



# LITERARY

## Carberry Cure

Lazily he put one foot out of bed and into the pink bedroom slipper that stood waiting patiently. There he paused to yawn broadly and stretch his pink pajama sleeves before he put the other foot into its atrocious covering. There was another pause as he sat on the edge of the bed, while he ran his fingers through his tumbled brown pompadour and smiled reminiscently. Then he glanced at the window where the noon sun uamed in, stood up, stretched all his weary muscles at length, and lazily walked over to his circassian walnut chiffonier and surveyed his handsome sleepy countenance in the mirror. The gray eyes that blinked back at him were heavy and rather blood-shot and despite his clear-cut people, his face had a suggestion of foppishness. For a moment he peered at his reflection, then he grinned broadly.

"Some hot old man!" he said comprehensively as he touched the bell to summon his valet.

At the same time he was the principal object of discussion amidst a group of young people at luncheon across the street. "I think it's perfectly awful!" declared a fair-haired maiden as she jabbed her fruit salad with derision. "I can stand for a fellow having a good time, but Grant oversteps the limit. Actually he has come home from the club stewed every night for the last week. I think it's awful. So there!" and she popped a Marescino cherry between her lips and snapped her white teeth upon it as if it were the offending gentleman in question. "And you boys needn't try to deny it just because he happens to be another masculine creature," she added as a Parthian shot.

"Oh, come now, Sis, don't roast a fellow that way. And if it pleases you any, I agree absolutely about Grant. What's the matter with him is a surplus of this world's goods and a case of 'nothing to do 'till to-morrow.' If I guess correctly, I'll guarantee that he is still slumbering peacefully in his little downie, judging by how far he had progressed when I left the club last night. Wanted me to weep with him over the sad demise of his collar; it was 'rawther' wilted by that time." Fred, he grinned broadly at the memory—a grin which grew to a laugh reinforced by the two other fellows.

"Now, Ralph, that's just exactly what makes Grant keep on. You fellows laugh and think it's so terribly funny and cute—and then he thinks so, too. I—"

"Oh, I say, Mac, hel-up! hel-up! Save the pieces!" broke in the tall merry lad opposite her, between copious bites of a dainty sandwich, "what could we do about it, anyway," he concluded rather lamely, for they were all fond of pretty brown-eyed Clare and they all knew how much she cared for Grant Carberry. It was also a well-known fact that she had refused to adorn her finger with a certain diamond ring for this very reason. For a moment there was an awkward pause, then Anne leaned forward, her blue eyes sparkling, "Kids, I have an idea!" she cried excitedly.

"Don't let it go off!" cautioned her brother, but she paid no attention and eagerly pushed back her yellow hair as the words fairly tumbled from her lips. The others were slow to grasp her idea at first, and it had to be repeated again and again. Then came the objections from all sides. "His father," began one of the boys.

"Now don't start that," cried Anne, "I happen to know that he's worried to death about Grant, and I'll warrant he'd join right in," and the sponsor of the idea leaned back in her chair and surveyed the group excitedly. The boys glanced at each other uncertainly at first, then smiles spread over their faces and—"Why, I believe it **could** be done! Come on, let's see Mr. Carberry now," cried Ralph, and without much ceremony the boys seized their caps and dashed off. They were closeted with Mr. Carberry for a long time and when they finally emerged the grins on their countenances could not have been much wider.

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Sleepily, Grant put one foot out of bed and felt for his pink satin bedroom slippers. Beastly headache—worse than ever before—he ruminated as he absently moved his foot on the floor. Guess he had taken more than even he could stand, but Ralph and Shorty had been so very insistent that he took one more glass. Funny thing, too. They usually tried to persuade him to go home and to bed after the first of the evening. He—joke! What did they—

Abruptly he sat up, and stared at the spot where his slippers were wont to repose. He rubbed his eyes, tried to concentrate his mind, and looked again. At one wide-awake glance he took in the simple iron bed, bureau, and one chair that the small room boasted. "Some darned practical joke!" he growled as he cleared the bed at one bound and began to pound on the door.

