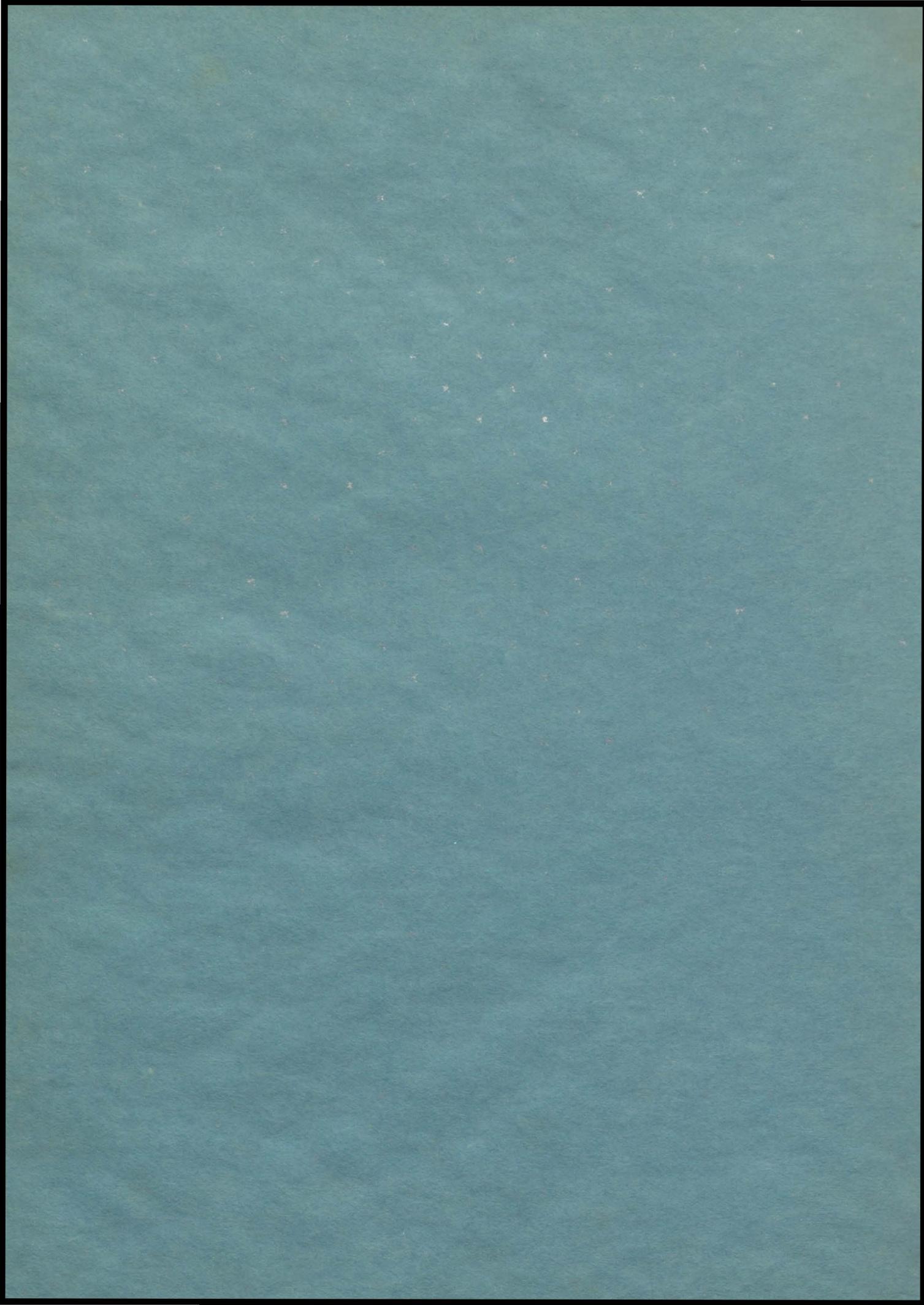




GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL







THE JOURNAL

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

DECEMBER + 1932



Margie Healey

F O R E W O R D

Night stands essentially for physical and mental repose. With its darkness and peace it envelopes the world. In its land of dreams Night soothes the tired body and the over wrought mind. It banishes care, alleviates sorrow, and prepares Man to face the day and its work with revived faith. Night removes the failure of yesterday with hope in the morrow. The Journal of the fall term of 1932 stands for new efforts after the Night's rest. Night prepares the students of Girls High School for each day's work.

DEDICATION

In recognition of her sterling qualities, her tireless energy in behalf of the school and ever ready assistance and advice, her loyalty to our traditions and faith in us, her undaunted spirit, her sacrifice of self and years of service to Girls High School as pupil, teacher, and vice-principal, and also in recognition of our respect and admiration for her, we dedicate this Journal to

MISS LAURA DANIEL



Chas. C. Danforth

As restful night is followed by roseate dawn and the glorious morning of golden opportunities and rare privileges, so aspiring girlhood is followed by the awakening dawn of young womanhood with its widening opportunities and wealth of inestimable privileges. May the girls leaving this institution be alive to the rights and obligations of the broader life of mature citizenship into which they are awakening, ever mindful of being true to the precepts and traditions of Girls High School.

CHARLES C. DANFORTH,
Principal

C O N T E N T S

F O R E W O R D

A T R I B U T E

F A C U L T Y

C L A S S E S

A C T I V I T I E S

A T H L E T I C S

L I T E R A T U R E

A T R I B U T E

*To one who faithfully served Girls High School
as Principal for twenty-two years--Dr. A. Scott*

A schoolhouse is a living thing. Its walls
Reecho with young laughter; the busy hum
Of mind attuned to mind in classroom tasks
Ignites a vital spark and sets vagrant
Ideals aglow with lambent flame. Life takes
New shape and is re-borned in fellowship
Of thought. A schoolhouse is a living thing==
It stretches out its hands to the unseen
And binds us close to him who has gone on
About his Master's work. We remember well
The kindly man who grieved to lay aside
His work, because he found abiding joy
In loving service, in the brotherhood
Of man. How dare we think that he could fail
To leave his impress here? The very walls
Are vibrant with his thought, so that unseen
He may have part in all we do, and bless
The place he loved, may be a link between
Us and that world wherein he dwells beneath
The shadow of God's wing, and we, who teach,
May share in the communionship of saints.

E. F. B.

Dearest Irma,
Here's wishing
you plenty of
love, luck, and
happiness for the
future. Be a good
little girlie and
Santa will treat
you good.
Loveingly
"giggles"
H.H.H.



GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

CHARLES C. DANFORTH, *Principal*

LAURA DANIEL, *Vice-Principal*

ENGLISH

EVELYN D. ARMER, *Head*

LORNA D. ANDERSON
MILDRED BICKEL
ELIZABETH BRAY
EDITH F. BROWNING

HELEN FLYNN
LENAMAE WILLIAMS HERRICK
MINNETTE KER HIGGINS

HATTIE H. JACOBS
ESTELLE L. MALONEY
HELEN P. O'BRIEN
NATHALIE E. ROTH

PUBLIC SPEAKING

E. J. DUPUY

FRANCES-ELLEN CLIFFORD
HELEN C. BOVARD

MATHEMATICS

LAURA DANIEL, *Head*

ELLA CASTELHUN
ESTHER LEE

DRAMATICS

LAURA H. THARP

MARIE J. MCKINLEY
LEWIS L. NOLIN

SOCIAL STUDIES

TILLIE B. HESSELBERG, *Head*

EVA B. CANN
ALICE DE BERNARDI

MARIE AILEEN KISSANE
HELEN P. O'BRIEN

ISABEL M. SANDY
CLARA M. STARK

SCIENCE

MARGARET DOUGHERTY
LORENZO A. OFFIELD

MURIEL M. S. PETTIT

EDNA M. REEVES
SHIRLEY WARD

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

MILDRED BICKEL
MARTIN A. CENTNER
ALICE DE BERNARDI
E. J. DUPUY

LYDIA MARTIN
MARIE J. MCKINLEY
HELEN PAPAN

ERNESTO SALZMANN
CLARA M. STARK
EMMELINA DE TH. WALKER
ALICE WILSON

COMMERCIAL

FRANCES-ELLEN CLIFFORD
MABEL A. CLAY

MINNETTE KER HIGGINS
ESTHER LEE

MARY MEEHAN
ISABEL M. SANDY
MARGUERITE SCHROEDER

HOUSEHOLD ARTS AND SCIENCES

MARGARET DOUGHERTY
FLORENCE M. MORGAN

MARY E. MCPHEE
LORENZO A. OFFIELD

NELLE O'NEIL
GENEVIEVE W. SULLIVAN

ART

ELLA CASTELHUN

MARION A. JONES
ELIZABETH L. MCDERMOTT

THOMAS A. MCGLYNN

MUSIC

LORNA D. ANDERSON

MARY F. MCGLADE

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

ELIZABETH BRAY
ALICE E. CLANCY

LENORA CLARK
RUTH OAKES

HELEN E. ROSENBERG
LAURA H. THARP

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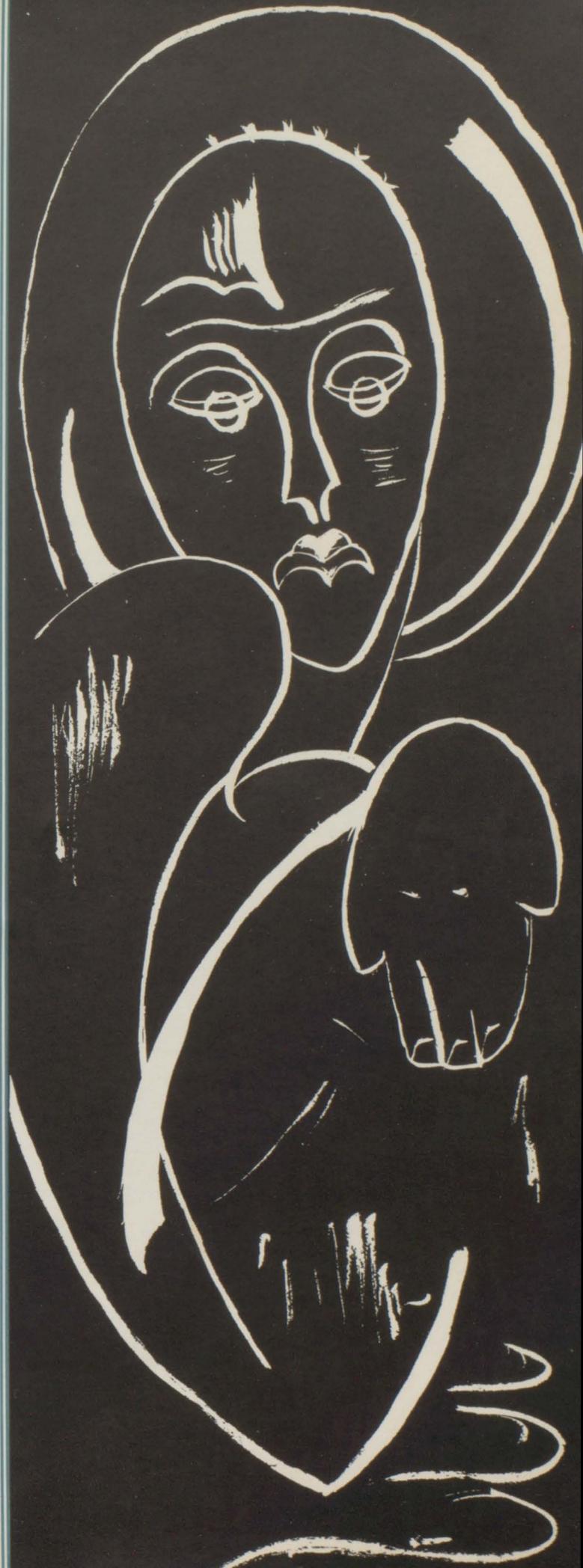
SECRETARY

JOANNE B. HOFFMAN

SCHOOL NURSE AND HYGIENE

NAN BURKE CUNNINGHAM

Marion R. Jones



C L A S S E S

*Love
Marian
Fagan* *Edith
Poncarato* *Ann
Cullen* *Pat
Taylor*





*Born of the need
For friendly, social intercourse;
Of the exuberance of enthusiastic girls,
Exemplifying the Spirit of Youth—*

CLASS DAY.

"BIG OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW"

■ Originating as the acorn, the Class of D '32 has been growing since January, 1929, when it timidly proceeded to take its place in the active life of the school.

In their High Freshman term, the progressive girls who compose this class presented their winning class play, "At the Stroke of Twelve", to the school. Not content with one victory in the dramatic field the class triumphantly won first place again with its play, "Tea Leaves", in the Sophomore year.

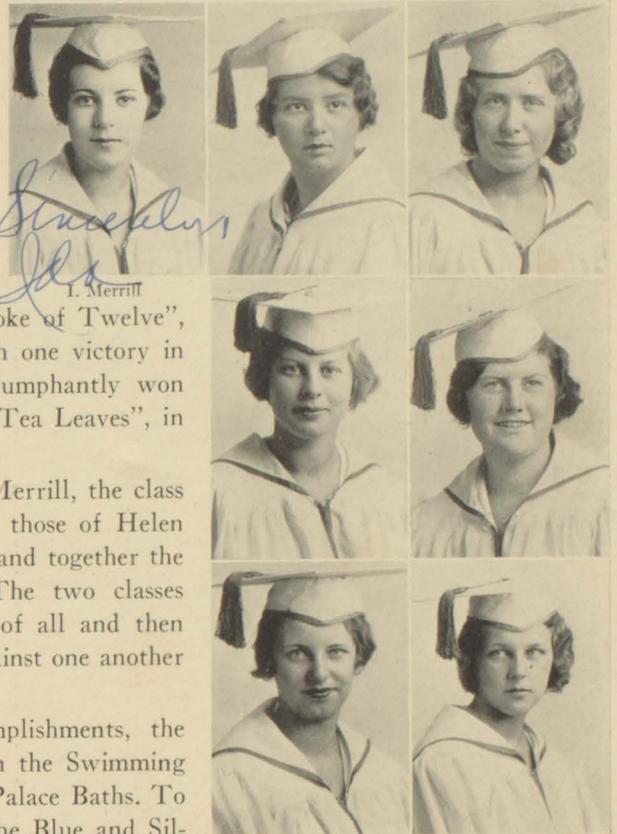
In the spring of 1931, Ida Merrill, the class president merged her ideas with those of Helen Rose, the high junior president, and together the two originated Junior Day. The two classes toured the auditorium in view of all and then spent the day in frolic, vying against one another in competitive games.

Spurred on by their accomplishments, the class of D '32 was victorious in the Swimming Meet held last term at Crystal Palace Baths. To conclude its Low Senior year, the Blue and Silverites welcomed the Low Sophomores into their midst at a sport dance.

