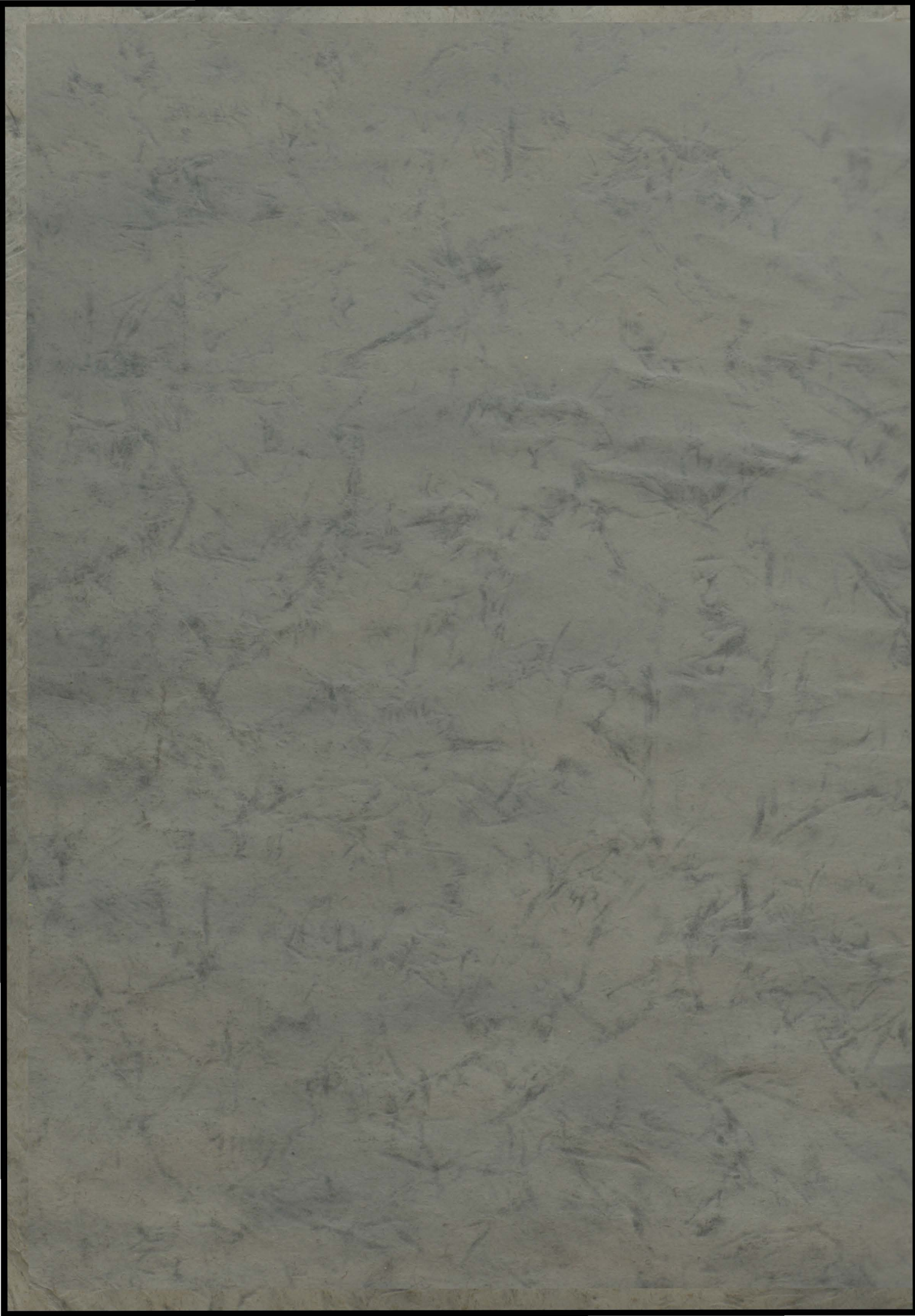


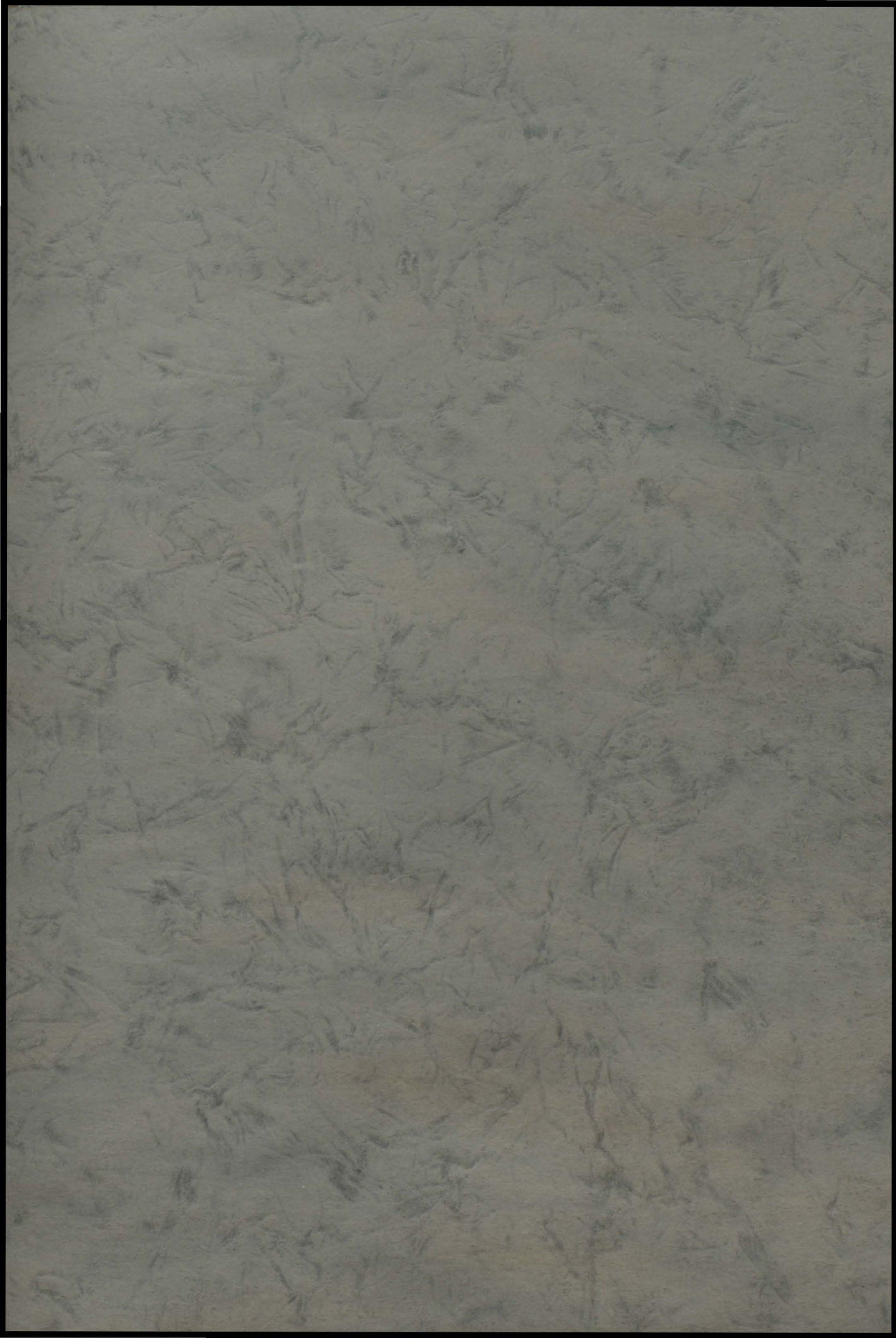
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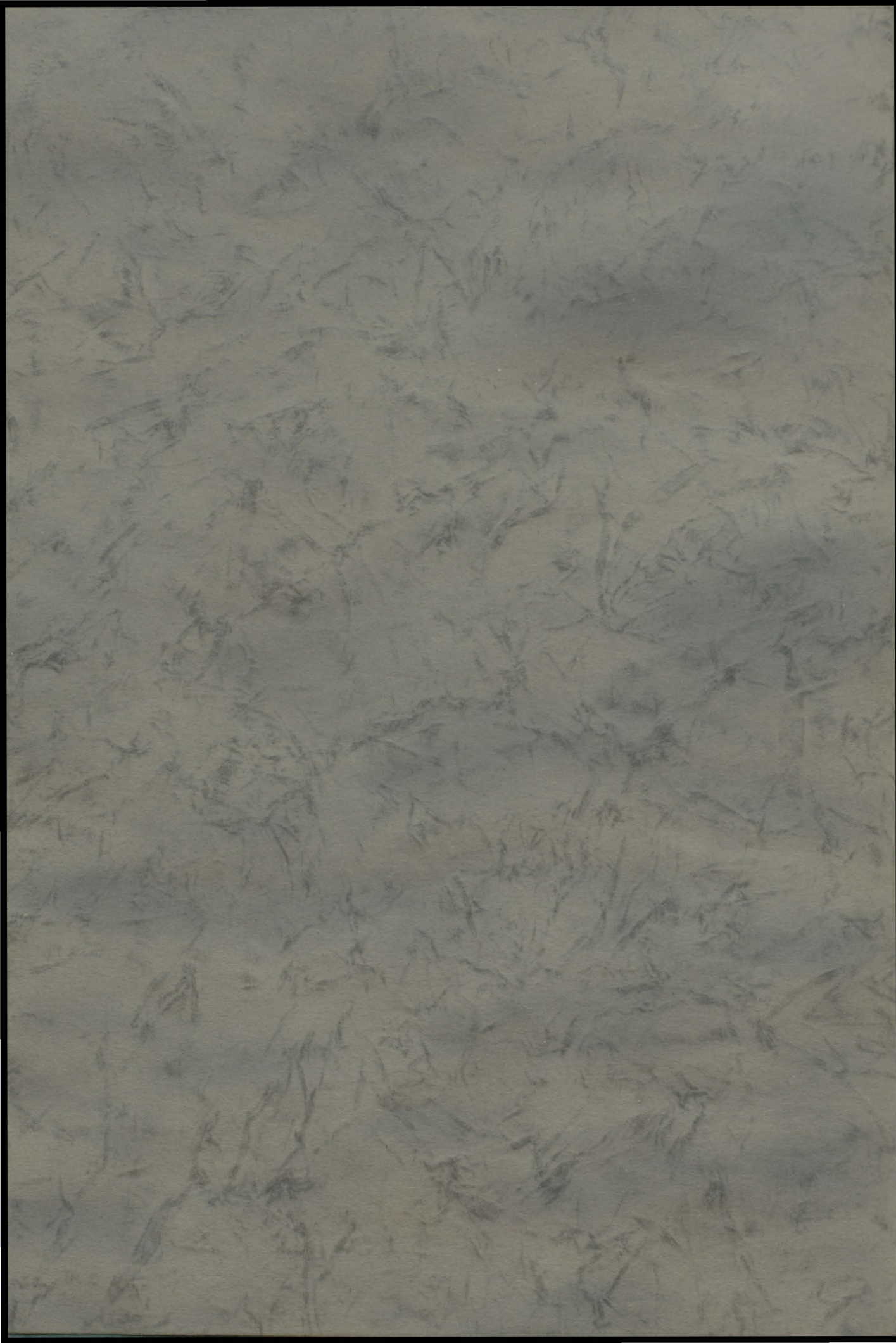
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GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

June 1923



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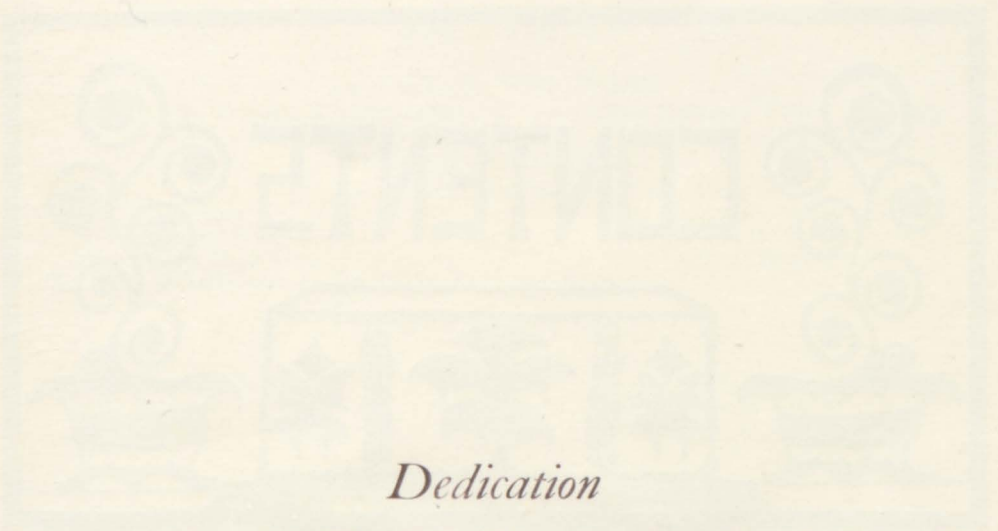
THE SENIOR CLASS GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

In Memoriam

HELEN PETROFSKY

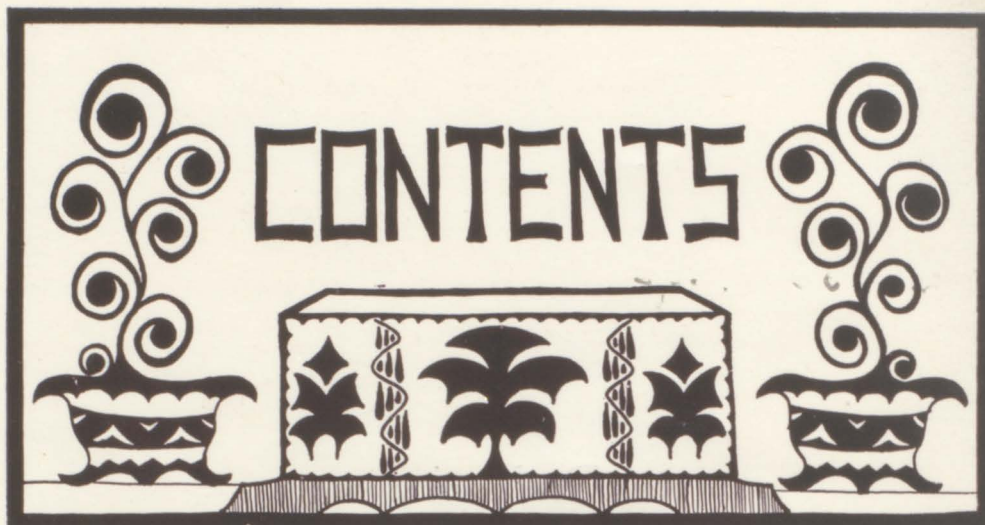
A BELOVED STUDENT OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

Died March, 1923



Dedication

To the spirit of broad-mindedness, the spirit which stands above all petty, narrow things, and scorns conventional hypocrisy; the spirit which opens the way for intelligent, unbiased thought and fearless expression of sincere opinions; the spirit which creates a closer understanding and sympathy among men—we, the class of June, 1923, dedicate this JOURNAL.



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The Faculty

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BERNICE TOUCEY
VIVA DREW

RUTH WALE
AILS A DUNN

Class Organization

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VIVA DREW	VICE PRESIDENT
BERTHA ALTMAN	SECRETARY
EDITH TROWBRIDGE	TREASURER
RUTH WALE	YELL LEADER
AILS A DUNN	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

CLASS FLOWERS
Marigolds and Violets

CLASS COLORS
Purple and Gold

CLASS MOTTO
Non est vivere, sed valere vita
(Not merely to exist, but to amount to something is life)

Graduating Class

THE JOURNAL
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Page seven

In this little introduction to the pages
That we're printing here of all the senior class,
We will give an explanation of the "write-ups" in rotation,
That you'll find beside the picture of each lass.

We have tried to write a really honest picture
Of the girls that form the class of '23;
So our pen has found expression in the writing of impressions,
That in after years will live in memory.

