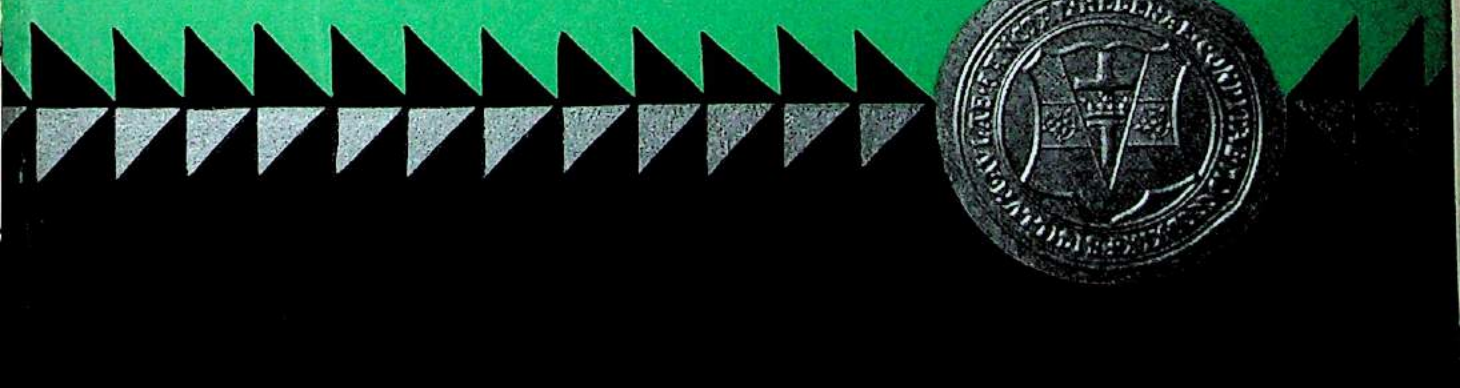
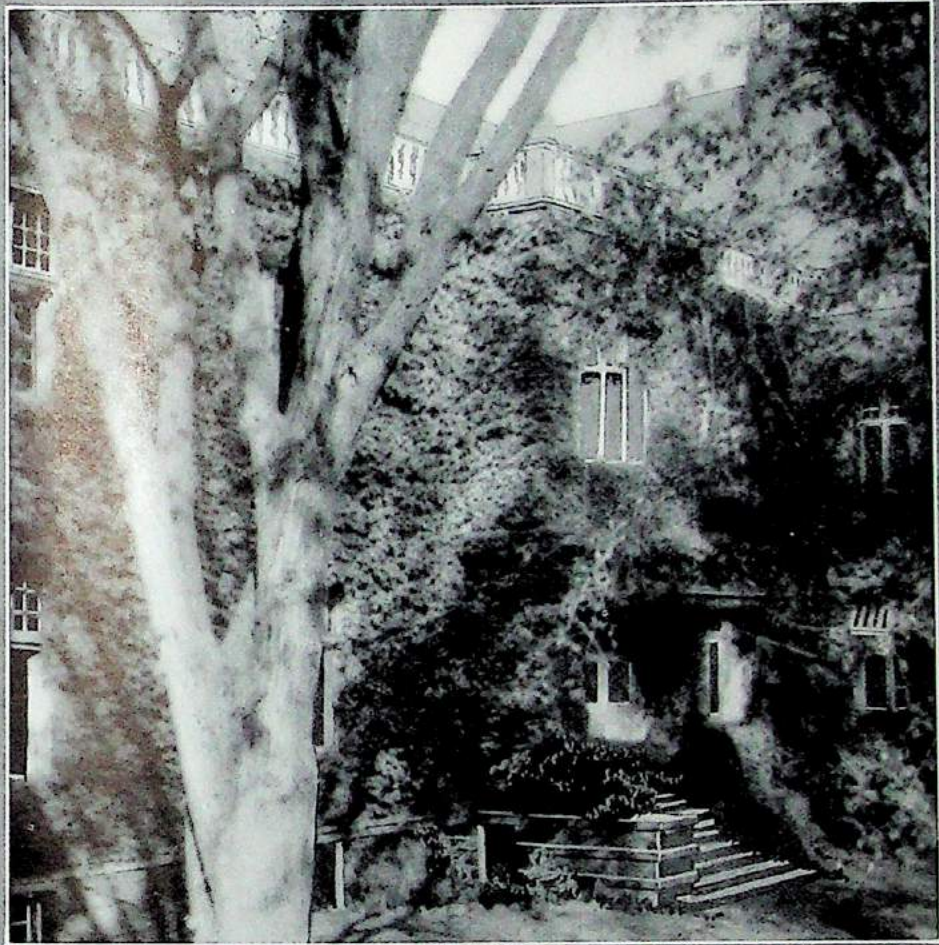


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ELPHIC

1934





ST. HELEN'S HALL

The DELPHIC

St. Helen's Hall

of Portland, Oregon

1933 » 1934

CONTENTS

Frontispiece

Faculty

Seniors

Delphic Staff

School Honors

Literary

Athletics

Calendar

Exchanges

Old Girl Notes

Humor

Advertisements

OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS

RECTOR

THE RIGHT REVEREND WALTER TAYLOR SUMNER THE BISHOP OF OREGON

CHAPLAIN

THE REVEREND JAY CLAUD BLACK
S. T. B. Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Illinois
Graduate Work, University of Grenoble, France

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCE

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

HELEN W. SHUMAN	University of Oregon, B. A.	<i>Mathematics</i>
NAN A. KNAPP	Temple University, Philadelphia	<i>Physical Director</i>
EMMA JO STEWART	Reed College, B. A. University of Washington, M. S.	<i>Basic Sciences</i>
MILDRED MEYERS	Oregon Normal School	<i>Lower School</i>
HELEN OLSEN	Oregon Normal School	<i>Lower School</i>
LORINE PETERSON	Reed College, B. A.	<i>Languages</i>
ENA MARSTON	Mills College, B. A. Radcliffe College, M. A. Mills College, M. A.	<i>English</i>
SUSANNE COCAINE	Diploma de Tours	<i>French</i>
TANYA SCHREIBER	Agricultural University, Berlin, Germany School of Belles-Lettres, Nice, France University of Naples, Italy	<i>Languages</i>
MARY WAKEFIELD	University of Chicago, B. A.	<i>English, Latin</i>
ERNESTINE SMITH	University of Michigan, B. A. University of Michigan, M. S.	<i>History, Geography</i>
HELEN MCCORMICK	University of Washington, B. A.	<i>Secretarial</i>
W. HOWARD KNAPP	Temple University of Philadelphia Graduate Work, Yale University	<i>Fencing Instructor</i>
RUTH MCMURTREY	North Eastern State Teachers' College, Oklahoma	<i>Lower School</i>

MUSIC AND ARTS

- PAULINE MILLER CHAPMAN *Voice*
- CONSTANCE ROTH FOLTS *Dramatics*
 University of Oregon, B. A.
 Sam Hume's School of the Theatre for Teachers, Berkeley, California
- JOCELYN FOULKES *Piano*
 Pupil of Malwin Bree, Vienna
 Repertoire and Interpretation with Percy Grainger
- DEAN COLLINS *Radio Writing*
 Dallas College, B. A., B. M.
 University of Oregon, B. A., B. M.
- LIVIA B. MARSTERS *Piano*
 University of Oregon, B. A.
 Progressive Series Graduate
- WILLIAM WALLACE GRAHAM *Violin*
 Royal School, Berlin, Germany
- MABEL HALL-SMITH *Glee Club, Voice*
 New England Conservatory
- ANNE O'REILLY KROMER *'Cello*
 Member of Portland Symphony Orchestra
 Pupil of Van Vilet, New York, and Ferdinand Conrad, Portland
- KATHERINE LAIDLAW *Aesthetic Dancing*
 Pupil of Ruth St. Denis
- JANE O'REILLY *Violin*
 Pupil of Stassevitch, New York, and Rex Underwood, Eugene, Oregon
- LOUISE M. THOMSON *Art, Piano*
 Guildhall School of Music, London
 Interpretation of Modern Music under Louis Vicar Saar, 1927
- DR. W. S. KNOX *School Physician*

Seniors





ESTHER JOBES
President



BILLIE REYNOLDS
Vice-President



JEAN MOIR
Secretary-Treasurer



1934



BETTY BAKER



JEAN BAY



MARTHA BURKHART



BETTY GLAISYER

DOROTHY HILL



HELEN JENKINS

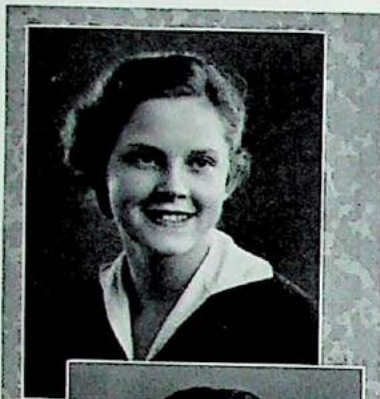


RUTH JOHNSON



EDITH KOHLHASE





SALLY McCUNE



MARGARET McMILLAN



WAHNITA MILLS



GRACE NATWICK

PEGGY OSBORNE



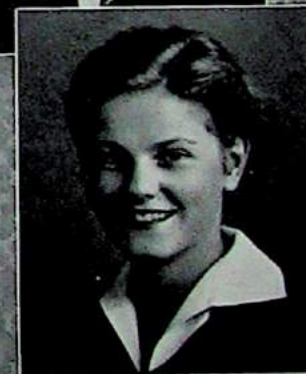
BETTY POWNALL



GRETCHEN SMITH



RUTH SMITH





BETTY WATKINS

BETTY ZEHNTBAUER



THE STUDENT BODY

Although St. Helen's Hall has always had its class officers and Student Council, until the past year it has not had any organization in which every student might take part. The senior class of 1934 felt this lack of self-government, therefore, under its supervision the student body was originated and has become a permanent addition to our school activities. Much of the credit for the success of our experiment should go to Dorothy Hill, first Student Body President, and to Peggy Osborne, our present President. Under their direction we have enjoyed monthly entertainments, dances, and benefit parties.



