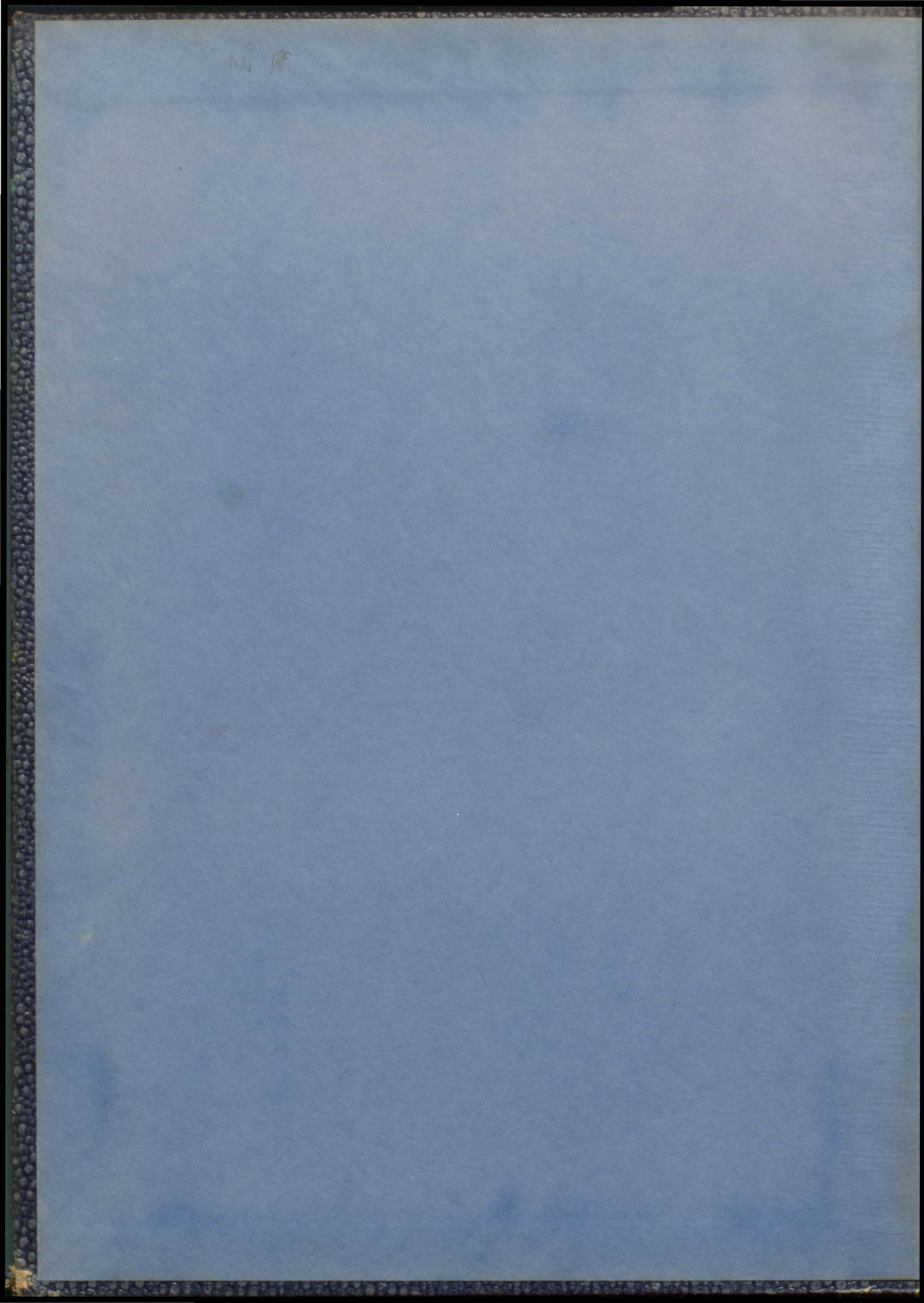
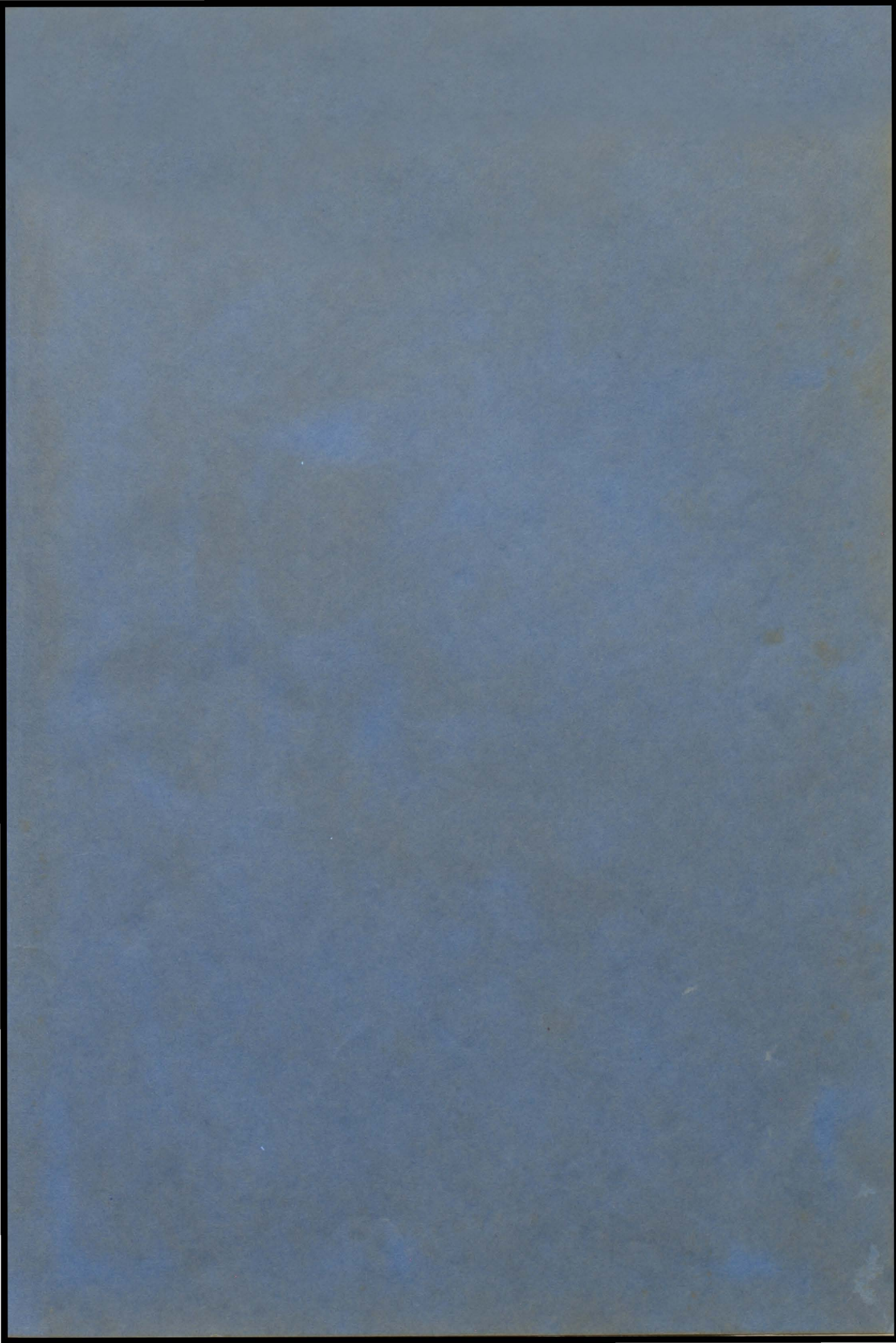
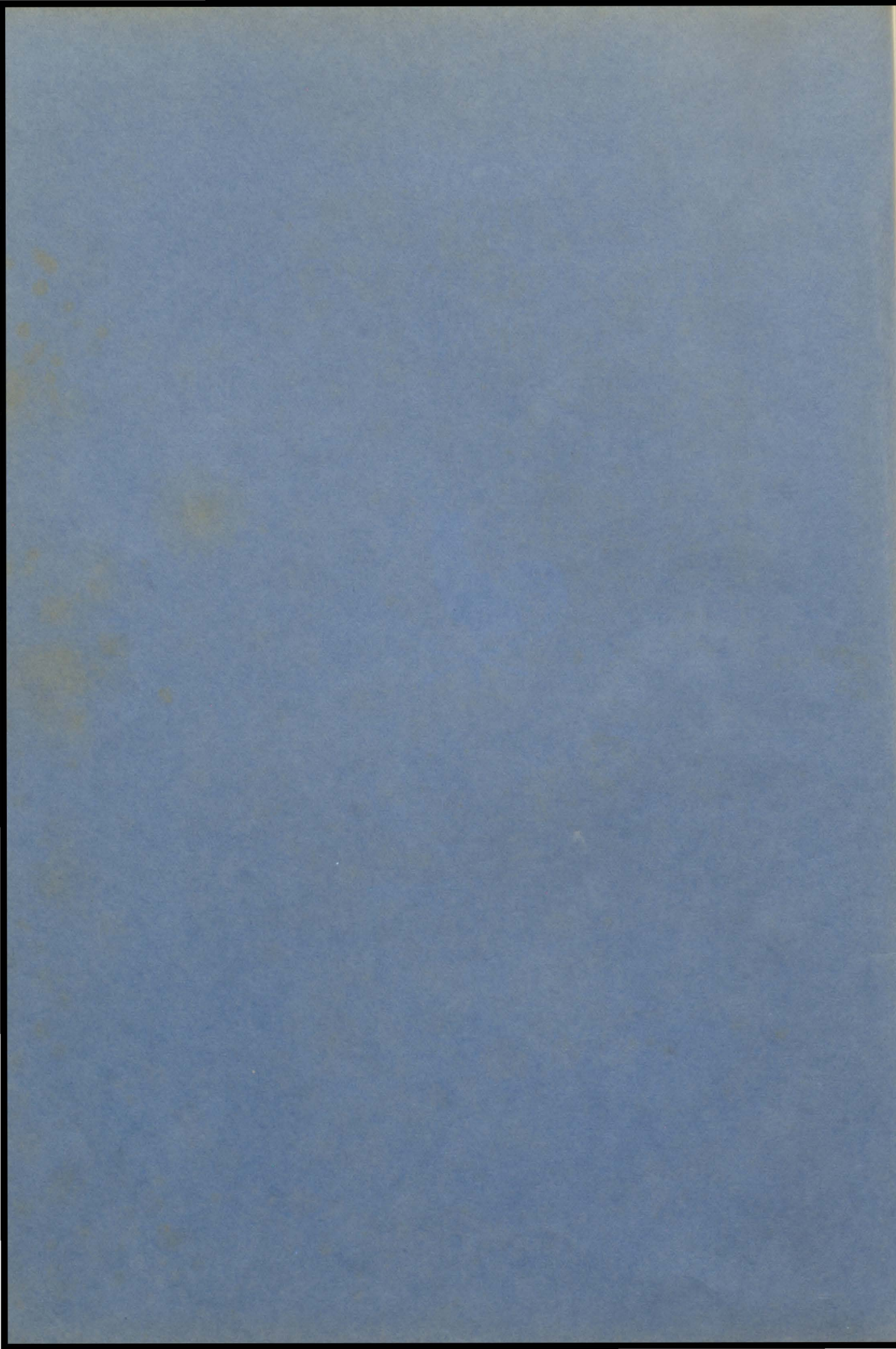


GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
JOURNAL
JUNE • 1932







The
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
JOURNAL

JUNE · 1932



*"The places I've seen
And the persons I've met
I'll never forget...and yet
I want to write them down."*

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY
OF THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

FOREWORD

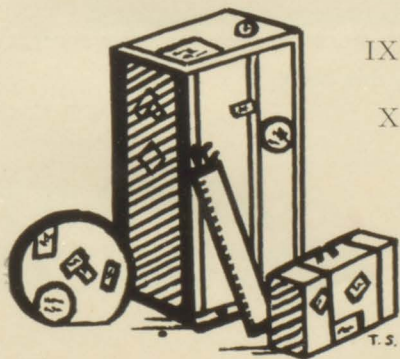
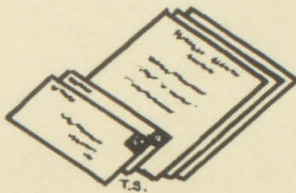
THE JOURNAL is always symbolical of travel—cultural, intellectual, and educational. That is, it gives evidence of the mental progress supposedly made during the high-school years. This term, however, in addition to that figurative sense, a literary—and literal—understanding has been attached to the meaning of the word. Yet THE JOURNAL is still designed to be a memory book; it still records—and recalls—the “high times” of the school term; and if you would regard it rather as a diary, you would be paying the greatest compliment to the Journal Club.

APPRECIATION

The Journal Club wishes to express its appreciation to
Miss Maloney, literary adviser; Miss McDermott, art adviser; and Miss Clay, business
adviser, for their assistance in the
making of this book.

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THEME

TRAVEL follows the trend of modern education, for to travel is to learn. One whose life is passed partly on the Atlantic, partly on the Pacific, partly in France, partly in England, partly in America acquires a cosmopolitan personality and upon his return views his home with a new and broader vision. To see the places where historic characters have played their parts, where famous events have occurred, is to impress the world's story upon the mind, to enliven the imagination, to broaden the conception of life. For by traveling in the Old World, where the past seems curiously to be mingled with the present, the spirit of strange places, queer customs, and exotic people creeps into the heart and soul and becomes a very part of one.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

DEDICATION

GRADUATES, you are about to start on the greatest voyage ever taken, the greatest journey ever known. You are about to travel through *Life*. Your trip starts in youth; it will finish in old age. You have, in some degree, been prepared for this voyage by an elementary instruction in the rudiments of knowledge; your mind has, to some extent, been trained to reason in order that you may be fitted to attempt earnest intellectual labor. You will by further study, by reading, and by experience elaborate on the education that you have received at Girls High School; and every act you may execute, every thought you may contemplate will, it is hoped, reflect favorably on your Alma Mater.

