

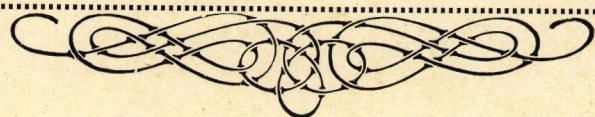
६



Bernice Zecher.

Darling Barnie,
Remember all the
fun that we've
had in "O" regt.
And we went away
through an
Instructional Eng
Area Service back
to Wyoming soon
and away once in
a while we think
of one of the swellest
of girls I know.
Lois of Baker
Colby

Girls High School Journal



June 4 1930

Dear Barney

Have your joy have your
play but don't forget your study
every day. And don't forget what
I say I wish you good luck every
day

Yours truly Anita.

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

AMERICA

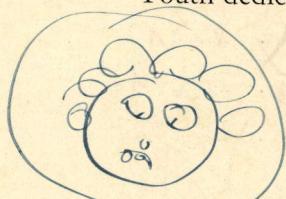


Dedication

to
Miss Bernice Zecher

To peace—a permanent universal peace,
A tranquil time for man
To understand and love his fellow man;
To peace—a time for mutual trust,
A trust so strong that the desire for peace
Will sway the world;
To peace—an endless era of spiritual content
When a nation's wealth
To man's health and happiness is consecrated;
To good will, staunch friendship, and cooperation;
To everlasting world peace
Youth dedicates this book today.

William McGrath
Hattie H. Jacobs.



*Lots of love to a 'res' classmate.
Hope we're in the same class next
term.*

*Love,
Lillian*



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FOREWORD

THIS Journal is the product of the combined efforts of the students of the Girls High School and is representative of our interests and accomplishments. It is an earnest attempt at self-expression and cooperation, both of which have been encouraged by our course of study.

United by a bond of friendship; guided by our superintendent, Dr. Joseph Marr Gwinn; inspired by our principal, Mr. Charles Danforth, and our faculty, we, the pupils of Girls High School, have learned to work as one individual for the good of all.

Among the many other very valuable lessons, we have learned sympathy and tolerance, and the theme of the Journal of June 1930, shows that we are anxious to put these virtues into practice now, rather than in the dim, distant future.

ERNESTINE RAAS, *Editor.*

APPRECIATION

THE *Journal* Staff of the Spring Term of 1930 wishes to express its sincere gratitude to Miss Jacobs, our literary adviser; to Miss De Bernardi, our financial adviser; and to Miss Jones, our art adviser, for their kind supervision of the *Journal*. We also desire to acknowledge our appreciation to Miss Rosenberg, who helped with the photographs.

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Lucile Wood

Frances Wright

California Young
Antoinette Zellerbach

SENIOR HISTORY

THE Senior Class of June 1930, appears on this page of the Journal to make its bow and say: "Au revoir, freshmen; adieu, sophomores; goodby, juniors and seniors; farewell, faculty. We are departing, carrying with us a full appreciation of the staunch friendships and high ideals formed in Girls High School.

"Four short years have rolled by, each richer in a greater and broader understanding of life's problems and in a greater love for humanity.

"Each year has been a stepping stone in the path of our progress. We are grateful for the splendid foundation of education laid in Girls High School, and we thank each one who has helped us build up personality and character.

"During these four years, the Class of June 1930 has been prominent in every activity. The Junior Rally, 'Meet the Girl Friend,' and the Senior Rally, 'The Belle of Bagdad,' have furnished pleasure to the audience and have given inexpressible joy to those who took part.

"Three years of earnest work and varied activities have culminated in a senior year of unprecedented success. The anxious freshmen of four years ago have developed into serious girls, well prepared to take an active part in the world."

Carol Ruben, June '30.

THE MESSAGE

I cannot say your name, for then the world would know;
I cannot whisper t'you, not though I whisper low.
For you, like the world, would turn in great surprise;
You would but smile and say I only spoke in lies;
But, if I write my message here and go,
Then you will read, and reading know.
My love you know just now; always you knew of me.
The world may read this, but the message goes to thee.

Jobs & Bucks
Good Wishes
and Best Wishes
Bobby



ALICE COOPER

DOROTHY FISHER

ROBIN ALBERTI

LOW FOUR CLASS

BELVEDERE Court in the Vatican was bathed in silver moonlight. No sound broke the solemn stillness.

"Good evening, Apollo Belvedere," said Laocoön, the Priest of Neptune. Having started the evening with this greeting, the two statues gracefully stepped from their pedestals and seated themselves on a marble bench.

"Well, this certainly has been a gala day for the tourists. Did you see or hear anything of interest today?" the Priest asked of Apollo.

"It certainly was not an unusual day," retorted the other. "The chief topics of conversation were the Pope, Mussolini, and the colosseum. But wait . . . ! We were admired by two ladies, one a San Francisco school teacher, and the other, her friend."

"Oh! tell me about it!" pleaded Laocoön; so Apollo Belvedere went on:

"The school teacher from Girls High had the Low Four Class and was quite proud of it. I learned that Dorothy Fisher is the efficient president; Alice Cooper, the worthy vice-president; Robin Alberti, the secretary; Aileen O'Brien, the treasurer; and Bernice Zak, the cheer leader. She also said that her class was the last word in originality and surpassed all other classes in talent, sports, and studies. And . . . oh yes, speaking of talent, she said that the Low Four Class presented 'A Scream in the Dark' in a very artistic manner."

"I wish we could meet this Low Four Class . . . but look! The first streak of dawn is appearing over the distant hills. Good day!" And with this, Laocoön and Apollo Belvedere resumed their former positions on the pedestals.

Marian Gazis, Dec. '30.



MARY JANE THOMSON

TATINA UROFF

OLGA DUFF

HIGH THREE CLASS

THE yearly Festival of the Dragon is about to be held in ancient China. There it is believed that a great dragon rules over the heavenly bodies and that the only way to keep this monster from becoming enraged is to hold an annual ceremony in his honor.

The Empress Tatina Uroff, with her subjects, the Hi Threes, has come to the temple to appease the wrath of the dragon, "Indifference," in order that he will not swallow the star, "High Three Spirit." First the Empress, with her assistant, Mary Jane Thomson, gives aid and advice as her offering; the treasurer, Helen Stich, places money as her gift at the feet of "Indifference." The Cheer Leader, Alice Baumgartner, chants the song, "The Green and White," for "High Three Spirit;" the secretary, Olga Duff, presents a written plea as her contribution. But most important of all, the High Three Class lends its support to "High Three Spirit."

In the grove surrounding the temple, Empress Tatina will also preside at a rally "Seaward Ho," and at a play called "The Trysting Place," both sacred rites given for the rescue of their favorite planet.

When they have been assured that High Three Spirit, the guiding light of the High Juniors, will never perish, the Empress and her faithful subjects will turn their attention to other important affairs of state.

Barbara Trotter, June '31.

Mon Amie Cherie
je vous souhaite de chaleureux
beaucoup de bonheur
et de paix
votre amie
Anna G. Farquharson
19



DORIS BAUMBERGER

GEORGINA KNIGHT

ADA MARSH

LO-THREE CLASS

THE dark and mystic River of GI-RLS-HI still flows over the same course it has followed for countless ages. Upon its warm and sandy banks lies Ancient City of LO-THREE. Down through long decades, this stupendous metropolis has thrived. No one knows whence it sprang. No one knows what strange power had created it to awe the universe.

Pharaoh GE-OR-GI-NA of the KN-I-GHT Dynasty rules with an iron hand. The gorgeous Palace JU-NI-OR houses the Pharaoh's imperial helpers; DO-RIS BA-UM-BER-GER, who ascends the royal throne when GE-OR-GI-NA leaves it to survey her massive kingdom; A-DA MA-R-SH, who keeps the daily records in hieroglyphics; AL-MA GRACE, who guards the coffers containing the immense wealth of LO-THREE; ED-ITH HUR-T-GEN, who keeps the fire of patriotism aflame in the hearts of all loyal LO-THREEANS; and SO-PHIE PRES-COT-T, representative of Pharaoh's people.

In the shadow of the age-old pyramids, the world-famed JU-NI-OR RA-LLY was enacted and passed into history. This was such a glorious success that even the Sphinx, whose inscrutable countenance has regarded the desert solitudes for centuries, parted its stone lips to add to its praise.

Doris Baumberger, Dec. '31.



HELEN SKLIRIS

CAROL FRANK

JANICE JAMES

HIGH TWO CLASS

IN the Bavarian village of Oberammergau, near Munich, Gretchen and Gretl were watching a rehearsal of the famous Passion Play. Suddenly the loud throb of motors was heard, and the two girls rushed into the open just in time to see a packet drop from one of the gondolas of the "Graf Zeppelin." On the canvas cover, the words "Oberammergau Mail" were clearly printed. Seizing the packet, Gretchen and Gretl ran to the postmaster, who opened the case and extracted a letter which came from Girls High School, San Francisco and which read as follows:

"Dear Gretchen,

I received the message which you wrote to the International Club, and I am as interested in Oberammergau as you are in the High Two Class of the Girls High School, San Francisco.

While you are rehearsing the Passion Play, the High Two Class is presenting, in an Inter-class Play Contest, "None Too Good for Dodo," a play which is causing favorable comment throughout the school. Our class surpasses all others in initiative and in scholarship. The High Two Class shows a splendid co-operative spirit in all club activities. The president, Carol Frank; vice-president, Helen Skliris; treasurer, Frances Duffy; and cheer leader, Athy McCarley, are very anxious to write to girls in Germany about Girls High School and its splendid Student Body.

Sincerely,

Janice James, *Secretary.*"

Beverly Hoffman, June '33.



MARY MAYER

ELIZABETH JACOBS

IDA MERRILL

LOW TWO CLASS

POOR Dirk! Wilhelmina's starched skirts were so voluminous and stiff that he couldn't sit nearly so close to her as he would have liked, but he was heartbroken anyway. The United States was so far from Holland, and San Francisco and Girls High School . . . well, that was even worse.

Dirk broke the ominous silence with the morose remark, "And you won't see the tulips bloom next spring, either, Wilhelmina!"

"Oh, well," said that young lady, complacently smoothing her apron, "I am sure there are tulips in California; and, though I'll miss you, I'm sure to like Girls High and the splendid girls who go there. It must be a wonderful place! Listen to this! Their Journal says:

"The Low Two Class—that's the one I'll be in, Dirk—has always been known for ability and initiative. The girls in this class are very enthusiastic members of various literary clubs and sport organizations. This term they have surpassed all their previous efforts and have attained universal fame. The officers are as follows: Elizabeth Jacobs, president; Mary Mayer, vice-president; Ida Merrill, secretary; Gloria Hamilton, treasurer; and Catherine Jacobs, yell leader. It is a certainty that this class will maintain high scholarship and leadership all through its school years."

"Hm . . ."—this from Dirk.

"Well, it can't be so bad! Can it, old grouch?"

"No-o, I guess not . . . but I'll send you some tulips anyhow, Willie, so that you won't forget Amsterdam and me."

Dorothy Kapstein, Dec. '31.

Mary Mayer, Dec. '32.



KATHERINE KELLY

LENORE MORDOFF

ROSE SIEGEL

HIGH ONE CLASS

URKYTSK, Siberia, was experiencing its usual long Russian winter. The snow covered the ground with a white blanket. Occasionally the soft tinkle of sleigh bells and the tolling of "kolakols" were faintly heard.

In the home of the Michaeloffs, two Russian girls were enjoying refreshments. On the stove, a samovar was humming a tune as the water bubbled.

"Nadejda, it would be fine to know about American girls," said Tamara.

"That samovar could tell us all we wish to know if it were only able to speak. Has it not been with mama and papa in San Francisco and —"

"Listen, Nadejda!" exclaimed Tamara, as the samovar let out a burst of steam and its humming changed to a murmur.

"In some strange way," began the samovar, "I have received the power of speech and can tell you about Girls High School, San Francisco. While your mama and papa were refugees, they maintained a Russian Tea Room in which high school girls enjoyed eating your mother's fish pie, bouillon, and tea. Their conversation was mostly about the High One Class; and from their talk, I learned that the High One Class is the finest in the school. This group surpasses all others in lessons, athletics, and social activities. The girls have proved themselves wise voters by electing Lenore Mordoff, president; Katherine Kelly, vice-president; Rose Siegel, secretary; and Amelia Baer, treasurer.

"Were you girls there, you would agree that this is a 'Do or Die Class'."

Then, with a last spout, the samovar was silent again.

Tamara Marteanoff, June '33.



PEGGY ROMADKA

MURIEL BURROWS

SALLY McMILLAN

LOW ONE CLASS

PRINCESS Tavi, the only daughter of the Maharaja of Tanyanka, was dying. The Maharaja paced the floor, anxiously twisting his hands and knitting his bushy eyebrows. Tavi was very ill of a mysterious malady. Not any of his gifts, white elephants, dancing girls, fakirs, or sacred water from the Ganges would bring a happy smile to her lips. Singh, the slave, was ordered to get the lama. The servant disappeared and, wending his way through the thick jungle, delivered the message to the lama, a priest, who hurried to the palace. With knowing eyes he gazed at the young princess.