"Say, whoever owns this place, kindly come here," and he violently rattled the door-knob, but of no avail.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to think. Clearly something was wrong here. Where was the key to the situation? He shook his head sadly. It was too much for him. His clothes neatly folded, reposed on the one chair. The first step toward the solving of this mystery was evidently getting them on—tough job! Shaking his head again, he went to work, in silence, save for occasional grunts or curses as he performed the unknown duty of putting on his collar. At length he emerged triumphant, and proceeded to fasten the lavender tie that matched so well with the stockings, carefully displayed above the brown low shoes.

"Accomplished!" he cried aloud to see if his voice sounded natural.

"Beg pardon, sir," said a smooth-faced placid youth as he opened the door. Carberry turned. "Why the devil didn't you answer awhile

ago? Are you deaf? What kind of a mix-up is this, any way? Who the dickens are you?"

The youth regarded him wearily, "Breakfast is ready, King George (or is it Richard III)?" he murmured as he turned on his heel and vanished.

Carberry sighed worriedly. It certainly was odd! It would be a case of "never again" if he ever got out of this alive. Didn't like the stuff anyhow. Only drank to be with the fellows, he mused. Still frowning over his good resolutions, he walked out of the door into a long hall, with a row of doors on either side. Grant heaved a relieved sigh. He evidently was in a cheap boarding house. Some practical joke, of course. He spied his odd visitor at the farther end of the hall and hurried after him. He came out on a broad, sunny piazza, where a number of men and women were sitting, reading, or merely staring off across the long expanse of green lawn with its many shade trees. Grant stood undecided for a moment. Then he approached a jolly looking little man, seated a little apart from the others. "Can you tell me where the dining room is, sir?" he accosted him.

The little man smiled and nodded and holding up his hand, showed a ring set with a very large piece of glass. "Some diamond!" he remarked, jerkily. "Dazzle your eyes just like the sun." He made an upward movement. "Put 'em on the blink, sure." Then with great caution he looked about and then drew out of his pocket a watch fob, closely set with paste diamonds, and flourished it about. "Ah! hurt your eyes. Oh, you girls! You girls!" He shook his finger reprovingly at Carberry and strutted off.

For a moment Grant stood open-mouthed. "The old chump must have been stringng me. What kind of game is this, anyhow? Let's see what the dame with the big brown eyes has to say." He approached her chair, hat in hand, and asked in his suavist tones (usually very effective), "I beg your pardon, but could you tell me the name of this place?"

She looked up at him. Her big eyes seeming to gaze into his very soul. "Yes, certainly. Very well. Of course. Naturally. Why, yes. Yes, of course. Indeed," she remarked, conversationally.

Carberry sank weakly at the nearest chair, and rested his hot aching head on his hands, hopelessly.

Just at that moment a young man in a light suit sauntered up. His face was absolutely pale and yellow, his hands were stained yellow and from one corner of his mouth a cigarette hung limply. He laid his hand familiarly on Grant's shoulder, and Carberry, the fastidious, winced at seeing the nicotine stain it left on his coat. "What's the matter, old man? You look pretty hard hit. They all do, though, when they first come, so cheer up!"

"I don't know what on earth you are talking about. What the devil is this place, any how?"

The man flickered off the tip of his ash unconcernedly. "Do you know enough to read, or are you one of the vicious variety?" he answered, pointing to a large sign in the front of the building that Carberry had not noticed before. It proclaimed in big, black letters, "Sonner's Sanitorium," then in smaller type, but very large to Grant, "Insanity and Dipsomania Treated Here."

For a moment, Carberry stood staring at the words motionless. Then a sudden rage took possession of him and he turned and seized the man by the collar. "I'll make some one suffer for this—and you're nearest. How dare you tell me to my face I'm an idiot?"

The two had clinched and were swaying backward and forward

when Carberry felt his arms pinioned behind him and a calm voice said, "Enough of that. I really did not understand you were one of the violent. No benefit and one hour close confinement in your room for you."

"But I tell you I'm not crazy. Don't you know who I am? I am the son of the Hon. Grant Greenlow T. Carberry. He'll make you suffer for this. He—"

The marble face of his captor did not alter in the least as he remarked composedly, "You were the son of Julius Caesar last time, weren't you. Come on, now!" and Carberry was back in his room with the key turned in the lock.

For the first few moments he amused himself by damaging the furniture, but as everything was clamped to the floor and nothing was breakable, the attempt was not a complete success. Then he started to pace the floor, hands thrust angrily into his pockets. Suddenly he realized that his right hand gripped a piece of paper. He drew it out and saw it bore his name in a well-known hand-writing. With an oath he ripped open the envelope.

