHARINE KERN, '37.

Too Much Talking

JACK LIVESAY, my roommate, has a swell sister; in fact I'm in love with her. If I hadn't loved her, I would never have gone to visit her aunt.

It all came about this way. Jack received a letter from his aunt, whom he had never seen, telling him she was very lonely and pleading with him to visit her during the spring vacation. "If I don't hear from you," she said, "I'll expect you on March 25." However, Jack had made other arrangements, so he asked me if I would visit her at Carmel-by-the-Sea. Isobel, his sister, succeeded in persuading me to go.

On the train I had plenty of time to think the whole matter over. The aunt was unmarried, and probably a crabby old lady, and very set in her ways. That was certainly not a very promising way to spend a vacation.

While I was thinking of my unhappy situation, a tall, pleasant fellow came up. "Hello. My name's Judson, Al Judson. We're starting a game of bridge and we'd like to have you join us."

"O. K. Thanks. I'm Bill Spencer."

We played bridge until the train arrived at Carmel, where both Judson and I got off.

"Good-bye, Spencer. Hope we meet again sometime." I never dreamed we would.

At the station where the aunt, Miss Storey, was to meet me, a person of about forty-five came up to me and said all in one breath:

"You're Jack, aren't you? I can tell by the college labels on your suitcases. Here Jim, take these suitcases, and show him to the car. Come on, Jack, we're in a hurry. We're going to a dinner and then to a dance tonight. I hope . . ."

"But . . ." I started.

"I hope you brought your tux and tailcoat along. How long is your vacation? We're going to have a dandy time. Whoopee!"

I tried to interrupt: "You don't understand . . . I . . . that is he . . ."

"Who doesn't understand? You wait until this visit's over. I'll bet you thought I was about a hundred and very crabby. But I'm so glad you came. You're every bit as handsome as I expected you to be. I would have been humiliated to death if you hadn't been. I've been raving about you for a week to all my friends."

She rattled on at this rate, not giving me a chance to get a word in edgewise. She answered all the questions that she asked, and took me off my feet so that I didn't know what it was all about. I decided to let her think I was Jack and hope for the best. It seemed funny, though, that she didn't know . . .

Everything went along fine for a while. The fact that she talked so much was really a blessing for me, for she seldom waited for me to reply to her questions.

One evening—the night before I left—she gave a dinner, and she had planned it to be a real party. She invited about fifty young people whom she particularly liked.

Much to my surprise, Al Judson, the fellow I met on the train, appeared. As my "aunt" was about to introduce Judson, he said:

"Well, hello Spencer, how are you? It's nice meeting you again."

"My 'aunt' was astonished to hear me called 'Spencer' and at first thought it was all a joke.

"Cut out your nonsense, Al. This is my nephew, Jack Livesay."

"What, is Jack Livesay your nephew? That is a surprise! He and I went to Cornell high school together. This fellow's not Livesay. Believe me, Jack and I were swell friends, and I know."

Miss Storey was impressed with the sincerity of his statement.

"Maybe you're right. Come to think of it I've never seen my nephew." And then turning to me, she said: "You're an imposter, after my money! Get out of my house—you—you . . ."

At this moment the doorbell rang. I thought this would be my chance to get away, but my "aunt" was watching me. She grabbed me by the ear.

"Oh, no, you don't escape. I've decided to keep you here till the police . . ."

My mind was running wild. Suddenly I heard a familiar voice. It was Jack Livesay's.

Al Judson opened the door. Now he came forward.

"Miss Storey," he said, "this is the real Jack Livesay."

I interrupted. "Jack, they think that I'm you. I've tried to explain to your aunt, but she talks so much that I can't tell her about our arrangement."

"Why, Aunt Madge, didn't you get my letter explaining that I couldn't come and that Bill Spencer was coming instead? I wrote it two days before Bill left."

"Well," Aunt Madge said, "you probably forgot to mail it. Do you actually remember the mailbox in which you put it and time of day it was?"

"Nmm-no. N-not exactly—but I *did* mail it."

"What's that white paper sticking out of your pocket?"

"By george, that's it!"

"That's just like a Livesay. What did you come down here for anyway?"

"Well, I drove down to see you and to take Bill back to college."

"Well, you're just in time for a big dinner. If it hadn't been that I talked so much, this would never have happened. I'm really sorry, Bill. You must both come down again." And she led the way to the dining room.

"Aunt Madge", as I now call her, and I had a swell time in spite of everything. When I was leaving for college she confided to me:

"When I first saw you, I should have suspected the whole thing. I should have known that a Livesay couldn't be so good-looking."

MARGARET HOLFORD, '35.

Sailing Time

A stiff salt breeze is blowing;
The anchor's heard; set free
The good ship June of Thirty-five
And sail her out to sea.

Four years we've spent in port,
Preparing for the morrow,
Four busy years at Saint Helen's Hall
Of mingled joy and sorrow.

Our hold is brimming full;
'Tis time to face the seas.
But they have left the sea uncharted
For each must start anew.

A stiff salt wind is blowing,
The sails are filled with the breeze.
The good ship June of Thirty-five
Sets sail for foreign seas.

CATHARINE KERN, '37.

It's the Life

SPRING vacation! No more school for ten days and here she was at her roomy's ranch. Slightly different from her city home, this huge place with only waving grain and here and there a patch of just sagebrush. Lonely? Terribly! Bored? Maybe! What was there to do? Eat?—uhm. Sleep?—a little. Parties?—one country dance. Ho hum!

What's that? A picnic up to Cloud Cave, with Sue and her two brothers. What fun! They'd go on horses to the one little river in the country and from there go on foot up the trail to the cave, where they would eat their supper and then wait for the moon to come out before coming home.

Oh, what a horse! Did he have to make scrambled eggs of her? The horses at the riding academy at least treated her with some respect, but oh! this sea of motion! Her head seemed in the middle of her shoulders, but . . . you never can tell.

At last—here they were. What a climb it had been but it was so beautiful here. Long rolling plains dotted with two or three houses—but the food looked better just now. Was Sue a good cook?—uhm!

Just as the last bite was finished a drop of rain hit her cheek. Then more came. A hurried consultation was held. The boys hurried down to cover the horses and would try to get back before the storm broke. The girls went into the little cave to wait.

Spooky—this waiting in a damp, nightmarish cave. Sudden peals of thunder coming right into the cave. The boys had evidently been forced to wait until after the storm was over to come back. Nothing to do but wait.

"Sue, where did this cave get its name of Cloud Cave?"

"Well, years ago a beautiful maid used to meet her lover here. Her family discovered it and determined to stop it. The next night the girl came as usual. She heard her lover come just as the moon came out from behind the clouds. Too late she saw her father raise the fatal gun. In tragic despair she rushed down the trail, missed her footing and plunged down into the river below. In the lovers' memory they called their trysting place 'Cloud Cave', because if the moon had been hidden by the clouds the lover might never have been killed."

"How romantic! But oh, Sue, the storm is over. Let's start down. Oh, here the boys are. Now we can go."

"What? Race me down. All right. Here I go."

