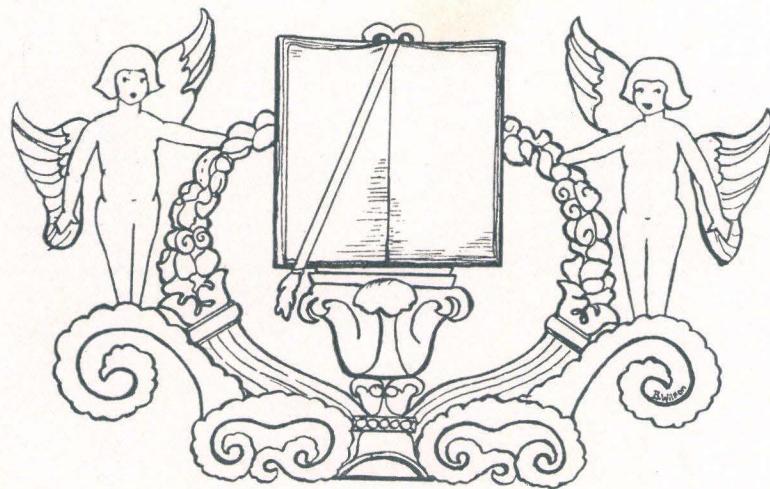


The *Franciscan*
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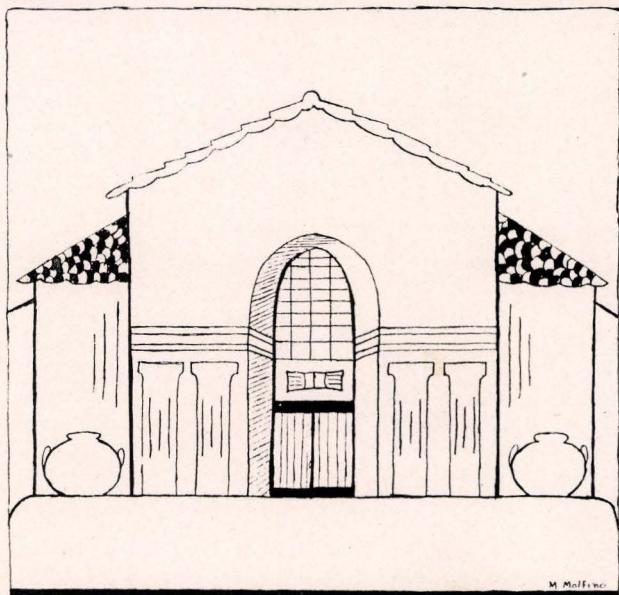
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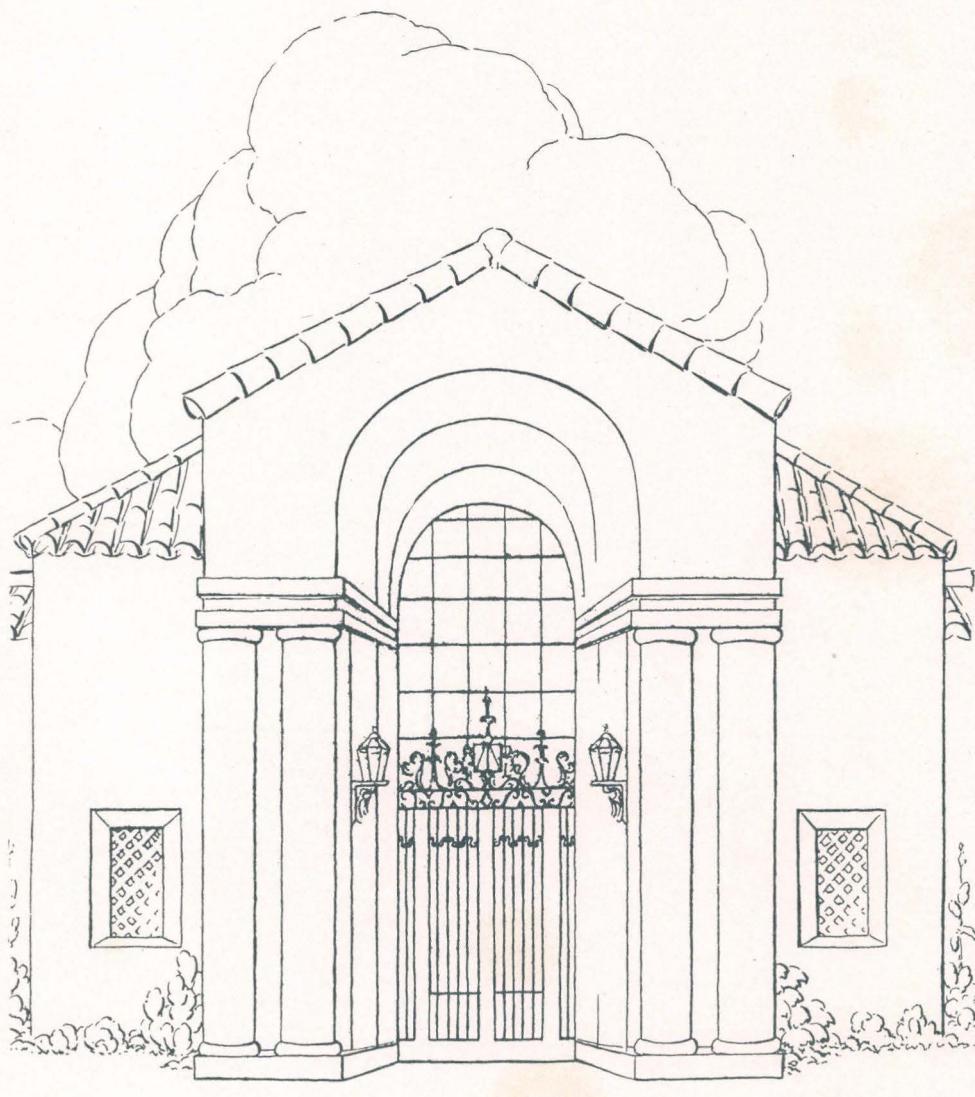
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M. Malfino

THE FRANCISCAN

1928



PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENT BODY
AT THE
SAN FRANCISCO
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

G J

TOLERANT GOOD-FELLOWSHIP,
PROFOUND UNDERSTANDING, IMPLICIT SINCERITY AND
A SPLENDID ABILITY TO MEET HIS FELLOW MAN
ON EQUAL FOOTING, REGARDLESS OF HIS
STATION IN LIFE ↗ ↗ ↗ BECAUSE
OF THESE, HIS STERLING
QUALITIES, WE
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATE
THIS
1928 Franciscan
TO
DR. ALEXANDER CRIPPEN ROBERTS
RESPECTED PRESIDENT AND
BELOVED FRIEND

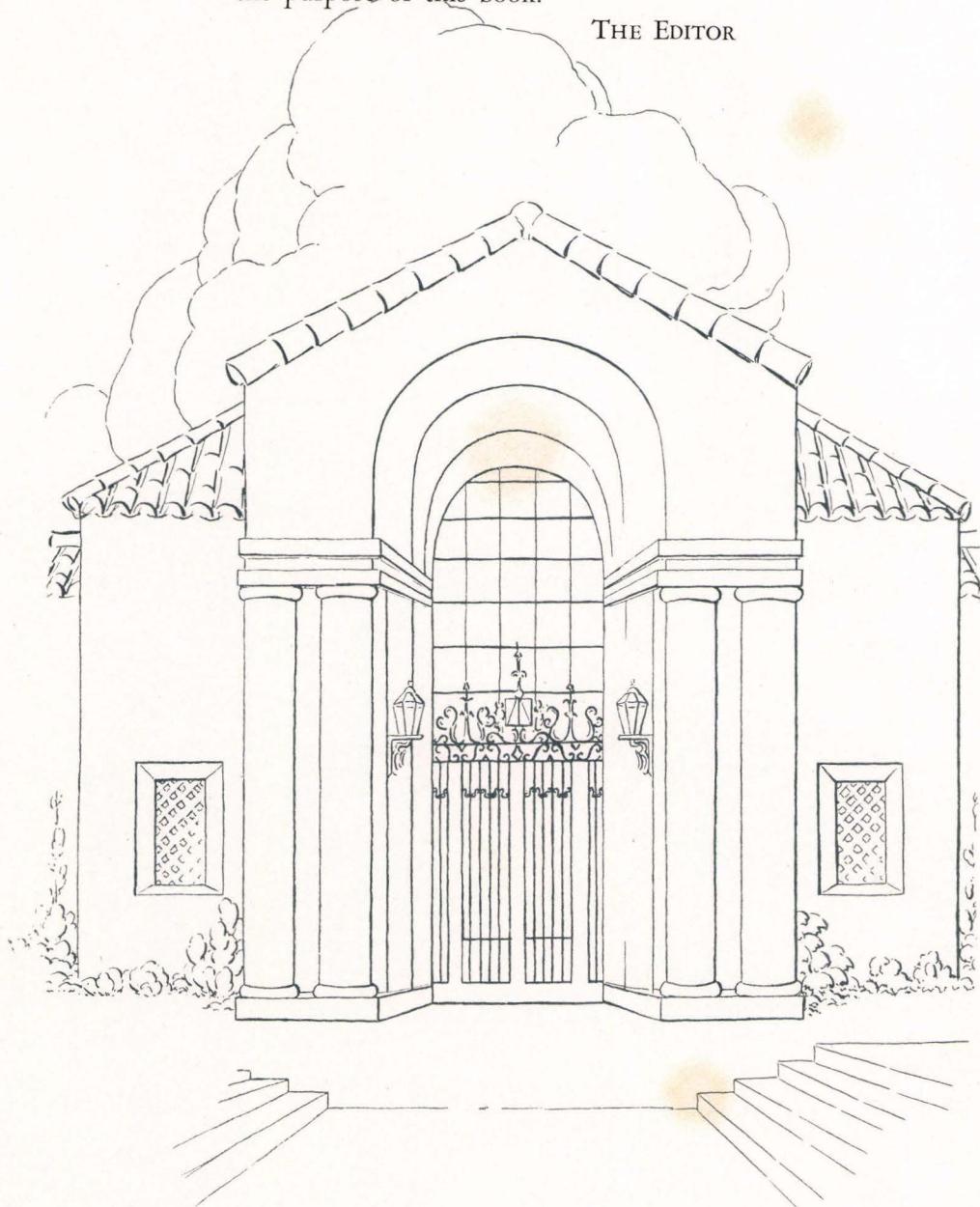


foreword

REFLECTED in the pages of this book are the unmistakable signs of a year of progress, the dawn of a new era in our college life and the incontrovertible evidences of coming triumphs.

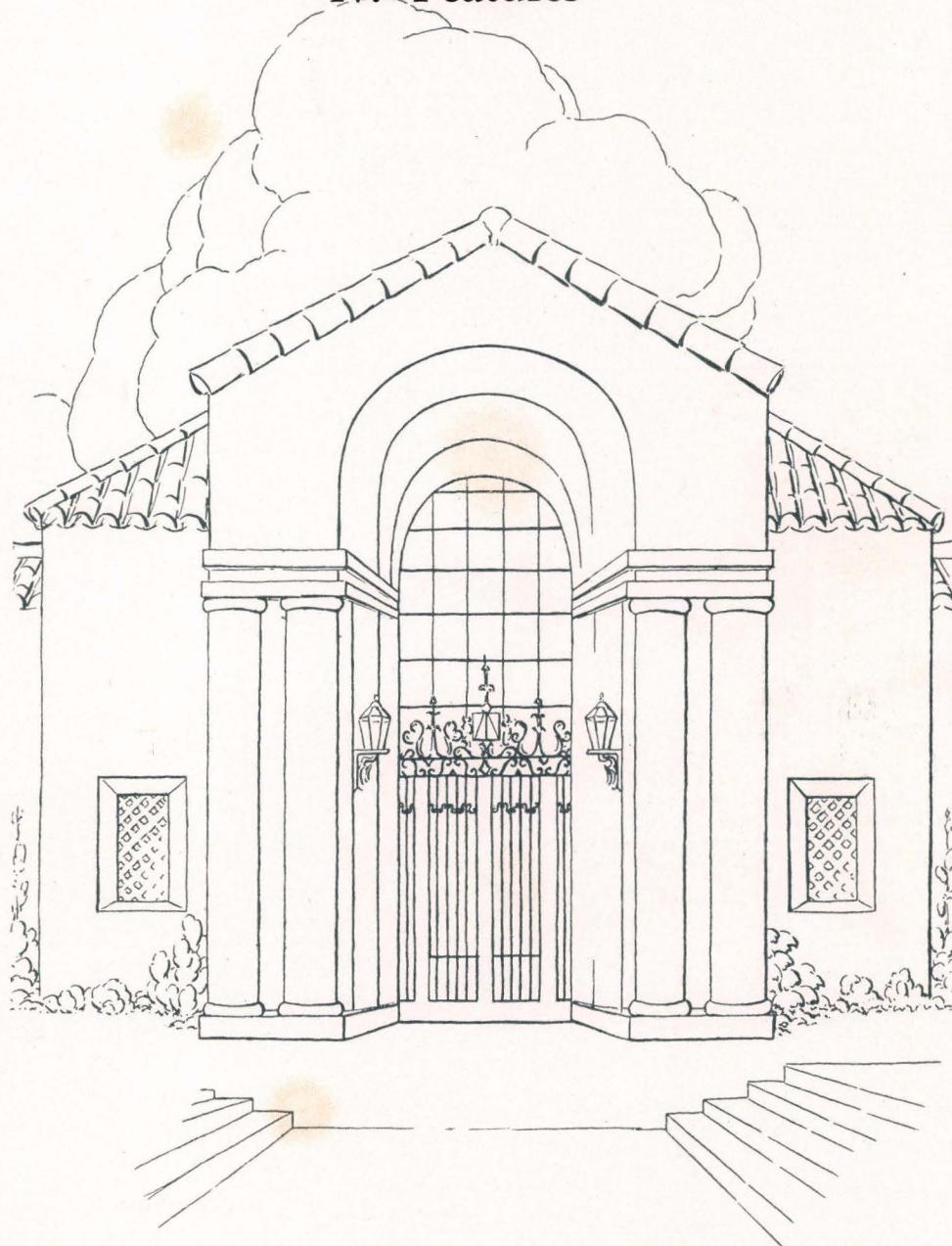
To preserve in lasting form the record of this first great year of achievement has been the purpose of this book.

THE EDITOR



Order of Books:

- I. The College
- II. Activities
- III. Athletics
- IV. Features



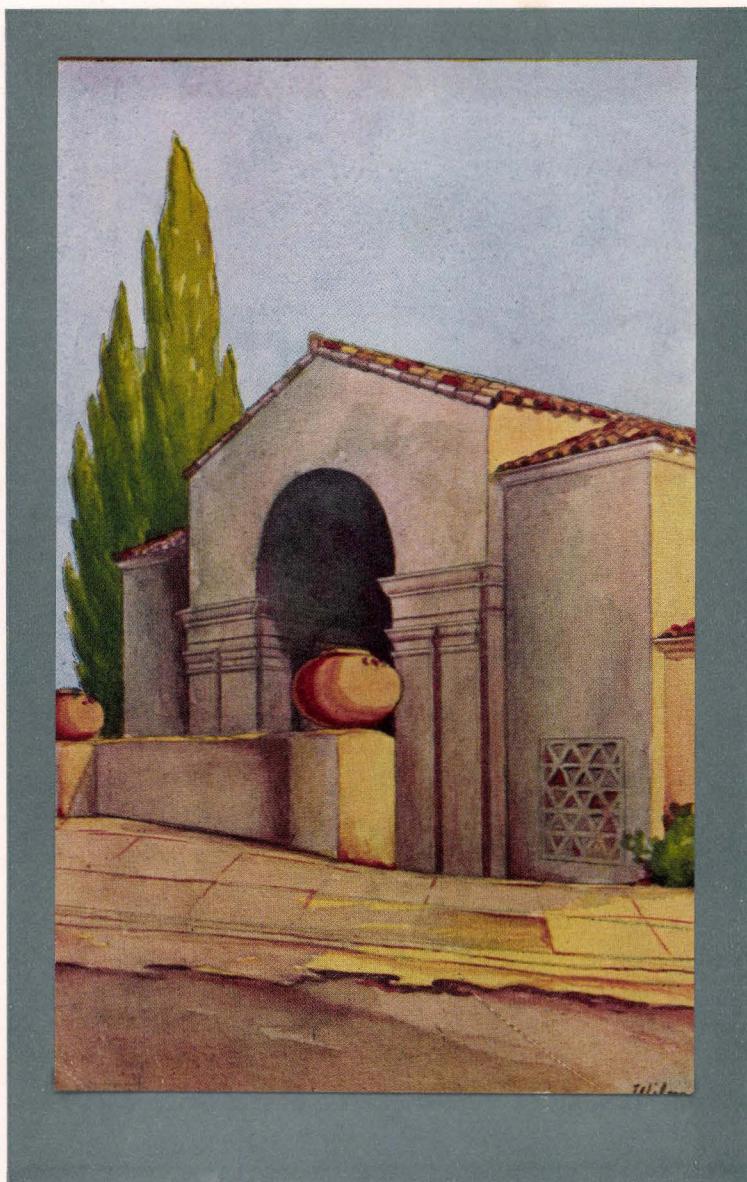
In Memoriam



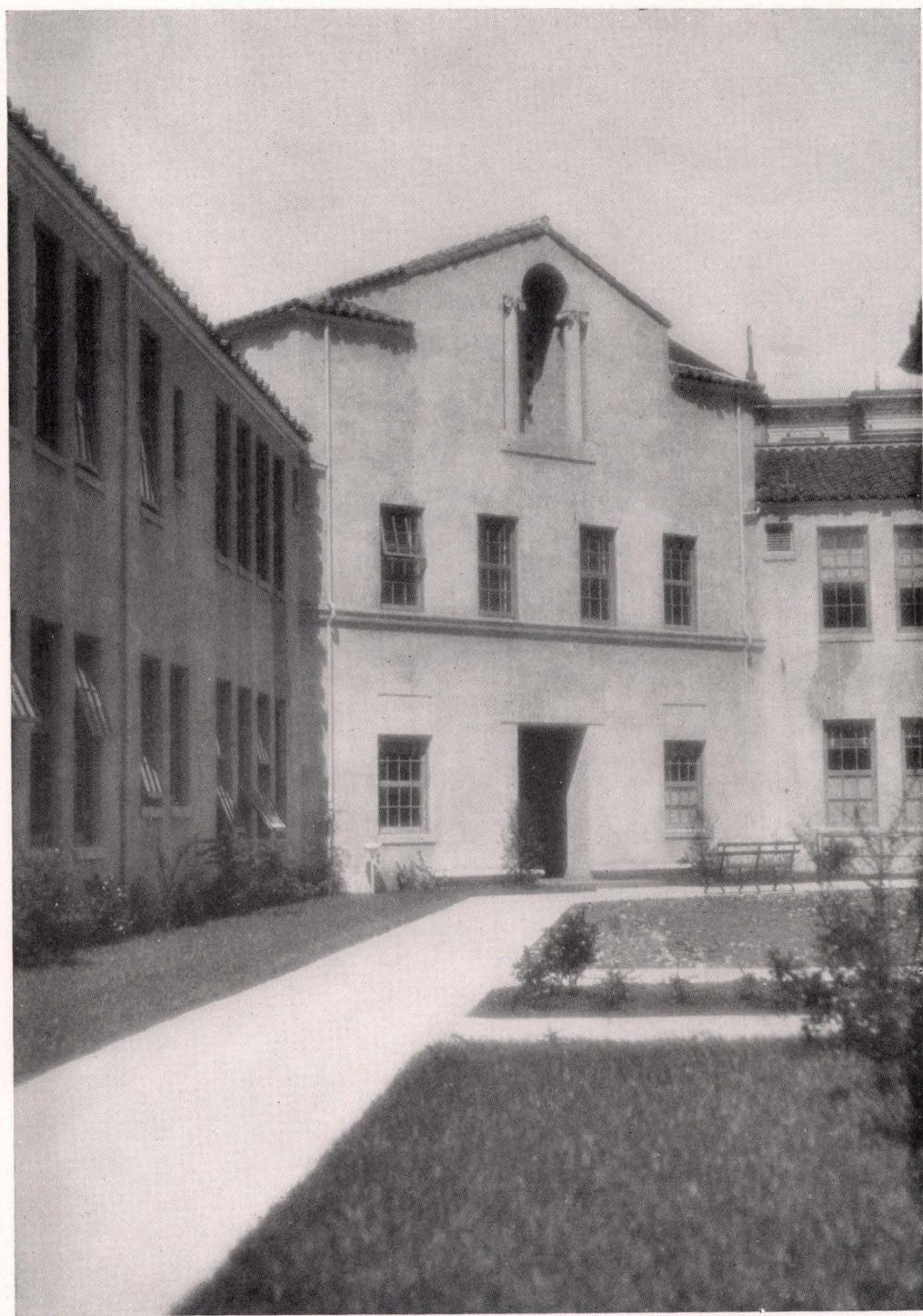
Archibald
Barron
Anderson



E. FULLER

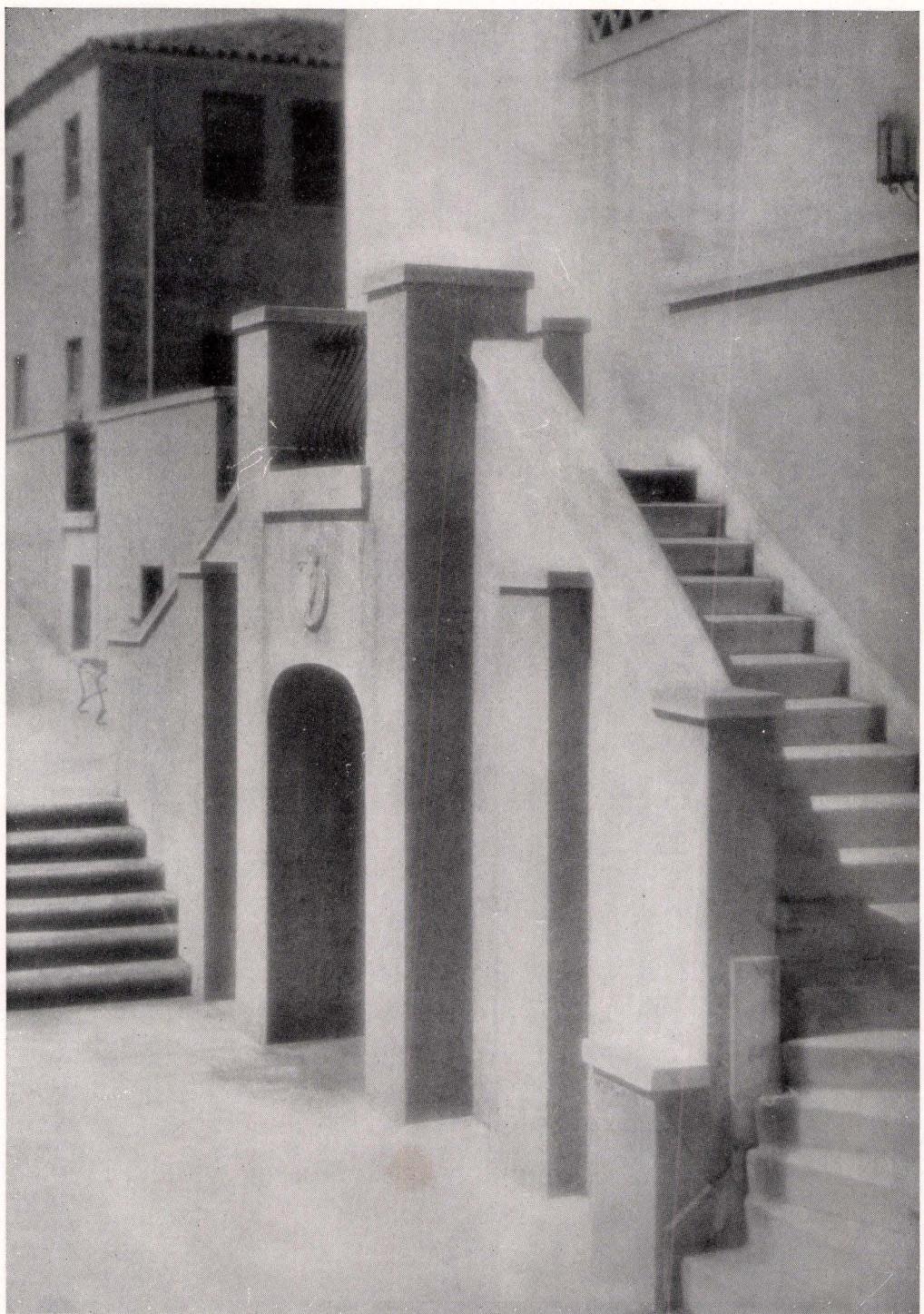
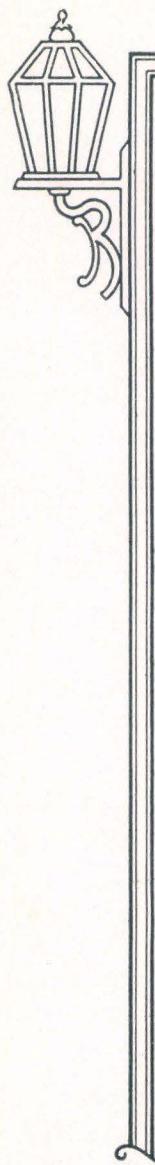


The College

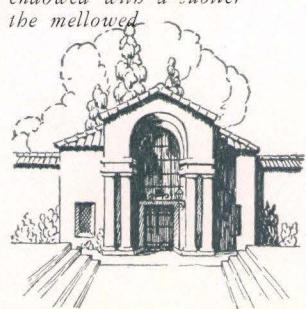


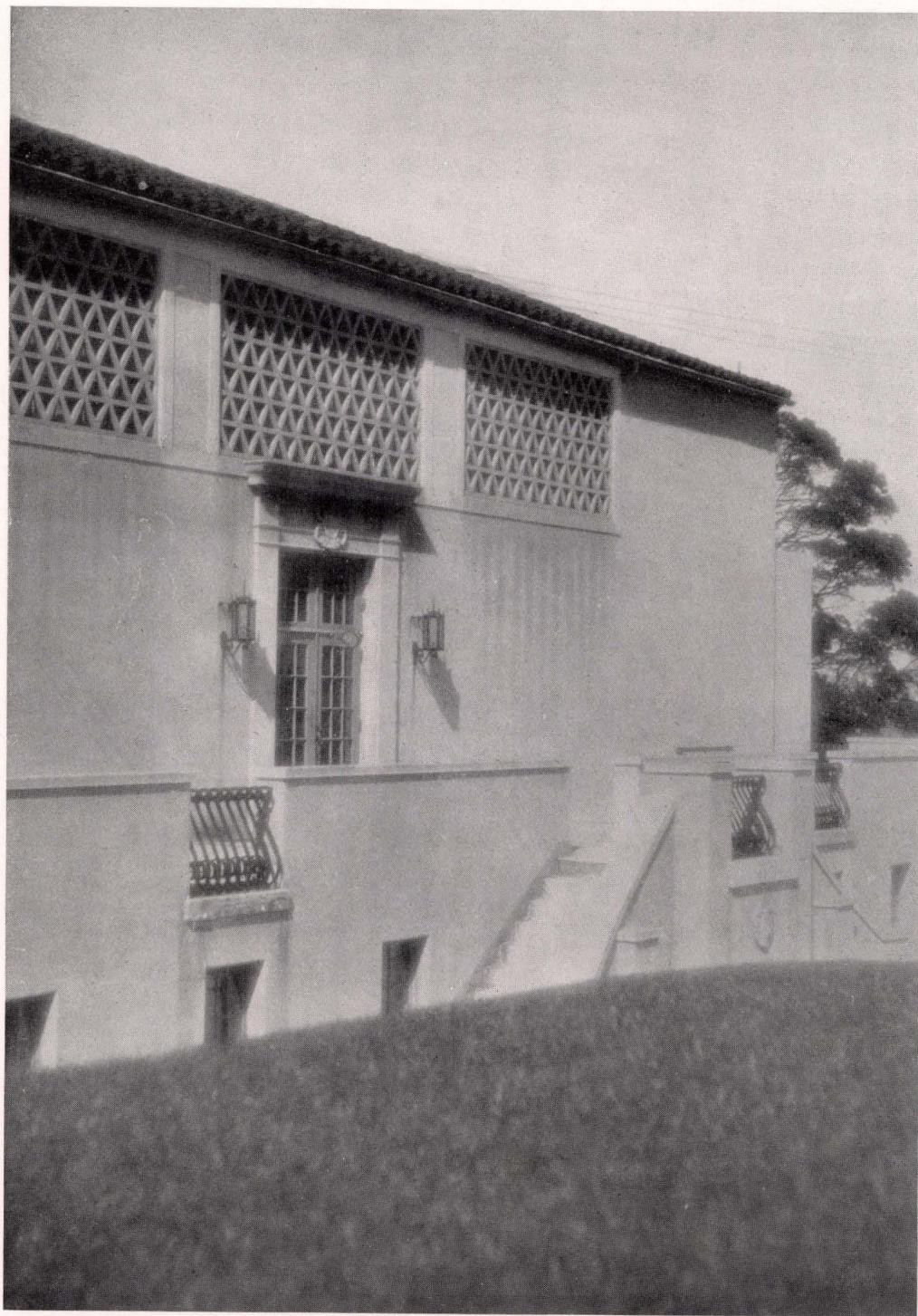
Like the undeviating course of the arrow, the walk to Anderson Hall leads straight to the portals which mask the mysteries and wonders of things scientific.





