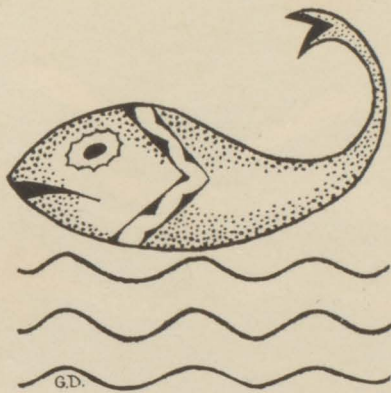
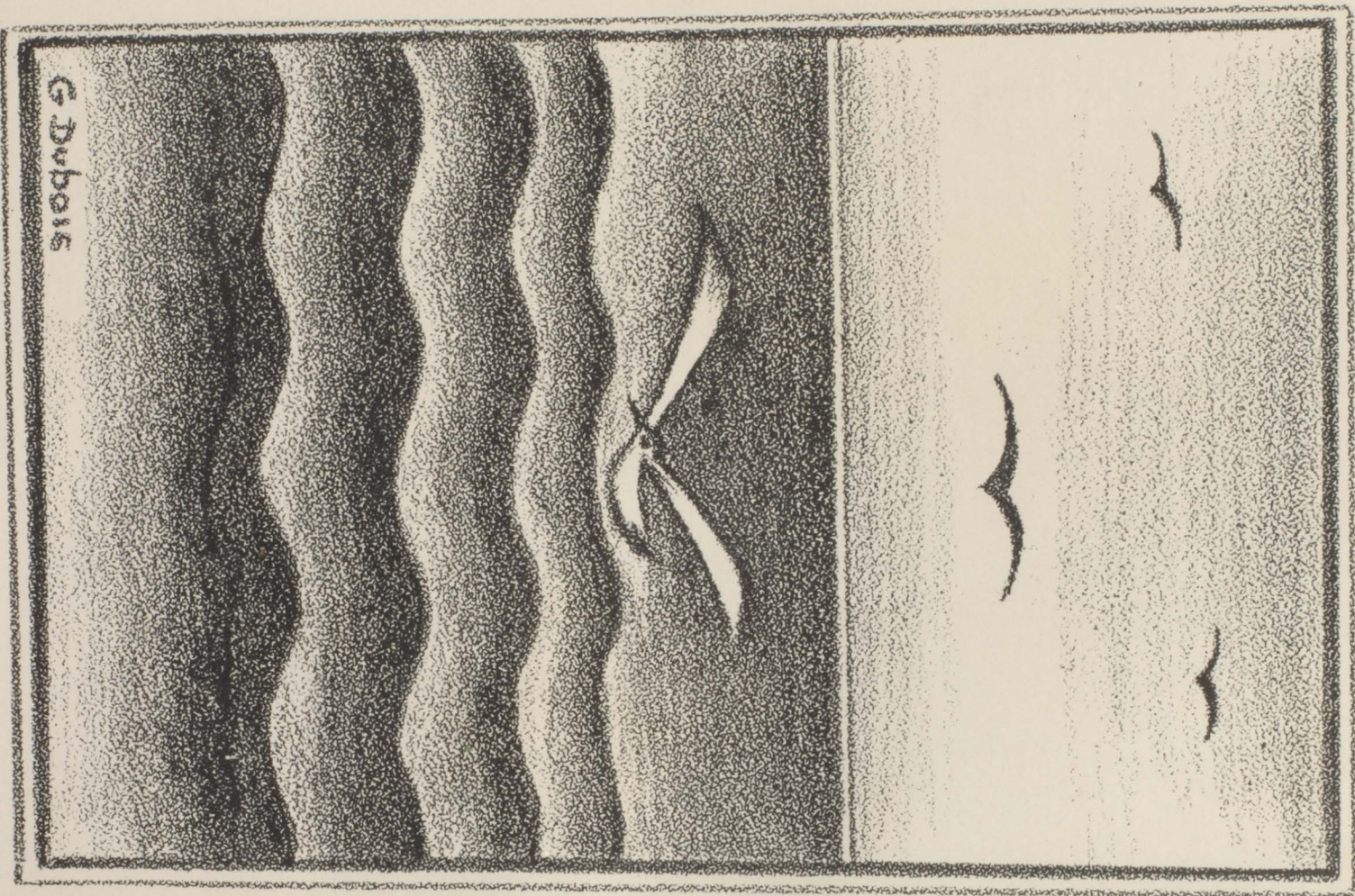


THE JOURNAL

Published by
Students of The Girls High School



San Francisco, California
December 1930



G. Dubois

*To the Sea, above whose wide expanse majestically sail the
aeroplane and the dirigible
Bringing the nations of the earth nearer and nearer in
closer bonds of fellowship and faith;
To the Sea, through whose broad billows plow the ocean
greyhounds
Carrying citizens and products from one country to another;
To the Sea, below whose placid and sometimes turbulent
waters live the denizens of the marine world,
Creatures of fin and shell whose lives are sacrificed that
others may live;
To the Sea, whose unruly nature has been the despair and
fascination
Of the diver, the ice patrol, the seaman, and the life-guard;
To the Sea, whose secrets the scientist strives to discover
for the good of mankind;
To the Sea, in whose variable moods the dreamer and the
poet find solace and pleasure;
To the majestic and ever changeable sea that increases the
wealth and enhances the beauty of our city and state—
To you, O Sea, Girls High dedicates this book.*

Hattie H. Jacobs.

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‘ ‘

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Foreword

THIS Journal is representative of a successful venture on the part of the school authorities of San Francisco. All the ties of convention have been cast aside in establishing Girls High as the first six year high school on the Pacific Coast, and we have responded to the trust placed in us by our renewed energy in the support of the school. Time brings many changes; and this, we believe, is a very important one for the better. It shall be the point at which we stop our steady climb upward to take the final strong leap which will carry us to the top.

And there, from our height, we shall see new and broader fields in which to expand. Looking away to the distance, we shall behold stretched out before us the mighty sea, eternal and changeless emblem of power; and from it we shall take new strength to guide us to perfection.



Appreciation

THE Journal Club wishes to take this opportunity of expressing publicly its appreciation to Miss Jacobs, literary adviser; Miss McDermott, art adviser; and Miss de Bernardi, business adviser. We also wish to thank Miss Rosenberg for her assistance in photographing, as it is through her kindness that we are able to print most of the snaps that appear in this book.



Faculty

MR. CHARLES C. DANFORTH	Principal
MISS LAURA DANIEL	Vice-Principal, Head of Mathematics Department
MRS. LORNA ANDERSON	Music, English
MISS RUTH C. ANDERSON	Commercial
MISS EVELYN D. ARMER	Head of English Department
MRS. ROSE BAER	Social Science
MISS FRANCES-ELLEN BAKER	Commercial
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MISS ALICE DE BERNARDI	Social Science, Spanish
MISS MARGARET DOUGHERTY	Science
MR. EDWARD DUPUY	Public Speaking, French
MISS HELEN FLYNN	English
MISS TILLIE HESSELBERG	Head of Social Science Department
MRS. MINNETTE KER HIGGINS	English, Commercial
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MISS HATTIE H. JACOBS	English
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MISS MAURINE C. KENNEDY	English
MISS AILEEN KISSANE	Social Science
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY	Household Arts
MISS ESTHER S. LEE	Mathematics
MISS ESTELLE MALONEY	English
MISS MARY W. MEEHAN	Commercial
MISS MAGDALENA MICHEL	Library
MISS FLORENCE MORGAN	<i>Florence M. Morgan</i> Household Arts and Science
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MRS. MARY McGLADE	Music
MR. THOMAS A. McGLYNN	Drawing
MISS MARIE McKINLEY	Mathematics
MR. L. L. NOLIN	Social Science, Mathematics
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MISS MURIEL PETTIT	Science
MISS CLARA POPPIC	Science
MISS EDNA M. REEVES	Science
MISS HELEN ROSENBERG	Physical Education
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MR. ERNESTO SALZMANN	French, Spanish
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MISS CLARA STARK	Social Science, Latin
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN	Household Arts
MRS. LAURA THARP	Physical Education, Drama
MISS HELEN VILLALPANDO	Spanish, French
MISS EMMELINA DE TH. WALKER	Italian, Spanish
MISS LYDIA E. WALKER	Italian, Spanish
MISS SHIRLEY WARD	Science
MISS LENAMAE WILLIAMS	Drama, English
MRS. ALICE WILSON	French, Spanish
MRS. JOANNE B. HOFFMAN	Secretary

This semester we welcome into the faculty of Girls High School Mrs. Lorna Anderson, Miss Ruth C. Anderson, Miss Frances-Ellen Baker, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bray, Mrs. Eva B. Cann, Mr. Peter T. Comny, Mr. L. L. Nolin, Mrs. Nelle T. O'Neill, Miss Roberta O'Rourke, and Miss Helen Villalpando.



*Good Luck
to our Son Boy '90*



*Sincerely
Edna*



*Just
Bernice*

*Sincerely
Jaqueline*

Florence Johanson Jaqueline Hirsch Edna Rhea
Bernice Zak Robin Alberti Florence Stone Dorothy McFadden

- Jaqueline Hirsch President
- Florence Johanson Vice-President
- Edna Rhea Secretary
- Robin Alberti Treasurer
- Florence Stone Sergeant-at-Arms
- Bernice Zak Cheer Leader
- Dorothy McFadden Cheer Leader

Alberti, Robin Viola

Class Secretary, S'30
Class Treasurer, F'30
Spanish Club



Bradford, Phyllis Ethel

Spanish Club



Anspach, Dorothy Augusta

Class Representative
International Club
Glee Club



Brough, Elizabeth L.

Class Secretary
S. P. A.



Ballen, Gertrude Marilyn

President, Jazz Band
Captain, Drill Team
Spanish Club



Cantor, Helene Isabelle

S. P. A.
Care and Culture Club
Dancing Club



Bareilles, Jacqueline M.

S. P. A.



Chan, Anna M.

Glee Club
International Club



Blankenship, Louise Mary

Jill Tars



Chan, May

International Club



Good Luck

Robin

*Best wishes
and success
to my lovely
pals
Dorothy*

*Loads of luck
to a lovely
classmate
Jackie*

*Keep smiling
you're
lovely*

Cooper, Alice

Class Vice-President
S. P. A.
Journal Club



Gazis, Marian E.

Journal Club
Glee Club
Dramatic Club

Fairbanks, Frances

Care and Culture Club
Banking Club
Spanish Club



Giovanetti, Aileen M.

Italian Club
S. P. A.

Fisher, Dorothy Jane

Class President, S'30
S. P. A.
German Club



Halvorsen, Irma Alice

Drill Team
S. P. A.

Fishtrom, Mae Corinne

Class Secretary
Class Vice-President
Spanish Club



Haran, Mary Elizabeth

Vice-President, S. P. A.
Journal Club
Historian

Frank, Lucille Frances

International Club



Harper, Alice

*lots of love
to dear Poney
that's just it
"Poney"*

*Poney. I wish you
much success in the
future Dorothy*

*Lucille
Frank
International Club*

Hirsch, Jaqueline J.

French Club
German Club
Class President, F'30



Johnson, Florence Elinor

Student Body President
Class President
Student Body Secretary



Hoberg, Helen Katherine

International Club
German Club



Johnson, Hildur Catherine

Captain Culture Club
S. P. A.
D. M. Team



*lots of luck
and best
wishes 7/12/30*

Iwakiri, Faye

Banking Club
Stagecraft Club



Jung, Lucille

International Club



*Sincerely
Lucille*

*127
124*

Jacob, Renee Alyce

S. P. A.
International Club
French Club



Kayrallah, Katherine L.

S. P. A.
Glee Club
German Club



Johanson, Florence Anita

Class Representative
German Club
Usher Club



Koehn, Adele Madeleine

Spanish Club
Camp Fire
S. P. A.



*General
A. J. + G. P.*

*my
pup
adele*

Koon, Gloria Ransome

Glee Club
German Club
S. P. A.



Lee, Cora

Journal Club
International Club

Lam, Bernice Cheetuen



Lees, Lois

Debating Club
International Club

Lang, Catherine Pauline

Journal Club



Leonard, Lucretia M.

Spanish Club
Care and Culture Club

Lee, Alice M.

International Club



Levin, Mae Joy

Naturalist Club
Garden Club
Glee Club

Lee, Clara Y.

International Club
Glee Club
S. P. A.



Long, Rosalie Luella

Latin Club
Usher Club
History Club

*Love & best wishes for happiness,
Rosalie.*

*Best Wishes
to Anne
Wang & Li*

Longuy, Lucille Marie

S. P. A.
Care and Culture Club
International Club



McGovern, Luella

Orchestra



Mahoney, Lillian Theresa

Debating Club
Stagecraft Club



McGrath, Eleanore Mary

S. P. A.
Drill Team
Spanish Club



Mann, Natalie Alysse

Care and Culture Club
International Club



McLean, Janet

Class Treasurer
S. P. A.



*Let's all have
a good success
back and all the happiness
in the world to
Dorothy. Love
Sister
D30.*

Marx, Florine Louise

Care and Culture Club
Usher Club
Dancing Club



Merrell, Julia Grace

S. P. A.
International Club
Class President



McFadden, Dorothy E.