DELPHIC STAFF

1933 - 1934

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Gretchen Smith
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Betty Watkins
<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>	Peggy Bernard
<i>Calendar</i>	Sally McCune, Wahanita Mills
<i>Old Girl Notes</i>	Jean Moir
<i>Athletics</i>	Ruth Smith
<i>Exchanges</i>	Ruth Johnson, Betty Pownall
<i>Music and Entertainment</i>	Esther Jobes, Martha Burkhart
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	Peggy Osborne
<i>Assistant Manager</i>	Billie Reynolds
<i>Staff</i>	Jean Bay, Grace Natwick, Helen Jenkins Betty Baker, Betty Zehntbauer, Edith Kohlhas
<i>Business Manager</i>	Dorothy Hill
<i>Assistant Manager</i>	Betty Glaisyer

PROPHECY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

WHILE sitting in my lonely study a few short nights ago,
I wondered if ten years would fly or if it would seem slow.
Unconsciously I fell to thinking of this curious thing
And soon discovered I could fathom what passing years would bring.
First, across my mind there pass, alighting from a gurney,
Betty Baker and husband "four" on their wedding journey.
Helen Jenkins I recall. "At what is she most able?"
Imagination sees her managing her livery stable.
Other pictures swiftly fly across my shadowy stage.
Jean Moir, now leader of a band, draws a princely wage.
Gretchen Smith bears well the honors greatness brings her way,
And to her well-earned fame she adds new laurels every day.
Edith Kolhase? 'Tis many a year since classmates saw her face.
A Duke's undoing was her French; so in Paris lives Her Grace.
Glaisyer's sunny face does smile upon her audience
As they watch her with her lions, in horror and suspense.
Beeze and Sally live together and share each other's labors;
They drink their tea and pet their cats and talk about their neighbors.
Wahnita stands upon a corner with a tambourine;
A kind Salvation lassie is she, with her lovely mien.
Margaret's fulfilled her youthful promise—an artist great is she.
She draws a charming baby cart, holding her youngest three.
"I'd rather be right than president," Peggy used to say.
She's president of the Waiters' Union. Has she had her way?
A mighty speaker I encounter, master of men's hearts,
Our old schoolmate, Billie Reynolds, selling apple tarts.
And Marty Burkhart, good old dame, is now a farmer's wife.
She feeds the pigs and milks the cows and leads the "simple life."
"Only standing room!" I hear; while the crowd does wildly call.
I stop, intrigued by the commotion, and find the star's Pownall.
"What is Jobs' profession now? Whatever does she do?"
"Esther teaches," comes the answer, "Latin at the U."
Doctor Watkins—says a sign. Then at a speed quite dizzy,
The doctor drives up to the door, and I recognize our Lizzie.
Grace as a missionary went to a cannibalistic nation
And made just seven courses for their jubilee collation.
Ruth Johnson, champion of her sex, upholder of their rights,
Splendid star of the rostrum, shines above the lesser lights.
Here is Dot on her vacation from the cares of state
As president of this great nation, on the New Deal slate.
A lone maid, Jean Bay, has wealth to make the heart rejoice.
She thought all the boys so handsome, she ne'er could make a choice.
Teachers, juniors, all the classes, sped through my fitful dream,
And then I wondered if in life all things are what they seem.

RUTH SMITH, '34.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, THE CLASS OF 1934, possessed of a sound mind and sounder judgment, as has been the custom of our predecessors, do hereby, with aching hearts, solemnly draw up our last will and testament for those whom we leave behind.

- I, Esther Jobes, will my gym suit to Peter Pruitt.
- I, Helen Jenkins, will my blase attitude to Janet Crosse.
- I, Wahnita Mills, will my expressive crooning to Jean Groves.
- I, Gretchen Smith, will my trials as an editor to Peggy Bernard.
- I, Dorothy Hill, will my ability to do the wrong thing at the right time to anyone who does the right thing at the wrong time.
- I, Betty Pownall, will my prim, lady-like manners to Betty Sumner.
- I, Ruth Smith, will my school stockings to Ruth Simmonds.
- I, Margaret McMillan, will my Garboish traits, feet included, to Nancy Stratton.
- I, Betty Zehntbauer, will my reputation as a danseuse to Dorothea James.
- I, Ruth Johnson, will my fraternity pin to Laddie Green.
- I, Peggy Osborne, will my ability to "get my man" to Jean Anders.
- I, Sally McCune, will my coquetry to M'liss Loeding.
- I, Martha Burkhart, will my bangs to Dorothy Jane Furnish.
- I, Jean Moir, will my red hair to Jean Farrens.
- I, Billie Reynolds, will my ability to "beat around the bush" to Charlotte Lee.
- I, Jean Bay, will my golden tresses to Marion Condon.
- I, Betty Glaisyer, will my ability to detect inconsistency to Margaret Kribs.
- I, Betty Baker, will my interest in Hill uniforms to my sister, Pat.
- I, Grace Natwick, will my devastating smile to Elinor Bakke.
- I, Edith Kohlhasse, will my sophistication to Ankey Larrabee.
- I, Betty Watkins, will my dramatic ability to Jean Latourette.

We, the Class of '34, will our Senior lunch table to the Juniors, our ability to enjoy ourselves completely to the Sophomores, and our serene dignity to the Freshmen.

In Memoriam



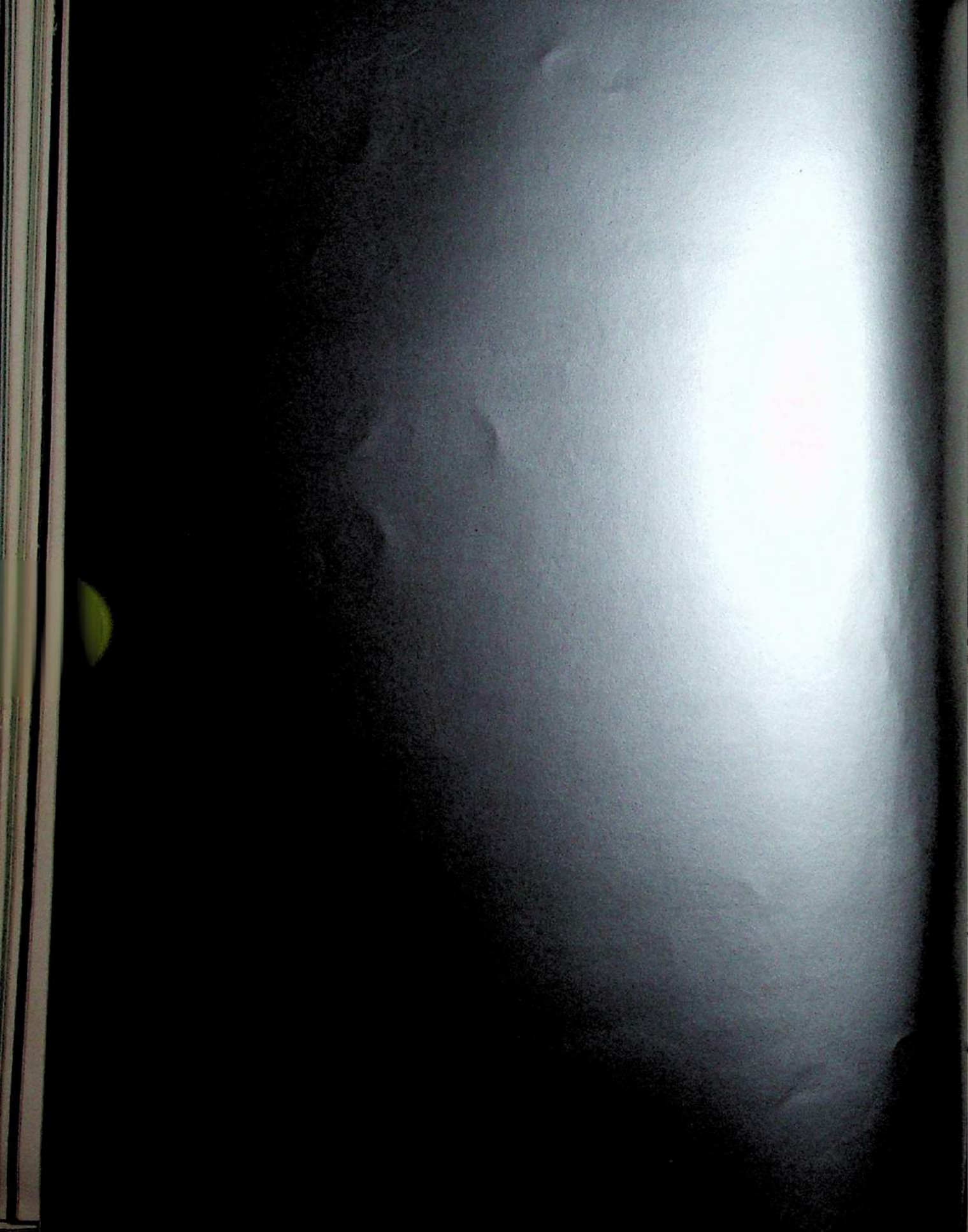
Elizabeth Heckman

For four years Elizabeth Heckman was a student at the Hall. Her face was always happy and cheerful, and her laughter still rings in our ears when her name is mentioned. We little realized when she graduated in 1931 that she was to be with us so short a time.

Her loss is deeply felt by those who knew her at St.

Helen's Hall.

Literature



SCHOOL HONORS

Pittock Cup for French	Eleanor Luper VI
Alumnae Cup for Latin	Eleanor Luper VI
Holford Cup for Sacred Studies	Louise Harlan VI
American Legion Certificate of Honor	Anne McLean II
Pin and Testimonial Awarded to the Boarder Having the Highest Average in Good Citizenship	Jane Blair VI
Gift from Mrs. John S. Parke to the Girl Who on All Occasions Is Most Courteous and Helpful	Peggy Osborne V
National Colonial Daughters Medal and Certificate	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">}</div> <div style="text-align: left;"> <p>Kathryn Rogers I</p> <p>Georgia Littlepage III</p> <p>Carolyn Kamm III</p> <p>Margaret Mary Rice II</p> <p>Peggy Lou Smith III</p> <p>Betty Sumner II</p> </div> </div>
Bishop Sumner Cup for Archery	Eleanor Luper VI
Alumnae Association Pin Given to the Senior of Good Scholarship Who Has Most Actively Contributed to the School Life	Betty Tubbs VI

The Beekman prize, offered annually by the Oregon Historical Society, this year gave honorable mention in the Jason Lee statewide contest to Louise Harlan, a Senior, and Irene Soehren, Junior College. Books on the history of the Oregon constitution were awarded to each girl.

TENNIS

Cup donated by the Alpha Theta Club won by	Eleanor Luper in the Senior Singles
Cup donated by the Sophomore Class won by	Sally McCune in the Junior Singles
Cup donated by Jane Tennison won by	Elaine Tubbs in the Beginner's Singles
Cups donated by Junior Class and Alpha Theta Club for Doubles between Days and Board- ers won by	Eleanor Luper and Ruth Smith

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.

Louise Harlan VI
Gretchen Smith V
Anita Cadonau IV

Peggy Lou Smith III
Alice Freeze III
Peggy Krumbein IV

Elaine Tubbs III

Honorable mention went to Georgia Littlepage, who would have received a first testimonial had she been here the whole year required by the rules.

