



THE JOURNAL

Barice Zucker

M. A. S.

J. 31

A Friend always
Florence Temple.
(Betty)

Sincerely
Magda Ericson

Dear Bernice
in love
from me
Helen Rhodes

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Horses rock
my dear!! Do you?
Elizabeth Richer

Love to a friend in
typing.
Emily Saboct.

Lots of love and love

Elvira Rice

Yours till
Border pays rent.
The Mexican

Best wishes to
success and
happiness
Ruth Culver

Ami Amor
Bernice

From Ruby Davis

Yours always
Carmel Sargento

Best wishes
your friend
Helen Hinkley

Yours till
the Mexican
border pays
rent and
dues drop.

Another
Ward

Oodles of love
your friend
"Millie" Schaffer

Big
lots of love
from
Elinore Schwartz

Love till
the Pacific Ocean
reaches its bottom
and you
both know

Sincerely
Marta Engem.

Lots of Luck and Love.
 From a English suffer
 in our Latin.
 Rose Casamatta

In this "Golden
 Chain" of friendship
 regard me as the
 Mary Williams

西
 學
 子
 同
 友

Yours till Kitchen sinks I meanly
 Ruth Rogers Virginia McGinnis

The Journal

1928

D'31
 Wishing you
 Lots of Love & Luck
 thru your life at
 Girls. Hi. Margie
 Ryan.

Not every day is Sunday.
 Not always shines the sun.
 But may your troubles end
 Before they have begun.

Sincerely
 (Billie) Mae Jung

With Love
 Myrtle Sieke

Yours from a and
 (Billie) Virginia

妹
 15
 上
 Rose
 Lai

"Loads of Love"
 classmate from an English
 Alice Zupffe.
 Lots of luck and love forever
 Lovingly
 of Vera Handover

PUBLISHED
 BY THE STUDENTS
 GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
 SAN FRANCISCO

勿忘
 西
 班
 牙
 班
 之
 友
 陳
 美
 容

Dear Bernice:
 I wish you
 all the luck
 that is in
 the world.
 Bernice
 (Betta)

Dear Bernice,
Wishing you the
best of luck for
the future!
Your friend
Shirley Kalm.

Dear Bernice
I'll always
remember you
as a very real
lockermate.
Kay Seim

loads of love
and luck
from
Patsy Swanson.

FOREWORD

We have hopes and dreams. We are striving to build a finer San Francisco. Here in our City, is our school. In it, we have lived, and are living. We have dreamed our dreams and tried to express them. We have played our games, made our clubs, and laughed and worked.

This book that we present to you is the result of our efforts, the expression of ourselves in our desire to be true San Franciscans.

We have tried to prepare ourselves for our future lives. We have chosen as our theme—our one consuming ideal—the desire to live up to, and be worthy of our City, which we worship with Athenian ardor. We have tried to take from life, from our friends, our books, our school, all that they offer, and now we would build a stronger, taller City in the West to tower against the sky.

Dear Bernice
As a poet I have no fame
But what I can do is sign
my name.
Genevieve Sarantino
June 11, 1928.

Anna
My dear Bernice
If you love me
as you love me
very much.
Love
Allan

Loads of love
Sincerely, Jean Galie

Dear Bernice
A trustworthy friend is
hard to find, one
you can count on
and who is
always for you.
The old
friend is
the best.

Oh - Oh - Oh - some
3 times & then Washes
Beat Vermell.

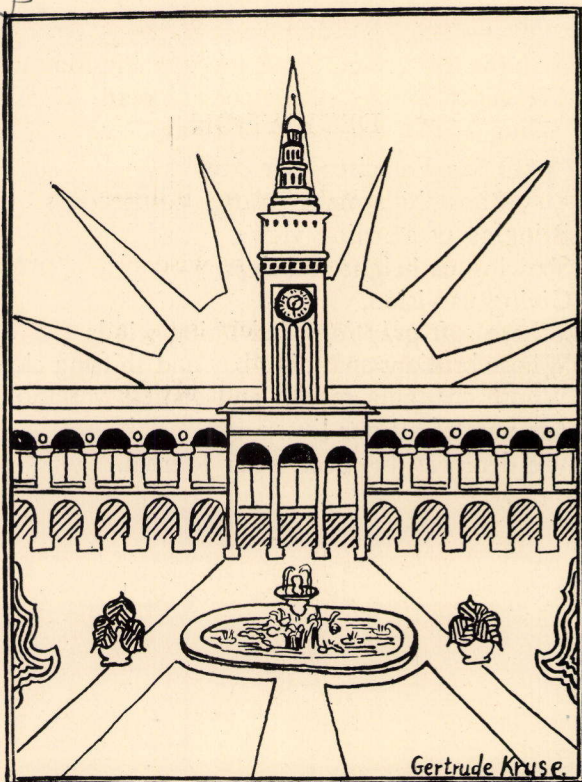
DEDICATION

TO San Francisco, our city,
Whose hills make strange perspectives
Bringing us startling views,
Showing us height and depth,
Giving us vision,
Whose soft gray fogs and biting winds
Whose brilliant sparkling bay and shifting clouds
Whose changing moods and endless variations
Are part of all our lives,
We dedicate this book—our Journal.

Dear Service
yours till the
Golden Gate mists.
Evelyn Reiser

Sincerely Yours
Viola Adams
Lou Adams
Ophe Adams

Love from
Your friend
Evelyn Cunningham



Haw Chan

CONTRASTS

MY city stands facing the east,
Facing that east where life sinks to decay.
Strong, vigorous, huge, and confident, it stands.
My city is built on hills overlooking the water;
It is covered with fogs and with mists,
But always the skyscrapers look proudly towards the east,
And the clouds drift lazily on.

There in the east are crumbling palaces of gilt.
There in the east are gorgeous mystery and long past glories,
But the stench of age and fetiches of years
Are eating at the very heart of things.



Look at the brave defiance of my brilliant city
Sparkling in the sun.
See how it laughs at centuries of wisdom and of age.

In freshness and in strength surpassing all—
Magnificently young and bold.

All Hail My City!

*One sea siem
pre feliz
Tula*
*Heaps of Love and Best Wishes
I think a Lot of
Yours Forever
"Al" Hughes*
To

*Exito y muchas
felicidades.
Regina Sabata*

Dear Bernice:
my   for u.
your cousin
Catherine Capurro.

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In Memoriam
to
Otilia A. Kohlberg

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

O H, showers of March fall light upon the grass,
Gold daffodils of early spring, bedeck
The spot, and fragrant silence like a cloud
Enfold the place, where deep in dreamless sleep
She lies. Wail ye no more for her whom peace
Enshrouds, but give largess of love, that ye
May prove the bonds of friendship links of steel
To hold us close, until we meet again.

—E. F. Browning

I hope I
will be your
friend for ever
and ever.
Mary Martin



Mignon Hill.

CLASSES



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JANE LEVIN, *treasurer*; OLIVE HINDSHAW, *sargeant-at-arms*; ELIZABETH BEST, *Mirror representative*;
ANNE LEVIN, *cheer leader*; DOROTHY ARNALL, *cheer leader*



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RUTH ABRAHAM
ELEANOR ARATA
DOROTHY ARNALL

MARJORIE BEPP
ELIZABETH BEST
KATHERINE BETTMAN
BERNITA BERTRAM

MARTHA BISSELL
RUTH BLUM
VERA BOGART
HELEN BOHN



MAXINE BOHR
BONNIE BOYD
ISABEL BRADEN
JANE BRANDENSTEIN

MARIE BREIDENSTEIN
ADELAIDE BRITTON
HELEN BROWN
ELIZABETH BURNELL

DOROTHY BUTLER
ELVA CANADA
BEATRICE CARO
FLORENCE CARSTONS

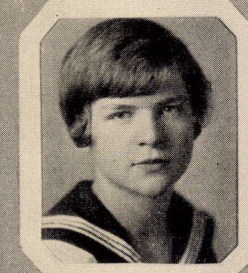
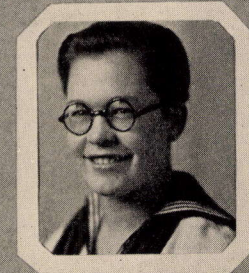
With best wishes
to sweet unknown girl
Valeria Evdokimoff



ALICE CASTAING
MARYE CATECHI
MURIEL CHADWICK
DOROTHY DAHLMAN

HELEN DEEMING
CLEMENTINE DE VALLY
DORIS DOEPFNER
JANICE ELBERG

VALERIA EVDOKIMOFF
LILY FANELLA
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DOROTHY LEVENE
ANNE LEVIN
JANE LEVIN

