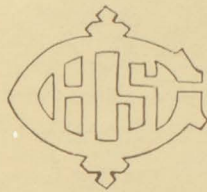


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The Journal

June, ~~1905~~



Girls High School
San Francisco : : : California

The Journal was issued at Girls High School, San Francisco, California, in June, ~~by~~ by the Associated Student Body. It combines the workmanship of the Levison Printing and Engraving Company and the Fisher Photographing Studio. Subscription price seventy-five cents.

Foreword

THE spirit of THE JOURNAL was born with the first Girls High publication of 1895. It has been nurtured through terms of enthusiastic and industrious activity. It has flourished, and its semi-annual fruition is still an eagerly awaited event.

Difficulties and problems arise, plans do not always work constructively, methods are fallible; but if interest and desire for perfection are concurrent, the product will inevitably achieve merit. That practice which is unethical, discard; that system which is disorganized, re-construct; and those arrangements which are undemocratic make cooperatively representative.

In reorganizing the plan of publishing the Girls High Journal these ideas have been put into practice. Advertising has been rejected; an organized Journal Club has been formed; the publication is now an achievement of the Associated Student Body instead of a Senior Class Journal. These accomplishments have been realized through the spirited support of the entire school. THE JOURNAL, this term, will more than pay for itself.

An obstacle has been removed. Interest and energy have been renewed in the grafting of new life into the old product. The future will determine the success of its development, but the inspiration of its growth will continue to be—the spirit of THE JOURNAL.

To
Miss Nathalie Roth
Miss Tillie Hesselberg
Mr. Thomas McGlynn
who so effectively
sponsored and advised the Journal Club,
we dedicate this book.



THE JOURNAL

THE FACULTY

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Miss LAURA DANIEL, Vice-Principal

Chas. C. Danforth

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Mrs. ALICE WILSON	French, Spanish

Mildred Bickel

Nan C. Burke

Helen Flynn

Florence Morgan

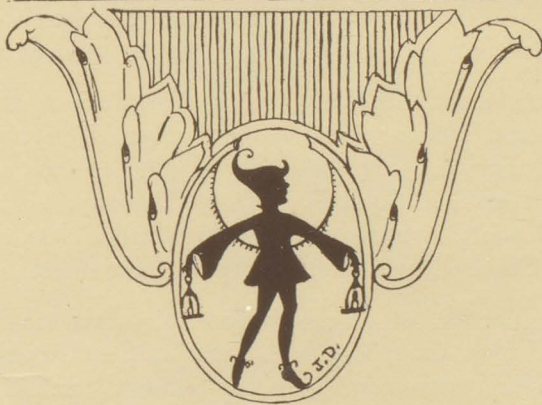
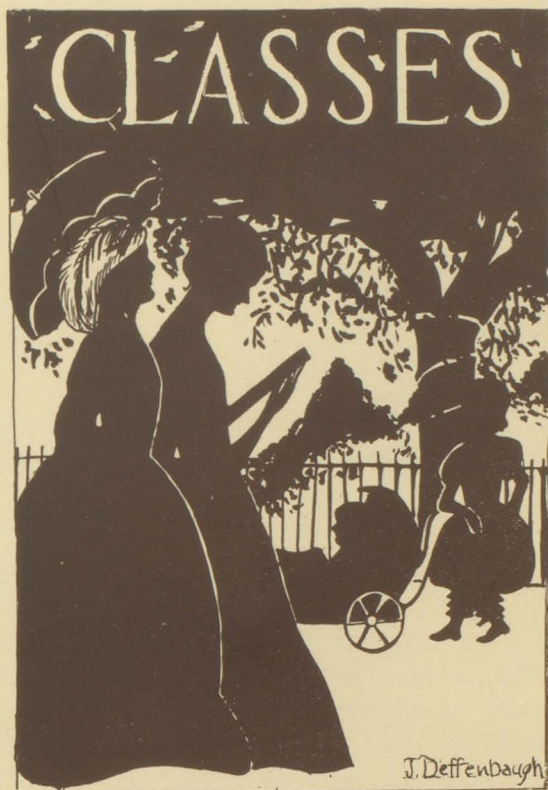
Mary F. McGlade

Edna M. Reeves

Harriett S. Tabor

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JANE LEVISON

HIGH SENIORS

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors—the class of June '27 has run the gamut of high school life. Timidity has given way to confidence, inexperience to experience. The presidents who have guided June '27 through its school terms shine out boldly; the entertainments that have been given and received remain happy memories; the organizations in which membership and leadership have been claimed hold their interests; the classmates with whom they have competed in friendly rivalry as scholars, athletes, and executives, inspire them to a continuance of student activities.

Realizing the satisfaction that results from marked achievements, the high seniors, this semester, have established a record in the number of executive offices held and the many activities promoted. The presidents of the S. P. A., the Debating Club, Dramatic Club, International Club, Glee Club, Orchestra, German Club, and the Girl Reserves are all prominent leaders of the high senior class, while the formation of the new Journal Club has been largely a Senior Class effort.

The individual functions of the class include the successful Freshman Reception, the spirited Pig Tail Day, the enjoyable Advertising Day Program, the novel Muir Woods May Day Hike, and—the memorable Senior Class Rally, "Pickles." With Gwendolyn Philips, Bessie Landecker, Thelma Higgins, Jane Levison, Una Hanson, and others worthy of being included in an "all star" cast taking prominent part in this Senior Class production, it is not unnatural that "Pickles" has left a lasting and pleasing memory in the recollections of the entire school.

Adding these recent accomplishments to the successes of its past four years, the class of June '27 may well be proud of the record it leaves behind.



19
JUNE

SENIORS



MARJORIE ABRAMS
CAROL ACKERMAN
ELLIS AIKIN
MAURINE AMEND
MARJORIE ANDERSON

ROSE ARATA
ELEANOR ARDOIN

ALICE BACIGALUPI
BEATRICE BARLEY
DOROTHY BASS
VIRGINIA BAUM
LOIS BERRY



MARIE BLOESCH
JANICE BLUMENTHAL
ANITA BORCHARDT
JUSTINE BOWDEN
KATHLEEN BRADY

CARRIE BRAKEHILL
MARTHA BROWNELL
CONSTANCE CANDEVAN

ELIZABETH CARY
LILY CHINN
DOROTHY COHN
ELISE COHN
HARRIETT COHEN

THE JOURNAL



BERNICE COLE
LEONA COLLINS
ROSE COREY
RUTH CORINSON
HELENE CORKERY

MAZIE CRAWLEY
JOSEPHINE CROWE
NOVEL CROWE

MARY MARJORIE D'AMICO
MARIE DA COL
DOROTHY DALTON
ESTELLE DAVIS
JEANNE DEFFENBAUGH



19
SENIORS



SHIRLEY DENISON
ALICE DORTIGNAC
BERNICE DOUGHERTY
CLAIRE DUCKER
MARVA DUKE

ELEANOR EGAN
RUTH ELKUS
MARION FELIX

LORRAINE FEUSIER
MARIE FITZGERALD
HELEN FRASER
BERNICE FRIEDMAN
ELAINE GARRATT

THE JOURNAL



19
SENIORS

RUTH GINLEY
DOROTHY GOLDSTEIN
MARION GOODWIN
WILMER GRACE
GRACE GRAY

CLAIRE GRILLO
BETTY HALL
JANET HALPIN

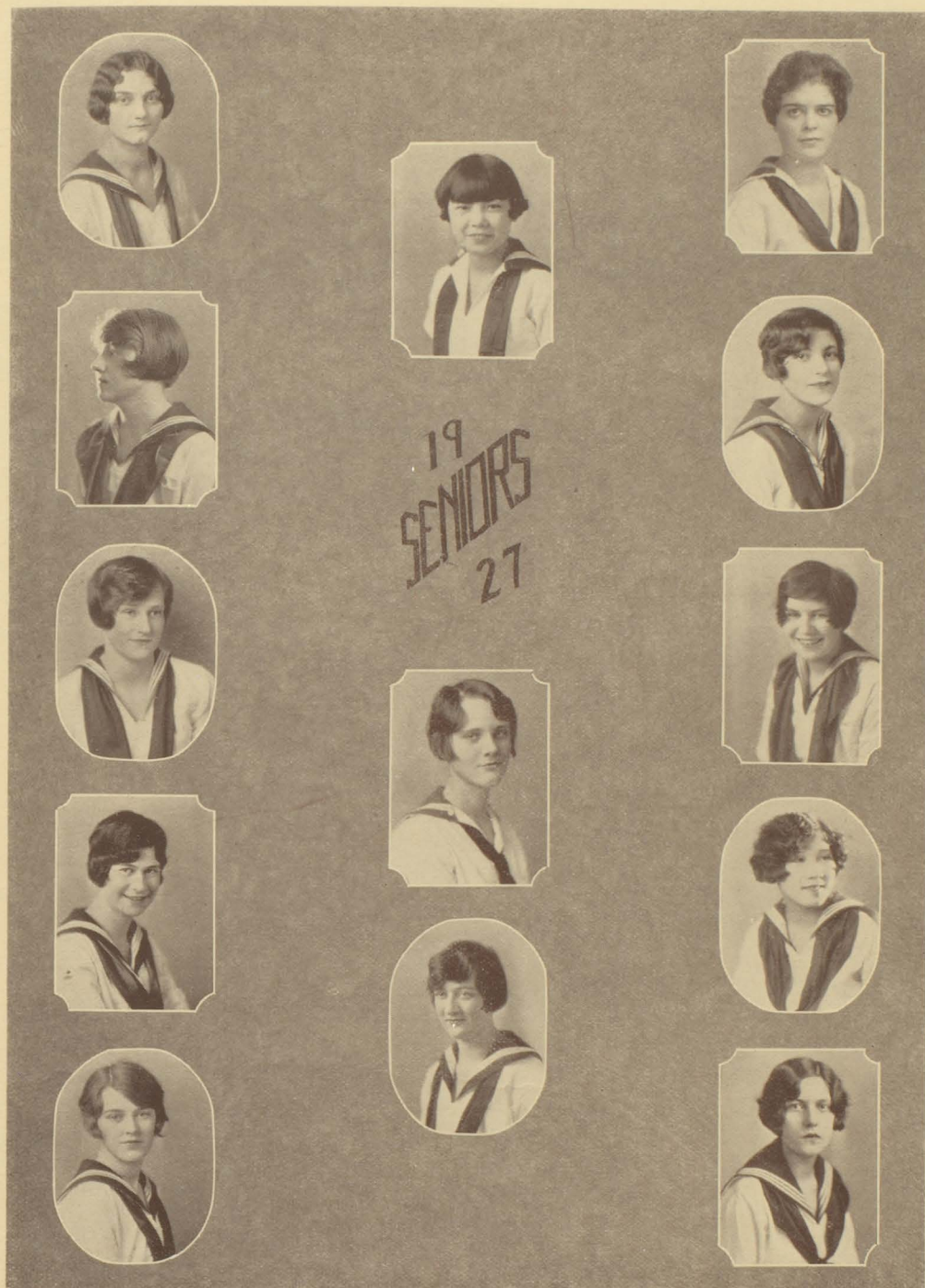
JEAN HAMILTON
UNA HANSON
MARJORIE HARNWELL
LILIAS HARRISON
ADELAIDE HERMAN



THELMA HIGGINS
MITSU HIRONAKA
LILLIAN IRELAND
CLEMENCE JACOB
MARY RUTH JACOBS

ELIZABETH JOHNSON
EVELYN JOSEPH
MARY JUNG

LILY KATZ
MINNIE KERN
ALICE KETCHAM
NELL KEYES
BERNICE KLABER



EMILY KREMESEC
MARION KRONENBERG
ANNETTE KRUECKEL
BESSIE LANDECKER
NORA LANGRIDGE

SARAH LEE
NANCY BARBARA LEONARD
EVELYN LEVISON

JANE LEVISON
LILLIAN LIPSCHULTZ
ROSE LIVINGSTON
IDA LOO
FRANCES MCCARTHY



MARY BETH McLEAN
MARGARET McMURRAY
EVELYN MAIER
MINNETTE MANN
ANITA MARKOWITZ

THERESA MARTIN
MARTHA MAZELA
AMELIA MEYER

FRANCES MISER
GLADYS MITCHELL
ALPHA DE MONTES
DOROTHY MORDEN
DOROTHY NEIMAN



19
SENIORS
27

Every good wish
to
Daddy!
To our
Queen
Aline

BARBARA NORDQUIST
MARGARET O'BRIEN
EDITH O'CONNOR
OLETA O'CONNOR
LORETTA O'DONNELL

JANICE OPPENHEIMER
EUNICE OTWELL
AIMEE PASTON

CELIA PENZINER
GWENDOLYN PHILIPS
LOIS PLUMMER
FRANCES PLUNKETT
ALINE RAAS



ANNE ROTHBACH
ELLA RUSZ
CLEMENCIA SANTA CRUZ
KAZU SATO
FLORA SAVIO

HELEN SAXON
DOROTHY SCHAS
BARBARA SCHMIDT

LORETTA SCHORDT
HELEN SCHRAUBSTADTER
HENRIETTA SCHWINDT
DOROTHY SHEEHAN
MARGARET SHEERIN



VIRGILIA SHORT
JOSEPHINE SIMPSON
CAROLYN SMITH
FLORENCE SMITH
MILDRED SMITH

ANNA STEPHANATOS
EVELYN ST. JOHN
ADELE STRUDLOWSKI

ELSIE TEMME
RUTH TILLMAN
CLARA THEUNE
EVANGELINE THOMAIN
EDWINA THORNTON



MAY TORMEY
ITO TSUKADA
RITA VAN STRAATEN
ALICE VON SOOSTEN
CHARLOTTE WALKER

RAY WALL
BETH WATSON

MARIE WHITE
ELIZABETH WILSON
MARIANNE WILSON
DAISY WONG
ELLA ZAK



STELLA HAIL

LOW SENIORS

The first half of the senior year has indeed been a successful one for the class of December '27. With Stella Hail as president, it has proven itself capable, spirited, and versatile.

