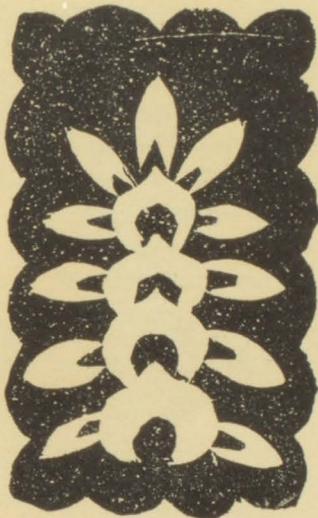


To Miss Jones, Miss McDermott, and Mr. McGlynn, of the Art Department; Miss Roth, of the Literary Department; and Miss Hesselberg, of the Managerial Department, the "Journal" offers its thanks for their splendid work on this book.

The
JOURNAL



PUBLISHED DECEMBER 1927
BY THE STUDENT BODY OF
THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

TO MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE

IN loving thanks for all the service done,
 For all the willing toil now in the past,
 We dedicate this little gift to one
 Who, to our hearts, in friendship is bound fast.
 We ask her only to accept this book,
 And treasure it, for in it lies the art
 Of giving to a friend from whom we took
 All that she gave, in mind, and soul, and heart—
 The endless knowledge only she could give,
 The wondrous patience which was e'er the same,
 The care, the effort which will always live
 In honored junction with her splendid name.
 May her least wish and closest heart's desire
 Be realized. May life's joy for her ne'er fade,
 And may her path lead ever upward, higher
 Unto the heights where we, her friends, have laid
 Upon the altar of our great regard,
 An offering of merited respect,
 Which stands alone, and ever will, unmarred,
 A monument to that great intellect.

ALICE REINHART, *Low Four.*



T H E J O U R N A L

THE FACULTY

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 MISS LAURA DANIEL, *Vice-Principal*

MISS EVELYN ARMER		Head English Department
MRS. ROSE BAER		English, History
MRS. MILDRED BICKEL		German
MISS HELEN BOVARD		Mathematics
MISS EDITH BROWNING		English
MISS NAN BURKE		Hygiene
MISS ELLA CASTLEHUN	<i>Alla Castlehun</i>	History of Art, Mathematics
MR. MARTIN CENTNER		Head Latin Department
MISS LEONORA CLARK		Physical Education
MISS LAURA DANIEL		Head Mathematics Department
MISS ALICE DE BERNARDI	<i>Alice de Bernardi</i>	Spanish, History
MISS MARGARET DOUGHERTY		Science
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MISS MARION JONES		Drawing
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MISS AILEEN KISSANE		History
MISS OTTILIA KOHLBERG		History
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY		Sewing
MISS ESTHER LEE		Mathematics
MISS ESTELLE MALONEY	<i>Estelle L. Maloney</i>	English
MISS MARY MEEHAN		Commercial
MISS FLORENCE MORGAN		Household Art, History
MISS ELIZABETH McDERMOTT		Drawing
MRS. MARY McGLADE		Music
MR. THOMAS McGLYNN		History of Art, Drawing
MISS MARIE McKINLEY		Mathematics
MISS RUTH OAKES	<i>Ruth E. Oakes</i>	Physical Education
MISS HELEN O'BRIEN		English
MR. LORENZO OFFIELD		Science
MISS HELEN PAPAN		Spanish
MISS MURIEL PETTIT	<i>Muriel Pettit</i>	Science
MISS EDNA REEVES		Science
MISS HELEN REVOY		French
MISS HELEN RHINE		Librarian
MISS HELEN ROSENBERG		Physical Education
MISS NATALIE ROTH		English
MR. ERNESTO SALZMANN		French
MISS ISABEL SANDY		Commercial, History
MISS CLARA STARK		Latin, History
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN		Sewing
MISS PAULA SWARM		Science
MISS HARRIET TABOR		Sewing
MRS. LAURA THARP		Physical Education, Dramatics
MISS EMMELINA WALKER		Italian, Spanish
MISS LYDIA WALKER		Italian, Spanish
MISS SHIRLEY WARD		Science
MISS LENA WILLIAMS		English
MRS. ALICE WILSON	<i>Alice Wilson</i>	French, Spanish

FOREWORD

HOW varied, how awing, how significant are trees! What thoughts, what hopes, what regrets they bring to one's mind! Trees—tall and straight, bent and gnarled, strong and growing, weak and dying. How like ourselves they are—the handiwork of the Unknown put here on earth, endowed with marvelous gifts—put here to accomplish some purpose in life. There is beauty in all trees, whether they be straight or twisted, tender or tough.

Are we not much the same? Some of us may seem stronger and better and more beautiful than the rest. Others may seem even ugly and unattractive, but always we are human beings—creatures of God. Some may have had struggles for existence and so are hardy and strong. The winds of time, the many pernicious diseases and consuming parasites of life may have battled with us and lost, leaving us bent and gnarled like the beautiful cypress. Others may have been pampered and protected through an easy growth and have come out tall and straight, like the stately poplar. But always there is that truth flowing in our veins, like the sap of a tree, giving us life and love, the truth that we are God's work and that therefore there is good in us.

The roots and trunk of the publication of THE JOURNAL of December, 1927, have grown up out of this appropriate analogy. It is hoped that, by virtue of the hard labor and honest thought which have nourished this work and overcome its many obstacles, THE JOURNAL of December '27 will prove strong as the majestic redwood and beautiful as the silvery fir, and that it will be deeply rooted in the fertile soil of Memory. May it be a flourishing and fruitful work!

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

CONTENTS

DEDICATION	-	-	-	-	-	4
FACULTY	-	-	-	-	-	5
FOREWORD	-	-	-	-	-	6
CLASSES	-	-	-	-	-	9
LITERATURE	-	-	-	-	-	31
PUBLICATIONS	-	-	-	-	-	45
ORGANIZATIONS	-	-	-	-	-	53
ACTIVITIES	-	-	-	-	-	65
FEATURE	-	-	-	-	-	73
HUMOR	-	-	-	-	-	77

SENIOR CLASS SONG

("Serenade" from "The Student Prince")

Now the time has come to leave you;
From your cover we must go!
Dim are our eyes,
And heavy our hearts,
As the parting hour draws nearer!
Happy days we'll always treasure—
Joyous, carefree memories!
Dear Girls High!
Now the time has come to leave you,
And we must say "Goodbye!"

STELLA HAIL, *High Four.*



CLASSES



A. BRITTON

HIGH SENIORS

If constant excellence in scholarship and in every line of school activity during four years indicate that the members of the class with these attributes will blossom into famous personages, then the High Senior Class is composed almost entirely of authors, artists, athletes, and orators, whose diverse talents will soon become apparent to the world at large.

For these same talents have long been known to Girls High.



STELLA HAIL

Ever since they, a band of unusually intelligent-looking Freshmen, made the astounding and disillusioning discovery that there is no swimming pool on the roof garden, December '27 has been prominent in sports, debating, and all organizations which require ingenuity and intelligence.

In their junior year they burst forth into resplendent glory by winning the S. P. A. Field Meet trophy, and producing that memorable operetta, "Bits 'o Blarney."

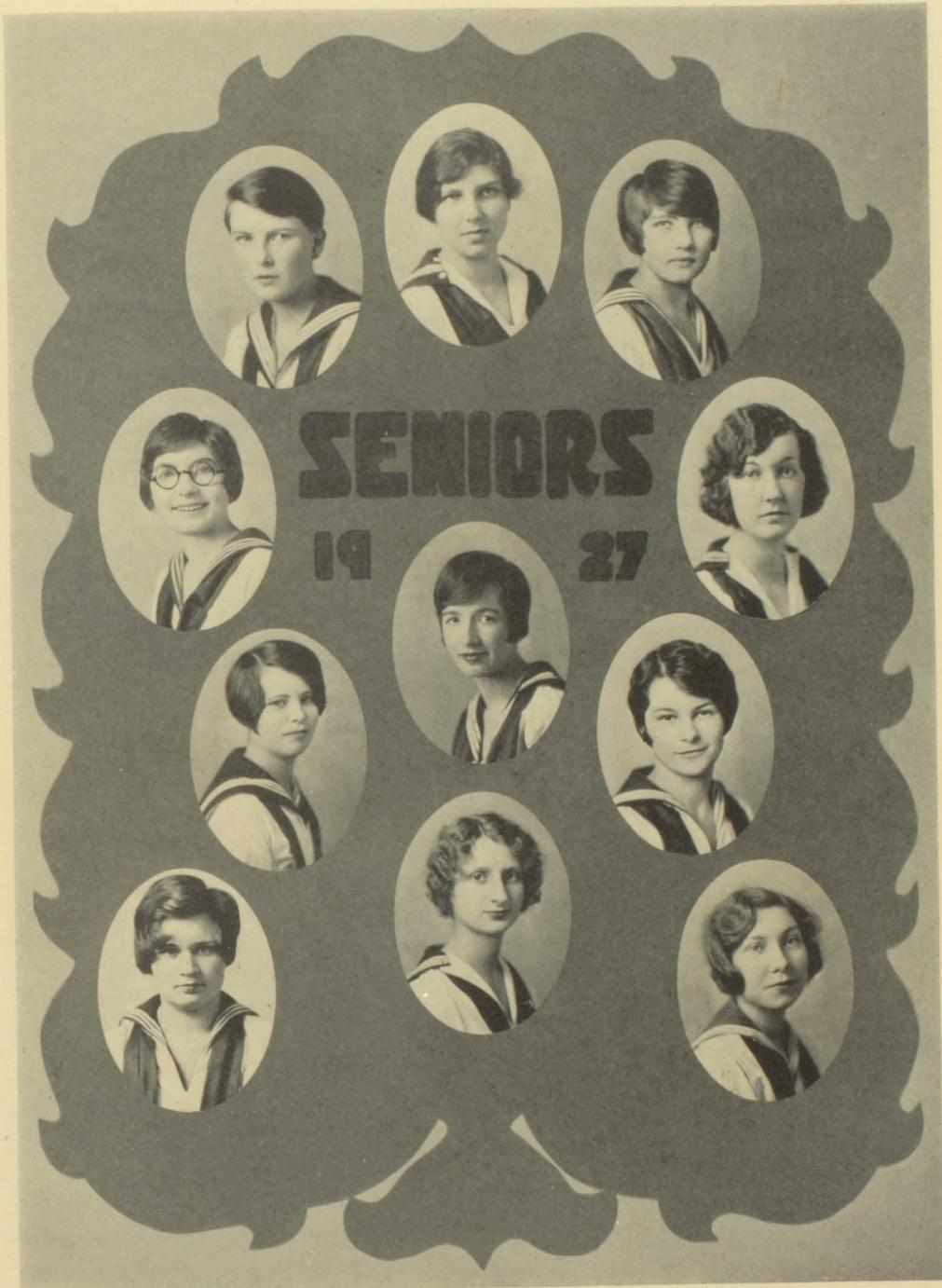
In 1927 the climax of their achievements was reached with Stella Hail as President. A few of the high spots that marked the success of the Seniors this term were: the Freshmen Reception, Pigtail Day, and

the class play, "Carrie Comes to College," a musical comedy remarkably acted by the dramatic artists of the class—Janice Edger, Otilie Higgins, Hetty Nagel, Veronica McGaffigan, Lorayne Christensen, Bertha Levin, Georgiana Lewis, Frances Ohlsen, Elizabeth Holland, and Bernice McLaughlin.

In debating, Elisabeth Larsh carried off all available honors as Captain of the "Big Team."

The leaders and prominent members of the various clubs were supplied by the High Senior Class.

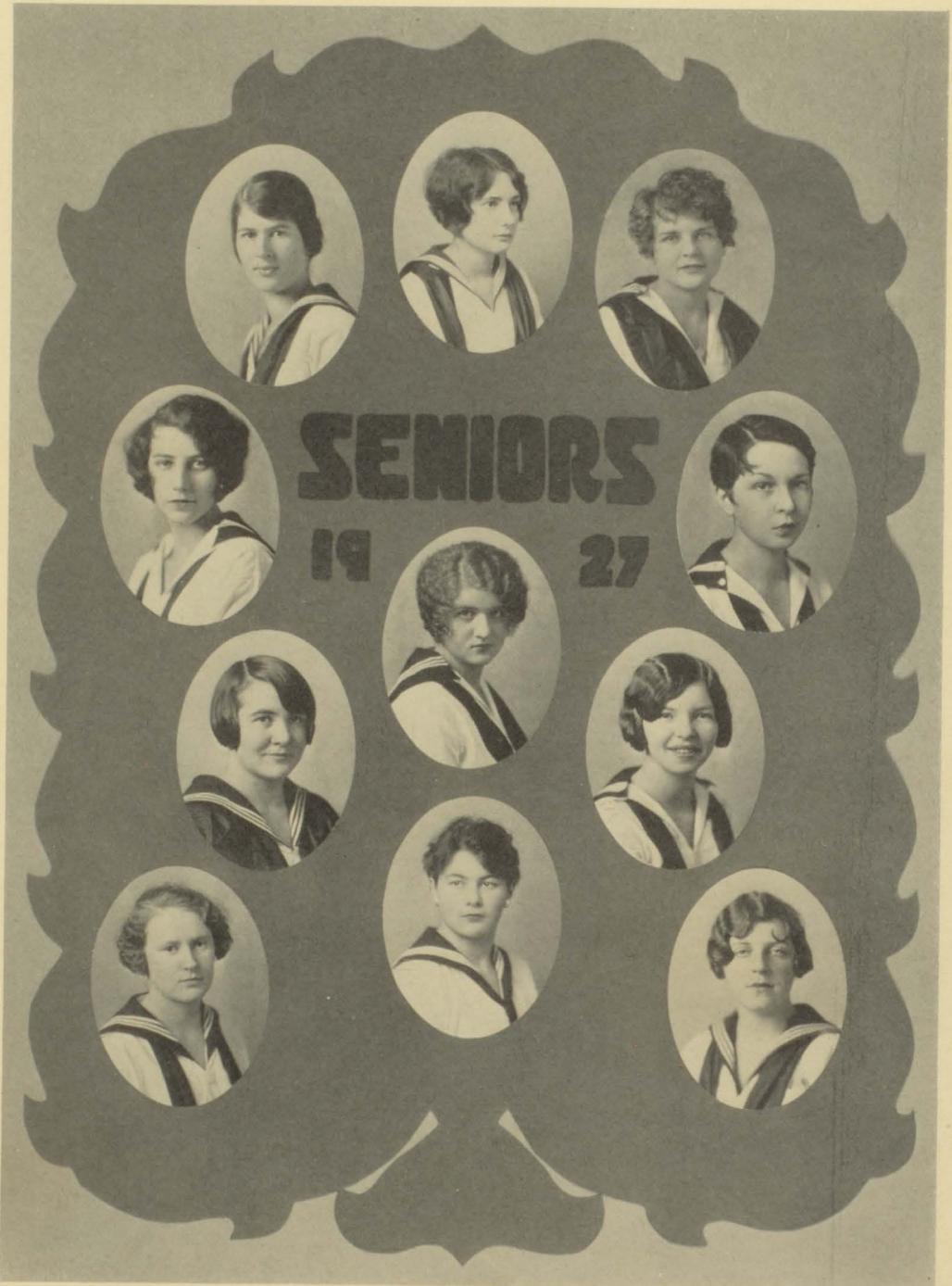
Therefore, December '27, in upholding the high ideals of its Alma Mater, has established an undying reputation for itself and has added to the glory of the school.