Class Vice-President
S. P. A.
Class Yell Leader



Meyer, Frances Gloria

President, Spanish Club
S. P. A.
International Club



*Best wishes for
the future,
Frances.*

Meyerfeld, Elinor A.
Journal Club



Ottoboni, Emilia D.
Italian Club

*Sincerely
Emilia*

Minn, Margaret Lois
Banking Club



Peters, Carol Elza

German Club
Naturalist Club
Care and Culture Clubs

*Best wishes
to you
Carol*

Montani, Antoinette
Drill Team



Peterson, Frances L.
Glee Club

*Good luck,
Room in
and very
afterwards!
Aileen
O'Brien*

O'Brien, Aileen Ana
Class Treasurer, S'30
S. P. A.
International Club



Pittsey, Eleanor M.
Glee Club
Cafeteria Commissioner

Oki, Elaine H.
Debating Club
Ushers Club



Poggi, Albina
Drill Team

*History Club
O'Brien
O'Brien*

Prohaska, Antoinette M.

Italian Club
Spanish Club



Robinson, Margaret

S. P. A.
Spanish Club
International Club

Ramm, Beatrice Elizabeth

S. P. A.
Glee Club



Saari, Minnie Lydia

Spanish Club
S. P. A.
International Club

Renner, Eileen Dolley

Usher Club
Care and Culture Club



Scatena, Lucille B.

President, Italian Club
Journal Club
Banking Club

Rhea, Edna Theora

Class Secretary, F'30
Latin Club
Ushers Club



Schenk, Frances Claire

Jazz Band
S. P. A.
Orchestra

Rhine, Leona Dorothy

Care and Culture Club
Ushers Club



Schenck, Edna Veronica

German Club

*Lots of luck
for the future.
I see you lots
after graduation
Love Muggie*

*Dear Annie,
Best wishes
for your future
I hope you will
see a lot of a after
grad.
Love,
Minnie*

*Lots of
good wishes
Edna*

*Best Wishes
for the future
Edna*

*We regret that Marie Satrapinsky's picture does not appear with her class.

*Best wishes for
your future
happiness to a
cute curly head.
Martha Jane.*

Sherwin, Martha Jane
Ushers Club
S. P. A.
Dancing Club



*Drink your tea
Think of me
Drink it hot
Forrest me - not
Taneyo*

Taneyo
Latin Club
Journal Club

Silver, Annie Freeman
Class Secretary
Spanish Club
International Club

*Loads of luck to
a girl I know
and like
your classmate
Emilia*



Taylor, Fay Muriel
Naturalist Club
S. P. A.
International Club

Best Wishes to Annie

Somers, Maude Blair

Ushers Club
Riding Club

*Best Wishes for
success in the
future. Sincerely,
Maude.*



Thomas, Lucille Rose
S. P. A.
Ushers Club

Lucille & Rose

Stone, Florence

President, Spanish Club
President, Journal Club
Scholarship Federation



Thomson, Dorothy V.
Glee Club

Sulon, Lois Marguarite

S. P. A.
Care and Culture Club

*Just the
best of luck
and success
to you Lois*



*Lots of Good
Luck and
Happiness
for the future
Always
Bobby*

Umland, Barbara
Glee Club
Other Club

Wegg, Eloise Loretta
History Club



*Love
and
luck
Eloise*

Wilson, André
President, Orchestra
S. P. A.



Widrin, Louise Frances
S. P. A.
German Club
International Club



*Dear Roony
I hope you have loads
of love & success.
Marguerite.*

Winter, Marguerite Anna
S. P. A.
Drill Team

*Best of wishes
to Camp Fire Sister
Roony*

Wilgus, Rose Emma
S. P. A.
Spanish Club
Drill Team



Wolf, Karolyn Maxine
Dramatic Club
Journal Club

Willard, Dorothy G.
S. P. A.
Drill Team
Jazz Band



Zak, Bernice J.
Class Yell. Leader
Journal Club
S. P. A.

*Wass' tell
your hair grows
straight*

*Laboy
a little
"Imboy" Bernice*

Wilson, Anita Mae
S. P. A.
Ushers Club



Nissim, Flory
President, French Club
International Club

*Love and
best wishes
Anita*

*Halls Anne, someone
has been decorating
my lane. Here's
wishing a real
fine girl the
best of luck
& glory*

Senior Farewell

FOUR years—how long they seem when they lie before one, and how short a time it is when they fade into the past! As freshmen, we looked forward with impatience to the day when we should be seniors; and now that we have reached our goal, we are loath to go on in search of new ideals.

The world is before us, and conquest is in our eyes, but in our hearts there is still the echo of a solemn grief. The years we have spent here were glorious years, and there will be something missing in our lives when we can no longer feel ourselves an active and necessary part of the school. In time, we shall be forgotten here; new classes will overshadow us in importance; but we can never forget the years of laughter and tears, hopes and disappointments that were ours in Girls High.

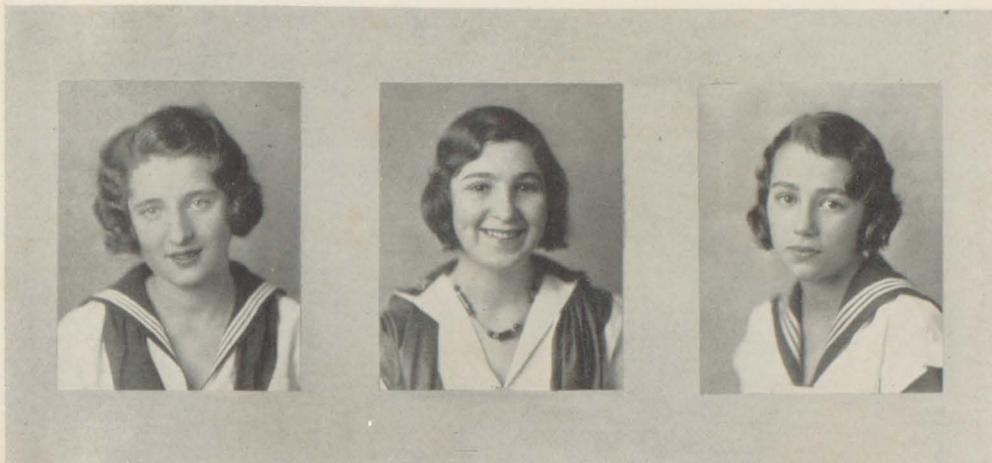
As leaves are torn from the tree to which they have clung to be strewn abroad by a gust of wind, so we are separated from the sturdy trunk, our alma mater, to be scattered far and wide by the rapid whirl of circumstance and event.

But no matter how deep and wide may be the abyss which separates us, the love that we cherish for Girls High will be, through all the years, a magnet that draws each heart close to the other across the gulf of time and space.

SHIPS THAT PASS

Oh, the ships of the sea that meet and salute
Must pass and separate,
To keep their course and make their ports,
Nor e'er their pace abate.

So we live our lives and dream our dreams;
Make friends, and then alas,
Like the ships of the sea that must keep their course,
We can only salute and pass.



HELENE JACOBS

SYLVIA GUTSTADT

JESSIE THOMAIN

Low Twelve Class

REFRESHINGLY original and different is the J'31 Model now on display in the showrooms of G. H. S. This Model has style and distinction and has not been surpassed in making high grades. You can count on the model's reliability and endurance, and you will rejoice in its virile performance. In action it stands out as a success and is one of the most individual types presented at the August opening. Its smooth functioning makes it preeminent in its class, while its pickup is a thing at which to marvel. The Model J'31 has always been dependable, and this year, more than ever, has reached new heights. It is safe to say that Model J'31 will be the success of the year. In a dramatic manner it has already given evidence of its prowess. Its appearance denotes sporting nature, and it is well decorated in standard '31 colors. The radiator cap is an outstanding feature and is in the form of a shield bearing the legend "G.H.S. J'31" in silver and green.

Although the Model is but three and one-half years old, it has established standards of quality and performance far beyond conventional conceptions of present day values. There have been many demands for actual proof of the Model's ability, and from 8:30 to 3:00 each day a corps of willing demonstrators are headed by L. Candau with aides under H. Jacobs, J. Thomain, and C. Seller ready to answer any questions. Never before has a Model of J'31 risen to the pinnacle of success so rapidly; and, if the opening is an indication of what is to follow, all time records will be broken by the Low Twelve Model.



BILLIE CARLETON

SOPHIE PRESCOTT

VALERIE ARNOLD

High Eleven Class

K NOW ALL GIRLS BY THESE PRESENTS, that on this eleventh day of August, A. D. 1930, the High Eleven Class, party of the first part, and Class Spirit, party of the second part, hereby form a partnership, as a one hundred per cent class, to continue until graduation.

Whereas, the said party of the second part did cooperate with the said party of the first part to make Class Day a success,

And Whereas, on this twenty-third day of October, 1930, the party of the first part did present a one act play, "Where But in America," which was duly approved by all those present,

And Further, Whereas, the above mentioned party of the first part hereby reports that with the continued support of the party of the second part, it has been able to have a large representation in clubs, sports, and other school activities, and has shown a high standard of scholarship,

Now, Therefore, it is expressly understood and agreed that to have and to hold the above described honor is the purpose and intention of the party of the first part.

In Witness Whereof, the representatives of the said party of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals.

Witnesses:

Fine Sportsmanship
High Scholarship
Good Citizenship

Sophie Prescott, *President*
Billie Carleton, *Vice-President*
Valerie Arnold, *Secretary*



HELEN HELBUSH

HELEN SKLIRIS

GERALDINE TURNER

Low Eleven Class

CHUG! Chug! Chug!" Up the river of Girls High comes "Show Boat Low Eleven" Troupers, gay, ambitious, talented, each working conscientiously, look eagerly forward to reaching their goal, Port High Eleven.

The trip commences with the election of officers, and the following are chosen: Captain, Helen Skliris; First Mate, Helen Helbush; Second Mate, Geraldine Turner; Third Mate, Alyce Ellis; Pilot, Janice James, and Radio Operator, Neva Peoples.

Port Class Competition is reached, and the first play of the season, "Wurzel Flummery" goes over with a bang! Who has the lead? Why, Adele Singer, of course.

Harken to the calliope sounding success to the members of "Show Boat" who have attained high scholarship.

A storm comes up, and then thunder. A deluge of examinations and hard work almost wrecks the craft. However, the skillful crew guides "Show Boat" carefully out of the storm and into the calm waters of Progress.

Onward the boat travels, always avoiding the bars of trouble and failure. "Swish, swish!" The paddle wheel of good sportsmanship urges the boat forward.

At the mouth of the river, the port, High Eleven, is reached. The boat glides into the harbor triumphantly. The troopers celebrate; then they begin planning for their new journey which will lead them farther into the depths of Girls High River, and finally to the Port of Graduation.



IDA MERRILL

HELEN HAMPTON

GINA LANA

High Ten Class

TWENTY knots an hour—twenty-one! Look at that yacht 'High Ten' skimming through that rough sea!" exclaimed Florence Johnson, the president of G. H. S. "Indeed, at that pace it will soon be here at Senior Port, which we are about to leave. That skiff is swifter, more beautiful, and far better manned than any other yacht sailing the Girls High Sea."

"Their officers are exceedingly efficient," replied a girl beside Florence. "Helen Hampton is the captain, and Gina Lana keeps the log. I also hear that Sophie Skimmel keeps their spirits high."

Another girl who, during this conversation had kept quiet, interrupted them. "They have a great deal of class spirit. Remember, they gave in honor of their crew the play, 'Too Much Bobbie,' which attracted wide attention. Their class seems to excel in dramatic talent. Let me see . . . yes, I remember now that the lead was taken by Ethyl Philips. All through their career at G. H. S. they have shown great initiative, cooperation, service, and great school spirit."

At this juncture a whistle blew summoning the seniors to a meeting. There came a hush, and a rush; then the conversation ended.



ROSE SIEGEL

BETTY LOU DAVIS

DOREEN WATSON

Low Ten Class

A WHISTLE blows, and the girls line up. The ball goes into the air. The game begins, the Low Tens versus the Obstacles. The Low Ten Team, which represents the class, is composed of Betty Lou Davis, captain and forward; Rose Siegel, assistant captain and forward; Doreen Watson, scribe and guard; Lillian Lulich, chancellor of the exchequer and guard; Barbara Tothorh, cheer leader and center; and Beverly Hoffman, representative and center. The Obstacles are Ab Sence, forward; Tardy Ness, forward; Indif Ference, guard; Low Marks, guard; Fail Ure, center; and Insin Cerity, center.

The ball is tapped! A Low Ten gets it! It's passed! Tardy Ness intercepts it! The Low Tens regain it. They score! When a member of the Low Ten team misses the ball, it is because she is thinking of their play, "Sail Right In," a glorious class production. A whistle is heard, and the half is over.

The ball is again tapped! Ab Sence has it! She fumbles, and then recovers. She makes a try for the basket. She misses! A Low Ten gets the ball and now passes it to a center. The Low Ten forward shoots. It's a basket again! Low Mark gets the ball! Tardy Ness has it now. She shoots . . . the ball hovers on the rim of the basket and then drops out!

A whistle blows! The victorious Low Ten team is borne aloft on the shoulders of their class amid the shouts and cheers of the crowd. They are the supreme class, for they have overcome their powerful enemies, the "Obstacles."



