

1931

DECEMBER 1931

{ Darsnqldia
Young gal
Who thinks the
world of you. } { Coli
who thinks he's
lying —
(Not I don't.)
Believe or not

THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

DECEMBER • 1931

Bernice Bucha Gilcher

Miss Kassane
#212

I love you little
of love like a
little pig.
Florence Collins



Dear Bernice: There is no room
in here for me, a Castlemaster,
so all I can do is sign my name
and wish you luck, my dear. Here's
now! Merry 4th of July.
Vera

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY
OF THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

FOREWORD

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."*

BEAUTY has been the inspiration of our creative work. The pictures, the poetry, and the prose within these pages are the outward expression of an inward appreciation of the sights and sounds of natural beauty. We have tried to impart to THE JOURNAL a portion of the depth, the delicacy, and the exquisite finesse which are found in Nature at her loveliest.

However, regardless of the success or the failure of any material achievement, we feel that the attempt to voice what we have learned to appreciate of the beauty of the bough and the fragrance of the flower is, in itself, an accomplishment.

The Journal Club expresses its gratitude to
Miss Maloney, literary adviser; Miss
McDermott, art adviser; and Miss
Clay, business adviser, for
their assistance in the
making of this
book.

DECEMBER 1931

3

Dear Bevins, we like
true friends and rare
curiosities and like
false friends are
Autumn leaves found everywhere
Sincerely yours Best regards
P. A. T. 1st yearbook No. 26.

1st yearbook No. 26.

My lovely aunt
I love you little
I love you big
I love you like a
little pig.

Jane A. Collins.

CONTENTS

DEDICATION

PUBLICATIONS

THEME

ORGANIZATIONS

FACULTY

ACTIVITIES

ADMINISTRATION

LITERARY

CLASSES

HUMOR

ADVERTISEMENTS

I wish you a little bunny
as soft as fluff
I'll sit on your bureau
and be your powder puff.

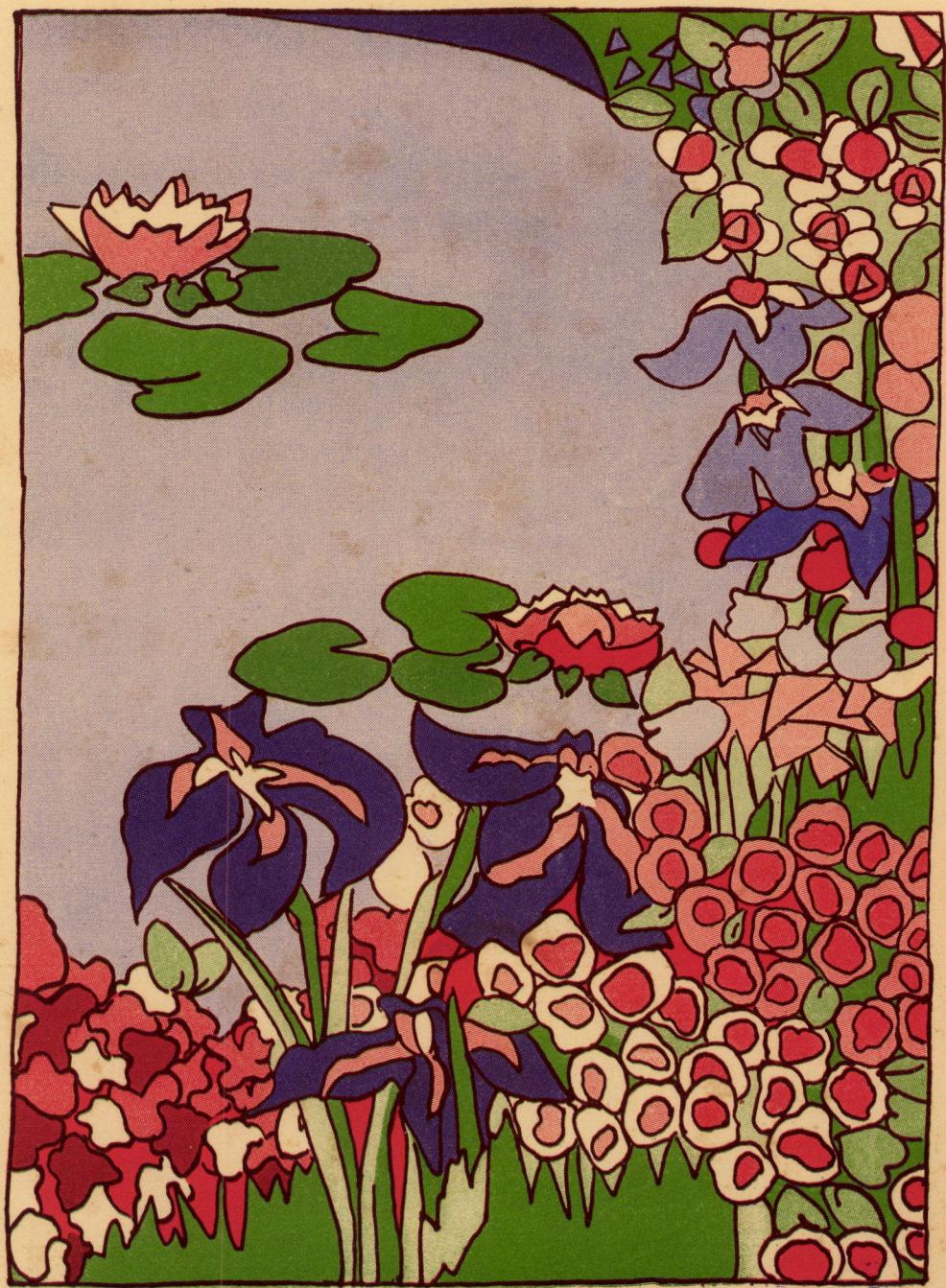
Katherine Marie Lancia
S.S.D.S. '35

Best wishes from
Frances L. L.

Oct. 23, 1933.

DEDICATION AND THEME

To the people, in general, who have made the world more beautiful by bringing out from the brown soil a garden, and to the Garden Club of Girls High School, in particular, which has done much to enhance the beauty of our school surroundings, this JOURNAL of December 1931 is dedicated; and it is their work that has inspired the theme.



MARJORIE HEATLEY

Marjorie
Heatley

My dear Cousin Bernice

of our friendship's ~~last~~
our whole life through. And always
trust one another as we do now.

Your True Loving
Cousin
Minnie G. Becker

To get me not



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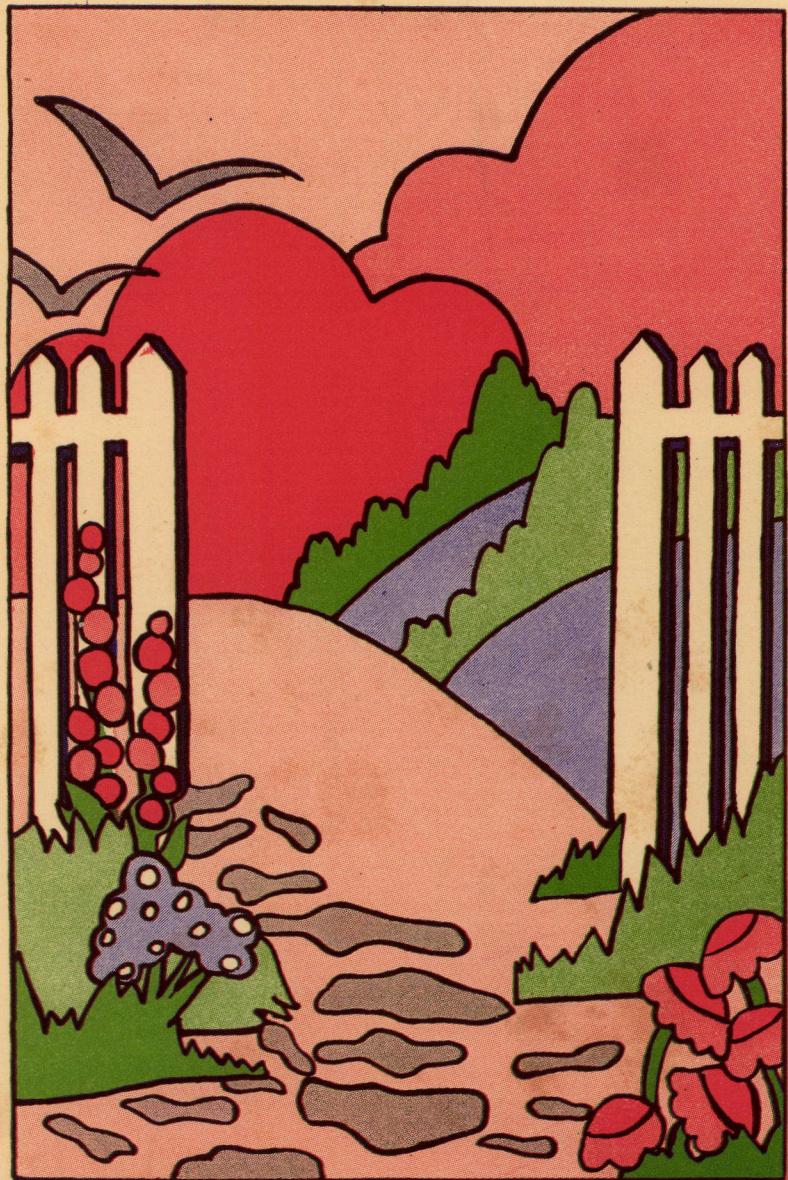
Miss Lenora Clark
 Miss Ruth Oakes
 Miss Helen Rosenberg

Mrs. Laura Tharp

LIBRARIAN

Miss Magdalena Michel

As a garden needs a careful hand to train and regulate its growth, so a school needs its administrative officers to guide it.



JEANNE REIMAN

ADMINISTRATION

DORIS HIBLUM

DECEMBER 1931

7

*Best of luck, Received success!
I hope you are proud of your ad
I will never guess*

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



Janice James
Commissioner of
Finance

Sophie Prescott
President

Elizabeth Jacobs
Commissioner of
Clubs

Virginia Wright
Commissioner of
Order and Traffic

Suzanne Breitstein
Commissioner of
Social Affairs and
Elections

Teddy Schweitzer
Commissioner of
Publicity

Helen Rose
Clerk

Mary Nagatoshi
Cheer Leader

Evelyn Taylor
Commissioner of
Lower Division

THE STUDENT COURT



Betty Chemnick
Associate Justice

Ruth Schalla
Associate Justice

Marjorie Cahn
Chief Justice

Margaret Wheeler
Associate Justice
Jean Grunsky
Associate Justice

HAVE you ever wondered what goes on behind closed doors in Room 118 every Tuesday morning at eight o'clock? Behind those doors the Student Court, the organization which upholds the order and discipline of the school, does its work.

When a girl enters the room for trial, she is allowed to state the offense of which she stands accused and to vindicate herself if she can. The justices try to help her by asking questions. The defendant may cite any reasons why she should not have been brought before the Court, and she is given every chance to prove her innocence. She is then asked to leave the room, and the justices discuss the case. When she returns, the decision is rendered; and if she has been found guilty, the penalty is fixed.

The Student Court has striven for justice and impartiality in every case. To the students of Girls High School it leaves the decision as to its success.