The class Debating Team, consisting of Otilie Higgins, Georgiana Lewis, Evelyn Merrell, and Miriam Cushman, won a decisive victory over the 4B team. Point one!

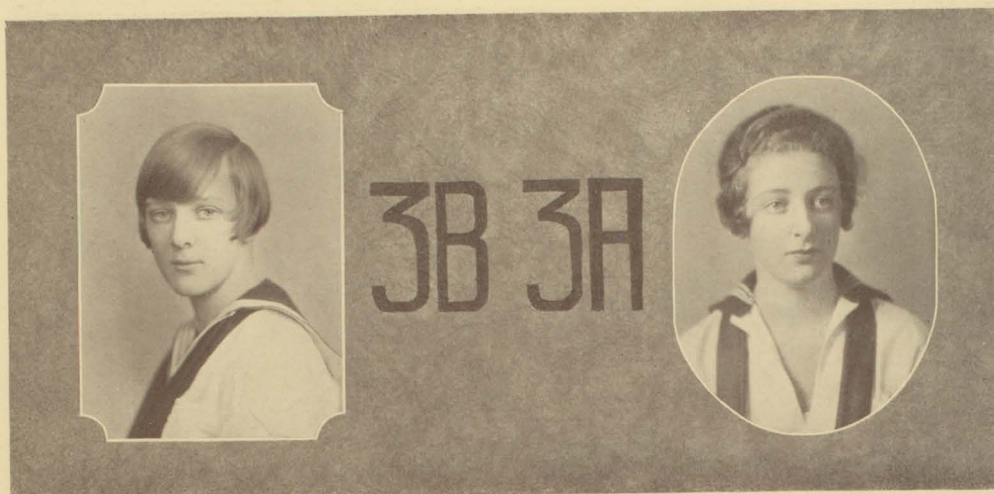
One of its members, Marguerite Magee, won the upper-class division Individual Speaking Contest, and successfully represented the school in a similar inter-scholastic event. Point two!

On G. H. S. Advertising Day it presented the musical fashion show, one of the most charming performances of the kind ever given in the school. Point three!

It successfully managed an afternoon of entertainment, "The Quarterback" and vaudeville, given for the Student Body. Point four!

December '27 has made good showings in sports and other activities, and with it all, made above average in scholarship. Point five!

To look ahead—who has the right—
To months of reign supreme—
Enthroned upon a mighty height,
To spend six months—a dream?
Six months of gaiety and fame,
Of joys that never die?
She waits, she hopes to win that name—
"High Senior"—mighty! High!



RUTH KNUTSEN

ELIZABETH LIPPITT

HIGH JUNIORS

The class of June '28 has always been wide awake and full of pep. At the beginning of the 3B term, it decided to keep up the good work and so elected for its officers the following girls: president, Ruth Knutsen; vice-president, Eleanor Nichols; secretary, Doris Doepfner; treasurer, Virginia Mifka; cheer leader, Dorothy Arnall; assistant cheer leader, Mary Buchanan; sergeant-at-arms, Alice Ferguson; "Mirror" reporter, Elizabeth Darling Best.

Taking advantage of its first opportunity to present a rally before the Student Body, the 3B class produced the musical comedy, "Sailor Maids." The Rally cast consisted of Janice Elberg, Isabel Louisson, Helen Wright, Dorothy Arnall, Beatrice Caro, Carolyn Hall, Doris Doepfner, Vera Fredrick, and Muriel Rothermel. With Miss Ker as dramatic coach and Mrs. McGlade as musical director, the Rally could not help being a success. On April 21 the "Sailor Maids" arrived at G. H. S., and after affording a happy entertainment for all, departed amid general exclamations of pleasure and approval.

LOW JUNIORS

We, the girls of December '28, displayed our usual keenness in the election of class officers. Elizabeth Lippitt, president; Frances Coyne, vice-president; Elinor Hoffman, secretary; and Dorothy Raymond, cheer leader, guided us safely through this semester, while the pen of Maydelle Roberts recorded our actions and furnished the necessary publicity in the "Mirror." The huge success of our concession, "Something to Crow About," which was our stunt on Advertising Day, was an outstanding example of our accomplishments. Nor were we, by any chance, lacking in dramatic ability. Dorothy Zelich, by her excellent portrayal of the Jester in "The Tempest," won highest honors for comic interpretation in the school's Shakespearian Contest.



IVA SCHILLING

MILDRED RIGNELL

HIGH SOPHOMORES

"All things come to the other fellow if you sit down and wait." Isn't it true? Well, the 2B's think so. That's why they have exerted their energy in the following ways. *Two* 2B Volley Ball Teams have been managed by Elizabeth Bigham. The Debating Team tied with the low-sophomores in the final decision of the Inter-class Debates. The second best lower-division speaker in the Individual Speaking Contest was Mildred Woloski. Virginia Peterson was one of the three lower-class girls who took part in the upper-class Dramatic Club plays. Then—the 2B stunt, "Fifty-seven Varieties," on G. H. S. Advertising Day scored one of the biggest hits of the day. But—why not, when the class officers, Iva Schilling, president; Ruth Harvard, vice-president; Blanche Kubicek, secretary; Elaine Walker, cheer leader; and Jane Knight, "Mirror" reporter, combined to make the semester a success?

LOW SOPHOMORES

"Activity is the spice of life." This the 2A's believe. The minutes of that class, therefore, record enviable successes. To start the term off right, these competent officers were elected: Mildred Rignell, president; Eleanor Child, vice-president; Rhoda Horn, secretary; Marion Pauson, cheer leader; and Dorothy Blum, "Mirror" reporter. A class dance was the first event, which proved characteristically successful. Then came the Individual Speaking Contest, and Max Leona Anderson carried off the winning lower-division cup. In the Shakespearian contest, Gertrude Chemmick was in the finals. In the upper class plays, Janet Dickoff and Max Leona Anderson won merit. If you wish to hear some fine oratory, listen to the 2A Debating Team composed of Max Leona Anderson, Barbara Prince, Marie Eshen, Eleanor Morris, and Helen Olsen. As a final proof of activity personified, harken to this fact. By securing a greater number of subscriptions to the "Mirror," the 2A's captured the Junior's seats in the auditorium.



ROSE MARIE KIERNAN

CLAUDIA MULLEN

HIGH FRESHMEN

No wonder the 1B's have a history worth while recording. The initiative ability of Rose Marie Kiernan, president; Ana Santa Cruz, vice-president; Eileen Renner, secretary; Barbara Cummings, treasurer; Ray Gorton, cheer leader; Doris Weinstrom, sergeant-at-arms; and Syra Nahman, "Mirror" reporter, has carried the class through an eventful term. Among the students participating in school activities, are Babette Frank, shining star of the 1B Debating Team and the best high freshman orator in the Individual Speaking Contest, Syra Nahman, a budding journalist to whom we owe several interesting articles in the "Mirror," and Katherine Vasilatos, one of the few contestants to reach the finals in the Shakespearian Contest. As a crowning achievement, the 1B's point to the successful Freshman Dramatic Club Play, "The Stolen Prince." It rarely happens that so many clever little actresses are the product of a single class.

LOW FRESHMEN

We of the 1A class are very proud of ourselves, and have good reason to be.

First, we have good officers who are: Claudia Mullen, our president; Marina Malone, our secretary; Lillian Roth, our treasurer; and Dorothy Anspach, our "Mirror" reporter.

Second, in our freshman play, "The Stolen Prince," Antoinette Zellerbach, Claudia Mullen, Dorothy Browning, and Consuelo Bley showed remarkable dramatic ability.

Third, at the Parent-Teachers' Association meeting, more of the freshmen's parents came, than those of any other class.

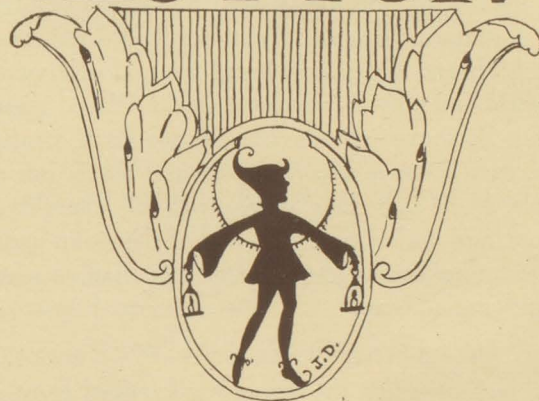
Fourth, our debaters, California Young, Edith Short, Lois Lees, and Lucille Frank showed us that they shall win many victories for Girls High.

Now, we ask you frankly, don't you think that we have reason to be proud?

LITERARY



SECTION



GOD AND HE UNDERSTOOD

HE shivered. Cold and hunger were bad enough, but loneliness was worse. With his hands pressed to his empty stomach, and his coat collar turned up, he wandered into the place. He loved to go in and finger the dear old things. How he wished he could buy back his own! But he had just a pound, and that would have to go the next day.

In a corner of the place, surrounded by various things, lay two or three violins—rather battered looking. But one of them! One—why, you could tell in an instant it was a Strad. A beautiful thing! Lovely to look upon, and—how he wished he might play on it! The man sauntered up. "Like to try 'em? I don't suppose they're very good, though."

"Here take this pound, and lend me this one over night," was all he said. Retaining his dignity only until he had left the place, he carried the lovely thing home. Each block seemed a mile, and he walked as if in a dream. His mind and heart went flying ahead while his poor body struggled with distance. At last he arrived. In a moment he was looking at that beautiful Stradivarius—and then picking it up.

For fifteen minutes he stood tuning, tuning. When every string was at perfection, he locked the door and began. He had played on Strads before, even the "Betts-Strad;" but this one surpassed them all. The notes flowed out, round, sweet bubbles of perfection; and in his heart, he felt and heard the soul of a wonderful instrument. He was in another world and played to another world. Played what only he and God understood. It was not Beethoven that he played, nor Bach, Brahms, or Debussy. It was he, the real man. Not the man you could see and touch, but the naked man. In those hours that he played, he came face to face with the Almighty, walked with Him in the Path of Wisdom, and understood. The soul of the violin had led the soul of the man to Truth; and when he learned, he, or rather the man you could see and touch, sank to the floor in a crumpled heap.

* * *

At the door had been standing the living. He knocked great, rough knocks, but only silence answered. More knocks. More silence. Knocks increasing to poundings. "Let me in!" More silence. And a heavy shoulder brought down the door with a crash.

A gasp. A sigh. And the living walked over to the dead. "H'm! Looks like a Strad! Yes! And he was as poor as a church mouse." He picked up the instrument, and started to play. At the first stroke of the bow, he was astonished; for the sound was not the same that he had heard. The violin was good—had nice tone—had no "wolves." But where, where, had gone the beautiful spirit of the instrument? The sympathetic beauty, and the understanding soul of the Strad had left the thing that you could see and touch, and gone with the sympathetic beauty and the understanding soul of the man.

ELISABETH LARSH, *December '27.*

FLOWER MAN

LITTLE GIRL had crooked teeth, so she had to wear bands, ugly bands, which stretched her small mouth all out of shape and made her lisp when she recited at school.

On Fridays she went with her mother to the dentist, who hurt her and afterwards patted her on the shoulder and said all in one breath, "The-teeth-are-coming-along-fine-see-you-next-week."

Yet in spite of the dreaded visits to the dentist and the dreary rides in the street car, Little Girl was happy when Friday came . . . all because of Old Man.

She used to walk down the street from the dentist's building to the big market where her mother ordered things to eat. She would see Old Man outside and the flower stand with all the bright flowers. Old Man wore a black felt hat, which was too large for his head, a red spotted shawl, and a poorly fitted gray suit; and only a worn pair of fisherman's boots kept the cold from his feet. Little Girl never noticed Old Man's clothes. She remembered only how kind his black eyes were and the gentle way his wrinkled face lighted up when she smiled at him. She knew Old Man loved her.

They had been friends for a long time. Maybe it was twenty Fridays ago that Little Girl had cried, standing near the Flower Man, because her awful bands hurt her. Old Man called her to him, took her small, thin hand in his old withered one, and gave her a bouquet of faded, red roses. Ever since that day, a large part of Little Girl's heart belonged to Old Man.