"Don't swear like that, Grant!" the letter began, it isn't becoming a gentleman of your position." Despite his anger, a momentary smile flitted over Carberry's face, then disappeared as he read on and a rich red flush took its place. "You are in a little out-of-the-way sanitorium about thirty miles from town. We took you out in a machine, so drunk that you knew nothing about it. Now, Grant, we put it up to you: Is the game worth the candle? Look at the people around you. See what beasts drink makes of men and decide. Yours,

"THE BIG SEVEN.

"P. S.—They wouldn't take you for less than thirtysix hours, so will be over early in the morning (that is, the day after you read this)."

"P. P. S.—We really forgot to mention to the authorities just what your complaint was. We merely stated that you had gotten too vicious for us to manage. Ta! ta! Hope you enjoy yourself."

"Well, I'll be **darned**," he exclaimed, slowly. Then, "well I'll be darned!"

For a moment he regarded the bit of paper in a stunned manner. "If I could get my hands on those fellows for just two minutes!" he muttered, longingly, "I wouldn't merely kill them—I'd torture 'em first!" Then with a sudden change, the humor of the situation struck him. He put back his head and fairly shouted. He laughed until he was so weak that he was forced to sit down on one corner of the bed. "Something tells me there are going to be some more jokes around here soon," he grinned to himself when he could get his breath.

He began his plan of action by seizing the door knob. But no repeated rattlings would force it to give way. Kicking did not seem to aid much. The windows were grated and repeated calls brought forth no response. With a shrug of his shoulders he sat down in front of the ancient mirror that divided his eyes from his pompadour by a huge crack and began to consider. "They carried their joke a little too far. Had no business to meddle in his affairs anyhow." Then slowly a flush spread to his hair and dyed his neck. "beast, am I? A drunken sot! Wait till I show them. Wait till—" Warily he rolled over on the bed and in two minutes was snoring like any plebeian and not in a manner befitting the young scion of the house of Carberry.

It was several hours later when he was awakened by his cheerful

jailer by the impartial remark, "You look pretty sane this morning. Guess you're one of the intermittent kind. Tippy one day and sane the next."

"Sane! Of course I'm sane. Look here," pleaded Carberry, "I'm here on account of a practical joke. It's all a mistake. I've got to find somebody to explain affairs to. Won't you believe me?"

"Uh-huh!" nodded the other, vacantly scanning the ceiling.

Carberry began to put his brain to work. It was quite a problem he had before him—and he found the sharpening of his wits rather pleasant. How could he, Grant Carberry, convince that apparently unconvinced individual in the ill-fitting gray suit, and with such a placid, unruffled countenance, that he was in his right mind? He began to proceed carefully.

"Look here," he said, "you know I haven't had a chance to get any pen or ink and I don't carry a fountain pen, so this must be genuine. This will explain the whole situation, I think," and he thrust the note that the boys had placed in his pocket, under the indifferent nose of his jailer. The other took it calmly, read it through twice, looked at Grant, read it again and then suddenly smiled. "I guess you are all right," he said, suddenly.

Grant stifled an indication to shout for joy and continued in the same even tone, "Now, I want to pay those fellows back. Will you help me? My plan is this: to throw a scare into them, you copy a note which I will write, saying that you have found me very violent and have committed me to the State asylum for life. See? The fellows will be kind of worried when they get the note and pike out here at the rate of one hundred miles per hour, and in the meantime, I will quietly sneak, so as not to be here when they arrive. What do you think?"

The other looked rather dubious for a moment.

"I'll tell you," he said, finally. "You tell a pretty straight story, but you may be merely trying to bolt. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll consult the superintendent. If these boys you speak of did put you in here, the superintendent would know all about it."

And he did. Moreover he proved to be a jolly individual with a keen sense of humor, who entered in heartily with Carberry's plans. The letter was finished in due legal form and dispatched by special messenger to town. When dusk fell, Carberry noiselessly departed, tramped two weary miles and caught the train for home.

Some three hours later two disheveled, worried lads, wearied from their long trip and unsatisfactory interview with the superintendent, burst into Clare's parlor.

