



For everything there is a season and,
a time for every matter under heaven:



Legend Delphic

1977-1978

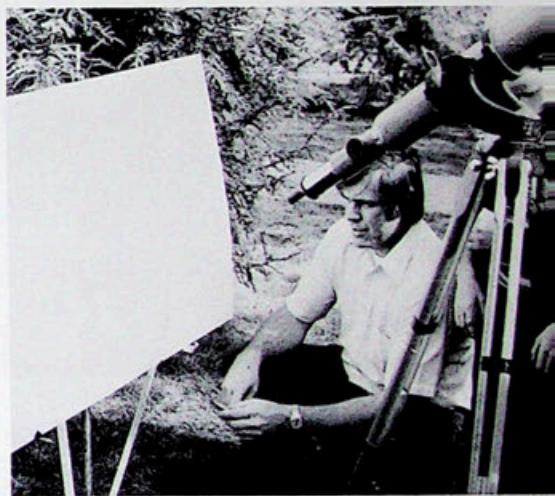
Oregon Episcopal School
Portland, Oregon
Volume 10

Upper School Dedication

Famed for having the fastest chalk in the west,
Her right hand rarely has a chance to rest.
Her laugh can be heard for miles around,
It's a most joyous and extremely familiar sound.
She's always willing to give students advice,
Usually about numbers and being precise.
For this lady no compliment would be nice enough;
And as she has proven many times in class, she's tough.
No one can deny her love to participate,
Especially those in the class of '78.
She went with them on a camping trip near Larch Mountain,
But the rain was something that she could not count'on.
Nevertheless she kept everyone's spirits from cancelling out,
Because courage and love are what this lady's all about.
So when you run into an uncalculated problem,
Go to someone who can really help you solve'm.
Run all the way, don't stop 'till you see
The 1978 Yearbook's dedicatee:

Mrs. Brasfield





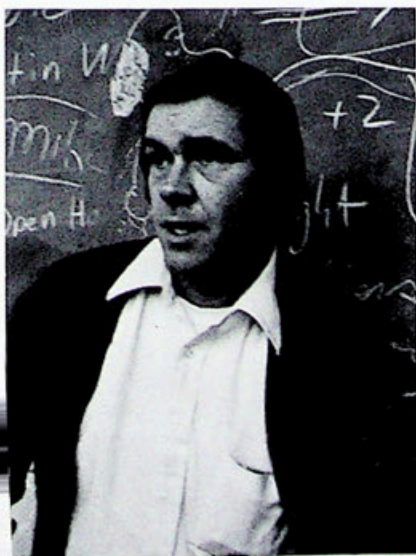
Middle School Dedication

Warm, understanding, hard working, always willing, ready with a laugh, and dedicated to knowledge

... More? We think so. Mr. Crawford is known for his ability to make science more than something to be learned. His scientific "know-how" has touched on all of our lives. His door is always open for personal discussions, or just a friendly cup of

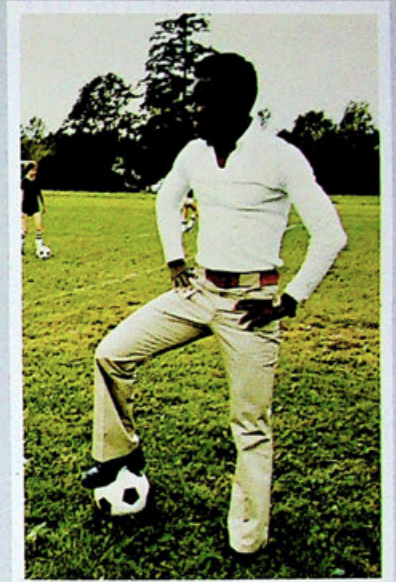
coffee. Mr. Crawford has started and sponsored such things as the Catalyst, Scientennial, and the Herpetology Club. He is always ready to lend a hand with anything from last year's Musical Marathon to the 1976 Talent Show.

We, the Middle School, dedicate our 1978 yearbook to Mr. Crawford - an outstanding teacher, and a good friend.



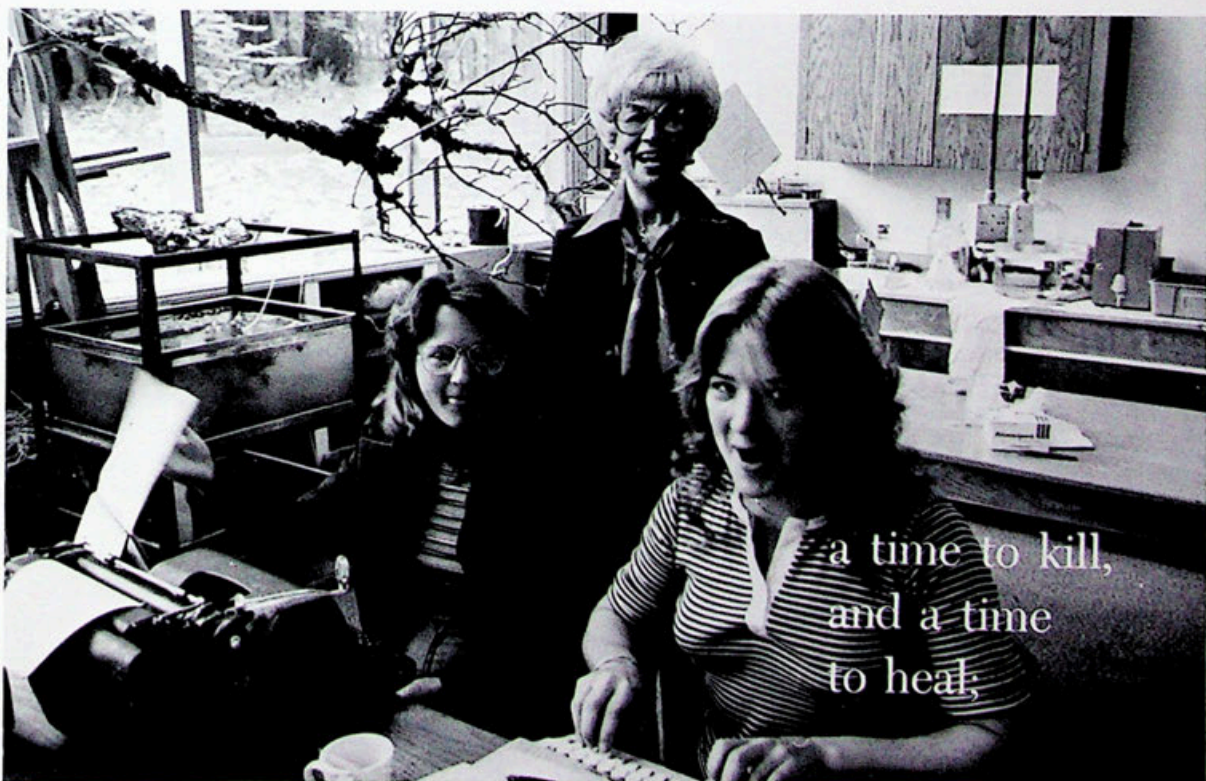
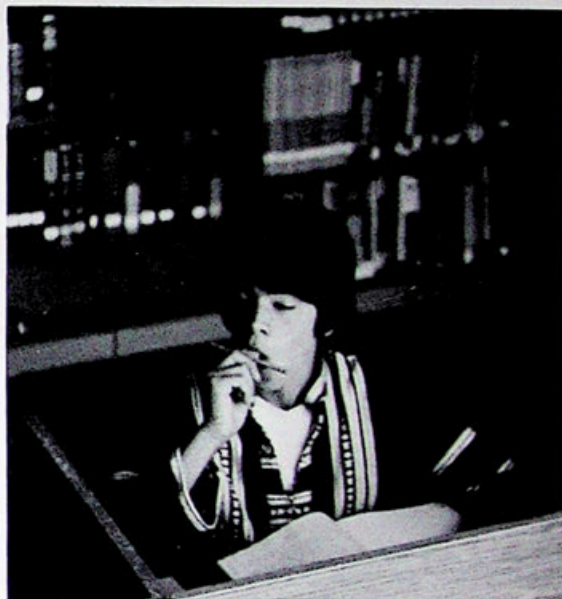
a time to be born,
and a time to die;



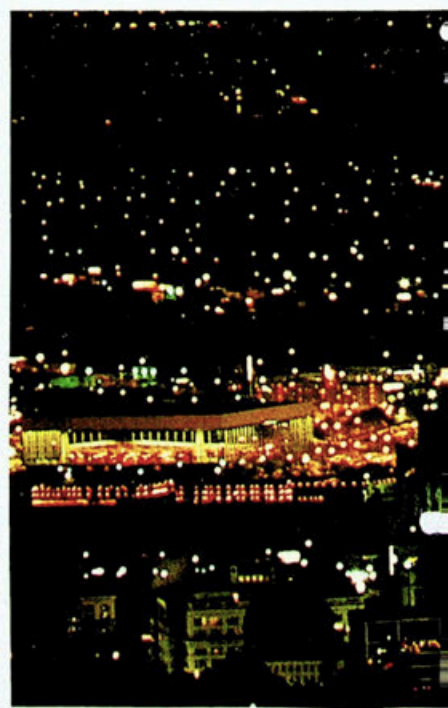
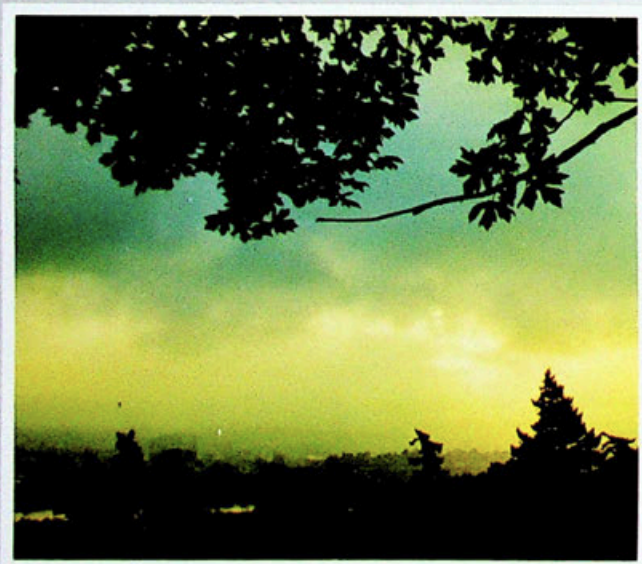
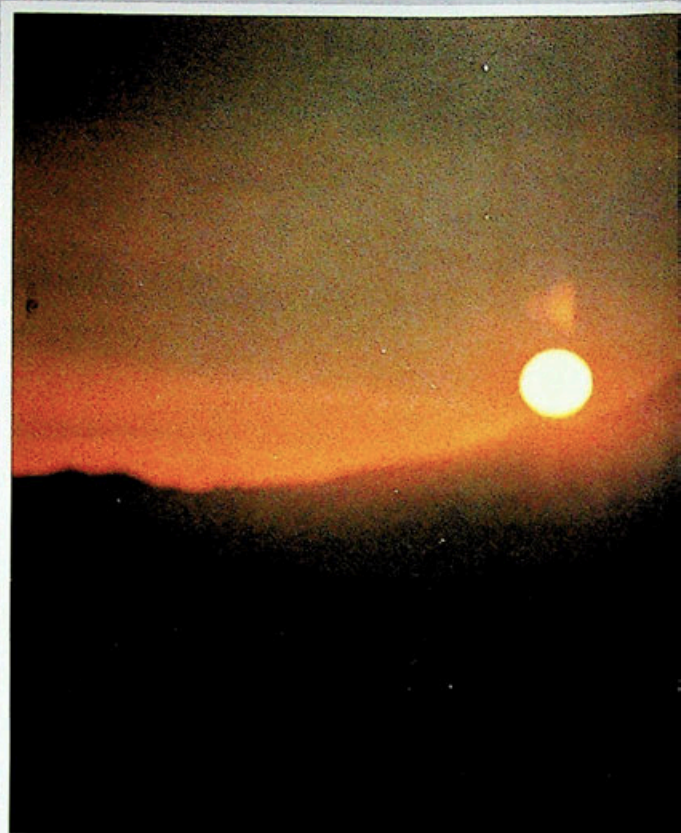
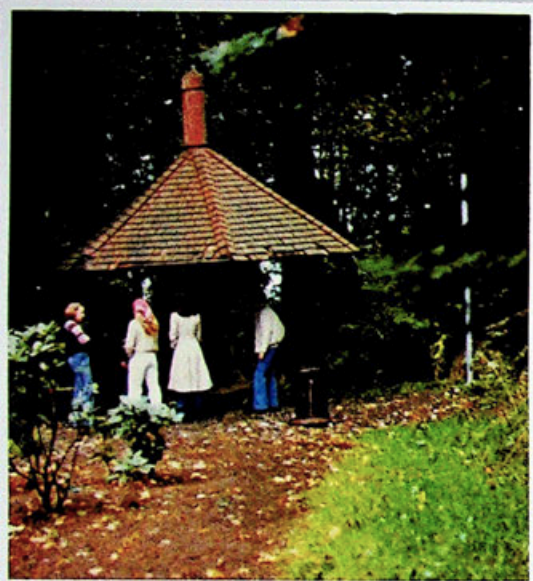


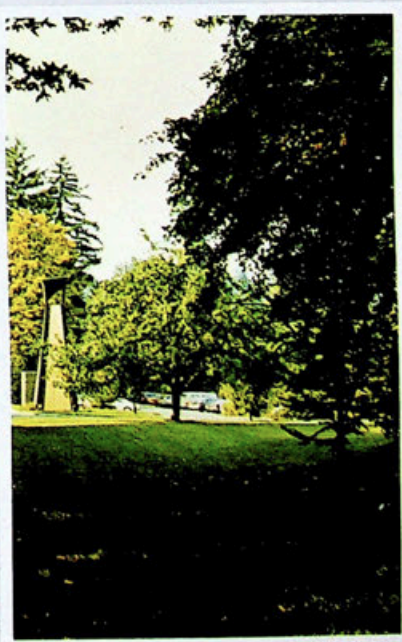
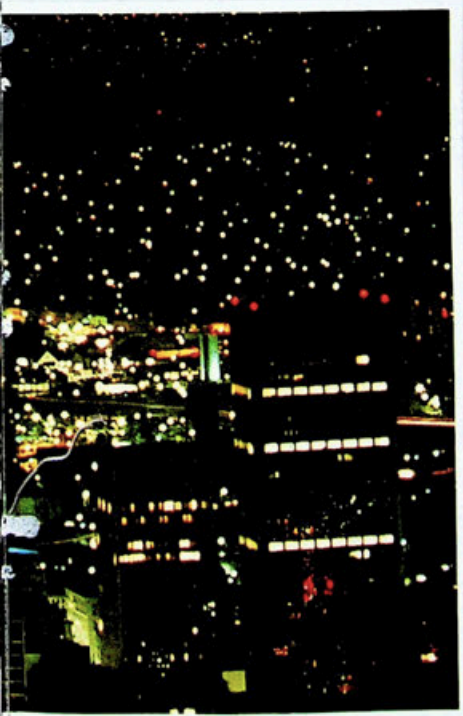
a time to plant, and
a time to pluck up
what is planted;





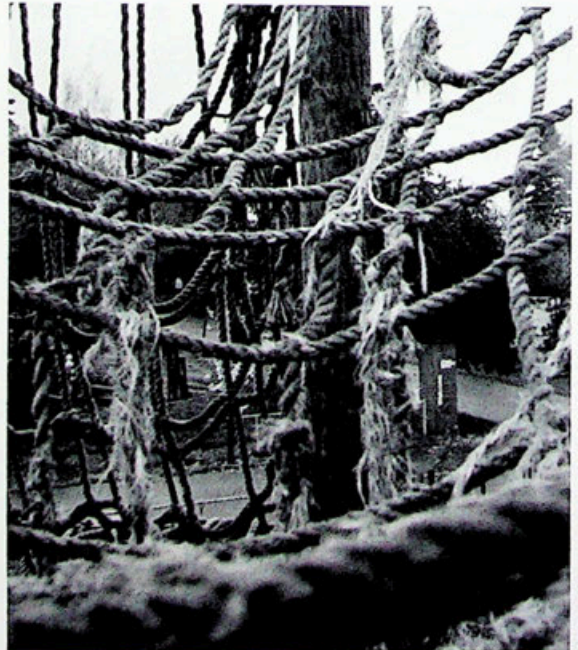
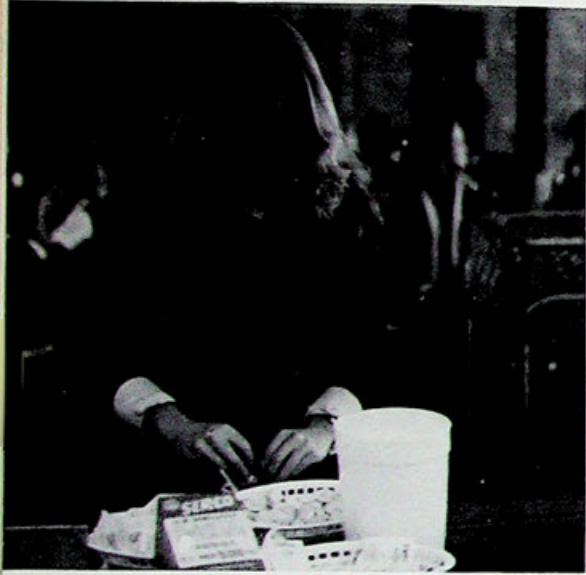
a time to break down,
and a time to build up;





a time to
weep; and
a time to
laugh;

a time to mourn,
and a time to
dance; a time to
cast away stones,
and a time to
gather stones
together;





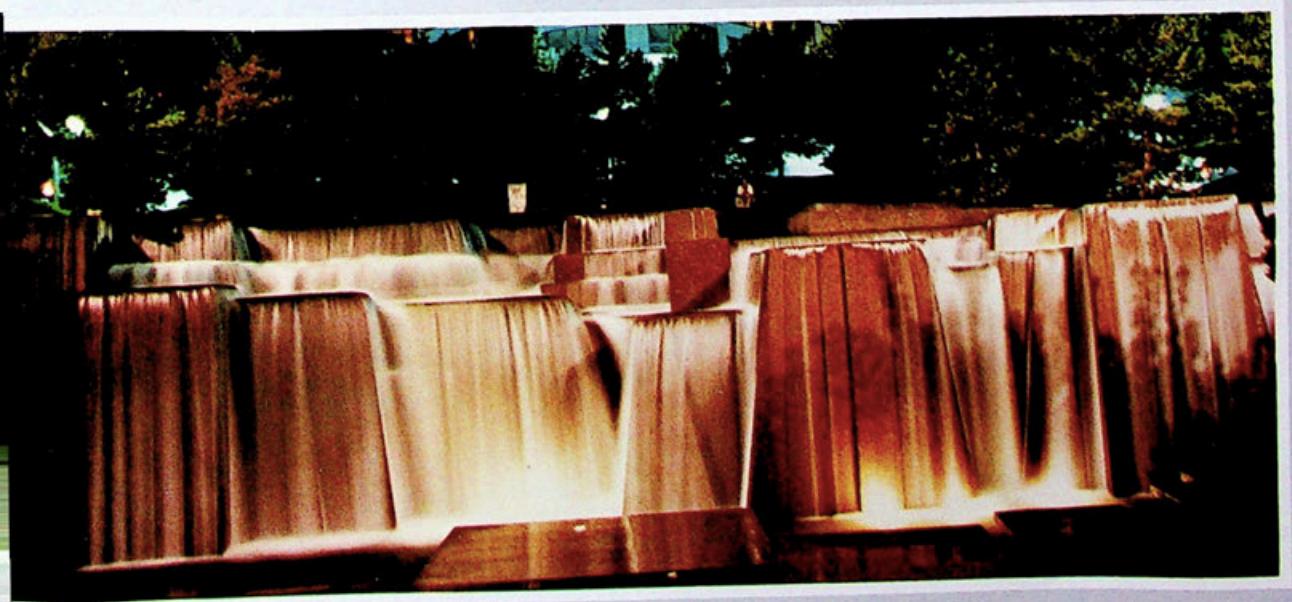
a time to
embrace and,
a time to
refrain from
embracing;

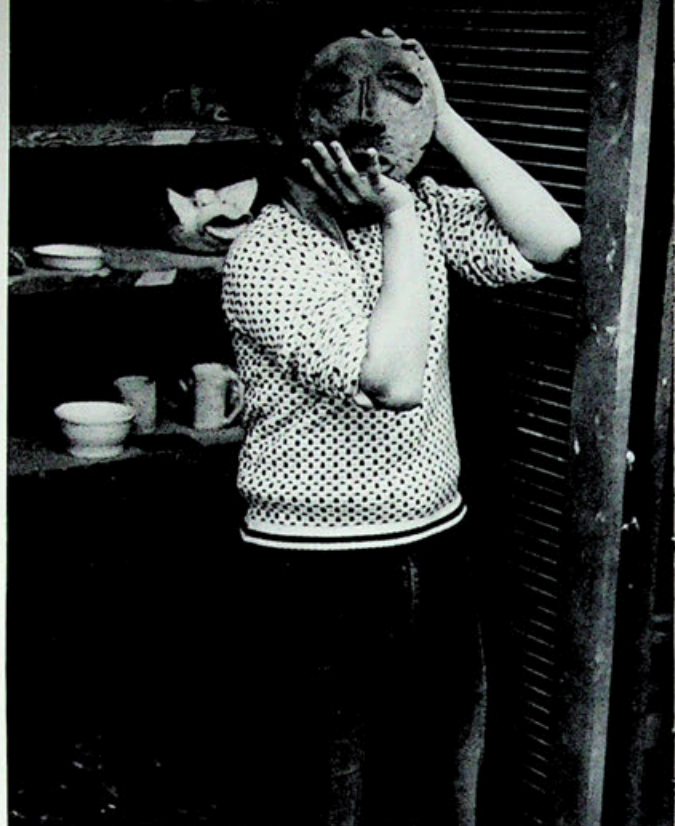
a time to seek, and
a time to lose;



