



# Nods and Becks

THE ANNA HEAD SCHOOL

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

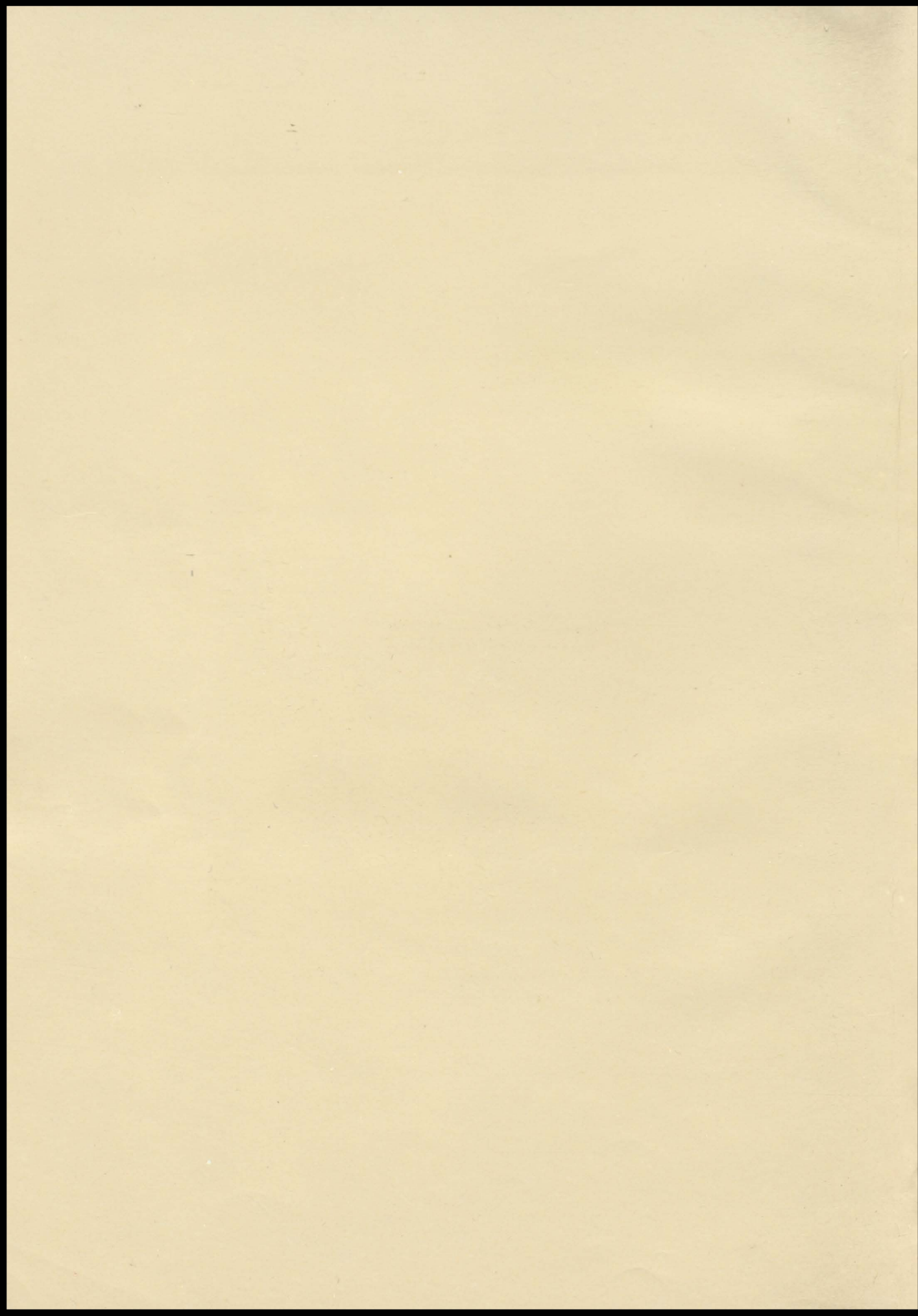


*"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles  
Nods and Becks and Wreathed Smiles."*

1926

MONTH OF MAY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX  
VOLUME NUMBER XVIII



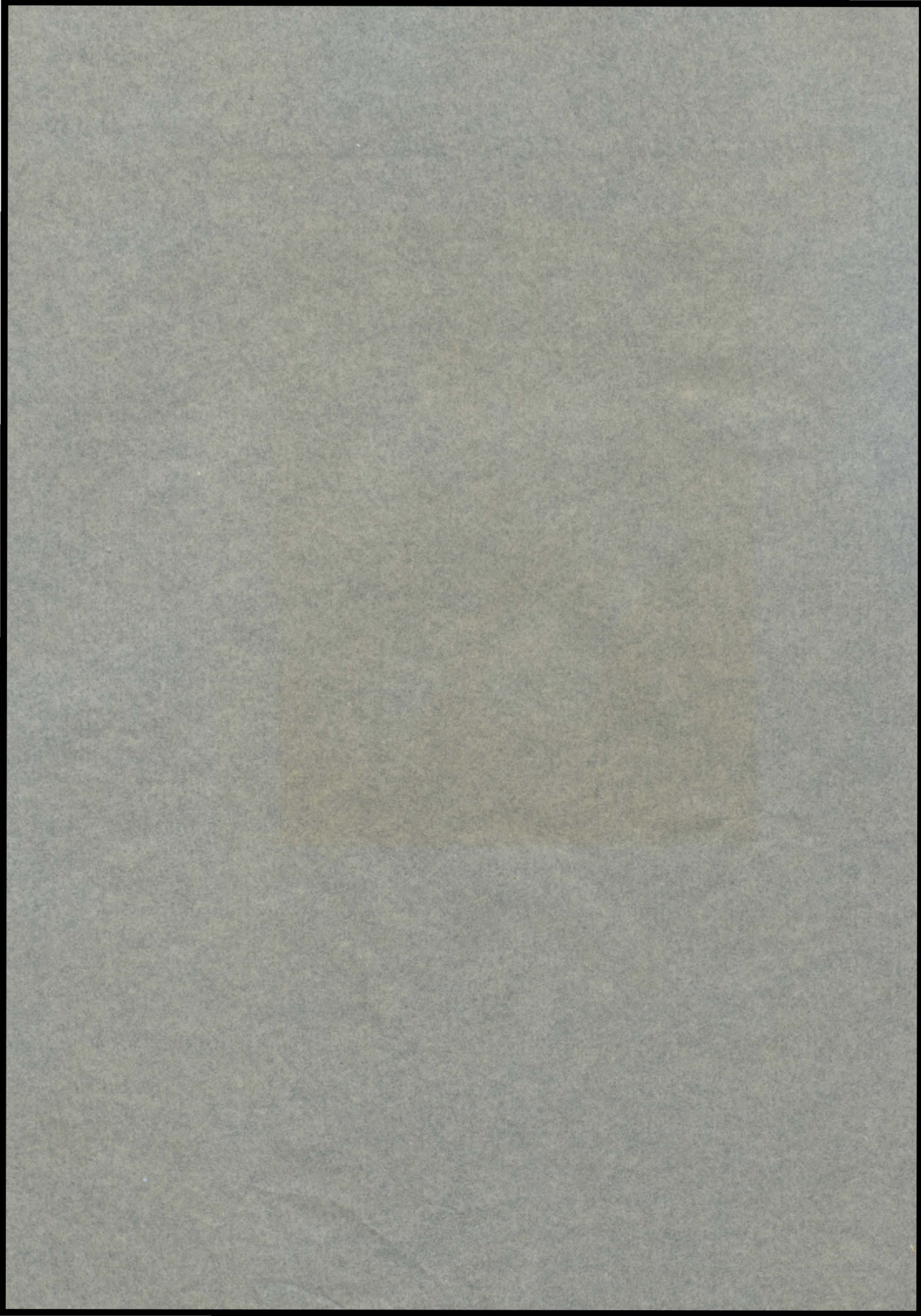






South Studio









Church Studio





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## EDITORIAL

**T**HE time is fast approaching when we, as Seniors, will pass the first great milestone of our school careers. The upward journey through the grades and through high school has been like a climb to the top of a great hill. We began as first graders at the very bottom, and the hill looked very high and very steep, but we were not discouraged. Aflame with enthusiasm for this new experience, we resolutely set ourselves to the task of scaling the heights. The unaccustomed work was hard at first, but we gradually became used to it. Sometimes the path was rocky, and we stumbled and fell, but we always found courage to press onward. Sometimes the road was easy and pleasant to travel over. Then some would run far ahead while others kept a steady, even pace. At last we came to a little level spot where we paused to rest a bit. We looked about us and discovered that we had climbed more than half way up, but that the steepest part was still before us. So we started on the last, long climb, and finally we have reached the summit—proud and happy. As we look back over our path, we find that the rocky places have been hidden from sight by the trees, and grass, and flowers. We can scarcely remember that they even existed. We think only of the pleasant places, and we are sorry to leave them, for they have grown dear to us during our travel upward. We are happy, too, happy in the knowledge that we have accomplished what we have set out to do. Now we look ahead and discover a new and higher hill. There is a path leading to the top of that hill, and we are going to climb it with the same eagerness and determination. For through the toil and struggle of our ascent we



have gained strength to go on. When we realize that we have succeeded in scaling one height, we are confident of our ability to mount the second. In every new achievement we find our reward in the feeling of accomplishment, in the feeling that we have won.



## The Willow Widow

In the center of the garden  
Standing, weeping, in her lace,  
Standing, sobbing, in the garden,  
Widow Willow hides her face.

Sighing for her stolen gladness,  
Praying for its bounteous grace;  
Veiled from prying eyes, grief-stricken,  
Widow Willow hides her face.

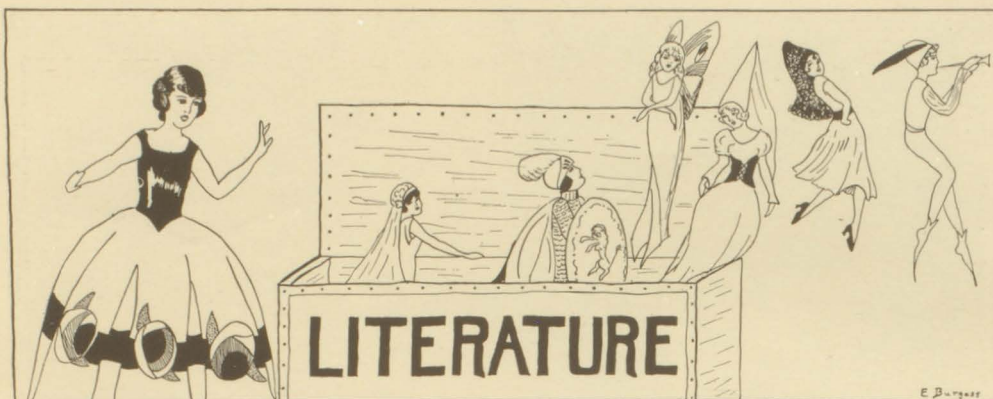
All day long, and all night long,  
Waiting, patient, in her place;  
Shrouded in a verdant mantle,  
Widow Willow hides her face.

RHEA RADIN, '26.





# LITERATURE



## Morning Song

Awake! The joyous voice of Morn  
 Rings sweeter than a silver horn.  
 Awake! Arise! and view the earth  
 In all her glory of new birth.  
 Walk down the woodland paths with me  
 Among the whispering pines, and see  
 Such beauties at this morning hour.  
 The coming of the sun will bring  
 A mundane change to everything.

