

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

DECEMBER

1929



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



DEDICATION



To California, land of romance,
Where sandy beaches stretch their cool fingers
Toward the slow surge of a dreaming sea,
And the ripening grain of the valleys
Ripples noiselessly in the cooling breeze;
Where the snow-crowned Sierras look down
On the deep grass, of meadows
Splashed with the red-gold of the poppy;
Where the very air breathes enchantment,
And all nature smiles in infinite content.

E. F. Browning.

FOREWORD

THIS year the Journal Club of Girls High School has adopted for its theme the Spanish period in California, a never-to-be-forgotten epoch in the history of our state . . . an era which has been the inspiration of many a poet's song.

We want our readers to know that, as the title page implies, this Journal is a truly representative student publication. We wish, also, to say a brief word in regard to our aims in compiling this term's annual, so that they may realize not only the purpose which lies behind this book, but also the way in which the book is written.

The finished Journal contains contributions (signed and unsigned) from more than thirty-two students . . . a greater number than ever before.

The Journal Staff this term is the largest ever connected with a G. H. S. annual.

We have increased the space given to the Art Department.

We have made the group pictures larger.

We have increased the size of the Humor Section.

In conclusion, we may say that the entire Journal Club, because of its loyal co-operation and faithful work, is to be congratulated upon the book they have edited.

Ethel Reading, *Editor*.

APPRECIATION

The editor and the Journal staff wish to thank Miss Edith F. Browning, literary advisor; Miss Marian Jones, art advisor; and Miss Alice de Bernardi, business advisor, for their splendid assistance in putting out the Journal of December 1929.

We wish, also, to express our appreciation to our Advertisers, and let them know that we appreciate their help, and are willing to co-operate.

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THE FACULTY

MR. CHARLES C. DANFORTH.....	Principal
MISS LAURA DANIEL.....	Vice-Principal, Head of Mathematics Department
MISS EVELYN D. ARMER.....	Head of English Department
MRS. ROSE BAER	Social Science
MRS. MILDRED BICKEL	German
MISS HELEN BOVARD	Mathematics
MISS EDITH F. BROWNING.....	English
MISS NAN BURKE	Hygiene
MISS ELLA CASTELHUN.....	Mathematics, History of Art
MR. MARTIN CENTNER.....	Head of Latin Department
MISS LENORA CLARK	Physical Education
MISS MABEL A. CLAY	Commercial
MISS LORAINÉ CLEVELAND.....	Physical Education
MISS ALICE DE BERNARDI.....	Social Science, Commercial
MISS MARGARET DOUGHERTY	Science
MR. EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	Public Speaking, Head of French Department
MISS HELEN FLYNN	English
MISS HELENE HARKER (VICE MISS McDERMOTT).....	Fine Arts
MISS TILLIE HESSELBERG.....	Head of Social Science Department
MRS. MINNETTE KERR HIGGINS.....	English, Commercial
*MRS. ELIZABETH HOWE	Household Art
MISS HATTIE H. JACOBS.....	English
MISS MARIAN JONES	Fine Arts
MISS MAURINE C. KENNEDY	English
MISS AILEEN KISSANE	Social Science
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY	Household Art
MISS ESTHER S. LEE	Mathematics
MISS ESTELLE MALONEY	English
MISS MARY W. MEEHAN	Commercial
MISS MAGDALENA MICHEL	Library
MISS FLORENCE MORGAN.....	Household Art, Social Science
MRS. MARY McGLADE	Music
MR. THOMAS A. McGLYNN.....	Drawing, History of Art
MISS MARIE McKINLEY	Mathematics
MISS RUTH E. OAKES	Physical Education
MISS HELEN P. O'BRIEN.....	English, Social Science
MR. LORRENZO A. OFFIELD	Science
MISS HELEN PAPIEN	Spanish
MISS MURIEL PETTIT	Science
MISS CLARA POPPIC (VICE PAULA SWARM).....	Science
MISS EDNA M. REEVES	Science
MISS HELEN ROSENBERG.....	Physical Education
MISS NATHALIE ROTH	English
MR. ERNESTO SALZMANN	French, Spanish
MISS ISABEL M. SANDY.....	Social, Science, Commercial
MISS MARGUERITE SCHROEDER	Commercial
MISS CLARA STARK.....	Social Science, Latin
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN	Household Art
MRS. LAURA THARP	Physical Education, Drama
MISS EMMELINA DE TH. WALKER.....	Italian, Spanish
MISS LYDIA E. WALKER.....	Italian, Spanish
MISS SHIRLEY WARD	Science
MISS LENAMAE WILLIAMS.....	Drama, English
MRS. ALICE WILSON.....	French, Spanish
MRS. JOANNE B. HOFFMAN	Secretary

WELCOME

We take great pleasure in welcoming Miss Magdalena Michel, our new librarian, to the Girls High School Faculty.

* On Leave.



MIREILLE PIAZZONI



Dorothy Blum
Claire McDonald

Marian Phillips
Lily Lombardi

Helen Eisner
Marie Eschen

Henriette Verbarg
Lu Emmal Hyams

HIGH SENIOR OFFICERS

Marian Phillips	<i>President</i>
Helen Eisner	<i>Vice-President</i>
Henriette Verbarg	<i>Secretary</i>
Dorothy Blum	<i>Treasurer</i>
Lily Lombardi	<i>Mirror Reporter</i>
Marie Eschen	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
Claire McDonald	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
Lu Emmal Hyams	<i>Cheer Leader</i>



Sylvia Avanzato
Geraldine Baker
Claire Beer
Alice Berkley

Edith Bigham
Lu Ella Binns
Clemence Blum
Dorothy Blum

Bettine Bradish
Ruth Broudy
Carol Brownstone
Gladys Carlson

Anita Cavanagh
Rose Chin
Frances Colombini
Barbara Cummings



Dorothy Curry
Alma Davies
Sophie Marie Davis
Irene Delgado

Eugenia DeRocco
Ursula Douglas
Janet Dozier
Sigrid Drange

Alice Dudack
Virginia Dukmasova
Helen Eisner
Lillian Epstein

Marie Eschen
Hortense Faneuf
Luisa Faneuf
Nancy Faneuf



Ruth Ferguson
 Louisa Field
 Frances Galvin
 Florence Goldsmith

Harriette Goldstone
 Dorothy Green
 Marian Hamilton
 Madeleine Harris

Norma Harrison
 Alice Hinshaw
 Alice Holtz
 Phyllis Hoogendyk

Lu Emmal Hyams
 Marie James
 Miriam Judah
 Esther Jung



Helen Klein
Edith Lauten
Ruby Lee
Lily Lombardi

Elizabeth Long
Patricia Long
Emma Lum
Ethel Lum

Rose Mahoney
Claire McDonald
Mary McGinn
Marcia Meyer

Frances Morgenthau
Frieda Mueller
Syra Nahman
Sarah Nichols



Helen Oakes
Mabel O'Connell
Marie Peacock
Marian Phillips

Melfaun Pinkney
Lily Quock
Maxine Reade
Ethel Reading

Leslie Reiss
Marie Louise Robertson
Mary Rollet
Florence Rusk

Setsu Sasaki
Helen Scheffauer
Martha Silberstein
Natalie Simon



Marie Stanton
Anna Trueb

Claire Tyndall
Katherine Vasilatos

Bernice Wertheim
Jane Weatherwax
Naomi Zeh

Henriette Verbarg
Teresa Wilcox

Owing to late entry, Ruth Graham's picture is unavoidably omitted.

SENIOR HISTORY

FOUR years ago, brightly arrayed in checked gingham, colored ribbons, and abbreviated socks, the class of December 1929, tip-toed timidly and diffidently into the quiet and studious building known as Girls High School. The inexperienced and naive members of this class were warmly welcomed by their more sophisticated and worldly sisters, and they quickly assimilated the enthusiasm and spirit of Girls High School.

Ever active and progressive, this class has done its share in upholding and raising the ideals and standards of the school. Foremost among its achievements were a High Junior Rally "The Riot" and a High Senior Rally "Cherry Blossoms", in which Edith Lauten, the dashing hero, and Virginia Dukmasova, the demure heroine, delighted the audience with their clever characterizations.

This term, under the able guidance of their class officers, Marian Phillips, president; Helen Eisner, vice-president; Henriette Verbarg, secretary; and Dorothy Blum, treasurer, they have still further added to their laurels.

Now with sad hearts and unwilling feet, they are leaving Girls High School to pursue their way in the world. Though their paths may henceforth be separated, yet their hearts will always be united in love and gratitude for their beloved Alma Mater.

REQUEST

All I ask is a long, long life to live,
A will to get and a heart to give;
I will not ask the lazy road of pleasure,
Only a heart of love . . . to the fullest measure.
If the road be hard, I shall not complain
I'll do my best, be it a path of joy or pain;
So, God, give me life, and I shall have strength
To live and sing joyously through its length.

Marjorie Ledyard, June '30.



EVA BAILEY



ROSE MARIE KIERNAN



ANN BRESLAUER

LOW FOUR CLASS

(By the author of "Eva in Seniorland".)

IN THIS volume, is found the first adequate and impartial record of the amazing accomplishments of the Low Four Class. Here is a book which should appeal to all who appreciate pep, intelligence, and good sportsmanship.

Chapter 1

Introduces Class Leaders

Low Four officers, Rosemarie Kiernan, Eva Bailey, Ann Breslauer, Cecelia Rhine, and Lucille Gaillac, embody all the elements essential to success.

Chapter 2

Deals With Sports

The Low Four Class has always had a big turnout for basketball, baseball, tennis, and swimming, and has distinguished itself by winning many S. P. A. awards.

Chapter 3

Plays Clubs As Trumps

The Low Fours have contributed their full share of officers to the clubs of Girls High.

Chapter 4

Presents Our Worthy Friend, Scholarship

In spite of extra-curricular activities, this class has annually added members to the ranks of the C. S. F., and modestly received its monthly shower of "A's."

Chapter 5

Reveals the Settlement of An Account

The career of this class has been unequalled from its Freshman days in G. H. S. and its excellent High Junior Rally to its fine Low Senior record.

Chapter 6

Brief But to The Point

We are the most original class in G. H. S. We mean it.



DOROTHY McFADDEN

JULIA MERRILL

OLGA BLOESCH

HIGH THREE CLASS

THE High Three Class has now reached the third floor in the Statue of Knowledge. Upon entering the structure the members of this group, after having explored its foundation, ascended the eight broad stairs leading to the main floor.

Under capable guidance, the class of December '30 proceeded to mount a narrow flight of stairs until they arrived at their present exalted position, whence they can now view the Land of Wisdom from all angles.

Under the competent leadership of Julia Merrill, who, with Dorothy McFadden, encourages them to climb with vigor and ambition, and, with the aid of Beatrix Campbell to cheer them on, the girls of the High Three Class are climbing the stairs in record breaking time. Olga Bloesch, who writes the Journal of their adventures, has made the following entry:

H for the highest in ideals, sports, and work,
 I for industrious, these girls never shirk;
 G for their maxim, the Old Golden Rule,
 H for the honors they win for the school.

T is for thoughtfulness, no matter how small,
 H is for honesty in things one and all;
 R for responsibility where all may show skill,
 E for energy, deeds done with a will,
 E for efficient as these girls surely are
 S is for sparkling . . . they form one bright star.



MIRIAM McLAUGHLIN



SYLVIA GUTSTADT



MARIAN GOLDBERG

LOW THREE CLASS

Two years ago, the present Low Three Class began to climb the steep trail leading toward a plateau, midway between the foot of Mt. Education and the summit of Mt. Achievement, the most snow-covered peak of the Delectable Mountains.

During the first stages of their ascent, the Low Three's have surmounted many obstacles; but, although not always victorious, they have at length attained Point Low Three.

