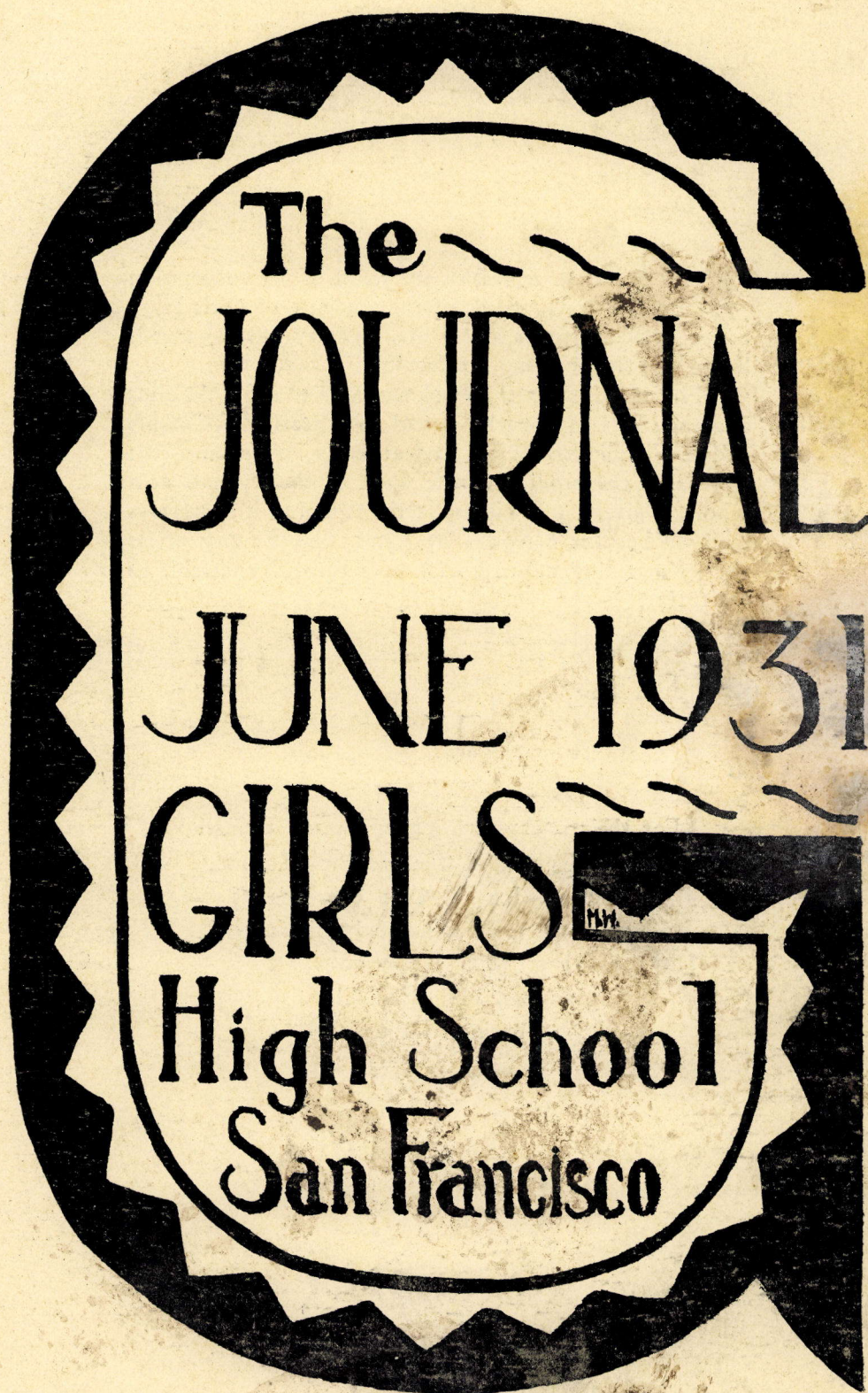


GRAND



Bernice B. Zucker
212 Kluge



THE JOURNAL represents the result of the coöperation and the united work of the students of Girls High School, and illustrates school life, its every phase—as it is led by the students and the faculty.

The pages within this book endeavor to show the aims and the ideals of the school, and to express the thoughts and the ambitions of its student body. And since the Journal is the product of the work of the students as a whole, it gives a true picture of the school as it is: always reaching out for higher things, and, like the city of its theme, marching onward with eyes turned, unafraid, to the future.

~ ~ ~

For their always willing and ready counsel
and aid given in the making of this
book, the Journal Club expresses its
gratitude to Miss Kennedy, literary
adviser; Miss McDermott, art
adviser, and Miss Clay,
business adviser.



Dedication

Faculty

Theme

Administration

Classes

Publications

Organizations

Story and Verse

Activities

Humor

Advertisements

Autographs

E. J. Massagli

Success to a
coming nurse.

Your cousin
Louis Capurro

Bernice B. Lecker

May yours be success,
Paul J. Capurro

Yours till the stars
of our cousin
Muriel Lecker
Liberty walks

Lots of Luck to you
Bryan

6/2/31

Dear Dad:

Some write for pleasure
Others write for fame,
Only write to sign
my name.


TO THE FACULTY OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL—
FRIENDS AND ADVISERS TO WHOM WE ARE
TRULY GRATEFUL FOR ALL THE KNOWLEDGE,
BOTH IN AND OUT OF BOOKS, WHICH THEY
HAVE GIVEN US—WE, THE STUDENTS OF THIS
SCHOOL, DEDICATE THIS GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL
FOR JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-ONE.

My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
My love for you with never fail,
May your face be through life be
happy and free, with dancing waves
of sleep, from north to south, with little
in eagle flew, from north to south, with little
she was a fool, he dropped her in, wishing you
High School (slah!) luck in the
much happiness & good looking
loads, yours till pig fly
Your cousin
Lathorne
Caputo
(Bobby)



F . A . C . U . L . T . Y

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>MR. CHARLES C. DANFORTH
<i>Principal</i></p> <p>MISS LAURA DANIEL
<i>Vice-Principal</i></p> <p>Head of Mathematics Department</p> <p>MRS. LORNA ANDERSON
<i>Music, English</i></p> <p>MISS RUTH C. ANDERSON
<i>Commercial</i></p> <p>MISS EVELYN D. ARMER
<i>Head of English Department</i></p> <p>MRS. ROSE BAER
<i>Social Science</i></p> <p>MISS FRANCES-ELLEN BAKER
<i>Commercial</i></p> <p>MRS. MILDRED BICKEL
<i>German</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN BOVARD
<i>Mathematics</i></p> <p>MRS. ELIZABETH M. BRAY
<i>Physical Education</i></p> <p>MISS EDITH F. BROWNING
<i>English</i></p> <p>MISS NAN BURKE
<i>Hygiene</i></p> <p>MRS. EVA B. CANN
<i>Social Science, English</i></p> <p>MISS ELLA CASTELHUN
<i>Mathematics, History of Art</i></p> <p>MR. MARTIN CENTNER
<i>Latin, German</i></p> <p>MISS LENORA CLARK
<i>Physical Education</i></p> <p>MISS MABEL A. CLAY
<i>Commercial</i></p> <p>MR. PETER T. CONMY
<i>Social Science</i></p> <p>MISS ALICE DE BERNARDI
<i>Social Science, Spanish</i></p> <p>MISS MARGARET DOUGHERTY
<i>Science</i></p> <p>MR. EDWARD DUPUY
<i>Public Speaking, French</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN FLYNN
<i>English</i></p> <p>MISS TILLIE HESSELBERG
<i>Head of Social Science Department</i></p> <p>MRS. MINNETTE KER HIGGINS
<i>English, Commercial</i></p> <p>MRS. JOANNE B. HOFFMAN
<i>Secretary</i></p> <p>MRS. ELIZABETH HOWE
<i>Household Arts</i></p> <p>MISS HATTIE H. JACOBS
<i>English</i></p> <p>MISS MARIAN JONES
<i>Fine Arts</i></p> <p>MISS MAURINE C. KENNEDY
<i>English</i></p> <p>MISS AILEEN KISSANE
<i>Social Science</i></p> <p>MISS KATHERINE LAHANAY
<i>Household Arts</i></p> <p>MISS ESTHER S. LEE
<i>Mathematics</i></p> | <p>MISS ESTELLE MALONEY
<i>English</i></p> <p>MISS MARY W. MEEHAN
<i>Commercial</i></p> <p>MISS MAGDALENA MICHEL
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<i>Household Arts and Science</i></p> <p>MISS ELIZABETH LEE MCDERMOTT
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<i>Music</i></p> <p>MR. THOMAS A. MCGLYNN
<i>Drawing</i></p> <p>MISS MARIE MCKINLEY
<i>Mathematics</i></p> <p>MR. L. L. NOLIN
<i>Social Science, Mathematics</i></p> <p>MISS RUTH E. OAKES
<i>Physical Education</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN P. O'BRIEN
<i>English, Social Science</i></p> <p>MR. LORENZO A. OFFIELD
<i>Science</i></p> <p>MRS. NELLIE T. O'NEILL
<i>Household Arts and Science</i></p> <p>MISS ROBERTA O'ROURKE
<i>Physical Education</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN PAPAN
<i>Spanish</i></p> <p>MISS MURIEL PETTIT
<i>Science</i></p> <p>MISS CLARA POPPIC
<i>Science</i></p> <p>MISS EDNA M. REEVES
<i>Science</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN ROSENBERG
<i>Physical Education</i></p> <p>MISS NATHALIE ROTH
<i>English</i></p> <p>MR. ERNESTO SALZMANN
<i>French, Spanish</i></p> <p>MISS ISABEL M. SANDY
<i>Social Science, Commercial</i></p> <p>MISS MARGUERITE SCHROEDER
<i>Commercial</i></p> <p>MISS CLARA STARK
<i>Social Science, Latin</i></p> <p>MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN
<i>Household Arts</i></p> <p>MRS. LAURA THARP
<i>Physical Education, Drama</i></p> <p>MISS HELEN VILLALPANDO
<i>Spanish, French</i></p> <p>MISS EMMELINA DE TH. WALKER
<i>Italian, Spanish</i></p> <p>MISS LYDIA E. WALKER
<i>Italian, Spanish</i> <i>Lydia Walker</i></p> <p>MISS SHIRLEY WARD
<i>Science</i></p> <p>MISS LENAMAE WILLIAMS
<i>Drama, English</i></p> <p>MRS. ALICE WILSON
<i>French, Spanish</i></p> |
|--|---|

 NCE but a group of barren hills over which cattle roamed; once but a tiny mining town overlooking a clear blue bay devoid of all life and activity; once but a pile of grey ashes and remains of "that which was"; and now—modern, beautiful, cosmopolitan San Francisco—a city exemplifying the meeting of the East with the West, the center of industry and culture.

Dearest Bernice
I wish you luck
and success in your
senior year and your future
Your friend
Angie Brown



E. BURMAN -

*Good Luck
Anita Camozzi*

*In the hands of the adminis-
tration of the Girls High
School lies our fate.*

Best
wishes
for
your
success
Marge



MARJORIE PERRONE
President of the Girls High School
Student Body

Officers of the Student Body of Girls High School

President.....	MARJORIE PERRONE
Commissioner of Finance.....	MARY ROSS
Commissioner of Clubs.....	ANNE LOUISE LEVY
Commissioner of Order and Traffic.....	JANICE JAMES
Commissioner of Social Affairs and Elections.....	ELISABETH JACOBS
Commissioner of Publicity.....	ADA MARSH
Commissioner of Lower Division.....	TEDDY SCHWEITZER
Chief Justice.....	ELINOR KAHN
First Associate Justice.....	DOROTHEA MATURIN
Second Associate Justice.....	ELEANOR FRIESLEY
Third Associate Justice.....	SARA POWELL
Fourth Associate Justice.....	CAMILLA HALL
Cheer Leader.....	ALICE BAUMGARTNER
Clerk of the Student Body.....	JANE BENJAMIN

OFFICERS OF STUDENT BODY OF G. H. S.



Mary Ross



Anne Louise Levy



Janice James



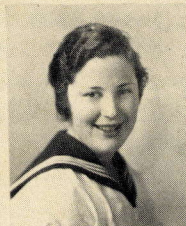
Elisabeth Jacobs



Ada Marsh



Teddy Schweitzer



Elinor Kahn



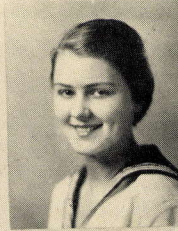
Jane Benjamin



Dorothea Maturin



Eleanor Friesley



Sara Powell



Camilla Hall

A FRESHMAN stands aghast — awed by something of which he knows not. The first glimpses of a new world are appearing before him—a world full of confusion and noncomprehension.

The newborn Sophomore awakens to find himself a different person. Acclimated to his surroundings at last, he is one of a group of acclimated, companionable persons.

The Junior's lot is one of true happiness. He is part, and an extremely important part, of not only a group of his fellow-classmen, but of the whole school.

The Senior, in his sublimity, is all-important, all-powerful, sufficient unto himself. But ere long he will find himself a Freshman, standing aghast—awed by something of which he knows not. The first glimpses of a new world will be appearing before him—a world full of confusion and non-comprehension.



M. WRIGHT

Dear Bernice
Wishing you
Success and
Happiness
through life
your Dad.

Collectively, their end and aim is to raise the standards and increase the fame of their Alma Mater. Individually, each vies with the other for recognition. They are—The Classes of Girls High School.

PORTALS OF THE PAST

~ ~

FOUR marble columns stand with air sublime—
Four marble columns—brave, majestic, strong—
Four columns who have stood the march of time—
Four columns who, to other days belong.

*Their slender beauty and most regal mien
Are reminiscent of an age passed by—
And in their symmetry there can be seen
A spirit that can never fade or die.*

*Could this gateway but talk, what would it tell?
Would it sing praises of our modern shore?
Or would it sigh, and long to once more dwell
In San Francisco of those days of yore?*

Love Jessie

HIGH SENIOR OFFICERS

*Lots of love to an awfully nice girl.
Ramona*



JESSIE THOMAIN
Vice-President



LOUISE CANDAU
President



RAMONA LUTTRELL
Secretary



VIRGINIA KASS
Cheer Leader



EMILIE VAN VECHTEN
Treasurer



MARJORIE FONTANA
Sergeant-at-Arms



JULIANA BIDDLE
Cheer Leader

Best wishes and luck Julie

"HAIL THE HIGH TWELVE CLASS"



ON THE night of June tenth, the entire High Senior class will appear as a unit for the last time. The strains of "Aida" will fill the auditorium; diplomas will be presented—and then—high school life will be over forever.

The following morning as the new High Twelves serpentine throughout the school, the class of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-one will have joined the ranks of alumnae, as have all their predecessors, and eventually they will become but a memory.

