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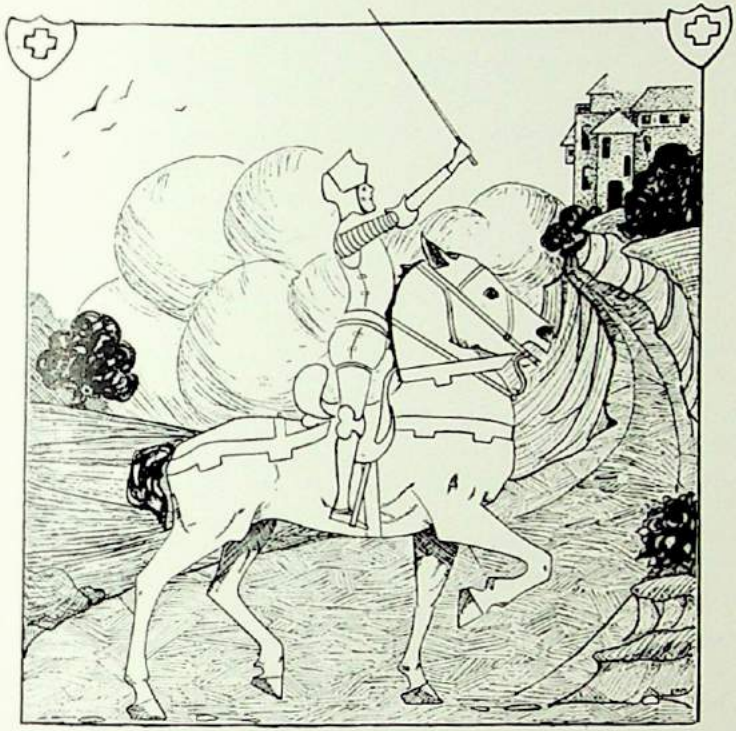


Editorials

"NIHIL DESPERANDUM," never despair! Only two words, but how deep and inspiring their meaning. We cannot think of them as mere words. They should challenge us, when we are down-hearted and discouraged, to renewed efforts, as they would brace the homesick, lonely wounded soldier or bring hope to the poverty stricken and helpless.

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three, have chosen this phrase, as our class motto, and, although we are not lonely wounded soldiers, nor poverty stricken and helpless, we feel that "*nihil desperandum*" is necessary to the success of our lives, as we leave our work here to take up the larger duties and responsibilities before us.

Each one of us has been placed in this constantly changing world for a purpose, and it is our privilege as well as our duty to discover and fulfill our niche in life. Education is given us in order that we may more easily achieve this.

We can readily appreciate how society and government might be plunged into chaos and this old world skid out of its course, should a generation grow up without any purpose in life. People without a purpose prove a burden to others, or hinder their spirit of progress. It takes zeal and determination to follow a definite course in life, disregarding all obstruction and it is when we meet such obstruction, that we need the inspiration of "*nihil desperandum.*"

While we should not treat our mission in life lightly, we must not feel that only great things are worth while, for the common tasks must be done.

Philips Brooks says: "I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. ahe hero has the hero's aspiration, that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony."

Many times we find our studies and every day tasks tedious and tiresome. Sometimes we are even inclined to feel that we are wasting our time worrying over Geometry, French, or Physics, but these very things, small as they may seem, might be of the greatest future importance.

Education points the way to success, but success does not necessarily mean conspicious achievement, we too believe that:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction." With such a picture of life and it's possibilities before us, we would be sluggards indeed, could we not feel the inspiration of our motto "*Nihil Desperandum.*"

Expertans Expertavi

DURING the last few years a great deal has been said and written of the young people of this day and age. Men and women have studied them, and serious thinkers have written books and articles about them; and these have all practically condemned the younger generation as immoral, unfaithful to themselves and dishonest to others,—in fact, everything they should not be. One of the many reasons for these charges, people have asserted, is that young people have grown away from the Church, and no longer "walk in the paths of righteouness." It would be sad indeed if this were to be permanently so, and

what seems to me a very beautiful and hopeful answer to this fear is the following ing poem, taken from a volume entitled: "*Marlborough and Other Poems:*"

From morn to midnight, all day through
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.
And all year long upon the stage
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.
I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine,—and yet, and yet
This sanctuary of my soul
Unwittingly I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
To enter or to tarry there.
With parted lips and outstretched hands,
And listening ears Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late
To Thy great service dedicate.

This exquisite expression of a young man's communion with God, and his thoughts of death was written by Charles Hamilton Sorley while he was in active service in the Great War. He was born at Old Aberdeen in May, 1895, and was a student at Marlborough from 1908 until 1913 when he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. During the Long Vacation he went to Germany as a student and observer; but when the war broke out, he returned to England and joined the Suffolk Regiment. During the last months of his life, from May 30th to October 13th, 1915, he served in France, and was killed in action near Hullock. In his poems, he has given us a glimpse of his inmost self; and surely if an average boy could express himself in a manner so humble, devote and conscientious as Sorley has done, we may hope that the greater part of the young men and women of to-day must be traveling on the right path, although perhaps they themselves realize it as little as he did. He was evidently like all young men of the present age—popular, fond of amusement, gayety and fun. It is quite clear that he was not over-devotional, for as he himself declared,

he did not often pray or join reverently in the services of the school chapel. Still, without knowing it, he had kept his soul pure and clean from all selfish, worldly things. His soul was ready at any time if God should choose to enter there; and he was prepared to enter the Eternal Kingdom whenever His Maker should call. When the call of the War came to Sorley, almost unconsciously, he found his religion; and it proved to be a strength, guide and comfort to him in all he had to endure. In the earlier years of his life, Sorley's religion had been hidden away and it was not until he felt a great need for it that he found it. As a soldier entering the field of death, he knew that he might be called to enter Eternity at any time, and consequently he looked for some source of guidance and comfort in his peril. In his last months on this earth, he lived in the fear and love of God, doing good deeds for others, and as a true servant of Christ, he declared himself dedicated to His service.

