

Older Girls Conference To Meet in Oregon City

The 30th session of the Oregon Older Girls Conference will convene in the Presbyterian church, Oregon City, next Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 5, 6, and 7.

Mrs. Martha Ferguson McKeown, former dean of Multnomah college, and Miss Muriel White, dean of girls at West Linn, will serve as director and assistant director. Rev. Harry Bonsall, affectionately called "Bonny" by his many Oregon friends, will arrive March 5 in Portland from the eastern seaboard, and will be the main speaker of the conference. Beautiful candle light and sunrise services, fellowship with girls from all parts of the state, "Wichota" or discussion groups under student leadership, a tea at Barclay House, a tour of McLoughlin House, meals served in the large dining hall at Oregon City high school, a formal banquet, pageantry by West Linn girls, a discussion led by a soldier, sailor and a marine—these are the highlights that make Older Girls Conference long to be remembered.

West Linn girls are encouraged to attend the conference and benefit by the fine contacts with girls, speakers, and leaders from all sections. Sign up with Miss White.

Students to See Navy Pictures

On Monday, March 8, a navy recruiting officer will bring to West Linn high school several films to be shown to all the students. No specific information was given concerning the pictures, other than the officers will be here at 1:40 p. m.

EXCHANGES

Thirty days hath September
April, June and—

So has my uncle for speeding.
—Kirkland High World.

His roommate had gone on a date, so the college freshman left this note: "If I'm studying when you get back, wake me up."

—The Jeffersonian.

BEATIE and GYNES

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SEA CALL

By DOROTHEA DEMPSEY

I was driving up the long driveway of my grandfather's estate, after being in England for two long years studying music. It was wonderful coming back to Point Tower, and now looking about the grounds I knew that the Tower was showing at its best, with all the spring flowers blooming and the sea so unusually calm in the background. When I reached the front of the house I climbed out of my car and rushed up the steps to the door. Before I had the chance to knock at the door, it opened showing the merry face of Danny our butler. After I said "Good-morning Dan, how about letting a tired girl into her grandfather's house?" I walked in. Then Dan remarked, "This wonderful to be seein' you again Miss Toni and Lillian will be think' you a sight for sore eyes."

I knew where grandfather would be waiting for me so I started down the long hall leading from the ballroom to the library. The door at the end stood wide open showing plainly grandfather leaning over several large books on his desk, mumbling to himself. After several minutes of continuous leafing he seemed to sense my presence. Turning to me he broke out in a hearty laugh of an old sea captain and greeted me with a big hug that I had learned to know so well of him in the past.

He started off by asking me all sorts of questions, mainly how my music was coming along and how I had lived living in England and France. Then he told me to go upstairs and dress for dinner because later on I had a big surprise awaiting me. I was very excited wondering what grandfather had up his sleeve then I started to look around to see if everything was the same as it was when I left. I went down to dinner singing as I did so.

When dinner was over I sat down at the piano and played for grandfather. I knew he liked my playing just by his silence and while playing I could hear voices, happy ones at that, ringing cheerfully in the distance and only when it grew louder did I know they were coming to the Tower. I ran over to the door and opened it seeing many of my old friends waiting to greet me. I turned to grandfather smiling because I knew he had planned this for my return home. It was a successful party except for one thing, some one was missing and while dancing with Peter Wright I asked him where Michal Waring was. Michal was a very handsome boy, the son of a fisherman who wanted to

be a fisherman too because the sea was in his blood.

Later on while talking to Audrey, Michal's sister, Peter called me and told me that Michal was waiting to see me out on the Point. When I reached the Point, Michal was waiting there for me. Seeing him now I noticed the change that the two years had over him, he wasn't a boy any longer he was a grown man. I started the conversation by asking him why he didn't come to my party and he told me that he had been working on a boat he had bought because he had to have it ready for a fishing trip in the morning. Then after talking for awhile we went back to the Tower to join the party.

When they were ready to leave Michal asked me to go with him in the morning and he said that Pete and Audrey had planned to go also. I said I would go and he told me to be down at the docks at three-thirty so he could get an early start.

I awoke at two o'clock by the aid of the alarm and dressed hurriedly. Then I ran down to the kitchen where Lillian our cook was preparing my breakfast. When I started out the door Lillian called and said she had a basket of food for my trip. In a few minutes I reached Green Bay and ran down the steps to the docks. Everyone was there and in half an hour we were speeding out of the channel and sailed to the southeast.