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 Jane Barr VI
Jeanette Jones VI
Frances Miller VI
Betty Tubbs VI

Betty Baker V
Sally McCune V
Peggy Bernard IV
Lillian Brooke IV
Louise Good III

Dorothy Furnish IV
Geraldine Hanny IV
Margaret Holford IV
Marion Clark III

CHAPEL

I WONDER how many of us ever stop to consider how fortunate we are in being able to attend services in our beautiful Chapel. It is, indeed, a pleasure to feel that, after our Matins service, we have begun the day with God's blessing. The idea of beginning the school day with an appropriate morning service seems to lend an entirely different tone to our whole day's work.

We cannot help realizing, as we enter Chapel, wearing our veils—the organ softly playing—the cross going on ahead—how beautiful and symbolic is the picture. It is a pleasant thought that then, when we are all together, the true spirit of St. Helen's Hall is with us.

For, as we all know, the spirit of religious guidance is one of the fundamental principles of St. Helen's Hall. It is the realization of God's eternal love and protection that means much in all our lives.

As we, the class of 1934, leave the Hall and go out into the world, may that spirit ever be with us, shining around us throughout the years to come—the true spirit of St. Helen's Hall.

ESTHER JOBES, '34.

A SHORT RESUMÉ OF THE HISTORY OF ST. HELEN'S HALL

"St. Helen's Hall was established originally as Spencer Hall in Milwaukee in 1861. It was opened as St. Helen's Hall in Portland in 1869."—Quoted from the Seventh Annual Convention Report, 1895.

SPENCER HALL was named for a Captain Spencer, who gave a generous sum for establishing the school. His niece, Catherine Wolfe, contributed to the founding and maintenance of St. Helen's Hall a little later on.

The growth and development of the Hall is the outcome of the seed of faith planted and nurtured by Bishop B. Wister Morris and his sister-in-law sixty-five years ago, just a few years after the settlement of Portland itself.

The early history of the school is indeed interwoven with that of the city as a whole. The ground upon which this original school was built was secured through the liberality of Mr. John D. Wolfe and his daughter, Catherine, of New York City. St. Helen's Hall, with Miss Mary B. Rodney as the principal, was opened September 6, 1869, on the site where the present City Hall stands. She was educated at St. Mary's Hall in Burlington, New Jersey, and her idea was to found a St. Mary's on the west coast. After she arrived, however, she found a Roman Catholic Convent by the same name well established in this city, so she decided to name the school after the Mother of Constantine the Great who was converted to Christianity by him. This, coupled with the fact that the great snow peak, St. Helen, overlooked the city as a sentinel, settled the question of the name. The school progressed, blessed from the beginning, and for twenty-one years was maintained in its original location.

By 1890 Portland had become a large city. St. Helen's Hall was too much in the heart of the business section and, as the site was wanted for the City Hall, it was sold. Property was then secured on Vista Avenue—much against the comments and criticism of those who felt that it would then be too far out in the country and quite inaccessible for day students. Bishop Morris went right ahead, however, and laid the corner stone on June 9, 1890, with the same faith and courage as before. At this time, the school offered primary, grammar, and high school grades. A little later on Miss Rodney felt this was not sufficient, and a course was added which corresponded to the modern post-graduate or collegiate courses. This advanced work has always been the aim of St. Helen's Hall.

Miss Mary B. Rodney died April 15, 1896, and the work was carried on by her sisters, the Misses Lydia and Clementina Rodney, until the close of the school year. The next year Miss Eleanor Tebbetts became the principal until January, 1904, when, by the request of the Board of Trustees, the Community of St. John Baptist took charge of the school.

In 1914 the St. Helen's Hall historic building was practically destroyed by fire. It was deemed inadvisable to attempt to rehabilitate the edifice, and it was later razed to the ground.

Preparations were made for carrying on the work of the school. For temporary quarters the gymnasium in an adjoining block was utilized, and "Bishopcroft" on Portland Heights housed the few boarding students, as Bishop Scadding had passed to his rest the previous spring and Bishop Sumner had not yet come to the Diocese.

School opened September 13 for the regular fall term, the classes meeting in the gymnasium. After Bishop Sumner came to the Diocese, the Boarding Department moved to old "Bishopcroft" on 19th and Everett streets, and after various vicissitudes, arrangements were made in 1918 to move the school to the present site, the old Portland Academy. The building was rented till 1920, and, although it was purchased then as a permanent home for the school, the large mortgage on it was not cancelled till March 4, 1927.

As the school grew, the first crying need was for a separate building for the lower school, as the rooms they occupied were really needed by the overflowing high school. There also was needed a place for the entertainments, as the plays had to be given in our open-air gymnasium, regardless of the weather, and dances were given in the study hall. This meant unscrewing desks and chairs, a big piece of work. So a combination building to house the Lower School and to take care of all entertainment was erected. This proved more than satisfactory for two years, and then again we had to enlarge the assembly hall. No sooner had we gotten all this to our satisfaction than we found ourselves confronted with the necessity of enlarging our post graduate work.

A new ruling was made by the University of Oregon that no credit would be given for any post graduate work in any school after 1931, so it was decided in August, 1932, to start a Junior College.

This new venture was so favorably received in the city that the next school year we had to close our Freshman enrollment for lack of room. The Lower School building had to be given over to the College, and again, room for the children had to be made in the high school building, thereby causing much overcrowding. Again we were faced with building or giving up the college. Thus on December 28 ground was broken for the new College wing, and when the girls returned from Spring Vacation, March 19, the building was ready for occupancy.

On January 10, at a simple ceremony, attended by the faculty, student body, and members of the Board of Trustees, Bishop Sumner turned the first official spade of earth for the College chapel. By a strange coincidence, Mary Janelle, who acted as flag bearer during the ceremony, is the daughter of Mrs. J. A. Janelle, who attended the laying of the cornerstone of the former St. Helen's Hall, then situated on Vista Avenue and St. Clair Street, in 1890 by Bishop B. Wister Morris.

This beautiful new chapel was opened with a special service at which Bishop Sumner gave a short address, giving the keynote, so to speak, of this new venture.

The College offers a liberal arts course, and the majority of students pursue the general curriculum in arrangement of courses based on this principle, that their first two years should be devoted to obtaining a broad foundation of work in languages, literature, science, the social sciences, and the two schools of Journalism and Home Economics.

The building has five science laboratories, stage and work room, large recreation hall, executive offices, class and conference rooms, a college chapel and an assembly hall. In this chapel we are putting a memorial window for Miss Mary Rodney from funds collected for this purpose. The chapel holds the entire college and is being enthusiastically welcomed. Last but not least, there is a large library extending all across the north end of the building, beautifully lighted and with a very useful and attractive gallery. In this gallery we have put our small but valuable Rodney Memorial library as a nucleus for future gifts.

This further development of the school enables it to extend its fields of usefulness. St. Helen's Hall has been an important factor in the educational life of Oregon, and the Junior College, the demand for which was so strongly manifested, is an example of that importance. This added department is not in competition with the higher educational institutions, but is supplementary and auxiliary to them.

Our beautiful Lake Oswego place, secured three years ago for recreational purposes for the school, is also much enjoyed by the college students. It is not strange that this property, which was originally part of the seventy acres owned by the Diocese under Bishop Scott in 1856, was sold by him for less than we paid for our beautiful but small lots, because he considered the property but a wilderness which would never be developed.

We are hoping in the spring to have the formal function of the laying of the corner stone, and as we are using the original stone of 1890, which ties up the present history of the school with its historic past, we trust that we shall have with us on that occasion many of the alumnae and others of all the classes from the beginning.

EDITORIAL

WE, THE CLASS OF 1934, stand with eager feet, ready to step into the future which holds for us so much—or so little. And perhaps it is because we suddenly realize that no more as students may we wander happily through these familiar halls that a seriousness steals over us. We look anxiously back into the years that we are leaving behind. Have we appreciated our opportunities? Have we realized the true importance of each day's offerings? A half fear takes possession of us, for at last we know that it is for this unknown and mysterious future into which we must step that the Sisters and the faculty of St. Helen's Hall have been endeavoring so earnestly to make us ready.

If only we could live the four years over again, how truly splendid they would be! This of course we cannot do, but we can say to the underclassmen, all of whom in the course of time will stand where we stand today, "Follow not in our footsteps, but in the footsteps we wish, as we look longingly back, we had made." And we offer most humbly this advice: "Take up each course with a cooperative spirit. Cooperate with the instructor. It is for you she is working, not against you. See her point of view, and then work with her earnestly and cheerfully to get all the good she is trying to give you." We say this to you because we want you, when you are seniors, to look back triumphantly over the four years you will be leaving behind.

It is true that in spite of our indifference, our carelessness, our youthful lack of appreciation, the Sisters and teachers have given us much, mentally, morally, and spiritually, that will help us to keep our feet firmly on the ground when we, with other men and women, must meet the problems of life; and we wish to thank them for their patience, their unselfishness, and their understanding.

And again from the bottom of our hearts, we say to those who are coming after us: "Get the right 'set up' for the 'radios' of your minds and hearts, so that, when you 'tune in,' the joy and wisdom which these dear old halls and class rooms hold for you will not be lost in the noise of foolish 'static'."

EDITORIAL

ST. HELEN'S HALL as an educational institution is not antiquated and stagnant, but living and growing. From the experiences of sixty-five years, it retains only that which is useful in the educational world, and discards the useless and outworn. The school is not a field for risky experiments, but is alive to the modern tempo, which is reflected from the progressive Sisters and intelligent faculty to the receptive students.

While we have attended St. Helen's Hall during the past four years, the school has been enormously improved and enlarged. In the high school division, Alpha Theta, the school athletic club, has been formed, and the Student Body Organization has been established. A great new project, the St. Helen's Hall Junior College, has been conceived and established during the past two years. Within these two years, a faculty has been built up, a library collected, the new building completed, and the college accredited.

We who have been students of St. Helen's Hall during these years are very proud of what has been accomplished. We are happy to have attended the school during this period of creative growth. Yet growth is not unusual for St. Helen's Hall. The girls who attend this school know that those who administer its policies are never quite satisfied with its enormous progress. They are always building, rebuilding, changing, creating. As long as this spirit predominates, St. Helen's Hall will progress and will become an increasingly vital educational force.

BAGUIO MARKET

AN ORIENTAL market place! Brilliant and noisy, seething under the tropic sun. A myriad of colors, a babble of strange tongues, a commingling of unpleasant odors—this is the Baguio market.

