

Beaverton Summer Special

VOLUME XVI No. 18

Published by the Students

BEAVERTON HIGH SCHOOL

THE HUMMER

Published by the Junior English Section.

Editor-in-Chief—Alice Louie
Assoc. Editor—Luna Hansen
Adver. Editor—Lila Boyce
Cir. Editor—Douglas Taylor
Joke Editor—Margaret Dickman

AN EDITORIAL

I'm a Senior!!! Gosh, if I can pass the exams next week I'll be graduated next Friday night—graduated from the warm comfort of good old B. H. S. out into the cruel cold world.

Gee, it sorta gives a fellow a tight feeling in his throat when he thinks that his high school days are over. 'Spose Seniors have always felt this way? I wonder! Why, I believe I'll talk out loud and get sent in to office just to let me know I'm still here. I kinda like Mr. Metzler. Darn! Pretty good old school isn't it?

Be you're glad you're only a Freshie. Goodnite, I almost got t'blues today—guess it's cause it's rainin'. Look at those flowers on Miss Sweeney's desk—gee, flower! make me think of graduation an' funerals. Wonder if I'll be this sad when I start to die? I hope not—wouldn't be no fun a'diein' then. Guess I'd just like to stay here and go on bein' a senior for ever. That's what I'll do! I'll invent a graduationless school—Yes, Miss Funk, I'll get to work—Oh, dear, I don't care. I don't care if I do flunk. So there. —A Senior

Aunt Sophrony's Column

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
How shall I ask you a question like this? Can you please let me know before graduation, because after that it might be too late. I'm a senior. What's the best way to hold a girl's admiration? J. G. has another party on the line and I was forced to take someone else to the Prom. —R. W.

Dear R. W.:
I have heard J. G. say that the reason she does not care for your attention is because you are not a blonde. Try bleaching your hair with peroxide and you will have J. G. won over. —Auntie

Dear Aunt Sophie:
I dread the close of school because I won't be able to see P. B. every day. What shall I do? T. T.

Dear Thelma:
You don't need to worry because he has a car and if he is true, he will probably be to see you often.

Dear Auntie:
Why do R. M. and J. S. always wear those hideous sun glasses. Do you think they add to their appearance any? —J. G.

Dear "Bugs":
No, I don't believe they do but it is always well to be prepared. Maybe there'll be another eclipse of the sun in about a hundred years. Could you recommend something that would add to their appearance. —Auntie

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
I am just another girl who is under the spell of I. B.'s magnetism. How can I help myself? —R. F.

Dear Ruth:
Maybe Mrs. Robertson could prescribe something for you to drink before each meal. Like aluminum sulphate? Maybe it has powers of magnetic resistance. —Aunt S.

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
Most good looking people are conceited but I'm not. Is there any logical reason? —L. W.

Dear Lloyd:
We realize that you try to avoid popularity at every corner to keep on dodging it and maybe you will be able to find a dark alley where even girls cannot see how good looking you are. —Auntie

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
What shall I do? What shall I do? L. W. is to go to North Plains with some kids to get a girl who goes to Hillsboro Hi, Sunday afternoon. —R. F.

Dear R. F.:
Well you might bring someone of the party that is going, to let you go along. Then you could produce all your winsome ways in such a manner that he will see only you and won't look at the other girl.

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
I would like to ask you a ques-

tion and hope for an answer soon. Why did P. U., P. B., and G. S. and others have to sit in the assembly Tuesday? —F. M.

Dear F. M.:
They got their dates mixed and thought summer vacation had arrived and they were sent to the assembly so that they might have time to realize their mistake. A. S.

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
Now that I am sure I will graduate, I'm afraid my chances with J. G. are getting slimmer all the time. I won't get to see her hardly at all this summer. What shall I do? —P. U.

Dear P. U.:
If I were you I wouldn't waste my time. You remember O. K. of last years graduating class, do you not? Well, now you know your chances are altogether shot. A. S.

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
I am graduating this year and I am afraid I will not be able to see H. B. any more. What shall I do? —E. S.