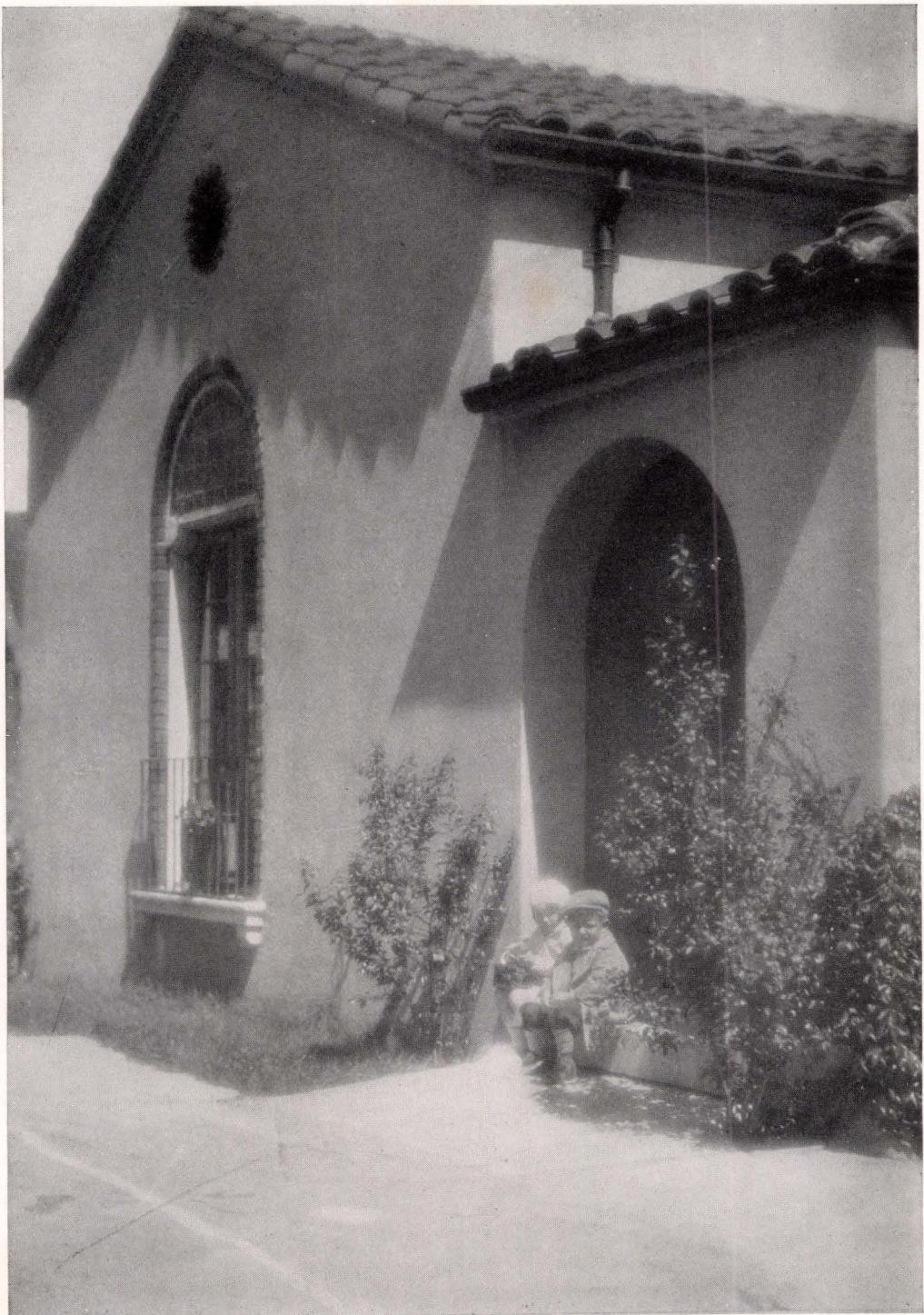
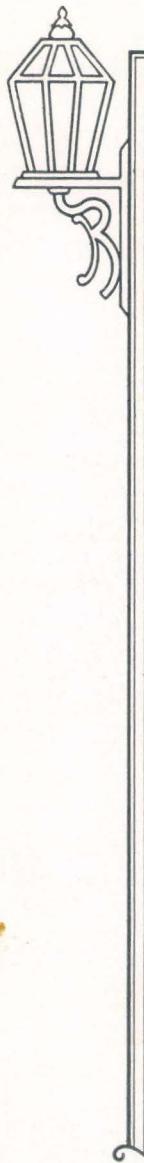
With the rare ability of a nook to please, this bit of the campus is endowed with a subtler beauty which is a blending of the artistry of the builder with the mellowed richness of sunlight and shadow.





How intriguing is a doorway! Behind these doors the fair co-eds seek to emulate the Grecian Graces in the quest for physical perfection.





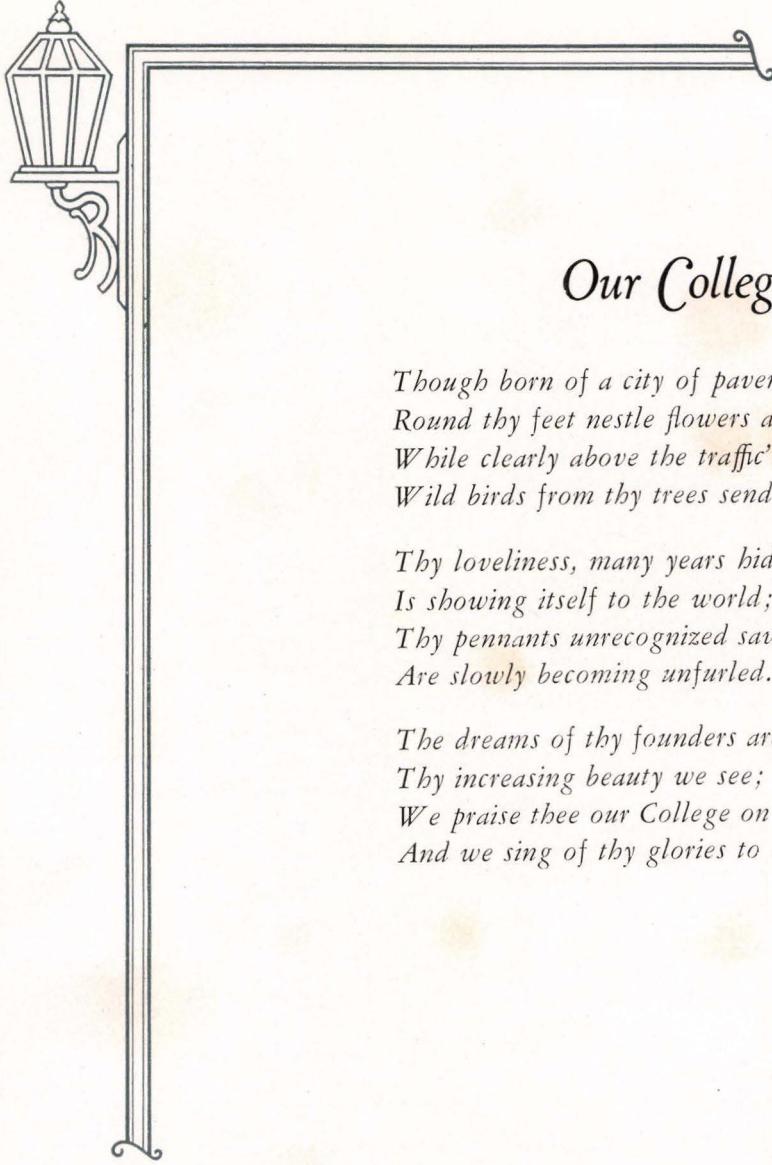
The perfect symmetry of the Spanish arch keeps alive for the young Californians of today memories of the Californians of yesteryear.





Through the haze of the afternoon sunlight, the grounds assume for a fleeting hour an ethereal vastness, a symphony of perspective.





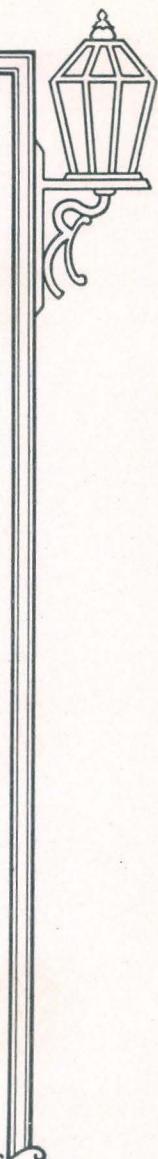
Our College

*Though born of a city of pavement and stone
Round thy feet nestle flowers and lawn;
While clearly above the traffic's hoarse roar,
Wild birds from thy trees send their song.*

*Thy loveliness, many years hidden within
Is showing itself to the world;
Thy pennants unrecognized save by a few
Are slowly becoming unfurled.*

*The dreams of thy founders are now coming true
Thy increasing beauty we see;
We praise thee our College on top o' the hill
And we sing of thy glories to be.*

—ELIZABETH PINNEY.



Our College

Past our doors people flow in ceaseless tides; it is our fortune "to dwell in a house by the side of the road." About us surges the life of manufacture, commerce, trade, and agriculture in a hundred specialized forms. From our doorsteps men go down to the sea in ships.

Calm, serene, poised, Our College stands in the midst of this complex modern activity, a rallying place for cultural traditions and professional ideals, sensitized to high moral and spiritual values of life.

A worthy purpose has been served by those who have been students and faculty in the past; they have wrought better than they knew. It is the task of the present day to catch anew the essential essences of the shining calmness of these inland waterways, the majesty of these rolling hills and mountains, the power of this pounding surf, and the virility of this great people, and build them deep into these college walls and college life.

Unique in the strength of its youth and in its opportunity to serve well and ever better this favored land, Our College looks to the future—not to the past, and confidently moves forward to its destiny.

—ALEXANDER C. ROBERTS





Administration

ALEXANDER ROBERTS	President
CLARENCE J. DU FOUR.....	Dean of the College
MARY WARD.....	Dean of Women
CLARA CRUMPTON.....	Registrar
FLORENCE VANCE	Recorder
GRACE CARTER.....	Adm. of Training School
RUTH FLEMING	Librarian
HARRIET DUNPHY.....	Cataloguer
ELIZABETH WANZER.....	Children's Librarian
KATHERINE HUSSEY.....	Financial Secretary

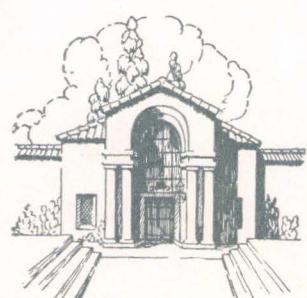


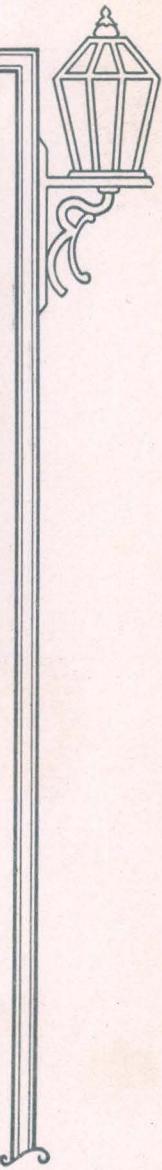
MARY A. WARD

A Word from the Dean of Women

Through each of the swiftly passing years as student instructor, and Dean of Women, I have found increasing joy, help, inspiration, and growth in all my association with the student group. To know you has been to desire for each of you the best that life can give; to have been able to help you has been indeed a privilege, and I trust that I may have earned the right to be called your friend.

If I might have but one wish for those who are leaving us, it would be that you may have the power to dream the dreams that make life richer and fuller and lure you on to the accomplishment of the great and fine things of life.





The Teaching Staff

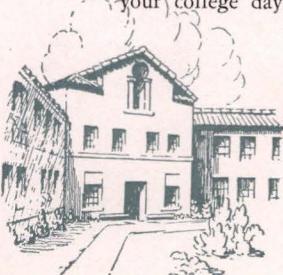
ALICE ALLCUTT
 CECELIA ANDERSON
 MARION BARBOUR
 EDNA BARNEY
 HENRY BIDDLE
 JESSIE BILLINGSLEY
 EDNA BOCK
 ALEXANDER BOULWARE
 CATHERINE BURKHOLDER
 JOHN BUTLER
 JESSIE CASEBOLT
 MARIAN COOCH
 OLIVE COWELL
 HELEN CHRISTENSEN
 BELLE DECAMP

ANNA DORRIS
 ETHEL ENGLAND
 SARAH FARRELL
 FLORENCE HALE
 HILDA HOLMES
 DORIS HOLTZ
 MARY KLEINICKE
 EVA LEVY
 LOUISE LYNCH
 EVELYN MAYER
 ELENE MICHELL
 AGNES MOE
 BERTHA MONROE
 STANLEY MORSE
 CARLOS MUNDT

MARY McCUAULAY
 EFFIE MCFAADDEN
 EDITH PICKARD
 FRANK RAY
 LEA REID
 STANLEY RYPINS
 HILDA SMITH
 ALICE SPELMAN
 EVANGELINE SPOZIO
 LILLIAN TALBERT
 P. F. VALENTINE
 BLANCHE WILSON

The Dean of the College Speaks

As a new-comer in your midst, this, my first message to you, most fittingly should be one of greeting. I could tell you at length of my happiness in my association with you in the life and activities of the College and of my earnest desire to so meet the duties and responsibilities of my office that I may win and retain your kindly approval. I can only assure you of my sincere wish to be of genuine service to you so that in the coming years you may include me among the friends of your college days.



C. J. DU FOUR



MARIAN BYRNE

MINNIE KELLEY

BERTHA HILL

EVELYN LAGOMARSINO

MARGARET HARRINGTON

Student Body Officers *Fall 1927*

MINNIE KELLEY *President*

BERTHA HILL *Vice-President*

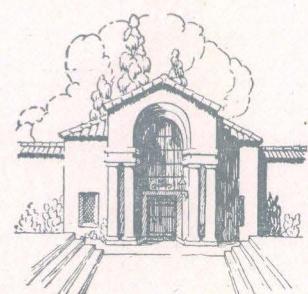
MARGARET HARRINGTON *Secretary*

MARIAN BYRNE *Treasurer*

EVELYN LAGOMARSINO *Yell Leader*

She gave all to her college; her college thinks all of her. Since the fall term of 1927 the name "Minnie Kelley" has become dear to the heart of every girl in the college. Minnie Kelley, as president of the Student Body for the fall term, won admiration and praise from faculty and students alike for the splendid work that she performed in such a zealous and cheerful manner. As our representative at the California Student President Association, which was held at Stanford University, she was elected Vice-President.

As president of the Student Body, Miss Kelley was fortunate in having such efficient co-workers as Bertha Hill as vice-president, "Peg" Harrington as secretary, Marian Byrne as treasurer, and Evelyn Lagomarsino as yell leader. It was during the term of these Student Body officers that the first Student Body dance was given by this college. The whole Student Body was very much interested in the affair. The dance was most successful. The other Student Body activities, beach parties, rallies, and receptions, met with equal success. We may sum up all the affairs of the fall semester by saying that they were successful due to the untiring efforts of "Our Minnie" and her crew of efficient co-workers.





Fall Semester Executive Board

MINNIE KELLEY	<i>President</i>
BERTHA HILL	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET HARRINGTON	<i>Secretary</i>
MARIAN BYRNE	<i>Treasurer</i>
EVELYN LAGOMARSINO	<i>Yell Leader</i>
LOUISE TRAY	<i>Pres. Class January '28</i>
EVELYN LUCE	<i>Pres. Class June '28</i>
CECYL BRUNNER	<i>Pres. Class December '28</i>
LOIS HARDING	<i>Pres. Class June '29</i>
MOLLY LEVIN	<i>Pres. Class December '29</i>
MARIAN ELLIOTT	<i>Pres. Class June '30</i>

Now at the end of the college year, when the whole Student Body smiles with a sense of achievement, a sense of satisfaction for work well done, we know who made our smiles possible. All the success that came to us during the fall semester came because we had such an efficient Executive Board with Minnie Kelley as president. The Executive Board is composed of the five Student Body officers and the six class presidents.

An important achievement of this board was the step taken to abolish the large number of petty sales in the college. A system was arranged by which any class, club or organization that wished to have a sale must file an application. This system put an end to conflicting sales.

The fall Executive Board endeared itself to us in many ways, but we shall always remember especially that during this term the Student Affairs Committee, which has come to mean much to us, was organized.





ANGELA SLEVIN

ETHEL BYRNE

HELEN HILL

JOSEPHINE MULVIHILL

ETHEL ANDERSON

Student Body Officers, Spring 1928

ETHEL BYRNE	President
HELEN HILL	Vice-President
ETHEL ANDERSON	Secretary
ANGELA SLEVIN	Treasurer
JOSEPHINE MULVIHILL	Yell Leader

At the end of this spring semester we realize that success has come to us again, a success equal to that of the fall semester. Once again we know why this success is ours. So, to President Ethel Byrne, and her efficient co-workers, we, the members of the Student Body, tender a vote of thanks.

The Student Body officers for the spring semester found themselves confronted with many new problems, due to changes in the curriculum, changes in the extra-curricular activity, and changes in the buildings. But these officers were ready to surmount the difficulties.

Though busily engaged in making readjustments our officers did not neglect the social activities. The very first Student Body activity of the new semester was a delightful tea given at the St. Francis Hotel on Valentine's Day. The tea was attended by enthusiastic students. The night rally, the weenie roast, and the launch ride all added to the pleasures of the semester.

But all these activities seem almost petty in comparison to the really great events of the semester. The very impressive ceremony of ground breaking for the Frederick Burke School, and the Inaugural Ceremony were the events of the semester.

When the splendid achievements of the Student Body officers for the spring term are added to the equally splendid achievements of the Student Body officers for the fall term, the year 1927-1928 stands out as a year to be long remembered by our college.





Spring Semester Executive Board

ETHEL BYRNE.....	<i>President</i>
HELEN HILL	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL ANDERSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ANGELA SLEVIN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
JOSEPHINE MULVIHILL.....	<i>Yell Leader</i>
VERNA THOMSEN.....	<i>Pres. Class June '28</i>
JEAN DAWSON.....	<i>Pres. Class December '28</i>
NORA MURPHY.....	<i>Pres. Class June '29</i>
GERTRUDE GIBSON.....	<i>Pres. Class December '29</i>
MARIE DIETZ.....	<i>Pres. Class June '30</i>
Alice Anderson.....	<i>Pres. Class December '31</i>

With the beginning of the spring term the members of the very successful Executive Board of the fall term gave their insignias of office to the new members of the Executive Board. The success of the spring term parallels that of the fall term. Under the leadership of Ethel Byrne the Executive Board of Spring 1928 continued the splendid policy of the fall Executive Board. A number of successful Student Body activities speak well for the work of the board.

During the spring semester the assemblies took on a new and more important meaning. We feel that our Executive Board is responsible for this new meaning. The frequent presence of President Roberts, Dean Du Four and many faculty members adds a dignity to our assembly hours. The board of spring, 1928, has contributed its wonderful share of work to our college. This work, coupled with the contribution of the fall term, makes the year of 1927-1928 a gala year in the annals of our college.



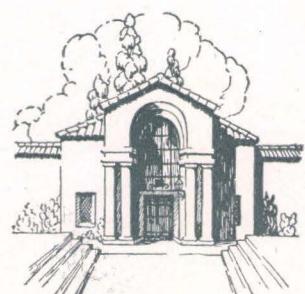


Student Affairs Committee

Early in the fall semester members of the faculty and student body realized that there was the need of encouragement and more support of all student body activities. A committee, known as the Student Affairs Committee, was organized for this purpose. This committee was composed of faculty members appointed by Dr. Roberts, and students appointed by Minnie Kelley, president of the Student Body.

At the first meeting of this committee a motion was made that the student membership should always double the faculty membership. During the spring semester there were six faculty members, with Dr. Valentine as chairman, and twelve student members with Cecyl Bruner as secretary. In the spring semester there were seven faculty members, and fourteen student members. Miss Levy was chairman and Margaret Sheehan was secretary.

This committee has done splendid work. Under its guidance a reorganization of assembly hours took place, and a better quality was given to the assembly programs. This committee took the initiative in regard to this year's annual. As a result we have this year the best annual that our college has ever put out. The Student Affairs Committee has been very helpful to the Student Body. This committee has the distinction of being the first standing committee of both faculty and student members to be organized in the college.





LOUISE TRAY

ANGELA BUTTERWORTH

EVELYN HICKS

Class of January '28

LOUISE TRAY	<i>President</i>
EVELYN HICKS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANGELA BUTTERWORTH	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

The fall semester of 1927 was a very successful one for the members of the Class of January '28. At the very beginning of the semester this class won first place in the School Sing. The same spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation which was responsible for this victory characterized all the undertakings of this class, and made the semester such a successful one.

The Senior Dinner, which was held on December 2, at the Women's Club, was the outstanding affair on the social calendar of the class. The tables were prettily decorated with autumn leaves and flowers. The favors were suckers dressed in old-fashioned costumes. On every favor there was a verse to fit the individual personality of every guest. A splendid entertainment was furnished by the members of the class and their friends. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Biddle, Miss Vance, Miss Crumpton, Miss England, and Miss Holtz were the guests.

All too soon the semester came to an end, and the members of the class said their farewells. They all agreed that their last semester had been a successful one, and that it was a fitting climax to the happy days that they had spent at Teachers' College.



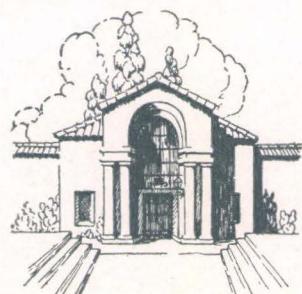


MILDRED BENNETT
MARGARET CANNEY
ALICE DULIAN
LEONORA FITZPATRICK

MARY ELEANOR ABBOTT
DOROTHY BOYESEN
HELEN COOK
ELIZABETH DOE
FRANCES FREETHY

EUNICE ARMSTRONG
HILDA BECK
LUCILLE COHEN
HELEN EDEN
MARY FAULKENSTEIN

EVELYN BRO.
BERNICE DUEL
WILLELLA ELVEY
ANNA FORBES





MARGARET HALL
MARTHA KADEN
MARGARET LITTLE
MELBA LAGOMARSINO

EVA GARABEDIAN
MARGARET HARRINGTON
ELINORE KAUPER
ELVA LA RUE
JANE KELLY

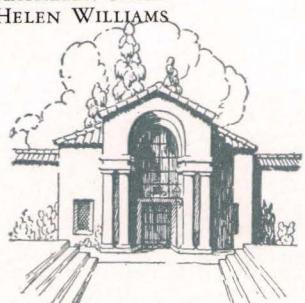
KATHERINE HALL
BERTHA HILL
ELIZABETH JACOBSEN
MARIE LUCE
FLORENCE MCNEILL

ANITA KOENIG
VIOLETTE KINDT
CHARLOTTE LAW
RUTH MICHELSON





ELINOR McCLOSKEY MAYWOOD MOLLISON
SHIRLEY MILLMAN ROSE NILSEN MARY O'CONNELL
LORETTA O'DEA MARY JANE O'NEILL CHARLOTTE PERRET
MARIAN PETERSEN EVELYN PARKER HELEN QUINN
THELMA TAYLOR MINNIE WALDIE FRANCES WILLETT
LAURA PETERSEN
KATHLEEN SMITH
HELEN WILLIAMS





EVELYN ELSTER

VERNA THOMSEN

VIRGINIA CHRISTENSEN

MARIAN BYRNE

DORIS MALITZ

Class of June '28

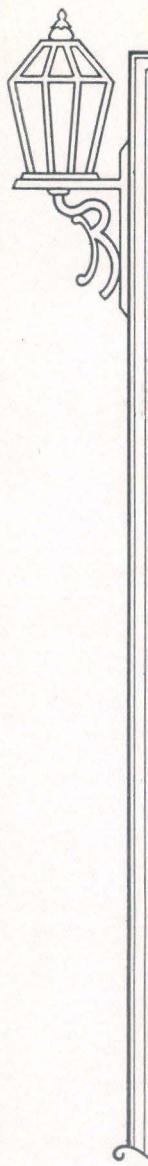
VERNA THOMSEN.....	<i>President</i>
VERGINIA CHRISTENSEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
EVELYN ELSTER.....	<i>Secretary</i>
DORIS MALITZ	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARIAN BYRNE.....	<i>Yell Leader</i>

Three years! Can it be possible? To some of us it seems only a few short months since we entered the new gym one bright August day in 1925. This class of three hundred eighteen girls and one boy has dwindled considerably until now there are about one hundred fifty graduates.

We have been a musical class. Since August, 1925, every Glee Club president has been one of our girls. Leading roles in the operettas and cantatas have been taken by members of June '28. In the field of athletics, we can boast of champions in tennis, basketball and swimming. Our girls have taken an active part in W. A. A. work.

We have enjoyed many social affairs. The fall semester closed with a dance given for the Seniors. The program for the spring semester included a breakfast at the Beach Chalet. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts and their daughter, Mrs. Congdon, and Dean and Mrs. Du Four were guests on this occasion. Of course, Commencement Week eclipses all that went before. The final senior dance the formal dinner, the Guild Service, and Commencement Day make a fitting climax for our three years of college life.