It is to you, the CLASS OF JUNE 1932, with sincere hopes for your success in all your "travels," that the Journal Club dedicates this book.

Dear Mother
 Please let me know how
 you are getting on. I
 am well and hope
 you are the same.
 I am always
 thinking of you and
 hope you are all
 well.



DANA ANIXTER

TRAVEL MEMORIES

Elizabeth Washall

may I
never forget the
sweet girl Sylvia
who smilingly asked
me to sign her journal to do
while I was rushing to do
a serious task - it certainly
is a pleasure to sign
Kilda Joan

Marquerite Schaub
Carmen Lewis

FACULTY

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Miss Laura Daniel, *Vice-Principal*

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Mrs. Mildred Bickel
Mrs. Elizabeth Bray
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Miss Helen Flynn

Mrs. Minnette Ker Higgins
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Miss Nathalie E. Roth
Mrs. Laura Tharp (Dramatics)

Miss Lenamae Williams

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Miss Catherine Downes (substitute)

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Mr. Ernesto Salzmman
Miss Clara M. Stark
Miss Helen Villalpando
Miss Emmelina de Th. Walker

Mrs. Alice Wilson

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Miss Helen C. Bovard
Miss Ella Castelhun
Miss Margaret Dougherty

Miss Esther Lee
Miss Marie J. McKinley
Mr. Lewis L. Nolin
Mr. Lorenzo A. Offield

Miss Clara Poppic

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Mr. Lorenzo A. Offield
Miss Muriel S. Pettit

Miss Clara Poppic
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Miss Elizabeth McDermott
Mr. Thomas A. McGlynn

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Mrs. Lorna D. Anderson

Mrs. Mary F. McGlade

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Mrs. Elizabeth Bray
Miss Nan Burke (Hygiene)
Miss Alice E. Clancy

Miss Lenora Clark
Miss Ruth Oakes
Miss Helen E. Rosenberg

Mrs. Laura Tharp

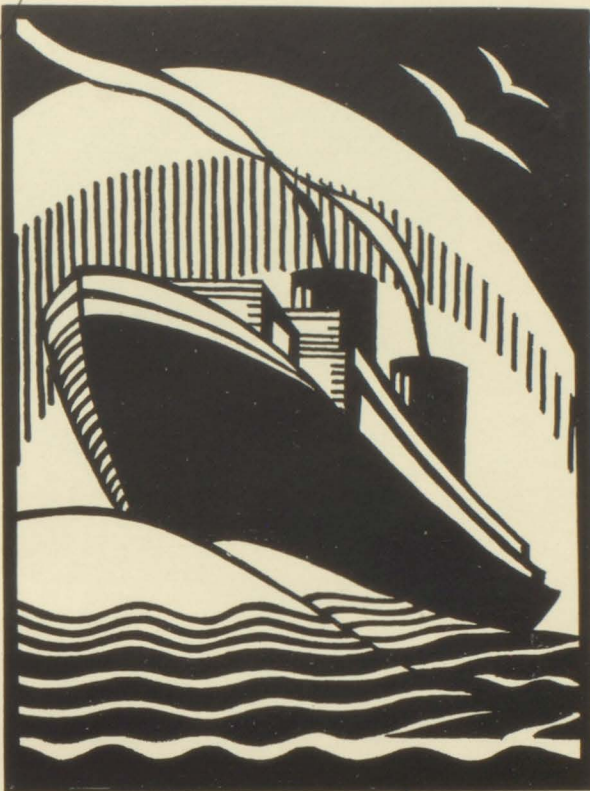
LIBRARIAN

Miss Magdalena Michel

Zella M. Schwab

SCHOOL publications attract embryonic authors.
The Mirror and THE JOURNAL print products of
the pen:
The former, articles of current news—practical,
informative;
The latter, creative prose and poetry—inspirational,
idealistic.
Every city, every ville, every ciudad has its publications.

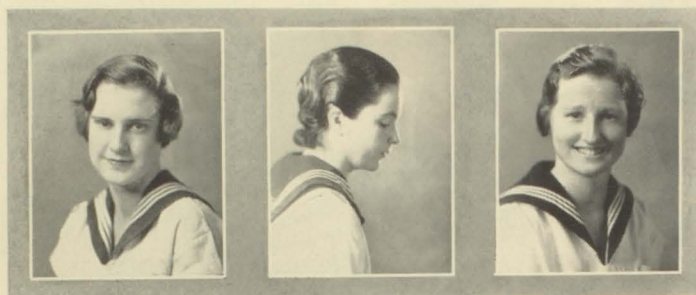
Dear Sylvia,
I hope this picture
will bring back
memories of the time
on the ship. "Poma"
to New York.
Julia Poma



Jeanna Riemen

PUBLICATIONS TO PERUSE

JOURNAL STAFF



Theodora Strand
Art Editor

Mary Mayer
Literary Editor

Ellenor Burchell
Business Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF

Mary Mayer, *Literary Editor*

Dale Adams

Anna Brun

Barbara Burns

Clarice Dechent

Beryl Hoffiger

Luda Jarrell

Dorothy Kapstein

Tamara Marten

Evamae Merritt

Bernice Ostrom

Frances Steidel

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Dania Anixter

Frances Isles

Elsie Matthews

Haruko Nakajima

Violet Nakashima

Jane Pinney

Jeanne Rieman

Kay Wells

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Ellenor Burchell, *Business Manager*

Mary Barclay

Rosslyn Jacobs

Dorothy Jonas

Lenore Mordoff

Masako Nakagawa

Blanche Nelson

Barbara O'Connell

Virginia Wright



D. Adams
D. Anixter
M. Barclay
A. Brun
B. Burns

C. Dechent
F. Isles
R. Jacobs
L. Jarrell
D. Jonas

D. Kapstein
T. Mayten
E. Matthews
E. Merritt
L. Mordoff

M. Nakagawa
H. Nakajima
V. Nakashima
B. Nelson
B. O'Connell

J. Pinney
J. Rieman
F. Steidel
K. Wells
V. Wright

GIRLS HIGH MIRROR

VOL. (in excess)

No. (wrong)



Margaret Eisner
Assistant Editor



Thelma Kahn
Editor



Dale Adams
Business Manager

MIRROR CRITICS ABDICATE

Catherine Jacobs and Dale Adams, Sassy Scratch Editors, and Mary Mayer, Dramatic Editor, are in hiding. During the term they published many revealing criticisms of local personalities and presentations. It seems to have been a good idea to have so escaped; that is, unless "Iron Masks" were procurable; for nothing else, not even "Armer," could have been of assistance in so precarious a predicament.

CHIEF KNIGHTS OF ORDER OF APPLE POLISHERS NAMED

Dubbed chief knights of the royal order of "Apple Polishers," Janet Ruggles and Suzanne Breitstein, the Soothing Syrup Editors, humbly rest upon their laurels.

REPORTERS FLY DISTRESS SIGNAL

Constantly hoping for a birth, death, or marriage in connection with the G. H. S. Alumnae, Margaret Eisner and Evamay Merritt were kept in suspense for fear nothing should happen to any graduate.

The duty of the Exchange Editor, Clarice Dechent, was to wade through stacks of outside school papers and pick out in them things that might interest G. H. S. Some job!

don't you think? But it's all in the day's work.

SOOTHING SYRUP

The Girls High School paper, *The Mirror*, is one of the best publications issued by any of the San Francisco high schools. Through the untiring efforts of the Journalism class and its able sponsor, Miss Evelyn Armer, the paper is issued several times a semester and contains bits of humor, news of the school, and clu- notices.

There are many people in this world who may be termed "silent helpers." Here, then, is recognition and thanks to Katherine Cheshire, Olga Meyer, Dorothy Fortney, and Maxine Tamblin—"a big one"; for they deserve it.

EDITORS TALK AND PLAY

Much DEBATE confirmed Elsa Magnus' doubts that her arguments could convince "her public" that certain articles were good. Graduation presents an opportunity to make a graceful exit.

Thelma Kahn, not caring a whoop what anyone thinks, and having done her best, will do the sporting thing, returning to face the music.

—Just ballyhoo, 'cause both are liked lots, tons, heaps, piles, gobs, oodles, and stacks—to say the least.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT! MIRROR EDITORS HAVE WORKED

Thelma Kahn, Editor; Margaret Eisner, Assistant Editor; and Dale Adams, Business Manager, are the *Mirror's* nucleus. Know what a nucleus is? No. I didn't think you did. It's the principal part, and those girls have done the principal part of the work.

Thelma's worked like—what was I going to say?—nobody's business! Dale was a model Business Manager. Her economizing of pins, bands, and strips was something to marvel at!

All these cracks probably went way over your head. Anyway, better say this article's good or "the goblins'll get you if you don't watch out"!

CLUBS SKILLFULLY HANDLED BY REPORTER

Clubs are wielded with great skill—that is—the pen is—I mean—never mind, let it go. Anyway, Olga Meyer with pen, or maybe it's pencil—well, she writes what's happening in Clubland in Girls High.

She gets information—you see—the girls give her—that is—she is given the club news and writes—did I say "writes"?—excuse it. I meant "attempts to write"—the club column in *The Mirror*.

WHEREABOUTS OF THE CLASS OF DECEMBER 1931

AUERBACH, JEAN.....	University of California
BENJAMIN, JANE.....	P. G. at Lowell High School
BINFORD, MARY.....	Children's Hospital
BIRNBAUM, JANET.....	University of California
BLOCH, HELEN.....	University of California
BOYLE, HELEN.....	University of California
BRUCE, VIRGINIA.....	State Teachers' College
CAHN, MARJORIE.....	University of California
CARLETON, BILLIE.....	University of California
CHEMNICK, BETTY.....	University of California
GARCIA, BERNICE.....	State Teachers' College
GRUNSKY, JEAN.....	University of California
GUIDI, IRMA.....	Lux
HEATLEY, MARJORIE.....	State Teachers' College
HOHMAN, ELAINE.....	Stanford Hospital
JACOBS, LESLIE.....	University of California
JOHNSON, BLANCHE.....	Children's Hospital
LAGOMARSINO, DOROTHY.....	University of California
LEE, MAY.....	State Teachers' College
MAIER, CATHERINE.....	P. G. at Girls High School
MARSH, ADA.....	P. G. at Girls High School
MARTINEZ, LOUISE.....	P. G. at Girls High School
MEHARRY, EVELYN.....	State Teachers' College
MICHELS, CAROL.....	University of California
O'LEARY, JACQUELINE.....	University of California
PRESCOTT, SOPHIE.....	University of California
REIBMAN, GERTRUDE.....	State Teachers' College
RUSO, JOSEPHINE.....	Marin Junior College
SHINKEL, HELEN.....	San Mateo Junior College
SCHNEIDER, LILLIAN.....	University of California
TOM, MINNIE.....	State Teachers' College
WONG, PEARL.....	State Teachers' College

EVERY unit—city, town, country—has an administration:

Officers—some, to make regulation; others, to enforce them.

Without such a policy no government can function.

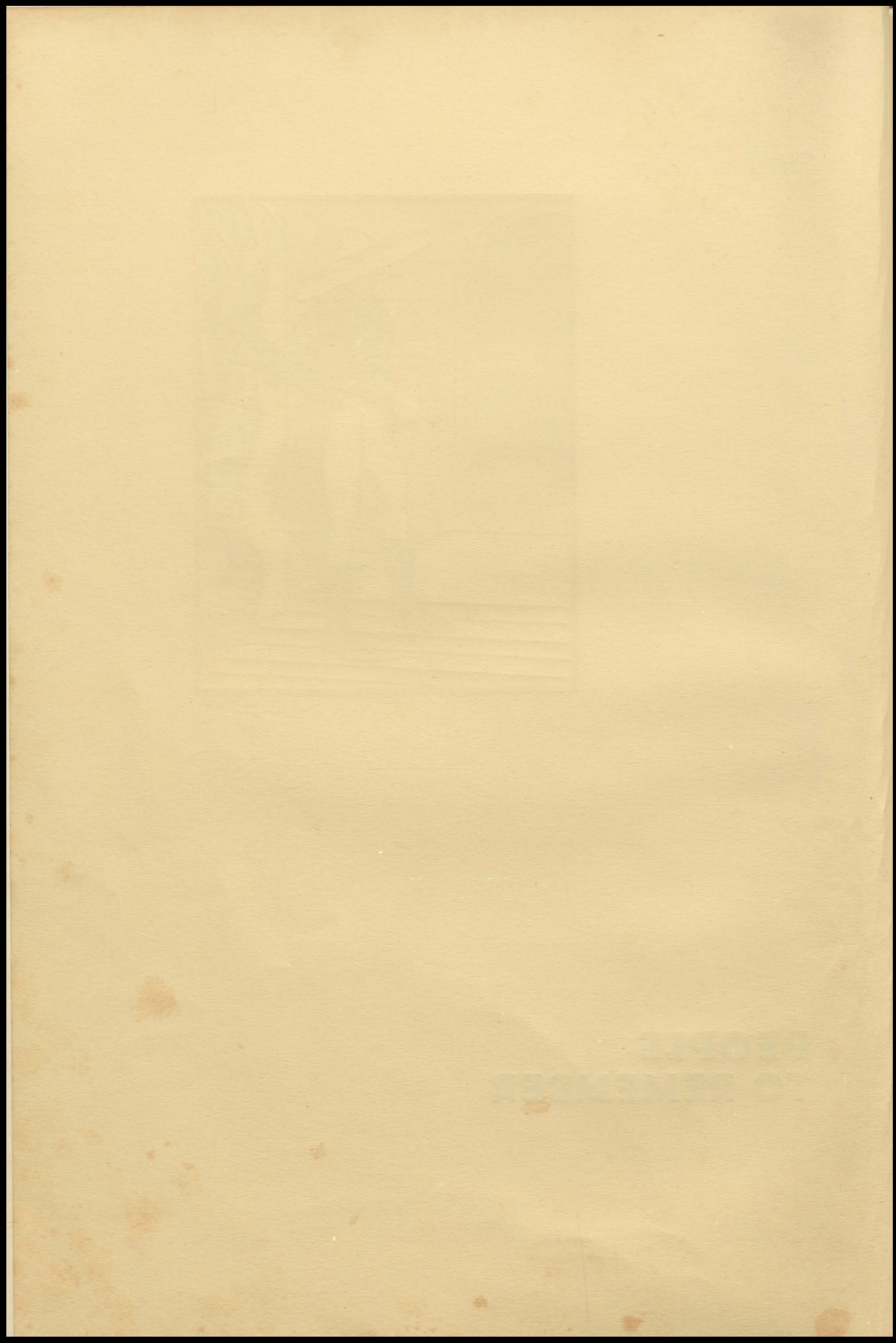
Girls High, so believing, has established a system

Which, like “wheels within wheels,” is centralized and certain.



