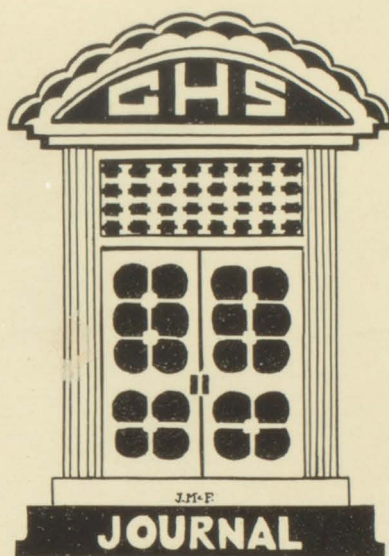




# GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL



DECEMBER

1928



*Edited by the*  
STUDENTS OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA





Mr. Charles C. Danforth  
*Principal of Girls High School*



## *Dedication*

HE HAS listened to us in silence and judged impartially. He has been fair and just and has given us an ideal of justice. He has worked diligently to give us every educational advantage. He has fostered our school activities and recreations. Therefore, in sincere appreciation of all his work for Girls High, we dedicate this book, "*The JOURNAL of December, 1928*," to  
*Charles C. Danforth*  
our principal.





# *Contents*

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FACULTY  
APPRECIATION  
CLASSES  
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LITERARY  
ALUMNAE  
SPORTS  
HUMOR





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MISS LAURA DANIEL, *Vice Principal*

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MRS. JOANNE B. HOFFMAN, *Secretary*  
MISS HELEN RHEIN, *Librarian*

\*Absent on leave.



## *Appreciation*

THE JOURNAL STAFF  
wishes to express its  
gratitude to all the teachers  
who have been so kind in  
helping to compile this book  
—Miss Flynn, Miss McDermott,  
Miss Hesselberg, Miss Rosenberg,  
Miss Browning,  
and Mr. McGlynn.









Frances Coyne  
*Secretary*

Betty Lummis  
*President*

Joy Stuart  
*Vice President*

Frances Peabody  
*Treasurer*

Patricia Williams  
*Mirror Reporter*

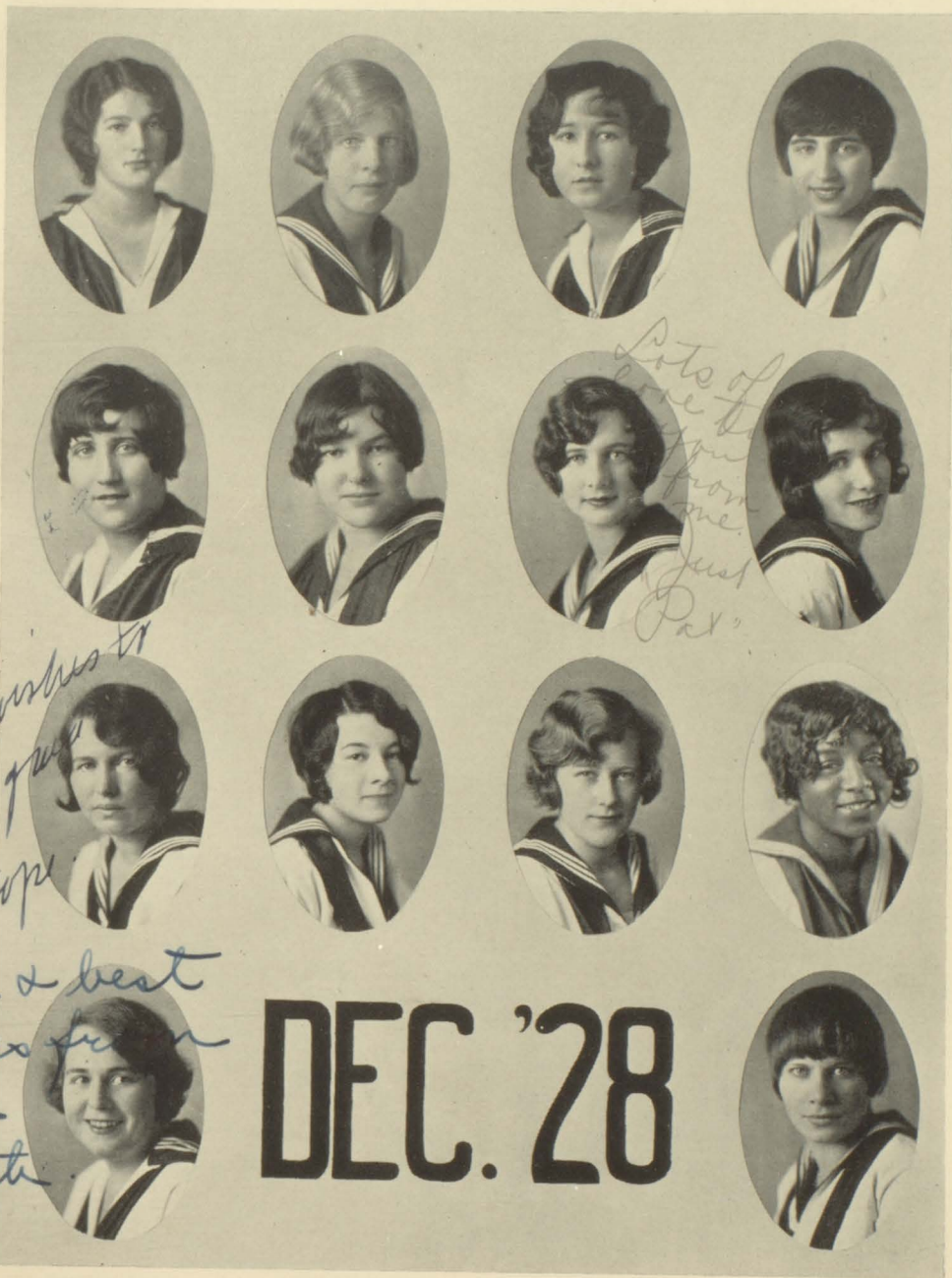
Louise Comollo  
*Cheer Leader*

Mary Buchanan  
*Cheer Leader*

## Hail, High Seniors!

THE High Seniors' term is literally crammed full of fun, worry, excitement, and positions.

Having cleverly led up to the purpose of the paragraph, we shall continue with the business of the day. We elected—who else but the ever-charming Betty Lummis for class president, supported by the able—unusually able—vice president, Joy Stuart. Frances Coyne is the secretary; Frances Peabody, treasurer; Patricia Williams, Mirror Reporter. "Sandy" Buchanan and Louise Comollo, cheer leaders, led the Class of December, '28, to final perfection.



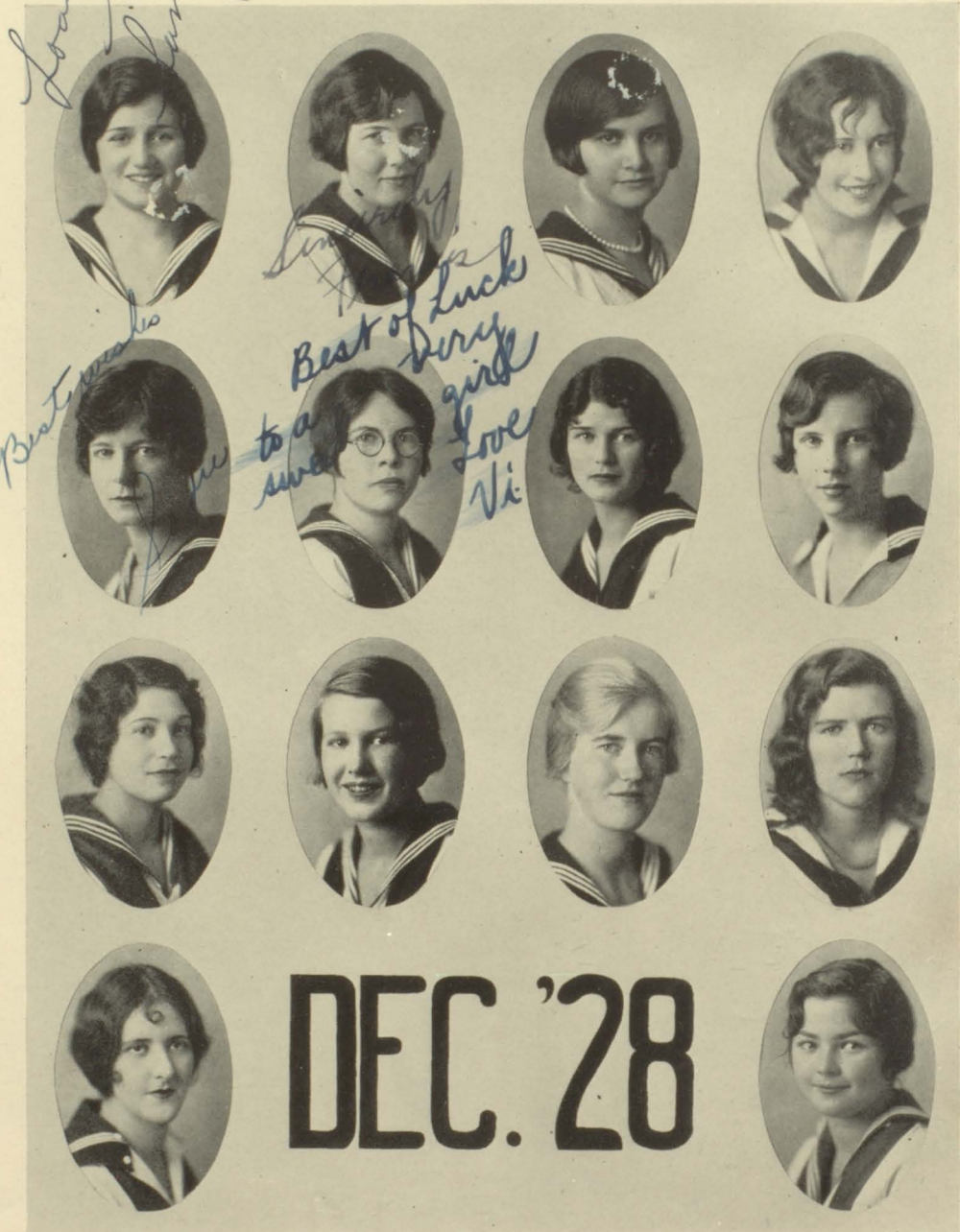
Dorothy Abraham  
Ruth Helen Abrams  
Hope Adams  
Ruth Anderson

