

SCINTILLA



1946





Scintilla

ST. HELEN'S HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE

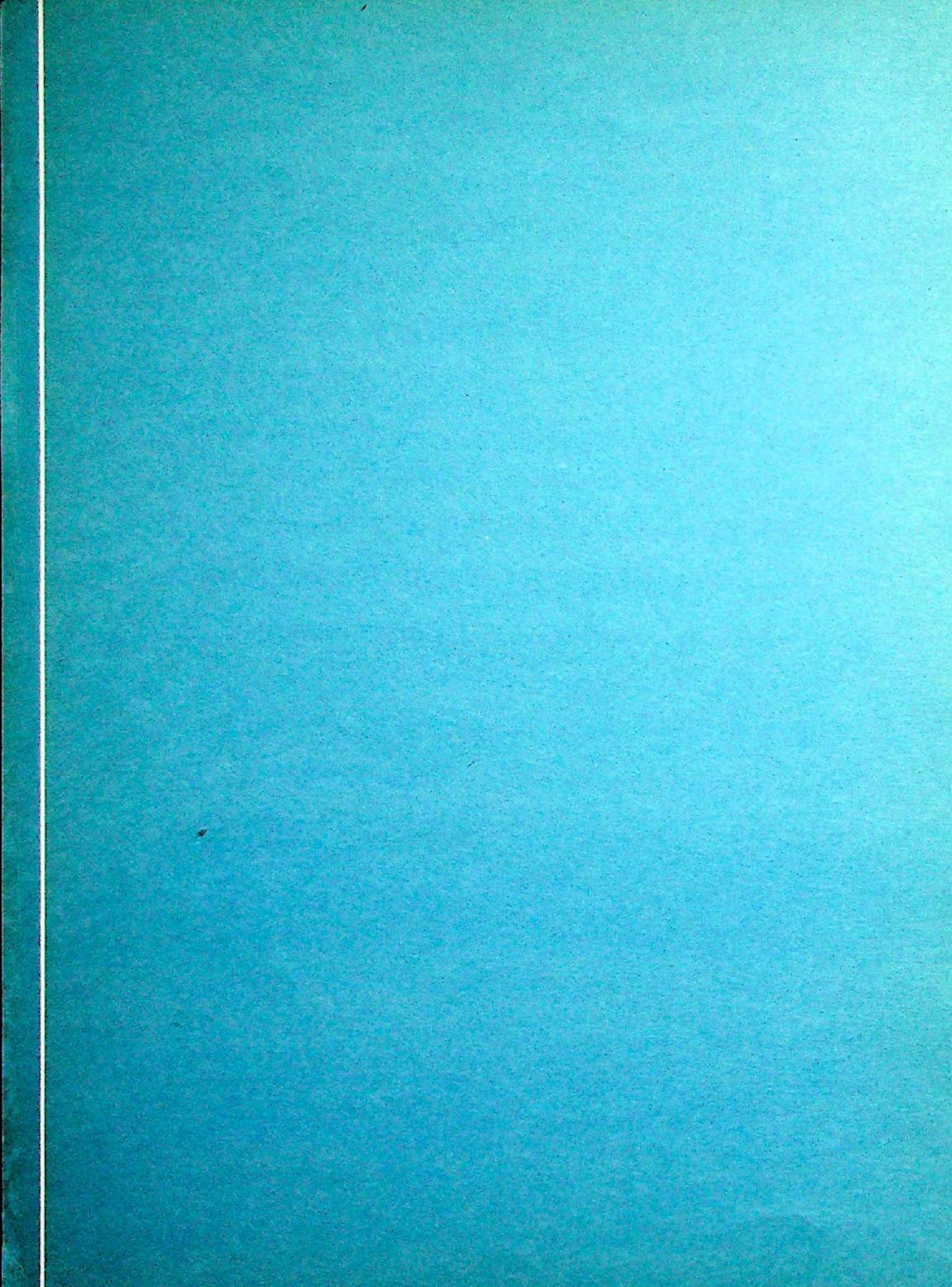
NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX

WE, the class of 1946, dedicate ourselves and our lives to that tomorrow, beyond graduation, when we as citizens of the world will be called upon to contribute our bit to international equality. We pledge our efforts to be spent in fullest measure on the meanest tasks of love, that however small our contacts, we shall in all be motivated by the genuine spirit of world fraternity. Though our principle is challenged by the fury of controversy, we firmly resolve, with the help of God, to push on "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield" that world harmony which love alone can foster.



FACULTY

Guidance, preparation, example — gifts for the future from the faculty, individuals whose very vocation embodies their dedication to the future.





Dean's Message

Almost two thousand years ago the children of humanity were bade by the greatest teacher the world has ever known to love one another. Centuries have passed — centuries filled with hatred and war, with greed and conquest. Today, on the threshold of a new era, we are brought to a comprehension not only of the humanitarianism and the spiritual necessity but also of the practical statesmanship of that behest. Only today have we come to the realization that the world and its peoples have reached a grand crescendo of material force of such magnitude that, like a monster Frankenstein, it can only destroy those who have created it. In the face of this monster we turn to the love and understanding of our fellowmen not only for spiritual uplift, as in the past, but for material salvation.

Awesome indeed is the task placed before you of this graduating class of 1946. For the ways of love are not easily followed, nor are the demands of love readily fulfilled. National enmities born in the dim past of early history are to be adjusted; economic injustices nurtured through centuries of selfishness and greed are to be erased; racial intolerances produced by eons of ignorance and prejudice are to be eradicated. Only through growth and accomplishment so monumental can the world survive.

May you carry with you from your years at St. Helen's Hall Junior College some of the tools which you will need: the intelligence to cast aside unreasoning beliefs and groundless convictions; the vision to conceive of new ways of living and more satisfying relationships among men of all nations and all races; the character to hold firm to higher ideals and conceptions; and the spiritual strength which alone can enable the men and women of this new world truly to love one another. May you realize anew each day the lasting meaning of the words of John: ". . . he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

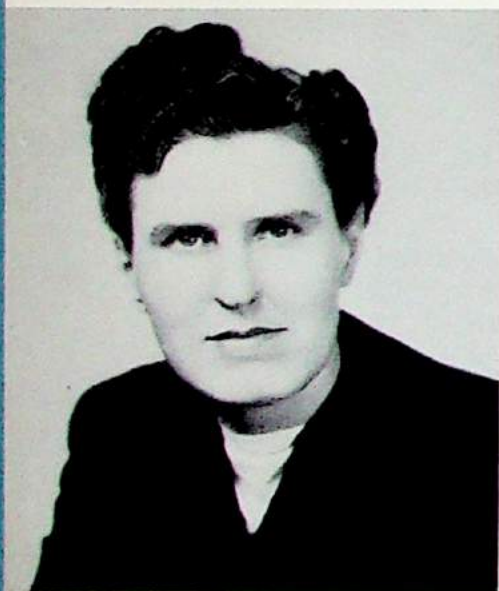
GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS



