


The Scintilla

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN



Gertrude Hawk Fariss



Scintilla

ST. HELEN'S HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE
PORTLAND, OREGON – VOLUME XV

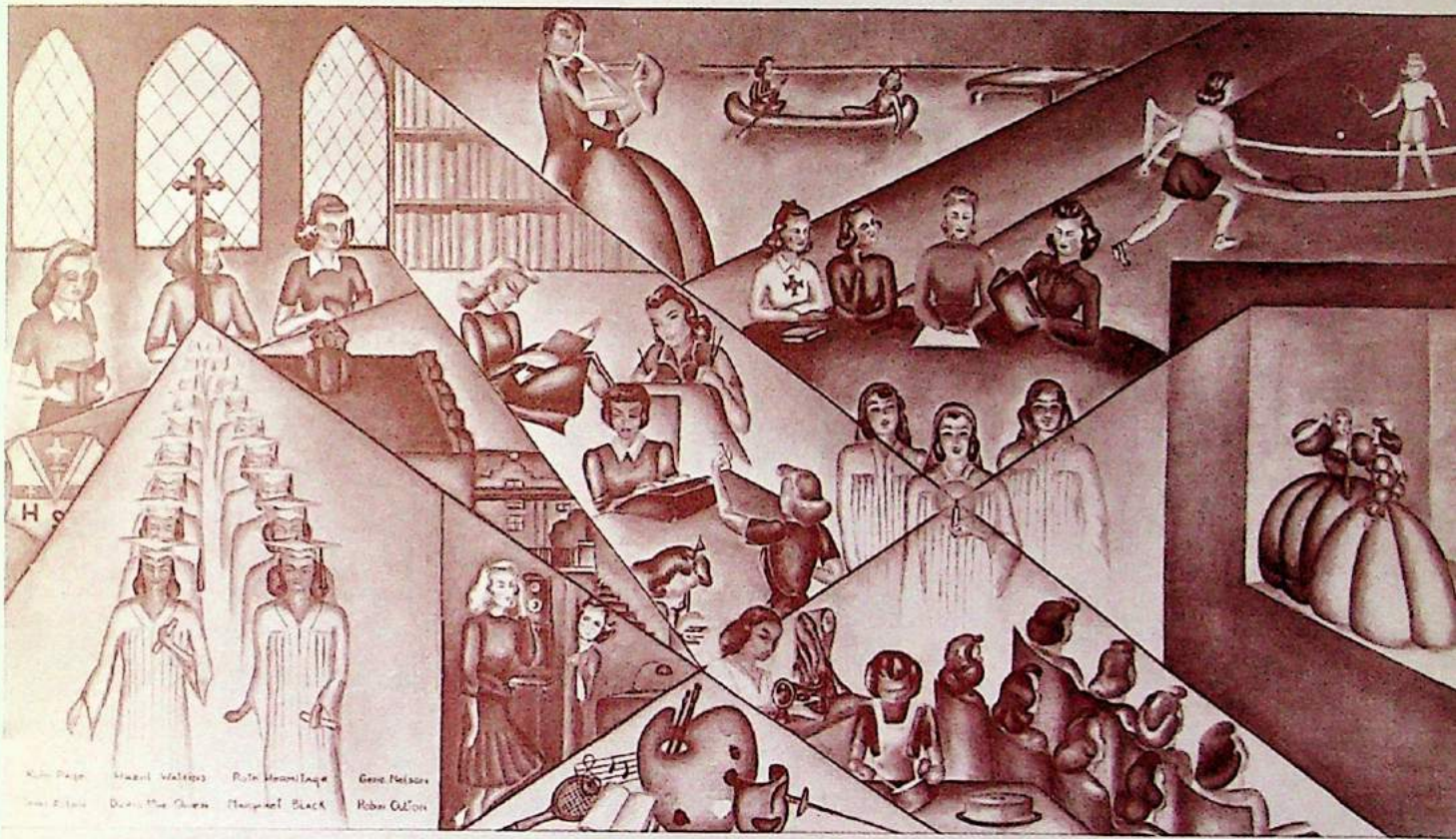
Onward, ever onward, guide our
 footsteps sure,

To that land of promise,
Shrine of ideals pure.

Crown our brows with glory,
Ever striving youth,

God who lives eternal,
Fill our hearts with truth,

God who lives eternal,
Fill our hearts with truth.



Kim Page Hazel Watkins Ruth Manning Gene Nelson
 Carol Egan Doris McQueen Margaret Black Robyn O'Leary

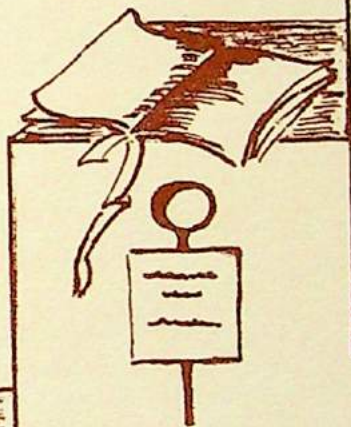
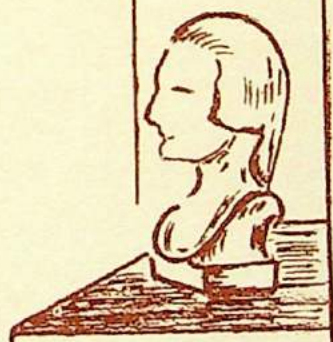


In the beginning was an idea . . . it grew in the minds of two women. It walked with them, lived with them, and lingered in their dreams until at last it materialized in the lives of hundreds upon hundreds of girls. Steadily it pushed onward and ever onward, gathering unto itself traditions rich in sentiment, associations invaluable in meaning, ideals which could never be lightly discarded. One of those who had shared the first vision was to see only the form taking shape before she passed into a dream not of time nor of the earth. To the second passed a large part of the trust . . .

We who have known her, studied under her, shared her ideals, realize the privilege of claiming her as educator, comrade, friend; for to know her is to love her, to study under her is to pass through a newly-opened door into the brightness of magic worlds, to share her ideals is to elevate life to its richest and most enduring values . . .

It is with humility, respect, gratitude, and abiding love that we dedicate this Scintilla to Gertrude Houk Fariss, assuring her that all she has made of St. Helen's Hall Junior College will live in us, and in those who have gone before us, always, guiding us evermore surely "to that land of promise" whose intimations we first sensed through her at the college which was her trust . . .

Faculty



Guide

Our

Footsteps Sure



THE DEAN'S MESSAGE

To the Class of 1947 . . .

May your years at the Hall have brought you understanding — the knowledge that our lives are not patterned by the circumstances and events which enter into them. They are determined, rather, by the manner in which we receive these experiences; by our point of view concerning them; by the intelligence and honesty, the courage and the idealism which we apply to the living of them.

But this wish of mine for you is more than a desire for your future growth; it is a conviction of your present achievement. This past year has been a testing time — and you have measured well. This was a year which might, as we looked back upon it Commencement night, have been a year of dismal lack of fulfillment or one of glorious and soul-satisfying climax. To your lasting credit, it has been the latter. There has never been a moment's faltering in your determination that everything in the year's activity should reach the apex of all that we have always wanted it to be. I am deeply and lastingly proud of you.

Although this is a message to the graduating class, I know that not a sophomore would want me to refrain from paying tribute to a fine and loyal freshman class. Never has a class more readily or more speedily caught the spirit of the Hall, and never have freshmen shown greater evidence of loyalty and devotion to the "Standards of St. Helen's Hall". And not a student, Sophomore or Freshman, but would want to join with me in paying tribute to the most capable, understanding, and devoted Faculty that any college could have.

My final wish for you who are graduates is that you may apply to every problem and to every situation that life offers you the zest, determination, courage, and steadfastness of which you have given such manifold evidence during the year. Holding fast to these qualities, you cannot fail to progress unflinchingly, "Onward, ever onward". My heart will be with you.