CLASSES

HIGH SENIOR OFFICERS



Billie Carleton
Vice-President

Lily Poggetti
Cheer Leader

Ada Marsh
President

Jane Benjamin
Treasurer

Evelyn Pruitt
Sergeant-at-Arms

Iola Guidi
Secretary

Esther Grattapaglia
Cheer Leader

FAREWELL

FOUR years—how long they seemed when they were ahead of us; how brief they are when we look back upon them! The paths confronting us now are varied and lead to many different walks in life. One of us may follow the road to fame; another may be destined to happiness without renown. Yet, across the ever-widening chasm of time, there will always be links of memory to bind each one to the other and to her Alma Mater.

Our unity as a class is soon to be destroyed, and our place taken by others. But though we are forgotten, we shall not forget. What has not Girls High School given us in the way of lasting friendships, of knowledge, and of pleasure! It is for these reasons that, having reached the last and highest pinnacle of our high school career, we realize with a feeling of sadness that the curtain is rolling down upon those four happy years.

ADA MARSH, President.

ideals and ambitions are both painted
any pause for not writing a little note
we still exist as are merely living. Well

MIRIAM ANIXTER English
H9 Cheer Leader, D'28
L10 Treasurer, J'29
Care and Culture Club
International Club
S. P. A.



MARIE ASARO Italian
Vice-President Italian Club,
J'31

Marie Asaro.



JANE BENJAMIN French
Student Body Clerk, J'31
H1x Treasurer, D'31
Vice-President Garden Club,
L'30
S. P. A.
Ushers

luck and
success to
you

JEAN AUERBACH History
Vice-President Stagecraft
Club, D'31
Journal Club
S. P. A.



JANET BIRNBAUM French
L9 Treasurer, J'28
Secretary Stagecraft Club,
J'31
Journal Business Staff,
L'30, D'31
Debating Club
Dramatic Club

success to you

MARY AVANZINO Home Economics
Italian Club



HELEN BLOCH Mathematics
L12 Secretary, J'28
Vice-President German Club,
D'30
International Club
S. P. A.
Stagecraft Club

success to you

DORIS BAUMBERGER French
L11 Vice-President, J'30
Vice-President Garden Club,
D'28
Vice-President Debating
Club, J'31
Secretary Debating Club,
D'30
Ushers



HELEN BOYLE English
International Club

success to you

Best wishes
for the future
and remember this
bundle of knowledge
and a hope.

Marie Asaro.

Love
luck
Janet

French

Success
Mary Avanzino
and happiness
Wishing you

best wishes
Helen

in the same direction. I only hope lady
once in a while to let each other know
guess I'll conclude my little speech by wish-
ing you all the success and happiness in the world!

Mary

JANE BENJAMIN French
Student Body Clerk, J'31
H1x Treasurer, D'31
Vice-President Garden Club,
L'30
S. P. A.
Ushers

luck and
success to
you

VIRGINIA BRUCE *History*
Chairman Speakers' Bureau,
D'31
Debating Club
Garden Club
Naturalist Club



FLORENCE DEHNE *English*
Secretary Dramatic Club,
D'31
American Patriots
Commercial Club
Debating Club

MARJORIE CAHN *French*
Chief Justice, D'31
Secretary French Club, J'30
Journal Business Staff,
J'30, D'30
Journal Literary Staff, J'31,
D'31
Stagecraft Club



DOLORES DUCKWORTH *Spanish*
L9 Secretary, D'28
President Garden Club, D'30
Secretary Garden Club, J'30
Ushers

BILLIE CARLETON *Art*
H11 Vice-President, D'30
H12 Vice-President, D'31
Care and Culture Club
Garden Club
Journal Club



AMY EDWARDS *Science*
Vice-President C. S. F., J'31
Business Manager Journal,
D'31
Vice-President Garden Club,
J'29

BETTY CHEMNICK *French*
Associate Justice, D'31
President Ushers, J'31
Dramatic Club
Journal Club
S. P. A.



MAGDA ERICSON *Spanish*
Secretary German Club,
D'31
S. P. A.

MARY CLIFFORD *Science*
Care and Culture Club
Spanish Club



BERNICE GARCIA *Spanish*
Care and Culture Club
International Club
Spanish Club

*Success to you
my friend
A Pal
Mary Clifford*

*Success to you
the whole year
Good luck*

*Success to you
Dolores Duckworth*

*Success to you
Amy Edwards*

*Success to you
Magda Ericson*

*Success to you
Bernice Garcia*

DECEMBER 1931

13

May you have all the success in that
happiest and dearest work too hard.
Gloria

GLORIA GARCIA *Home Economics*
Glee Club
Spanish Club
Stagecraft Club
Ushers



IOLA GUIDI *Spanish*
H12 Secretary, D'31
Italian Club
Spanish Club

DELVA GIOVANNETTI *Italian*
President Italian Club, D'31
Glee Club
S. P. A.



IRMA GUIDI *Home Economics*
Italian Club
Spanish Club

ESTHER GRATTAPAGLIA *Home Economics*
H12 Cheer Leader, D'31
Dancing Club
Glee Club
Italian Club



MYRTLE GUNDERSEN *Commercial*
President Glee Club, D'31
Dancing Club
International Club

FLORABELLE GREEN *Science*
Debating Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
S. P. A.



ELsie HARRISON *Home Economics*
President Tumbling Club,
J'29, D'31
Secretary Tumbling Club,
D'28, J'30
Spanish Club

JEAN GRUNSKY *French*
Assistant Cafeteria Commis-
sioner, J'29
Associate Justice, D'31
L12 President, J'31
L9 Secretary, D'28
International Club
S. P. A.



DOROTHY HARRINGTON *German*
Debating Club
S. P. A.
Ushers

Just send this to you. Lots of Luck to
you dear old pal. I've certainly
had enjoyed your friendship, and I hope
it will continue. Well Bern. I wish you in the
best of luck. Love, Elsie.

THE JOURNAL

Lots of love
to Bernice
Gruenly, Marge

MARJORIE HEATLEY Art
Journal Club
Stagecraft Club

Loads of luck and
success to our old
pal of long ago

HELEN HELBUSH Science
L10 Vice-President, D'30
President Garden Club, J'30
Care and Culture Club



ELAINE HOHMAN Science
Secretary Ushers, J'31
Care and Culture Club
Garden Club
S. P. A.

JEWEL HOLLANDER History
Assistant Cafeteria Commissioner, D'29
Ticket Manager, J'31, D'31
Journal Staff, J'30, D'31
C. S. F.

Love to a
very cute girl
Veronica Hines

VERONICA HINES History
Care and Culture Club

Lots of luck
and happiness
in the future
Betty

BETTY HOFFMAN Science
Care and Culture Club
Stagecraft Club

LESLIE JACOBS History
Journal Staff, J'31
Care and Culture Club
Stagecraft Club

BLANCHE JOHNSON History

FRIEDA KAUFMAN Latin

There are my
best wishes
for your future
Bernice sincerely
Elaine

luck!
Dorothy

DOROTHY LAGOMARSINO
Mathematics
L11 Vice-President, J'30
President Dancing Club,
J'31
Dramatic Club



GRACE LEE *History*



MAY LEE *Mathematics*



JANE LEVY *History*
C. S. F.



CATHERINE MAIER
Home Economics



ADA MARSH *Spanish*
Publicity Commissioner,
J'31
Class Representative, D'30
Varsity Debating Team,
D'31
H12 President, D'31
L11 Secretary, J'30
Dramatic Club
C. S. F.

wishing you lots
of luck in future
years - Dorothy

DOROTHY MARTINEZ *Science*
Secretary Debating Club,
D'31
Stagecraft Club
Ushers

LOUISE MARTINEZ *Italian*
Care and Culture Club
Italian Club
Spanish Club
Ukulele Club
Ushers

Best Wishes,
Bebe Martinez
"Bebe Martinez"
Good Luck and
Best Wishes.

MURIEL MATTERN *French*
French Club
Ushers

AUGUSTA MAYNARD *History*
Glee Club

Augusta Maynard

and lots of love
and luck. Goodby

EVELYN MEHARRY *German*
German Club
Stagecraft Club



EVELYN MOSCONI
Home Economics
Care and Culture Club
Italian Club
S. P. A.

Loads of love & luck,
Bernice from
Carol

CAROL MICHELS

Mathematics
Vice-President C. S. F., J'30
Secretary C. S. F., D'29
President Garden Club, J'29
Vice-President Garden Club,
D'28
Vice-President Latin Club,
J'29
Secretary Latin Club, D'29



JACQUELINE O'LEARY
Spanish
Hio Secretary, D'29
President Spanish Club, J'31
Vice-President International
Club, D'31

VIOLET MIURA *French*



FLORENCE PERRY *Science*
Garden Club
Naturalist Club
S. P. A.

MARIE MOGENTALE *Italian*
Italian Club
Ushers



VERA PETTERSEN *Science*
Care and Culture Club

ESTELLE MONASCH *Science*
President Debating Club,
D'31
S. P. A.



LILY POGGETTI *Italian*
L12 Cheer Leader, J'31
H12 Cheer Leader, D'31
President Italian Club, D'30
Dancing Club
S. P. A.

DECEMBER 1931

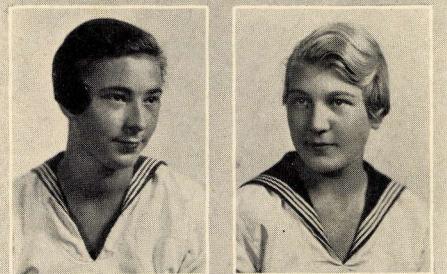
CONSTANCE POND *History*
International Club



BESSIE POST *Home Economics*
Care and Culture Club
S. P. A.



SOPHIE PRESCOTT *History*
President Student Body, D'31
H11 Representative, J'30
H11 President, D'30
Secretary Journal Club, D'30
Debating Club
Dramatic Club
S. P. A.



EVELYN PRUITT *Home Economics*
H12 Sergeant-at-Arms, D'31
Journal Club
Spanish Club



GERTRUDE REIBMAN *Science*
Glee Club



ELEANOR RESSIGHINI ¹⁷
Home Economics
L12 Cheer Leader, J'31
Secretary Italian Club, J'30
S. P. A.

JOSEPHINE RUSSO *English*
Dramatic Club
Spanish Club

RUTH SCHALLA *Art*
Associate Justice, D'31
Journal Art Staff, J'30, J'31
German Club
S. P. A.
Stagecraft Club

HELEN SCHINKEL *Spanish*
President S. P. A., D'31
H11 Treasurer, D'30
Secretary American Patriots, J'31
Editor S. P. A. Paper, J'31
C. S. F.
International Club

AMELIA SCHMIDT *Art*
Garden Club
German Club
Journal Club
Stagecraft Club

Good luck to you for
your future
to come Eleanor

Best wishes
for your future
Josephine Russo

she best of luck
Kath.

Wishes

Wishes

Wishes

THE JOURNAL

18

Love to a girl
With all my best
Lillian

LILLIAN SCHNEIDER *German*
Vice-President Debating Club, D'31
Varsity Debating Team, D'31
Head Usher, D'31
Dramatic Club
German Club



Always
mine
MINNIE TOM *Home Economics*
Garden Club
International Club

THELMA SHAPRO *Science*
Mathematics
Care and Culture Club



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Garden Club
German Club
S. P. A.