For four short years this class has worked and played together, having as a common goal the fulfillment of their highest ideals and aspirations. After graduation, this single unit, the class of June, '31 will become one hundred and fifty individuals, each travelling along a different path of life, but all striving to uphold the standards of their Alma Mater—Girls High School.

*Full of
Gallies*

Garden Club
Naturalist Club



June Allen



Reva Ballen

*Best of
luck
Reva Ballen*

Glee Club
International Club



Virginia Allen



Jeanette Barr

*Loads of luck to you
for the future
Jeanette*

Editor Spanish Club
Paper

Italian Club
Care and Culture Club

*I hope you
remember me
in military
C. H. M. Virginia
dove*

Scholarship Federation
Senior Orchestra
French Club
American Patriots of
G. H. S.



Ernestine Anowitz



Ana Barrios

*Sincerely,
Ana Barrios*

Secretary Ukulele
Club, F'30
Stagecraft Club
International Club
Glee Club

*Best Wishes
Always
Bertha
Arata*



Bertha Arata



Agnes Barron

Stagecraft Club
S. P. A.
Dramatic Club

Class Secretary, S'29
President Dancing
Club, D'29
President Spanish
Club, D'30



Dorothy Armstrong



Eleanor Bauer

*Best Wishes
Dorothy
Armstrong*

German Club

School Cheer Leader,
D'30
Custodian of Ushers,
D'30
S. P. A. Basketball
Manager, D'30
Class Cheer Leader,
J'30
Spanish Club
Journal Club



Alice Baumgartner



Helen Bradman

Stagecraft Club



Doris Becker



Virginia Bright

Journal Club



Silvia Besosa



Delphine Builhe

French Club

Garden Club
Care and Culture Club



Juliana Biddle



Della Bullard

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4

Stagecraft Club
Class Cheer Leader,
S'31



Dorothy Bowden



Virginia Burns

Editor "The Mirror"
California Scholarship
Federation

Spanish Club
Ushers

*In memory of
our millenary
class*

S. P. A.
Assistant Club Com-
missioner, F'29
Ushers



Agnes Buttle



Dorothy Cerf

Class Cheer Leader,
S'28
Care and Culture Club
Debating Club, Vice-
President, F'28

Vice-President S. P. A.,
J'30
President L12 Class,
D'30
Scholarship Federation
Dramatic Club
President H12 Class,
S'31



Louise Candau



Charlotte Chapman

Stagecraft Club
Care and Culture Club
Class Treasurer, Vice-
President Latin Club

Editor German Club,
S'30
Glee Club



Gertrude Carstensen



Marcelle Cohen

Spanish Club
Glee Club

International Club
French Club
Ushers
S. P. A.



Maxine Carter



Cora Collier

Journal Club
Dramatic Club

Secretary Spanish
Club, F'30
Drill Team (First Lieut.,
F'30)



Rose Casamatta



Malba Craig

President Tumbling Club,
S'30 and S'31
S. P. A.
Garden Club

Orchestra
Glee Club
Jazz Band
Girl Reserves



Julia Csaki



Mauripe Dokos



Joan Culley



Margaret Donovan



Genevieve Deas



Isabel Draesemer



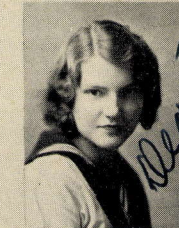
Evelyn Degener



Olga Dull



Martha Ditzler



Edythe Englebrecht

Garden Club
Care and Culture Club
Ushers

California Scholarship
Federation
American Patriots of
G. H. S.
Care and Culture Club
International Club

Vice-President Latin
Club, S'30
Ushers
S. P. A.

Class Treasurer, D'27
Class Representative,
J'28
Class President, D'28
Secretary Latin Club,
D'29
President Dramatic
Club, J'30
Vice-President Student
Body, D'30

Class Secretary, J'30
Secretary Stagecraft
Club, J'30
International Club
Glee Club
Clerk of Student
Body, S'31

German Club
Drill Team
S. P. A.

*Lots of luck
to a constructive
English pal
Maurine*

*Best luck and
all the best
things - Joan*

Secretary Camp Fire
Girls, S'30
Ushers
S. P. A.

Drill Team
Jill Tars
German Club

Shirley Duff

*Best wishes for
your future
Sincerely
Martha*

*Dear Bern.
I'm hoping
we'll go in for
hospital. Always,
Edythe*

*Best wishes
for your future
Albertine*

Vice-President French
Club, S'30
Vice-President French
Club, F'30
S. P. A.

Orchestra

Vice-President Spanish
Club, F'30
Scholarship Federation
Drill Team

*Love and
best wishes
Margaret.*

H12 Sergeant-at-Arms,
S'31
Stagecraft Club
Orchestra
Care and Culture Club

*Sincerely
Maggie*



Albertine Esperance



Virginia Fowler



Neva Equinian



Eleanor Friesley



Ruth Evans



Claire Gauthier



Margaret Fechner



Marie Geren



Marjorie Fontana



Ynez Glackin

Dramatic Club
President Dancing
Club, F'28
President Dancing Club,
S'30-S'31
Secretary Dancing Club,
F'29
Ushers

"Mirror" Staff,
F'30-S'31
Associate Justice, S'31
Debating Club
California Scholarship
Federation
Journal Club
Stagecraft Club

S. P. A.
Scholarship Federation
Business Manager
Journal, S'31

*Best wishes
Jill Marie
Tumbling Club
S. P. A.*

Stagecraft Club
Dancing Club
S. P. A.

Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Editor "The Mirror",
F'30
L10 Vice-President,
F'28
L11 Secretary, F'29
Banking Club



Marian Goldberg



Verna Hargraves

*Lots of luck
& success
for the coming year.
Sincerely
Verna*

President French
Club, S'31
Ushers
Glee Club

Care and Culture Club
Italian Club



Vita Grasso



Virginia Heller

*Hope you have
loads of luck
Virginia*

Care and Culture Club
International Club
Stagecraft Club

President German
Club, S'31
Glee Club
S. P. A.
Scholarship Federation



Wilma Goss



Anna Hird

*Wishing you all
the best luck & happiness
in the world
Sincerely
Anna Hird*

Associate Justice,
S'31
S. P. A.
French Club
International Club



Camilla Hall



Shirley Holm

*Best luck
and love
to you all
who are
in the
club*

S. P. A.
Orchestra
Secretary Jazz Band,
D'30
Jill Tars
Drill Team
Glee Club

President Naturalist
Club, F'30
Vice-President Inter-
national Club, F'30
Assistant Editor
"The Mirror", F'30
Scholarship Federation
Stagecraft Club



Edna Hanna



Marion Holtz

Spanish Club
International Club
Scholarship Federation

S. P. A.
Journal Club



Audrey Hoppe



Elinor Kahn

Chief Justice, S'31
Club Commissioner,
S'30
President Scholarship
Federation, S'30-F'30
President Journal Club,
F'30
Captain League Debating
Team, F'30-S'31



Myra Jackson



Helen Kamler

Secretary American Pa-
triotism of G. H. S., F'30
President American Pa-
triotism of G. H. S., S'31
Spanish Club



Helene Jacobs



Virginia Kass

Care and Culture Club
Ukulele Club
Dramatic Club
Vice-President L12
Class, F'30
Riding Club

L9 Cheer Leader, F'27
L10 Cheer Leader, F'28
L11 Cheer Leader, F'29
L12 Cheer Leader, F'30
School Cheer Leader,
S'30
S. P. A.
Drill Team
International Club



Marjorie Johnson



Marcella Kirby

Spanish Club
S. P. A.
President Banking
Club, F'30
President Banking
Club, S'31

Spanish Club
S. P. A.



Helen Jordan



Hilda Kleebauer

President Jazz Band,
S'30
Secretary Spanish
Club, S'30
Orchestra

German Club

*Best wishes
Lina Portunov*

S. P. A. Board
International Club
Journal Club
Spanish Club



Eleanor Kopf



Lena Lo Schiavo

Glee Club
Italian Club

International Club



Rose Lam



Ramona Luttrell

*Best Wishes
Ramona*
Vice-President Latin
Club, F'29
President Care and Cul-
ture Club, S'30-F'30
California Scholarship
Federation
H12 Secretary, S'31
Garden Club
Spanish Club

President International
Club, D'30
Care and Culture Club
German Club



Kathleen Ledden



Amy Magnuson

Recorder Banking Club,
S'29-F'29-S'30
Secretary Banking Club,
F'30-S'31
Spanish Club

California Scholarship
Federation
Club Commissioner,
S'31
French Club
Journal Club
S. P. A.



Anne Louise Levy



Elena Mannelli

American Patriots of
G. H. S.
California Scholarship
Federation
Italian Club
S. P. A.

Glee Club
S. P. A.



Mary Lisk



Catherine Marcovich

International Club
S. P. A.

*loads of luck
and best wishes
to a girl I should
like to have known
much better. Love
mom*

Dramatic Club
French Club
Ukulele Club



Jeanette Marquis



Lillian McGrath

Camp Fire
International Club
Spanish Club
S. P. A.

Secretary Italian Club,
S'29
Secretary Italian Club,
F'29



Edith Massagli



Miriam McLaughlin

LII Vice-President,
F'29
Dancing Club
International Club
Stagecraft Club
Ushers

Treasurer H9 Class, S'28
President L9 Class, F'27
Assistant Club Commis-
sioner, S'28
Class Representative, J'29
Dancing Club
Latin Club
S. P. A.
Stagecraft Club



Dorothea Maturin



Hilda McMillan

Spanish Club
Tumbling Club

Care and Culture Club
International Club
Advisor, '30
Glee Club



Marjorie Mayer



Adelaide McNish

American Patriots of
G. H. S.
California Scholarship
Federation
S. P. A.



Alice McCord



Elsa Mies

Care and Culture Club

*Best Wishes
Claire Miller*



Claire Miller



Jean O'Leary

International Club
Spanish Club
S. P. A.

H9 President, S'28
L10 Secretary, F'28
Care and Culture Club
S. P. A.
Ukulele Club



Lois Miller



Ljuba Pashkovsky

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

*Loads of love
best wishes
Always
Journal Club
Latin Club*

*May your year is happy
and full of love
have in all your life*



Minnie Miyagi



Marjorie Perrone

Secretary of Ushers, F'29
President Camp Fire
League, S'30
Cafeteria Commissioner,
S'30
Secretary Student Body,
F'30
President Student Body,
S'31
S. P. A.

Secretary French Club,
F'30
Head Usher
Business Manager
"The Mirror", S'31



Maurine Morris



Dorothy Peterson

President Orchestra, F'29
California Scholarship
Federation
Glee Club
Jazz Band
S. P. A.

H9 Vice-President, S'28
H10 President, S'29
Secretary Spanish Club,
S'28
Secretary S. P. A., S'29
L11 Representative, S'30
Student Body Treasurer,
S'30



Blanche Norton



Yvonne Pnault

American Patriots of
G. H. S.
Care and Culture Club
French Club
S. P. A.

*Best of luck
and love
Blanche*

*Sincerely
Yvonne*

SEE Pg. 40

Glee Club



Marie Pon



Ann Rosener

L10 Cheer Leader, S'29
Secretary Journal Club,
S'30
"Mirror" Staff,
F'30-S'31
Editor "Journal", S'31
Debating Club
California Scholarship
Federation

Associate Justice, S'31
French Club



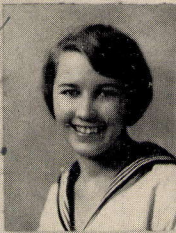
Sara Powell



Mary Ross

Vice-President California
Scholarship Federation,
S'30
Finance Commissioner,
S'31
Vice-President S. P. A.,
F'30
Student Body Treasurer,
F'30
Class Representative,
F'28-D'31

Camp Fire
S. P. A.
Ushers



Maxine Radcliff



Johanna Roth

Care and Culture Club
Garden Club
International Club

President Girls Reserves,
F'30-S'31
Debating Club
French Club



Florence Rau



Angelina Runcallo

Vice-President Italian
Club, F'29
Secretary Italian Club,
S'30
President Italian Club,
S'31
International Club

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



Loretta Rhine



Ethel Rundquist

Secretary Latin Club,
S'29
Secretary Banking Club,
F'30-S'31
Garden Club
S. P. A.

Lots of luck + success
to - good server.
Just
Ethel.
one of the "boys".

Care and Culture Club
Garden Club
Orchestra
S. P. A.



Tula Sarantitis



Carol Seller

L12 Treasurer, F'30
Dramatic Club
French Club
Journal Club
Stagecraft Club



Anna Savin



Marie Shaposhnikoff

My best wishes to a party is the S.S. history Marie Shaposhnikoff



Ida Seettrini



Evelyn Shon

Glee Club
American Patriots of
G. H. S.
Banking Club



Mildred Schaefer



Edna Shegog

Recorder Banking Club,
S'29-F'29
Vice-President Banking
Club, F'30
President Banking Club,
S'31
Spanish Club



Alfhilde Schreiber



Margot Simon

Vice-President Class of
D'31-S'28
Secretary Class of
D'31-S'29
Vice-President German
Club, F'29
Editor German Paper,
S'30
California Scholarship
Federation

Sincerely
Margot Simon

Alfhilde Schreiber
Margot Simon
Alfhilde

*Life of Love
Frankie*

Dramatic Club
S. P. A.
Ushers



Frances Simmons



Mary Alice Swager



Dolores Smale



Annette Sweeney



Mildred Smith



Phyllis Sword



Frances Sperling



Helen Szabo



Helen Stich



Anna Tarantino

L11 Representative,
F'29
H12 Treasurer, S'31
Dramatic Club
S. P. A.

Dear Bernice,
Please remember
me as a friend
of class & high school.
I wish you much
success and happiness.
Remember
6th class. Huh!

Best Wishes
to a girl who has
enjoyed many
years
Caret and Culture Club
Drill Team
Spanish Club
S. P. A.
Ushers
Linnell

President Ukulele Club,
F'30-S'31
Care and Culture Club
French Club
Glee Club
Stagecraft Club

Loads and loads
of love and happiness
from
success and Helen.

Dear Service
Some one spotted my picture
in it but if you
turn to page 75 you
can read my manuscript
to you
Dingo

Best of luck and
success always
Love from
Linnell

Madame
Laurie
my Aunt
Care and Culture Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
International Club

Italian Club



Anna M. Tarantino



Pauline Toth

10 ear old, pal, old pal -
How do you do - lets hope
we all had a each other
even more this term
after I quit the
Here back to you
Florence



Florence Temple



Barbara Trotter

Love to a
Italian Club
lovely girl
from
Provinc



Providence Terranova



Elinor Tuggy

Camp Fire
S. P. A.
Ushers

Secretary Jill Tars, F'29
First Mate Jill Tars,
F'30
L12 Secretary, F'30
Secretary Care and Cul-
ture Club, S'30
Drill Team
Stagecraft Club
S. P. A.