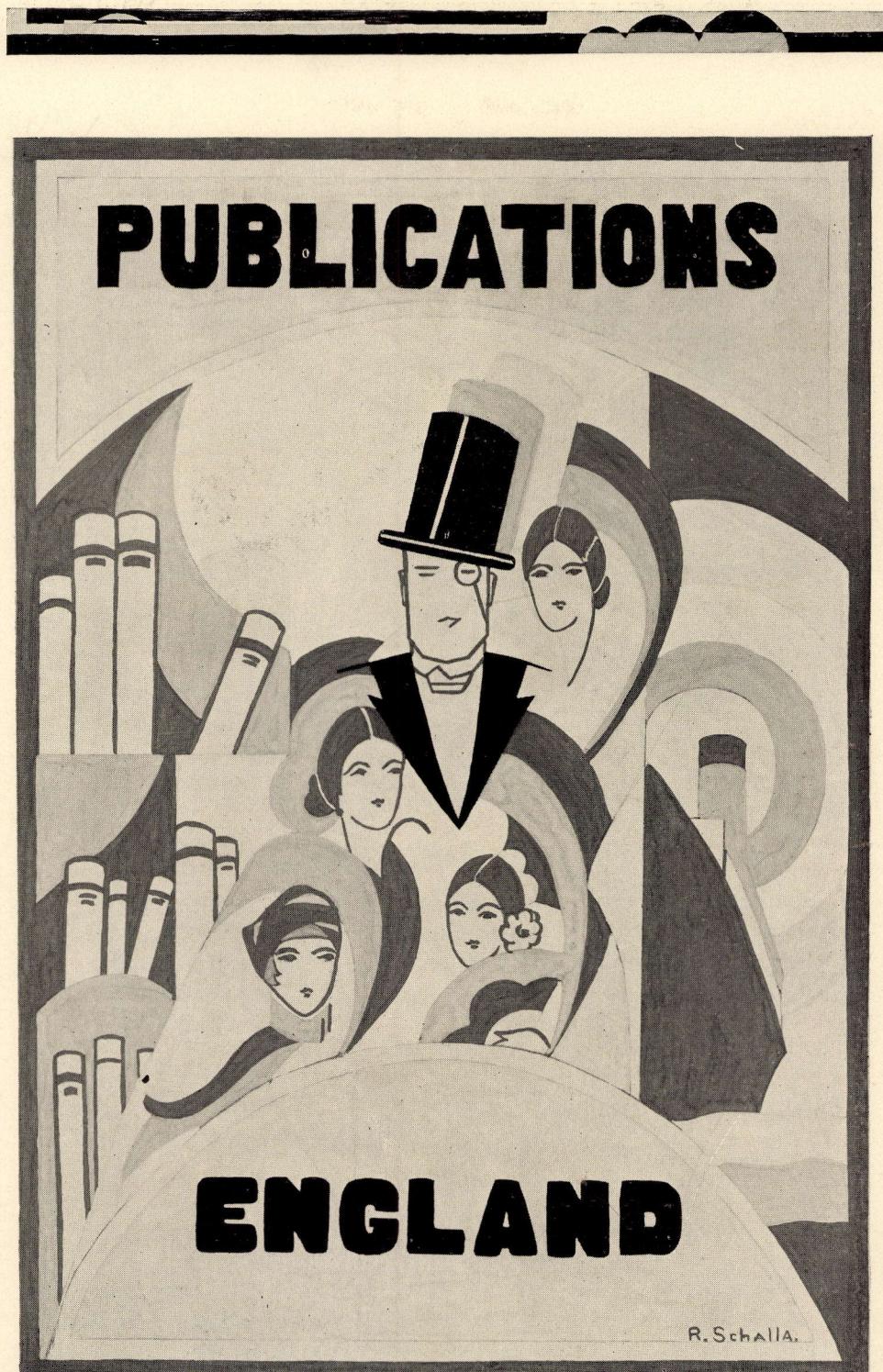
"There is but one thing that will arouse her. A message from some typical American girls will make her happy," said he.

A wireless was immediately sent to the Girls High School, San Francisco. Sally McMillan, the secretary of the Low One Class, received the message.

This is the reply the "freshies" sent back: "We are the Low One Class of Girls High School. Our president, Muriel Burrows; our vice-president, Peggy Romadka; our treasurer, Sylvia Berman; and our cheer leader, Jean Kirk, will broadcast for you our class play, "And the Villain Still Pursues," and will sing our class song. We excel in scholarship and sportsmanship. We are small now, but you just watch us grow!"

The princess, hearing this radio program, was so happy that she recovered; the lama was given a great reward; and the fame of Girls High School was proclaimed throughout India.

Frances Newman, June '33.





CAROLA MACK

ERNESTINE RAAS

CAROL COLE

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The *Journal* Staff desires to thank Bernice Abrams, Marjorie Cahn, Alice Small, and Anne Louise Levy, who were our typists; Oleta Selna, Ella Burman, and Elizabeth Bacon, who drew the cover design, the frontispiece, and a humor cut respectively; and Mireille Piazzoni, who designed the drawing for the school calendar.



Bernice Abrams
Edith Arnstein
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Janet Birnbaum

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Anna Chan
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Marian Gazis
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Florence Stone



EDITH ARNSTEIN

ELISABETH MULLER

JOCELYN SIEM

THE "MIRROR"

WHAT'S doing around Girl's High? Look in the "Mirror" to find out, for it will give you the complete reflections of everything. A little seriousness, a little humor, a little news—all go to make up a good little paper.

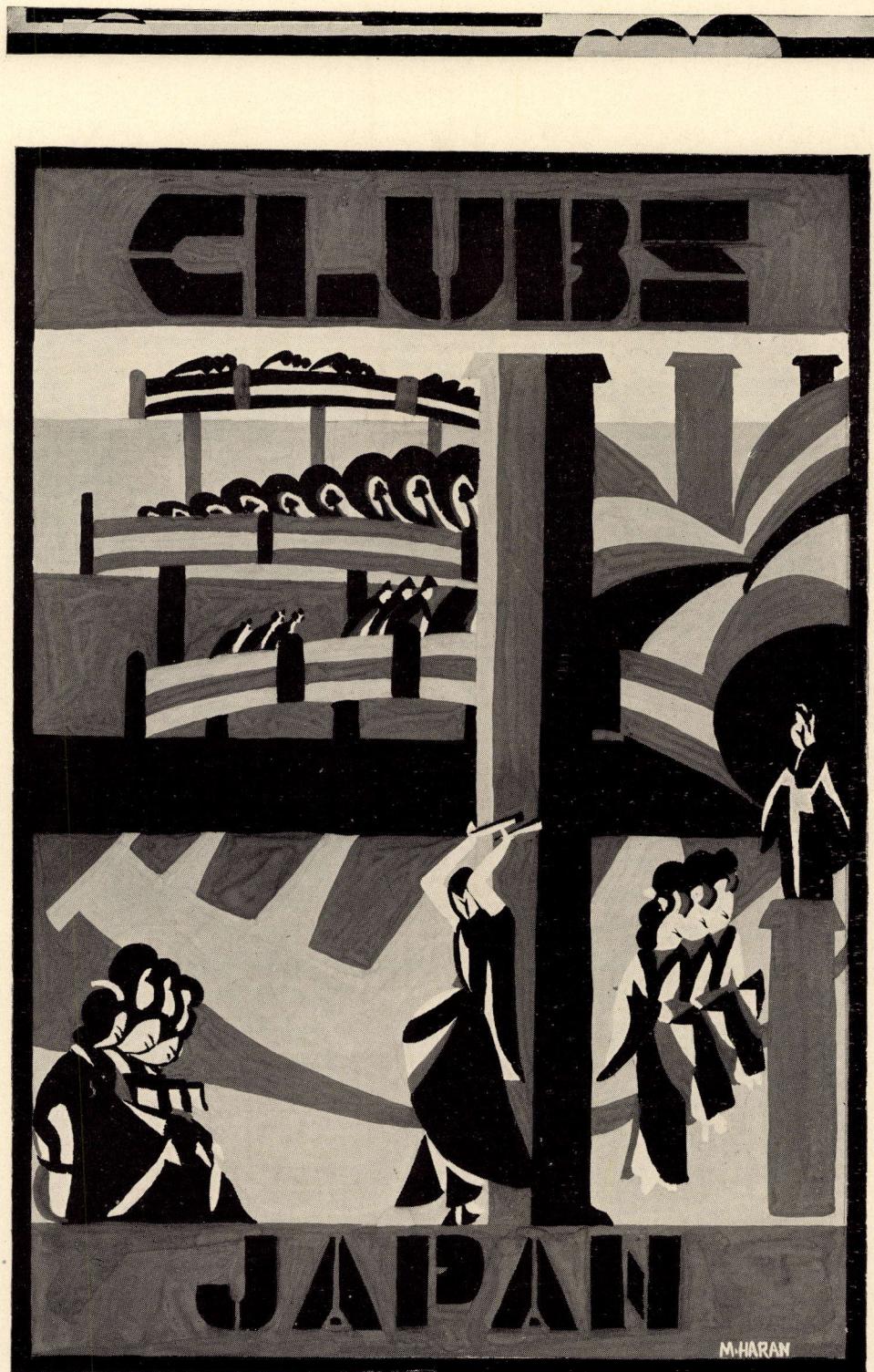
"Behind Closed Doors" is the motto of the Newswriting Class, for everything that transpires in 108 can on no account leak out to the rest of the school. But what good times are had behind those closed doors! What laughter, what howls of glee, what surreptitious snickers are heard as the reporters read their "scoops" in class. Most of the articles go into the wastebasket, but oh! the fun that is had before they do.

Although the "Mirror" is officially the product of the Newswriting Class, contributions of any sort from the school at large are accepted.

The girls on the "Mirror" staff must work hard, as there is more to getting out a paper every few weeks than just taking a lot of material down to be printed. Miss Armer, the faculty adviser, tells the embryo reporters what news "is fit for publication". Then the Editor, Elisabeth Muller, and the Associate Editor, Edith Arnstein, add finishing touches, while the Business Manager, Jocelyn Siem, goes over the books. At last the paper is ready to be sent to the printer's, representative of good hard labor.

The "Mirror" is written entirely "of the students, by the students, and for the students", who understand this, and accordingly support their paper.

Pauline Spiro, June '30.





JAQUELINE HIRSCH

LOUISE DABOVICH

FLORENCE JOHNSON

Good Luck &
best wishes,
Bernice.

Just
Florence

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

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Elinor Kahn	Club Commissioner
Geraldine Turner	Assistant Club Commissioner
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Oleta Selna	Third Representative
Suzanne Breitstein	Fourth Representative
Christina Joest	Fifth Representative
Suzette Rufer	Sixth Representative
Virginia Kass	Yell Leader



Blanche Norton
Marjorie Perrone
Oleta Selna

Madelyn Kelly
Jewel Hollander
Suzanne Breitstein
Virginia Kass

Elinor Kahn
Wilnetta Fisher
Christina Joest

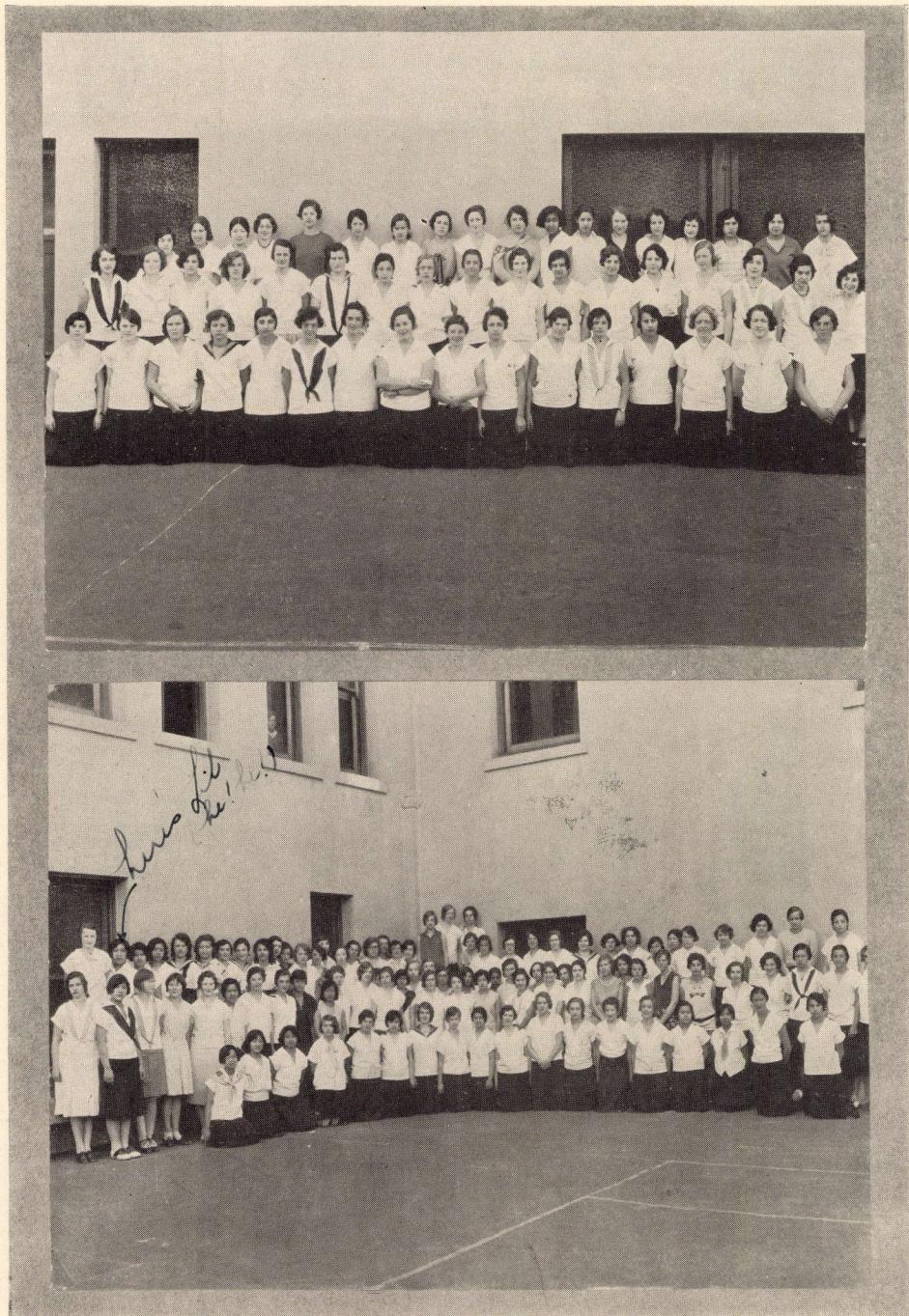
Geraldine Turner
Sophie Prescott
Suzette Rufer

CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

President - Elinor Kahn

Secretary - Carol Michels

High honors in studies, in activities too,
Mean Scholarship Federation this term for you.



INTERNATIONAL CLUB

President - Marion Rosenwald

Secretary - Ella Burman

To ev'ry man both near and far, we send you love; we hold you dear.
It doesn't matter who you are; we wish you health and right good cheer.

DRAMATIC CLUB

President - Isabel Draesmer

Secretary - Wilnetta Fisher

The Dramatic Club holds the mirror, and line by line we trace
The emotions and the passions of all the human race.