LORRAINE ANDERSON
ANNA ROSE ASHER
HELEN BACHELDER
ISABEL BADT

FRANCES BAER
PHYLLIS BEAR
FANNIE BARRETT

ESTHER BERK
MARGARET BERRY
EDITH BERTICEVICH
SARA BLAKE



CONSTANCE BLOCKLEY
EVELYN BLOOM
EDNA BROWNING
MARJORIE CARTER

MARIE CASTAING
RUTH CERF
DORIS CHEVESICH

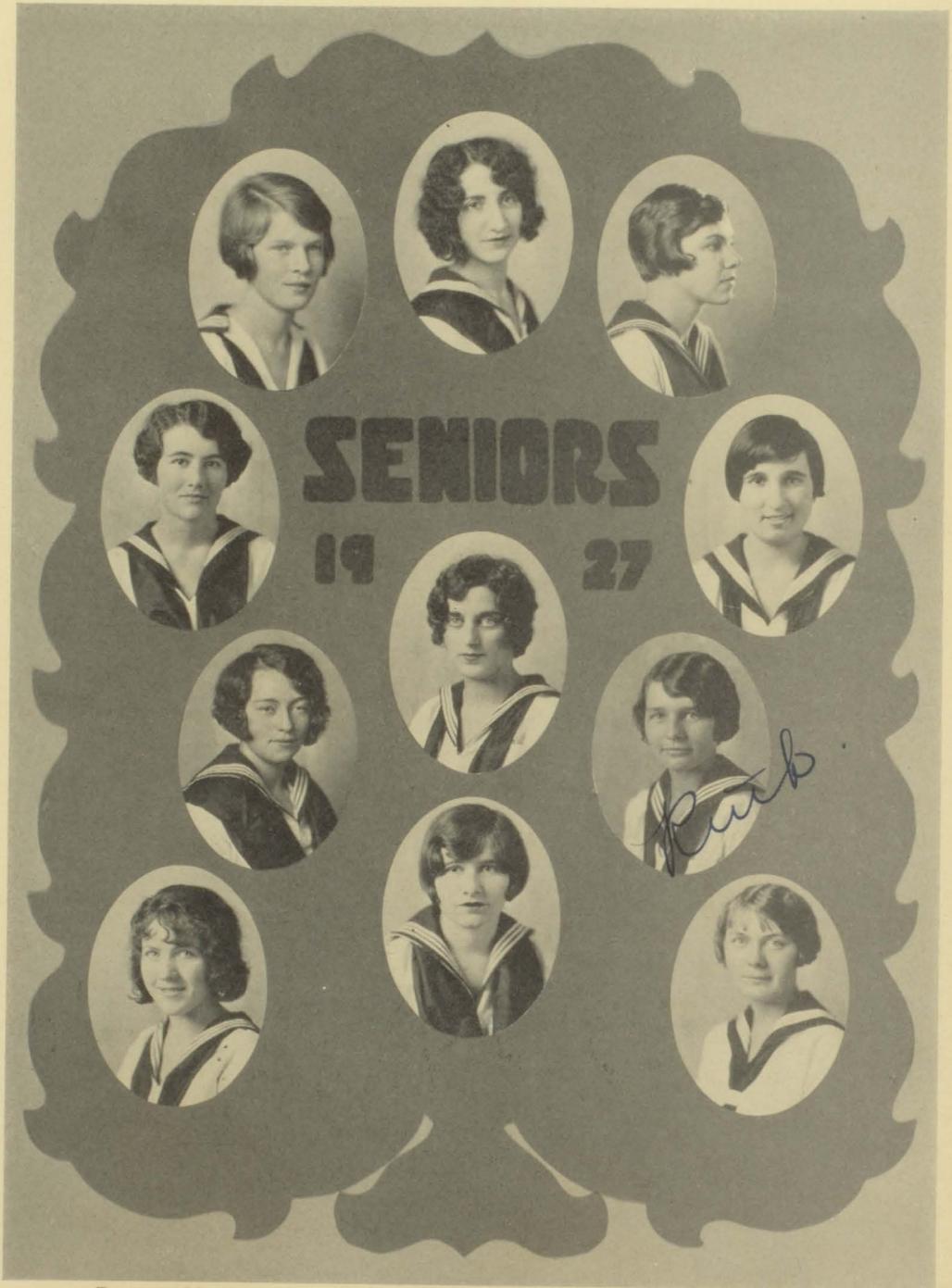
LORAYNE CHRISTENSEN
JEAN CHRONISTER
HELEN COMBS
DOROTHY COOK



IDA CROSS
MIRIAM CUSHMAN
BESSIE DUNCAN
JANICE EDGER

CATHERINE FEISEL
ESTHER FOLEY
FLORENCE GETZ

DORIS GRANTLAND
STELLA HAIL
JEANNETTE HARRIS
MURIEL HAUER

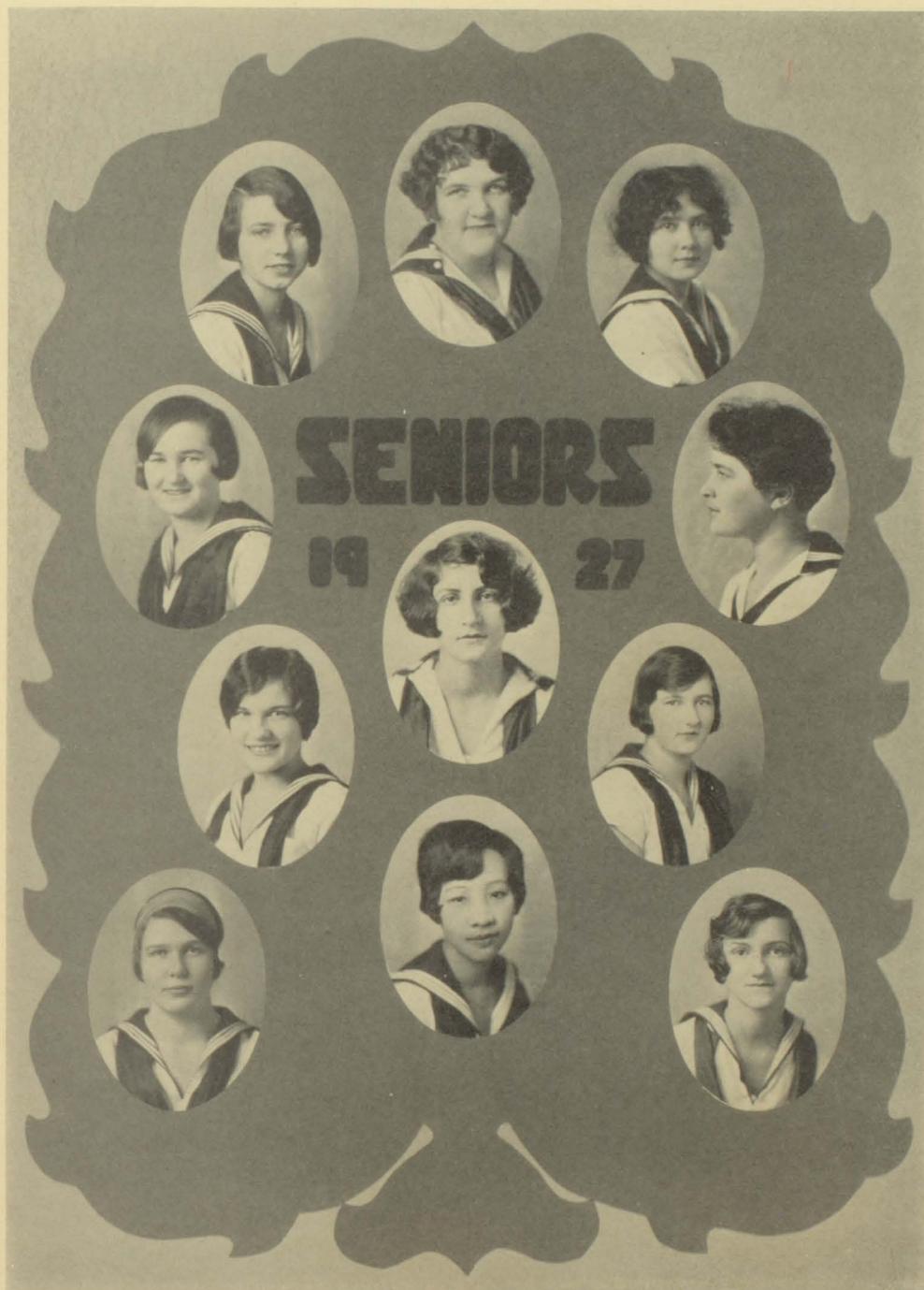


SENIORS
19 27

DOROTHY HENNING
OTTILIE HIGGINS
ELIZABETH HOLLAND
ANNA HORMAY

ADELE HYMAN
MIRIAM ISAACS
ELEANOR ISOLA

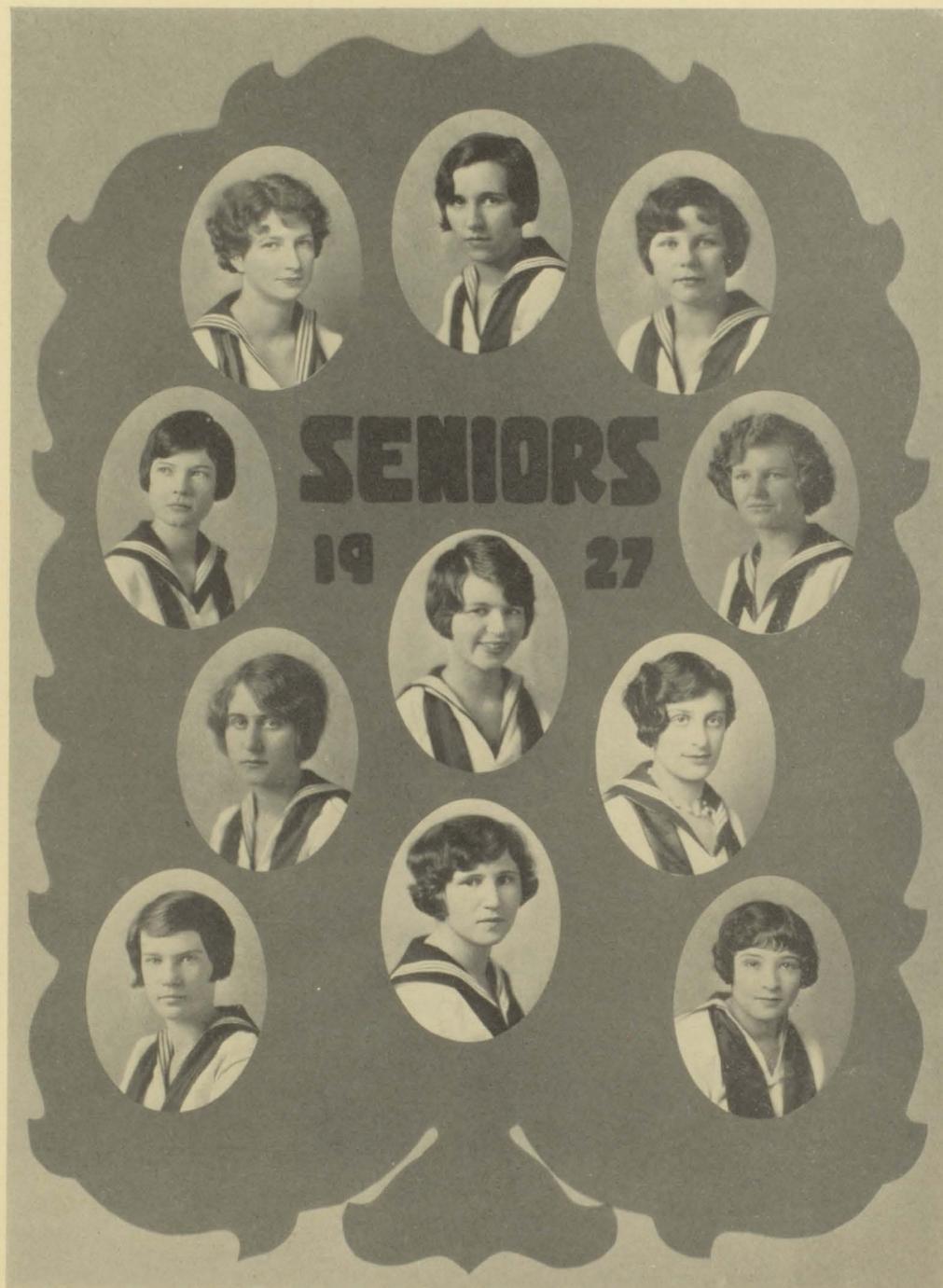
BETTY JACKMAN
MURIEL JACOBS
RUTH JOHNSON
MYRTLE KAUFMANN



MURIEL KELLY
MARTHA KIRKPATRICK
MARGARET KRUSE
ELISABETH LARSH

VIRGINIA LEARY
DORIS LEE
GERTRUDE LEE

MARIA LEITE
BERTHA LEVIN
GEORGIANA LEWIS
ZADELLE LINSEY



JANICE MABRY
MARGUERITE MAGEE
KATHERINE McCULLOCH
MATILDA McCULLOCH

VERONICA McGAFFIGAN
FRANCES McGUIRE
BERNICE McLAUGHLIN

CAROL MEANEY
EVELYN MERRELL
SYLVIA MYERS
EVELYN MIRALDA



PALMYRA MOLINI
VIVIAN MOORE
EDNA F. MORRIS
HILDRED MORRIS

GERTRUDE MOSKOVITZ
MARY MYERS
HETTY NAGEL

EVELYN NELSON
VIRGINIA NIKOLAUS
ANNE O'HARA
FRANCES OHLSEN



CATHERINE PATRIDGE
JEANNETTE PECK
LILLIAN PETERSON
LOUISE PINKUS

LILLIAN QUOCK
MURIEL RICHARDS
GERTRUDE RIEN

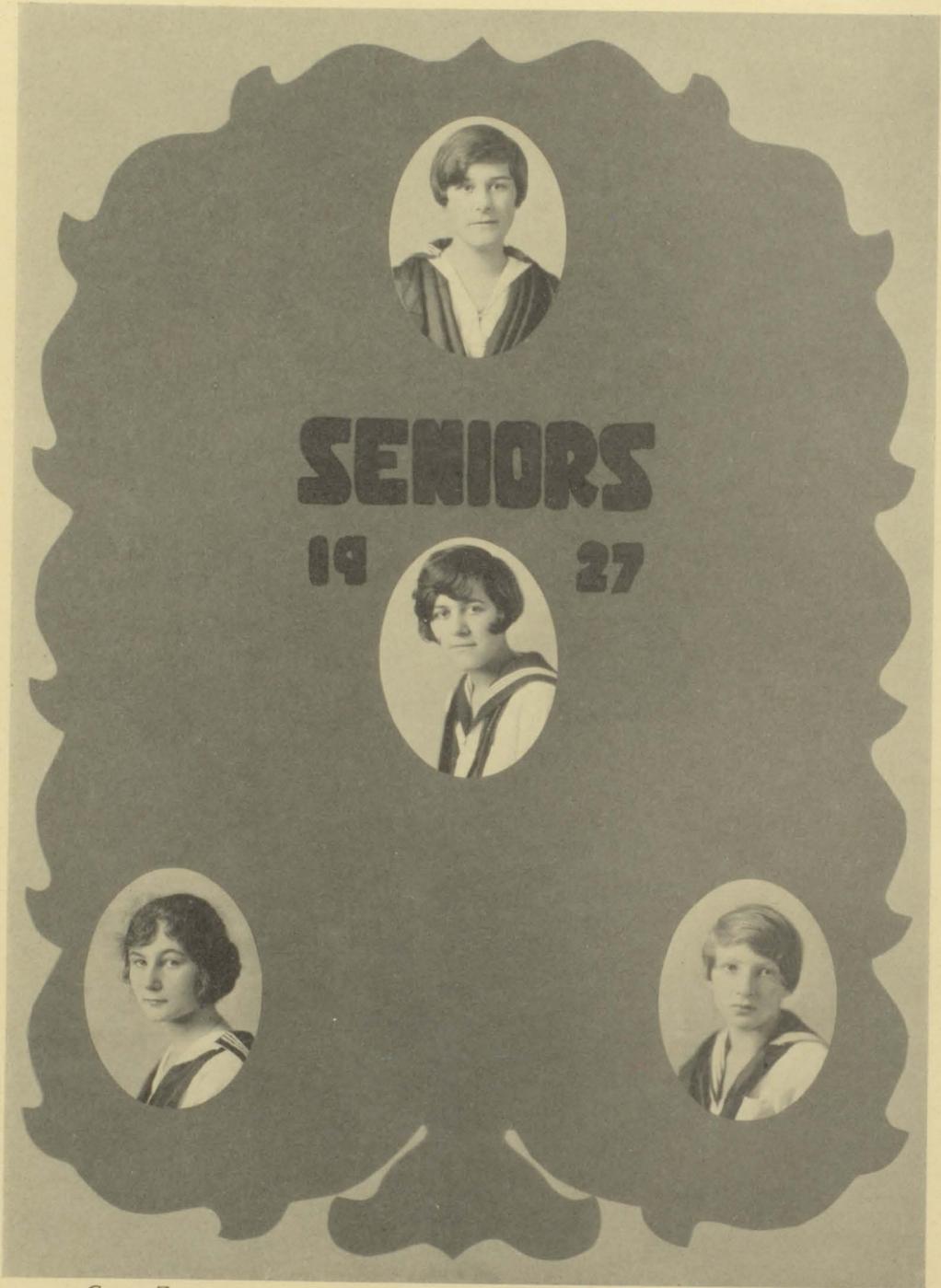
ROSE ROTHMAN
DORIS RUFFINO
DOROTHY SCHARLIN
ANITA SCHMIDT



BERNICE SEIFKE
MARIE SEREBROF
SHIRLEY SILBERSTEIN
ELEANOR SLATER

FLORENCE E. SMITH
VIVIAN TAYLOR
MARJORY THOMSON

ELIZABETH TRAVIS
BARBARA VAN RONKEL
HELEN VIDA
VIOLET WONG



GALINA ZAGORSKY

MATILDA ZECK
MARY ELIZABETH RISK

LILLIAN ZELLERBACH



FLO+JAN



- FAMOUS FOUR -



PREXY+BOB-CUTE.

PICTAIL DAY



TWO BABIES
(BOTH PREXIES)



TILLIE+FRAN.



JUS' KIDS



THREE UVA KIND



"CURLS"



"THMACK!"



JUST WE BABIES



"SIDE-BY-SIDE"

*my friend
me
my friend
me
again*

LOW SENIORS

THE Low Seniors, living up to the traditional glory of the "*Highest and Mightiest*," have made another niche for themselves in Girls High's Tree of Fame. Under the able administration of Doris Doepfner they have made a splendid showing.

The class of June '28 carried off the honors on S. P. A. Day. After a hard fight, their girls came out victorious and captured the coveted trophy, thus maintaining the high standards of their class.



DORIS DOEPFNER

The Low Seniors took an active part in school administration. They are proud of the fact that four of their class-mates were on the Executive Council—Beverly Fisher, Vice-President of the Student Body; Helen Wright, Secretary of the Student Body; Ruth Helen Abraham, Club Commissioner; and Helen Brown, Cafeteria Commissioner.

This class has shown great enthusiasm in supporting the school activities; it is always among the first to attend performances and raise money.

At the Activities Rally under their peppy leaders, Dorothy Arnall and Anne Levin, the Low Seniors again broke a school record for spirit and originality.

High scholarship is another point on which they pride themselves. They prophesy that next June the list of honor students will be unusually long. It may well be said of the Low Seniors: first in scholarship, first in activities, and first in the pride of their school.

Many more things could be said in favor of this record-holding class, but, as a wise man once said, "Actions speak louder than words," and the whole school is willing to acclaim that the Low Senior Class is one of the best in Girls High.

JOURNAL TRIO



BEFORE

"DORDIE" + THE CARROT



AND — AFTER

STELLA

4B
4A



BUMP!!

SPORTY SENIORS



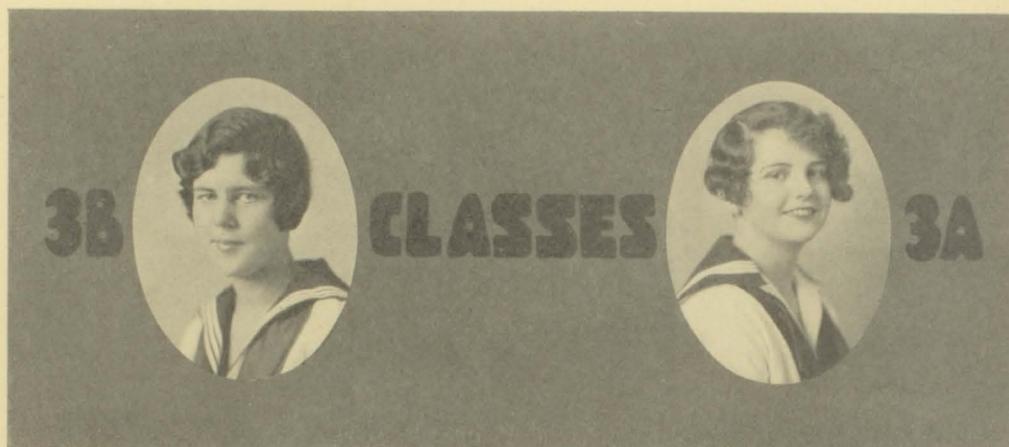
4AS-RAH!



GRANDMA ETHEL



SIX SOME



MARION MORTON

MARTHA SMITH

HIGH JUNIORS

Realizing the importance of competent class officers, the High Juniors elected Marion Morton, President; Marguerite Siem, Vice-President; Emily Sweetser, Secretary; Frances Coyne, Treasurer; Dorothy Raymond, Cheer Leader; and Agnes Silver, MIRROR Reporter. These girls capably guided them through the shoals of the Junior Rally.

This production, with its sweeping success, cannot soon be forgotten. The class was always known to be exceptionally clever and wide-awake, but this term gave them their first opportunity to display their class characteristics as a whole. Besides presenting one of the most popular rallies the school has ever attended, they were well represented in all school activities and maintained a high standard of scholarship. Girls High has every right to look forward to still greater accomplishments from the Class of December '28.

LOW JUNIORS

The Low Threes, class of June '29, know they're the best class in G. H. S. So does everybody else.

Mary McGinn tied for first place in the Individual Speaking Contest, and Cecile Kaufman came in third. That is Spunk!

The Low Three Sport Dance, on November 4, was a huge success. That is Pep!

The class officers, headed by the President, Martha Smith, are their trusty guiding stars. They are: Vice-President, Beatrice von Ende; Secretary, Juel Young; Treasurer, Bernie Durham; Cheer Leader, Relda Levy; and MIRROR Reporter, Jane Knight, and have led the class with splendid enthusiasm and ability. That is Efficiency!

