

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

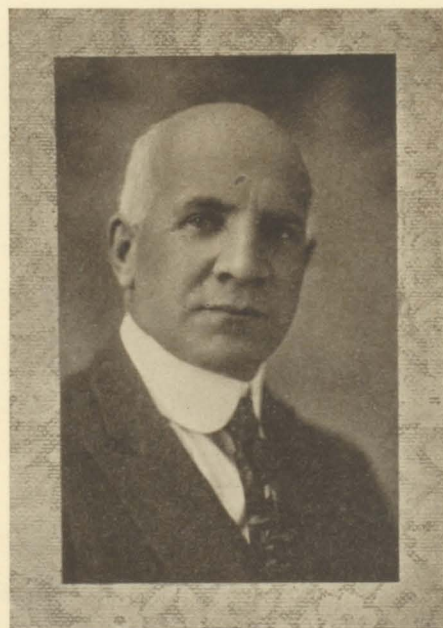
JUNE 1922



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



MISS SOPHIA HOBE



MR. EDWARD DUPUY

TO OUR CLASS TEACHERS
MISS HOBE AND MR. DUPUY

IN APPRECIATION OF
THEIR UNTIRING EFFORTS IN OUR BEHALF
WE, THE CLASS OF JUNE, '22
DO MOST GRATEFULLY
DEDICATE OUR JOURNAL

In Memoriam

CAROLINE HUNT

DIED JANUARY 21, 1922

FOR FORTY YEARS, A DEARLY BELOVED MEMBER OF
THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

HELEN P. SANBORN

CLASS OF 1875

DIED JANUARY 30, 1922

A DISTINGUISHED GRADUATE OF
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

CAROLINE MOSHER

CLASS OF JUNE, 1924

DIED APRIL 13, 1922

A BELOVED STUDENT OF GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

In Memory of Caroline Mosher

Last night God touched her with His kindly hand,
And whispered wondrous words of some strange land,
 For when she smiled
Her smile was like that bit of Heavenly light
That brings a Ray of Comfort in the night,—
 Serene and mild.

Her last farewell was not observed, perchance,
Yet in that beauteous calmness of her glance,
 It seemed we felt
That He had placed His hand upon her brow,
Where bitter earthly cares were banished now,— —
 For then we knelt.

And prayed to God with passionate desire,
To let a glowing spark of Heavenly fire
 Be our heart's sun.
To let that spark,—her new-born soul,—entwine
Its radiant beauty with your soul and mine
 Till Life is done.

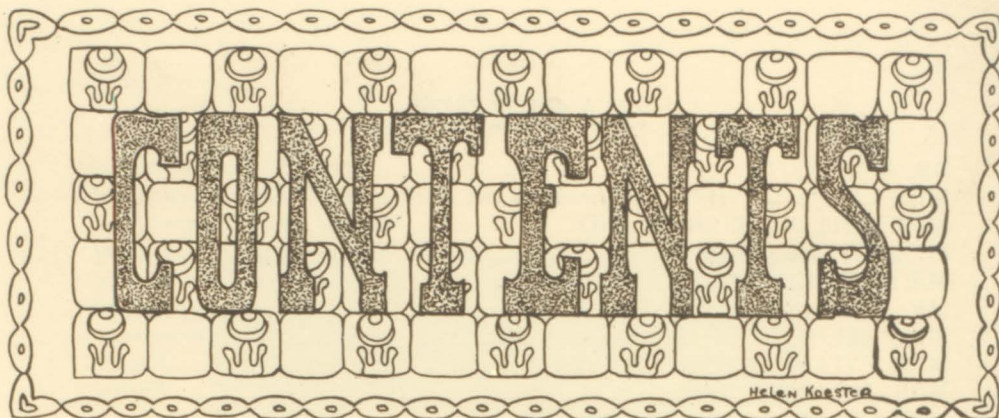
Barbara Perkins—June, '23.



Yours Truly
A. W. Loath

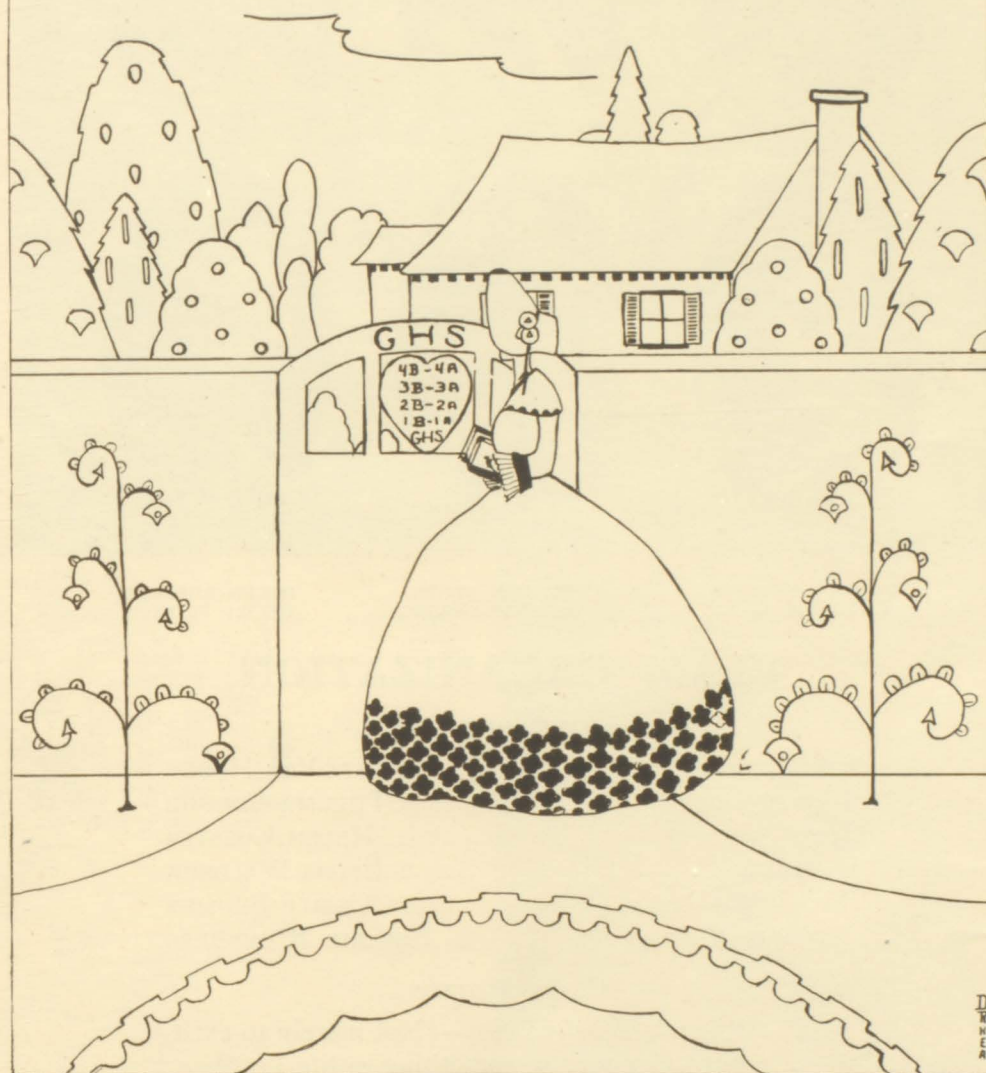
FACULTY

DR. A. W. SCOTT.....	Principal
MISS LAURA DANIEL.....	Vice Principal and Head of Mathematics Department
MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND.....	Head of English Department
MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE.....	Head of History Department
MR. EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	Head of French Department
MR. MARTIN A. CENTNER.....	Head of Latin Department
MISS HELEN E. ROSENBERG.....	Head of Physical Education Department
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MISS EDITH BROWNING.....	English
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MISS LENORA CLARK.....	Physical Education
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MISS MAY FITZ-GERALD.....	History
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MISS T. HESSELBERG.....	History
MISS HATTIE H. JACOBS.....	English, History
MISS MARION A. JONES.....	Drawing, Designing
MISS EDITH KING.....	Science
MISS OTTILIE KOHLBERG.....	History
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY.....	Sewing
MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE.....	French
MISS MARY McDONALD.....	Physical Education
MISS ELIZABETH McDERMOTT.....	Drawing
MRS. MARY McGLADE.....	Music
MR. THOMAS A. McGLYNN.....	Drawing
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MISS EMMA L. NOONAN.....	Mathematics
MISS HELEN O'BRIEN.....	English
MR. LORENZO OFFIELD.....	Science
MISS HELEN PAPEN.....	Spanish
MISS MURIEL PETTITT.....	Science, Cooking
MISS EDNA REEVES.....	Science
MISS HELENE REVOY.....	French
MISS NATHALIE E. ROTH.....	English
MISS ISABEL SANDY.....	History
MISS CLARA STARK.....	Latin
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN.....	Sewing
MISS HARRIET TABOR.....	Sewing
MRS. LAURA H. THARP.....	Dancing
MISS EMMELINA De TH. WALKER.....	Spanish, Italian
MISS LYDIA E. WALKER.....	Spanish, French
MRS. ALICE B. WILSON.....	Spanish, French
MISS AIDA DUCATO.....	Principal's Secretary



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CLASSES





THELMA EDLUND
EMMA WALDECK

ANITA VON HUSEN
ROSALIE ROSENBERG

HELEN KOESTER
CECILE FEUSIER

CLASS ORGANIZATION

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ANITA VON HUSEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	THELMA EDLUND
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN KOESTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMMA WALDECK
<i>Yell Leader</i>	CECILE FEUSIER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ROSALIE ROSENBERG

CLASS MOTTO:

Non est vivere sed valere vita—(Not merely to exist,
but to amount to something in life.)

CLASS COLORS:
Green and Black

CLASS FLOWER:
Black Pansy and Maidenhair

Behold the Seeress with the crystal globe,
Blessed with the golden gift of prophecy;
The fortunes of the Seniors she's foretold,
To all their future lives she holds the key.

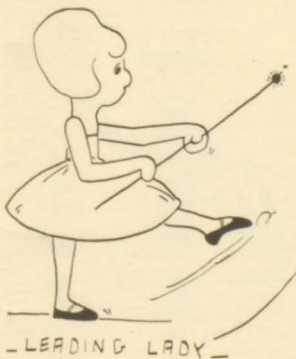
She gazed within the globe; then on her scroll
She wrote with magic pen of destiny;
The mystery of the future doth unfold,
Read on,—the future of the class you'll see.