When we reached the headwaters of the Low River we slowed to trolling speed of 5 knots and let down our poles and dropped the lines. The fishing was the best of the season because we landed fish after fish into the boat. We were all so busy that none of us noticed the approaching storm until we saw black clouds moving toward the east and the rising wind that made the sea restless. By the minutes it grew worse causing our boat to toss wildly upon the waves. Our boat was battered beyond repair and while we drifted the sound of the pounding of waves against the reef was coming closer. We knew our fate was at hand but suddenly we noticed that the sound of the pounding waves was echoing as if we were drifting away from shore. Then the boat jerked almost upsetting us and then the tide lifted the boat into a high wall crushing the stern to pieces.

The storm ceased and our view began to clear and then we knew why the pounding of waves had echoed in our ears, we were in a large cavern with a small sandy beach. The only way of retreat was by going back the same way we had gotten in. So Michal and Peter started building a raft while Audrey and I were looking about for driftwood to build a fire with. Behind a large rock I noticed particles of clothing and so I looked further to see what it was and found the body of a man. I was horrified by the look

upon his face. He looked as if he had been dead for quite some time for the sea gulls had eaten away parts of his body and his eyes were gone. Finally I gathered enough strength to call to the others. They came running up and when they saw it they were startled too. We wanted to find out who he was so Michal looked through his clothes and found papers that identified him as Charles Larson who had been missing from Pirates Cove for two weeks. We came to the conclusion that he had been stabbed because we found a knife a few feet away from him. We turned him over and found a large wound in the back of his head.

We knew there was a reason behind this murder but decided to wait until we had gotten safely back to Green Bay before we investigated further. We built a raft and with the aid of a long board we rowed to the mouth of the cave. Then we drifted for about two miles on the reef until we sighted a boat in the distance. We hailed them and they launched a rowboat and rowed back to meet us. We climbed aboard the Sea Breeze and sailed back to Green Bay. The whole town of Green Bay was waiting anxiously to hear the story of our wreck. We told them about it and also about the body of Charlie Larson. We also told them that he had been missing from Pirates Cove.

During our absence stolen money was reported by my grandfather who had just missed it. There was a reward for the capture of the thief.

The next day a posse went to the cavern to investigate the crime and find any clues as to who had murdered Charlie Larson. We also went, in one of grandfather's boats reaching the cave before the others. The first thing I saw was a boat in the cave and so I knew someone else was in the cave too. We noticed that the body had been moved and hearing a sound of crunching sand behind a rock a few feet away from us we turned just in time to see a man running towards the boat. The two boys were after him like a flash and caught up with him just before he had time to get into his boat. Then they recognized him to be Joey the gardener at my grandfather's estate. He said he had heard about the murder and had come to investigate. The boys searched him and found the stolen money on him. Then the rest of the men arrived and took Joey back to Green Bay with them. Then Joey confessed to the murder of Charlie Larson saying that they had plotted to steal the money and escape but in his greed he had killed Charlie Larson and hid the money in

Multnomah Club Gives Honor To W. L. Student

(Continued from Page One)

Suzanne took the junior indoor championship in 1942 for the 440 yard freestyle event with a time of 5 minutes, 40.1 seconds. This time is 24.1 seconds faster than the junior championship record set in 1940.

The relay teams of which Suzanne has been a member hold the following records and titles:

400 mtere freestyle relay — American record.

400 yard freestyle relay — American record.

1941 senior indoor championship.

1942 senior indoor championship.

300 meter freestyle relay—1942 senior outdoor championship.

400 yard freestyle relay—1941 junior indoor championship.

Had the war not come along Jack Cody would have taken his relay team to the Olympic games in Helsinki, Finland in 1940. He had been chosen coach for American women swimmers. The war likewise cancelled the 1942 Pan American swim meet at Buenos Aires.

Next competition of the Multnomah club swimmers will be the National Indoor swim meet staged in Chicago in April.

Horseplay Causes Disaster

On Monday, February 14, during the noon hour, the mime-scope glass was broken. The cause was the old excuse, horseplay.

Two boys were bitten by the baseball bug and were practising on the dance floor, substituting a large red apple for a ball. During the ensuing game of catch, the "ball" went astray—shattering the glass into several pieces.

This accident is the climax of several which have taken place in the student body office recently. Results show: one disabled mimeograph machine, several broken styli, two mis-adjusted typewriters. Quite a list?

the cave. He had feared that after we found the body we might search farther and find the money so he came back to get it.

Grandfather's money was returned to him and the reward was given to Pete and Michal. Together they bought a boat and again we all set sail for new adventure.

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