



THE JOURNAL



GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

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THE JOURNAL

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CLASS OF DECEMBER 1922
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO

Dedicated to
Miss Adeline B. Croylund

To one whose patient kindness won from us
A true appreciation of her work,
We dedicate these memories of the days
When she was with us, when her guiding mind
Unveiled the souls of poets to our eyes,
And made our hearts throb with a glad surprise
When we ourselves caught gleams of that same
light

Which writers cast upon the unlit world.—

Her faithful toil, her sympathy, the sight
Of her calm visage and her thoughtful brow
Instilled within our hearts the confidence
That she was one who dreamed, and hoped,
and wept,—

And now that she has left, we know full well
We are the better for her influence.
We feel that 'mongst her group of present friends
Will rise that veneration of her skill,
That love for her that led our hearts to swell
In deferential homage to her, still.
And we shall hope that there may be a part
Reserved for us within her gentle heart.

—B. M. P.
June '23





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Farewell!
We travel the path to the Morrow—
We go on to Joy and to Sorrow—
Farewell——

Too short
Have been the years with you
The hours that passed, too few
So short——

We onward go
With a smile that dreams to a sigh
So soon we say goodbye
To things we know.

Farewell——
With a sigh that wakes to a smile
For we face onward all the while
Farewell!



The Faculty

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Miss AIDA DUCATO, *Secretary*

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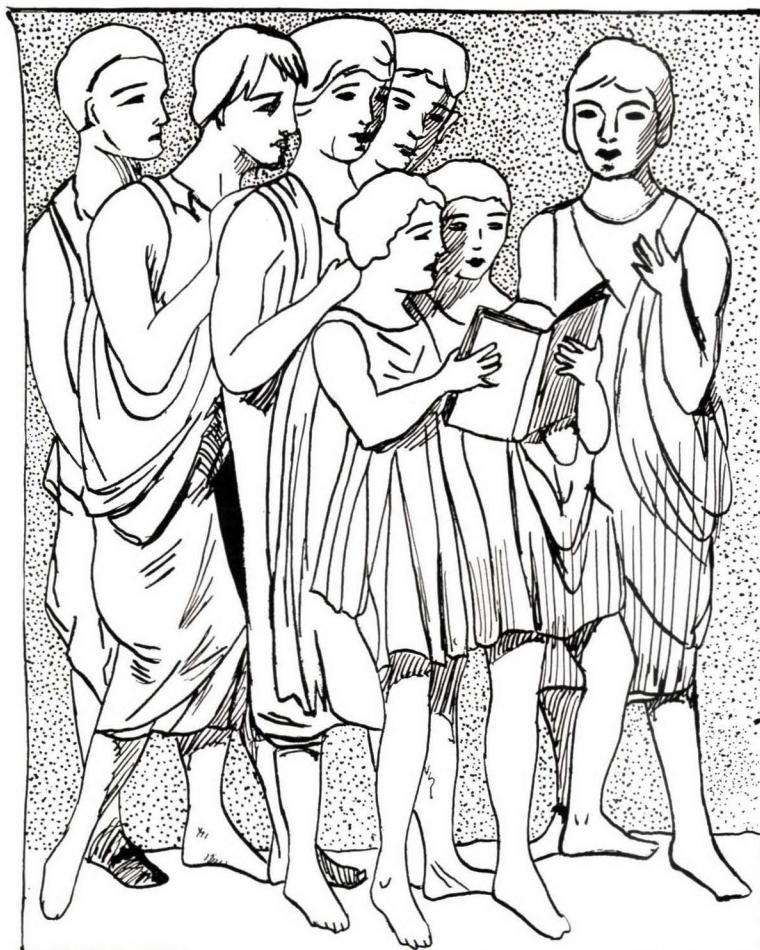
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

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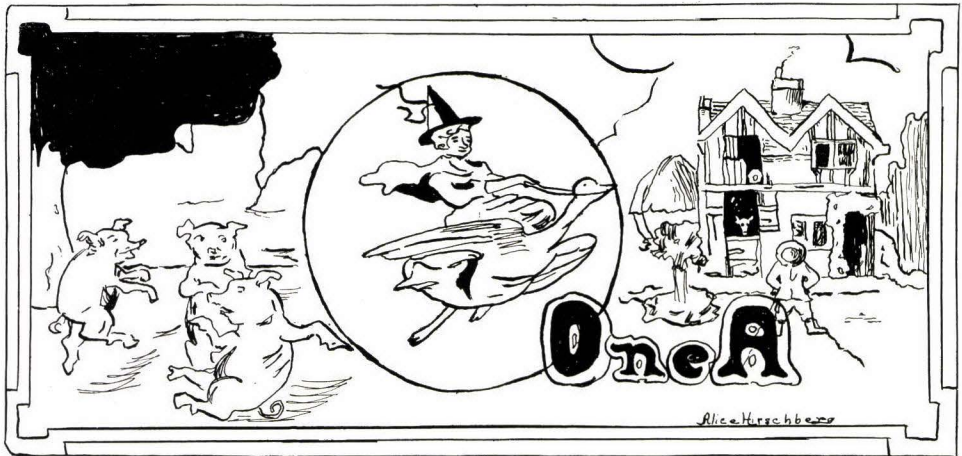
Miss LENORA CLARK

Mrs. LAURA H. THARP

CLASSES



Alice Hirschberg



SYDNEY ELLIOTT
President

A Page of Mother Goose

Hey diddle, diddle,
Just answer this riddle:
Why is your class so green?
The Freshman Class
Answers "en masse"
"Say,—exactly WHAT do you mean?"

—o—

A dillar, a dollar
A sweet Freshie scholar
Who thinks the Freshmen too green—
So Shirley decides that the Sophomores
Are the lowest with whom she'll be seen.

Rub-a-dub-dub—
A girl with a club
And who do you think she be?
She has but to say
For us to obey—
She's our Chairman—clever Syd-ney!

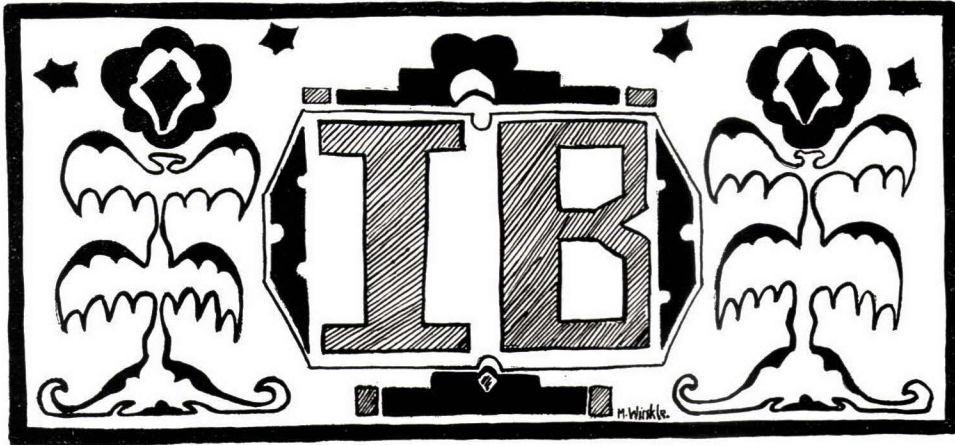
—o—

There was a young yell-leader
Who lived in Girls High—
She'll take the place of Vida
When Vida says "Goodbye,"
So just watch Helen
—That's her name—
Her yells are so compellin'
We're glad that she came!

Where did you come from, Freshie dear?
Out of the Grammar school, I came here.
Why do you wear that ribbon so neat?
'Cause Mother says it makes me look sweet.
Why do you wear your socks so short?
I copy the seniors to be a sport.
Why do you wear that little curl?
Because it becomes a little girl.
D'you think you'll ever grow up, you dear?
You'll scarcely know me soon, don't fear!
Anyway, d'you know you're a peppylass?
You bet I am—In a Peppy Class!

—o—

Dickory, Dickory, Dock, tie-toc—
Adele takes a glance at the clock, tie-toc—
Takes out her notes—
Records the votes—
She's scribe of our little flock, tie-toc.



We Nominate for the Hall of Fame



JUNE NORTHCUTT
President

MARJORIE MOSS—because she plays the piano better than anyone else in the school; because she doesn't seem to know it; because she has helped at every rally, and dance that has been given this term; because she can get music out of the piano in the Recreation Hall; because she plays Jazz like a professional; and lastly, because she is sweet and always willing to help.

MARGARET HIGGINSON—because she has an exquisite drawl, also two or three dozen exquisite freckles; because, as a Scrub, she was the first of her class to speak extemporaneously in the Debating Club; because that speech was fine; because she put some pep into the meetings of that club; because she has the wildest of

the "Wild Cases We Have Known;" because at present, it is on Barbara Perkins; because she writes poetry to her many adored ones; and lastly, because she is a darn good sport.

ALEXIA MCCARTY—because her curls are famous; because she is an intelligent Freshman; and especially because she is the first girl to represent her class on the Student Body.

JUNE NORTHCUTT—because, as President of the 1B Class, she has managed it efficiently and well; because she doesn't look like a Freshman, even a high one; because she doesn't act like one either; and mostly because she's friendly, clever, an ideal leader, and all around girl.

And, we move that the effigy of the 1B Class be placed upon a pedestal and put into a place where the light will shine upon it, because we hold that there is not a class in the school that can equal it; because beauty and brains run riot among its members; and because, as Low Freshmen we were as peppy as we could be, as High Freshmen we accomplished the impossible and were even more peppy.

No one can tell what we may become as Seniors.



Topics of the Day



DOROTHY MITCHELL
President

ATHLETES AND ATHLETICS

H. Kane and D. Cookson of this term's '25 tennis team will soon be able to compete with the world's champions.

The latest news from radio says M. Parker swam from here to China. In the same message came the startling statement that she had beaten the Yale and Harvard to Los Angeles. We always knew she was a speedy girl but hardly expected these unusual feats. She is planning this inexpensive way of touring the world

and promises to complete these trips if she doesn't wake up and find she's been dreaming.

Was there an article in the paper saying that Chief O'Brien had appointed a special traffic cop to be placed at the foot of Van Ness Avenue to manage the unusual crowds gathering to watch the 2A girls at Crew?

And last but not least is our basket-ball practice. We Low Sophs don't forget anything.

NOTICE !

Change of Color

As cerise and silver were

too gaudy for our artistic eyes, we decided to change the class colors to black and white. Those who are up in style know that black is latest in Paris fashions.

SOPH GRAFT !!

Looks like a fraud but t'aint.—I. Worth of June '25 won the G. H. S. ring. This article, a 2A raffle, was much desired by nearly every girl at school.

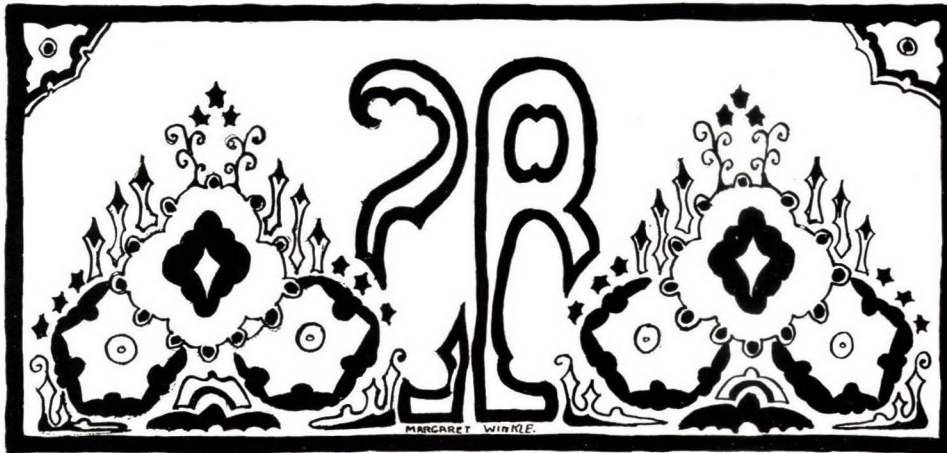
100% 2A's

Students of 2A Geometry classes took a difficult Math "ex" and all passed at the head of their class. (? ? ?)

IN MEMORIAM

Died in June, 1922, the entire scrub class of previous term. To the unfortunate who are now Freshmen, they left their embarrassed moments and undignified manners.

BORN—On September, 1922, a beautiful well-tempered and peppy 2A Class, who have great ambitions and expect to win (in the future), the distinguished medal for *honorable service* rendered G. H. S.