Each night after her prayers, Little Girl said, "God bless Old Man." She often dreamed of him, heard him talking to her, saying her teeth would be straight and even soon.

She kept all the roses in a yellow paper box with her most cherished possessions and put them in her own dresser drawer.

But today there was no Old Man. The flower stand was changed, and a tall man with a cross face was in his place.

Little Girl was bewildered for a moment. She asked where Old Man was.

"Oh, he died."

Little Girl choked her sobs back.

That night Little Girl couldn't eat her supper. She went to her room and took out the yellow paper box and gently fingered the crumpled red roses and cried, "Oh, God bless Old Man."

JEANETTE GORMLEY, *December '28.*

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN GATE

FAR BEYOND the azure dome of the earth, lies a beautiful City with Gates of Gold. It is called the City of Contentment. Just outside the Golden Gate is a garden with fragrant flowers and sparkling fountains. It is the Garden of Love. Here the Baby Angels play all the day, laughing and singing, for they have no sorrow to cast a shadow on their happiness. But every evening, when the Light of Earth fades, the Angels must pass into the City; for only within the City of Contentment is there Eternal Light. And as the sun disappears beneath the Waters of the Western Sea, the Gates close; and only those within the City can see them.

One day, the littlest Angel, called Star Flower, wandered too far from the Golden Gate and was left outside. He wandered through the Garden calling to the Keeper of the Gates, "Let me in, for I am weary, and I know not where to go."

But the Keeper of the Gates heard him not, and presently the Gates disappeared. Little Star Flower was left alone.

All through the night Star Flower wandered, until, in the darkness, he left the Garden of Love, not knowing that he had done so.

When the first streaks of dawn appeared in the Eastern Sky, Star Flower waited eagerly for the Gates to open, but alas, the Golden Gates did not appear! Little Star Flower knew that he was lost.

Star Flower's heart was very heavy as he wandered on and on, seeking the Gates of Gold. Presently he came to a little bird.

"Oh, Blue Bird," cried Star Flower, "have you seen two gates of shining gold? I am Star Flower, and I am lost. I cannot find my way to the City of Contentment."

"Oh, Star Flower," sang the Blue Bird, "I have my nest between two tall sun flowers. They are golden when the sun shines upon them. Perhaps they are the gates that you seek."

"No, little bird," said Star Flower sadly, "they are not my gates. My gates are tall and shining, and sparkling diamonds are scattered here and there. A beautiful blue arch is over them, and garlands of flowers are twined around the sides."

So little Star Flower wandered on and on, and soon he came to a gray squirrel with a long bushy tail.

"Oh, Gray Squirrel," said Star Flower, "have you seen two gates of shining gold?"

"Oh, Angel," chattered Gray Squirrel, "I have my home in a tall tree between two branches of golden brown. Perhaps they are the gates which you seek."

Star Flower sadly shook his head. "No, they are not my gates. I must go on."

T H E *f* O U R N A L

So Star Flower wandered on and on until he came to a singing brook.

"Oh, Singing Brook, can you show me the way to the Gates of Gold?"

"Oh, Angel," rippled the Singing Brook, "each day I pass between two banks covered with shining buttercups. They are very beautiful, and they look like gold. Are they the gates which you seek?"

"No," said Star Flower sorrowfully, "they are not my gates. I must search on farther."

So little Star Flower wandered on and on, ever searching, longing for the Gates of Gold which led to the City of Contentment.

For many days Star Flower wandered, asking the Rainbow and the Ocean Waves if they could lead him to the Gates of Gold.

One day as Star Flower stood on a hillside gazing wistfully at the blue sky, he heard a voice say, "Star Flower, weary wanderer, seeker of the Gates of Gold, search no farther. Those who leave the City of Contentment can never return. But because you left, not of your own desire, but because you lingered too long in the Garden of Love, and because you have searched so faithfully for your home, you shall be rewarded. Stay here and watch."

So Star Flower lingered on the hillside, sorrowful because he could never again behold the home he loved so well, but happy because his Master had seen his faithfulness and was pleased.

All day long Star Flower stayed on the hillside, watching and waiting; and, just as the sun was sinking in the West, he saw a wondrous sight.

He saw a beautiful bay of clear, shining water; on either side was a tall, rocky cliff. Beautiful flowers were growing upon the cliffs, and the setting sun sent myriads of light rays flashing across the waters. The ripples on the water sparkled like diamonds, and the cliffs and the waters were as of gold. The sky above was of a hazy blue; and fleecy clouds were floating here and there.

Star Flower gazed in wonder at the beautiful sight; and then as the true meaning became clear to him he cried in rapture, "Golden Gate! *My* Golden Gate! At last I have found you. Never again will I leave this hillside for it is to me a garden of love."

As Star Flower spoke, he felt a wave of happiness sweep over him; and looking down into the Mirror of Waters, he saw that he had taken the form of the little flower whose name he bore. So the Golden Gate received its name which it bears to this day. And if you will search among the flowers on the hillside, you will find a little blue flower that was once an angel who had wandered too far from the Golden Gates leading to the City of Contentment, and had found, at last, a resting place.

ELIZABETH DARLING BEST, June '28

[twenty-nine]

REVERIE

I climbed a hill at the first dim hint of dawn;
 The landscape far below me spread
 Like the myriad colored rugs of Persia,
 Breathing a memory of her whom I had loved,—
 Who now was gone.
 Yet even the bitterness of grief can not blind me
 To the beauties of the world,
 Whose purple mountains frame a landscape,
 Where winding rivers shine like gleaming silver ribbons,
 And lofty pines proudly stand guard
 Over the country-side.
 The sun and the sea blaze as one;
 The murmur of the brooks and the song of the birds
 Become to me a mystic melody,
 Instilling in me an ecstasy of living
 Tinged with a deep and haunting sadness
 That I must go on—alone.

JEAN HAMILTON, *June '27.*



WHEN NIGHT COMES

Across the waters at eventide,
 Under the sunset's dying glow,
 Like mystic lights of fairyland
 The sparkling ripples come and go.

 Far, far above in the fading blue,
 So soon to be hidden by night's dark shroud,
 Sail on, like boats in a fairy sea,
 So soft and fleecy, the silver clouds.

 Across the gleaming stretch of sand,
 Made misty by the ocean spray,
 Lies softly faded, a path of gold;
 A memory of the sun's last ray.

 From out the heavens still and dark,
 But softened by the pale moonlight,
 There come the notes of the nightingale
 To tell the world 'tis the dawn of night.

ELIZABETH DARLING BEST, *June '28.*

THE FIRST G. H. S. JOURNAL

EVERYTHING has a beginning—the G. H. S. JOURNAL, an especially interesting one.

Early in the spring term of 1895, a Senior girl was incited by a dream which pictured Lowell High possessing a school journal and mocking G. H. S. for not having one. In her dream this student promptly answered, "We'll show you! We *will* have a school publication, and no other shall be its equal." The following morning she recalled her dream and the boast that she had made. "It is for me to make good that boast," she thought.

Later, when walking to school with her friend, she related her dream. Both agreed to spread the idea, until a fair-sized group was working on the thought. Then they consulted with Mr. Brooks, who was principal at the time. As he was eager to have the girls work at anything that was for their good, he accepted the idea, and gave them authority to go ahead with their plans.

The next step was taken in interviewing the printer and becoming acquainted with the procedure of publishing THE JOURNAL. The originator of the idea was so interested, and she was so carried away by her ambitions and expectations that she cut an algebra class to get to the printer's office more quickly. The printer told her that it would be best to have it printed at the least possible expense, and to raise the funds, which would be about fifty dollars, from advertisements. With this end in view the school started organizing a staff. Not knowing what officers were necessary to meet the demands, they selected a President and an Editor-in-Chief with many Associate Editors. There were numerous committees for soliciting advertisements. The first ad was a full page, costing the advertiser five dollars.

All went well. Articles came in, and the magazine was sent to press for publication. Proud was the class of '95 when the first issue of the G. H. S. Student Journal came from the printer and sold for ten cents a copy.

It was a very crude affair, made of paper not much better than that used for our modern newspaper. Nevertheless it paid for itself. There were no pictures in it other than the full page "blouse ad." The pictures of the Seniors did not grace the first few pages, and the school activities were not represented. It was purely a literary magazine, with a "phonograph" of comments about the girls. All the contributors wrote under *Nommes de Plume* with a key to these on the back cover. However, the Girls High Journal of '95 made an impression on the school and there was no desire to discontinue it on the part of either the faculty or the student-body; and so it exists to this day, growing larger and finer with each new issue.

ROSALIE SILVERBERG, June '29.

FALLING STAR

THE RICKETY piano at Garabocci's had ceased its groanings. All the merry-makers were gathered around a lone, unkempt man—the Star Gazer, who, half-crazed, was babbling feverishly.

"It began years ago when I was in my early twenties. It was a beautiful night like this—cool and clear. Two friends and I had been traveling over the great Painted Desert for three days. We were about dead with thirst. Our lips were cracked, and our throats, parched. You can't imagine the relief we felt when we discovered a bubbling stream. After we had refreshed ourselves and had taken a bite to eat, we were about to stretch out on the ground when I heard a faint cry.

"Listen!" I ordered sharply. We sat with every muscle and nerve strained taut. Somewhere in the distance a coyote wailed.

"Sol smiled.

"Jake scratched his funny mop of red hair before replying, 'You must of been hearin' ghosts or sumpin!' But just as we had again prepared to lie down, I heard that cry again. This time both sat up.

"Well, I'll be jiggered if it didn't sound human.' Sol whispered hoarsely.

"Yeh, and it's comin' from over there,' Jake cried pointing to the left. We turned. Nothing but a sheer canyon wall met our gaze. Again we heard the cry—distant and feeble. You could almost see the hair rise on Sol's head.

"C'mon let's try to find it,' Jake suggested; and so we quietly stirred ourselves and crept over to the left canyon wall. There seemed to be something uncanny about the whole situation.

"Aw heck, we can't climb that,' whined Sol. 'Why man it's almost perpendicular, and besides it's night time. We'd never get up there alive. Guess it's just some strange bird.'

"Well, we attacked the wall anyway. Many a time we were tempted to go back; but just as we were actually going down, we heard the cry close at hand. A few inches more, and we were standing on a platform.

"Get a flashlight,' Jake ordered. The sight that filled our eyes sickened us, it was horrible."

The Star Gazer paused to shudder at the mental picture.

"Bodies of Indian women, children, and old men strewn on the floor. What had become of the younger men we couldn't guess. In the midst of this gruesome scene lay a babe half-dead with hunger. For once Jake was not ready with a remedy. 'What're we gonna do about it?'

"I'm going to take it.' I answered calmly.

"Just as I was leaving the cave with my precious bundle, a star shot across the sky. At once I christened her my little Falling Star. How we ever got to earth again, God only knows; but we got there, babe and all. Then we got up a nameless concoction for the little mite which sustained life until we reached town next day.

"By putting two and two together, we soon learned Falling Star's history. In town we heard that a Hopi tribe had been lost after waging war for many weeks with the Navajos. The Hopis were a wandering tribe; but as the contest grew desperate, the Indian braves secured their wives and children up on this cliff so that they would be safe from any Navajo treachery. Finally the Hopi braves were annihilated; and the rest of the tribe that was stranded up there on the cliff was doomed to starve to death. But at least, I saved the jewel of them all.

"She grew up graceful and beautiful as any star that ever gleamed in the heavens. We were always happy. I gave her everything that a young girl might desire. One cursed day when she was eighteen, she coaxed and pleaded ever so sweetly, telling me that she knew the nicest man—almost as nice as her Daddy Bill, she put it—who wanted to take her to the dance. At last I consented, but I could have torn my tongue out by the roots afterwards. But I had consented. She went to the dance at this very hall with the scoundrel, but she never returned."

Here the Star Gazer's voice broke. "Yes, my desert flower, my little Falling Star, went away never to come back." He rose abruptly and walked to the porch railing.

He clutched his hands until his nails pierced his skin. Looking off into the distance, he cried with a voice tense with agony and longing, "Oh my Falling Star, my little Falling Star, where are you?" His whole frame shook with suppressed emotion.

All was silent. The piano had ceased its groaning a while back. Many of the revelers had gone to their homes, while others had drifted into the background watching and listening.

Someone had drawn close to the porch towards the end of his speech, and stood crouching against the wall; but when the last plaintive note had died out in the distance, it whispered in a timid, trembling, sweet voice, "Daddy, Daddy Bill."

MAY TORMEX, *June '27.*

THE IDOL OF ST. PETERSBURG

COULD it be human? The litness, the suppleness, the fragility of the creature as she swayed were uncanny. It was her costume that gave the fantastic touch, a touch of barbarism combined with the civilization of the ages, and intermingled with the eccentricities of the future. Clinging and glittering was the snake skin that took the form of her figure as if it were in reality her own skin and flesh. Beneath the fanged headpiece gleamed two black eyes that impressed one as being two priceless jewels enclosed in a case of ivory. That creaminess was broken only by the rubied casing concealing the rows of pearls which gleamed, often, in anger; often in pleasure. It was not remarkable, therefore, that men stared, enraptured; that women stared, engrossed. She was wonderful!

