

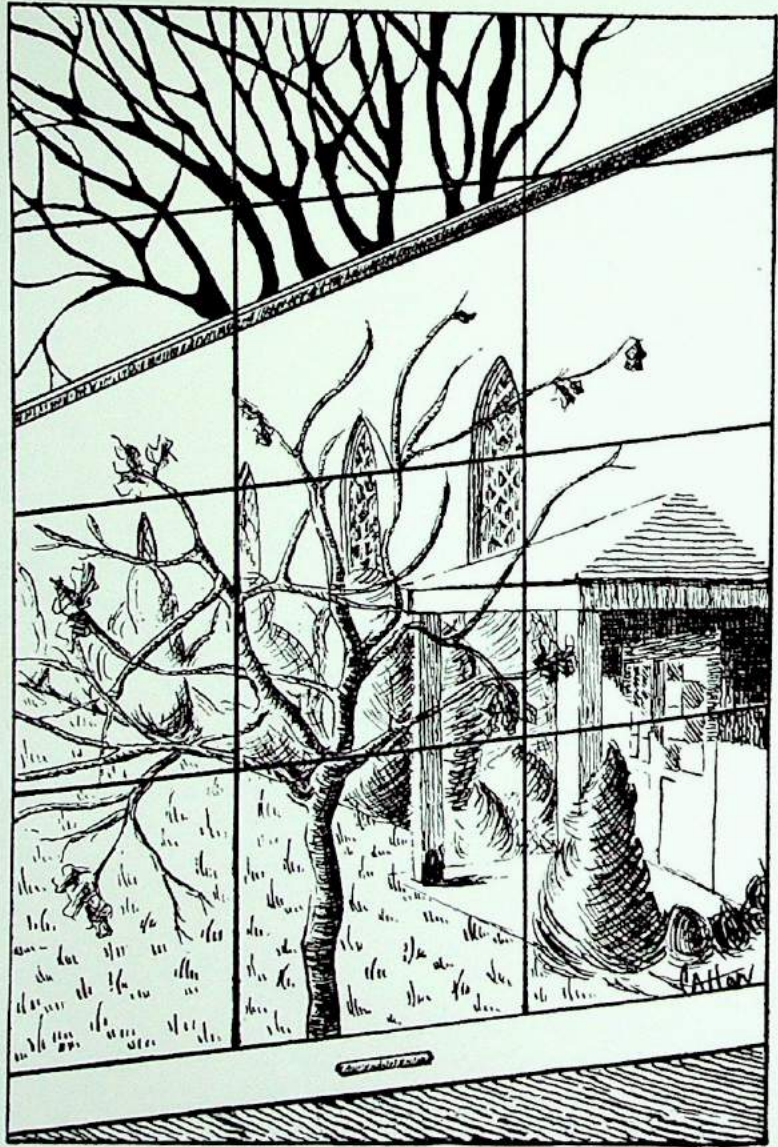




Ex Libris

Dedication . .

{ To those who go "sандаled
with wind and with flame." }



The Scintilla

VOLUME III

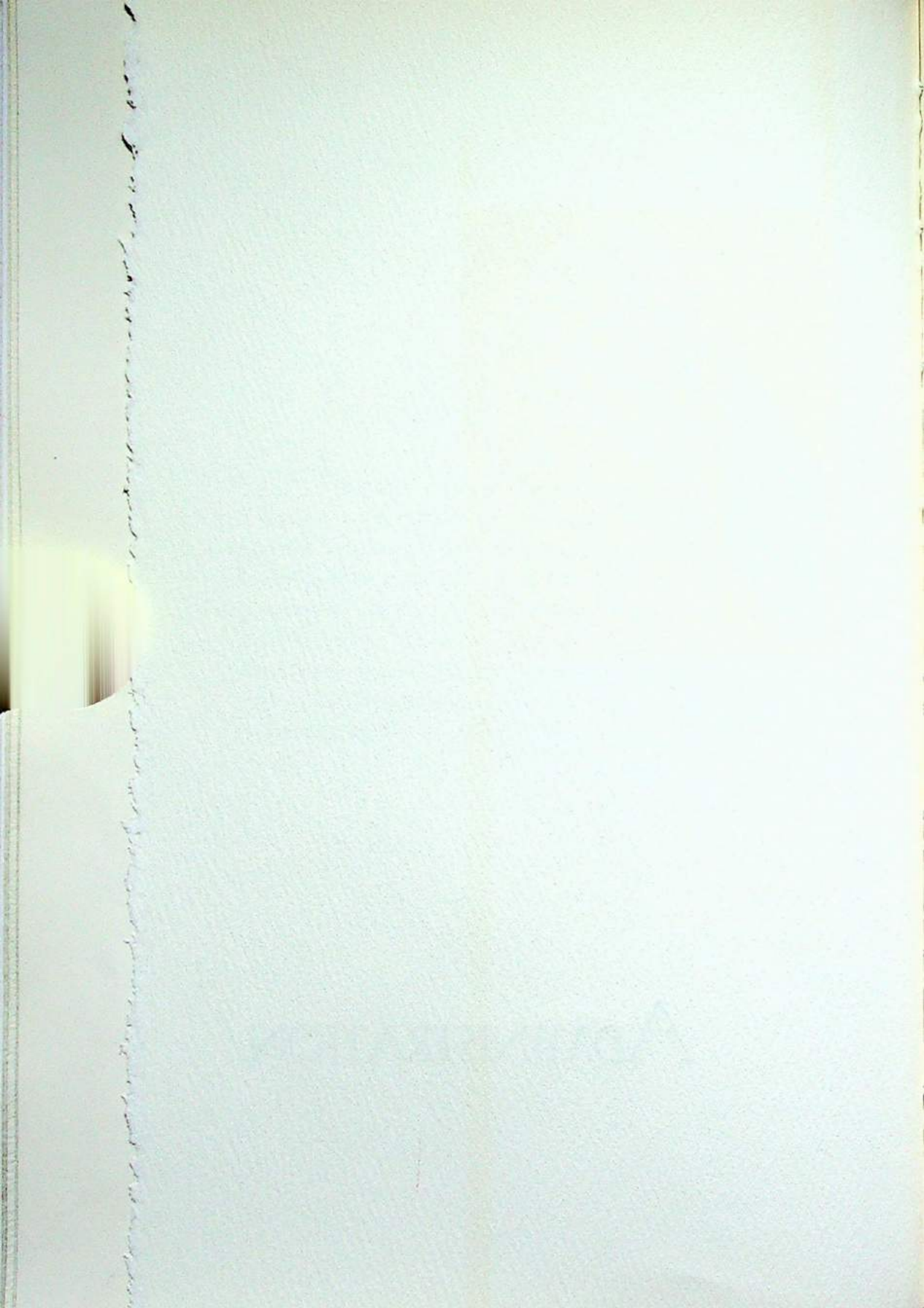
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1936
ST. HELEN'S HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE
PORTLAND, OREGON

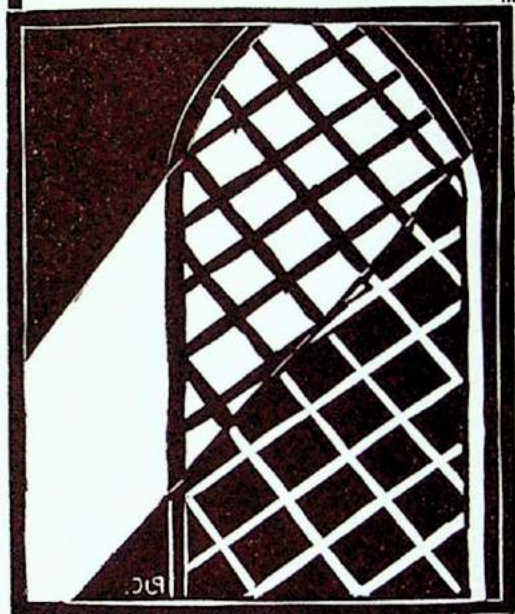
Foreword..

BELIEVING rhythm, the dynamic pattern of things, to be the basis of all life and the only true eternity, we have chosen it as the theme of this Scintilla, hoping to catch therein something of the fundamental quality of these college years, the endings and beginnings, the growth and changes that have gone into them and that now are flowing on into the other beginnings and the other endings that shall form the completed rhythm of our lives.

Marian Johnson.

ADMINISTRATION





The rhythms of black robes
rippling down long aisles . . .
of a scepter that sways as a
pen across a page . . . and
scores who move to the bid-
ding of one . . .