CAROLYN BOWERS COLLETT
Drama and Literature



JANET EASTERDAY
Secretarial Science
Registrar



VIRGINIA L. LANDQUIST
Physical Sciences



LUCEIL M. OSVOLD
Librarian and Counselor



DOROTHY McPHERSON ROY
Art and Clothing



AGNES CHRISTIE SWIFT
Field Representative



DONNA PRIEST
Personality Clinic



JANET W. SODERBERG
Physical Education



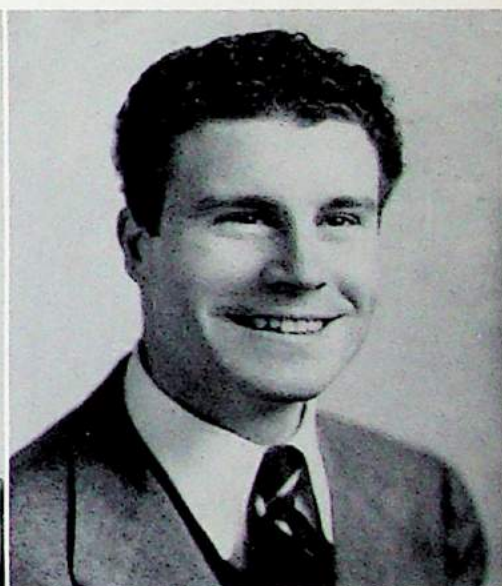
CLORINDA TOPPING
Music Appreciation and Chorus



DOROTHY CLIFFORD
Written English



ELIZABETH H. WRIGHT
Child Development



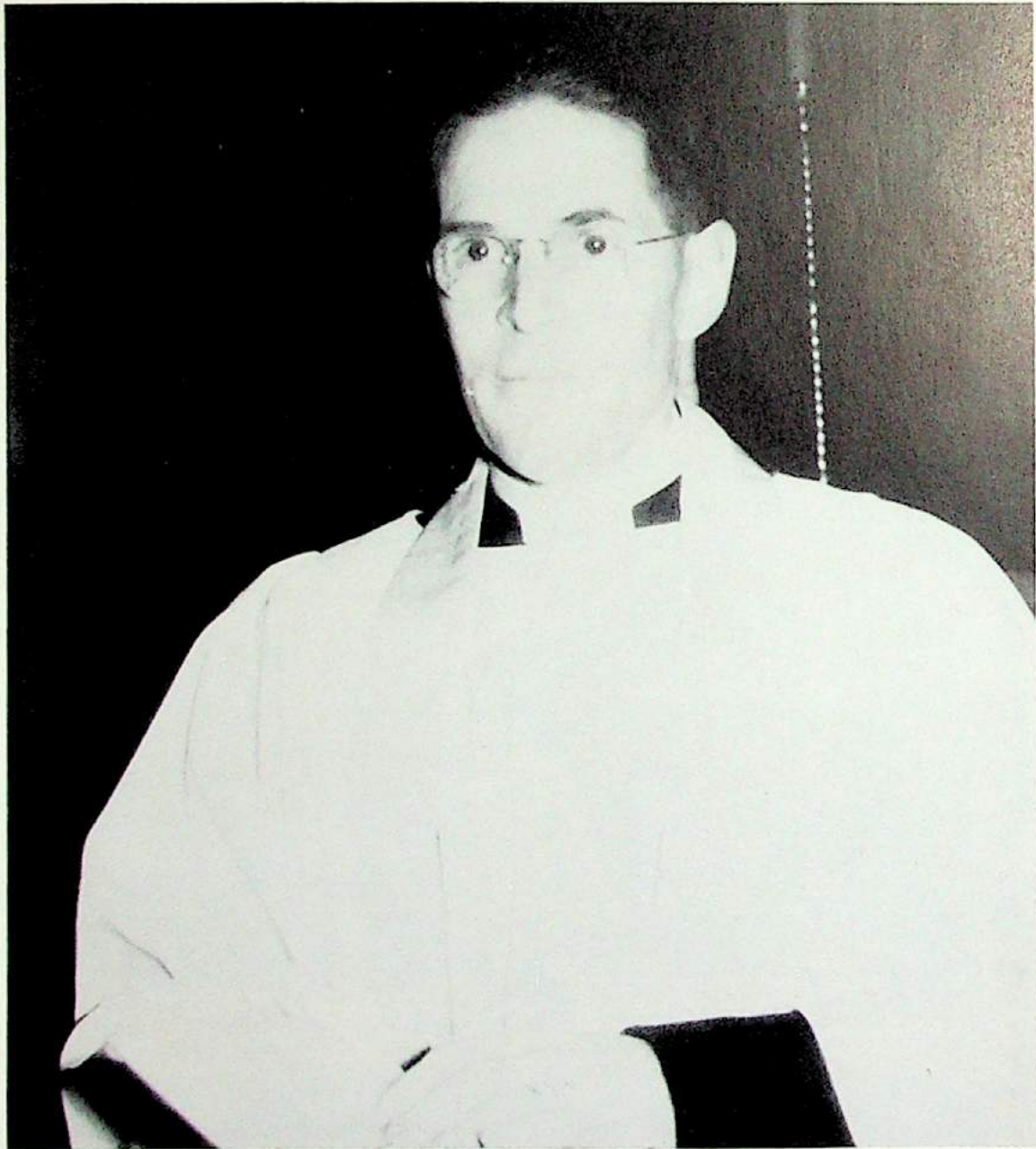
DANIEL HELMS
Biological Sciences



WARREN W. WILCOX
Psychology



SIDNEY PHILLIPS
Social Science



Chaplain's Message

COMMENCEMENT!

May it bring high vision and determination, courage and wisdom. Jesus Christ and Pontius Pilate breathed the same air, walked the same earth, looked at the same sky. One is a synonym for what is well intentioned but time serving and weak. The other stands for action, for service, for LOVE—the welfare of all.

Your future is always commencing. Make it count on the credit side.

L. C. WOLCOTT, Chaplain



SOPHOMORES

And here are we, whose mighty phrases mean only that we'd like to carry on into tomorrow the "spirit of the Hall."



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



BARBARA WITTER
Secretary



GEORGEANNA ADAM
Treasurer



ANNA MAY BORQUIST
Sergeant-at-Arms



LOIS CALDERWOOD
President



BEVINS HALEY
Vice President



LORRAINE HIEBERT
Freshman Representative



GLORIA MERTEN
Freshman Representative



PATRICIA KOOKAN
Sophomore Representative

SOPHO



GEORGEANNA ADAM
Treasurer—Student Body
Editor—Scintilla
Secretary—Studio
Chairman—Red Cross Unit
Barnes Unit
Red Cross Council—1945



LOIS CALDERWOOD—President Student Body
V. President—Delta Psi Omega
Bus. Manager—Scintilla
 Angelos
Representative Freshman Girl
Red Cross Council—1945
Director's Award—1945



LOIS BOSSERMAN—President—I. R. C.
Calendar-Editor—Scintilla



VIRGINIA FRASER—President—Sophomore
 Class
President—Studio
Art Editor—Scintilla
Queen of May Fete
Girl of the Month

MORES

PATRICIA KOOKEN—Social Chairman—
Student Body
Chairman—Barnes Unit
Adv. Manager—Scintilla
Studio
I. R. C.
Angelas
Freshman Representative—1945
Red Cross Council—1945



