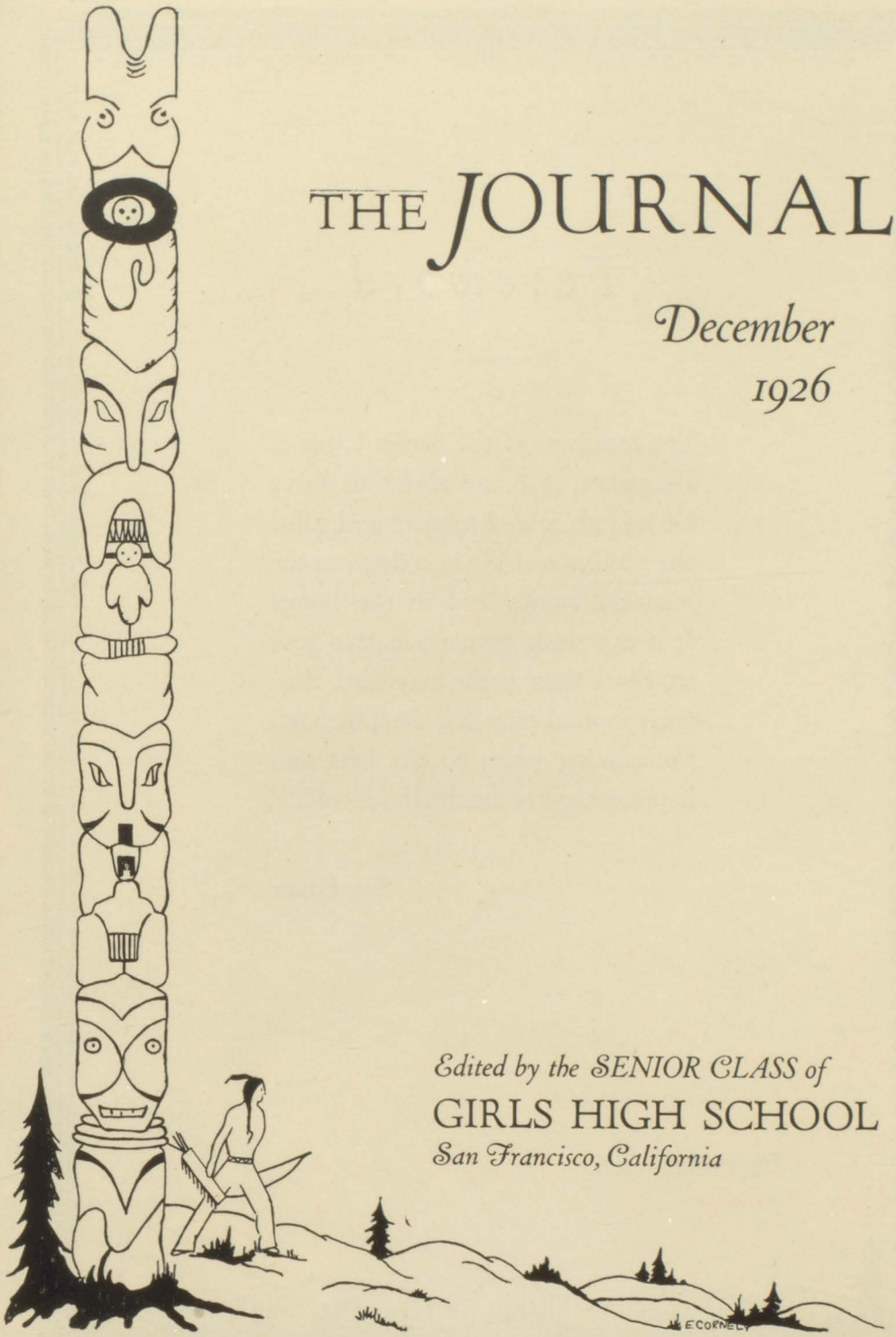
The JOURNAL

18.–



THE JOURNAL

December
1926

Edited by the SENIOR CLASS of
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
San Francisco, California

Foreword

The members of the Senior Class of December, 1926, are about to leave Girls High School to meet and solve the problems of life in college, in the business world, and in the home. It is our wish that, no matter how far apart their paths may lead, this, their Journal, may link them through the coming years to the best and happiest days of their high school life.

The Editor

DECEMBER, 1926.

Order of Books

ADMINISTRATION

GRADUATES

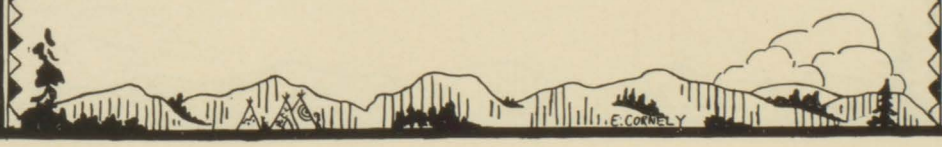
UNDERGRADUATES

ACTIVITIES

LITERARY

SCHOOL YEAR

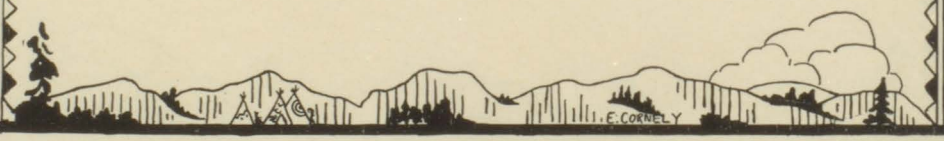
HUMOR



To

Charles C. Danforth

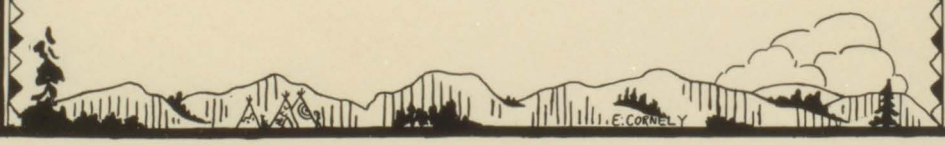
a new and true friend and leader
we dedicate this book