I soon begin to distinguish separate details amidst the terrific din and the bizarre melee of the market place. Everyone has come to do his weekly shopping. Above the sounds of squealing pigs and crying children, the natives haggle over prices or exchange the latest gossip. But these natives are strange people. Most colorful among the throngs are the Igorotes, come in from the mountains, head hunters, some of them, to this day. Their squat bodies bend under staggering loads, as they hurry to and fro. They look twice as ferocious as the more numerous Tagalogs, who appear more prosperous and civilized, some of them even wearing American garments. These superior persons strut about the market place, the envy of all. Liberally interspersed among the crowd are miscellaneous, fat brown babies, who toddle about, looking exactly alike. It yet remains a mystery to me how they are distinguished from one another.

Having become accustomed to these strange people, I turn my attention to the indiscriminately displayed wares offered for sale. Beside a tempting melon or box of famous Baguio strawberries, the artistic shopkeeper places a basketed pig, for sale, and above the rest he arranges his most delicate orchids. The buyer is lured, according to his taste, by the pig or the flowers. Within the hot, stuffy stall is displayed everything for which Luzon is famous—silver and copper ornaments, carved shells and mother-of-pearl objects, Igorote cloth, so much in demand in our own country, and grotesquely carved statues and figurines from the mountain tribes. The last fascinate me most, although the wicked-looking bolo knives of all sizes claim some attention. My imagination makes the atmosphere suddenly ominous; so I rush back into the safety of the noise and glare and confusion.

Dozens upon dozens of similar stalls compose the market. On its outskirts the poorer sellers spread their wares under the blazing sun. The brilliant colors of their wares give the effect of beds of tropical plants, suddenly sprung from the ground.

As I leave the market by one of the narrow streets of picturesque Baguio, I am conscious of having visited an alien, truly foreign place. I go, treasuring a unique memory, for the influence of modern civilization is already creeping in—slowly, but inevitably.

SALLY McCUNE, '34.

AN APPRECIATION OF A FRIEND

IT WAS in nineteen hundred and thirty-one we met, just three years ago. No three years could ever bring to me a friend more dear.

"Love is prone to magnify," but magnify as it may, it will never be able to reflect the true character of Helen. The depth which lies beneath her sunny smiles can be comprehended only through years of sincerest friendship. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us, "If we could find but one to whom we can speak but of our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we could have no ground of quarrel with the world or God!"

To me Helen is beautiful. Her whole being breathes a gentle sweetness. She lends a charm, delicate and indefinable, to all. If one is sad, she gives a tender understanding and comfort. She shares one's joys with unselfish enthusiasm—making the happiness of the occasion more radiant with her warmth.

Her ideals are high, and she raises others to her standard, not by idle, useless words but by actions accordant with her ideals.

I wish that all might know her as I know her, love her as I love her, "for her friendship is and always will be a light to guide me on my way."

PEGGY BERNARD, '35.

ON LOVE

When I consider love and its few days:
A wreath of smoke that lingers in our eyes,
A kiss that burns before the passion dies,
A winter sun that shines with heatless rays,
A mask of pretense which our faith betrays,
A spell that's quickly cast and swiftly flies
And leaves us asking—hearing no replies,
I wonder that we seek love's restless ways.

Oh, peace, the heritage of yester-year,
The alabaster stillness Athens taught,
The waves that beat eternally on the shore,
The calm beyond our passion's troubled sphere,
Release us from these gusts of reckless thought,
And give us of thy beauty evermore.

BETTY WATKINS, '34.

AN INDIAN LEGEND

LONG ago, when Indians were the happy possessors of much of this western country, the Oswego Indians, after whom the town of Oswego is named, were camped on the bluffs above the lake. The chief of this tribe had a marriageable daughter, White Moon. Her father had selected for her husband, Waluga, a shrewd, sly warrior, the leader of seven independent tribes. This wedding was much favored by the great chief because it would increase the size of his already immense clan.

For many months it had seemed that White Moon would marry a young Indian from a far-off land whom every one knew she loved dearly. He was generally popular, but all the Indians wished White Moon to marry a man of their own tribe and to bear a son to grow up and become the successor of the Great Chief. White Moon was ordered never to see the young warrior again; so he returned with a sad heart to his own tribes, and after some months it was rumored that he had been killed in war. White Moon received the news quietly, letting no one see the sorrow that filled her heart.

Days passed and preparations for the wedding with Waluga were completed. The day of the ceremony was at hand.

The great group of Indians, gathered upon the cliff over-hanging the lake, were conscious of the beauty of the night. The moon was slowly rising through the sky, and the water shimmered in its rays. The Indians danced about the fire to the music of their own singing and that of the tomtoms. In a large but somewhat smoky tent White Moon sat, receiving her last blessings from the medicine man. She was dressed in the splendor which the Indian ceremony demanded.

The singing had become louder and louder, and then suddenly it stopped. The moon had reached its height, and instinctively all eyes turned toward the tent of White Moon. She had stepped from its entrance and was walking majestically toward the raised mound at the edge of the cliff. She was accompanied by several Indian maidens, walking slowly at her side. From the other direction Waluga and the Great Chief approached. Suddenly a tall Indian youth stepped from the shadows. For an instant White Moon paused; then, with a cry of joy she ran into the outstretched arms of the young warrior. The great group of Indians sat as if spellbound, watching the lovers. And then—before any one realized what was happening—the two figures leaped hand in hand over the edge of the cliff and vanished beneath the sparkling waters. Although the Indians searched, they never found a sign of the young couple.

It is a legend among the Indians that the young warrior had returned from the "Happy Hunting Ground" for White Moon and that he carried her back where they could live forever in eternal happiness.

PEGGY LOU SMITH, '36.

HAMLET, THE IDEALIST

AN IDEALIST? Yes, Hamlet was just that. He had idealized life since childhood. He believed everyone to be like himself, honest, straightforward, and idealistic. All his life he had loved and respected his father and mother. Never had he known sadness or evil. The sudden death of his father, followed by the hasty marriage of his mother, broke down his faith in human nature. What is sadder than an idealist disillusioned? What did life hold for him? He knew that it was his duty to avenge his father's murder, and at first he acted as though he might accomplish his purpose. But having lived an intellectual life, having read book after book, having thought deeply on many subjects, he could but stop to consider all angles of the case. He planned so many courses of action that he did not have the power of pursuing any particular one. In the first place, his deep moral sense made murder repulsive to him. Even though Hamlet hated Claudius for killing his father, he recoiled from avenging the murder.

Hamlet had no one with whom he could talk over this terrible duty. He first turned to his love, Ophelia; but when he learned that she was a tool in the king's and Polonius' hands, he became still more embittered. The courtiers, quite ordinary people, could not understand his motives and feelings, his scruples and hesitations. Many of them could have met a practical crisis in life much better than could this gentle idealist.

Once Hamlet had shrunk from immediate action, he exhausted his imagination thinking of excuses to avoid the necessity of revenge. He feigned madness, so that he could fight out the battle with himself. It also gave him the opportunity to relieve his troubled mind by making ironical thrusts at those whom he despised.

During his pretended madness, he was thinking always of other ways of postponement. He made himself believe that he was acting wisely in proving without a doubt that the spirit which had appeared to him had accused Claudius justly. Naturally, being interested in the stage, he realized that the play was the thing wherein he would catch the conscience of the king. His plan was successful, and the obstacle of doubt was removed from Hamlet's mind.

But soon after, when he had his chance to kill Claudius, while the latter was praying, he did not take it. He let this great opportunity go by, covering his weakness with his excuses.

True, in the end he did kill the king with an impetuous blow. But the damage had been done. Ophelia's sad fate, the deaths of Polonius, Laertes, Gertrude, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern were all the result of the fact that Hamlet was an idealist, a dreamer, a thinker, a planner, but not an actor. Only for Hamlet himself was the fatal blow "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

GRETCHEN SMITH, '34.

GOING TO BED

DO YOU like to go to bed, too? I am simply choked with pleasure at the idea of a nice cold bed when there are a comfy chair, soft music, and a book to read. After the set hour of 9:30 it is hard for my mother to resist the attraction of bed for me. I am told in so many words to retire before that proverbial lamb even has time to shake its tail. Even when upstairs and near my goal, I invariably think of one hundred and one last-minute details to attend to:

My teeth need brushing for about the sixth time.

My eyes have suddenly become tired and need to be bathed.

My stockings must be washed, or I will have to go minus them the next day.

And last, but not least, I must spend an hour writing in my masterpiece, my diary.

My goodness! Here I am in bed at last. Ah, but wait; the light isn't out yet. I do believe the switch has caught, as it just won't pull out. Well, I might have known mother would have no trouble in pulling it out. It's dark; a little breeze is coming through the open window and rustling the curtains; the moon is shining. I feel the nearness of the sandman; my eyes are closing; things seem to float farther away. Hum, I must ha-ve be-en sleepy af-ter a-l-l. Oh, I forgot. Mother, may I have a drink?

NANCY ANNE HILTON, '35.

RUNAWAYS

“MOTHER just baked a lot of doughnuts; she shouldn't mind losing them, 'cause she'll be getting rid of us kids. If she loved us, she wouldn't have punished us for not doing our lessons.”

“Yes, she doesn't love us any more. We'll run away from here; then she won't have to bother with us anymore! C'mon, Evelyn! How many doughnuts did you take? Five? I get another, then. Yes, I'm coming.”

The sun was hot and dazzling. Not a breath of air stirred the tall grass along the road. Butterflies hovered lazily over the daisies, and the bees hummed busily among the cool, red clover blossoms.

After walking for half an hour, the children began to trudge falteringly and to sigh heavily.

“Evelyn.”

“Yes.”

“Aren't you awful hot?”

“Yes.”

“Don't you think it's been two or three hours since we left?”

“Yes.”

“I'm awful hungry.”

“So am I. Let's stop under the next tree and eat our lunch. Oh, look! It's going to rain! Come on; let's run.”

Two unhappy girls huddled under the oak tree, an excellent sunshade, but an impractical umbrella. The rain poured down in torrents, and they were miserably wet.

Too despondent to see him, they were surprised by the appearance of a horseman, staring at them in astonishment.

“Evelyn, what is the meaning of this? Does Mother let you play this far from home?” he asked.

“Oh, Daddy, we were r—,” began Jean.

“Daddy, we went out for a—for a walk, and it started to rain,” interrupted Evelyn.

“Well, come with me. Evelyn, you get behind, and Jean, you here,” he said.

As they ran to the horse, Evelyn whispered, “Jean, don't you dare tell anyone we were running away!”

GEORGIA LITTLEPAGE, '36.

B E E S

Poor little bee
Works all the day,
Looking for honey
To carry away.

Is it hard work,
Poor little bee,
Making sweet honey
For people like me?

I could feel sorry,
Save for one thing;
I could feel pity,
Were it not for
your
sting!

CATHARINE KERN, '37.