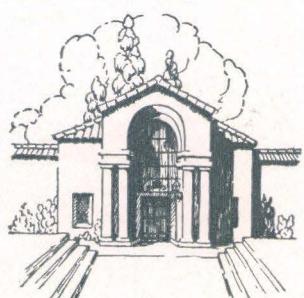


ESTHER ANDERSON
DOROTHY AUSTIN
HAZEL BANDETTINE
ELLEN BERG

ETHEL ANDERSON
BEATRICE AXELROD
STELLA BOOT
ANGELINE BERNARDI

INA ANDREWS
ALTIMIRA BACIGALUPI
NELL BAYARD
MATILDA BERNARDO

RUTH ANDREWS
DOROTHY BAKER
MILDRED BELTZ
ELIZABETH BLINE





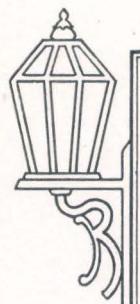
HELEN BLISS
ELIZABETH BRENNAN
LORETTA BUSSE
FLORENCE CAMPBELL

ANITA BLUM
RUTH BROWN
ETHEL BYRNE
MARGUERITE CARDOZA

CLARA BOLEI
ELIZABETH BRUNS
MARY CAGLIADA
ALICE CARMICHAEL

STELLA BOOT
ELAINE BURNHAM
MARY CAMERLO
ANITA CAVAGNARO





CATHERINE CLARK
ORPHA CORRIGAN
JOSEPHINE DAHL
MARCIA DOBBAS

MAXINE CLARK
MARGARET CULLEN
LUCILLE DAVALLE
MARGARET DUBUQUE

MARGARET CLEMENTS
BEATRICE CUMMINGS
ANNA DEVLIN
MYRTLY DUKEMAN

ARDYTH COFFEE
AILEEN CUSHING
ELIZABETH DIERSON
ALBERTA EAGER



ANN ELLIOT
BERNICE FAWKE
ELLEN FLACK
AIDA FRANZI

LORRAINE ELLIS
IVA FELDMAYER
GERTRUDE FLEMING
CHARLOTTE FREHE

MURIEL ENGLISH
MARGARET FEUDNER
RUTH FLOOD
EUNICE FULLER

MAY FALON
FLORENCE FISHEL
LORETTA FRAGA
EDNA GAINER



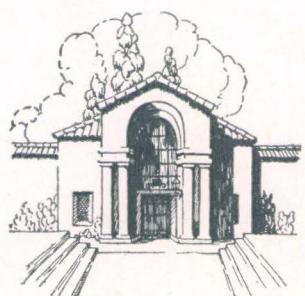


FLORENCE GANTNER
BERNADETTE GIBB
ANNA MARIE GLOSTER
BERNICE GUILFOYLE

LELAH GARRET
FERN GIFFORD
ELSIE GRANT
ALICE HALL

HELEN GARVIN
DOLORES GILFETHER
VIVIAN GREEN
DOROTHY HAMILTON

JENNIE GATTO
EUNICE GILLIES
MARY GUBBINS
MARJORIE HAMMOND





KATHERINE HARR
MARGARET HENDERSON
HELEN HILL
MINNIE KELLEY

UNDINE HARRIS
HAZEL HEXTRUM
RUTH HOGAN
CECILE KELLY

JEAN HARVIE
ELSIE HIERONIMUS
MARGARET JOYCE
ALICE KENEALLY

RUTH HATTERSLEY
GUSSIE HIGGINSON
MOLLIE JOYCE
LUCILE KIESEL



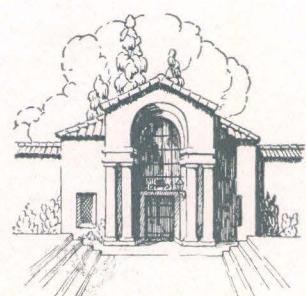


MARGUERITE KILGARIFF
EMMA LACLERQUE
MILDRED LINDEN
MARIAN LYNN

MIRIAM KNOLL
HARRIET LANE
EVELYN LUCE
LOUISE MAJOR

RUTH KOLLMAR
MYRTLE LARSEN
ANNE LUDINGHOUSE
ELIZABETH MARTIN

LOIS KRAEGER
ALTA LA DUC
MADIE LUTHERKORT
MAJORIE MASON





MARGARET MAUGHAN
FRANCES MISCH
URSULA MURPHY
MILDRED McDONNELL

DOROTHY M. DUFFY
MADELINE MITCHELL
BESSIE MURRAY
FRANCES McFARLAND

NORMA MAZZINI
MARGARET MOLFINS
JEANNETTE McCALL
MARGARET McGRATH

RUTH MEDINA
LOIS MONTGOMERY
ALICE McDONALD
ALICE MCKNEW



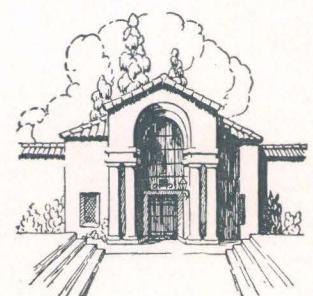


JOSEPHINE MCSEENEY
MARGARET O'BRIEN
MARION ORMSBY
DOROTHY PETSCH

MARY MCSEENEY
LENA O'CONNELL
BEATRICE PATTERSON
BAUNE PIERCE

ADELAIDE NIBLOCK
ANNETTE O'NEILL
MILDRED PEARCH
CALIFORNIA PIXLEY

HELEN NICHOLSON
AILEEN O'REILLY
EDNA PETERSON
BERNICE REED





MARGARET REID

ESTHER RICE

HELEN RUSSELL
JOSEPHINE SCHEMBRI
GWENDOLYN SCOTT

LILLIAN ROACH

ELSIE SAARINEN
LUCILE SCHOENFELD
LOLA SHAKE

HELEN RENWALD

JESSIE ROGIE

EMMA SCHEFER
UARDA SCHULDT
JUNE SHEETS



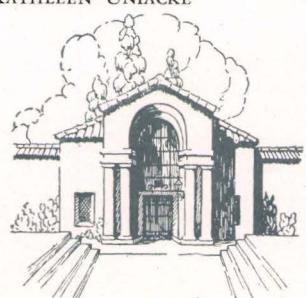


GRACE SHORT
CLARA SOHL
HELEN TARBOX
ELSIE THOMPSON

EDNA SHERIDAN
MATELDA STARCIVICH
VIRGINIA TARBOX
BRUNA TRUSSI

SHIGEYO SHITO
MARGARET SIMPSON
MARGARET SUBER
CELINA THOMAS
JEANNE TURNER

ANGELA SLEVIN
BESSIE SUE
GLADYS THOMPSON
KATHLEEN UNIACKE





AILEEN WALSH

HAZEL WATCHERS
MARGARET WHEELOCK
CLEONE WILLETT
WINIFRED WYLIE

HELEN WEIR

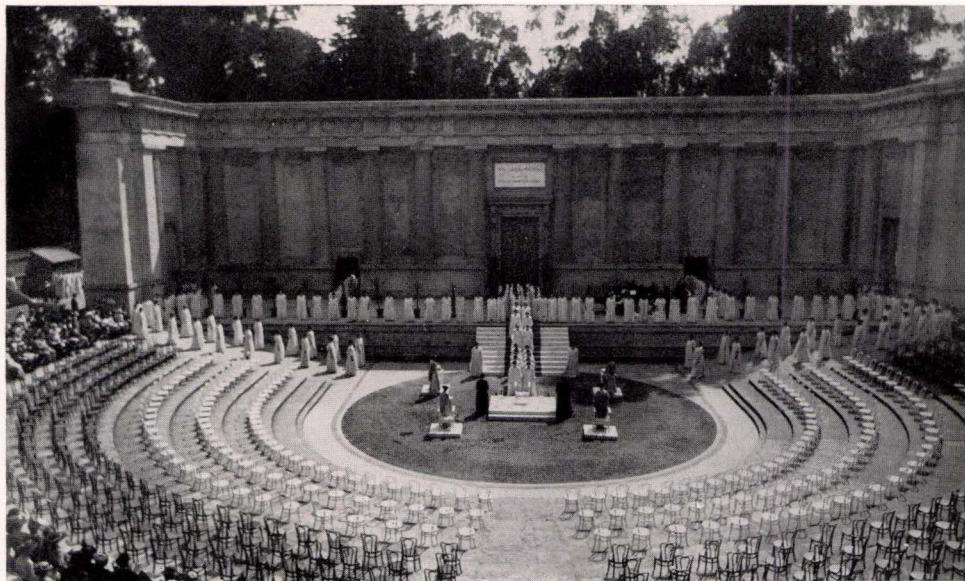
ANNE WHITEHOUSE
DOROTHY WOOLSLAYER
BERNICE YOUNG

BERNICE WARD

HELEN WILCOX
MABEL WILLIAMS
HELEN YOUNG

MERLE WHEELER
LOIS WILCOX
MARG. WORTHINGTON
HELEN ZAK





The Guild

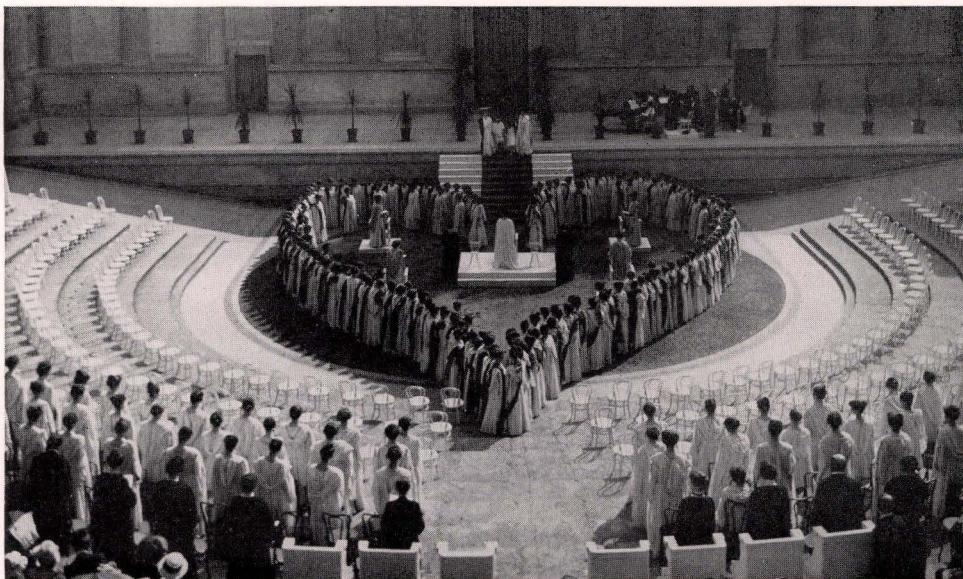
The Guild has become one of the noteworthy spectacles upon the annual calendar of events in the San Francisco Bay region. What was begun as a simple ceremony, performed in the assembly hall of the old Normal School, now draws thousands of people to witness its elaborate and impressive ceremonial in the Greek Theater at Berkeley. It has outgrown the character of a school function. In significance it transcends the merely collegiate. It has grown to the proportion of a civic rite. Its solemn pageantry has become the symbolic expression of those universal ideals that humanity knows and loves—and yet needs.

With due tribute to the moral aspects of the Guild which tempt me to no further reference here, I turn to the thought of it as a superlative production in the realm of aesthetic drama. For here lies its power and the secret of its influence. Trite would be its teachings (and indeed all worthy sentiments are liable to triteness), were it not for the investiture of their extraordinary setting in this ceremony. This is the feature of the Guild that I specially commend to your thoughts—this appeal of harmony and beauty and rhythm which give it a distinction unique in college tradition.

The superb background of green-clad hills, and the proximity of the stately structures of the University. The Campanile chimes, and the quietude of a summer's day that might have been enticed from Attica of old by some conjury of time. The fore-gathering of a cosmopolitan multitude within the stone amphitheater; and facing them, in silent testimony of a classic heritage, the august walls of the Greek stage.

Now there rises the orchestral strains of a solemn music. And all at once the curtains of the past are drawn. These cold walls, embodiment of the undying traditions of a noble art, open as if magic doors were swung. And through their portals come—what?





Now you who read this. Not you young women of this modern age, all costumed for the occasion. O, no! You are not there. You have not been born. This stately procession of Greek-clad maids and goddesses has no reality of the present. It is a miracle of those historic walls. They have moved themselves and wrought a dream. What we see is some immaterial duplication of a ceremonial performed when gods were pagan and art was pure. This slow dignity, this solemnity of evolution is not of our day. There is no modern note in that rhythmic ensemble, in those statuesque formations . . . We dream.

No modern note—but yet, perhaps, a single false one. For what are these funereal figures that now approach, black-gowned, on either hand? Grim specters, are they, come to make a gesture and dissipate the vision? But no; harmless they pass, and in full diapason the orchestra sounds again. A mighty chorus peals and reverberates. And then, with stately tread and weaving of intricate maneuver, with song and solemn speech, with choral strophe and antistrophe, this spectacular vision evolves to climax and majestic conclusion. The final words are said. The goddesses and Greek-clad maids vanish. The portals close. The great walls resume their austere visage of cold stone, their eloquent silence . . .

We drop the fantasy; but let us cling to the vision. A thing of beauty is what Keats says it is—unless, in familiarity, contempt is bred. Are we so poor in imagination that this shall be—here, upon these new shores of Hellas?





MADGE BAKER

JEAN DAWSON

BEATRICE SHELDON

GLADYS BANNER

LUCILLE KOENIG

Class of December '28

Fall Semester

CECYL BRUNER.....

GUSSIE HIGGINSON.....

KATHERINE KENNEY.....

MADGE BAKER.....

LUCILLE SAVAGE.....

Officers

President.....

Vice-President.....

Secretary.....

Treasurer.....

Yell Leader.....

Spring Semester

JEAN DAWSON.....

BEATRICE SHELDON.....

MADGE BAKER.....

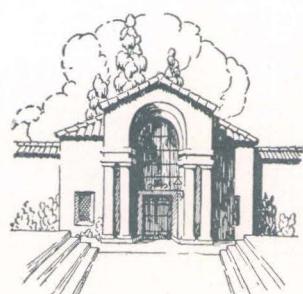
LUCILLE KOENIG.....

GLADYS BANNER.....

The past year shall not be soon forgotten by the class of December '28. The success of the fall semester of 1927 was rivaled only by the glowing success of the spring semester of 1928.

At the very beginning of the fall term the Class of December '28 gathered at the Palace Hotel for tea. For the first time since they had been parted by the summer vacation some old friends enjoyed confidences again. Everyone who attended the fall night rally remembers how she enjoyed the little skit, "And the Lamp Went Out," which the Class of December '28 presented. Members of the class still talk of the dinner at the Somerton Hotel and the theater after. As a culmination of this happy term a tea in honor of the outgoing officers was given at the Clift Lounge.

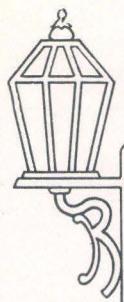
The motto of December '28 for the spring semester was "Let's Go," and they did. A bridge luncheon at the Hotel Whitcomb, a breakfast at Tait's at the Beach, and the Senior Dance at the Hotel Whitcomb helped to make the spring semester the success that it was.





Class of December, 1928





EVELYN LAGMARSINO

NORA MURPHY

MARGARET CORCORAN

MARY SHEA

LAVINA GROVE

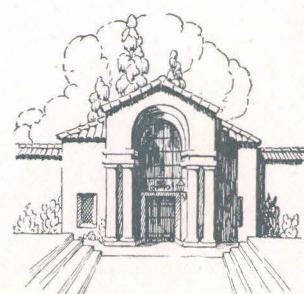
Class of June '29

Fall Semester

LOIS HARDING.....	Officers	Spring Semester
MARIE CANTLEN.....	<i>President</i>	NORA MURPHY
MARIE JENSEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET CORCORAN
MARY McGLOIN	<i>Secretary</i>	MARY SHEA
JOE MULVIHILL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	LAVINA GROVE
	<i>Yell Leader</i>	EVELYN LAGOMARSINO

June '29 bases its first claim to distinction upon the fact that it was the largest class which had ever entered the college. The two hundred and thirty timid, wondering, eager seekers of education who appeared upon that balmy summer's day have long since attained a definite status in the affairs of the college. Not only has the class as a whole been prominent in school activities, but it has produced leaders in all fields of college life. Under the guidance of Elsie Breed and "Pat" Shultz, and a sympathetic faculty, the embryonic teachers emerged at the end of a year greatly diminished in number but still enthusiastic.

While the second year, like the first, has included days of frantic cramming and hectic weeks of finals, the members of the class have progressed to a stage where they no longer quake with fear upon the approach of these monsters. They have even taken "time out" for a dinner at the Maison Paul Grill on December 5, 1927; a hike to Big Lagoon on February 22, 1928, and a theater party at the Alcazar in April. Only another year will reveal what the members of June '29 will do after they have acquired the prestige which apparently accompanies the advance to the upper division status.





Dot Ford

Class of June, 1929



[Forty-seven]



GERTRUDE GIBSON

MARIE MOAD

Class of December '29

Fall Semester

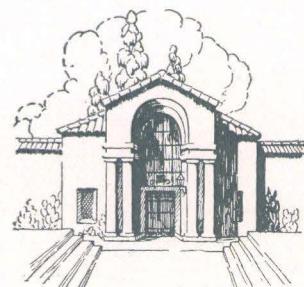
	Officers	Spring Semester
MOLLY LEVIN	President.....	MARIE MOAD
MARY MERCER	Vice-President.....	GERTRUDE GIBSON
JULIA HUGHES.....	Secretary-Treasurer.....	ELEANOR KENNEDY
JANICE MILLER	Yell Leader.....	MOLLY LEVIN

The class of December '29, desirous of having a very successful year, elected Molly Levin president of the class for the Fall Semester. The class was rewarded with a brilliant semester, for when Molly Levin leads, success follows.

As one of its social activities the class of December, '29, gave a dinner at the Pig 'N Whistle. The members of the class were very happy to have Miss Vance, Miss Crumpton, and Miss Casebolt at the dinner. After the dinner there was a theater party at the Alcazar.

December, '29 very kindly shared its term with the whole Student Body. At one of the assemblies the members of the class presented a play, *The Mother Pays*. The play was so well directed by Molly Levin that the audience thought that the Dramatic Club had coached the play.

When the Spring semester came, the class of December, '29, glowing with the success of the past semester, wished for the same success again. Gertrude Gibson was elected president of the class. She, finding the members of the class ever responsive, was able to bring new success to the class. The members of the class of December, '29 are well pleased with the splendid year that has just been completed.





Class of December, 1929





VIVIAN WALSH

MARIE DIETZ

CLAIRE GRIMES

LELA BOEHM

THELMA MALLOY

Class of June '30

Fall Semester

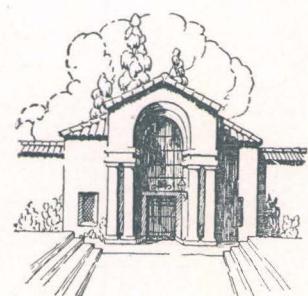
MARIAN ELLIOTT.....	President.....	MARIE DIETZ
MARIAN DONALDSON.....	Vice-President.....	CLAIRE GRIMES
MARJORIE MARING	Secretary.....	VIVIAN WALSH
VIOLA ENOS.....	Treasurer.....	THELMA MALLOY
ELENOR MCGETTIGAN.....	Yell Leader.....	LEAH BOEHM

Officers

Spring Semester

The class of June '30, now at the end of its first year in college, looks back with pride, and maybe a subtle smile, at the events of the past year. The members of the class smile as they think of the two hundred and twenty-five tremulous freshmen who entered college last Fall. They can hardly believe that they and these freshmen are the same people. Of course, they aren't. The members of the class have profited greatly by a year in college.

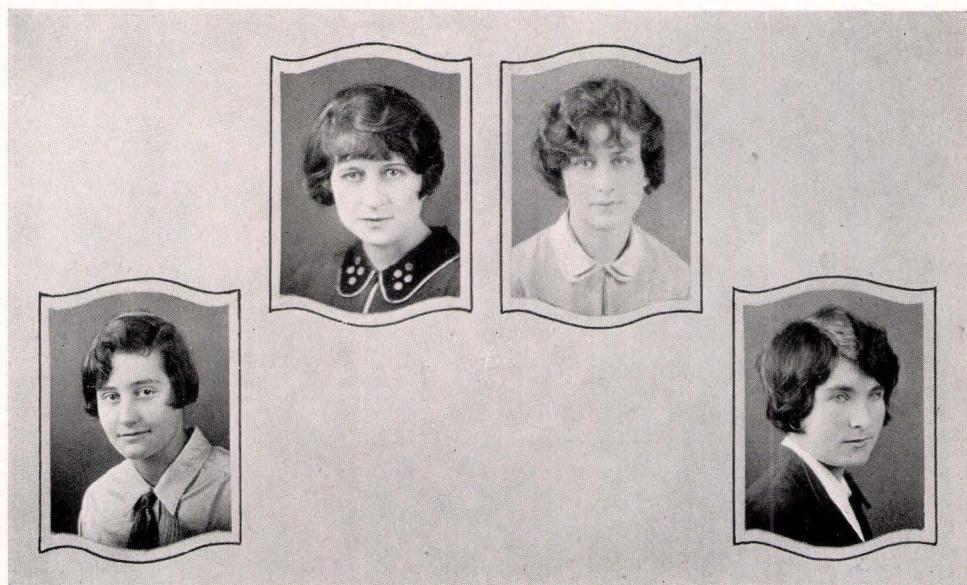
The members of the class are proud when they think of the great success that was theirs in all their social undertakings. The first social gathering of the Fall term was in the form of a dinner at the Jack O'Lantern Inn in Berkeley. This social has a tender place in the thoughts of the girls, because it was there that many friendships were formed. When the Spring term came, June '30 was ready for bigger undertakings. Now in viewing the past semester, one sees that June '30 did do bigger things. The Freshman Hop, a sport dance given in the New Gym by the class of June, '30, was a splendid success. Again the class of June, '30 smiles, but this time in anticipation; June, '30 will be the Junior class next semester.





Class of June, 1930





BERTHA BINTER

ALICE ANDERSON

SUSAN BRIGGS

REINE ROY

Class of December, '30

OFFICERS

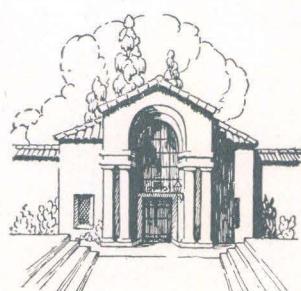
ALICE ANDERSON	President
SUSAN BRIGGS	Vice President
REINE ROY	Secretary-Treasurer
BERTHA BINTER	Yell Leader

The members of the class of December, '31 are glowing with a sense of achievement. And they have achieved. The class of December, '31 has just completed its first semester in college.

In reviewing the events of this past semester the girls all agree that it was a very happy one. Although there are many little difficulties in one's first semester at college, one always looks back upon it with tenderness. Never again, in all her years at college does one enjoy that sweet, new feeling of being a college student for the first time.

No doubt, the members of this class shall reserve a place in their memory books for an account of the first social event of their first semester. A swimming party at Crystal Baths gave the girls much pleasure, and proved that the Low Freshman class could handle social activities. Although the December, '31 social activities were limited, they were most successful. This class is looking forward to a very active Fall semester.

The members of this class await eagerly for the Fall semester when they shall no longer be Low Freshmen, but they shall carry always with them a tender feeling for their Low Freshman term.

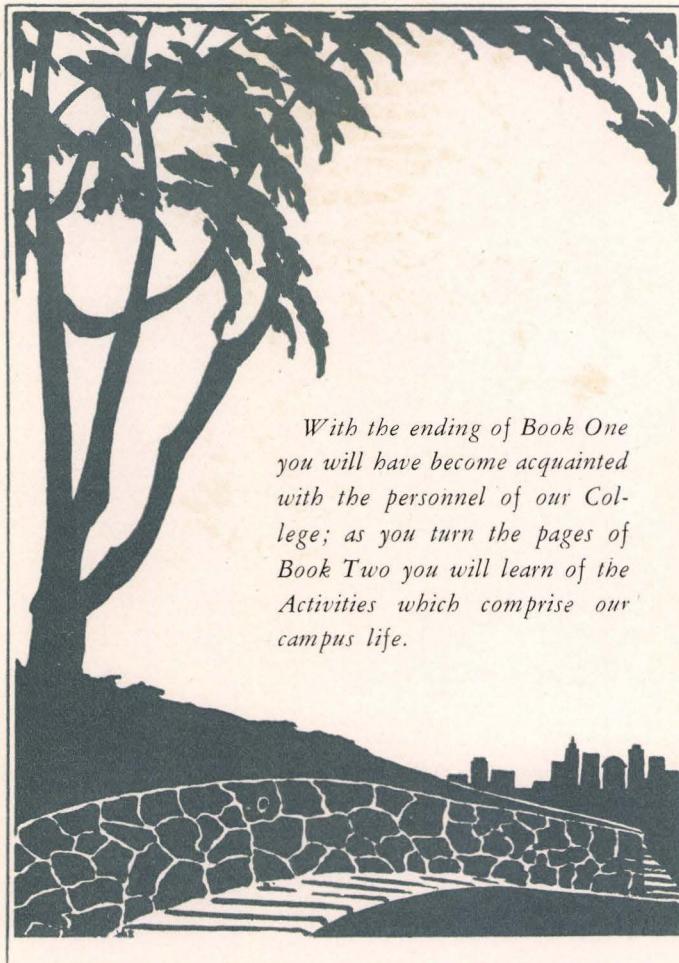


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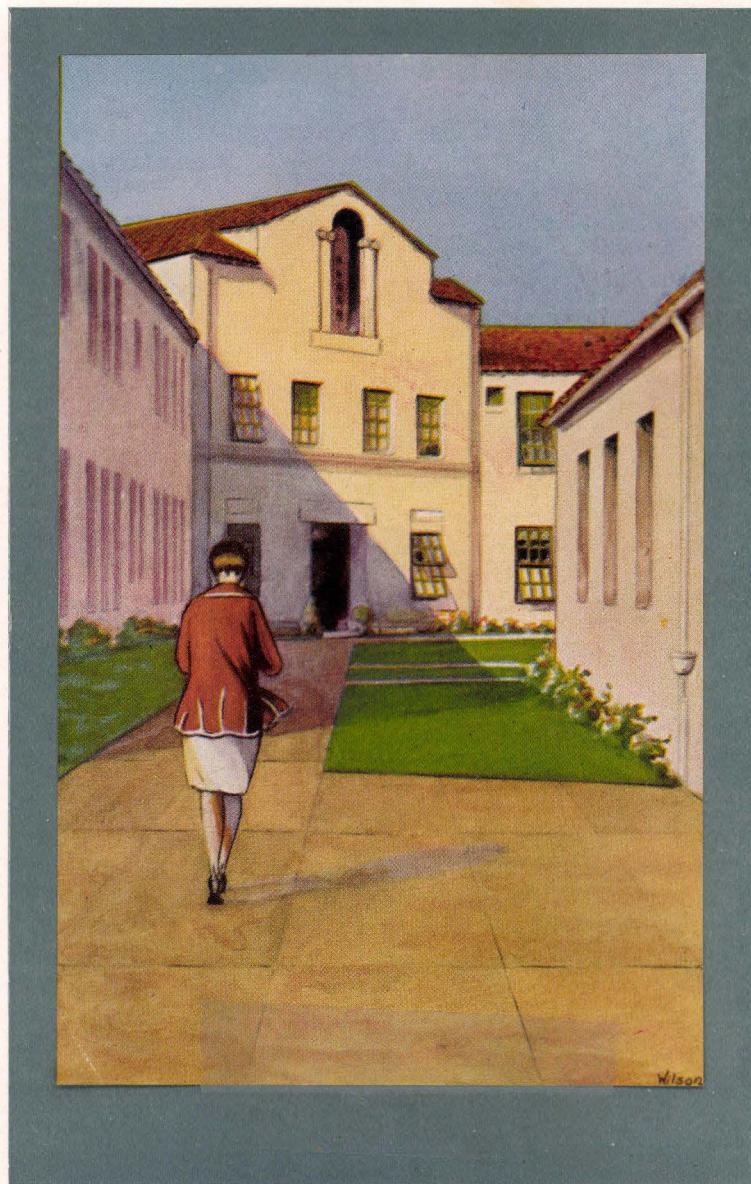


Class of December, 1931

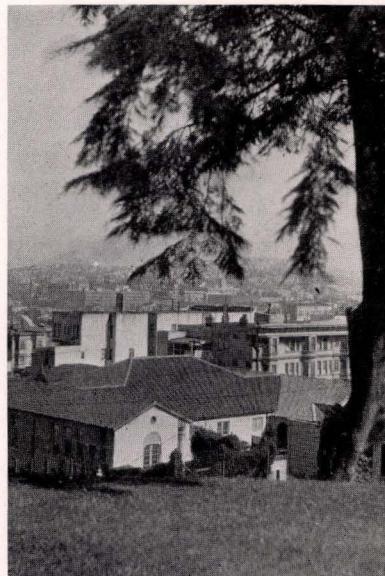




*With the ending of Book One
you will have become acquainted
with the personnel of our Col-
lege; as you turn the pages of
Book Two you will learn of the
Activities which comprise our
campus life.*



Activities

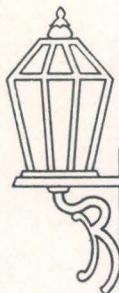


*A vista of bay all silver
With its stretch of hilly shore,
A picture of God-made beauty
Lies here at our very door.*

*A city of lofty buildings
With their spires like arms upright,
Arms that gleam and shimmer
When bathed in the sun's gold light
And a dream is born within us,
And the spirit of man's desires
Is lifted above the city
Beyond the gold of the spires.*

RITA SHIELDS





The Glee Club

The Glee Club, one of the leading clubs in the college, was organized in 1920. The members of the club become honorary members after graduation. Everyone knows that whatever the Glee Club does, it does well. And this club does *big* things. We sometimes wonder at the undertakings of this club; they seem so vast, so far beyond us. If we wonder at these undertakings, we stand in amazement at the results, which are always so very, very successful. We say to the members of the Glee Club, "How can you do it? How is it possible?" The members of the Glee Club in unison give the cryptic answer, "Miss Levy!"

Students are becoming accustomed to the successes staged by the Glee Club and yet each new achievement awakens a little more wonder and awe. "A Legend of Kashmir," this year's operetta in prologue and two acts, was the best of its kind so far. Given in the Auditorium of the High School of Commerce, Friday evening, May 4, the performance more than fulfilled the expectations of the capable director, Miss Eva A. Levy. Promptly at 8:30 o'clock the curtain rolled up on a delightful prologue of light dancing and music. This dancing was under the direction of Miss Ida Wyatt. The solo dancer was Jeanette McCall.

The story of the operetta deals with the selection of a dancing girl by the three wise women who came from the Temple once a year for this purpose. In order to be chosen, this particular girl, who is to serve in the Temple, must comply with three conditions: she must sing and dance; she must be beautiful; and she must be an orphan. Complications arise in the decision which create humorous situations. Finally, Murah is chosen, but after all, she suddenly proves to have a mother living. Therefore, she is disqualified and How Now, the village friend of all girls is chosen in her place.





A Legend of Kashmir

The applause of the crowded house was proof enough that the operetta was a huge success. A great deal of the triumph of the performance was due to the capable direction of Miss Levy; credit went also to Miss Evelyn Elster, who was at the piano.

The leading characters were portrayed by:

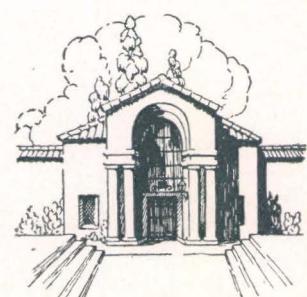
HELEN M. ZAK	How Now	The Chosen One
URSULA MURPHY	Murah	The Beautiful One
MARGARETTA WORTHINGTON	Bada	
MARGARET SHEEHAN	Hodie	
EDNA MURPHY	Simla	
ESTHER RUI	Rosha	
MARGARET REID	Koshum	
RANKIN	Mara	
VELMA SCHULTZ	Werah	The Beggar
LUCY HELEN VANCE	Priestess	High Priestess of the Temple
MABEL WILLIAMS	Hear No Evil	
MARGARET SIMPSON	See No Evil	
ALICE MCKNEW	Speak No Evil	
ANNA JOHANSEN	Ritza	
CALIFORNIA PIXLEY	Mitza	
JEANNETTE MCCALL	Champavati	Three Wise Women
EVELYN V. ELSTER	Accompanist	
DOROTHY PETSCH	Cornet	
		Village Cut Ups
		Solo Dancer





The Dramatic Club

Probably one of the most delightful clubs in the college is the Dramatics Club. The suggestion that this club is going to give a play at Assembly is always met with enthusiasm. The Dramatic Club entertains at many college affairs. Then Francis Shire, the charming president of the club, casts aside her official duties and becomes the handsomest lad who ever walked across the stage. Never was there a lad nearly so handsome save maybe the boys portrayed by Orpha Corrigan and Gladys King. Then, too, the Dramatics Club has some of the loveliest heroines who ever graced the footlights. There are heroines sweet, haughty, demure, stately, as you like it. The plays presented by this club always have such a finish to them that one thinks there must be some hand guiding the whole performance. There is a guiding hand. Some where backstage there is the guiding hand and the guiding spirit of the Director of the Dramatic Club, Miss Casebolt.





A Scene from "The Hottentot."

"BAB"

Claire Grimes, a previously unnoticed Freshman, won her way to fame when she appeared as heroine of the Booth Tarkington's "Bab," a play which the College Theater presented on March 1.

Bab is a young girl who unexpectedly comes home from a quarantined boarding school, with the sophisticated idea that she is sufficiently grown up to attend her older sister's party. By inventing a lover who unexpectedly turns up, she comes near to wrecking her once happy home. When affairs are finally straightened out she finds herself a debutante instead of a sub deb.

The success of the play was partially due to the clever scenery and furniture which were made by Miss Casebolt and Mr. Ray. Monocles, dress suits, evening gowns, guns, and hair which would not respond to "stay-comb" afforded a great deal of amusement to the audience.

The supporting cast was headed by Margaret Martin, Regina Werne, Eloise Harrison, Emma Nash, Gladys King, Mary Mercer, Orpha Corrigan, and Frances Shire. During the intermission between acts the audience was entertained with musical selections by Pat Shultz and Fanny Solomon, accompanied by Dolores Guilfither.





A Scene from "Bab."

THE MAN ON THE BOX

The College Theater's second presentation this semester was played on the evening of April 12, to a large audience. The principal roles of Bob Warbuton and Betty Annesley were successfully portrayed by Frances Shire and Josephine McSweeney. The supporting cast was headed by Orpha Corrigan, Beatrice Axelrod, and Marguerite Cardoza. Minor characters were Regina Werne, Gladys King, Peg Stole, Elaine Garrett, Dorothy Stack, Elizabeth Boland, and Fanny Solomon.

The plot of the play was exceptionally clever and written like all of Mr. McGrath's works, in a highly entertaining manner. It dealt with a young man who attempted to play a joke on his sister by masquerading as her coachman and driving her carriage to the ball. In the excitement after the ball, Warbuton took the wrong vehicle. Unaccustomed to driving, he lost control; a policeman finally caught the runaway horses.

The sole occupant of this carriage, Betty Annesley, accused Warbuton of three offenses, which caused him to be taken to the police station. However, woman-like, Miss Annesley took back her cruel accusations and the young man was allowed to go unpunished from the court, but with a promise to be Betty's coachman. The remainder of the play was an effort on Warbuton's part to conceal his identity and on Betty's to find him out. The audience was unrestrained in its praise and considered the characters very well suited to their parts.





