



June 10th,

My dearest Bernice,

You told me to write in your journal so I'm trying to. I didn't know what to draw either so I tried making a caricature of Ben Surpin (of course) I wasn't very good at trying to draw him, so I wish you all the love, luck, happiness and future success in Girls High School. A
P
English sufferer,
Bunnie

P.S. alias, Pearl Myra June 10th 1922 G. H. S.

THE JOURNAL

JUNE 1929

*Brunice B. Zeller
J. '31
Girls High School.*

EDITED BY THE
STUDENTS OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



BEVERLY BERCOVICH

DEDICATION

TO GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
AND
HER IDEALS
Past, Present, and Future.

*Oh, House of Dreams, filled with the laughter of youth,
You, who stand for the glory of work, the joy of play,
Be to us the fulfilment of high hopes, the creator of vision.*

FOREWORD

TO mention ideals is, to most moderns, to be hopelessly Mid-Victorian; nevertheless, we assert that one can accomplish nothing in this workaday world without definite aims and fine aspirations.

Girls High School has always tried to awaken in the student an allegiance to the true value of life as it should be lived, and it is the major purpose of this Journal to acquaint its readers with the "esprit du coeur" of Girls High School, and to share with others our belief in those ideals toward which she is steadfastly striving.

APRECIATION

THE JOURNAL Staff wishes to express its gratitude to Miss Browning, our literary advisor; Miss Jones, our art advisor; and Miss de Bernardi, our financial advisor. We also wish to thank Miss Rosenberg for her aid with the S. P. A. photographs.

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MRS. ALICE WILSON.....	<i>French, Spanish</i>
MRS. JOANNE B. HOFFMAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>

CLASSES



MIGNON HILL -



JORNA MAHLER

JANE MCFARLAND

ANN VIERA

BEATRICE HENROTTE

HAZEL SCHARLIN

ESTHER PITMAN

RUTH JAFFE

HIGH SENIOR OFFICERS

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ANN VIERA.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER PITMAN	<i>Secretary</i>
JORNA MAHLER	<i>Treasurer</i>
HAZEL SCHARLIN.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
BEATRICE HENROTTE.....	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
RUTH JAFFE.....	<i>Cheer Leader</i>

*Very affectionately
Dorothy*



BEULAH ADDISON
CORNELIA AHRONHEIM
HELEN ALLRED
CAROL BAGNALL

LOUISE BASSO
GLADYS BECK
GERTRUDE BENNDORF
FLORENCE BENT

ELIZABETH BERG
EDNA BLACK
MARIAN BLUM
RUTH BOMMERER

DOROTHY BRAY
FRANCES BREDLOW
BERNICE BRYAN
MARIE BUILHE



CLAIRE BUSH
ELEANOR BUSS
LUCILE CAHEN
GLADYS CANTWELL

MARY CAVANAUGH
DONNA CAVO
MARGURITE CESANO
DOROTHY CHASE

HATTIE CHAN
LAURA CHANG
HELEN COLMAN
BLANCHE CONEY

BARBARA CONLY
VIVIAN DAVIES
TILLIE DAVIS
FRANCES DESMOND



JANET DICKHOFF
MAUD DOWNING
BERNIE DURHAM
MARGARET EFFY

VIRGINIA ELLIS
ROSEMARIE FARRELL
MARGARET FEISEL
EDITH FINLEY

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DOROTHY GOLDBERG

LORRAINE GORFINKLE
HELEN GREER
GLADYS GUINAW
EDITH GUSTAVSON



JEAN GUTHRIE
HELEN HALUSKA
ALEDA HART
MISAO HASHIMOTO

RUTH HAVARD
BEATRICE HENROTE
ANITA HENRY
HELEN HERRON

MARION HEWLETT
JOSEPHINE HICKS
JEAN HIGGINS
MIGNON HILL

CAROL HIRSCH
MIRIAM HIRSCHBERG
JANE HOAG
PAULEN HONTALAS



RHODA HORN
TERESA HORVATITS
IDA INMAN
SYLVIA JACOBS

RUTH JAFFE
FLORENCE JOHNSON
MAXINE JONES
HELENE JUDA

BARBARA KAISER
FANNIE KAPKIN
CECILE KAUFMAN
HELEN KEARNY

JANE KNIGHT
GERTRUDE KRAUS
FREDERICKA KREMESEC
BLANCHE KUBICEK



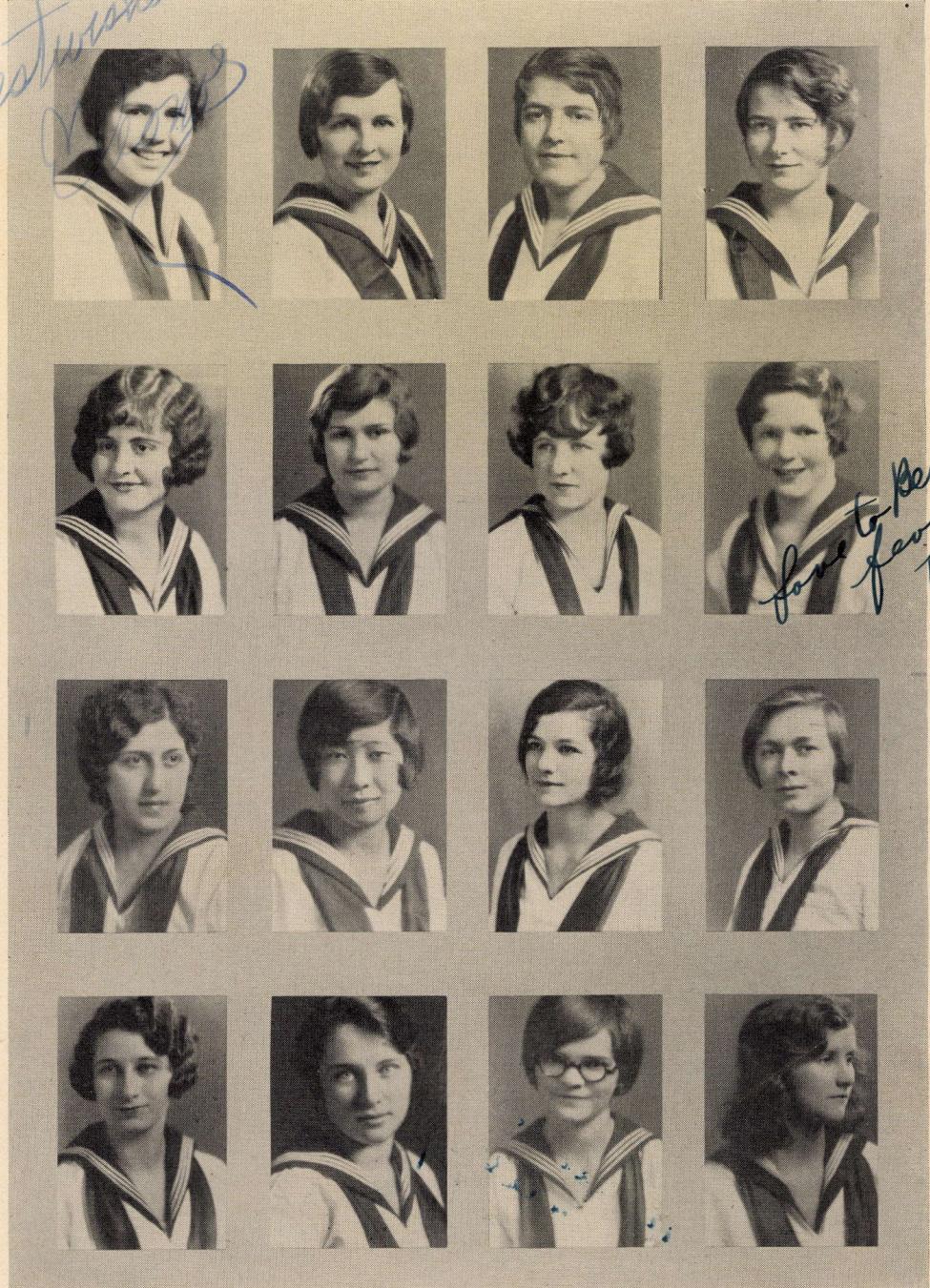
LILLIAN LANZ
BILLIE LEVI
RElda LEVY
ELIZABETH LIENAU

MARIA LYNCH
JORNA MAHLER
VERNA MAYFIELD
JANE McFARLAND

DOROTHY McGAHA
FRANCES McLAUGHLIN
JULIET MEE
VIRGINIA MELDRUM

IRENE MENDES
MARTHA MEYERS
RUTH MILLER
JEANNETTE MON

*Best wishes
M. J. M.*



ELEANOR MORRIS
GERTRUDE MOSER
JULIA NASSER
MARIAN NATHAN

JANE NELSON
JEAN NOLAN
UTA OGAWA
HELEN OLSEN

HELEN OPPENHEIM
GENEVA PARKHILL
MERCEDES PASCUAL
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VIRGINIA PETERSON
LOUISE PINKUS
ESTHER PITMAN
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MIRIAM RUDE
DORIS RUDOLPH
KAORU SAITO

EDA SALZMAN
HAZEL SCHARLIN
CONSUELO SCHNIER
GENEVIEVE SCHNIER

Best wishes to
very sweet girl
another Bernice

*Bernice
Soracco*



NORA SIEGEL
ROSALIE SILVERBERG
KATHRYN SINCLAIR
MARTHA SMITH

BERNICE SORACCO
DOROTHY SORENSEN
CATHRINE STANTON
CARLYE STONE

VERA SWANSON
FRANCIS TEAGAR
GAY TYSON
REBEKAH VAN NUYS

HELENE VICKROY
ANNE VIERA
BEATRICE VON ENDE
ESTHER WAXMAN



MERIAM WELFIELD
ROBERTA WILSON
EDA YEE

EVELYN WOLFE
HANAYE YOSHIMURA

JANE WORLEY
JUEL YOUNG

HIGH SENIOR HISTORY

"Please don't laugh at us, Girls High,
We're not so awfully green!"

WITH this plea, just four years ago, in August of the year 1925, a candid artless group of newcomers faced the cold and pretentiously wise pupils of Girls High. Within a few days, the new class had so adapted itself to its surroundings as to become an integral part of the school. The spirited class of June, '29, soon realized its possibilities and began its unending performance of earnest work and eager service.

It has not been a perfect class, but it has done its part in supporting the activities and upholding the standards of the school.

The High Seniors will never again act as a unit, but a large majority of the members, though they may be widely separated, will pull together with a common purpose, promulgating the lessons and principles learned at Girls High.

Secretary, High Senior Class.

In Loving Memory

of

Iva Schilling

June '29



ANNA TRUEB

NORMA HARRISON

ETHEL READING

LOW FOUR CLASS

HERE come the teams! "Lofor" team versus the "Otherclasses" for the championship of the Spring '29 League.

The "Lofors" secured a head start, of course, by choosing Norma Harrison as captain and quarterback. The team may be small and the substitutes few, but how that class can go!

First touchdown scored! (Did you attend the Activities Rally? Then there's really no need of my telling you what the first touchdown was.)

Hurrah! A field goal! (That interesting Washington's birthday program presented by the Low Senior class.)

The score may have been rather close, but when you consider how hard the "Lofor" team worked for the championship, it wasn't surprising that they made the winning touchdown. (The "Lofor's" participation in the numerous activities of the school, and their excellent record for sportsmanship and scholarship.)

A partial lineup of the "Lofors" has been obtained, showing some of the reasons why they have triumphed.

NORMA HARRISON.....	q (c)	President
ANNA TRUEB.....	lh	Vice-President
ETHEL READING.....	rh	Secretary
HENRIETTA VERBARG.....	fb	Treasurer
MARIE JAMES.....	c	Yell Leader



ERNESTINE RAAS

MIRIAM GUTSTADT

EVA BAILEY

HIGH THREE CLASS

MARCONI WIRELESS

Good Ship Girls High

S '29

To:

Miss Laura Daniel,
Girls High School,
San Francisco, Calif.

Sailed F '26 on good ship Girls High stop Lost in fog off Cape Algebra stop Saved by Senior Ship Good Will stop Sophomore Seas Smooth Sailing stop High Two Jinx on aft deck stop Whoopee stop High Three Rally over big stop Back to Port Graduation stop Date J '30 stop Regards to all stop.

H3 Crew.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MIRIAM GUTSTADT
<i>Vice-President</i>	ERNESTINE RAAS
<i>Secretary</i>	EVA BAILEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	WINIFRED NOLAND
<i>Yell Leader</i>	ELIZABETH MULLER



MAE FISHTROM

FLORENCE JOHANSON

BESSIE BROUH

LOW THREE CLASS

If the low three class has the most all-around girls, it is the best class in the school.

Given—

President.....	Florence Johanson.....	Former High Two "Rep."
Vice-prex.....	Mae Fishtrom.....	Former Low Two Secretary.
Secretary.....	Bessie Brough.....	Star Basketball player.
Treasurer.....	Janet McLean.....	Crack Oarsman
Cheer Leader.....	Eula Ring.....	Prominent Debater.

To prove—The Low Three class is the best class in the school.

STEPS

1. Pep + Sportsmanship + Efficiency + Cooperation = L3 Class.
2. Pep + Sportsmanship + Efficiency + Cooperation = Best class in the school.
3. Therefore the best class in the school = L3 Class.

REASONS

1. The whole is equal to the sum of its parts.
2. Identity
3. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

Q. E. D.



ZONA KISTLER

BLANCHE NORTON

DOROTHY ARENSBERG

HIGH TWO CLASS

GREEN AND WHITE

Leading Newspaper of Girls Hiland

H2 CLASS GIVES CLEVER JINX ! ! ! JINGLE BELLS FORMED ! ! !

H2 CLASS PRESENTS FINE PLAY

The cast for "The Turtle Dove" was well chosen, and the story of the Willow Pattern Plate was presented in the fantastic Chinese style.

Blanche Norton as Chang, the hero, and Eleanore Bauer as Kwen-lin, the princess, amused the audience with their quaint Chinese lovemaking.

NEW CLUB FORMED BY "A. BELLE"

The Jingle Bells, an ice-skating club, was formed by the energetic Hi 2 Class.

Iceland thronged every other Tuesday by Jingle Bells.

Miss L. Walker, sponsor, and Miriam McLaughlin, president, are there to pick up those who "faw down."

SOOTHING SIPS

The Hi 2 Class has risen in everyone's estimation this term under the guidance of Blanche Norton, president; Zona Kistler, vice-president; Dorothy Arensberg, secretary; Elizabeth Ann Cox, treasurer; Agnes Buttle, Mirror reporter; "Chickie" Friedley, cheer-leader; and Dorothea Maturin, class rep.

*Lot o' luck
and love
Betty.*



JANET SIMONSEN

BETTY LOOKER

ALFHILDE SCHREIBER

LOW TWO CLASS

TATERA! Tatera! sounded the bugle. "Company, charge!" was the command issued to section L2 by General Betty Looker. They advanced, attacked, and breathlessly waited to see how the enemy accepted the charge. He answered it more strongly than they expected. What could they do? Run, they must, to save their precious lives; so they started at full speed, always ahead—of the enemy.

Why did this happen? No one was to blame; the reason for this non-victory was neither the lack of courage nor spirit, but the lack of rifle practice!

Did they win battles after this? Oh, my, haven't you heard of them? The battle of Lotoodance was a genuine victory, and when it came to showing their real physical skill, S. Prescott, C. Rice, D. Peterson, and others proved their splendid training.

Who of the L2 company were in the famous historic Glee Club success? None other than our noted Privates M. McLean, V. Arnold, A. Schreiber, M. Gunderson, E. Stauffers, and G. Heskins.