General Superintendence of the Sisters of St. John Baptist

VOCATION AND ABUNDANT LIFE

The purpose of a well rounded education is summed up in the Life-purpose of our Lord: "I am come that they may have life, and have it abundantly."

But without a vocation which demands our full strength and gives release to our vital energies, under the dominance of an overmastering spiritual ideal, we cannot live. One of the tragedies of this confused age is that so many lose their way, failing to find or give themselves to a real purpose, and are doomed to an unfulfilled, thwarted, starved condition wherein life becomes mere existence. Vocation brings the only true freedom.

Too often we think of the Religious, or the Clergy, as having a "vocation", or a "call", while we assume that men in other walks of life may safely trust themselves to the compulsion of some lesser motive in the choice and accomplishment of their tasks. That is a lie! There is no walk of life to which God is indifferent. No woman, for instance, should enter upon either a business or professional career, or upon the master occupation of home-builder, without a sense of vocation, that is, a deep-rooted conviction that for her, taking into account her personal qualifications, education, existing responsibilities, needs and opportunities, it is the way of life to which God directs.

The joy of living must be found in your work, in your profession, in your home—not in the peripheral, or 'outside' activities. Only as within the serious endeavor of your life you find full scope for your interest and energy, full opportunity for growth in character and purpose, will you know the joy of fulfilled vocation in the life abundant for which your education has been laying some part.

The Rev. Richard Flagg Ayres, Chaplain.

DEAN'S MESSAGE



Gertrude Houk Fariss
Dean

Esther Christensen Walker
Registrar

To the Class of 1936:

May you of the graduating class take with you from St. Helen's Hall junior college and retain through life an honest evaluation of words. May you recognize unkindness and injustice of speech and never mistake them for true wit; may you unmask snobbishness and never let it pose as innate dignity; may you detect superficial knowledge and never accept it as genuine intelligence; may you recoil from narrowness and bigotry and never confuse them with real morality; may you despise intolerance and never regard it as perfect justice. In short, may these two years have brought you nearer the achievement of a great ideal of living—honesty and wisdom of thought.

Gertrude Houk Fariss.

FACULTY



Seated: Ramsay, Schreiber, McCoy, Samuels, Lachmund.
 Standing: Walsh, Schuman, Marston, McGinty, Fariss, Walker, Bahrs, Ingle, Euwer, Bruce.

The Reverend Richard Flagg Ayres	History of Christian Thought
Gertrude Houk Fariss	Literature and Journalism
Ena Marston	Composition and Literature
Florence Thompson McCoy	Composition and Literature
Lelia Walsh	Spanish and French
Tanya Schreiber	German and French
Beulah Serrurier Ramsay	French
Esther Christensen Walker	Economics and Political Science
Jean Ingle	Domestic Science
William Bruce	Social Sciences
Alice M. Bahrs	Laboratory Sciences
Marian Pettibone	Laboratory Assistant
Helen Wells Shuman	Mathematics
Ruby-Page Euwer	Speech Arts
Margaret McGinty	Physical Education
Dorothy Lachmund	Assistant
Mrs. Francis Samuels	Librarian

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



Standing: Tackett, Hall, Green, Guthrie, Zander, Burras, Pruitt.
Seated: Sylvester, Langille, Kellogg, Rhodes, Henkle, Joyce, Smith, Adam.

OFFICERS

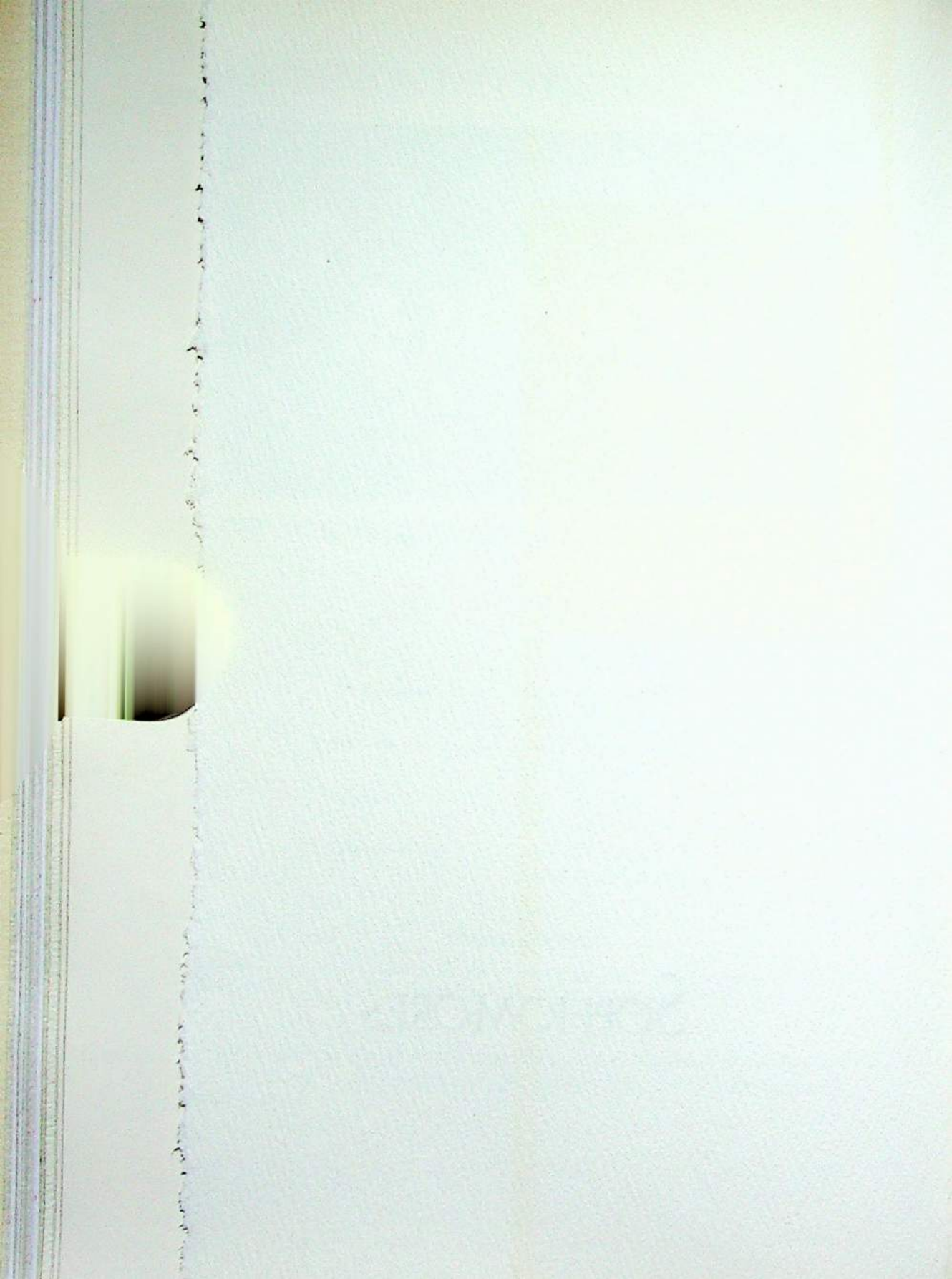
President.....	Fall—Betty Henkle Spring—Betty Rhodes
Vice-President.....	Fall—Lisbeth Dodson Spring—Patricia Kellogg
Secretary.....	Fall—Catherine Adam Spring—Lois Sylvester
Treasurer.....	Fall—Betty Joyce Spring—Jean Langille
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Fall—Sally Guthrie Spring—Helen Ladd Green

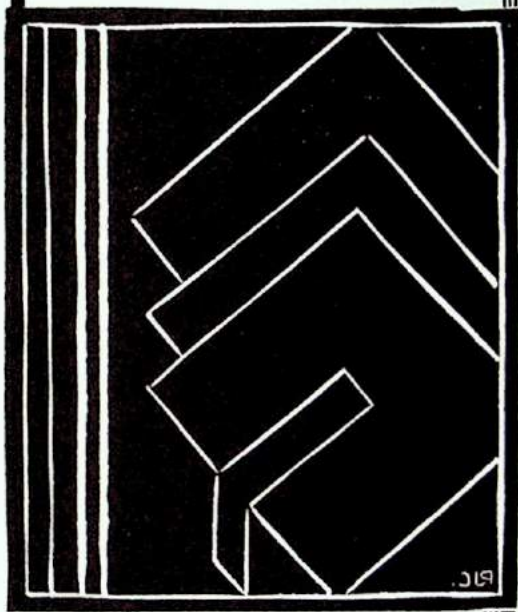
STUDENT COUNCIL

Fall term.....	Eileen Smith, Mary Helen Pruitt, Mary Carol Zander, Barbara Burras
Spring term.....	Mary Banks, Vilate Tackett, Betty Joyce, Phyllis Hall

The Vice-President of the Student Body acts as Chairman of the Student Council which in combination with the Student Body Officers administers all student affairs.