OUR COLLEGE ENTERTAINERS





THE VIGILANTE

VIVIAN GREEN

MABEL WILLIAMS

HELEN GARVIN

DOROTHY PETSCH

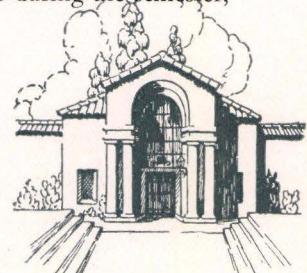
The College Newspaper

First Semester

VIVIAN GREEN	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Second Semester
DOROTHY PETSCH.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>	DOROTHY PETSCH
HELEN GARVIN	<i>Associate Editor</i>	ROSALIE McBRIDE
MABEL WILLIAMS	<i>Associate Editor</i>	ELLEN FLACK....
MADELINE MUNK.....	<i>Business Manager</i>	GERTRUDE FLEMING
GUSSIE HIGGINSON	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	HELEN NICHOLSON
UARDA SHULDIT.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	EMMA SCHEFFER
DOROTHY YOUNG.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	DORIS MALITZ
BEATRICE CUMMINGS	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	DORIS HICKS

"An editor either makes or breaks a newspaper." At least this is the lesson which the college has learned from past experiences with all types of editors heading its newspaper. Consequently, with the opening of the Fall semester, 1927, a new system was devised for the securing of a satisfactory editor. Instead of election by popular vote, it was decided that from the past four associate editors who had had experience at reporting and copy reading, one should be chosen by the Board of Control of the newspaper who had proven herself of superior ability. It was clearly shown that height has evidently nothing whatever to do with a person's I. Q. for none other than Vivian Green was chosen to fill this important position.

Then came another significant change in the organization of the paper. In past years the paper had depended upon subscriptions for its sole support. As a result the editor did not know whether she would be able to publish two issues during the semester,





THE BAY LEAF

HELEN NICHOLSON

DOROTHY PETSCH

ELLEN FLACK

GERTRUDE FLEMING

ROSALIE MCBRIDE

or ten. In order to do away with all financial worry, it was arranged to include a subscription to the paper in the registration fee.

With these radical changes in administration and organization, the staff settled down to the business of producing a real college newspaper. Attempting to pattern after the modern daily, the staff produced a first issue which completely amazed the student body. Instead of the typical "teachers' journal" which had been produced in the past, this institution could now boast of a newspaper that was a newspaper. For even the quality of the paper itself had been changed to correspond with the modern publications. Definite departments were organized and instead of a combination reporter, copy reader, proofreader and editor, the editor acted merely as an executive. The Board of Control, elected by popular vote, handled all affairs of finance and through the medium of questionnaires was able to compare our paper with the paper of other teachers' colleges in the United States. According to the Board, our newspaper now ranks among the leaders.

With the expiration of the term with Vivian Green as editor, the Board went from one extreme to the other in the matter of height, and appointed Dorothy Petsch to fill the position of editor. Attempting to keep pace with the metamorphoses taking place in the general campus life of the college, she decided that a new name should be given the paper. *Vigilante*, a name which had been given a small monthly by a literature class who desired a place to bring to light some of its productions, no longer seemed a fitting head for a newspaper of such a growing institution. The name, *The Bay Leaf*, was finally chosen as a significant title for this San Francisco College publication.

And now at the end of this term it is safe to say that the newspaper is still growing. With the introduction of advertisements, the paper has taken on a still more professional air and the use of pictures speaks for itself. Next year, no doubt, the paper will take over the leased wires of the Associated and United presses!





MABEL WILLIAMS

MISS BLANCHE WILSON

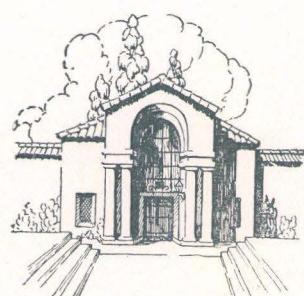
JEANNE TURNER

MR. ALEXANDER BOULWARE

ANNA JOHANSEN

The 1928 Franciscan

JEANNE TURNER.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
MABEL WILLIAMS.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
ANNA JOHANSEN.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
ELIZABETH DIERSSEN.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
CECYL BRUNER.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
DOROTHY PETCH.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
GLADYS BANNER.....	<i>Calendar</i>
IVA FELDMAYER.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
GERTRUDE FLEMING.....	<i>Sport Editor</i>
MILDRED PEARCH.....	<i>Jokes</i>
GERALDINE EGLESTON.....	<i>Snaps</i>
FRANCES MISCH.....	<i>Photographs</i>
UARDA SCHULDT.....	<i>Photographs</i>
MARIAN BYRNE.....	<i>Photographs</i>
VIOLET LIVERMORE.....	<i>Typist</i>
MISS BLANCHE WILSON.....	<i>Faculty Sponsor</i>
MR. ALEXANDER BOULWARE.....	<i>Business Sponsor</i>





Acknowledgments

In their efforts to make the 1928 *Franciscan* a worthy publication of the San Francisco State Teachers' College, the editorial staff has received assistance from various individuals not directly connected with the staff.

Of those who did technical and professional work on this book, we wish to thank the Guaranty Printing Company and especially Mr. Joseph Murphy of that Company; Mr. Harry R. Tucker, photographer for Hartsook's; Mr. Francis N. Hatch and Mr. Harry B. Blatchly of the Commercial Art and Engraving Company, and Mr. Terence H. Ellsworth, also of that company whose expert assistance and skillful planning of this book have been of inestimable value to the staff.

We are grateful for the contributions which have come to us from the students and the faculty of the college. Of the students who assisted the staff, we wish to thank Mrs. Agnes Pattison, Mrs. Marie Fowden, and particularly Katherine Rita Shields for their capable revision of written material. Miss Agnes Moe has given helpful advice. Mr. Alexander Boulware has been a very able and valuable financial advisor. We are deeply appreciative of the efforts of Miss Blanche Wilson, our faculty sponsor, whose wealth of ideas, competent literary advice, and executive ability have made possible this entire undertaking: the 1928 *Franciscan*.





String Ensemble

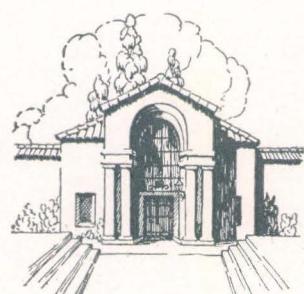
VIVIENNE WALSH	<i>First Violin</i>
ESTHER GILBERT	<i>Second Violin</i>
LEAH BOEHM	<i>Second Violin</i>
MAYNIE DEL PIPHER	<i>Viola</i>
EMMA NASH	<i>Bass Viol</i>
DOLORES GILFETHER	<i>Accompanist</i>

The string ensemble is a group of extremely earnest and optimistic people. In spite of its infancy (born November, 1927) there is great promise for the future. Who knows but that some day our teachers, under the direction of Mrs. McCauley, will be competing with the symphonists?

T. C. Warblers

ESTHER RICE	<i>First Soprano</i>
FRANCES STELZNER	<i>Second Soprano</i>
ANNA JOHANSEN	<i>First Alto</i>
EMMA NASH	<i>Second Alto</i>

Mrs. McCauley's dream of a semi-professional quartette to represent the college in its affairs and to broadcast over the radio, is fast coming true. The girls claim the distinction of belonging to the first organization of its kind in the school. The quartet made its "debut" at a recent Wednesday assembly, and was well-acclaimed by its colleagues.





Nyoda Club

Fall Semester

ROSALIE MCBRIDE.....	Officers	Spring Semester
HELEN MEYER	President.....	MILDRED WICKBOM
MARGARET MAUGHN.....	Vice-President.....	MARY MORTIGA
	Secretary.....	LEAH BOEHM

Working so quietly and unobtrusively that they would not be noticed were it not for the fact that their splendid work cannot go unnoticed, forty members of our college have organized themselves into the Nyoda Club. From experience the students of our college always associate Nyoda Club with social service, for social service is the foremost purpose of this club.

During the past year committees were organized, and every member of the club served on the committee wherein her deepest interest lay. Among the committees there were: the Hospital Committee, the Correspondence Committee, the Bulletin Board Committee, and the Employment Committee. Every committee did commendable work; every committee made the world a little brighter because of its existence. The Hospital Committee brought sunshine in the form of Hallowe'en baskets and Easter favors to the little children at the University of California Hospital. Some of the members of this committee coached the little invalids. The Correspondence Committee proved to the college absentees that they were not forgotten. The Employment Committee and the Bulletin Board Committee likewise performed worth while services.

This worthy club, ever willing to help its fellow men, does not forget its own members. Many social affairs were on Nyoda's program last year. A party at Miss Ward's home, a dinner at the Pig 'n Whistle, and a theater party afforded much pleasure. The Nyoda Club is indeed fortunate in having Miss Ward for its sponsor.





Kindergarten-Primary Club

Fall Semester	Officers	Spring Semester
BETTY KESTER.....	President.....	GLADYS CARLOCK
VIRGINIA MCKINNIN.....	Vice-President.....	EMELINE PURDIE
	Secretary-Treasurer.....	ELSIE BREED

The same splendid enthusiasm which characterizes everything that the students of the Kindergarten-Primary department do, is the guiding spirit of the Kindergarten-Primary Club. Every Thursday the Kindergarten-Primary Club holds its meetings. Meetings are held in the Kindergarten building, but the club does not confine itself only to this meeting place. The Kindergarten-Primary Club members were very enthusiastic over the visit to the Golden Gate Kindergarten. They also paid visits to the Harriet Street Kindergarten, the Crock of Gold, and the Swedish Craft Shop.

During the past year the club enjoyed many social affairs, such as teas, bridge parties, and the like. The Kindergarten-Primary Club has a happy way of mixing their social enjoyment with social service. In the Spring semester the club gave a tea and social to which all the students of the college were invited. The proceeds of this little social were given to the Community Chest. At the Spring night rally the Kindergarten-Primary Club delighted the audience with a dramatization of "*Chicken Little*." Gladys Carlock as President, Emmeline Purdie as Vice President, and Elsie Breed as Secretary-Treasurer proved themselves very efficient officers. The officers and members of the club say that most of the credit for the club's success goes to Miss Barbour, the sponsor.





Home Economics Club

Fall Semester

SYLVIA MARCUSE

MARGARET SNELL

ELLA KIRKPATRICK

Officers

President

Vice-President

Secretary-Treasurer

Spring Semester

HAZEL BANDETTINE

ISABELL SEARS

KATHLEEN UNIAK

Despite all influences that tend to detract from the feminity of the modern girl, some college girls still feel the urge to acquire skill in such womanly arts as creating dainty bits of needlework, preparing attractive dishes, or arranging a perfectly appointed luncheon table.

Since the home economics courses deal mostly with the fundamentals of domestic science, a home economics club was organized to give the students an opportunity for instruction in the fascinating details of this work. This organization does not exist solely for the benefit of home economics majors. During the Fall semester, this organization is really a sewing club, for it is during this part of the year that the girls are planning their Christmas gifts and are only to eager to receive new ideas in gift-making.

The cooking club replaces the sewing club during the spring semester. The work is equally fascinating. Candies, cakes, frozen desserts, salads, and sandwiches are probably the things most frequently chosen to be made. Not only have the club members received valuable instruction from their able sponsor, Miss Spellman, but in the course of the school year, they have also enjoyed social gatherings and frequent dinners.





The Debate Club

MARY McGLOIN *President*

LOIS HARDING *Vice President*

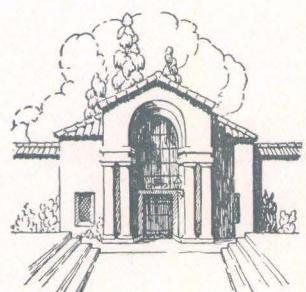
BEATRICE CANNY *Secretary-Treasurer*

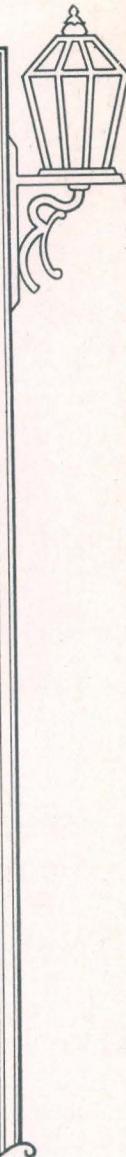
The infant in the college's family of clubs is the Debate Club. It is an infant though, only in the matter of the time of its organization. In the matter of activity it is a progressive and efficient club.

The Debate Club, which was organized in the Fall of 1927, has for its purpose the sponsoring of debates, debates within the Student Body, and debates between our college and other institutions. This participation in debates carries with it a two-fold benefit. The individual students who debate will acquire skill in this art, and through inter-collegiate debates, our college will receive the recognition which is its due.

Early in the Spring semester our college challenged Girls' High School to a debate. Girls' High upheld the affirmative of the issue, "Resolved That Married Women Are Justified in Working Outside the Home for Compensation." The judges decided in favor of Girls' High. Although our debaters lost the decision, they showed much promise. We expect great things from this club.

The Debate Club is interested also in social activities. Early in the term a dinner was held at the Maison-Paul Grill. This first social event was very successful. It is surprising that such a young organization has accomplished so much in the past year. There are, however, two reasons for this success: Miss Wilson and Mr. Mundt.





Scribes

Fall Semester

EVA HARTSOUGH.....

GAY HILL.....

ELIZABETH PECK.....

Officers

President.....

Vice President.....

Secretary.....

Treasurer.....

Spring Semester

GAY HILL.....

ELIZABETH PINNEY.....

JULIA DIERSSEN.....

SADIE LOPESCO.....

If on a Tuesday afternoon you hear a sweet voice reading a poem that is entirely new to you, if you see girls sitting forward, faces aglow, eagerly listening to the reader, you have stumbled upon the Scribes Club.

The Scribes Club, which was organized in 1925, is composed of students who are interested in writing. At the weekly meetings the members read their own works. During the past year many poems, essays, and short stories were read. Gay Hill's little poem, "The Dancer" is as sweet and as airy as is Gay herself. One does not think of the Scribes Club as a group of beginning writers when she hears the poems of Elizabeth Pinney. There is a beauty and a strength in Miss Pinney's writing that one does not think of as belonging to the new writer. Mrs. Marie Fowden, the club's delightful essayist, contributed many interesting works during the past semester.

The Scribes, ever eager for inspiration, make many very interesting little sojourns about the bay region. A Hindu temple was visited on one occasion; on another the members of the club had the unusual experience of watching Chinese women at prayer. Certainly these little journeys must be inspiring, because much splendid work has been accomplished by the Scribes. But everyone knows that the real guiding influence comes from the successful writer who is the sponsor of the club. All the members of the Scribes Club unite in saying that Miss Talbert is *the* inspiration of the club.





Bookaneer's Club

Fall Semester

DOROTHY EICHENWALD.....
ANITA LUHMAN.....
WILLA LEGGAT.....

Officers

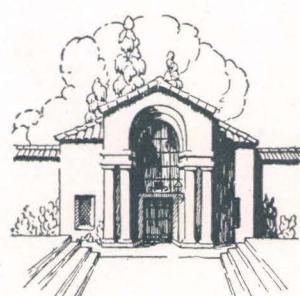
President.....
Vice President.....
Secretary.....
Treasurer.....

Spring Semester

ANITA LUHMAN
WILLA LEGGAT
MYRTLE DUKEMAN
ANN WHITEHOUSE

Now there is a delightful hour with Conrad; again there is a pleasant time with D'Angelo; always there is something interesting when the Bookaneers meet. "Bookaneers" is the expressive name that has been chosen for the Readers' Club. This club affords an opportunity for the book lovers of the college to get together to discuss books. Many a lively discussion takes place at the weekly meetings.

The weekly meetings are not the only activities of this progressive club. Many times during the past year the Bookaneers enjoyed a browsy walk among the book shops. Skating is one of the favorite amusements of the club. Of course, one knows that the theater must be a source of enjoyment to such girls as those who make up the Bookaneers Club. But the activity that calls most enthusiasm from the girls is the monthly breakfast. The members remain undaunted by the "7:15 A. M." because they know that these breakfasts are extremely entertaining. In reviewing the activities of the past semester, the club looks with pride upon the series of talks that was given at assemblies by Dr. Barney, Dr. Valentine, and Dr. Rypins. Miss Kleinecke is the very able sponsor of this club.





Art Club

Fall Semester

AGNES FREY.....	President.....
VIRGINIA CARNIGLIA.....	Vice President.....
MARIE CURRAN.....	Secretary.....
LILLIAN BIANCHINI.....	Treasurer.....

Officers

Spring Semester

MARIE SCHMIDT
LOIS MONTGOMERY
MADELYN MUNK
MARIE CURRAN

On every Tuesday afternoon the Craft Shop is converted into a cozy meeting place for the Art Club. The Art Club is an organization in our college which presents many valuable opportunities to students who are interested in art.

During the Fall semester the members of the club made many interesting visits to art exhibits in the city. The East West Gallery was visited. The girls of the Art Club were deeply impressed by the Chinese paintings. Later in the semester the girls went to the Legion of Honor Palace. In the Spring semester the art departments of Foster and Kleiser's, Schmidt's Lithograph and the Emporium were visited. The girls enjoyed these visits, and they found them very beneficial. At some of the art exhibits the girls found inspiration for their craft work.

The club does not neglect social activities. A number of pleasant parties were enjoyed during the year. The Valentine party was very delightful. At this party every girl was described by a little verse. The two-fold purpose of the club, the advancement of art, and enjoyment of social activities, make the club a popular one. Miss Mayer, the very enthusiastic sponsor, has been the inspiration and guide of this club.





DOROTHY BAKER
CLARA SOHL

DAISY LUNDGREEN
MILDRED BELTZ

Phi Lambda Chi

Fall Semester

BERNICE YOUNG.....
ELIZABETH DOE.....
GUSSIE HIGGINSON.....
ELVA LARUE.....

Officers

President.....
Vice President.....
Secretary.....
Treasurer.....

Spring Semester

DOROTHY BAKER
DAISY LUNDGREEN
MILDRED BELTZ
CLARA SOHL

Phi Lambda Chi, now a well established and thriving organization, looks back with tender feelings upon the humble beginning of the club just a few years ago. Phi Lambda Chi is a social organization composed of students from our college. The members of this club are rightfully proud of their club house at 1927 Washington Street. From a very, very humble beginning, followed by improvement after improvement, the present house has become a cheerful club house. Some of the girls who live out of San Francisco have their homes here. It is here that the club meetings are held. It is here also that many a revel takes place.

A certain gayety and feeling of good fellowship characterizes all the informal socials that are sponsored by the Phi Lambda Chi. The club started out the Fall semester with an indoor circus as the first social event. This circus met with hearty success. Following closely came a series of social activities. Among these were: an informal dance which was given on November 4, a Thanksgiving dinner to which the girls who were unable to go home were invited, and a Christmas party. The girls of Phi Lambda Chi are proud of their club, proud of their club house, but they are more than proud of their sponsor, Miss McFadden.





ROSE NILSON
MARGUERITE KILGARIFF

GERTRUDE FLEMING
ANNA MARIE GLOSTER

Siena Club

GERTRUDE FLEMING	<i>President</i>
MARGUERITE KILGARIFF	<i>Vice President</i>
ANNE MARIE GLOSTERL	<i>Secretary</i>
ROSE NILSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

The late Agnes E. Clary dreamed, and she dreamed beautifully. The Siena Club is her dream come true. The Siena Club, of which Archbishop Edward J. Hanna is chaplain, is a Catholic student organization to which many of our students belong. The club has for its purpose the advancing of the spiritual and intellectual welfare of its members. Opportunities for a pleasant social life are not neglected. The club house, which is located at 350 Buchanan Street, provides living quarters for girls whose homes are not in San Francisco. The club meetings are held in this house.

A successful year has just been completed. The activities for the semester of 1927 and 1928 included: a reception in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, a Fall dansant, a Christmas party for the children of Mount Saint Joseph's Orphanage, and numerous other informal gatherings.

The success of the past year is due to the untiring efforts of the sponsor, Miss Nell C. Sullivan, who is ever ready to give her kindly advice to the girls of the Siena Club. From the very beginning of the year the hearty cooperation of officers and members predicted the pleasant semesters that have just ended. The directors for the year were: Bernadette Gibb, Genevive Nevin, Maxine Clark, Edna Gainer, Margaret Maughan, Letitia Duggan, Dolores Gilfether, and Hazel Bandettine.





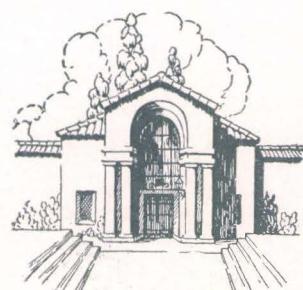
NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICO, 1928

Delta Phi Upsilon

DOROTHY McGUFFIN	President
MRS. CLARA SCHELL	Secretary
ELIZABETH BRUNS	Treasurer
VIRGINIA MCKINNON	Corresponding Secretary
GLADYS HILL	Courtesy Secretary
EMELINE PURDIE	Marshall

On Friday, April 20, the installation of the Epsilon chapter of the Delta Phi Upsilon at San Francisco State Teachers' College took place in Bidwell Hall, at the State Teachers' College in Chico. At the same time, a chapter was also installed at the State Teachers' College in San Jose. Delta Phi Upsilon, a national honorary kindergarten-primary fraternity, is the first organization of its kind to establish a chapter in the San Francisco State Teachers' College. The aim of the fraternity is: "To promote professional attainments and to set a high goal of achievement before the undergraduate students."

Charter members of the Epsilon chapter are: Dorothy McGovern, Elizabeth Bruns, Gladys Hill, Emeline Purdie, Virginia McKinnon, Gladys Cathcart, Lucille Schoenfeld, Valverda Milliken and Mrs. Clara Schell. Alumna members in our faculty include: Miss Barbour, Miss Alcutt and Miss Christenson. Honorary members of the fraternity in the State of California are: Miss Julia Hahn, kindergarten-primary supervisor of San Francisco; Miss Madeleine Ververka, kindergarten-primary supervisor of Los Angeles; Miss Elga Shearer, Director of kindergarten-primary education at Long Beach; and Miss Annie E. Moore, professor of Education at the Teachers' College, Columbia University.



Fall Night Rally

The Night Rally, which was held in the Old Gym on November 15, 1927, was at that time the most successful rally which had ever taken place in the college. The Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes all presented stunts. The cheers of applause that followed every stunt fairly rocked the gym. The Sophomore stunt, "When the Lights Went Out," called forth a great deal of merriment. Everyone enjoyed the fluttering tunes of Mrs. McCauley's Harmonica Band.

But the outstanding stunts of the evening were those presented by the faculty. "The Honeymoon Express" was greeted with peal after peal of laughter. "The Honeymoon Express" depicted what an instructor might do were he suddenly to find himself upon the brink of matrimony. As a second stunt the faculty presented the Virginia Reel. This reel was danced as only a group of faculty members could dance it.

For many a day the very thought of this jolly night rally was enough to cause one to laugh again at the hilarity of the evening. Even now, when another night rally has taken place, we like to remember the Fall Night Rally, because it was the first big night rally.

Freshman Reception

To welcome the new students and to acquaint them with the many activities of the college, the members of the Student Body held a reception for the Freshmen on February 2. Every club presented a number in order to show the new students the various activities in which the different clubs are engaged. The Freshmen were very pleased with the play which the College Theater presented as its number. Pat Schultz and Louise Tray delighted the audience with a tennis dance.

Later the Old Gym became the scene of festivity. All the students enjoyed dancing. Orangeade and pound cake were served as refreshments. The Freshmen were made very happy by the hearty welcome which they were given, and the upper classmen were glad to receive the Freshmen as fellow students.

Egg Hunt

Dyeing—in good old-fashioned style—was again put into practice by members of the Glee Club as a preliminary procedure to the annual egg hunt. This "search for cackle-berries" has been a custom of the Glee Club since its inception in 1893. Each year the faculty and members of the entire Student Body are invited to be the guests of the Glee Club and are subsequently entertained in the "royal Glee Club style." This year was no exception. After the eggs were dyed, the members of the organization hid them on the campus, around the science building, and behind the new gymnasium.

When the stampeding mob, of what usually composed the dignified faculty and associated student body, was given the freedom of the ground, we beheld a sight not soon to be forgotten. A cunning live bunny was the prize offered to the person who found the largest number of eggs. From the way everyone hunted, one could easily see that the little bunny was very much desired. Faculty members found so many eggs that their pockets overflowed. It was necessary for them to snatch their hats from their heads in order to "bring home the bacon" (only this time it was to be rabbit). The eggs were of many shades. Indeed, every hue known to mankind was in evidence. No fewer than 400 eggs were discovered, and Bunny Pierce was the winner of the coveted bunny. Just once again the guests had to admit that the Glee Club certainly "knows how."





Student Body Tea

The members of the Student Body, wishing to celebrate Valentine's Day in a way novel to the College, gave a tea at the St. Francis Hotel. The Colonial room of the hotel made a charming setting for the tea. Thirty tables, every one set for ten, were arranged about the room. At one end, running the entire width of the room was a prettily arranged table for the faculty members. The picture was completed by the gay groups of students looking their very sweetest in their new spring outfits.

After the girls had spent a period in friendly chatting, Ethel Byrne as hostess of the day, extended a welcome to all present. Then she introduced Peggy Hopkins, soprano. Miss Hopkins, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson at the piano, delighted her audience with several songs.

When Ethel Byrne presented Anna Johansen there was a soft murmur of approval from the audience. Many of the girls had heard Anna Johansen whistle, and they knew the treat which was in store for them. Anna gained new laurels when she whistled with bird-like sweetness, "Pale Moon," and "The Song Is Ended." She was accompanied by Evelyn Elster at the piano.

There was a moment of breathless suspense when the colored spotlight played upon the center of the floor. Then suspense turned to admiration when dainty Miss Farrell danced into the lighted circle. She held her audience enraptured as she interpreted "Danse Andalouse," "Valse Bluette," and "Spanish Waltz."

Pauline Fredericks was to have been the guest of honor at the tea. All during the affair the girls were expecting her. Then Ethel Byrne was called to the telephone; she returned with a message from Pauline Fredericks. Miss Fredericks said that she was unable to attend, but that she sent her love to all.

At the close of the tea Dr. Roberts addressed the faculty and students. Then no one was disappointed because Miss Fredericks had not come. Our own Dr. Roberts was speaking. True, Pauline Fredericks is a splendid actress; there are many splendid actresses, but there is only one Dr. Roberts.

Spring Night Rally

On the night of March 14, a jolly, enthusiastic student body met in the Old Gym to hold its semi-annual night rally. As soon as Dr. Roberts had been escorted to his place of honor, the festivities began. The faculty presented the first and most successful number of the evening, "The Three Old Maids of Lee," as portrayed by Miss Casebolt, Miss England, and Miss Wilson, which was greeted by gales of laughter.

Then followed a series of skits by the various college clubs. The audience was delighted with every number. Through the courtesy of the Glee Club, the Williams Quartet, a group of negro children, was engaged to perform. They were held to their performance for at least an half hour; the revelers would allow them to depart only on the plea that it was "past their bedtime."

When Nell Bayard flashed onto the screen baby pictures of prominent students and faculty members, comment and embarrassment went riotous. Dean Du Four won the prize for being the best baby. He accepted the prize with an appropriate little speech.

To end the ceremonies every member of the Class of '28 was presented with the senior insignia by Dr. Roberts, who was in turn presented with an insignia by Verna Thompson, president of the Senior Class.



The *A Capella* Choir Concert

The Teachers' College presented the Smallman *A Capella* Choir of Los Angeles in a concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, on Friday afternoon of April 20. The Smallman *A Capella* Choir is the only choir of its kind in the west. It is composed of thirty-two mixed voices which produce such varieties of effects of which one would not think the human voice capable.

The following program was presented by the choir:

I. A. Dwandres Sant.....	<i>Antoni Nicolau</i>
B. Kyrie Eleison and C. Gloria in Excelsis	<i>Palestrina</i>
II. A. Three Kings	<i>Lluís Rovena—Kurt Schindler</i>
B. Fum, Fum, Fum	<i>Kurt Schindler</i>
C. Miracle of St. Raymond	<i>Kurt Schindler</i>
III. A. Summer Is A-Cumin' In	<i>Fornsete</i>
B. Mentr Qo Miravo Fiso	<i>Monteverdi</i>
C. Lumi Miei, Cari	<i>Monteverdi</i>
D. Pastorale	<i>Henry Carey</i>
IV. A. Morning Song in the Jungle	<i>Percy Grainger</i>
B. Robin Goodfellow	<i>Samuel R. Gaines</i>
C. Listen to the Lambs	<i>Nathaniel Dett</i>
D. Crusaders Hymn	<i>F. Melius Christiansen</i>

Encore numbers were selected from Bach Chorales, folk song arrangements, and lighter compositions, old and new. The sponsoring of this excellent production was of immeasurable value to the school. Aside from mere financial profit, much benefit was derived from delightful contacts made by students with one another as they worked to make the concert a success. Moreover much dignity was gained by the school in putting over such a genuinely fine concert. Last of all, the personal experience of hearing such inspirational music was such that for years to come, echoes of the strains will dwell within the hearts of all those who attended.

The Launch Ride

Grunts, chugs, and several lusty toots marked the launching of the boat for the semi-annual cruise around the Bay which the loyal student body members so religiously stage in October, and again on the first of May. After becoming enthusiastic over the sights of Mare Island and waxing eloquent over the thrill of viewing the immigrant station at Angel Island, the merrymakers headed the boat toward Paradise Cove, the ultimate destination of all bay rovers. Here the solemn rites of supper were performed. The effect was not at all that of a basket supper but of a bountiful feast.

Fanny Solomon and Mary Mercer, after going about the college for weeks with a submerged expression, removed all mystery by presenting a skit, "The Sweet Essence of Spring," or "How to be Dumb Though Beautiful." Mollie Levin, supported by members of the college theatre, presented a play which members of the student body pronounced a delightful success. The crowning of the Queen of May was a royal feature as was also the human May Pole dance. Baseball and several other hilarious games, including tiddly wink matches, were played. Singing, a solo dance, several uke numbers, and later dancing for all present brought to a close a pleasant evening at the Cove. Aboard the boat, beneath the stars, and under the moon the jolly crowd took a farewell cruise around the bay and, as the launch docked, concluded the evening with the customary song, "Good Night Ladies."





Fall Term Dances

Glee "clubbers" and their friends—two hundred and fifty happy, pleasure-seeking men and women gathered together on the night of October 28 to celebrate the first social event of the semester, the Glee Club Dinner Dance. The ballroom of the Women's City Club was the setting for this gathering and could scarcely have been surpassed. Many declared it the most successful and enjoyable dance of the Fall season.

The decorations were the real surprise of the evening. The tables, arranged close to the wall, left the middle of the floor clear for dancing between courses. The harvest season atmosphere was carried out to perfection in the use of fruit, pumpkins, grapes, and vegetables as the center decorations for the tables.

Shapiro's Orchestra provided the music for the evening and during the intermissions Ursula Murphy entertained the guests with several solos, and Anna Johansen was loudly applauded for her whistling. Only too soon the zero hour came and the laughing voices of the revelers grew indistinct as the last cars glided away carrying their share of American college youth.