SUZETTE RUFER

MURIEL BURROWS

ANGELE HAURAT

High Nine Class

THE good submarine, "High Nine," has been launched in the presence of the Student Body and Faculty of Girls High. Mr. Danforth has broken the bottle of good will on the upper deck. The cheers of the crowd, mingled with the shouts of the crew, are a final sendoff. The submarine sinks into the deep blue waters of the Sea of Education, searching for the goal of one hundred per cent scholarship and citizenship. The captain, Muriel Burrows, and the first mate, Suzette Rufer, are in charge of the ship. Farther and farther through the water the big ship speeds, searching for the goal. Harder and harder becomes the path, but the "High Nine" speeds along without accident.

The captain has sighted the first difficulty! They're dropping the speed of the submarine. They've come to Math, the place where so many ships have stopped, sometimes never to return. A hatch is opened in the side of the ship, and the crew emerges. They go cautiously at first but then begin to take confidence; for their guide is the math teacher, who has been to this place many times. After exploring the wilds of Algebra, the crew is ordered back. When all are aboard, the submarine goes on its way, stopping at such difficult ports as Language, Typing, Science, and Literature, and picking up many things of great value.

They've been sailing for eighteen weeks now. Let's wish them success, so that they'll arrive victorious with their captain at the helm, guiding the ship into the Port of Success.



LOUISE HAAS

BARBARA BRADLEY

MARGARET STRONG

Low Nine Class

ON August 11, 1930 the Low Ninth Grade Transatlantic Airship started off on its maiden flight. Of course we knew the flight would be successful. The pilot, Barbara Bradley, smiled at us and said, "We'll get there bye and bye, with a good record, too." Of course she meant they'd be high seniors in a few more years. The little mechanic, her assistant, Louise Haas, stared straight ahead. She may have been a bit frightened, but she was a good sport and didn't show it.

The airship took off, and the radio operator, Margaret Strong, broadcast the following aims:

L oyalty—to ourselves and others.
O pportunity—we get it at G. H. S.
W ork—we're not afraid of it.

N obility of character—a worthy aim to seek.
I ndustry—we show it in our classes.
N eatness—in work and dress.
E xcellence—in scholarship.
S portsmanship—always."

After sending this message, the plane glided smoothly up the field of education, righting itself after every jolt. The awed crowd in G. H. S. gasped. Upward and onward circled the plane; and, with it, higher and higher soared the Low Nines' ambitions.



LOW EIGHTH GRADE



HIGH EIGHTH GRADE



LOW SEVENTH GRADE



HIGH SEVENTH GRADE

Alumnae

SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION—LIFE MEMBERS, JUNE, 1930.

Bernice Abrams	Marjorie Ledyard	Ernestine Raas
Frances Creel	Mary Lewis	Cecelia Rhine
Babette Frank	Irene Messersmith	Frieda Salzmänn
Madelyn Kelly	Isabel Nasser	Marie Schmidt

HONORS AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Elizabeth Larsh was appointed Women's Editor, and Margaret Friedman, the Copy Editor of the Stanford Daily.

HONORS AT MILLS COLLEGE

Marjorie Moss won the Ardella Mills Prize of \$100 for her piano composition, "Illusion."

HONORS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Rose Terlin was chosen commencement speaker for May 14, 1930.

Virginia Cummings was awarded the Elizabeth Mills Crothers Prize in English literature and highest honors in English.

Nina Wade was given honors in Social Science.

Norma Castle was designated for high honors in French.

Evelyn St. John	} were elected to Delta Sigma Rho, a national forensic society.
Oleta O'Connor	
Rose Terlin	
Elizabeth Wilson	

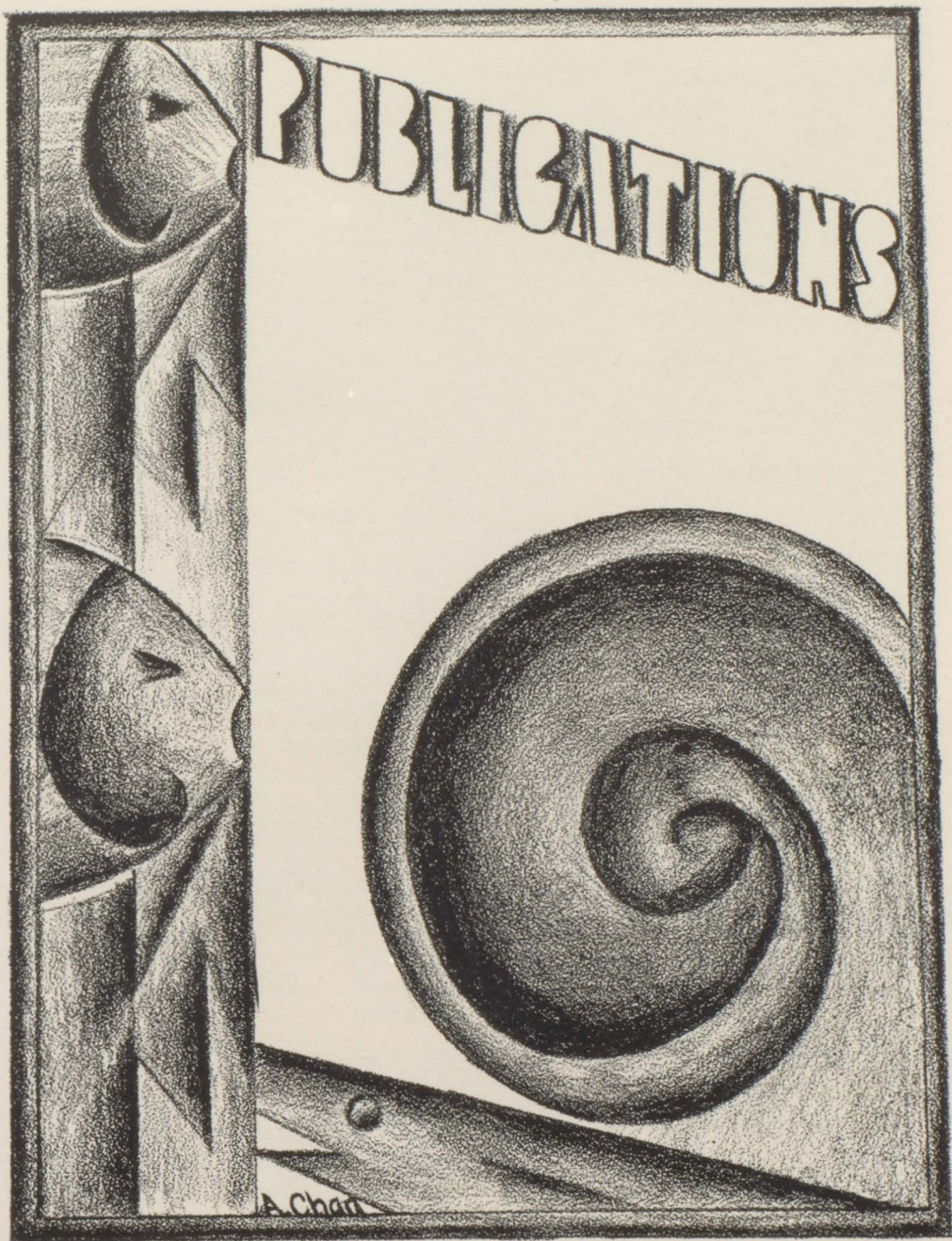
Oleta O'Connor, Women's Debating Manager; Edith Perlstein, Publicity Manager of the Little Theatre; Wilmer Grace, the President of Prytaneans, made "Mortar Board," an international senior women's honor society.

Susan Heyman	} made Phi Beta Kappa.
Anne Heynemann	
Barbara Lansburgh	

Mary Woebke was named Women's Manager of the "Blue and Gold."

Norma Harrison was awarded, for character and proficiency in high school studies, the Dorothy Todd Memorial Scholarship.

Helen Beverly Fisher was chosen for membership in Phi Sigma, a biological honor society.





MARY HARAN



FLORENCE STONE



LUCILLE SCATENA

Journal Staff

Florence Stone, *Editor*

Mary Haran, *Art Editor*

Lucille Scatena, *Business Manager*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Dale Adams
Marian Gazis
Elinor Kahn
Frances Meyer
Dorothy Browning

Beverly Hoffman
Adele Koehn
Elinor Meyerfeld
Cora Collier
Jewel Hollander
Anne Louise Levy

Marian Miyagi
Eleanor Friesley
Luda Jarrell
Mary Mayer
Frances Newman

ART STAFF

Dania Anixter
Anna Chan
Carol Seller

Alice Baumgartner
Gabrielle Dubois
Bernice Staschen

Ella Burman
Elsie Matthews
Margaret Wright

BUSINESS STAFF

Janet Birnbaum
Claire Gautier
Helen Miller

Marjorie Cahn
Luda Jarrell
Barbara O'Connell
Katherine Woolner

Amy Edwards
Nancy Larsen
Barbara Taylor

Virginia Wright



Dale Adams
 Dania Anixter
 Alice Baumgartner
 Dorothy Browning
 Ella Burman

Anna Chan
 Cora Collier
 Gabrielle Dubois
 Eleanor Friesley
 Marian Gazis

Beverly Hoffman
 Jewel Hollander
 Luda Jarrell
 Elinor Kahn
 Adele Koehn

Anne Louise Levy
 Elsie Matthews
 Mary Mayer
 Frances Meyer
 Elinor Meyerfeld

Marian Miyagi
 Frances Newman
 Carol Seller
 Bernice Staschen
 Margaret Wright



EDNA HANNA

MARIAN GOLDBERG

DOROTHEA MATURIN

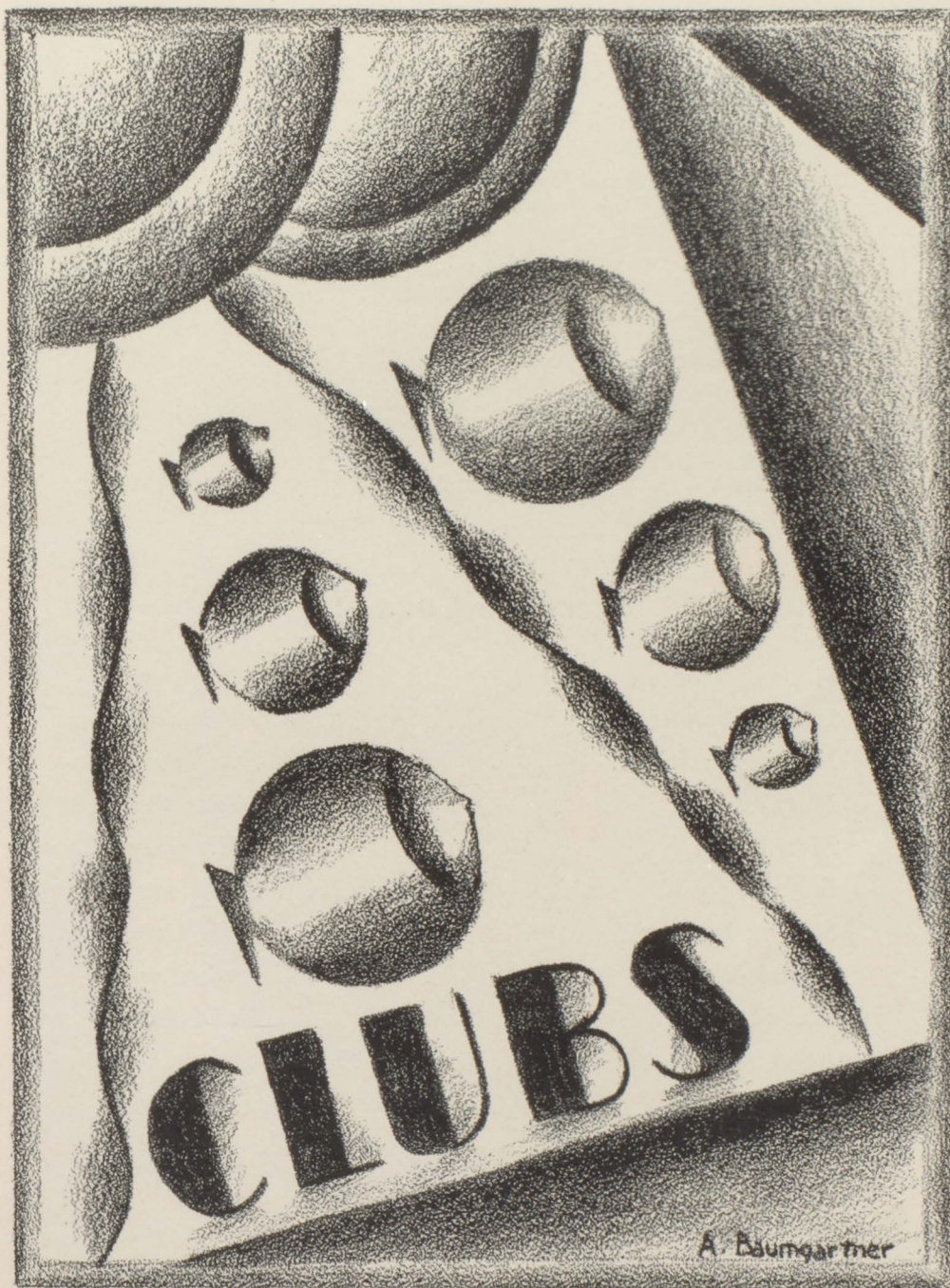
The Mirror

SASSY SCRATCHES," "Soothing Syrups," "Alumnæ Notes," "Exchanges," "Editorials," "Sports," and "Club Activities"—yes, you'll find all the above reflected in "The Mirror." This school paper is written by the Journalism class but is also open for contributions from the entire Student Body.