"No use, fellows! Grant's in the asylum and will have to stay there till we can take the matter to court. I may .....! poor old Grant crazy, why—"

Suddenly he stopped with his mouth open, and quite forgot to close it, for there sat Grant on the devan, evidently quite at home. And beside him, Clare was endeavoring to repair the damage done her hair (it was quite ruffled on one side) with a hand on which a clear diamond gleamed.

"Oh, I don't know. I think it's kind of nice to be crazy!" remarked Mr. Grant Greenlaw Carberry Jr., pensively.

D. I. K., '15.

# Portola's Dream

Many, many years ago,  
Sailing up the sea-coast slow,  
Came an English man-o'-war'sman,  
"Golden Hind" was on her bow.

Peering through the heavy mist,  
On the land the ocean kissed,  
Francis Drake passed by a treasure  
Greater than the Spaniards missed.

Searching soon, but not for gold,  
Came a band of soldiers bold,  
Wand'ring through a sunny valley,  
Heard a tale the Indians told.

Of a wondrous inland sea  
Where two sentinels would be  
Standing guard above the entrance,  
Overlooking the South Sea.

Then the Spanish captain, brave  
Portola, his orders gave  
For his little band of soldiers  
To push on to Neptune's cave.

Thus it happened on a morn,  
That they heard old Triton's horn  
As they paused upon a hillcrest,  
Ragged, tired, bramble-torn.

Then a shout of joy was heard,  
Frightening the weird sea-birds  
That returned to dip and circle  
Curiously afterward.

When the sun sank in the west,  
Their good patron Saint they blessed,  
Kind Saint Francis, who had brought them  
Through their travels, safe to rest.

There a settlement they laid,  
Where, by use of plow and spade,  
All the wild and wooded country  
Was into a garden made.

Though three centuries have passed by  
Since the sun set in that sky,  
Still unchanged he shines as brightly  
From his radiant throne on high.

What a change now greets his sight  
As he sheds his yellow light  
Over queenly San Francisco!  
City of a world's delight.

Can the Spanish captain dream?  
Can he catch the faintest gleam  
Of his little city's wonders?  
Can he see 1915?

RAJAH, '15.

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## Lusitania

The great ship speeded on  
Beneath the myriad stars,  
And the fog bells rang, while the women sang  
And the men smoked their cigars.

The pilot with straining eyes  
Peered through the fog and gloom;  
But 'twas not the mist, nor the iceberg's fist  
That struck them to their doom.

But from the perilous deep  
Came a venomous beast of the sea,  
And its deathly sting made the echoes ring,  
While men cried fearfully.

And the ship filled with the sea,  
And sank beneath the deep;  
And the sailor lad, as he worked like mad,  
Heard the fainting widow weep.

The life boats were tossed on the waves,  
And the bodies were cast on the shore;  
And under the deep, in a frightful heap,  
Lies the ship for evermore.

RAJAH, '15.





EDUCATIONAL



# Greater Stockton High School

The year 1913 naturally marks the beginning of the Greater Stockton High School. It was in 1913 that the bond campaign was made, the election carried by the large vote of five to one, and the work of construction begun on the group of three new buildings of the larger and greater high school. In addition to the work of the bond campaign and the planning and equipping of the new buildings, many other important constructive measures have been effected during the past three years. The course has been reorganized on a fifteen unit basis with major and minor subjects, greater choice being given not only through the selection of majors and minors but also through electives, representing one-third of the course. The purely elective system has been abolished. The administrative system of the school has been changed to the card index form for all records of scholarship, attendance, etc., as well as for the library, which has been classified and recatalogued under the American Library Association plan. Steel lockers have been purchased; additional pictures have been provided through an art exhibit; the debating society has been rehabilitated; a lyceum course has been introduced; three vice principals, an advisor for girls, an office assistant and a librarian have been appointed; the departments of industrial arts, household economics, and physical training have been inaugurated; sanitary towels and drinking fountains have been introduced; provision has been made for holding all social functions at the school, classes in public speaking, applied chemistry and biology have been organized; the school has been organized under the advisory system; the *Guard and Tackle* has been changed from a monthly magazine to a weekly paper; a turf field and cinder path have been constructed; a swimming tank has been built and the construction of the cafeteria begun.