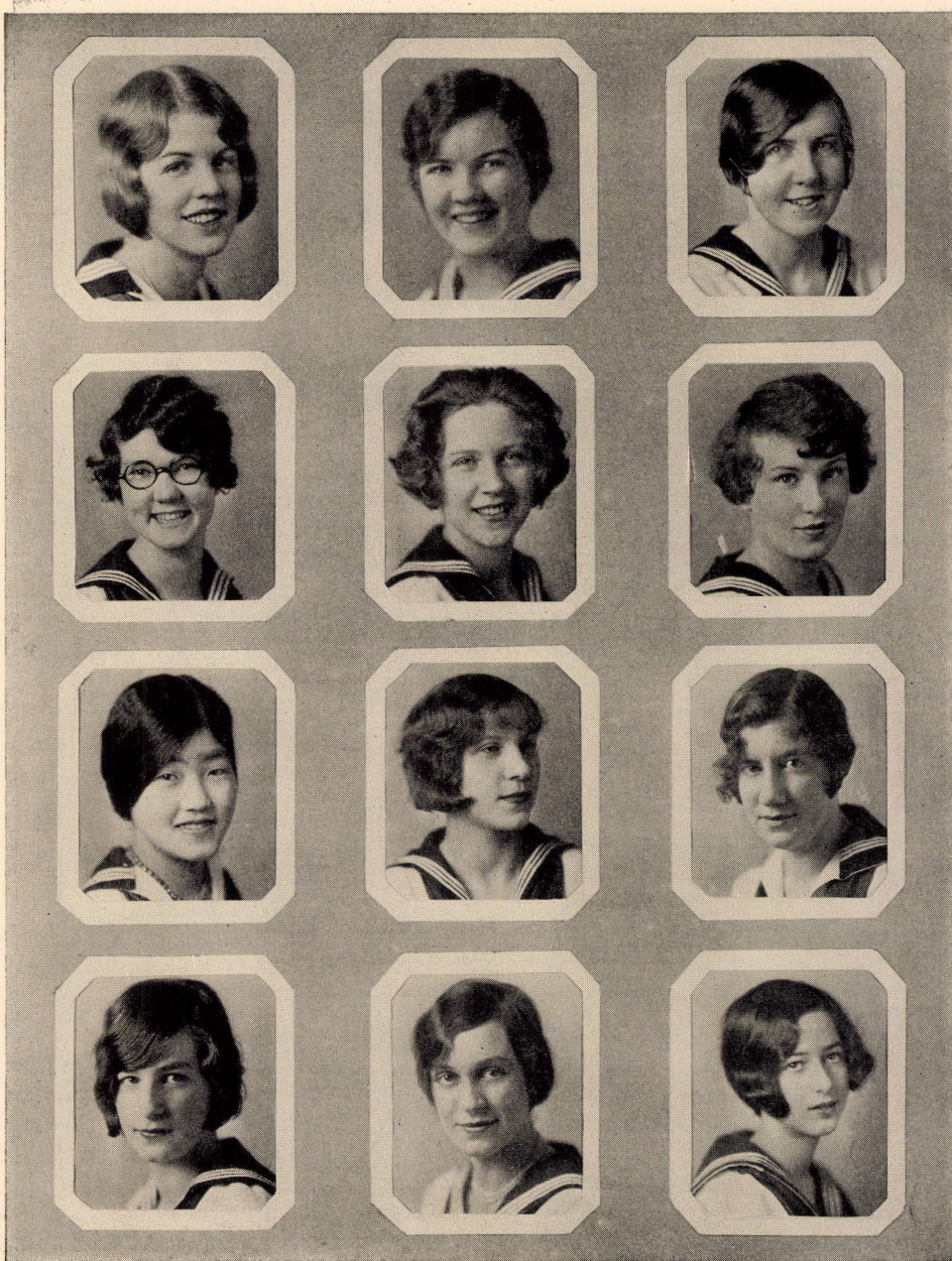
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VIRGINIA MIFKA
LUCY MITCHELL



GRETCHEN MULNIX
MILDRED MULQUEEN
ROSE NEGI
ELEANOR NICHOLS

MARGARET O'BRIEN
ANITA ODENTHAL
LUISE ODENTHAL
JANICE OGILVIE

MARGARET O'LOONEY
MARIAN OTTE
LOLITA PARRY
BEATRICE PEARL



RUTH PERRY
ROMY PIAZZONI
ALICE PISTOLESI
ALICE REINHART

ANNABELLE RITTER
MAYDELLE ROBERTS
MURIEL ROTHERMEL
BERTHA ROTHWELL

ISABELLE RUEFLI
ALYCE RUSSELL
ALICE RUTTER
ALICE RYDER



VERA SAMUEL
DERA SAUSMAN
PHYLLIS SCHLUETER
JANE SCHMELZ

FELICIA SCHOENFELD
TERU SHIMOSAKA
ELYSE SHIREK
NATALIE SIMON

JUNITA SMITT
MIRIAM STONE
LORETTO SUMMERS
YUKO TAKAHASHI



MARGARET THAM
LILLIE TONG
MARGARET VANDERBURGH
DOROTHY WALSH

FLORENCE WARD
LEANOR WATTERS
SARALDINE WILD

HELEN WRIGHT
NAO ZAIMAN
EMMA ZAMBRUNO
LENA ZULLO

CLASS HISTORY

THIS class is *Different*. That's a good topic sentence because not only does it summarize in four words what is about to follow in 250, but it also furnishes the keynote to our claim to distinction.

We started being *different* when we were Freshmen. We elected Cassie Arnstein president. She was a peppy girl, and for the next six months "pep" was our motto. Instead of discarding that worthy motto when we rose to the elevated position of High I's, we kept it and nursed it along until it grew fast and furiously. In the next three and one-half years, our presidents were: Jane Brandenstein (familiarily known as Jane B.), Noel Walster, Beverly Fisher, Ruth Knutsen, and Doris Doepfner. During Ruth's able administration, we gave our famous rally, "Sailor Maids," in which were featured Helen Wright, Caddy Hall, Beatrice Caro, Janice Elberg, "Dickie" Arnall, Freddie Fredericks, and Louis Louisson. That rally took the school by storm. Simply carried away the day, that's all. Why? Because it was *different*. During Doris Doepfner's term, we again distinguished ourselves by winning the much coveted and fought-over Cup on S. P. A. Day. And now—here we are—Seniors.

We capped the climax this term. We elected M. J. B. herself, president, and we presented an original rally—a very original rally—written by Jane B. and M. J. B. as joint authors. Of course, everyone remembers it, and always will, 'till the cows come home. It was a dramatization of L. Frank Baum's famous Oz books, and in the cast, which was really a remarkable one, were Bee Caro, Muriel Ireland, Jane B., and M. J. B., Muriel Rothermel, Caddy Hall, Maxine Bohr, Helen Brown, Lolly Sommers, Olive Hindshaw, Elizabeth Burnell, Frances Levy, Alice Ferguson, and Anne Levin.

It doesn't seem like four years since we were little 1-A's, fighting for recognition, playing games in the yard at noon, and getting violent "cases" on older girls—it seems like four days—four long, beautiful days.



WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME

All seniors because they are such; and in particular:

Janice Abraham because she wears vermillion nail polish.

Ruth Helen Abraham because she helped hold the purse strings.

Dorothy Arnall because she is a wonderful sport.

Eleanor Arata because a mouse has nothing on her when it comes to being quiet.

Marjorie Bepp because she is a good student.

Elizabeth Best because she seems to have discovered the fountain of youth.

(Incidentally she found it in the Gym.)

Katherine Bettman because she has long hair and knows about bookbinding.

Bernita Betram because her nickname is "Bunny," and she is a good sport as well as being a good student.

Ruth Blum because she never gets "Hot and Bothered."

Vera Bogart because she brought flowers to a certain teacher every day in the year.

Helen Bohn because her soft voice is so soothing.

Maxine Bohr because she was ornamental, as Oxma in the rally.

Bonnie Jean Boyd because she is tall and thin.

Isabel Braden because she is gentle.

Marie Breidenstein because she discovered the way to get an "A" from Mr. Salzman

Adelaide Britton because she draws well and has become a true Girls' High specimen.

Helen Brown because she was so majestic and imposing as Glinda, the good.

Dorothy Butler because she has a good disposition.

Elva Canada because we like her eyes. They twinkle.

Beatrice Caro because we like her hair, and because she was one-fourth responsible for the success of the Rally.

Erma Carstons because we like her on general principles.

Alice Castaing because she speaks good French.

Marye Catechi because she gave a new turn to the good old name of "Mary."

Muriel Chadwick because she always helps Mr. Offield with the apparatus and has black eyes.

Dorothy Dahlman because of her contagious smile.

Helen Deeming because she can eat more pickles than any one we know.

Clem de Valley because she is a blonde and an actress.

Doris Doepfner because she was Low 4 Prex.

Janice Elberg because she had the lead in our High three Rally.

Valeria Evdokimoff because she only cut once during her four years at G. H. S.

Lily Fanella because she is so good-looking.

Alice Ferguson because she roared for us so beautifully at the Rally.
 Delia Franceschi because she is always grinning.
 Margaret Frank because she and Vera are the class gigglers.
 Vera Frederick because she is such a good sport.
 Eileen Gallagher because she has lovely skin and we like her.
 Catherine Garnero because she has already had experience in the business world.
 Edna Getz because she has a nice smile and uses it often.
 Karen Ginocchio because she is the only one we know who can stick to a diet.
 Alice Gottschalk because she uses such red lipstick and uses it so often.
 Carolyn Hall because she is so good looking.
 Minnette Harris because she once made a speech over the radio on "Girls High and Its Activities."
 Dorothee Hartman because she can play the piano.
 Margaret Hazlewood because she managed baseball this term.
 Jennie Hendrickson because she looks like a naughty little girl and is nice.
 Susan Heymann because she never refuses to help anyone.
 Olive Hindshaw because she is prominent in Camp Fire.
 Marie Hirsch because she has red hair and blue eyes.
 Alice Hirschl because she made an excellent squad leader.
 Doris Hoffman because she knows the names of all Government Officials.
 Hetty Husler because she was good in the Rally.
 Muriel Ireland because she went over so big in the Rally.
 Beatrice Jacobs because she has a good disposition.
 Ethel Johnson because she looks like an athlete without being one.
 Adele Kalmbach because she was president of the International Club.
 Georgie Kennedy because she was president of the jazz orchestra.
 Mabel Knorp because she writes clever papers.
 Ruth Knutsen because she is another good athlete.
 Altess Kutner because she always studied her physics lesson even when everyone around her knew it—and because she is so generous with her car.
 Esther Lawrence because she has nice white teeth.
 Bernice Lederer because she cooks fancy dishes so well—Boiled eggs for example.
 Dorothy Levene because she wears vivid blue shoes and gets by with it.
 Jane Levin because she wears a red bathing suit.
 Frances Levy because she asks so many questions.
 Clara Lienstad because she is another one who is very, very small.
 Veronica Liberti because she has a nice voice and dances well.
 Barbara Linee because she is a tennis fiend.
 Jacqueline Lippman because she talks so much.
 Beryl Lutz because she is so nice and thin.
 Helen Macdonald because she did so well in 1B choral.
 Marion MacLennan because she plays the piano.

Lillian Marchington because she once had a great big picture in the society column of the "Chronicle."