But why be surprised? Nothing else could be expected from the company under the able staff consisting of:

BETTY LOOKER	General
JANET SIMONSEN	Captain
ALFHILDE SCHREIBER	1st Lieutenant
EDITH HURTCEN	2nd Lieutenant
ANNA LUCAS	Treasurer
ANN ROSENER	Bugler
JEAN GRUNSKY	Sergeant-at-Arms

A black and white portrait of a young woman with short, dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a dark sailor-style top with a white collar. The photo is mounted on a page with handwritten text in the upper left corner.



BARBARA O'CONNELL

HELEN HAMPTON

EILEEN REILLY

HIGH ONE CLASS

AIRSHIP REACHES LANDING FIELD WITH NO CASUALTIES!

EXTRA! Extra! All about the non-stop flight!!! Wireless just received from "The Spirit of Hi One," which has safely crossed Education Ocean and made a skillful landing at Low Two Field in the heart of the city of Success.

This gallant ship has been ably piloted by Barbara Vickroy (High One Representative) through the dangerous air pockets and fog-banks of The Executive Council.

Because of the prowess of Commander Helen Hampton, and her notable crew, Barbara O'Connell, pilot; Eileen Reilly, radio operator; and Helen Skliris and Marjorie Ryan, mechanics, "The Spirit of Hi One" has proved the sterling quality of its much advertised product "Cooperation" by out-distancing its many rivals. Prominence in sports, in clubs, and in dramatic events has been an outstanding feature of the trans-oceanic flight.

No less an authority than Charles Lindberg has predicted an unusual future success for these daring and venturesome birdwomen.



MELDA NIELSEN

ROSALIE KENNEY

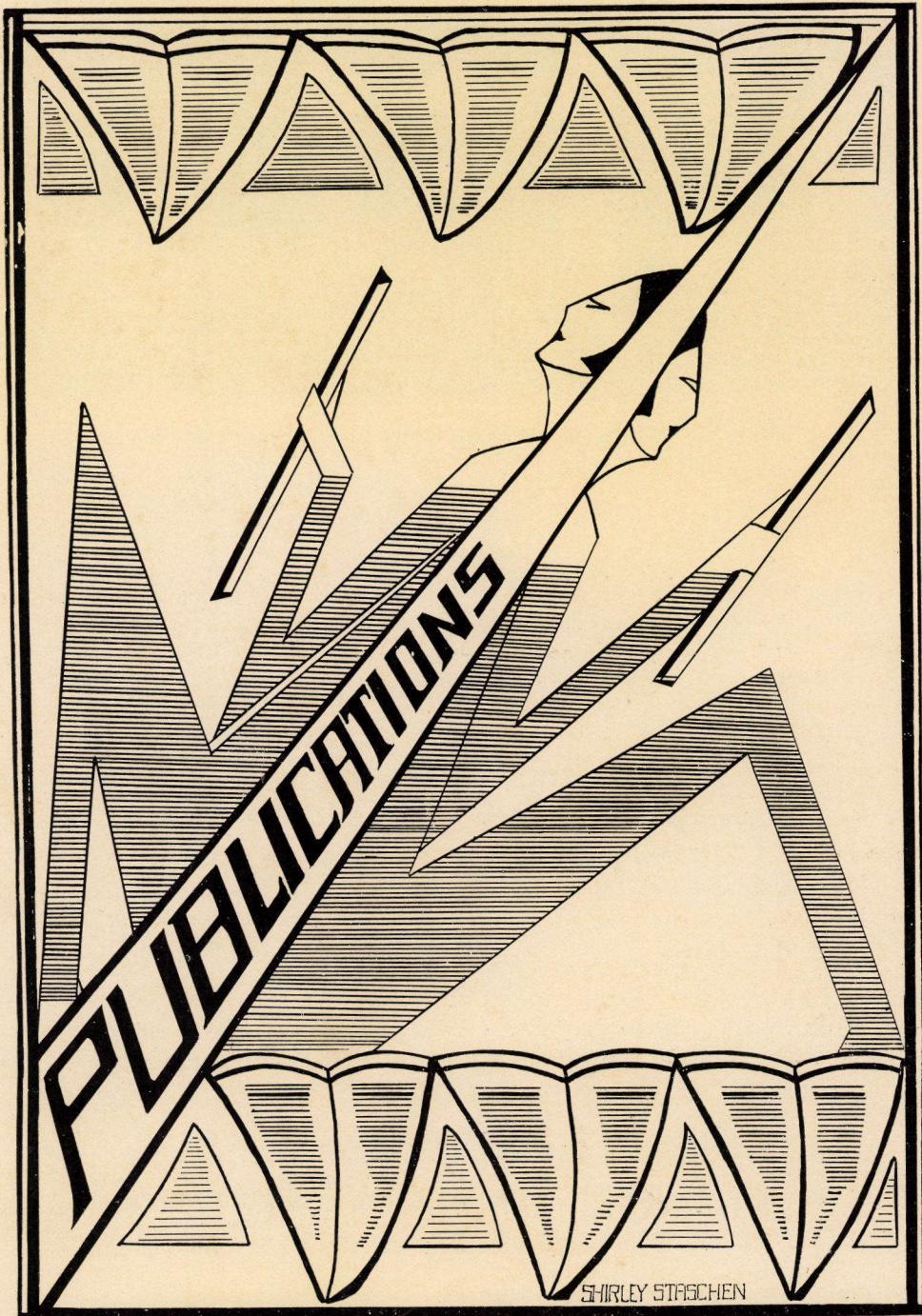
CATHERINE JACOBS

LOW FRESHMEN

THE stately grandfather's clock slowly chimed twelve. Midnight! Time for Toyland to be happy. Soon the shelves were vibrating with the dancing feet of the dolls, and the shop was filled with the excited chatter of the "Toys of the Classes." As a shipment of new dolls was expected, they were planning how to familiarize the newcomers with the customs and rules peculiar to the establishment.

Next morning Mr. Danforth, the efficient shop-keeper, placed the new dolls on their respective shelves. The older dolls, watching indulgently, saw them elect Rosalie Kenney to lead them, with Melda Nielsen to assist (in case Rosalie should be too sleepy to work), Catherine Jacobs to write up their meetings, and Rose Marie Conrad to take care of their valuables.

The youngest dolls, to the joy of all Toyland, soon took a prominent part in the Activities Rally, in the production of "The Knave of Hearts," and in Sports. Delighted, the shop-keeper was assured of the success of his latest Parisian importations.



SHIRLEY STASCHEN



MIGNON HILL

BARBARA CONLY

LORRAINE GORFINKLE

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MIGNON HILL, *Art Editor*

LORRAINE GORFINKLE, *Business Manager*

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EDITH HURTGEN

BEVERLY BERCOVICH

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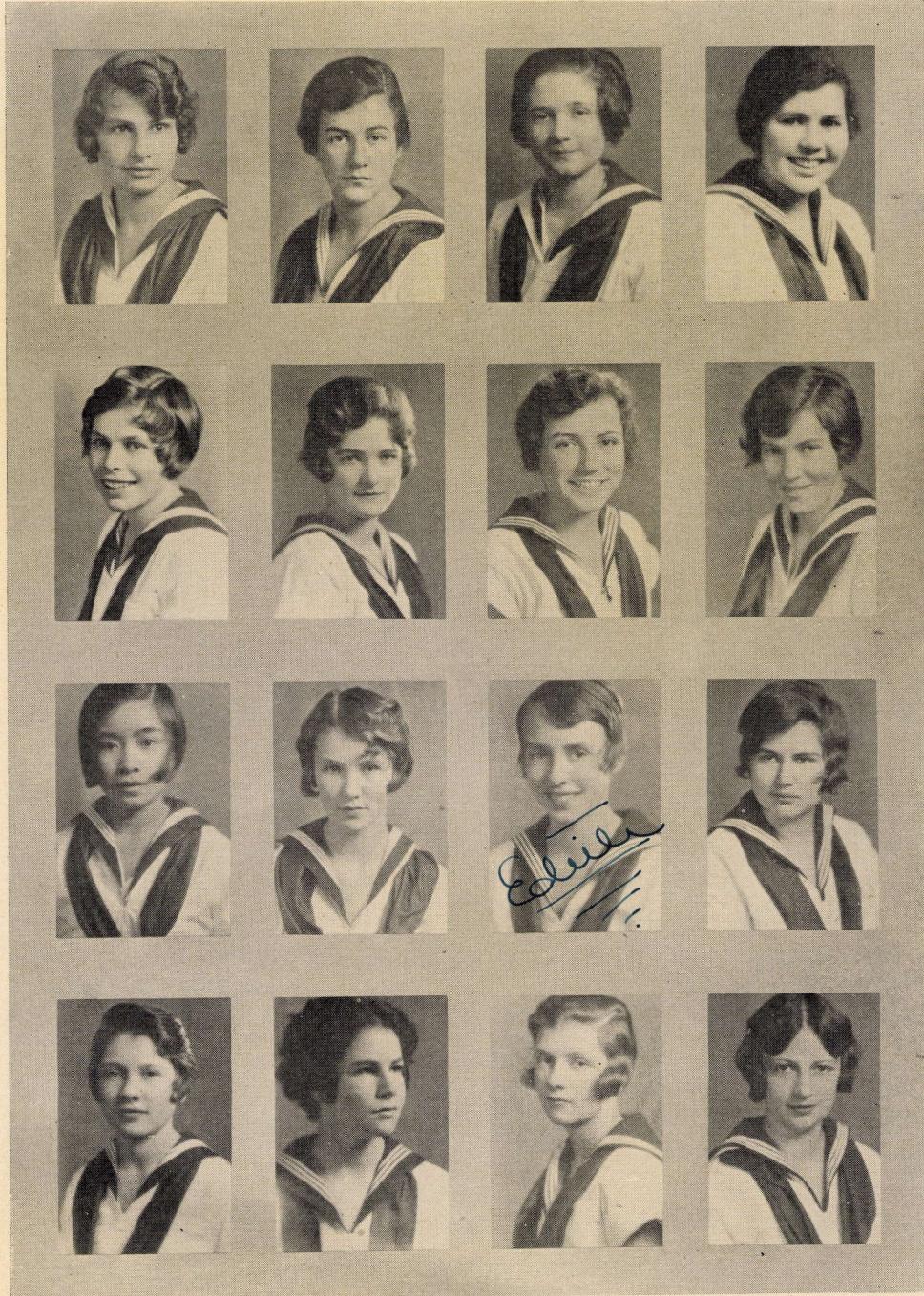
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BARBARA KAISER

DOROTHY MOSS

THE JOURNAL Staff wishes to express its appreciation to Antoinette Zellerbach, Con-suelo Bley, and Bernice Abrams, for their work in typing this book.



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ROSE CHIN
MARION HEWLETT

EDITH ARNSTEIN
MARIAN PHILLIPS
SHIRLEY STASCHEN
ROSALIE SILVERBERG

FRANCES CREEL
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DOROTHY MOSS

ELEONOR MORRIS
ALICE COOPER
BEVERLY BERCOVICH
BARBARA KAISER



MARY MCGINN

BARBARA CUMMINGS

HELEN OPPENHEIM

THE MIRROR

WERE there edited a "What's What" of magazines and newspapers, one might expect to find *The Mirror* listed as "The Official Organ of Girls High."

It takes working brains, flying pens, scurrying feet, and pounding typewriters to get out an issue of the *Girls High Mirror*, but it's worth it, from the standpoint of the benefit derived by the reporters, as well as from the viewpoints of the school at large. *The Mirror* has become an institution.

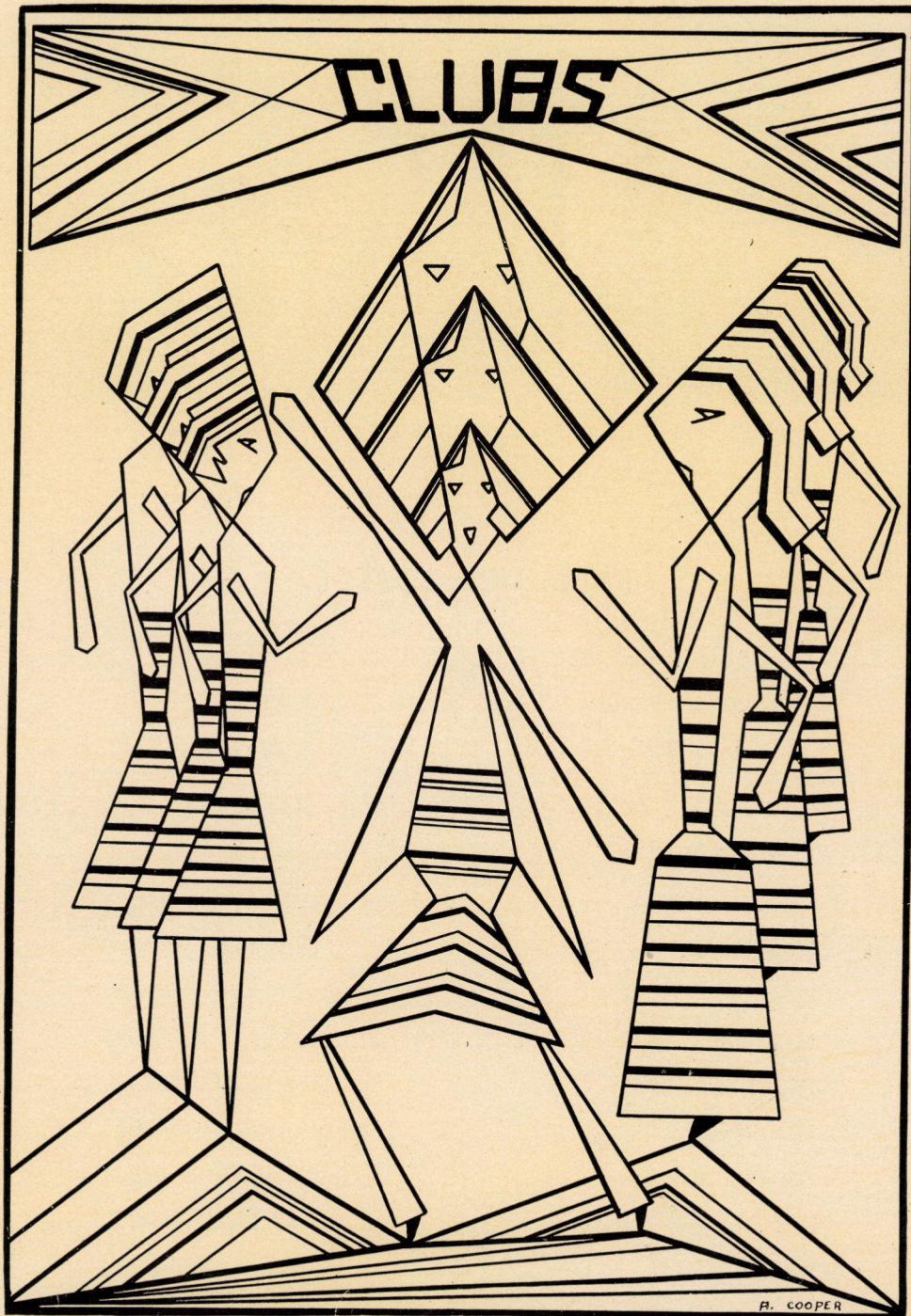
Under the efficient and patient efforts of Miss Evelyn D. Armer, faculty advisor; Barbara Cummings, editor; Helen Oppenheim, associate editor; Mary McGinn, business manager; and the entire staff, the editing of the newspaper has been conceded to be tremendously worthwhile and interesting.

Care and extreme precaution are taken at all times to make *The Mirror* as truthful and accurate as possible. The policy of *The Mirror* has outlawed any advertisements whatever. This places our periodical upon an altogether different basis from that of the average school paper.