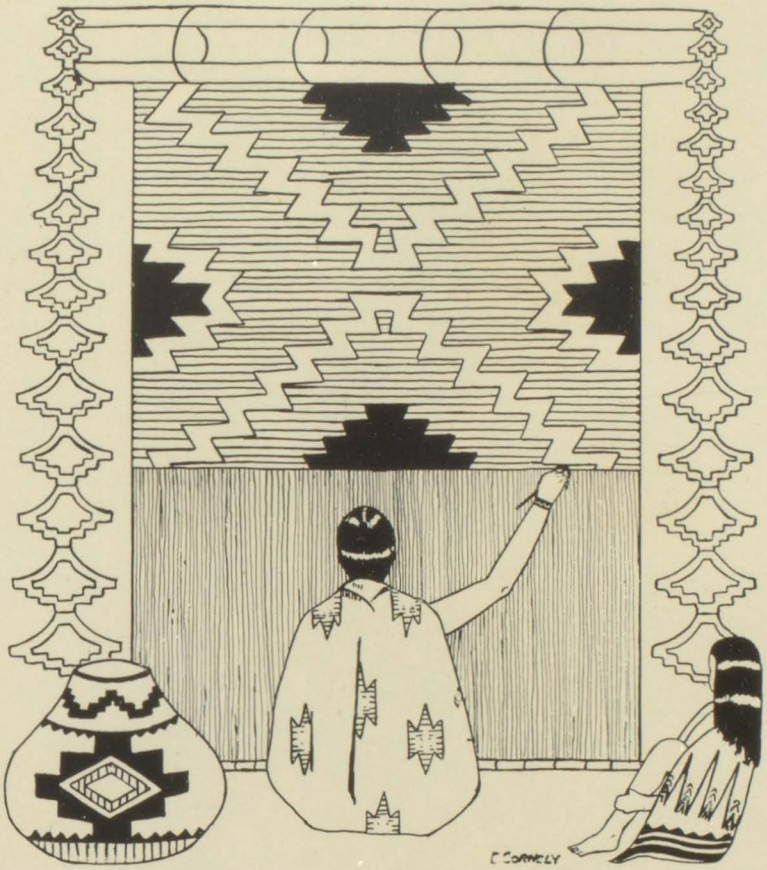
CHARLES C. DANFORTH

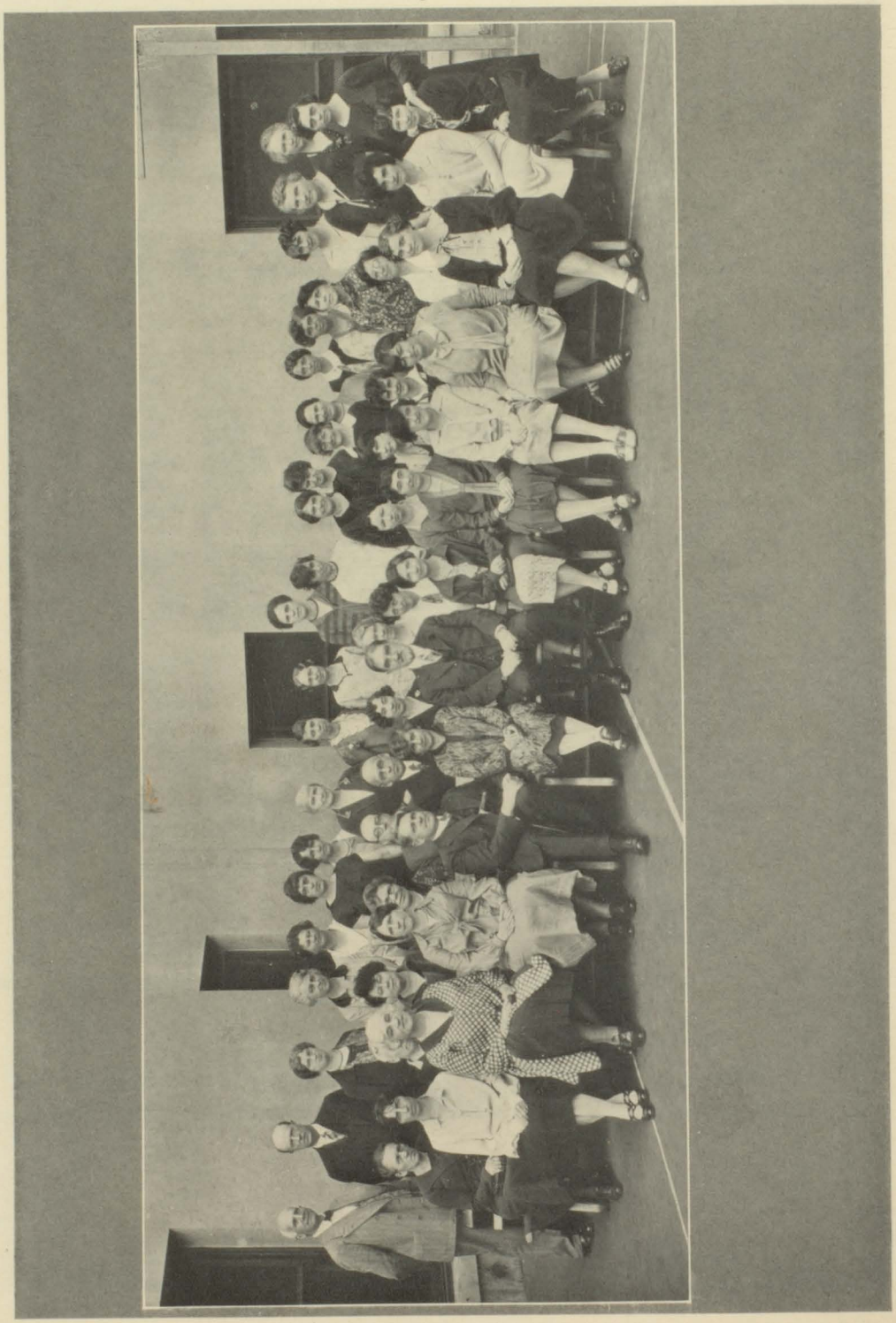
In Memoriam

MRS. IDA FREDERICKS



ADMINISTRATION





THE FACULTY

Mr. Charles Danforth, Principal

Miss Laura Daniel, Vice-Principal

Miss Evelyn Armer	Head English Department
Mrs. Rose Baer	English, History
Mrs. Mildred Bickel	German
Miss Helen Bovard	Mathematics
Miss Anne Breu	French
Miss Edith Browning	English
Miss Nan Burke	Hygiene
Miss Ella Castelhun	History of Art, Mathematics
Mr. Martin Centner	Head Latin Department
Miss Lenora Clark	Physical Education
Miss Alice de Bernardi	Spanish, History
Miss Margaret Dougherty	Science
Mr. Edward Dupuy	Head French Department, Public Speaking
Miss Helen Flynn	English
Miss Tillie Hesselberg	History
Miss Sophia Hobe	Head History Department
Mrs. Joanne Hoffman	Secretary
Miss Eleanor Jackson	English
Miss Hattie Jacobs	English
Miss Marion Jones	Drawing
Miss Maurine Kennedy	English
Miss Minnette Ker	English, Salesmanship, Librarian
Miss Aileen Kissane	History
Miss Ottilia Kohlberg	History
Miss Katherine Lahaney	Sewing
Miss Esther Lee	Mathematics
Miss Estelle Maloney	English
Miss Mary Meehan	Commercial
Miss Florence Morgan	Sewing
Miss Elizabeth McDermott	Drawing
Mrs. Mary McGlade	Music
Mr. Thomas McGlynn	History of Art, Drawing
Miss Marie McKinley	Mathematics
Miss Ruth Oakes	Physical Education
Miss Helen O'Brien	English
Mr. Lorenzo Offield	Science
Miss Helen Papen	Spanish
Miss Muriel Pettit	Science
Miss Edna Reeves	Science
*Miss Helene Revoy	French
Miss Helen Rosenberg	Physical Education
Miss Nathalie Roth	English
Mr. Ernesto Salzmann	French
Miss Isabel Sandy	Commercial, History
Miss Clara Stark	Latin, History
Miss Genevieve Sullivan	Sewing
Miss Paula Swarm	Science
Miss Harriett Tabor	Sewing
Mrs. Laura Tharp	Physical Education
Miss Emmelina Walker	Italian, Spanish
Miss Lydia Walker	Spanish
Miss Shirley Ward	Science
Miss Lena Williams	English
Mrs. Alice Wilson	French, Spanish

*On leave of absence.

FAREWELL

In closing my years of service as principal of the Girls High School, I feel a deep sense of appreciation of the kindly, courteous, and sympathetic treatment that has always been accorded me by the faculty and the members of the student body. I leave the school feeling that whatever of success and betterment in the reputation of the school and of the pupils' attitude toward life's obligations, as measured by the judgment of a discerning public, our efforts have succeeded in accomplishing is mainly due to the harmonious relations that have always existed among us.

The things in detail that the school has stood for: scholarship, election of subjects, debating, socialized classroom work, the international mind, service, and, above all, happiness and joy in the achievement of results, have all been possible of realization because of the magnificent display of teamwork given by all, both as a whole and as individuals.

It is my earnest hope that the school will always demonstrate the necessity of its existence as a community asset by the achievement of its graduates in the various intellectual, social, and economic fields of endeavor.

—*Dr. Arthur W. Scott.*
December, 1926.

Your sincere friend
Arthur W. Scott

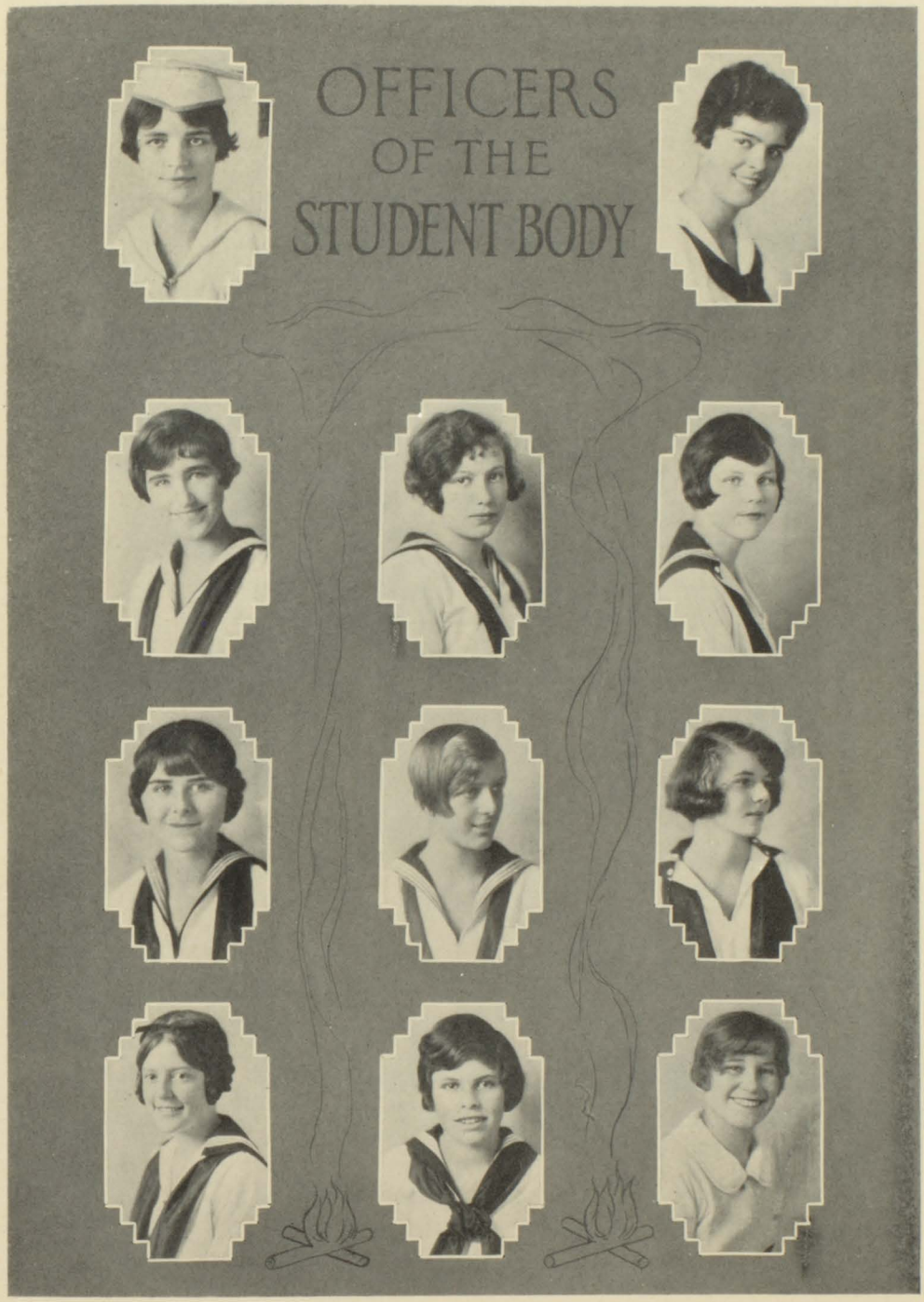
TO DR. SCOTT

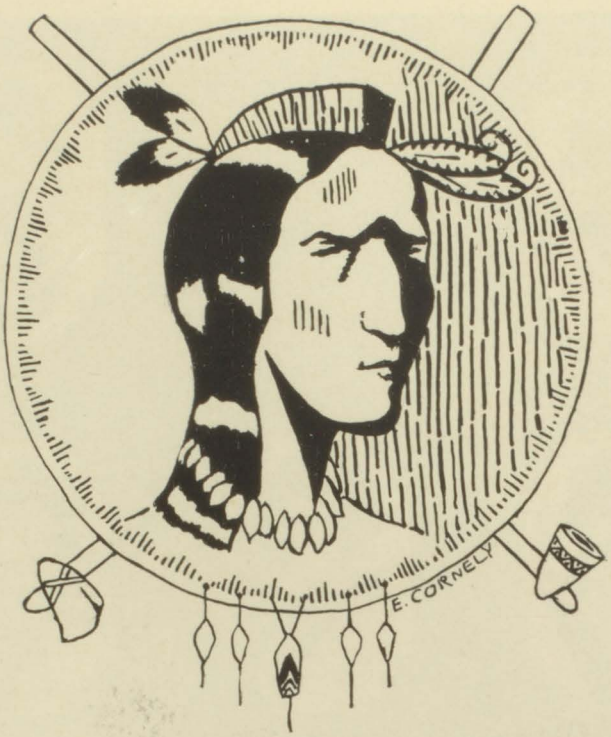
Life offers many lovely things. The glint
Of yellow sunlight on the dew-drenched grass,
The blaze of flaunting poppies in the spring,
The peace of Indian Summer—golden sun
That bathes the autumn with mellow glow,
When all the fields and filled with ripened wheat,
When every orchard bends its laden boughs
Downward in symbol of fruition, and all
The happy earth broods in reposeful peace—
Life offers many lovely things. The joy
That lies in childhood's laughter, the gay song
Upon the lips of youth, young manhood's brave
Adventure, and the bond of fellowship
In service, and to him who chooses this
Life offers of her highest and her best.
For him alone the understanding heart
That binds him ever closer to his friends
Tho absent from his comrades, he is joined
To them by ties too strong to be unloosed.
His abiding presence lingers in the place
Where he has toiled, and friends shall often think
Of him and wish him well. They shall be glad
He has pressed forward, and has found the best
Of all life's lovely gifts—divine content.

—Edith F. Browning.
September, 1926.