Eleanor Martin because she is the only senior who doesn't diet.

Rena Matulich because she was once asked to judge an art contest.

Margery Menne because she never could draw Voltaire.

Pauline Mierson because, now that she is about to graduate, she still looks exactly as she did the day she was born.

Virginia Mifka because she has all the qualities of an editor.

Lucy Mitchell because she has ambitions and the wherewithal to fulfill them.

Gretchen Mulnix because she never learned not to argue with Miss Daniel.

Mildred Mulqueen because she is very musical.

Rose Negi because she's a lovely girl from the Orient.

Eleanor Nichols because she was class vice-president.

Margaret O'Brien because she takes everything so seriously.

Anita Odenthal and Luise Odenthal because Miss Hesselberg never could tell them apart.

Janice Ogilvie because she successfully let her hair grow.

Margaret O'Looney because she made high school in three and one-half years.

Marion Otte because she is a good swimmer and a Campfire enthusiast.

Lolita Parry because she has the gift of being able to work hard and silently.

Beatrice Pearl because she is unbelievably small.

Ruth Perry because she adores Galsworthy.

Romy Piazzoni because she was good in the operetta.

Alice Pistolesi because she was business manager of our rally.

Alice Reinhart because she is so modest and unassuming.

Annabelle Ritter because she wears glasses with "style."

Maydelle Roberts because she looks so much like Martha Washington.

Muriel Rothermel because she can dance, sing, and—oh, well, what have you?

Bertha Rothwell because she is another good athlete.

Isabelle Ruefli because she was never known to be on time in her life.

Isabelle Russell because she can win anyone with those eyes.

Alice Rutter because she looks nice in dark blue and wears it all the time.

Alice Ryder because she's another one whose smile we like a whole lot.

Vera Samuel because she and Margaret giggle incessantly.

Dera Sausman because she is a crack typist.

Phyllis Schlueter because no teacher ever called on her when she didn't know her lesson.

Eleanor Schmeltz because—oh those eyes!

Felicia Schoenfeld because she is quiet and sweet-tempered.

Teru Shimosaka because she writes down everything anyone tells her.

Elyse Shirek because she is so conscientious about attending school.

Natalie Simon because she is the least disturbing person in 201.

Anitta Smitt because she has achieved a lot in her studies and out.
Miriam Stone because, for one thing, her eyes are very lovely.
Loretta Summers because she uses long words.
Yuko Takahashi because she superintended the making of all the costumes used in the High 4 Rally.
Margaret Tham because she slings a wicked baseball.
Lillie Tong because she has the smallest and most beautiful feet in the world.
Margaret Vanderburgh because she succeeded in finding the way to Miss Browning's heart by her excellent work.
Dorothy Walsh because of her wonderful posture.
Florence Ward because she is so "petite" and won a poster contest.
Leonor Watters because she is one of the few people we know who look nice with long hair.
Saraldine Wild because we can't forget that curl.
Helen Wright because she is the most feminine girl in the school.
Nao Zaiman because of her jolly grin.
Emma Zambruno because of her grace in dancing class.
Lena Zullo because she makes us think of Italy.



ELEANOR HOFFMANN

JEANNETTE GORMLEY

PATRICIA BOREHAM

THE LOW FOUR CLASS

CONTRARY to all custom and tradition firmly established in our midst from the beginning of time, we shall not say that we of December, '28, are the finest and the best, nor shall we say that we are the quintessence of the intellectual community known to outsiders as Girls High. But on the other hand, we are absolutely confident that no single group can acquire the genius for enjoying life that is the possession of December, '28.

Jeanette Gormley, president and elected leader of the group, has concluded that the ideal way to lead is to allow each to pursue her own inclinations. By the by, "Gorm" at some future date will edit a publication the subscribers of which shall be exclusive radicals. Perhaps Russia will solicit her talent.

Elinor Hoffman follows "Gorm's" principles in the capacity of vice-president. Patricia Boreham, the secretary, has given up all hope of keeping "minutes." Elizabeth Lippitt, vice-president of the Student Body and assistant class yell leader (or cheer) is more commonly known as "Slip" or "Witty Winnie Wig." Mussed or out of place hair is not tolerated. Recall the former worries. She wavers between a dramatic critic and a tap dancer.

Elizabeth Lummis is secretary of the G. H. S. Student Body. Betty's most striking accomplishment is the possession of greatly envied long golden wavy hair which can be successfully held in a pug.

Vermell Giacobbi is a versatile person. Besides having expressive shoulders she can sing, dance, coach choruses (to wit H.3 and H.4) and design prize posters.

When bookworm meets bookworm! From casual remarks we gleaned that Joy Stuart will be a bacteriologist. Something hard to spell, of course.

However, to say at this time a logical person would conclude that December, '28 is the class of classes in the school of schools.

—*Reducio ad absurdum.*



BLANCHE KUBICEK

MARGARET EFFEY

HIGH 3 CLASS

WITH the Spring term of '28 came a Kick Off for each class. A Kick Off! And away ran the High 3 Class for a touchdown. Yard by yard was steadily gained. First came the election of officers:

<i>President</i>	BLANCHE KUBICEK
<i>Vice-President</i>	JUEL YOUNG
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET EFFEY
<i>Mirror Reporter</i>	JANE KNIGHT
<i>Cheer Leader</i>	RELDA LEVY
<i>Treasurer</i>	JORNA MAHLER

Six yards!

Soon the hum of voices was heard, and the rally was the theme of the day. On March 30th the finished product—a musical satire by Jane Knight—was produced. This rally revealed much talent in the persons of Jane McFarland, Vivian Davies, Cecil Kaufman, Iva Shilling, Maxine Jones, Miriam Rude, Martha Smith, Gladys Guinaw, and others. Then more yards!

More yards were added to the coveted touchdown when Mary McGinn, Cecil Kaufman, and Nora Siegal, all High 3s, were found to be on the Big Debating Team.

Helen Olsen a High 3 is on the second debating team.

Each year Girls High has won honors in the Shakespearean Contest. This year Vivian Davies tied with a student from San Jose for first place in the contest, which included twenty-three high schools in the State of California.

Still the class worked for the touchdown. The S. P. A. had its share of High 3s.

More girls are out for volleyball than in any other class. We have three teams. Gertrude Preston and Helen Oppenheim are advisors for the International Club. We are represented in every organization. Are we justified in saying we scored the touchdown? WE ARE!



RHODA HORN

MILDRED RIGNELL

JANET DOZIER

LOW THREE CLASS

PET PHRASES	TRUE (X) FALSE (—)
M. Rignell: "Put your papers in the ash can, girls."	Low 3 Class leads the school. X
M. Pauson: "Swell!"	Mildred Rignell is an enterprising prex. X
M. Phillips: "It is, at that."	We fall behind in activities. —
R. Horn: "Laugh, I thought I'd die!"	The following class officers are the best ever Vice-prex. R. Horn; Sec. J. Dozier; Mirror Reporter U. Douglas; Yell Leader M. Pauson; Sgt. at Arms A. Cavanaugh. X
B. Prince: "Oh, I can't be bothered."	The scholarship standard of our class is low. —
E. Morris: "Just think."	We have no leaders in sports. —
V. Duley: "My word!"	We have no pep. —
A. Cavanaugh: "Oh, I say!"	We have class spirit. X
M. Eschen: "But that book is 15¢ a day."	We shall put on a knockout play next term. X



JEAN TASKER

LOUISE DABOVICH

CATHERINE KEITH

HIGH TWO CLASS

A PAGE FROM A MARTIAN'S DIARY WHO IS VISITING THE EARTH (Not the Diary, the Martian)

AMONG other things, I noticed how a group of these "girls" stood out from their fellow-creatures. They were called the "Hituclass" and seemed to lead in everything they undertook—particularly one day called the Actvyv-teesrallee. The "Hitus" wore tight white tunics, with purple cloth triangles draped over their shoulders. I gather that this is the official "Hitu" uniform. I asked one of the creatures who was sitting near me what made that "Class" sound better than the rest, and she answered "PEP." I'm not sure of the meaning of the word, but if it described the "Hitus" it must be very complimentary.

They also gave a Hitujinx, in which a number of the members of the Class sat on a high floor in the large room and spoke much, after which other creatures again showed that they were pleased by showing their teeth and butting their hands together.

These "girlse" have in their numbers some who are called "debaiturs." Some of these creatures with the loud voices are Cecilia Rhine, Ernstine Raas and Syra Nalman.

Many "girlse" in this famous class "go-out-for-sports" in which they excel.

The leader of the class is named Louise Dabovich; her assistant is Jean Taskar; secretary (one who writes), Katy Keith; treasurer (one who keeps money), Ethel Goss; Sargeant-at-Arms (one who keeps order), Clara Hamilton; Yell Leader (one who makes gestures), Elizabeth Muller; her helper, Evelyn Jones.



CALIFORNIA YOUNG

FLORENCE JOHNSON

MAY FISHSTROM

LOW II CLASS

WITH a group of eager, energetic girls, devoting their spare time to their class, trying to uphold its ideals, and encouraging others to do the same, and altogether valiantly struggling in order to make their class stand out among the others in the school, it could not fail to be, and certainly has been a very successful term for the low sophs.

Florence Johnson, supported by a staff that is the last word in efficiency, has proven herself a very painstaking and industrious president.

The girls have become members of almost every club in the school, and Mary Haran, the leading lady of "Alice in Wonderland" last term, has again shown her mettle in winning the honor of captain of the sophomore and high one baseball team for herself and her class.

The class only hopes to have another term as successful as this one has been, and indeed shows every hope of having one, in fact, of having many more.

KAROLYN WOLF.



BLANCHE NORTON

LOIS MILLER

SYLVIA ROSENSTURN

HIGH ONE CLASS

DOROTHY CERF

For leading yells we have our Dot,
A modern flame who is red hot.
When we have a class affair
Yelling Dot is always there.