Gertrude Houk Fariss



ESTHER E. BURCH
Registrar and Director of the Dormitory



JANET EASTERDAY
Secretarial Science and Comptroller



DOROTHY CLIFFORD
Drama and Written English



FERNE MISNER EPLER
Music Appreciation and Chorus



DANIEL T. HELMS
Biological Sciences



KENNETH E. JOHNSON
Social Science and Literature



VIRGINIA L. LANDQUIST
Physical Sciences, Nutrition, and Foods



LUCEIL MORROW OSBOLD
Librarian and Director of Guidance



SIDNEY PHILLIPS
Social Science and French



DONNA PRIEST
Personal Development

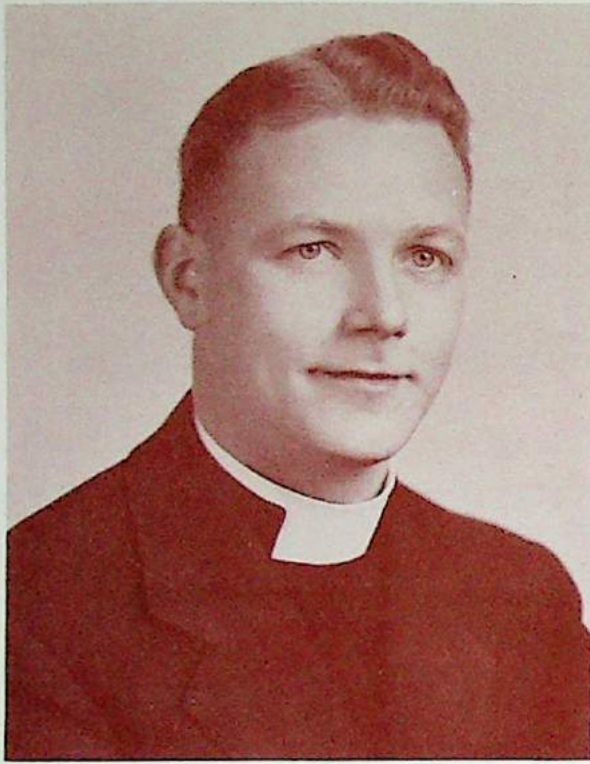


DOROTHY McPHERSON ROY
Art and Clothing



JANET WOOD SODERBERG
Physical Education Director





Dear Graduates:

It is my privilege to congratulate the Graduating Class of 1947. It is with mixed emotions that you, the last class to graduate from St. Helen's Hall Junior college, are sent on to further learning and experience. We believe that you are ready. We believe, however, that there are other things that you must remember besides the learning which you have received here. You will always remember the Hall through the friends you have gained. All will be alumnae, united by common memories and experiences. Keep alive those friendships you have formed during your years at the Hall, because, as you advance in years, those with whom you can reminisce over common experiences will be more valued.

Remember the Christian religion, which, when truly presented, encourages the increase of knowledge and good learning. Take an active part in the work of some Christian church, remembering that it is important to develop your minds only because you have souls.

The Lord be with you. Amen.

Sincerely,

The Reverend L. Franklin Evenson, *Chaplain*

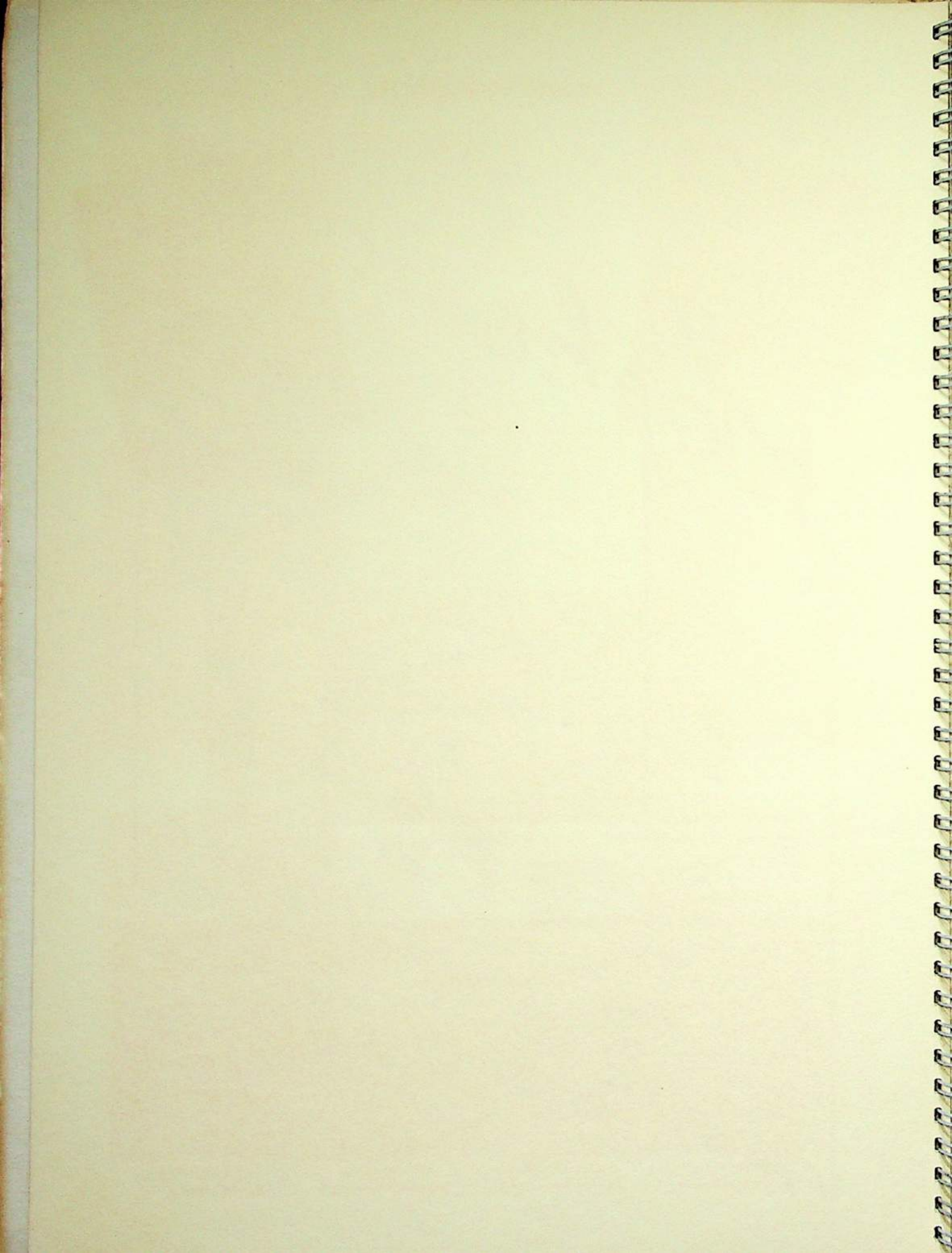
Sophomores



Onward

Ever

Onward



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



JERAL OHLEMEIER
President



MERRIJANE OWENS
Vice-President



MARION HOWELL
Secretary



ANN M'LISS URDAHL
Treasurer



MIRIAM CROCKETT
Sergeant at Arms



DIAN HOECK
Freshman Representative



DOLORES ERICKSON
Freshman Representative



JOANNE MILLER
Sophomore Representative



SUE SCOUTON
Sophomore Representative



EVELYN ANTLES
Red Cross Talent Unit
Studio
Understudy



JANE LEE BLACK
Art Editor, Scintilla
Red Cross College Unit
Studio
Understudy



SALLY BOUTIN
Secretary, Sophomore Class



JOY HARSHBARGER
President, Sophomore Class
Vice-President, I. R. C.
Vice-President, Residence House
Secretary, H-Club



LA VERNE HAVERSTICK
Studio
Red Cross Talent Unit
Forum
H-Club



BEVERLY HEIN
Advertising Manager, Scintilla
Secretary, I. R. C.
Secretary, Studio
Red Cross Talent Unit



MARY LOU HELMER
Delta Psi Omega
Red Cross Talent Unit



DOROTHY HILLIER
Vice-President, Forum
Angelas
Red Cross Talent Unit
Studio



JANE HOLBROOK
Sergeant-at-Arms, Student Body
Vice-President, H-Club
Forum
Studio
Red Cross Talent Unit



JANET HOWE
Studio



MIRIAM MALMBERG
Red Cross Talent Unit
Studio



DOROTHY MARTENSON
Business Manager, Scintilla
I. R. C.
Red Cross Talent Unit



JOANNE MILLER

Social Chairman, Student Body
Vice-President, Delta Psi Omega
Chairman, Red Cross Talent Unit
Studio



BARBARA NEEDHAM

Editor, Scintilla
Chairman, Red Cross Unit
President, Inter-Collegiate Red Cross Council
President, Studio
Manager, Book Store
Angelos
Forum
Red Cross Talent Unit
Red Cross Delegate to PNCC
Gray Ladies



JERAL OHLEMEIER

President, Student Body
President, Delta Psi Omega
Angelos
Forum
I. R. C.
Red Cross Talent Unit
Representative Freshman Girl



CATHERINE JUNE OWENS

Secretary-Treasurer, Delta Psi Omega
I. R. C.
Red Cross Talent Unit



MERRIJANE OWENS

Vice-President, Student Body
Chaplain, Delta Psi Omega
Red Cross Talent Group
May Court Jester
Understudy



DOROTHY RICH

Vice-President, Sophomore Class
President, H-Club
Forum
Freshman Athletic Cup, 1946



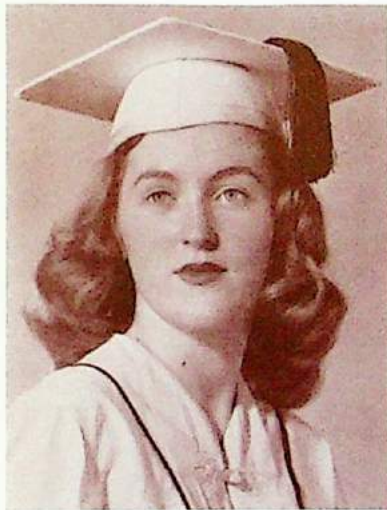
SUE SCOUTON

Activities Chairman, Student Body
Assistant Art Editor, Scintilla
Secretary-Treasurer, I. R. C.
Angelos
Delegate to PNCC
Studio