Now if I can just keep this up. Whatever is that horrible noise? Why look! Why look! Sue and the boys had to stop for something and . . . the path is gone! Good heavens. The storm must have loosened the dirt . . . I'm the only one on this side. I'll have to go for help.

"Sue, oh Sue! I'll go down for help! You and the boys might as well make yourselves com—Sue, where are you?"

Good heavens, she went too near the edge and . . . there she is caught on a tree just below the trail!

"Oh, Sue—are you hurt? No! Well, hang on while the boys pass down their belts—fasten them to yours with one hand while you hang on and then pass one of them around the tree. That will hold you until I can get back with help. Now, don't get worried. Everything will be all right. The boys are there and will watch you. I'll be back as soon as possible."

And here were the horses. She might as well take Sue's because it was faster than her own. That-a-boy, hurry, hurry! This horse! He was rougher than any she had ever seen . . . ouch! Did he have to jump that log? I'll be a nervous wreck

by the time I get back—but Sue, hanging over the cliff—what will she be? I've got to go faster.

At last! Dear, dear house—never have you seemed so nice! There was Sue's father—must tell him first—before she lost hold—

"Sue fell over cliff—washout—boys with her—hanging over edge—hurry to save her—don't mind me—all right—hurry!"

An hour later she woke up to find herself in bed and walking into the room was Sue, safe and sound.

"Then they got you all right. What a relief!"

"What's that? How do I feel? Well, I will admit I never want to ride your horse again, but how about getting up to go riding in the morning before breakfast? Too stiff? Oh, no—nothing like that—it was almost fun."

ALICE FREEZE, '36.

My Dog

Today, as I went for a walk,
Feeling gay and free,
My dog came romping up the road
And trotted 'long with me.

The sun shone bright, my spirits rose,
I breathed the sweet spring air,
Forgetting long grey winter days,
Laying aside all care.

My dog is what the world calls dumb;
He cannot talk or reason.
But in the Spring he brings to me
More gladness for the season.

Throughout the long, dark winter nights
He guards our house—and me.
So in the Spring, when his work's done
He's more than a pal, you see.

We wandered along, my dog and I,
Then he left me and ran—ever faster—
But I knew he'd come back, for I love him you know,
As for me—well he's fond of his master.

PEGGY BERNARD, '35.

A Trusting Soul

INTO a small town bank marched a young man of five. He walked straight to the cashier's window and stated his case.

"I want to borrow a nickel," he demanded clearly.

The cashier was somewhat dumbfounded, but seriously produced a piece of paper and formally inquired for how long a period the boy would desire the loan. The lad replied that he would pay it back the next day and at the cashier's request, signed his name, Denny, to the slip of paper just filled out.

Promptly at the same hour the next day, Denny again entered the bank, this time with a friend as witness, and plunked his nickel down at the cashier's window. The cashier accepted it, tore up the note, and Denny left the bank, contented and full of faith.

DOROTHY FURNISH, '35.

The Match Family

THESE were now only five left in the once very large match family, but these five had always been at the bottom of the household and were the oldest and therefore considered themselves the best. They were now living in a little tin house in the pocket of a hunter. Let us listen to their conversation.

"Junior, what are you crowding clear off in that corner for? I declare you are the littlest thing I have ever seen. All your brothers and sisters were as large as the average person in the match family and just look at you! One would think you had been broken right in two. Well, thank goodness, you have been able to keep your head about you, anyway."

"Mamma," said little Junior in reply to what his mother had just said, "what would ever happen if I lost my head? I guess I just wouldn't be good for anything. I would just be like the old saying, 'not worth setting fire to.' Because of my size probably no one will ever give me a chance to show that I can keep my head and do my duty. But wait, mamma—here comes the landlord of this lovely home to take another one of our happy family away and I am afraid that this is one of those days when we all lose our heads."

"Well, Junior, it looks as if I am the one to show my skill today," cried little Diamond as she was pulled from her home in a most brutal manner.

This landlord was a very cruel person for when he took members of the match family out of their fine home he always struck them and if they lost their heads or broke down he would throw them on the ground and mumble to himself but if they managed to keep their heads and flare up at him he would be very pleased.

But wait—what has happened to Diamond? She has lost her head, poor child, and now Lion is going to try to uphold the family motto—"Always Flare Up." Oh—what can be the matter? There goes Lion, but Mrs. Match had always said that you could never depend upon Lion for anything. Listen to poor little Junior now—

"Oh! Mamma, they are taking you now and there will only be papa and I here. What shall we do? But look at Papa; he has fallen out and now the landlord won't even give him a chance. Please Mamma, do your best to hold up the family tradition because I am such a little fellow that the man will probably not give me a chance either."

But alas! Poor Mamma lost her head and there was no one left but poor little Junior and how sad he is. But look! The landlord has just snatched Junior out of his warm house and how angry he seems at such a stupid family. Junior is very tense waiting for the landlord to strike him and at last it comes—and—and yes, he does. Junior kept his head. Hurrah! the match family motto has been saved by little Junior who kept his head and remembered to "Always Flare Up."

PEGGY CARLETON, '35.

A Boarder's Best Friend

THE first to greet me with a smile in the morning is my best friend. She is really what one would call a true comrade. She never runs into the bathroom in the morning to grab my wash basin before I can get there. She never talks behind my back about my faults, even though she does know more about me than anyone else; for to her I confide my innermost thoughts. When I have a headache, she doesn't annoy me by singing. When I have a cold, she doesn't stay away from me as though I were afflicted with the plague. When I receive candy, she doesn't barge in and ask for my favorite kind. Though she never has any money of her own, she doesn't want to borrow from me. She doesn't ask to wear my new dress or my new shoes. The only way I can account for her perfection, is the fact that she is a Scottie dog and her name is Dynamite.

ELIZABETH STONE, '35.

Nine Weeks Ago

NINE WEEKS AGO sorrow entered her life. He had left her and had never come back. He left at midnight without even saying good-bye. She awoke the next morning and realized that he was lost to her.

Nothing could console her; all around the house were memories. She could hear him speaking and his eyes haunted her night and day. His special pillow was in its correct corner on the divan. She sat by the hour and rested in the corner opposite.

Her mother and father worried and fretted about her. Nothing they could do or bring her seemed to hold her interest.

But one day he returned. He entered the front door with a woebegone air. He was unkempt and bedraggled, but glad to be home. He was unsure of his welcome, too.

She was sitting in his corner when he entered. And then he spoke! She jumped and gladly gathered him into her arms. He tried to show his appreciation but only succeeded in attracting the attention of the other members of the family. They came joyfully.

"He's come back!" she exclaimed happily.

And he echoed her happiness with a shrill bark.

JEANNE LATOURETTE, '35.

The Mouse in Our House

There is a little mouse
 Who lives between our walls.
 He skitters 'round the house
 In private little halls.
 His home is in our basement,
 And when our cat is there,
 He makes faces from his casement,
 It "gets in Kitty's hair."
 Some day he'll be too smarty!
 Then Kitty'll have some fun.
 She'll have a little party
 When the gory deed is done.

LISA GILL, '39.

Guess Who?