True to their colors the High Seniors opened their last term with Pigtail Day. For one full day, tiny tots in anklets, ribbons, with curls and pigtails delighted the school by their amusing antics. After this holiday of gaiety and mirth the tots became sedate Seniors again and entertained their Freshmen the next day at a Freshman Reception.

The High Seniors sent Fern Isserlis to the interclass public speaking contest to win more laurels for it. Like a true "D'32ite" Fern tied for first place.

The Seniors last triumph was the Senior Rally, "The Dumb Waiter", which was a success. The Sponsor of this class is Miss Hattie Jacobs.



E. Krause
R. Rechter
M. Neilsen

E. Smith
F. Doyle
L. Sehestedt

<i>President</i>	IDA MERRILL
<i>Vice President</i>	ELENE KRAUSE
<i>Secretary</i>	EDYTHE SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH RECHTER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	F. DOYLE
<i>Cheer Leaders</i>	{ MELDA NIELSEN
	{ LOIS SEHESTEDT





LOIS ANDREWS
Science

CARMELITA ANGULO
Spanish Usher Club

URANIA S. ARGIRIS
History Vice-Pres. Care & Culture Club F '32

*Sincerely
Urania Argiris*
*Take
care
of
your
work
as
best
of
everything
in
the
world*



MARGARET ARNOLD
English Naturalist Club

VIOLA ASARO
Italian Italian Club

IDA ROSE BIANCHI
Commercial Care & Culture Club



ELLA BLESS
Commercial Business Mgr. Mirror F '32

ROSE BRUGNONE
Commercial Italian Club

ANNA BUCHHORN
Mathematics Orchestra



ANGELA CARDELLINI
Spanish Italian Club

KATHERINE CHESHIRE
English Editor of Mirror D '32

PAULINE EDITH COCCHI
Italian Italian Club



ROSEMARIE CONRAD
History Glee Club

CLARICE DECHENT
French Secretary California Scholarship Federation S '32

ELINOR DEGENER
German Associate Justice F '32

Conroy
Rosemarie
Clarice

*Sincerely
Elinor Degener*



FRANCES DERBY
Spanish Swimming Mgr. S '31, F '31

ANNE DIDHAM
Spanish Dramatic Club

MARION DITTMANN
Home Economics German Club



CATHERINE PATRICIA DOYLE
Commercial Sports Pastimes Assn.

FRANCES DOYLE
Commercial Sports Pastimes Assn.

EILEEN DUFFY
History

*Sincerely
Eileen*

ANTONETTE DURMANICH
Commercial Baseball Mgr. F '31

EVALYN EDWARDS
Spanish Sec. of Spanish Club F '32

ANGELINA FARRE
Italian Italian Club

DORIS FISH
Commercial Stagecraft Club

EDITH FOSTER
German Pres. Dramatic Club S '32

DOROTHY FREEMAN
Science Spanish Club

GERTRUDE GLICKMAN
History Debating Club

EDNA WYCKOFF
History

ELSIE GOODWIN
History Vice-Pres. Stagecraft Club F '32

BILLIE GRAFTON
English Mirror Staff

PERLE GREENBERG
History Vice-Pres. Debating Club F '32

PHOEBE HALTER
Science Class Pres. F '31

MARION HELMQUIST
Science Naturalists Club

HANNAH HERMAN
Commercial Ushers Club

MILDRED HEWITT
Science Glee Club

HELEN HOFFMAN
French Class Treasurer F '28

FERN ISSERLIS
History Dramatic Club

CATHERINE JACOBS
History Chief Justice of Student Court F '32

ROSSLYN JACOBS
Science Journal Staff

EVELYNE E. JENNINGS
Commercial Care & Culture Club

EDNA JOHNSON
Commercial Pres. Dramatic Club

Lots of success to you in G.H.S. Love Antonette "Tony"

lots of love and wishes for Doris

Love Edith

Gertrude great wishes

Lots of love Edna

Billie

Here's to those who wish us well and those who don't - Perle Greenberg

Lorain Marion

Lorain Marion

Lots of love to you

Roslyn

Just

Love & best wishes Evelyn



PATRICIA JONES
Spanish Spanish Club

ALYCE KAYRALLAH
History Sports Pastimes Association

CHARLOTTE J. KLEINHAUPT
Home Economics American Patriots



JULIA SOPHIA KINRADE
Commercial Banking Club

EDITH M. KRANCI
Home Economics Pres. Banking Club F '32

ELENE B. KRAUSE
Science Sports Pastimes Association



ELEANOR LALANNE
History Pres. Amer Patriots F '31

MARIE JEANNE LAXAGUE
Commercial Pres. Dramatic Club F '31

MAY Y. LEE
Science Glee Club



VIOLA LEE
Home Economics International Club

ANNIE LENCIONI
Spanish Banking Club

GRACE LIEBMAN
Science Glee Club



JESSICA ANNE LOBIG
German Glee Club

EMMA JEANETTE LUCE
History Sports Pastimes Association

CLARE ADELAIDE LUCY
Languages Dramatic Club



SYLVIA BELLE MAGRUDER
Home Economics Glee Club

BETTY SOPHIE MAJORS
German Sports Pastimes Association

TAMARA MARTEN
History Editor Journal F '32



ISABEL MCCULLOUGH
History Debating Club

MARY G. McDONALD
Science International Club

HELEN MCDUGALLI
History

IDA MERRILL
History Sec. Sports Pastimes
Association F '30

LUCILLE E. MIHOLOVICH
Mathematics American Patriots

RUTH MIKKELSEN
Commercial Naturalist Club

MARION MUHL
Languages Dramatic Club

TSUGIE MURASE
English Sports Pastimes Association

BLANCHE NELSON
Art Journal Club

MELDA NIELSEN
Science American Patriots

BERNICE OSTROM
Languages Journal Club

ALMA PELLERITI
Italian Italian Club

GEORGETTE PERICOU
French American Patriots

LUCIE RAGGHIANI
French International Club

CLARA RAUHUT
Commercial Pres. Orchestra
Club F '32

RUTH RECHTER
English Pres. Care & Culture
Club F' 32

MARGARET REICHMUTH
History Sports Pastimes Association

FRANCES ROSENTHAL
Science Journal Club

MARY SAMSON
Science

HELEN SAMUELS
German

LOIS H. SCHALLA
History Vice-Pres. Sports
Pastimes Association S '32

ALBERTA SCHMITT
Science Glee Club

LOIS DOROTHY SEHESTEDT
English American Patriots

JEANNE SHAYER
English American Patriots



PROGRAM OF THE SENIOR OPERETTA

"The Dumb Waiter"

Presented on Friday, December 2

Staged and directed by Mrs. Minette Ker Higgins
Music under the direction of Mrs. Mary F. McGlade

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Aurelia Vanderhof	ANNE DIDHAM
Mrs. Abigail Bates	ROSSLYN JACOBS
Prudence Bates	ROSEMARIE CONRAD
Professor McNoodle	ISABEL McCULLOUGH
Jack Temple	FERN ISSERLIS
Gloria Martin	HELEN HOFFMAN
Billy Hunter	MARJORIE SOWLE
Henry J. Bannister	PERLE GREENBERG
Bert Wilkins	CLARICE DECHENT

CHORUSES

Yankee Doodle—E. Jennings, M. Nielsen, D. Tyler, R. Siegel, E. Trulsen, F. Doyle, E. Bless.
Dandy—C. Doyle, E. Wetzel, E. Luce, B. Majors, R. Tresmontan, G. Glickman.
Sport—R. Rechter, H. White, E. Vandewater, A. Durmanich, L. Schalla, M. Reichmuth, E. Goodwin, C. Angulo, E. Foster, U. Argiris, F. Derby.
Waltz—P. Jones, V. Asaro, E. Degener, L. Sehestedt, R. Brugnone, E. Krause, R. Siegel.

SUMMER GUESTS

J. Shayer, E. Wendelt, E. Smith, I. Merrill, C. Jacobs, G. Pericou, M. Laxague, M. Arnold,
 L. Miholovich, E. Edwards, E. Johnson, D. Fish.
 Dancing coach, Vermeil Giacobbi. Pianist, Ludmilla Kambalin. Costumes by Sewing Dept.

PROGRAM

NINETY-FIFTH COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

IDA MERRILL, *Chairman*

PROCESSIONAL—March "Aida" GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
 WORDS OF WELCOME EDITH ELIZABETH FOSTER

Student Body President

CLASS SPEAKER TAMARA ALEXANDRIA MARTEN
 MUSIC STRING ENSEMBLE

Solo Violin—Sylvia Polishook, *First Violin*—Josephine Aceto—*Second Violins*—
 Pauline Kael, Margaret Smith, *Third Violins*—Anna Buchhorn, Lucille Chadwick,
Cello—Catherine Jacobs, *Pianist*—Ludmilla Kambalin.

ADDRESS ANNA DE GRUCHY TREADWELL

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

MR. PHILIP LEE BUSH, *Member of the Board of Education*
 MR. CHARLES DANFORTH, *Principal*

CLASS SONG
 RECESSIONAL

Phyllis Clouinger



T H E
J O U R N A L



THE LOW TWELVE CLASS



M. Moffitt

A. Sarraille

E. Crowley

■ Having reached the peak, the very active and spirited Low Senior Class pauses to contemplate with pride its achievements of the past semester.

The Low Twelve girls have distinguished themselves in many ways, and the class has proved itself to be an outstanding one in the school.

It started the term with its Welcome Party to the Low Ten Class on September the twelfth. The officers have maintained the high record of the class.

On Class Day the Low Twelve Class was ready with a snappy song and a lively cheer and contributed its part to the success of Class Day. In the sports event of Field Day, the Low Twelve Class won first place in the Upper Division. This was its third victory during its three and one half years at Girls High.

Not only has the class as a whole distinguished itself, but many individuals have won laurels for the class.

In the Interclass Public Speaking Contest, Ruth Nuttman was awarded first place and Frances Steidel, second place among the inexperienced speakers, Thelma Kahn tied for first place in the experienced group, Dale Adams won second place. The girls who represented Girls High at the City Wide High School Public Speaking Contest were Thelma Kahn and Ruth Nuttman. Thelma Kahn won first place over all other entrants; Ruth Nuttman was awarded honorable mention.

Low Twelve girls who hold responsible offices in the school are Lenore Mordoff, Mary Barclay, Ellenor Burchell, of the governing board; Jeanne Riemen, Art Editor of *The Journal*; Lillian Lulich, Dorothy Anderson, Beryl Briggs, Thelma Kahn and Edna Ogilvie on the S. P. A. board; Katherine Kelley, president American Patriots; Helen Hoster, president Garden Club; Margaret Schomaker, president German Club, Alice Papen, president Instrumental Club; Frances Steidel, president Journal Club; Leota Plasteur, president Naturalist Club; Angela Paniagua, president Spanish Club. These girls have filled their positions in such a way as to receive the commendation of everyone.

It is not strange then, that the class of J '33 pauses with pride on the last step of the high school ladder to view its praiseworthy past. It has indeed a right to be proud of laurels fairly won.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ANNETTE SARRAILLE
<i>Vice President</i>	MARJORIE MOFFITT
<i>Secretary</i>	EDNA CROWLEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	CAROLA HADERLEIN
<i>Cheer Leader</i>	JOAN HOLLOWAY



T H E
J O U R N A L

CLASS OF D'33

President BLANCHE TOVEY
Vice-President . . . INGA SMEDEGAARD
Secretary MAE SEYMOUR
Treasurer JEANNE HOOPER
Cheer Leader . . . HELEN UNGER
Counselor TILLIE B. HESSELBERG



I. Smedegaard



B. Tovey



M. Seymour

CLASS OF J'34

President HELEN MORSE
Vice-President, ESTELLE FURLANICH
Secretary MONA KANTNER
Treasurer ANGELINE PANDOLFI
Cheer Leader . . . MARY GUIDI
Counselor TILLIE B. HESSELBERG



E. Furlanich



H. Morse



M. Kantner

CLASS OF D'34

President KATHRYN BEST
Vice-President . FLORENCE DEUTSCH
Secretary CHARLOTTE CORDUA
Treasurer EVELYN CLOW
Cheer Leader . . . ZELDA WAXMAN
Counselor FLORENCE M. MORGAN



F. Deutsch



K. Best



C. Cordua



CLASS OF J'35



B. Bine

H. Goldberg

A. Chase

President, HANNAH JANE GOLDBERG
 Vice-President . . . BARBARA BINE
 Secretary ADA CHASE
 Treasurer RITA BYRNE
 Cheer Leader . CORINNE LYNWOOD
 Counselor . . . EDNA M. REEVES

CLASS OF D'35



P. Frederick

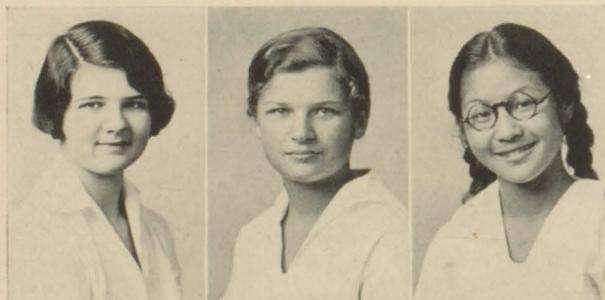
E. Ginsberg

J. Flathmann

President . . . EDITH GINSBERG
 Vice-President . PEGGIE FREDERICK
 Secretary . . . JUNE FLATHMANN
 Treasurer . . . ALICE BENJAMIN
 Cheer Leader . . JEAN McGRATH
 Counselor . . . EDNA M. REEVES

*Just a
 little from
 Italy Jean*

CLASS OF J'36



E. Smith

G. Dotsenko

F. Takayama

President . . . GALENA DOTSENKO
 Vice-President . . . EVA SMITH
 Secretary . . . FLORENCE TAKAYAMA
 Cheer Leader . KATHERINE GARRIS
 Counselor . MARIE-AILEEN KISSANE

*"Best Wishes"
 to
 Emma
 Florence Takayama
 "Pigtails"*



T H E
 J O U R N A L

CLASS OF D'36

President ELIZABETH REHBOCK
Vice-President HELEN McDONALD
Secretary KATHERINE SPANOS
Cheer Leader RUTH ALSOP
Counselor MARION A. JONES



E. Rehbock

K. Spanos

CLASS OF J'37

President ELSIE NAGATOSHI
Vice-President VERA ARTIMENKO
Secretary AUDREY WILSON
Cheer Leader EVELYN ABEND
Counselor MARION A. JONES