The Italian Room of the St. Francis Hotel was chosen as the scene for the next dance of the Fall term. This was the Senior Farewell Ball, and was sponsored by the class of June, '28. The dignified architecture of Italian fixtures and wood carvings provided a suitable background for one of the most attractive dances of that semester. Margaret Sheehan was general chairman of the affair, which was held on December 3.

The school colors of green and gold were used in the color scheme. Shapiro's orchestra furnished the music. The pastel dresses and slippers of the women added materially to the whole effect. Several of the guests in attendance took this social event as an opportunity for announcing their engagements. In fact, this spirit seemed catching and several "understandings" were decided upon. Evelyn Luce, president of the class of June, '28, and Margaret Sheehan were assisted by Margaret Wheelock, chairman of the hostess committee, and Helen Garvin, chairman of the music and entertainment committee.

Student body members and faculty danced away the hours of Saturday evening, January 7, at the Red and Gold Rooms of the Fairmont Hotel when the Associated Student Body gave its first dance.

This setting was particularly in keeping with the gayety of the crowd. "This was a wonderful affair," everyone reported. Even the music was of exceptional quality, being furnished by a peppy crowd of college boys—Jack Swail's Californians. Between the dances the college women and their escorts took up the old-time custom of strolling. The lobby, since no garden was available, proved a popular resting place; and some of the more athletic took to climbing to the balcony heights. A panorama of soft lights played upon the fashionable dresses which were displayed. The popular shawl and the evening gown of uneven length won favorable comment for their wearers. Ice water, that special intoxication favorite among teachers, was served in the alcove.

This Student Body dance marked an epoch in college life. It was the culmination of a term of work, a term that witnessed the introduction of many new phases of education, both in activities and academic affairs, a term that welcomed a new president to our college. It was the climax of the social life for the semester.



Spring Term Dances

Dancing to the enticing music of Shapiro's Orchestra that fairly made one's toes tingle, three hundred Glee Club members and their friends entertained at the semi-annual dinner dance in the ballroom of the Women's Building Saturday evening, May 12.

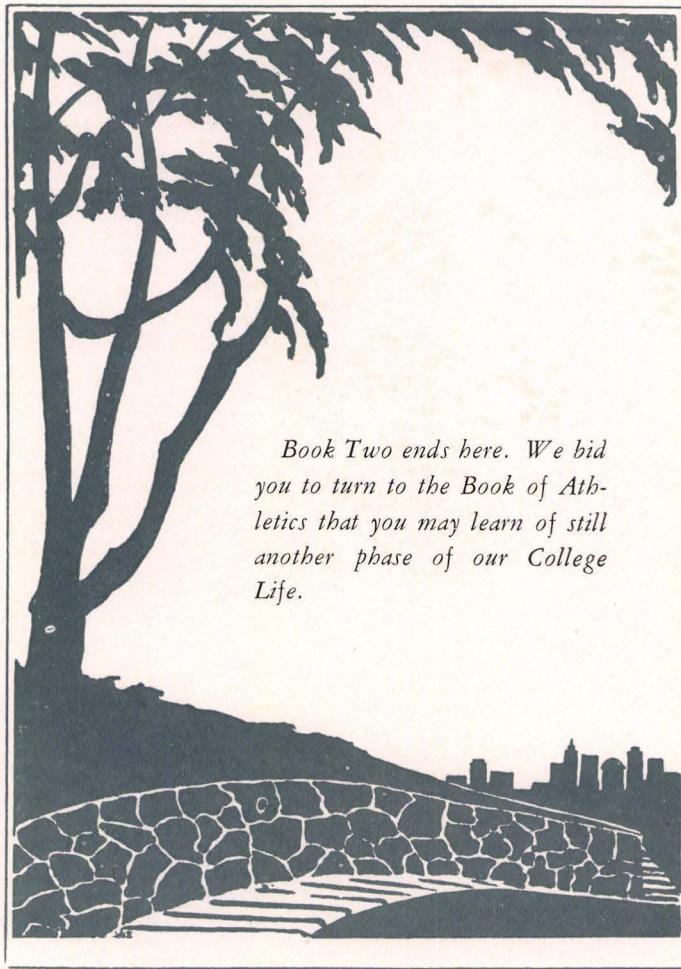
The beautiful architecture of the clubrooms lends itself well to decorations and this time the spring atmosphere was carried out to perfection. Even the women's gowns blended in and added to the bright flashes of spring color. The attractive programs caused a great deal of comment from the guests. For the first time at this college, several novelty dances were staged. These, the balloon dance, the butterfly dance, and a gay dance when everyone wore colored hats, proved very successful and fulfilled all the hopes of the entertainment committee.

The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Mabel Roberts, and Mr. Bruce Roberts, and Dean and Mrs. Du Four. Margaret Simpson, president of the Glee Club, welcomed the entire group and gracefully presented these guests of honor. To guarantee a perfect dinner dance for every one, the entire Glee Club acted on the several committees. Miss Eva A. Levy, director of this very praiseworthy group, sponsored the dance, and was assisted by Dr. Barney, Miss England, Dr. Rypins, and Mrs. Spozio, the honorary sponsors of the organization.

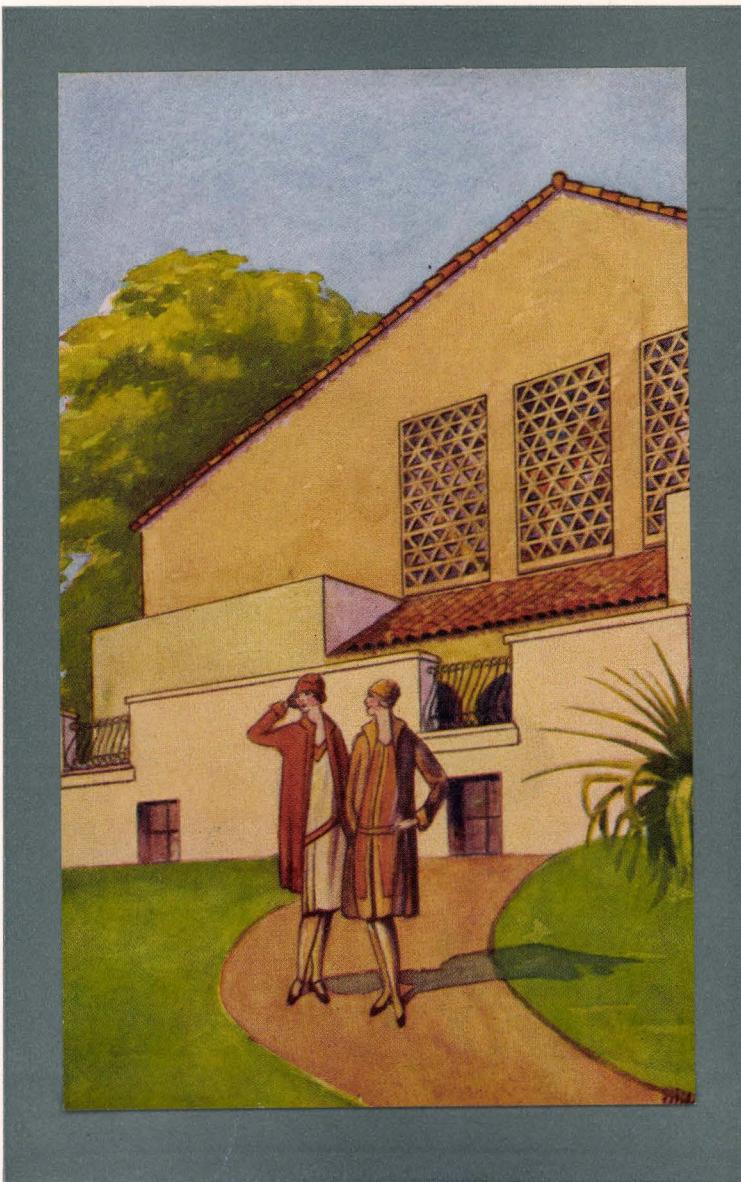
The New Gym took on the aspect of a country club on the evening of the Frosh Hop. The Frosh Hop, a sport dance given by the Class of June '30, was one of the gala affairs of the spring semester. The sport costumes of the dancers were in keeping with the decorations in the Gym. The Five Pepers, a group of young boys, furnished the music for the occasion. The very good music delighted the dancers. The members of the class were enthusiastic in praise of the committee who planned the dance. This was the first sport dance that was ever attempted by this college, but because it was so very successful, we think that the sport dance will become an annual affair in the college.

As the very last social affair of their college days, the Seniors gave a farewell dance on the roof garden of the Hotel Whitcomb, on Wednesday evening, May 30. Spring colors were used for decorations. These colors, blending with the soft tints of the gowns worn by the women, produced something of the effect of a spring garden in full bloom. The evening was a delightful one. The members of the class felt that the success of the affair was the result of untiring efforts of Jean Dawson, Bea Sheldon, Madge Baker, Lucille Koenig, Gladys Banner, Cecyl Bruner, and Anita Tiernan. Only one thing detracted from the happiness of the evening; that is, it came to a close all too soon. With regrets the Seniors bade one another farewell at the close of their last social activity.





*Book Two ends here. We bid
you to turn to the Book of Ath-
letics that you may learn of still
another phase of our College
Life.*



Athletics



"Jo" MULVIHILL

"Ev" LAGOMARSINO

College Hymn

*Above the storied city,
With echo of old romance;
Upon the sod that the padres trod
We have found our inheritance!*

*Faith of valiant builders
Dream of pioneers,
Hearts afire with a high desire
For the prize of the future years!*

*Our college proudly holds thee,
O, spirit brave and free!
And in the thought of the deeds
thou has wrought,
We pledge our loyalty.*

*Hail, San Francisco! Alma Mater,
hail!
Thy heritage so nobly borne
Forever shall prevail!*

*And from the rugged hilltops
Unto the distant shore,
Thy praise shall ring and go echoing,
All hail! All hail! All hail!*





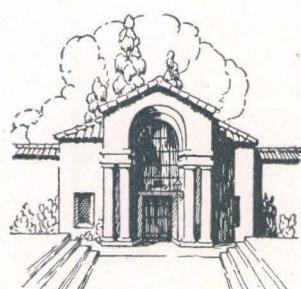
W. A. A.

Fall Semester

	Officers	
FRANCES MISCH.....	<i>President</i>	PAT SCHULZE
KATHERINE KENNEY.....	<i>Vice President</i>	DOROTHY DUNNE
LAURA PETERSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	LAURA PETERSON
CONSTANCE POWERS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	CHRISTIAN MINETTA
ANGELA SLEVIN.....	<i>Health Manager</i>	LOUIS TRAY
HELEN HILL.....	<i>Swimming Manager</i>	MARY SHEA
ANITA TIENAN.....	<i>Golf Manager</i>	EDITH-MARIAN FEEHAN
CELINA THOMAS.....	<i>Tennis Manager</i>	LILLIAN BIANCHINI
UARDA SCHULDT.....	<i>Basketball Manager</i>	
	<i>Volleyball Manager</i>	VIRGINIA DUNNE
	<i>Speedball Manager</i>	CONSTANCE POWERS

To encourage good sportsmanship at all times; to secure the participation of all regardless of skill; to stress thorough enjoyment of playing rather than public exploitation; these are some of the principles upon which the Women's Athletic Association is founded. Since its organization in 1922, the association has become the largest club in the college; thus it is proving that its aims are worthy, and that the scope of its activities is broad enough to include girls of widely varying interests and abilities.

The program of sports which is offered is intended to suit girls of many types. We are continually adding new activities in our endeavor to interest every college girl in some sport.





COACHES

SARAH FARRELL

FLORENCE HALE

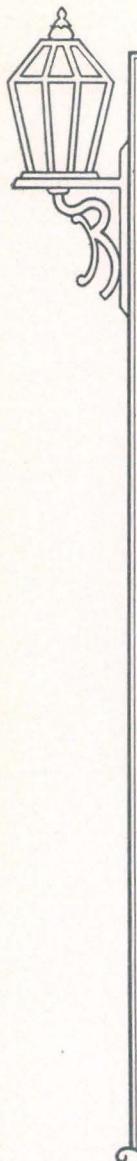
DORIS HOLTZ

The element of competition has been an impetus to our athletics. Interclass games are played, and the friendly rivalry adds zest to the sports. Last semester, we met San Jose Teachers' College in a day given entirely to play. We plan to make this "play day" an annual event.

The Women's Athletic Association activities also include some social affairs. A tea was given to the Student Body, November 10, in Norman Hall at the Fairmont Hotel. The beauty of the occasion, the spirit of dance and song that prevailed made the function unusually attractive. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Josephine Randall, Superintendent of Recreation of the Playground Commission, and Mr. Ray Dougherty, Acting Director of Physical Education in the San Francisco Public Schools, were the guests of honor.

With its program emphasizing the promotion of the health, the skill, the sportsmanship, and the recreation of every college girl, the executive board has tried to make this year an outstanding one in the progress of the Women's Athletic Association. With its aims, ideals, and accomplishments, it has been an organization thoroughly worthwhile in its activities. Its position in the first ranks of the college clubs is warranted not only by its large membership, and its governing executive body, but by its guidance and competent sponsorship by the faculty members of the Physical Education group, Miss Florence Hale, Miss Doris Holtz, and Miss Sarah Farrell. To Miss Hale, the Association is grateful for its organization, stability, and its calendar of successful events.



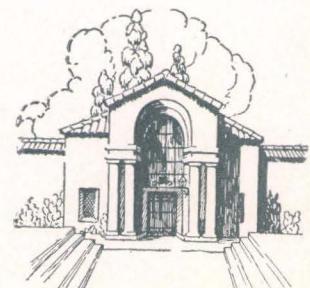


Unlimited Basketball

When the whistle was blown for the 1927 basketball "turn out," about one hundred and twenty-five of the fair athletes of San Francisco State Teachers' College responded. Twenty-nine games were played in the Double Round-Robin tournament. Every class was represented in the contest by a limited and unlimited team. The Seniors tied with June '29 for the unlimited championship and at the W. A. A. night rally, December 2, the rival teams played the most hotly contested game of the season. Again and again Miss Hale's whistle blew for a tie ball and the rooters waited breathlessly to see who would get possession. June '29 led by a score of 5 to 2 for the first few minutes of the game, but when the quarter ended June '28 had tied the score 7 to 7.

The lightning pass work of Ethel Byrne to "Bunny" Pierce aided the Seniors in scoring up points. Marian McGloin and Thelma Whitby, forwards of June '29, played a stellar game and received wonderful help from their centers, Josephine Mulvihill and Alberta Stegeman. Supreme effort on the part of the lower classmen's team failed to raise its score from 17 to 20 and June '28 players were proclaimed champions.

Dr. Roberts presented gold basketballs to the members of the winning team. The plan of awarding gold basketballs was used for the first time. It was very successful in stimulating interest and rivalry among the class teams. The players of June '28's squad who received gold basketballs were: Marquerite Kilgariff, captain; Margaret Harrington, Angela Slevin, Lorraine Ellis, Vaughn Pierce, Orpha Corrigan, Ethel Byrne, Francis Misch and Gertrude Fleming. The efficient organization of basketball was the result not only of the splendid management of Uarda Schuldt, but also of the assistance of the coaches, Miss Hale and Miss Holtz.





Limited Basketball

The lightweight teams played a double round-robin tournament of twenty-nine games. One of the most hotly contested battles was the first game played between the Frosh and June '29. Captain Alice Garvey, center for the "babes," played a stellar game. The members of her team also deserve a great deal of credit for their speedy team work. When the time whistle ended the first quarter, the Frosh were in the lead with a score of 10 to 7. Captain Minetta's midgets were determined that the lower classmen should not be victors. The centers of June '29, Henrietta Riede and Doris Hancock, made a scramble for the ball as the second quarter started. In a moment, June '29 had scored and raised its seven points to ten. The first half ended with a score of 16 to 20 with Christine Minetta's midgets in the lead. The Frosh played a fast game during the last fifteen minutes of play, but they were powerless against June '29's stellar aggregation. The first contest brought defeat to June '30 by a score of 28 to 20. June '29 kept the lead throughout the tournament and won the limited championship. At the W. A. A. night rally, June '29's sextette defeated the school team, 29 to 19.

Dr. Roberts and Miss Ward presented the gold basketballs. Among the girls who received them were: Fannie Solomon, Margaret Martin, Elizabeth Boland, Anna Johansen. Henrietta Riede, Lillian Bianchini, and Doris Hancock. Dr. Roberts also awarded the winning aggregation a silver trophy upon which the name of the class was engraved. Miss Ward presented several W. A. A. girls with blocks and numerals. Kay Kenny, Orpha Corrigan, and Christine Minetta received T. C. blocks. Among the girls to receive numerals were: Ethel Anderson, Lillian Bianchini, Margaret Harrington, Mary McGloin, Frances Misch, Josephine Mulvihill, Alice Ritter, Louise Tray, and Cleone Willet. Three girls who took an active part in athletics since their entrance to this college received the "award of awards," the winged T. C. pin. Ethel Byrne, Vaughn Pierce, and Bertha Hill were the students who earned and deserved this high favor. The popularity of the limited team has established it permanently as one of the W. A. A. aggregations.



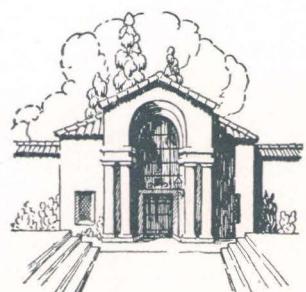


Speed Ball

The Single Round Robin Speed Ball Tournament for 1927 was won by June '29. The games were played at the Golden Gate Park Stadium and on the training school terraces. The three teams which competed were: January '28, June '28, and June '29. The lack of transportation facilities, and the fact that speed ball was new to many of the students caused only three class teams to be represented in the tournament.

The cup was won by the powerful aggregation of June '29. The fighting Senior squad was completely surprised at the speed and style of the Twenty-Niners and was forced to drop to second place after the first two encounters. The members of the championship team included: Mary McGloin, Josephine Mulvihill, Constance Powers, Christine Minetta, Dorothy Dunne, Virginia Dunne, Lucille Savage, Ethel Anderson, and Fannie Solomon. Much of the success of the speed ball tournament of 1927 was due to the interest and enthusiasm of the Manager, Lucille Savage.

The spring tournament for 1928 has started and is being managed by Constance Powers. The students are practicing daily from four to five o'clock at the Golden Gate Stadium and on the training school terraces. Members from the class teams represented in the tournament will be chosen to play on the school team, which will meet San Jose on Play Day, May 12. The splendid spirit prevalent among the girls who are working to be members of the college team is proof of the feeling of good fellowship which exists in the W. A. A. This feeling is due in large part to Miss Hale and her splendid coaching in the elements of clean sportsmanship.





Tennis

Under the able leadership of Miss Hale and Manager Celena Thomas, the class tennis managers for the Fall of 1927, worked out a splendid schedule for interclass tennis. The tournament was divided into two parts, championship and novice. Under each division there were first and second singles and first and second doubles. The first winner of each single and double tournament received three points; second place two points; and third place one point. The points won by individuals went toward the class score.

One of the most interesting matches played during the season was that which made Iris Howard victor over Ethel Byrne. Ethel had been custodian of the school championship up to this date. Iris started out with a strong attack and it was not long until the first set was completed. The second set told a different story, and found Ethel serving and driving with excellent speed and Iris playing a purely defensive game. The set went to Miss Byrne 6-3. In the next set the game went to "deuce add" six times before Ethel succumbed to the player of the most experience. The final scores for the match were: 6-2, 3-6, and 6-4.

June '30 won the class championship by a score of sixteen points and June, '29, won second place with a score of eleven points. Manager Lillian Bianchini has started the Spring tournament which is being played off in the same way as the Fall contest was. At present there is a great deal of interest among the dopesters as to who the 1928 champions will be.





Swimming

Miss Farrell's would-be "channel swimmers" had their first lesson in aquatics on October 10th at the Y. W. C. A. pool. Under expert direction the girls of this group mastered many "trick" dives and fancy strokes. The beginner's class of twenty-five girls was instructed by Miss Holtz in the technique of strokes.



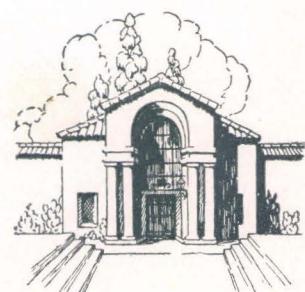
Dorothy Young, Muriel Penry, Madie Lutterkort, and Helen Hill.

The spring semester swimmers are working under the leadership of Mary Shea. Mary's plans include an interclass splash day, an exhibition match on play day with San Jose, and a meet with the "Y" in the early part of April. A large number of girls are expected to compete in the "Y" meet because it will be the first contest of the season with an outside team.

The mermaids of the college team met the Y. W. C. A. team on Tuesday, April 17. Obstacle races, fancy dives and plunges, relays and dashes were the main features of the meet. Claire Roland placed first in the 21-yard dash, second in the plunge for distance, and third in the 50-yard dash. Claire joined the ranks of the swimming class recently and has shown her skill in several interclass contests. Babe Murphy captured first place in the 50-yard dash and came in second in the plunge for distance. Marion Donaldson, Lillian Bianchini, Miriam Lynne and Marie Dietz were among the swimmers who represented the college in other events. The "Y" team rivaled San Francisco Teachers' College very closely in all the events and tied the final score—29 to 29.

Lillian Bianchini broke the record for long distance swimming recently. Lillian swam twenty-one lengths. Marion Donaldson made twenty lengths, breaking the old record of twelve lengths held by Agnes Frey.

Swimming has been unusually popular during the spring semester. The next event of importance will be the exhibition match on Play Day, May 12, when the San Francisco State Teachers' College meets San Jose Teachers' College at San Jose in an annual event. At that time many other activities, including speed ball, tennis, and volley ball will be features of the program.



Golf

During the fall of 1927 golf was started as one of the major sports of San Francisco State Teachers' College. Under the guidance of Coach Florence Hale, a club was organized and Anita Tiernan was elected manager.

The activities of the club started with a series of six lessons at Lincoln Park given by "Til" Cuneo, a popular instructor in San Francisco golf circles. Miss Hale, who was anxious for the students to get started, gave one day a week to the members and helped them with strokes. No doubt her interest as coach helped to arouse the enthusiasm of the golf fiends who were out on the "green" early and late.

"Peg" Kilgariff and Doris Malitz gave up "that morning slumber" during Christmas vacation and were seen on the fairway at Lincoln Park as early as 5 o'clock in the morning. They were getting in form for the tournament, which was held at the close of the semester. All the golfers played in the qualifying round, and the members having the lowest score were chosen to play in the final tournament. Hazel Bandettine proved to be champion by the score of 72. The club presented Hazel with a silver trophy upon which her name and class were engraved.

Edith Marian Feehan was chosen manager for the spring of 1928. She has planned a tournament for the early part of May. At present golf is the most popular sport of the season. In fact, it is so popular that a class in indoor golf is held in the new gymnasium on Saturday morning during the rainy weather.

Twenty-three of the golf enthusiasts enjoyed a dinner at the Western Women's City Club, 609 Sutter street, Tuesday evening, April 3rd. The table was decorated with a very attractive centerpiece composed of individual corsages of roses. Mr. Goggins, the speaker of the evening, was introduced by Miss Hale. Mr. Goggins, who is popular in professional golf circles, spoke of the handicaps of the game of the moment. He pointed out that form and technique must be mastered before a player can be successful in golf. The students enjoyed Mr. Goggins' instructive talk and planned several social events for the near future.

The competition between golf enthusiasts has been very keen during the past months. The students are anxious to qualify in the championship tournament. Ruth Kollmar and Kay Kenny have hopes of bringing renown and fame to their respective classes. At a recent meeting the members of the golf club voted to give a silver loving cup to the student who wins the finals. An individual has never been honored in this way before, and it is rumored that several students are up at dawn practicing for the final event. The prospective future of golf as a Women's Athletic Association activity ranks it in the major sport activities.

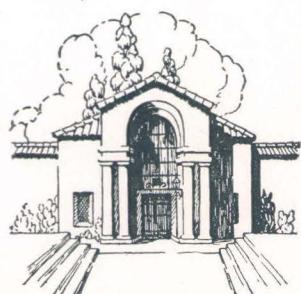




Volley Ball

When the month of February arrived, there was intense excitement among the members of W. A. A. When the twentieth of February arrived, this excitement reached its pitch. On February 20, the Volley Ball Interclass Tournament began. Enthusiasm greeted the day on which the class of June, '28 met the class of June, '29 for the first game. These two classes have always been rivals in W. A. A. sports. From the instant that the first whistle blew, the participants played as if their lives depended on the outcome of the game. "Bunny" Pierce of the Senior team delighted the onlookers with her skillful kills and dives. But the clever team work of the class of June, '29 defeated the Seniors.

A tense feeling was evident when the class of June, '28 and June, '29 played the next game. The clever play of both sides held the spectators breathless. All through the game victory hung in the balance. First the class of June, '29 was ahead; then the class of June, '28 took the lead. This play continued until June, '29 retained the lead by several points and appeared certain of victory. The class of June, '28 would not give up however. Their valiant rally in the last few minutes of the game made them the champions again this year.





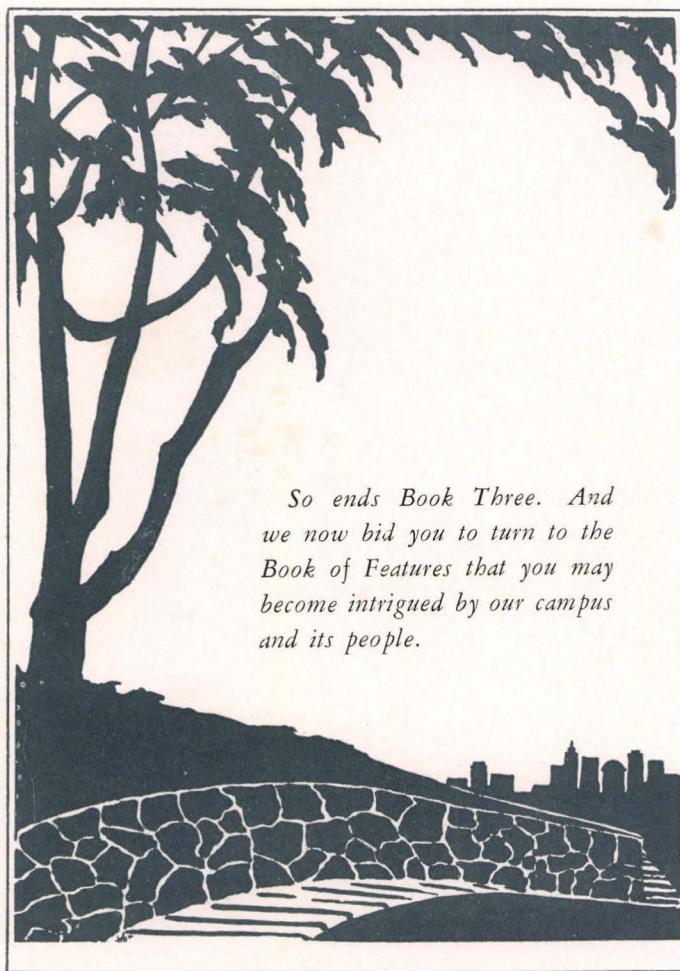
Natural Dancing

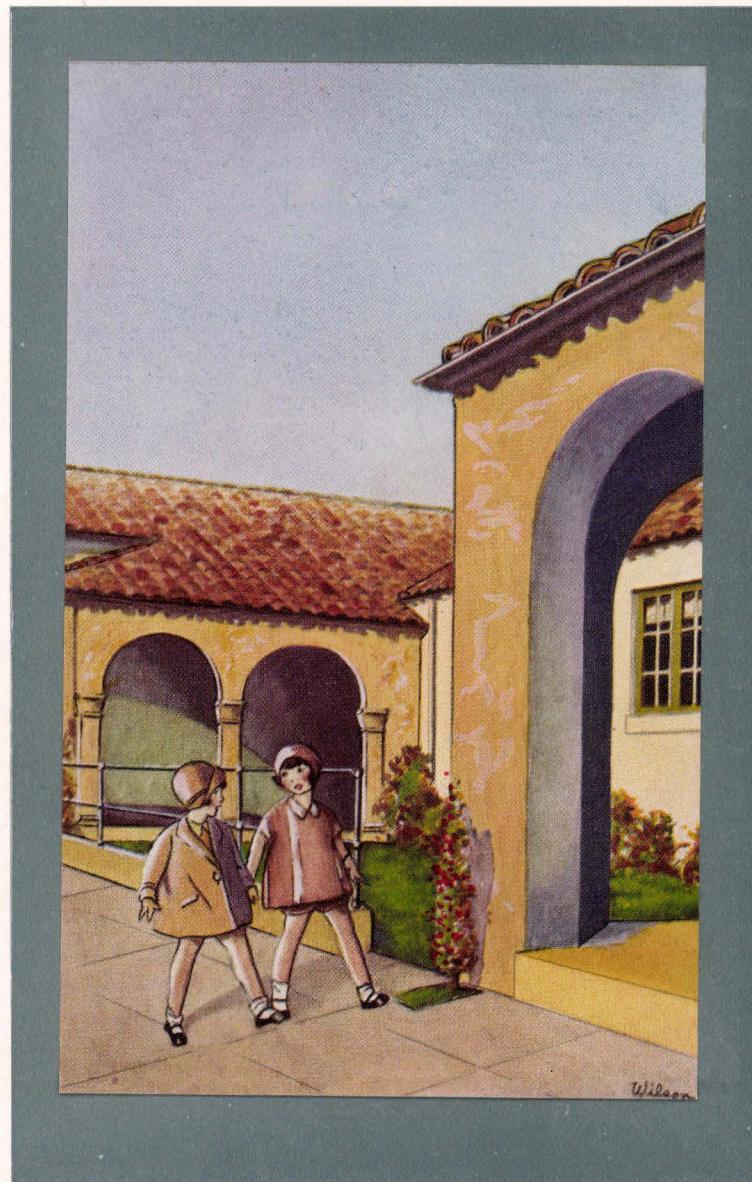
From Greece, from Spain, from Italy, from the far Orient, all that is graceful and aesthetic in dancing comes to the students of the natural dancing class in our college through the medium of the dainty little artist of the dance, Miss Farrell. Miss Farrell has studied dancing under Pavlez and Ouskainsky, ballet masters of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. The students of her class are indeed fortunate in having the benefit of her experience coupled with her natural talent.