Jessie Thomain



Maita Tyler

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, looking slightly to the left. Overlaid on the image is handwritten text in dark ink. The text includes "Beach", "Lata", "Maita Tyler", and "Maita Tyler" written vertically. There is also a large, stylized signature that appears to be "Maita Tyler" or similar. The background of the photo is a light, textured surface.

Good
Barney
Care and Culture Club
Orchestra
Honor



Emily Tobacco



Norma Tyson

Lots of love
and best wishes
to a darn nice
pal. I won't
say "goodbye"
to you because
I'll be seeing
you after
I'm a workin'
girl. My way
of sayin' good-
night forever
is by sendin'
you as much
love as I can.
Love,
Emily

Jessie Thomain

Indian Club
S. P. A.

Emily Tolbert

Norma Tyson

Marta Tyler

Care o

Love

but

No

To you,

Emily

H11 President, S'30
Dramatic Club
Journal Club
International Club
S. P. A.



Tatiana Uroff



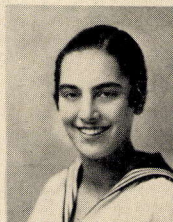
Reva White

Care and Culture Club
Dramatic Club
Ukulele Club

Glee Club
S. P. A.
H12 Class Treasurer,
S'31



Emilie Van Vechten



Elizabeth Wollner

President Stagecraft
Club, S'31
Care and Culture Club
Debating Club



Milne Vaughan



Mary Woods

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

California Scholarship
Federation
Vice-President Inter-
national Club, S'31
Ushers
Ukulele Club



Belle Weidberg



Ada Wray

American
Patriots
of G.H.S.
Care and
Culture Club
S.P.A.



Theresa Weitz



Bertha Verda



Margaret Wright

President
Stagecraft
Club, F'30
Art Editor
"Journal", S'31
Dramatic Club
S.P.A.

*Fits Dates
Anne Dubertius*



Jean Grunsky



Gertrude Haskins



Helen Block

*lots of love
and
wishes to Bernice
from Helen.*

The Low Twelve Class

AT THE beginning of the Spring term of 1931, the Low Twelves were right back on the job again. They certainly made a good start when they elected President Jean Grunsky and her capable assistants, Helen Bloch and Gertrude Haskins. These officers were out to do their best in leading the Low Seniors through a successful term, and did they? Why, on Class Day, led by their peppy cheer leaders, Eleanor Ressighinnie and Lily Poggetti, the Low Twelves couldn't help but come through with flying colors, and on Aquatic Day the class held up its reputation by standing high in all events. As for the class play, "Fourteen", you must admit that it was well acted, well directed, and enjoyed by all who saw it.

The Low Senior Class has been coöperating not only with the school but with every one of its members for three and one half years. Next term the Low Twelves will be the "high and mighty" High Seniors, and, of course, they will be the most famous Senior class in all the history of Girls High School.

*back to
in your
years
were
Eleanor
Ressighinnie*



Helen Rose



Alyce Ellis



June Smith

*hello
And just to think no more
chemistry - Lots of love
and luck - Helen*

The High Eleven Class

THE High Eleven Class made sure of a successful semester by electing the following girls as its officers: Helen Rose, president; Alyce Ellis, vice-president; June Smith, secretary, and Mary Nagatoshi as cheer leader.

On Aquatic Day, Class Day, and through their class play, the High Juniors made a name for themselves by the excellent spirit and coöperation shown on these occasions by every member of the class.

Ever since their Freshman days, the High Elevens have been outstanding in the activities and scholarship of Girls High School; and the class will continue to be the outstanding class of the school in the future as it has in the past, through its energetic and enthusiastic members.

*Lots of success
to a friend
in June*



Ida Merrill



Phoebe Halter



Edna Johnson

*lots of love to a
dizzy blonde
glad to have
been in the
sweat gym
class. — I
hope that
will be
together next
term
your
gym pal
Phoebe!*

The Low Eleven Class

THE SPRING TERM of this year once again proved that the Low Eleven class is one of the most active and prominent of all the classes in the school.

Under the direction of their able leaders, president Ida Merrill; vice-president Phoebe Halter; and secretary Edna Johnson, the Low Juniors made names for themselves in all the activities, both physical and mental, that the school affords.

The members of this class are good scholars; they participate in all clubs and sports, and truly live up to their high ideals of citizenship, good sportsmanship, and school spirit.

Peppy, happy girls, willing to work and play together for "their" school and class,—that's what the Low Eleven class is composed of!



Rose Siegel



Jane Levy



Louise Manfredi

The High Ten Class

“ACTIVITY is the spice of life.” So all the members of the High Sophomore class believe, and accordingly, accomplishments galore fill the record books of this class.

Since all the world's a stage, and we merely the actresses, you would, perhaps, like to hear of our latest production, “Beauty and the Jacobin”, which was a huge success.

But we excel not only in dramatics, but also in sports and scholarship. Pep and spirit, energy and coöperation are our passwords, and we try to be on the top in everything we do.

At the beginning of the term, we elected Rose Siegel for our president, and Jane Levy, Louise Manfredi, Lenore Mordoff and Bobby Tothorok as our vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and cheer leader, respectively. These girls have lived up to their class's reputation and have proven capable leaders.

The High Sophomore class may not have reached the summit of its aims, but remember, “Rome wasn't built in a day”; so if our class continues in its good work, by the time we are Seniors, we shall be the greatest class ever to have been in Girls High School.



Lorraine Baker



Sally McMillan



Eleanor Jacob

The Low Ten Class

A VERY DISTINGUISHED class was recently elevated to the realm of the upper division. D'33 is distinguished because of its coöperation with the following class officers: Lorraine Baker, president; Sally McMillan, vice-president; Eleanor Jacob, secretary; Carrie Starr, treasurer.

D'33 is amazing because of its inimitable school spirit which surpasses that of all the other classes in the school. In dramatics the Low Tens immediately came to the foreground, and the girls of the class have always excelled in active sports.



Alyce Thomain



Barbara Bradley



Leslie Sharlin

The High Nine Class

THE High Nines, though young in years and experience, and comparatively new to Girls High School, have already become famous. Led by these efficient officers, Alice Thomain, president; Barbara Bradley, vice-president; and Leslie Sharlin, secretary, the High Freshmen have passed another very successful semester. Emulating their big sisters, they acted the parts of charming hostesses at the Lower Division Valentine Party, and on Class Day, they were brimming over with true Girls High spirit and enthusiasm.

If the High Nine class is so energetic at this early stage of its career, its activities as Seniors will know no bounds. So just wait, Girls High School—in a few years you *will* see a class truly worthy of its Alma Mater.



Dorothy Swift



Mabel Mathers



Jane Small

The Low Nine Class

WHEN you're a Low Nine, you're supposed to be very humble and look up with awe at your Seniors. But just look at this Low Freshman class! Instead, the whole school, including the Seniors, looks up with awe at them!

With Dorothy Swift, their able class president; Mabel Mathers, vice-president, and Jane Small, secretary, this Low Nine class has gone far ahead of its elders in class spirit, class activities, and class honors.

The Low Nine class play certainly was a great success. The members of the class worked hard to produce it and act in it, but they received an ample reward, for the whole school enjoyed it immensely!

So far, the Low Freshman class has measured up to all of Girls High's standards. Congratulations from the whole school, and more power to you!



HIGH EIGHTH GRADE



LOW EIGHTH GRADE



HIGH SEVENTH GRADE



LOW SEVENTH GRADE

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

MRS. HENRY C. MORRIS	<i>President</i>
MRS. EARL TREADWELL	<i>First Vice-President</i>
MRS. N. A. ANDREOTTI	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
MRS. BERNARD WOLF	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
MRS. GEORGE BEANSTON, JR.	<i>Financial Secretary</i>
MRS. E. L. DOHERTY	<i>Treasurer</i>
MRS. GEORGE F. KIEL	<i>Parliamentarian</i>
MRS. M. DELANO	<i>Historian</i>
MISS M. DOUGHERTY	<i>Faculty Representative</i>
MISS LUCILE CORDRAY	<i>Junior Past President</i>

THE Alumnae Association of Girls High School is a very active organization, and the many sections which have been formed meet regularly and have made marked progress in stimulating interest in the association.

The following sections have been established: Book Reading, under leadership of Mr. Ronald Telfer; Tap Dancing, under leadership of Mr. Callan Tjader; Parliamentary Law, under leadership of Mrs. George Kiel; Dramatic, under leadership of Miss Ruth Nathan; Card, under leadership of Mrs. Sponogle; Philanthropic, under leadership of Mrs. Clarence Schneider.

The G.H.S. Birthday Party was celebrated April seventeenth at G.H.S. A short play was given presenting a series of events from 1867, when the school was first founded, to 1931.

On May 16 the Alumnae Association of G.H.S. gave its semi-annual bridge-luncheon at the Western Women's Club. The Senior Class of June '31 were the guests of honor, and were presented with G.H.S. Alumnae membership cards for the following year.

~ ~

NEWS OF THE ALUMNAE

Mary Woebke, Jan. '27, is Woman's Manager of the Blue and Gold, member of Prytanean (Junior and Senior Honor Society); Mortar Board (Senior Honor Society).

Frances McGuire, Jan. '27, is Junior Manager of the Blue and Gold, member of Prytanean.

Marguerite Magee, Jan. 27, is Junior Editor of the Blue and Gold, member of Prytanean.

Marjory Anderson is Treasurer of Y.W.C.A.

Wilmer Grace, June '27, is President of Prytanean.

Margaret Hammond, Dec. '26, will receive her M.A. Degree May '31.

Vera Fredricks, June '28, is in training at Children's Hospital.

Jocelyn Siem, June '30, is dancing in "The Potter's Wheel", this year's Parthenia at U.C.

Marion Bloch, June '25, has been invited to speak at General Session of the National Education Association, June 29, 1931, at Los Angeles on the theme "Youth Views Education".



T.STRAND

*The clear clarion through
which comes the voice of the
school—its Publications.*

*Awfully
sincerely
yours*

Ann Rosener



ANN ROSENER
Literary Editor



MARGARET WRIGHT
Art Editor



CLAIRE GAUTHIER
Business Manager

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Marjorie Cahn

Beverly Hoffman

Luda Jarrell

Lomoye Nogawa

Mary Ross

Frances Steidel

Barbara Trotter

Ella Burman

Clarice Dechent

Frances Isles

Violet Nakashima

Jeanne Reiman

Ruth Schalla

Oleta Selma

Theodore Strand

Janet Birnbaum

Ellenor Burchell

Amy Edwards

Leslie Jacobs

Nancy Larsen

Blanche Nelson

Barbara O'Connell

Virginia Wright

Billie Carleton

*Look for your future
in a regular
year
sincerely
"Billie"*

"The Mirror"

LOOK into "The Mirror" and see reflected within it the life of the Girls High School. The school paper is a journal of the activities of the school, and just as steadily as the copies in "The Mirror" files increase, so grows Girls High School. Saucy "Sassy Scratches", sweet "Soothing Syrups" have been written and gone down in history, and in them and in other parts of the paper has been published the history of the school.

But who is it that writes this paper? Why, none other than the girls of the inimitable Newswriting class, they who know all and tell nothing! Many are the mysterious whispers that echo within 108, but though they echo within the walls, they never stray outside.

Though "The Mirror" comes out but three or four times a term, it contains more solid news than school papers usually do. It publishes no advertisements, and all of its four pages are entirely devoted to school matters. "The Mirror's" editorial columns express the opinions of the school, and its other columns tell of the activities of the student body. "The Mirror" is an all-around school paper containing both humorous and serious articles, and it is, in truth, a worthy record of the progress of Girls High School.



VIRGINIA BURNS
Editor

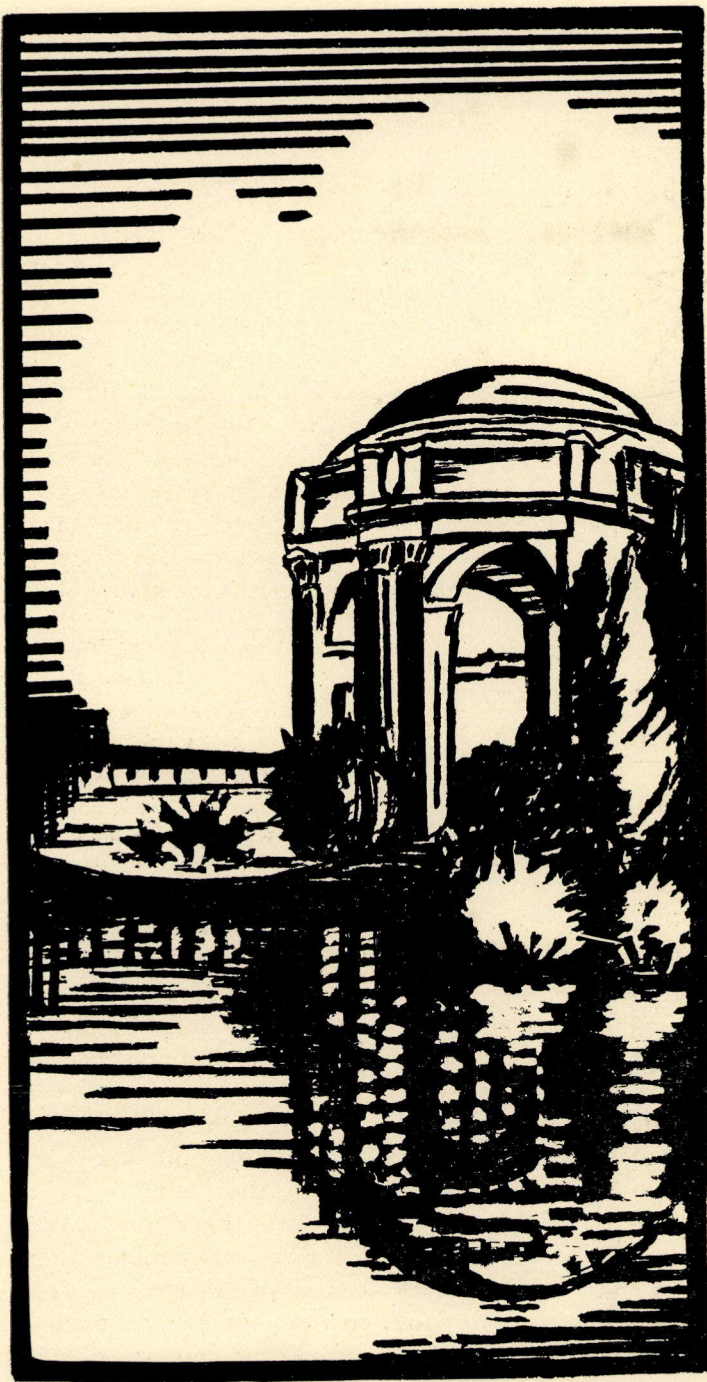


OLETA SELNA
Associate Editor



MAURINE MORRIS
Business Manager

*Best wishes
Oleta*



B. CARLETON

"Billie"

For the purpose of sponsoring good-fellowship and promoting coöperation, these organizations have been established.



CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

OLETA SELNA, President

MARY MAYER, Secretary

"Each is a scholar—exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading."



INTERNATIONAL CLUB

MARGARET EISNER, President

ROSE LAM, Secretary

"Peace and friendship with all mankind is our wisest policy."



DRAMATIC CLUB

MARIE LAXAGUE, *President*

LOIS MILLER, *Secretary*

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art."



STAGE CRAFT CLUB

ELIZABETH WOLLNER, *President*

JANET BIRNBAUM, *Secretary*

"The eyes are charmed by costumes."

*Lots of luck to a dear
new high senior.
Evelyn Pruitt*



LUDA JARRELL, *President*

JOURNAL CLUB

CORA COLLIER, *Secretary*

"Literature is the thought of thinking souls."



BARBARA BURNS, *President*

LATIN CLUB

BETTY BOND, *Secretary*

"The 'mother' of the language."



FRENCH CLUB

VERNA HARGRAVES, *President*

ALBERTINE ESPERANCE, *Secretary*

"The national mind is reflected in the national speech."



GERMAN CLUB

WILMA GOSS, *President*

ELEANOR BAUER, *Secretary*

*"The study of language is given for the purpose of forming
the human mind of youth."*



*Will goodly
and good luck.
Jackie*

JACQUELINE O'LEARY, President

SPANISH CLUB

EDNA NELSON, Secretary

"The beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was written."



*Bits of luck & success
to an old history
friend Maria Maggioni
D. 31.
Ester Magnani*

*lots of luck
my mother
my happiness
success be
- Emma
love always
your best
"Angie" Pandolfi
Rose
Gianfranco*

*Sincere & Best Wishes
Vivian Cardiniani
J. 32*

Angie Pandolfi

*Hope to
be in
your
Italian
Class next
Term.
Blanche*

SENIOR AND JUNIOR ITALIAN CLUBS

ANGELINA RUNCALLO, President, Senior Division
LENA CARDINALI, President, Junior Division

GINA LANA, Secretary
JENNIE BUFFA, Secretary

"Everyone, sooner or later, comes 'round by Rome'."

*My Friend
Dorothy
Beverly
Hart*



BARBARA TAYLOR, *President* DEBATING CLUB PHOEBE HALTER, *Secretary*
"With words we govern men."



HELEN KAMLER, *President* AMERICAN PATRIOTS' SOCIETY HELEN SHINKLE, *Secretary*
"Our country is the common parent of all."



DANCING CLUB

VIRGINIA FOWLER, *President*

ETHEL PHILLIPS, *Secretary*

"To brisk notes in cadence beating, glance their many twinkling toes."



CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

ELSA BICKEL, *President*

DOROTHY CASCIONI, *Secretary*

"Beauty doth varnish age."



NATURALIST CLUB

MARY JOE BOZANT, *President*

MARGARET ARNOLD, *Secretary*

"Nature is a friend to truth."



GARDEN CLUB

MARY COGHLAN, *President*

HELEN JORDAN, *Secretary*

"Plow deep while the sluggards sleep."



PHILATELIC SOCIETY

VIRGINIA WRIGHT, *President*

DOROTHY GOICOVICH, *Secretary*

"The stamp is the seal of the nation."



BANKING CLUB

ETHEL RUNDQUIST, *President*

EDNA SHEGOG, *Secretary*

"Saving, not getting, is the mother of riches."



Sincerely —

BETTY CHEMNICK, President

USHERS

ELAINE HOHMAN, Secretary

"Life is not so short but that there is always room for courtesy."



DRILL TEAM

DOROTHY RADOVICH, President

ELEANOR SCRAMOGLIA, First Lieutenant

"Drummer, strike up, and let us march away."



UKULELE CLUB

PHYLLIS SWORD, *President*

MARY PRICE, *Secretary*

"If music be the food of love, play on."



JAZZ BAND

HELEN JORDAN, *President*

FLORENCE TEMPLE, *Secretary*

"The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide."



*Just someone
7 best wishes
a good success in
the future. B. Bird.
Note of love and
luck & favor*

GLEE CLUB

ALFHILDE SCHREIBER, *President*

LINA LO SCHIAVO, *Secretary*

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."



*Love
Joseph
Aceto*

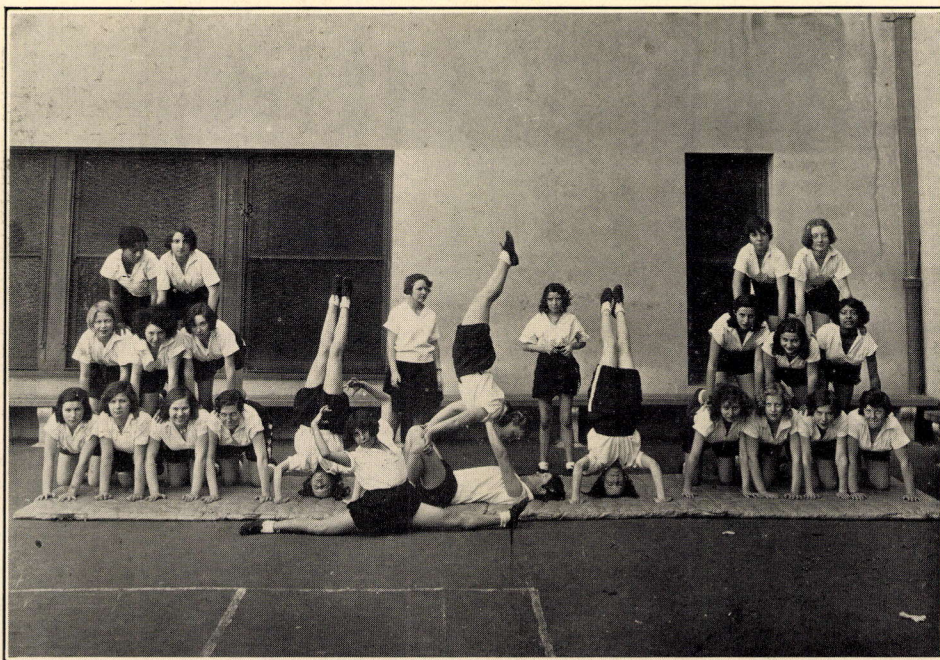
ORCHESTRA

NEVA EQUINIAN, *President*

TULA SARANTITIS, *Librarian*



MELDA NIELSON, *First Mate* JILL TARS ELINOR DEGENER, *Second Mate*
"Little strokes take great seas."



MABEL CRAIG, *President* TUMBLING CLUB BRINGFRIEDE HAUBER, *Secretary*
"Take a tumble to happiness."



*Heaps of
Love
Erine Lulfo*

GIRL RESERVES

FLORENCE RAU, *President*

IDA MERRILL, *Secretary*

"All service ranks the same with God."



CAMP FIRE GIRLS

SINWAPIKIYA..... BETTY LANGFELD, *President*; ELENE KRAUSE, *Secretary*
KLEKA-TASNI..... VIRGINIA RYAN, *President*; MAXINE RADCLIFF, *Secretary*

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."



S. P. A.

*"It's not whether you win or lose,
"It's the playing the game and the spirit you use."*

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP! Good citizenship and scholarship! And highest of all S.P.A. ideals—friendship! These qualities stand for the Sports and Pastimes Association of Girls High School.

First on the S.P.A. calendar for the term of Spring, 1931, came Aquatic Play Day, arranged and conducted by the Board for all the classes in the school. Soon followed S.P.A. Day, one of the most successful days of the term. An event which greatly helped to foster friendship among the girls of the various high schools in the city, was Play Day, which was held at Girls High; but of all these affairs, perhaps the one most interesting to the Juniors and Seniors was the traditional semi-annual launch ride.

This term, under the capable supervision of Miss Clark, and through the S.P.A. Board, this club did much toward living up to the "pastimes" part of its name. Besides regular team practice, the baseball, swimming, and volley-ball teams held class suppers, and arranged hikes, beach suppers, and ice-skating parties.

The officers of the S.P.A. Board are:

HELEN STITCH	President
PEARL KOPF	Vice-President
DOROTHY ANDERSON	Secretary
MARJORIE JOHNSON	Volley-ball Manager
BLANCHE NORTON	Baseball Manager
FRANCES DERBY	Swimming Manager
MINNIE LOWENTHAL	Basketball Manager
JEAN PETTY	Tennis Manager

THE CLUBS OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

IN OUR SCHOOL, Girls High, there are thirty clubs, most of which are open to membership for both upper and lower division girls. Every one of these clubs was formed because a group either of students or teachers felt that such an organization was necessary to satisfy some want expressed by the school as a whole. The various underlying purposes for the founding of these organizations cover an exceedingly wide scope: some were formed to further interest in languages—French, Spanish, Latin, German, and others; some to promote interest in all forms of sport, such as baseball, volleyball, swimming, tennis, and rowing; and some clubs were formed for the purpose of promoting dramatics, debating, journalism, nature study, current events, history, singing, and other such subjects.

But the prime factor in the establishment of all these organizations was to promote friendliness and good-fellowship among students of Girls High School. One cannot live alone in solitary splendor in this world. The mingling with other people, interested in many things in every walk of life, is inevitable, and even if it were avoidable, it would not be good for any of us.

Through joining one or two clubs in the school, we become better acquainted with our classmates; and, in addition, we develop a sympathetic understanding, broaden our viewpoint, and derive much pleasure from the social contact. To get the most out of Girls High, one must participate in outside activities.

~ ~ ~

The following clubs were organized too late to have their pictures in the Journal:

COMMUNITY CIVICS CLUB

President	Mary Metzger
Secretary	Astrid Hammer

~ ~ ~

COMMERCIAL CLUB

President	Julia Schweitzer
Secretary	Pauline Cocchi

*With loads
of Luck to
a new High
Senior.
Mary.*

A SLUMBERING town beside a bay
In Spain's vast lands toward the West,
Where dawn means but another day
To this, a mission post at best.
In history you live again
Saint Francis that belonged to Spain.

That most magnetic metal, gold,
Has lured the world unto your gates,
And soon you come into the fold—
A part of these United States.
In memory you live once more,
America that reached the shore.

A fertile region toward the land,
World commerce toward the sea,
Meet now upon your busy strand
And we have trade and industry.
And so, our city of today
Doth mark the climax of our lay.



V. Nakashima

Dear Bernice
 Loads of love
 and luck while
 training and in
 your future in
 your old years
 Aunt
 Marjorie

*Stories and verse which
 endeavor to express the
 thoughts and emotions of
 writers and readers—Litera-
 ture.*

my dearest Bernice
I hope you understand
what I mean
by writing on this page
Always
Lillian
G. S. There's reason for it!!!!!!

CHINATOWN

CROOKED, cobbled streets—dark, narrow alleys running hopelessly into one another—stuffy, cluttered-up stores—smudgy windows proudly showing jades and other Oriental goods—vegetable stands—meat markets reeking with the smell of dried fish—strange sights—strange smells—Chinatown.

Bustling, hurrying pagans going in every direction to the slop-slop of slippered feet. Shrieking, laughing children darting in and out of half-hidden alleys. Church bells ringing, drowned in the crash and din of brazen Orientalism. Beauty, joy, ugliness and sorrow—birthplace of mystery and adventure—Chinatown.

GERTRUDE HESKINS, D'31

GEARY STREET

MARIA was born on Geary Street, and lived her whole life within its aura. When she was a very small child, she hated the street. "It's ugly," she used to think. "It's dreary and narrow and sunless. It's noisy and uninteresting. Why wasn't I born on a wide, beautiful street where trees shade the sidewalks?" That was an unusual thought for a child, but then Maria often had strange thoughts. She soon learned that her ideas amazed her schoolfellows, so she ceased expressing them. She grew to be silent and thoughtful. Poor little mite—when she should have been out romping with children of her own age, she used to sit by herself at the window, and stare out into Geary Street. She despised it at first. She chafed and fretted within her narrow boundaries and longed to free herself. But gradually, a sort of affection for the place grew up within her heart, and she found that she was fond of Geary Street. She liked to take long walks along the street, to gaze into the faces of people who strolled there and to listen to the rhythm of each passing street car. She grew to know each little section of Geary Street, and learned that it contained both ugliness and beauty. "It's like me," she thought; "it has parts which are stormy and parts which are quiet. It begins in the roar of Market Street and ends in the calm of the ocean."

Sometimes at night, Maria used to think about herself. She would hear a street car coming down the lamplit street below her. As the car approached, the noise of its wheels increased, until the house shook with its thunder; then the noise faded away into the night. "My life will be like that—roaring out from the night, and fading back to it, forgotten even before it is passed," she thought, and grew panic-stricken. "What will become of me?" she wondered. "I cannot always live here. How shall I live and what shall I do? What does life hold for me? Why am I here at all?" She thought about death and her thoughts terrified her. And so she grew from a child to a girl, and from a girl to a woman, and still she thought her strange thoughts.

One day she tried writing these thoughts down on paper, and she found that it somehow relieved her heart to do so. After that she always wrote. She did it without aim or purpose, but simply because, once written down, her thoughts did not come back to disturb her. She never read over what she had written—it seemed somehow distasteful to her. She simply wrote, and threw the sheets of paper into an old suitcase which she kept in her room. Once, she put one of these writings into an envelope and carefully addressed it to a magazine, but it soon came back again, just as neatly and carefully readdressed. Strangely, she did not care. She kept on writing and throwing the manuscripts into the old suitcase. She wrote down all her emotions, her desires, her loves, her hates, her dreams, her longings. And so, the papers in the old suitcase accumulated in disorderly piles until Maria's life had thundered by to fade into the night, and then the writings ceased.

.....

Long after her death, a man found the old suitcase and read her thoughts. He squatted on the floor before it, and read page after page, because he found that he could not leave them until he had finished. He found that Maria's joys

and fears and emotions were his own, and he was wise enough to realize that they were the emotions of a million other people besides him. For though Maria had written down the thoughts that had come to her, she did not know that everyone, at some time or other, has had those same thoughts, too. And so, because she had expressed them with amazing force and simplicity, her writings were published, and millions of people read them, and wondered how this woman knew their inmost feelings. But Maria did not know all this, or yet—perhaps she did. For who knows, maybe she still strolls along Geary Street, which she hated and loved.