IN APPEARANCE he is quite shaggy. He never wears a tie, and always wears brown and black. Oh yes, I beg your pardon, I believe I have seen him wear a tie once. It was pink and blue.

I am sorry to say that he has very bad conduct. He seldom goes to class and, if he does, he is late. He talks, and even shouts, in the library, and minds people but once in a while.

He has the most unusual way of speaking; and it is most difficult to understand him. In fact, I can't understand him at all. He opens his mouth very wide when he talks, and nearly always speaks distinctly, but incoherently.

Although he has some bad habits, he has more good ones; and I am sure that almost everyone misses him when he is gone and likes to have him when he's here. Guess who?

Who could it be but Nira Dawn, our Flashlight Airedale.

FRANCES ANNE MOTT, '39.

Wilkins Micawber

MICAWBER was a good soul; oh yes, very fine, with a jolly twinkle in his eye and very deeply carved, round, red apples on each side of an exceedingly round and red nose! All together, the three more truly resembled over-ripe plums! His rather corpulent figure rendered a most assuring, confident air, and, in short, he was the best specimen of a sound yet light-hearted individual. His shabby appearance was taken care of by the elegant carriage of his very round head and his pompous stride. His large vocabulary did indeed suit his physical "build up", which, by the way, was entirely essential to his means of existence. He was constantly humming a tune with the greatest air of gentility; except, of course, while passing the counting-house! He was light-hearted on the whole, with nothing to worry about but his numerous debts; and though he was not beyond a few miserable hours of hard, heart-rending wails, he soon lifted himself up to a great height of ecstasy on the revelation that he could always come through the back door when the creditors were hounding and pounding at the front. He considered himself in the height of elegance and with a true oratorical instinct! He was always sure that something was bound to turn up the next day and his happy-go-lucky outlook on life was not even marred by the precarious position once occupied in prison because of his I.O.U.'s. But this, however, all ended very well and his merry soul and twinkling eyes were none the duller through the passing of many years of patient waiting and expectation.

MARY JUSTINE GILBERT, '38.

Love of the Sea

With a rollicking laugh at some swashbuckling tale
 He rolls down the street, like a ship in a gale.
 His eyes are true Holland: as blue as can be,
 For they glimmer like water,
 Like deep, dark, blue water.
 O they glimmer like water
 So far out at Sea. . . .

For he is sailor; true, staunch, and well tried.
 And he has acquired a buxom Dutch bride.
 "'Tis a bride in all ports," you hear some old folks say,
 But he is from Holland—
 From true-blue old Holland
 And this is his first—
 Yes—his first wedding day.

But look—ah—he's bidding farewell to the sea
 With saddest of eyes, though still blue as can be
 And they glimmer with tears,
 With salt bitter tears,
 And his heart's in his eyes
 Looking far, far to sea.

PHYLLIS NATWICK, '36.

Samson

COMFORTABLE warmth, lights flashing by, and the swaying, soothing motion of the train rocking my berth. Seven more hours and I would be home once more, where I could get up at noon, and drink as much tea as I liked!

Then, like the breaking of some great reservoir or the ominous thundering of a devastating monsoon came the snores of the man above me. Poor fellow, he must have been cursed with Saint Vitus dance, for he bounded with the agility of a young and sprightly mountain goat from one side of the bed to the other. At other times he seemed to be trying to find out whether his feet were paralyzed or not; for he thumped them vigorously up and down; whereupon I put my fingers in my ears and tried to concentrate on the beauty of night, especially in the semi-arid spaces, and seven cinnamon rolls I intended to consume for breakfast.

But, alas! it was no use, for the good fellow was either a dope fiend or was mentally deficient, for he played golf in a loud voice, and strong language. After that he was much more subdued, or so I hoped, and only snored mildly. But no, my lucky star was always a dark one, and he then began to play bridge and, from what I could gather, it was certainly quite a game. Again I tried to disconnect my thoughts, but finally decided to consult my watch (it has worked only spasmodically since I sat on it) and saw, to my horror, that it was almost two-thirty in the gray of the morning.

My elevated friend had now ceased his enlightening conversation and was fitfully rolling over and over as though he were a billiard ball, yet always stayed in his berth, luckily for me! To judge from the noise he was making he must have weighed at least fourteen hundred pounds. At the moment I thought that I should have hated to meet him in a hand-to-hand struggle, for he seemed to consist mainly of muscle.

Then as the porter shook my nerveless body, he impressed me with the fact that it was six-thirty. As I emerged sleepily from my so-called sleeping quarters, I observed from under my tousled mop of hair a small dapper gentleman, monocle in eye, sitting fully dressed, on the edge of his berth. He could only have weighed about a hundred pounds, and he seemed very timid and subdued. Gadzooks! Had I known that, I would have dealt with the man at once, and got a good night's rest.

ANKEY LARRABEE, '37.

Surprise

When bids are flying thick and fast;
Among the lassies gay
And each is scanning o'er her past
In a hopeful sort of way—

When dinner dates and dances wait
Upon my lady's whim,
Oh! little does she know that Fate
Will fill her cup full to the brim.

Fate chooses this best time
To make its presence felt,
And I am choosing now this rhyme
Your hardened heart to melt.

For Fate descended not in lumps
Of Happiness and Joy;
Our doctor friend pronounced them mumps.
Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Oh Boy!

ELSIE LOU GREEN, '37.

Everglade

BEEP! BEEP! At this familiar sound one knows that "Grandpa Henry" has reached his destination—Everglade—a true and appropriate name for the lake cottage which is nestled among the drooping trees and surrounded on two sides by the soft blue waters of Lake Oswego. We do not realize how quickly girls really can move until they reach this haven of freedom and enjoyment. Before "Grandpa Henry", who some probably do not know as a car, has barely had time to cool himself off after his journey from the city, the girls are gone out of sight to reserve a bed, to get their favorite canoes, or to put their bids in for the tennis court.

After a full and strenuous day of canoeing, swimming, tennis, or hiking, the majority of girls is ready to spend a quiet evening by the fire, listening to the radio or indulging in a game of ping-pong, not to mention a tray of delicious sandwiches to top off the evening.

By the time "Grandpa Henry" is warmed up for the ride back to town on Sunday night, the girls are somewhat tired but are reluctant to return to the city and their school work until another week-end rolls around which will carry them again to this vale of sunshine and excitement.

PHYLLIS GRENFELL, '35.

The Education of Thomas Babington Macaulay

Thomas Macaulay, a learned man,
 Wrote as well as anyone can.
 His memory proved him a prodigy,
 He learned to read before he was three.
 An "infant phenomenon" is easily spoiled,
 But Tommy was modest, though not hard-boiled.
 For the wisdom and care that his mother gave
 Taught the youngster how to behave,
 To Trinity College Macaulay was sent
 Into the literature there he went.
 Historical essays, a higher art,
 Drew Macaulay quite apart.
 But philosophy and abstract thought
 He greatly disliked, for it pleased him not!
 If he'd studied his math it would have been well
 For the habits of thought into which he fell.
 His Latin was good, and his English rhymes
 Won him some medals several times.
 However, in certain subjects we find
 That Macaulay was of a narrow mind!

JANE MOUNT, '35.