CATHERINE
ADAMS



EMMA
ADAMS

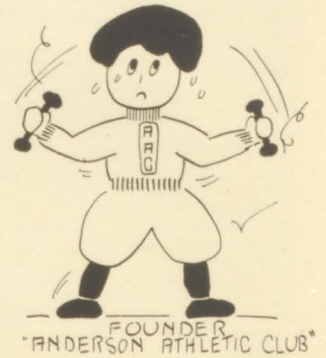




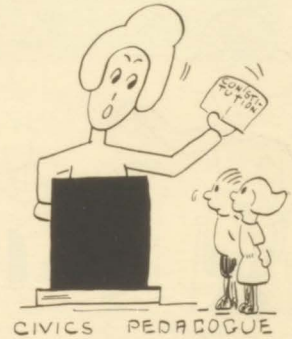
AIDA
REBLI



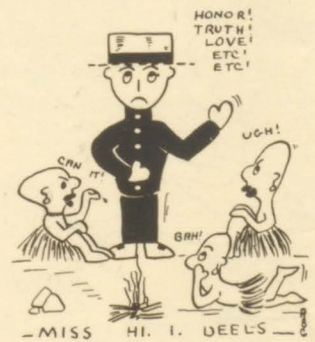
RUTH
ANDERSON



MARIE
ARATA



HELEN
ATZEROTH





DOROTHY
BAILEY



EDITH
BARBOUR



CHISPA
BARNES



FRANCES
BARRON





ANTOINETTE
BEAN



— POLLYANNA —
— ALL-AROUND —

HILDEGARDE
BECKH



EDITH
BEHRENS



ESTELLE
BLACK



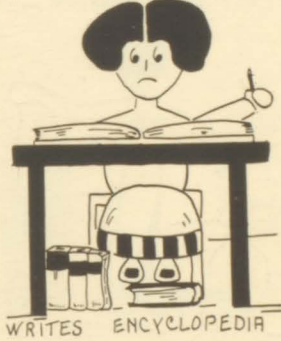
*Spencer hat
to work near
filled with
kettled*



ISABELLE
BLUHM



ELINOR
BRYANT



BEATRICE
BURNS



ESTELLE
BUTTRUM





MELBA
CAMPANA

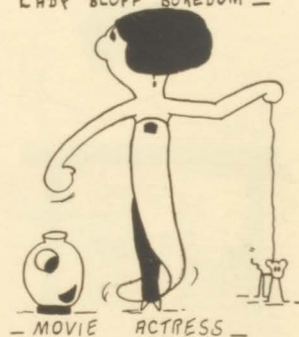


IRMA
CLAYBURGH



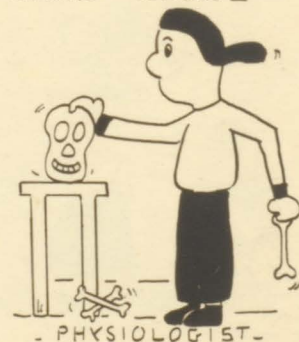
LADY BLUFF BOREDOM —

IRMA
COBLENTZ

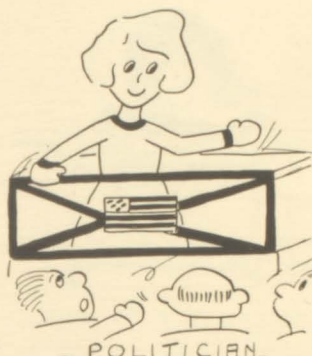


— MOVIE ACTRESS —

MILDRED
CONNER



— PHYSIOLOGIST —



- POLITICIAN -



- PSYCHOLOGIST -



- DEBATER -



RESTAURANT MGR.

HELEN
COON

LAURETTE
CULLINAN

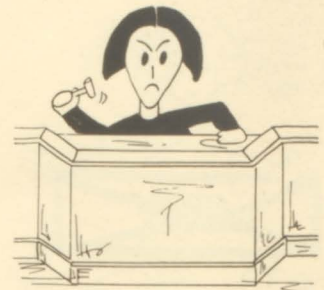
PAULINE
DAVIS

GRACE
DECKER





ANNE
DE GRUCHY



- SCREAMER OF THE HOUSE -

ROSALIE
DESENBERG



- MISER -

AILEEN
DITTMAR

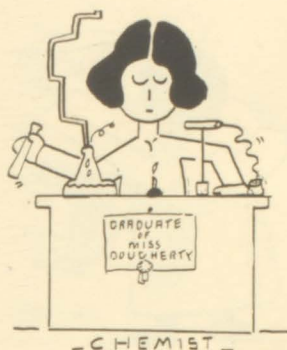


- SOLICITOR -

BERNICE
DOLAN



- VETERINARY -



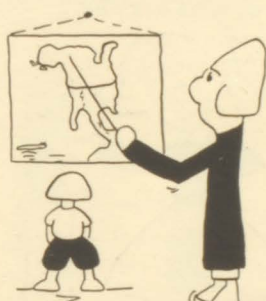
-CHEMIST-

CATHERINE
DOLLARD



-NURSE-

ANNA
DOWLING



GEOGRAPHY TEACHER-

WILMA
DUCOTEY



-BEAUTY DOCTOR-

MARY
EDIE





THELMA
EDLUND



- DENTIST -

CATHERINE
ELLIS



- COMEDIE -

DOROTHY
FERGUSON



- ACTRESS -

CECILE
FEUSIER



- INVENTS NEW LANGUAGE -



LAURETTA
FICKETT



NORMA
FITZGERALD



HELEN
FRENCH



DOROTHY
FROST





ELNORA
FULLER



MARION
GRAVES



EUNICE
HAGUE



MARGARET
HALLOWELL





MARIAN
HARTLEY



SYLVIA
HORVITZ



LESLIE
JACOBS



FLORENCE
KAUFMANN





GERALDINE
KNIGHT



— FEVERISH REPORTER —

PEARL
KNITTLE



— LAWYER —

HELEN
KOESTER



— ARTIST —

FLORENCE
KOHN



— CARTOONIST —



DOROTHY
KREISS



MARGUERITE
KUTNER



BESSIE
LAWLER



ANNIE
LEE





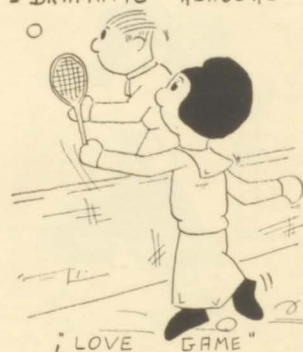
IRMA
LUCE



FLORA
MacDONALD



OLIVE
MARSH



FRANCES
MARSHALL





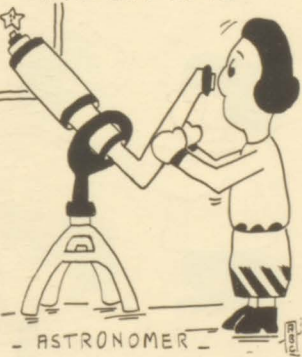
GENEVIEVE
McBRIDE



DOLORES
MEADE



VIVIEN
MILLER



HARRIET
MYERS





JULIA
OLIVAS



FLORENCE
PABST

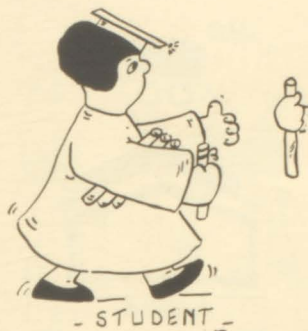


ELAINE
PERRY



MARION
POND





LUCILLE
RACE



EMILY
ROBERSON



MURIEL
ROBERTS

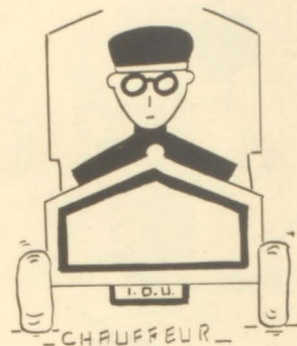


EUGENIE
ROLPH





ROSALIE
ROSENBERG



ELEANOR
ROSSI



WALLA
SCHRAUBSTADTER



MILDRED
SHARRER

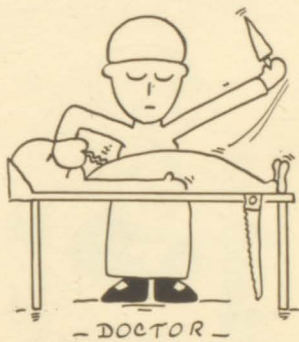




FRANCES
SKANCE



KATHERINE
SPENCER



GLADYS
STANLEY



SHIZU
TAKAO





DORIS
TOEL



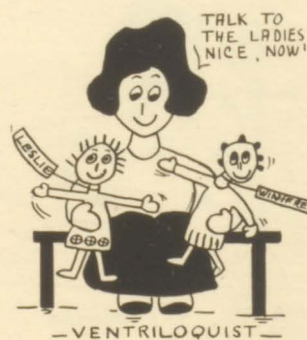
JUANITA
TRICOU



ANITA
VON HUSEN



EMMA
WALDECK





BETH
WALTHER



FLORENCE
WEBB



ELEANOR
WILSON



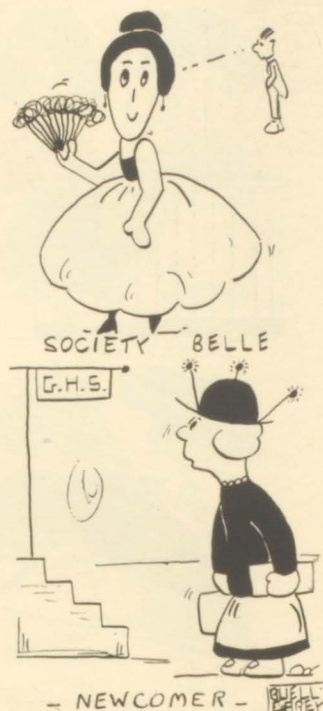
LUCILE
WRIGHT





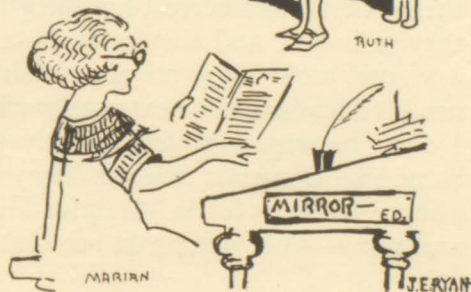
RUBY
TADICH

FRANCES
McKENNEY



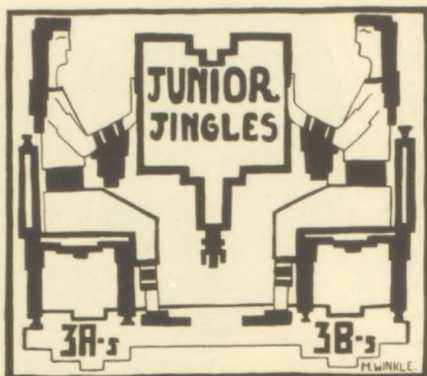


Have you heard of the wonderful
"4A" CLASS!
And its wonderful members too?
Have you heard of their dance to
the 4B CLASS
Did you see their "Movie Revue"?
Do you know why they always are the
best?
That isn't hard to tell —
its girls are cleverer than the
rest
And always do things well!
Electa's known thro'out the school
Sweet Freshies bring her flowers.
Marian great, calm and cool
Directs the mirror's powers.
Then there's our little girl Ruth Cook
Who always gets straight "A".
Nacomi never needs a book
"She is so bright," we say.
Victoire's a singer of renown
And she can sing you bet.
Same day, a star in Hollywood town
Will be our own Fleurette.
Why sing their praises
Each one knows
The girls that all surpass
For they and others too, compose
The wondrous "4A" CLASS.





BERNICE TOUCEY
President



ANGELINA GIACALONI
President

ORGANIZATION

JUNE '23

BERNICE TOUCEY.....	President.....	ANGELINA GIACALONI
MARGARET WINKLE.....	Vice-President.....	ELVIRA JOHANSEN
BARBARA PROBASCO.....	Secretary.....	MARTHA HESKINS
ELOISE CLAYBURGH.....	Yell Leader.....	HELEN IMOBESTEG
EILEEN TWOMEY.....	Reporter.....	BETTY SCOBLE

DECEMBER '23

(With apologies to Walt Mason.)

GREAT SENIORS are admired—they're worshipped—and I think they must get very tired of the praise they have to drink. The little "Sophs" are lauded, since they are clever, too; they're eagerly applauded for everything they do. As for the "Freshies" —gracious! — we think they're wondrous wise, and frightfully sagacious regardless of their size. We'll love all these forever, for they deserve this praise. But, tell me, have you ever met the 3Bs and 3As? Well, they are just the dearest, nicest girls that one could see; the kindest and sincerest are the girls of '23. They're jolly and they're witty, they're honest and they're true—and then they're very pretty (and that's a virtue, too). They all plan their vocation, because they realize that one needs education to be extremely wise. Some seem to like debating. I'm sure I can't be wrong in very plainly stating they'll be Henry Clays ere long. Some like Domestic Science. They make delicious mints in very strict compliance to the rules in "Helpful Hints." Some sing, and some like drawing, and some—well, can't you see that soon you'll be adoring the girls of '23?