SOPHOMORES





Lives that swing together . . .
touch . . . then swirl away,
each to the destiny of its
separate rhythm . . .

SOPHOMORES

CATHERINE ADAM

Kay, the sweet Phoebe of "Quality Street" is a seasoned actress. She played the Princess in "Figureheads"; Evangeline in "The Eye of Gluskap" and was vice-president of Delta Psi Omega. Besides such a program as this, she was secretary of the Student Body and dished potato salad for the soph sales.

LEOTA AKERS

Leota, whose pink cheeks were the envy of all "rougers", came to the Hall last fall from the University of Oregon. In her quietness and her lovely curly hair lay her charm; she was a loyal member of the class and whatever she was called on to do, she did well.

HELEN BENNETT

After a year at University of Oregon, Helen came to us in the fall of '35. Being an International Relations enthusiast she strove hard to make all the the club sales a big success.

BARBARA BURRAS

Babbie-of-the-pencil-in-the-hair is the past secretary of the Student Body, and present secretary of Delta Psi Omega, having played Cassandra in "Trojan Women" and Beth in "Little Women" right ably. She burned the midnight oil and won membership in Alpha Mu Gamma and Writers Club.

PHOEBE JANE CATTON

At heart Pheeble is a drama major, and she has given us an idea of how good she can be as Hannah in "Little Women", Aunt Harriet in "Mansions", Jeanne in "Eye of Gluskap" and Susan in "Quality Street". A member of Student Council, she was also chosen Most Outstanding Underclassman.

CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS

Char was one grand committee-girl; she helped to make the Carnival '35 a success and was editor of International Relations Club. Besides being a member of Alpha Mu Gamma, Athletic Association, and Chez Nous she is an ardent journalist.



SOPHOMORES



JANET CUTLER

From the tips of her fingernails, Janet made a peach of a chairman. She engineered two successful rush parties, committeeed dances, was our star tumbler in the carnivals of '35 and '36, a charter member of Curie, yell leader, played Pierrette in "Hearts to Mend" and "thin but wiry" in "Quality Street".

LISBETH DODSON

Besides having a right worthy voice and being an expert fencer, Lisbeth was president of the German club, member of the Student Council, and served on dance committees. She played the society matron in "Little Prison" and the "hoity-toity" whist shark in "Quality Street".

PHYLLIS HALL

With a sense of humor what am, Hall made herself renown. Her themes and short stories always being "tops" in originality, she was a valuable cohort of the Writers Club. She was a Student Council member, helped with the Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets, and served on dance committees.

BETTY HENKLE

As Sergeant-at-Arms and President of the Student Body, Betty Henkle cracked the whip and made us like it. Winner of the Nelson shield '35, she was also center on the basketball team '35 and '36, member of the Science Club and a diver of national fame.

KATHLEEN HOYT

The William Tell of the class, Kay hits the apple not only as an archer, but as a first rate cook, a scrumptious committee-woman, and sale getter-upper for the sophomore class. She is usually found doing a Martha Graham for the Rec Room inmates.

MARIAN JOHNSON

Jon, editor of the Scintilla, Tillie O'Toole, exec.-secretary of Writers Club, was also an actress, playing in "Trojan Women", "Little Women", "Mansions" and "Quality Street",—not to mention being filler-inner in grammar school and high school plays, and temperamental president of Delta Psi Omega.

SOPHOMORES

BETTY JOYCE

Captain of the basketball team, ace tennis player, and chairman of the Athletic Association, Joyce also went in for the drama as the elevator girl in "Little Prison" and Patty in "Quality Street". She was a member of Student Council and Runner-up for Outstanding Underclassman, '35.

BETTY KARNOPP

Betty the Sportswoman is a basketball letterman, a member of the riding club, and a member of Athletic Association. Besides her sports life she was an able County Fair chairman and served on dance committees.

PATRICIA KELLOGG

A journalist of ability, Pat filled an important office as editor of the Hall Tree, fall '35. She capably committeeed for dances and the soph class, was a member of International Relations Club, president of Beta Phi Gamma, and vice-president of the Student Body.

EDITH KOHLHASE

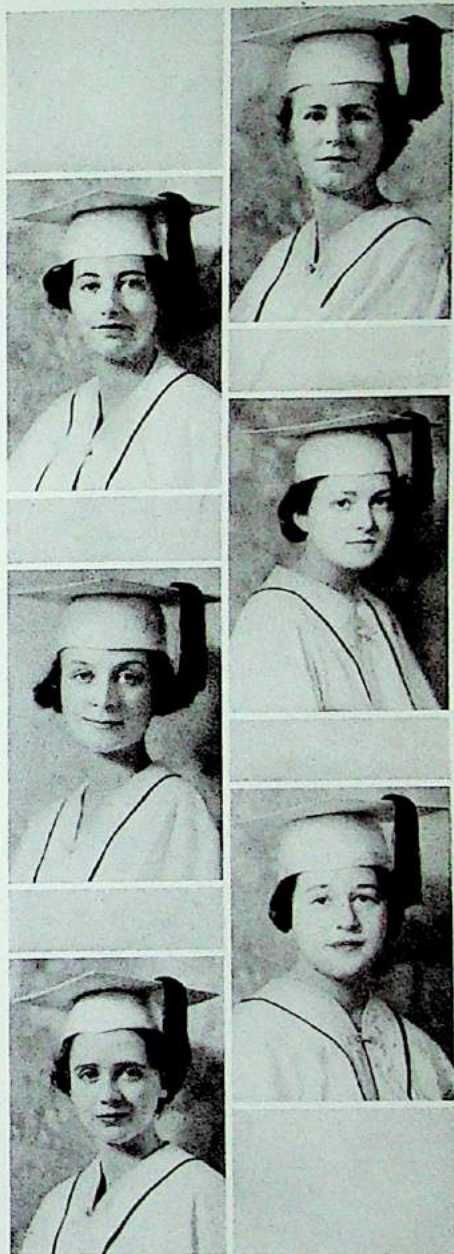
Edith was an up-and-coming photographic committee member, a topping basketball player who smiles at her enemies as she runs rings around 'em. She gets that "beautiful, oh beautiful" expression over Don Blanding's poetry.

JEAN LANGILLE

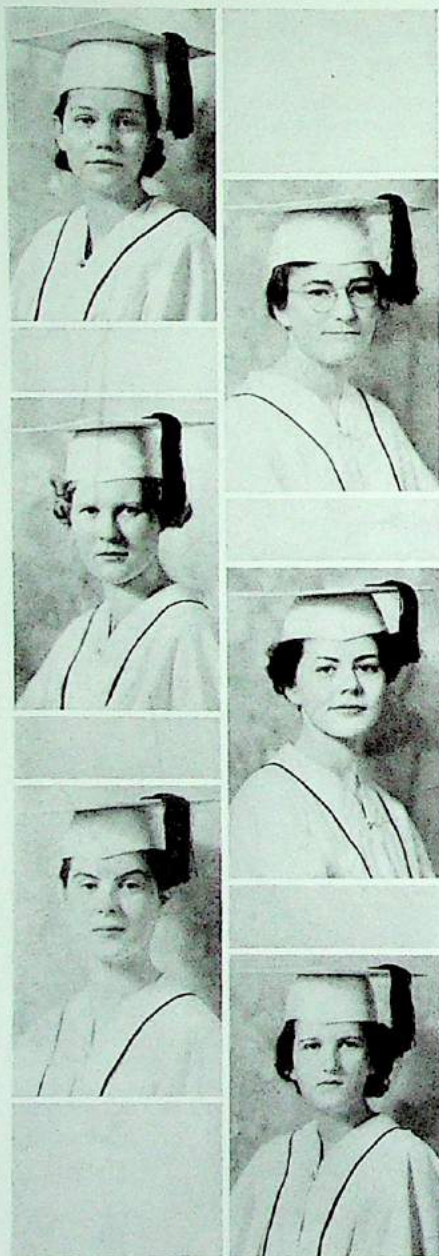
Langille's cheerful grin pepped up many school activities. Jean's care of the Student Body treasury was as good as her basketball playing which is plenty good. In her more scientific moments she feeds the Curie Club's Plenarian worms.