## Equipment—Present and Future

Aside from the usual class-room equipment in English, Latin, German, history and mathematics, the school has the following departments more or less fully equipped: commercial, drawing, music, physics, chemistry, biology, agriculture, cooking, sewing, physical training, and woodworking. The commercial department is well organized, offering two or four year courses, being well equipped in bookkeeping as well as stenography and typewriting. A new course in advertising and salesmanship will be introduced next year.

The art department now offers a two-year course including free-hand drawing and advanced freehand drawing and design. Some work has been done in applied design in leather and metal which will lead to a fully organized art and crafts course as soon as there is a demand for it. In addition to the two classes in vocal music and one in orchestra and band, a class in music has been conducted which has made excellent use of the large graphophone in its study of musical compositions. Four hundred copies of an excellent high school song book have been purchased for the general chorus singing. A strong effort is being made in all subjects to have them correlated closely with the everyday affairs of life. To this end, applied courses in chemistry for boys and also for girls were introduced this year and a similar course will be given next year if there is a demand for it.

The equipment of the physical training department surpasses anything in the state. The \$25,000 gymnasium with its shower and dressing

rooms, lockers and bleachers; the 60x20 cement swimming tank; the new \$350 turf field and the cinder track constitute an equipment of which every student is justly proud. Additional steel lockers will be purchased and additional gymnasium apparatus will be installed. It is planned to construct several out-door courts for tennis, basket ball and handball.

The equipment of the cooking and sewing departments will be enlarged for next year, advanced courses being offered in both, inclusive of a course in millinery. In time, a fully organized course in the several branches of the household arts and sciences will be given, including nursing and laundry.

Vocational emphasis will be placed upon these courses in household economics and also in the industrial arts. The course next year will include elementary bench work, cabinet making, pattern making, wood turning or lathe work, shop drawing and probably shop mathematics. To these will be added in the near future courses in machine shop, forge and other courses in metal.

The new library room with its sectional cases and tables in charge of a trained librarian have given the students a much wider use of the books. A large number of accessions will be received in September.

The large and up-to-date cafeteria is now being constructed; the new bicycle shed and the sanitary lavatories which have been ordered; the additional book lockers, bringing the number up to four hundred will give a general school equipment which will greatly increase the efficiency of the school.

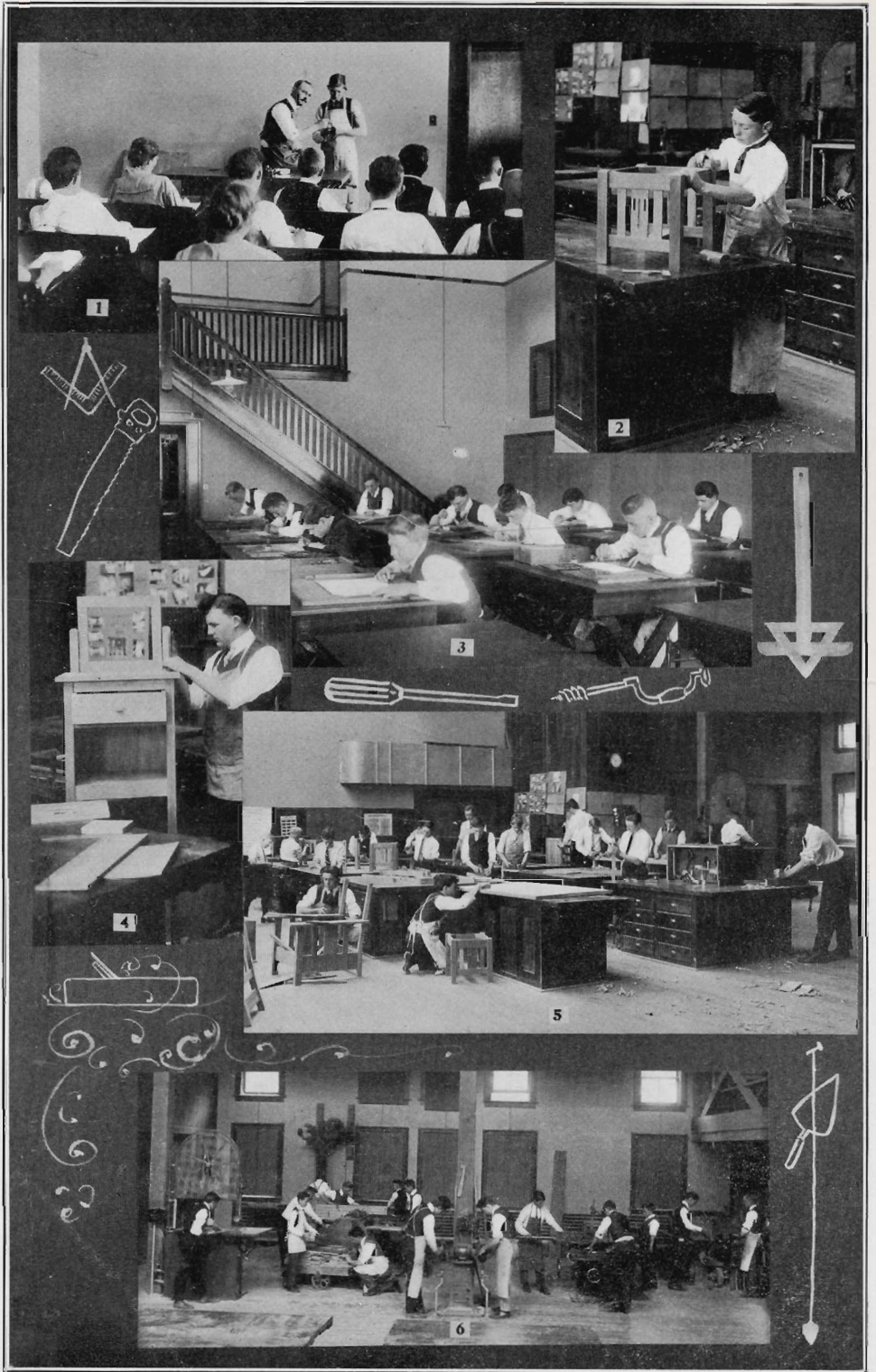
### VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