A Spring Day

IT IS a cool, refreshing day as the cherry blossoms float in the breeze which springs up every few minutes as if to catch you by surprise. There are cherry trees planted all around the lake which shines like a huge mirror when the air is still. But as a fresh gust of wind comes along, it whips up into little white caps as if dancing with the breeze. The two downy white swans glide easily along on the water, arching their necks and looking down at their images as if to say, "Do you not think we are beautiful?" The cherry blossoms that had fallen on the lake float along like little boats. As dusk falls the swans tuck their heads under their wings and the wind stirs the old pine which stands like a sentinel towering over the lake. On one of the high branches a wise old owl winks solemnly as he watches the quiet scene below.

PATSY TOURTELLOTTE, '39.

A Pale Blue Dress

GRANDMA, won't you tell me about when you were a little girl?" pleaded Heather, a small girl with black curls and sparkling blue eyes.

"Well, I've told you everything there is to tell. Now let me see," answered Grandma as she paused and thought a moment.

"Well, when I was a little girl," she began, "the most important events of the year were the dances and the fair. My Mother told me I was too young to go to the dances, but I never missed a fair.

"The fair usually began June 12 and it was June 1 when I received my invitation to a dance from the boy who lived on the next farm. This was the first time that I had ever been invited by a boy; and, on this occasion, Mother bought me a pale blue dress with real lace and blue and pink rosebuds. My, it was pretty! I never will forget that day. The sun was shining and the sky was just the shade of my dress.

"It was about three o'clock when we started. We went in the smartest carriage that could be found. It was black and shiny and contrasted with the beautiful sorrel mare which was hitched to it.

"All the girls and boys from the entire countryside were there. They all looked with envy at my store-made dress, too!

"We saw the sword swallower and the fire eater and many others. After we got out of the merry-go-round, I was so dizzy that I had to sit down; and as I got up, I caught my dress on a nail . . ."

"Oh, Grandma, did you rip it badly? Couldn't it be mended?" inquired Heather hastily.

"Yes, I believe it could," Grandma replied.

"Do you suppose I could wear it? Wouldn't it just about fit me?" asked Heather with eagerness.

"Yes, I have it packed away in a trunk in the attic," said Grandma.

"Mary Jane asked me to her costume party, and I would like to wear your dress if I may," said Heather to her grandmother.

The time flew as if on wings, and it wasn't long before Heather found herself sitting in Mary Jane's living room arrayed in the pale blue dress. They played all sorts of games, and as Heather was exhausted, she sat down on a chair. She arose hurriedly as the next game was beginning. In doing so, she caught her dress, and instead of being angry, she just laughed and said, "I've often heard that history repeats itself."

BETTY GUNDERSON, '40.

The Goldfish Bowl

This unique sight made Mary frown
The goldfish bowl was upside down.
But swimming 'round quite naturally
Were goldfish, happy as could be.

Atop the bowl the table stood
With legs in air, a scene which should,
I think, be called indeed most rare
And as for laughs we all could share.

Mary looked, disgustedly,
And heaved a tired sigh as she
Took hammer, tacks, and stool and then,
Turned the picture right again.

SUSAN WEST, '38.



Susanna at Sunset Lake

AS THE BIG BUS drew to a stop, Susanna Roger's mind was not at all on the big estate across the road. She was thinking of Uncle John's merry laugh and of Tinker's funny little bark. Oh! just why had she left them?

I will tell you about this little girl. Susanna Rogers lived with her uncle and his dog, Tinker. At least she had until that terrible letter arrived. It was from her Aunt May. It had invited Susanna to spend the months of June and July with her at her beautiful estate at Sunset Lake.

"All off for Sunset Lake! All off for Sunset Lake!" Susanna stood up, startled. As she stepped off the bus she noticed a small dog trotting wearily up the steep hill. "Here pup, here pup. Come here." The small dog quickened his pace. As it drew nearer she could see it more distinctly. It seemed to her then that her heart skipped a beat. For it was Tinker! "Oh, Tinker! How did you get here?" Tinker looked up into her eyes as if he were trying to tell her but couldn't.

The door of the big house opened and a cheery "Welcome" came from her Aunt. "Oh! Aunt May, Uncle John's dog followed me all the way. Would you keep him till I go home?"

"Of course. I wouldn't for ten boxes of candy turn such a sweet little dog out." (Aunt May was very fond of candy.)

Two weeks later a telegram came from the little cottage in the lane. It said Uncle John would arrive there at two o'clock the following afternoon. And may I assure you that Sue and Tinker were anxiously waiting for someone at two o'clock the following afternoon.

NADA SKIDMORE, Form IV.

Johnny Gingham

THE bedroom was dark. Mrs. Jackson had just left the room. Johnny snuggled closer to his little mistress, Betty Jackson. Johnny Gingham, as you know, was a crosspatch gingham dog stuffed with kapok.

This was Johnny's last night with Betty, for he had to go to the repair shop to have his tail mended. It had happened when he had played with Miss Elizabeth Blue Eyes, the big mamma doll.

Johnny was very glad the next morning when Mrs. Jackson said, "I will mend your crosspatch tail." But oh! how it hurt. Mrs. Jackson had a very sharp needle with a long piece of thread in it. She sewed up the tear in his tail. As soon as Johnny was mended, Betty placed him on the lounge, for she knew it had been very painful.

Johnny is a happy puppy now, for he knows he will never have to leave Betty or have to have his tail mended again.

JEAN MORRISON, Form VI.

The Tulip

The tulip lifts its head each day,
Up to the sun and sky,
As if to catch the sunny ray,
Which shines so warmly nigh.

Its tall straight stem does lightly sway,
The cup of velvet red,
When e'er the gentle breezes play,
Within the flower bed.

Always it blooms with glory grand,
To usher in the spring,
God put it on this earthly land
To make our glad hearts sing.

MARGARET RENTON, Form VI.

One Germ Said to Another

WHAT a day! What a day! Business is terrible. The boss said he would fire us if we didn't get any more work," said Mr. Cough Germ.

"I know. The depression must have struck all of us," replied Mr. Mumps.

"Oh! Oh! Look what's coming down the street. Bobby Burns with an all-day sucker, and he dropped it! Come on, let's get on it. Maybe we can get a job and have a raise," said Mr. Cough Germ.

"That will be grand," laughed Mr. Mumps.

But no sooner had they settled on the sucker, when Bobby went into the house. He immediately washed it spick and span in hot water. That was the last of Mr. Cough Germ and Mr. Mumps.

ERMA DARLING, Form VI.



ATHLETICS



Basket Ball Teams

FIRST TEAM

Center	Alice Freeze
Side Center	Marjorie Kernan
Forwards	Susan West, Maryalice Enos
Guards	Dorothea James, Byrl Browne, Laddie Green

SECOND TEAM

Center	Ruth Richardson, Peggy Krumbein
Side Center	Frances Haworth, Yvonne Shepherd
Forwards	Helen Stone, Peggy Bernard, Betty Lou Roberts
Guards	Phyllis Natwick, Maxine Howe, Lillian Brooke

Dorothy and Louise Good were chosen as yell leaders by the Student Body.