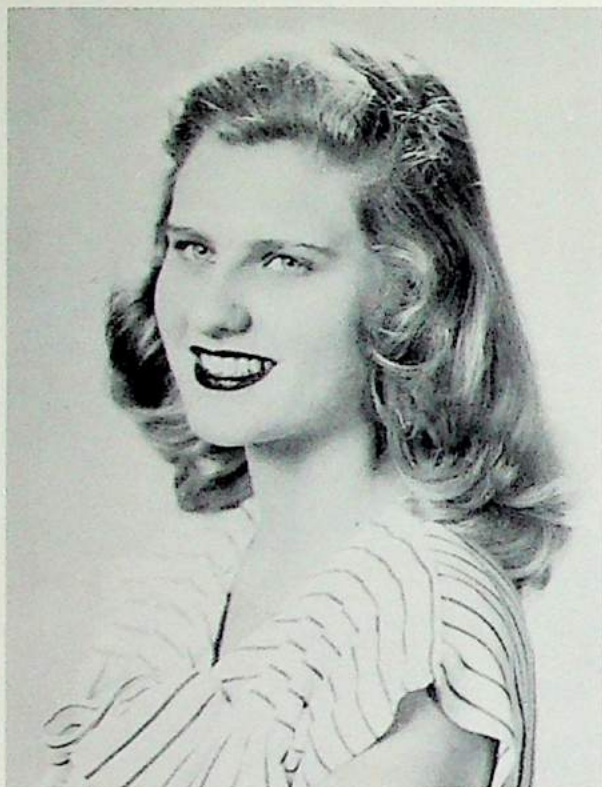
BEVINS HALEY—V. President—Student Body
Sec. Treas.—Delta Psi Omega
President—H-Club
Activities Editor—Scintilla
Angelas
Barnes Unit
Forum
Manager—Book Store
Red Cross Council—1945
Nelson Shield—1945
Freshman Athletic Award—1945

MARIAN PIERCE—Literary Editor—Scintilla
I. R. C.



NAOMI KAFOURY—Scintilla—Photo. Editor
Secretary—Red Cross Unit
Studio

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



VIRGINIA FRASER
President

GEORGEANNA ADAM
Editor, Scintilla





ACTIVITIES

In work and play we've grown and learned that co-operation and tolerance demand as much active energy as their everpresent opposites.



CALENDAR

1945

- July 12 Everglades . . . thoughts of school once more . . . old-time Sophomores and prospective frosh all out for fun . . . swimming, eating, and singing.
- August 16 More fun at Lake Oswego . . . more swimming, eating, and singing . . . talk of classes . . . getting acquainted with faculty.
- September 17 The little Red School house . . . eager Hall girls beginning hectic Freshman Week. Lectures . . . picnic . . . new faces . . . "College Daze".
- September 21 Piles of books wandering down the hall with frosh behind them . . . you guessed it . . . classes beginning.
- October 8 Sophomores supreme . . . freshmen bowing and scraping for a week . . . green bows . . . pale faces . . . hideous pigtailed.
- October 12 Grand finale in Scadding Hall . . . freshmen accepted as "honest-and-true" Hall girls, having passed the last initiation tests . . . Sophomores no longer fiends.
- October 17 Mad dash for men . . . glamour treatments . . . Bohemian theme . . . doughnuts and apple cider, all going to make the first dance a huge success.
- November 2 Freshmen's turn . . . Sophomores entering second childhood in spirit only . . . fun and food.
- November 13 Mothers, daughters, and faculty getting better acquainted in the delightful atmosphere of the new dorm . . . mothers discussing plans for the year . . . daughters serving tea.
- December 17 A dark cloud . . . tain't rain, so it must be finals . . . the struggle to survive.
- December 19 Brightness once more . . . finals over . . . spirit of the Yule tide . . . Christmas program . . . rustle of taffeta at Christmas formal . . . vacation.

1946

- January 20 Snow on Mt. Hood . . . H-Club invitations to their "super" skiing party . . . no casualties!
- February 14 "Happy Birthday" in loud chorus to Mrs. Fariss . . . Mothers' Club silver tea . . . choir singing.
- February 22 Hatchet Hop . . . dancing feet . . . dreamy music . . . and favorite discharged veterans.
- March 2 S.Y.S. war cry . . . also cause for fun . . . get-together at Dorm for dancing, fun, and refreshment.
- March 8 "Spring is sprung, the grass is riz, I wonder where the flower is?" . . . In the quadrangle . . . the first daisies of the year.
- March 22 Two down . . . one to go . . . end of second term . . . finals over . . . collapse for the weekend . . . back bright and early Monday for third term.
- April 1 Corny jokes, but fun!!!
- April 18 Beginning of spring vacation . . . oh joy . . . the pause that refreshes.
- April 26 Miss S.H.H.J.C. all decked out a-la-spring . . . Cotton Day in all its glory . . . first glimpse of May Queen and Court . . . delectable sophomore box lunches.
- May 1 May baskets filled with the spirit of Spring . . . planting Forum's pansies in the Quad.
- May 9-10 Grease paint . . . lights . . . action . . . "Death Takes a Holiday".
- May 17 Clean-up crews forming for Campus Day . . . spring campus cleaning . . . on to "Everglades"—perfect end of a busy day.
- May 24 May Festival . . . coronation of lovely queen . . . May pole . . . flowers . . . pretty girls . . . sunshine . . . gaiety . . . fashion show . . . art exhibit . . . Open House.
- June 5 Finals for the third and last time . . . what a relief!
- June 8 Delta Psi Omega Awards Tea . . . the traditional honors of Delta Psi . . . the time of roses once more.
- June 9 Baccalaureate Sunday . . . white-robed Sophomores in solemn processional. Torch light . . . twilight falling on the campus . . . stillness and solemnity of Sophomore processional . . . tapping of new Angelas members . . . traditional awards.
- June 10 At last the day long awaited . . . tears in every one's eyes . . . gladness filling every one's heart . . . reaching out, each with a purpose . . . filled with friendship, love, and loyalty . . . "Onward, ever onward, guide our footsteps sure."

LOIS BOSSERMAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

September seventeenth, and St. Helen's Hall Junior College draws a deep breath and begins another Freshman week. As the guests of honor this week, we enter by the front door, are escorted to the Chapel, and are officially welcomed by Mrs. Fariss. Angelas members introduce us all around, answer our questions, try to make us feel at home. The Sophomores, evidently very much pleased to be so out-numbered, try to explain everything at once, adding to the general bewilderment. We meet the faculty at tea in the "rec" room and decide that we'll never get the names, faces, and courses to match. We're caught up immediately in the swirl of activities—tours of the campus, scavenger hunt, Hall Hills Hike, physical exams (those sheets!) and of course, entrance exams. Freshman Week ends with the traditional party at Everglades, complete with watermelon and canoe rides. We find ourselves appreciating the theme of Delta Psi's *College Daze*, "Go to sleep, little Freshman, dear; it's the last chance you'll have 'till the end of the year!"

Ah hah! We might have expected this—classes and assignments! We begin to understand the differences in rooms; teachers become distinct individuals; and we realize that activities are really only secondary! We meet our advisers and receive our schedules, determined to stick to them.

All right! if they like us that way! We feel like helicopters with ten-inch green ribbons, but it's the Sophs that have to look at us like this. Just to go them one better, we turn up for initiation in pajamas, papa's underwear, everything but burlap. (We couldn't find any!)