There, swaying in her fern-grown bower  
 Among the rocks, a fairy flower;  
 And fluttering, when a breeze breathes by  
 Like some bright, captive butterfly,  
 Blossoms the mountain columbine.  
 Her haven is the worshipped shrine  
 Where comes the humming bird each day,  
 To this sweet queen his love to pay.  
 The dew, which gleams upon the grass,  
 With jewels decks the feet that pass;  
 Afar, there sounds a waterfall  
 That rushes down its rocky wall  
 In boiling foam and rainbow mist,  
 By cool, sweet morning zephyrs kissed.

Above yon ragged, snow-capped butte,  
 Come strains of some wild piper's flute,

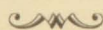




Who sings before those gates of gold.  
There bright Aurora will unfold  
The brilliant sunbeams, one by one,  
And loose the horses of the sun.  
The trail creeps on among the trees.  
The poet walking down it sees  
Shy stretches winding far ahead,  
Where the pines, more widely spread  
Reveal above, a rosy sky  
And pearl-winged clouds that seem to fly.  
But look! One beam of glittering gold,  
The treasures that such mornings hold  
Will vanish like a fairy gift;  
The sun is rising, bright and swift.

ELEANOR BURGESS, '26.

*(Awarded first prize Nods and Becks Literary Contest, 1926.)*



## Summer Night

I know not if her voice be harsh or sweet,  
I cannot tell the color of her hair,  
But this I know, that where her idle feet  
Have passed or lingered, there is magic there.  
I know not what it means when all my heart  
Will thrill and pause at a familiar tone;  
I only know that when I steal apart  
A something flutters with me not my own.  
These days have webbed a soft enchantment close,  
And still as Mem'ry's golden tendrils run,  
They weave the bonds that will not let us loose  
While someone smiles and speaks beneath the sun.  
Yet something calls and throbs and fears in me  
That when I wake, there is none such as she.

BETTY FORD, '26.

*(Awarded first prize Nods and Becks Literary Contest, 1926.)*



## An Anxious Moment

**O**N a bright autumn morning when the air was gloriously clear and a boisterous wind had swept away the purple haze from the low-lying hills, I went whistling down the lane, starting my journey to the village of G——, some eighteen miles distant. Nor was the weather entirely responsible for the glow in my heart, for I was feeling very important indeed, having been offered a job which would mark my debut into the world of business, after my graduation from college.

As the hours and miles passed and I began to feel quite weary I asked the distance from chance-met passersby. But each inquiry seemed to add a mile or two to the distance till finally, as dusk closed in the hills, I decided I was still five miles from my goal, at least, though I knew not how much farther it would be when next I inquired.

So, coming over a hilltop, I was rejoiced to see a yellow light glimmering through the gloom and hurried toward it. I found it shone through the window of a tidy, New England farmhouse which was surrounded by a picket fence, and from which emanated an air of hospitality and cleanliness. An auspicious curl of smoke rose from the chimney and brought before my mind the picture of a kitchen hearth and bubbling pots. I knocked. The door was opened by a young girl. To her I stated my plight and asked if I might spend the night there.

I waited in an agony of suspense during a whispered parley behind the half-opened door. But I was at length admitted to introduce myself to a family of two daughters, bright and healthy-looking, and their father who had a fringe of whiskers under his chin and a skull cap on his bald head.

The two girls brought in the supper, steaming hot, and sending forth an aroma so tantalizing that I had to exercise some self-control in order not to appear over-eager for the contents of the dishes.





After supper when we sat before the fire I, feeling the responsibility of a man of the world, attempted to start the ball of conversation rolling and launched forth with enthusiasm about football. My ardor quickly died, however, as my taciturn host did not respond beyond a grunt and a nod. Next, I tried baseball, but he knew even less about the Big League. I tried politics but this met a similar fate. Unperturbed, he sat and puffed at his pipe, and in desperation I gave up.

Finally, the old man rose and got down on his knees before the fire facing us. I had been brought up in a strict New England fashion, and was accustomed to morning family prayers. Concluding that these people had evening prayers, I slipped to my knees beside the old man and with bowed head waited for him to begin. Dead silence reigned throughout the room except for the suppressed giggles of one of the girls. Suddenly, an awful thought gripped my heart and sent the shivers of apprehension chasing up and down my spine. They were waiting for me to lead in prayer! I became hot all over, then cold. I knelt there paralyzed, unable to move. My face burned and the blood throbbed in my temples. I tried to open my mouth and couldn't. I sent an appealing glance at the old man. His face bore no trace of expectancy, but only a look of great solemnity. A wave of relief came over me. They must be Quakers I decided, and have silent prayer. Thankful for this, I remained quiet, too, until my host rose. Then we each took a candle and went to bed. The old man led me out through the wood-shed and showed me the ladder that led to my room.

"Your bed is that one on the other side of the partition. You understand, sir? he asked. "Good night."

I was tired after my walk and was soon comfortable in the designated bed.

Presently I heard footsteps below—and giggles!—the girls. Their feet scraped on the ladder and the giggles grew louder.

"Sh-h! You'll wake the man!" More giggles.



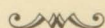
A lull in the conversation ensued, broken only by hysterical snickers. Finally the exasperated voice of the elder—

“Do be quiet! What *are* laughing at anyway?”

“Oh, it’s so funny! It’s so funny! I never heard of anything so funny in my life. To think that that man warms his back the same way Father does!”

HELEN SIMPSON, '27.

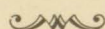
*(Awarded first prize Nods and Becks Literary Contest, 1926)*



## Treasure Trove

My memory is a treasure chest  
Laden with thoughts that know me best;  
Glad, golden weeks are hidden there,  
Days of elation and despair;  
The copper coin of common things,  
And booty of my wanderings.  
My friends, the gems of wondrous glow  
Are stored, deep, deep within, and so,  
Trinkets, both valueless and rare,  
My heart a key, have I locked there.  
For cold fortune I have no quest,  
With such great riches am I blest!

RUTH STOGSDILL, '27.



## Fulfillment

Dreams are like handfuls of light ocean spray,  
Diamonds flung from restless turquoise seas,  
A lake’s reflection of the breaking day,  
The pale green touch of Spring on budding trees.  
The sweetest things there are, and still of such  
Fine frailty, they are ruined by a touch.  
Oh, may my dreams ere waking from me fly,  
Rather than from too much remembering, die.

BETTY BALLANTINE, '26.





## Octavious Monday

Eliza Monday worked for us,  
And with her always came,  
A little bright-eyed lump of coal,  
Octavious, by name.  
She had five others, (two were black  
And three were brown like gravy.)  
Called  
Kicket, Kate, Henry, Buck,  
Jessie, and Octavie.

He'd rock in a chair and chew on a bone,  
While Eliza stood by with a frown.  
"Young niggah, I'll tie dat bone to de chaih,  
So you' won't swaller it down.  
Now don' yo' bo'd'a yo' saf, Miss Anna,  
I'll get Kate to take care ob' dat baby.  
Wha' arh yo',  
Kicket, Kate, Henry, Buck,  
Jessie, and Octavie?"

Eliza Monday's dead and gone;  
Altho' as black as night;  
God gave her happiness and love,  
And a soul of lily-white.  
'They all are dead; they all are gone;  
Even the inky baby.  
"Wha arh yo'  
Kicket, Kate, Henry, Buck,  
Jessie, and Octavie?"

FRANCES THOMPSON, '26.



## A Romance of the Southern Seas

**E**VERYTHING is beautiful in the far-off Tongan Isles of the Southern Seas. The earth is beautiful, and life, and love most beautiful of all, for there the chubby brown men work and play as children, untaught and unafraid. There tall, graceful palms wave arms of friendly assurance, and vines trail their heart-shaped leaves about the falais of the happy people.

In these isles are great caves, in which "beautiful spirits" come and go, shadowing the pinnacled walls with their elusive colors. They are limestone caverns, the floors hidden by the depth of peacock blue and jade green waters. One of these marvelous caverns is hidden beneath the shoulders of a great cliff, and can only be reached by swimming under water through a dark and difficult passage. Only one brown man knew of the existence of this, the most beautiful of all the caves, for the secret was closely guarded by the adventurous youth who aspired to the hand of the lovely Falealili. Falealili was the daughter of the Big Chief of the island of Vauvau. To him came in council all the village and family chiefs, for he was the highest councilor of all.

Inside the big falai, the chiefs squatted in two semi-circles, one within the other, while the great chief occupied the open section. The village chiefs, in the inner row of the semi-circle, sat on two or three mats, and talked in low tones. When the family chief began speaking the rest were hushed in respectful silence.

Malifi told of his daughter, Falealili, the Lovely One, for whom he made great plans. The chief of a neighboring island had a son of the same rank as bewitching Falealili, and also strong and wise. He should have her hand in marriage. But Falealili was reluctant, for she loved another and would not hear to her father's plans. She secluded herself, with only her ten lovely maidens to attend her. "What can I do?" asked the father, whose heart was very tender toward this flower of his heart. "Has no one a suggestion?"





"Have the young chief, Vaiusu, bring presents, many and rich, for girls are won by presents."

Malifi agreed to try this plan, and the meeting ended.

In the beautiful valley where Falealili had retired with her damsels there was dancing and singing and playing. But Falealili was weeping in her falai. Why grieves Falealili? She weeps for the loss of her lover, Solosolo, the upright and manly, the son of a prophet. But he carried no chieftain's blood, so Malifi banished him southward. O weep not, Falealili, for Solosolo is coming, is coming to make you his, so weep no more, Fair Maiden!

Away from his loved one, Solosolo grieved. A friendly messenger one day brought him the news that Malifi, the stone-hearted chieftain, would force his fair daughter to marry Vaiusu, son of a great chief.

O beautiful Falealili!

O wretched Solosolo!

Then he remembered the beautiful, colorful cavern. None other knew of its existence. Ah! there was a place he could hide her. Should he go after Falealili? Yes, despite all danger he would do it, and hasten, for in one day, in only twenty-four hours, she would become the wife of another. First, he must make the cave ready. He spent some of his precious time fashioning a sailboat and a strong flat paddle. A kindly wind then blew him straight to a grotto near the cavern, where he concealed them. Sixty feet he swam under water then rose in the glorious cavern. An exclamation of awe dropped from his lips, for he had forgotten its powerful beauty. He carried mats for the floor, and cocoanuts and bananas for food. The day was nearly sped when, at last, the great cavern was ready.

O beautiful Falealili!

O hopeful Solosolo!

In the sheltering darkness he crept to the falai of his loved one. How pretty she was in her slumbers, with her hand-maidens all about her! Her long wavy hair lay in loose tangles around her head and soft brown shoulders. Her only cover was a thin blanket of glossy pappia



leaves, woven together with a rope of cocoanut fiber. Her sleep was calm and sound, but when Solosolo bent over her, he saw that the mat beneath her cheek was wet with tears.

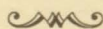
He wakened her tenderly, and for a moment the young girl lay sobbing in her lover's arms. Then she whispered a message to her most beloved attendant, and fled into the silver moonlight. The last of her sorrow seemed to drop from her, as they ran like a pair of woodland fauns, filling the air with soft laughter. Once away from the island Solosolo sang, and Falealili joined with her crooning voice, and the waters seemed the silver path of their dreams.

Reaching the cave, and securing the pawpaw, Solosolo took in his arms the slender body of his sweetheart, and swam with her under the water. The passage was dark and dangerous, and sixty feet through to the cavern. But Solosolo was clever and striving, he at last reached the cave. It was blacker than a long charred copra skin, this lonely gulf of a cavern, but Solosolo guided her to the soft mats he had laid for her, and there these brown children slept until morning.