T. STRAND

**PEOPLE
TO REMEMBER**



OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT BODY



Janice James, President

OUR PLEDGE

We, the members of the Girls High School Student Body, pledge ourselves

To keep burning the sacred spirit of loyalty
As if it were a vestal fire ;
To follow the highest ideals
With sincerity and good will ;
To be inspired by Girls High School
To the highest achievements in leadership and scholarship ;
To be able to look back with sadness as we leave
And go forth, unafraid, into what lies before us ;
To live up to our ideals of good citizenship
As members of our state and country.

JANICE JAMES, President



E. Jacobs
P. Halter

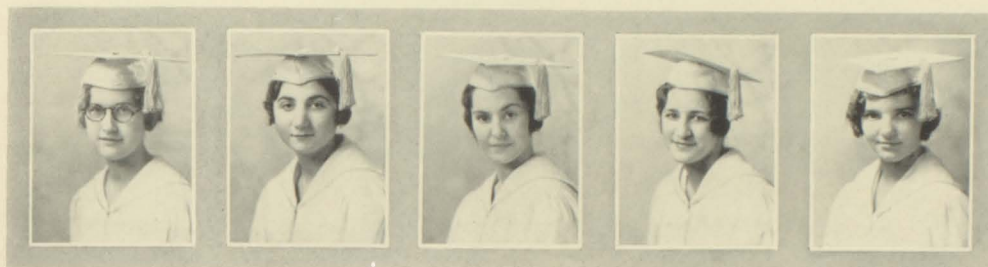
L. Rosenstein
A. Salich

V. Giuliani
I. Merrill

B. Taylor
C. Jacobs

Commissioner of Finance.....	ELIZABETH JACOBS
Commissioner of Clubs.....	LOUISE ROSENSTEIN
Commissioner of Order and Traffic.....	VIVIAN GIULIANI
Commissioner of Social Affairs and Elections.....	BARBARA TAYLOR
Commissioner of Publicity.....	PHOEBE HALTER
Commissioner of Lower Division.....	ASSIA SALICH
Clerk.....	IDA MERRILL
Cheer Leader.....	CATHERINE JACOBS

STUDENT COURT

Frances Bauer
*Associate Justice*Suzanne Breitstein
*Associate Justice*Oleta Selna
*Chief Justice*Dorothy Cascioni
*Associate Justice*Gina Lana
Associate Justice

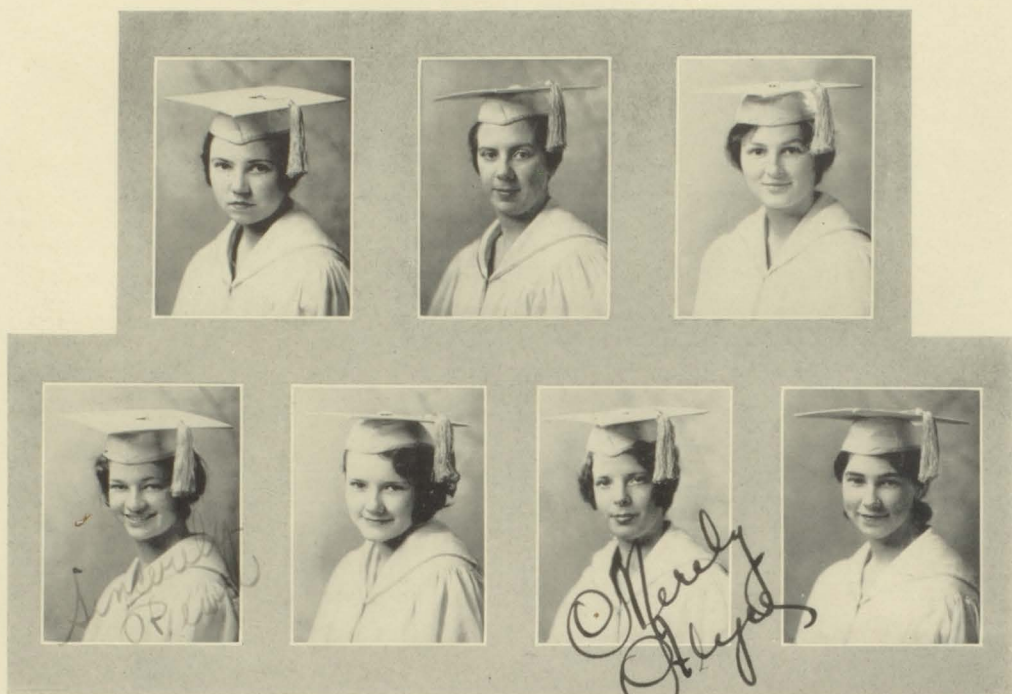
HAVE you ever wondered what the Student Court accomplishes or just how the Justices function? Of course you have, for the proceedings of this mysterious and dignified body which interprets the laws of Girls High School are held in strictest secrecy, and not a soul is permitted to enter the "sacred sanctum" when a case is being tried.

The "sacred sanctum" is Room 118, and every Tuesday morning the Justices convene to hear the cases of students who are accused of misdemeanors. The defendant is always given every opportunity to prove her innocence. After her statement she is asked to leave the room, and the Justices discuss her case. The student is summoned and informed of the decision.

The Student Court is cognizant of the responsibility which rests upon it and endeavors to decide each case fairly and impartially. It has worked earnestly to uphold the standards and ideals which it represents and, if possible, to make them better standards and higher ideals.

OLETA SELNA, *Chief Justice*

CLASS OF JUNE 1932



Barbara O'Connell <i>Vice-President</i>	Helen Rose <i>President</i>	Elsie Matthews <i>Secretary</i>
Pearl Kopf <i>Cheer Leader</i>	Pauline Hobart <i>Treasurer</i>	Alice Ellis <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
		Mary Tavolara <i>Cheer Leader</i>

WE HAVE traveled far since August, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight. Then we were a group of girls whose only point in common was the wise selection of Girls High as a place for studying. Now, four years later, under the influences and ideals of Girls High, we have an entirely different perspective. We have studied and played together; close friendships have been formed; we have come to know our teachers and have profited by their sage instruction; and most important of all, we have had implanted as a part of us the high ideals of Girls High School.

Now, at the end of four years, we are going to travel to larger fields. We go, not without regret for the old associations, but gladly too, filled with the true progressive spirit of our Alma Mater. We go forward unafraid and confident in the knowledge that we are well prepared to meet the future.

To our schoolmates, to our teachers, and to our dear Girls High we say "Good-bye."

HELEN ROSE, *President*



R. Ainbinder
D. Andreini
F. Bauer
E. Baugh
E. Bellomo

G. Biagini
E. Bickel
M. Bloch
S. Breitstein
E. Burman

D. Cascioni
H. Child
M. Coghlan
R. Corvino
M. Costello

M. Cuzens
M. Depons
I. Dickson
M. Donnelly
F. Duffy

H. DuPertuis
G. Ebner
A. Ellis
M. Esse
V. Evans



M. Fifer
D. Fortney
M. Foulk
A. Freed
C. Friedrichs

Y. Furushiro
D. Galli
R. Gates
M. Gerald
D. Goicovich

B. Graham
T. Gregoriev
S. Groner
A. Guevara
V. Giuliani

M. Halpern
G. Hamilton
M. Hamill
H. Hampton
E. Hart

M. Hines
M. Hippely
P. Hobart
L. Isaac
Y. Isobe



May your joy
be as deep as
the ocean, and
your sorrow
as light as its
foam.
Sincerely,
Olga

M. Jacob
E. Jacobs
J. James
L. Jarrell
D. Jonas

R. Judah
M. Kakehi
D. Kapstein
A. Kelly
P. Kopf

Y. Kusunoki
G. Lana
B. Langfeld
Elizabeth Lee
Emily Lee

P. Lee
C. Levison
M. Lindley
M. Lowenthal
E. Magnus

T. Mason
E. Matthews
M. Mayer
O. Meyer
H. Miller



B. Montali
L. Morris
S. Nakahira
A. Nakamoto
M. Nagatoshi

E. Nelson
V. Nelson
B. O'Connell
N. Peoples
H. Phillips

M. Picetti
B. Pichel
J. Pinney
E. Poteett
M. Price

M. Rattaro
R. Rabinowitch
R. Rounsefell
H. Rose
M. Rosencrans

L. Rosenstein
M. Rossello
J. Ruggles
V. Ryan
F. Sakai



E. Sarantitis
H. Schrader
O. Selna
F. Shapiro
A. Shoaf

H. Skliris
C. Smith
J. Smith
T. Strand
A. Stuart

M. Susman
M. Tamblin
M. Tavolara
B. Taylor
M. Teramoto

H. Thompson
G. Turner
G. Uyeda
L. Vallina
I. Vandewater

B. Vickroy
M. Wahlgren
D. Walters
B. Wienholz
L. Wieman



H. Wilson

B. Wong

V. Wright

M. Yasukochi

L. Yuen

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EVELYN BAUGH

Social Studies

ELVA BELLOMO

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GINA BIAGINI

French—Treasurer Italian Club, Care and Culture Club, Ushers.

ELSA BICKEL

Mathematics—Vice-President German Club, President Care and Culture Club, Glee Club, International Club, President C. S. F., S. P. A.

MARJORIE BLOCH

French—Journal Club, Stagecraft Club, International Club, Ushers.

SUZANNE BREITSTEIN

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MARIAN COSTELLO

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MYRTLE CUZENS

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ISABEL DICKSON

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Science—Glee Club, Journal Club.

FRANCES DUFFY
Social Studies—Treasurer Class, Philatelic Society, Ushers.

HAZEL DU PERTUIS
Science

GEORGINA EBNER
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MARGARET EISNER
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ALYCE ELLIS
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MARY ESSE
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VIRGINIA EVANS
Mathematics

NINA FEDICHKINA
Mathematics

MYRTLE FIFER
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Science

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CLARA FRIEDRICH
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YURIKO FURUSHIRO
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DENA GALLI
Italian—Italian Club.

RITA GATES
Science

MARIE GERALDI
Science—Italian Club, Dramatic Club.

DOROTHY GOICOVICH
Mathematics—Secretary Philatelic Society, Treasurer Class, Ushers.

BEATRICE GRAHAM
Social Studies

TAMARA GREGORIEV
German—President Stagecraft Club, German Club.

SARAH GRONER
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ASUNCION GUEVARA
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Italian—Italian Club, Ushers, S. P. A.

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Commercial—Care and Culture Club.

GLORIA HAMILTON
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HELEN HAMPTON
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MADELINE HIPPELY
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YOSHIKO ISOBÉ
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RUTH JUDAH
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MIZUE KAKEHI
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DOROTHY KAPSTEIN
French—Debating Club, Journal Club, Dramatic Club.

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English—Spanish Club, Vice-President International Club, Italian Club, Garden Club.

- PEARL KOPF
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- YASUKO KUSUNOKI
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- GINA LANA
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- BETTIE LANGFELD
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- ELIZABETH LEE
Home Economics—International Club.
- EMILY LEE
Science—Care and Culture Club, International Club.
- PAULINE LEE
History—American Patriots, International Club.
- CLAIRE LEVISON
English—Secretary International Club, Secretary Dramatic Club, Debating Club, Stagecraft Club.
- MARCELLA LINDLEY
Social Studies
- MINNIE LOWENTHAL
English—President S. P. A., Dramatic Club, International Club, C. S. F.
- ELSA MAGNUS
German—Secretary Debating League, Torch Editor, Varsity Debating Team, Custodian Ushers, Dramatic Club.
- THELMA MASON
Social Studies—Stagecraft Club, Garden Club, Care and Culture Club, S. P. A.
- ELSIE MATTHEWS
Art—Secretary Philatelic Society, Secretary Class, Journal Club.
- MARY MAYER
English—Editor Journal, President Journal Club, Secretary C. S. F., Vice-President Class, Secretary Class, Mirror Staff.
- OLGA MEYER
Commercial—Vice-President Care and Culture Club, International Club, Spanish Club.
- HELEN MILLER
Social Studies—Garden Club, Latin Club, Philatelic Society, Debating Club.
- BERNICE MONTALI
Italian—Italian Club, Spanish Club, Philatelic Society, Debating Club.
- LIBBY MORRIS
Science—Ushers, Debating Club, German Club, Care and Culture Club, S. P. A.
- SHIZUE NAKAHIRA
English—Spanish Club, International Club.
- SAKAE NAKAMOTO
Social Studies—International Club, S. P. A.
- MARY NAGATOSHI
English—Cheer Leader, International Club, Spanish Club, Latin Club, S. P. A.
- EDNA NELSON
Spanish—President Spanish Club, Secretary Spanish Club, Philatelic Society, Care and Culture Club.
- VYALDA NELSON
Spanish—Glee Club, Care and Culture Club, S. P. A.
- BARBARA O'CONNELL
Science—Vice-President Class, President Garden Club, President Class, Secretary Care and Culture Club, Treasurer Class, Journal Staff, Ushers.
- NEVA PEOPLES
Social Studies
- HELENE PHILLIPS
Social Studies
- MARIE PICETTI
Social Studies—Italian Club, Care and Culture Club, Philatelic Society.
- BERNICE PICHEL
Italian—Garden Club, Italian Club, S. P. A.
- JANE PINNEY
Social Studies—Glee Club, Ushers, Stagecraft Club.
- ELIZABETH POTEETT
Social Studies—Vice-President Glee Club, Care and Culture Club.
- MARY PRICE
Social Studies—Vice-President Ukulele Club, Garden Club, International Club, Care and Culture Club.
- MARIE RATTARO
Italian
- ROSE RABINOWITCH
Home Economics—Care and Culture Club.
- ROSALIND ROUNSEFELL
English
- HELEN ROSE
Social Studies—President Class, Clerk Student Body, President Philatelic Society, Vice-President Philatelic Society, Ushers.
- MAYNARD ROSECRANS
Social Studies
- LOUISE ROSENSTEIN
English—Commissioner Clubs, Stagecraft Club, C. S. F.
- MARITA ROSSELLO
French

JANET RUGGLES

Science—Ushers, Philatelic Society.