Edith Anderson  
Velma Anderson  
Jeanne Berryessa

Catherine Booker  
Patricia Boreham  
Emma Brauer

Katherine Brocato  
Blanche Brough  
Eloise Brown  
Esther Brown



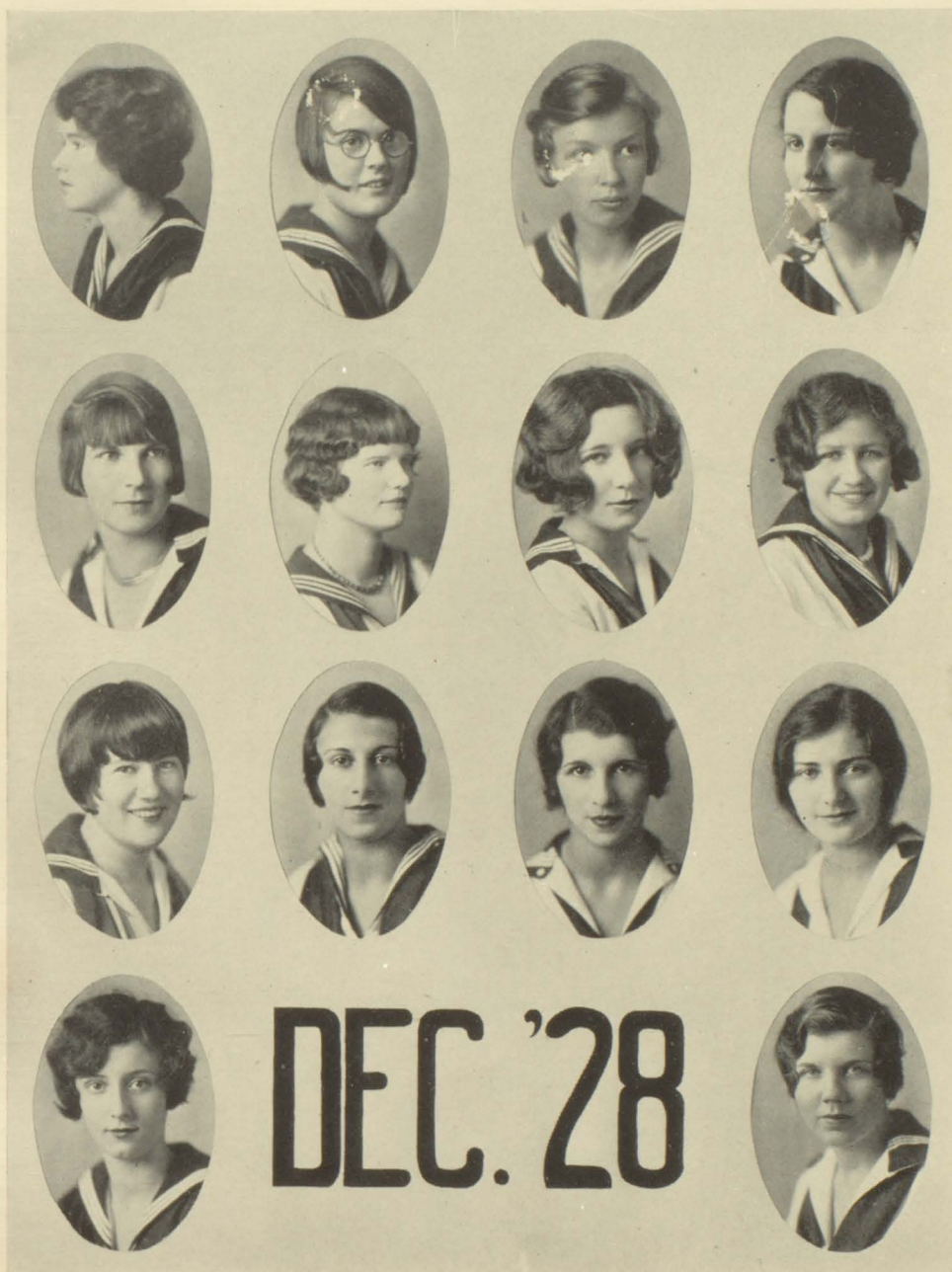


Mary Buchanan  
Sadie Campbell  
Louise Comollo  
Willaine Copinus

Frances Coyne  
Viola Cunningham  
Doris Currie

Ruth Dahl  
Jane Deremer  
Louise Drees

Florence Duckworth  
Octavia Durie  
Marie Eckels  
Sallee Ellinwood



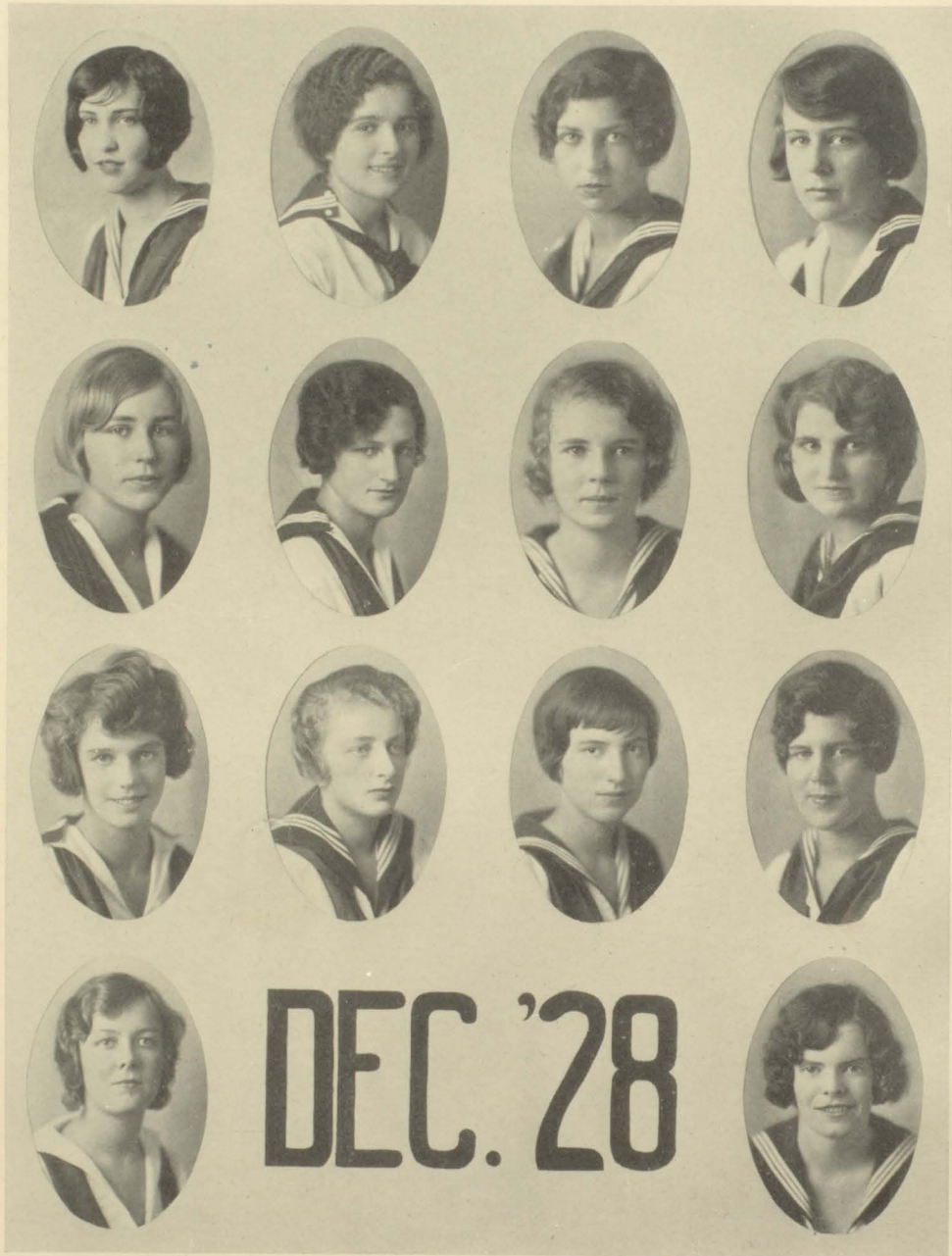
Marion English  
Marion Fitzgerald  
Anne Mary Gallagher  
Vermell Giacobbi

Viola Giesen  
Mildred Goericke  
Curtess Goldstein

Jeanette Gormley  
Elinor Haas  
Kitty Hart

Eleanor Hertz  
Maybell Herrington  
Celia Heskes  
Ellen Heueisen



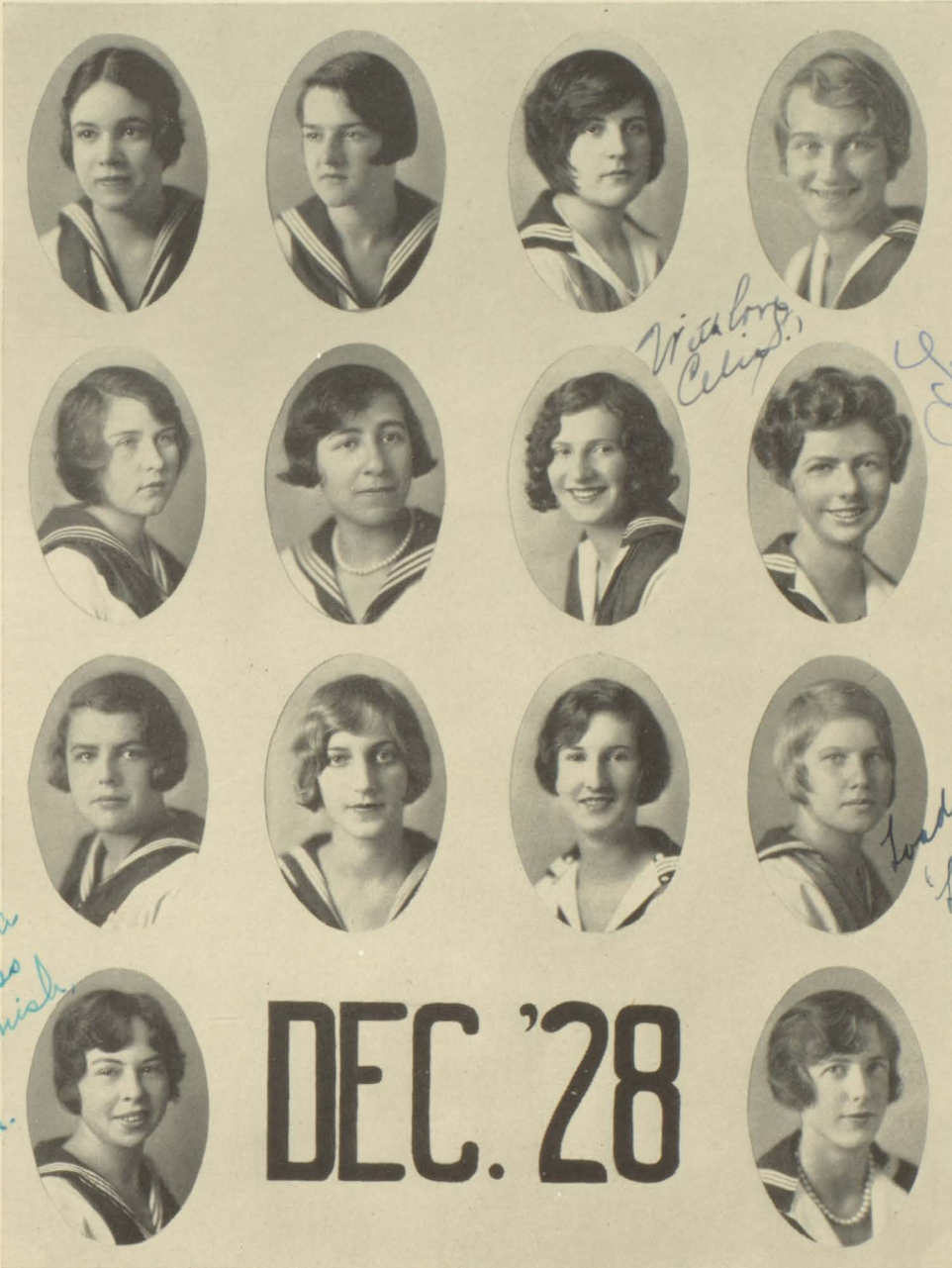


Elinor Hoffman  
Gladys Howland  
Ida Lane  
Katherine Lawson

Frances Lieberman  
Dorothy Lindner  
Elizabeth Lippitt

Ethel Livingston  
Betty Lummis  
Marion Malcolm

Anita Matthiesen  
Ernestine Montani  
Marion Morton  
Mae O'Connell



DEC. '28

Frances Peabody  
Isabel Pierson  
Miriam Polidori  
Alberta Pope

Julia Relat  
Katherine Saadallah  
Marjorie Sachs

Rose Salabert  
Celia Schefsky  
Bernice Schmitt

Marguerite Siem  
Agnes Silver  
Aleida Smitt  
Frances Simpson

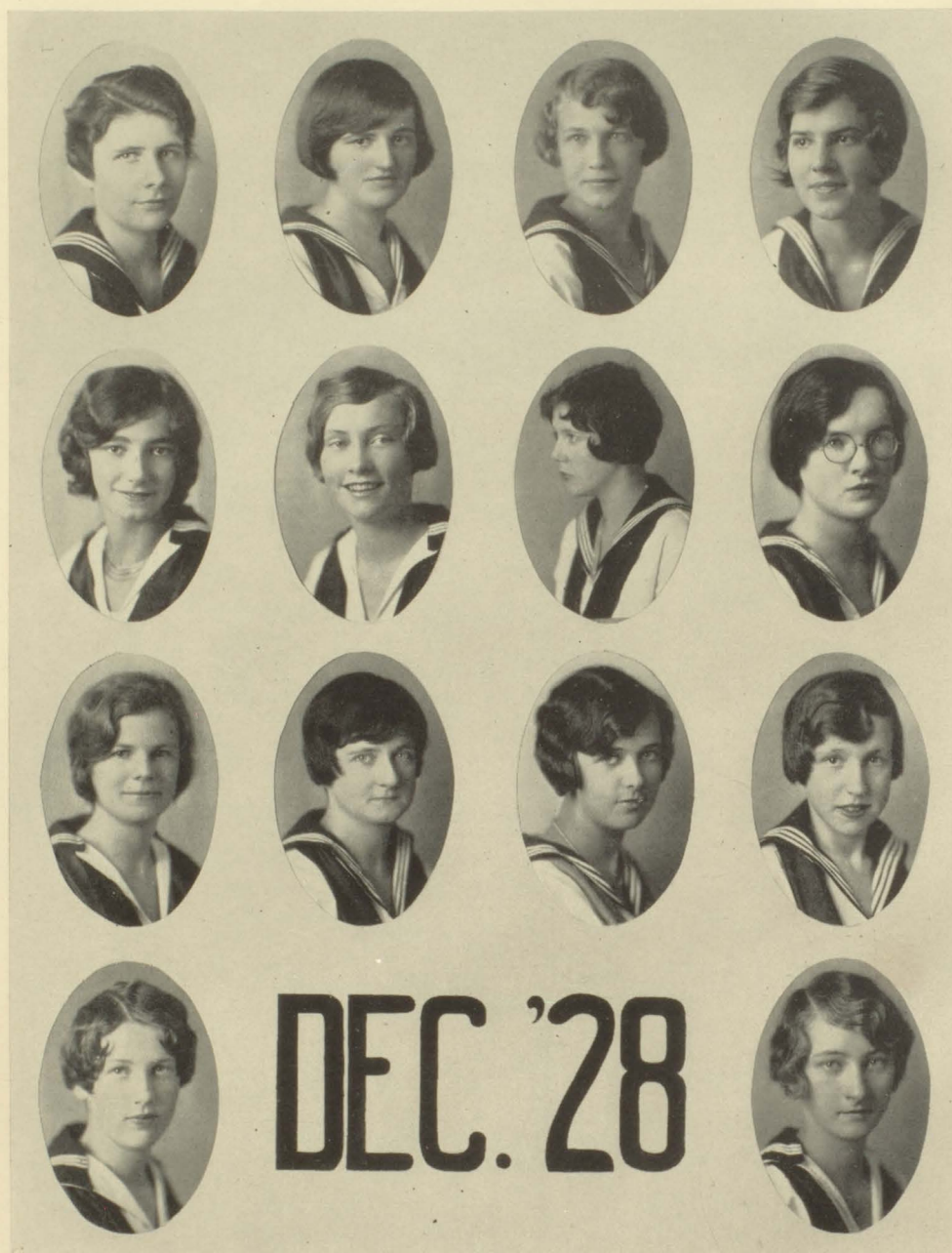
*Done to a  
cutie actress  
for Spanish  
Alberta.*

*With love  
Celia*

*Your sister  
Celia*

*Lots of love  
Sue Smith*





Joy Stuart  
Inez Swanson  
Emily Sweetser  
Genevieve Tamblin

Helen Tuttle  
Winifred Vance  
Josephine Vint

Emma Wagner  
Edna Wales  
Gertrude Walsh

Barbara Webster  
Marie Wilkerson  
Patricia Williams  
Ruth Windsor



Peggy Buckley  
Dorothy Zelich

Mildred Woloski

Reeva Zelinsky  
Edna Burmister



## *The High Four Class*

FOUR years ago the class of December '28 came into existence in the Girls High auditorium and was impressively urged to study the languages, science and mathematics. (We had no choice about English, the course being compulsory. We started right out with a fat volume of *Classic Myths*). We were ceremoniously received and duly feted by a high senior class. We had great respect for the Faculty, great admiration for our high seniors, and great love for the gym apparatus. We made our first friends.