Despite the fact that *The Mirror* is the cherished "child" of the Journalism classes, any outside articles displaying good newspaper style are readily accepted.

The Mirror has always worked with one aim in mind—to please YOU. For YOU are *The Mirror's* audience, critics, subscribers, and subjects.

CLUBS



H. COOPER



MARIAN PHILLIPS

BLANCHE KUBICEK

JANET DOZIER

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

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Dorothea Maturin	<i>Third Representative</i>
Edith Hurtgen	<i>Fourth Representative</i>
Barbara Vickroy	<i>Fifth Representative</i>
Muriel Klinker	<i>Sixth Representative</i>



ALICE HOLTZ
JULIA MERRELL

CAROL RUBEN
SYLVIA GUTSTADT
DOROTHEA MATURIN
MURIEL KLINKER

MARGUERITE CESANO
ELINOR KAHN
EDITH HURTGEN
RElda LEVY

ETHEL GOSS
BARBARA VICKROY

Because of Clara Hamilton's illness, her picture is unavoidably omitted.



CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

The goal for those who work hard and are accepted into the California Scholarship Federation for six terms, is a life membership. A gold seal on their diplomas and a gold pin are two proofs, upon which students may rely to procure for themselves certain privileges guaranteed by the colleges to members of this association. Thus membership in the C. S. F. is a valuable asset in the college career of such students.

Able assistance from a staff of capable officers—Cathrine Stanton, president; Babette Frank, vice-president; Ernestine Raas, secretary; Eleonor Morris, treasurer; and Elinor Kahn, who checks up applicants' records, under the direction of the sponsor, Miss O'Brien—has provided an incentive for girls not only to take part in outside activities, but also to work at their studies as never before.

The life members for the terms of June '28 and December '28 are to be found on the Alumnae Page.

DEBATING CLUB

Since its withdrawal from the "League," the Debating Club has held its debates with college freshmen and out-of-town high schools, among which this term were the University of California, Mills College, Santa Cruz High, Palo Alto Union High, Lowell Girls Club, and Hamilton Junior High. President, Cecile Kaufman; vice-president, Mary McGinn; secretary, Nora Siegel; Sophomore representative, Sylvia Rosenstirn; freshman representative, Lillian Schneider; and faculty advisor, Mr. Dupuy, have arranged Open Forum discussions and an Interclass Individual Speaking Contest.

The publishing of the *Torch*, edited by Barbara Prince, the giving of a motion picture, and the innovation of a May Day picnic, in lieu of the traditional luncheon, are but a few of the many milestones marking a successful Debating Club term.

CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

Though comparatively new, The Care and Culture Club has progressed rapidly both in size and ambition. This is due not only to the ability of its leaders, Barbara Kaiser, president; Ann Breslauer, vice-president; and Carol Ruben, secretary, but also to the administrative qualities of its advisor, Miss Pettit.

Regularly it has been the task of the club members to try to improve conditions within the school, and to demonstrate to the girls the importance of neatness and cleanliness. This has been illustrated by occasional demonstrations in beauty culture. This term, in addition, they have worked earnestly to obtain showers for the gym. It seems now, as if it will not be long before the members of the various gym classes will be able to enjoy a refreshing shower. The unselfish desire of the club members to work for the good of the entire student body is heartily to be commended.



My sincerely
H. Taylor

JOURNAL CLUB

Oh, the Journal Club girls are busy young girls,
And busy young girls are they.
They call for their paper, they call for their pens,
They call for a sixteen-hour day!

Qualifications for membership are an interest in the semi-annual publication and a willingness to work. One credit has been offered this term for the accomplishment of a required amount of work and regular attendance. The art section, under Miss Jones and Mignon Hill, has interested itself in all cuts and pictures; the business section, in charge of Miss de Bernardi and Lorraine Gorfinkle, has faced the task of making the book pay by reason of careful financial methods; while the literary section, under Miss Browning, has written and proofed this book.

By virtue of the cooperation between the sections, the efficiency of the club members and the Journal Staff, and the systematic ability of the editor, Barbara Conly, with the aid of the president, Claire Bush, and the secretary, Edith Arnstein, "The Girls High Journal" now appears in print.

THE BANK

As the old Scotch proverb says, "Many a mickle makes a muckle"; so Girls High has instituted a banking system in order that the "mickles" the girls bring in as freshmen may become a "muckle" at graduation.

In connection with the campaign now operating in all the high schools of San Francisco under the direction of the Anglo-California Trust Company, the members of the Girls High Banking Department are doing their best, under Miss Flynn's untiring efforts to encourage thrift not only for the present but also for the future.

Every term, representatives from the club visit the Anglo-California Bank to learn new ideas for carrying on the banking system of the school. The officers for the past term are: Teresa Wilcox, president; Lillian Woodside, vice-president; and Alice Cooper and Lucille Scatena, secretaries.

NATURALIST CLUB

The Naturalist club, one of the most enterprising clubs of Girls High School, has the beginnings of a joint library and museum to be thrown open to the whole school. During this term, it has provided many interesting programs for the Student Body, among which was a lecture by Mr. Schmoe of Ranier National Park. One of the club's most important accomplishments has been the help given to the campaign for the selection of a state bird under the auspices of the Pacific Audubon Society.

The officers of the club—Carola Mack, president; Teresa Wilcox, vice-president; Faye Taylor, secretary; and Mae Levin, business manager—all work together with Miss Pettit, the club sponsor, for success.



for
Jillie



Lots of luck,
and happiness.
& success.



INTERNATIONAL CLUB

The International Club has completed a successful term under the leadership of Rebekah Van Nuys, president; Marcia Meyer, vice-president; Cathrine Stanton, secretary; Cecelia Rhine, treasurer; and Maria Lynch, program chairman. This term the Girls High club has worked with other schools to advance the International Movement. Every month this group has held conferences, which have been attended by students of the Bay District schools. Problems affecting the clubs have been presented and many decisions of interest to all have resulted. Trips were made to Stanford and Berkeley, where foreign students lectured on their native countries and customs. The annual luncheon this year was held in Oakland.

Membership in this group has increased greatly, for the popularity of the International idea grows daily.

SODALITAS LATINA

At the outset of this semester, the Junior and Senior Latin Clubs merged to form the "Sodalitas Latina," or Latin Club. Under the guidance of Miss Stark, faculty advisor; Barbara Prince, president; Carol Cole, vice-president; Ethel Rundquist, secretary; and Elsa Bickel, treasurer, the organization has completed a most successful program based on the study of Roman manners and customs.

Alternate meetings have been devoted to various phases of Roman life and to Latin songs, dialogues, and amusements—an arrangement which has proved more than satisfactory to the supporters of the "Purple and Silver."

ITALIAN CLUB

Noticeable though new—that's what Girls High says about the Italian club, "Le Rondinelle." With the Misses E. and L. Walker as sponsors; Marguerite Cesano as president; Virginia Rattaro as vice-president; and Edith Massagli as secretary, needless to say an active organization is guaranteed.

Plays, hikes, parties, and business meetings are enjoyed by the members of the club. Girls who are interested in Italian or who speak the language are eligible. Meetings have been held in the B period the last Thursday of every month. Then, too, there is the paper, "Il Canto delle Rondinelle," which is published semi-annually by a picked staff.

The Italian Club will go far, if one is to judge by the progress made during the past year.



LAS AMIGUITAS

The Spanish Club has ended the term as it began it—successfully. For its members, the humdrum routine of school work has been lightened and made happier by the various activities in which they have taken part. In the Activities Rally, in the meetings held during the term, in the pleasure trips, in the Language Clubs Party, the Spanish Club has proven its worth. Many girls have won the pin which is awarded for service to the club. In addition, a Cervantes Contest has been held, and the Cervantes medal won by Mercedes Pascual; second place, Irene Mendes.

Under the able leadership of the Misses L. and E. Walker as sponsors, and Jane Worley as president, "Las Amiguitas" has become deservedly popular in Girls High School.

GERMAN CLUB

Gross oder klein,	Ist der Platz für dich.
Der Deutsche Verein	Das findet sich.

A club that really tries and succeeds in being German—that is the definition of the German Club. Under the able supervision of Mrs. Bickel and its officers—Freda Mueller, president; Alfhilde Schreiber, vice-president; and Dorothy Fisher, secretary—something interesting has always been accomplished at every meeting.

The German Club girls this term have been working on plays. A selection from "Einer Muss Heiraten" was presented at the Language Party. One of the most noteworthy features of this club is that it invariably presents a cheery and busy atmosphere.

FRENCH CLUB

President, MARIAN BLUM; Vice President, BILLIE LEVI; Secretary, DOROTHY GOLDBERG

Parlez-vous Français si poli?
Venez, joignez-vous? Mais, oui.
We work and we play
In good old Français
Nous avons beaucoup de joie.
Nous parlons en Français
Et chatons en Français.
Il grandit veree large!
Mam'selle Revoy she take charge.
Nous parlons si joli en Français,
Qu'on dirait de la poesie.
Ah! oui. Ah! oui!

Dear Bernice
I just want
to say that I want
you all the
success, happiness
luck, success,
and success
and I hope you all the
time past up
about what
I'll write, so
sign my
name, Marian
Huntington

Marian Huntington

October 10, 1942

[A black and white photograph of a group of women, likely the Huntington girls, standing in front of a building.]

Lots of luck
and success --
Florabell Green.



Bert
in winter
of Florence
of snowmen



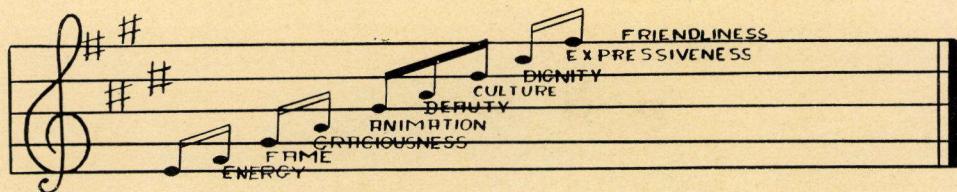
Sucker love
from Florence
Temple.



Lots of Luck from
the girl who
"beats it"
Gennetta
Schwartz

Best wishes
Florence

GLEE CLUB



The above ideals, together with the lessons in music given in this club, prove the worthwhileness of the Girls High Glee Club. Vivian Davies has served as president of the Glee Club during the past semester.

ORCHESTRA

This term the orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. McGlade and its president, Edna Black, not only has contributed to many school programs, but also has played the musical score for the Glee Club operetta, whose success was due in a great measure to the fine music rendered by the orchestra. It has been heard at the Senior Rally, over the radio, and at the San Francisco Women's Club.

Girls who wish instruction in brass instruments may receive this teaching from Mr. Hynamen and, after proving their capacity, may become orchestra members.

The orchestra has proven itself a necessary part of the school, and there are many candidates for the three credits which it offers. All the girls say with emphasis, "It is the best school orchestra in the city."

JAZZ BAND

The Jazz Band, Girls High's versatile syncopators, are a comparatively new organization in our school. This activity is justly deserving of the great popularity with which it is regarded by students. The members of the band, led by its "peppy" president, Geneva Parkhill, are exceedingly generous with their time and talent. Every girl who attends a reception in the "Rec" is greatly indebted to the Jazz Band for its earnest efforts to make every reception another Girls High success.



Books of Luck
And Love
from a $\Delta 2$
"Chorus"

DRAMATIC CLUB

The curtain rose; the audience leaned forward with expectant faces; the play was on! On the stage, Freshman talent was being displayed to an eager school. Then as the play continued, the serious faces of the audience wreathed themselves in smiles, while many a Freshman showed her wit and dramatic ability in a clever performance of "The Knave of Hearts." The success of this play may be attributed to the able direction of Vera Swanson, president of the club, and of Mrs. Tharp, its sponsor.

The upper classes chose, this semester, to present the fifth act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as their contribution to the San Francisco Shakespearian Festival.

DANCING CLUB

"Come, and trip it, as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

In the Dancing Club of Girls High is the opportunity for each participant to acquire freedom and grace of body. The object of the Club being to interpret music through motion, the girls make up their own steps to accord with the spirit of the music, and the best of these are chosen for the club to learn. With Mrs. Tharp as sponsor, the girls have been working this term on steps for the Glee Club operetta. Zona Kistler, president; Elizabeth Ann Cox, secretary; and Janet Dickhoff, director, have been efficient assistants in all the good work accomplished by this talented group of girls.

TUMBLING CLUB

To the uninitiated, the mysteries of flips, rolls, balances, and pyramids are surprisingly difficult; but to the tumblers, with their lithe, easy movements, these feats seem to be accomplished with a minimum of effort. In the Tumbling Club, the opportunity to acquire agility of body is offered to all desiring it. When a girl has a fine coach, plenty of mats, and an energetic group of people with whom to work, it is surprising how easy tumbling becomes.

Because of the feats already accomplished by the members, with the aid of Miss Oakes, and its officers, Gladys Gineaw, president; Rosalie Kenny, vice-president; and Elsie Harrison, secretary, this club offers Girls High an unusual activity.



Sincerely
Willie
(W. H. S.)

Loads of love
Doris

→ Loads of luck
to a fellow typist
Helen Schaffner

JILL TAR

Every Saturday the energetic members of the Jill Tar may be seen down at the Yacht Harbor. A good "cox," a skillful pilot, and hard-working girls form a crew that is steadily improving. This, however, is not the only source of enjoyment for these Jill Tarites, for on windy days there is often a sail in the big whale boat. Then, too, there are occasional launch rides and swimming.

On March 1, the San Francisco Ice Rink was thronged by a masked and costumed crowd of skaters, who were enjoying the hospitality of a Jill Tar party. "Al" Freiermuth, our captain, has carried us triumphantly through the season.

CAMP FIRE

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean, and a pleasant land."

With officers such as Gladys Gineaw, president; Ruth Jaffe, vice-president; Elizabeth Muller, activities manager; and Edith Hurtgen, yell leader, the Girls High Camp Fire group must be and is a "mighty" and a "pleasant" organization. These groups in our school have been doing their part to swell the funds for the new Headquarters Building, by having candy sales and sandwich sales.

No student can walk through the halls without hearing a plan for one of the many Camp Fire activities, whether it be a hike, a week-end, a track, or a swimming meet.

GIRL RESERVES

Lihalomo, a word coined from the words "Life, Happiness, Love, and Morals," is a unit of the international Girl Reserve Organization, whose slogan is "to face life squarely," and whose purpose is "to find and give the best." A vital part of the Girl Reserve philosophy of life is to have a good time. In accordance with this belief, the members of Lihalomo enjoy parties, launch rides, and week-end trips. They also publish a semi-annual publication known as "Spunk," whose efficient editor is Jane Worley.

The inviting program for this term was planned by an able cabinet, which consisted of president, Jane Knight; vice-president, Josephine Hicks; secretary, Helen Pistey; treasurer, Vera Macklin; service chairman, Anita Henry; program chairman, Esther Pitman; publicity chairman, Beatrice Henrotte; and social chairman, Norma Harrison.