Dear E. S.:
I would suggest a P. G. course.

Dear Aunt Sophrony:
I am graduating this year, but I am very worried for fear E. P. will cut in on me. Please suggest some thing to help him. —G. S.

Dear G. S.:
Don't let that worry you for E. P.'s eyes are still on M. J. J. He has forgotten his grade school days.

CLASS PROPHECY

TIME: 1945
PLACE: The great metropolis of the world, Portland.

She, June Gillmore, is carrying on the work of the world famous John Ripley, the Believe It or Not man. Through her work she is in contact with all the world and is able to give this amazing data on the members of the graduating class of the year 1933 of Beaverton High School. Upon arriving at her office one morning she found one of our old friends waiting for her. It was none other than Ruth Fulgham who had gained the head of popularity through her dramatic career. She having organized the most prominent company in the world of whom Elizabeth Struthers was the grand leading lady, playing the role of Little Alice in Wonderland with George McKerecher as her leading man, The Mad Hatter. Others in the company were Edna Brandt, Reynolds Wilson and Cecilia Kies. Then she began to look through her mail and found a very interesting sketch of a little man whose chest and head had grown and swelled to an enormous expansion and then she read it was Lloyd Wirtz—Oh! the pity of it, to think that his importance had come to that! This sketch was sent by Olea Bolton. Another article caught her eye, that the great surgeon, Art Hill, had performed an operation on Wayne Barber who had a bad case of twitching eye-brows and in-growing toe nails and who was again normal. Dr. Hill being assisted by his two able nurses, Grace Hicks and Mary Merritt. At lunch time Ruth and June left her office. As they went down the stairs a tragic thing happened. The old scrubman failed to move the soap and of course, Ruth would step on it, resulting in a big crash over the old fellow who was none other than our old friend, George Brandt, who was mopping and grumbling about married life with Gertrude Matzke. He broke the silence with "Sister can you spare a dime?" They left the building and hailed a taxi. You can imagine how surprised they were to find that the driver was Alden McEarron. They were skimming through traffic when at an intersection their driver locked bumpers with a car whose occupants were decidedly upset.

An argument ensued and when they stuck their heads out of the windows they found Alden excusing his hastiness to Gladys and Yuma Dallman and Thelma Peets who were headed for a Salvation Army street meeting. They were three more of their old class members. Upon arriving at the lunch room they were shown to their tables by someone who seemed extremely familiar to them—second thought brought to their minds that the waitress was Dorothy Stauss. They asked her if she knew the whereabouts of any of the old members and she told us that Edith Stoffer, Lois Sao and Rita Stark were employed as private stenographers. As they left the lunch room they heard a news boy shouting Extra! Extra! Of course they had to have a paper and of all the surprises! Professor Robert Shepherd had just succeeded

with the help of another scientist, James Tatlock, in making hair grow on Carlton Dashney's bald head within 24 hours. What wonders are performed! That afternoon on returning to her office there was a letter waiting for her from her old pal, Betty Stickney. She was in the interior of Africa running a mission for pigmies. She had turned to this consolation after a broken love affair with Porter Underwood, the least to be expected of those two. I had heard that Porter had just wasted away "planting poseys" after the affair and his strange case was being studied by his brother, Dr. Bill Underwood who had made brilliant progress in the philosophy of the American monkey. But going back to Betty's letter she wrote that the Reverend Raymond Wismer and Olive Wolfe and Helen Berst were also giving their lives to the worthy cause of the African natives. After reading this letter she was prepared for almost anything that her old classmates might choose to do. More letters brought to light other information of her friends. A letter from Blanche Haines revealed that she was touring the world and gathering rare species of turtles for her chef James Filley, to make into rare turtle soup. Blanche said while in Australia she was very surprised to find that the leader of the Interior Brush woman's Society" was none other than Corrine Antrim and that she and her workers were waging war against jack rabbits and trying to drive them from Australia. Two of her helpers were Grace Johnson and Marjorie Jones. While Blanche was climbing the Alps in Switzerland she visited a