GLORIA SMITH

President, I. R. C.
Snapshot Editor, Scintilla
Red Cross Talent Unit



NANCY STARKWEATHER

Literary Editor, Scintilla
Vice-President, Forum
Vice-President, H-Club



MARY ANN THOREN

Activities Editor, Scintilla
Production Manager, Red Cross
Student Delegate, O.S.S. Convention
Forum
Gray Ladies
Red Cross Talent Unit
Studio



ANN-M'LISS URDAHL

Treasurer, Student Body
Treasurer, Forum
Photography Editor, Scintilla
Angelos



MAZIE ZAKOJI

Calendar Editor, Scintilla
Assistant Manager, Book Store

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

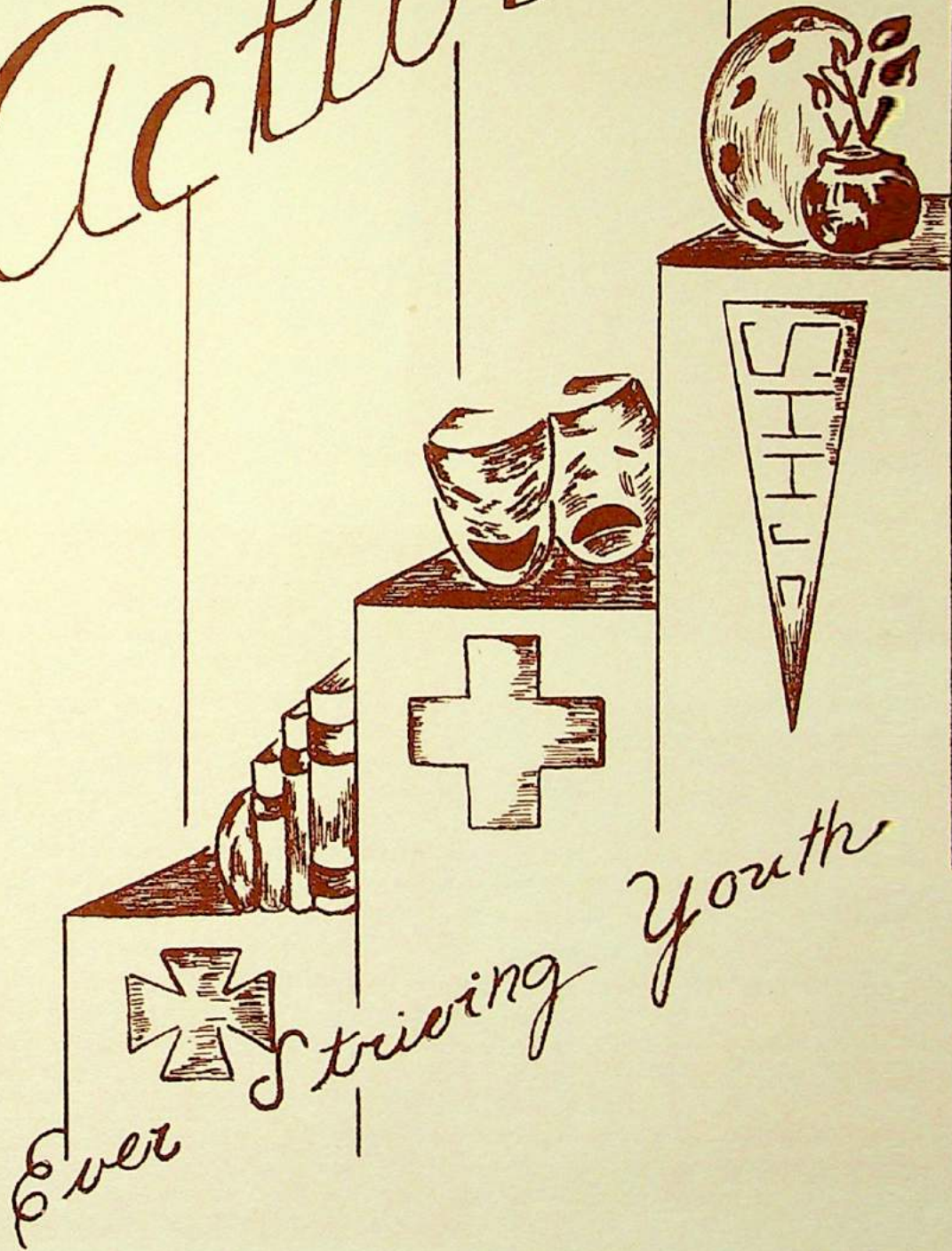


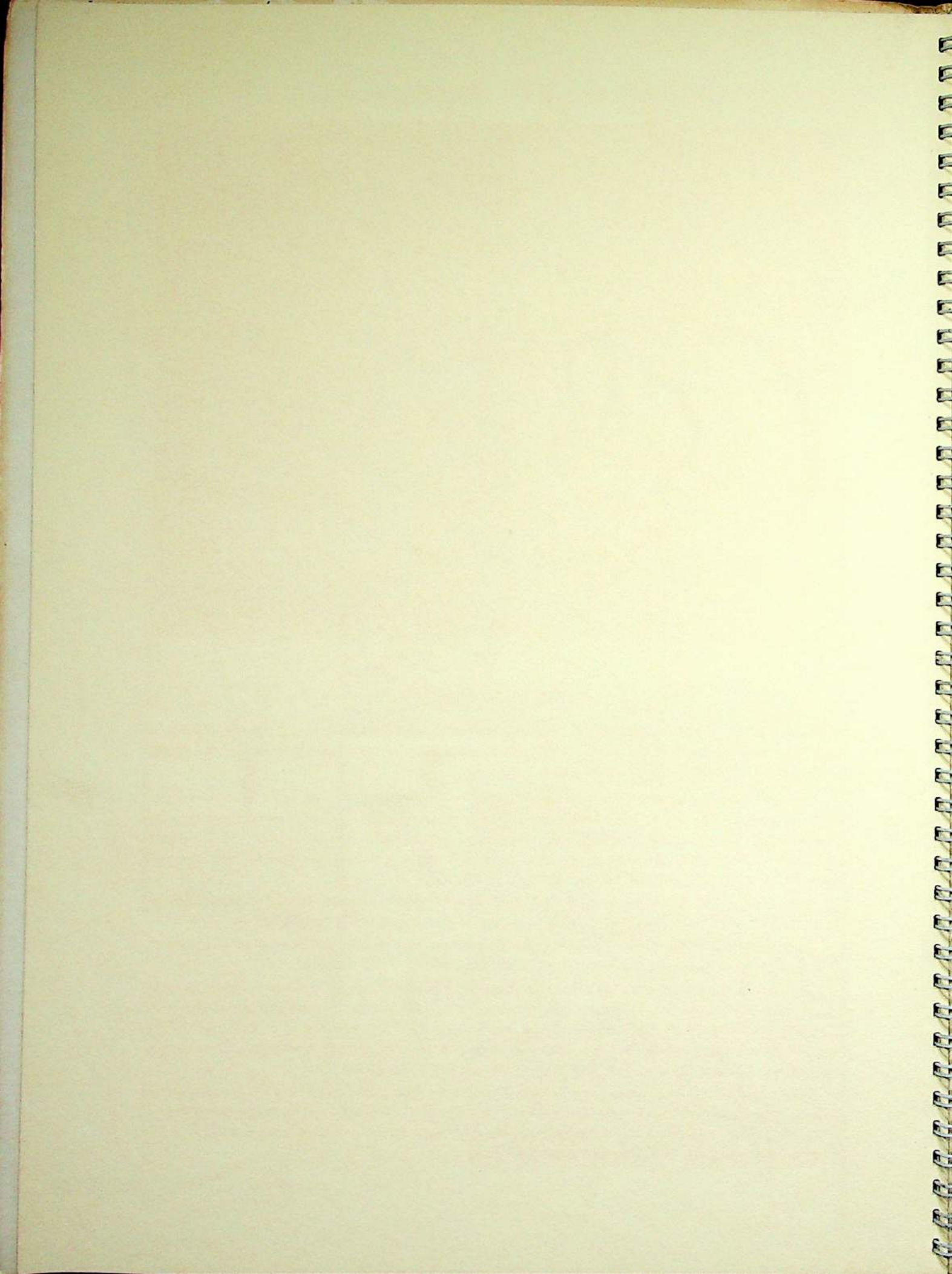
JOY HARSHBARGER
President

BARBARA NEEDHAM
Editor, Scintilla



Activities







FRESHMAN CLASS

September 16, 1946, brought another freshman class to St. Helen's Hall Junior College, introducing a week filled with excited, nervous, eager, and bewildered freshmen, each wondering what was going to happen next in this strange, new world she had entered.

Each day was filled to the brim with activities ranging from exams to more exams (both mental and physical!), discussions on campus life, faculty and student get-acquainted teas, a chile party, a weiner roast, a scavenger hunt, and a skit given by Delta Psi Omega. Mental phenomena finally slowed down as ever-so-weary freshmen and sophomores were whisked off to an outing at Everglades on Lake Oswego. Swimming, boating — that's the life! This was a week to remember!