Perhaps many of the unthinking young people of today are like Sorley. Perhaps, under the apparent insincerity, there is a spark of the true and unspotted soul, ready like Sorley's to be kindled to generous self-sacrifice. Perhaps this younger generation, too, in years to come will find their joy and comfort in the service of Our Blessed Lord.

In looking forward to the future, we may fairly hope, as Ruskin said, that "the charities of more and more widely extended peace are preparing the way for a Christian Church which shall depend neither on ignorance for its continuance, nor on controversy for its progress, but shall reign at once in light and love."

—V. P.

The Death of Bishop Tuttle

THE death of Bishop Tuttle, the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, on April 17th, is a great bereavement to all who knew him, and indeed to the whole Church. He was greatly loved by all his fellow-bishops, the clergy, and laity, who looked up to him as a father and wise guide. He had visited every diocese, and was at home in every part of the Church. He was as the patriarch of the whole Church, and he considered its members as his family. Portland was honored in having him for a guest at the General Convention last September, and many people will remember his kindly face and tall commanding figure. May he rest in Peace.

LITERARY

The Return of Gabriel

A tiny, thatched cottage nestled among the fertile hills of Brittany. An ancient oak, towering above the low roof, shaded the door-step. This was the house of a shepherd, Gabriel Petard. The family Petard had owned the homestead for over a hundred years, and in this time, little change had taken place, in the home or the lives of these worthy people.

Gabriel drove his sheep to the same rich pastures that had fed the flocks of his grandfather, and at nightfall, locked them in the mossy shed; but never before had the family been so prosperous. Gabriel was a hardy man, and his wife, the rosy cheeked Marie, was a most thrifty woman. Her tarts were noted far and wide, her bronze kettles shone, and Pierre and the little Marie were never without clean pinafores.

"I am indeed a happy man," thought Gabriel, as he watched his wife scattering crumbs to the fowls flocking about the doorstep, while Pierre, clinging to his mother's skirts, laughed with glee to see the hens rushing together from all sides. Gabriel spoke his thoughts aloud to the old grandfather, who sat by the fire, gently rocking with his foot, the cradle wherein lay the little Marie. The grandfather crossed himself reverently. His eighty years had taught him to call no man happy. Gabriel sighed. He wondered why it was that he found himself saying so often, "I am indeed a happy man."

Even as he lay gazing at the still blue sky above him, his flocks grazing quietly about, he found himself saying, "But I am content."

Once it had been otherwise, but that was before he went to Paris. Gabriel hated Paris, the rattling carts and noisy streets had dismayed him. He had felt lost and longed passionately for the quiet of the hills, the calm, still, night, and the little church in the valley, whose bells rang out so clear on Sunday morning. What a change a few words can make!

Gabriel was sitting at a table in an inn, listening with credulous ears to a soldier's tale of war and sudden wealth.

"Well," said the man as he arose, "You'd make a fine soldier."

Gabriel had felt a thrill of joy. He had always been proud of his mighty muscles. Even after he returned to the hills and watched his flocks, the phrase kept recurring to his mind.

"Pierre," he said one evening, as he watched his son sitting on the floor, with a huge bowl of porrige in his lap, "Pierre, how would you like to be a soldier when you grow up?"

"Do not say such a thing," his wife had exclaimed in a sharp voice. Gabriel sighed again.

Then came the crisis. Gabriel was returning from a neighbor's. It was rather late; all the stars shone calmly above him, and he whistled stoutly as he hurried along. When he came to the top of the hill at the foot of which lay his peaceful home he stopped for a minute, smiling as he watched the light shining hospitably in the window and thought of the family awaiting his return. Then he started, frowned, and said aloud. "No, I wish I were at the wars."

From that moment he knew he would not stay. At first he fought against the thought. Then, he argued with himself. He would get rich, and Marie should have a golden necklace, Pierre would go to the city to become a great doctor, and they would build a new barn.

"Anyway," he said, "I would come back."

One day Gabriel jumped up from the ground, ordering Piff Paff, the old dog, to guard the sheep. For a long time Piff Paff lay, watching the flocks grazing quietly about him. Dusk fell, and the evening star appeared. Piff Paff drove the sheep home alone, for the shepherd had gone to the wars. But the wars do not always bring wealth, even to a sturdy soldier with great muscles and a keen eye, and the years skim by with a dazzling swiftness.

Once more the church bells pealed joyously over the hills of Brittany. A group of women hurried along, in fresh linen caps and aprons. They passed an empty cottage, whose windows were beaten in by many winters and long neglect. Grass was growing along the once smooth walk, and poking through the boards on the doorstep. The peasants walked more slowly as they passed.

"Oh, it has changed so, since Marie left. Only Piff Paff and six mangy sheep are left. No one had the heart to drive the old dog off," whispered one woman, shaking her head.

"Mother!" cried a little boy, pulling his mother's apron, and pointing toward the cottage, "who is that one?"

"Nonsense, child, no one lives there!"

"But I saw him on the door-step."

The woman, turning, hurried back to the mossy gate and gazed up the path to where an ancient oak shaded the entrance. There on the doorstep, with bent head, sat a man in a faded uniform. An old dog crouched at his feet.

—Jean Muir, '23.

A Drop of Dew

Said the Heavens blue
To the rose so new
"I send you, my love,
A drop of dew
Wear it, my dear,
In your sparkling hair,
Wear it, my love,
You are marvelously fair.
When night has returned
I shall take it again
'Lest you lose the wee
Drop of my love—
And then,
When morning has opened
up wide her eyes
I shall send you again
That dainty surprise
And, my love, my rose,
I'll confide to you
'Tis a diamond ring,
Not a drop of dew.
But when you fade and wither, dear,
You'll find that diamond then a tear."