AN EVENING AT HOME

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered, warm and weary,
O'er my History, French, and English, o'er my tales of Greece of yore,
While I read of Romans battling, suddenly there came a rattling
As of some one loudly knocking, knocking at my bedroom door.
" 'Tis," I vowed, "my small, bad brother, knocking at my bedroom door,
Only he and no one more."

"Sis," he called, and then repeated, "Sis, you know right well you're needed
In the kitchen down below." Then he left. I heard no more.
Then indeed was I affronted, 'fronted just because he wanted
Me to work my radio, which stood inside my bedroom door,
Work it so that he could listen to the programs heard before.
This he wanted, nothing more.

To my books once more returning, thoughts of him and dishes spurning,
Once more living days of old, winning fights of mud and gore,
Once again was I unconscious of the dishes—so obnoxious,
When again I heard him rattling, rattling at my bedroom door.
"Curses!" thought I, and still wondered what he wanted at my door.
"Leave!" I cried, "forever more."

"Well," I thought, "we can't be parted" (for I always was soft-hearted),
And I very sweetly opened, opened wide my bedroom door.
With a loud and cheery whistle, while I scribbled this epistle,
He made lots of noise and said, "Please don't let me be a bore."
But I'm deaf to all the clamor of a brother I adore,
And I'm glad I have no more.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

DOROTHY FURNISH, '35.

PENNY WHISTLE

NOISE! Crowds laughing, shouting, hurrying and bustling, enjoying every moment
of the noon-day rush, oblivious to the sun beating down on the cobblestones,
oblivious to the dust raised by the huge vans. A siren blares forth its note of danger,
and that white conveyance of precious life, watched in awed silence by the throng of
pedestrians and motorists, goes on its swift journey. In the distance the long, drawn-out,
melancholy warning that issues from the daily limited draws as a magnet those unfortu-
nates who are always tardy boarding trains. Bong, bong, bong, the clock high in the
court-house adds its share to the din. A strident shrill blast again and again, more vocifer-
ous each time, calls the relaxed workers back to their posts in the big, black factory.
Clang, clang, clang, the fire-department hurries on its way.

Noise, heat, dust—everywhere confusion. In its midst stands the newsboy, as detached
from the hubbub as from the rushing torrents of life described in his papers. With an
expectant though slightly grubby smile, he proffers his wares to the hurrying passers-by.
Only the most hard-hearted can resist his "Wouldjer loik ter buy a poiper, Mister?"
The bank directors buy their daily quota; the office-girl in well-pressed black stops for
her copy; the salesmen pick up their source of local information as they rush off the
afternoon train. Only three papers left now! With sudden generosity a school girl buys
the lot, to be rewarded by a toothless grin.

The papers sold, the urchin, proud as Jupiter, goes swaggering down the street. How
will he spend his profit? Practical little tyke! He goes into a bakery for a loaf of
bread, baked two days ago, and then into the butcher shop for scraps of meat for stew.
Past the hardware-store with its intriguing line of "bikes" and "wagons." Now away

to the grocer's for dried onions and six large potatoes. He seems pitifully grown-up, counting his change with his tiny, capable fingers. After a longing glance at the delectable dainties in the sweet-shop, he enters the "five and ten." Here no boy can resist the desire to explore. Up and down, up and down he loiters, gravely gazing at the astonishing array of bargains. He meets the temptation of the fascinating display of shiny bright red, green, and blue whistles, counts his money, then shrugs his shoulders manfully and starts off with his mouth puckered in an attempt to whistle the way the big fellows do. Around the counters, looking, looking, he hesitates; but he returns, determined, to the wonderful whistles. His eyes shine with eager anticipation; he buys a red one. He can hardly wait until he will be able to unwrap it. Still practical, he saves the string, and now—"toot-de-toot, toot-de-toot." He fondles it almost reverently, and with a little skip, he goes hippety-hopping across the street with his newly-bought toy.

How proud he is of his very own whistle! Only a penny whistle, but to the newsboy it is the most fascinating of his too few possessions. MARY ALICE ENOS, '35.

NOTRE DAME

AS THE sun sinks over the busy city of Paris, it casts huge, weird shadows on the stately old cathedral, Notre Dame. This cathedral looms out against the quickly fading sky like a huge monster above a dense forest. It towers high over the densely populated city at its feet.

For many, many centuries it has stood just as it stands today, stately, dignified, and awe-inspiring. Built over six centuries ago, it has survived wars, revolutions, and other disasters and is today the National Cathedral of France. King and peasant alike marvel at the beauty and splendor of this grand old place.

Standing guard at the entrance to the cathedral are three rustic iron doors, which have resisted hate in time of need and have admitted love when it sought admission. The inside of the cathedral is gorgeous, yet as desolate as though the monster had lost its earthly soul. Perhaps the impression results from the twilight's casting a dusky light over the church or from the immensity and loneliness of the cathedral. In the nave, Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned ruler of France, and Mary Queen of Scots was married.

Several flights of narrow, steep stairs lead onto the roof of Notre Dame. There is no light except a faint golden glow that is cast on the clouds by the rapidly sinking sun. Far down are the noisy, busy streets of Paris, a world completely separated from the dark stone cathedral which casts a shadow of utter gloom upon all those who enter its realm. Hundreds of leering gargoyles intensify this weird and lonely feeling. For many centuries these horrid creatures have mocked at the people in the streets below. As it becomes dark, the frightful creatures are left to dominate the roof as they have for countless centuries. Black shadows take form and creep about the deserted nave.

With its immense towers, now silhouetted against the glow of the bright city light, the church seems indeed like a soulless monster. The cathedral is vividly alive and has stood for many centuries, watching the joys and tragedies of human life. So will it ever stand in all its glory and mystery.

BILLIE REYNOLDS, '34.

PEACE

In quietness and peace of mind
I poise beside a shady tree,
And in a joy of silent kind
I dive. The water welcomes me,
The water, clear and limpid green.
With weeping willows on each side,
The mossy slopes and low banks seem
Like day dreams as I by them glide.

ANKEY LARRABEE, '37.

J U V E N I L E

AUTUMN

The winds of Autumn shake the trees
And toss their branches in the breeze;
Then drifting down upon the ground,
The leaves are falling without sound
To cover all the earth with gold,
Until the time of winter's cold.

BETTY GUNDERSON, Form VI.

DIANE AND THE PRINCE

THE Hamadryads in the oak trees were all very sad one day. In fact, they were so sad that they cried all day long. Night soon came, and Pan, a little elf, blew his tiny horn. All the little Hamadryads came out of their trees. They took hands and made a circle to dance. They soon forgot that they had been sad. Pan always made them happy.

That night a prince came through the woods riding on a horse. He saw the little Hamadryads dancing and Pan blowing his horn. One of the Hamadryads, named Diane, was most beautiful. The Prince noticed her the first thing. He rode over and picked her up. The Prince thought that he wanted to take Diane home with him because she was so beautiful and lovely. He asked her if she would go back to the castle with him.

Diane said, "I must ask Pan, our king, if I may go."

"I will ask him," said the prince. He jumped off his horse and went over to Pan and said, "May I take this beautiful lady home with me?"

"Yes," said Pan, "but if she is going to live with earthly people, I must change her into your size."

"Are you willing?" pleaded the prince.

"Yes, I am," said the little Hamadryad.

How happy they were as they rode back to the palace. The king was very much pleased to have such a beautiful bride for his son. A beautiful wedding was arranged for them, and all the people of the kingdom came. The people at the wedding thought that the new princess was very lovely.

They lived very happily from then on, and Diane's little woodland friends often came to see her.

CONNIE MAGUIRE, Form V.

MARY ANNA

ONE starry Saturday night Mary Anna lay asleep in the ash can. Beside her lay Snook, a large calico cat, with one ear missing and whiskers gone.

"Wake up, Mary Anna; something is coming around the bend in the alley," said Snook rather angrily. "Wake up, lazy bones."

"Yes, I am awake, cross patch," said Mary Anna, making her patchwork eyes roll. "Look at the spotted horse and express wagon coming in here! See, it is driven by such a strange little old man!"

The express wagon drew up near the ash can, and the queer old man jumped out. He had a long red nose, a big wide mouth, and a painted cap cocked on his head. His little coat was red, and his breeches just reached the tops of his little white kid shoes.

"Oh, here you are," he said. "My name is Junk, and I have come to take you to Junkland."

He lifted them both out of the ash can into the wagon, in which there were many other dolls.

Mary Anna made friends right away, for she was such a darling old rag doll.

Now, if you were to go to Junkland, you would see Mary Anna making cookies in a bright kitchen and Snook fast asleep in a big cozy chair.

BETTY GUNDERSON, Form VI.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS OF ST. HELEN'S HALL

THE Junior Red Cross is made up of boys and girls who are interested in promoting the welfare and happiness of children less fortunate than themselves. The Junior Red Cross is interested in individual suffering, particularly among children. The National Red Cross is concerned with great misfortunes such as wars, floods, and earthquakes.

I was very happy as a pupil of St. Helen's Hall to spend some of my time in helping to make Hallowe'en gifts for the Fruit and Flower Mission. At Thanksgiving we brought clothes and food.

We enjoyed making our gifts at Christmas time. They were candy candles made of red stick candy, marshmallows, and green life savers.

Toward the end of the year we will make albums for some foreign country.

In it we will put pictures of Oregon and some of our school work. In return they will send us pictures of their country and some of their school work.

I am now helping to make two lovely baby quilts. I hope the little children who receive these gifts will be as happy in using them as I was in helping to make them.

DOROTHY NEWCASTLE, Form VI.

A MOTHER

A lady whose face is tender and kind,
Hands that are gentle, sweet, and sure,
The noblest heart you'll ever find,
A soul that is always bright and pure—
A mother.

A humor that's always smiling and sweet,
Kisses for every single day,
A lady to pick up stumbling feet,
A person to tell you to be gay—
A mother.

A person who comforts when you're sad,
Helps you to keep your love unfurled,
And guides you in choosing good from bad,
The nicest person in the whole wide world—
A mother.

MARGARET RENTON, Form V.