Every semester the natural dancing class gives a demonstration lesson which is attended by the faculty and students. These demonstrations are always a delight and an inspiration to the audience. Frequently during the past year this class presented impromptu entertainments at teas, assemblies, and club meetings. Some of the dances that were given were: The Skipping Dance, Zirango, Brahms Waltz, La Jota (Spanish), and Vera, Portuguese. The grace and charm with which these programs were presented made them a source of joy to the spectators.

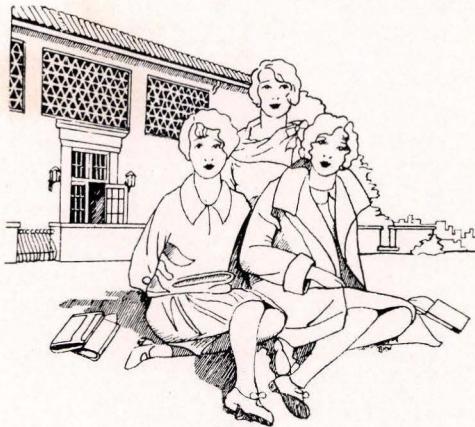
The natural dancing class has many values for the student teacher. The student receives not only a knowledge of the technique of dancing, but she receives also an added culture which will mean so much to her in her profession.







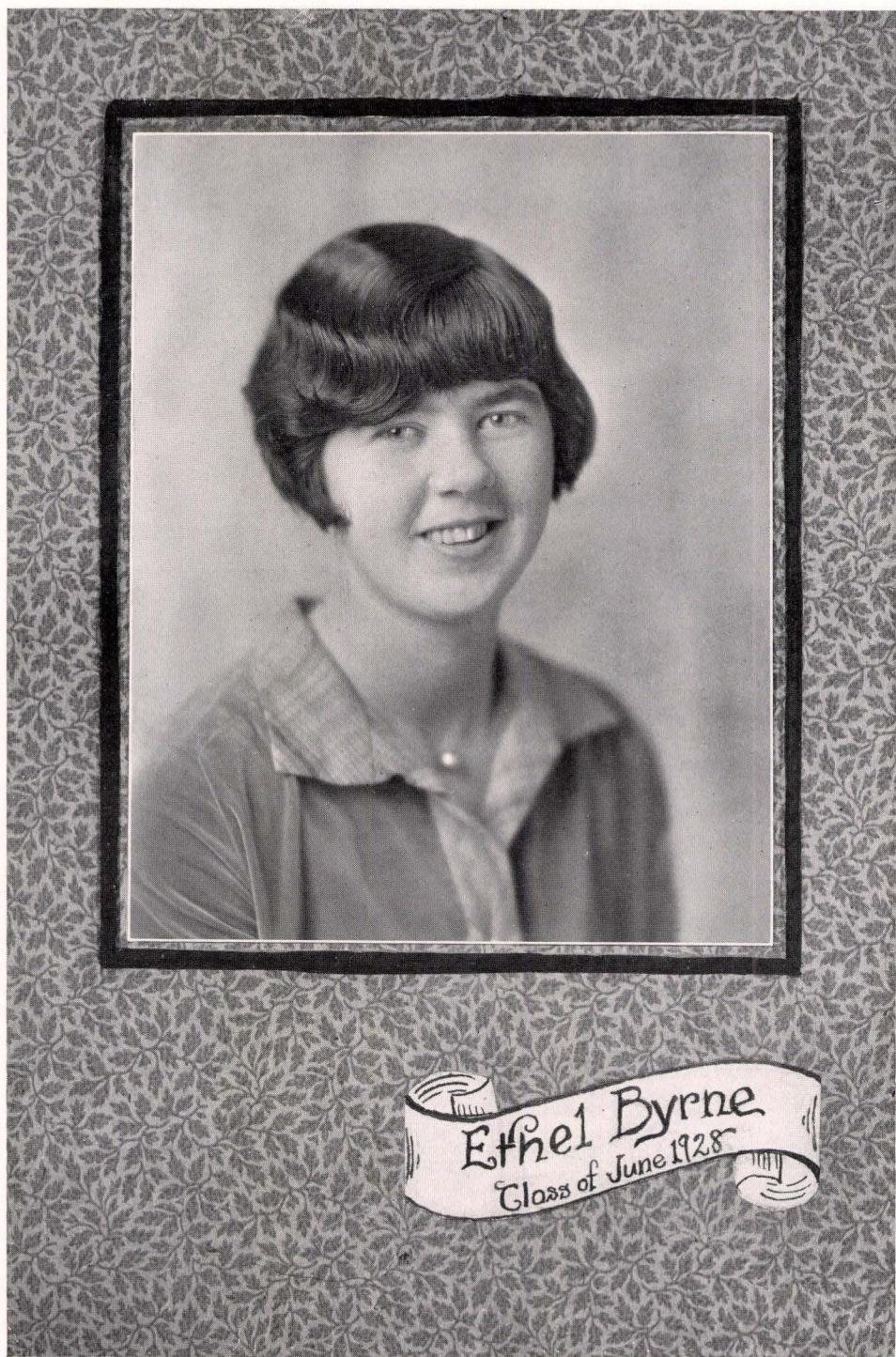
Features



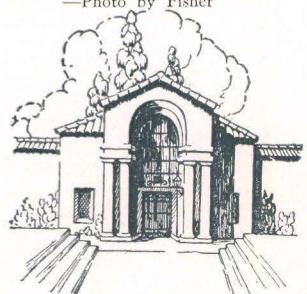
Representative Women

In the following pages we present a new feature in our college publications: the photographs of the most representative girl of each class. The request to elect representative girls came as a surprise to the various classes as they were holding meetings on February 14, "Picture Day." A vote by ballot was taken by each class. The voters were asked to consider the following five points in making their choices: leadership, scholarship, personality, participation in school activities, and service to the college. The ballots were counted by the editorial staff and checked by faculty members. Final decisions depended upon scholarship and these decisions rested with the scholarship committee. Since there was no opportunity for campaigning before the vote was taken, the results of the election may be considered a true expression of the opinions of the majority of each class.





—Photo by Fisher





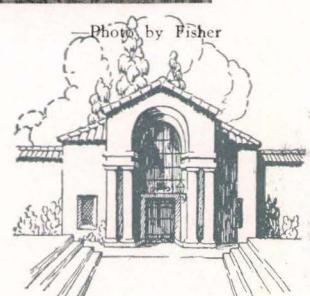
—Photo by Fisher



[Ninety-seven]



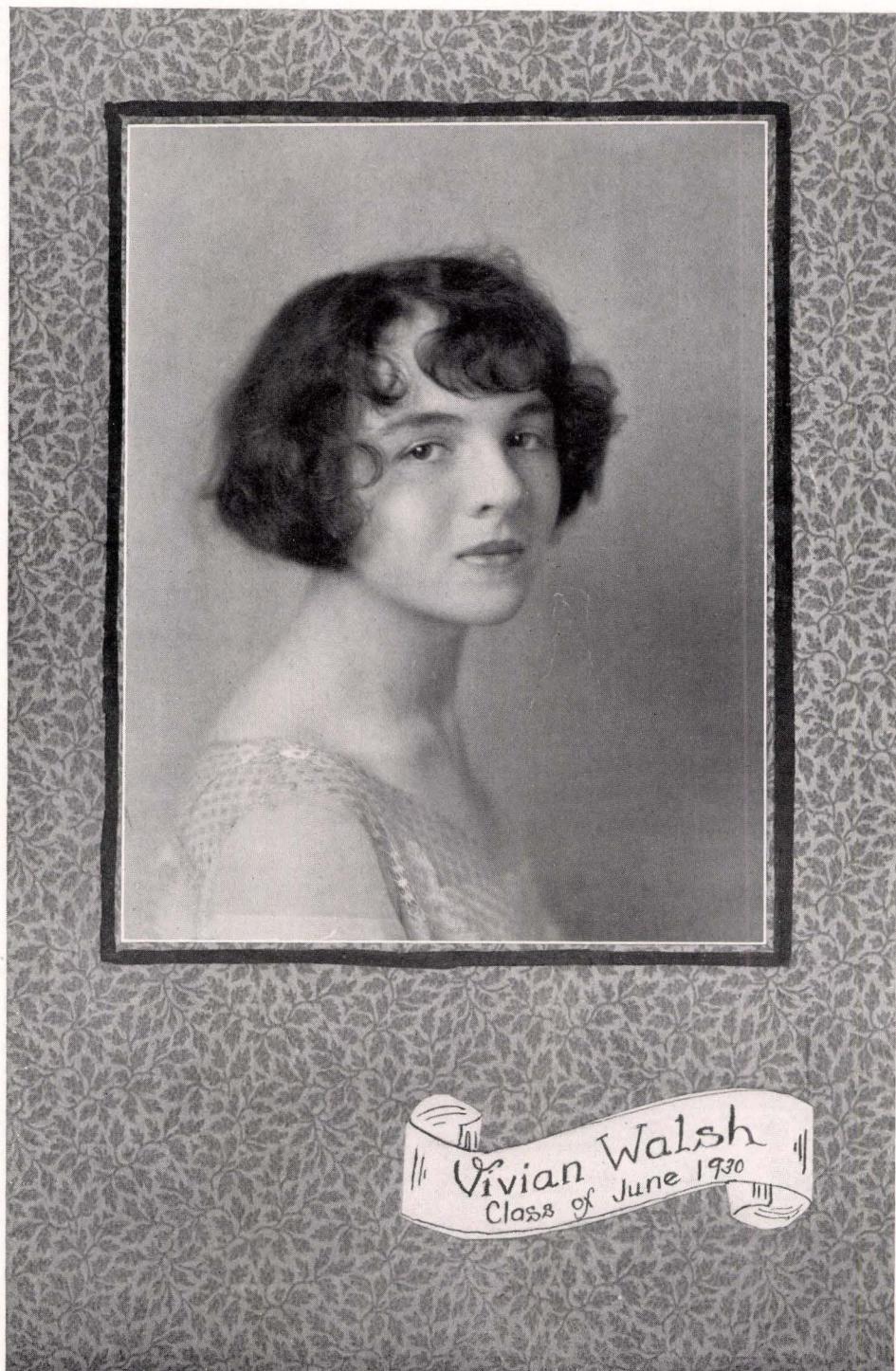
Velma Schultz
Class of June 1929



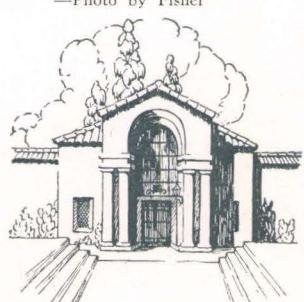


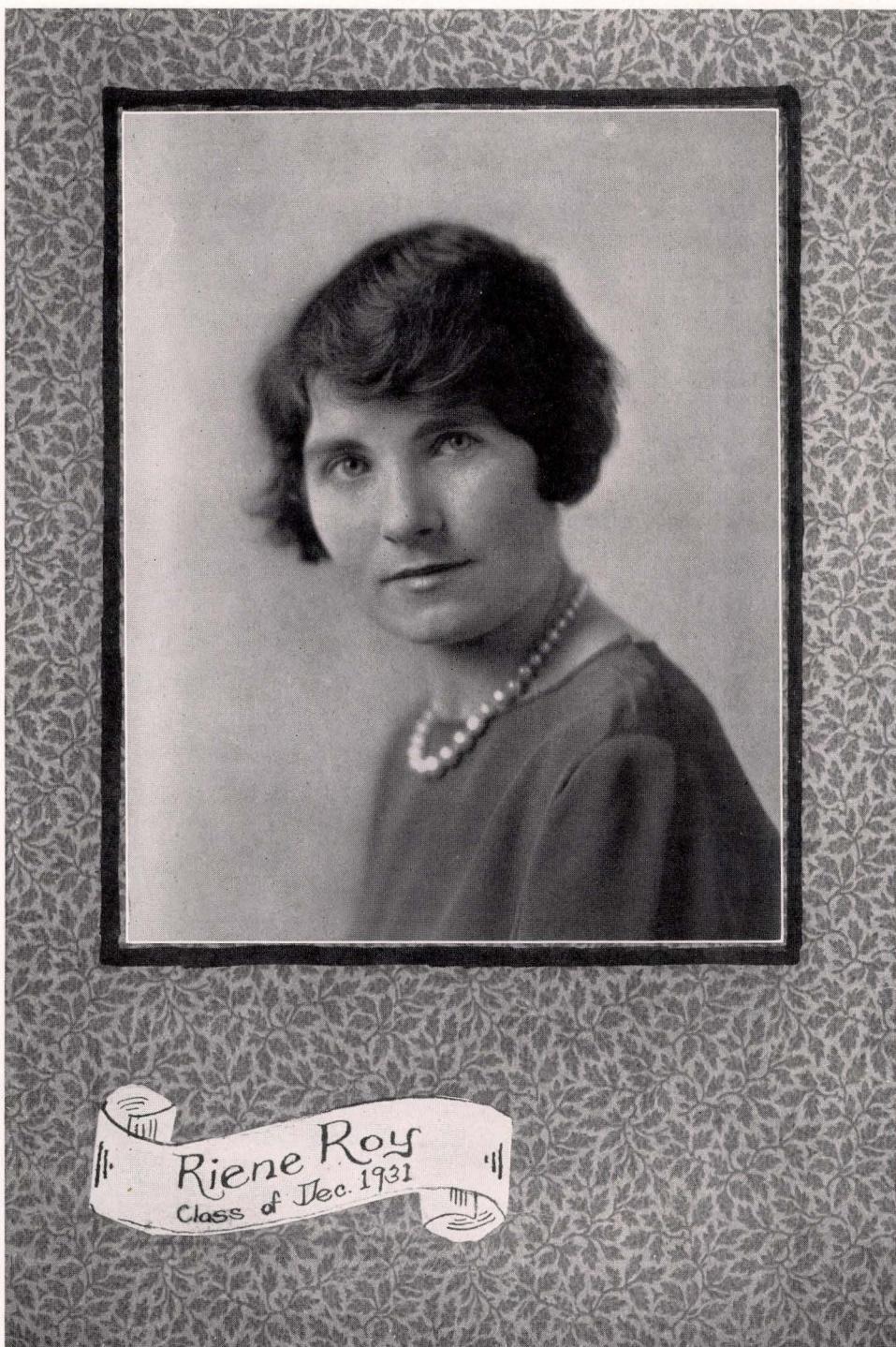
—Photo by Fisher





—Photo by Fisher





—Photo by Fisher





Just Between Us Girls

AUGUST 22: "Oh, my dear! You're as brown as a berry! Isn't the river a dream? (Marge knew I had spent the summer at Rio Nido). "Are you still allowing Bob the pleasure of your company? He's a dear! I mean he really is! Ted is just fine. Wait until I tell you about last week-end! My dear, you'll die!"

But I was so worried about my program! I'm supposed to teach something or other this semester, and I haven't the slightest conception of what it's all about. I simply abhor registration day.

AUGUST 25: Poor Marge. She is a Senior Advisor, too, but she can't seem to see things from a freshman's standpoint at all. Today we gave a party for the freshmen and Marge was on the refreshment committee.

"I feel like a grandmother," she said, "being responsible for food for the babes."

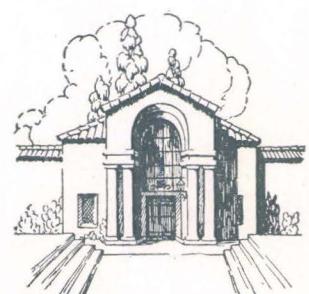
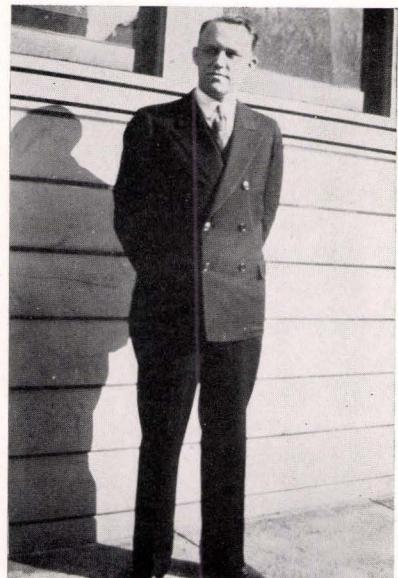
"Babes!" I said. "Some of them are as old as you are!" (I don't believe in the theory that freshmen should be down-trodden). Anyway, "the party was a great success," as society writers say. Fanny sang, Orpha and Mary played, and Gladie recited that one about "Little Nell." I felt much better when I left, 'cause Marge whispered to me, "Not a word to anyone, my dear, but some of those freshmen will never become school teachers! They (meaning the freshmen) are positively adorable!"

SEPTEMBER 1: "Marge," I said, today, as we were running to our 9 o'clock class while the bell rang, "have you as yet caught a glimpse of our new President? He's here today and I'm dying to see him."

SEPTEMBER 6: "There he is, Dot!" That's what Marge screamed at me today at the reception which was held in the old gym in honor of Dr. Roberts. I was simply mortified to tears! I was so afraid that Miss Ward would hear her. Why, she was almost beside me. She was officiating as hostess. (Not Marge, Miss Ward, y'understand).

"The reception was lovely, wasn't it?" I asked Marge on the way home. But she said that she didn't like the punch. She would say that. Just because she wasn't on the committee, I guess.

SEPTEMBER 14: Marge and I sat together in the Assembly Hall while Dr. Roberts gave his first address to the students. I enjoyed it immensely. Marge took the words out of my mouth when she said, "He's priceless, my dear, and doesn't he say the most interesting things?"



Calendar

SEPTEMBER 16: The first *Vigilante* came out today, and I refused to talk to Marge until I'd read every little bit of it. It certainly is wonderful to know once more what's going on. I can't bear suspense.

SEPTEMBER 23: The launch ride yesterday was just ravishing.

"Marge!" I screamed at her, while we were running up the hill to get the car. "Did you bring any pickles?" She admitted that she had forgotten them. Imagine my horror! I was simply petrified! A picnic lunch without pickles! So we had to stop and get some before we went down to the launch. We always go to Paradise Cove on those cunning Crowley launches. We dance downstairs and sing upstairs. It is just divine! Marge loves to sing; so, being a lover of good music myself, I persuaded her to stay downstairs and keep away from temptation.

Well, we arrived and ate voluptuously. (I don't know what voluptuously means as yet, but I'm going to take another English course from Miss Kleinecke next semester. I really derived a great deal of benefit from English I, I think; I learned four gorgeous new words).

"My dear," said Marge, "shall we dance, or shall we take a walk? The moonlight is precious tonight. If only Ted——"

But then, you know, Marge is that type. The moonlight affected her so badly that all the way home she was simply speechless. Sometimes I really can't understand her.

OCTOBER 4: "The Class of January '28 is holding a big dinner tonight, and I heard that they expected to have a perfectly marvelous time! My dear, can you bear it? I think it's raucous! They are graduating so soon, too. If I knew I were going to graduate in a few weeks, I would simply perish. I say I don't like college and all that, but really graduation is horribly pathetic—just like marriage or dying or something." Marge said this to me while Miss Holmes was closing the door. Sometimes I think she is—well, probably not quite as intelligent as other people. My dear, don't mistake me. I'm talking about Marge.

OCTOBER 6: "Say, Marge, can you imagine? January '28 won the school sing! They would, though, being Seniors. Experience counts for so much." I had to tell Marge about it, because she wasn't there. She's afraid of ruining her voice. When she graduates she wants to be a music instructor like Miss Levy, you see, and it really is an effort for her to be silent during yells.

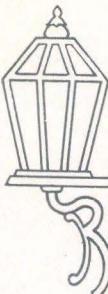
OCTOBER 13: I am the most absent-minded person. At times it is really most embarrassing. I think that some day I'll be a great professor, probably like the one who kissed his umbrella and put his wife in the sink to drip. At any rate, Marge appeared today in the sweetest little blue sweater with Ted's pin on it. (He is an I Keppa Upsolong or something).

"What causes this?" I asked her.

"Why, my deah," she said in her bridge tea voice, "tonight the Student Body is holding a Weinie Roast at the Beach, or am I misinformed? I believe a special car has been arranged for, and——"

"Marge," I said, in my most disgusted tone, "if you are trying to be high-hat, no





one knows it. (I was referring to myself, of course). As for the Weinie Roast, I knew about that all the time. I can't see why you have to dress up this way for it, unless you think Ted's pin shows up to a better advantage on blue!" With these words, I turned on my heel and left her. I had forgotten about the Weinie Roast, but only over my dying body shall she find out. The little cat!

OCTOBER 19: Today I condescended to sit with Margaret (that is Marge's maiden name) during the fashion show. I haven't forgotten the way she acted over the Weinie Roast. My feelings are hurt so easily. The clothes were perfectly ravishing! And the girls! You never know how good looking your classmates are until they dress up! Take Helen Garvin for instance. Marge and I forgot the great chasm that yawned between us, and clasped each other in ecstasy over the white evening gown that Helen wore. Marge has such a wonderful vocabulary. (She took English I twice).

"My dear," she actually squealed, "isn't Pat Schulze a vision in that tailored effect?"
"Don't you think Cecile Kelly looks like a dream?"

"I can't wear dresses that style; I am simply a nightmare!"

It really seemed so natural to sit with Marge that I about decided to forget the horrid affair over the Weinie Roast.

OCTOBER 20: "What did you think of the Freshman program today?" Marge asked me as we were on the way down to Dixon's to get a soda. Their sodas are too sublime.

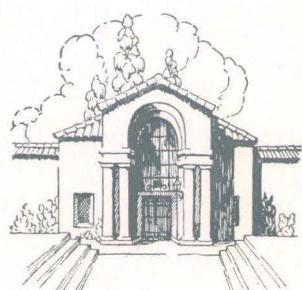
"It was precious, I thought. I mean it really was. Some of those girls are awfully clever, considering that they are only uneducated freshmen. You remember the one who sang? Not a word to anyone, of course, my dear, but I heard that her brother is the most divine man!"

OCTOBER 28: "At last it's here!" I said to Marge, while Dr. Rypins was propounding one of his pet theories this morning. (Of course, I didn't mean the theory, because he has more of them than Africa has brunettes, and he's continually going off on a tangent about them. I meant the Glee Club dinner dance at the Women's Club Building. It's the biggest affair that they have ever given. Just about everyone is going). "I'm so thrilled! What are you going to wear? I'm wearing my green georgette, the one with little rhinestone buckles. Bob is—"

"S-sh! He's looking," whispered Marge. (She meant Dr. Rypins). "I'm wearing my little peach colored chiffon. Ted borrowed the Buick. It will simply be heavenly! I think the Glee Club is marvelous to undertake such a huge affair, don't you? But then, it is about the largest organization in the school, and Miss Levy is an old peach."

Dr. Rypins interrupted her then. I think he's the most inconsiderate man! Why, anyone can talk about the things he does! I wanted to hear more about the dinner. You see, Marge is secretary of the Glee Club.

NOVEMBER 4: The Babes are eating tonight at the Jack o'Lantern Inn, in Berkeley; Miss Barbour has taken the great responsibility.



NOVEMBER 8: Ted is Marge's finance—no-fiance. I always get finance and fiance mixed. They do have some kind of a common bond, though, I think. Anyway, Ted and Marge and Bob and I went to see the College Theater plays tonight.

"I simply couldn't control myself. I was most horribly embarrassed—but that part about the egg! Imagine anyone having a suppressed desire for an egg! Can you bear it? Oh, my dear!" Marge offered this apology to Ted because she had shrieked so loudly during one of the four one-act plays. Ted laughed himself, too. Afterwards he told Bob and me that since the college has such good male impersonators, he guessed that soon men would be as useless as the "Quiet must be maintained" signs in the library. Really, Ted is awfully clever.

NOVEMBER 9: "Good gravy!" said Marge, after Dr. Rypins had finished his speech at the "Annual" rally today. At times Marge is unbearably slangy. "If I weren't absolutely wild about that man's courses, I'd say he was impossible. Anyway, Dr. Rypins and I have one thing in common: we both think Dr. Rypins is just the berries!"

I don't have time to think about him because I was so worried over the business end of the Annual. Being on a committee is really a great responsibility. I'm afraid I shall be old before my time.

NOVEMBER 10: "Well, that's over!" I told Marge on the way home from the W. A. A. tea at the Hotel St. Francis this afternoon. The W. A. A. is the backbone of the college. I am the treasurer of the W. A. A.

"Dot," answered Marge, "at times you are absolutely impossible. That tea was simply precious. Why, Miss Farrell is a perfect dancer. Not a word, Dot, but personally I think she is throwing her life away teaching in this college. If Ziegfeld ever comes to San Francisco we'll lose Sarah Louise Farrell. Wouldn't she fit into his Rio Rita perfectly in her Spanish costume? And Vivian Green's scarf dance! I think we have some of the most gifted people at this school! Why, I simply dote on teas like that one."

"You would," I interrupted her. "You weren't on a committee. Really, my life is just one committee after another. Why, I haven't done one assignment this semester!"

NOVEMBER 16: "My dear, I can hardly drag myself around this morning. I know I shall simply perish if I have to study!" Marge and I attended the big rally last night.

"Wasn't Miss Holtz a riot? My dear, even to my dying day I'll never forget the faculty stunt. They seemed almost human! Why I can't think of one organization in this college that didn't take part. And the food! Did you get any of Kay's cake? I simply gorged myself. I ate two pieces! I completely lost count of my calories, and if I gain back that half pound I lost last week I'll die, that's all. I'll just die."

Marge was almost in tears over her lost half pound. Poor girl, it is so hard for her to be beautiful, but really she makes a brave and noble effort. The rally was a huge success, though, I think. It was the best, biggest and peppiest one we have ever





given. If Marge "gorged" herself on two pieces of cake, may Aliah have mercy on me!

NOVEMBER 16: Kathleen Norris gave Marge and me a thrill of our lives today. After her talk to the students she shook hands with me! I feel now as if I had been hallowed, as if I'd been baptized in the Ganges, or had kissed the Blarney Stone. I have a sort of holy feeling in my heart, because some day I aspire to write something. I can't tell Marge about this ambition because I know she'd tell me again about

the time that Gloria Swanson looked at her; I know that anecdote so well I could tell it myself.

NOVEMBER 18: "It's really too bad, dear," Marge said to me while we were eating hot dogs in Tillie's this noon, "that you're not in my class. (She meant December '28). We have so many gorgeous chummy little affairs. Take last night, for instance. We had a perfectly marvelous time: dinner at the Hotel Somerton and then the cleverest play, "Why Men Leave Home," at the President Theater. It was just priceless! Some parts of it were—well, of course, dear, I know you won't say anything, but I was surprised beyond words to see Miss Ward and Miss McFadden laughing! Actually laughing, my dear! Sometimes I think they are almost human—the faculty, you know."

That makes twice she has told me about the faculty being human. I wonder if—and she said once that Mr. Ray was—oh, I shouldn't be so catty I suppose, but I too think that Mr. Ray is really handsome.

NOVEMBER 18: "Did you see Louise Tray's dress?" I asked Marge while Dr. Biddle was calling the roll.

"But it's a great responsibility to be president of the graduating class," I said. I spoke from experience too, because I have served on several committees around the school.

"Oh, Dot, sometimes I could shake you, actually shake you! Just think of a Senior farewell dinner at the Women's Club, and Dr. Roberts making one of his adorable little speeches, and all that! Why I'd given my teeth and toe nails to be in such a thrilling position as Louise!"

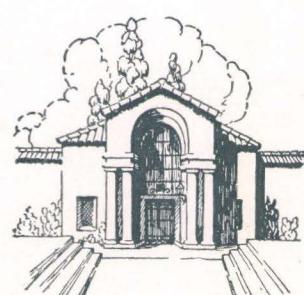
I'm sure Marge will end up by being the first woman president of the United States or something similar; she has such lofty ideals.

NOVEMBER 30: "Oh, Marge, here's your opportunity to achieve the fame and fortune which you crave," I said to Marge today while we were reading the notices on the bulletin boards around the college. "Miss Wilson is organizing a debating club."

"Dot, don't be silly!" Marge said, "I'd die. I wouldn't have the courage to stand up before a crowd and make a speech! It must be nerve racking to—"

"Only the other day you said that you wished you were Louise Tray so that you could occupy a place of honor. I suppose that you wish now that you were Bunny Pierce, or Ethel Byrne, or Bertha Hill." (They are the girls who received W. A. A. pins at the rally last night).

Evidently Marge didn't appreciate my cutting sarcasm, because she merely said,



"Oh, no! Athletics are so tiring! And basketball is horribly hard on my fingernails. I played once in P. E. VII and the next day two of my nails were simply ruined! I was so mortified when Ted and I went to dinner! I even tried to eat with my left hand! Then another thing

—my throat is sore from screaming during the game last night. Aren't the gold basketballs that June '28 won adorable? I would love to wear one. I wish your class had won them, Dot; I mean I really do."

I wonder if she thought I would—. Well, I wonder what she meant by that last remark. Marge is a lovely girl, but I really don't see how she passed P. E. IV. Why, during the game last night I said, "Oh, look, Marge! Bunny is going to shoot a goal!"

"What did the goal do?" she asked. I wonder if Miss Hale could have stepped out the night before Marge's class took their finals?

DECEMBER 3: Marge was awfully angry today; she was simply furious! Someone had promised to give her a bid to the Senior Farewell Ball which is going to be held tonight in the Italian Room at the Hotel St. Francis. The bids, you know, aren't supposed to be given to anyone except the seniors.

"If that girl thinks she can ritz me that way! Why she said herself she wasn't going and I could have her bid! I even had a marcel yesterday, and Ted borrowed Dudley's tux!" (Marge must have been wild to make that break about the family tux. As a rule, when Ted doesn't wear it, she always says that Dudley borrowed it.) "And the Italian room is simply gorgeous, and the music will be marvelous, and above all I wanted to wear my new orchid dress. Why, last week mother sat up three nights to make it. The Senior Ball is the most important event of the year, too! Oh, how can I face Ted? Oh, Dot, I hate that girl. I'm just sick. I think I'll go to bed!"

"Now what category would Miss Holmes put that in?" I thought, but what I said was, "Oh, that's terrible, Marge! Simply infuriating! Who was the girl?"

"Oh, I don't know," Marge said. "Some dodo in my art class. She's horrid looking. She wears a moth-eaten fur coat and is so dumb she thinks Gladstone is an engagement ring!"