DANCING CLUB

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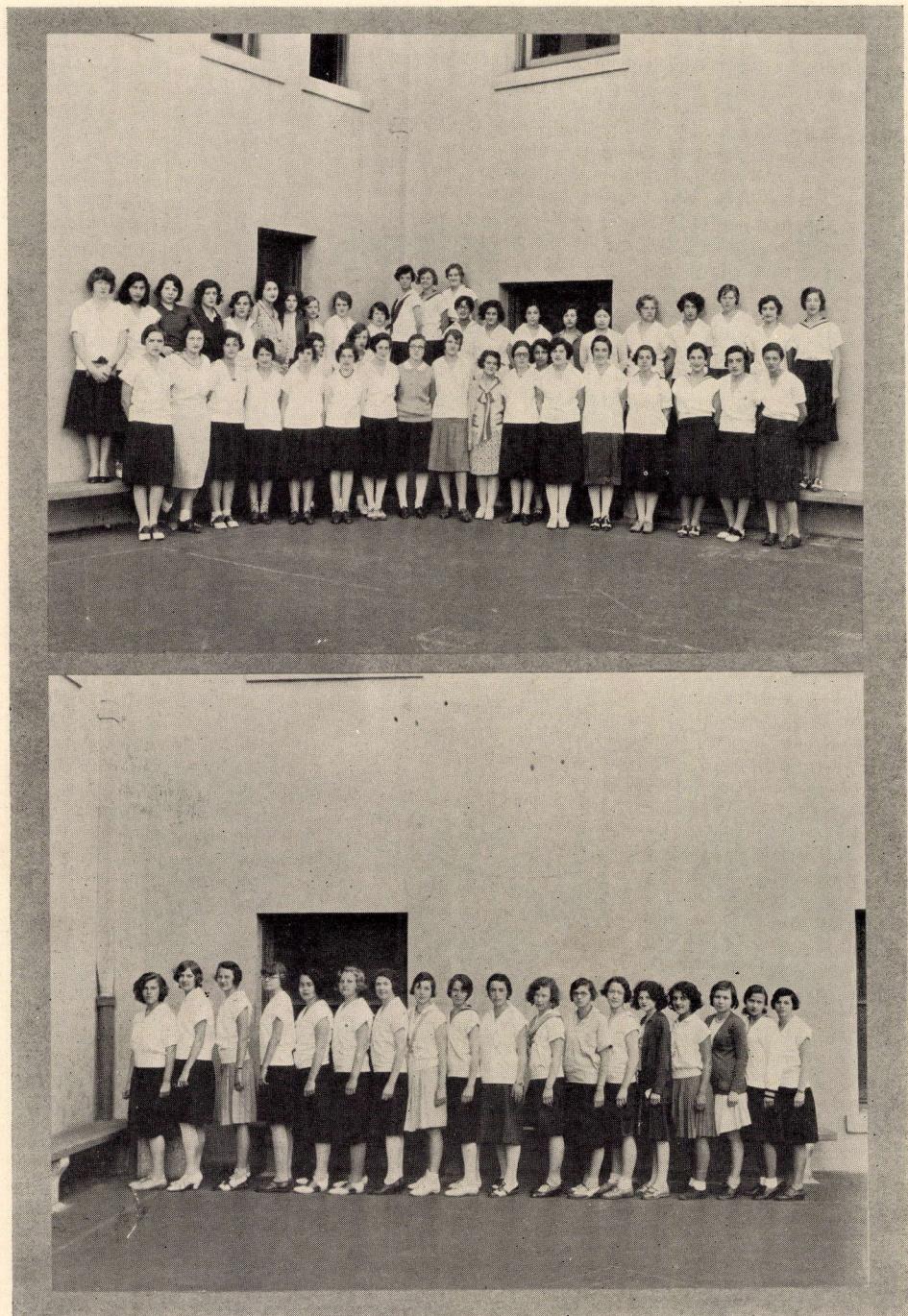
A graceful figure, charm, and pose,
Are all attained by dancing toes.

DEBATING CLUB

President - California Young

Secretary - Helen Goodman

Look north. Look south. Look east and west, for we now long are waiting
To find some team that can excel Girls High School in debating.



LATIN CLUB

President - Janice James

Secretary - Carol Michels

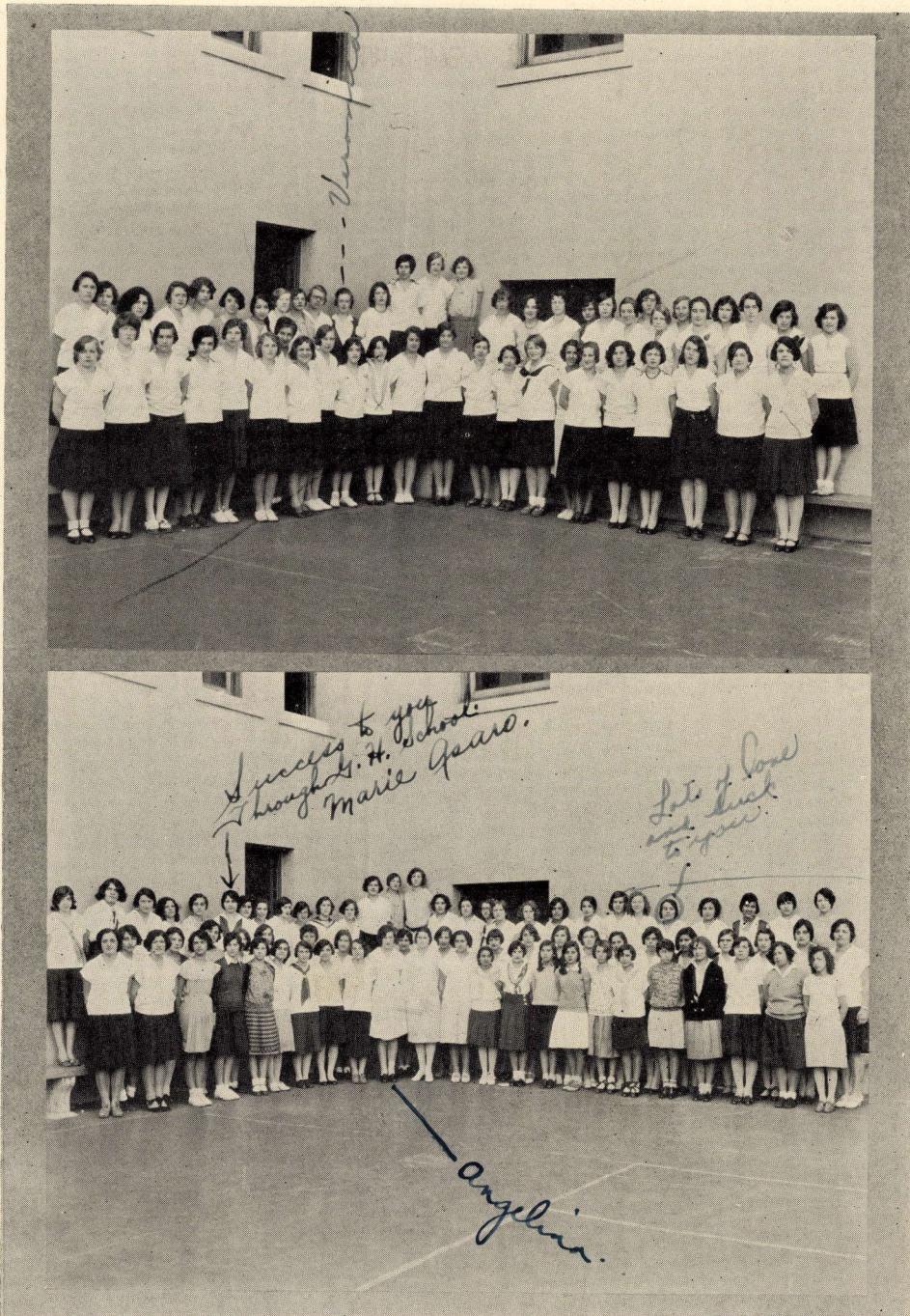
To the girls who like to ponder over Roman lore,
"Sodalitas Latina" will give good times galore.

SPANISH CLUB

President - Frances Meyer

Secretary - Helen Jordan

Que tenga Usted buena suerte! dicen "Las Amiguitas".
That is what is wished for you by these gay señoritas.



ITALIAN CLUB

President - Lucille Scatena

Secretary - Angelina Runcallo

We're happy, snappy "Rondinelle"
E godiamo molte ore belle.

FRENCH CLUB

President - Cecelia Rhine

Secretary - Marjorie Cahn

In "La Jeunesse Française" cultural study is stressed.
They edit a paper; their French is the best.



GERMAN CLUB

President - Marie Schmidt

Secretary - Dorothy Fisher

Zu streben nach deutschen Geist und Sinn,
The aim of our German Club has been.

GIRL RESERVES

President - Norma Harrison

Secretary - Marguerite Depons

A very good name she always deserves
Who follows the code of the Girl Reserves.



CAMP FIRE GIRLS

President - Marjorie Perrone

Secretary - Genevieve Deas

"To keep the hearth fire strong and bright, to love and serve mankind,"
Is the motto which the Camp Fire Girls have always borne in mind.

NATURALIST CLUB

President - Dorothy De Lano

Secretary - Lorraine Spottiswood

The Naturalist Club is busy all the whole year through,
Working scientifically and taking field trips too.



GARDEN CLUB

President - Helen Helbush

Secretary - Dolores Duckworth

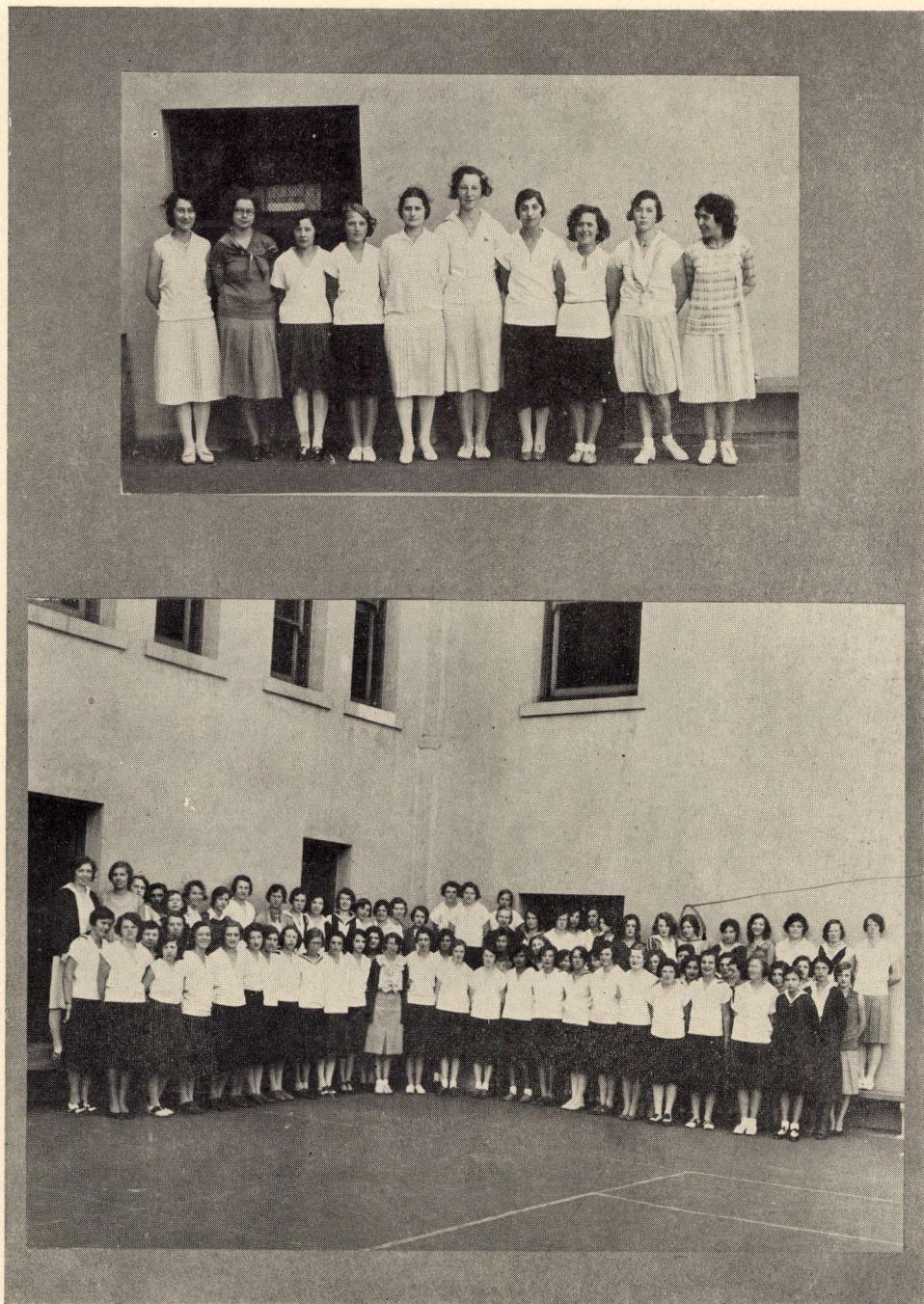
Fruit and tree, flower and shrub
Are the delights of the Garden Club.

BANKING CLUB

President - Lucille Scatena

Vice-President - Carola Mack

If you want to save your pennies and you don't know how,
You'd better join the Banking Club and learn right now.



CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

President - Doris Ryder

Secretary - Ramona Luttrell

If you wish to be healthy, pretty, and wise,
In care and culture the secret lies.