prize found our old Student Body President, Paul Boeckli, raising a herd of fine goats and of course Thelma Tefft was there to keep him company. Thelma also managed aging a small village theater where she held the interest of the people by dancing. Also in this village was Frances Detrick, the best yodeler for miles around. While in Vienna, Blanche attended a musicale featuring Helen Godfrey who had transposed "Three Blind Mice" and "Mary's Little Lamb" into the most difficult of classical music. June Rohrbach and Evelyn Richards accompanied Helen during her selections, on their violins, and to think that all of that musical genius was concealed during our high school years. After the musicale Blanche went back-stage to see the girls and there she was surprised to see how young they looked. They all owed this to their beauty specialists whom they consulted daily, they being the famous Charlotte Patterson and Elsie Tonges noted for their exclusive beauty salons. Thus closed Blanche's letter. As she finished her letter she was aware of the fact that someone was knocking on her door. Asking them in she nearly fell over when her intruder dashed in like a madman, for whom should it be but Joe Vrlcak! June asked him what was his hurry and he hastily told her that the circus he managed had turned against him and that the snake charmer, Ruth Wirth, was hot on his trail with her pet reptiles and also that Marjorie Weaver, the woman sword-swallower had refused to take her daily sword dose and was using her swords on him. She thought that this uprising would never do so she hastily telephoned to the Chief of Police who immediately helped, the big flat-foot was none other than Frank Zimbrick. He took complete charge of things, especially the ladies. By the way we all remember the pleasing ways he had with the girls in school. All this was too much for her in one day so she strolled into the park. She says she nearly fell off the park bench in surprise when who should stroll into the park with a pet poodle dog but the fortunate and beautiful Helen Boggs who endorsed Faerie Skin lotion and was successfully married to Carl Gravelle, the greatest of all saxophone players and composers. He had recently set "To a Louse" to music—a poem much loved by him and which he memorized during his Senior year. As she left Helen she strolled on to the public square where Ivan Bierly and Frances Marvin were loudly debating "Why a remedy should be found to make hair grow on a Mexican hairless dog." June stopped to listen and who should she find herself standing beside but Chas. Shively who was all ears and attention. She asked him why the interest and he told her that he was raising Mexican hairless dogs. He was worried for their welfare for they were developing a bad case of the sneezes and he was very much afraid he would have to patronize Glen Shellenbergers wool manufacturing plant and buy knit sweaters for his doggies to prevent chills—and by

the way, Glen got his start in the wool business by Chuck's giving him two pet lambs as a graduation present. Leaving Chuck to his own worries June strolled on down the street and there to her amazement stood Norman Tollefson and Vernon Bronkey each in white uniforms with blue forget-me-nots on them and leaning on brushes and little dump carts. Yes, they had jobs as street cleaners and strange as it may seem those two old fellows were arguing over a button and a piece of tin foil found in the street. What a pity that gum isn't wrapped in more tin foil instead of cellophane. As it was growing late in the evening she started for her home. Catching the next west bound bus she found that Elizabeth Hays and Phyllis White were it's very able and efficient conductresses. As June settled herself and prepared for the ride home the old saying came to her mind, "What a small place the world is after all." —as this amazing data proves.

CLASS WILL

We, the June Class of '33, of Beaverton High School, being sound of mind after four years of diligent struggle, but being slightly decrepit in body, do hereby set down our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I.

To the school in general:
1. Our reputation for hard work and honest deeds.
2. Our dusty books.
3. Our talented autographs on study hall desks.

ARTICLE II.

To the faculty:
1. More stupid pupils to educate.
2. Our exam papers (to be held as models only).

ARTICLE III.

To the June Class of '34:
1. Mrs. Snyder.
2. Our ability to skip classes.
3. Anything we may have left besides Bill Underwood and Carl Gravelle.

ARTICLE IV.

To the Sophomores:
1. Congratulations on leaving Miss Sanford's English Class.

ARTICLE V.

To the Freshmen:
1. Congratulations on growing up.
2. All snatched library slips.