Correct These Sentences

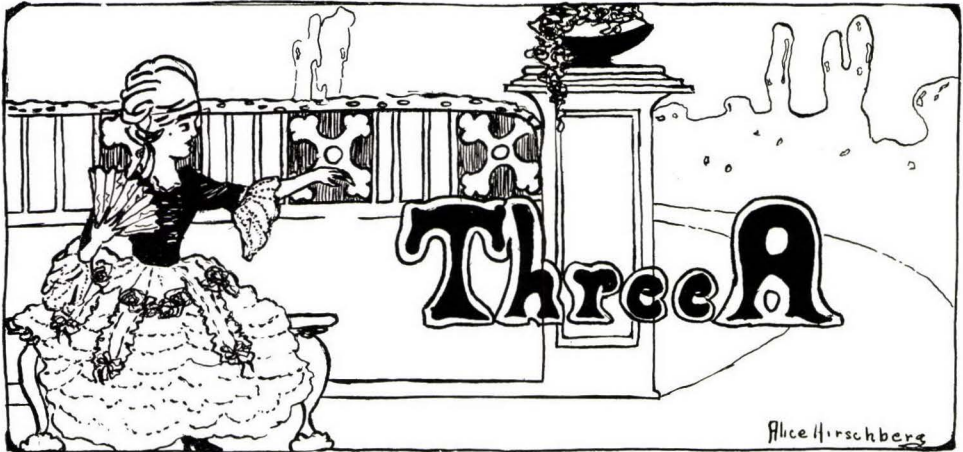


CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER
President

1. Clarisse Friedlander is not a good president, chiefly because she can't talk to save her life.
2. Alice Witkin is a large, dignified individual who does not know how to debate and hates Ruth Clouse.
3. It is a joke to watch the Canfield girls—Margaret and Marian—play tennis. They are unable to hit the ball even when it lands two inches in front of them.
4. Doris Brown murders everything she sings, and it is a well-known fact that she is sure to be an old maid.
5. Alice Phillips is a quiet, retiring, little maiden who never has a word to say for herself, and could not say it if she had.
6. Louise Meyer is the oldest member of our class—quite ancient, in fact—she is not very clever nor intelligent.
7. Yvonne Harley can't stand the orchestra because she doesn't like music and can't play a note.
8. The 2B Class is unfortunate in having these girls and many others like them.
9. The 2B Class has not, in fact, any Class nor School Spirit.
10. Janet Harris is unable to collect money, never manages anything right, and does her best to make the class a failure.

RULES

- A) 2½ minutes will be allowed to correct these sentences.
- B) The mistakes are so obvious that no rules need be quoted.
- C) One sentence wrong "(E)" will be given automatically.



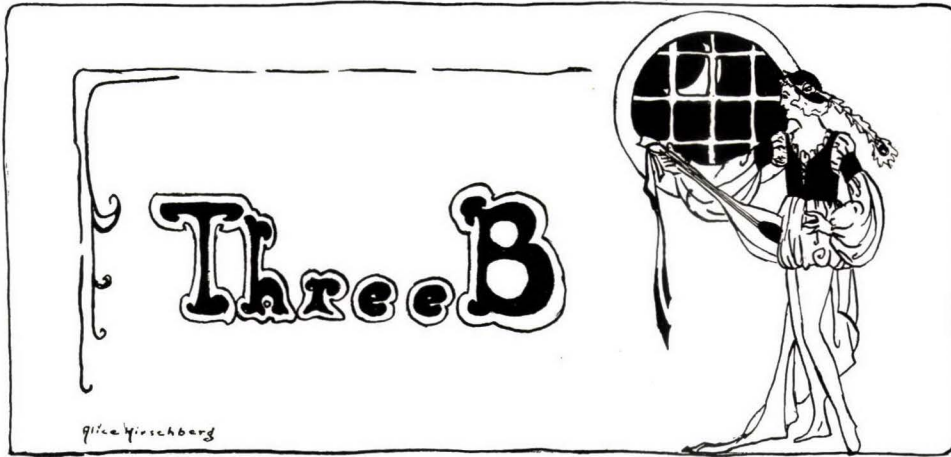
MADELINE JOHNSON
President

There's a class in the school that is worshipped by all,
For its fine reputation and fame,
And its list of achievements would surely appall——
I shall venture to tell you its name.

This class that we speak of is known as "3A"
And its members are peppy and fine;
For there's Clancy, and Vida, and Madeline J
A president wholly divine.

Well—with her there's Alice who's new to the class
And dreams of the rally all night.
While Emma's an active, untiring lass
And Margaret ALWAYS does right.

Then there's Pat who draws cuts, and Miss Middleton, too!
And Betty, a mischievous elf——
Of our wonderful class, these are only a few,
You can find out the rest for yourself.



Big Debate



BARBARA MAYER
President

Dr. Scott, Worthy Teachers, Fellow Classmates, and Friends—

The question before us is, "Resolved, that the 3B Class is a fine Class." (We are taking the affirmative, as that is the one and only side of the question.) We shall endeavor to prove our case as follows:

(1) The 3B Class has PEP!—we go out for all school activities with fervor.

(2) The 3B Class has CLASS SPIRIT—we give rallies, luncheons, have wonderful Class meetings, etc.

(3) The 3B Class has SCHOOL SPIRIT—we attend all debates, and in general, back up all school activities.

Taking Pep, Class Spirit, School Spirit combined,—these make up the 3B Class.

We of the affirmative contend THAT ANY class having these attributes, is a fine class. Therefore the 3B Class MUST be a fine class.

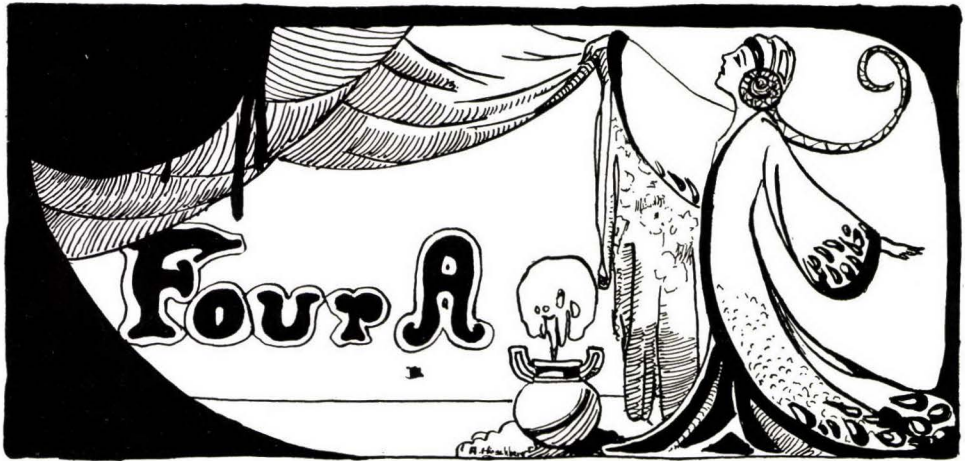
Silence Reigns

The judges are preparing their ballots: The suspense is terrible—but—it can hold no terror for us. We are confident of Victory! (There's just *one* incident of CLASS SPIRIT for you.)

THE DECISION SPIRIT VICTORY FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE !!

The judges agree with us that any class having Pep, Class Spirit, and School Spirit, is an exceptionally fine class. They wish to add that they have never heard a stronger case and have reached the conclusion that, to the best of their belief, the 3B Class is the finest class in a school of fine classes.

We Thank You.

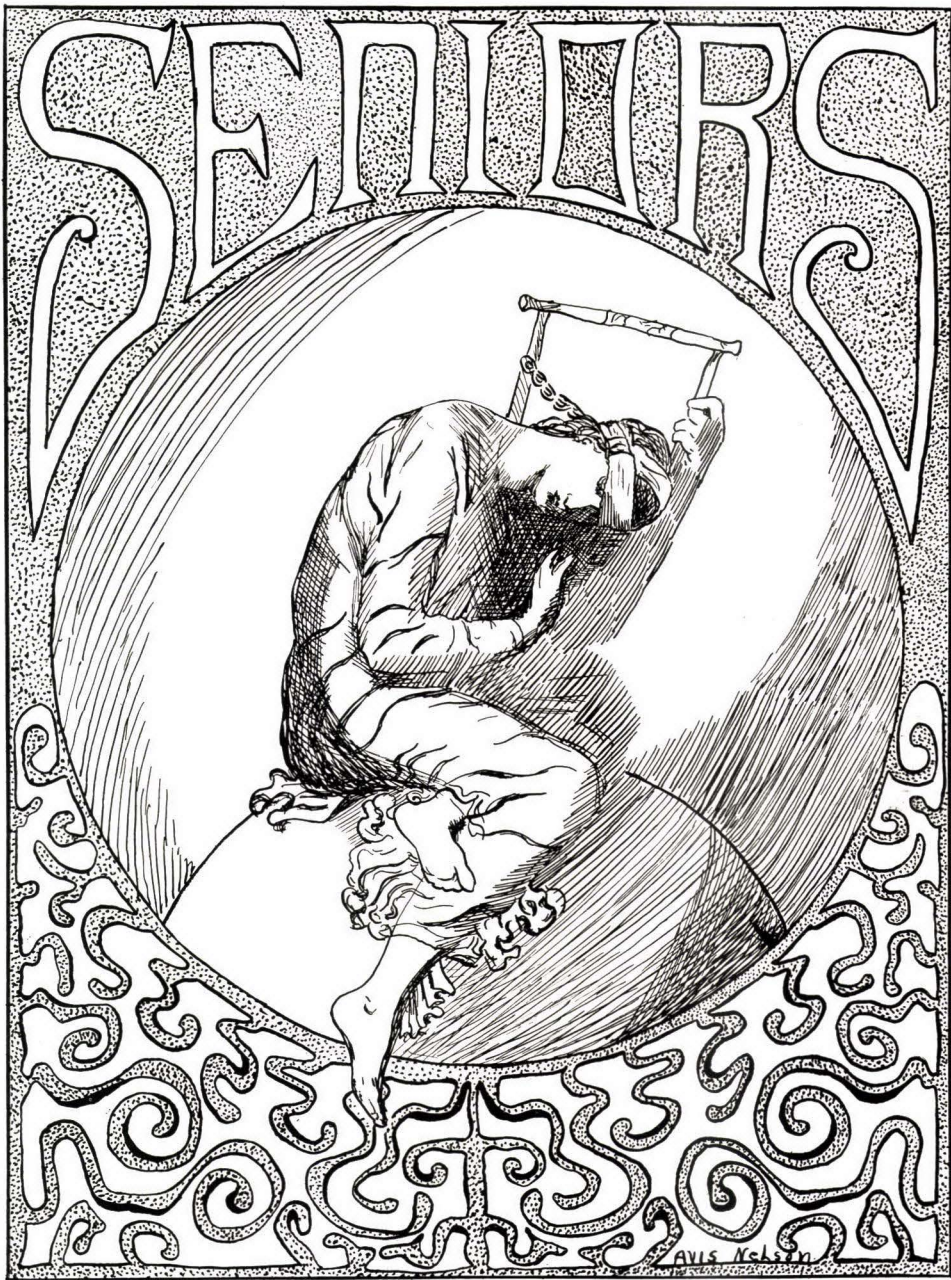


What Would You Think?



DOROTHEA WILLIAMSON
President

If Madeline Lackmann who always gets rees
Should flunk some day in an "Econ." Ex.!
If "Bobs" Probasco were bored to tears
Whenever a certain Miss A—appears!
If Bernice Toucey, so jolly and wild
Should turn right into an angel child!
If Florence Baker should talk with a drawl,
And little Dixie should hate us all!
If "Ellie" and Buell, disdaining the courts,
Disgustedly muttered "Oh gosh we hate sports!"
If Marian Solomons heard "Someone" say,
"You're too *old* for this course." (Senior English 4A!)
If Ailsa neglected to powder her nose,
And our own Dorothea wore hideous clothes!
If Viva were hopeless at "tickling the keys,"
And our beauty, F. Walker, unable to please!
If wee Tookie Wale grew atrociously tall,
And Janet and Eleanor *hated* a ball!
If Miss Doris Canney were homely as sin,
And Margaret Winkle were fat, 'stead of thin!
If Gym were abolished, and rallies held sway,
And the Board should decide that we'd be here half-day!
If our slumbers were left undisturbed by "Big Ben,"
And there were no Detention or Tardy class,—then,
If the whole friendly Faculty had a grand row!
If all of this happened,—What **WOULD** you think, now?



Class Organization



ELECTA THOMAS
President



VICTOIRE PADILLA
Vice-President

SOPHIE SCHAINMAN
Treasurer

GLORIA COOKSLEY
Sergeant at Arms

RUBY LEFKOVITZ
Secretary

AILEEN PARKHILL
Yell Leader

THE JOURNAL

JOCELYN BABBITT

"Babbie."

Charm—Doughnuts.
Occupation—Studying
Ambition—Lawyer.

FRANCES BARRY

"Frank."

Charm—Dependability.
Occupation—Laughing at
Mr. Offield's jokes.
Ambition—Physics Teacher.

BEATRICE BOYEN

"Bee."

Charm A Skin you Love
to Touch.
Occupation—Mah Jongg-ing
Ambition—Tea for Two.

SYBIL BRADFORD

"Ishka."

Charm—Becoming Blush.
Occupation—Civics.
Ambition—Nurse.





EVELYN BURROUGHS

"Eve."

Charm—Red Hair.
Occupation—Tennis.
Ambition—An Adam.

LUCILLE CHASE

"Pat."

Charm—Beaded Bags.
Occupation—Making Beaded Bags
Ambition—To make better
Beaded Bags.

OTHELLA BURNER

"Tillie."

Charm—Gift o' Gab.
Occupation—Talking.
Ambition—To stand in the
spray of Niagara Falls.

NAOMI CLOUSE

"Na."

Charm—Sincerity.
Occupation—Girl Reserve
Movement.
Ambition—President of
the U. S. A.

LILY CHINN

"Lil."

Charm—Almond Eyes.
Occupation—Being Ornamental.
Ambition—To be more so.