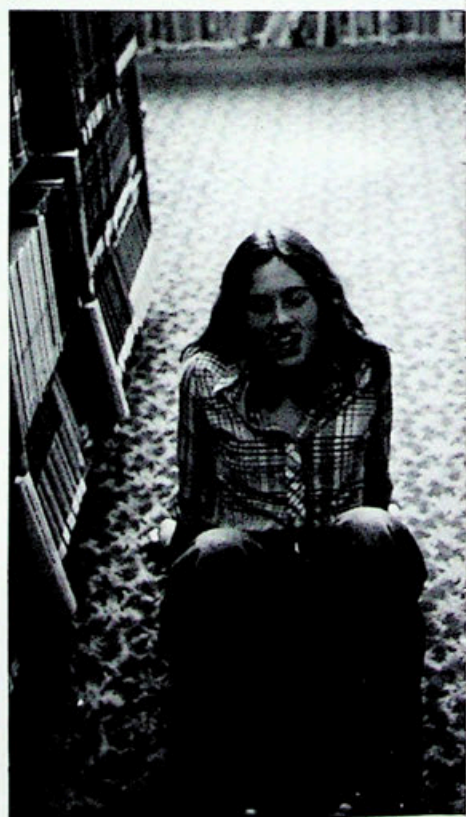


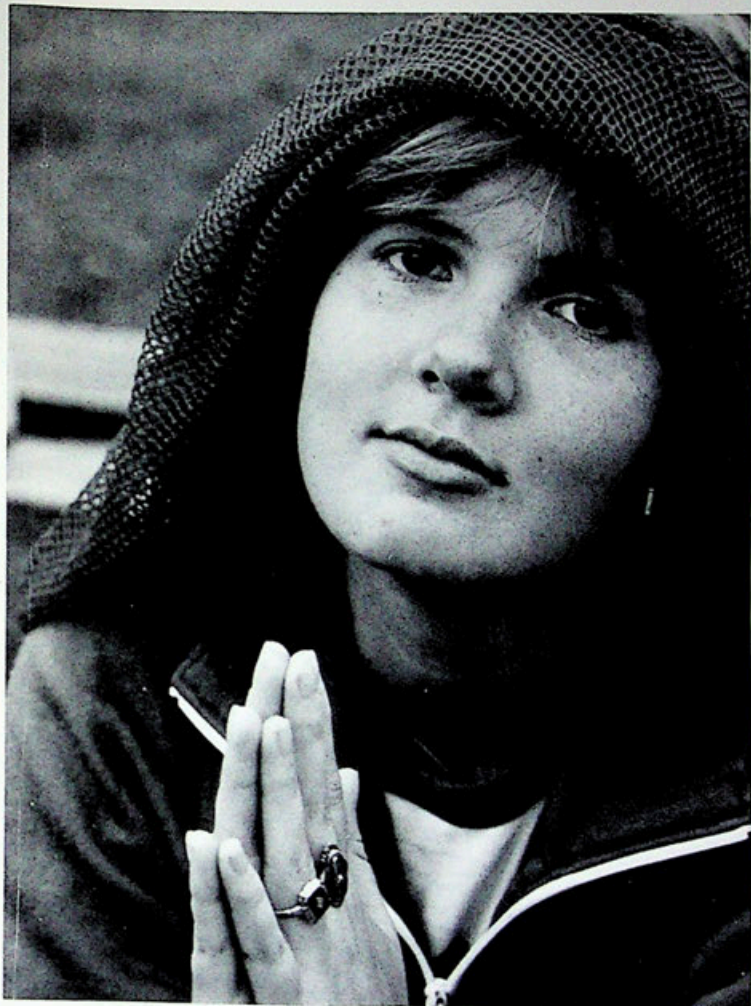
a time to keep, and
a time to cast away;
a time to rend, and
a time to sew;





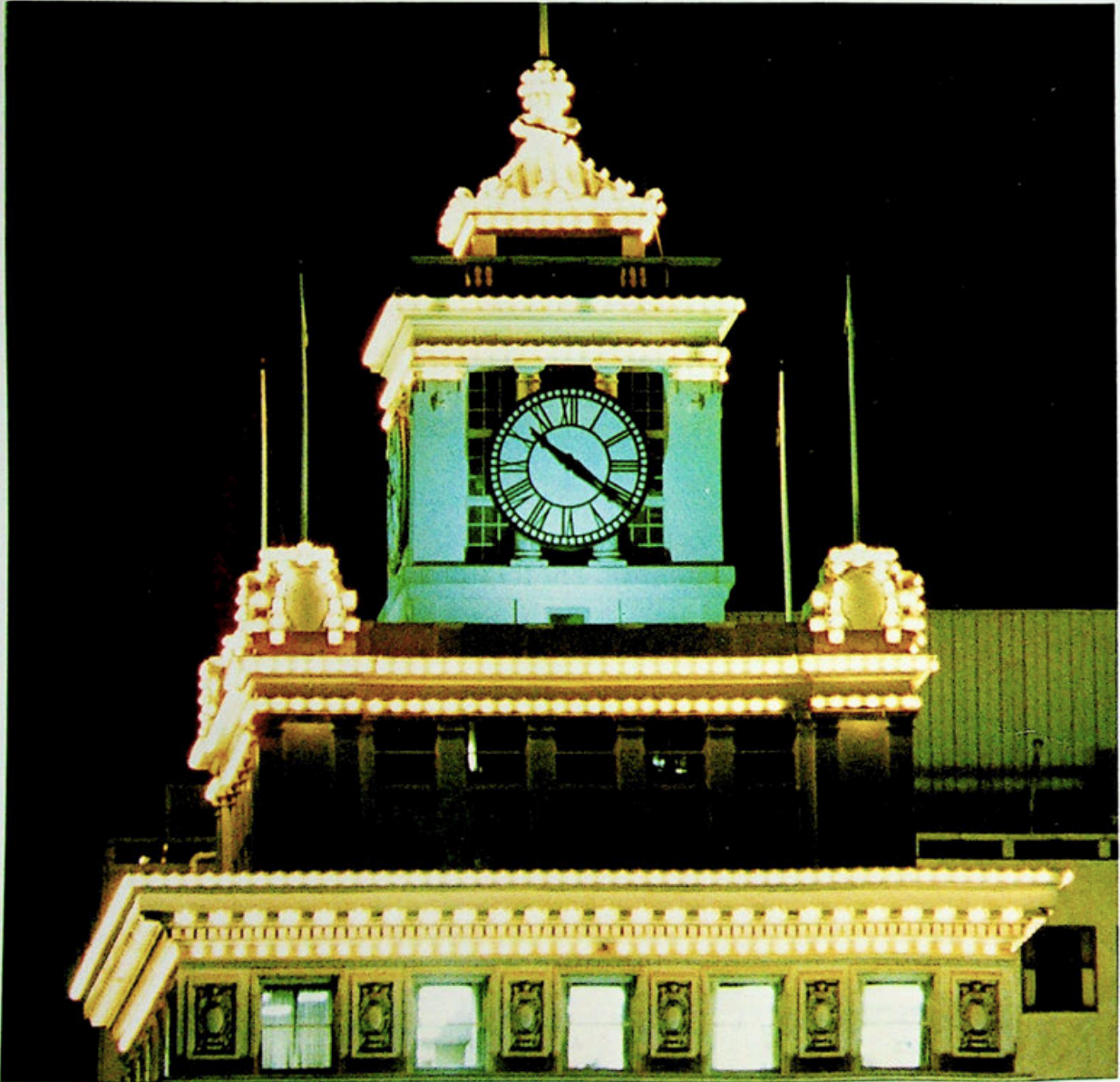
a time to seek, and
a time to lose;
a time to keep, and
a time to cast away;



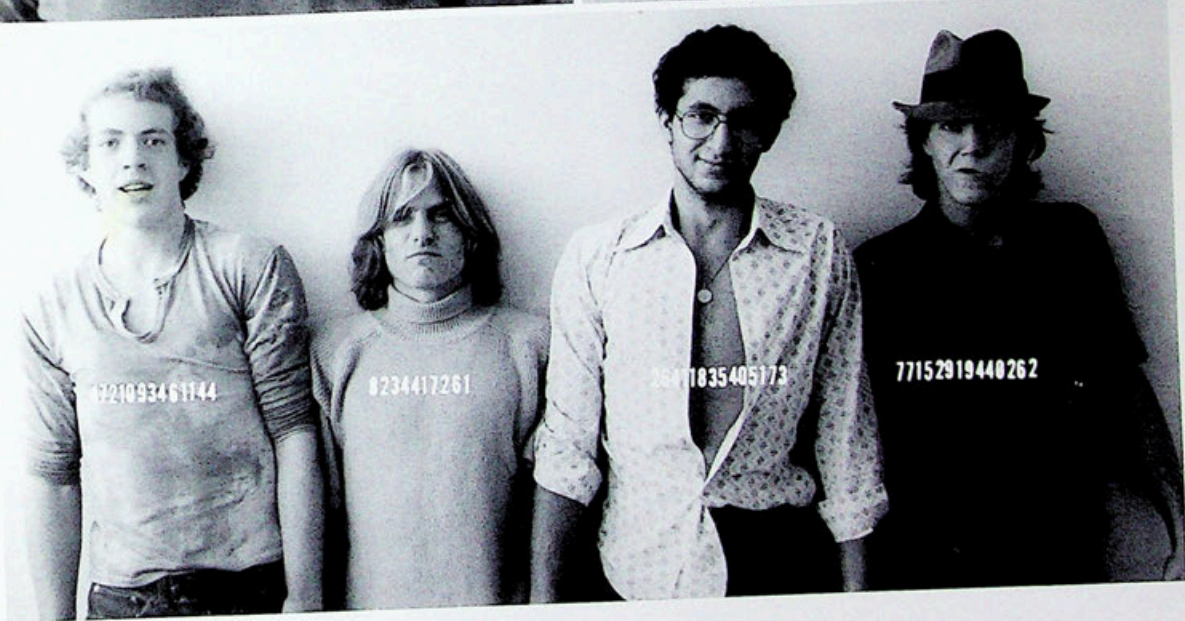
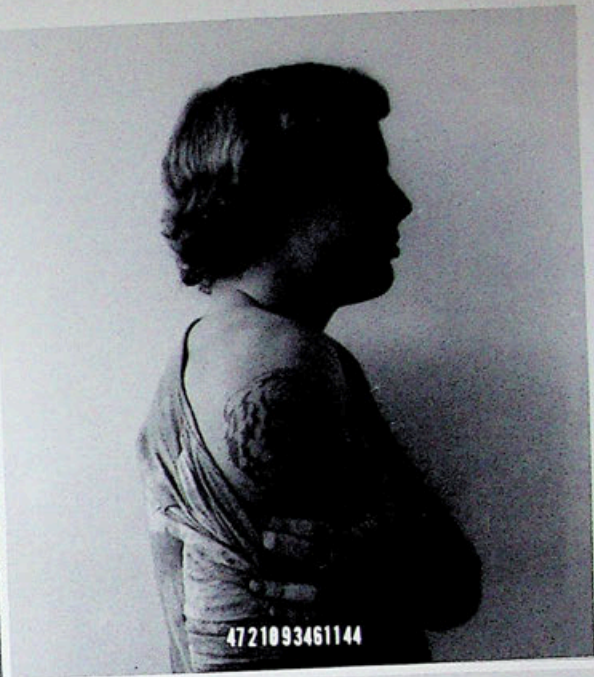
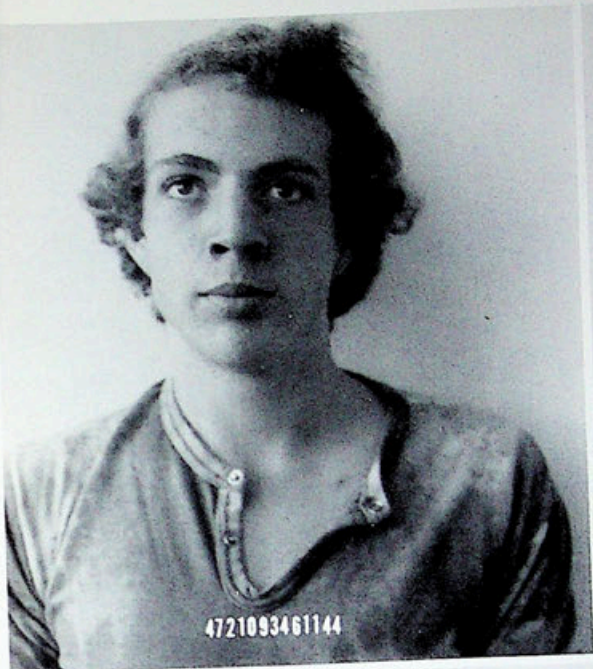


a time to rend, and a
time to sew:





what gain has the worker from his toil?



UPPER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

ORIENTATION

Opening day looked like a funeral procession, when four sleek limosines pulled up to the curb. Soon thirty seniors poured out screaming with delight. The cameras were rolling and the news reporter was ready to report on the spectacular start for the seniors at O.E.S. It was definitely a mark of class.

The fun didn't end there, however. It continued with games and assorted events. The students were divided

into five groups. These groups, then rotated from one activity to the next until every student had participated in each activity. The major activities were softball, climbing the wall and beam, monsters, picking apples and red rover.

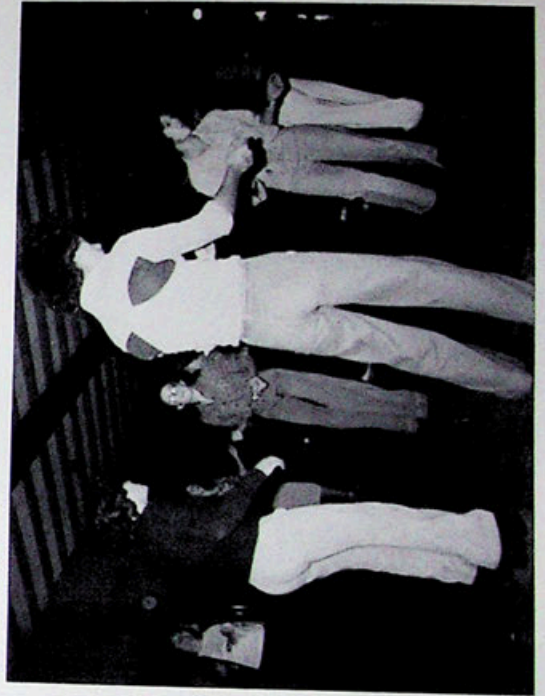
All in all, the day served its purpose; to unite the new students with the old. Many students had at least one more friend at the end of the day.

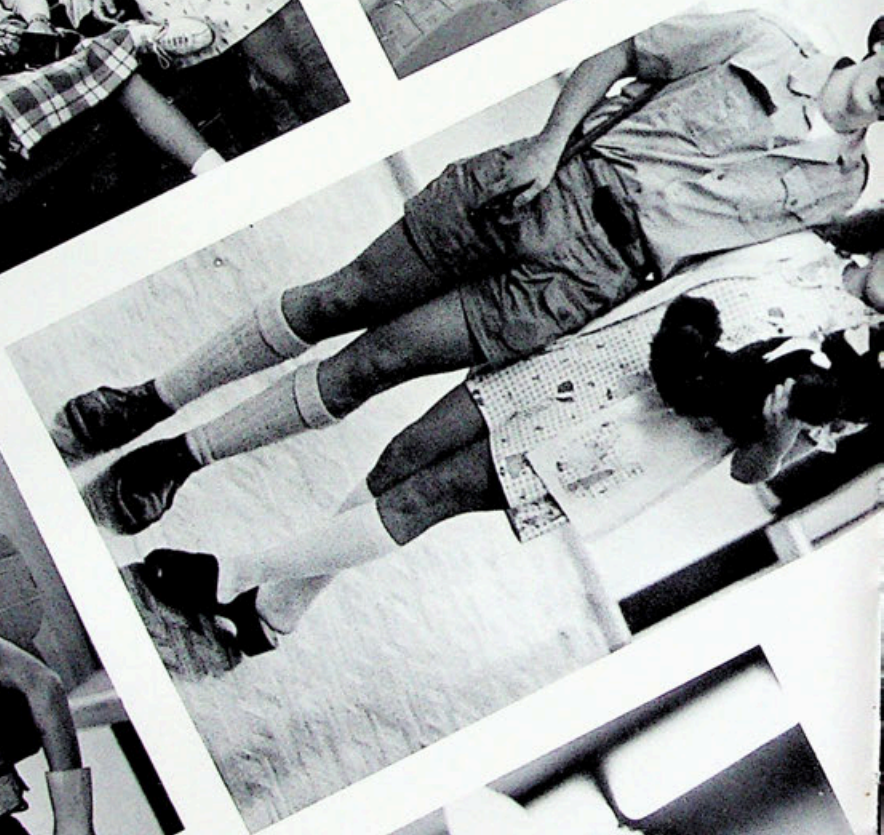


TOP LEFT-Students build throne for Susan Krohn; ABOVE-Philip Krohn and Eric Helser await followers in the Berlin wall crossing; RIGHT-Mr. Streight gets back to nature.



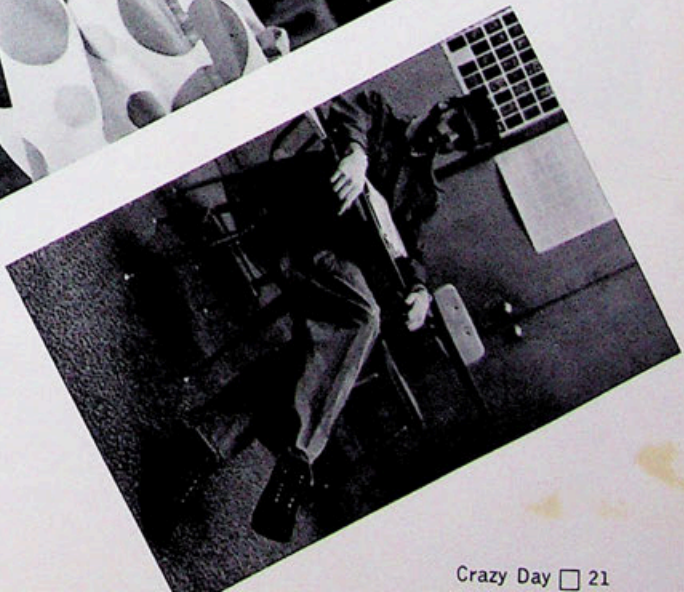
DANCES





CRAZY
DAY





PANYC

"Panyc", a period designed to promote the free and easy movement of spiritual action into constructive projects, took on its suggested form this year, though "Our Community" did encounter a few problems.

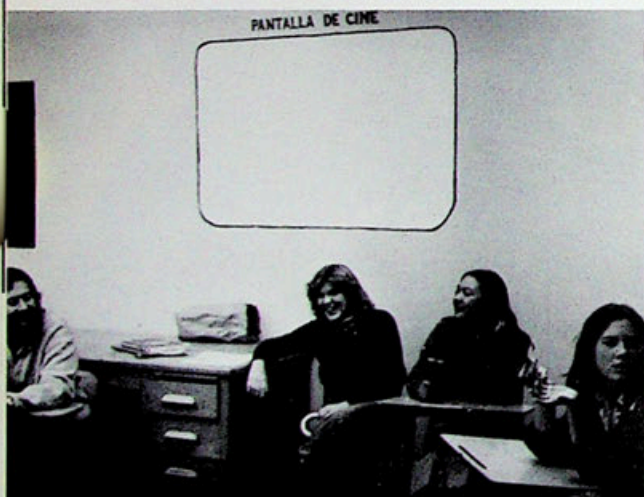
The first day, Rob Holden stormed up to Mr. Bennett during guitar class requesting a cello as an alternative to his crushed guitar; Mr. Bennett gave him a bass.

The second day, Kevin Fromm and Tom Gilbert were transferred out of the dance class because they couldn't fit into the school's "Falcon" tights.

The third day, several students from the "Social Creativity" class complained of burned-out electrodes; The spirit of the intranscendental

vibrations had been too strong for them to relate.

Though any "Panyc" encounters a few difficulties in the beginning, there were also many successful results of this period: Benji Sawyer constructed a 20 Ft. long pair of feet in pottery, Katie Taylor composed her will in calligraphy, Gobi Zimmer maintained sanity in social creativity, Kevin Kraft painted himself 96 times in Art-painting, Todd Husband got alot of homework done in yearbook, Dan Rogers taught the typing class how to strum, and Ali Koroma grew "roots" in horticulture. Thanks should go to all persons involved in making this program a success.



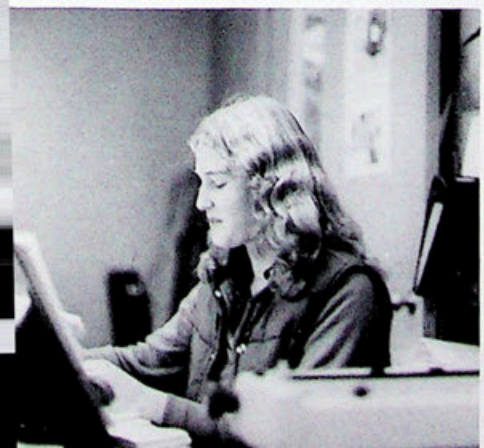
TOP- Eric Helser gives us that "I know it's a great teapot smile" in ceramics class. MIDDLE LEFT- Members of the social creativity class learn how to be social by laughing at one another; MIDDLE RIGHT- Members of the guitar class learn to groove to songs such as "Jingle Bells"; BOTTOM LEFT- Katy Taylor shows a deep concentration in learning how to write in caligraphic style. BOTTOM RIGHT- Jane Drummond is amazed at how fast she can really type.



WORK SERVICE



TOP- Kelly Howells shows us her prowess as a library assistant; MIDDLE LEFT- Kathy Sammons performs muscular feat in the dish room; MIDDLE RIGHT- Tara Wiskowski poses for a quick snapshot while organizing magazines in the library; BOTTOM- Beth Laun lends a hand in the receptionist's office.



The Oregon Episcopal School Work Service program was initiated in 1976 under the direction of Joe Snyder. Through this service oriented program all upper school students have become involved in a variety of activities that have benefited O.E.S. and the Portland community.

Some O.E.S.-based projects include helping June Renish avert chaos in the dish washing and dining areas during lunches; assisting Bill Wayne maintain our beautiful campus; and working with Lower and

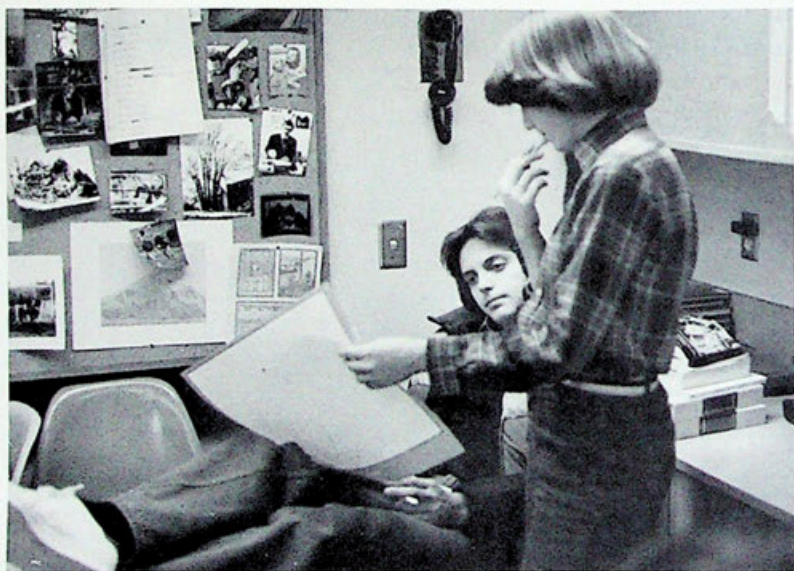
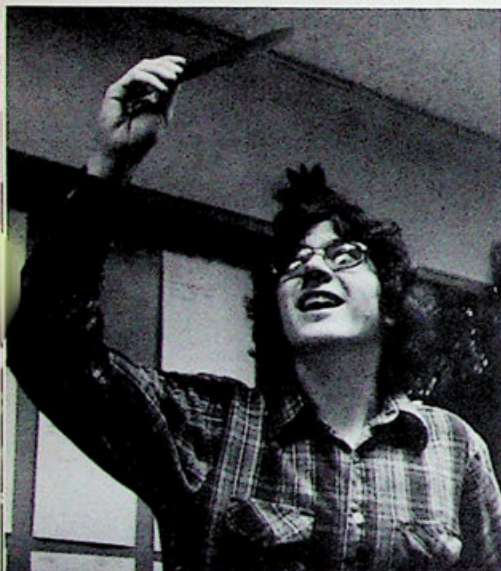
Middle School teachers in their classrooms. Off-campus activities have involved O.E.S. students with Portland Audubon Society's Wildlife Rehabilitation Program - working with injured animals and training them to function again in the natural environment; visiting nursing homes; and assisting in educational programs at the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry and other institutions.