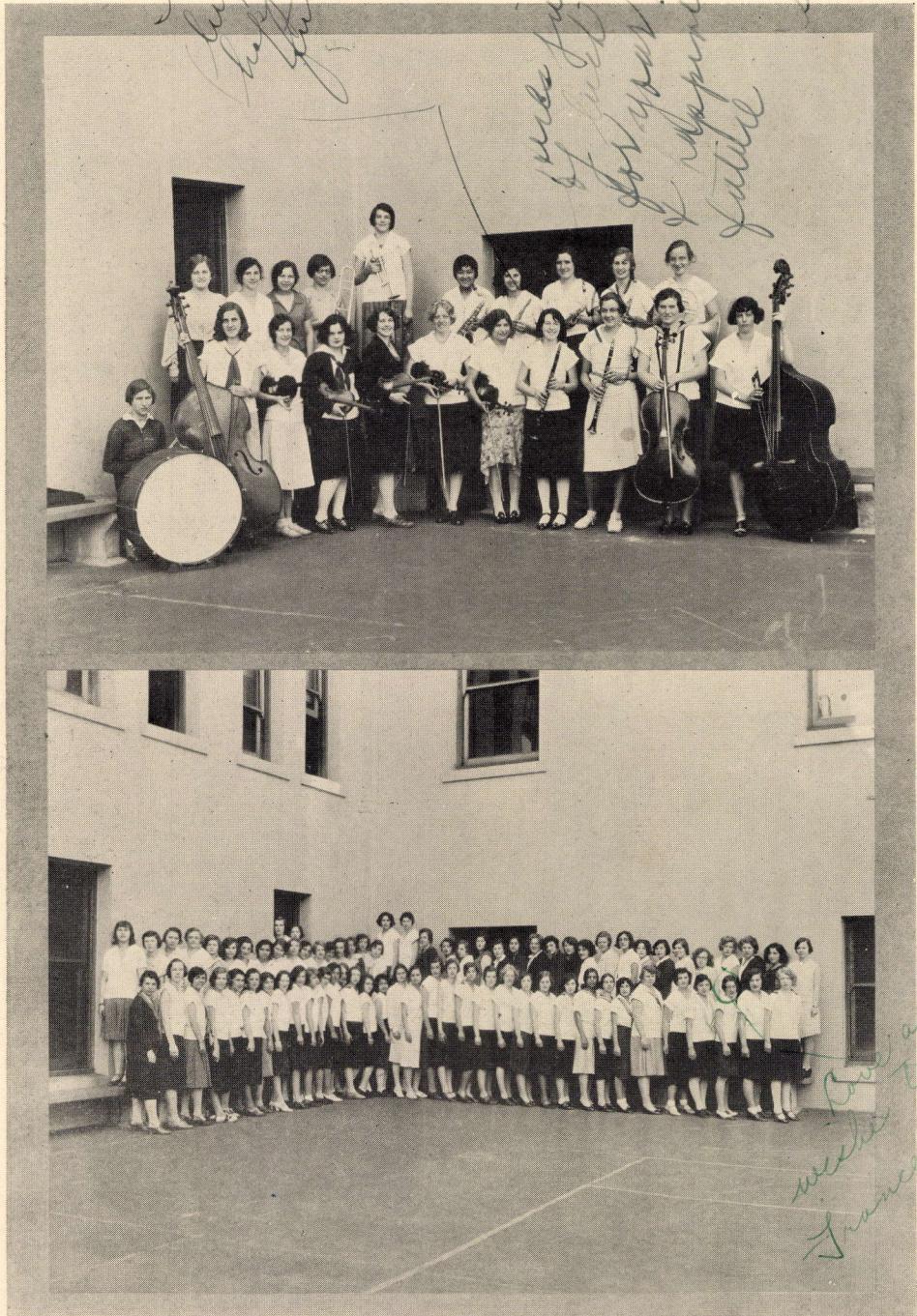
President - Dorothy Peterson

ORCHESTRA

Secretary - Norma Tyson

A waltz, or march, or roundelay,
The orchestra can always play.

Secretary - Norma Tylor



GLEE CLUB

President - Helen Shingle

President Junior Glee Cub - Lucille Gaillac

Sounds soft and clear, tones sweet and low,
Our Glee Club sings its best--you know.

40

Well, I can
write good enough
with my pen to
wish you luck +
success

President - Helen Jordan

JAZZ BAND

Secretary - Gertrude Ballen

Come on and dance, our Jazz Band plays;
Its drums and horns make happy days.



President - Carol Cole

USHERS

Secretary - Marjorie Perrone

Politely maneuvering, quiet and cool,
Such are the ushers of Girls High School.

Dear Bernice
Lots of luck
to you friend
"Dot"

JILL TARS

President - Kathryn Siem

We love a boat. Let the sails blow free.
A Jill Tar's life is the one for me.

Secretary - Gloria Hamilton



TUMBLING CLUB

President - Mabel Craig

With somersault and pyramid, with leap and backward roll,
The Tumbling Club has always made good health and fun its goal.

Secretary - Marjorie Sowle

Dear Bernice
just a line
to say I'll be
there & hotel
that I will see you
again next term
all S. I history
friends
Margie.

JOURNAL CLUB

President - Florence Stone

Secretary - Ann Rosener

Poems, stories, wit and cheer
Fill the book we made this year.



JOURNAL COLLECTORS

To the Journal Collectors much credit is due,
They made possible the Journal with pledges from you.



MRS. W. S. WOLLNER

MRS. J. O. WEINSTROM

MRS. G. EBNER

THE PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION — Our Fairy Godmother

No better illustration of the old adage, "Great oaks from little acorns grow" can be found than the Girls High School Parent-Teacher Association, which has grown from a small gathering into a large organization. When Dr. Scott in 1923 issued an invitation to the parents to meet and discuss problems concerning school conditions, he laid the foundation for an organization which is one of the largest and most important in the city.

The informal gathering of 1923, after having organized the Girls High School Parent-Teacher Association, elected Mrs. Dave Hirschler as president, and adopted a splendid policy which has continued to be the principle behind all the P. T. A. operations. To have the parents understand all school affairs, to have them consider the needs of the girls and secure these needs, is the policy which the association always has in view.

Some of the practical benefits secured through the efforts of the P. T. A. are the lockers, electric lights, auditorium exits, and the recently installed non-skids for stairs. Another important aim is the Scholarship Fund maintained to help needy and deserving girls through school.

This year, the P. T. A., under its capable officers, Mrs. J. O. Weinstrom, president; Mrs. E. Hirsch, vice-president; Mrs. Ebner, treasurer; and Mrs. W. S. Wollner, secretary, has, in addition to the regular work, sponsored vocational guidance, as a means of helping the parents assist the child to decide upon a life career.

With such an excellent influence working for their benefit, it is no wonder that Girls High students regard the Parent-Teacher Association as their "fairy godmother."

Bernice Abrams, June '30.



Mrs. Edna Gottheimer Wolf

Miss Lucile Cordrey

Mrs. Helen Inglis Beanston

GIRLS HIGH ALUMNÆ — Our Big Sisters

THE Girls High Alumnæ Association is waiting with open arms to receive you, after you have graduated from Girls High. It is a splendid and invaluable organization and has for its aim the advancement of all undertakings appertaining to the welfare of Girls High. One of the praiseworthy objectives is the maintenance of a scholarship fund which will enable deserving seniors to remain at school throughout their fourth year.

Among its activities, the Alumnæ Association lists the following new sections: Drama, Music, Tap Dancing, Book Reviews, Current Events, Public Speaking, and Parliamentary Law. Thus, in this wide field, will be found something to interest each alumna.

The competent and excellent Alumnæ officials this term are as follows: President, Miss Lucile Cordrey; first vice-president, Mrs. Retta Henrich Nevin; second vice-president, Mrs. Louise Ziff DeLano; treasurer, Mrs. Julia Leyden Doherty; recording secretary, Mrs. Edna Gottheimer Wolf; financial secretary, Mrs. Helen Inglis Beanston. They arranged many of the fine programs on the calendar for the past term, but none of the affairs could challenge comparison with the recent super-excellent Roll Call Tea, which was attended by nearly one thousand graduates.

Upon graduating, a senior automatically becomes a member of the Alumnæ Association and is given a year's dues free. Become a regular member so that you may exchange greetings with your high school friends and keep in touch with your Alma Mater.

Pauline Spiro, June '30.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

IN 1856, before many of your grandparents were born, there was on Powell Street, near Clay, a Union Grammar School, which had an enrollment of 80 pupils. In 1858, this school, with an extended course of study, became the San Francisco High School; but, as a distinct need was felt for segregated schools, it was separated in 1864 into the Boys High School and the Girls High School. The boys remained in the old building, but the girls were given a new building on the corner of Bush and Stockton Streets. Ellis H. Holmes, who had presided over the San Francisco High School, was chosen principal of the new Girls High.

In 1876, the year Mr. Holmes was succeeded by John Swett, there were ninety girls in the graduating class. During Mr. Swett's term there was established, under the supervision of Mrs. Mary Kincaid, a city normal class which later developed into the State Normal School.

There were one hundred and thirty graduates of the Girls High in 1889 when John Swett resigned and Mrs. Kincaid became principal. In 1890 the school which was then at Bush and Hyde Streets burned. Girls High was temporarily moved to Cogswell Mission High, on Twenty-sixth and Folsom Streets. "Notwithstanding the great interruption from the loss of their building, the great inconvenience consequent upon the distant location, and the loss of proper apparatus, the classes pursued their labors with a commendable degree of success."

After Mrs. Kincaid's resignation in 1891, Frank Norton was temporary principal of Girls High, then on Golden Gate Avenue and Hyde Street. Elisha Brooks became principal in 1892, and he was succeeded in 1904 by Dr. Scott.

Girls High went down in the earthquake of 1906. For two years afternoon classes were held at Lowell with borrowed textbooks and supplies; but even under these adverse conditions, the spirit of Girls High, like the fabled phoenix, would not perish. There was talk of incorporating Girls High with Lowell, but the girls preferred to remain in a separate school. Girls High was an established institution; the citizens of San Francisco, as well as the parents and students, realized its value to the city.

A one-story building was erected in 1908 on the present location. In the fall of 1911, for six weeks while this temporary building was being moved to Hamilton Square to make way for the construction of a new building, the girls were housed in the High School of Commerce. In August, 1913, Girls High again resumed its career on the corner of Geary and Scott, and increased in numbers. A class of 153 girls graduated from the school in 1927.

Girls High has a place in the hearts of the people of San Francisco; and now, under the able leadership of Mr. Charles Danforth, who succeeded Dr. Scott in 1926, it expects to continue to be a credit to our city and state.

Ann Rosener, Dec. '31.



E. HURTTGEN -

HER PEACEFUL ETERNAL HILLS

NIght was coming on quickly, and there was no light save that of the moon to guide them up the winding mountain road. They did not need light though, for they walked with the sure-footedness of youth, and their feet fell rhythmically into the soft, deep dust of the road.

Talking in subdued tones of the great life that lay before them, they walked on in the perfect assurance of friendship. They discussed life and death; and there in the forest shadows, they realized the meaning of these great words. There, with the moon streaming gently down on them, they discovered truths that lie forever beyond the reach of the learned philosophers of the world.

"And what will you be, Winifred? What will you do?"

"I shall be a poet, a wonderful poet. I shall write beautiful songs that shall be sung by lovers and stirring verses that will ring through the nation—but—what will you do, Joan?"

"I? I don't know what I shall do, but I hope that I shall always be a vagabond, that I shall always be able to walk and talk as we have done tonight. I always want to be able to go up into the quiet of the hills and get away from the turmoil of the world."

* * * *

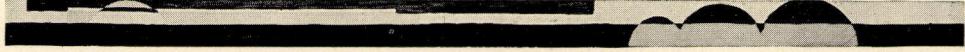
Years later, when Winifred was struggling with her first book of poems, she thought of that far away night. She thought of Joan and their long, long talk in the stillness of the evening. "I want to go up into the quiet of the hills" . . . She repeated the words softly to herself, and they soothed her strangely. Joan was dead; she had gone up into the eternal hills as quietly as she had walked along the road long ago. She had gone as a vagabond, leaving nothing to the world but her song, her calm soothing song of the hills.

All night Winifred wrote. Pages and pages of song flowed without effort from her pen. A gentle wind blew across her paper, and she heard Joan singing softly in her ear, singing of the hills, her peaceful eternal hills.

* * * *

To Winifred came fame and fortune, but greater than either of these came happiness. She understood what Joan had meant, and she knew that she too "wanted to go up into the quiet of the hills" . . . to that great life she had caught a fleeting glimpse of as she walked with Joan in the still moonlight on that far away night.

Marjorie Ledyard, June '30.



FAITH

I cried in vain to the roaring sea;
The swish of the waves came back to me.
I called to the trees as I passed them by;
They answered me with a wailing sigh.
My soul then yearned; I knew not for what;
I felt alone, and I hated my lot.
I seemed to be caught in the madd'ning strife,
With nothing to show but a wasted life.
I turned my vision to the earth.
The day was dull, and I wanted mirth.
Then I raised my eyes from the beaten sod,
And gazed into the eyes of God;
For He looked out of the blue above,
And filled my heart with a joyous love.
I listened again to the roar of the sea;
It seemed to carry a message to me.
The crying sigh of the trees was gay.
Faith gave to me a perfect day.

Marian Goldberg, June '31.

He slept through countless eons, peaceful and unconscious.
Life was not his . . . but sleep, sleep for the untired;
No weariness he knew, for all was calm sleep.
And then God came and said, "You have done very well;
I shall give you life to live. You will live and breathe."
Then he became man and commenced his glorious adventure;
But the adventurer became weary; and his feet stumbled
And he prayed that he might sleep once more.
While he waited for his sleep, life became sweet and joyous.
At last life was worth the ages of waiting.
Man drank deeply of the cup of life; and then . . .
God returned and called man and gave him his sleep,
His long, deep, peaceful sleep.

Marjorie Ledyard, June '30.

GOD OF A THOUSAND AND ONE HANDS

“TING-a-ling, ting-a-ling,” sang the little bell that hung from a string around the neck of the donkey, as he trotted slowly up the narrow pathway that led to the shrine of the God Of A Thousand And One Hands. On his back the animal carried none other than Ah Sue, a young Chinese girl, the daughter of a great and learned philosopher, one of a race of wise men, who, though different from men of other nations, are not inferior.

Way up on the mountain stood the Tigar Pagoda; and, as they traveled on, the girl's eyes rested wistfully on Tigar, as sad thoughts passed through her mind. Tigar Pagoda, situated on the top of Tigar Mountain and composed of grey and red brick, was now covered on many sides with moss. It had been a stately and imposing figure in the many thousands of years gone by. Now age had laid its hold upon Tigar, and those seven stories no longer stood firm, for across the pagoda ran a large and deep crack, which caused it to lean on the right side and form a very dangerous curve. For years those who worshiped at the nearby shrine had feared that some day soon Tigar Pagoda would no longer be able to hold herself and that down she would come, down, down, in ruins.