BLANCHE NORTON

Our prexy needs a helper, too,
So we chose Blanche, so sweet and true.
A member of the S. P. A.,
Who ne'er for sports does miss a day.

SYLVIA ROSENSTERN

Minutes must be up-to-date,
Sylvia writes them on her slate.
She's short and chubby, very cute,
And a debater of great repute.

LOIS MILLER

Prexy Miller's name is Lois,
How to be a prex she'll show us.
We like her 'cause she's fair and square,
In time of need she's always there.

VIRGINIA KASS

Virginia of the reddish hair
Is a girl that is always there.
She keeps us all tight up to pep
And helped to make our HI rep.

ISABELLE DRASEMER

Our HI rep sure is a belle,
She does her work so very well;
She's always peppy, full of fun,
As well as represents the HI's.

MARION GOLDBERG

Mirror news must be reported.
Marion the position courted;
So we elected her to write
About the HI students bright.

DOROTHEA MATURIN

Guarding all the HI's money
Is a job that isn't funny.
To Dorothea we gave it
'Cause it requires lots of wit.

Agriose Schreie



ALFREDA SCHREIBER

HELEN HAMPTON

JEAN GRUNSKY

LOW ONE CLASS

T OST: 200 frightened Freshmen.

Place: Girl's High School.

Date: January 3, 1928.

If found, please return to their respective parents.

This is how the Class of December, '31, felt on their arrival at the Girl's High School. Now, however, we consider ourselves full-fledged members of the school, inferior only to the High Seniors (?). After we had been in school a few weeks and had become acquainted with each other, we elected our class officers, with the assistance of Beverly Fisher and Virginia Mifka.

Helen Hampton was elected president, but unfortunately, she met with an accident which has prevented her from returning to school this term, therefore, the vice-president, Alfreda Schreiber, has taken her place.

Secretary Jean Grunsky has been ably keeping the minutes, while Janet Bernbaum, our treasurer, takes care of the funds, which have been collected to present a gift to Helen Hampton.

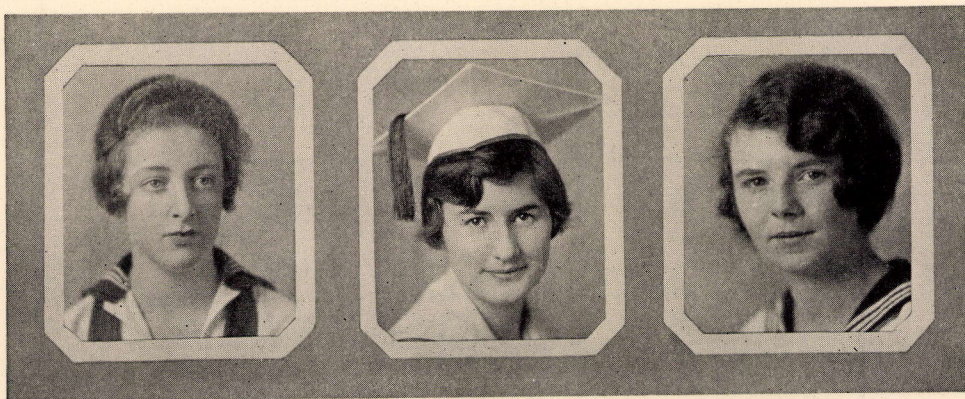
Little "Moose" (Edith) Hurtgen leads the songs and yells, which have been composed by various members of the class. In the "Activities Rally" (the first one in which the Scrubs have participated) Edith surprised the rest of the school by her great ability as yell leader.

Many of the Freshmen have shown talent in dramatics, as you may judge from the "Freshman Play." They have also proved good material in debating and outdoor activities.

As we are no longer lost, and have settled down to work seriously (?), our ambition is to become as worthy of Girl's High as the Seniors who are leaving it now.

Janet Bernbaum, Eleanor Friesby, Ann Rosener.





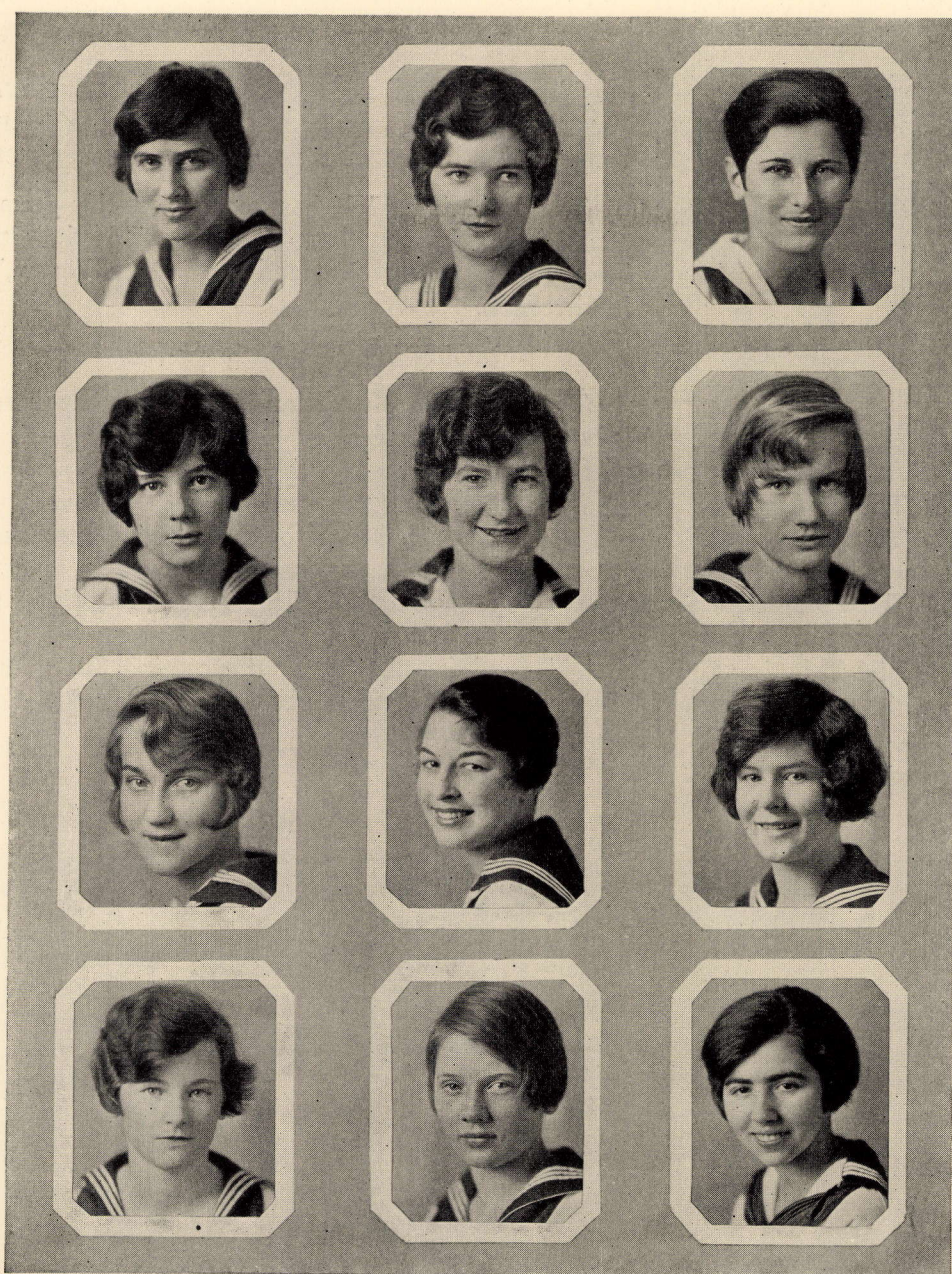
ELIZABETH LIPPET

BEVERLY FISHER

BETTY LUMMIS

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

President.....	<i>Beverley Fisher</i>
Vice-President.....	<i>Elizabeth Lippitt</i>
Secretary.....	<i>Elizabeth Lummis</i>
Assistant Treasurer.....	<i>Ruth Helen Abraham</i>
Historian.....	<i>Muriel Rothermel</i>
Club Commissioner.....	<i>Marian Phillips</i>
Assistant Club Commissioner.....	<i>Cecelia Rhine</i>
Cafeteria Commissioner.....	<i>Marguerite Siem</i>
Assistant Cafeteria Commissioner.....	<i>Madelyn Kelly</i>
First Representative.....	<i>Jane McFarland</i>
Second Representative.....	<i>Marian Pauson</i>
Third Representative.....	<i>Carol Ruben</i>
Fourth Representative.....	<i>Florence Johnson</i>
Fifth Representative.....	<i>Isabel Draesemer</i>
Cheer Leader.....	<i>Relda Levy</i>



RUTH HELEN ABRAHAM
MURIEL ROTHERMEL
MARGUERITE SIEM
MADELYN KELLY

MARIAN PHILLIPS
CECELIA RHINE
JANE MCFARLAND
MARION PAUSON

CAROL RUBEN
ELEANOR JOHNSON
ISABEL DRAESEMER
GERTRUDE HESKINS



ELIZABETH LIPPITT

THE DEBATING CLUB

President.....ELIZABETH LIPPITT
 Vice-president.....ELEANOR MORRIS
 Secretary.....BARBARA PRINCE

The Debating Club has carried on this term, straightening its new branches: The "Torch," its literary (?) contribution, and the "Open Forum," its diversion.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING:

The Big Team is so full of enthusiasm that there is no limit to their daring.

A Second Team enabled four debaters to show their worth.

The Sophomores distinguished themselves in several outside debates.

To the Freshmen Class a special tribute is due for the amazing response to a call for debaters.

We have debated twice with State Teachers' College of San Francisco, a newcomer in debating.

The Debating Club has laid good foundation for the coming fall term, and its members are to be commended for their steadfastness and good work.



"BIG TEAM"

CAMP FIRE GIRLS



BEVERLY FISHER

THREE cheers for the Girls High League of Camp Fire Girls. With the addition of two new groups, Girls High formed a league, which as a unit, will carry high the standard of "truth in ourselves, and love of our fellow man."