Here the Low Juniors have encamped and selected new leaders to guide them over the untried way which must be traversed in order to reach High Three Glacier. Encouraged by the new leaders, Sylvia Gutstadt, Miriam McLaughlin, Marian Goldberg, Mary Jane Thomson, and Virginia Kass, the Low Three's have decided to march forward immediately toward the cloud-capped summit of Mt. Achievement.

Having already won through Turtle Dove Pass and safely crossed Failure Slide (with the assistance of "The Jingle Bells", which has steadied and supported them over the rough spots recently encountered), they are now eagerly looking forward to the trip across Low Three Plateau under the capable and efficient leadership of their sure-footed guides.



DOROTHY LAGOMARSINO



ANNA LUCAS



JACQUELINE O'LEARY

HIGH TWO CLASS

Resolved: That the High Two Class is the best class in Girls High School.

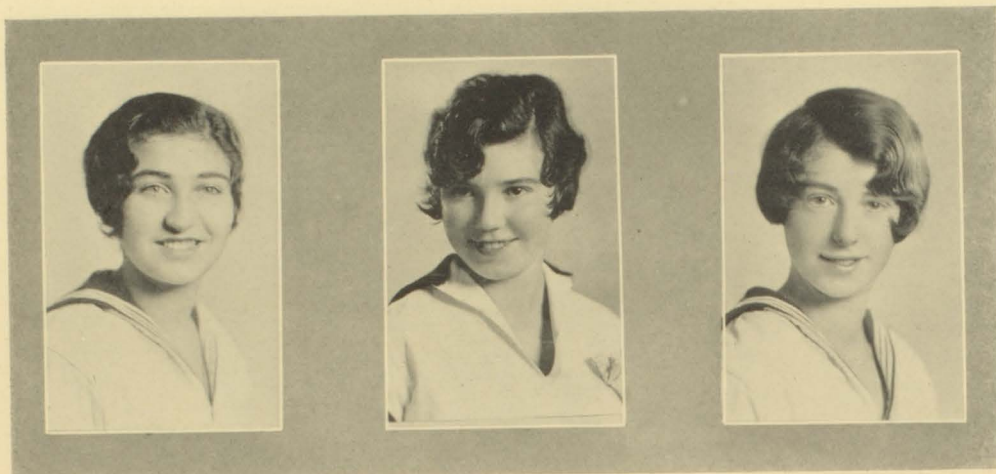
MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:

As last speaker on the affirmative side, I shall expect to convince you fully that the High Two Class of G. H. S. is, beyond a doubt, the best class in the school.

In summing up our arguments we find that—

1. The girls in this class are capable workers both in studies and in their extra-curricular activities.
2. The High Two Class has chosen energetic and efficient leaders—Anna Lucas, president; Dorothy Lagomarsino, vice-president; Jacqueline O'Leary, secretary; Valerie Arnold, treasurer; and Virginia Knight, yell leader—who have done their best to inspire the class to greater efforts.
3. The class has maintained a large representation in the S. P. A., and, in addition to its many victories, has, in tennis and swimming, developed individual stars.
4. Each semester the High Twos have reached a higher standard than the previous term.

Considering all the above facts, we of the affirmative, hope that we have succeeded in proving to you that the High Two Class is the best class in G. H. S.



CAROL FRANK

BARBARA O'CONNELL

GABRIELLE DUBOIS

LOW TWO CLASS

(Extracts from the Society News of "Girls High City Times")

G. H. City - August 19, 1929

MISS Low Two, a charming and peppy young lady with lots of "It", made her debut today at a tea given in her honor in the Activities Ball Room of the Hotel Progress. Among the most prominent young ladies present were Barbara O'Connell, Carol Frank, Gabrielle Dubois, Mary Reilly, Jewel Hollander, and Majorie Ryan.

G. H. City - November 30, 1929

The Faculty Society gave a unique Rummage Sale at Examination, in the suburbs of G. H. City. The first prize was awarded to Miss Low Two for having exhibited the greatest ability to pounce upon the most worthwhile treasure at every bargain counter.

Promotion Beach - December 1, 1929

Mr. and Mrs. Higrade gave a house party today, which was a most brilliant event and will, in all likelihood, close the fall season. Among other interesting features was a swimming meet. Although hard pressed, Miss Low Two came out ahead, and was acclaimed the best all-round girl in Girls High Society.

G. H. City - December 12, 1929

Miss Low Two, at a dinner-dance given at her home on Improvement Street, announced her engagement to Mr. Ambition High Two, a prominent young man in this city. The wedding will take place at Girls High City on January 6, 1930, and everyone is looking forward to a unique and artistic ceremony.



ELIZABETH JACOBS

ROSALIE KENNY

CATHERINE JACOBS

HIGH ONE CLASS

*"Five little maids from school are we,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee."*

So sing Rosalie Kenney, Elizabeth Jacobs, Catherine Jacobs, Rose Marie Conrad, and Mary Mayer, who are respectively president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and yell-leader of the High One Class. When asked the reason for their merriment they pointed proudly to a certificate of parchment with a gold seal attached. Coming close enough to peer over their shoulders, I read the following:

"This is to certify that the High One Class ranks higher than any other class in Girls High School. This class has attained a 100% record in club memberships, in sports, and in scholarship."

No wonder the High Ones are a happy and self-reliant class. If you wish to see some real class spirit, just visit one of their class-meetings, and you will learn that, although young in G. H. S., they are among its most enthusiastic supporters.

If you want to be as fine a girl as each High One is, let us tell you how:

Be a real girl,
Be a true American girl,
Be a Girls High Girl.



LENORE MORDOFF



SOPHIE SKLIRIS



DOROTHY HEINDRICKS

LOW ONE CLASS

"HELLO, girls of G. H. S. This is station S-C-R-U-B speaking, Rose Siegel announcing. We have a very interesting story to tell you tonight which we are broadcasting through the courtesy of Mr. Danforth and the Faculty.

"Once upon a time there was a race between a turtle and a hare. Now the turtle had been well trained for the race by the Freshman class, for this was the first appearance of a candidate wearing the Orange and White and they were very anxious that he should win.

"Friends of Radioland, you all know how the race ended, but do you know why the turtle won? We'll let you in on the secret. He couldn't do anything else, with those Freshmen behind him. They started right by electing Sophie Skliris, president; Lenore Mordoff, vice-president; Dorothy Heindricks, secretary; Ethel Roadhouse, treasurer; and Mary Young and Jane Levy, yell leaders. Then, too, consider the excellence of the Freshman play, "The Exchange." We won't forget that soon. Last but not least, the Freshmen have proved to be successful in their studies.

"Everyone supposed the Freshmen were too little to be useful, but all have admitted that the Activities Rally was greatly improved by their presence.

"This finishes our half hour of fun for this evening, folks. We will be on the air again next term—so, WATCH US GROW."

"GOOD-NIGHT."





SOPHIE DAVIS



ETHEL READING



DOROTHY MOSS

JOURNAL STAFF

Ethel Reading, *Editor*
 Sophie Davis, *Art Editor*
 Dorothy Moss, *Business Manager*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Bernice Abrams	Edith Arnstein	Cora Collier
Marjorie Ledyard	Ethel Lum	Ernestine Raas
Marie Schmidt	Florence Stone	Mary Ross
		Lucile Wood

ART STAFF

Beverly Bercovich	Rose Chin	Edith Hurtgen	Katherine Kricker
Carola Mack	Sophie Moeller	Mirreille Piazzoni	

BUSINESS STAFF

Marjorie Cahn	Marjorie Lewis
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The Journal Staff wishes to express its appreciation to Antoinette Zellerbach, Frances Meyer, Consuelo Bley, and Bernice Abrams for their help in typing this book.

We also thank Katherine Vasilatos for her work in taking charge of the photographs.



E. Raas
M. Ledyard
L. Wood
C. Mack

B. Abrams
E. Lum
B. Bercovich
S. Moeller

E. Arnstein
M. Ross
R. Chin
M. Piazzoni

C. Collier
M. Schmidt
E. Hurtgen
M. Cahn

M. Gazis
F. Stone
K. Kricker
M. Lewis



ZORA OSTROW



SYRA NAHMAN



BERNICE ABRAMS

THE MIRROR

SELF-REFLECTION is found in an ordinary looking-glass, and the reflection of school life is found in the *Girls High Mirror*. The school in general is pictured by this publication in which are columns devoted to news, editorials, school activities, and fun. Snappy personals, interesting alumnae notes, important club data—all these are combined to make up this worth-while organ of Girls High activity.

Founded eight years ago by a group of students and teachers, and ever since sponsored by Miss Armer, THE MIRROR has become a regular part of school life. The officers are selected from the Newswriting class, the capable staff this term being headed by Syra Nahman, editor; Zora Ostrow, associate editor; and Bernice Abrams, business manager.

All news articles and editorials originate in the class, but any outside material is welcome. Any contribution placed in the MIRROR Box near room 108 will be considered by the staff.

No doubt everyone has noticed the cheery atmosphere of the classrooms this term. This was created by THE MIRROR, which sponsored "Flower Day" in an attempt to beautify the school. By offering a prize to the most "flowery" class, THE MIRROR instituted something which gave pleasure both to students and teachers alike.

The Newswriting class feels highly honored this term because one of its articles was quoted verbatim in a bulletin from the Superintendent's office.

THE MIRROR is edited by and for Girls High students. It is their paper, and compliments, reprimands, and suggestions are appreciated by the staff.





LOUISE DABOVICH



JANET DOZIER



MIRIAM GUTSTADT

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Janet Dozier *President*
 Louise Dabovich *Vice-President*
 Miriam Gutstadt *Secretary*

Madelyn Kelly *Assistant Treasurer*
 Ursula Douglas *Historian*
 Majorie Lewis *Club Commissioner*
 Agnes Buttle *Assistant Club Commissioner*
 Florence Johnson *Cafeteria Commissioner*
 Edith Hurtgen *Assistant Cafeteria Commissioner*
 Robin Alberti *First Representative*
 Helen Stich *Second Representative*
 Mary Ross *Third Representative*
 Gertrude Turner *Fourth Representative*
 Muriel Klinker *Fifth Representative*
 Berthe Dreyfus *Sixth Representative*



Madelyn Kelly
 Florence Johnson
 Mary Ross

Ursula Douglas
 Edith Hurtgen
 Gertrude Turner
 Elizabeth Mueller

Marjorie Lewis
 Robin Alberti
 Muriel Klinker

Agnes Buttle
 Helen Stich
 Berthe Dreyfus

CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

President - Helen Eisner

Vice-Prex - Dorothy Blum

To promote interest in true education.
Is the splendid aim of the Scholarship Federation.



INTERNATIONAL CLUB

President - Cecelia Rhine

Vice-Prex - Isabel Weil

They find out everything concerning foreign lands,
And feel across the sea, the clasp of friendly hands.

JOURNAL CLUB

President - Ernestine Raas

Secretary - Pauline Spiro

We will not boast of what we do;
We merely show this book to you.



DEBATING CLUB

President - Mary McGinn

Vice-Prex - Dorothy Cerf

Our club is one that can't be beat;
We lay our laurels at your feet.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN

President - Frieda Mueller

Vice-Prex - Elsa Bickel

Freude, Spass, und Tu'-viel-gut,
Im Deutschen Klub man finden tut.



