

GF8

JUAQ

'24

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

June, 1924



EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DEDICATION

To Our Parents



DAWN, a glimpse into an unknown world—
Night—away once more into the infinite.
So do we go from life to death,
Stumbling, rising, striving, growing—
Ever groping with outstretched hands
To grasp the dimness of to-morrow.

Yet there shines a light
To those who see; there comes a guiding sound
To them who hear—
And stronger still to those who feel
A spirit moves within the heart.
And as we go from light to night
We see; we hear; we feel a bond
Which binds. The love—of parents.

EMMA BRESCIA, June, '24.



"And stronger still to those who feel
A Spirit moves within the heart."

In Memoriam

Bernice Ossenberg

Class of June 1925

July 16, 1907 - - January 11, 1924

A hearty welcome is extended to our new teachers,
MISS KENNEDY of the *English Department*, and MRS.
PRICE of the *French Department*.

The Faculty

DR. A. W. SCOTT, *Principal*
MISS LAURA DANIEL, *Vice-Principal*

MISS EVELYN ARMER	Head English Department
MRS. ROSE BAER	English, History
MRS. MILDRED BICKEL	English, German
MISS RUTH BLISS	Sewing
MISS HELEN BOVARD	Mathematics
MISS EDITH BROWNING	English
MISS ELLA CASTELHUN	History of Art, Mathematics
MR. MARTIN CENTNER	Head Latin Department
MISS LEONORA CLARK	Physical Education
MISS LAURA DANIEL	Head Mathematics Department
MISS MARGARET DOUGHERTY	Science
MR. EDWARD DUPUY	Head French Department
MISS MAY FITZ-GERALD	History
MISS HELEN FLYNN	English
MISS VIRGINIA FUSCO	Secretary
MISS TILLIE HESSELBERG	History, German
MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE	Head History Department
MISS HATTIE H. JACOBS	English
MISS MARION A. JONES	Designing
MISS GRACE KENDALL	Salesmanship
MISS MAURINE KENNEDY	English
MISS OTTILIA KOHLBERG	History
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY	Sewing
MISS BLANCHE E. LEVIELE	French
MISS ESTELLE MALONEY	English
MISS ELIZABETH McDERMOTT	Designing
MRS. MARY McGLADE	Music
MR. THOMAS McGLYNN	Drawing
MISS MARIE McKINLEY	Mathematics
MISS MARY W. MEEHAN	Commercial
MISS EMMA L. NOONAN	Mathematics
MISS RUTH OAKES	Physical Education
MISS HELEN O'BRIEN	English
MR. LORENZO OFFIELD	Science
MISS HELEN PAPEN	Spanish
MISS MURIEL PETTIT	Science
MRS. M. PRICE	French
MISS EDNA REEVES	Science
MISS HELENE REVOY	French
MISS HELEN ROSENBERG	Head Physical Education
MISS NATHALIE ROTH	English
MISS ISABEL SANDY	History
MISS CLARA STARK	Latin
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN	Sewing
MISS HARRIETT TABOR	Sewing
MRS. LAURA H. THARP	Physical Education
MISS EMMELINA WALKER	Spanish, Italian
MISS LYDIA WALKER	Spanish
MISS SHIRLEY WARD	Science
MRS. ALICE B. WILSON	Spanish, French

Contents

DEDICATION - - - - -	2
IN MEMORIAM - - - - -	4
FACULTY - - - - -	6
SENIOR CLASS - - - - -	10
JOURNAL - - - - -	32
LITERARY - - - - -	37
CLASSES - - - - -	47
MIRROR - - - - -	50
ACTIVITIES - - - - -	51
HUMOR - - - - -	63
AUTOGRAPHS - - - - -	72
ADS - - - - -	74

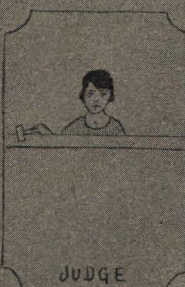
THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



DOROTHY ABRAMS
LEONA ADAMS
MINNIE ALIBERTINI
MARJORIE ATTHOWE

LOUISE BAKER
ALICE BENSON
JULIETTE BLOCH
VIRGINIA BOSWORTH

JUNE, 1924



GLADYS BOUQUET
BETSY BRADLEY
EMMA BRESCIA
MARY BREW

GLADYS BRYAN
EDITH CARROLL
KATHERINE CASE
ELIZABETH CASEY

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



JULIA CAUHOPE
AILEEN CLANCY
KATHERINE CLIFFORD
IRENE COOK

MARY CREEDE
EDITH CROSS
GLADYS DAHLGREN
FRANCOISE DARIUS

JUNE, 1924



*Best wishes from
Bernadette*



BERNADETTE DEWARD
ELIZABETH DIEHL
GENEVIEVE DOLAN
JOSEPHINE DONATI

MARGARET DURBROW
GERTRUDE EGAN
EVELYN FAIRBANKS
DOROTHY FOPPIANO

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER
FRANCES FREGEAU
VICTORINE GALLAGHER
GRACE GARDELLA

VIVIAN GETZ
ADELE GOLDSTEIN
AUDREY GROVE
RUTH GRUBER

JUNE, 1924



YVONNE HARLEY
ALICE HAZLEWOOD
MARGARET M. HEATON
KATHARINE HESS

LOIS HIGHTOWER
LOUISE HIRSCH
IRIS HOWARD
CECILE HOBRO

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



MARGARET HUGHES
VIOLET IRWIN
CAROL JOHNSON
MADELEINE JOHNSON

MABEL JORDAN
BLANCHE KOPPE
MARGARETTA KOLB
MARGARET KILLELEA

JUNE, 1924



PATRICIAH JEAN LAIRD
MARGARET LARSH
HAZEL LAUSTEN
MARIAN LEHNER

CAROL LEWIS
MARTHA LITTLE
RUTH LOZIER
ALICE LUM

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



FLORENCE MAGNER
ALMA MANKOWITZ
MYRVILLE MARSHALL
CRYSTAL MEADOWS

BETTY MENNE
PAULINE METZGER
LUISE MEYER
MIRIAM MEYERSTEIN



SARAH McCAIN
GENEVIEVE MCINTYRE
ETHEL MCNAUGHT
MARY McCARTY

EDITH JEAN MIDDLETON
MARION MITCHELL
ESTHER MORRIS
MADELEINE MULLER

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



YVONNE MUSTO
BERNICE NELSON
GRACE NELSON
JULIA NICHOLS

LILLIAN O'CLAIRE
ANNIE OCKENDEN
MARGARET OLAETA
MARIAN PANELLA

JUNE, 1924



MAE PATTERSON
FLORENCE PELS
ELEANORE PHILIPS
DOROTHY PYLE

NOEL MARCELLA QUINN
IDA LOUISE RAYMOND
JANE REDFIELD
DOROTHY RHEA

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

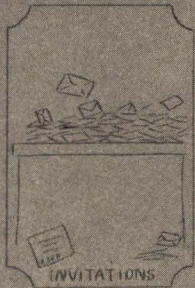


LOUISE RITTORE
META ROBERTSON
ANNA ROEHRER
MARIAN RODDY

HELEN ROSE
JANE ROWELL
BESS ROUSE
SOPHIE RUDERMAN

With love
to Dorothy...
from a little
child -
Sophie

JUNE, 1924



MYRTLE SAVAGE
ALMA SAWYER
HELEN SCHARRENBURG
FLORA SCHORD

ERNA SCHULZ
FLORENCE SEIFKE
VIDÁ SETENCICH
ELINORE SHEEAN

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



EVELYN SHIELDS
DORIS SLISSMAN
ALTHEA SMITH
VIRGINIA SMITH

DORIS SOMERS
ANNA SOMMER
GEORGIA SPRINGER
GERTRUDE SUGARMAN

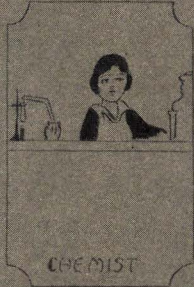
JUNE, 1924



AGNES THOMPSON
BERNICE TOSNEY
ALTHEA TREBILCOX
ALICE TYLER

RUTH VIOLICH
EMMELINE VON ENDE
ALINE VON JOHANNSEN
HELEN WADE

THE GIRLS' HIGH JOURNAL



*I wish
you love
and all
the joy in the
world - lovingly
flannette*

*Some people
are brilliant -
others are not
and but true,
lovingly.
Avis*

JENNIE WASHAUER
JEANNETTE WATKINS
HENRIETTA WESSEL
AVIS WICKINS

RUTH WILD
NELLIE WILLIAMS
FLORENCE WITT
ANNA WORTHINGHAM

JUNE, 1924



HENRIETTA ZELL

CATHERINE QUINN

HELEN SWETT

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



GENEVIEVE DOLAN,
Secretary.

FLORENCE PELS,
Vice-President.



GLADYS DAHLGREN,
Treasurer.

MADELINE JOHNSON,
President.



MARION MITCHELL,
Sergeant-at-Arms.



ADELE GOLDSTEIN,
Yell Leader.

CECILE HOBRO,
Asst. Yell Leader.

JUNE, 1924





Senior Class

Class Flower

Wild Poppy. (Because it is so suggestive of the types prevalent in our midst.) e. g:

1. The *soporific* attitudes of a great many of our acquaintances is typified by the sleep-producing qualities of this flower.
2. The savage atmosphere of certain members is brought out by the natural wildness of the poppy.
3. The entrancing beauty of the poppy is significant of the lovely faces seen about us.
4. In this flower, also, we have found a remedy for the ailment of the fat and thin.

To those fleshily inclined:

Watch the poppy, as it opens in the daytime and shrinks at night.

To those much less fleshily inclined:

Cast your eyes upon the flower, as it spreads out in the morning.

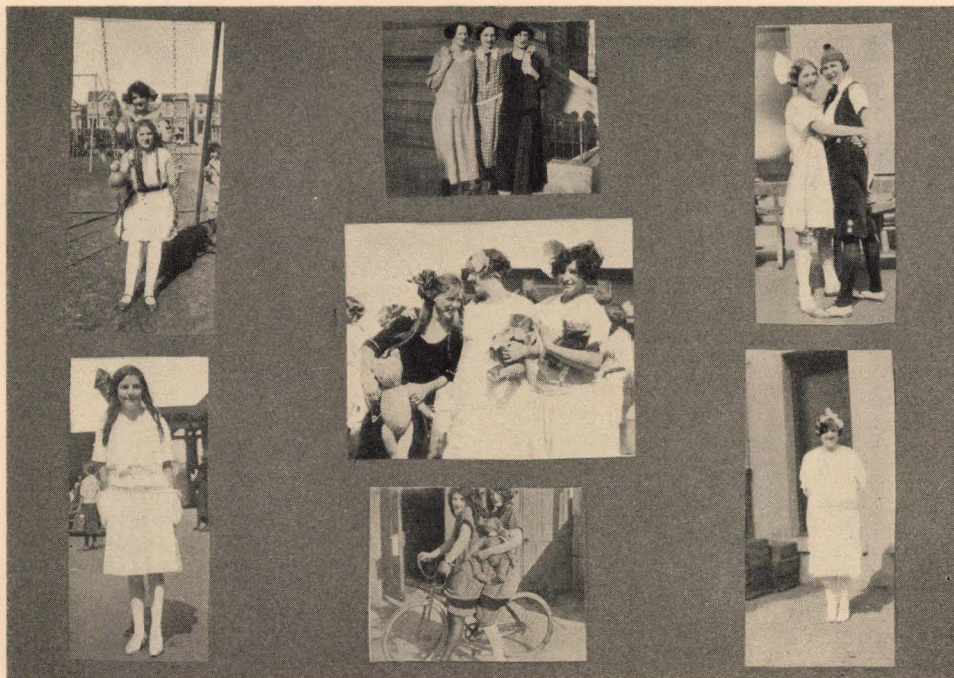
MOTTO

"A stitch in time saves nine."

Why we chose it.

Because of its femininity.

JUNE, 1924



CLASS SONG

"We Love Us"

We love us, we love us,
Oh how we love ourselves.
Day by day in every way,
We love us more 'n more.
We stop us by each convex glass,
And every concave that we pass
And hug us, as we say:
"We love us, we love us
Oh how we love ourselves."
And when we flit from out the school
Their flaming spirit 'll wane and cool,
And so we mourn, for it will die.
Good night Girls High! Good night Girls High!
We love us, we love us,
Oh how we love ourselves.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



EMMA BRESCIA,
Editor-in-Chief.