Some impressions are in verse,
Others just in prose;
Some are modern, some are worse,
But remember, from the first—
They're just——

IMPRESSIONS

*Sincerely
Muriel Aaron*

MURIEL AARON

The dignity that oft bespeaks
A gentle, tranquil calm;
The poise of modern confidence,
The beauty of a psalm.

HAZEL ABRAMS

A darkened lamp—Who would guess,
Before the light is turned,
The beauty of the designs
That grace the shade?

ALBERTA AKER

Shyness of little flowers
That hide behind their leaves—
Never dreaming that modesty
Can not help but please.

EVELYN ALKALAY

Sweet as sugared honey,
Nice as apple pie;
Just loved by all her classmates,
Now do you wonder why?





FRANCES ALLEN
She gets straight "A"; she's active too
Yet not a bit conceited;
We must add too, she's very nice,
Before our tale's completed.



BERTHA ALTMANN
Always cheerful and dependable
Is this dark-eyed miss;
"To know her is to love her"—
And experience friendship's bliss.



GLADYCE ARATA
Each moment brimming over
With activity;
And yet in every action
Poise and dignity.



FLORENCE BAKER
The will—the purpose, to go on,
Until you've played your cards;
The will that makes you climb the heights,
No matter what the odds.



JOY BIGGS
A serious air—a laughing smile,
What are her thoughts, we wonder,
So graceful and so dignified—
She couldn't make a blunder.



NORENE BARNHART
Gay little flights
Of a bright-colored bird—
Its happy little notes
Radiating cheer—



FRANCES BAKER
Always doing all her "darndest"
To give the best that's in her;
Depend upon it, every time,
That Frances is a winner.



ALICE BLUHM
A wee Pierrette doth bend her head
O'er musty books of school;
She wins success whate'er she tries,
'Cause purpose is her tool.

*So Gracey
with her
Alice*

Best wishes to one of Mrs. Shupe's
Pavlovas
from Anita

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Page nine

ANITA BRAUN
Ain't she a fine sport?
Ain't she the sweetest thing?
We'll tell you what, Anita
We're with you on anything.

ERMA BRILLIANT
Lovely curls, and nicest smile,
And the sweetest girl besides,
Just as good as she is wise—
Combination—Paradise.

MAJORIE BROWN
The beauty of a Grecian vase,
Serene and dignified—
It's clear-cut outline visible
Against soft silks.

DOROTHY BRYAN
"Sweets to the sweet," they tell us,
Well, then, of course we know
That Dorothy'd be just showered with sweets,
If that quotation's so.

EUGENIA CAGLIADA
The hushed atmosphere of a cathedral
In which are windows of dim brilliancy;
Through one vari-colored pane, a light plays
Upon the darkened altar.

DORIS CANNEY
Dazzling brilliance of geraniums
Deep crimson in hue—
A gorgeous Spanish shawl
Fascinatingly bright—

BUELL CAREY
Sports—Sports—Sports—
That's li'l "Booell's" line;
A baseball fan with a baseball hand,
That can captain the baseball nine.

MARGARET CASSADY
A candle-lit room, through whose windows
Comes the scent of summer flowers—
There a dreamy maiden sits,
Her fingers touching softly the strings of a harp.



Sincerely
Dorothy B

Margaret Cassidy

Baseballically
Buell

GHS



HAZEL CASSANO

As jolly as a pirate chief
And dashing like one, too;
Whoever knows her knows that she's
A good sport through and through.

JOAQUINA CASTNER

The sparkling eyes, the radiant voice,
A life yet calm and plain;
The vigor of the modern world,
The charm of ancient Spain.



KATHERINE CASTLES

That sporty, much-admired tan,
The softness of brown eyes;
The dark and wavy hair in which
A gold light hidden lies.

*Lots & lots of
love to a dear
girl from
Katherine.*



EVELYN CAVAGNARO

The uniform exterior of the kaleidoscope
Belies its contents;
Gazing into it, one sees
A blazing riot of every-varying colors.



ELOISE CLAYBURGH

Lashes that caress her cheek,
Curly, short-cut hair;
While so dignified at times,
'Minds me of a teddy bear!



RUTH CLOUSE

The silver lights of personality
Captivate and hold your heart,
As they leap and sparkle
In their gold setting of character.



MONA CONNOLLY

Sincerity her motto,
And loyalty her aim;
A friend remaining, in all strife,
Impartial and the same.



JANET CONNICK

Our Janet's very pretty,
And charming too, you see,
We want to add, besides all this,
She's bright as bright as bright can be.

GHS

CATHERINE CONAHRENS

A cameo, carefully chiseled—
The straight, splendid features
Give hints of the sympathy
That lies behind blue eyes.

MAYBELLE COOK

The glow of pretty cheeks,
You're surely guessing rightly!
And eyes that sparkle brightly
If you think that Maybelle's a dear

LOUISE COSTA

So firm, so level-headed,
She knows just what to do;
Whatever task's assigned her,
She'll always pull it through.

ELLEN COUDEN

We were impressed, at first sight,
By her shy, but winsome smile;
We wish she'd been here all four years,
Instead of this little while.

INEZ CREEDE

The eyes that show the purpose
To do in Life one's duty;
The eyes, the window of the soul,
That see none but Life's beauty.

LEE DE HAVEN

A clear serene lake at sunrise—
No frivolous breeze
Ripples the placid surface
Or mars its soothing calm.

MARIAN DEREMER

Carefree, tumbling little daisies
In a symmetrical field;
Dancing in sheer delight
At the anger of the North wind.

BERNICE DICKHOFF

The portrait of a gracious princess
In an art gallery,
Fascinating the passer-by
With its elusive beauty.



GHS



EVELYN DONNELLY

A friend in need that's with you
In happiness or strife;
She's shown, in both her work and play,
The beauty of her life.

VIVA DREW

A gracious personality
In just a quiet way;
Although her work she'd never shirk,
She, too, knows how to play.



MARY DUFFY

That she likes fun is surely true,
It would be hard to find her blue
But one could guess this at first sight:
She balances fun and duty right.

DEMA DUNCKEL

How do you do your lesson so well?
Dema, how do you do it?
And how is it withal you're so full of fun?
Dema, how do you do it?



AILS A DUNN

A graceful young lady
Who's not a bit haughty;
A cute little mischief,
Just saucy and naughty.

Love from Alice

ELIZABETH EINSEL

So trim, so very pretty,
You'd think that's all there was.
You get to know Elizabeth
And you'll like her "just becuz"!



CAROLYN ESCHEN

Soft, dark, butterfly wings
Tinged with brilliant red—
Lovely—gay—charming—
A rose on a wind-swayed stem.

FLORENCE FERRARIO

Happy-go-lucky little girl,
Full of the dickens, too;
Whenever the spirit of Florence appeared,
The spirit of Gloom quickly flew!

GHS

DOROTHY FIELD

Unassuming, unaffected,
Of her gifts all unaware;
Gracious in her quiet manner,
Liked by each one everywhere.

AILEEN FOGARTY

Merry and vivacious,
Yet a manner sweet and shy;
It's natural for her to please,
She doesn't have to try.

ELEANOR GERRIE

Ain't she darlin'!
Ain't she sweet!
We'll tell the world
She can't be beat!

ANGELA GIACALONE

Sincerity that glows
In dark Italian eyes;
Knowledge and accomplishments
That take you by surprise.

LEAH GOODMAN

Quiet fun and giggling sphinxes,
Gracious! What a contradiction.
But we'll say that little Leah
Fits exactly this description.

LOLA GRUBER

Lovely, lovely Lola
Showing to each one,
The thrill that comes from doing your best,
The pride in work well done.

MARGARET HAYDEN

Eyes that hint of mischief,
Lips that hint of mirth;
Generous, loving, full of fun,
The sweetest girl on earth.

ANITA HENRIKSEN

A charming, winsome baby-doll,
With glinty, golden hair;
And yet we know she'll always be
As nice as she is fair.



*We hope
captured by
somebody's charm (?)
Will we ever survive it?
Sincerely
Angela Giacalone*



White doves that awaken
In the early morning—
Forget-me-nots, unmarred by heat,
Blooming delicately under a blue sky.

A seriousness that's winning
A manner that attracts;
We won't enlarge further,
But those are the pleasing facts.

Charm that remains always
Like a bird's song
That comes back again and again
'Tho the bird has flown.

We simply can't describe her,
In prose or rhythm liltin';
To tell of her, requires at least,
A Shakespeare or a Milton.

Nimble fingers
Speeding over the piano keys,
The beauty of the player's character
Expressed in music.

Honeysuckle at summer twilight—
A moonstone, its cool reflections
Playing from the dark background
Of a jewel-case.

Quietly treading the path to knowledge,
Working steadily onward and upward;
She has won the esteem of our faculty,
The love of her classmates.

A gentle little Pilgrim
Carved in marble;
The soft expression
Fixed in the lovely stone.

MARGARET JUNG

The sweetness of her character
Is pictured on her face,
As pleasing as a picture
With all its charm and grace.

ANNE KAUFMANN

She has a captivating laugh;
She knows a use for pretty eyes—
That is a lot to say, we think,
But we must add—she's very wise!

DINIE KENNEDY

Always willing, always ready,
In this we all attest;
In everything she starts to do,
She does her level best.

MARIAN KIRBY

A gentle disposition
Like hers are mighty few;
A patient, friendly nature,
A heart that's good and true.

ALMA KOCH

A sparkling, lovely jewel
From which a soft light gleams;
It casts its spell upon us,
So fairylike it seems.

MADELEINE LACKMANN

The fluttering heartbeat of a bird after flight
—Varying—
A brilliant star burning against darkness
Unforgettable.

LUCILE LEONARD

We wish we had her gentleness
Which nothing ill could phase;
But we're content to know Lucile,
With all her lovely ways.

JULIET LEVY

Juliet just "hits it right" somehow;
And all she does is fine,
Efficient, and dependable,
She "knows how" every time.



*To a girl who should
be congratulated
on her violin playing
like Kennedy*

*much love,
Juliet*



BETTY LIBBY

Betty left us for Alaska,
For the cold, and snow and ice;
But we're glad she's back again,
'Cause we think she's very nice!

BERTHA LIEBE

Soft little violets
Accepting Life contentedly;
Looking up with blind reverence,
To an infinite sky.

GLADYS LIVINGSTON

It's hard to say in a line or two,
All of the things that some people do—
Her orating is fine—her knowledge alarming,
Her friendship worth while, and she—
charming.

JOSEPHINE MARKS

Within the depths of character
Are thoughts that lie unseen;
Above all petty, trivial things,
Sincereness reigns supreme.

FLORENCE McDEVITT

Cold, serene, indifferent as to fate,
Is Florence;
Yet possessed of many a charming trait,
Our Florence.

EDITH McLEAN

She's a splendid hand, 'tis said
At clever repartee;
In fact, in everything she does
She's clever as can be.

FLORENCE McCLOUD

Efficient to the 'nth degree,
And practical, we add;
Besides all this, a heart so gay,
She never could be sad.

MARGARET MELLERSH

The paintings of old masters,
Brought forth by gifted hands;
A sense of spiritual beauty,
A soul that understands.

There was a little girl,
And she had lots of curls;
She never could be bad, you see,
She always was as sweet could be.

She always was as sweet could be.

Sincerely,
HELEN MEYERFELD

HELEN MEYERFELD

“Human, all too human!”
These words that we are tellin’
Must have been meant for popular girls,
’Cause they just fit our Helen!

Harriet has vivacity,
And charm all the while,
But first, when you think of her,
You recall that gay, sweet smile!

She smiled—the world responded
She laughed—and conquered all;
She spoke—and then we knew that 'twas
Just charm that made us fall!

That something that makes people love you,
That's welcomed with wide-open doors;
That begets admiration; creates fascination,
Ah, Mabel, that something is yours.

Wandered far from leafy fairydom—
Eyes surprised—
Hearts tamed gradually.

A statute of Youth with expression blasé
That seemed to be scornful and cold;
Unperceived, the cold glance became
thoughtful and sweet,
Subtly hinting at hearts made of gold.

Sometimes like a sweet young lady;
Sometimes like a child in sox;
Between capers and dignity
She's a regular paradox!



Love - all
the best in
the world
to you -
Love.
Nannie
an "Angel"



MIGNON NYROP

The features straight, the earnest glance
True frankness signify;
And yet with all that earnestness,
A certain way so shy.

MARGARET O'CONNELL

"All the world loves a lover!"
Yet though we couldn't say
That Margaret is a lover,
We love her anyway!

ALICE O'CONNOR

A book between whose covers
Are brilliant, sparkling pages,
And yet which boasts of phrases grave,
As solemn as the sages.

ALICE OLSEN

Quiet valleys that the turbulent winds
Do not reach—
Beneath the peaceful surface
A leaping stream seeks outlet.

FLORENCE O'NEILL

Lavender and old lace
Revealed in jazzy light;
A dear, old-fashioned shawl,
All edged with ribbons bright.

BEATRICE PARTRIDGE

A helpful, willing worker,
Who's ready on the dot;
Whenever she is needed,
She's just "Johnny on the Spot!"

RUTH PEABODY

She has a lot of dignity
And she has a pretty smile—;
Her learning is so very vast,
It's measured by the mile!

KATHERINE PEACHE

Perky little squirrels
That frisk playfully about—
Pretty little flowers
That register surprise.

Longly Peache

*Drinking M...
accept for house
love from a
first dumb-bell
al*

Gay little French doll,
Winsome and petite;
But when she smiles, then, oh, la, la!
You'll think she's very sweet!

A brown pansy with golden heart—
Hidden strength—unknown thoughts—
Moonlight on marble columns
Where Sappho leans, face bent seaward.

We see at first a scornful queen,
With manner truly royal;
To those who know, the lovely queen,
Is friendly, true, and loyal.

Behind that very serious glance
There lurks a hidden humor;
And all of us who know her,
Just wish we'd met her sooner.

A friend whose friendship is worth while,
A character sincere;
A friend you miss when far away,
A friend you love when near.

Cheerfulness of manner
Sweetness of face,
A smile you remember,
A manner of grace.

A capering nymph disguised as Minerva—
From behind a mask of wisdom and reserve
Funlights glimmer in her eyes

The daintiness of sweet May days!
By many flowers perfumed—
The delicacy of fair blossoms
That with care have bloomed.





EMILY SANO

Low tinkling of silver bells
Along quaint streets—
A spray of delicately flushed cherry blossoms
Mirrored in a rushing stream.

ELIZABETH SAUTER

She makes the most of life,
She gives her best to each;
She's happy and good-natured,
She's just a perfect peach!

ALICE SCHESINGER

Always taking cheerily
The crowded day's mad whirl,
With lips that laugh merrily,
She's a regular girl!

MARIA SCRIBANTE

Responsive, conscious of all things,
Alive to all that's near;
Her interest makes her interesting,
The last trait makes her dear!

BETTY SCOBLE

Colorful—vivacious—
Vivid flame of the poinsettia—
Merry in its splendor!
Gay in its flaunted colors—

MARIAN SOLOMONS

Song of a summer breeze
Through sweet jasmine-flowers—
Fragrant white petals
Coquette against green leaves—

EVELYN STEWART

Efficiency, proficiency,
But proud nor spoiled by neither;
An all-round girl in work or play,
And just as good at either.

DOROTHY SULLY

We can't help liking Dorothy,
She's steadfast and she's true;
When once your friend, you know that she'll
Stand by you through and through.

ORA TOBENER

A rippling laugh just full of fun,
A heart just full of gladness;
Eternal spring, eternal youth,
Delightful in their madness.

BERNICE TOUCEY

A heart that's full of joy;
For her the class all fell;
She did her best as our "Class Prex"—
We'll say she's "simply swell!"

EDITH TROWBRIDGE

Achieving all she undertakes
With quick facility;
Her work is always done on time
With capability.

RUTH WALE

The spirit conq'ring over all,
The strong determination,
To have with all of those she meets,
A splendid, fine relation.

FRANCES WALKER

Soft colors of the sunset
Blending into a harmonious one,
Bringing beauty to a hushed world
For an eternal moment.

ADELE WALSH

Where do you come from, lovely girl
With your eyes of heavenly blue?
And your gracious ways, like a fairy fay's
And your smooth, calm nature, too.