—Nancy Bonham, '26.

Sir Launce and Lady Lenore

(With apologies to Sir Thomas Malory)

RIGHT merrily did the good knight, Sir Launce, bravest of all the good King Robert's Oblong Table, ride forth underneath the greenwood tree in search of some adventure. And anon, as he pined, from out the gloomy wood came the cry of a maiden in sore stress, and Sir Launce plunged his spurs into his steed and dashed forward to her aid. And he came upon a maiden passing fair, weeping and wailing, bound fast by cruel fetters.

And the good Sir Launce did loose her chains and set her up afore him and right merrily did ride away.

The maiden, whose fair beauty already enchained his valiant heart anon as he did first gaze upon her, did relate her fortunes in this wise: "I bethought me," she said, speaking in a voice wonderous sweet, "that I should hie me to yon fair fields and gather me a fair nose-gay for my betrothed, the good knight Sir Garain, who doth love the flowers as my face.

"And when I had come to the greenwood I did espy a knight resting against a tree. I knew him not, for his visor was clasped. Thinking no harm, I did bid him good morrow. Whereupon, he did seize me right vigorously and did gird me to this same tree under which he rested, with passing cruel fetters; speaking in a most unknightly manner: 'Let your rescuer ride yet deeper into this gloomy wood and accost me at yon red tree, at the walls of yonder blue castle.' So saying, he departed."

When the beauteous maid had done her tale, Sir Launce heaved a great sigh to think so fair a maid of such virtuously lovely grace should be the lady of another, and right sadly did he vow his should be the Holy Order when he had avenged the damsel of his heart.

And Lady Lenore did look upon Sir Launce's manly face all perplexed with heavy sadness, and verily she did marvel that a knight of such wondrous fame and prowess, should be so mournful. And the Lady Lenore did speak with the knight of sadness and did cheer him in his gloom, saying: "Wherefore so sad, fair sir, yonder stands the errant knave who bound me thus. Approach!"

And the lady did bind her colors upon his arm, and Sir Launce did come upon the wronger of his lady love, and did speak boldly and say: "Sir stranger Knight, thou didst harm shamefully yonder fair lady, who is my lady love if ever knight had a lady whom he did love, therefore look you well for I shall surely do her vengeance an my name be Sir Launce of King Robert's Oblong Table."

He encountered the knight and did smite him right heartily, so he did fall heavily as one dead. Arising, the stranger did smite Sir Launce until he did fall, whereupon he would have advanced and sent him from the world, but the sun did gleam on Sir Launce's shield reflecting in the other's eyes until blinded he gazed upon Sir Launce as one dazed by magic. Then lightly did Sir Launce pursue the battle, oft in peril of his life, but happily he did escape. And right fiercely did the battle wage until even-tide and the sun did sink to the westward.

And the twain were sore wounded unto death; so weak were they in doing bloodshed each could scarce stand, and anon Sir Launce gathered his fast waning strength and smote the knight a resounding blow, and the knight did fall upon the earth, groaning heavily. Sir Launce did unlace his corslet to slay him, and the knight did so plead for life that the good Sir Launce yielded to his entreaty.

The maiden then did draw nearer, and perceiving the strange knight with his visor opened, did know him to be her betrothed; and right heavily did she bemoan his treachery, and did fall upon Sir Launce weeping sorely. Then did Sir Launce give her cheer professing his passion for her, and right gladly did the Lady Lenore become his bride.

And they did hold a fair feast, that very even, good to see with much merry making, which did last many days. And they did summon King Robert and the Oblong Table to the feast.

Here endeth the tale.

—Betty Parry, '26.

Captives of the Storm

(*A true story*)

THE worst snow of many years occurred in the early part of January, 1918. My three eldest brothers had enlisted in the army, in December, leaving my youngest brother Jack, my mother, and another old couple who were working for us, to look after the ranch. Jack could not help very much, as he left every morning at seven o'clock for an eight mile ride into school, returning about five p. m.

But, to continue, on this particular day, when Jack rode off, the sky was dark and stormy, and the snow, all ready falling, continued all day. When Jack got home that night, there were several inches of snow on the ground, and it was still coming down heavily.

By the next morning, there was over half a foot, and it was hard traveling for the horses. The day passed quickly, as there was plenty to do. Five o'clock came and passed, but brought no cheerful shout from Jack, who usually heralded his arrival in that way. Six, seven, and finally eight o'clock came and went, and still he did not come. The telephone was silent, and we knew the wires were down somewhere along the line. Our nearest neighbor, quite a half a mile away, knew nothing of our plight. Mother and I sat up that night, and kept a fire going in the big fire-place, hoping every minute to hear Jack's footsteps at the back door.

What a sight met our eyes the next morning! Snow everywhere! Our barns and pig pens were over a quarter of a mile from our house, and there was six feet of snow all the way down the trail between the two places. You may be better able to imagine what it was like, when I tell you that it took mother and the old man, alternately shoveling out a path, and carrying big pails of food for the eight or nine pigs, from eight in the morning until two in the afternoon to get to the barns to feed the animals. Besides the pigs, which were pedigreed Berkshires that we did not want to lose, there were our big work team, two buggy horses, a colt, a cow, and I don't know how many chickens and ducks to be attended to. In addition to this, our water for drinking and cooking had to be carried up in pails, from the big irrigation ditch, some distance from the house.

About seven o'clock it began to get colder. By morning the trees were covered with ice, and the snow was crusted over so that in some places one could walk upon it.

About one o'clock that afternoon, mother and I were down at the barns, looking after the horses, when we heard a shout, and up the trail came Jack and his chum, leading their almost exhausted horses. I hardly waited to speak to them, but rushed to the house to help Mrs. Hatfield get a hot dinner ready as quickly as possible.