LA JEUNESSE FRANÇAISE

President - Jacqueline Hirsch

Vice-Prex - Elinor Kahn

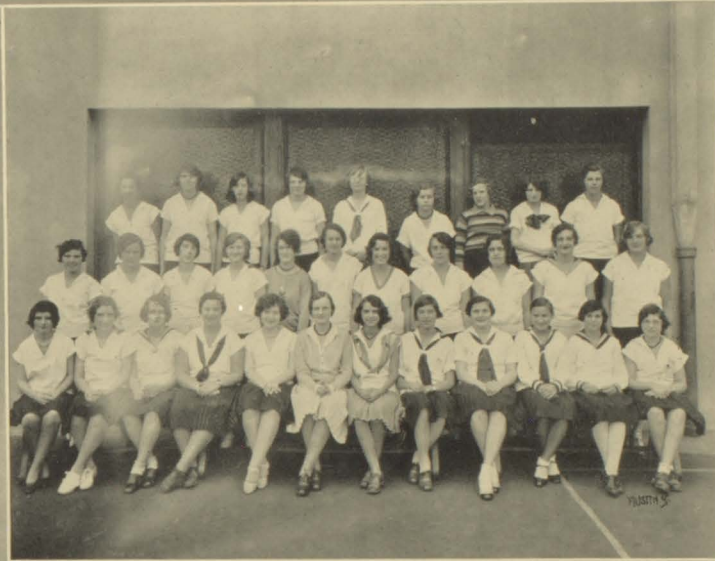
L'onde se fait une route, en s'efforçant d'en trouver . . .
L'eau qui tombe, goutte à goutte, perce le plus dur rocher.

LATIN CLUB

President - Carol Cole

Vice-Prex - Ramona Luttrell

Sodalitas Latina has a motto tried and true.
"Esse non videri" means to dare and to do.



ITALIAN CLUB

President - Frances Colombini

Vice-Prex - Angelina Runcallo

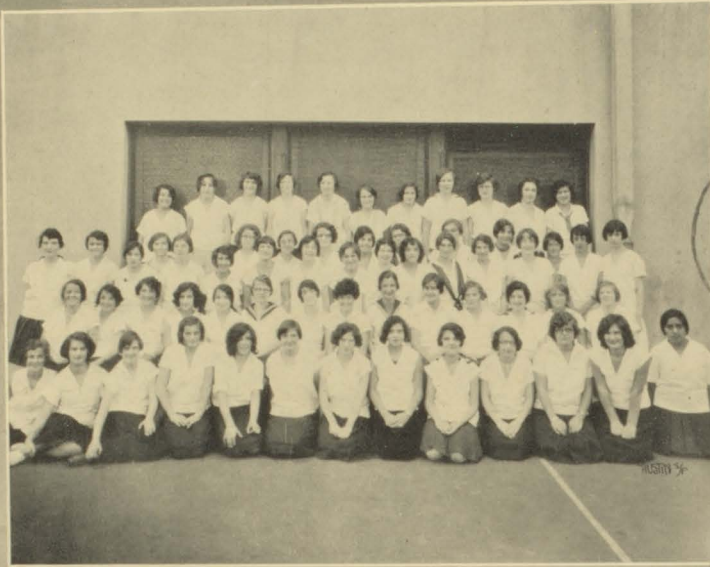
Noi Rondinelle siamo, il tempo allegre passiamo
La nostra società—per sempre esisterà.

SPANISH CLUB

President - Florence Stone

Vice-Prex - Annie Silver

—Amiguitas, amiguitas, ¿adónde van?—Vengan y sabrán.
Fueron y supieron; vieron y rieron,
Volvieron y volvieron . . . y; volverán!



BANKING CLUB

President - Lucille Scatena

Vice-Prex - Alice Cooper

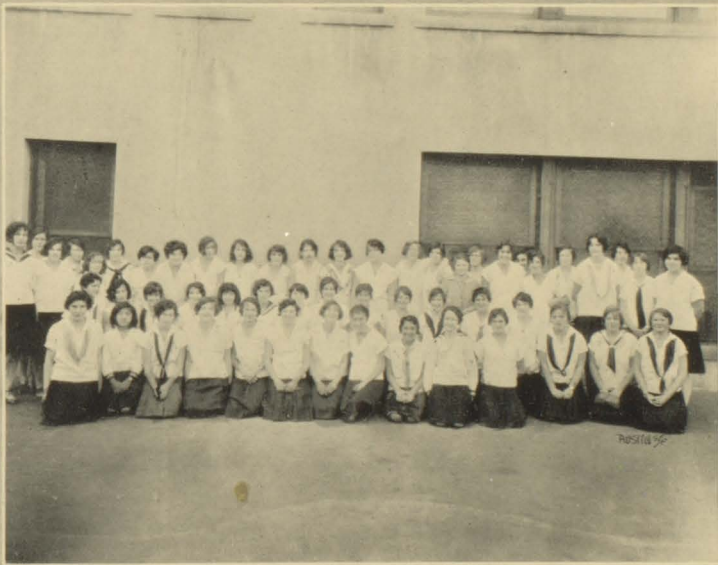
All members of the Banking Club have the wondrous gift.
Of spending money wisely and of early learning thrift.

NATURALIST CLUB

President - Carola Mack

Vice-Prex - Teresa Wilcox

Run, little butterflies and bugs, to your friends with a shout,
"The Naturalist Club will get you if you don't watch out."



GARDEN CLUB

President - Carol Michel

Vice-Prex - Doris Baumberger

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
There are no weeds. Garden Club seeds yield only beauty, you know.

GLEE CLUB

President - Virginia Dukmasova

Vice-Pres - Helen Shingle

Sing a song of six pence—"Do re, mi—"

If you would cultivate your voice, go out for Glee.



ORCHESTRA

President - Eugenia de Rocco

Vice-Pres - Harriet Price

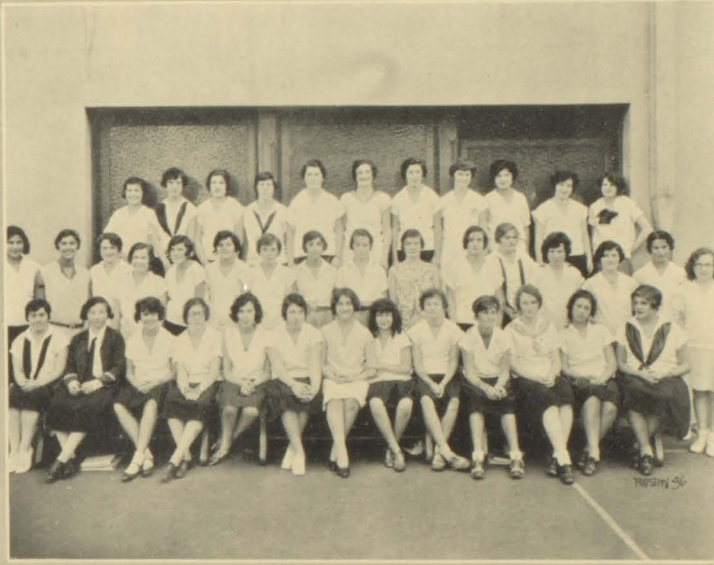
Oh, come and join the Orchestra, so tried and so true,
Pick out your instrument; we'll show you what to do.

DRAMATIC CLUB

President - Katherine Vasilatos

Vice-Prex - Wilametta Fisher

The curtain's up; the play's begun,
The Dramatic Club seeks its place in the sun.



DANCING CLUB

President - Dorothy Arnesburg

Vice-Prex - Virginia Fowler

A body so graceful and footsteps so fleet,
Can never be gained, save when fine dancers meet.

CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

President - Shirley Holm

Vice-Prex - Helen Rose

A graceful body, a face that is fair,
Both can be earned by cultured care.



JILL TAR

President - Blanche Norton

Vice-Prex - Helen Brown

Sailing, sailing, over the rolling sea—
Sailor girls, happy girls, Jill Tar's the club for me.

JAZZ BAND

President - Mary Jane Thomson

Vice-Pres - Mabel Jordan

We're the ones that pep you up at any kind of dance,
We make you want to yell and jump and hop and skip and prance.



TUMBLING CLUB

President - Elsie Harrison

Vice-Pres - Christine Anderson

Tumble up and tumble down,
The Tumbling Club has great renown.

GIRL RESERVES

President - Norma Harrison

Vice-Prex - Vera Macklin

If with true friendship you'd be blest,
Join Lihalo and always give your best.



CAMP FIRE

President - Mary Haran

Vice-Prex - Elinor Kahn

To truth and to purity we look high above,
And the Campfire motto is: "Work, Health, and Love."



THE BELLS OF MONTEREY

Across the hills a message comes,
A message glad and gay.
It's borne to me upon the breeze
By the bells of Monterey.

The silvery notes with gladness thrill
Like the laugh of a child at play.
"There's a bride to-day—a bride so fair,"
Sing the bells of Monterey.

But when across the rippling waves
Sinks the sun at close of day;
Then, like a blessing to my soul,
Come the chimes of Monterey.

Oftimes I hear deep solemn tones
That bid me kneel and pray,
For a parting soul is being tolled
By the bells of Monterey.

For one hundred years these chimes have rung
From that belfrey, old and gray,
Yet still, we love the silver notes
Of the bells of Monterey.

Cora Collier, June '31.

THE SILK FAN

ONE warm moonlit evening, Fernando Guisto, a young California trader, was wending his way toward Senor Luca's ranch, in the Santa Maria Valley. He esteemed himself the happiest soul on earth, for was he not deeply in love with his beautiful Spanish sweetheart, Tonia, the daughter of Senor Luca? What mattered it, if the Senor enraged by Fernando's love for Tonia, had denounced him as a scoundrel, and forbidden Fernando to see his daughter again? If the lovers could not meet by day, they must be content to see each other under cover of darkness.

On reaching the low but spacious adobe house, Fernando swiftly mounted the steps and gave a soft whistle. Instantly Tonia emerged from a door opening on the veranda. With an inarticulate cry of joy, she sprang toward her lover.

"Alas, my Fernando!" sighed Tonia, "I have sad news for you. Before this month is over, I am to wed that detestable Juan Basso, who is always boasting of his gold. My father, in his hatred for you, dear Fernando, has hastened this dreadful marriage-day. "Ah," wept Tonia, "I shall die, if I have to marry that horrible man."

"Fear not!" cried Fernando fiercely, "I will kill him first! We will flee from this accursed spot—to Mexico—to Spain! Far away, in a distant land, we will dream, and live, and love."

"How brave you are!" exclaimed Tonia. "At midnight, on the night before the wedding, we will seek safety in flight."

"Let us think no more of this now," answered Fernando. "See, I have brought you a love gift—a beautiful ivory fan, painted by a celebrated Spanish artist."

"Ah, but this little fan is adorable!" cried the delighted Tonia. "We shall be always faithful to each other like these lovers, painted on the fan, shall we not?"

After an hour entirely too brief, after renewed vows of love and devotion, they parted. For Tonia, the leaden days dragged far too slowly. On the appointed night, as soon as her father was in bed, she began, with a beating heart, to prepare for her departure. Kneeling, she prayed earnestly, begging for courage; then, drying her tears, she waited patiently for midnight, and Fernando. Midnight arrived, but no Fernando. Dawn found a despairing bride.

Six years later, Tonia, now Senora Basso, was sitting in her room, reliving the past. These had been six years of hopeless resignation. A forlorn, almost lifeless creature, Tonia had patiently waited for the end. Life held nothing for her, though she was mistress of the largest ranch for miles around, though she was surrounded by numerous servants and showered with every luxury. Her husband had tired of her after a year, and left her, in search of adventure. Narrowly escaping death several times, he had finally been killed by a band of

warring Indians. Senor Luca, well advanced in years, had gone to his grave, leaving his entire estate to his only child. Continually Tonia repined at Fate, which had prevented her from joining these two.

Daily, in the secrecy of her chamber, she would take from her carved chest the silken fan, Fernando's last gift to her. For hours she would sit fondling it. During these sad moments of meditation, the past would force itself mercilessly before her eyes. She would live again those days of yore, hear again Fernando's every word, feel his every heartbeat, and thrill in fancy at his every embrace.