"Why, Marge!" I cried in genuine horror, "I've never heard you talk like that before. Anyway, dear—"

"Oh, all right, if you don't care about me!" She hung up. You see, we were talking over the telephone and that made it worse. I hope she doesn't commit suicide, or kill herself. Marge is so temperamental, you know.

DECEMBER 9: "That's that!" I said, slamming shut a book at 3 o'clock today. The Christmas vacation had started for me, but Marge had a 4 o'clock class. Poor girl, she is horribly browbeaten. I saw her in the hall after I had collected my books. I had some Constitution to study, of course. I had taken the liberty of not doing it once before and getting a "D." But liberty is—well, there's no need to go into details;





she coughed and had to cover her mouth with her left hand.

"Marge!" I cried. "It's adorable, ravishing, exquisite!" By this time I was looking very closely at the diamond. "Ted?" I asked. "Are his intentions honorable?"

"I'm afraid so," Marge answered. "I'm so thrilled to be engaged!"

"And you really mean it?"

"Oh, no, my dear, but it's lots of fun! Words can never express——"

"But just then the bell rang. I do hate a semester that hangs over as our fall one does. I sincerely hope Dr. Roberts does something about it. Anyway, I went over to look at the new Science building; it opened today. I hear we shall receive punch therein at 3 o'clock; so I shall stay late this afternoon.

JANUARY 7: "My, my! Our Student Body is getting to be just too collegiate!" I said to the future Mrs. Anderson today (that's Ted's name). Marge, Ted, Dudley (Ted's brother) and I (I am through with men forever; I am going with Dudley merely to please Marge) are going to the Student Body dance in the Red and Gold rooms at the Fairmont!

But referring to our conversation this morning, Marge said: "Wear your apricot georgette, dear. And, oh Dot! I'm so thrilled. Ted is simply an old dear! He has promised me an orchid corsage! I'm so glad that our student body has decided to hold really gorgeous dances; it's so, oh well, you know what I mean. I hope it becomes an annual affair, don't you?"

JANUARY 9: "Have you seen Mr. Plus Four?"

"What!" Marge's hair almost stood up straight! If she hadn't had a hat on, I know it would have.

"Do you have reference to our new Dean?" she said in hushed voice, "Dean Du Four?" Believe me, I felt so small I could have crawled through a keyhole. I'd just heard rumors, and I thought it was a joke! My embarrassment was too great to express in words. What had I done? Oh, I shall never again speak on the spur of the moment, and he is our new dean, too. Marge told me afterwards that she had seen him, even talked to him and that he was just too precious, and an ideal man. I feel as if I owe him an apology.

JANUARY 12-13: Marge and I had the most terrible argument in Constitution this morning. My dear, it was horrible. You see I'm doing some campaigning for Ethel (she's going to be our new Student Body president) and Marge is doing some for Cecyl.

"The W. A. A.," says Marge, "has everything in this school! More than half the girls running for office belong to the W. A. A!"

everyone finds out about Liberty and government and all that sooner or later.

But I was talking about Marge; wasn't I? She promised to write to me every day. Of course I don't expect more than a Christmas card; so I told her I'd answer every letter at once.

JANUARY 3: "Dot darling! I should have sent you a Chirstmas card, but I lost your new address, and I was horribly busy! Why, I didn't finish my gifts until Chritmas eve! And my dear——" Then



At this moment Mrs. Cowell became dramatic. "Miss Jones," she said, "what could be worse than a man without a country?"

But Marge was ready for her. "A country without a man!" she answered under her breath. She had spent hours reading the congressional digest the night before. After her reply, she turned to me again. I was ready for her too.

"Why not?" I came back fiercely, like a mother bear protecting her little bears. "Why not? The best girls in the school belong—"

"They do not! Cecyl stands for—"

"She does not!"

"She does too!"

Just as I was about to make my point, Mrs. Cowell called on me.

"Do you know," she shouted and pointed her finger at me, "that there is a murder committed every hour in Chicago?"

"Yes! Isn't that killing!" I thought, and then the bell rang. Believe me, I was thankful because I had made posters for Ethel until midnight, instead of reading the newspapers. But it was worth it, because, although it was a battle to the bitter end, Ethel Byrne is going to be president of the Student Body next semester. I couldn't resist the temptation to smile when Marge failed to mention the election, while we took down posters in the hall this afternoon.

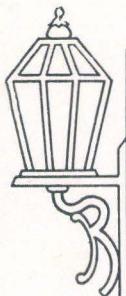
JANUARY 21: Today it begins again. After the rush of finals last week Marge told me that she was simply worn out. She didn't have pep enough to go to Ted's fraternity dance at the Fairmont last night. I realize that examinations are an awful nuisance when one has to go out every evening with one's fiance, and think about clothes and all. I am so thankful that men do not interest me any more. I am going to give my life to my profession. Incidentally, the freshmen are taking their English A examinations today.

JANUARY 23: "Registration for children," Marge said today in the gym. (She and I are assisting the faculty).

"Margaret," I said, "once more I must impress upon you the fact that I don't believe in the theory that freshmen should be downtrodden by their superiors."

Marge knows this is one of my strong points. I believe every woman should have strong points. Really I have changed a lot during the past semester. Once I, too, was young and frivolous, but due to a blighted romance—well, I do not choose to talk further of my ruined life at present.





JANUARY 30: "Oh, Dot! I have a heavenly program this semester. I'm taking three courses from Dr. Biddle. This morning he told us all about his views on matrimony. Really, my dear, he is most fascinating. I just enjoy his courses so."

Needless to say I don't feel so joyful over my program this semester. I have been induced to take Boiology II and Education 102. But is it just as Shakespeare said in one of his famous lines:

"He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil,
God's our warrant."

FEBRUARY 8: I really should have attended the College Theater installation dinner tonight, but I am steeped in study. Sometimes when I'm lonely, I even think I'll write to Bob, not saying I'd like to see him. Oh, I could never bring myself to that. I could just ask how he is. I wonder if he passed his exes. And really—No! No! I put the thought out of my mind. I shall not weaken.

FEBRUARY 10: "Wasn't that the most interesting talk?" I asked Marge as we came out of the Asembly Hall after Mr. Blanchard's lecture on China.

"Very, very interesting," she agreed. "It must be wonderful to have travelled as much as he has. Imagine all the things he has seen: the Chinese women beginning to oppose bound feet, and bobbing hair! I find it most interesting to look occasionally at how the other half lives. Not a word, Dot, to anyone, but aside from the lecture, don't you think Mr. Blanchard is handsome? He's so forceful. My dear, I sat there in rapt admiration."

"Marge," I answered, "I am not interested in the opposite sex."

FEBRUARY 14: "My dear, I haven't a thing to wear this afternoon!" Marge whispered to me while Miss McFadden was talking about chromosones. Miss McFadden was the only one interested (in chromosones, I mean); so it really didn't matter.

"Why don't you wear that gorgeous blue crepe? It really looks marvelous on you."

"Oh, that old thing! To the St. Francis, and for such a big affair? Oh, I'm worried! Why, everyone will be there. Bea has an adorable new ensemble. And Pauline Fredricks will be there. Why, my dear, if I have to wear my old blue dress I'll simply perish!"

"Don't be too sure about Pauline," I said. "We actresses are often detained at the theatre." (I have frequently made dates while rehearsing for College Theatre plays. I know how it is).

"Dot, you're horrid! I don't think I'll go!"

"Marge! You have to! You're at our table. I'll lend you my scarf if you want it. It will look stunning with your dress."

"Oh, Dot, you're just an old peach! I know I am perfectly miserable sometimes. I really want to see Miss Farrell dance. She's a doll, isn't she? She is too young and beautiful to teach, don't you think so? I wonder if——"

"Oh, yes. Don't worry about that! I know a lot, Marge, and you could learn a lot, too, if you went across the bay once in a while."

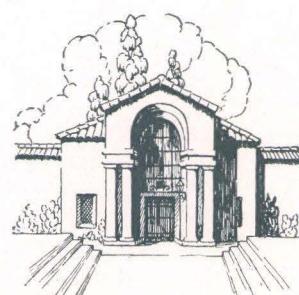
"Dorothy! How perfectly thrilling! What do you mean? Is he——"

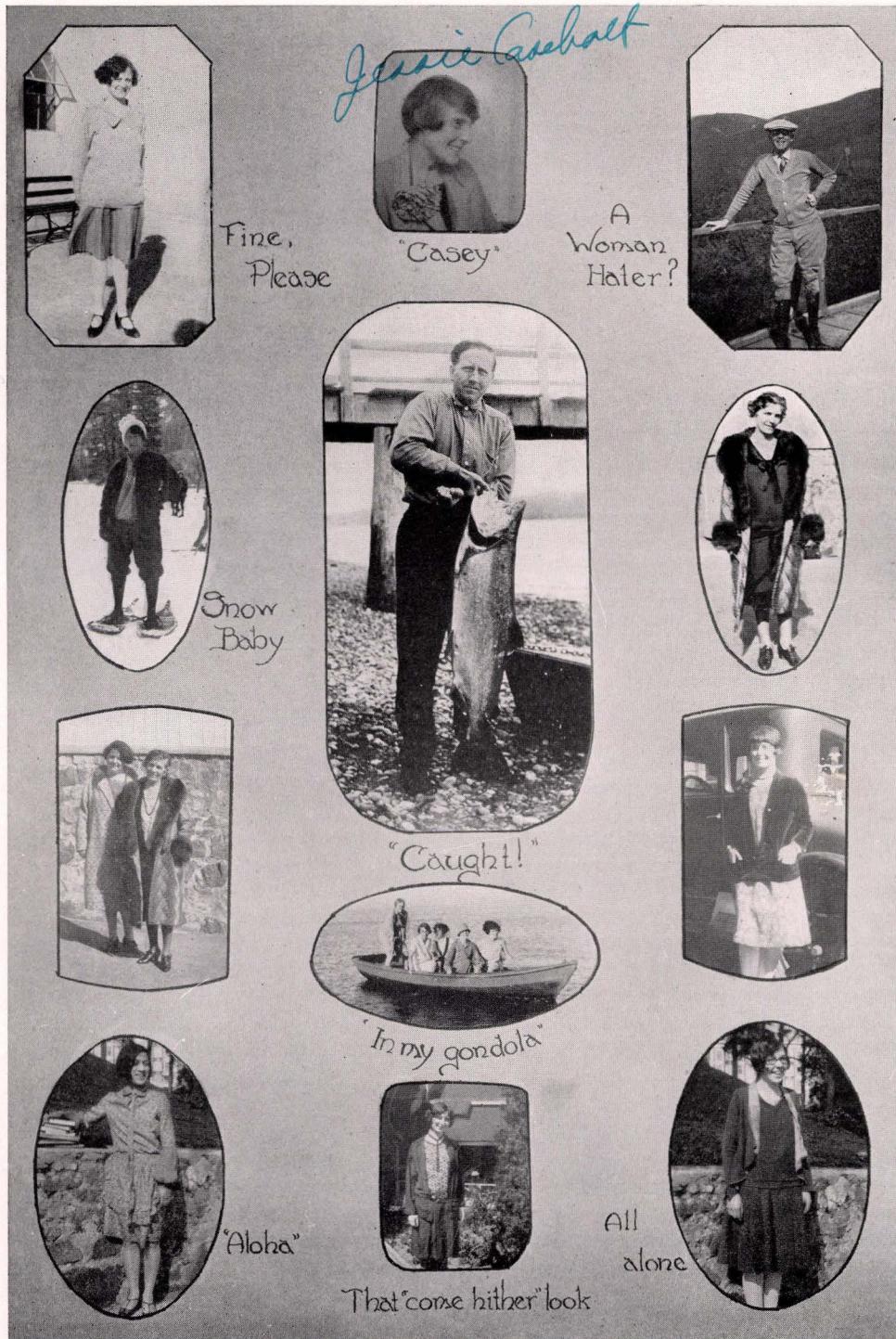
But Miss McFadden made a rather pointed remark about weak, nervous systems just then, so I didn't hear the rest of Marge's question.

FEBRUARY 27: "Let's go to town, Marge; I want to get a pair of stockings."

"Oh, Dot, I can't, I have to go to class; I didn't get much sleep last night. Did you hear how June '28's breakfast at the Beach Chalet turned out yesterday morning?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "Mary told me that they had a priceless time. I saw her place card. The place cards all had cute little verses about the girls who got them. Clever idea, wasn't it?"







"Oh, novel!" said Marge. "I wish our class would do something like that. I'll bring it up at the next meeting."

MARCH 1: "Marge, who is Claire Grimes?"

"Dot! Don't tell me you don't know Claire!"

"Is she the one with bobbed hair?" I began.

"My dear, don't be absurd! She is one of the most adorable freshmen! Why, she plays the lead in 'Bab' tonight. I can't believe that you could be so impossible as not to know Claire."

"Orpha and Frances are playing with her; aren't they?" I asked, not to be outdone by Marge.

"Yes. Doesn't Orpha make a gorgeous man?"

"Simply divine," I agreed.

"What time are you leaving home tonight, Dot?"

"Oh, about 7:30. I want to get a good seat."

"Listen, dear, would it put you out a great deal if I ask you to call for me?"

"Certainly not," I said, and then shouted over my shoulder, "Be ready when I get there!" You see, I was running up the hill to get the College Six—that's our car—when I passed Marge.

MARCH 9: "How would you like to get a bust in the hall of fame?" I asked Marge today.

"Would it hurt?" she asked.

"No, silly," I retorted, "join the Debating Club and debate; that's all."

"Are you a member," she asked.

"And how!" I came back at her. "I'm going to the debate tonight."

"Well, my dear, I can't say that I'm interested. You see, Ted is—"

"But Marge, debating is one thing in which every woman, regardless of the fact that she intends to be a school teacher, should be interested. There are times when every girl must debate!"

"Dot, have you been keeping something from me? Are you going to debate tonight? I mean are you on the debating team?"

"That," I answered, "remains to be seen, but take my word for it, the debate will be well worth your attention, because the subject concerns the question of married women working! And Jo Mulvihill has made up a perfect rooting section."

"Oh, Dot! How perfectly thrilling!" I had to leave her then, because the last bell had rung ten minutes before and I had a class with Mr. Boulware.

MARCH 12: "Ted said the cleverest thing to me last night," said Marge. "I was showing him some snapshots that I intended to give to Jerry for the annual. Remember the ones we had taken in natural dancing? Well, he was looking at those! My dear, I didn't know they were in the envelope! I almost perished! 'The more we see of girls,' he said, 'the more we see of girl!' I didn't think anything of it at the time, but after he left—. My dear, wasn't that clever though, Dot, really clever? Ted is priceless at times."

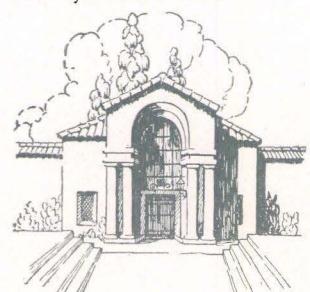
"Have you bought your annual?" I repeated mechanically. I'd been saying it over since the fifth of March, on an average of sixty times an hour. "The annual is going to be wonderful this year. My picture is in it seven times."

"Oh, yes. I paid for mine at 9 o'clock last Monday morning," she said. "My picture is horrid. It looks just like me—not a bit flattering!"

"I don't see how Jeanne finds time to study," I said. "Being editor is a great responsibility." I spoke from experience, because I'm selling them. "Jeanne's annual will be something to be proud of! She's done more work and—"

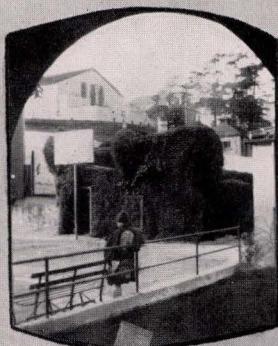
"Well, what about Mabel Williams?" asked Marge.

"Poor Mabel," I said, "she's another hard-working soul. I really think she's





"Above the storied city"



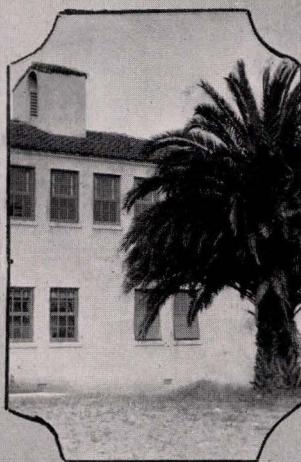
"The First Terrace"



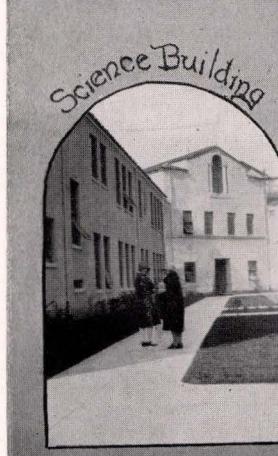
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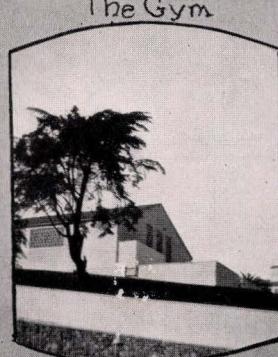
A Shady Path



School Babies



Science Building



The Gym



The Craft Shop





responsible for a great deal of the excitement and enthusiasm. I know she's done some fast stepping during the past week. I think when June '28 graduates, they should have a monument to Jeanne and Mable as their gift to the school."

MARCH 14: "You can never judge a faculty by its baby pictures," I told Marge after the big rally tonight.

"I think that picture idea was too precious!" said Marge, "and the 'Three Old Maids of Lee!' Miss Wilson is a dream; isn't she? She is another who made a mistake in going into seclusion at a teachers' college."

"The W. A. A. stunt was clever, too; wasn't it? And Mr. Mundt and Company. This college is getting better in every way! I hate to think of the time when I'll graduate. Remember the little bits or rallies they used to have? Remember all the talk about school spirit that never existed? Well, it's here now, and with a bang! I wonder what caused it? Probably the good executive board!"

"It was not the executive board," snapped Marge, and then I realized that her pet candidates hadn't been elected—not even one of them! Being of a diplomatic nature I asked her if she enjoyed the food.

MARCH 17: "Hello, Dorothy. This is Marge talking——"

"Oh yes, Marge. Did you get the assignment in Biology? I didn't hear a word she said; I had to manicure my nails. What?"

"No, I didn't either," said Marge (referring to the assignment). "I was talking 'kay about our dresses for this afternoon. December '28 is giving a bridge luncheon at the Whitcomb, and I'm so worried; I simply haven't a thing to wear! I wonder if you would mind an awful lot if I borrowed your jade beads since it's St. Patrick's, you know?"

"Surely, Marge," I began, but I had to finish drying the dishes.

MARCH 30: "Oh gee! I wish I were an alumnus—or a faculty or something," I said to Marge this morning, while we were going to our lockers. Wouldn't you adore going to the Inaugural banquet for our Dr. Roberts tonight?"

"My dear, I'd give my teeth and toenails to be able to go. The *Vig* or shall I say *The Bay Leaf*? No, it was the *Vigilante* the last time it came out. I wish I had a profound brain like Kathleen Davis; then I could have thought of a clever name like that and won five dollars!"

"Marge," I reminded her, "we were discussing Dr. Roberts' inaugural ceremony." Marge is continually going off on a tangent.

"Oh yes, well, we can at least go to the High School of Commerce and hear some of the speakers. Dr. Cubberly—did he have anything to do with Ed. VI? If so, I'd like to see him! The——"

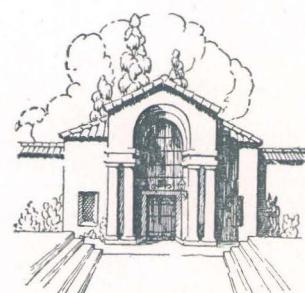
"Marge," I said, "say what you mean. I am not able to follow your ramblings. The point is: are we going to the ceremony this afternoon?"

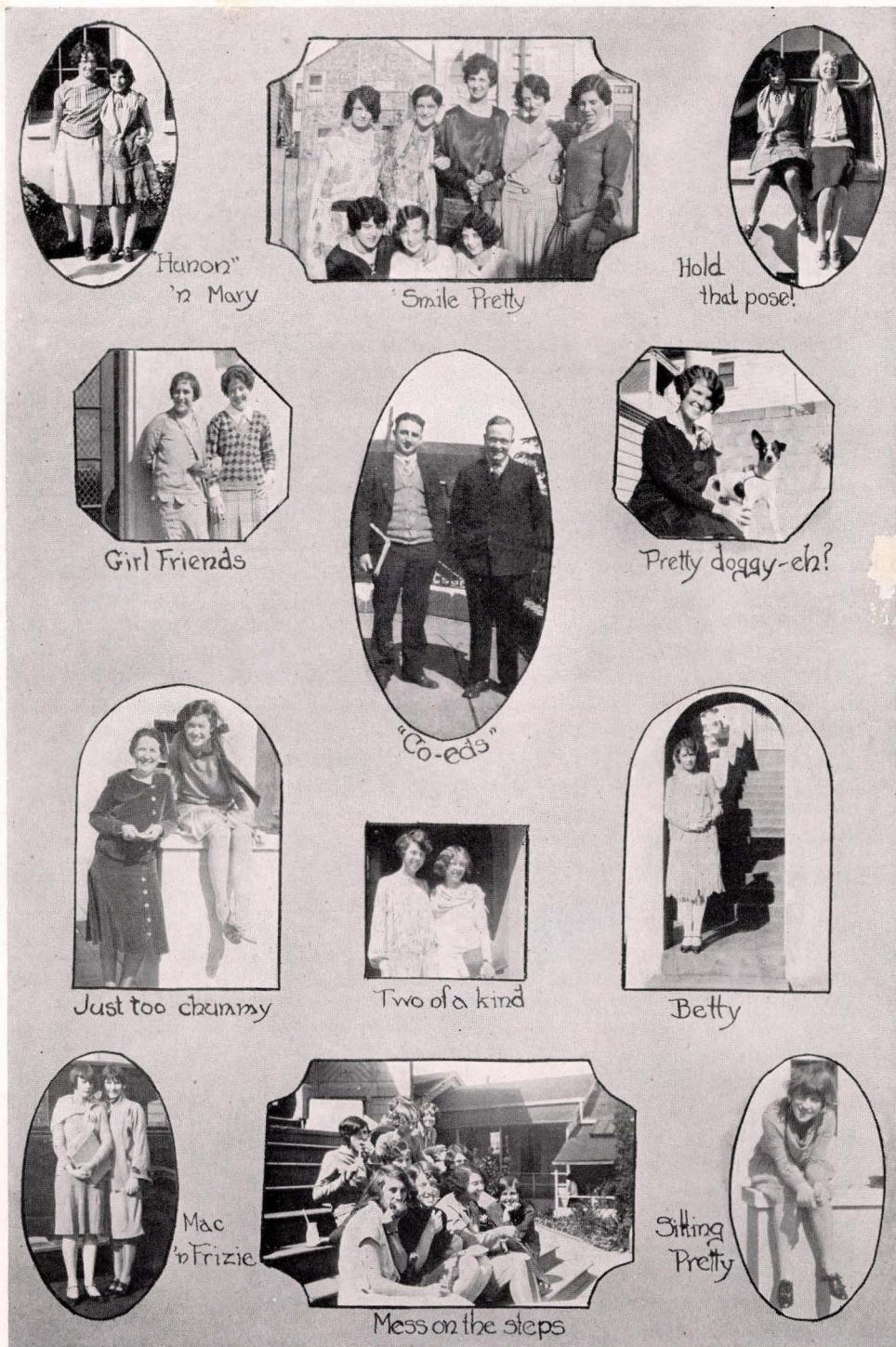
"Why, you old silly!" Marge exploded. "As though I'd miss that ceremony! I'd walk a mile to hear Dr. Roberts speak, so there! I'll meet you in front of the 'libe' at three o'clock."

MARCH 31: Marge called for me early this morning. We were going to the ground breaking ceremony for our new building, and the whole college is to sing. Marge is going to carry a tenor part; at least she said she was, and I have to stand by her too! The songs are really beautiful, though, especially the one Dr. Valentine wrote; they give me a peculiar sensation! I told Marge how I felt and she understood perfectly.

"Just the way I feel when the Cal rooting section sings 'All Hail to California' at football games," she said.

I knew she understood, because Ted goes to Cal.







"The alumnae are surely taking a great interest in this college, all of a sudden, aren't they?" I asked (They have charge of the ceremony, you see.)

"Oh yes, and I'm simply thrilled to pieces, because after Christmas I can join the Alumnae Association!" said Marge.

APRIL 3: "How many have you found?" I asked Marge while we were hunting all over the campus for Easter eggs.

"Not a one, my dear; I never can find anything. It's hard to climb around in these shoes. I don't really care for Easter eggs anyway, you know. It's rather childish, I think."

We were shuffling about in the grass behind the new gym. Suddenly Marge gave a happy little squeal, reminding me of the queen of Sheba discovering Noah in his ark among the bulrushes.

"Oh Dot, here are some. Two! Isn't this thrilling? Ted will be so excited when I tell him. Why I never had so much fun. Do you want one? I'm going to stop hunting right now and eat! Oh my dear!" and she clasped the eggs in pure joy.

APRIL 12: "What are you late for?" roared Mr. Boulware when I went into Math. this morning.

"For—for class I guess," I said. I was so embarrassed; I was just speechless! I managed to get into my seat. Marge sits next to me; so I said, "I'm going to be an usher tonight for the play; so if you want a good seat——"

"All right. I'll be there early. I wouldn't miss a College Theatre play for anything. Miss Casebolt certainly works hard. Her life is just one rehearsal after another. Yet she remains so sweet, in spite of her hard life. I often wonder how so many of our teachers managed to devote their lives to their profession. Miss Casebolt really has a wonderful personality."

"Yes! Yes!" I agreed, watching Mr. Boulware out of the corner of my eye," and she hides her light, as it were, under the assembly hall." (a clever pun, I thought, about her office). "It is easy to see, Marge, how one can give one's life to one's profession. Take my case for instance. Of course you have Ted, but I intend to——"

"Oh, my dear, how perfectly stupid of me! I knew I had something thrilling to tell you. Bob was asking about you the other night! Ted said that Bob said——"

"Please Margaret," I said. "Please don't mention the blight that came into my life."

"But he wants to see you. And really I think you are very silly to look at it in such a light."

"Margaret," I said, in serious tone, "if he hadn't made that last cruel remark. First he insulted me—ne 'kid! 'Kiss me, kid!' he said. Isn't that ignoble? I was never so humiliated. I tried to put it off lightly. 'Oh I can't, Robert,' I said. 'I have grave trepidations.' and then—Oh Marge, I can't tell you! He said, 'That's all right, dear. I'm vaccinated.'" Marge simply gasped!

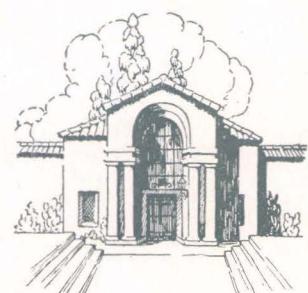
APRIL 18: "Rushing upon the leopard our hero shot him on the spot——" I was in the library trying to compose an essay full of action for English when Marge interrupted my train of thought.

"Ted is going to meet me after the Weinie Roast tonight, and Bob is coming with him." Marge pulled a chair up beside me and whispered these bitter-sweet words into my ear. Although my heart beats increased with alarming rapidity, I remained outwardly cool and calm. Being bereft of words I waxed poetic. This was probably a reflex due to my embarrassment.

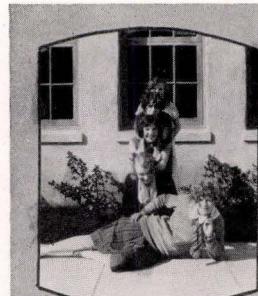
"Can't you taste those crisp rolls, and smell the sizzling weinies?"

"Aren't you interested about Bob?"

"Oh, the marvelous buns! The smell of the salt air! The girlish voices singing!" I gazed stoically at Miss Jones.



f



Down in front



Sextet



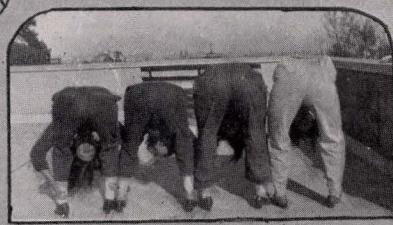
"Nize" Babies



And
the farmer
hauled another load away



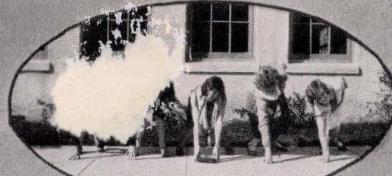
Heads up!



Four Seats Together



"Thanks for the buggy ride"

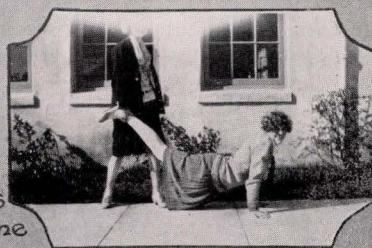


Punk Formation



Wimmen
Ah!

Campus
Scene





"Dorothy! Aren't you wanted to shout from the care if he calls me 'ki'" knows. Besides Mi hour to leave the I

APRIL 27: I at the Glee Club Ope asked her if she had

"No, my dear; he's awfully quiet, you know," she answered.

Words could not express my disdain; neither could I, for just then the curtain rose upon the Prologue of the "Legend of Kashmir." Marge and I sat speechless, not saying a word. The costumes were priceless. And Ursula's voice! If only Marge could sing like that. The plot dealt with a beautiful orphan who was chosen by three wise women to dance in the temples. Jeanette McCall did the solo dancing. It was heavenly, that's all, just heavenly.

After it was over Marge said, "I think Miss Levy is a genius! Everything she is connected with, is always successful. Look at our college for instance. Miss Levy was one of the first graduates, and she's been teaching music ever since! Think of the glee club, and Guild! My dear, do you realize that Miss Levy practically makes Guild?"

MAY 1: I have changed a great deal lately. I am much more free and unattached. I no longer feel that I am a slave to the teaching profession, and I know that I can enjoy the course of human events without a thought of their moral value. With these happy thoughts in my mind, I approached Marge in the hallway this morning.

"My dear, you look lovely this morning!" I said joyfully. Today is the day of days! It is the day of the Spring Launch ride!

"You would say that!" said Marge. "My face is all broken out with poison oak." I suppose being in love causes those things to happen, (referring of course to my absent-mindedness.)