With Spunk, Pep and Efficiency, and the class itself, what else could be expected but success?



JAZZIES



"DISMAL DESMOND"

3B
3A



MARION



JUS' MUSICIANS



TALENTED TRIO



*Roads of
Love to a
charling sister
of Agnes
Edna*



MARTHA "ME"



OH-O-O COLUMBINE



SWEET? REP.





MARIAN PHILLIPS

ROSE MARIE KIERNAN

HIGH SOPHOMORES

"High Twos are always on the top." This is their motto, and this term, as always before, they have lived up to it.

To start the term right they elected Marian Phillips, President, and she has shown by her efficient work that they made a wise choice. In the Dramatic Club play, "The Romancers," a High Two, Janet Dickhoff, was the leading lady; and Helen Eisner, another High Two, was Secretary of the Journal Club. The improvement of the "caf" is partly due to the diligence of Barbara Prince, who is assistant "caf" commissioner.

Under the guidance of the class officers—President, Marian Phillips; Vice-President, Marion Nathan; Secretary and Treasurer, Janet Dozier; Cheer Leader, Marion Pausen; and MIRROR Reporter, Rhoda Horn—the class is surely "on the top."

LOW SOPHOMORES

The Low Sophs have reason to be proud of themselves, with Rose Marie Kiernan, President; Ana Santa Cruz, Vice-President; Madelyn Kelly, Secretary; Katherine Keith, Treasurer; Elizabeth Muller, Cheer Leader; Eva Bailey, Assistant Cheer Leader; and Ethel Goss, MIRROR Reporter.

They are represented in all the school activities. In debating, Syra Nahman is paving her way to success; in the S. P. A., the Low Twos boasted a very peppy basketball team; and in the Activities Rally, they sang and cheered with all their might, so proving that they are up and coming.

They have set high standards of scholarship, and are proud that they are represented on THE JOURNAL staff by Barbara Cummings.

The Low Sophomores are one of the best all-around classes in Girls High.



WAZZIZ?



TENNIS TEAM



FRIENDS



PREX



CREW TRIO

2B
2A



DEBATERS



YELL LEADER



PLAYFUL PIRATES



GOLF TEAM



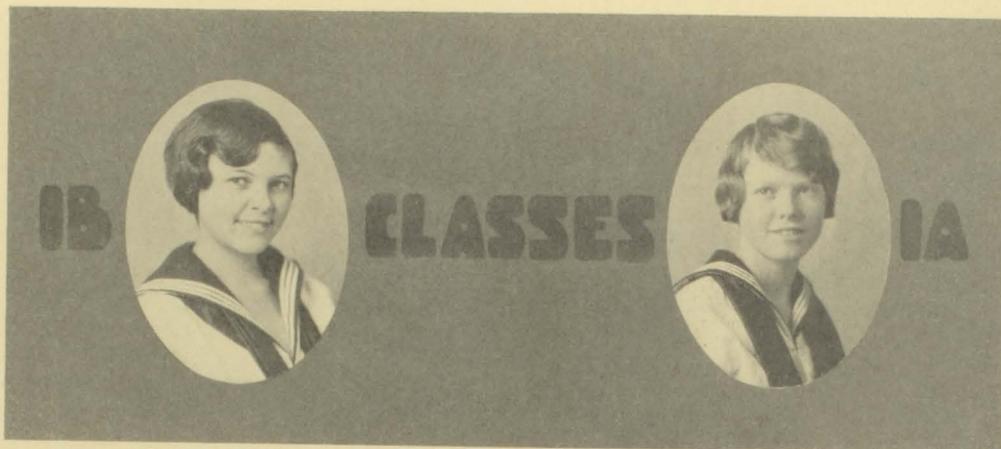
CAROL



PURPLE TROJANS



ANNA



CLAUDIA MULLEN

DOROTHEA MATURIN

HIGH FRESHMEN

The High Ones are found in all the school organizations, excelling in everything that they do, just as one would expect after their snappy Low One term.

They have produced several debating stars, among whom are Dorothy Travers, Florence Johnson, and Lois Lees; and their basketball team has won many victories, making even the mighty Seniors fight for their game. In the Dramatic Club some budding actresses have been discovered—Mary Haran, Antoinette Zellerbach, Consuela Bley, and Claudia Mullen.

Not all the talented members of the class need be mentioned, because everyone knows that the Class of December '30 is the gem of the school.

The class officers are: President, Claudia Mullen; Vice-President, Dorothy McFadden; Secretary, Mae Fishstrom; Treasurer, California Young; and Cheer Leader, Catherine Lutich.

LOW FRESHMEN

The Freshies have completed their first six months with remarkable success, displaying pep and enthusiasm in all their activities.

They have chosen able leaders for their officers, with Dorothea Maturin as President.

There are several debating geniuses in the class—Patsy English, Sylvia Rosenstein, and Paloma Williams—who have already distinguished themselves as future "Big Team" stars.

On S. P. A. Day, the Freshmen did themselves proud by coming in third in the relays; and their yells, led by their clever cheer leader, "Rusty" Kass, were very snappy.

Several members of the class were in the "Feast of the Little Lanterns" and "Alice in Wonderland." In the International Club play, "The Little Match Girl," Mary Elizabeth Wright had the leading role.

A class of prodigies!

Woogy



JUS' FRESHIES.



SEXTETTE



VICE-PREX



WE TWO

IB
IA



REP.



THE DUET



CLAUDIA



YNEZ



MERRY MAXINE



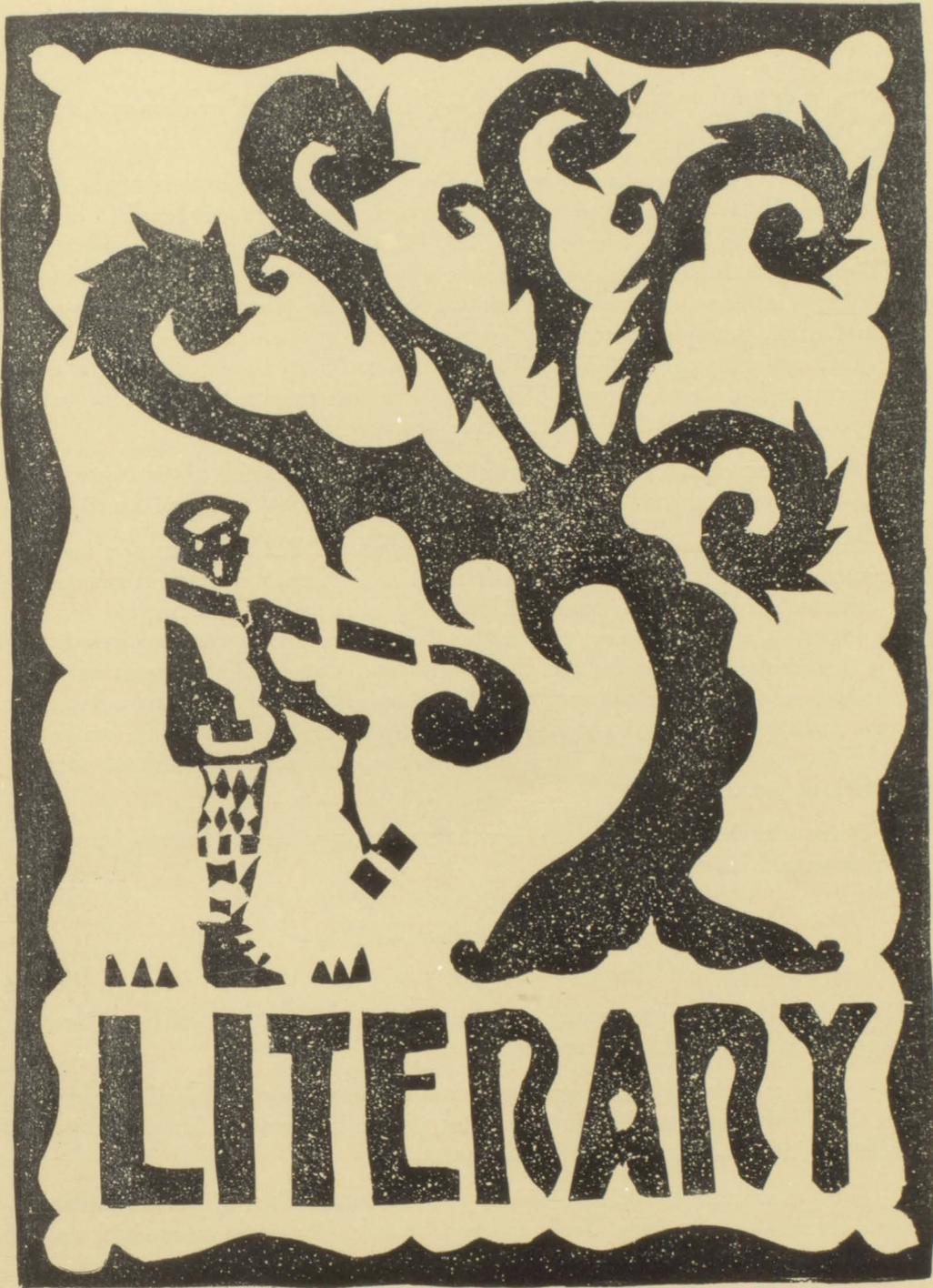
OUR DOT

TO "THE PERFECT ARTIST"

Your perfect soul shines out through radiant eyes,
 The firmness of your will is shown by deeds you've done.
 The fullness of your heart, your well-developed mind
 Are obvious in every act you do, and every word you say.
 The angels: Talent, Ambition, and The-Will-to-Work
 Stood at your infant cradle, all, and wished you well.
 They gave you infinite beauty, and a strength of purpose
 That is hard to conquer, but can over-ride all odds.
 The world is at your feet. Life stretches out her hands
 Full of countless treasures, yours for the taking.
 The greatest prod of all, Great Disappointment, stands by your side;
 He trips you up, and lets you lie, to help yourself arise.
 He lends no helping hand, but in his shifting eyes
 Lies a challenge; and, with your goodness and your worth,
 You climb, not blindly, not falteringly, but with a firm, fast step,
 And raise yourself to heights unknown before.
 Forge on! Let nothing come before yourself and infinite success!
 Behold the future! There lies your Utopia!
 Forge on! Let nothing stop, nor hinder you from holding high your head
 Take up your crosses with a light heart and a joyful soul.
 He is the Victor who beholds in himself Champion of all the Earth!