YVONNE HARLEY,
Business Manager.

*To one of the
brightest shining lights
in history.
Sincerely,
Yvonne.*

JUNE, 1924



MARGARET M. HEATON,
Assistant Editor.



IDA LOUISE RAYMOND,
Literary Editor.



EDITH JEAN MIDDLETON,
Art Editor.



PATRICIAH JEAN LAIRD,
Asst. Art Editor.



NOEL MARCELLA QUINN,
Photographs.



AVIS WICKINS,
Alumnae.
Saving by,
Avis Wickins



RUTH GRUBER,
School Notes.



VIDA SETENCICH,
Jokes.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



FLORENCE PELS,
Typist.

ALICE PHILLIPS,
Low Senior Asst. Editor.

ADELE GOLDSTEIN,
Asst. Business Manager.

VERA SHAPRO,
Low Senior Asst. Business Manager.

J U N E , 1 9 2 4

Editorial

CONTACT

When we enter into high school our vision is cloudy, but through four years of growth, we come to visualize realities more clearly. This broadening is like the clearing of a mist-coated window after the fog. One of the biggest influences, conducive to our mental and moral development, is contact.

This continual meeting and speaking with others, causes an exchange of ideas, vital to one whose thoughts are formulating, because that contact and intercourse bring about a clearing of the horizon—a widening of views on life. At the same time, a taste for new lines is cultivated, because one may see through the eyes of another, interest in other things, where one could not perceive it before.

Besides, in merely observing incidents occurring to others, circumstances in their lives may bring about a change in ourselves, by awakening us to the comprehension that there are other problems, sometimes more difficult of solution than our own.

Then there is the glorious joy that comes from the gain of a friend, from the group one meets daily. In friendship, there is that give and take, that fortifies the spirit.

All this prepares one for the world, for no matter in what field we are to enter, we shall always meet people, and to know them is to know oneself. They are like mirrors reflecting parts of our own character, and so through fine contact, comes mutual and self understanding.

APPRECIATION

The editor wishes to express her sincere appreciation to Miss Evelyn D. Armer, Journal faculty advisor; to Miss Edith F. Browning for her assistance with the poetry work; to Mr. McGlynn who advised the art staff; to Mr. R. Davis of the American Engraving Co.; to Mr. F. Roy Johnston of the Sunset Press; and to Mr. Carlton of the Lafayette Studio.

It is difficult to express in words the feeling of sincere gratitude due the entire Journal staff, for the wonderful interest that they have all shown. The girls have done their work diligently and *promptly*, and deserve unstinted thanks.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

What We Have Done and Why

EDITORIAL STAFF

WE HAVE:

1. Revised the organization of the Journal.
2. Added a typist to the staff.
3. Combined the classes.
4. Changed the humor section.
5. Classified the clubs.
6. "Boiled down," the alumnae and school notes.

MANAGERIAL STAFF

WE HAVE:

1. Tried to arouse a spirit of cooperation among the girls.
2. Tried to obtain regular customers for our ads.
3. Sent a duplicate of the ad that appears in the journal to each place that advertised in order to let them see what they are paying for.
4. Aimed to have the girls of Girls High patronize the places that have advertised. This is up to the girls.

ART STAFF

WE HAVE:

1. Used one subject, England in the 16th Century, as a basis for all drawings, to gain unity.
2. Had a definite arrangement of cartoons and senior photographs, bringing them together by using a one tone background.
3. Done away with printing inside the cuts. Heading beside the cuts, done by the printer, give a much neater and professional aspect to the work.

Why We Have Done This

In order to relieve the monotony of a stereotyped journal and in order to give you as original a journal as possible.



Literary

After the Man Left

BUT Mummy, it's such a little picture, just one little figure in it, and the coloring isn't nice and flashy and vivid. It seems to melt, each one into the other. And the line, Mummy, of the figure, and the drapery, they melt into one another, too, instead of being jerky like the funny paper figures.

"Mummy, why did the man who just left the studio give you that big pile of golden dollars there? Hum? Tell me please. I do not understand."

"No, Robert dear, I don't suppose you would. You are such a little tike, and oh! I was small, too, at the time that it happened. Never mind, Robert. You feel them though, I can see—the melting flowing lines.

"Bobby, those little lines, that little bit of color, do not simply stand for lines and color. Ah no. That is why he bought the wee bit of paper and glass and frame, and left in return the pile of golden dollars.

"It was golden, breathless notes of music and silence-making melody; swaying graceful steps in a dance and glorious harmony of movement in the dancer's body that I saw. Time and again. Yes, many times. Saw them and could not create them, Bobby, dear. And oh, I have wanted to.

"My feet,—well, you know how they are now,—were badly mangled when I was a small child, and therefore I could never touch the pedals on the piano nor slide along the floor of a stage.

"It is true—I could draw, but it was the rhythm and feeling of motion and harmony of motion I craved. Almost above everything else. Well, I wished, Bobby dear, and I did succeed in attaining those things in a different form.

"I am happy now—yet sometimes—but let it go. Bobby, child, stop looking so closely at my face.

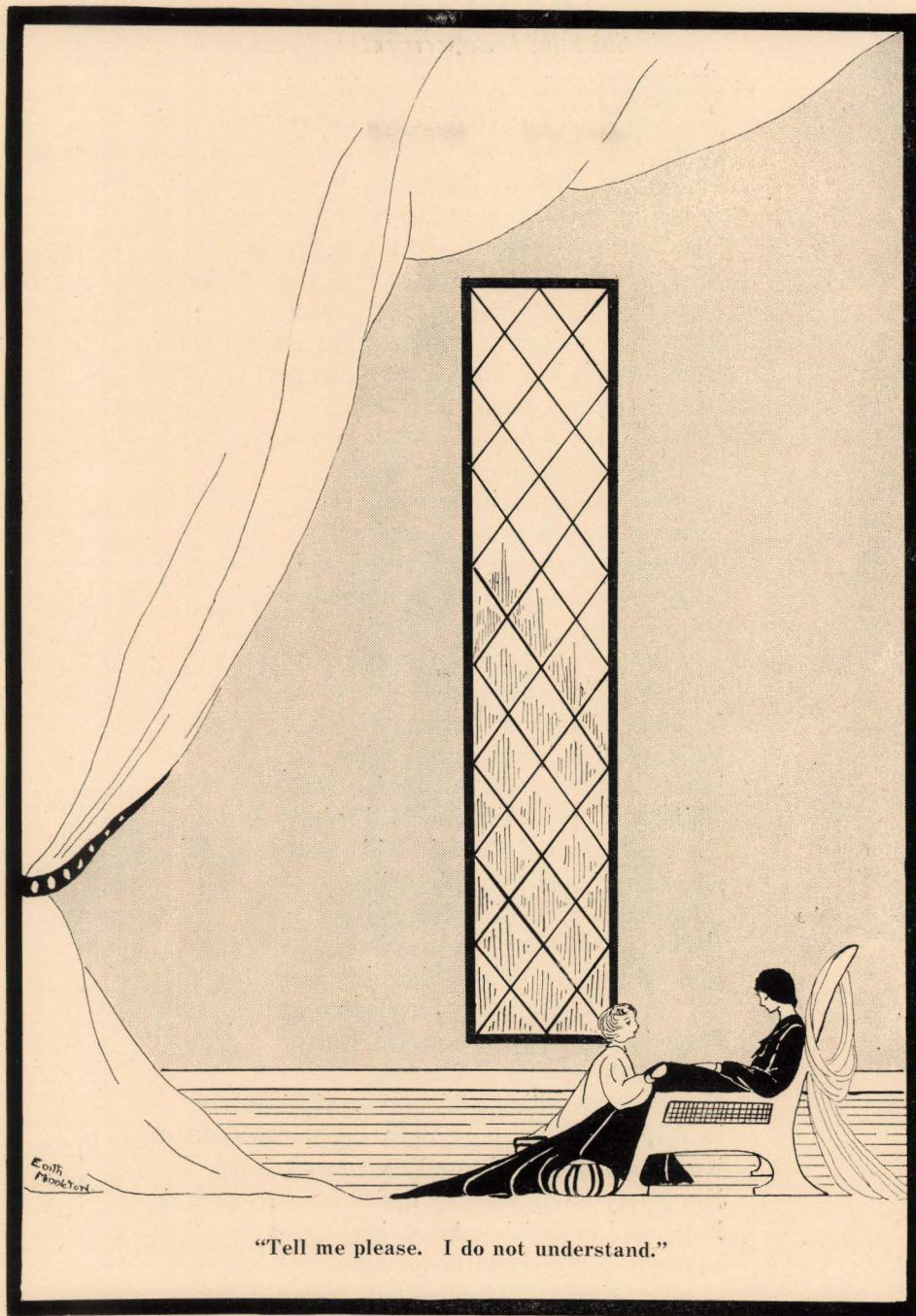
"All the little singing melodies, all the darling swaying movements, I tried to put into color, Robert, color from a brush. All the silver falling notes, all the little prancy steps, Bobby, I tried to put into lines, lines from a pencil. Color and lines to make up a picture of harmonious background and a figure of rhythm.

"I have succeeded. Did I squeeze you too hard? It is glorious to have succeeded.

"Bobby, of course you are a man, but do you think you might consider unbending your dignity enough to climb up on my lap? Two can watch a sunset so much nicer that way, and so much more quietly, dear. I do want to be quiet just for a moment."

EDITH MIDDLETON, June, '24.


JUNE, 1924



"Tell me please. I do not understand."

Dido's Lament

"Quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus?"

“OONDAY, a languid lapis sea,
A busy hum upon the simmering air. . . .
The same white beach, where I, long aeons ago,
Felt my heart beat in mad response
A willing thrall to lotus-wreathed Love;
The same white beach, alas! how changed.
Now, brawny Trojan sailors bow their backs
Unto their heavy loads of leafy trees
Soon to be stripped for oars. The while I watch,
Recalling his lost image, who must ever dwell
Within my bleeding, lonely heart.
O my Trojan sun-god! Know ye not
That each tall ship's tugging pull
At anchor-chain, with swelling tide,
Tears at my beaten heart, and racks
The bruised, aching soul within me?
Know ye not that every heartening wind
Which swells your sun-gilt sails
Has stolen from my crushed spirit
Its last pitiful, silken tatter
Of flaunted pride and courage?
What road is left for me—a lost one,
Lone, deserted, 'mid my Tyrian glory?
Think ye, I prize this marbled splendor,
These soft-footed slaves? This honeyed Lydian music?
Ah, I am sick unto death of life,
Of all earth's mocking beauty!
No longer do the pipes of rain
Play silverly for Dido's listening ear;
No longer do the heavy purple grapes,
Dusk jewels on their emerald vines,
Delight the Queen of Carthage;
Nor verdant rolling hills, nor sentinel cedars
In fragrant terraced gardens, deep with shadows;
Nor dappled sunlight on the close-cut lawn,
Nor milky misty stars sprinkled on the velvet sky.
I, doomed to perish, take no joy
In earth's quick-tarnished beauty.
O false Æneas! Thy love was bitter-sweet—
O Father of all gods, heed thou my prayer!
'Hide me within the cooling darkness of oblivion,
In the flowing peace of silence—in eternity.'”

IDA LOUISE RAYMOND, June, '24.

JUNE, 1924

The Vender of Vases



YEARS ago, in a small village of India, set back on grey plains, there roamed a vender of unusual pottery. People knew from his habit that he was not of their land, and they wondered from where this aged, reserved man came.

It was twilight, and Kashimar, (for such was his name), was wending his way through the crooked, narrow streets. He sang to himself a quaint, monotonous chant, and at intervals would raise his voice to cry: "Pottery to sell!"

From the balcony window of a drear-looking house, there issued a lovely lady. She motioned to the man to enter through the low door of the house. He entered and found himself in a dull, barren patio. Towards him came the lady who was of madonna-like beauty. A melancholic atmosphere was about her, and within her almond-shaped eyes there lay a sadness that seemed deepened by the shadows cast by her long, dark lashes.

