

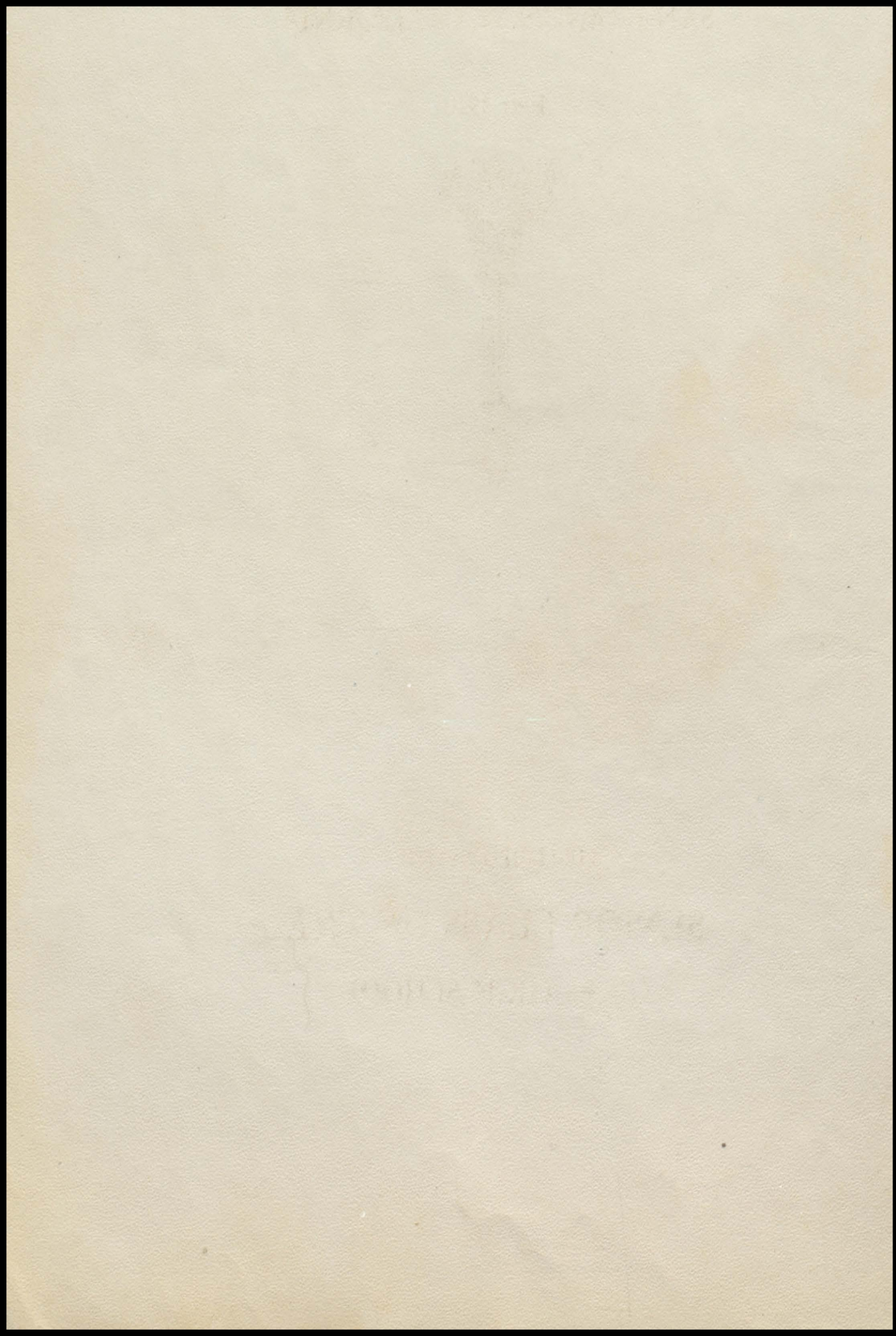
JOURNAL

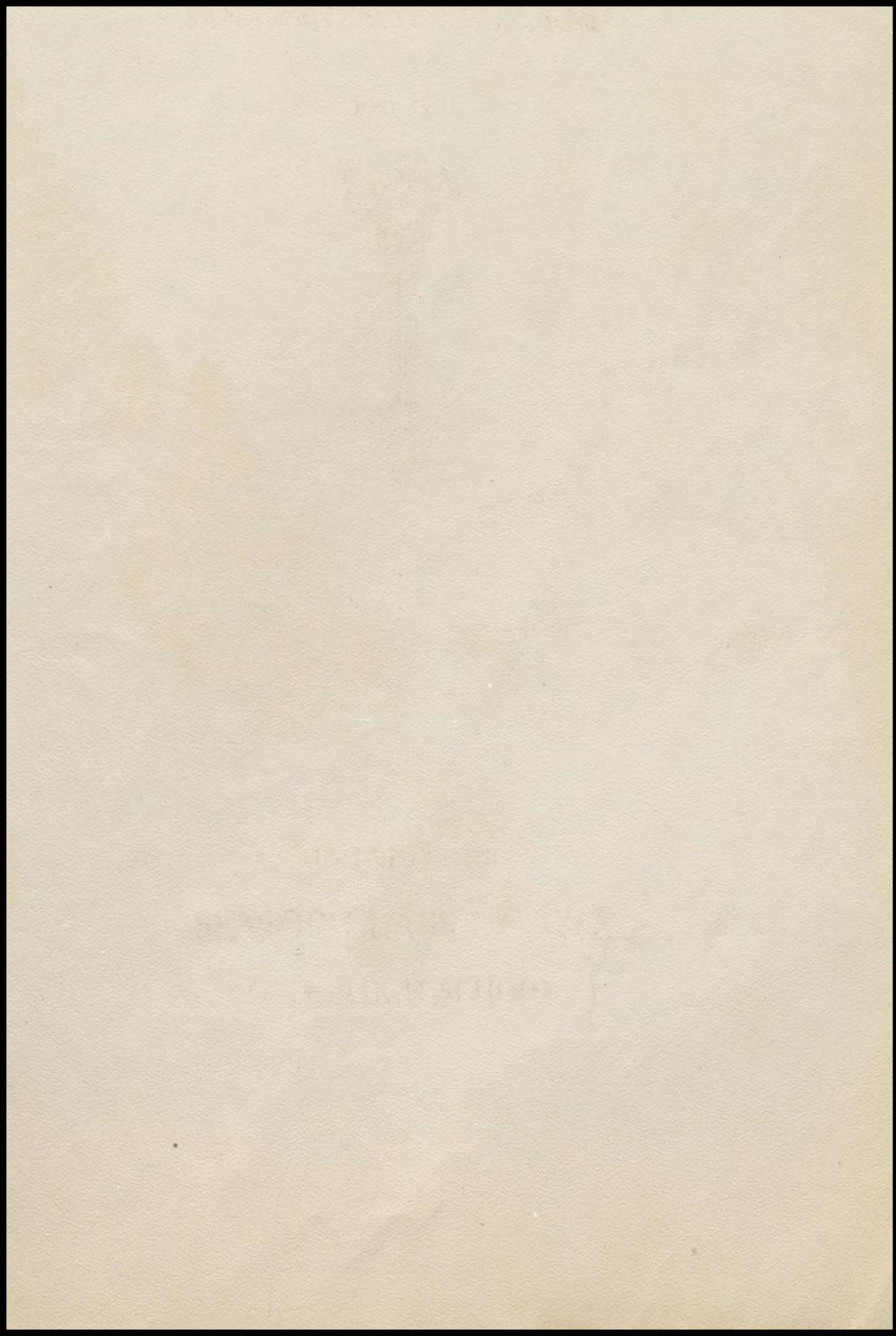
DEC-20



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Much love to the girl who is
going away, but who is not
going to be forgotten.
Lovingly
Karetha Kobel

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL · *San Francisco* *California* · DECEMBER, 1920



Dear Ruth.
Hills make no
difference when
understanding is there!
Hilla

PUBLISHED by the SENIOR CLASS
OF THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

Goodbye from the Senior Class

WE STAND TONIGHT AT THE END OF THE TRAIL—
THE GOLDEN TRAIL THAT WE'VE CLIMBED SO LONG,
THE FOUR BRIGHT YEARS HAVE DROPPED THEIR VEIL—
THE VEIL OF A PAST THAT IS GONE.
AND WE NEVER AGAIN CAN PIERCE ITS HEART
OR LIVE THRO' THE LONG SWEET DAYS
FOR WE'VE COME TO THE TIME WHEN WE ALL MUST PART
AND TONIGHT MARKS THE TURNING OF WAYS.

FOUR BEAUTIFUL YEARS, WHILE SIDE BY SIDE
THRO' THE RADIANCE OF SUNSHINE, AND SADNESS OF NIGHT,
WE'VE BUILDED SUCH FRIENDSHIPS AS ALWAYS ABIDE
AND ARE BORN OF THE GLORY OF LIGHT.
AND WE'VE LOVED YOU, GIRLS HIGH, WITH A WONDERFUL LOVE
THAT WILL MAKE OUR HEARTS TENDER AND GLAD
WITH A JOY THAT IS STRONG AS THE HEAVENS ABOVE
BUT OH! CAN YOU WONDER WE'RE SAD?

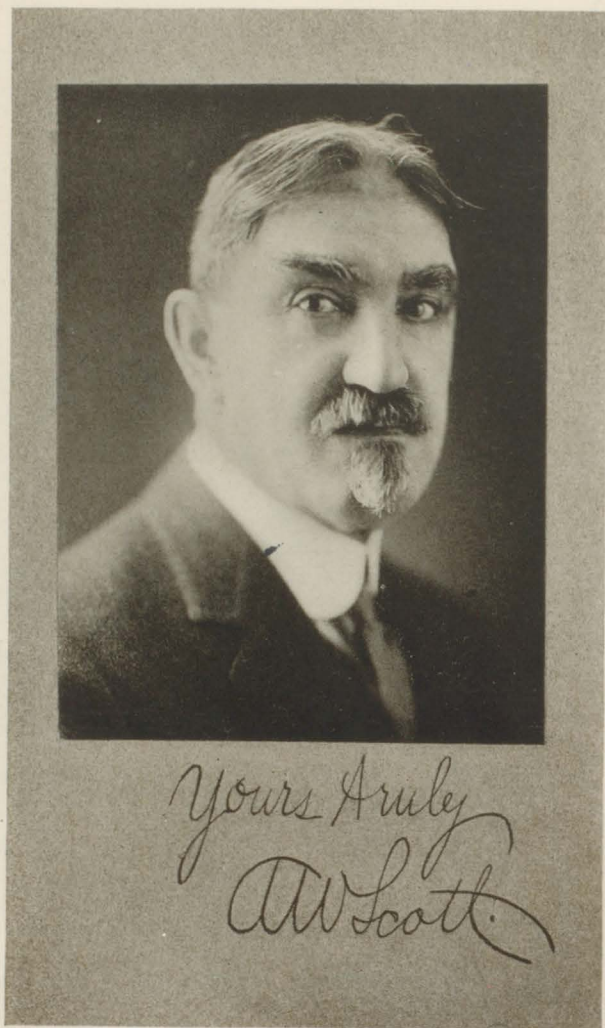
FOR THE END OF THE TRAIL IS REACHED AT LAST,
AND THE SAFE, BRIGHT ROADS ARE SPENT.
WE MUST SAY "GOOD-BYE" TO THE LOVELY PAST
AND ALL THAT THE PAST HAS MEANT.
GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE, FOR THE FUTURE SPEAKS
AND WE ALL MUST ANSWER AND GO—
TO SEEK THE DISTANCE OF PURPLE PEAKS
WITH THE WONDER OF ENDLESS SNOWS.

OR THE CITY STREETS WITH THEIR HARD, STERN CREED—
OR THE ROLLING BRIGHTNESS OF WIND-SWEPT PLAIN,
FOR GO WE MUST WHERE THE CALL MAY LEAD
THOUGH THE PARTING BRINGS US PAIN.
BUT DEEP IN OUR HEARTS BURNS A FLAME LIKE A STAR,
AND A LOVE THAT CAN NEVER DIE.
THOUGH THE FUTURE BE LONG AND THE WAY BE FAR,
GOOD-BYE, AND GOD BLESS YOU GIRLS HIGH.

H. S. F., Dec. '20.

TO
MISS ADELINE BELLE CROYLAND
AS A SMALL MEASURE OF OUR AFFECTION
AND APPRECIATION,
WE,
THE CLASS OF DECEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY,
LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS OUR
JOURNAL TO HER



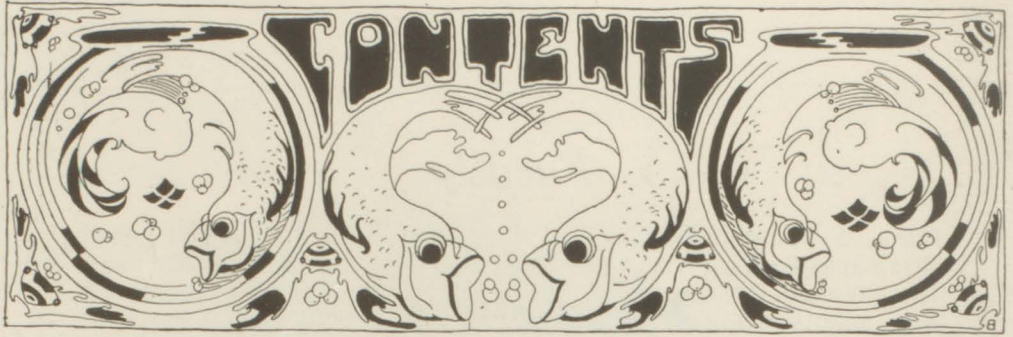


Arthur W Scott.