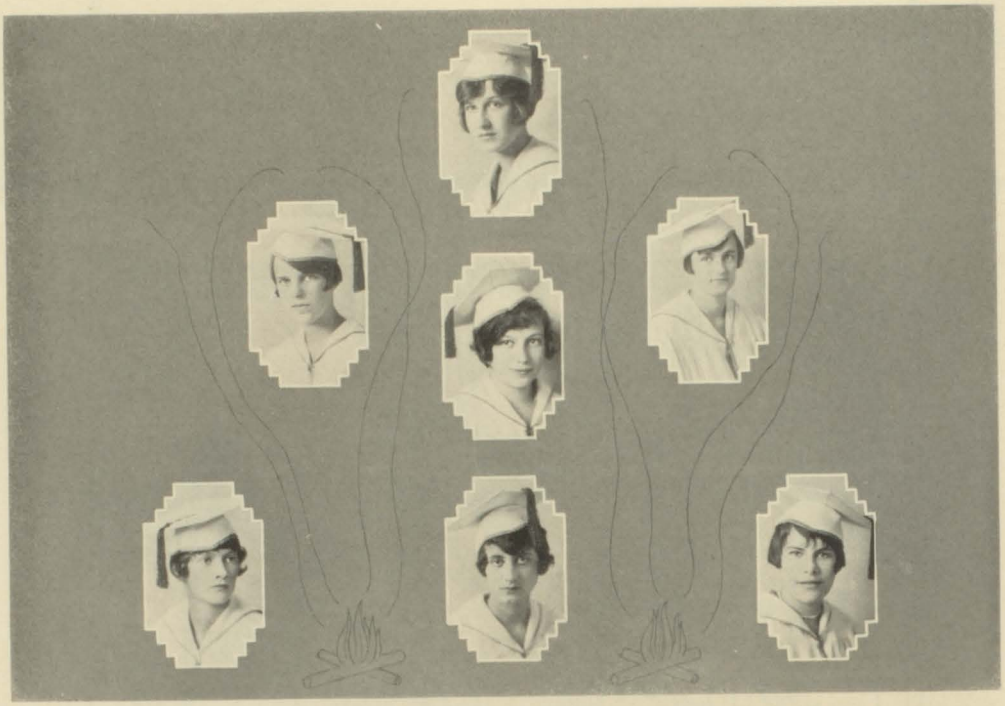
OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT BODY

Mary Margaret Davis	*President*
Jane Levison	*Vice-President*
Una Hanson	*Secretary*
Carol Meaney	*Assistant Treasurer*
Rosette Bogey	*Historian*
Stella Hail	*1st Rep.*
Ruth Knutsen	*2nd Rep.*
Betty Lummis	*3rd Rep.*
Margaret Effey	*4th Rep.*
Margaret Friedman	*5th Rep.*
Catherine Lippincott	*Yell Leader*


OFFICERS
OF THE
STUDENT BODY


E. CORNELY

GRADUATES



FLORENCE GIELOW
MARGARET BOVYER

GRACE KEARNS
ROSETTE BOGEY
ELAINE LIPMAN

GLADYS DALY
ANNIE SIEGEL

CLASS OFFICERS

GRACE KEARNS	*President*
GLADYS DALY	*Vice-President*
FLORENCE GIELOW	*Secretary*
ROSETTE BOGEY	*Treasurer*
MARGARET BOVYER	*Sergeant-at-Arms*
ELAINE LIPMAN	*Yell Leader*
ANNIE SIEGEL	*Assistant Yell Leader*

GABRIELLE ABRAHAM
JANET ALVERSON
SIGRID ANDERSON
FRANCISCA AVILA

ISABEL BACHELDOR
JACQUELINE BARRERE
AUDEL BECK

DOROTHY BECK
WILHEMINA BELLI
LENA BENEDETTI
GERTRUDE BILLICK

Rose Billick
Josephine Birnbaum
Rosette Bogey
Margaret Bovyer

Emily Braccini
Charlotte Brown
Marie Cannon

Ethelwyn Carrell
Anita Charles
Edith Connoma
Irene Cook

EDNA CORNELY
DOROTHY CROMWELL
ROSE CUNIBERTI
CATHERINE DALRYMPLE

GLADYS DALY
MARY MARGARET DAVIS
FRANCES DE CORTONI

ROSE DE VECCHI
ROBENA DEXTER
ISABEL ELLIS
NELDA ENGEL

NORMA FIGONI
MARY FOLEY
HELEN GERDES
GERTRUDE GIBSON

FLORENCE GIELOW
BONNIE LEIGH GIRVIN
VERNA GOERICKE

FLO GOLDSTONE
LUCILLE HAASE
MARGARET HAMMERSMITH
MARGARET HAMMOND

MILDRED HARNWELL
HELEN HARRIS
ROSA HARRIS
BETH HONIG

VIRGINIA HOPPE
ELEANOR JOHNSON
GRACE KEARNS

FLORENCE KOBA
GLADYS LACKMAN
BERTHA LANDAU
CATHERINE LANG

VIRGINIA LEHMAN
PEARL LEVIN
DOROTHY LEVY
EUDICE LINSEY

ELAINE LIPMAN
HILDA LOVATO
FLORENCE LOWRY

NELLIE MANCINI
ROMA MARIANI
CLAIRE MCMATH
DOROTHY MCRAE

ALTA MCSHANE
BERTHA MELCHER
MARY MERCER
HELEN MERWIN

MARY MEYER
HISAKO MIHO
SARAH PALEY

CATHERINE PLECHOT
MAUDE PORTERFIELD
BIRDIE PORTMAN
ELIZABETH RAPERE

JANICE ROCHE
EVELYN ROSENTHAL
ELIZABETH SANO
CECILE SAMUEL

MADELEINE SCHOENFELD
DOROTHEA SCHULDT
BETTY SELMER

ANNIE SIEGEL
VIOLETTE SHARPE
KATHLEEN SHAW
ROSE SKOLD

VERA SPRUNG
FREDA STEINBERG
LAURA TREGASKIS
GERTRUDE VERBARG

HELEN VOORHEES
VIRGINIA VOORHEES
NINA WADE

PAULINE WEBSTER
CAROLYN WILSON
FLORENCE WILSON
ANNABEL WOLF

MARY WOEBKE HELEN WORRELL

CLASS SONG

Now the time has come to leave you,
Four short years have passed away;
Now every eye gleams soft through its tears,
While our hearts are heavy, too.
No one knows how sad we feel here,
For the term is drawing near.
Believe us,
We will ne'er, ne'er forget you,
So goodbye, Girls High.

Now our high school days are over,
And we leave our comrades dear,
But yet our sad hearts for you will still grieve,
Since our dear school days are ended.
Ne'er our hearts will cease remembering,
Cease to think of days gone by,
Beloved Alma Mater, give us greeting,
Farewell to you, Girls High.

CLASS COLORS
Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWER
Rhododendron

CLASS MASCOT
The Huskie

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

We, the class of December, '26, being sound of mind and body, do hereby devise and bequeath the following:

I, Florence Gielow, do hereby will and bequeath to the rest of the class my golden notes, so that, when the class is about to pass into the Great Beyond, it will think it is going in the direction of the angels.

I, Dorothy Levy, herewith bequeath my priceless collection of the photographs of one hundred and two infant prodigies.

I, Maude Porterfield, do hereby bequeath to the industrious the hours I have devoted to study. (I'm sorry I can't leave more, girls.)

I, Roma Mariani, will leave room for two more Seniors.

I, Lucille Haase, will leave room for half a Freshman.

I, Mary Woebke, will leave to May Tormey, the next business manager of *The Journal*, room for two in front of Miss Daniels' office. Good luck, May!

I, Pauline Webster, herewith bequeath my title of "shrimp" to some other pocket edition.

I, Gladys Daly, will leave the "Chem." lab. still standing after many unsuccessful attempts at blowing it up.

I, Gladys Lackman, will leave the school in order to get out.

I, Margaret Hammond, the debating genius of all time, will leave because of too much argument.

I, Annie Siegel, will take away half the brains of the school.

I, Audel Beck, do hereby will to the school my beautiful net-work gym stockings.

I, Charlotte Brown, do leave to the future generation of freckled beauties my unused jar of freckle cream.

I, Elaine Lipman, do leave behind my poor, overworked cor (o) net to crown the next queen of the tooters.

I, Anita Charles, do hereby tender and bequeath my ability to agree with all my teachers on all occasions!

I, Marie Cannon, will leave the next year's tennis club the right to try and get out of the "all love" habit.

I, Rose Cuniberti, will leave the school sadly in need of a dashing young hero.

We, Virginia and Helen Voorhees, the only twins of the 4B Class, hereby bequeath to all future high Senior twins our very remarkable likeness! ! ! .

I, Helen Harris, am leaving behind, in the care of the school, three perfectly good freshies—Bernice Alexander, Dorothy Moss, and Toscar Isola—and I hope they won't cause Girls High so many anxieties as they have me.

I, Nina Wade, will leave this school a wreck (rec.).

I, Beth Honig, will leave to any prospective Senior the art of bluffing.

I, Margaret Bovyer, will leave the school in utter darkness, due to the exit of its "beacon shining bright."

I, Gertrude Billick, will leave the school my sunny disposition.

I, Helen Gerdes, as collector of Senior dues, do bequeath my good disposition and sympathy to my successor.

I, Eudice Linsey, having gulped down the "Three Pills in a Bottle," do hereby bequeath my dramatic ability.

I, Mary Meyer, ye olde joke editor, will leave the school out of humor.

I, Rosette Bogey, having graduated with the honors B.P. (Bachelor of Piracy), and now embarking on unknown seas, will leave nothing.

I, Billie Belli, will leave the school greatly in need of a step ladder, as my far-reaching powers will vanish when I do.

I, Pearl Levin, will leave behind my "gift of gab," so that I won't get into so many arguments in the future.

I, Madeleine Schoenfeld, hereby bequeath the trials and tribulations of a high Senior, and leave gladly.

I, Isabel Bacheldor, will leave the school because I don't want to stay a "bachelor" maid forever.

I, Mary Margaret Davis, will leave the school in need of a yardstick.

I, Norma Figoni, will leave the school my best wishes.

I, Elizabeth Rapere, herewith bequeath to our much-beloved gymnasium some plaster to repair the broken ceiling, caused by our excess activity.

I, Catherine Lang, hereby bequeath to some overzealous civics student my permanent back seat in Miss Hobe's class.

I, Josephine Birnbaum, being a generous soul, do hereby bequeath to the school my charge account in the Lost and Found Department.

I, Edith Connoma, do leave to any 4A my huge collection of "Literary Digests," with the hope that she digest them better than I have.

I, Janet Alverson, do leave my inclination to make little woolen bouquets to some other wild and woolly Senior.

I, Sigrid Anderson, will leave my ability at shorthand to someone whose longhand could be better.

I, Carolyn Wilson, will leave after an altogether too long sojourn in Girls High. (P.S.: Carolyn made it in three and a half.)

I, Helen Merwin, will leave the weighty task of wearing a mortar board to anyone who can make the grade.

I, Claire McMath, will leave the school my good will.

I, Bertha Landau, being a really generous soul, will leave nothing.

I, Laura Tresgaskis, hereby bequeath my giggly disposition to any friend in need of one.

I, Violette Sharp, being consigned to a warmer climate, will leave with no regrets.

I, Dorothy Cromwell, do unsolemnly will and bequeath to the school a brilliant and original idea—that of studying.

I, Betty Selmer, do hereby bequeath to anyone who has difficulty with civics my ability to recite with my hands.

I, Kathleen Shaw, on entering the world of hard-hearted grown-ups, do hereby leave behind my belief in Santa Claus.

I, Catherine Plechot, will leave to any mademoiselle the art of amusing Miss Castlehun with French expressions.

I, Mildred Harnwell, will leave my distinction of being the only girl who really likes gym! ! !

I, Irene Cook, leave to some curly-headed 4A my role of Lord Fauntleroy on Pigtail Day.

I, Alta McShane, in my final moments of youthful exuberance, do leave my undying love to dear Girls High.

I, Eleanor Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath to our dear teachers, all my surplus A's to be distributed to the Freshies.

I, Mary Foley, bequeath to any clever girl my ability to get other girls in "dutch" by drawing all through their textbooks.

I, Cecile Samuel, do hereby bequeath to my Freshman, my troublesome wisdom teeth, in hopes that they give her a "pull" with her teacher.

I, Birdie Portman, do hereby donate a subscription of the "Daily News" to next term's seventh period study hall, so that the girls will not forget me and the papers I brought this term.

I, Isabelle Ellis, will try to leave Girls High if I can break away from a certain corner of the building.

I, Virginia Hoppe, will leave my address so that when Girls High needs a dean it can call on me.

I, Rose Billick, will leave the school unconsciously.

I, Lena Benedetti, will leave the school very consciously.

I, Verna Goericke, will leave the S. P. A. minus a Sporty Pillar of the Association.

I, Katherine Glynn, will leave the school desolate without my witty remarks.

I, Annabel Wolf, herewith bequeath my ability to absorb physics.

I, Rose Skold, herewith bequeath to my Freshman all the A's my teachers forgot to give me.

I, Mary Mercer, will leave behind all the little laughs I got out of filling in those precious yellow activity cards.