ALICE REINHART, *Low Four.*





M. MYERS

VIKING BLOOD

BEAUTY! Danger! An irresistible charm! The joy of weathering a storm!
The thrill of power!

That was what the sea meant to David Swanson, captain of the small sailing vessel that had made so many hazardous voyages, but somehow had always returned safely to Boston harbor until 1820. "Captain Dave," as the adoring youth of Boston knew the jovial old seaman who told such fascinating stories, had the blood of Vikings in his veins—freebooters, pirates, and in late years law-abiding captains with all of the courage and none of the lawlessness of their ancestors. The Swansons could not resist the call of the sea. The Captain had lived almost all of his life on the water; he had slipped through Death's clutches innumerable times, but inevitably he would meet his end in Davy Jones' locker; it was an easy way to go.

An endless stretch of greenish blue! The everlasting smell of salt water and ships! Partings! Suspense! Dreadful storms! And the inevitable toll of the sea!

Such was the meaning of the sea to Jane Swanson. The daughter of a lawyer, surrounded by people of quiet intellect and scholarly charm, she had been captivated by Swanson's bold, carefree manner. Confessing quite frankly that his love for her was second to his love for adventure, motion, and the sea, the captain stolidly refused even to consider changing his occupation. So Jane, through all the years of their marriage, suffered all the torments of fear and uncertainty while he was away, and strove pathetically to crowd a year's happiness into a month or so when he was home for brief stays. Jane, however, was decided on one point—their son, Richard, should not feel the lure of the sea.

Eventually the sea took her toll. David Swanson, staunch and fearless, heroically went down with his ship.

* * * * *

Herbert Boyd Swanson, smug, sedate and foppish, directed a well-bred stare at his young son, Edward David Swanson.

If Jane could have seen her great-grandson she would have perceived the obvious fact that Herbert possessed no touch of that urge in the Swanson blood, that overwhelming desire for adventure and achievement.

She had succeeded. For, immediately after her husband's tragic death, Jane had taken her small son to New York, and had brought him up in an atmosphere of culture. She likewise experienced, before she died, the satisfaction of seeing her grandson reared in ignorance of his ancestor's exploits.

And now, in 1927, David and Jane Swanson's great-grandson, a lawyer, conservatively successful, was devoting a little of his valuable time to his ten-year-old boy.

T H E J O U R N A L

"Edward!" Herbert Swanson continued to survey his offspring with that cool, critical glance for which he was famous. "Edward, will you kindly repeat what you just said?"

"I said," explained Edward with a stare as steady as his father's, "that I won't go to that silly old school for nice little sissies! I'm going to be an aviator—I want adventure—I want to do something!"

And, that unconquerable spirit of Captain David Swanson flamed anew.

MATILDA McCULLOCH, *High Four.*



MAY

When May comes, will you be near?
When little tongue-tied brooks are free
To croon again, will you be here—
With me?

Where snow-deliver'd mayflowers lift
Shy heads, shall I hear eager words
From your glad lips—as sweet as swift
As birds?

If May came and you were far,
'Twould be a heavy, hopeless thing.
May comes only when you are
My spring!

HETTY NAGEL, *High Four.*

HE WAS ONLY AN ORDINARY BOY

I F you came across him, working on his small farm, from which he eked a bare living in those days before the war, you would never have given him a second thought unless it was to say, "He is a type." And a type he was, as ordinary as any common-place farmer boy. There was nothing in his dull peasant face, in his common birth, in his uneventful life, caring for his tiny farm and his widowed peasant mother, that distinguished him from any of his neighbors. Then, one day the storm of war burst over their heads!

His country sent out its clarion call to battle. He went, not in any great flame of self-sacrifice nor with any burning patriotism, but with the same calm, matter-of-fact manner he would have had were he going after the cows.

There was the usual amount of drizzling rain; of muddy, dirty roads; of dreary tramp, tramp, tramping, through storms and sunshine, day after day; of the incessant booming of cannons; of the pop-pop of the machine guns; and of the filthy, narrow trenches and dug-outs. He endured all with a stolid, indifferent face. There was no thrill for him in the bayonet charge, no revulsion of feeling, no triumph in a hard-won victory, no horror of the dead and dying, no joy that he was yet alive. He accepted all as he had the monotony of farm life.

He, like the others, had a buddy as ordinary as himself. They marched together and talked together. Neither wrote home, for neither they nor their families could read or write. The incident which ended his ordinary life was common-place enough. It happened every day of the Great War. It was after a charge. He saw his buddy stagger and fall. Perhaps, that one instant, he had a thrill of heroism which, in those last moments of his uneventful life, lifted him out of his rut. Again, it is probable that he saw only his duty and did it—as hundreds of other men did. Anyway he did go to his buddy. As he bent over to lift him something like a flame pierced his body. He, too, staggered and fell over the body of his pal.

When they found him later, he had been dead for hours, but had shielded his buddy, with his own body, from the hail of bullets which had fallen around them. He was laid to rest beneath a little white cross long before the tiny spark which was his buddy's life had been fanned into a steady flame.

Any number of the thousands of "able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45" would have done the same thing. Many did. But then, he was only an ordinary boy.

BARBARA PRINCE, *High Two*.

MANANA

JUAN RODRIGEZ had been a very lazy boy. He had hated to get out of bed in the morning because it felt so cozy and warm to lie there—even in the sparse coverings which his poor old father could provide for the youngest of his many children. He had pulled himself wearily to the kitchen, where he ate his breakfast leisurely. What if he were late to class? Every day he made his way to school slowly, and sat and watched languidly what the others were doing. Tomorrow he would pay more attention, but today he felt very tired.

At night "Papa" came home, wearily complaining of the hard labor that he was forced to do in order to support his family. They led a hand-to-mouth existence, and lived in a dilapidated house near the edge of town. At each complaint, Juan made a mental note to look for some work on the morrow so that he might help the care-worn old man; but, somehow, he never found time to set out on his search. It was so comfortable to sit beside the big, warm oven on cold, wintry days; and so delightfully cool in the cellar beneath the porch during the hot summer.

Never-fulfilled promises continued. The time came when Juan left school—with little knowledge—and had to get out and forage for himself. Life has never been kind to anyone of its own accord, and Juan soon found that it simply would not give him work for the asking.

Later, when he married, Juan promised to get a position where he would make "mucho dinero"; but, strangely, the work never offered itself, nor did he find such labor as would please his leisurely habits. By the time little Carlo and Lola had come into the family the Rodriguez household was in bad straits indeed, and Juan's wife, patient Calia, was an object of pity and constant kindly charity. Juan was not selfish or cruel; he was, in fact, most obliging and kind, always trying to help his wife with her never-ending housework, and to amuse the children by making toys out of fruit stones and tiny pieces of wood. But . . . the work . . . well—he didn't know how it happened; but . . . tomorrow . . .

The children grew up. Patient Calia died of heart-break. Juan became a wrinkled old fellow whose mind was plagued with the dreams of jingling gold that never came his way. Life had stolen away the charm and happiness of youth, and had left only tears and memories for old age.

The day came when Juan's dull life neared its end. He lay motionless on his bed—thinking of what he should have done.

"Tomorrow . . . I will . . ."

Softly and tenderly Carlo and Lola closed the eyes of the old man, who lay like a tired child upon his pallet, his mouth set in a sweet smile as his soul swept on into Eternity.

BERTHA LEVIN, *High Four*.

2027

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! Rat-a-tat-tat! The staccato sounds of a well-played drum rolled out, breaking the quiet of a new day.

"Squads 'shun! Right dress! 'Tention!" bellowed General Davis in his best military voice, after X, Y, and Z Companies had marched into the parade grounds for drill and inspection.

X Company was of the Intelligence Branch; Y, of the Health; and Z, of the Scientific Research of the World Army—an organization which consolidated in the year 2027 the once many nations of the world in an unbreakable brotherhood. The duties of the Army were to better health conditions, to educate, to delve into the mysteries of science, and to exterminate all disease-spreading insects. Men and women served in this organization, the greatest so far known upon the earth.

General Davis, the greatly revered commanding official, after conferring with his staff, was prepared to issue orders. He summoned Captain John Brooks, the stalwart young leader of X Company.

Captain Brooks saluted as he entered. "Yes, General?"

"Captain, I wish you to send one of your most trusted privates on a mission of tremendous importance. It is this: to find the exact location of the Currie Mine, because its output of radium was enormous in former years. It has not been worked recently, and all maps showing its location have been lost. Give orders for your private to fly immediately to longitude 30, latitude 10, proceed east, find the location, and compute approximately the volume of radium in the mine. Equip the private with an X-ray telephoto, synthetic food, and a receiving and transmitting radio."

An hour later Captain Brooks was bidding goodbye to Private Joan Ward, whom, on account of her dependability and efficiency, he had selected for the detail.

"Joan," directed Captain Brooks, after he had given the General's orders, "be careful, won't you? Don't take any unnecessary risks." His tone was not in the least commandatory, and his deep, dark eyes showed a concern that was more than superficial interest in a fellow-soldier.

Joan reassuredly answered, "Don't worry," and fastened the strap of her aviator's cap under the firm little chin, expressive of courage and daring. And it seemed as though the soft glance from her blue eyes and her final confident "goodbye" were more than an impersonal stare and curt farewell in proper military style.

A roar, a swirl of wind, and she was off!

* * * * *

Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! X, Y, and Z Companies filed into the parade grounds to the triumphant clamor of the drums. The assembly was for the purpose of honoring Private Joan Ward and Captain John Brooks.

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

General Davis lauded the heroism of Joan not only in carrying out a hazardous detail but also in discovering the breeding place of disease-spreading insects that had been the scourge of Africa for hundreds of years. After he had likewise praised John Brooks for courageously responding to Joan's desperate S. O. S. and rescuing her, the General pinned badges of honor on both, and announced their promotion in rank.

John gazed into Joan's fascinating eyes and needed no knowledge of mental telepathy to read the message in their depths.

BARBARA CUMMINGS, *Low Two.*



MY PICTURE

I like the deep cool shade
Of sheltering trees,
The forbidding clouds
And uncertain breeze—
Of the picture in Econ
So free!

The thick green grasses
And yellow flow'ry masses
That catch the changing lights
Of the darkening sky—
Of the picture in Econ
I see!

And far at the back
There's a patch of blue.
The clouds slip apart
And the sun shines thru—
Thru the picture in Econ
To me.

JEANNETTE GORMLEY, *High Three.*

APRIL

April is a lady fair
 Who's noted for her tears,
 But they are gratefully received
 Through all the passing years.
 And every tear is like a cup
 Of clear and crystal dew
 That's poured upon the thirsty earth
 Where green is pushing through.

April is a lady fair
 Who's noted for her smile,
 And it is twice as welcome
 When you've seen her tears awhile.
 And every smile is like a hand,
 A very welcome one,
 Which reaches out to early flowers
 When spring has just begun.

MARIA LYNCH, *Low Three.*

NEVER COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY HATCH

Never count your chickens before they hatches out, huh! Wal I heard of thet there proverb once before, and I allow that once was enough for me. Farmer Dan come over a week ago, an' he tol' me ta leave them proverbs alone. As I'm a domer-natin' wermin, I wanted ta know why he should say sech a thing to me.

Wal, he says that he once read the proverb, "Early to bed, an' early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Fool thet he is, he went ta bed so blamed early that he'd slept his seven hours by ten o'clock at night. So he gets up and goes to Pete's, gets in a card game, loses his wealth (even the shirt off his back, mind ye), has a fight and loses his health. But believe me, though, he came out a wise man.

But in spite of this, I discides to experamint fer miself. So armed with instru-ments of battle, I went to the barn, and tied up Susie. She's a scrapper, believe me. When I made everything safe, I settled down to business. Nobody was goin' to tell me what's what!

I cut all the tops offuv the eggs and saw thet the chicks wuz alive and kickin', though they wuz sorta runny. Then I glued the tops on again, but I counted the chicks first. There was 13 eggs all alive. Three days later when they'd orta hatch, they was all dead. And Susie was so sad thet she hunged herself on a little rope.

What the moril ta this is, is this: Leave them proverbs alone, sister. There's danger in 'em. As ye love yer life, leave 'em alone. The trouble is, I come from Missouri, and so I always has ta be shown. Wal, I wuz shown, all right, and I'm goin' ta dedecate my life ta keeping people from trying to find the truth of proverbs.

BARBARA CUMMINGS, *Low Two.*

GREEN DEPTHS

THEY were swimming together now—the same easy side-stroke that each did so gracefully. Jove, but how companionable it was! Back there on the brilliant, glaring beach he hadn't been able to get near her, physically or mentally. But out in these green waters, swimming along, facing each other, they seemed nearer together than at any time before. The water itself was so friendly, lapping in his face. Ah! But this was the life. There was nothing like it on land. Perhaps flying gave the same sensation; but he didn't know. He had never flown. The girl seemed to feel much the same way. He'd be blessed if her eyes weren't the same color as the water.

Ah! Here they were at the raft. Empty it was, too. What luck! They basked there in the sun hour after hour, talking—talking as man and girl who know each other well and have the same interests and thoughts, and who want to know each other better.

Suddenly he raised his head and looked at the western horizon. The sun was just dipping below the rim. Why, they must have been out here for hours! He looked at the beach. Deserted! And it had been so gay with the colored parasols, and more colorful people; gay with voices and music, with a man shouting "Hot dogs! Sasparilla! Anything you want, folks." He supposed they'd better be getting back now. He spoke to the girl, who seemed equally surprised; and so they slipped back into the fascinating water.

She begged to swim out a little farther. Facing the horizon was so much more romantic than facing the beach. So out they glided through the soothing waves, on and on. How easy it was! There was no resistance at all. Better be going back, though, he thought.