KATHLEEN WALSH

Eyes that are straight-forward
And radiate fair play;
You can not help but like her,
She has such a winning way.

LYDIA WEEDEN

A real mind, and worthy thoughts,
Opinions always ready;
Unspoken thoughts are given life
By a pen that's sure and steady.





DIXIE WHEATLEY

You'd never think this little girl
For work had such capacity;
Besides this fact, in all she does,
She works with quick vivacity.

KATHRYN WILLIAMS

Restful feeling—as from June days
In the country—
Lightest breezes swaying trees
From which come contented murmurs.

DOROTHEA WILLIAMSON

Daintiness and grace
Of a Dresden doll—
Quietness of demure face
Belied by laughing eyes.

MARGARET WINKLE

Margaret draws artistically,
'Cause Margaret's very clever;
Her future's bright, because she has
Both purpose and endeavor.

PHYLIS WOLFE

Perhaps it's in the way she talks
Or in the laugh that worry mocks;
Maybe in the gleam of darkest locks
Something indefinable!

ANN YOUNGER

An earnest, serious way
That captivates each one,
And coupled with that earnestness,
A manner full of fun.

HAZEL ZAPPETTINI

Dainty memories of slender ladies
That courtesied in their demure way—
Haunting memories of silhouettes
That hint at shyness and at grace.

CECILLIA ZIRKLE

The quiet grace of royal queens
And lovely ladies past;
The tranquil, captivating poise;
Her spell o'er all she's cast.

Senior Class Capers

THE JOURNAL
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Page twenty-three

Long, long ago, there reigned in the Land of Make-Believe, the beautiful "Princess Perky," closely watched over by Godmother Armer, Godmother Hobe, and Godmother O'Brien. One day Princess Perky said: "Next May-day we will have a carnival!" and all her lovely classmates, or rather, subjects, clapped their hands with joy.

The great day came. Purple and gold banners inscribed with the words "June, '23" were flying all over. Every one was jumping around, and the famous physician, Doctor Scott, was trying in vain to keep order. Suddenly the slender herald, Sir "Bobs" Probasco, mounted a royal soap-box in the middle of the carnival field, and announced to the assembled assembly: "Makest thou way for the procession! Ho! Ho! It comes!"

Yes, there in the distance Princess Perky approached, her diamond-studded train carried aloft by the attentive page, Dixie Kennedy. Then the Assistant President of Vice, Viva Drew, escorted by the Scribbler of June '23, Bertha Altman, the misbehaved Sergeant-at-Arms, Ailsa Dunn, and the Collector of Coins, Edith Trowbridge, followed. In their wake came the wee minstrel, Tookie Whale, playing on a harp, "Got a rep! Full of pep! Hurrah for June '23!" The chorus consisted of the silvery-tongued Eloise Clayburgh and Phyliss Wolff, and the ballet girls, Gertrude Hill, Alice Bluhm, Betty Scoble, Mabel Miller, Evelyn Cavagnaro, and Leonarda Hunsacker.

Next came the court jester, "Pitou" Toucey, with her playmates, Joker Flo-Flo Baker, Snappy Deremer, Witty Abrams, Giggling Barnhart, Joyous Biggs, Happy Cassano, and Gladsome Gerrie.

Announcer "Bobs" then announced: "Make way! The freaks are coming!" And indeed they were, in this order:

The Heavenly Twins (Marjorie Brown, Margaret Phillips, Erma Brilliant, Anita Braun).

The Only Soap-Box Orator in Captivity (Gladys Arata).

The Thinnest Sextette in the World (Lee de Haven, Marjorie Nichols, Bernice Dickhoff, Louise Costa, Margaret Jung, Betty Libby).

The Brilliant Stars Who Receive Straight and Narrow "A's" (Frances Allen, Dema Dunckel, Lola Gruber, Juliet Levy, Dorothy Sully, Hazel Zappetini).

Announcing Herald "Bobs" then shrieked vociferously:

"Hail! Hail! The Intellectuals are on their way! Here they come, one by one!"

Sure enough, the immense throng turned, and there they saw strutting, strolling, and striding nearer and nearer: The Human Book of Knowledge (Angela Giacalone), The Dramatic Nightingale (Marian Solomons), The Expertest Expert on Bats and Balls (Buell Carey), The Only Child Who Ever Understood Physics (Betty Howlett), The Power of the Printed Press (Alice Olsen).

Herald "Bobs" then waved her megaphone on high and trumpeted:

"Look! Gaze! Your eyes will verily be blinded by yon approaching maidens. The moderns may have their Ziegfeld Follies, but it can not compare with the beautitude of this pulchritude."

All eyes turned, and whom should they see but the following lovely ladies: The Willowy Evelyn Alkalay, The Darling Doris Canney, The Heavenly Frances Walker, The Fascinating Janet Connick, The Elegant Elizabeth Einsel, The Gorgeous Carolyn Eschen, The Perfect Katherine Peache.

After this section had passed Ever-Ready Herald "Bobs" rose and proclaimed with pride: "Now walketh in our midst those who fit the phrase 'Personality Plus.'"

At this point in came: Vivacious Evelyn Donnelly, Jolly Maizie Miller, Lovely Virginia Pond, Practical Wee Willie Winkle, Gracious Margaret Hayden, Charming Emily Sano, Sympathetic Dorothea Williamson.

After this procession, the oft-mentioned "Bobs" rose to the top of a trapeze, and at the top of her voice shouted down to the immense crowds: "Stand back! Stand back! Clear the arena! Sprinkle sawdust on the sand and rope the crowd back! Ladies and Gentlemen! I have the honor to trumpet to you that we will now have a bullfight in which Terrible Toreador Ruth Clouse and Terrific Toreador Madeleine Lackmann will wage war against the Sacred Bull of Hoodoo Desert, popularly known as Wildflower. Hush! Ladies and Gentlemen, they come!"

At that moment a terrific gust of sand was heard, after which Terrible Toreador Clouse came riding in on her noble steed, Sassy Susan, while Terrific Toreador Lackmann accompanied her in advance on the well-known Sassy Jane. A little hole that

had been nailed to the ground was dug up, and out sprung the snorting Wildflower. On and on he skipped, and bared his yellow teeth to the two terrible toreadors. (Be it said that he had no tooth-brush.)

Señorita Joaquina Castaner, the belle of Spain, applauded and threw a red rose at the two brave toreadors. The red rose, however, only served to make Wildflower a little wilder, and he flew in a temper and began to curse. Toreadors Clouse and Lackmann, however, were undaunted. The latter took her trusty shotgun, and hit the bull's-eye in the face, while the former pulled his tail with a mighty yank, thus ending at both ends the exciting life of Wildflower.

A mighty shout went up, amongst which was heard Madeleine Pellisson shouting "Vive la France!" and Kathleen Walsh yelling "Long live Ireland!" After the excitement was over the gathering, under the leadership of Minstrel Whale, Jester Toucey, and pretty Princess Perky, joined in singing the national anthem:

Got a rep! Full of pep!
Hurrah for June, '23!

So endeth our tale of the antics of the members of the class of '23.



EVELYN TRAUNER, PRESIDENT

Autobiography of the 4A's

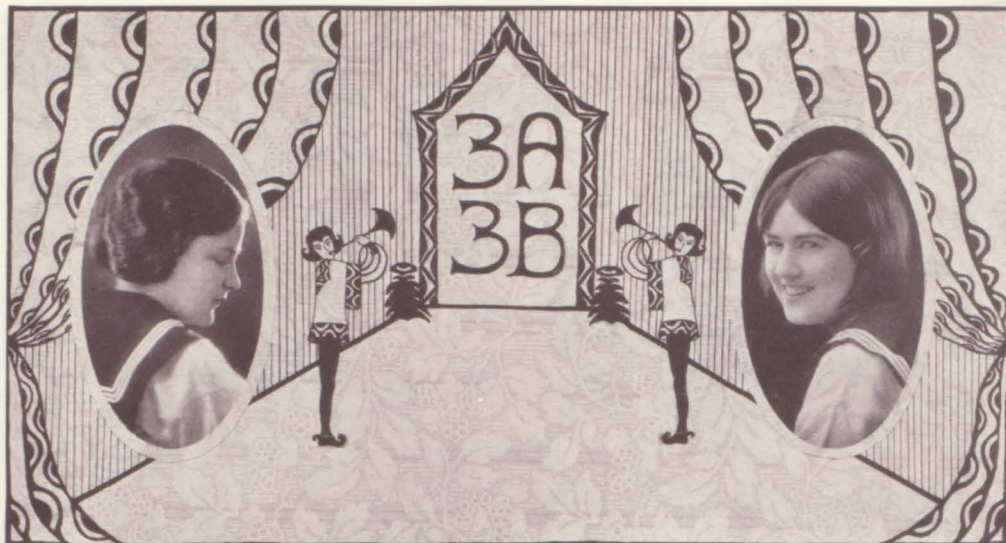
I, the class of December, '23, having heard of the wonders of G. H. S. from my big sister, June, '23, left my childhood behind me for the mysteries of High School, three and a half years ago. It took me six months to get initiated into the weird and awful rites of Carbooks, Algebra, Detention Slips, and Student Body meetings. Having once crossed the border into the land of Wunbey, however, I became a confirmed and fearless member of the Institution of Learning for Man-Haters.

The land of Wunbey was monotonous, as the higher regions (Soffamoar, June-Yer, and Scene-Yer), made me feel insignificant.

But at last I came into my own! I found myself, at the end of the year, a full-fledged honorary resident of Soffamoar, and of course I no longer deigned to associate with the little Freshies. I began to learn how to cut and bluff scientifically, and I now scorned the amusement of jumping-rope, jacks, and hop-scotch.

One more year passed, during which time I attained the age of Sweet Sixteen, and became known throughout the school for my charming personality.

And now at last I am at the peak of fame. I chum around with June, '23, and am revered for my age and dignity. I trod the halls with stately measure, and study U. S. History with an assumed expression of intelligence. My former curly locks are now done up in a grown-up marcel, and among them one gray hair has appeared (due to worry about future "recs"). Gone is the blissful ignorance of my first years; today I am the living symbol of Wisdom. As I close this autobiography, it is with the satisfaction that nevermore could Girls' High get along without enthusiastic ME!



RUTH GRUBER

VERA SHAPIRO

The Chant of the Great 3B

O, Allah, on bended knee we thank thee for ourselves. We are not egotists, but, like Diogenes, we seek an honest man. We search not for praise, but for the Truth. We, the great 3B's, know that Truth is Praise.

O, Allah, what is Duty?

We, O Allah, believe that the School's duty is to praise us.

O, Allah, the 3B's are great—doest thou not say so?

Allah, we have studied—we have played——

To thee is due praise for creating us—— (Thou art a clever fellow, Allah).

See then, O Allah, that we get sufficient praise.

This is our prayer: O Allah, to all those whose eyes are blinded to our glory: Give Light (or spectacles).

And, O Allah, that they may truly behold the glory of the favored 3B's——
Fiat Lux! "Let there be light!"

The Wail of the Great 3A

Woe! Woe! What will the School do without us when we are gone?

We instilleth spirit in its student body meetings; we yelleth loud.

Our husky heroines win success on the athletic field.

Our orators make Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry tremble for their laurels.

Our musicians, in truth, are second Beethovens.

Our Thespians rival John Barrymore.

We are the life of the school.

Our glory is known to near and far. Yea, we yelleth loud.

Our glory is known to high and low. Verily, we yelleth very loud!

For, be it known, we are the Lovely, Jolly Low Junior Class.

Woe! Woe! What will the school do without us when we are gone?



CLARICE GEHRET

MARJORIE MOSS

The Evolution of the Perfect 2B's

Approximately sixteen years ago there were about 175 perfect babies in the United States. When they reached the age of four, they were considered the 175 cutest youngsters in the country, and were admired by every one.

Time passed, and with its passing, these little children had gradually all arrived in San Francisco. By this time, they had reached the age of six, and could read their alphabet backward and forward. The teachers pronounced them unusually bright, and withal, they were full of fun. Then the time came for them to choose their high school, and each one of these 175 perfect children chose G. H. S. as their alma mater. Even Doctor Scott noticed them when they first entered, for he announced to the school that they were the "prettiest and best freshman class yet!"

Two years have flown by since that time, and the perfect class has lived up to its reputation. It has completed a successful freshman and sophomore year, and is now on its way to conquer new worlds. The stars predict that the members of the 2B class will embark upon a brilliant career, as junior partners in the firm of G. H. S. Inc. Watch their speed!

The Inquisitive Questionnaire

Do the 2A's know how?
We'll say they do!
Are they peppy?
Witness their marvelous 2A dance.
Are they athletic?
Ask Margaret and Gussie, they know.
Are they bright?
We refer you to Alexia McCarty and
Ruth Goss.

Are they nice?
Gaze upon the Heavenly Twins, Edna and
Helen Harrison.
Have they got school spirit?
It's personified in Marjorie Moss.
Are they capable?
They're capable, able, dependable, and reliable.
Are they a good class?
We'll say they are!



SYDNEY ELLIOT

CONSTANCE BRUGUIRE

The Fable of the High Ones

In a far-off land of lovely girls, there lived a queen called Sydney. Her ladies-in-waiting were the gracious Relda, the petite Esther, and the strong and healthy Helen J. The land was divided into eight parts, and Sydney, in order to distinguish her subjects from the others, called them the High Ones.

At the gateway to the kingdom Sydney hung a placard which read:

"All ye who enter here must be imbued with the Spirit of the School.

"All ye who pass these gates must absorb the Spirit of the Class.

"All ye who come to stay must be loyal members of G. H. S."

Soon the kingdom became famed for its wonderful citizens; and the rest of the land paid tribute to the Supreme, the Exalted, the High Ones of the School. The little Scrubs looked up to them, and even the higher-ups admired the High Ones. Their high school spirit was known to all, and they backed G. H. S. as one.

Moral: The *spirit* conquereth all.

A Bedtime Story

(Broadcasted to Rooms 114, 212, 215, 218, and Auditorium)

Listen, oh Freshies, and you shall hear,

The tale of Rosey, and why she is here.

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Rose in a big city nicknamed S. F. She had graduated from grammar school, and now she did not know where to go. Suddenly she thought of an idea!