Mr. Houck

YEARBOOK

Mr. Lorne Johnson
Susan Krohn
Courtney Roth
Mike Sullivan
Ruth Page
Ellen Maxwell
Jana Phelps
Lyn Sawyer
Beth Taylor
Geoff Chew
Rusty Osborn
May Fadaak

Rob Holden
Philip Krohn
Tom Bice
Whitney Crookham
Pat Ferguson
Katie Taylor
Laura MacGregor
Todd Husband
Mike Shepherd
Steve Ritchie
Kathryn Campbell



TOP- Rob Holden gives us that "Oh no not again" look; MIDDLE LEFT- Comical negatives provide amusing entertainment for Tom Bice; MIDDLE RIGHT- Susan Krohn and Courtney Roth discuss the quality of the work at hand; BOTTOM LEFT- Mr. Johnson advises the class on easy money making techniques; BOTTOM RIGHT- Todd Husband and Steve Ritchie desperately trying to write funny captions for serious pictures.





NEWSPAPER

TOP- Standing Left To Right- Sarah Stephenson, Gordon Leitch, Kathleen Douglas, Alex Lingas, Dan Hite, Eric Hart, Heidi Lulich; Sitting Left To Right- Ms. Julie Stevens, Jenny Miller, Robert Leitch, Diane D'Agostino, Marlene Hofmann. MIDDLE LEFT- Michelle Fromm gets into an article. MIDDLE RIGHT- Diane and Sara wonder how they got suckered into doing newspaper. BOTTOM- Gordon Leitch is becoming heated because of the numerous little red marks that Advisor Julie Stevens is putting on his paper.

STUDENT COUNCIL

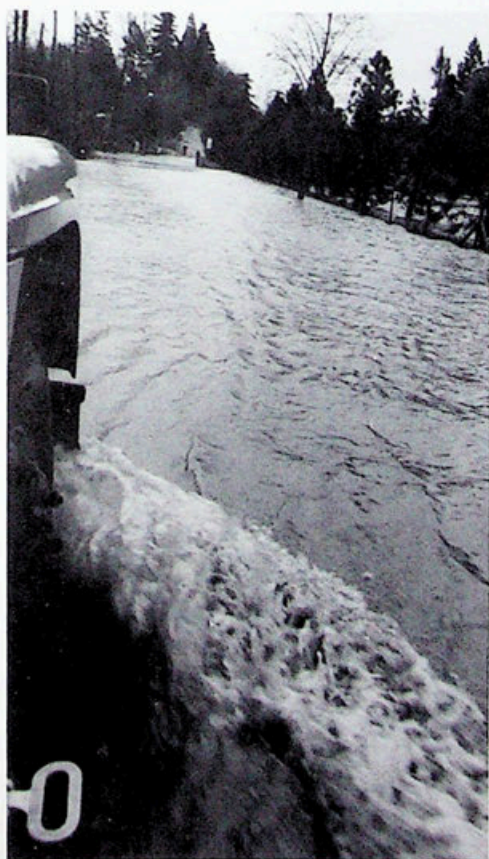
TOP- Student Council President, David Sellers, jots down a few quick notes.
BOTTOM- TOP ROW: Margo Lalich, Whitney Crookham, Norma Dulin, Gobi Zimmer, Kathryn Campbell. BOTTOM ROW: Kim Ritter, Mary Richardson, Shawn Brateng.





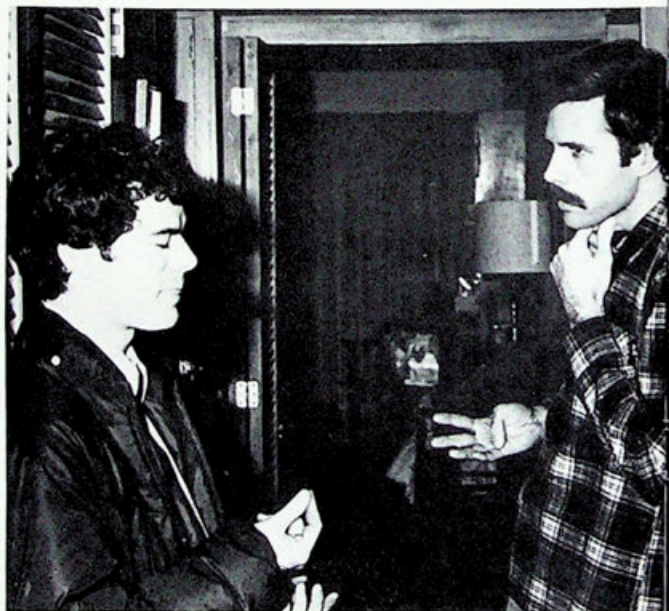
THE HALL SINGERS

TOP- The Hall Singers sing at a Resting Home during the Holidays; BOTTOM- The FLOOD occurred on November 29, 1977 and resulted in much bravery as the students of OES battled the raging torrents of Fannow Creek.



THE FLOOD

DORMLIFE



TOP- Tom Gilbert loves his Coke; MIDDLE LEFT- Celeste Cairns is alarmed by giant spider; MIDDLE RIGHT- 3 Big Macs, 2 Frys, 3 chocolate shakes ...; LOWER LEFT- Gerald Sun relaxes in dorm lounge; Daily hurricane hits student's room.





TOP LEFT- What? Homework?; TOP RIGHT- Dorian can't believe it's the real thing; MIDDLE LEFT- I can't hear you; I've got a banana in my ear; MIDDLE RIGHT- What? This is the girls' dorm?; LOWER LEFT- Mahmood Sabahi hides bomb under bed.

CHRISTMAS



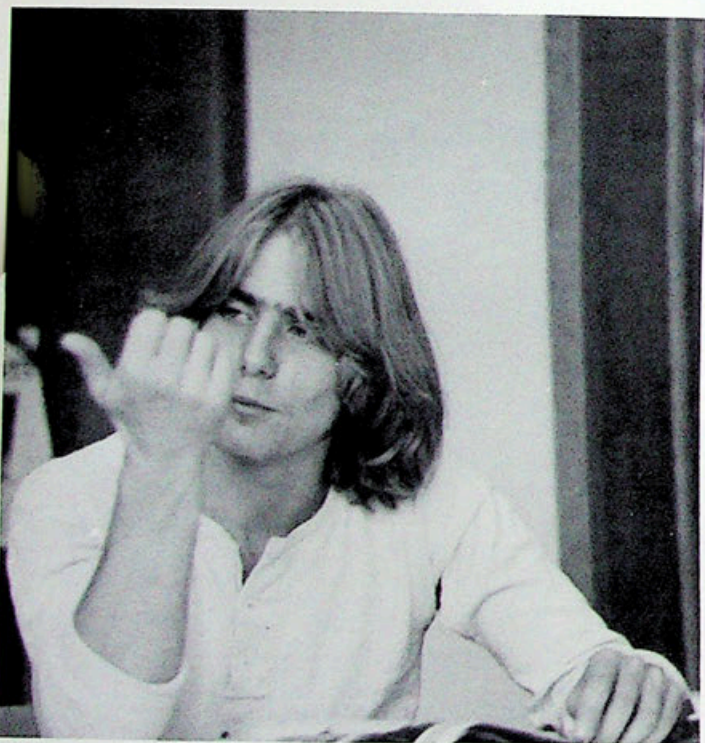
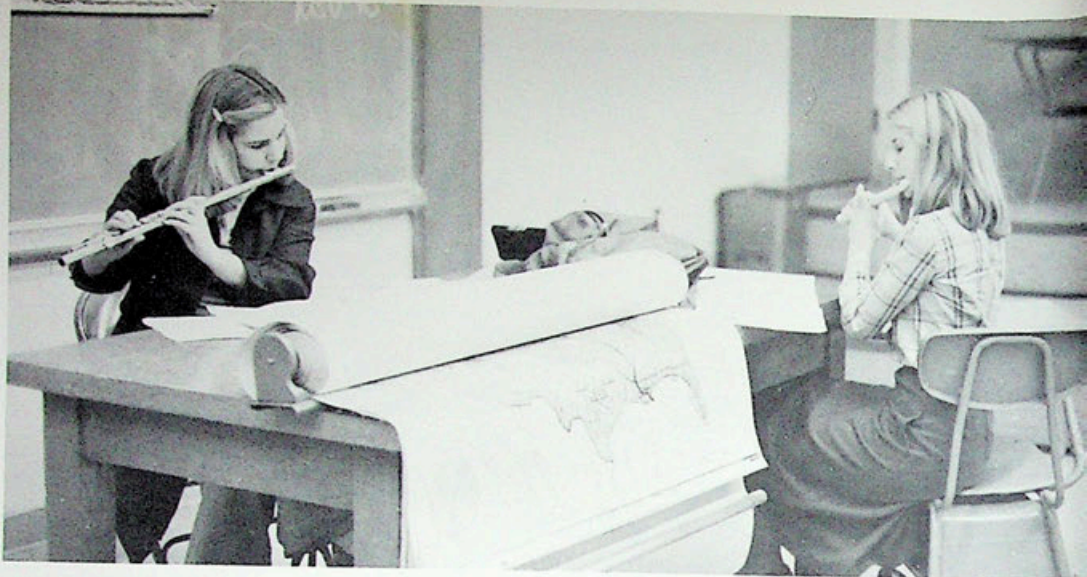
TOP LEFT- Merry Christmas!; TOP RIGHT- Jeff Kohnstamm and Philip Krohn are all decked out for Christmas; BOTTOM LEFT- Trudi Vetterlein shows her artistic abilities with Jennifer Brock; BOTTOM RIGHT- Cans, collected for the canned food drive, an annual Christmas drive, await transportation to William Temple House.



TOP- Santa visits O.E.S.; BOTTOM LEFT- Mike Fry, Kim Ekblom, and Tim Dibbins supervise the decoration of the Christmas tree; BOTTOM RIGHT- Robert Leitch shows off a masterpiece for the tree.



ARRANGEMENTS...

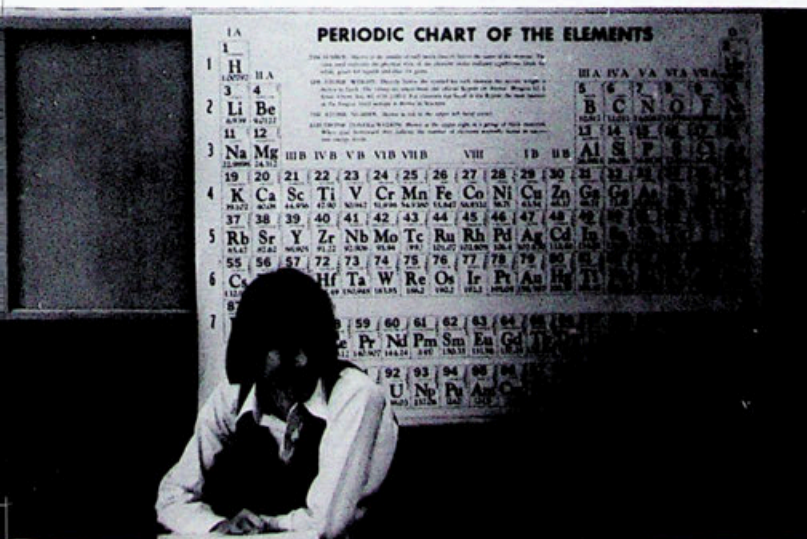


TOP- Maggie Groening and Jennifer Kennedy practice the flute; MIDDLE RIGHT- Drue Ferguson works in the library; MIDDLE LEFT- Kevin Fromm waits for his fingernails to dry; BOTTOM- Ladan Zeighami looks on.



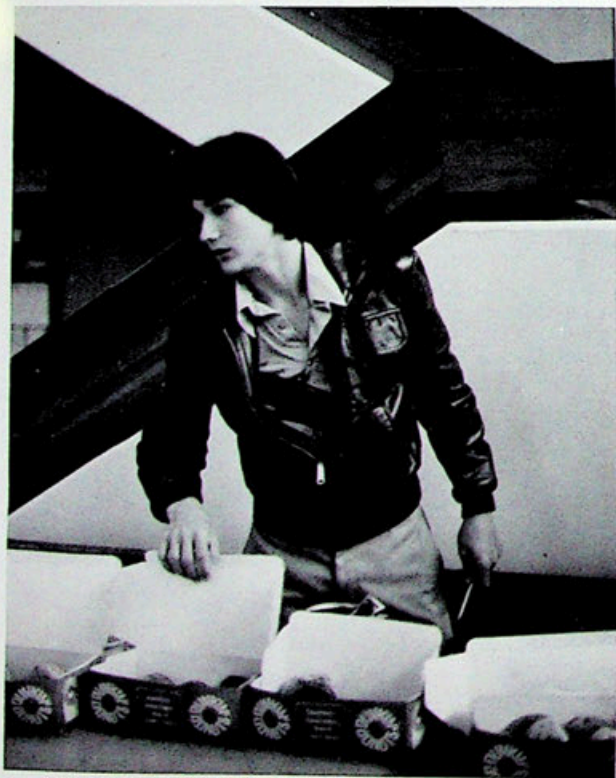
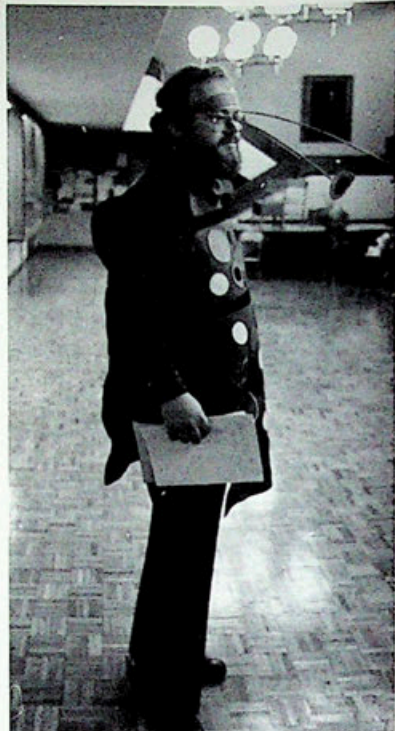


... IN BLACK AND GRAY

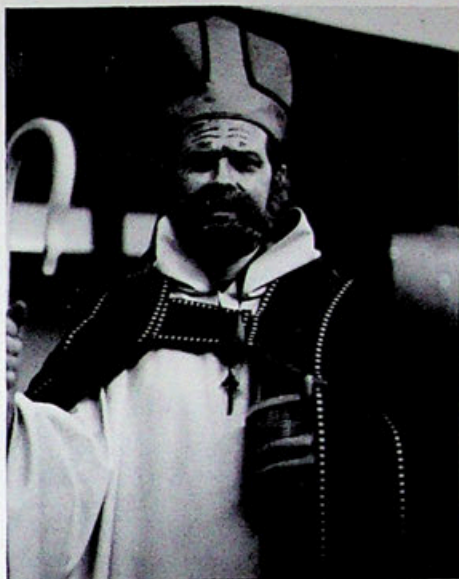


TOP- "Hello down there, Sherman Gossett";
 MIDDLE LEFT- Students plan next move for
 Orientation; MIDDLE RIGHT- Shawn Brateng
 pauses in the Great Hall for picture. BOTTOM-
 Cathy Leitch amused in Chemistry.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS . . .



TOP LEFT- Gobi Zimmer modeling newest coiff. TOP RIGHT- Killer worm on the warpath. BOTTOM LEFT- Dave Duff contemplating theft. BOTTOM RIGHT- Pat Ferguson on display at Safeway.

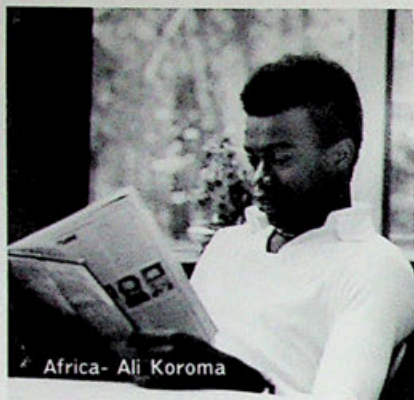


... OF A
VERY
STRANGE
KIND



TOP RIGHT- Susan Krohn and Diane D'Agostino get it together. TOP LEFT- Father Paul as St. Nicholas. MIDDLE- Drama panyc class works on presentation. BOTTOM- Lean to the left, lean to the right, stand up, sit down, fight, fight, fight.

FOREIGN STUDENTS



Africa- Ali Koroma



The Orient- Junko Kambara, Hiroshi Watanabe, Tammy Wang, Gerald Sun, Krisda Mahadamrongkul



Saudi Arabia- May Fadaak



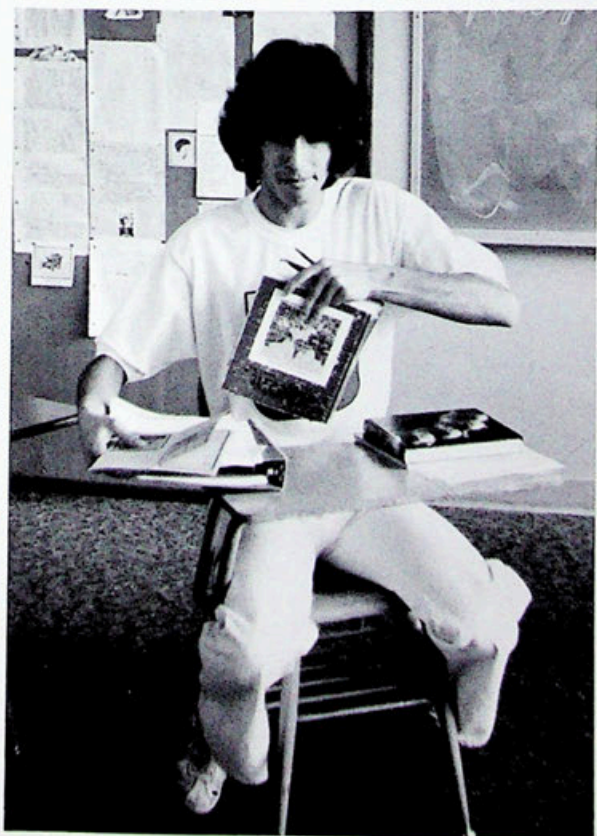
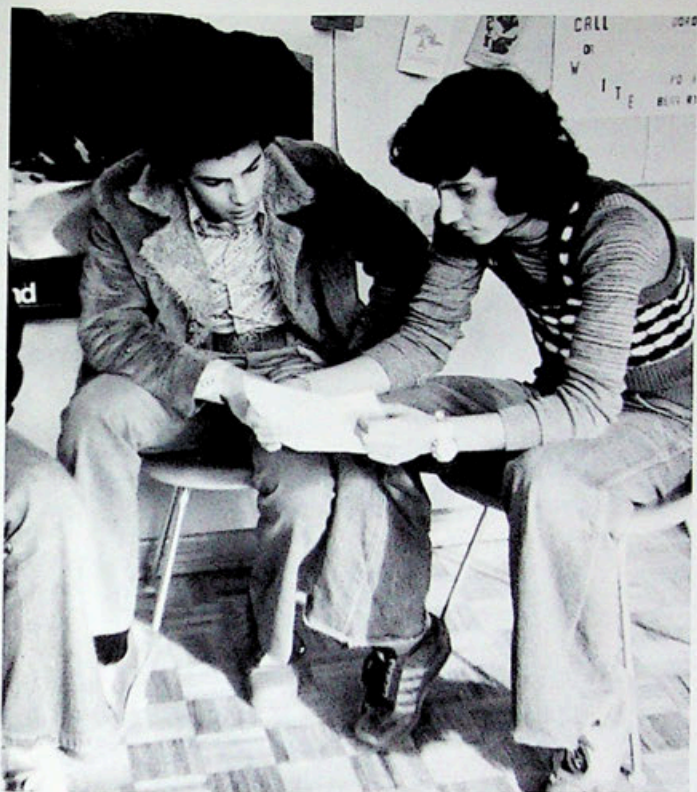
Iran- Back Row- Hussein Tabatabaieen, Farman, Hossein, Amin Kahlkahl, Kooros Eghdami; Front Row- Ladan Zeighami, Majeed Nowrozi, Shahram Bahmanyar, Ali Zeighami, Ali Tabatabaie, Mahmoud Sabahi, Maryam Feiz, Keyvan Pourmehr



Mexico- Raul Sanche, Fernando Sanchez, Eduardo Reyes, Ricardo Aguilar



Europe- Konstantine Petropolls, Kim Ekblom, Udo Burk



RIGHT PAGE - Top Left; Majeed Nouroozi and Hossein Tabatabaieian consult each other on homework. Top Right; Ali Omoomy looks at the camera during Math class. Bottom Left; SHAZAM! Bottom Right; Fernando Sanchez strums his guitar during Music class.

BOYS' VARSITY SOCCER

It was a season well worth remembering. It involved a coach and a group of kids working hard to prove themselves worthy of the challenge of a new league. Because of a change, the members of the O.E.S. soccer team found themselves playing in a league where they were thought to be the underdogs. The Metro League included all Triple-A schools with the exception of O.E.S. and Catlin. They certainly proved themselves worthy and found themselves one game away from the playoffs. They played hard, but unfortunately wound up on the short end. All the games were hardfought and close and always provided exciting entertainment for the supportive fans. The hard work paid off in the end. In a post season tournament O.E.S. tied for first place. This was the only first place

trophy ever earned by a soccer team in the history of the school.

The team had a foreign touch this year with three talented foreign students, namely Kim Ekblom from Sweden, Udo Burk from West Germany, and Shahram Bahmanyar from Iran.

The soccer team had a frustrating but enjoyable season. If one attended one of their practices, the team's knack for mixing hard work with pleasure would have been obvious. One would have seen Ali Koroma doing hand stands, Benji "Feet" Sawyer being obnoxious, Rob Holden playing in the mud, and the foreign students using American swear words incorrectly.

All in all this 1977 season was successful and will not soon be forgotten.



TOP- Ali Koroma strolls by defender; BOTTOM- Back Row- Mike Sullivan, Kevin "Hard Guy" Fromm, David "Stu" Duff, Philip Krohn, Udo Burk, Shahram Bahmanyar, Jeff Kohnstamm, Tim Dibbins; Front Row- Coach Sam Dibbins, Mike "Grog" Fry, Brad Whitcomb, Benji "Feet" Sawyer, Ali "Bad 7" Koroma, Kim "Dr. Blom" Ekblom, Rhett Fulwider, Rob "Rubberman" Holden.



TOP LEFT- Team has pow-wow in preparation for big game; TOP RIGHT- O.E.S. team members execute organized plan in front of opposition's goal; MIDDLE LEFT- Jeff Kohnstamm prepares to pass the ball to an exuberant Benji Sawyer; MIDDLE RIGHT- Kim Ekblom shows good form in kicking a field goal; BOTTOM- After another great save, Rob Holden lets them have it.

GIRLS' SOCCER



TOP- Back Row- Carrie Loar, Beth Taylor, Sarah Stephenson, Susan Krohn, Michelle Wegener; Middle Row; Lee Rennick, Kim Ritter, Norma Dulin, Heidi Lulich, Coach Kris Hatcher; Bottom Row- Katy Taylor, Kathryn Campbell, Lyn Sawyer, Asst. Coach Carla Heckrodt; BOTTOM LEFT- Kathryn Campbell elegantly traps bounding ball; BOTTOM RIGHT- Coach Kris Hatcher gives us that "What in the name of God are they doing?" look.



Fun, Fun, Fun, best describes girls' soccer 1977. The team wasn't as successful as hoped this season, but each time the girls won in spirit and in sportsmanship.

Coach Kris Hatcher and Assistant Coach Carla Heckrodt spent many hours teaching and practicing new

skills with the girls, and towards the end of the season, each player had greatly improved.

The girls had a good season, even though they didn't win very many games. And many girls are looking forward to next year.