Thus was she sitting one evening while through the open window the biting wind sent icy shivers down her spine. Turning to shut out the bitter wind, she saw a ghostly face peering at her through the frosted window-pane, and ran to the veranda.

Against the darkness, loomed the figure of a man. "Tonia!" a voice called sharply. The next instant, she saw Fernando standing before her, if indeed this haggard man could be the gallant lover of her youth. Was her imagination playing her tricks, or was she becoming crazed with grief?

"Tonia", again cried Fernando, "I should not have come, but I could not leave without one last glimpse of you. All my life, I have loved you, and the knowledge that you have never returned my love has almost killed me. I have tried to forget, but I can not. It was, I suppose, too much to expect that you, so beautiful, so noble, could love a man like me. Adios, my Tonia, adios! I will never trouble you again."

"What are you saying, Fernando?" cried the bewildered Tonia, "You must explain these words at once. Enter, I pray you."

Having followed her into the firelit room and seated himself beside her, Fernando related all that had happened to him. Then Tonia learned how, on that fatal day, he had received a letter in her own hand delivered by Tonia's maid, Maria, stating that on the previous week her mistress had been married to Juan Basso, that she, Tonia, had never loved Fernando—a letter imploring him to think of her no more. Driven almost mad by her supposed perfidy, he immediately left California, vowing never to return; but, try as he would, he could not forget; until, unable to bear his grief longer, he had come back, praying that Fate might grant him one last glimpse of the girl he so dearly loved.

"Oh!" murmured Tonia, "how cruel! My father must have forced Maria, that faithless one, to forge this terrible letter; but God is good, amigo, He knows we have need of each other."

And Tonia, bending to pick up the fan, added shyly, "See, Fernando mio, what better proof can you ask of my devotion than this little fan, which has been the only thing I have had to comfort me through all these dreary years?" And she rested her dark head contentedly against his shoulder, while the tiny fan dropped noiselessly to the floor—forgotten.

Ethel Lum, December '29.

A SPANISH DANCER

A bit of fire leaping in the air
Intangible—now here, now there—
Bright brown eyes and sleek black head
Enthroned above the flaming red.
A crimson rose is held 'twixt redder lips,
And now 'tis thrown by lily finger tips,
And caught by a gallant swain,
Who straightway makes his plaint again.
But leaping, dancing on and on,
She throws a kiss—and then is gone.

Marjorie Ledyard, June '30.

A COMPARISON

Sweet rose was placed before a mirror,
Her charms surrounded by a cut glass vase
Where, through the live-long day enchanted,
She gazed admiringly at her reflected face.
Her petals were of snowy whiteness
Her fragrance was a half-remembered dream,
And all her virgin beauty was enhanced
By filmy mists of dainty feathery green.

The sunlight streamed upon a polished table,
Where stood a highly burnished bowl of brass,
Filled full of autumn's gaudy zinnias,
A gay—a laughing multicolored mass.
September's blossoms bright of cheerful purple,
Of glowing orange or of ruby red
Present a picture of such living splendor
That summer's fragile rose seems cold and dead.

Dorothy de Lano, June '30.

EL DORADO

A wonderful land is the land of dreams—
Perfect, entire, ideal—
A shadowy world, complete in itself,
Intangible, unreal.

The gold of the hills, the green of the trees,
And the blue of the sky are there,
Like some pagan god's bright ring of gold,
Set with emeralds and sapphires rare.

There is naught in this land of pain or care,
Nothing there is of sorrow,
For each new happy joyous today
Leads to a brighter tomorrow.

What though for some, in our every-day world,
The dreams they dream come true,
El Dorado will not be denied—
They must dream their dreams anew.

Thus we've always a goal ahead of us,
And something accomplished behind
And though we've reached that for which we sought,
There is always more to find.

Florence Stone, December '30.

TO

Your face, your form, your shape—they do not matter,
Perhaps you are old, perhaps wrinkled, or gray
But what does it matter—Does it matter, I say?
Others may look to your face, may turn from fading eyes,
But God and I know better, and so do some of the wise.

Majorie Ledyard, June '30.

THE SENOR UNDERSTANDS

GOLD, the thief that robs man of youth—gold, the enemy of peace—gold, the glittering, the worthless, that leads men to the goal of shattered dreams, builds of itself an armor which deprives its wearer of the knowledge of true beauty. Those, who have pridefully donned this golden coat of mail, often long to cast it aside only to find that they have tossed away the keys. Those, who follow longingly this laughing, alluring mistress, follow to find that she skillfully eludes them at every turn, either concealing herself in the foam of the river, or peering from behind a fortress of rock to gibe and mock; and, like a naughty child, skip gleefully away.

In the lure of this golden goddess, men flocked to the gold fields. Here, in August, 1849, we first meet Carlos La Zaca, as he slowly raises his toilworn body which no longer towers straight and tall above its fellows. La Zaca shuffles along dispiritedly—let us hope, rebelliously. As we catch a glimpse of his face, we see that the precious dust for which he has slaved so long seems to have accumulated on his features, tinting them a ruddy gold. His tousled hair almost obstructs the view of those hopeless brown eyes—eyes which should be soft with the glow of a happy fireside, a home, and wholesome dreams come true. The mouth, too, is in hiding beneath its unkempt, shaggy beard; perhaps it fears to reveal its secrets of suffering, of loneliness, of want. Every look, every gesture serves to show that Don Carlos has sacrificed both youth and pride to his one desire.

Hasten with him now to his home—a shack without, worse than a shack within. One corner shelters a rough cot which, could it speak, might reveal the dreams and regrets of the man who seeks it wearily when light departs and leaves it dispiritedly long before the dawn begins. La Zaca paces the floor; he feels the chill of night and the hunger of a body ill-nourished and hard-worked. As he rebels at these sensations, he prays for strength to break away from the fetters which bind him. Too well he knows that gold is the arch enemy of his peace.

With feverish determination, he decides to gather his few belongings and leave for another field. Tossing the little that he has into an old bag, with an impatient snap, he closes it. The implements of his trade he leaves to carry by hand. In the dark recesses of the room, he comes upon an article which should have been packed. The lock of the bag resists his attempts until, in a frenzy of temper, he slits with a knife the side of the bag, tears it open, and finds, in the lining, a few pieces of gold, coins of Spanish California twenty years ago—nevertheless, gold. As the coins roll out of their hiding place, there rings through his mind the echo of these dimly remembered words:

"You do not understand! True gold is given to us by God alone. We find it in the splendor of the sun, in the beauty of poppies, in the sheen of the

wheat, in the foliage of the trees. You do not understand, but someday, perhaps—"

Potent words—for Carlos La Zaca sees again a sleeping apartment in an adobe hut during the Arcady of California. A table stands in an alcove. On this is a vase of sleepily awakening poppies, at the foot of which, as if in homage to Nature's gift, is a platter of glittering gold pieces. Through a small crevice in the wall, the sun sends soft rays to bid the poppies "Buenos Dias"—to wake the gallant young figure on the cot. The youthful Spaniard yawns, sits erect, and is drawn irresistibly to the gleaming platter. The sun blushes for shame at this neglect of the innocent poppies and aids the gentle breeze to turn their heads away. The coins, however, jingle musically and frolic in the hands of their admirer, until, with a reluctant sigh, he replaces them on the platter and goes to meet his gracious host.

"Buenos Dias, my good friend. You reposed with comfort, I hope?" good naturedly interrogates the valley farmer, as he lumbers over to greet his guest. "We eat now our morning repast. You will join us?"

"One meal more with your hospitable family, *senor*, then must I leave."

"There is the festival tonight, *Senor La Zaca*, and tomorrow, the bull fight. You have youth and good looks; you owe to yourself a holiday."

"A holiday? I appreciate your kindness, *senor*, but holidays are for those who have obtained their gold. After I have made my strike, I will play."

"You will pardon my asking, *Senor La Zaca*. You are in need? If so, use freely the coins in your room; they were meant for your comfort."

"Tell me," replied *La Zaca* eagerly, "why are you so careless of wealth? Why do you leave your treasures for anyone to take?"

"My treasures! You mock me. My wealth is everyone's wealth. You do not understand! True gold is given to us by God alone in the splendor of the sun, the beauty of the poppies, the sheen of the wheat, and the foliage of the trees. You do not understand, but someday, perhaps—"

While this incident recalled itself to his mind, vaguely it dawned upon *Carlos La Zaca*, in his new-found bitter wisdom, that his life was empty—futile.

Weeks later, *La Zaca* journeyed slowly away from his delapidated shack. To *Mistress Gold*, he left the implements that had wasted his life. In the dearly-bought wisdom of experience, he acquired a farm in the peaceful valley with the sun streaming on the gold of the poppies, on the shimmer of the ripening grain. "Someday" had come—and the *Senor* understood.

Marie Schmidt, June '30.

EVENING

Evening is come; the hot white glare of noon
Is gone. The drowsy hum of midday bees
Is now replaced by a cooling breeze,
That in the soft, warm dark a song doth croon,
A tender, subtle, pain-relieving tune.
Now, like a child, it plays round Nature's knees,
It rustles in the myriad leaves of trees,
And follows noon-day's heat—a gracious boon.
Then one by one, the twinkling stars appear
In heaven above; God's candles bright they are—
His benediction, and His word of peace—
Of surcease from the bitterness of fear.
Faintly, the night-bird's song, heard from afar,
Brings respite from all care—from pain, release.

Florence Stone, December '30.

A CITY AT NIGHT

Long steel fingers, slender and cool
Clutching at the sky . . .
Cold clear orbs watching life dispassionately
From the black density of eternity.

Lights of the city—uncertain, flickering,
Infinitesimal in the darkness of the night . . .
Cold steel fingers, reaching toward the distant stars—
A city at night.

Marian Phillips, December '29.

I WONDER

Why must the summer end so soon
And all the flowers die,
All those that were so beautiful
They're gone—I wonder why?

Where are the birds that sang so sweet
And called without a care
The treetops seem so empty now
They're gone—I wonder where?

Helen Oakes, December '29.

CALIFORNIA'S CUP OF GOLD

THERE was a far-away look in the old Spaniard's eyes—a look known to the children as his "story look", as they gathered about him eagerly, knowing that he was seeing strange things and watching strange people. It was a queer far-away world, in which this old man lived—a world full of treasures which he loved to share.

Tiny Marjita climbed onto his knee. It was her chosen place, and her arrival was a signal for the story to commence.

"Far away and long ago", he began (he always started with far away and long ago) "there lived a great nobleman who was lord of a large castle. He had a beautiful daughter, whom I shall call Marjita."

Here he stroked the golden brown curls softly, and the child leaned closer to him.

"Because of her loveliness and beautiful character, Marjita had many suitors. Gay young caballeros they were, who rode and fought for her favor; but Marjita loved none of them, and her father grew impatient because she did not wish to marry."

"One day a stranger, named Miguel, came to the castle and begged shelter for the night. He was a handsome young horseman, and he fell in love with the lovely Marjita, when first he saw her. Miguel told many stories of the beautiful land from which he had come, a land of eternal sunshine, fruit, and flowers, a land of green trees where a rumbling ocean threw its white foam on the sandy beach."

"Marjita wondered whether this beautiful land had ever produced anything so wonderful as the young senor who told them of it. The love of Marjita and Miguel for each other did not long remain a secret, but the old don Luis did not wish to give his daughter to a man whom he knew so slightly; therefore, he decided, before selecting Marjita's future husband, to put all of her suitors to a test."

"Don Luis announced that the young man who could bring the greatest treasure, as a symbol of his love, would win Marjita's hand. The young stranger's heart was saddened at this news, for he owned no treasure, not even in his own beautiful land. However, he did not despair, and he rode away on his quest, with Marjita's love to lighten his journey.