VIRGINIA RYAN

Spanish—Spanish Club, Drill Team.

EFFIE SARANTITIS

Home Economics—C. S. F., S. P. A., International Club, French Club, Care and Culture Club.

FUSAKO SAKAI

Spanish—Spanish Club.

HILDEGARDE SCHRADER

Social Studies—Garden Club, Stagecraft Club.

OLETA SELNA

French—Class Representative, President Dramatic Club, President C. S. F., Editor Mirror, Associate Editor Mirror, Chief Justice, Journal Staff.

FLORENCE SHAPIRO

Commercial—Spanish Club, S. P. A.

AUDREY SHOAF

Science—Stagecraft Club, Care and Culture Club, Ushers.

HELEN SKLIRIS

Social Studies—Treasurer Class, Vice-President Class, President Class, President Garden Club.

CHELSEA SMITH

Art—International Club, Ushers, S. P. A., Naturalist Club, Stagecraft Club, Journal Staff, Spanish Club.

JUNE SMITH

French—Secretary Class, Assistant Editor Mirror.

THEODORA STRAND

Art—Art Editor Journal, Stagecraft Club, Garden Club.

ANNA STUART

Science—Vice-President Naturalist Club, Garden Club, Care and Culture Club, Glee Club.

MARJORIE SUSMAN

French—Vice-President Garden Club, Journal Club, Care and Culture Club.

MAXINE TAMBLIN

Social Studies—Philatelic Society.

MARY TAVOLARA

Social Studies—Class Cheer Leader, Spanish Club, Ushers, S. P. A.

BARBARA TAYLOR

Social Studies—Secretary Garden Club, President Debating Club, Varsity Debating Team, Commissioner Social Affairs and Elections, Editor Latin Club Paper.

MICHIYO TERAMOTO

Spanish—Vice-President Spanish Club, International Club, S. P. A.

HELEN THOMPSON

Mathematics—Secretary Class, Vice-President Ushers, Philatelic Society.

GERALDINE TURNER

English—Assistant Club Commissioner, Secretary Class, Philatelic Society, Glee Club, International Club, Garden Club.

GRACE UYEDA

Mathematics—Ushers, Philatelic Society.

LUISA VALLINA

English

IRENE VANDEWATER

English

BARBARA VICKROY

Social Studies—Class Representative, Debating Club, Dramatic Club, Journal Club.

MARIE WAHLGREN

Mathematics—Philatelic Society, Ushers, S. P. A., C. S. F.

DOROTHY WALTERS

Science—Care and Culture Club.

BERNICE WIENHOLZ

Home Economics—International Club, Glee Club, Garden Club, Curator Naturalist Club.

LILLIAN WIEMAN

Science—Care and Culture Club, Ushers, Stagecraft Club, S. P. A.

HELEN WILSON

Science—Debating Club, Volleyball Manager S. P. A.

BERTHA WONG

Science—Stagecraft Club, International Club, Care and Culture Club.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT

Commercial—Commissioner Order and Traffic, President Philatelic Society, Journal Staff.

MARTHA YASUKOCHI

Spanish—Stagecraft Club, Spanish Club, S. P. A.

LILLIAN YUEN

Science—International Club, Care and Culture Club.

CLASS OF DECEMBER 1932



Elene Krause
Vice-President

Edna Johnson
President

Isabel McCullough
Secretary

*I remember as a Low Senior having been a bit blasé
'Cause all things seemed to come so easily my way.*

SWIMMING MEET—JUST "MEAT" FOR LOW TWELVES

Low Seniors Swim to Swimming Finish in All Events

THE termial (to coin a word) Aquatic Play Day, which was held on Saturday, March fifth, at Crystal Palace Baths, was only "bath"etic as far as all classes *except* the Low Twelves were concerned because to them it was in every sense a "Play Day." We might offer condolences to the other classes (worse and worst) for having gone down to such a watery death.

The Low Twelve Class won almost every event—a free style for speed with Elinor Degener finishing in the lead; a style side stroke with Catherine Jacobs victorious; and a tandem race won by Marjorie Sowle, Elinor Degener, and Lois Sehestedt. Placed for the diving were Elinor Degener, Catherine Jacobs, and Josephine Dunn.

The above girls showed wonderful co-operation and concentration, great enthusiasm and class spirit, and proved themselves to be worthy representatives of their class and school.

CLASS OF JUNE 1933



Barbara Burns
Vice-President

Katharine Kelly
President

Joy Hammill
Secretary

*I remember having been—oh, so sophisticated!
Poise and certainty all my work permeated.*

CLASS OF DECEMBER 1933



Louise Umland
Vice-President

Lorraine Baker
President

Frances Paratore
Secretary

*Best of Luck and
much Happiness
Frances*

*I remember becoming a Low Junior and feeling quite elated,
Ready and anxious to assume all dignity related.*

CLASS OF JUNE 1934



Barbara Lee Burns
Vice-President

Betty Lou Taylor
President

Lillie Giorgi
Secretary

*I remember, when a High Soph, feeling very proud.
Our class had won some contest—and did we tell the crowd!*

CLASS OF DECEMBER 1934



Jacqueline Schroder
Vice-President

Florence Deutsch
President

Roberta Cook
Secretary

*Best of Luck
to a happy
successful
life Bobbie*

*I remember, as a Low Soph, being confident,
Looking for a good time, ever on pleasure bent.*

CLASS OF JUNE 1935



Hannah Jane Goldberg
Vice-President

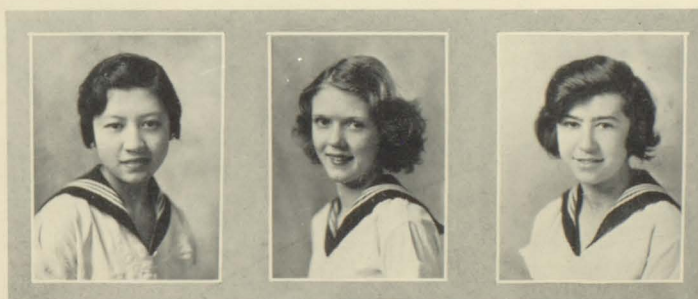
Ida Eichwald
President

Barbara Bine
Secretary

*I remember having been a naïve High Frosh
Interested in everything—the object of much josh.*

Blakes

CLASS OF DECEMBER 1935



Louise Lyn
Vice-President

Peggy Person
President

Una Morengo
Secretary

*I remember long ago as a new Low Nine
Timid, shy, and nervous—waiting in a line.*

CLASS OF JUNE 1936
MAY YAMASAKI
President
MITZUE KONO
Secretary



CLASS OF DECEMBER 1936
ELIZABETH REHBOCH
President
HELEN McDONALD
Secretary

CLASS OF JUNE 1937
HAW CHAN
President
ELAINE BIRD
Secretary



CLASS OF DECEMBER 1937
KALIOPE SPANOS
President
ROSE STITCH
Secretary

MOONLIGHT IN AFRICA

The African moon crashes through the trees,
Casting shadows, murky and black;
Seen through the forests of trembling leaves
Is the trace of the animals' track.

The swamps are alive with forces defiant
As they bubble and gleam unperturbed,
Racing on like the pulse of a giant
Whose sleep no one has disturbed.

List to the beat of the natives' drums
As they echo through the jungle,
To the endless tramp of the native sons
As they dance to the roar of its rumble.

And down upon all this African wonder
The moon cast its fiercest beams
And sighs as daylight tears it asunder
To shine on other new scenes.

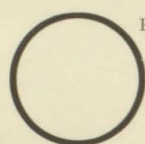
BERYL HOFLIGER, J'33

A CAPTIVE

He lived within a narrow room
And spent his time from day to day
In looking at, with bitter gloom,
A door that shut the world away.

'Twas thus, in dark and hate, he wore
His life to death, and ne'er knew this:
Had he but once pushed 'gainst that door,
The earth and sky would have been his.

LUDA JARRELL, J'32



ORGANIZATIONS the world over foster intimacy:

Syndiqués, trade-unions—for business;
Clubs, fraternities—for pleasure.

Girls High has many groups of common interest
That further international good will, each in its individual way.



V. NAKASHIMA

CLUBS TO JOIN

CLUBS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
AMERICAN PATRIOTS.....	Miss Aileen Kissane
BANKING CLUB.....	Miss Helen Flynn
CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION.....	Miss Helen O'Brien
CARE AND CULTURE CLUB.....	Miss Muriel Pettit
COMMERCIAL CLUB.....	Miss Margaret Schroeder
DANCING CLUB.....	Miss Frances-Ellen Baker
DEBATING CLUB.....	Mr. E. J. Dupuy ; Mr. L. Nolin
DRAMATIC CLUB.....	Mrs. Laura Tharp
GARDEN CLUB.....	Miss Muriel Pettit
GERMAN CLUB.....	Mrs. Mildred Bickel
GLEE CLUB.....	Mrs. Mary McGlade ; Mrs. Lorna Anderson
INTERNATIONAL CLUB.....	Miss Tillie Hesselberg
ITALIAN CLUB.....	Mrs. Lydia Martin ; Miss Emmelina de Th. Walker
JOURNAL CLUB.....	Miss Elizabeth McDermott, <i>Art Adviser</i> Miss Mabel Clay, <i>Business Adviser</i> Miss Estelle Maloney, <i>Literary Adviser</i>
LATIN CLUB.....	Mr. Martin Centner
NATURALIST CLUB.....	Miss Muriel Pettit
ORCHESTRA AND INSTRUMENTAL PRACTICE	Mrs. Mary McGlade Mrs. Lorna Anderson
PHILATELIC SOCIETY.....	Miss Alice de Bernardi
SPANISH CLUB.....	Mrs. Lydia Martin ; Miss Emmelina de Th. Walker
STAGECRAFT CLUB.....	Mr. Thomas McGlynn
USHERS.....	Mr. E. J. Dupuy



CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION.....	Elsa Bickel, <i>President</i>
JOURNAL CLUB.....	Tamara Marten, <i>President</i>
DEBATING CLUB.....	Elsa Magnus, <i>President</i>



Label Hunter
Paul



*Love
 Pansy*

AMERICAN PATRIOTS.....	Melda Nielson, <i>President</i>
INTERNATIONAL CLUB.....	Mary Esse, <i>President</i>
LATIN CLUB.....	Vivian Nichols, <i>President</i>



Dear Sylvia
 Here's wish-
 ing in the Best
 of Luck
 Caroline

Yours truly
 Daisy

Love and
 Best
 Wishes

Love and
 Best
 Wishes

GERMAN CLUB.....	Christel Katzke, President
SPANISH CLUB.....	Patty Jones, President
ITALIAN CLUB.....	Elva Bellomo, President Upper Division
	Louise Savio, President Lower Division

With my
sincere best wishes
and loads of
luck Edith.



Rosebud Buffle



Loads of love
& luck to you
"Pse"
L. M.
Spreng

DRAMATIC CLUB.....	Edith Foster, President
DANCING CLUB.....	Joan Woodbury, President
STAGECRAFT CLUB.....	Tamara Gregoriev, President

Wish of
success
your future



I wish you
success and success
Luisa Karles



may you
always be
as nice as
you are today
Love
Marie
Lambert

GARDEN CLUB.....	Babbette Goldsmith, President
NATURALIST CLUB.....	Leota Plasteur, President
CARE AND CULTURE CLUB.....	Ruth Rector, President

*to a
 darling girl
 who I
 greatly
 admire.
 Love
 "Gus"*

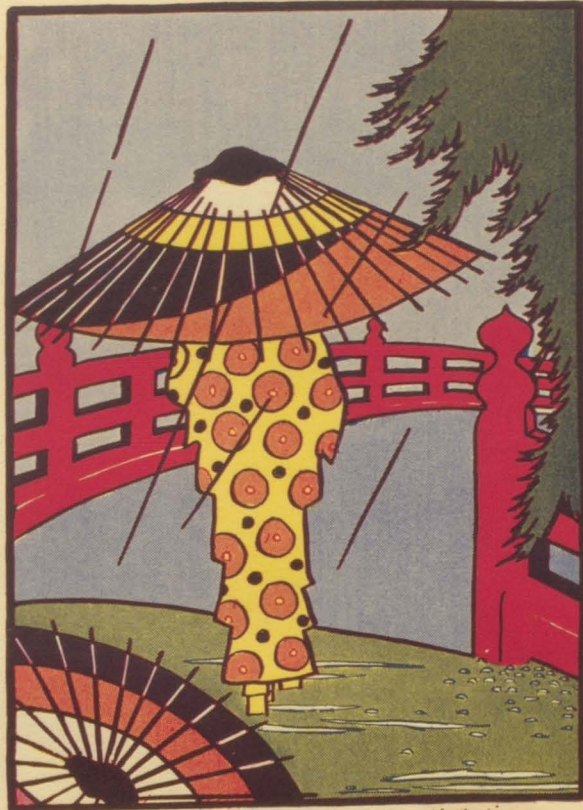


COMMERCIAL CLUB.....	Anita Lee, President
USHERS	Mary Coghlan, President
PHILATELIC CLUB.....	Marguerite Depons, President



BANKING CLUB.....	Edith Kranci, <i>President</i>
ORCHESTRA AND INSTRUMENT PRACTICE	Josephine Aceto, <i>President</i>
	Alice Papen, <i>President</i>
GLEE CLUB.....	Helen Hampton, <i>President Upper Division</i>
	Edith Wright, <i>President Lower Division</i>

P OISE, savoir-faire, is recognized everywhere.
Debating develops the necessary confidence.
Dramatic talent, stimulated by participation
In the school's varied presentations,
Frequently appears and is more fully developed.