EVELYN TRAUNER
President



YVONNE HARLEY
President

ORGANIZATION

JUNE '24		DECEMBER '24	
EVELYN TRAUNER.....	President.....	YVONNE HARLEY	
HAZEL LAUSTEN.....	Vice-President.....	CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER	
FLORENCE PELS.....	Secretary.....	EDITHA WRIGHT	
LEAH PALEY.....	Yell Leader.....	ORTA HELBING	
VIDA SETENCICH.....	Reporter.....	MURIEL SCHMIDT	

"SUFFER-MORE IFS"

If hair be worth anything, Sylvia Harris will be Paderewski.
 If baseball were the world, Vida Setencich would be Atlas.
 If there is such a thing as reincarnation, Daniel Webster is among us as Clarisse Friedlander.
 If a "barker" needs long practiced lungs, Madeline Johnson of Country Fair fame ought to apply for a position.
 If a sense of humor is essential, Rita Williams should become Journal Joke Editor.
 If life were a tennis game, Marian Canfield would win the "love set."
 If a circus needs a midget, Liane Alves would make an admirable one.
 If "school spirit" be a virtue, Emma Brescia is a paragon.
 If characters in a book can come to life, Aileen Clancy is Pollyanna.
 If a President needs executive ability, the U. S. will have in the near future two feminine Presidents,—Yvonne Harley and Evelyn Trauner.



ELEANOR BIRMINGHAM
President



BEATRICE LINARES
President

ORGANIZATION.

JUNE '25

ELEANOR BIRMINGHAM.....	President.....	BEATRICE LINARES
CLARICE GEHRET.....	Vice-President.....	MARJORIE MORSE
JULIE TICHENOR.....	Secretary.....	MILDRED DANOVE
MARION BARRY.....	Yell Leader.....	HARRIETTE SIEVERS
DOROTHY MITCHELL.....	Reporter.....	CLAIRE BLUMLEIN

DECEMBER '25

FRESHMAN EXTRA!

GREAT EXTRA!!!

The Freshmen have come into their own at last. This time it was quantity and not quality that counted. Due to the great numbers of Freshmen this term, Girls' High won the bank cup. Every Freshman put in a dime and made up for the empty purses of the upper classmen.

FRESHMEN!!

Arise and complain!!

The pupils of the Freshman class are indignant at the injury done to the moral character of one of their most prominent classmates, Turner Dornob. Miss Dornob was attempting to recite her English, and had just come to the part where Sir Roderick makes love in fervent phrases to his lady fair, when she was greatly disturbed by the deafening racket in the court. Glancing out of the nearest window, lo! and behold, what did she see? The teachers were playing "I spy" and hide-and-seek. Consequently Miss Dornob only received an A in the day's recitation. She fears that she is on the downward path to failure.

VICTIMS IN DESPAIR!

Early this term, a great number of valuable hairpins were stolen from the 4B Class. The victims were indignant at such presumption. The following day they were forced to appear in public with the shameful disgrace of no puff, no pugs, and no rats. They moped in the corners scarcely daring to show their faces. The same day a great horde of Freshmen appeared with the stolen goods. The robbers were caught and the precious pins restored to their owners.

SPORTS.

The Freshmen this term have turned out full force for sports. In fact, they have quite outnumbered any of the other classes. With such skilled pitchers as E. Growcett and M. Higginson they expect to win many baseball games this season. Others have distinguished themselves for fine play such as I. Barbe, D. Mitchell and R. Goss.

SOCIETY SLAMS.

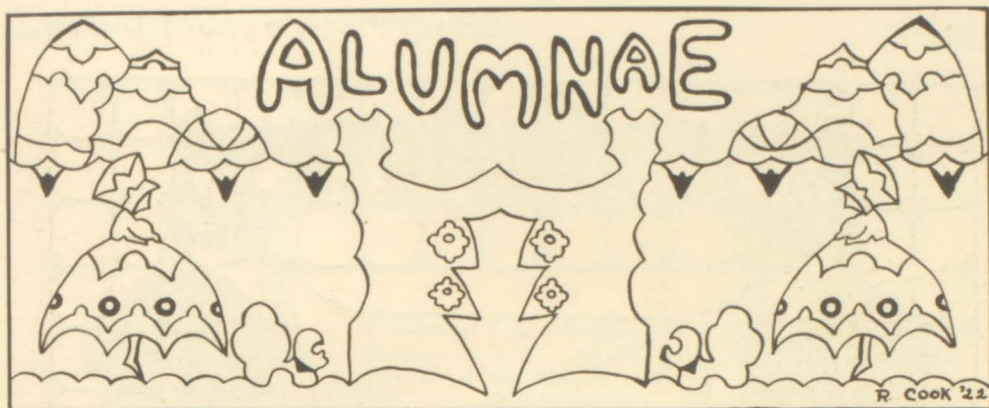
Miss One Bee recently entertained her sister, Miss Two Bee, at a Valentine party. Miss One Bee's ingenuity in regard to entertainment, decorations, etc., was duly appreciated by her superior (especially the eats).

Miss Fresh Mann was formally presented to society very early this term by the aged Miss Seen Yor. The performance was given in the famous Hall of Recreation. Miss Seen Yor was not exactly an appropriate chaperone for the frolicsome Miss Mann, but she was the best that could be procured. The young debutante was arrayed in green and silver, while her hostess was covered with a queer green and blackish substance. Altogether the affair was quite the best of the season.

LOST, ETC.

Lost: To Anita von Husen, four Freshmen hearts. Please return after June 14. No names mentioned.

Adv.: For silent addition to your lunch try Mrs. Frederick's famous soup.



ENGAGEMENTS.

Edith Gabriel of June '20 has announced her engagement to Mr. George Manheim.

Jean Shiels is engaged to Mr. Sherman Hoelscher.

Cecile Isaacs recently announced her engagement to Mr. Hilson.

MARRIAGES.

Marian Hirsch is now the bride of Mr. Louis Kahn.

Beatrice Zadeck is now Mrs. William Beerman.

Irene Summerfield has become the bride of Mr. Harold Klenger.

Lucille Bergerot is married to Mr. Alton Collins.

MISCELLANEOUS

Myrtle Olsen of December '19, made the Phi Sigma Biological Honor Society.

Emeliette Storti of June '20, is a member of the Iota Mu Italian Honor Society.

Georgia Colombat and Bernice Munter are wearing the "Big C" of the Women's Athletic Society.

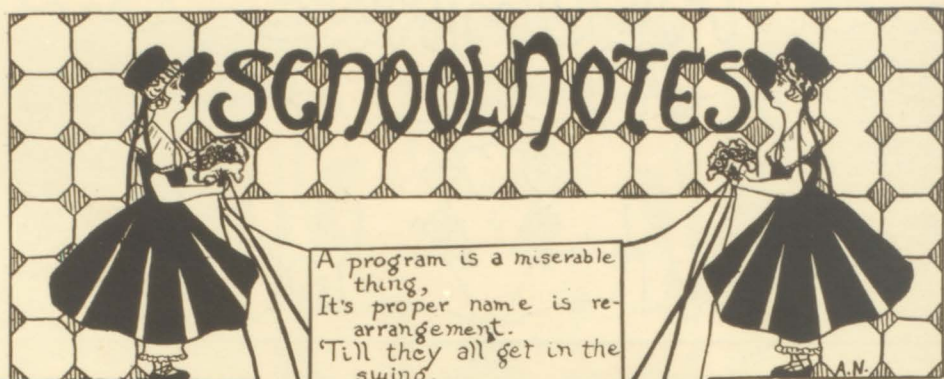
Amelia Franchini of December '21, and Doris Black of June '21 are attending California Art School.

Wanda and Louise Plincz, June '21, are traveling in Europe.

Florence Webb of the class of June '19, has recently graduated from the Stanford Training School for Nurses.

Doris Bello of the class of December '21, is attending the State Teachers' College.

Helen Harper and Gwen Parks of the class of December '20, are now becoming well known golf champions on the Pacific Coast.



Jan. 16—
The Freshmen —
The Freshmen—
(In ever-increasing
numbers.)

The cafeteria
acquires a new steam
table — and
entrance!

Jan. 27—
Freshmen Reception
We tried to give them
some punch —
But found them all
full of pep!!!

We all see
our way
clear—

T...dows
een
ushed!

Feb. 4, '22
We join hands with
enjoyment —
at the
Symphony Concert.

Lincoln Exercises
The speakers put
new vigour into old
selections.

Feb. 11,
Activities
Rally.
Example of—
It's hard to
find a new
way to say
an old say

A program is a miserable
thing,
It's proper name is re-
arrangement.
Till they all get in the
swing,
Our minds are near de-
rangement.

Jan. 17,
Some of our girls
were allowed to
play banker,—
Thrift Day.

What is Gym —
But a bag, a lock,
and a key—?
(To bother me.)

Jan. 26—
The law of gravitation
brought the
Seniors' hair down.
Freshies put their own
up.

Jan. 25
Henry Souvaine
and the
Duo - Art
do
a thing or
two.

Feb. 25
We all look into
a green Mirror
and what
reflections!

The Anglo-California
hands us the
cup again.

Feb. 20—
Marks read
"Nuff sed!!!"

Did you see the
Animal Fair,
In 219,—
up there?

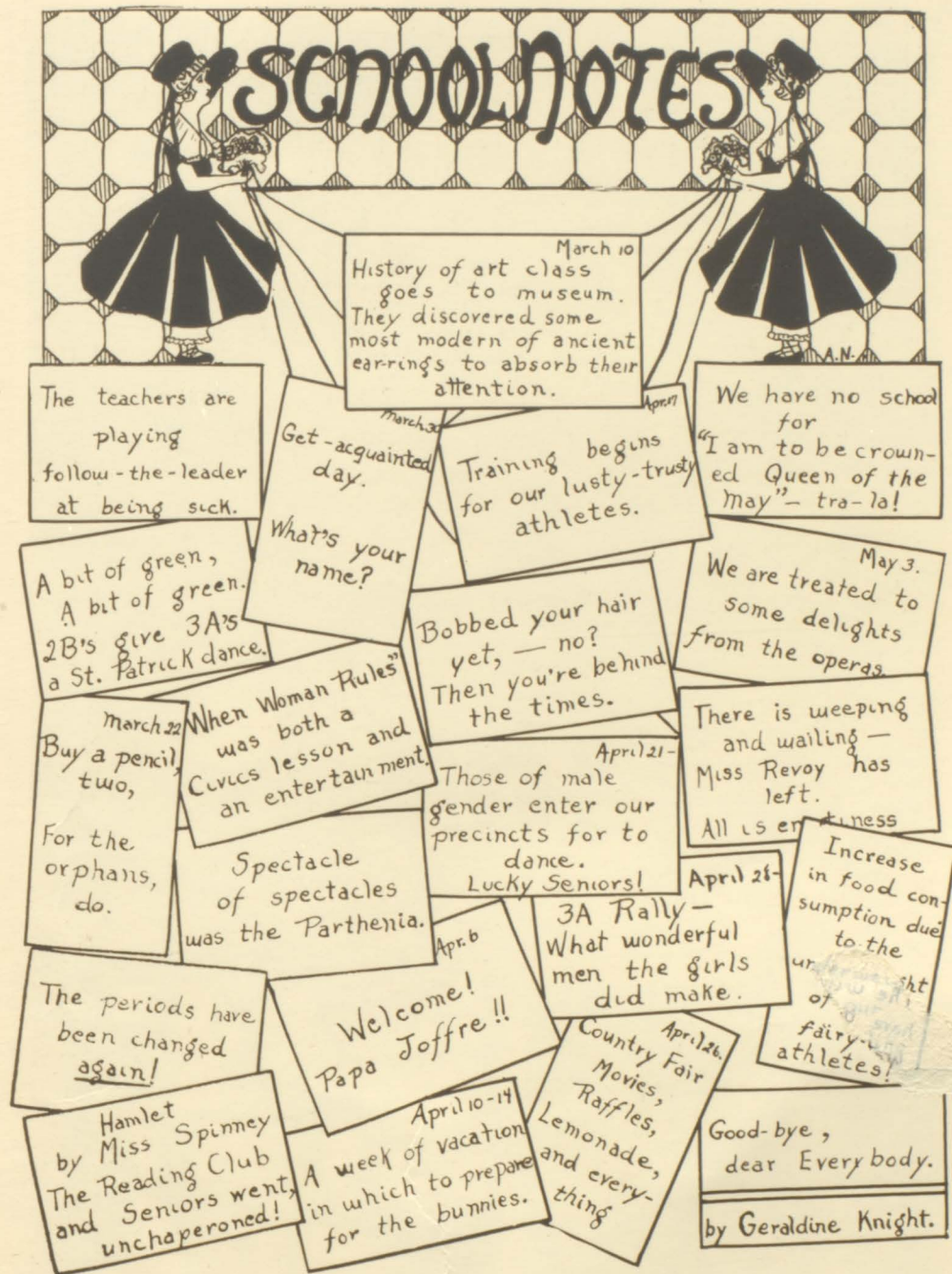
The S.P.A.
had; a luncheon.
Bring your own
cats.