I, Rose De Vecchi, about to leave Girls High's portals behind me, do hereby will and bequeath to any gym enthusiast my beloved gym clothes.

I, Hilda Lovato, do hereby leave the school bereft of my Mary Pickford curls.

I, Flo Goldstone, will leave to the school the thirty pounds I lost in it since last January.

We, "The Three Musketeers"—Flo, Bene, and Dot—herewith bequeath the vacancy made by our exit to Helene, Una, and Betty.

I, Rosa Harris, will leave to any poor, unsuspecting typist the "peg and hunt" typewriting system.

I, Jaqueline Barrere, do hereby bequeath to my Freshman the ability to use long words, with the hope that she will understand them better than I do.

I, Elizabeth Sano, will leave to any daring physics student the right to nap in class.

I, Janice Roche, do leave the school shivering in its boots, due to my attempts at being "scary."

I, Sarah Paley, will leave the school my reticent nature! !

I, Dorothy McRae, do hereby bequeath to anyone who may have use for them my long-lost hairpins.

I, Nelda Engel, will leave the cafeteria nine hundred and ninety-nine new forks so that we can still uphold convention.

I, Frances de Cortoni, herewith bequeath to the band a new piece to take the place of the poor, murdered one they've used during lunch priod for the past ten or twenty years.

I, Grace Kearns, will leave a great hole in the Presidents' Council, Debating Team, Dramatic Club, and in various other activities that have not been mentioned. (Editor's note: This was not written by Miss Kearns.)

I, Nellie Mancini, being one of the few bright lights of the 4B Class, will leave the school benighted due to the exit of my brains.

I, Hisako Miho, will leave the school with three rousing cheers.

I, Gertrude Gibson, do hereby divulge the mysteries of turning straight hair into waves.

I, Freda Steinberg, do will my civics notebook to the unfortunate one who comes after me; may she derive knowledge from the contents of what seems to me a mystery.

I, Helen Worrell, will leave to Chubby my secret of how to keep thin.

I, Margaret Hammersmith, will leave my calm nature behind me.

I, Dorothy Beck, about to pass into heaven from this lower locality, do leave behind ten perfectly good fountain pens—lost, strayed, or stolen.

I, Ethelwyn Carrell, do hereby bequeath to some over-capricious Senior my much-beloved seat in Detention.

I, Emily Braccini, will leave in order to compose new dances for the dancing classes, so that they all won't turn out Pavlowa Juniors! ! !

I, Bertha Melcher, will leave this school in pursuit of happiness.

I, Catherine Dalrymple, will leave my dainty dimples to all those envious of them.

I, Edna Cornely, herewith bequeath my artistic temperament to anyone else who may enjoy decorating *The Journal*.

I, Florence Koba, do hereby bequeath to the school my curly locks! ! !

I, Francisca Avila, brought nothing, take away nothing, and leave nothing.

I, Gabrielle Abraham, will leave behind those very amusing expressions: "Oh, this school is so miserable!" and "Stella is so gorgeous!"

I, Gertrude Verbarg, do hereby will and bequeath one very unsightly locker to anyone who is unfortunate enough to get it.

I, Evelyn Rosenthal, will leave the school a collection of new "cheers" not loud enough to be classed as "yells," just loud enough to be heard.

I, Vera Sprung, will leave the school my vast knowledge of grammar. Ex.: spring, sprang, sprung; intr., to leap out of G. H. S.

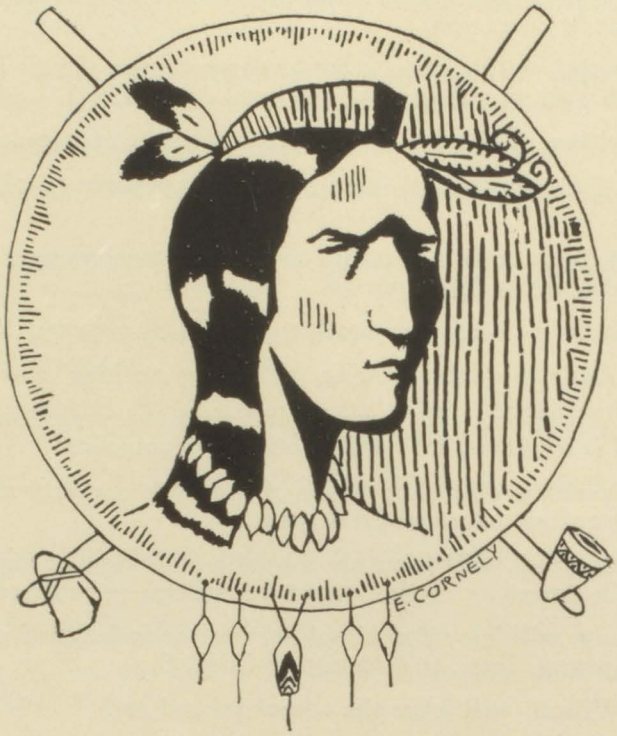
I, Florence Wilson, will leave the school behind me.

I, Virginia Lehman, herewith bequeath my "lithp."

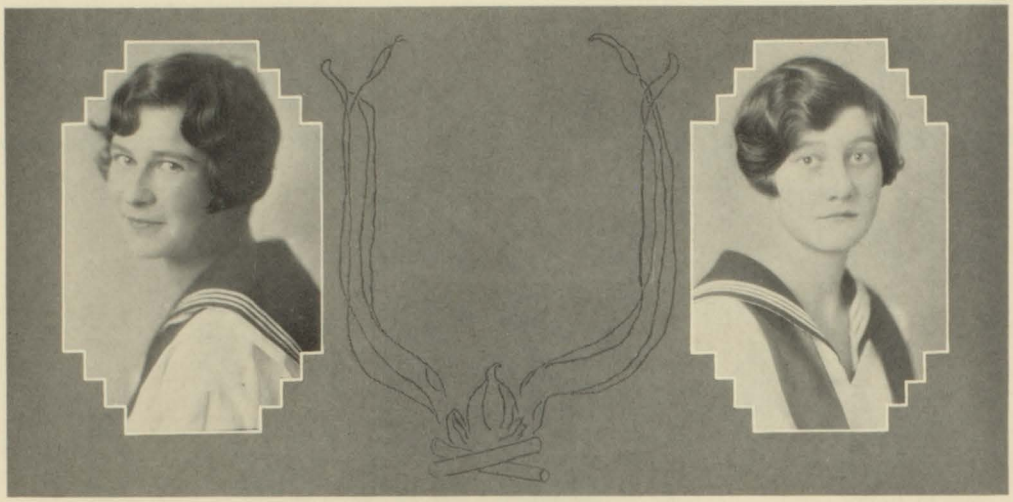
I, Bonnie Girvin, will leave when this book is finished with the hope of finding a safe hiding place.

We, *The Journal* editors, will leave the school with a headache.

Drawn up and executed this last day of school,
December, 1926.


E. CORNELY

UNDERGRADUATES



BESSIE LANDECKER MARJORIE ANDERSON

SENIORS

A fire glows 'neath a cauldron,
A gypsy camp is there,
The stars in the sky gleam brightly,
And still is the midnight air.

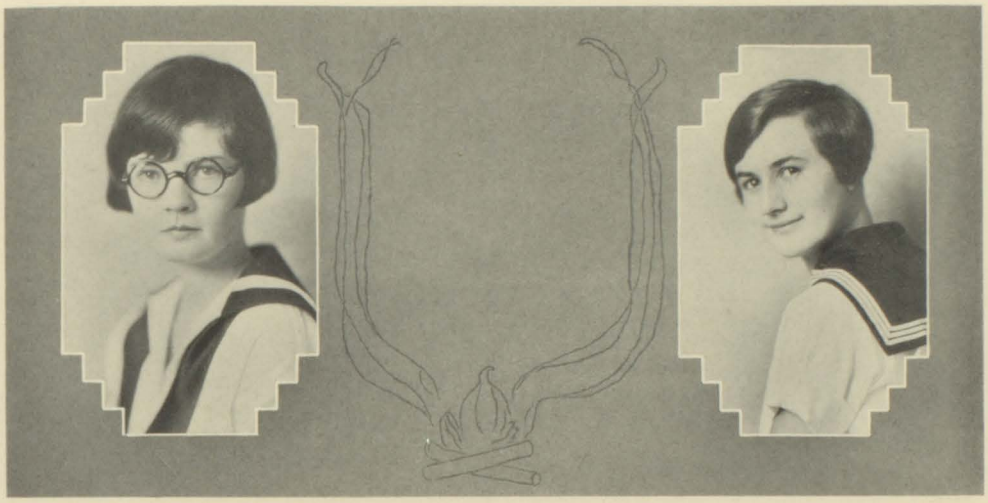
A figure now bends o'er the cauldron,
And it chants a plaintive tune;
The fireflies dart through the darkness
While above shines the yellow moon.

A stranger now makes her appearance,
And approaches the figure with care,
The figure turns, and says to her:
"Why comest thou out to our lair?"

The stranger straightway makes answer:
"Oh, Sybil, wise and old,
I've come to ask you a question
For which answer I'll pay you in gold.

"I've come from afar, from Girls High School,
And this is the sum of my quest:
Which is the finest class in that school,
In all things which is the best?"

The gypsy throws into the cauldron
Some magic powders and grass,
She mutters an incantation,
Then answers, "The 4A Class!"



MARGUERITE MCGEE BEVERLY FISHER

JUNIORS

3B's

Three years ago there toddled into Girls High a class of adorable Freshmen. They were loving and optimistic; and lo, precocious Darrows, Pavlowas, Kreislers, and Barrymores appeared. Their Sophomore year may be termed as a period of deluge, for egotism had quenched all germs of budding genius. But on their arrival in their third year in G. H. S., the muses awoke the sleeping prodigies and they produced "Bits of Blarney," which you've agreed was a great success.

Here's hoping next term will be the happiest ever!

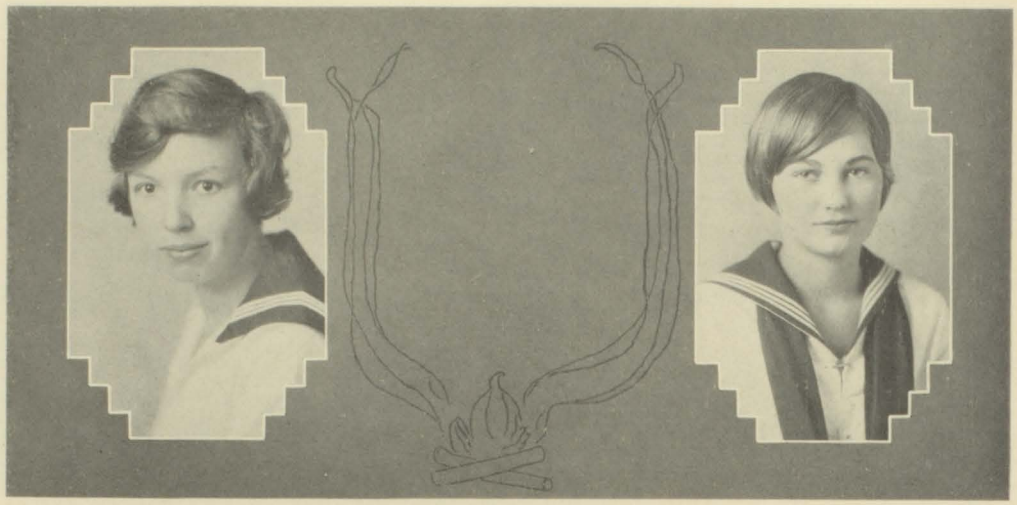
3A's

Resolved, That the 3A class has been a success.