The first act of the league was to propose that the girls wear blue camp middies every Wednesday instead of the customary white ones. The suggestion received hearty co-operation, and soon the girls will actually be off to Camp Wasibo to develop the sound body so necessary for a sound mind.

Intergroup basketball games and tennis tournaments have afforded much activity and interest during the last term. Camp Fire has grown bigger and better in Girls High, and has earnestly strived to do its part in upholding the high ideals of this school which has so willingly given its encouragement and co-operation.

GIRL RESERVES



ELEANOR HOFFMANN

A GOOD product with an internationally known reputation does not need a guarantee to warrant its merit. So, likewise, when you hear the word "Lihalo" you may feel assured that it is not inferior to any club organized to assist any teen-aged girl "to face life squarely, and to find and give the best." Those few concise words explain the purpose of the Girl Reserve organization of which Lihalo is one link in the huge chain that reaches around the world. The varied meetings, hikes, beach suppers, and banquets afford amusement and entertainment thruout the semester. Lihalo's semi-annual publication, "Spunk," has been successfully edited by Esther

Pitman during the past year. Every student of Girls High is invited to join Lihalo by its members and officers who are: President, Elinor Hoffman; Vice-President, Anita Matthiesen; Secretary, Marjorie Sachs; Treasurer, Jane Knight.



VELMA ANDERSON

DRAMATIC CLUB

AS you all know, the Dramatic Club is one of the most important organizations of our school. Through the able backing of Mrs. Tharpe and the ever willing assistance of other faculty members the club presented two plays: "Sir David Wears a Crown," a one-act play presented by the Freshmen, which was under the direction of Velma Anderson, and "The Romantic Age," which was given by the upper class girls on May 25th.



ADELE KALMBACH

INTERNATIONAL CLUB

WITH such a capable leader as Mrs. Alice Wilson, and such willing workers as the officers and members of the club, we were not at all surprised at the number of things accomplished by the International Club. The luncheon on May 5th was a big success. May 18th, known over the world as "International Friendship Day," added another link to the Friendship Chain, which grows stronger as the years go by.

Having taken note of the fine work accomplished this term, as well as in the past, we can say truthfully, and with great pleasure: Hurrah for the International Club! It's keeping up with Girl's High.



"ROMANTIC AGE" CAST
SENIOR INTERNATIONAL CLUB GROUP

ORCHESTRA



MARTHA JANE BISSELL

members are improving greatly in both their sight reading and interpretation of the classical numbers which they play.

PANDEMONIUM of instrument tuning . . . clarion call to order . . . blast of cornet . . . strains of "Robin Hood" . . . strict beating of rhythm . . . orchestra practising daily . . . instruments tuning again . . . "Prince of Pilsen" . . . strains of violins . . . crash of symbols . . . capable leadership of Mrs. McGlade . . . orchestra progressing rapidly . . . offers valuable instruction to its members . . . a regular three credit course . . . more wails of saxophones . . . blast of cornet . . . crash of symbols!

The orchestra, under the leadership of Mrs. McGlade, is rapidly becoming one of the foremost organizations of the school. Composed of members, the orchestra practises daily, and its

GLEE CLUB



VIRGINIA MIFKA

Bissel as its president.

TO think that the bird-like voices of the Girls High Glee Club were wafted over the great expanse of radio-land several times this semester! To think that our Glee Club should have been chosen to sing its charming selections for thousands of people all over California, and perhaps the United States. To think—Oh! to think that at each of these performances they trilled themselves to fame.

It is doubtful, however, that this could have been achieved without Mrs. McGlade's excellent training and splendid choice of selections.

Our Glee has always been an exceedingly recreational and enjoyable organization, but this term it reached its pinnacle with Martha Jane

July Woodbury



GLEE CLUB

ORCHESTRA



MAYDELLE ROBERTS

DANCING CLUB

A FEW years ago several girls, who wanted to belong to some activity of the school, but, were not heartily interested in any activity then existing in Girl's High, went to Mrs. Tharpe and asked her if she wouldn't act as supervisor of a new club which they were going to form. Mrs. Tharpe agreed, and so the Dancing Club came into existence.

This club is a very interesting one. All members who join take part in its activities. The girls put steps to music and so compose their own dances. When there are operettas, etc., at school, the club usually helps with the dancing.

This last term the Dancing Club didn't participate in any performances for the public, but has been spending much time on practice work. Every Tuesday, X period, the Club met with Maydelle Roberts, president; Helen Oakes, secretary; Mrs. Tharpe, supervisor; Marjorie Sachs, pianist.

1 1 1



EDA SALZMANN

THE SPANISH CLUB

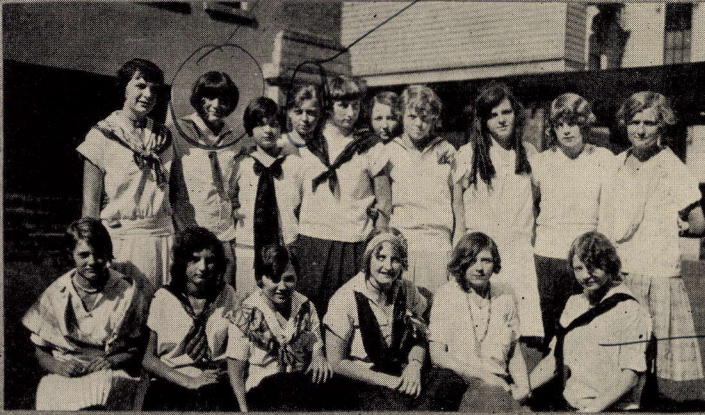
UNDER the leadership of Eda Salzmann, president; Jane Worley, vice-president; Borgney Drange, secretary, and Margaret Vanderburgh, program director, the Spanish Club of Girl's High School is concluding one of the most successful terms in its history.

As many of the meetings are held in Spanish as is possible, and some very interesting programs have been given. The girls play Spanish games, sing Spanish songs, and hear of the people and life in the Spanish-speaking countries when various members make reports about them.

One of the outings of the term was to the statue of Cervantes in Golden Gate Park, on April 14. This trip is an annual affair and a program is given at the statue in Cervantes' honor.

On the twenty-third of April of every year, an essay contest on Cervantes, or his work, is held in commemoration of his death. A medal is awarded to the member of each affiliated club or department for the best essay.

more coming
Loads of Love
from
"Pala!"



Dancing Club Group

The Missing
Link is
you've
found it
here.

Martha
Jane



Spanish Club Group



JOY STUART
MURIEL IRELAND
ALICE PISTOLESI

THE FRENCH CLUB

The French Club has started another year and is prospering under the able leadership of Miss H. Revoy, adviser, Joy Stuart, President; Barbara Wilstin, Vice-President; J. Hirsh, Secretary.

Requirements—One year of French.

The meetings are made interesting as the members take part in the programs.

1 1 1

THE GERMAN CLUB

Konnt ihr lachen und singen?

Konnt ihr deutsch sprechen und schreiben?

Sagt nicht nein, ach nein!

Kommt mir mit zum Deutschen Verein.

If you don't understand, and would like to, join the German club! Anyone who speaks, has spoken, or would like to speak German is eligible. "Sinn und Unsinn," some sense and loads of nonsense is published each term. The club adviser is Mrs. Bickel and the club meets X period on the second Tuesday of every month.

1 1 1

THE CLASSICAL CLUB

Once upon a time, not very long ago, the Latin Club was the foremost club in Girls High; and last term under the able direction of Mr. Centner this forgotten club was revived by the upper-class students of Latin. The name is now "The Classical Club." So enthusiastic are these Latin students that this club is destined to become as popular as the former Latin Club.

The officers for this term are: Pres., Alice Pistolesi; Vice-Pres., Isabel Louisson; Secretary, Susan Heymann; Treasurer, Muriel Chadwick; Muse of Music, Marian McLennon.

THE BANK

A successful system has been established under the direction of Mr. Brookwell of the Anglo-California Trust Co., and the leadership of Frances Peabody, Prex., with Miss Flynn as faculty advisor. When a coupon book (denominations \$.25-\$.50-\$1.00) is completed the money is credited on the depositor's book to earn $4\frac{1}{4}\%$ interest. This system will simplify, save time, and bring new depositors to the bank.

1 1 1

THE BIRD AND FLOWER CLUB

Join the Bird and Flower Club and you have actual experiences on field trips with your nature friends. Under the sponsorship of Miss Petit and the assistance of our officers namely: President, Genevieve Schner; Vice-President, Helen Oppenheim; Secretary, Helene Vichory; Historian, Gertrude Preston, we have been able to secure scientists of note to give us lectures on birds and flowers.

The Bird and Flower Club is open to all girls interested.

1 1 1

THE JAZZ BAND

With apologies to Lloyd Mayer

I mean I ACTually Do! The Girls Hi JAZZ Band is the best EVER and is UNDER the direction of Mr. Kennedy. When the Prex. Georgie Kennedy gets her CLarinet started it won't STOP. My dear I can't control my pedal extremities when I hear the WAils and moANs of the saxaphones played by Geneva Parkhill and Helen Jordan. The piano KEYS do danCE when Louise Cimollo gets started, and the corNET player, Emma Brauer, certainly knows HER stuff and so does the DRummer, Ruth Anderson. The violin player, Edna Black, is the peppiest in the school and HOW!



FRANCES PEABODY

GENEVIEVE SCHNIER

GEORGIE KENNEDY



MARION PHILLIPS

MARIE ESCHEN

ROSEMARIE KIERNAN

THE JOURNAL CLUB

A club truly worthy of the support of the school is the Journal Club, which, though it has inaugurated many new methods this semester, has had in all a most successful term. Miss Flynn who has capably advised us through our period of adjustment and the club officers: Marian Phillips, Pres. and Margaret Friedman, Sec., as well as the capable staff, have brought the Journal club into prominence as one of the leading organizations of the school. The Journal club seeks the support of the entire Student Body for the Journal and invites all those who are interested in Journalism, Art, or Business to sign up for the respective staffs at the beginning of the term.