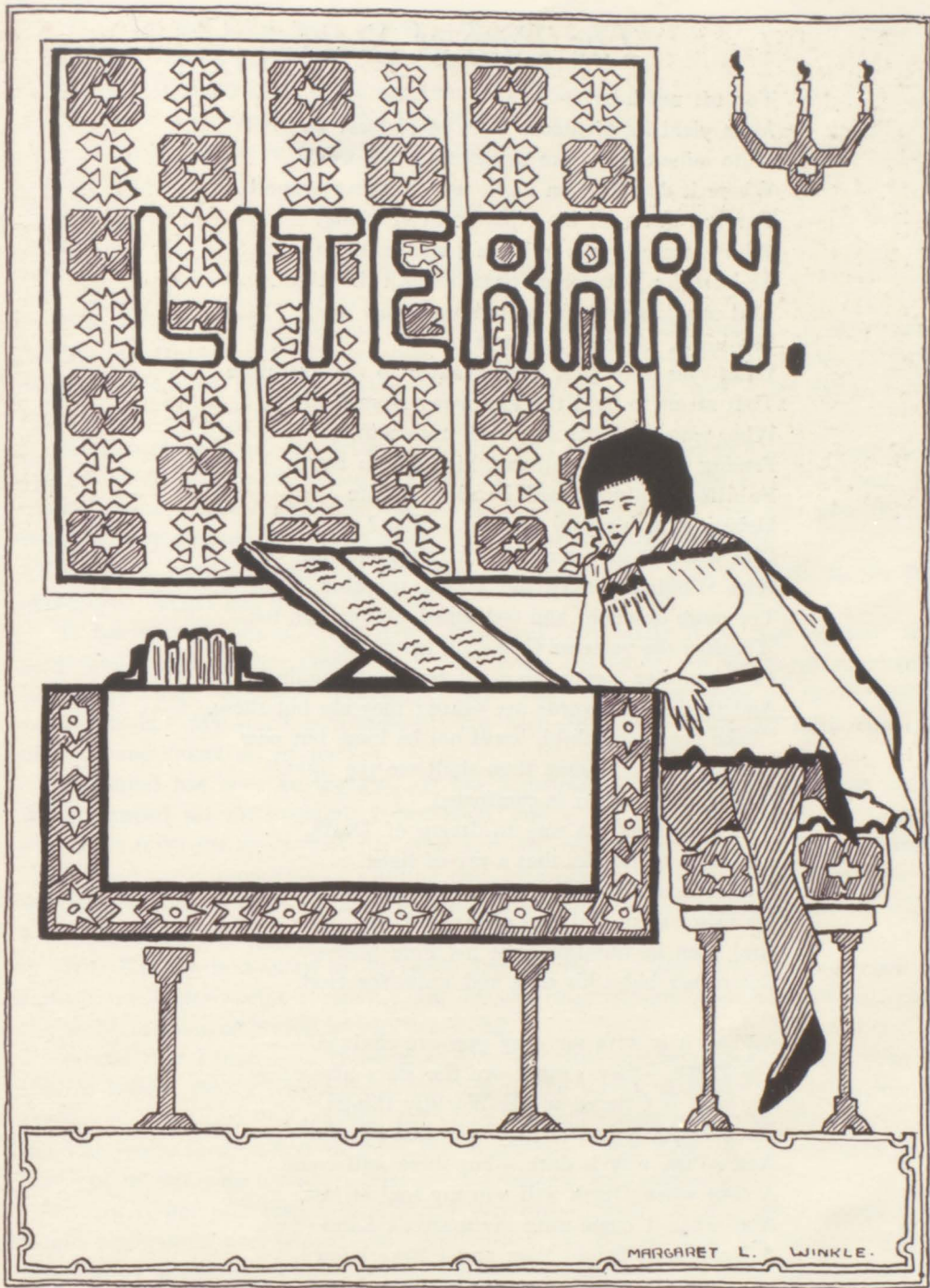
She decided to call up the fairies and ask their advice on high schools.

So she got the number and asked to speak to the fairy queen. When the queen came to the phone, Rose asked: "Could you kindly tell me what is the best high school in the world?"

A sweet, silvery voice answered: "Why, don't you know? Girls' High, of course!"

"Oh, thank you so much," Rose said, and hung up.

And that is the tale of how Rose School-Girl came to G. H. S. Needless to say, she lived happily forever after.



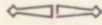
The Path of Stars

Too oft my heart
Must yield its plenteous store of sadness up
Unto mine eyes; from thence unto the world,
Where it does fall on hard, unwelcoming ground.
For has not each his separate grief alone?
Who is there here who has not struggled on,
At least for some short time beneath the night,
And could not see the stars because his head,
His heart, his very soul was bent?
What eyes have ne'er been chained to the foul mire
That seems to hold the soul away from God?
Who, tense and burning with uncertainty,
Feeling his course full-run, his time on Earth
Fulfilled, has not heard Death and Life
Debating in his soul about his Fate?
Life will not give him up. It clings to him
With stinging cruelty, but Death, the kind,
The more besought and welcomed, claims him too.
'Tis then the voice of God doth intervene.
(The traveler 'neath the night feels hope again.)
And then God's words are heard; they are but these,
"Take heart, my child, 'twill not be long, but now
Pursue thy path, soon thou shalt see the light."
And so the traveler is comforted,
And pauses on his way to dream of Death.
And then he fancies that a ray of light
Has crossed his way, his eyes are now unchained,
He raises them and sees a star of Hope,
And then he questions not his Fate below,
But rather bides his time and waits for God.

.
And so it is with me—my eyes are chained
To Earth,—they cannot see the stars above;
My soul is fettered to all Worldly things.
Each Light is lost in blackness one by one.
And so my way is dark,—but there will come
A time when Death will win my soul at last;
And when I come unto my master's Land
A light more bright than any I have known,
(Perhaps the smile of someone whom I lost.)
A light that dimmed and faded here Below.

But shines with greater radiance there Above,
Will purify my soul; efface its pain,
And I shall touch the Ground untrod by Man,
In reverence to the One Who loves us all,
And he will lead me to—Eternity.

B. M. P., '23.



The Philosopher

Yea, I have studied long and amassed great stores of knowledge. I have spent my life unearthing facts and statistics, and have delved into profound books. I have crammed my mind with information on every subject. And now I am deep; I am learned.

No time have I had for earthly pleasures and human comradeship; no time have I given to create a bond of human sympathy between myself and my fellowmen; no human contact have I had with the world in which I live. Since the days of my youth, I have devoted my life to study, in an effort to understand life.

Today I have analyzed my existence retrospectively. I have asked myself the question: "What has it meant to exist?"

It has meant nothing. My mind, it is true, has really lived, and worked, and developed, but I, I have never lived. My heart has never felt the thrill of intense joy or suffering. My soul—probably I have none. I do not know. I do not know what soul is. My spirit is lifeless—it has been crushed, because my mind has demanded and taken all of me.

My mind has been an ingrate. It has demanded all the energy that was mine, it has sapped all the strength I possessed, and it has given me nothing. I have studied to solve the mystery of life, and now that mystery remains to haunt me, more elusive and more impossible of solution than ever before. I have worked out theories which crumbled to dust. I have studied philosophies which failed to answer what I wanted to know.

Still I grope in a maze of darkness, and the light of my first innocent years of faith is no longer visible to me. I am left drifting, stranded—without Faith, without Hope, without anything to which to cling.

Would that I had been satisfied to live, and had not struggled to know why I lived. Would that I had devoted my life to the world, and had not struggled to explain it. For now the reaction has come. I had completely forgotten myself, in the last years, in an effort to solve the impossible. But today I am intensely conscious of myself, and my heart cries out for human companionship.

There is not one friend to whom I can turn. There is not one comrade that would understand and sympathize. Philosophy has disappointed me cruelly; it has taken away my faith, which can no longer comfort me. My life has resulted in nothing; I believe in nothing; and so I must go drifting on and on, without human comradeship, without spiritual comfort, without mental reassurance, to the end—to eternal nothing.

M. L.

A Legend

In years which are long passed there lived a man who was cruel. He prayed to no God; he attended no church; but he worshiped the sea. On the dull black nights when the sea rose in fury and lashed the ships upon it, crashing its great force against the rocks and hurling itself wrathfully upon the beach, he, the man, stood upon the sand, his figure tense with suppressed excitement. In the early dawn, while the cold waters still swirled in frenzy, the villagers would see him lie exhausted. There were those, who, passing, believed they heard him sob.

His neighbors did not understand him. *They* liked the sea when it was peaceful with the sun's reflected rays, but when it was night, and the thunder of the waters came to their ears, they hated it for its cruelty, and thanked God for the cliffs it could not scale. The man, they knew, was harsh with his wife, and despised his children because they feared the sea. One of them, in his fury, he had crippled.

He was loathed as was no one else. He helped no one; no person controlled him. But the sea must have hypnotized him. Lying restless at night, he would wait for the wind to bring him the crying of the sea; then he would lurch from his bed and stumble out into the storm.

.

There came into the village a wandering father, who, on his morning walk, saw the man bent in worship before the storm. Remembering the tale of the villagers of this man's denial of God, and his cruelty to his wife and children, the priest came to the kneeling figure and spoke. He pleaded with the man but without avail. At last he arose: "Can a man die in peace who has lived your life? Can one have peace when one is buried——"

"Buried?" The sea-worshiper looked into the father's face in wonder. "Buried?" His smile became one of derision. "I shall not be buried—I shall be thrown into the sea. Life? I do not care for life except for this reason: When I die, I shall die in the sea. Buried? In the land? I could not——"

.

One night the wife, believing her husband insane, called the villagers to follow him to the beach. He ran to the cliffs, tearing himself on the jagged rocks, while the maddened crowd followed with threats. But he cried back to them: "While you have prayed for many things, I have asked nothing. Now I shall pray one prayer. Gazing below him, he cried: "Oh sea, do not let me be buried by these men who fear you—you and I are strong—and cruel—I belong to you—I have waited——" and he jumped far out, the waters closing over him.

.

He who gave nothing, received nothing. The villagers, at dawn, found him upon the beach. The sea had mangled him among its waves and beaten him against its rocks, and then delivered him to his people.

They buried him.

R. C.

The Portrait

THE JOURNAL
GIRLS HIGH
SCHOOL

Page thirty-three

The bright sunshine of the June afternoon filled the old-fashioned high-walled garden with a warm glow, so that the place with its maze of glorious color, and quiet serenity, seemed a part of fairyland. Near one of the high ivy-covered walls a girl was sitting, thrilled by the beauty which, although she could not see, she could feel around her. A large book was opened in her lap, and after a moment she turned the pages to the story of the first day in the secret garden.

It was of an afternoon such as this, that she read, with her swift, light touch, and of a boy who, filled with the magic of the spring, stood on his own two feet, for the first time in his life, and cried in a strange, thrilling voice, "I'm going to live forever and ever and ever!" This was one of the blind girl's favorite stories, and the children in the secret garden were among her dearest friends in the land of her imagination.

She was sitting dreaming of that world when she heard a man's voice say "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," she answered.

"Is this George Harlan's house?" and at her nod, "I thought so."

"Where are you?" she asked. "You sound as though you were above me."

The man laughed. "I'm on the top of the wall. May I enter the sleeping garden?"

"Certainly," the blind girl invited smilingly, "if you aren't afraid you'll wake it up."

The man jumped down beside her. "That is the reason I dared to disturb you. I wanted to know if you and the garden were real."

"Oh, I am real enough, I am Joan Harlan, George Harlan's niece."

"And I am Allan Raymond," he responded. "I want very much to see your uncle."

"He'll not be home for an hour," said Joan. "Won't you wait?"

"Thank you. I will."

They talked of gardens, and then their conversation drifted to books. The hours flew by while they discussed a few of their favorite characters—Colonel Newcome, Marco Lovistan, Peter Westcott, Scourge.

As a climax to that surprising afternoon Joan learned at dinner that Allan Raymond had come all the way from Portland to paint her picture.

The next morning the gardener informed Joan that he was going back to Italy, and so when the artist arrived, he found an excited little figure in a gingham apron who told him that she was going to be the gardener. "If you let me, I'll help you," said Raymond smiling, "on condition that you pose for me a while each day."

"I'll do it willingly on that condition."

It was in this way that the compact was made which lasted throughout the summer. The garden bloomed, and the artist painted, striving to put on canvas the soul of the girl who sat before him. But it was near the end of summer before he caught the expression which he had been waiting for so long.

It was the day Joan's uncle was giving a large dinner party. As Raymond reached the garden gate, he whistled, and immediately heard her voice answer, "I'm over here

on the kitchen side, and I give you fair warning—he who enters here leaves paint behind. I haven't time to be painted now."

Because the blind girl and Raymond were on the other side of the garden, the robins missed Joan and one of them called for her and began to sing.

It was not the singing that interested Raymond; it was the face of the girl before him. She looked, for a moment, as though the robin's song had taken her to Paradise. As abruptly as he had begun, the bird stopped, and started to scold. Joan laughed. "That's Napoleon. One moment he's merry, one moment sad." The artist did not laugh. He was trying to remember the blind girl's expression of a moment ago.

The end of summer came, and with it the finishing of the picture, and the return of Allan Raymond to the city. He always remembered that last day with Joan. The autumn flowers were blooming in the garden, red, and purple, and gold. It all seemed just as much a "sleeping garden" as when he had first seen it. Joan sat that day, book in hand, looking just as remote from everything of this world as she had on that day long months before. And so the artist said good-bye to the garden and its princess, and went his way.

It was a rainy afternoon in October, nearly a month later, that a studio in Boston was displaying the prize-winning pictures of the artists' annual exhibition. In one corner of the room Allan Raymond was talking to a loud-voiced man who seemed very much interested.

"No," the artist was saying, "I will not sell it at any price. That is absolutely final." He walked away from his companion and joined a large group of people who were looking at a picture which was hanging all alone at one end of the room.

It was the portrait of a young girl whose lap was filled with flowers—flowers which her hand seemed to caress tenderly. The sun shone on her auburn hair, and almost made one imagine that a halo rested there. Her lips were smiling gently, and her deep blue eyes stared far away as though she were looking onto another land. On the broad frame under the picture were engraved these words: "One who was not given the power to see this world, but who has created a world of perfect faith and perfect love."

LYDIA WEEDEN, June, '23.

One Life Among So Many

THE JOURNAL
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SCHOOL

Page thirty-five

He was a crippled, bent man of some sixty years, and was known to the employees at the library as a habitual browser among books. Almost every day he was at one of the reading tables, poring over some volume or other. It was interesting to watch him as he read. He had to strain to see each word, for he had no glasses. His whole appearance was shabby, from the unshaven face to the ill-fitting clothing. His features were homely, but the expression of the face was intelligent and thoughtful. He was completely absorbed in the book before him; he was unconscious of any distraction nearby; he seemed to exist in a world apart in which no intruder could enter. Sometimes, he would take notes with a short, stubby pencil that seemed to be in keeping with his appearance. He would hesitate and fumble the pencil before writing, as though weighing the importance of the abstract thought before setting it down in definite, concrete form. His whole attitude was that of the student, eager for knowledge; the student, who in later years, was trying to acquire the education that Life had cheated him of in his childhood.

How he lived no one knew. It must have been a hand-to-mouth existence. Some one saw him one day picking up the scraps of food that had been thrown away by careless students in a nearby high school. Rumors, of course, had been circulated as to his story. It was said that he was the son of a blacksmith who had failed in his struggle against a modern world. The burden of the family's support was then shifted to the shoulders of the ambitious lad who was taken out of school to earn a living. Untrained and uneducated, he could not do the mental work for which his heart craved, but was forced to win his bread and butter by physical labor. His whole being resented this injustice, but necessity compelled him to submit to it. He became an employee of a manufacturing concern which considered its laborers as economic commodities, to be paid for according to their physical endurance. The years passed by, and the man continued his dreary existence. Then one day he was crippled by the machine which he was operating. After weeks in the hospital, when he was finally able to walk with a crutch, he returned to his job, only to be told that his services were no longer required.

From that time it was impossible to get steady employment. The slow-moving hands of Age could not compete with the deft fingers of Youth; the crippled body was an overwhelming handicap in business.

The man refused to be conquered by the discouraging odds against him. He could not remain idle so long as he felt that there might be something left which he could do. Then one day chance brought him into the great public library, and there, for the first time, he satisfied his suppressed longing to delve into the magic world of literature. Since it was impossible for him now to be the worker, he became the student. His one hope was that, before he died, he might benefit the world with the knowledge he was so eagerly learning. He had nothing left but his books; they were his all—the soul of his existence.

He had been spending his days intermittently in the library for almost a year, when suddenly all trace of him was lost. The librarians commented on the absence

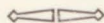
of the familiar figure. Perhaps a week later the following item appeared in the newspapers:

UNIDENTIFIED MAN FOUND DEAD IN STREET

"A poorly dressed man, evidently a cripple, was found dead here early yesterday morning. The death was evidently caused by starvation. The man had been carrying a brief case, in which were several reviews of recent books and an unfinished manuscript. Several writers examined them, and declared that they showed signs of a brilliant, though crude talent. The body of the author has been taken to the morgue."

Thus a civilized society noted indifferently the passing of one who, in life, had never been given a fair chance to reach the heights for which he had so passionately longed.

M. L.



The Flight

(A swallow that had been a captive in Wales was set free. His flight of 6000 miles was traced, and he was found dead at the foot of the Ganges River in India.)

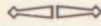
Against a morning, rainbow-tinted sky,
A bird, gilded by amber-colored sun,
Tries his long prisoned wings. Then on
To Liberty, to unveil Life! A cry
Trills from his throat, as up he soars, on high.
Through mists of pain he wings his way alone
To visions: lands where lotus flowers are blown,
Where languid ibis rests, and ripples sigh.
A thrill of glory grasps the flier's soul—
Fulfilment lies beneath the heaven's breadth!
Fatigued and stunned, in answer to a toll—
God's call—he falls through boundless space to Death.
His vision realized; he knows no dole.
His heart is God's, as Evening draws her breath.