Over the dinner table, we heard their story. It seemed that Jack had not been able to get home at all the first night, and could not even get word to us that he was all right. The next day, he and his chum started out early in the morning, but were only a mile away from the ranch when their horses became exhausted, and they had to stay over night at some neighbors. The next morning it took them more than three hours to reach home.

After they had rested a little, the two boys went out and shoveled off the roofs of the house and barns, as we were afraid that the weight of the snow would cave them in.

A few days later we had a silver thaw, which lasted for some time. It was rather dangerous to walk about, but coasting was great fun, and while the snow's crust lasted, Jack had many tumbles and a great deal of sport trying to put to use a six-foot pair of Skees, which he had made earlier in the year.

—Isabel Shetky, '25.

Tahiti

TAHITI is often called the "Queen of the Southern Seas." From this little island, one may hear the booming of the surf on the coral reef and see the black outlines of the island Moorea to the West, and the cool green mountains behind the little city of Papeeti.

On entering Papeeti the coco-palms, along the beach, seem to wave a welcome. And, oh, how calm and peaceful it all is.

Papeeti, the largest city of Tahiti, lies sheltered among the mountains. Along the beach runs a broad avenue, bordered by palm trees. If this avenue could speak it would have much to tell, of the different peoples that have delighted in its cool shade.

At about five o'clock, looking towards Moorea we see a sunset that is so unspeakably beautiful, we wish we had the artist's power, that we might at least attempt to reproduce its beauty.

As its colors slowly fade, leaving faint traces of rose and blue in the sky, darkness falls suddenly, for the South Seas have no twilight. The evening air is balmy and soft, and everyone comes out to enjoy it, as the loveliest portion of the day. If we sit near the edge of the lagoon, the only sound to be heard is the incessant flip, flop, flop of the fish.

When at last weariness drives us to our hotel and to slumber, our last conscious impression is that of the booming of the surf on the coral reef. We may be awakened by mellow voices, and the notes of a ukelie or a guitar, underneath our window. It is only a few of the natives, however, singing their native songs.

If we wish to enjoy Tahiti to the uttermost, we must forget all wordly things and give ourselves up to the beauties of Nature.

—Marjorie Andrews, '27.

A Quest for Happiness

IN the middle ages, Toledo was a great city. From her majestic heights she looked proudly down upon the country round. The great city of Madrid, scarce a dozen leagues away, was as nothing to her in age and might, and impregnable fortifications. She was old, old, even when Labienus first saw the Pyrenies, old when Julius Caesar sent his legions to Spain. The history of Toledo was great, as great as the old city itself. It had been the scene of many a battle and many a romance; a city of proud and ancient name, and proud and ancient families.

During the first years of the sixteenth century, when Philip of Austria was ruling in Castile, one of the greatest nobles in all his realm, was Senor Don Rodrigo de Estavan, grandee of Spain.

It was twilight hour, and the suns last rays fell on the Sagus flowing quietly between verdant banks. On the bridge of Alcantara, stood two youths, one gazing down into the fast darkening waters of the river, the other looking to the west to catch the last glimpse of the golden sun as it sank behind gaudy clouds. When even the clouds had lost their color, he sighed softly and turned to his brother.

"Felipe, my brother, what think you of my plan?"

"Ah Hernando, I do right well agree, but father, what of him?"

"Our sister will stay with him to comfort his old age, but we are men and we cannot stay within our father's walls forever. We must seek our paths in the world, I am for the New!"

"Then, Hermatio, let us go to him and ask his blessing."

The boys turned slowly away from the quaint, old bridge, and trudged up the hill. After a short walk, they neared a huge castle, built upon a cliff high above a river bed. The dim candles sent feeble rays through the high and narrow windows. As the boys approached, the draw-bridge fell with a surly clang, and a moment later, a man mounted on a richly comparisoned horse, galloped through the lowered bridge and down the road. The boys turned wonderingly and watched the cloud of dust until it died away beyond the Alcantara. It was the King's courier. Then Hernando and Felipe made their way hastily to their father's presence. He greeted them with a preoccupied air. A girl sitting in a recess of a window looking sadly out at the deep river, turned at the sound of their voices. Her long hair, black as midnight, hung loosely over her shoulders. Her dark eyes held a wistful look as she saluted her brothers. She was the Senorita Dona Mercedes, the proud and lovely daughter of the old Duke, sought after by prince and noblemen.

The father's voice trembled with anger as he related the contents of the message brought him by the courier. His rich estates were coveted by the wicked and deceitful favorite of the King, Senor Don Garcia de Gillardo. He hoped to find peace in Spanish Possessions in America.

A Spanish galley sailed out of the Bay of Cadiz into the blue waters of the Atlantic. The four voyagers stood in the stern of the ship, watching the land and the city recede in the hazy distance. With a sigh, the Duke turned to his daughter and said kindly,

"We have left the old life and the old world behind."

There was a deal of meaning in the simple statement, and to Mercedes it spelled death-of-happiness-of future hopes. She sat far into the night, looking into the dark east, her thoughts in the beautiful land she was leaving, perhaps forever. She thought of the old castle, the red roses in the garden, the perfumes of the flowers, the sparkling of the waters, and her mind dwelt long on a certain moonlit balcony, the faint strumming of a guitar, and a dark-eyed lover.

Many weeks later, the same proud galley, glistening in the sunlight glided into the welcoming harbor of San Diago. Here the old Duke and his family were kindly received by the pious old monks of Cien Fugus. And thus in Cuba, began the new life of the Estavans, afterwards called Stevans.

—Florence Niles, '23.