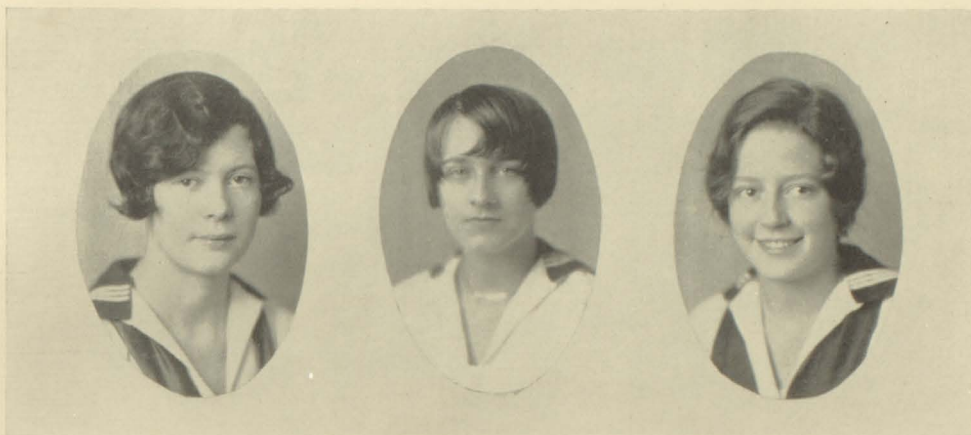
Four years later the class of December '28 ceremoniously received and duly feted another freshman class, who in turn will become seniors. Thus school history is made—thus generation follows generation.

Four years hence will find no class of December '28, no group playing exactly as we played, nor thinking exactly as we thought. We never shall come together again to enjoy the careless comradeship of school days. However, it is better that nothing in life can be repeated; change tends toward progress.

We shall not remember geometric theorems, chemistry formulas, nor *Classic Myths*. We shall have forgotten many actual facts which we spent four years of our life in learning. Other things which we absorbed—things of more vital importance in the world of men and women—we shall keep, the principles which we will carry through life. The years between fourteen and eighteen are the formative years of life. We adopt in that period the manners, the speech, and the ideals which our environment and associates offer.

We of December '28 go forth after four years of work and play, grateful to friends and teachers, our class having done its part in upholding the fine standards that are traditional in Girls High.





Bernice Durham

Juel Young

Margaret Effey

### *The Low Four Class*

THE history of the Low Four Varsity Team has been full of great activity and interesting scrimmages. From the kick-off to the final pistol-shot the players have commanded the attention of the whole Alma Mater by their new tackles and brilliant plays, their first victory being the choosing of the Big Debating Team in which Nora Siegal, Cecille Kaufman, and Mary McGinn are the eminent stars; and, as they are in fine condition due to much strenuous training, their victories will continually accumulate during the forth-coming season.

The half-back and quarter-back, Jane McFarland and Blanche Kubicek, respectively, are together doing their share in the executive offices of vice-president and secretary of the Student Body. As their positions are of utmost importance to the Varsity, they have been elected to their posts on the grounds of faithfulness and cool initiative.

All competitors were fearlessly overcome by the squad in a ?—? victory over the high seniors on S. P. A. Day.

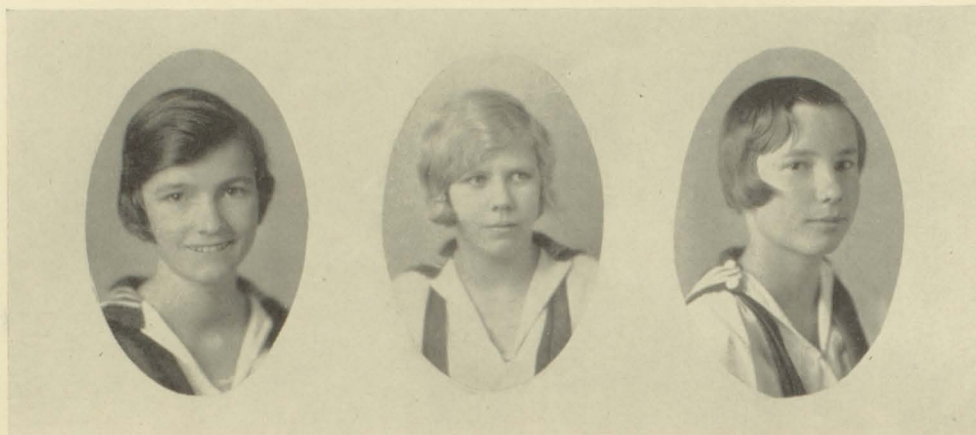
A new type of "play" was inaugurated in the form of a movie presented in November which was greatly enjoyed by a packed stadium and enthusiastic rooters. These tactics had never heretofore been tried by any former low senior team.

Some of the outstanding members of the "first string" were:

JUEL YOUNG, *President*  
BERNICE DURHAM, *Vice-President*  
MARGARET EFFEY, *Secretary*  
RELD A LEVY, *Cheer Leader*

It is very evident from this list of victories that the squad has had little or no interference from any opposing teams, and the season has been loaded with repeated brilliant "plays."





Sigrid Drange

Mildred Rignel

Alice Holtz

## High Three Class

### OFFICERS

|                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| MILDRED RIGNEL..... | <i>President</i>        |
| SIGRID DRANGE.....  | <i>Vice-President</i>   |
| ALICE HOLTZ.....    | <i>Secretary</i>        |
| ETHEL LUM.....      | <i>Treasurer</i>        |
| MARION PAUSON.....  | <i>Yell Leader</i>      |
| ANITA CAVANAGH..... | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |

OH, most honorable and noble institution, sheltering and fostering the flower-like offspring of the extremely elevated citizens of our benign and respected city of San Francisco, bend your increasingly respectable ears in my most humble direction while I relate to them the unbelievably wonderous activities of the High Junior Class.

"Confucius hath said that good is rewarded; so this highly deserving group of elevated scholars is now the most discussed class in this admirable institution, for it has produced a marvelous production whose most worthy foundation has been the benign, so-called 'funny paper.'

"Its well-deserved success was instantaneous. The following glorified girls have been the most worthy recipients of the extremely delectable honors of the day: Anna Trueb, Rhoda Horn, Virginia Duley, Mary McGinn, Margaret Friedman, Sylvia Avanzato, Frances Morgenthau, Dorothy Blum, Janet Dozier, Marion Pauson, Melfaun Pinkney, Henriette Verbarg, Ursula Douglas, Norma Harrison, and Ethel Lum.

"Your most dignified presence may now withdraw its ears and acknowledge the extremely apparent fact that the High Juniors are the noble daughters of the most illustrious personages of the land."

So spake Ching Chow—and he knows!



Miriam Gutstadt

Ethel Goss

Elizabeth Muller

### *Low Three Class*

THIS is Station F-U-N broadcasting from the Low Three studio, Scott and Geary streets. The first number on this evening's program will be an address by President Goss on "How to Keep Order Without Denting Miss Kennedy's Desk." This will be followed by a piano solo entitled "Girls! Will the Meeting Please Come to Order!" with an encore by the Vice President, Miriam Gutstadt.

\* \* \*

This program is being brought to you through the courtesy of the Low Three Class. For knowledge and sportsmanship, see us first. Our products are absolutely guaranteed. We are represented in all the activities in Girls High. Need we any better advertisement? Continuing with this evening's program, Dorothy Kain, Class rep., will sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Council Meetings," to be followed by Ana Santa Cruz, Cafeteria Commissioner, rendering "C-C-C-Caf, Beautiful Caf."

F - U - N

You will next receive "time" signals from the Low Three cheer leader, Eva Bailey, assisted by Dorothy Moss, and Elizabeth Muller, secretary, who will dispense with the "minutes."

The class as a whole will now sing "Why We All Get Straight A's," to be followed by the Low Three dance orchestra offering "We've Got It" and "You've No Idea How Precious We Are."





Olga Bloesch

Florence Johnson

Annie Silver

## High Two Class

### EVERY GIRL

TIME: Fall term, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

PLACE: Girls' High School.

|                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| FLORENCE JOHNSON..... | Manager           |
| OLGA BLOESCH.....     | Assistant Manager |
| ANNIE SILVER.....     | Reporter          |
| ROBIN ALBERTI.....    | Treasurer         |
| ANNIE SILVER.....     | Secretary         |

#### CHARACTERS:

|                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Hero.....                 | DOROTHY BERINI         |
| Heroine.....              | EILEEN RENNER          |
| Villain.....              | ELLEN MCFARLAND        |
| Queen Tennis.....         | ALICE COOPER           |
| Pep.....                  | LUCILLE LONGEY         |
| Enthusiasm.....           | FLORENCE JOHNSON       |
| Alex Smart.....           | FLORENCE STONE         |
| Princess Volley Ball..... | MARGARET ROBINSON      |
| Jester.....               | LOIS LEES              |
| The Vamp.....             | LUELLA MCGOVERN        |
| Industrious.....          | JANE PAUSON            |
| King Basket Ball.....     | BESSY BROUGH           |
| Mobs.....                 | Remainder of High Twos |

Efficiency, enthusiasm, and enlightenment, our aims, were successfully attained. This was quite evident from our hearty co-operation in all school events.



Marion Goldberg

Isabel Draesmer

Mildred Cambiano

### *Low Two Class*

**I**N the country of Girlsi there are eight provinces. One of the best of these is Losofmoreland. There are many reasons for this prominence, among which are the following:

The wise choice of county officials by the people of Her Royal Highness, Princess Isabell of the Draesemer dynasty; Lord Chancellor, Hizzoner Marion Goldberg; Wielder of the Royal Plume, Sir Mildred Cambiano; Keeper of the Royal Money-bags, Sir Carlotte Chapman; Leader of the Patriotic Songs, Sir "Rusty" Keiss; and Representative to the Legislature, Sir Blanche Norton.

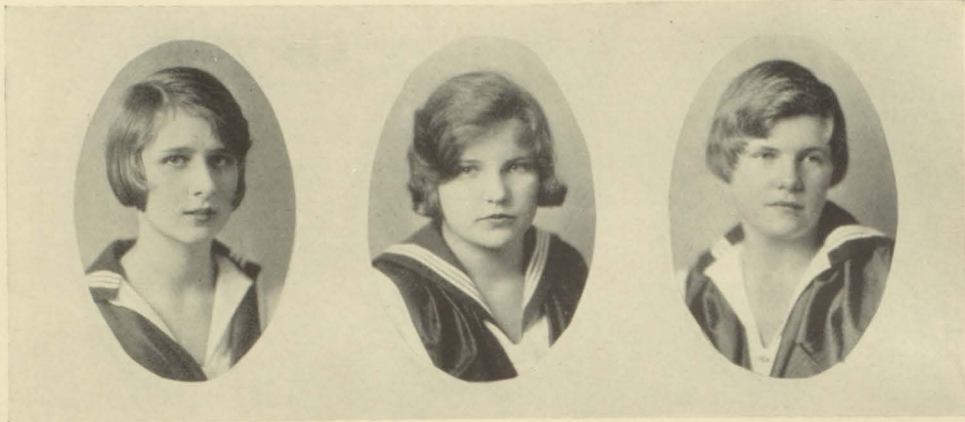
On the day called "Esspeeaidai," the province distinguished itself by coming in first in one of the marathons and displayed much lung-skill during the whole performance.

In the semi-annual drama, a native daughter, Lady Zona Kistler, had a leading role, and the aforesaid Sir Norton was also in the cast.

Native Daughters of Losofmoreland also received Orator's Medals on Orators-Rallee Day.

Having such a fine record, the province of Losofmoreland is voted one of the best in the land.





Margaret Wheeler

Gertrude Kruse

Valerie Arnold

## High One Class

1, 2,  
Girls' High School.  
3, 4,  
We're the best of them all.  
5, 6,  
Our teachers are strict (?)  
7, 8,  
We're in many a debate.  
9, 10  
This is the end.

Well, we're no good at writing poems, we know. But we are good at lots of other things.

Just to show you our skill at Algebra, look at this problem we have solved all by ourselves:

GERTRUDE KRUSE—Peppy, charming, capable president.

MARGARET WHEELER—Smiling, cheerful, admirable vice-president.

VALERIE ARNOLD—Sweet, striving, competent secretary.

MARTHA STEWART—Considerate, unassuming, efficient treasurer.

Now, adding all the right hand figures—Gertrude Kruse plus Margaret Wheeler plus Valerie Arnold plus Martha Stewart equals x (left hand columns reduced to lowest terms) capable president, admirable vice-president, competent secretary, and efficient treasurer, respectively.

So, now let no other than the best, the famous, inspiring cheer leader Edith Hurtgen, give six big rahs!! for the speedy class of December '31.

JANET BIRNBAUM  
MARJORIE CAHN.



Barbara O'Connell

Helen Hampton

Dolores Duckworth

## *Low Freshmen*

### *Politics*

THE low freshmen of Girls High have been very active in politics during the Fall semester of 1928, having elected the following officers: President, Helen Hampton; vice-president, Barbara O'Connell; secretary, Dolores Duckworth; treasurer, Helen Hoffman; yell leader, Marjorie Ryan; representative, Eileen Reilley. The above statement has been endorsed by President Coolidge.

### *Sports*

Helen Wills says, "The Low Freshmen class of '28 showed spirit and co-operation in sports." The tennis class met every Tuesday afternoon in the yard and under Miss Oakes as director, its members will soon be champions. Some of the active sportswomen are: Barbara O'Connell, Marjorie Susman, Barbara Taylor, Gertrude Glickman, Claire Lavenson, Mary Coughlan.

### *Drama*

The Freshman play is on its way to success under the supervision of Velma Anderson. Barbara Vickroy, Helen Hampton, Shirley Wright, Dorothy Lagomarsino are some of the actresses working their way to success.

The above has been endorsed by Henry Duffy, prominent producer of plays.