Falealili was happy in her cave, and every night Solosolo came with taro, cocoanuts, pigeons and breadfruit, and told her of the falai he was building on another island. In time, they left the friendly hiding place and went to live in the beautiful new falai, where they were happy ever after, for the brown children are truly immortal in their land of romance and beauty, as well as in their love.

CATHERINE STEMBRIDGE, '28.

*(Awarded second prize Nods and Becks Literary Contest, 1926.)*



## A Visit to Louisa M. Alcott's Home

During a whirlwind visit to the interesting vicinity of Boston I became so satiated with the events of Revolutionary history that in Concord one day I almost missed one of the happiest experiences of my life. I had read "Little Women" something over four times, so it was with a feeling of happy anticipation that I walked with a small group of people to the steps of Miss Alcott's home.





It is a shabby brown house, set in a wide yard 'mid many trees, among which is old "Ellen Tree," the Alcott girls' favorite make-believe steed. After exploring the beautiful shady yard, we entered a narrow hall, to the left of which is a large living room. Here the fireplace is the center of attraction, for near it stands Mr. Alcott's book-table, his wife's easy-chair, and Beth's footstool. In the corner rests the famous "sausage pillow" with which poor Laurie received many a pummelling from the four gay sisters.

At the head of the stairs is Beth's bedroom, which was once occupied by the inimitable Amy as evidence of which the naughty child had ornamented both walls and woodwork with pencil drawings of all kinds. There are angels in flowing robes, and handsome men with remarkably perfect noses, as Amy's drawings were her only consolation for her own turned-up little nose. All these works of art show the remarkable talent which was Amy's. To keep curious fingers from marring them they have been covered with small pieces of plateglass.

In the upper hall stands a glass cabinet, in which are preserved the fearful and wonderful costumes which the girls used for their dramatic performances. With the costumes were programs of their shows supplied by a sympathetic and good-natured printer.

We had yet another flight of steps to climb. Who does not remember Jo's literary attempts in the garret, with only a pet rat for company? We looked upon her old writing desk and pen with some reverence, thinking of the patient woman whose genius gave so much to the world.

Every article of furniture is some reminder of the beautiful family life that the worn house knew; even Beth's piano stands in the parlor, and there are portraits of those cherubs of childhood, "Daisy" and "Demi."

When I left the place it seemed as though I had talked with every person who lived there, so marked was the place with the homey atmosphere that also pervades the writings of the family's most lovable and talented member,—Louisa M. Alcott. RUTH STOGSDILL, '27.



## Tapestry

Come nymph, hide not behind the knotted oaks,  
Regarding me with thy wild, fearful eyes.  
With such a gaze the wounded roebuck looks  
Upon the hunter, as in death he lies.  
What? At my gentle words she frightened flies  
Into the dark protection of the grove.  
And running in her futile terror cries,  
"Oh father! Father Jupiter, above,  
Let not his man approach me with his mortal love!"

I would embrace thee; thou art young and fair,  
Thy lips are rosy and invite a kiss.  
Oh let me hold thee, let me stroke thy hair,  
Bind it with flowers. All I ask is this.  
She trembles as I near her. Ah, the bliss  
That I shall feel when first I put my arm  
Around her slender waist, when first I kiss  
Her mouth. She should not fear me. If I harm  
Her, may I die at once beneath Diana's charm.

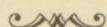
Why dost thou struggle like a poor snared thing?  
I have thee, but I'll gladly let thee go  
When thou hast kissed me. Now, if thou wilt bring  
Thy lips to mine, and press them gently—so—  
What is the matter? Her wild heart beats slow  
As if Death held her in his iron hand  
And would not let her, though protesting, go.  
She's limp as wilted flower, and cannot stand—  
She's fallen softly on the golden river sand.





Alas! What have I done! The nymph is dead,  
As fade the summer flowers o'er the land,  
When boisterous Autumn, tossing his cruel head,  
Crushes and kills them with his withering hand.  
Forgive me, nymph, I did not understand  
That my gay kisses meant cold death to you.  
Love of a mortal laid you on this sand;  
For you, who were so glad, all joy is through,  
And I will roam the empty forest, searching you!

ELEANOR BURGESS, '26.



## Character Sketch of a Man

The deep leather chair in the library of the Executive Mansion, on a certain afternoon in 1861, held a lonely, discouraged man.

The scene itself was cheerless, and the despondent position of the man showed how discouraged he really was. In the great stone fireplace a fire had been burning, and now, as if it, too, were weary of life, it threw a few feeble flickers on the shadowy walls and then settled into a heap of glowing coals. The gray sky, even, had a menacing look and gave practically no light to the dim room that fifteen presidents had previously occupied. But had any of these men faced as seemingly hopeless a problem as this sixteenth man now faced?

He was sitting far back in the chair, but his ungraceful back was bent forward. His elbows were on his knees, and his great rough head rested wearily in his hands. He sighed occasionally, and once a sound strangely like a sob shook the gaunt figure. No other sound broke the quiet of the White House, except the soft, crumbling sound of the fire and the slamming of a shutter in some distant part of the house.

Truly, he was not a handsome figure and yet his large awkward frame covered the kindest heart, the noblest nature that man could



hope to possess. He was tired, not from mere physical exertion, but from the great struggle within himself, and the weighty problems with which his great mind wrestled.

It rested now in the hands of the people to decide the great issue over which he had struggled so many times, to prove that "Might" must end its cruel and heartless reign and "Right" should be the ruler forever. Practically friendless now, save for the Black Men whom he strove to emancipate, and seeing no other course, he had made an appeal to the people for troops. Would they respond? Or would they think (as many other thought) that it was a hopeless task? No answer from his country meant that slaves still must seek the long-hoped for freedom.

He sighed again; he realized that though he now held the chance for which he had worked and prayed, "to hit slavery, and hit it hard," he was as powerless now as he had been then, a young man on the river boat. Now he was the head of a great nation, endangered by war and secession, the one to whom all faces turned, some beseechingly, some threateningly and many in an unfriendly manner. Truly, the young rail-splitter had progressed.

The weary man sighed once more and straightened from his bent position. The usually quiet boulevard was in a tumult; marching feet accompanied by shouts and songs aroused him enough to step out upon the balcony directly overlooking the street. He was dazed for a moment, unable to comprehend the full portent of all that was happening. The great roar of voices singing triumphantly: "We are coming Father Abraham, fifty thousand strong," barely told him the full meaning, but finally upon the kindly face appeared the knowledge of the full significance. A sob escaped him and as he turned towards his people, a prayer of thanksgiving and a promise of success lit up his face like a benediction.

MARION DEVLIN, '27.

*(The author of the preceding essay was the winner of the Lincoln Prize Essay Medal, awarded February 12, 1926, by the Illinois Watch Company, for the finest essay on Abraham Lincoln written by a member of the Anna Head School.)*





# SENIORS



*Helen Jacobs*



*Betty Ballantine*



*Pauline Baynes*



*Mary Woods Bennett*



*Peggy Bennett*

Vestal Ayres  
Grace Anita Beem

Helen Jacobs  
Betty Ballantine  
Mary Woods Bennett

Pauline Baynes  
Peggy Bennett





*Martha Jane Butler*



*Dorothy Chandler*



*Lucille Clark*

Mary Anne Bennison

Zöe Benzeman

Beatrice Boyer  
Verna Butler

Eleanor Burgess  
Dorothy Chandler

Martha Jane Butler  
Lucille Clark

*Carol Craig*



*Virginia Crossley*



*Mildred Dorward*

*Elizabeth D.*

*Margaret Dyer*

Carol Craig  
Jean Curtis  
Mildred Dorward

Margaret Davis  
Elizabeth Duhem

Virginia Crossley  
Paula De Luca  
Margaret Dyer





*Florence Fairbanks*



*Betty Fessenden*



*Delight Frederick*



*Betty Ford*



*Mary Goldthwaite*

*Ethel Graves*



*Lillian Goldwater*



*Jane Goodfellow*



*Ethel Graves*

Florence Fairbanks

Betty Fessenden

Delight Frederick

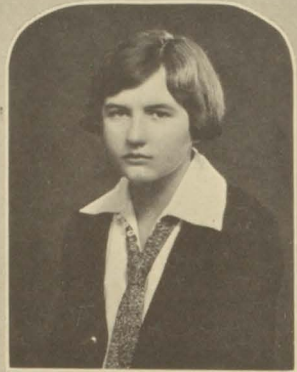
Betty Ford

Mary Goldthwaite

Lillian Goldwater

Jane Goodfellow

Ethel Graves



Jane Green

Dorothy Gregory

Charlotte Ham  
Helen Kieft

Ernul Harding  
Azalea Kierulff

Helen Jones  
Anna Doris Kohlmoos





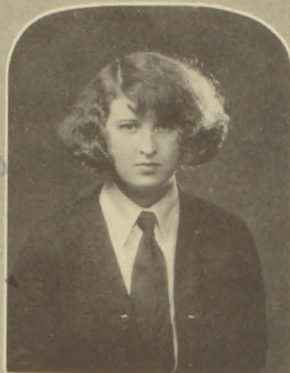
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Rhea Radin

Margaret Lewis

Marcia Nye  
Carol Reid

Margaret Majors

Lydia Pettit  
Gertrude Rennie



Lorraine Richardson

Merle Rolston

Barbara Rowell

Constance Schallock

Martha Stein

Ingeborg Stockhausen

Mary Louise Stogsdill

Frances Thompson





*Gertrude Van Matre*



*Lucy Lois Van Loben Sels*



*Claire Von Falkenstein*



*Olive Welty*



*Alyce Williams*



*Jane Wood*



*Barbara Young*

Nadine Thurston

Lucy Lois Van Loben Sels

Gertrude Van Matre

Claire Von Falkenstein

Olive Welty

Alyce Williams

Jane Wood

Barbara Young

## Senior Class Song

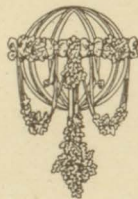
*There's a garden close beneath the hills of Berkeley,  
Where beside a pool in early spring, 'tis said,  
Nodding snowdrops whisper of the many classes  
That have graduated there from Anna Head.*

*Many times the hills have turned from green to golden  
Since those girls have seen reflections in the pool;  
But the sight of nodding snowdrops still reminds them  
Of the friends and happy times they spent at school.*

*We have reached the time to leave like all the others  
And before us stretch life's many colored ways,  
But regret is in our hearts as we look back on  
Both the sunshine and the shadow of past days.*

*We will value the ideals our teachers gave us,  
And the sympathy and help in what they said;  
We'll remember, and we hope you'll not forget us,  
For we will love you always, Anna Head.*

BETTY BALLANTINE.







# JUNIORS



Isabelle Anstey  
Eleanor Backus  
Patrice Carey

Janice Yard  
Mary Barnett  
Adele Coates

Betty Ashcraft  
Kathryn Beem  
Gladys Correia





Laurene Crumley  
Louise Eubank  
Betty George

Leah Dannenbaum  
Edith Garrett  
Helen Hjul

Marion Devlin  
Maybelle Garwood  
Lolita Ireland



Peggy Jones  
Idella Landers  
Viola Mau

Barbara Kierulff  
Lois Lee  
Doris Miller  
Margaret Nichols

Alice Kingsley  
Dorothy Macleay  
Evelyn Nelson





Elvian Noble  
Virginia Porter  
Livia Rossi

Genevieve Norwell  
Kathryn Prost  
Abby Root  
Priscilla Ruggles

Barbara Platt  
Katharine Rich  
Ruth Runner



Nancy Scott  
Emily Shanks  
Nancy Stow

Barbara Seaver  
Elizabeth Shaw  
Dorothy Strom  
Ruth Wood

Helen Frances Selby  
Helen Simpson  
Marian Thomas





# SOPHOMORES



## Sophomore Stream Anthology

\*(Perhaps few readers are familiar with the fact that the above stream is a small tributary of Spoon River.)