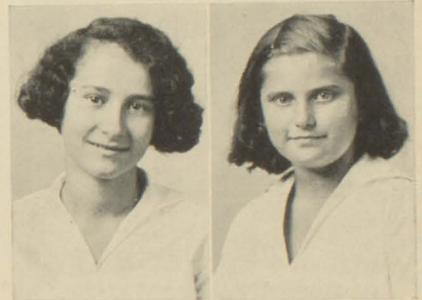


E. Nagatoshi

A. Wilson

CLASS OF D'37

President NINA KRUNCHIAN
Vice-President ANNADARE BUCKLEY
Secretary PHOEBE FAIRBANKS
Cheer Leader JULIA HOVSEPIAN
Counselor MARION A. JONES



N. Krunchian

P. Fairbanks

CLASS OF J'38

President FLORENCE ASHKENAZE
Vice-President ANNA GOLDMAN
Secretary JEAN DUNCAN
Cheer Leader JOSEPHINE DE LEON
Counselor MARION A. JONES



F. Ashkenaze

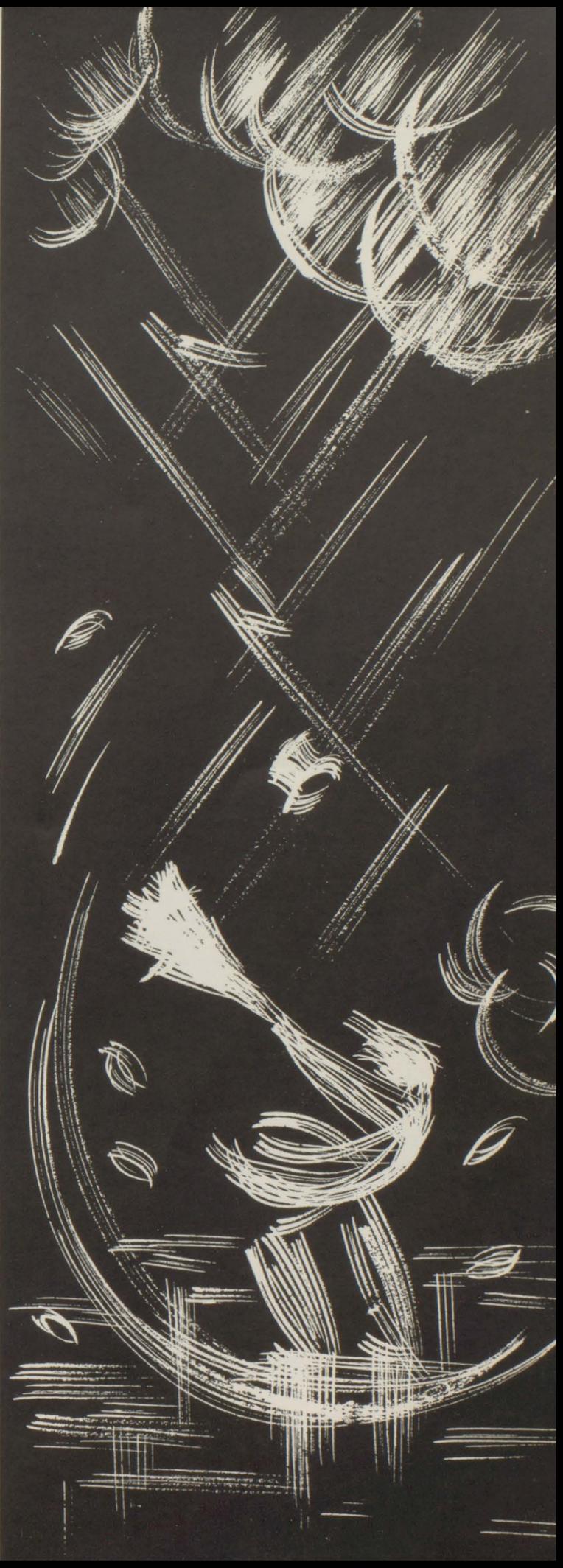
J. Duncan



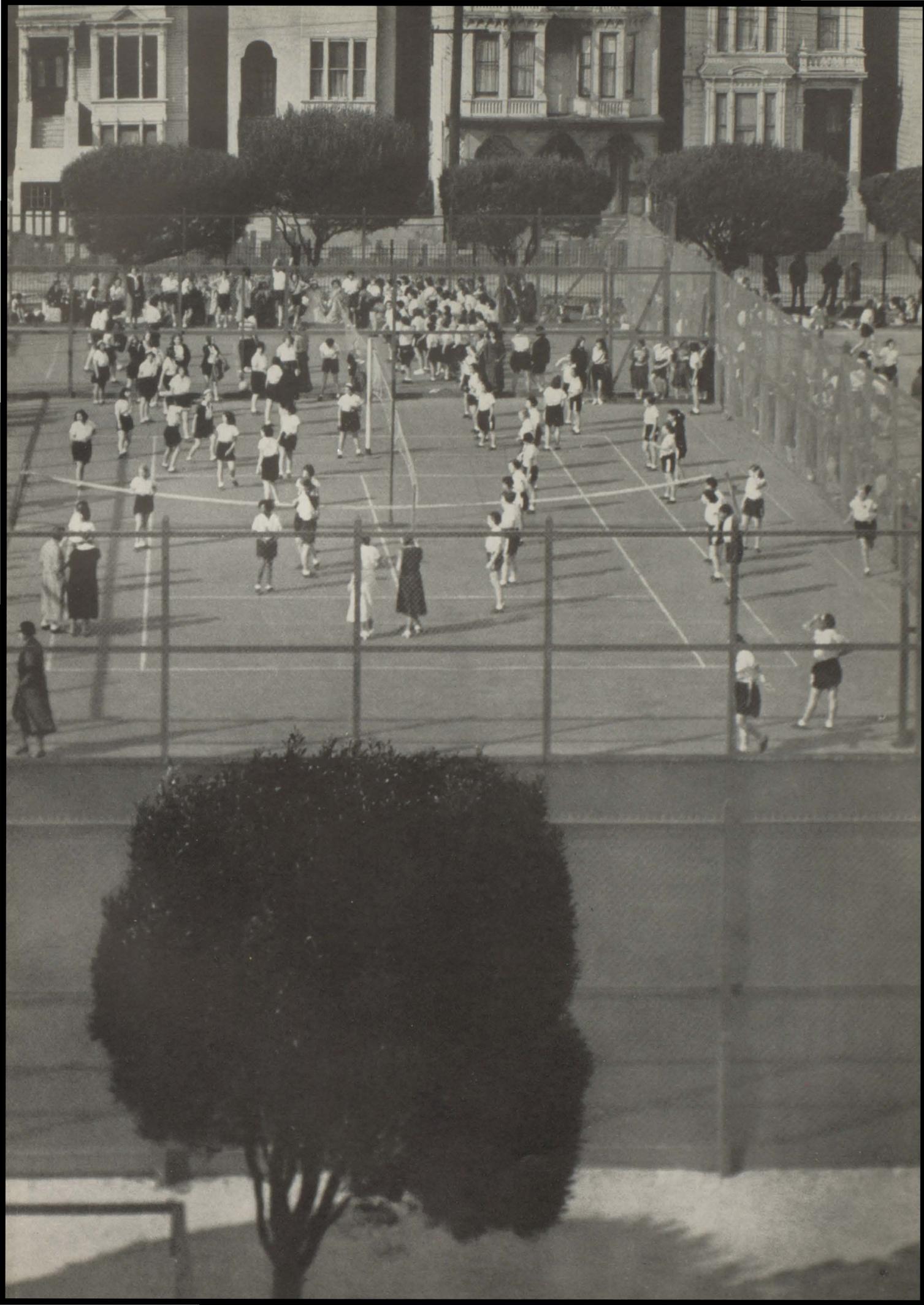
AS THE MOON ILLUMINATES THE
DARKNESS OF NIGHT, ACTIVITIES
ILLUMINATE THE EDUCATIONAL
WORLD.

Dearest Jinnai
Here hoping you
sail the ship of
success down the river
of happiness which empties
into the bay of prosperity.
A Pal
Marie Lomosa

ACTIVITIES







Dec 13,

Dear Emma:

All I can say is - It has been a pleasant pleasure to know and be a friend of yours. You are a very true and sincere friend. I suppose you think it strange for me to be saying but a real girl when you long to see her.

Born of the spirit of sportsmanship
Through friendly competition;
Of the instinct and wish
To display physical skill

FIELD DAY.

Now I want to say you just like much all the others, but mean of love, more than the others - lots of in luck, success, and happiness. I do whatever you see a lot more of you next term, so I hope of you will be in some of my classes. Merry Xmas

Always
just
to Eleanor C. Clark
"33"

STUDENT BODY

OFFICERS

President EDITH FOSTER
Clerk ELLENOR BURCHELL
Commissioner of Finance LENORE MORDOFF
Commissioner of Clubs SALLY McMILLAN
Commissioner of Order and Traffic ISABEL McCULLOUGH
Commissioner of Social Affairs and Elections MARY BARCLAY
Commissioner of Publicity EDNA JOHNSON
Commissioner of Lower Division, PEGGY PERSON
Cheer Leader CATHERINE DOYLE



Edith Foster
President

■ We, the members of the Student Body of the Girls High School, believe that participation in Student Body activities is a very valuable privilege; therefore the theory of our school Constitution and Student Body Government is to have as many students as possible participate in the Student Body government. This system creates a well-knit and strongly cooperative group, and is more democratic than our old form of Student Body government in that it affords greater opportunity to a greater number of students.

Our new Constitution with its commission form of government utilizes a large number of active workers, and we feel that in this regard we have been particularly successful this term, as more members of the Student Body than ever heretofore have been actually assisting in the carrying out of the work of the various commissioners.

It has been the desire of the officers of the Student Body to keep the entire membership of the Student Body informed of the work of their governing board, and, with that end in view, a weekly message has been sent out to the school from the governing board. The governing board has sponsored this term the class dances, the P.T.A. card party and dance, a talking picture, Class Day, and Club Day.



L. Mordoff
 I. McCullough
 E. Johnson
 E. Burchell

S. McMillan
 M. Barclay
 P. Person
 C. Doyle



STUDENT COURT

*Key to future
of our success*



■ Girls High School has always believed that one of the chief aims of education is to develop character. With that end in view the Student Body of Girls High School in 1930 established the Student Court. It had long been felt that oftentimes students were failing to cooperate in upholding the laws of the school simply because they did not understand or realize the harmful results that their violation brought not only to themselves but also to the whole group.

It was believed that the Student Court could bring home to the students appearing before it the desirability of obeying laws made for the general good and, in time, build up a true community spirit among the members of the Student Body.

The Court is composed of one Chief Justice and four Associate Justices in whom all judicial power of the Student Body is vested. The Chief Justice and the two Associate Justices are elected at a general election of Student Body officers and the other two are appointed by the President of the Student Body. The Court interprets the laws of Girls High School fairly and impartially, and is empowered to judge all violations of rules and regulations of the Student Body. It is within the discretion of the Court to impose penalties for such violations. The Constitution of Girls High School also provides that the Principal and the Student Court shall constitute a Board. This Board is empowered to remove any and all officers of the Student Body who have ceased to uphold the ideals of the office.

The Student Court, however, is not primarily a punishing body. It exists, as do other departments of the Student Body Government, for the purpose of educating and training the members of the Student Body in citizenship. The Court seeks to instill into those appearing before it the ideals of service, cooperation, and good citizenship for which Girls High School stands.

It is necessary that the members of the Student Body elect unprejudiced and reliable girls to fulfill the duties of the responsible positions of the Student Court.

OFFICERS

Chief Justice

Catherine Jacobs

Associate Justices

Elinor Degener
Georgette Pericou

Marjorie Sowle
Edith Stewart

C. Jacobs
E. Degener
G. Pericou
M. Sowle
E. Stewart

*Back of front
Marjorie
W 32*



T H E
J O U R N A L

*Successes
Joy Cheshire*

THE MIRROR

■ When anyone is seen running pell-mell down the hall or rushing breathlessly in to some performance or play at the last minute or asking some teacher pertinent questions about anything under the sun, don't ostracize her and, above all, don't stop her, because she's a "Mirror" reporter looking for news. Harmless, when kindly treated or when given the information she desires, this reporter becomes a veritable wildcat when balked or foiled in what she attempts to do. If you value your life, make way for "The Mirror" reporter!

Undoubtedly the girls in the Newswriting Class are clever. They lack nothing. They have keen perception, ability to learn by past mistakes, willingness to become proficient in the mechanical side of writing (page Miss Armer), and facility in writing quickly and cleverly the latest and most important happenings in G. H. S. Every girl in the Newswriting Class writes every article that is to be printed, and the best appears in "The Mirror".

These "Mirror" reporters have the opportunity to observe the inside of school life and to be a part—a very important part—of it. They have learned the value of education and the true meaning of "Be a part of your school!" Little has been missed by them and there is no phase of school life they have not seen at first hand. They are the eyes and ears of Girls High School. Through their efforts "The Mirror" springs into being three or four times a term and reflects for you the life of the school.

The following girls have been most active in publication of "The Mirror":

- Editor KATHERINE CHESHIRE
- Assistant Editor CLARICE DECHENT
- Drama CLARICE DECHENT
- Clubs { FRANCES ISLES
FLORENCE MOORE
- Debating EVAMAY MERRITT
- S. P. A. THELMA KAHN
- Sassy Scratches CATHERINE JACOBS, ELAINE FREITAS
- Soothing Syrups BILLIE GRAFTON
- Alumnae EVAMAY MERRITT, HANNAH HERMAN
- Exchanges BILLIE GRAFTON
- Business Manager ELLA BLESS
- Typists HANNAH HERMAN, ELLA BLESS



*As ever,
Cynthia
Snoop*

K. Cheshire C. Dechent
E. Bless





Dear Mama:
 I wish I
 this term to
 a little girl
 it is better
 could teach
 Well
 will



THE JOURNAL STAFF



*Business Staff—(First Row) E. Burchell, A. Chase, F. Rosenthal, B. Nelson, R. Jacobs,
 M. Nakagawa.*



*Art Staff—(First Row) F. Isles, J. Hammell, E. Petsokos, L. Schmidt, H. Hagiwara. (Second
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*Literary Staff—(First Row) A. Brun, E. Merritt, R. Allen, B. Ostrom, L. Chandra, D. Adams,
 (Second Row) F. Steidel, C. Dechent.*

you

THE JOURNAL

■ The Journal of the fall term of 1932 is a step in a new direction. It aims to follow the modern trend in art, construction, and organization. It endeavors to be individual by its novelty. In perusing this Journal, be not harsh in your criticisms and take into consideration our pioneer attempts at something new—the reflection of modern tendencies.

The advisors and members of the Journal staff deserve commendation for their untiring energy in the making of this book. All have done their best to contribute to its success. Let their reward be in your enjoyment of it.