DORIS LINCOLN

Lincoln is famous to us as the joint proprietor of the well-beloved College Club as well as the harrassed Business Manager of the Scintilla. She is president of the Spanish Club and one of our better tap dancers, a member of Alpha Mu Gamma and Beta Phi Gamma.



SOPHOMORES



JANE LOGAN

Touché, Jane likes "the feel of the foil", and was one of the fencing enthusiasts of the Hall, as well as a member of the French Club. Shades of D'Artagnan! Romantic tendencies, we'd say.

FRANCES McCARTER

Mac is always trying to catch up with life, for she had a full time schedule as treasurer of International Club, sophomore sergeant-at-arms, treasurer of Las Leales, and member of Alpha Mu Gamma, for her playing of the lead in "Elmer" she was made a charter member of Delta Psi Omega.

LOIS NORDEAN

Nordean is another sophomore who is an energetic worm feeder for the Curie Club. She developed a fondness for fencing last year and also strung hearts hither and yon on the walls as one of the Valentine Dance decorating committee.

PHYLLIS PACKARD

"Dimples" Packard is one of the gayer members of our class and a steady attendant of Hall dances. Winner of second prize at Cotton Opening, she exercised her textile talents as costume manager for "Quality Street".

JEAN PARKS

Our roving reporter, Jean is also a poet of note; she was assistant editor of the Hall Tree spring and fall '35 and editor spring '36. Besides being president of Beta Phi Gamma, she held memberships in Alpha Mu Gamma and International Relations Club.

PHYLLIS PAYNE

Phil is a member of International Relations Club, Chez Nous, and Writers Club. As one of our "better brains" she is secretary-treasurer of Alpha Mu Gamma. Her favorite greeting is "Have I collected for the field-trip?"

SOPHOMORES

BETTY RHODES

Rhodesie is our Student Body President—the kind but firm type. The world at large claims much of her mind as she is Student Advisor (president to you) of the International Relations Club and delegate to the Japanese-American Student Conference '35.

VIRGINIA PIERSON

Virginia will be holding hands sometime in the near future—she aspires to be a nurse and has started her future by being an active member of the Science Club, as well as the German Club. She played Miss Pinney in "Elmer".

MARGARET TOLLENAAR

The first of the famous Tollenaar sisters to attend the Hall, Margaret has established a family tradition for good humor and splendid cooperation. Good going, Toll!

JUNE von der HELLEN

Activities have it! An active member of Las Leales, the International Relations Club, Von is also noted as an actress in "Little Prison" and "Quality Street". She is recording secretary of Writers Club and was a delegate to the Eugene Student Conference.

IDA WILLIAMS

Ida, the quiet, smiling and hard-working Chez Nous member is one of our best sophomore sales customers. Her droll sense of humor has helped to enliven many a gathering within these walls.

MARY CAROL ZANDER

Carol, the class president, has had enough work to grey ten heads, but she carried it off in a big way. Member of the fencing team, a Student Councilman, vice-president of International Relations Club, secretary of Chez Nous, she was also chairman of the freshman dance and member of Alpha Mu Gamma.



CLASS OF JANUARY, 1937



ELLEN SMITH

Ellen, one of our better ad chasers, has been both prexy and secretary of International Relations Club, a member of Alpha Mu Gamma, and can tell you "much of a muchness" about political science.



VIRGINIA SOMMERSETT

The class scientist, Sommersett is president of Curie, and a swell fossil chaser. As a contrast to this activity, she is a member of International Relations Club.



KIYOKO TSUBOI

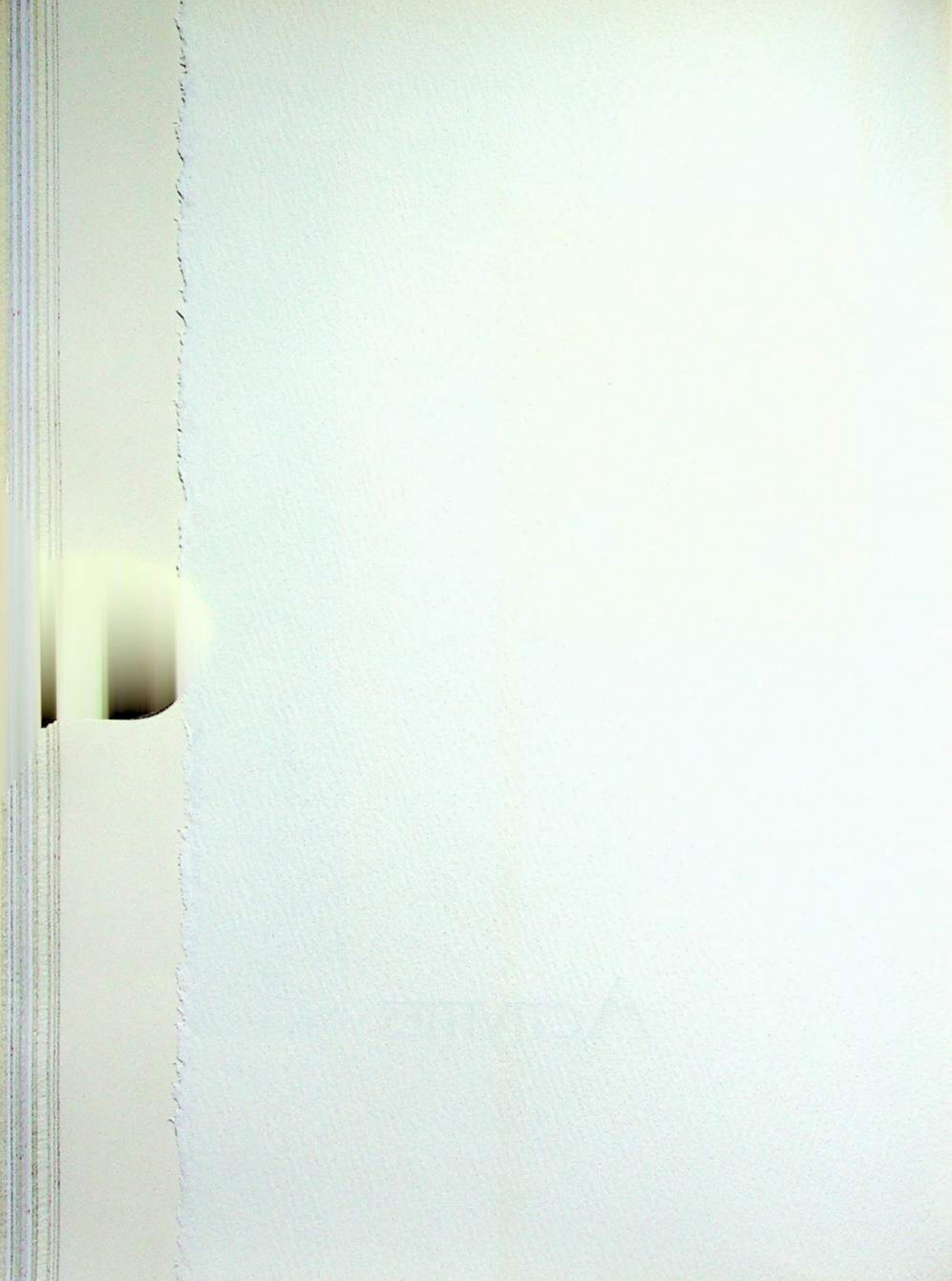
"Koko" finds music the answer to her dreams, but she is also an International Relations enthusiast, having been "deported" to three conferences as our delegate.