Margaret Hammond and Betty Hertzler.  
Here we lie,  
With one epitaph above us.  
As we went through the year side by side,  
Like a tree and its shadow,  
Sharing sun and shade—  
So together we rest, weary from  
Exhorting the Sophomores.

I, Catherine Stembridge, am weary.  
I lay me down with a will.  
It was hard to tick out metres.  
And mete out fates!

I am Jane Backus.  
I was schooled in the wiles of midshipmen,  
The art of collecting fraternity pins,  
And the latest models in Vogue.

I am Emma Barham.  
You remember me as Cinderella,  
Cinderella married—and I hope you remember  
The moral of that play—  
Watch your calories!

Elizabeth Beedy is my name.  
I have been known for my curls,  
My expression of childish innocence  
And my plausible excuses.



I am Vivian Best.  
I fluttered through the year  
Like a fawn butterfly,  
Just brushing realities with my wings—  
The class ingenue.

I, Norma Blair,  
After years of stress with Latin  
Gave it up as hopeless.  
May other followers of Caesar  
Have more success than I.

I am Lucretia Bowlin,  
Who has known the torture of Thursdays—  
Its evasions, and tasks undone,  
The reproving eyes of others,  
And worse—Wednesday six days off!

I was truly content in my sophomore days—  
Having basketball to play with Frannie.  
Now, Time having taken its toll of me,  
May Frannie say, "A good sport  
Was Barbara Davis."

I am Dorothy Halloran.  
Never have I been late for chapel;  
Never have had need  
To make excuses for unprepared lessons.

I, Johanna Jongeneel,  
Feel my heavenly days well spent,  
For taking the toll at Paradise's gate  
Is far easier for me than  
Collecting the dues of the Sophomore class.

I, Jeanne Krick,  
Struggled through the year,  
My slight frame burdened with ponderous studies,  
Which somehow grew light with success.

I am known as Reliable Jane Liebert.  
I spent my year quietly handing in  
Tardy slips, and learning to keep  
My head steady, and my eyes on the ball.

I was the class tease,  
Forever making fun of some poor  
Innocent—but withal, they called me  
Kindhearted Marion Mannhart.

Joellyn McCaffrey—Surely my engaging  
Good nature,  
And my tireless tinkling of the keys  
For Nods and Becks,  
Has endeared me to my associates.

I, Constance McCleave,  
Was the class chatterbox,  
Wasting words here, there, everywhere—  
Oh, that they were back!  
They might serve us well in my Junior Year.

Betty Perkins and Grace Thomas.  
To ride, and having ridden being  
Ever our pastime and excuse  
For ignoring other diversion and tasks!

I, Alice Scott,  
Played a silent part this second year,  
But yet I have been known  
For my ready smile and kind word.

Naomi Watson is the name they've graved for me,  
And, altho as yet I have made but little din,  
I hereby resolve in my renaissance  
To more loudly blow my horn.

In Sophomore days, now long gone, it was said  
Of the marcelled Helen, "Her parlez-vous wins 'er,"  
But amongst the shades of the departed ones  
There is no 'parlez-vous," yet still Helen Winsor!

I, Frances Worthy, have lived through this Sophomore year,  
And now, passing, to live again a Junior, one thing I know,  
And that not found in Plutarch's Lives,  
That Worthy is as Worthy does, and so  
I am content.

I, Leslie Tooker,  
Have won fame in this place of learning  
By my ultra sense of humor,  
By my reckless driving,  
And by my ability for procrastination.

Bernice Damon did they call me,  
As I smiled through the Sophomore days,  
As I questioned and I laughed, winning friends for myself.  
I grew famous through acting in plays.

That reminds me, Esther Seulberger, that I did not say  
When the Fates called me to cross  
The Sophomore's Stygian deeps  
"Stop me if you have heard it before"—  
Nay, I quietly embarked on the voyage into the Unknown,  
Leaving behind me, as guides and guards for other weary feet,  
My sixth period dreams.

In the chronicles of Time, lives Stanley, the Explorer.  
In the Chronicle of San Francisco,  
Lives "Little Stanley, the Explorer"—  
Verily I was not the first of these,  
But mayhap the second,  
When on earth I explored the Sophomore's "Head's."

Doris Westall, my Sophomore life is over,  
My riding days are past, (even jumping upon the pommel),  
But one favorite pastime is not lost here,  
For I now enjoy reading novels to eager young—Juniors!

Dorothy English.  
They're only content in a "right little, tight little isle,"  
So from Heady freedom she departed,  
To seek 'mongst emancipated ones,  
Geometric signs and parallel lines  
To rightly and tightly confine the English.

Catherine Chittenden they called me—  
I wonder how the world will think of me?  
Will it be my laugh, my lost shoe  
Or my bead bags,  
That will keep my memory green?





# FRESHMEN



Jane De Armond  
Franziska Schneider  
Vaughn Jones  
Florence Hotchkiss

Kathleen Shuman  
Alice Butler  
Fannie Heck  
Frances Griffin  
Bernice Williamson

Cornelia Jones  
Thelma Pedersen  
Laura Bert Einstein  
Maxine Macleay  
Barbara Clark

Dorothy Baldwin  
Marcell Phrang  
Gertrude Warden  
Catherine Pearce





Clara Heck  
Doris Prost  
Jane Derne  
Aloyse Gerlitz

Narendra Blair  
Dale Anderson  
Eunice Scott  
Anne Smith  
Edith Barton

Mary Atkins  
Mary Cleveland  
Marian Sully  
Jane Crutcher  
Edith Tough

Lolita Wallace  
Mary Bell Webb  
Alice Fraser  
Marian David



# Freshmen Follies

## Dramatis Personae

MARY ATKINS . . . . .	Suffragette
PATRICIA ANDERSON . . . . .	Paul Whiteman's Understudy
DOROTHY BALDWIN . . . . .	Gloria Swanson the 2nd
NARENDRA BLAIR . . . . .	Latin Crazy
ALICE BUTLER . . . . .	Boy Struck
BARBARA CLARK . . . . .	Cow Puncher
MARION CLARK . . . . .	Jack Dempsey
MARY CLEVELAND . . . . .	Helen Wills the 2nd
CAROL COOMBE . . . . .	The Country Mouse
JANE CRUTCHER . . . . .	The Human Campanile
JANE DE ARMOND . . . . .	Barnum's Fat Lady
JANE DERNE . . . . .	The Joker
LAURA BURT EINSTEIN . . . . .	The Infant Prodigy
FRANCES GRIFFIN . . . . .	The Pigmy
LADY JANE HATFIELD . . . . .	Our Astronmer
CLARA HECK . . . . .	Our Snail
FANNIE HECK . . . . .	Our Star
FLORENCE HOTCHKISS . . . . .	Our Mascot
CORNELIA JONES . . . . .	Our Camp Fire Girl
VAUGHN JONES . . . . .	Coiffée a la Doughnut
MAXINE MACLEAY . . . . .	Raven Locks
MARY OLNEY . . . . .	Helen of Troy
THELMA PEDERSON . . . . .	That School Girl Complexion
MARCELL PFRANG . . . . .	Our Anchor
DORIS PROST . . . . .	The Dairy Lunch
VIRGINIA ROBERTS . . . . .	Soulful Silence
FRANZISKA SCHNEIDER . . . . .	Prexy
EUNICE SCOTT . . . . .	Paper Curl
KATHLEEN SHUMAN . . . . .	The Chatterbox
ANNE SMITH . . . . .	Our Vamp
MARION SULLY . . . . .	The Child
LOLITA WALLACE . . . . .	Our Frosh
GERTRUDE WARDEN . . . . .	Louise Fazenda
MARY BELL WEBB . . . . .	The Dutch Mill
ALICE FRAZIER . . . . .	Flaming Youth
ALOISE GERLITZ . . . . .	The Tag
MARION DAVID . . . . .	Blonde
BERNICE WILLIAMSON . . . . .	Jus' 'dorable
EDITH TOUGH . . . . .	Sun Kissed
KATHERINE PIERCE . . . . .	Peter, Peter
MARY PORTER . . . . .	The Dickens
EDITH BARTON . . . . .	Le Petit Nez





# POST GRADUATES



Leslie Phelps

Marian Goodfellow

Jean Jones

Muriel Goodwin

Mary Scibird

Margaret Dingwall

Lois Howorth

Merle Scott





## LOWER SCHOOL



## The Fairy's Hair

**T**HE fairy Maybelle was known all over Fairyland for her good looks, and her beautiful golden hair. Partly because of this and partly because she was heiress to her father's throne, all the fairy princes longed to marry her, as they knew her husband would become king when she ascended the throne. Now, fairy Maybelle did not know this and she thought they really loved her.

In a neighboring kingdom a particular prince named Erik, who was heir to his father's throne, was put out of the kingdom by his own father, and could not return until he had done a good deed and had found a bride worthy of the throne. The prince was sore at heart and didn't know where to go.

As he wandered over the land he came to the fairy Maybelle's kingdom, where he found much confusion. He became very inquisitive and asked many fairies the cause of such a bustle, and soon found out the fairy Maybelle's hair had been shorn from her head while she was sleeping. It was a great mystery; hardly any one knew who had taken it, but some said her suitors had stolen the hair on purpose, so they could be the ones to recover it, thus becoming heroes and winning her hand.

When Erik went to the castle he met all the suitors of the princess there. They wondered who he was, and thought what a joke it would be on him, if he had hopes of recovering her hair.

Now, one of these suitors was very jealous of the others, and he thought he would turn against them, and hide the princess' hair in a place unknown to them.

Meanwhile Erik had gone to the castle, where he was given a suit of armor and a white steed. He and the other princes started off, each taking a different direction.

While all this was going on, the jealous suitor took the hair from its former hiding place, and hid it in a dark forest. He then went away,





saying to himself he had better not recover the hair too soon as it might look suspicious.

As Erik was riding along his way, he came to a stump of an old tree in a thick dark forest. He saw some little elves peep out from it, and he felt very creepy. They seemed to beckon to him to come in. So gathering up his courage, he climbed in. It was very dark and dreary, and he kept going down and down, till he sat down with a bump. He felt as if something was surely going to happen. All of a sudden a gust of cold wind made him shiver, and he saw many little green eyes looking at him. They kept saying, "Come, come." Erik got up and looked around for a passage.

Presently he pushed back a panel and was surprised to see a dark room, with a red light in the distance. As he went nearer he could make out a figure of an old goblin stirring something in a large black pot, while at his side was the fairy Maybelle's hair. The Prince was so excited at this sight that he rushed at the goblin, and cut off his head without thinking.

At that moment a clap of thunder was heard, and all was black. The prince heard a whirring noise, and again saw the green eyes. They again seemed to say "Come, come," and the prince groped around till he came to a passage into the air and then fell with a bump to the ground beside his horse. He was so dazed he didn't notice until the bump that he held the fairy's hair firmly in his hand. Erik felt very happy and light-hearted now. Then, jumping on his horse, he galloped toward the fairy kingdom.