Full-fledged Hallites now, we elect our own officers, find places on committees, and decide we like the back seats best, anyhow. We join clubs, readjust our schedules, and set the date for our "return" party for the Sophs. We face temptation on the subject of just what we'd like to "return" and decide to be noble. The Sophomores go "clever" on us and come as little tots, and so we treat them as such. Milk for the little darlings!

We learn to know Hall traditions and habits; we enter into the dances, parties, talent groups, sports, and club activities of all sorts, including clean-up committees. We attend classes, turn in term papers, and get our grades. (Ah, misery loves company!)

Spring term is upon us, and every moment gains momentum. The first daisy in the quad starts us on a flurry of spring doings. We discard Winter officially and break out in our gayest prints on Cotton Day, breeze through May Day with its flowers, the spring play with its rehearsals, Campus day and the lakehouse party, the Art Exhibit, the Fashion Show, the May Fete. Finally come Commencement rehearsals, Baccalaureate, Torchlight, and Commencement. We realize that we are never again to be Frosh; we are the Sophomores now, with added responsibilities. The Hall and its heritage are ours; their future depends on us. We watch the graduates depart and with deep seriousness and strong determination step into the places that they have vacated.



RESIDENCE HOUSE

This year marks another great stride in the growth of the Junior College with the addition of the Junior College residence house. Not only has this addition proved successful from the boarding department point of view, but the broadened facilities which it offers have been of outstanding value to the student body in general. Though the alterations were barely finished in time for occupancy, the dorm has never known a lonesome or idle moment since.

Many of the activities have centered around the three fireplaces and have included every department of school life.

With great versatility, the dorm has been the setting for house meetings, club meetings, initiations, discussion groups, teas, formal and informal dances, Christmas and Hallowe'en parties, potluck suppers, the Opera House, Valentine and *Scintilla* dances, birthday parties, firesides, and a great many other activities. We have had ample cause to wonder what the College did before the advent of the new residence house!

One of the first steps in the organization of the living group was a meeting of the girls, housemother, and dean to establish rules for the new house. With no former experience upon which to base our decisions, we were forced to make various changes during the year to meet new situations. With girls from Oregon, Washington, and Idaho; we formed the pioneer group and broke the pathway for those who will follow us as resident students of St. Helen's Hall Junior College.



ANGELAS

Growing out of the inspiration left us by Sister Katherine Angela, Angelas seeks to develop and exemplify the qualities of loyalty and generous service which so characterized her life. As a sophomore service honorary, Angelas fills a vital need in the life of the Junior College. Its members wear a Maltese Cross of deep blue as an emblem of service to the College and of the Angelas ideals of life.

During the summer and into the first few weeks of school, Angelas members are primarily concerned with easing the adjustment that must be made by all with the beginning of the new year. The summer months bring contacts with new students and various parties and get-togethers to acquaint the freshmen-to-be with each other and with the sophomores. Angelas does its share in helping to plan Freshman Week, with the primary aim of introducing the new students to the Hall ways and the Hall spirit as early as possible.

Many of the Angelas activities take place behind the scenes, as do the preparations for the college Christmas party. Christmastime also brings the annual reunion of all Angelas alums, at Mrs. Fariss', this year for a brunch around the fireplace. (We can too cook, and we proved it!)

St. Valentine's day has come to mean the traditional celebration of Mrs. Fariss' birthday, and plaudits are due her for her complete and apparent surprise each year. (Wonder how she likes to be a Tradition?) We may have been gluttons, but it was a good cake!

With the Torchlight Procession and the awarding of the honors, the Angelas members appear once more in their sweaters and emblems, this time each one with a new cross in her hand, the symbol of membership to some freshman. With the seriousness that grows from the honest realization of all that Angelas means, we tap the new members with their own crosses; and immediately following the all-school reception, initiation is held for them in the college chapel. During the initiation we find ourselves gaining, through our attempt to transmit the ideals of Angelas to the new members, a fuller and richer conception of those ideals. Having given all of which we were capable during the past year, we find ourselves the possessors of much that we shall carry proudly into the future, the essence of that which is Angelas.



CHORUS

The Hall took another progressive step this year in the accrediting of chorus as a class in its own right. Members this year not only enjoyed the pleasures of the glee clubs of former years but received college credit. To prove itself, the fledgling group has participated in many and varied college activities and has established itself firmly in the Hall scheme of life.

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The early part of the year was spent in building a firm foundation, so that the first performance might be an assured success. The advisability of such a plan was proved by the beautiful choral work at the annual Christmas program. In white, topped by a gay sprig of holly, we erstwhile sock-and-sweater girls seemed to reflect the true spirit of Christmas.

Encouraged by the enthusiastic reception of the Christmas program audience, the Chorus ventured forth before an all-school assembly, with a program that added more plaudits to its growing reputation. Word must have spread rapidly, for Valentine's Day found us singing for the Mothers' Club, by invitation, no less. We were secretly much pleased to hear that the mothers wanted to see and hear "just what our daughters have been talking about."

Having been modest up to this point, we could scarcely control ourselves upon being requested to appear at the reception and open house in the new dormitory. We donned our prettiest formals and were all sweet young girlhood with our very nicest manners. Lo! and behold!—they *did* like us! (That's what they said, anyway!)

Ah! Repeat performance! Another all-school program, again in our little red bows and white blouses. It's hard to tell if our audience liked Mandy or Billy Boy best, but it was all a lot of fun.

Well established as a group, we brought the year to a successful climax with our radio debut on KWJJ and with our contribution to the annual May Fete, this time with full peasant theme. With a fine reputation built during one year, the future holds great promise for the College Singers.



FORUM

Although still basically a religious organization, Forum has expanded beyond the original discussion group and is now an active service club, seeking to apply to school life in a practical way those religious principles upon which the club is founded. Its membership is made up only of those who volunteer and are willing and eager to share in all club projects. Much of Forum's work is done behind scenes and without recognition in a very admirable application by the members of the club motto: "Service, not serve us."

One of the most important steps taken this year was that of the ratification of a new constitution, plainly setting forth the aims, purposes, and ideals of the club. The aim of the whole year was really the putting into practice of the goal: "To undertake any project or service to the school for which a need is felt, that is not being provided by another organization and that Forum can do capably."

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Some one had a "brainstorm", and we found ourselves enjoying pot luck suppers at the new dormitory. A new feature, this, and one most heartily approved by the members. (Sheets do make very acceptable tablecloths, in a pinch.) We found that a more informal atmosphere prevailed around a fireside and didn't interfere too drastically with the discussion at hand.

This year, as traditionally, Forum took responsibility for the chapel and its care, a duty which was a precious one, faithfully discharged. Dusting, cleaning, airing the chapel, keeping flowers on the altar, marking the books, laundering the linen and surplices—these are the services which escape the attention of all but Forum members. This year enough new markers were added to mark every book in chapel, and ribbons were supplied for the Bible. May Day saw Forum planting flowers in the Quadrangle, with the hope that future Forum members might have their own cuttings for the altar flowers.



H-CLUB

As the athletic honorary of the school, H-Club features many and varied activities. With the idea in mind of promoting interest in physical education in its various aspects, the year was begun with the traditional Hall Hills Hike during Freshman week, and progressed to swimming, hiking, archery, badminton, tennis, riding, dancing, and other sports as the occasion demanded. Members were admitted after fulfilling the requirement of one hundred points won through active participation in club activities.