VIVIENNE COLLINS

"Viv."

Charm—Meek Voice.
Occupation—Looking sweet.
Ambition—A Debutante.

RUTH COOK

"Cookie."

Charm—Petitness.
Occupation—Locker Keys.
Ambition—Pianist.

GLORIA COOKSLEY

"Babe."

Charm—Lengthy Locks.
Occupation—Being late
for Classes.
Ambition—Somebody's
Baby-Doll.





SYLVIA CORNET

"Syl."

Charm—Bright Ideas.
Occupation—Helping Out.
Ambition—Prima Donna.

CATHERINE DAY

"Kate."

Charm—Dignity.
Occupation—Being seen
and not heard.
Ambition—"Good-bye,
Girls High.

DOROTHY DEALEY

"Dot."

Charm—Clinging Vine.
Occupation—Vamping.
Ambition—School Teacher.

ELVYRA DE LUCA

"Vyra"

Charm—Slenderness.
Occupation—Changing her
mind.
Ambition—To Hear the
Wedding Bells Ring.

FLEURETTE DOWDELL

"Dowdy."

Charm—Her ways and her means.

Occupation—Primping.

Ambition—Picture in the paper.

ELOISE FITCH

"Jones."

Charm—Flapperishness.

Occupation—Going on short journeys.

Ambition—Honey-Moon.

THOMASINE FLEISSNER

"Thomy."

Charm—Sweetness.

Occupation—Official typist of the Journal.

Ambition—To knock 'Em over.

JOSEPHINE FREEDMAN

"Jo."

Charm—Her drawl.

Occupation—Adoring Rodolph.

Ambition—Hollywood.





EMILINE FONG

"Em."

Charm—Quietness.
Occupation—Worrying.
Ambition—To pass in
Civics.

THELMA GLASER

"Thel."

Charm—Vivacity.
Occupation—Going to
the Rec.
Ambition—Society Belle.

MINNIE GOUGH

"Min."

Charm—Just nice.
Occupation—Jazzin' round.
Ambition—Travel far
across the sea.

SALLY GRAY

"Sal."

Charm—Personality.
Occupation—Getting A's.
Ambition—To make
herself heard.

EDNA GUNSBERGER

"Ed."

Charm—Brain.
Occupation—Playing
the violin.
Ambition—To be a
Mischa Elman.

IVA HOLLIS

"Ive."

Charm—A sport.
Occupation—Doing the
right thing.
Ambition—Architect.

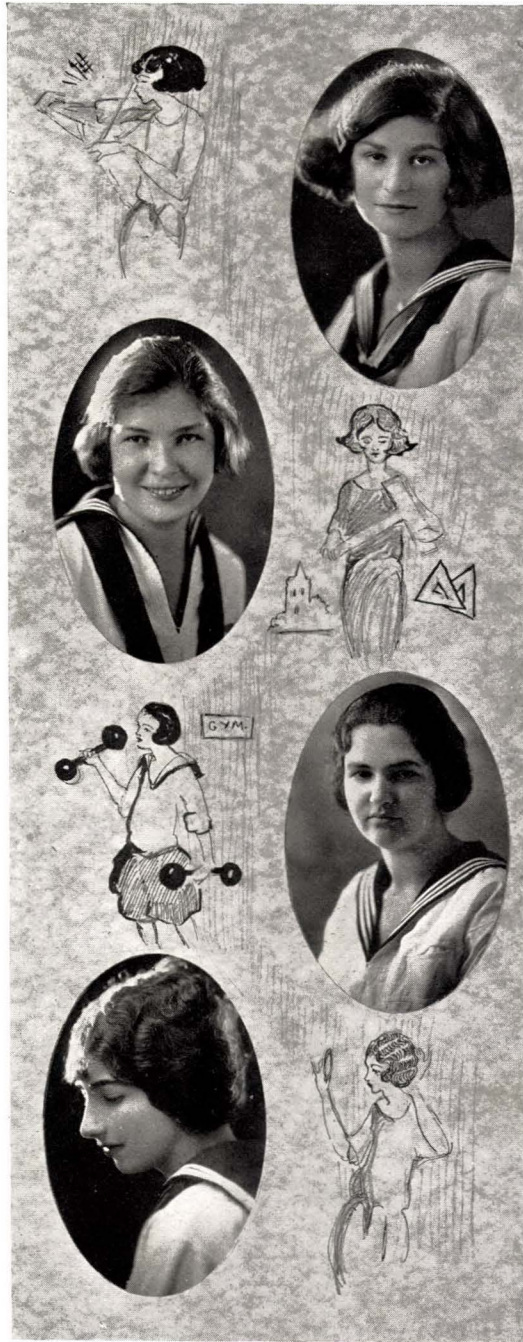
ELFRIEDA IMOBERSTEG

"El."

Charm—Pep.
Occupation—Miss Rosenberg.
Ambition—Rule the
Bar-Stalls.

ROMA KAUFMANN

Charm—That natural
marcelle.
Occupation—Fixing
the above.
Ambition—A Good Time.





AUDREY KELLY

"Aud."

Charm—Sweet and Pretty.
Occupation—Using her eyes.
Ambition—To be heart-
whole and fancy-free (?)

KATHERINE KENT

"Kath."

Charm—Intelligence.
Occupation—Thinking.
Ambition—To push a
perambulator.

RUTH KNUDSON

"Ruthie."

Charm—Pretty profile.
Occupation—Paying
attention.
Ambition—To tickle
the Ivories.

CHARLOTTE LAIRD

"Charley."

Charm—Those shy glances.
Occupation—Skipping
six months.
Ambition—She doesn't
know yet.

RUTH LEE

"Ruth."

Charm—Bright eyes.
Occupation—Being nice.
Ambition—She never
told us.

RUBY LEFKOVITZ

"Rube."

Charm—Her "Bob."
Occupation—Arguing.
Ambition—Politician.

BEVERLY LEVINGSTON

"Baa."

Charm—Cuteness.
Occupation—Pouting.
Ambition—Twins.

PAULINE LEWIS

"Paul."

Charm—Hair.
Occupation—Making her-
self scarce.
Ambition— A big secret (?)





EILEEN LYNCH

"Bill."

Charm—Helpfulness.
Occupation—Tripping the
light Fantastic.
Ambition—Denishawn.

MARY MCCARTHY

"Mac."

Charm—Sense.
Occupation—Going to the
Photographers.
Ambition—To be popular
with the Gentlemen—

MARION MEYER

"Mar."

Charm—Calmness.
Occupation—Parlez-vous-
ing correctly.
Ambition—To grow.

MARION MEYERFELD

"Marion."

Charm—Her walk.
Occupation—"The Mirror."
Ambition—Editor of Life.

NORMA MILANI

"Normie."

Charm—Her laugh.

Occupation—Finding those
lost glasses.

Ambition—College.

MARION MOORE

"Blondie."

Charm—Blushing.

Occupation—Telling what
"He" said.

Ambition—The Usual One.

AVIS NELSON

"Avie."

Charm—Giggle.

Occupation—Decorating.

Ambition—To be
indispensable.

VIOLA OLSEN

"Vi."

Charm—A well-powdered
nose.

Occupation—Dieting.

Ambition—To own a
Diploma.





FLORENCE O'NEILL

"Shorty."

Charm—Those Irish eyes.
Occupation—Taking trips
to the office.
Ambition—Somebody's
Stenog.

VICTOIRE PADILLA

"Vic."

Charm—Eyes.
Occupation—Rushin' around.
Ambition—Geraldine
Farrar II.

AILEEN PARKHILL

"Eye."

Charm—Her height.
Occupation—Reading
Ethel M. Dell.
Ambition—Artist.

NORMA PODESTA

"Norm."

Charm—Good looks.
Occupation—Good (?)
Books.
Ambition—Movie Actress.

ADELAIDE POOLE

"Freckles."

Charm—Dandy disposition.

Occupation—Flirting.

Ambition—Theda II.

DOROTHY PRENTICE

"Dotty."

Charm—That indefinable something.

Occupation—Trying to get fat.

Ambition—U. C.

MAYBELLE REINECKE

"Belle."

Charm—Dimples.

Occupation—Directing everything.

Ambition—To be Popular.

YETTA REUBIN

"Etta."

Charm—Babyface.

Occupation—Talking to Gladys.

Ambition—To grow big like Thelma.





GLADYS ROBERTS

"Glad."

Charm—Brilliant mind.
Occupation—Studying.
Ambition—To Shine.

DELPHINE ROSENBLATT

"Dellie."

Charm—Herself.
Occupation—Making Friends.
Ambition—Stanford.

VIRGINIA ROSSI

"Ginny."

Charm—Sophisticated
appearance.
Occupation—Going to see
Miss Noonan.
Ambition—Leave the rest of
the world behind.

CARMEL ROTHERMEL

"Pettie."

Charm—Headgear.
Occupation—"I'm not say-
ing * * *."
Ambition—Cecil (?)

ELAINE RYAN

"*laine.*"

Charm—Cleverness.

Occupation—Trying to be Good.

Ambition—Carmel-by-the-Sea.

SOPHIE SCHAINMAN

"*Soph.*"

Charm—Sweet Simplicity.

Occupation—Collecting Dues.

Ambition—To own some Armer-ous love.

GERTRUDE SIELD

"*Gert.*"

Charm—Voice.

Occupation—Reading

"*Pelly.*"

Ambition—Teach sewing.

EVELYN SPENCER

"*Ev.*"

Charm—Her winning way.

Occupation—Taking care of Charlotte.

Ambition—To teach the young.





THELMA TAIT

"Thel."

Charm—Six Feet.

Occupation—Opening the
the transom.

Ambition—To Pass.

ELECTA THOMAS

"Tommy."

Charm—Baby-blue eyes.

Occupation—Watchin'
them fall.

Ambition—To become
an M. D.

ELEANORE THRONKSON

"Dinty."

Charm—Friendliness.

Occupation—Doing her
best.

Ambition—Nurse.

BERENICE VALENTE

"Volont."

Charm—Not giving a darn.

Occupation—Disagreeing.

Ambition—To start
something.

MARIAN VICTOR

"Vicy."

Charm—Her engagement ring.

Occupation—Receiving congrats.

Ambition—To change her name.

THORA WAHLIN

"Thor."

Charm—Hair.

Occupation—Dodging teachers.

Ambition—To create an effect.

LOIS WALDRON

"Lo."

Charm—Abbreviated skirts.

Occupation—Covering her knees.

Ambition—To be on time—once.

VIRGINIA WALKER

"Gin."

Charm—Coyness.

Occupation—Showing her new ring.

Ambition—None—so she says.





LUCY WEBB

"Lu."

Charm—Tom-Boy.
Occupation—Reading
Movie Magazines.
Ambition—Be an inter-
viewer.

HELEN WENTWORTH

"Billie."

Charm—Smile.
Occupation—Smiling.
Ambition—Housewife.

BERTHA WIDMER

"Bertie."

Charm—Frankness.
Occupation—Annoying
the Faculty.
Ambition—To develop a
"finished" sarcasm.

VANADINE WILSON

"Van."

Charm—Innocent
expression.
Occupation—Waving a
powder puff.
Ambition—To catch a
Sheik.

MADOLYN DOODY

"Mad."

Charm—Eyelashes.

Occupation—Going to
Room 213.

Ambition—A "Tillie the
Toiler."

AZALIA BLIVEN

"Zale."

Charm—Yellow-gold hair.

Occupation—Trying to
Graduate.

Ambition—Ziegfeld's
Follies.

ALICE HIRSHBERG

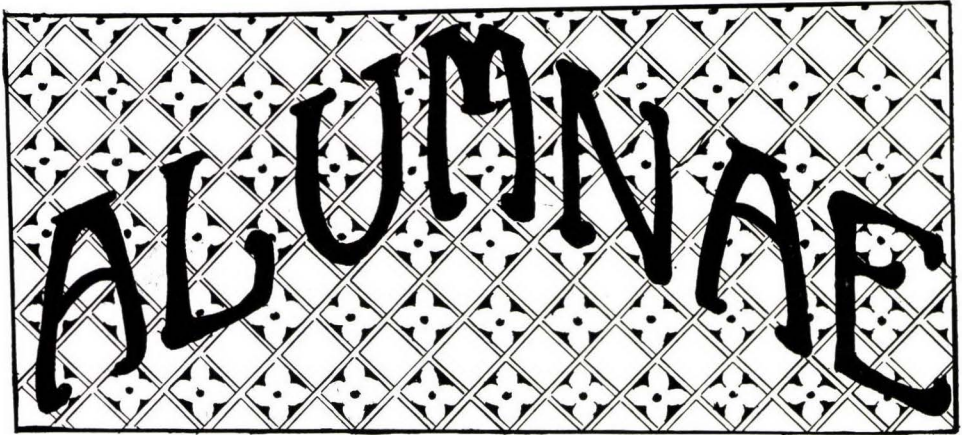
"Al."

Charm—Grace.

Occupation—Dancing at
Rallies, etc.

Ambition—A worthy
dancin' partner.





ENGAGEMENTS.

Elise Harris, June '21—has announced her engagement.
Helen Hirsh, June '21—is engaged to Dr. Sanford Stein.
Sylvia Horvitz, June '22—has recently announced her engagement.

MARRIAGES.