An Italian Garden

AN ITALIAN GARDEN

LET us look into a very old Italian Garden. The time is late Autumn and there has been no rain since June; but a large, dark cloud in the south promises that the drought will soon be broken. Everything is dry, and hot, and silent. The leaves of the grape-vine, clinging to the limestone wall, have shrivelled into a dull rust color. The grapes themselves, which the heat has spotted with brown, resemble the brown and white speckled spiders that run among them. A lizard basking in the sun, stirs uneasily, as if he realizes that winter will soon be coming. A tap at the wall and a scorpion, its nippers open wide, comes running out in great anger. Twisted old olive trees are dropping their leaves, and fig trees are bent with fruit. The myrtle vines offer their black, glossy lucious fruit, and pulpy red love apples lie under a hedge of aloes.

In one corner beneath an ilex tree, two girls are sitting, on a stone bench carved to represent crouching lions. They are typical Italian girls with smooth olive skins, dark hair, and glowing eyes. One of them, looking over the garden, seems to see something more than mere nature.

"See, Bianca," she says. "The red-ripe pomegranites are splitting and falling to the ground. They are still beautiful, but no one wants them now. That is the way it was with the duchess. She was very beautiful, but she was not crafty, and delayed too long. In Italy one must make the best of summer. Look! how the butterflies hover around that yellow rock flower! They will soon go to some other, however, and leave it to die alone. Duke Alessandio is popular now, but his favor will soon pass. Only that old olive tree remains unchanged, that must be the Church . . . . . Here comes the wind and the rain. We must go! Hurry! See how it bends the poplars! They are the Italian people, and the storm the battle of ambitious kings!

—Gertrude Ireland, '23.

The Mermaid

Alone, afar, on a mossy rock,
Where the sunkissed wavelets play,
A lovely mermaid with golden locks
Sits all the live long day.
Her pearly hands play a golden harp,
Her silvery voice sings high
And her sparkling eyes with lashes long
Are turned to the blue, blue, sky.
And one may come to this beachy strand,
To look for the mermaid fair,
But wander and search as ever you like
You will never find her there,
For whenever she hears a human tread
Back into the sea she goes
And her lovely figure glides from sight,
Where to? Ah—no one knows.
And then again on this mossy rock
Where the sunkissed wavelets play
There is nothing left of this mermaid fair
But a glimmering glint of spray.

—Nancy Bonham, '26.

A Class History

AN ACROSTIC

Now the mighty class of twenty-three,
In the beginning was just little me.
New lands the old Hall did acquire.
E'en to new buildings did aspire
To which they straightway moved en masse,
Enrolling five names to this illustrious class,
Entrancing Anne, enthusiastic Lee, ethereal Dot, energetic Peggie.
Noble Florence, Senior Council's head
To Blackstone in secret yearning to be wed.
With nineteen twenty came Bess and Pearl,
Each in her way a most superior girl.
Now in nineteen hundred and twenty-one
To us a group of nine did come,
Youthful Dot and giggling Gert,
The vivacious Virgie and Frances alert
Happy Hez, Margaret, and Connie,
Right merry Willetha and Bess the bonnie,
Even though many, in this we are all
Ever one, in devotion to St. Helen's Hall.

—Jean Muir, '23.

The Class Will

WE, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three, being untouched as to sanity by the weight of our responsibilities, do here give and bequeath our goods and chattels.

To the class of twenty-four we leave some of our dignity and our best wishes. To our sister class, the Upper-fours, we leave our love and sympathy, and to the unaccountable, giggling freshmen, we leave a portion of our poise, and the remainder of our dignity. Finally, we, the individual members of the class, leave our treasures as follows:

I, Bess Allen, do hereby leave my precious, obedient nature to Irene Brix.

I, Pearl Biehn, do leave my highly developed love (?) of athletics to Nancy Bonham.

I, Bess Edwards, do leave my pleasing manners to Marjorie Pittock.

I, Consuelo Hamer, do hereby bequeath my undaunted nerve to Julia Bradley.

I, Dorothy Haradon, do bequeathe my gentle voice to Martha Hughes.

I, Virginia Hull, do bequeathe my gentleness to Virginia Zan.

I, Lillian Luders, do leave my skill in translating Caesar to Catherine Martin.

I, Gertrude Ireland, do hereby leave my scholastic honors to any successful candidate of the coming generation.

I, Margaret Newbegin, leave my demureness to Dorothy Statter.

I, Jean Muir, do leave my wit to Evelyn Meyer.

I, Florence Niles, leave my wide reading knowledge to Margaret McKern.

I, Hazelmary Price, do bequeathe my pep to Catherine Hart.

I, Willetha Ritter, do bequeathe my worried countenance to Sheila Maloney

I, Dorothee Scarborough, leave my immense vocabulary to Mildred Vaughn.

I, Peggie Spencer, leave my diligence to Elizabeth St. Claire.

I, Frances Weller, do leave my sunny disposition to Florence Volstorff.

I, Anne Wentworth, do hereby close this testament by leaving my absolute dignity to Helen Paddock.

Signed, Margaret Spencer.

Approved, Dorothy Haradon.
Bess Allen.

Class Prophecy

It was an early morning in mid-summer when the "Hercules," the most fully equipped of hydroplanes, left the harbor of San Francisco to circumnavigate the globe. The sun had risen and was just penetrating the heavy fog when the Hercules, now a dot on the horizon to the few spectators was instantly swallowed up in the reflection which the sun was already casting on the water.

The four hundred passengers were in the best of spirits, as travelers always are on the first day of their journey.

"So far, so good" was about all that could be said about that trip for it seemed that no sooner had they lost sight of the Golden Gate when things began to go wrong, first one thing and then another. The pilot, "Dot Scarbarough," was blamed for the most of it, for she did not get up until time to start and consequently did not look at the engine. Whether or not Dot was responsible the Hercules was marooned on the Island of Acacia, as to where this island was, no one knew, only that it was "somewhere in the South Seas."