The Journal Club wishes to express its appreciation to Miss Rosenberg for her photography, to Miss Clay and Marie Laxague for the typing, Miss Edith Browning, Edna Ogilvie, and Katherine Kelley for their contributions, to Miss Armer, Miss O'Brien and the English department for their advice and contributions, to Miss Bovard for her aid to the business organization, and to all others who have so kindly assisted us in the publication of this Journal.

The following girls should receive special mention for their art designs: Jeanne Riemen, "Cover"; Marjorie Heatley, "Theme"; "Drama", and "Tailpiece"; Dania Anixter, "Tribute"; Elaine Petsakos, "Classes"; Violet Nakashima, "Activities", "Sports", "Literary", and "Humor".



T. Marten J. Riemen
N. Larsen

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EVAMAY MERRITT

RUTH ALLEN

CLARICE DECHENT

BERNICE OSTROM

ANNA BRUN

FRANCES STEIDEL

T H E
J O U R N A L



*Work but makes
Stress*

*The Art
The Art
The Art*

*was graduating
get a way from
like you. But I guess
that I stay. I hope
me a little. Don't
pallie old people
never forget
I hope future
all the best things
a poor little
love*

CLUB ROSTER

AMERICAN PATRIOTS*

<i>President</i>	<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
K. Kelley	P. Kamiyo	J. Shayer	M. A. Kissane
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		B. Damonte	
		H. Nathan	H. Flynn
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		H. J. Goldberg	
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		GERMAN	
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		GLEE, JUNIOR	
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		ITALIAN, SR.	
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		ITALIAN, JR.	
F. Laurie	A. Piombo	S. Santucci	E. de the Walker
		JOURNAL	
F. Steidel		A. Brun	H. Flynn
			M. A. Jones
			L. W. Herrick
		LATIN**	
O. Wharff	E. Floyd	E. Robrecht	C. M. Stark
		NATURALIST	
L. Plasteur	E. Mikkelsen	R. Cook	M. S. Pettit
		ORCHESTRA	
C. Rauhut		B. Bond	M. F. McGlade
		SPANISH	
A. Paniagua	D. Merlo	E. Edwards	L. Martin
			E. Walker
		STAGECRAFT	
G. Hackett	E. Goodwin	D. Moriyama	T. A. McGlynn
		USHERS	
P. White	M. Salles	E. Tilford	E. J. Dupuy

*M. Taylor, *Treasurer*

**S. Rasmussen, *Treasurer*



T H E
J O U R N A L



Best
Luck
Dolly
Luck
36



California Scholarship Federation—(First Row) L. Baker, A. Sarraille, A. Hosoi, B. Smith, L. Giorgi, M. Okazaki, E. Furlanich, B. Bine, L. Lambert, V. McPheeters. (Second Row) J. Schroder, L. Mordoff, B. Bond, T. Kahn, B. Goldsmith, F. Steidel, F. Verbar, E. Ogilvie, H. Morse, B. Treadwell, L. Savio. (Third Row) P. Lipschultz, D. Freeman, K. Wells, F. Paratore, A. Brun, K. Kelley, T. Marten, L. Ragghianti, M. L. Bine.



Stagecraft Club—(First Row) D. Moriyama, M. Takaki, T. Miho, H. Unger, M. Harashima, D. Tomizawa, B. Levitt. (Second Row) K. Cheshire, B. Grafton, G. Zchwerin, R. Rector, E. Goodwin, J. Holloway, E. Luce. (Third Row) T. Luchi, B. Tovey, T. Laskavitch, G. Hackett, D. Fish, L. Umland, A. Kayrallah, R. Gazola.



I know you're laughing but as you see I was
 dreaming of (3) you. I told you I can't spell. I'll be there in a minute. I must close as I am all out of words and don't know what else to write. Here's wishing you a sweet girl Love Always "Luv".



Senior Italian Club—(First Row) N. Gelardi, C. Furni, B. Damonte, A. Formentini, L. Blandino, J. Buffa, R. Tarantino, M. Giacosa, A. Bruno, E. Kranci, B. Cardinale, L. Cardinale. (Second Row) B. Giovannoli, V. Asaro, J. LoSchiavo, M. Guidi, A. Cozzo, L. Raghianti, L. Milani, I. Bellante, A. Pandoli, L. Sairo, M. Tarantino. (Third Row) A. Truffelli, A. Pelleriti, A. Piatanesi, I. Graziani, R. Brugnone, A. Cardellini, P. Cocchi, L. Masaghi, L. Luchi. (Fourth Row) M. Barrera, L. Canepa, R. Vigli, E. Ciarlo, L. Maffei, R. Barbieri, H. Molinelli, M. Molinelli.

Junior Italian Club—(First Row) J. Babbino, H. Baumgarten, M. Ansaldi, E. Mattenci, P. Benbow, R. Molendi, M. Pagano, M. Murphy, V. Piombo. (Second Row) C. Lazzari, P. Lanzioni, M. Cresci, P. Cristofani, E. Quilici, V. Cusimano, R. Gentile, L. Cincotta. (Third Row) L. Kambalin, M. Garrappa, A. Piombo, S. Santucci, F. Laurie, M. Tarantino, D. Guilliani, S. Tournier.

German Club—(First Row) P. Quandt, M. Armstrong, L. Korber, C. Wallinger, R. Thoma, M. Schumann. (Second Row) G. Schumann, B. Hauber, M. Schomaker, E. Muller.

I know you're laughing but as you see I was dreaming of (3) you. I told you I can't spell. I'll be there in a minute. I must close as I am all out of words and don't know what else to write. Here's wishing you a sweet girl Love Always "Luv".



Naturalist—(First Row) M. Arnold, A. Jeichtzer, V. Dufficy, K. Kriemelmeyer, J. Stevens, M. Bozant, D. Zimmerman. (Second Row) L. Spottiswood, H. Bartman, R. Cook, L. Plasteur, E. Mikkelsen, A. Quigley, G. Moran. (Third Row) E. Jentsch, M. Blauer, P. Powers, E. Clow, M. Schumann.



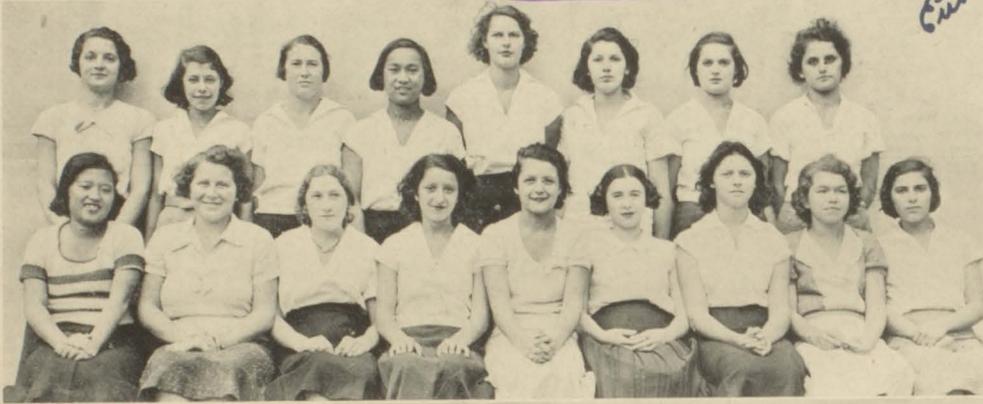
Debating—(First Row) A. Pandolfi, M. Cox, E. Tilford, E. Foster, D. Adams, B. Majors, V. Chandra. (Second Row) C. Scheeline, B. Treadwell, L. Thorup, M. Bine, H. Goldberg, J. Levey, A. Friesley. (Third Row) G. Thompson, D. Langfeld, E. Shenson, A. David, S. Guthertz.



Garden—(First Row) E. Smith, H. Dallman, M. Slack, M. Schomaker, A. Foley, L. Dittman, L. Ullman, M. Smith. (Second Row) B. Goldsmith, L. Korber, H. Hoster, R. Cook, L. Spottiswood, H. Miahlovich, M. Schumann. (Third Row) R. Thorna, M. Schumann, E. Clow, M. Byrne.



*Best of
luck and
happiness
Sincerely,
Liz Cardinale*



*Love,
Liz
Cardinale*

*Best of luck and success
in the future.
From your
classmates,
Edith Beckwith*

Commercial Club—(First Row) B. Majors, A. Lee, U. Morengo, K. O'Connor, R. O'Connor, M. Pedone, R. Cinelli, L. Russell, L. Cardinale. (Second Row) M. Harada, F. Deutsch, R. Rainglass, G. Hauser, F. Camacho, E. Presenti, M. Formosa, E. Bless. (Third Row) Y. Takeda, H. Murphy, D. Swift, F. Workman, E. Ribbe, L. King, Z. Waxman, J. Wray, L. Hoppe. (Fourth Row) B. Reighley, E. Christenson, E. Beckwith, P. Christofani, S. Tamura, E. Parodi.



Banking Club—(First Row) I. Ballante, D. Bridenbecker, J. Stevens, J. Hoo, M. Kantner, M. Willis, L. Dufski, A. Lencioni. (Second Row) K. Taniguchi, R. Kaplan, H. Ericksen, E. Rinaldi, E. Kranci, D. Lunardini, B. Damonte, L. Hoppe.



Spanish Club—(First Row) M. Junco, H. Takayama, R. De Leon, M. Fujiwara, P. Jones, E. Presente, J. Flathmann, (Second Row) V. Zaitceff, D. Freeman, N. Smith, M. Ocegueda, L. Plasteur, S. Anderson, E. Edwards. (Third Row) A. Paniagua, D. Merlo, B. Damonte, E. Ginsburg, C. Lynwood, M. Tenorio. (Fourth Row) U. Morengo, L. Savio, C. Lazzari.





Junior Glee Club—(First Row) M. Scott, F. Greenberg, J. Morrison, R. Cloninger, K. Spanos, M. Bowman, H. Saatman, E. Davis, A. Mauricio. (Second Row) M. Diller, Y. Spargo, M. Manoogan, H. Hawley, F. Payne, N. Abraham, P. Gundersen, M. Kafantaris, B. Zimmerman. (Third Row) D. Janakia, R. Alsop, D. Sheets, E. Rinaldi, I. da Creez, P. Forgelle, D. West Crain. (Fourth Row) H. King, E. Patterson, E. Guerrero, M. Espinola, T. Roberts, E. Byers.



Swimming—(First Row) R. Rugley, P. Fairbanks, E. Clow, R. O'Connor, C. Dechent, F. Houston, E. Harrison, M. Guidi, K. Spanos, A. Quiros. (Second Row) M. Schmidt, H. Hawley, L. Cronin, E. Ogilvie, L. Lulich, M. Linguist, R. Dunbar, V. Mechling.



Latin—(First Row) K. Nishikawa, E. Smith, F. Verbarg, N. Sims, V. Bryant, M. Okazaki. (Second Row) T. Kataoka, O. Glinsky, A. Nelson, O. Wharff, E. Robrecht, P. Liebman.



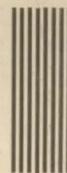
Instrumental Club—(First Row) I. Samuels, E. Davis, D. Lunardini, I. Lawson, B. Daly, H. Davis, A. Buckley, M. Makin, M. Tenejian. *(Second Row)* P. Benbow, I. O'Connell, E. Smith, D. Hicks, M. Byrne, A. Maes, D. Starkey. *(Third Row)* A. Kayrallah, E. Scheinin, N. Sussoff, E. White, G. Gersic, L. Chadwick, A. Connor, A. Foley. *(Fourth Row)* D. Kasloff, R. Kugleman, J. Ferrero, S. Land, M. Wilkerson.



Orchestra Club—(First Row) T. Guthertz, R. Byrne, A. Stimson, C. Rauhut, J. Flathmann, C. Donovan, E. Pate, M. Hansen. *(Second Row)* C. Jacobs, M. Smith, A. Buchhorn, S. Polishook, P. Kael, J. Aceto, B. Bond.



Dramatic Club—(First Row) E. Pate, E. Freitas, F. Steidel, H. O'Brien, B. Tovey, C. Dechent, H. Schmidt. *(Second Row)* J. Levey, E. Geinzer, P. Benbow, P. Halter, G. Glickman, M. Laxague, T. Kahn. *(Third Row)* M. Guidi, D. Dufficy, H. Ray, M. Rhine, A. Crone.



*Bits of luck
 come from across
 the Atlantic to Finley
 and down to
 meet*



Care and Culture Club—(First Row) E. Muller, K. Donnell, L. Wiley, S. Cohen, U. Argiris, L. Haas, J. Steiner, A. Jeuhlzt, E. Mikkelsen, T. Tolmacheva, F. Wheeler, V. Van Syckle, M. Holley, T. Stanley. (Second Row) K. Harwell, O. Vujovich, M. Slack, A. Ellison, H. Holster, L. Korber, M. Schomaker, A. Biggs, I. Stoney, I. Strong, I. Bianchi, H. McDougal, E. Luce, B. Anderson. (Third Row) J. Finley, L. Spottiswood, F. Murray, F. Lindersmith, M. Sandahl, E. Smith, A. Kayrallah, M. Reichmuth, H. Miahlovich, E. Dinucci, M. Ratkovich, H. Molinelli. (Fourth Row) M. Cambell, B. Hauber, V. Wong, H. Herman, J. Marx, V. Lee, L. Tom, M. Helmquist.



Ushers—(First Row) I. Bianchi, H. Washy, R. Avery, M. Salles, S. McMillan, J. Hooper, K. Jay, V. Blanchard, H. Salamon, P. White, L. Miholovich. (Second Row) B. Bressi, V. Zaitceff, R. Feldman, G. Houston, D. Braunbeck, G. Such, H. Wahlman, D. Brownstein, H. Herman, E. Wendelt. (Third Row) E. Smith, A. Durmanich, H. Jordon, M. Guici, L. Molinari. (Fourth Row) C. Vierich, T. Sirkin, E. Davison, N. Smith.



Journal Club—(First Row) M. Heatley, F. Rosenthal, R. Haas, C. Dechent, E. Petsakos, A. Brun, B. Grafton, K. Cheshire, E. Burchell. (Second Row) A. Chase, D. Adams, F. Isles, C. Burchell, J. Hammell, A. Whitmore, R. Allen, V. Nakashima, H. Nokayima. (Third Row) K. Wells, R. Jacobs, F. Steidel, T. Marten, J. Riemen, N. Larsen, D. Stitch, B. Nelson, D. Anixter.