ARTICLE VI.

The various members of the class will and bequeath the following:
Corrine Antrim leaves her shy smile and much used wisdom to Pauline Blatteg.
Helen Berst leaves her red-headed and much befreckled boy friend to Marian Hague.

George Brandt leaves hurriedly before Mr. Metzler sees him.
Paul Boeckli leaves his argumentative ability and "gift of gab" to Bob Renney.
Ivan Bierly leaves his gavel, charming personality and gray hair to the next unlucky fellow.

Olea Bolton leaves with a sigh of relief carrying her civics book under her arm.

John Berger leaves his profane language in typing to Frank Pulver.
Wayne Barber leaves his way with the fair sex to some poor fellow who hasn't any either.

Helen Mae Boggs leaves lots of love to anyone who will take it.
Gladys Dallman leaves the school minus one more brunette.

Frances Detrick leaves her natural blonde hair to La Merne Dean.
Barbara Dysle leaves hopefully.
Yuma Dallman leaves all the boys unhappy.

Carlton Dashney leaves his girl walking blindly around the halls.
James Filley leaves his onestripe but hopes no one takes it.

Ruth Fulgham leaves her strict diet and daily dozen rules to Aletha Hulett.

Jung Gilmore leaves her cake of life Buoy soap and listerine to Ila James, or Ho'-cha.

Helen Godfrey leaves nothing—she says its the depression.
Blanche Haines leaves her one step to someone who is one step behind.

Elizabeth Haines leaves many a tear stained face and broken heart among the masculine sex of our student body.

Arthur Hill leaves his mania for crossword puzzles to some other poor fellow on his way to Salem.

Grace Hicks leaves her past behind her.

Cecilia Kies leaves her freckle cream to a more successful user.

Marjorie Jones leaves the entire student body with writers cramp from signing her memory book.

Grace Johnson leaves her squealing ability to someone who doesn't need it.

Alden McEarron leaves his charming smile and sunny disposition to Miss Sanford.

Gertrude Matzke leaves gladly since George is going too.

George McKerecher leaves his chewing gum in Mrs. Snyder's

waste-basket.
Robert Montgomery leaves a vacancy on the absentee list.

Mary Merritt leaves school minus a perfect lady.

Frances Marvin leaves her vocal contortions to the manual training department for repairs.

Thelma Peets leaves to conduct a school of etiquette for high school girls.

Donald Perkins leaves her motto "Get My Man" to all unlucky girls.

Charlotte Patterson leaves her hears and feet she's danced over.

Evelyn Richard leaves her "Come Hither" look to some boy or girl who won't.

June Rohrbach leaves her English courses forever and aye.

Rita Stark leaves a well worn giggle and youthful exuberance to Margaret Dickman.

Robert Shepherd leaves a dying calf's look on some girls faces.

Dorothy Stauss leaves her shy, modest personality to Agda Mattson.

Edith Stoffer leaves her truck ability to Del Rey Palmer.

Julius Staasens leaves nothing—he's taking her with him.

Lois Sato leaves a remarkable scholastic record to Dick Goyt.

Elizabeth Struthers leaves her finely chiseled face to the Sphinx.

Glen Shellenberger leaves everything that's nailed down.

Charles Shively leaves his half empty box of wheats to some other poor fellow who can't play basketball either.

Betty Stickney leaves her ability to say "No" and mean it, to Annabelle Benson.

Thelma Tefft leaves her appealing smile to some other girl who can't get her man.

James Tatlock leaves for a country where men are men and women are glad of it.

Elsie Tores leaves an unblemished reputation, (we hope).

Norman Tollefson leaves his ta, too to some company manufacturing jig-saw puzzles.

Porter Underwood leaves his "Cave Man" tactics to Don Walker.

Joe Vrlcak leaves a vacancy on the football squad. He's taking his shoes since they wouldn't fit anyone else.

Phyllis White leaves at last.
Reynold Wilson leaves but he didn't get away with the school funds.

Ray Wismer leaves to find a school where they have "Skip Day".
Ruth Wirth leaves the underclassmen feeling insignificant.