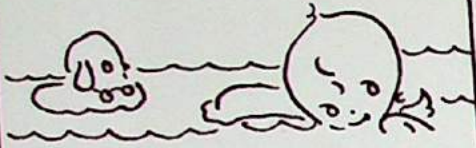
College life really started in earnest the following week. Ambitious freshmen carried massive piles of books around, while more experienced sophomores looked on with superior and amused smiles.

Then the half-dreaded, half-anticipated night of freshman initiation arrived, as did the freshmen in maid and butler uniforms. Such a hectic evening! We lived through it, but only that!

The days became filled with frantic rushes to make eight o'clock classes on Monday morning, and we quietly suffered through those three-hour labs. We gave a return party for the sophs at the Halloween Barn Dance, articulated by a gay-nineties theme. As the days sped by, we became a real part of the dances, parties, sports, games, and teas that took place. We struggled through term papers, final exams, and warning slips and became even more intimate with our fellow "strugglers"!

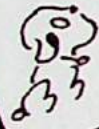
Then spring wafted in, together with the first daisies in the Quad, and the air was filled with dances, Campus Day, the May Fete, the musicale, and finally Baccalaureate, Torchlight, and Commencement. Never will we forget the joyous times we've had here and the days that held so much of both work and play. We know the Hall has given us a fuller and more perfect life.

LAKESHORE PARTIES



CALENDAR

CLASSES BEGIN



FRESHIE INITIATION



HALLOWE'EN DANCE

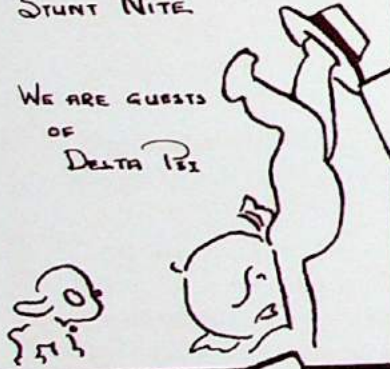
Nov. 2



STUNT NITE

Nov. 7

WE ARE GUESTS OF DELTA Psi



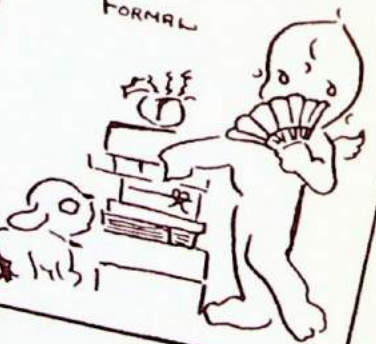
Dec. 17-20

EXAM WEEK
A TRYING TIME



OUR CHRISTMAS FORMAL

Dec. 20

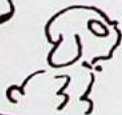


STAGE DOOR

Jan. 23-24



A NEW QUARTER.
HAPPY NEW YEAR! JAN 6



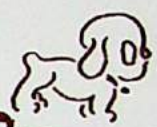
IN PREPARATION FOR THE VALENTINE DANCE

Feb. 15



CALENDAR

MAR 1-15
THE RED CROSS
DRIVE
IS ON.



MAR 21
SPRING
FROLICS
IN

Illustration of a cherub running and holding a flower, with a dog and a bird nearby.

MAR. 19-21
EXAMS
AGAIN!

Illustration of a cherub sitting at a desk reading a book, with a dog nearby.

APR. 4-7
SPRING
VACATION
AT
EASTER
TIME

Illustration of a cherub wearing a hat and holding a basket, with a dog nearby.

APR. 11
SOLOS, DUETS,
MUSIC
AT THE
MUSICAL

Illustration of a cherub playing a musical instrument, with a dog nearby.

MAY 2
CAMPUS
DAY

Illustration of a cherub holding a broom, with a dog nearby.

MAY 9
WE CHOOSE A
MAY FETE QUEEN
AND
HOLD A CARNIVAL.

Illustration of a cherub sitting on a chair, with a dog nearby.

MAY 24-25
"BLITHES"
SPIRIT

Illustration of a cherub running, with a dog and a path nearby.

JUNE 6
SPRING
FORMAL

Illustration of a cherub holding a flower, with a dog and a piano nearby.

HOORAY!
VACATION!

Illustration of a cherub running with arms raised, with a dog and a table nearby.



ANGELAS

Angelas came into being in memory of the inspirational life of one who contributed much to the founding of the College. The ideals of womanhood in service, as truly evidenced by Sister Katherine Angela, are those toward which members of this sophomore service honorary strive. Its emblem is a deep blue maltese cross, which symbolizes service and Angelas ideals of worthwhile living.

Angelas members particularly endeavor to make for bewildered freshmen a little less mystifying entrance into college. Summer get-togethers were held at Everglades to help both sophomores and freshmen become acquainted. Freshman week, Angelas' responsibility, introduced new students to the ways of the Hall and the spirit of the Hall.

The Christmas season brings with it the annual reunion of Angelas alums and members. This celebration took the form of a Christmas breakfast at the home of Mrs. Fariss, the food being not only served by the Angelas girls but prepared by them as well, giving them an opportunity to practice their culinary arts.

Love and sweet things come on Valentine's day, and so does Mrs. Fariss' birthday. As the girls all gathered around her and sang "Happy Birthday to You", she was acknowledged as Angelas girl-of-the-month.

Each and every holiday brought a student-faculty party in the "rec" room, Angelas girls being hostesses. Angelas' beguiling witches stewed and chanted over the brew of hot chocolate at Hallowe'en, assisted in the after-cider tableau of "Bessie, the Best Dern Cow a Farmer Ever Had" at Thanksgiving, sang carols at Christmas, and were the perpetrators of an all-college "April Fool" program.

Scoring another activity-plus year, Angelas members can well be proud of the fun they have provided, in the course of their efforts really to live the Spirit of St. Helen's Hall.



FORUM

Forum enables students at the Hall to express both a personal and a group expression of religion. The members of Forum care for our Chapel — dusting, cleaning, airing, keeping it warm enough, arranging flowers on the altar, and acting as acolytes for each service.

May day finds Forum out planting "les belles fleurs" — (no tomatoes this year, Mrs. Fariss). Each year, Forum strives to add beauty to the Quad by planting flowers.

Get-togethers are really supper parties at the homes of the various members. It is really not necessary to hold business meetings, as Forum's work is done at school — but we do so love to eat!

As they leave the Hall, Forum members will carry with them, deep in their hearts, a glowing conception of the joy of service. The inner satisfaction derived from their work will indeed be a lasting one.



DELTA PSI OMEGA

The Katherine Cornell cast of Delta Psi Omega, national fraternity in dramatic art, was founded by those in the College who maintained an active interest in the creative arts of the theatre. They carried this interest into life itself, since the stage is inspired by life, and members of this year's cast hope to follow in the same path. Membership is granted to those who give freely of their time and efforts to the dramatic activities of the year, who have maintained high scholastic standing, and who have carried out their responsibilities as pledges.

Traditionally, Delta Psi Omega presents dramatic entertainment during Freshman Week. This year "Just Call It Evolution" featured the Delta Psi girls in various aspects of school life, as St. Helen's Hall appeared in 1896 and 1946. "Burt's Bakery," our favorite haunt, featured cookies as refreshments.

November brought "The Faces of Dekka" and good fortunes for all. Far-seeing Delta Psis foretold the future, while others served Chinese tea and rice cakes, thus depleting the treasury considerably.

During January and April, with the production of *Stage Door* and *Blithe Spirit*, Delta Psi members were given the opportunity to test their artistry in creating roles.

With April came the solemn beauty of initiation, the fulfillment of the pledges' hopes, as they become members of Delta Psi Omega.

June, with the blooming of the first rose, brings with it each year the Awards Tea and the recognition of those who have most truly lived Delta Psi ideals. As summer comes and members of Delta Psi go their separate ways, they will leave one another, as always in the past, with their "hearts bound together in this one brotherhood" and the ideals of Delta Psi alive within each one.



UNDERSTUDY CLUB

Understudy Club, sponsored by Delta Psi Omega, has an active part in the dramatic life of the College. From it comes everything from the "screaming voice heard offstage" to the ticket-takers at the door. Membership is open to all who are willing to give proof of this dramatic talent before an open meeting.

Installation of new officers is made impressive with vows taken by candle light, in which each officer promises to uphold the ideals of the Hall in the theatre. Taking its cue from the Delta Psi sponsors, the new group plans its own program of activities.

The group this year was well represented both offstage and on in Delta Psi's stunt night production, "The Faces of Dekka", and in the Christmas program.

Then came the weeks of rehearsals for *Stage Door*, the winter production. Many of the Understudies had lines to learn as well as curtains to pull and sets to arrange. Not to be forgotten is the delicious coffee they served at Saturday morning rehearsals.

For fun, Understudy's Valentine date dance at the Lakehouse was "tops". Long-remembered, too, will be the slumber party in March, at which the old-timers feted new members with a pot-luck supper.