No photo of me in this year's yearbook
Sincerely yours
Justine Becker
Lots of love to eddy for
Love for Fishtrons
Best wishes &
kindest regards
to a sweet
girl.
Tommy!
Fishtrons



Senior Glee Club—(First Row) H. Taylor, A. Papen, D. Kindel, M. Cadigan, A. Scott, N. Gatenberg, J. Devermonte, D. Tucker, L. McCullough, G. Becker. (Second Row) V. Strapinsky, D. Eva, J. Irwin, B. Bard, S. Stimmel, E. Herd, C. Farone, L. Jack, L. Ullman, B. Dreyfus. (Third Row) M. Chance, A. Schwab, L. Milani, S. Seidman, A. Stimson, A. Meyer, K. Descorich, L. Cykman, E. Fishtrons, T. Fishtrons, K. Wolfsohn. (Fourth Row) R. Byrne, P. Benbow, B. Treadwell, T. Schweitzer, P. Fallahey, C. Cunha, D. Boe, P. Lipshultz, H. Chan. (Fifth Row) K. Wells, B. Bennet, E. Berkerchert, E. Descorich, M. Strong, S. Polishook, D. O'Leary, M. Lee, M. Herett, G. Liebmann.

International Club—(First Row) D. Greenlin, A. Tom, J. Manley, A. Sarraile, D. Cole, H. Unger, E. Crowley, M. Kantner, B. Bond, H. Smith, M. MacDonald, B. Goldsmith, V. Belasco. (Second Row) A. Lum, C. Lynwood, E. Hosoi, L. Cardinali, B. Burns, L. Giorgi, L. Umland, L. Tom, A. Leon, L. Lai, V. Lee, M. Okazaki, K. Nishikawa. (Third Row) Y. Shioto, E. Robrecht, V. Imai, H. Warley, S. Teremoto, Y. Isobe, T. Nazawa, L. Iwata, K. Kawaguchi, G. Castro, K. Sheelan, A. Alexander, G. Tong, F. Isles. (Fourth Row) F. Tondo, M. Wilson, A. Cozzo, L. Ragghianti, M. Ford, L. Baker, G. Wing, H. Yee, M. Campbell, G. Cambon.

American Patriots—(First Row) H. White, F. Paratore, L. Mordoff, E. Stewart, I. McCullough, M. Laxague, H. Sherman, V. Merkle, I. Merrill, M. Sowle. (Second Row) P. Kamiyo, M. Taylor, D. Lunardini, R. Tresmontan, L. Toyoda, L. Lulich, F. Doyle, L. Miholovitch, E. Ogilvie, M. Moffitt, E. Wendelt, C. Dechent, M. Nielsen, C. Kleinhaupt. (Third Row) M. Reichmuth, L. Sehestedt, G. Pericou, D. Adams, C. Doyle, J. Shayer, K. Kelley, E. Lalanne, E. Wetzel, L. Schalla.

Dear friends,
 your love's working
 quick and happy
 Love, Mary F. McGlade

D R A M A



"Peg O' My Heart"

Dramatic Club Play

Presented on Thursday afternoon, November 17 and on Friday evening, November 18

Staged and directed by Mrs. Laura H. Tharp

Music under the direction of Mrs. Mary F. McGlade

CAST

Mrs. Chichester	ELAINE FREITAS	"Peg"	BLANCHE TOVEY
Jarvis, Footman	CLARICE DECHENT	Montgomery Hawkes, Solicitor	
Ethel	ROSE SIEGEL	PATRICIA JONES
Alaris	RELDA WEISS	"Jerry"	THELMA KAHN
Christan Brent	FERN ISSERLIS	Michel, Dog	BARBETTE

"The Knave of Hearts"

Freshman Play

Presented on Thursday afternoon, December 8 and Friday afternoon, December 9

Staged and directed by June Lundborg and Phoebe Halter

Music under direction of Mrs. Mary F. McGlade

CAST

Manager	BARBARA LADGER	Lady Violetta	MARJORIE HARRIS
Blue Hose	BARBARA ELLIS	Little Pages	JENNIE HARRIS
Yellow Hose	VIRGINIA HICKS	MARTHABEL SCOTT	EDNA JENSEN
Pompdebile the Eight, King of Hearts		VIRGINIA JENSEN	
.	PHYLLIS BENBOW	Lords and Ladies of the Court	
Chancellor	LUCY CYKMAN		
Knave of Hearts	PAULINE KÆEL	ALICE SCHMALE	PHYLLIS LUBMAN
Ursula	DOROTHY DUFFICY	PHYLLIS GUNDERSON, VIRGINIA THOMPSON	



T H E
 J O U R N A L



"The Lost Princess"

Junior Dramatic Club Play

Presented on Tuesday afternoon, November 8

and Wednesday afternoon, November 9

Directed by Alma Scott and Helen Ray

Assisted by Patsy Powers

Music under direction of Mrs. Mary F. McGlade

CAST

Chorus	NINA KRUNCHIAN	Li Mo	HELEN LUND
Property Man	JOSEPHINE GERBER	Scribe	ETHEL STRAUSS
Tee Wee	CONCEPTION AQUINO	All See	ANNADARE BUCKLEY
Lo Ho	SIBYL BETTANCOURT SYLVIA GUTHERTZ	Bandits	PEARL OSTROFF SYLVIA SCHULMAN
Hi Ho		PHYLLIS DUFFICY	
Nurse	CATHERINE ANDREWS	Dragon	ROSE STITCH BEATRICE STEIN
Herald	AUDREY DAVID		
Emperor	JULIA HOVSEPIAN	Soldiers	ROSE STITCH BEATRICE STEIN
Hi Tee	MARY MAKIN		

"Peg O' My Heart", "The Lost Princess", "The Knave of Hearts", and "The Dumb Waiter", constituted the dramatic program for the term. "Peg O' My Heart", under the able direction of Mrs. Tharp and "The Dumb Waiter", splendidly produced by Mrs. Higgins climaxed the dramatic season. Music was under the direction of Mrs. McGlade. The Senior Class and The Dramatic Club is to be congratulated for their programs.



A Scene from "Peg O' My Heart"



T H E
J O U R N A L





T. Marten

D. Adams

M. Bine

E. Foster

DEBATING CLUB

<i>President</i>	MARIE LOUISE BINE
<i>Vice-President</i>	PERLE GREENBERG
<i>Recording Secretary-Treasurer</i>	LYNDELL THORUP
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	SYLVIA GUTHERTZ
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	HANNAH JANE GOLDBERG

Important questions debated were: San Francisco Should Have a Junior College, The World Debt Should Be Cancelled, Interscholastic Athletic Events Should Be Abolished, The Soldiers' Bonus Should be Paid, Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws Should be Established in the United States, Japan's Conduct in Manchuria is Justified.

GLEE CLUB

Appearances

- Convention of School Superintendents
- Benefit Luncheon for the St. Francis Episcopal Church
- Parent Teachers' Association

Program

- Do You Know My Garden? *Haydn-Wood*
- There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden *Liza Lehmann*
- Thanks Be to God *Stanley*



AMERICAN PATRIOTS



M. Nielsen L. Mordoff M. Barclay

■ The American Patriots of Girls High School, in keeping with their purpose to promote the enjoyment of history, presented on May twenty-fifth, a pageant, "Washington Returns," to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington.

The pageant, which brought Washington back to live with us for a realistic hour or two, was divided into four episodes, each one of which threw a different light on Washington. As a courier, young Washington made a peace treaty with the Indians in a dramatic scene in the Indian Camp. As a man, he courted the beautiful Martha Custis. As commander-in-chief of the Colonial Army, he guided his country through the trying period of the Revolution.

As a statesman, he was the first President of the United States.

The pageant, besides containing dramatic element, included many dances: the Roger de Coverley, the stately minuet, and a savage Indian war dance. The Roger de Coverley, in the Second Episode, formed a charming background for the budding romance of Martha and George; and the minuet performed a similar office for their steady love in middle-age.

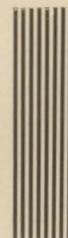
The pageant was staged very effectively. The scenery was arranged by the Art Department. The costumes, true copies of early colonial fashions, were under the supervision of Miss Sullivan and the Sewing Department. The music was under the direction of Mrs. McGlade and her orchestra, and the members of the Stagecraft Club prepared the girls for the footlights.

The American Patriots who participated were:—Lenore Mordoff, Melda Nielsen, Edna Johnson, Marjorie Sowle, Perle Greenberg, Lois Schalla, Eleanor Hart, Elinor Degener, Yuriko Furushimo, Eleanor Wetzell, Eleanor Vanderwater, Isabel McCullough, Eleanor Lalanne, Jenny Harris, Katherine Kelley, Edna Ogilvie, Evelyn Wendelt, Marian Costello, Dorothy Cole, Virginia Merkle, Reine Tresmontan, Jeanne Shayer, Jean Lund, Marjorie Moffitt, Lois Sehestedt, Mary Barclay, Lillian Lulich, Marie Laxague, Sadie Bennicuff, Lillian Dufski Margaret Garris, Leota Plasteur, Georgette Pericou, Martha Taylor, Edith Stewart, Asuncion Guevara, Phyllis Kam-
iya, Helen White, P. Lee, H. Urbano. Miss Marie Aileen Kissane was sponsor.



T H E
J O U R N A L

46



OUR ALUMNAE ORGANIZATION

Upon our school, through memory's haze,
 With fond remembrances we gaze;
 It brings to us the long gone days
 When we were schoolmates all,
 When happy hours raced along
 Like the tune of an old, sweet song.
 Our recollections all belong
 To each room, each nook, each hall.

*Smilingly
 Dorrance Danvelly*

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	HELEN INGLIS BEANSTON
<i>First Vice-President</i>	LOUISE ZIPF DELANO
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	EDNA GOTTHEIMER WOLF
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	ANNA VON HUSEN MCGEE
<i>Financial Secretary</i>	SYLVIA EHRLICH GROSS
<i>Treasurer</i>	JULIA LYDEN DOHERTY
<i>Historian</i>	LUCILLE CORDRAY
<i>Faculty Representative</i>	MARGARET DOUGHERTY
<i>Junior Past President</i>	ELEANOR ROSSI MORRIS
<i>Parliamentarian</i>	BESSIE MORRIS BARNETT

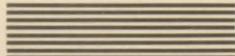
Directors

MARION FITZHUGH BELL	MARGARET KUTNER PEYSER
LUCILE WRIGHT CASEY	ZELDA JONES MILLER

CALENDAR

SECTIONS	CHAIRMAN	PLACE OF MEETING	TIME
Book Review	Eleanor Rossi Morris	Little Theatre	2nd Mon. every Month
Card	Lucile Wright Casey	999 Bush St.	3rd Fri. every Month
Tap Dancing	Clara E. Partridge	Recreation Hall	Thurs. Evenings
Memory Fund	Edna R. Wolf	342 Funston Ave.	
Spring Card Party	Sylvia Ehrlich Gross	Fairmont Hotel	
Philanthropy	Edna Gottheimer Wolf		

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION OF THE CLASS OF J '32

	ELIZABETH JACOBS	ELSA BICKEL	MARY MAYER
	GINA LANA	MARGARET EISNER	OLETA SELNA

T H E
 J O U R N A L



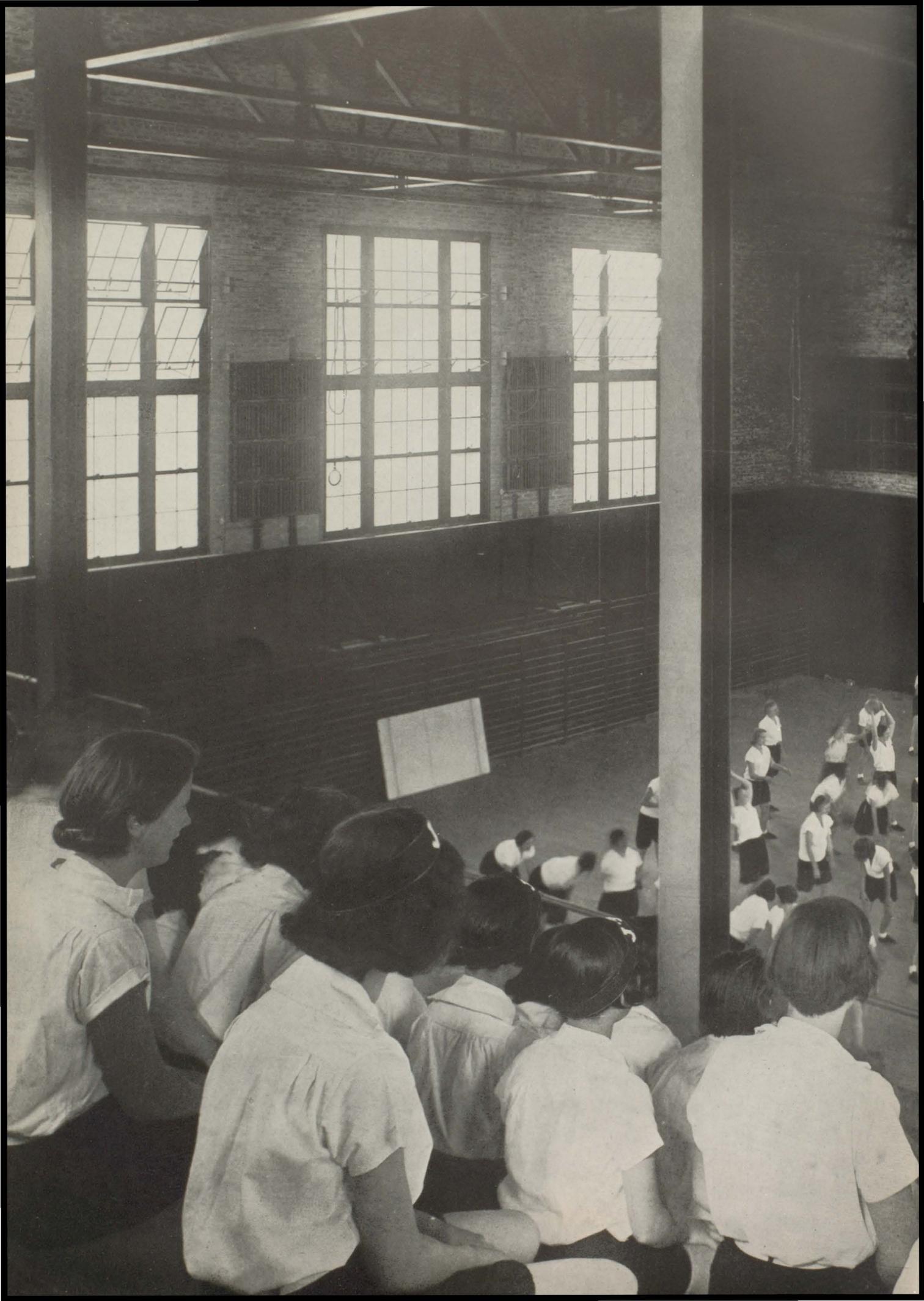
Yama
Our eyes have
Our lips met.
Don't worry kid
I'll get you yet.