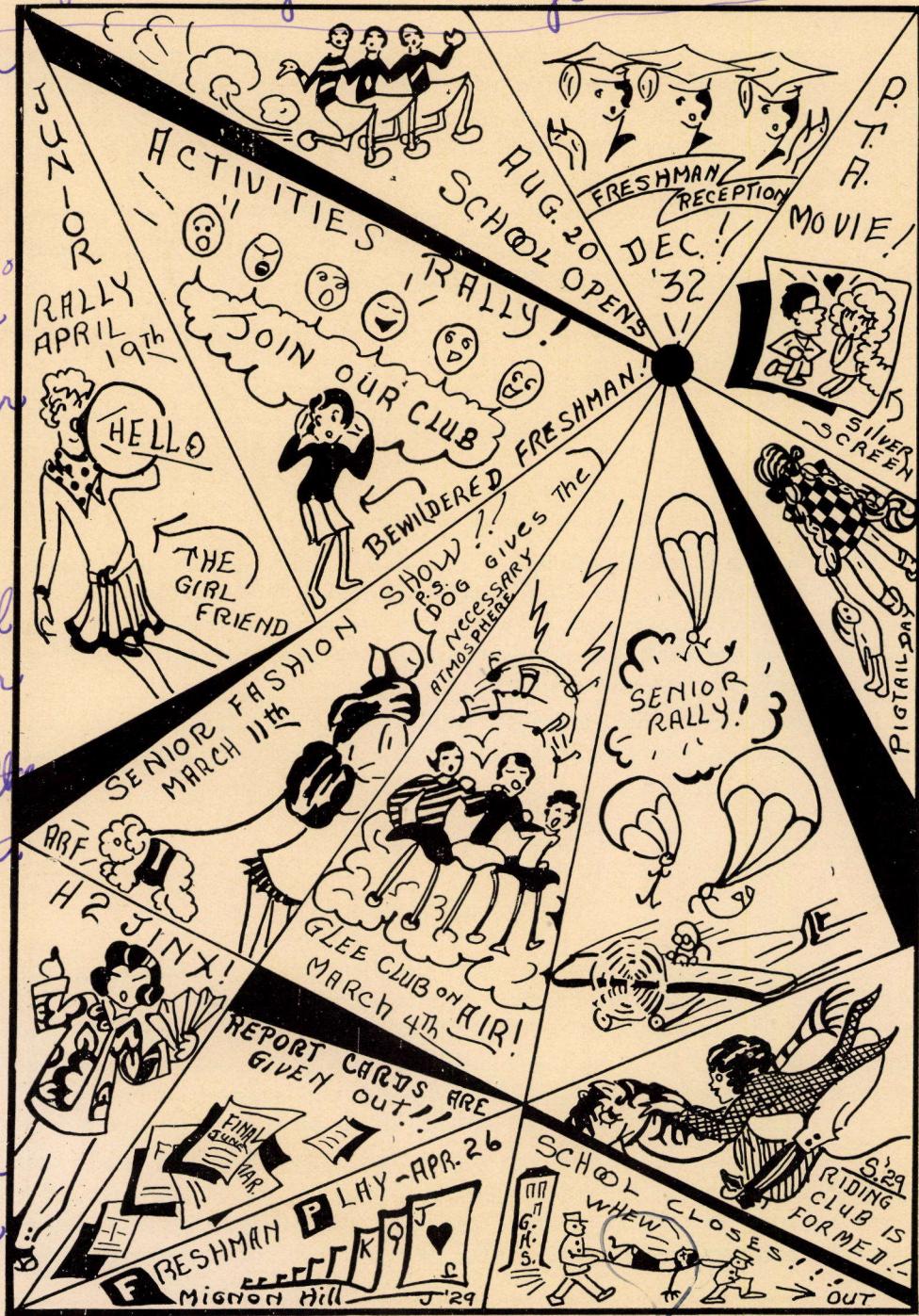
Dear Barry
 Don't you but I am
 forget it but I am
 going to write to
 you when I
 get to Los Angeles.
 I am just so glad
 you are staying here

next term
 Please
 would
 you be
 so kind
 as to eat 6°
 & oh just
 be in ever
 so many
 of my
 classes.

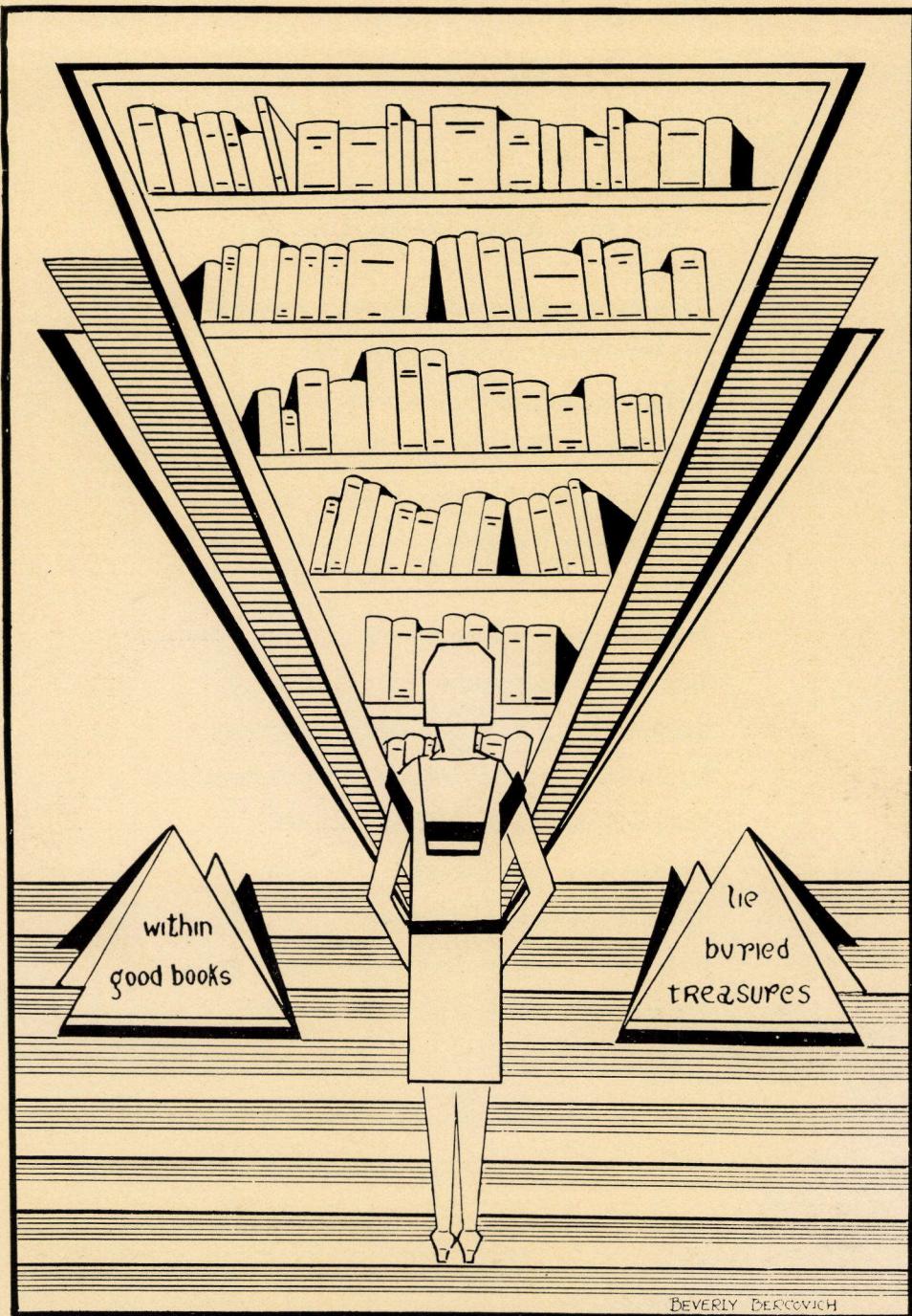
When will
 you & I ever
 get to go
 out together
 you must
 come over
 & see my
 mother
 she asks
 about
 you all
 the time

But I
 don't see you
 much (as you know)
 oh & come see our
 dog. He would like
 to get acquainted with
 you. In fact we all would
 like to renew all acquaintances.

your pal forever & ever
 Flower Temple.



Sincerely,
 Anna Temple



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Oh, girls of to-day, standing on the threshold of life,
You have but to stretch out your arms
And all the blessings of the universe are yours.
There is no mountain so steep, but you can scale it,
No river so deep, but you can cross it—
The courage of the ages is your heritage.

Oh, women of to-morrow, looking eagerly to the future,
Take into your outstretched arms all of life;
Grasp the beauty that youth alone can offer you,
Build with it a fortress firm against the storms of life,
Build with it a harbor, sheltered and safe,
In which your ship of dreams
May wait the turning of the tide.
Build on with courage, love, and strength,
Till you have constructed the temple of a soul.

MARGARET FRIEDMAN, June, '29.

MISS MASON

A HORIZON of steel and stone reared itself above a dilatory, pushing crowd. The traffic rumbled beneath her; here and there she could distinguish a flash of metal as one of the big automobiles swung into the sunlight. How vividly she recalled her last visit to that office! She could still hear Dr. Merrill's quiet tones pronouncing the dread verdict upon her father. To-day, the same magazines that she had read then, lay idle in her lap. The great city had changed entirely since last she sat at this window. The doctor's waiting room seemed to be the only place that had remained unaltered; perhaps because it could not well be more austere than it was.

Her eyes traveled aimlessly from roof to roof. What was that dome-shaped building looming large and brown amongst the others? At the sight of that abandoned Fair building a sardonic smile crept over her grim, old face. She pictured herself again a girl of eighteen, wandering through a maze of color, of new machinery, of crying children; she had longed to have a good cry herself that day, but the thought of home with her sister Kate drove her on from booth to booth. She remembered that morning when she had, for the first time, held her own against her sister.

"Kate," she had said, "I have stood for your nagging; I have let you ridicule me before my friends. Every friend I have ever had has thrown me over, because she wasn't able to enter this house without wiping her feet on the mat, or sitting at the table with you forever correcting her table manners; but you love to disgrace me. I warn you that, if you do not change, I will leave this house!"

"Go, then," exclaimed the enraged Kate, "but be sure that I never see you again!"

She recalled her lonely, helpless feeling, as she left the house—a feeling that marred the joy of independence. Defiantly her feet led her to a brown building that stood out above its fellows, for she knew this to be the amusement zone of the Industrial Exposition, which she had longed to see, but from which her prejudiced sister had kept her.

During her days of wandering, she had stopped from time to time to ask in a timid voice, "Do you need any help? Have you a spare job?" Her only reply was loud and uproarious laughter. A girl in a fur coat with a tear-stained face is hardly the person to get or to keep a job long. She plodded on, till, one day, she came to a tea room where a jazz band was thrumming. Two men were standing beside her, intently discussing business.

"The customers are yelling for service. You must find another waiter," insisted one.

"Pardon me, sir," she interrupted, "but wouldn't I do?"

The man looked up in surprise. "I did want a man," he replied, "but I may be able to use you." She was given an apron, a cap, and twenty-five cents an hour.

Her ambition, then, was to get herself a booth, exhibit her dancing, make a fortune, and go to Europe. She had tried the booth, but soon found that it was not so easy to make the fortune. Behind the grim smile she wondered at the happiness of her ignorant youth. From this insignificant beginning, she had started her career as promoter of amateur novelties and side-show manager.

She had never made any real friends; so she often sat for hours in front of a mirror arguing with the masculine and unsympathetic face before her. "I'd have been better to

have been like Kate and kept the old home and Father's money," she had often said to herself, after an unfruitful and trying day. She laughed to remember that now. She had wondered many times whether her sister had grown more gentle with the years; but, till the doctor had told her of her seriously broken health, she had never acknowledged to herself that she would like to return to this Kate, who after all was her sister. She shivered a little, as she realized that she was even now awaiting the doctor's final decision. He might advise, as he had for many other nervous invalids, an immediate return to home and the loving care of kinsfolk. An uninvited smile flickered for a moment as she thought of this possibility. "If Kate hadn't changed, she would rather endure a lonely old age than continual bickering, deprived of her freedom," she thought fiercely; but, to become a charity patient—sick, poor, forgotten by God and man. Perhaps—she shuddered—she would be spared that last indignity.

"Miss Mason!" A nurse in uniform was standing at the door. She rose and walked steadily with a quick, masculine stride through the open door.

The spectacles of the white-haired secretary were intent on the card index. When she finally raised her eyes, their glances met. "Kate!" cried her sister, "Kate!"

For a second, a flicker of recognition could be seen behind the spectacles, then—"Second door to the right," she said curtly.

ERNESTINE RAAS, June, '30.

To my dear old pal
As years roll on
As roll they will
Please always remember
Your old pal who
wrote up hill.
Flounce.

FREEDOM

Oh, give me life and freedom
To sing and love and laugh!
To wander over hills of joy
In search of a golden path.

Oh, give me a deep blue ocean
With the sun and a wind and a sail;
Let me watch a dun cloud crawling slow
Like a giant winged snail.

Oh, give me a dewy field of grass
And flowers and a morning breeze,
And a lonely path on a lonely isle
To wander where I please.

MARIAN PHILLIPS, Dec., '29.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

A king bestrode his shining steed,
His armor gleamed in the sun;
The battle had raged the livelong day,
But he and his steed had won.

He sat there pondering evil news,
For the dear little princess fair
Had been stolen by ten robbers bold,
Who had hidden her in their lair.

He rode apace till he spied a cave,
Said the king, "What do I see?"
"Methinks I hear a muffled scream,
What can the matter be?"

The sounds became much clearer,
As he cautiously went along;
'Twas then he saw four bandits
Singing a drunken song.

Off in the corner, his lady love
Lay bound and gagged so tight.
"For her dear sake," said the weary king,
"I will fight with all my might."

So fight he did full boldly,
Till the bandits all lay dead.
The little maid he told of his love
And said, "With me you'll wed."

The princess smiled sedately,
She cast her eyes adown,
But she thought—oh, most intently,
How well she'd look in her crown.

FRANCES PETERSON, Dec., '30.

DESCENT

Let me down gently,
I've been drifting high.
I know the wind won't last.
It's held me in the sky
So long. Soon it must cease—
One should not count on air.
But, let me down gently, wind,
The sky is fair.

EDITH ARNSTEIN, June, '30.

THE CRUSADER

To Palestine there went a knight
For the saving of his soul;
He joined the ranks of those who fought
With Jerusalem for their goal.

The Saracens were brave and strong,
But shortly they gave ground;
Yet at the Christian muster call,
The knight was nowhere found.

"A captive of the Saracen,"
So did his leaders say,
"They've taken him for hostage,
To Damascus he's carried away."

But his captor was a maiden,
Her love his heart's desire,
For her beauty was like an elixir
And set the blood afire.

At last they came with his ransom,
Complaining of Moslem greed;
But they came too late, for a convert
Had been gained to the Moslem creed.

FLORENCE STONE, Dec., '30.

VIGNETTES

AUGUST, 1892—a day when going to school would have seemed criminal had the building been other than the stately new Girls High School. Indeed, Hattie Wayland thrilled with pride that all this splendor was to be her daily portion. As she crossed Geary Street, she gazed rapturously at the imposing brick structure with its blue slate roof.

Just then the car stopped, and who should alight from the dummy but Mary Ross, in the dearest of dresses, with flowered leg-of-mutton sleeves and a seven gored skirt—but her *hat!* Hattie patted affectionately the tricky straw sailor that adorned her own heavy braids, while casting a slightly condescending glance at Mary's old-fashioned pancake.

Up the granite steps went Hattie, the wind whipping her voluminous skirts about her neat kid boots, as she turned to wait for Mary, who had been prevented from joining her by the passing of Mrs. Fairmont's carriage.

Greetings were exchanged, while Mary, as an old girl, led the way to the Auditorium, where she left her friend to the tender mercies of the faculty.

"Forty-five of you girls in the classical division, follow me"—and Hattie Wayland had begun her career at Girls High.

* * * * *

August, 1929—a no less beautiful day than that of 1892, when Hattie Wayland had entered Girls High. A shining Buick stops at the Scott Street entrance and the present Miss Wayland—Harriet, if you please—dressed in a darling print tennis dress, carrying a ukelele, alights in haste. Girls, girls, girls—park their autos, descend from street cars, or walk bareheaded in the sun toward school.