LUDA JARRELL, J'32

~ ~

NOSTALGIA

THE mystic night with silence reigns—
All is serene. 'Tis a beauteous night.
Alone I sit amid the heavenly scene
Watching the moon slowly climb in the skies.
Wandering thoughts for a moment stop
To dwell in the city of my dreams.
While my lonely heart seeks refuge in reverie.
In fancy I can see the gate renowned,
And I can almost hear the sirens
Singing sweetly, clearly, between
The thundering roar of the breakers.

Lost in thought,
I find myself in a pensive mood,
For those hours of solitude
Pass like golden notes of a sonata.

LINA LO SCHIAVO, J'31



GOLD!

GOLD! Little yellow pieces of rock that seemed to make men mad!
White men by the hundreds and thousands poured in over the mountain passes, in wagons drawn by oxen and horses. Hundreds came on foot, all eager, all anxious, all determined to find the yellow rock!

Romance! Vessels of all nations laden with eager men urging ships on—on to the land of gold. Here were the civilized and barbarous alike, speaking the same tongue in their quest for gold!

Ships anchored! Crews lured from their duty by tales of the wealth to be had in the foothills of the Sierras.

Gold! Many attaining wealth! Many more—poverty! All groping blindly, but with faces resolutely set toward the magnet of the mines.

California! Gold!

BETTY CHEMNICK, D'31

~ ~

DISILLUSION

WHEN I came to California,
Great sights I thought I'd see
Of a picturesque gold miner
Pannin' gold right on his knee;
Of gay Spanish señoritas
Gazing hopefully at the stars,
While just below their balconies
Dashing Spaniards played guitars.

*I even thought that I might see
An Indian or two,
But when at last I did arrive
I found that there were few.
As for an old gold miner,
I hunted high and low,
But it seems that he has vanished
With the maids of long ago.*

MARY ROSS, J'31

~ ~

THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN

HEAVILY-LADEN boughs of daintily-petaled and delicately-hued clusters pervade the air with a rare perfume, at blossom time in the Japanese Tea Garden. To sip fragrant tea, nibble crisp cakes at weird-shaped tables under the shelter of gnarled pine trees, is my favorite pastime. Harkening to the quiet babble and the murmurings of the tiny brooklets, peeking at the graceful gold-fish, and stepping lightly around on the narrow paths, fascinate me, and bring me tranquility. Here has been transplanted a bit of the eternal peace, quiet, and subtle beauty of quaint Japan.

TOMOYE NOZAWA, J'33

MONTGOMERY STREET

THE WALL STREET of San Francisco. The narrow street lined with tall, stately buildings. Montgomery Street—where honking limousines, clanging cable cars, and important looking men and women, all hurry past me. Dark, high and wide openings, with shiny and busily swinging doors leading to some concern; foreign banks with quaint inscriptions on their glossy windows; telegraph boys parking their bicycles and hurriedly producing their precious messages—all these are seen, while the “Extree—extree!” of numerous newsboys is heard. I cannot loiter, for everyone and everything seem to say, “Time is precious—time is money”, so I hustle along once more with the crowd, down Montgomery Street.

TOMOYE NOZAWA, J'33

~ ~

SUNSET ON THE GOLDEN GATE

MOLTEN GOLD on the dark blue sea—a disk of yellow, set in a dove-gray sky. A ladder from the azure dome sends, streaming downward, shafts of yellow gold that shine into the sea. They form a pathway from heaven, down which angels climb. Gleaming sunshine streaming down, casting resplendent colors onto skies and clouds, until the sun hides behind the sea, and another day is done.

FRANCES STEIDEL, J'33

~ ~

THE PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

AGAINST a background of an azure heaven and marvelously green foliage it stood, with its colonnades and domes, overlooking the now calm sapphire sea. Its walls were bathed in a soft, coral hue as the last glowing flames of day lighted up the west. “The Thinker” seemed more thoughtful and absorbed than usual, as if the inevitable coming of the gloom oppressed him. Now and then the echo of the footfall of some late tarrier resounded along the fine gravel, but otherwise an almost holy silence reigned.

The words *Honneur et Patrie* seemed to mean more than just words as, looking up at them, one realized their meaning. They silently instilled a desire to live up to the noble phrase.

Behind the portly doors of this mansion were tokens of the beauty of man. Here an artist had expressed his soul in colors; there a sculptor had let his craving hands create marvelous curves and lines. Even the china had the worker's soul engraved on its surface and in its substance.

Some looked and gazed at all this splendor and then left with a pleasant and amused feeling. Others saw a deeper meaning, and their voices were hushed as they reluctantly left the striking and gorgeous displays. This palace of beauty to them stood for the progress of man in expressing himself, in maintaining the meaning of *Honneur et Patrie*.

TAMARA MARTEN, J'33

DECLARATION!
PROCLAMATION!
PUBLICATION!

Y E CITIZENS of San Francisco, by the Golden Gate!
Test your knowledge of the landmarks of your city, and see what
your I.Q. is by trying to match the words on the left with the descriptions on the right:

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1. TWIN PEAKS | Japanese "House and Garden" — Oriental charm. |
| 2. PORTALS OF THE PAST | Beautiful view of entire city. Situated at the head of Market Street. It has kept its original contour. |
| 3. CHINATOWN | Artistic! A station was erected there in 1849 to observe the incoming vessels—hence its name. |
| 4. JAPANESE TEA GARDEN | Early San Francisco! The American Flag was first raised here in the city, and it was the center of life in the early days. |
| 5. TELEGRAPH HILL | Fortress and parade grounds! Home of our soldiers! |
| 6. PORTSMOUTH SQUARE | Beautiful view! It received its name from the Russian burial ground which was on its slope during the time of Hudson Bay's agency in San Francisco. |
| 7. PALACE OF FINE ARTS | Built by one of the city's most famous men. Full of great and unique treasures. |
| 8. RUSSIAN HILL | Color! Charm! One of the many foreign colonies the city affords. |
| 9. THE DEYOUNG MUSEUM | Old San Francisco! Framed the entrance to the Towne house before the Great Fire. |
| 10. THE PRESIDIO | Exposition of 1915! Regarded as one of the five most beautiful buildings in the world. |

MARY MAYER, J'32

"I, Joshua Norton, declare and proclaim myself emperor of these United States." There was more to the document, which was signed "Norton I".

Emperor Norton, as he immediately became affectionately known to all San Francisco, soon adopted an official uniform. Daily, he walked the streets of the city grotesquely clad in his costume of faded blue, trimmed with brass buttons and medals. On his feet he wore huge boots; on his head a beaver cap decorated with a feather; and in his right hand he carried an old blue umbrella, no matter what the weather.

One of the highlights of his reign was when the Emperor received a proposal of marriage from Queen Victoria; but upon reading over the missive, he shook his head sadly. "Foreign complications would undoubtedly come from such a union," he said. "I regret that I must needs decline the offer." Norton I never knew that the telegram had been faked by a famous wit of the period.

He lived thus in the midst of his dreams of conquest and power until 1889. Upon the day of January eighth of that year, while proceeding up the California Street hill in his regal splendor, umbrella and all, Norton I toppled over dead. The Emperor had died with his boots on. MARY ROSS, J'31.

MARY ROSS, J'31.

ISABELLA CRUZ,
Seventh Grade.

Dear Benjie
Benjie would get
when you find the
and pick up a friend Depaul
and pick up a friend Depaul
say your
fornia Street hill is
dead. The Emper

CALIFORNIA

WHO writes of one spot in California,
When all of the state one may see?
Write of the whole golden beauty,
The mountains, the desert, the sea.

Tell of the old 'dobe missions
Baked white by years 'neath the sun.
Tell of the vineyards and flowers,
Speak of them all, not just one!

Sing of the stalwart redwoods,
Lifting proud heads to the sky.
Sing of the snow-capped Sierras,
In majesty looming on high.

But why write of one spot in California,
When all of the state one may see?
Why not write of its whole golden beauty?—
The mountains, the desert, the sea.

ADA MARSH, D'31

SUNSET

THE amber clouds of sunset
Touch a cord of beauty bright.
They seem to whisper heaven
Thru' the dusky gloom of night.

BEVERLY HOFFMAN, J'33

THE BEACH

MILE after mile of warm yellow sand,
Curly white breakers that water the land,
Bubbly foam in which babies may play,
Seaweed and seashells washed in from the bay.

Transparent jellyfish, shiny and clear,
Little green lobsters, and crab babies near;
Limpets and sand crabs, mussels and fleas,
And colorful, dainty anemones.

Mile after mile of warm yellow sand
Placed there by some all-invisible hand—
A hand that intended some lesson to teach,
When it formed all the wonderful things of the beach.

A. R., J'31

*Dearest Benjie,
may your life
be a continued success
& full of happy ones.
Ada Marsh*

TELEGRAPH HILL—THE ARTISTIC AND BLEAK

“**I**A VISTA GRANDE”—that’s what the old Spanish gentlemen used to call Telegraph Hill, lookout station of old, rising two hundred ninety-four feet above the varied streets of the little mining colony, San Francisco. To this height people would climb to gaze upon the glorious view; miners would reach the peak to scan the ocean for signs of a ship bringing news of friends abroad; and it was to this same point that incoming vessels would train their inadequate telescopes to receive a sign of recognition from the lookout. These sturdy men who raised the beacon gave Telegraph Hill its name. San Franciscans kept a watchful eye on this strategic spot and when the signal was favorable hurried down the rough streets to the embarcadero to receive their letters and to welcome their friends.

But this peak was not always called Telegraph Hill. Not long before it was renamed, the peak was designated as “Sydney Town”, and was known as a rendezvous of the unlawful. A vicious and depraved settlement which terrorized San Francisco, but nevertheless kept its romantic and picturesque quality, grew up around this district. At this time this colony was synonymous with all that was evil and corrupt.

As the years elapsed and the criminal element subsided, the hill was rehabilitated and the signal-tower was recognized as the signal station of the Golden Gate. But even this old custom was finally changed when newer and more complex methods of signalling, which were a quicker means of announcing the arrival of the new steamers, came into existence.

Today, Telegraph Hill is beloved by every loyal San Franciscan. Daily, the winding road is traversed by numerous automobiles whose passengers finally arrive at the summit in order to view the glorious bay of the golden city. From the top may be seen the little white ferryboats, which carry thousands of commuters from one city to another; the great ocean liners from every coastal city in the world, streaming lazily into the strait, and the small rigs of fishermen skimming slowly and laboriously past Fort Point, through the strait, and into the swells of the blue Pacific Ocean.

The hill itself is as spiritually inspiring as its surrounding panorama. The Bohemian huts lining its sides are relics of bygone days and remind one of the past history and exciting adventures that took place on this spot. It has more the air of glamorous Spain, the aesthetic value of Pompeii than any other landmark of the dismal and more placid San Francisco. Even the railing with its stiff iron spikes gives a look of fascination to the hill.

Modernized in form the hill may be, but its spirit remains the same as it was when the old Spanish missionaries climbed it and gazed on the beauty of the setting sun. Telegraph Hill has lost none of its crudity; the water-front side is as barren now as it was in the days of forty-nine. But this same barrenness, this very crudity harmonizes into a perfect melody chiming out praise now to the glorious, old mission city, and now to the new, bleak, modern San Francisco—the city of romance and gray fog.

MARJORIE CAHN, D’31

MISSION DOLORES

MISSION DOLORES stands today in the heart of bustling San Francisco—glorying in its quaint charm—an inspiration to poetic thought—reminiscent of the olden days of pious padres and romantic adventurers.

In the time of its origin, the mission thrived on sentiment alone and eventually was completely deserted by the despairing, discouraged inhabitants. It was subjected to the abuse of stray Indians, heretics, and wandering foreigners, who were plunged into the depths of degradation. The mission, neglected and forgotten, weathered the passing years of the nineteenth century, even withstanding the devastating fire and earthquake.

A hushed, gloomy atmosphere pervades the whole of the archaic mission with its tiled roof and its cracked, decaying, adobe walls. What tales those silent, whitewashed walls could reveal! How many thousands of gentle missionaries, toiling colonists, awe-stricken savages and hopeful explorers, whose deeds are now set down in the pages of history, have trodden on the worn floors! How many souls have sought spiritual, mental, and physical relief there! Innumerable sacrifices must have been made to fulfill the desire cherished in the hearts of St. Francis' followers—that desire being to establish a mission in his honor. Now, with its note of Moorish architecture accentuated in the facade adorned with four massive pillars, the arched doorway, and the gentle, sloping roof crowned with a glistening cross, Mission Dolores remains, treasured and preserved, a symbol of spirituality in the midst of mundane surroundings.

VIRGINIA BRIGHT, J'31

INDIANS—

SURVIVORS OF A GREAT RACE


*Indians, Spirits of the outdoors—
Bronzed bodies
Lithe and agile
Vigorous—
Spirits of the plains and deserts,
Hail to ye!*

*Indians, Survivors
Of an ancient race—
Forefathers of another,
Greater race.
Civilization has clasped ye
In its ponderous jaws!*

*Indians, Perhaps
Ye are not
At the end of the trail,
But at the beginning
Of a new
And farther reaching one!*

FRANCES STEIDEL, J'33

LIFE!

OMETIMES when I become philosophical or psychological, if you want to call it that, I think of everything that scientists think existing—the sky, the moon, sun, planets and all the worlds. Mentally, I squint my eyes and observe that our little troubles are nothing in this immense universe and all that is beyond it. What is a report card, a party, and education, births or deaths? How much would they count to a person on Mars? What is life except a few years of fun and happiness and much misery and pain? Now I am becoming morbid, and yet I cannot help it. We live, we die; we come, we go. While we are here, what good does it do to know that the sun is millions of miles away from us, or that one hundred cents make one dollar?

Almost all of us love and hate. Some of us study hard and make a name for ourselves; some of us are popular and others are not. Who or what is behind this? Shall we call it Nature? Is it Nature that does these things? Does Nature give us this way of picturing herself? But why worry about it? We will get nowhere. For, you know, such is Life! LILLIAN SCHNEIDER, D'31

~ ~

SONNET TO DREAMING

I REALLY ought to do my homework now,
But then, it's so divine to sit and dream!
I don't think I could do it anyhow—
Why mar my tranquil brow with crease and seam?
How marvelous to dwell in Fancy's realm,
To revel in the figments of the mind!
I love to board my dream-ship, grasp the helm,
And leave the petty cares of Life behind.
How absolutely silly to prepare
And study for a test that's coming soon,
When gossamer wings can soar into the air
And set you lightly 'neath a tropic moon.
This everlasting, hopeless worry seems
A waste of time when you can live in dreams.