Lots of luck.
Helena Saulie

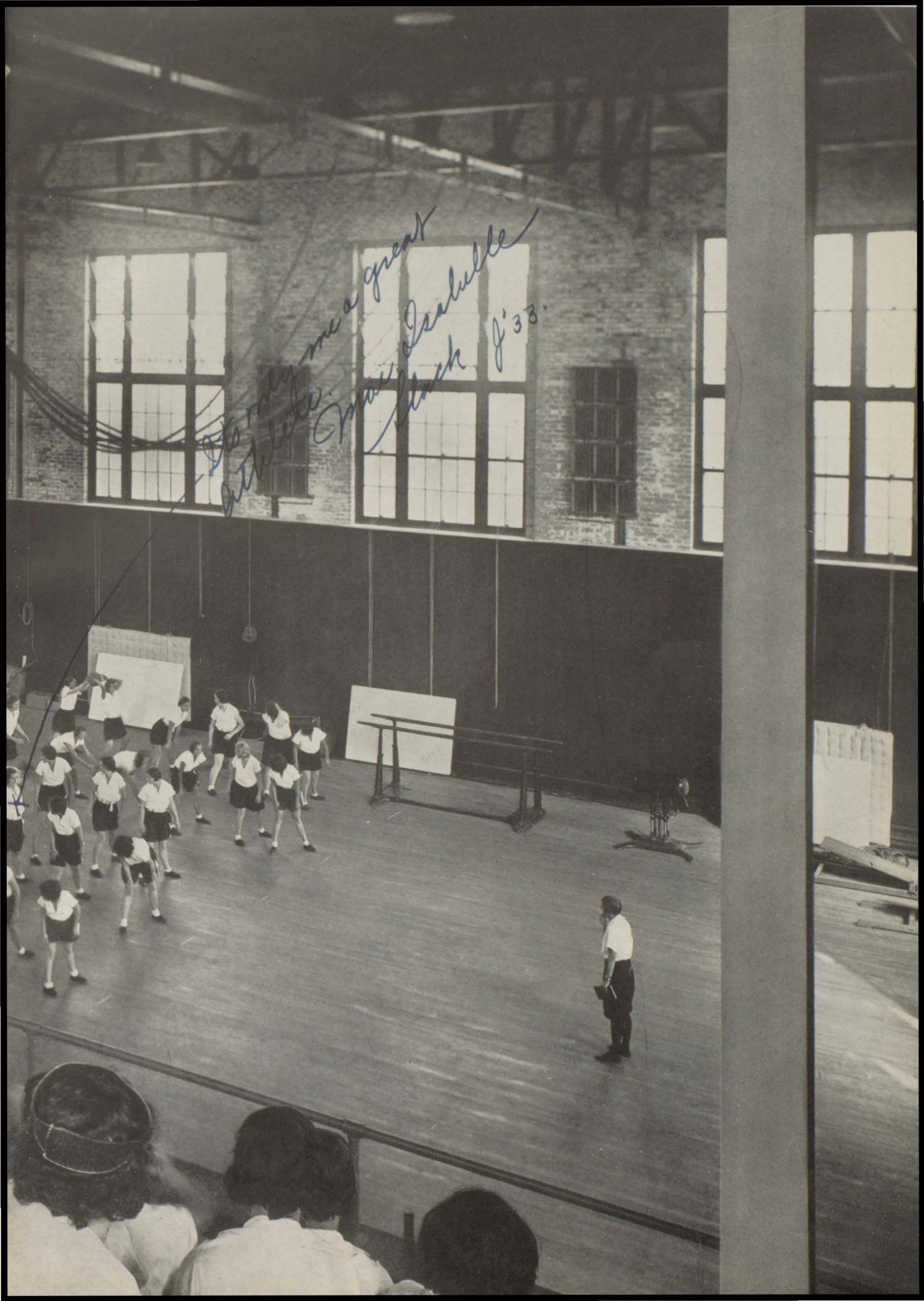
AS NIGHT RESTS THE TIRED MIND,
SPORTS REFRESH THE MIND BY CON-
CENTRATING ON THE PHYSICAL.

ATHLETICS





Do you me a great
athlete. *Max Isakulle*
March 8'33.



Elvera Fisher Portland, Oregon
3^o Fall '32

Born of the recognition
Of the relation of the physical to the mental;
Of the Nation's efforts
To create a sturdy and superior race—

THE GYMNASIUM.

December 14, 1932

Dearest Irma,

Listen my friend, before we
depart,
Never depend on a young man's
heart,
For a young man's heart is like
a flower,
That blooms and fades within
one hour.

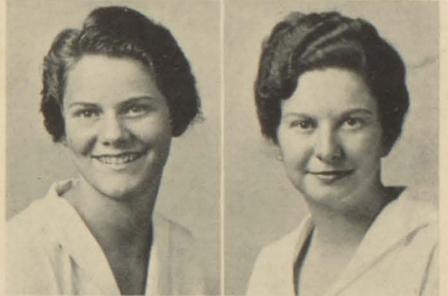
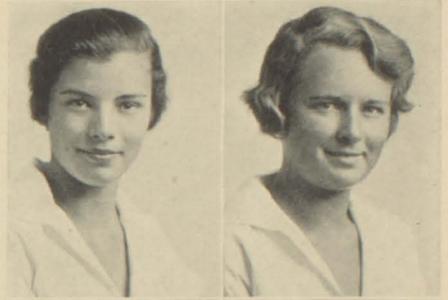
Irma Goldenrod
(New York N.Y.)

"Best Wishes"

S. P. A.

OFFICERS

President ELEANOR LALANNE
Vice-President LILLIAN LULICH
Secretary MARIE SWEENEY
Swimming Manager EDNA OGILVIE
Basketball Manager DOROTHY ANDERSON
Baseball Manager BERYL BRIGGS
Tennis Manager THELMA KAHN
Volleyball Manager BLANCHE TUGGY



E. Lalanne
M. Sweeney
D. Anderson
T. Kahn

L. Lulich
E. Ogilvie
B. Briggs
B. Tuggy

■ The Sports and Pastime Association, better known as the S. P. A., has reached the end of another successful term at G. H. S., having realized many of its ambitions. The S. P. A. aims not only to develop skill in sports, but also to instill in its members the fine qualities of sportsmanship and cooperation.

There are several different sports given each term in the S. P. A., and a girl may earn her award in any one of these. Basketball, under the direction of Miss Clancy and Miss Oakes, and baseball, coached by Mrs. Bray, meet two afternoons a week; while swimming, with Miss Clark as coach, meets one afternoon a week. To earn an award, a girl must make a team and have a regular attendance.

The most interesting problem of the S.P.A. Board, which is composed of the president, vice-president, secretary, and the managers of the various sports, is to plan good times for the S. P. A. girls. The first event planned this term was a Welcome Party to which all new girls and S. P. A. girls were invited for an afternoon of getting acquainted. Later in the term a novel Field Day was introduced, the purpose being to have as many girls participate as possible. This proved to be very successful and an improvement over former S. P. A. days.

was announced and a merry crew of Juniors and Seniors spent a Saturday at Paradise Cove. The crowning event to a term of S. P. A. happiness and fun was the S. P. A. Banquet at which the new officers were inaugurated and the awards earned by the sports girls distributed.



Some of
 luck to
 a well
 liked
 I'll
 name
 enjoyed
 playing
 your
 Betty B.

Yutae
 Kawaguchi



10th Year Basketball—(First Row) C. Lynwood, G. Moran, H. Miholovich, P. Lipshultz, F. Wheeler, G. Floyd, R. Gentile, E. Hosoi, N. Hall. (Second Row) E. Lowe, Z. Waxman, K. Best, L. King, F. Workman, S. Land, F. Kawaguchi, B. Mersich. (Third Row) J. Levey, E. Geinzer, C. Burchell, D. Brownstein, J. Schroder, R. Byrne, F. Tonda.

12th Year Basketball—(First Row) B. Majors, E. Burchell, L. Mordoff, B. Bond, C. Haderlein, V. Nichols, E. Foster, E. Trulsen, F. Doyle, E. Luce. (Second Row) R. Rechter, E. Smith, B. Totheroh, E. Muller, L. Korber, H. Hoster, M. Schomaker, M. Byrne, A. Paniaqua, V. Zaitceff, M. Cox, J. Hoo. (Third Row) C. Jacobs, E. Edwards, M. Reichmuth, T. Kahn, A. Kayrallah, D. Anderson, F. Steidel, I. Merrill, K. Kelley. (Fourth Row) J. Lobig, C. Doyle, A. Durmanich, B. Hauber, F. Derby, L. Schalla, E. Wetzel.

*Best week
in my life*



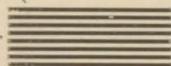
UPPER LEFT

*Best week
in my life
each
Cardinale*



Junior Basketball—(First Row) M. Whitby, B. Smith, D. Oliver, C. Donovan, V. Flowers, D. Boe, D. O'Leary. (Second Row) G. Hackett, B. Tovey, R. Haas, H. Unger, H. Chan, E. Furlanich, A. Pandolphi. (Third Row) L. Cardinale, B. Cardinale, L. Umland, C. Vierick, I. Luccini, B. Tuggy.

UPPER RIGHT



Ninth Basketball—(First Row) B. Ellis, V. Hicks, H. Wahlmann, W. Sims, P. Frederick, R. Kamiyama. (Second Row) P. Gunderson, L. Savio, A. Nelson, U. Morengo, J. Wray. (Third Row) K. O'Connor, Y. Takeda, A. Weise, M. Sako, A. Tamura.

LOWER LEFT



Upper Baseball—(First Row) E. Pate, R. Buffa, E. Crowley, M. Sweeney, M. Jurich, I. Biagini. (Second Row) M. Hanson, P. Quandt, E. Gilliam, E. Bentley, E. Quilici. (Third Row) M. Formosa, E. Lalanne, B. Briggs, A. Sarraille, A. Graffigna.

LOWER RIGHT



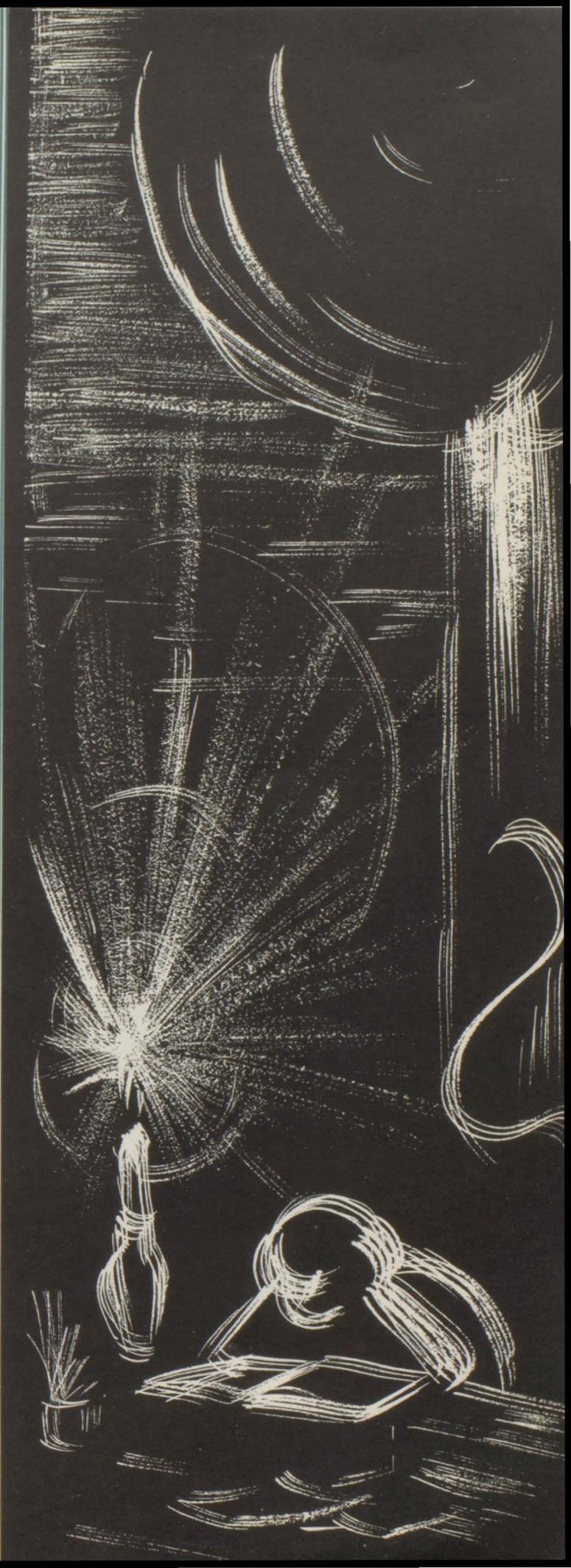
Lower Baseball—(First Row) T. Huddleson, R. Kaplan, V. Artimenko, E. Abend, B. Rodriguez. (Second Row) S. Owens, C. Schillings, I. Fleishmann, B. Suhl, R. Finley, J. Malin. (Third Row) F. Ashkenaze, S. Guthertz, A. Quiros, K. Andrews, H. Reading.



Dear Emma:

AS THE WATERS REFLECT THE
MOONBEAMS, LITERATURE RE-
FLECTS THE THOUGHTS OF MAN.

L I T E R A R Y



*This is the first
year that the
Italian Club has
been organized*





THE PHOTOGRAPHS

Reading Down (left) Cafeteria, Office Staff, Debating Club; (center) Winners of Speaking Contest, Senior Rally, Student Body Drive, more Speaking Contest winners; more Senior Rally; (right) Gymnasium, Cafeteria, Library.

"Say it isn't so"
TO AN AIR OF MUSIC "In Lullaby
Time!"

I listened to the music
That from the pipes of Pan
Poured forth into the universe
And found its way to man.

Barbara Bates—J '36

DRUID CIRCLE

Though long, long centuries have passed
Since first these mighty stones were laid in place,
The consecrated, sacred spot remains
Still hallowed, though the grim, sure march of time
Would have it lost. The moon drips palely down,
And shadows lie in quiet pools upon their faces.
Where once the monumental oak trees stood,
The boundless plain now compasses their world.

The ghostly stars alone blaze down upon them—
The self-same stars that glittered, times gone by,
Upon the mortal agonies of some immortal soul
That struggled in a desecrated form which writhed
And groaned till Death descended on those reddened slabs.
Does not that shapeless soul return today?
Said I "That shapeless soul"? Ah, nay!
'Tis many such who thus return to silence,
Who make that place a spirit-laden spot,
Who keep it thus against un-seeing eyes
Whose profane gaze would else pollute
The only spot they know—the house of Death.