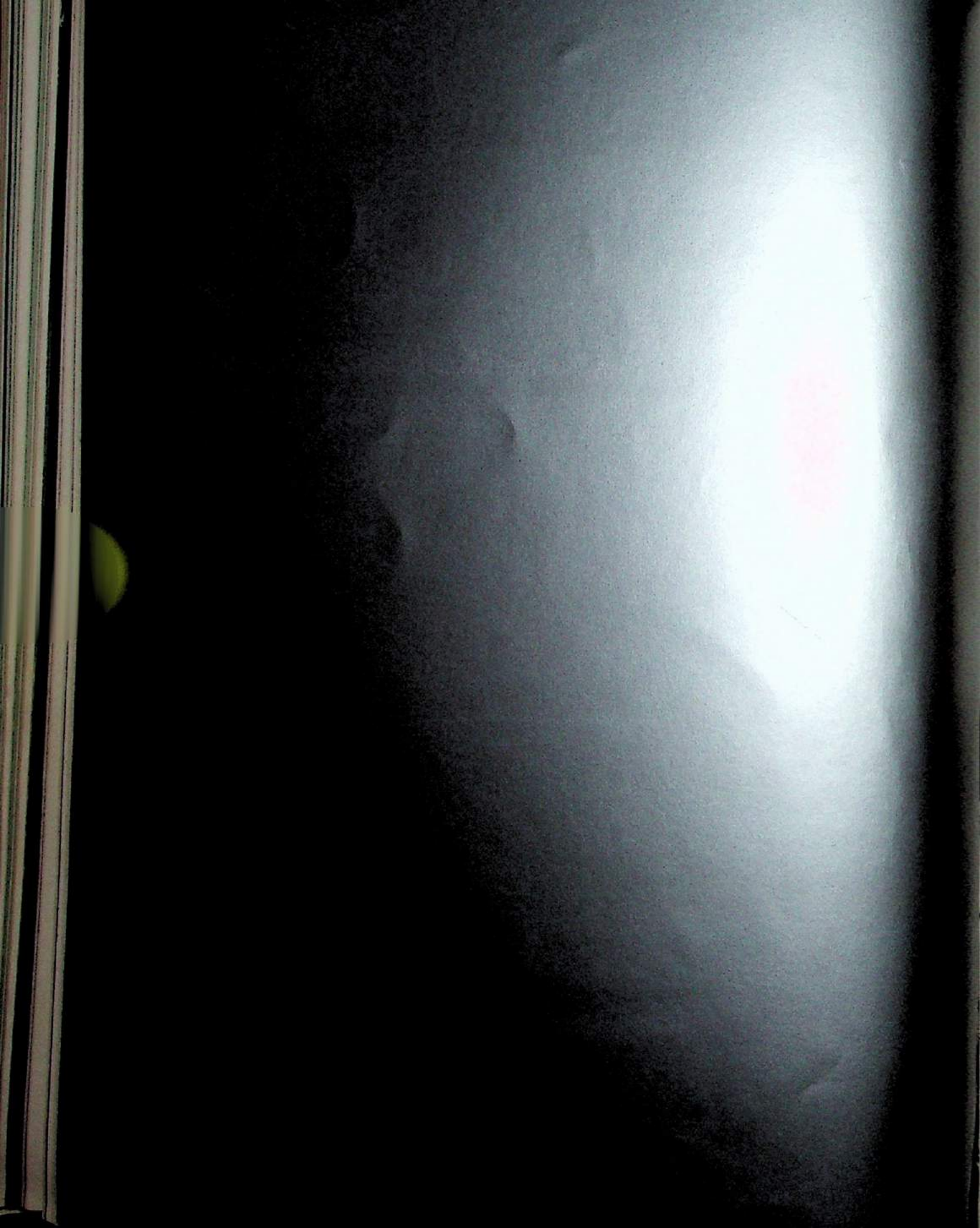
A QUARREL

ONCE upon a time, a long while ago there lived on earth a race of people who worshipped the Goddess, Diana, of the sun and the God, Carlan, of the moon. Goddess Diana was very vain and beautiful. She declared that she should be in the sky all the time to light the clouds. God Carlan was just as conceited. He wanted to light the sky alone and to show the people how handsome he was. Neither one would give up, so all the clock around both of them were in the sky. The light was so strong that the people's crops dried.

One day a strange Goddess named Darkness came and said to them, "You, Carlan, shall not have a light of your own. You shall reflect it from the sun, while you, Diana, shall be a confused ball of fire that people may not look at without protecting their eyes."

BETTY GUNDERSON, Form VI.

Athletics





THE BASKETBALL TEAM

FIRST TEAM

Center	Mary Alice Enos
Side Center	Betty Zehntbauer, Jean Moir
Forwards	Ruth Smith, Gretchen Smith
Guards	Dorothy Hill, Billie Reynolds

SECOND TEAM

Center	Betty Pownall, Mary K. Shoemaker
Side Center	Caroline Kamm, Peggy Lou Smith
Forwards	Sally McCune, Elaine Tubbs
Guards	Edith Kohlhase, Dorothea James
Substitutes	Marion Rosenblatt, Georgia Littlepage, Betty Lou Roberts, Esther Jobes, Martha Burkhart, Helen Stone

BASKETBALL

A LARGE group of aspiring players awaited enthusiastically the opening of the basketball season. Because of the wide choice of excellent material, Mrs. Knapp again chose a winning team. As captain, Dorothy Hill showed her leadership ability. Laddie Green, Peggy Bernard, and Babe Peters were chosen by the Student Body for yell leaders. They inspired enthusiastic expression of school spirit.

COACH'S IMPRESSIONS

OUR team has held a splendid record for the past seven seasons. We are sorry to see eleven of the girls on the team graduate this June.

Ruth Smith and Gretchen Smith as forwards have done spectacular playing, having worked up their passes so well that it is hard to intercept them. They have played on the team for five years and have made some wonderful scores for us. Ruth is second captain this year and Dorothy Hill, first captain.

Dorothy is the third member to have been on the team five years. Her fine work as guard will long be remembered.

Edith Kohlhasse, another senior guard, has played for three years. We are sorry to say goodbye.

Mary Alice Enos, not a senior, fortunately for us, has done splendid work for two years, and we are expecting much from her next year.

Mary K. Shoemaker has finished her second year on the team. We are glad she will be with us next year. We need her support.

Esther Jobs and Jean Moir have played two years. We appreciate their work. We shall miss Jean's happy smile.

We regret that these five seniors, Sally McCune, Betty Pownall, Martha Burkhart, Betty Zehntbauer, and Billie Reynolds, did not come out for team before their last year. They have done some fine work in the games, and we are sorry they are leaving us.

Helen Stone and Elaine Tubbs are doing promising work as forwards. Keep it up, girls.

Marion Rosenblatt has been a very faithful player. She is always willing to substitute any position.

Betty Lou Roberts, Carolyn Kamm, and Peggy Lou Smith are the prospective side centers for next year. This is an important position and means real work.

Georgia Littlepage is working hard as guard. We are glad she has won her letter.

Dorothea James is the only Freshman on the school team. She has surprised us all by her coolness and speed in guarding her opponent. We think she will make an outstanding guard.

NAN A. KNAPP, Coach.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON

The first game was played with St. Helen's Hall Junior College. The Junior College showed excellent cooperation, considering the short time they have practiced together. The score was 27-7 in the Hall's favor. The College girls showed fine sportsmanship and seemed determined to break our record in a return game.

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. HOLY CHILD

This game was very fast. Both teams fought hard and used their passing to advantage. Our team again won a victory with a score of 37-23.

ST. HELEN'S HALL VS. REED

The girls had to work for every point. The game was smooth and speedy. As a result of the fine coaching of Mrs. Knapp, the Hall was once more victorious, the final score being 44-17.

ST. MARY'S VS. ST. HELEN'S HALL

This was one of the hardest and most exciting games of the season. Each school had a team, outstanding for its defensive play and excellent passing. Both sides showed good sportsmanship. The Hall won with a score of 40-34.

RETURN GAME WITH REED

Our return game at Reed was most exciting. Both schools worked hard. Reed had the stronger team, and we were defeated with a score of 28-44. This was the first time we had lost a game in six years. Incidentally, the last game lost was to Reed.

RETURN GAME WITH ST. MARY'S

The game was played on our floor, and, as the weather was just right for vigorous action, the match was outstanding for the good teamwork of both contestants. St. Mary's was again defeated by a score of 39-33.

IN APPRECIATION

We, the girls of St. Helen's Hall, wish to express our appreciation of our gym teacher, Mrs. Knapp, who for many years has been our loving friend and inspiring instructor. She has devoted unlimited time to the perfecting of our passes and baskets, and but for her untiring patience, our school could never have attained the athletic fame of which it can be truly proud. We feel that it is a privilege to work under her direction.



VOLLEY BALL

Many interesting games were played between the College and High School. They were so very closely matched in skill that the competition was exciting. Under the leadership of Mrs. Knapp, the girls perfected their game.

FENCING

Fencing was a favorite sport this year. Many of the girls turned out with enthusiasm. Under the instruction of Mr. Knapp, the girls made much progress. Mr. Knapp arranged bouts for the championship, which was won by Ruth Smith.

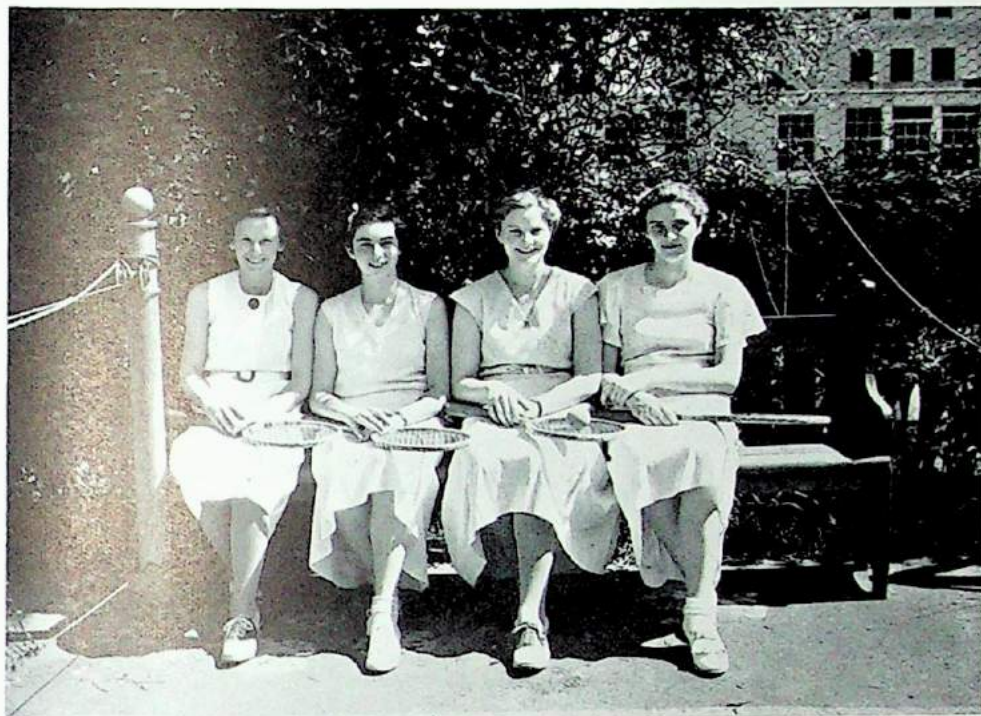


Back row: Martha Burkhart, Gretchen Smith, Mary K. Shoemaker, Edith Kohlhase, Betty Watkins, Ruth Smith, Mary Alice Enos.