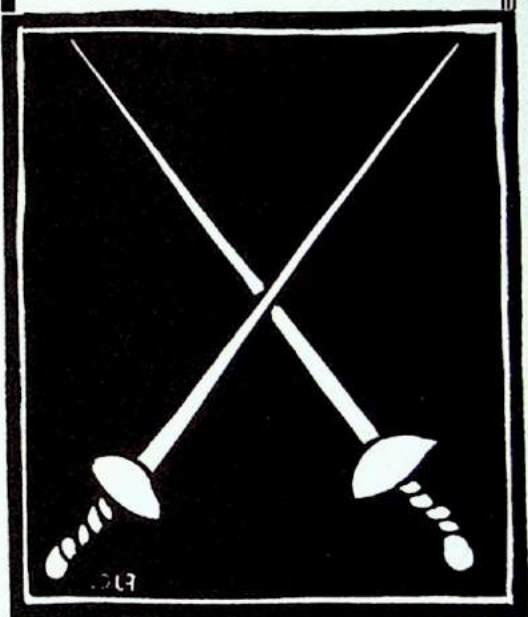


ANITA YOUNT

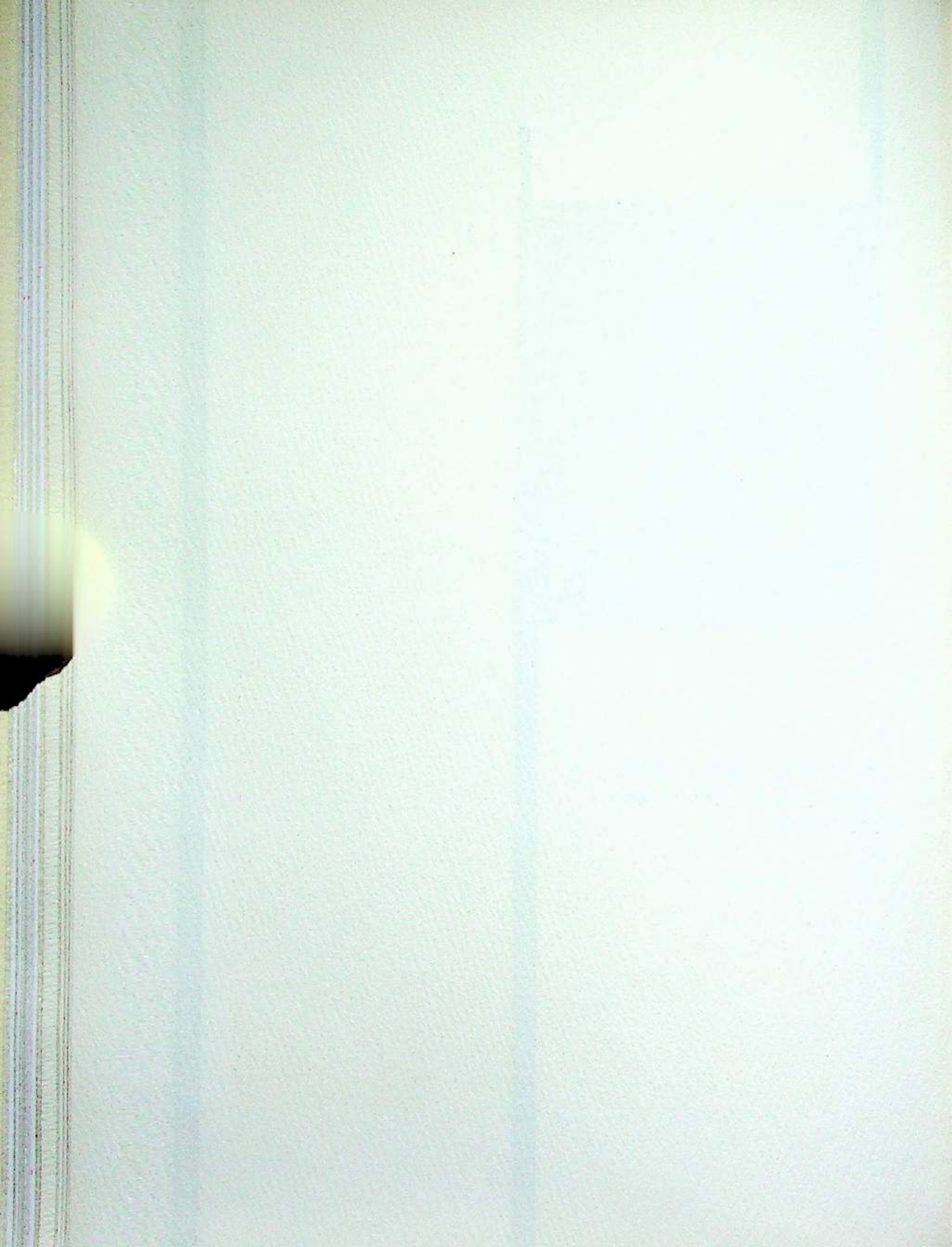
Nicky has been the sweet tooth salesman for the past year as well as her more intellectual positions as president of the French Club, and member of Alpha Mu Gamma, Writers Club, and International Relations Club.

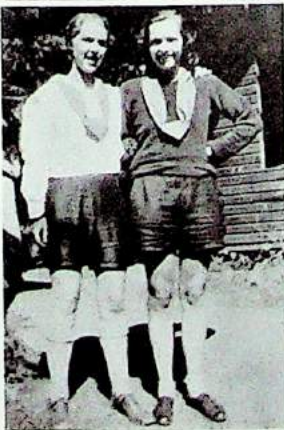
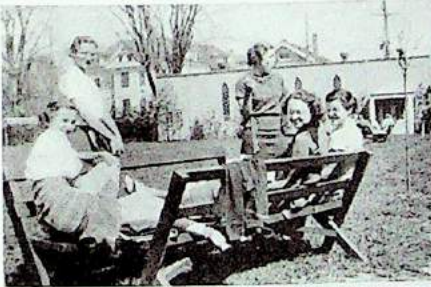
ACTIVITIES





A thousand small melodies
woven into the beat of each
day's rhythm . . .





SCINTILLA STAFF



Seated: Lincoln, Johnson, Burras.
Standing: Berg, von der Hellen, Hegeberg, Joyce, Topping, Smith, Catton.

EDITOR

Marian Johnson

BUSINESS MANAGER

Doris Lincoln

STAFF

Literary.....	Barbara Burras
Art.....	Phoebe Jane Catton
Activities.....	June von der Hellen
Advertising.....	Doris Lincoln, manager Ellen Smith
Subscriptions.....	Betty Joyce

The Scintilla staff wishes to acknowledge the cooperation of Ellen Topping, Irene Hegeberg, and Lillian Berg, advertising; Edith Kohlhase and Kathleen Hoyt, senior photography; and Phyllis Hall, senior copy.

HALL TREE STAFF



Seated: Parks, Kellogg.
Standing: Joyce, Johnson Oswald, Hall, Topping, Berg, Hintzen, Sylvester, Hegeberg, Lincoln, McCarter.

Editor Fall—Patricia Kellogg
Spring—Jean Parks

Assistant editors Fall—Doris Lincoln
Jean Parks
Spring—Lillian Berg
Irene Hegeberg

Faculty Advisor Gertrude Houk Fariss

Monday:

Lay abed with much pleasure looking over this morning's Hall Tree, a very fine paper, indeed, I think, it being filled with tidbits greatly to my liking.

It did make me ponder on the first Hall Tree started by Barbara Mayer and Jane Elton and so small was it that I could read it in the time I can sit on a hot radiator. This year it being larger, the staff do worke long and laboriously at their journalism.

—v. d. H.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



Standing: Hoyt, Dunham, Zander, McGinty, Smith, Karnopp, Joyce.
Seated: Chambers, Guthrie, Tackett, Cutler.

Betty Joyce, sophomore Basketball, chairman
Sally Guthrie, freshman Basketball
Betty Karnopp, sophomore Tennis
Eileen Smith, freshman Tennis
Charlotte Chambers, sophomore . . . Volleyball
Vilate Tackett, freshman Volleyball
Kay Hoyt, sophomore Archery
Hazel Dunham, freshman Archery
Mary Carol Zander, sophomore . . . Fencing
Janet Cutler, sophomore Tumbling

Excerpts from the Journal of a Sports Enthusiast

Basketball

By coach to St. Helen's Hall where it did please me mightily to see the college basketball team with the help of four rooters trounce Marylhurst 19 to 18. The success did give me a pleasant glow like unto that after the college did win from the high school by the handsome score of 25 to 24. Having followed the games most particularly, I was interested to hear it publicly declared that Betty Joyce, captain, and Betty Henkle, Jean Langille, and Edith Kohlhase will all be given a second award. Those which by their hard endeavor did gain a first award letter are Betty Karnopp, Eileen Smith, Sallie Guthrie, Byrl Browne, and Laddie Green.

Tennis

Up and to work and then spent all afternoon at the tennis court to watch the matches they do play thereon very earnestly these fine, warm days. They are playing off a ladder which does include almost every girl in college and so furious do they play I am weak with excitement as to which of them will win.

Interpretive Dancing

After lunch at my usual club I did stop in to witness through a window the flutterings of the lithe college maids. This new sport doth make me very merrie; they do say it falls under the head of interpretive dancing and is one of the more creative arts: it does create in me a certain disconcertment, to say the least.