The school endeavors to have each student select his course and the subjects in the course with a distinct vocational purpose. The student is urged to prepare for some specific life work. To this end the principal discusses these questions with the grammar school graduates and asks the students to indicate their intentions as to occupation. The advisors in school counsel with pupils as to their course, keep account of delinquents in scholarship and attendance, make changes, in program and seek to guide them in their life purposes and plans.

### Night School—Junior College

The school plans to organize a Night School and a Junior College as soon as there is a demand for them and funds to provide for them. To ascertain this, it is planned to have an expression of opinion as to the people's desire through the press and to offer courses to meet the public demand. The Night School will give an opportunity for study to those who are compelled to seek gainful employment during the working hours of the day. The Junior College will enable ambitious students to secure two years of college or university credit at home, thereby influencing many to continue their higher education.

When all of these plans have been consummated, the greater Stockton High School will be fully realized.



1. Demonstration Room.

4. Cabinet Work.

3. Mechanical Drawing Room.

6. Mill Room.

2. Cabinet Work.

5. Bench Room.

(Photo by Reiman)

# Student Organizations

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Virginia Thompson  
Charles Comfort  
Mackay McKenzie  
Lee Hickinbotham

Cyrus Hickinbotham  
W. F. Ellis, Jr.  
Herbert Waite

June Young  
Burchard Higby  
Rex Parker  
Arthur Clay

## Executive Committee

The Executive Committee is probably the most important student organization in the school at the present time. It consists of the president, Cyrus Hickinbotham; vice president, June Young; secretary-treasurer, Herbert Waite; auditor and faculty representative, Mr. W. F. Ellis Jr., and custodian, MacKay McKenzie. The class representatives are: Senior—Arthur Clay and Charles Comfort; Junior—Rex Parker and Burchard Higby; Sophomore—Leland Hickinbotham; and Freshman—Virginia Thompson.

The Executive Committee has charge of all financial matters of the student body, the control of class functions, the purchasing of material for athletics, appointment of managers for the various teams, the awarding of the Block "S," and in fact, everything pertaining to the athletic and financial sides of high school life.