Ah Sue gently coaxed her beast of burden, and soon she stood at the foot of the pagoda. She slipped gracefully off the back of the mule; then, after having tied her donkey to a nearby stump, she stood gazing at Tigar Pagoda. Her face was sad and she sighed as she turned towards the direction of the temple. She entered the chamber where The Mighty One, God Of A Thousand And One Hands, sat in all his glory. Before him were dishes of fish, plates of brightly colored red eggs, and cups of tea—the offerings from his worshippers. On either side of him were rows of joss sticks burning slowly but steadily. He was about thirty feet in height and composed of brick and mortar of a red color, while from his sides protruded countless numbers of many sized hands, each holding something, such as a flower, a knife, an egg, a joss stick, or other article. At the further end of the chamber stood a huge gong, the clang of which regularly summoned those who dwelt close by to worship at the shrine of the god.

From their lofty position, his large and luminous eyes seemed to gaze down at little Ah Sue and to read her through and through, but she was busy gazing forth through a window close by, out at her beloved Tigar and was blissfully unaware of the large and glowing eyes that watched her. Turning to the god, she knelt in worship; and, lifting her bent head, she addressed the figure: “Oh great and benevolent one, to whom millions bend the knee in ardent worship at your shrine, here I, your unworthy daughter, kneel before you, with a heart saddened at the fate of the Tigar I love. Many times have I groped in the

darkness but found no support . . . nothing to help me drive away this fear that weighs upon my young heart. From the days of my childhood, I have gazed up at Tigar, here upon its mountain perch; and it has filled me with joy to see this survivor of many moons still holding its place in the world. I have grown very fond of Tigar; but alas, some day soon it will fall to pieces, and no longer will my eyes be gladdened as they habitually and expectantly stray to the summit of this mountain."

She paused, heaved another sorrowful sigh, and then continued: "O merciful and powerful one, let me find favor in your eyes; for it is said that to the good you open your gracious mouth and let forth words of faith, wisdom, and encouragement. Tell me, shall Tigar stand for long?"

Lo, the idol spoke. From the firm lips came forth a gracious voice saying: "Ah Sue, little pure one, daughter of a noble race, and child greatly blessed with all the virtues of your noble people, by the gods whom you worship, I the Great and Mighty One, deign to answer your humble but worthy prayer. Mo par. Fear not, my daughter, for the untold virtues of my people hold Tigar steady. Even Kwang Yin-ho, Goddess of Mercy, has heard your prayer and together we shall keep Tigar standing. Hoi, noi, hoi! Go in peace, my daughter. I, the God Of A Thousand And One Hands, promise you that Tigar shall stand."

Relieved in spirit and light of heart, Ah Sue walked gaily homeward by the side of her donkey. No longer did Tigar's fate trouble her, for had not the voice of the blessed one spoken? Tigar, her Tigar Pagoda, standing way up on the top of the mountain, would stand on; and, through her lifetime, her eyes would always be gladdened as they gazed in that direction. For Ah Sue held no more fears of seeing Tigar in ruins. The Great and Mighty One, God Of A Thousand And One Hands, had told her so; and simple, believing Ah Sue never from that moment held a doubt in her mind as to the fulfilling of that promise.

Many, many years have elapsed since the day Ah Sue's trouble and saddened spirit had been relieved, and now she lies buried not far from her favorite and beloved Tigar. Though many stirring events have taken place, the Tigar Pagoda still stands and boldly meets the eyes of all who enter the city of Soochow. Those who desire to see the God Of A Thousand And One Hands may do so by climbing up to his shrine on Tigar Mountain, for to this day he reigns in all his fascinating splendor.

Flory Nissim, June '31.

REMEMBER ALWAYS THIS

*your classmate
Rose Wilgue
P30*

Remember always this in the long days,
In the slow and smothered days when you might die,
That there is this beyond for which to try:
The places with the hushed wood-scented ways,
The free firm stretch of beach; the untamed spray's
Mad frolicking; the song, one half of music, one a cry
Of beauty bursting her wild heart in high
Unchastened accents of her own self praise.
Remember this always: the mildewed, dead,
And dust-clogged breath you take into your throat,
That settles uninvited on your lung,
Letting your eyes be on the vision fed,
Need only ricken the unwritten note,
And mellow all the songs that are unsung.

Edith Arnstein, June '30.

IF I APPEAR THE CYNIC

If I appear the cynic, do not lay
Too much of stress upon it. You will see
That I shall scoff at living for a day,
Mock at ambition, count success to be
Unworthy of the effort it will use,
Name beauty but unconscious compensation
To earthly troubles and unfair abuse,
Affect that I have never felt elation.
All this I'll argue and you'll contradict
Saying, "You reason with a thwarted mind;"
Or you may pity the poor derelict,
And tell me lovely things of human kind;
But this I warn you: Force me to the wall
And you will strengthen that which else might fall.

Edith Arnstein, June '30.

SENSITIVE

My mind is like a harp
Whereon loud tones, or soft, are played.
Give it but a gentle touch
And it will swell to volume infinite,
But strike it harshly and its notes are dead.

Pauline Spiro, June '30.

STARLIGHT . . . A FRAGMENT

THE old garden lay drenched in starlight. The gravel paths gleamed white, while the burning red of the roses was turned to velvet black. The sweet, delicate perfume of the flowers hung on the still night air and was wafted gently along to a hidden path in the garden, where a young man and a girl were walking hand in hand. Suddenly she paused for a moment beside a rustic seat, placed in a leafy clearing, and gazed rapturously up at the blue, star-hung veil of the sky.

"David," she softly whispered to her companion, "there's something so ethereally beautiful and 'live' about the starlight that it catches at my heart. I want to reach out, gather it to me, and hold it close. I've always felt this way, even when I was a tiny girl". She laughed queerly. "I'm telling you this because I think you understand. I feel as if the starlight almost owns me, and as if *I* belonged to *it*."

"You belong to everything that is beautiful and pure, Charmian. Standing there, in that white dress and with your pale face, you look like a bit of your own starlight, so cold and so chaste." The man's tone was soft, and there was something very like awe in his voice. "You know that I love you, Charmian. You have always known that I loved you."

"Hush, please! You make it very hard for me to say what I must. I have come here tonight to bid you goodbye. David, tomorrow I am leaving Chilton forever. I could never be happy here, for fame and glory are calling to me. The *starlight* is calling to me to go out into the world and seek them. What is love compared to these?" She flung back her head, and in her eyes was an almost fanatical gleam.

Fo a while David was silent; then he spoke dreamily, as if his mind were far away.

"I knew that you would leave me some day, for you are so young. Fame and glory always come first in the mind of youth, but you will come back. Your starlight will send you back to me."

The girl's mocking laugh rang out.

"Never, David." For a fleeting instant her hand touched his. "Goodbye;" then she was gone; and he was alone in the perfume-drenched garden, from which all light seemed suddenly to have gone.

* * * *

The long years passed slowly and sorrowfully for David Regan. He continued to live on at Chilton, surrounded by memories of the past. Each day he carefully tended the beautiful garden that Charmian had so loved; and, in the long English twilight, he would take his pipe and walk for several hours up and down the little paths that wound picturesquely around the garden.

One evening, as he was taking his accustomed stroll in and out of the rose bushes and flower beds, he stopped for a moment beside a decaying, old chair, set far back in a leafy clearing. His mind leaped down over the sad years. It was just seventeen years since the night that Charmian had left. Just seventeen years, and nothing had changed. Everything was the same . . . the garden, the perfume, the old bench, the starlight. There, too, directly in front of him, with one hand clasped around her throat was Charmian herself. She was swaying from side to side, and her breathing was spasmodic and irregular as if she had been running. Even in the dim light, he could see that she was very, very ill.

It was strange to David that he was neither stunned nor surprised by her sudden appearance. It seemed to him the most natural thing in the world that Charmian should be there. Before he could begin to speak, however, she had commenced in a hoarse, tired voice, a mere shadow of her own:

"Forgive me, David. I have come back just as you said I would. Both fame and glory have been mine, and always I have been guided by the starlight. Now, David, in the end, it has called me home to you . . . to die."

He sprang forward, but only in time to catch her as she fell.

The starlight had at last claimed its own.

Frances Creel, June '30.

Large . . . distorted,
An eye leering
And grinning at your discomfort;
Scorning souls, the weapon of God's wisdom,
Smiling at sorrow,
Sneering at joy . . .
Behind that large, distorted eye,
A cynic.

Elinor Kahn, June '31.

The tree commenced to shake,
Whimpering back and forth like a spoiled child.
The wind rustled its branches,
Gently though, unlike a storm.
Slowly, like a conquered monarch,
Retreating under fire, it fell . . .
And the woods resounded with the roar,
As the woodcutter leaned on his axe . . .
Resting.

Elinor Kahn, June '31.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE ESSAY

Aw, GEE, Claire! Ain't ya got no sense? Who ever heard of a heroine crying, and a women's sewing bee ever sewing? And your plot? What a plot! Why, it ain't even developed straight. When did the result of a war come before its cause? Why, you ain't got no talent. That's what you ain't got . . . Talent!" After having delivered so eloquently his views as to the value of the story, Jimmy marched triumphantly from the room.

For a long time, Claire was left alone with her thoughts. She released the remainder of her manuscript from the typewriter and critically looked it over. She rose from her chair and walked slowly to the window which overlooked a tiny back yard enclosed in a wooden fence, so covered by vines of glorious purple morning glories that its original surface was in no place visible. While regarding the scene with eyes heavy with unshed tears, she pensively remarked, "I should like to see what he could write."

It was at this moment that a shrill "Whoopee" rent the air. Such exclamations were not infrequent at the Evans' home; however, on this sultry June day, the sudden outburst disturbed the solemn quietude. Claire immediately recognized Jimmy's voice. She ran quickly down the stairs, desiring to find out what had provoked Jimmy to such noisy lengths. That young gentleman was languidly reclining on the tan, red, and green striped hammock that, in the garden, swayed to and fro with the afternoon breeze.

"Hooray!" he exclaimed as Claire approached, "Look at this!" Curiosity compelled her to obey. He designated in a magazine an "ad" which gave information concerning a World Peace Essay Contest.

"Well," demanded Claire, "what's so wonderful about that?"

"Look at me and give yourself a treat," responded Jimmy, "for I'm going to win the Grand Prize of one thousand dollars."

"Just another one of your conceited ideas," said Claire.

At the dinner table that evening, Jimmy told the family of his discovery; and, with all the bravado with which he had attacked Claire, told them of his intention to participate. They did not place much importance to that, however, because Jimmy had never demonstrated his literary ability.

Because of the unresponsiveness of his family, Jimmy went about his work very quietly; but the librarian at the West Portal Library could tell you of a little boy who, very often, would browse for hours at a time over important looking books.

When at last the great work was completed, the family cajoled and coerced Jimmy into an oral recitation of it. When the boy's voice came to a stop after having told in eloquent language the misery and destruction caused by war, and the happiness and prosperity brought by peace, they cheered him heartily

and congratulated him. Several weeks after having submitted the essay, the postman delivered a large envelope to Jimmy, who quickly tore it open and read:

"James Evans,
Dear Sir:

It is my pleasant duty to inform you of and to congratulate you upon winning the World Peace Essay Contest. To obtain the Grand Prize of one thousand dollars (\$1000), it will be necessary for you to call in person at our New York office.

Yours truly,

JOHN WINTHROP, *Secretary.*"

Beside himself with elation, Jimmy ran upstairs to impart the good news to his family, who, of course, received it joyfully. After the first moments of excitement had passed, the very obvious and serious problem had to be faced as to where the money was coming from with which to make the transcontinental journey. In the meanwhile each one consoled Jimmy by speaking continually of the honor of winning the contest and told him a way to get the necessary funds would be found.

The next day at breakfast, a boy rang the door bell to deliver to Mr. Evans a telegram. It was not every day that such a message came to Mr. Evans' home; its arrival was hailed with great anxiety. Mrs. Evans would not open it for fear someone had died; but her husband, telling her to control herself, ran his finger through the envelop, and took from it the yellow sheet that comprised its contents.

"For goodness' sake!" he exclaimed. Because of the family's pleading and curiosity, Mr. Evans read aloud: "Congratulations to Jimmy. Shall enclose in letter check for two hundred and fifty dollars for him.

Edward Evans."

"Oh, Dad, that means that I can go to New York now! Doesn't it? Isn't that swell of Uncle Ed?"

"I should say so, Jimmy."

Four days later, as father and son walked along the dusty road that was shaded by bending trees, they discussed the boy's good fortune. Finally arriving at the post office, they found the letter there.

After having read the missive, Mr. Evans looked at Jimmy. "My boy, you are aware that your uncle is very rich. He has on the Hudson, a beautiful summer home, to which he invites you and your sister for a visit during the entire three months of your vacation. Also, he is president of the Evans Institute of Authorship and has enclosed with his letter an entrance blank for that school. What say you, Jimmy?"

"O. K. by me, if sis goes too. Gosh, what luck, and all account of a little essay!"

Mary Mayer, Dec. '32.

TO "THE MALOLO"

Out of the mist and the darkness,
Into the sunset's gleam,
Onward you fly so swiftly,
And pass like a shadowy dream.

On, to the islands of mystery,
On, to the islands afar,
Wond'ring, I long to follow
On, to the evening star.

Cloud-land is lying behind you.
Dreamland lies to your bow.
Hawaiian mirth and moonlight,
I long to be with you now.

Virginia Burns.

DESIRE

Take me away to the hill top,
Where the mad wind shrieks its glee.
Let it beat me and whip my hair.
Let me be free!

Let me look at the gray bay beneath;
Let my soul be the soul of the sea.
Give me its calm and its power.
Let me be free!

Give me the clouds and the fog,
And the strength of that wind-ragged tree.
Give me the sea, and the wind.
Let me be proud . . . and free!

Florence Stone, Dec. '30.

When I can no longer feel the warmth of the noonday sun
Or rejoice in the thought of a journey just begun,
When the morning brings no joy and the night no fear,
When my eyes no longer see and my ears no longer hear,
Dig me then a grave and, instead of a tombstone, put a tree;
And when it grows, it shall be fed by the soul of me.
What once was I, shall nourish it till it climbs up from the sod
And, ever reaching, ever groping for light, grows up to our God.