MYRTLE SICKE *French*
Care and Culture Club
Garden Club
Naturalist Club
Tumbling Club



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President German Club, D'31
S. P. A.

FANEITA SIMON *History*
Vice-President Debating Club, J'30
Stagecraft Club



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Care and Culture Club

ARLEEN SMELTZER *English*
Care and Culture Club
S. P. A.



ELEANOR WALL *German*
Vice-President Glee Club, J'31
Librarian Glee Club, J'30
Art Editor German Paper, D'31
S. P. A.

DECEMBER 1931

19

VIRGINIA WEHRLI
Commercial
Garden Club
Journal Club
S. P. A.



MAE WONG Mathematics
International Club
Journal Club

MARGARET WHEELER
Associate Justice, D'31
H9 Vice-President, D'28
International Club



PEARL WONG Mathematics
Science

AUDREY WHITE *English*
L12 Treasurer, J'31
American Patriots
Care and Culture Club
S. P. A.



PAULINE WOODARD
Spanish
Vice-President Spanish Club,
D'31

LILLY WONG *History*
International Club



LILY YEP *History*
L12 Cheer Leader, J'31
International Club

Dear Berne,
Through my picture
is coming I wish
you loads of luck
success, and happiness
in future years
Sincerely
George Lorraine
Lefell

Lots of Luck
Andy Ternari

in I had a little red
hen, she laid eggs for
the railroad men, sometimes
one sometimes two but never
enough to feed the railroad men

Angelo Giannini Spm



THE LOW TWELVE CLASS

BARBARA O'CONNELL *President*
 MAE HINES *Vice-President*
 HELEN THOMPSON *Secretary*

DOROTHY GOICOVICH *Treasurer*
 PEARL KOPF *Cheer Leader*

Entered: August 1928
 Graduates: June 1932

CLASS COLORS
 Red and White

EVENTS

Originated Junior Day, J'31
 Won Class Plays Contest, J'31
 Originated Low Senior reception to Upper Division
 newcomers, D'31
 Won Shakespearian Scenes Contest, D'31



*date of
a week to
a future
more & fort
the few pens and
you & your friends
the photo*

THE HIGH ELEVEN CLASS

PHOEBE HALTER President
ELEANOR TRULSEN Vice-President
MELDA NIELSEN Secretary



PERLE GREENBERG Treasurer
ISABEL McCULLOUGH Cheer Leader

Entered: January 1929
Graduates: December 1932

CLASS COLORS
Blue and Silver



*Best & much
& give to a
lovingly
Melda*

EVENTS

Best class play of the "Low" classes, J'30
Second place S. P. A. Day, J'31, D'31
Second place Aquatic Playday, D'31



THE LOW ELEVEN CLASS

LENORE MORDOFF President
 MARY BARCLAY Vice-President
 EDNA OGILVIE Secretary

BARBARA TOTHEROH Treasurer
 SARAH SEIDMAN Cheer Leader

*I hope you
to see you
some time after
you graduate*
Entered: August 1929
Graduates: June 1933

CLASS COLORS
 Orange and White

EVENTS

Honorable mention Class Plays Contest, D'30
 First place S. P. A. Day, J'30
 Second place Aquatic Playday, J'30
 Won Student Body Poster Contest, D'31
 First place S. P. A. Day, D'31
 Fourth place Aquatic Playday, D'31



THE HIGH TEN CLASS

SUZETTE RUFER *President*
ELINOR JACOB *Vice-President*
PHYLLIS WHITE *Secretary*

SALLY McMILLAN *Treasurer*
MARGARET RITZAU *Cheer Leader*

Entered: January 1930
Graduates: December 1933

CLASS COLORS
Blue and White

EVENTS

Second place Bleacher Stunt Contest, S. P. A. Day,
D'31
Third place Diving Exhibition, Aquatic Playday,
D'31

**THE LOW TEN CLASS**

BARBARA LEE BURNS *President*
BETTY LOU TAYLOR *Vice-President*
LILLIE GIORGI *Secretary*

PHYLLIS FALLEHY *Treasurer*
MARIE LOUISE PAINE *Cheer Leader*

Entered: August 1930
Graduates: June 1934

CLASS COLORS
Purple and White

EVENTS

Third place Aquatic Playday, D'31
Hostess to L7 grade at a reception, J'31



THE HIGH NINE CLASS

LAVERNE KING *President*
FRANCES WORKMAN *Vice-President*
JACQUELINE SCHRODER *Secretary*

JANE NORTON *Treasurer*
EMMA JORDAN *Cheer Leader*

Entered: January 1931
Graduates: December 1934

CLASS COLORS
Purple and Gold

EVENTS

Won Lower Division Student Body Poster Contest,
D'31
Second place S. P. A. Day, D'31

**THE LOW NINE CLASS**

ASSIA SALICH *President*
VIVIAN PIOMBO *Vice-President*
FUMI TONDO *Secretary*

ALICE PIOMBO *Treasurer*
LORRAINE ALEXANDER *Cheer Leader*

Entered: August 1931
Graduates: June 1935

CLASS COLORS
Green and White

HIGH EIGHTH GRADE

Yoneko Takeda, *President*



LOW EIGHTH GRADE

Gabrielle Cazenave, *President*

Florence Takayama, *Secretary*

HIGH SEVENTH GRADE

Ruby Soo Hoo, *President*Marion Tatsuno, *Secretary*

LOW SEVENTH GRADE

Thais Garnett, *President*Irene Samuels, *Secretary*

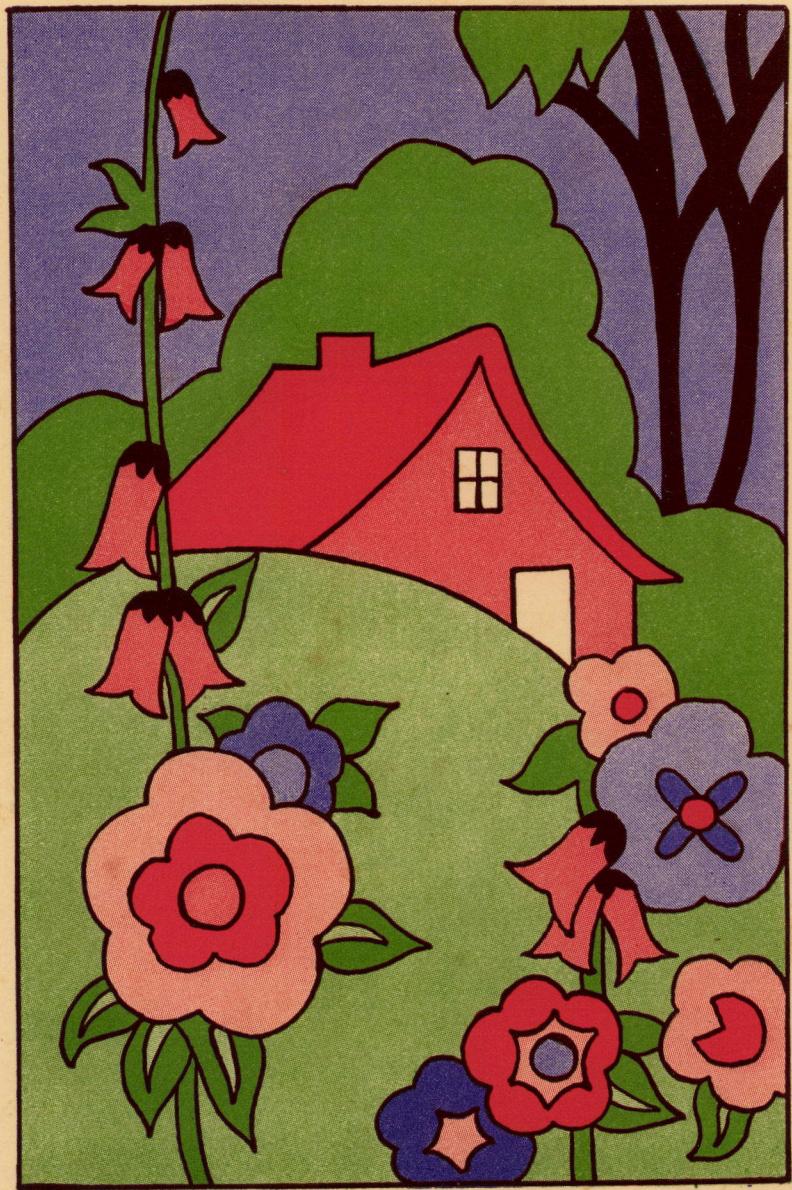
REQUISITES FOR A WRITER

A quick ear and eye—to hear all and see all;
An ability to discern the suggestiveness of common things—to see
beauty in all;
A brooding meditative spirit—to elaborate on inspirations;
A persevering character—to continue in spite of discouraging
conditions;
A love of literature—to follow its transitions and trends;
A love of writing—to be indefatigable in work.

MARY MAYER, J'32

for a doctor
such as
as a nurse
Billy
Brown
B.D.

*As surely as the color and
perfection of a blossom
proclaim the care of
the gardener, so do
the school publica-
tions tell of the
life and growth
of the
school.*



RUTH SCHALLA

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JUNE SMITH *Associate Editor*
THELMA KAHN *Business Manager*

FOLOW Aunt Cynthia Snoop's advice and take some "red-hot" news; season well with humor, "Sassies," and "Soothings"; mix thoroughly in Room 108—result, an excellent paper. *The Mirror* is the special product of the Newswriting Class, which prepares it for you monthly, under the supervision of Miss Evelyn Armer. The material is gathered by the embryo reporters, who scurry here and there, "seeing all, hearing all, and telling nothing"; for such is the creed of the class. "Scoops" are brought to class; and though much of the copy ends in the wastebasket, it causes many shouts of merriment to echo within the walls of *The Mirror's* laboratory.