Being marooned may be either pleasant or unpleasant. This particular group of people chose to make it pleasant, so they proceeded to become better acquainted. A young woman, described by the others as being "Real nice looking," seemed to be in charge of the affairs. A committee of elders decided to look into the source of her power. Someone recognized her and called her a Miss Haradon, the mayor of a small town in Iowa. After being reminded that she was not in her own little town, Dorothy Haradon was found to be very congenial. She already knew some of the other passengers for her companion, Jean Muir, was a well known novelist and poet, who seemed to be tracing many old friends from among those present.

They were walking down the beach one evening, admiring the exquisite beauty of the tropical scenery, when they saw a lonely figure standing near the water, and upon drawing nearer they recognized the profile of Anne Wentworth, their one time class president, who had since married an English ambassador and was pulling the strings of European politics. Anne had always been diplomatic.

A young cartoonist was noticed sitting under a tree making caricatures of various people. She had spent the most of her time thus engaged since her arrival. Jean Muir was given one of the small cartoons and remarked how it resembled the art of Bess Edwards, a cartoonist of Portland. Several days later they were informed by Virginia Hull, the society Editor of the Oregonian,

that the artist was the very same old Bess they used to know, who had married, but was still pursuing her career in Portland.

The beauty of the island could not forever interest the people and even the lazy tropical breeze which brings with it a desire for rest, could not subdue this pleasure loving company. (Someone suggested that they put on a play, something they all knew, one of Shakespeare's tragedies was chosen.) The leading role was played by Consuelo Hamer, a famous tragedienne, whose name was on the lips of every theatre-going American. The part was enacted unusually well but "Connie" had not learned her lines. It was due to this carelessness that Virgie Hull recognized her as a member of the class of '23 of St. Helen's Hall. Virgie was determined to gather every particular of news on the island for the Oregonian, so she energetically went in search of any others who might be interested in Journalism, and was immediately introduced to Miss Spencer, editor of "College Life in America." Had they not known each other somewhere? Surely, for to each other they looked familiar. Of course! Peggy Spencer had been the editor-in-chief of the Delphic and had been so popular among her class-mates, but this popularity had not left her for she was welcomed by all her friends as enthusiastically as ever.

The eight young women, who had at one time been fellow students at the "Hall" organized an Alumnae Club, the purpose of which was to discover the whereabouts of the old friends in the states, and to locate any other who might be on the island. In the first meeting the present positions of Willetha Ritter and Bess Allen were discussed. Willetha, who sacrificed a musical career for marriage, was spending the summer abroad, with her husband, and Bess Allen, determined never to be claimed in marriage, became chaperone to the boarders at the Hall, but her love of music predominated to such a degree, that she resigned her position and began teaching piano.

It was not until two weeks after the society was formed that Florence Niles was located on the island. She was enjoying a debate with another lawyer, and, as usual, she was winning. Florence had been nominated Circuit Judge of Oregon, but as her own law office was more profitable and interesting, she refused the offer and was continuing to practice in her own firm.

Later the club held a second meeting in which they spoke of Lillian Luders, who had become international golf champion. How fortunate! Lee always did look well in sport clothes. And Hazelmary Price, the former yell queen of S. H. H., was spending her time touring the states, mainly of the east, addressing the High School students on "School Spirit, Pep and Enthusiasm."

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a ship was discovered coming nearer and nearer the island. It came as one drawn by a magnet, never wavering from its course. At last the exiles were to be freed, by an American vessel.

As they boarded the "Dolphin" there were never more grateful people. On the homeward journey, the sole complaint was that they did not go fast enough; and needless to say, any news which the other passengers had heard was eagerly taken in by the party from the long lost "Hercules."

The two things for which the "Dolphin" was famous were; her jazz orchestra, and her classical concerts. The club formed on Acacia was delighted to find Pearl Biehn giving piano concerts every evening, while her rival, Margaret Newbegin, directed the jazz orchestra in the ball room, each competing for the largest audiences.

Among the passengers on board were Frances Weller and Gertrude Ireland. Frannie had become a great lover of children while boarding at the Hall, and was then manager of a large toy shop. Her knowledge of children was only excelled by her love for them. The greatest psychologists gathered around her to learn from her experience with children, what they could not find in books. Gertrude Ireland was the president of the University of her native state; but she often found it difficult to maintain a serious countenance before her students because of that fatal habit of giggling, never quite conquered while at school.

And so it is that everything comes to something, even the class of nineteen twenty-three.

—Dorothee Scarborough, '23.

When these Seniors
Of St. Helen's Hall
Do leave us soon
For good and all,
We'll remember each
Not by her name
But by the thing
Which won her fame.

Bess Allen by her intellectual ability,
Pearl Biehn by her complexion
Bess Edwards by her artistic ability,
Consuelo Hamer by her style,
Virginia Hull by her kind heartedness,

Dorothy Haradon by her argumentative temperament.
Gertrude Ireland by her sense of humor,
Lillian Luders by her athletic ability,
Jean Muir by her power to make us laugh,
Margaret Newbegin by her reliability,
Florence Niles by her honor,
Hazelmary Price by her smile,
Willetha Ritter by her daintiness,
Dorothee Scarbrough by her chatter,
Margaret Spencer by her hair,
Frances Weller by her dimples,
Anne Wentworth by her profile.

DURING the regular basket ball season, the various class teams played each other, and the cup was won by the Upper IV Form.

The season was closed recently with two games played with Miss Catlin's. Before Christmas, one game was played, which we won. For various reasons, the next was put off until April, some six weeks after we had ceased practicing. The game was played at the Hall, and the Catlin's team won at a score of eithteen to twenty. Then it was necessary to play a deciding game. This was played a few days later at Miss Catlin's court. Our opponents won this game also. Despite the loss of two of our best players, Martha Hughes and Catherine Martin, the team did brilliant work.