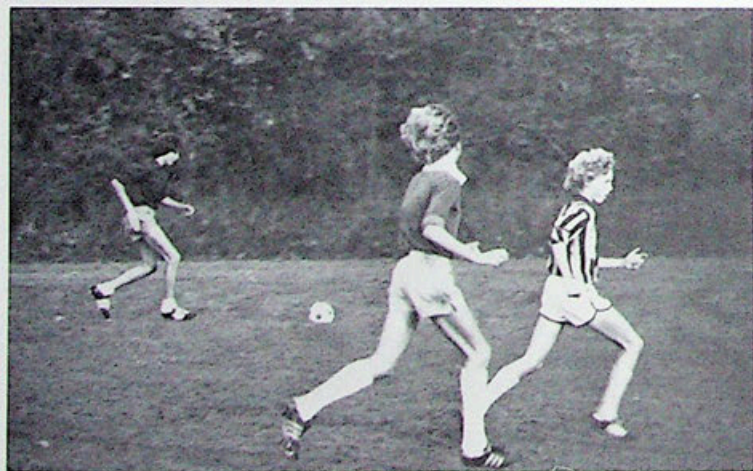
TOP- Michelle Wegener prepares to maime ball; MIDDLE LEFT- Helen Yeaton is not happy with the previous call; MIDDLE RIGHT- Beth Taylor learns to walk; BOTTOM LEFT- Asst. Coach Carla Heckrodt poses for a snapshot with her favorite hat; BOTTOM RIGHT- Kris Hatcher obviously just cracked one of his jokes.



BOYS' J.V. SOCCER

With its rallying cries of "Kasumoc" and "Skin Lube", this year's J.V. Boys' soccer team compiled a perfect record; 0-14. The team lost its three pre-season games and though inspired by their coach, continued this habit as the season progressed. Despite the attrition of the Varsity draft, injuries, and desertion, the team improved so that near the end of the season it was losing by much closer scores, as in the loss to David Douglas, 1-0, on a fluke goal in the first half.

Congratulations should go to Doug Kezeor, Steve Ritchie, Keyvan Pourmehr, Chris Cutler, Sherman Gosset, Brad Davies, Dave Duff, and Geoff Chew in particular, and to all the team in general. Linesman Alex Lingas deserves recognition as the team morale booster sent in by Coach Reynolds every time the team was down 5-0 with three minutes left to play. Chuck Reynolds should be commended for seeing the team thru a season which was exciting and occasionally, very odd.



TOP LEFT- Steve Ritchie in hot pursuit of the ball; TOP RIGHT- Back Row- Dave Duff, Ali Tabatabai, Keyvan Pourmehr, Doug Kezeor, Jack Kent, Rusty Osborn, Geoff Chew, Steve Ritchie, Mike Pankratz, Sherman Gossett, Coach Chuck Reynolds; Front Row- Saeyid Sabahi, Ramin Khalkhali, Ali Zeighami, Chris Cutler, Brad Davies, Alex Lingas, Constantine Petropolous; BOTTOM LEFT- Doug Kezeor dribbles ball down field as Steve Ritchie watches on; BOTTOM RIGHT- Sherman Gossett does a little belly dance with opponent.



TOP-LEFT- Top Row- Jenny Horniman, Jana Phelps, Sara Kinersly; Middle Row- Sindsay Horniman, Junko Kambara; Bottom Row- Coach Jane Snyder, Maryam Feiz; TOP-RIGHT- Maryam awaits the serve-return; BOTTOM-LEFT- Lindsay, Jana, and Diane prepare for their next game; BOTTOM RIGHT- Jenny attempts to block ball.



VOLLEYBALL

The girls' volleyball team enjoyed a successful season this year boasting a record of 9-1. Their one and only loss was the first game of the season against a strong contender, Catlin Gabel, and was attributed to lack of experience and fright. But the team pulled themselves together and started their way on a seemingly endless winning streak.

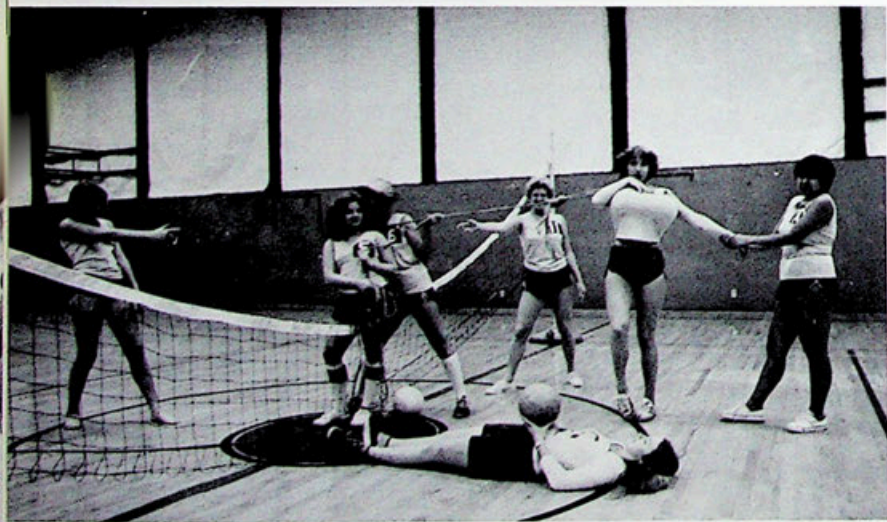
By mid-season OES was in 2nd place and after defeating Catlin, the 1st time in 3 years, OES was tied for 1st place. The small team, consisting of 7 players, held this standing until the end of the season when they again played Catlin-this time to determine their league standing. After a disappointing loss OES went on to District now in 2nd place to play a tough Gaston team.

Their spirits up, their determination strong, OES fought hard but lost to the strong team. Although the loss ended their season, the team was happy for all agreed

that that they'd played their best game of the season.

Team members include Sara Kinersly, Jana Phelps, Diane D'Agostino, Maryam Feiz, Junko Kambara, Lindsay Horniman, and Jenny Horniman, only 3 ever having played volleyball before. The inexperienced team owe much of their success to team captain Sara Kinersly. Sara has played on the MAC team for 3 years and the Can-Am team for 2. She organized the majority of the practices and helped teach the skills of the game to her teammates. Coach Jane Snyder also contributed to their success, driving the team to their games and offering encouragement on the side lines. Many thanks to Cathy Owen who helped as scorekeeper and linesperson.

Although the team will lose over half of their members, they are looking forward to another successful season next year.



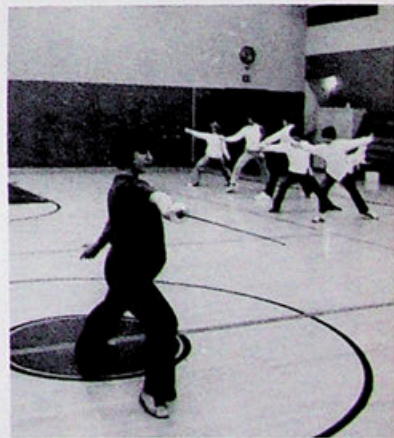
TOP-RIGHT- Sara Kinersly goes for another power spike; BOTTOM-LEFT- Team exhibits pre-game show; BOTTOM-RIGHT- Coach Jane Snyder gives words of encouragement during time-out.



FENCING



TOP- Lee Rennick and Geoff Chew, advanced fencers, en garde; MIDDLE LEFT- The fencing team in action; MIDDLE RIGHT- Mrs. Olman demonstrates fencing technique with Tammy Wang; BOTTOM LEFT- The O.E.S. fencers salute; BOTTOM RIGHT- Mrs. Olman demonstrates the lunge.

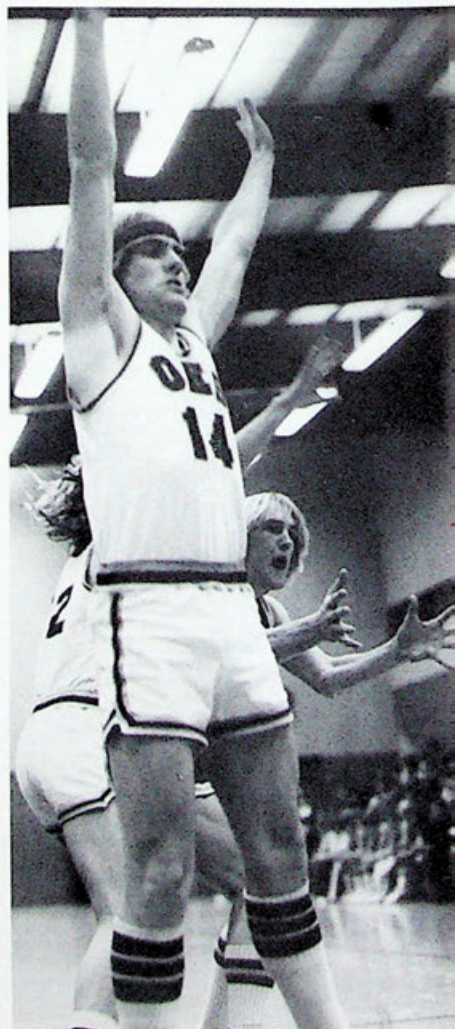
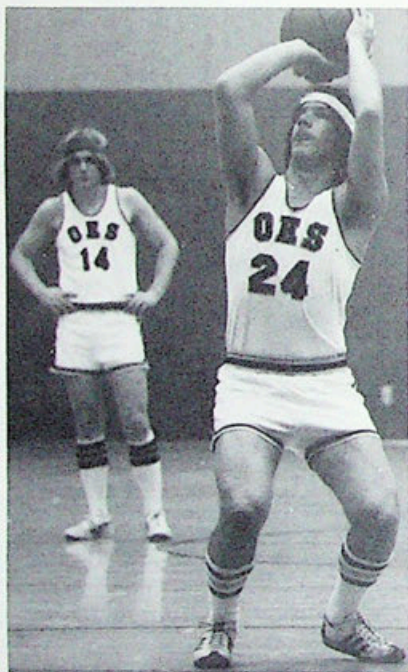


BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

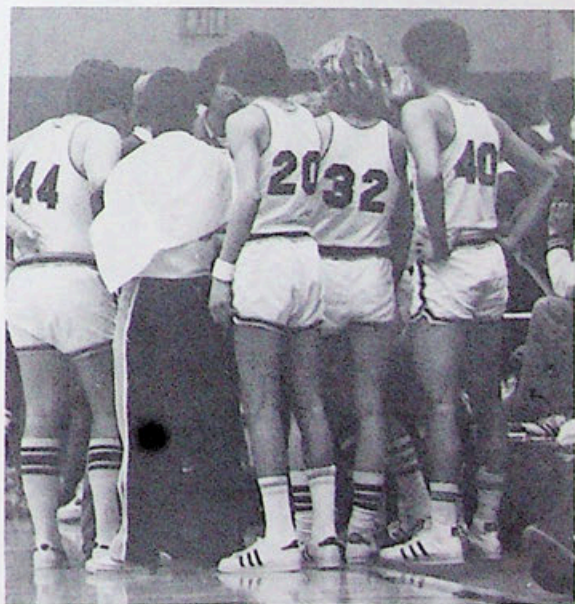
With the Trailblazers climb to the World Championship in the past year, high school basketball took on a new spirit. Under Coach Kris Hatcher and Asst. Coach Gary Grossman the team began to rebuild after losing four starters. The team boasted a balanced attack while emphasizing teamwork. Kevin Fromm, David Sellers, Dave Duff, and Ali Koroma were guards; Kooros Eghdami and Doug Kezeor played the post position; and Dorian

Kappler, Pat Ferguson, Rob Holden, and Todd Husband rounded out the team as forwards. One thing you could be sure of seeing at each game was Kevin Fromm running up and down the court in high gear and Dave Duff being on the ground every two seconds.

All in all it was an enjoyable season and Coach Hatcher looks forward to another successful season next year.



TOP LEFT- Doug Kezeor skies from a rebound; TOP MIDDLE- Dorian Kappler shoots a free throw; TOP RIGHT- Todd Husband shoots a jump shot as Rob Holden hopes for the best; BOTTOM LEFT- Pat Ferguson prepares for an awesome jumper; BOTTOM RIGHT- Kevin Fromm shows us his awesome defensive technique.



TOP- Back Row- Left to Right- Udo Burk, Rod Holden, Kooros Eghdami; Middle Row- Todd Husband, Dorian Kappler, Pat Ferguson, Doug Kezeor, David Sellers; Front Row- Ali Koroma, Kevin Fromm, and Dave Duff; BOTTOM LEFT- Doug Kezeor, and David Sellers double team an opposing player; BOTTOM RIGHT- OES team inspires energy with a pep talk.

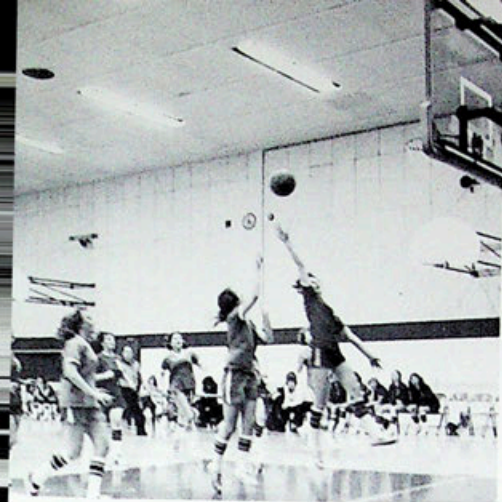
GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL



TEAM PICTURE- FROM LEFT TO RIGHT- Lyn Sawyer and Heidi Lulich; team managers, Vassar Byrd, Cathy Leitch, Jenny Miller, coach Ms. Carla Heckrodt. BOTTOM ROW- Carrie Loar, Ladan Zeighami, Michelle Fromm, Hilary Holman, Kathryn Campbell, and Sarah Stephenson. Not pictured- Dori Park. BOTTOM LEFT- Vassar Byrd gets the tap on a jump ball. BOTTOM RIGHT- Kathryn Campbell

converts on a break away. OPPOSITE PAGE TOP LEFT- Vassar Byrd shoots jump shot over out stretched arms of opposing player. MIDDLE LEFT- Cathy Leitch prepares for awesome stud shot. MIDDLE RIGHT- Kathryn Campbell shoots for two. BOTTOM LEFT- Dori Park intercepts a pass. BOTTOM RIGHT- Hilary Holman fights for the ball.





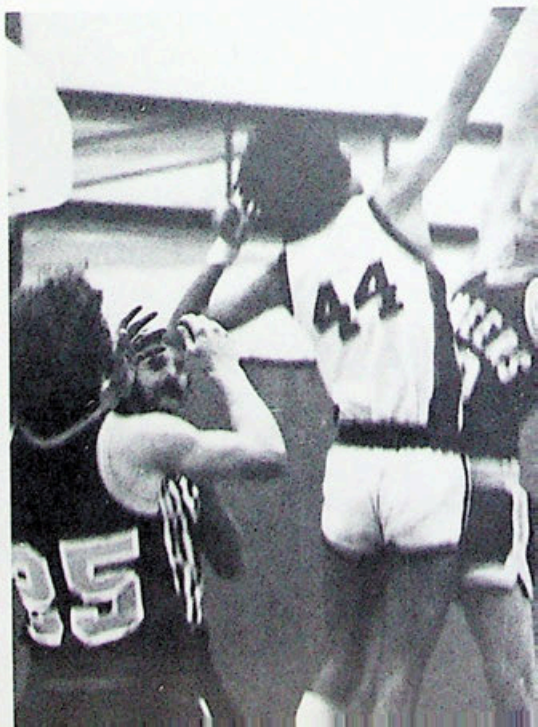
BOYS' J.V. BASKETBALL

The J.V. Basketball Team this year consisted of first rookies, most of whom seemed to be having their first encounter with the game of basketball. However, Coach Crossman taught the fundamentals of dribbling and shooting, and the team turned out to be one of the best in the school's recent history.

Coming from behind to win their first game against Jewell, the team was enheartened, and in its second game crushed North Clackamas Christian. Although still unable to defeat teams like Western Menonite, and Gaston, the J.V. Basketball Team considered themselves to be a winning team.



RIGHT- The Basic
 LEFT- Left
 RIGHT- Constantine
 Popolous, Ali
 Shami, Mahmood
 Shami, Shahram
 Manyar, Tom Bice,
 Bert Leitch, Kim
 Tom, Russel
 Mey, Gerald Sun,
 Burk, Ali
 Atabai, Coach Gary
 Crossman; BOTTOM
 LEFT- Shazam!!;
 RIGHT- Mike
 Kratz does the box



SKI TEAM

TOP RIGHT-Ski Coach Suzanne Marter pauses for a picture; TOP LEFT-Eric Hart accomplishes a successful turn; BOTTOM- Peter Kent speeding to the end of another one of his successful runs during the ski season; NOT PICTURED-Ski Team member Rhett Fulwider.





GIRLS VOLLEYBALL	1st GAME	2nd GAME	3rd GAME	MATCH
OES	6	5	—	
St. Paul	15	15	—	St. Paul
OES	5	11	—	
Catlin Gabel	15	15	—	Catlin Gabel
OES	15	15	—	
Columbia Christian	8	7	—	OES
OES	4	7	15	
Sacred Heart	15	15	12	OES
OES	13	15	15	
N. Clackamas Christian	15	0	7	OES
OES	15	15	—	
Jewell	4	7	—	OES
OES	15	15	—	
Catlin Gabel	9	11	—	OES
OES	15	15	—	
Columbia Christian	5	3	—	OES
OES	15	16	—	
Sacred Heart	9	14	—	OES
OES	15	10	15	
N. Clackamas Christian	3	15	6	OES
OES	15	10	15	
Jewell	3	15	6	OES

BOYS VARSITY SOCCER		
OES		Opp
2	Hillsboro	1
0	Aloha	1
0	Sunset	5
4	Parkrose	4
0	Beaverton	4
4	Jesuit	3
2	Central Catholic	3
2	David Douglas	2
4	Parkrose	1
0	Beaverton	7
2	Jesuit	1
2	Central Catholic	3
0	David Douglas	1
2	Catlin Gabel	4
4th Place Sunset Tournament		
1st Place North Valley League		

GIRLS VARSITY SOCCER		
OES		Opp
0	Hillsboro	3
0	Aloha	3
1	Parkrose	2
0	Beaverton	4
2	St. Mary's	4
1	David Douglas	1
0	Parkrose	1
0	Beaverton	3
1	St. Mary's	3
2	David Douglas	0
0	Sunset	2
1	Catlin Gabel	2

JV SOCCER		
OES		Opp
0	Hillsboro	4
0	Aloha	2
0	Sunset	2
1	Parkrose	4
1	Beaverton	7
0	Jesuit	6
2	Central Catholic	4
1	David Douglas	3
1	Parkrose	2
2	Beaverton	4
1	Jesuit	6
0	Central Catholic	4
0	David Douglas	1
2	Catlin Gabel	5

VARSITY BASKETBALL		
OES		Opp
67	Jewell	25
46	N. Clackamas Christian	51
45	Colton	63
53	Perrydale	30
49	Valsetz	73
44	Jewell	25
41	Gaston	80
44	Catlin Gabel	51
50	Western Mennonite	76
44	Cascade Locks	56
44	St. Paul	60
36	Columbia Christian	67
61	Sacred Heart	60
49	N. Clackamas Christian	46
59	St. Paul	63
43	Catlin Gabel	48
51	Gaston	76
35	Western Mennonite	85
45	Columbia Christian	60
39	Sacred Heart	40

GIRLS VARSITY BASKETBALL		
OES		Opp
26	Jewell	30
32	N. Clackamas Christian	14
25	Gaston	54
31	Jewell	29
17	Catlin Gabel	39
19	Western Mennonite	54
39	Cascade Locks	42
38	St. Paul	43
29	St. Mary's/Valley	56
26	Cascade Locks	39
35	Sacred Heart	60
44	N. Clackamas Christian	13
21	St. Paul	44
14	Catlin Gabel	37
20	Gaston	67
13	Western Mennonite	65
44	St. Mary's/Valley	35
32	Sacred Heart	49

JV BASKETBALL		
OES		Opp
26	Jewell	24
33	N. Clackamas Christian	19
22	Jesuit	51
36	Jewell	31
31	Gaston	58
39	Catlin Gabel	55
21	Western Mennonite	61
33	Cascade Locks	32
22	St. Paul	38
34	Columbia Christian	41
16	Sacred Heart	53
37	Jesuit	39
37	N. Clackamas Christian	32
31	St. Paul	48
29	Catlin Gabel	35
34	Gaston	50
25	Western Mennonite	52
28	Columbia Christian	34
51	Sacred Heart	56

SPORTS CANDIDS



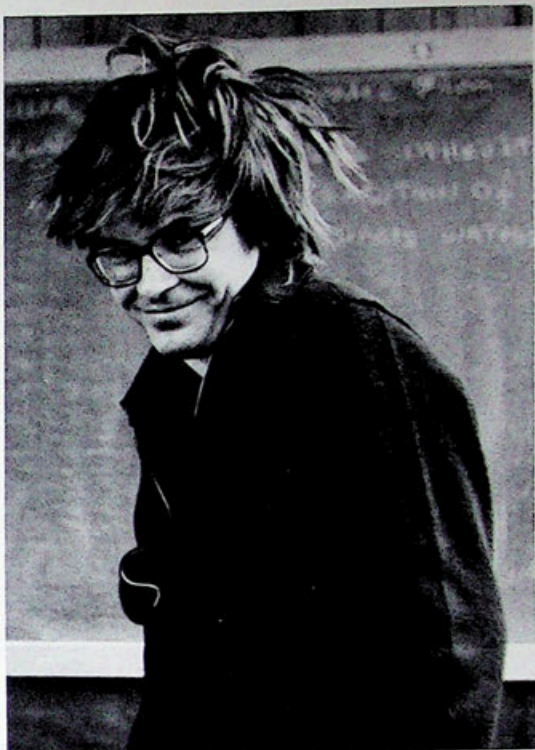
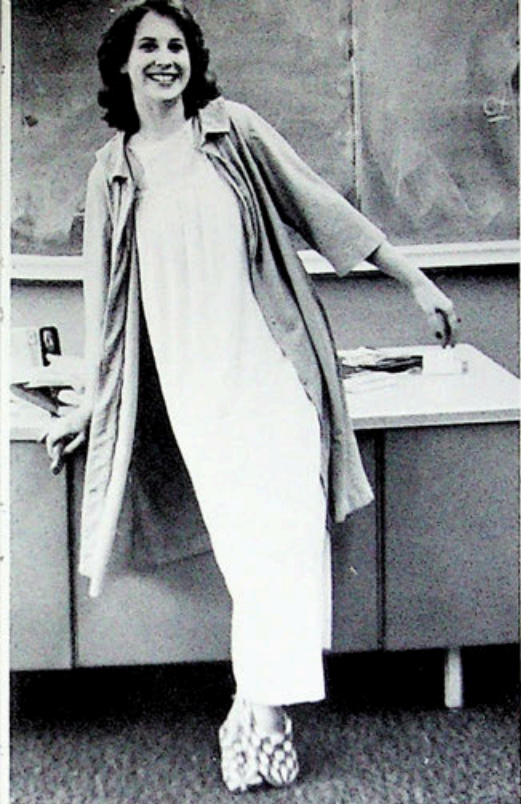
RIGHT PAGE - Top Left; Optimistic Varsity Girls' Volleyball Team await the final announcement of the winners (they WON). Center Left; Robby Holden (Varsity Goalie) does an imitation of a "Conehead" (I am from Rhemulac ... a small town in France). Center Right; Margo Lalich congratulates Carry Loar and Hilary Holman on a great game. Sarah Stephenson (4), Dorie Park (21), and Kathryn Campbell (15) head for a relaxing shower. Bottom Left; Todd Husband flabbergasted over the beauty of gorgeous O.E.S. chics. Bottom Right; Russel Janney guards his player like a good little basketball player.