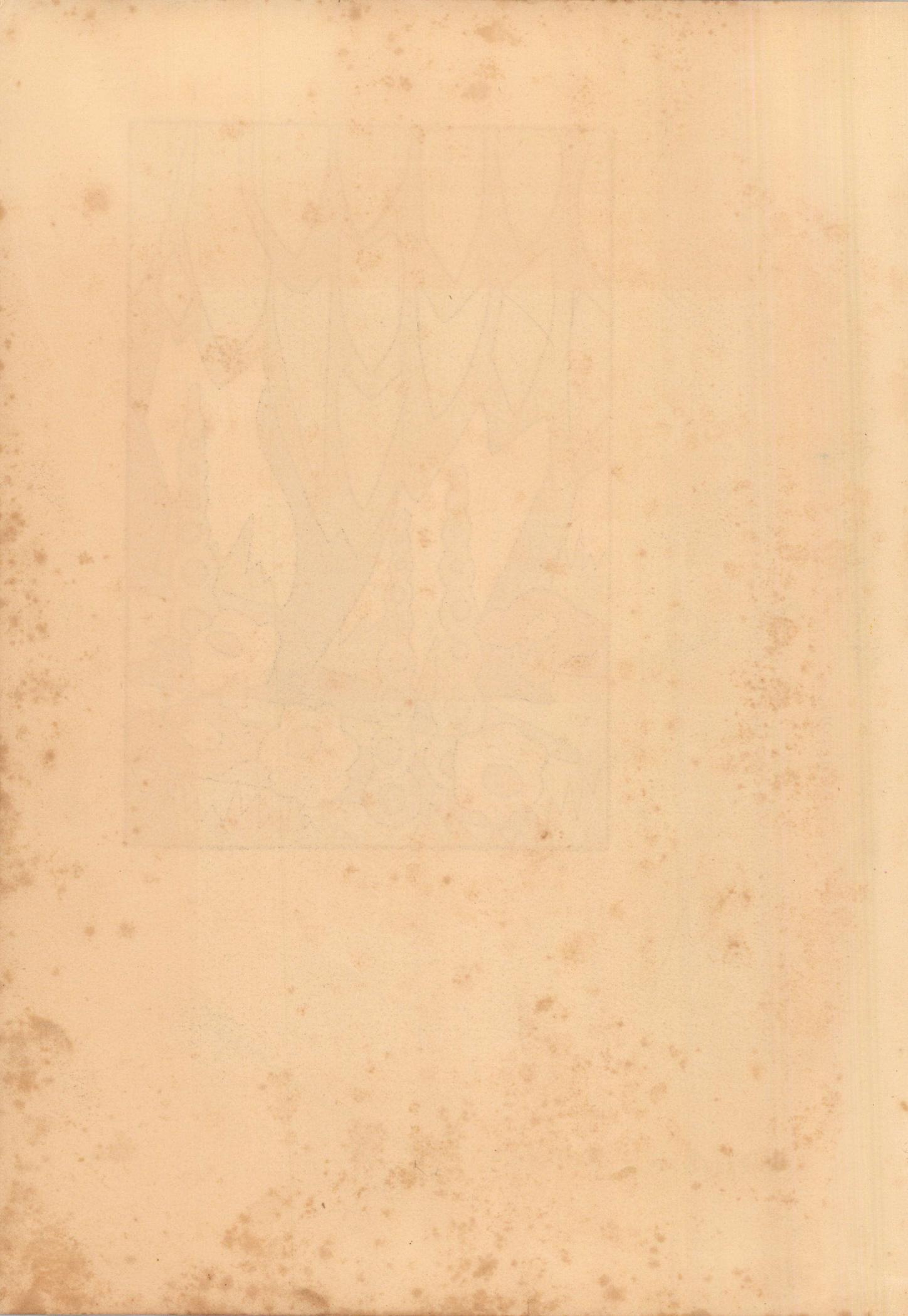
The Mirror is unusual in that it publishes no advertisements but exists entirely by student body subscription. As the school grows, so *The Mirror* grows; for is it not the reflection of Girls High?

*As the activity of Nature is
made manifest through the
variegated flowers, so the
activity of a school
finds expression
in its manifold
organizations.*



THEODORA STRAND

ORGANIZATIONS



CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION
Chapter 170

Katherine Kelley, President

Founded: 1928

Miss O'Brien, Sponsor



JOURNAL CLUB

Mary Mayer, President
Miss McDermott, Art Adviser

Founded: 1927

Miss Maloney, Literary Adviser
Miss Clay, Business Adviser

Eleanor Lalaime, *President*

AMERICAN PATRIOTS SOCIETY

Founded: 1930

Miss Kissane, *Sponsor*

BANKING CLUB

Edith Kranci, *President*

Founded: 1925

Miss Flynn, *Sponsor*

December 1931

37

*Wishers,
Charlotte, Janie, etc.*
CARE AND CULTURE CLUB

Sylvia Berman, President

Founded: 1926

Miss Pettit, Sponsor



*Wishers,
Charlotte, Janie, etc.*
COMMERCIAL CLUB

Mary Bern, President

Founded: 1931

Miss Schroeder, Sponsor

DANCING CLUB

Anne Didham, *President*

Founded: 1925

Miss Baker, *Sponsor*

DEBATING CLUB

Estelle Monasch, *President*

Founded: 1916

Mr. Dupuy, *Sponsor*

DRAMATIC CLUB

Edna Johnson, *President*

Mrs. Tharpe, *Sponsor*

Founded: 1915



STAGECRAFT CLUB

Dania Anixter, *President*

Mr. McGlynn, *Sponsor*

Founded: 1930

FRENCH CLUB

Dorthea Boe, *President*Miss Villalpando, *Sponsor*

Founded: 1918



GERMAN CLUB

Vera Vandever, *President*Mrs. Bickel, *Sponsor*

Founded: 1927



SPANISH CLUB

Edna Nelson, President

Miss Walker, Sponsor
Founded: 1927

Mrs. Martin, Sponsor



ITALIAN CLUB

Delva Giovannetti, President Upper Division
Mary Guidi, President Lower Division

Founded: 1929

Mrs. Martin, Sponsor
Miss Walker, Sponsor

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Frances Bauer, *President*Miss DeBernardi, *Sponsor*

Founded: 1930



INTERNATIONAL CLUB

Sarah Groner, *President*Miss Hesselberg, *Sponsor*

Founded: 1925

DECember 1931

43

GARDEN CLUB

Helen Skliris, President

Founded: 1929

Miss Pettit, Sponsor

*Dec. 1931 again at
Gard. Club it's still
Mary.*



NATURALIST CLUB

Mary Joe Bozant, President

Founded: 1925

Miss Pettit, Sponsor

UPPER DIVISION ORCHESTRA

Edith White, *President*Mrs. McGlade, *Sponsor*

LOWER DIVISION ORCHESTRA

Annie Andrews, *President*Mrs. Anderson, *Sponsor*

DECEMBER 1931

45

UPPER DIVISION GLEE CLUB

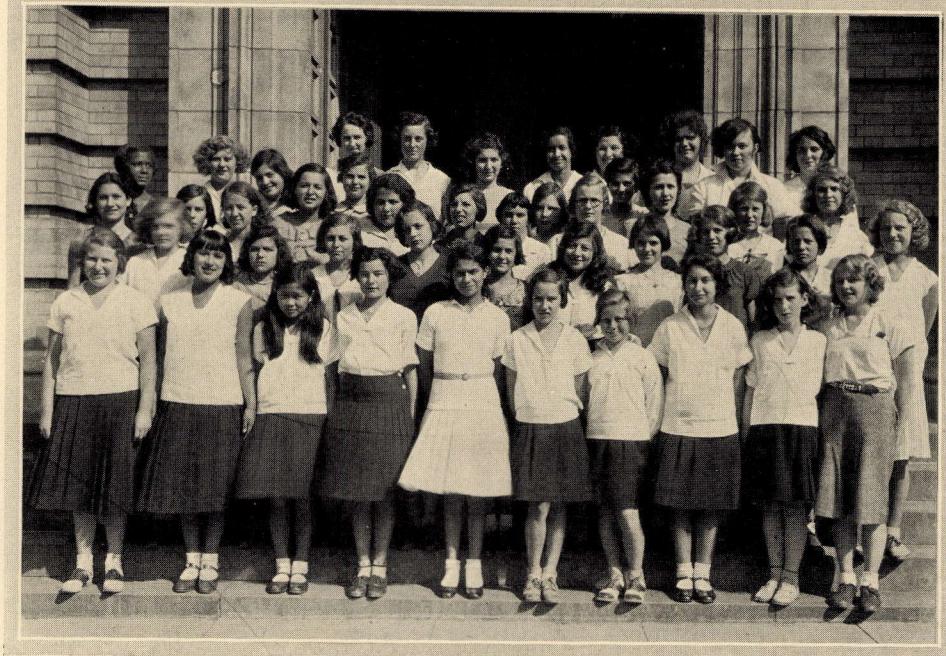
Myrtle Gundersen, President

Mrs. McGlade, Sponsor

hovd
Woris



in not here
But I'm suppose
to.
Lots of girls
in Franklin
Hospital &
I chose you
get through.
Love
your a
Homemaking
classmate.
Helen
bill



LOWER DIVISION GLEE CLUB

Florence Deutsch, President

Mrs. Anderson, Sponsor

UKULELE CLUB

Evelyn Jennings, President

Founded: 1930

Miss Browning, Sponsor



USHERS

Dorothy Cascioni, President

Founded: 1930

Mr. Dupuy, Sponsor

JILL TARS

Gloria Hamilton, *First Mate*

Founded: 1929

Mr. Centner, *Sponsor*

THE CLUBS OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

Twenty-five clubs active in Girls High School this semester have offered a wide-enough variety of interests to satisfy the wants of everyone. Clubs dealing with nature study, history, music, languages, dramatics, debating, and sports are all included in the list. Among them is a club bound to interest every girl in the school.

Faithful attendance at any one of them will bring a wealth of knowledge which a girl would not find in school books. Join one or even two clubs next semester; broaden your outlook on school life; and you will soon find that you have profited by new friendships, knowledge, and interest.

**THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL**

Mrs. Henry C. Morris	<i>President</i>
Mrs. George Beanston, Jr.	<i>First Vice-President</i>
Mrs. Milton DeLano	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
Mrs. Bernard Wolf	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
Mrs. Herbert Gross	<i>Financial Secretary</i>
Mrs. E. L. Doherty	<i>Treasurer</i>
Mrs. George F. Keil	<i>Parliamentarian</i>
Mrs. George McGee	<i>Historian</i>
Miss M. Dougherty	<i>Faculty Representative</i>
Miss Lucille Cordray	<i>Junior Past President</i>

GHE Alumnae Association has recently established two new sections to interest its members: the Swimming Section, under direction of Mrs. Arnold Miller, and the Dramatic Section, under Miss Madeline Sheehan. This latter section produced the November program of the Association—"Varieties," a novel program in which the last graduating class and the alumnae competed for a prize.

The winter activities of the Association opened in September with a Garden Party in the Japanese Garden of Mrs. Walter Robinson of Mill Valley. In October there was a reception to the faculty and a Hallowe'en carnival.

On December twenty-first the Alumnae will sponsor a Christmas party for the children of its members. There will be a Santa Claus, a tree, presents for all, and much gayety.

NEWS OF THE ALUMNAE

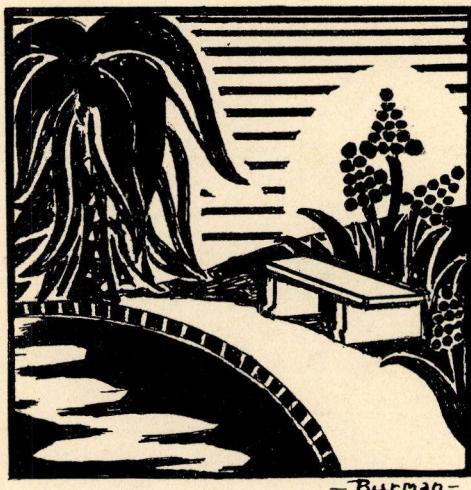
Margaret Rose Vanderburgh, J'28, who won the Kraft Prize in December, 1928, was one of the fifty-five students at the University of California to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Irene Applas, J'26, spoke at the National Education Association's Convention in Los Angeles in June, on the subject of "Peace."

Ruth Clouse, J'23, was one of the four successful women of the 371 law students to pass the State Bar Examination in August.

Esther Samuelson, J'26, was elected to the Political Science Honor Society at the University of California.

Helen Voorhees, D'26, is a sponsor at Roble Hall, Stanford University.