Tennis matches are in order now, and the two courts are filled at every period during the day. The entries have been posted, and a goodly number of both beginners and Seniors have turned out for singles and doubles. The courts are in good condition, and the weather is certainly favorable. There is some very keen rivalry displayed, and everyone is looking forward with great anticipation to the finals.

—Florence Niles, '23.

December 13th

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Smith, gave a delightful concert. The program consisted of:

(*a*) My Honey . . . . . *Lynes*
(*b*) Lullaby . . . . . *Harker*

GLEE CLUB

(*a*) Dreaming Rose . . . . . *Harris*
(*b*) Morning . . . . . *Harris*

GLEE CLUB

Piano—"Elfin Dance" . . . . . *Macdowell*

BESS ALLEN

(*a*) Sanctus . . . . . *Buck*
(*b*) The Night Has a Thousand Eyes . . . . . *Rogers*

GLEE CLUB

Reading—"The Italian in England" . . . *Browning* .

FLORENCE NILES

(*a*) Cradle Song . . . . . *Norris Lynes*
(*b*) The Land o' the Leal . . . . . *Boltwood*
(*c*) Little Orphan Annie . . . . . *Thomas*

GLEE CLUB

Piano—March Grotesque . . . . . *Sinding*
PEARL BIEHN

(*a*) Kirconnel Lea—Old Scottish Border Melody,
Sweet Heart, My Song is Done . . . *Sims, Lynes*
Alma Mater.
GLEE CLUB

The three weeks following the Mid Year Examinations, have been marked by various activities.

February 1st

A dance given at the Portland Heights Club was greatly enjoyed by the older girls and their friends.

February 8th

Two little plays, one in French and one in English, were presented by the children of the Lower school. "Le Bal Masque" gave the children an excellent opportunity to display the progress they had made in French conversation, and they presented many pretty pictures in their fantastic masquerade costumes. Gladys Goodman played the role of Madame Lionet; Ardeane Henningsen, Madame Reville; Susan Sargent, Odelle; Johanna Jenkins, Germaine; Catherine Briggs, Simoine; Margaret Benson, Suzanne; Virginia Strowbridge appeared as Jeannette, while Elizabeth Barbur impersonated "Une petite Parisienne."

The English play, "The Cuckoo Clock" was very well acted. Those taking part were: Catherine Briggs and Blanche Stabler, as the two elderly aunts; Ardeane Henningsen as "little Phil's mother;" Julia Abraham as Dorcas; Dorothy Hughes as Griselda, Elizabeth Henderson as the old Dutch mechanic, and Patricia Lamont as little Sybilla; Sally Reed as "Master Phil" and Elizabeth Berger as the Cuckoo.

February 12th

Lincoln's Birthday was observed with fitting exercises of a patriotic nature. After the singing of "America" and the Salute to the Flag, recitations were given: "The Gettysburg Address," by Catherine Martin; Whitman's "Oh Captain, my Captain," by Consuelo Hamer; and the famous Lincoln letter by Bess Allen. Essays on Lincoln were read by Dorothy Scarborough, Edna Ellen Bell, Catherine West, Evelyn Meyer, Analeane Cohen, and Cornelia Ireland. The program closed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

February 22nd

We all had a good rest from the trials and tribulations of school, Washington's Birthday.

April 5th

A Latin play was given by one of the First Year Latin Classes.

April 6th to 16th

Easter Vacation. The ten days were enjoyed by all.

April 19th

"The Knave of Hearts" was given by the Expression Class. The leading parts were taken by Willetha Ritter, as Lady Violetta; Donna Jean Trumbull, as King Pompdebille; Lillian Luders, as the Knave; and Dorothy Scarborough, as the Chancellor. The other parts were taken by Catherine Hennagin, Catherine West, Florida Kissling, and several of the children from the Lower School.

April 20th

The second basket-ball game was played with Miss Catlin's school and they won by a score of 18 to 20.

April 24th

We all went up to Miss Catlin's school and the teams played the third game. It was a stiff game and the girls worked hard, but Miss Catlin's won the silver cup by a score of 6 to 23.

April 26th

Sister Superior gave a party for the boarders under sixteen years of age. The music was furnished by the older boarders.

May 15th

The new girls entertained the old girls with a picnic at the Meyer's summer home on the Sandy river.

May 17th

The Seniors were entertained by the Juniors with a luncheon at Mrs. Henderson's on the Highway.

June 1st

The Senior English Play, "The Princess" was given. Dorothy Haradon took the role of the Princess, Pearl Biehn, the Prince; Elizabeth Edwards, the King (the Father of the Prince); Bess Allen as King Gama. Hazelmary Price as

Arac, his son; Gertrude Ireland as Florian; Lillian Luders as Cyril; Dorothee Scarborough as Lady Blanche; Willetha Ritter as Lady Psyche; Margaret Spencer as Melissa; Virginia Hull as Violet; Consuelo Hamer as Charlotte; Florence Niles as the Portress. The students were Jean Muir, Ann Wentworth, and Frances Weller. A musicale was enjoyed after the English play.

June 2nd

M. Hulin's French Class presented "Le Bourgois Gentilhomme.' Those taking part were Virginia Pittock as Monsieur Jourdain; Anne Wentworth as Madame Jourdain; Willetha Ritter as Lucile; Consuelo Hamer as Cleonte; Edna Ellen Bell as Nicole; Jean Muir as Dorante; Pearl Biehn as Doriemene; Dorothy Mielke as Covielle; Doine Smith as Le Maitre de Musique; Catherine West as Le Maitre de Philosophie; Nancy Chipman as Le Maitre de Danser; Marjorie Pittock as Le Maitre D'Armes; Frances Weller, as Le Tailleur and Catherine Hart as Le Garcon, and Bess Allen and Lillian Luders as Les Deux Laquais.