The first publication of "The Mirror" appeared in 1921, and since that time the paper has been growing steadily better and better.

The entire staff works together to publish the paper about four times a term. What fun is had! It is true that many of the articles land in the waste basket; but, before they do, they are greatly enjoyed by the girls and Miss Armer. If you should be passing Room 108 and hear terribly shrill notes echoing through the doors don't be alarmed, as it is only the Journalism class laughing over one of the "Sassy Scratches," maybe a little too "sassy" to be printed. Don't attempt to find out the actual reason for this uproar, as it will do you no good. All the girls forget how to talk to non-members of the class when the subject pertains to "The Mirror."

The officers this term are Marian Goldberg, Editor; Edna Hanna, Assistant Editor; and Dorothea Maturin, Business Manager. These girls, with Miss Armer's advice, and the assistance of a lively staff of reporters, put out "The Mirror," which keeps you in touch with all activities in Girls High.





ISABEL DRAESMER

FLORENCE JOHNSON

MARJORIE PERRONE

Executive Council

Florence Johnson	<i>President</i>
Isabel Draesmer	<i>Vice-President</i>
Marjorie Perrone	<i>Secretary</i>
Mary Ross	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>
Mary Haran	<i>Historian</i>
Edith Hurtgen	<i>Club Commissioner</i>
Suzanne Breitstein	<i>Assistant Club Commissioner</i>
Eleanor Pittsey	<i>Cafeteria Commissioner</i>
Bettie Langfeld	<i>Assistant Cafeteria Commissioner</i>
Ada Marsh	<i>First Representative</i>
Janice James	<i>Second Representative</i>
Edith Foster	<i>Third Representative</i>
Beverly Hoffman	<i>Fourth Representative</i>
Harriet Leithner	<i>Fifth Representative</i>
Jane Marx	<i>Sixth Representative</i>
Alice Baumgartner	<i>Cheer Leader</i>



Mary Ross
Eleanor Pittsey

Mary Haran
Bettie Langfeld
Edith Foster
Jane Marx

Edith Hurtgen
Ada Marsh
Beverly Hoffman
Alice Baumgartner

Suzanne Breitstein
Janice James

Harriet Leithner



Helen Miller Barbara Taylor Amy Edwards Marjorie Cahn Virginia Wright Katherine Woolner
Nancy Larsen Barbara O'Connell Lucille Scatena Claire Gautier Janet Birnbaum *

Business Section of The Journal

WHO was instrumental in making this Journal a success? The Journal Business Section, of course! Since the inauguration of the new installment system of paying for the year book, this group has consisted of eleven girls chosen by Miss de Bernardi, under whose care they work. Each girl is assigned from four to five registry rooms, and it is her duty to keep careful check of all pledges and payments in her classes.

Lucille Scatena, Business Manager, keeps "the books" straight; and, with every girl paying ten cents today and twenty more next week, the books do need lots of "keeping." The girls have to maintain a smart, up-to-date system of bookkeeping so that there will be no mix-ups as to who paid and who didn't. There is little opportunity for mistakes since the name of every girl who pledges in the school is entered into three separate books and checked by three separate persons: Miss de Bernardi, Lucille Scatena, and the girl to whom that registry room was assigned.

But the Business Section is amply repaid for its hard work; for since the "10 down, 80 to go" plan has come into use, a record number of students have worn the gay little Journal tags.

*Luda Jarrel was unable to have her picture taken with this group.

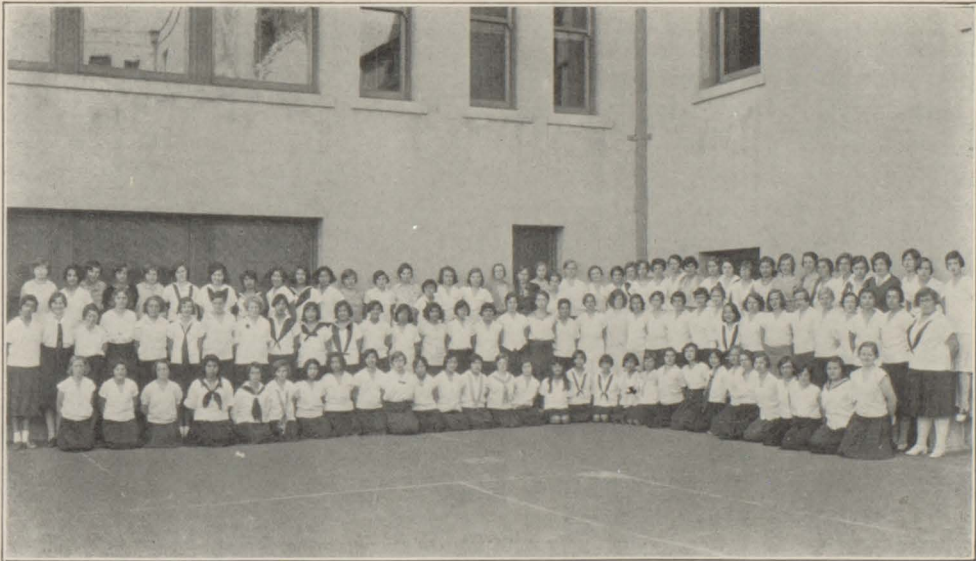


CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

Elinor Kahn, *President*

Catherine Jacobs, *Secretary*

"A Mark of Honor."



INTERNATIONAL CLUB

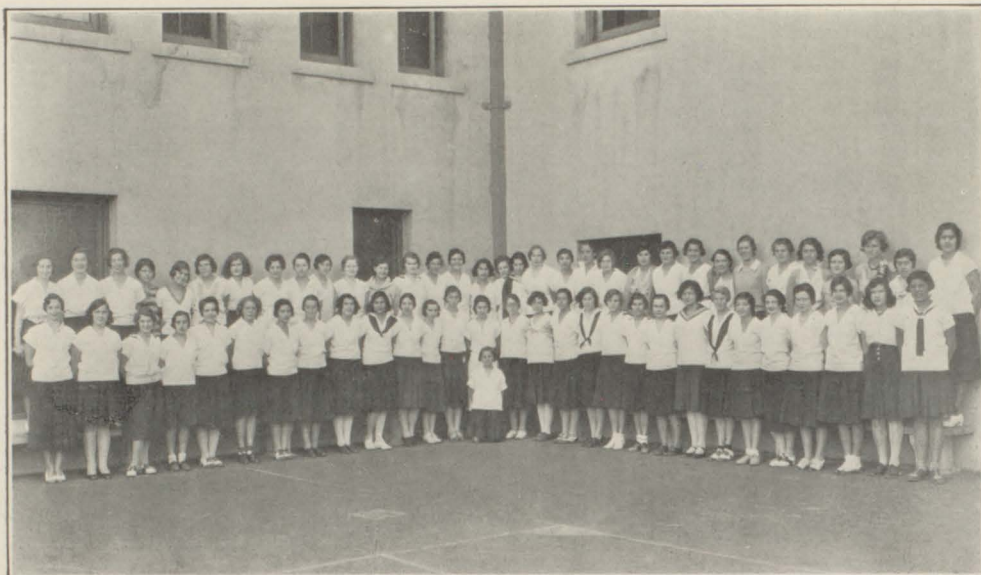
Katherine Ledden, *President, Sr. Division*

Margaret Lemaire, *Secretary, Sr. Division*

Fumi Tonda, *President, Jr. Division*

Hanako Fijii, *Secretary, Jr. Division*

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

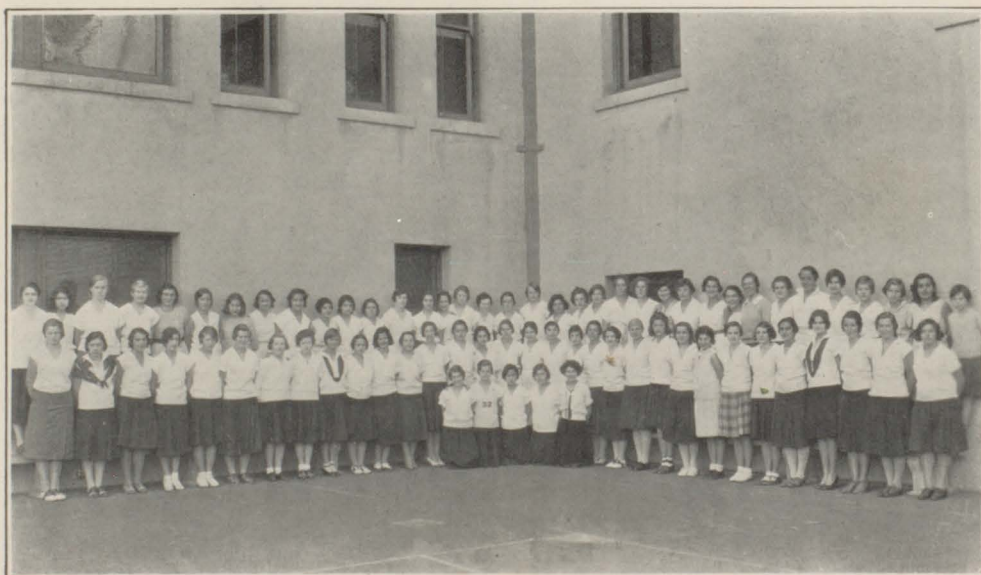


DRAMATIC CLUB

Oleta Selna, *President*

Ella Burman, *Secretary*

"It's a fact they can act."



STAGE CRAFT CLUB

Margaret Wright, *President*

Olga Duff, *Secretary*

"Behind the makeup."



JOURNAL CLUB

Elinor Kahn, *President*

Sophie Prescott, *Secretary*

Open "The Journal" and meet Girls High



LATIN CLUB

Tamara Marteanoff, *President*

Amelia Baer, *Secretary*

"Ad astra, per aspera."

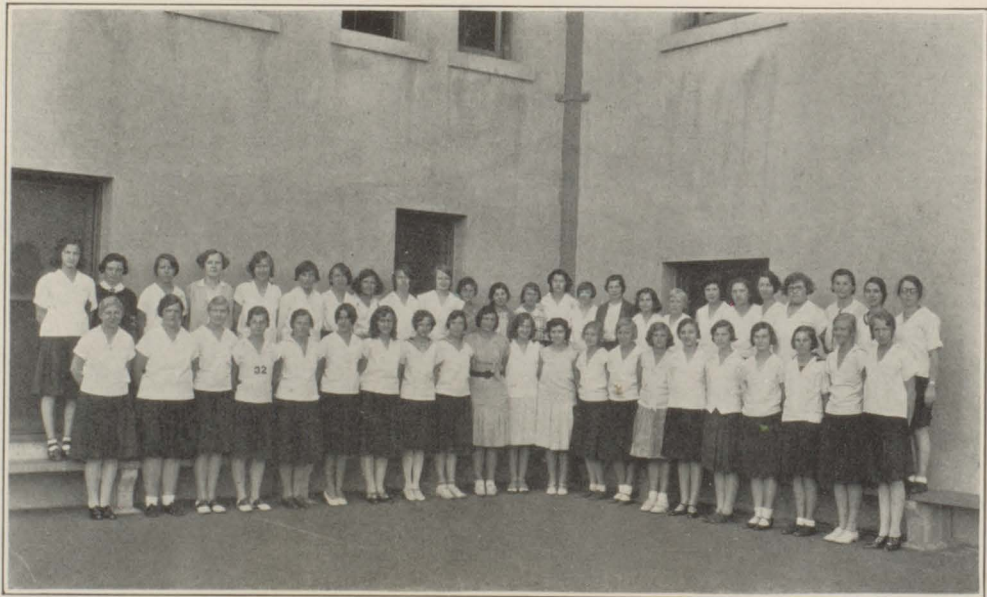


FRENCH CLUB

Flory Nissim, *President*

Maurine Morris, *Secretary*

"Jeunesse Oblige."



GERMAN CLUB

Margaret Fechner, *President*

Gertrude Heskins, *Secretary*

"Wo man Deutsch spricht, kan man fröhlich sein."

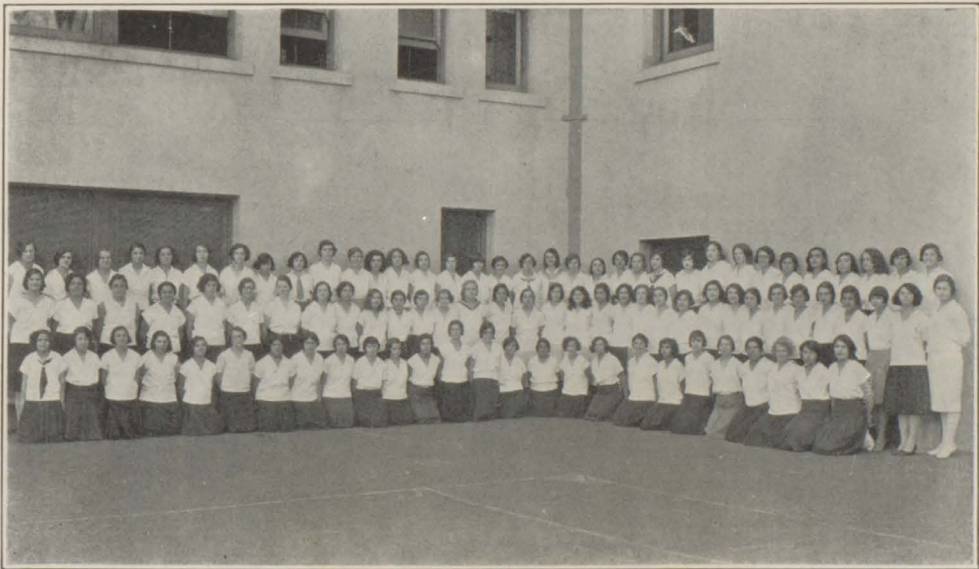


SPANISH CLUB

Dorothy Arensburg, *President*

Rose Casamatta, *Secretary*

"A Diós rogando y con el mazo dando."