THE CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

The club is a new organization and its purpose is to help the girls to develop themselves in habits of cleanliness and personal care. We are attempting to teach the girls the correct methods of caring for their appearance. At our meetings we have discussions on the hair, skin, nails, and other subjects of interest. Whenever possible a beauty specialist gives a lecture. The members of the club, though but a small group, are very enthusiastic. The officers of the club are: Pres., Marie Eschen; Vice-pres., Ethel Livingston; Sec., Sigrid Drange. We will be glad to welcome as members any girls that may feel interested.

THE ROOTERS CLUB

D-e, D-e, D-e-b-a-t-e-r-s, Debaters!!—is the loud cry that was made by the enthusiastic crowd of rooters at the many debates held during this term. The Rooter Section means to the school what a brass band is to an army. It raises the standard of loyalty and pride to our school. Through Relda Levy and our advisor Mr. Dupuy this club has been reaching the top. They are the ones who have aroused the spirit of the girls.

We started this term well by electing for our President, Rosemarie Kiernan; Vice-president, Carol Ruben; Secretary, Elinor Kahn; Yell-leader, Relda Levy. It won't be long now!



Adelaide Britton.

*Loads of Love
Verna Gott
Typing class name
"Blue Eyes."*

PUBLICATIONS



ISABEL LOUISSON

JANE BRANDENSTEIN

ELIZABETH BURNELL

THE JOURNAL STAFF

JANE BRANDENSTEIN, *Editor*

ISABEL LOUISSON, *Business Manager*

ELIZABETH BURNELL, *Art Editor*

CLAIRE BUSH

EDITH ARNSTEIN

MIGNON HILL

MARGARET FRIEDMAN

GERTRUDE KRUSE

BERNITA BERTRAM

JEANNETTE GORMLEY

JOY STUART

ELIZABETH BEST

BARBARA CUMMINGS

SUSAN HEYMANN

ADELAIDE BRITTON

MARIAN PHILLIPS

LORRAINE GORFINKLE

ISABEL DRAESEMER

JANE MCFARLAND



CLAIRE BUSH	MIGNON HILL	GERTRUDE KRUSE
JEANNETTE GORMLEY	ELIZABETH BEST	
SUSAN HEYMANN	MARIAN PHILLIPS	ISABEL DRAESEMER



EDITH ARNSTEIN	MARGARET FREIDMAN	BERNITA BERTRAM
JOY STUART	BARBARA CUMMINGS	
ADELAIDE BRITTON	LORRAINE GORFINKLE	JANE MCFARLAND



VIRGINIA MIFKA

THE "MIRROR"

"The Paper With a Personality"

PEOPLE are very definitely individuals. You meet people you like, and then again, you meet people you most decidedly dislike. It is just exactly the same thing with newspapers. There are as many types of newspapers as there are of individuals—the conservatives, the radicals, the enlightened, and the unenlightened.

The MIRROR is an intelligent, enlightened school paper. The MIRROR staff endeavors to write material with an appeal to a majority of girls in the school. One finds jokes "with that personal touch" on the second page for the girl who likes to see her name in print. For the more modest, unassuming, intellectual reader, there is the editorial page and the two middle columns of the second page. And for the mere seeker of news, there is the entire front page which is devoted solely to "straight news" articles.

In short, the MIRROR has "IT." Everything that goes on in Girls' High School may be found within its sixteen columns. Virginia Mifka, this term's editor, has lived up to the excellent standard set by her predecessors, and the MIRROR continues to hold a firm place in the hearts of its readers.



MIRROR STAFF

Dear Bernice,
 I don't know what
 to say, but I do want
 to tell you that I am
 real glad that you are one of
 my friends, and I hope that
 we will still be real
 next time. Lovingly & sincerely,
 Doris Rypser



TORCH STAFF

SINN UND UNSINN STAFF

Affectionate
 Bernice

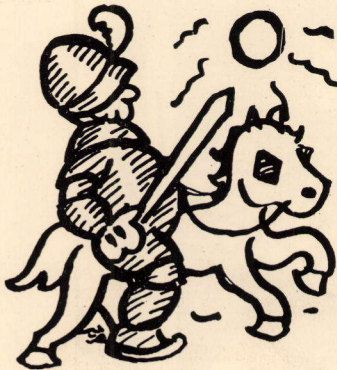


Jane McFarland.

LITERARY

THE BALLAD OF SIR HUMPHREY O'TRIGGER

The best of men it has been said
In times of stress may lose his head.
This truth, my friends, if truth it be
Shall be our theme as you will see.

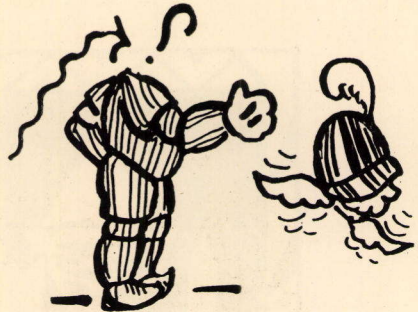


He went into the forest deep
Where lovely Gretchen watched her sheep
He found her midst't the flowers yellow
Emitting bellow after bellow.



[N.B.-ENTER VILLAIN]

"Hurray!" cried she. "Oh sirrah kind
My hand you get when them you find."
(This line, oh reader, you'll agree
Could hardly more inspiring be.)



Sir Humphrey was a warrior bold
Who took Utropin* for his cold
He wandered forth one summer's day
To see what luck might chance his way.



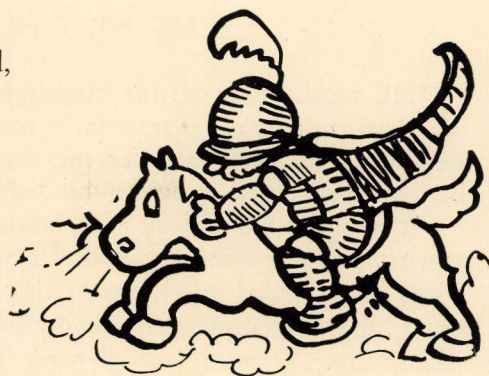
"Fair maid," quoth he, "why is't you weep?"
"A wicked knight hath stole my sheep."
"Rise up my child and weep no more
I'll find your sheep e'er day is o'er."



-oh I give up!

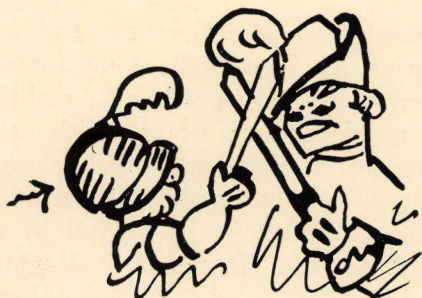
*Utropin is a trade name for Hexamethel.

With joyous heart Sir Humphrey turned,
His spurs into his horse he churned.
He started on his vengeful ride
To find this man, and tan his hide.



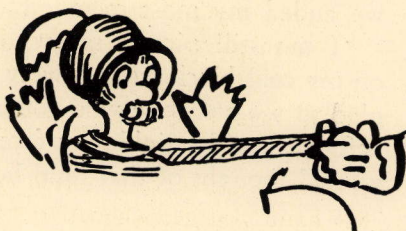
At last beneath a beech-nut tree
Sir Humphrey met his advers'ry
"En garde!" shrieked he with all his might.
(That's how, my dears, one starts a fight.)

They fought that day and all that night.
Alack our hero—sad his plight—
His foe did prove to be too strong
For Hump to right our Gretchen's wrong.



So 'neath that pleasant beech-nut tree
A sad and dismal sight we see
Sir Humphrey turned his head aside
The quivering of his lips to hide.

His rival slipped around the tree
His lips curled back in fiendish glee
Hump saw the blade come toward his throat
And gathered breath enough to quote—
"The best of men, it has been said
In times of stress may lose his head."



Poem by HELEN WRIGHT.
Illustrations by ELIZABETH BURNELL.

MY FIRST HORSEBACK RIDE

THE recollection of this memorable ride is still so vivid in my memory that, without exaggeration, to recall it fairly makes my whole body ache. Let me for a space go over the details of my bouncing experience on the back of what some generous-minded person might call a horse.

It was just ten o'clock of a beautiful, sunny, cloudless Saturday morning when my whole family was kind enough to escort me to the riding stables. I was fully dressed in a brown, rather good looking riding costume with black boots, and, to complete the beauty of my appearance, I wore a brown velvet jockey cap. When I had glanced into the mirror before leaving home, I thought to myself that there surely never was an equestrienne that could compare with me in style. In this thought I imagine I was correct, because everyone's first impulse, when regarding my modish appearance, was to burst into gales of laughter. Of course, all this amused me very much, and I was quite pleased to find my own innocently witty remarks concerning equestrian pleasures amusing others.

After my instructor and the rest of the grooms and stable boys had settled down to business, my horse was escorted into my presence. My heart gave a huge jump and with one leap was in my throat. What did I behold? A huge raw-boned black mare was standing blinkingly in front of me. Having always imagined that size meant speed and strength, I was seized with an uncomfortable spasm of fear.

I sought to steal modestly away, but I was seized by the two tremendous arms of my teacher, and seated awkwardly on the bony back of my mare. No sooner was I seated than I was led into a huge ring where in reality began my torture. My instructor handed me four thick straps which are called reins. After this he gave a loud command, and off I started, shrieking with fear and discomfort. After what seemed an interminable time, my instructor suddenly recalled that I was still galloping wildly around in a circle. He grew charitable and strove to rescue me. Just then I slid off rather abruptly, and found myself sitting breathless on the ground. Here we ended my most memorable ride.

I can still picture my whole family as I was dashing miserably around on my coal black steed. Every cloud has a silver lining, however, and I was glad to see someone who could laugh over my misery. Alas, it was a month before I could wrinkle my face into anything resembling a happy expression, when I thought of that fatal horseback ride.

ELIZABETH LIPPITT.