*Written by a FRESHMAN.*











Jane McFarland

Jeanette Gormley

Joy Stuart

## Journal Staff

JEANETTE GORMLEY, *Editor*  
 JANE McFARLAND, *Art Editor*  
 JOY STUART, *Business Manager*

### Editorial Staff

MARIAN PHILLIPS

ELIZABETH MULLER

LORRAINE GORFINKLE

BARBARA CUMMINGS

ERNESTINE RAAS

### Art Staff

MIGNON HILL

EDITH HURTGEN

ROSE CHINN

CHIZA NAKAGAWA

BLANCHE BROUGH

DOLORES HAYES

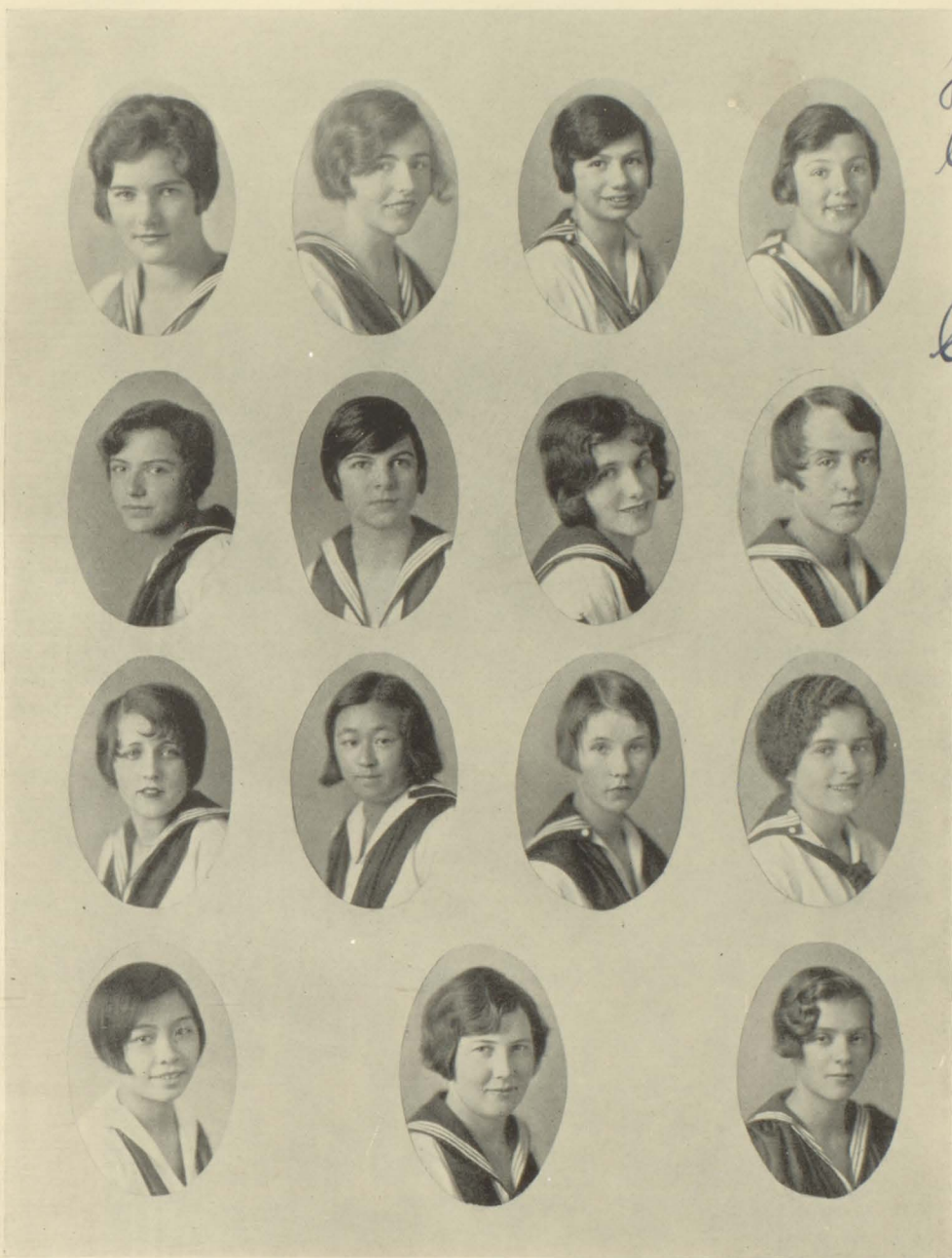
SHIRLEY STASCHEN, FRANCES LIEBERMAN, *Cartoons*

### Business Staff

FRANCES COYNE

DOROTHY MOSS

THE JOURNAL Staff wished to express its appreciation to Antoinette Zellerbach, Consuelo Bley, and Bernice Abrams, for their work in typing this book.



Love and  
luck  
Barbara  
Cummings  
J '29.

Marian Phillips  
Ernestine Raas  
Dolores Hayes  
Rose Chinn

Elizabeth Muller  
Mignon Hill  
Chiza Nakagawa

Lorraine Gorfinkle  
Blanche Brough  
Shirley Staschen  
Frances Coyne

Barbara Cummings  
Edith Hurtgen  
Frances Lieberman  
Dorothy Moss





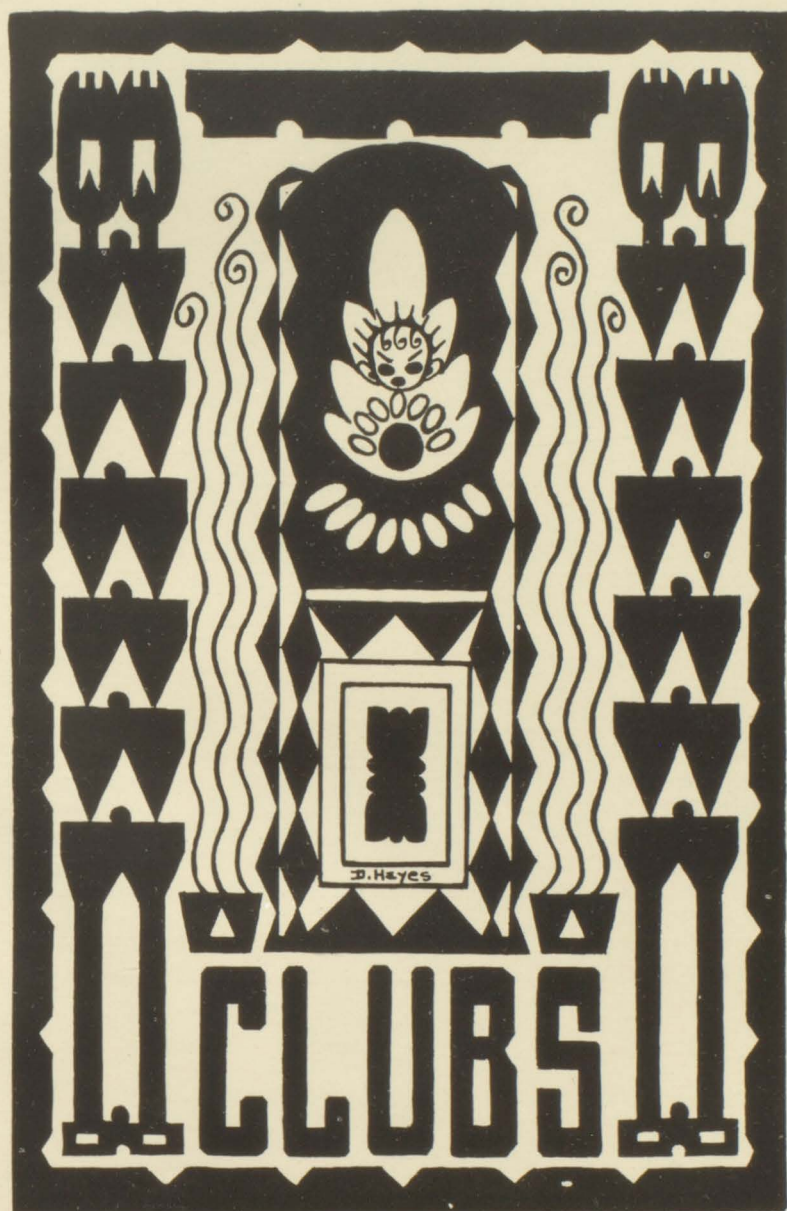
Barbara Prince

## *The Mirror*

GIRLS HIGH has a publication entirely her own and distinctly individual. It is the "Mirror," founded seven years ago, by Miss Evelyn Armer and henceforth sponsored by her. The "Mirror" is published by the Journalism classes. It is an accurate recording of all the happenings in Girls' High School. Its columns are full of news and humor, and it has yearly grown and prospered until it is an excellent school paper. The school has reason to be proud of itself in its paper, which is supported only by subscription with no advertisements. Very few schools can boast of that feature.

The Staff of the "Mirror" this term has worked together exceptionally well. Barbara Prince was Editor, and Eleanor Morris, Associate Editor, while Marion Phillips attended to the financial end of the publication.

The "Mirrors" this term have not only reflected the doings of the school, but also the good will and hard work of the staff and reporters. If the future "Mirrors" are as good as these have been, the girls editing them will have done well.







Jane McFarland

Elizabeth Lippitt

Blanche Kubicek

## Executive Council

ELIZABETH LIPPITT .....President  
 JANE MCFARLAND.....Vice-President  
 BLANCHE KUBICEK .....Secretary

HELEN TUTTLE .....Assistant Treasurer  
 ANA SANTA CRUZ.....Cafeteria Commissioner  
 JEAN GRUNSKY.....Assistant Cafeteria Commissioner  
 MARIAN PHILLIPS.....Club Commissioner  
 DOROTHY MATURIN.....Assistant Club Commissioner  
 AGNES SILVER .....Historian  
 NORMA HARRISON.....First Representative  
 DOROTHY KAIN .....Second Representative  
 FLORENCE JOHANSON.....Third Representative  
 BLANCHE NORTON .....Fourth Representative  
 EDITH HURTGEN.....Fifth Representative  
 EILEEN REILLY .....Sixth Representative



Helen Tuttle  
Marian Phillips  
Dorothy Kain

Anna Santa Cruz  
Dorothy Maturin  
Florence Johanson  
Eileen Reilly

Agnes Silver  
Blanche Norton

Jean Grunsky  
Norma Harrison  
Edith Hurtgen





Joy Stuart

Margherita Cesano

Velma Anderson

### *The California Scholarship Federation*

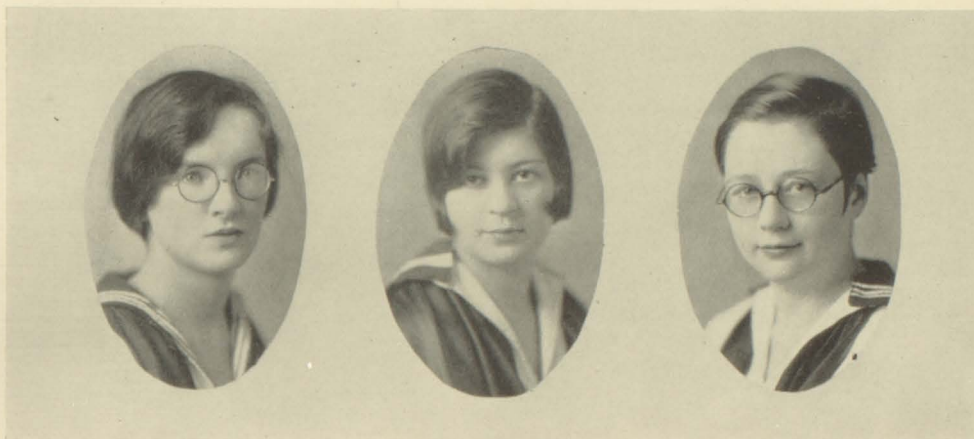
HAVING been enrolled last term as Chapter Number 170 of the California Scholarship Federation, Girls High urges all students who are eligible to join this organization. Membership in the society is to be prized as an outstanding honor because of the strict qualifications required. In order to remain in the federation a student must earn ten points each term through achievement of high final marks and participation in school activities. Those whose membership lasts six terms out of eight automatically become life members and are rewarded with gold seals on their diplomas and with gold pins. Life membership is of the greatest benefit to students, especially in college, obtaining for them many special privileges. Our branch of the federation has become well organized this term under the faculty advisor, Miss O'Brien, assisted by Joy Stuart, president; Bernie Durham, vice-president; Marie Schmidt, secretary; and Hanaye Yoshimura, treasurer. The members are now looking forward to many pleasant social functions that the future has in store for them.

#### *Italian Club*

Organized only this term, the Italian Club has already taken an important place among the language clubs of the school and has filled a long felt need in bringing closer together girls of Italian extraction and girls studying Italian. Part was taken in the semi-annual club entertainment. Miss Lydia Walker is the advisor, and the officers are: Margherita Cesano, president; Vivian Davies, vice-president; Ernestine Montani, secretary-treasurer.

#### *Dramatic Club*

The senior play, "The Neighbors," was successfully given as one of the two traditional plays presented each term by the Dramatic Club. Promising beginners who have been coached by Miss Armer, have given their time in order that they might present the freshman play, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," to the school. During the absence of Mrs. Tharp, Miss Williams has willingly worked to make these plays successful. Leading the club as president is Velma Anderson.



Marie Wilkerson

Virginia Fowler

Jane Knight

### *Glee Club*

*"Breathes there a Girls High girl with soul so dead  
Who never to herself hath said,  
'The Glee Club deserves its envied name;  
It has risen rightly to its fame.'"*

The Glee Club, so popular that it has become necessary to limit the number of members, has gained many compliments for Girls' High. The very capable director, Mrs. McGlade, is responsible for the winning of the many singing contests. The officers are: President, Marie Wilkerson; vice-president, Virginia Duley; secretary, Consuelo Schnier; librarian, Doris Weinstrom.