So they turned; but how different it was now. Why, what had happened? He couldn't seem to make a go of it. He swam, and swam hard, all the good and powerful strokes he knew, and yet he got nowhere. He glanced at the girl. She seemed to be having the same difficulty. He could see her even teeth biting her lip—a sign with her of a great effort. And how dark it was getting! The beach seemed to be receding; he could hardly see it for the darkness. Oh, how tired he was, and how sleepy. What joy to close his eyes and relax his stiff muscles! If he only could dream there in the lapping water forever. But, no! He had something special to do. What was it? Ah, yes, he must reach the shore and get her there, too. He looked around for her; he was alone in the ocean! Good God, she'd gone, gone without a sound! But how restful it must be down there in the green depths. She had no worries, no fight to get in to shore. By Jove, she was right! And how tired he was, how aching, and how sleepy. He closed his eyes. The sensation was delicious; the water, so cool and silky. There was no effort any more.

He hoped he'd find her down at the bottom—"Davy Jones' Locker," he'd always called it, as a kid. Well, he was going to know more about it now, down there with the girl in the great green depths, so green, so deep, so companionable!

BARBARA VAN RONKEL, *High Four*.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

While standing in his pulpit,
 With sounding-board o'er head,
 A merry-looking preacher
 The congregation led.
 And clad in greeny gold,
 Looking sage and wise and old,
 A gay deceiver, he,
 Preaching 'neath an arching tree.

Calla lily looked most sad
 At her brother bold and bad.
 Grieved was she within her heart
 To see Jack in his false part.
 Naughty Jack her look disdained,
 And still expounded and explained,
 Winking, wagged his naughty head—
 Still his congregation led.

HELEN BROWN, *Low Four*.

POETRY VS. FOOTBALL

HE was happy, out there in the moonlight, on the sparkling water! The wind soothed him. The smell of earth and green things made him glad to be alive.

Grant Vincent leaned back in the canoe, and in short, poetic whisperings, estatically told the story of his life.

He could only dimly see the vague oval of his companion's face. But the soft glimmer of light and the gentle play of shadow made her whole person appear slighter and more softened—altogether enchanting. He could feel the interested gaze of her brown eyes—at least, he thought they were brown. And he had never before felt this strange, overpowering desire to confide in her, to attempt to express those almost inexplicable feelings that arose in him when he was in a creative mood. But she had said she adored poetry.

And she did understand!

"I've always written quantities of stuff—and read more. And now I'm really beginning to do some serious work. At college last year, the fellows all laughed at me because I wouldn't go out for athletics—stupidly referred to my 'Poetic Passion'." He sighed deeply. "Poets are horribly misunderstood and unappreciated."

"You must read me your poetry sometime," she consoled, sweetly sympathetic. "But let's row back to the boathouse now."

He applied his muscles, rather well developed for a poet, to the oars, and the canoe glided swiftly over the water.

The next morning Grant first indulged in an exhilarating swim (for he approved of this sport that Swinburne, Brooke, and Sterling had likewise enjoyed), and then proceeded to carry out his promise of the night before. Equipped with a mauve-colored volume containing his most choice effusions, he was seeking her.

He found her—not, however, as he desired. For she was seated on a rustic bench, half hidden by a clump of trees, with—another poet! This person was reading stupid ravings from a ridiculous collection of his own work. Grant caught a word occasionally: "disconsolate breeze," "starlight and you," "the awakening of my heart," and similar absurdities, over which she was gurgling rapturously.

The girl half turned, saw his six feet of well-made youth. She smiled, and he noticed with sudden, swift agony that her eyes were blue! He had always loathed blue-eyed women.

* * * * *

Grant Vincent threw the mauve-colored volume into the lake, left the resort, and returned to college. He had his blond hair cut to an inartistic shortness, discarded his delicately-hued crepe de chine ties—and played football with a thoroughly unpoetic fervor.

MATILDA McCULLOCH, *High Four*.

RAINBOW FANCIES

Once, upon a summer's day,
 The Rainbow Fairies planned a play.
 The brave, bright blue, the hero bold;
 The heroine, a beam of gold.

Old elfin grey was grim despair.
 A ray of hope was pinky fair.
 The violent villain—purple, so.
 The first damp day they gave the show.

Oh! What a lovely, lovely play!
 They winked and blinked; then, danc'd away.
 The hero proudly led the way,
 Then followed other colors gay.

But it was such a pretty sight
 I sighed when fell the curtain of night.
 I watch'd them fading, soon to depart,
 And treasur'd their images deep in my heart.

I lifted, then, my heart to pray
 That I may always see that way;
 And when my hours seem lonely or sad,
 Back to come dancing, joyous and glad.

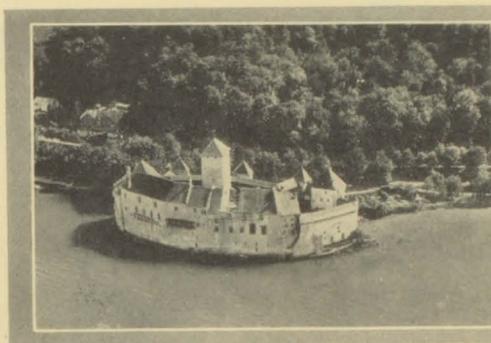
I lingered, wonderingly, silently near,
 And happ'd upon a souvenir,
 A piece of crystal which lay by the way,
 Reflecting the glory and thrill of the play.

I still have my prism which winks all the time.
 I hold in my mem'ry the thought so sublime.
 It cheers and strengthens me day by day,
 A-twinkling and sparkling the merriest way!

RUTH GRAHAM, *Low Three*.

BACK SEVEN CENTURIES INTO THE PAST

WAS it true, or only a dream? We were motoring along the scenic Cornish Road which skirts Lake Geneva. A sharp bend, and there, right in front of me, the famed Castle of Chillon burst into view—a mass of smooth stone clinging to an isolated rock, almost surrounded by the blue-green depths of the lake. In the background towered the snow-covered Dent-du-Midi.



"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow:



Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the waves enthalls."

—Byron.

In a daze, I crossed two moats, went through a Gothic doorway, descended a few stone steps, stooped through a low opening, and stepped into the thirteenth century. Here, before me, lay the chill, bleak prison in which the wretched Bonnivard and his brothers had been political prisoners; where, one by one, they gladly exchanged life for freedom, until he alone was left. I, no one in particular, was actually standing on the very floor of that ghastly vault of Byron's poem! That cold, damp rock, on which the castle stood, sent pins and needles up through my feet. I wondered at the small, cheerless windows which pierced the seven feet of stone, only to remember that seven centuries ago there had been less—small, high cracks, through which filtered only the loneliest, unhappiest rays of the sun.

And there stood the seven columns in a row, each with its ring and its chain. Imagine six interminable years—six centuries, it would seem—of captivity, chained to one of those pillars like a beast! I shuddered. A living death!

I took a last look at the tomb-like hole, and passed, with mixed feelings of horror and thankfulness, through the grudging opening by which I had entered. I was glad that I lived in a bright and cheerful world.

After a tour of the rest of the castle, I stepped eagerly through the Gothic doorway, across the two moats, and into the reassuring sunlight of the twentieth century. Like the prisoner, I "regained my freedom with a sigh."

GEORGIANA LEWIS, *High Four.*

TRUTH

Though truth be single, infinite,
And veiled from common sight
In darkness, yet it may be lit
As a candle in the night.

As carbon is concealed secure
In substance, nature's bond,
So truth is furtive, shy, yet pure
As any diamond.

And even as a crystal shows
One facet in the light,
So truth reluctantly bestows
A particle aright.

Then let men crystal-gaze no more,
But as knight-errants be,
And quest each face of truth before
They seek their destiny.

MARTHA JANE BISSELL, *Low Four.*



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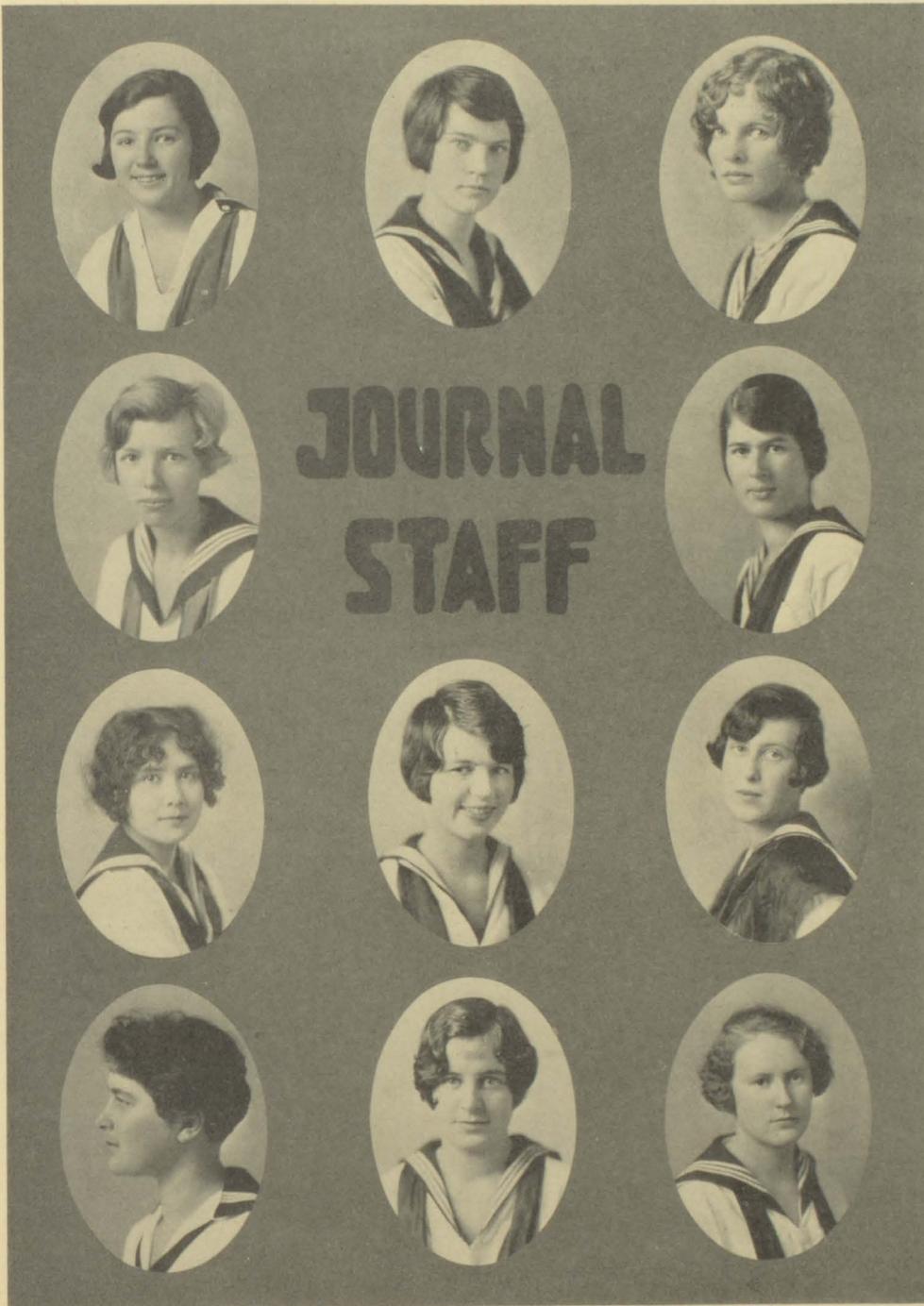
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JOURNAL STAFF



*To my Classmate
Alice Cooper (cupid)*



Ruth



*How many
years*

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"MIRROR"

MANY outsiders marvel at the idea that the Girls High MIRROR thrives and continues to grow on subscriptions alone. But it is no wonder. Glancing through the paper, one finds pleasure and amusement in every line. It is not surprising that nearly the entire Student Body subscribes. The bits of class-room humor, the encouragement of worthy school activities, the sugar-coated pills of advice, the truly journalistic news "write-ups," and the choice literary selections—all go to make the periodical not a true school paper but a unique and superior one.

Miss Armer, Faculty Advisor and champion of the publication; Martha Jane Bissell, Editor; and Marion Morton, Business Manager, together with the combined forces of the Journalism Classes and the Staff, toil and struggle to keep the MIRROR at all times up to the highest notch.

Although the MIRROR is the product chiefly of the Journalism Classes, the Staff welcomes contributions from the rest of the school. For this reason a MIRROR Box has been placed outside of Room 108, the official headquarters of the paper; and, although it has not been filled to overflowing, it has rendered many worth-while articles. Repetitions of these acts will be gratefully received.

It is interesting to note, too, that with outside school papers, the MIRROR, though totally different, compares favorably. It is evident that in the publication of this periodical, greater care is taken, resulting in a more accurate news digest and a more perfect standard of journalistic writing.

The policy, based on ethical grounds, of editing a paper without advertisements, is thoroughly commendable and unflinching practical. It is a business accomplishment on which Girls High justifiably prides herself.



MARY MYERS

CATHERINE PATRIDGE

ALICE REINHART

MAYDELLE ROBERTS



TORCH

SINN
UND UNSINN



STAFF OF "TORCH," DEBATING CLUB PAPER

MIRIAM CUSHMAN, *Editor*

STAFF OF "SINN UND UNSINN," GERMAN CLUB PAPER

MURIEL IRELAND, *Editor*

I LOVE

I love the morn.
 When I see the sun rise o'er the hill,
 When birds awoken and their magic trills
 Go liltng o'er the meadow,
 When flowers waken and the morning dew
 Lies sparkling 'neath the dome of Heaven's own
 blue,
 And the glorious sun smiles on the earth below—
 I love the morn.

I love the night.
 When the sun has gone beneath the western sea,
 When the twilight shades come creeping o'er the
 lea,
 And the sky is rainbow tinted in the West,
 And when there rises fair the Evening Star,
 No cloud the silvery moonlit Heavens mars,
 While 'neath it all, the whole world is at rest—
 I love the night.