CLOCKS

CLOCKS, especially alarm clocks, have always been the bane of my existence: for, above all things else, I dislike being fastened down to any definite time for doing things, and for what other purpose were clocks made than to remind us of unpleasant things to be done, I say unpleasant things, for who needs a reminder, so that he may not be late at the theatre, or may stay too long in school? Of all clocks, however, I believe that those made with a harsh, prolonged, ringing noise set to rouse one at six-thirty are the most objectionable.

Half past six is not such a horrible hour for rising on these pleasant spring mornings; but when it is cold, and damp, and dark, and you have to go to school, who can welcome that malevolent ringing which always manages to rouse every other person in the house long before the slumberer who must awaken has been roused from his first deep sleep? Nevertheless, in spite of this lack of melody, I prefer the genuine, old-fashioned alarm-clock to its modern imitations which play gay little tunes calculated to make the person aroused start the day right, with music in his soul. This type of clock has always a dire effect upon me, and leaves me with the feeling that I am being mocked and jeered at by a very annoying little Polyanna striving to disprove the old saying, "Sing before breakfast, cry before night."

On the other hand, let us think of our subject from the viewpoint of the clock. It must be very annoying to receive instructions to wake someone at a set hour; and, when you try your very best, to be very promptly silenced by the angry gestures of a decidedly angry individual. If, however, the clock should try to remedy matters the next night by not ringing at all, it is quite apt to find itself thrown out of house and home by a person still more irate than when wakened the previous morning.

I suppose that our elders are quite correct in their advice, but just how to use it, I have not yet decided. Nor am I alone in this respect. Let us see the result of clock-gazing in the school room. If you glance clockward too often, you are sure to hear the all too familiar words, "Stop watching the clock! If, on the other hand, you disregard it entirely, and consequently are only half-way through your examination when the bell rings, you hear, "Not finished! Why didn't you look at the clock?" Again, the time is so long between ticks of these electric clocks, and when I stop to reflect that I must listen to forty-five of those ticks before gaining my release! . . . We have all heard the expression that "it went like clockwork"; we have heard the none-too-flattering comparison between clockwork and dancing. To me, clocks and clockwork are most peculiar things; however, I suppose that I appear just as peculiar to them, for I consider them my pet aversion.

M. V.

HONOR

EDWARD CRANDAL mounted the steps of his childhood home, "Briarwood." Only that afternoon, they had made speeches about him; he had been proclaimed a master of the drama. One enthusiastic admirer had even compared him with Shakespeare. The past six months had been for him a glorious round of triumph, but, now, tired of it all, he sought refuge in the place, and pondered over the events of the day. Deep in his heart, he knew they had exaggerated their statements regarding him. He was no mastermind; he was no genius. All his achievements had been due to work—hard work. Someone had remembered him as a child, and had described in extravagant detail his striking originality and talent. The crowd had drunk it in, marvelling.

That evening Crandal made a thorough exploration of "Briarwood"—the most delightful evening he had spent in years. Everywhere, he found relics of his childhood. About twelve o'clock he seated himself in the library with a pile of old school books before him. One note book, ragged and worn around the edge, attracted him especially; it was a Latin note book. The writing, with its artificial sweeps and curves, was hardly visible; and he recalled the foolish pride with which he had dashed off those childish sentences—sentences though even then, at eighteen, he had not understood. In a flash, he realized that this handwriting typified his whole life. Ornate, yet careless, it was, dashing but without character. For the first time in years, he looked at himself squarely, and the disagreeable truth seized him. His plays were without a spark of originality; their very plots had been deliberately copied from the works of masters; yet he had so cleverly embellished these copies as entirely to deceive his public. In vain, he tried to justify himself for disguising his hypocrisy? Are there not some devices which every dramatist is entitled to use? Everyone enjoyed his plays. What difference did it make where they came from? Here again he was trying to deceive himself as he had deceived others. Still staring at the writing before him, he read on:

"Then Honor, lifting her great white wings soars, a gleam of light in the black vault of heaven. She guides the weary wanderer to the safe shore of righteousness. Always a messenger of the truth she is an enemy of falsehood and deceit."

Edward Crandal read no more. These lines, crude as they were, were to him a revelation. They were his own translation, yet how slight an impression they had made upon him at the time! How true it all was! Honor had failed him; in the eyes of the world he was a genius; in his own heart he was a cheat.

"Always a messenger of the truth, she is an enemy of lying and falsehood."

After reading these words in his own handwriting, could Edward Crandal possibly go on living as he had before?

—*Alice Pistolesi.*

MAROONED ON THE DESERT

Cactura was a lonesome village nestled close to a mountain of stark rock. It was an incongruous muddle of varied architecture, looking forlornly out upon a harsh, grey desert of sage-brush and cactus.

Alas! We of Cactura's chief hostelry were neither picturesque cow-boys, nor isolated Indians, nor even penniless Mexicanos. We were the accumulated diseases of these United States in search of health.

The dominating impulses which led us to this spot were three: tuberculosis, solitude, and real estate.

The sun rose in Cactura with minute regularity and set each night in much the same way. The diversity of evening hues called forth the same range of adjectives from the same number of desert-lovers every night. Life consisted of food, sleep, symptom discussion, and interminable sitting about. The sheer monotony sent one into a state of frenzied hilarity extremely irritating to one's co-sufferers.

To break through the dull uniformity came the storm. Rain-rain-rain! Ceaseless rain! Bridges broken. Wires down. Roads washed away—Aha!—A sensation at last! We are marooned!

To add insult to injury, we were restricted to two pats of butter a day. The idea! Hadn't Dr. Salinsky said definitely that Mrs. Arnold was to have four pats? This was simply ridiculous and not to be tolerated! She might have a "crisis" at any moment. The poor lady was in a state of mental exhaustion from excessive shopping and had come to be fed up, not put on a starvation diet; besides which, she was paying exorbitant prices for sunshine and sunsets. Couldn't something be done about it? The management groaned, sent her an extra French roll, and looked despairingly out at a miserable dreary, and drenched desert.

The unceasing rain, of which I have spoken so vehemently, continued for five days. It was a source of increasing indignation to all the hotel guests. It proved particularly annoying to one Mr. Jackson, a string bean king from Louisville. He was suffering from acute ego, a bad hip, and an unutterable temper. He was a big man. Los Angeles awaited him with a billion dollar deal, a chamber of commerce banquet, and publicity. Fancy his dismay, and the complete annihilation of any trace of good humour he possessed, when he discovered delay was inevitable. With admirable fortitude, he overcame his desire to cause the financial wreck of Cactura, and decided to curse, play bridge, and prepare impromptu speeches instead.

Then there was the poetess who had come to breathe the air of God's own country, to thrill at the great silences, and to be one with nature! (Her husband was a realtor.) Think then, what torture it was to her to be confined within man-made prison walls.

Ruth Randall, a suffragette, was one of the most energetic of the hotel guests. With the hope of achieving some moral conquests, she had come to Cactura and incited its passive wives to daring revolt. Her successes were

beyond conception. Now those great lanky cow-boys could be seen wistfully washing greasy plates, while the women, under the influence of the enlightened Ruth, made speeches and studied politics.

When the rain came, poor Miss Randall must cease her missionary enterprise and act normally for a few days—possibly even become feminine.

Another who took the storm severely was Lawson, an artist-professor. He was one of those cultured gentlemen who ooze erudition. Lifting his eyebrow and curling his finger, he would glance to the left and right exclaiming ardently, "Americans are so bourgeois!"

There were the five Miss Digsbys each having something ending in "itis." Let us have compassion on the mother of this Frightful Five, all of whom were unmarried. For them the rain brought sneezes, wheezes, and general decrepancy.

After an interminable five days, there came a break in the storm. I rushed towards the Southern Pacific, boarded the waiting train, heaved a huge sigh of relief, and left my assortment of desert rats to work out their own salvation.

AMBITION

The world rings in my ears
As yet I have not answered it
If I reply
It will be with a long clear call
That echoes afterward.

The world rings in my ears
And I am longing, hoping, praying
I may answer it
For in my ears I hear a long clear call
And in my mind, I hear an echo.

E. Arnstein.

THOUGHTS IN AND ON AN IMAGINARY CATHEDRAL

I SHALL build a cathedral of divine beauty
So glorious, that in it one is overcome.
Here fear must vanish; grief must vanish,
And nothing must remain but pleasure,
Deep, satisfying pleasure.

So exquisite will it be that all shall feel exultant
While steeped in its rhythm and its grace.
Herein will be the answer to all things—
To death—to life—to God.
Herein shall be great masses of tender radiating rhythmic beauty.

I shall build this building—this shrine.
Here all men will come and worship,
Worship truth.
I shall tell them truth.
I shall call things by their right names.
I shall show them God.

I will say, "Behold!
God is the cosmos.
God is the delicate tracery on the tiniest leaf.
God is nothing but beauty
And vastness filling a void in the souls of men."

There in the splendid glory of the great temple
In the intoxication of their souls,
They will feel.
They will bow down.
They will understand!

J. B., J. '28.

THE DRESDEN DOLL

A DAINY Dresden maiden,
Although so very shy,
Was thought to smile upon a youth
Who for her hand did try.

He was a noble laddie,
This youth so young and fair,
Who made you smile in sympathy
To see him standing there.

And often, at the midnight hour
When dolls may roam the halls,
He danced with her a minuet
At all the nursery balls.

At last one night he whispered,
"Fair maid, will you be mine?
I'll love you very tenderly,
And give you dresses fine."

The dainty miss was haughty
And said to him, "My pride
Would never let me marry you.
I cannot be your bride."

"We'll have to live a life apart,
You are not in my class;
For I'm of Dresden china,
While you are only glass."

—Margaret Vanderburgh.

SCHOOL DAYS

DAYS of education, palpitation,
Estimation, realization;
Days of idealization, syncopation,
Americanization and formation,
These are school days.

Days of reformation, information,
Edification, illumination;
Days of concentration, decoration,
Affiliation, affectation,
These are school days.