Haruko Nakajima.

SPEECHES AND PLAYS TO RECALL



THE
MOUNTAIN

DEBATING



Dale Adams

Barbara Taylor

Elsa Magnus

Mr. Dupuy

THE Girls High debaters have been more active this term than ever before. Work and play have been mixed together to form a term of "doings" that have been enjoyed by everyone.

Girls High has had the privilege of meeting Sequoia, Palo Alto, and Santa Rosa High Schools in debates for the past few terms; but this was the first time in recent years that we have met San Jose, Los Gatos, and Woodland. The Varsity team met the University of California debaters on March thirty-first, debating the subject "Resolved: That the United States Join the League of Nations." Girls High School upheld the affirmative of the question and was represented by Barbara Taylor, Dale Adams, and Elsa Magnus.

Socially the Debating Club has been active. The Faculty Tea was pronounced to be even more of a success than formerly. The mock Faculty Debate provided much interest and pleasure.

As the debating term comes to a close, we wish our opponents from San Jose to Woodland a most happy vacation.

ELSA MAGNUS, *President*

DRAMATICS

A SHAKESPEARE PAGEANT

Presented on Tuesday evening, April 26

Arranged by Miss Browning

Staged and directed by Mrs. Tharp

Music under the direction of Mrs. McGlade

Dancing under the direction of Miss Baker

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

Cast:

<i>Juliet</i>	Joan Woodbury
<i>Nurse</i>	Clarice Dechent
<i>Peter</i>	Veronica Matson

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Cast:

<i>Puck</i>	Sylvia Guthertz
<i>Fairy</i>	Vivian Piombo
<i>Oberon</i>	Rose Siegel
<i>Titania</i>	Claire Levison
<i>Bottom</i>	Relda Weiss
<i>Cobweb</i>	Phyllis Dufficy
<i>Mustardseed</i>	June Rembold
<i>Peaseblossom</i>	Olga Stanley
<i>Three Fiddlers</i>	Sylvia Polishook; Pauline Kael; Josephine Aceto

"TAMING OF THE SHREW"

Cast:

<i>Katherine</i>	Janice James
<i>Petruchio</i>	Thelma Kahn
<i>Tailor</i>	Blanche Tovey
<i>Hortensio</i>	Alice Papen

"MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

Cast:

<i>Mistress Page</i>	Roberta Bardwell
<i>Mistress Ford</i>	Beatrice Treadwell
<i>Anne Page</i>	Rosalie Gruenberg
<i>Hugh Evans</i>	Assia Salich
<i>Hobgoblin</i>	Clara Frederichs
<i>Falstaff</i>	Pauline Hobart

OPERETTA

"MISS PRIMER'S PIRATES"

Presented on Friday evening, May 6

Directed by Mrs. Anderson

Assisted by Marie Laxague and Barbara Zimmerman

Cast:

<i>Dorothy Dear</i>	Madelyn Chance
<i>Miss Primer, Teacher</i>	Mary Kafantaris
<i>Lehua</i>	Yvonne Spargo
<i>Karnlani</i>	Esther Rinaldi
<i>Maile</i>	Elizabeth Hird
<i>Billy Woods, Lieut. U. S. N.</i>	Florence Deutch
<i>Pirate Chief</i>	Sylvia Guthertz
<i>Scary, a Pirate</i>	Joy Balcom

FRESHMAN PLAY

"THE KING'S COBBLER"

Presented on Thursday afternoon, May 26
Directed by Edith Foster and Claire Levison

Cast:

<i>Caleb, the cobbler</i>	Assia Salich
<i>Hilda, his wife</i>	Mary Jurich
<i>Old Olaf, the broom maker</i>	Polly Lipschultz
<i>The Wayfarer (the Prince)</i>	Annie Graffigna
<i>The Lady (Little Astrid)</i>	Aileen Crone
<i>Neils, the Mayor's messenger</i>	Matilda Skondin

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES PLAY

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

Presented on Thursday and Friday afternoons, May 19 and 20
Directed by Helen Skliris, Geraldine Turner, Relda Weiss

Cast:

<i>First Alice</i>	Sylvia Guthertz
<i>Second Alice</i>	Louise Weidburg
<i>Understudy</i>	Roxie Hovsepian
<i>Queen of Hearts</i>	Josephine Gerber
<i>The Duchess</i>	Phoebe Fairbanks
<i>The Book</i>	Annadare Buckley
<i>First Fairy</i>	Roxie Hovsepian
<i>Ladies of the Court</i>	LaVerne Clary; Elaine Bird; Dorothy Phillips
<i>Dormouse</i>	Lucille Hirigisa
<i>Cheshire Cat</i>	Audrey Wilson
<i>The Hatter</i>	Nina Huinchian
<i>The White Rabbit</i>	Kaliopé Spanos
<i>The King of Hearts</i>	Julia Hovsepian
<i>The Knave of Hearts</i>	Elaine Shenson
<i>The Executioner</i>	Virginia Watkins
<i>Gentlemen of the Court</i>	Virginia Barry; Ethel Jacobs; Henrietta Andrews
<i>Guards</i>	Dorothy Grant; Olga Stanley

SENIOR PLAYS

"SUCH A CHARMING YOUNG MAN" and "THE CONFLICT"

Presented on Friday afternoon and evening, June 3
Directed by Ella Burman, Oleta Selna, June Smith

Casts:

<i>Gerald</i>	Pauline Hobart	<i>Herbert</i>	Madeleine Jacobs
<i>Leontine</i>	Marjorie Bloch	<i>Jones</i>	Helen Rose
<i>Margaret</i>	Annette Freed	<i>Page</i>	Janet Ruggles
<i>Countess</i>	Libby Morris	<i>Hicks</i>	Virginia Ryan
<i>Emilie</i>	Dorothy Kapstein	<i>Bess</i>	Helen Hampton
<i>Mother</i>	Janice James	<i>Bob</i>	Pearl Kopf

INDULGENCE in sports quickens the mind generally
And makes the aptitude for work more keen.
Olympic games show the universal acceptance of this
fact.

At Girls High, the S. P. A., with its tremendous following,

Shows that the local theory is in complete accord with
the general belief.



SPORTS TO ENTER

OLYMPIC GAMES

The eyes of the sports world are focused on Los Angeles,
The setting of the Xth Olympic Games events,
And its preparations of inconceivable magnitude.
From the eighth century B. C. the Games have been held every four years—
The most renowned festivals of ancient Greece,
Supposedly instituted by Zeus, father of the gods.
But they have greatly changed in the course of evolution.
No longer is there an inauguration of homage paid the gods ;
No longer is there an imposing sacrifice to Zeus ;
No longer do sacred embassies offer their gifts at the shrines ;
No longer is the celebration one of three days' duration ;
No longer are there chariot races and children's games ;
No longer do statesmen withdraw to settle their negotiations ;
No longer do friends meet after years of parting and forget themselves in endless
discourse ;
No longer do crowds of pilgrims sleep under the starlit sky ;
No longer does a multitude awaken while Olympia is wrapped in shadow ;
No longer does the festival start as the sun falls upon the plains from the loft-
mits of Arcadian mountains ;
No longer is there a solemn banquet in the Prytaneum ;
No longer do the Hellanodicæ sit in long purple robes.
—Yet the memory of all this adds magnificent atmosphere,
And many characteristics have remained unchanged.
Long before the time, people still hurry to the stadium to secure good places ;
And high banks of earth, surrounding the arena, are covered with a crowd of spec-
tators.
Still do trainers give their pupils parting words of counsel ;
And still do athletes rest quietly, gathering strength for the morrow
To enter in open competition the greatest international amateur event of the world.

MARY MAYER, J'32

S. P. A.

*To a good Pal
Bernice Bard*



Bernice Bard
Secretary
Helen Wilson
Volley Ball Manager

Minnie Lowenthal
President
Dorothy Anderson
Basket Ball Manager

Lois Schalla
Vice-President
Edna Ogilvie
Swimming Manager

Eleanor Lalanne
Soccer Manager
Beryl Briggs
Baseball Manager

The ideals, fun, and good times of the S. P. A. are woven into its very name—Sports and Pastimes Association.

S stands for sportsmanship, an S. P. A. law;
P must mean parties with hardly a flaw;
O is for officers—The Sports Board, of course;
R for the rules which are every game's source.
T tells of teamwork each sport does create;
S for S. P. A. Day, a much-cherished date.

P must be "Peach," our paper so neat;
A is "Aquatic," the big swimming meet;
S should be soccer which many love;
T for the teams and the balls they shove.
I is initiative, a wonderful trait;
M for the mirth we all radiate.
E is enthusiasm which all sports girls show;
S tells of scholarship and great things we know.

A stands for athletes—the whole S. P. A.;
S is for swimming and diving away;
S for the songs we sing every day;
O for the outdoors where we like to play.
C is co-operation that we all understand;
I is the interest each sport does command;
A for activity—we are full of that;
T for the tournaments that never fall flat;
I for the Interclass, good-natured fun;
O for the outings; 'we love every one.
N is the end—this is only a pun.

MINNIE LOWENTHAL, President

TEAMS



*Sally
Sally to you
Sylvia
Betty majors.*

SWIMMING
SOCCER
LOWER DIVISION VOLLEY BALL

TEAMS



H10 VOLLEY BALL
H11 VOLLEY BALL
L10, L11, L12, AND H12 VOLLEY BALL

from a friend
to a friend
Just
Estelle

Best wishes
Dorinda Cardinal

The original
to the best addy
Blanch Taylor

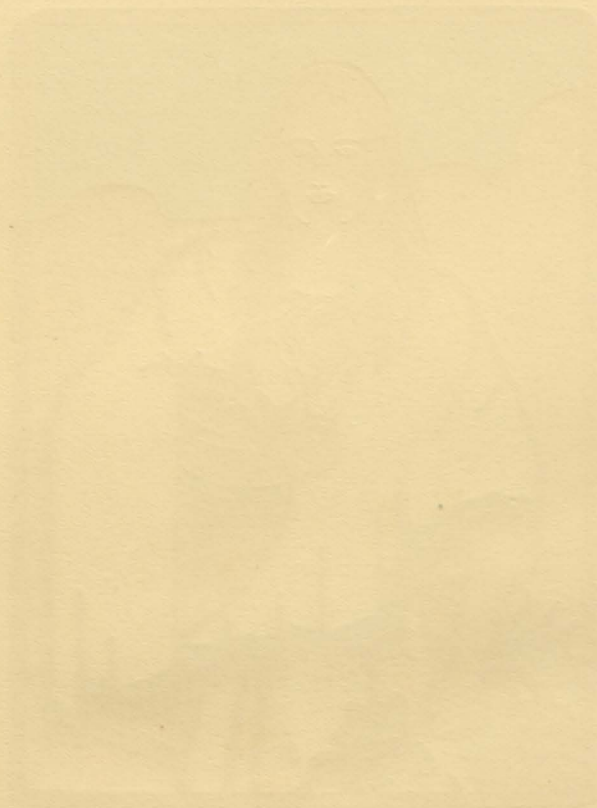
Quilchongell

EVERYONE is at times receptive to unusual thoughts.
Everyone thinks; everyone is emotional; everyone is sentimental.
Feelings can be expressed in—oh, so many ways.
One of these ways exists in every land and in every language—literature.
Students who follow the literary trend express themselves in prose and poetry.



KAY WELLS

**PROSE AND
POETRY TO READ**



THE HISTORY
OF THE UNITED STATES

BY SEA, RAIL, ROAD, AND AIR

On a boat

With its broad and shaded promenade,
With its swimming pool,
With its steamer chairs and plaid blankets,
With its brass-buttoned captain,
With its deck tennis and shuffleboard,
With its rolling, rocking, slipping, sliding—
I sail away.

On a train

With its dirt and noise,
With its red-capped colored porters,
With its Pullmans and dining cars,
With its orange-munchers,
With its green-backed seats,
With its lagging, lugging, clanging, changing—
I ride away.

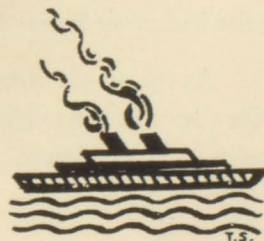
In an automobile

With its brakes, and gears, and wheels,
With its grease and dirt,
With its plush seats and fuzzy lap robe,
With its glass windows,
With its spare tire and red light,
With its grinding, growling, squeaking, sliding—
I drive away.