They stand in solitude, these crimson columns,
These altars to a grim, insensate god,
Whose only faith is blood, who owns no creed.
There, haunted by a thousand ghosts of life,
They have no deaths, save only those which
Now lie mouldering beneath their bases
Resting until this planet is no more.

Bernice Ostrom—D '32

DESTINY

■ Natalka had parted from Mitya. She did not love him, while he—he was ready to lay life itself at her feet. In despair, Mitya consulted the village seer to learn if there were any hope of winning Natalka's love.

Sorrowfully she pierced him with her mysterious, misty eyes. Slowly and ominously she pronounced, "Son, Destiny says 'No'. If you should arouse in Natalka a love to answer yours, it would be your fate to lose—your mind."

Pshaw! What did she know of fate? Men rule their own Destinies. Mitya's meagre education had convinced him of that.

Suddenly, he remembered that this was the twenty-fourth of July on which day at midnight a fabled flower blossomed. He had often heard of it—of its supposed magic powers to fulfill one's innermost desires. If he could catch the blossom before it fell, he would prove that same night that man *is* the master of his Destiny.

* * * *

It was nine o'clock. After hours of weary searching, Mitya discovered what he believed to be the miraculous flower. A plant of fern-shaped leaves, in the midst of which nestled a gold bud, rose in the middle of a clearing. Carefully Mitya performed the required rites. Since it was believed that if the flower should touch earth when it fell at the stroke of twelve it would disappear forever, he first laid around its base a seven year old damask which was used only at Eastertide. Next Mitya drew a circle around the white blotch, to prevent the Fiend's snatching away the blossom, and began chanting sacred psalms.

An hour passed; another tedious one began. Afar off a wolf wailed. The second hour dragged slowly away. Only one more hour to wait before he would conquer Destiny. Again the wolf wailed. Nearer, nearer came that wailing. Had someone jeered? No. A crackling of leaves! But again—an unmistakable taunt! It was approaching nearer, nearer. The bell in the distant belfry tolled midnight. Again, that wailing, that crackling, that inhuman jeer—all in one! Fiends, fiends—they were everywhere, reaching, reaching for Mitya while the wolves wailed and wailed.

Mitya's blood ran cold. Then one shrill screech pierced the blackness and Mitya rushed away. On, on he rushed—he knew not where—only to escape those fiends, taunting fiends. The flower was theirs; he was theirs. Good God! would he ever escape them!

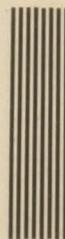
"Fiends, fiends—will they not cease, cease. The flower—let them take it—leave me! Give me peace, peace."

Tamara Marten—D '32



T H E
J O U R N A L

62



HA' YE KEN'D

Ha' ye ken'd the sicht o' a hieland loch
At the end o' a summer's day,
When the last sma' gleam o' the sinkin' sun
Sheds its glimmerin', shimmerin' ray?

Ha' ye ken'd the dancin', dark'nin' loch
Wi' the braes mirror'd clear on its face,
Distortin' the shape o' the lofty crags
As it rests at the mountain's base?

A' is embalm'd in a drowsy haze
O' a purplish, velvety hue,
An' the sky gently circles the rugged rocks
Wi' a deep, soft, powdery blue.

Oh, the gold marsh grass is ripplin',
As it bends tae the Scottish breeze,
Wha ca's from afar i' the neighborin' glen
An' rustles the willow trees.

Ha' ye ken'd the sicht o' a hieland loch,
Heard the lowin' an' splash o' the kine?
Then ye've learn'd the spell o' the chieftain's land,
The spell o' auld lang syne.

Dale Graham Adams—J '33

FRUITAGE

One man planned a garden;
Another planted and tended it
With patient, loving, active skill.
Spring came; the garden bloomed;
The world paid homage to the planner;
Inscribed his name upon tablets of enduring fame;
And yet—I wonder—*whose* is the greater name?

Tamara Marten—D '32

SEAL ROCKS

■ Rising above the lapping waves stand the sea-sprayed Seal Rocks. White, feathery fog envelopes them in its misty haze. Napoleon, lord of the seals, wriggles down from his lofty perch and silently drops into the cold sea in search of food. Other seals follow in his wake, and Seal Rocks are bare while the screaming seagulls soar overhead.

Ruth Allen—J '35



T H E
J O U R N A L

63



EN ROUTE "Hawaiian Islands"

■ Broadway! Night! Sultry summer of 1929! Time for the departure for the West!

Down the play street of America, amidst a million blinking electric eyes, a motor car slowly crawled. Hemmed in by honking cars filled with pleasure seekers on their way to the Winter Garden for the latest Follies or Scandals, the car was barely able to move. Slowly it glided along that gawdy street of blaring noises underneath which the heart of a city throbs.

On the smooth, white Lincoln Highway at last, it rushed swiftly to the Pacific Coast.

Another night found the car entering a city, that place of dark repute—Chicago. Along Michigan Boulevard, its lights reflected in the waters of Lake Michigan, came the travel-stained car. White and lit only by a full and brilliant moon, that wide thoroughfare stretched into the darkness. On the horizon, rising to prove the activity and supremacy of man, was the smoke of a factory. The high, dark buildings, sketched like sleeping monsters against the sky, proclaimed the greatness of man.

Past this grandeur beneath which smoulders hidden evil, the car again took to the open road. Day and night blended into one period of ceaseless, tireless travel. The car crossed dusty plains and dried, withered deserts where a brooding greatness thrilled through the air. In the vastness of the barren plains, the presence of the Creator hovered over even the stunted, burned alkali and sagebrush.

Through the wastes of Nebraska into a sleepy little town, came the ever-moving machine. Dusk found the villagers on cottage steps watching the burning disc of light fade away. Dust rose from the unpaved streets as the citizenry wended homeward. Darkness and a stillness pervaded the scented night air.

New York, Chicago, the desert, and a little Nebraskan town—all were in the same country, underneath the same heaven, with the same hand guiding the destiny of each.

Onward, ever onward sped the travelers and at last—San Francisco, gateway to the west!

Leaving the sentinel Ferry Building guarding the city at its feet, the car turned toward Market Street.

Market Street, teeming with excitement and throbbing with the pathos of life, greeted the visitors with its light and gayety. The great heart of that city beat and vibrated with life. The street reached out to the restless Pacific where breakers flung themselves against the shore and beckoned to distant lands.

Our travelers did not heed that call; they had reached their goal and—rest.

Thelma Kahn—J '33



T H E
J O U R N A L

64



THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL

■ Oh, beautiful flower that bloometh in the garden of life! Thou art a flower with a heart, thou art a flower with a soul; thou knowest all blessedness for thou art the everlasting beauty.

As I step over these many colored stones, I who am now condemned to breathe in dust shall somewhere find fresh, clean air, for I believe in the beautiful.

Believing in beauty is a life in itself. I have seen it in a human mind, in a human life, and there is no greater joy. I have lived it and I have loved it.

If, in this natural state of humanity, I had the divine power to create with mine own hands and mind a life to equal that of the supreme fineness, I would build it in the thought of *love*, in the image of beauty.

Someday I shall cut upon a naked block of stone your face, as it is now. Your life shall live for other men—to lighten their way, to comfort them in their earthly sorrow.

Someday I shall cut upon a naked stone your soul, and call it *God*.

Barbara Bates—J '36

ADAGIO

Slowly, o'er the rolling hills, the shepherd and his sheep
wind their listless way;

The path is rough and rocky,

Overhung with willows tossed by the faint breeze.

The shepherd and his sheep go down the hillsides slowly

Toward the shining, glistening pool

Where water-lilies rest upon the water

Adding a touch of beauty to the dim surroundings.

The shepherd lies on a soft cushion of moss and rests his
weary body.

Dusk has fallen; stars begin to appear;

The breeze has died to a whisper;

Everything is still.

The sheep, some grazing, some resting,

Gather round their sleeping shepherd.

All his cares and worries have vanished;

His heart is singing;

His soul is happy in quiet repose.

Betty Jane Miner—D '36



T H E
J O U R N A L

65



ETERNITY

The wave that laps the sandy shore,
The mountain that rises toward the sky,
The restless surge of the pulsing sea—

These are symbols of Eternity.

The endless flat of the dreary plain,
The azure of the sky above,
Stretching as far as the eye can see—

These are symbols of Eternity.

The fathomless space between each world,
The beauty of the sunrise unfurled,
Proclaiming hope to you and to me—

These are symbols of Eternity.

Evamay Merritt—D '33

THE NIGHT—THE TEMPEST—MY SOUL

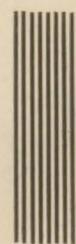
It is evening, and I am sad ;
The multi-colored sky has faded into bleak grayness ;
The gentle evening breezes have grown into chill messengers
of the coming storm ;
The flowers have folded their petals to the onslaught of nature ;
It is evening, and I am sad.
It is night, and I am sad ;
The black sky bosoms no star on its tumultuous face ;
Dark, foreboding clouds sweep across the visage of the moon ;
The cold night air lies heavy and depressed upon the sodden
surface of the earth ;
The trees strain their mighty boughs in obeisance to the
moaning unseen force ;
It is night, and I am sad.
The night is filled with the tempest, and so is my soul ;
I cry with the wailing of the wind ;
I weep with the falling of the cold rain ;
The night and I are unhappy ;
My soul is the soul of the night.

Dale Graham Adams—J '33

HILLS NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO

■ Overlooking the vast expanse of the Pacific, stands a row of hills. The brilliance of the sun is on their brownish surface, but their dark ravines are engulfed in depthless shadows. Rising about them is a bluish haze of late afternoon. Above them stretches the pale azure sky on which fleecy clouds rest. Below the hills is the constantly moving sea with white-capped, lacy-edged waves which continually beat against the sandy shore.

Ruth Allen—J '35



T H E
J O U R N A L

FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE *Hiking*

Sunset—The sun is waving an “au revoir”. He gleams forth in all his glory as if to tell the world how reluctant he is to leave. Reds, blues, yellows, purples, greens—all unite in one last harmony. Soon, too soon, the colorful symphony fades. The sun sets. Twilight comes. A day has slipped from the calendar—gone to the land of yesterday.

Twilight—Twilight, the hour of calm, is as quiet as if every man were bowing his head in worship. Stillness like that of a great cathedral, where people silently come and go, pervades the air. Twilight—symbol of peace!

—“Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark.”

Night—Night covers the world gently as a mother covers her child. The air is hushed as the world slumbers after the day’s labour. Stars send down a benediction. Night—dark and cool, silent and unfathomable, beautiful and serene—softly murmurs a lullaby. The world sleeps.

Sunrise—A huge ball of molten lava arises from a bed of gray. The East kindles with orchids, pinks, blues, vermillions, and wakes the world by its beauty. A cock crows! A new day is born.

Frances Steidel—J '33

NIGHT

Dimly, darkly, and weirdly the night passes.
Monotonous tones crying, sighing, dying,
Merge into the depths of the night.

O Night! Men seek thy jewels:
Thy moon of fortune,
Thy stars of silver;
They gaze at thy calm serenity,
They sigh at thy dark sorrows
And partake of thy gaiety and mirth,
While Queen of all beauty thou standest—
For thou art the Night.

Lila Chandra—J '34

THOUGHTS

■ Everything around me is quiet. The dim beauty of the misty night seems, somehow, to fill my heart with sweet music. As I wistfully look up at the dark shadowed sky, the soft, gentle wind is blowing silvery clouds over the pale moon, and the bright, glittering stars are shining in the dark, purple blackness of the night. The reddish-brown leaves of the old lilac trees are slowly rustling; the soft air seems to be filled with deep mysteries of tomorrow.

I sit and dream in my garden, alone and far away from crowds, living in old, rose-colored memories.

Ruby Kamiyama—J '36

T H E
J O U R N A L

MEMORIES

Livermore and Pittsburgh.

When the moon's a silver lantern
In the fading hand of night,
And the pine trees stand out stark
Against the sky,
Then my heart is filled to bursting
With a burning, mad delight—
But who can probe the heart
Of such a one as I?

The silent, brooding beauty
Is mine to keep forever;
The memories of raptures never dead
Are binding me with moonbeam chains
Which nothing quite can sever;
They're safely locked—these moments
That are fled.

Bernice Ostrom—D '32

THE MOON

Peeping, twinkling stars come out,
The moon starts her nightly route.
Slowly she glides across the sky,
Soon her dreamy light must die
And to darkness leave the sky.

Elaine Bird—J 37

A ROSE

Yesterday—I found a rose
Recklessly trampled upon.
Gently I raised it and cared for it.

Today—My vase is crowned by the beauty of the rose.

Yesterday—A life lay shattered
In the dust
Unheeded by all save you
Who stooped to raise it up
And helped it hope once more.

Today—A noble life crowns the record of your love.

Tamara Marten—D '32



T H E
J O U R N A L

TWIN JEWELS

■ A tall, slim man entered the Colonial room of the museum and casually examined the Chippendale chairs and the Duncan Phyfe tables. From this exhibition he wandered to that of the Carrara marbles and from there to Medieval French tapestries and then to that exhibit whose every detail was inscribed upon his brain—the Persian jewel collection in which was a pair of famous blue diamonds. Even if he could not tell a Chippendale from a Sheraton, or a copy of Venus de Milo from the real thing, or a Gobelin from heaven only knows what, he certainly knew diamonds. For Jim Grant of Harvard and but recently of Townsend and Lapham, jewelers, was a diamond expert and knew all jewels from aqua-marine to zircon.

When the great clock in the hall struck five, time for museum visitors to depart, Jim Grant still gazed at the lustrous gems—enthralled by their splendor. With the last chime his nimble brain leapt into action. How to hide? Quickly remembering a closet, which was in one of the side halls where artists kept their easels, he stealthily made his way there and crept in.

Time interminable passed. He thanked God for cigarettes. Slowly, he opened the door. The hall was now in total darkness. "Dark" does not actually express the fearsome blackness of that hall. The dark groped around him, enveloped him, pressed down upon him, and weighed like a burden.

A huge figure in ghastly white hovered near him as death tantalizes its victims. It leered at him—grinned at his agony.

Hands were about him—iron hands crushing him in a cold embrace; ghostly hands, bony and strong, tearing him limb from limb; weird white hands haunted him. Hands grabbed him. Hands tortured him.

A step and again a figure loomed before him. He could feel its breath. It stretched its creaking iron arm toward him; he shuddered but hurried on.

A laugh chilled his spine. Some ghost of another world laughed at him. It stared down at him from its loft of moonbeam white. Its weird shape haunted him with its irony—teased him as hollow-eyed death.