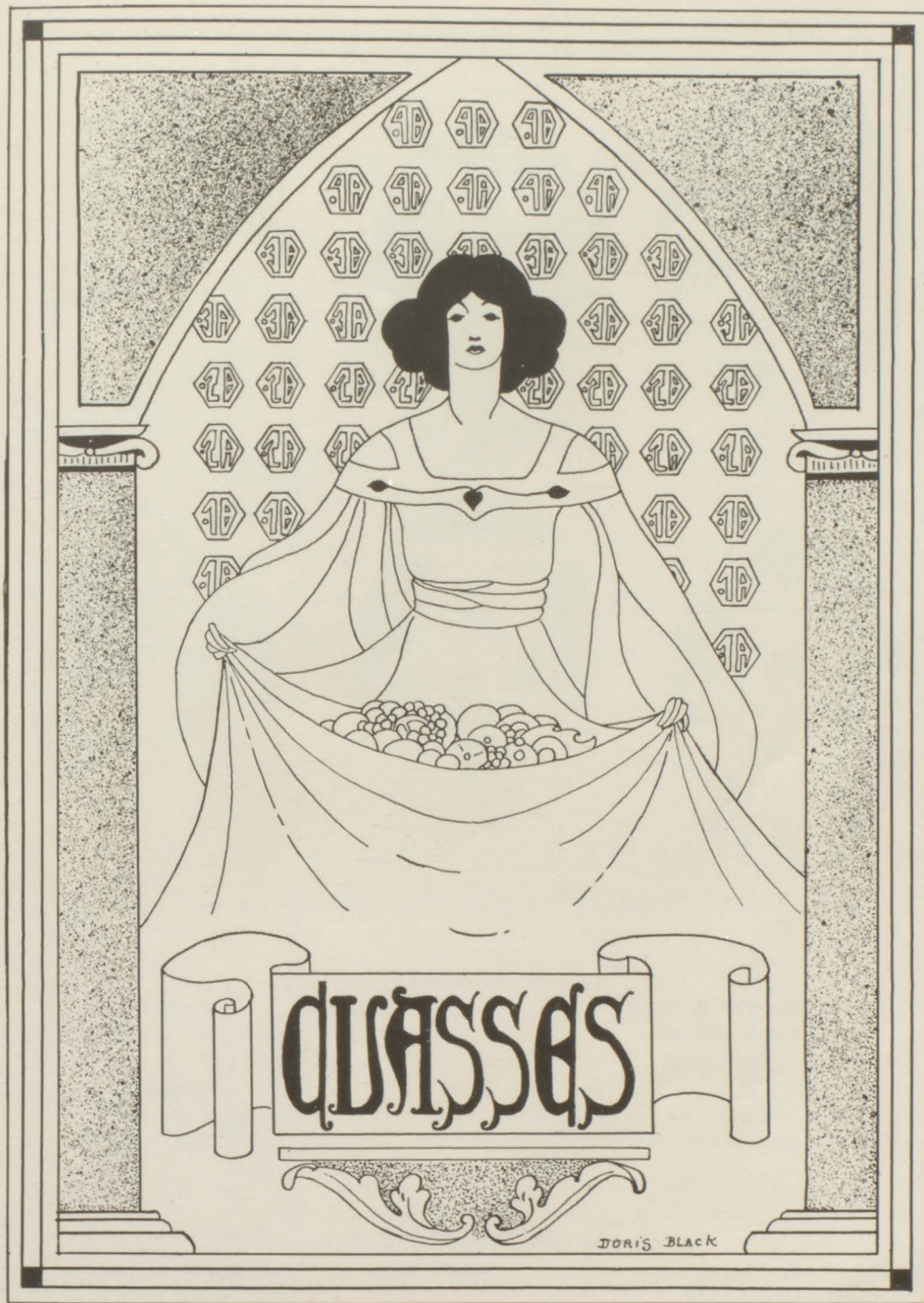
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MISS LAURA DANIEL	Vice-Principal and Head of Mathematics Dept.	<i>Laura Daniel</i>
MISS ADELINE B. CROWLAND	Head of English Department	
MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE	Head of History Department	<i>Sophia A. Hobe</i>
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MR. MARTIN A. CENTNER	Head of Latin Department	
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MISS MARGARET DOUGHERTY	Chemistry; Cooking	<i>Margaret Dougherty</i>
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MISS LYDIA E. WALKER	French; Spanish	
MR. RICHARD ZEIDLER	Science	<i>Richard Zeidler</i>
MISS LOLA PLUMB	Principal's Clerk	

*Au revoir, mais pas adieu!
Revenez bientôt.*



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DORIS BLACK



CLASS ORGANIZATION

ELIZABETH WILBUR*President*
 HELEN STRINGER*Vice-President*
 ALICE LEE HALL*Secretary*
 HELEN HARPER*Treasurer*
 BERTHA GRETHEN*Sergeant-at-Arms*
 ESTELLE WEINSHENK*Yell Leader*

MOTTO:

Per aspera ad astra.

(To the stars through difficulties.)

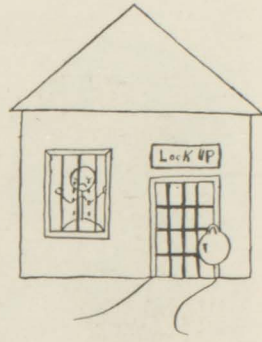
CLASS COLORS
Green and Gold

CLASS FLOWER
Marigold



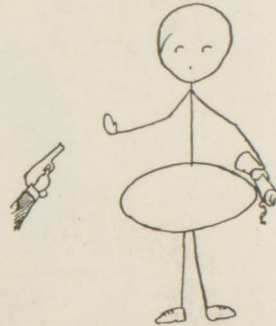
JULIA ANTIPA

*For Julia we have some advice:
About locker keys you are precise.
But don't grow insane,
And get locks on the brain,
For the lock-up would never be nice.*



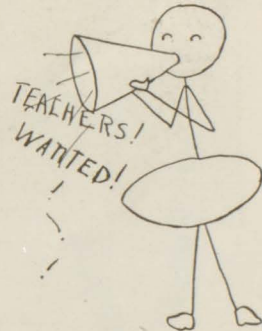
EDNA BALDACCI

*Four years of struggle are done,
And your diploma is now well nigh won.
We know you deserve it,
And are sure you'll preserve it,
Tho' it be at the point of a gun!*



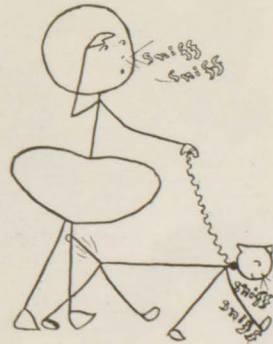
Matilda Bournson
MATILDA BOURN SON

*To Girls High Matilda will always be true,
Now that lessons and civics are through.
A teacher's career
Is calling, so hear!
Make your Alma Mater proud of you.*



EMMA BRUNE

*Her acting has taken such flights
That she's winning her fame over night.
But getting "ads" is a pest,
So we'd like to suggest,
"Get a hound; he will find them all right."*



Emma A. Brune



Isabel Carter

ISABEL CARTER

*What a wonderful miss is Miss Izz!
Adding pep to the peppers her bizz.
In our most demure class
She's the most subdued lass (?)
Effervescing with ginger and fizz.*



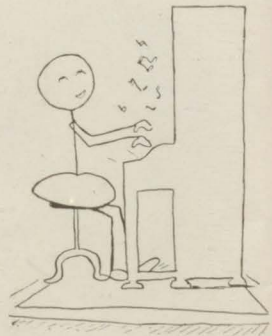
BEATRICE CHICKIZOLA

*We want to tell you now, Beatrice, dear,
That all of our good wishes are sincere;
You've stayed with us to the end,
And you've proved yourself a friend,
And you've added to our joy throughout
the years!*



ELAINE CLARKE

*Have you heard the pianist Miss Clarke?
Then pause for a moment and hark!
For when lovely Elaine
Gets a song on the brain,
She trills on the keys like a lark.*



BESSIE CROWHURST

*Now here is Miss Bessie Crowhurst,
Attractive and very well versed.
If we had half her learning
Our heads would be turning,
And we'd not be surprised if they burst!*





LAURA DE MARTINI

Laura, it's a shame, but I declare,
You make stupid girls with envy tear
their hair;
And we've come to the decision,
That your dandy disposition,
Will win for you a "rep" beyond com-
pare.



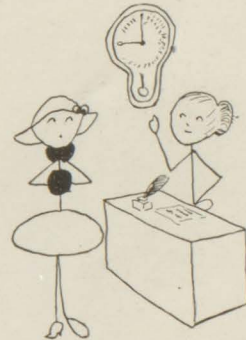
BLANCHE DREYFUS

One morning we sang with delight
That Blanche had skipped in over night.
As she came in to stay—
Why, we all want to say
That we're glad that she paused in her
flight.



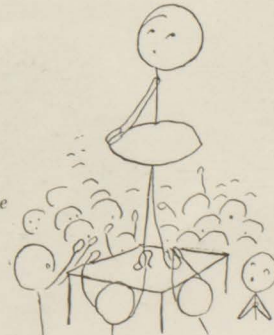
ESTHER ESPARZA

In tardiness Esther excels,
And each morning Miss Daniels' voice
swells
When Esther comes in
With an innocent grin
And says she did not hear the bells.



HELEN FALKNER

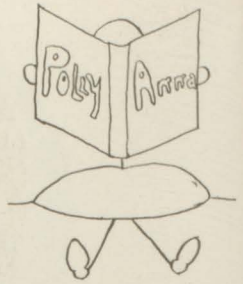
When Helen gets up to relate
Some ryhme in a rythm sedate (?),
She can't be compellin',
Because of her spellin',
Which keeps her from reading quite
straight!





GLADYS FEILING

The very first part of her name
 Will enlighten you as to her fame,
 For she never is mad
 And she couldn't be sad,
 She beats Pollyanna's Glad Game.



ELEANOR FLEISHACKER

Have you heard what is going to strike
 this?
 With awe, the whole college it stills.
 For when Eleanor fair
 Arrives over there
 They will surely have plenty of thrills.

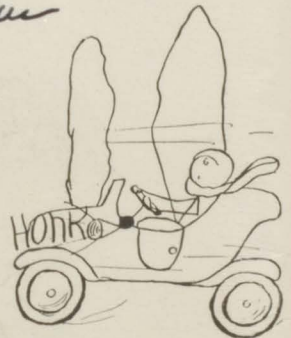


*Best wishes from
 Eleanor Fleishacker*

PAULA FRANKLIN

Now, Paula, when in a machine,
 Is the subject that ever was seen,
 People flee in dismay
 When she happens their way,
 What a "rep" for a girl of 17!

*Sincerely
 Paula Franklin*



YOSHINO FORD

Yoshino, dear girl of Japan,
 We think you are just ichiban.
 With four languages learned,
 If you still are concerned,
 And want to learn more—well, you can.





ALICE GIBSON

*Alice had made up her mind
That her fortune in business she'll find.
If her future we read—
Well, she's sure to succeed.
Failure never was known by her kind.*



MARIE GEIS

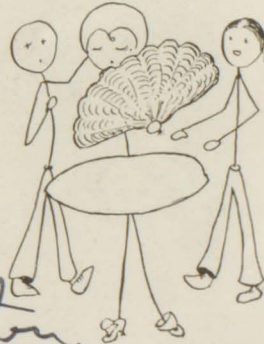
*Said Miss Fitz-Gerald, "Please tell us,
Marie,
What this Gibson's value may be."
At the mere thought of it
Marie fell in a fit.
All she could say was, "Oh, Teacher, Oh,
Go!"*



BERTHA GRETHEN

*That she's sweet you can see at a glance,
And she leads all the "middies" a dance.
If you look in her eyes
You will feel no surprise
That they love her from China to
France.*

*Love
Bertha Grethen*



ALICE LEE HALL

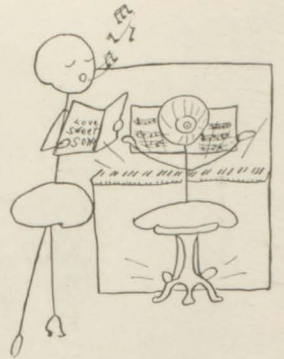
*I'm sure you know Alice Lee,
A talented artist is she.
Whoever she knows,
And wherever she goes,
They will love her there just as have
we!*





ALICE HANSEN

Now don't think we're trying to string'er
When we tell her she'll be a great singer.
Her warbling so fine
Is simply divine,
And all sorts of wealth it will bring her.



HELEN HARPER

Helen Harper's a cute little mite,
About seven feet two inches in height.
She's surely some sport
On the yard tennis court.
If you watch her, you'll say that I'm
right.



*Sincerely yours
Eunice Head*

EUNICE HEAD

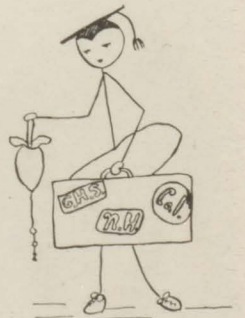
There is a young lady named Head.
She IS and HAS one, 'tis said.
As a number one scholar
You can just bet a dollar
Her head, though brown, is well read.



NATALIE HEALEY

Send the news on to U. C.
That they're soon to receive Natalie.
Let them know that they're struck
With a great piece of luck,
For she's sweet, bright, and witty, U. C.

Natalie Healey





EMELIE HEGGEN

Now Emelie is noted for two things—
Her golden locks and for a trait that
clings.

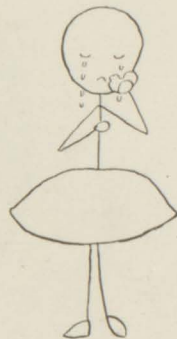
Alice G's the sturdy pine
To which she proves the clinging
vine,
With a devotion to be envied by some
kings!



*With love
Irene Hertzmann*

IRENE HERTZMANN

It is said that she so loves Girls High
That she simply cannot say "good-bye."
If you seek her next year
You'll not find her near here,
Though you try, and try, and try.



HELEN HULME

Helen, don't get discouraged—you may
Yet play golf (if you practice each day).
But don't, in your zeal,
Work too hard, for we'd feel
Very sad, should you fade quite away!

*With love
Helen Hulme*



DOROTHY JELINSKI

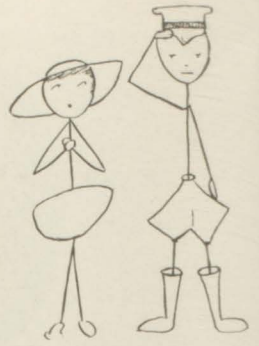
Her name is "Dot" Jelinski,
And now that she's through school—ah,
me!
Well, she never was slow,
And we'd all like to know
Pray who will the lucky man be!





ALTA KENNEDY

*Another dear classmate you see,
Is more highly favored than we!
Her father's a colonel!
The position's eternal!
She's as proud as a daughter can be.*



ETTA KENYON

*Oh, Etta, the Queen of the Keys,
You punch them with greatest of ease.
If we followed your system
We'd hit or we'd miss 'em,
And be "Somebody's Stenog," if you please!*

*Good Luck
Etta Kenyon*



JUANITA LABHARD

*Said Juanita, "My only delight
Is my thought by day and by night
Of Econ. and Chem.,
And such things as 'them,'"
Don't believe me, and you will be right.*

*Econ
Chem*



MIRIAM LEVY

*She surely is artistic on her toes.
How she holds you with a gay and
lovely pose.
Were she like a centipede
'T would be hard luck, indeed,
How she'd keep all those feet busy
goodness knows!*

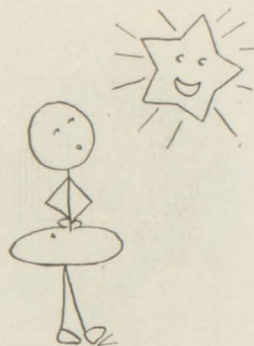


*With love
better
way*



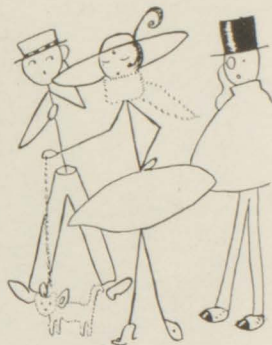
VESTA LEVY

*In her we find a literary star,
The door of fame is standing just ajar.
In her celestial constellation
We find a close relation
Of stellar talents noted near and far.*



MARJORIE McCALLUM

*We know an adorable lass
Who has what the boys call class.
She's as cute as can be,
That she thrills every "he"
She can tell if she looks in the glass.*



FRANCES McDOUGALL

*Once said a young lady named Frances,
With one of her most charming glances,
"I take riding, of course,
To help the poor horse,
He surely is taking great chances."*



LORRAINE MEYER

*For years you have helped us, Lorraine,
When aid was sought elsewhere in vain.
School days will soon pass,
But you're one of our class,
To be thought of again and again.*



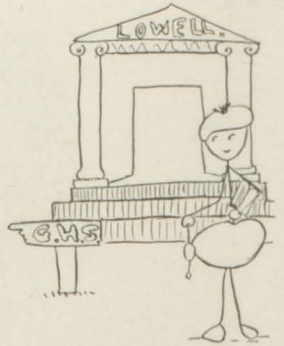
A Girl With a Punch



JOSEPHINE NEGRO

Now "Josephine," "Josie," or "Joe,"
Came from Lowell to Girls High, you
know.