But the curtain fell, as night on day, screening the marvelous from the marvelers. It lifted for a moment, allowing that shimmering mass to glisten, as the silver moon through the murky heavens. It descended again, and no amount of applause could force it to ascend. The dancer had realized the greater desire for the unattainable.

* * *

New York was thrilled! Thrilled by a foreign beauty who had captured the public at her first appearance. She had been the idol of St. Petersburg; now she was the idol of New York.

Certain individuals desired her beauty and confidence. If the women went far to meet the celebrity, the men went much further. Her rooms were heavy with the fragrance of orchids and roses. Everything about her was busy. She confided in none. She familiarized herself with none, but the public greedily cherished her little acknowledgements as if they had been sacred. The height of her success came when she gave her interpretation of the snake dance in the glittering costume that she had worn in her beloved home. The press hailed her. The public hailed her. All hailed her. Her slightest wish was at once a command that was answered and fulfilled; but still she held herself aloof.

Her heart was wedded to every spire and tower of her home. She pined for her country as a mother for her first born. Every one of her triumphs would she have gladly exchanged for a sight of that distant land.

* * *

Home! And yet could it be the place that she had left but a few years before? Could those wealthy, cultured persons who had applauded her be the staring savage mass that now passed by her? The civilized city she had known was now a barbarous settlement.

As the city had broken, so broke her heart. All her love had been centered there, and now that her cherished ideal had fallen, there was nothing to fill that vacancy. To return to America was impossible; to stay in Russia, never. She had

[thirty-four]

T H E *f* O U R N A L

left New York with the image of home before her. She left St. Petersburg with the vision of home behind her. Who knows where she went? Maybe it was she who was known as the Sorrowful Beauty of Europe. Russia held her dreams; America, dreams of her.

So have many been broken in spirit by the sight of their trampled ideals. Fame and greatness have been turned aside for their home-ties—ties which bind and cannot be severed. How fickle a creature is Lady Fame!

Human beings are easily amused and dancers thrill the public. Of the many people in New York, and the many more in St. Petersburg who had seen the vision in a snake skin, there are some, however, who continue to revere the memory of that woman—that woman whose home had failed her.

VICTORIA ZELLER, December '27.

WAITING

In the winter when the snow lay deep,
She pined;
She was sad, and would weep.

In the spring when the birds that sing returned,
She was tender;
Much she taught me, and I learned.

In the summer when the skies were blue,
She was happy;
And she made me happy, too.

In the autumn when the leaves began to fall,
She submitted;
And she went when heaven called.

I'm alone! I do not mourn nor do I sorrow,
But I wait,
As she did teach me, for tomorrow.

ALICE REINHART, June '28.

THE TOPSY-TURVY SPECTRUM

FINALS were over. The last hours of torture had passed with his leaving the physics ex. He should have left with a light heart and anticipation for the approaching vacation; but instead, his brain whirled with levers and spectrums. "The ray of sunlight is divided into seven colors distinguishable by the naked eye: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet . . . Refraction . . . Diffraction . . . Prisms . . . Light . . . Color . . . Dispersion . . . Refraction. His mind was an orgy of light.

As he started up his roadster, a beam of light, falling through the bevelled windshield, struck the steering gear. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet . . . Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red . . . more prisms . . . Refraction. Curse that physics ex! Why couldn't he forget it? He would! He knew what he'd do. He'd drive out into the country, and nap under the trees. The car reaching the highway, his foot played with the throttle, and he tried to leave the spectrum behind. But light travels fast, and he couldn't rid himself of the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Ah, at last, there was his favorite oak; and he'd soon be sleeping in its cool and restful shade. How glad he'd be to forget light and color and prisms, and how fresh he'd be when he awoke.

Taking off his coat, he sprawled on the grass beneath his oak. He'd soon be asleep. But why did he keep thinking of prisms, and diffraction, and reflection? The sun was low on the horizon, and he watched it thoughtfully. As Sol's rim touched the hill, the sky was turning orange, now flaming red. The reason? Ah, that was because of the oblique angle of the red in the beam of light! He was so glad he knew all about it. Blah! Who cared? There, now, the sun was gone, but still the angle was great enough to leave red in the sky. Why couldn't he sleep? Now, it was less intense—fewer particles. Now the sky was just reflecting it. Why couldn't he sleep? How he wished—

* * *

He was strolling through the fields alone, glad to be alive. He loved everything from the great mountains in the east to the little field mouse at his feet. He was so happy! He'd sit down there to watch the sunset. Apollo's chariot reached the horizon, but what had happened? What was the matter? The sky was turning blue, indigo, now violet! The clouds floated, violet ships in a sea of violet! The hills were violet! Violet! Violet! A sudden fear seized him. A violet sunset! The spectrum was upside down. Violet. Violet, not red. The world was coming to an end, a violet end! The sun was gone now, but still the sky was violet. What would happen? A violet sunset! The whole sky was flooded with violet; the earth was violet! Nothing happened. But it remained violet. Would he have to live in that awful violet light forever? Why oh why, wasn't it red the way it should be? A violet sunset! An upside-down spectrum! The awful violet, violet sky. The awful violet earth! Would it never change? How could he stand—

He opened his eyes, and gazed gratefully into the sky. The last faint tinge of red was fading, and the evening star appeared in the pale sky. It was all a dream. Thank God the spectrum was right side up! He jumped into his roadster, and started back. It was so good to see a normally colored landscape. Flaming sunsets were so beautiful. He'd have to go out every evening and enjoy it. And maybe she'd go with him. Well, speak of the devil! There she was in the best-looking red dress. Awfully becoming. He pulled up at the side of the street and whistled. The blonde in red hopped in, smiling; and they drove off. She looked at him and winked.

"I've a lovely surprise for you! Don't you wish you knew?"

She was darling! How he loved to see her in red. "What is it?"

"I met Professor Robertson on the campus, and he told me that you had just written a wonderful paper in physics. He said it was the best he had received in that course, ever!"

He felt a thrill go down his back when she put her head on his shoulder. She was proud of him. Oh, so proud! And she would be prouder still when he took her to the formal that night. By the way, what would he like her to wear?

He smiled down into her face. "Anything, dear, so long as it's not violet." And laughing, they kissed.

ELISABETH LARSH, *December '27.*



THE ALMOND TREE

How fearlessly,
The almond tree
Bows in pale worship to the grey,
Stark, winter sky!
Yet men deny
A God, to whom they dare not pray.

How openly,
The almond tree
Scatters its blossom, all its wealth
Of beauty now,
As if it were snow—
And man, contented, hoards in stealth.

MARTHA JANE BISSELL, *December '27.*

ECHOES

Sitting in my study window,
Gazing at the sun's last beam,
Tired, yes, and oh! so weary;
Now 'tis time to sit and dream.

Ev'ning shadows 'round me play,
Softly falls the purple glow,
And the twilight hour brings
Back, old dreams of long ago!

Mem'ries dead and long forgotten,
Castles crumbled in life's youth,
Gather with the falling night shade,
Turning backward without ruth.

Backward through the Book of Life,
Pages bitter sweet to glean,
Miniatures of love and strife,
Dreams, all dreams, that might have been.

Sitting in my study window,
Gazing at the rising moon,
Peeking stars come one by one,
While the drowsy breezes croon.

HELEN SAXON, *June '27.*

OUT ON THE MOOR

Moor and heather, windy sky
Waken all my sympathy
For the poor, unsheltered things,
Disillusioned beings
With a force unknown, too strong,
When a rightful path goes wrong.
Yet the hill-side and the bracken
Call to tired hearts to slacken
From the service thrown away
On the stumbling feet of clay,
And the wind to stay its force
By the burn and sprinkled gorse.
But to heal a saddened mood,
Give me oaks, a friendly wood,
Where the wind can softly sing,
And the trees find sheltering.

MARTHA JANE BISSELL, *December '27.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO GRASSMERE AND TO STOKE POGES

IF YOU would be a poet, go in June to Westmoreland. Hedges of white and pink hawthorn, hedges of purple and white lilac, hedges of dark, shiny holly in close fields of daisies, buttercups, and yellow mustard. Mammoth bushes of rhododendron stand like pink and purple tents against a background of chestnut, mountain ash, copper birch, and sycamore trees. Flowers are found everywhere in northern England.

Here near Lake Grassmere lived William Wordsworth, in peace with the world and with his God. Here, surrounded by the beauties of nature and his humble neighbors, he was inspired to write many of his most important poems.

When the afternoon shadows begin to lengthen, we wander up the winding road from the village to Dove Cottage, a modest little home, now covered with



In Troutbeck Village



Dove Cottage

honeysuckle and other creeping vines. We gently open the door and enter the library where Wordsworth often entertained Southey and Coleridge. Quaint little built-in book cases are filled with books almost too sacred to touch. In the wide open fireplace are logs ready to be lighted, and near by are old-fashioned armchairs in which Wordsworth and his sister, Dorothy, read and meditated. An atmosphere of peace and contentment lingers around the room. We leave the library with all its pleasant memories and enter the kitchen. The flagged stone floor, the old-fashioned cupboard, the beamed oak ceiling are free from dust, but the lakeland farm kitchen, once cozy and warm, is now silent and deserted.

A back door leads out into the garden; and, as we step from the porch to the ground, we are given a spray of mock orange from the bush which Wordsworth planted for his sister. A path of flat stones leads up the sloping incline of the garden. From the arbor at the top we see the grave of Wordsworth under the cypress trees in the churchyard below, and then before we depart we give one last lingering glance at the surrounding country, and at Grassmere's peaceful vale below.

T H E J O U R N A L

From Westmoreland, we journey southeast and choose a beautiful afternoon for our visit to Stoke Poges.

We miss the rolling hills and the shining lakes of the North, but find the green meadows dotted with beautiful trees just as attractive. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;" the tinkling of the cowbell falls faintly on our ears. A solemn stillness reigns as we walk up the rose-bordered path of the country church yard to the little church. The tombstones above the graves on both sides are modest in design; the epitaphs upon them are short and simple. Before the entrance of the church we stop, and we admire the trees which have stood there like sentinels for more than nine hundred years.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

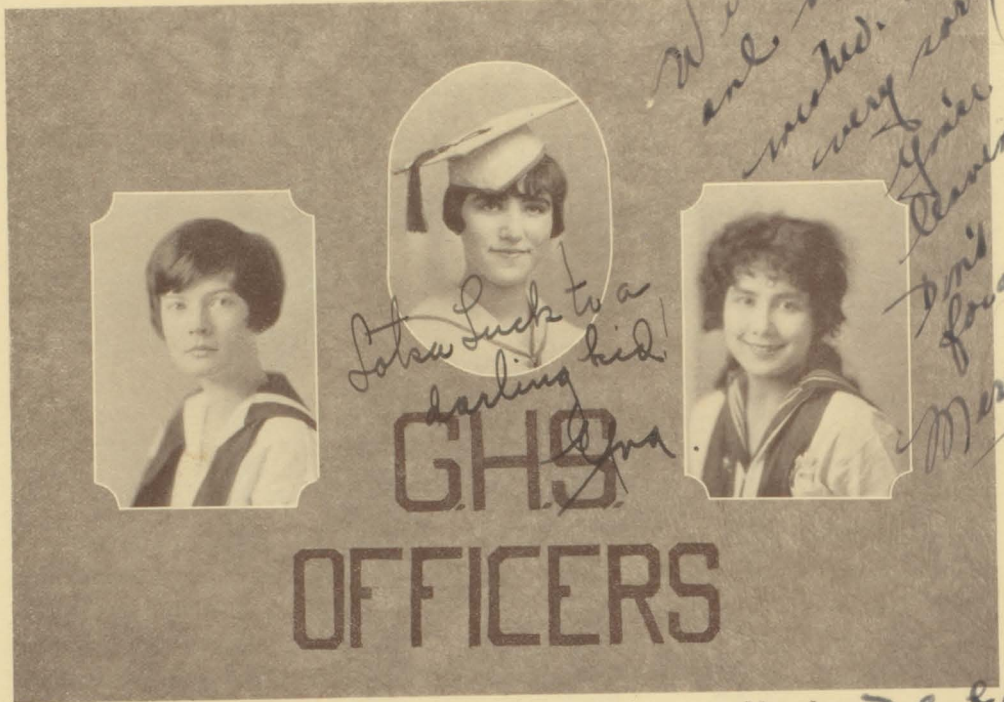
We enter the quaint little church and sit in the square family pews where once worshipped the ancestors of William Penn, and where the family of Thomas Gray offered up their prayers to God. In the rear, we notice a private door through which only the rich and aristocratic entered the church, and we are surprised to learn that the little opening at the back of the church is the squinting window through which, from the outside, the lepers were wont to look when they came for spiritual comfort.

When we leave the church, we pass under the shade of the spreading yew tree, and stand with bowed head beside the graves of Thomas Gray and his mother.

The sun is setting; the hour grows late. We pluck a twig from the yew tree, and quietly and sadly leave Stoke Poges.

HATTIE JACOBS.