Marjorie Weaver leaves that school girl complexion to some other user of Palmolive.

Olive Wolf leaves through the front door.

Lloyd Wirtz leaves his ability to win girls popularity contests to Kenneth Taylor.

Frank Zimbrick leaves his last three years announcements to any one who will send postage.

Dorothy Boner leaves after a very short visit.

Blanche H.: "Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"
Gene S.: "Yea, he sure does. He doesn't put any expression in it at all."

CLASS HISTORY

Our Freshman year was very successful and the rest of the high school was quite proud of us, I am sure. Our first class president was Porter Underwood. Charles Shively held the same position the second semester and Thelma Tefft was the Secretary. We were well represented in all sports, clubs and other activities and we carried the best school spirit throughout it all. The Freshman debate team, Paul Boeckli and James Sanders won from the Sophomores. We had both boys and girls basketball teams which played many inter-class games. Blanche Haines received a basketball letter. Paul Boeckli and Red Techner received foot-ball numerals. We were represented in both the Annual and Hummer staff and many of the girls were members of the Girl Reserves.

As Sophomores we did our share in keeping up the school spirit by taking prominent parts in football, basketball, track, Glee Clubs, the student body play and other activities and organizations. We won the Annual race by selling the most subscriptions and Glen Shellenberger was the individual to sell the largest number. Henry Matheson held the position of Student Body Manager and he and Paul Boeckli won letters in football. Ed Posson filled the position of Yell Leader. Those who became members of the Torch Honor Society were Blanche Haines, Lois Sato, Yuma Dallman, Helen Godfrey and Ivan Bierly.

As Juniors we took a very active part in school fuctions. Bob Montgomery and Paul Boeckli were our class presidents. Two members of the class, Francis Marvin and Paul Boeckli made up the High School's negative debate team. They were the only undefeated team in the whole league after they debated in the district. The Juniors won the inter-class basketball. Those of the class who received football letters were: Frank Zimbrick, Carlton Dashney, Henry Matheson, George Brandt and Paul Boeckli. On the 20th of May we had the Junior-Senior Prom.

The Senior year, of course, is the most exciting of all! Ivan Bierly was elected President of the Student Body. Members of the class who received football letters were: Joe Vrlcak, John Berger, Ben Berger, James Filley, Lloyd Wirtz, George Brandt, Ray Wismer, Frank Zimbrick, Paul Boeckli and Carlton Dashney. Ray Wismer was elected president of the class the second semester and Ivan Bierly became Student Body president. In our Senior year our class was represented on the debate teams by Thelma Tefft, Paul Boeckli and Ivan Bierly. Although Beaverton won her way up to the finals for the Western Oregon championship, Paul Boeckli and Thelma Tefft who formed our affirmative team, came through it all undefeated in any of the state league contests.

Betty Struthers—"Ruth did your wrist watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"
Ruth—"Sure. Did you think it would go through?"

Corduroy for Evening Gowns, and It Cleanses Quickly in Any Washer Tub



Those who want to observe the latest style this Fall and Winter are adopting corduroy for evening gowns. The rain-stain model here gets its effectiveness from its simplicity. In this or some other color it would be becoming to almost everyone. The white novelty pique trimming and the large belt buckle of brilliants are all that is needed to make it thoroughly distinctive.

Terry cloth, yes, regular Turkish toweling material, makes the "dormitory roughies" illustrated. Such lounging pajamas are especially popular just now with the college girl and anyone who follows her clever tastes in dress.

The special beauty about these is that they can be washed so easily at home. Even the party dress can be tossed into the family washing machine and made spot-and-stain again within a few minutes. The washability of such fabrics makes them popular with women everywhere. The fact that almost 9,000,000 homes have electrical washers, and that half the farms use washers of one kind or another, helps to explain why American women can adopt such becoming styles. No nation in the world even begins to approach the United States in its adoption of household washers to keep everything bright and fresh. Our manufacturers make them in sizes and prices to suit every family and every purse.