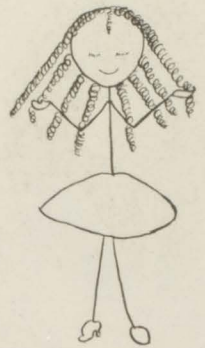
Imagine Lowell, Oh, my!
As compared with Girls High!
Well, she just had to pack up and go.



PHYLLIS NEWMAN

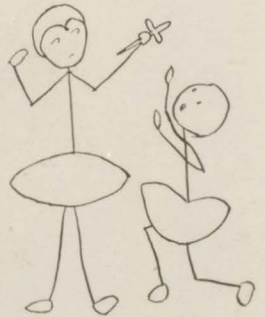
Phyllis is sweet as she's fair,
And she has truly wonderful hair.

It's both curly and brown,
And when it hangs down,
It's so lovely you just want to stare!



EDNA OPPENHEIM

In plays she interprets her part,
With a skill that is proof of her art.
She is known by repute
To be awfully cute,
And, ye gods, this is only her start!



GWEN PARKS

Now from Gwen we expect to gain fame,
For she puts other golfers to shame.

When she starts in to play,
Then the mobs yell "Hooray!"
For no one can rival her game.





LORRAINE PIERCE

*You would teach the young American,
dear Lorraine.
We've heard you make this statement,
now and again.
When we see those muffled ears
We all rejoice with cheers.
Oh! the fun those kids will have is
more than plain.*



HELEN PON

*To have you go makes us all sad,
But for your sake we're awfully glad!
Still, when traveling far,
Don't forget where we are.
That we'll miss you—we don't need to
add!*



ARLINE ROSENBLATT

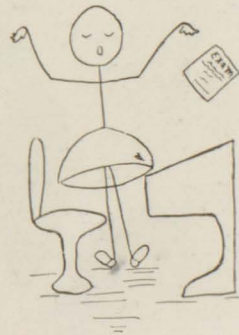
*She yearns for the tropical isles
Where the distance to school will be
miles.
Her choice is Hawaii,
Where she'll say "How-ah-you."
And greet you as ever, with smiles.*

*Sincerely
Arline Rosenblatt*



JOSEPHINE SCHWARTZ

*Josephine usually is gay,
But I viewed her upon one sad day,
When an English Ex. stunned her,
And, fearing a blunder,
The poor darling 'most passed away.*





JEANETTE SCOLA

*Jeannette Scola may be Italy's daughter,
'Twas in G. H. S. that they taught her;
But now we all guess
She'll make her home in U. S.
And everyone thinks that she ought'er.*



SEVILLE SMITH

*A career we see for Seville,
And heed its call we hope she will.
In Congress she'll debate
As Senator from our State,
In efforts to pass her pet bill.*



HELEN ELIZABETH STRINGER

*Helen Stringer's other name is just Liz.
You may think it is not, but it is.
She swims when she wishes,
Just like other fishes,
As a mermaid she's surely a wiz.*

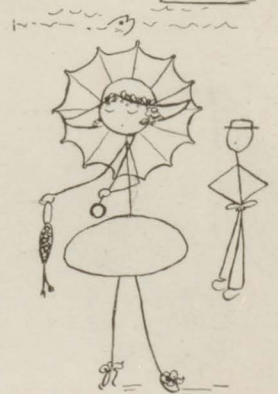


BLANCHE SILVA

*Tho' Blanche is a girl graduate,
This we predict as her fate:
With her sweet sprightly air,
And her soft curly hair,
As a debutante she will be great.*



*and therefore
so that
with this etc!*





CLAIRE THOM-WHORDEN

I'm known, as a rule, as just "Claire."
"Tom Boy" or "Tom Girl" is not fair.
My last name, "thom-Whorden,"
For spelling's a burden,
Quite soon I shall change it—so there!



DOROTHY TONN

We who must look like frights,
By putting our hair up at nights,
Want to ask of you girls,
Whose hair NATURALLY whirls,
Oh, HOW BOW, HOW, do you get
those curls?



Always remember
Jarley's
Dorothy Tonn



MILLIE TRESKOW

Millie Treskow lives over the bay,
Commuting by boat every day.
As she just loves Girls High,
And she can't swim or fly,
She finds the ferry the easiest way.



Ferry

Millie Treskow



ETHEL VALENCIA

For four years Ethel has been formed
by fame,
And the school loves the sound of her
name.
She's Prex of Girls High,
And for it she'd die,
Without her school won't be the same.





ESTELLE WEINSHENK

*Whenever you hear a great noise
That sounds like a pack of small boys,
In the midst of the yell
You'll find Leader Estelle,
For our senior yells are her joys.*



ELIZABETH WILBUR

*Betty Wilbur at golf is first rate (?)
And oh! how she can equitate (!)
She's a humorist, too,
'Mongst the things she can do—
Anyhow, Betty, you're great.*



JULIA WILLIS

*Have you seen her in a cap and a gown?
With the cap's brim on top of the crown?
We certainly never
Expected to ever
See Julia wear caps up side down.*



HENRIETTA WITT

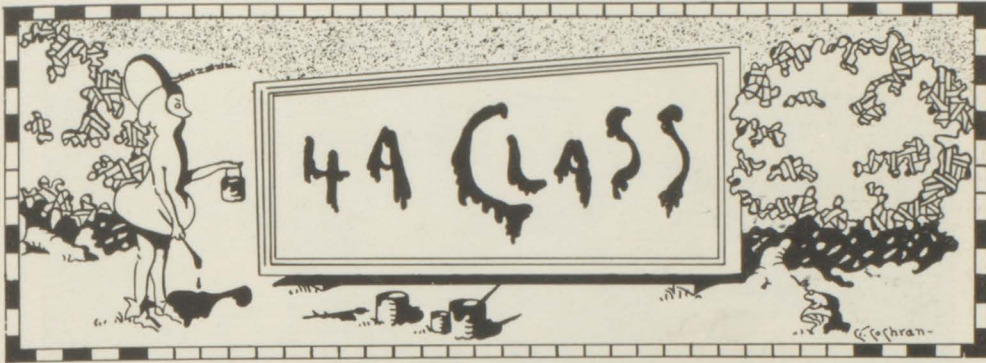
*Her motto's that blue eyes show Witt,
Which surely in her case is fit.
Now, dear Henrietta,
If you think of one bettah,
We'll surely not mind it a bit.*



MARIAN HIRSCH

*Now Marian's just come back from
Paree,
And she has crossed the deep and dark
blue sea;
But for all its queer sensation,
She got back for graduation,
And we're surely very glad that this
could be!*





The Fortunes of Four A's

or
THE TROUBLES OF TWENTY-ONE

A Scenario in Four Parts

1

Enter infants—fresh—commotion,
Register “jeunesse.”
Time elapses; comes promotion,
Register distress.

2

Former youngsters grown forsooth!
Register conceit.
Think they're mighty; learn the truth,
Register defeat.

3

Junior Birthday—candles three,
Register some action.
Three A Rally—novelty
Registers attraction.

4

Aging Seniors, hold a dance,
Register elation.
Planning great things in advance,
Awaiting graduation!

MILLA ZENOVICH, June, '21.

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PRESIDENT	Milla Zenovich		
VICE-PRESIDENT	Georgia Cochran		
SECRETARY	Emilie Bloch		
YELL LEADER	Mabel McNesby		
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	<table> <tbody> <tr> <td>Madeline Levy</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Alice Gibson</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	Madeline Levy	Alice Gibson
Madeline Levy			
Alice Gibson			

Edith L. Solomons
June 21.

Muriel Allison
June '21



3B CLASS

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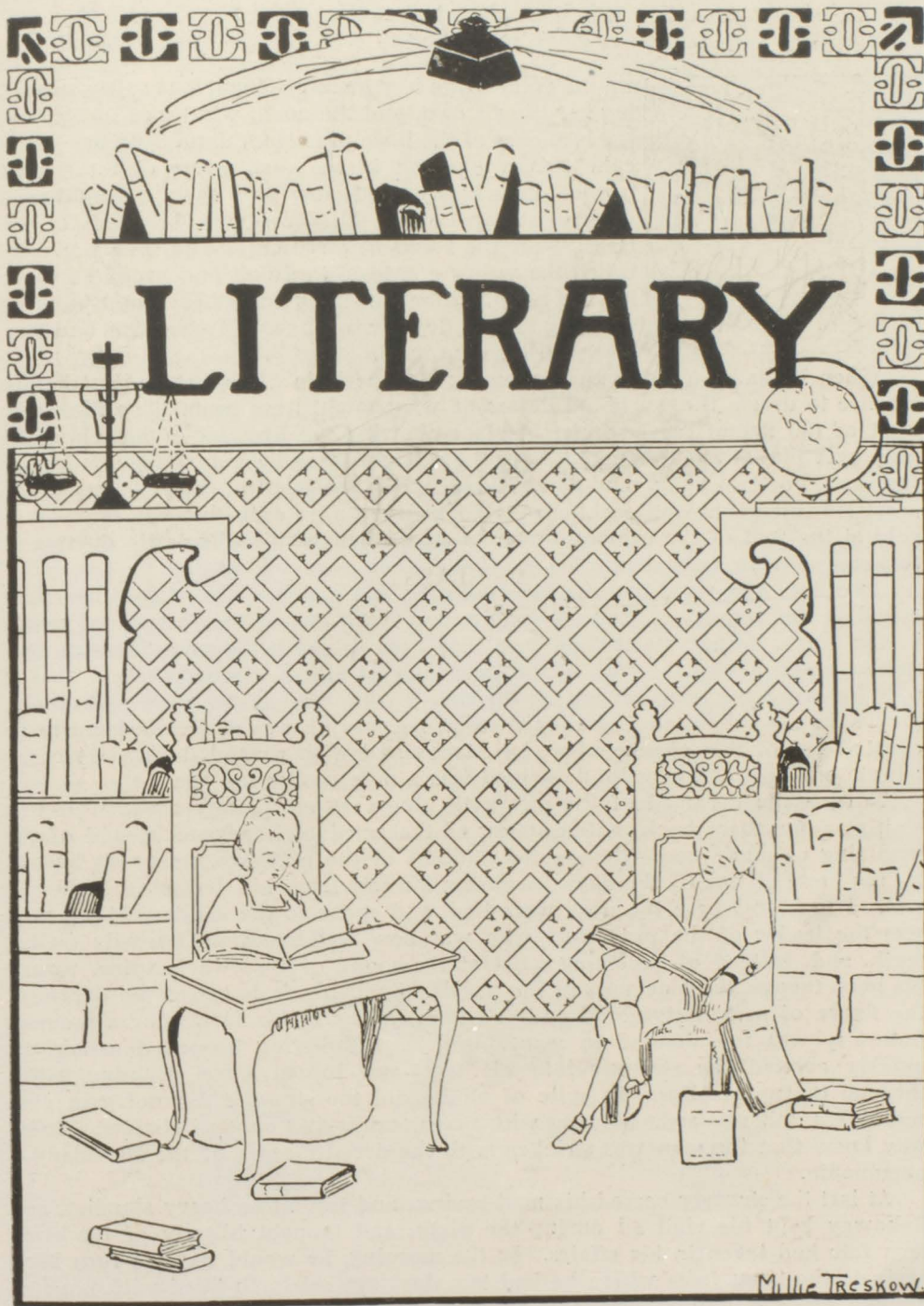
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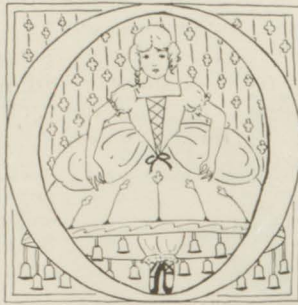


1A CLASS

B. Miller <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	M. Durbrow <i>Vice-President</i>	G. Hirsch <i>President</i>	M. Johnson <i>Yell Leader</i>
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Gold



VER the great white Northland, twilight was softly spreading her purple dust, and the north wind tore savagely at the branches of the huge pine trees unheeding her gentle call. Somewhere out in the vast, white desert a wolf howled mournfully, and now and then a bright-eyed squirrel scampered up the snow-laden branches of the trees. Near the banks of a frozen stream, Bob Galloway called the weary dog team to a halt and prepared camp for the night. After gathering some brush and building a fire, he fed the dogs their dinner of frozen fish, and then prepared his own meal.

When he had packed again, he wrapped himself in a blanket and sat before the fire to dream the world-old dream of what might have been. The flickering light of the flames played upon his face showing the firm set of his chin, the gray eyes that at one time might have been laughing, and the dark hair under the fur cap. For two years now he had been one of the band of gold seekers in the great Northland, always seeking—yet so pitifully few ever finding—the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—who at first, filled with enthusiastic dreams of fortunes made in a day, learn that the God of Gold is not a kind God.

Two days ago, word had reached Galloway that a rich strike of gold had been found in the vicinity of Lone Mountain, and, with one of the fastest dog teams in the north, he had started out in a mad race to reach the new diggings, and stake a claim before the rush of the thousands of others reached there. That is why he drove the team on and on through the blinding snow, until, at twilight, they were too exhausted to go any further, because he was determined not to be cheated out of this chance of a rich strike, and with a good day's start every minute counted, and every mile gained was a mile nearer the goal.

Now, as he dreamed of the girl with blue eyes and sunny smile who was waiting somewhere back in the States, of the smell of honeysuckle, and of the humming of many bees—the sudden stillness of the northern night was broken by the howl of one of the dogs. Arousing himself from his dreaming, Galloway walked over to where the dogs were tied, and spoke to the great wolf-dog who was the leader of the pack, and who was now walking about uneasily on his leash, and, instead of becoming quiet at the sound of Galloway's voice, turned his head toward the blackness of the woods. Suddenly from out of the darkness, the figure of a man staggered and fell unconscious at his feet. For a moment Galloway was too stunned to move, and, then gathering himself together, he quickly carried the stranger into his tent, and forced some steaming coffee through the purple lips. In spite of all he did the stranger did not gain consciousness, but was soon burning with fever and crying out in delirium. Galloway knew that the man was stricken with the dread disease of the Northland—pneumonia.

At last the stranger ceased his mad ravings and fell into a heavy slumber, and Galloway kept his vigil all during the night, and thought bitterly of the cruel turn fate had taken in his affairs. In the morning, he would have to turn back again to the town from where he had two days ago set forth filled with hope of a lucky strike, and now, instead of a mad rush for gold, it would be turning back to the old trail in a mad dash for the village with a stranger—just a stranger—

nothing more—and he must lose his chance for that which he had been seeking so long, because the life of a human being hung in the balance. Bob Galloway knew just what the girl with the blue eyes and sunny smile would tell him to do. The next morning he started back again, and the God of Chance laughed.