ELIZABETH BEST, *Low Four.*





I. DRAESEMER

*As I said,
I can't think of but
any thing new that
I would like to
see in the Journal
to you. Best
wishes
extending*



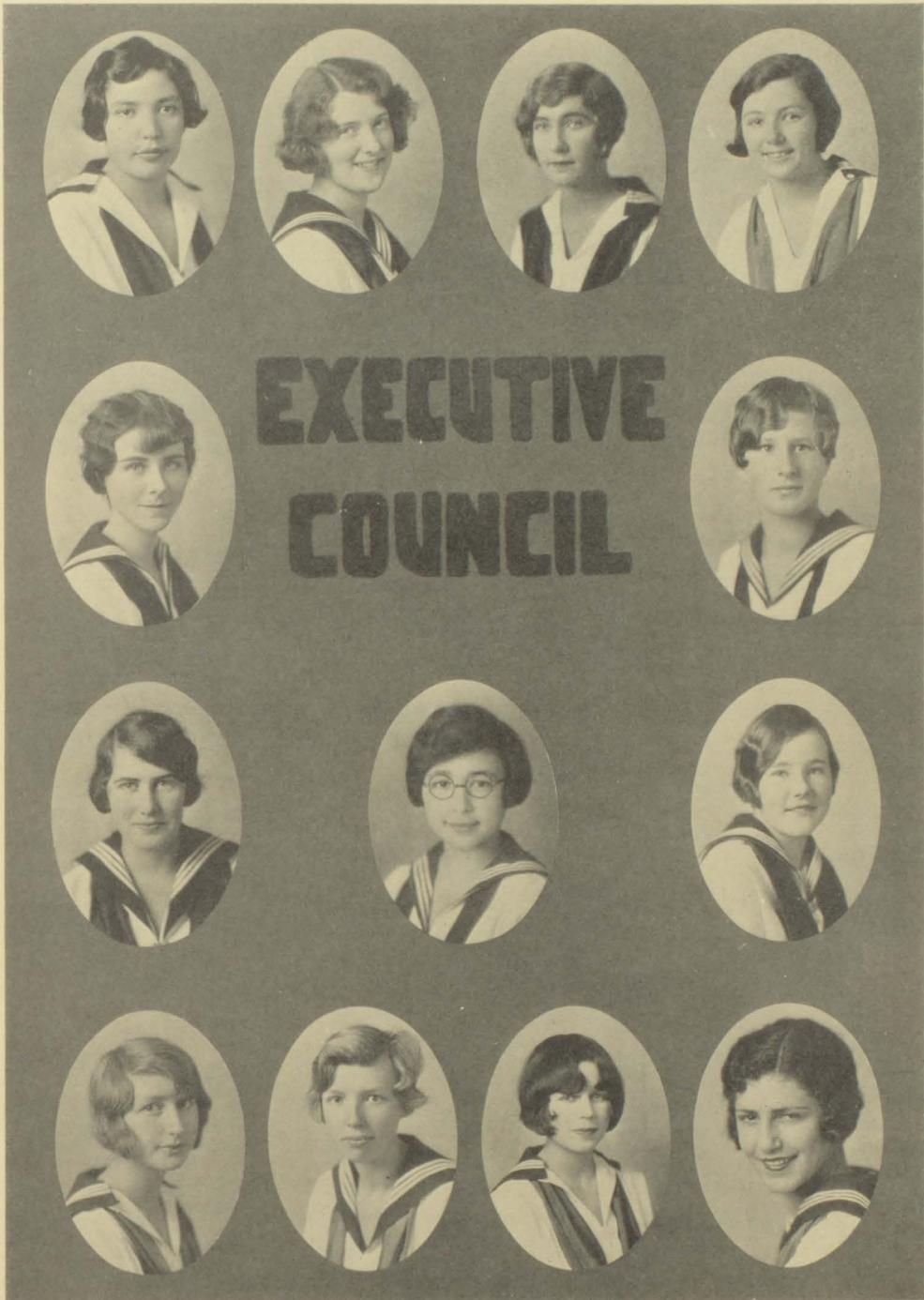
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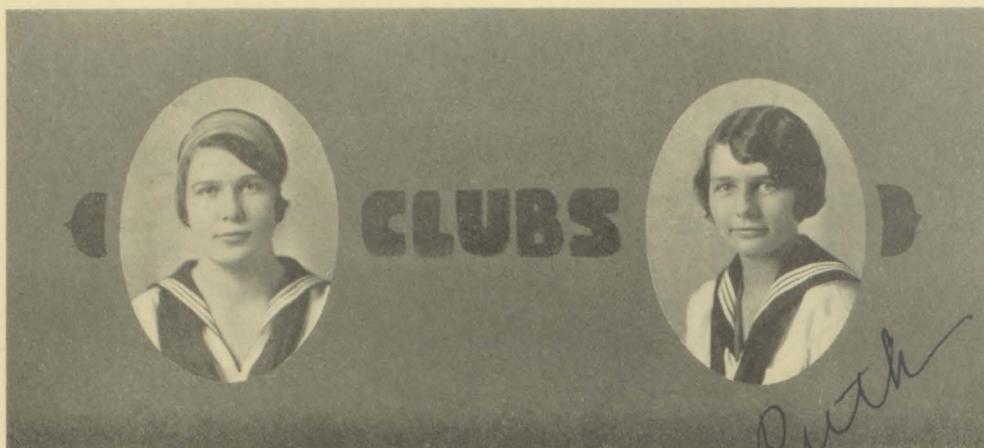
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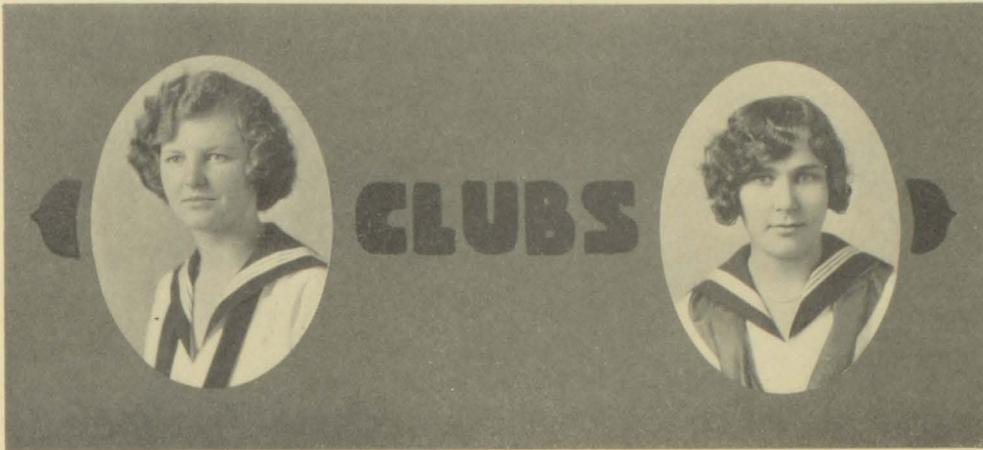
DEBATING CLUB

Having begun the term right by electing as officers Elisabeth Larsh, President; Miriam Cushman, Vice-President; and Barbara Prince, Secretary, the Debating Society kept up its intelligent and successful activities throughout a four-months' term of conscientious work. Among their accomplishments was the regular semi-annual luncheon, recognized each term as the outstanding social event of the semester, which this time was a splendid affair in itself, and at which was issued the first number, "The Luncheon Edition," of the much-improved "Torch." At convenient intervals thenceforward the very efficient editor, Miriam Cushman, put out two more excellent numbers. The chief activities of the Debating Society, however, have been along oratorical lines. As a result of Mr. Dupuy's capable coaching and of remarkable native ability, Girls High tied for first place in the city Speaking Contest; G. H. S. was a difficult opponent in the first League Debate, and many girls received their awards.

May the followers of the noble art increase and the club continue to flourish!

S. P. A.

The Mecca for those who play hard to get the ball and make a goal, who love to hear the swish of water against the oars and the coxswain's shout, who find delight in swimming, and who thrill in returning a fast service over the net—the place of gathering for all who love athletics and play is the Sports and Pastimes Association. This club, which is the largest and most popular organization in the school, is open to all girls willing to be regular in practice and correct in attitude. These are the only requirements for membership both in the club and on teams. At a banquet at the end of each term awards are given to selected girls who have best followed the prescribed rules. Under the supervision of the Misses Rosenberg, Clark, and Oakes, the S. P. A. continues to grow and maintain its envied position. The President, Ruth Johnson; Vice-President, Marguerite Siem; and Secretary, Mildred Rignall, are the capable officials of this organization.



EVELYN MERRELL

ALTESS KUTNER

INTERNATIONAL CLUB

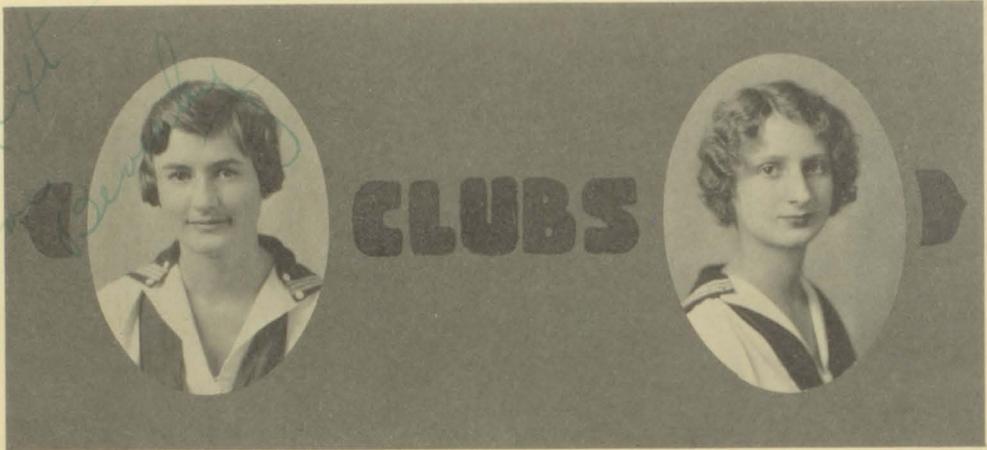
To learn, through correspondence with foreign students, those things which one should know about the rest of the world; in a larger sense, to bind the nations of the earth in closer, more lasting friendships through the inculcating of World Peace ideas in the minds of the youth; and in a more local and intimate way, to give what happiness they can to the unfortunates of our city—these are the very commendable functions of the International Club. The colorful, entertaining, and instructive term affair presented by the Club to the school is always, and was, of course, this term, regarded as a delightful few hours; but this is only a fraction of the “doings” of the organization. They are constantly strengthening the bonds of international friendship and gaining members and interest from pole to pole. The Girls High section, founded by Mrs. Alice Wilson, is still under her sponsorship; and this term made great strides with Evelyn Merrell as President; Marion Morton, Vice-President; and Susan Heymann, Secretary. In addition to the regular Club, a junior division fills the needs of lower classmen who are interested in the movement.

DRAMATIC CLUB

With a capable staff of officers, headed by Altess Kutner as President and Muriel Rothermel as Secretary, the Dramatic Club had a most successful term, as was inevitable with Mrs. Tharp as the efficient coach.

Taking a group of inexperienced lower classmen, whose latent talent is often rather difficult to bring to the surface, and developing these aspiring actresses into remarkable performers is a real accomplishment. However, Mrs. Tharp not only trained this younger group to act admirably, but also coached the upper classmen.

The result of Mrs. Tharp’s labor was thoroughly enjoyed by all who saw the scenes from “Alice in Wonderland,” the lower class play, and the scenes from “The Romancers,” acted by the older girls. Both plays were cleverly acted and artistically produced.



BEVERLY FISHER

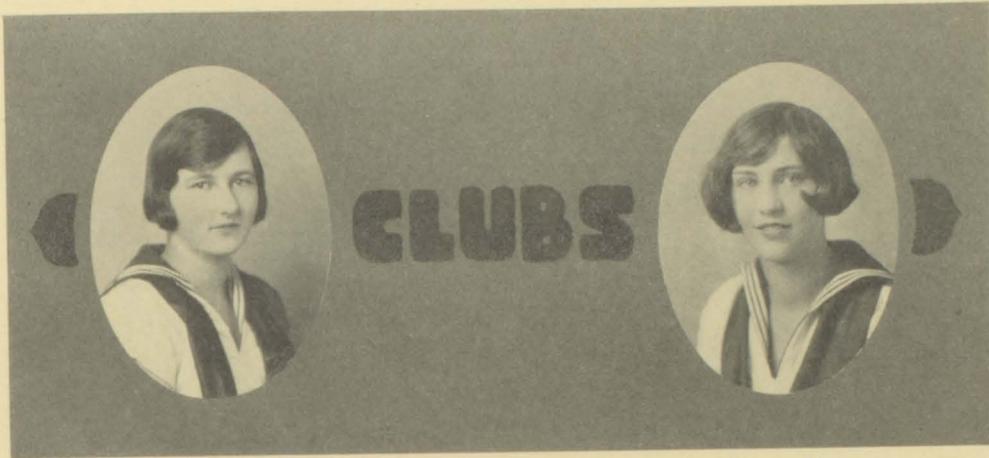
FANNIE BARRETT

SPANISH CLUB

A delightful and broadening influence, for those linguistically inclined and for those interested in Spanish customs and literature, is the organization under the sponsorship of Miss L. Walker, "Las Amiguitas." Students of Spanish who have concluded a year's study of that language are eligible for membership, and are certain to find the meetings, at which only the tongue of sunny Spain is spoken and at which the quaint legends of that country are told, both interesting and instructive. Among the outings participated in this term were a Thanksgiving party, a trip to Paradise Cove, and a visit to the U. C. campus; and at these gatherings, as well as at the regular meetings, one might have heard them chattering away in an easy, carefree manner that would prove an object of envy to other Spanish students who do not have the practice of frequent social conversation. The nimble-tongued President of "Las Amiguitas" was, this term, Beverly Fisher.

GERMAN CLUB

"Hoch, drei mal hoch!" for the enterprising little German Club. The term was started freshly with reorganization and renewed interest; and with Mrs. Bickel as Faculty Adviser; Fannie Barrett, President; and Alice Gottschalk, Secretary, the accomplishments of the Club have been by no means insignificant. Segregating themselves into a Stamp Section and a Singing Section, the members divided their activities and pursued their work with enthusiasm. The publication of the very clever German paper, "Sinn und Unsinn," was largely the work of Muriel Ireland, Editor, while her capable staff well deserve the showers of praise the paper received. It is gratifying to note such a successful continuance of a publication less than a year old. All students of German are invited to membership in this Club, and will find there rare opportunities for enjoyment and education.



GEORGIANA LEWIS

ELINOR HOFFMAN

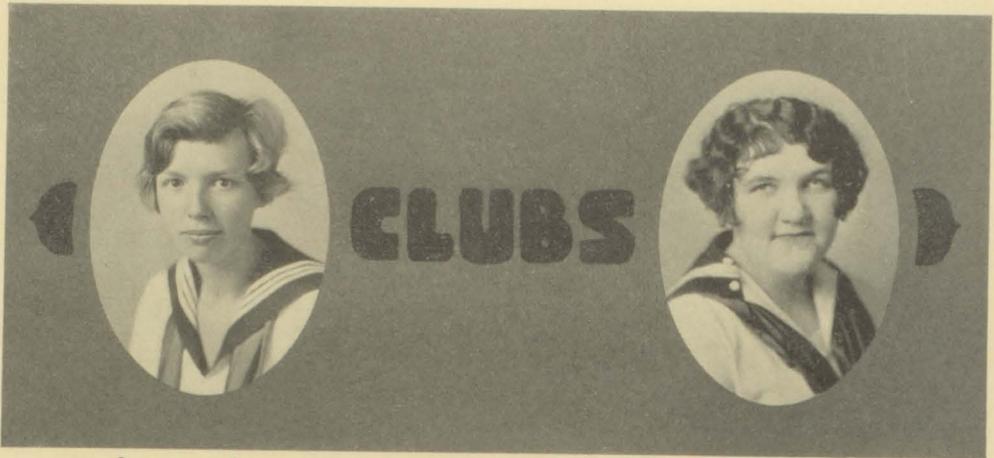
FRENCH CLUB

With illustrated and intensely engaging talks on French art by Miss Revoy, with business carried on in French, and with studies of the various charming national customs and legends, the meetings of "La Jeunesse Francaise" are a regular attraction among students of that musical language. As a branch of the Club, a singing section meets frequently for the pleasurable practice of tuneful melodies, set to humorous, sentimental, or patriotic words. The guiding lights of the Club, who carried the organization through the successful term of Fall 1927, are: Georgiana Lewis, President; Barbara van Ronkel, Vice-President; and Barbara Webster, Secretary.

"La Jeunesse Francaise" est une bonne organisation!

GIRL RESERVES

Delightful hikes through different parts of the bay regions, rollicking "weenie roasts," and many other kinds of happy get-together parties always form a part of the program of the Lihaloa Girl Reserves, and the wonderful times they have are never forgotten; but pleasure is not the sole thought of the Girl Reserves. This organization exists largely for the training of young girls in those thoughts and deeds which make them into shining examples of womanhood. "Every Girls High student is welcome in Lihaloa—without exception. We want you all. Join the Girl Reserves and you won't be sorry," urge Elinor Hoffman, President; Anita Matthiesen, Vice-President; and Marjorie Sacks, Secretary.