EMMA BRESCIA, June, '24.

Night Rain

Darkness of buildings against the sky!
Black storm clouds gather
across the ocean-gray of the heavens;
slow drops strike the pavement
where along the darkening street
plods the lamplighter's bent figure—
his rod in hand;
The quickening rain breaks hard
against the unyielding street—
But far in the soft mother valleys
the rain sinks to sleep with soft murmurs.
Out over the hills,
in the moonless gloom-gray of the night storm,
Endymion sleeps restless.

R. C.



Music

Silver notes on scrolls of gold,
Rippling, molten, crystal-clear,
Spilling music on the ear,
Such as Orpheus might have told,
Winged shafts of mem'ries old,
Yellow leaves, the mourners sere,
For an ancient dying year,
Strewing thick both wood and wold.
So between the now and then,
Music helps the breach to span,
Shows behind the veil which clings,
Hiding from the eyes of men,
Treasures rare of mystic plan,
Thoughts with gauzy, jeweled wings.

IDA LOUISE RAYMOND, June, '24.

Our Great American Press

O, noble Yellow Sheet with thy blazing red and black headlines, thy notorious news, and thy daring publicity stunts, we salute thee!

Thou crosseth (or rather, art tossed up on) the threshold of every good American home, and true, there to be eagerly snatched and divided section by section among the members of the Average Family.

Supported by the sugar-bowl in the early morn, thou screameth forth tales of the Near East, the Latest Hollywood Divorce, the Blocs in Congress, the Clean-up Week Celebrations, and President Harding's latest Golf Game. Thus thou furnisheth daily education to the Family Breadwinner, as each morning he gulps a cup of coffee with one hand, and turns thy pages with the other.

Truly thou art a versatile thing, for thou appealeth to all humanity. The Tired Business Man reads thy editorials and thy headlines; the Busy Housewife scans with eager eye thy accounts of the latest Paris fashions, as she sprinkles salt in the potatoes; the glorious Youth of America (age eighteen), makes a dash for thy Sporting Page, and the youngsters shriek over thy funny papers.

On Sunday thou blossometh out in all thy dazzling glory; thou art sold for ten cents instead of the customary five; thou art seen everywhere—in every nook, in every corner. Thou bringeth to light in thy Magazine Section the deep, dark secrets of the far-away Four Hundred; thou containeth thrilling installments of impossible adventures; thou offereth to the young bride useless "Helpful Household Hints"; thou publisheth what the babies of proud parents have said; thou presenteth pictures of Notable Notables.

Thou art an indispensable part of our daily lives. With all thy glamor and insincerity, thou at least relievest the monotony of our hum-drum existence.

Hail to thee, thou combination of political discussion and Krazy Kat; of thoughtful editorials and brainless feature stories; of well-written current topics and K. C. B.; of intelligent journalism, and yellow publicity.

Hail to thee, thou paradox, who art at once the mouth-piece of the people, and the willing tool of the powerful few; the impartial onlooker, and the biased political publication.

Thrice hail to thee! For, in truth, thou art the Supreme Molder of Public Opinion!

M. L.

School Notes

THE JOURNAL
GIRLS HIGH
SCHOOL

Page thirty-nine

January 2.

School Begins.

Vacation days are over,
That—every one plainly sees,
A new resolve, the newest ever,
On our cards there'll be no "D's."

January 26.

Installation of Officers

A fitting time and just the place,
To see again a well-known face;
Naomi Clouse, our late lamented,
On our new "Prex" her views commented
Most favorable—of that we're sure,
The school is safe forever moor (poetic license).

February 2.

Senior Class Election.

They, the Seniors, had a meeting,
The school with its importance rung;
On Bernice Toucey the honor badge
Of Presidency was hung.

February 2.

Activities Rally.

The best ever—so 'tis said,
Of this—the Activities Rally;
But how can that be,
We ask mournfully
When the Seniors sat in the gallery!

February 6.

Pigtail Day.

"Turn back the universe,
And give us yesterday."
We heard this uttered 'midst our 'mongst,
And harkened to its lay,
We frisked and frolicked as of yore,
Childhood's realm we did explore.

February 7.

Lecture on Silver.

We heard a lecture on silver today,
Our "X" period is gone—is taken away,
But why should we care
When 'tis interestingly told,
How the teaspoon evolved
From a clumsy stone mold.

February 9.

Freshie Reception.

The Senior-Freshman dance—
The same as those before;
The same as those before—
The Senior-Freshman dance.

February 13.

Gym Starts.

Gym is here—has come to stay
Take the right attitude,
Imagine it's play.
(Coué)

February

Senior Pictures.

Wild waves, wild waves, backwards and down
On red-heads and high heads and tow heads
and brown,
Profiles and front views, smiling and solemn
(I hope that my picture stands out in the
column.)

February 14.

Lincoln Day.

Lincoln, the savior of our nation,
This day his praises ring;
Throughout our school our voices raise,
His noble deeds to sing.

February.

Report Cards.

A beauteous "A"; a hideous "D"
Oh my, oh my! Oh me, oh me!
Report cards decked in colors bright,
Ye gods, I hope that mine's all right!

February.

First Mirrors Out.

Mirrors out! "Hooray!" say we,
We don't fail to read them our first 'tunity!

March.

1B Dance.

The one bees are a class
Elevated scrubs we're told,
They gave a dance upon this date,
Now wasn't that quite bold?

March 17.

Mrs. Wilson-Jones and Attl.

Today on motion of the school,
Taken by a vote,
We welcomed Mrs. Wilson-Jones
A singer of wide note,
And a most marvelous harpist,
Mr. Attl by title,
Who accompanying one another
Gave a brilliant recital.

March.

2A Dance.

"Heel, toe, and away we go"
Is the way the Freshies dance;
But when one ascends
To the Sophomore ranks,
No longer does she
Thusly prance.
To prove this point,
We think that's the reason
They gave a Hop
To open the season.

March 23.

Vacation Starts.

"Just a week"—the Board decreed
For a vacation that we sorely need.

March 21.

Journal Rally.

The ghosts of Rameses, Napoleon, and Nero
Helped drop our blood almost to zero,
While the playful antics of our beloved staff,
Provoked from our systems many a laff;
This was the rally, the first in four years,
Which was staged to drive away all fears
From the minds of Editor and Biz Manager,
too,
When the girls realized what an ad would do!

April 6.

Junior Dance.

On Friday the sixth, the 3B's gave a dance,
As only "bids" admitted one, we didn't get a
chance.

April 18.

Fire Anniversary.

A fire talk by a man who knew
What damages gasoline would do;
Who told us our homes to investigate.
So we wouldn't find them a mess too late.

April.

Senior Singing Begins.

An alto voice, and a soprano voice
And a second soprano are friends;
They all get together in the second voice
Then the air with music rends.
How do they sing?
We couldn't tell—
But on that night
They might do well!

April 25.

Debating Rally.

"Well, girls, I really have nothing to say."
("A little aside: 'Bet she'll take all day'")
"But I thank you all for your kind support,"
("It grieves me to think I did not what I
ought")
"Your spirit was wonderful, and your yells
just grand!"
("Next time, if you say so, we'll order a
band!")
"We don't deserve the credit, to Mr. Dupuy
it's due."
("It's nice of you to say so, but do you
really think it's true?")
"He's the man-behind-the-gun, he helped us
every inch,
Winning without his kind support, wouldn't
have been a cinch."

("Say, by my trusty Ingersoll, it is a way
after 2.

Aw, cut it short and come to earth, we've
heard enough from you!")

May 1.

May Day.

The first of May—the first of May,
We thank thee for a holiday.

May 4.

Shakespeare Try-outs.

A Shakespearian try-out
Was held in the school,
To determine which one,
(One only's the rule)
We'd send to Berkeley
To compete in our name
Who'll bring home all honors,
And give us more fame.
Margaret Kolb, with her ease and grace,
Was given first and foremost place.

May 8.

May Day Fete.

First, the Coronation of the Queen
Our most beauteous and gracious Frances
(The prettiest sight in the school 'er seen)
Surrounded by singers and dancers.
And pages and ladies-in-waiting
And a jester, little and funny,
Then the concessions began
With a whiz and a bang
And we made a lotuv money.

May 18.

Dramatic Club Plays.

A good play is a thing to love
Especially when well-acted,
Two had we—"The Florist Shop,"
And the "Ghost Story" enacted.
Good supervision was well-shown
In every move and play,
Mrs. Tharpe and cast rightly deserve
The glory of this day.

June 5.

Graduation.

Much expectation
Great excitement
Sorrow and happiness blending;
Congratulations
For graduation.
Our years at Girls' High are ending.

Alumnae

THE JOURNAL
GIRLS HIGH
SCHOOL

Page forty-one

We are part of G. H. S., not only during our four years there, but always after that. Graduation is not the end; the students go on to higher things, and G. H. S. looks proudly ahead at their future, as they look tenderly back at the happy school days of the past. Our alumnae will never be forgotten, and the school will faithfully keep in the pages of its JOURNAL a record of its former students.

MARRIAGES

Lois Smith of December, '21, was married to Northrup George in March.

Estelle Weinshenck is now Mrs. Walter Rosenberg.

Harriet Allison (Mrs. Edwin Loeb) leaves in May for Polynesia, where her husband will do research work.

ENGAGEMENTS

Gladys Stanley of June, '22, has announced her engagement to Russell B. Coleman.

Marian Moore of December, '22, is betrothed to Clyde Hudson.

Aileen Galland, December, '21, has announced her engagement to Walter Glaser.

Helen Hirsch is to be married in June to Doctor Sanford Stein.

Sylvia Horvitz is engaged to Joseph Saltzman.

Marian Victor, December, '22, will be married in the near future to Albin Thulander.

Phyllis Goldsmith has announced her engagement to Ellis Spiegel.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anita Von Husen, June, '22, is yell-leader of Mills College.

Claire Everett Jones wrote this year's Parthenia in collaboration with a graduate of Lowell High.

Esther Caukin is president of the Mills College Debating Society.

Marian Harron was one of the three members of the women's intercollegiate teams at U. C.

Elsie Phillips is president of Meadow House at Mills College.

Helena Zuckerman, Virginia Cumming, and Claire Everett Jones were three of the four authors of the Junior Farce and Curtain Raiser at U. C.



CAROLYN ESCHEN
BUSINESS MANAGER



MADELEINE LACKMANN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Journal Staff

EDITORIAL

MADELEINE LACKMAN	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
RUTH CLOUSE	ASSOCIATE EDITOR
FLORENCE BAKER	ASSISTANT
LYDIA WEEDEN	LITERARY
BARBARA PROBASCO	SNAPSHOTS
KATHERINE PEACHE	SCHOOL NOTES
MARGARET WINKLE	ART
MARIAN SOLOMONS	ALUMNAE
BUELL CAREY	SPORTS
BERNICE TOUCEY	JOKES
MURIEL VICTOR	LOW SENIOR ASSISTANT

MANAGERIAL

CAROLYN ESCHEN	BUSINESS MANAGER
ELEANOR GERRIE	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
HENRIETTA WEIL	LOW SENIOR ASSISTANT



STAFF

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BARBARA PROBASCO
KATHERINE PEACHE

RUTH CLOUSE
BUELL CAREY
HENRIETTA WEIL

LYDIA WEEDEN
MURIEL VICTOR
ELEANOR GERRIE

MARIAN SOLOMONS
BERNICE TOUCEY
FLORENCE BAKER

Editorial



HAVE you ever expressed the following sentiment: "If only I could live my high school years over again, I would do everything differently!" Have you ever stopped to analyze just what those years have meant to you, and have you finally concluded that, to a greater or less extent, they have been wasted?

You probably have. After such an inventory of self, a few, perhaps, are fully satisfied. The great majority of us, however, begin to doubt whether we have made the most of our time. We think of the advantages we have neglected, of the opportunities we have passed by indifferently, of the many ways in which we have failed even to try to better ourselves, and we long uselessly for the chance to begin all over again.

Many seniors leave G. H. S. with just such a longing. Poor seniors! When they receive their diplomas on graduation night, they realize more clearly than ever before that the past is past; that no action committed can be retracted; that no action left undone can be added. And with this thought comes the regret, not only at having to part from former associations, but also at the knowledge that they have neither put in nor received the best that was possible from their school.

And so each graduating class, unable to gain anything for itself by its errors, endeavors to help others to profit by its mistakes. Usually this endeavor is ignored. It receives the same response as a president who feebly murmurs "Let's have pep, girls!" to a student body which has been bored to death by numerous similar speeches. It is the proverbial advice of the "elders" who want to be heard to the "youngsters" who refuse to listen.

Yet, at the risk of being "unheard, unhonored, and unsung" we are going to assume the rôle of preacher, and attempt to steer others clear of our mistakes. We believe that fewer students should graduate with the sense of having had only an outsider's contact with their school; that many more should have the satisfaction of having worked side by side with their classmates for a school that had come to be a part of themselves. We contend that each high school graduate should complete, not an allotted time which has left him unchanged, but a splendid four years of broadening, strengthening influence.

Make the most of your high school. Don't waste time. Remember that "a minute gone is lost forever."

Acquire the habit of dependability. If school is in any way a preparation for life, it is in the matter of training the student to be trustworthy. Trustworthy, not only in the sense of doing his work promptly and well, but also in the sense of remaining true to a friend, of accepting quietly merited punishment, of playing fair in all he does.

Become interested in an activity. Whether it be baseball or sewing, be an active member of some organization. Healthy participation in activities makes for a better citizenship and a better community.

Finally, become interested in people. Undoubtedly you will form some of your life-long friendships at high school; so make them worth while.

Probably this advice will go unheeded. Perhaps it will go unread. But the class of June, '23, through the JOURNAL hopes that this editorial will not have been in vain.

“ 'Tisn't life that matters; it's the courage you bring to it.”

These words, used by Walpole as the theme of his “Fortitude,” are equally fitting for the subject of a high school editorial. For every day, in little things, each one of us needs courage. It requires grit to refrain from self-pity if one is hurt on the athletic field; it requires courage to defend the minority against an enthusiastic majority; it requires fortitude to remain loyal to a friend when her faults and your intolerance attempt to overthrow that loyalty.

In this evolutionary period of youth, character is constantly needed to develop character. There are two ways of living. We can take the easy way, and slump along aimlessly without any effort to “give to the world the best that's in us,” or we can accept the hard and courageous way, and by working and sacrificing, accomplish the purpose of bettering ourselves, and as a corollary, the lives of those around us. We must work fearlessly for the best. For, after all, we do not matter—it's what we make of ourselves that counts. After all——

“ 'Tisn't life that matters; it's the courage you bring to it.”

A hearty welcome is extended to our new secretary, Miss Fusco, Miss Oakes of the physical education department, and Miss Barrett, our new salesmanship teacher.

The editor wishes to express her appreciation to the following who made the JOURNAL possible:

FACULTY ADVISORS

MISS ARMER, who gave up her lunch hours and spare moments to read the JOURNAL in the making, and who at all times gave us her friendly and greatly-appreciated coöperation.

MISS BROWNING, who helped us with the poetical side of the publication.

MISS JONES, MISS McDERMOTT, and MR. McGLYNN, whose willing help in the art work was invaluable.

LITERARY STAFF

RUTH CLOUSE, our li'l “wiz” who wrote 'n wrote 'n wrote out of pity for the editor.

LYDIA WEEDEN, who, like Diogenes, walked with lighted lantern to search the world—this time for literary contributions.

FLORENCE BAKER, who found time to help the cause.

BARBARA PROBASCO, who has become converted to the cause of amateur photography.

BUELL CAREY, who made good use of her recent course in JOURNAL-ism.

MARIAN DEREMER, KATHERINE PEACHE, and GLADYS NORTON, who collaborated in writing very, very informal school notes.

BERNICE TOUCEY, who scoured the continent for an original joke.

MARIAN SOLOMONS, who did extensive research work in regard to the careers of sweet girl graduates.

MURIEL VICTOR, who went into training for the job she is inheriting.

THE CONTRIBUTORS, may God bless them!