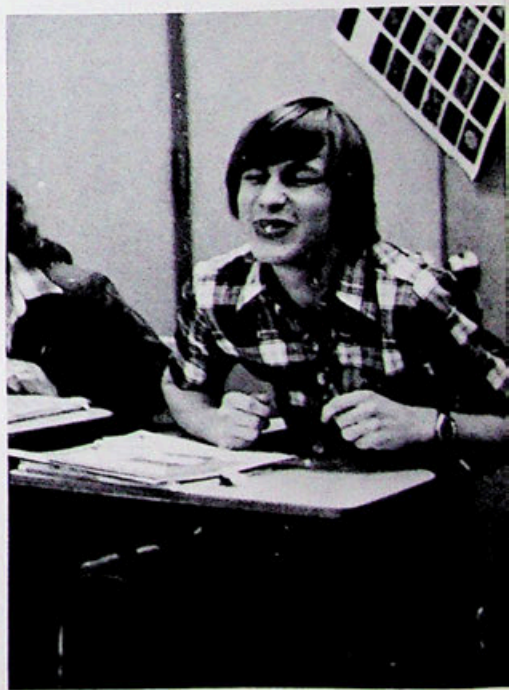
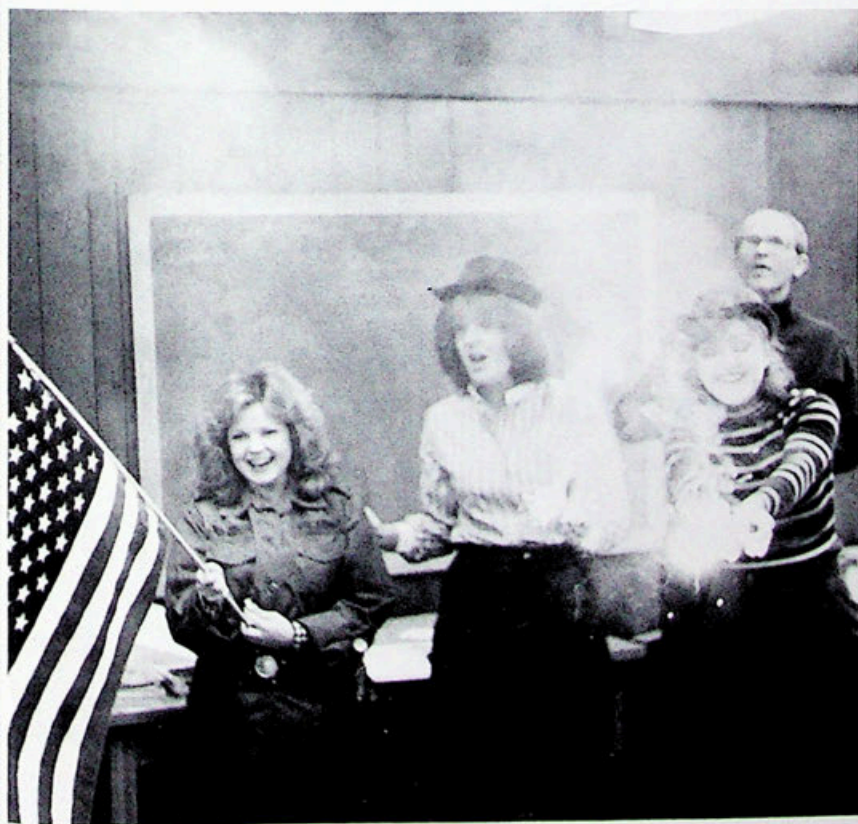
VALENTINES DAY

TOP LEFT-Sara, Mary, Lyn and Jana, a sweetheart of a group, spread peace, brotherhood and love on Valentines Day; BOTTOM-O.E.S.'s personal cupids, Mary Richardson and Sara Knersly deliver messages of love to the student body in the form of Valegrams; TOP RIGHT-"aw shucks!!!" says Whitney Crookham.





SENIOR MARDI GRAS



TOP LEFT-Sara Kinersly models sleep-wear for Religious Thought Mardi Gras Day, the day on which every senior was asked to do something stupid; TOP RIGHT-Father Paul impersonated Farrah Fawcett; BOTTOM LEFT-Kim Ekblom tries unsuccessfully to whistle "America" while eating crackers; BOTTOM RIGHT-Jana Phelps, Lyn Sawyer and Kim Ritter demonstrate their patriotism.



SKI DAY



SKI DAY



LEFT PAGE- TOP LEFT AND RIGHT-Hilary Holman suits up to terrorize the slopes with Dori Park soon to follow; BOTTOM-O.E.S. skiers optimistically await the arrival of snow; RIGHT PAGE- TOP-A tired Ali contemplates his thoughts innermost; BOTTOM LEFT-Udo Burk stands up long enough for a picture; BOTTOM RIGHT-O.E.S. Schuss-Bummers, led by Clenton Richeardson, tear up the ski school.

ABSENT PEOPLE



ABSENT WHEN CLASS PICTURES WERE TAKEN-Top Left; Kristi Gustafson, Top Right; Tara Wiskowski, Bottom Left; Carrie Loar, Bottom Left; Hal Pfingsten.



APPEARANCES AND ACADEMICS

frosh frosh frosh frosh frosh frosh frosh



TOP ROW-Jack Kent, Chris Cutler. BOTTOM ROW-Karen Ehmann, Kathryn Douglas, Mike Wier



LEFT TO RIGHT-Rhett Fulwider, Michelle Fromm, Brad Whitcomb, Sara Stephenson, Kathryn Campbell, Eric Hart, Marleine Hofmann, Mebane Dowd, Robert Leitch.

frosh frosh frosh frosh frosh frosh frosh



LEFT TO RIGHT-Wendy Guyton, Peyman Mahrassa, Mark Stuart, Ali Tabatabai, Heidi Lulich, Jennifer Miller, Karen Tinning, Jenny Horniman



LEFT TO RIGHT-John Saunders, Benji Sawyer, Constantine Petropoulos, Tammy Wang, Bonnie Potts, Bruce Ferguson, Shawn Bratong



FRONT ROW From Left To Right: Petra Wandel, Margo Lulich, Beautiful Katie Taylor, Lovely Laura MacGregor, Liz Cohn, and Heromi Watanabe. BACK ROW From Left To Right: Russell Janney, Ramin Khalkhal, Mike Pankratz, Dan Hite, and Ali Zeighami.



TOP ROW From Left To Right: Jennifer Kennedy, Lisa Golay, Gerald Sun, Fernando [unclear], and Brad Davies. BOTTOM ROW From Left To Right: Cathy Owen, and Pat Ferguson.

sophomores sophomores sophomores sophomores



LEFT TO RIGHT-Carrie Loar, Dave Trieckel, Tara Wiskowski, Krisda Mahadamrongkul, Hal Pfingsten. (Absent when picture was taken-Carrie Loar, Tara Wiskowski, Hal Pfingsten; refer to page 58)



BACK ROW From Left To Right; Elizabeth Draper, Jeff Kohnstamm, Mike Shepard, Whitney Crookham, Todd Husband, Leslie Bowen, and Steve Richie. FRONT ROW From Left To Right; Brinda Gross, Lisa Brown, and Lindsay Horniman.

juniors juniors juniors juniors juniors juniors



LEFT TO RIGHT-David Duff, Ladan Zeighami, Kevin Kraft, Katharine Sammons, Philip Krohn, Norman Duffin, Robert Holden, Gobi Zimmer, Kevin Fromm, Mike Fry, Timothy Dibbins.



TOP TO BOTTOM-Dan Rogers, Tom Bice, Clenton Richardson, Jane Drummond, Jennifer Brock, Trudi Vetterlein, Peter Kent; Helen Yeaton, Susan Eckhardt, Cathy Leitch, Kelley Howells.

juniors juniors juniors juniors juniors juniors



LEFT TO RIGHT: Eduardo Reyes, Mahmood Sabahi, Vassar Byrd, Pheobe McKinney, Hilary Redman, Maggie Manning, Mercedes Nour, Ali Oromy, Shahram Bahmanyar, Ali Zeighami, Hossein Tabatabaeian.



BACK ROW-From Left To Right; Eduardo Reyes, Dorian Kappler, and Keyvan Pourmehr. FRONT ROW-From Left To Right; Beth Laun, Dorie Park, and Junko Kambara.

seniors



Joanne Dehnelle Horn

"Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes when you walk—and remember who you are."

Lewis Carroll

It is better to have one friend of great value than many friends who are good for nothing.

Anarcharsis



"... Well, some have all the luck of the Irish, some do not."

The Miracle Worker



Everyman's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

Marcus Antonius

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.

Shakespeare
"As You Like It"

Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, says the Arabian Proverb, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.



Kirsten King



Reach for the highest
Strive for the best
Live day by day
and to God leave the rest.

Paramount



Jana Phelps

Do not follow where the path may lead. Go instead where there is no path and leave a trail.
You are you; one individual that no one can be or have the talent for becoming.
They can because they think they can.
Smile; It makes people wonder what you've been up to.

If you see someone without a smile, give them one of yours.
What you are is God's gift to you. What you become is your gift to God
I wish you love to fill your heart, hope for a new tomorrow, peace within yourself, and happiness each and every day.
May the love of God shine upon you today and always.
"WHY NOT?!"

J.P.

And ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.

"THE PROPHET" by Kahlil Gibran

With you I want to be just like a blade of grass that moves it—to talk just according to the impulse of the moment
And I do

Kahlil Gibran

علمتيني كثير، وحببتك كثير،
وكنت أتمنى سفينتي تلهوول أكثر
فيكي يا أوي. أسب



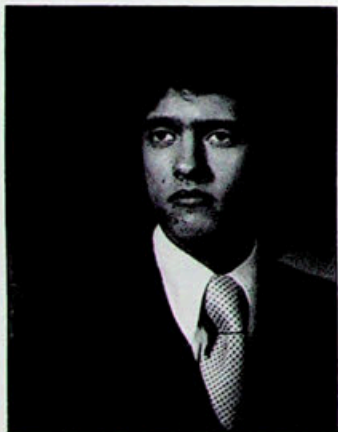
May Fadaak

The larger the island of knowledge, the longer the shoreline of wonder.

Sockman

Nothing on earth can make life worthwhile, Than giving love with a beautiful smile.

May Fadaak



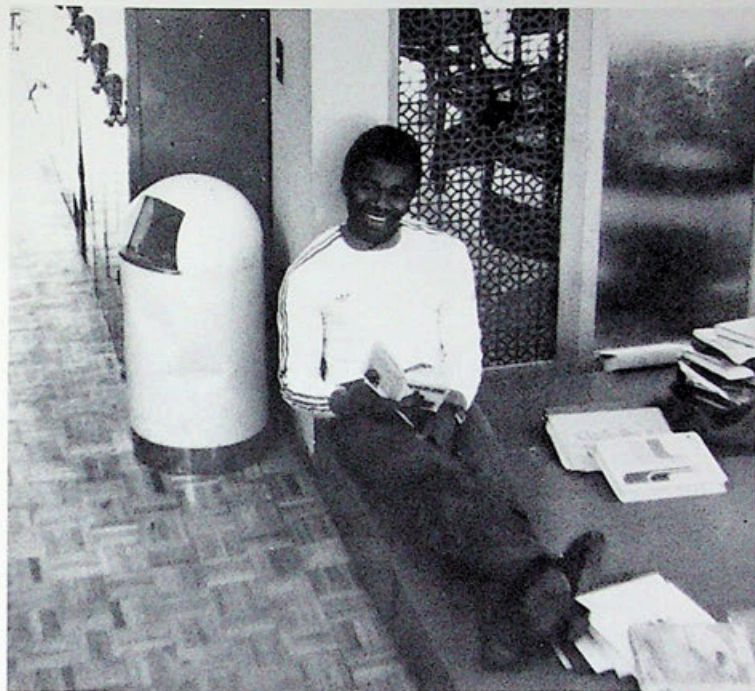
Ricardo Aguilar

El vivir y el seguir adelante es el camino que nos llevara al progreso y a la realizacion de nuestros sueños.

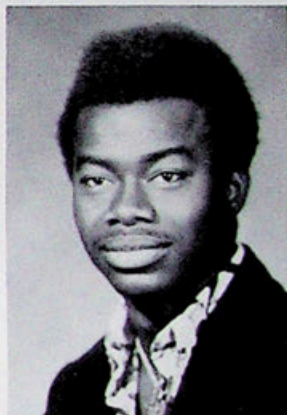
Ricardo



A boy who tries to wrestle with his father, gets blinded by the old man's loin-cloth."



A snake is never as long as the stick to which we liken its length.
I cannot live at the bank of the river and wash my hands with spittle.
Education without blessing is just like a cup of tea without sugar.
A toad does not run in the daytime for nothing.
An old woman is always uneasy when dry bones are mentioned in a proverb.
Those whose palm kernels were cracked by a benevolent spirit should not forget to be humble.



Ali Koroma



I'm just visiting David Bowie, The Man Who Fell To Earth
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile smile

WWI Marching Theme



Valerie Lansburgh

"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"
"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.
"I don't much care where," said Alice.
"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the cat
"So long as I get SOMEWHERE . . ."
Lewis Carroll, "Alice in Wonderland"

Bad sneakers and a pina coloda.

Steeley Dan

Tut, Tut, it looks like rain.

Winnie The Pooh

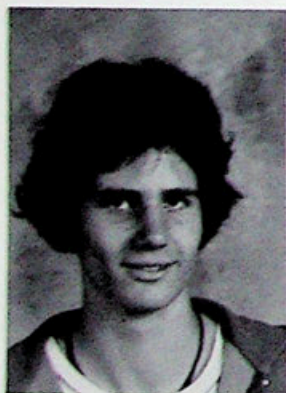
How shall I do to love? Believe
How shall I do to believe? Love
Unknown

All the people smile in the same
language.
Unknown

Without the way, there is no going.
Without the truth, there is no knowing.
Without the life there is no living.
Unknown



Maryann Feiz



Udo Burk

"Don't ask what your country
can do for you, but what you
can do for your country."
John F. Kennedy



You can't have a rainbow without the rain.

Jim Croce

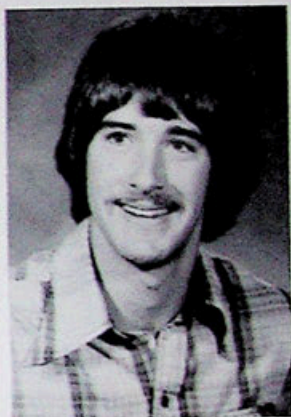
Most of the shadows of this life are caused by our standing in our own sunshine

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Strength is the capacity to break a chocolate bar into four pieces with your bare hands—and then eat just one of the pieces

Judith Viorst



Gary Marey



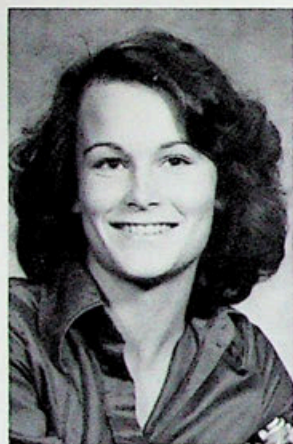
Celeste Caires

Dare to dream and to build.
This country was founded by men who dared to be different.
There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.

The world is a fine place and worth fighting for.
Ernest Hemingway

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and
is dead:
Had it been his
father;
I had much
rather;
Had it been his
brother;
Had it been his
sister,
None would have
missed her;
Had it been the
whole generation,
Still better for the
nation:
But since 'tis only
Fred,
Who was alive and
is dead—
There's no more
to be said.

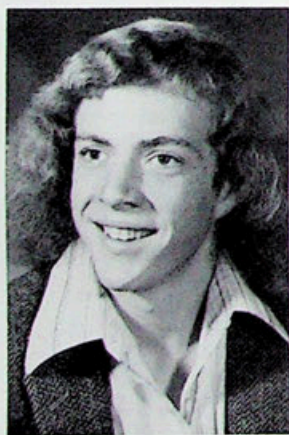
Horace Walpole,
Memoris of
George II



Ellen Maxwell

On n'est j'amaix si heureux ni si malheureux qu'un
s'imaige.
O n'est jamais si heureux no si malheureux qu'un
s'imaige.

La Rochefoucauld



Tom Gilbert

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last.
For violent fires soon burn themselves out;
Small showers last long but sudden storms are
short.

Richard II Act II

OLN is fashionable.

The sun, too, shines into cesspools, and they are
not polluted.

Diogenes Laertes



When the candle is out all women are fair.

Plutarch

An object in possession seldom retains the same
charm that it had in pursuit.

Pliny the younger

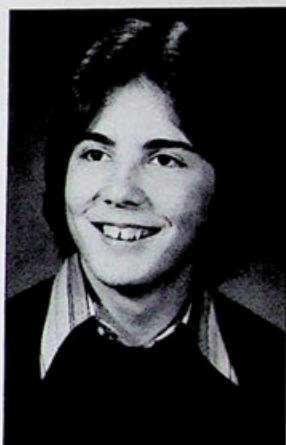


Everything is funny as long as it happens to somebody else.

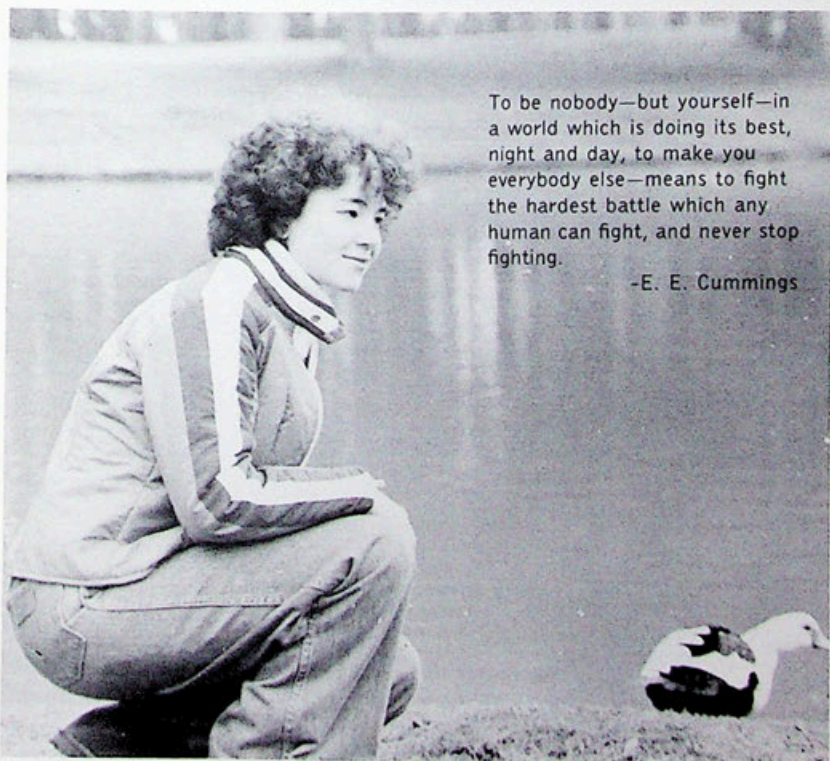
W. Rogers

Men are always sincere. They change sincerities, that's all.

Bernard

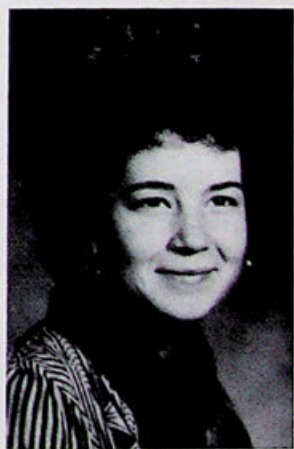


Doug Kezeor



To be nobody—but yourself—in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else—means to fight the hardest battle which any human can fight, and never stop fighting.

-E. E. Cummings



Allison Root

What do you think of the world, Mr. Cummings?
I live in so many, which one do you mean?

Eeny Meeny, Jelly Beanie, the spirits are about to speak!

-Bullwinkle Moose

Now is the present and in a moment it will be past. It vanishes into history and time. Hold tight to each second of life, for soon it will pass away.

M.W.

Under the cover of the stars
Beneath the boundaries of the sky
Fermented into eternity
there lies a precious moment of time called life.

Unknown



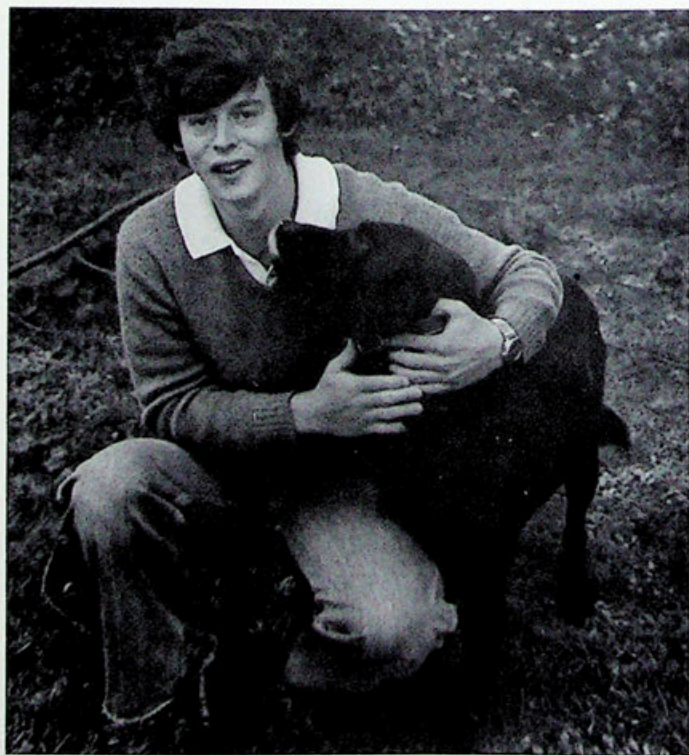
Michelle Wegener

Time marches into eternity leaving behind only memories as its' footsteps.

M.W.



Raul Sanche





Take a look in the mirror, it might scare you back into reality.

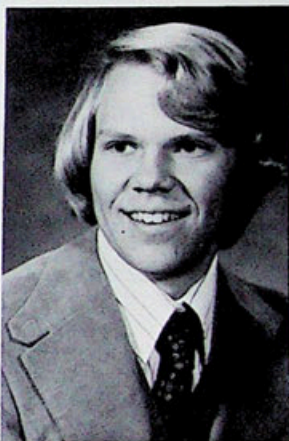
Anonymous

Don't take for granted what you have today; it might be gone tomorrow.

Anonymous

If you treat a person as they are, they will stay as they are. If you treat them like they could be, they will become what they should be.

Unknown



David Sellers

If at first you don't try, you'll never succeed.

Anonymous

Accept people for what they are, and not what you want them to be.

Anonymous

Uncle P. is dead. Forever.



Diane D'Agostino

Dream what you dare to dream,
Go where you want to go,
Be what you want to be.
"LIVE!"

Jonathon Livingston Seagull

By a small sample we may judge
of the whole piece.

Don Quixote
Miguel De Cervantes

Be true to your own highest
convictions.

Channing

Sow a Thought, and you reap an Act;
Sow an Act, and you reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you reap a Destiny.

of Unknown Authorship

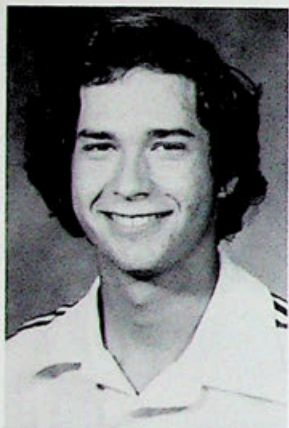
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't'iz the mind that makes the body rich.