IB's give 2A's
one big valentine
in dance
form.

March, 6—
Interclass
Debates
The Jrs.
The Sophs.
Clarisse
Friedlander-
Rah!

March 15—
Miss Spinney gives
"Alcestes."
It was perfect!

We see the latest
in hats at the
Hat Show.
Weren't the sport
hats cute?





LITERARY



Dorothy Frost

THE REDEMPTION OF ALLAN WEST

CRYSTAL clear chimed the little bells in the tower of the great hospital. For many years they had chimed there each morning, their calm, kind tones echoing and re-echoing over a small part of the great city. The bells are worthy of some note, because of their wonderful power, to reflect, to those who understand them, the circumstances around them. At times, a soul, losing the struggle against relentless death, would imbue the bells with a passionate or sorrowful note, while others would find in them a harmony expressing some secret joy. To the great crowd that daily listens to their peal, the bells were always the same—crystal clear, calm, and kind; but they had always a message for Allan West, and today, after twelve weary months of struggling against the temptation of some inward force as well as the outward messages that came to him almost daily, they rang out still, as always, with the monotony of utter despair. Yet stay! Was there not, just at the end of their peal, some faint suggestion, a hope of something better than had come in all the lagging months? A moment—and it was gone, and once more there was the cold, blighting note.

Slowly the man in the small bed opened his eyes and looked around the little bare room. This morning the sun streamed through the tiny window illuminating the gold backs of the well-worn volumes in the shelf above the bed. The little room, apart from this suggestion of a half-forgotten prosperity, bespoke poverty, but scrupulous care. Nevertheless there were only the coldness of the bookbacks, the immaculate cleanliness of the floor, and the sternly uncurtained window. Painfully, Allan West sat up and wearily rose. Today something within him assured him that today would not be as other days had been. True—it should be different! Was it not a year today that—but why go further, it always upset him so, and after all, reflection of that sort was futile. More important was the question: Why should he struggle to keep alive, merely to exist in that hideous, self-imposed bondage that held him in its vice-like grip? Was there no escape? Yes—death! Slowly he turned to a little leather case on a table, and opening it, took out a delicate silver instrument. Today seemed so unusual; should he perhaps put to use today that little instrument in some helpful service? No, the time had not yet come. Meditatively he looked at the hand which still held the little lancet. In twelve months had those long, thin fingers lost their cunning? How strong the temptation was growing—would he be able to resist much longer? That something within him that almost forced him to go back—to go back and begin again. Across the street was the great building which he loathed and longed for with his whole being, and in its tower were the bells which chimed to him the call which he could not

answer. Together, these things combined to make an almost irresistible force. Oh! would he always be tormented with the memories of the twelve years of work and study, that had glowed with the joy of enthusiasm, of endeavor, and of success! Could he never learn to put the past behind him and resignedly take up the life that he had earned!

As these thoughts turned themselves in his mind later in the day, Allan West was hardly aware of a persistent knocking on his door. Mechanically, he opened the door to admit two women, one simply clad in the uniform of the hospital, the other had on the poor garments of the wife of a laborer. Was this only another appeal which he must listen to, and with a semblance of indifference ignore?

The uniformed woman spoke quietly and earnestly.

"Doctor West, this woman with me has a child who was brought to us this morning. To put the matter plainly, the doctors at the hospital feel that only your skill can save her. Will you come?"

She waited a moment while the anxious mother interpolated:

"Without you, perhaps she will die. You will give her the chance to live?"

The doctor slowly shook his head, holding open the door for the two women to pass.

"You will not understand me when I say I cannot, but," sadly, "It is so."

Slowly the two women withdrew, the mother sobbing quietly to herself.

* * *

At about four o'clock that afternoon a man and a uniformed woman stood in the waiting room of the hospital. The man, in spite of his calm outward demeanor, betrayed unmistakable signs of agitation. The woman, with her expression of triumph and joy, could be recognized as Doctor West's morning visitor. She moved forward to greet a young nurse just coming in.

"See, Miss Granger, I have succeeded in convincing Dr. West that his services are really needed to help poor little Mary Smith." In a lower voice she added: "Try to make his return to us as easy as possible for him. He still remembers the past, and this time if we lose him, I feel that it will be forever; and skill like his is indispensable."

The young girl looked pityingly at the doctor and then turning said quietly:

"Oh! Miss Jackson, how shall we tell him? He has delayed his coming too long, and—the child is dead. Of course none of the doctors here would attempt the necessary operation. He alone could do it. Oh! If it were only not too late!"

In the last sentence the nurse must have raised her voice somewhat, for with a quick motion the doctor turned, and the sad expression on the faces of the women told him what he dreaded to hear.

"The child is dead!"

The two women nodded assent.

The doctor slowly, sorrowfully, gazing abstractedly out of the window, began to speak.

"Don't think, Miss Jackson, that I am not grateful for your attempt to bring me back, but I must go. No explanation is necessary. Perhaps, though," turning to Miss Granger, "Some is due you."

"You both know the miserable story of my life, how I studied and worked both here and abroad, and then came home to practice. And then, as to my fatal mistake, my crime, I call it—it is enough to remind you that because of my state of mind for one minute, I have become twice a murderer; first, of my poor helpless victim, a woman who had trusted herself to my care, and then of her husband, who was unable to bear his sorrow. Oh! would it not be enough to unnerve any man, however skillful, to see one of his truest friends before him, her life in his hands? Was it only twelve months ago? It seems a lifetime. As you know, ever since, I have lived alone, just across the street, trying to atone to my dead friends by giving up all that I had held dearest in life, and by remaining near enough to the scene of my crime to be constantly reminded of it.

"How often during the last year have I doubted the wisdom of my course. I have been tempted to return, to atone by serving others rather than by idleness and waste of whatever knowledge and skill I may have. Every day I have spent long hours in study to prepare myself for the old life again if I should ever feel that I had the right to return to it. Each time the temptation has grown stronger, but until now I have been able to resist it. Today I have failed again, but this is the last time! Is it a question of bravery? Perhaps—I do not know. At any rate, I shall go back to the dull monotony of my life, because in this world of workers there is no room for one who has sinned as I have."

With a piteous shake of his head the man moved toward the door which opened as he approached it, to admit the grief-stricken mother who had been at his house that morning.

"Oh! Doctor West, you have let my child—all I had in this world—die, because of your indifferent selfishness. How could you!"

Dry-eyed but bowed by the burden of her overwhelming sorrow, the woman toiled painfully from the room.

The three people standing in the room stood looking after her for some minutes after she had gone. The doctor broke the silence.

"'How could you—how could you stay away'? Ah! at last, I believe I see the light! I cannot stay away, I must help, and thank God, there is a place in this world, and work, real work, even for me, who have failed—most miserably."

That evening, as long as the light lasted, the happy, weary man at the table beneath the stern little window, went lovingly over and over the pages of his books. At last the sunlight changed to mellow golden, and, in the fast approaching twilight, the doctor closed his eyes and said over and over to himself: "There is work for everyone—there is work for everyone—even if he has failed."

Slowly the sun sank. The bells from the hospital tower pealed out, sending their silvery music to the stars. Still possessed of their wonderful power, they carried a message to the heart of Allan West. It was: "Courage; courage, hope and service." And as the last sweet tones echoed over the balmy summer air, it was: "Peace, peace, eternal peace."

Anne de Gruchy—June, '22.

IN A GARDEN

A white flower stands out
In the dark,—and pit-pats
Of little night animals
Sound on the damp ground,
Where crackly leaves and dewy grass are.

Far off in a meadow,
A bell tinkles—some belated cow
Is o'erlooked by the farmer,
The night drops honey-drips of sweetness.

Eileen Twomey—June, '23.

REALITY

My heart cries out. No answer comes
From out the stillness where my soul
Lies in a faint. The echoes drum and beat;
I seem to hear the toll
Of funeral bells, that ring out clear and strong,
Reverberating with a wondrous sweet
Melodious song; and soon my soul with long
And weary pain will seek its place beside
The many other wanderers who have died,—
Have found Repose, and sit in council sweet
With Death whom they have grown to love
As they did fear before; for it is he
(God's messenger to all of us on Earth)
Who caused their searching souls to find the rest
They sought; and so they, doubly blest,
Will open wide the door for me. My soul,
Enriched by Love, and burning with a flame
(As strong and steady as a thousand stars)
Of purest Joy, will enter, glorified,
The Land where Truth and Love reign side by side.

Barbara Perkins—June, '23.

THE FLAPPER

SHE IS CONDEMNED; she is praised. She is a product of a degenerate generation; she is a visible symbol of a free and better womanhood. She means the destruction of the world; she means the hope of the world. She is the great American problem; she is really too insignificant to matter. She is dangerous, offensive, reckless; she is young, charming, intelligent. * * * And so the tale goes on.

But there are some who say that she is quite ordinary—not dull nor stupid, of course, far from it. Ordinary is a word whose meaning depends a great deal upon its application, and in this case, it simply means that she is like a thousand and one other girls whom we meet every day—who amuse us when we feel well, and bore us when we don't. She is rather clever, rather good-looking, rather nice—the very fact that she runs the whole gamut of “rathers” places her, so they say, among the hopelessly ordinary. Yet in spite of the opinion of the discerning that say she is a national curiosity, great men and great women study her and advance their august opinions as to her cause and her effect; visitors from foreign lands hardly set their feet upon American shores when they are greeted with the ponderous question: “And *what* do you think of the American Flapper?” She is also a national convenience. She gives English lecturers, from Spiritualists to Parlor Politicians, a subject upon which to be cynically brilliant. They all grasp the opportunity and are quoted in the papers of the land. So grows the picture of the American Flapper.

* * *

Sally Holstead was one of that vast number who were “smiling the world into the bottomless pit.” She was perfectly aware of her destiny and did her best to live up to it. She acquired the air of accepting life as it came—coolly, indifferently, shocked at nothing, excited at nothing, enthusiastic over nothing. Her business, as she saw it, was to shock others. Only then did she feel that she was taking an active part in the Great American Flapper Controversy.