BUSINESS STAFF

CAROLYN ESCHEN, the business manager who created a sensation by actually managing the business. (Mighty efficiently, too!)

ELEANOR GERRIE, who was one of the best and most willing workers on the staff.

HENRIETTA WEIL, "For ads she walked a mile, and still she kept her smile!"

EDITH FARRELL, who knows how to "go and get 'em!"

MADELEINE JOHNSON, who'll always be remembered as a capable committee member.

MARIAN DEREMER AND KATHERINE PEACHE, who did meritorious work on the business field of battle.

DIXIE KENNEDY, who lent a helping hand to help the staff.

ART STAFF

MARGARET WINKLE, who devoted her life to art—for the JOURNAL.

PATRICIA LAIRD, who worked unselfishly for an artistic JOURNAL, and incidentally handed in a written contribution.

MURIEL OSTERHAUS, who took her trusty brush in hand, and—used it for June, '23.

VALLIERE SPERRY, who gave her ability to help the staff.

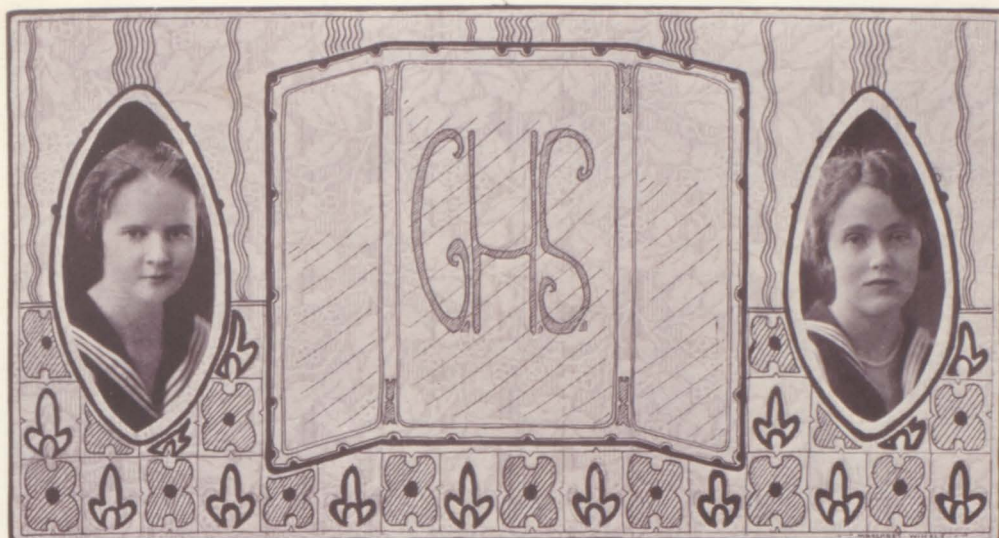




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ALICE OLSEN
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The Mirror

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DOROTHY MITCHELL.....	ACTIVITIES
ELEANOR GERRIE.....	ALUMNÆ
DOROTHY ABRAMS.....	SCHOOL NOTES
PHYLIS WOLFE.....	JOKES

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

Others may say this mournfully—others may long for the priceless "gift," but we can always "See ourselves as others see us!"

For we have a wonderful possession, a discovery that has startled the world and baffled science, i. e., a printed Mirror in eight pages!

And when it appears—silence reigns throughout the corridors! Every one is too busy looking at the printed reflections, from page one to the editorials, to waste time in mere conversation.

This Mirror is magic and can do many remarkable things. Thus at the beginning of this term, we saw it for the first time since its second birthday, and presto! it had grown to twice its original size. Perhaps this is due to the fact that it has been so well brought up. For—sh-h!—this is a secret—the faculty advisers have allowed it to have only those well-written articles which it can literarily digest!

The results have been successful, for at present the Mirror is one of the lustiest and healthiest activities of G. H. S.

Debating Notes

February 23—

Gallant Girls Get Galileo's Goat.

Darling Debaters Deserve Decision.

ROLL OF HONOR

RUTH CLOUSE, persevering, persuasive, pert, and pleasing.

ALICE WITKIN, the modest violet, who won't admit she's great.

BARBARA PROBASCO, who shatters her opponent's China arguments.

ALICE PHILIPS, the youngster who smashes 'em with delivery.

March 23—

U. C. Came and Heard Us.

ROLL OF HONOR

RUTH CLOUSE, persevering, persuasive, pert, and pleasing.

MADELEINE LACKMANN, a victorious veteran, a leader, and a thinker.

(Written by the faculty adviser.)

April 6—

Clever Colleagues Crush Commerce Chances.

ROLL OF HONOR

FLORENCE BAKER, Fighting Flo-Flo, who walks away with contest escorted by—

MARIAN PANELLA, who does her share of the hiking.

CLARISSE FRIEDLANDER, whose mighty voice doth conquer all.

MADELEINE GOLDSMITH, whose silver tongue pours forth good logic.

April 20 (Oakland High Debate)—

Deft Defenders Do Their Duty Daringly.

ROLL OF HONOR

BARBARA MAYER, who wields a wicked tongue.

KATHERINE DREW, who puts it right over the plate.

DOROTHY PYLE, the latest discovery in debating circles.

April 24 (Palo Alto Debate)—

Honorable Opponents Overwhelmed by Onward Onslaught.

ROLL OF HONOR

ALICE WITKIN and RUTH WALE, a combination that's always safe.

HAZEL MISH, whose steady work brings good results.

GLADYS LIVINGSTON, who's always on the job for G. H. S.

INTERCLASS DEBATES

The juniors, sophs, and freshies too,

The seniors stern besides—

All prove that our debaters

Are very, very wise.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE DEBATING CLUB

MISS KOHLBERG, an active, able and efficient adviser.

MR. DUPUY, the most encouraging encourager that ever was.



FLORENCE BAKER
PRESIDENT, DEBATING CLUB



MABEL MILLER
PRESIDENT, DRAMATIC CLUB

Debating Club

Is suicide justifiable?

Should party conventions be stopped?

Should divorce laws be more pliable?

Are school uniforms wise to adopt?

These questions, and many just like them,

That confront both the nation and state,

Together with any hard problem,

Can be settled with just a debate!

And where can you learn how to do this?

And indulge in the art of orating;

We'll tell you—the answer is easy—

Just belong to the Club on Debating!

Dramatic Club

A Play

Curtain rises on Study Hall during X period.

Numerous excited young ladies are present. A Senior rises.

SENIOR—Madam Chairman, I believe the Dramatic Club should give five short skits this term.

(Chorus of groans from the background, and cries of "Impractical! Terrible! Impossible!")

SAUCY SOPHOMORE—I suggest that we present "Julius Cæsar." It's not only instructive, but it's highly amusing.

JOLLY JUNIOR—Why not give a snappy rally?

FRIGHTENED FRESHMAN—I'm juth sure we could prethent "Alith in Wonderland" thuccethfully.

Soft voice is heard suddenly, and every one, including background chorus, sits up and listens attentively. Mrs. Tharp is the speaker. Order reigns supreme, plans are made, and the curtain falls.

ACT II (some three months later)

Curtain rises in G. H. S. auditorium; then a spell-bound audience watches the performance of "The Florist Shop" and "The Ghost Story" and at the end every one agrees it was "perfect."



NELDA LICHENSTEIN
PRESIDENT, READING CLUB

JOSEPHINE KLEIN
PRESIDENT, SHORT STORY CLUB

What Is It?

Time—Monday afternoon. Place—101.

I am a numerical enigma composed of eleven letters.

My whole is a school activity. Can you fill out my numbers?

My 9-2-3-4 is a metal. My 1-10-11 is something that covers the floor. My 7-5-6 is an alcoholic liquor.

I am a second numerical enigma. I tell what the first enigma deals with. I am composed of twenty letters and am made of three words. My 5-9-18-1-20 is steps timed to music. My 19-2-16-4 is the opposite of "go." My 6-17-14-12 is thirty-six inches. My 10-8-11-13 is a dull color of whitish tint. My 7-15-3 is the abbreviation of "Thomas." Try to work me out.

Clue to above: Miss Armer reads comedy, tragedy and romance at the Reading Club.

Short Story Club

Short stories

Humorous

Original

Realistic

Tremendously interesting.

Snappy

Tip-top

One-act plays

Really

You will like them.

Come

Lower-classmen

U should hear Miss

Browning read them.



BEATRICE HARNDEN
PRESIDENT CHORAL CLUB

GERTRUDE HILL
PRESIDENT GLEE CLUB

ADELE HARRIS
PRESIDENT ORCHESTRA

Choral Club

The darkest mysteries of tetrachords are unfolded, and vocal harmony pours forth at the daily meetings of the Choral Club. No longer do damsels with vocal talents, questionable or otherwise, fail to find an outlet for their musical emotions, because the Choral Club receives them with open arms. There are bird-like sopranos warbling a trembling obligato to "Love's Old Sweet Song," and there are altos who can sing tenor or anything else—some even try bass. There is a chance for all here. If you are in doubt as to your harmonic inclinations, ask Mrs. McGlade.

Glee Club

If a candidate for entrance to the Glee Club can get through a solo safely, aided and abetted by no one, she may enter the holy sanctum of this advanced choral organization. Future opera stars, second Galli-Curcis, and hopeful Mary Gardens trill up and down the scale, practice shrieking in musical tones, and even learning how to scold their little brothers in the proper key and harmony. Forty members now unite in melodic vocalization that is well worth while hearing.

Orchestra

The instrumental organization of G. H. S. is being renovated and made over by means of the combined efforts of Mrs. McGlade and Mr. Kennedy, who has been coaching a number of girls in the brasses and wood-winds. No longer are ukelele or tin-whistle players eligible for admission, because among us there are now girls who make a "sax" wail, a trumpet yodel, and a clarinet call for help. Their powers are unlimited. In their hands, a harmonica sounds like an organ, and a drum solo could almost be mistaken for a symphony concert.

Seriously speaking, though, the addition of the brasses and wood-winds to the orchestra fills a long-felt want, and will do much to balance the strong violin section.

now to my orchestra
Adeline



RUTH CHESEBROUGH
PRESIDENT

Sports and Pastimes Association

ORGANIZATION

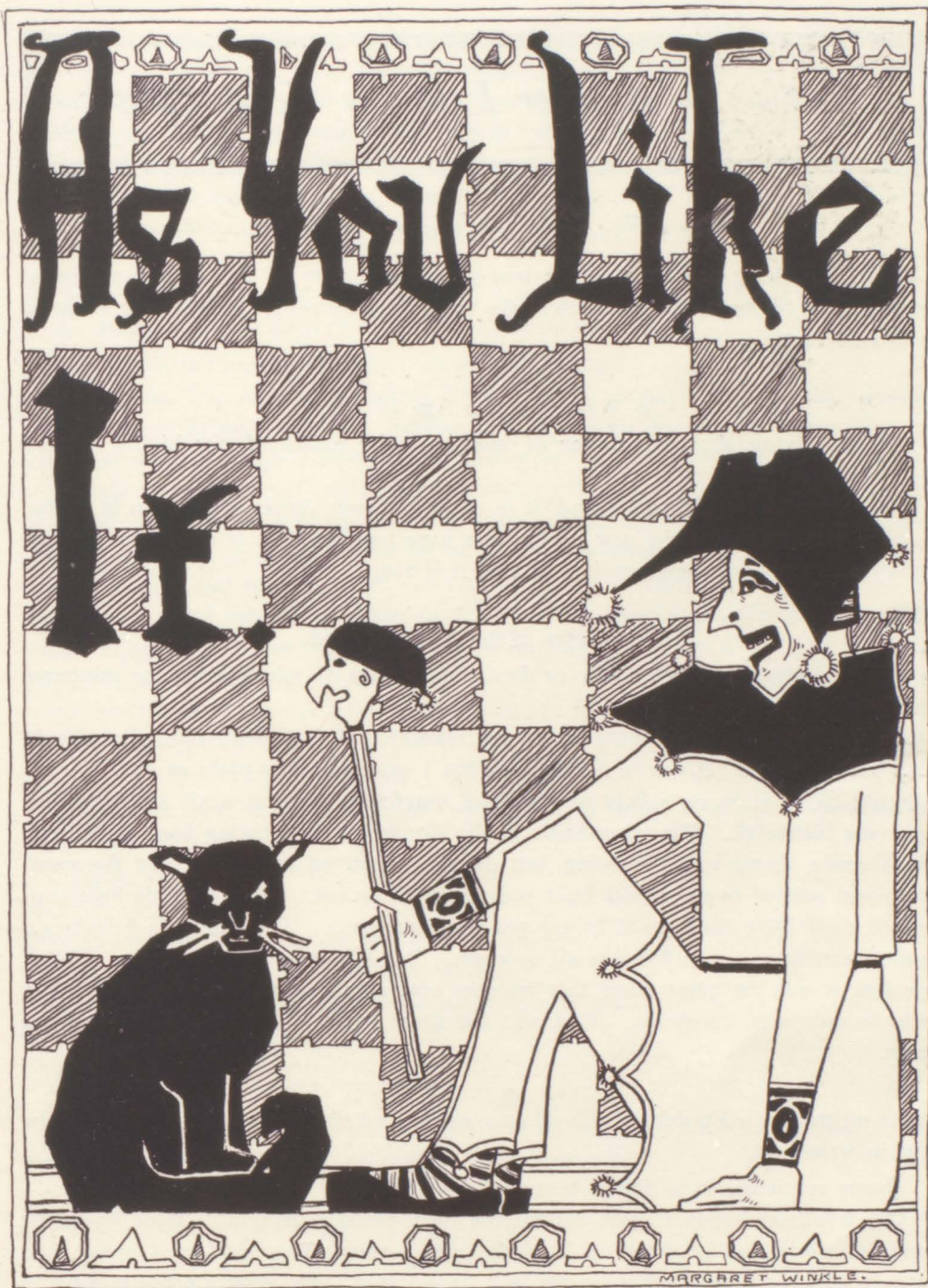
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BLANCHE COUDERC.....	SWIMMING MANAGER
FRANCES ALLEN.....	TENNIS MANAGER
ROBERTA McKNIGHT.....	VOLLEYBALL MANAGER

"Of course they should play baseball," said Tyrus Cobb one day, "and every other sport as well." 'Twas fine to hear him say that girls are stronger than of yore, are full of pep and spirit, and would rather play a game today than be merely watching near it.

The members of the S. P. A. indulge in all the sports, and oft excel and show up well on playing fields and courts. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," the infant pastime crew, has developed wond'rous rowers; and there's Old King Baseball, too. Our girls can surely hit the ball; their throwing arms are fine, and the swimmers always are the first to cross the winning line. On volley ball and tennis courts we're there to meet all comers; decathlon makes keener eyes and faster moving runners.

Go out for sports, girls; know the thrill that comes with outdoor play. Work for your school and earn rewards, and you will know some day, that the harvest reaped from loyalty and from your work and fun, is the slogan on the Scroll of Fame that Girls' High played—and won!

A. B. C.



In Lighter Literary Vein

Essays On Moonlight

(The following are some of the best-known examples of the literary efforts of the twentieth century. They represent the work done by people at different stages in an artistic career.)

.
As Written at the Age of Seven

(After having absorbed a year of knowledge by means of our highly efficient educational system.)

The moon is round, very round, it is maid of green cheez. the crayon at school is green also. and so is the new tie mamma gave papa, and so is my dress. and the xmas tree. so you see the moon is very fine. it is also big.

.
As Written at the Age of Eleven

(After having gotten by four or five more grades of school with the minimum amount of work.)

One night I was walking along a country roadside. I looked up and what should I see but the moon. It was in the distance but I could see it as plain as day. It was glittering like a stone on a field of baeuteful butercups. And it made the butercups look very baeuteful. The wheatfields in the distance were blowing back and forth. There was a strong winde blowing, but the moon glittered and shone just the same. The moon seemed to say I will light you up oh butercups. And the little butercups nodded their little heads as if to say yes oh great moon. Then sudenly I woke up in the morning and found it was all a dream. But I learned a great lesson. Witch was that it was the great moon that watches over all of us at night that makes the little butercups so baeuteful. That was the great lesson I learned about the great moon.