In an aeroplane

Gliding through white clouds,
With tiny toy villages and green grass below,
With its buzzing, humming propellers,
And its gray and silver wings,
With its browned competent pilots,
With its singing, swinging, whirring,
whizzing—
I glide away.

FRANCES STEIDEL, J'33



THE VOICE OF VENICE

THE old plaza of Venice, backed by the beautiful campanile, was silent, chequered with moonlight and powdery shadows.

The square was deserted. But coming silently was a small figure. Its clothes were tattered and hung loosely about the form. It was a little boy stealing softly along. He mounted the steps of the campanile and crouched next to the building. Silently, softly, the breeze rippled through his hair, caressed him. From afar came the sound of happy voices and gay music from the canal. It seemed as if only happiness and romance could exist on such a night. But tears were streaming down the thin, soiled cheeks of the child. For the last time, he would see his Venice at night—feel its breeze caressing him—have the moonbeams enfold him—live in the beauty of his city; for they were taking him to some country called America—away forever.

A small choking sound broke the silence. He could not bear it. Something was pulling at his heart, saying, "Stay! Stay here with the glittering moonbeams, the gentle breeze, the balmy night, the dusky shadows—stay, stay!" And he felt as though he and Venice, his Venice, were one.

* * * * *

The huge opera house was filled to the utmost with happy, excited people. An air of expectancy prevailed; for was not the world-famous singer X— appearing in "Il Trovatore"? His fame had come before him, and now all cultured Venice was awaiting his appearance. Suddenly lights were dimmed, voices quieted, and the curtain rose on the magnificent opera.

As the last curtain fell, peal after peal of ringing applause echoed through the house—some voices crying for more; others, silent in pure astonishment. Such a voice had never before been heard!

As the people were leaving the opera house, a silent figure emerged from the side door; and it might have been recognized as that of the singer. Where was he going? No one knew.

* * * * *

The luminous moon cast its beams over the romantic city of Venice. A velvet sky showed tiny, sparkling stars against the blackness. The glistening rays filtered through the dreamy darkness to the earth. The old plaza, backed by the beautiful campanile, was silent, checquered with moonlight and powdery shadows. Through the solemn trees which edged the deserted square, the breeze whispered softly.

Suddenly, upon the steps of the old campanile, a figure appeared. It stood there, enraptured. It was a man standing, gazing, as if in a dream, at the scene before him. Softly the breeze stole about him, caressing his face and rippling through his hair. From the canal came the sound of voices and gay music. As the man stood, there appeared before his eyes a vision of a small, thin boy in torn clothes, crouching near the campanile, with tears streaming down his cheeks.

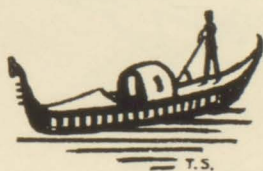
The man drew a deep breath. Then suddenly, on the quiet of the square, there was born a melody—vibrant, melodious, enchanting, alluring, finely toned, and rich—floating on the still air. A song—a Venetian song sung as mortal had never before sung—was issuing from his lips.

Through the filtered moonlight on the ground, dark shadows glided; the square was filling with people. Still the man sang on, his eyes shining, never moving. Richer and fuller the tones grew, drawing the hearts of the people with something indescribable. Then suddenly the end came. The shadows melted away; something in that all-expressive song of the soul had bade them leave.

The figure remained alone in the square, motionless, as before. Suddenly it swayed and sank to the steps.

The wind caressed the cheeks and whispered in the hair of the man. Soft moonbeams enfolded it, and in the place of the once upright figure rose a misty shadow, a small child, his arms outstretched over the body. The breeze seemed to sigh, "Stay! Stay forever!"

DALE ADAMS, J'33



PLACES OF INTEREST

MANHATTAN

Skyscrapers—first thought on hearing the magic words NEW YORK. Skyscrapers—shafts cutting into and piercing the heavens with clarity that is startling—audaciously prying into the intimacy of the gods. They are the work of man, the rumble of whose labor roars into the world around. Life is complex—whirling in kaleidoscopic manner from the estates which were first property of Dutch patrons to the Ghetto's crowded streets and tenements; from the Greenwich Village, buoyantly carefree, populated by artists of all kinds and by students who revere them, by Socialists, by Communists, and by sophisticates bound for the far-famed Barney Gallant's; to the Bronx; then over the river to Brooklyn; then back to Wall Street, where financial destinies are formulated by the mark of a pencil; to Central Park with its Casino thronged with dancing couples; to the Drive along the Palisades—and life whirls on and on, blending with sirens and the calls of newsies, and becomes one with the rush of the "L."

HAVANA

Old buildings of yellowed adobe, cracking and crumbling with age, haunted by Moorish influence which shows itself in grilles and arches and in tiled fountains flinging cool sprays into the semitropical warmth. New civic buildings, gleaming white, are manned by bustling experts, efficient as those of a European metropolis. The broad boulevards and narrow cobbled streets alike are thronged with people—dirty little street urchins; business men; gaping American tourists, who are looking for Sloppy Joe's and for a place to buy perfumes at the lowest rates. In enclosed patios groups of convent-bred girls, guarded by duennas, give a breath of old Spain. Beside them the beautifully gowned women, whose eyes are dark and Latin, riding in luxurious motors, seem of a different world. Negro peddlers, bearing on their heads trays containing tiny red bananas, gleaming oranges, or hot peanuts, shout the merits of their wares as they stride through the streets. A swashbuckling caballero rollics all through the long night until dawn. Ah, atmosphere of racetracks and gambling, air of bravado—Havana!

VIENNA

Vienna, famed city on the Danube, now as always a synonym for youth and gaiety as exhilarating as the sparkling wines which flow there. In everyone's mind Vienna is essentially a city of artists, its broad streets peopled with ghosts of geniuses—men who have left their legacies of art to the moderns who carry on. Max Reinhardt, guarding the memories of the old city from his schloss in Salzburg, keeps the spirit of pre-war Vienna alive on his stages. Franz Werfel, sitting at his desk watches people, cosmopolitan and provincial, go by. He watches them in cafés, in theaters, in hotels—the Viennese, Americans, Parisians, artists, medical students, inventors, clerks—and writes them into his plays, poetry, and novels. Vienna is young and vital and glamorous because the core of its soul is a mixture of new creation and old memories; and it will always be young, for those who grow old in Vienna do so only superficially; at heart they are youthful. How could one who has whirled to Strauss' waltzes, who has ridden in an open fiacre along the poplar-shaded banks of the Danube, who has pelted the stages of the Wien Opera and the Deutsches Volks Theater with roses ever grow old?

ST. MORITZ

Wonderful world of blue and white—snow-swathed slopes—pines weighted with mantles of snow—Alps sharp against the sky—laughter and cries of sportsmen—swish of flying bodies cutting the keen air and disturbing the winter solitude of the mountains. Skilled runners skim along and swoop over the precipitous edges. Their bodies hurtle along—rising, falling, casting blue shadows as of fabulous birds. Landing, they describe clean-cut arcs in the dry powdery snow. Novices, tangling their obviously new and shiny skis, churn and flounder about good-naturedly in the snow drifts. Toboggans flash by; passengers, with bright scarves flying, halloo as they whiz by to skaters who dip, turn, pirouette, and dip again. A place of nimble feet, swaying bodies, bright faces, gay hearts—the world's favorite winter playground.

DOROTHY KAPSTEIN, J'32



NORWAY

A minute corner of the globe
Hidden away from the world's traffic,
A settlement of peasant fisher-folk.
People, tragic yet jovial, pitied yet envied,
Forever sailing the fickle sea
For food it may have to offer.

A GERMAN CASTLE

Morning, stimulatingly fresh and cool;
A happy landscape spread out below;
Wooded paths, deeply restful, on all sides;
Friendly birds twittering among the leaves,
Weeds and flowers in every crumbling crevice,
Wistful and rural peace prevailing;
Solid towers, modeled for refuge and defense,
Now hidden by foliage of verdant trees,
Are noble in their sober, lofty way.

ROME

A city blazing in dusty heat—
Images, buildings, domes, statues, columns,
Many of them broken,
Many of them buried in debris;
Girls with dark eyes and olive skins,
Boys with impudent eyes and sunburnt curls,
Withered old women offering mosaics,
Men with wonderful flashing white teeth.
Magnificence, beginning in the Catacombs,
Flowering in the gold and color of St. Peter's,
Permeates all that is Rome.

THE COLISEUM

Moonlight, touching its enormous outlines,
Creates within them hollows of gloom.
Darkness, in that vast place—
Reminiscent of gladiatorial combats—
Has a peculiar and ghastly beauty,
Remindful of the relentless march of time.

VENICE

Church bells resound over quiet waters ;
 Gondolas glide by along canals.
 Marco Polo, traffic with the East ;
 Venetian fleets, splendid beyond conception ;
 Venice as queen of the Adriatic—
 It all returns to the mind
 Strangely clear and distinct and colorful ;
 For the city has an indefinable charm,
 Elusive and opaque as the fog over its canals.

CAIRO

Mixed humanity passes through crowded streets ;
 Many officials in red fezzes are seen ;
 Vendors in baby blue and brilliant orange ;
 Here and there glide like specters in black
 The silent, shrouded women of Egypt
 Bound, perhaps, for one of the four hundred mosques
 That embody every style of Saracenic art.

MARY MAYER, J'32

SPAIN

Musical, laughable, lovable Spain !
 Sunshine, adventure belong to thy name ;
 Land of dreams,
 Land of schemes,
 The place where beauty with romance gleams.

Dreamy, serene, sweet-sounding guitars,
 'Strummed to the maidens 'neath glittering stars ;
 Silver guitars,
 Glistening stars,
 A music of love that no jarring note mars.

Silvery, starlit, glistening skies
 'Neath whose ebon domain mystery lies ;
 Ebony skies,
 Mystery lies,
 Beauty and mystery does Spain harmonize.

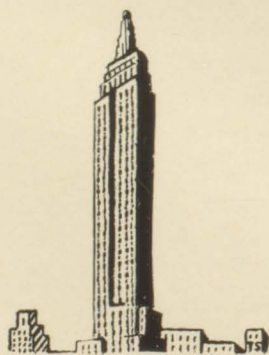
BERYL HOFLIGER, J'33

SEVEN AMERICAN WONDERS

A GATEWAY from the gray Atlantic to the blue Pacific, situated between two great continents as well as two mighty oceans. Through it pass the ships of every seafaring country as they ply their way around the world. Its construction attempted by the foremost nations of Europe, it remains a triumph of American medical prowess and engineering skill — THE PANAMA CANAL.

Where tons of water crash over a precipice and the thunder of its falling reverberates deeply, two neighboring nations meet in peace. In common, they have harnessed Nature's energy, and the picturesque torrent that once crashed free and unbridged before man came is now under his control, a symbol of humanity's struggle toward mastering the forces of Nature—NIAGARA FALLS.

A graceful arc of steel curves high above the shining waters of the Hudson, the same waters which bore a discoverer into new lands. It is fitting that the longest bridge in the world should be erected on the spot where the conquest of the New World began, and that it should be built by the sons of the pioneers. Decades of increasing knowledge, achievement, and progress have produced this masterpiece of modern engineering construction—THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE OF NEW YORK CITY.



A lithe, strong tower sharply cutting the horizon, swaying over the dwarfed humans who scurry in its shadow. Conceived in man's brain and built with his sweat and blood, it is symbolical of the ancients' dream of reaching into the heavens with the Tower of Babel. It is the realization of man's age-old desire to touch the skies—THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Liberty stands facing the open sea; her garments flutter in the ocean wind. High above the reach of the waves, she holds aloft her ever-flaming torch. Hidden by fogs, lashed by rains, rocked by gales, she stands upon her pedestal, grasping in her hand the unquenchable light—THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.



Caused by a violent earthquake or perhaps a falling meteor in some remote age, it has been for centuries a vast jagged cut in the face of the earth. Filled with storming torrents, strange creatures, a myriad of rare colors, it is Nature's last, forbidden, unexplored stronghold—THE GRAND CANYON.

An ingress and egress for the strange cargoes that come from the four corners of the earth to a fog-filled, sun-lit city by the sea. Unrivalled for the splendor of its flaming sunsets, unequaled for the beauty of its location, it faces the Western Sea, the door from the Occidental world to the Oriental—THE GOLDEN GATE.

LUDA JARRELL, J'32

EVENING IN THE COUNTRY

Lovely undulating country
Broken into little fields,
Trees off on the horizon
Beyond; slopes of hills
Standing up sharp
Against a yellowing sky,
Making a crescent
Around a distant city;
Air-cool, rosy with sunset,
Alive with crickets' chirping.
Big, sharp, brilliant stars,
Appearing in the depths
Of the velvety blue sky,
Seem, in twinkling patterns,
To breathe infinite romance.

MARY MAYER, J'32

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DIARY

YAWNED. We had been only a few days at my grandmother's old home, which had been closed for years and which was to be our new home. Outside the wind howled and raged. The rain came down in sheets, and I was utterly bored. Saturday afternoons are always dull on a rainy day, especially since I had left all of my friends back in the Middle Western town where I had spent all of my life. Suddenly I remembered that in the attic was an old-fashioned chest that had belonged to my grandmother and upon which I had stumbled the day of our arrival on an errand for my father. With rapidly reviving spirits I dashed up the attic stairs and, breathless with excitement, reached the roomy, lofty garret.

There it was in the corner; and tugging hard at the heavy chest, I finally managed to drag it to the middle of the floor under the only light. Dropping on my knees beside it, I eagerly and in trembling haste pushed back the lid. From the chest issued a faint odor of lavender, reminding me of all the lovely stories I had read dealing with the gayly languorous, courtly days of my grandmother's youth. On top of a delicately fragile, faded wedding dress lay a portrait of my grandmother as a young girl. It seemed to me that the lovely oval face had a wistful expression that did not coincide with that of the sweet, gay, white-haired old lady that I had known.