Front row: Betty Pownall, Elaine Tubbs, Jean Moir, Helen Stone, Betty Zehntbauer, Billie Reynolds, Sally McCune, Peggy Lou Smith, Marion Rosenblatt, Betty Baker, Betty Lou Roberts.

ALPHA THETA

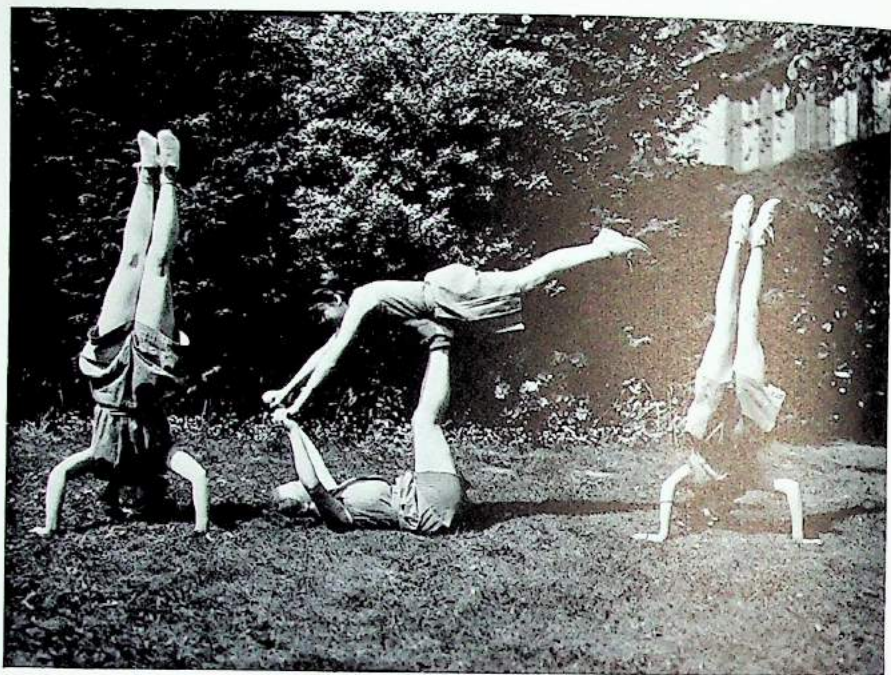
ALPHA THETA, our school athletic club, is now in its third year and has been becoming more and more important in the school. This year an impressive tea was held at the home of Betty Baker in October. Eleven girls were pledged and initiated in February. The initiation was followed by a dinner and dance at Everglade in honor of the new members. An enjoyable Christmas party was also held at the home of Gretchen Smith. Only girls interested in athletics and taking a prominent part in school activities are admitted to the club. Mrs. Knapp is our leader and adviser. This year Ruth Smith was president; Jean Moir, vice president; and Betty Baker, secretary.



Peggy Krumbein, Gretchen Smith, Ruth Smith, Mary Alice Enos.

TENNIS

The first sunshiny day draws forth many tennis enthusiasts. They come gaily forth, racquets swinging, balls bouncing, happy laughter floating through the air. Many sign up for the Senior and Doubles tournaments, all eagerly struggling for the silver tennis cups to be awarded the winners. This year on the tennis team there are Ruth Smith, Peggy Krumbein, Gretchen Smith, and Mary Alice Enos.



Left: Jean Littlepage. Center below: Georgia Littlepage. Center above: Marion Clark.
Right: Mary Ellen Smith.

TUMBLING

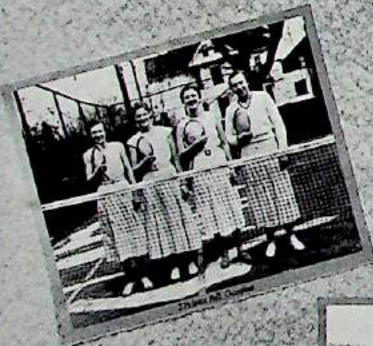
Tumbling is a sport recently introduced at St. Helen's Hall. Two Junior College girls have assisted in instructing the High School classes. Several performances before the school have proved the ability of the tumblers.



RIDING



STICLINS HALL
PORTLAND OREGON



Calendar





THE CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 6

School begins with everyone peppy and filled to the brim with firm resolutions for hard study. Gazing about us, we see an unusual abundance of new faces.

SEPTEMBER 25

A new organization is formed—the St. Helen's Hall Student Body. Officers are elected, and Dorothy Hill is chosen the first President. Activities are planned for the term. Under our President's capable guidance this movement promises to be a huge success!

SEPTEMBER 28

The annual Old-girl, New-girl party is a success. The new girls are initiated more thoroughly than ever before. First prize for the best and most original costume is awarded to the "Wrigley Gum" girls. The new teachers are also initiated into the ranks.

OCTOBER 2

The Student Body has its first entertainment. Mr. Prilliman from Hill Military Academy tells us of his travels. Miss Marston gives us a brief summary of the etiquette of Parliamentary law to help the Student Body conduct its meetings.

OCTOBER 4

Judge Spurlin gives us an interesting and instructive talk in the assembly hall. Her subject is "Woman's Work in the World."

It is decided in a Student Body meeting to have a bulletin board which will be posted in the hall opposite the English room. The Editor and Assistant Editor are elected.

OCTOBER 11

The annual Faculty Tea is held today in the assembly hall. The teachers and parents are well represented.

OCTOBER 20

The school is greatly honored today by the visit of Anne Shannon Monroe, the well-known author. She gives us an inspirational talk on writing and on her own experiences as a writer. The rough draft of her latest story interests us all.

OCTOBER 27

The Senior Benefit inaugurates the yearly money-raising campaign. The guests play bridge, then are entertained by a one-act comedy, "Women Folks," by John Kirkpatrick, presented by members of the Senior Class.

NOVEMBER 2

Alpha Theta, the athletic club, gives its semi-annual rush tea. Ten girls are pledged.

NOVEMBER 6

The Student Body presents, at its monthly entertainment, Miss Lillian Pettibone, prominent Portland musician. After her selections, Miss Axelson from Meier & Frank's gives us some new ideas about individual style.

The first Hill dance of the year is given. Many Hall girls attend. The Hallowe'en theme is well carried out. Several fortune-tellers add to the atmosphere.

NOVEMBER 9

The end of the first quarter is here.

NOVEMBER 18

The Farmer's Frolic, a barn dance, is given by the Student Body in the assembly hall. Many guests are present, and the affair is a financial success.

NOVEMBER 28

Our first game, the Junior College with the High School, is a hard fought one, but the High School triumphs, 25-7.

NOVEMBER 29

Our well-earned Thanksgiving vacation begins. Everyone leaves, looking forward to a pleasant time.

DECEMBER 4

Back so soon! If Christmas were not so near, we should be depressed.

DECEMBER 10

The Mothers' Club of Fernwood School visits us and presents a number of Christmas songs. The singing is excellent, and we all enjoy the carols.

DECEMBER 12

The Dramatic Art Class presents the Christmas play. This year it is "Columbine Madonna." Moving pictures are taken of it.

DECEMBER 14

The Christmas Cantata given by the Boarders is beautiful. After the singing the Boarders and their guests join in having a gay time the rest of the evening.

DECEMBER 15

At last! We're off for Christmas vacation! School closes for an unusually long period of three weeks—until next year!

JANUARY 3

Vacation is over. With exams hanging over our heads, we all must work harder than usual for a few weeks. We surprise and please our teachers by our industry.

JANUARY 10

The ground is broken for the new Junior College. The ceremony is very solemn. Bishop Sumner gives a brief address on the significance of the Junior College to the West.

JANUARY 14

Mr. Irvine, Editor of the *Oregon Journal*, delivers an inspiring talk on study and what education may do for one. We all make resolutions to study harder and to get more out of our classes.

JANUARY 18

Already the end of the second quarter! At this rate the year will soon pass!

JANUARY 22

The first day of examination week! A last minute calm has settled over everyone. The worst will soon be over.

JANUARY 29

Over at last! We all relax. Until May, no more worries.

FEBRUARY 12

The Bishop of Sacramento delivers an address in the chapel. He speaks of the Lenten season and of its purpose. He speaks impressively, and we should enjoy hearing him again.

Balloons! Laughter! Music! Oh, what a grand time we have at the Senior Frolic after school! Various contests are held, and prizes awarded to the winners. This is one of the most successful affairs of the year.

FEBRUARY 15

The Portland Symphony Orchestra broadcasts over the Standard Symphony Hour from the Woodcraft Hall. Most of the selections are of the Spanish school. It is certainly thrilling to be present at a nation-wide broadcast.

FEBRUARY 16

We play our second game of the season today at Holy Child. We win, 34-23.

FEBRUARY 21

The Japanese Consul speaks of the relations between Japan and the United States. This talk gives us an entirely new viewpoint on Japan. After his talk, he and his assistant show some moving pictures of Japan.

FEBRUARY 22

The Hill Military Academy has its yearly track meet tonight. Many Hall girls attend and find it exciting.

FEBRUARY 23

We play a game with Reed College. As usual, it is an exciting contest. We always enjoy playing Reed girls because of their good sportsmanship. The final score is 44-17.

FEBRUARY 27

Carl Sandburg, noted American writer and poet, lectures on Abraham Lincoln at the Masonic Temple. After his speech he plays a mandolin-guitar and sings some old American songs.

MARCH 1

We play a return game with Reed. This time Reed wins, 44-28.

Tom Terriss, noted traveler and lecturer, talks at Benson High School. He tells of many interesting adventures in Egypt and the Orient.

MARCH 5

Reverend Taylor from the Grace Memorial Church speaks to us in the assembly hall. He describes the Cathedrals of Europe, recounting interesting legends about them and showing us some beautifully colored pictures.

MARCH 7

Dr. Parsons, director of social science research at the University of Oregon, lectures in the assembly hall. His talk is stimulating.

MARCH 9

We play St. Mary's. After a struggle, the score reads 39-33, our favor.

Spring vacation! It is longer this year so that the Junior College may be moved into the new building. We're off for a week of good times!

MARCH 19

Vacation flies as usual! But we are all glad to be back and are interested in the new College building. The Seniors are among those who attend the opening service in the beautiful chapel; and after the service, we inspect the building.

MARCH 23

Our return game with St. Mary's is played on our floor. Both teams are out to win, and, as it is the last game of the season, they play hard. However, we win, 44-37.

APRIL 5

Our Student Body presents the Portland Civic Theatre School in two plays: "All on a Summer's Day" and "The Constant Lover." This is the latest method of raising money, and it proves successful.