Circumstances, in the form of a deadly respectable family, prevented her from having any really wild experiences—experiences that she thought no flapper could ever “flap” successfully without. So she was obliged to get experience second-hand from books and from movies. In the early stages of her career, she truthfully says, “All that I know, or hope to know, I owe to Motion Pictures.” Before she was finished, however, she is a living illustration of the oft-quoted line, “There are no great teachers—only great pupils,” for she taught even the movies a thing or two.

She was interested, as she would have told you, only in the “big things of life.” All her knowledge of the “big things of life” she had acquired, by the

way, from Chambers and Phillips. The only Chambers and Phillips she was acquainted with were, of course, Robert W. and the late David Graham of "Hungry Heart" fame. It was probably from them that she got the very amusing expression that formed about one-third of her conversation, "I *wish* I had the courage of my convictions"—implying that her convictions were very shocking affairs, admitted secretly by the many, but followed by the few.

With the idea of a following of the select few, she became intellectual. She wrote—and wrote—and wrote—everything from "Pleasure Seekers," by "A Girl Who Found It Did Not Pay," to free verse. Her free verse, she felt, was subtle. Subtle or not, it was certainly funny—and quite characteristic of high-school "vers libre." For instance, there was "The Moon," which, according to the author, could mean anything:

I.

The warm, golden evening of midsummer,
Gold—all gold—
With the moon a mellow gold—
Sympathetic—
Langorous breezes—
The heavy perfume of flowers—

II.

A full moon—
White—reluctantly cold—chaste—
Unnatural pallor—
And the dusky shadows of the night—
A heart—
Heavy with disillusion.

It shows the combined effects of E. Phillips Oppenheim, Michael Strange, and "Indian Love Lyrics"—her favorites. She spoke of the "episodes of the past" as one who has tasted of life and found it wanting.

She didn't know how funny she was!

Don't you know her? She's a perfectly harmless individual, this amusing poseur, doing her best to make the world think she's really dangerous—this much discussed "flapper."

LUNCH HOUR

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Between third period and fifth one,
The brain works continually slower;
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the first lunch hour.

I hear in the classroom above me
The clatter of stamping feet,
The useless reproof of a teacher,
As someone bangs down a seat.

I see in the mad rush before me,
Descending the Scott Street stair,
Sophomore, Seniors, and Juniors,
And Freshmen, everywhere.

A babble of tongues, then a silence,
And I know by their faces grave,
That the teacher who happened to hear them
Has asked them to behave.

They crowd around by the candy,
The ice cream, the cake, and the stew;
They simply devour the hot dogs,
The soup and potatoes, too.

Do you think, oh ravenous school girl,
Because you have entered the "Caf,"
That the punishment for your disorder
Will be lessened by half?

In your eagerness you have been captured;
You've been singled out from the mass;
Ah! ha! my breaker of school law,
You shall stay in detention class!

And there you'll resolve, with repentance,
How good you will be this next day—
Till the sight of the food and your hunger
Will banish such thoughts away.

Marian Meyerfeld—December, '22.

THE DESERT CALL

ACROSS the burning sands of the Sahara, a mirage wavered and was gone—a mirage of a lake, calm and clear as a blue lagoon with here and there a tiny silver ripple breaking the surface, for a moment visible, and then only a memory. The heat seemed to settle down with redoubled intensity upon the vast spaces of rolling, billowing sand that glimmered golden under the scorching sun of mid-day.

In the distance the domes and minarets of the desert city of Biskra rose gracefully, pointed toward that great shimmering dome of sky that hung over the gold. Far to the south one might discern through the glare a line of moving dots which grew in size until it took the form of a desert caravan slowly moving into the heart of the desert.

* * *

It was the hour of sunset, and already from afar came the call of the muezzin, the desert call to prayer. On the summit of a hill of sand, was a caravan at rest; and somewhat apart, mounted on a magnificent horse of Arab breed, the tall, slightly bent figure of a man, who was evidently an Agha or Ruler of a desert tribe. He wore the customary green turban of one who has visited Mecca, the sacred duty of every true follower of Mohammed. His clothes were rich, his burnoose gleaming white in contrast to his dark skin, and at his belt hung a jeweled sword. He was an old man, and though a few wrinkles were faintly discernible in his dark face, it still possessed a majestic, slightly haughty look. He paused at the call of the muezzin, turned toward Biskra for a last look, an expression of infinite weariness in his eyes, then dismounted and with arms outstretched as in supplication, prostrated himself in prayer.

Several hours later there was a stir among the members of the caravan, who had waited in vain for the return of the Agha. Night had fallen, and even under the stars which crusted a purple sky, the desert sands glimmered golden as a sea of phosphorous. At length two men separated themselves from their companions, and went forth into the starlit splendor of a desert night in search of the Agha.

Suddenly a call echoed across the desert—the fierce, wild love call of a desert bird to its mate, and from afar came the answer, like the voice of a traveler returned home.

At the bottom of a hill of sand, the searchers found the Agha lying, his face turned to the starlit sky, and on it a look of dreaminess and peace. His travels over, his work done, the traveler had returned home.

Doris Canney—June, '23.

COLLECTION OF VERSE

THE STREET.

Lights gleam on wet pavements,
A horn honks,
The clink of cups comes from
An open "dairy lunch,"
Bits of paper
Make polka dots on the walk,
O Sidon! O Syracuse! O San Francisco!

A SPIDER WEB.

Jewelled crown of a tyrant,
Round castle with sparkling windows,
Why are your ramparts so frail?

COUNTRY ROADS.

When the noonday sun comes beating down
And the dusty road winds far
Over the green and rolling plain,
Where sparkling brooklets are,
How lazy and quiet
Is the air. Bird's cry, it
Carries to the startled ear.

MOTIVES.

Who is there who can say what reason man
Has for a deed? Or if the why be known, who may
Condemn that reason and, unthinking, say,
The deed doth kill the motive. Many a span
Long past, there lived a woman forced to scan
The faces of the famine-stricken, the clay
Of those who perished. To sell for pay
Her soul to Satan, such her desp'rate plan
To save her people. All their pleading might
Not her fixed purpose turn. That he might lead
Her soul, an angel winged down from the Throne
And blessed her dead. For God, the Source of Light
Looks always on the motive not the deed,
The Prince of Shadows on the deed alone.

Eileen Twomey—June, '23.

LINCOLN - A UNIVERSAL HERO

YES, WE LOVE THE NAME OF LINCOLN," we sing when we pay tribute to the beloved and honored hero of our country, and all over the world voices are echoing us. Yes, the people of every country on this earth love the name of Lincoln for what it, in all its significance, means to them: Liberty, Brotherhood, and Peace. To those people, Lincoln is not dead, but living gloriously in the beauty and strength of these, his ideals.

Lincoln is himself an ideal of the beauty of character which a man may possess, for he seems to have had every virtue. Stalwart honesty, clemency, unselfishness, courage, and boundless sympathy were his, together with the quiet firmness and perfect trust in God's goodness which helped him to shoulder his great tasks. It is for this character as well as for the success of his stupendous undertaking, that he is so revered in every country.

Many individuals have high ideals, but there are very few who have had the power to realize them. This Lincoln had. Born in the humblest of circumstances, he rose by his own effort and courage to the heights where he could carry out his ambition. And there he "set Freedom free, made real a thing which all the world had thought a splendid dream." America became truly the land of the free, and Lincoln's name carried the message of freedom to those who served in bondage in every corner of the earth, and filled their hearts and minds with the knowledge that liberty is every man's birthright.

Lincoln left behind him the message of universal brotherhood. His was a heart full of love for everyone, with an immeasurable amount of sympathy for sorrow or distress, and a perfect disregard of self, which led to an ever-present state of thoughtfulness for his fellow-man. Race or nationality made no difference, every man was his brother, and he was on the earth to do his best to place all people on an equal basis. No wonder then, that the rich and poor of every nation love him, for "with him began the universal league of human souls."

Lincoln was so broad-minded and had such deep insight that he was always able to see both sides of a question, to sympathize with both, and this was one of the reasons that he was such a strong advocate of peace. "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," was his great ideal and so he was against all war, unless war was the last resort to right a great wrong. And just as Lincoln wished for peace for all mankind, so mankind holds aloft his ideals, names Peace the salvation of the world and reverences it because of its advocate.

At Lincoln's death, America realized for the first time that her hero was not hers alone, for poems of praise, dirges, odes, expressions of sympathy of every sort, in every tongue, poured in upon the sorrowing nation. Repre-

sentatives of the governments of every country sent condolences to the widow of Lincoln and to the people of his country, assuring them of the sympathy of the world. Lincoln was the world's hero and the world paid him tribute.

Lydia Weeden—June, '23.

SPRING

How soon hath the crocus, the herald of Spring,
Burst forth in his glory, all purple and gold,
To be welcomed once more, by the birds as of old,
As in the meadows and tree tops, they merrily sing.

How soon hath the violet from under yon stone,
Spread out her broad leaves in a cool shady nook;
How oft with relief all her slender stems shook,
While she opened shy petals of lavender tone.

How soon doth the snowdrop her tiny bells ring,
And the buttercup turn her bright face to the sky,
As, with happiest voices they seem to cry
Welcome! Welcome! Welcome to Spring!

Elizabeth Truby—June, '23.

WANDERLUST

Let us wander away
Some sweet summer day
When all is fair.

Across distant seas and over far lands,
Among forest trees and hot desert sands,
Anywhere.

Among gardens in the Kingdom of Flowers,
Under cherry-blooms falling in showers,
Swift and fleet.
With the stars for our lights and the sky for our tent,
And the winds that fan us laden with scent,
Softly sweet.

Where under a sapphire sky,
The sands of the Desert lie,
Mystic and shifting,
Ling'ring o'er the same old path of gold
That the moon had spun for wanderers of old,
Always a-drifting.

Through cities that live in past glory,
Far-famed in song and story,
Dreamy and old.
Through cities proud in the wealth of today,
Glowing with lights that are blazing the way
To Glory and gold.

Now worshipping at the tops of mountains,
Now dancing by tink'ling fountains,
Wildly gay.
Catching the roses that in our way are blown,
Living and dying content, having known
An eternal May.

For the world is the wanderer's home,
And he heeds but the call to roam,
As he must.
The voice of far seas and the call of far lands,
The murmur of trees and the lure of dark sands,
Wanderlust.

B. F. V.—December, '22.

THE PEWTER IMAGE

LOUNGING one summer afternoon in the hammock on the veranda, Dorothy was awakened from her reverie by voices coming from the library. Being very comfortable where she was, and too indolent to move, she remained in the hammock and drowsily watched the bees as they traveled industriously from flower to flower. It was her uncle, Mr. Roberts, and the new Episcopal minister who were conversing inside, and as his guest was about to leave, Mr. Roberts handed him a check—a contribution toward a new set of chimes for his church.

As he thanked her uncle, Dorothy heard the minister remark that the offering was doubly appreciated since none of the family were members of his congregation. Pointing to a little statuette of the Virgin on the mantle, the rector said, "I understand that your mother is a Roman Catholic, while your father is a Baptist." Mr. Roberts assented, and for an explanation told him the family story of the little pewter image.

"In the early seventies, my parents were married shortly after Mother's graduation from a Baltimore convent. A few years later they made their way to northern California, where Father staked a mining claim on the Sierra foothills. Our little home was nothing more than a cabin in the midst of an unpopulated region. The camp equipment was the same as that of many other prospectors, and included a melting pot and bullet mold to be used in case of an emergency, which might arise unexpectedly.

"This was at the time of the Indian rebellions, which became so serious that United States troops were sometimes needed to subdue the outbreaks. The red men were not, however, especially feared by us, for Father believed they could not get past the soldier encampment, some twenty miles distant.