JEANNETTE GORMLEY

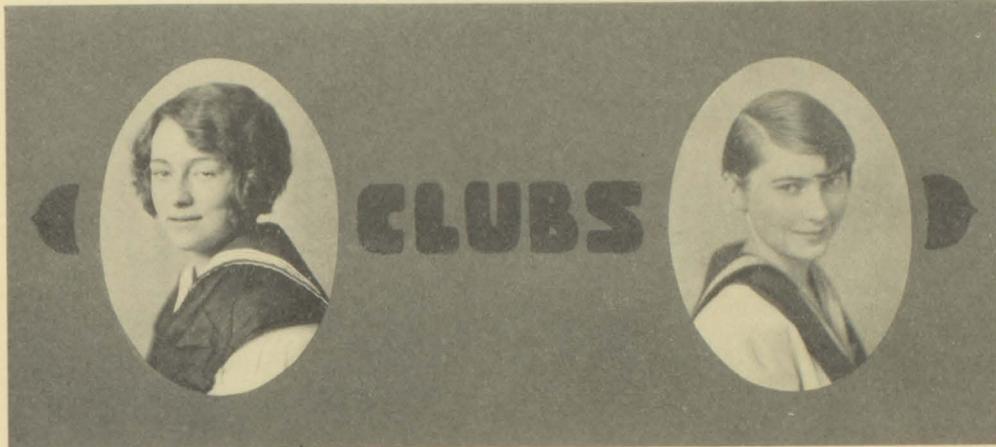
VIRGINIA LEARY

JOURNAL CLUB

The Journal Club, a rather young but very necessary and promising organization, draws its members from the Student Body at large; and from this Club, are chosen, by the merit system, the staff of the semi-annual publication. Qualifications for membership are simply an interest in the JOURNAL, regular attendance at meetings, and a reasonable amount of ability or desire to learn. The activities of this organization fall into the three departments of the Staff: Literary, Art, and Business; and it is in these fields that members are put to work or instructed. The chief accomplishment of the Club, of course, is the publication of the book; but the advisers and the department heads aim to see that, at the end of each term, the girls who have worked on the JOURNAL have learned something, thoroughly, which they would not have otherwise known. Membership in this club proves tremendously interesting, constructive, and enjoyable to those who belong, and their product, this book, speaks for itself. Efficient officers were discovered this term in Jeannette Gormley, President; and Helen Eisner, Secretary.

BANKING CLUB

In a large school, some organized method of encouraging thrift always acts as a great stimulus to the cultivation of prudent instincts. To certain girls of the school, the considerable expense of JOURNAL and MIRROR subscriptions, class dues, and other taxes comes as less of a shock and inconvenience than to the rest. These fortunate—and far-seeing—girls are the members of the Banking Club. This organization, working as a branch of the Anglo-California Trust Company, under the sponsorship of Miss Flynn, and the leadership of Virginia Leary, President; and Frances Peabody, Secretary, is now concluding a very prosperous semester, having greatly increased the number of savings accounts on their books. The entire membership of the Club join in urging the rest of the Student Body to profit by this opportunity of systematized saving. "Mighty oaks," or rather, senior dues, "from little acorns grow," that is, from weekly deposits grow!



ELIZABETH HOLLAND

GEORGIE KENNEDY

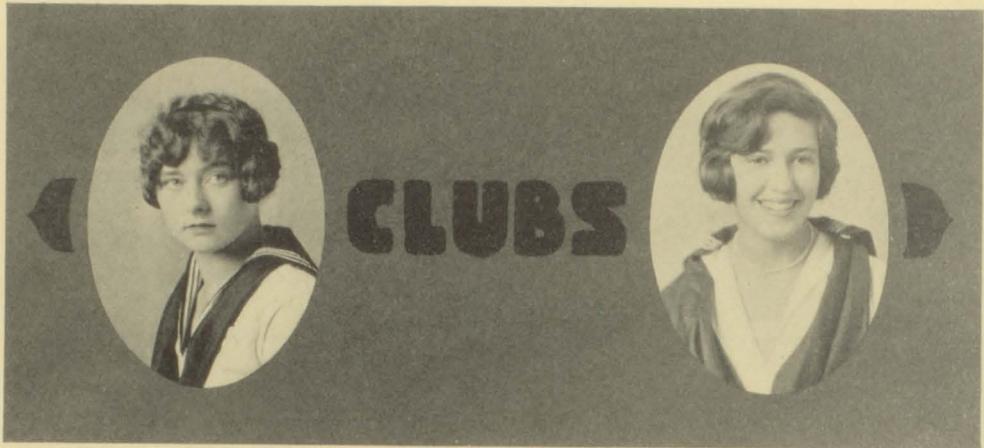
ORCHESTRA

Seldom does one find a school orchestra which can compete in excellence with professional organizations. There is usually a "something" lacking—a spirited assurance, a feeling and impression of skill. Yet in its performances this term, the Girls High School Orchestra displayed remarkable individual talent in solo work, and—what is even more admirable—a finish in ensemble playing which has seldom before been attained. This was due to the rigid and valuable training offered by Mrs. McGlade, conductor. The greater part of the practice time of the orchestra was spent in rehearsing the scores of the operetta, and those hours of hard drilling and patient instruction were well repaid by the enthusiastic applause at the "Feast of the Little Lanterns," on October 28th. Mrs. McGlade is the efficient sponsor of the G. H. S. Orchestra, and Elizabeth Holland, President. For those who wish to join, but who do not already play any instrument, there is the generous opportunity of free lessons in stringed, woodwind, and brass instruments.

JAZZ BAND

Tantalizing airs float down the corridors. "Blue" saxophones wail. Snappy trap drumming makes those feet go regardless of orders from the brain. Syncopated piano parts make Gene James hide his face in shame. King Jazz reigns supreme. Such are the results of the performances of the Girls High Jazz Band, of which Georgie Kennedy is the clarinet playing President. The informal practices the band holds in 119 are hypnotizing enough to lure many girls from the court and corridors to that room where they "jazz" to the strains of the latest hits played by real syncopators. The Band is composed of Virginia Mifka, piano; Georgie Kennedy, clarinet; Geneva Parkhill, saxophone; Ruth Anderson, traps; and Edna Black, violin.

Any girl desirous of joining may do so, even if she does not play an instrument; for lessons are given to those who prove themselves interested and willing to practice.



CLEMENTINE DE VALLY

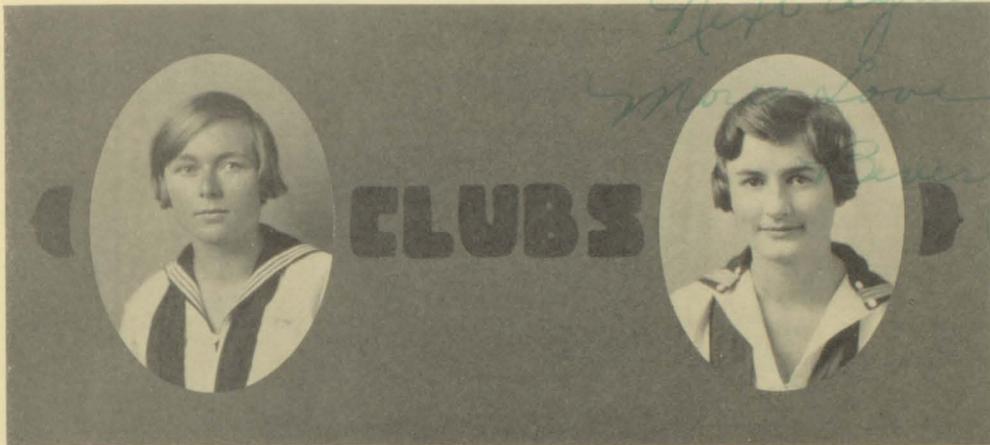
JANET ROSE DICKHOFF

GLEE CLUB

To think that the silvery voices of the Girls High Glee Club were wafted over all the great expanse of radioland several times in one semester! To think that they should have been chosen to sing their charming selections for thousands of people all over California, perhaps the United States! But, then, it is not so remarkable, after all; because the quality of the selected singers of this Club and the ability of the conducting and training hand are well-known. The notable part of it is that not only did they accomplish this, but also they presented to the school one of the finest productions it has ever witnessed, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," a tuneful, picturesque operetta. This Oriental piece, with its charming costumes, intriguing plot, and melodious lyrics, was acclaimed as a brilliant success, and, on the part of the Glee Club, proved well worth the months of hard training and rehearsals. Aiding Mrs. McGlade in the administration of the organization this semester were Clementine de Vally, President; and Marie Liuzza, Secretary.

DANCING CLUB

"On with the dance!" And on it went, through one of the most successful terpsichorean semesters ever witnessed in Girls High. For besides their regular, creative meetings, the Dancing Club, this term, formed the dainty-stepping chorus of the loudly acclaimed "Feast of the Little Lanterns." Dressed in atmospheric costumes, and gracefully interpreting the original steps composed by members of the Club, these trippers of the light fantastic danced their way to fame and popularity in Girls High. The efficient, nay talented, instructress who teaches the girls of this organization how to originate dances and how to render them, is the versatile Mrs. Tharp, and aiding her are the Club officials: Janet Dickhoff, President; and Maydelle Roberts, Secretary. All girls, having had one year of dancing, who are interested in the art, are invited to join the Dancing Club; and it will, without doubt, prove a valuable source of training and enjoyment.



ESTHER PITMAN

BEVERLY FISHER

FLOWER CLUB

One of the two organizations formed this term, the Flower Club, although but a bud, so to speak, promises to blossom quickly and perfectly into an active maturity. Miss Pettit is the enterprising person who organized this Club and she has already drawn into membership a good number of girls who find participation in the Club of great interest. These students of flower life take unusual field trips, and return home with new knowledge and specimens each time. As first President of the Flower Club of Girls High, Esther Pitman has proven herself a splendid executive to whom the Club responds with eager enthusiasm. Miss Pettit and the entire organization invite all girls who take pleasure in the instructive and delightful study of flower life to participate in the field trips through the entire Bay Region.

BIRD CLUB

How many students of Girls High know the names—scientific and popular—of most of the birds of California, can recognize their calls, and are familiar with their habits? How many have studied the feathery creatures so as to make the most of trips into the country? Only a few; but that these few, the Bird Club, are certainly familiar with their subject is evident in the profound interest they exhibit in their meetings and excursions. Although this organization has concluded only its first term, Miss Pettit, founder and adviser, and Beverly Fisher, President, have excellent reason to be gratified with the great progress that the Bird Club has made.

THE PINE TREE

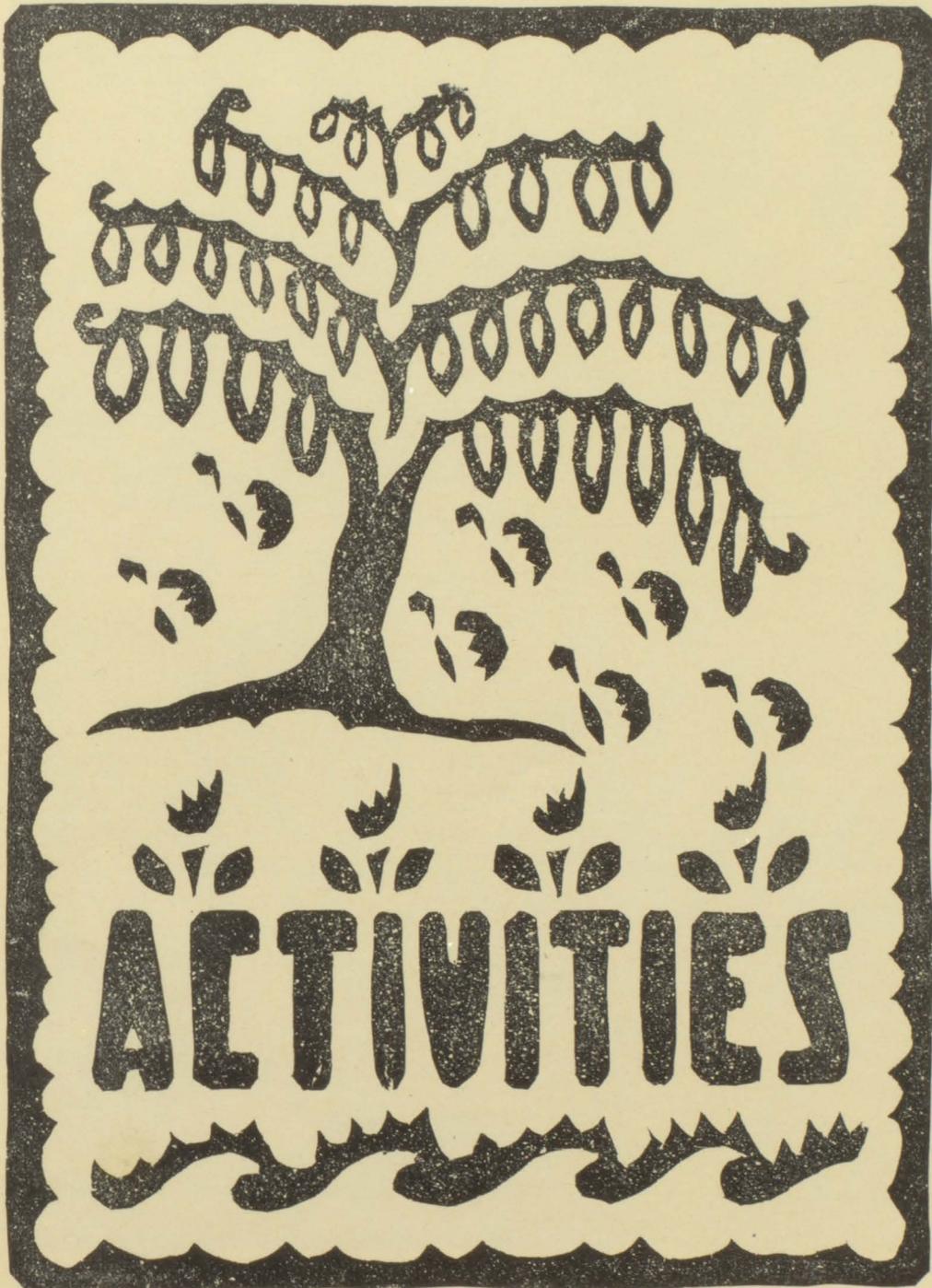
To be a stately pine tree,
That in the breezes bends,
And through the wooded glades
Its fragrant odors sends!

Oh, what an inspiration
This tree unto our life,
Its trunk and branches sturdy
That vanquish storm and strife.

Its needles ever green,
Its stateliness and height,
Are ideals strong and likely
To shape our lives aright.

CALIFORNIA YOUNG, *High One.*





R. JOHNSON



TUMBLERS



UMBRELLAS PLUS



S.P.A.



TOPSY TURVY



MUSICAL FIVE



RUTH-A DANDY GIRL



SPORTY SEVEN



HODGE PODGE



OUR EFFICIENT BOARD



Yours Truly

Do my (?)
darling (?)
sister from
her loving (?)
sister Agnes.
[sixty-six]

me again
Love & luck to a
darling Camp Fire Girl
and all wonderful sport.
from
Marguerite.
P. 28.



ACTRESS-PREX



"ALICE"

DRAMATIC CLUB



TEA-PARTY



FIRST ACT



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" — CAST —

INTERNATIONAL CLUB





GLEE



ORCHESTRA





MOCK DEBATERS



AND NOT ONLY THAT BUT—



JUST LEE

DEBATING



CAMP FIRE



Goodies
RUTH LARRY
"DICKIE"



"HAIL - HAIL" - ETC.



So had you're no more of his party
Leopold to a
deputy from
from
CAMP FIRE
TWINNIES

FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS



ORIENTAL
FLOWERS



PRINCESS CHAN



CHINESE
DANCERS

ALUMNAE

PROMINENT AT CALIFORNIA:

"Tiny" Barry, J. '25; Mary Anne Neustadter, J. '26; Ethelwyn Carroll, Mary Margaret Davis, Margaret Hammond, Mary Meyer, Cecile Samuel, and Annie Siegel, Dec. '26; Marjorie Abrams, Marjorie Anderson, Betty Hall, Una Hanson, Jane Levison, Helen Saxon, and Evelyn St. John, J. '27.