Guido Mari
Lots of Luck

ACTIVITIES

Do not forget the
Cozy Bunch of
Santa Rosa California
Elizabeth Yourell

Esther F.
Virginia D.
Eric Sporelli
Old

Esther F. Virginia L. Evans Morell
Olga Poli. Edith Morell
yourself

S. P. A.

*Best of luck
in future
Marguerite*



Beryl Briggs
Secretary

Minnie Lowenthal
Basketball Manager

Helen Schinkel
President

Frances Derby
Swimming Manager

Marguerite Depons
Vice-President

Mae Hines
Soccer Manager

Antoinette Durmanich
Baseball Manager

Helen Wilson
Volleyball Manager

SKIPPY here! Indian there! How they did brighten up the lower hall throughout the term! Those clever posters proclaimed that the S. P. A. must once more be up to something. And so it was!

First on the program of the term was the Freshman Party. It was hardly over when S. P. A. Day, perhaps the most successful event of the semester, was held at Ewing Field. Aquatic Playday, innumerable beach suppers, and other outings proved that the S. P. A. was not only up to something but up to many things.

The success of its athletic program is really remarkable. In spite of the obstacles it was faced with in not having a gymnasium to work in, it came through with flying colors and is more prominent in school organizations than ever before.

DECEMBER 1931

51

H12, L12, H11 BASKETBALL



LII, H10, L10 BASKETBALL

to
I have
done it
a few
times
I do it
to

H12, L12, H11 BASKETBALL
*Just looks of
something sweet girl*

water colour
by

1960-61

A black and white photograph showing a person's lower legs and feet walking. The person is wearing dark, possibly leather, shoes and light-colored, possibly denim, pants. The background is a paved surface with some shadows.

1960

A black and white photograph showing a group of students in a classroom. In the foreground, a student with dark hair, wearing a light-colored shirt, is looking down. Behind them, other students are visible, some looking towards the camera and others looking down. The background is slightly out of focus, showing more of the classroom environment.

1

LOWER DIVISION BASKETBALL



BASEBALL

*Just a
looking
classmate
Marie
Gadigan
'Babe'*

SWIMMING



Whoopee
Just an
all "go" party
Sally



SOCCER

DRAMATICS

"**JACQUENETTA AND THE QUEEN'S GOWN**" was presented by the Seventh and Eighth Grades on November seventeenth and eighteenth. This delightful fantasy about Jacquenetta, who was asked to make a gown hurriedly for the queen, could not fail to please the audience. What happened when the contents of Jacquenetta's work basket came to life made a suitable play for the talent of the fourteen Lower Division girls who took part in it.

✓ ✓ ✓

"**TRIFLES**" was presented by the Dramatic Club on November ninth. It is the story of a woman who lived a lonely life in the country with a cold, thoughtless husband and who was accused of his murder when he was killed. How her two women friends chanced upon the evidence of her guilt and how they protected her made a drama of a more serious type to contrast with the other Dramatic Club presentation, a comedy. The cast was:

County Attorney	Marie Laxague
Henry Peters	Relda Weiss
Lewis Hale	Pauline Hobart
Mrs. Peters	Peggy Dehne
Mrs. Hale	Janice James

✓ ✓ ✓

"**KINGS IN NOMANIA**," a fantasy, was presented by the Freshman Class on December tenth and eleventh. This imaginative play dealt with Yancu, who was arrested by a cruel gendarme and brought before the king, who was attracted to him and became his friend. The cast contained twelve names, and the play gave ample opportunities for the Freshman girls to prove their dramatic ability.



Clarice Dechent

Ada Marsh

Rose Siegel

“THE BOOR,” a comedy, was presented by the Dramatic Club on November tenth. The story deals with the affairs of Mme. Popov, who was mourning for an untrue but idealized husband when the “Boor” entered to collect a debt. They fell in love. Colorful and interesting Russian costumes were one of the features of this presentation, which provided an hour of refreshing humor for the audience. The cast was:

Helena Ivanovna Popov.....	Ada Marsh
Grigolo Stepanovitch Smirnov.....	Rose Siegel
Luka	Clarice Dechent

SENIOR PLAY

“**B**ITS o' BLARNEY,” a musical comedy, was presented by the High Senior Class on November nineteenth and twentieth. The story deals with Peggy, a popular little Irish girl who loves Patrick but won't admit it. Innumerable funny situations are brought about when Peggy, dressed as her own brother, meets Patrick disguised as a girl. They are attracted to each other and declare love. Almost every graduating Senior took part in the production, either in the singing or the dancing choruses. The cast was:

Peggy	Dorothy Largomarsino
Patrick	Lillian Schneider
Robert	Esther Grattapaglia
Mary	Florabelle Green
Mike O'Noole	Peggy Dehne
Agnes	Betty Chemnick
Rosie	Audrey White
Fred	Billie Carleton
Sue	Dolores Duckworth

CLASS PLAY CONTEST

This semester the customary one-act plays produced by the classes were replaced by scenes from Shakespeare. Cups were presented to the victors as usual, and the scenes will be combined into a pageant to be presented on Shakespeare's birthday next term. Miss Evelyn Armer judged the Upper Division scenes; and Miss Lenamae Williams, those of the Lower Division. They chose the following as the best productions:

Upper Division winners—The Low Twelve Class, which presented Scene 1, Act II, and Scene 5, Act IV, from “The Taming of the Shrew.” The coach was June Smith.

Honorable mention was given to the High Twelve Class presentation.

Lower Division winners—The Low Seventh Grade, which presented a combination of Shakespearean scenes, under the direction of Mrs. Eva B. Cann.

Honorable mention was given to the Low Nine Class presentation.

DEBATING



VARSITY DEBATING TEAM

Ada Marsh Mr. Dupuy Elsa Magnus Virginia Bruce

SINCE it has been a short term, the most important debates scheduled for Girls High School have been postponed until next term. You can anticipate debates with a mixed team from the University of California, with one from Stanford, and with the Stanford Freshmen, in the near future.

However, one important debate did take place in October. It was with the State Teachers' College on the subject of "Capitalism vs. Social Control."

The custom of interclass debates was carried out this semester as always. Three interesting debates were held and the winners awarded pennants and cups.

Appreciating the value of practice debates, Balboa High School met Girls High in a rousing one. Of course, no decision was rendered.

As a lively branch of the Debating Club, a Speakers' Bureau was founded this term. This organization of four-minute speakers, always ready to respond to anyone's call, now has a definite place in the Debating Club.

Dec. 11, 1931.

Dear Berrie, (I mean "Big Bertha")

58

Let me con THE JOURNAL

you on your graduation from
G. H. S. May Happiness and Success

As flowers express through
always ~~their beauty~~ ^{their delicacy} the thoughts

of God, so do stories

doesn't ~~ever~~ ^{and verse} express

the thoughts of

morning ~~mortals~~ therefore you see the
"bus" excuse for a letter. Do you

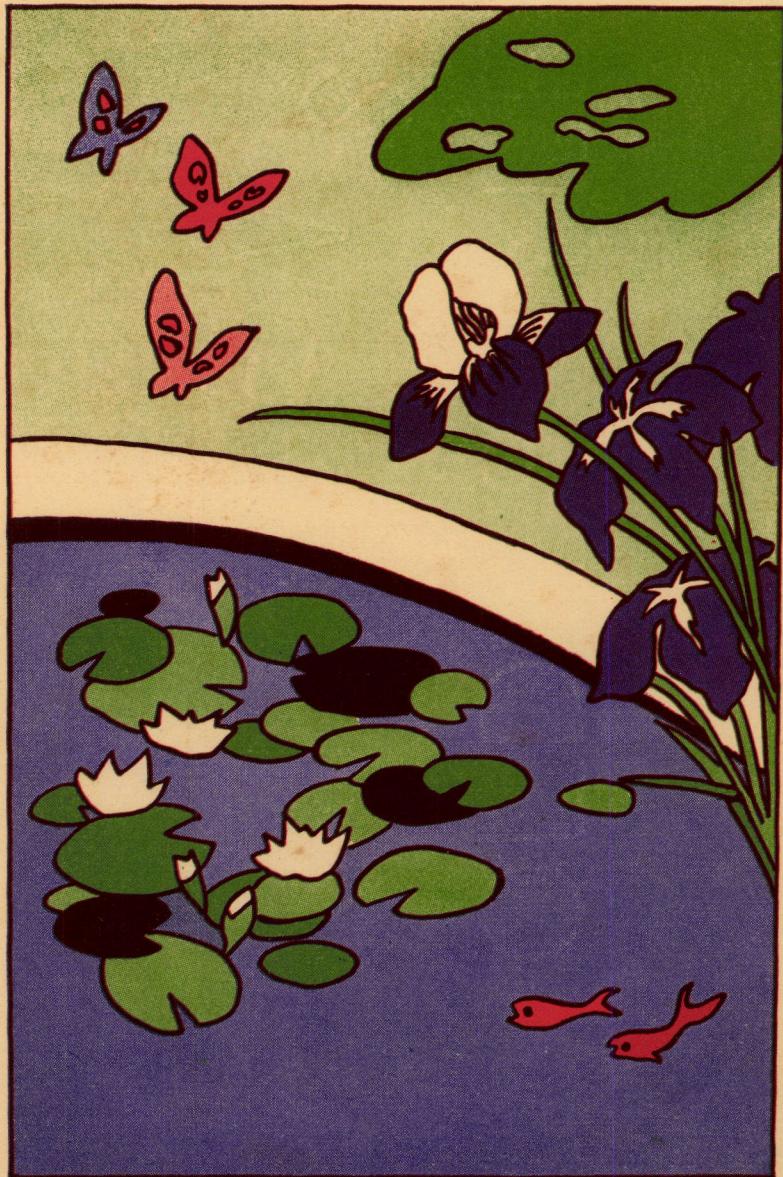
think that you can possibly
(come back some time to see me?

That is, if you are not too busy
as you probably will be with

"holding a patter" hands" as a
certain party you know, said. You
but it couldn't be your "Chesey's".

Altho' you won't admit it now,
I'll bet you'll miss me when you gone
What do you think? Listen now I am in you.

(continued)



VIOLET NAKASHIMA

LITERARY



A PRESSED PANSY

I opened an old book
And between the musty leaves
I found a pressed pansy.
The years had taken its beauty,
And the hand that had placed it there
Had long since crumbled to dust.
Was it laid there to foster memories
Of times that will never come again?
Or was it a cheerful, yet grave, reminder
Of a joy that was yet to come?
Pansy, signifying thought,
Has another name more fitting—
Heartsease, a comforting flower,
A balm, and a silent sympathizer,
With sweet solace for human woe.

MARY COGHLAN, J'32.

DISCOVERY

I met you, walking on the road
One spring; I saw you wear
A daffodil tucked in your belt,
Some violets in your hair.
The flowers were so sweet to see
In all their fragile grace;
And yet, somehow, they seemed to be
Less lovely than your face.

LUDA JARRELL, J'32.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

MR. LAWRENCE not only was a famous criminologist, but he had traveled the world over and was an expert story-teller. One evening, we begged him to relate to us one of his thrilling experiences, and he began :

“About three years ago, when I was traveling through northern India, I was invited by the Governor of that section to attend a week-end party at a home which he had just purchased. It was a large English-style house, the only one of its kind in that part of the country, and was surrounded by extensive gardens, covering several acres.