Every member of the committee has done excellent service for Stockton High. The president, Cyrus Hickinbotham, has conducted the meetings in an orderly, business-like manner, and has shown great judgment in guiding this important body. June Young, as vice president, has filled her position with great efficiency. Due to the excellent management of Herbert Waite, secretary-treasurer, the finances of the Student Body are in a good condition at the present time, which is more than can be said for some past years. Mr. Ellis, as auditor and faculty representative, has made his presence very useful and of a decided advantage to the interests of the school. MacKay McKenzie has filled the office of custodian in an entirely satisfactory way, while the various class representatives have cared for the interests of their own classes and of the whole school, and attended meetings in a way that justifies their election to membership in this vital student-governing body.

The expense of bringing visiting teams here is another thing which the Executive Committee must account for, and the fact that the treasury is in a good condition speaks well for the ability of the committee's members, and that of the secretary-treasurer in particular. The committee also has the power to appoint delegates to the various athletic leagues, another expense which must be accounted for. Stockton High has been ably represented at every meeting of the California Interscholastic Federation by Mr. Louis, appointed by the Executive Committee.

The work of the Executive Committee is no light matter, for to handle the finances and athletics of a school the size of Stockton High requires the earnestness and ability of every member concerned, although the committee is not before the students as often as many of the other organizations, the benefits which the school has received from its work are fully as numerous, if not more so.

Some of the most important acts of the committee during the past year have been the purchasing of new outfits—suits and material—for the basket ball and football teams, new material for the baseball team, regulation of all athletics, the restriction of the purchasing of class pennants, the aid it has given to the turf field, and last, the success which all student functions have attained under its supervision. The Associated Students of Stockton High may well congratulate themselves upon the students they have chosen to represent them—for the work of the Executive Committee has been the means of advancing the condition of Stockton High School a hundred-fold.



STUDENT CONTROL COMMITTEE

## Student Control Committee

By an amendment to the Constitution of the Associated Student Body of Stockton High School, a new plan was created at the end of last year, whereby the president and vice president of the Student Body were empowered to appoint four boys and four girls from among the students at large to serve upon the Student Control Committee. It devolved upon Cyrus Hickinbotham and June Young to inaugurate this new system, and from present results, they have fulfilled their mission admirably. The four members of the boys' Student Control Committee are Elmer Kohle, Elbert Parks, Wilbert Cowell and Harold Webber, while the girls' committee consists of Geraldine Parker, Georgia Pound, Verne Swain and Katherine Kerrick.

The Student Control Committee is the "court" of the high school, and all cases of any misconduct are thus under the jurisdiction of the students themselves, rather than that of the office. The committee this year has shown more activity than for many years previous, and with good results. The attendance at rallies and lectures has increased noticeably since the committee has investigated the matter of "cutting" these periods, and those guilty have received a fitting punishment. Running up and down the stairs, and in the halls, and all "rough-housing" are also cases which have come under the observation of the committee.

Too much praise cannot be given to the two presidents, Cyrus Hickinbotham and June Young, who have so successfully carried out this very important amendment. The various members, too, deserve their share of praise for making the Student Control Committee for this year one of the most efficient organizations in the history of the high school.

During the year there have been several attempts made to criticize the Student Control Committee, but in spite of this fact, it is well recognized that the committee this year has served its mission better than many other previous committees, and in spite of all objections and criticisms, these fault-finders cannot but realize the value of student government as demonstrated by the present officers and members. It is natural that the girls should not have as many cases as the boys, but these cases which have come before them, have been handled in a thoroughly business-like and capable manner. The boys' committee has been kept busy with the cases of "ditching" assemblies and rallies, undue "haste" in the halls, an occasional would-be fist fight, and such matters which boys cannot learn do not belong in an institution of learning. On the whole, however, a general improvement in conduct is being noticed which cannot but be the effect of a competent Student Control Committee.

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## Big "S" Society

The Big "S" Society is composed of every athlete in Stockton High School who has won his "S"—whether it be in track, baseball, football, or basket ball. Last year the Executive Committee raised the standard of the awarding of the "S" to such a high degree, that it is a great honor to belong to the Big "S" Society. The aim of the members who compose the society is to further athletics in the school, and to support them in every way possible, but the most important work is the annual vaudeville show which is given under its auspices.

The Big "S" show was given this year by the society to raise funds



to aid in procuring a new turf field for Stockton High, and was surely a success in every imaginable way. Financially, it could hardly have been better, for over three hundred dollars were cleared for the benefit of the field—over and above expenses. The members of the society elected Herbert Waite, who is also president, as the manager of this year's show, and his election was certainly justified by the able way in which he guided matters, and the excellent results of the performance. Aside from the financial success, it is almost unanimously agreed that the performance itself by far exceeded any previous one ever given in the school.