The Taming of the Shrew
William Shakespeare

Triphammer said, "Do you treacletrip for This Dump, nurdy son of mine?"
 "Certain sure, I do."
 "One boot, two boot, when the rent is due, and out go you. You lose."
 "Misery mort," said Sky Blue. "Me too? But no-holes ubiquate. I'll screege from view."
 "Ho, Ho, Hermit Harold, all by his onesome," said Puddleduck. "You lose."
 "Unhappiness," said Sky Blue. And he looked at the equalizer in his hands. "What what? Oh, double what what?"
 Triphammer drew close and whispered sweet in his ear: "Bling him to frags, and lovings and keepings."

How's that for a promise?
 "Sky Blue" by A. and C. Panshin

"Tut, Tut, Pluviae Impendent"
 Winnie Ille Pu



Mike Sullivan



Lee Rennick

Through all the drama whether damn'd or not-
 Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.

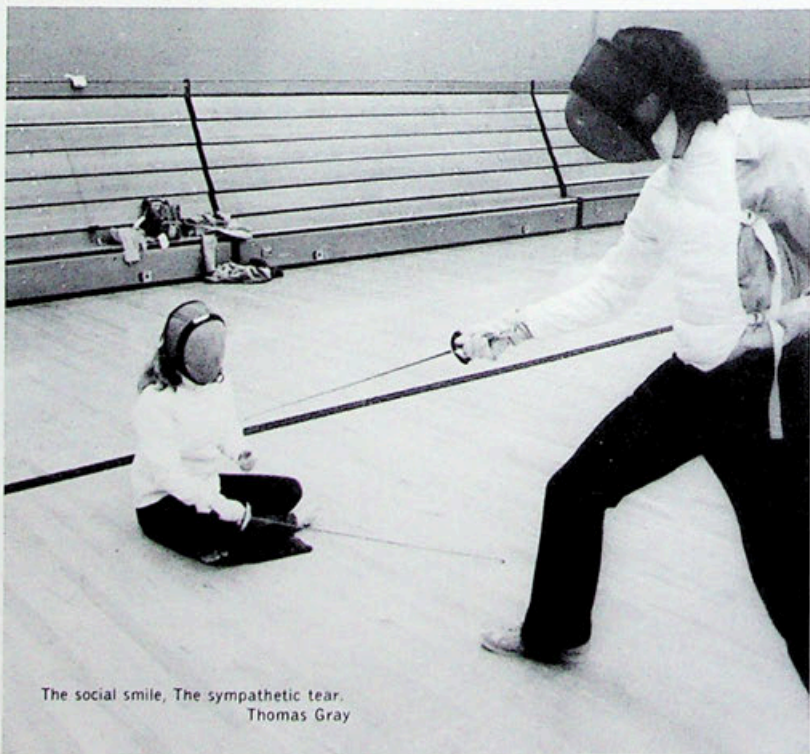
Sheridan
 The Rivals

I have always observed that To succeed
 in the world one Should seem a fool,
 but be wise.

Montesquieu

All we see or seem is but a dream
 within a dream.

Poe



The social smile, The sympathetic tear.
 Thomas Gray



He who has the gold makes
the rules.

Harry D. Shultz

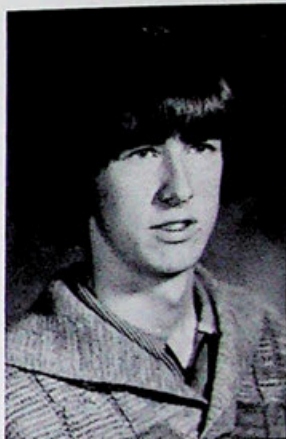
Logic is a wreath of pretty
flowers which smell bad.

Mr. Spock

Buzz, Buzz

Hamlet (II, ii, 370)

Shakespeare



Gordon Leitch

ral
nistration →
BELLY →
ess BUTTON →
e →
itories →
ary →

Time it was
and what a time it was,
It was, a time of innocence,
a time of confidences.

Long ago,
it must be, long ago,
I have a photograph,
preserve your memories,
they're all that's left you.

"Bookends"
P. Simon

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Sara Kinersly

"Take some more tea" the March Hare said to
Alice, very earnestly. "I've had nothing yet,
"Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't
take more." "You mean you can't take less,"
said the Hatter. "It's very easy to take more
than nothing."

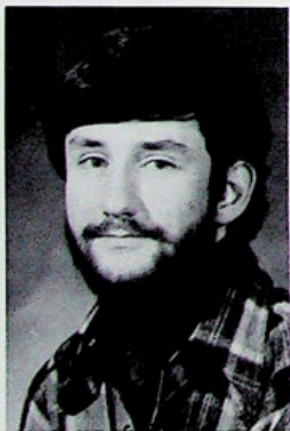
"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"
Lewis Carroll

The dreams are rolling down
across the places in my mind,
And I've just had a taste of
something fine.

Jackson Browne
"Something Fine"



Beth Taylor



Rusty Osborn

Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have
the suffrage of the world.

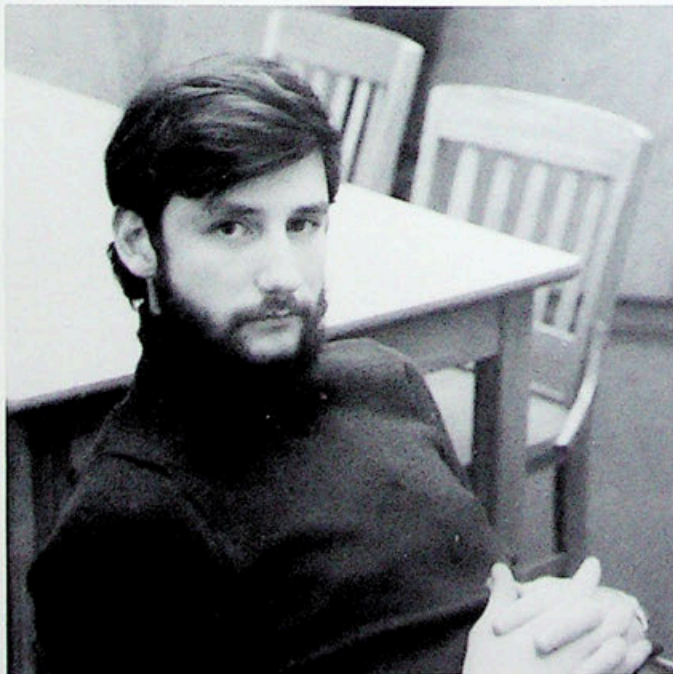
Emerson

Yet better thus, and known to be
contemned
Than still contemned and flattered.

Shakespeare

So it goes.

Kurt Vonnegut



In Bananaland two things are true: All
chairs are green and no chairs are green.

Steve Martin



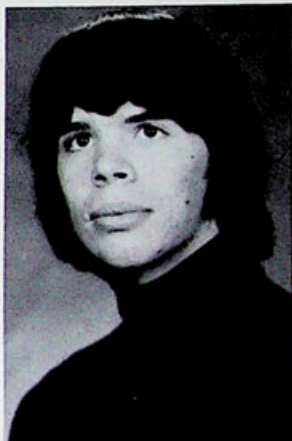
No Comment.
Anon.

Love is not blind- it seems more, not less. But
because it sees more it is willing to see less.
Rabbi Julius Gordon

Never let your studies interfere with your education.
Anon.

Nothing up my sleeve . . . Presto!

Bullwinkle Moose



Geoff Chew



Kim Ritter

It's over now
And time has left us
standing
Side by side
At this crossroads

Now something tells us
We must go on
Without each other
So it's over

But still I'll leave this song
for you
To fill your hearts
And stir your memories
Though it's over

Goodbye my friends
This song would not end
But I must leave you now
And say goodbye.

Kim Ritter

"I myself no longer live, but Christ lives in me. And the real life I now have within this body is a result of my trusting in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Galations 2:20

"Ability may get you to the top, but it takes character to keep you there."

John Wooden

"Happy are those who dream dreams, and then are determined to pay the price to make them come true."

Unknown

"Count you life with smiles, not tears.
Count your age by friends, not years."

Carole Tuttle '73'



L.S.

Lyn Sawyer

"Lynie"

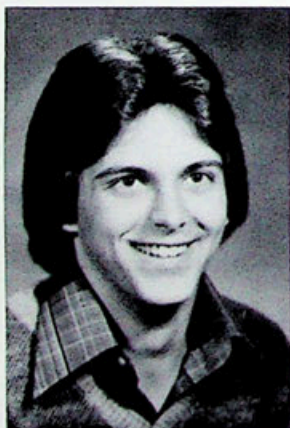
"Whatie?"

S & J & W

"Be an individual, love yourself and your neighbor, & smile a lot (Like a beaver), that's the best advice I could give anyone, it's also the only advice!"



I still don't know what I was waiting for
And my time was running wild
A million dead-end streets
Every time I thought I'd got it made
It seemed the taste was not so sweet
So I turned myself to face me
But I've never caught a glimpse
Of how the others must see the faker
I'm much too fast to take the test
Ch- ch-ch-ch-changes
Ch-ch- changes
Don't have to be a richer man
Ch- ch- ch- ch- changes
Ch- ch- changes
Don't want to be a better man
Time may change me
But I can't trace time
I watch the ripples change their size
But never leave the stream
Of warm impermanence
So the days flow thru my eyes
But the days still seem the same
And these children that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Are immune to your consolations
They're quite aware of what they're going thru
Ch- ch- ch- ch- changes
Ch- ch- changes
Where's your shame
You've left us up to our necks in it
Time may change them
But you can't trace time
Strange fascination,
Fascinating me
Changes are taking
The pace I'm going thru
Ch- ch- ch- ch- changes
Ch- ch- changes
Look out you Rock 'n Rollers
Ch- ch- ch- ch- changes
Ch- ch- changes
Pretty soon you're gonna get a little older

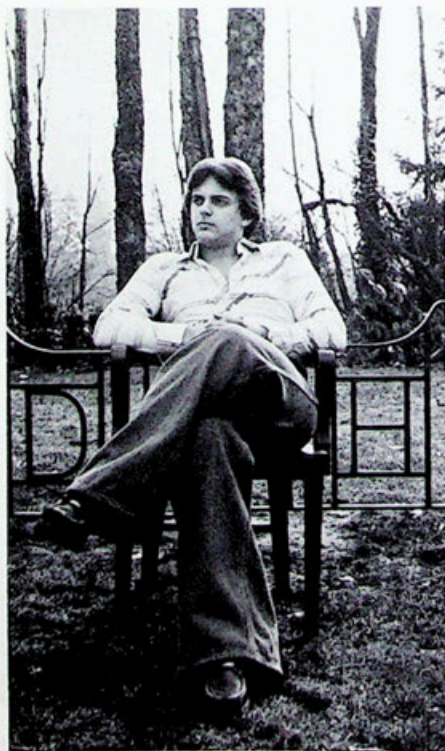


Courtney Roth

Time may change me
But I can't trace time.

David Bowie

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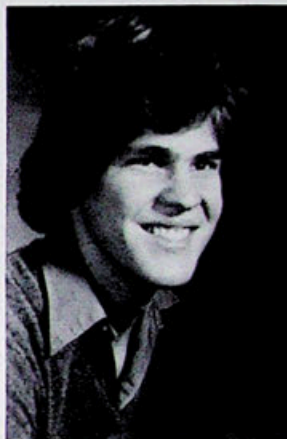


I reckon being ill is one of the great pleasures of life, provided one is not too ill and is not obliged to work till one is better.

Samuel Butler

Success depends on three things: who says it, what he says, how he says it; and of these three things; what he says is the least important.

John, viscount Morley



Eric Helser



Ruth Page

This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

Reach high, for stars lie hidden in your soul.
Dream deep, for every dream proceeds the goal.

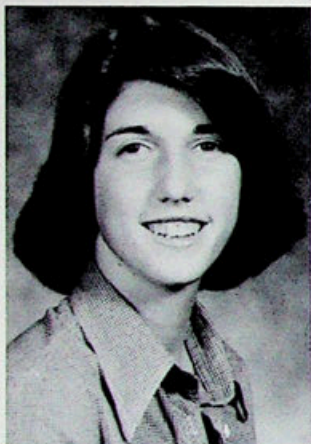
Pamela Vaull Stan.

A day is wasted without laughter.
Nicolas Chamfort

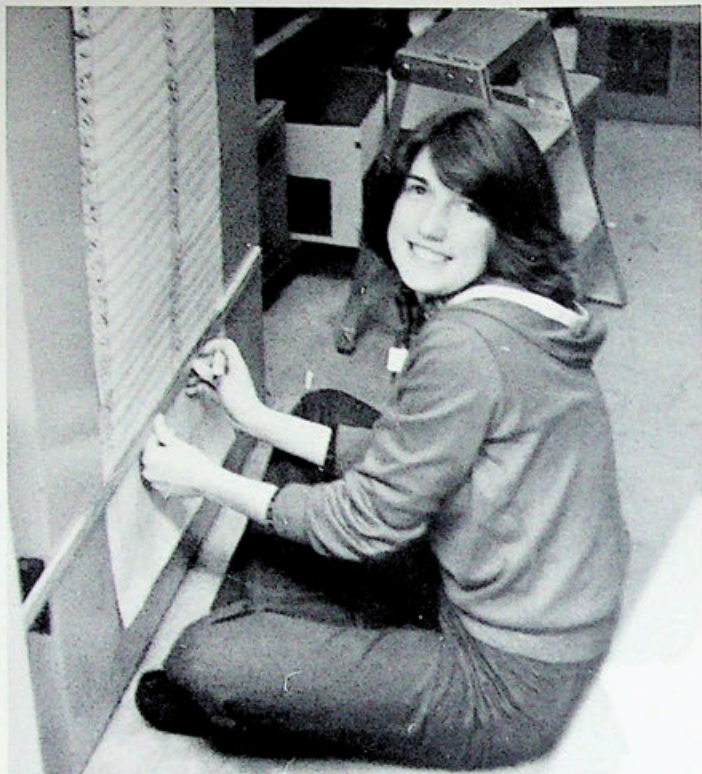
Never cut what you can unravel.
Joseph Joubert

Moderation is the pleasure of the wise.
Voltaire

One must cultivate one's own garden.
Voltaire



Susan Krohn

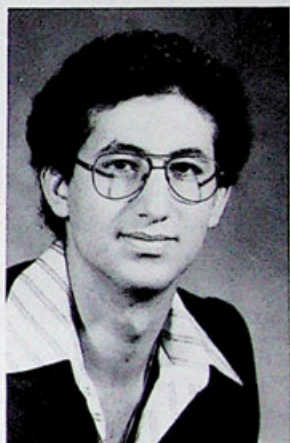


Kim Ekblom

There are two things to aim at in life; first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

Logan Pearsall Smith: Afterthoughts





Koroos Eghdami

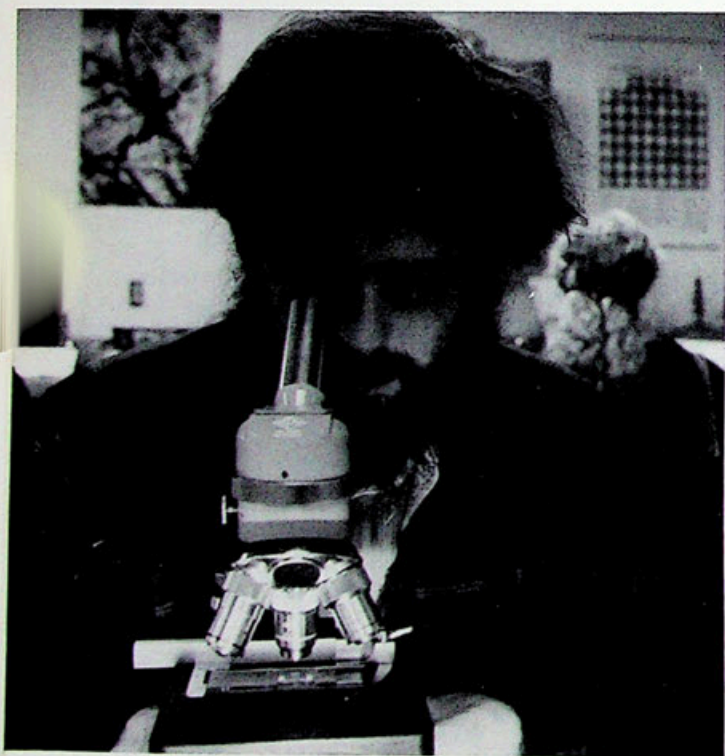
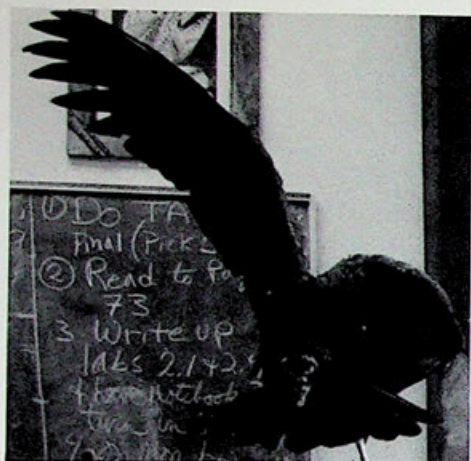


Mary Richardson

The genius of communication is the ability to be both totally honest and totally kind at the same time.

Mary Richardson

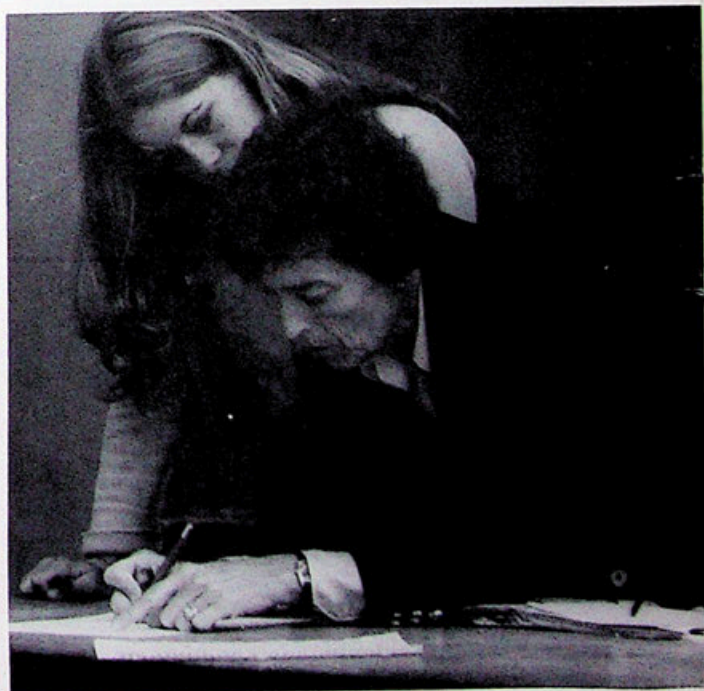
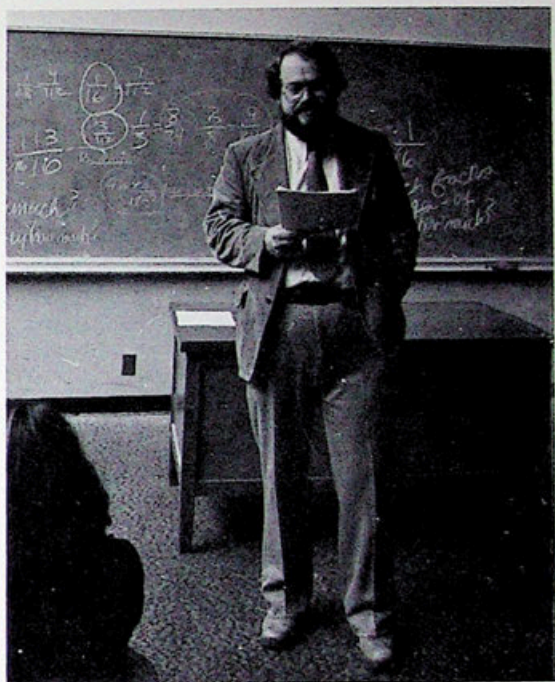
SCIENCE



TOP LEFT- Victor the turkey vulture gives the photographer a threatening hiss; TOP RIGHT- Mr. Crawford takes a little time off to talk to Lisa Bateman; BOTTOM LEFT- Mike Houck discovers new disease called OES-Itis; BOTTOM RIGHT- Mr. Kerslake mixes up some more "SPAZO" formula. OPPOSITE PAGE: TOP LEFT- Mr. Crossman explaining some new material to his class; MIDDLE- Mr. Weber goes over a recent test with his class; BOTTOM LEFT- Mr. Dibbins delivers another one of his series of brilliant lectures; BOTTOM RIGHT- Mrs. Brasfield goes over some math with Valerie Lansburgh.

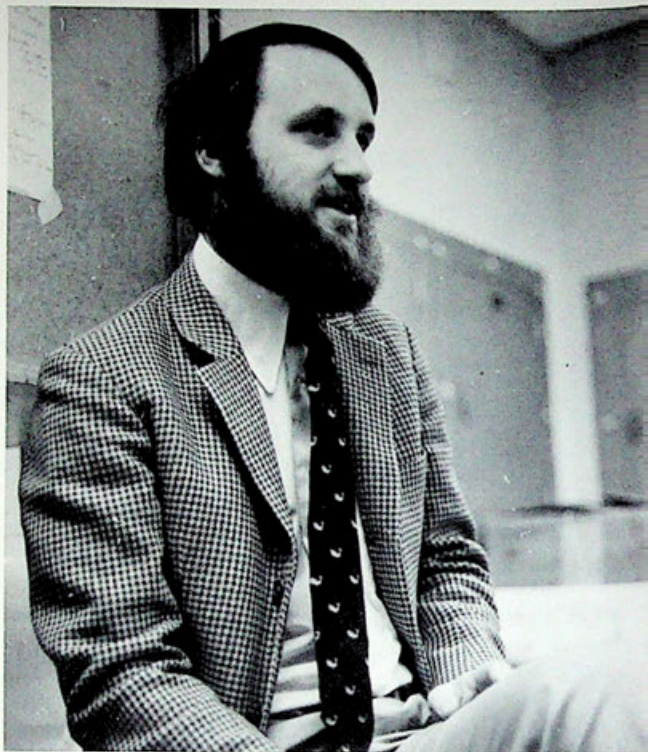
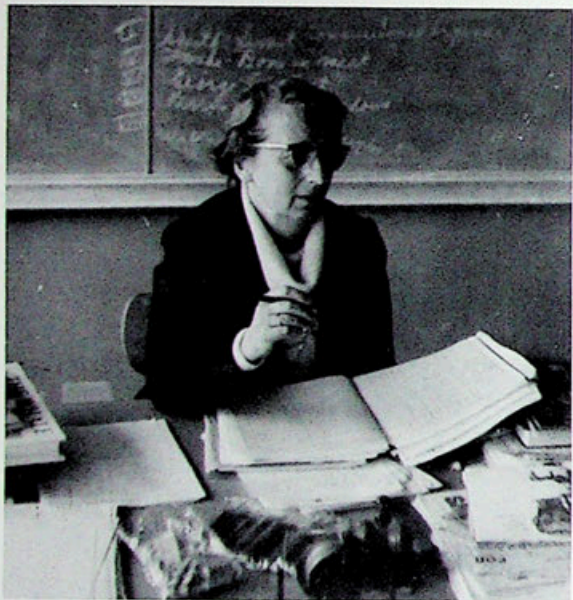


MATH



HISTORY

LEFT TOP- Miss Fass prepares for a middle school class; LEFT BOTTOM; Mr. Dibbs delivers one of his many self-made jokes; RIGHT TOP- Mr. Johnson shares some of his knowledge; BOTTOM RIGHT- "I have not yet begun to fight!", another declaration by Mr. Reynolds.