This year the constitution was revised completely, providing for many new features. One of the most important, and certainly the most apparent, was the section which allows the wearing of the sweater as soon as a girl is initiated. Letters awarded throughout the year can thus be worn immediately instead of lying hidden away until the sweater is won. The gold star award marks the goal once set for the sweater.

The candle-light initiation this year was held at Mrs. Gerretson's. Not even that yummy cake could mask our reluctance to part with our adviser and our mascot, King.

Plans were made for our ski trip to Mt. Hood, and January saw us on our way, making the most of the opportunities presented by Mrs. Soderberg, our new adviser, and by a new year. We're very proud of our record—two sprained ankles, a wrenched knee, and assorted bruises! Back to the dorm for a fireside feed, a rehash of experiences, a comparison of scars, and then to bed. Oh, the groans of the next morning!

Because May means May Fete at the Hall, it necessitates a great deal of planning way ahead for H-Club members. Long before time the date was set and many and varied plans considered. This year the Festival was held in conjunction with the Art Exhibit and Fashion Show, making a grand all-school open house. H-Club formed set requirements for the nomination of the May Court this year, making the choice even more of an honor than previously. Election, with its ensuing secrecy, kept the students in suspense, till the traditional announcement of the Court on Cotton day. Oh, oh! All the Fashion Show models suddenly became royalty! Consternation. But all was smoothed out in time for a gala day and a right-royal celebration of the coronation of the Queen of the Court of St. Helen's. High spirits were in evidence everywhere—among the court dancers, the entertainers, the jesters, and the subjects of the court in general. With all due pomp and ceremony another year was added to the pageant of May Courts.

H-Club made its last official appearance of the year through the awarding of the athletic trophies by the Bishop at the Torchlight Procession. With the lessons of the year well in mind, with many plans for the coming year, we elected our new officers and made a solemn resolution to have a bigger and better H-Club.



I. R. C.

Members of I.R.C. work to gain a deeper understanding of today's world and the world of the future. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sponsors the I.R.C., and the monthly pamphlets and publications received are discussed at meetings, where opinions are expressed and debated.

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Interesting meetings and lectures fill the schedule for the fall. The Atom Bomb, the U.N.O., our relations with China—all are subjects of great interest that invite discussion and controversy. Simple snacks of tea and cake add to the zest of meetings.

Spring brings a change of costume from sweaters and skirts to cotton dresses. Each girl in her own creation is truly a vision of delight as she walks across the stage, endeavoring to capture first prize. The faculty and fashion experts try to be unprejudiced judges, but the creations in cotton before them render such a feat difficult! Yes, Cotton Day brings great fun for all, as well as for I.R.C., which sponsors this gay springtime custom.

Regular meetings throughout the year are filled with casual discussions concerning subjects of interest to all. Special meetings are anticipated, for at these an interesting speaker enlightens the members on some subject, and then follows a brief round table discussion. Both types of meetings are full of earnest thought about the preservation of peace and security—our place in the world of tomorrow.



RED CROSS COLLEGE UNIT

St. Helen's Hall Junior College has every right to be proud of her Red Cross College Unit, not only because it is the first of its kind in Multnomah County but because it was influential in helping other colleges to form their units. Though our Unit follows the basic pattern set up by the American Red Cross, all the work done by the Unit has been in a sense pioneering. Building on the fine start of last year, this year's group has added much in the way of both activities and spirit.

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Early in September the election of officers was held and the president duly installed, borne proudly aloft on the shoulders of her earnest supporters! "New office" in this case has a particularly pleasant meaning, for this year the Red Cross Unit had its own headquarters, with filing cabinet and desk, complete to the Red Cross Flag prominently displayed on the wall. Unfortunately the president and officers had no time to sit and enjoy their "office", for activities pressed too insistently upon them.

Our novel method for keeping tab of each member's service hours (the crosses on our locker doors) has won us favorable official attention, which was also reflected in the awarding of service pins to all those who had passed the thirty-hour mark. Again we were first in having our pins awarded, but the standardizing of the conditions of their presentation was decided at one of the inter-collegiate meetings of Red Cross Councils for all college units. These meetings, held several times during the year, were found to be most interesting. We also met other Red Cross representatives at various conventions in the city during the year, including the one under the joint sponsorship of Lewis and Clark and St. Helen's Hall Junior College. The new dormitory was used as quarters for some of the representatives from the other Oregon, Washington, and Idaho colleges.

One of the most fascinating and worthwhile of the Unit's activities was that of the Talent Group. Members continued their performances from last year through the summer and kept up their ward shows all through the year. From Barnes to Veteran's Hospital, to a barge in the middle of the river, singing to shut-in service men on a quarantined ship, members gave their all.



SCINTILLA STAFF

One of the greatest and most precious of the Sophomore class responsibilities is the project of the *Scintilla*—the record of our two years at the Hall. As a connecting link in the Hall history, the *Scintilla* is one of our most cherished traditions. In it we wish to include a bit of the fun, the friendships, the activities, the dreams, and the traditions that were ours during our Hall years. More than a yearbook or an annual, the *Scintilla* is a collection of those doings which are important to the Hall and to the Hall scheme of college life.

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With the election of Sophomore class officers, the first step is made in the hectic business of getting a *Scintilla* published. Out comes the book of helpful hints of past editors; with Mrs. Fariss' aid the plans are laid and organization of the various departments begun. The inevitable ad staff begins its work—and continues and continues! Consultations with the printer, with the adviser, with the staff, with any one!

Picture bids come in, and we're off to see the "birdie man" in our white caps and gowns and otherwise. Then comes the suspense of waiting for proofs and the impossibility of picking out the "best". Finally, the photographer comes to us, and for once it does *not* rain—so we take them inside. Informal groupings? Good—but you have to let our faces show! We see the first prints; we read the first copy; we feel the thrill of producing; and then the push of deadlines. Oh, oh, and oh! Ad Staff redoubles their efforts; department heads bend to the wheel.

Somehow, out of all this, we manage to complete our *Scintilla*, our Hall book of memories. Touched by each of us, containing a bit of each of us, and produced for each of us—this is our life at the Hall, to be cherished in the future as a symbol of all the things which we have loved.



STUDIO

Studio was once formed, in all innocence, to cultivate and further all artistic interests and needs of the college and to aid in its activities wherever possible. Having expressed our noble intent, we found ourselves immediately swamped with requests for this, that, and anything else. Since we had become such an important organization, we felt it only fitting to wear the honored symbol of our club at all times, and every member became the proud wearer of the little gold palate that forms the Studio pin.

With the advent of school parties and dancies, Studio rallied in force and met the challenges of decorations, posters, invitations, and so on and on. One of our first projects was the decoration for the Halowe'en dance, and we broke forth in traditional cats, spooks, and broomsticks. Candles in bottles on the tables and the dimmest of lights consistent with good vision (!) set the perfect atmosphere. With our best wishes to the boarders, we carried the same theme to their dinner table. Later we decorated again at Thanksgiving.

Christmas formal and decorations of candles, trees, and all sorts of greenery are now synonymous in our minds, as a result of the frenzied rush which resulted in such a beautiful effect for the orchestra dance held in the new dormitory. Not that we weren't already busy, but we managed to get it done!