I. Arguments for the affirmative.
   A. We have school spirit.
   B. We are bright.

II. Examples are:
   A. Our contributions to the country fair and our representation in school organizations.
   B. Our honor roll, consisting of the whole class.

III. The decision goes to the affirmative as there are no negative arguments.



JEANETTE GORMLEY IVA SCHILLING

SOPHOMORES

2B DEPARTMENT

Exchange

2B's in geenral wish to exchange their time for learning or what have you. (Teachers, please take notice.) We have open stock of good times and friendship for your own.

Hints given on all matters.
Oratorical secrets, etc. (See E. Lippitt.)
Good team to play, good game to see 2B's. (See Dot Raymond.)
Take advantage of our department.

LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP JUNE '29

The good ship June '29 is nearing Port Promotion and the end of her present journey to date. During the trip, while fair weather was being enjoyed, a dance was given and was appreciated by all on board. The ship bravely put past the Shoals of Examinations under the capable direction of her good captain, Iva Schilling. Each jolly tar is looking forward to a few weeks' rest before putting to sea again in a new ship.

MURIEL NEWCOMB LOUISE DABOVICH

FRESHMEN

1B's

All aboard for station 2A. We are carrying our load of 1B's to Fame and Fortune. Fireman Eisner is stoking the furnace, and Engineer Newcombe is increasing the speed. From the observation car the town of 1B is gradually fading from view, and soon the town of 2A will loom up before us. Marion Pauson, the peanut vender, is displaying her amount of lung power; while Barbara Prince is busily reflecting our activities in her mirror.

1A's

Wanted!

A Freshman class like the present one.

Why?

Because we chose attractive caps, colors, and class songs and made a splendid showing at the Activities Rally.
Because we gave a play which was a complete success.
Because we have made a fine showing in the S. P. A.
All there is left to say is,
"We love us, but now you know why."

104—100% CLASS

M. ABRAMS
H. CORKERY
U. HANSON
E. KREMESECK
D. NEIMAN
D. BASS
S. DENNISON
L. HARRISON
M. KRONENBERG
B. NORDQUIST
K. BRADY
W. GRACE
L. IRELAND
E. LEVISON
O. O'CONNOR
C. BRAKEBILL
C. GRILLO
L. KATZ
J. LEVISON
C. PENZINER
R. COREY
B. HALL
B. KLABER
M. B. MCLEAN
G. PHILLIPS
E. RUSZ
H. SAXON
H. SCHWINDT
R. VAN STRAATON

216—100% CLASS

J. ABRAHAMSON L. ANDERSON A. ASHER F. BARRETT I. CROSS
R. CERF J. CHRONISTER C. FEISAL F. GETZ J. HARRIS
D. HENNING M. ISAACS M. JACOBS F. KIRSCHNER M. KRUSE
M. LEITE B. LEVIN Z. LINSAY K. MCCULLOCH M. MCCULLOCH
F. MCGUIRE E. MERRILL V. MOORE H. NAGEL E. NELSON
C. PATRIDGE J. PECK S. SILBERSTEIN M. THOMPSON

109-100% CLASS

Bonnie Jean Boyd
Elizabeth Carey
Ruth Colinson
Leona Collins
Jean Deffenbaugh
Helen Fraser
Marjorie Harnwell
Thelma Higgins
Mary Jung
Minnie Kern
Nora Langridge
Sarah Lee
Martha Maccela
Amelia Meyers
Janice Oppenheimer
Amy Paston
Marie Phillipis
Lois Plummer
Evelyn St. John
Loretta Schorcht
Margaret Sheerin
Florence Smith
Anna Stephanatos
Carol Stone
Lydia Tateson
Elsie Temma
Evangeline Thomaine
Ruth Tillman
Alice Von Soosten
Beth Watson
Marian Wilson

ALUMNAE NOTES

Marriages—

Gladys Bouquet is now Mrs. Henry Bothiv Maas.

Marie Bloch became the bride of Mr. Abram Meyers.

Louise Leutholdt became the bride of Mr. Richard Wenke.

Engagements—

Rosalie Landecker to Dr. Bernard Rosen.

Grace Luscombe to Cecil Jones.

Marguerite Kutner to Jefferson Peiser.

Beryl Silberstein to Arthur Licht.

Madge Fowler to Malcolm Rogers.

Prominent Women at U. C.—

Madeleine Lackmann was on the debating team against Nevada.

Madeleine Van Nostrand is Freshman representative to the Women's Executive Committee.

Barbara Hirschler and Bernice Dickoff have made Prytanean.

Eleanor Everall has made the Parliament Debating Society.

Naomi Clouse is the president of the Y. W. C. A.

Alice Whitney has been appointed librarian of the Women's Athletic Association.

Betty Scoble is dramatics editor of the "Blue and Gold."

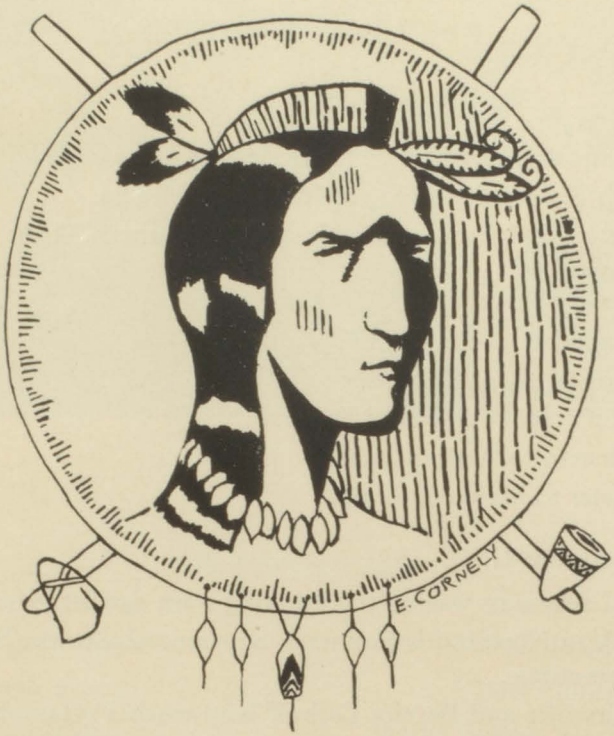
Rose Terlin has made Philorthian Debating Society.

Josephine Smith is Freshman tennis manager.

Doris Gooday, Marian Barry, Ruth Goss, Viola Griffin, and Madeleine Van Nostrand are on the "Daily Californian" staff.

Virginia Currey is Sophomore song leader and manager of the Sophomore Hockey.

Blanche Couderc is the leading lady in "Sweet Sixteen," given by Treble Clef Society.


E. CORNELY

ACTIVITIES

BONNIE LEIGH GIRVIN, Editor

JOURNAL STAFF

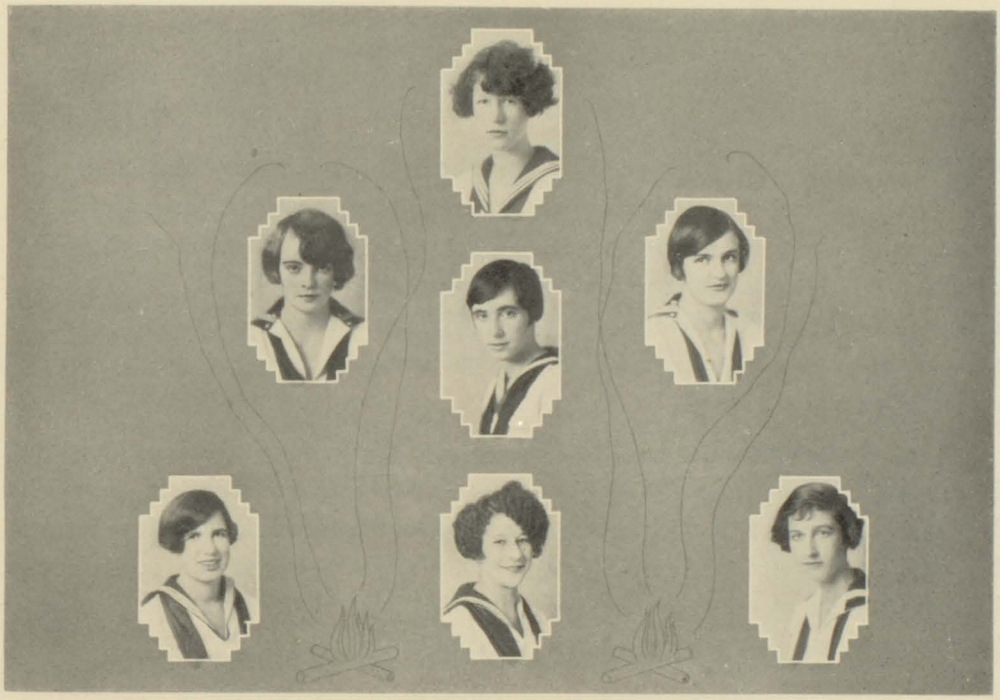
Bonnie Leigh Girvin	*Editor-in-Chief*
Margaret Hammersmith	*Associate*
Margaret Hammond	*Literary*
Frances de Curtoni	*Alumnae*
Dorothy Levy	*Photographs*
Catherine Dalrymple	*Snaps*
Mary Meyer	*Jokes*
Marjorie Anderson	*Low Senior Assistant*

MARGARET HAMMERSMITH
MARGARET HAMMOND FRANCES DE CURTONI
DOROTHY LEVY
CATHERINE DALRYMPLE MARY MEYER MARJORIE ANDERSON

JOURNAL STAFF

Mary Woebke	*Business Manager*
Janice Roche	*Associate*
May Tormey	*Low Senior Assistant*
Edna Cornely	*Art Editor*
Eleanor Johnson	*Associate*
Marjorie d'Amico	*Low Senior Assistant*
Gladys Daly	*Typist*
Rosa Harris	*Typist*

MARY WOEBKE, MGR.



EDNA CORNELY

ELEANOR JOHNSON

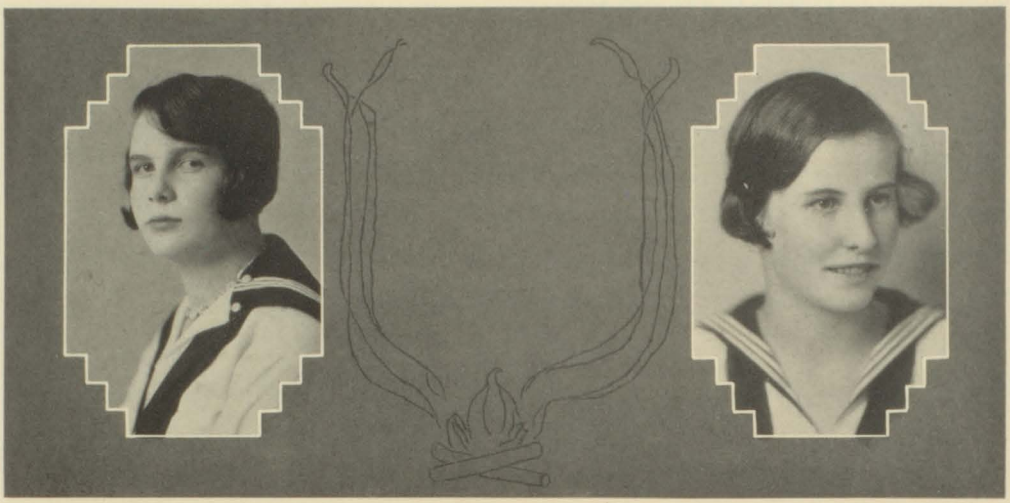
GLADYS DALY

JANICE ROCHE

MARJORIE D'AMICO

ROSA HARRIS

MAY TORMEY



ELIZABETH LARSH MARGARET HAMMOND

MIRROR

"FOR many years the necessity for a school newspaper has been felt by all girls interested in Girls High School," said *The Journal* of June, 1922. In the middle of last term this hope was realized. With Madeline Lackman as editor, and Katherine Jones as business manager, the "Mirror" was launched on its career. Marian Meyerfeld, editor, and Dora Carr, business manager, guided it successfully through its first full term; and since 1922 it has been growing steadily better and better.