SENIOR AND JUNIOR ITALIAN CLUBS

Lily Poggetti, *President, Sr. Division*

Eleanor Ressighini, *Secretary, Sr. Division*

Bernice Zecher, *President, Jr. Division*

Jennie Buffa, *Secretary, Jr. Division*

"Ad ogni Rondinella il suo circolo è bello."

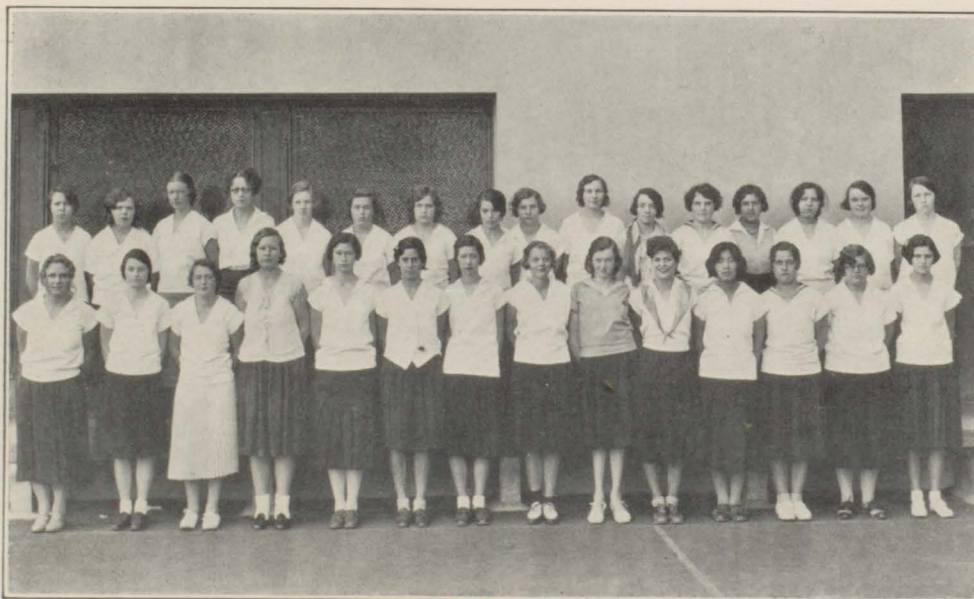


DEBATING CLUB

Barbara Taylor, *President, Jr. and Sr. Divisions*

Doris Baumberger, *Secretary, Sr. Division*
Adele Meyer, *Secretary, Jr. Division*

"Sensible students surmount speech subtleties."



AMERICAN PATRIOTS' SOCIETY

Helen Hampton, *President*

Helen Kamler, *Secretary*

"They never confuse their dates."



DANCING CLUB

Dorothy Lagomarsino, *President, Sr. Division*
 Antonette Galovich, *President, Jr. Division*

Ethel Phillips, *Secretary, Sr. Division*
 Margaret Tenekjian, *Secretary, Jr. Division*

"Twinkling toes—a graceful pose."



CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

Ramona Luttrell, *President*

Barbara O'Connell, *Secretary*

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



NATURALIST CLUB

Edna Hanna, *President*

Mae Levin, *Secretary*

"Learning nature from the ground up."



GARDEN CLUB

Dolores Duckworth, *President*

Henrietta Schlicting, *Secretary*

"Only God can make a tree."



PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Helen Rose, *President*

Alyce Ellis, *Secretary*

"Our Philatelic Society day by day gains notoriety."



BANKING CLUB

Marjorie Johnson, *President*

Amy Magnuson, *Secretary*

"Save your dimes to spend your dollars wisely."



CAMP FIRE LEAGUE

Alice Cooper, *President*

Nobuko Yoshimura, *Secretary*

"Wohelo"



GIRL RESERVES

Florence Rau, *President*

Ida Merrill, *Secretary*

"Help, serve, and ever be loyal."



USHERS

Maude Somers, *President*

Imogene Osborne, *Secretary*

Our motto—"Courtesy and service."



DRILL TEAM

Gertrude Ballen, *Captain, Sr. Division*

Rose Casamatta, *Second Lieutenant*

Dolores Smale, *Captain, Jr. Division*

Edith Hutchinson, *Secretary*

"Many members, one body."



UKULELE CLUB

Phyllis Sword, *President*

Anna Barrios, *Secretary*

"Plunk! Plunk! We're the melodious harmonizers."



JAZZ BAND

Gertrude Ballen, *President*

Shirley Holmes, *Secretary*

"Euphonic emphasis on dynamic themes."

Live thru this jazz age
with love
prosperity
Ann. J. Santus



ORCHESTRA

Audré Wilson, *President*

"Orderly orchestration originates ovation."



GLEE CLUB

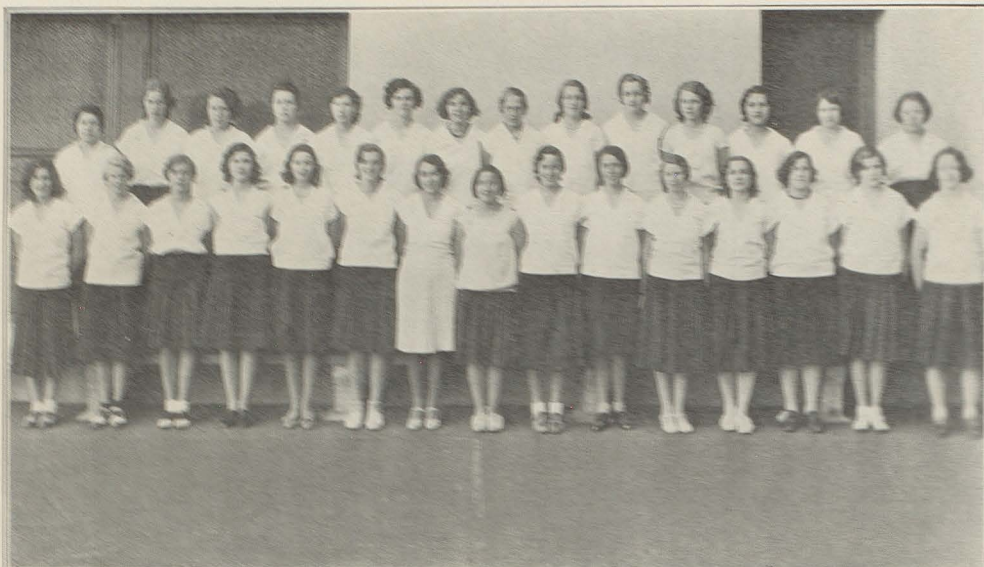
Dorothy Thomson, *President, Sr. Division*

Anne Martorana, *President, Jr. Division*

Lucille Scatena, *Secretary, Sr. Division*

June Flatman, *Secretary, Jr. Division*

"Learn to listen. Listen to learn."



JILL TARS

Jessie Thomain, Second Mate

Juanita Sinclair, Yeomanette

"What a pull they have!"



TUMBLING CLUB

Lois Davis, President

Elsie Harrison, Secretary

"We're head over heels for you."



The Brook

I heard the bubbling laughter of the carefree little brook
As it gaily trickled onward, down the glade and through the nook.
It danced so light and saucy, now hid, now in the sun;
It seemed to me 'twas calling to come and join the fun;
So I joined the lively frolic and followed fast the stream,
And heard its whispered secrets, saw its gurgling waters gleam,
Saw it glide through narrow valleys, watched it sleeping in the fen,
Watched it leap o'er shiny pebbles in the deeply wooded glen,
Through the green and grassy woodland, clustered thick with moss
and fern,
Always rushing onward, with a skip at every turn,
Splashing through the shadows and dancing o'er the rills,
Creeping through the crevices in rocky crags and hills,
Now pausing in the thickets, now splashing down a valley,
Now curving 'round the foothills with a swift determined sally,
Then racing for the southland with a chuckle full of glee;
Again it courses onward and leaps into the sea.

Marian Gazis, Dec. '30.

Salute To The Sea

Surge, O Sea, thou wilderness of strength,
Unaltered as the years, whose desert length
And gray, eternal silence whisper woe.
Wrapt in the weariness of ebb and flow,
Thou healest, as in slumber, ugly scars
Which earth's time-wounded bosom shows to thee.
Thou'rt sad, like dreams of immortality,
Woven in lightning glimpses of the stars.
Trackless thou art, and steps of fallen day,
Like arrows of the sun gone far astray,
Presage a deep more vast, more fathomless,
Pictured with visionings of sharp distress.
We gaze and little dream, O power stark,
How close the daylight borders on the dark.

Beverly Hoffman, J'33.

The Call of The Sea

WHY Marta Jensen loved the sea, no one except her Great-grandfather Jensen could tell; and, as he had been dead these many years, there was no possibility of his giving the desired information. But love of the sea was born with her. Ever since she had received the large sea shell, a souvenir which her aunt had brought to Iowa from Long Beach for the child's third birthday, Marta had hungered for the sea.

The child, in her ecstasy of joy over the new toy, caressingly laid her face against it; and, hearing the vibration of the air within its pearly chamber, she listened enraptured, holding her new treasure first to one ear, then to the other. One day running to her mother, who sat talking with the donor of the gift, she clapped the shell to her mother's ear with such unexpectedness and with such force as almost to unseat her, saying in her childish treble, "Mother, it sings! Listen!" The mother, too busy visiting with the child's aunt to explain the natural phenomenon to the little one, dismissed her with the old explanation, "That is only the echo of the sea," and finished the remark by telling Marta to put the gift away before it was lost.

Marta's love and fascination for her new plaything was a source of annoyance to her parents. She carried it to church with her; she couldn't eat her meals without its lying near her plate; she asked innumerable and unanswerable questions about it, until her mother wished many times that the shell was back in Long Beach. Papa Jensen tried to buy the shell from her. They hid it, but the child cried so piteously and long over the loss of it that they were compelled to return it to her. One night Papa Jensen sleepily crawled out of bed to take the restless child a drink of water, and, in the darkness, stepped on the beloved toy, which had fallen from the child's bed. The next day the shell disappeared, but Marta was not forgetful, and ever in her memory the sea sang its song to her.

Shortly after the loss of the shell, a friend of Mrs. Jensen's came to visit. The guest, a shrewd woman who preyed on the credulity of her own sex, told fortunes with a deck of greasy, old cards. She spent a whole month with the family; and, during this period, fortune-telling was the main source of amusement. Over and over again she said to Marta's mother, "Keep your child away from water. I see that the 'card of death' turns up here in the 'to yourself group' every time you cut the cards. Keep her away from water or you will regret it." For a while this gloomy admonition worried Mrs. Jensen; but, when Papa Jensen reminded her that the nearest body of water was twenty-five miles to the northwest of them, she gradually ceased to worry.

Years passed, and Marta grew from radiant girlhood into glorious womanhood. At eighteen she had exhausted the school facilities of her neighborhood. Her Aunt Sigrid, who had given her the shell, offered her a home in Dubuque

so that she might have the advantage of a higher education that only a large city affords. At twenty Marta was a beauty; she was of the blue-eyed, golden blond type and seemed to have inherited the milk and rose loveliness of her viking ancestors. She had the love of beauty so deeply ingrained in her that ugliness in any form struck across her consciousness like the lash of a whip across the body.

After graduating from high school, she became the secretary of Mrs. J. Perry Deckelman, the social leader of Dubuque, whose grandfather, migrating west with Daniel Boone in 1795, had settled on land which later became the site of the state capital. In the wilderness he had contracted a marriage with one of America's coppery-skinned daughters. Mrs. Deckelman, although she had millions at her command, had not the real requisites of a gentlewoman. She was aboriginal in tastes, habits, and temper; and Marta stayed with her only long enough to earn money to pay for a course in beauty culture in a well-known school of cosmetology.

Although she had never heard of Horace Greely or of his advice to young men, nevertheless she went west; and at twenty-two years of age we find Marta at the end of the westward trail.

The sea, the sea that had ever called to her—it had called through the shell; it had called to her in Iowa at a time when she had been powerless to answer; it had called to her through the viking blood of her Great-grandfather Jensen who had gone down with his ship before the days of steamboats—lay at her feet more alluring than she had thought possible.

In the pleasant days which lengthened into weeks while she was waiting for a position, she rolled in the sands on the beach; she waded in the waters; she learned to breast the waves. As the weeks faded into months, and as she found no work, she spent more and more time on the beach or on the cliffs at Land's End. With a questioning and inscrutable longing in her eyes, she watched the whitecaps break upon the shore.