"In two month's time, all the young men reassembled; and, after dining, they were asked to display their treasures. Each showed jewels of rare value or rich caskets, and Don Luis was finding it impossible to reach a decision, when Miguel entered the hall. He was downcast, for he carried only a wooden box."

"'Show us your treasure!' cried Don Luis. Then the young man hesitatingly opened the box."

"'But these are only withered weeds!' cried his rivals triumphantly, when suddenly a strange thing happened. Perhaps love did it, or perhaps the fairies

that love flowers and lovers interfered. Quien sabe? The withered plants began to awaken, and flowers of exquisite beauty took the place of the ugly weeds. Loveliest of all was a golden cup formed of soft, satiny, yellow petals."

"Miguel, astonished and triumphant, cried aloud, 'Truly California is a beautiful land, and the poppy its golden treasure!'"

"Love always finds a way, and so Don Luis had to give up his daughter. That is how California's cup of gold won Marjita for her lover," concluded the old man. "We are all descendants of Marjita," he added, "and the cup of gold still grows beneath the California sky."

Then rising, the old man moved away, leaving his audience to watch the golden poppies close their petals in the fading glow of the California sunset.

Miriam Gutstadt, June '30.

THE SEA

The sea's a gypsy in blue and green,
With foam-like dress of silvery sheen.
Sometimes she's dreamy, murmuring low
Crooning a song to the mermaids below;
Sometimes gaily she dances for me
All a-tiptoe with impish glee.

Oh, many a tale has she to relate
Of vikings brave and their gallant fate
And pages of lore has she to tell
Of many a rainbow-tinted shell.
A gypsy lass she calls to me
And lures me on with her mystery.

Florence Johnson, December '30.

FASCINATION

I wonder if she felt what held me there,
When others long had left.
I wonder if she felt mystery, like a rope,
Bind her as she watched. I only know
That I was gripped by tendrils
And could not go.

Edith Arnstein, June '30.

THE SHAWL OF THE AMACHAS

MARCELLA NEYLAND carefully drew the shawl from the top drawer of her mother's curio cabinet. Gently, she spread it on the couch before her. From its silken folds heavily embroidered with crimson flowers, the scent of roses and sandalwood reached out and gripped her senses.

Slowly Marcella emerged from a queer mental haze to find herself in a garden—a garden, strange yet familiar. As one remembers a lovely incident of early childhood, so Marcella dimly remembered the garden. Gropingly, she caught at and traced this frail thread of remembrance.

* * * *

Assuredly the patio was a pleasant place. Its stone walks worn smooth by the action of the water upon them, had been taken, at an earlier day from the bed of the little mountain stream which leaped from the heights of the Sierra Nevadas to the sea, twenty-two hundred feet below. Some of the stones were mossgrown, where the afternoon sea-breeze had blown the sparkling drops from the fountain upon them; while the great block of stone, which served as a seat near the fountain was entirely moss-covered.

The fountain itself was a happy fountain; it threw the water high into the air, and, laughingly caught it, in its descent, in the basin at its foot. The patter of the falling drops, on the velvety water-lily pads, sounded like the clapping of a happy baby's hands. White blossoms with golden hearts swayed gently on the rippling water, inviting both bees and butterflies to sip their hidden sweetness.

An orange tree with its burden of golden fruit bending the branches earthward, stood near the east wall of the patio. Stocky grapevines, trained along the sunny places of the wall, were beginning to show the purple richness of ripening grapes.

For what, thought the girl dreamily, was she waiting in that garden? Pains-takingly she tried to piece together in her mind the events of the last few days. A shiver ran through her slender frame. At last she recalled the source of her terror. The Moors! The Moors were upon them! Quickly springing to her feet she fled across the wide patio. Rushing into the wide hall, she called softly, "Madre! Madre!!" Receiving no answer, she opened the door of her mother's room and entered.

"Madre," said the girl, running to place a caressing arm around her mother's neck, "Will our father be home soon?"

Silently the mother shook her head, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Madre," continued the young girl, "Why does not our padre come home?" and she fell sobbing on her mother's shoulder.

Then came the dread sound of arms in the street, the shouts of men, and the ring of metal on metal as Spaniard and Moor fought at close range. All that day, all that night, the fighting raged. Back and forth before the plaza the foes contended, until at last the Moors were victorious, and Granada had fallen under the sway of the Saracen.

Bereft of her husband, Maria's mother did not long survive, although treated kindly by her captors; but Maria grew up to marry a young Spanish captive with whom she had fallen in love.

Years later, when King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella had driven the last of the Moors from Spanish soil, Maria's children's children were restored to their rightful heritage. One of her descendents, Juan de Amacha, accompanied Maximilian on his ill-starred Mexican adventure.

After the execution of Maximilian, the Amachas accompanied the Franciscan fathers on their mission of establishing Spanish settlements in California; and, at that time, received from the Spanish crown large grants of land near Monterey.

* * * *

Drowsily, rubbing her hand across her sleep-laden eyes, the girl in the arm-chair sat erect. Wide awake now, Marcella looked curiously at the shawl, still spread before her.

That night, after Marcella had retired to her room, Mrs. Neyland, with an odd look in her eyes, turned to Mr. Neyland, saying thoughtfully, "John, is it not queer that Marcella should see, in a dream, part of the history of my kinfolk, the Amachas?"

Then going to the book-case, Mrs. Neyland took from the top shelf a leather-bound book in Spanish script, its once white parchment now yellow with age. Opening the book, after a few minutes of search, she found the passage in the manuscript that she wished, and read to her husband the story, which, earlier on that same evening, the bewildered Marcella had related to her mother.

Cora Collier, June '31.

THE FOLLOWERS

She is so far above us,
That when we reach the height where once she was,
We do not even recognize her footprints
There before us.

Pauline Spiro, June '30.

ALUMNAE

Scholarship Federation—Life Members, June 1929.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Margaret Cesano | 9. Jorna Mahler |
| 2. Barbara Conley | 10. Eleanor Morris |
| 3. Bernice Durham | 11. Barbara Prince |
| 4. Margaret Friedman | 12. Blanche Kubicek |
| 5. Marion Hewlett | 13. Eda Salzmänn |
| 6. Miriam Hirschberg | 14. Cathrine Stanton |
| 7. Gertrude Kraus | 15. Jane Worley |
| 8. Elizabeth Lienau | |

In San Francisco School department.

Ada Aebli (June '23) is president of the San Francisco Kindergarten-Primary Council.

Honors at University of California.

Eda Salzmänn made Hispanic (Honor) Society.

Wilmer Grace Edith Pearlstein Rose Terlin Mary Woebke	}	made Prytanean.
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Eleanor Morris made Philorthian.

Margaret Hammond Oleta O'Connor Evelyn St. John	}	made the U. C. Womens' Debating Team.
Rhoda Horn Marjorie Sachs	}	made the Treble Clef.

Vermell Giacobbi made the Little Theater.

Anne Heyneman is a Junior Editor of the Daily "Cal."

Honors at Stanford.

Barbara Mayer is working for a Ph.D. in Psychology.

Honors at Junior College.

Beatrice Henrotte is Vice-President of the Freshman Class at San Mateo.

In Loving Memory
 of
Bonnie Jean Boyd
 June 1928





ANNA TRUEB

SPORTS AND PASTIMES ASSOCIATION

S. P. A.! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
We're in the S. P. A. where we all work and play . . .
S. P. A.! S. P. A.! We're a happy crowd . . .

It's the snappy girls of the S. P. A., who are making the halls resound with their merriment. Well may they rejoice, for the turnout for sports was bigger than ever this semester, the S. P. A. Freshman party was a real "get-together," the girls of every sport voted their beach suppers huge successes, and S. P. A. Day itself was a "WOW." The board of officers for this term is directly responsible for the splendid showing made by the S. P. A.

Anna Trueb, the president, has received exceptionally fine assistance from the board officers: Mary Haran, vice-president; Gertrude Kruse, secretary; Evelyn James, baseball; Helen Brown, basketball; Janet McLean, speedball; Audrey Wilson, volleyball; Louise Widrin, swimming; and Helen Goodman, tennis.

S. P. A. DAY

The S. P. A. they had some games
All on an autumn day
The smart High Threes they won those games
And stole the prize away.



S.P.A. BOARD



These "Babes" are not "Ruth-Less"



L.4 BASKETBALL.
They've got the "pep"—they've got the "rep"
yea, sister.



L.3 BASKETBALL.
Teamwork is the secret of their
success.



"Life Savers" - Sweet, but will not
dissolve in water.



They made swimming a "Sport" -
not a Saturday night custom.



A few reasons why Suzanne Lenglen
turned "Pro".



When they "Serve," you get "Service".



THE HIGH SCHOOL FLAPPER

WITHIN the spreading hot-lunch line
The Girls High flapper stands;
This girl, a pretty miss is she,
With brown and muscular hands;
And the bracelets on her dainty wrists
Are two little silver bands.
Her hair is curled and waved and short,
Her face is tanned, not painted;
Her brows are brushed with utmost care
By things so complicated;
Anon, out comes the compact box,
While luncheon is awaited.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear her grumble low;
Muttering and mumbling all the while, because
The "caf" line is so slow;
For she must hurry on right soon,
And to the "rec" hall go.
She rides on Saturday to the show
To see her favorite actor;
And after this an ice-cream soda,
Is a very important factor;
Then Georgie takes her for a spin
Believe me—he drives no tractor.

Laughing, dancing, care-free
Onward through life she goes;
Each morning sees a "runner" long,
Within her silken hose;
Each evening sees her hurriedly change
Into her evening clothes.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my little maid,
For the example thou hast wrought;
Thus in the whirling age of youth,
Are high-school lessons taught;
Thus in Life's Memory Book is writ,
Each charming deed and thought.

Marian Gazis, December '30.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR THE SOCIETY DEBUTANTES

By PROFESSOR I. B. HAIVE

IF YOU are inexperienced regarding correct table manners, you would do well to act on the following suggestions taken from Professor I. B. Haive's latest book.

As soon as your hostess announces dinner, be sure to rush for your seat, since at all the best homes it is "First come, first served." When seated, immediately tuck your napkin in your neck so that farsighted people across the table can see that you are using a napkin, and know just where it belongs.

Soon the waiter will appear with the first course, which is nearly always soup. In order to eat this dish, you must, by all means, use your fork. Be sure that every thirty seconds you pause and smack your lips, so your hostess may know you are enjoying yourself, and the guests be aware that you are present not only in body but also in spirit.

When the waiter brings you an entree of peas and spaghetti, instantly dig into the peas with your knife, and swallow them (those that you can), with evident relish. Next tackle your spaghetti as you would a player on the football field. If this does not succeed, do not cut the spaghetti, but ask your hostess, very sweetly, if you may borrow a funnel. When this has been procured, oil it well with bacon grease, and pour your spaghetti into it. Then the food will pass gently down your throat, and the funnel can be returned.

Desert, made by the hostess to show her skill in cake-baking, will probably consist of chocolate cake with a trifle too much baking-powder in it. If that is the case, secure an ax, saw, and hatchet, and cut the cake into thin slices. If it fails to yield a slice or two, I fear you must give up hope of eating it, and leave the remains for the pet cat to devour.

Eventually the waiter will serve coffee. As soon as it arrives, place your spoon in the beverage, as you can thus more easily locate your cup. After the coffee has cooled, pour it into your saucer, blow on it, then noisily drink it. Do not laugh at anyone who has not quite mastered the art of drinking from a saucer, but calmly show your neighbors *you* are well bred, and ready for *every* occasion.