MARGUERITE MAGEE

UNA HANSON

MARIA LEITE

173 March Ave
S. F.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

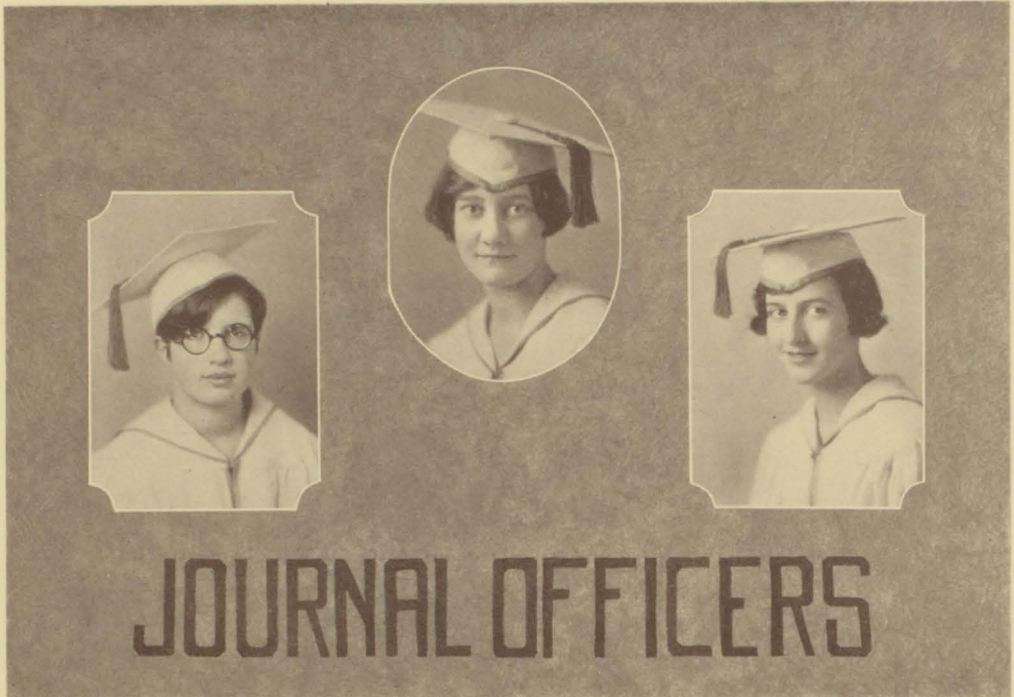
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OLETA O'CONNOR

THE "MIRROR"

Written and published mainly by the two Journalism Classes, but open for contributions from the entire Student Body, the "Mirror" serves as the official school organ. It is issued four times every term; and the chief object of its staff is to interest, to educate, and to amuse the students, teachers, and parents. The paper consists of a digest of school events, spicy personal columns, sports and club activities, alumnae notes, exchanges, well-meant and well-taken editorials, and any such contributions handed in from the outside that are worth while. Because of the fact that the "Mirror" is essentially a student publication, and appeals to the faculty and parents, this periodical has proven itself a strong bond of common interest among these three factors of school life. But the more numerous its contributors, the more universal and more personal will be its appeal. Therefore, Miss Armer, Faculty Advisor; Elisabeth Larsh, Editor; and Oleta O'Connor, Business Manager; together with the entire staff, join in urging Girls High to co-operate. Help by being a contributor.



"MIRROR" STAFF



VIRGILIA SHORT

EDWINA THORNTON

MINNETTE MANN

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club has carried out a vigorous program under its efficient president, Virgilia Short. Besides taking a leading part in the San Francisco Debating League, it has sponsored the Individual Speaking Contest and Interclass Debates with the usual success and has introduced a new organ to the school; namely, "The Torch," an interesting Debating Club publication which appears bi-monthly. "The Torch" staff is to be praised for taking this forward step which allows for an exchange of ideas with other school Debating Clubs.

S. P. A.

Carrying out its two-fold purpose of offering recreation and social benefits for the girls after a day of intensive study and developing their physical prowess, the S. P. A. has functioned well this term. Edwina Thornton, president; Betty Lummis, vice-president; Margaret Effie, secretary; and Evangeline Thommain, cheer-leader, are the capable officers, and the gymnasium teachers are the faculty advisors.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The officers of the Dramatic Club are Minnette Mann, president; Muriel Rothermel, secretary; and Miss Tabor, treasurer. Again this organization has been generous in presenting three plays to the Student Body and turning over the proceeds to the scholarship fund.



EVELYN JOSEPH

BESSIE LANDECKER

HELEN TUTTLE

GERMAN CLUB

The German Club plans for the term have materialized in the issuing of a German paper edited by the Club members. To the editor-in-chief, Fanny Barrett, goes the credit of introducing the first foreign literary journal to the school. The paper contains a literary section, school notes, and jokes. Evelyn Joseph, president, and Mrs. Bickel are the leaders of this active organization.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB

Bessie Landecker, president; Altess Kutner, vice-president; and Evelyn Merrell, secretary, are the officers of the International Club. Girls who have studied history and a language are eligible for membership. One of the features of the Club is the correspondence carried on between members and students of foreign countries. Mrs. Wilson, whose assistance and encouragement have been the inspiration of the Club, has been largely responsible for the prominent part that Girls High played in the "International Pageant" on May 18th.

SPANISH CLUB

Las Amiguitas aims to give Spanish students an opportunity to learn the customs of Spanish-American countries. Plays are presented by talented club members, and celebrations are held on the various Spanish holidays. Under the guidance of the Misses E. and L. Walker, faculty advisors, and Helen Tuttle, president, the Spanish Club has had an enjoyable term.



ELISABETH LARSH

MILDRED SMITH

SYLVIA MYERS

JOURNAL CLUB

With only six months' trial, the new Journal Club has proven itself one of the most popular and efficient clubs in Girls High. Forty students are already members and co-workers in the Literary, Art, and Business sections into which the club is divided. These members prepare the contents of the Girls High School semi-annual; and, in addition, are favored with lectures by printers and engravers, and are acquainted with the entire workings of the publisher's plant.

GIRL RESERVES

The motive of the Girl Reserves is to help the girls of today to obtain a firm foundation for the future. A social service program has been carried out, and the members have been benefited by educational lectures given by prominent members and travelers. The official paper, "Spunk," has continued this term to broadcast its interesting notes.

BANKING

"A dollar in the bank is worth two in the pocket." Such is the motto of the Girls High Banking Department. In cooperation with Miss Flynn, faculty advisor, and Sylvia Myers, president, the list of depositors is steadily increasing. Once a year the tellers visit the Anglo-California Bank, and, after enjoying a delectable luncheon, they are shown through all the different departments so that they may become acquainted with some of the transactions of the financial affairs of a bank.



GWENDOLYN PHILIPS

ALPHA DE MONTES

VIRGINIA MIFKA

GLEE CLUB

The purpose of the Glee Club is to teach music students pure diction, proper voice placement, sight singing, and choral harmony. The club is managed by Mrs. McGlade, its sponsor and conductor, and by Gwendolyn Philips, its president. In school and municipal entertainments, the Glee Club is prominent. During Music Week, the high accomplishments of its members were revealed in the school concert. "These young women set a standard for the rest of the city," said Redfern Mason.

ORCHESTRA

Under the leadership of Mrs. McGlade, the Girls High Orchestra is progressing rapidly, and is acquiring a fine sense of the interpretation of classical music. This is the largest girls' orchestra in the city, and the organization fills an important place by contributing musical numbers to many of the school programs. Due recognition is given the orchestra because it is considered a regular subject in the G. H. S. curriculum.

JAZZ BAND

Composed of five skilled players, the Jazz Band forms an enthusiastic and energetic body, guided by Virginia Mifka, pianist. Any student who desires to join this group may do so, whether or not she plays an instrument, for lessons by competent instructors are available on application.



MAYDELLE ROBERTS

EVELYN MERRELL

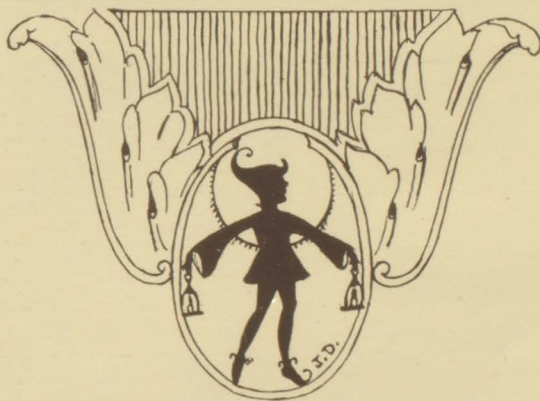
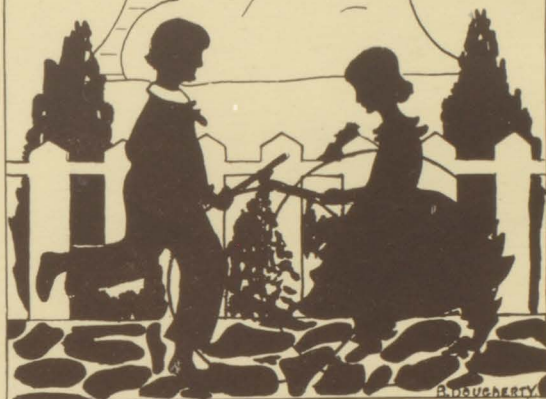
DANCING CLUB

With Maydelle Roberts, president; Katherine Brocato, secretary; and Mrs. Tharp, instructor, the Dancing Club has achieved many commendable triumphs. The members have taken an active part in the International Club program which was given in conjunction with other high school clubs, and have practised faithfully for their repertoire of dances.

FRENCH CLUB

"La Jeunesse Française," or the French Club, grows steadily better as its membership increases, and difficulty in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French language universally decreases. The efforts of Mr. Salzman are instrumental in establishing this club, and in preparing for presentation "Les Deux Sourds" (The Two Deaf Ones), the one act play given by the members this term. A future plan is the editing of a French paper.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES



*Best Wishes to a very sweet girl,
and a lovely dancer,
Barbara Conley*

THE JOURNAL

There are many and varied sports in Girls High in which a girl may take part if she lives up to the very simple training rules established by the executive board, and does not miss practice. By conforming to these requirements, one may become a member of



S.P.A.

the S. P. A. and participate in some sport, in the spring term choosing from volleyball, baseball, swimming, and tennis.

If a girl is placed on a team and follows certain rules, she receives an award. There are eight awards in all,



*Lots of love
and Best
Wishes
Celeste*

the highest being the gold G. An award must be earned each term in order to make possible the winning of the gold G.

From May 12th to June 6th, at least one official game is played each day. Practice is held previous to this, under



the coaches: Miss Rosenberg, golf and baseball coach; Miss Clark, volleyball coach; and Miss Oakes, tennis, swimming, and archery coach.

Social activities are also included in the Sports and Pastime calendar. In the middle of the term a beach supper

was held. The Freshman Reception was considered one of the most enjoyable entertainments given by a school organization. On the occasion of the well-attended S. P. A. banquet, a musical and dramatic program met with unusual success.



Altogether the S. P. A. is a very desirable organization, proof of which is the fact that the Sports and Pastime Association has the highest standards and the largest enrollment, two hundred and fifty girls.

S.P.A.



At the Grand Ceremonial, many new girls were initiated into Camp Fire, and others received various ranks. The field meet was the most exciting event of the year for all city Camp Fire Groups. After close competition in all phases of activity, the cup was awarded to Girls High. Since the inauguration of this annual meet, three years ago, a Girls High group has carried off the honors. The names appearing on the cup are Toheha, Kleka

FIRE

CAMP



GIRLS

Tasni, and Shutamaga. The birthday hike and party were celebrated as usual in February. Camp Fire commemorated its fifteenth birthday this year, and the appearance of a huge birthday cake turned the occasion into a real party. The swimming meet, a new event in Camp Fire, brought another honor to Girls High. The diving-girl trophy was won by Toheha.



Ever since May 18, 1923, when the first World Conference of Education gathered in San Francisco, schools the world over have celebrated this day, and so have created a chain of friendly thoughts that have encircled the world. Girls High formed one link in that

INTERNATIONAL CLUB



*Love is Sweet
Dolce
from Miss*



愛・ドリ橋本操

chain, which has been growing stronger every year. This year almost every High School in the city participated in the pageant, arranged by the Girls High International Club, and given at Girls High School. Knights, princesses, fairies, peasants, and clowns, characters of fiction of twenty different countries, appeared in wonderful array and delighted a large audience. The receipts were donated to the Scholarship Fund.

A luncheon celebrated the second birthday of the Club. Various countries were represented in the artistic decorations which adorned the tables. Grecian cake, Irish cookies, and Swedish candies were served to representatives from every high school of San Francisco and the Bay Cities.

On April 9th, a delegation from Los Angeles were guests of the Club for dinner. On May 20th, the Girls High Club enjoyed a lovely dinner given

in Oakland by the Technical High School Club. A picnic on June 4th was held on the U. C. campus.

Besides social events, the members of the Club have been entertained by many lectures, pictures, and research work of the foreign countries. The extensive correspondence carried on with other nations is surprising, and is the most interesting feature of this Club which Mrs. Wilson has fostered.