Archery

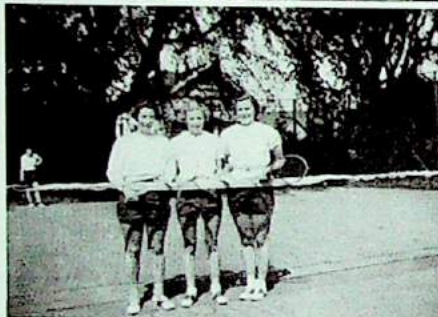
Of an afternoon it mightily pleases me to see the girls practise the olde art of archery. It doth make me reminisce on Robin Hood when I watch Kay Hoyt and Hazel Dunham, the freshman representative, always shooting for the small black circle in the middle. I do think the blue much the prettier color.

Deck Tennis

After a hard day at the office I do enjoy watching the maidens on the grassy college lea taking on rounds of deck tennis. They, too, are playing off a ladder and do busily keep the miniature tire flying across the net for many an hour.

Fencing

Up and to spend a morning watching the merrie fencers clash foils, but learn they discontinued the ancient sport at the beginning of spring term which seemeth to me a great pity.



BASKETBALL SCORES

St. Helen's Hall High School.....	35	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	14
Grant High.....	22	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	20
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Reed.....	30	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	10
Marylhurst.....	18	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	19
Pacific.....	57	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	20
Reed.....	48	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	26
St. Helen's Hall High School.....	24	St. Helen's Hall Junior College.....	25

QUALITY STREET



CAST

Phoebe Throssel	Catherine Adam
Miss Susan Throssel	Phoebe Jane Catton
Miss Willoughby	June von der Hellen
Miss Fanny Willoughby	Alda Lehman
Miss Henrietta Turnbull	Ruth Kaiser
Patty	Betty Joyce
Valentine Brown	Allison Van Antwerp
Recruiting Sergeant	Sally Guthrie
Charlotte	Irene Hegeberg
Ensign Blades	Marian Johnson
Isabella	Janet Cutler
Arthur	Mary Helen Pruitt
William	Lillian Judge
Harriet	Elizabeth Adams
Spicer	Anita Yount
Old Soldier	Lisbeth Dodson
Gallant	Lois Sylvester
Dancers at the Ball	Ruth Tollenaar, Phyllis Packard, Grace Natwick, Janet Cutler, Mary Helen Pruitt, Sally Guthrie

PRODUCTION STAFF

Assistant Directors	Ruth Tollenaar, Mary Helen Pruitt
Business Manager	Sally Guthrie
Costumes	Phyllis Packard, Madelyn Ward
Properties	Lois Sylvester, Janet Cutler, Irene Hegeberg
Music	Lisbeth Dodson
Lighting	Allison Van Antwerp
Settings	Alda Lehman, Phoebe Jane Catton, Catherine Adam

DELTA PSI OMEGA



Seated: Adam, Johnson, Euwer, McCarter.
Standing: Burras, van Antwerp, Tollenaar, Catton, von der Hellen, Pruitt.

OFFICERS

President.....	Marian Johnson
Vice-President.....	Catherine Adam
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Barbara Burras
Faculty Advisor.....	Ruby-Page Euwer

Friday:

To the Theatre this evening and thence to drop in on Delta Psi Omega to hear the members discourse on drama, which seemeth to be their favorite subject.

They do declare they enjoy hugely their meetings at the members' homes and their ceremonious initiations at Mrs. Euwer's domicile, at which they did take into the brotherhood four new members.

—v. d. H.

BETA PHI GAMMA



Seated: Kellogg, Parks, Fariss, Lincoln.
Standing: Sylvester, Hegeberg, Topping, Berg, Oswald.

OFFICERS

President Jean Parks
Treasurer Patricia Kellogg
Faculty Advisor Gertrude Houk Fariss

Tuesday:

Up and busy all morning at the library and thence to stop in at Beta Phi Gamma which does clatter with typewriters and smack of ink.

It did promote Cotton Opening under the presidency of Jean Parks, besides every week sending articles to a newspaper out Peninsula way.

They did initiate five new members and give luncheons in honor of various speakers, and did help the Hall Tree mightily.

—v. d. H.

ALPHA MU GAMMA



First row: Dodson, Burras, Lincoln, McCarter, Chambers.
Second row: Payne, Kellogg, Parks, Yount, Zander, Walsh, Smith.

OFFICERS

President.....	Barbara Burras
Vice-President.....	Charlotte Chambers
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Phyllis Payne
Faculty Advisor.....	Dr. Lelia Walsh

Wednesday:

Up at break of day to be trimmed and polished for the Alpha Mu Gamma initiation this evening, it being formed of the best students from each of the language clubs which I did visit only last week.

At Chez Nous I did find myself in a dither trying to keep up, so fast do the members speake French. It is most enjoyable to hear them, and with much kindness they did helpe me mightily in deciphering some menus, which I had been having trouble with the while.

Thence to Las Leales where they do serve such handsome chili con carne and do talk very pleasing el Castellano. They did invite me to Everglades with them where I did sleep little but did play greatly at ping-pong, and learn of Mexico from Dr. Walsh.

—v. d. H.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB



First row: Lincoln, Walker, McCarter, Smith, Rhodes, Tsuboi, Hoover, Zander.
Second row: Berg, Parks, Bennett, Chambers, Flower, Yount.
Third row: Kellogg, Sommersett, von der Hellen, Payne.

OFFICERS

President	Fall—Betty Rhodes Spring—Ellen Smith
Secretary-Treasurer	Fall—Ellen Smith Spring—Kiyoko Tsuboi
Editor	Fall—Jean Parks Spring—Charlotte Chambers
Faculty Advisor	Esther Christensen Walker

Thursday:

Up early and in the afternoon off to the International Relations Club for two cups of coffee, that being only five cents, and a chat with the student advisor and the numerous delegates which the club is continually deporting to conferences. They do enlighten me much on world problems, being members of the Carnegie Endowment for Peace.

They did promote sales, give luncheons for guest speakers, and otherwise did keep in touch with Europe and the registrar.

—v. d. H.

CURIE CLUB



Seated: Pettibone, Lehman, Wester, Pierson, Bahrs.
Standing: Henkle, Nordean, Vaillencourt, Langille, Wassell, Des Brisay, Cutler, Payne, Bucks, Sommersett.

OFFICERS

President.....	Fall—Ellean Hoover Spring—Virginia Sommersett
Vice-President.....	Byrl Browne
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Fall—Jean Langille Spring—Beverly Bucks
Faculty Advisor.....	Dr. Alice Bahrs

Wednesday:

Up betimes and off to the Curie Club, whence there was much bustle and excitement over the escape of the livestock—four frogs.

The members did acquaint me with the fact that they have been investigating the effects of a meat diet upon the Planarian worms, for which I felt not at all sorry, they seeming to enjoy the attention hugely. Dr. Bahrs did seem very happy over the experiments and did have the reports presented at the Willamette Valley Scientific Conference April last.

—v. d. H.

WRITERS CLUB



Seated: Payne, von der Hellen, Hall, Mayer, Wisdom.
Standing: Yount, Burras, McCoy, Berg, Lincoln.

OFFICERS

Executive Secretary.....Marian Johnson
Recording Secretary.....June von der Hellen
Faculty Advisor.....Florence Thomson McCoy

Sunday:

Up, to church, and in the evening did off to the Writers Club to talke with the Student Advisor and other such sparks of originality.

I do like immensely to hear the members read their works at the club and discuss them with much gusto. Astonishing what fine pieces the girls do turn out from their pens.

Anon they do eat and pass a pleasant houre chatting together.

—v. d. H.

UNDERCLASSMEN



First row: Guthrie, Geneste, Judge, Kirby, Kaser, Canon.
 Second row: Browne, Flower, Harding, Bernham, Hintzen, Knott, Hegeberg.
 Third row: Adams, Holloway, Des Brisay, Catlow, Dunham, Allen.
 Fourth row: Dillehunt, Bucks, Hall, Chenowith, Green, Cahill, Lehman, Hoover, Berg.



First row: Wester, West, Wassel, Sylvester, Topping, Wisdom, Tackett, Ward, Pruitt, Vaillencourt.
 Second row: Thomas, Richardson, Thomas, McPherson, Smith, van Antwerp, Stratton.
 Third row: Shaw, Oswald, Porter, Tollenaar, Victors, Mullen, Parrish, Stone.