PROMINENT AT STANFORD:

Editha Wright, Dec. '24; and Alexia McCarthy, Dec. '25.

PROMINENT AT MILLS:

Ruth Elkus, Clemence Jacobs, Janice Oppenheimer, and Victoria Zeller, J. '27.

PROMINENT AT STATE NORMAL:

Gertrude Billick, Dec. '26; Harriet Cohen, Estelle Davis, Bessie Landecker, and Josephine Simpson, J. '27.

Barbara Probasco, J. '23, obtained a scholarship from Stanford to study dramatics at Yale.

"Tiny" Barry, J. '25, will sell you anything at Cal—even the Campanile.

Ruth Clouse is attending law school.

Marion Harron, J. '20, is on the National Industrial Board of New York City.

Mary Jane Tosi, Dec. '25, is now Mrs. Matthew Bernard McGowan, Jr.

Esther Cawkins, J. '20, Ph.D., and graduate of Mills, received a scholarship from Stanford, and was sent by the American Association of University Women to Geneva.

Early next year, Gabrielle Abraham, Dec. '26, is to be married to Mr. William C. Cohen.

Having attended summer session at Stanford, Aline Raas, J. '27, is now on a pleasure trip south. She will know in January if she will enter Stanford.

Virgilia Short, J. '27, now taking a rest, plans to enter the university next year.

Ruth Bloch, Dec. '24, has announced her engagement to Mr. Francis J. Knorp.

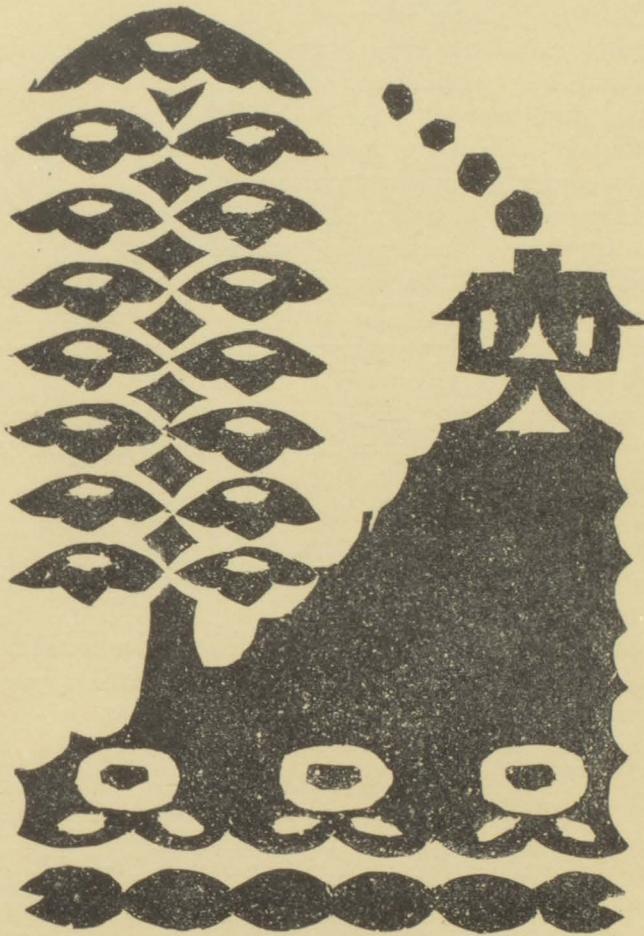
Gwen Phillips, J. '27, is majoring in dramatic art at University of Washington.

G. H. S. ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

To be an active member of the Girls High Alumnae, one must be a graduate and pay the regular dues of one dollar a year. The Association is under the administration of a board of directors, who hold monthly meetings to plan the three or four gatherings of the alumnae for the year, the most recent of which was the card party given at the Women's Club, October 22. The money received from this affair is to be used for providing a monthly sum to help support a deserving pupil through her high school days.

In loving memory of Janet Blank, J'26

FEATURE



S. DRANGE

DISCOVERY NIGHT IN THE VERDANT DELL

THE air vibrated with suppressed emotion; the nocturnal owls hooted with joyful hysteria, as they flappingly flitted on their winged way. The great night had arrived!!!!!!

The Stately Poplar, Maggie Magee, dashed madly around, encased in a sandwich ad emblazoned with bold, black letters: "Discovery Night! All Trees Participate! Four extraordinary titles!"

Night! A turbulent commotion! An uproarious hurly-burly! Hubbub! A seething mass of shoving, jostling, disputing trees forcing their obstructed way to the Verdant Dell! A rush for the front seats!

Gasps of unadulterated admiration burst forth from the ecstatic trees as they gazed upon the ingeniously contrived and aesthetically decorated stage. This clever device was merely a flat, elevated portion of Mother Earth, with a row of fire-flies stationed along the edge as footlights, and two stately Redwoods posed at either end supporting the gay curtain woven of autumn leaves.

Amid wild flapping of branches, the master of ceremonies, Stately Poplar, Maggie Magee, stepped forth and bowed majestically.

"Arbors and Arborettes: It is my especial pleasure to conduct this commendable contest among our aspiring artistes. Four titles shall be awarded. After each performance, I shall count the number of snorers in the audience. The persons who put the fewest to sleep will win. I ask you, is this not fair?"

Again the tumultous flapping of branches proclaimed the acquiescence of the audience. Stately Poplar beamed. "The first of our prodigies is that exquisite interpreter of the light fantastic."

Sequoia Gigantea, alias Lee Larsh, blushing charmingly, stepped into the lime-light, waving her branches and kicking her roots daintily.

The next performer, Sugary Maple, Maria Leite, proceeded to elucidate on the value of possessing a bark you love to touch.

Then, Tender Sapling, Fannie Barrett, magnificently rendered Kilmer's "Trees."

Then, Jack Pine, Stella Hail, minced forth and piped, "I'm going to recite an 'Ode to Alicia:'"

"She wrung my heart until it was dry—

She tortured my nerves and made me cry—

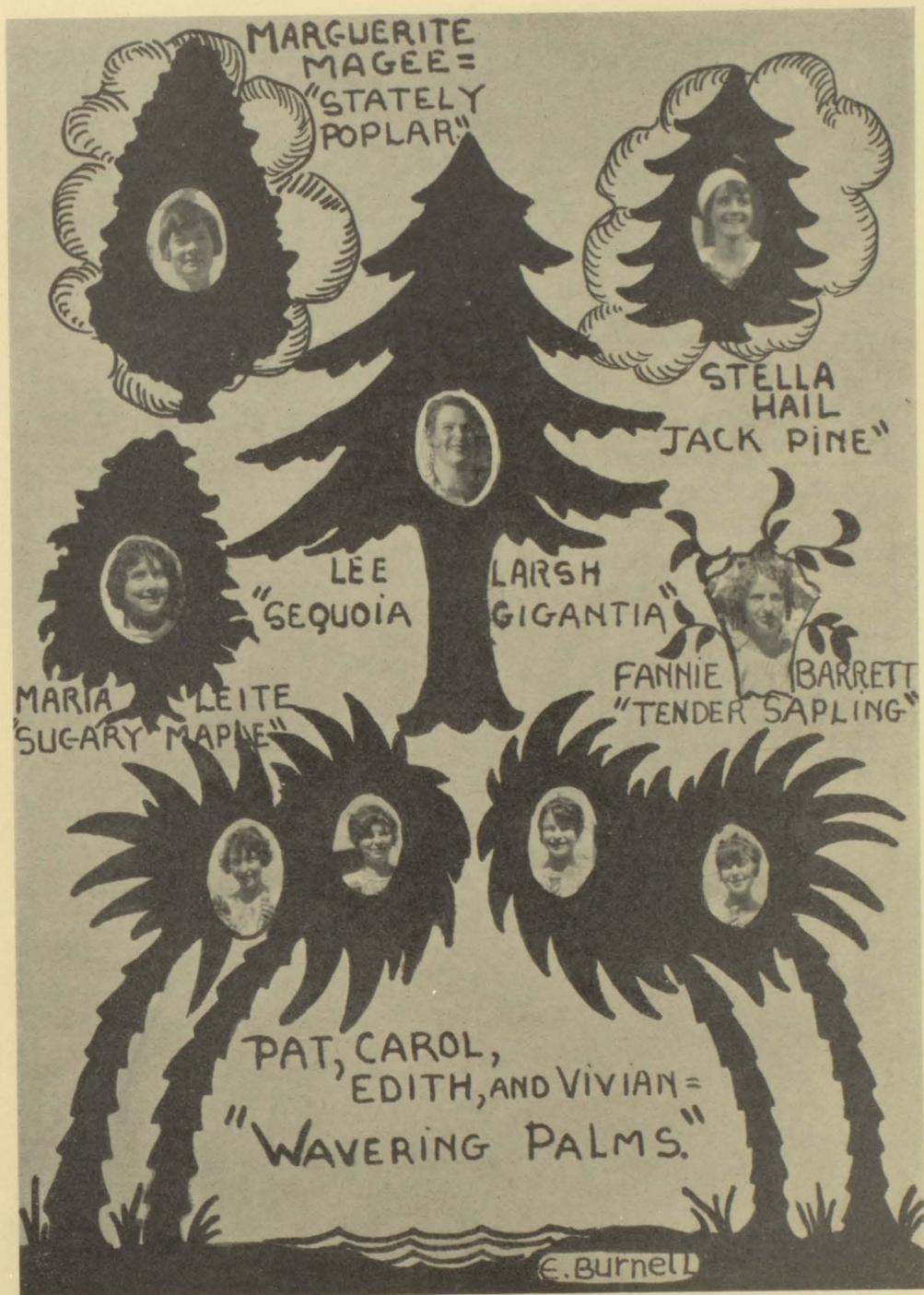
She saw me fade day by day

And, laughing in scorn, she went away—Blub—Blub."

Tearfully she made her exit.

The four Waving Palms, Catherine Patridge, Vivian Moore, Carol Meaney, and Edith Berticevich, were ushered out hastily to cover up Jack Pine's pitiful collapse. Branch in branch they gleefully chanted "Put Away Your Hatchet Till Our Cocoanuts Return."

This concluded the memorable program. Stately Poplar announced the winners: "The title of Most Graceful is awarded to Sequoia Gigantea. I must next congratulate Tender Sapling for being the Most Entertaining. Jack Pine, you are the Most Poetic. And my darling Waving Palms tie for the Most Musical, so we shall split the four leaf clover. Most gracious audience, I bow."



Activities Rally



Journal Pledge Day



Pigtail Day



Freshman Reception



Miss Hobe's farewell



S.P.A. Day.



Feast of the Little Lanterns."



3B Rally



4B Rally



E. Burnell 1927

SCHOOL NOTES



A. HYMAN

Love to a
harding girl
from
Merrill

ASK ME ANOTHER

Did the horsemen who used to scour the plains use Dutch Cleanser or Sapolio?

Which is the god of war, Mars or Cupid?

WOTTA LIFE

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for a certainty that his children will all go to the dogs.

DON'T JUDGE OTHERS BY YOURSELF

Customer: "Waiter, do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, we serve anybody here."

WELL MIXED

A young bride asked her husband to copy a radio recipe that she wanted. He did his best, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting physical exercises, and the other, the recipe. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees, depress toes, and mix thoroughly in a half a cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs, and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally, and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire, and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels, and serve with fish soup."

SO SAY WE ALL

"Give an example of a substantive infinitive, such as 'To be a teacher is painful!'"

"To be a pupil is worse."

[seventy-eight]

T H E J O U R N A L

"PELLEY'S CONTRIBUTION"

I never thought that your most precious arms

Would enfold and hold me to you with delight;

I never dreamed, for me, there were such charms;

I never dreamed there were—and I was right!

SHE WOULD

Hetty and Stella, seeing Miss Armer is not in the room, continue to argue.

Stella: "You're the dumbest person that I ever saw."

Miss de Bernardi, from the rear of the room: "Girls, you forget that I am here."

TERRIBLETERRIBLETERRIBLE

She was only a janitor's daughter but she swept me off my feet.

WHAT DO THEY EXPECT?

If you talk too much, you get a week in detention.

If you don't talk enough, you get a "D."

If you write too much, you're copying or you've memorized.

If you don't write enough, you haven't fully answered the question.

If you raise your hand while someone is speaking, you're impolite.

If you raise your hand when others do, someone else gets called on.

What do they expect?

WHIZ!

Lee Larsh, poetically: "Elizabeth, I have a splendid idea to work in with this tree theme for the Journal. You know this school is just like a tree. Mr. Danforth, the trunk; the Faculty, the branches; the girls, the leaves—"

Elizabeth Burnell: "And you, the sap!"

T H E J O U R N A L

THERE'S A REASON

Miss Armer: "Who have not returned their report cards?"

Pat: "I'll bring mine Monday."

Miss A.: "But why not Friday?"

Pat: "I want to go out Saturday night."

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR COUNTRY ROADS

(Recommended by the Anti-Automobile Society)

1. Upon discovering an approaching team, the motorist must stop off-side and cover his machine with a blanket to correspond to the scenery.

2. The speed limit on country roads will be a secret this year, and the penalty will be ten dollars for every mile an offender is caught in excess of it.

3. On approaching a corner where he can not command a view of the road ahead, the automobilist must stop not less than a hundred yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, hallo, and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.

4. Automobiles must again be seasonably painted, that is, so that they will merge with the pastoral ensemble and not be startling. They must be green in spring, golden in summer, red in autumn, and white in winter.

5. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, the motorist will take the machine apart, as fast as possible, and conceal the parts in the grass.

—QUALITY SNAPS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO K. C. B.

NOW THAT I have

AN extra picture

IN THIS book,

FOR NO good reason at all—

SAVE, IF YOU liked the "Humor"

I WROTE it; but if you didn't like it,

SOMEONE ELSE wrote it and

YOU OUGHT TO laugh at the

JOKES whether or not

YOU THINK THEM funny,

'CAUSE I don't want my

BOSS TO BE sorry that

SHE LET ME have

AN extra picture

IN THIS book, and now—

I THANK YOU for

READING THIS as I had

TO WRITE it so that I

WOULD HAVE enough words

TO FILL MY space so that

I COULD have

AN EXTRA picture

IN THIS book!



*To one who I
admire,
Katherine Schuch*

*To "Orphan Annie"
from the "Low-Rep."
Florence Johnson*

*Yours until meat balls bounce
Sincerely
Edw.*

*This lot of luck to a darling girl
Love Carol*

Love to
a girl who
can't keep a
secret
Dotty Fisher

Best wishes for
the future especially
in Spanish. Line
up to Wohelo and
you'll always succeed.
Yours in Wohelo
Alice Rydu.

Lots of love
Edythe Engelbrecht D'30

A general support of history
with Miss V.B.
Carol

Loads of love
from "Fritzie"
5'30
Come to "Fiji"
from "Mia"

Lots of love to "Fiji"
from Veronica

Lots of love from
Loads of love
to girl Dandy
Love to Jane
Dorothy Hillard

Sincerely
Edna Griffin

With loads of love to
an adorable girl.
Lucile Wood.
Lots of love from
Phyllis Bradford D'30

Now, girls, you are mistreating
a very good friend of yours
your spine.
Love, Catherine Bolton

I don't know you so well
But I hope we get to
know one another better
next term

Sincerely
Catharine Bolton
But wishes
to a Bright
algebra student.
Patsy Easton
My regards to
Dear Annie,
Edith, Sauter

Lots of luck to a friend
in Spanish
Gertrude Welsh D'28

Love,
Rosalie L. Long

Lots of love from
Dear Anne:
An 3' sufferer
June Rogers