There is such a keen interest in the work of the Club that the graduates of the school have formed an Alumnae Club, known as "The International Club of San Francisco."

"Miss Burney at Court," a skit by Maude Frank, was given a good characterization by Helen Saxon, the heroine. Her associates, Muriel Rothermel, Sally Burney; Virginia Peterson, Mrs. Schwellenberg; Dr. Burney, Max Leona Anderson; Edwina Thornton, the visitor; and Elizabeth Holland, the footman, were all correctly cast and performed well.



The recent Shakespearian contest discovered Helen Saxon and Dorothy Zellick to be the choice over all other class contestants. In representing Girls High at the annual University of California try-outs Dorothy Zellick was awarded the girl's prize for Class A, by her portrayal of the Jester in "The Tempest."



Theresa Hilburn's "Enter the Hero" was a pronounced success with the following cast: Ruth Carey, Janet Dickoff; Anne Carey, Marie Fitzgerald; Harold Lawson, Virginia Baum; and Mrs. Carey, Velma Anderson. These girls ably interpreted their parts and exhibited good stage presence.

DRAMATICS



The first of the three Dramatic Club plays given this semester was the Chinese production, "The Stolen Prince," by Dan Totheroh. The portrayal of the Chinese parts was interesting, and a Chinese orchestra added to the Oriental atmosphere. Antoinette Zellerbach, as Long Fo, and Claudia Mullen, as Joy, the stolen prince, showed up well in their parts. Mar-

jorie Lewis' portrayal of Long Fo's sister was capably handled, while Katherine Vasilatos intelligently depicted the Royal Nurse. Frieda Salzman and Consuelo Bley, the old fisher folk, and Ilsa Hirsh, Dorothy Browning, Janet Gunnison, Marie Stanton, and Avid Miller made up the rest of the cast.



This term has been a successful one for the Girls High School Debating Club.

First of all, the "Big Team" of Girls High was victorious in wresting the championship for the season 1926-1927 from Mission High. The "Big Team," composed of Elizabeth Wilson, Virgilia Short, Elisabeth Larsh, and Evelyn St. John, defeated Lowell, Galileo, Commerce, Polytechnic, and Mission. This team retrieved from the grasp of Lowell the plaque which is now in possession of Girls High for one year. Mr. Dupuy, the coach, insists on stating that he is confronted with the serious problem of facing the issue without such a team.

DEBATING

Then, the Inter-class Individual Speaking Contest brought forth much undiscovered talent in the persons of Max Leona Anderson, who won first place in lower division; Mildred Woloski, who won second place; Marguerite Magee, the best speaker of the upper division; and Edwina Thornton, second best speaker.

In the Inter-class Debates, the 4A team, consisting of Evelyn Merrell, Georgiana Lewis, Miriam Cushman, and Ottilia Higgins, bested the other upper classes, while the 2A's whose team included Barbara Prince, Eleanor



Morris, Marie Eschen, and Max Leona Anderson, proved themselves the best debaters of the lower classmen.

Next, we have the Ninth Year Debate against Lowell; the debate with the Palo Alto High School; the two practice debates, one with Part Time and one with Hamilton; and the Inter-scholastic Individual Speaking Contest.

Nevertheless our helmsman, Mr. Dupuy, has steered us well through the whirlpools and eddies of a tempestuous, storm-tossed voyage toward success.



ORCHESTRA

School activities could not have functioned so well this term had it not been for the help of the Music Department.

The Glee Club carried off all the honors this term at the Music Week Program held at the Civic Auditorium. Besides this success,



GLEE CLUB

the Glee Club also contributed to the P. T. A. entertainment, the Educational Week program, and the International Pageant.

The Orchestra showed carefully trained work, and played for many of the school activities. It assisted in the Activities Rally, Lincoln Day exercises, Educational Week program, Music Week program, "Advertising Day," and Graduation.

ALMUNAE NOTES

MARRIAGES

Grace Luscombe, December '24, to Mr. Cecil Marion Jones.
Rosebud Schmulian to Mr. Theodore Cohn.
Virginia Graham, June '25, to Lieutenant Walter J. Leech.

ENGAGEMENTS

Doris Cookson, June '25, to Cecil Watson.
Thelma Taylor to Ray Eib.
Marjorie Newman, December '21, to Millard Samuel.

PROMINENT AT U. C.

Elaine Ryan, of the class of June '22, had her sketch accepted for the "Senior Extravaganza."

Madeline Lackman, of June '24, was selected as a member of the debating team against Stanford for the Joffre Medal. Miss Lackman was the speaker at Commencement.

Naomi Clouse de Borris, Ruth Clouse, Barbara Hirschler, Bernice Dickhoff, and Edith Trowbridge are officers of the Prytanean Society.

Janice Livingston, December '24, is on the staff of the "Daily Californian."

Sybil Schwartz, June '21, has been awarded the "Big C", a signal honor at U. C.

Ruth Clouse, June '23, has made Phi Beta Kappa and represented U. C. in the Carnot Debate.

PROMINENT AT STANFORD

Esther Cawkins is working in the Stanford War Memorial Library.

Barbara Perkins, of June '23, former G. H. S. Student Body President, is the head sponsor of a Freshman organization at Stanford.

Janet Harris, of June '24, also former G. H. S. Student Body President, was recently elected Junior Member of Women's Council. She is one of the five women at the head of the Administrative Department of the Associated Students of Stanford.

MISCELLANEOUS

Elizabeth Beasom, December '24, took an active part in the Civic Opera at Oakland.

Julia Nichols, June '24, is now a teacher at the John Swett School.

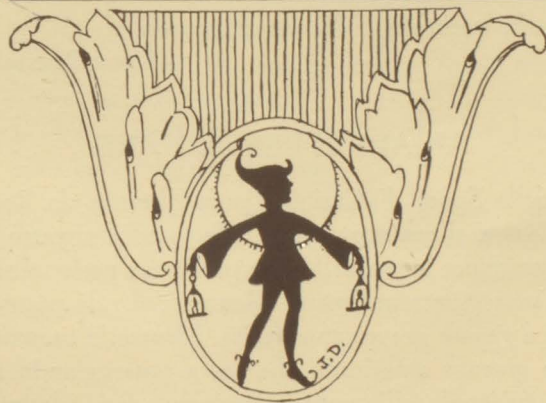
Margaret Durbrow, June '24, is in charge of Master "Programs" of the National Broadcasting Company.

IN MEMORIAM

Two pictures, "Miss Bowles" by Joshua Reynolds and "La Pêche" a French engraving of the eighteenth century were presented to the Art Collection of the Girls High School in memory of Flora Kirshner, December '27, and Margaret Ulitska, June '29.



M. D'Amico



WIE DIE ELFEN VON DER ERDE VERSCHWANDEN

Vor langen Jahren sass einmal ein Elfchen unter einem Lindenblatt. Es sang leise zu sich. Dann sah es sich um, lächelte, und steckte das Köpfchen unter das Blatt. Hier hatte es schon lange gesessen, und würde heute noch so sitzen, wenn die Menschen noch an Märchen glaubten, und darum mussten sich die Elfen verstecken. Kein Mensch traute sich in den Wald zu gehen, denn man fürchtete sich vor den Elfen und ihrer Musik.

Eines Tages kam ein hoher Fürst aus einem fremden Lande. Er lachte über die Märchen, die das Volk ihm erzählte. Er nahm sich vor in den Wald zu gehen, und liess sich von vier Rittern begleiten. Kaum waren sie im Wald, da hörten sie das Elfchen singen; aber nicht lange, denn plötzlich wurde alles unheimlich still. Je tiefer sie in den Wald hineingingen desto unheimlicher wurde es ihnen.

"Kommt, wir wollen zurück," sagte einer ängstlich.

"Angstpeter," antwortete der Fürst, und "Angstpeter," wiederhallte eine feine Stimme durch den Wald.

Die Männer fuhren zusammen, und auf einmal sahen sie ein kleines Elfchen, das leise lispelte: "Was wünschen die gnädigen Herren?"

"Wir wollen aus diesem Wald heraus," antwortete der Fürst."

"Na," sagte das Elfchen ganz schelmisch und sang:

"Glaubt ihr nicht an Elfenkinder,

Nimmer könnt ihr Menschen sein,

Bleibet hier und werdet Stein!"

Mit diesen Worten verschwand es auf ewig von der Erde, und alle Elfen folgten ihm. Aber im Walde stehen noch heute fünf hohe Steine in einem Kreis, und in der Mitte ist das Elfenloch, worin die Elfen verschwanden.

ALICE REINHART, June '28.

AMARE È PERDONARE

Nel convento delle Suore di Carità a poca distanza da Roma vi sono molte orfanelle. Yolanda Nuori si era acquistata l'affetto ed il rispetto di tutti, ed era la invidia di tutte le ragazze per la sua bellezza e per la sua personalità. Durante l'estate le ragazze potevano passeggiare nel bosco. Mentre Yolanda passeggiava, accidentalmente cadde a terra e rimase gravemente ferita. Mentre le ragazze la circondavano, Gareth Sommers, un giovane americano che stava passeggiando nello stesso bosco, s'avanzò ed offrì di assisterla all'ospedale. Arrivato costì i dottori decisero che era meglio che la ragazza rimanesse un po' di tempo in una casa di famiglia dove potevano darle migliore cura ed attenzione. Come i genitori di Gareth erano molto ricchi e da due o tre anni si trovavano a Roma, chiesero il permesso delle monache e portarono Yolanda alla loro villa. Accadde naturalmente che i due giovani s'innamorarono e quando arrivò il tempo che la giovanetta doveva ritornare al convento, a Gareth doleva lasciarla partire; ma essa gli promise che alla fine dei due anni ritornerebbe; nel frattempo lui le doveva scrivere. Le monache pensando che la ragazza era troppo giovane

per ricevere le lettere ed i regali che le mandava, non glieli diedero. Dopo pochi mesi, essa, credendo che il giovane si era dimenticato di lei e della sua promessa, abbattuta, dedicò tutti il suo tempo ai suoi studii.

Qualche tempo dopo passeggiando per la strada, Yolanda s'imbattè in Gareth che la salutò con l'amore negli occhi. Una breve spiegazione la forzò a perdonarlo perchè l'amava.

Un anno è passato, e Yolanda e Gareth sono sposati e sono venuti a stabilirsi felicemente nella California.

PALMYRA MOLINI, December '27.

CHILE CON CARNE

i Perdida! i Ella, joven americana, rodando en las calles de Madrid, con vocabulario que consistía en "Buenos Días" y "Muy bien gracias"! ?Cómo hacerse entender?

Hacía diez años que Shirley Whitney había ansiado tanto visitar España, y comer un "Chile con Carne" genuino en un verdadero café español. Al fin se cumplieron sus deseos y se encontró en Madrid, en una humilde fonda española.

Al poco rato de llegar salió para realizar sus sueños, y la hallamos en el viejo Madrid, pudiendo así ir a un verdadero café español, y comer el genuino "Chile con Carne." Salió sin anotar con cuidado la dirección que había tomado, y después de vagar acá y allá, por diversas calles estrechas y tortuosas, se encontró perdida.

Luego se acercó a unos naturales y en lastimosa mezcla de inglés y español, les suplicó que le informaran donde estaba su fonda; pero uno le contestó en español con una velocidad terrible, otro dió un codazo a su compañero diciéndole,—i Está loca! —y se largó.

i Así, Shirley estaba perdida! Después de mucho andar, cansada y muerta de hambre, llegó a su verdadero café español. Aún esto no le produjo alegría alguna; estaba completamente descorazonada. Haciendo grandes esfuerzos entró, y sentándose en uno de los rudos bancos, gruñó al mozo—Chile con Carne.

i Qué chasco tan terrible! Shirley se había ideado una verdadera creación artística. i Qué barbaridad! Sólo mirarlo le causaba náuseas! Prorrumpió en llanto, y con lágrimas que rodaban en el "Chile con Carne" y sollozos que la sacudían, trató de tragar unos bocados.

* * *

i Din-dan, din-dan! i El despertador! Shirley se despertó sobresaltada. Sus mejillas estaban humedecidas por las lágrimas. En una mano agarraba una lima para pulirse las uñas, en la otra un jarrito de "COLD-CREAM." i Qué sueño tan horrible había sido el suyo!

N. B. Shirley no sabía que el "Chile con Carne" se come en Méjico y no en España.

STELLA HAIL, December '27.

[sixty-three]

ROSE ROSIER

Au Jardin des Plantes, à Paris.

"Eh bien! ne vous gênez pas, mademoiselle, ne savez-vous donc pas qu'il est défendu de cueillir des roses ici?"

Rose se retourna souriante. Presque mot pour mot, la phrase qu'elle percevait était, à dix-huit ans de distance, identique à celle qui l'avait accueillie, lorsqu'on l'avait trouvée dans la roserie.

Derrière elle un grand garçon à la figure franche et bonne malgré son air mécontent, constatait non sans stupéfaction la parfaite tranquillité avec laquelle opérait la délinquante qu'il venait d'attraper.