At the bottom of the chest I came upon a dusty little book on the cover of which were the dim letters "My Diary." I slowly turned the worn, yellowed pages crowded with a round girlish handwriting. Outside the wind raged on and the rain came down in torrents, but I was oblivious to all that went on around me. I was lost in that little book of pride, foolishness, bravery, and courage. Here were written the hopes, fears, dreams, and fancies of another girl in another age. Here my grandmother had stated her feelings at her first party and the wonder of her first ruffled dress. On this page she related how she felt when she first "did up" her hair. On another she told of an early romance; and upon the page lay a wilted, frail rose. On this page was the story of meeting the President and how he had kissed her hand. The next told of a barn dance where she danced the Virginia reel until midnight and how her parents scolded. There were many humorous pages, one of which told of the donning of her first bathing suit and how bold and horrid she had felt. Then came pages of joy crowded with the happiness of her wedding. Here, tucked in the binding, were remnants of her wedding bouquet and little cards of good wishes from her friends. Then the pages were blotted with tears as the shaking, halting young

hand told of her parents' deaths. Then her little son filled the book with happiness and love, until at last the beautiful story ended with the tragic death of her beloved husband.

The pages suddenly became blurred, and I felt hot tears running down my cheeks. As I read on to the end of the sad, but serenely peaceful life of my sweet, little grandmother, I realized that dark shadows were deepening about me. I closed the book with the knowledge that I had passed one of the most beautiful afternoons that I had ever spent in my short, young life.

HOME

A little white house amidst the trees,
A house quite faded and worn
Where the air is pervaded by the hum of bees
And the soft, gentle rustle of rip'ning corn.
Just an everyday place to the eyes of some,
But to me it is home and the only one.

It's back from the road on a shady lane,
Bordered by trees and by blossoms fair
Where the song of a bird at break of dawn
Banishes shadows, sorrow, and care.
Though far have I wandered, far may I roam,
I'll always return to the place that is home.

It's a place where the heavens are a deep shade of blue,
Where love and contentment are firmly entwined ;
A home that is real, where friends are true,
A haven of comfort for a world-weary mind.
Through the long days of winter, summer, or fall,
Though shabby and faded, it's the best place of all.

BARBARA BURNS, J'33



EVERYONE loves a fat man, for he is usually a funny man.

Plays are successful only with a touch of humor for relief ;

Lives are successful only with a touch of humor for relief.

A sense of humor is a better commendation than any other attribute :

Irish wit, French caprice, and—American humor !



JANE PINNEY

HUMOR TO ENJOY

AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

I was *Hungary* and about to enter the *Scotland* Restaurant when I saw my old friend *Madag*.

"*Hawaii, Madag?*" I asked.

"Well, not so well. Y'see, my girl friend won't see me; and I don't know why."

"Well, ring her up and *Madag-ascar*."

"I think *Alaska*. But let's eat."

We entered the restaurant.

"How about *Turkey* with *Greece* to *Sweden* it?" I inquired.

"No, a *Sandwich* with *Java* or *Ceylon* is just as good."

"O. K.," said I.

The waiter brought the order and *Madag* gluttonously attacked it.

"*Manchuria* food well!" I warned and started to *Norway* myself.

After the meal he burst into laughter.

"What's the matter?" I blurted.

"Hee-Hee-*Hejaz*," he giggled, pointing to a radio from which the music of a jazz pianist could be heard.

Then he told me about his *Guinea* pig and his *Canary*.

"I hate to *Russia*," said I, rising, "but I'm getting *Chile*."

"I *Bolivia*. The *Tunis* sandwich was good. Thanks. *Abyssinia*."

He walked up to the waiter and said, "*Denmark* this on his bill," and walked out, *Victoria* over me.

I meekly paid the bill and left as *Siam*, a poorer but wiser man.

CLARICE DECHENT, D'32

HOMEWORK

Homework, homework! every day—

"Read ten pages," the teachers say.

Every night I sit at home

When outside I'd like to roam.

Homework really is a bore;

I hope I'll never have it more.

Every night I do my best

'Cause next day I have a test.

After working hard all day,

I don't think that it's fair play

To give us homework every night—

Now don't you think that I am right?

LUCIE BLESS, J'33

LO!

Lo! I am the man who sings aloud in the bathtub.
I make loud noises with my mouth ; my lips,
My tongue, my teeth combining in a paean of cleanliness.
I sing because I am happy and because the
Water goes out with a cheerful gurgle.

Lo! I am the man who swears aloud in the bathtub.
I make loud noises with my mouth ; my lips,
My tongue, my teeth combining in a paean of blasphemy.
I swear because I am melancholy and because
I cannot find the soap.

BERNICE OSTROM, J'33

IF I WERE . . .

I wish I were a little flea
To hop, and hop, and hop ;
You see, I'd hop around the world
And never, never stop.

This is depression, as we know ;
And if I have to wait
Until I've saved enough to go
Abroad at a reduced rate,

I'll be a lady, old and gray ;
Unhappy will I be ;
Whereas, I could start hopping now
If I were but a flea.

CLARICE DECHENT, D'32

WARNING!

When you chance on something, before
You draw conclusions, wait and see ;
You may think "two and two make four"—
But so do one and three!

LUDA JARRELL, J'32

TEAMWORK

There was a man who played a game
Which now with all is social,
And sometimes he wound up quite lame,
And once he was high total.

The game is played with decks of cards
By rules which all can learn,
But it involves a pair of pards,
And each one bids in turn.

Though some go under rule of X—
And others play by rule of thumb,
All are prone their friends to vex;
And partners' bids are often dumb.

So he who plays a game of bridge
Is quite the learned lad
And gives himself the privilege
To think his partner bad.

ANNA BRUN, J'34

HITCH-HIKERS

People with the wanderlust
Kicking up the roadside dust,
Crooking thumbs in our directions
Trying hard to make connections.

Coming, going, ever straying,
Never stopping, never staying,
Doomed to lives of dusty travel,
Shuffling in the roadside gravel.

BERNICE OSTROM, J'33

JAZZ

What is it? What is it?
The booming, the banging,
The monotonous clanging,
The instruments' moaning,
The incessant groaning,
The cymbals' resounding,
The rhythmical pounding,—
What is it? What is it?

It's Jazz.

DALE ADAMS, J'33

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE SENIORS

A-traveling the Seniors went
Good-bye to home they bid.
This is how their time they spent,
And what they saw and did:

All the travels of Mary Coghlan
Consisted in her going to Oakland.

In Hollywood, said Emily Lee,
With Clark Gable she had tea.

But when she heard of it, Shizue
Nakahira said 'twas hooley.

Hazel Du Pertuis in Seattle
Found that there the windows rattle.

Helen Hampton, in the gloaming,
Watched cow-branding in Wyoming.

Asuncion Guevarra went to Yellowstone
And found "Old Faithful" dry as bone.

Elsa Magnus thought it pretty,
So she stayed in Kansas City.

It was near there, Annette Freed
Got lost in the fields of wheat.

Madeline Hippely took a dippy
In the muddy Mississippi.

Thelma Mason almost melted
On the Mississippi delta.

Janice James, in Alabamy,
Sang a song about her mammy.

Down in Georgia, Gina Lana
Helped pick cotton near Savannah.

Luisa Vallina still raves
About Kentucky's Mammoth Caves.

In Chicago Viola Asaro lied;
The gangsters took her for a ride.

By the dint of much maneuver,
Evelyn Baugh shook hands with Hoover.

In New York City Libby Morris
Went and joined the Follies' chorus.

When Marcella Lindlay met
Bing Crosby, they sang a duet.

Elizabeth Jacobs thought it odd
She saw no fishing at Cape Cod.

Neva Peoples bought a peck
Of potatoes in Quebec.

Georgina Ebner waved her hand
At sea-lions up in Newfoundland.

Grace Uyeda stowed away
On a ship to Hudson Bay.

Dorothy Walters was a wreck
When she got to Winnipeg.

Sarah Groner heard a tuba,
Did the Rhumba, down in Cuba.

It was there that we saw Anna
Stuart in wicked Havana.

Virginia Wright saw an armadillo
Down in good old Manzanillo.

Irene Vandewater, down in Quito,
Was bitten by a big mosquito.

Pearl Kofi met a matador
In romantic Ecuador.

Gloria Hamilton one day
Fell off the bridge San Luis Rey.

Dorothy Jonas climbed a hill
In the jungles of Brazil.

Madeline Jacob, who was with her,
Sat on a Brazilian burr.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE SENIORS

June Smith felt so hot and trilly
That she took a trip to Chile.

Bernice Montali, in Paraguay,
Danced the tango and was gay.

Frances Duffy went to play
Down in sunny Uruguay.

Elsie Matthews was a bit romantic
When she crossed the broad Atlantic.

On that ocean, Barbara Taylor
Vowed she'd never be a sailor.

Also poor Virginia Ryan
Said she thought that she was dyin'.

While Rita Gates sailed the seas,
She learned to speak in Japanese.

Clara Fredrichs, all agog,
Got lost in a London fog.

Hildegarde Schrader looked askance
When the Prince of Wales asked her to dance.

Rosalind Rounsefell to Scotland went,
And all her money there she spent.

Mae Donnelly had a duel
Fought o'er her in Liverpool.

Elsa Bickel wore red flannel
When she swam the English Channel.

Martha Yasukochi meant
To stay forever there in Ghent.

Linda Isaac raised white ganders
When she stayed in quaint old Flanders.

Dorothy Fortney went on a spree
With Maxine Tamblin in Paree.

Helen Thompson on the Seine
Dallied there and missed her train.

In costly Paris, Helen Rose
Bought a pair of chiffon hose.

There Michiyo Teramoto
Of Eiffel Tower took a photo.

Marguerite Depons, we fear,
In Berlin remained a year.

In a castle in Rhine Valley,
Saw a ghost, did Dena Galli.

Pauline Lee went to work
Making hot dogs in Hamburg.

In Sweden, Marita Rossello
Found herself a handsome fellow.

Mary Esse got in bad
With the folks in Leningrad.

Virginia Evans got concussion
Of the brain when she heard Russian.

Vivian Giuliani met
Stalin in the Soviet.

In Eastern Russia we find Olga
Meyer, on the River Volga.

In Czecho-Slovakia Isabel Dickson
Thought the language awfully mixin'.

Lillian Yuen on the piano
Played "Blue Danube" in Vienna.

Marjorie Sussman was a guest
Of the king at Bucharest.

In the Swiss Alp mountains high
Yodeled Fusako Sakai.

Pauline Hobart, artful teaser,
Leaned against the Tower of Pisa.

Barbara Vickroy wrote back home
That she saw the Pope in Rome.

Rose Rabinowitch spent a day
'Mid the ruins of Pompeii.

In Venice Beatrice Graham we meet,
A-swimming up and down the street.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE SENIORS

Dorothy Kapstein heard violas
Serenade her in gondolas.

Edna Nelson played a flute
At the tip of Italy's boot.

There Yuriko Furushiro
Said she wanted to meet Nero.

Theodora Strand did go
Rowing on the River Po.

Marian Costello sought in vain
Ex-King Alfonso in Spain.

In Madrid Florence Shapiro
Eloped with a Spanish hero.

Elizabeth Ann Potiet turned white
When she went to a bull-fight.

Here is standing Marjorie Bloch
Stranded on Gibraltar Rock.

Jane Pinney joined the Foreign Legion
When she neared Morocco region.

Shed a tear for poor Tamara
Gregoriev, lost in Sahara.

Through that desert Mildred Hamill
Rode upon a snow-white camel.

Near the wilds of River Niger
Bernice Pichel shot a tiger.

Myrtle Fifer met a host
Of elephants at Ivory Coast.

When you see Claire Levison, ask her
'Bout the sights in Madagascar.

Mary Price went "bingo-bongo"
On the tom-toms in the Congo.

Vyalda Nelson couldn't cope
With the fish at Cape Good Hope.

Helen Wilson, artful minx,
Spoke with the Egyptian Sphinx.

Marguerite Foulk took an ear
Of it, for a souvenir.

Doris Andreini hid
In the Cheops pyramid.

Marie Geraldine swam the Nile,
And outraced all the crocodile.

Maynard Rosencrans was wed
To a sheik in old Port Said.

We looked for Lillian Wieman, but
She's in the tomb with old King Tut.

In Mecca, Agnes Kelly fella
'Pon her knees, and prayed to Allah.

Minnie Lowenthal got mad
At an Arab in Bagdad.

From a Turkish harem narrow
Escape had Marie Rottaro.

The number of rugs left in Persia is small,
For Janet Ruggles bought them all.

Myrtle Cuzens went to distant,
Mystery-filled old Afghanistan.

Up the mountains Himalaya
We find hiking Mary Mayer.

Hindu fakirs, brown and skinny,
Puzzled Gina Biagini.

Rebecca Ainbinder learned to play
On reeds, to charm snakes in Bombay.

Alyce Ellis, always handy,
Shook hands with Mahatma Gandhi.

Marie Wahlgren lost her way
On the road to Mandalay.

In Agra, India, Audrey Shoaf
By the Taj Mahal did loaf.

In Nepal, Geraldine Turner thinks
She found the missing history links.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE SENIORS

Miriam Halpern made a pet
Of a boa in Tibet.

Mary Nagatoshi rang
Doorbells in the Sinkiang.

In Mongolia, we fear us
That we lost poor Helen Skliris.

Rena Corvino said, "Not much
You'll ever find me in Irkutsk."

Through the bleak Desert of Gobi
Traveled Yoshiko Isobe.

When China Helen Child was in,
She drank tea with a mandarin.

Oleta Selna's not with us at all,
She's counting bricks in the Chinese Wall.