Being now accustomed to working in the dorm, we breezed through the task of decorating it with more ease the next time, and the Open House found us practising our technique in floral arrangements. Having had the experience of making the invitations for the Mothers' Club Thanksgiving tea, we "whipped up" some very enticing little specimens for the Open House. We should have known better! No sooner said than done, and we were in the midst of more invitations—to the spring play and to the May Fete, Fashion Show, and Art Exhibit. Oh muse, we are thy slaves—and writer's cramp is our reward!

Jack-Be-Nimble and Little Boy Blue became favored inmates of our Art Room, as Studio members altruistically turned out some very picturesque (if we do say so) art murals for the Nursery School, featuring the best known nursery rhymes in oils.

Taking modest bows this way and that, we accepted the tributes of those kind souls who admired our art exhibits at the May Fete, never breathing a word about the last-minute rush to get them all finished and ready for the occasion. Not only our own exhibit but many of the decorations for the May Fete were the contributions of Studio members. A grand success—but perilously close on the heels of the Spring play, which received a great deal of Studio assistance on the stage sets. Ah well, we're versatile at least!

Looking back on it now, we *did* do the decorations for the Hatchet Hop, didn't we? Does any one know what became of George?



UNDERSTUDY CLUB

Under the auspices of Delta Psi Omega, Understudy Club is reorganized each year for those who are interested in the varied activities of the theatre. From this group candidates are selected during the year for Delta Psi Omega pledging. Membership is open to all who display their interest in any phase of the theatre, from would-be Juliets to the prop girl whose business it is to furnish a realistic "shot, heard off-stage."

Meetings are sponsored by Delta Psi Omega members, and the programs are presented by them until the members of Understudy are organized and the officers elected. Outstanding among the year's meetings is the candle-light installation of the officers-elect of the new group. Taking their cue from their sponsors, the new group plans its own meetings and programs, which consist of the discussion of plays past and present, with consideration of their place in the theatre as a whole. Various scenes from these plays are presented by the members and reports given on the authors, producers, directors, and cast of productions which are of interest to the group.

Members form line-parties and attend all productions possible, including those of the Civic Theatre and of such stock companies as are accessible.

This year, Understudy was well represented off stage and on in the spring play, *Death Take a Holiday*. We are proud of the five members of the group who received parts in the production and just as proud of those who participated behind the scenes, gathering props, altering costumes, applying make-up, controlling lights, and doing their best to part the curtains at the right moment.

Proud, also, of the girls who received their bids to become Delta Psi Omega pledges and more than ever fascinated by the possibilities of the stage, members of the group maintain a fine interest in the theatre, an interest which they are determined to carry into the coming year.



MAY FETE

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! To all the loyal subjects of the Court of St. Helen's! By royal proclamation the day of the coronation of her royal highness, the Princess Virginia, is decreed to be one of feasting and festivities throughout the land." All the land of St. Helen's is magically filled with the spirit of carnival and merry-making. Casting aside the commonplace, the subjects of the court take upon themselves the mantle of holiday, don their most gala attire, and throw themselves whole-heartedly into the gaiety of the festival.

Heralded by the royal fanfare, the procession advances. The subjects rise and bow respectfully as the court passes by, accompanied by crown bearer, flower girl, and prancing jesters, all forming a colorful pageant. The coronation ceremony culminates with the actual placing of the floral crown by the Prime Minister of the Court, as she officially proclaims, "I crown thee Queen Virginia I". The new sovereign receives the scepter and, mounting to the dais, turns to her court and delivers her first royal edict. "I do hereby declare this day to be one of celebration and charge each and every subject of this court to enter into the festivities with gaiety and merry-making."

As Her Majesty takes her place upon the throne, the Princess Naomi and the Princess Marian seat themselves on either side. The court jesters turn delightedly to their task of spreading the royal edict among the subjects. The Mistress of Court Entertainment advances and, at a gesture from Her Majesty, opens the festivities. "The Dancers of the Greensward present for Her Majesty's pleasure . . ."—and brightly dressed peasants swing out in their most light-hearted manner, executing their gayest dances and drawing the enthusiastic approval of the Court. In true May Fete tradition the May-Pole is wound, and the dancers retire amidst the applause of all spectators.

"In accordance with Your Majesty's request, the Keepers of the Chamber have designed new styles and fashions for the court wardrobe. If it please Your Highness, we present for Your Majesty's approval . . ." Models exhibit before the court the choicest of spring ensembles and are pleased to receive the Royal Seal of Approval. The Court Musicians display their skill, "for the pleasure of Your Gracious Majesty."

Assuming her new duties at once, Queen Virginia makes her first official inspection of her kingdom. Inviting all her subjects and guests to accompany her, she examines every division of her court—from the realm of the Artists to that of the Scientists. Sampling the products of the Keepers of the Table, she finds them most delectable, specially prepared by the Matrons of the Court. Having satisfied herself concerning the condition of her court, the Queen and her ladies receive the farewells of their guests in person before the closing of the Carnival. Low curtsies from the Court attendants as the Queen retires—and another May Fete, with its charm, laughter, music, feasting, dancing and merry-making, finds its place in the colorful parade of the Courts of the Kingdom of St. Helen's.



DELTA PSI OMEGA

Long before the official opening of the college, members of the Katherine Cornell Cast of Delta Psi Omega, national honorary fraternity in dramatic arts, are completely immersed in preparations for the new year. Having continued our meetings throughout the summer, we swing easily (well, at least enthusiastically) into rehearsal schedule for the annual Freshman Week production of *College Daze*. Now a tradition in its own right, "dear old Shucksford" comes to life again, the true Shucksford spirit spreading itself so insistently among the new freshmen that we hear strains of its noble anthem ringing through our halls for many months to come.

As all drama is, or should be, derived from life itself, so *College Daze* is the distillation of the more poignant moments of college life, though perhaps unrecognizably so. Every moment has a true foundation in some honest fact, sharpened slightly for more effective presentation. Unfortunately the average St. Helen's Hall Junior College freshman is less easily convinced than the Shucksford Freshman and is apt to think we are playing pure comedy in portraying the various aspects of a freshman's entrance into college. Lost are some of our most precious innuendoes, and the full import of our theme often means more to the full-fledged Hallite in retrospect than to the newcomer when she first hears the refrain of "... sleep, little freshman dear, it's the last chance you'll have till the end of the year!" Nevertheless, each rehearsal becomes more hilarious and sees the addition of more lines and action, until by the time of actual presentation we are as interested as the audience and as ignorant as to what the final result will be. But, oh!—the added charm which the variety and the spontaneity lend to the performance! (We rationalize.)

And now, having passed our first dramatic production, with the gracious and invaluable aid of our honored alums, we turn with more serious attention to perfecting ourselves in our art, so that at some future date we may attempt to regain the reputation endangered through our farcical comedy. We turn also to the reorganization of Understudy Club, which we sponsor for those of the student body who are interested in the theatre in any of its various phases, and launch the group with an election meeting, after which the



officers of Delta Psi Omega install the Understudy officers-elect. With the presentation of a program consisting of a discussion of one of the recent plays and a scene from it, we turn over to the group its own program planning and take the role of advisership as the club proceeds under its own momentum.