Spring, appropriately enough, brought with it *Blithe Spirit*. Understudy came to the rescue once more with costumes and "props" and time and patience.

Understudy members are proud of those of their group who are Delta Psi Omega pledges and are more than ever fascinated by the possibilities of the stage. All are determined to carry into the coming year their zestful interest in the theatre.



RESIDENCE HOUSE

September once again set the residence house, popularly known as the "Dorm", buzzing with activity. Girls from all over Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and even far off Montreal, Canada, unpacked their bags in its rooms and planned, as they said, "to stay awhile." Shrieks of "What luck — I get a room of my own" breezed out the windows.

Gathered around a cheery fireplace, the girls became better acquainted with Miss Burch, their house counselor, were told of previous existing rules of the house, and then established a few of their own. This was the first of many such pleasant "firesides."

The Mothers' Silver Tea, various club meetings, initiations, and informal group discussions found their setting in the attractive living rooms of the "Dorm". More than a few times the "Dorm" girls were hostesses for such enjoyable affairs.

The dormitory not only served as a college home for its residents but also offered a sanctuary to any and all day students whose desire it was to rest their weary bones — or who just wanted an excuse to get in a "gabfest".

All in all, the residence house has stood for two good old American words — *fun* and *home!*



CHORUS

Chorus acknowledged, with great enthusiasm, the opening of the fall term of '46. Sopranos, second sopranos, and altos ushered in what proved to be a year of musical festivity.

Under the able direction of Mrs. Ferne Epler, Chorus spent a great part of the first term feverishly preparing and rehearsing for the Christmas program. The theme, effectively chosen and presented, was "One World at Christmas". Representatives from the junior college, high school, and lower school depicted through song, pantomime, and modern interpretative dancing, the Yuletide traditions and spirit of many lands.

Erstwhile "saddle" and "loafer clad" girls were transformed into gray-robed carolers. After much effort French, Spanish, and Chinese Christmas carols were mastered and presented by the group. "Silent Night", sung in Chinese, was received with enthusiasm. But our grand finale was Handel's mighty *Hallelujah Chorus* from the *Messiah*, in which all the choruses joined in a fitting conclusion to our first all-school Christmas program.

A change to chic black dresses and precious nylons came as the Chorus sang for the Mothers' Club annual Silver Tea, held on St. Valentine's Day at the Residence House. We all sang our best, hoping that our mothers would think we were really professional.

With a final burst of activity, the College Singers presented a Spring musical. Audience approval stamped the program an unquestioned success and a fitting climax to a year of delightful music interludes.



SCINTILLA STAFF

Once again the sophomore class, just bubbling over with ideas, set out to make their year book, the *Scintilla*, the best ever. With high hearts and fervent hope they undertook to "scintillate" their *Scintilla*, spicing it with a little fun, adding the spirit of real friendship, and blending in the college's cherished traditions. All efforts were combined to squeeze as much as possible of the two chuck-packed years of college life into one cherished record.

Officers were elected and appointed and immediately began to work!

The Ad staff, composed almost solely of peppy and willing freshmen, sprang into step and invaded various places of business in strong numbers.

"Quickies" were constantly being held in the sanctuary of Mrs. Fariss' office by the staff's advice seekers.

Scintillas of other years received a good dusting off, as the staff thumbed through them to gather a few more intriguing ideas.

An art contest was sponsored by the Staff to intensify the already enthusiastic activity.



Sophomores rushed down for their appointments at the photographers, and in turn the photographers came to the campus to take activity pictures. All subjects obliged as the black-hooded camera clicker announced the "birdie", and all willingly said "cheese."

Indecision followed decision, and again decision followed indecision as choices had to be made in regard to what "bits" would be included in the annual. And eager questions of, "Do you like this proof better than that one? Please tell me; I'm frantic!" were exchanged by distracted sophomores.

At last all important conclusions were reached, and the Class of 1947 reached the climax of its great adventure. The *Scintilla* was sent to the printer! Breathing became easier!

Now it's just a matter of having every one sign every one's else *Scintilla*. Nostalgic students will take last precautions to tuck this memoir gently away, so that the beloved experiences of days at the Hall may be relived during the years to come.



RED CROSS UNIT

Generous and enthusiastic plaudits greeted the Hall's Red Cross Talent Troupe as it made its monthly visit to Barnes General Hospital at Vancouver. The girls in turn gave their all in an attempt to cheer and to entertain hospitalized veterans. The men duly showed their appreciation by sending fan letters and by presenting the group with a Red Cross overseas make-up kit.

A different theme was carried through each show. At first we Thespians and singers assumed roles of dark-eyed, fortune-telling gypsies. "Doin' what comes naturally", we later became hill-billy folks. At Christmas we were transformed into china dolls and stuffed toy animals, carrying out our Toyshop theme. This cheery little Christmas program also took us to Veterans' Hospital in Portland, to a large group of French Merchant Seamen, and to the Pisgah Home for Old People. A carload of girls got lost on the way to the Home, but the show must and did go on! The winter term ushered in shoot-them-straight, dead-eye-Dick cowgirls, and spring brought lacy, frilly gay 90's damsels. We could put on a show anytime, anywhere, with Miss Clifford and Mrs. Roy being our chief "finger-crossers".

The Hall's Gray Lady Junior Hostesses made their bow for the first time this year, after an eight-hour course in hospital procedure had been completed at the local Red Cross center. Nine girls in trim gray and white uniforms performed library and general office work at Veterans' Hospital, one of our favorite "let's-get-lost" places! Free movies on movie nights were the reward of these hostesses.

F.A.W.S.A.P. (now take a deep breath — First Aid, Water Safety, and Accident Prevention — exhale) also made its debut this year, as girls received life-saving instruction at the swimming center. And the "Foods" girls, under Miss Landquist's instructions, received credit for their study of nutrition.

All in all, the Red Cross Unit had, as you can see, a year jam-packed with entertaining and helping young, old, and inbetweeners. But the biggest thrill of all was that deep-down good feeling inside which came to the girls with the knowledge that they were making a sunnier world for some one else.





I. R. C.

International Relations Club, popularly and conveniently abbreviated to I. R. C., is the group that have a good chance, twice a month, to air their opinion on current world affairs, whether they be concerned with permanent world peace or the much-debated question of whether eighteen-year-olds be given the right to vote.

Sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, I. R. C.'s purpose is to promote the study of international relations. To further this interest the Endowment provides the Club with current books and information on world affairs. These books gather no dust, as members put them to constant use whenever they find a spare minute.

Two Hall delegates were sent to the Northwest Regional I. R. C. Conference at Marylhurst College. And we again were one of the thirty-one colleges that were represented at the Pacific Northwest College Congress held on the Reed College campus. The purpose of this Congress is to promote and stimulate student thinking concerning world problems. Resolutions were brought back to the student body and again discussed.

Our share of funds toward the Student Congress was raised when I. R. C. members auctioned off box-lunches in the "rec" room. The lucky ones who captured chicken sandwiches were the envy of every one less fortunate.

May came round the corner and beckoned I. R. C. to the sponsorship of its annual Cotton Day. Hopeful aspirants paraded the stage in perky cotton dresses, home-made and store-bought, with the confessed ambition of winning first prize. Fashion connoisseurs (faculty members in disguise) tried to remain unprejudiced as they viewed all these enticing creations. But at last two were chosen — Queens for a day!

Yet, despite all the fun of the college year, I. R. C. is most vitally concerned with world problems of today, what the world of tomorrow will be like, and how we can make this world a more peaceful and better place in which to live.





STUDIO

In all fairness to any one and all concerned, it should be said that Studio is the much sought-after club at the Hall, the sole interest of whose members is art! At its debut its intent was and since that time has continued to be the stimulation of its members' interest in art. Our innocent yet tempting purpose was soon perceived by the alert student body, and immediately Studio was pounced upon for favors of decorating for this—and that—and this! Eager members joyously accepted each and every project.

Two meetings were held each month, one a social meeting at one of the member's homes, amidst the munching of cake and French pastry, Mrs. Roy doing the pouring, and the other a down-right energetic work meeting held in the Art "Lab". At such times we came equipped with scissors, needles, thread, and other paraphernalia to further our creative urge.

Initiation ushered in new and eager members amid a candle-lit setting of daffodils. After her pledging, the new member received the insignia of Studio Club—a tiny gold palate pin. Five-cent fines were enforced for not wearing the pin at each and every meeting. Excuses all the way from "It was lost in the washing machine" to "My boy friend has it" were heartlessly rejected during the course of the year!

The year meteored off by decorating for the Hallowe'en Barn Dance. Hobgoblins, sassy-looking Jack-o-lanterns, cornstalks, and the red-blooded ideal yokel, Li'l Abner, were featured.

To prove we had the true Yuletide spirit, we gathered palms and wreaths and bedecked a huge Christmas tree with glittering ornaments for the Christmas Formal at Trinity Parish Hall—soft lights—sweet music—oh romance!

One fairy wand after another touched off mental wizardries, as ideas materialized for the Valentine's Dance. Fluorescent hearts sparkled out "Be My Valentine," "I Love You," and "If You Were the Only Girl in the World." Old St. Valentine himself couldn't have done better!