ENGLISH



O.E.S. Middle and Upper School English teacher: TOP- Mr. Sipple;
MIDDLE LEFT- Mrs. Stevens; MIDDLE RIGHT- Mrs. Sadler;
BOTTOM LEFT- Mr. Ross; BOTTOM RIGHT- Mrs. Bell.

FOREIGN
LANGUAGE



ROP- Pam Vohson gives Victor Perry's paper a weary eye; BOTTOM LEFT- David Straight in one of his many fits of rage; BOTTOM LEFT- Madame Jansi King, est-ce qu'elle a une corne ou deux cornes?





ART
MUSIC



TOP- Middle School art, calligraphy, and Panyc teacher, Jane Snyder, instructs Dorian Kappler; BOTTOM LEFT- Mrs. Mitchem, a new teacher for O.E.S. helps out in the Art Department by teaching a design course for Panyc; BOTTOM RIGHT- John Bennett, Middle and Upper School Music instructor takes time out to give us a look at his dynamic smile and musical talent; NOT PICTURED- Pam Webb taught ceramics and pottery during the first and third terms of the school year.

ADMINISTRATION



TOP- Mr. Horn, Business Manager; MIDDLE LEFT- Mr. Sipple, Headmaster; MIDDLE RIGHT- Mr. Dibbins, Director of Admissions; BOTTOM- Mr. Weber, Principal.





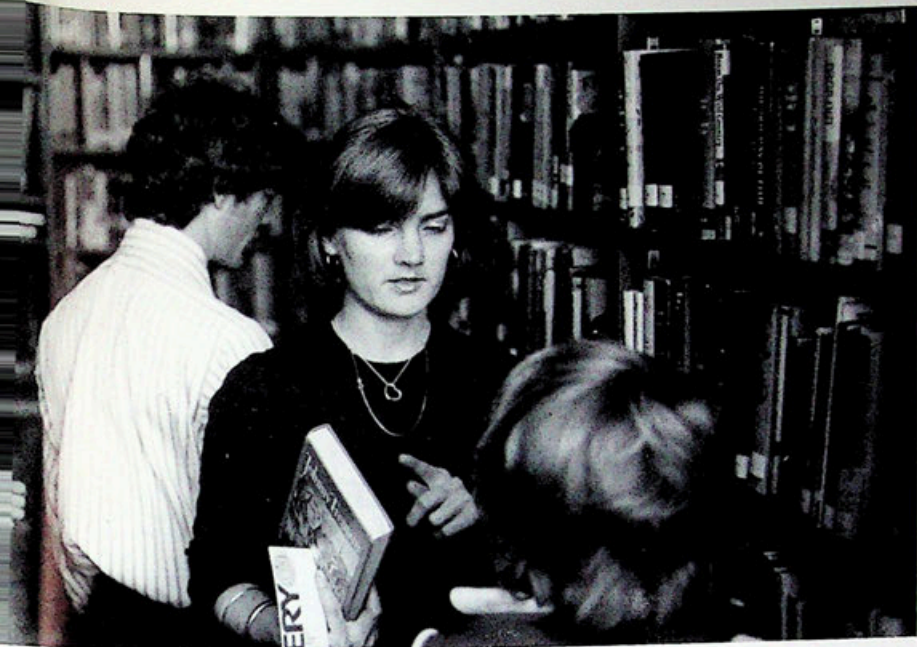
TOP LEFT- Mrs. Souvey, bookkeeper; TOP RIGHT- Mrs. Earl, Assistant Bookkeeper; MIDDLE LEFT- Mrs. McAlister, Secretary-Receptionist; MIDDLE RIGHT- Mrs. Daret, Principal, Middle School; BOTTOM- Mrs. Morris, Secretary, Middle and Upper Schools.

KITCHEN, BUS BARN, GROUNDS

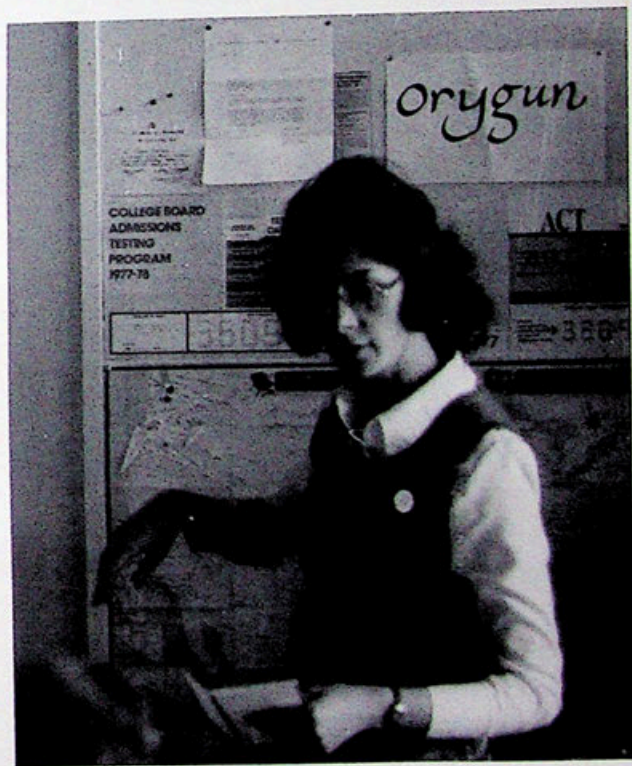


TOP- Bill Wayne stalls on his tractor;
MIDDLE LEFT- Vie Douglass preparing
"yummy" meal; MIDDLE RIGHT-
KITCHEN CREW- Jan Moehler, Janice
Cowan, Ann Timmons, June Renish;
BOTTOM LEFT- Bob Reagan takes a
coffee break in bus barn; BOTTOM
RIGHT- Jon VonBehren drives his truck
over the grounds.



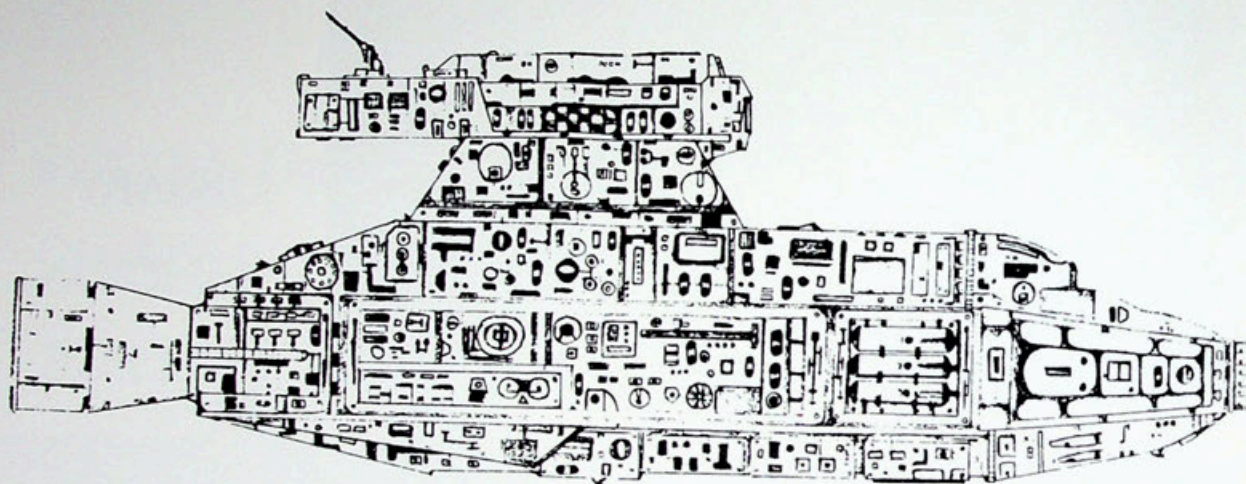


LIBRARY
RELIGION
COLLEGE



TOP- Librarian Kate Loggan helps some misguided child to find a book; BOTTOM LEFT- Father Paul gives some sane advice to Kooros Eghdami and Sara Kinersly; BOTTOM RIGHT- Mrs. Doran counsels someone on college affairs.

ART

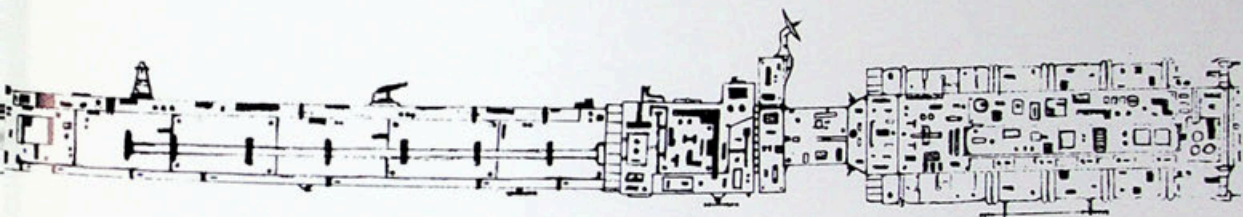


Everyone has left,
I am forgotten.
I wish . . . I wish that
I had been told it was the end.
It was unkind to leave
Without a goodbye,
Without so much as a glance,
A wave.
It would have been no trouble
To tell me they were going.
Perhaps they did not know,
Maybe they were called away suddenly
And could leave no message.
Still . . . I wish I could
Go with them.
But I have been left behind.
Again.

Vassar T. Byrd

and literature

A man in the crow's nest shouted, "the mists are clearing." Hard, calloused hands moved their long oars through the icy water. The ship was a strange one for eastern waters. It was long, low in the middle and high at the bow and stern. The prow curved upward and was carved into a dragons head. The sides were protected by circular shields which marked her as a raider.



The men of the SEA LARL were huge, bearded warriors with steel grey eyes. Midship, stood a giant, even by comparison to the crew. His hair was red, confined by a horned helmet. His powerful torso was concealed by bearskin and chain mail but didn't conceal his massive limbs.

"By Thor's hammer," the giant bellowed, "this damnable mist is at last clearing."

Before the eyes of the crew, the mist thinned swiftly. The clear patches were filled with an ominous sight, the spires and battlements of a mighty city.

Torad, standing next to the captain, was the first to realize the significance of the apparation. "Mettera! It is Etineeah."

The captain looked at Torad. There was a lion-like dignity, a noble quality about him. He was as tall, as broad shouldered as any of his companions, but unlike his fellow he had a certain cat-like lightness that the others lacked. "Like a dream," continued the celt.

Indeed it was like a dream. The fog bonded the city and gave the impression of floating on air.

"I have brought you to Etineeah you damn celt. Now where is my pay?"

Torad smiled. He reached into his garmet and pulled out a large pouch.

"The five hundred zla disks and possibly more," and with that he tossed the pouch to the captain who began to count them.

After he was satisfied that all five hundred zla disks were there the captain said,

"Why do you want to go to Etineeah?"

Torad did not answer but only smiled. What do you think you blasted fool, he thought. That five hundred zla disks is nothing compared to the riches to be found in Etineeah.

The captain smiled too. He guessed that it must be something valuable or he wouldn't go to Etineeah. In his mind the thought of the power, women and riches to be bought by the treasure. But how to get at it? If he got the celt out of the road it would be easy. But he had better do it after he found out just what kind of treasure it was. He quickly formulated a plan for the celts demise.



The water poured forth
From a well hidden
Closely among wretched things
And jewels.
The afternoon sun
Melted the snow and ice.
The water trickled, swelled, and finally escaped,
Surging over whiteness as a sneeze,
The pressure relieved,
The sun sinking peacefully
The water gurgled gently
Once again.
Gurgling,
Trickling
Until such time
As the sun should rise again.
The water plans not
Where it goes
But rather springs
Spontaneously
From body locked thoughts
Warmed by my heart.

Kim Ritter

Closed and locked
away from the world.

never faltering
never admit being wrong.

cold and dead
as a rock.

never be illogical
never care.

dark and alone
without companionship.

never have feeling
never see life around you.

happiness is to you
a lonely crypt of knowledge.

never really living
never really alive.

Lee Rennick





There are no words. There are no words left. And nothing to be said.
Yet they tell me to write.

Everything has been written. Everything has been thought. And the others wrote and thought it better than I can and will ever be able to.

Yet still they tell me to write.

What can I add? And why should I try? There must be some reason for this. But it is futile to look for it, they have hidden it too well. They are good at that. Hiding.

I wonder if they have lost themselves. There is always that danger when one becomes too intent on hiding. Yes, I wonder if they are lost.

Then what shall become of me? For, you know, they have always directed me. They have always pulled at me and pushed at me for their unknown reasons. If they do not return, what will I do? I can't imagine life without them.

I should find it difficult to survive alone, I think. But even when they were here, I was alone. They have no feelings about me. There is no reason for them to feel; I agreed to be their toy—in return, I exist.

But I see that I needn't have worried, they are back. They know where they are. For the moment.

They are angry. I have not written. I have broken the contract. It is forbidden to break the rules. I understand that I am to be punished. Death.

I wish they had explained the rules, but I will not argue. I have had doubts about the contract, but I agreed to it and it is unbreakable. They will kill me and, though I am puzzled, I will not question it. I cannot ask for reasons. There will be no answer.

They have never acknowledged my presence by more than that first barely perceptible nod. And I know that they consider my, to them, impertinent questioning merely a faint irritation which they will soon be rid of.

But, even as my life is being extinguished, the one word I was never allowed is echoing in the blank vacuum of their presence.

Why?

The minutes go on.
I see them on my clock,
Always turning,
Changing number;
Eleven fifty seven . . .
Fifty eight.
It bothers me,
That clock,
It always says
'Your time is running out.'
I hate that clock,
But what can I do?
I close my eyes.
It's hopeless,
I hear the clock,
Grinding away,
Those grindings whisper:
'Your time is running out.'
Slowly,
I open my eyes
That hated clock remains.
'Your time is running out.'
"Shut up!" I scream.
'You can't stop ME,' it says.
"But I can," I say.
I can.
I reach down
I pull a plug.
The clock slows
It stops.
Now I can sleep
I close my eyes.
I hear the silence,
But no . . .
I cannot sleep.
Time still moves on.
I cannot stop it.
Time laughs at me,
Do you hear it?
It mocks me.
It says, as always,
'Your time is running out,
Your time is running out.'

Bonnie Potts

I just don't know what to write! This is the hardest assignment I have ever been given. Why? Why? Why?! I can't stand it! It's not as if I had something inside me wanting to get out and not being able to because I couldn't put it on paper. It's just that I have nothing to SAY! (Arg! Gnash! Grind!) There is NOTHING more frustrating than having to write something and being totally unable to do so! HELP!

(W O O O O S H)

"Hello."

"Who are you?"

"I'm your fairy godmother, dear."

"Oh, c'mon."

"Really. I heard your cry for help and I'm here to help you."

"I don't believe this."

"Oh, come, come now, dear, don't be shy. I bet I know why you were pulling your hair and beating your head against the wall—you've been invited to the ball, but your stepmother and stepsisters won't let you go. All you have to do is get me a pumpkin and four white mice, and I will transform them into a carriage and four white horses."

"Actually, I just want an idea for an English paper that a mean, cruel, and barbaric teacher is forcing me to write by tomorrow. Could you help me with that?"

"My dear girl, what ARE you talking about? You must be more upset than I realized, you're babbling nonsense. Oh, I understand, you don't have anything to wear. I'll fix that. Stand up and turn around."

"But I—"

"Just do as I say."

(A sparkling wand is waved.)

"Oh, My God! What have you done?"

"I understand. You're overwhelmed. Don't thank me. Just remember, on the stroke of twelve, you must leave the ball because the coach will turn back into a pumpkin and the horses into mice."

"Wait a minute! I don't want to go to a ball and—"

"Have a nice time, dear. Be good—the prince will be there."

(WOOSH—she is gone in a swirl of blue smoke.)

"I don't want to meet a prince. I have to get this paper finished by tomorrow. Where am I going?"

It appears that I am late for whatever ball I'm going to. We take off in a hurry. I ask the coachman to take me home.

"Not until the stroke of twelve."

"See here, I'm ordering you to take me home this minute! Move it!"

"I'm to remain here until the stroke of twelve."

This could go on all night. Since I was far from home and we were, after all, pulled up in front of a castle, I decided to go in.

The inside of the castle was incredible (as far as castles go, of course). And jammed with people. I had no idea what to do next, some people were standing around gossiping, and some were just standing around, and some were dancing some sort of medieval dance.

"Excuse me, miss, would you care to dance?"

"Not really."

"What?"

"I said, not really."

An inoffensive chap, really, but I didn't know HOW to dance.

Then all of a sudden, trumpets blew and someone was announcing, "My Lord and Majesty, the King, and his noble son, the Prince." They sat down and surveyed the crowd. The prince looked rather bored.

Then, (melodramatic pause), his head turned and our eyes met (music, please). He approached me.

"Would you care to dance?"

"No."

He gave an uncertain smile. He was about to question me when an awful old bag broke in.

"My Lord, I would like you to meet my two daughters—Roberta and Henrietta."

"Uh . . . how do you do?" he said to the two women.

"Oh, prince, I'M fine, how are YOU?" breathed the first one.

"I'm so PLEASED to meet you, prince," giggled the second.

"Uh . . . yes, charmed, I'm sure."

I moved away from them into the crowd. The poor man, I thought.

"Charmed" indeed. It was really rather funny.

I moved out onto the balcony. It was far too hot in the ballroom.

"Why didn't you want to dance with me?"

I started. What is he doing out here?

"I don't know how to dance," I managed to say.

"I could teach you. It's not difficult."

"No, thank you. Actually, I have no idea what I'm doing here. Some old lady with a wand gave me a coach with four white horses and dressed me in this. By

the way, do you mind if I take off my shoes, these glass slippers are killing me."

"No, not at all . . . weren't you invited? To the ball, I mean."

"I didn't even know there WAS a ball until an hour ago when this lady popped in and interrupted my English homework."

"Oh, I see. This ball is so I can choose a wife. All the eligible women of the kingdom are invited so that I can take my pick. But frankly, I have one lousy kingdomful of women."

"Too bad. That's the way it goes sometimes. Say, I don't suppose you could give me an idea for my English paper, could you?"

"Will you marry me?"

"What?!"

"You seem to be a pretty nice person and you certainly are a lot better than anything in there," as he nods toward the ballroom. (All true, but . . .)

"Well, I hadn't really thought about it. It's not one of those things that has really concerned me lately."

"Please?"

"Well—"

(BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG)

Saved by the bell! It was very nice of him to ask, but I would have to say no.

"Hey, I'm sure you'll meet a nice girl. Don't worry about it."

"But I want you to be my wife, I—"
(BONG BONG BONG BONG)

"Forget it. Your Highness, I decline your most gracious offer of matrimony."

As I prepared to leave, a girl came out onto the balcony.

"Hi! My name's Cindy, what's your's?" she said to the prince.

"He'll get over it," I thought as I beat it to the coach.

Later, after I had been left with a pumpkin, four white mice, and some more blue smoke, I resumed thinking about my English paper.

I can't stand it! Nothing to write! Not a single idea has come to me. I must have an inspiration. I have to get this done by tomorrow! HELP!

(W O O O O S H)

"Hello . . ."

Vassar T. Byrd

In a word I can never express what I mean; what it takes a lifetime for most to say. No words can say what is inside. No man can find the proper expression, not Shakespeare, or Browning. They could only skim the surface. In no time period will it be understood - not by you, not by me . . . We can only try to understand what others have tried to explain in centuries of literature and poetry. We can stop and listen to the brook, and the trees, and the wind. We can read the sonnets of past writers, and say "I understand what he is trying to say, but not what he said—because love is expressed differently by everyone."



It's over now
And time has left us standing
Side by side
At this crossroads.

Now something tells us
We must go on
Without each other
And so it's over.

Still I'll leave a song for you
To fill your hearts
And stir your memories
Though it's over.

Good bye my friends
This song would not end
But I must leave you now
And say good bye.

Kim Ritter

I almost hit her over the head with one of the crates I was pulling out from underneath the pile. She whipped around and I was expecting a total show-down with this person. As she flung around, her 1920's style hat fell off and landed in a puddle. She gave me a long, drawn out, harrowed look. Her gray-blue eyes seemed dismal and remote. Almost like they were longing for a tear to spill over and gently slide down her soft red cheeks, which were plain to see were not fake or colored upon. The old woman just stood there. Her gray flannel pleated skirt, when picked up by the breeze, danced around her thin legs. The sweater and blouse seemed to be imprinted on her, for it looked as though she were poured into the outfit. She had naturally gray curls all over her head. It was the perfect grandmother picture and I could envision her slaving over a batch of cookies. Then my illusions were destroyed when she threw back her head and let escape a foreign laugh. It was British, I think. She then looked back at me and held out her wrinkled hand.

"Well, dear, are you going to pick up me hat?"

Shocked to all hell, I stood with my jaw dropped.

"It didn't cost me much. Received it a few many years ago in New Zealand."

I had no idea New Zealanders spoke British. Stooping and picking up her hat, I touched it as though to brush off dust.

"It's all right. It's me shopping hat. Sorry to scare you." And she disappeared before I could utter one single word of apology.

Jennifer Brock

"You are not second graders any more!"

Third grade.

"Sit still."

Feet tapping, hands jiggling, fingers picking.

"No talking. Keep your hands to yourself."

Tests.

"You retarded!"

Stand in line.

"Now does everybody have a red crayon?"

Time For Math, Time For Spelling, Time For Lunch . . .

"Pay attention."

Watch the clock.

Just wait till we get to High School . . .

Freedom.

"You are not second graders any more!"

Juniors.

"Sit still."

Feet tapping, hands jiggling, fingers picking.

"Can't you stop talking for one minute?"

Exams.

"You spazz!"

Stand in line.

"Now does everybody have a number two pencil?"

First Period, Second Period, Third Period . . .

"Pay attention."

Watch the clock.

If only we were back in Third Grade . . .

Freedom.

Maggie Groening

Shh . . . Quiet . . . Yes, I do hear them. They're coming, but THEY won't find me . . . No, not last time, not this time, never!

They're getting closer, listen . . . The footsteps . . . Louder, louder . . .

Now ! They're right there. The fools . . . Only inches away.

They're stopping. Why are they stopping? They CAN'T find me! No!

Quiet . . . Yes, I must be quiet . . . They're listening . . . do they know I'm here? No, they can't . . . I left no sign . . . Or did I?

I was careful, I left NO sign. But maybe . . . Did they hear me? Do they see a stain of blood? A strand of hair?

They haven't left. I hear them whispering . . . About me . . . ?

They must know, or they wouldn't linger so long. They know! . . . but . . . Yes . . .