That night he stopped and made camp, and still the stranger had not regained consciousness—who was he and where had he come from—Galloway did not know. But that night as he sat watching, the stranger opened his eyes and looked at Galloway, and tried to speak—Galloway bent closer to catch the words which were hardly above a whisper.

“Where are we goin’?”

Galloway told him that they were on their way to the village.

“Headin’ for the big strike and had to turn back for me—lost all your chances now. Why didn’t you go on? Most bein’s would.”

But Galloway only laughed cheerfully and tried to make the stranger take some of the steaming broth made from a partridge killed earlier in the day. After taking a few mouthfuls, the stranger began to speak again.

“’Tain’t no use, I can’t last it back—,” and, fumbling in the pocket of his coat, he drew out something hard and cold and looked at it.

“Gold!” Galloway gasped, as he stared in amazement at the precious metal.

“Just struck it rich,” the stranger said. “Was on my way to stake a claim, and got sick—my team left me—and then I saw your fire—and tried to reach you. Now ’tain’t no use—I’ve struck it rich too late. Ain’t got no folks—so it’s yours, Pard, cause you’re turning down your chance for me—map of claim is in the bag. Good luck, Pard, and get out of this cursed place—” and the stranger sank back gasping for breath.

All night long Galloway kept his vigil beside the man, but morning came and the stranger who had “struck it rich too late” would never hear the call of gold again.

And Galloway had found gold, not through the frenzied rush over frozen trails, but in the warm light of human kindness, and in his dreams of what might have been—the girl with blue eyes and sunny smile who had waited somewhere back in the States, the smell of honeysuckle, and the humming of many bees.

BERTHA GRETHEN, Dec., '20.



The Sea-Gull

A wing of silver, changed to burning gold,
A tinge of copper, and a sunset's light
That seemed a heart of crimson to enfold;
A dip, a curve; a sea-gull in its flight.

A flash of white—pure wings of snow on high,
A soul reflected in the emerald tide.
The likeness of an angel passing by,
A dove; the sea-gull's soul thrice glorified.

BARBARA PERKINS, JUNE, '23.

Dawn

Black night lay like a shroud on the vast, awe-inspiring stillness of the Sierra Nevadas. 'Twas a night that seemed born of the passions of hate, and the weird, fitful gleams of moonlight through the clouds revealed only the shimmering silver of a lake, and the moaning wind called forth only a shivering whisper from the firs. A tomb-like silence reigned supreme—but no—a pale gleam of light showed a man, roughly clad, with disheveled hair, and with wild staring eyes, feverishly carving wood.

Blackness again—only the faint sound of the hermit's knife as he shaped the mocking wooden figures that seemed but the offspring of his own bitter thoughts. Utter night—and for hours nothing is heard but the laboring of a man, battling like the elements around him, with the horror born of his own soul.

Suddenly the moon saw him hurl the pieces from him, with a gesture as if to fling off the hideous thoughts and doubts that were torturing and racking his soul. A calm settled over his writhing features and a stillness crept into his soul, like the hush of the darkest hour of night that comes before dawn. His spent passions gave way to this strange peace within him, and so he started afresh on a creation formed for the glory of light that only the morning could reveal.

* * * * *

Rose-tinted, fragrant dawn, heralded by the soft twittering of birds, was greeted by a half-smothered cry from the hermit, who had toiled unceasingly throughout the night, unconscious of what he was forming. The light had disclosed the head of a beautiful woman. It seemed to smile at him, and whisper, "Dear one, forgive! For I, too, have suffered!" A sob broke from his overladen heart, and with it the cry, "At last! It has come! My soul has seen the light"—and he went to the land of the redeemed.

EMMA BRUNE, DEC., '20.

The Desert



or, choking, relentless, the desert lay under the noonday sun. Alluring, challenging, unfathomable, hiding and holding in its golden sands the secrets and souls of men. Far out, the distant horizon was lost in delicate lavender shadows, shadows that suggested something far more wonderful and infinite.

No breeze broke the oppressive heat. Faintly came the strange cry of a camel adding that last touch to a land of mystery that holds enthralled those who love it.

Silhouetted against the cloudless blue of the sky, a single blackbird hovered, motionless, like an omen of impending evil. The whole desert seemed to wait—wait for something.

The sands rolled on and on in gentle slopes—ever changing, ever shifting sands. Through the long centuries with imperturbable spirit the desert has watched the onward march of humanity, their struggles, their hopes, hates, loves, and ambitions.

* * * * *

The soft firelight played over the dim richness of the great room, on the stolid figure of the servant from India, and on the strong features of a man as he sat gazing into the dancing flames. Everywhere around him were evidences of unlimited wealth, leisure, and perfect taste. The walls were hung with priceless embroideries gathered from all corners of the Orient. Portraits of a long line of ancestors gazed down haughtily or approvingly from their posts of honor. Carved teakwood tables and chairs blazoned with the emblematic Chinese dragon gave to that somewhat staid and respectable English library a decided Oriental atmosphere, which was intensified by the strange, fascinating East India incense.

The man by the fire was the distinguished Sir Malin Kent, a far-famed scholar and a collector of antiques. In his hand he held the famous ring of a Pasha of India, a ring known throughout Europe for its peculiar power of bringing misfortune and disaster to those who owned it. Strange lore indeed to have grown up around the flashing jewel, set in the heavy gold, but the story ran that a blind man had laid a beggar's curse upon it. Now, as Sir Malin gazed at the gem, he seemed to see in the green and gold lights blending together, the head of a woman, crowned with waves of heavy black hair, the limpid eyes, seemingly so true and the beautiful mouth that had been so hard and cruel on that last night. In that woman had rested all his ideals, his illusions, his dreams of happiness. He had thought he had fathomed the soul behind those lovely eyes—but now—and a sob, partly repressed, came like the first warning of a storm at sea.

The servant stirred. "Sahib. Sahib." The storm raged. "The prophecy has come true. What do all my riches mean? Love and honor are gone. Nothing remains—nothing—nothing—" "Sahib. Sahib." His eyes were misty with sympathy and devotion. Suddenly Sir Malin rose and impulsively, with a look of agony in his eyes, tossed the jewel to the floor. He laughed. "Pack my bag. We leave for Paris tonight. I am going to forget." And he left the room. Hesitatingly the servant went toward the gem, flashing, shining, gleaming with a thousand lights. A few moments of silence were ticked away and then, Namigr

stooped, slowly lifted the ring and holding it far from him, his dark eyes wide with superstition and fear, moved to the window, and with a sudden motion flung it far out into the night and the darkness and the storm. And, one by one, the dying embers faded out. The room was silent and cold.

* * * * *

Across the great horizon stretched a marvelous blending of color, gold, crimson, softer rose tints, brilliant blues and purples, gray, greens.

The scene was one of incomparable beauty but with a touch of something far more potent and appealing than mere beauty. To a man who stood looking out on that space, there came a great peace, a cessation of that endless heartache that had pursued him in all corners of the world.

From the east came the sound of a temple bell summoning the natives to their devotions. The deep sweet tones reawakened the memories of the years long past. Feverish, anxious years they had been—full of longing and yearning—and then trying to forget. His mind wandered idly back over the summers on the Riviera, the winters in Paris. There was solace in the thought that there were little children who would perhaps be happier. But he could not forget. Forget! The whole world seemed to mock him. He turned to the man beside him. The latter straightened his shoulders as he saw the bitter lines about his Sahib's mouth. Through all those long, lonely years, he had stood by his master in the battle where pride struggled with love and neither had won.

And now the colors on the horizon faded to the duller shades as the sun sank lower and lower. A great black bird flapped his wings rhythmically, and then with a graceful dip turned and flew swiftly on toward the desert. The man watched its onward flight. Suddenly he turned to Namigr. "Look." Before their eyes they saw, in the distance, the spires, domes, and minarets which caught the reflected glory of the sun. The colors were those of a gem flung out into the night and the storm of long ago.

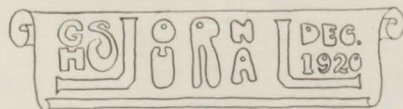
"I'm going out there—maybe I can forget or—find her," and he started forward with quick, eager footsteps. "Ah, Sahib, 'tis nothing but a mirage."

But the man did not hear. He was hurrying on to the beautiful city, his heart beating furiously and in his eyes the gleam of faith.

Slowly Namigr turned and with a last lingering look at the world he was leaving behind, followed his Sahib.

On and on. The sands rolled on, restless, drifting, greedy sands.

GWEN PARKS, Dec., '20.

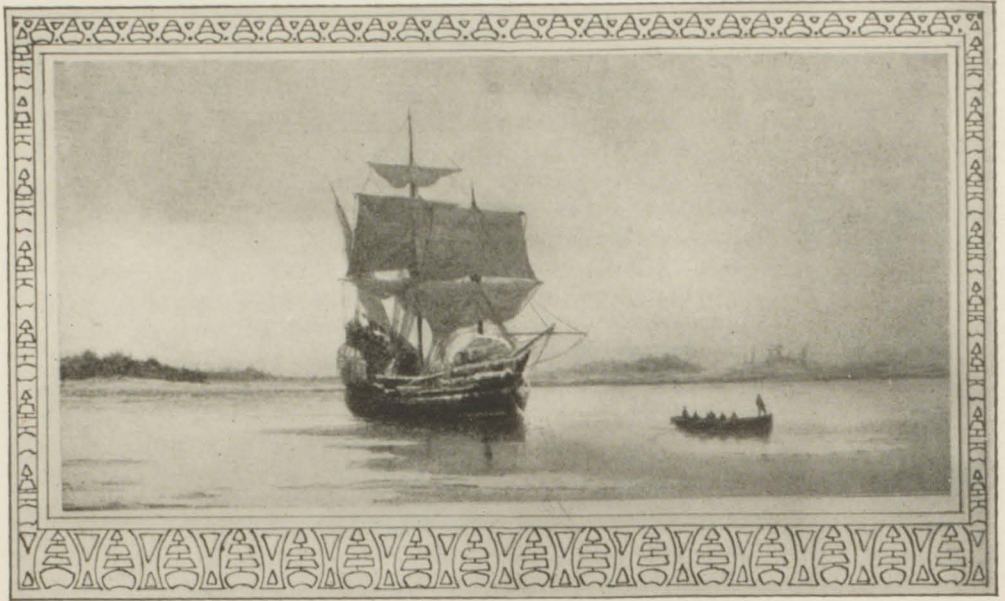


One Day

Upon a certain day, a day in spring,
A man sunk deep in thoughts of hate, looked up,
And while he meditated in the world,
Allowed his gaze to wander round about.
The earth that day was teeming o'er with life,
And smiled, aye, laughed into his very face.
Above his head the birds trilled songs of love;
Bright flowers swayed and murmured at his feet.
They seemed to mock the state his soul was in,
And so a sense of bitterness arose,
Enveloping in mist his heart of stone.
For he who once had hoped, and dreamed, and found
The luck the road called Life unfolds to some,
Remembered hopes that crashed, and now were gone,
Remembered dreams whose ends were best forgot.
The sunbeams danced, and shed warm rays of gold,
But not the warmest ray can penetrate
The fortress of a locked-up human soul.
He sat alone between his past and future like,
Alone, afraid, and inspirationless.
And then a hand slipped quietly in his,
It neither urged, nor held him back, but lay
Quite still, as though expectant of the best.
The bonds that held him rigid, snapt. He rose
To tackle Life anew.
Beside him was a friend.

DOROTHY MORGENTHAU, June, '21.





The Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims

In this year 1920, there is being celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in America. These Pilgrims, who later settled at Plymouth, originally belonged to a little Independent Congregation at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire. They met for worship at the manor-house in Scrooby occupied by William Brewster. Others in the church were the well-known John Robinson and William Bradford, the latter who lived to write the history of the Pilgrim emigration to America.

When James I assumed the crown (1603), it was soon evident that the severities of the last reign against the members of the church were not to be diminished, so that after a short time, they left for Holland, and in 1608 found themselves safe in Amsterdam. By patient industry they managed to earn a livelihood, but they were Englishmen, and felt themselves strangers in a strange land. They arrived at the conclusion that it was best for them to cross the ocean and found a colony on English territory.

They entered into negotiations with the London Company, and, after many disappointments were finally given a grant of land in America.

During the preparations for the departure, they realized that only a minority of the church could go at one time. Early in July, 1620, those who were to go bade farewell to their brethren in Holland, and in August, 1620, went to Southampton, and set out in the Speedwell and the Mayflower. Twice the vessels put back because the captain of the Speedwell gave them false reports as to the seaworthiness of his boat. Finally, on September 16, 1620, the Mayflower, alone, left the harbor of Plymouth.

On November nineteenth, 1620, the Pilgrims came in sight of Cape Cod, and, after much cruising to find a landing, they disembarked on the shore of what is now Plymouth, and there made a settlement.

On November twenty-first, while still abroad, they formed a constitution of their own. Thus the first political community in America began with a written constitution.

Grievous were the sufferings of the Plymouth settlers during the first winter, but not too great for their courage and patience, so that, after a time, the colony extended along the coast and by 1641, included eight towns. A half century later, there were fifty towns and 8000 people, and now, three hundred years later, the people of the whole United States, stretching from coast to coast, and including over 100,000,000 inhabitants, are celebrating the tercentenary of the landing of that dauntless little band of heroes.

It may be of interest to Americans to note that the British port last touched by the Pilgrims—Plymouth—is now represented in the English Parliament by an American woman, Lady Astor.

The three-hundredth anniversary is being celebrated by three countries, England, Holland, and the United States. The formal commemoration began in July with pageants at Southampton, England, from which the Mayflower members originally came. Then Holland's celebration began, and, in September, a party of distinguished Englishmen, repeating the voyage of the Mayflower, landed in New England. On November eleventh, there was observed the tercentenary of the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower while it stood outside the harbor.

Church services throughout the English speaking world commenced on the "Pilgrim's Sabbath," November twenty-first, which President Wilson declared was to be observed throughout the nation.

The interest of the whole occasion will center at Plymouth, Massachusetts, where representatives of all foreign governments accredited to the United States will meet with delegations from every State in the Union. They all will be addressed by United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who is the chairman.

For the first time in the history of our country, that which has long been held sacred in New England will have national recognition. The fact should not be overlooked that the whole country is equally concerned as it has never been before, perhaps as a consequence of the late war.

For 1921, several pageants have been planned at Plymouth and other cities. Exercises will continue through the summer and into the autumn. Gifts of historic value will be given by many patriotic societies, and many improvements will be made in and about Plymouth. The famous Plymouth Rock will again be placed on the sea front.

Thus a little band of people, in preparing, signing, and agreeing to live under a written constitution, unwittingly helped in forming one of the greatest republics the world has ever known, the United States of America.

VESTA LEVY, Dec., '20.

COMMUNICATION ESTABLISHED WITH THE OTHER WORLD

*Discovery of Wonderful Medium Whose Identity Will,
At Present, Remain a Secret*

THE FOLLOWING MARVELOUS MESSAGES WILL PROVE THE AMAZING AND ASTOUNDING
VALUE OF THE NEW SCIENCE—

SOULOLOGY

Dear Byron: We are heart-broken
as we flunked in an ex! Did you ever
flunk?—Dot and Milla.