Dorothy Goicovich got irate
With a Chinese river pirate.

When we paused to look at a Buddha,
On looking close, we found 'twas Luda.

Louise Rosenstein stayed more
Than a day in Singapore.

In China we lost Bertha Wong,
She said that she'd stay in Hongkong.

Bernice Wienholtz one day woke
To find herself in Vladivostok.

Margaret Eisner took a walky
Right across the Isle of Oki.

Ella Burman met a geisha
When she went to Japan, Asia.

Mizue Kakehi met her dream man
On the island of Japan.

Sakae Nakamoto lost her mama
In a crowd at Yokohama.

Marie Picetti ate salami
On the island of Futami.

In a grass hut, Helen Miller
Lived for three days in Manila.

Drank some coffee, Mary Tava-
Lara, on the isle of Java.

On that island, for a week,
Betty Langfeld made batik.

Who should in Papua meet us
But our Effie Sarantitis.

Chelsea Smith stayed Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, on the Isle of Thursday.

Mae Hines saw a kangaroo
When Australia she went through.

On a little Shetland pony
Rode Dorothy Cascioni.

Ostriches, so tall and gauky,
Liked Yasuko Kusunoki.

While in Tasmania, remote,
Barbara O'Connell missed the boat.

You've seen the last of Elizabeth Lee,
She froze while swimming the Bering Sea.

Ruth Judah, in Honolulu,
Saw some natives dance the hula.

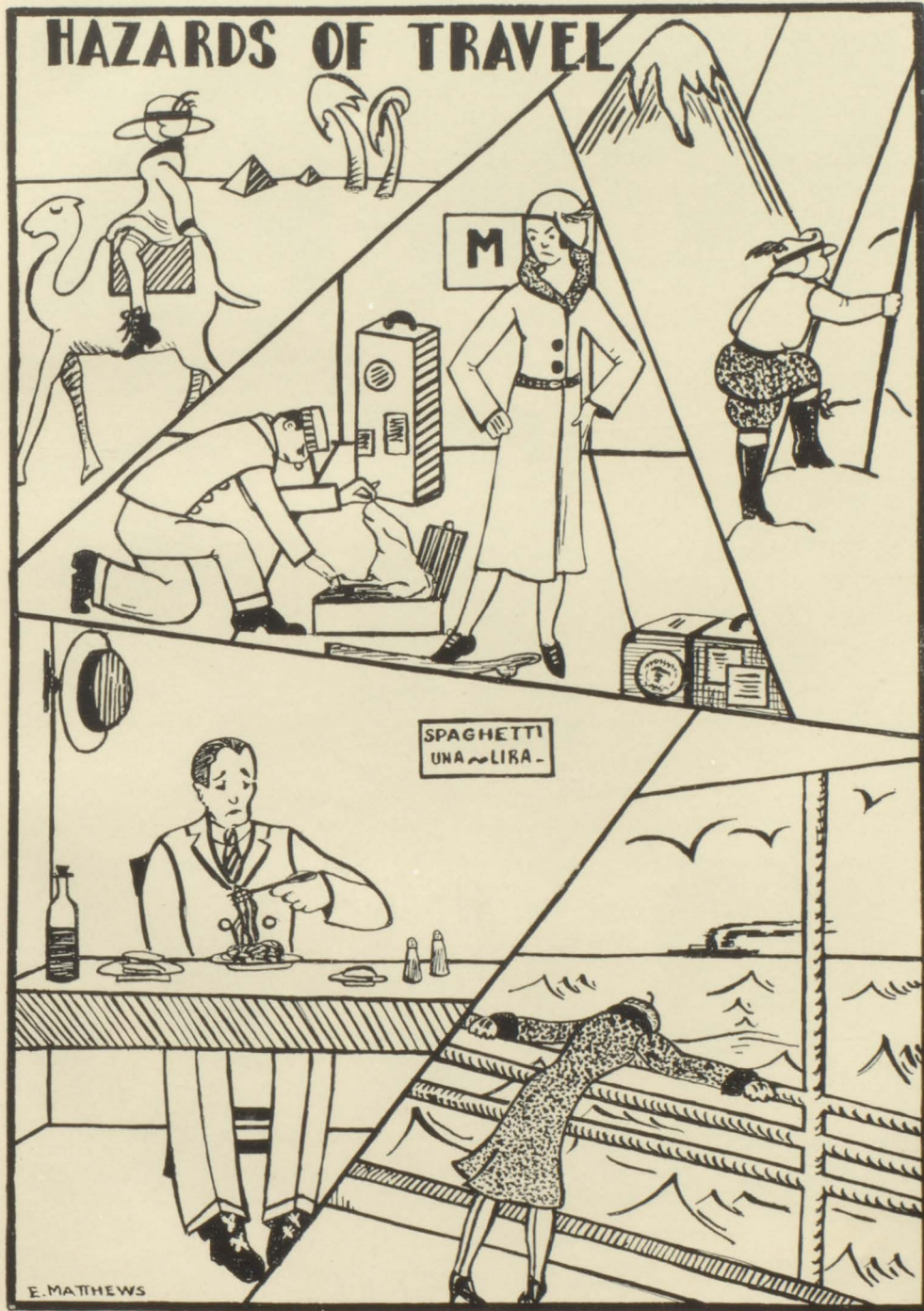
Suzanne Breitstein had to shy when
She saw those dances Hawaiian.

Eleanor Hart fell into a crater,
Never was she heard of later.

Elva Bellomo caught a sand flea
On the beach at Waikiki.

They came on home, but what a shock!
For when they had arrived,
They were a mournful, seasick flock;
That is, those who survived.

CARTOONS



SNAPS



"DOT"



"MAC"



"TEDDY"



"GIN"



"MADDIE"



"LIL"



"CHUBBY"



"FRAN"



"OATSIE"

"BABY PICTURES"

SNAPS



"WHY DANCE?"



"BEND DOWN SISTER"



"ME"



"SWEET & LOVELY"



"SUGAR"



"I APOLOGIZE"



"JUST FRIENDS"



"PRETTY BABY"



"WHO AM I?"

"PIGTAIL DAY"

Wish you the best of
"luck" in G. H. S.

Ethel McVish

The Journal

AUTOGRAPHS

Love, happiness
"success"
Nancy Selardi

Dearest Sylvia,
girl with a smile &
one loads of love
and happiness
future years
little stuff
James Hardin

Just by the way
Spacy to you
Best of luck
loads of luck, love, and
success in G. H. S.
Barbara Bingham
"Babe" minkie

Happiness
"Jackie"

June V. Guilfoyle
Elena Mattheus
Pina Pattenberger
Renee Lowe
Rae Go
Angelina Azopardi
E. Esie - I tell
Marine Holley
Frances Harderich
Lots of Luck &
Happiness
From a Pal
Yours
Marguerite
Sandahl

L.H. Nolan

Virginia Norwood
Ann a Fuhrer

Always remember "life"
is what you make it; whether
it has joy or sorrow, success
or failure it is up to you.

June, 1932 Love
Joan Dawson

Best Wishes and
happiness
Lillian Dale

Margaret Lind
wishes you "joy"
"happiness"
"success"
"happiness"

Dear Sylvia
Always. Look
back upon this note
and have the
memory of a
happier
time.
Dear Sylvia
first remember me
as your old locker
mate.
Kitten.
Usual
Usula
Kleenuffy
toby

Ruth King
Alvina Hayberg
just a happy
friend

Wishes you
"joy"
"happiness"
"success"
"happiness"

Good luck!
Wilde Collings

June 1932

77

AUTOGRAPHS

Lots of happiness
Luck and friends
to a friend
Eleanor

Friends are like
diamonds: precious and
rare - I hope we
be the same
Very sincerely,
Mae Smith

Best of Luck thru
life Marie Ghisels

Lots of Luck
Rose Yentle

Best Wishes for
a life time
Shirley Munan.

Best of luck
to a friend
Angela

Best of Luck
thru life
Jaque Ramming
June 34

Best wishes
pal

Good luck
for
Inelda

Lots of luck
Chera Stepan

Ruthie Banks

Lots of luck and
happiness to a true
friend
Rose Smith

Best wishes
Normie Surber

Lots of luck
Darlene Biedenkopf

Ellen Nilsson
June '32

Lots of luck and
best wishes to
Sylvia Bernice Selvi

Best Wishes
Bernice June Meyer.

Dear Sylvia
I wish you all the
happiness in the world.
Jenny Merton

Just from Mary
June 32

OPPORTUNITIES...

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*done + all the study hall
mate. one of them
morning, give in the class.
V as ever
Muriel Keane.*

Marian Nealon
Manager

Mildred Dodge
Secretary

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you from the*
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Best in Town

*Imogene
Bolin*

COMPLIMENTS

OF

A FRIEND

John Mac

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DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

LESSMAN'S

PRACTICAL BUSINESS SCHOOL

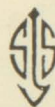
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DOuglas 6495

If you bring this advertisement in person to Mrs. Durham on or before June 15, 1932.

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the

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to be
A Dollar a Year Man
and
Join the P. T. A.

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WAlnut 7000**THE AVENUE FOOD SHOP**1837 Pacific Avenue
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FI llmore 7280Fine foods gathered from all parts of the
world await you at these stores.If you plan for an unusual dinner, our clerks
are trained to suggest the new items, which
will prove a helpful medium in making your
dinner party a delight to all who partake.

*May you have a splendid
first breakfast here
I needly
preparing stands*

PAGE
MISSING

**PAGE
MISSING**

*Some and
last of the
and
subjects*
**EDITORS AND MANAGERS OF
SCHOOL ANNUALS**

¶ Yours is a one-time job, and what a job! No chance to learn by experience—no chance to correct mistakes, yet an opportunity to create something different and finer than ever before produced. ¶ You visualize a beautiful book—you have original ideas. Your problem is to carry out these ideas in a practical way so that when your work is done you have the book you want, and . . . a balanced budget! ¶ It is a problem with one answer. Go to a good, progressive printer—one who has demonstrated his ability to do fine printing and one who prides himself on his ability to carry out new ideas. ¶ Here at Crocker's we make a specialty of school annuals. We've published scores of them. We have a book planning system that takes a lot of worry and work off your shoulders. And, if you have a thousand dollars to spend, we do not quote you a fifteen-hundred-dollar price, but try to show you instead how to make the very most of what you can afford to pay.

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•

H. S. CROCKER CO., INC.

SCHOOL ANNUAL DEPARTMENT

735 HARRISON STREET

Phone DOuglas 5800

San Francisco, California

Dear Sylvia,
 I wish many
 successful terms in
 high - and happiness in
 the future
 all through your
 high school years
 and happiness
 Wishing you luck
 and happiness
 all through your
 high school years
 and happiness

Love & Luck.
 Florence Wheeler
 '30"

I wish you
 all the luck
 the world
 can give.
 Clara DeGather

Heaps of Love.
 Loads of Wishes
 For Future Happiness
 MARIANNE
 KUNDAN

Best Wishes
 and happiness in the
 future
 Anna De Luca

Best regards
 Dorothy
 Grunin
 May all the luck in the
 world be yours to hold
 and do with as you
 like a classmate
 Jane Reeder

BEST WISHES
 IN YOUR FUTURE
 YEARS

Margaret E. Laventure

Wishing you
 all the luck in your
 future years at
 high school.
 Lovingly yours
 Melana Patkovic
 '33

Mignon Beck
 Lowell '28
 Girls '32
 Moscow '34

Best Wishes
 Blanche Zharian

Dear Sylvia,
 Wishing you loads
 of luck and success
 in the future.
 Paloma
 Porton

Dear Sylvia,
I wish you happiness
and good luck.
Leonell & Cordova

Lots of Love & Success
Worothy Eva
Jerome &
Mabel Dunn

Wishing you the
best of luck
- Betty & O'Brien

My sincere wishes and
success through life
and school.
You study class mate
Remains
Love,
Jerry.

For the future I
wish your health
and success. Sincerely
Bentrie
Morgan
Harris

Dear Sylvia,
I wish you
lots of luck and
happiness during your
school years.

Wishing you
luck in the
following

Wishing you lot of
Love & luck.
Mary Dallas

Dear Sylvia
Wishing you all
the luck in the
world.
Inez Price.

Best wishes
Joyce Stevens

Luck and
success always.
Karlens Jay
Luck, Success and Happiness
Florita Camacho

Dearest Sylvia,
If the world turns against
you, and you friends are few,
just try to remember
those who will not
forget you.
Love
Dore

May your life be
a path of roses
Josephine Jones

Lots of Luck in the future
Jerry

This is my corner to say that I wish you all the luck in the world

Loads of Love to a sweet girl Anne Macdonald

Lots of Luck to Sylvia & her Billie

Best Wishes Betty Underhill

Lots of love & best wishes to Harriet Ogden J '36

some one real nice Cilene Wells.

Dear Sylvia:

Wishing you all the luck in your future years at high school and hope to see more of you next term just a G.H.S. student Rose Burrows.

Wishes and luck from Laurie & Joan

Dear Sylvia: I like you & think you're wonderful.

Love Laurie

Dear Sylvia: Best wishes in the future at G.H.S. & love from Joan

Best wishes, Marion Dittman May you have success in your "time" during your G.H.S.

A pal: Angie Montanese

Wishing you lots of luck. Second Barren.

Best of wishes to success in the years to come

Janette Finley

Best wishes and success R. Cooper.

Best wishes for success to an Italian Club friend. Sincerely Lucile Raggiante

Best Regards to a typing friend

Loads of luck & love Lynette Tournier

Wishing you love
of love & luck
A real friend
Percy Massenet.
J 35

Best Wishes
Happiness, love
and ~~the~~ success for
the present & future
Laura Saiki

Dear Sylvia
May your joys be as
deep as the ocean
Your sorrows as
light as its foam
Galina Lubushkin