.
As written by a Freshman with an over-worked vocabulary who thought she knew how to write.

(Stray specimens to be found in every high school.)

Oh, wondrous moon hidden behind the dark clouds. How you shine upon the wondrous world and brighten up its dark, grim sorrow. Your perfumed breeze fills my eyes with tears, and makes me realize I have a soul. Ah, what a noble thing it is to feel that you are gifted with a soul, and to think that is only the wondrous moon in the starry night, that can light it up for you. Ah, yes, the moon helps you to find your soul so you can be a bright light in the middle of the road. And just as

the wondrous moon brightens up the world, so should we brighten up other people. The moon touches our inner emotions deeply, and in the same way we should be a little sunbeam in the lives of others. But, alas, the world is cruel and forgets to profit by the shining moon that shines even in the window of the little attic. And just as little Pollyanna was happy when the moon shone in her attic, so should we all be glad and happy when the moon shines in our attics. Rise up, oh my soul, and see the wondrous moonlight. To me you will always be the wondrous sign of happiness.

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As written by a Senior with a limited vocabulary who knew she'd flunk English if she didn't write the prescribed essay for homework.

(We print her unspeakable thoughts in parentheses.)

(Ye gods, just as I was looking forward to a pleasant evening, that dumbbell teacher hands us moonlight! I wonder if it ever sank through the henna that I'm giving up a perfectly good date to write this essay. Oh, well as long as the sheepskin is at stake, I may as well begin.)—What the sun is to the day, what the East is to the West, so the moon is to the night. (What tommyrot!) —Of all the wonders of Nature, the moon probably stands out as the most wonderful. (I wonder if Stanley really meant it last night.) And yet few of us really realize its significance— (It isn't as if I cared exactly, but then——) We prefer, unfortunately, to think of the trivial things of life instead. (That was a darling dress that Alice wore the other day.) A description of moonlight is difficult really to describe, (What dumbish transition!) and so one must be careful to handle it in such a way, (Aw, what's the use, I'll flunk anyway!)

As written by a young lady on the wrong side of thirty, who has devoted herself to modern art.

Ah, moon, moon!

Shining, twinkling moon!

Like an immense pie at sunset,—

You frown at the world like a wicked old man,

And you greatly resemble a beautiful, gorgeous peacock fan,

Old man,—peacock fan,

Shining, twinkling moon!

Epilogue—After all our work, we arrive at our second childhood eventually, anyway, so why not abolish English courses in the first place?

Pome

I thought and thought for a long, long time,
I thought and thought for a long, long time,
I thought and thought for a long, long time,
To write four lines that all would rhyme!

Lament

I'm a poor, harmless creature
But I play to hard luck,
I *never* land a gentle steed—
My horses *always* buck!

If I had been Demosthenes
I'd have choked upon a rock
Before I ever gave the world
Enunciated Talk!

If I had been Sappho—
(Of whose verses we've a few)
They'd have lost *all* my poems
And all traces of *me*, too!

If I had been Solomon,
Who got married all his life,
They'd have passed a law forbidding me
To have more than one wife!

If I'd been William Tell,
He who felt the arrow's lure,
I'd draw my bow with confidence,
But miss the apple sure!

If I'd been Queen Elizabeth
And come across a puddle,
There'd be no Raleigh to help me
Es-Cape that awful muddle!

If I had been Napoleon,
I'd have died of mumps before
I was ever known to history
By my attempts at war!

If I'd been Cleopatra,
(She was beautiful, I hear)
I'd have gotten cross-eyed gazing
At my dainty, small, left ear!

If I had been Columbus,
I'd have sailed forevermore
Without e'en touching, in those years,
An undiscovered shore!

If I'd been Pocahontas
(John Smith's ador'ble Red)
I'd have landed on the block all wrong,
And lost my little head!

And if I should get "A"
In that last "ex" from Miss Hobe,
I wouldn't live to tell the tale—
I'd migrate from this globe!

I'm a poor, harmless creature,
But I play to hard luck;
I *never* land a gentle steed—
My horses *always* buck!

R. C.

Song of Joy

I'm a sure-nuf four-leaf clover
Born beneath a horse-shoe sign;
I *never* have to work for things—
The lucky stars are mine.

If I'd been noble Shakespeare,
Who worked so hard to write,
I'd be so bright I'd simply write
Ten plays all in one night!

If I'd been Michaelangelo
Who struggled for a name,
Why, even at the first, my art
Would have quickly brought me fame.

If I'd been Walter Scott,
Who wrote at speedy rate,
I'd take my time, and still my books
Would all be classed as great.

If I'd been Alexander,
Who conquered many lands,
I would have conquered all the world,
They'd yield to my commands.

If I'd been Don Quixote,
Who sought adventures gay,
I'd never have bad luck at all,
I'd always have my way.

If I'd been grim Napoleon,
On the field of Waterloo—
I would have fought a brilliant fight,
And won the victory, too!

If I'd been lovely Helen,
The belle of Troy, you know,
I'd be so much beloved I'd have
In every land a beau.

If I'd gone in for football,
I'd run so swift and far,
I'd make a "touchdown" every time;
They'd know I was a star!

If I'd been a reporter
Sent out to search for news,
I'd always be successful
With all my interviews.

If I'd been learned Browning
Whose verse puts one to sleep,
My work would have been popular
As well as being deep.

I'm a sure-nuf four-leaf clover,
Born beneath a horse-shoe sign;
I *never* have to work for things—
The lucky stars are mine!

M. L.

The Wail of the Four Seasons

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Spring is here! Spring, with all the usual spring tonics, spring housecleaning, spring bugs, spring poets, and spring hats! You buy your summer bonnet, only to have it ruined by the April showers which bring May flowers. People praise the weather by the hours. The husky athletes exercise their powers. You get disgusted; your temper sours. The fond family and fervent friends corner you and insist on taking you for a jaunt to the country "to see the lovely blossoms, my dear." You are expected to do the following things on these torturing trips:

1. Scream with delight every time you see a tree, and repeat with each of the next few thousand that come into view.
2. Point to a blossom in the distance, and then remark brightly, "Well, spring is really here!"
3. Shriek impulsively: "Ain't nature grand? I'm so glad I'm alive!"

Summer is here. Summer, which makes you feel like a baked biscuit, a red pepper, a house on fire, a thrice-cooked tamale, and a parboiled child of the desert. Summer, which makes you long for Iceland, snowballs, showers, and ice cream. Hot, burning summer, in which you have the initiative of a jelly-fish, the determination of a worm, the strength of a butterfly, and the energy of an elephant!

Summer, you are not for me. I hate thee cordially, but none the less bitterly.

Fall is here! Fall, in which the leaves, the temperature, the hopes of the year, the lovers, the raindrops, and the amateur skaters all begin to fall.

Fall, with its alternating days of sweet sunshine and bitter cold.

Fall, with its *bear* forests, and its leaves *lion* on the ground, with its shady, summery past, and its dark, wintry future.

Ah, fall, you, neither, can rise to meet my expectations!

Winter is here! Winter, the glorious season of dripping umbrellas, red flannel clothing, messy rubbers, rheumatism and Sloan's Linament, skidding cars, and Xmas shopping!

Winter, in which your fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Colds, Sore Throats, Pneumonia, and Death.

Winter, the time for the great Indoor Sports of Dominoes, Paper-dolls, Checkers, and Solitaire.

Winter, the dismal, the black, the gloomy!

Let us not condemn too hastily however. If useful for nothing else, the weather at least is an inseparable, essential part of our daily conversation!

If Murder Were a Fine Art, We'd Practice On the Following:

The Deluded Creature whose conversation consists of telling you how crazy all the boys are over her. (Ship her to Siberia.)

The Teacher who insists on opening and reading your private correspondence, love letters included. (Boil her in oil.)

The Sweet Young Thing who thinks everything and everybody is just too wonderful for words (Shoot her at sunrise.)

The Hard Boiled Tennis Fan who derives fiendish satisfaction from mutilating you with balls while you are peacefully endeavoring to solve a geometry problem. (Give her life imprisonment.)

The Tactless Dumbell who casually mentions in public that you have gained ten pounds, when you have been trying to keep this fact a deep, dark secret. (Put her on a desert island.)

The Angel Child who borrows your puff and uses the last vestige of your powder, leaving you unarmed for the rest of the day. (Sentence her to ten years hard labor.)

The Practical Joker who loves to mislay your fountain pen, glasses, etc., when you are about to take an ex. (Give her the third degree.)

The Prating Parrot who retails your confidential remarks to the world at large. (Gag her.)

The Deluded Mortal who delays class meetings with inane suggestions and insane motions. (Burn her at the stake.)

The Simple-minded Individual who thinks she is different from the rest of the world,

and who knows no one really understands her. (Put her in a padded cell.)

The Stupid Speaker who works so hard to make clever (?) remarks at student-body rallies. (Throw her overboard.)

The Radiant Pollyanna who thinks she has a charming personality, and makes it her professional business to use her charms on every one, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. (Mislay her in a desert.)

The Sparkling Conversationalist who talks on and on, while the rest of us are doomed to listen. (Starve her for a week.)

The Brainless Senior who talks baby talk with an acquired lisp and a vacant smile. (Use the electric chair.)

The Would-Be Clever Teacher who delights in bawling you out in class. (Station her in front of a firing squad.)

The Spoiled Child, aged five, who derives the greatest pleasure from sitting on your best hat. (Choke her.)

The Baby-Doll who always stares at you in wide-eyed wonder, whether you comment on the weather or discuss the latest murder. (Challenge her to a duel.)

The Budding Genius who thinks she can write (heaven knows where she got the idea) and who insists on reading all her compositions to you. (Drown her.)

The Child Prodigy who amuses herself by reading "Paradise Lost" and "Theories of Evolution." (Tie her to a railroad track.)

The Cynic who razzes everything, good, bad, or indifferent, in order to attract publicity. (Give her solitary confinement.)

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Debating Club Proverbs

1. All is not old that titters. (Freshmen members.)
2. A debater's lies are sufficient.
3. Better debate now than never.
4. To debate is human, to listen divine.
5. "Little words of wisdom, debaters at their best,

Always win decisions for our G. H. S."

If Girls Were Inanimate Things

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The following: Would be:

BERNICE TOUCEY.....	Shock Absorber (Class Prex has to be)
MARIAN BARRY.....	Advertisement (School Girl Complexion)
TOOKIE WALE.....	A Can of Ginger or Pepper
BESSIE ALLENBERG.....	An Eraser (Trying to Fix Mistakes)
ALICE OLSEN.....	Mirror (Full of Reflections)
JANET BLANK.....	A Globe (Slightly Circular)
RUTH CLOUSE.....	Ivory Soap (It Floats)
KATHERINE HESS.....	A Taxi (Fond of Calls)
MURIEL AARON.....	A Statue (Immovable)
VIDA SETENCICH.....	A Banana Peel (They All Fall for Her)
MADELEINE GOLDSMITH.....	An Iceberg (Cool on Every Occasion)
EVELYN DONNELLY.....	A Sunbeam
MARIAN SOLOMONS.....	A Star
SHIRLEY EISENBACH.....	A Pair of Scissors (Cutting, Cutting)
BARBARA MAYER.....	Lamp-post (We All Lean on Her)
SUSAN BRANDENSTEIN.....	Koverall (Kinda Kute)
EMILY SANO.....	An Opera (Sweet Madame Butterfly)
JULIET LEVY.....	Prescription (Small Amount of—)
EDITH McDONNELL.....	A Valentine (Sweet and Lovely)
SYLVIA HARRIS.....	
YVONNE HARLEY.....	A Park Bench (Two Are Company)
AILEEN CLANCY.....	A Nut (Always Cracking—Jokes)
FLORENCE BAKER.....	A Racing Car (Speed and Energy)
ELOISE CLAYBURGH.....	A Fish-Line (Playing Hooky)
MADELEINE JOHNSON.....	A Megaphone
ANGELA GIACALONE.....	A Sewing Machine (Crocheting, etc.)
ELEANOR GERRIE.....	A Talking Machine
DIXIE KENNEDY.....	A Telephone (Full of Service)
ADELE WALSH.....	A Lesson (Because She's (K)new)
EMMA BRESCIA.....	A Pencil (Always Writing)
JOSEPHINE KLEIN.....	A Nugget (Golden Hair)
BARBARA PROBASCO.....	A Piano (Tall 'n Upright)
MARY LUCAS.....	Another Piano (Baby-Grand)
ALICE WITKIN.....	Shadow (Page Ruth Clouse)
RITA WILLIAMS.....	Ukelele (Stringing 'em Along)
MURIEL VICTOR.....	A Pin (Right to the Point)
SYDNEY ELLIOT.....	A Brick (Such a Good Sport)
ALEXIA MCCARTY.....	A Cushion (Soft and Fluffy)
MARIAN KIRBY.....	Woolworth Building (Kinda High)
BETTY SCOBLE.....	Cream Puff (Light and Airy)
LYDIA WEEDEN.....	Sphinx (Nice and Quiet)?
BERTHA LIEBE.....	The West Wind (Because She's Gentle)

And all the rest of us would have to be content with being just ordinary, everyday mortals.

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Debating Team Institutes New Way of Living Up To Health Rules—Finds It Easy to Drink Four Glasses of Water a Day

The Debating Team hied itself to the JOURNAL office one day and held an indignation meeting. (The Editor, hiding in Miss Daniel's waste basket, overheard the dark debating secrets, and thereby hangs a tale.)

"Why," cried the orators, "must we drink to our health each day? We are so busy that not one moment have we to gulp down H₂O. We can not drink during a debate, because we would invariably drop the glass. What a dilemma!"

"Hush!" whispered one debater. "Come here, my fellow countrymen and harken!"

Her colleagues surrounded her, and listened with beaming faces. At the end, they shrieked exultantly and left the office in triumph.

"Don't forget," the first debater called after them, "tonight at 8 our dastardly work begins!"

'Twas 8 o'clock in the evening. The G. H. S. auditorium was crowded, for a great debate was taking place. On the platform our team sat complacently.

"Mr. Dupuy is up on top of the roof with his knife, and it's raining hard, so all is well," whispered the first speaker.

"I hope he will know when to cut open the roof," said the second.

(Dear reader, the plot grows thicker.)

As the first speaker got up to speak, the roof above began to leak. (Mr. Dupuy had cut it open with his knife.) Immediately great raindrops fell and entered the speaker's open mouth.

After she had swallowed the sixteenth drop, she pulled out her health card and checked her first glass of water. During the next ten minutes, two more glasses were checked up. The audience cheered this healthy debater wildly. During the rebuttal the raindrops began to fall faster and more furiously. The speaker gulped down sixteen more drops. Then, with a mighty shout, she waved her health card on high and said to the audience, "Bear ye all witness that on this very day I, a G. H. S. debater, have completed my task of drinking for the gym department four glasses of aqua pura!"

Latest Books

Forest Queen	MISS OAKES
Far From the Maddening Crowd	MISS MCKINLEY
First Aid to the Injured	MISS KING and MISS REEVES
Autocrat of the Luncheon Table	MISS DOUGHERTY
Pillars of Society	MISS HOBE and MISS DANIEL
Famous Lectures	MR. CENTNER
Our Mutual Friend	MISS NOONAN
Efficiency Plus	MISS MEEHAN
Prince Charming	MR. MCGLYNN
The Call of the Wild	MISS ROSENBERG'S WHISTLE

Faculty Flutters

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PATRIOTIC SONGS

(America.)

"Oh, blessed Faculty,
Please don't give me a "D,"
Don't raise a row.
Forgive my sinning past,
I'm not to blame, alas,
Forgive my acts in class.
Forgive me now."

"Ah, little student bold,
To your appeal I'm cold,
Who let you loose?
Bright red adorns your card,
The color scheme is marred.
Don't let it hit you hard.
'Cause what's the use?"

(Comin' Thru the Rye.)

When a student finds he's tardy
Does a student cry?
No, he finds an alibi,
That's how he gets by.
When he doesn't know his lesson,
Does he weep and wail?
Why, no, he finds a good excuse
And then he doesn't fail.