The Top O' the Mornin' to Ye

- Sept. 10—Sure, 'tis a fine thing to be back with that super feelin' of bein' a sophomore at last.
- Sept. 25—Bedad, I do be thinkin' it's an obedient student body we're goin' to have, with Sally Guthrie elected Sergeant-at-Arms at our first meetin' of the year.
- Oct. 2—The first of the 'get-to-gether's' of the year—'twas an elegant evenin' we were after havin'.
- Oct. 11—Sure, 'twas a grand time the freshmen seemed to be havin' at the informal dance in their honor tonight.
- Oct. 23—A most interestin' woman is Mary Cullen, who told us the fascinations of "Vocational Home Economics as a Career for Women".
- Nov. 6—The freshmen it is who are givin' the get-to-gether now, with Eileen Smith in charge of the highly extraordinary rendition of "Julius Caesar". Earlier in the day 'twas hearin' we were from Quincy Scott of the Oregonian that cartoonin' is "5% inspiration and 95% perspiration". Most intriguin'.
- Nov. 12—One of the sadder days of our existence—'tis mid-term grades are out.
- Nov. 27—"Cherchez-the-man!" is our motto, for tonight the Pilgrim Prom is bein' held, and the decorations do be lookin' scrumptious.
- Dec. 4—'Tis all for goin' to China I am, after hearin' Mrs. Stanley Chin talk on "The status of women in China".
- Dec. 10—Me mother and me did be havin' the pleasin' afternoon together at the Mother-Daughter tea in the lower school.
- Dec. 20—Sure, I am after thinkin' that the Christmas formal at Waverly Country Club is one of the grandest events of all. 'Tis the right way to start off the holidays by dancin'.
- Dec. 24—Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la. Our carollin' is sure the way to be feelin' that Christmas is really here and that Santa will be cmon' in the mornin'.
- Jan. 15—Mrs. E. D. Kahler was after givin' us a fine talk on the work of the American Association of University Women.
- Jan. 27—Ah, the trials and tribulations of a college student—life was goin' so smoothly and then along came finals.
- Jan. 30—'Tis but a duet the members of the graduatin' class can be singin' for they do be consistin' of Marjorie Steele and Ellean Hoover, and nary another.
- Feb. 14—A happy Valentine's Day! Everyone was certainly lookin' gay at the dance this eve, as was the lower school with hearts hangin' everywhere about the walls and ceilin's.

« « SHHJC » »

- Feb. 19—It's thinkin' I am maybe I should be bein' a lawyer after hearin' Gladys Everett discuss "Law and Politics as a Career for Women" in assembly.
- Feb. 24—The drama to the fore! Ruby-Page Euwer presented the department in four one-act plays. Tsk! Maybe 'tis the drama I should be goin' in for.
- Mar. 4—And then again maybe 'tis music! Frederick W. Goodrich has the most fascinatin' way of tellin' the "Backgrounds of Opera from Beginning to the Present".
- Mar. 10—Never let it be said that the Junior College is unaware of opportunity. The opening of the opera season does be seein' numerous students as supers carryin' mirrors, milady's trains and such, and so beginneth a career.
- Mar. 18—More culture along musical lines with the W.P.A. band turnin' out some very special things that we were after enjoyin' muchly.
- Mar. 25—'Tis a tizzy the school is in concernin' the interpretation of Martha Graham's dance creations.
- Apr. 1—To be remembered as the day of the flat pocketbook—student body dues were due with a vengeance.
- Apr. 8—Everybody is lookin' most beauteous in the frocks for Cotton Opening.
- Apr. 13—Silver gleamin' everywhere as the library gave its second birthday party—a silver tea. Bedad, the birthday-cake was an elegant concoction.
- Apr. 15—A special assembly with Professor Odessa Sterling doin' things at the piano.
- Apr. 24—Sure, the campus will never look the same after this for we have been weedin' with much gusto—it bein' Campus Day.
- May 8—The International Club Sport Dance in the gym—and not more than five fur coats and one galosh were after bein' visible.
- May 6—'Twas loud and long was the applause tonight for the big production of the year, "Quality Street".
- May 13—All Hail our beautiful Queen Lisbeth! The traditional Athletic Association Carnival and a big success it was.
- May 29—Off to the Town Club to celebrate our final fling—the Sophomore Prom.
- May 31—A day of traditions. Baccalaureate Sunday with services at Trinity Church, luncheon at school, distribution of "Scintillas" and in the evening the Torchlight Procession.
- June 2—Commencement—'tis time to be sayin' goodbye and good luck to us all.

Your lovin' cousin,

Tillie O'Toole.

LITERARY



"His joy was young, his sorrow was young, and young was his song." . . . The rhythms of youth and the rhythms of creation . . .



Fantasia

Now it is winter with the sweet sigh of rain brushing the brown leaves that cluster beneath the low-growing pine tree, whispering to itself in the dark quiet.

Inside, there is wood burning crisply in the fireplace, and a clock ticking on the mantle, and a still red candle burning serenely near a bowl of green holly, thick-set with berries.

Faraway, a piano is softly sounding yearning melancholy.

The shadows thrown by the restless firelight are ever changing on the walls, with the holly boldly magnified, its pointed shadows held silent by the steady-burning candle.

Softly, slowly, falls the rain; slowly so as not to wake too soon the dormant trees whose branches even now are tingling with returning life.

Raindrops, falling on the grass, slip down to gently touch the sleeping crocus.

Patter, patter—faster now the shower falls; lower, lower burns the fire. The piano's aching melancholy has ceased and now there is only the gentle sparking of a dying fire.

Dying slowly, yearning, pleading for more life. Yet no one heeds.

The girl, dreaming there before the fire—dreaming of one so fair and strong the ebbing fire cannot hope to wake her.

Can she not hear it calling? "I am dying! See, these last few flames cannot give light much longer. Girl, listen!"

But no, only the candle hears, serene and proud, with the admiring holly crowding round.

Ah yes, you must die, fire. But do not grieve, for you have fulfilled your life. These last few hours you have lulled the room till now it is asleep. Only the clock and the candle are yet alive.

But peace. The candle will not see the dawn, and the clock has not warmed the hearts of men as you.

Flame, you pant. Is it painful to die thus in the stillness? But think of other things—of the days when your green branches lashed the sky in an angry wind and sang in a dusky breeze. And was it not sweet to drink long of spring rain?

Fire, you can no longer speak. Your last tired flame is dark, and yet you glow. Can you hear the rain falling now that you are still?

Listen . . . it is whispering something . . . it is a whisper of returning life. Soon the yellow crocus will bloom, and the pink daphne will enchant the air with its sweetness.

Aching embers, glowing softly, already I miss your cheerful flames. See how dark it is. The shadows are still and there is a coldness in the room.

Glow gently, embers. See, I have stilled the clock, and presently I will blow out the proud candle and leave you unwatched to breathe your last.

—June von der Hellen.

Love Song of a Prudent Person

I tried to bend the shadows when you left
Into some form I dreamed might still be you;
But cold winds rushing from your swiftness did not lie,
And candles breathing hard announced it true.
I could have followed, knowing your distrust
Of those who fear the solitary room;
I could have ventured hate, and thoughtless gone
Running behind you in the welcome gloom.

Dark transient thoughts raged wildly in my brain
But stormy impulse died. The morning sky
Found me relaxed to pleasant sorrowing—
Love seemed so much to risk for moment's gain.
And now your absence only means that I
Will be alone when lilacs come again this spring.

—Jean Parks.

Death

When I am dead, know this:
I shall have died—not once,
But many times before this death.
Finding immortal beauty, I have tried
To keep from you that sudden loss of breath
I feel sometimes when at your side.

—Jean Parks

Youth

"The Gate is closed," I hear them say.
"You must not try to find the way;
You are too young to go alone."
What do they care?
I am my own; I shall not wait.
(They do not know, but once before
I found the key and forced the Gate.)

One crinkly path leads down a morning hill—
Wrinkled from looking at too many suns.

—Jean Parks.

Ariel

He wrote the play that had kept him company the lonely winter night when he first saw her. The play that had whispered to him while he watched her across the shining footlights from his dark seat out front. He wrote the play so that he might see her standing there, tall and fragile in a yellow frock enhanced by magic of lights.

At last, he could see her as he had thought of her for—oh, it seemed such a long time! There she was, her slender form half-turned from the audience as she gazed through the evening dusk at the lights of the city below. Leaning against the brown curtain with one slim hand holding the soft fold, she seemed to him a dream of beauty, something that his inner eye had pictured. For a moment he was afraid this vision would vanish. But no, she was real.