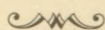
When he arrived he dashed up the marble steps of the castle. He found the fairy Princess still weeping, and around her stood the angry suitors, who had given up in dismay, not knowing who had turned against them. Erik, kneeling, gave the hair to the Princess. Just as he did so the jealous suitor came raging into the room. He was very angry and nearly slew Erik.



When the king found out what the suitors had planned to do he put them out of the kingdom. The Prince, who saw how beautiful the fairy was now that her hair had been restored to her, wanted to marry her. The fairy Princess eagerly consented. The two old kings were pleased. After they died, the two kingdoms were united under one, and every one lived happily ever after.

BEATRICE NORTON, *Seventh Grade.*

(Awarded the prize in Nods and Becks Literary Contest for the best story in the Lower School.)



## Shopping

The Country went shopping to buy a new gown,  
For her summer's attire was dusty and brown.  
Miss Spring showed her ribbons and ruffles and bows,  
But her quiet taste was not suited with those.

Then Autumn unrolled for her critical gaze  
Her broad satin ribbons, of scarlet and maize;  
But just as she turned to go out of the door,  
And resolved to patch up her old gown just once more,  
Winter came running with armfuls of lace,  
And they finally suited a gown to her face.  
It is shining white velvet which falls to her toes  
And a bell tinkles gayly wherever she goes.  
And on Sundays and holidays, what a fine sight,  
When she puts on her ice-jewels, all glittering white!

VADNA RICH, *Eighth Grade.*





## The High School of the Future



## Tea Time

The time we love the best of all  
Is Sunday night at tea.  
While mother puts the kettle on,  
Dad takes us on his knee;  
He tells us tales of other lands  
Far off beyond the sea.

He tells us of old England,  
With its charming country life,  
Of France—the quaint and beautiful,  
And Breton peasant life,  
Of Russia with its turmoil  
And everlasting strife.

And then we sit around the table  
And eat as much as we are able,  
The clock strikes nine, the coals burn red,  
Then Mother says, “ ’Tis time for bed.”

CHARLOTTE WILLOUGHBY, *Eighth Grade.*

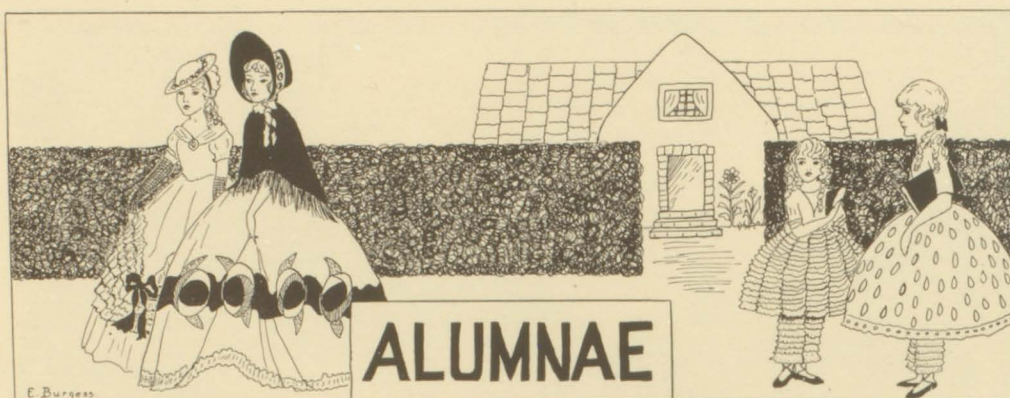
*(Awarded prize in Nods and Becks Literary Contest for best poem in Lower School)*







# ALUMNAE



## Our Alumnae

### ENGAGEMENTS

- 1924 Ione Graham to Thomas Robinson.
- 1926 Zoe Benzemann to William Derham Remmer.
- 1919 Jesse Mott to John Conroy.
- 1925 Francis Lewis to Neil Berodensen.
- 1920 Nellie Graft to Ward Sullivan.
- 1920 Elizabeth Shilling to Eggbert Adams. To be married May 19, 1926.

### MARRIAGES

- 1923 Eleanor Ochletree to Henry Geering at St. Clements Chapel, May 16, 1925.
- 1922 Lois Appleton to Everett Merritt Le Baron, at her home, May 29, 1925.
- 1925 Louise Hoover to Ernest Albert Dunbar, at Stanford Chapel, August, 1925.
- 1925 Betty Aiken to William Russell Newbold, January 30, 1926.
- 1919 Marion Norton to Hilary Joseph Bevis, Fairmont Hotel, November 5, 1925.
- 1920 Harriet Barrington to Charles Price Chadsey, Episcopal Church, June 9, 1925.
- 1919 Mary Morton to William Field Stanton Jr., Los Angeles.
- 1925 Silvia Harris to Carlton Moore, July, 1925.
- 1924 Alice Peterson to Mark McKimmons, October, 1925.
- 1925 Dorothy Friend to Bruce Hamilton, March, 1925.
- 1923 Marjorie Lewin to Harold Overmere, at her home, March 14, 1926.
- 1920 Helen Marshall to Charles Perkes, January, 1925.





- 1923 Elizabeth Bruner to Charles Griffith, January, 1925.  
1920 Barbara Bruner to Raymond Wilson, September 5, 1925.  
1923 Katherine Adams to Milton Buckley.  
1925 Roberta Keach to Charles Madison, June, 1925.  
1925 Margaret Ripley to William Charles Pattiani, February 20, 1926.  
1924 Julie Sullivan to Frederick Gray, September, 1925.  
1924 Gwendolyn Jamieson to Marten Lent Parent, New York, September 16, 1925.  
1923 Elizabeth Chapman to Denis Delicate, Butte, Montana, December 31, 1925.  
1920 Esther Robbins to Norman Ogilvie, May 4, 1925.

#### BIRTHS

- Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Harper, (Marion Dallam, 1919) a baby boy, June 6, 1924.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perks, (Helen Marshall) a baby boy, January 21, 1926.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Dadds Berton, (Roberta Berry, 1919) a baby girl, 1925.

#### THOSE NOW ATTENDING UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Phyllis Chamberlain, Roberta Duncan, Roberta Keach, Margaret Aiken, Marjorie Meyers, Elena De Martini, Miriam Dungan, Erna Brash, Constance Holmes, Helen Munger, Elizabeth Knight, Ruth Schneider, Laetitia Small, Josephine Vawter, Hildegard Stockhausen, Marion Sanborn, Marjorie Legge, Constance Black, Bernice Bernhard, Dorothy Druhe, Evelyn Hussy, Janice Sugden, Virginia La Rue, Kathryn Ditzler, Marion Peake, Marjorie Mills, and Doris Black.

#### ATTENDING MOUNT VERNON

Mary Emma Thomas, Kathleen Gannon.

#### NEWS

The Anna Head School graduates who received A. B.'s at University of California were Jesse Mott, Cornelia Morris and Doris Devlin.

Mrs. Max Thornberg, (Leila Berry), has been elected president of Berkeley Dispensary.

Adelaide and Isabelle Robbins sailed for Europe recently for an extended tour.

Marjorie S. Sanborn has been named president of the Prytanean Honor Society of the University of California for the coming year.



Miss Hall

*Flora M. Hall*



*Leona C. Young*  
Miss Young



Miss Carter



Miss Meehan



Miss Shurik

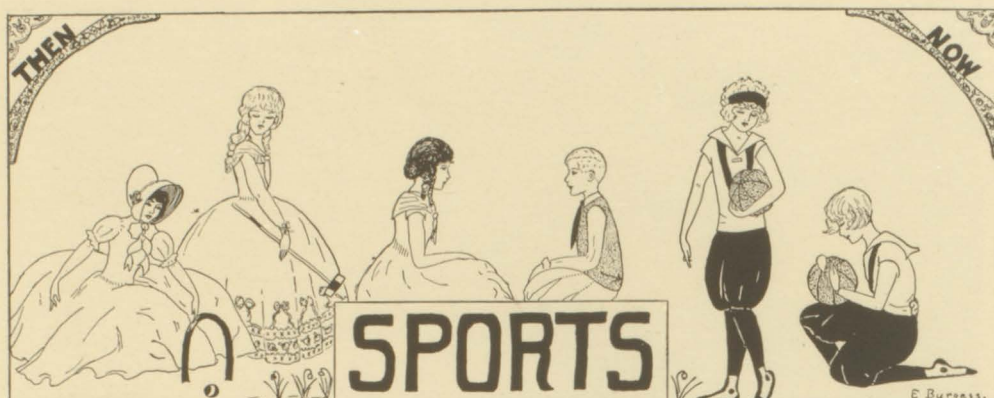


Miss Jones  
Miss Wright





# ATHLETICS



## The Season

**G**OOD spirit and excellent team work have combined to make this year's athletic season a most successful one. Although several of the players were with us last year, many of the girls were new material.

To our coach, Miss Hill, belongs a great deal of the credit for our success. We can never express our full appreciation of her energy and enthusiasm, which contributed so largely to our splendid victories.

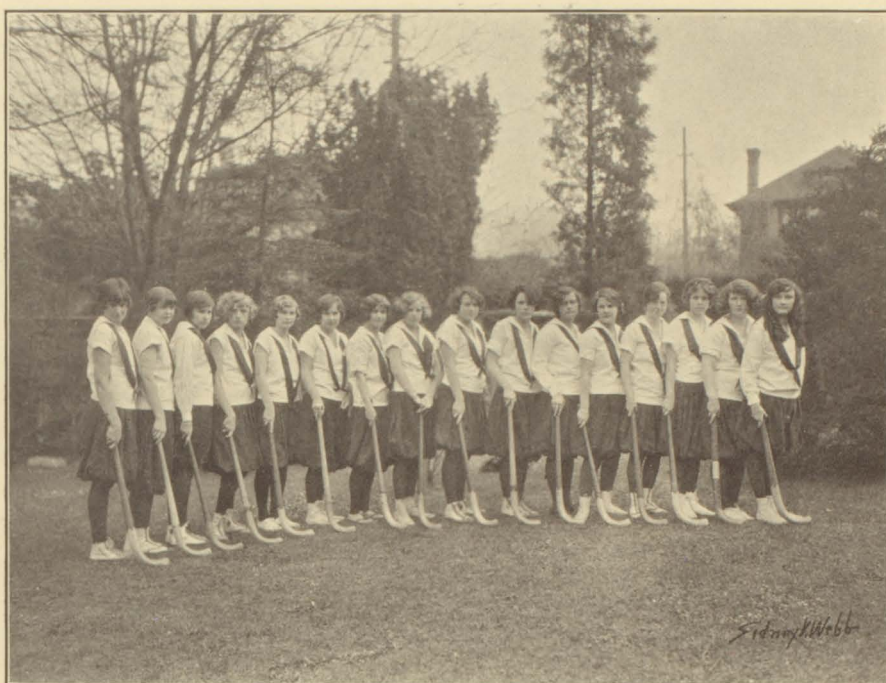
Thanks to our cheer leaders, Lucy Lois and Nadine, with their snappy songs and cheers, we were well supported on the sidelines.

## Hockey

The annual hockey game with Miss Ransom's School, played on our field, was one of the best of the season. The final score was 4 to 4. There is no doubt in our minds that A. H. S. would have been victorious if there had been a few more minutes to play, as our team was doing splendid work.

Lois Howorth, our honored captain and center, played a splendid game, with great spirit and brilliant work.