Marjorie Ledyard, June '30.

OVER FOOL'S HILL

"Marjorie", asked Mrs. Downing, "what has happened to your friend, Katherine?"

"Oh," responded Marjorie, "Katherine is simply impossible. We aren't friends now."

Mrs. Downing smothered a sigh and continued, "Then you have decided not to accept the invitation to her party?"

"I'm not going," said Marjorie emphatically.

Mrs. Downing looked inquiringly at her sixteen year old daughter. "Will you not tell me about it?" she queried.

"Well, mother, there isn't very much to tell. Katherine is so democratic. She is always cultivating some queer person. Just now, it is that odd Dutch girl, Matilda Zuder, and her ignorant brother, Hans, who have recently arrived from Holland. Oh, mother, it's disgusting! Katherine and her friends are too plebeian to be my friends."

"But, Marjorie," remonstrated her mother, "have you forgotten that Grandmother Downing is of Italian parentage and was born in Italy?"

"No, mother, I have not. She came here when a very small child. She shows none of the usual racial characteristics. Her people were of the nobility, and very wealthy. One has to take those things into consideration," said Marjorie in a very self-satisfied and self-approving manner.

Mrs. Downing said no more, and the very superior Miss Downing quitted the room gaily humming the latest of popular song-hits. Marjorie's father who had remained seemingly absorbed in the evening paper during the conversation between his wife and his daughter, laid the paper aside with a chuckle. He crossed the room and, lightly dropping a kiss on the greying temple of Mrs. Downing, laughingly remarked, "Don't worry about Marjorie, mother. She is not yet over Fool's Hill."

Marjorie's return to the room interrupted the remark; and, with a twinkle in his eye, "Dad" Downing, as every one called him, went back to his stock reports.

"Over Fool's Hill!" mused Marjorie. "I wonder what father meant!" Many times that day the phrase, "Over Fool's Hill," flashed into her mind. She would ask him about it, she thought, but the hurry and the excitement of the opening of her junior term in high school swept the cryptic phrase from her mind.

Two years of work and play in high school did not change Marjorie's snobbish ideas as to what she considered un-American. Time had increased her aversion to "our assimilation of foreigners." At every opportunity, she deplored the lack of definite class distinction in the United States.

Katherine and her "Dutch protéges," as Marjorie always referred to the Zuders, were Marjorie's classmates. A sort of intermittent friendship was maintained between the two girls; but, at every opportunity, Hans and his sister were ignored and snubbed by Marjorie. She still thought them impossible and ignorant.

At last high school days were over. Marjorie, the patrician; the lovable and democratic Katherine; and the Zuders graduated together. To Marjorie's great humiliation, she had to take second place in the class. Much to her disgust and displeasure, the despised Hans Zuder carried off the highest honors. At the Senior Ball on that never-to-be-forgotten night in June, Marjorie held herself aloof. Katherine and Matilda, she ignored. When Hans, wishing to share his honors with her, asked Marjorie to dance, she smiled sarcastically and said cuttingly, "I never dance with people who have worn wooden shoes." Humiliated and hurt, Hans fled.

The summer of her graduation was not a happy period for Marjorie. Hans and his sister were popular with their schoolmates and entered freely into the social activities of their classmates. On several occasions in the early summer, Marjorie encountered Katherine and Matilda, who were almost inseparable. She accepted no more invitations.

The next fall Marjorie entered Wellesley College. Katherine chose her own State University; Matilda married; and Hans returned to his beloved Holland with its quaint windmills and wide dykes.

After graduation, Marjorie devoted her time and energy to the cultivation of a very beautiful contralto voice. Her Grandmother Downing had been a noted figure in the operatic life of two continents, and Marjorie aspired to win fame and, if possible, to duplicate the successes of her famous grandparent.

Through that modern invention, the radio, Marjorie's big chance came to her. The Clarion Radio Corporation had offered to the artist having the best radio voice, a prize of five years' tuition under any teacher the winner might select. Marjorie's instructor urged her entrance in the audition. She entered the contest and held first place in the "locals." She led in the divisional elimination contest; and, in the finals, she far surpassed the nearest of her competitors.

Marjorie's good sense, regardless of her prejudice against all things foreign, suggested Milan, Italy, with its operatic back-ground, as the best field for her musical training. In Milan under the instruction of Ceasani, the great director of opera, she began her studies, living, in the mean time, with an Italian relative of Grandmother Downing.

After five years of study, Marjorie made her début before the music-loving world in the part of Gilda in "Rigoletto." Her triumph brought her a contract with a well known American opera company. Marjorie and her mother then decided to spend the intervening six months in travel.

Leisurely Mrs. Downing and Marjorie toured Europe; and, in Paris, they

were met by Mr. Downing, and Katherine, who had come to France to finish her art studies.

One morning, upon their return from a visit to a gown salon, the Downing party found that cards had been left for them for the International Exhibit at the Conservatoire des Arts in Metiers. They decided to attend the next day, and reached Metiers about noon.

The exhibition gallery at the Conservatoire was thronged with people; Americans, Germans, Swiss . . . every nationality was represented. Noted artists were contending for the Beaux Arts Grand Prize.

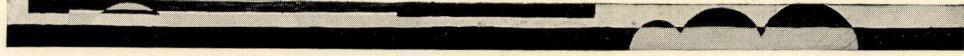
The Downing party purchased an indexed card giving the location of the exhibits as well as a short biography of the artists; and, under the supervision of a professional guide, they visited the exhibition rooms. Slowly they made their way through the beautiful gallery. As the award was to be made that day, they remained to see the winning picture.

In the early afternoon they viewed the prize painting. It was not a large canvas, but the work was exquisite in both form and coloring. In the back-ground, moored to the pier, lay a dingy immigrant ship. The gang-plank and a bit of the pier occupied the fore-ground. The central figure, a young American girl in her "middle teens," stood haughtily surveying a young Dutch immigrant, scarcely older than herself. He was wearing an enormous pair of wooden shoes and carrying a large canvas-wrapped bundle almost as big as himself. The figure of the boy was typically Dutch in appearance and dress. The face of the girl in her aloofness and superb disdain was an interesting character study. The exquisite beauty of the budding figure stood out cameo-like against the dingy surroundings. The face of the young immigrant in the quaint Dutch costume was a study of emotion, a blending of bashfulness, curiosity, and pathos.

The signature of the artist was not on the canvas; but, on referring to the number in the reference catalog, they found that the painting was called "Wooden Shoes," and that the picture was from the brush of the young Dutch artist, Heinrich Zuder.

The painting brought painful memories; and Marjorie, remembering her acts of unkindness to her classmates, would have given much to have lived those years over again. Impulsively she turned to Katherine and apologized for her snobbish behavior of that time. Then catching the amused twinkle in her father's eyes, she lovingly slipped her arm through his; and, with a wistful smile playing around her tear-dimmed eyes, she said, "Don't worry, Dad. At last I'm over Fool's Hill."

Cora Collier, June '31.



THE SONG A MOTOR SINGS

I think I hear an aeroplane
Up in the midnight sky!
'Tis nothing but the moaning wind
And the stars that shine on high.

There's nothing in the lonely sky above
Except the age-old things.
And yet, what is it that I hear?
The song a motor sings!

I hear it far off in the South,
High in the midnight sky,
And it sends a thrill to my very heart—
The ship that passes by.

The wind like a spirit moans and howls,
And all the world's asleep;
But through the night, a man and ship
A lonely vigil keep.

That plane must be a living creature,
Not made of mechanical things.
The throb of a human heart must be
In the song that motor sings!

The plane is bound, I know not where.
The pilot, I know not who;
But to God I offer up a prayer
For the safety of those two.

Katherine Woolner, June '32.

NO LONGER YOUNG

The iron pins of despair,
Slowly rusting,
Spread their agony throughout her body;
And it was shown
In the twitching of her hands,
In her harsh and even tones,
In her sad and toneless clothes.

Pauline Spiro, June '30.



ALUMNÆ

Scholarship Federation—Life Members, December, 1929.

1. Barbara Cummings	7. Ethel Lum
2. Ursula Douglas	8. Marcia Meyer
3. Sigrid Drange	9. Marian Phillips
4. Helen Eisner	10. Ethel Reading
5. Norma Harrison	11. Claire Tyndall
6. Alice Holtz	

Honors at the University of California.

Emma Brescia } were honored by the College of Letters and Science.
Marion Joseph }

Nina Wade }
Virginia Cummings } were elected members of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Eleonor Morris } won Kraft prizes for scholarship
Barbara Prince } during their freshman year.

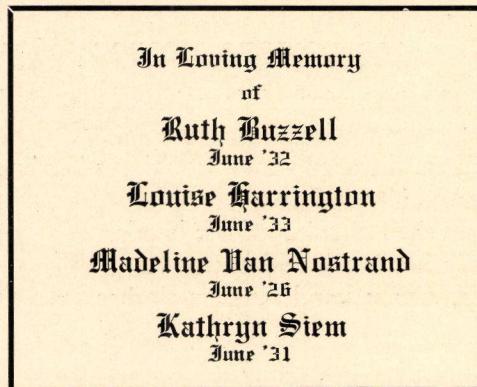
Margaret Hammond } were named from the Women's Varsity Squad to
Oleta O'Connor } make a debating tour of three northwestern uni-
Evelyn St. John } versities.

Honors at Stanford University.

Mona Dutton was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Honors Abroad.

Marion Block, who was on a tour arranged by the Carnegie Foundation, was the only student who spoke at the Geneva Conference.







MILDRED RIGNELL

SPORTS AND PASTIME ASSOCIATION

THIS year there were plenty of smiles and good cheer, quantities of "pep" and "loads" of fun at the S. P. A., under the leadership of the following efficient officers: Mildred Rignell, president; Louise Candau, vice-president; Catherine Warren, secretary; and Robin Alberti, yell leader. After an arduous day's work, the girls gathered in their respective teams, drowned their woes, slapped, banged, whacked, batted their aches and pains, and tossed up their cares until they were happy and carefree.

The members of the swimming team not only succeeded in learning to swim but also acquired slim, graceful figures. After much practice, the tennis team under the able leadership of Miss Oakes acquired that skill which the girls are so proud of and which they displayed so well in the matches. And don't you think for a moment that Miss Cleaveland did not have a great deal to do training the speedball teams for their interclass games. Ah! but it was not in vain, for the classes responded beautifully to her efforts and gave each other a good, sporting combat in the competitive games. Miss Clark, it seems, kept the members of the volleyball team the busiest of them all. Besides their practice and interclass games, they had a beach supper, a "Mulligan Feed", and a hike.

The S. P. A. then put on the big event of the term—S. P. A. Day. In this the whole school took part. In addition to an exhibition of volleyball and basketball, there was a program of interclass relays. Then came the banquet at which there were a presentation of the awards won during the term, an installation of new officers, and a bidding farewell to the out-going seniors.

Alice V. Small, June '30.

Dear Bernie,
Lot of buck
i. selling
i. Wood
12/29

loads of buck
to a fellow suffers
in same manahit
in love
Slothy

D-30.

May you
one of
always
need

life be
openess



Respectfully submitted
Catherine Warren, Sec.

S. P. A. BOARD

Upper Row:

Louise Candau	Vice-President
Alice Baumgartner	Basketball Manager
Alice Cooper	Tennis Manager
Louise Widrin	Swimming Manager

Lower Row:

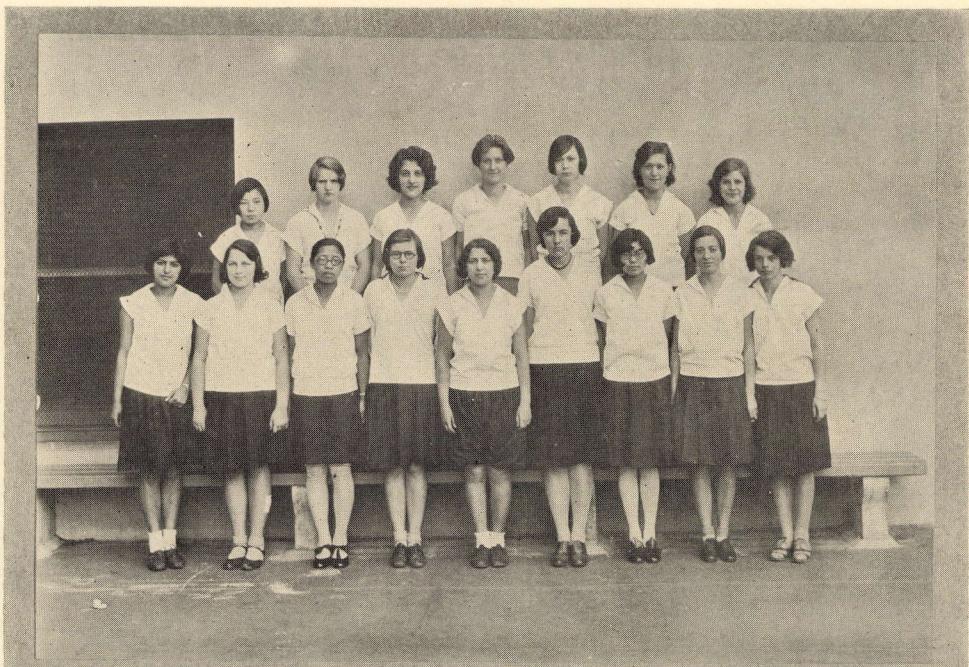
Audre Wilson	Volleyball Manager
Eleanor Kopf	Baseball Manager
Mildred Rignell	President
Janet McLean	Speedball Manager
Catherine Warren	Secretary

UPPER DIVISION VOLLEY BALL



LOWER DIVISION VOLLEY BALL

SWIMMING TEAM



SPEEDBALL TEAM

UPPER DIVISION TENNIS



LOWER DIVISION TENNIS

*Friends of
lucky & success
please to see your
working at ~~at~~ at the city of Paris
meets*





THAT DOG OF MINE

They say my dog has lots of fleas
And breathes in jerks, has palsied knees,
Is full of mange, and got the sneeze;
But still he's mine.

They say he's stiff as any bat,
That he's afraid of ev'ry cat,
That he don't know where he is at,
Most of the time.

But still I feel in honor bound
To spread his virtues world around,
And save him from the cru-el pound
Because he's mine.