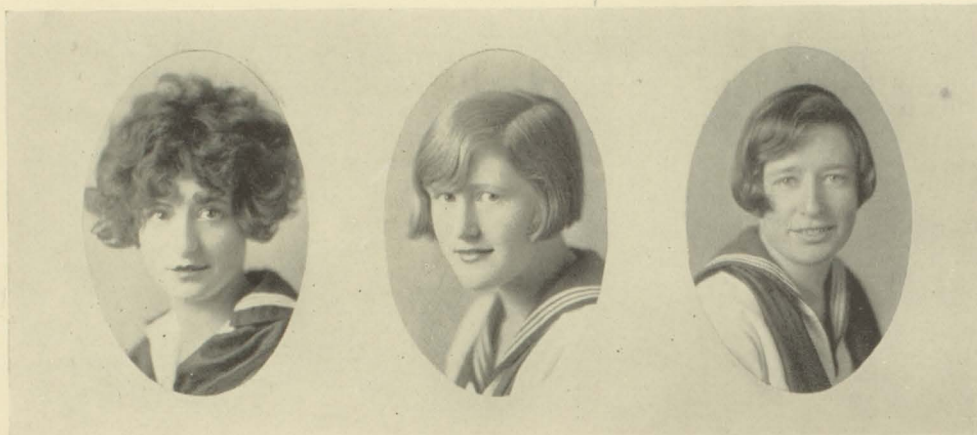
### *Dancing Club*

A member of the Dancing Club acquires all the pep of the chorus of "Good News" and all the accomplishments of an aesthetic dancer. The object of the club is to encourage ease and grace through the interpretation of music. The members choose a piece and interpret the mood of the music. Each girl exhibits her combination of steps before the group and the steps chosen by popular acclaim are learned by the ardent followers of the dance. Miss Tray, substituting for Mrs. Tharp, has proven herself a most enthusiastic and efficient supervisor. The president for the term is Virginia Fowler.

### *Girl Reserves*

Girl Reserves is a fellowship of teen-age girls sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. all around the world. The program, planned by the girls, led by the following officers: President, Jane Knight; vice-president, Josephine Hicks; secretary, Helen Pistey, has included "weenie roasts," hikes, banquets, and many other get-together socials which afford good times for the members. The semi-annual edition of "Spunk" has been edited by Jane Worley. Miss Rosenberg is the faculty advisor.





Mildred Woloski

Jorna Mahler

Gladys Guinaw

### *Debating Club*

"That woman's greatest gift is her tongue," men have concluded after several of them have been beaten by Girls' High in a debate. Debating is Girls' High's only interscholastic activity. By the victories she has won and by the spirit she has shown, Girls' High has attained a high standard in the debating world. Leading this society as president is Mildred Woloski, Ernestine Raas is secretary, and Mr. Dupuy is the advisor. Although Girls' High is not victorious in all debates, there is the gain of material things from knowing when, where, and how to use our tongues.

### *Latin Clubs*

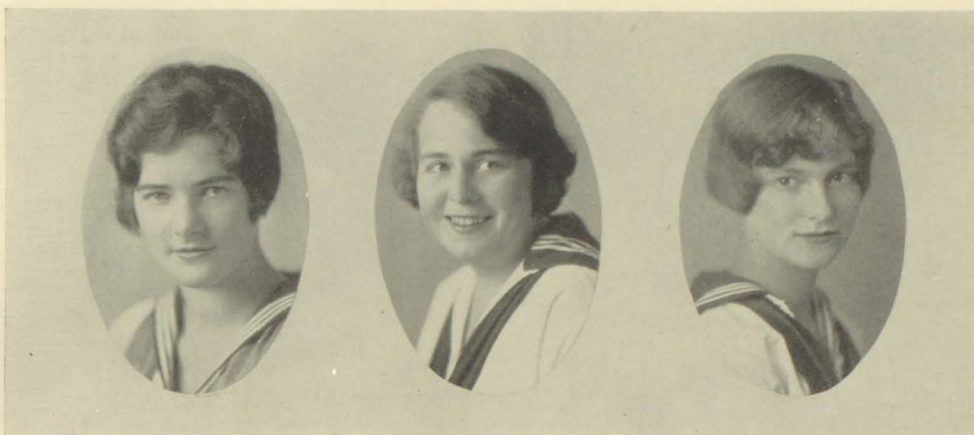
The Latin Clubs, formerly called the Classical Club, has two distinct sections, one for the lower-classmen, and one for the upper-classmen.

With Mr. Centner as advisor and Jorna Mahler, president; Gertrude Kraus, vice-president; and Inez Swanson, secretary, the Senior group plans its program.

The Junior Club, directed by Miss Stark, has chosen Dorothy Fisher as president; Charlotte Chapman, first vice-president; Marjorie Ledyard, second vice-president; Edna Rhea, secretary; and Mary Haran, treasurer.

### *Tumbling Club*

In the days of our grandmothers, the accomplished young lady who could knit, sing and play the pianoforte was exceedingly popular. Today, the demure debutante swims, dances, plays tennis, yes—and tumbles; but, of course, she must have the proper instruction to become proficient in the last-named branch of athletics. Consequently the membership of the Tumbling Club has expanded to 50 girls during the club's three months existence. Its members learn to tumble easily and gracefully, which exercise, it is rumored, keeps their bodies supple and their waistlines small. The club is instructed and coached by Miss Oakes. Gladys Guinaw is the president.



Marian Phillips

Ruth Anderson

Edna Burmister

### *Journal Club*

The main difference between the Journal Club and other school organizations is that in the majority of clubs, the members play together and in the Journal Club the members work together. The only qualification for membership is to be interested in the semi-annual publication, *THE GIRLS' HIGH JOURNAL*. There are three separate sections which co-operate for work on the *JOURNAL*. The art section, under Miss McDermott's supervision, provides the book with introductory cuts, caricatures, and cover-designs. Members of the business section have opportunity to learn fundamentals of book-keeping, budget systems, and the art of rolling pennies. Miss Hesselberg heads the financial department. The literary section is comprised of contributors, amateur critics, and hopeful individuals who write and write. In a word the literary section wrote this book. Miss Flynn is the club advisor, and Marian Phillips is president.

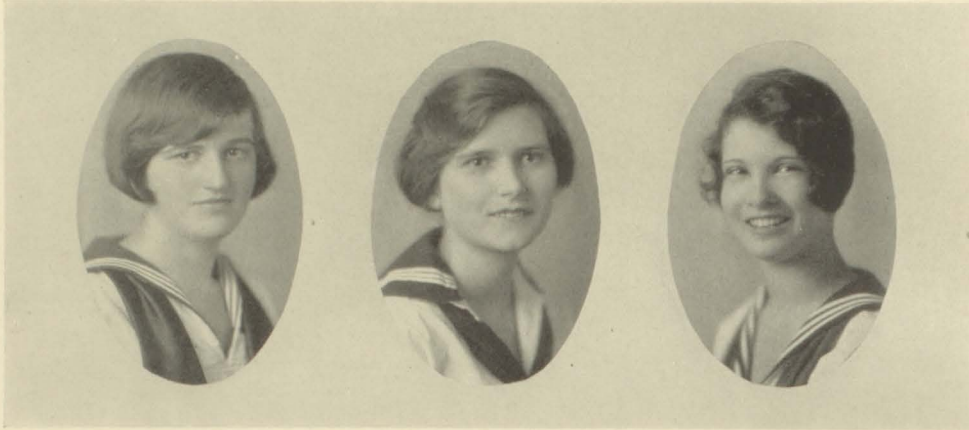
### *Orchestra*

The orchestra, with Mrs. McGlade as director and Ruth Anderson as president, has become an orchestra of note in San Francisco. This is because it is the largest girls' orchestra in the city. It has contributed to many school programs, especially graduation, and this term an outstanding event occurred when it played over the radio. It is a recognized subject for credit in the Girls' High curriculum.

### *German Club*

The German Club, under the sponsorship of Mrs. Bickel, and with the aid of the officers: Edna Burmister, president; Dorothy Abrahams, vice-president; and Frieda Mueller, secretary, has had another very successful term. The members have started a circulating library of German Books in 103W. The club participated in the entertainment given by the language clubs, with much success. Because of the lack of time, a bulletin which was edited by Marie Schmidt and Edith Hurtgen, took the place of the paper, "Sinn und Unsinn," of the term prior to this one.





Helen Tuttle

Theresa Wilcox

Genevieve Schnier

### *Spanish Club*

Helen Tuttle is the president; Gladys Guinaw, vice-president and chairman of the program committee; Josephine Hicks, secretary; Annie Silver, treasurer; Alma Davies, Mirror reporter; and Miss L. Walker, advisor of "Las Amiguitas," the Spanish Club. The co-operation of the officers and members is making the Spanish Club one of the most outstanding of the language clubs. This term pins were awarded to girls whose attendance and activity during the last several terms have proved worthy of note. The club took part in the semi-annual language clubs entertainment.

### *Bank*

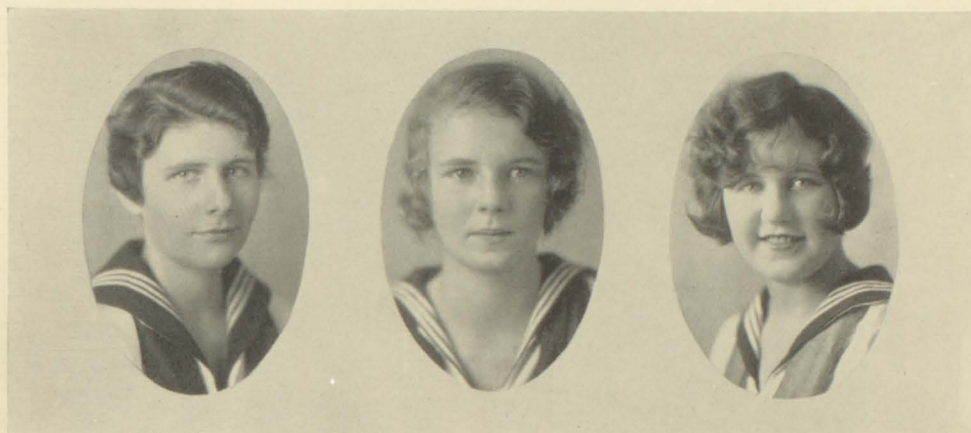
Benjamin Franklin taught thrift to the housewives of "ye olden dayes," and today the banks teach it to the modern housewife. The Bank Club was formed in Girls' High to teach thrift to the housewives of tomorrow.

This club is composed of captains and lieutenants to take care of depositors; the regular officers are: President, Theresa Wilcox; vice-president, Lillian Woodside; and secretary, Alice Cooper. Miss Flynn is the faculty advisor and she has planned, with the girls, many enterprises.

### *Naturalist Club*

*Birds, flowers, trees—  
Who doth not delight in these?*

So many girls were interested in nature that a club was formed three terms ago under the direction and assistance of Miss Pettit. Nature is studied first hand during long walks in the country and knowledge is gained under instruction. This club brought to the student body, Captain Hancock's famous Golapagas Reels, which he so courteously loaned. Under the guidance of the Audubon Association of the Pacific Coast, the campaign for selection of state bird is being carried on in our school. The president and able leader of many good times is Genevieve Schnier. Helen Vickroy is our competent secretary.



Joy Stuart

Betty Lummis

Geneva Parkhill

### *French Club*

Grand slam! That's how the French Club ended the game for the term. The club held all the trump cards dealt.

The first trick taken was the election of officers for the term: Joy Stuart, president; Claire Bush, vice-president; Marian Phillips, secretary. That was an easy trick to take.

The second trick was the co-operation of the girls and the interest they have taken in the club.

The third trick was the excellent advice and assistance of Miss Revoy, the faculty advisor of the club.

There were many other tricks that went to make up the grand slam, but the whole school knows them so well that they require no repetition.

But we must mention the last one: The French Club was one of the reasons that the semi-annual Language Club entertainment was so successful.

### *Camp Fire League*

"In union there is strength," hence the Camp Fire League of Girls High Camp Fire Girls was formed. The League is composed of seven active Girls' High groups: Kleka Tasni, Sinwapakia, Nalohe, Toheha, Wokida, Naswakee, Tamiwasni, and Yantockett. The first officers of the League are: President, Betty Lummis; vice-president, Gladys Guinaw; activities chairman, Winifred Noland, and yell leader, Edith Hurtgen.

### *Jazz Band*

Yes, sir, "That's My Weakness Now." After traveling up and down the "Blue Danube" and going all the way to "Constantinople" to try and find the ideal jazz band, I arrived at dear old Girls' High, all worn out and hopeless. I wandered down to the "Rec" hall, and there I heard the liveliest, peppiest music that I'd heard in years. It was the Girls' High Jazz Band, and I must say that the president, Geneva Parkhill, knows how to get toots and fiddles out of her girls at the right moment.





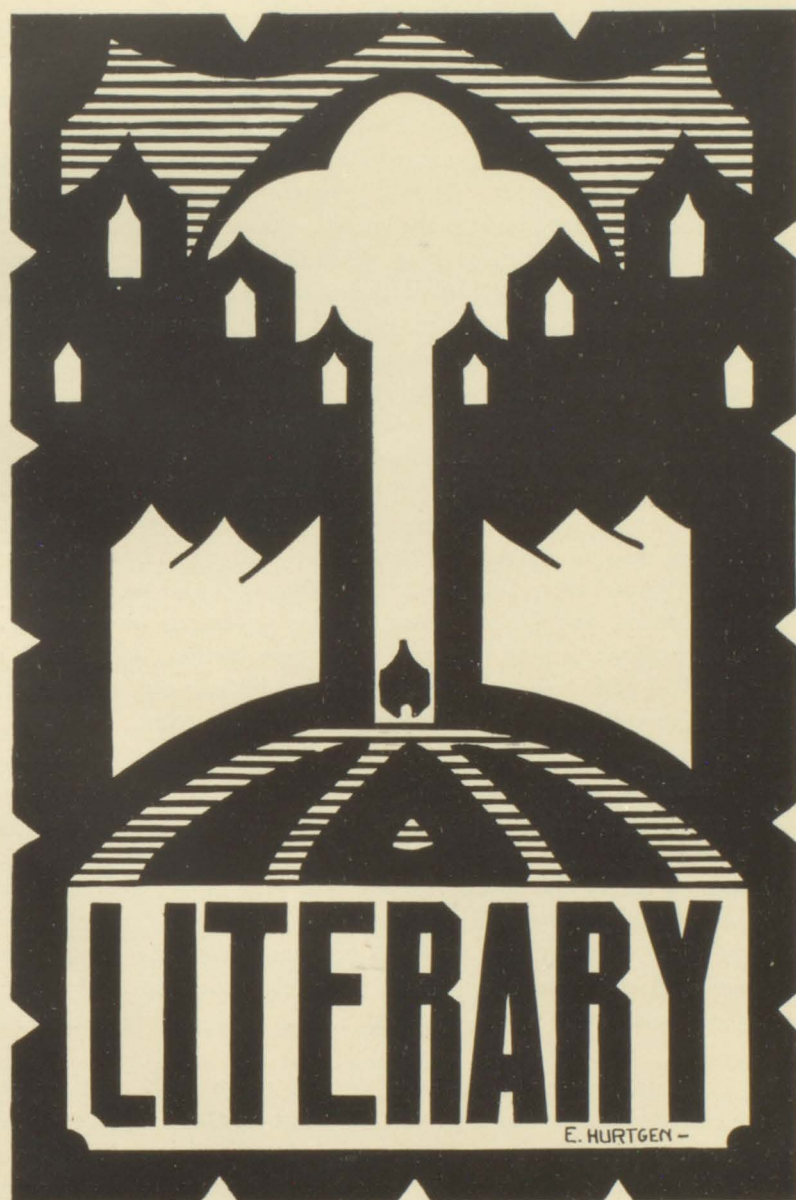
Helen Oppenheim

*International Club*

The main features of the activities of the International Club this fall term were the annual Christmas party for the poor children and the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the club. At a gathering of a large number of schools from all parts of the state, plans for greater co-operation among the International Clubs of California schools was discussed.