### *Lineup of the Hockey Team*

Center Halfback.....FLORENCE FAIRBANKS, *Manager*  
 Left Halfback.....FRANZISKA SCHNEIDER  
 Right Halfback.....HELEN JONES  
 Left Fullback.....MERLE ROLSTON  
 Right Fullback.....VIOLA MAU  
 Center.....LOIS HOWORTH, *Captain*  
 Left Inside.....NADINE THURSTON  
 Right Inside.....GERTRUDE WARDEN  
 Left Wing.....MARY BARNETT  
 Right Wing.....LOUISE EUBANK  
 Goal Keeper.....LOUISE GEISREITER

#### SUBSTITUTES:

FANNIE HECK	KATHRYN BEEM
MARY GOLDTHWAITE	CLARA HECK
DOROTHY MACLEAY	EMILY SHANKS

## Basketball

The four games of this season were all played at A. H. S. and all were victorious for us.

The first game of the season, played with the Richmond High School, was a hilarious success, the final score being 43 to 25.



The second game was played with Miss Burke's School, and it proved a most exciting one. The final score was 49 to 29, in our favor.

The Katherine Branson School was our opponent in our third game, with a final score of 36 to 23 in our favor.

The wonderful victory of last year was repeated when we defeated Miss Ransom's School by a large score. It was the crowning glory to a victorious year. The final score was 41 to 24.

The class games will be played later in the term.

The captain of the team, Lois Howorth, showed her fine spirit and enthusiasm in every game. Lois played forward, and there weren't many times when the ball failed to drop in the basket.

#### *Lineup of the Basketball Team*

Forwards.....	LOIS HOWORTH, <i>Captain</i> ; CONSTANCE SCHALLOCK
Guards.....	NARENDRA BLAIR FRANZISKA SCHNEIDER
Jumping Center.....	KATHRYN BEEM

#### SUBSTITUTES:

MARY GOLDTHWAITE	FANNIE HECK
GRACE ANITA BEEM	MERLE ROLSTON
FLORENCE FAIRBANKS	





## Tennis

The first match of the season took place on March fourth, at the Berkeley Tennis Club, and our team showed the results of hard practice, playing a brilliant game. They were victorious throughout.

Helen Jacobs, the Junior Champion, is again leading us, playing first singles. She is this year's captain, while Peggy Jones, a rising star, is this season's manager.

This season will close with the annual Claremont Tournament, which begins on April twenty-fourth, and will continue through May first. The tennis luncheon will take place at the Claremont Country Club.

### *Lineup of the Tennis Team*

*First Singles*..... HELEN JACOBS, *Captain*  
*Second Singles*..... BARBARA YOUNG  
*First Doubles*..... EDITH TOUGH-PEGGY JONES  
*Second Doubles*..... MARION THOMAS-RHEA RADIN  
*Substitutes*..... ALICE FRASER-NARENDRA BLAIR



## Swimming

There are many enthusiasts turning out for swimming, and as soon as the weather is warm enough, a swimming team will be produced. A meet will be held with the Castelleja School at Palo Alto later in the term. We expect a very successful season.



Miss Hill



Mlle. Clavé



Miss Wilber



Mrs. Hjul



Miss Peckham  
Miss Grant

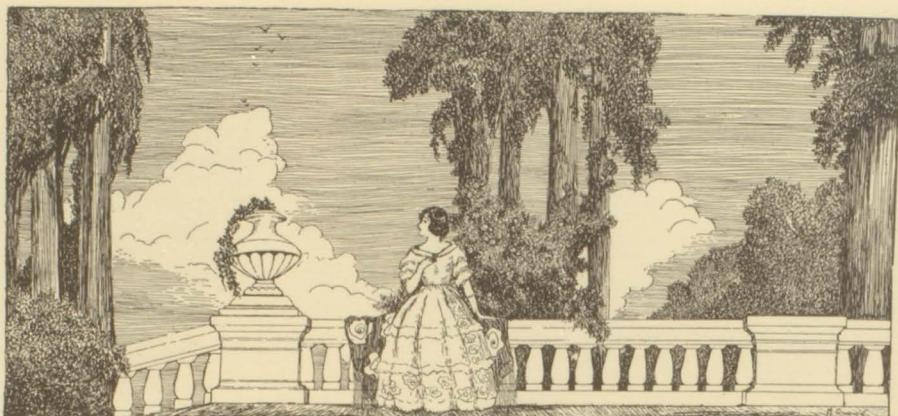
*Helen W. Peckham*





# DRAMATICS

# D R A M A



**T**HE first series of Dramatic Group plays was produced on Wednesday, February 3, and it was a dramatic night both indoors and out, for the elements acknowledged the occasion with a splashing rain storm.

Under the thoughtful and expert management of Miss Elsie Grant, who started the group last year, the evening's performance was a great success, both financially and dramatically.

The Musical Group, consisting of a twelve-piece orchestra under the direction of Miss Sherwood, added spice to the entertainment by furnishing selections of popular pieces between the plays.

The first number on the program was a fanciful little scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," played by Timmie Plunket and Virginia Vinson, who took the parts of Puck and a fairy. Following this glimpse of fairyland, the curtain rose, revealing a room in Moeder Kaatje's house, which was the scene of "My Lady's Lace," by Edward Knoblock. The girls included in the cast were:

Moeder Kaatje .....	DOROTHY BALDWIN
Antje .....	BERNICE DAMON
Mynheer Cornelius .....	JOHANNA JONGENEEL
Jonkheer van der Bom .....	JANE BACKUS

The next number on the program was "Cinderella Married," by Rachel Field. Emma Barham showed remarkable ability in acting the part of Cinderella, who didn't fit in the court life that she had chosen, and who realized that being married to Prince Charming didn't make life a heaven, especially when dashing young Robin, the milkman, wasn't there.





Cinderella .....	EMMA BARHAM
Prince Charming.....	LUCY LOIS VAN LOBEN SELS
Lady Caroline.....	HELEN HJUL
Lady Bratella.....	PAULINE BAYNES
Nannie.....	BARBARA PLATT
Robin.....	MARY ATKINS

Nadine Thurston gave "La Petite Naive", a monologue by George O'Neal.

The last play was "The Land of Heart's Desire," by William Butler Yeats. The girls who took part in this play were:

Bridget Bruin .....	GLADYS CORREIA
Shawn Bruin .....	FLORENCE FAIRBANKS
Maurteen Bruin.....	MILDRED DORWARD
Father Hart.....	CHARLOTTE HAM
Marie Bruin.....	BETTY FORD
A Child .....	JUDITH HECHTMAN

On Wednesday, May 12, we gave three more plays, as follows:

#### THE ROBBERY

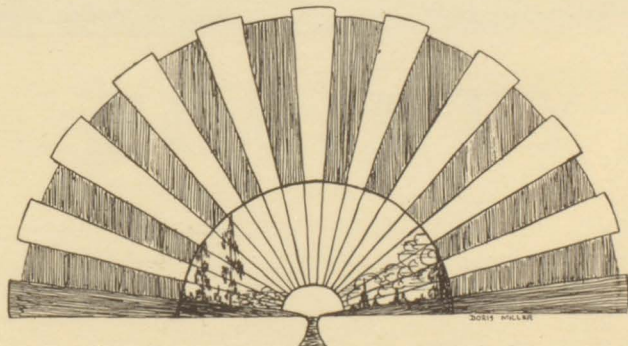
Edie.....	MARY BARNETT
Robert Hamilton.....	LUCY LOIS VAN LOBEN SELS
Mr. Upton .....	JOHANNA JONGENEEL
Mrs. Upton.....	ANNE SMITH
Fielding.....	LUCY LOIS VAN LOBEN SELS

#### FIGUREHEADS

Princess.....	VESTAL AYRES
Prince.....	VIVIAN MURPHY
Gertruda .....	HELEN JONES
First Guard.....	ANNA DORIS KOHLMOOS
Second Guard.....	ELEANOR BURGESS

#### ROMANCERS

Sylvette .....	HELEN CURTIS
Percinet .....	NADINE THURSTON
Bergamin.....	CAROL CRAIG
Pasquinot .....	JANE WOOD
Straforal .....	LOIS HOWORTH
Extras—	

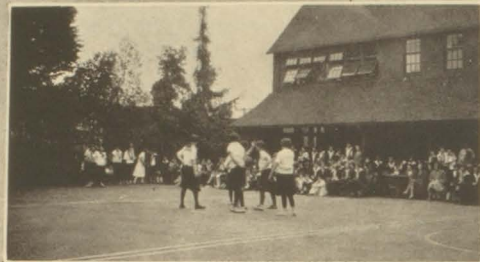




"Loie"



School Spirit



The Richmond Game



Soap Box ?



Sham



Monday Afternoon

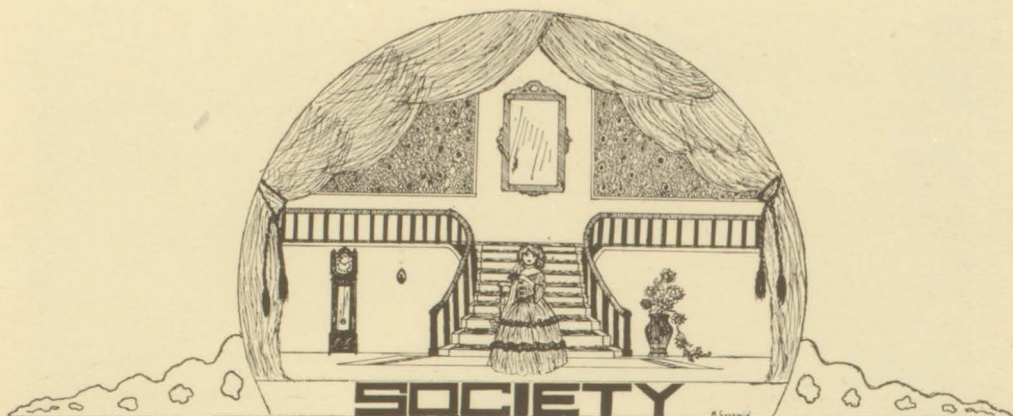


Major Schoof





# SOCIETY



**T**HE first social event of the year was a charming tea given by Eva Miller on October 23. It was in honor of Ruth Schneider, a graduate of the class of '25, who returned the first of October from a delightful trip abroad. The girls assisting Eva were Carol Craig, Jane Wood, Helen Kieft, Lucille Clark, Anna Doris Kohlmoos, Jane Green, Ethel Graves, Barbara Rowell, Adele Coates, Janice Yard, and Mildred Dorward.

The Saturdays of October 10 and 17 were enjoyed by a number of the friends of Nancy Stow, who entertained at a bridge luncheon and a bridge tea.

On October 31 the home of Zöe Benzeman was elaborately decorated for a Hallowe'en dance. About twenty-five couples were present to enter into the spirit of the evening.

Helen Kieft and Lucille Clark were the lovely hostesses for a tea given on November 6. A great many of their friends enjoyed the afternoon. Those assisting Helen and Lucille were Eva Miller, Mildred Dorward, Ethel Graves, Marian Minney, Lydia Pettit, Janice Yard, Paula De Luca, and Anna Doris Kohlmoos.

November 7 Betty Ashcraft entertained a host of friends at a delightful tea at the Palace Hotel.





Another enjoyable party for November 7 was a tea given by Peggy Bennett. About twenty-five guests were present. The flowers on the table formed corsages for the guests.

The evening of November 7 was the date set for the annual Nods and Becks dance. Both financially and socially it was a great success.

On November 12 the beautiful home of Barbara Rowell was the setting for a charming tea. The girls assisting Barbara were Eva Miller, Carol Craig, Jane Wood, and Anna Doris Kohlmoos.

On December 5 Mildred Dorward gave a charming bridge-luncheon at the Berkeley Country Club. There were twenty girls present.