In truth, my dog is all run down.
He's never licked a dog in town.
I'm almost 'shamed to tote him 'roun',
And yet he's mine.

And every day he gets three feeds;
I cater to his earthly needs.
It is a care-free life he leads,
'Cause he is mine.

I let him sleep on my soft bed,
And on the pillow rest his head.
He'll have a tombstone when he's dead,
That dog of mine.

Jane Lewis, June '33.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Too much fun,
Too much sport,
Nothing done,
"F" report.

Beverly Hoffman, June '33.



ONCE IN A LIFETIME

A Tragedy in Three Scenes.

SCENE I.

Scene: The home of Susie Senior. *Time:* 4:00 A. M.

The stage is in darkness when the curtain rises.

Susie Senior: (in a sleepy voice) Hey, ma! What time is it?

Mother: Sh! It's only four. Go to sleep. You've two hours yet. (Curtain).

SCENE II.

Scene is the same as Scene I. *Time:* 5:00 A. M.

Susie Senior: Hey, ma! One of the rags outa my hair has come off. What'll I do with it?

Mother: Leave it off. And *do* go to sleep! You'll have big circles under your eyes. (Curtain).

SCENE III.

Same as Scene I. *Time:* 5:30 A. M.

Susie Senior: Hey, ma! Don't you think I'd better get up now? Oh, gosh! Did you remember to get my sucker?

Mother: (sighing) Maybe you'd better. Yes, dear, I got your sucker last night. It's on the table.

Susie Senior: (jumping out of bed and running to the table. She stops short) Oh, mother! It's only seven inches across! I said *eight*. And it's orange, and I'm wearing a *pink* dress. (bursts into tears.)

Mother: (soothingly) I'm sorry darling, but that's the best mother could do. That's a brave girl! Here, put on your dress, and I'll comb your hair. (Susie Senior puts on dress. Mother combs hair amid shrieks and cries.)

Susie Senior: Ouch, mother, you're pulling it! (anxiously) Is it going to curl?

Mother: Yes, dear, it looks lovely.

Susie Senior: Do you think it would look better in pigtails?

Mother: No, I think it looks very nice this way.

Susie Senior: Hurry, mother, it's nearly 8 o'clock. Oh, there's Jane now! Sis, run down and see if it's Jane. Oh-h-h! Where's the button hook? (She runs distractedly around with one shoe on.) Oh, it *is* Jane! Where's my coat? Oh, good bye, everybody! (Exit Susie leaving camera, doll, sucker, and other shoe on the dresser.)

Mother: (wearily) Thank goodness, Pigtail Day comes only once in a lifetime! (Curtain)

ELISABETH MULLER, June '30.



MY CAREER

I dreamed of being a poet
To sing of trees and brooks;
I longed to be an author
And publish my wonderful books.
I'd thought of being a nurse,
So soothing, so helpful, I'd be;
I'd even convinced myself
That teaching was meant—for me.
Day dreams, and night dreams, and pipe dreams,
Nightmares disturbed my career.
I thought if I just said, "Presto,"
Whatever I wished would appear.
But now that I'm leaving high school,
To me it is all very plain
That my poems are nothing but trash,
And my stories folks disdain.
I drive the sick to madness,
And children I seem to bore.
The only thing left for me to do
Is work in a ten cent store.

Winifred Noland, June '30.

THE HAVEN

The library is a pleasant place
In which to sit and stare in space,
To look at books but not to see,
And to forget geometry.
For one whole period just to loll
Nor exercise the brain at all.
To blankly gaze with innocent face—
The library's *such* a pleasant place!

Luda Jarrell, June '32.

You have two hands; one's long and thin;
The other's short and out of place.
Your head is flat and round in front;
You have a pallid face.
Some say you're just an ornament,
While others jeer and mock;
But, though your face stands on your legs,
We love you dearly, cuckoo clock.

Marian Gazis.



THE SENIOR

Blessings on thee in thy might,
Senior lass who's always right;
With thy air of poise and grace
Sophistication on thy face;
With thy pack of unread books,
Caring more for clothes and looks;
With thy splendid alibis
For being late—and twice-told lies,
In our hearts is one sweet tune,
"We'll all be seniors, some day soon."

We all will be—don't you forget—
High and mighty seniors yet.
Through a glorious term we'll dally,
Being in the Senior Rally,
Disregarding teachers' rules,
Wishing that there ne'er were schools;
Welcoming the freshies green
With our attitude serene.
Then, when all the rest is past,
We *might* graduate—at last.

Marian Gazis, Dec. '30.

REPORT CARDS

Report cards make an awful fuss.
They're really quite a bore.
To tell the truth, I can't make out
Just what we get them for.
They only keep us worried.
And nearly give us fits;
I'd give a million dollars
Just to tear mine into bits.

Beverly Hoffman, June '33.

He was leading me a merry chase . . . he on his white steed and I on Starlight, my Arabian pony. "I'll get you yet," he called after me time and time again. I looked over my shoulder and laughed. He was no nearer. Finally, out of breath and very flushed, I came to a stop. He dismounted and stood beside me.

"Please take this ring," he said, as he handed me a plain gold band. First I hesitated; then I took the gold ring. It entitled me to another ride on the merry-go-round.

Ann Breslauer, June '30.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS OF A FACULTY MEETING

IT is Tuesday afternoon, and the faculty is assembled in Room 112 to discuss what features there should be in a bigger and better Girls High School. As Mr. Danforth is at a principals' meeting, Miss Daniel is presiding.

Miss Daniel: Let us consider the business that was the cause of this meeting. Who would like to begin the discussion?

Miss Armer: I think the new Girls High should come up to my long uttered standard of an ideal school.

Miss Ward: I suggest that in the new building every student have a private room, and that each do his studying alone, for that is what they do at Oxford University.

Miss Castlehun: I move that the new Girls High have an art gallery.

Miss Cleaveland: Second the motion.

Miss Daniel: It has been regularly moved and seconded that the new Girls High be equipped with an art gallery. All those in favor signify in the usual manner. Opposed? The motion is defeated.

Miss de Bernardi: I suggest that the girls be forced to buy Journals.

Mr. Dupuy: Madam Chairman, that last suggestion was out of order. The discussion is not what the students should or should not do, but rather what features would be desirable in the bigger and better Girls High School.

Miss de Bernardi: (to Miss Hesselberg) I knew he'd find something the matter with what I said. Isn't that maddening? They shouldn't let him attend the meetings. He's too fussy.

Miss Jacobs: I suggest the new Girls High be equipped with private dressing rooms with built in cabinets for smocks and toothbrushes.

Mrs. Bickel: I move that in the new Girls High we have a new engineer and a better ventilating system, that I have the exclusive right to run this ventilating system, and that all the windows be kept open in all the rooms all the time.

Miss Cleaveland: Second the motion.

Miss Burke: I object on the grounds that, if that is done, the girls will get pneumonia.

Mr. Dupuy: Madam Chairman, the last speaker was out of order. Kindly take a vote.

Miss Daniel: All those in favor? Opposed? The motion is defeated. Any other suggestions?

Miss Poppic: I suggest that the new Girls High have a stable attached and plenty of saddle horses so that those of us who enjoy riding (including myself) may do so without the inconvenience of going to Golden Gate Park.

Mr. Dupuy: Was that in the form of a motion?

Miss Poppic: If you had been listening, you would have heard me say, "I suggest." I don't move anything; I'm not a furniture mover.

Mr. Dupuy: But . . .

Miss Reeves: Madam Chairman, will you kindly restore order.

Miss Daniel: Mr. Dupuy, your last remark was OUT OF ORDER. SILENCE! ! ! (bangs gavel denting Miss McKinley's desk).

Miss McKinley: (in a meek little voice) This suggestion may be out of order, but, Miss Daniel, please don't hit my desk so hard. It will be so bumpy that I won't be able to write legibly on it.

Miss Daniel: Has anyone else any suggestions to make on our original topic?

Miss Poppic: I have . . .

Mr. Dupuy: According to Roberts' Rules of Order, page 950, no one may speak a second time until everyone has spoken, unless by general consent of the assembly.

Miss Poppic: But this isn't the second time I am speaking. I was rudely interrupted by Mr. Dupuy last time. I suggest—NOT MOVE—that the new Girls High School be equipped with garages for us to park our cars so that the street won't be all blocked up and—

Miss Daniel: One moment please, Miss Poppic. Will Miss Bovard and Miss Stark kindly refrain from discussing who weighs the most? I should judge that they both weigh the same, although Miss Stark may be a little heavier than Miss Bovard. If they will come with me to the gym after this meeting, I shall weigh them both and settle this question permanently. Continue, Miss Poppic.

Miss Poppic: Inasmuch as the object of this meeting seems to be to see who can interrupt the most, I shall refrain from speaking.

Mr. Dupuy: Whooppee!!!!

Miss Daniels: OUT OF ORDER!!!!

Miss Oakes: I move that the new Girls High School be equipped with stables of saddle horses, a garage, and an oil and gas station.

Miss Cleaveland: Second the motion.

Miss Daniel: It has been regularly moved and seconded that the new Girls High School be equipped with stables of saddle horses, a garage, and an oil and gas station. All those in favor signify in the usual manner. Opposed? The motion is defeated.

Mrs. Baer: I move that the new Girls High be equipped with a beauty parlor.

Miss Cleaveland: Second the motion.

Miss Daniel: All those in favor? Opposed? The motion is defeated.

Miss Jones: I suggest that the new Girls High have enlarged closets for individual confidences.

Miss Daniel (aside): Miss Burke, I am getting a sore throat. What'll I do?

Miss Burke: Gargle three times a day with iodine.

Miss Browning: I move the meeting be adjourned inasmuch as it is now 3:45.

Miss Cleaveland: Second the motion.

Miss Daniel: All those in favor? Opposed? The motion is defeated.

Mrs. Wilson: I suggest an annex just for the International Club.

Miss Lee: I move . . .

Mr. Offield: Now when I was a boy . . .

Mr. Dupuy: Out of order.

Miss Sullivan: I suggest that the new Girls High be equipped with a golf course.

Miss Pettit: I consider a tulip garden and an artificial lake a necessity in the new Girls High.

Miss Rosenberg: I move the new Girls High be equipped with a tea room just for the gym department.

Miss Cleaveland: Second the motion.

Mr. Dupuy: Miss Cleaveland, are you being paid to second all the motions made?

Miss Daniel: OUT OF ORDER!!!

Miss Cleaveland: For a parliamentarian, you seem to be out of order a good deal.

Miss Dougherty: I move we have a special policeman for the "caf."

Mrs. Higgins: I move that every married teacher have a private telephone connected with her favorite butcher shop.

Miss Daniel: ORDER!! It has been regularly moved that . . . What's the matter with them? Oh! Oh! Oh! Let's all move out of building! (AND THEY MOVED!)

Elsa Magnus, June '32.
Georgina Ebner, June '32.

TRYING TO THINK

I tried to write as a writer should,
But the more I tried the less I could;
So I took my pen and dipped it again;
But the ink rolled off and left the pen.
Says the pen to the ink, "I should like to stroll,
But all you do is blot and roll;
So back to the bottle you'll go in a flash;
You haven't done much, but you surely can splash!"

Virginia Douglas Bruce, June '32.





FRESHMEN AREN'T FRESHMEN ANY MORE

Do you remember the good old days
When freshmen wore short socks,
With huge pink bows upon their curls
And ribbons on their frocks?
They used to wander timidly
And shy—from floor to floor.
'Tis sad, but true, all these have gone.
Those freshmen aren't freshmen any more.

Fine silken hose to cover their knees,
A windblown, if you please.
A little powder, a touch of rouge,
A pair of high-heeled shoes,
A worldly look upon the face,
No awkwardness, but dainty grace.

"They're surely strange," the seniors found.
The juniors stopped and looked around;
The sophs stood rooted to the ground;
Then each one gave a long, deep sigh;
And let a tear drop from her eye.
Betwixt dismay and awe they're torn—
"Those freshmen aren't real," they mourn.

Luda Jarrell, June '32.

SACRIFICE

When the golden sun comes streaming
O'er the grassy lea,
When her keen eyes are beaming
Across the net at me,
Then how I hate to think
Of dashing off to class,
Stopping on the brink
Of winning from this lass
Who's always been too much for me
To conquer on that grassy lea.

Virginia Wright, June '32.



THE JOURNAL PRIMER

Editor's Note: These selections have been chosen with great care. They will not only teach the young readers how to read, but will also instill some of the beauty of life into their young souls. When they finish these simply told, though charming stories, they will have a fuller view of life as it is, bounteous, generous, beautiful.

A GOOD DEED

Mary hates her brother. Her brother's name is John. When Mary goes to sit down, John either pulls the chair from under her or puts fly paper on the chair. Once upon a time he put fly paper on the chair. Mary had on a pink sateen dress. She sat on the chair. Mama saw the dress and the paper afterwards. She made John go to school. This was punishment. Wasn't mama a good lady to do such a good deed?

THE NAUGHTY MAMA

One day Suzie had nothing to do. She saw the baby. Suzie had some gum. The baby didn't have any. So Suzie put the gum in the baby's hair. When mama saw it, she spanked Suzie and kissed the baby. Naughty mama to hurt Suzie. Ugly baby to make Suzie get spanked.

THE GUN

"There is a gun in papa's den. Let's play we're hunters in Africa. Charlie will put soot and stove polish on his face. He will be the savage. Bobby will shoot him. First Bobby must see if the gun is loaded. Point the little hole at papa's favorite lamp, Bobby. Then push the little trigger at the other end. O-o-oh! Hide the lamp's pieces, Charlie, before papa comes. He might not like his lamp in a lot of pieces, even if it looks as if there were more lamp."

THE CIGAR

"There is papa's brand-new nickel cigar. Smoke it, Dan, and see if it makes you sick. I don't think it will. You are a big boy now. Did you burn your finger with the match? That's it! Puff some more. How funny, Dan! You are turning green. Here comes papa. Put the cigar in papa's hat. Now you are turning purple. I will tell papa you are turning into a rainbow. Then he will not use his slipper on you."