“One of these gardens, in particular, was the favorite strolling place of everyone, especially the young people. Indeed, it well might be; for it contained as an attraction an extraordinary and expensive piece of workmanship—a small fountain carved out of pure crystal. Around its outer edges was a narrow band of gold leaves; and it was altogether so exquisite in form, but so dazzling to the sight, that one would have to turn the eyes away from its blinding brilliance to the sunshine. But at night, when it was outlined in the softer light of the moon, there could not be a more perfect place for young lovers to pledge their love.

“On this night, lured by the quietness of this garden, which was one of the more remote ones, lying far from the house, there came to stroll there Mr. Livingston and Miss Wintor, a young couple who had but recently announced their engagement. That young couple never came out of that garden alive.

 * * *

“Their absence was first noticed when they failed to appear at breakfast the next morning. The Governor sent servants to their rooms to awaken them, but the apartments were found empty. A careful search of the house and surrounding grounds was then made; and as the young people still could not be found, an air of tension and fear prevailed among the guests.

“Conducting my own search, I went to the Garden of the Fountain, where I knew the young people had gone. There I traced their footprints, which ended at a bench near the fountain where they had probably seated themselves. Here I found signs of a severe struggle, and on the bench were my two most important clues: a drop of blood and a man’s blood-stained pocket knife. I slipped the knife into my pocket and gathered up the blood in a little tube.

“It was a miserable day for everyone. The police had been called from the nearest station in that section, but they would not arrive until the following day at the earliest. In the meantime everyone was gloomy, nervous, and suspicious. I was soon certain that none of the guests knew anything about the strange disappearance of the lovers, and I quietly carried on my own investigations.

“All morning I experimented with the blood I had found; and the more I experimented, the more puzzled I became. The blood was not that of a human being.

At this discovery my own blood was chilled within me, but I could find no solution to the strange puzzle confronting me. At sunset I was hopelessly lost in a maze of ideas. I determined to look upon the scene in the garden once more, before twilight blotted out the details. I armed myself with a revolver and went there.

"I examined the bench carefully, and for the first time I noticed that the shrubbery behind and all around it was unusually thick, dense, and wild. My eyes followed its growth and came to rest suddenly upon the crystal fountain. I grew stiff and gazed at it with horror. The struggle which had gone on here the night before must have been terrific, for somebody had been flung against the fountain so heavily that the crystal had been cracked. Pieces had been chipped off, too; and on one of the gold leaves that decorated the outer edges of the basin, I found a large patch of skin. I needed to look at it only a moment before my solution came like a lightning flash. Working carefully, with revolver in hand, I methodically began to push away and search the dense vegetation around the fountain and behind the bench. It was not long before I found the thing for which I was looking, and the case was ended."

Mr. Lawrence paused and looked gravely into our faces, his own features a little pale and full of revulsion for the memory of what he had seen in those bushes.

"But—" one of us gasped, "what—how—"

Mr. Lawrence arose, went to an old desk, searched among the contents of a drawer, and handed us a column clipped from a paper. We grasped it eagerly and read. The opening sentence told of the capture, in India, of a twenty-eight-foot python through the efforts of Mr. E. Lawrence, famous criminologist—

We read no further. That one sentence told us the full horror of the double killing.

DALE ADAMS, J'33.

THE STREAM

Oh, limpid stream!
Whose drowsy purling o'er glistening pebbles
Seems to whisper one's thoughts;
Whose onward-flowing, yet placid, waters
Repeat, in their own way, the anthems of birds
In the leafy forest aisles they have flowed through.
Thy steady murmuring echoes the voices
Of those who have stood by thy side, admiring.
The golden wavelets
Catch the radiant glints of the sun
As they dribble away into the earth
And kiss the world good-bye.

CLARICE DECHENT, J'33.

A SENTINEL

Storms sweeping by year after year had failed to uproot the gigantic tree, which still spread its gnarled, naked limbs out over the blue Pacific. Standing there like a huge sentinel, its brawny trunk and outflung branches gave an appearance of strength which impressed all who saw it with the oddity of Nature's whims.

EVAMAY MERRITT, J'33.

MORNING

I walked in a garden at dawning
And grasped at the secret of the day's birth.
The grey sky, blushing, turned rose with the sun
As birds' wild song beat at heaven's gate.
The perfume of dew-drenched flowers
Scented the vagabond breeze.
There was a breathless pause,
And then the world rejoiced for the new-born day.
The sun trailed her fiery draperies across the sky;
The harmonious chorus of bird notes swelled
While the breeze danced gently among the flowers.

MARY COGHLAN, J'32.

THE LITTLE VISITOR

HE had often passed the high hedge wall without any curiosity as to what was beyond it; but today an uncontrollable desire to pierce through the green screen overcame her. So she walked around until she found a little rusty gate; and then she stepped in. As her startled eyes fell upon the scene, she held her breath in wonder; for all about her were flowers, so resplendent in their colors that the little intruder fairly burst out with admiration and incredulity. It was a garden, but such a garden! Rows of sweet peas climbed over each other in a race to reach the top of the wall; a roguish little Cupid rose from the midst of a fountain, and from his puckered mouth spurted out a silver stream of water; a red-breasted robin poked its head out of a bird-house as if to question her presence; and near by was a flower-covered bower where bright-colored blooms mingled intimately with each other.

She first looked about cautiously; but seeing that nobody was there except herself, she ventured farther in. She had to step carefully around the wheelbarrow and over the rake which were resting neglectfully on the walk. Here, too, were brightly painted pots, and hoes, and spades. With hesitating steps she walked in this fairyland; and when she had rambled through it to her heart's content, she seated herself under the bower and let a sigh of contentment escape her lips. How one would enjoy spending leisure hours in this garden of paradise! As her eyes wandered appreciatively about, her attention was attracted by the sight of a single, magnificent rose, contrasted boldly against a background of yellow pansies. She leaned forward eagerly to obtain a better view of it, when something prompted her to go forward and stoop to it. Her lips were meeting the rose in a caress when her glance rose upward to the sky.

What had been a glorious azure heaven was fast turning grey. Clouds gathered, and a drop of rain pitter-pattered with a melodious tinkle against the sides of a tin sprinkler. Plucking the rose as a last remembrance of this place of enchantment, she glanced swiftly again at the threatening sky and with the rose clutched tightly in her hand fled to avoid the coming shower.

VIOLA IMAI, D'33.

THE SUN - DIAL

BEYOND a crumbling stone wall, a deserted garden lies. Hardy, old-fashioned flowers blooming in profusion, grass growing unrestrained along the half-obliterated paths, unpruned bushes and trees shading benches and nooks no longer habitable—all these signs of neglect have been softened by the hand of time. If you follow an indefinite little path overgrown with moss, you will come eventually to the center of the garden, where an old sun-dial stands. On it the sun-dial has a Celtic inscription, which, when translated, means, "I count only the sunny hours."

I muse, as I stand near the old sun-dial, of the people who once walked through this old garden. People who lived, loved, and were loved—where are they now? Do their ghosts sometimes visit the garden where a sun-dial counts only the sunny hours?

MARY COGHLAN, J'32.

A JAPANESE GARDEN

Tall grasses blowing with the wind;
Violets peeping up everywhere;
Magnolia trees shading surroundings;
Cherry blossoms nodding;
Sturdy carnations growing profusely;
Roses blooming in every tint;
Yellow columbines and wistaria appearing;
Tulips dancing in the sun;
Ponds bearing water lilies;
Shiny goldfish floating lazily;
Stepping-stones adding charm to waters;
Bridges leading across streams;
Stone benches, massive, commanding approach;
Teakwood benches, dainty, inviting rest;
Sun and stars, day and night,
Smiling down on all.

MARY MAYER, J'32.

LIFE

O Life ! How like the surging sea thou art
 In all thy moods and divers fancies !
 The restless sea e'er pushes on ;
 So dost thou, too,
 Seeking new channels,
 Breaking against new rocks,
 Finding release on new shores.

The sea claims its own, and so dost thou.
 Thou wreakest revenge,
 Wrecking frail or poorly guided vessels,
 Causing many innocent to slumber
 In thy cool green seaweeds.

We sail our ships to find them broken
 And shattered o'er the sands of time.
 Our ships go down to watery graves
 Never to rise again.
 We must go on, building new ships
 To sail the sea of life.

TAMARA MARTEN, D'32.

THE STORM

The wind is knocking on the window pane
 And flinging its whole force against the door
 In a quest that it knows is all in vain ;
 It retreats ; yet returns to try once more,
 Just as some hapless person, worn and grim,
 Tries entering a heart that's closed to him.

LUDA JARRELL, J'32.

THE DESERT

The desert, an everlasting sea of sand,
 Is howling and drear ; a region of emptiness
 Where no herb, nor grass, nor shrub,
 Takes root to refresh the aching eye.

SAKAE NAKAMOTO, J'32.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

So practical-minded and utterly neat!
Your life, though you think not, is far from complete.
A crushed sofa pillow, a coat on a chair
Add much to a cosy and comfortable air.
The bright-covered magazine there on the floor
Is far from a crime; and you should not abhor
The rose petals scattered in some darkened nook,
Nor the tattered and dog-eared face-downward old book.
Why spend your time keeping things scrupulous now?
You live only once; so you'd better learn how!

DORIS BAUMBERGER, D'31.

THE STREAM

In spring she sings like a young, happy girl. She glides through fields and forests, cool and calm. Her sweet voice enchanting you, and she can be heard now and then splashing happily in the deeper waters.

GERTRUDE REIBMAN, D'31.

SWIMMING

To swim—
To float lazily through lapping waters gazing at the blue sky above;
To reach for sparkling drops of shining liquid glistening in the light,
Only to find that they are gone when you enclose them;
To battle against leaping waves, exulting in the glory of the fight;
To ride the towering breakers and to feel sharp winds stinging, biting at your cheekbones;
To bury your face deep in water and gaze through green, misty, fathomless depths;
To feel joy, energy, youth imparted anew with every move of your swinging arms;
To laugh with the exuberance, the bubbling joy of life—
That is to swim.

MARJORIE CAHN, D'31.

CANDLES ON A TAPER STAND

THEY flickered, quailed, burned with a seemingly incandescent light; then they grew dim. Only candles on a taper stand; yet how like life they were!

The towering, central taper seemed to be the ruling power, God, about whom all religions and lives cluster. The smaller ones were like so many lives now glowing valiantly, now quivering, trembling, and finally fading out of the background of numerous sparkling and glittering ones. Some stood out upright and slender on their foundations, free from blemishes. Their souls sent forth worshipful flames to the Almighty with never a quiver. Others were bowed, their lights weak and of a struggling sort, like hands groping in the dark for support. A few were on the point of falling when some kindly soul stepped forward and righted them on their unfirm bases. A pitiful one or two remained upright and sent forth sparks of gratitude and worship while the rest slumped back to the old level to be lost forever.

Yet, wavering or bold, straightforward or flickering, their end was much the same. A few went out in their prime; some came peacefully down from their heights; others made last, sputtering efforts to regain that which was gradually slipping away—life. But all descended to an inevitable grave; their places replaced by new candles. Only in the case of those who had fallen so sorrowfully did reminders and memories remain; and these, too, were soon wiped out. Yes, they were like life, these candles, extinguished by a gust of wind.

TAMARA MARTEN, D'32.

MUSIC

Beating its way through tall trees,
Snatching and hurling leaves,
Or stealing across the meadows
Like a soft sigh,
The wind—music.