"I was only a small lad at the time the following incident took place, but the occasion was one of such stress and anxiety that it made an indelible imprint on my mind.

"Early one morning, being aroused by distant shots, we were forced to realize that the Indians were approaching, and so prepared to do the best we could to hold the invaders at a distance until help should arrive. There being only two rifles in the cabin, and as both were single shots, Mother was kept busy loading one as fast as Father emptied the other.

"By means of this method, the rebellious horde was kept from advancing until nearly sunset, when our meager bullet supply began to dwindle. Father realized that if night came on and we were still defenseless, the Indians would set fire to the cabin. Suddenly remembering about an extra bag of bullets he had bought the day before at the settlement, he asked

Mother where they were. A frantic search failed to reveal the bag, and as a maddened last resort, Father cried, 'Then we'll *mould* bullets!'

"He swiftly looked around for material, and spying that little pewter image, grabbed it unthinkingly and was about to toss it into the melting pot, when Mother, her eyes blazing, wrenched it from his grasp after a hard struggle, and with all her strength threw it into the rear room, where it landed under the bed.

" 'Don't, John,' she cried, 'you can't melt that—'twould be sacrilege! I'd rather *die* first!' But Father, crazed with fear, and not half knowing what he was doing, darted under the bed and pulled out—not the pewter image, but the bag of bullets which the little collie pup, my constant playmate, had dragged there in his frolics.

"The day was saved for us, for within half an hour after our finding the fresh supply of ammunition, the troops from the fort, having heard firing, arrived on the scene and in a short time quelled the rebellion.

"Mother firmly believes it was the hand of God that guided her arm when she threw the image from her, and Father has never argued the question—in fact, the incident made such an impression on him that in after years it has served to broaden his mind to such an extent that he is exceedingly tolerant of all religious thought. She regularly attends her church, he is an elder in his, and both are as happy as the day of their marriage."

Taking the minister to the window, Mr. Roberts pointed to the arbor, where a devoted, white-haired couple could be seen strolling arm in arm.

"They are celebrating a sort of anniversary," he explained, "for it was exactly fifty years ago today that the little pewter image saved us from a horrible death."

Buell Carey—June, '23.

JOAN OF ARC

FINE PHRASES, affectations, superfluous words—these have no place in the simple story of Joan of Arc, and Mark Twain has painted with caressing hands and in a straightforward manner the sweet-sad tale of the Maid of Orleans.

We of today who review the era of the Hundred Years' War see, standing out from the chaos of insurrections and treasons, of prejudice and hatred, one bright spot on the dark history of the time—the maiden warrior, Joan of Arc. We are, perhaps, prone to think of her as the saint we know today, and forget her as the girl who dreamt and worked and played and who was just human as any of the rest of us.

But Mark Twain did not forget, and in his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" he has given us the story of Joan, the child, who loved the fairies of the forests; of Joan, the Girl, who heard the voices as she dreamed in Domremy; of Joan, the Warrior, who brought to France once more that spirit of nationality, who set afire the almost extinguished flames of patriotism, and, finally, of Joan the Sufferer. Here, recounting the episodes of the Maid at court, in prison, and, lastly, at the stake in Rouen, Twain's best work is done. True, he has not screamed forth in torrid words the despicable villainy of the crime, but he has, with deliberate simplicity and earnestness, reverently portrayed the scenes. The fanatic can arouse only momentary passion, Mark Twain has left an impression—perhaps more on our hearts than on our minds—that we cannot forget.

The character of Joan, of course, dominates the book, but there are several other interesting persons, namely, the Sieur Louis de Comte (who is supposed to relate the story), the Dwarf, so ironically called because of his great height; and another—a boy friend of Joan's girlhood days. These characters help to make a beautiful story more pleasing, and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," with its simple style and splendid characterization, is an appealing reminder that the passing of five hundred years has left Joan of Arc one of the entirely beautiful and truly noble characters of history.

Ruth Clouse—June, '23.



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RUTH JACOBS



ARE THE FOUR YEARS spent in a high school a preparation for life or are they an important part of life itself? On consideration, it would seem that they are really a part of life. There are certain standards and ideals which all of us believe we are going to uphold when we go out into the world. Are we practicing them now?

First, how about work and play? We do not wish to encourage prigs and prudes, but we should be level-headed enough to work and play at the proper times. Do we neglect work for play? It is possible to live a well-balanced life, for "the all-around girl" has earned her title only because she has combined her interest in school activities with something finer.

It is for these finer things of life as well as for knowledge and sociability that Girls' High School has always stood. The very fact that this school is composed solely of girls, should make it a unit striving toward high standards. In a school, as elsewhere, the acquiring of knowledge is worthless unless accompanied by the acquisition of such traits as honesty, loyalty, unselfishness, and democracy of spirit.

Honesty and loyalty are qualities which are demanded the world over as a matter of fact. Surely, girls of our advantages ought to have even a higher conception of these qualities. However, unselfishness and democracy of spirit are two qualities, which though we are apt to forget, are just as important as the other two.

Any girl who wishes to be unselfish cannot afford to overlook the "society of the other fellow." Even if it is rather inconvenient or a trifle boring to aid the shy girl to become accustomed to our life, or to help a newcomer become acquainted with her classmates, the obligation to be unselfish and democratic still rests upon us. Higher education broadens the mind, but nothing which calls itself higher culture is an excuse for snobbishness and the neglect of the common courtesies of life.

* * *

A sincere welcome is extended by the students to the new members of

the faculty, Miss McDermott, Miss MacDonald, Miss O'Brien, Miss Petit and Miss Sandy. We trust that they will be very happy with us.

* * *

The French students feel that they suffered a great loss when Miss Revoy took a leave of absence. We are certain, however, that when she returns next semester, her pupils will again be delighted with her tales of Paris, that city of enchantment which all of us love to picture. We hope that Miss Aiken, who is substituting for Miss Revoy, will enjoy her stay with us.

* * *

It has been noticed by the successive Journal Staffs that canvassing for ads and subscriptions is becoming more and more difficult. With the additional publication of the "Mirror" our problem has become more complicated. The girls are not answering the appeals for support which these two publications need. Things seem to have come to a standstill, and interest has lagged. It is always the same group of girls which answers our appeals. School spirit does not merely consist in being able to yell the school yell a trifle louder than one's neighbor. There is a material expression of it which means interest in making every activity that Girls' High School undertakes, a decided success.

To the school we wish to make one more appeal: "Please patronize our advertisers *and Tell Them That You Saw Their Ads in the Girls' High School Journal.*"

* * *

The Journal Staff wishes to express its gratitude and thanks to Miss Croyland, Miss Armer, and Miss Browning for their valuable aid in compiling this book. Their advice and criticisms have been of inestimable value in the preparation of the literary sections of this Journal. They have indeed earned our sincerest gratitude.

To Miss Jones and Mr. McGlynn the staff is also very grateful for their help and interest in the details of the art work and the photographs.

The Editor wishes especially to thank the following girls for their valuable contributions toward the success of the Journal: Buell Cary, Barbara Perkins, Helen Koester, Catherine Dollard.





ISABELLE BLUHM
President of Girls High School Student Body

STUDENT BODY ORGANIZATION

President.....	ISABELLE BLUHM
Vice-President.....	ELECTA THOMAS
Secretary.....	MADELINE LACHMAN
Yell Leader.....	RUTH WALE
Song Leader.....	RUTH KINSLEY
First Representative.....	ALICE BLUHM
Second Representative.....	BARBARA MAYER
Third Representative.....	MADELINE JOHNSON
Fourth Representative.....	RITA WILLIAMS
Fifth Representative.....	MAMIE COLEMAN
Treasurer.....	MISS DANIELS
Faculty Advisors.....	MISS NOONAN
	MISS SULLIVAN



ELECTA THOMAS
BARBARA MAYER
MAMIE COLEMAN

MADELINE LACHMANN
MADELINE JOHNSON
RUTH WALE

ALICE BLUHM
RITA WILLIAMS
RUTH KINSLEY



MARIAN MEYERFELD
Editor



DORA CARR
Business Manager

FOR MANY YEARS the necessity for a school newspaper has been felt by all girls interested in Girls High School. All agreed that the school needed something through which it could express its aims and ideals, and some organ through which it could inform its students and the outside world of the work Girls High was doing and the activities which it fostered.

In the middle of last term this hope materialized in the form of the "Girls High Mirror." The material in its columns runs the gauntlet from the serious to the humorous, from the dignified editorials which inspire school spirit to the clever little poems and ditties concerning the ridiculous side of school life. Under the able guidance of Madaline Lachman as Editor, and Katherine Jones as Business Manager and a staff of efficient co-workers, the "Mirror" soon proved that it was worthy of representing our school.

The new staff this term consists of Marian Meyerfeld, Editor; Dora Carr, Business Manager; Adaline Loeb, Assistant Editor, and Barbara Probasco, Assistant Business Manager. At the beginning of the term, the paper staff felt that enough material could be gathered to cause the paper to be enlarged, so that while originally only four pages, the "Mirror" is now six pages in size.

The addition was due partly to the increased size of the school and partly to the fine co-operation of the students. With continued co-operation the "Girls High Mirror" can be improved and enlarged. Most of the girls feel that the starting of the "Mirror" is quite the most important thing that has happened during their high school life.

DEBATING



RUTH CLOUSE
President

ONE DAY, by some peculiar trick of fate, we happened to glance through our history book—when suddenly our bored gaze rested upon the physiognomy of a very good-looking gentleman. Immediately a desire to discover the cognomen of this fascinating creature assailed us. We hurriedly gathered the following data: (1) The gentleman's name was Rene Descarte; (2) He refused to believe anything until it was proved to him. We caught our breath—what an adorable name—and SO romantic. Therefore, in order to perpetuate the memory of this wonderful individual, we formed the Descartette Club. Anyway, why should we believe that anything did exist? However, our view was soon to change.

Upon entering our English class we found that an "ex" would be in progress all too soon, and thus the painful fact that teachers existed was thrust upon us. Could Descarte have been wrong? (My dears, that was the best looking picture!)

At last one Monday morning during the first period, while we were absent-mindedly cogitating on our trouble, we walked into the library, and we heard someone say, "Therefore, I believe the Affirmative has proved that gymnasium after school is harmful both mentally and socially."

We gasped. Here within our very reach was the Truth at last.

"What," we exclaimed, "is this institution of truth—this dwelling place of eloquence—this?" (here words failed us). "This is the Debating Club," we were told.

And now every Monday morning finds us in the Debating Club listening to remarks wise and witty, and being just awfully glad that we discovered that picture of Mr. Descarte. (Did I mention it?—he is SO handsome.)

READING CLUB



ANNE DE GRUCHY
President

Do you sometimes wish that your days of enchantment, of being carried away to some wonderful far-away world were not over? Do you wish that some enchantress would take you with her, miles and miles away from everything? If you are good, you may *have* your wish. Miss Armer is our enchantress, whom we can never thank adequately for the many happy journeys on which she takes us through the medium of well-selected drama.

We travel miles and miles each Tuesday, starting from room 108, sharp at 3:05. If you're looking for real joy, we'd be glad to have you join us; so, watch your marks and come along.

SHORT STORY CLUB



MARY LOWE
President

"SHORT STORY CLUB," the name we've taken,
Proves poor Shakespeare quite mistaken,
"What's in a name?" is what he said,
But at this club, short tales *are* read.
Three-ten, Monday—pass 105
Sophs and High Frosh eager, alive,
Gaze at Miss Browning, thrilled of course,
By the weird tale of the "Cumbersome Horse."
Quarter of four—they're loath to go,
But of this club, if more you'd know,
Join our circle. You'll soon confess,
What rare pleasure fine tales possess.