Basketball Games

ST. HELEN HALL vs. JUNIOR COLLEGE

The first game of the season was played here January 18th with the Junior College. In spite of the fact that it was early in the season it was an exciting game. The Junior College played an excellent game and fought hard, but the final score, however, was 25-12 in favor of the Hall.

ST. HELEN'S HALL vs. MADELEINE CONVENT

The game between Madeleine and the Hall, played on February 1st at Madeleine, ended with the score 32-20 in favor of Madeleine. Both teams played a fine game and fought hard.

A return game with Madeleine was played on our floor on March 29th. Since it was our last outside game, our team fought exceptionally hard and won with a score of 29-14.

ST. HELEN'S HALL vs. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

Our team played a public high school for the first time this year. The Washington team was behind in the first half, but they gained rapidly in the last half, and gave our team some keen competition. The Hall was victorious with the score of 41-37.

A return game with Washington was played on their floor March 1st. This was one of the hardest and most exciting games of the season with Washington ahead in the first half, but the Hall team gained rapidly. Washington had a strong fighting team and was determined to win, but the game ended in a tie of 34-34.

ST. HELEN'S HALL vs. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

The game was played on our floor on February 20th. Both teams were out to win and showed excellent sportsmanship. St. Mary's proved to be the stronger team and won with the score of 27-36.

A return game with St. Mary's was played at Shattuck School, March 22nd. It was a hard fought game, but St. Mary's still proved the stronger team and won with the score of 32-15.

Coach's Impressions

MARYALICE ENOS, Captain, has shown outstanding loyalty, interest, and effort, has made an excellent leader, and, in addition, gives many a guard a difficult run. It is with regret that we see Maryalice graduate.

DOROTHEA JAMES can outstand (both in height as well as in fame) many an opponent, and both as guard and as center she has proved invaluable.

MARJORIE KERNAN is everywhere at once, and as side center her passes and her teamwork added to her speed have made her a precious part of the team. Marjorie is a Freshman, we are happy to say.

ALICE FREEZE is a steady, hard-working center whose cooperation with Marjorie has been outstanding and whose sure passes and reliable teamwork have sent many a ball into the hands of the forwards.

BYRL BROWNE is, as any forward will tell you, very hard to lose. She is constantly at her post and is quick and strong in her game.

SUSAN WEST has made a good start in this, her Freshman year, and has made many a goal for St. Helen's. With speed and experience, Susan has a fine future in basketball.

BETTY LOU ROBERTS is extremely fast and very responsive in the game. With more practice she would be a brilliant player.

HELEN STONE, also a forward, is an excellent shot. Here is another Senior.

RUTH RICHARDSON is a Junior and has another year to cause the forwards no little worry. Ruth has unlimited energy and perseverance in her game.

PEGGY KRUMBEIN has speed, and that is what a side center needs. Peggy is going to be a fine juggler soon, too.

MAXINE HOWE has a pivot which we wish that the entire team might acquire, and it causes her opponent at side center considerable difficulty.

PEGGY BERNARD is nearly always ready to receive her passes in the forward territory and is calm and effective in shooting.

FRANCES HAWORTH is an industrious guard, a faithful player, and good material. Frances has two more years.

PHYLLIS NATWICK is a very vigorous player and a fine guard. She has energy and ability.

LADDIE GREEN is a center with a good eye for passes and a high jump.

ANITA CADONAU has been a faithful player and has played side center the majority of the time. Anita stays close to her opponent and has her eye on the ball.

MARY MCCREA is reliable and sure as forward and can be counted on in shooting. She has practiced well and is becoming a fine player.

YVONNE SHEPHERD can keep a forward well guarded, and with practice and attention she will make a fine guard.

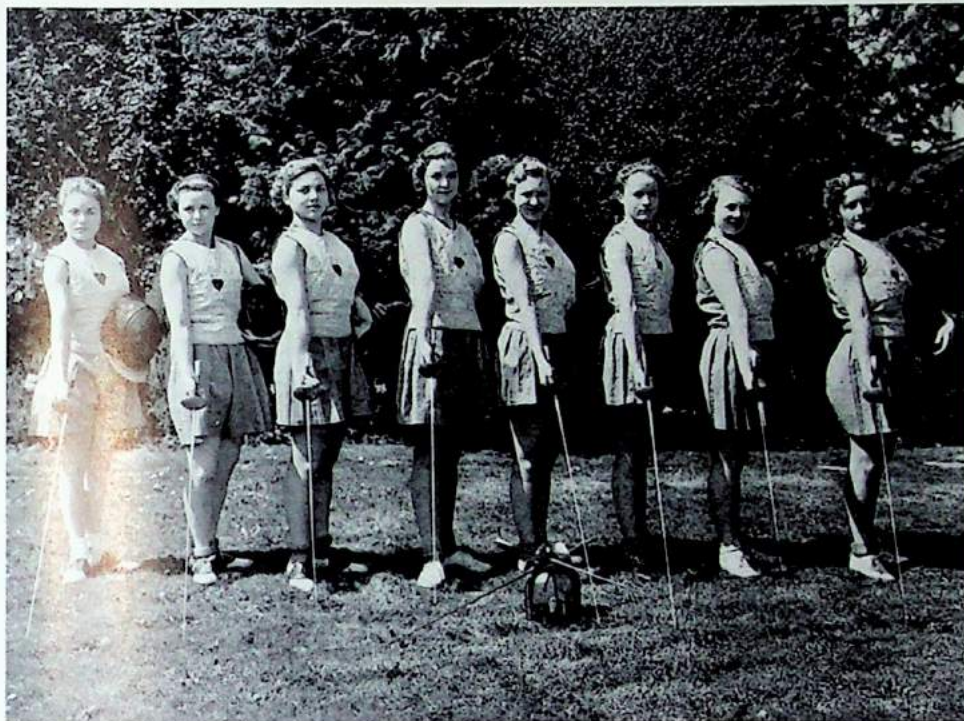
LILLIAN BROOKE is another good guard who can pass well and keep the forward well covered. Lillian has been constant in attendance at practices as well.

The team as a whole is made up of fine players who have unlimited possibilities, individually and as a group. The most important factor in a team of six is cooperation and the time-worn expression, teamwork. The basketball squad has worked hard, in the majority, and has shown remarkable sportsmanship and courage in spite of several defeats. The prophecy for next year is a team with passes and tactics which will prove effective against the hardest opponents, and the prospect of 1935-36 is most optimistic for the team.



Tennis

Because of inclement weather, the tennis season started rather late this spring. Senior and Junior tournaments were played, and also Doubles. A tennis team consisting of Peggy Krumbein, Phyllis Elder, Laddie Green and Nancy Alber was selected. We had some really fine matches this year, and we believe that there are some promising young players among our ranks.



Fencing

A great deal of interest was shown in Fencing this year. Lenore Lavanture and Mr. Knapp taught the class. A fencing ladder was drawn up and bouts were held to determine the winners. A gold medal was awarded to Charlotte Lee as first prize, a silver medal to Nannette Moore as second prize, and a bronze medal to Phyllis Natwick as third prize.