Booming upon the sand,
Roaring in rage upon the rocks,
Or tinkling among the pebbles
Like the laughter of nymphs,
The sea—music.

DALE ADAMS, J'33.

THE ROSE ARBOR

THE baby roses nodded upon their slender green stems; their pale pink and salmon colored petals warily folded themselves close together. Soft pink, glowing crimson, and darkening purple hues shone upon the polished surface of the marble bench. Under the weight of the heavy rose-vines the trellis seemed to bend its arched back as though to snap. The gravel path and ground about were strewn with petals, whose last sweet scents were wafted upon the evening breeze. All was silent, until a bird suddenly burst into an evening song. The sun sank, leaving the rose arbor to the fast darkening twilight.

DALE ADAMS, J'33.

FOG

The wind, whistling through the trees,
Blew the soft grey fog onward
Over the top of the mountains
Down to the valley, till all was covered
With feathery clouds.
As a mother covers her child in bed,
So does the fog, with tender caresses,
Cover its child, earth, in its misty robes
And kiss it a fond good-night.

FRANCES STEIDEL, J'33.

AUTUMN SUNSET

The fiery, red sun was flinging its last rays across the rippling waters as it sank into the golden west and left behind a rosy-hued sky. The same warm hue tinted the clouds, but slowly the radiant color receded. In the dark blue sky, a few twinkling stars peeped out to greet the golden harvest moon arising from the east.

ELIZABETH WAY, Low Eighth Grade.

ATMOSPHERE

"OH, LOUISIANA waters lap softly 'gainst the shore," sang a charming young voice. Its owner, a dark young man of about twenty-five years, was picking out the melody on the piano. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I've got it!" and played through the catchy tune of a ragtime.

"It sounds all right to me," the young man slouching in a Morris chair commented lazily. "And, I suppose, in two weeks' time all the radio tenors in the country will be crooning the newest song hit of the eminent composer—by the way, Louis, what made you come North? The old homestead of your songs doesn't sound so bad."

The youth addressed as Louis whirled around on the stool. An expression of sadness crept into his face, and in a hushed voice he began:

"It was May, and the day was almost over. The breeze from the bayou and the soft lap of the willow boughs as they trailed their branches over the water was soothing to my ears. As I strolled along the path, I saw coming toward me a young girl. As she drew nearer, I discerned her to be Charlotte Vonot, the daughter of a neighboring planter.

"I had known her all my life, but I had never really seen her before. She was small of stature and slender. Her eyes were hazel, shaded by dark fringes of eyelashes. For the first time I noticed her exquisite beauty and fell in love with her.

"All summer I paid court to her, and in the early fall I asked her father for her hand. He was enraged and sent Charlotte away to a convent in New Orleans.

"Unable to forget my love, I could not stay where memories were so vivid. I came North, and the memory of what I had lost is the inspiration of my melodies."

Louis' voice trailed off into silence, and he sighed heavily.

The youth in the Morris chair was staring at him with amazed and incredulous eyes. He said uncomfortably, "I'm sorry."

"Don't feel too bad," advised Louis indifferently. "It's all press agent stuff. Confidentially, I have never been out of New York State."

MARY COGHLAN, J'32.

THE SIBERIA OF OLD

Cold prison bars;
Slimy stones and iron slats;
Whipping posts midst eternal snows;
Miserable, oppressed masses
Heaped against a background of corruption—
The world's Siberia.

God's heavenly beauty upon earth;
Sunshine, joy, and song;
Smiling peasants, happy in their simple pleasures;
Flowers and bright verdure;
Land of forgetfulness claiming you—
My Siberia.

TAMARA MARTEN, D'32.

NIGHT

AN EERY darkness descended over the city. The boisterous sounds of the day were gone. But for the cold, piercing wind, whistling and wailing through the streets, a melancholy silence reigned. The snow fell hard and fast, covering everything with a greyish mist. Tall buildings rose into the starless sky, black, mysterious sentinels of the air. No lights, no human sounds were to be perceived; it seemed like a deserted city. Oh, where are those hurrying feet that passed but an hour ago? They are gone—swallowed by the night.

BEATRICE TREADWELL, J'34.

SNAPS



SNAPS



"STRONG MAN"



A SENIOR



"BESSIE"



G.H.S. TWINS



"OUR GANG"



PALS



"BILLIE"



KIDS



"BIG BERTHA"

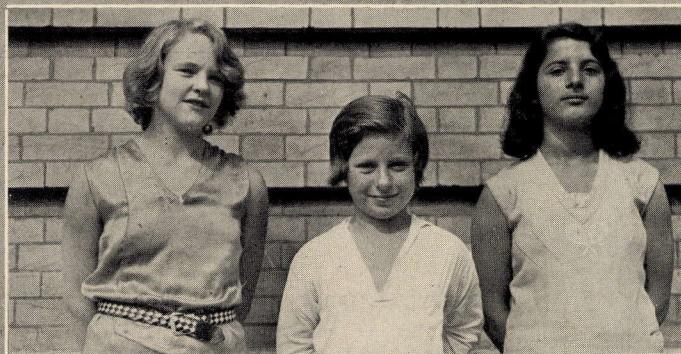
Best of luck
from your
Esther Tamm

SNAPS

DRAMATIC CLUB PLAYS



"KINGS IN ROMANIA"



"JACQUENETTA & THE QUEEN'S GOWN"



"TRIFLES"

*much love and best
to a very nice girl.
Lorraine St. Hart*



CALENDAR

August 10	Opening of School
August 21	Freshman Reception
August 27	Student Body Poster Parade
September 4	Admission Day Pageant
September 15	Pigtail Day
September 16	Club Day
September 22	S. P. A. Day
September 26	Aquatic Playday
October 8	Hello Day
October 12-16	Bundle Week
October 13-23	Class Plays
October 21	State Teachers' College Debate
November 9-12	Dramatic Club Plays
November 18	Eighth and Seventh Grades Play
November 19	Election of Student Body Officers
November 19-20	Senior Play
November 29	Election of Class Officers
December 4	Election of Club Officers
December 9	Distribution of JOURNALS
December 10-11	Freshman Play
December 16	Commencement
December 18	Closing of School

Dear Bernice.

I hope you are very successful as a nurse as I am sure you will be. Maybe we'll see each other at Lup or Asturys for awhile. Don't poison too many patients. If you ever get "kicked" out of Franklin come over and try U. C for awhile. And re member there are plenty of good looking internes at Cal. as well as Franklin we can easily or the forget ever get out there dance forget



MATTHEWS

so we ought to to find a husband among our patients internes. Don't that if you can extra ribs to dance that I like to and I was to about 34. Don't

study too hard the first 4 mo. but yet hard enough to get by.

Love and good luck.

Freda.

Place. 103.

Date 12/14/31

Time 2:02

Period 5

HUMOR

With all the luck
in the world for a
bright & happy future
to your friends

Dear Bernice:

Best wishes and success in anything you try

Catherine said
(see you in the
hospital)

Wm. William Hartman

THE BRIDGE GAME

SCENE: The home of Her Royal Highness, Princess Helen Bovard of Haha. Assembled in the palace are the Baroness Clara Poppic and the Countess Helen Rosenberg. They are awaiting the arrival of a fourth hand. The Countess is stalking up and down the room.

COUNTESS: Not like the Duchess to be late. Wonder what has happened to her?

PRINCESS: Curb your impatience and sit down. You'll wear out my antique rug, and you know that I can't afford another till stocks go up. (*Sighs heavily.*)

[Enter the butler, who announces the Duchess. Enter Duchess Evelyn Armer, covered with heirlooms.]

DUCHESS: So sorry to keep you waiting.

BARONESS: Well—

DUCHESS: Not well, Baroness, not at all well. My delay was caused by the illiteracy of my maid, who, for three hours after the china was broken, continued to say "It wasn't me."

(*The group expresses its sympathy.*)

BARONESS: Bother all that! Let's play cards.

(*Mid a chorus of "yeahs" they draw for partners. The Duchess Armer and Baroness Poppic are paired together.*)

(*The Duchess deals and passes—out? Princess Bovard mumbles, "X plus Y minus G, the straight angle—"*)

COUNTESS (impatiently): What are you doing?

PRINCESS: Counting my tricks.

(*The Baroness bids a spade and gets the dummy. They play. All is quiet until the Princess screams.*)

PRINCESS (indignantly): I didn't tell you to kick me as hard as that when you wanted the trick.

COUNTESS: Sorry. It's the old soccer kick for a forward pass. Now if I had dribbled a little more—

(*They play again. The silence is once more broken by the Princess, who gives another wild scream.*)

PRINCESS: My heart, my heart!

DUCHESS: Open the windows—not enough ventilation. This never would have happened in 108.

BARONESS: H₂O, quickly. The chemical reaction will—

COUNTESS: Inhale, exhale; inhale, exhale; and one, two, three, four. Raise right arm over head—

(*The Princess starts laughing.*)

DUCHESS: She's hysterical!

PRINCESS: No, dear Duchess; my heart was all right until—the Countess trumped it.

JEWEL HOLLANDER, D'31.
SOPHIE PRESCOTT, D'31.

1891 - 1931 - 1971

Once in the time of fine feathers and ruffles,
 There lived a young maiden named Hulda McPuffles.
 Five times every day she'd be changing her dresses,
 And after each change combing out her long tresses.
 A dress for her breakfast, with ten rows of flounces,
 (It weighed only five pounds and thirteen ounces.)
 Then, for the sewing bee, that one is changed to
 Another of satin, with bustles arranged to
 Endow 'pon my lady the human vase form,
 And with muttonleg sleeves. (My, she must have been warm!)
 For luncheon she changed to a tulle over satin;
 Though the dress wasn't heavy, 'twas padded with batten.
 The steel-boned corset, laced ever so tight,
 Conformed her to fashion and made her waist slight.
 At three, she got bold, and went to the shore
 For a swim, ankle-deep, in the waves' dashing roar.
 Her suit was disgraceful, just covered her knee.
 With sleeves to the elbows, quite shocking to see.
 After dinner, she put on a dress for the ball,
 Grey broadcloth, high-collared, and a bright brochet shawl.
 She had on five petticoats (my, but that's nice!),
 While the drapes on her skirt wound all 'round her thrice;
 Her neat little bonnet she put on, the dear,
 And rode to the ball, the belle of yesteryear.

Now, in this time, about forty years later,
 There lives a young maiden, named Susie McSlater,
 Though five times a day she changes her gown,
 Three strokes of the comb has her hair patted down.
 For breakfast, pajamas, so simple and sweet,
 Weigh a couple of ounces and always look neat.
 Then, out for tennis, so easy and free,
 In dress that is sleeveless, and sockless is she.
 For luncheon, she'll change to a silk or chiffon;
 The whole outfit takes counts "one, two" to put on.
 Then, later on, she'll go down to the sea,
 But her bathing suit's not what it once used to be;
 No sleeves; it is backless; length, down to the thigh;
 Shoeless, sans stockings, she dives from up high.
 When dinner is over, she dons evening gown;
 Though long, it is backless, and straight up and down.

And if, in the future, the styles will range
 As they have in the past, watch out for the change.
 Oh, daughter of earth, foolish maidens, beware
 Lest when it comes to that, there'll be nothing to wear!

CLARICE DECHENT, J'33.