"Cosette," a scene from "Les Miserables," "The Match Girl" of Hans Anderson, and Dickens' famous "Pickwick at Dingoley Dells" were given by the members of the club. The International Club tea, held in the library after the entertainment, was a social function which members and their guests enjoyed immensely. Their excellent sponsor and leader, Mrs. Alice Wilson, has ably supported the club in all of its undertakings and is director of the World's League of International Educational Associations, of which Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur is honorary president. The officers for this term are Helen Oppenheim, president; Joy Stuart, vice-president; Barbara Conly, secretary; and Frances Peabody, treasurer.







## *The Robot's Vision*

MY hand is old, and the pen trembles as I write this; for life is falling from me as the leaves fall from the trees in autumn. But I have a work to do—a record to write for future generations—

Way back in 1928 I traveled through England. Sir David Bruce, the inventor of the robot that was startling the world, invited me to see it. As I entered the room, Sir Bruce said, "Rise and come forward." The robot slowly rose and solemnly shook hands with me. I laughed and chatted about the marvel, but a cold horror wrapped itself around me. A mechanical man capable of sustained effort and movement—but no soul!

Sir Bruce left me presently. He had not been gone a minute when from the steel lips of the robot issued a laugh—dry, awful. Behind it was something incomprehensible. I could hear a thumping—was it the mechanical heart of the robot, or my own? He crossed his legs, and suddenly began a story in a queer, hollow voice.

"I'm made of steel, of springs, of batteries. They say I have no mind, but who can tell? I see through you. You have a horror of me. You don't know my possibilities, but how can you? He who made me did not know that I can think. I can't, only now. I have a message for you; therefore I have been given speech. By whom? Who can tell? I'm only roughly put together in comparison with you. But fifty years from now there'll be a different story. I'll have brethren then who will be like me. But they will be beautifully made, and they will have supreme power—as far as it goes. They will always be automatons, lacking initiative. My future brethren will run by stimulation of their electrical anatomies. They will do things because they can be told them, and a year's training will suffice to make perfect servants of them.

"There will be war; for they will fight your wars. Your diplomatic staffs will be strained to the utmost to prevent war, and perhaps some day you will succeed. I hope so, because I am told by this unseen power that is forcing me to speak that war is cruel and unnecessary.

"Your horror of me is ungrounded. Mechanical men cannot and never will rule the world. They will be dangerous in the hands of evil men, but they will be blessings in the hands of those who want the world to progress. They will do away with the low social order of slave-workmen, and make the world prosperous. Sir Bruce comes. Keep your silence unto death about this that I have told you, but mark you well my words."

So saying he lapsed forever into silence. And I thoughtfully went on my way.

But let me astound you, the readers, with these last words. The robot's vision was concrete and well-founded. Even now my mechanical servant comes with tea for me. The world is prosperous and happy. There are no human workmen tending blast furnaces or sweeping streets in the year of 1980. The robot told me the truth, and now that I am about to die, I have told you of my interview with the first mechanical man fifty-two years ago. Let all this teach you that nothing is impossible and everything is possible in the world of intelligent men.

*Written by J. MARISTOVAL,  
On May 2, 1980 A. D.*



## Gold!

**G**OLD, GOLD, GOLD! The Argonauts searched for it; the Spanish Main fought for it; sturdy frontiersmen trekked west for it; maddened beasts of men staked in the Klondike for it. Men were ruined and men were made; a nation was ruined and a state was made—all for gold.

Early in the twentieth century I read about another one of those gold rushes, this time in Topeka, California. I scoffed at the senseless men and women who left their businesses and homes to dig for a few petty dollars' worth of gold. But that night I dreamed—a dream of gold, wherein were golden waters, shores, and towers.

When I awoke my eyes were staring, my lips cracked, my throat parched, and my mind gone. I was gold crazy! Laughing wildly like a maniac, and tossing on my clothes, I rushed to the wharf and shipped aboard the good bark "Jaggernaut," a fishing schooner. Where was I going? God only knows.

After three weeks at sea, a storm hit the ship. The lightning played, the wind whistled through the rigging, and the ship swayed until her very masthead touched the crests of angry waves. Suddenly there was an explosion, the mast snapped, and I found myself in the midst of the raging waters. My hand clutched the side of the small dory that had trailed along behind. I climbed in, and things grew black——

The sky was clear, the sea smooth, as I looked about me. How long I had been afloat I knew not. I turned my heavy head to the south, and lo! before my eyes was gold. My city of dreams! The water was gold and the sands were gold. The city was gold, and sparkled in the sun. Inspired, I rowed swiftly. When I reached the shore, I found that the dazzling water and shining sand was only the result of reflection from the golden city. My intense disappointment was allayed by the appearance of one who was evidently a guard, for he pointed his pistol at me and was about to shoot, when I dashed at him and after a struggle succeeded in throwing him and knocking the pistol from his hand.

After clothing myself in his garments and putting on his signet ring, I bound and gagged him and threw him in the boat. Then I approached the massive walls and entered the golden gate. Instantly I was met by many people, who bowed and scraped in an obsequious manner. They talked a jargon of Japanese and Arabian, both of which I understood. Evidently I was someone important.

Before me, at the end of a long street, was a tall building made of dark stone, the only thing in sight that was not made of gold. On it was inscribed, "The Royal Gold Plant." Gold! My heart hammered in my chest and my blood surged through my veins in hot waves.

I sprang into the building and found myself on a balcony. Below me, a little to the left, was a vat made of the dark stone. It was wide and deep. The resounding mellow tones of a bell arrested my attention, and I saw to the right of me a pompous man, swathed in resplendent garments, with a roll of parchment in his hand.

The light grew dim and then a ghastly green. He shouted a command. Instantly the vat began to fill with water—ocean water. It became hot—and hotter. The water boiled, steam arose and was drawn out by a vacuum. There was a grumble, a roar, and a sheet of white light blinded me for a moment. When I could see again, the



shimmering blaze of gold shone from the vat. Gold! And the dervish knew the secret. The secret was on the parchment. I must get it. I leaped at him and grabbed the parchment. Like a deer I ran down the street to the sea. I reached the dory and rowed away.

A great sigh of contentment burst from my lips as I heard the ineffectual shouts of the helpless populace. I had the secret of gold.

Many days and nights passed. Weak and exhausted I looked vainly around for a ship. The murmur of the waves lulled me to insensibility, and sobbing, I sank to oblivion. . . .

\* \* \*

"There, there, now he's better," I heard a soft voice say. I looked around. A sweet faced woman in white was bending over some vials, pouring liquid. Where was the gold? I heard her say that I had been picked up by a passing freighter, and had been recorded as the only survivor of the wreck of the "Jaggernaut." A parchment? Oh, yes, a wrinkled piece of peculiar paper had been found, but had been thrown away.

As I sit around my cozy fire, only the strange, weird ring of the hapless guard assures me that it was not a dream—that I have seen and known. Yet, who were they, those mystic people who spoke Arab-Japanese and knew the secret of gold?

BARBARA CUMMINGS, June '30.



I ran to my love and I cried,  
"What is life?"  
And he replied,  
But I could not understand.

I ran to the sea and I cried,  
"What is life?"  
And the waves replied,  
But I could not understand.

I ran to the woods and I cried,  
"What is life?"  
And the trees replied,  
But I could not understand.

I looked up at the night and I cried,  
"What is life?"  
And a breeze replied,  
But I could not understand.

I looked into the eyes of the Reaper and cried,  
"What is life?"  
And Death replied,  
But I could not understand.

MARIAN PHILLIPS, December '29.

## Friends

THE first grade lay on gayly colored mats listening to languid lullabies, after an exuberant half hour of recess. One curly head could not keep still. The patient teacher was continually calling, "Marjorie," when an unruly fist reached out to tap its neighbor. Marjorie's eyes roved aimlessly about the class room seeking new interests. The picture of the cow, the sand box, the doll's house, the live rabbit—she smiled as she looked at the bunch of fur that was the spark of life in this kingdom of boredom. Finally, her gaze reached the window, and she found herself wondering about the house next door. It was a very plain house painted a white that caught the glaring sun. Marjorie looked in the room.

At the window was seated a small boy idly turning the pages of a book and gazing vacantly into space. "I wonder if he's learning to read," thought Marjorie, sympathy immediately filling her young heart. The boy caught her eye; she smiled and he immediately became absorbed in his book. Again their glances met. This time Marjorie reached for the rabbit and held it to the window. The boy's lips parted and his eyes were round with astonishment. Just then the music ceased and the children commenced the hated task of reading. Marjorie, who abhorred the very sight of a book, was continually glancing out the window. Her newly found friend seemed to have lost all his embarrassment and was as ready for laughter as the mischievous girl.

Each day Marjorie would see the boy at the window, and often when the class went out to play she would open the window and talk to her friend. Until one day she asked him if she might come to his home and see the entrancing toys which he showed her. At this the boy returned to his former embarrassed attitude, and for several days Marjorie found the opposite window empty.

At the end of each school day the boy would sit looking at the school, and tears would run slowly down his pale cheeks, and so his mother found him one day. Jerry unburdened his sad young heart to his mother. He told her of the happy hours spent talking to Marjorie and he ended between sobs, "You see, Mother, I couldn't let her see me. She doesn't know why I can't play like other boys; why I can't go to school. If she knew that I can't walk she wouldn't like me any more—no one does." The mother comforted him as best she could, but not even the deepest love could replace his first friendship. Finally, he could stay away no longer. He wheeled himself to the window and found Marjorie there awaiting him. They talked of many things, till suddenly Marjorie asked, "Why have you stayed away so long?"

Jerry gulped, honestly struggling with his desire for friendship. "Marjorie," he said, "I have to tell you something terrible. You'll never, never like me again."

Marjorie just waited, anxiety painted on her eager face.

"I—I'm not like other boys. I can't play with you, 'cause I can't walk."

"Oh," said Marjorie, greatly relieved, "I thought you were going to say you could read."

ERNESTINE RAAS, June '30.



### *Youth*

I am Youth;  
I am the purple dawn,  
The highest mountain  
The broad green fields,  
I am the soft night wind  
Rustling in the sleepy leaves;  
I am the sad hush of the twilight  
Before the darkness.  
I gaze toward the horizon,  
And stretch out my hands  
To grasp what lies before me!  
I wend my way onward—alone,  
Following the mirage of my ideals—  
I am Youth; wondering, hoping, dreaming Youth  
I am the World!

ELIZABETH MULLER, June, '30.



### *The Weaver*

He sits at his door in the scorching hot sun  
His fingers are busy—his rug is begun.  
His clothes are in tatters—his feet tanned and bare,  
His forehead is furrowed with sorrow and care.  
But his brown eyes are child like—so calm and serene  
That you wonder what life, to this weaver,  
Can mean.—  
His lean fingers fly as he bends o'er his task—  
His eyes show his interest—his face seems a mask.  
At last it is finished! His fingers can cease!  
He has woven his vision! His life masterpiece!

RUTH FERGUSON, December '29.

Let men not say  
    This is right;  
    This is wrong.  
Let men first read yellow parchment  
    For the story of ancient worlds.  
Let men search human hearts  
    And seek wisdom among men.  
Let men cross Eternity  
    And question wandering souls.  
Let men do all these things  
    Before they say:  
    This is right;  
    This is wrong.  
Then they will say:  
    We cannot tell—  
    We do not know.

J. G., December, '28.





*What's the Use?*

Goin' to bed at dawnin'——  
Risin' in the mawnin'——  
Stretchin', yawnin'——

Everything is blurry,  
Dressin' in a flurry,  
Breakfast in a hurry——

Tryin' to find a pin,  
Bein' late as sin,  
Detention class agin——

Sayin' you don't care,  
Watchin' Teacher glare,  
In dutch this time for fair——

Bein' late from gym,  
Uncombed and out of trim,  
The teacher lookin' grim——

Tryin' not to laugh,  
Not winning out by half,  
Assigned to the "caf"——

Cuttin' into line,  
In order soon to dine,  
This deed you'll fast repine——

Loafin' round in study,  
Readin' stories bloody,  
Feelin' awful muddy——

Homework never right,  
Want to pick a fight,  
Stay out late at night——

Goin' to bed at dawnin'——  
Aw, whatsa use?

FLORENCE STONE.

## *Dogs!*

OF ALL the useless and at the same time aggravating creations of which I can conceive, the canine species captures the prize without the shadow of a doubt. What medieval torture could possibly out-do the annoyance of suffering a huge, scrawny raw-boned, and ill-smelling creature to pounce on your shoulders, lapping his rough, scratchy tongue in your eyes and nose, and so totally upsetting your equilibrium?

