

CLASS WILL



WE, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two, after four years of toil in these halls of knowledge, being secure in our belief that the world is round, not acting under menace, duress, or force, with grouches towards none and snake-bites for all, do declare this our last Will and Testament, executed on this eighth day of June in Stockton High School, City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, United States of America, The Earth, The Universe, do give, bequeath, and devise the following, to-wit:

I

To the School: (1) The memory of our bright and shining faces in the midst of discouragements and math teachers. (2) The right to criticise us after we are gone. (3) The newly established tradition of a "Junior-Senior Class Fight."

II

To the Class of '23: (1) The privilege of wearing the Senior Lid and the responsibility of guarding it at all times against hostile juniors. (2) The right to assume senior dignity and subdue eccentric lower classmen. (3) The ability to "cut gym" with resulting original excuses. (4) The names that some of our ardent classmates have so painstakingly carved in the desks you will occupy.

III

To the Class of '24: (1) All attempts they may care to make at separating the senior from his dignity. (2)

Our permission to barrage the faculty with epithets of any description. (3) Queeners' privileges (hitherto enjoyed by the seniors only) in the halls and on the campus. (4) All dollar bills that have become too germ-laden for healthy use.

IV

To the Class of '25: (1) The custom of hammering the frosh. (2) The right to lead all the other classes in the number of detention representatives. (3) Our vocabulary of synonyms used for some faculty members. (4) The study hall boards for budding Bud Fishers.

Also

V

Alfred Fisher leaves his original manuscript, "The Eternal Feminine As I Knew Her," to Uldric Hussey with the wish that Uldric apply its teachings in his affairs d'amour.

VI

To Tommy Sloan, "Rudolph" Krockel leaves a bottle of sta-comb, that Tommy may follow in Valentino's footsteps.

VII

Dorothy Rowan bequeaths her powers of persuasion to Grace Atherton for the purpose of talking teachers into making 1's out of 2's.

VIII

Charlotte Eckstrom does devise her original expression, "I don't know", to Helen Gilbert, that Helen may use same when answering questions of either profs or "hommes."

IX

Regretfully Fred Spooner gives up to George Harkness his practice of putting self-advertising jokes in the Gat box.

X

Unto Blanch Cunningham, her bobbed-haired sister, Roberta Bush relinquishes with great sorrow the right to wear one wee pigtail, tied with a blue ribbon and sticking straight up unto Heaven, when she reaches a mature enough age to partake personally in Senior Pigtail Day.

XI

Marjorie Rosen bequeaths unto Betty Coffin her secret recipe labeled, "How to take 'em away from the other girl."

XII

Dorothy Graebe reluctantly relinquishes "that baby expression" that Ellen Cary may adopt it to become proficient in the art of stunning 'em.

XIII

The editor surrenders his established reputation as a matinee idol to Charles Gavigan with the wish that Charles live up to all the requirements of a "tea snake."

XIV

Gene Ryant leaves behind all her aspirations to become a movie queen to li'l Beth Doane.

XV

To the faculty members listed below we leave the following:

(1)

To "Pop" Berringer, our permission to dole out detention to as many studes as care to fall under his disfavor.

(2)

To Mr. Iliff and Miss Mosbacher, who both so kindly helped us in our senior play, we leave our good will and our faith in them to make polished actors out of unpromising hams.

(3)

To Miss Langmade, we present every blessing possible for giving all a square deal.

(4)

A copy of "Boob McNutt's Life Story" we leave to "Prof." Caulkins in the hope that he may be moved to a higher understanding of students' innocent pranks.

(5)

As a token of esteem, we leave to Miss Miller the sum of \$1000, with the understanding that it is to be a gratuitous promise which is unenforceable, for her good nature, her appreciation of youth, and any other virtues she might add.

(6)

To Miss Diment, we give the hand-engraved motto: "Spare the flunk, and spoil the child" to be hung over her mantle-piece or adorn her mirror.

(7)

The title of "Grand Old Man" we bestow on "Prof." Corbett who has always been a friend, a good counselor, and an agreeable teacher.

XVI

Lastly, we hereby appoint Coach Cave sole executor of this, our **Last Will and Testament**, and do revoke all former wills hereinbefore made by us.