Celle-ci d'ailleurs, au lieu de témoigner de l'ennui de se trouver prise sur le fait sourit à son interlocuteur d'un beau sourire rassuré, et paisiblement lui répondit:

"N'ayez crainte, allez, je n'en cueillerai qu'une. Je suis Rose Rosier je prends ma rose d'anniversaire." Mais s'apercevant qu'elle se trouvait devant un étranger elle ajouta:

"Ah! pardon, mais je vois que vous êtes nouveau ici, vous ne pouvez pas savoir, je vais vous expliquer."

Alors, peut-être un peu plus rosée et plus jolie que de coutume, Rose Rosier conta en quelque mots l'histoire de son enfance perdue parmi les roses et recueillie par le bon père Bardier.

Il y avait dix-huit ans que père Bardier l'avait trouvée sous ce même rosier une petite mioche d'environ quatre ans.

Personne ne l'ayant réclamée, et devant être envoyée au commissariat de police, c'était avec le plus grand plaisir que le bon père et la bonne mère Bardier reçurent cette petite dans leur foyer.

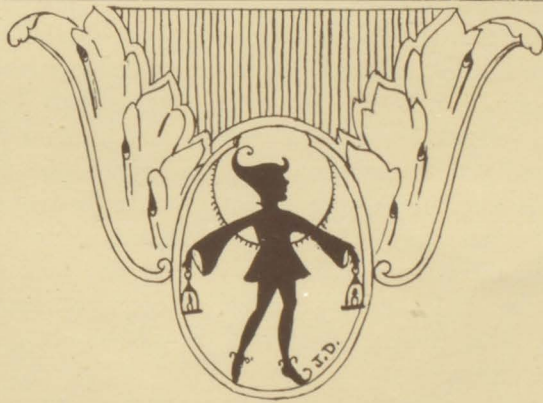
La petite une fois installée chez les Bardier n'en bougea plus. Nul ne sut jamais quelle était sa famille. Transplantée dans cette atmosphère de tendresse elle se développa comme une belle plante qui pousse au soleil. Rose poussa donc, en beauté, en grace et en toutes sortes d'avantages physiques et moraux.

Ne sachant pas son nom comme l'enfant ne babillait qu'en une langue étrangère on lui donna le nom de Rose Rosier puisque c'était parmi les roses qu'on l'avait trouvée.

Ainsi chaque anniversaire elle était autorisée à aller cueillir la plus belle rose du Jardin des Plantes.

Et Pierre Rochard, qui l'écoutait dans la paix de ce clair matin d'été ne put qu'admirer cette enfant toute rayonnante de jeunesse, et de ce jour jamais plus Rose Rosier ne revint seule cueillir la rose d'anniversaire.

CONSTANCE CANDEVAN, June '27.



1A's

Claudia Mullen
Our little Joy,
As the Stolen Prince
Made a cute little boy.

Antoinette Zellerbach
We feel you must know,
How much we enjoyed
Our little Long Fo.

As a Fisherman's wife
Here's a girl who must know,
Just ask Connie Bley
For she played old Li Mo.

We had a fine Chorus
In our Stolen Prince,
Dot Browning played it
Without a flinch.

For a clever debater,
Lois Lees is one;
For a bright and good prospect,
There's California Young.

Last but not least
There's Lucille Frank,
As a debater
She's in A-1 rank.

For the rest of the class
I can't say enough,
I've run out of poetry
And deserve a rebuff.

"SCRUBS"

Rub-a-dub dubs,
Were merely young scrubs,
As freshman they brand us by rule.
But we'll work for the best
And we'll work for the rest
Of the girls, in our own
Girls High School.

THE ART GALLERY

Put on your spy-glasses. Come with me to scan the picture gallery of the 1B celebrities. Look to left; look to right; look to top; look to bottom. In one of these localities you will see actresses of the Freshman Play. Another look and you'll be sure to recognize the important looking group as the class officers. One glance at the 1B Debating team, and you will immediately drop to your knees in homage. You do not have to take a second glance to acknowledge the Kute Kleeno-Kut-Ups of "Advertising Day." The 1B elocutionist, who appeared in the Shakesperian Contest is pictured "as she isn't" when impersonating Lady Macbeth. Now turn to Jim Germ of the Kleeno-Kut-Ups, the King and the two dancers who took part in the "Advertising Day" stunt, the 1B Individual Speaking Contestant, and our president who is sporting her new "shaggy bob." Who said the 1B snapshots are not interesting? "Nobody," said everybody.

WHY THE 1B'S CAME TO G. H. S.

Many years ago there was a huge dungeon where fair maidens, victims of the cruel giant, Ignorance, were kept. Near by stood a castle wherein dwelt the Lord of Learning. Hearing of the plight of these poor victims, he decided to rescue them. He gathered his army, the "Faculty," overran the dungeon, then took the maidens to his castle. Here they climbed the ladder of learning, until reaching the highest rung, they overlooked the world in which they were to take their places. Many maidens from that time on came to this wonderful castle, known as Girls High School, and none were so enthusiastic as the 1B's.

THE JOURNAL



Debater

1



California



"Prexy"



Li Mo



Arguer



The Chorus



Lillian



Long Fo



From Cleanup Town



The Elf



Billy Germ Captured-The Nurse



Look Us Over



"Save My Life!"



Babette



Class Leaders

1



Our Actresses



"Clean Uppers"

B

Lots of love and best wishes for your success
Authentic
Translator

COUNTRY FAIR DAY TO A 2A

Country Fair Day with its multitude of stunts, its games of skill, and its "eats" has arrived. You stroll past the crowded food booths when one sign stares you in the face, "The Taste Tells." Intrigued, you push through the crowd to reach the ham and cheese sandwiches, served by girls in dainty caps. Whose food? The 2A's of course.

A prize at the end of a long and perilous journey over a piece of string. But, looking through the wrong end of an opera glass, the feat is far from easy. What would one not attempt, for a 2A prize, the thing for which "I'd Walk a Mile for One"?

BLOSSOM TIME

Into a world with silence filled,
A robin boldly of springtime trilled;
Then out came the blossoms, overnight,
Robing the earth in a garment of white.
'Twas not the white of the winter snow,
That falls when the bitter blast doth blow;
'Twas gentler, softer, the snow of the spring,
That drifts merrily down onto each small thing.

ELEANOR MORRIS, *December '29.*

AS THE 2B's THINK

There is a class
For work or play
You can't surpass
By night or day.

The country fair
Would have been nought
Without their care
And special thought.

In volley ball
They lead the crowd;
The other side
Oft needs a shroud.

The debating team
Wins many a laurel,
And the class can boast
A taste for choral.

Their prex is one
Who has much skill,
Hasn't been outdone
And never will.

The 2B's here
In sport or game,
We'll cheer for them
And for their fame.

WHAT HAVE YOU?

It's as easy as A. B. C.—
With that you'll all agree,
But it does take skill
To make balls go up hill,
Provided you're not a 2B.

A "Fifty-Seven" Variety,
Devoid of all sobriety,
Was put up by the 2B class,
Tasted by each passing lass,
Approved of by a wondering mass,
And so gained notoriety.

THE JOURNAL



The Debarers



Tennis



Class Leaders



Hottest Gertrude

2

A



'Shyrockoff!



Ghosts of Long Ago

Parrers



Paderowski II



Volley ball



Base ball



Three Girls

2

B



Mrs. G.



Tammy-too



!Cheers!



Aren't They Nice?



Class Officers



All Alone



"Oof"



Golfers



Paraders

dear dolly:
Here's hoping
you have
loads of luck
throughout
your school
life.
→ Helen

I should be there,
Ruth Harvard
vice president. [sixty-nine]

Gaze on the intellectual expressions of our class officers, and fall astounded. There never were such class officers in the history of Girls High. "Slip," our prex, is a great speaker; and Frances, vice-prex, is our "wonderful girl." "Pete" efficiently writes the minutes. "Rah! Rah! Rah!" yells "Dot" Raymond. Maydelle Roberts, "Mirror" reporter, kindly consents to have her "Crowning Glory" photographed. Our famous twins danced to greater fame in "Something to Crow About." As we advocate advertising, Doris and Lou hold the handiwork of Blanche and Vermell, the latter pair being camera shy.

*Essay on the Magnetism of the Great Comedian, Dorothy Zelich,
an Honored Member of the Low Junior Class.*

Sitting, idly watching the elaborate gestures of many lads and lasses, my friends and I grew steadily bored as did the rest of the spectators. My friend went as far as to say, "Jenny, I fain would have my ferry pence again and be home. What think ye?" I was of the same opinion until Dorothy Zelich was announced. The girl came, spoke, and lo! we lived with her. From fear of "The Tempest," though the day was warm and sunny, we pulled our jackets, with her, about us. Her part was done, she softly left, but she stood out, distinguished from the others. So she will always stand out in the minds of those who saw her. The shining star, this Dorothy, won the heart of every one and also the prize.

"Do you now regret your ferry pence?" I said.

"Not by a hundred times! To see 'The Jester' of the Class of December '28, was great," my tight friend replied.

AS WE KNOW OURSELVES

You've talked about the Seniors and you've made an awful fuss
About the marvelous wonders they have done;
We think it's time that you began to hear some news of us,
Because the 3B class starts lots of fun.
When we were "Fresh" and "Green," we thought that we would walk in state.
So broom in hand, the pergola we strolled,
We fished from windows, climbed the fence, and lots of chalk we ate.
(What happened is a secret not yet told.)
When we were "Elevated Scrubs," we had a lot of pep,
As seen on Country Fair Day "Round the World;"
No one else could beat us—wouldn't try it on a bet
When they saw us sell our salads to the girls.
When we were Sophomores, we took Miss Ward's pet garter snake,
And let it stroll at random through the hall;
With frogs and guinea pigs, we then a circus tried to make,
(Which some did not appreciate at all.)
Now we are Jolly Juniors, and as "Sailor Maids" we came
And gave the funniest rally you'd seen yet;
Our Jack Tars and Middy Maids have put us in the "Hall of Fame,"
And now the "Jolly J's" you won't forget.

THE JOURNAL



Vice-Prexy
Frances



"Shippitt"



-Something to Crow About-



Tut



Our Champion
Actress



Windblown
Pete



-3A's-



That Old Gang

3A



Inseparables



Curly Locks -
Maydelle



"Stepping Forward"



Million
Dollar Grin



Rah! Rah!
- Hi Juniors -



Darrymore's
Twin Brother



That "Secret" Chorus



Falling in Love



"We Are The Crew"



I Love You So



Making a Hit

3B



Just Vic Throat

T H E *f* O U R N A L

"THE CLASS OF DECEMBER '27"

A Drama Based on "Success" by the 4A Class

Music by Class Harmony. Book and lyrics by Literary Genius. Entire Production staged by Executive Ability. Dances staged by Good Grace. Scenes and costumes designed by Artistic Taste. Orchestra directed by A. Leader.

CAST

Guiding Lights	Stella Hail, Hetty Nagel, Fannie Barrett and Frances McGuire
Artist	Catherine Feisel
Sporting Girls	Ida Cross, Miriam Cushman, Eleanor Slater and Ruth Johnson
Star Speaker	Marguerite Magee
Student	Maria Leite
Journalists	Martha Jane Bissell and Elisabeth Larsh
Musician	Evelyn Merrell

ACT I—Time: Always. Place: In the Schoolroom.

ACT II—Time: Always. Place: Outside the Schoolroom.

Synopsis: In the schoolroom, the entire cast, together with a chorus of the remainder of the class, prove immediately their worth, by producing several six-subject straight-A cards, many "A" and "B" cards, few C's and no D's. As scholars, they are incomparable.

The scene shifts out of the schoolroom, and the entire company is transformed. Out of students, are made athletes, speakers, artists, actresses, writers, musicians, and leaders. The drama ends as the audience is convinced that the 4A Class is the best all-round class existing.

THRU THE SENIOR TELE- SCOPE

The Low Seniors look like fluttering moths,
 Dazzled by our light,
 The High Juniors appear as butterflies
 Attaining dizzy height.
 Low Juniors seem like June bugs,
 Poor silly, witless things,
 The High Sophs look like infant birds
 Before they spread their wings.
 Low Sophs appear as caterpillars,
 Beginning to awake,
 High Freshmen seem like foolish flies
 But Low Freshmen "take the cake."

POOR FISH IN G. H. S. AQUAR- IUM AS SEEN BY THE SENIORS

THE GOLDFISH

Take my advice. Flash thru school
 In pretty clothes. Let fashion rule.

THE JELLYFISH

I took no part in school affairs
 The other fellows bear my cares.

THE EEL

Slip thru your studies. Don't rack your
 brain,
 Then there's nothing to lose, no troubling
 for gain.

THE SHARK

If you would pass in every test,
 Be a shark, and pump the rest.



!Owky Wew Wew!

4



They Roll Their Own



Ain't She Sweet?