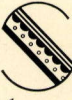
DORIS BAUMBERGER, D'31

~ ~

MIST clouds are rising
In the ocean of the sky.
My moon ship
Sails on and on
Thru' a channel of white stars.

ELINOR KAHN, J'31

THE SHAWL

OBGING softly, with head bent low, a fair young American girl was slouched dejectedly in a rickety wooden chair. On her lap lay a handsomely engraved invitation to the Mardi Gras Ball, given in honor of the young prince, Ferdinand Alvarez. Before her stood a small walnut table; to her left, a narrow iron bed. Another chair and a dresser composed the remainder of the room on the top floor of Senora Blanca's adobe house.

Just three days had elapsed since this young girl had bargained with the Senora over the price of a month's lodging; and through this Senora she had obtained the invitation which was later to cause her much grief. During the three days she had hunted aimlessly for some kind of work. She was just a struggling art student who had ventured to Spain in order to develop her talent.

The Senora, a kind-hearted but domineering woman, had become interested in Madeline Gratmore, and had procured the invitation for her in hopes that some of the prominent and influential artists who were to attend the ball might acquire an interest in the girl. Why should Madeline be sobbing so, when she had this wonderful chance? Why? For the same reason that many other girls had so often cried. She had no costume to wear.

One couldn't make much of an impression without the proper clothes. As the saying goes, "Clothes make the woman". Suddenly, as comes the rainbow out of the rain, a smile illuminated Madeline's face. She had an idea! Carelessly thrown over the table in the reception hall of the Senora's home was an exquisitely embroidered, but ill-cared-for, Spanish shawl. Few noticed the shawl, and if anyone did, it was always with a look of disgust, for the dust of many years had accumulated on its surface.

If the shawl could be cleaned, what a handsome costume it would make! How envious all the others would be of Madeline's shawl! Hastily drying her tears away, the girl hurried to Senora Blanca, explained her predicament and how she wished to borrow the shawl and clean it. A look of horror and ill-concealed wrath spread over the older woman's countenance. Borrow that shawl? Clean that shawl? Did not the senorita know that the shawl was an heirloom handed down from generation to generation and that it had an ill omen attached to it? A curse! Whoever either cleaned the shawl or wore it would have her life endangered. A curse would fall upon the person in question. Such had happened to one member of the family. The poor senora who had worn it had been found dead! Murdered by a glittering stiletto thrust through her heart!

At this warning, the girl chilled; but after pondering for some time, and bickering with Senora Blanca, Madeline decided to have the shawl cleaned and to wear it.

The night of the Mardi Gras Ball was one of great beauty and splendor. The sounds of sweet music and tinkling laughter filled the air. Inside the ball-room, dainty ladies and stalwart men glided together over the shining floor. Everyone seemed in a state of divine bliss. Everyone, that is, except Madeline Gratmore. While strolling through the business section of the city the day before the ball, she had been accosted by a shabbily-dressed, unkempt, old man who closely dogged her footsteps until she had reached her home. Madeline

thought little of this incident, but when she mysteriously received an unsigned, typewritten warning to beware of an elderly stranger, she felt that there was cause for fear.

Nevertheless, to the ball she went. While dancing amid the laughter and gaiety, the typewritten words stood out before her: "BEWARE THE OLD MAN IN GRAY. THE CURSE IS UPON YOU." But as the evening waned and nothing unusual occurred, the young girl threw off her fear, and entered into the spirit of the revelry.

Upon returning to Senora Blanca's, she spied an old man hastily hobbling away from the direction of the back entrance of the house. Thinking that her imagination was playing tricks on her after the evening's fun, she hurried to her room and forgot the incident. Before retiring, Madeline bolted her windows and door and laughed softly to herself when she thought how foolish she had been to worry at all about her life's being in danger. Why, she had passed a most delightful evening, and now, having met a very influential artist, she had a bright career before her. She had been offered a position with Spain's most famous artist. Again she laughed! A shawl with a curse! Ha! A curse was something unpreventable, but she had spent a most enjoyable evening! Bosh! Such foolishness. She laughed once more, and then sank at once into the depths of dreamless slumber.

The warm rays of the golden sunlight were streaming into her chamber when she awoke. Yawning and stretching, she arose. Again the thought came to her mind. She had evaded the curse! It hadn't worked on her. Then—horrors! A tiny black bug was on her coverlet. Madeline brushed it off with her slim hand. A sting of pain went through her. Her head was dizzy. She gasped—then fell senseless on the counterpane.

The coroner stated that Miss Gratmore had been killed by a poisonous beetle, whose bite caused instantaneous death. But ah, the Senora was of a different opinion. It was the curse of the beautiful shawl, and—perhaps the mysterious man in gray had something to do with it.

JEWEL HOLLANDER, J'32



FISHERMAN'S WHARF

IN THE northern shore of San Francisco is the harbor of the Italian fishing fleet. It is one of the spots which make the city diversely picturesque and justly popular with visitors. This wharf is like some old-world port on the Neapolitan coast, or a bit of Messina, perhaps, or Palermo. Utterly foreign is the aspect of the fisher-folk. Their speech is the soft speech of Italy, and they seem scarcely touched by American life and manners. "Fisherman's Wharf", this place is called, although some people term it "Italy Harbor".

There is also an interesting colony of Italians ashore. Here one finds the workshops of the boat-builders, the blacksmith shops where tackle is mended, the tannage vats in which the nets are soaked, and the markets where fish, crabs, and lobsters are sold. Along the wharves, and even on the streets themselves, impassive net-menders sit at their tasks, busy with twine and long, wooden needles.

Ever-patient anglers sit for hours at a time on these great piers, and by their skill almost tempt you to join them. They will tell you (and prove it) that the Bay of San Francisco is one gigantic fish pond.

Indeed, Fisherman's Wharf is one of the many interesting and scenic spots in San Francisco, and one of which all San Franciscans are justly proud.

LINA LO SCHIAVO, J'31

MARKET STREET

BUSY, scurrying human ants
Intent upon their own affairs
Move rapidly, unfeelingly by
Along the gray pavements
Stern structures of steel and granite
Frown down on the mob.
Cars clang by, sirens shriek,
Paper-boys cry shrilly.
The traffic's ceaseless hubbub
Smites the ear of the passer-by.
Colorful windows call a lure to the passing crowd.
Men of every race are in that throng.
Here East meets West,
Nods and goes on,
On Market Street.

MARY COGHLAN, J'32

AN ARCH of yellow, orange, red,
A flaming line across the sky,
A vow of heaven after ills—
The rainbow.

A blue expanse of sunlit waters,
A change to seas of dismal green,
A roaring, raging, maddening body—
The ocean.

A gentle stream of shining water,
Reminder of a bridal train
That falls on dry and parched earth—
Rain.

The rainbow, sea, and soothing rain
Are promises sent down to earth
From one who vows eternal life—
God.

MARJORIE CAHN, D'31

~ ~

THE BEACH

I STROLLED along the edge of the water, and I smiled because it was spring and all of the sea lay before me. The waves were warm and friendly as they crept slowly up the sand and splashed against my bare ankles. Stretching on and on, as far as I could see, was the beach,—hot, golden, and glistening.

I saw a ship far out on the water and I stopped and shaded my eyes with my hand to watch it glide silently across the horizon and disappear into the sky. As I stood there, the ocean seemed to have a voice that called out to me. And though the hot sand burnt my feet, I strolled on, smiling.

* * * * *

It was night when I strolled along the beach again, and only the sad, broken whisper of the waves disturbed the silence. The sand was still there, but it had become cold and hard and dull. I cried a little because Spring had gone and the night was cruel, and the waves cried with me.

I saw the moon swing over the water and light the sand so that it glistened once more. But it was a cool light that had no warmth, and it did not burn. But I was glad because my feet were weary and could no longer walk over the hot sands. And so I strolled on, smiling, but my smile now was as different as the light of the sun is from that of the moon.

LUDA JARRELL, J'32

THREE NIGHTS

*"Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which, to discover, we must travel to."*

OMAR KHAYYAM.

IN A DESOLATE section of the mountain forest of Tahaa, near the ruins of the once prosperous Mookini village, there lived an ancient kahuna priest, named Pao. Bent as though in agony, he stood close to the trunk of the sacred ohia tree, chanting in a humdrum monotone and holding a stone adz in his upraised hand. At the foot of the tree lay oily herbs, hogs' ears, and other similar articles which were used in Hawaiian necromancy. Suddenly, he stopped his chanting and began to call by name the Akuas gods: Kane, Kana-loa, Lono, Pele, and the idol Kukailimoko, and to deliver their prophecies to the natives, whom he held under his power.

Each sunrise, Pao, in a guttural voice, interpreted the sayings of the Akuas. Among the villagers that daily gathered around him was a dark-skinned, curly-headed, Kekinane boy named Koi. Koi always listened attentively to the prophecies, and one day after he had finished, Pao walked over to Koi and asked him to come and live with him and be his aikane or intimate friend. Because Koi resented the influence Pao had over the natives, Koi never again joined the crowd that daily flocked to hear Pao's prophecies. In vain did the priest try to win Koi's friendship.

Pao was merciless in his demands of the natives of Mookini. One day he told them that unless a temple, consecrated to the war god, Kukailimoko, were built in the forest, all the lands and crops belonging to the villagers would be devastated. The villagers set to work and built a heiau which was opened with due ceremony. In accordance with the meles, or sacred chants, Pao forbade the people to light fires, walk outside, or make any sounds near the temple for one month. During that period, chickens were to be kept under calabashes, and dogs muzzled to keep them quiet. Any animal that violated the silence was considered an evil spirit and condemned to death as one of Pao's sacrifices. Sometimes even human beings were his victims.

After the opening of the heiau, Pao remained there for several hours, chanting his ahas with upraised arms. Clothed in white tapa, a cloth made from wood fiber, he daily ascended a high tower and received communications from the Akuas. There, also, he prayed ardently, and at the conclusion of his ahas received an answer.

That night, radiant with hope, he strode out of the heiau determined to execute a plan known only to the Akuas. Strolling along a grassy path, he approached a tall ohia tree whose red and orange blossoms blended well with the long green leaves, and filled the air with a magic fragrance. Round and round the tree walked Pao, and the tenth time that he had circled the tree, he stopped and, with a stroke that reverberated through the still air of the woods, drove a tiny piece of whalebone into the tree.

Not a star was visible on that dark night. For a moment the moon appeared,

only to be hidden by dense black clouds. An owl hooted, a cricket chirped. Then Pao returned from whence he had come and all was quiet.

For three nights Pao cautiously repeated his trip to the ohia tree, for if anyone were to see him at his task, the potency of the charm would be destroyed. On the third night, after finishing his ritual without detection, Pao returned to the heiau, highly satisfied.

The following morning, Pao visited the heiau to make ahas for a departed soul. The ancient necromancy practised on those three dark nights had achieved its purpose. Pao, being unable to conquer the pure and virtuous Koi in life, had willed him to death.

A few days later, an old Kanaka, searching for wood faggots in the forest, came across the ruins of the withered ohia tree. From that time on, Kukailimoko was held sacred by natives of Mookini, and Pao was held in such esteem that after his death the practising of necromancy no longer prevailed among his people. Today the lonely forest, where Pao held sway, has reclaimed its own, and a beautiful meadow is all that remains of the heiau which crumbled to dust as Pao turned to ashes.

MARION MIYAGI, J'31

Marion Miyagi
Marion Miyagi

MADAM FOG

FOG trails her veil o'er the city,
Mist that is silvery white.
Diamonds gleaming and twinkling,
They are the lights of the night.
Distant the chimes of the church bells
Ring clearly and softly tonight—
Distant the foghorns are calling—
Calling to all a "good night".

TOMOYE NOZAWA, J'33





Frances Isles

*The producing of theatricals
and the giving of debates
are two of Girls High's
activities.*

"CARRIE COMES TO COLLEGE", a musical comedy, was given by the High Senior Class on May 22. The cast of characters was:

<i>Fred</i>	TATINA UROFF
<i>Tommy</i>	HELENE JACOBS
<i>Spencer</i>	JULIANNA BIDDLE
<i>Porky</i>	LJUBA PASH
<i>Bobby</i>	RUTH EVANS
<i>Ma Jenkins</i>	LOUISE CANDAU
<i>Carrie</i>	JOAN CULLEY
<i>Madam Louise</i>	FRANCES SPERLING
<i>Hiram Goodnow</i>	MARJORIE FONTANA
<i>Sol Rosenbaum</i>	HELEN KAMLER
<i>Izzie Rosenbaum</i>	ALICE BAUMGARTNER
<i>Governor Thompson</i>	FRANCES SIMMONS
<i>Don</i>	VIRGINIA KASS
<i>Jean</i>	DOROTHY ARENSBURG
<i>Mary</i>	SHIRLEY HOLM

~ ~

"SAUCE FOR THE GOSLINGS", Freshman Play, was given on April 28. The cast of characters was:

<i>Richard Taylor</i>	EVELYN PATE
<i>Margaret Taylor</i>	GERALDINE SUCH
<i>Robert Taylor</i>	PHYLLIS FALLERHY
<i>Elizabeth Taylor</i>	ALICE THOMAIN
<i>Martha Lee</i>	MARIE LOUISE PAINE
<i>James Ward</i>	PHYLLIS TROTTER
<i>Maid</i>	ELSIE SHOENFELT

~ ~

"THE LITTLE BOY IN THE WOOD", another Freshman Play, was given on April 28. The cast of characters was:

<i>The Girl</i>	TEDDY SWEITZER
<i>The Boy</i>	EVELYN KRISTIANSSEN



CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "QUALITY STREET"

<i>Phoebe</i>	ISABEL DRAESEMER
<i>Valentine Brown</i>	FRANCES SIMMONS
<i>Miss Susan</i>	LOUISE CANDAU
<i>Miss Willoughby</i>	SOPHIE PRESCOTT
<i>Miss Fanny</i>	ADA MARSH
<i>Miss Henrietta</i>	ELSA MAGNUS
<i>Patty</i>	JANICE JAMES
<i>Sergeant</i>	HELENE JACOBS
<i>Isabella</i>	ETHYL PHILLIPS
<i>Arthur</i>	EDNA JOHNSON
<i>Charlotte</i>	LILLIAN SCHNEIDER
<i>Ensign Blades</i>	BARBARA TROTTER
<i>Harriet</i>	PHOEBE HALTER
<i>Spicer</i>	HELENE JACOBS
<i>School Children</i>	{ ELsie GOODWIN
	{ VIRGINIA FOWLER
	{ VIVIAN PIOMBO
	{ ESTHER SILVERSTEIN

This play, produced by the Dramatic Club of Girls High School, was presented on March 24.