“My hair is gray, but not with years,
For it grew white
In a single night,
I too have hoped and flunked, my
dears.

* * * * *
They sat us each in a separate seat,
And we were many—yet could not
cheat;

We could not move a single inch,
We stood indeed in an awful pinch,
And 'neath those stern and burning
looks,

We meekly put away our books;
And thus together—yet apart,
Pen in hand and sore of heart,
We hoped, we wrote, our spirits
sunked (ed),
Next day I learned that I had flunked.”

Dear Shakespeare: I have no idea
how to get really thin. Can you help
me?—R. B.

“To eat, or not to eat—that is the ques-
tion,
Whether 'tis nobler to let the stomach
suffer
The pangs of outrageous hunger,
Or to close the eyes to superfluous
pounds,

And by eating add to them.
To eat, or else
To diet, and by a diet brag, I shed
The stoutness, the extra pounds
My flesh was heir to. 'Tis a blessing
Devoutly to be wished for.

To eat,
To starve—————.”

Dear Macaulay: When teachers are
absent, whom can I use for substitutes?
Dr. Scott.

“Seek Emma Brune and Dixie
With all the speed you may,
And they will surely help you
To hold the school at bay.
To hold the school at bay.
In your school a thousand,
May well be taught by three,
And these shall stand on either hand,
And teach the school with thee.”

Dear Burns: I am very small, and
am hardly able to hold my own in the
rush for lunch in the cafeteria at noon.
What would you advise me to do?
Helen Harper.

“Girl wha hae for hot dogs plead,
Girl wham cones has often fed,
Now this place of turmoil tread—
On to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the hunt of lunch time lower,
Hear approach the shrieks of power,
Feign a bravery!

Lay them proud usurpers low,
Grab the food before the foe,
And the cones before they go,
You shall eat or die!

Dear Browning: Before experiment-
ing with anything unusual I would like
to know whether studying is apt to
prove harmful to the constitution?
Elizabeth Lange.

Dear E. Lange: You never can tell
what effect studying may have on you;

often, when it has no effect on you it proves most disastrous to those around you.—Browning.

You know you girls are Bolsheviks,
So listen to my lay,
By a mound of books dear little Izz,
Stood on this startling day.
With tongue out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, locks wild behind
A fitting shelter for her brow,
And for her tired mind.

* * * * *

The child's eye flashed unpleasantly,
Then darted like a spear,
While one and all, with bated breath
Her classmates did give ear.
"You studied!" "Nay," sweet Izzie's
pride,
Touched to the quick, she said,
"I've crammed!" And then the whole
room wide,
With one accord fell dead!

—————

Dear Kipling: Supposing I don't get
my recs! Was anyone ever so afflicted
as I? Anxious.

A girl there was, and she needed recs,
(Even as you and I)
So she studied one day, then took an ex,
(Like all the rest of the female sex)
And the girl she flunked and ne'er got
her recs
(Even as you and I).

—————

Dear Tennyson: I am utterly with-
out money, having spent the last of my
allowance. Will you please write a
song expressive of my pitiful condi-
tion. Sorrowful.

Broke, broke, broke!
Is the dirge that I sing, you see;
And I would I had never to utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Broke, broke, broke!
Is the state that I now am in.
And yet, today, I am no worse—
No worse than I've always been.

Dear Coleridge: I have not had
time to study for an ex. Would you
advise me to take it? Worried.

He doeth best who shirkest best
All ex's, great and small,
For once his paper has gone in,
He has no chance at all.

—————

Dear Tennyson: I have curly hair,
but it doesn't compare with the best
permanent waves. I have a nice color,
but it fades into nothing beside the
other girls who buy their color at fifty
cents a box. I have dark eyebrows, but
they are pale beside the latest manu-
factured ones. What's the use of being
natural?
VESTA LEVY.

The splendor falls on each and all,
And cheek and eyebrow tell their
story.
The rouge stick fakes and pretty
makes,
With red and artificial glory.
Wail, sweet girl, wail! Set thy tragic
cry flying,
And answer nature, from a past—
dyeing, dyeing, dyeing!

But love, girls' wrath when each
night's bath
Their lovely lips and eyebrows
sever,
Is sad, but true; while as for you,
YOUR color lingers on forever!
Laugh, sweet girl, laugh!
Set the rouge and lipstick flying!
Laugh the other girls to scorn—you
don't depend on dyeing!
D. M., June, '21.
H. S. F., Dec., '20.

A Christmas Story



HEARD my Uncle Don tell this story one evening in December while a number of us were discussing plans for the coming holidays.

Uncle Don is a traveling salesman, and it was on one of his trips that the following took place. I use his own language as nearly as I can remember:

"You all recall the time the Overland Limited was held up and robbed five years ago this December. The robbery took place in the eastern part of Nevada shortly after we had crossed the Harriman cut-off over the Great Salt Lake. The train was west-bound, having left Ogden about five o'clock in the afternoon. I was a passenger, and, dinner being over, had seated myself in the observation coach.

"I remember that after paying for my meal and leaving some odd change with the grinning waiter, my funds consisted of exactly two silver dollars. My expense check, which should have been received at Ogden, was waiting for me in Reno, and I was reading a telegram from my firm informing me of this fact, when things began to happen.

"Hearing the cry, 'Hands up—everybody!' I, in company with about half a dozen other passengers, complied with the order, for we were all gazing, in various degrees of fear and astonishment, at a clean-cut young man dressed as a cowboy who held a six-shooter in a manner which stamped him as a typical gunman. Before him marched a trembling brakeman, holding the cowboy's sombrero as a collection plate. At the rear end of the coach stood another cowboy, also with a gun. I was the last one approached in that car and I remember how foolish I felt, both hands held high, while in the fingers of my right hand was clutched the telegram I had been reading.

"When the bandit reached me, I thought possibly he might not believe that I possessed but two dollars, and so, while reaching into my pocket for the coins, I asked him in my best manner to please not beat me up for making so small a contribution, and offered him the telegram to prove my poverty. With the muzzle of that dangerous six-shooter pressed against my chest, the highwayman actually read the message, and then looked into my face with a grin, while I tossed the money into the hat extended by the white-faced brakeman.

"Leaving us under guard of the cowboy at the rear door, the robber entered the coach ahead and levied tribute on about two dozen other passengers. I saw him returning, and noting the good-natured grin on his face, offered a foolish grin in return. As he passed by, the Elk button in the lapel of my coat seemed to attract his attention. Pausing a moment, he reached down into the hat he was now carrying, fished for a couple of coins, and dropped them into the upper pocket of my coat, pointing to the Elk button, and saying as he did so, 'One of you fellows did me a good turn once, so I'll pass you by this time.' He and his murderous-looking companion then left the train, and were soon swallowed up in the darkness of the desert.

"This does not close the incident so far as I am concerned, for at breakfast in Reno the next morning, I thought of the money in my pocket and took it out. Imagine my surprise to find, not two silver dollars, but two twenty-dollar gold

pieces. This problem then presented itself: What was I to do with the thirty-eight dollars that did not belong to me?

"I worried over the question during my stay in Reno, and the matter haunted me all the following week, when my road trip ended at San Francisco. It was two days before Christmas, and the first sight that struck my eye solved the problem. On nearly every street corner, and in front of stores, stood a Salvation Army man dressed as a Santa Claus and standing by a tripod from which was suspended a pot used for the reception of funds contributed by the public for the purpose of feeding the thousands of hungry people cared for by the Army every Christmas season. I changed the gold pieces into silver and dropped a dollar in every pot between the ferry and Fifth Street, at which time I felt the stolen loot was in the best hands possible."

Uncle Don paused and lighted a fresh cigar.

"That isn't the end," said Aunt Martha. "Tell the rest of it, Donald—the best part."

Uncle Don thought a moment, and then continued:

"Well, that was five years ago, and every Christmas I have made it a point to contribute as much as possible to the inviting pots on Market Street when I arrive in town for my holiday vacation. Last Christmas, with ammunition about exhausted, I still had enough to add to another pot, and noticing one across the street, walked over to make my final donation.

"Something about the attitude of the Santa Claus standing guard attracted my attention, and in a moment I realized that I was gazing into the steel-blue eyes of the daredevil cowboy with whom I had come in contact on the train. What is more, he recognized me, and we exchanged grins, but this time the sheepish grin was his.

"'Well met, friend,' said I. 'Making another collection?'

"'Yes, Bill,' he said, looking at my Elk button. 'I did two years for the fool stunt I pulled off that night, and when I got out of jail, I earned the eight hundred dollars I took from you fellows and sent it to the railroad company. I don't know what they did with it, but I do know that I am living straight now and will continue to do so.'

"We shook hands.

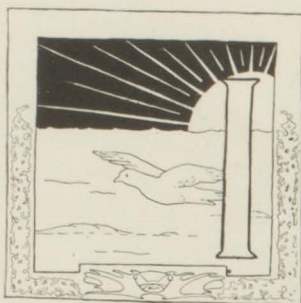
"'Merry Christmas, Bill,' he said.

"'Merry Christmas, Buddie,' said I."

BUELL CAREY, June, '23.



You Have to Thank Prince for It



SOLATED in a shabby arm chair, his feet on the window sill, in his hand a picture clipped from a newspaper and showing a young and beautiful girl, gowned evidently for theatricals, Don gloomily surveyed the outside world and wondered at the harshness of fate which denied him that which he most desired.

"All I know's her name. I don't know a soul who will introduce us, and I can't seem to scrape up an acquaintance," and he moodily regarded the picture. An unusually handsome collie trotted down the street.

"Her's!"

Don sprang up, his former listlessness changing to intense excitement, but, on gazing out of the window, he saw he was doomed to disappointment, for alas, the dog was alone. Immediately a series of pictures appeared before the boy. He saw himself saving the dog from danger and winning a smile from its grateful mistress, or perhaps the animal would save him or—or—something.

* * * * *

Margaret regarded the portrait of the football star longingly.

"I know I'd like him," she said, "if I could only meet him."

A scratch at the door interrupted her musings, and she rose to admit her collie.

"Prince," she said, "can't you do something? I've got to meet him."

* * * * *

The great game is about to be played. Margaret with Prince beside her is seated in the grandstand gazing adoringly at Don—a heroic looking figure in his football regalia as he stands on the side lines waiting for the captain's signal. Suddenly without a bit of warning, black clouds appear overhead, a strong gust of wind springs up, and snatching Don's cap from his head, sends it spinning across the field.

The collie spies it, plunges into the field, and, after a hard chase in which he is pursued by the entire team, eludes his pursuers and drops his spoils proudly at the feet of his mistress.

She is all blushes and confusion as the owner comes to claim his property. In the midst of her apologies for her pet and his escapade and Don's thanks for the return of the cap, big drops of rain begin to fall, thunder is heard in the distance, and, before they can escape to shelter, the storm breaks and they are in the midst of the deluge.

He puts his coat around her, and they run to a place of shelter. She is afraid of the storm—he must stay and protect her.

At last they have met—each seems all that the other thought he and she would be, and they confide their long desire to meet.

"I'm awfully glad we've done it at last," said Don.

Margaret smoothed Prince's curly head and smiled.

ISABEL CARTER, Dec., '20.

Castles of Dreams

Have you ever held a great desire
That burned then smouldered but did not die;
That mounted and flamed to the realms of the sky,
Rising in sheets of fire?

That searched your soul with its blast of flame,
And searching it, widened and glorified
A glory to which the heavens replied
In a wonder that knew no name.

* * * * *

I once had a vision, wide and sweet,
With the height of the skies and the depth of the sea,
A vision that rose and swelled and beat
And burned and longed in the heart of me.

Ah, I nourished my vision thro' dream laden hours
When the sun burned hot, or the wind swept cold,
In the passion of sunset I builded its towers,
In the shimmer of morning I saw it unfold.

And under the wings of celestial delight
Its walls became crimson, its turrets of fire;
And I watched in the dawn, and the dusk, and the night,
My beautiful castle of heart's desire.

A castle so fair with its glamour of love,
So glowing, so pure, with the stars' wonder rife
That it seemed but a part of the heavens above—
Immortal, resplendent, the life of my life.

Then, one day they took my vision from me,
My beautiful vision—my castle of flame—
It vanished, all gold, in the depth of the sea,
And the night shut down black on my pain.

* * * * *

Have you ever held a great desire
That burned and smouldered and could not die;
That mounted and flamed to the realms of the sky;
Rising in sheets of fire?

That searched your soul with its blast of flame,
And searching it, widened and glorified
A glory to which the heavens replied
In a wonder that knew no name.

HELEN S. FALKNER, Dec., '20.

Class Meeting

The motto of a class meeting should be "Let us have peace."

One girl who thinks she knows more than the rest takes charge.

She shows her executive knowledge by asking the advice of the others. This is given freely.

She asks for original ideas. She gets some without an origin and doesn't know which one to take; so she compromises and uses her own.

The president calls the meeting to order, then she calls them down. She should do that first and conserve her linguistic powers.

The meeting is held to carry out business. The business is never carried out! It is carried on (to the next meeting).

The sergeant-at-arms stands on duty and tells everyone to keep quiet so that the president can be heard; and so does everyone else.

Every once in a while some one is fined for being late. They change the time on purpose. That's the way they get funds. Downright profiteering.

A class meeting should be heralded thusly: Battle, Monday 3rd Period—bring your ideas and keep quiet—bring your own ammunition and a mirror.

A casualty list should be called instead of a roll.

EDNA OPPENHEIM, Dec., '20.

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Telegram	<input type="checkbox"/>
Day Letter	<input type="checkbox"/>
Night Message	<input type="checkbox"/>
Night Letter	<input type="checkbox"/>

Patrons should mark an X opposite the class of service desired; OTHERWISE THE MESSAGE WILL BE TRANSMITTED AS A FULL-RATE TELEGRAM

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Form 1207

Receiver's No.
Check
Time Filed

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

State Asylum, Dec. 20, 1920

To Girls High School Napa Co., Calif.

Street and No. Scott and Geary Sts.

Place San Francisco.

Editor and Business Manager arrived safely though violently--

Repairs on special car now in order--Are raving constantly

for more poems and ads--Will wire flowers if necessary.

Matron of Violent Ward.

SENDER'S ADDRESS FOR ANSWER

SENDER'S TELEPHONE NUMBER

The Modern Journal

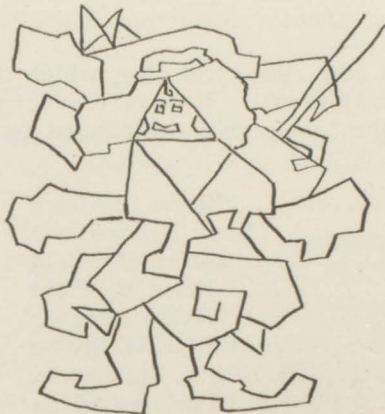
Editor
Bombski
Boobovitchski

Art Editor
Daubovitch
Cubestski

Bolshevism

The Era of
Cubism

Modernism



My Lady Love

My Lady Love

Red! Red! Red!
Red Rouge
Rouge red
Circles
Splotches and Streaks
Streaks and Splotches
Rouge! Rouge! Rouge!
Red Rouge
Very Red Indeed
Infinitude

Eyebrows! Eyebrows!
Fast disappearing Eyebrows
Shaved
Partly so
Very partly so
Gone
Nothingness
Bought Eyebrows
Fashionable
Paint—very black
! ! ! ! ! !