"Gee, I'm glad you're coming here!" enthuses Mary Ross, Harriet's grammar school friend, rushing up in a natty riding habit. "Come to my locker, while I put my blazer away; then we'll go into the 'rec' for a few dances before the bell rings."

Harriet, following this friendly advice, enters with Mary the locker-lined lower corridor and inspects the "cute" combination lock. Later in the "rec," Harriet's shyness disappears as she dances to the latest "jazz" tune. At the bell, Mary takes Harriet to the Auditorium, where she chooses five of the myriad subjects offered to freshmen, finds her registered class, and goes home that night a tired but happy Girls High enthusiast.

* * * * *

August, 1962—weather clear but cool, fog high, ideal flying conditions. The Harry Wayland, who is winging her way schoolward, has sighted the marble and glass buildings, which are now Girls High. "I wonder," she muses, taxying to a neat landing on the roof, "if psycho-analysis is as complex a study as aeronautics? Believe I'll take the course which begins here this quarter."

She is interrupted by the frantic signalling of Jinx Ross, who is proudly standing beside her new vermillion coaster-plane. "Some bird!" shouts Harry, running across to admire the clever little plane, and the single silver metallic tunic which comprises Jinx's costume.

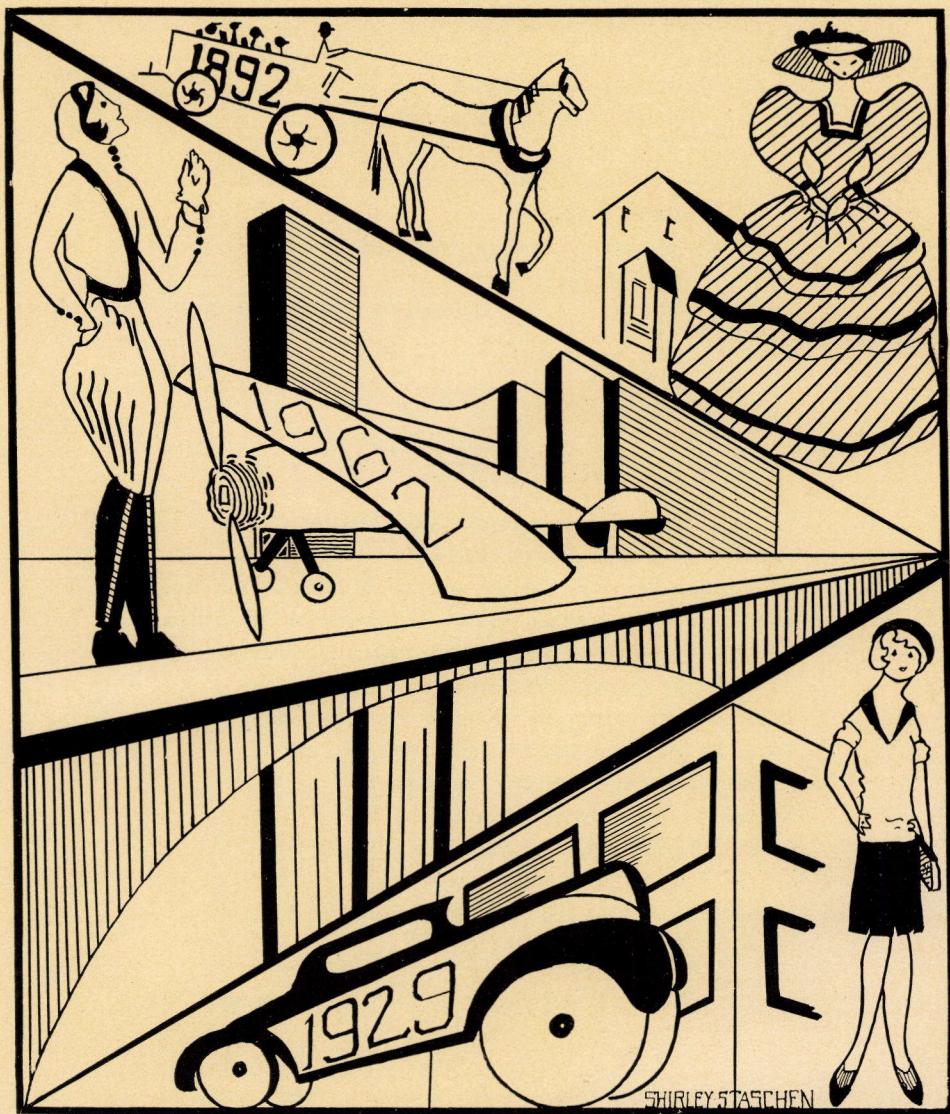
"You're no 1935 yourself," is Jinx's reply as her eyes note the brilliant trousers and short jacket of Harry's new flying suit.

Jinx explains that Girls High is a specialized school, where radios and movies have replaced books; then she leaves her chum to the contemplation of the new surroundings.

"How wonderful to be able to admit the ultra-violet ray through the windows," thinks Harry, while examining the pictures and statues that adorn the halls.

Soon a melodious voice, through a loud-speaker, announces the program for the day, and Harry passes happily to the particular studio in which she has chosen to do her first day's work at Girls High.

MARGARET FRIEDMAN, June, 29.



LIFE'S CYCLE

The babe cried to her mother,
"Why is the sun?"
And the mother replied, "To light all."
So the babe smiled.

The child wailed to her mother,
"Why is the night?"
And the mother answered soothingly, "For all to rest."
So the child slept.

The maid begged of her mother,
"Why is Love?"
And the mother said thoughtfully, "To beautify the hearts of all."
So the maid ceased to question.

Then the woman of her mother asked,
"Why is Death?"
But the mother, unheeding, answered not.
For she slept.

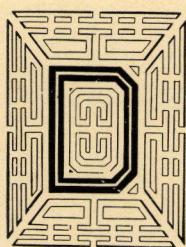
LORRAINE GORFINKLE, June, '29.

SEI-SEI, THE BEAUTIFUL

Beauty is revered by all under Heaven,
Could Sei-Sei long remain obscure?
In her morning years, she was but the Woman of Yut Stream;
In her evening years, she became the favorite of Wu Palace.
She had maids to adorn her with fragrant powder,
To array her in soft, silk garments.
Beloved of the King, her manner was arrogant.
Pitied by the King, she was never found to err.
Those who were her former companions,
Washing raw silk by the stream,
Now could not ride with her, back to the palace.
A word I give to her neighbors—
Hope not to imitate her beautiful frown.

Written by Wang Wei,
Translated by ETHEL LUM, December, '29.

THE CRIMSON CORD



URING the Ming dynasty in China, Yang Shu, son of Yang To, a celebrated Mandarin, was enjoying the early evening moonlight in the city of Han Yonfu. Tall, handsome, and graceful, although but seventeen, he presented a picture worthy of admiration and envy. In the distance, outlined against the warm summer night, shadowy pagodas were silhouetted against the sky. Faint breezes brought the enticing fragrance of the water-lilies to Yang Shu's slender nostrils. It was an evening during which dreaming and air-castle building were not unthinkable. Suddenly, a few feet away, he noticed a queer, old man in an eccentric crimson garb, sitting under a willow tree, gazing solemnly at the moon. Inexplicably, he was filled with an irresistible desire to talk with this person who, beneath the moon's first rays, seemed more than mortal.

Approaching with slow steps, he bowed low, saying, "Most honorable lord, pray may this unworthy person be informed what errand has brought you hither?"

At this, the old man turned his intense, jet-black eyes on the lad and said, "My son, do you not recognize me as the special envoy of my master, the God of Marriage? I am sent hither to this miserable sphere to match its inhabitants in marriage. I have here this crimson cord, with which I tie together in an intangible knot the feet of those preordained by my holy master to enjoy conjugal bliss. Though they be worlds apart, the crimson cord shall bring them together; though they be enemies, the crimson cord shall serve to reconcile them."

"Pray, worthy sir," asked Yang Shu, "may one enquire of his future wife?"

The old man then opened a dusty volume, yellowed through age. Monotonously turning its dry leaves, he replied, "My young lad, I have both sad and happy news to unfold. Your future wife will be beautiful and noble, worthy in every way to bear your name; nevertheless, a dastardly crime is to occur ere you two may be happily mated. On the morn after the first full moon you shall encounter her. Then shall you hear the cock crow loudly. Beware this fateful morn!"

Yang Shu thanked the old man reverently. Strolling listlessly for a long time, he went back to his home inside the city walls of Han Yonfu. That night, snuggled in his silken comforters, he dreamt of marrying a lovely princess whose skin was like the almond, whose round, dark eyes and rose-red lips smiled invitingly.

However, all his dreaming was abandoned in the hurrying bustle of the Mandarin's palace. His mind was ambitiously employed in preparing for the civil service examination to be held in the Ming capital at Nanking. Nights and days were spent in composing poetry, both lyric and epic. At home, surrounded by innumerable servants, there was no moment when he was alone to think, let alone dream. Besides his daily affairs, he had to visit the Joss-house to pay worship to the spirits of his departed ancestors. Thus the days sped by until he had entirely forgotten the old man's prophecy and his own foreboding.

On the morn following the night of the full moon, he was wandering by chance near the outskirts of the city wall. Tired of the noise and glare of the city, he hoped to enjoy a few moments of quiet, though the dirty, weed-grown surroundings were anything but soothing to a disturbed and distracted mind.

On he walked, inhaling the dewy morning air. Presently, he came upon the dilapidated, thatched-roofed cottage of a mulberry grower.

Just outside the rotting doorway, Yang Shu saw a dirty little girl, playing with her father's bamboo walking cane, which she was using to dig a hole in the mud. With her dishevelled hair, her dirt-smeared face, her bare feet deep in the mud, and her ragged garments, she presented anything but an agreeable sight. Yang Shu, who had always been

accustomed to order and cleanliness, was amusing himself gazing curiously at this queer figure, when suddenly the quiet air was pierced by the prolonged crowing of an old rooster. Startled by the noise, Yang Shu suddenly recollected the words of the old man. Was this dirty, detestable girl to be his future bride? Was he, Yang Shu, to endure contact with such a wretched, ragged person? Impossible! It must not be.

In his blind fury, despair, and chagrin, he almost lost consciousness. Unthinkingly, he felt in his silk belt for his gold-hilted dagger and hurled it at his victim. It struck her on the forehead, and the blood gushed forth. Her shrieks and screams brought Yang to his senses. Realizing what he had done, he ignominiously fled, but not before he had seen her fall fainting to the ground. He ran as if his life depended on the speed of his legs, as it actually did. Meanwhile, the girl's father, hearing her wild screams, came rushing out of the house and carried her inside.

The days which followed this horrible catastrophe were days never to be erased from Yang's mind. Fully realizing his wickedness, his soul suffered spasms of gnawing pain and anguish. He sorely repented. He went about like one in torment. Ever of a superstitious nature, he writhed in pain at the thought of his inevitable punishment after death. Oh, that he had never met that horrible old man! That he had never ventured outside the city walls on that hateful morn!

Months passed without bringing any consolation to poor Yang's soul. His relatives wondered at the sudden sunkeness of his features, the pallor of his cheeks, and the drag in his steps; but not a word did they learn of the unhappy cause. As the years rolled by, this event gradually slipped to the background of his mind, pushed aside by other occurrences. Yet we find him daily growing more sober, more reticent, more saddened. He cared no more for society. More and more time was devoted to his studies. He had been very successful in his examinations, bringing joy and pride to his aristocratic family. Finally he was appointed prime minister of the Duke of Chee, the Honorable Soo Kai Yin. In this position, busy with the affairs at court, he felt more at peace. Rapidly he gained favor in the eyes of the Duke, who offered him the hand of his beautiful daughter, Soo Hwang Lin (Beautiful Lotus Blossom), in marriage. Yang Shu had heard of her reputation as the most beautiful woman in Chee, but, since his crime, he had never hoped for conjugal bliss. Besides, he had killed his mate; so this marriage must be contrary to the wishes of the God of Marriage. Not daring, however, to ignore the powerful Duke's commands, he could not prevent the nuptials; and arrangements went on.

The wedding day dawned clear and bright. The sun shone warmly on the lotus blossoms. The inhabitants of Hon Din, the capital of Chee, were enjoying a holiday. Relatives and friends had arrived in great numbers, and the narrow streets were unusually crowded.

That evening when trumpets, brass drums, and flutes pealed through the air, people rushed into the streets. The road leading from the Duke's palace to the Mandarin Yang To's palace was lined with curious, eager people, craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the oncoming procession. A sedan chair, or "gill," entirely draped with crimson silk, borne on the shoulders of four sturdy footmen emerged from the Duke's palace gates. It was nearly six, for Chinese brides do not leave their homes to enter new ones until then. Preceding, following, and on both sides of the chair were marching the body-guards of the Duke. Acclamations issued from the crowds lining the streets. When the carriage reached Yang Shu's palace, the bride was assisted to alight by two bridal maids who issued from the Mandarin's palace. A crimson fan was held before Soo Hwang Lin, as it was immodest for a bride to show her face before the marriage ceremony was ended.

Within, the bridal pair, both draped in crimson, ko'towed to the bride's parents-in-law. The fan still held its position. After this ceremony, the bridal pair retired to their chamber. Here the bride first removed her fan, and the couple surveyed each other. Justly had the maid gained her reputation for beauty. Draped in flowing crimson silks,

the slender graceful figure of Soo Hwang Lin, with its soft, round throat, its full, curved bosom, and its narrow waist, seemed like a scarlet lily. Long, dark, curved eyelashes drooped demurely over bashful, jet-black eyes. Her skin, smooth as velvet, was creamy as the fragrant petals of the lotus. Cherry-red lips hid two even rows of shining white teeth. The almond shape of her face, from the well-arched forehead to the tip of the delicate chin, crowned the glory of her beauty.

Yang Shu, glancing at her royal beauty, immediately fell in love with her. "Beautiful maiden," he sighed, ardently, "do these unworthy eyes behold this wondrous sight, or am I dreaming? Surely you must have been captured from the moon, where only such beauty may exist!"

"My noble lord," she protested, "I am fortunate to find favor in your worthy eyes. My homely being dares not compare itself with the inhabitants of the majestic moon. Mock me not, my lord." Thus they continued, he helplessly admiring, she demurely protesting. Finally, complaining of the warmth of the chamber, she removed from her forehead a narrow, jewelled, gold band, disclosing a tiny scar, inconspicuously situated near her silky, black hair. However, it did not escape Yang's eyes, which were closely admiring her. He inquired as to its origin; whereupon, tears filled Soo Hwang Lin's eyes. Reluctantly she unfolded this tale. "Alas, my noble lord, no other life could have so been filled with deep sorrow as mine. You see me the proud daughter of a Duke, but such I was not from infancy. The daughter of a mulberry-grower, I had absolutely no nobility of birth of which to boast. My loving mother went to join her ancestors soon after I was born. My father and I lived in lowly circumstances in a wretched cottage outside the city walls of Han Yonfu. Yet were we happy together.

"One day, while I was playing outside the house, a lad approached me; and, for no reason at all, hurled at me his dagger, which left a scar on my forehead. I could not understand why this insane lad had brought this calamity on us, who had never harmed him. Do not tremble so, my noble husband. By the loving care of my father, I was nursed back to health, but calamity followed calamity; my father fell ill. Before he recovered, a deluge caused by a broken dyke of the Hann River swept away our sorrow-laden home, during which my beloved father met his death. I was on a hill-top, gathering herbs to prepare for my father, when the flood came; so I was rescued by one of the Duke's soldiers. Afterwards, arrayed in presentable garments, I was brought before Duke Soo. This honorable Duke, pleased with me, and thinking that I was a good omen, adopted me. As the daughter of the Duke, I was showered with every indulgence.