Elinor Wood, a former president of the Girls High Student Body has married
Mr. John M. MacDonald, Jr.
Doris Wirtner, Dec. '16—was recently married to Mr. Harold McCandless.
Paula Franklin, Dec. '20—was married to Mark Glaser.

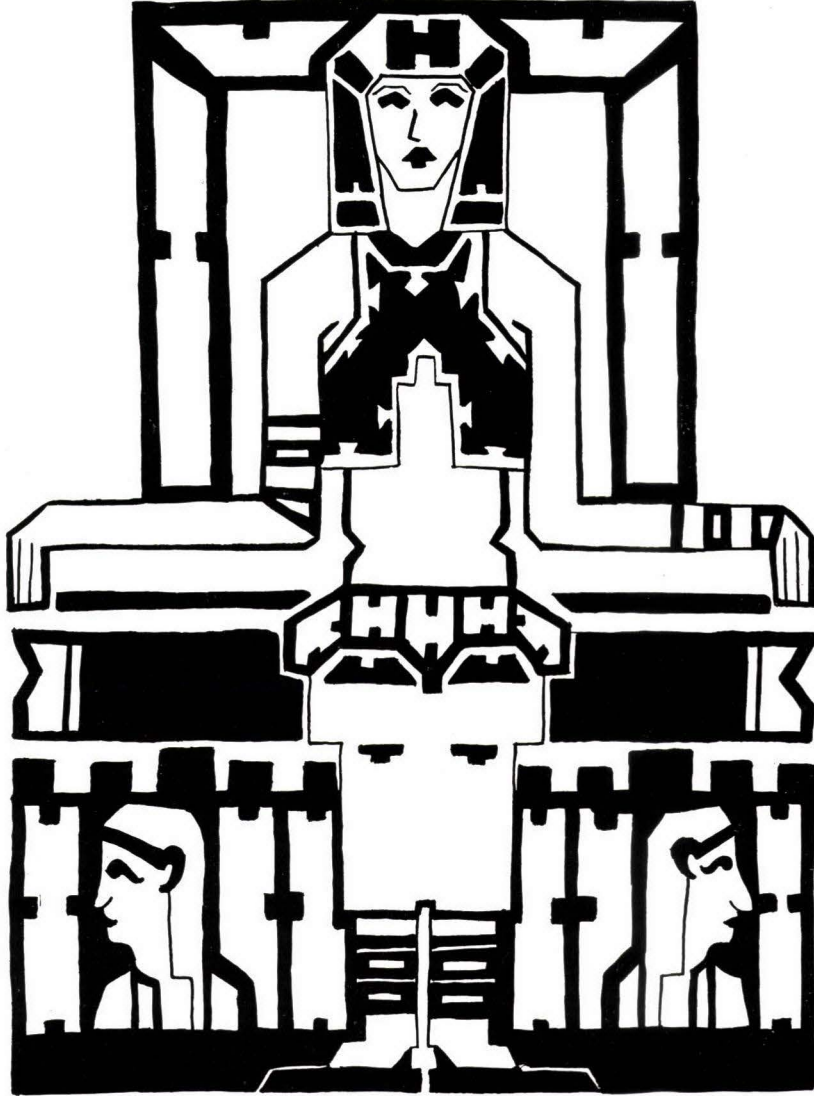
BIRTHS.

Mrs. Wright (Marian Harper, Dec. '15)—is now the proud mother of a daughter.
Mrs. Claussen (Gertrude McGowan)—now a resident of Humboldt County has
a third daughter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

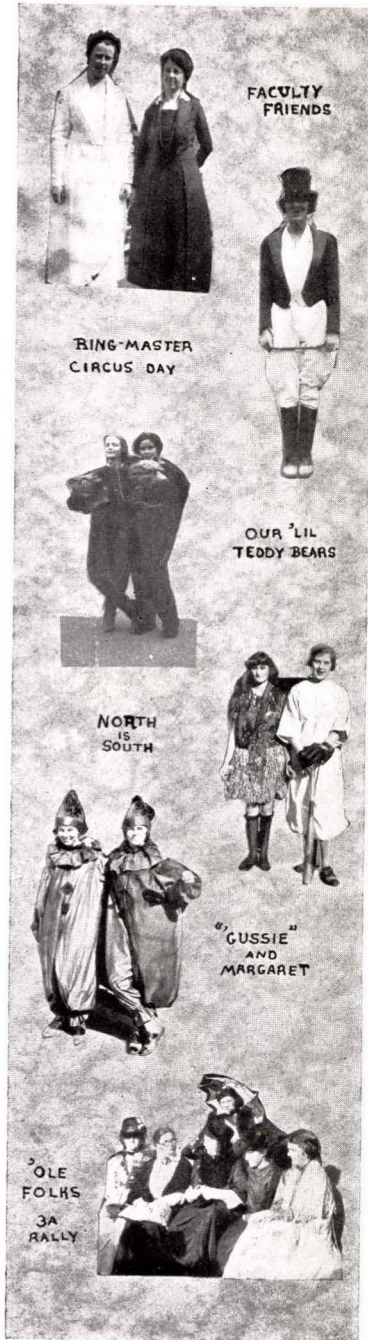
Ruth Boole, '22—is now attending Columbia.
Alice Gibson, June '22—is President of the Student Body at the State Teacher's
College.
Isabel Carter is in the East attending Goucher College.
Leslie Jacobs, June '22—is attending the Dominican College in San Rafael.
Antoinette Bean, Katherine Spencer, Eugenie Rolph, all of '22—are attending
the State Teacher's College.
Florence Archibald, June '21—is head stenographer in the Special Mail Order
Department of the Emporium.
Penelope Boden, President of the Senior Class of Dec. '18—was taken into the
Anthropology Honor Society at U. C.
Marian Harron, June '20—is one of the two women admitted to Delta Sigma Phi,
the Men's Honor Debating Society at U. C.

ACTIVITIES.



MARGARET LYNCH.

Calendar



August 7—School Begins—We learn sad news. We must come before breakfast in order to get home in time for dinner.

August 9—Schedule Changed—The Powers that Be realized that we all must go to the dentist.

August 25—Senior Elections—Electa is selected to pilot the Seniors on their Rocky Way. Sophie is custodian of the dough.

August 27—The first 25 sufferers in the Civics Class received a charmingly confidential note from Miss Hobe. Short but sufficient—"Deficient to Date."

August 28—The other five receive it.

September 1—Activities Rally—Same as ever. No better—maybe a little worse.

September 5—Pigtail Day—Some cute class—even if we're forced to say so ourselves.

September 8—Freshmen Reception—The Seniors Entertain the Babie Bottle Brigade—500 people fight for the punch—As usual the demand is greater than the supply.

September—Sometime in—Frolic Day—Postponed so often we have forgotten the date. We have never been able to find out the origin, purpose, action, or result of this particular day.

September 29—Circus Rally—A new plan is very carefully explained, which, just when we got interested, turned out to be the same old plan thinly disguised under a new name.

October 3—Mr. Schlee recites Kipling—In spite of the fact that the faculty liked it, it was perfect!

October 13—Friday—We refrain from the usual clever remarks.



October 19—Circus Parade—Original, at least. Extemporaneous foolishness on the part of the Faculty.

October 26—Circus—A Country Fair, by any other name, is just the same. Though this was better.

October 27—Hallowe'en Dance—Decorations unusually artistic; costumes add a new note.

October 31—Debaters Rehearse—Mr. Dupuy extracts promises of attendance from audience.

November 3—Girls Hi Debates with Poly—Result as usual.

November 6—Debating Rally—Madeleine and Ruth are exquisitely bored—and exquisitely brief. For the last, they have our thanks. We were anxious to get to Civics.

November 7—Music Day—Concert in the Auditorium—direction of Mrs. McGlade. Need we say more?

November 14—Dorothy Prentice shocks Senior Class. When speaking for the Journal Staff, she offers to give \$25 to pay for better Graduation bids. First time in History this event has happened.

November 10—2B Dance to 1B's—More refreshments than usual, thanks to Janet Harris! Entertainment excellent. Eileen Lynch sings.

November 24—3A Rally.

December 8—Dramatic Club Presents "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife."

December 11—Senior Rally—We're hoping—

December 12—We leave—to conquer in other fields.

ODDS AND ENDS



HALLOWEEN

Shanah Louder



OUR RUDDY



MA-JONGG?



THE WEDDING 3A-



BRIDESMAID



HAPPY SENIORS



THE "GROOM AND BRIDE"



ORGANIZATIONS



NAOMI CLOUSE
President

Student Body

NAOMI CLOUSE	<i>President</i>
BARBARA PERKINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
BARBARA PROBASCO	<i>Secretary</i>
ADELE HARRIS	<i>1st Representative</i>
AILEEN CLANCY	<i>2nd Representative</i>
MARGARET CANFIELD	<i>3rd Representative</i>
FREDA GRALFFS	<i>4th Representative</i>
ALEXIA MCCARTHY	<i>5th Representative</i>
VIDA SETENSICH	<i>Yell-Leader</i>
RUTH WALE	<i>Song-Leader</i>
MISS NOONAN	<i>Faculty Representative</i>
MISS SULLIVAN	<i>Faculty Representative</i>

Love
 and who waits
 with you skills
 wait for you whom?
 hope
 Perky



I hope
 don't miss
 the archer
 next term
 from
 Vida



BARBARA PERKINS
 RUTH WALE
 MARGARET CANFIELD

VIDA SETENSICH
 ADELE HARRIS
 FREDAL GRALFFS

BARBARA PROBASCO
 AILEEN CLANCY
 ALEXIA MCCARTHY



BARBARA PROBASCO

READING CLUB

President—Barbara Probasco.

Faculty Advisor—Miss Armer.

Where—Room 101.

When—Friday afternoons, 3:05.

Why—To hear the best of the modern dramas well read.

Open to—Juniors and Seniors who are able to perform a remarkable feat—pass on not more than one “C”.



CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER

DEBATING CLUB

President—Clarisse Friedlander.

Faculty Advisor—Mr. Dupuy.

When—Friday morning, 8:30.

Where—Library.

Why—To learn to talk like Mr. Dupuy—a long time without stopping.

Open to—Everyone.



MARION CANFIELD

SHORT STORY CLUB

President—Marion Canfield.

Faculty Advisor—Miss Browning.

When—Friday afternoon 3:15.

Where—Room 108.

Why—To gaze at Miss Browning, thrilled to the bone—while she reads a weird tale in a low mystic tone.

Open to—Freshmen and Sophomores—the discriminating few.



EMMA BRESCIA

DRAMATIC CLUB

President—Emma Brescia.

Faculty Advisor—Mrs. Tharpe.

When—Now and then.

Where—Here and there—Auditorium generally.

Why—To provide self-expression for our Thespians.

Open to—Those interested.



BERNICE TOUCEY

GLEE CLUB

President—Bernice Toucey.

Faculty Advisor—Mrs. McGlade.

When—All the Time.

Where—Room 119.

Why—To entertain we suppose.

Open to—Our near prima donnas.



EDNA GUNSBERGER

ORCHESTRA

President—Edna Gunsberger.



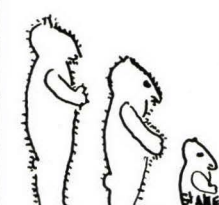







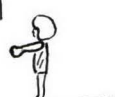
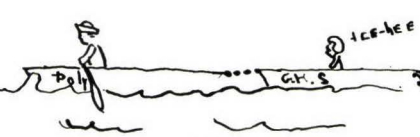

Faculty Advisor—Mrs. McGlade.