The Big "S" Society was founded in 1912 by Carl Ortman and Stanley Arndt, two of Stockton's former athletes, and has continued so successfully ever since that it promises to be one of the permanent organizations of the school, and one of the most successful. Its officers for this year are: Herbert Waite, president; Harry Mazzera, vice president; Elmer Kohle, secretary-treasurer; while the members are: Mac-Kay McKenzie, Charles Whitney, Iral Dennis, Charles Comfort, Carroll Grunsky, Cyrus Hickinbotham, Byron Laveaga, Leland Hickinbotham, DeWitt Colestock, Percy Ahern, Burchard Higby, Vernon Love, Will Dunne, Clayton Westbay, Dan Alley, Mant Sprague, Roger Hardacre, and George Wilson.

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## Debating Society

Debating is one of the chief interests in nearly every high school, but for some unknown reason, the students and members have not responded well this year and consequently the work of the S. H. S. Debating Society has been rather limited. One of the first acts of the society, early last fall, was to vote unanimously to withdraw from the Debating League of California. Stockton High's admission to this league had been received with pride by the members of the society, and by many interested non-members, so this withdrawal was the first blow to its continuation and progress. Interest has gradually lessened until matters are practically at a standstill in regard to the Debating Society.

There are a few members, however, who still retain their interest and have striven hard to reawaken interest, and who have done a good share in that hard work. They are the officers: Harry Mazzera, president; Josephine Williams, vice president; Scott Hyde, secretary-treasurer, and Milton Kingsbury, sergeant-at-arms. Then such debating enthusiasts as Lester Gnekow, George Buck, Donald McDiarmid and John Gallagher have striven to retain the glory of the debating club, but vainly.

What's the matter with Stockton High? It's just about time some of her lazy students were waking up to the importance, benefits and pleasures of debating, and were showing a little more interest in one of her most important organizations. Everyone ought to make an effort to make next year a decided contrast to this one, and encourage the Debating Society to a place in the ranks of the foremost high school debating societies in the state.

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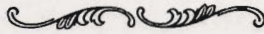
## The Band

What would we do without our famous high school band? That is an impossible question to answer, for the band is one of the chief supports of "spirit" and "pep" at all the games and meets of the school. Just imagine going to a basket ball game, finding a big crowd of opposing rooters on hand, and then not having the band right there to drown

their yells. Impossible! At nearly every game during the basket ball season, and at several during the football season the band made an appearance and was the means of creating more spirit at these games than any other factor.

The whole school owes a vote of thanks to the leader, George Sanderson, who has so patiently and successfully labored to make the band worthy of Stockton High. He has been the means of keeping it together, of procuring new music, and of making it possible for the band to appear at all games, and even some of the social functions of the year—the “Jolly-Up,” for example. The band turned out in full force upon that occasion, and it was due to their playing that a great part of the success of the evening was so evident. No one could keep out of line in the grand march—the music was too tempting—and when later the band started the then famous “By the Beautiful Sea” not one person could resist its lively strains.

This year's members are: George Sanderson, the leader; Paul Mitchell, Phil Horstmeyer, Ray Dunne, George Garland, Percy Ahern, Rex Parker, Louis Burke, Ralph Herring, Justus Kirkman, John Jackson, Helmer Curtis, Theodore McMurray, Herbert Hunt, Paul Leipelt, Jerome Levy, Joseph Musto, Frank Viera, and Howard O'Dell.



## A “Meteoric” Shower

The baby rolls upon the floor,  
Kicks up his tiny feet,  
And pokes his toes into his mouth—  
Thus making both ends meet.

The dog attached to a tin pail  
Goes howling down the street,  
And as he madly bites his tail  
He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig,  
Cuts off his ears and feet,  
And grinds them into sausage big—  
Thus making both ends meat.

The farmer coops his ducks and hens,  
Feeds them with corn and wheat;  
The means must justify the ends,  
For thus he makes them meat!

## STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



Cy Hickinbotham  
President

Herbert Waite  
Secretary

June Young  
Vice President

Mackay Mackenzie  
Custodian