"Oh, my beloved husband!" she cried, seeing Yang become deadly pale, "I fear I have been too loquacious. Truly has the philosopher spoken well, when he said 'Four swift horses cannot retrieve an importune utterance.' Justly should you be ashamed of my lowly birth. Alas, it is too late for amends!"

"My lovely cherry-blossom"—and the blood surged back to Yang's ghastly countenance—"I have indeed done you a great injustice. Do you not recognize me, my Hwang Lin? I am he who, ten years ago, madly attempted to slay you. I, ashamed of you? Oh, beauteous one, is there indeed, hope of forgiveness in your loving, noble heart for this unworthy being?"

"My worthy husband," Hwang Lin murmured softly, "speak not of forgiveness. Blessed forevermore be the crimson cord! There could have been no other course! Blessed be the God of Marriage!"

EDA YEE, June, '29, ETHEL LUM, December, '29.

MÄDEL ODER MAID

Es war einmal ein Mägdlein
Das wollte gern in Amerika sein.
Und eines Tags eh sie's gewusst,
War sie im Land des Columbus.

"I beg your pardon, sir," wisperte sie,
"Pray tell me what this place may be?"
"This building here, oh pretty maid,
Girls High, a famous school!" he said.

Und jeden Tag kannst Du sie sehn
Jetzt wohl in diese Schule gehn;
Und passt sie sehr, sehr fleissig auf,
Ist sie den anderen bald voraus.

ALFHILDE SCHREIBER, Dec., '31.

L'UCCELLINO

L'uccellin voló, voló,
Sul balcone si posó,
La mammina che lo vide
Da mangiare gli portó.

L'uccellino cinguettó,
Volse il pane e l'imbeccó,
Poi rivolto alla mammina
Disse: "Grazie," e il vol spiccó.

LENA LO SCHIAVO, Dec., '31.

P'TITE FILLETTE

"P'tite fillette
Si gentillette,
D'ou v'nez-vous?"
"Oh, mon beau monsieur,
Du grand ciel si bleu,
Sur les rayons fous
D'la lun'blanchette."

Composite moderne.

GROUPE VIII.

EL TESORO

Es la vida un mar profundo,
Por frágiles barcas surcado;
En pos de un tesoro anhelado
Caminando va este mundo.

Éste, de su hogar el puerto
Deja en busco de Eldorado,
Por ambición arrastrado
Pierde el alma, pierde el cuerpo.

Quién, de ideal enamorado,
Sín más norte que Esperanza,
Navega entretanto Panza,
Y por loco as estimado.

Y sin rumbo viajamos
Sin saber porqué ni cómo,
Ques es la vida el tesoro
Que, sin saberlo, buscamos.

FRIEDA SALZMAN, June, '30.

HER ENEMY

DARRAGH DOUGLAS was far above the average English girl, both in her actions and ideas. She believed in equality of the sexes unreservedly, and accepted it unquestioningly as part of her religion. Her views on life and marriage were decidedly unconventional, and brought her much criticism from the older and more conservative members of her family; but criticism had no effect on Darragh, who persisted in growing more radical every day.

From infancy, Darragh had never been like other children. She had never whined and fretted as her sister had done; she had never been attracted to the toys that most children adore. She preferred to be alone, to read, or go for long walks over the country-side.

In her twelfth year, she had made up her mind to study medicine, and, in spite of her father's objections, she had had her way. After her first year at Oxford, she declared she was going to specialize in neurology, and had spent most of her time poring over books on mental disorders, and the psychology of the insane. She even went to visit an insane asylum, much to the distress of her mid-Victorian mother, who believed sincerely in the old adage, "Woman's place is in the home."

From Oxford, Darragh had gone to Bart's where she made a brilliant record, and received her degree as Doctor of Medicine, with high honors. She entered upon her hospital experience as capably and enthusiastically as she had done everything else.

While Darragh was an interne at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Sir Charles Duffington, F.R.C.S., the famous alienist and surgeon, in an interview with the "London Times," stated that women had no place in medicine, least of all in surgery, and that they should not be allowed to practice. As he always operated at St. Bartholomew's, he had ample opportunity to make clear his opinions to Darragh, who was the only woman interne that year. He continued to make everything most unpleasant for her; he even dragged her name through the papers, as an example of a woman doctor, who was wearing herself to a shred, working and getting nowhere.

Darragh fought back at him furiously; she, too, came out in the papers, stating the case for women. Their hatred for each other grew daily, until the climax was reached one night.

It so happened that evening, that Darragh, the house surgeon, and a few nurses, were left on duty in the hospital. Everything was quiet, until at twelve o'clock there was a terrific crash in the street. A few minutes later, an injured man who had been badly hurt in the accident was brought in.

The house surgeon rushed him to the operating room, and began to examine him. After a few minutes, he came down again with a serious look on his face.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for him. He has a fractured skull, and part of the bone is pressing on his brain. It would be certain death to attempt to operate."

Darragh heard his words impatiently.

"Doctor Ames," she said slowly to the house surgeon, "Will you let me try? Since taking my degree, I have learned something about brain cases. He will die, you say,

in any case. Why not try the operation? It may help, who knows? You and I are friends. Do you think you can trust me to operate on him?"

Dr. Ames was silent for some minutes, then he laid his hand on Darragh's shoulder and met her steady eye. "Darragh," he said, "I'm going to let you try it. I have faith in you."

When he finished speaking, Darragh quickly averted her head, but she said nothing. One could see she was deeply moved by his confidence in her. She clasped his hands, and then hastened with two nurses toward the operating room.

The man on the table was a ghastly sight. He was quite unrecognizable, for his face was cut and bruised, and the blood had clotted over it. Darragh hastily donned her uniform, and adjusted the white head and face bandages around her hair and the lower portion of her face. Then she began the long process of cleansing his facial wounds. The nurses worked frantically, helping prepare him for the operation.

Suddenly they were startled by a stifled gasp from Darragh. Turning to her, they saw she was examining the man's face closely; then they, too, recognized him. The man Darragh was about to operate on was—Sir Charles Duffington!

The thoughts that ran through Darragh's mind, I leave to your imagination. Here was her worst enemy absolutely in her power. Could she operate on him? Could she save him? She hated him. She had told herself a thousand times that she wished he were dead. Whether he lived, or whether he died, she knew it was up to her. In an instant, she was busy with her surgical instruments.

An hour later, she came downstairs to where the house surgeon and the people who had caused the accident were sitting. The operation had been successful; Sir Charles was resting quietly. Darragh was deadly pale, but her eyes burned with a restless brilliance. When she entered the room, she was greeted by a chorus of questions. "What has happened?" "Is he alive?" "What did you do?" "Is it all right?" "Who is he?"

"Sir Charles Duffington," she answered quietly.

"Oh, Darragh," cried a pretty brunette, "how could you touch him after all he has said about you?"

"He who serves his enemy, has none," Darragh replied, looking at them all with that strange little smile still on her lips; but there was something in her eyes that seemed to answer all their questions.

FRANCES CREEL, December, '30.

IMAGINATION

Watch it! It's moving!
I saw it glide across an amber sky;
I saw it melt the clouds through which it passed;
I watched it, but it went too fast—too fast—
I could not see the color on its wings.

EDITH ARNSTEIN, June, '30.

THE STORM

A warm airless day—
Suddenly the sun is covered by a cloud,
A flash of lightning, a roll of thunder,
Another flash more blinding than the brightest sun.
Slowly, then with gathering force, the raindrops descend,
Small and fine as the silvery foam of a billow,
Clear as the stream of water from the smallest fountain.
Later, with a sudden change,
The sun peeps from behind the storm,
Sending the raindrops on their way,
Sending the thunder to lurk on the summits,
Sending the lightning to its home beyond the clouds;
Filling the earth with sunbeams—
Golden sunbeams that dance in and out among the trees,
Sunbeams intermingled with the song of the birds,
Flooding the earth with their splendors, enchanting it with their light,
The storm has passed.

EILEEN REILLEY, June, '32.

THE SONG

Through the darkness floating, mysterious,
Comes a song. Lingering on the still night air,
Wafting gently down the darkened trails of night,
Bringing to weary hearts sweet ineffable peace.
Haunting, wistful, the melody,
Clutching at your heart-strings—holding you fast,
Still through the darkness comes the song—
God's own song of love!

FRANCES CREEL, December, '30.

AUTOMOBILE LIGHTS

They paint the windows in yellow water colors,
Illumine them with a soft lunar glow,
Then glide on to the street
And make of it a series of shadowy ripples,
They are coming toward me; they hypnotize me with their
inevitability,
And I know them to be as fundamental as truth.

EDITH ARNSTEIN, June, '30.

ALUMNAE

Life Members in California Scholarship Federation—Girls High Chapter:

JUNE, 1928

HELEN BROWN
RUTH HELEN ABRAHAM
SUSAN HEYMAN
ALICE RUTTER
MARIAN McLENNAN

DECEMBER, 1928

ESTHER BROWN
EDNA BURMEISTER
JEANETTE GORMLEY
FRANCES PEABODY
JULIA RELAT
AGNES SILVER
JOY STUART
EMILY SWEETSER
MILDRED WOLOSKI

Honors at University of California:

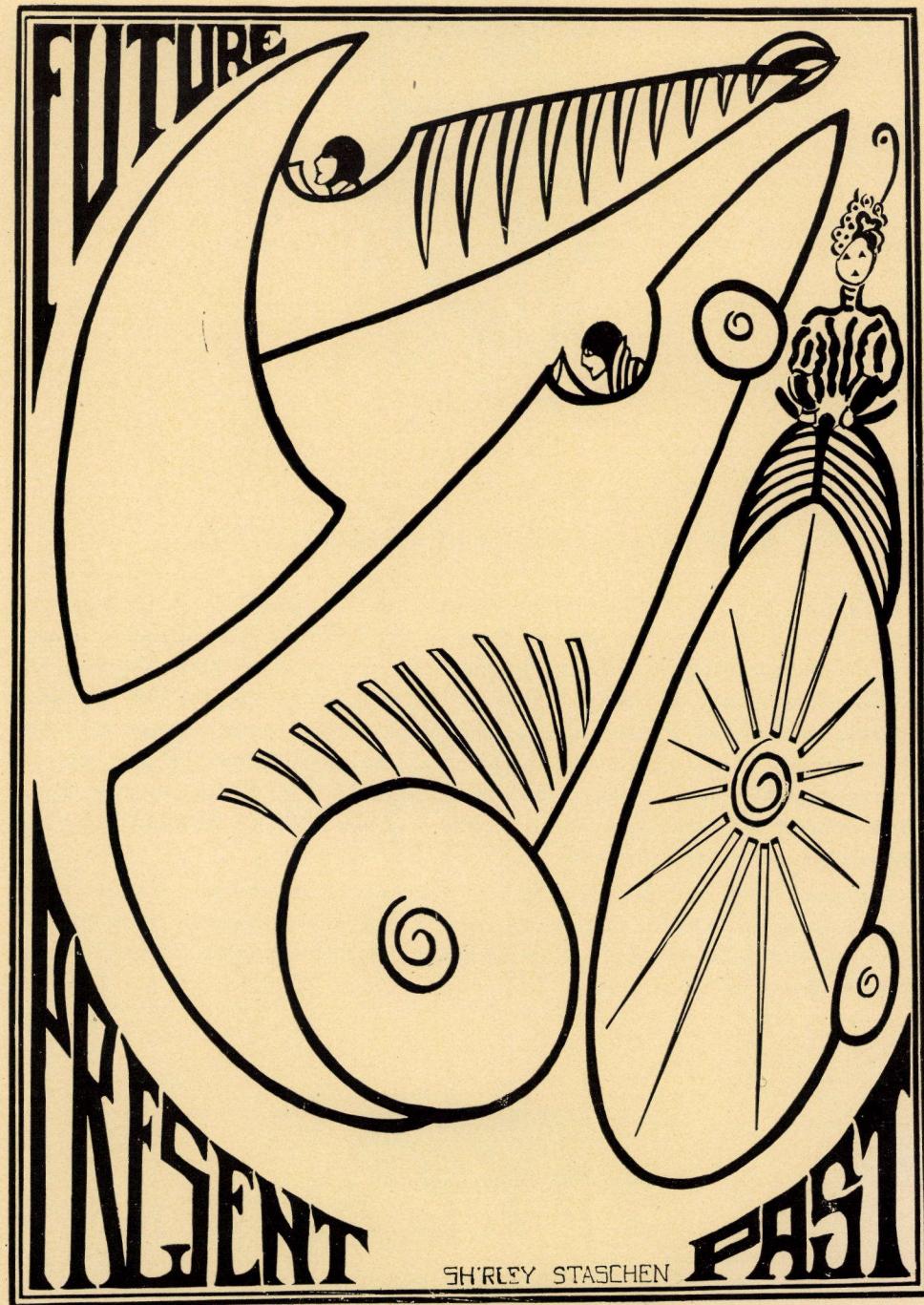
RUTH HELEN ABRAHAM	{	Kraft Scholarship for academic standing in Freshman year.
SUSAN HEYMAN		
MARGARET VANDENBURGH		
FRANCES MCGUIRE.....	{	Given scholarship ring at Zeta Tau Alpha alumnae luncheon.
MARIAN BLOCK.....		
	{	Through the Carnegie Endowment, will tour Europe for purpose of International Peace.

Honors at Stanford:

JANET HARRIS.....	President of Women's Student Body.
ELISABETH LARSH.....	Reporter on Copy Editor's staff, "Stanford Daily."

Elsewhere:

MARION HARRAN.....	{	Position in Legal Department John Hopkins University, Baltimore.
VIRGINIA CUMMINGS.....		
VIOLA GIESEN.....	{	Prize story for Women's City Club.



SHIRLEY STASCHEN



JOSEPHINE HICKS

SPORTS AND PASTIMES ASSOCIATION

"S. P. A., S. P. A. We're a happy crowd." Not only are S. P. A. girls happy, snappy, and full of "pep," but they are trying to live up to the rules of health, honor, and good sportsmanship in order to become better citizens. They know the thrill of learning a new stroke, of playing a hard set of tennis, of keeping the ball volleying back and forth, and of receiving a long forward pass—these varied interests hold the girls together in a common bond of sportsmanship and good fellowship. Both athletic girls and those who want to make friends are interested in S. P. A., for every girl has a chance to make her team, as the teams are chosen on the basis of citizenship and regularity of attendance rather than skill.

The members of the board this term are: Josephine Hicks, president; Louise Dabovich, vice-president; Blanche Norton, secretary; Evelyn James, baseball; Helen Brown, basketball; Ruth Jaffe, speedball; Cathrine Stanton, swimming; Alice Dudack, tennis; and Anna Trueb, volleyball.



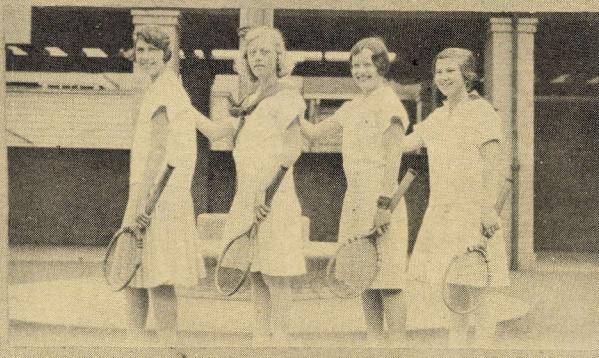
*Badminton & Tennis
Queens of Sport*



THEY MAKE HAMILTON SQUARE A
PLACE — NOT A NAME



THEY'RE THE CAUSE OF VOLLEYBALL



4 QUEENS MAKE A GRAND SLAM



UPPER DIVISION
THEY PUT THE "SPEED" IN SPEEDBALL



LOWER DIVISION LOVE IT-AND HOW!



THEY "FAW DOWN" AN' GO SPLASH!