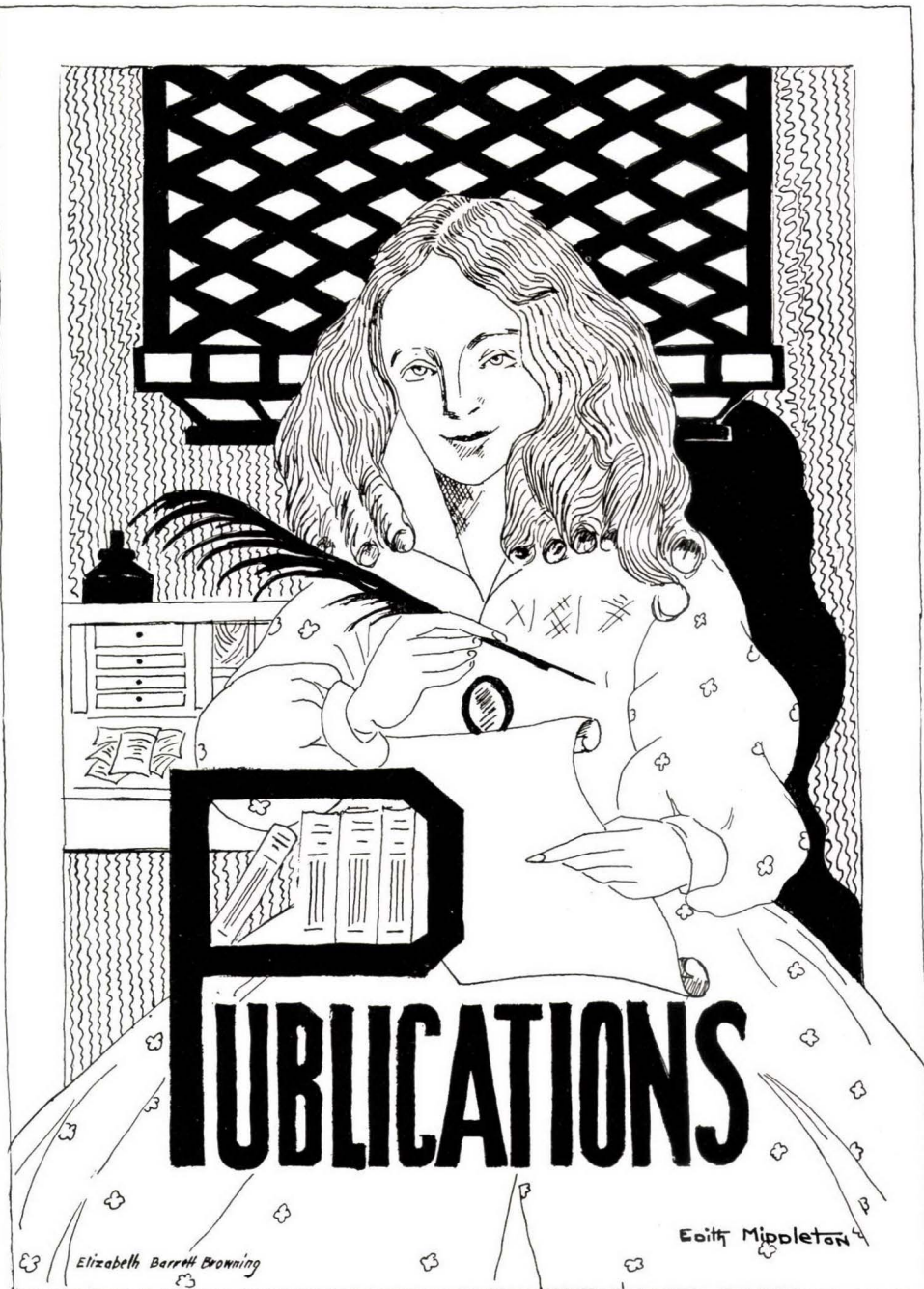
When—Every day.

Where—Auditorium.

Why—To add melody to all our functions.

Open to—All Who Can Help.

<p>WE OBSERVE AN APPROPRIATE</p> <p>MOURNING PERIOD FOR OUR "Lost Vacation"</p> <p>Aug 15</p> 	<p>Who Let them Loose</p>  <p>Sylvia Yvonne Rita</p>	 <p>JEANETTE RUTH BLAKE</p>	
<p>WE struggle with PROGRAMS</p> 		<p>SPORTS 974 Pastimes Ass.</p>	<p>Cleo & Mark</p>  <p>FLO STANK</p> <p>Circus Days</p>
<p>Sports begin today</p> 	<p>Advisors Miss Rosenberg - Miss Clark President- Eloise Clayburg Vice Pres Ruth Chesebrough Sect - Alice Wilkin Baseball Vida Setencich Basketball- Electa Thomas Volleyball- Robert McKnight Swimming- Pauline Metzger CREW- Emma Brescia Publicity Florence Baker</p>		 <p>VACATION 'Nuff Said.</p>
<p>TENNIS AS "PLAYED" at G.H.S</p> 			<p>FOREVER</p> 
<p>SWIM</p> <p>the LURE of the WAVES</p> 	<p>What is the Attraction?</p>  <p>Pat G.H.S Ice-tee</p>		<p>Basketball</p>  <p>OUR Electa</p> <p>E.M.M.L</p>



Editorial Staff



BERENICE VALENTE
Editor



Associate Editors

BEVERLY LEVINGSTON
BERTHA WIDMER

MARIAN MEYERFELD
ELECTA THOMAS

NORMA PODESTA
VICTOIRE PADILLA

Managerial Staff



DOROTHY PRENTICE
Manager



Associates

EDITH FARRELL
NORMA MILANI

ELEANOR GERRIE
OTHELLA BURNER

CAROLYN ESCHEN
FLORENCE BAKER

Art Staff



ELAINE RYAN
Art Editor



Associates

AVIS NELSON
PATRICIA LAIRD

MARGARET WINKLE

ALICE HIRSHBERG
EDITH MIDDLETON

Editorial

The Journal



URING the past year there has been a growing sentiment in favor of abolishing the *Journal*. It is significant that all those who have been connected with the *Journal*, or who have been interested in it in any way,—in short, those who have thought the matter over thoroughly, are in favor of abolishing the *Journal* now. The large number of students who receive the *Journal* every term, look at the pictures, read the jokes, approve or disapprove of the cover, and consign the book to its place in the attic,—those are the girls, who are, of course, very much opposed to abolishing it. Their argument is that the *Journal* is the one tangible thing we have by which to remember each term we have spent in Girls High. It is a good argument, and absolutely true. But it is only one,—and, after all, carries little weight against those which the minority opposed to the continuance of the *Journal* can bring forward.

They reason from two standpoints: First, there are tremendous difficulties in producing a *Journal*; and Second, the finished book is not worth the trouble.

The first cannot be answered. With no support from the school (and we must face the fact that there is not, nor ever will be, the unanimous support which the *Journal* demands for success) the Business Manager faces the necessity of raising fifteen hundred dollars to finance the *Journal*. About one-half of this must be raised by securing advertisements. With each succeeding year it has become harder and harder to persuade business men to advertise. Dozens of firms which advertised a year or two ago are no longer advertising in school periodicals. It is safe to say that many who advertised in this issue, will not in the next. Nor is it right to ask them. We know, and they know, that nearly all advertising in school periodicals is practically charity. They expect nothing from it, they get nothing from it. Not one student in this school, nor in any other school for that matter, has ever gone to a firm *just because* it advertised in the school annual. Two-thirds of us do not even look at the ads. Certainly, then, the money that pays for our *Journal* is not raised fairly.

If it could be—and that is doubtful—there still remains another difficulty. Banish the thought that the *Journal* office is a *Journal* office. It is not! It is an office where late students congregate; it is an office where car-books are distributed; it is an office where absentees are checked; it is a class-room,—it is for everything but *Journal* work.

The *Journal* demands a great deal of detail work. It must be typed during odd moments; there must be meetings of the business and art staffs; the representatives from the publishing and art companies must be interviewed. It is only with the greatest difficulty that all these matters can be attended to. With the school getting more crowded every term, it cannot be expected that this condition will improve.

And after all the time and energy expended upon it, we must admit that few *Journals* are either clever or original. There is a current joke, which appears almost regularly in our *Journals*—something about “What Never Can Happen—The Best *Journal* Yet.”

Have you ever considered why there is never a best *Journal* yet? Because the *Journal* does not admit of originality—all *Journals* are fundamentally the same. And yet for the same book, with slight variations, we spend that large amount of money over and over again.

Are we justified?



An Explanation.

The *Journal* is bound by tradition. Its purpose is to reflect, at the end of the term, the activities and the spirit of that term. To do this, certain things are necessary, or, at least, expected. Classes, Activities, Organizations—without them a *Journal* would not fulfill its purpose—would not be a reflection of the passing term.

But tradition has put into the *Journal*, year after year, a department which has no place in the *Journal* as a year book—and a department, which, we believe was scarcely read by the school—the Literary Department. If the *Journal* were a published collection of essays, stories, and poems, it could be successfully managed and create a place for itself as a literary publication. But, as it was managed, it was generally a case of “take what comes” and when, as often happened, nothing came, certain kind people forced themselves to write. The result was numberless Desert Stories, the Regenerations of Somebody or Other, which always greeted us in the literary department of our *Journal*.

We feel, therefore, that we have taken a step forward in abolishing a worthless department, which showed alarming signs of living forever. Of course, we realize that the shock of something that is different—even so slightly different—will disturb about a half of the school, but if the *Journal* meets with the approval of the other half, we shall feel that our originality has not been “wasted on the desert air”.

An Appreciation.

To Miss Armer, our faculty advisor and official censor, goes the thanks of the editor for using her great power with discretion—and being patient while waiting for the material to materialize.

To Elaine Ryan, and the staff which she organized, goes the credit for the exceptionally fine art work in this issue. The art editor is responsible for at least half the *Journal*—and we are very fortunate in having Elaine, whose cuts are far above the average.

The art staff wishes to express its appreciation of Mr. McGlynn's help.

The Business Manager extends her appreciation to the Business Staff which worked under her, and especially to Edith Farrell, who, for the second time in succession, has taken the prize for bringing in the most ads.

The Journal staff wishes to thank the LaFayette Studio for their excellent photographs and unfailing courtesy. Mr. Langton of the Sierra Art Company for his advice and help with the art side of this *Journal*, and Mr. Henry R. Harvey, our publisher, whose supervision and assistance have made this *Journal* possible.





BARBARA MAYER

MARIAN MEYERFELD
Editor

MADELINE LACKMANN

BARBARA PROBASCO
Manager

ALICE OLSEN

ELOISE CLAYBURG

BERENICE VALENTE

DOROTHY MITCHELL

ELECTA THOMAS

ELEANOR GERRIE

The Mirror

Mirrors are of more or less importance to the world in general. And, as a strictly feminine part of the world in general, Girls High especially feels the necessity for them.

There is one Mirror, however, which stands apart from the thirteen hundred others in the school. This particular Mirror (as you have, no doubt, already surmised) is the "GIRLS HIGH MIRROR" whose tremendous aim is to reflect the true spirit of Girls High.

The MIRROR, though not very old (barely three terms) has, in spite of its tender years, won a secure place among the many activities of the school. More than that, it has steadily improved. It has not been content merely with reflections, it has taken to itself that most important of newspaper functions—the forming of opinions. This term it suggested a much needed reform, and has made a fine fight for it. In doing this, the MIRROR is fulfilling its purpose—promoting better citizenship within the school.

Three important factors have contributed to the success of the paper. The able management of the Editor, Marian Meyerfeld, and the co-operation of the staff which worked with her; the efficient work of Barbara Probasco, the Business Manager; and the helpful advice and criticism of the three Faculty advisors, Miss Armer, Miss Noonan, and Miss Kohlberg.

THE JOURNAL

THE SKIRT

DEC.

1922



IN THIS ISSUE "GOOD-BY"

The Skirt

DECEMBER '22

Who'll graduate?
"We," said the class,
"If we can pass.
We'll graduate."

Who'll stay behind?
"We," said the mob,
With a little sob,
"We'll stay behind."

Who'll get her recs?
"We," said they,
"With a B or an A,
We'll get our recs."

Who'll take an Ex?
"We," said she,
Of the C and the D,
"We'll take an Ex."

Who wants to go?
"We," said each,
With a happy screech,
"We want to go."

Who loves Girls Hi?
"We"—all shout,
"But we wanta get out.
We love Girls Hi."

—o—

GRADUATION OR THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

Strains of "Aida" permeate auditorium.
Valedictorian faces audience—grins nobly—

"We are here gathered, on this momentous occasion to breathe farewell to the school that we love so dearly (more slush).

The time has come when we, like well laden crafts, must set sail from our placid harbor. 'Farewell'—you bid, and we surge forth into the turmoil (digresses for 10 minutes).

Like ships that pass in the night, many of us will sail unheard of—unknown. But as Captain Perry—or one of our brave countrymen has said, 'Don't give up the ship.' (More gab.)

We go forth with vigor of youth in our step, buoyant and elastic—the electric gleam of hope lights our way—Farewell, Farewell, and au revoir, alho.

And so forth—

In the meantime no one is listening. Everyone absorbed in his own thoughts.

I

WHAT CLASS IS THINKING

(Individual with intellect of the mass.)

"Thank Heaven—Last time in this. No more caf, gym, detention class and the rest—Good grief, when will she quit? I don't see why they picked her out—and all those speakers. I'll be too worn out to collect my diploma—Bet my cap is crooked—Doesn't Dr. Scott look happy—room for about three hundred more poor fish—Well this ends my sentence—4 years' hard labor."

And so forth.

II

(One of many martyred teachers giving up a perfectly good evening for the cause. With exquisitely pained expression thinks.)

"Never again—why did I come any way—we'll be here till midnight. Same old thing—

Oh my, look at Edna Z.! Is she graduating!!!!

Well, if she'd been in my class—

One hour and a quarter more!!" etc.

III

(Fond parents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins)

"Doesn't Gertrude look sweet—why it seems only yesterday that she came skipping in from grammar school—How time flies.

How intellectual that cap makes her—
I wish they'd hurry and give out the
diplomas—these affairs are always so
long drawn out.

Gertrude does so well in her work—
only last week her teacher said to me,"
etc., etc., etc., etc.

IV

(Friends, neighbors and the mob scene)

"Well, well, she did get that platinum
wrist watch—pretty keen * * * I'll bet
she's tickled to death to be out * * *
Those girls think they are finished—They
will be when they get to Cal.—well we
live to learn.

How much longer does this keep up—
and so forth."

and thus—and so
ad infinitum

GRADUATION PRESENTS

A Cynic's View

Aunt Amy sent the "Lives of Great Men"
O, gosh—

And "The History of Our Earth" from Uncle
Ben—

What bosh—

I'll change them both for something gay,
Let's see—

Scott-Fitzgerald has a way
That suits me!

A ring from mother—Whatta bore!

But she won't mind—
For Purple Pajamas I want much more—
An exotic kind!