The Last Lamet of a Class Treasurer

There are many girls, big girls, little girls, girls with hair, noses, faces. There are many girls, they are used to being girls, they are used to being very many girls. There are class dues, not many, not great. There are class dues. The girls are used to paying class dues; there are many girls, there are few dues, yet the girls do not pay the dues. There are class dues. Why should the girls wear red dresses, blue, green? I have seen red, orange, and purple. There are class dues. Did you ever see a pink oyster at sunset? A large, fat oyster, quite pink, quite fat? There are class dues. The oyster was sitting in a daisy bed. Pink daisies, blue, red. He was singing, singing. Shadows, flakes of light . . . The oyster was singing . . . There are class dues.

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The Sophomore Book Review

For the lovers of deep, unfathomable mystery, "The Visits of Nancy Haynes," by Miss E. Gavigan will afford unwonted pleasure. The Heroine of the plot is an auburn-haired beauty, whose visits to a house of mystery cause much consternation in the small country town of Facultyville. Miss Gavigan, the detective authoress, solves the mystery by catching the villains Iva Headache and Ihada Cold, who were compelling Miss Haynes to do their bidding. The story ends happily, and satisfactorily answers any questions arising in the minds of the readers whether Miss Haynes belongs to or merely visits the house of mystery, which turns out to be the old reformatory of the Girls' Elevated Skule.

The Myerfeld Co., Inc., has just published a new allegorical play, which they suggest be given by our class, with the following cast. Miss E. Clayburg, a prominent member of their staff, feels that she has largely contributed to its success.

The Hero	Eloise Clayburg
The Heroine	Dixie Kennedy (?)
The Righteous	Marian Myerfeld
The Over-righteous	Helen Myerfeld
The Wrongful	Marian Deremer
The Heavenly Twins	M. Phillips, M. Brown
Chorus	G. Hill, A. Bluhm, etc.
The Populace	The Rest of Us

Cosmetics will be supplied by A. Gray, and the costumes by M. Brownstone

"Once On, Always On." This book, written by Miss Electa Thomas, pertains to life of the tennis courts. Repeated demands from her friends have finally induced her to tell the general public the secret of this peculiar tenacity to the courts. Miss F. Baker recommends the book highly to those of our class who participate in the sport Tuesday afternoons.

"A Poet Hidden," by Barbara Perkins. The next editor is advised to interview the authoress.

An associate member of our class, Miss C. Eschen, writes on "The Intimate Lives of Famous Seniors." She has long been interested in this subject, and feels herself capable of writing on it now. She mentions one or two of the less exalted members of the Student Body, 3B's, 4A's, etc. We recommend this book to the Freshmen.

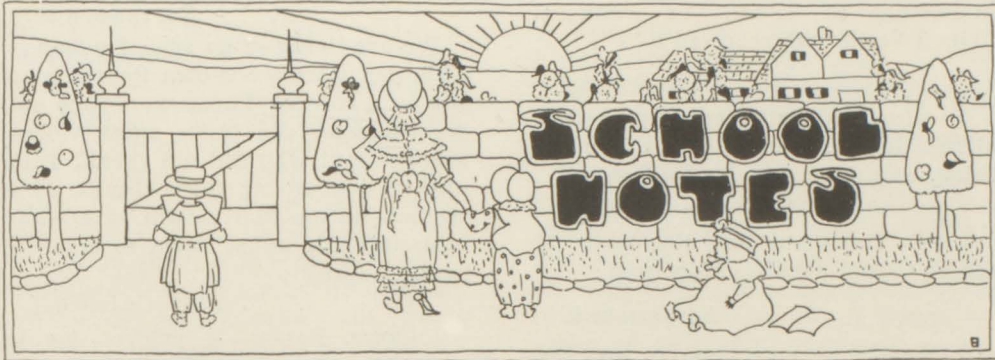
LORETTE CULLINAN, Dec., '22.
 MARIAN DEREMER, June, '23.
 MARY FALKNER, June, '23.

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Endless oodles of love and kisses to a girl who has pep, character, looks, and brains and who I hope, will ever be my friend. I'm — sorry you're going (I can't express it). N.B. I'm so excited my grammar's punke.

Now all we'll be calm cool and collected when Et. L. comes to visit Oh Blub Goodbye and Laurette took back Bookina. Forever



YE DIARY OF ABIGAIL ADAMS

Being an intimate account of all that hath occurred among ye Friends during this my last term in this institution formed for ye education of ignorant young ladies.

AUGUST 2.

'T is with much sadness in our hearts that we leave ye paths of frivolity to enter into the higher education of our souls and minds. 'T is to be feared that the Friends are growing most lax in these matters, their spirits yearning towards worldly things.

AUGUST 12.

PIG-TAIL DAY—This day hath been the cause of much anxiety to me. We have arrived seemingly at years of discretion, and yet we did appear most publicly and shamelessly in the sight of our elders, making a most unblushing display of our pedal extremities as far up as (I blush to say it) those parts of our anatomy known to the vulgar as knees; and glorying in ye vain show of flowing locks. Prithee, think'st thou that this dreadful exhibit detracts from our maidenly virtue? Methinks, however, that we did penance for ye gaiety of the morn, for in the afternoon we were summoned to the auditorium, there to learn of astronomical beings. I have not yet fully portrayed the events of this truly exciting day, for our learned and much-honored peda-

gogues did bestow upon us our greatly desired text-books. But here again a serious doubt assails my mind as to the spirit of thankfulness with which they were received, for unless my ears mistook me I did hear Friend Bertha groan aloud from the agony of her harried soul.

AUGUST 13.

At a most glorious reception given this thirteenth day of the month, by ye almost-fully-educated High Senior Class, we did welcome our youthful, inexperienced sisters into the fold, and did commence their instruction in the ways of wisdom and virtue.

AUGUST 20.

Our fellow sisters did gather today in ye Student Body, and did present unto us all the means by which we can improve our bodies and become adept in higher sportsmanship. Does it not seem unfair to thee that this Girls High should so monopolize *all* the brilliant champions of today?

AUGUST 23.

Mistress Hobe hath delivered unto her class an examination, its purpose being to test their merits and their

knowledge of Civics. Ye wonders!
Friend Vesta hath received a "1"!

AUGUST 30.

Ye aforesaid hath been repeated in
all its details. Surely it is a curious
thing.

SEPTEMBER 6.

LABOR DAY—Ah, that the labor of
others should earn for us a rest!

SEPTEMBER 9.

ADMISSION DAY—I fear me that the
day of union of our State to her sisters
is best impressed upon the minds of
the youth of the country by the vaca-
tion that it yields.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Our gentle damsels did compete in
talking before a curious throng. Me-
thinks my grandsire would be most
shocked could he have seen these mod-
ern maidens so arrogantly displaying
their powers of speech. Truly, 't is ye
day of woman's rights, and in what
could she more fully display her nat-
ural talent than in ye art of debating?

SEPTEMBER 22.

SENIOR SINGING—Ye muse Terpsi-
chore hath been put to flight by dread
sounds coming from the domain of
Mistress McGlade. Fear not! 'T is not
a calling from ye underworld, but the
shrieks of those in torment on this
present sphere.

SEPTEMBER 24.

Ye horrors! This day our inferior
sisters did entertain in our favor ye
members of ye male sex. Never before
have the sacred precincts of our school
been thus violated! I did feel most
sinful all afternoon, and yet (I must
confess it) a strange thrill of happi-
ness did prevail within me. I wonder,
can this be wicked? Our brothers
proved most fascinating, and for-
tunately ye 4A's did provide most lav-
ishly for their entertainment, for
it seems ye punch bowl was most
popular.

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SEPTEMBER 29.

We are living in an age of wonders.
This day were we shown figures mov-
ing on a screen. There were men and
women who did make most violent
gestures, yet who did not speak. I am
uneasy concerning these things, as it
seemeth to me that naught save Satan
himself could cause them to come to
pass.

OCTOBER 5.

JOURNAL RALLY—It grieves me to
record the doings of this day. Before
our horrified gaze there did appear
our sisters, quite forsaken by ye ways
of virtue, for they were garbed most
indecently in trousers, being a most
masculine fashion. Friends Emma and
Helen did disport themselves in the
aforesaid atrocities in a most sur-
prising manner. Friends Harper and
Rosenblatt did make most soldierly
guards, but they did confide in me
that their suffering was most in-
tense, for thou knowest that they are
possessed of an overwhelming bash-
fulness. Thou must not think me gush-
ing when I say that Friend Ethel did
her part most creditably. This thought
comes to me: Can our JOURNAL, which
must express the sweet innocence of
our unworldly minds, be aided by this
ungodly affair?

OCTOBER 7.

CANDY SALE—As I sit here suffering
from ye pangs of the innerman, I feel
prone to protest against this wholesale
slaughter of the innocents. We did eat
of the candy that was so temptingly
displayed before us. Ah, tragic results!
I myself am an example of ye degra-
dation which may come upon one
through love of eating! I must close
now and seek comfort in my bed.

OCTOBER 8.

I have solemnly pledged myself to
hereafter desist from playing with
matches, which it seems from the
speech of Friend Bowden has hereto-
fore been a favorite indoor sport

Girls High School Journal

DECEMBER, 1920

among little children, and which is most dangerous.

OCTOBER 8-25.

It hath been decreed by our elders, such as are banded together into one group known as ye Board for ye Supervision of ye Education, that for ye space of two weeks the inmates of this institution shall be free to do whatsoever they will, ye authority and approval of ye Faculty not being necessary for any carrying out of any such deed.

NOVEMBER 5.

Before vast crowds of scrutinizing parents, relatives, and those persons who by the grace of heaven have entered into ye bonds of friendship, ye debators (being those who did ascend a platform and expatiate on the doings of ye Bolshevik), did make known to Lowell High the superiority of women's tongues. I did have the good fortune to be at both Lowell and Girls High. When first I did view our competitors at Girls High I was filled with despair, for there, reposing on the manly lip of the elder, was a perfect specimen of a misplaced eyebrow! My curiosity on viewing this phenomena was second only to my apprehension, for on closely examining the faces of our team I could clearly see that they did not have a single moustache among them! But handicapped as they were by this unforeseen calamity, our girls did succeed in putting the foes to rout

in both buildings. Methinks that this proves that 't is useless for men to argue with women, does thee not think so?

NOVEMBER 10.

Friend Pope, himself confessed "a bad one," did lecture today on the gentle art of killing. How to annihilate, for the sake of protection or food, all such small game as rabbits, quail, mountain lions and grizzly bears, by means of ye primitive bow and arrow, was the subject of his most interesting lecture.

DECEMBER 11.

Ye doings of ye stage have occupied our time. I am told there is an excellent article concerning the play in this term's JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 15.

Ye Seniors did present unto the school a glorious rally. It did take the form of a vaudeville in which the whole class did participate. Could thee have seen Friend Betty in the full glow of the limelight, and Friends Alta and Seville taking part with her, and also the rube chorus, thee would laugh with me even as I am laughing now!

DECEMBER 17.

GRADUATION—Perhaps I should not give way to such words, but I must confess it is beyond me how the school will survive without us! Farewell, ye dear Girls High!

ISABEL CARTER, Dec., '20.

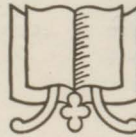
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Helen S. Falkner
Editor



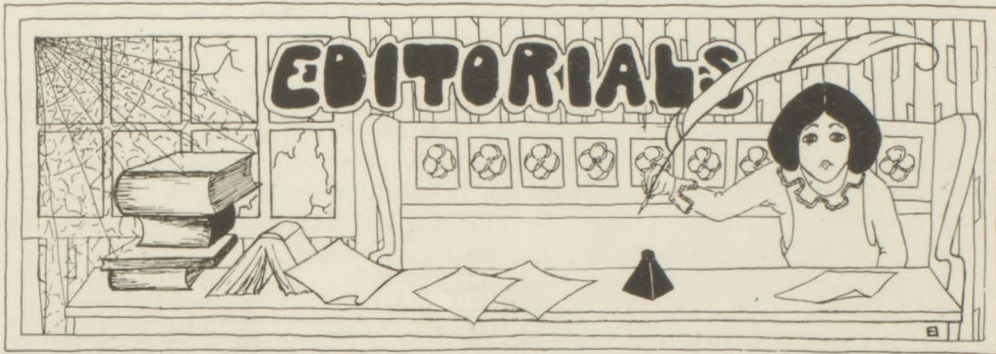
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Vesta Levy
 Dorothy Tomm
 Dorothy Morgenthau

Gwen Parks
 Isabel Carter
 Helen Stringer
 Elizabeth Wilbur

Alice Lee Hall
 Estelle Weinshenk
 Dorothy Gerrie



On the seventeenth of December, we, like the many classes who have gone before, must leave the Girls High School. Just what this means to each one of us, individually, it is impossible to state here—impossible to express at all. Each girl knows as she passes for the last time through the doors of the school that she has come to a definite turning point in her existence. The steady, undeviating routine which has so far filled her days with healthy, regular activities is broken; and she must plan her course for a totally different life. To the average young girl of today, many doors are open to a new field in education, business, music, art, etc., and the planning of this course should not be difficult. All that she requires is her youth, her strength of character, and good will, and the world will be only too glad to receive her. Money, beauty, so called “pull,” while they may be said to help in a measure, need be no factors at all in the life of the girl who is willing to start bravely at the bottom of the ladder, but who refuses to see anything before her save her ultimate destination—the top of the ladder. But one thing counts at the start, however, and that is, that she be “fit” in mind and body, and whether this condition may be ascribed to her depends upon what her environment has been prior to that time. We who are graduating from the Girls High School know ourselves to be particularly fortunate. All that education and athletics may do for a girl has been ours in abundance. All that splendid guidance through the past four years of our lives can do for our future, has been given us. What we may do in that future depends on *ourselves*, but the foundation has been laid for us—and for this we thank you, Girls High!

The school has been made very happy this term by the return of Miss Croyland, Miss Noonan, and Miss Roth. We want them to know how very glad we all are to have them back with us.

We also wish to extend a warm welcome to Miss Lydia Walker, Mlle. Gombert, Miss Jacobs, and Miss Kohlberg.

The staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Croyland for all she has done to help us with the JOURNAL. She has been so patient and kind, and her criticisms and suggestions have meant so much to us in our work, that we feel that we can never sufficiently assure her of our gratitude and appreciation.

Two girls who have contributed to the JOURNAL this term are particularly worthy of praise. Bertha Grethen, whose story, “Gold,” is published in this

number, has taken the prize for the best story. Barbara Perkins we have already heard from among the lower classmen as fourth vice-president, and now she again comes before the public eye as winner of the prize for the best poem.

The Editor especially wishes to extend her thanks to Emma Brune for her untiring efforts to make the JOURNAL a success. As Business Manager she has given the JOURNAL splendid backing, and, in addition to this, she has devoted many hours of her time to further the progress of this edition. Her work has won our warmest appreciation.

This term the Senior class gave a JOURNAL Rally that aroused so much enthusiasm that we were able to follow it with the largest candy sale ever given in the school. The cost of printing the JOURNAL was so much greater than ever before, that to meet the increased price, Dr. Scott kindly permitted us to have this sale which was so successfully carried out.