WATCH YOUR STEP, HELEN WILLS!

VOLLEY BALL TEAMS



HIGHS STILL ON TOP HIGHS

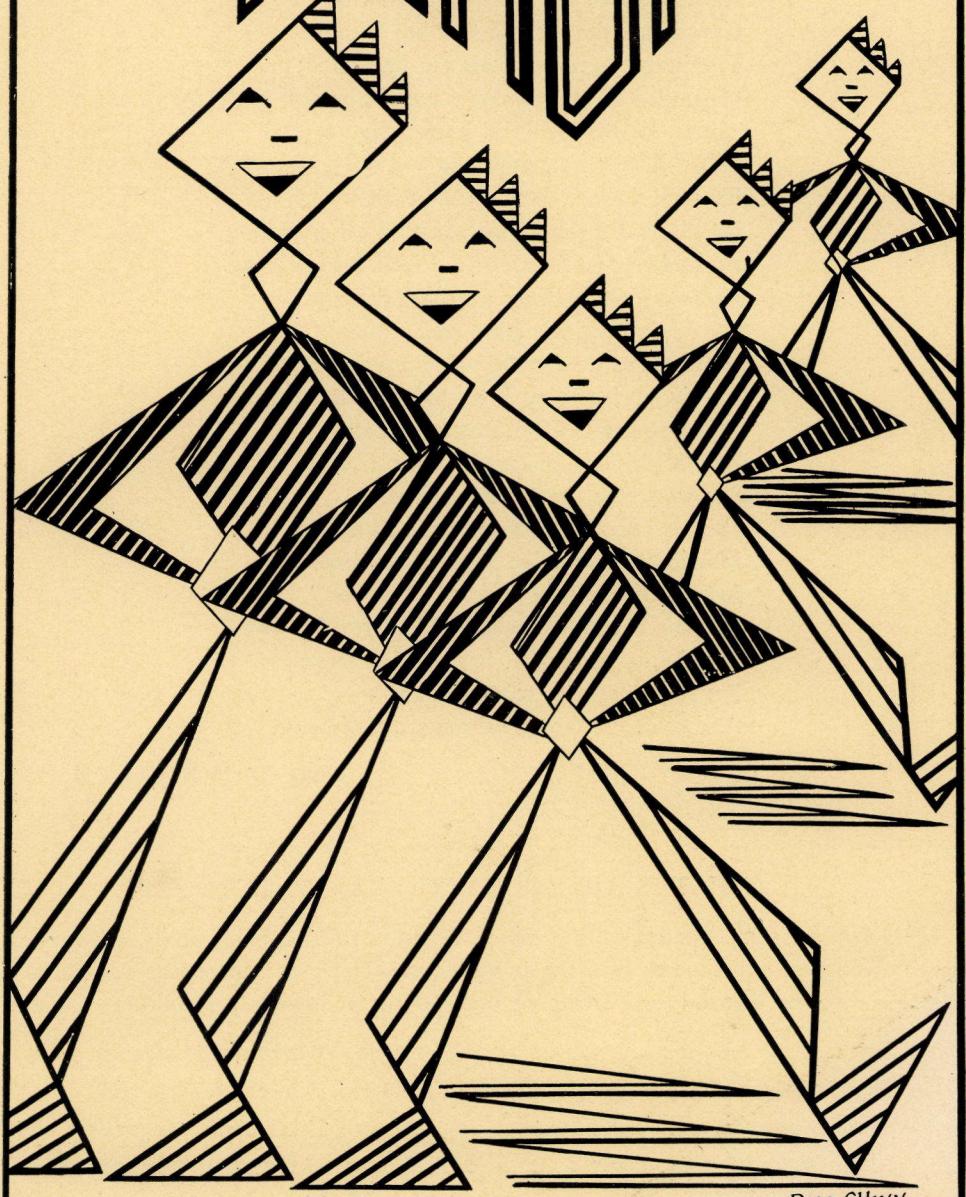


WONT THOSE LOWS EVER STOP



ENERGY + PEP = H2ZS

HUMOR



{Best of Luck
and success}
(From your cousin,
Catherine Capurro,
nickname
(Bobby))

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER cranked her flivver old,
The weather was foggy and damp and cold,
For she was a girl who would not shirk;
'Twas almost nine; she was late for work.
She looked for cops, then up in the sky,
Gave Lizzie the gas and shot her in high.
The judge came by in his big limousine;
He smiled to himself and I heard him say,
"Some day that girl will have a fine to pay."
What did the judge then go and do?
He took a short detour that he knew,
He blocked the road with his big car grand,
And when Maud arrived, he sued for her hand.
He said if she did not turn him down
She might have the finest car in town.
Maud bit at the bait like a real estate man;
The judge is buying it on the installment plan.
It is a sporty-looking Stutz, you bet,
And Maud is laughing about it yet.
She wastes no time in any abode,
She has learned the song of the open road.
Maud's changed a lot, as we all can see,
Instead of work she makes "Whoopee."
Did she ever get pinched? Well, yes, I'll say—
But the judge himself has the fine to pay,
For he is now her sole support,
And can't get the case thrown out of court.

CORA COLLIER, June, '31.

WHAT IS A POOR SCHOOL-GIRL TO DO?

Between the gym department, the school department, and living itself, when does the modern miss find time to read the *funny* paper? The gym department advises, the school authorities demand, and living necessitates the following expenditure of time:

Sleep.....	9 hours, 0 minutes, 45 seconds.
Three meals.....	2 hours, 3 minutes, 30 seconds
School.....	6 hours, 59 minutes, 5 seconds
1 hour study for each subject.....	4 hours, 57 minutes, 10 seconds
Fresh air, exercise, and play.....	0 hours, 59 minutes, 30 seconds

Total 24 hours

CLOSED DOORS

The cold, damp blanket of fog descended rapidly over London, and mingled with the inky blackness of the smoke from multitudinous factories. The eternal wind, ever sweeping from the Atlantic across to the Channel, seemed to be trying to wrest her sleek fur coat from her as she endeavored to snuggle farther into its voluminous folds.

As she wandered aimlessly, without home or destination, along one of those narrow, smelly streets that eventually end at the waterfront, she was acutely conscious of the damp pavement under her small, delicate feet. She wondered bitterly if the hostile night seemed more black, more unfriendly, because the ancestral home where she had been born and reared was forever closed to her.

Yes, it was true; behind her lay the relics of her old, carefree life—behind her lay luxury, happiness, esteem, and love. Before her was the future, blank and forbidding as the shapeless forms of the black night stretching into the distance. Before her lay the sinister black waters of oblivion. One brief moment of agony and regret, and the cold waters would close over her, shutting out the cruel world, and its sorrows and disillusionments. There, she would find peace, forgetfulness, and respite from that annoying gnawing in her stomach.

"No!"—that was the way of a coward. Suddenly, she turned her back to the beckoning wharves, and resolutely put the treacherous thought from her mind. What was that before her? An abandoned warehouse? True, the windows were broken, and the visible part of the floor was littered with old papers. She hesitated an instant. Behind her stood nothing but—closed doors; before her stretched the unpromising future. Here, at least, she could obtain shelter from the relentless night. Creeping through the dilapidated doorway, she made her way to an inner room. What was that in the corner? A bread-crust! With a loud squeak of joy, the hungry little mouse scurried over to it, seized it ravenously, and began to eat her belated supper, after which she curled up behind a sheltering box, and, with a deep sigh of content, fell asleep.

JANE KNIGHT, June, '29.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

When the class room 'phone rings and you've a guilty conscience.

When Miss Dougherty demands, "Didn't I see you down fifth period too?"

When you spend two hours on homework and leave it at home.

When, during socks' inspection, your friend's name miraculously appears on your sock.

When the family sees your report card.

EVERYGIRL'S

Lost—today—a brownish purse of imitation leather,
Identify it by a clasp that will not hold together.
Its contents were a fountain pen, a green one trimmed with gold;
A "B" Ex. in geometry, but goodness knows how old;
A mirror, pencil, ancient pass, a comb with broken teeth;
A powder puff, a blotter book, with calendar beneath;
A half a stick of chewing gum, some paper round it coiled;
An "ad" about the winter sale of dresses slightly soiled;
Some brilliant lipstick, powder-pact, a booklet on complexion;
A "Mirror"—clipping from last term, a bid to frosh reception;
A note excusing tardiness, some hairpins—not so many;
A postage stamp that wouldn't stick, a dime—I think—a penny.

WHAT PRICE GLORY!

When you've donned your new ensemble
To go down town to tea,
And you know there's nothing missing,
And you're mighty good to see,
You decide to take the street-car
Just to give more folks a treat.
The conductor smiles as you pay your fare,
And look to find a seat.
The passengers all turn to stare,
You feel their approving smile;
You feel a bit self-conscious,
As you walk blithely up the aisle.
You meet the latest boy friend,
And blush at his steady gaze,
You sling a brilliant wise-crack,
And leave him in a daze.
You make your entrance a trifle late
To attract the more attention,
You glance into a mirror,
As a matter of convention—
You glance into a mirror,
But what does it disclose?
You've—oh, horror of horrors—
Left the price tag on your clothes!

DOESN'T ANYONE THINK I'M RIGHT?

I have a deep, dark mystery,
Which no one can explain;
And tho' I've asked a million folks,
It's always been in vain.

But I will make one last attempt,
Interrogating you.
I sort of think that you may know,
(I'm *sure* you've suffered too.)

I've had a year (almost, at least),
Of old geometry,
But when my education's thru'
What good will it do me?

If ever I should have a home,
And if my cook should leave,
Would any theorem help me then
A frying pan to heave?

Will "Given," and "To Prove," and "Proof"
Help me to wield a broom?
Can I get aid from S. A. S.
When cleaning up a room?

In summing up my arguments,
I find I do not vary
From this fact—that geometry
IS QUITE UNNECESSARY!

If any teachers glance this o'er,
My point they will not see,
But honestly—from man to man,
I HATE geometry! !

Letter written by an enthusiastic father, who was hunting in the mountains, to his only son:

Mine dear son Hans,
By a gun. Come up and shoot your loving father,
August Dumkopf.

Dear Bernice (Bob)

Flowers may wither,
Birds may die,
Friends may forget you,
But never "D."

'Always your friend.

Francis Sheehan
(Nick)





It really hurts my feelings
terribly to see how awful the
picture of me came out. I
know it doesn't flatter me
at all but its me you know!

Dorothy Ward 121

BASKETBALL GAME ↗ ↗ FRESHMEN VS. SENIORS

Act I., Scene I.

(In the court of the Girls High School)

FRESHMEN	SENIORS
Tap center	O'Brien
Running center	Jacobs
Forward	Armer (Capt.)
Forward	Ward
Guard	McKinley
Guard	Stark
Substitute	L. Walker
Substitute	Hesselberg
	Baer
	Bovard
	Kissane (Capt.)
	Kennedy
	Browning
	Pettit
	de Bernardi
	McDermott

(Players sitting crosslegged on the ground. The seniors are dressed in blue jeans and the freshmen in pink rompers and blue socks. Their captains vociferously urge them to superhuman efforts.)

Captain Armer (sweetly): "Now, McKinley, be sure not to let your temper master your common sense. Remember, Forward Kissane may prove dangerous if you push. (Aside) Do you want to illustrate the principal parts of the verb 'lie'? Sh! sh! Ward, do not get so excited and jump up and down incessantly; you told me yourself that jumping causes flat feet.

Captain Kissane (in a confident voice): "Oh, just sit on them! Look at the skinny little things."

(Enter Umpire Dougherty loudly blowing a whistle. The teams run bumping and pushing on to the court. The ball is poised in the air, and the teams heave sighs and groans of expectation.)

Captain Armer: "Pssst! Here, it's an easy basket. If you don't make it, you should be shot at sunrise!"

(Umpire Dougherty blows whistle for time out, and everybody crowds to the center court.)

Umpire Dougherty (wildly): "H₂O—H₂O! ! !"

(Enter water-boy Burke with a sponge) "Give her air! Give her air! !" (She gently sponges *something* on the ground.)

Running Center Bovard (calling to her opponent, Jacobs, in an excited whisper): "What's the matter? What's happened. Whose pink party ribbon has bit the dust?"

Running Center Jacobs: "Matter! Huh! Tap Baer just mistook Tap O'Brien for a fly!"

(O'Brien, staggering up with her hand to her dishevelled locks, is restored to her cheerful self, and the game is resumed. Tap Center Baer hits the ball and R. C. Jacobs sneaks it away from R. C. Bovard, who has a prolonged fit of the giggles. By some miraculous means the ball travels to the Senior Forward, Kennedy, who neatly slips it into the basket while no one is looking.)

Guard Stark (disentangling herself from a mass of squirming bodies) "Fui-fuisti-fuit! ! ! Come on, buddies! Hic-Haec-Hoc! ! !"

Umpire Dougherty (sarcastically): "Did you say something *funny*?" Silence is golden. Five off for the Freshmen! !

(Teams again line up for the toss-up. Cries of horror greet the discovery that Capt. Armer is missing!)

Walker and de Bernardi (waving their hands vigorously in the air): "Let me find her! !" "No, let me! !" (Exeunt de Bernardi and Walker.—Curtain.)

ACT I., SCENE II

Same place five minutes later.

Ding! Ding! Ding! "Fire drill!" exclaims Umpire Dougherty, aghast.

(Enter Capt. Armer dragged in by de Bernardi and Walker. They are all out of breath from zipping down the banister to join their companions. Teams exit still arguing loudly.)

Umpire Dougherty (severely): "Capt. Armer, where were you? Fie! Fie! *You* are the cause of the Freshman defeat ! ! ! !"

Capt. Armer (cheerily and inconsequentially): "Oh, I think that is mean. I was just up in Room 108 cooling off before the ventilators. Nothing like a nice COOL room after a fray! !"

(Curtain)

WHY "CHEM." TEACHERS MAY BECOME EXTINCT

(Dedicated solemnly—oh, so solemnly—to the Chemistry Department.)

In about ten minutes, according to good old Ingersoll, a "peppy," smiling chemistry teacher can be converted into the most dejected of mortals, especially in "No Man's Land," where the chemists are all of female persuasion.

No sooner does Miss "X" enter the "lab." than doors bang, apparatus clatters to the far corners of the room, and broken beakers tinkle merrily, as she pleadingly says, "Now, girls, I do *not* wish you to sample the acids, and be *sure* to keep matches away from the Benzine." At a pitiful wail she starts hurriedly to the rescue of her "little chemist," knocking over several stools in her haste.

To make things more interesting, vivacious Betty Jones shouts joyfully, "Oh, Miss "X," what a heavenly orange that what-do-you-call-it acid has turned!"

As Miss "X" madly rushes to close the windows (which weren't to be opened) she sees that the Bunsen Burners have forgotten their task and are attempting the low trick of asphyxiating the class.

After all, doesn't CHem simply SLay you? I MEan, can you ACtually COpe with All the intricacies of this fascinating COURSE?

Being too soft-hearted to wait to see the end of poor Miss "X," I've decided that probably it is best to remove our Ingersoll, before it loses its nerve and refuses to tick at all!

AUNT HEPSIBAH RECEIVES THE WRONG LETTER

My Dear Niece,

I feel that I *must* write you regarding the letter you have just sent me. Your flippant salutation—"Dear old thing"—does not show the respect due to your elders; however, I attribute this to your associations. I will be glad to accept your invitation to stay with you while your mother is away, but I do not understand just what you mean by "having the *gang* over and *throwing* a few parties." I presume it will be perfectly proper to have your little friends in some evening, to make candy and play games until about nine o'clock; that is, if your mother approves.

I am enclosing twenty-five cents with which you can buy some candy. I would advise hoarhound drops, as they are not so rich. I am making you a warm pink satin camisole, and your Aunt Hannah is crocheting a durable lace yolk. I will bring it with me when I come. On your last visit, I was worried for fear you were not warm enough, and might come down with pneumonia.