In Witness Whereof, we hereunto set our hand and seal.

(Signed) CLASS OF '22,

By Francis Smith.

Prophecy

OMNIREGIO was the only name which would classify Professor Edouardo Smithio's new mode of transportation. It was no motor, sea craft, aeroplane, or any other known means of conveyance. It was just plain Omniregio. What a wonder it was! The bowels of the earth, the very elements themselves, to a beginner, appeared to have been conquered by it; hence its name Omniregio, which may be Latin for "any old place."

The Omniregio was in the same class as "Fathomless," Ed's residence and laboratory. Such daring people as Detective Anne Ashley and Poundman Frances Smith had approached that laboratory with every precaution and in the dead of night to learn its contents, but all had failed. In fact, one foolhardy reporter, Albert Murray, had been deposited on the top of Florence Williams' private hangar several miles distant, and his dignity is still shouting for smelling salts.

Well, I have just completed a big trip in Omniregio, the marvels of which I will now relate. Some six months ago, June 20, 1946, to be exact, Edouardo ethergrammed me that I might find something to my interest if I decided to blow around. I hopped into my Fisher runabout and blew, finding no excitement outside of the fact that Roberta Bush, now a cranky traffic cop, pulled me down when I tried to speed over Lodi.

I arrived O. K., and old "Ed" and Henderson McGee, his assistant, were delighted to see me. After the greetings were over, Ed pressed a button, and Omniregio stood before us. It appeared to be nothing more than an or-

inary air-Pullman. Ed laughed at my disappointed astonishment, and we entered the conveyance. We first came into a lounging room well fitted and supplied with latest periodicals, among them being the Graebe Gazette and the Uren Weekly and one of my own novels with the Gordon Wallace blazoned so conspicuously upon it that it made me blush.

From this we entered the pleasant sleeping apartments with their patent, ultra sanitary beds, the invention of my old school friend, Gardiner Duff, and from thence into the engine room to see its wonderful Kelling dynamos. At last we reached the rear porch, and I prepared to alight. But the ground was several thousand feet below me; so I desisted. Unknown to me, "Maggie" had moved back the walls of the room, started the motors, and, by the time I had reached the engine room, had us drifting along without power but nevertheless decidedly up and over the sea.

Then we started down at a tremendous rate. I gasped, seized the rail, and was just ready to jump when Ed hauled me inside and closed the door. We hit the water with scarcely a splash, went to the bottom, and had a merry ride, although careless driving nearly brought about a collision with Scott Ford and Elmer Carroll who were out trolling for clams in their Farnsworth Twelve. An interesting sight was the acres of kelp garden owned by Bart Lauffer, the Luther Burbank of the underseas.

We then came to the surface and were enjoying a pleasant cruise on the waters of Lake Tahoe when the sky

was suddenly darkened by a huge flock of planes.

"More of those pesky reporters, Maggie," said Ed. "Fool 'em."

Maggie did. We dived, not fifty feet from the shore, and headed for the bank. There was a slight shock, a grinding noise, and I wondered.

"We're under Lassen," announced Ed a little while after, "but we travel slowly this way, and we won't reach Fathomless for an hour yet. You see," he said, "huge augers bore the earth away, and it is then returned to its place in the rear. This Omniregio is a great thing."

Soon we came up in Fathomless and dismounted. As we did so, a note came fluttering through the skylight. Ed picked it up, read it, looked startled, and handed it to Maggie, who read:

"You got my plans, Ed, but you won't get by with your dirty work.
Ozro Buckman."

Then Ed hauled us into a bomb proof shelter as an aerial torpedo hurtled after the note.

"Maggie," said Ed, grimly, "prepare the Omniregio for fighting. I'll run that Buckman fellow off the face of the earth."

So I hopped into my private plane and blew home after my revolver.

In an hour we were ready to go, with plenty of Carlin ammunition and the Preston compressed air cannons in fine shape.

"Will General Durand, head of the armies, not object?" I inquired.

"Let him object and be hanged", responded Ed. "I'll take my chances with the young Omniregio."

Soon Maggie came dashing in very much excited.

"Neil Austin has just wirelessed from his mine in Mexico that Buckman and Paul Boston have a craft just like

ours and are lying in wait in South Africa for a chance to destroy us," he stated.