The wheels in these great artistic minds spun even more rapidly, producing ideas for the Spring Formal and the May Fete, with Studio girls becoming stage hands —. All hands worked feverishly to make their last project, artistically speaking, their crowning success!

Yes! Versatility is our motto!





H-CLUB

Contagious enthusiasm, rosy cheeks, and that "grand-to-be-alive" feeling are all essential ingredients which, put together, will produce a good H-Club member. As one might guess from such a delectable recipe, H-Club fosters all of the athletic activities of St. Helen's Hall Junior College.

October ushered in sixteen new members with a candle-light initiation. Soon many girls were the proud wearer of sweaters. After earning a sufficient number of points, these members were awarded their red and blue "H's".

Under the watchful eye of Mrs. Janet Soderberg, their adviser, and other interested onlookers, the waterdogs ducked and dived in the swimming pool. Female Robin Hoods tucked bows and arrows under their arms. And just as enthusiastically H-Club members hiked; played badminton, volley ball, and basket ball; competed in ping pong and tennis tournaments; and attempted to perfect their horsemanship.

Christmas vacation, so eagerly awaited, finally arrived, and members sojourned to Timberline Lodge. Skiing over slick and crusty snow, glistening in the sun, resulted in casualties — but no matter! What a life! The girls retired on cots, on the floor, and in sleeping bags and proved themselves entirely self-sufficient by cooking their own food.

May Day brought with it the usual delightful melody of Spring Fever. H-Club girls, however, were busily preparing for one of the most festive occasions of the whole year. The May Fete, with all of its traditional merry making, paid graceful and ceremonial homage to St. Helen's lovely May Court. In traditional manner, this gala night marked the climax of H-Club's activities for the year.

These activities, however, with all of the newly-acquired skills in sports, only point the way to a zestful summer vacation and to fun-filled months ahead.





MAY FETE

Fetching girls and come-a-fetching clothes magically spiced and sprinkled St. Helen's Hall Junior College's final, memory-packed May Fete.

With royal recognition of the pastel-gowned princesses, Joy, Gloria, Dolores, and Mimi, and with the rose-crown coronation of Queen Beverly, the evening's entertainment sped on with a whirl of parading fashions to please the eyes of May Fete royalty, as well as those of any and every other "milady". Svelte and chic mannequins, some modeling their own fashions direct from the Clothing Lab, charmingly displayed their up-to-the-minute costumes in skits centering around bridge parties, slumber parties, and tip-toeing waltzes.

The chorus chimed in with many a merry tune to add to the festivity.

Where entertainment departed, Open House entered — and Queen Beverly and her princesses four made a royal inspection of the exhibits of a year's work by the subjects of St. Helen's Hall. Oil landscapes and murals, slides under microscopes, and literary pieces were shown and explained to the Court and honored guests by formally-gowned subjects. Mantilla-clad señoritas sang "canciones" from Spain.

With the serving of tempting tid-bits, mixed with bubbling conversation, the embers burned down to memories, and pleased guests departed with thoughts of the Kingdom of St. Helen's Hall deeply impressed upon their minds.



THE DRAMA



STAGE DOOR

STAGE DOOR by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman was produced by the Junior College Players, January 17 and 18, with the male roles filled by players from Vanport Extension College. The story of a boarding house for aspiring actresses with their various successes and failures, this play presents an excellent opportunity for young drama students to demonstrate their talents. Perhaps the largest cast ever to tread the boards of Scadding Hall sent capacity audiences into chuckles of laughter, and in several scenes brought a lump or two to the throats of the spectators.

Jeral Ohlemeier as Terry and Anne Gabriel as Kaye quickly captured the sympathy of the audience and never for an instant lost their interest and understanding. Merrijane Owens as Mrs. Orcutt and Mary Lou Helmer as Judith portrayed their humorous characters in a manner to get the most from each line and piece of business. The Technique of Acting class and fourteen members from the Voice and Diction classes provided an excellent supporting cast.

The entire production compared favorably with other college performances in the Northwest and was a credit to the director, Miss Dorothy Clifford.

DEPARTMENT



BLITHE SPIRIT

The second full length production of the year, *BLITHE SPIRIT* by Noel Coward, was presented April 24 and 25 in Scadding Hall. The hilarious farce is concerned with a happily married British novelist, who is writing a story involving the supernatural. He has the inspiration of asking Madame Arcati, the local medium, to demonstrate a seance. The whole thing is pretty much of a failure and the guests depart, leaving Charles and his wife Ruth alone, but not for long. They are soon joined by the spirit of Elvira, Charles' first wife, who is visible and audible only to him.

Members of the Technique of Acting class, assisted by Eugene Anderson from Portland University, kept audiences both nights on the edge of their seats with their expert portrayal of this insane farce. Merrigane Owens as Elvira delighted everyone with her combination of gay, insouciant charm and impudent acidity. Joanne Miller played Ruth with a sweetness and realistic practicality that made her an excellent foil for Elvira. Jeral Ohlemeier scored another hit as Madame Arcati, who regards her materialization of Elvira as the major triumph of her career. Dorothy Hillier and Laverne Haverstick as Dr. Georgia Bradman and her sister, Violet, and Catherine Owens as Edith, the natural, completed the cast.

JUNIOR COLLEGE AWARDS

Freshman Awards

The Nelson Shield is dedicated each year to the freshman girl who has contributed most to college activities. This year the award goes to Lillian Butler and Janet Kleeb, jointly.

A representative girl is chosen from every freshman class, a girl whose character, ideals, and activities best typify the ideals of St. Helen's Hall Junior College. The Representative Freshman Girl this year is Dolores Erickson.

Delta Psi Omega Awards

The Delta Psi Omega Honorary Award is given each year to a non-member of the fraternity, for outstanding service "behind the scenes". This year the award goes to Dorothy Rich.

The Director's Award is given annually to a member of Understudy who has contributed most in a specialized field to the dramatic activity of the Junior College. This year the award has been presented to Cornelia Schmidt.

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

Athletic Association Awards

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

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

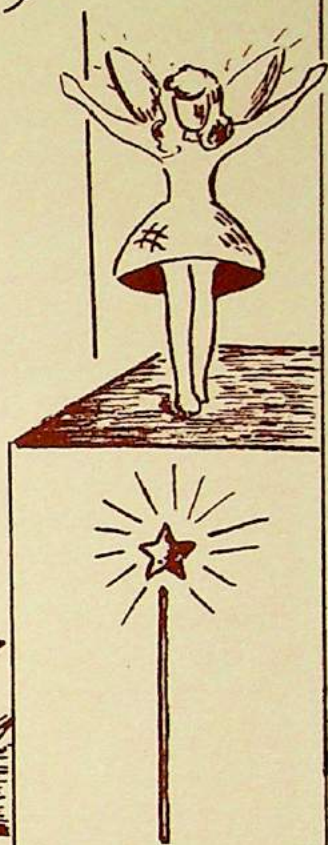
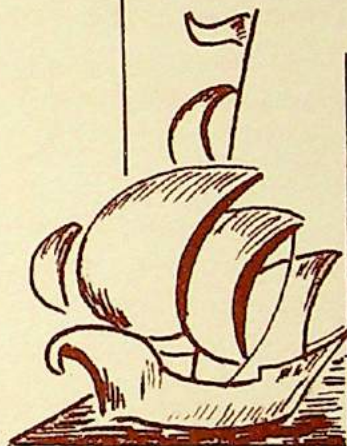
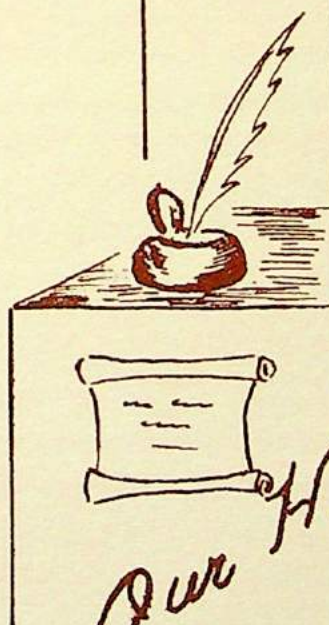
Curie Award