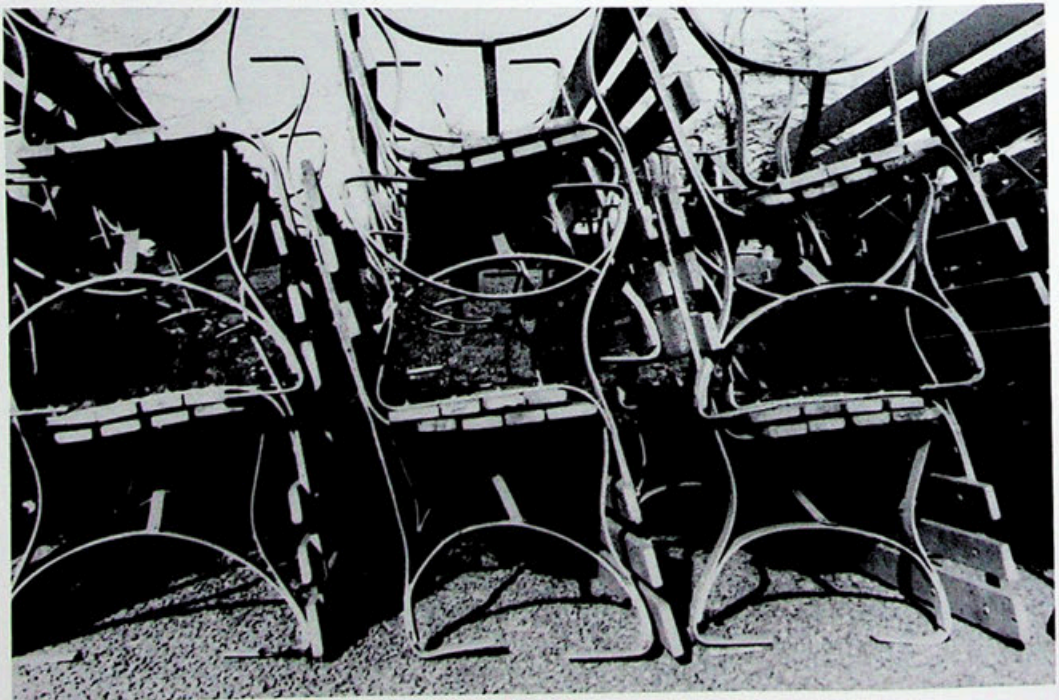
Do you hear them? They're . . . they're going. The footsteps, the voices, getting fainter . . .

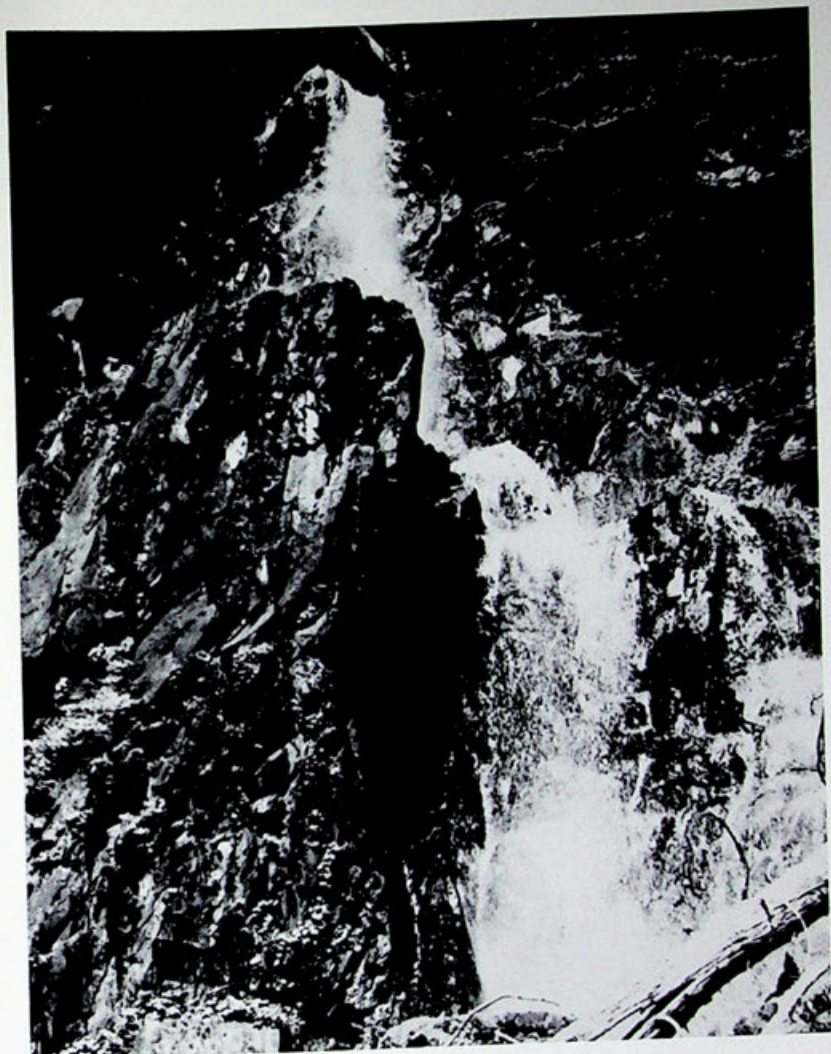
Yes, they've gone.

I knew they wouldn't find me . . . Not this time . . . Not next time . . .

Not ever . . .

Bonnie Potts





drawing and photography credits:

pp. 94-95 Michael Wienecke

p. 96 Philip Krohn

p. 97 Dave Irieckel

p. 99 Sara Kinersly

p. 100 Paul Speers

p. 101 Michael Sullivan



TOP ROW From Left To Right; Leanne Amos, Gary Garryfallon, Scott Chapman, Joe [unclear], and [unclear]
 BOTTOM ROW From Left To Right; Kristi Abrams, Ron Crawford, Sharon Chandler, and [unclear]



TOP ROW From Left To Right; Diana Smith, Karin Goodell, Pardis Mehrassa, Beth Kempton, Tom Hayes, Doug
 Parr, and Vaughn Langsdorf

sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth



TOP ROW From Left To Right: Liz Colletti, Phil White, Scott Keller, Jim Grelle, Jack Alstadt, Danielle Brown, and Scott Chernoff. BOTTOM ROW From Left To Right: Amie Niehans, Mark Green, and Brent Husband.



TOP ROW From Left To Right: Joy Spencer, Lynn Medoff, Kristi Abrams, and Jack McCann. BOTTOM ROW From Left To Right: Teri Newman, and Debbie Palmer.

sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth sixth



LEFT TO RIGHT: BACK ROW- Joseph Byrd, Kim Ernst, Dana Barber, Sally Jo Scott, Ruth Preston, Stephanie Shirley. LEFT TO RIGHT: FRONT ROW- Samantha Henderson, Adrienne Veen, Betsy Shulevitz.



LEFT TO RIGHT; Lisa Gegna, Pam Connors, Lisa Whelan, Paul Speers, Bryn Fletcher, Geoff Fanning, Chris Young.

seventh seventh seventh seventh seventh seven



LEFT TO RIGHT: Ingrid Sweet, Kelly Dannen, Steve James, Beth Layton, Bruce Goodell, Bret Berner, Mitchell Bugge, Terry Grover, Betsy Bosen, Craig Hargreaves

seventh seventh seventh seventh seventh seven



LEFT TO RIGHT: Kevin Cavanagh, John Garrett, Spencer Wall, John Campbell, Brian Bishop, Scott Nabors, Jim Gustafson, Beau Brendler, Tom Gieger.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mary Kay MacNaughton, Ellen Bronson, Amanda Miller, Maureen Jones, Kathy DeFehr.

eighth eighth eighth eighth eighth eighth eight



LEFT TO RIGHT: Melody Keaton, Audrey Smith, Shelley Kerron, Danny Park, Kim Parke, Reagan Leon, Leslie Brigham, Amanda Miljus, Sarah Geary, Victor Perry.



BACK ROW- LEFT TO RIGHT: Steve Dibbins, Chester Romo, Mark Fuchs, Markus Wandel, Spencer Wall, John Campbell, Peter Noyes, Chris Meyers, Steve Eckhart, FRONT ROW- LEFT TO RIGHT: Alan Reaume, Brent Olson, Arthur Daret, Kevin George, NOT PICTURED: Robby Sloum, Robby Dwyer.

eighth eighth eighth eighth eighth eighth eighth eighth

THE SIXTH GRADE GOES TO OUTDOOR SCHOOL . . . Outdoor School started well with a long bus ride on Monday, October 10. When we got there, the staff sang to us. It seemed strange but later they explained that it was a welcome song.

All the staff and the teachers had nicknames for the week. Guess what Mr. Gray's was—"Froggie." Of course, it would have something to do with frogs!

We did lots of neat activities. We had fun as we learned. We learned about science, things to do with nature, including the soil, water, and air cycles. We learned about energy flow. We looked for birds and other animals as well as insects. There were lots of hikes and we had a couple of camp dinners and contests.

We had a homeroom period every day with our teachers. At this time we studied Social Science.

After dinner we would go to campfire and sing and do skits. We learned a lot of new songs and we got to sing old songs, too.

Each cabin group did a skit and had a lot of fun at the campfires. The three teachers even did a few skits for us.

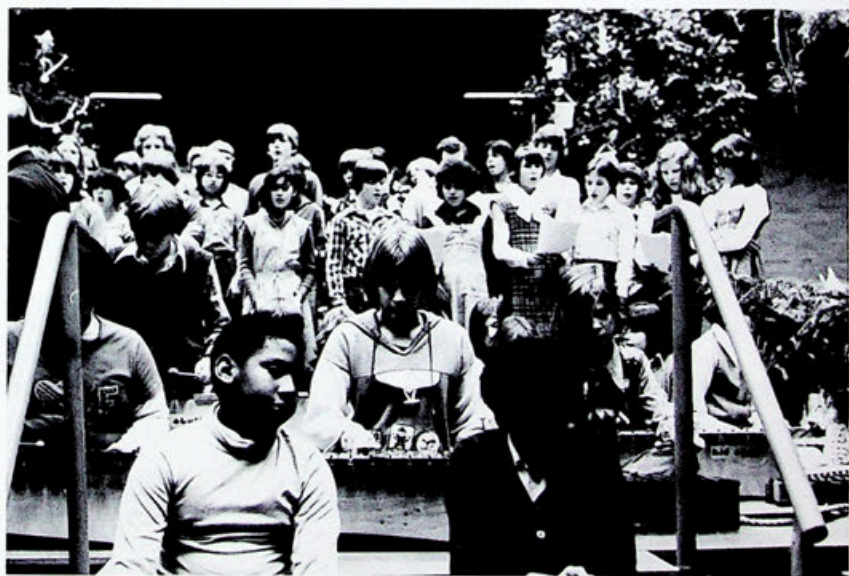
We made friends with kids from other schools. We also got to know our old friends better than we thought we did.

Everything went fast and there was little time to catch our breath. We got back to OES Friday the fourteenth of October.

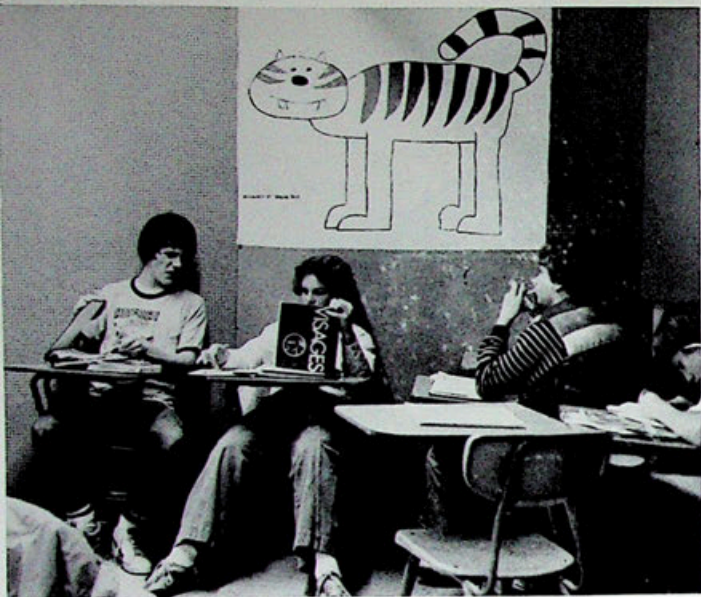
Lots of kids thought Outdoor School was fun and many of us didn't want to leave.



MIDDLE SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



MIDDLE SCHOOL GLEE CLUB- Heather Barta, Leslie Bingham, Bean Brendler, John Campbell, Arthur Daret, Kathy DeFehr, Steve Dibbins, Robby Dwyer, Steve Eckhart, Sarah Geary, Kevin George, Maureen Jones, Melody Keaton, MaryKay MacNaughton, Adrienne Mikeworth, Amanda Miljus, Brent Olson, Danny Park, Kim Parke, Robby Saloum, Spencer Wall, Dana Berger, Betsy Ann Bosen, Nitchell Bugge, Kelly Dannen, Kimberly Ernst, Geoffrey Fanning, Bryn Fletcher, Lisa Gegna, Adrienne Green, Craig Hargreaves, Stephen James, Beth Layton, Ruth Preston, Lisa Wheeler, Kristine Abrams, Leanne Amos, Linda Brown, Dannel Brown, Sharon Chandler, Scott Chernoff, Karin Goodeli, Mark Green, Kristine Gustafson, Scott Keller, Jack McCann, Lynn Medoff, Teri Newman, Amie Niehans, Debbi Roemer, Joy Spencer.



CLASS CANDIDS



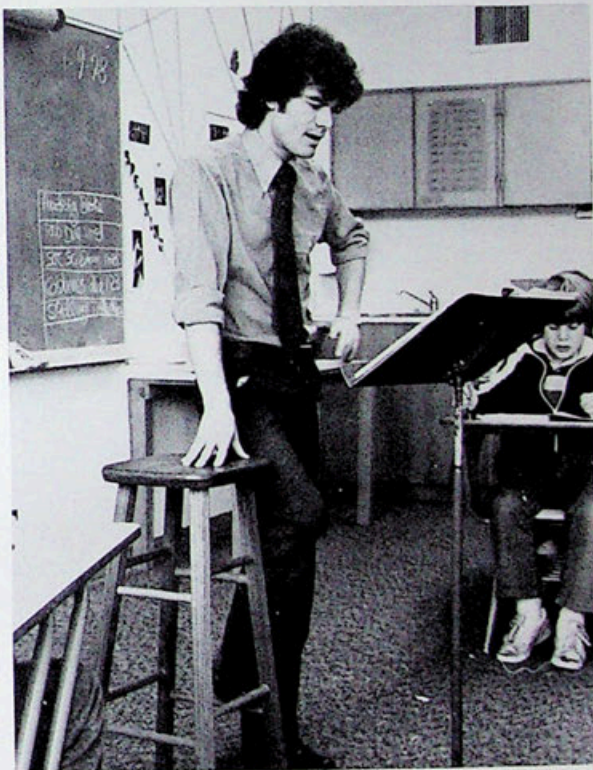
LEFT PAGE - Top Left; Happy Eighth grade students study in another exciting study hall. Center Left; Mr. Straight lectures while Chester Romig looks on interestingly. Center Right; The hairy hand of Mr. Kerslake appears magically behind him during one of his enlightening classes. Bottom Right; Two members of the Eighth grade Herpetology Club



MIDDLE SCHOOL FACULTY PICTURED ELSEWHERE -
 Mr. Gray; Sixth grade English, Sixth grade Social Studies.
 Dr. Sipple; Seventh grade English.
 Ms. Sadler; Eighth grade English.
 Miss Fass; Seventh and Eighth grade Social Studies.
 Mr. Hatcher; Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth grade boys Physical Education.
 Mrs. Moore; Sixth grade French.
 Mrs. King; Seventh and Eighth grade French, Seventh and Eighth grade Spanish.
 Miss Heckrodt; Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth



grade girls Physical Education.
 Mr. Streight; Seventh and Eighth grade Spanish.
 Ms. Vohnson; Middle School French
 Mr. Bennett; Middle / Upper School Music
 Ms. Snyder; Middle / Upper School Art
 Mr. Crossman; Middle School Math
 Mr. Dibbins; Middle School Math
 Mrs. Brasfield; Math 100
 Mr. Crawford; Sixth and Seventh Grade Science
 Mr. Kerslake; Eighth Grade Science
 Father Paul Barthelemy; Chaplain
 Ms. Loggan; Librarian



FACULTY

RIGHT PAGE - Top Center; Mr. Gray performing in Chapel. Center Left; Mrs. Daret in her office. Center Right; Mr. Gray teaches a class. Bottom Right; Mrs. Daret in Study Hall.



MIDDLE SCHOOL SPORTS

TOP LEFT- Defense Falcons, defense! TOP CENTER- Scott Chernoff battles with basketball, Jim Grelle helps out
TOP RIGHT- Jump Arthur, jump! BOTTOM LEFT- Scott Chernoff jumps, Joe Brockett BOTTOM RIGHT- Sue
Horniman leaps.





TOP LEFT- Sixth grade girls completing an intense play. TOP RIGHT- Mark Fuchs (eight) shooting, Kris Hatcher officiating Steve Dibbins. BOTTOM LEFT- Vaughn Langsdorf, sixth grade. BOTTOM CENTER- Terri Newman, sixth grade, shoots. BOTTOM RIGHT- Victor Perry, eighth grade, dribbles.



MIDDLE SCHOOL YEARBOOK - Left to Right: Joe Brockert, Kim Parke, Heather B...



MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL- Left to Right: ... Green 7th grade rep., Bryn Fletcher Vice Pres., Joe Bro... 6th grade rep., Danny Park 8th grade rep., Ellen Bronson Recording sec., Leslie Bingham President, Teri Newman Treasurer, Sharon Chandler 6th grade rep., NOT PICTURED- Mary Kay MacNaughton 8th grade rep., Adrienne Milworth corresponding Sec., Beth Layton 7th grade rep.

NURSING HOME

The Middle School eighth grade visited the West Hills Convalescent Center every Tuesday after school. We talked with residents, played board games, and wheeled library carts. One special activity this year was the "Rock and Roll" jamboree. It worked like a walk-a-thon, except that the residents rocked on rocking chairs and rolled in wheel chairs. Everyone enjoyed it.



PARTICIPANTS IN THE MIDDLE SCHOOL NURSING HOME PROGRAM: Arthur Daret, Steve Dibbins, Kathy DeFehr, Danny Park, Adrienne Mikeworth, Heather Barta, Reagan Leon, Mark Fuchs, Jim Gustafson, John Campbell, Victor Perry, Peter Noyes, Steve Eckhardt, Ellen Bronson, Alan Reaume, Mary Kay MacNaughton, Maureen Jones.



On stage; Left to Right: Joy Spencer (Bat), Amie Niehans (Leopard), Lynn Medoff (Fenris Ulf), Sharon Chandler (Mrs. Beaver), Phil White (Mr. Beaver) On Stairs; Left to Right: Kristi Abrams (Asian), Sue Horniman (Jadis), Jim Grelle (Mr. Tumnus) On the Floor in Front of Stage; Left to Right: Mark Green (Father Christmas), Scott Keller (Dwarf), Jack Alstadt (Edmund), Teri Newman (Lucy), Jack McCann (Peter); Not Pictured: Danelle Brown (Susan) and Gary Garyfallou (Professor)

SIXTH GRADE PLAY

The sixth grade presented, THE LION, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE, adapted by George Gray from C.S. Lewis' novel by the same name.

Talent Show



TOP LEFT- The Fanno Creek Frogs: Julie Stevens, Jansci King, John Bennett, and Don Crawford perform as a barbershop quartet in the seventh grade talent show; TOP RIGHT- Celeste Caires dances the Hula to, "Loveley Kauli"; BOTTOM- Adrienne Green, Bryn Fletcher and Beth Layton re-stage their Talent Show in the wild atmosphere at the O.E.S. campus. Adrienne Green, Bryn Fletcher, and Ruth Preston (not pictured) were mistresses of ceremonies, and Bryn, Beth and Ruth sang, "Goodbye, Yellow Brick Road."



NO REGRETS

Never regret a ride on a star,
A dream, or a hope that was aimed too far;
That wonderful castle you built in the air,
Though it tumbled and left but a memory there.
For dreams that go drifting, and hopes that are high -
A ride on a star through a silvery sky -
These are the wonderful, magical things,
These are the glorious, gossamer wings that carry us up where the angels play,
And heaven is ours - though it's only a day;
But one day in heaven has infinite worth
In brightening the practical pathways of earth.

by Helen Lourie Marshall





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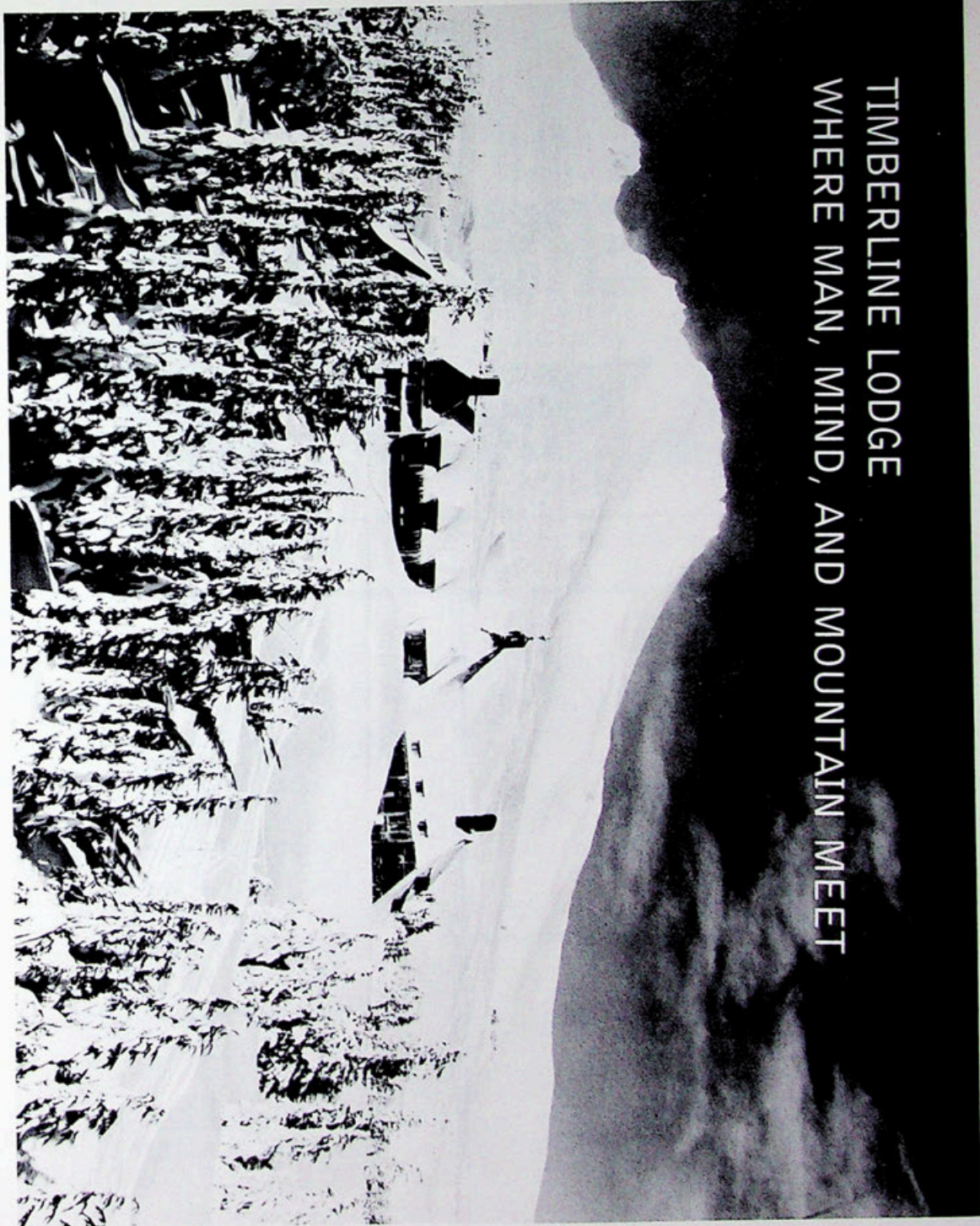
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