DEBATING

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL has an enviable record in its debating activities this season. The team debated twice with Stanford, once with the University of California, and once with Mills College.

Three San Francisco High School League debates were held, with Lowell, Galileo, Mission, and Continuation High; and in addition to that, debates were held with San Mateo High, Sequoia, and Santa Rosa High.

During the term, two mixed debates were given, one with Balboa and one with Humboldt Evening High. The Girls High Freshman team debated with Lowell High, and did very well, considering their inexperience.

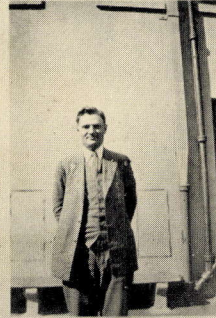
A new form of presentation and debating was introduced by the Debating Club in three Civic Problems debates, and thus a full program was carried out by an active and well-equipped Debating Squad.

SNAPS



L. A. Offield

THREE----



- MUSKETEERS

WOULDN'T
THIS
GET



YOUR
GOAT
?



"DIPPY"



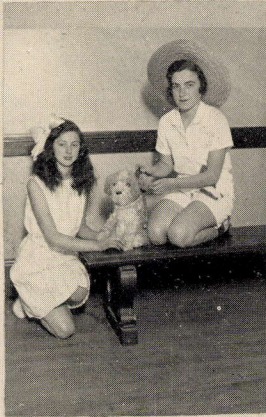
VACATIONING



THE MOUNTAINEER

Gentlemen of the Faculty

SNAPS



A DOG'S LIFE



A SENIOR



NAUGHTY TEDDY BEAR



LITTLE FLORENCE



A FRESHMAN



LITTLE ELEANOR



TRIPLETS



WANNA BITE?

SNAPS



"Barney"
loads of luck
in the coming year
may years
little
toes



SNAPS



MRS. HOFFMAN'S HUSBAND



CAUGHT



1931



THE FOOTBALL TEAM



WE SENIORS



GOING UP

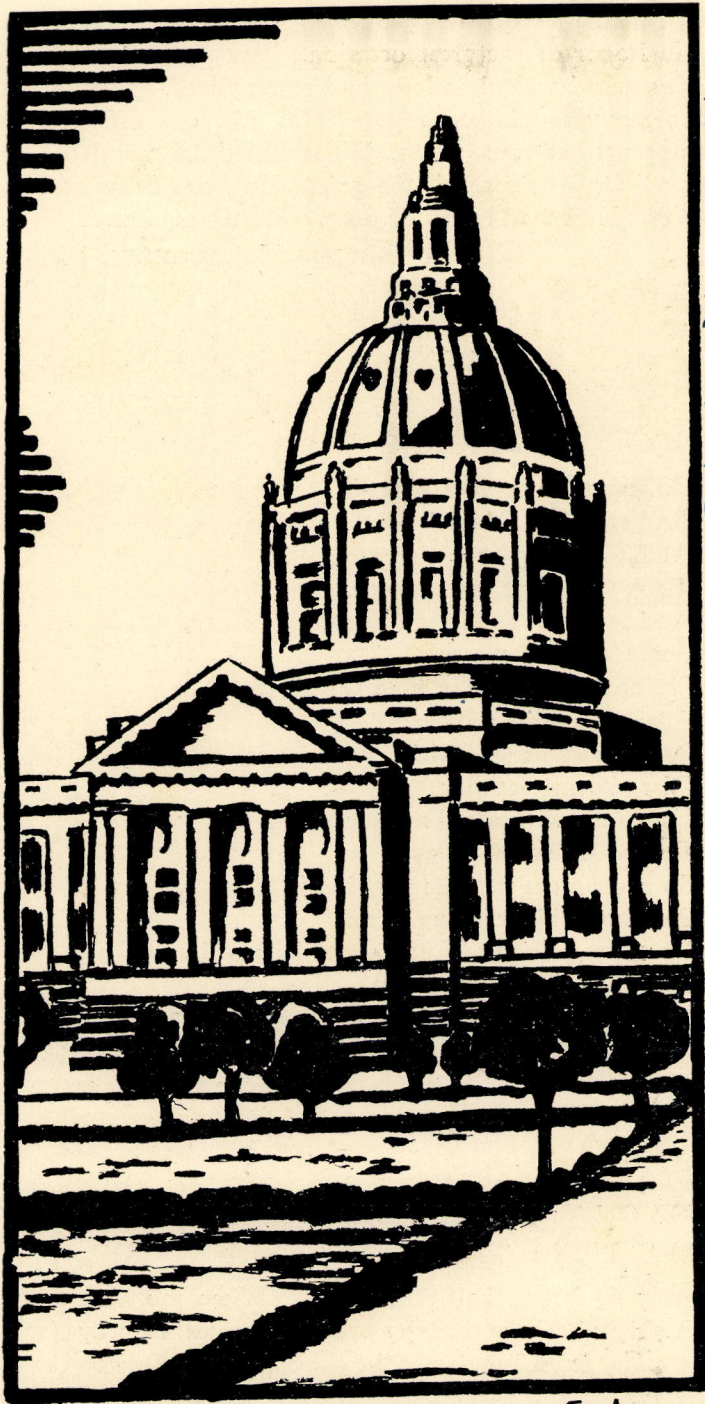


TOGETHER



JUST JULIE





Selma

Dear Bernice:
 I wish you
 the best success
 in your senior
 year at G. H. S.
 From a Pal in
 Let. Homemaking
 Mary Clifford

Life is laughter, and laugh-
 ter is provoked by—Humor.

*Dear Bernice
Ohe mi ami
lo sai - Ohe lo sai
ti amo lo sai
Se dai bacio mi
io due times*

FLAGS were flying. Blue flags, red flags, pink flags—flags of all colors were flying furiously in honor of the great occasion. Everyone was rejoicing. At last, that for which we had waited so long had materialized. The uncomfortable feeling that so many people had endured was now cast off. History had been made. The unusual had come about. What caused the tumult? Why was everyone so amazed? O! The shock is too great. How can I say it? The ventilating system of Girls High had been, for once, correctly regulated.

MIRIAM McLAUGHLIN, J'31

~ ~

A WARNING

Oh, tiptoe 'round with heads bowed low,
And gather in a bunch
About a girl, who, to her woe,
Took Gym just after Lunch.
And as she was so fond of sport
And strenuous exercise,
She chased balls all around the court,
A pastime quite unwise;
Because, while she, with pep and zest
Was violently at play,
Her lunch within did not digest,
And so she passed away.
So never more will she play hard!
And now this warning, grim,
To those who put "Lunch" on their cards,
And then sign up for Gym!

LUDA JARRELL, J'32

~ ~

A TREATISE ON THE VALUABLE INFORMATION OBTAINABLE FROM THE STUDY OF NATURE

I WONDER if the lovely fly is ever half so sad as I? When morning comes, must he arise with sleepy brain and sleepy eyes, and wend his way (with great misgivings) where flies learn how to make their livings? Or does he lie abed and sleep, and always laff and never weep? The answer's "Yes"! He does the latter. He says, "Pooh! School?—That doesn't matter. I like to buzz and dance and sing. I wouldn't work for ANYTHING!" So now, dear reader, don't you see the moral I would show to thee? Let's ape the fly (ingenious beast), and when from all work we have ceased, we too will laff and shout and call, "This world's SOME swell place, after all!"

A. R., J'31

PUPPY LOVE

You think it's sincere, but then you discover
The one that you love is really another—
That's puppy love.

You know in your heart that it's only the glamor,
But still you're misled by his elegant manner—
That's puppy love.

I've met many a boy, and liked him quite well,
But something has always broken the spell—
I guess it was only puppy love.

The last boy I liked, I met him and then
In a day or two it was over again—
It must have been puppy love.

But this time it's different; it *is* something deep;
I'm sure of myself. Why, I've known him a week!—
It CAN'T be puppy love.

MARJORIE CAHN, D'31

~ ~

THOU SHALT NOT PASS

"**H**ALT!" called a low, deep voice. "Show your pass or you may not go through the line."

A strong hand clutched my shoulder, holding me firmly. I trembled. Should all be lost? Should the mighty cause be nipped in the bud by this unexpected barrier? No, I will be brave. I shall bluff my way across the frontier. "One minute, my friend," I said in a seemingly brave voice, "I have it here." Fumbling through many papers and pockets, I searched for what I had not. Voila!—but what is this? A pass! Yesterday's, to be sure—but perhaps this guard will not notice the date.

Then the welcome words, "You may pass!"

The cause is not lost. The study-hall girls shall have their candy!

JANE LEWIS, J'33

VERY, VERY BLANK VERSE

I love myself.
Why shouldn't I?
I argue with myself in secret.
I am my best friend.
Why shouldn't I be?
I am I.

Editor's Note: She loves herself
But WE don't
'Cause she wouldn't have her name in print.
But then, on second thought,
Perhaps she's right—
She is She.

~ ~

DATES

In history, when it comes to dates, I'm in an awful fix, For I can't remember a single date But 1776!	Bismarck fought in the Civil War In 1776! Xerxes reached America's shore In 1776!
Columbus crossed the Delaware In 1776! King Arthur attended a country fair In 1776!	Caesar freed the southern slaves In 1776! Lincoln discovered the Oregon Caves In 1776!

But once I 'membered very well,
'Twas history question, too.
"When was Independence 'clared?"
'Twas 1492!

CLARICE DECHANT, J'33

~ ~

LULLABY

VERY SWEET AND QUITE LOW

Every baby is clean and delightful and sweet—
He has fat dimply hands and fat dimply feet.
He's a vision to look at—what eyes and what hair!
And notice his bright and intelligent stare!
His face is SO innocent—my but he's shy!
"What a darling young baby," I think, but I sigh—
For I know in a few years this child will be
Just as ugly as you—just as stupid as me!

A. R., J'31

SPRING

Gentle spring is on the wing
Scooting 'long like anything.
Tra-la-la-la-la!

And the ants so small and black
Rummaging the sugar sack.
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Now I shall begin to sing
'Bout the beauties of the spring.
Tra-la-la-la-la!

'Squitos, bees, and other things
Come a-flitting with their stings.
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Can you see the cockroach crawl
With his family on the wall?
Tra-la-la-la-la!

All the preety lambies bleat
'Bout their muddy little feet.
Tra-la-la-la-la!

Now that my sweet song is sung,
I will say that spring has sprung!
Tra-la-la-la-la!
Tra-la-la!

CLARICE DECHANT, J'33

~ ~

THE MEDDLERS

When a chemistry period is almost o'er,
And the teacher's called out of the room,
No sooner, behind her, has she closed the door
Than our genius bursts out into bloom.
We gather together the test tubes around
Which contain drops of acid and such
Other scraps of material that can be found
Which we have no business to touch!
Then, stirring quite swiftly, we mix all these things,
(Inspiration's received from above!)
Many's the compound that to light we bring,
Chemists have never dreamed of.
That all these discoveries aren't preserved,
We think is a perfect shame.
For surely our researches must deserve
A niche in chemistry fame!

LUDA JARRELL, J'32

BLIND DATE

IT WAS A BLIND DATE AND A CERTAIN PERSON INTRODUCED THEM

HE: I'm so glad to know such a charming young lady.

He thought: What am I in for tonight?

SHE: I've heard a lot about you, and I'm pleased to know you.

She thought: He ought to be in a sideshow.

HE: What would you care to do this evening?

He thought: She's probably a gold digger. Let's hope not, as I'll be embarrassed.

SHE: Why, anything that you would like.

She thought: He's most likely three-quarters Scotch, and will pick out some horrid show that I've seen. I want to go dancing.

(They decide to go dancing)

HE (ordering): What will you have?

He thought: I'd like to give her a dose of poison.

SHE: Oh, I'm not the least bit hungry. I'll just have a glass of fruit punch.

She thought: I'm starved, and could eat a big dinner, and they have delicious caviar here.

(Then they started in to dance)

HE: What a lovely dancer you are! How well you follow me!

He thought: She's as bad as a ton of bricks to push around.

SHE: Thank you. You're quite a pleasant partner.

She thought: That's the tenth time he's stepped on me. I'll have corns for the rest of my life.

(Then they went home)

HE: Thank you for your enjoyable company this evening.

He thought: I'm sorry I didn't stay home and read.

SHE: I've had a perfect evening. Do come over and see me sometime.

She thought: If I never see you again it won't hurt my feelings.

And they both thought: Thank heavens that's over with.

No more blind dates for me!

JEWEL HOLLANDER, J'32

~ ~

They boarded the same street car. There were only two seats left. She sat on one side of the aisle, he on the other. She looked at him coyly. He returned her glance with a shy smile. He attempted to speak but restrained himself. She took out a book and began to read. He opened a paper and did the same. At 43rd Street she stood up—at 44th Street they both got out. They walked up the same street in the same direction. She took out her key and turned into a private entrance. He followed, and they both went into the same house. They were brother and sister.

SOPHIE PRESCOTT, D'31

JUNE ALLEN

The sun shines on October's child,
And makes her disposition mild.

VIRGINIA ALLEN

This cute brunette has quite a share
Of August's gift—a pleasing air.

ERNESTINE ANOWITZ

October's children, nice and sweet,
Have smiles for everyone they meet.

BERTHA ARATA

We've liked Bertha all the while—
September sent her winning smile.

DOROTHY ARENSBURG

April's girls are dainty, neat,
With graceful form, and dancing feet.

REVA BALLEEN

Born in June, her family's pride—
The stars foretell an early bride.

JEANETTE BARR

September brings us two great factors—
One of them is movie actors.

ANA BARRIOS

September's bright and flaming tress
Is bound to marry, we confess.

AGNES BARRON

May girls are winsome—the fates decree—
If you know Agnes, you're bound to agree.

ELEANOR BAUER

Slight and sweet, a dainty miss—
February brings us this.

ALICE BAUMGARTNER

Peppy girls come in September—
Of this throng she is a member.

DORIS BECKER

Doris is merry, gay and bright—
In September she saw the light.

SILVIA BESOSA

With winning smile and gentle traits,
December's gift—adored by Fates.

JULIANA BIDDLE

March's Julie makes us laugh—
She's quick of wit, and slow to wrath.

DOROTHY BOWDEN

This May maid so unassuming,
Is like a flower—ever blooming.

HELEN BRADMAN

April's given her plenty of grace—
A dazzling smile, and pretty face.

VIRGINIA BRIGHT

April with its cooling breezes
Brought to earth a face that pleases.

DELPHINE BUILHE

June has given Delphine Builhe
Friendliness—we love her truly.

DELLA BULLARD

December with its wealth of cheer
Sent Della for a bright new year.

VIRGINIA BURNS

April with good sense did credit her
To be our famous "Mirror Editor".