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

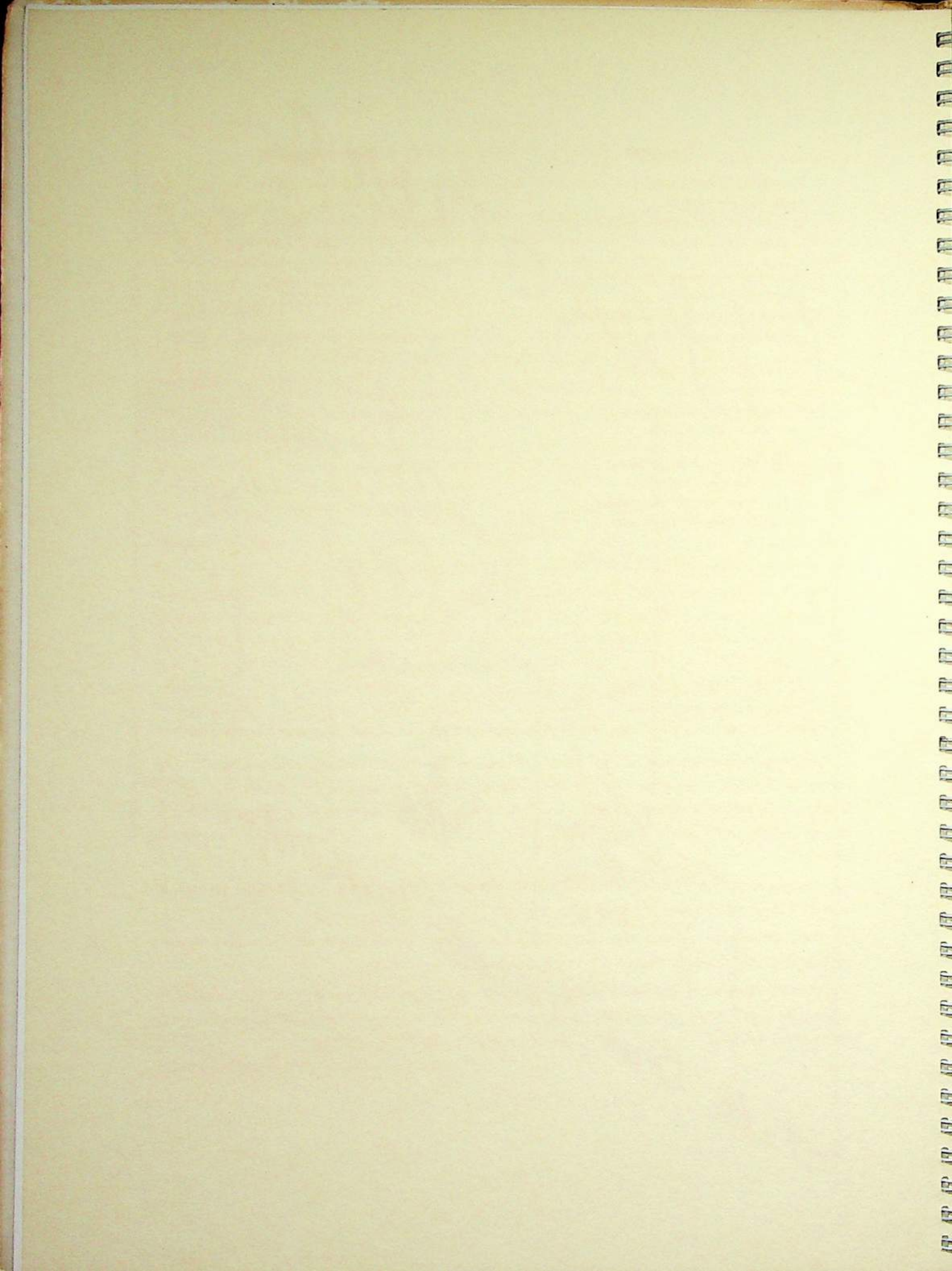
Studio Club Award

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

Literature



Fill Our Hearts with Truth



Dreams

Dreams are bits of fantasy,
Enchanted story books.
Dreams are dreamed on crowded streets,
In secret, hidden nooks.

Dreams are wishes people make
For what may never be.
Dreams are dreamed by yearning souls,
And dreams are dreamed by me.

Dreams may make us princesses
In far exotic lands.
Dreams like these are fantasy,
Are castles built on sands.

Dreams reach on into the years;
We all seek some vague clue
To keep ourselves still dreaming on —
Because dreams can come true.

—BARBARA GATES.

Communion

I have walked with Love today,
Alone in the wilderness.
He showed me His dominion:
His tall, time-worn, ageless trees;
The gray water that eddies and dances
 under the chill and biting wind;
The dull, vague skies, overcast and cloudy.

I have walked with Love today,
Calm, serene, and still,
The beauty of His works awed in its intensity,
Cutting deep into my heart, leaving me spent
 and breathless.

I have walked with God today,
Content and sure;
And so, tonight, calm and assured,
I shall walk content with Death.

—LILLIAN BUTLER.

"Fill Our Hearts With Truth"

"Beauty is truth and truth beauty; that is all ye know in the world and all ye need to know."

Into the pattern of our lives may be woven a shimmering thread of immaterial beauty which is the mystery of life itself. As we grow older, we may often lose sight of the magic light of beauty. But sooner or later we all realize its ethereal presence. How easy it is to lose for a moment our realization of beauty and the ultimate truths derived from it. But like fading music and summer rain, the memory of it somehow clings to us.

We may look upon physical beauty and be warmed, but ultimate perfection lies beyond the ephemeral moment. It is an intrinsic part of a far greater pattern of life.

If we can envision loveliness in our hearts, no matter how much we are tried by life's adversities, beauty and the ultimate spiritual truths to which its leads will always be within us.

Now we come to the end and the beginning. But the end and the beginning are one. Thus we may recapture the beauty we have known thus far and continue on life's way — our spirits filled with beauty, our hearts filled with truth.

—NANCY STARKWEATHER.

Morning Mood

Home is in the country on the slope of a small hill, overlooking a valley with majestic snow-covered mountains in the distance, keeping their vigil over fruitful farms, forests, and rivers.

The beautiful blossoms on the fruit trees dance and sparkle in the morning sunlight. The white blossoms of the cherry trees fall slowly to the ground as if hesitating to disturb the snowy bank beneath. Delicate pink and white tinted blossoms spread a soft velvety carpet below the apple trees, and the deeper peach blossoms flutter silently to the earth.

The air, free of the smoke and soot of the city, tingles with freshness. Clear tones of the birds, disdainful of the noisy jangle of the town, fill the grateful silence. A deer leaps gracefully across fields of grain, swaying gently in the breeze. Through the rich black soil, plants send their lacy roots, seeking nourishment for their short lives, so that they, in turn, may give sustenance to others.

Yes, home is in the country, overlooking scenes of sunlight and beauty, peace and tranquility, contentment and joy of living.

—ANN URDAHL.

Night Mood

Night, misty, dark, and intangible, crept around the buildings in the square. The street lights cast a pale yellow glow in this sea of hovering darkness. Hours grew and the night thickened and wavered. The still atmosphere was intensified by the low moan of a thousand wailing night sounds. They seemed like lost ghostly children, mourning at the gates of paradise. Hate, fear, and bitterness floated in waves of vapor around the lambent post. A shadowy semblance of a ghoul flitted into the circle of light and hovered momentarily. The air was shivered by a terrorized moan, as the ghoul darted out of the light. But as it was about to engulf its prey, the sound of a million violins caressed the atmosphere and dawn broke, lifting the fog and bathing the square in a glow of golden light.

—EMELIA METROVILLI.

Hymn Before a Fireplace

Stranger, now no more unknown,
Let my comfort be your own.

Friend, for whom my dwelling stands,
Take your joy from both my hands.

Love, for whom my hearth fire shines,
Fill your heart with peace from mine.

May God, to Whom we make our prayer,
Keep you warm within His care.

—PATRICIA WEST.

Holiday

Quiet days
Spent with you;
Reading together,
Talking together;
Starlit walks
Through snowy streets;
The sleepy village,
The quiet campus;
Fireside visits with friends,
Casual friends at tea;
Utter tranquility,
Complete understanding,
Perfect companionship.
My cup, precious, exquisite, sweet,
Filled to overflowing.

—DOLORES ERICKSON.

To Be With You

I want to be with you, my love,
No matter where you are;
I want to share the world with you
And every silver star.

Each precious thing for which you strive
I want to help you win;
I want to make you happier
Than you have ever been.

I want to whisper love to you
From morning until night,
And walk with you in dreamland when
The sun is out of sight.

As passing years bring tranquil peace
And shadows turn to blue,
I want to keep the ecstasy
Of being close to you.

I want to hold you in my arms
And never let you go,
Because you fill my every need —
That's why I love you so.

—PATT JONES.

Phantom

Nijinsky danced across a ghostly stage,
The palest phantom in a starless night;
And for the flicker of eternity
I saw the soul of beauty come alight.

—EMELIA METROVILLI.

The Spirit of the Hall

The little spirit yawned luxuriously. She raised her tiny body slowly and with a supreme effort firmly pushed herself away from the daisy-strewn lawn upon which she lay. "Oh dear," she murmured, "I was watching that archery class again, and I guess I must have fallen asleep.

"My goodness, what would the Bishop say? After all, the spirit of St. Helen's Hall Junior College has certain responsibilities. I guess I'll pick some of the Forum flowers and leave them on some teacher's desk. Now I must remember not to trip on that ivy again. Why, whoever heard of a respectable spirit's not being graceful, even one as young as I?"

"Now, let's see! Should I go through the window of the Chem lab? No, I suppose I'd better not. Yesterday I spoiled somebody's experiment and almost blew everything up. If I go through the front door, I'm just sure to run into Mrs. Fariss, and my robe isn't very clean. I guess I must be at that awkward stage or something. Every time I try to fly or glide around as the high school spirit does, I run into somebody.