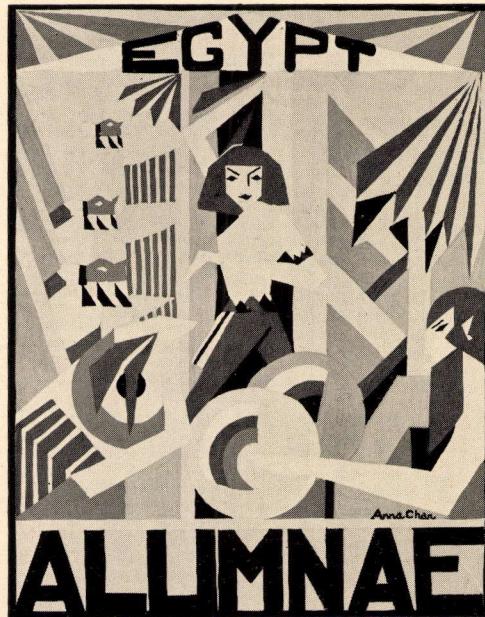
Ann Breslauer, June '30.

KNOW, YE WORLD, THAT—

Elizabeth Abernethy was always at the head of her class. (Alphabetically.)
Bernice Abrams is the faculty's fond niece.
Bernice Alexander is often mistaken for a Kanaka.
Lillias Arnold once lost three pounds. (Where?)
Edith Arnstein's favorite game is "Truth".
Eva Bailey's highest award was a detention slip.
Beverly Bercovich is "Miss Extravagance" of the school.
Consuelo Bley's destiny is to be a night club hostess.
Olga Bloesch's secret ambition is to have a picture of every movie star.
Ann Breslauer has never had an embarrassing moment . . . she smokes Murads.
Marie Brough has applied for a position in a Kiddie Revue.
Helen Brown is late every morning without exception.
Mary Brucia cleaned her locker once in four years.
Charlotte Burt absent-mindedly carried the 'phone book to school one day.
Olga Calestini is a professional eye-roller for the benefit of teachers.
Lorraine Cantor's favorite game is "Post-office".
Mary Chan likes to be a good sport.
Ruth Cohen was once allowed to clean the gum off the desks in 105.
Carol Cole never combs her hair less than fifteen times a day.
Ida Cook expects to be a chemist. (When?)
Laurice Corey played "I spy" every fifth period this term.
Naomi Cornell enjoys eating lollipops.
Claire Cosgrove is going to be a fat lady in a circus.
Frances Creel was worthy president of the Ladies' Uplift Organization.
Donna Crofts was asked this term if she were a freshman.
Louise Dabovich was honored at a "Pink Tea Party" in the Gym.
Margaret Dalton is the most unobtrusive girl in seven counties.
Doris De Grancourt expects to get recs in gym.
Dorothy De Lano's longest hike was from the gym to 204 in two minutes.
Madge Donovan arrived on time two days in one term.
Sophie Dreier will be a famous specialist *some day*.
Ruth Easton loves to play "Tap the Finger".
Florence Edstrand has the tiniest feet in the world.
Frances Ferrari is tired of orchids. (Her family has a conservatory.)
Babette Frank has had more colds than any other member of the senior class.
Alice Freiermuth wants to be a second Joan Lowell.
Lucille Gaillac is going to raise twins.
Dorothy Giles has been offered a position as a mannequin.
Mary Jane Gilmore's main occupation is gum-chewing.
Helen Goodman has won the title of "General Nuisance" in G. H. S.
Ethel Goss is not outdone by Little Eva when it comes to crying.

Rose Gursky excels in playing "Ten Pins."
Miriam Gutstadt nearly got caught in the rec during the overlap.
Louise Hall should be executed for saying, "Hello, dearie!"
Edna Hallgren wears pink and red.
Clara Hamilton claims she is *not* a strawberry blonde.
Eunice Hammond's most exciting experience was studying the wrong lesson.
Delores Hayes has a most unique hair cut.
Thelma Helbush takes the prize for wearing the highest heels in G. H. S.
Ruth Hiller worries about lessons. Such originality!
Jean Hitch has never been taken for a senior.
Eleanor Hoffman will be an antique dealer.
Helen Hontalas asks every day, "Where is my Joe *Harro* middy?"
Dorothy Hueter's most startling feature is her long earrings.
Evelyn James has a mania for playing "Follow the Leader".
Myrtle Johanson sings this—"Here we are, Mike and Ike—"
Virginia Johanson answers with, "Some folks say we look alike."
Ethel Johnson missed her dinner so as to hear the Rudy Vallee hour.
Lillian Johnson takes pride in her new permanent wave.
Dorothy Kain has now learned to sew buttons on her gym bloomers.
Katherine Keith is going to raise stuffed teddy bears (if she grows up.)
Madelyn Kelly's greatest joy in life is making baby clothes.
Rosemarie Kiernan's highest honor was to be "Teachers' Pet".
Virginia Kolias encourages concertina playing for popularity.
Elizabeth Kozono is busy preparing to enter a Beauty Contest.
Helen Kroekel's highest honor was to be allowed to move the garbage cans.
Thelma Kruger plays "One Foot Off the Gutter" every night.
Estelle Lange puts her hair up in "kids" every evening.
Marjorie Ledyard won the national championship for banister sliding.
Marjorie Lewis' avocation is having operations. (Good luck to you, Marj.)
Mary Lewis has a reputation for being A. W. O. L. from school. (Oh yeah?)
Myrna Little is going to be a second Pavlowa.
Catheryn Lutich's skirt was almost shortened for her by loving friends.
Carola Mack was chosen to do a Butterfly Dance in a May Day pageant.
Vera Macklin swam the English Channel with Gertrude Ederle. (Sez she!?)
Fredonia Magruder's embarrassing moment is none of our business.
Agnes McCulloch's favorite game is "Honeymoon Bridge".
Irene Messersmith forgot and said "Messersmith" instead of "Metherthmith".
Dorothy Michalek is the sky violet of G. H. S.
Arvid Miller can now take a P. G. with "Walter" at Redwood City High.
Dorothy Moss' boy friends mistake Schlitzie for Dorothy and take her out.
Elisabeth Muller kept one page of the "Mirror" intact before publication.
Chizu Nakagawa once climbed a tree.
Isabel Nasser put twenty-five (25) cents in the bank.
Winifred Noland wants to be a Campfire Guardian; she'll be a Scout Leader.

Zora Ostrow studies the reaction of entertainment (on the teachers' faces.)
Mireille Piazzoni saved enough caf stools for her friends twice.
Agnes Pinnick diligently opened the door of the Teachers' Lunchroom.
Helen Pistey was once a wrapper (?) in the Emporium.
Geraldine Pitts says she's Queen of the Dust. Name it and you can have it.
Harriett Price went on a five mile errand for Mrs. Higgins.
Ernestine Raas is just one of these "blah" girls we can't put anything for.
Cecelia Rhine's narrowest escape was her escape from Napa.
Mildred Rignell was nominated U. S. president, after which Miss Clark discovered that Lincoln had not yet been assassinated.
Grace Roche is partial to chicken both as food and amusement.
Carol Ruben has a license for teaching small children to swear.
Doris Ryder hiked from her seat to front of room during Shakespeare test.
Eileen Salomon adores playing "Old Maid" and indulges frequently.
Frieda Salzmann is getting farsighted from trying to get "A" in exes.
Marie Schmidt is developing into an ogre from guarding people's lunches.
Thelma Seraille enjoys playing "Take Away".
Helen Shingle nearly slept with Davy Jones.
Jocelyn Siem frequents side shows in search of lost relatives.
Alice Small was appointed guardian of the orang-outang at Fleishacker's.
Pauline Spiro aids Miss Pettit in club activities. (See Cretin Club.)
Lorraine Spottiswood sat on a man's lap (in a street car.) Fie! Fie!
Anita Sullivan received a blue ribbon for winning a skooter race.
Elsie Teermeyer craves dandelion salad.
Florence Tham apple-polishes—and how!
Aileen Thomas' most embarrassing moment was meeting her freshman.
Arlene Tobias plays "Ring Around the Rosy".
Dorothy Trefz eats carrots to make her hair curly.
Betsey Van Vechten nearly grew a beard so as to be masculine for the rally.
Grace Varellas is just another one of *those* equestriennes.
Olga Von Klitzing is a perfect squad leader.
Clara Wallinger sets the newest fashions in "buns".
Dorothy Weidberg's most amusing thing done was trying to be funny.
Doris Weinstrom cut school, only to meet some teachers at the beach. (?)
Lois White's ambition is to be an actress.
Bernice Wilson had the honor of taking Constructive English.
Lucile Wood is one of the three members of the "Slide-Rule Club".
Frances Wright's most worthy task has been to erase boards.
California Young will be missed in Girls High as a prize winner.
Antoinette Zellerbach brings the best lunches to school. We love you, Tony.



THEN AND NOW

In eighteen hundred sixty-four
Girls had to pass "exams" galore.
Having an interest in Lincoln's election,
They all got by with great perfection.

In nineteen hundred zero six
The "exes" all were full of tricks.
To the fish pond all the girls would go.
And there their knowledge great would grow.

In nineteen thirty . . . which is now,
The "exes" are, you know, "a wow".
In their last term girls dilly dally
And then try out for Senior Rally.

Mary Ross, Dec. '31.



Miss Rosenberg
Miss Kennedy
Miss Pettit

Miss Kissane

Miss Pettit
Miss Flynn
Miss Jones



Helen Kraeckel
Helen Shingle
Doris Ryder
Elizabeth Abernethy

Dorothy Kain
Lorraine Spottiswood
Lillias Arnold

Dorothy Giles
Agnes McCulloch

Dorothy Hueter
Babette Frank
Estelle Lange
Cecilia Rhine



Winifred Noland
Lucille Gaillac
Ethel Johnson
Pauline Spiro

Catherlyn Lutich
Carola Mack
Louise Dahovich

Geraldine Pitts
Miriam Gutstadt
Arvid Miller

Dear Bernie

It hem you get
married. I hope you do
get a crazy husband. You're
truly
Evelyn

FOR TWO CREDITS

We needed two more credits.
We had to have them, too.
We tried to think of anything
We possibly could do.

A girl friend said, "Piano!"
"g, f, . . . e, d, . . . b, a!"
But that meant Greek to both of us,
For neither one could play.

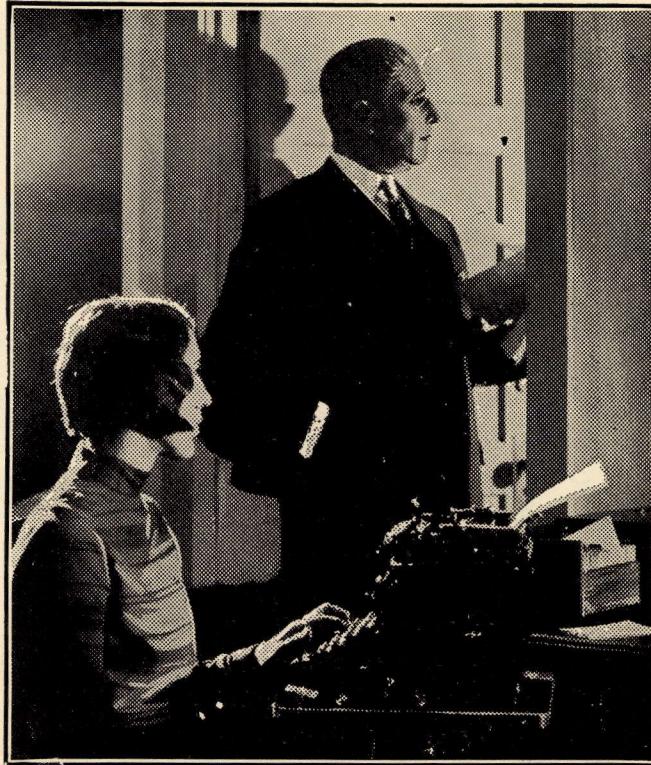
"Lit'rary section of the Journal!"
There came no dawning light.
T'was not a bit of help at all
As neither one could write.
"Art section of the Journal!"
O heavens! any more?
For that was quite impossible
As neither one could draw.

"Could either of you do office work
And through the halls make marches?"
There one of us would surely shirk
Or die from fallen arches.

Some one said, "The library!"
T'was there we tried our skill.
We earned at last two credits
O boy! We got a thrill.

Mary Mayer, Dec. '32.

Dear Bernie,
You keep your shirt on.
Your Cousin
Muriel Zecker



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Dear Bernice,

You asked me to write something long, but I haven't the least idea what to say. I certainly have enjoyed it in sales, but won't forget what I have in your friendship + this continues. That is, not only do I hope that you will be seeing different kinds of work this week and then (maybe) and then (maybe) a salesman, or saleswoman or you. I think

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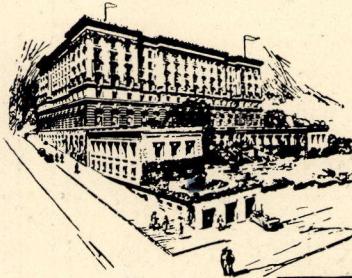
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Dear Bernice

One day when I was sweeping
I heard Bernice weeping.
Because her mother would not
let her go with her brother
I wish you good luck
Your friend Anita

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my dear little girl
I really don't know what
to write, but here it goes. See
Bernice if you get up to "Rees"
don't forget to stop me at home
and tell me where all is now
I expect to see you.

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kind of history sole yester
March*

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Dear Bernice:
All I want to say
is to remember the one
who sat in front of you in
History and who helped to fool
away time in "Red" Angelia
Buccaloo

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Con molto amore
do una amica
Fily Boggatti

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Best Wishes and
Loads of love to
Bernice and Dorothy Travers

I thought and thought
in vain and thought
I'd never thought
I'd sign my name
Lotsa love
to a salesmanship
friend Grizzly

Dear Bernice "Barnie"

See, you want me to write a whole page, I just wrote one, gotta write 3 more (It's impossible) Wish I was witty so I could fill this whole page up with wise cracks, but I'm not so I'll give you a very sensible little speech. See I'm seagling (I dont know how to spell) just thinking about Mr. Planforth walking in while I was having Physical "Cs" (I always get the "bum" breaks) I dont want to take restrictions but I do hope you'll be in a lot of my classes. I wish you all the love, luck, success and happiness in the world

Love

Alalores

P.S. Interruption →

Don't forget I wrote
on another page.

Hope you'll send
me some postcard
for my ~~vacation~~ collection
in vacation Dolores.