One looked and wondered what tragedy lingered in her heart. She asked to see some of the vases the vender carried on his shoulders. Suddenly there issued, as if from the very root of her soul, a piercing shriek,—then laughter. With trembling hands she grasped a vase—ran into the house—and returned with a similar one.

For a while the melancholy look came back into her eyes—as if to say—"Perhaps it isn't true," but she shook her head, and, looking hungrily into the man's face, said: "Tell me where he is—where can I find him—my long-lost brother—the owner of the vase similar to mine? Is he looking for me?"

The man looked at her in a bewildered manner and did not answer. The woman clutched him, held him, as a drowning man holds a piece of drift wood, and she shouted—"Tell me! Tell me!! *Tell me!!!*"

The man shook his head and said, "A woman sold it to me." The woman stood straight and still—very still—her eyes towards the darkened sky, her mouth open, her hands limp.

The vender went on his way, through the lonely streets, humming a broken tune, and crying out at intervals: "Pottery to sell!"

EMMA BRESCIA, June, '24.

Mirror Lake



H magic lake midst fragrant forest green
Fed by clear brooklets from the mountain side,
On thy cool banks the birds delight to bide,
And gaze into thy mirror crystalline.
Tall pines from thy translucent depths serene
Look up, their somber giant arms flung wide
To where, 'mid flushed dawn sky, that strives to hide
The wan moon fades. Dawn's roseate sheen
Upon thy sparkling waters bids them gleam,
A jeweled casket for the sun's first rays,
Which pierce the forest gloom with shafts of gold,
And make they wind-beruffled surface seem
An Inca's hoard. Blinded, I gaze
Awe-struck, to see God's miracle unfold.

DORIS ASPLUND, June, '25.

The Race to Gibraltar

“



NCHOR'S up! Pipe our Sea Hawk's men
To raise the tawny sheets. Hoist then,
Pull, ye hearty brethren of the coast,
Fair wind doth blow. Thy captain's boast
The Sea Hawk passes any ship afloat
Must prov'd be. A crimson broadcloth coat
To every willing tar, I'll give. Aye, more,
He'll win gold crowns at least a score—
Be he at work beneath the hold, or mate
Or cook forsooth! Hey, Curley, up.
Thou lubber! Else, never shall we sup
Inside Gibraltar's straits. Make haste
To trim that jib sail! I will baste
The hides of any lazy Jacks that try
To slack. The main s'l, Bob! Hi, there hi!
Come here, Billy Jay! Take the wheel—
Now she's riding on an even keel
Keep her nor—nor—west. My bully boys,
Already can I hear the surf's faint noise.
I doubt not that we'll anchor, right
Off the Big Rock's quays, to-night.”
There safely anchored on the wave's green crest
The Sea Hawk, all sails furled, shall lie at rest.

MILLICENT BENIOFF, Dec. '24

JUNE, 1924

My Diary



VERY often the newspaper pages are filled with diaries of famous women,—women who have made the world gasp with thrilling deeds. This started me to thinking. Would it not be wonderful to record my everyday life and have it published so that the world would recognize me and take notice?

Accordingly—I acted. I purchased the most beautiful diary I could find. Five dollars just after Christmas!—but my fame rested on those five dollars!

My diary! It looked so wonderful to me, with its blue leather cover edged with gold engravings. I must not forget the clasp. With reverent fingers I took the key from a sky blue ribbon around my neck and slowly turned it in the lock to gaze at the pages which would contain my life history for five years.

At last the first of January arrived. At nine o'clock I took my trusty pen and wrote what I had for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and that I had indulged in a soothing bath. This type of autobiography lasted a week. The following one I recorded how much homework, and how many examinations I had. (These pages were filled with adverbs and adjectives of agony.)

I became dissatisfied. Famous diaries were filled with remarkable deeds, bold and daring. I awoke to the fact that my life was too empty, too peaceful, too insipid. What could I do to make it interesting? I thought and thought. While I was going through this process, two weeks flew by. These pages in my diary remained blank. At last a brilliant, flashing light broke upon me. I then proceeded to fill up these pages—and what a marvelous change occurred! I could hardly recognize my book of life! The menus and records of school routine of yesterday gave way to actions full of color. Day by day they grew. Adventures galore, daring escapades by the hundred,—thrills! thrills!! thrills!!!

Alas! I came down from my beautiful castles in the air with a bump.

One evening my mother and father summoned me. I came with a smiling face which suddenly turned white. On the table between my beloved parents was my beloved diary,—and to my ears came the sound of my father's voice as he read from its pages the lurid escapades resulting from my avid novel-reading of the past six months. Then and there I raised my right hand and solemnly swore,—“Never again! A diary with no thrills is stupid, and one with thrills is dangerous.”

Moral: “*Don't write diaries.*”

ALYCE ROBERT, Dec. '24.

Ideal

Music swaying.
Golden voices
Sighing, singing,
Dreaming, chanting:
"Through the darkness of a wood
There shines a silver light—
The ideal of every living one—
Leading—where?
Dazed man walks
Thru' Life's deep forest
To the end; then falls—
Still searching, wondering;
Reaching towards that ray
Into Eternity."

E. B., June, '24.

Twilight

A single spark
From the lighthouse
Pierces the mingled cold grayness
Of fog and water.
Foam
White like a dead bride's veil
Beats against the immutable rocks. . .
Rain falls gently;
Twilight fades
Into cheerless evening.

I. L. R., June, '24.

"Claire de Lune"


(Impression of Debussy's composition)

Pastel colors—blue the sky—
Straw-colored moon
Streaked and veiled by lavender clouds.
Yellow rays, shining on a brown leafless tree.
Passing winds, playing rippling chords
On the black water that mirrors
The floating disk on high.

E. B., June, '24.

JUNE, 1924

Adventurer?

“AMUEL Dexter Merrill, adventurer and direct descendant of one of the first families of Massachusetts, registered at the St. Catherine, today. To-morrow afternoon Mr. Merrill will speak before The Historical Society on ‘American Pioneer Life.’ ”

He sat in a relaxed position before a warmly glowing grate fire. The smoke from his pipe filled the room with the aroma of good tobacco. Everything about him, from the smooth velvet of his lounging jacket to the tip of his shoe, betokened wealth.

Glancing over the paper before him, he stopped with a smile as he read a print of his arrival. His smile gave way to a frown. “Adventurer”—adventurer indeed! Exactly Roma’s word. The frown deepened. “Well, suppose I am an adventurer. What harm in that? Wasn’t S. Dexter the first adventurer? In fact, aren’t all pioneers adventurers?—A point for to-morrow’s lecture.”

“But Roma—what the deuce had eaten her lately? She was all right ’till that fool Canadian began hanging around. Exactly. From then on she began to find fault with me. Live on my name, do I? Well, it’s a name to be proud of. Wasn’t Samuel Dexter the first governor of Massachusetts, and haven’t the Merrills been the most reliable bankers in Boston for over fifty years? Her argument, bosh———” he smiled, a rather cynical smile, however. “Never worked. Stupid that. Why work? Haven’t I a substantial bank account besides some funds in trust? Compared me with that fellow—that fellow——” “That fellow” started a stream of thought in the brain of the idler, a stream whose different trend finally wound its way to the gulf of clear reasoning.

Hang it! It was true. Every word of it was true. That is what hurt. His smile grew rather wistful, and then his lips compressed. Roma was right. Had he been in those Canadian wilds could he have accomplished what man did? Undoubtedly—no! He winced. Neither his ancestry nor his money could have given him the courage to stay in that God-forsaken place. Again that cynical smile flickered across his face. He laughed, at last, rather humorously. “An adventurer, so long as the adventure be not difficult!”

“The words were true, Roma, oh! Too very true. Yet, if they were,—and he saw—there were still new worlds to conquer.”

The fire sank to glowing coals. Unstirred, their light sank, lower and lower. His pipe went out. Time passed unheeded. Merrill was thinking, thinking deeply.

Samuel Dexter Merrill outwardly remained the same. It was his inner self that caused him a moment later to telegraph to a certain Roma Densby.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

To the telegraph operator the wire sounded something like this: "Acknowledge wrong. Will do as you said. Please forgive."

And the man who gave the message smiled, not cynically this time, no, rather wistfully.

DOROTHY MITCHELL, June, '25.

Sunset on Lake Superior

A chill, dull, cloud-heaped sky,
Sullen, murmuring, gray ripples,
Windswept, salmon-pink wisps,
Dragged across the blue-gray clouds on the horizon.
A line of rose light bordering a long strip
Of almost purple.
And dark, wiry marsh-grass,—
Now stretching toward the sky,
Now bending in the wind.

I. L. R., June, '24.



Classes



CLASS PRESIDENTS

DORIS MALITZ—3B
SHIRLEY MILLER—2A

HELEN HARRISON—3A
BARBARA NORDQUIST—1B
ALMA JOSEPH—1A

IRENE APPLAS—2B
JANET HARRIS—4A

The President's Council

In order to bring about a more intimate contact between the classes and the Executive Council, the presidents of each class have been organized into a President's Council. Every class president is a member, and is expected to take active part in its work. The purpose of the President's Council is to carry messages and orders of the Executive Council to the individual classes, thereby bringing about quicker action and better results.

JANET HARRIS, Dec., '24.

President of President's Council.

J U N E , 1 9 2 4

Society Page

THE SEASON'S BRIGHTEST EFFORT

"Life is a merry whirl." This quotation applies admirably to the brilliant ball given in Girls Highville by the would-be society leader, Mrs. Low Senior Class, whose great aspirations should ever lead her higher. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. B. Four, the majestic and all-important lioness of society. The guests present were:

Mrs. B. Four
Mr. Three Bee
Master Very Lowe, Junior
Miss Hyee Sophomore
Mr. Too Aye
Miss Won B
Miss One A

The impulse for the giving of the affair was the sad fact that Mrs. B. Four is leaving for an extensive trip to parts unknown. Garbed in a stunning creation of black and blue, she beamed benignantly upon the assembled guests. The beautified Miss Hyee Sophomore flirted outrageously with Mr. Three Bee, whose name, it is rumored, she hopes to bear. This gallivanting young cavalier was rallying round in hopes of improving his prospects. Under their apparently calm exteriors seethed the raging jealousy of Master Very Lowe, Jr., and Mr. Too Aye, in their rivalry for the lily hand of Miss Won B, whose heart was torn between the two.

In a distant corner of the room was noticed a green spotlight, in whose glare stood dazedly blinking Baby One A.

A charming supper was served later in the evening. At each place was a dainty card tinted in exquisite hues, the predominating note on some being red. Each guest selected his place according to his marks for the term. No chairs were provided, the guests procuring their own stools so as to provide the usual atmosphere of the cafeteria. As each guest was seated, he was donated a bag of potato chips and an Eskimo pie. Baby One A yelled lustily for Eskimo pie, and being denied this, was consoled with pistachio ice cream.

Then, "On with the dance!" to the strains of a Girls High song. The gaiety ended when the affair concluded with the departure of the guests. A lovely time was enjoyed by all.

"Mirror"

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

YE CATS!



RUTH GRUBER
Editor

I

"Out with the old—
In with the new!"
Cries the sassy cat
With the mournful mew.

II

The satisfied puss
Yawns his reply,
"Unmoved by the times—
Oh, do let me lie!"

III

Then willing for change—
Comes the original feline,
Who raves of ideas
And just gives—"a line."

IV

The kitty who knocks
Wags his tail in dismay,
"The thing is *all* wrong!"
And then walks away.

Epitaph

Here lies the editor
She died of fell disease
Caused by these cats' complaint—
She tried too hard to please.

The voice of the people came to her
In a mournful, mournful wail
And so she died!
We wipe our tears with the end of our tale.