One day she lay half-asleep on the warm beach. Near her a party of children, attended by a nurse, a young girl a few years younger than she, romped on the sands. The tide was coming in; and merrily the children danced and played near the water's edge. Roused from her inactivity by a cry of dismay from the nurse and by the excited shouts of the children, Marta saw a small bundle of humanity picked up by the receding wave and rolled over and over on its way out.

With a cry as wild and eerie as any ever uttered by any one of her remotest ancestors, Marta headed for the water in the direction in which she had caught the flash of the red-clad little body. The incoming wave washed the child toward her; and, bracing herself, she waited until the wave had swept over her. Then, rising to the surface and striking inshore, with her eyes on that splash of color which marked the child's position, she sprang forward; and with all the vigor and the understanding of her seafaring forbears showing in

every stroke of her lithe, strong arms, she made for the child. The returning wash of the wave brought the child almost within her grasp, when another comber carried the limp, little figure beyond her reach. Again she pursued and again the incoming wave swept her from her feet. For a moment she struggled blindly and fought for breath only to be swept again off her feet. Wave-beaten and breathless she reached the surface of the water. Poised on the crest of a wave directly above her was the unconscious little body, a plaything of the sea she loved. She braced herself for the shock; and, strange to say, the child was thrown almost into her arms. A stroke or two put her abreast of the little, red-clad figure; and her hand closed over the wet, clinging garments.

Breathless, battered by the waves, with her strength almost gone, Marta raised the little one to the strong arms which were held out for her; but before the same arms could reach out again for Marta, the sea, her loved sea, claimed her for its own.

Cora Collier, June '31.

Morning On Clear Lake

'Twas morn; the placid waters of the lake
Reflected, in the east, Aurora's hue,
And in its depths, the palest trace of blue,
While overhead the lordly crane did take
His lonely way into the rose daybreak.
And now the heaven's tint more azure grew,
And fresher breezes from the mountain drew,
And blowing, seemed the sleeping world to wake.
The calm and silence then began to change
To dancing ripples sparkling in the sun,
Unbroken save for some bright fish's glint,
In gleaming silver leap; and to the strange
Cry of some bird, glad that the night is done,
Glad to be live where beauty knows no stint.

P. W. S., Dec. '30.

The Elixir of Youth

IN the gray days of the Dark Ages, when the minds of men were befogged by superstition, there lived an alchemist, who, in his long years of toil, had garnered from his books many of the secrets which withheld from human understanding the mysteries of life. It was in his power to do miraculous deeds, even to the turning of molten iron into gold; but despite his knowledge, he could not find the formula which it was his greatest desire to possess—the one which contained the elixir of youth.

Every day he experimented with the amber and ruby colored liquids which lay bottled on the shelves of his laboratory, and every night he gazed for many hours at the stars to see if they portended good or evil. So deeply was he engrossed in his work that the years passed by unnoticed, until the black of his hair had turned to gray, and his youthful strength had been supplanted by the feebleness of age. At last there came a day in which he found, embossed upon a magic scroll, the formula for the wondrous elixir. Many strange and fearful things were contained among the ingredients of the potion, and the task which lay before him was exceedingly difficult; however, in the two and twenty years in which he had worked, he had assembled all the necessary material upon his shelves. With infinite care he set himself to the work of mixing; and by the time one more winter had melted into spring, he had compounded an ounce of glinting liquid, red with the fire of a dragon's tongue, gold from the powdered hoof of a unicorn, and sparkling with the diamond-dust of the sea-beasts' scales.

At last all was in readiness. The alchemist sat at his table and gazed for the last time at the world through age-dimmed eyes. Then, slowly, he reached out a hand to bring the vial to his lips. Suddenly one of the bats that hung on the ceiling fell and then swooped about the room like a black angel of death. The alchemist gazed at it quietly and then closed his eyes, as if to shut it from his sight. The bat darted over the table; and, as it did so, the tip of its wing knocked the flask containing the elixir over. The golden liquid began to drip onto the earthen floor; but the alchemist did not open his eyes again; and, as the twilight shadows crept into the room, his face gradually turned waxen in its pallor.

A. K., Dec. '30.

I Wonder What Makes It So!

I wonder what makes the grass so green,
What makes the fierce winds blow,
What makes the flowers bloom in spring,
What makes the fire-flies glow!

I wonder what makes the sky so blue,
What makes the sun so bright;
I wonder what makes the sea so green,
Why owls can see at night!

I wonder what makes the kittens purr,
What makes big engines go,
What gives the flowers their brilliant hues;
I wonder what makes it so!

I am wond'ring, always wondering
About these things, you know;
One thought is foremost in my mind,
"I wonder what makes it so!"

Dale Adams, June '33.

Fog

Dismal sirens wailing low,
Misty thickness driving slow;
Frail ships are lost as on they go
Through the fog.

Still and silent, calm intense,
Reels the body, gropes the sense;
A soul is lost in whiteness dense,
In the fog . . .

Marian Gazis, Dec. '30.

The Fountain

(After James Russell Lowell)

Into the air,
Sparkling and bright,
Leaping skyward
From morn 'til night!
Out of the darkness,
Into the light,
Frolicsome, changeful,
Joyful sight!
Always in motion,
Never at rest,
Climbing, untiring,
Burning with zest . . .
Wonderful fountain,
Let my heart be
Happy, aspiring,
Constant, like thee!

Mildred Greiner, June '33.

The Day Breaks

Overhead the pale moon rides;
Through the trees the soft breeze sighs,
Where a moonbeam wraithlike glides.
 Ah, glorious night!
The sky's a blanket of velvet blue;
The foliage, drenched with fragrant dew,
And sparkling lights in heaven, too.
 God's own starlight!
Then the stars fade, one by one,
To be replaced by the rising sun.
Like paint from fairy brushes run,
 Pale dawn appears.
Shafts of gold pierce the gray sky;
Downy clouds of rose ride high;
The rising of the sun is nigh.
 The day is here!

Nellie Wellman, June '33.

The Man Who Learned To Love Pele

KAUMAUALII was a superior being; that is, he so regarded himself; but the villagers had their own opinion of him. His habitation consisted of a tiny grass hut which, although very crudely made by his own hands, offered him a safe protection from the elements.

Each day at sundown he strode into the village square, stepped on a huge coconut stump which he had purposely placed there; and, with his thin, none too pleasing voice, addressed the laughing crowd that always gathered during his frequent harangues. From his platform he voiced in no mean terms his hatred for the gods, the akuas, and especially for Pele, the goddess of fire. He triumphantly claimed that there were no such beings as akuas to look after the welfare of the people. Had the gods not forgotten that he, Kaumaualii, was living? The misfortunes which had befallen him during the previous months were all blamed on the akuas, as examples of their ill nature toward him.

Though the old men laughed and the children jeered at him, still Kaumaualii did not seem to be affected by their derision. The religious old villagers, unlike Kaumaualii, did not expect good from the akuas but rather worshiped them and offered sacrifices in order to escape the wrath of the gods. Deep in their hearts, the villagers respected and admired the utter fearlessness of Kane, Kanaloa, Ku, Lona, and the other gods. Kaumaualii was a problem to the religious people and a nightmare to the village kahunas or priests. In vain these fanatical kahunas hired sorcerers to pray that he might die.

Early one bright morning, Kaumaualii set forth to the hills to collect wild berries, fruits, and eggs. Being lazy, he did not labor in the nearby sea for his food, because Kaumaualii, for all his loquaciousness, disliked work of any kind. His once fruitful taro patch, which he owned when he was young and strong, had been devastated, as he thought, only by the wrath of Pele, who flared and threw out molten lava, which flowed into his patch.

As Makahiki, the New Year's festival, was but a few days off, he desired much food for himself. He wandered inland, hoping to find a mother fowl brooding over her young. As he went along, he gathered some fallen kukui nuts and picked wild berries. Suddenly, he heard the cries of wild fowls near a huge lantana bush. Turning around, he cautiously approached, picked up a medium sized piece of lava, and hurled it at the fowls. The pitiful crying sound of the wounded bird only made him laugh with joy. He immediately went headlong into the brush. Then with a faint cry, he tumbled and disappeared from view.

When Kaumaualii regained consciousness, he found himself in a huge trap which had been used years before by the trappers who had passed through that section to hunt wild boars and goats. Though his head bothered him painfully, he realized the seriousness of his situation. He sat quietly thinking of a device

to save himself from his mishap. However, to climb the sides of the huge trap was beyond his imagination. He realized that help could be received only from the outside. This, too, seemed to him an impossibility; but nevertheless it was the only chance left for his escape. He therefore began yelling loudly, calling for help, but all that he heard was the distant echoes. Everything for a moment seemed helpless, hopeless. This idea mocked him terribly. Exhausted from yelling, he crept to shelter near the corner of the trap and fell asleep.

He was awakened by a feeling of dampness. He found himself soaking wet and noticed that water had covered the bottom of the trap. While in this uneasy position he wondered if drowning were easier than starving. He smiled at this thought and said to himself that death was not to come yet. To Kaumaulii came the remembrance of the unpleasant thoughts, the evil curses, and the numerous misfortunes he had uttered against the gods and especially against Pele. Somehow the idea that he might be free from his plight gave him an inspiration. He decided that the only means left to him to escape all difficulties was to pray to the akuas whom he had hated. So, kneeling down he chanted and prayed ardently. At the conclusion of his prayers, he felt that something heavy had been taken from him. Kaumaulii marveled at this and wondered if the akuas would answer his prayer. Would they forgive him?

The morning dawned brightly. For this he was thankful. With a cheerful smile he went to investigate the source of the water and found it to be a stream which came from a lava bed. By noon the stream which had been caused by the recent rain storm was partly dry. Thinking it might be an outlet to freedom, he at once began to dig at the stream with bits of stones and sticks which he found in the floor of the trap. It was not long before he made a passage through the lava tube which had been caused years before by the eruption of a volcano. He soon made the opening large enough for his body and head to go through. At times the tube was narrow so that it was necessary to lie flat on his stomach and crawl carefully along the damp passage. Would the gods forgive him and would they show him a way to freedom? After some hours of struggle he noticed the passage became large and luminous. He quickened his movements and soon saw an opening a few yards ahead of him. It was a means of escape from death. How thrilled he was! Kaumaulii crawled wearily but happily to the mouth of the tube, and he easily ascended the rough wall of the crevice of the small extinct volcano.

With a resolution to be a better man, he went back to the village, cleared away the cocoanut stump, and offered his thankfulness to Pele, the goddess of fire. Ever afterwards he respected all the akuas.

Marian Miyagi, June '31.

The Egotist

Ever and anon my feet go down into the dust,
Into the mire of existence with all its slaves—
All its slaves—the slaves of emotion, poor unfeeling
wretches with no emotion.
The slaves who are the established,
They are the worst. They pick their way blindly
along the streets of Life,
Unheeding the call of individualism,
Unheeding their soul's entreaties to express and not
stifle themselves.
Ever and anon I feel myself slipping into the bog.
I look at them with scorn in my eyes.
Of one pattern are they all.

As I wonder, I dream;
A thought comes to me,
Terrific and awful to my pride.
Yet——? Impossible!
A little demon inside me puts it into words.
Can it be that those very wretches think the same of me?
My blood is aroused;
I kill the thought,
And then go on living as before.
I am an individual, an idealist.
Few think the cosmic thoughts I do.
I am alone in my magnificence.

But what is that sound?
A laugh? Or the wind?
Surely it must have been the wind!

Reva White, Dec. '31.

Failure—
Sickly, yellow; gleefully
Laying traps; knowingly
Waiting
To catch the many erring men
Who falter on Life's trail.

Elinor Kahn, June '31.

My Friend In All Her Moods

MY BEST friend lives, literally, within a stone's throw of my house. I have only to glance out of my bedroom window to see and speak to her. Although her language is different from mine, I can easily interpret her meaning by the intonations of her voice. As a friend, she is invaluable, cheering me when I am depressed, sympathizing with me in my joy, or soothing me when my spirits are over-elated.

Her mood is ever changing. Some mornings I awake to find her quiet and dreamy, lazily drifting to and fro upon the sand and winking brightly up at the sky. She is kindest in this temper, and this is the time when the seamen like her most; for then she allows them to go their ways unmolested.

It seems hard to visualize the complete change which can transform such a placid countenance into one of wrath. My ears are greeted, on other mornings, by a thunderous rumble—a sound which prepares me for the savage tumult in which I see the tempestuous lady. Green and passionate, she flings herself furiously against the sharp rocks, beating futilely against the dismal beach. The echo of each crash reverberates for miles around. Her unreasonable rage creates great hardships for the seamen. There is no mortal who can conquer her wrath, nor a soul who does not fear the consequences of it.

Then again, there are days when this capricious lady is neither gentle nor stormy, but sad and sullen; her crests rise and fall continuously, her waves impatiently lapping the shore. She is quite harmless, but the greyness and restlessness of her aspect are depressing. This strange lady's every mood affects my own. If, on arising, I find her sunny and smiling, my spirits are brightened considerably. Seeing her frenzied and vicious, I experience a feeling of awe and loneliness and the utter impotence of mere human beings to cope with her. When dismal and dreary, she makes me thoughtful and serious. It is fortunate, therefore, that her usual appearance is a gentle one. She is world renowned, this incomparable personage. Feared by some, hated by few, and loved by many, she remains ever taunting, ever tempting. She is the sea; but above all she is my best friend.