If you finish before the other guests, rest your elbows on the table and remark under your breath, "The worst dinner I ever enjoyed!" and you may be sure your hostess will beam upon you, for this is the highest compliment you could pay her.

By following the above advice of I. B. Haive, you will find yourself the "rage" at all dinner parties.

Mary Ross, December '31.



A LITTLE BUG WILL GET YOU

W'D
LIKE TO
SEE THEM
TEACHERS

HEAVENLY TWINS

DANCE LITTLE LADY!!

RIDE 'EM COWBOY!!

THE TEACHERS' PICNIC

Time: Early dawn.

Place: Lonely country road, opposite hayfield.

Scene: Farmer Offield's largest hay wagon comes bumping slowly along the road. Beside it, seated on donkeys, trotting in single file are to be seen (1) Miss Bovard, vigorously mopping her face with a red bandana handkerchief; (2) Miss Ward, perched on top of a huge pack of tin cans containing tomatoes, apricots, tuna, and beans; (3) Miss Kennedy and Miss Armer both riding on one small donkey and quarreling vigorously over the possession of a *College Humor* magazine. Following this procession, come three cars driven by Miss Poppic, Mr. Salzmänn, and Miss Oakes. The cars are crowded with teachers—Miss de Bernardi on Miss Jacobs' lap, Mrs. McGlade on Miss Hesselberg's lap, and so on. All are surrounded by lunch-baskets and thermos bottles and wear paper caps on their heads.

? ? ?

Miss Poppic: I think we oughta eat here. D'ya all agree? Everyone in favor of eatin' here raise their hands. (All raise hands). Now that we have the situation firmly in hand, let's alight and eat!

Miss Sullivan (Attempting to get out and digging diligently in the hay): Oh dear! Oh my!! I've lost my needle!!!

Miss Schroeder: A little firmer stroke next time, flicking the finger towards you, and then you'll surely find it.

Mrs. McGlade: Oww . . . yow . . . eeow!!

Mrs. Bickel: Dear, dear! Aren't you a bit off key?

(Mrs. McGlade, looking daggers at Mrs. Bickel, extracts the lost needle from her leg.)

Miss Bovard: Hee, hee, hee! Finders keepers! Tee hee!

(As the giggles subside, a clatter of hoofs is heard in the distance.)

Enter Miss O'Brien, perched on top of a large, raw-boned, gray nag; her hair is streaming wildly in the breeze and hairpins are falling about her in showers.)

Miss O'Brien: Oh, oh! I've had *such a time* to find you!!

Miss Armer (In a meek tone of voice as she climbs slowly down from the hay wagon): I do think that every modern hay wagon should be provided with VENTILATORS. We MUST have fresh air!

Miss Ward (Clapping her hands suddenly): Listen, EVERYBODY! This is tremendously important!! We must have pure water.

Mr. Offield: Just a minute, Miss Ward. (He takes a bucket and runs merrily down to the stream.)

Miss Poppic: My smock! Where is my smock? (Runs to car and returns garbed in yellow smock, dotted with green flowers.)

Amid much rioting, all sit down to eat.

Miss Browning (Sitting on a particularly sharp stone): Golly, this is the rocks! !

Mr. Offield (Returning): This reminds me of when I was a boy in—Miss Poppic, won't you have a cup of water?

Miss Poppic (Swallows slowly, then chokes and gurgles): Ugh! A polywog! A baby polywog! !

Miss Burke: Nonsense! It's nothing but a cold coming on! Give me my bottle of argyrol. (She takes out a quart bottle, the contents of which she pours down Miss Poppic's throat.)

Miss Ward (Amidst this tumult begins clapping her hands and running toward a large rock): A snake! A DEAR little snake! !

Mrs. Higgins: What's all this? What's all this? Never mind the snake.

Oh, Bovard, would you please trot back and get me my brief case? I *must* have my keys.

(Miss Bovard, nibbling a mammoth dill pickle, calmly sits still.)

Miss Lee (Nudging Miss Bovard): Just look at that pine tree over there. My goodness! If it doesn't stand at an angle of exactly 90° ! Oh, and that lovely oak, too! It's parallel to it at an acute angle of 20° . How far from us do you think they are?

Miss McKinley (Eagerly): I can tell you. Distance = time + rate. Therefore—

Miss Lee (Interrupting): Oh, hush up, McKinley! We're not teaching algebra now.

Miss Bovard: Tee, hee, hee! There, there, little girls, don't quarrel.

Miss Browning: Aw, let's go home! It's past my bedtime.

(All return merrily to cars and crowd in. They are swamped with dandelions, poison-oak branches, mealy bugs, and snakes that Miss Ward has gathered; while Mr. Offield carries carefully a large sack of rocks, which he has painstakingly dug from under the trees. They start out for home, Mr. Salzmann singing at the top of his voice, "I Wanna Meander in the Meadow", while they all join loudly in the chorus. Mr. Offield is now struck by the brilliant thought that they may miss their boat, and the whole cavalcade begins to speed furiously.

After proceeding about ten miles, they are halted by Traffic Officer Danforth, who dashes around a curve on a motorcycle.)

Traffic Officer Danforth: Your Pass, please! ! Where do you think you're going at this rate? I'm sure, Mr. Offield, your hay wagon was going at least FIVE miles an hour! !

(Just then a fat, green toad hops from Mr. Danforth's pocket into Miss Ward's lap.)

Miss Ward: Gracious, I do believe this is little Valencia that I had in 202 last term. (Strokes the toad gently.) Oh, dear Mr. Danforth, please let us go

just this once! Little Valencia is so hungry! ! All children should have an early supper! She must get at home at once! !

Miss Kennedy (Hopefully): Oh, Mr. Danforth, please do! I have a most important engagement this evening.

(Mr. Danforth, about to hand them a ticket, sighs, scowls, scratches his head, and finally gives it up as a bad job, saying severely): Very well, ladies, this time only.

The cavalcade ambles cheerfully over the hill to the chorus of "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!"

Ernestine Raas }
Lucile Wood } June '30.

THE LIBERTY BELL

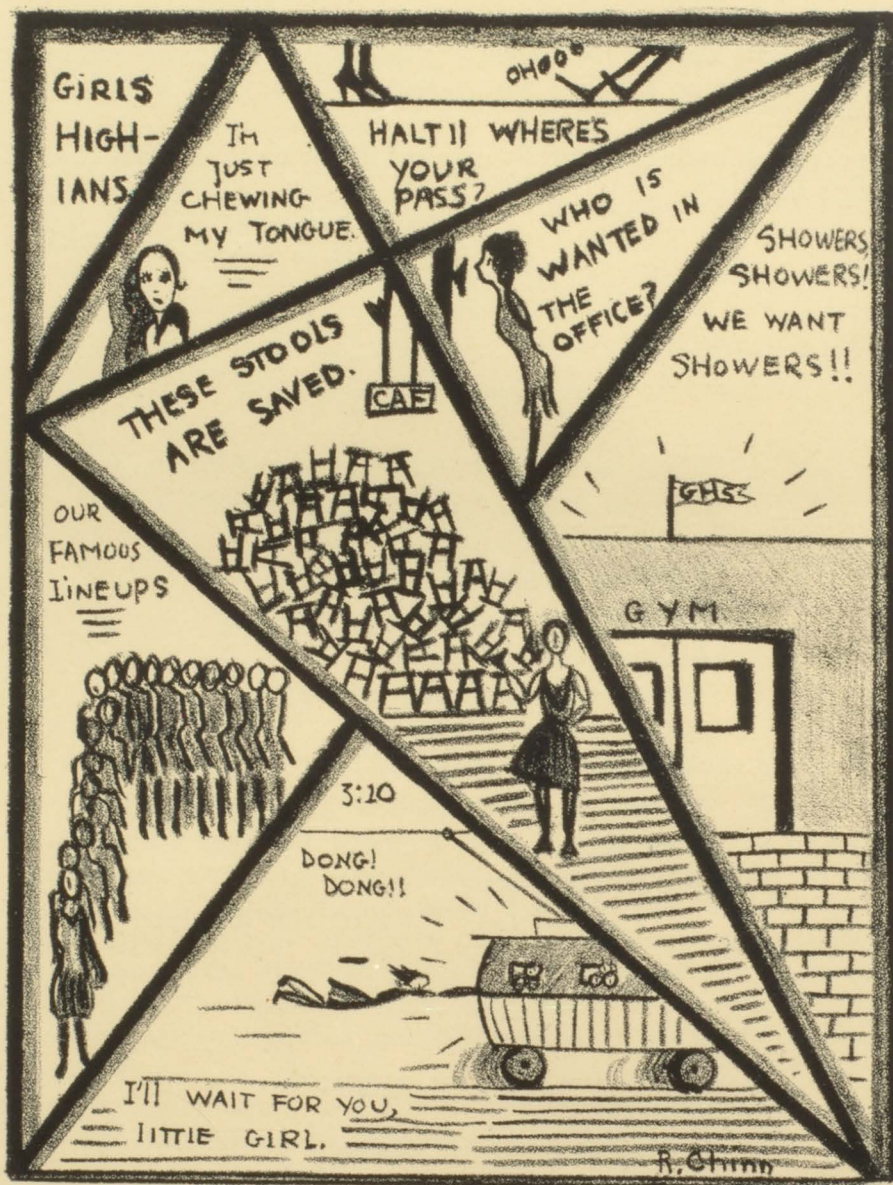
When you know you're going to be called on,
And you don't know a thing,
You try to look intelligent
And pray for the bell to ring.
SHE calls on the girl in front of you,
And the girl across the aisle,
And when a fellow's unprepared
SHE wears that knowing smile.
"Jenny, will you please stand up,
And tell about General Lee?"
There goes the bell—I bless it,
One dash for liberty!

Katherine Woolner, June '32

A FACULTY RHYME

Twinkle, twinkle, faculty,
How I wonder what you see.
Up above the world so high
Looking daggers from the sky.

Ernestine Raas }
Edith Arnstein } June '30.



A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

(By A Chem Teacher)

Saturday, October 19.

Got up at 6 A. M. this morning, and, after drinking 3 glasses of H_2O , felt a gnawing hunger. Decided to get breakfast immediately. Set up my ring-stand, carefully adjusted my Bunsen burner, and started my toast and coffee over the wire gauze.

While cooking decided to weigh myself, as I think I'm growing rather amorphous-looking lately. Horrors! I found my molecular weight to be 150. I must reduce!! Hence I put only 2 molecules of sugar in my coffee, but, after drinking 4 beakers of coffee, I did not feel so good. As the room was very stuffy, I got out some HgO and K_2MnO_4 and collected O_2 by water displacement. After filling the room with fresh O_2 , my drooping spirits revived. For lunch I ate only a test tube full of pineapple juice and 5 grams of a lamb chop; so, if I don't get thin as a thistle-tube, it's not my fault.

Went to the store at 5 P. M. for some sodium chloride, but H_2O precipitated from the sky so violently that I became supersaturated. Hurried home with a severe cold and hastened to make some chlorine to cure it.

When I stopped sneezing, I had the best dinner I've had in a week—an evaporating dish full of applesauce and one liter of tea measured at 800 MM and $20^\circ C$. How I long for Monday! I do miss my "CHEM" classes and my "LAB" so dreadfully!

Lucille Wood, June '30.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Laura:

I have only been in school two weeks. Would you please tell me what DETENTION is?

Inquiringly yours, Minnie Michels.

Dear Minnie:

What!! You have been in school for two weeks and haven't been to *detention*? You certainly must join us after school some day in room 116—the more the merrier! We eat ice-cream and sing songs—the girls' favorite song being "The Prisoner's Song." Please come SOON.

With best wishes, until I meet you.

Lovingly, Aunt Laura.

Ann Breslauer, June '30.