MAY 6

Sister Superior's surprise party this year was a most enjoyable and memorable one. We were invited for a ramble through the city which led to the Auditorium where we saw the pageant, "Portals of May."

MAY 18

Our second Student Body Dance! It turns out perfectly.

The May Fete is held in the afternoon before the dance. This is the first of many—we hope. We elect a queen and a master of ceremonies to preside over the affair.

MAY 24

The New Girls give their party for the Old Girls, in return for the party given to them by the Old Girls in the fall. After supper they entertain us in the Assembly Hall by various stunts.

MAY 26

The annual Alumnae tea is held on this afternoon. It is most enjoyable and makes all the Seniors realize how very close Commencement is.

MAY 28

Although we have been expecting it, exam week falls like a sledge-hammer blow. But we're almost through.

JUNE 2

The Lower School gives its entertainment this afternoon. It is very colorful and the girls do some excellent work.

JUNE 2

Evening—The Junior-Senior Prom! As usual, this is the loveliest dance of the year. As it is the last Hall dance for the Seniors, the occasion is a little sad. In spite of that, however, everyone enjoys it immensely.

JUNE 3

The Baccalaureate Sunday service is held at Trinity Church this year. After the service, a picnic luncheon is served in the gym. Then comes the unveiling of the Senior class picture and the giving out of the "Delphics."

JUNE 4

The Senior Class Play, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, is given tonight. It is beautifully produced under the direction of Mrs. Folts. We discover considerable talent in the class. After the play, the school awards and trophies are given out.

JUNE 5

Commencement night! The Seniors—now graduates—experience a mingled happiness and sorrow, for although they hate to leave the school and their friends, all are looking forward to new and enjoyable experiences, and everyone feels the joy of a piece of work well done.



EXCHANGES

Name	School	Address
"Cantoria"	St. Nickolas School	Seattle, Washington
"Garrulous Pine"	The Catlin School	Portland, Oregon
"Cardinal"	Lincoln High School	Portland, Oregon
"Memoirs"	Grant High School	Portland, Oregon
"Academia"	St. Mary's Academy	Portland, Oregon
"Lens"	Washington High School	Portland, Oregon
"Satura"	St. John Baptist School	Mendham, New Jersey
"Croftonian"	Crofton House School	Vancouver, British Columbia
"Kodak"	Kemper Hall	Kenosha, Wisconsin
"Indian Paint Brush"	Castilleja School	Palo Alto, California
"Works and Days"	Miss Burke's School	San Francisco, California
	The Bishop's School	La Jolla, California
"Blue Print"	The Branson School	Ross, California
	Hamlin School	San Francisco, California
	Miss Baird's School	Orange, New Jersey

Exchanges which have accepted.

Ruth Johnson
Betty Pownall

Old Girl Notes





OLD-GIRL NOTES

ENGAGEMENTS

Marion Bilyeu ('30) has announced her engagement to Mr. Harry MacKay.
Mary Simmonds ('27) has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Musgrove.

MARRIAGES

Barbara Jennings ('30) is now Mrs. Stanley Wickham and is living in Ashland, Oregon.
Nancy Foley ('31) is now Mrs. Verne Gibbs of Lewiston, Idaho.
Margaret L. Proctor ('29) is now Mrs. Henry E. Dunn of New York City.
Serena Morrison Hines ('27) is now Mrs. Gerald Plue of Portland.
Juanita Wilkinson ('27) is now Mrs. Lawrence Lee of Portland.
Helen Dunn ('26) is now Mrs. H. A. Wynter of Seattle.
Mildred Gibson ('26) is now Mrs. W. B. Gilmore of Salem, Oregon.
Elizabeth Martin ('26) is now Mrs. Cecil Dayle French of Portland.
Mariah Wilson ('26) is now Mrs. Robert Bishop of Portland.
Marjorie Pittock ('25) is now Mrs. John A. McDougall.
Elva Mervey ('21) is now Mrs. Robert Rutherford and is living in California.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Leon McQuary (Irene Carter—'31) has a baby girl and is living in Forest Grove, Oregon.
Mrs. Donald Dahl (Arvilla Gray—'30) has a baby girl, Janet.
Mrs. O. L. Linder (Mary Helen Carr—'29) has a baby boy and is now living in Portland.
Mrs. Lewis Ankeny (Dorothy Dunham—'27) has a baby boy and is now living in Walla Walla, Washington.
Mrs. Sidney F. Woodbury, Jr. (Geraldine Dye—'27) has a baby girl.
Mrs. Miner Thomson Coburn (Helen Hembree—'26) has a baby girl, Helen, and is now living in Chicago.
Mrs. J. W. Eaton (Mary Ray Fraley—'24) has a baby girl, Mary Louise.

CLASS OF 1933

Kathleen Aston is studying at the University of Oregon, Extension Division.
Betty Jane Barr recently returned from China and is now living in Seattle.
Jane Blair is attending the University of New Mexico.
Louise Harlan and Eleanor Luper are attending Stanford this year. Louise is a Chi Omega, and Eleanor is a Kappa Alpha Theta.
Rebecca Hopkins is at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks, Alaska.
Betty Tubbs and Margaret Ingram are attending the St. Helen's Hall Junior College.
Barbara Berger and Jeanette Jones are at home this year. Jeanette is studying singing.
Lois Katherine Jones is a Delta Gamma at the University of Washington.
Lucille Leonardo is living at home in Grandview, Washington.
Josephine McGilchrist is attending Willamette University at Salem, Oregon.
Frances Miller is a member of Gamma Phi Beta at the University of California.
Doreen Plympton is taking a post-graduate course at Lincoln High School this year.
Susan Steiwer is attending the Sacramento Junior College in California.
Jane Tennison is attending the Ashland Normal School.
Frances Watzek is a Phi Beta Phi at the University of Oregon.

OTHER CLASSES

Jean Cameron ('32) is attending the State Teacher's College at San Francisco, California.

Mary Louise Kendall ('32) is now living at Prindle, Washington.

Jane Myers ('32) is at the University of Wisconsin.

Saville Riley ('32) is attending the Northwestern School of Commerce.

Isabelle Chandler ('30) will be graduated in June from the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho in Pocatello, Idaho.

Marion Denton ('30) is teaching music this year at St. Helen's Hall.

Alice Devereaux ('30) is assistant to Mrs. Stephen Conway in the Bridge School at Meier & Frank's.

Marjorie Mautz ('30) is a senior at the University of Washington.

Sally Cannon ('29) is living in San Francisco, California, where she is working in a lawyer's office.

Maxine Bennett ('28) and her sister Lillian ('25) are doing professional dancing in New York.

Betty McRobbie ('28) is in nurse's training at the Royal Victorian Hospital in Montreal, Canada.

Janet Wentworth ('28) is the Society Editor of the *Portland News-Telegram*.

Harriette Chase ('27) is attending Columbia University in New York, where she is studying social welfare.

Jane Cullers ('27) is secretary at St. Helen's Hall this year.

Mrs. Margaret Johnson Bristol ('27) is doing interior decorating in California.

Mary Alice Meyer ('27) and her sister Evelyn ('25) are visiting in the Hawaiian Islands.

Helen Peters ('26) is now an assistant instructor at the Yale School of Nursing.

Nancy Chipman ('26) is visiting in Texas.

Sarah E. Allyn ('26) is now teaching in a private school in Monterey, California.

Edna Ellen Bell ('24) is now visiting in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Ruth Wonacott ('24) is studying sociology at the New York Hospital in New York.

Mrs. Evelyn Thatcher Ballard ('21) is now traveling the Orient.

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The son of the house addressed his mother wistfully:
"I'm going to have a little sister some day, ain't I?"
"Why, dear, do you want one?"
The child nodded seriously.
"Yes, mamma, I do. It gets kin' o' tiresome teasin' the cat."

The older sister rebuked the younger when putting her to bed for being cross and ill-tempered throughout the day. After she had been neatly tucked in, the little one commented:

"It's temper when it's me an' nerves when it's you."

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The mother called in vain for her young son. Then she searched the ground floor, the first story, the second, and the attic—all in vain. Finally she climbed to the trap door in the roof, pushed it open, and cried:

"John Henry, are you out there?"

An answer came clearly:

"No, mother. Have you looked in the cellar?"



The little boy, sent to the butcher shop, delivered himself of his message in these words:

"Ma says to send her another ox-tail, please, an' ma says the last one was very nice, an' ma says she wants another off the same ox!"

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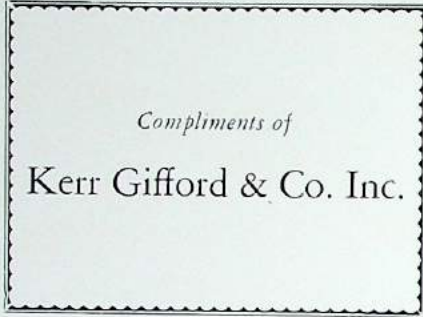


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The teacher directed the class to write a brief account of a baseball game. All the pupils were busy during the allotted time, except one little boy, who sat motionless, and wrote never a word. The teacher gave him an additional five minutes, calling them off one by one. The fifth minute had almost elapsed when the youngster awoke to life, and scrawled a sentence. It ran thus:

"Rain—no game."



The cultured maid servant announced to her mistress, wife of the profiteer:

"If you please, ma'am, there's a mendicant at the door."

The mistress sniffed contemptuously:

"Tell 'im there's nothin' to mend."



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A member of the faculty in a London medical college was appointed an honorary physician to the king. He proudly wrote a notice on the blackboard in his class room:

"Professor Jennings informs his students that he has been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty, King George."

When he returned to the class room in the afternoon, he found written below his notice this line:

"God save the King."



Master: "But, Jenkins, the name of the complaint is not pewmonia. Surely, you've heard me again and again say 'pneumonia'?"

Man: "Well, Sir, I 'ave; but I didn't like to correct you."

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Doctor: "You are a great deal better this morning, I see. You followed my directions, and that prescription did the business—what, you haven't taken any of it?"
Patient: "No; it says on the label, 'Keep the bottle tightly corked.'"

Teacher: "In which of his battles was King Adolphus of Sweden slain?"
Pupil: "I'm pretty sure it was the last one."

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Mother: "What! Have you been fighting again, Johnnie? Good little boys don't fight."

Johnnie: "Yes, I know that. I thought he was a good little boy, but after I hit him once, I found he wasn't."



Little Willie looked up from the paper he had been reading, and inquired of his father:

"Dad, who was Mozart?"

"Good gracious, boy! You don't know that!" indignantly returned his parent. "Go and read your Shakespeare."



"I would like to have a globe of the earth."

"What size, madam?"

"Life size, of course."

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