SEWING CLUB



HELEN KOESTER
President

LAST TERM, the Student Body decided to adopt some orphans. As a result of pencil-sales the necessary amount to place three small children in proper homes was provided. As the school felt it would like to help lessen the burdens of the Associated Charities in caring for the orphans of San Francisco, the SEWING CLUB was organized.

This term the club devoted its time to the making of gingham dresses and bonnets. The work of the club not only is useful, but also affords a pleasant hour to the girls who remain after school every Thursday afternoon in Miss Sullivan's sewing room.

The officers are: President, Helen Koester; Vice-President, Carolyn Eschen; and Secretary, Florence Baker. The club is indebted to Miss Sullivan and Miss Tabor for their valuable assistance.

ART CLUB



FLORENCE KOHN
President

MANY GIRLS have often wished that they knew how to make their homes and rooms more attractive. Now! all you who have had these dreams should study Interior Decorating and Furniture Designing. The designing of decorations and furniture is the chief feature of the club's work. There are a great number of girls in this school who have artistic ability, and, as the membership in this club is open to all, the size and activity of this club should greatly increase during the next semester. The ART CLUB, which meets on Monday afternoons under the direction of Mr. McGlynn, will prove a great benefit to the students who are really interested.

DRAMATIC CLUB



HELEN ATZEROTH
President

UNDER THE ever willing assistance of Mrs. Tharp, Mrs. McGlade, and other members of the Faculty, the DRAMATIC CLUB gives a play once a year. This play is one of the main devices through which the Student Body fund of the Girls High School is replenished. The girls who already belong to the Dramatic Society beg those who are at all attracted to this sort of work to attend one or two meetings, feeling that they will become so interested that they will be impelled to join. It is the aim of those directing the organization to carry on the work of the DRAMATIC CLUB, not through the talent of a few, but through the interest of many girls.

JAZZ ORCHESTRA



YVONNE HARLEY
President

"MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT," "Always," "Stealing" from Girls High our "Castle of Dreams," come strains of the "Gypsy Blues." "I Never Knew" that an "Old Fashioned Girl" whom I used to call "Angel Child" could be one of a peppy Orchestra that delights us with a truly syncopated version of "The Sheik," "Just a Little Love Song," and "Ka-lu-a." "My Mammy Knows" that "Poor Little Me," who cannot play a note, loves to listen to those wailing saxophones, shrieking violins, and the moaning, groaning tones of the various other instruments. "Everybody Step(s)" to the music and when the strains of "Home Sweet Home" are played, we are sorry to leave, but are very grateful to the lovely entertainment the JAZZ ORCHESTRA has afforded us.



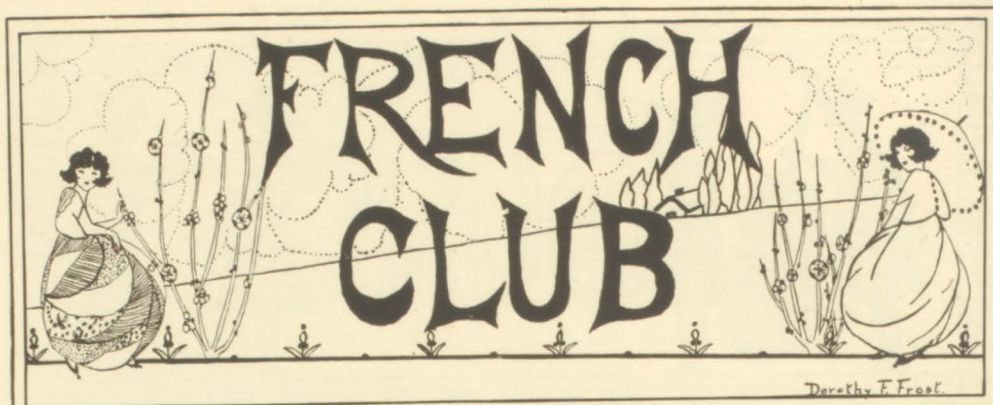
EVERY INSTITUTION which aims towards higher education and culture must recognize the necessity of training the students to appreciate the best musical compositions. Much credit is due to Mrs. McGlade for her efforts in educating the musical tastes of our students. Under her leadership four clubs have been formed, which are so well organized and so active that every girl with musical talents can find a place for herself in at least one of them.

One of the clubs that has brought the school much praise is the ORCHESTRA, which consists of thirty-two instruments. At the evening performances of the school the Orchestra plays, giving the entertainments a finish that can be obtained only by good music. The club needs such instruments as cellos, flutes, and clarinets, and would appreciate having girls join who can play any of these instruments.

THE CHORAL CLUB is composed of girls taking Choral as a regular subject. Additional zest is added to the regular work by the interesting Friday programs, to which each girl at some time during the term contributes her part, and thus the girls gain poise in facing an audience.

THE GLEE CLUB has a membership of some fifty girls who are chosen from the Choral Club, to meet twice a week during "X" periods for practice. Besides having sung in the Auditorium, the club has accepted several invitations to sing at other affairs, notable among these being the entertainment of the soldiers at the Y. M. C. A. in the Presidio. Last year an operetta was very successfully staged, and for next term Mrs. McGlade has planned some very charming entertainments.





BARBARA PERKINS
President

LOST FRESHMAN (entering Room 109, hears a general unintelligible murmur)—Why, what's going on in here this period?

MLLE. REVOY—Que vouley-vous? Ca c'est le Club Francais.

EVERYONE—Why don't you come to the French Club? It's loads of fun. We speak and sing French and at present we're planning a wonderful "soiree."

LOST FRESHMAN—Well, I guess I will,—if you'll promise to speak to *me* in English, so that I'll know what you're talking about.

MLLE. REVOY (for the benefit of those who are in the same predicament as Lost Freshman)—Eet ees like zees, mes petites. Ze membairees of ze

French (you ought to hear her "r's"; they're just delicious) Club weesh to geeve a "piece." What ees zat you say een Eengleesh?

EVERYONE IN GENERAL—A play.

MLLE. REVOY—(blushing) Mais oui! Well, zat ees what zey want to geeve and so we are makeeing our preparations for eet. Ecoutez bien.

Hundreds of plans are made, but I shan't describe them here. Later it is suggested that we sing. Everyone is overjoyed, and the Lost Freshman, bubbling over with enthusiasm, gives to our well-known "Au clair de la lune" a strange version running something like this:

Au clair-de la lune,
Mon amie, and though
I don't know the tune,
Nor a single mot
Je don't want to leave,
Je suis very gay.
And je dis "Oh vive
Notre Club Francais!"

B. Perkins—June, '23.



SPORTS and PASTIMES



H. HAYDEN



ELFRIEDA IMOBERSTEG
President

ORGANIZATION

ELFRIEDA IMOBERSTEG	President
HELEN IMOBERSTEG	Vice-President
EMMA BRESCIA	Secretary
RUTH CHEESEBROUGH	Baseball Manager
ANITA VON HUSEN	Tennis Manager
ELECTA THOMAS	Basketball Manager
ROBERTA MCKNIGHT	Volleyball Manager
PAULINE METZGER	Swimming Manager
MISS ROSENBERG and MISS CLARK	Advisers

THE SPORTS AND PASTIME ASSOCIATION has, in the past, proved itself most successful, and as each succeeding term passes, its popularity increases.

All girls who come out for sports automatically become members of the "S. P. A." This term baseball, volleyball, tennis, and swimming are competitive sports. Every month the association holds its regular meeting, and luncheon (of the "bring-your-own" kind) is "served." There is always some kind of entertainment at these meetings that is "greatly enjoyed by all." The baseball and volleyball girls, feeling the need of an outlet for their enthusiasm, recently held "get-together" parties at Land's End, so that they could become better acquainted.

All girls who expect to participate in inter-class or school games must keep training rules, and the reason is two-fold. They keep the girl physically fit, so that she may give her best to her team, and they encourage the formation of regular systematic habits. It is only after a girl has faithfully kept these rules and made her team for four years that she receives the highly coveted and respected gold block "G."

The advisory board of the "S. P. A." meets every week to settle questions that may arise concerning training rules and other subjects of interest to the girls. Last year an inter-class "playday" was successfully introduced, and this term a hare-and-hound chase is being planned for the enthusiastic "ath-letic" members of the "S. P. A."







ATHLETIC TEAM MANAGERS

Tennis—M. CANFIELD, A. LOEB, A. VON HUSEN

Basketball—E. THOMAS, R. MCKNIGHT, P. METZGAR

Baseball —E. GROWCETT, D. BAILEY, E. CLANCY, M. MILLER, R. CHEESEBROUGH



BASEBALL

A CASUAL OBSERVER, perusing the sporting pages of any great daily, might be likely to come to the conclusion that baseball is a game for men, and that only the stars of headline fame are worthy of notice. Such being the case, certain members of Girls' High School would, we are sure, hasten to set the casual observer on the right track by informing him of his wrong idea, and assuring him that the American girl can and does take to the National Pastime as ably as her athletic brothers.

In order to press their argument further, these certain members of Girls' High School (who, by the way, belong to the S. P. A.) would take the casual observer, on a Monday or Wednesday afternoon, to a spot where bloomed, middied, tireless girls could be seen batting, chasing and catching in a most creditable manner, globules commonly known as baseballs.

If then the casual observer was not yet thoroughly convinced, he would be surrounded by these accomplished lassies and would be obliged to listen to their intricate and complicated explanations of the Game of Ball which they so completely understood. We feel, however, that the C. O. would not be compelled to weather this last process, as one glimpse at Girls' High playing ball convinces the onlooker that our girls know how!



VOLLEY BALL

GIRLS' HIGH volley ball is a big girl now, she's almost two years old. Many girls are crazy over the dear little thing and declare that she's not at all hard to understand.

We meet her after school on Fridays and at noon on Tuesdays and greatly enjoy her company, as all the participants will concede. She's a very particular young Miss and won't venture out except in fair weather, but, nevertheless, Miss Clark has introduced many beginners to her and is getting her old friends better acquainted.

Last term, despite her tender years, she played two games, one against Commerce, in which she was victorious, and the other against Lowell, at which she was defeated; and this term she has thoroughly decided to add more fame to herself and to bring Girls' High School over the top in another activity.

SWIMMING

THE GLITTERING WATER laughs at summer's heat. It scorns the blazing rays of the sun and gives us enjoyment in its cool, green depth. Now we are off! With a run, jump and a turn, down we go head first. The noise of the hot, dusty world ceases, as we dive into the water.

We open our eyes and look around us at what could almost be called a fairyland. A hazy, green and blue landscape, dotted with bubbles, greets us, and we almost wish that we could stay longer. Rising again we hear the humming of the busy world, which is a great contrast to the imaginative land we have just left.

The joy of it! At any time, spring, summer, fall or winter, swimming is a delight. If you join the class held both for beginners and for advanced swimmers at Sutro Baths, you too will understand the exhilaration which swimming produces.



TENNIS

GIRLS! did you ever see the advertisement, "Keep that schoolgirl complexion"? This complexion is said to be acquired by the use of palm olive soap.

Well! we have a new formula, straight from the laboratories of nature. Listen, while we repeat. "Net, ball, racket + 2 girls=a perfect skin 'you love to touch' and that 'school girl complexion' is free of charge."

Are you stout? (No girl is really fat, of course.) Then come out for tennis and become a sylph.

If you are lacking in weight, thin, and haven't an appetite tennis will give you everything you need. In fact it will develop you to a "perfect 36," and make you eat anything from burnt beans to cabbage without any bad effects.

Noted authorities have unanimously agreed that Tennis is the great "cure-all" of the age.