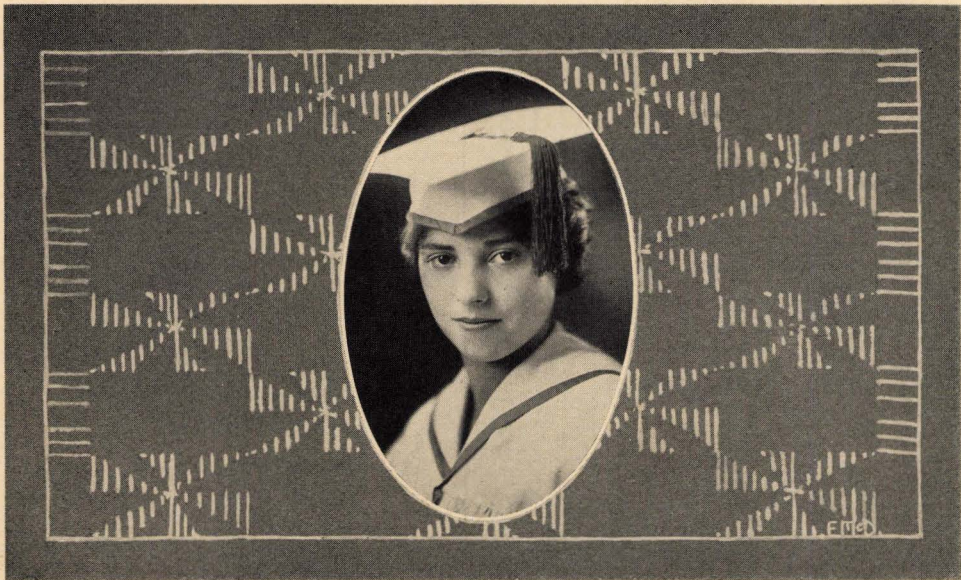
E. B.

I. L. R., June, '24.



Maree Warwick

Activities



*Most sincerely
Clarisse Friedlander*

Student Body Officers

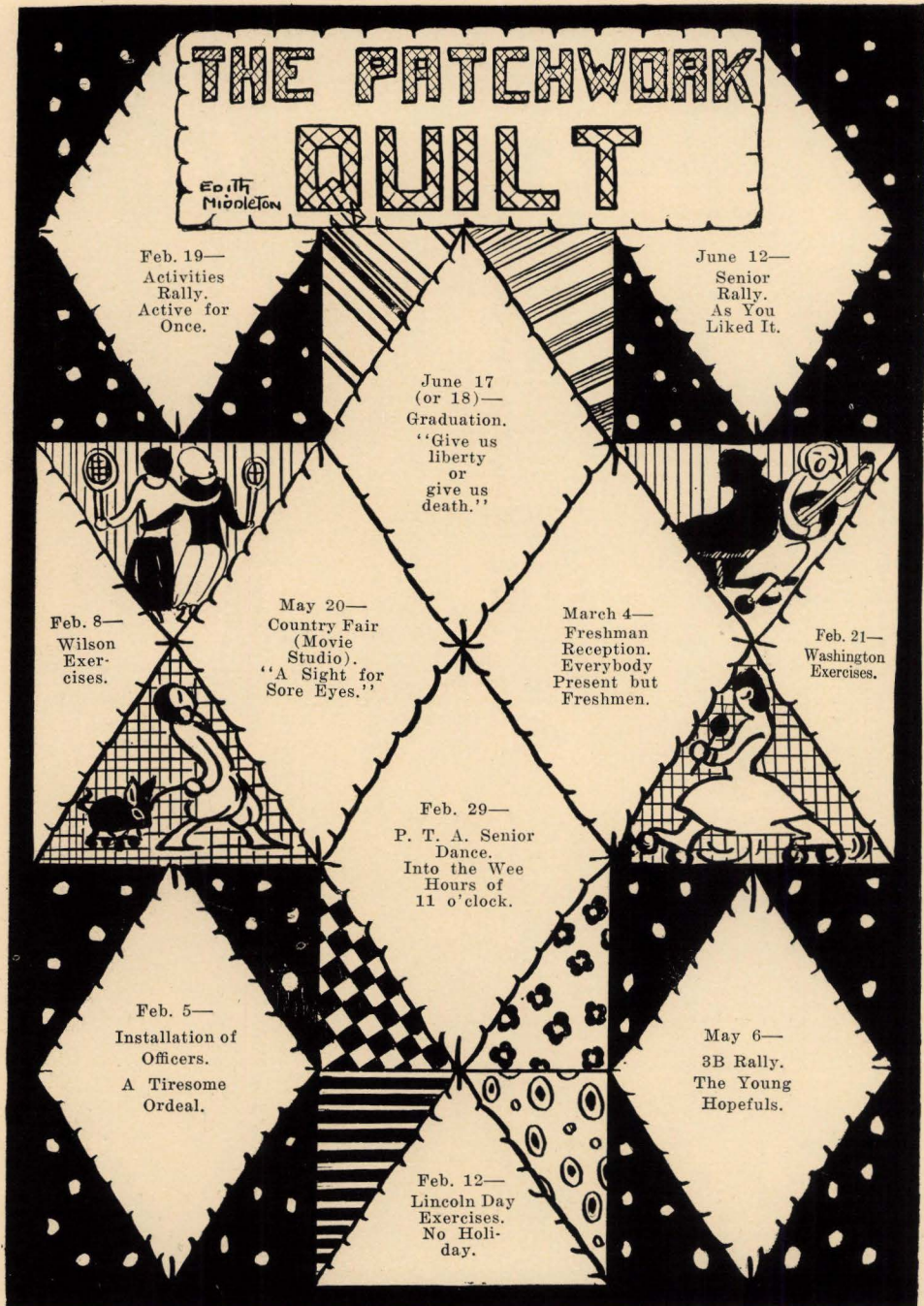
CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER	President
GRACE WILLIAMS	Vice-President
GRACE LUSCOMBE	Secretary
EDITHA WRIGHT	Asst. Treasurer
VIDA SETENCICH	Yell Leader
CLARISSE GEHRET	1st Representative
JUNE NORTHCUTT	2nd Representative
CLARA KEATING	3rd Representative
GLADYS LACKMANN	4th Representative
DOROTHY LEVISON	5th Representative
MISS T. HESSELBERG	Treasurer
MISS E. NOONAN	Faculty Representative

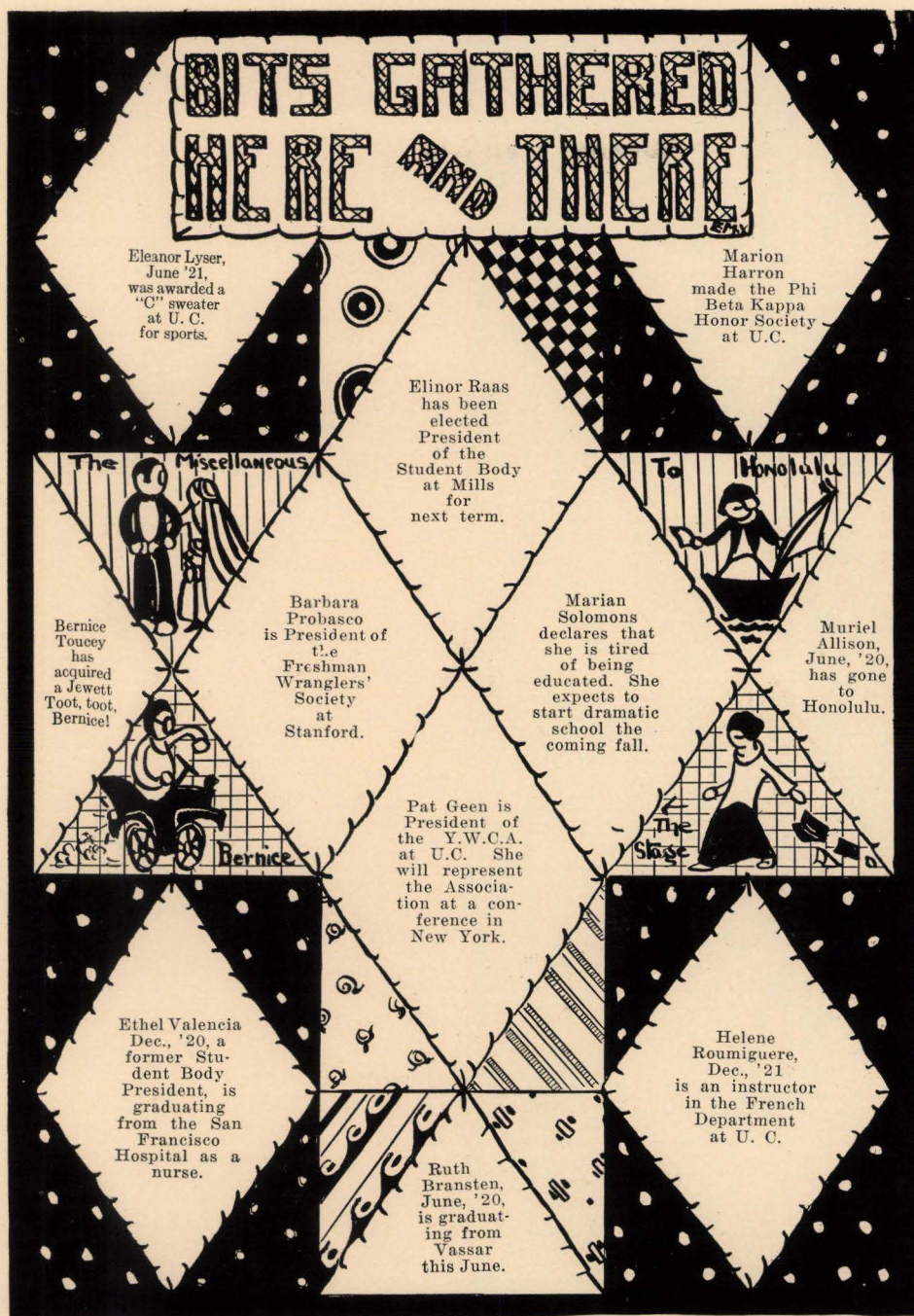
JUNE, 1924



Hoping
 we get the
 same 'C'a
 at next
 term. Love,
 J. Northman

→ Love to the little girl whose hospitality I could
 not accept. Hoping that we shall become
 better acquainted in the future.
 Clarice.





THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



ALICE PHILLIPS,
Debating Club.



MARIE BLOCH,
Dramatic Club.



YVONNE STOUPE,
French Club.



GALINA SAKOVICH,
Glee Club.



ALTHEA SMITH,
Orchestra.



LIANE ALVES,
Reading Club.



RUTH PEISER,
Thrift Club.



AILEEN CLANCY,
Sports and Pastimes Association.

J U N E , 1 9 2 4

Club Program

DEBATING

President—Alice Phillips.

Time—X Period, Thursday.

Place—Library.

“What ever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why they have a wherefor.”

Butler.

DRAMATIC

President—Marie Bloch.

Time—Snatched here and there.

Place—Auditorium.

“‘The world’s a stage,’—as Shakespeare said one day;
The stage a world—was what he meant to say.”

FRENCH

President—Yvonne Stoupe.

Singing sirens of G. H. S.

GLEE

President—Galina Sakovich.

Librarian—Grace Pearl Fox.

Accompanist—Margaret Abel.

Too bad there are no savage beasts in G. H. S.

ORCHESTRA

President—Theo Smith.

Time—Four days a week.

Place—Auditorium.

“Eft soones they heard a most melodious sound.”

Spencer.

THRIFT

President—Ruth Peiser. Time—Tuesday and Thursday, 4th and 5th Periods.

“A penny saved is two pence clear;

A pin a day’s a groat a year.”

Franklin.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES ASSOCIATION

President—Aileen Clancy.

Time—Snatched here and there.

“I’ll catch it ’ere it comes to ground.”

Hamlet.

Radio Program

FROM

Station S. P. A.