Days of subordination, elevation,
Application, expectation;
Days of versification, inspiration,
Experimentation, examination,
These are school days.

—*Marian Phillips*

Editor's P. S.:

Does this startling affirmation
Cause you any consternation?
This should be elimination-*ed*!

ooh!

FOG AT SEA

Faint, white wisps of fairies rushing
Thin and ghost-like fingers brushing
Mystic arms the moon entwining—
Wraith-like fog.

Shrieking, quivering, sighing, moaning,
Fog-horns hoarse their weird songs droning
Unseen waters softly surging—
Hidden Sea.

Mystic lights the water riding
Spectral shapes so softly gliding
Shadowy masts their dim sails flying—
Passing ships.
Unknown ships, the sea, the fog—
A phantom world.

—*Helen Brown*

1 1 1

A beggar asked, "Who are you?"
I said, "I am he who would sail
With the wind in his face
Far out on the sea."
He said, "Look at your hand,
You'll never sail on the sea
You were only made to work in the sand."
I said, "The water washes the waves
High on the shore. I'll work in the sand
Near the sea, and some day a wave of the waters
Will take me to sail
Far out on the sea."

—*Jeanette Gormley*

A ROSE

A golden sunbeam captured just at dawning;
A tiny rainbow stolen from the fading sunset sky;
A little skylark's happy song of Summer;
A scent of perfume wafted from a breeze which murmured by;
A crystal raindrop from a bubbling brook which sparkling flows;
Of all these myriad things, God made a rose.

—*Elizabeth Darling Best.*

ECSTASY

I feel the wind caress my cheek
A strange exuberance thrills my heart;
Discarding care, I throw my arms
Apart, embracing passionately
The wind, the hills, the sea, the night.

—*Carolyn Hall.*

THE STREAM BY THE MILL

There's a hurrying, scurrying, in the stream by the mill,
There's a lashing and a splashing, in the stream by the mill.
All day long 'tis toiling,
Its clear green waters boiling;
Roaring ever, ceasing never,
Is the stream by the mill.

—*Alberta Pope.*

POETRY

Winged, set free,
Devoid of fetters,
Dancing in glee—
A myriad letters
Join hand in hand,
Form works, you see,
And softly intoned,
Make poetry.

—*Alice Reinhart*

A DAY OR SO

I made a resolution a day or so ago,
I kept my resolution—for a day or so.

I made a little promise to a person that I know,
I kept my little promise—for a day or so.

I was longing for some pleasure a day or so ago,
I took it and it lasted—for a day or so.

I had a true and faithful love a day or so ago,
I vowed to love forever, and I loved—a day or so.

I feel that I am very old, that life must always go,
Just on and on forever, yet it's just—a day or so.

—*Alice Reinhart*

I cannot see my way
For the blackness of the night.
I cannot see my way
Am I blinded by the light?

—*Jeannette Gormley*





DOROTHY ARNALL

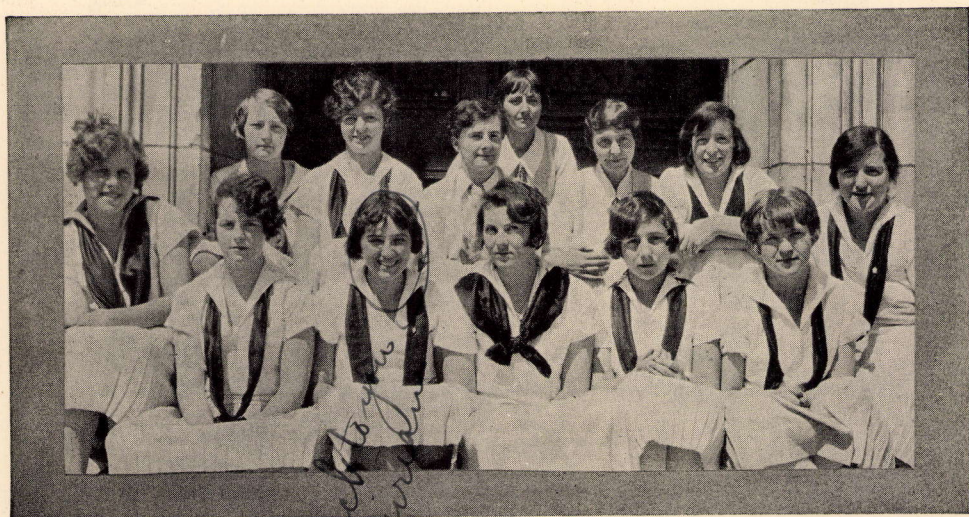
SPORTS AND PASTIME ASSOCIATION

*"The S. P. A., we all must say
Is full of pep, girls, every way!"*

The Beach Supper, the Launch Ride, and the Hare and Hounds Chase, held for the entire S. P. A., were howling successes, as were the Baseball, Girl's Beach Supper, the Volley Ball, Girls, Mulligan Feed, the Tennis Girls' Picnic, and the Swimming and Archery Girls' trip to Searsville Lake.

There was a large turn out for sports this term, consequently, the game held a keen interest for everyone.

The awards were distributed at the semi-annual banquet, and the number of girls who received them shows that S. P. A. girls are doing their best to live up to the Sportsman's Code of Honor, "Be a good Sport; and play the game, in victory or defeat."



S. P. A. BOARD

*Best of luck to you
Marilyn*



Dorothy Raymond *Margaret Hazelwood*
Volley-ball *Baseball*

MANAGERS



Agnes Silver
Swimming

Ruth Windsor
Tennis

Alice Ryder
Archery

Dear Renee
 Lots of
 luck to you
 at P.S.
 about a
 picture.
 Mary Ann



Volleyball Class Managers



Baseball Class Managers

Best Wishes
 Wa-fella
 comes
 from
 a Baseb
 captain
 Sincerely
 Mary Ann



H-3 Basketball Team



L-4 and H-4 Baseball Team

In your golden chain of
friendship, regard me as
a link, ⁷⁵
Your sewing classmate
Ruby Garantile

Love
 "Rips" Van
 Winkle
 when you are
 married + live
 at your ease
 remember
 I'm single
 and do as please



Tennis Group



Archery Group

Back to Panther

lots of love
to our English friend
Lobe Flora.



Elizabeth Burnell.

CUT-UPS

lots of luck
and good wishes
Edwin Hutter



Boston makes
throughout
his school days
and then after
Finland
Algeria
H3's

Hitting the High Spots Hard

"M.J.B." (now don't ask WHY?) Beverly Fisher



There is no need to put our fair prex on a pedestal—her legs

Here we have our efficient Student Body Prex. (MIDDY, FLOWER, TIS, GAVEL, ALL)

afford her ample support. [EDITOR'S NOTE: M.J.B. WROTE THIS HERSELF I AM EXEMPT FROM BLAME]

sweetly(?) banging on the famous stand with that "anguished—



Jane Brandenstein. We were sure,

please—be good—I'm—so—embarrassed" look on her face.

OUR EDITOR (AHM) would be reliable—for "a large nose denotes intelligence

"Mifka": M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M that "hot" bob. How did you do it and "keep your job"—MIFKA?

[APPROVED RELUCTANTLY BY EDITOR]



Elizabeth Burnell

Our art editor completely upsets the prevalent theory that artists(?) live in the Latin quarter in Paris, are lean, and cadaverous as to physique, and have a hunted, haunted, hungry—what—have—you look.

But calm down—s-s-h—don't get ruffled—we wouldn't miss that "running the piano ragged"—for anything.



Isabel Louisson—They say opposites attract—hence—behold our BUSINESS MGR straining every nerve to look like Creta Garbo.



Anna Levin This young pine belongs to that species of humanity which dwells among the pines—in other words a CAMP FIRE GIRL.

I.C.M. Apologies to the above victims

Love Good Luck to my G.H.S. chum Laura Wall.

Loads of love and success for future years at girls H.C. forever! Etti Mar Etti

WE are in a large printing firm. The three editors enter boldly. The editor makes sub-rosa observations as to the color of the clerk's necktie. The art editor smiles expansively, a large genial smile! The business manager titters nervously.

"He, he," titters the business manager. "Don't forget what Miss Flynn said about the——"

"But really—" our artist begins again.

Exit in deep melancholia the three worthies. Girls, we did find a printer after all, but read and appreciate our noble, misdirected attempts.

JANE BRANDENSTEIN, *Editor*
ISABEL LOUISSON, *Business Manager*
ELIZABETH BURNELL, *Art Editor*

Lorraine Gorfinkle claims that the *one* gray hair on her head is a result of this term's work on the Journal.

She would toil in shine or rain
Weary, worthy, poor Lorraine!

Lots of Love
Your friend and
school mate
Zebun Archer!

GUARANTY PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH CO., INC
SAN FRANCISCO

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Wishing you all the
luck, success & happiness
for your future years
I am always
sincerely
yours
Jessie Long

"Just a friend"
"Wonder"??
Lora Cook

Best wishes
your friends
Anna & Father
Sincerely yours
Elizabeth

Lovingly,
Beatrice Glantz.

Best Luck
Mildred Lumb

Lovingly, your friend
Margaret Wheeler
With Loads of Love
Helene Jordan

Best wishes
from another
English sufferer.
Janet Simonsen.
Sincerely,
Anna Lucas.

Sincerely yours
Annette Lumb

many who

Just a few lines from
a lazy poet.

Mae Lavin

"one of your friends
"Billie"
Regards
Dorothy Callaghan

Yours till a
"cowship"
Elizabeth Waller.
Best wishes
Lillian Waller.
Buena muchacha.
Bellevue Moorhouse

Best wishes
Helene Szabo

Best wishes
Helene child

Best wishes to a friend
in Spanish class.
Prigida Perez.
for the best of luck
in the future
Doris Becker

"Lots of Luck"
from
Dorothy McSherrin

May success and
happiness be yours
throughout your
school career,
Yours
Gloria Isavia

Yours Truly
Arline Smeltzer

Best of luck
Margaret Wheeler