A



The Eight-legged Leader



Our Barrow



Three Deep



Fashionable Flappers



Dipper Debs



It's the Cue that Counts



The Landing of the Pilgrims



Gypsy Dancers

4



Father and Daughter

B



From Old Vienna



"A hah"
The Hero Kneels



The Big Parade



"Sh-h"
Bumski Rumski



"Officers"



And He's Married



"The Fighting Irish"



The Three Graces



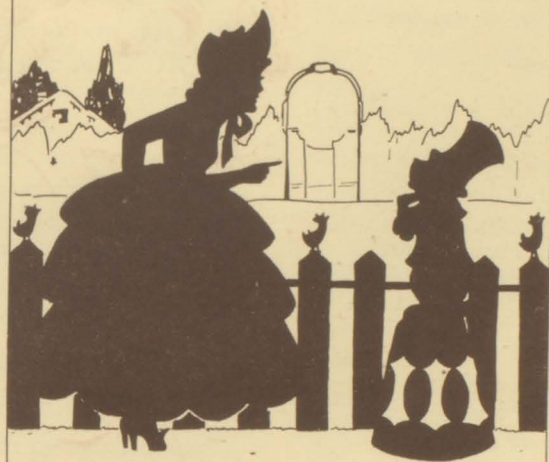
With hair unruly and eyes alight,
With rosy cheeks and ribbons bright,
On Pigtail Day a senior miss
Is full of joy and untold bliss.



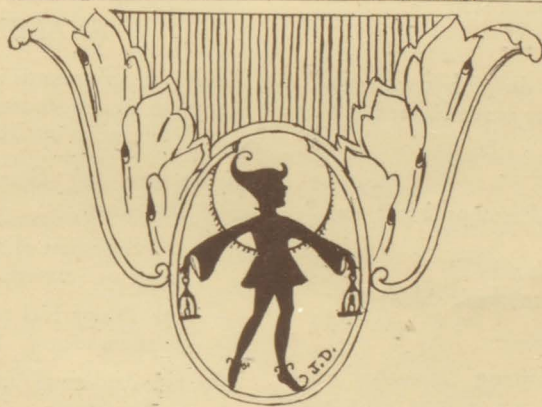
J'27



HUMOR



E BURNELL



T H E J O U R N A L

A huge pile of books means she's greener,
So you razz the Freshman lass.
But! No books at all mean she's a Senior!
"He laughs best who laughs last!"

Mrs. Baer: "Does history repeat itself?"
Marian: "Yes, it does—if you flunk it."

Purchaser of auto: "I just bought an Ash!"

Friend: "Did you say 'Nash'?"

Purchaser: "No, I said 'Ash.'"

Friend: "Well, what's an 'Ash'?"

Purchaser: "A second hand 'Cole'."

Friend: "Well, I bought a Looseleaf. You know a 'Paige'."

Report cards make an awful fuss,
They're really quite a bore,
To tell the truth, I can't make out
Just what we get them for;
They only keep us worried,
And nearly give us fits,
Say! I'd give a million dollars
Just to tear them all in bits!

"Ah at last I am in with the swells,"
quoth the social climber as she fell out of the boat.

Elizabeth: "I've had mumps. Have you?"

Jane: "Yes."

Elizabeth: "On both sides?"

Jane: "No, on my mother's side."

Mr. Offield (explaining "buoyancy" to the class): "Once I saw a man who had been dead ten days, floating down a stream."

Ruth (helpfully): "Was he all black?"

Mr. Offield: "No, he was a Russian."

Heard in gym dressing room on that memorable day, March 8th: "Out,—spot! Out, I say! One two, three—"

Whereupon someone shouted, "Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—Out!" And a Junior won by a knockout.

[seventy-six]

One day my stocking ran so far away I
couldn't catch it.

And all because my teacher wouldn't let me
go and patch it.

And so I had to bid farewell to that dear
sock of mine

Just 'cause my teacher didn't know

"A stitch in time saves nine."

Molly: "Where ya goin'?"

Polly: "T' th' store."

Molly: "Wha' store?"

Polly: "T' th' stashunery store."

Molly: "Wha' fer?"

Polly: "Fer a n'English book."

Somethin' that runs in the best of families
—silk hose.

EXAMINITIS

Definition: Examinitis is a disease very common among students; none are immune. Vaccination ineffective.

Symptoms: (1) General excitement and great fear.

(2) Sensation of weakness and sinking in pit of stomach.

(3) Brains feel swollen, too large for cranium.

(4) Abnormal ambition, sudden mania for cramming.

(5) Sighs and groans. Worse on reflection of condition.

(6) Confusion of mind as if intoxicated; wild, wandering feeling.

Complications: Mental relapse. This may occur anywhere from two weeks to a month after attack subsides. Close watch must be given, as student very often succumbs to this.—Exchange.

THE JOURNAL

FAMOUS PLAYS BY FAMOUS PLAYERS

Marjorie Abrams	Syncopating Sue	Shirley Denison	The Age of Innocence
Carol Ackerman	Her Stately Tread	Alice Dortignac	The Little French Girl
Ellis Aiken	The Novelist	Bernice Dougherty	The Grizzly King
Maurine Amend	Bee's Friend	Claire Ducker	Great Expectations
Marjorie Anderson	The Master Mind	Marva Duke	Quiet but Nice
Rose Arata	Broadway Rose	Marian Eaton	Gentle Julia
Eleanor Ardoin	It	Ruth Elkus	The Reader
Alice Bacigalupi	Angel Face	Marion Felix	Fritzi
Beatrice Barley	Our Girl Friend	Lorraine Feusier	Red and White "Rah"
Dorothy Bass	Tiny	Marie Fitzgerald	Etiquette
Virginia Baum	Enter the Hero	Helen Fraser	Gentlemen Prefer?
Lois Berry	Smilin' Thru	Bernice Friedman	The Individualist
Marie Bloesch	Sniffles	Elaine Garratt	The Spanish Student
Janice Blumenthal	Five-Foot-Two	Ruth Ginley	The Solicitor
Anita Borchardt	Vogue	Adelaide Herman	Inseparables
Justine Bowden	The Student	Dorothy Goldstein	
Kathleen Brady	My Wild Irish Rose	Marion Goodwin	All Around Girl
Carrie Brakebill	From A to Z	Wilmer Grace	A Bright Prospect
Martha Brownell	The Volga Boatman	Grace Gray	Our Mutual Friend
Constance Candevan	The Mind's Eye	Claire Grillo	Como Esta Usted
Elizabeth Cary	The Flirt	Betty Hall	A Red, Red Rose
Lily Chinn	Lotus Blossom	Janet Halpin	Backstage
Dorothy Cohen	The Music Master	Jean Hamilton	The Understanding Heart
Harriett Cohn	Public Speaking	Una Hanson	The Iron Hand
Elise Cohn	Johnny's Helper	Marjorie Harnwell	Personality Plus
Bernice Cole	Confidence	Lilias Harrison	Fair as the Lily
Leona Collins	The School Girl Complexion	Thelma Higgins	Just June
Rose Corey	Greatheart	Mitsu Hironaka	The Shining Star
Ruth Corinson	Impersonation	Lilian Ireland	The Wise Woman
Helene Corkery	The Corporal	Clemence Jacobs	Fashionable Woman
Mazie Crawley	The Co-ed	Mary Jacobs	Brown Eyes
Novel Crowe	Small Edition	Elizabeth Johnson	Fordin' Her Own
Josephine Crowe	The Three Musketeers	Evelyn Joseph	Who'll Buy My Violets?
Emily Kremesec		Mary Jung	The Silent Girl
Frances Miser		Lily Katz	Kitty
Marie Da Col	The Lawyeress	Minnie Kern	Helpful Henry
Dorothy Dalton	The Thinker	Alice Ketcham	Freshie Jimmy
Marjorie D'Amico	Art For Art's Sake	Nell Keyes	Flapperette
Estelle Davis	The Civics Lover	Bernice Klaber	The Beloved Saint
Jeanne Deffenbaugh	The Musical Revue	Marion Kronenberg	Fran's Better Half
Alpha de Montes	The First Violin	Frances Plunkett	The Better Half

x = girl
y = boy
z = chapters
1 + y + z = missing
4 + y - z = missing
Beth Warner

THE JOURNAL

Annette Krueckel	Spice of Life	Kazu Sato	Cherry Blossom
Bessie Landecker	The Model Man	Flora Savio	The Happy Comrade
Nora Langridge	Tried and True	Helen Saxon	The Actress
Sara Lee	The Wonder Girl	Dorothy Schas	The Speed Demon
Nancy Leonard	Genuine Girl	Barbara Schmidt	The Jester
Evelyn Levison	Extrovert or Introvert	Henriette Schwindt	O! Henry!
Jane Levison	The Nervous Wreck	Loretta Schort	The Fun Maker
Rose Livingston	Coquette	Helen Schraubstadter	Helen of Troy
Lillian Lipschultz	Tillie the Toiler	Dorothy Sheehan	The Seamstress
Ida Loo	Daintiness	Margaret Sheerin	Giggles
Frances McCarthy	The Dangerous Age	Virgilia Short	Cicero
Evelyn Maier	Hairpins! Hairpins!	Josephine Simpson	Class, Attention!
Minnette Mann	Dancers from Paris	Carolyn Smith	Flying High
Clemencia Santa Cruz		Florence Smith	The Scholar
Anita Markowitz	Slow and Easy	Mildred Smith	Our Reserve From the Reserve
Teresa Martin	Ain't She Sweet	Anna Stephanatos	The Adventurous Lady
Martha Mazela	Conscientiousness	Evelyn St. John	Modern Portia
Mary Beth McClean	Young April	Adela Strudlowski	Little Eva
Margaret McMurray	Star Gazer	Elsie Temme	Sweet Girl Graduate
Amelia Meyer	The Lovely Lady	Clara Theune	Sandy
Gladys Mitchell	The Poor Little Sick Girl	Evangeline Thomain	Sentimental Tommy
Dorothy Morden	Mother's Little Helper	Edwina Thornton	Going! Going! Gone!
Dorothy Neiman	The Brightener	Ruth Tillman	Sophisticated
Barbara Nordquist	Sincerity	May Tormey	A Great Success
Margaret O'Brien	Pink Teas	Ito Tsukada	The Nightingale
Edith O'Connor	Quiet and Demure	Rita Van Straaten	Bound to Win
Oleta O'Connor	Jack of all Trades	Alice Von Soosten	Twelve Pound Look
Loretta O'Donnell	Expert Anticipator	Charlotte Walker	Miss Evasive
Janice Oppenheimer	The Age of Romance	Ray Wall	A Friend's Friend
Eunice Otwell	The Dancing Star	Beth Watson	The Joyous Wayfarer
Aimee Paston	Love 'em and Leave 'em	Marie White	Gaiety Girl
Celia Penziner	Venus of Venice	Elizabeth Wilson	Master of Ceremonies
Gwendolyn Philips	Gypsy Sweetheart	Marianne Wilson	"Pep"
Lois Plummer	The Perfect Blonde	Daisy Wong	The Twinkler
Aline Raas	Love Set	Ella Zak	Secrets
Anne Rothbach	A Constant Racket		
Ella Rusz	Still Water		

Dearest:
Here's loads of
love and kisses to
the best readers you
ever had. May you always be
your little friend
Sylvia O'Connell successful.

Charlie Dally
Lotta Love,
Lotta Love,
and Lotta Love
Edna Classical.

Love and Best Wishes

Wishes

Bana Ross

Kelley Vickery

Most Sincerely
Annulo E. Schmin

I am sincerely
your friend
Glad. Greenawald 529

But wishes
for a brilliant
future.

Autographs

When months and years
have glided by,
And on this page you
cast your eye,
Remember that a friend
sincere
Has left a kind remem-
brance here.

Bringley
Hortzie.

In your chimney
of affection regard
me as a brick
Love to a darling
girl of J. 29
Bernice Solares

Dear Dollie:
I wish you
the best of success and
happiness in your
remaining years
it B. H. S. and
after.
tried
Salome

To our
spinet little girl
all the luck and love in
the world — from
Betty (Chinaman 1st)

P.S. I should love to have
you write to me and I'll surely
write back. So here's my ad-
dress — Take it or leave it!
862 81st Ave. S. F. Cal. U.S.A.

Dollie, I hope you may
have just odds of luck
and success.
Looking by,
Jane Young
5-27.

Love to a girl with
lots of curly hair. (Hoping
don't knock you out
again) June 1880 U.S.A.

Love and best wishes to
Dollie
Ruth Miller

To Dolly -
Remember
me as a friend
"Always"
"Dorothy"

Autographs

Love from
Teresa



Dear Dolly -
I'm hoping you
have lots and lots of
luck in the future
"Love"
"Dorothy"

Sincerely
Gleaham.

Wishing you loads of luck
Dorothy
Carr J'29

Lot of luck and sweet
wishes!

P.T. Dyer

Lots of luck and
love from your
locker partner

Lillian Larson

Best wishes,
Laura Truitt.

Yours truly
Ceclyn Phelps.

Lots of love
Billie Levi

Sincerely
Borgny Drange J'29

Dearest Dolly -
I hope you'll never
forget me -
Loveingly Emma
Wagner

Dearest Dolly,
I love you & I hope you love me
if so, nothing can split
our love in two.

Margaret Feisel J'29

Sincerely
Harriette Hunt
I don't know what
to write

Love to Dolly
from Harriette Verbay.
234-12th Avenue
San Francisco.
Please write to
Dorothy

M. Heryson