I have in mind no other than Mother's black, tan and red airdale, "Prince." I must admit the name is most appropriate, for no flesh and blood prince could demand more attention nor sustain a higher standing of living than that dog. Prince's menu consists of sirloin steaks, fowls, and roast beef sandwiches, and he picks at that sort of common feed only after diplomatic coaxing and in the company of at least three people. With a blink and a toss of his homely head, he absolutely refuses a morsel of the roast duckling without the accompaniment of an ample audience.

As a suitable sleeping quarter, "Prince" has chosen no other than Mother's pink taffeta chaise lounge for a really peaceful and restful slumber. He lies back ecstatically on the satin cushions, and a derrick couldn't move him. Well, we all like our comfort while reclining. Is it not so?

Having even gone so far as to detach Prince's license and to tell him to take a stroll in the park, only to find him returned next day with the compliments of the pound, I have at last given up hope of ever removing the fourth member of our family.

ELIZABETH LIPPITT, December '28.



## *Sonnet to a Dog*

When you arouse me from my slumber sweet,  
Baying Majestic moans in accents deep,  
I hail the coming of the wondrous day,  
Looking to God, and inwardly rejoice,  
When Science shall have found that wonder way,  
To make you mute, to rob you of your voice.

Yet when I am returning home at night,  
Afoot or in the crowded trolley car,  
I'll miss hark'ning to that bellow of delight,  
That welcomes and greets me from near or far—  
That welcomes and greets me from near or far—  
So, although I am often kept awake,  
While at the Lady Moon you bay,  
Believe me, darling pup, they shall not take  
Your loud but honest, whining bark away.



## *Alumnae*

Girls' High is proud to announce that six of her graduates have achieved high honors at the University of California by making the Nation Scholarship Society, Phi Beta Kappa. They are:

MARION BLOCK  
MARIE CARROL  
MARY OTTOBONI  
HELEN MERSING  
ELEANOR PALACIN  
HELEN PARKINSON



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*In loving memory of*  
VIOLA GRIFFIN, June '25.

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Marguerite Siem

*S. P. A.*

THE Sports and Pastimes Association, formed in 1920, has grown steadily until it is the largest club in the school. With many girls out for every sport, it has enjoyed a prosperous term. Diverse interests called girls to basketball, baseball, tennis, crew, and swimming. A good time was had by all, the girls not only learning the rules of the game, but also the secret of good sportsmanship.

Besides regular practice, some of the sports gave picnics or outings, where the girls learned to know each other better. A banquet was held at the end of the term, at which those girls who had best lived up to the prescribed rules received their awards.

The board this term included Marguerite Siem, president; Alice Dudack, vice-president and tennis manager; Mary Haran, secretary; Barbara Conly, archery; Mildred Rignell, baseball; Gladys Guinaw, basketball; Pauline Hontalas, crew; Catherine Stanton, swimming; Josephine Hicks, volleyball.



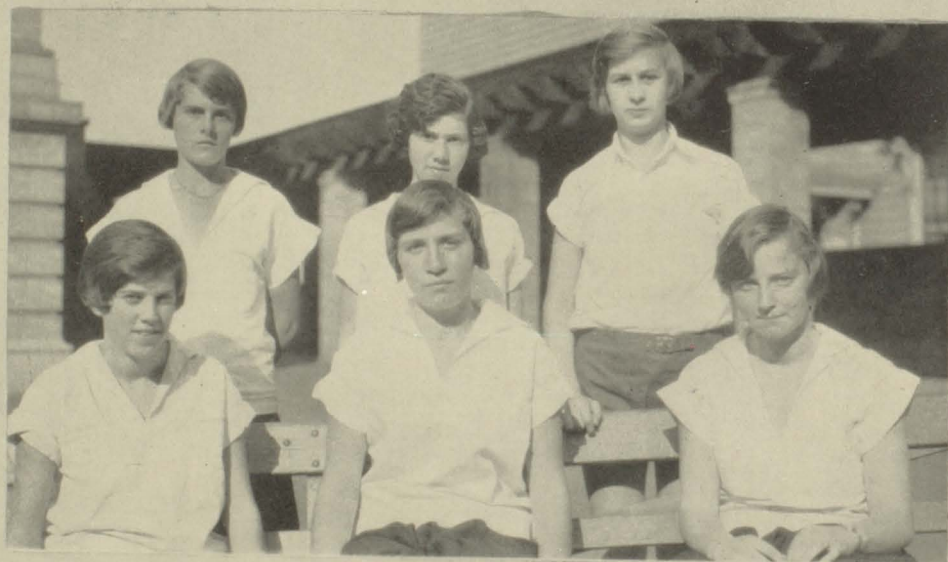


Low 4 Teams  
Largest Turnout for Basketball





*Upper class Basketball Captains*



*Lower class Basketball Captains*



*G.H.S. Crew*



*Baseball Captains*





GLEE CLUB



ORCHESTRA





## Rah! Rah!

(A Motion Picture Scenario)

- SCENE 1. (On the campus of Chocmalt College. The hero and the heroine are conversing seriously.) "Yes, Sophronia, if you will not marry me unless I win the game from Vanillashake College, I guess I'll have to join the football team," sorrowfully sobs Marmaduke, our hero.
- SCENE 2. (In front of the Ad. building. (Abbreviation for "Administration" helps to convey college atmosphere.) A prof. and Marmaduke are conversing.) "Well, Marmaduke, I wish you luck in the game tomorrow. Work hard for old Chocmalt! By the way, you've handed in your term report? You know the regulations; if you don't hand it in, you can't play."  
"Oh, yes, Professor Jones, I put it on your desk!"  
(Prof. and hero shake hands and leave.)
- SCENE 3. (Shots of campus college life showing some collegians playing ball with a frosh's hat, some campus sheiks running around in Fords and sweaters decorated with signs, sayings, and signatures, and college widows vamping the innocent freshmen. Ford nearly runs over Dean. Laughter.)
- SCENE 4. (Same as Scene 2. Villain (hiss! hiss!) sneaks furtively up the stairs of the building and enters the door. Five minutes later he emerges with a sheet of paper in his hand.)  
"Ah, hah!" quoth he, "Sophronia will be mine!"
- SCENE 5. (Marmaduke's dormitory. Signs plastered all over the room, such as "No Parking," "Please Do Not Expectorate" and "Exit." Also pennants for Chocmalt College. Marmaduke seated before Sophronia's picture, sighing. Prof. Jones enters.)  
"Marmaduke, I'm sorry, my boy, but you can't play tomorrow; I can't find your report."  
"But I put it on your desk," our hero cries desperately.  
(Prof. exits.)
- SCENE 6. (Same as Scene 5. Marmaduke clenching his fists.)  
"It's that snake of a Cuthbert!" he cries.  
(Fade-out with Marmaduke vowing to avenge himself.)
- SCENE 7. (Football field. Cuthbert playing quarter instead of Marmaduke. Our hero sits on the bench disconsolate. Sophronia is wearing Cuthbert's frat pin.)  
"Oh, woe is me," mutters our hero.  
(Scoreboard: Vanillashake, 6; Chocmalt, 0.)  
  
(All of a sudden our hero jumps up and disappears. Game proceeds as usual. (Introduce comic element: Boy with glasses catches helmet and runs toward goal thinking he has made a touchdown. The stands cheer and laugh.)

(Hero returns waving paper in hand. Runs to Dean and cries:)

"You see! You see! Cuthbert took my term report and handed it in as his own. I can prove it to you because the "e" is out of alignment as it is on my typewriter. So it's mine. You *must* let me go in and win for dear old Chocmalt!"

(Coach calls out Cuthbert, who frowns menacingly when he sees who the new player is. Hero joyfully runs in amid acclaims of the crowd. But he stumbles and breaks his leg and fractures his arm. Slight concussion of the brain, too. But do not give up hope, my gentle audience; you know the hero always wins.)

(Our hero is lying on the sidelines when he catches a glimpse of Sophronia's eyes imploring him to go into the game again and win. So Marmaduke jumps up and pleads with the coach to let him go back, while the grand stand shouts approval. He goes in, grabs the ball, and runs down the field for a touchdown so quickly that Vanillashake finds no opportunity to stop him. He then converts just as the whistle blows, and the scoreboard shows: Vanillashake, 6; Chocmalt, 7. Crowds run onto field, and he is acclaimed hero.)

SCENE 8. (Sophronia kissing Marmaduke's muddy cheek.)

"I just knew you'd win," sighs Sophronia.

MARIAN PHILLIPS, December, '29.





*Modern Nursery Rhymes*

Ten little school girls  
Were feeling very fine,  
'Till one flunked an English "ex"  
And then there were nine.

Nine little school girls  
Came sneaking in too late,  
Once a teacher caught one  
And then there were eight.

Eight little school girls  
Longed to go to heaven,  
But one misbehaved herself  
And then there were seven.

Seven little school girls  
Were in an awful fix,  
They were called to the office  
And then there were six.

Six little school girls  
Thought they'd learn to dive,  
They went into a swimming pool  
And then there were five.

Five little school girls  
Were dancing on the floor  
One kicked her partner  
And then there were four.

Four little school girls  
Wanted to be free,  
One cut detention  
And then there were three.

Three little school girls  
Bragged of all they knew,  
One forgot to study  
And then there were two.

Two little school girls  
Thought they'd have some fun,  
They left school for lunch one day  
And then there was one.

One little school girl  
Made a rotten pun,  
Somebody heard her  
And then there was none.



### *Rhymes for the Young (con't)*

A was a front seat in the Auditorium  
B bought it  
C craved it  
D dashed for it  
E emigrated to it  
F fought for it  
G got it  
H had it  
I inquired for it  
J jumped on it  
K kept it  
L longed for it.  
M mourned for it  
N nicked it  
O owned it  
P pursued it  
Q quitted it  
R ran for it  
S stole it  
T took it  
U used it  
V viewed it  
W wanted it  
X 'xpected it  
Y yearned for it  
Z zigzagged after it

And so a teacher came and sat down in it.



### *Ten Years From Today*

Curtess Goldstein will be an English Countess.  
Ethel Livingston will be somebody's leading lady.  
Sallee Ellinwood will be a languid lady of liesure with long hair.  
Joy Stuart will be the big bug and flea woman of Australia.  
Emily Sweetser will be efficiency expert in a huge corporation.  
Willaine Copinus will make her debut in the Chicago Opera Company.  
Marjorie Sachs will be teaching the kiddies "Every good boy does finely," and the scales.  
Jeanne Berryessa will be taking tea with the Queen of Roumania.  
Katherine Brocato will still have "that skin you love to touch."  
Peggy Buckley will still giggle at the drop of a hat.  
Jane Deremer will have a handsome husband.  
Ruth Dahl will be a private secretary.  
Anita Matthieson will be an architect of dog houses.  
Frances Peabody will be elected president of an intellectual society.  
Florence Duckworth will teach algebra.  
Octavia Durie will be all starched up like a full fledged nurse.  
Rose Salabert will be making a four-day tour of Europe in her Ford airplane.  
Viola Cunningham will speak Esperanza fluently. (Those who have visited Oakland will know Esperanza is the international language).  
Ruth Abrams will have revised the little red hen story in the first grade reader and thus gained a literary reputation.  
Betty Lummis will either be a private detective or what have you.  
Doris Currie will be a famous doggie doctor and pat all her patients on the head with her long fingers.  
Eloise Brown will still have all her "Chem" experiments.  
Patricia Boreham will "lisp" when she gets excited.  
Ruth Anderson will do her bit on the drum in Sousa's Band.  
Velma Anderson will be a second Cecil de Mille.  
Blanche Brough will still wear high heels and have a baby stare.  
Louise Drees will be known far and wide as the easiest person to get along with in the world.  
Frances Lieberman will supplant John Held, Jr., in the comic sheet.  
Jeanette Gormley will publish her first volume of free verse entitled "Flights into the Ozone."  
Frances Simpson will be an eminent journalist.  
Agnes Silver will be gleefully aiding in the extraction of tonsils, appendix, etc.  
Celia Schefsky will be a buyer and travel twice a year across the continent to pick up the last word in baby socks.  
Josephine Vint will be a director in a bank.  
Mae O'Connell will be the understudy of Clara Bow in "Red Hair."  
Ernestine Montani will still have the same kind considerate loving nature.  
Barbara Webster will be a music critic.

Mildred Woloski will represent the Eskimos in Congress.

Marie Wilkerson will be giving those withering looks, under which everyone cowers.

"Pat" Williams will be a famous actress.

Dorothy Zelich will open the premier engagement of her first author-producer-actress presentation.

Gladys Howland will be a wonderful tennis player.

Alberta Pope will be a parachute jumper.

Katherine Saadallah will be the mother of three bouncing baby boys.

Aleda Smitt will be a half-back on the All-American Team.

Bernice Schmitt didn't do good work in commercial.

Genevieve Tamblin will be an advertising manager for a New York magazine.

Emma Wagner will be a business woman.

Gertrude Walsh will still be demure.

Eleanor Hertz will be Mme. Hertz, the parisienne creator of distinctive frocks.

Reeva Zelinski will still say, "Yes, but——"



### *An Old Timer is One Who Can Remember When . . . .*

Hope Adams didn't ply a speedy oar in Crew.

Ida Lane couldn't solve physics problems.

"Pete" Hoffmann didn't know who belonged to what fraternity.

Elizabeth Lippitt wore a black comb in her golden locks.

"Tut" was familiarly known as "Helen."

Viola Giesen acquired her first harmonica.

Celia Heskes couldn't play "Prince of Pilsen" on her violin.

Eleanor Hass wasn't perfectly poised.

Mildred Goericke didn't help promote friendship with "the little friends across the sea" through the International Club.

Maybelle Herrington didn't pass in the allotted two minutes.

Ann Mary Gallagher couldn't translate Latin.

Katherine Lawson couldn't sing.

Edna Wales didn't have adorable blue eyes.

Isabel Pierson and Louise Comollo will be Harmony Hobos of B. U. M.

An old timer—Miriam Polidoi couldn't catch a grounder.



JULIA RELAT *and* EDITH ANDERSON—

That cheerful couple—so dear and sweet,  
The two you always loved to meet.