AGNES BUTTLE

A girl beloved by all her friends,
In March this child her birthday spends.

LOUISE CANDAU

April sent "Weasy", so clever and sweet,
To be the star of "Quality Street".

GERTRUDE CARSTENSEN

August's present, rare good humor,
Went to Gertie—says the rumor.

MAXINE CARTER

Of feature, face and form divine,
May's maiden steals your heart and mine.

ROSE CASAMATTA

A nicer girl is hard to find—
August always brings that kind.

DOROTHY CERF

We all love Dot, she does possess
All March's traits that make success.

CHARLOTTE CHAPMAN

November's children all are sweet—
This one is blonde and quite petite.

MARCELLE COHEN

August set us in a whirl
When it brought this lovely girl.

CORA COLLIER

Sweet of manner, everyone's friend—
This was the gift that December did send.

MABEL CRAIG

Firm, efficient, a good sport—
All July's girls are this sort.

JULIA CSAKI

October sent us Julia Csaki
Just to make this old world happy.

JOAN CULLEY

July gave its girl this rare gift,
A voice its praises to uplift.

GENEVIEVE DEAS

August brought this dark-eyed one,
So full of mischief, life, and fun.

EVELYN DEGENER

Evelyn's the Lorelei
December sent to please the eye.

MARTHA DITTMAR

Martha's like a pretty song,
That August sent to help along.

MAURINE DOKOS

March came in and brought Maurine—
A sturdy pillar on which to lean.

MARGARET DONOVAN

This charming girl September kissed—
Her Irish smile we can't resist.

ISABEL DRAESEMER

Beautiful, talented, pleasant, as well—
We thank March for Isabel.

OLGA DUFF

A beauty hard to e'er surpass—
August brought this charming lass.

EDYTHE ENGLEBRECHT

A disposition rare and fine
Is February's gift divine.

ALBERTINE ESPERANCE

March, the month of lion and lamb,
Did into Al all virtues cram.

RUTH EVANS

The month of August seems to be
For girls with personality.

NEVA EQUINIAN

With June's good humor and manners so nice—
For an all-around girl these traits suffice.

MARGARET FECHNER

Margaret has a great big slice
Of July's joy—she's extra nice.

MARJORIE FONTANA

On the links one August day
Marjorie sowed a golf ball, and reaped—
hey hey!

VIRGINIA FOWLER

If April showers bring May flowers,
For Virginia it rained for hours.

ELEANOR FRIESLEY

March brains and beauty she inherits—
Both these things she surely merits.

CLAIRE GAUTHIER

April girls are shining lights—
This one's blaze is very bright.

MARIE GEREN

A charming disposition and very winning ways
Make December's daughter brighten all our days.

YNEZ GLACKIN

When the August leaves do fall
We find a pretty smile for all.

- MARIAN GOLDBERG**
Her fine record never sways—
February brings straight "A's".
- VITA GRASSO**
When the rain of April dries
We find May's dark hair and eyes.
- WILMA GOSS**
This pleasing girl, November's pet,
Assuredly is a bewitching brunette.
- CAMILLA HALL**
Trustworthy, loved by everyone—
August's gift is full of fun.
- EDNA HANNA**
June gave Edna for her share
A lotta pep, we do declare!
- VERNA HARGRAVES**
October surely took the lead
When it sent us Verna Vede.
- VIRGINIA HELLER**
A drop of joy, a dash of wit—
July has mixed this into "it".
- ANNA HIRD**
February certainly scored,
And Anna Herd was her reward.
- SHIRLEY HOLM**
An April lass, with gifted voice,
A lovely girl, a lovely choice.
- MARION HOLTZ**
September's children are good sports
And Marian certainly is that sort.
- AUDREY HOPPE**
A quiet maid, a lifelong friend—
This loving one did February send.
- MYRA JACKSON**
Always laughing, full of fun—
An April lass, if e'er t'was one.
- HELENE JACOBS**
A second "Chevalier" December brings—
One who acts, and also sings.
- MARJORIE JOHNSON**
In all athletics doth she shine—
January says, "She's certainly mine."
- HELEN JORDAN**
September planned this girl to be
A promising musician of high degree.
- ELINOR KAHN**
This April lass we all do claim
Is headed for The Hall of Fame.
- HELEN KAMLER**
December claims this charming one—
Always helpful—full of fun.
- VIRGINIA KASS**
September's maid with "Rusty" hair
Has a personality rare.
- MARCELLA KIRBY**
This fair-haired girl, with eyes of blue,
January made both staunch and true.
- HILDA KLEEBAUER**
January should rejoice
For she made a splendid choice.
- ELEANOR KOPP**
As a comedienne, she's just the best—
February's child of song and jest.
- ROSE LAM**
October gave her brains galore—
We've learned to like her more and more.
- KATHLEEN LEDDEN**
She's tall, red-headed, very sweet—
November's child is a real treat.
- ANNE LOUISE LEVY**
She's clever, efficient, and smart as can be—
Success is her motto, for a worker is she.
- MARY LISK**
Mary brightens up November days
With many warm-hearted ways.
- LENA LO SCHIAVO**
July's dark miss from Italy
Has grace and personality.
- RAMONA LUTTRELL**
An honor pupil, the head of her class,
This August maid, can no one surpass.
- AMY MAGNUSON**
Into the calendar August came—
With a smile on her face, to add to her name.
- ELENA MANNELLI**
February's loving girl, with admirable traits,
A wonderful impression creates.
- CATHERINE MARCOVICH**
January heralds grace,
And cheery smiles are o'er the face.
- JEANETTE MARQUIS**
November boasts of "A Marquis,
With much personality."
- EDITH MASSAGLI**
March's lion left his lair
To bring a lovely head of hair.
- DOROTHEA MATURIN**
October came with quite a prize—
A witty miss with laughing eyes.
- MARJORIE MAYER**
Marjorie, with her pleasing ways,
Assures November happy days.
- ALICE McCORD**
With character strong, and a smile that is
meek,
July brings to earth what many do seek.
- LILLIAN McGRATH**
We have verified the rumor—
February—sense of humor.
- MIRIAM McLAUGHLIN**
January laughs with glee,
"Miriam belongs to me."
- HILDA McMILLAN**
Hilda, January's share,
Has a brain that is quite rare.
- ADELAIDE McNISH**
No firecracker of July we can see,
Gave sweet Adelaide her timidity.
- ELSA MIES**
October owns this bit of attraction—
That she is great, is our reaction.
- LOIS MILLER**
This March exhibit laughs all year—
You can't be blue when she is near.
- CLAIRE MILLER**
Claire, her colors unfurled,
When in July she greeted the world.
- MARIAN MIYAGI**
Marian has a joyous way—
September, thanks for her birthday.
- MAURINE MORRIS**
November, so the seers foresee,
Will bring forth efficiency.
- BLANCHE NORTON**
September's pride rides the foam
And brings many honors home.
- JEAN O'LEARY**
October's like a painted scene,
With beauty, color—namely Jean.
- LJUBA PASHKOVSKY**
Santa Claus in December
Brought a laugh we'll long remember.
- MARJORIE PERRONE**
The month of May displays a leader—
Splendid girl—Eh what, dear reader?
- DOROTHY PETERSON**
Dorothy, with a book in one hand,
Makes teachers say that March is just grand.
- YVONNE PINAULT**
July is sweet to all she knows—
A good sport from head to toes.

MARIE PON

Although October's days are cold,
We find therein a heart of gold.

SARA POWELL

While October winds are blowing
Sara's calmness keeps on showing.

MAXINE RADCLIFF

In March, when the trees were green,
Came a carrier of joy—Maxine.

FLORENCE RAU

November smiled on Flo, we guess
Her charming ways spread happiness.

LORETTA RHINE

December has no cause to pine
For, after all, it got "The Rhine".

MARY ROSS

February at the age of sixteen,
Quoting friend Mary, 'is just simply keen."

ANN ROSENER

No one thinks she is infernal—
For she's the editor of this Journal.

JOHANNA ROTH

September's girl is just true blue—
Johanna Roth, we're all for you.

ANGELINA RUNCALLO

As September's course we trace
We find another pretty face.

ETHEL RUNDQUIST

Though April skies aren't always clear,
This silver lining spreads good cheer.

TULA SARANTITIS

Tula, of the long last name,
Has smiled herself right up to fame.

ANNA SAVIN

Judging from what we see
April danced in merrily.

IDA SCETTRINI

February, you know whom I mean,
Brought a real gift when she entered the scene.

MILDRED SCHAEFER

April showers, so they say—
Bring sweet flowers to earth in May.

ALFHILDE SCHREIBER

April brought a dainty miss
With her song imparting bliss.

EDNA SHEGOG

Independence is a trait
That July placed on the slate.

CAROL SELLER

September's star's a lucky sign,
And Carol's luck is in her line.

MARIE SHAPOSHNIKOFF

To this darling Russian lass
December cried, "You please the mass."

EVELYN SHEA

Evelyn came with the new year snows,
With many friends, but with no foes.

MARGOT SIMON

Among great events of the 4th of July
We find this girl's birthday ranking quite high.

FRANCES SIMMONS

August brought a charming smile,
An actress fine, a friend worth while.

DOLORES SMALE

October smiles at all she meets,
And thus quickens many heartbeats.

MILDRED SMITH

December creates much hard work—
Whoever has seen Mildred shirk.

FRANCES SPERLING

April's power really tends
Towards the art of making friends.

HELEN STICH

July's bright light goes out for sports,
And always shines on fields and courts.

MARY ALICE SWAGER

September has our Mary Alice—
A bit of royalty outside a palace.

ANNETTE SWEENEY

October's Sweeney's at the bat—
She stands upon a welcome mat.

PHYLLIS SWORD

Three things Miss March thinks are nice
Are singing, walking, and skating on ice.

HELEN SZULO

May does not relish praise
Although she harbors charming ways.

ANNA G. TARANTINO

October ordered "The best that you've got,"
And to Anna G., of course, fell the lot.

ANNA M. TARANTINO

Although October's girl seems quiet,
Once you know her, she's a riot.

FLORENCE TEMPLE

June's child doth speak of all that's dear,
Of all that's loving and sincere.

PROVIDENCE TERRANOVA

A laughing light is always found
In January's eyes so brown.

JESSIE THOMAIN

April was right up to par
When it sent this cute Jill Tar.

EMILY TOBACCO

July's own gift—sweet Emily—
For troubles is the remedy.

PAULINE TOTH

If you know your gardening well,
Of this June flower I don't need to tell.

BARBARA TROTTER

More clever a girl, no one did see,
For comic stuff's April's specialty.

ELINOR TUGGY

May's smiling miss with soft black hair
Hasn't got a single care.

MAITA TYLER

June brought us Maita T.
Of a famous ancestry.

NORMA TYSON

May's child is musically inclined
With talent and good looks combined.

TATINA UROFF

An actress fine, an accent quaint,
When she fails to smile, we faint.

EMILIE VAN VECHTEN

A conscientious worker who, we admit,
Is always willing to do her bit.

MILNE VAUGHAN

February's pride and shining light—
Milne is our great delight.

BELLE WEIDBERG

She does her work well—her record's high—
Competent girls are born in July.

THERESA WEITZ

Her blonde hair is September's sign
That in work and play she'll shine.

REVA WHITE

This August maid has plenty of style
And one must say she's a girl worth while.

ELIZABETH WOLLNER

Dark and romantic, November's joy—
She who the glooms annoy.

MARY WOODS

This cheerful soul's a friend to all—
Always there at every call.

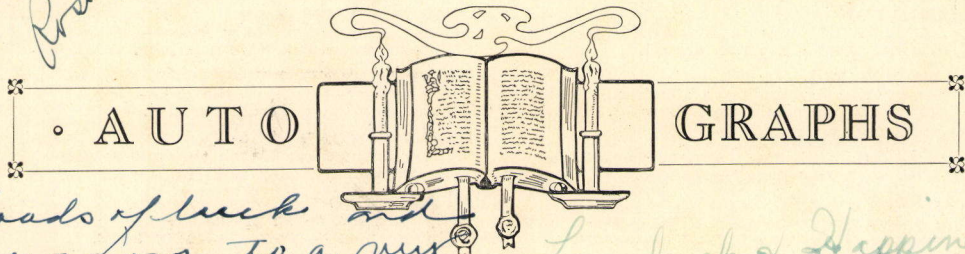
ADA WRAY

This October child with Titian hair
Is most attractive—wondrous fair.

MARGARET WRIGHT

September's miss works for the school—
She practices the golden rule.

Dear Bernie
 Lots of luck
 & success
 Rose Ferguson



Loads of luck and
 success to a very
 sweet girl
 Love Helina

Love luck & Happiness
 Pauline Woodard

1
 Garvies Dutton

I wish you great
 spirit everything nice
 Evelyn Lynn

Best Wishes to a
 very sweet girl,
 Many Inclinans

Best wishes as a
 nurse and hope you
 will be mine some
 day

Katherine Cunniff

Best of luck
 to Bernie

Betty Hoffman
 Best Wishes
 from
 Bessie Post

Success and Best Wishes
 W. T. Raymond D.D.
 May. 29-1931.

Lots of Love & Luck to the
 sweetest girl I know.
 your gym. mate
 Adeline Dany.

Wishes of Love
 Violet Luff
 Phyllis
 Gladys
 Rose

To Bernie
 from C. Marie
 '31

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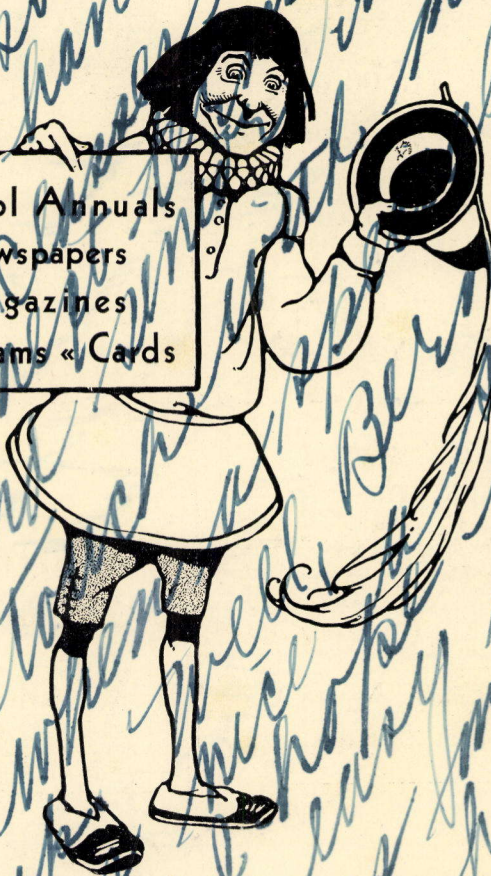
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