Omar Khayyam comes from Freddie,
O rot!
That's the fourth copy already—
I've got—

O, well, "Love Lyrics" are the same price—
Tho awfully mild—
I wish I could think of something that's nice
And wild!

Father gives me underwear—

Noble man!

I'll just change the socks for a shorter pair
If I can—

Twenty dollars Grandmother gave—

That oughta be—

Enough to pay for a permanent wave—
It seems to me.

They say Graduation's a thrilling day

That's bunk—

For I look at the rest of my presents and say
What Junk!

TINNED BOOK REVIEWS

(Condensed so as to be almost evaporated)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

For a cheerful little tale

'Bout a country boy

Convicts from a county jail,

Idiotic brides, and stale

Wedding cake and ginger-ale

We commend with joy

Dickens' unpretentious book

Of a gentleman—and crook.

Pip (our little hero's name)

Is a manly child.

Grows to riches—plays the game,

Loves Estella—icy dame

With an all-consuming flame

(Once the youngster filed

Ball and chain) the convict bold

Ne'er forgot—so we are told.

Pip despises childhood friends

Thinks they simply bore,

Till he learns the truth, which ends

All his plans—he makes amends

And Estella's presence lends

Love!—and what is more—

She's been married once or twice

But she'll try again—how nice!

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

The Vicar was a good old man,
Who lost all that he had—
But like the patient Job he was
He never once got mad—
And so I recommend this book
So simple, sweet, and true—
To all those students who are slightly
Simple-minded, too!

OLIVER TWIST

When Oliver Twist did ask for more, he little
knew just then—
The dire results which come to boys who pass
their plates again—
Because of that he met the "Doge" upon the
road to town,
Because of that was he sent to Fagin's school
of ill-renown,
Because of that was he twice adopted, and
came to live at last
At the home of a long-lost sister, who rose
suddenly out of the past.
And because he was good—and, oh, so sweet,
this great reward was sent—
While those who were bold and bad—well—I
can't say where they went.
But we are so different from Oliver—so very
different, for
Having once read the charming book, we'd
never ask for more.

One sweetly, solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm one day nearer getting out
Than I have ever been before!

FLAPPER SONG

Delta Kappa Epsilon,
Kappa Gamma Mu,
Pearl pins, gold pins,
Pins enameled blue—
Chi Phi, Delta Phi,
Delta Sigma Nu,
Tea time, toddle time,
Taxicab for two.—Ex.

WELL! WELL!

It was the end of the second act. Lucy,
heroine, was starring.

"Bread," she cried, as she sank to the
floor. "Give me bread!"

Just then the curtain came down with a
roll.

I kicked a mongrel cur,
It let out an awful wail;
Where did I kick it, sir?
Ah! thereby hangs a tail.

MR. DUPUY: "Your answer's as clear as
mud."

RUTH: "Well, that covers the ground,
doesn't it?"

AS THE MOVIES DO IT

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CECIL B. DE MILLE

presents

"THE AFFAIRS OF JAMES FITZJAMES"

At the stupendous cost of \$16,893,250.10
for lavish interior bedroom

Adapted from the poem by Sir Walter Scott
Art titles and stage settings by
Rube Goldberg

Lord James Douglas Edward FitzJames,
known familiarly as "Jim," while traveling
in Scotland meets a charming maiden, Ellen.
Immediately they fall in love with each other.
Jim is disgusted with modern life, and tells
Ellen about the present degeneration in a se-
ries of scenes beginning with Adam and Eve
in the Garden, and ending with the Fall of
Rome. Jim then asks Ellen to marry him,
but she refuses for some mysterious reason.

They next meet in The Ritz-Splendo Hotel,
where Ellen is shown in the lavish interior
bedroom as Lady Ellen Vere-DeVere, the
most popular debutante of the season. Fol-
lows a sad scene in which Jim is disillusioned,
and Ellen tells him that she refused
to marry him because he did not like modern
girls and she could not marry him under false
pretenses. RESULT—Ten minute fade-out.

AFTER CENSORSHIP:

Lord James, etc., leaves with his parents on
a fishing trip. At the side of the lake sits
Ellen, reading the "Decline and Fall of the
Roman Empire." They discuss this great
work together,—how the last days of Rome
are paralleled by the gaiety of today, how
the country is going to the dogs, etc. After
which James shakes hands with her and
catches his train for the city.

LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE

GEORGE MELFORD

presents

"THE HEART OF THE SAHARA"

"A WOMAN'S FLAMING ANSWER"

Based upon Tennyson's poem,

Launcelot and Elaine

Launcelot Jones, a young English chap, graduates from Oxford, and becomes engaged to Guinevere St. Claire, a gay young lady. There is a tender "Goodbye" when Launcelot goes exploring in the Sahara. He is captured by a tribe of Arabs, whose Chief comes to love the brave boy and makes him his heir. Hereafter he is known as Ahmed Ben Launcelot. Once, while in the city of Omaire, the "Doorway of the Desert, the Gateway of Civilization," he sees a young girl who he thinks is Guinevere. He captures her. She is not Guinevere, but Elaine Lily Maide. He holds her captive, and soon they come to love each other. He tells her of his former engagement and she refuses to marry him. They are both despondent, and Ahmed Ben Launcelot decides to send Elaine Lily Maide back to the "Doorway of the Desert," etc.

For this purpose he hails a passing caravan, and, as they come near, whom should he discover but Guinevere and Arthur, the chauffeur, with whom she has eloped.

So all is well.

AFTER CENSORSHIP:

Launcelot Jones, an explorer, goes hunting wild animals in the Sahara. There, sitting on the burning sands, is an Arab girl, Elaine Ben Hassan. She tells him of all the historic incidents these sands have seen, and he shows her the best way to shoot tigers. (Tiger conveniently appears for this purpose.) Then they shake hands and part, Launcelot returning to England and marrying his sweetheart Guinevere.

—o—

EVANGELINE

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

presents

His Latest Masterpiece

"WAY UP IN ARCADY"

Suggested by the poem by

H. W. Longfellow

"In the little Village of Grand Pre,

In Arcady, the home of the Happy—" lives the Girl (Evangeline) and the Boy (Gabrielle.) Lured by the Beauty Contest in the Motion Picture Magazines, the Girl leaves for the wicked city where she gets lost in the crowd. The Boy, meanwhile, waits at home until he can stand it no longer. So he too leaves his happy home. For years he searches for her—one day, even, on Lincoln

Highway, his Ford passes hers. Yet neither see the other.

The Boy becomes ill and goes north to recover his health. One night, amidst the howling of the wolves, etc., he hears—yes—the cry of a woman. He wonders if he is hearing things—takes a step forward, hesitates, etc.—thus giving the woman, if indeed it is a woman (and indeed it is none other than Evangeline)—a good chance to be destroyed. But she isn't. Just as the ice crashes in upon her the Boy grabs her by the hair and yanks her out. Final fadeout now in order.

AFTER CENSORSHIP:

Name changed to "Fishing in the North." The Boy and the Girl go fishing. The next five reels show how they do it and what they catch. Then they go home.

—o—

FOUR YEARS AGO TODAY

Dorothy Dealey had a case on Miss Fitzgerald. Roma Kaufmann wanted to know where the elevator was.

Helen Wentworth wept because she didn't know her English Rules.

Florence O'Neill took her first trip to the office.

Adelaide Polle wrote a poem for the *Journal*. This was the first and last time.

Eileen Lynch caught her first glimpse of Miss Noonan. Straightway she fell.

Eleanor Thronsdon was elected Yell-Leader of the Freshman Class, a position she has occupied off and on (mostly on) for the last Four Years.

✱

I, Jocelyn Babbitt, do bequeath my serious aspect and sweetness of nature upon Dixie Kennedy, with the hope that they will aid her in securing the position of Joke Editor on the next *Journal*.

I, Norma Milani, do give my talent for getting into trouble to any member of the school who could stand it.

I, Virginia Rossi, do give my "tired of the world" look to Bettie Seoble, who acts as though she needs it.

I, Eloise Fitch, do leave my fashionable slouch to Miss Rosenberg for use in the Gymnasium.

I, Sophie Shainman, do give my draped photographs to Miss Armer as a token of my undying love and affection.

I, Bertha Widmer, do make a present of my ability to exasperate the Faculty to Buell Carey with the warning to use it sparingly.

I, Fleurette Dowdell, do bequeath my ability to capture the spot-light to Emma Brescia. With her own and mine, she should go far in her chosen path.

GIRLS MIRROR HIGH

Vol I (too many)

No. 3

Published to go into the Hearths and the Fireplaces of our Subscribers.

Lectures Given in Auditorium

Four bells! 1-2-3-4!

What could it be?

Hopefully we trooped to the Auditorium.

And there, Mr. Freeze from the Est-ce qui Mot Company, gave us an interesting talk on the "Psychological Significance of the Eskimo Pie." It was interesting and educational. Among other things he said

"Few things attain the popularity of the Eskimo Pie. Why? Because it is cool. From this we draw a great moral lesson. In every emergency, Keep Cool!"

The school agreed that it was "just wonderful!"

Lost Books

If the girls who have lost the following books will call at the "Bookroom," identify their property, and pay Miss Daniels ten cents for finding them, they may reclaim them in six months after she had time to read them).

Fitzgerald: "The Beautiful and Damned"—\$2.00 net.

Joan Conquest: "Desert Love"—75 cents (Special Sale.)

"I confess"—A magazine of Personal Experiences. (The owner of this may have it at once as Miss Daniels has finished it.)

Glynn: "Beyond the Rocks"—Rudolph Valentino Edition, with profuse illustrations from the Motion Picture production. (Illustrations cut out for Miss Hobes' Bulletin Board.)

Hull: "Heart of the Desert"—A novel without asterisks. (2½ day book from the library.)

N. B. The Freshman who lost "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" may have it immediately, as Miss Daniels doesn't wish to read it.

Should Hot Dogs Be Censored?

A very important question was put to our prominent girls-about-school this month.

It was—"Should Hot Dogs Be Censored By The Faculty Before Entering the Pure Portals of Girls Hi?" Here are their opinions.

DIXIE KENNEDY: "I take a firm stand upon this question. The constitution guarantees everyone the right of free speech—it should not be violated. Let the Hot Dog also go free, etc." Miss Kennedy was still talking when we left.)

CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER: "When our forefathers moored the sturdy May Flower on Plymouth Rock why did they leave the land of their birth? Because they were prosecuted! Shall we who come after them, stand prosecution?"

"No! We shall not! Neither shall our Hot Dogs!"

ELOISE CLAYBURG: "M. J. B. Coffee. Why?"

FLORENCE BAKER: "How in the name of common sense do you expect me to answer that question? Why, it's ridiculous. It needs thought and research work. I am not prepared to answer extemporaneously."

MISS ROSENBERG (looking up from her work of weighing, measuring, and asking Freshmen the color of their parents' eyes): "On account of having one less teacher, the Physical Culture Department is unable to attend to that matter. I would suggest, however, that tags with names on them be tied to every hot dog, and when they are put in the pot for cooking, one face north and the other east."

MISS KOHLBERG:

"A Hot Dog came to visit one day,
And on its back a bug did play;
A baby then did eat a slice,
The baby died—which wasn't nice.

"And so you see, the facultee Knows just how hot a Hot Dog should be—

And if, perhaps, they seem severe—

Remember all the children who died last year."

At Last—the Reason!

B. Miller—"His wife was a very sweet woman and they were very happy together, and so at the age of —, Lowell died."

THE GIRLS' HIGH MIRROR

Published at the Convenience of the Editor

THE STAFF

MISS ARMER.....Censor
MISS NOONAN.....Censor
MISS KOHLBERG.....Censor

EDITORIAL

What Shall We Feed The Freshmen?

When the Freshmen enter our beloved school, the Treasurer of the Senior Class advances the President of that Class five dollars for the purpose of giving the Freshmen a reception. Now, the question always arises, "What shall we feed them?" Punch, the Faculty feels, is suggestive—and accordingly it is taboo. Cookies are expensive, and their food value is not very great. The Freshmen, we all realize, need nourishing food, and therefore the Mirror suggests that 20c be spent on a box of puffed rice whose food value equals one pound of meat, one sardine, two medium sized potatoes, and any numbers of bananas.

Now, in the past, this matter of food for the Freshmen has not been given sufficient consideration. We have not been acting fairly. Not only this school, but every school in this city, has neglected this matter. We can't improve others, but if we improve ourselves by taking better care of the defenseless Freshmen, we shall be doing a deed of which we may well be proud.

"Come on, Girls, let's wave our banners high—
Come on, Girls, let's plan to do or die"

Can you hear these inspiring words and sit back doing nothing? No! On for better food for the Freshmen!

Mirror Reporter Interviews
Famous Actress—Former
Graduate Tells of
School Life

It was with inward fear and trepidation that we looked forward to interviewing the famous movie actress, Miss Geraldine Pickford, who has had a prominent part in every mob scene for the last five years.

As she stepped off of her train at the Oakland Mole, we were there and "May we interview you?" we chorused.

She looked surprised. Then she said graciously,

"Sure. Go ahead!"

"We are from the Girls' High Mirror," we began.

"Well, isn't that nice!"

she said. "Say, can you lend me 33 cents to get across the Bay on?"

We were overwhelmed at this honor but managed to collect the money between us, and lent it to her.