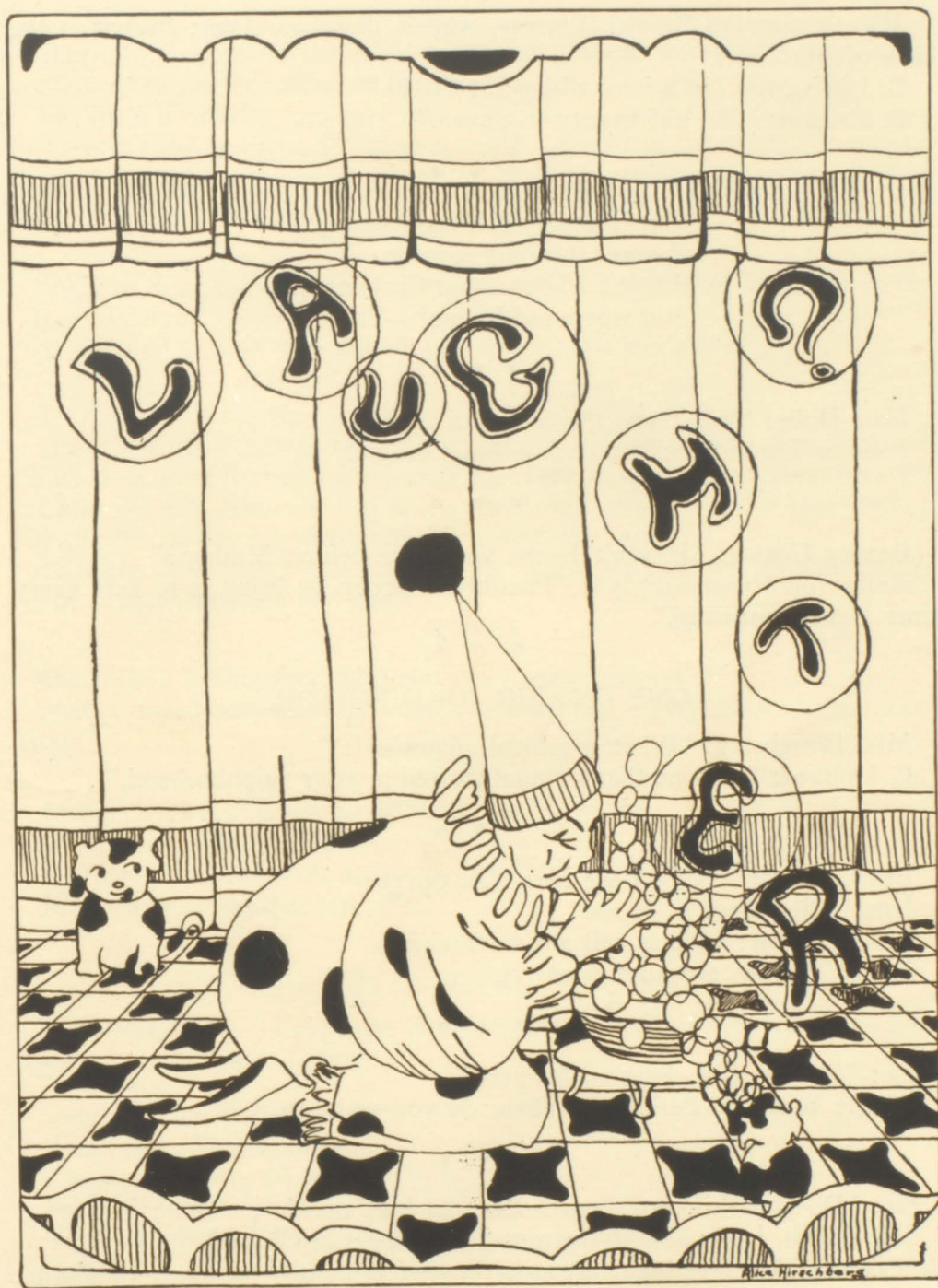
Come out for tennis and be a paragon of youthful vigor and beauty.

BASKETBALL

"TURN ABOUT is fair play," and so after a successful term basketball has retired to the position of a minor sport. There is no regular practice after school but two noontimes are given up to the devotees of this pastime.

Many of the veterans and some future stars make use of these days to keep in form. Next term when regular practice begins, we expect many victories and if it is true that history repeats itself, we surely will win them.

Autographs 11



Miss Armer (to Bernice Valente, who is day-dreaming): "What is the time of Macbeth?"

B. Levingston (in a loud whisper): "1040."

B. Valente: "Oh! uh! twenty to eleven."

* * *

Oh, Chemists skilled, investigate
Answer this quiz of mine,
I think I know what Carbonate,
But where did Iodine?—Ex.

* * *

Miss Hobe: "What was the Sherman act?"

Eleanor Thronson: "Marching thru Georgia."

* * *

Beauty Doctor: "Haven't I seen your face before, Madam?"

Anita von Husen (dryly): "Possibly. I generally bring it in here every time I get a massage."

* * *

ONE ON OUR JOKE EDITOR.

Miss Dougherty: "What is a local anaesthetic?"

C. Dollard: "Oh, one that's manufactured in your neighborhood."

* * *

Bill Collector: "May I see Mrs. Clayburgh?"

Irma: "She's not at home."

Bill Collector: "When will she be back?"

Irma: "Dunno, she ain't gone yet."

* * *

He: "Do you like dates with nuts?"

Chispa Barnes: "Perhaps. Where do you want to go?"

* * *

He: "Do you think you could learn to love me?"

She: "Well, I was able to learn enough to pass in Civics."

(Editor's Note: Years afterwards they were happily married; thanks to Miss Hobe's training.)

A little San Francisco boy visiting in Boston quarreled with a little native of that city, and ended the affair by saying, "Sticks and stones may break my bones but names can never hurt me."

The little Bostonian had never heard the rhyme before and thought it very cute. Next time he quarreled he exclaimed: "Pieces of timber and inorganic strata may injure my osseous structure, but plebeian nomenclature is indeed quite harmless."

* * *

"Auntie, dear, may I present Mr. Peterson? Mr. Peterson was born in the Canary Islands."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Peterson. Perhaps you will sing for us?"

* * *

"Pay attention, now," said the geography teacher. "The population of China is so great that two Chinamen die every time we take a deep breath."

Later she was astonished to find a small boy very red in the face, puffing vigorously. "What are you doing, Tommy?" she inquired.

"Killing Chinamen," was the answer. "I don't like them, so I'm getting rid of as many of them as I can."

* * *

Inquisitive Youngster: "Did you pluck your eyebrows?"

Sophisticated Senior: "No, when I was a baby my eyebrows were moth-eaten."

* * *

Mother: "Is my daughter well-behaved?"

Miss Hobe: "Generally."

Mother: "What do you mean by 'generally'?"

Miss Hobe: "Not particularly."

* * *

HEARD IN SENIOR SINGING

Mrs. McGlade: "Come here, girls, and stand back of me. I want to keep my eye on every one of you."

* * *

Teacher: "Define anecdote."

Small Boy: "A short tale."

Teacher: "Define trickle."

Small Boy: "To move slowly."

Teacher: "Now give me a sentence using those words."

Small Boy: "The little dog trickled down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."

An Englishman was boasting to an Irishman about the fastness of English trains.

"Why, Pat," said the Englishman, "We run our trains so fast in England that the telegraph poles look like a continuous fence."

"Do they, now? Well, sir, I was on a train one day in Ireland and we passed first a field of turnips, then one of carrots, then one of cabbage, and a large pond of water, and we were going so fast that it looked like soup."

* * *

HOT ONES

"Blessed is he who sitteth on a red-hot stove, for he shall rise again."
Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?
Because it was too hot to sit down.

* * *

A teacher was trying to convey the idea of devotion to the members of her class, and so made the following statement:

"Now," she said, "suppose a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim, and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden fall; the cry for help. His wife knows his peril, and hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank."

"Why does she rush to the bank?"

Whereupon a boy in the rear exclaimed: "To draw his insurance money."

* * *

George B. (soulfully): "Your blue eyes are like the ocean deep."

Laurette F. (sarcastically): "I suppose you see a little fish in them?"

George B.: "Uh-hum."

Laurette F.: "Well, it's your reflection!"

* * *

QUEER THINGS SAID IN TEACHERS' MEETING

Dr. Scott: "Has any teacher a girl named Boyle?"

Teacher: "Oh! yes, Dr. Scott, I have a Boyle."

Dearest Jean :-

I have been thinking about you a great deal lately — planning for your future, so that you can make your own way whatever may happen. Your school record has given me much pleasure — I'm so glad that you could go to High School — that means a good foundation, but that is not enough —

The minute you leave High School everybody will ask "What can you do?" — and then, too, I can see that you, like most girls, long to be independent — to earn your own money, and to spend it as you please —

Well Jean there is only one way in which it can be done, and that is to train for business — to learn how to do some one thing well — learn to keep books, manage an office, be a private secretary — Business is the leading profession to-day and if you are a good business woman every door in town will open at your request

So, I have decided to send you to Heald's — (that's the best business training school of the West) — and have you qualify for a good business position — You can have your choice of 12 or 15 courses —

On your way down town within a day or two, please stop at the Heald Bldg — Van Ness & Chest — and talk it over with Mr. Leiseman, the Supt., or phone him for all the details — and get ready to enter next week —

Your Dear Old Dad

NOTICE TO PUPILS

If teachers are in conversation with anyone, you are requested not to wait, but to "butt right in," as teachers are particularly fond of talking to more than one person at a time.

Visitors having no business to attend to in this school are asked to call often, as the faculty likes to have its valuable time taken up.

Pupils are asked to come to school any time between 9 and 3 o'clock, as this prevents a congestion in the halls and also saves the steps from wear.

Pupils are requested to eat all day during the short time they are in school, as this continuous feeding furnishes heat to the body and a furnace will not be necessary.

Pupils are asked not to do any studying, as this only irritates the brain and makes the individual cross.

Any pupil caught copying another's paper will be severely punished for being caught.

Never be courteous in the "caf," as this loses time and is impolite.

Pupils are asked to attend Wednesday matinees, as this absence leaves the school quiet for the first time in a week.

* * *

MISS REEVES: "What is a skeleton?"

E. BRESCIA: "It's bones with the people rubbed off."

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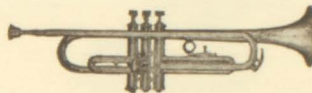
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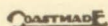
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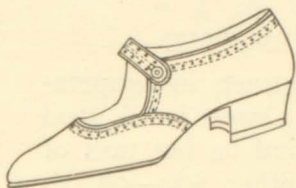
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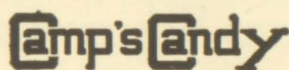
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Assets	\$71,851,299.62
Deposits	68,201,299.62
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,650,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund.....	371,753.46

A Dividend to Depositors of Four and One-Quarter (4¼) per cent per annum was declared for the six months ending December 31, 1921



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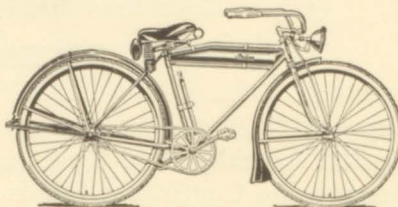
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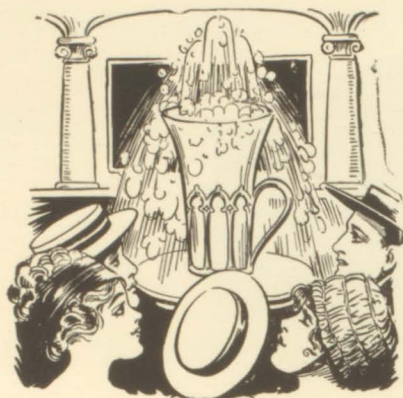
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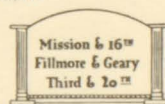
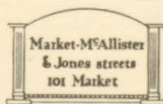
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