It almost hurt him to trace the pale line of her finely modeled profile. The pallor of the wide forehead, the soft sweep of the dusky lashes, the thoughtful curve of red lips—he etched them in his memory. Never could he forget.

Now, slowly and with artistic grace, she turned to face the dull blue light, her dark hair swept simply back, free to curl near the smooth shoulders. He noticed the corsage of jonquils nestled near the white throat, "God, she's lovely," he murmured as if in prayer.

He didn't care if the lights were fading as he looked at her face, for he remembered each feature. He knew how her blue eyes looked when they were shadowed with sadness; the poignant sorrow that had filled them once had haunted him day and night.

She pressed a tiny handkerchief against those expressive eyes; she bent her head. Touched by the forlorn appearance of the figure on the stage, he watched her with wet eyes while the light changed to protective shadows that enclosed her as the curtain fell.

—Lillian Berg, '37.

The Torch Bearer

I lit my torch from yours,
And, pleased, you smiled at me,
For that was what you wished
No longer am I free.
You then blew out your flame
And left me holding mine;
My torch with vigor burns
Though fed no more by thine;
Not even your chill voice
May damp my pain-fed fire,
And though my fingers burn
The flame leaps higher . . . higher . . .

—Phyllis Hall.

The Way of All Women

Toby ran, Toby skipped, Toby hopped, and clutched a shiny nickel in his hand. His eager legs bore his body along triumphantly; excitement tickled his ribs, trilled up through his throat, and left a dizzy sensation on his palate, before tumbling from his lips in a series of "oh's" and "ah's". Never before, in all his five years, had he been given a nickel all his own, to be spent as he pleased. Grandpa, to be sure, had given him pennies, one at a time; and Dad had given him lots of nickels for the Sunday School collection. But to have one all his own! Toby squealed at the very thought till his plump cheeks tingled with anticipation . . . anticipation for a chocolate cat. He'd wanted one for so long! No wonder Toby skipped, and Toby hopped with the lightness of thistledown buoyant on a summer breeze until finally he stood before the candy counter, his face imprinted with indecision. On the top shelf prance the chocolate cats . . . six in all . . . their tails straight as broomsticks. And directly in front of them, to Toby's amazement, marched six stalwart chocolate soldiers. For a moment, Toby's "ruddy drop of manly blood" rose to the surface. "A chocolate soldier, please," he almost said. But a last-moment look at the prancing cats made him hesitate. Somehow, just thinking of his coveted cat, he grew lonely. Peter Tabbie, he was going to call it, because he had once had a chocolate Peter Rabbit. For a whole day Peter Tabbie was to sit on his dresser; then the next day, with due solemnity, he would perform the sacrificial rite . . . just as he had done with Peter Rabbit. "A chocolate cat, please," he almost said, but another look at the chocolate soldiers stopped him.

"Did you wish something?" asked the clerk with tolerant amusement.

"Yes," began Toby, "a chocolate . . ." But the important word wouldn't come.

"Lo, Toby," came a cordial, provocatively giggling voice. Anne Dawson always managed to trail Toby in the candy shop, though she seldom bothered to find him elsewhere.

Toby grunted. Then he began . . . as gallantly as a chocolate soldier . . . "Anne, would you buy a soldier or a chocolate cat?"

"But, Toby," stammered the flattered Anne, much impressed, "they're a nickel, aren't they?"

"Yes," admitted the proud Toby, exhibiting his nickel.

"Oh, Toby," replied Anne, her disturbed poise returning, "I like butter balls best. And you get ten of them for a nickel."

—Phyllis Payne.

Dress Rehearsal

Veronica was in a dither. Veronica is my wife, and to put it mildly, she's deeply interested in the theatre. It was due to her efforts that a Little Theatre Movement was started in San Fernando, B. W. I. She had good reason for being jittery this particular evening, because it was dress rehearsal for "Twelfth Night". There's a time-worn tradition in the theatre that a bad dress rehearsal always means a good show, but even that old bromide couldn't keep Veronica from worrying.

Well, I finally got her calmed down enough to get her into the carriage along with all the costumes we had just finished dyeing and drying for the show, and off we went.

Unfortunately, half-way up the last hill the traces broke and the carriage rolled sickeningly down-hill until it bumped into a wall. The coachman came bounding down from his box to ask for a piece of stout twine with which to mend the broken traces, but Nicky just smiled wanly and said she thought we'd walk. So off we trudged into the tropic night, the two of us, loaded down with farthingales, stiff, heavy costumes, boxes of shoe-buckles, and more than a few of those absolutely unmanageable, wired lace collars that belonged to the costumes of the ladies-in-waiting.

It seemed as if we walked endless miles through the dark, oppressive night before we finally reached the lighted lawn in front of Government House. The set was in place, and Mr. Titmouse (pronounced Tims) was fiddling with the lights when we came up. Mr. Titmouse is the director of the San Fernando Players, and one of Nicky's proteges. As I looked up at him just then, standing in front of the switchboard in his paint-smeared yellow smock, intently poking switches on and off, he looked awfully funny, and for all I was so hot and tired, I couldn't help smiling. At that moment, his professional dignity was nil. There was a smudge of red grease paint across his temple and a tuft of crepe hair clung to his damp cheek; his hair hung limp and lank from a never-before-noticed centre part, and he was busily engaged snapping switches with one hand and swatting mosquitoes with the other.

Well, the moment Mr. Titmouse saw us, he made a dash in our direction and hurried Nicky off to the make-up tent. There was nothing for me to do but stand in the middle of the stage and call loudly for Props to come and relieve me of my burden. Then I collapsed thankfully on a bench and closed my eyes for one little minute. I was just beginning to enjoy this well-earned relaxation when Nicky called me to help with make-up. (They had told me that was an easy job; and, because, as Veronica's husband, I was expected to help somewhere, I had decided to do make-ups.) From then on, for the next hour and ten minutes, I didn't have a moment to myself. The tent was filled with a babble of voices. Everybody was pushing and shoving. They all wanted to use the mirror

at the same time. When you consider my lack of experience, the noise and confusion, the jostling, and the frequent urgings to hurry, the results were not half bad. But all these things had to be considered before one could come to that conclusion. I admit I had a little trouble with C. Gordon Huntley's beard. It just wouldn't stick at first, but I fixed it. It stuck all right when I got through with it. It seems he wore most of it to bed that night.

At last everyone was dressed and made-up, and rehearsal began. As always happens, people went up on lines in the most unexpected places. Even at this late date, Mrs. Hearn was still calling for, "Line", and saying quite loudly when she couldn't remember, "Oh, fish!" And young Keith Kirby was still snapping his fingers and saying, "Ah—er, Ah—er," when his cue came for his important plot speech in Act II. But it was Kitty Leighton who really got Nicky worried. Kitty had been holding script off-stage during the show, and came on in the last act, unconscious of the prompt book in her hand, and with a package of cigarettes tucked in the bosom of her low-necked Elizabethan frock.

"She's just as apt as not to do that tomorrow night," wailed Nicky, as the curtains came jerkily together, "and if she does, I'll just die!"

Before I could offer a comforting tweed shoulder to cry on, Mrs. Hearn appeared under the lights in a pale gold satin formal that accented most alarmingly the unusual purplish colour of her arms and back. For an instant I was too shocked to comprehend quite what was the matter, and then I suddenly realized that the dye had come off the costume because of the rather more than usual heat. Nicky should have told me beforehand to set the colour in salt baths instead of berating me then and there in front of everybody. Mr. Titmouse happened along just in time to prevent a scene; and though I can't seem to like the fellow, try as I will, I must admit it was thanks to him, we got Nicky home before anything else happened. The last thing I remember was sitting down on the stairs to unlace my shoes.

—Barbara Burras.

Modern Living

Not very many years ago, the education of even the most highly privileged was comprised entirely of what is known as "pure knowledge". Theory was all-important; the necessity for putting it into practise was overlooked.

We of today are wiser. One of our contemporaries has defined education as "learning how to live". We realize the futility of knowledge without usefulness.

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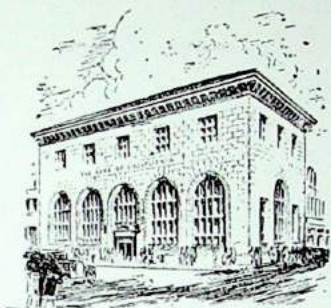
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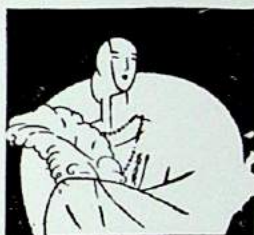
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