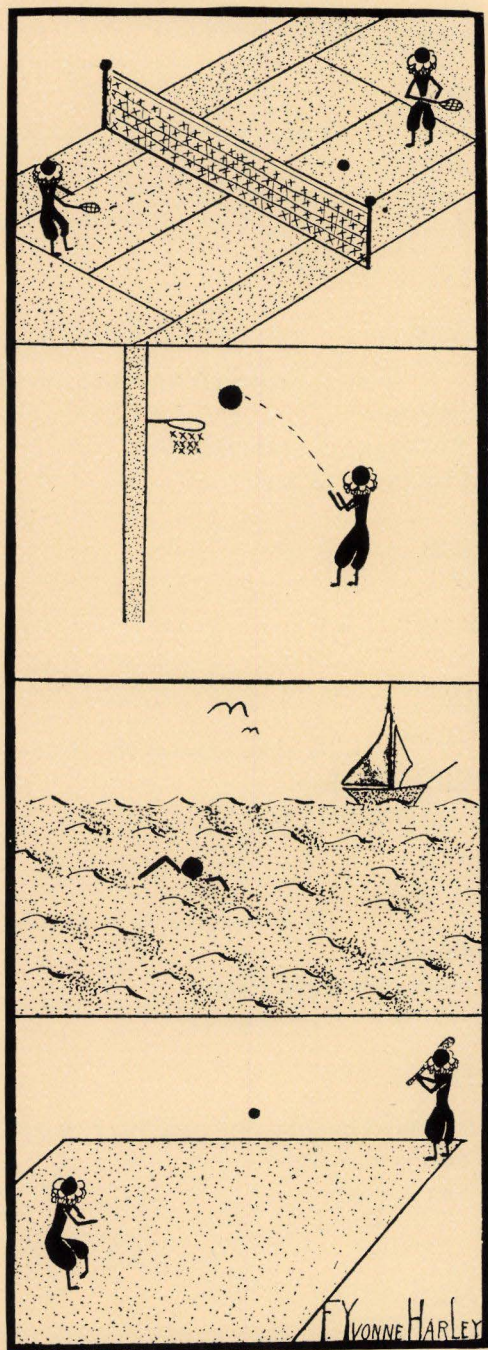
This evening Station S.P.A. will broadcast the following special program, of great interest to all Girls High listeners-in.

I. SELECTION.....
.....*"Up in the Air."*
Volleyball.

Unknown voice of announcer: Volleyum Ballies, whose pathway crosses the Girls High yard every Wednesday and Thursday afternoon guided by the mysterious power of that Being called Ethel Smith, will give a short talk on "A Volleyball's view of Girls High School."

Puffy voice (evidently that of the Volleyball)—
"To begin immediately, that part of my pathway crossing Girls High yard is strange, very strange indeed. In this yard is a curious vegetation, white and black in color, composed of separate plants. Each of these has two white tendrils which are kept in continuous motion about the head of the plant. The plants grow in two distinct patches on the surface of the yard, these patches being separated by a high fence.

As soon as I appear, there is great agitation. I think the vegetation is frightened. I near the patch, and the tendrils shoot forth, sometimes hitting



me squarely in the face, and turn me from my path over the high fence and into the opposite patch. The opposite patch also strenuously opposes me. Then they try to turn me over the fence—and so it goes. The earth is exceedingly queer."

II. DANCE MUSIC....."*A Squadrille*"

Baseball.

"Will you run a little faster," said the teacher to the squad,
"Just you go out for baseball; you need a little prod.
See how splendidly the runners and the batters all advance!
They are playing in the courtyard—you'd better join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"

III. A RACKET.....*Tennis*

The walrus and the carpenter
Were passing in their Dort;
They wept like anything to see
Such fat girls in the court;
"If they were only thinned out,"
They said, "It *would* be sport!"

"If seven maids with seven rackets
Did play for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said,
"That they could get linear?"
"I know so," said the Carpenter,
"If on Tuesdays they'd appear!"

IV. A SPLASH FROM MID-OCEAN.....*Swimming.*

On Thursday afternoons—
We meet.
We go to Sutro Baths
Toot Sweet.
If you would like to be—
Er—slim,
Go sign up in the Gym—
Then swim!

V. A. LECTURE "Reaching for a Higher Goal".....*Basketball.*

Always be forward and pass the other fellow. If you're in the center, keep your position. Aim high and shoot straight. Don't try for too many goals. Always be right on your guard. Follow it up next term.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

VI. THE DIRGE *Crew*

The dreary splash, splash, splash of the sea
A measured tread in the distance;
The strains of the Dead March from Saul—
Faintly, then louder,—
Six girls in black chanting.
On their shoulders, a boat draped in black.
At the left,—a boat-house
Toward which they slowly march.
As they move, they chant:

“Alas for the crew! There is one no more.
The dear Girls High Crew—
Its glories are o’er.
Alas for the crew!
Are our sighs all in vain?
The fine old crew we used to have,—
Will it e’er be ours again?
Alas for the crew! We hang our heads in shame.
Its glories shall come back next term
For dear old Girls High’s name.
Famous once more, our crew both strong and brave,
With courage high, they shall our honor save!”

Editor’s Note: The sports cartoons on the preceding page were unearthed by Yvonne Harley. Strangely enough, she has since been discovered to be the descendant of Mistress Harley, the editor of the “Sporting Green” of Queen Elizabeth’s court paper. It is interesting to note the prevalent gymnasium costume of that period,—and how times have changed.

Debating

Do you remember the "Sacred Parrot of Isis Mountain," Polly-Annabelle, to whose words of wisdom you listened at the Activities Rally? It has since been discovered by an eminent theosophist that this precious bird is believed by the East Indians to be the reincarnation of a former debating team of Girls High. This well-known scholar witnessed the following debate on the question, "Resolved: That debating be fostered in Girls High." (Notes on technicalities used will be found at the bottom of page 61.) Polly-Annabelle took the affirmative and negative; but we give only the arguments for the former, because, after she finished that speech, she was unable to continue for lack of argument.

- I. The girls of Girls High should debate,
Because when some day, soon or late,
They get married to some errant* spouse
They should know how to boss* the house.
- II. Because if in the business world,
Their future is to be unfurl'd,—
'Cause if a job they hope to nab*,
They must possess "Ye Gift of Gabbe*."
- III. Because the laurels of Girls Hi
Won, as no one can deny
By ready tongue and facile wit,
Must not from out our portals flit*.

P. Note 1. "errant"—wandering or given to wandering, especially for missions of chivalry.

Note 2. "boss"—slang, U. S. to hold mastery over.

Note 3. "nab"—to seize, snatch. Colloq.

Note 4. "gabbe"—archaic for "gab", prate, chatter. Colloq.

Note 5. "flit"—prin. parts; flit, flitting, flitted, to move rapidly, rove on the wing.

All the above references are taken from Webster's New Ideal Dictionary.

Dramatic Club

THE LAST HOPE

A Play in One Act

SCENE: The World Beyond. TIME: To-morrow.

(Seated in a circle are several characters of the drama.)

JULIET (sighing lugubriously): Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefor art thou Romeo? I ache so from sitting here so long. I'd gladly pawn that lovely dagger I last used, for a chance to live again!

LADY MACBETH: What are you talking about! I haven't had a chance to plan a single murder for so long, I fear my technique is ruined!

BEAU BRUMMEL: Girls! Girls! If you think you're out of luck you're mistaken. Now take me for instance. Now I once had the fairest ladies of the realm at my feet. I was the best looking—

HAMLET (disgustedly): For the love of Goodness! Do I have to listen to him rave again? To sleep, perchance to dream! But I s'pose I'd hear him in my sleep. Oh! If I could only get out of here!

(The characters strike mournful attitudes. Suddenly a step is heard.

Enter Anny Bryght Gurl.)

A.B.G.: Why the gloom?

HAMLET: You'd cry, too, if you had to listen to that (pointing to BEAU) all day.

A.B.G.: What can I do to help you?

HAMLET: Play our parts upon the stage. Then we can live again.

LADY TEAZLE: I heard of a wonderful building called Girls High where they have the best plays.

A.B.G.: That's grand! I feel already the suppressed desire to act. I'm sure I'm a second Sarah Bernhardt!

BEAU BRUMMEL (muttering): Talk about my bragging. Say—I'm Mary's little lamb next to this—

ROBIN HOOD: This is the golden key to the stage, clearing the way to days of real fun and happiness. It is called Dramatics.

A.B.G.: You just hand it right here. Let's hurry up and begin.

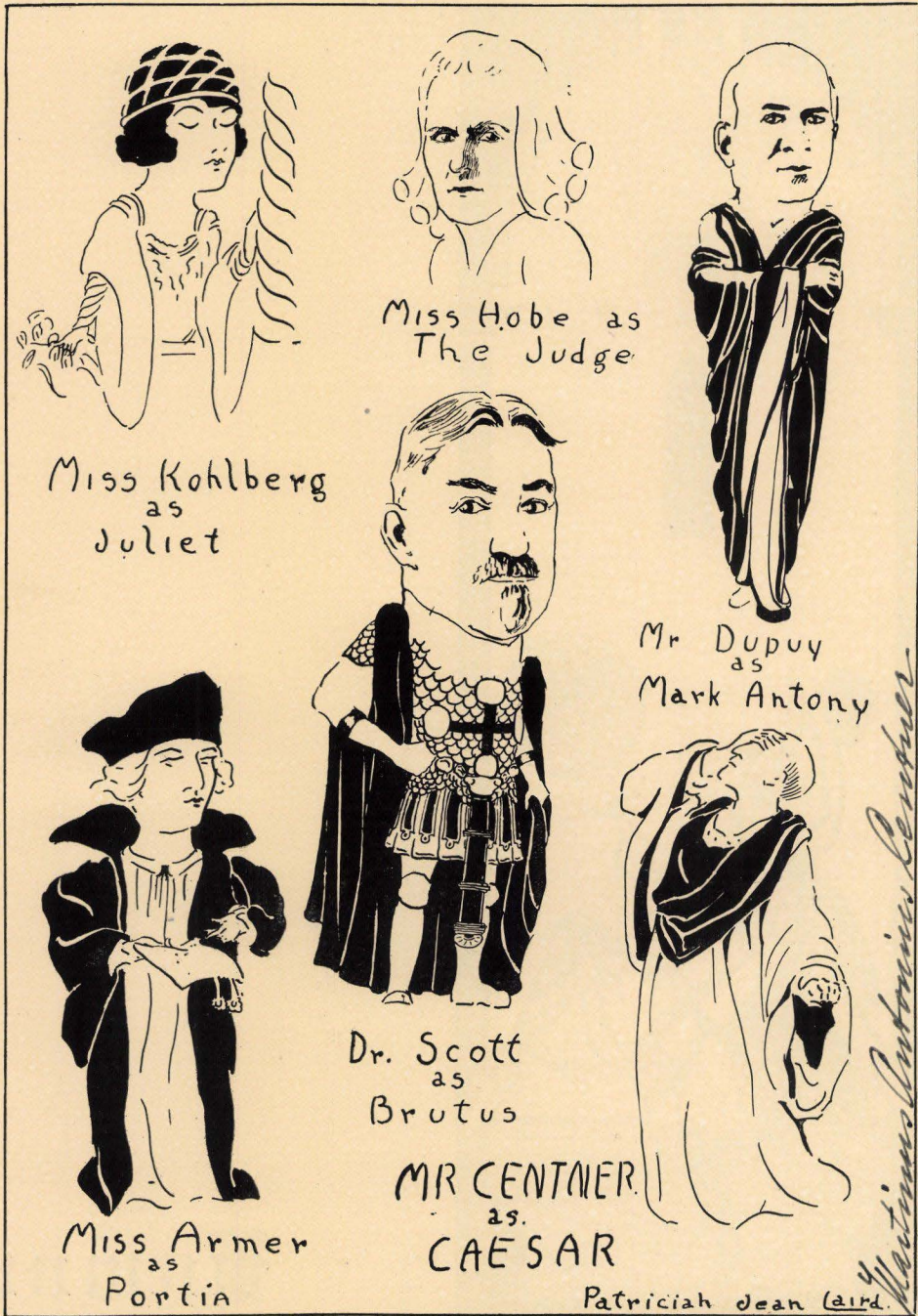
(Exit all characters singing "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!")

Curtain



Humor

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



A leaf from Pat's Sketch Book.

J U N E , 1 9 2 4

The Art of Eating an Ice Cream Cone

(from the experience of a consumer)

One purchases a luscious bit of ice cream in a cone, and begins to enjoy the rich, creamy flavor. One's tongue has to be skillfully manipulated in order to derive all the delicacy from the morsel in hand. Holding the cone between thumb and forefinger, one slowly rotates the creamy substance around the tongue, becoming garnished with it from chin to ears. With epicurean delight, the ice cream is finished and the sole memories consist of a comfortably satisfied feeling, and a soiled visage.

A cone is keenly enjoyed by the devourer, perhaps because it is a fleeting joy, such as many of the keen enjoyments of life. Life is composed of joys and sadnesses, some long, some fleeting, and the daily assimilation of cornucopias is one of life's flying pleasures.

LOUISE ROSENBERG, June, '26.