The Archery Club

The Archery Club was formed last fall, as about fourteen girls became interested in the sport. Jane Mount was elected president, and attractive gold pins, shaped like bows and arrows, were made.

When the weather is not too wet the members shoot to try to improve their scores. Each active member has her own set of arrows, and there are four bows belonging to the school.



Alpha Theta

The aim of Alpha Theta is to honor those girls who are outstanding in athletics and school loyalty, and to bring these girls into an active and influential group.

The group tries throughout its program to support the highest in athletic sportsmanship, and through the honor of membership which it places on certain students and through its activities to uphold the ideals for which the school stands.

The officers for the first term were Mary Kathryn Shoemaker, President; Marion Rosenblatt, Vice-President; and Helen Stone, Secretary-Treasurer. The second term officers were Maryalice Enos, President; Elsie Lou Green, Vice-President, and Dorothea James, Secretary-Treasurer.



Volley Ball

So many girls turned out for Volley Ball this year that two teams were chosen. Laddie Green was elected Captain of the Days and Yvonne Shepherd Captain of the Boarders' Team. The Days played the Boarders on November 21st and won three games out of five. Three Days and three Boarders were then chosen for a school team. On Wednesday, March 27th, they played the Junior College and defeated them 6-0.

CALENDAR

Calendar

SEPTEMBER 4

"Oh! did you have a good time this summer?" "Where did you go?" "What did you do?" was heard issuing from the dormitories as the Boarders busily proceeded to unpack their trunks and set their rooms in order.

SEPTEMBER 5

School started out this year with great enthusiasm. The Seniors were noticeably proud of their new desks in the back of study hall. With the help of the old girls, the new girls soon became accustomed to the Hall routine.

SEPTEMBER 7

The Boarders spent a delightful week-end at the Everglade, where they launched the canoes and boats for the first time this season. They also enjoyed swimming in the cool refreshing water.

SEPTEMBER 26

Amidst a great deal of laughter and excitement the new girls were initiated into the life of the Hall. This was at our Old Girl-New Girl party. Bright and original costumes were seen everywhere, while a large quantity of cider, doughnuts and apples was disposed of.

OCTOBER 5

Alpha Theta gave a rush tea again this year at the home of one of the members. Six girls were pledged into the organization.

OCTOBER 24

The annual faculty tea was given, at which the Juniors and Seniors helped serve and introduce the parents to the teachers.

OCTOBER 31

A Hallowe'en dance at Hill was attended by the Boarders and a number of the Day dodgers. Ah! we found fortune tellers there, who looked into our future, and altogether, everyone seemed to have a very enjoyable time.

NOVEMBER 2

Today the first edition of our school paper, "THE BLOTTER", appeared, and was sold in large numbers.

NOVEMBER 21

The Days proved to be the champion volley-ball players of the school, for they defeated the Boarders three games out of five.

NOVEMBER 28

Let's dance! The first Student Body dance was a great success, since there was an unusually large number present. Prizes were given to the best dancers.

NOVEMBER 28

Our Thanksgiving holidays arrived, and we were all looking forward to a turkey dinner, and a few days of good times.

DECEMBER 14

Instead of the usual Christmas Cantata, the Boarders presented a beautiful "Christmas Mystery Play", to which a number of the Day Dodgers were invited. Afterwards in the dormitories—hilarity, food and fun in abundance.

DECEMBER 18

We welcomed the beginning of the eagerly awaited Christmas holidays, which are exceptionally long this year.

DECEMBER 22

Today we gave a Christmas party for the children of the Fruit and Flower Mission. Refreshments were served and each child received a toy. They all had the time of their lives.

JANUARY 8

My! how time does fly! Here we are at school again. Vacation memories still linger, but nevertheless, we are glad to be back.

JANUARY 18

Our team defeated the Junior College today in the first basket-ball game of the year. The score was 25-18.

JANUARY 21

Why did everyone show such a sudden spurt of great industriousness today? Well, we know. Dear old exams began to spread their little havoc in our minds.

FEBRUARY 1

Oh! Oh! The team lost the game with Madeleine 32-23. Better luck next time.

FEBRUARY 8

The Alpha Thetas decided to be different and give a Buffet supper instead of another tea. The newly initiated members, especially, took great pleasure in selecting six new pledges.

FEBRUARY 13

Our girls were victorious in a basket-ball game with Washington High School. The score, 41-37.

We heard Mr. Edward O. Sisson of Reed College give us an interesting account of the life and the character of Abraham Lincoln.

FEBRUARY 14

This was an eventful day for many of us, since Sister Superior arranged a trip to Salem for us. We watched the process of passing bills in both of the State Houses, and were introduced personally to Governor Martin.

FEBRUARY 20

Alas! Though they fought valiantly, the team lost to St. Mary's, 32-23.

Today Miss Christine Larsen, who is instructor of the nurses at the Good Samaritan Hospital, talked to us on the training and opportunities in the nursing vocation. If any of the future Hall graduates are nurses we will know that her address helped to inspire them.

FEBRUARY 22

The annual track meet was held at Hill Military Academy, to which the Hall girls were invited.

FEBRUARY 23

Another Student Body dance! To the rhythmic strains of the orchestra we all had a splendid time. The dance hall was decorated in the patriotic red, white, and blue.

MARCH 1

The most exciting game of the year took place today. The good old team held its own against Washington, and the score was a tie, 34-34.

MARCH 11-15

Many of the music lovers enjoyed the operas which were presented this week at the civic auditorium. The favorite operas seemed to be "Aida" and "Madame Butterfly".

MARCH 14

We were honored today by having with us the Right Rev. James DeWolf Perry, who is the Presiding Bishop of the Church. He preached an extremely interesting sermon to us in the college chapel.

Tonight the Boarders sang in the choir at the mass meeting which was held at Trinity church. We again heard the Presiding Bishop preach.

MARCH 15

Holiday spirit is in the air, for our spring vacation begins today, and is just in time to save us from that well-known spring fever.

MARCH 22

The return game with St. Mary's was played. To our great disappointment our team was defeated.

MARCH 27

A most interesting address was given today in the college assembly hall. Mr. Burt Brown Barker, who is the vice-president of the University of Oregon, talked to us on the social customs of Japan. We learned many unusual facts about the Japanese.

MARCH 29

Our basket-ball season ended triumphantly when we defeated Madeleine 29-14.

APRIL 9

Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, who is president of Mills College, gave us a splendid lecture on "This Modern World, a Student's World".

APRIL 26

Before it was too late the Boarders had their dance, and although only radio music was available, they all had a marvelous time.

Old Girl-New Girl Party

Amidst color and merriment the Old Girls gave their annual party for the New Girls on September twenty-sixth. Displayed in the grand march were many original and intriguing costumes which made it extremely difficult for the teachers, who were the judges, to make a decision. After a brief pause, Frances Corfe, disguised as a lighthouse, was awarded the first prize. Yvonne Shepherd, masquerading as Rip Van Winkle, was the recipient of the second prize. The third prize went to Jean Littlepage and Carolyn Kamm, who were impersonating the Campbell's Soup children.