THE FLOWERY PICNIC

WEET WILLIAM donned his finest coat and called for dainty *Rose*. Together they strolled through the fragrant fields although some of their friends threw *snow-balls* at them; for it was early spring and the time of the *morning-glory*, just *four o'clock*. When they arrived at the glade, they saw little *Johnny-jump-up* and rush toward them. He was not the only youth at the picnic who wished that he might look forever into *Rose's* pretty *baby blue-eyes*. He longed to press those crimson *tulips* and forgot the warnings of *poppy* that he must *marigold*. *Black-eyed Susan* arrived with *John Quill*; and when all the picnickers had come, punch was served in golden *butter-cups*.

In the middle of playing the game of *stocks* a cry arose. *Violet* had lost her *lady-slipper*. The search for the slipper began, but it could not be found because a *dandelion* had run off with it.

At last evening fell, and the *moon flower* climbed in the sky. The revelers left the glade and were driven home in coaches drawn by *snap-dragons*, singing as they parted *forget-me not*.

JEWEL HOLLANDER, D'31.

* * *

Samples of humor from JOURNALS of 'way back:

TEACHER: "Who was king at this time?"

PUPIL: "Louis the cross-eyed."

TEACHER: "Who?"

PUPIL: "That's what it said in my book—Louis XI."

* * *

"The Persians are rugged people."

* * *

From an English paper: "The commandant opened his mouth wide and said, 'Soldiers, fall in!'"

* * *

Fair one, in shoe store: "These Louis XIV heels are too high. Perhaps you have lower ones—say about Louis X?"

* * *

BOY SCOUT: "May I accompany you across the street, madam?"

OLD LADY: "Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting for someone to take you across?"

BACK IN THE NURSERY

Sing a song of seniors
Whose fame will ne'er grow old ;
Nine and eighty high fours
With colors blue and gold.

When the term was opened
L. Schneider sang a sally ;
Wasn't she a handsome one
For the lead in the Senior Rally ?

A. Edwards at the JOURNAL desk
Was counting all her money ;
P. Dehne as the gardener
Was acting very funny.

Who comes a-pattin'? Muriel Mattern.
What do you want? A dress of satin.
Where's your money? I forgot.
Get you home at a rapid trot.

B. Chemnick and Dot went to the caf
To get Miss Armer her tray,
But when they got there
Lagomarsino found it bare,
So there's nothing more we can say.

Bub-a-dub-dub, three girls in a tub
And who do you think was there?
Meharry, Avanzino, and Amelia Schmidt—
All of them quite fair.

Fanny Simon's gone to tea,
With silver garters on her knee ;
Miriam Anixter she will see,
Then there won't be room for me !

Jewel, Jewel, please give me the rule,
How does your garden grow ?
With Freesias, tulips, and the like,
It's a Holland(er) one, you know.

A young lady went into a barn
And sat down on some hay :
An owl came out and flew about,
So T. Shapro ran away.

Three little maids from school are we,
Violet Miura, May, and Grace Lee ;
And in our work from nine till three
We know our rules from A to Z.

Evelyn Pruitt could eat no fat,
L. Jacobs could eat no lean ;
So in the caf, at lunch time,
They licked each platter clean.

Little Miss Hines sat 'neath some vines,
Eating her curds and whey ;
Along came Miss Schinkel,
Who said with a twinkle,
"I'm prex of the S. P. A."

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Jean Grunsky was watching the clock ;
It struck three, out rushed she,
Dragging along Helen Bloch.

Audrey White will e'er go right,
Would you like to know her fate ?
She follows her nose wherever it goes,
And her nose is very straight.

How many days can F. Green play ?
Friday night, Saturday, Sunday,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

Elsie Harrison is a girl who heeds,
And spends her time doing good deeds ;
She sewed for the poor
Till her fingers were sore
And made blankets for babies in need.

Hickety pickety, my equestrienne
Who makes eyes at gentlemen ;
Some young men call every day
To see what Pauline Woodard has to say.

As Florence and Miss Twellman
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Louise to Miss Perry,
"Tomorrow will be Monday!"

BACK IN THE NURSERY

Gertrude Heskins begins this page,
She learned to sing at an early age;
But the song she sang for ever and aye
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Josephine Russo went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
She stepped in a puddle up to the middle
And never went there again.

Little Pearl Wong has lost her pal
And doesn't know where to find her,
Leave May Wong alone, and she'll come home
Even though you blind her.

Sophie Prescott, where have you been?
Consulting with Miss Sullivan.
Sophie, Sophie, what did you there?
She showed me a new game of solitaire.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow got stuck up with glue;
The two Garcias laughed to see such sport;
Although they're not sisters, they'll do.

Birds of a feather flock together,
Our cheer leaders, Esther and Lily;
All of us think they have good taste
In not letting us yell too shrilly.

D. Giovannetti made some spaghetti,
All on a summer's day;
Marie Mogentale grabbed the pail
And quickly ran away.

Helen, Helen, took a melon
And away she ran;
The melon was eat; Helen Boyle was beat
Till she fled, crying, down the street.

Carol Michels stopped eating potatoes
And dieted on lettuce, chops, and tomatoes
Till, much to her bliss,
Her physician said this,
"To more fattening things you may go."

Ada had a little pal,
Her skin was white as snow;
Any everywhere that Ada went
Jane Benjamin would go.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose little dog art thou?
Ruth Schalla's little dog,
Bow, wow, wow!

Gertrude, be nimble,
And win the bet;
Riebman, hit the volleyball
Over the net.

A dollar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
Again Miss Wall was late;
Once Eleanor came at twelve o'clock
But now she comes at eight.

I'll play you a chord about Mary Binford,
And now my playing's begun;
I'll play you another about her brother,
And now my playing's done.

Constance Pond was in despond
Because her brain felt muddy,
When in came Lily Wong
Singing such a funny song,
That Conny laughed and found she could
study.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day;
Mary Clifford wants to play.

Little Dottie Martine
Runs throughout the school
Upstairs and downstairs
And in the vestibule;
Walking in each doorway
And crying to each class:
"Don't you know you can't go out
Unless you have a pass?"

Ride a cockhorse to Banbury Cross
To see Janet Birnbaum on a white horse.
His ring on her finger, his pin on her coat;
No one can say that she is the goat!

BACK IN THE NURSERY

Cock-a-doodle day!
V. Bruce is on her way;
She skipped into our class
And we don't know what to say.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Myrtle Sickie's run away
With the gym bag string.

Ten little seniors cut into line.
Helen Helbush was caught,
And then there were nine.

Nine little seniors tried to come in late.
Miss Armer saw Martinez,
And then there was eight.

Eight little seniors hoped they'd go to heaven.
Mosconi left school sans pass,
And then there were seven.

Seven little seniors cutting up tricks.
B. Post was called to order,
And then there were six.

Six little seniors took a drive.
Marjorie Cahn was driving,
And then there were five.

Five little seniors tried to vamp a bach-e-lor'.
Margaret Wheeler was chosen,
And then there were four.

Four little seniors ate some fricassée.
A. Maynard choked upon a bone,
And then there were three.

Three little seniors out in a canoe.
Jean Auerbach fell overboard,
And then there were two.

Two little seniors tried to make a pun.
E. Hohman made a "faux pas,"
And then there was one.

One little senior having lots of fun
C. Maier finally graduated,
And then there was none.

Virginia Wehrli had a bad fright;
Virginia Wehrli studied hard each night.
But all of the faculty, pupils, and friends
Helped Virginia to make her amends.

A is Asaro, who's quiet but sweet;
B is Baumberger, with fun she's replete.

C is for Carleton; vice-prex is her station;
D is D. Duckworth, needs no identification.

E is for Ericson, who's tall, blonde, and thin;
F is for Friendly, which we all have been.

G is for Gunderson, she does joy impart;
H stands for Hoffman, Heatley, and Hart.

I is for Irma and Iola Guidi;
J is for Johnson, pretty to see.

K is for Kaufman, who's full of emotion;
L is for Levy, who needs no skin lotion.

M is for Monasch, debater of fame;
N stands for No one, which is a good name.

O for O'Leary, an all-round fine sport;
P is for Pettersen, who gets a good report.

Q is a question we'd all like to know;
R 's Ressighini, who does not swim slow.

S is for Smeltzer, who draws very well;
T stands for Tom, a good future we foretell.

U is for Useless, which none of us are;
V 's Vera Vandever, the German Club star.

W 's for Wahlheim, whose first name is
Bet-ty';
X is Expensive, which we'd all like to be.

Y is for Yep, who nearly ends this verse;
Z is for Zecher, who aspires to be a nurse.

*Sincerely yours,
Eris Novelli*

books of your
choice from
the library

Loads of luck
and success in
your training
as a nurse.

82 ~~Georges~~ Lorraine
~~Georges~~ Blandino
AUTOGRAPHES

AUTOGRAPHS

Best wishes
and love to
you & Bertrand &
Barbara
Helen

Best regards
and love to
you & Bertha
and Barbette
In your woodbox of
remembrance, drop
one little chip
Love,
Myrtle Lifer

Lots of luck in the
"Big Outside World"

Evelyn Pugh

Sincerely
John Smith

lots of love to a
graduate
Sincerely
Ruth Richter

Good luck,
Yours, Stefanini

Here's wishing all the luck in
the world to a sweet girl
from a physiology classmate.

THE JOURNAL *Edith Muller*

such muller.
I hope you will
have lots of luck
with the Franklin
Hospital Marie

late of Luck
Muehl

Lots of luck ^{Wishing}
to you in the
future
Love Leonore

Wishing you luck.
Lola McIlhause

Lalla Rukh

Dear

Lots of buck
magenta, saffron
long darling
ever well, Dr

"darkling
I'll hear
longest.
most.

darkling
in stillness
longest.
trust. "Sony"

to of have
sought to
so darling darling ever
when I'll never well, a
could I'll forget.
it's a first
"Lynn"

In the golden chain of friendships,
you are a link.

Best wishes to a future nurse
Lily Way

DECEMBER 1931

83

Dear Bernice
I wish you
all the luck in
the world
little girl like you,
and don't forget
when you are at the
hospital, I'll visit you
sometime
Sincerely Gallagher

From Mary
Nov 12th

Lots of love
Baby Longone

Best wishes and luck
to a good student
and success
Wishing you all the luck
in the world

Best of
Love
Eres

AUTOGRAPHS

Wishing you all
the luck and success
in the world. I hope
you come back to see us
next term

Love
Best Wishes like
to you

Lily Lee.

Dear Bernice
after Wish you luck
you graduate.
Love
Louise Mohnan

With all the luck
in the world for a bright
& sunny future.

A friend in
Physiology

Kais
Ullman

Dear Bernice -

Now, your days at dear old Gile Hi
are coming to an end. But I am sure you

84

THE JOURNAL

will never forget them. Just think
of all the fun you had in different places.
Especially our working days with Ho Morgan.
She is such a good dog I hope I am sure
you would win the beauty prize in a
beauty contest.

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a light-colored striped shirt. He is seated at a typewriter, looking down at the machine. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be an office or study environment. The photograph is centered within a larger rectangular frame with a decorative border.



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Ps.

I said that she is a great big bum

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S. F.

DECEMBER 1931

85

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I write not
here for beauty
I write not here
for fame I write I love
you and Dorothy is
my namesake.
Dorothy 1/5

THE JOURNAL

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Marie Shisofo*

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87

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you will have a successful
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Best wishes for your
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