A cold sweat stood on his forehead. What was that in the corner? Shivering, he hugged the wall. A crouched figure with glassy eyes stared at him—the green eyes of a jungle animal. The head moved menacingly as Jim slipped by.

He touched a cold clammy thing. He heard its alien hiss in its slimy crawling.

The dead friends of the day became the living torture of the night.

"God! Suppose—suppose something should happen? My wife——"

He turned, ran blindly back—*escape!* The word burned into his soul.

Gropingly he rushed on. The icy touch of steel bars imprisoned him, detained him. Prison bars! A prisoner! These were his jailers. He saw himself behind iron bars—a cell, the mussed bed, the prison life, the food, the prisoners. He was a thief, guarded by these gruesome terrors of the night—imprisoned by them for his futile effort at crime. They grabbed him, tortured him, punished him as no earthly judge could. Crime—his had vanished. His strained nerves reacted. He turned and ran. Down stairs, around corners—only to get away!



T H E
J O U R N A L



Away—madly he dashed, guided by one instinct—fear—exhausted and worn out yet pushing on—constantly and always on. At last, he knew not how, the out-of-doors met him.

Into the street, into a taxi—a reckless extravagance—up the familiar rickety stairs, he came to the up-setting emptiness of the flat. A hurried call to the neighbors, another taxi, the slowest one in the world, another flight of stairs! But this time an elevator awaited him. Then a long, white, antiseptic hallway with doors on either side. At last, he recognized the number and softly knocked.

Yes, Mrs. Grant could see him.

“Darling, I’ll never forgive myself. How do you feel? Are you all right?”

“Oh, I’m fine. It’s been worth it. Isn’t it lovely?”

“What’s lovely?”

“Why, your twins!”

“Not mine—ours, our precious jewels.”

Frances Steidel—J '33

A TALE RETOLD

■ The sun sinks behind the billowy clouds leaving a fiery heaven. The dusk deepens and night stealthily creeps on. The ghostly reflection of the full moon shines on the mysterious waters of the lake. As the shadows lengthen, I hear the muffled sound of a bell tolling at the bottom of the quagmire.

* * * *

Long ago, when the Polish forces invaded Russia, in a little sylvan community there hung a time worn bell. The little wooden church in whose belfry the bell hung stood by a deep, enchanting lake which reflected the bell on its waters.

In return for a service rendered the Czar, the bell had been presented to the citizens of the tiny village. It was believed that the bell had been cast by a mighty bell maker with the help of the fairy folk and into it had been cast the airy, melodious song of the wood-sprites.

One misty evening as its half witted keeper caressed the object of his worship he spied the gleam of steel in the purple of the distant mountains.

The Poles were coming!

His bell, his beloved bell,—what was to be done?

With an unearthly cry the half-wit loosened the heavy ropes and shoved the great bell from the tower. Urged by a sudden impulse, he leaped after his beloved bell and disappeared into the mist of the evening. The depths of the waters sheltered the bell and its keeper forever. The loss of the bell was mourned and forgotten. But not quite forgotten—for on every full moon, so the legend says, the ghostly hand of the keeper tenderly sounds a mournful death knell.

* * * *

The gossamer thread slowly unwinds, the trees stand guard over the now isolated lake, and the cry of the nightingale awakens me from my reverie.

Helena O'Brien—J '35



T H E
J O U R N A L

H U M O R



THE BALLAD OF THE WEEK END CAMPER

The night was dark and dreary,
And I was feeling skeery
And not so very cheery
As I settled down that night.

I couldn't fix the covers,
And the silent thing that hovers
Over all the silly lovers
Shone down with an awesome light.

So, finally down I cuddled,
Tho' my bed was sadly muddled,
And I there in anguish huddled
Thru' all the long and skeetery night!

Now some good advice I'm giving
To all those who home are living:
Camping's fine! I've some misgiving—
But especially at night!

Bernice Ostrom—D '32

T H E
J O U R N A L

71



DEPRESSION

When darkness fell across the sky
The only thought for Bill and Vi
Had been to dance; t'was their obsession;
But then, alas, came the depression.
No more are taxis gaily hailed,
No orchids bought: the cash has failed
With which to join the gay procession—
Oh, fierce the workings of depression!
For Billy's job has vanished quite,
So when comes stealing in the night
They hie them forth in deep depression—
To hike seems now their main obsession.

Rose Marie Haas—J '34

JEWELS OF THE NIGHT

The jewels of the night shine brightly overhead—
Aftermath to the sunset's red.
The quiet of peace rests gently o'er all;
Like soothing balm the stardust falls.

The velvet depth of the distant sky
Offers peace to the alien eye.
The stardust all'round and the jewels above
Are seen through the eyes of brotherly love.

Evamay Merritt—D '

Yesterday I found new hope, new faith, new light
In a divine creation of God—the Night.

GHOSTS!

My 'phone is so silent, just a thing in the gloom,
There's an air of expectancy spread 'bout the room.
The lights are turned low, and the room is so cold;
I shiver and think of the tales that are told
Of murders so gruesome. Did I hear a sound?
The shadows now gather more closely around.
A rustle, I turn—once again all is still,
But fear grips my heart and I sit there until
The door creaks; I turn; I'm beginning to scream;
A gasp; I awaken—'tis only a dream!

Sophie Schreiner—D '34



T H E
J O U R N A L

JUST A GRADUATION

There they were so straight and tall,
Except the little ones, who were so small,
And they did march into the hall,
Knock-kneed, bow-legged, pigeon-toed all.
At the sound of the gavel, all took their places,
And only a mother could love all those faces.
They sang "Girls High, Farewell to Thee"
With ninety percent of the voices off key.
They pledged long fidelity with mingled emotions,
It was more luck than brains that won them promotions,
There was plenty of applesauce mingled with cheers,
And the parents exclaimed, "Oh the darlings, the dears!"
Future executives in this world of strife
Resolved to take the best out of life,
But, strangely to say, their plans all miscarried,
For a year or two later, the whole bunch was married.

Mayoric Heathley

WHERE ARE THE FADS OF YESTER' YEAR?

Where are the gowns that grand-ma wore,
The great hoop skirts that swept the floor,
That courting boys seemed to adore
So many years ago?

Where is the tricky hobble skirt
That fitted well the nation's flirt,
That was a fashion gay and pert
So many years ago?

Do you recall when "Alice Blue"
Swept countryside in tribute to
The White House belle—a Roosevelt true.
So many years ago?

The skirt of frightful brevity
Is passing now, and what will be
The future fads? Let's wait and see—
For they still come and go.

Anna Brun—J '34



T H E
J O U R N A L

73



THE BEST BET

"Dogs"

It seems at every football game
In the thickest of the fray,
A dog appears upon the field
And can't be chased away.
In the middle of the scrimmage
There's a fumble! One and all
Dive for the pigskin! Recovered?
No! The dog has got the ball!
A fake reverse! The halfback
Is running out around!
He's away! No! Look! He's fallen!
He was tripped up by the hound.
If I were betting on a game,
But was mentally in a fog
As to the teams, I think I'd place
My money on the dog.

Dale Graham Adams—J '33

MOTHER'S ALWAYS RIGHT

Wonder what I'll do tonight?
Go to a show or to a fight?
Perhaps I'll go to the Freshman dance
I've no bid, but I'll take a chance.
Who'll I go with, Tom or Ned?
Mother says to go to bed.
You know, I really can't decide
Whether I'll walk or whether I'll ride.
Wish I had a decent "beau"
One who'd take me out, you know.
First, I'll find out who'll take me
Oh Tom! You say that you're not free?
Very well. I'll ring up Ned.
He'll take me to the dance instead.
What! You say that you can't come?
You don't want to. I'm not dumb!
Well, I guess it's bed for me.
Mother's always right! Oh gee!

Ella Bless—D '32



T H E
J O U R N A L

NUMEROLOGY OF G. H. S. "STARS"—THE SENIORS

Here's the chart. What could be better
Than finding the number by using a letter?
A, J, and S vibrate to 1; E, N, and W vibrate to 5; I, and R vibrate to 9.
B, K, and T vibrate to 2; F, O, and X vibrate to 6;
C, L, and U vibrate to 3; G, P, and Y vibrate to 7;
D, M, and V vibrate to 4; H, Q, and Z vibrate to 8;

To determine the number which governs your life
Doesn't call for either money or strife.
To find the vibration which your name comes under,
Set down your name and reduce it to numbers.
There are three factors: first, all vowels come;
Next, consonants; lastly you add up the sum.
It's all very clear, if you watch the example,
It's the name "Charles Smith". This proof should be ample.

Vowels: 1 + 5 + 9 = 15; 1 + 5 = 6

C H A R L E S S M I T H

Consonants: 3+8 + 9+3 + 1 + 1+4 + 2+8 = 39; 3+9 = 12; 1+2 = 3

Now, your consonants plus your
vowels are 3 + 6 = 9

The sum of your letters must fall in a range,
It's from 1 to 9—you may think it strange;
First add the vowels; these equal 15,
Which is not in the range as is easily seen.
We add these two figures (1+5) which now equal 6;
That is the number that these vowels fix.
Now take the consonants; do the same thing;
The adding of these will 39 bring.
3 plus 9 gives you 12, that's clear,
That's out of the vibration still, we fear.
Thus, you must add 1 and 2 to get 3;
That's the result of the consonants, see?
Add 6 of the first to the three of the last
To get 9, and Smith's vibration is cast.
If ten were to enter in this computation,
1 plus 0 equals 1, that's the clear figuration,
Now do your own name; if it's not very good,
Numerology says, "Change your name; you should."



T H E
J O U R N A L



"STARS"

Andrews, L.	4	Hoffman, H.	8	Ostrom, B.	3
Angulo, C.	8	Isserlis, F.	7	Pelleriti, A.	7
Argiris, U.	1	Jacobs, C.	7	Pericou, G.	8
Arnold, M.	3	Jacobs, R.	6	Ragghianti, L.	9
Asaro, V.	5	Jennings, W.	9	Rauhut, C.	6
Bianchi, I.	6	Johnson, E.	2	Rechter, R.	9
Bless, E.	6	Jones, P.	5	Reichmuth, M.	8
Brugnone, R.	4	Kayrallah, A.	2	Rosenthal, F.	7
Buchhorn, A.	2	Kinrade, J.	7	Samson, M.	3
Cardellini, A.	6	Kleinhaupt, C.	3	Samuels, H.	8
Cheshire, K.	3	Kranci, E.	3	Schalla, L.	3
Cocchi, P.	2	Krause, E.	8	Schmitt, A.	7
Conrad, R.	8	Lalanne, E.	3	Sehestedt, L.	7
Dechent, C.	2	Laxague, M.	1	Shayer, J.	8
Degener, E.	5	Lee, M.	7	Siegel, R.	6
Derby, F.	3	Lee, V.	9	Smith, E.	1
Didham, A.	1	Lencioni, A.	7	Smith, H.	5
Dittman, M.	3	Liebman, G.	9	Smith, M.	6
Doyle, C.	7	Lobig, J.	3	Sowle, M.	9
Doyle, F.	1	Luce, E.	1	Spottiswood, L.	3
Duffy, E.	4	Lucy, C.	1	Stewart, E.	8
Durmanich, A.	7	Magruder, S.	4	Stimmel, S.	1
Edwards, E.	9	Majors, B.	4	Taylor, M.	3
Farre, A.	3	Marten, T.	8	Tom, L.	7
Fish, D.	3	McCullough, I.	1	Tresmontan, R.	1
Fisher, W.	7	McDonald, M.	6	Trulsen, E.	8
Foster, E.	3	McDougall, H.	6	Tyler, D.	1
Freeman, D.	5	Merrill, I.	2	Vandewater, E.	5
Glickman, G.	6	Miholovich, L.	8	Wallinger, C.	5
Goodwin, E.	2	Mikkelsen, R.	4	Weber, L.	1
Grafton, B.	4	Muhl, M.	7	Wells, K.	9
Greenberg, P.	2	Murase, T.	6	Wendelt, E.	4
Halter, P.	7	Nelson, B.	7	Wetzel, E.	8
Helmquist, M.	5	Nielsen, M.	5	Wexler, J.	5
Herman, H.	8			White, H.	6
Hewitt, M.	6			Wyckoff, E.	4



T H E
J O U R N A L



VIBRATIONS

- Dear James a good that
notes the young San diego*
- No. 1—You are courageous and you are fearless,
But you're not exactly what one would call "yearless".
The brightest of people all over the Nation,
Inventors, explorers, have this same vibration.
- No. 2—You are peaceful and you're loving;
Sometimes you like turtle-doving;
Adventure-hater; a home lover;
That's all this vibration can cover.
- No. 3—You take life uncomplainingly;
Your sense of humor is your key
To the door of great success
And everlasting happiness.
- No. 4—Four says you are victorious,
Rewarded for work laborious;
Your friends like you. If failing,
Keep up your chin; you'll have clear sailing.
- No. 5—Five's a symbol of great change;
You're in a temperamental range.
Your ability is very great,
In life you will be fortunate.
- No. 6—Honest, straight-forward, reliable,
With heart-strings very pliable,
You uphold the right in any deed,
And always help a friend in need.
You are shy to those you meet.
Yours is a finely molded mind,
And you are always good and kind.
- No. 7—You're lonely but you're always sweet;
- No. 8—A sign of strength in arm and mind—
A leader of the greatest kind!
In wealth and fame you're sure to roll;
In life and love you'll reach your goal.
- No. 9—Nine shows powers for success;
Your spirit brings you happiness.
You've talent, ability. Artists, actors,
Are influenced by all nine's factors.



THE HEAVENLY BALL

"Bayshore Hall."

The Heavenly Bodies were giving a ball
To be held in the Moon's social hall.
The guests all arrived—first Saturn and Mars
In white and red satin, becoming both stars.
Then Juno and Mercury and all of the rest
Arrived in due time, each beautifully dressed.
They danced and they dined; all had a gay time;
They sang and they played at this party sublime.
Now, one lofty guest they had failed to invite:
'Twas old Sol, the sun, who belonged not to night.
In his wrath he came and burned up the hall,
And that was the end of the heavenly ball.

Clarice Dechent—D '32



*The Journal Staff now bids you
"good night".*



T H E
J O U R N A L

78



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remember the same
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I know I know

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diamonds -
Precious and rare.
False friends are like
autumn leaves -
Found everywhere.
yours sincerely
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to a sweet girl
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best of luck and good
wishes hoping we
will always keep
the good work up
Your true Pal
Angelina Januzzi

my
dearest
Dorcas
frank of
love and luck do
to my little
hope of see mail
of your next term
Remember me a way
as the old post. see darling
I just think you dear
Love
Love

"Best Wishes"
"Shelma O'Brien"