Examinations

Exes! How you love them, how eagerly you await them! Indeed you adore them, especially those that spring without warning. Generally these arrive when you haven't opened a book, and your mind is blank.

Then, the long-prepared-for examination. You are absolutely positive you know everything that is to be known. But the teacher manages to discover somewhere, somehow, something you never studied and never knew.

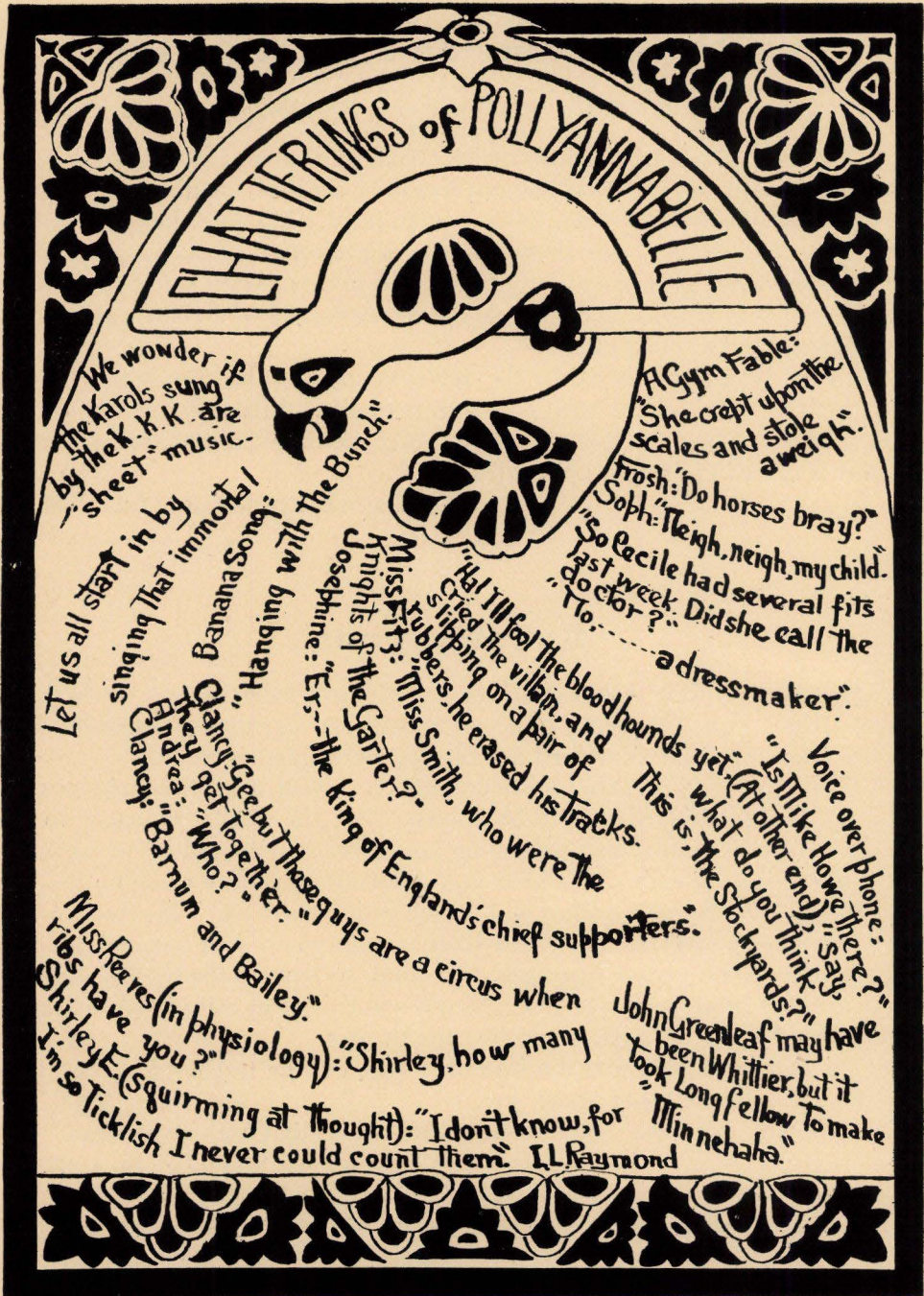
Other kinds of exes. The kind you suddenly remember while on the way to school. You haven't studied and so you grab your book. Maybe you took it home, maybe you didn't. If you hadn't, well, you're just out of luck. All through your first period you study and cram, so long as the teacher does not take it in her head to look at you. *Study some more at roll call is all you do. And then the ex! Somehow you manage to pass.

The last examination is the best one,—the ex. the teacher forgets. Rare as radium, but when they come, joy.

These are only some of the many examinations that are our sorrows.

JEANNETTE NATHAN, June, '26.

*Editor's Note: We feel constrained to say, out of the depths of our long experience, that this is putting it mildly. It's usually the first period when you have the ex!



Humorous Pomes

MOTHER GOOSE

(As now are spoke.)

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
Stuck in a thumb
Pulled out a plum
And said, "Day by day in every way
I'm getting better'n better.

Lady Bug, Lady Bug, fly away
home!
Your house is on fire
And your children are anxiously
waiting for you to collect the in-
surance.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
Pig was eat
And Tom was taken to a psycho-
analyst for thorough investigation
of thought processes and motivat-
ing impulses.



There was a young man from
Georgia.
Said his lady, "I cannot afford 'ja.
You're a nice fellow, Pat,
But entirely flat,
And I haven't the money to board
'ja."

BOARDING HOUSE POME

Little bits of leaving,
Little mites of trash.
They boil 'em all together
And call the mixture "hash."



INVICTUS

Two little fleas sat on a rock,
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled the wide world over
And farther will I roam
And the first brown cur that shows
his face
Will be my home, sweet home."



A tale of Flo, who milked a goat,
Is the strangest one could utter,
She tapped the goat with a pail of
milk,
And lo! It turned to butt'er.



She stood before her mirror,
With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see just how she looked
When fast asleep at night.



"Here's where I prove an artist
Without a brush," he cried,
And "drew" a lovely maiden
Up closer to his side.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

Don't be afraid of him. He's as gentle as a woman."

"Er—thanks, I guess I won't ride this morning."

Dumb—"Say, is that a rooster crowing?"

Dora (with disgust): "Naw, that's the hens saying their 'Now I lay me's'."

First Flea: "What makes you so thin?"

Second ditto: "All run down; been on a contortionist for three weeks."

Cy: "I heerd Josh Perkins is in bed with hay fever."

Ed: "Yes, he caught it in town, dancing with a grass widder."

Visitor (at zoo): "What is that monkey acting so funny about?"

Keeper: "O, don't bother about him, lady, he's just looking for the key to the elephant's trunk."

Judge: "Officer, what is the charge against this girl?"

Cop: "Cruelty, your Honor. She was caught 'lashing' her eyes."

Curl: "So Freddie proposed to you on a post card. Did you accept?"

Curls: "No, do you think I'd marry a man who didn't care two cents for me?"

Rita: "I heard something nice about you today."

Clancy: "Yes?"

Rita: "Yes, a friend of ours said you resembled me."

"Why, Bill, what happened to you in the football game today? You've lost your front teeth."

"No, indeed, I haven't. Here they are in this handkerchief."

Margaret, aged seven, is sometimes very naughty. On one of these occasions her mother, desiring to be particularly impressive, said:

"Don't you know that if you keep on doing naughty things your children will be naughty too?"

Margaret cried triumphantly: "Oh, Mother, you gave yourself away."

Cherry: "Some of these women of today are poverty-stricken. They do nothing but use lip-stick from morning till night."

Stone: "Sort of a hand-to-mouth existence as it were."

JUNE, 1924

The Missing Pie



HE sun was shining down warmly upon the humble abode of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Flannagan and the six little O'Flannagans. Mrs. O'Flannagan stepped out on the back porch and looked around. With unbelieving eyes she looked again, and soon a frown appeared on her smooth brow . . . She shifted her gaze from the porch to the back yard where the "Hooker Street Champion Baseball League" was out practicing. She stood, arms folded, watching them for a moment, then in a loud voice, called: "Pat, come here!"

No answer.

"Patrick O'Flannagan, come here!" in a louder voice.

Still no answer.

"Patrick James O'Flannagan, if you don't come here this very minute, you—you can't go swimming tomorrow."

Propelled by this terrible threat, it behooved young O'Flannagan, aged ten, to disengage himself from his companions and come forward.

"Whatcha want, Ma?" he asked.

His "Ma" glared at him with fire in her eyes.

"Where's that loganberry pie I baked this afternoon, that's what I'm wanting to know," she answered with asperity. "I laid it on this very chair ten minutes ago and now it's gone. Did you"—shaking her finger at him—"See it? Answer me that."

"Me? Why ma, of course not. Honest, I didn't even smell it. How'd I know you were makin' one, anyway?" said Patrick earnestly, opening his large gray-blue eyes and running his fingers through his unruly red crop.

"Open your mouth," his mother commanded; whereupon she proceeded to examine his tongue for the tell-tale marks of loganberry pie, while Pat squirmed with humiliation in the presence of his friends. After a few minutes, however, Mrs. O'Flannagan was convinced that no loganberries, ripe, stewed or otherwise, had entered the mouth of her freckled-faced offspring. Shaking her head dubiously, Mrs. O'Flannagan went into the house to probe further the mystery of the missing pie. . . .

The interrupted baseball game was resumed, and soon peace and quiet once more reigned in the backyard of the O'Flannagan residence, save for the occasional sounds of "atta boy, Pat" and "that's the stuff, Skinny," and similar expressions.

That night the O'Flannagans had some canned pineapple for dessert, the loganberry pie still being missing, and no clue having been left. When Mrs. O'Flannagan explained the situation, her spouse laughed heartily and said:

"Shure, and I don't blame anyone for taking the pie, if you made it, me darlin'."

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

The summer rolled along as summers are wont to do, and life in the O'Flannagan household rolled along with it, complacently enough. One day as Mrs. O'Flannagan was sweeping the front porch, the postman brought a letter, addressed as follows:

To the Lady of the House,
3285 Hooker Street,
Denver, Colorado.

These were the contents:

My dear Madam:

Please pardon the liberty I am taking in thus addressing you, and permit me to explain why I, a perfect stranger, am writing you so familiarly.

A few weeks ago on a tour of your beautiful state, I chanced to be passing your neighborhood, and feeling very drowsy and fatigued, I rested upon your back doorstep. Madam, I have sat on many doorsteps during my checkered career, but few have been as comfortable as yours. I shall never forget that doorstep, for there, directly in my line of vision, was a beautiful pie, freshly baked. No doubt you have often wondered as to the whereabouts of that pie. You need no longer wonder, for I was sorely tempted, and thoughtlessly yielded.

Many times since I have thought of you and your family who were deprived of that delicious bit of pastry, and many times since have I been conscious-stricken.

I merely want to add, dear Madam, that if I should be in your vicinity again, I shall endeavor to make reparations in my poor way. Allow me to explain that I am what stupid people term a "Hobo," but alas, they little understand that the conventions of life stifle our souls, and we long to brush them aside and roam, with no disturbing thoughts of binding ties.

With pleasant memories of the delicious loganberry pie, believe me, dear Madam,

Most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM PERCIVAL VANDERLIP.
(Alias) THE HOBO DUKE.

MIRIAM DAVIDSON, December, '25.

J U N E , 1 9 2 4

Pomes

NOW YOU PULL ONE

A MAN OF METTLE

Sir Launcelot, in days of yore
Wore armor made of steel
And every time this knight did war
Right noble did he feel.
He went one day without mishap
To dine with Lady Hausers
He spilled some water in his lap
And rusted his best trousers.

(Jack O' Lantern)

Mary had a couple of
Queer critters known as llamas;
They ate some silk; their little ones
Were born in silk pajamas.

Mary had a little dog;
It chewed trees in the park,
And when the little doggies came
Each one was full of bark.

Mary had a little goat,—
The tin cans didn't harm her,
And when the little goats were born
They all wore suits of armor.

(Froth)

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

"Are you there?"

"Who are you please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes, what's your name?"

"My name is Watt—John Watt."

"John Watt?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around to see you this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, then?"

"Will Knott."

"Why not?"

"Not what?"

"No, Knott Watt, William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Will you be home this afternoon?"

"Certainly, Knott."

"What?"

"Yes—?"

"Aw, shut up!"