"I guess I'm not a very good spirit, but I try so hard. After all, is it my fault if I never get to Chapel on time? The spirit of the Hall can be around only when everything is peaceful and quiet, and those Owens girls just can't quite seem to make it by 9:30.

"Now there was something I was supposed to do today. I've got it on the tip of my tongue. (Our spirit is completely equipped — with tongue.) But I just can't quite — Oh, I know," she said as she tripped over a rake and shovel that somebody had momentarily laid down. "Campus Day!"

The little spirit pulled her dishevelled gossamers around her and headed for Sumner Hall, only to be nearly mowed down by an onslaught of girls carrying a basket of leaves and vines that they were preparing to empty. Without more ado they picked up the basket, into which the spirit had almost fallen, and continued to the trash pile.

"Mon dieu!" said the spirit. "What a narrow escape! I guess I'd better go some place where it's safer." So she hurried into the library, where Mrs. Osvoid helped her make herself presentable. "Well," sighed the spirit, as she slowly turned the pages of the college scrapbook, "it's certainly been a long, hard day!"

—NANCY STARKWEATHER.

To a Little Child

If I could make you smile each day
As I have smiled of yore;
If I could write you little books
You'd beg to have read o'er;
If I could make you laugh or cry,
And share in every way
The same emotions which I've known,
Ecstatic, sad, and gay;
If pen and pencil were my slaves
And would my bidding do,
I'd capture all the joy in life
And give it all to you.

—MARY RAE MANN.

Advice from an Expert

Perseverance, they tell me, is one of those attributes of a well-balanced personality that we must cultivate. Week after week countless girls from the Hall — no doubt with this objective in mind — still keep trying to ski.

Since I have had extensive experience in this sport (I went skiing for the third time two weeks ago), I feel qualified to give a little advice to beginners.

The aspiring ski enthusiast should arise very early on the morning of her departure for the hills, in order to arrive by afternoon. Usually the bus driver attempts to make the trip without chains and finds to his disappointment and disgust that the bus starts slipping backwards halfway around the hairpin turn. He then spends approximately fifty-seven minutes adjusting the chains on the rear wheels. About this time one begins to sense an empty feeling in her stomach. Oops! There goes one of the four sandwiches which she brought along for lunch. The driver returns, and once again the journey is continued.

Suddenly the bus lurches forward, as if a great load had been lifted from the rear end. Well, whaddayou know! The rope came undone, and there go twelve pairs of skis skimming back down the road. After spending several hours rounding up the "straylings", the optimistic group is once again on its way.

With a minimum of motor trouble the bus reaches Government Camp, and the skier usually has one sandwich left to save for later in the afternoon. Since she brought her own skis this time, it will not be necessary to stand in line for two hours. Happy day!

After "waxin' the slats" and adjusting the bindings, one finds that the sun will be down in two hours, so that she must make tracks—off to Multotorpor! It is usually much quicker and simpler to blaze a trail through the woods and streams than to ski down the trail, around the curves, and over the washboards.

Once at the ski hill, one feels the need of another sandwich to give her strength for the great task ahead. As the sun sinks over a distant peak, the aspiring slalom runner reaches the top of the slope, after long and tedious hours "herringbone-ing", and decides to walk down the hill and wait until next time to practice the snowplow!

—DARLYNE BELL.

Dilemma

I realize there's need for rain;
The flowers have to grow;
The farmers need it for their crops —
Yes, all these things I know.

Of course if there should be no rain,
Our grass would turn quite brown;
And all the living plants and trees
Would wither in the ground.

But when we plan for rain eight months
And sun for only four,
Just when we've reached the picnic ground,
Why must it always pour!

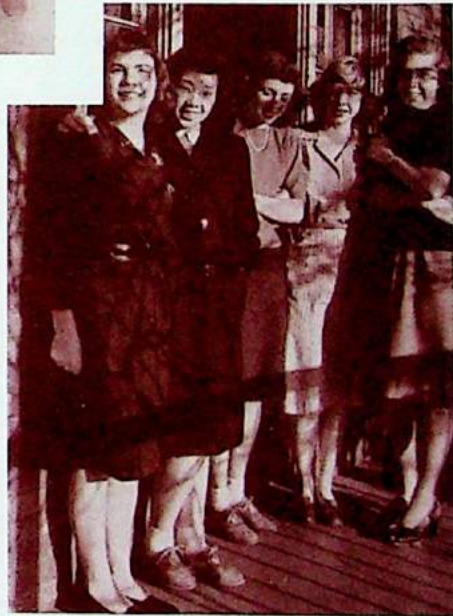
—PATRICIA COSTELLO.

Mrs. O's Nightmare

- Newsboy:** (Wears small cap pulled over eyes and apron containing many papers.) Extra! Extra! Killer McGoon escapes the pen! Read all about it! Ad lib. Enter Mrs. McTavish (fat, has been shopping —thick Irish brogue) with Mrs. Murton (tall, has been shopping, also.)
- Mrs. McT.:** So, begorra, I says, a finer lad ne'er wooed our Rosie than Johnny McToole —
- Mrs. M.:** (interrupting) By the saints! D'ya hear that newsboy? Killer McGoon! Oh, Mrs. McTavish!
- Mrs. McT.:** Sure 'n we must rush home 'n perreck the children. Oh, my poor Patrick — him on the force and the killer bein' loose in Whittsenville. Hurry, Mrs. Murton;
- Mrs. M.:** I cannot hurry, Mrs. McTavish. That rheumatism in my clavicle 'll be the death of me — (Killer McGoon appears behind them, wearing conventional burglar attire — striped shirt, con number still pinned to his back, and a mask and golf cap pulled down over his eyes. He listens appreciatively to their conversation.)
- Killer:** Ladies!
- Mrs. McTavish and Mrs. Murton scream and run offstage, very much frightened.
- Killer:** (dead center) It's bad to be a killer; nobody'll be friends with 'ya. It sure is a lonesome profession — I get so sad (weeping) and lonely —I guess I'll go rob something.
(Enter Red Riding Hood with basket.)
- Red:** Oh, are you the big bad wolf?
- Killer:** Where are you going, little girl?
- Red:** To take these things to my grandmother. She is truly ill. Hey, are you the wolf?
- Killer:** Nope.
- Red:** Gee, I musta' taken the wrong shortcut! (Enter Grandmother in night dress.)
- Granny:** Red Riding Hood! You come here this instant! You're in the wrong play. You silly child—ad lib.
- Killer:** Everybody tries to get into the act! Now — to rob the library — Arumph (aside to audience). Gee, I'm scared! (Advances to chair and table marked "library" and "quiet"—librarian is there and also a young girl.)
- Librarian:** (typical spinster) What can you be doing in the libe at this time of day, Rosie McTavish? You oughta' be home. What'll people think? A young girl out after 5:30 by herself (stage whisper).
- Rosie:** (sweet, pretty, innocent) I came to see the books. Of course, I can't read, but they're so purty — (Enter Killer, tiptoe — sticks slingshot in Rosie's back.)
- Killer:** (aside) Ha! me proud beauty! (to the librarian) Reach!
- Librarian:** (screams) (to Rosie, stage whisper) Scream, you idiot! (Rosie screams.)
- Killer:** Aw, shuddup. Reach or I'll plug ya' both with my trusty rusty musket. I mean my musket. (Rosie and Librarian reach, wildly gesticulating.)
- Killer:** Now, give me all the dough you got in that fine box, or I'll shoot this gal deader'n a door knob — nail, I mean, nail, that is. Hand it over, cutie! (Rosie screams.)
- Librarian:** (screams and extracts four pennies from box, giggles at being called Cutie, hands them to killer.) Here, you brute!
- Killer:** Hah! Now neither of ya' make a move till I say the word.
- Librarian:** (frightened) What word?
- Killer:** Oh, I don't know—any word. What word should I use? Say, I smell a rat. You're stalling for time. I'm no fool. Turn around and face the wall, Cutie (librarian snickers). Don't move till I close the door or I'll kill ya' both.
- Rosie:** Oh, if John were only here! (dead silence—no movement) (louder) Oh, if John were only here!
(Enter John on play rocking-horse—He is a cowboy.)
- John:** Here I am, gal! What seems to be troubling you?
- Killer:** Zounds! Foiled again! Here comes John on Charley-Horse!
- Rosie:** Oh, John . . .
- John:** Oh, so that's it! Well, Killer McGoon, you've met yer doom! I'm gonna tie you up and drag you to jail!
- Killer:** (scowls) There are strange things done under the midnight sun, but this beats 'em all! Can't even rob the library in peace any more!
- John:** Close yore tater trap, you heel! (dismounting). Here, Rosie, hold ma horse! (She holds it as though it were a doll. He ties killer, drags him offstage, re-enters quickly.)
- Rosie:** Oh, John, you're so brave and strong and handsome—
- John:** D'ya luv me, gal?
- Rosie:** Oh, yes, John —
- John:** Wal, kees me babee; nuthin' makes me sick! (they embrace momentarily).
- Librarian:** Quiet in the library, please!

The End.

—JERAL OHLEMEIER.





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THE FRESHMAN CLASS

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THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

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