"Oh Marge!" I cried in agony, "the Launch ride is going to be the biggest and best! We have planned to go swimming and everything! Mary has even planned a barn dance! Marge you'll have to go! The poison oak doesn't show much," I added by way of consolation. My mind was in a turmoil, filled at once with receding pictures, for I could never enjoy myself if Marge did not accompany me. I saw the girls laughing and screaming wildly over the tug of war, the bay golden in the sunset, the green hills; I smelled the coffee, heard the ukuleles and the singing. Going! going! gone!! and Marge and I not on deck!

I felt like Horatius at the Bridge. I had to do something desperate.

"Marge," I said, "if you go home and think about it, you'll feel worse; if you go with the girls, you'll forget it. I'm sure eating out doors is good for poison oak. It cures tuberculosis."

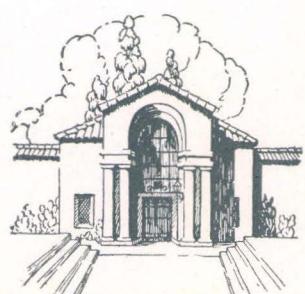
"That's right!" said Marge. "I'm going to ask Dr. Barney about it."

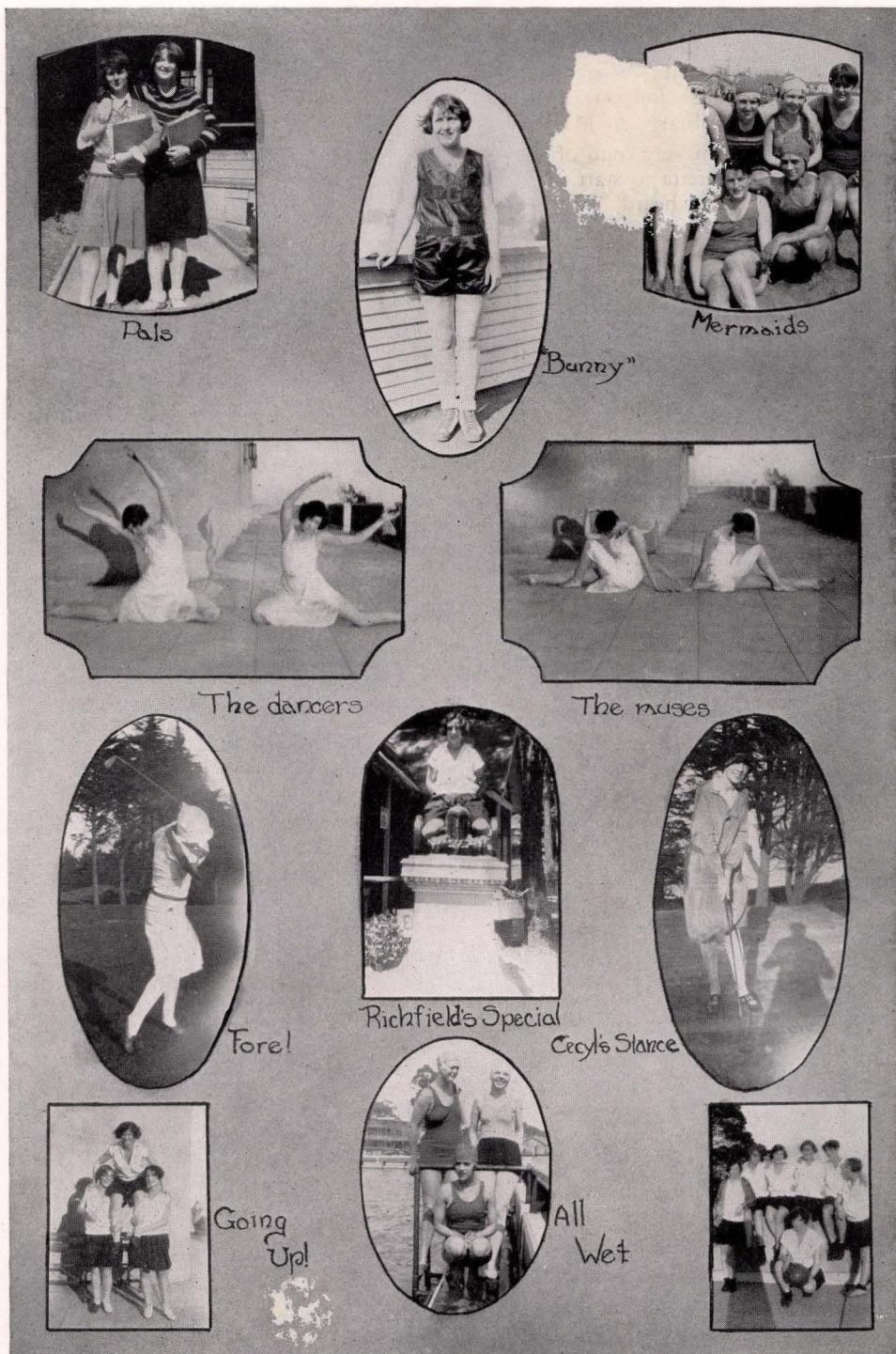
"Oh no," I said, "Dr. Barney is ill today. She isn't going to be here." (I hoped Heaven would forgive that one.) "Besides if you drink a lot of coffee, and stay downstairs on the launch——"

"Well, I'll see if it works. You ought to know. Bob's father is a doctor."

So we went on the launch ride. Score one for the common people.

MAY 25: Senior week! Guild Week! The last week!







Marge and I stopped off at school on our way down to the Ferry Building. We were dying to get a look at the Seniors. Today they are to parade around in dignity. Can you imagine?

"Dignity!" said Marge. Today is Farewell Day. Wearing caps and gowns, they are to visit the spots they loved so well (if any). When Marge and I arrived there was no one in sight. We knew we'd be late for Guild practice anyway.

"Guild practice is marvelous," said Marge, "only I hate the trip over to Berkeley! I don't see how those poor souls from across the bay live. It's pathetic, I think, a very sad case."

"Oh, they have wonderful times!" I said. I used to eat lunch with a girl who commuted and she told me all about it.

JUNE 2: "I really think Senior week is wonderful!" Marge told me on the ferry boat this morning. We were going to the Greek Theatre again for Guild practice. We have been going all week. Guild practice is fun, but the days are so hot! I always get a headache when I walk so slowly in the boiling sun. Sometimes I wish I had a weak heart and could be excused!

"Senior week is wonderful," I agreed with Marge. "Every day this week the seniors have done something worth remembering."

"Wasn't the graduation lovely last night? I hate to see those girls leave college! It's terribly sad; isn't it? Think of leaving all your friends and going to some little old school room and wasting the rest of your life there! I shall never teach if I can avoid it."

"What are you going to do, if you ever graduate?" I asked in great consternation.

"I don't know yet," said Marge; "I haven't thought about it." But then, Marge is that type.

JUNE 3: We were waiting for the music to start in the Greek Theatre, all of us there in white robes behind the stage. Everyone looked so different. Everyone was quiet. There was a sort of hallowed feeling that comes over you during Guild. The music started softly, filling the bowl of the theatre and flowing over the top up, up into the hills—among the tall eucalyptus trees. The curtains over the doorways were pulled back slowly. Slowly we filed out, silently, with heads bowed, into the sunlight that somehow seemed brighter and more beautiful for Guild Service.

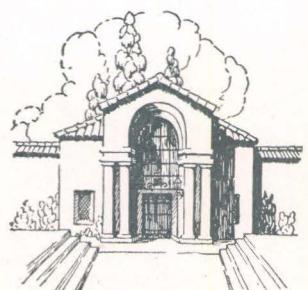
We raised our heads, and the sunlight seemed to bathe our faces, taking away all the small, spiteful little grievances we'd had during the year, leaving only happy thoughts. We sang, and sang. Even I can sing at Guild. I love it! We filed in long whirr seats in the circle. I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. Marge looked lovely in her robe. The soft yellow of her scarf seemed to bring out something that even I had never noticed before. Perhaps all her efforts to be beautiful were not wasted after all.

We were singing again; I wasn't thinking what I was singing—just singing words that came from somewhere inside. Guild is like that; it makes you forget everything but the beautiful things you want to express, and can't. And then again we know that this is the last time we will all ever be together.

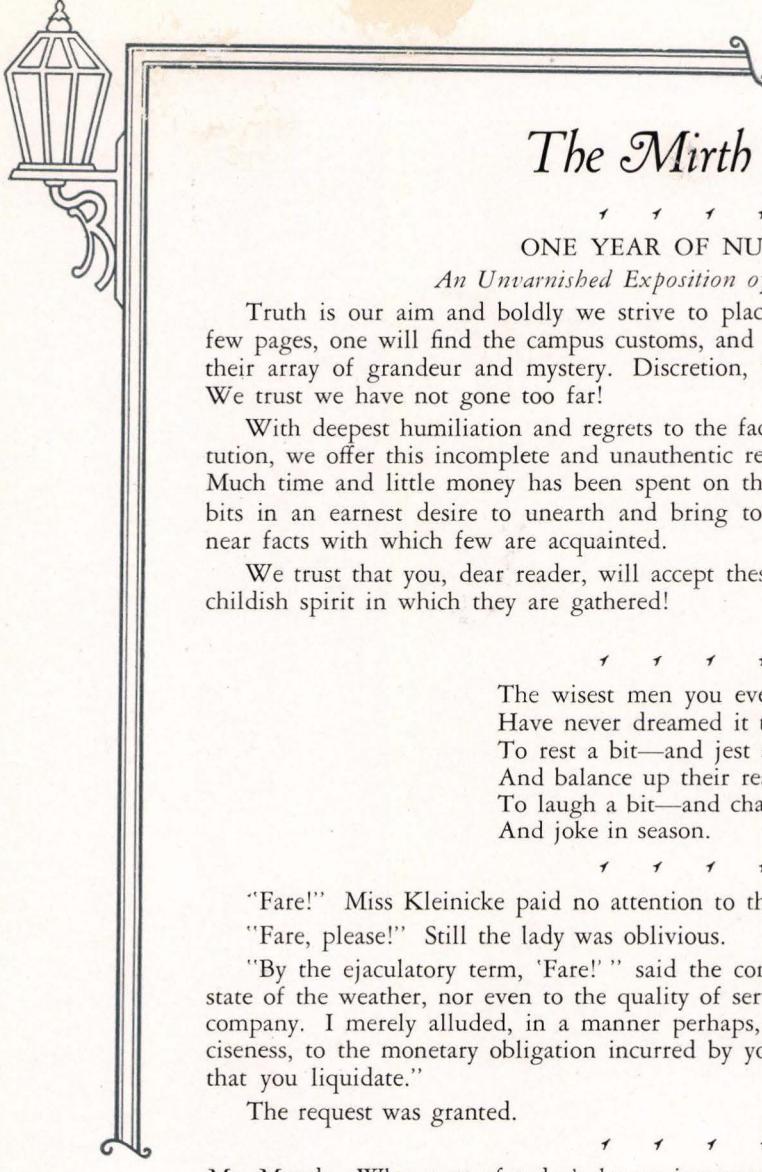
"I believe—I believe—I believe—" Those were the words we were singing.

After Guild, Marge and I changed our clothes in Stephen's Union, and I told her goodbye, because she had to rush. She was going somewhere with Ted. So we kissed each other, and said a lot of foolish things. I won't see her again until August, you know.

By GLADIE BANNER.







The Mirth Box

ONE YEAR OF NUGGETS

An Unvarnished Exposition of Mighty Deeds

Truth is our aim and boldly we strive to place it high. Without search, in these few pages, one will find the campus customs, and the institution's intelligents shorn of their array of grandeur and mystery. Discretion, 'tis said, is the better part of valor. We trust we have not gone too far!

With deepest humiliation and regrets to the faculty and students of this great institution, we offer this incomplete and unauthentic record of the past year's achievements. Much time and little money has been spent on the gathering together of these tender bits in an earnest desire to unearth and bring to the waiting world as many of the near facts with which few are acquainted.

We trust that you, dear reader, will accept these morsels in the same sweet, simple childish spirit in which they are gathered!

—THE JOKE EDITOR

The wisest men you ever knew
Have never dreamed it treason
To rest a bit—and jest a bit,
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit—and chaff a bit,
And joke in season.

"Fare!" Miss Kleinicke paid no attention to the conductor's demand.

"Fare, please!" Still the lady was oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term, 'Fare!'" said the conductor, "I imply no refernce to the state of the weather, nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philanthropic company. I merely alluded, in a manner perhaps, lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation incurred by your presence in this car, and suggest that you liquidate."

The request was granted.

Mr. Mundt—What part of today's lesson impressed you the most?

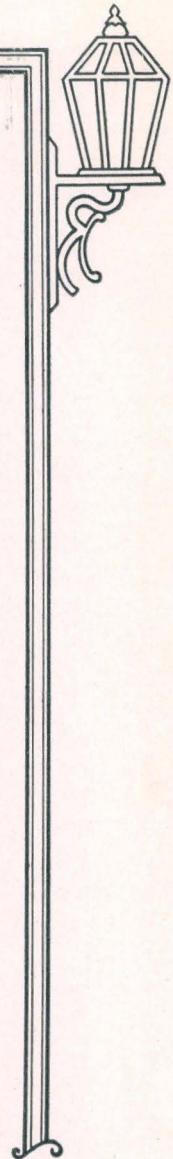
I. Andrews—The length.

Dr. Michel—No, class, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was not the place where he recieved his mail.

Even Our Best Friends Won't Tell—

1. Why is Vivian Green?
2. Is the Swift Packing Company a rapid transit concern?
3. Is it true that George Freechtle has his initials carved in every patrol wagon in San Francisco?
4. Does Olive Thompson Cowell read the newspaper?





Workmen were making repairs on the wires of the Frederick Burk Training School one Saturday, when a small boy wandered in.

"What you doin'?"

"Installing an electric switch," one of the workmen said.

The boy volunteered: "I don't care. We've moved away, and I don't go to this school any more."

THE PROFESSOR'S NIGHTMARE

Mr. Boulware had for some time been occupied with problems in higher mathematics. He had, therefore, richly deserved the noon-time nap he had taken. But shortly after falling asleep, heart-rending cries were heard from his bedroom. His wife rushed in and found him in a half awake and bewildered condition.

"But what's the matter with you?" she inquired solicitously.

"Ah, whew! I've just had such a dreadful dream. I dreamed that our son, Hazzard, was a negative fraction under a cube-root sign, and I couldn't get him out from under."

"With a single stroke of a brush," said the school teacher, taking her class 'round the Legion of Honor gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one."

"So can my mother," said a small boy.

Daughter—Dad, I want some money for my trousseau."

Father—"But, my dear child, I didn't even know you were engaged."

Daughter—"Good heavens, father! Don't you ever read the papers?"

STEPPING THE WONDERS

B. Axelrod—Bob told me I was the eighth wonder of the world.

D. Malitz—What did you say?

B. Axelrod—Told him not to let me catch him with any of the other seven.

POINTS EVERY TEACHER SHOULD KNOW

1. Small brother has his kiddie car, while big brother, with the roadster, has his kidding car.
2. One thing can be said for the flivver—it rattles before it strikes.
3. There were just as many careless drivers in the old days, but you see, the horses had sense.
4. Noah's wife was not Joan of Arc.

WHERE NIGHT LASTS SIX MONTHS

Mrs. Solomon—What do you mean by saying that the young man must be from Alaska?

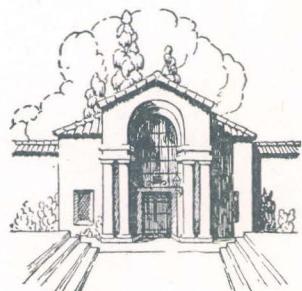
Mr. Solomon—Well, just look at the length of the nights he spends around here with our Fanny.

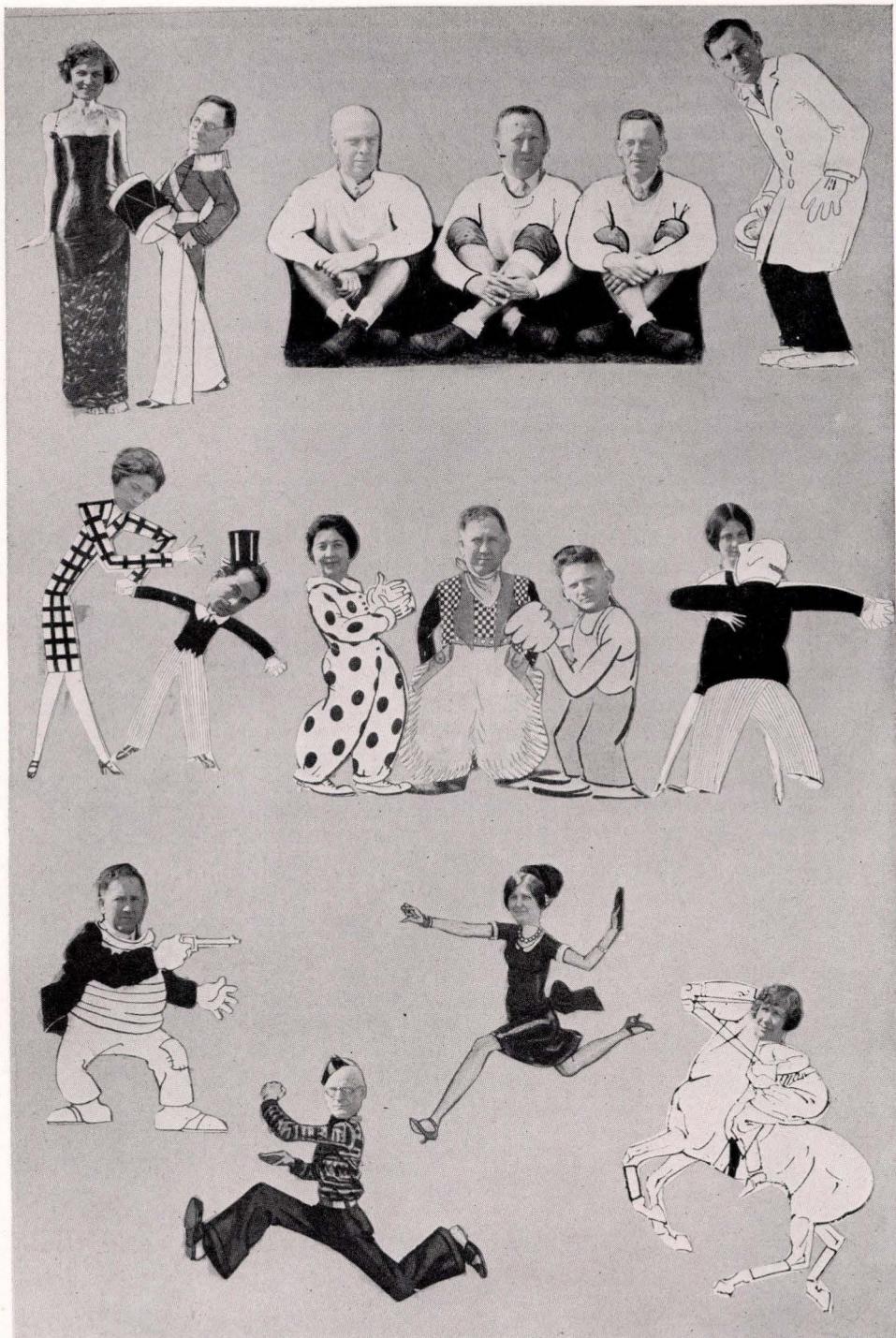
MEN, PLEASE NOTE!

A kiss will last but a day, ten pounds of candy she will eat and forget; the roses you send will fade with the dawn, but a Persian kitten or a nice puppy is an hourly reminder of you.—*McEden's Kennels*.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

1. "Well, we're getting off our subject, but as I said, this is a very broad course."







2. "How many read the newspaper this morning?"
3. "This design is nice. I've seen no worse than this on magazine covers."
4. "To illustrate, we'll take the case of Tommy. Now Tommy had—"
5. "Now imagine this earth the size of a gold ball. Where would you be?"
6. "However, it has been proven—"

A blotter is something you spend your time looking for while the ink is drying.

"Never the twains shall meet," said the little boy to M. Dietz, as he watched the brakeman throw in the switch.

D. Baker—Mr. Butler, who is this fellow, Smith Hughes, I've been hearing so much about?

V. Thompsen—Shall we have music for our class breakfast?
M. Kelly (awakening with a start)—Naw, I want ham and eggs.

Young Man—May I have this dance, miss?
Young Lady—No; I'm too danced out!
Young Man (a trifle deaf)—You're not, miss; you're just pleasingly plump.

Helen Hill (after clerk had pulled down all but one of the blankets on the shelves)—I don't really want to buy a blanket today. I was only looking for a friend.

Clerk—Well, miss, if you think your friend's hiding in the other one, I'll gladly take it down for you.

Jo Mulvihill—Can any pupil tell me the meaning of the word "collision"? No one knows? Well, it is when two things come together unexpectedly; now who can give me an example?

"All right, Johnnie, what is it?"
Johnnie—Twins.

Leland—You look like a sensible girl; let's get married.
Lelah—Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look.

THE APPEAL

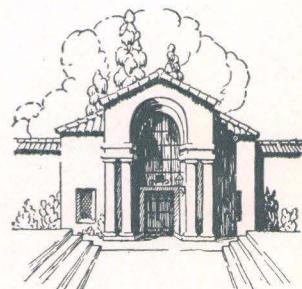
He glanced at the beautiful woman beside him, his look heavy with anxiety and humble pleading, but she was unconscious of his appeal. For long moments he watched her, struggling with his emotion, desiring, yet afraid, to ask the question that trembled on his lips. At last he spoke, wistfully, yearningly:

"Ma, c'n I have the little piece of pie that was left over from dinner?"

Mr. Boulware—It gives me great pleasure to give you 98 in your math examination.
E. Byrne—Why not make it 100 and thoroughly enjoy yourself?

Small Boy—Say, Miss, what makes the apple trees bend over almost double?
J. Egleston—Well, Willie, if you had as many green apples in you as that tree has on it, you'd bend over too!

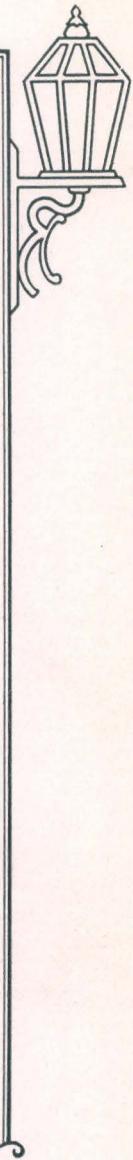
C. Grimes—Why are you running that steam roller over that field?
Farmer—I'm goin' to raise mashed potatoes this year.



THE CRAZY QUILT



[One hundred and Twenty seven]





INDIGESTION CORRECTED

For four long drawn out years I have suffered from indigestion. It became such a source of distress that I was forced to give up my night club. Yea, even my afternoon basketball suffered. Friends, I was sore-hearted and blue, until someone recommended your famous yeast to me. I am again spritely and gay. Though twenty-one years old, my friends now take me for two.

FRANCES MISCH, June '28

MUSICIAN BENEFITED

Dear Reader: Six months ago I was thin and anaemic. My late hours before the public with my trusty cornet could be continued no longer. In all fairness to my ability I knew that strides must be taken toward my recovery.

Your yeast! Just one little cake a day, and the result! Where before I weighed 130 pounds for my six feet in height, I now weigh—I hesitate to say. Today I feel better than ever since leaving my nursery, sixteen years ago.

DOROTHY PETSCH, June '27

NERVES CALMED

Success knocked at my door but I had not the strength to open it. My nerves were failing me. My eyes blinked so that I was constantly accused of flirting. I was so weak that to carry a conversation burdened me. I found help in your yeast and today I am a true example of peaceful, composed good.

VIVIAN GREEN, June '28

MY EMBA

I am happy to take this opportunity and effective recovery. My greatest trouble, which extended far from my head and mirth to my companions. I conform with that "perfect line fit."

Then I heard of your Sure Stock. I hang my head against the wall. I have success if you will try it.

SMEN T IS ENDED

falling souls afflicted as I was of my speedy rams until three months ago, was my ears constant source of annoyance to me even rubber bands, to make them stand to no avail. They would stand out. I place a tiny piece behind each ear, and to the head. You, too, may have

ERTRUDE FLEMING, June '28

CALENDAR OF A SENIOR

MARCH—Spring is here on wings of term papers. Everybody's happy.

APRIL—Everybody's still happy, but a little worried.

MAY—Comes in like a flunk and goes out like a sheep skin.

F Misch said to a little girl in her class—"And what will you do, dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

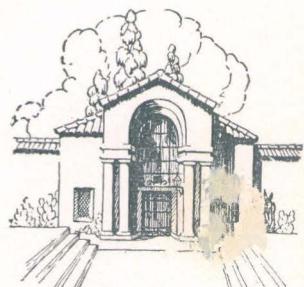
"Diet," replied the modern child.

Friend—Do you believe that kissing is unhealthy?

N. Bayard—I couldn't say—I've never—

Friend—Never been kissed?

N. Bayard—I've never been sick.



M. Levin to child in Training School—Doris, you have disobeyed me by racing around and making a lot of noise. Now you shan't be able to go out to play with the other boys and girls.

Miss Carter (entering a few minutes later)—Why so quiet, Doris?

Doris—I've been fined for speeding.

LOST: A silver plated comb by a boy with four teeth missing.

WOMEN *A Study in Mysteries*

Women are persons who marry men. They have two bright eyes, two red lips, and will sometimes let you hold both hands; but they never wear the same dress nor have the same idea two days in succession. Generally speaking, women may be divided into three classes: wives, widows and unmarried girls. An unmarried girl is a mass of contrariness and caprices, entirely surrounded by sweet and enticing charms.

Making a wife out of an unmarried girl is a lost art—lost since the coming of feminism. If she wants to be a wife, you're all right. If she won't be a wife, there's nothing you can do to coax or persuade her, so you may as well quit.

If you flatter a woman, she believes every word you say. If you tell her the truth, no matter how many times you repeat it, she calls you a flatterer. If you believe every word she says, as easy, and says she can wrap you around her finger, you are obstinate and stubborn and 'just horrid.'

If you wear dark ties and don't pretend to be a girl, she says you're not a girl. If you wear noisy ties and have your pants pinned up, she says you're as vain as a girl—and there's real common sense in that. If you wear a clinging vine, and help her with her baby, she says you're a good baby and can wait on herself. If you are inattentive,

If you make love to a girl, she says you're a boy. If you make love to her, she says you're coming on. If you try to hold a girl's hand, she will let you do it, but if you try to grab the hand again, she tells you you are forward, and orders you not to have her alone. If you don't try to grab the hand again, she says she was only teasing you, and just trying to lead you on.

What's the use? I ask you!

of it, and laps it up as a cat would lap a compliment, she won't listen to you. If you say you're a girl, she scorns you. If you argue with her, she says

you're not neat. If you have sharp edges, she says you're as fussy as a girl. If you treat her as a door for her, she says she is no good, she says you're thoughtless

or "mushy." If you don't have any romance in you." When

you try to grab the hand again, she says you're forward, and orders you not to have her alone. If you don't try to

grab the hand again, she says she was only teasing you, and just trying to lead you on.

—A DISILLUSIONED MAN.

V. Green carefully wrote out her telegram and handed it across the counter. "Seventy-five cents," said the clerk, giving the yellow slip a professional glance. "Gracious!" Vivian exclaimed. "Isn't that rather expensive?"

"Regular rate, miss, for that distance," the clerk informed her.

"Seventy-five cents for only one word?" asked Vivian.

"Yes, ma'am. But of course you can send nine more words without its costing you any more," he pointed out.

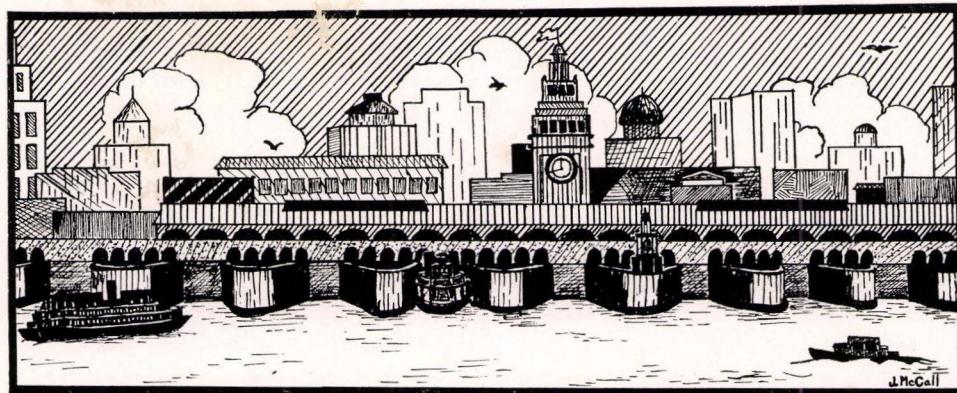
"No," she finally decided. "I've said 'Yes' once. Ten of them would look as if I were too anxious.

E. Byrne—Mr. Jepsen, may I use your telephone?

Mr. Jepson—Certainly, Ethel. Is yours on the blink?

E. Byrne—Not exactly, but sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cuttin' biscuits with the mouthpiece, and the baby is teethin' on the cord."





Our Boosters

The Annual staff wishes the readers of this book to recognize that the advertising done by the following firms has contributed greatly to the making of the *Franciscan* a successful publication. The interest shown by them indicates their fine feeling and good will toward the San Francisco State Teachers' College. Not only do we appreciate their help but consider it a pleasure and a privilege to patronize our booster friends.

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Comfort and Refinement without Extravagance.

Wilson's, 333 Geary, 708 Clement, Hotel Bellevue.

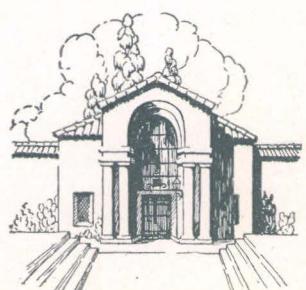
Banquets, restaurant service, soda fountain, candy.

Hotel Canterbury, 750 Sutter St., San Francisco.

"An hotel with the Personality of a well appointed home."

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Cakes for all occasions—Light Lunches.

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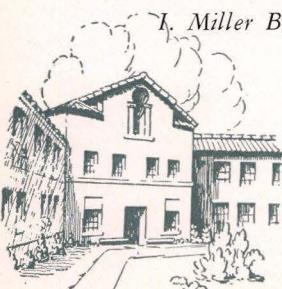
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