Love to the best girl in French,

May I see you in French for another year? Yours truly Mitchell
Your fellow sufferer in Gym Anna Schultz
Love to a nice little dancer, June '25

Another famous dancer? Courtaux -
Donna
Xenically your friend
My dear jump.

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

Autographs

With lots of love to the brightest French scholar in Room 114. El cond P. rise. Maseline P. Newbauer.

Told memories of French (313) Ruth Samuelson
Sincerely 24.
Ann
Xenically

Memories of 1st Per. Stollen Schaff

Best wishes to my fellow "shipper" Xenically Claire

Sincerely Mary Jane Tosi '25

Outlook of love from French Friend (Francis Anne) June 5 Foster.

Lovingly Helen Federich

Sincerely
Xenically

Sincerely
Gwendolyn
Lakner

Best wishes from Elizabeth Stengel.

Je vous aime
Je vous adore
En plus encore?
Fatherine Hillia

To a very sweet girl in a "pump" history class. Love from Xenically

To the girl with the winning smile,
 Antoinette Pelligge '24

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

If you
 don't think
 this is original

!! / / / / /

I sincerely your friend
 Mary Galli



Sushel
 Love,
 Eva Horig
 June '25

It is of utmost importance that the pupils of Girls High School realize the relation between the students of this school and the advertisers in our journal.

We all know, or should know, that half the price of our semi-annual is obtained from the sale of journals in the school and that the other half of the expense is borne by our advertisers. In other words, our advertisers make it possible for us to issue a journal whose material fulfills, as much as possible, our high standards.

Are we doing the right thing in neglecting to patronize firms that help to put our journal through?

Are we dealing squarely with them when we don't let them know that we have seen their ad?

Advertising is for a purpose, and, unless that purpose is accomplished, the advertising is worthless. Unless the pupils of this school patronize the places advertised, how are the firms to know how lucrative the ad may be? It is a simple matter, the mere acknowledgment of having noticed an ad, and if each girl would see to it that she patronizes the advertiser, a much better feeling would be established between the firms and school advertising.

We have lots in common,
 don't you think? Our remark-
 able dramatic talent etc.

Sincerely,
 Anne Tompkins

successful
 career
 Boops

You know everything in
 Latin. How do you do it?
 A dumb Latin
 You will never again
 be fooled out of it
 pay -
 You Win

Love
 Anne Tompkins
 June 26

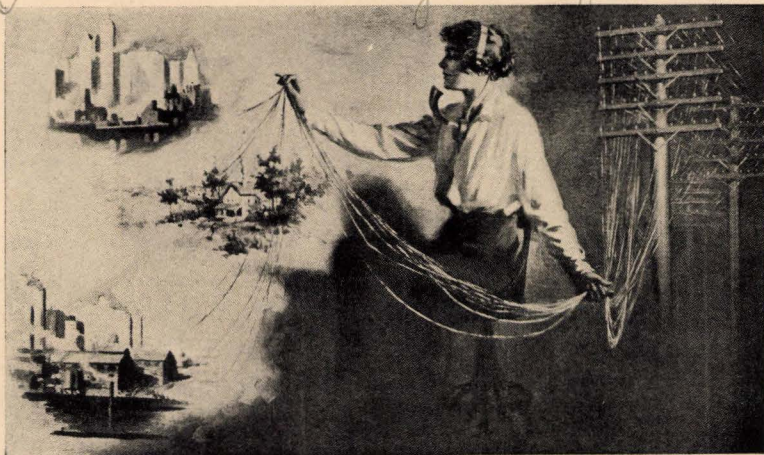
Love
 Elizabeth
 In life's dimmory
 Regard me as a book
 Martha Peck - 2BH
 Poona 205

Much love
to brilliant Dorothy
Dorothy Bradford
June 26

From a history friend
Virginia Owens

JUNE, 1924

Love to the brightest girl in the



Latin
class,
Hilda
Chase
June 25

When you're
Love

Telephone Operating Is a Desirable Vocation for High School Girls

GOOD PAY WHILE LEARNING — INTERESTING EMPLOYMENT
OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT

Yours Sincerely,
Loretta Callies.

Complete information may be
obtained 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

THE EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT
3434 Seventeenth Street, near Valencia Street

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Dear Dorothy:
Please get out for Saturday. I've never
before made a successful debate.
This is what you expect me
to write is it not? I've
young to perform a debate every
the number to someone
to find out and
think if you don't
appear me for
keep coming since
making five
this one
for me
Thank you

There was a little girl who
but she is not any more
to what she looks like
was H 2 S O 4
I hope this never happens
"Dear Dorothy"
Love Muffie

Dear Dorothy,
 I wish I could be in your Latin class next term,
 but I just can't be, much to my deepest sorrow, not
 only on account of you, but also on account of the dear
 teacher you're going to have. Love
 Josephine Greisberg

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

Dear Dorothy.

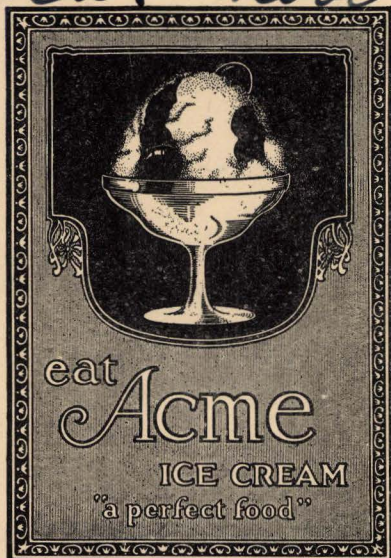
To-day is Friday the 13th. This

fact accounts for my lack of brains
 to-day, in as much as I don't know
 what to say, except that we will be in
 the same classes next term, that your
 friendship with your darling (Clarice)
 will last forever, and although you
 want me to write a whole page
 you will have to be satisfied with
 this much. Love from Ainta.

Hi: "Say, Si, come to my house for the meetin'. We got a whole dern gallon."

Si: "Can't, Hi. I gotta case of tonsilitis over at our house."

Hi: "Fine, let's hole the meetin' at your house."



FOR YOUR NEXT

PARTY

P.S. Beautiful writing
 isn't it? find that
 try our delicious artistically decorated
 frozen puddings.
 ORDER THROUGH ANY OF
 OUR DEALERS
 or
 filled up the whole

1313 Sansome Street

Phone Sutter 4800

space.

For the last time today
 remember a girl
 from Lawrence

Dear Dorothy

My mind is in just as much of a blank as Anita's is, however if I must write all this I suppose I must.

JUNE, 1924

CLEAN AMUSEMENT FOR YOU
AND YOUR FAMILY

CHUTES at the BEACH

A Thousand rides, laughs and thrills—

Good Food, Dancing, and Free Space for Parking of Cars

SAN FRANCISCO'S PLAYGROUND

WALTER N. BRUNT

Printing and Publishing

School Annuals

Periodicals, Invitations

Programs and Badges

Steel Plate and Copperplate
Engraving and Printing

111-121 Seventh Street,

At Mission, Opposite Post Office

SAN FRANCISCO

LUNCHEON

AFTERNOON TEA

The GREEN GATE

INN

233 Grant Avenue

above Joseph's

SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone Douglas 6849

Our Pies and Cakes to Order

Commercialize Your Artistic Talent

LEARN COSTUME DESIGN, PATTERN CUTTING,
DRAPING, SEWING

Fashion Art School

Day and Evening Class

Individual Instruction

Courses completed in 4 and 6 months

SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE, Sutter and Van Ness Ave.

Prospect 6723



THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

Phone West 7098

HAMILTON BOOK STORE

Stationery, School Books,
School Supplies, Candy, etc.

Girls' High Belts

2105 Geary Street
Near Scott Street

Compliments of
MRS. FREDERICKS

Telephone West 32 R. J. Byington, Prop.

BYINGTON ELECTRIC CO.

We Install and
Repair
Everything
Electrical

The Sign
"BY"
of Service

Estimates
Gladly Given
Large Assort-
ment of Fixture

ELECTRICIANS AND LOCKSMITHS
1809 Fillmore Street Above Sutter

Compliments of

ALBERT SEVILLA

Laces and Embroideries

46 Stockton Street

City

GEARY, STOCKTON
& O'FARRELL



Paris

TELEPHONE
DOUGLAS-4500



Calls attention to its New Misses
Shop wherein specialized consider-
ation is given all youth.

A special department with its
staff of style experts versed in the
whims of style loving youth.

FOR THE TAILOR "MAID" STYLE
TO "SUIT"

JUNE, 1924

PORTRAITS IN THIS JOURNAL

MADE BY

The La Fayette Studio

140 Geary Street

10th Floor Sachs Building

San Francisco, Calif.

Phone West 4615
West 6257

LEVIN'S
FLOWER SHOP

HERMAN LEVIN, *Prop.*

1803 Fillmore Street
Near Sutter
San Francisco

RICHMOND
BAKERY

348 Clement Street Phone Bay View 374



BRANCH

5443 Geary Street Phone Bay View 2094

"I'm absorbing a lot of knowledge", said Mr. Flannigan (the janitor) as he erased the black-board.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10th, 1868.

One of the Oldest Banks in California,
the Assets of which have never been increased
by mergers or consolidations with other Banks.

Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DECEMBER 31st, 1923

Assets.....	\$89,174,468.57
Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	3,850,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund.....	430,275.37

MISSION BRANCH.....	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH.....	Clement St. and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH.....	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH.....	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

Interest paid on Deposits at the rate of
FOUR AND ONE QUARTER ($4\frac{1}{4}$) per cent per annum,
COMPUTED MONTHLY and COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY,
AND MAY BE WITHDRAWN QUARTERLY

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

Incorporated 1864

COR. MARKET, McALLISTER and JONES STS.
SAN FRANCISCO

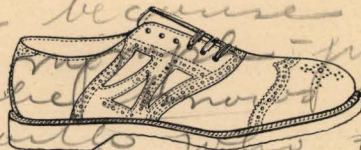
ASSETS \$80,658,852.54
RESERVE FUND \$ 5,022,348.57

OPEN DAILY FROM 10 A. M. TO 3 P. M.

SATURDAYS FROM 10 A. M. TO 12 M.

Open Saturday Evenings From 6 to 8 O'Clock for Deposits Only

Styles that are New



FOR SPORTS

FOR VACATION

FOR DRESS WEAR

Sommer & Kaufmann

838 Market Street

119 Grant Avenue

Davis-Schonwasser Co.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Girls' and Junior Apparel

SUTTER AT GRANT AVENUE

JUNE, 1924

ALL THINGS MUSICAL

Sherman Clay & Co.

Kearny and Sutter Sts., San Francisco
Fourteenth and Clay Streets, Oakland



For everything in music
try first

H. C. HANSON

137 Powell Street

Fobel's

WORLD'S LARGEST
MILLINERY STORE
23 GRANT AVE

DAVIDSON & LEIGH



Real Estate

and

Insurance Agents



160 Sutter Street

Caesar: "Wasn't that Cleo driving by in that chariot?"

Anthony: "Oh, it couldn't have Ben Hur."



BEST WISHES

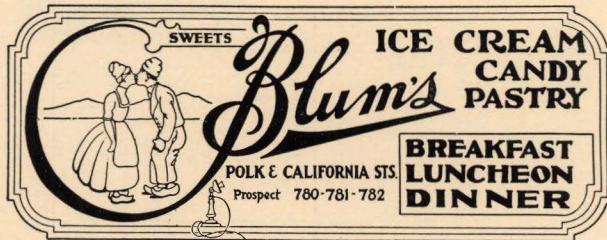
to

JUNE '24 from JUNE '26





Everybody Likes
CANDY



Before the Ex. : "O, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

SIMPLEX SYSTEM CO.
PRINTERS

STATIONERS - ENGRAVERS

136 PINE STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
Phone KEARNY 4477

RULING
BOOKBINDING
CARBON PAPERS
OFFICE SUPPLIES

After the Ex. : "O, Lord of Hosts was with us not ;
For we forgot, we forgot" . . .