The rest of the evening's entertainment was supplied by the initiation of the new girls and teachers, after which the evening was concluded with dancing and refreshments.

Christmas Mystery Play

On the evening of December sixteenth the Boarders presented, in place of their annual Cantata, a Mystery Play in the auditorium. The leading parts were taken by Mary Helen Pruitt, Yvonne Shepherd, and Erma Darling. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all those who were present. Various day-students were guests of the boarders to spend the night and partook of an array of enticing refreshments.

Symphony and Opera

A number of the girls attended the Portland Symphony and Steers and Coman Concert Series for the 1934-1935 season. Included in the series were Daliez Frantz, Roland Hayes, Mary Garden, Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Le Rae, John Charles Thomas, and the Ballet Russe.

The San Carlo Opera Company which was in Portland from March eleventh to the sixteenth drew the interest of many of the girls. The operas which seemed to be the most popular in the estimation of many were "Madame Butterfly", "Aida", and "Faust".

Student Body Dances

Soft lights and sweet music, rendered by Hoyt Philips' orchestra, ushered in the first Student Body Dance of the year on Friday evening, November twenty-third. For the evening St. Helen's Hall was transformed into a modern Indian Tepee. Nancy Alber and Bill Neill, dancing to a melodious waltz, won the prize dance.

On Saturday night, February twenty-third, the second Student Body Dance was given, carrying out the idea of Washington's Birthday with red, white and blue decorations. To the swaying music of Jeb Goodell's orchestra, Jean Rankin and Don Sutherland won the prize dance.

APRIL 27

The Junior class gave a bridge tea style show, at which stylish and attractive clothes were modeled by a number of the Juniors. Delicious refreshments were served during the display.

MAY 1

Today Father Delaunay of Portland University gave a thoroughly interesting talk on school life in India.

The Boarders had the time of their lives today, for Sister Superior gave them a surprise party. After a long scenic drive on the Columbia River highway, they came to Viewpoint Hotel where they had supper. Afterwards Sister showed them an amusing movie called "Young April".

MAY 9

The May Fete proved to be one of the outstanding events of the Student Body activities. Mary Kathryn Shoemaker was crowned queen, and she was attended by six princesses and Laddie Green as master of ceremonies.

MAY 18

The Seniors attended the Alumnae Tea today and were received into the Alumnae Association.

JUNE 1

A balmy June night, a romantic moon, and the melodious tunes of the orchestra all helped to make our Junior Prom perfect. Only the thought of our leaving made our hearts a little heavy.

JUNE 2

Our Baccalaureate Sunday passed with the usual sentimental sadness on the part of the Seniors. The sermon was given at Trinity church, and afterwards a picnic lunch was served in the gymnasium. The unveiling of the Senior class picture then took place, and the DELPHICS were given out. Everybody was kept busy the rest of the day getting them autographed.

JUNE 3

This year the Senior class presented a Shakesporean play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream". The girls showed unusual dramatic ability and the Greek costumes gave a very lovely effect.

JUNE 4

Commencement! This was one of the greatest events of our lives, and although the Seniors were happy that they had at last reached their goal, they were saddened by the thought of bidding their last farewell to St. Helen's Hall.

GERALDINE HANNY.

BYRL BROWNE.

**MUSIC AND
ENTERTAINMENT**

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Boarders' Dance

The boarders invited guests to join them for an informal evening of dancing on Friday, April twenty-sixth, in the auditorium. Music for the party was furnished by the radio. Because this party was the first to follow the Lenten Season, it was received with great enthusiasm by all who were there.

Junior Bridge Style Show

A bridge style show was given on the afternoon of April twenty-seventh by the Junior Class. The first part of the afternoon was spent in playing bridge, and attractive prizes were presented to those having the highest scores. While tea was being served, many beautiful gowns and ensembles from Bartholomew Dress Shop were modelled by the Misses Nancy Alber, Cathryn Collins, Marion Condon, Verna Lee Franklin, Barbara Jones, Marguerite Peters, Betty Lou Roberts, and Ruth Rose Richardson.

Everglade

During the year many enjoyable weekends were spent at Everglade. Outdoor activities included swimming, canoeing, tennis, and hiking. Ping-pong, billiards, story-telling, and dancing afforded entertainment to the girls in the evenings. Before retiring, the girls frequently raided the kitchen to prepare a light lunch. We are sure that the girls who are leaving the Hall will miss the freedom and restfulness of those weekends at Everglade.

Junior-Senior Prom

After four memorable years together, the Seniors attended the Junior Prom, their last dance as students of St. Helen's Hall. The dance was given on Saturday evening, June first, in the auditorium, which was cleverly and artistically decorated. Although the Seniors were a little saddened with the thought of leaving, the bright and colorful formals and sweet strains of music made their last evening at the Hall a pleasant one.

HELEN STONE
PHYLLIS GRENFELL

OLD GIRL NOTES

Old Girl Notes

1934

Peggy Osborne is attending Oregon State College and is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

Margaret McMillan is attending the Dramatic Art Classes of the Junior College of St. Helen's Hall.

Martha Burkhart is studying at the University of Washington, and is a member of Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

Helen Jenkins was married this winter to Gordon Coward.

Esther Jobs is a student at Dana Hall, Boston.

Grace Natwick and Edith Kohlhase are attending the Junior College of St. Helen's Hall.

Betty Glaisyer, Jean Bay and Wahmita Mills are students at the University of Oregon.

Sally McCune is living in China this year.

Billie Reynolds and Dorothy Hill are students at Oregon State College and are members of Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

Betty Pownall, Jean Moir and Betty Baker are attending the University of Oregon and are members of Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

Ruth Johnson is a student at Pomona this year.

Ruth Smith is attending the University of Idaho.

Gretchen Smith is an Alpha Delta Pi at the University of Oregon.

Betty Watkins is attending Standford University.

Betty Zentbauer is a Delta Gamma at the University of Oregon.

1933

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

Josephine McGilchrist and Betty Jane Barr are at the University of Oregon and are members of Kappa Alpha Theta.

Doreen Plympton is at home this year.

1932

Anne Latourette was married this winter to Harry Paul Wolf.

Jane Myers is a Gamma Phi Beta at the University of Oregon.

Shirley Fulton is studying at the University of Oregon Extension School in Portland this year.

1931

Hannasue Watts was recently married to David Clark Steel.

Rhoda Holman was married this spring to Brockwell Statter.

Helen Stratton is working at the First National Bank.

Mary Beckwith and Susan Sargent are doing provisional work for the Junior League.

Peggy Cullers is a Senior at the University of Oregon.

1930

Marion Denton was married February 14th to Mr. George Sheahan and is living in Gearhart, Oregon.

Alice Devereaux was recently married to Mr. David Eccles.

Charlotte Schallenberger has announced her engagement to Mr. John Robins.

Sally Reed, Nancy Nevins and Isabelle Chandler are at the University of Oregon.

Marion Bilyeu is at home this year.

1929

Ardeanne Henningsen was married in Shanghai this spring to Wesley Wright.

Katherine James is a graduate nurse of the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Mildred Roberts has returned from studying the violin abroad and is appearing in concert.