BUGHOUSE FABLES

Every time G. H. S. wins a debate, Dr. Scott feels very grouchy the next morning.

Miss Rosenberg is a sweet old lady who likes to knit and crochet.

Mr. Dupuy's favorite pastime is riding on the merry-go-round in Golden Gate Park.

Mrs. Tharp always screams at the top of her voice to make herself heard.

Mrs. Bickel is very unfortunate, because she has such straight hair.

It is a well known fact that Miss Armer spends her leisure time in reading "Little Women" and the "Dorothy Dainty Series."

Miss Stark is trying hard to reduce, as she now tips the scale at two hundred.

The leaders of the Bolshevik party who plan to overthrow the government this year are Miss Hobe and Miss Kohlberg.

Mr. Offield firmly believes that all scientific books should be censored, as they put immoral ideas in the minds of the young.

Miss Noonan, a frail, delicate creature, devotes her life to marcelling her hair, reclining on sofas, and eating chocolate bonbons.

Never a day goes by but that Miss Daniels entertains lavishly with tea and Mah Jongg, her guests of honor being the tardy girls.

Every time Miss Sullivan tries to thread a needle, it takes her half an hour, as she pricks her finger so often.

It is said that because of her fiery temper Miss McKinley often throws inkwells at the unsuspecting students.

Miss Maloney, now in her late seventies, is revered by all for her great age and snowy-white hair.

SONNET

Oh, why, I ask, do people say, "It looks,"
When not an eye "it" has with which to see,
And "awfly sweet" quite flabbergasters me.
"Gee, Kid, this is the swellest thing in books!"

Such words, methinks, call for the use of hooks.

"Ain't it the cutest thing that ever be."

At this, it seems, I could unbend my knee.

"I seen" heats up my blood until it cooks.

And so it is as clear as mud

That "English" as is "spuk" is sad indeed;
The hammers in my head produce a thud
That our poor "English" should thus "go to seed."

Now let us all with lusty words join in:

We'll tell the world, "Bum English is a sin!"

PATRICIA LAIRD.

IF WE COULD TURN THE WORLD AROUND—WE'D

Imprison Miss Daniel in a detention class for five weeks.

Make Miss Rosenberg come to class with every article of clothing properly labeled with ten ink-blots.

Send Miss Hobe to the office if she could not recite the United States presidents backwards fifty times.

Make Miss Jones, Miss McDermott and Mr. McGlynn draw posters every day for a

month for "EAT A GRAHAM CRACKER WEEK," "READ A POEM DAY," "TAKE A COLD BATH WEEK," "WEAR A PRETTY FLOWER DAY," and "RAISE AN ARTICHOKE WEEK."

Abolish recitations and make every lesson a 55-minute study period. (Turn about is fair play.)

Make the Faculty roller skate out of the building at sixty miles per minute whenever we have a fire drill.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

CLASS TREASURER

She murmurs "Dues"; she mutters "Dues";
Incessantly she raves,
For as class treasurer she collects
The "dough" each Senior saves.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Poor man! He's got an awful job,
And cruel is his fate!
It keeps him always on the jump
To guide the ship of state.

PROMINENT DIVORCEE

All of the newspapers worship you,
Beautiful lady fair;
Your name fits so well in the headlines,
you see,
Oh, stunning lady fair!

THE LATEST RUSSIAN LEADER

Today his word is law,
And worshipped when it's heard,
Tomorrow the whole nation
Will scorn that self-same word.

NOTED LECTURER

He talks, and talks, and talks, and talks
And never thinks to end;
Some day he'll find himself alone
Without a single friend.

RING LARDNER

Journalistic prodigy,
Known to every one;
Worshipped by the nation
For his knack at slangy fun.

DR. SCOTT

He spends his days in taking care
Of well known G. H. S.—
A school of many hundred
Young ladies at their—worst!

TEN-YEAR-OLD FRESHMAN

She wears her hair in curls
And still plays hide-and-seek;
But we foretell she'll change a lot
When she's been here a week!

EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR"

With a look that's lean and hungry
She starts to search for news;
Her passion is publicity,
From spaghetti to old shoes.

ANY MOVIE STAR

(Press Agent's Version.)

She just hates all frivolity,
Her work takes all her time;
She loves her dear, sweet public,
She thinks them all sublime.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN

We've heard his complex theory
Of relativity;
We wish that he'd explain it
With a little brevity.

KING TUTANKHAMEN

From out the dim and distant past
He gave the world a start;
And since then Fashion has decreed
Egyptian styles quite smart.

IF YOU'RE FOND OF SYMPATHY— FOLLOW OUT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS—

Commit suicide, and leave a note saying
no one understood you.

Cut ten times, and then make a face at
Miss Daniels.

Fall prostrate on the floor in gym and
contract two black eyes.

Arrange to have a teacher call you worthless;
then bury your face in your hands and
work up a few tears.

Get an average of "D" in your high senior
term.

Stay out of school a week, and pretend
you've gone insane.

Become a JOURNAL editor.

IF YOU'RE FOND OF DERISION— PRACTICE THESE

Get a case on somebody, and let every one
read the poems you dedicate to her.

Sing on the platform, and let your voice
crack.

Go on a diet.
Appear in gym in the proper costume.
Go out for athletics and keep training rules.

Comb your hair back slick and wear a red ribbon.

Make the statement that you enjoy school much more than vacation.

IF YOU'RE FOND OF ADMIRATION—
WE RECOMMEND THESE—

Become a -yell leader and learn how to shriek scientifically.

Weigh ninety-nine pounds and still look healthy.

Cultivate a marcel that stays in two weeks.

Bluff all month and get straight "A."

Read a book for English and be able to explain it to the rest of the class.

Get elected to an important office and still recognize all of your former friends.

Say "How are you?" to passing students with an enthusiastic expression.

IF YOU'RE FOND OF NOTORIETY—
THIS LIST MAY HELP YOU—

Jump up suddenly in class while the teacher is talking and yell the Girls' High Locomotive.

Slide down the banister while the school is changing classes.

Wear a Ku Klux Klan badge to school and say it's your brother's fraternity pin.

Get up at a student-body meeting and do an Egyptian dance.

Go out for baseball and wear a corset.

Fling open the library doors at a teachers' meeting and shriek "Murder!" When the faculty comes rushing out, smile sweetly and say, "April Fool!"

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Bynthia Clay's Column

DEAR BYNTHIA—I am just twenty and I have a sweetheart who is just twenty, too. We are both the same age. Is this a suitable match?

ANSWER—If she's an old maid, it's a good match,

That is, provided you're a batch.

DEAR BYNTHIA—I love some one very dearly, but she loves a third party. How can I break this eternal triangle?

ANSWER—Kill the third party.

DEAR BYNTHIA—I love a certain movie star, but as he has 1000 admirers, I fear my chances are slim. What would you suggest?

ANSWER—Put on weight.

DEAR BYNTHIA—I have met the most wonderful man in the world, but alas, he is married. What can be done about it?

ANSWER—Nothing.

"We Protest"

The Tale of a Maiden Mashed Under the Iron Heel of the Law.
A Heart-rending Tragedy in Two Acts.

PROLOGUE

"Snip, snip," said the scissors, "I will cut everything."
"Bang, bang," said the hammer, "I will smash what you cut."
"Prick, prick," said the needle, "I will puncture and sting."
"Razz, censor, and condemn the institutions of this place," said the maiden, "and I will laugh with glee, for with a great price obtained I this freedom!"
"What freedom?" queried the implements, as they prepared to snip and bang and prick.
"GRADUATION!" shrieked the maiden, with an hysterical howl.

ACT I

Scene: A bare room save for a desk and an austere woman. Enter Hamleta Macbeth, minus a tooth.

Hamleta: "While taking gym, my tooth—"
Austere Woman: "While taking gym, your what?"
Hamleta: "While taking gym, my tooth fell out."
Austere Woman: "Well, what of it?"
Hamleta: "This necessitates my request for a leave of absence."
Austere Woman: "I'll take up the matter in the bookroom tomorrow. You can postpone your shopping until then."
Hamleta (confronting A. W. with open mouth): "You can see for yourself, I'm not all there."
Austere Woman: "No matter. Go to the dentist next Saturday. I must attend to 'Justice' in the bookroom."
Exit Hamleta suffering violently, mashed under the Iron Heel of the Law.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene One: An underground dungeon, with here and there strange machines of torture. In one corner a group of constrained individuals aimlessly rocking on the floor from sitting to prostrate postures. In center of cell are a number of convicts, sentenced to 35 minutes hard labor.

The Warden (demanding instant respect by whistle): "Ready for roll."
Convicts (in attitude of small children learning to count): "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, —" silence.
Warden: "Prisoner 13 does not respond."
Hamleta (coming to): "13."
Warden: "For this, you will be confined in D. C. for a week."
Hamleta, aghast at this decision, slips to the floor, mashed under the Iron Heel of the Law.

CURTAIN

Scene Two: The sunny courtyard of the prison. Enter Hamleta, burning with a desire for oxygen.

Hamleta: "Ah, I am happy for once!"
Enter Warden, with group of convicts.
Warden: "Hamleta, do you realize that it is execrably bad for the other convicts to see you enjoying yourself?"
Hamleta (with sudden revolt): "For what purpose is this oxygen turned loose, if not to be breathed? For what are these benches, if not to be sat upon? For why should not these prisoners share the beauty of this court?"
Warden (slightly stunned, but recovering): "You people must not question, but obey. I have spoken!"
Exit Hamleta, mashed under the Iron Heel of the Law.

EPILOGUE

Hamleta (to group in courtyard): "Farewell, fellow-prisoners, and God help you. Your day, too, will some day come. I say good-bye, for nevermore will I be mashed under the Iron Heel of the Law. Yea, tonight I graduate!"



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
ROMANCE
TWO'S COMPANY
THE THREE GRACES

PERKY PLUS CURLS
S. P. A. FAMILY
PUZZLE: "HOW OLD?"
POLLYANNA THE SECOND
"THE BAT"
TWO LI'L BEARS

FRENCH DOLL
SMALL, BUT—
TALL, BUT—

Jokes

We searched and sought and hunted for a clever, funny joke
That was not an antique relic of the age of caves and stone;
We prayed and hoped to find one, but our hopes went up in smoke,
For each joke was all bewhiskered; it was old as ancient Rome.

Despairingly we wandered through a maze of pointless wit,
And we groaned aloud on thinking that we couldn't make a "find"
We read through senseless sayings 'til we thought we'd spring a fit,
And we studied would-be humor 'til we almost lost our mind.

We believe at last and truly, in the proverb we all know,
That there's nothing new, nor never was, beneath the ancient sun,
But we've tried to get the newest and the best of jokes, and so
We present you this department full of frolic and of fun.

MR. CENTNER—Who was Homer?

B. CAREY—The guy that made Babe Ruth famous.

WHY NOT SING 'EM A LULLABY?

Barbara was instructing Madeleine as to how to deliver a speech in the auditorium.
"When you have finished your lecture," she said, "bow gracefully and tiptoe off
the stage.

"Why tiptoe off?" queried the anxious Madeleine.

"So as not to wake the audience," replied Barbara.

E. BRESCIA—Rita, your mouth is open.

R. WILLIAMS—Yes, I know, I opened it.

Little Jane had long wanted a baby sister, and one day she rushed home excitedly.
"Come quick, mother! There are some bargains, and you can get one while they're
cheap."

"What in the world do you mean?" asked the mother.

"Really and truly," the little girl declared. "There's a great big sign about it
on top of the movie theater. It says: 'This week only. Children half price!'"

SMALL BOY (reading dime novel)—Unhand me, villain, or there will be bloodshed!

FATHER—Nope. Woodshed!

NUTS

The peanut sat on a railroad track,

Its heart was all aflutter.

The 5:15 came thundering past—

Toot! Toot! Peanut Butter!

—Exchange.



ON THE WAY TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTIZERS

TRAFFIC COP—Hey, you! Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?

C. MERRIMAN—Oh, was that you yelling? I thought it was just somebody I had run over.

A small boy sitting next to a haughty lady in a street car was sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady turned to the lad:

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The boy looked at her a moment, and then in a dignified tone came the answer: "Yes, but I don't lend it to strangers!"

A little girl who is just learning to read takes great interest in the newspaper advertisements. The other night, after reading several, she knelt down to say her prayers.

"Dear Lord," she lisped, "make me pure." Then she hesitated, and went on with added fervor: "Make me absolutely pure, like baking powder!"

"We have a little dog at our house."

"Really! And what do you call it?"

"We call it Sandwich."

"Why do you call the little dog Sandwich?"

"Because it's only half-bred."

A little bee
Sat on a tree
And then he sat on me
o. g.

"Dat's a fine new brudder yoh all's got, Annabel."

"Yes'm, but de doctor done tol' us he ain't quite up to par."

"Ain't up to par! Lan' sakes alive, can't yoh gib him time! Yoh par is ovalh six feet in his stockings!"

FRENCHMAN—Ou la, la! I enjoy ze shoeball game so much.

WOP—You make me laugh! Ha, ha, ha!

FRENCHMAN—Make you laugh? Why?

WOP—You saya shoeball, ha, ha!

FRENCHMAN—Shoeball—oui.

WOP—Such ignorance! Not shoeball—football!

—Exchange.

BOLSHE—Wanna go on a sleighing party?

VIKI—Who are we gonna slay?

"For Sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

LITTLE GIRL (chewing violently)—Oh, mother, I love this train! They have such delicious gum stuck under the seats!

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Heald's Business College

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SACRAMENTO

OAKLAND

SAN JOSE

STUDENT—I am going to sue my English teacher for libel.

SECOND STUDE—What for?

STUDENT—He wrote on my English paper, "You have bad relatives and antecedents."

I have a girl
And a bulldog too
The girl don't love me,
But the bulldog do.

SENIOR—Is the clock running?

FRESHMAN—No, it's just standing still wagging its tail.

TEACHER—And where did he stab the hero?

STUDENT—In the middle of page 64.

FROSH (reading)—Upon the horizon appeared a lovely—er——

TEACHER (prompting)—Barque.

FROSH—No.

TEACHER (persisting)—Barque.

FROSH (very meekly)—Bow, wow!

MOTHER—How many times must I tell you to keep your eyes closed during prayers?

SMALL SON—Yes, mama, but how do you know I don't?

HE—Generally speaking, girls are——

SHE—Are what?

HE—Generally speaking, girls are——

SHE—Are what?

HE—Generally speaking.

TEACHER—What is steam?

LITTLE BOY—Steam is water gone crazy with the heat!

INQUISITIVE (to fat boy)—What does your mother feed you on?

FAT BOY (tired of being razzed)—A table.

KUTIE—Poor Alice slipped on her veranda last night.

BRUTIE—Well, well, did it fit her?

A.—John was nearly drowned last night.

B.—How so?

A.—The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell through the mattress into the spring.
—Exchanges.

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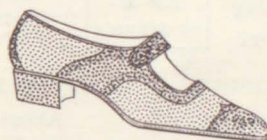
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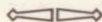
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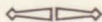
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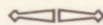


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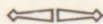


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Assets.....	\$80,671,392.53
Deposits.....	76,921,392.53
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,750,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund.....	400,613.61

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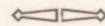
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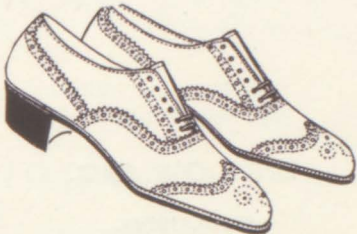
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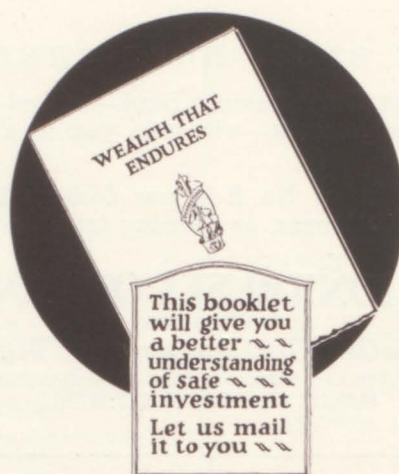
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