A program was given by the Glee Club and pronounced a great success.

June 3rd

The Right Reverend Walter T. Sumner preached the Bacchalaureate Sermon at St. Stephen's Pro-Cathedral.

June 4th

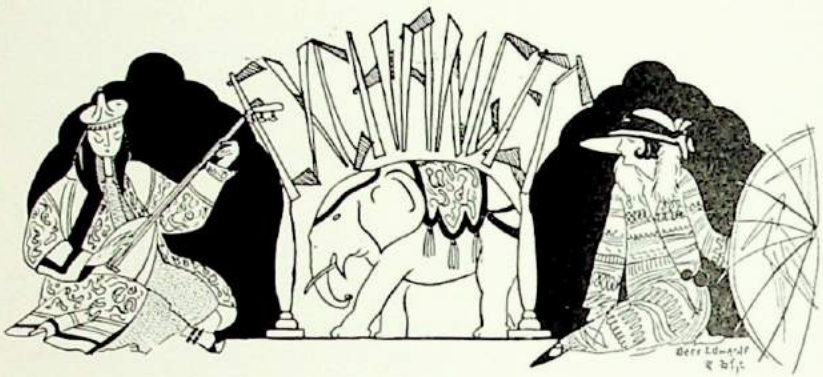
The Lower School helped to make Commencement week a success by giving several little plays. "The Sleeping Beauty," in French, and Thackery's, "The Rose and the Ring," etc.

June 4th

The Senior Prom, which is always anticipated with pleasure, was a great success.

June 5th

The Commencement excercises were held at Trinity Church. There were seventeen Seniors who graduated this year. The program was even more attractive than before.



THE Delphic acknowledges with thanks, the receipt of the following publications:

THE JOHANNEAN, St. John's School, Mountain Lakes, N. J.
The stories were very clever, but why no cuts or pictures?

THE COLUMBIAD, Columbia University.
Of the issues we have received since our last publication, your "Philosopher's Number" was most interesting and thoughtful. "Fundamental Phases of Logic" was especially commendable.

THE ACADEMIA, St. Mary's Academy.
Your poetry is always delightful.

FERRY TALES, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois.
Your paper is well written and lively.

THE SENTINEL, Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, California.
We missed your criticisms of the Exchanges in the Christmas issue. The story entitled, "A Ride in the Night" was very good.

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.
You are new to us, and we hope you will come again, for, from your paper we can see that you are a very active school

Saint Katherine's Wheel, Saint Katherine's Hall, Davenport, Iowa.

In your Easter number, "Appreciation of Marion Crandell," was certainly of a type which should excite admiration in all readers.

The Scroll, Washington Seminary, Washington, Pennsylvania.

Your cuts are the best we have found in any of our exchanges, and we are interested in your traditions.

The Blue Print, The Katherine Branson School, San Rapheal, California.

Your advertising managers must be "live wires." Your stories have good descriptions.

The Blue Pencil, Walnut Hill School, Natick, Massachusetts.

The Blue Pencil is a new magazine to us; its editorials are well worth while, and its stories are most entertaining. We hope to see you again.

The Cue, Albany Academy, Albany, New York.

A fairly good issue. We hope you will come again.

We also gratefully acknowledge "The Olympus," Olympia High School, Olympia, Washington; "The Oregon Churchman;" "The Mills College Bulletin," Mills College; "The Emerald," University of Oregon.

MISS Caroline Flanders, '91, and her sister, Miss Louise Flanders are traveling in Europe. They will return in June.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Riddell (Ethel Malpas, '16) have moved to Los Angeles with Patricia and Joan, where they will make their home.

Laura Reed, '21, is attending Business College in Portland.

Mrs. Curtis Strong (Alice Henderson, '72) has returned from a winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dwyer (Roberta Powell) are being congratulated on the arrival of a son, born March 5th.

Helen Ballard, '18, was married April 18th, to Lieutenant Carroll Weldin, U. S. N., '20.

Eleanor Simpson, '20, is interested in Commercial Art, and is now in a Brack Art Shop in Los Angeles.

Martha and Bernardina Gardener, '19, are living in Santa Barbara.

Eola Richards, '12, is living in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Emie Theron (Muriel Kyea) is also living in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Canby has recently returned from abroad and is living in Boston, where Major Canby is stationed.

Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth (Alice Heitchu) and her daughter Katherine are traveling abroad. They spent Easter in Rome.

There is a new arrival in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Gorrill Swagart (Dorine Wilde, '17), a baby boy.

Mrs. Robert Warrack (Alice Crawford, '86) has recently returned from a visit of several months with her daughter in Coranado.

Faith Newton, '19, has started a kindergarten in Wallace, Idaho.

Nadine Caswell, '17, is visiting Mrs. Clift Cornwall (Elizabeth Huber) at Short Hills, New Jersey.

A recent wedding of interest was that of Lucile Pfaff and Louis William Jannsey.

Adelaine Kendall, '17, is traveling in the east.

To My Alma Mater

Dear school, within your quiet walls
I walked, and little knew of grief or care.
You sheltered me from all the knocks
The world can give, with wisdom rare.
You led me thru impressionable years
With kind, farseeing thought and love.
Ah, sometimes how I long to hear
That sweet-toned bell clang from above.
And as its tones fall on the morning air,
To chapel two by two we go,
I never will forget those early prayers
Like cooling draughts they seemed to o'er me flow.
Oh glorious school, St. Helen's Hall,
Your truths and rites surround me still,
Your voice a benediction, when the world
Restless and torn refuses what God wills.
I pray that God, who gave you birth,
Will hold you far too dear to have you put aside
By those who know so little of your worth,
So little of your influence far and wide.
Oh glorious school! St. Helen's Hall!
I love you and shall always pray
That you will stand erect and tall
Thru all the ages, till the Judgment Day.

—A. B.

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