LESSONS IN ANATOMY

A foot has toes from five to ten,
Not awfully pretty—oh, but then
They would look sweet in light blue bows,
One should not have to hide one's toes.

A leg is partly fat and thin,
And partly round, for it has been
Used as a tire, wheel, and prop,
And for everything except a mop.

A head is such a funny thing,
Bedecked in vari-colored string,
And partly covered by a face.
How can one think in such a place?

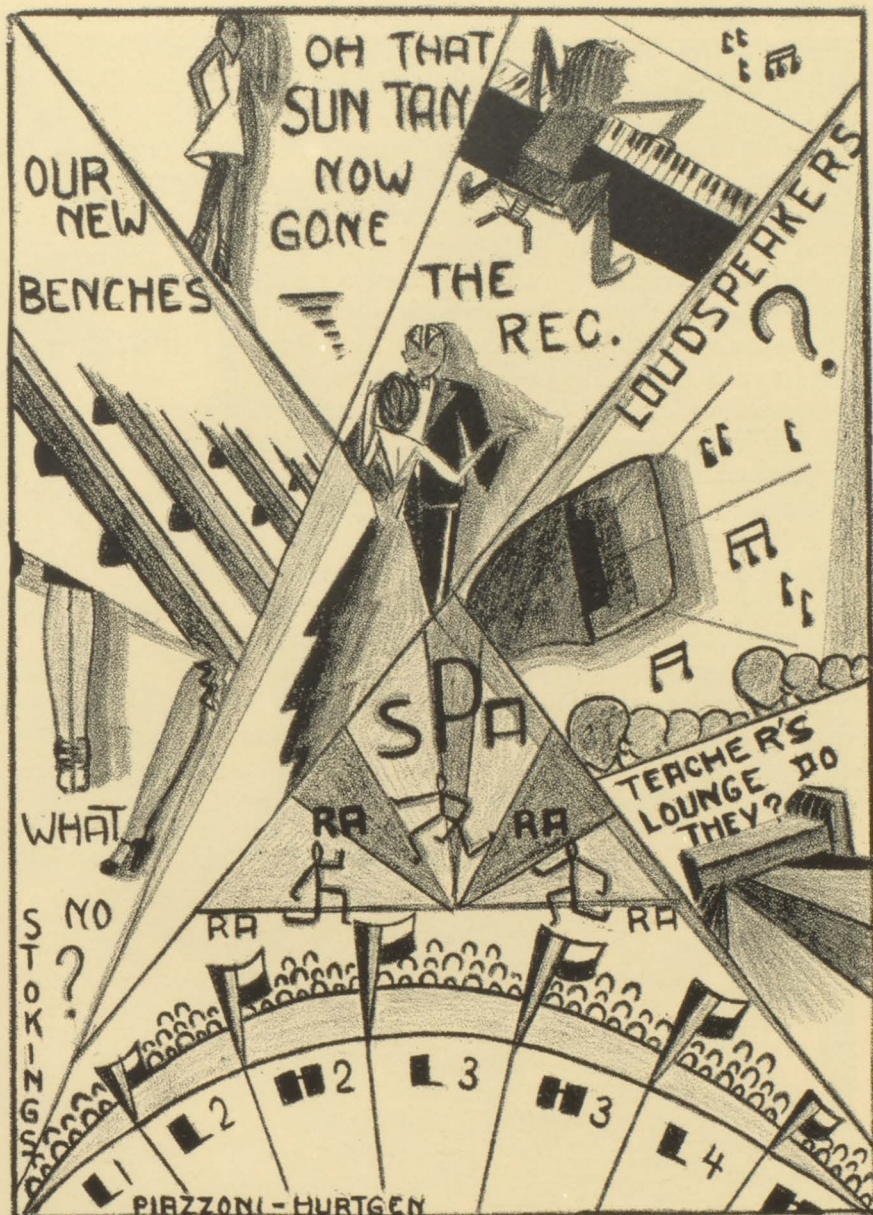
A nose is just a shapeless lump,
Resembling much a camel's hump,
Or almost anything that's dandy—
It really often comes in handy.

Oh, shout and cry! Oh ring, ye bells!
But, labyrinthine auricles,
None can compare with you, my dears,
Who have two drums within your ears.

What's in our mouth is called a tongue,
It came when we were very young,
And yet I do not hesitate
To use it when I masticate.

The mouth can open, grin, and shut,
Can chew or swallow, suck or cut;
Can do most anything it wishes,
From talking stock to guzzling fishes.

Edith Arnstein, June '30.



A SCHOOLGIRL'S NIGHTMARE

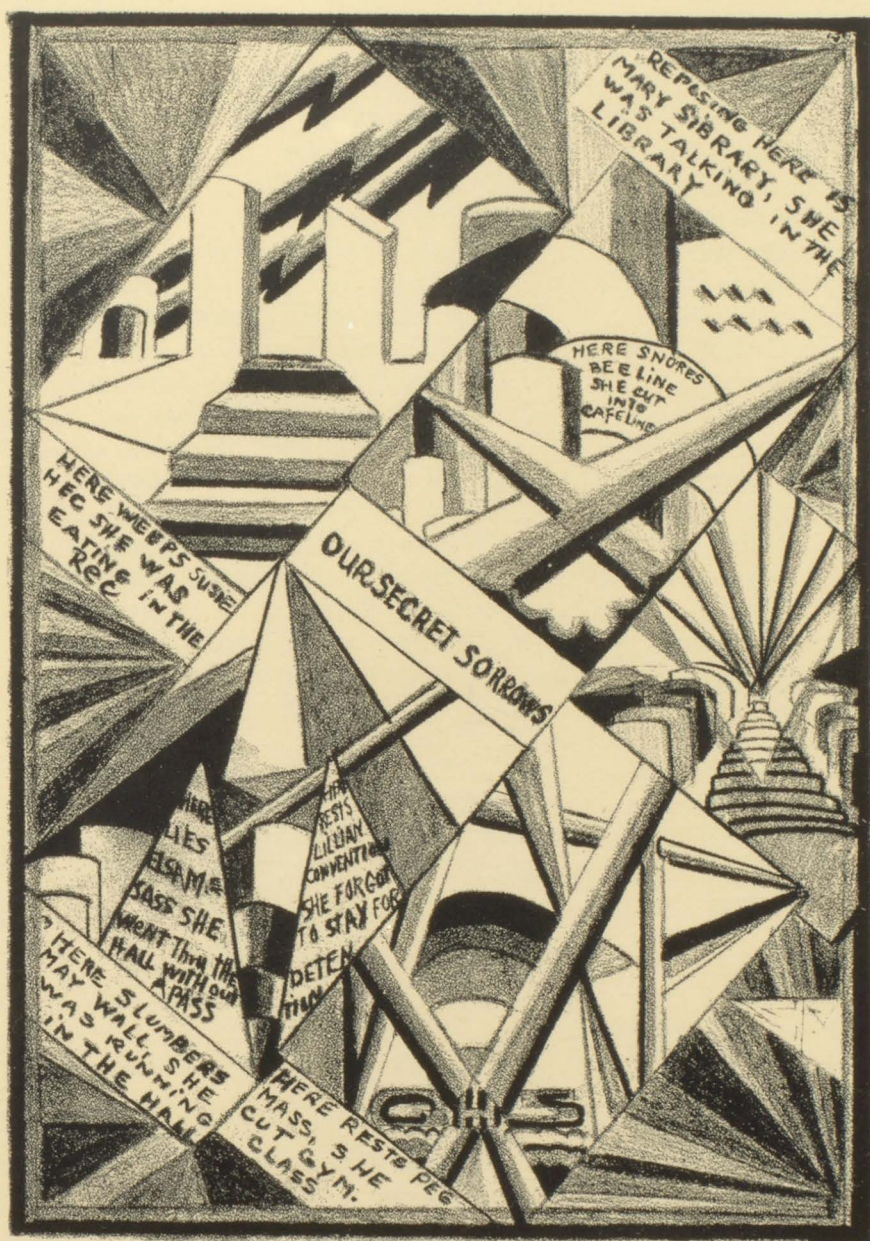
As I was walking down the street, I saw the queerest sight—
Misses L. Walker and McKinley having a first-class fight—
Alas, I met Miss Browning, who was a shocking sight and sorry,
Chewing gum and biting her nails o'er a detective story.
"Ah, well," said I, "Perhaps the science teachers have more sense,"
Then swooned to see Miss Dougherty come hurdling o'er the fence.
While on a horse Miss Poppic rode, with every joint a-shake.
I heard an awful sound of tears—good grief! How can it be?
Somebody dropped her mama-doll. Alas, it was Miss Lee!
I staggered up and found fly-paper sticking to my hair,
A device for saving labor often used by Mrs. Baer.
I heard a voice, I saw a form before a mirror stand
There posed and spoke Miss Hesselberg, then gave herself a hand.
Miss Armer then dashed up to me and cried, "Gee ain't it swell? ?
The windows stick in 108. It's most too good to tell! !"
While at a tragic opera, somebody laughed quite hard,
I looked to see who it had been and there sat Miss Bovard.
I visited a co-ed school; outside I met Miss Flynn,
She'd called a young man "Boyie" and they wouldn't let her in.
Miss Jacobs somehow managed to inveigle and induce
Me to go running with her, just in order to reduce.
I met Miss de Bernardi, who said she was on her way
To a spring-festival where she'd been crowned Queen of the May.
Miss Daniel passed me on the street; it seemed she smiled and spoke,
The shock was all too great for me, and worn-out—I awoke.

Florence Stone, December '30.

MEDITATIONS

Gee whiz! I don't like school—
Too much t' do—so just set'n fool,
Teachers talking 'bout I don't know what,
I oughta listen—but, well, I'm not.
LESSONS bein' given out—I don't care! !
Makin' me work so hard, 'tain't fair!
Wish the bell'd hurry an' ring,
So's I can get onto this ol' thing,
There, it's gone and rung now!
Don' wanna get up an' move nohow!!!

Marjorie Ledyard, June '30.



SENIOR SONGS

Sylvia Avanzato	<i>She's Just a Little Bit of Sunshine.</i>
Geraldine Baker	<i>Ain't She Sweet?</i>
Claire Beer	<i>Roses of Yesterday.</i>
Alice Berkley	<i>Makin' Whoopee!</i>
Edith Bigham	<i>Sleepy Time Girl.</i>
Lu Ella Binns	<i>True Blue Lu.</i>
Clemence Blum	<i>Wistful and Blue.</i>
Dorothy Blum	<i>She Has "IT"!</i>
Bettine Bradish	<i>Are You from Boston?</i>
Ruth Broudy	<i>Brown Eyes.</i>
Carol Brownstone	<i>I Want to Go Places and Do Things.</i>
Gladys Carlson	<i>The Smile You Miss.</i>
Anita Cavanagh	<i>Jack Is Every Inch a Sailor.</i>
Rose Chin	<i>Little Rose of Old Shanghai.</i>
Frances Colombini	<i>The Right Kind of Girl.</i>
Barbara Cummings	<i>Walking Around in a Dream!</i>
Dorothy Curry	<i>Havin' Lots of Fun.</i>
Alma Davies	<i>I Love to Hear You Singing.</i>
Sophie Marie Davis	<i>Painting the Clouds with Sunshine.</i>
Irene Delgado	<i>Little Senorita.</i>
Eugenia DeRocco	<i>Kitten on the Keys.</i>
Ursula Douglas	<i>I Ain't Askeered a' Work!</i>
Janet Dozier	<i>I'd Do Anything for You.</i>
Sigrid Drange	<i>Red Head.</i>
Alice Dudack	<i>Smiles.</i>
Virginia Dukmasova	<i>Cherry Blossom Lady.</i>
Lillian Epstein	<i>Either You Do or You Don't.</i>
Helen Eisner	<i>She's the Last Word.</i>
Marie Eschen	<i>My Sorority Sweetheart.</i>
Hortense Faneuf	<i>Chiquita.</i>
Luisa Faneuf	<i>Dancing Tambourine.</i>
Nancy Faneuf	<i>Pretty Little Maid of Old Madrid.</i>
Ruth Ferguson	<i>Five Feet Two.</i>
Louisa Field	<i>There's Everything Nice About You.</i>
Frances Galvin	<i>I'll Get By.</i>
Florence Goldsmith	<i>Let Me Have My Dreams.</i>
Harriette Goldstone	<i>Glad Rag Doll.</i>
Dorothy Green	<i>Cherie, I Love You.</i>
Marian Hamilton	<i>Lady, Be Good!</i>
Madeleine Harris	<i>She Knows Her Onions.</i>
Norma Harrison	} <i>Together We Two.</i>
Alice Holtz	
Phyllis Hoogendyk	<i>Rosy Cheeks.</i>
Lu Hyams	<i>Where'd You Get Those Eyes?</i>