Christmas time brings forth the annual Christmas program, this time in tableau form in conjunction with the College choir. The Christmas spirit has a new and blessed meaning this year, and the prayer of the Angel finds an echo in the hearts of all those in the candle-lit auditorium, as we realize again—in the new-found peace of the world—the truth and beauty of the Christmas story.

An integral part of Delta Psi Omega activities is the pledging and initiation of those who have given freely of their time and of themselves to the dramatic life of the College, who are willing and eager to improve themselves and to contribute the fullest measure of their talents to the productions of the year, who maintain in themselves the personal ideals worthy of Delta Psi Omega, and whose scholarship warrants their induction into the group. With the completion of pledge duties, we turn again to the flame of the candle; and as each candidate takes her pledge, we renew in our hearts our determination to keep the eternal "creative spark that burns as a flame in each of us" glowing brightly in everything we do.

Early in the spring the first preparations are made for the spring play. This year the group attacks a very difficult project—Mrs. Collett's rewritten version of *Death Takes a Holiday*. Because the play is so well-known to so many and because the conception of the rewritten version is so different, the challenge of putting across the message of the play is a serious but inspiring one. It is necessary for each member of the cast to apply with the deepest earnestness the ideals of acting to the honest "creation of a human soul through art." Realizing that the theme is one which can inflict actual pain on any members of the audience who may have suffered recent loss, if not artistically presented, the cast feels a sacred obligation to give the best that is within themselves to a sincere performance. With this realization, it is necessary for each girl to face for herself the truth and beauty of the play and seriously portray in every way possible the fact that "... death may be only more simple than life, after all, and perhaps more kind ..."

June and roses go ever hand-in-hand and make the perfect setting for the annual Delta Psi Omega Awards Tea, held traditionally at the home of Mrs. Fariss. Recognition is given to those who have most fully lived the Delta Psi Omega ideals and have contributed most to the dramatic life of the College. One more initiation ceremony, the last of the year, and we take our places among the alums whose "hearts will be forever bound in this one brotherhood, just striving all together for the things which we hold good."

COLLEGE HONORS

FRESHMAN AWARDS

The Nelson Shield is dedicated each year to the freshman girl who has contributed most to college activities. This year the award goes to Lorraine Hiebert.

From every freshman class is chosen a representative girl, whose character, ideals, and activities best typify the ideals of St. Helen's Hall Junior College. Jeral Ohlemeier has been chosen as the Representative Freshman Girl for this year.

DELTA PSI OMEGA AWARDS

The Delta Psi Omega Honorary Award goes each year to the non-member of the fraternity who has contributed the most outstanding service "behind the scenes". This year the award goes to one who has contributed most selflessly to the dramatic activities of the college not only during this year but during many years: William D. McCollough.

The Director's Award is given each year to a member of Understudy who has contributed most in a specialized field to the dramatic activity of the college. This year the award goes to Merrijane Owens.

The Carolyn Collett Rose Award is presented annually at the Awards Tea to the member of Delta Psi Omega who has most selflessly and consistently participated in all dramatic productions during her years at college, in large ways and small ways, holding as her goal the advancement of college dramatics. The award this year goes to Bevins Haley.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AWARDS

The Freshman Cup is given to the member of the freshman class who has been most outstanding in athletics and in service to the Athletic Association and to H-Club. This year the award is presented to Dorothy Rich.

The Sophomore Award goes to the member of the graduating class who has shown the best spirit of loyalty and good sportsmanship and the highest standards of achievement during her two years at St. Helen's Hall Junior College. The Sophomore Cup will this year bear the name of Bevins Haley.

CURIE AWARD

The Alice Bahrs Science Award is presented annually to the student who is most outstanding in the science department. The Alice Bahrs Cup this year carries the name of Richardine Ake.

STUDIO CLUB AWARD

A sophomore award is given each year by Studio Club to the student who has been outstanding in the organization during her two years of membership. This year the award is presented to Virginia Fraser.



LITERATURE

Our hope is not a new one, but we carry it on with faith, courage, and determination that it may grow through our nurture and attendance.



"O, TO BE IN ENGLAND"

(Thank you, Mr. Browning)

There is a man in my life—

A little overstuffed man who teaches me to play Chopin and Bach and Mozart on my old worn-out piano. He wishes for me to play as he does. If only I could! When he plays, the music lives, and so does he. Into his eyes, usually stern, there comes a sort of celestial light—as if he were hearing the voice of the Almighty through the harmony of the piano. The eyes become a brighter blue, and the sternness is replaced by kindly love and light of inspiration. He seems to be in a state of complete happiness.

When he has finished playing, he becomes, again, a be-spectacled little bald-headed commoner in a white shirt, a shirt clean as wax always and starched stiff as cardboard. There is never a spot on his tie; and his vest, never missing a button, fits neatly over his aged, rotund stomach. His trousers, frayed at the cuff, are loose and foolishly wrinkled at the seat. The seat of his trousers, of course, is shiny, and the wrinkles back there are out of place in contrast with the rest of his clothing. Peering from below the trouser cuffs are two very shiny shoes, quite out of proportion with the rest of the picture. They are not small and round and fat, as he is, but long and black and slender. He walks on them as if he were afraid of exposing the monstrosities to the world. Topping all else is a faded old brown wool sweater, opened at the front of his vest, which he fingers constantly during conversation.

His speech is very English—filled with phrases like "jolly good" and words like "ripping"—and he cannot understand why the pilgrims ever left England. When asked why he left, he raises one eyebrow, white and heavily frosted, and his eye twinkles icily as he replies, "I came here to make my fortune. When I've done so, I shall return to England."

Here one can always count upon a dissertation on the beauty of England and the churches of England, followed by the story of the Episcopal Church in which he played the organ for some years. He is proud of those days and speaks of them whenever the opportunity is presented to him. Now he is the organist and choirmaster of a small country parish—a little fat grey man with rosy cheeks—English through and through—waiting still, in his sixty-seventh year, to make his fortune, so that he may return to England and play the works of the great masters on the organ in one of the beautiful and magnificent churches there.

Yes, there is a man in my life, and I love him. You see, he is my grandfather.

—JERAL OHLEMEIER

PRESENCE

Now that, flamelike, the memories of your brief stay
Narrow and fade, and time, with you so long away,
Moves deftly, building thicker walls twixt then and now;
Now that the pattern warps, the shaft spreads dim, the bough
Drops embers; now that wings have labored south, how can
The heart keep fullness of you, lad, the senses span
The distance to your pulsing warmth? Life brings me much
Of newness, that can bear no witness to your touch,
Your changing stature, and your reach toward thought; and still
A sense of you pervades the dawn. Beyond my will
Not to forget and stronger, surer than my grasp
On old perceptions, this awareness clings like clasp
Of your sweet hand. Visions of you from yester-round
Are crowded out. Night and its stillness wake no sound
Of you. Sleep offers up no dream about you, dear.
And yet—I know—you have been near—so very near.

ELLON HARPER

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AND MORE

Bill's crunching footstep grated on the step. Mrs. Dane dropped her sewing and bustled to meet her husband. A loud, smacking kiss bounced off her forehead to ring through the hall. She returned his playful bear-hug, and they waltzed gaily through the hall to the kitchen, upsetting the umbrella rack and a small chair. The Danes were in love; they had been for thirty-six years and more.