The editor this term is Elizabeth Larsh, and the business manager Margaret Hammond. These girls, with the assistance of a lively staff of reporters, and with Miss Armer's advice as a guide, put out a periodical that forms a part of the school life. Without publicity in the "Mirror," many G. H. S. activities would not be half so popular as they are; and without the famous "Sassy Scratches," and "Soothing Syrup"—well, Girls High just couldn't get along!

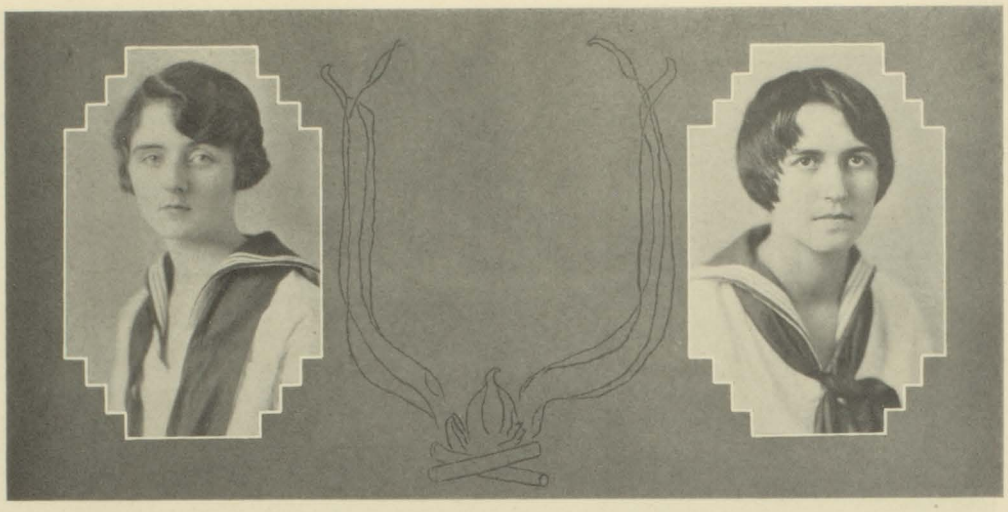
HELENE CORKERY MILDRED SMITH

THE S. P. A.

We're the S. P. A. of Girls High School,
And we're famed both far and wide;
We all live up to our training rules,
And it's thus that we win all the time;
For our Tennis and Swimming and Basketball
Are envied by the world, for they surpass all.

THE GIRL RESERVES

Mildred Smith is our "prex," Lihaloma's our name.
Our adviser's Miss Rosenberg, of gymnasium fame.
We meet at the "Y" on Tuesdays at four,
Have the elevator stop when you reach the third floor.
We'd like you to join. Won't you come to a meeting?
We'll give you a welcome and a bright, cheery greeting.



EVELYN ST. JOHN CLEMENCIA SANTA CRUZ

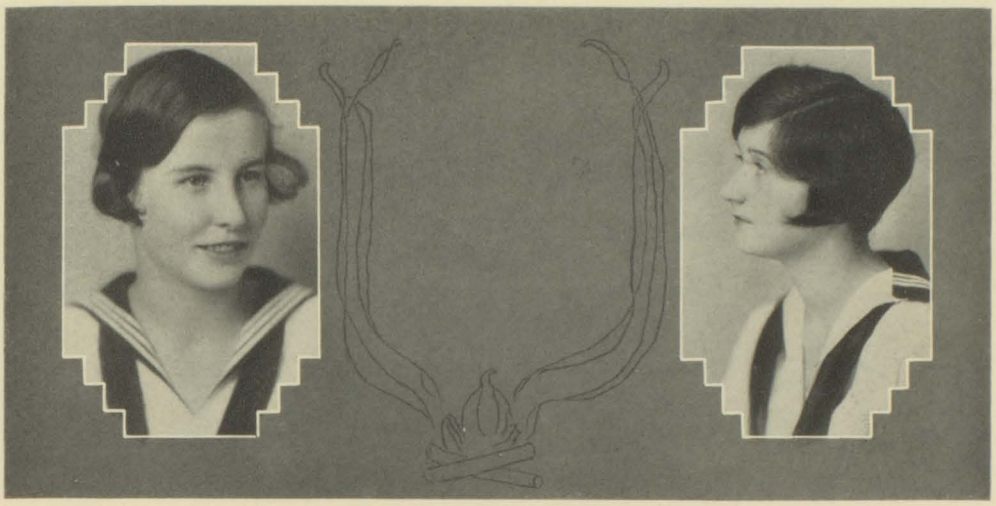
THE FRENCH CLUB

The French Club has just been organized this term. Its membership is to consist of French students from second, third, and fourth years. The officers are Evelyn St. John, president; Evelyn Merrill, secretary; Frances Plunkett, treasurer; Marie Cannon, yell leader, and Mary Beth McLean, accompanist. Under the guidance of these officers and Mlle. Breu we may expect to hear great things of the club in the future. *C'est tout.*

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

An especially lively correspondence has been going on this term between the members of the club and all foreign countries. Under the able leadership of Clemencia Santa Cruz, president, a Christmas party for the poor was given as the club's annual festival, and the same enthusiasm which reigned last year was felt all through the school this year.

Two other important events this term were the establishment of a Junior Club for Freshmen and Sophomores, and an Alumnæ Club, with Sidney Elliot, last term graduate, as president.



MARGARET HAMMOND EUDICE LINSEY

DEBATING

The last term has been quite an eventful one for the Debating Club. Under Margaret Hammond, the president, several debates were held, including those with Mills College and the University of California. The only league debate was with Mission, at Horace Mann, and Commerce, at Girls High. The "Big Team" composed of Margaret Hammond, Grace Kearns, Elizabeth Wilson and Bonnie Leigh Girvin won from Commerce, but lost to Mission.

It has been a successful semester, and the club members are delighted with their new pins.

DRAMATIC

As you all know, the Dramatic Club is one of the most important organizations of our school. It has been guided from its infancy to its maturity under the able direction of Mrs. Tharpe. The plays that are given are carefully chosen, so that they may appeal to all. This semester the play, "Peg o' My Heart," was given; and, with the help of the well-selected cast and Eudice Linsey, the president of the club, the play surpassed all former productions.

JANICE ROCHE

DOLORES DEL MAR

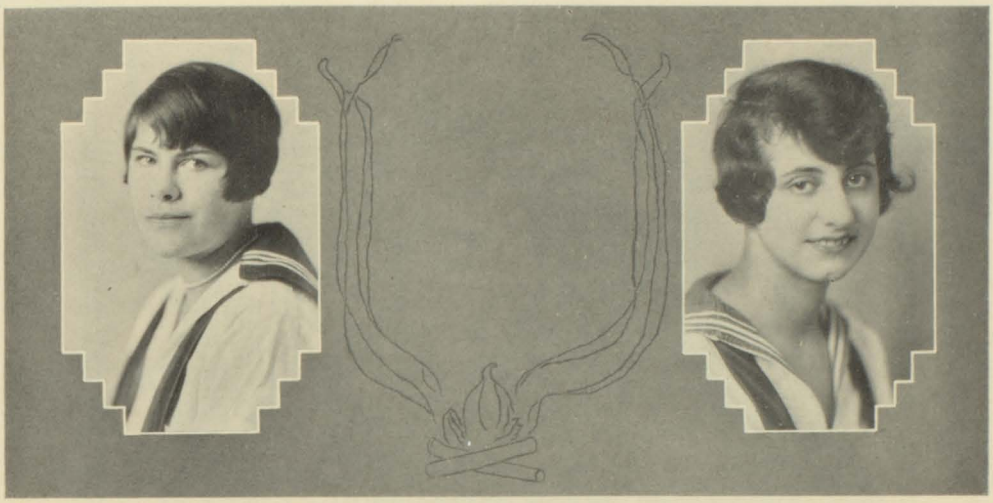
THE GLEE CLUB

Hello, Girls High Glee Club,
May it happily strike you,
The longer we know you,
The better we like you.

THE DANCING CLUB

Here's to our dancers,
Graceful and airy,
Their dancing would rival
E'en that of a fairy.

THE GLEE CLUB



ANNIE SIEGEL

ELAINE LIPMAN

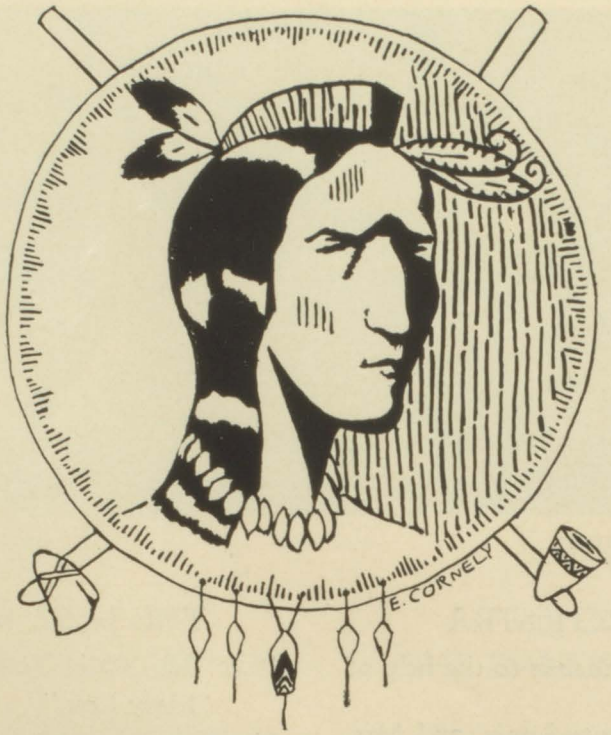
THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra, thanks to the help of these two,
Their president, Annie, and Mrs. McGlade,
Have successfully done all they've started to do
And have entertained all with the pieces they've played.

THE JAZZ BAND

"Let Me Call You Sweetheart,"
"Mary Lou,"
If you love me, "Baby Face," please say "Me, Too."
Strains of music, tantalizing, slow;
That's our Girls High Jazz Band on the go.

THE ORCHESTRA


E. CORNELY

LITERARY

GRADUATION

JOY and sorrow, pain and pleasure, sadness and gladness, all are bound up together in this life. It seems as if nothing were pure joy—that always, for thinking beings, there also comes a memory that brings a mist to the eyes and a tug of pain at the heart.

Graduation! Graduation, the goal toward which each girl strives, is no different. Joy there is in abundance, and gladness and pleasure; but sadness there is also, and sorrow.

Loving friends and relatives make the graduation time a festive occasion during which "Queen Happiness" sits on her throne and rules the world. There is joy for the graduate in the consciousness of work well done, and pleasure in the contemplation of future work to do and future happiness to gain.

But yet, in the midst of all the round of gaiety and laughter comes—a memory. A memory of four years spent at work and at play—spent not only for oneself, but also for one's school, teachers, and classmates.

A realization comes of just how great a part of oneself is given to those classmates whom one truly loves, and to the teachers whom it has been a privilege to know. The teachers who, while they receive honor, admiration, and love from the students, give far more to that student through their conscious or unconscious influence upon her character. The knowledge comes that one will no longer be in daily contact with those whom one has known so well.