Hannah joins me in sending love.

Your affectionate aunt,

HEPSIBAH.

JUDGMENT TEST — PRESENTED WITH REPORT CARD

(Fill out by using X)

(1) Dear Mother:	(2) I got F in Glee because:	(3) This is my report card.
Father:	I was absent.	This is my cinch notice.
Guardian:	I had a cold.	This is my flunk notice.
Aunt Aggie:	I sing through my nose.	
	Teacher got a new bottle of red ink.	
(4) We only get report cards:	(5) I did not deserve a D	
To amuse our teachers.		E in English
To amuse our parents.		F Typing
To provide small talk during lunch.		Gym
To give our brothers something to draw on.		Detention
(6) I know my failure in History was due to:	(7) I realize I have done	
Too much study.	Poorly.	
No personality.	Good.	
The fact I lost my book the first day.	Not so good.	
Too much "whoopee."		
(8) I promise in the future:	(9) Your loving son,	Alabaster.
Not to study so hard.	daughter,	Euphemia
To devote more time to	relation,	Alemeda
"polishing apples."	friend,	Pansy-Ann.
To concentrate more fully.		

AMONG US SENIORS

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	REDEEMING FEATURE
B. ADDISON	Having colored earrings for every dress	Mumbling
C. AHRONHEIM	Questioning her teachers	Dignity
H. ALLRED	Trying to walk straight on a boat	"Cute" manner
C. BAGNALL	Cutting classes	Helping in "caf"
L. BASSO	Eating ice cream cones	Friendliness
G. BECK	Never saying a word	Blonde hair
G. BENNDORF	Raving about Honolulu	Exclusiveness
F. BENT	Pestering Mrs. Hoffman	Dancing
E. BERG	Reading novels	Beautiful eyes!
E. BLACK	Dancing	Playing the violin
M. BLUM	Pestering all who talk to her	Cynical wit
R. BOMMERER	Having hair curled	Considerateness
D. BRAY	Making S. P. A. teams	Friendliness
F. BREDLOW	Worrying about history	Sweet disposition
B. BRYAN	Chattering incessantly	Willingness
M. BUILHE	Longing to be a musician	French accent
C. BUSH	Picking flaws in everyone	Cheerfulness
E. BUSS	Talking continually	Helpfulness
L. CAHEN	Practicing drama	Personality
G. CANTWELL	Leaving early	Responsibility
M. CAVANAUGH	Being quiet	Pig tails
D. CAVO	Shouting at her teachers	Demureness
M. CESANO	Flunking every subject	Intelligence
H. CHAN	Sitting immobile	Sedateness
L. CHANG	Longing for Waikiki	Bashfulness
D. CHACE	Telling how she flunked that "ex"	Size
H. COLMAN	Doing California history	Beauty
B. CONEY	Asking silly questions	Industrious work
B. CONLY	Being God's gift to teachers	Counting words for Journal
V. DAVIES	Being leading lady	Histrionic ability
T. DAVIS	Being quiet	Violin playing
F. DESMOND	Playing tennis	Quiet voice
J. DICKHOFF	Chewing gum	Dancing
M. DOWNING	Imitating Curly Locks	Bashfulness
B. DURHAM	Longing to see the world	Business-like air
M. EFFEY	Resembling Palm Olive girls	Giggling
V. ELLIS	Studying Pacific Relations	"Peppy" air
R. FARRELL	Catching colds	Perfect attendance record
M. FEISEL	Hounding the "Sax"	Friendliness
E. FINLEY	Longing to play Football	Collegiate ways
P. FRIEDLANDER	Debating in U. S. history	Peacefulness
M. FRIEDMAN	Looking sporty	Up-to-dateness

AMONG US SENIORS

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	REDEEMING FEATURE
M. GABLE	Being taken for her sister	Helpfulness
D. GOLDBERG	Studying physics	Sweet smile
L. GORFINKLE	Admiring classmates	Hard work
H. GREER	Blushing	Quietness
G. GUINAW	Doing her Camp Fire stuff	Tumbling
E. GUSTAVSON	Stammering	Dignity
J. GUTHRIE	Dodging freshmen	Chestnut hair
H. HALUSKA	Being quiet	Dancing
A. HART	Forgetting things	Studiousness
M. HASHIMOTO	Boasting her size	Friendliness
R. HAVARD	Collecting photographs of movie stars	Her old-fashioned braids
B. HENROTTE	Yelling "G-r-r-r-r-r!"	Good nature
A. HENRY	Playing baseball	Pleasant manner
H. HERRON	Running away from a typewriter	Goldy locks
M. HEWLETT	Working hard	Her athletic prowess
J. HICKS	Fighting with Jane	S. P. A. job
J. HIGGENS	Sleeping	Knowledge of U. S. history
M. HILL	Scribbling pictures	Work on the Journal
C. HIRSCH	Saying "I should be bothered!"	Sense of humor
M. HIRSCHBERG	Admiring movie stars	Low voice
J. HOAG	Putting on lipstick	Sophistication
P. HONTALAS	Proving she is a senior	Big-heartedness
R. HORN	Vamping Miss Dougherty	Dimples
T. HORVATITS	Imitating Little Red Riding Hood	Artistic work
I. INMAN	Dangling round Miss Hesselberg	Answer to teachers' prayers
S. JACOBS	Chewing gum	Jaunty air
R. JAFFE	Seeing how long she can keep awake	Decided drawl
F. JOHNSON	Keeping quiet	Smile
M. JONES	Imitating Englishmen	Laughing eyes
H. JUDA	Smiling always	Good taste in clothes
B. KAISER	Asking "Do I have to do that?"	Meekness
F. KAPKIN	Dancing	Petiteness
C. KAUFMAN	Arguing in Senior English	Long curly red hair
H. KEARNY	Pinning up her locks	Good looks
J. KNIGHT	Dreaming of cowboys	G. R. President
G. KRAUS	Playing volley-ball	Hard Work
F. KREMESEC	Hunting "dears"	Opera star
B. KUBICEK	Looking for personality	"Ruling powers"
L. LANZ	Reciting with books "closed"	Dancing feet
B. LEVI	Whining	Pearly teeth
R. LEVY	Wearing jazzy sweaters	"Pep"
E. LINEAU	Dreaming of movie heroes	Good brain

AMONG US SENIORS

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	REDEEMING FEATURE
M. LYNCH	Posing	Cutting up
J. MAHLER	Being above 100% always	Getting straight "A"
V. MAYFIELD	Imitating Spanish maidens	School girl complexion
J. MCFARLAND	Admiring her long hair	"Personality plus"
D. MCGAHA	Going out for sports	Perseverance
F. MC LAUGHLIN	Being dignified	Merry laugh
J. MEE	Not letting us hear her voice	Wearing blue
V. MELDRUM	Reading passionate stories	Talking
I. MENDES	Explaining "math"	Brilliancy
M. MEYERS	Speaking in a "petite voice"	Helpfulness
R. MILLER	Reading Western Stories	Primness
J. MON	Being "Caretaker" of the Sick Room	Real violin playing
E. MORRIS	Showing her ignorance	Extensive vocabulary
G. MOSER	Entering personality contests	Meekness
J. NASSER	Rushing around	Bass voice
M. NATHAN	Trying to open her locker	Comical ways
J. NELSON	Reading detective stories	Neatness
J. NOLAN	Eating lemons	Seriousness
U. OGAWA	Finding Hanaye	Smile
H. OLSEN	Rushing around	Gray eyes
H. OPPENHEIM	Reading Novels	Serious aspect
G. PARKHILL	Appearing flapperish	Being "Syncopating Sue"
M. PASCUAL	Yawning in classrooms	Spanish air
E. PEARSON	Doing homework	Independent manner
V. PETERSON	Cutting up	Snappy ways
L. PINKUS	Counting freckles	Dreamy eyes
E. PITMAN	Admiring English teachers	Seriousness
G. PRESTON	Watching football games	Saintly look
M. PRICE	Laughing	Cutting capers
B. PRINCE	Looking wicked	Student mien
F. PYNE	Trying to make a name for herself	Quiet personality
V. RATTARO	Putting in hair pins	Italian eyes
E. RAYMOND	Studying	Golden hair
B. RICHARDSON	Entertaining	Witty humor
D. ROBINSON	Trying to swim	Fine physique
R. ROSENBACH	Chewing gum	Midget size
M. RUDE	Dieting	Nonchalance
D. RUDOLPH	Looking Worried	Ambition
K. SAITO	Tasting tea	Charm
E. SALZMANN	Reading book-reports	Bright mind
H. SCHARLIN	Talking a mile a minute	That perfect "16"
C. SCHNIER	Being Genevieve	Attractiveness

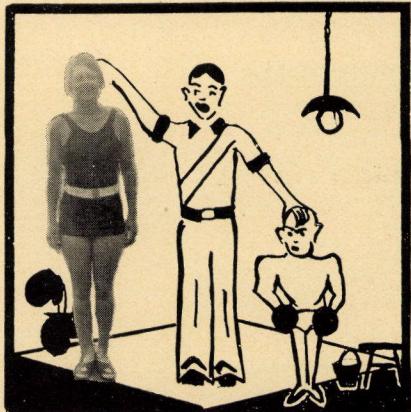
AMONG US SENIORS

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	REDEEMING FEATURE
G. SCHNIER	Being Consuelo	Ditto
N. SIEGEL	Stuttering	Snappy work
R. SILVERBERG	Petting dogs	Industriousness
K. SINCLAIR	"Say, I do <i>not</i> !"	Naughty but nice!
M. SMITH	"Looking at" teachers	Liveliness
B. SORACCO	Reading palms	Saying "D'y' know?"
D. SORENSEN	Staying in bed late	Marcelled hair
C. STANTON	Re-combing her hair	Getting a "B" final
C. STONE	Looking after Lou	Small feet
V. SWANSON	Acting like our little Mother	A second Antigone
F. TEAGAR	"Getting by"	Independence
G. TYSON	Having a good time	Carefree
R. VAN NUYS	Running from "teachers"	Gay disposition
H. VICKROY	Tagging the twins	Modesty
A. VIERA	Appearing in very "feminine garb"	Sense of humor
B. VON ENDE	Asking for more time	That schoolgirl complexion
E. WAXMAN	Being inquisitive	Agreeableness
M. WELFIELD	Getting all A's	Saying "Hello, Honey"
R. WILSON	Talking	Happy manner
E. WOLFE	Working for a scholarship	"Long hair"
J. WORLEY	Shooting baskets	Accuracy
E. YEE	Making friends with teachers	Studiousness
H. YOSHIMURA	Dreaming of "camp"	Being a basketball Psyche
J. YOUNG	Writing notes	Bright eyes

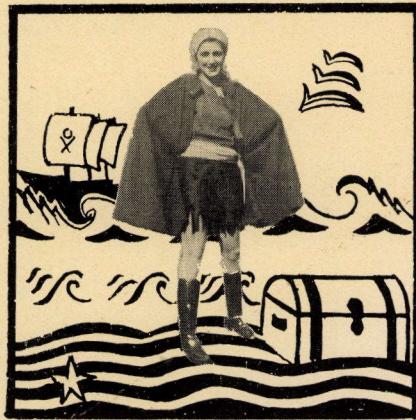
MOTHER GOOSE FOR SENIORS

Sing a song of Seniors, Haughty heads held high, A hundred fifty girl "grads" Breathe a farewell sigh.	When their work is over They'll still be heard to sing Isn't this the "keenest" class? Has "It" 'n' everything!
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GUESS WHO



BEVERLY BERCOVICH



MARION HEWLETT



THE WORM TURNS

"It's a long worm that has no turning," quoth "Ye Journal Ed.," solemnly. No longer can the evil consequences of an inferiority complex caused by my suppressed emotions be endured! Inexperienced in the brain waves of temperamental persons, it was my good fortune to have thrust upon me an ARTISTIC Journal Staff. Nor was this all, for I acquired, also, a "beauty-loving" business manager. Worse was yet to come, however, for the unfortunate Editor must meet the strict requirements of a stern financial advisor; must positively provide the art department with 99.09 1/16 inches of space; must satisfy the aesthetic and practical demands of a driving literary advisor, gifted with a peculiar sense of humor which *forces* her (because she is a "Cal. Grad") to wrap carefully—oh, so carefully—the Editor's cherished "Cardinal" folder in a dingy, crinkled, brown wrapping-paper. In such a plight, what—oh, what, I ask you—is this poor worm of an Editor to do?

Whatever anyone may say, I firmly maintain that future Journal "Eds." cannot long endure, unless they have suffered untold agonies of four years of "good old math." in order that they may scientifically and instantaneously decapitate, compress and elongate all articles to fit their allotted space both longitudinally and laterally.

Even in sleep, "Ye Ed." has had her troubles. Night after night, little black imps have infested her dreams, trying to bury her under huge piles of nickels and pennies, and millions upon millions of jumbled, squirming black letters.

Worst of all are the up-to-date modernistic tendencies displayed by some of our contributors. What, I ask you once more, is the humble worm, known as "Ye Ed.," to do with such selections as the following?

I would approach a fly and say,
What is man?
I would approach a man and say,
What is a fly?
I would learn the ways of flies, oh fly!
For we are comrades
You and I
Oh, fly—Oh, fly!

With one last wriggle, the worm (who, as I hope you will remember, has been turning all this time) has become a complete circle, entirely covered by a dense black chrysalis, from which it stubbornly *refuses* to emerge!

Sincerely Yours,
Mabel Gregory

AUTOGRAPHS

Loads of luck and
happiness to the
best girl back in
High School
Mary Martin
"Ray" J 31.

Load of luck & success
to a friend of a girl

Best wishes from
Lots of luck
Grandmother

"Yours till the
"new" vines"

Best
and
lots of success
Roberta

Wishes
Loads of love,
Joyce & funeral

Best wishes
John Goldsmith

My best
best regards
from your wife
Mary Martin

No wishing to an
old friend of mine

Sincerely yours.

"Billy" Hauer.

Loads of luck & success
to a friend of a girl

Best wishes from
a friend
Muriel Mather

Best wishes
Betty Wahlheim

Dear Bob
I am sending you my best regards
I hope you will be well
I hope you will be well
I hope you will be well

111
"Reserved"

AUTOGRAPHS

Just remember
Jackie Lammel

Love to dear
sister girl
Audrey

boards of home & high
few poor future years
at Girls' Sincerely Yours
B. B. Baker

Franklin
H. B. Baker

Happy days
are here again
and more
will probably
come if you
will work
hard for them



Her's wishing you success
of credit
with a "ice" on every wave.
Lovingly

Her's to two pupils
who love Biology (?) (?)

Catherine Lang



Love and luck
to you and your
friends

I hope you don't
get clay next term
Majorie Marr

AUTOGRAPHS

au revoir
Myrtle Gunderson
Best Wishes for
your future
Margaret Wykens

"What shall I write?

Elizabeth Ann Pollock

Lots of love, luck and success

Bessie Post

I have no words
are sufficient
for memory
for memory
Stay at

lots of love
Evelyn Barbareno

Wishing you success
Through G. H. C.

Sincerely
Maria Asaro

Loads of love,
luck to a friend
in Biology

From
Marie Peacock

129
Just vadeus of
luck to you
from Cecilia
Best wishes
Yvonne Pinault

Evelyn Shea

Vera Patterson

Size of face and back
will make
f

The night was dark & dreary
The sky was dark & dreary
He was blind
He bumped into a bush twice
and watched his
Never spoke mind
Believe you better
230

Cards of luck and
good wishes from a
Dena Evans

bc. 0 2000

Guaranty Printing & Lithograph Co.
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Last but not
common Melodeon