Elinor Meyerfeld, Dec. '30.

Hail, Adventure

CONCHAS, buried deep in the moist heat of the tropics, was being slowly revived by the comparative coolness that resulted from the setting of the sun. Lights were already beginning to shine from the open doors of the cantinas, to which the male population of the town habitually resorted in search of whatever doubtful pleasure it could find; and the songs which arose from them mingled pleasantly, if harshly, with the din that issued from the docks, where the mainland steamer was being loaded for its return voyage.

On the shore, a girl, exultant in the thought of a newfound freedom, was, without a qualm, bidding goodby to the scenes of her childhood. Although her eyes were turned for the last time toward the town and the black hills rising above it, her thoughts, as if deflected by a magnetic impulse, sought the steamer. The vessel symbolized everything she had ever dreamed of—skyscrapers against a starless sky, the gaiety of Paris and Vienna, rainless summers, tennis rackets strung with gut instead of water-proof silk—all the adventures she had never had and all the things she had never seen.

Her gaze wandered idly to the water, and she noticed a tiny ring of lights bobbing up and down on the distant waves where a cluster of native fishing boats had gathered. Around the ring there were little phosphorescent flashes in the water, where men were diving for someone who had fallen overboard and not come up.

Indifferent, she looked up at the stars. With a faint feeling of regret, she admitted that they were the one feature of the tropics that she would miss. She liked their myriad twinkles and their unattainable coldness. Somehow, they too symbolized the faraway adventure for which she had always longed.

She glanced apprehensively at her wrist watch and found it was nearly time to be boarding the boat; so she picked up her suitcase and walked down the main thoroughfare toward the docks. In an hour she would be going away from all the artificiality in which she felt she had existed, to where she would come into contact with the real things of life. Nearing the dark alleys that led off into the native quarter, she heard a blare of jazz from a cheap phonograph; and, a little farther on, the excited yelling in a native poolroom reached her ears. Once, in passing this part of town, she had heard the shrieks of a woman, and the rise and fall of a whip on bare flesh. She shuddered. A raucous laugh rang out behind her, and a sailor with his mulatto sweetheart passed on into the night. She shrugged her shoulders and, quickening her pace, hurried on to where the lights of the ship were waiting to carry her away to seek adventure.

* * * *

Two years later the mainland steamer again ploughed its way through the calm Pacific waters to Conchas. It was evening, and the lights that twinkled

from the cantina doors were already becoming visible from the upper deck; while up above, the stars were beginning to appear from the blue distance of the sky. The girl who leaned over the rail watched them and it seemed to her that these same stars that had been shining over New York, and Paris, and Vienna were equally far away, just as cold, and unattainable, and superficial as all the gaiety and pomp of the gilded cities she had left to return at last to her own country, where things were real and people were sincere. As she gazed, she reflected on the past two years of her life. At the end of them she had realized that she had left adventure in order to look for it and that her search was gradually leading her back to the land where even the stars are closer to earth.

And, as the boat glided forward, she could not help noticing that the lights of the shore seemed much nearer and brighter and more attainable than the distant stars.

Adele Koehn, Dec. '30.

The Essayist

The essayist carries a free lance.
The world is his range.
He grapples with the most serious things
Of time and eternity, of life and death,
The most frivolous fancies of the passing hour.
He gives us choice bits of literature;
He works in harmony with nature in her highest
development.
He forms quips, arguments, and humor,
Clear and sparkling, to raise our souls to higher levels;
Delicate and gentle, to amuse and interest us,
To charm us in our leisure hours.
For the essayist carries a free lance.

Mary Mayer, Dec. '32

Fever

White ghosts, blue ghosts taunt and leer at me;
White ghosts, blue ghosts laugh at what they see.
White ghosts, blue ghosts on the chandelier;
White ghosts, blue ghosts, with light they disappear.

Black shadows, gray shadows stalk about the room;
Black shadows, gray shadows flit about the gloom.
Black shadows, gray shadows flicker with the dawn;
Black shadows, gray shadows disappear with morn.

Frances Newman, J'33.

The End of The Day

It's evening,
And darkness descends upon the earth
Like a benediction.
Below me is the lake,
Soft gray in the twilight,
And on it, like the white petal of a flower
On the water,
Drifts a boat.
Beyond are the mountains,
And above, like a candle lighted at the great
altar of God,
The evening star shines
On the drowsy world.

Evelyn Meharry, J '32.

A Prayer

Give me the fascination of a fire—
Give me its grace and its gaiety—
Give me its variety and its color—
Let me be as useful and as powerful.
But most of all,
Let there be something below the surface.
Below the fascination and the gaiety
Let there glow the coals of a steady, noble nature.

The Girls High Alumnae Association

THE members of the Alumnae Association, under the direction of Mrs. Henry Morris, wish to welcome you into their association, where they keep alive the memories of those years which become more precious as time goes on. They present to each girl, upon her graduation, a gift of one year's membership in order to allow her to become better acquainted with them and their work.

They are organized to promote the welfare of the girls in the school and to do all they can to improve Girls High. They are maintaining two scholarships to help girls in the school finish their course and graduate. Otherwise these girls would be compelled to leave school and go to work.

The members of the association take great pride in the fact that they are graduates of the only girls' public high school on the Pacific Coast. With the six-year course which makes a complete junior and senior high school, with the new gymnasium, with the classrooms to be added this year, and with the many renovations and improvements planned, they have just cause to be proud.

This year the Association is sponsoring the Garden and the International Clubs, both of which will broaden the vision of our girls.

For their own improvement, the Alumnae have a number of sections, which are proving to be of great interest to all and which are bringing together graduates from 1867 to the present time. A class is conducted in parliamentary procedure; the Book Review Section is giving a series of readings which are very interesting; the Drama Section is studying one-act plays; the Card Section is learning contract bridge; the Philanthropy Section is working to help girls in the school, who are needy, and the Tap Dancing Section has developed into quite a large group.

On the play side of their program, the Association is going to give a big Christmas party in the school. Santa Claus will be there in person. He has promised to take an afternoon off from his workshop to be with such wonderful people as Girls High graduates.

Every year the Alumnae do something to build up their Scholarship Fund. This year they are going to do something different. After the first of the year they are going to present in the school auditorium "Rip Van Winkle," a musical comedy. There will be two performances, the afternoon for the students, and the evening for the parents. So watch for the announcement of the date.

Miss M. Dougherty, the Faculty Adviser of the organization, is willing to give the graduates any information they may desire concerning the activities of the association.

Graduates of Girls High School, join the Alumnae Association to keep in touch with your schoolmates and to help make G. H. S. a better school.





MARY ROSS

JULIA MERRELL

IDA MERRILL

S. P. A.

S. P. A. again scores a hit—not on Broadway, but in Girls High. The leads of this production were played by Julia Merrell, Mary Ross, and Ida Merrill, who have worked hard for a successful season.

For variation from a long but enjoyable run, several outings were planned. A weenie-roast and a launch ride were some of the attractions.

Considering the large turn-outs for each sport, this term has been most successful. The headliners were basketball, with Alice Baumgartner as producer; baseball, with Eleanor Kopf as director; tennis, with Alice Cooper as manager; and swimming, headed by Adele Koehn.

At the grand finale, with the traditional feasting, speeches, and singing that make a banquet, each trouper took her bow and was rewarded for her part in the performance.



S. P. A. Board

Julia Merrell	<i>President</i>
Mary Ross	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ida Merrill	<i>Secretary</i>
Alice Baumgartner	<i>Basketball</i>
Eleanor Kopf	<i>Baseball</i>
Alice Cooper	<i>Tennis</i>
Adele Koehn	<i>Swimming</i>
Helen Stich	<i>Speedball</i>
Marjorie Johnson	<i>Volleyball</i>



LOWER DIVISION BASEBALL



UPPER DIVISION BASEBALL



H 11, L 12, H 12 BASKETBALL



LOWER DIVISION BASKETBALL



L 10, H 10, L 11 BASKETBALL



UPPER DIVISION TENNIS



LOWER DIVISION TENNIS



Dressing For Gym

From slumbering in English,
I wake with startled vim.
The bell has rung . . . I grab my books
And dash down to the gym.
I fidget with my locker,
With its numerals galore.
The lock won't work, and all is lost;
My books slide to the floor.
I work, and push, and pull, and jab,
And pray, and hope in vain.
Ah! There—at last the old thing works—
The door is op'ed again.

I pile the books in worried haste;
I feel impending doom.
I grab my partner's middy
And rush to the dressing room.
My partner's almost ready,
While I have not begun.
I fight with the alien middy,
While of shoes, I have but one.
The time draws near and nearer;
I'm filled with great despair;
I dig into my jumbled purse
For a comb to fix my hair.

A little pat of powder . . .
A terribly nervous groan.
I cram the trash back in its place,
For the whistle has just blown.
I sneak into my place in line
And stand with all the rest,
But eagle eyes have seen it all,
And I'm sent back to get dressed.
And that, oh gentle reader,
Is my experience with him,
That villian, Mr. Nasium,
Whose other name is . . . Jim.

Marian Gazis, Dec. '30.

U.S. History Blues

"Chris Columbus . . . do I know him? Sure! He's a dear old pal;
He was the one who went and found the Panama Canal.
Benjamin Franklin? Who was he? What did he do? And why?
Oh, he cut down a cherry tree and never told a lie.
And Andrew Jackson? Yes, of course, he braved all dangers grim;
The head of the brave Rough Riders . . . What? That isn't him?
Susan Anthony? Let me see . . . oh, dear, what did she do?
The first of women Senators . . . you say it isn't true?
And Roosevelt? That's easy, just what he did is clear;
He said, 'My country, right or wrong!' . . . or was that Paul Revere?
Woodrow Wilson? Well, that's a problem with a solution;
He fought the battle of Bull Run and wrote the Constitution.
An 'F' on my report card! A more heinous crime can't be;
Oh, aren't these teachers awful? They just don't 'preciate me!"

On The Tyranny of a Certain English Teacher

Whene'er I think of all the work I do,
The tyranny of one I know seems hard,
That makes me toil each precious hour to guard.
For writing sonnets puts one in a stew,
And brings unseemly, shocking thoughts anew,
In which this teacher's deeds are ever starred.
For when, with words that will not rhyme I've sparred
Until my soul within is turned quite blue,
I see there's no way out save to repent,
And study Milton, or perhaps Shakespeare,
That I may learn therein, mayhap, the truth
Of why this cruel teacher was e'er sent
To cull the joy from out this earthly sphere
And rob her students of their carefree youth.

P. W. S., Dec. '30.

And She Calls It Her Study Period

GOSH! Twenty minutes of this period gone, and I haven't opened a book, no, not a single one! Now, I've lost my pencil! Oh, where did I leave it? Are you going to use yours? Thanks. Oh, don't bother me! I have five physics problems, and almost all of this period is gone. Say, would you mind poking the girl in front of you and asking her to get my pen from the girl across the aisle? Isn't she attractive! I like the way she wears her hair. Don't you? Thanks, a thousand times!

"What book is that on your desk? Dickens? I read one of his books last year, and I didn't like it. I thought it was awfully dry. I like Hugh Walpole. Don't you? His books are keen. Please don't talk to me any more or I won't finish my physics. Oh, I like your shoes! Are they new? I tried on a pair just like those, but they were miles too big for me. You must have gotten those.

"My! Isn't it dull here today! I think I'll go and speak to Sue, over by the window. Oh gosh! She won't let me. Now I can't find out about the Freshman Reception until next period. Isn't it just too provoking!

"My gosh! Is that the bell? You talked so much to me that I haven't finished my problems. Won't you help me? Oh, keen! You have yours finished! I'll just copy them. You don't mind. Do you? I'll give you my problems the next time. Thanks, awfully. Good-bye."

Beverly Hoffman, June '33.

Murder On The Premises

ASSISTANCE arrived too late to save the life of the poor, blood-stained murder victim who was found in the office early this morning. She gave one convulsive shudder and died in full view of the bystanders, who were unable to help her. Blood was streaming from a gash in her head, and her limbs were twisted and broken. She was conscious to the last but unable to give any indication of who her assailant might have been.

The murderer had escaped, leaving no clue behind. The authorities believed the victim tried to jump out the open window but was dragged back by the assassin and unmercifully beaten.

With due ceremony, the body was immediately removed. Horror-stricken onlookers blocked the corridors, and members of the faculty were compelled to act as officers in order to make way for those carrying the body. A private burial has been planned. Miss Burke, upon being consulted, said that she believed a teacher had murdered the fly.

Dorothy Browning.

Book Reports

I think it is a frightful book,
Four weeks of misery it took.
The story is so sweet and mild—
Fit for any simple child.
The heroine is my ideal—
I'd kill her with unequalled zeal.
The hero is most thrilling too,
The kind who speaks of skies so blue.
The plot is clever through and through—
A million years ago 'twas new.
The language is superb and high;
I never read a thing so dry.
A book both young and old should read
It's rank—so all the girls agreed—
A little pearl, a masterpiece!
I'll thank the gods when I can cease.

Beverly Hoffman, June '33.