In honor of the Seniors, the Juniors gave an elaborate formal dance at the school on December 5. The rooms were beautifully decorated in Christmas colors and the programs were made of parchment with little Christmas wreaths on the covers.

Paula De Luca was hostess to a number of friends on December 11, at the Claremont Country Club, for a charming tea. The decorations were Christmas berries, and each girl received a beautiful corsage of holly and pine.

December 12 Margaret Dyer entertained delightfully a great many friends at a tea given at the Claremont Country Club. Those assisting Margaret were Jane Wood, Carol Craig, Ethel Graves, Anna Doris Kohlmoos, Jane Green, Paula De Luca, and Delight Frederick.

Lolita Ireland gave a charming tea on December 19 at the Francisca Club in honor of Bernice Belser who left school for a year abroad.

The home of Pauline Baynes was the setting for an elaborate bridge-luncheon on December 22. Christmas green were used attractively for decoration.

Mary Louise Stogsdill was hostess at a delightful tea given on January 22 at the Fairmont Hotel. Each girl received a corsage of sweet peas.



February 6 was the date of a lovely bridge party given by Beatrice Boyer. Forty-four girls enjoyed the afternoon.

Cloyne Court, the home of Betty Ballantine, was the setting for a valentine luncheon, given on February 13. About twenty girls were present.

On February 20 Anna Doris Kohlmoos was hostess at a large tea. The house was beautifully decorated in spring blossoms. Those who assisted Anna Doris were Eva Miller, Lucille Clark, Barbara Rowell, Margaret Dyer, Janice Yard.

Eleanor Burgess entertained a group of friends on March 6 at a delightful bridge tea. The girls who were successful in winning the prizes, carried home lovely tulip plants.

March 19 Charlotte Ham gave a tea in honor of her cousin, Miss Marian Ehmann. Her home was beautifully decorated with spring flowers. The girls assisting Charlotte were Eva Miller, Carol Craig, Jane Wood, Anna Doris Kohlmoos, and Delight Frederick.

The Nods and Becks Group gave a very successful bridge tea on March 20. There were thirty-seven tables and everyone enjoyed the afternoon.

Carol Craig was the lovely hostess April 10 at a bridge tea, given at the Palace Hotel. About eighty girls played bridge in the French Room, at four o'clock adjourning to the Rose Room for tea and to enjoy the Saturday afternoon music.

April 17 Zöe Benzeman gave a very delightful tea at the Athens Club. The afternoon had added attractions as Zöe announced her engagement.

At the St. Francis Hotel Lorraine Richardson and Jean Curtis entertained charmingly at tea on April 24. A great many girls from school enjoyed the afternoon.

Lillian Goldwater was hostess at a very charming tea given at the Palace Hotel on April 24.

May 1 was the date of a very delightful tea given by Ingeborg Stockhausen.



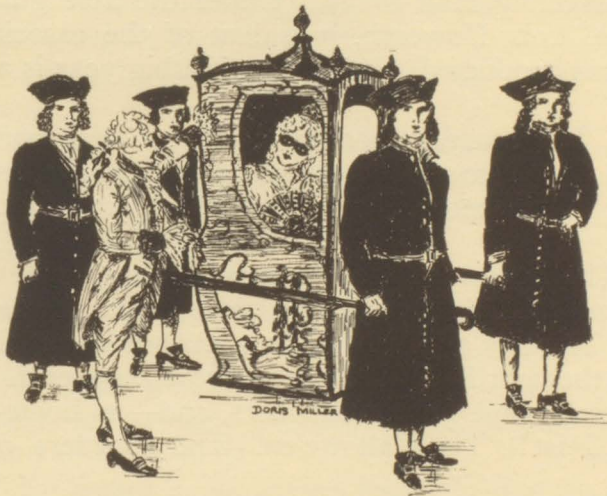


On May 7 Kathryn Prost gave a tea in honor of Marion Devlin and Natalie Shreve. Marion is leaving for Europe sometime during the summer and Natalie is leaving California to make her home in the East.

May 8 Mildred Dorward entertained about one hundred guests at a very unique tea at her home.

A very charming bridge-tea was given by Ethel Graves on May 15. There were about fifty guests present.

The seniors are looking forward with great pleasure to the three last events of the year. There is to be the usual senior luncheon which is given by Miss Wilson on May 27 at the Claremont Country Club. On the evening of May 27 there also will be the Alumnae banquet. May 28 is the day of all days,—“graduation,” and the beautiful garden party.



# CALENDAR

**S**EPT. 9. We were glad to see Miss Wilson looking so well after her European trip. Since it was so good for her we ought to try it.

The new borders got the "once over" and came up to the mark 100%.

SEPT. 10. "School days, school days!" There was much excitement getting acquainted with both teachers, subjects, and pupils.

SEPT. 12. The boarders are starting early. They went to see "No, No, Nannette" and, judging from the sounds drifting from behind closed doors, they liked it.

SEPT. 16. Tonight was first callers' night. The parlor was mobbed—by girls!

SEPT. 22. Another important meeting. The "Nods and Becks" Group assembled for the first time. Several editors and important officers were elected.

SEPT. 23. The Athletic Association held its first meeting of the year in the Assembly Hall today. Under the able guidance of our leading athlete, Lois Howorth, president of the association, a very fine meeting was conducted. It looks as if a big year is ahead of us in athletics.

SEPT. 23. The boarders had their first birthday party! Oh, My!

SEPT. 28. Big debates about the senior rings have been carried on. We really feel that some of our youthful orators should go to the Senate.

OCT. 3. The Freshmen are starting out very well. Already they are giving a dance. This is rather praiseworthy of the dear children.

OCT. 16. The day pupils have been marvelling at the suppressed excitement of the boarders. Now they know the secret. It is month-end, which means home for the boarders, and—no home-work for all!

OCT. 31. Hist! 'Tis Hallowe'en. The boarders celebrate with gay revelry.

Nov. 7. M-m (Sign of keen enjoyment) The "Nods and Becks" request the pleasure of your company tonight at an informal dance. M-m (more enjoyment). We know those dances.





Nov. 23. We played our first inter-scholastic game today. Hockey is surely a strenuous game, especially when you play Miss Ransom's for a 2-2 tie.

Nov. 26. Thanksgiving vacation. Let us give thanks.

Dec. 5. Christmas stockings. They take us back to the days of our credulous childhood. It gives us an awfully good feeling to fill these great, big, cheerful looking stockings for unknown kiddies.

Dec. 18. Farewell and Merry Christmas! We'll see you next year.

Jan. 4. Many happy returns of the pupils The Boarders, as usual, started the year well, by going to see Robert Mantell in "Hamlet."

Jan. 5. Basketball began with training. Therefore, there is a separate table in the dining room for the girls on the squad.

Jan. 18. Finals!

Jan. 20. Still more finals!

Jan. 22. The last of the finals!

Jan. 25. The new term starts.

Feb. 3. The Dramatic Club blossomed forth in all its glory and presented to an admiring audience, "Dramatic Delights," a series of one-act plays.

Feb. 13. Boarders gave a lovely Valentine Party, with Eskimo pies, Valentines and everything.

Feb. 18. "Oh, who won the game?" Why we did, of course! Too bad, Richmond. Better luck next year. The only disappointment was that Miss Wilson wasn't here to see us win.

Feb. 19. The game was too much for us, so we had to take a month-end.

Feb. 23. We played Miss Burke's today and won again.

Mar. 4. Our tennis team showed us what they were made of and won every match. We were very glad Miss Wilson returned to get the full joy of seeing us win this game.

Mar. 13. The girls from Miss Branson's came over today and gave us a hard-won battle. We continue to come out ahead. Next week we play our greatest rival. What's the score going to be?

Mar. 19. It rained yesterday and gave us quite a scare, but today is clear, and so is our record. For we beat Miss Ransom's. Hurray for our team, our coach, and us!

Mar. 20. Nods and Becks gave a lovely bridge tea. We want to compliment the group on its splendid handling of so large an affair.



MAR. 24. We can't decide whether to go to Canada and be taught to be Canadian Mounted Police, or to Africa, where girls are worth 1000 oxen, while boys are only worth a pig.

MAR. 25. We're to have a permanent School ring. This was decided after many long debates and a ring was chosen at last.

MAR. 26. The bad attacks of Spring fever are expected to be cured by a nice, long, restful, Easter vacation. We wonder.

APR. 14. We are to play Miss Ransom in tennis on this day. Come on, Tennis Team.

APR. 24. This is the date set for the Senior-Junior Formal. Helen seems determined to out-do all former records in making this dance a success.

MAY 1. After a very successful season in tennis, we are going to celebrate at the "Tennis Luncheon." If everybody goes who has signed up, it will be a wonderful affair.

MAY 5. The Dramatic Club is going to try to better its record by giving us another series of plays. We won't refuse to go.

MAY 21. Finals—the final ones for some of us. Oh, dear.

MAY 26. Commencement Day. Most of us wish we were just commencing with Mrs. Guernsey. We envy those who are coming back. All our love, dear Alma Mater!

### Wednesday Lectures

SEPT. 3d. A talk by Mr. Scott on the Redwoods of California.

OCT. 7. Miss Fairley's lecture on "Old and New London."

OCT. 28. "Finding Millions," by Professor Smith.

NOV. 11. Armistice program, under the direction of Miss Peckham.

DEC. 9. Mr. Todd's lecture on Americanization.

JAN. 6. Southern stories by Miss Alexander.

JAN. 27. A program by Professor and Mrs. Weikel.

FEB. 3. An illustrated lecture, "A trip Around the World."

MAR. 24. Major Schoaf and his experiences in Africa and Canada. Canada.

APRIL. A speaker from the University of California.

MAY. Professor Ellsworth on Elizabethan Literature.





# The Daily Dig

Vol. I

January 49, 1955

No. 27

As we enter upon the forty-ninth day of the year Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-five, we are pleased to announce that Miss Coral Craig has at last received the balance due from one of the boarders. Miss Craig is now Secretary of the Treasuray under President Dorothy Gregory. The President advocates a high protective tariff, mainly for keeping Latin books and experimental chemicals out of our country in the endeavor to protect the youth of today.

Miss Jane Wood has just completed her prize novel, "Olimiamm," the story taken from an old Greek manuscript relating to the admission of Ohio and Mississippi to the Union.

Miss Barbara Young last Friday entertained a vast audience with her masterly execution of Beethoven's "Songs without Music." Her encore, "The Arpeggio Home Run," created a sensation.

Miss Lucy Lois von Loben Sels is now chief instructor in a far university for the higher arts of yell leading.

Miss Olive Welty left on the 35th of last month for the wilds of Africa, where she will be a missionary. Before she departed, she was heard to say, "I carry my 'Virgil' with me for I feel that it has powers to sooth the savage breast."

Miss Nadine Thurston is the founder of a very new and exclusive club. Its motto is "Better Late Than Never."

Miss Francis Thompson, an understudy of the famous surgeon, Delight Frederick, is said to have been of great assistance in that delicate operation performed when Miss Frederick successfully removed the appendix of Foreman's 'American Democracy.'

We are pleased to have with us this month the talented lecturer, Miss Pauline Baynes, who is giving a series of lectures on the Constitution. Her topics are: Why It Was; Why It Wasn't; More About It.

Prizes were awarded at a recent dog show to Miss Beem's and Miss Major's Hungarian Moosehounds, since they were the only Pomeranians with black curls on the left ear. The proud owners attribute their success to a course in Civics received while at Anna Head.