This realization comes—comes and brings moisture to the eyes in the midst of pleasure—that the old familiar scenes will soon be—only a memory. Graduation! Graduation, the goal is reached! It is not all joy unmixed with sorrow. Memories will creep into the thoughts; yet—one would not have it otherwise.

—*Margaret Hammond.*

SUNSET

Oh, the flaming, flaunting banner
God flings against the sky;
Is it just the glow of a sunset,
Or really His symbol—and why?

—*Marjorie Anderson.*

HOW THE FORD ORIGINATED

ONE day Mr. Henry Ford was out walking in the country. He became exceedingly tired when he discovered a lovely little spot where some beautiful trees were in a group by a little brook that was chasing itself merrily down the sloping hill. Mr. Ford lay down under the trees, and gazed at the lazy clouds drifting by in the wonderfully blue sky. He gradually sank into sleep; and, while he slept, he had a dream.

He dreamt that he was driving a little automobile around the country. The dream gradually faded, and he awoke. He sat under the trees for a while thinking about his dream. He had seen automobiles before, but had never been in one. Mr. Ford finally arose, and continued walking. As he was journeying onward, he approached a field where some goats were feeding upon tin cans. Now a goat and a tin can are not lively sights, yet Mr. Ford stood there and watched. One might think he was looking at the goats, but he was looking at the tin cans! The more he gazed, the more vivid grew his dream. At last he was determined; he would make an automobile out of tin cans. Mr. Ford tried and succeeded to such an extent that one can hardly go anywhere without being run over by one of the cars that he invented.

And if you ever hear a loud rattle, as if all the pots and pans in the kitchen had fallen, run to the window and you will see the car that he was inspired to make because of the sight of those goats and tin cans. —*Florence Wright.*

THE THREE SISTERS

One comes in robe of rose-blush hue,
Besprinkled all with mist and crystal dew,
Agleam with gold-dust and a star or two.
Another veils herself in shimmering sunlight air,
With flowers entwined in her lovely hair.
The third, in raiment all of silvery blue,
Walks in hushed twilight, when birds are few.
Who may these damsels be? What do they here?
Three sisters they, who for us toiling men
The joys, the cares of the busy day divide.
First blushing Dawn, Aurora-like, draws near,
Then enters Noontide, splendid, without peer.
Last, dusky Night, on tip-toe, starry-eyed!

—*Maria Leite.*

A GUATEMALAN REVERIE

CHEERY bells from the chapel of the Cathedral del Carmen chimed. Clouds changed, and changed again. A solitary traveler, who had escaped from the sight-seeing bus, looked on the most beautiful picture he had ever seen.

Guatemala clouds were so different from those at home. They were cleaner, and they piled so high and so full. Without the shades of a Guatemala sunset, and without the shapes of a thousand shifting fantastical figures playing on the imagination of a tired man, they would have meant only "rain." But this evening, sweet memories returned as he gazed at the mountains, the volcanoes, the city, and the sky—the sky of skies. Grey smoke issued almost straight up from the "Fire Volcano," as a small orange cloud moved slowly toward the crater. It struck the side of the mountain, and seemed to wrap it in the embrace of two arms. There was a wreath around the volcano—a halo. A green ship with huge sails leisurely made its way across the sky of skies, and hung poised over a dark green forest.

He closed his eyes and thought of the one he loved. He saw her smiling face, and, as she opened her lips to speak, "Senor!" he heard from beside him. Close to him, on the cathedral steps, sat a sad-faced little Spanish girl. "Senor," she whispered, "there goes the ship that took away my 'lindo,' my big, handsome man." He looked into her deep brown eyes, sad eyes, and saw that she was suffering. He, too, had lost someone, once, long ago. "Tell me," he pleaded.

"I first saw him in the market. He wore a beautiful white officer's suit, and he made everyone stare. Francis Clure was the first officer of a wonderful battleship that was stationed on the coast. He came over to me and—oh, he was so great and so handsome." Her brown eyes shone as she thought of her wonderful man, and she paused. Then, finally, "A week later he had to leave, but he promised to return in a little while for me. That was two years ago, and every sunset since then I have come here to pray for my Francis—Adios, Senor, I must go."

The traveler, who had escaped from the sight-seeing bus, returned to the hotel, never again to enjoy such an awe-inspiring scene, a Guatemalan sunset, nor again to see the little maid.

When he arrived in New York a month later his sweetheart met him on the dock, and introduced him to her bridegroom, Mr. Francis Clure.

—*Elizabeth Larsh.*

THE SKYLARK'S SONG

The earth was quiet and peacefully still,
When out from the solitude came a clear trill.
'Tis the skylark who comes to awaken the earth,
Filling our hearts with gladness and mirth.
He sings of the brook, rippling happy and clear;
In his rich, swelling notes we are told "Spring is here!"
A pause—now 'tis summer, the land is a-bloom;
Far and wide comes the odor of fragrant perfume.
The leaves have now turned from russet to brown,
They rustle and murmur—then fall to the ground.
A-warbling and trilling—a flight through the sky!
Happiness vanishes, winter is nigh.

—*May Tormey.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE REDWOOD TREE

MANY years ago, there lived a young Indian boy whose name was Apelachi. One day, when walking through the forest hunting for a lost arrow, he came upon a low bush, crushed and broken. In him was a strong love of nature, and so, he stopped and tried to revive the plant. He carried water from a near-by stream, and braced the plant with sticks, but all in vain. The plant drooped more and more in spite of his efforts. He stood gazing on it, when a soft, sweet voice came to him.

"Apelachi," it said, "your kindness shall be rewarded. Name your desire. I am the nymph of this plant, but before I die I should like to reward you for your kindness."

"I want nothing for myself," was the answer, "but I would like to do something for this beautiful earth on which I live. Grant me this wish—that I may be allowed to give something beautiful to the earth."

"Your wish shall be granted. Take these seeds, and where you plant them will spring a monument more beautiful than any of marble." The voice ceased, but at his feet lay a tiny bag, and when he opened it he found inside many seeds.

Being a dutiful member of his tribe, he took the gift to his chief, who bade him search for a barren place. When he found the spot, he tenderly placed in the dry earth one small seed. He waited, and suddenly a tiny, green shoot appeared in the ground. It grew steadily taller until before his eyes stood one of the most beautiful trees he had ever seen. Its spreading branches towered far above him, and its straight, stately form was a most wonderful monument to Apelachi's love for the earth.

The Indian boy lived to be many years old, and his life was spent in making barren places beautiful, and those already beautiful more lovely. Now he is gone, but the stately Redwood still lives, and the soft breeze whispering through its branches tells the story of Apelachi and the Redwood Tree.

—*Miriam Gutstadt.*

TO A GULL

O bird that flies above the water blue,
O bird that flies so high, why are you here?
Come you to teach me an old maxim true,
Or to instill within me God's great fear?

—*Bertha Levin.*

"THE LEGEND OF THE MINNETONKA"

An Appreciation of Thurlow Lieurance

SINCE man can remember, the strongest tie of all life is Love. The life now flourishing on this earth would become extinct if Love no longer existed. Jupiter loved in the ancient days, man loves today. The Indian loved before the white man knew him. The greatest of all Love legends was told over and over again in Indian families, 'til now it has become known as "The Legend of the Minnetonka." To Thurlow Lieurance, the sad and beautiful story meant music. To him the legend made its appeal in the exquisite manner by which it could be translated into the universal language—music.

He was a gallant, savage warrior; fierce in battle, but kind and gentle to his kindred. Agile he was, with strongly chiseled features, black, singing eyes, and a tall and slender form. Silent of his own deeds; praising of others; greatest hunter of the tribe—honored, respected, and loved by all his friends; respected and envied by his enemies; each movement of his a picture; the sound of his voice a melody—he was the warrior of the Sun Tribe, and he loved, with an all-conquering love, a daughter of the Moon Tribe.

She was a gentle maid, with eyes as soft as the rays of the moon on the sleeping waters, with a voice that the nightingale might envy; she was the dream of every young warrior. The daughter of the Moon Tribe returned the love of the son of the Sun Tribe with a true and beautiful earnestness.

But one was of the Moon Tribe and the other was of the Sun Tribe. They were forbidden to marry. Their Love was stronger than tribal laws, and so at last they rode away to the Minnetonka. Here they were alone—sad, yet happy—away from their tribes, never to return. Friendless, yet content with their love, they loved together for a while, and then, together, they entered the waters of the Minnetonka, and sank, he with the lover's song still on his lips.

The rippling waters took that song of Love, and now they sing it for him as they gently wash the shores where the lovers once stood. —*L. H.*

LULLABY

Sailing in the Graceful Boat of Slumber;
  Sailing o'er the Gentle Sea of Dreams;
Sailing 'neath the Arch of Dusky Twilight;
  Sailing where the Moon Light softly gleams.

Here are Silvery Fishes, darting, glancing.
  There the Water Fairies laugh and play.
Far beyond, the Sand Man's singing Dream Songs.
  Over all, the Love Light sheds its ray.

Peaceful, calm, and rippling are the Waters.
  Tranquilly their waves break on the Sand.
O'er them both, the shimmering Path of Moon Light
  Links the two with a soft Silver Band.

Sail unto the East, where lies the Wake Land.
  Sail until the Sun sets in the West.
Sail 'til sleepy eyelids close in slumber,
  Then sail back again to Seas of Rest.

—*Elizabeth Darling Best.*

THE FOG

Silently, through the gates of gold,
  Hiding the waters of the bay,
The shrouding mists of fog unfold,
  And dim the light of fading day.

All too soon the sunbeams bright
  Above the fog and over the foam
Go seeking a place to shed their light
  Among the waters that toss and moan.

Banks of fog that are white and still,
  Floating between the earth and sky,
Go drifting over the shore at will,
  Dripping with dampness as they glide by.

Beautiful fog with shadows of gray
  Flecked with rifts of pearly white,
You will outlast the longest day,
  While the voice of the foghorn chants "Good night."

—*Evelyn Joseph.*

BALLAD OF THE BRIGHT YOUNG GRAIN

A little, lazy flippant dame
  Was sitting in a meadow;
She there espied a bright young grain
  Whose heart was brilliant yellow.

The grain did turn, and turn about,
  The while it grew much larger;
And of a sudden out did spout,
  A prince in robes of splendor.

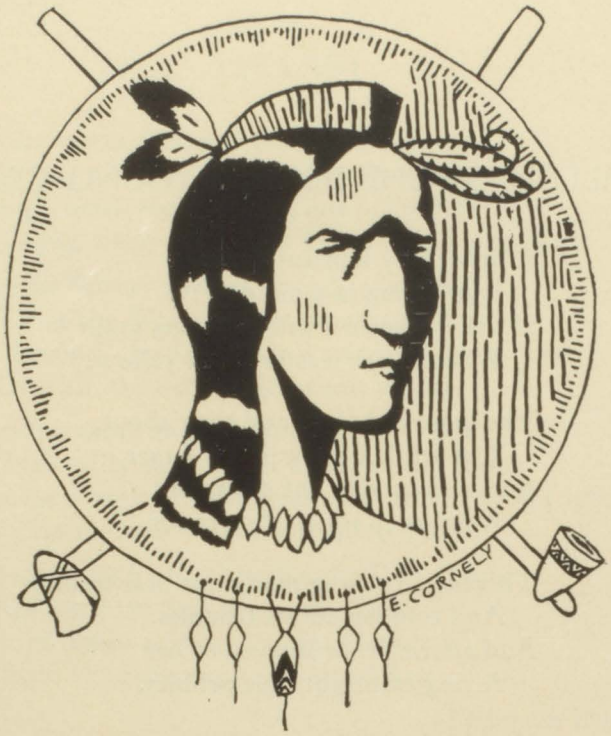
This bright young man came near to her,
  And told her all his troubles.
And after this, he showed to her
  A ring of bright blue pebbles.