1928

Louise Holford is doing Horticultural work in Dunthorpe.

Esther Kaser was married to Mr. Metzger in Juneau, Alaska, in December.

Mrs. John Edward Day (Majorie Holman) has a baby boy, John, Jr., born last fall.

Jean Adix is in her senior year at the North Pacific Dental College.

Jeanne Knapp is working at the Meier and Frank store.

Janet Wentworth is Society Editor of the Portland News-Telegram.

Barbara Clark is working in New York City.

1927

Imogene Wentworth announced her engagement at Christmas time to James F. McIndoe.

Jane Cullers was married last summer to Francis Heitkemper.

Mary Simmonds was married to Richard Musgrove and lives at Oswego Lake.

Rosamond Stricker has a studio in Portland and is doing art work.

Margaret Johnson was recently married and is residing in Los Angeles, Calif.

Mary Alice Meyer returned this fall from a trip to Honolulu.

1926

Mary Mildred Reynolds was married February 21st to Mr. George W. Story of San Francisco.

Marion Statter was recently married to Mr. James Grelle.

Helen Peters is a graduate nurse of the Yale Medical School, and is in the East.

Mrs. Robert Farrell (Nancy Carpenter) has a baby girl.

1925

Mrs. Duncan Sutpen (Celeste Proctor) has two children now, Joan Melissa, born January 22nd, and Duncan III, and is living in Dobbs Ferry, New York.

Mrs. Alexander Sargent (Catherine Martin) has charge of the Blue Cupboard Yarn Shop.

1924

Katherine Hart is spending the winter in the East.

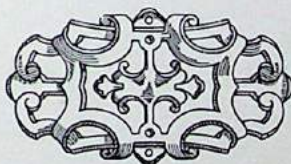
Edna Ellen Bell has recently returned from a visit to the Islands.

1921

Margaret Spencer was married to Mr. Sam Lockwood, Jr., this winter.

1920

Hylah Fraley is doing relief work at the East County Office.



Exchanges

The DELPHIC wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"RE-WA-NE"	Reno High School . . .	Reno, Nevada
"SATURA"	St. John Baptist School . .	Mendham, N. J.
"ACADEMIA"	St. Mary's Academy . . .	Portland, Oregon
"CARDINAL"	Lincoln High School . . .	Portland, Oregon
"LA REATA"	Saint Mary's Hall	San Antonio, Texas
"GARRULOUS PINE"	Miss Catlin's School . . .	Portland, Oregon
"THE SHIELD"	Annie Wright Seminary . .	Tacoma, Wash.
"CROFTONIAN"	Crofton House School . . .	Vancouver, B. C.
"FERRY TALES"	Ferry Hall	Lake Forest, Ill.
"THE INDIAN PAINT BRUSH"	Castilleja School	Palo Alto, Calif.
"THE CLIFFDWELLER"	University of Portland . .	Portland, Oregon
"CANTORIA"	St. Nicholas School . . .	Seattle, Wash.



HUMOR

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 Nannette: No. Can you?
 Peggy: Yes. My horse does.—*American Girl.*

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CONGRATULATIONS
to the
GRADUATING CLASS—JUNE 1935

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Phyllis G.: Waiter, how many calories are there in this soup?
Waiter: Ain't none, miss. Dis am a clean place.—*American Boy.*

* * * * *

According to proverbial Elizabeth S., if a hot dog were made of dog, it would be so hot.—*American Boy.*

* * * * *

Peggy (after lights went out): Did you open your window wide?
Gerry: Yes. I pulled the top all the way down and the bottom all the way up.—*American Boy.*

* * * * *

Sunny Maxine: Miss Maelsaac, what is the difference between a cat and a comma?
Miss Maelsaac: I'm sure I don't know.
Maxine: A cat has claws at the end of its paws while a comma is a pause at the end of a clause.—*American Boy.*

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1013 S.W. Morrison

Babe: Time me around the basket ball floor, Mr. Knapp.
Mr. Knapp: Wait until I get my calendar.—*American Boy.*

* * * * *

Salesman: This clock will last you a lifetime.
Dorothy F.: How can it when its hours are numbered?—*American Boy.*

* * * * *

Miss Stewart: Name an organ of the body.
Charlotte H.: Teeth.
Miss Stewart: What kind of an organ would they be?
Charlotte: A grind organ.—*American Boy.*

* * * * *

Geraldine (without her glasses): And this, I suppose, is another of those horrible portraits called art?

Shopkeeper: Excuse me, miss, but that's a mirror.—*American Girl.*

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 BROADWAY NEAR ALDER

Miss Stewart: Is there anything that hibernates in the summer?

Barbara: There's Santa Clause.—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Salesman: What kind of car would you like—four, six, or eight cylinders?

Timid Krummy: Couldn't I begin with one?—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Miss Smith: Mary Louise, give three proofs that the earth is round.

Mary Louise: Well, the book says it, you say it, and Mother said it.—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Grocer: We have some very nice string beans today.

Yvonne (ordering for the first time): How much are they a string?—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Miss MacIsaac: What is an iceberg then?

Laddie: Oh, I know! An iceberg is a permanent wave.—*American Girl.*

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929-616 S. W. Broadway

Miss Stewart: Your handwriting is terrible, Helen. You should do something about it.
Helen S.: I know, but if I improve it, you might find out how I spell.—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Miss Smith: What happened in 1483, Phyllis?

Phyllis N.: Luther was born.

Miss Smith: That's right. What happened in 1487?

Phyllis (after a long pause): Luther was four years old.—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Miss MacIsaac: Ruth, you must not laugh out loud in class.

Ruth: I'm terribly sorry. I really didn't mean to do it but I was smiling and the smile
broke.—*American Girl.*

* * * * *

Miss Smith: You're late today, Lucile.

Lucile: I'm sorry, Miss Smith, I fell down the steps.

Miss Smith: Well, that didn't take long, did it?—*American Girl.*

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Quoth Peter in her wiser moments: The latest Paris hats are on the lines of police helmets. The effect is said to be quite arresting.—*American Girl*.

* * * * *

Janet M.: I can tell you the score of a football game before it starts.

Margaret: You can not.

Janet: I can so. The score is nothing to nothing before the game starts.—*American Girl*.

* * * * *

Speaker at Assembly: I'm exceedingly glad to see such a dense crowd here today.

Dorothy F. (whispering): Don't be too glad. We aren't all dense.—*American Girl*.

* * * * *

Miss Smith: And so they hanged one of the two thieves and shot the other.

Gloria: Why didn't they hang both?

Evelyn (after a pause): I guess they only had one rope.

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BURNSIDE AT THIRTEENTH
Portland, Oregon

Miss Peterson: What does "Retournez a vos coquilles (butterflies)" mean?

Caroline S.: What? Oh, return to your—to your crocodiles.

* * * * *

CHEMIST'S DICTIONARY

OXIDE: Valuable skin taken from a four-legged animal, used to manufacture leather goods.

ZINC: Black or blue liquid smeared on paper by means of a pen to get a grade.

COLLOID: To strike with force against each other.

PHENOL: Adjective meaning the conclusion, or the very last, as in "This is phenol".

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