We are indebted to Alice Lee Hall for the cover design and many beautiful cuts in this edition. The clever cartoons, opposite the graduation pictures, were drawn by Francis McDougall.

This term the JOURNAL staff has been forced to meet the pinnacle of high prices in printing and art work, and the task has been a very hard one. Also, the tremendous increase in the size of the school has made necessary a larger organization of the business staff. An experiment tried by the business staff this term has proven very successful, and has demonstrated the fact that co-operative organization is the keynote to financial success. Two girls were chosen from the 4A, 3B, 3A, 2B, 2A and 1B classes, one girl to be the advertising manager of her class, and the other girl to arouse enthusiasm and take charge of the sale of JOURNALS. These girls worked under the directions of the Business Manager, and their efforts were so successful that more JOURNALS were sold this term than ever before. To Milla Zenovich and Elizabeth Geen of the 4A class, Meral Arkush and Edith Solomons of the 3B class, Isabel Bluhm and Mildred Sharrer of the 3A class, Naomi Clouse and Pauline Davis of the 2B class, Mary Falkner and Carolyn Eschen of the 2A class, and Marian Solomons of the 1B class, the JOURNAL staff extends their sincere appreciation for their untiring efforts in promoting the welfare of the JOURNAL. A special note of appreciation is due Dorothy Gerrie, the Low Senior Business Manager, for the aid she has given by acquiring advertisements and arousing enthusiasm for the JOURNAL in the Low Senior Class. To all the girls who sold JOURNALS, and those who brought advertisements, the Business Manager is duly grateful.

The Business Manager wishes to give special mention to Meral Arkush and Ruth Mann for their inestimable aid to the JOURNAL. These two girls have won the two prizes for getting the most "ads." They have worked very hard, and their efforts are greatly appreciated by all of us who have the interest of the JOURNAL at heart.

from to
 little Ruthie
 and all the
 best wishes
 from
 your
 friend

To my sweet looking
 mate - With love -
 Aunt "Susan"

Patricia Elizabeth Gray



Dear Ruthie -
 Best wishes from
 one who hopes you
 won't forget her
 while you're off in
 the fields of speckled
 soling

Elizabeth Geene, Vice-President
 Dorothy Morgenthau, Yell Leader
 Marion Victor, 2B Representative

Meral Arkush, 3B Representative
 Ethel Valencia, President
 Marian Deremer, 2A Representative

Isabel Bluhm, 3A Representative
 Elinor Raas, Secretary
 Ruth Clouse, 1B Representative



ENGAGEMENTS AND MARRIAGES

Mrs. Horace Bloch (Therese Kutner) is now residing in New York.

Miss Marion Dick, June, '17, was recently married to Frederic Rohrer, and is now residing in Baltimore.

Miss Eleanor Dyer of the class of December, '18, recently became the bride of Walter Ansel, U. S. N. She will make her future home in San Diego.

Miss Julie Simmons, June, '17, is now Mrs. Alfred Langevin.

The marriage of Bernice Peiser, December, '18, to Marco Wolfe was an event of the spring.

Sybil Price, June, '17, is now Mrs. James W. Kelly.

Marie Pope has written the delightful news of her engagement to Noel Hart of Pomona.

Elaine Mosebach, June, '17, has recently announced her engagement to Roy Elmore.

Anita Kohn, of June, '17, has announced her engagement to Ernest Lindenau.

MISCELLANEOUS

Virginia Jurs and Yvonne Pasquale, Dec., '19, are now attending Stanford.

Augusta Rude, June, '20 class, is now at the Affiliated Colleges studying dentistry.

Ruth Bransten of June, '20, is attending Vassar, and Merle Lemaire is vice-president of her class at the University of Nevada.

Newell Bull is spending the winter in New York.

Elise Phillips, Esther Caukin, Helen Bissinger, all of June, '20, are attending Mills College.

Sybil Graves, June, '20, is studying art at the San Francisco Institute of Art.

ACTIVITIES



DORIS BLACK



The Sports and Pastimes Association

Once upon a time a number of healthy, husky athletes decided to consolidate their interests. Armed with tennis racquets, baseball bats, basketballs, and swimming suits, they congregated in the "Athletics Sanctuary," the gymnasium, and proclaimed to the world their existence. The baptismal rites followed, and G. H. S. added to its list of active organizations that of the "Sports and Pastimes." These robust individuals then proceeded to round up a large assortment of "wienies," and the Association was invited to a never-to-be-forgotten wienie roast and hare-and-hound chase.

The Sports and Pastimes Society is continuing to flourish under Elizabeth Geen, its president, and a group of efficient officers, consisting of Katherine Spencer, vice-president; Cecile Feusier, secretary; Felita Lee, basketball manager; Eleanor Raas, tennis manager; Marianne Friend, swimming manager; and Miss Rosenberg, adviser.

The audience on that grand and glorious Field Day, Oct. 7, 1920, became one excited throng as each girl in it yelled herself hoarse cheering for the success of her class. The girls in the class of Dec., '23, were the victors, winning 17 out of a possible 67 points. The class of Dec., '22, was a close second with 16.5 points.

We sincerely hope there may be many such occasions, for we feel that they encourage good sportsmanship and a fine spirit of fellowship. We have been aided in playing our sports skillfully and fairly by our sincere and competent coach, Miss Rosenberg, to whom we express our appreciation and gratitude.

Best low to put to
from Ethel Valencia.



Basketball

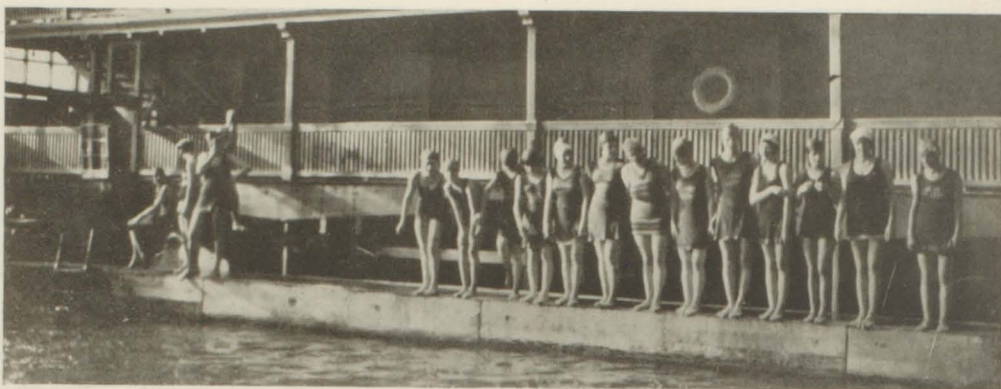
Team work! This is surely the byword for basketball, for it inevitably ends in a snappy and successful game. Did you ever consider what team work means? It is working with others; hence forgetfulness of self. All play with one aim, and therefore we derive the fun that comes from the competition of working toward a common goal. To be an efficient forward one must have an accurate aim. How well Ethel Valencia has served in this position. An efficient guard must have perfection of balance to keep from touching her opponent. You know what that means if you can picture Wanda Plincz guarding "Tookie" Wale, a second "Mutt and Jeff."

Alertness, prompt action, quick and clear thought—team work, indeed! This result of our major sport is entirely worth while.

But—only four girls in the school have had the moral stamina and bravery to face, undaunted, the terrible training rules and win Block "G's." Through the field of basketball did the coveted and scarce Block "G's" descend as an honor upon these courageous individuals, who are Ethel Valencia, Dec., '20; Estelle Weinschenk, Dec., '20; Janet Edler, June, '21, and Felita Lee, June, '21.

Our Senior team, with its three long years of experience, will undoubtedly bring victory to our school in its interscholastic games. The girls of the Junior team, who now feel so proud at being upper classmen, are confident of running away with every glory. The Sophomores, just out of last year's Freshman team, feel sure that the whole world is theirs, and are ready to show the school that "they know how." With the large Freshman enrollment, we feel confident of a very promising team for future games.

The girls of the basketball club wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Rosenberg, upper division coach, and Miss McGowan and Miss McNeely, both lower division coaches, for their kind help and encouragement.



Swimming

"Come on in; the water's fine!" This cry came from the swimming enthusiasts, and was answered by a large number of girls, both beginners and advanced swimmers. Miss Raleigh and Miss Crimm are our new instructors and they certainly are swamped with girls clamoring for instruction. Sand drill and life-saving have aroused many who are not usually actively interested in swimming, while diving is causing its usual turnout.

Sutro Baths is again the scene of action on Tuesday afternoons. Although swimming is not a major sport this term, practice is kept up in anticipation of next term's meet, which we hope will spell victory for the swimmers of Girls High.

Volley Ball

With the increased population of G. H. S., from some 600 girls in 1916 to nearly 1200 students in 1920, we have witnessed an influx of athletic girls desiring a new source for the outlet of their energy and school spirit. As a result, we have introduced volley ball, a game which is arousing enthusiasm in all San Francisco High Schools. The question at first was, what is it like and shall we enjoy it? That feeling of doubt was soon changed to a keen interest and a desire to play the game skillfully.

With Miss McNeely as a coach, we may confidently give this toast to our new activity:

"Long life and success to our game!
May it bring G. H. S. lots of fame!"



*Unnately
Anita W. Hansen*

Tennis

This term, the wielders of the tennis racquet have been busy with a round robin tournament. Each class plays separate tournaments and these have been joined by all advanced players. Tuesday afternoon has been set aside for the coaching of beginners and there is no doubt but that Miss Rosenberg, their coach, is turning out future tennis champions.

Baseball

Every dog has his day! And so baseball, after an eventful six months' career, must content itself to retire into the background. Those interested in the sport welcome this opportunity to create new stars, to practice with new vigor, and to produce next spring an unequalled and invincible baseball nine.

At the bottom of this page may be seen the picture of last term's upper division team, the best in the school. Baseball practice continues under the able supervision of Miss Rosenberg.



*Always my friend
Miss Rosenberg
As ever yours
Clubman's Eyes*

Orchestra

NATALIE HALLINAN *President*
KATHLYN WOOLF *Secretary*
ALICE CUMMINGS *Business Manager*

Music, one of the noblest of arts, finds adequate expression in the G. H. S. orchestra. This orchestra consists of twenty-two violinists, a pianist, organist, flutist, cellist, and harpist. By reporting for practice every morning before school in the auditorium, this little band of instrumental musicians has shown its appreciation of the efforts put forth by Mrs. McGlade. They show their great enthusiasm and interest by concentrating all their efforts in order to perfect several difficult selections which have been undertaken this term.

With the power to give expression to joy, sorrow, humor, and all of one's emotions, by means of its ever increasing technique, the orchestra has undeniably become one of the leading factors in school life.

Choral Club

MRS. MCGLADE *Directress*
BLANCHÉ DREYFUS *President*
GERTRUDE HILL *Secretary and Treasurer*
EDNA OPPENHEIM *Business Manager*
MARTHA HESKINS *Choral Club Accompanist*
KATHLYN WOOLF } *Glee Club Accompanists*
KATHERINE MEYERS }

The Choral Club consists of over one hundred and fifteen members who meet at the fourth period in the auditorium, under the careful supervision of Mrs. McGlade.

The Glee Club, an outgrowth of the Choral Club, is an honor society, and has been formed of the girls who sing well, and whose scholarship is satisfactory. A joint concert is to be presented soon.

Dramatic Club

ELEANOR BENTZEN *President*
MARION DEREMER *Secretary*
MISS STARK *Treasurer*

The Dramatic Club was formed for the purpose of bringing into prominence those girls especially talented along these lines; and of presenting the best dramas obtainable. These hopes developed into a reality when the Dramatic Club presented J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street." The society can never fully express its gratitude to Mrs. Tharp for her untiring efforts and to Mr. McGlynn for his interest in the Club's activities.

Debating Club

The Debating Club, the youngest and one of the most active organizations in the school, has embarked on a sea of prosperity for the term of December, 1920, and to this fact its members can testify. The club gathers every Monday morning, first period, and whether the ensuing scenes be calm or stormy, they are inevitably refreshing. Supported by a precious copy of Roberts' "Rules of Order," the president, Dorothy Morgenthau, conducts the meetings, the minutes are read by capable Pauline Davis, and the vice-president, Anne de Gruchy, is ever ready with an interesting program for the day. These three, with Milla Zenovich and Naomi Clause, who, together with the president are our delegates to the Debating League of San Francisco, constitute the student officers of the society. Everlasting gratitude for the success of the club is laid at the feet of Miss Hobe, Miss Noonan, Mr. Dupuy, and Mr. Zeidler, the able faculty advisers who lend their support from beginning to end.

Art Club

Many real objects of art have been created by the talented members of the Art Club. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and these girls are surrounded by articles beautiful in their simplicity, and of their own making. One of the fundamental aims of woman is to be a homemaker, and happy the woman who can beautify her own home with objects of her own creation. This, girls, is what is being accomplished by the Art Club, under the inspiration and guidance of Mr. McGlynn.

The club extends its warm hand to all the lovers of art, asking them to come and share the enjoyment of designing rugs, furniture, and upholstery, on Monday afternoon, room 218. Even the allotted time has proved greatly insufficient for these artists, and so they work until five o'clock when the shades of evening are all that can quench their great enthusiasm.

Reading Club

We have been made very happy by the fact that the Reading Club has been resumed this fall. Due to the fact that, on account of many school duties, Miss Armer could not spare her Tuesday afternoons last spring, we were compelled to give up the club for that term. Thus you may gather that the Reading Club without Miss Armer would be like "Hamlet" without Hamlet.

The Reading Club meets on Tuesday afternoons in room 108, and it is then that Miss Armer reads the plays written by the best modern dramatists.

We fully appreciate this opportunity that very few people are fortunate enough to have, and for the benefit of all Juniors and Seniors, and all those girls who will become upper-classmen, we wish to state that they will be losing one of the finest things the school has to offer if they do not join the club.

Remembered of love
to an admirable girl
from nursing



Burning with affection
of Maxine Marshall



To dear Ruth
with love from
Madeline



Debating Team

In case you should see at the beach, some morning, a creature shrieking to the sea at the top of her lungs and munching pebbles all the while, you will know that the Girls High School is about to win another debate and that this revival of the Demosthenean practise is only another nail in the coffins of other San Francisco High Schools.

Since taking an active part in the Debating League, Girls High has won some eleven, or all but one, of their contests. Last year we defeated Commerce in two debates, Mission in one, and Lowell in two, thus winning the city championship for 1919. Just for good measure we captured first and second places in the Individual Speaking Contest and first and fourth places in the Declamation Contest. This term we won, by default, the two debates scheduled with Lick, and in November, by the sheer merits of our team, we defeated Lowell twice. In December, we battle Humboldt for the championship for 1920. Victory is the only goal we have thus far known and it is hoped that we will once more be favored by the fair lady. Very likely we shall, because we have a team that boasts of Dorothy Morgenthau as captain, Milla Zenovich with her argumentative reputation, Madeline Lackmann, famed for her composure, and Maxine Marshall, who is capable of "tall" thinking.