KITTY HART—

Who was Hulda? Why, Kitty Hart!  
And Oh! How she could play that part ! ! !

FRANCES COYNE—

A sweet faced nurse  
And a red hot poultice;  
She slaps it on  
And takes no notice.  
The patient says, "Ouch! 'Tis hot!"  
Frances smiles and says, "'Tis not."

MARIAN MORTON—

Business-like Marian, that hardworking girl,  
Always kept things out of a whirl.

MARIAN FITZGERALD *and* INEZ SWANSON—

Marian and Inez—inseparable pair,  
If you ever saw one, the other was there.

EDNA BURMISTER—

Oh, here's to Jacob Hogenbeets,  
Whose elbows with great "Cats" did rub—  
But who had more of a right  
Than the president of the German Club?

MARY BUCHANAN—

Peppy, snappy—Mary was there,  
Out for sports to take her share.

MARIAN MALCOLM—

Who was always a star in the game?  
Who was always the one to agree?  
Is it necessary to give the name?  
Why Marian, of course. Who else could it be?

RUTH WINDSOR—

Ruth's perfections numbered three—  
Mathematics, lunch, and glee.

CATHERINE BOOKER—

Here was a girl we liked very much.  
She certainly danced like the typical Dutch.

MARIE ECKELS—

First in the relays—as swift as she could be,  
It was hard to keep in step with peppy li'l Marie.

ELLEN HEUEISEN—

My, how Ellen loved to be  
In the "rec" dancing gracefully.

EMMA BRAUER *and* ESTHER BROWN—

Emma and Esther—it was hard from the start  
To try to distinguish those "twinsies" apart.

MARION ENGLISH—

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?"  
So the poets used to declare—  
I bet they would have changed their tune  
If they got one peek at Marion's hair!

DOROTHY ABRAHAMS—

Dramatics she liked,  
And dancing, too.  
We wish her luck  
We know she'll do!

WINIFRED VANCE—

Quiet and sweet and soft of word,  
"Winnie" was more often seen than heard.

SADIE CAMPBELL—

Sadie had a rep  
For being full of pep.

DOROTHY LINDNER—

Golf was another weakness of Dorothy's, too.  
From her reaction we hope it doesn't hit you.

MARGUERITE SIEM—

Siemsie of the S. P. A. was the sweetest little sport.  
We don't mean maybe when we broadcast this report.

VERMELL GIACOBBI—

Beauty, talent, wit, and fun  
Is a big combination for anyone.



## *The Editor Criticizes a Poem*

### *The Original Poem*

#### I

The brook was frolicking in the sun,  
The daisies blinking one by one;  
For all the flowers and the trees  
And all the birdies and the bees  
Knew that day was done.

#### II

The sunflower turned its golden head,  
The sun was sinking, large and red;  
The birdies nestled in their nest,  
All of nature went to rest,  
And the brooklet slumbered in its bed.

### *The Editor's Criticism*

Now, the poem shows a great depth of imagination; it is truly beautiful. It reveals a sensitive soul and a sense of beauty that has been surpassed only by Katherine Mayo. But it seems to me that if you took the word "flower" and built a Thought about it that could somehow convey to the reader a spirit of peace and plenty, it might be more effective. But then, the first word of the fourth line in the second stanza is so exhilarating, so poetic! It shows that *all* of nature, and not just *part* of it, found contentment and peace in rest. A beautiful thought, that!

But then, I consider "birdies" a trifle childish. If you could use "whip-poor-wills" instead it might be a bit better. Even if it doesn't rhyme, and the meter is all off, it is the right touch. The reader will be able to hear the mournful call of the bird, and it will complete his impression of the world going to sleep.

I think that "sunflower" is a great deal over-used. Couldn't you say "street car"? And then, "slumber" seems to convey the impression of snoring, and I'm sure the brooklet didn't snore. Maybe you could bring in something about a piece of bacon lying on the edge, realism! Then, you might use a little personification, "the sun was lowering itself." "Tree home" is more picturesque than "nest." Try that. "Bees" and "trees" is rather trite. Try "lampshades" and "electric signs"—it's more modern, you know. Shakespeare might have used "bees" and "trees," but he didn't have lampshades and electric signs; otherwise I'm sure he would have used them. Also—and so on, far, far, into the period.

And then—

*The Revised Poem*

## I

The tiny brook was bathing itself in the rays of old Sol,  
The daisies all opened and closed their sleepy eye-lids,  
For all Spring's messengers among peace and plenty,  
and the lampshades,  
And all the whip-poor-wills and the electric signs  
Comprehended the fact that it was as it seemed; that is,  
that the interval between one night and the  
next had been encompassed to the satisfaction  
of all those who may or may not be concerned.

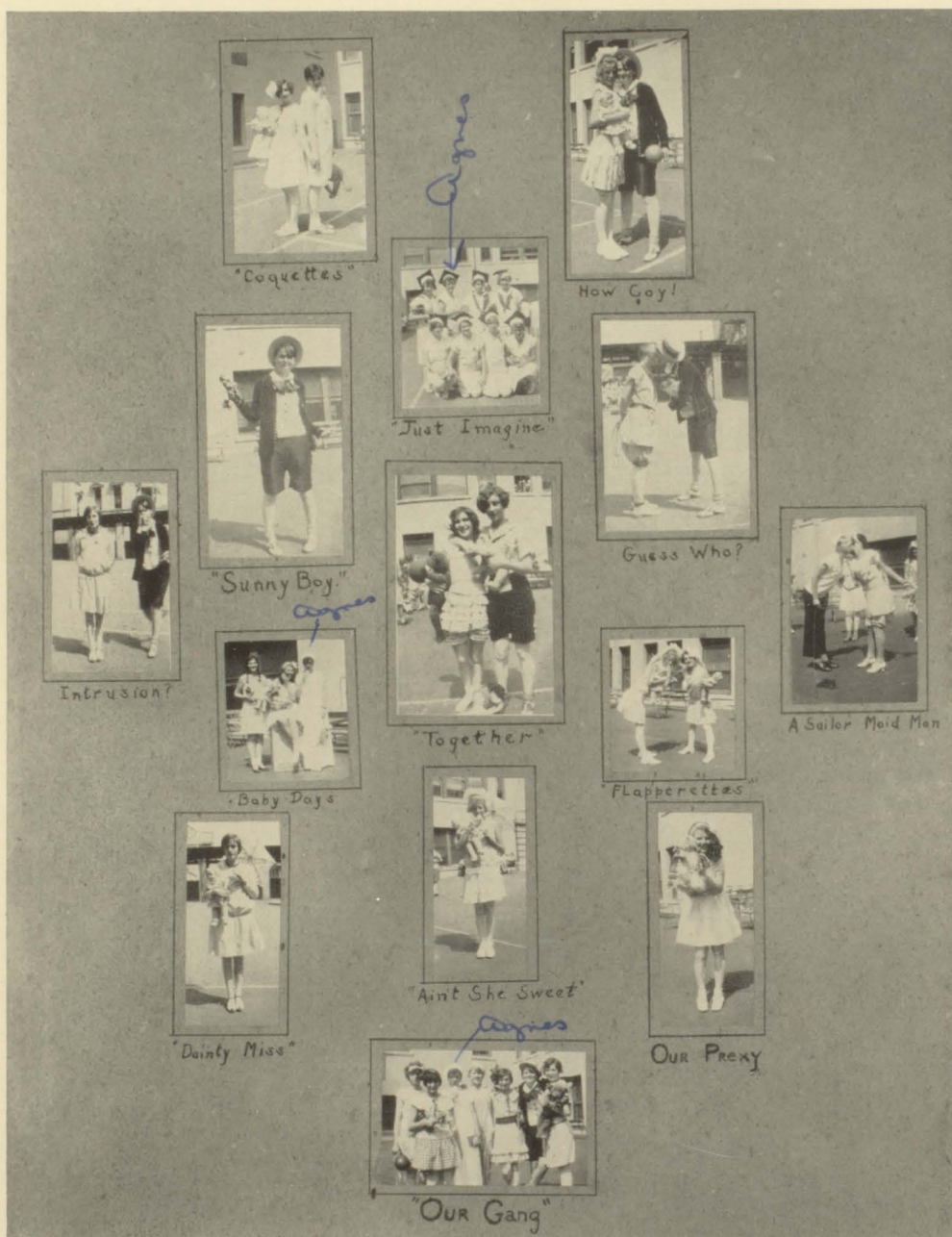
## II

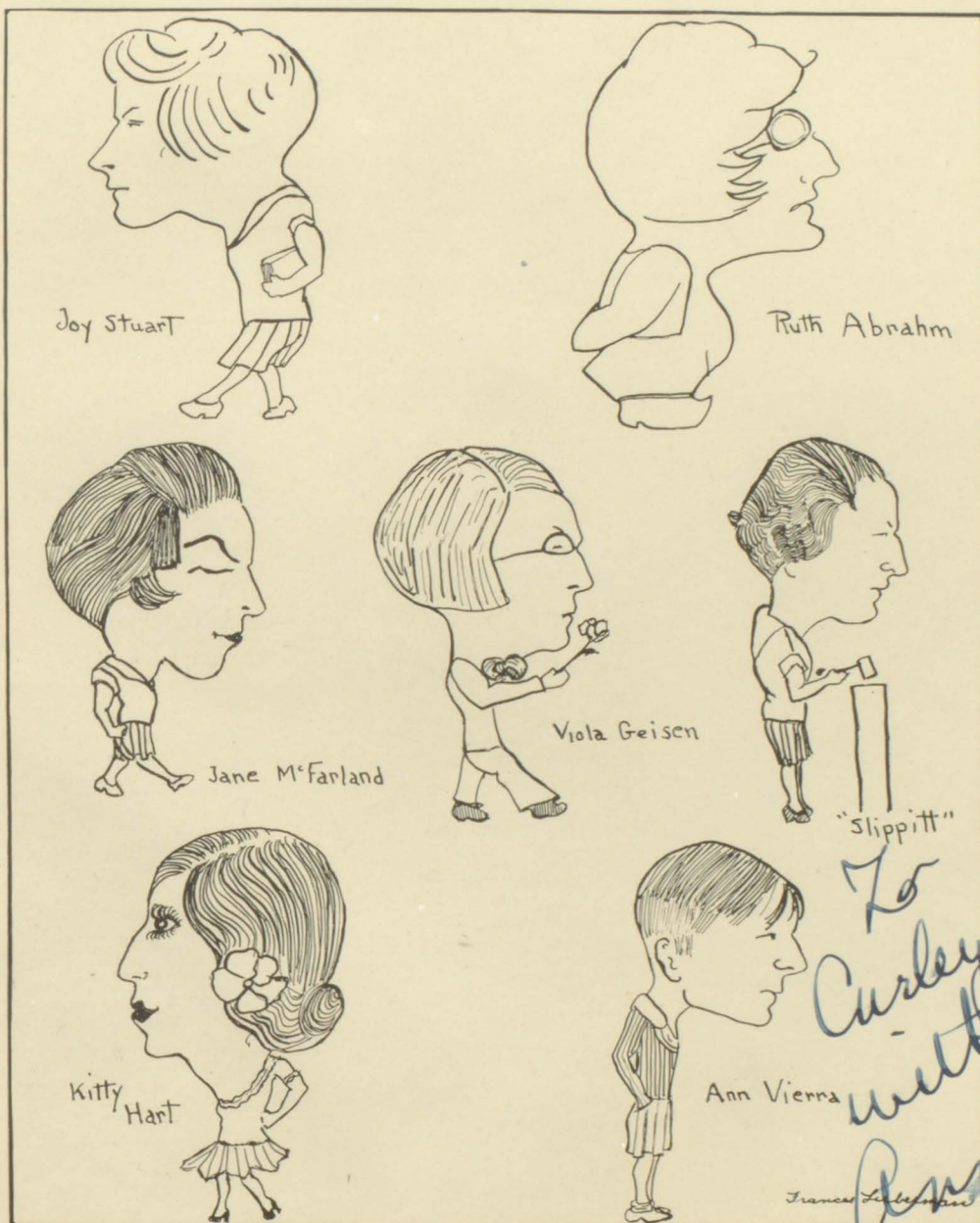
The street car turned its golden extremity,  
The giant orb of light was lowering itself, capacious, and scarlet,  
The whip-poor-wills huddled together in their tree home,  
All of nature in its entirety prepared itself for its  
nightly relaxation,  
And the brooklet went peacefully to its dreams with a  
piece of bacon lying on the edge of its bank.

MARIAN PHILLIPS, December, '29.

By leaving the space below blank the Editor and Art Editor showed their co-operative spirit and saved (\$.37) thirty-seven cents (no mills). Think of that spirit, girls, and then go home and darn your lace handkerchiefs.









## OUR BABIES



"FRANCES"



"JANE"



"RELDIA"



"HELEN"



"MARIAH"



"Siensie"



"Jimmy"



"TUT"



"HAZEL"



"MARIAH"



"Joy"

*Eyla Ring  
And How!!*



*"Such a Baby"*



*Hail Columbus!*



*"No one else but"*



*Tumblers*



*S. P. A. "Boys"*



*Camp!*



*Girl Reserves*



*Our Prexy's Smile*



*On with the Dance*



*Slip & Gorm*



Alice de Bernardi  
 Lovingly Sent  
 Bernardi

Love to a  
 new "wonderful"  
 from "Student"  
 of from another "won-  
 derful" from "Student"  
 Rosalie

[The JOURNAL

Autographs

Wishing you the  
 best of luck.  
 Emilia Ottoboni



Ah Annie -  
 I sincerely hope you  
 can keep up in that new  
 English group.  
 P.S. Love -  
 Lil' Ralf.

lots of luck.  
 Beatrice Santucci

Just a line  
 to wish you luck  
 till the end of time  
 Edna Shegog

Love from  
 on Woods  
 Loads of Luck & Best  
 wishes from  
 Gmy Magnuson  
 '31.

Best Love

Best Love & Wishes  
 to you always  
 "Pee" Beckell

快活精神  
 Enchen

Sincerely,  
 Helen L. Murray  
 Bernal