Compliments of JUNE '25



JUNE, 1924

☩
Emily Schmidt
Compliments of DECEMBER '25
Your fond companion and pest
☩
on the Geary "C"
Dec '25

Buy your Wedding Bouquets at

Josephs

233 Grant Avenue

Douglas 7210

☩
Compliments of BAY CITY IRON WORKS
☩

☩
Compliments of DECEMBER '27
☩

PODESTA & BALDOCCHI

Florists

224-226 Grant Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



Telephone Kearny 4975

G. F. NEWELL
J. H. MARSHALL

*Phone
Sutter 6585*

MARSHALL-NEWELL
SUPPLY CO., Inc.

ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS'
SUPPLIES AND GENERAL
HARDWARE



Spear and Mission
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The Moore Dry Dock Co.

DRY DOCKS AND MARINE REPAIRS A SPECIALTY

We are prepared to submit estimates on all structural
steel work and we solicit your inquiries.

CITY OFFICE:

803 Balfour Building—Phone Kearny 5248

YARD AND WORKS:

Adeline Street, OAKLAND—Phone Lakeside 5180

JUNE, 1924



What Profession Shall I Choose?

Those girls who are asking that question
can find the answer by entering

MOUNT ZION TRAINING SCHOOL AND BECOMING NURSES

The most womanly of professions. The Nurses' course offers special advantages. One hundred and eighty-five beds. Pupils live in Nurses' Home. Uniform, board, no tuition fee. Monthly income while learning.

Two weeks' annual vacation

ADDRESS:
SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES
2200 Post Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

I. Magnin & Co.

Grant Avenue at Geary

An entire third floor devoted to apparel
for the
HIGH SCHOOL MISS

"How did you get that cut on your head?"
"Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."
"Gwan, how could you bite yourself up there?"
"Musta stood on a chair."

FOSTER & OREAR

When the question
of candy arises,
Quality should be the
deciding factor.



FOSTER & OREAR

137-139 Grant Avenue
Ferry Building
SAN FRANCISCO

Best Luck to
the class of June 1924



NEW FILLMORE

AND

NEW MISSION

THEATRES



No Better Entertainment Anywhere

CLASSIFIED

Mrs. Bidderman, *Dry Goods*,
1303 Castro
Chas. Brown.....871 Market
H. Elsbach, *Dry Goods*, 1609 Fillmore
E. Friedlander, *Electrical Repairs*,
3747 Sacramento
M. Giorgi.....741 Diamond
Hamilton Square Garage..1881 Geary
George B. Tsagalakis, *Grocer*,
5100 Geary
Infants Boarded....Phone Pacific 4152
The King of Birds, *Feathers*, 484 Sutter
Sonia L. Kwate.....5344 Geary
Maple Cash and Carry Grocery,
3777 Sacramento
W. F. McLaughlin, *Dentist*, 323 Geary
Z. Milani Poultry Co.,
317-319 Washington
Quality Shoe Store.....5339 Geary
Henry Rosenthal....Spreckels Market
St. Phillips Market....4190 24th St.
L. Russi & Co., *Grocers*....1517 Polk
Chas. H. Lunsman & Co., *Grocers*,
1901 Hyde
Jack's Market.....397 29th St.
J. Sanguinetti, *Grocer*,
Divisadero and Bush
Lincoln Flower Shop..400 Clement St.
La France Florist.....1954 Hyde
The Eagle Grill.....1545 Polk
Sonoma Fish and Oyster Depot, Inc.,
1534 Polk
C. H. Wolfelt Co., "*The Bootery*,"
152 Geary
Tunnel Grocery..West Portal Avenue
Ada Clement, *Pianist*.3434 Sacramento

Phone Pacific 2667

GUSTAVE MOELLER

Real Estate and Insurance Broker



2221 Clement Street
Near 23rd Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

JAMES A. MORGAN

MAKES

GIRLS' HIGH PINS *And* RINGS



Room 659 Phelan Bldg.
Sixth Floor

M. KAPLAN

Expert Watchmaker and Jeweler

Dealer in

ALL KINDS OF JEWELRY



1618 Fillmore Street
Between Geary and Post
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Wholesale and
Retail

Phone
Franklin 9440

K. TATEMOTO CO.

Oriental Art and Dry Goods

Lunch Cloths and Kimonos
a Specialty



1423 Polk Street
Between Pine and California Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

JOHN TAIT'S COFFEE SHOPS

24 Ellis St. and
24 Turk St.
SAN FRANCISCO

12th and Broadway
OAKLAND

518 So. Broadway
LOS ANGELES



FOOD OF QUALITY AT MODERATE PRICES

No dish over fifty cents

OUR COFFEE HAS NO PEER

Music: "Here's your vaccination song."

Writer: "Whadya mean, vaccination?"

Music: "It didn't take."



FOND FAREWELL FROM JUNE '24



J U N E , 1 9 2 4

BANKING FOR YOUNG WOMEN

The oldest bank in San Francisco is glad to be thought of as the bank for young people, because we know that to keep abreast of youth is to lay the strongest foundations for the future.

Savings

Commercial

Trust

Investments

Wells Fargo Bank *and* Union Trust Co.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses Optical Goods
Photographic Apparatus and Materials

HIRSCH & KAYE
239 Grant Avenue
Opposite White House

Phone Douglas 1290

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Phone Franklin 625
Franklin 626

SWAN OYSTER DEPOT

1517 Polk Street
Near California

LAUSTEN BROS.

All Kinds of Shell Fish, Frogs, Terrapin, etc.

ICE FOR SALE

Phone Orders Promptly Delivered

Open Sundays and Holidays

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Visiting Cards, Wedding Announcements
 and Party Cards
made by our Typo-Grave Process
are equal to best plate engraved.

Special

100 Visiting Cards, Best Quality \$1.50



THAT MAN PITTS
771 Market St. 1705 Fillmore St.

BLINDCRAFT PRODUCTS

Guaranteed

*Reed and Rattan Furniture,
Brooms*

Salesroom, 432 Sutter Street

Office and Factory, 1120 Folsom Street

Correct this sentence: "Yes, you're excused, said Miss Daniel, "for according to your wrist watch, the tardy-bell rang too soon."

Our idea of a ventriloquist is one who can answer two consecutive names in detention and get away with it.

"Why do you do so much darning, daughter?"

"Runs in the family."

Did you know that many a true word is spoken through false teeth?

Mrs.: "O, that hotel clerk is so flattering!"

Mr.: "Do tell!"

Mrs.: "Just think, he wrote 'Suite 16' after my name."

Miss Bovard: "O, where is my polygone?"

Madeleine J.: "Up a geometree."

Let us rise and sing the convict's favorite ballad: "Oh Mr. Judge, please forget your grammar and leave the period off my sentence."

Proctor (entering room): "You're drunk. I saw you running around here in a circle."

Freshman: "No sir, I'm not drunk. I was just trying to read the name of a victrola record while it was playing."

Six-year-old George's father had taken him to a circus and mother asked him just what he had seen.

"Mama," said George all excitement, "I saw an awfully big 'L'phant with two long tails and he was eating one of them."

A FEW SAYINGS OF THE GREAT

Adams: "It was a great life, if you didn't weaken."

Plutarch: "I am sorry that I have no more lives to give to my country."

Samson: "I'm strong for you, Delilah."

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down; there's always room at the top."

Cleopatra: "You're an easy Mark, Antony."

David: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris."

Columbus: "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."

Solomon: "I love the ladies."

Methuselah: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

Nero: "Keep the home fires burning."

Noah: "It floats."

JUNE, 1924



Sport Clothes at Roos Bros.

In through the windows at study time Spring is calling—Spring and the great outdoors. At Roos Bros. the newest note in sport clothes is awaiting the smartly dressed girl. Dresses of Jersey and flannel; coats to the mode; skirts in the new colors, and chic sport hats. All are moderately priced.

Roos Bros.
INC.
Six-Store Buying Power

❖
Compliments of
HAIGHT STREET THEATRE
1700 Haight Street

KODAK
Developing and Printing
the Velvet Way
Special attention given all work

❖
KINMAN'S
2207 Fillmore Street
Phone West 6347

Ivers & Pond and other Pianos Phonographs
Phone Sutter 4991

❖
GIBSON McCONNELL CO.
Piano Parlors
315 Sutter Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

OLD BOOK SHOP
Rare Old Books in All Languages

❖
Two Tillman Alley
(Off Grant Ave. below Sutter St.)
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
Telephone Kearny 5816

GEORGE HARGENS

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

PEKRAMEN BROS.



Ices, Candies

Luncheon



634 Clement Street

JOOST BROTHERS, Inc.

1053 Market Street



Crockery, Glassware, Athletic and
Sporting Goods

Stoves, Cooking Utensils, Cutlery,
Electrical Goods Paints and Oils



Telephone Market 891

PATRICK CO.



Rubber Stamps and Stencils



560 Market Street,

San Francisco

HOFFMAN BROS.



Grocers



3807 24th Street

Gump's

S. & G. Gump Co. Below
246-268 Post St. Union Square



COMPLIMENTS

OF

~~DECEMBER '26~~



WE SPECIALIZE IN THE
FRAMING OF SCHOOL AND
COLLEGE PHOTOGRAPHS
AND DIPLOMAS



*Mention this advertisement
when having yours
done.*

JUNE, 1924

Saving for a Purpose



Do you want a radio set? A saxophone?
Or a camping outfit? Are you planning for
a University education?

The surest way to reach your goal is by
means of a savings account. The Anglo-
California Trust Company desires especially
to encourage thrift among students and young
people. A savings account with this bank
will be a permanent asset to you.

4 $\frac{1}{4}$ % Interest paid on all Savings Accounts.



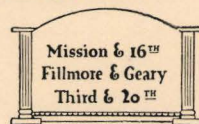
ANGLO-CALIFORNIA TRUST CO.

COMMERCIAL SAVINGS TRUST BOND SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENTS



"The City-Wide Bank"

Market & Sansome Streets
San Francisco





There's health in every spoonful
of
NATIONAL ICE CREAM

Eat a plate every day!

NATIONAL ICE CREAM CO.

366 Guerrero Street

SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Market 33



SMART LITTLE SHOES

for the High School girl who is particular; sandals to go with bobbed hair mode; dressier models for functions; they are all here at modest prices.

Rosenthal's
INCORPORATED

241-243 Geary Street

Facing Union Square

*Fine shoes for men, women
and children*



COMPLIMENTS

OF

JUNE '27



J U N E , 1 9 2 4

The Old Curiosity Shop

241 Grant Ave. (Tillman Place)

ANTIQUES

CURIOS

Douglas 2767

SAN FRANCISCO

COMPLIMENTS OF
GOLDBERG & CO.

Quality Grocers

242 Sutter St.

Telephone Sutter 1

VAN'S SHOE STORE

"Open Nights"

"SPORT WALK SHOES"

Novelty Pumps and Oxfords

Latest Designs



Compliments of DECEMBER '24



THE ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL OF NURSING

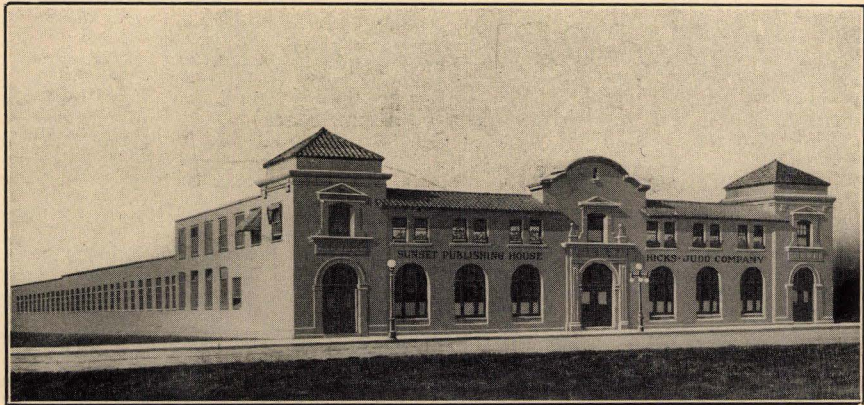
Connected with the Saint Francis Hospital

Offers a course of two years and four months in the theory and practice of nursing to young women interested in this noble work.

Classes enter three times a year—January first, June first and September first.

CORNER BUSH AND HYDE STREETS

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL



The largest Printing and Binding Organization in the West.



SUNSET PRESS

ABBOTT-BRADY PRINTING CORPORATION

Printing—Binding—Lithography

460 Fourth Street

Phone Douglas 3140

SAN FRANCISCO