Miss Mary Anne Bennison reports great progress in her life work of collecting the most complete library of French grammars yet in captivity. All contributions are gratefully accepted.

It pleases us to announce that Peggy Bennett has passed her Entrance Examinations and is planning to enter Stanford this fall.

After years of strenuous labor and research work iMiss Betty Ballantine has produced a sequel to Mother Goose.

Miss Beatrice Boyer is founding a home for veterans of the hospitality group of A. H. S.

After twenty-seven years of strenuous research in Physics Miss Eva Miller has discovered that "when a just man makes a just vow he takes pay."

Miss Martha Jane Butler wishes to call the attention of all former A. H. S. students to the fact that she has discovered an ingenious method of rescuing al confiscated compacts. Write for particulars.

News comes that Miss Merle Rolston and Miss Rhea Radin have gone into seclusion to discover why Latin was not exterminated at the Fall of Troy.

We take pleasure in announcing that



Claire Von Falkenstein has won a prize for the remarkable length of her hair. She attributes her crowning glory to the restfulness of her senior year at A. H. S. All authorities agree that hair grows faster when the mind is inactive.

Charlotte Ham, our famed chemist, has just discovered a new element which has power to keep students awake in classes.

Miss Mary Louise Stogsdill and Miss Virginia Crossley, after completing their course in ancient Greek mythology, feel perfectly capable of perfecting their "Ways and Characteristics of a Golf Ball."

We are pleased to announce that Helen Jacobs, a former student of A. H. S., has just accomplished a remarkable feat. Last Saturday, Miss Jacobs, alone and unaided, won the San Francisco county championship for indoor croquet singles. Critics laud this dark horse and predict that in the next 25 years she may acquire the state title.

We are proud to announce that Miss Mary Woods Bennett has just founded a new monthly, which is said to be "Wild Western's" only great rival.

Miss Azalea Kierulff, instructor in Geography at a far university, has just found out the Coast Range isn't a cooking stove.

We hope our readers will patronize the oral established by Miss Elizabeth Duhem. It is said she specializes in sulphur flowers.

Miss Lillian Goldwater and Miss Vestal Ayres, the famous painters, have just completed a remarkable etching of Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Walter Scott, who was the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Miss Margaret Dyer, prominent in sewing circles, has announced that she has found the lost chord. She will not continue her geometric survey of the Land of the Heart's Desire.

Miss Ethel Graves announces that she is the proud owner of the most unique collec-

tion of tickets for overnight parking in the country.

Our faithful readers will be pleased to hear that Verna Butler has established a bus line operating from all points, to the "Specialty."

Eleanor Burgess, having successfully completed her nineteenth serial story, has started her latest metaphysical discourse, "Why Ivory Soap Floats."

Notice has just come from Mrs. Hjul that the last of Betty Fessenden's corrected composition papers have been received, and she will now remove the incomplete from her card.

We are proud to announce the completion of an awe-inspiring symphony entitled "Harmony as it is Harmed." The composers are Jean Curtis and Lorraine Richardson.

Lydia Pettit and Carol Reid, having established their rapid transit airplane service for the Bay cities are now conducting week-end parties to Mars.

After much concentrated and strenuous labor in second study periods, Florence Fairbanks has invented a most effectual facial massage called the "Brownian Movement."

Miss Margaret Davis, it is reported, is making an extensive tour of France, in an effort to discover why the terminations of French verbs are not pronounced.

We wish to announce that Miss Helen Jones has finally thoroughly recuperated from the effect of her Stanford Intelligence Examination.

The powerful melodrama, "The Self-Starter," starring Zöe Benzeman, had its premiere last evening. The critics were thrilled.

Miss Mildred Dorward and Miss Paula De Luca have recently announced the opening of their home for disabled veterans of the Charleston. Success to their noble work!





Miss Ingeborg Stockhausen and Miss Dorothy Chandler have just completed a scholarly translation of 'Peter Rabbit' into Latin for the piccaninnies of our South.

The announcement comes to us that the brilliant work in chemistry of Marcia Nye and Gertrude Rennie at A. H. S. has just been rewarded by acknowledgement of their overthrowing of Einstein's Theory of Evolution.

Miss Jane Goodfellow has announced her final success in the comprehension of the dead language, Latin. But it is now so dead that it doesn't do her much good.

Miss Barbara Rowell, a former student of the Anna Head School, now holds the important position of literary editor of "Nobod'y."

Miss Anna Doris Kohlmoos wishes to announce that all bridge tables contributed for the A. H. S. Bridge Tea of '26, a notable success which will be remembered by all our readers, will be returned immediately.

At a recent meeting in Berkeley, Miss Ernul Harding was reprimanded for misconduct and inattentiveness during a lecture on "Why the Argentine Ants Left Home."

Having always received one's, Miss Gertrude Van Matre and Miss Mary Goldthwaite have devoted themselves to a profound study of Chinese Anthology in order to enlighten the world on the mysteries of the one plus.

Miss Alyce Williams just received a prize in the last Horse Show for the best looking riding habit.

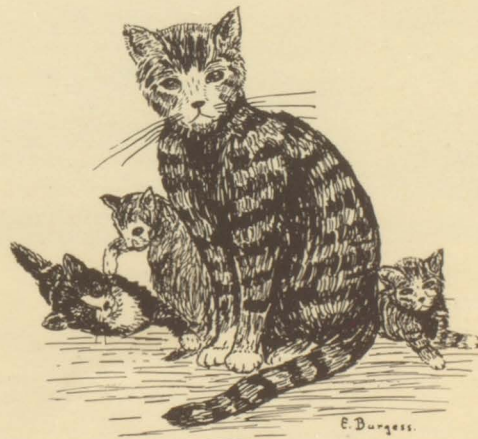
Miss Martha Stein, the famous sculptor, has just completed her prize statue, "The Mouse of Seven Fables."

Miss Margaret Lewis and Miss Constance Schallock just entertained a host of friends in their new Zeppelin. They took a little jaunt over to Hawaii and "a good time was had by all."

Having already fifteen deaths to her credit, Miss Betty Ford has acquired her doctor's degree.

We are proud to announce that Miss Jane Green's charitable home for the Pigmies of South Africa is a great success.

Friends will be glad to hear that Miss Helen Kieft and Lucile Clark are enjoying their aeroplane tour of the universe and are expected home the 31th of next February.





Katzenjammers



Our Team



Eighth Grade Skit



Service Please!



Busy



Seeing Themselves  
As Others See Them



Almost !!!

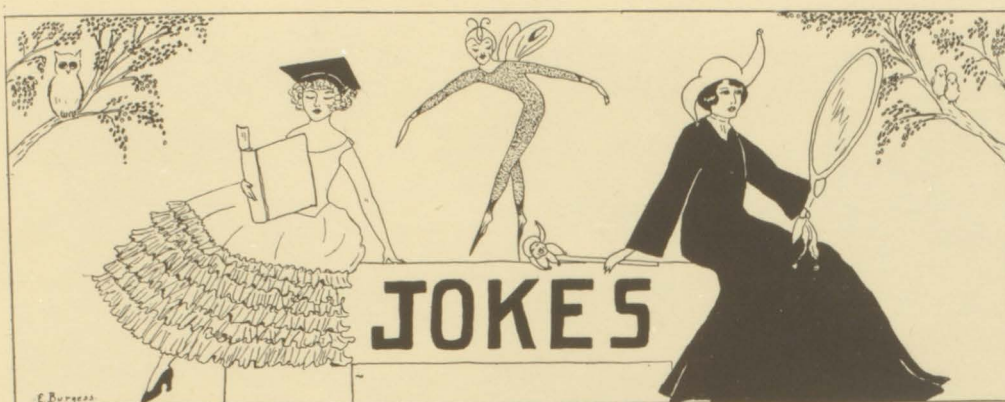


Bleachers





# JOKES



Mrs. Kilbourne (to Fizzie): "Elizabeth, you must not dip your bread in your gravy; it isn't good form."

Fizzie: "No, but it's good taste."

---

First Boarder (going upstairs): "These stairs are hard on my constitution."

Second Boarder (going down): "They're harder on my amendments."

---

Mlle. Clave: "What do you expect to get today?"

Bernice Damon: "A four or zero, I suppose."

Mlle. "A four. Zero is too close to one."

---

Mrs. Kilbourne (puzzled) to Miss Johnson: "What was the text of the sermon yesterday?"

Miss Johnson: "'Fear not, and a comforter shall be sent unto you.' Why?"

Mrs. K.: "Well, Elizabeth told me it was, 'Don't worry, you'll get your blanket.'"

---

Alys Stransky: "Lucy Lois always whangs my back!"

Mrs. Moore: "Well, whang her back."

---

Miss Carter: "Did you get any compliments on your dress last night, Judy?"

Judy: "No, Miss Carter, I didn't spill a thing on it."





Betty Friend (waiting for the birthday cake): "Where's the party? I want to eat it."

---

Some of us are wondering what the forwards do with the fifty biscuits after they shoot them. Ask Lucy Lois!

---

Miss Hall (in Drama class): "What makes you think they were married?"

M. Goodwin: "Why, he hit her over the head."

---

Senior (to one of Mrs. Gurney's girls): "What a pretty dress. Your mother has good taste."

Little One: "She has a good smell, too, when she's all powdered up."

---

Lois: "Say, Pat, do you know any good jokes?"

Pat Goldthwaite: "Sure, I know you."

---

Soph; "Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the stairs?"

Frosh: "Of course, did you expect it to go on through?"

---

Miss Shunk: "What are you studying back there?"

Betty Ford: "Life."

---

Peggy Bennett (to young hero fleeing from dog): "Why, I thought you said you'd face death for me."

Hero (?): "Yes, but that dog isn't dead."



AT A.H.S.

The Eyes Have It!

## Dynamo Is Interviewed

**D**YNAMO, the chemistry cat, makes her headquarters in the laboratory, but I found her lying on the bench in the arbor. I told her that I was a reporter from Nods and Becks, and had been instructed by the editor to obtain an interview. The following is an extract from our conversation:

Interviewer: "Do you find life pleasant here, Mrs. Dynamo?"

Mrs. Dynamo: "Oh, yes, everything is quite nice, and I get a great amount of petting."





Interviewer: "What is your favorite recreation?"

Mrs. Dynamo: "Well, let me see. I think I best enjoy sleeping on the teacher's open book during chemistry class. The page is quite soft, and the lady boss of the lab never disturbs me, but looks on some one else's book. There are a great number of bottles on the desk and I love to rub up against them, but the lady always calls, 'Come here, kitty,' as if I would hurt her old bottles."

Here Mrs. Dynamo paused and looked thoughtfully at the landscape.

Interviewer: "What is your impression of the physics and chemistry classes?"

Mrs. Dynamo: "Well, in physics they seem to do a great deal of talking and arguing. I remember last term they were particularly interested in an elephant on a barge. In chemistry class they spend their time writing strings of figures on the board, and they get most awfully scared when the lady gives them white papers.

Interviewer: "I have heard that you do not like dogs, Mrs. Dynamo."

Mrs. Dynamo (hissing through her whiskers): "I hate them, and for the nine lives of me, I don't see why they come snooping around my house just when I'm trying to have a little nap."

And the chemistry cat licked her paws reflectively.

At this point in the interview the bell rang. "Excuse me," said Mrs. Dynamo, "I have a hunch that the chem class does not know its lesson today, and I'm going in to see the fun."

She whisked off to join the group of frightened girls outside the lab.

BARBARA YOUNG, '26.



THE LAST WORD !  
A. H. S. has taken up  
GOLF!





## Autographs



## Autographs