"Did you ever go to Girls High?" we asked.

"I sure did," she answered.

"For two months! First I went to Girls, but I prefer co-educational institutions. They are more in my line, if I may say so. So I transferred to Poly, and from Poly to Lowell, from Lowell to Commerce, from Commerce to Mission. Then we moved to Oakland. But I shall always remember those two months at Girls. Some little shack! I guess they never thought that I'd bring them fame, eh?"

"O, yes," we told her, "every teacher says you were very clever."

"O, do they? Well, maybe I was."

Conversation lagged, and so for want of something better to say we asked her if she knew Rudolph.

"Who?" she asked. "Oh, Rudie! Of course, why we're like sister and brother together. Did you see me in his last picture?"

We had to confess that we hadn't.

"No? Well, I was in the first row of the audience in the bull-fight scene. I waved my hand at him."

We were stunned.

That a girl from Girls Hi, for two whole months—should be able to wave her hand at Rudolph! It was unbelievable.

The School is, and has good reason to be, proud of its former student for two months—Geraldine Pickford.

Tactful Taps

Mild and Milkfed
by
Simple and Sweet.

Who was the girl who sneaked into the Caf two minutes before the bell rang? Oh, Vida!

There's a girl with a case on a certain Miss A-r-m-e-r. Oyezindeed! Who is she? O, Sophie!

Why do we get a holiday on October 12th? O, Columbus!

Miss Hobe gave an "ex" to one of her classes yesterday. O, Miss Hobe!

Six girls dropped Physics this month because Mr. Of-

feild was taken to separating the chairs during examinations. O, Mr. Offeild!

Alice Olsen had to stay in the Detention Class one night last week. O, Alice!

Marion Solomens was late this morning. O, Marion!

These are personals. O, yes! Simple and Sweet.

Swimming

Sally (drown herself in) Slang.

Let's go-swimming!

Say, who d'you think you are, you dumbell? Where d' you get that stuff?

Now, don't get fresh or flip. Are you on to who **we** are? I'll say you're not, you poor fish, you mackerel! We're a bunch of young ladies from a select grave yard, trying to sling the snappy stuff they put over in the Sporty colyums of the Daily Know-Nothing.

Do we succeed?

I'll tell the world we **don't**!

Yes, We Have No Bananas

Mr. Centner—"Is Alice Phillips absent today?"

V. Helling—"Yes, she's here."

Heard in Class

B. Mayer—"Poe married a widow and died soon after."

Miss Armer—"Raw-ther likely."

Reflections of a Slightly Cracked Mirror

If a school bloweth not its own horn, who shall blow the same for it?

Girls High is certainly a wonderful school.

We will be sorry when the Senior Class leaves, too. They're sure a good class now.

Aren't we a Peppy Bunch?

The Freshies are cuter than ever. They are certainly a wonderful class.

And the Juniors and Sophs are wonderful, too. Girls High is certainly a wonderful place.

The Shack of Shiftless Shirkers

There's a shack of shiftless shirkers

On the banks of River Slow, Where the Lie-Downs and Be-Happies

Are pretty sure to go. Where the Grumble-Mumble Flowers

Bloom amidst the weeds— There the Good-for-Nothing Shirker Scatters Discontentment seeds.

But—

In the Valley of Contentment In the Province of the Sweet

You will find a Righteous City At the Base of Mt. Conceit. Where the People-You-Admire,

In their lovely white-washed homes—

Are fine and so Dependable With nothing in their domes.

And—

In the Valley of Contentment (While the Shiftless Shirker roams)

They read, in their white-washed parlors—

These empty moral pomes.

Explained!

Mr. Offeild—"What are you doing, Eloise?"

Eloise—"Nothing."

Mr. Offeild—"And what is Lucille doing?"

Eloise—"Helping me!"

Diplomacy

Mose—"Where do you work, Rastus?"

Rastus—"Ah help my father."

Mose—"And what does your father do?"

Rastus—"Nothing!"

No Lie!

Miss Armer—"Are you helping Barbara, Florence?"

Florence—"Yes."

Miss Armer—"What are you doing, Barbara?"

Barbara—"Nothing."

Recitations as We Hear Them

Miss Jacobs—"Why did Shakespeare grow more serious during the second period of his writing?"

L. Alves—"He had gotten married!"

A Love Ditty

(Dedicated to A Sport Ditty which appeared in the extra.)

When the sun comes out at night—

When the Faculty has a fight—

When A's appear on every card—

Then, my dear, you'll be a bard!

When Mr. Dupuy quits chewing gum—

When Naomi or Ruth says something dumb—

When a Geometry "Ex" is a beautiful sight—

Then, only then, will your rhythm be right.

As for your rhyme—well, my dear—

When Barbara Probaseo begins to act queer—

When Senior Class dues are only a dime—

Then, my dear poet, your words might rhyme!

SENIOR "HAIR-DOWN" DAY



PLAY-MATES



TAFFY-STICKS

A Prayer

From speeches made by people who have nothing to say; from speeches made to take up the next period (which is generally our study period); from speeches delivered in the past, present and, we have reason to believe, in the future;

O, Lord, Deliver us!

From the people who speak at Debating Rallies—from the Time-keeper who held the watch and describes her psychological thrills as each minute ticked out; from the chairman who knows who won, but tells how, when, and why she decided not to tell; from the debaters, who, each in turn, have nothing to say and say it; from those who "unaccustomed as they are," yet make us wish they were less accustomed; from those who find everything they planned to say already said; from those who make clever remarks; from all the other people who have nothing to do with the Debate, but speak for some reason not generally known; from all yell-leaders, except Vida, who is our pride and joy

O, Lord, Deliver Us!

From the people who speak at Nomination Rallies—from the person who will do her best if elected and the same thing if not elected—(moral: why elect her?) from the person who needs no introduction; from the person who reads her speech from notes; from the person who does not—and forgets it; from the dozen or so Freshmen Candidates; from the yell-leader who makes us stand up and yell when we were almost asleep; from the Confidential speaker who talks to the first three rows; from those who pull off little "stunts"; from the person who is going to say something original; from the candidates who nominate each other—

O, Lord, Deliver Us!

From those who speak at Activities Rallies; from the President who disturbs us by speaking of cleaning up the yard and policing the "Caf"; from the Debating Club "Stunts"; from the poetry produced by members of the S. P. A.; from the Editors and Business Managers of the "Mirror" and "Journal" the burden of whose message is, "We want, we need, we must have"; from the girls who casually meet in the center of the stage and discuss the merits of their respective clubs; from the Secretary who reads so that we can hear her; from the people who tell her that she can't be heard; from the background formed by the Senior Class—

O, Lord, Deliver Us.

From people who speak at Rallies and say more than is absolutely necessary—

From those who repeat what has been said more than a dozen times in the past—

From these—and all others—Good Lord,—Deliver Us!

How to Become Famous

Cut Gym twice a week and get away with it. Raise a riot in Miss Hobe's Class and get away with it.

Talk more than Othella Burner.

Lead a yell as Vida does.

Get as many "case-ees" as Barbara Perkins has.

Get the Pep of Madeline Johnson and Clancy.

Be able to pass a Physics "ex" without help from your neighbor.



Ex's, Ex's, everywhere, with drops and drops of ink,

But never a teacher who'll leave the room

And allow a girl to think.

"GOOD EVENING MOTHER"



AMONG US MORTALS



MAYBELLE, AND THE
ETERNAL ESKIMO PIE



MAUD AND BLANCHE - IN MISS
HOBE'S STUDY HALL - WE CLEAN
THEY DON'T KNOW HER!



GRACE ENJOYS GYM AND
ITS INSTRUCTORS - NEED
WE SAY MORE!



"NOW-LET ME SEE! I WAS IN
THE REC-ETC." - EDNA'S TIME
IS SPENT THINKING OF LOST
BOOKS.



GLADYS - WHO GRAYTATES BETWEEN
REC HALL AND DRESSING ROOM.
(A NOTED SPECIES IN G.H.S.



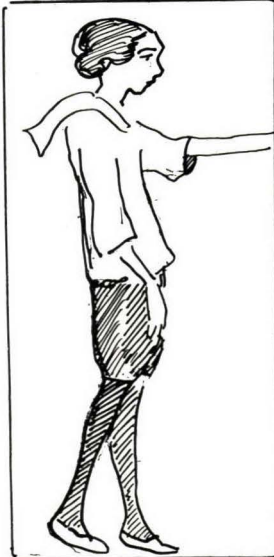
BERTHA IS SO SENSITIVE
BUT MOTHER FEELS G.H.S.
IS A BROADENING INFLUENCE!



OUR LITTLE CROWD - WE DO HAVE THE BEST TIMES! NORMA WITH THE
BOBBED LOCKS IS PERFECTLY KILLING! POSING FOR SNAP SHOTS.

E. RYAN

AMONG US MORTALS



THELMA DOES NOT CARE FOR GYM - CLOSEUP OF THELMA TAKING CORRECT POSTURE



AN ENTHUSIASTIC YELL! YES, DOT'S A FRESHMAN



VIVIAN - OUR JAZZ GIRL! TRADE MARK - A FUZZY SWEATER! "O. BOY"



BESSIE HAS JUST COME OUT THE WRONG DOOR OF THE CAF O! MR. DUPUY!



GERTRUDE GAINING COURAGE TO PRESENT POSIES TO HER FAVORITE FACULTY MEMBER



MARY AND HER LITTLE COMB - INSEPERABLE!



THE HOT DOG LINE! FROM LEFT TO RIGHT - EVELYN, JOSEPHINE, RUBY, AND LOIS - RUBY IS "INTRAINING" AND SHE DOES MISS HER NOUGAT BAR! BEHIND LOIS COMES ELLEN'S MASHED POTATOES. JOSEPHINE'S MOTHER INSISTS ON A GOOD LUNCH! E. RYAN

AMONG US MORTALS - RALLIES



"THE BRIDES WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US" - JUST WAIT TILL SHE SEES THE GROOM!



AILEEN ANNOUNCING (8th TIME) GIRLS WERE WORKING SO HARD, AND WE HOPE YOU LIKE IT!



DORA - EXHIBITING A SNAPPY CREATION - FASHION SHOW



BEHOLD OUR LITTLE INGENUE MYRTLE, OF THE SENIOR CLASS, AGED NINETEEN AND A HALF



"THE ETERNAL SENIOR MOVIE REVUE"



THE GROOM - HIMSELF, SHE'S JUST DYING TO GIGGLE - AGNES, THE BESTMAN - IN THE REAR!



FACULTY ROW - JUST A FEW "INTERESTED" TEACHERS - MISS HANE, AT EXTREME RIGHT CORRECTS ECONOMIC PAPERS. - MISS BRIGGS IS READING "PELICAN" - WHICH SHE HAS CONFISCATED - THE FACULTY DOES ENJOY THE SHOW.

E. RYAN

Al Explains

He: "I found this hairpin in my pocket. Is it yours?"

She (severely): "No. I use brown hairpins. This is black."

He (brightly): "Guess my fountain pen's been leaking again."

✧

"O," exclaimed the fair boarder, as a couple of calves scampered across the meadow, "what pretty cowlets."

"You are mistaken, Ma'am," said the old farmer, "them's bullets."

✧

She: "Why the black eye, old thing?"

He: "O, I went to a dance last night and was struck by the beauty of the place."

✧

Now: "Why are a girl's ears nowadays like a doughnut?"

Then: "Well?"

Now: "Because there is lots around and nothing between."

✧

Little William, not feeling well,
Shoved his sister down a well;
And his Mother, drawing water,
Said: "It's hard to raise a daughter."

✧

Dumb: "Why do you keep shouting, 'O, electricity!'?"

Bell: "I want to say something shocking."

✧

I'm looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if I
Am looking back to see if they
Are looking back at me.

✧

A Garden Romance

He met her in the garden
As the moon was beginning to rise,
They walked along together
Gazing in each other's eyes.
They didn't seem to talk, though,
They didn't even laugh—
For he was a Berkshire Pig—
And she a Holstein Calf.—Ex.

The Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ,
I was playing "Sallie Green,"
When a brick came thru the window
And landed on my bean;
I know not what gink threw it,
Nor what I said just then,
But you can bet the words I uttered
Weren't the sound of a great
"Amen."

✧

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it, myself."

✧

Mary had a little lamb,
Some steak, some fruit, and custard,
When her escort paid the check
He found that he was busted.

✧

Miss Reeves: "What is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last?"

Ruby: "False."

✧

He had long hair and a pensive look.
He wrote a poem entitled "Why I Live."

He signed it "Augustus" and sent it to a magazine.

The Editor wrote him as follows:

"My dear Augustus:

The reason you live is because you sent your poem by mail instead of bringing it personally."

✧

We are Advertised by Our
Loving Friends

She: "Do you like Boston?"

He: "No—I prefer Paris. No metal touches the skin."