A round, little man with boyish apple cheeks and wayward bangs of white, faintly-curly hair, Bill Dane sank into his chair as May flew briskly about the room, putting last-minute touches on the supper table. Bill wriggled his chubby toes in his slippers, stretched, took a last glance at the evening headline. Then—"Fer gosh sakes, May. Ain't you got supper done yet?" Bill was a kind, good-natured fellow—but he was a man; and he was hungry. "Ma-ay!"

May's voice was quiet and soothing. "Now, Bill, I had to go see Mrs. Swartz. Her lumbago is worse y'know. Poor woman. See," May said to her fifty-eight year old boy-husband, "I've made a 'speshul' blue-berry pie for yer supper."

The peevish look melted from his face. "Honey!"

There were only two places on the Dane table now. There had been five for a long time, but "kids will go off 'n get married," Bill knew. He should know! Hadn't he done so himself? Bill liked it this way. It was more like when they were first married: everything spic 'n span, Mary busy cooking for him, him coming home from work—

May smiled at him indulgently. "Her Bill," she mused. She spoiled him, she knew. But then, she always had—for thirty-six years and more. Even when the children were babies, the most pampered baby was Bill. It used to make Doug angry to have to eat squash twice a week because Pop liked it. The rest of the family hated squash. Even May was nauseated by its green-sweet smell, but she heaped her plate high, knowing that if Bill liked anything, it had to be good. Doug's protests were short-lived; May never heard them anyway. She would sit, spoon in hand, gazing with ecstasy at the contented face of her rotund husband. And Bill, his heart full of devotion and his mouth full of potatoes, would smile across the table and proclaim her—the besh—(gulp)—darned cook in Mac—(swallow)—intosh coun'y."

Well, supper was over. Bill helped May dry dishes, mixing duty with pleasure and spoons with forks.

"Now, Bill—you go rest. Y'been workin' hard all day."

The light of heroic martyrdom glistened in Bill's eyes, the color of "coke", with sparkling bubbles of wit and "deviltry" fizzing in them. Bill worked hard at his job. "Why, the time the boss had no one else to depend on—" "And O'Leary told me, 'Bill,' he sez, 'yeer the oonly man on the job that's wirth yer salt, and yer wirth tin o' thim lazy Swedes'."

May's head bobbed vigorously up and down in enthusiastic pride. Of course, her Bill was the best man on earth, she told the dimity apron as she hung it on a peg. "The best!" she affirmed as if the fact should restarch the ruffles of the drooping petticoatry.

Bill and May strolled in their garden, his arm around her plump waist, her arm as far around his plumper one as a short chubby arm would reach. Lifting, un unison, two saucy noses and averting their faces, they ignored the Rutledges next door. Mr. Rutledge had dared to question the quality of the zinnias, May's pride and joy, and the color of Bill's gladioli.

"The zinnias are doing well," said he.

"So are the gladioli," quoth she.

The Danes were in love! They had been for thirty-six years and more.

BYWAY

FOUNT

Deep into the brook the sunshine filtered, and the little fish knew only that the water was clear. Continuously, the ripples pushed and pulled each other along. Winding, twisting, tumbling, the brook was a small but lively element in the landscape. Crystal-clear in the light, shadowy and dim in the crooks, sluggish and dark in the still recesses along the bank—out of Anywhere, into Nowhere, the creeklet teemed with life. Along the edges of the shady bank, the gray fish loitered in the still water; in the center of the stream, where the current was swift and sharp, a great number of trout swirled endlessly and breathlessly out of sight. In the muddy bottom of the creek, a few plodding turtles snapped and blinked as they trudged their way, below the sun-light. Back and forth, flitting from side to side, flashed the silver-sided minnows, testing the current, changing courses.

Close to the source of the miniature river, in the quieter waters of a wayside pool, water-lilies bloomed and frogs croaked in deep voices to the schools of fingerlings in the shadows of the lily pads. Here the wee fish played and feasted as they waited the growth that would enable them to try the rush of the waters ahead of them. With the importance born of age, the frogs scratched endlessly on, freely advising the youngsters, warning, instructing, confusing. And the finned adolescents listened wonderingly, for the stream was a huge and exciting tide, and the flow appeared bewildering and unsafe.

At the side of the pool, beneath the shade of a gnarled rosebush, flowed a tiny spring. The water of the spring was of a purity that shone even in the clearness of the sun-bathed pool. Gradually, the tiny fish drew around the pompous croakers and gathered near the distilled flow of the spring. Here they absorbed a fluid of such refined learning that they knew, without being taught, the way of the brook before them. Drawn from the finest mist of ocean spray—the fog of far-off lands—the rain of prairies—the dew of new days—the drops of clouds—all combined, blended, and purified by the filtering through fine sand and rich earth—the distillate of the little spring brought vast experience, enriched vision, wide perspective and surer judgment to the eager newcomers. Thus, without the sound of voice, the colorless fingerlings developed inner selves that glowed through them, lending to the body surfaces a bright, clear hue. So empowered, they made their way into the stream, knowing what faced them and strong enough to master the current. And as the goldfish traveled, they kept an eye always upturned, for they had learned that the same sky that roofed the pool was ever above them—a clear and compassionate sky—always blue and constant behind the storm-clouds.

—BEVINS HALEY

VISION

To those who at birth were blind, the lack of light is but a torture robbed of pain—for light is never lost where not possessed. To those who learn the host to play to blindness in the midst of lightened years, the robbery is not complete—for the memory and the knowledge of light cannot be stolen. To those of dim, unsettled sight, who realize that light is present yet cannot see it full—there comes a teasing, unkind hope which never dies. For them the light may flash brightly on their path and lead them rapturously on with expectation of coming into its full possession. If the path falls short of that high level, there comes to them the truest loss of all—for those who have the capacity and are denied do truly suffer most.

—BEVINS HALEY

SPRING

Spring brings the joy of creation—
In a song or a smile or a dance.
Spring brings the realization
Of God and the ultimate chance.
Spring is a light in the darkness,
A flame in the midst of chill,
The urge of the soul toward fulfillment—
Eternity's rose—sweet thrill.
Spring is the final conception
Of all that is great and complete.
Spring is the heart of redemption—
The pulse and the flow and the beat.

BARBARA NEEDHAM

FOREST CATHEDRAL

Our wraps of stress and strain we lay aside
And gladly loose the girdling sense of haste,
To don this forest hush,
And wear this silence—
Sun and shadow slide
Into mosaics . . .
Firs with priestly pride
Waft incense . . .
River voices plead and rush through rosaries . . .
Nunlike, a gentle thrush
Dips holy water . . .
Moments meet and glide
Into a timeless whole . . .
Hours no longer beat
Against the weary brain . . .
Release is in the very air . . .
And all paths climb to peace . . .
And God Himself moves in the fastness there,
Weaving garbs of stillness that we wear.

ELLON HARPER

BY THE PATH LEADING HOME

High upon the hillside,
By the path leading home,
Bloom a hundred lamb-tongues
In a spot all their own.
By the pathway's bending,
Beneath the tallest tree,
Shining yellow buttercups
Wink their eyes at me.
On the top of every fencepost
A tuft of moss appears
To be listening to the taunting
Of the bluejay's mocking jeers.
Underneath the footbridge,
Below the waterfall,
A thousand frothy bubbles
Gurgle at my call.

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