He said that if she would accept,
  He'd take her straight to Persia;
"I plead, I pray, I beg, Minnette;
  I yearn to show you Persia."

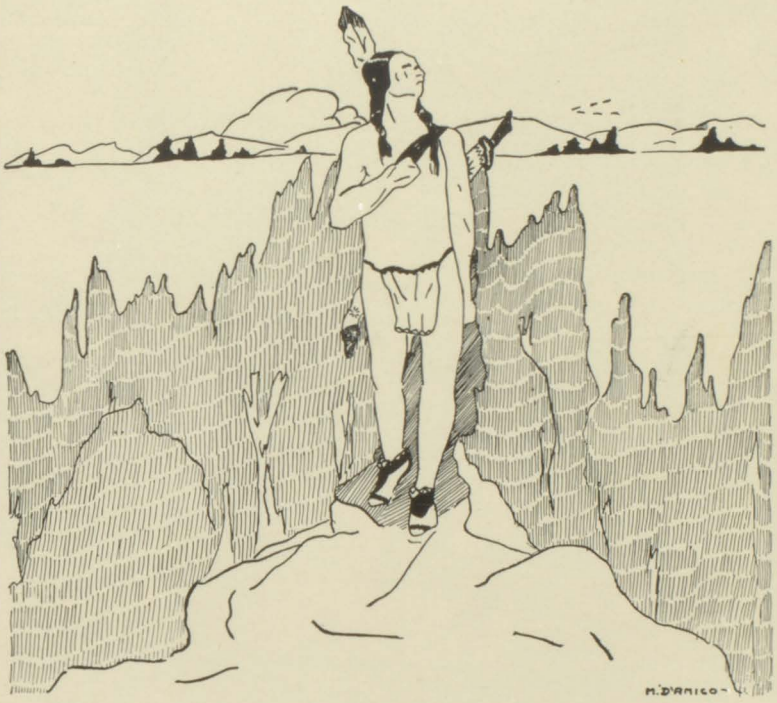
He took the hand of his sweet dame,
  Forth then he tried to lead her;
He stepped within the pod of grain,
  But there he couldn't enter.

Alone she pined from day to day,
  Her fairy prince so yellow,
But soon she stopped; then bold did say,
  "I'll wed another fellow."

—*Martha Brownell.*

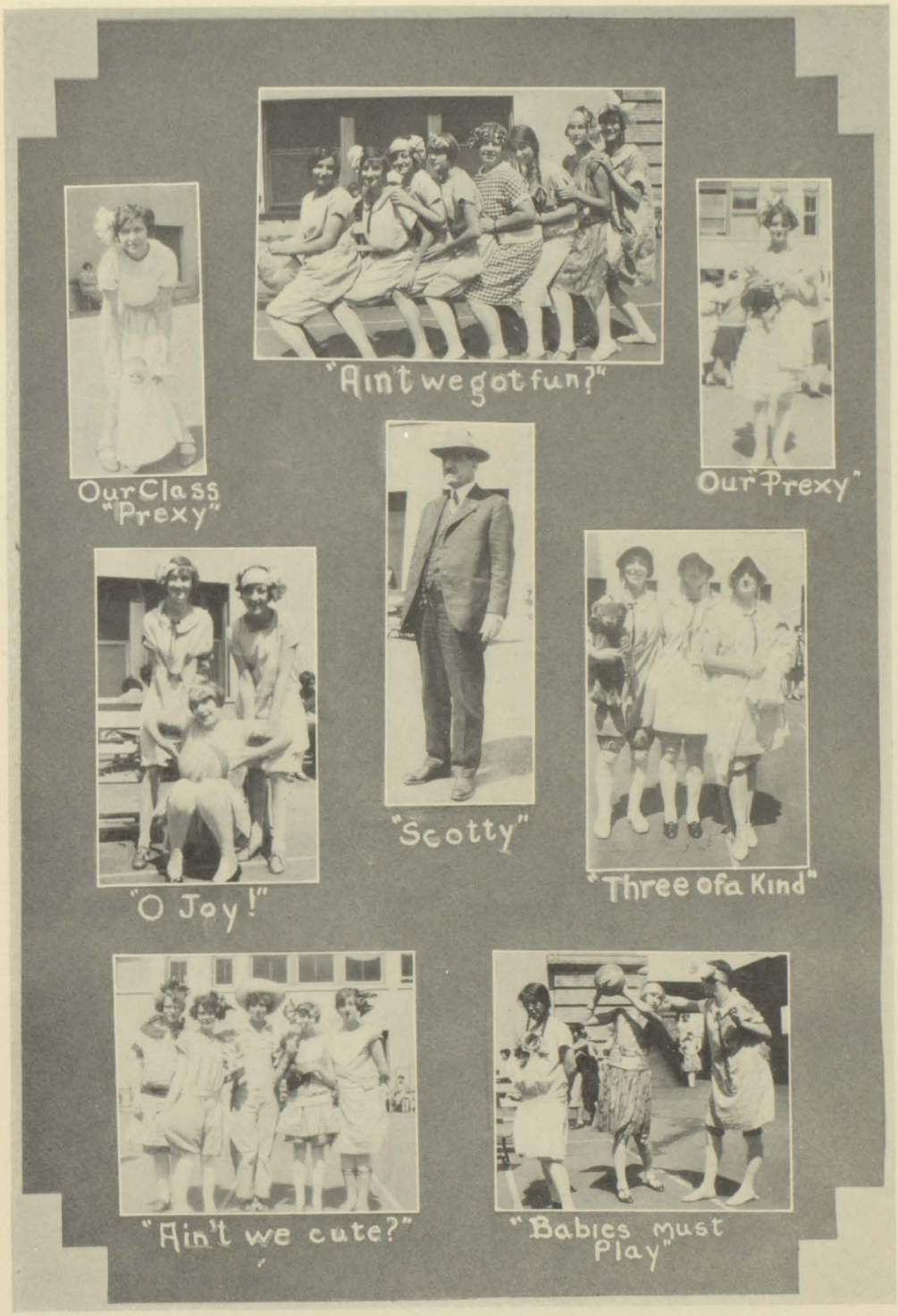

E. CORNELY

FEATURE




Triplets
"Our Fair Editor"
Young and Foolish
"The Long and Short of it."
"Sweethearts"
A "Pair"
The "Gang"

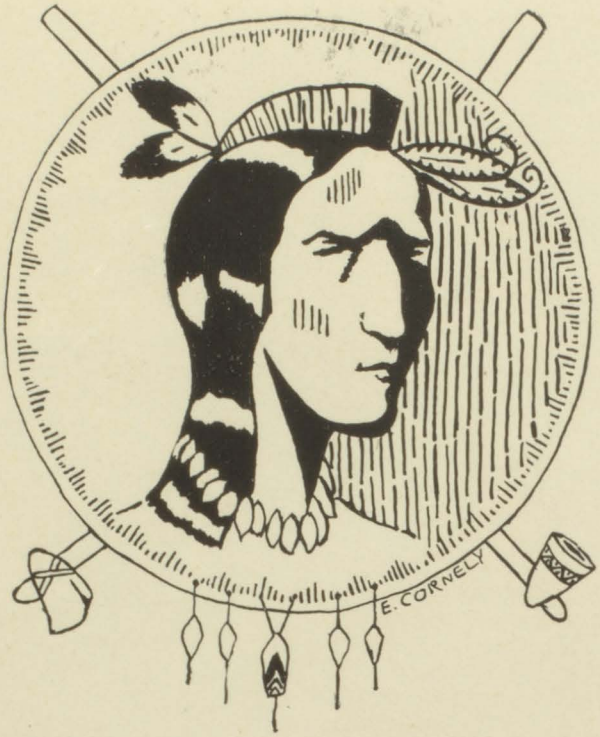
PIG TAIL DAY


"Ain't we got fun?"
Our Class "Prexy"
Our "Prexy"
"Scotty"
"O Joy!"
"Three of a Kind"
"Ain't we cute?"
"Babies must Play"

PIG TAIL DAY

A FEW YEARS AGO

YOUNG AND FOOLISH


E. CORNELY

HUMOR

JOKES

"Mary was afraid they wouldn't notice her engagement ring."
"Did they?"
"I'll say; six of them recognized it at once."

* * *

"Toot sweet," he said to the girl as he handed her a horn at the Mardi Gras.

* * *

Miss Armer—Give me a sentence with the word "writhe."
Virginia Lehman—I writhe every morning at theven o'clock.

* * *

A man was on a vacation in Florida, where the weather was very warm, and he needed lighter clothing, so he telegraphed: "S.O.S., B.V.D., P.D.Q., C.O.D."

* * *

"How much are those plums?"
"Ten cents a peck."
"What do you think I am—a bird?"

* * *

Poet (?)—What will you give me for these verses?
B. Girvin—Ten yards start.

* * *

"Beth, I won't have you constantly at the bottom of the class."
"I can't see what difference it makes, Dad; they teach the same things at both ends."

* * *

Jean Hamilton—Why does the Scotchman love the thistle?
Mary Beth McLean—Because it holds tight to everything.

* * *

Dorothy—Name three things that will cause the body to grow fat.
M. Cannon—Breakfast, dinner and supper.

* * *

Flo—The man I marry must be a hero.
Beth—Oh, come dear. You are not as bad looking as all that.

* * *

Teacher—Can anyone explain the difference between polo and croquet?
Chorus—Horses, horses, horses——

"We had mince pie and pickles at the house last night."
"Oh, yes, the stuff that dreams are made of."

* * *

"The more I study, the less I know."
"You seem to have studied a great deal."

* * *

The Journal is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.

* * *

Mr. Offield—Look and see if the barometer has fallen.
M. Hammond—No; it's still on the wall.

* * *

Miss Hobe—Tell me what you know of the Ethiopian race.
Mary Woebke—I went to the football game instead.

* * *

An Englishman met an Irishman and said, "I say, old top, my name is Sir Thomas S. Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Cross, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Flaming Sword, and Knight of the Silver Cross. And now, sir, what is your name?"

The Irishman thought a moment and then said, "My name, sir, is Michael Murphy, tonight, tomorrow night, yesterday night and every night."

* * *

Flapper—Girls are not extravagant. A girl can dress smartly on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby.

Pa—That's right. What you dress on keeps me looking shabby.

* * *

Bashful Bill—Er—Jane, do you—think—er—your mother might—er—consider—er—becoming my—er—mother-in-law?

* * *

Found in an Irish cemetery:

"This monument is erected to the memory of James Kelly, who was accidentally shot by his brother as a mark of affection."

The school boy, after some thought, wrote this definition of the word "spine":

"A spine is a long, limber bone. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

* * *

Miss Hobe—In which of his battles was Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden slain?

Robina—I'm pretty sure it was the last one.

* * *

Our Grudge Against Spain

1500—The Spanish Inquisition.

1898—The Spanish War.

1918—The Spanish influenza.

1926—"Valencia."

* * *

Marie—Doesn't Mary talk a lot?

Evelyn—My, yes! You'd think she was the dummy at bridge.

* * *

Mary—Do you know who wrote "The Covered Wagon"?

Edna—Why, I didn't know it was written; I thought it was drawn.

* * *

The Persians are a rugged people.

WORD OF APPRECIATION

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We would like to apologize to Nina Wade, whose picture, through a mistake, does not appear on *The Journal* staff.

We take great pleasure in welcoming our new member of the faculty, Mr. Salzman.

Advertisements

We, the students of the Girls High School of San Francisco, do hereby resolve to patronize our advertisers, who have helped to make this book a success.

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