✧

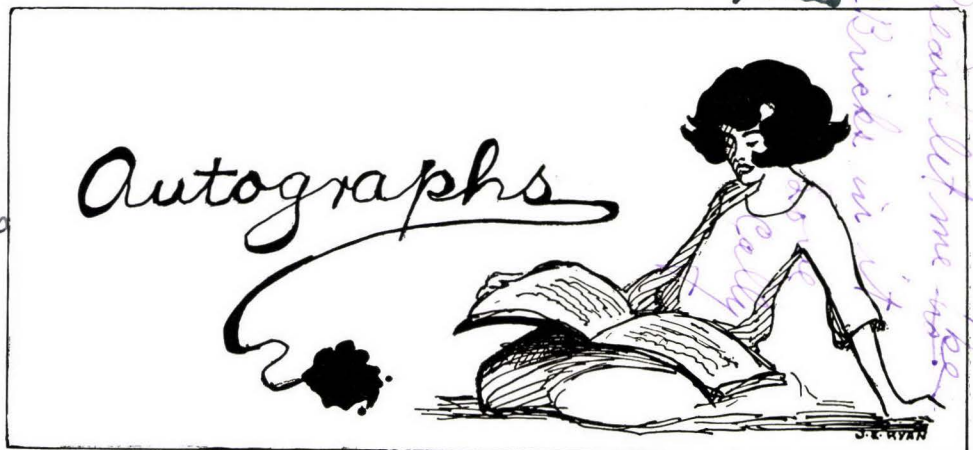
A girl is quite queer with her beaux,
What she will do next, no one neaux,
Sometimes she will smile,
Most all of the while,
And other times turn up her neaux.

Its never forget
"may bell" or cheday
at Sestro together
Your old friend
Cora Emerson

Grace, dear! —
Some love blushes, some love ami
Some love maidens full of wiles
Some love demples and eyes of blue
But I love them all for I love you.
THE JOURNAL
votre ami, The

Janet Harris
Dec 24

Autographs



Lucille Perkins Dec. '24

"Is qui aquilam ferebat"
Editha Wright

Affectionately
Jessie Carroll. (24)
Editha Wallin '24 (?)

Gronna Phyllis
Margaret Wallin

In the walks of our life
We often need umbrellas
May yours be held up
By a handsome young
fellow,
Love,
Hatty Carey.

In loving memory
of Mr. Offield
Yours,
Sophie
June '24 (?)

Very sincerely yours,
Betina M. Stark

Your friend until
Madra Falls

True friends are like
diamonds - they are
rare and in demand
everywhere.
A true friend
is one who
stays with you
June 23.

Lots of love to a friend
Sincerely
Annie Stalback
With lots of love,
Alma Meyer.
Lucile Callan

Autographs

I want what I want when I want it,
I want mighty bad what I want,
But no want I can compare with the want,
I had want when I want to have you.
Your's in heaven,
Hanche teacher.

a little girl with eyes of brown,
Came smiling down the aisle to me,
Her's was a smile of friendly trust,
Hence it is a smile on thee.
"Mary" '23

Yours till Hades freezes
Renadmanetti
Thos. A. McGlynn

Drawing
Friend Corvi
Al

Lovingly,
Emma

Love & Best Wishes
for you.
Emma Louhamoto

"Bach - moulded the vase
Handel - painted it
Bathorn - filled it with beautiful flowers.
Mary F. Mc Glade

Omnia bona faustaque tibi precatur
magister atque amicus
Martin A. Centner

I can Latin say I do generally,
But never in this case.

My mind won't
function, I'll let
you use your imagination
as to what I was going to
say.

Rose
Helda G.
D.L. - you're a born
fool! N.C.

With lots of love
and memories
of history.
Helen Jones

Jokes

TEACHER—"Ignorant people ask more questions than wise people can answer."

STUDENT—"No wonder so many of us flunk in exams."

MADELINE—"What an awful gash you have in your head!"

CLANCY—"O, next to nothing, next to nothing."

NOT ALL NEW.

The examiner glanced over the top of his spectacles.

"Are you sure," he inquired, "that this is a purely original composition you have handed in?"

"Yes, Sir," came the answer. "But you may possibly, Sir, have come across one or two of the words in the Dictionary."

CHANGING HOURLY.

"Father, who is in power in Russia?"

"According to the paper the party that opposed the committee that overthrew the group that rebelled against those who defeated the counter revolution, but I didn't see the late extra."

A HARD INDIVIDUAL.

"He is a man with a grip of steel, an iron nerve, but a heart of gold."

"Ah, a regular man of mettle!"

CAN'T BE BLAMED.

HE—"Do you know I have lately fallen into the habit of talking to myself?"

SHE—"I wondered why you were looking so bored."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, "I'm broke again."

TEACHER—"Have you had Geometry?"

FRESHIE—"No. I was vaccinated before that broke out."

Bobby, aged four, burst into the drawing room: "Mother, I've been playing postman and I've put a letter in every box in the street," he said with pride.

"Nonsense, child," answered his mother. "Where did you get the letters?"

"Oh," said Bobby, "I found them in a drawer of your wardrobe done up in pink ribbon."

My Dear Margaret:—

I have been thinking about you — and your future a great deal lately — wondering just what you will do when you get out of school — just where you will go to work and just how much you can earn. Your school record has given me much pleasure — I'm so glad you could go to High School — that means a good foundation but that is not enough. The minute you leave High School and apply for a job some man will ask "What can you do?" — and then, too I can see that you, like all ambitious young men and women, are eager to earn your own money and to spend it as you like — You want to be independent — and I feel that is a good sign in anybody worth while. But HOW are you going to do it?

Here is the answer: Every young man and woman should know how to do some one thing well in Business — for business is the big thing everywhere to-day. If you can do stenographic work — be a private secretary — manage an office — keep a set of books — or do any one of the many things Business wants done, you will always be in demand at a good salary and you can make your own way if anything should happen to me. The positions I have mentioned above are the doorways to business success — and the next step for you is to get this business training — so I have decided to send you to Heald's — I am sure you will like that for many of your friends and schoolmates are going there — and the training itself is a real pleasure. A Heald man told me the other day that they had from 3 to 5 times as many calls for help as they could supply and that any trained young man or woman could have a good position just as soon as the training is finished — Heald's is the best known of all the schools — that is why they have so many calls for help — that really gives you your choice of a good many positions after your training is finished — that is important — In business, a Heald recommendation means much.

Some day this week please go over to Heald's — Van Ness & Post Sts, and get one of their latest catalogs so that we can go over the plan together when I get home — Ask for Mr. Lessemann, the supt, — he will be glad to give you all the information — So, after High School a Business Training at Heald's, is the program for you Marg — and then to a good position — When you are older you will thank me for the happiess that this business training brought —

Your Dear Old Dad,

Eh, Jeanie woman, it's a solemn thing to get married.
Aye,—feyther, but it's a more solemn thing not to get married.

If you don't like the jokes we print,
We know you'd change your views,
If you just got a little squint
At those that we refuse.

GUEST—May I sit on your right hand?

HOST—Thank you, but I have to eat with it. Won't you take a chair instead?

Two college boys were talking over the phone.

HENRY—What did you do this morning, Eddie?

EDDIE—I washed out my pajamas.

CENTRAL (cutting in)—I am ringing them.

Mary had a little lamb,
Then she went a-sailing;
Mary lost her little lamb
Leaning o'er the railing.

CONCEALED INQUIRY

SMALL BOY: "What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, mother? I ain't one of those who are always raising them."

SOMETHING

MARIAN: "I have such a dreadful cold in my head."

GLORIA: "Well, that is better than nothing."

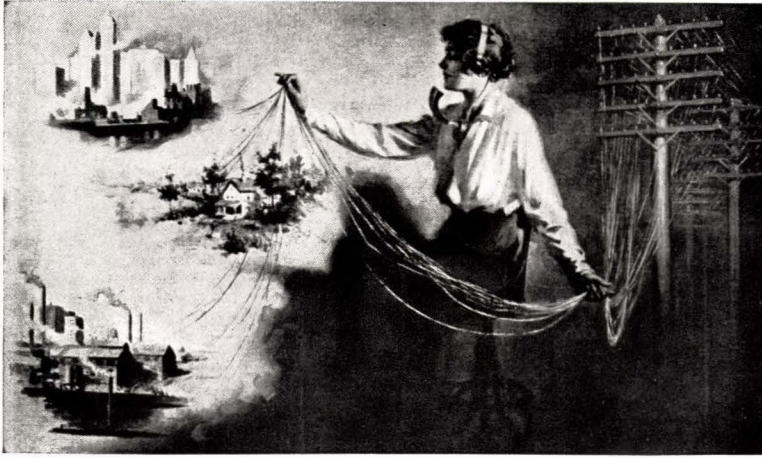
ON ITS WAY

And what is an egg?" asked the Missionary who was testing his hopeful pupil's knowledge of English.

"An egg," said the boy, "is a chicken not yet."

SENIOR—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

FRESHIE—No; who teaches it?"



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COURT LANGUAGE.

A colored woman one day visited the courthouse in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you—all the reperbate judge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy."

"I'se cum to you—all 'cause I'se in trubble. Mah man—he's done died de-tested, and I'se got three little infidels, so I'se cum to be appointed der executioner."

I WONDER.

"Say, Dad, what keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down."

"Why the Law of Gravity of course."

"But how did folks stay on before the law was passed?"

"Did you notice the little girl who just passed?"

"The one with the blue sweater, black skirt, sport shoes, and bobbed hair?"

"Yes."

"Not particularly."

Giggle, giggle, little maid
With your hair in bobs arrayed.
With it bobbed you look so fair
Like a mop-stick in the air.—*Ex.*

PAPA (at 3 A. M.)—"Good morning, Child of Satan."

DAUGHTER—"Good morning, Father."

Why is the author the queerest animal in the world?

Because the tale comes out of his head.

SHE—"George, dear, you have such charming eyes."

HE—"O, is that so?"

SHE—"Yes, they are always looking at each other."

Why is a greenback more valuable than Gold?"

Because you double it before you put it away, and when you take it out you find it increases."

The consoling friend said: "Pray tell me what were your father's last words."

DAUGHTER—Poor father had no last words, mother was with him to the end.

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MARIAN—That's nothing. My brother is so strong that this morning he rushed out of the front door and tore up the street.

TEACHER—Is that your father's signature?

PUPIL—As near as I could get it.

If at first you don't get caught, cut, cut again.

Jack Spratt was very fat
His wife was not so lean
And so between the two of them,
They filled their Ford machine.

The richest animal in the world is a frog because he has a green back. The next richest is the duck who has a bill and goes into the water to liquidate the little money—all for divers reasons. The poorest is the skunk because he has only one (s) cent and that is bad.

Come mama, quick! Baby is eating raisins off the flypaper.

HELEN—Are you taking any books home, tonight?

BEV.—Sure, my car-book.

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?

ANS.—One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice.

“The stork has brought a little peach,”
The nurse said with an air
“How glad I am,” the dear dad said,
“He didn't bring a pear.”

“Who discovered America?”

“Ohio,” said the little girl.

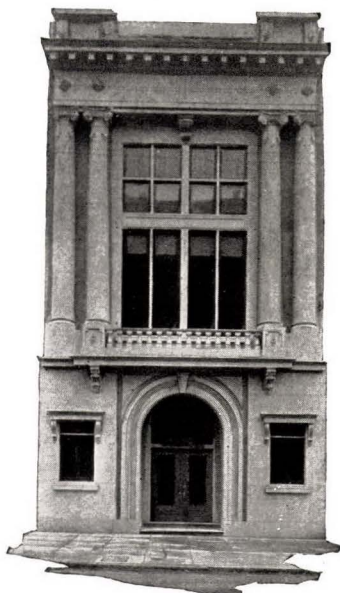
“No; Columbus discovered America.”

“Yes; Columbus was his first name.”

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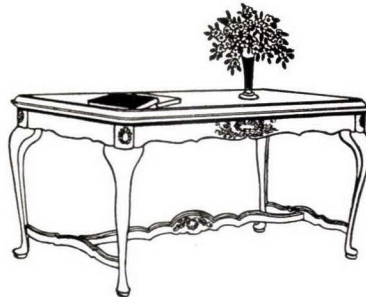
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JUNE 30TH, 1922

Assets	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$76,170,177.18
Deposits	-	-	-	-	-	-	72,470,177.18
Capital Actually Paid Up	-	-	-	-	-	-	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,700,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund	-	-	-	-	-	-	385,984.61

A Dividend to Depositors of FOUR and ONE-QUARTER (4¼%) per annum was declared for the six months ending June 30, 1922.

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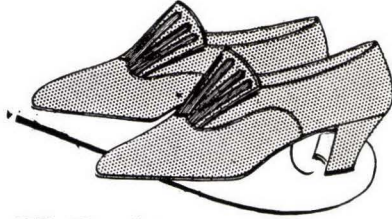
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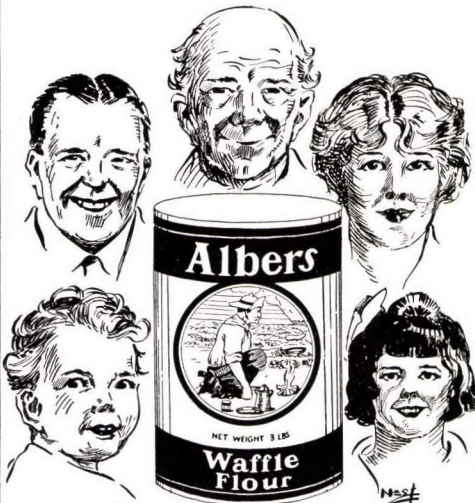
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"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked by way of introduction.

"Not lately," said the gloomy one, with a far away look in his eye.

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