Schueler Sorgen

Am Morgen steh ich spaet stets auf
Und rehn' zur Schule im schnellen Lauf.
Der Lehrer sieht mich dort strenge an,
Denn zu spaet in die Schule ich wiedermal kam.
"Ich konnt nichts dafuer!" verteid'ge ich mich.
"Die Uhr, ja, die Uhr, die hat verspaetet sich!"
Es hilft alles nichts, nicht einmal Weinen.
Ich muss beim Lehrer nach der Schule erscheinen.
Mit Schluchzen und Heulen erscheine ich dort;
Der Lehrer, aber, ist nicht an dem Ort.
So geh' ich dann doch mit Freude noch heim,
Und beschliesse: nur immer recht puenktlich zu sein.

Alfhilde Schreiber, June '31.

A Teacher's Lament

Lists 'n lists of names to make
For the gym and office too.
More for counselors—goodness sake!
Will I never get them through?

Checking up on tardy slips—
An absentee? Where's your excuse?
Why *do* you tell those little fibs?
I can see right through your ruse.

Teachers' meeting? It *would* be
When I'm due downtown of course.
Teaching girls—why *can't* they see?
My voice will very soon be hoarse.

Piles of papers to correct!
Detention class—my turn today.
An "ex" to make I can't neglect.
Is my hair all turning gray?

Girls complain of each low mark—
They don't like the grades I gave.
Don't all shout so. Have a heart!
You'll drive me to an early grave.

Call up homes—Why isn't she here?
Long absent list—my room's the worst!
Our record's none too good, that's clear;
Won't we ever come in first?

Have to join all those clubs too,
C. S. S. E. and C. T. A.,
S. F. T. A.—all now come due;
Not a cent left when I pay!

Oh, such girls—can't they be good?
I will make their homework double.
It's just too much to be withstood,
And these girls think *they* have trouble!

Luda Jarrell, J '32.

The Schoolgirl's Lament

Wake up at 7:30
Otherwise, be late,
School is such a waste of time
But therein lies our fate.

Aware of countless teachers
Rambling on and on
For six long, dragging hours
Beginning with the dawn.

The English teacher talks to us
Of poems and parts of speech,
She tries to make it penetrate;
Within our narrow reach.

The history teacher lectures us
Of countries and their kings
When 'tis our wont to dream about
Much more important things.

The teacher of mathematics
Seems the bane of our existence.
It must be because we choose
The line of least resistance.

We're given forty dinky minutes
In which to gobble food,
And listen to the girl friend's woes—
And the jokes she thinks are good.

Hours pass! A sharp bell rings!
At last it's three o'clock.
At the sound, we all jump up
And to the doors we flock,

And joyfully run out of school.
Hurray! At last we're free,
After hours in prison
From 8:30 until three!

Mary Mayer, Dec. '32.

From "A Modern Physics Book"

LAWS OF MOTION.

1. Every girl continues in her state of passing down the hall, unless impelled to change that state by the sight of a teacher looking for passes.
2. Rate of change of momentum is proportional to the ferocity of the teacher, and the change takes place in a direction opposite to that in which the teacher is seen.
3. Whenever a girl acquires momentum, the teacher acquires an equal momentum in the opposite direction; but it is only a trap; for the chances are she'll be lying in wait around the first corner to pounce upon the girl if she regains her nerve enough to have another try at it.

CENTRIFUGAL AND CENTRIPETAL FORCE.

1. Inertia manifesting itself in the tendency of all girls to get farther away from a teacher calling for volunteers to carry empty trays down to the "caf" is called centrifugal force.
2. The inward, centrally acting force of the hope that perhaps you may get out of a little reciting if you accept the invitation and take your time down and back is called centripetal force.

MAGNETISM. Laws of magnetic attraction and repulsion.

Let any physics student be brought near a physics book, the repulsion will be immediate and violent. On the other hand, let the same physics book be held before her during the course of an "ex," the attraction now observed between book and student will be even greater than the former repulsion. This phenomenon is due to the arrangement of the magnetic lines of force. In the presence of an "ex," lines of force arrange themselves in a direct path, going in at the physics book and coming out at the eyes of the student. Remove the "ex," however, and the lines of force resume their natural position, in which they are repelled by the lines of force from the student.

THE ELECTRONIC THEORY. Its application to the hunger we feel during 5₁.

All food is composed of equal amounts of positive and negative electricity. The negative electricity, or electrons, are grouped about the positive electricity as a nucleus. These electrons are capable of motion; and, in the presence of heat (cooking), so violent is their passage that many of them are forced into the air. These are borne on the breeze, which is an excellent conductor, up to 105, where they enter and often cause great suffering to the students, who are very susceptible to shock from this type of electricity.

Worms

Have you ever watched a wiggle-worm
Go over the stones and rocks,
And watched it shine in the glistening sun,
Or stop to change its socks?
Oh, a worm is a very interesting thing,
And its clothes are à la France,
But did you ever wonder,
How a wiggleworm cleans its pants?
Listen my children, and you shall hear
How one little worm lost out.
He was put on a hook and thrown into a brook,
And was, alas, bait for a trout.
So ended the life of one poor worm
As many others do,
Especially the daring human worm
Who doesn't get in 'til two.

Dale Adams, June '33.

A Contrast

When each day the pass bell rings, some period to end,
The girls are in no hurry the next class to attend.
They slowly gather up their books and down the hall they pass;
Without the slightest hurry, they finally reach their class.

But when at 3:02 P. M. the doors are opened wide,
Twelve hundred frantic savages rush for the great outside.
They hurry down the staircase and gallop through the halls
And reach the downstairs landing at a rate that just appalls,

The odd part of the contrast is not the sudden change;
The queerest thing about it is—the teachers think it's strange.

Luda Jarrell, June '32.

We Wonder Why , , ,

Robin Alberti doesn't stop talking about her operation.
Dorothy Anspach doesn't wear high heels.
Gertrude Ballen never refuses to play the piano.
Jacqueline Bareilles is always letting her hair grow.
Louise Blankenship is Miss Poppic's loving assistant.
Phyllis Bradford can't get over the buck successfully in gym.
Bessie Brough wears ankle socks.
Helene Cantor's face powder is never the same color as her neck.
Anna Chan isn't going to Hollywood when she graduates.
May Chan is so good in California history.
Alice Cooper plays tennis.
Frances Fairbanks goes to the sickroom 4th period.
Dorothy Fisher doesn't get reported to the S. P. C. A. for riding horses.
Mae Fishtrom never weighs any more than 95 pounds.
Lucille Frank fell off a chair in reg. the first day she came.
Marian Gazis has such big eyes.
Aileen Giovanetti never says anything in History of Art.
Irma Halvorsen says, "Here," in that petite voice, when roll is called.
Marian Haran makes such a good villain in all the plays.
Alice Harper's locker looks like a department store.
Jaqueline Hirsch can't get along with Mrs. Baer.
Helen Hoberg isn't slim and seductive.
Faye Iwakiri is forever fighting with E. D. A.
Renee Jacob never comes to school with freckles.
Florence Johanson combs her hair at least ten times a day.
Florence Johnson falls asleep when a certain friend of hers reads English compositions.
Hildur Johnson didn't grow any taller.
Lucille Jung always knows the "ideal spot."
Katherine Kayrallah wears that curl.
Adele Koehn's name isn't pronounced any other way than Kane, Keen, Kahn, or Cohen.
Gloria Koon doesn't appreciate a certain protective society of ours.
Catherine Lang insists upon telling about her trip to Europe.
Bernice Lam has the queerest middle name in the class.
Alice Lee
Clara Lee
Cora Lee } aren't related to one another.

Lois Lees personifies God's gift to the teachers.
 Lucretia Leonard doesn't catch cold in her right ear.
 Mae Levin answers questions whether asked or not.
 Rosalie Long always looks bored.
 Lucille Longuy will be Mrs. Higgins' friend for life.
 Lillian Mahoney doesn't get her makeup from the Stagecraft Club.
 Florine Marx never wears a subdued shade of lipstick.
 Natalie Mann can be heard all over the 7th period study hall.
 Dorothy McFadden doesn't wear a size 11 shoe.
 Luella McGovern wears that vampish look.
 Eleanor McGrath dropped Spanish.
 Janet McLean likes other people's long hair and then cuts her own so short.
 Julia Merrell blushes when in the gym.
 Frances Meyer wastes so much time in saying nothing, with exaggerations.
 Elinor Meyerfeld imitates Helen Kane.
 Margaret Minn never knows what the homework is.
 Antoinette Montani has to take upper class Italian with a lower class.
 Flory Nissim kept so secret the fact that she graduates with this class.
 Aileen O'Brien plays bridge.
 Elaine Oki wears her sun-back dresses with collars.
 Emilia Ottoboni always does her homework.
 Carol Peters drives a Ford to school.
 Frances Peterson can't get to school before the last bell rings.
 Eleanor Pittsey is able to sing *all* the songs.
 Albina Poggi has never yet found her football hero.
 Antoinette Prohaska perpetually inquires if we have done our Spanish.
 Beatrice Ramm can't flunk a physics ex.
 Eileen Renner is asked if that's her natural voice.
 Edna Rhea takes Latin. Is it because she likes to act?
 Leona Rhine counts her calories.
 Margaret Robinson is such a favorite with the teachers.
 Minnie Saari originates all the new peeps.
 Maria Satrapinsky is so studious.
 Frances Schenk can afford to make so many dirty cracks at the expense of others.
 Lucille Scatena wears her hair differently every day.
 Edna Sefrin doesn't wear her straw hat any more.
 Martha Jane Sherwin kept that raving lock in the back when she is supposed
 to have had her hair cut.
 Annie Silver hasn't got straight hair.
 Maude Somers' laugh sounds like a war whoop.

Florence Stone always has a date after school with someone we know.
 Lois Sulon persists in teasing the janitor.
 Taneyo Tanigawa hasn't bobbed her hair.
 Fay Taylor's gym bloomers are in such an atrocious condition.
 Lucille Thomas can write so well with her left hand.
 Dorothy Thomson wears long, flowing gowns.
 Barbara Umland won't let anyone study in reg. before the bell rings.
 Eloise Wegg doesn't send for a copy of Dr. Johnson's "A Beautiful Figure
 Overnight," with money back if not satisfied.
 Louise Widrin never gets any thinner.
 Rose Wilgus' proofs for the Journal came out so well.
 Dorothy Willard is given boys' parts in the rally when she has such a high voice.
 Anita Wilson is continually asked if she is Audré's sister.
 Audré Wilson is always getting bawled out in reg.
 Marguerite Winter is afraid of our fond faculty.
 Karolyn Wolf never had a nickname. (Signed—I. K. K. Y.'s)
 Bernice Zak gets taken for a freshman.

The Raver

(With apologies to Poe)

It was on a Monday dreary,
 While I pondered—oh, so weary!
 Over many a volume of unstudied lore;
 Vainly I had sought to borrow
 Tanner's wisdom 'til the morrow,
 When an ex—a source of sorrow—
 Would seal my fate forevermore.

Ah, distinctly I remember
 It was in the bleak December,
 When a last account we render
 Of the knowledge gained before;
 When shortcomings long concealéd
 By our ex's are revealéd—
 Darkness there, and nothing more!

Vivian Kelly, June, '33.

GIRLS

HI

S.P.A.



DRAMA



Glee



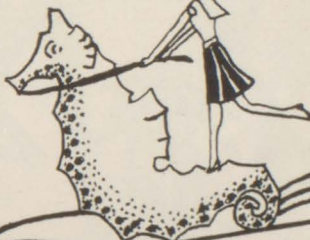
International



Orchestra



Journal



Sports



Campfire



Debating



HOBBIES

B. Staschen



The Lure of The Sea

This little verse will help make plain
A picture rash and bold.
We feel we should to you explain
The tale it *should* have told.

A man upon a whale he sat
And sailed the seven seas;
A swordfish in a tall silk hat
Did frolic in the breeze.

The cannibals of the pathless wild
Were making whiteman soup;
An octopus with temper mild
Embraced a mermaid group.

For lovers 'neath the southern moon
The night was all too short.
Beneath the sea sat old Neptune,
Before his fishy court.

An eagle o'er the ocean flew
To set his family board.
Those seeking for a suntan hue
Did make old Sol their lord.

A sailboat cut the airy spray
Enroute to foreign shore.
A fisher sat throughout the day
And fished for one fish more.

A flying fish in gaudy dress
With a seahorse did elope;
But all this monkey business
Is just a joke. (We hope!)

It is the romance of the sea
That seizes every man;
The lure that catches you and me—
Resist it if you can!

Dorothy Browning.

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BABY



"CURLY LOCKS"



A BIG SISTER



A TINY TOT



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"WE"



DASH & DOT



COME PLAY WITH US



"LU"

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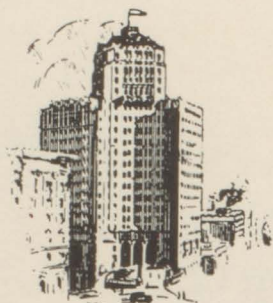
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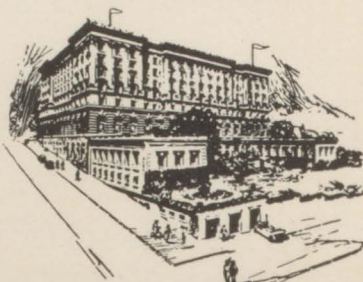


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Wishing you the
best of luck in the
near future
Love
Leslie

Autographs,,,

Lots of love and luck
To a dear little girl
Mary McDonald,