Marie James	<i>My Troubles Are Over.</i>
Miriam Judah	<i>I'd Love to Be a Baby Again.</i>
Esther Jung	<i>Hong Kong Dream Girl.</i>
Helen Klein	<i>Coquette.</i>
Edith Lauten	<i>Song of the Wanderer.</i>
Ruby Lee	<i>Dainty Miss.</i>
Lily Lombardi	<i>Is She My Girl Friend!</i>
Elizabeth Long	} <i>Side By Side.</i>
Patricia Long	
Emma Lum	<i>Short and Sweet.</i>
Ethel Lum	<i>In a Bamboo Garden.</i>
Rose Mahoney	<i>My Wild Irish Rose.</i>
Claire McDonald	<i>Let's Do It.</i>
Mary McGinn	<i>Smiling Irish Eyes.</i>
Marcia Meyer	<i>Little Pal.</i>
Frances Morgenthau	<i>Can Broadway Do Without Me?</i>
Frieda Mueller	<i>Baby Face.</i>
Syra Nahman	<i>Do Something.</i>
Sarah Nichols	<i>You've Gotta Know How.</i>
Helen Oakes	<i>Pretty Little Thing.</i>
Mabel O'Connell	<i>My Curly Headed Baby.</i>
Marie Peacock	<i>Smilin' Thru.</i>
Marian Phillips	<i>She Has a Dimple.</i>
Melfaun Pinkney	<i>Stop Rollin' Them Eyes!</i>
Lily Quock	<i>Fashionette.</i>
Maxine Reade	<i>She's a Great, Great Girl.</i>
Ethel Reading	<i>Do I Know What I'm Doing?</i>
Leslie Reiss	<i>Red Lips.</i>
Marie Louise Robertson	<i>I'll Just Go Along.</i>
Mary Rollet	<i>Mary Is a Grand Old Name.</i>
Florence Rusk	<i>Too Busy.</i>
Setsu Sasaki	<i>Bright Eyes.</i>
Helen Scheffauer	<i>Collegiate.</i>
Martha Silberstein	<i>I'm All a' Twitter.</i>
Natalie Simon	<i>Lady of the Evening.</i>
Marie Stanton	<i>Marie.</i>
Anna Trueb	<i>Heigh-Ho! Everybody, Heigh-Ho!</i>
Claire Tyndall	<i>That's What I Call Keen!</i>
Katherine Vasilatos	<i>Lon Chaney'll Get You, If You Don't Look Out.</i>
Henriette Verbarg	<i>I Ain't Misbehavin'!</i>
Jane Weatherwax	<i>Lovable and Sweet.</i>
Bernice Wertheim	<i>On With the Dance!</i>
Teresa Wilcox	<i>A New Kind of Old Fashioned Girl.</i>
Naomi Zeh	<i>Bashful Baby.</i>

THE SENIOR

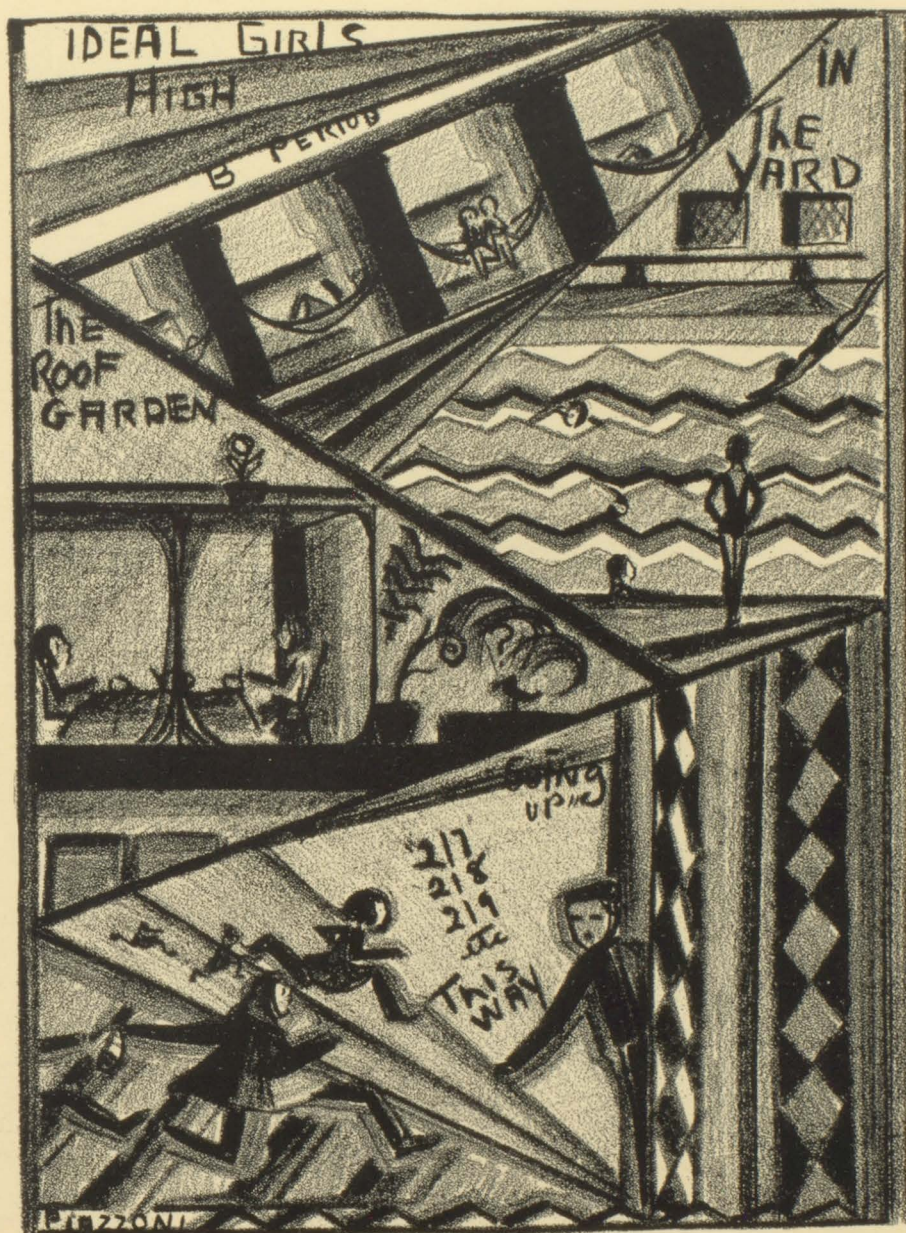
The senior has her mortar board,
Her boy friend, and her date,
He drives a broken-down Ford
And grimly jeers at Fate;
She frivols through the livelong day
She fools in every class;
Oh, she has a snap, we say
Yet she always seems to pass.
But though we students toil along,
And gaze with envious eyes
We must admit we sing this song
"Oh, She's Our Greatest prize."

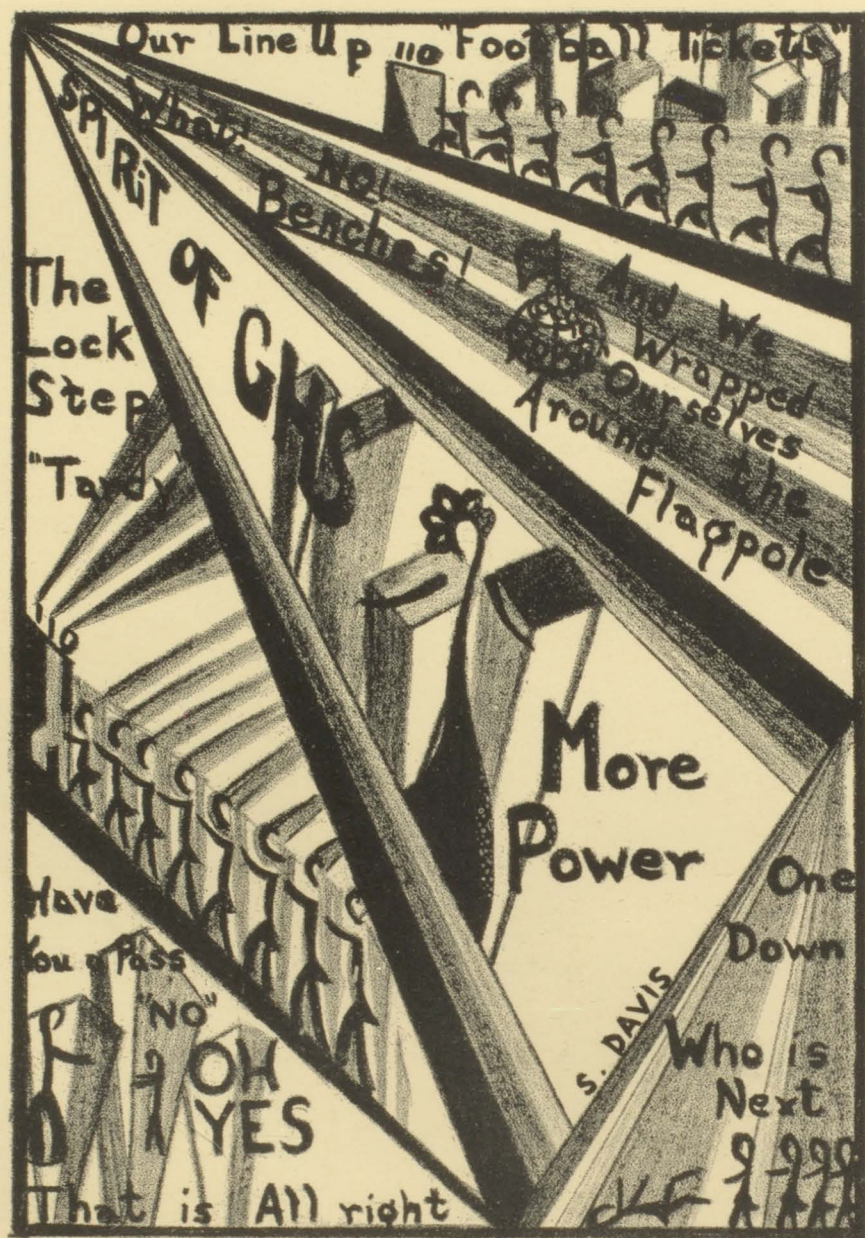
M. L. June '30.

THE RELAY RACE

"Will you trot a little faster?"
Said a senior to her heel,
"There's a freshman right behind me
And she's treading on my heel.
See how eagerly the lobsters
And the turtles join the race!
They are waiting with the tire—
Won't you jump me threw the space?
Will you, Won't you, will you—
Won't you jump me threw the space?"

Ernestine Raas, }
Edith Arnstein. } June '30.





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