D. M., June, '20.



J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," the play produced by the Dramatic Club, scored a decided success. This success was largely due to the time and help which Mrs. Tharp, the coach, gave to it; by the lovely costumes designed by Miss Sullivan; by the music, directed by Mrs. McGlade; and by the beautiful stage setting, for which we have to thank Mr. McGlynn. The cast follows:

<i>Phoebe</i>	Emma Brune	<i>Charlotte</i>	Ribia King
<i>Valentine Brown</i>	Isabel Bluhm	<i>Ensign Blades</i>	C. Merriman
<i>Miss Susan</i>	Meral Arkush	<i>Sergeant</i>	Ruth Scheeline
<i>Miss Willoughby</i>	E. Solomons	<i>Spicer</i>	H. Schwerdt
<i>Miss Henrietta</i>	D. Gerrie	<i>Harriet</i>	F. Dowdell
<i>Miss Fanny</i>	M. Deremer	<i>Arthur</i>	Violet Oliver
<i>Patty</i>	Elizabeth Wilbur		



Patty and the Sergeant



Phoebe and Valentine Brown



Marooned!!



Too many --- Milkshakes



FATIMA!



Caged In



Bobbie's "Principle"



End of the Trail



"Cizzeringa"



Home of the brave



Ball'er Out



Youth FM?
Presidents?



Phyllis's Ford



Mike + Ike



Backwards



Chu Chin Chow
How!



SENIORS ????



A hungry hoard!



"Gym's" Pals



Forwards



A wee bit "Scotch"



Love Nest



Tweet!



Pat Geen—I could have gotten an advertisement from an undertaker but I didn't want to.

Business Manager—Why not?

Pat—Well, you see we always put "Patronize our advertisers" under our ads.

Helen—I don't think I should get zero on this paper.

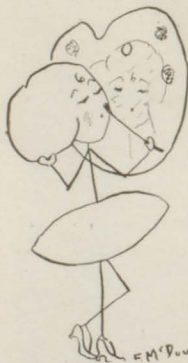
Miss F.—I don't either, but it was the lowest I could give you.

The saddest words,
The words I hate,
Are these: "Get up,
'Tis nearly eight."

Isabel—Don't ever read that book; it's too deep for you.

Vesta—What is it?

Isabel—"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."



Alice Lee Hall—I don't know what to say to the girls about the Art Club.

Ethel Valencia—Oh, tell them that all girls have to be artists nowadays; they do so much painting themselves.

G. H. S. directions for Fire Drill: "Keep still and move fast."

The Juniors proud saw something green,
They thought it was the Freshman Class.
On drawing nearer to the scene
They found it was a looking glass.—*Ex.*

A G. H. S. girl wearing a very abbreviated skirt, and openwork hose, sympathetically remarked to a small boy on a chilly day:

"Are your leggies cold, dear?"

"Nope. Are yours?" was the prompt reply.

NEW LATIN VERBS DISCOVERED BY A STUDENT

Dogo, dogere, pupsi, bitum.
Slido, slidere, slipsi, fallum.
Skato, skatere, fallsi, bumpum.—*Ex.*

ASK THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

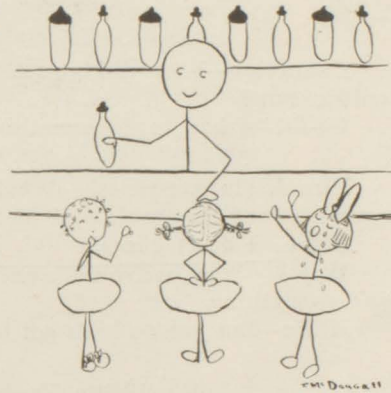
English Student—If Ivanhoe costs sixty cents at the bookstore, how much is Kenilworth?

Teacher—Great Scott! What a novel question!—*Ex.*

NOTICE: Next term baby bottles will be sold in the cafeteria for the benefit of the Freshmen.

He—O L N, U R O K .
She—O I B, B I ?
He—U R D V I N .
She—N U R N G.—*Ex.*

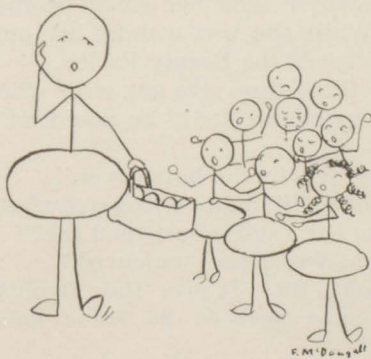
She—My cheeks are on fire.
He—I thought I smelled burning paint.



Uncle—Ignorant people ask more questions than wise people can answer.
Muriel—No wonder so many of us flunk in exams.

G. H. S. Girl, at station—Good-bye dad, and don't fail to write, even if it's only a check.

People work awfully cheap in this town. I saw a sign in a store window that said: "Dickens' Works All Week for \$1.50."

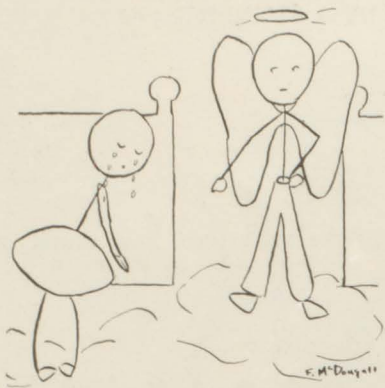


ALGEBRA?

Miss Daniels—Eleanor, a woman has 9 children and 13 apples. How can she divide the apples equally among her children?

E. Thronson—Make apple sauce!

English is beautiful;
English is great.
The language I love,
The study I hate.



TAKE THE HINT

St. Peter—Where from?
 Student—Girls High School.
 St. Peter—Did you subscribe for the JOURNAL and then pay your subscription?
 Student (hanging head)—N-No.
 St. Peter—Too bad; basement for yours.

E. V. (on hike)—Oh, there's a grasshopper in the well I just drank from!

(Now, Ethel! Don't you know you shouldn't drink anything with hop or kick in it these days?)

Chaperon—Why did you tell him you had to go to the dressing room for cold cream?

Co-Ed—I had to do something to get the chap off my hands.

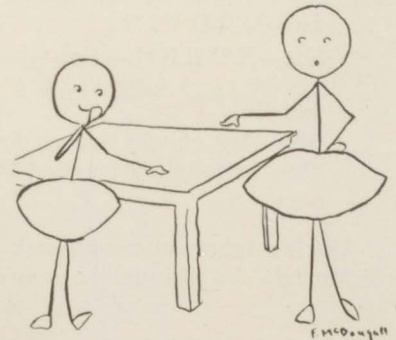
Miss J. (in Art Class)—What is the difference between that table and me?

Millie—I don't know.

Miss J.—Why, we're different in size, shape, and everything.

Millie—But you've both got legs.

Lots of little 5's,
 Here and there a 4,
 Will not let the Freshie
 Be a Sophomore.



Mrs. McGlade's advice—*B* Natural, girls.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CHEMISTRY

Mr. Zeidler—To a laboratory full of girls, add one boy. Result: the girls all turn to rubber.



A G. H. S. Senior took her small brother into Bloch's. While she was making her purchases Billy surveyed the Beauty Parlor.

"Is that the thing they give gas with when you have your hair marceled?" he asked, in a loud whisper.

"Why, Billy! That's the hair dryer."

"Oh! Say!" in a still louder whisper, "what's that lady getting her hands sharpened for?"

"Sh! She's having them manicured."

"Oh, and lookit, Sis! It says 'Hair Dyeing.' Did grandpa come here to be made bald-headed?"

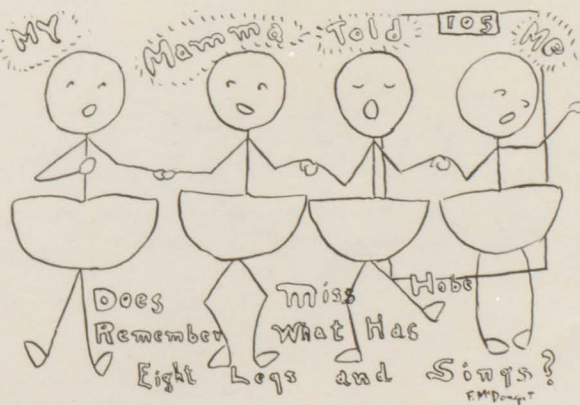
SOME STARTLING ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

THESE ARE AUTHENTIC

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.
 Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.
 The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off.
 A blizzard is the inside of a hen.
 A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
 A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to their employees so they can spend their vacations in the mountains.
 A mountain range is a large cook stove.
 Gender shows whether a man is feminine, masculine, or neuter.
 Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away.
 The first governor of Massachusetts was Mr. Salem Witchcraft.
 Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination.
 There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly Lawyers.
 Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.
 An impulse is what the doctor takes hold of to see if you are sick.
 The vowels ain't got no name. They are under the stumick.
 The duties of a good citizen are to leave his seat when the "Star Spangled Banner" is played, and to hold his banana peels till he meets an ash can.
 The races of mankind are bicycle race, horse race, potato race, automobile race, and other kinds.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Edith BerwinGoing out for Athletics
 Anita Von HusenUsing a powder puff
 Ruth BramstedtTaking Gym. willingly
 Laurette CullinanNot talking
 Dorothy LowneyComing to school regularly
 Pat GeenLacking PEP
 Helen FalknerReceiving a 5
 Isabel CarterQuiet
 Lucille BergerotReaching six feet
 Ruth BooleWeighing 65 pounds



“Owed” to the Business Man

It seems to us only right and fair
That a word of appreciation is due,
To all that is done by the Business Man,
In putting our JOURNAL through.

Without his aid, our endeavor and toil
Would have been to no avail,
Our JOURNAL would not have been at all,
And we would not have told this tale.

We want to show you, Business Man,
That we know what is fair;
Your kindness helped us pay our bill,
And now we'll do our share.

So we make this appeal to our readers,
As o'er our pages they scan,
To bear in mind our advertisers,
And help that Business Man.

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Wanda Plincz—"11-3.1416."
Doris Black (overhearing)—"Who said periods were changed?"

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Miss J. calling roll—"Miss H.—" then observing that she is not present, "Does any one know anything about Miss H?"
Anita—"She's absent."

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Maxine—"You haven't been taking them long, have you?"

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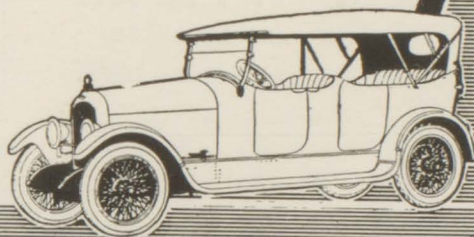
The wife of a sick workman wrote to his employer—"Please send my husband's money. We have a little baby and knead it every day."

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MARMON 34



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Observed in a rural weekly—"Owing to the lack of space and the rush of this paper's prize contest, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week, or until a later date."

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Teacher—"If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man?"
Bright Boy—"He sure would; he'd be 300 years old."

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Branch:
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CUTTING, CHASING
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BLANKETS
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"No wonder; everything he has on is charged."
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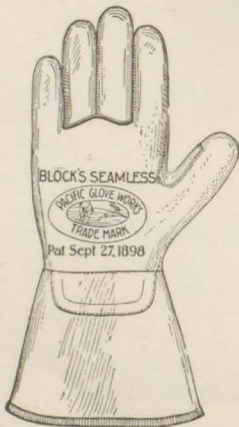
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"Hang it all, daughter," exploded old Jenkins. "You can't marry Dobbings.
He only makes eighteen dollars a week."

"I know, father," replied the sweet young thing, "but a week passes so
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FRAMING

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IN CHARGE

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Clerk—"Yes, sir. And the name?"
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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1920

ASSETS	-----	\$66,840,376.95
DEPOSITS	-----	63,352,269.17
CAPITAL ACTUALLY PAID UP	-----	1,000,000.00
RESERVE AND CONTINGENT FUNDS	-----	2,488,107.78
EMPLOYEES' PENSION FUND	-----	330,951.36

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TEAS, FINE COFFEES

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The splendors of the Orient and Occi-
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You are cordially invited to visit this
interesting establishment.

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I think I'll go this very night
And give the darn thing back.

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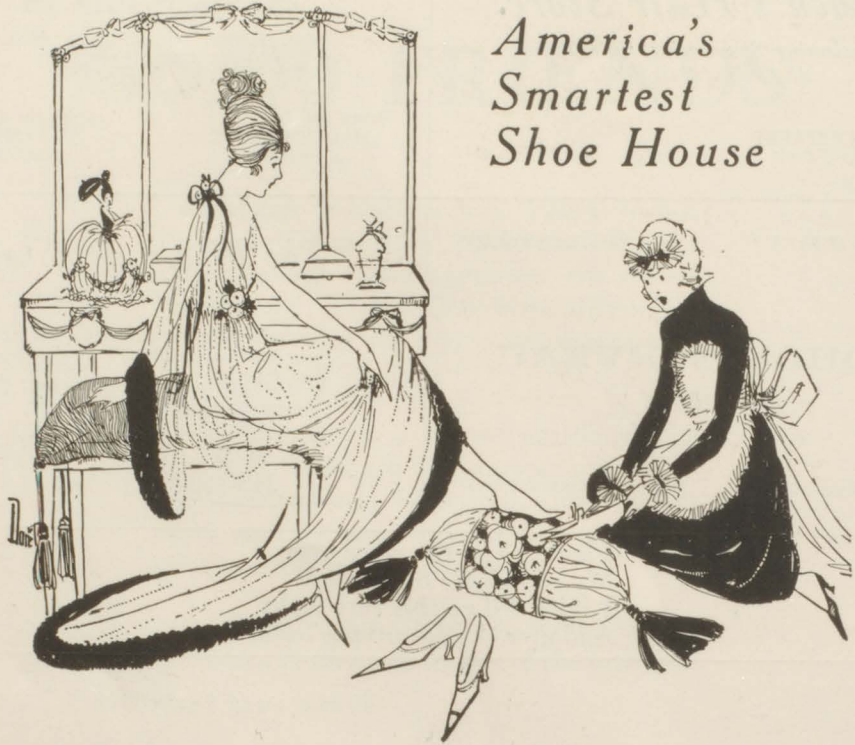
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the rare attractiveness of Bootery
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The BOOTERY

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"Broke."

Ex.

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Draying
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*Fashionable Apparel
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Coats Frocks
Evening Gowns
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Livingston Bros.

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or, better still, to some friend of yours."

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a Specialty

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ELASTIC STOCKINGS

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EASTMAN KODAKS
and
PHOTO SUPPLIES

625 KEARNY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

He—"Did any idiot ever propose to you before our marriage?"
She—"Certainly."
He—"Well, why didn't you marry him?"
She—"I did."

PHONE SUTTER 721

Compliments
of
Collins-Hencke
Candy Co.

25 BEALE STREET

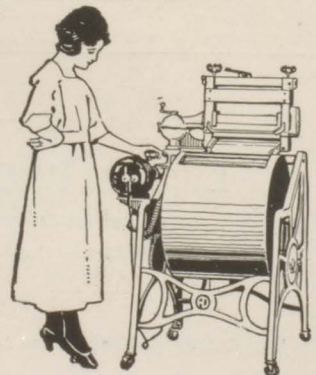
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Beautiful Girls Are
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Any
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Hot Point
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PULVERIZED SHEEP MANURE

For Your Garden and Lawns

Highly Concentrated

DRY -- ODORLESS -- PACKED IN BAGS
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Call or write

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Teacher—"Pray, don't mention such a trifle."



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