"To South Africa, then," directed Ed, and we were off on the big adventure.

For the time being I was quite nervous and found myself trying to become interested in a copy of Girsh's Medical Gazette, which I was holding upside down. I concentrated on an advertisement for Parker's Pills eight times before I finally became calm enough to retire.

I did not remain in retirement very long. Ed soon awoke me by the effective and vigorous expediency of a Burke anti-slumber machine.

"More news, Wally", he said. "Wallace Rohrbacher, who you know is practicing dentistry in South Africa, has just ethered me some important information. Boston and Buckman have high positions in a republic known as Aesthetic. Florence Larkey is president; George Pennebaker, secretary of state; Ruth Hands, vice-president; and Mona Jackson, secretary of the treasury. They form a sort of executive committee which is advised by their congress. Tom Quinn is head of the latter just now. They are having quite a bit of trouble with George Kroeckel who has monopolized the "movie" industry. Pete Snyder is trying to finance a rival company with Kathryn Harris and Elbert Bidwell as stars. Dorothy Rowan runs the daily paper, and Lillie Gannon is chief justice. She has just fined Hubert Minahen \$1,000,000 for being too handsome.

"For some unknown reason they are determined to ruin us. But, boy," he added, "watch our smoke!"

Soon even my inexperienced ear detected something wrong with our motor. It was not running properly; so it was decided that we had best land

near a small island and put everything in A1 shape before continuing.

We were at this time several hundred miles from India. What was our delight to find our old friend, "Sonny" Clemenson, happily married to Ardree Perry and running a sugar plantation! Fred Lonigan was his foreman and Placido Laganapan was another trusted helper.

That Marie Boren and Inez Ryant were both happily married and living on an island near by was one of the interesting facts we learned over the dinner table. They had a wonderful house, and we had the pleasure of hearing one of Robert Patterson's wireless concerts on the trombone. Lois Lacy also favored us across space with some solos on the piano. She is doing wonderfully well in the new Metropolitan Opera House.

In the living room I picked up a paper in which the advertisements for the Hubbard and Hulteen, exclusive milliners of Paris, the Burton and Boberg Art Company of New York, and the Johnson-Johnson Beauty Parlors of Palm Beach appeared. It was quite an interesting coincidence running across so many of my old schoolmates in this unexpected way.

A little later, Maggie and Ed pronouncing our conveyance in fine shape, we started off peacefully, but the calm seemed threatening, and it was. Maggie soon came in waving another wireless.

"Ella and Vivian Manuel are running a wireless station there, and this is what they say: 'Boston and Buckman have passed you and are approaching from behind with every intention of destroying you', he read. 'Beware'."

Maggie handed the wireless to me and proceeded to polish our guns and look to the ammunition.

"Our detectors would probably have

located them anyway", said Ed, "but we'll just get ready to give our friends a warm reception."

Then I jumped as one of the detectors had set up a loud buzzing. The other Omniregio was approaching from the rear and had succeeded in sprinkling our craft with a shower of torpedoes and bombs. Maggie dived down under and returned the fire. The battle raged back and forth, and then, looking through one of the re-enforced glass windows, I saw one of our opponents limping off.

It was the case of the strong bird overtaking the crippled one; that is, it was until our weak etherizer, which had given us the trouble before, again collapsed. We landed at Morocco on the coast of Africa, and our opponents fluttered to rest somewhere in the mountains. While the two mechanics were tinkering about, I strolled through the bazaars.

"Would the gentleman not like a door knob of hammered Spooner brass for his pretty draperies?" inquired a pensive voice. Its owner was none other than Marjorie Rosen, who was helping to introduce modern business methods into Africa as manager of this store. The sign read: Pool and Powell's Novelty Shop. Zeller Tobacco, a Specialty. We carry Meyers embroidery.

I saw advertisements for a great many of my old classmates who had founded a colony in the ancient city, in the Bessare Bugle which was edited by Helen McAfee and Ruth Lonsdale.

There was the "Gagen School of He-Vamping" with Bill as chief coach. Percy Dolan was president, and Gilbert Curtis was secretary of the institution. I noticed the Alford-Baker department store, the Salmon-Sayers Drug Store, the Risk, Meyers, and Oren Cafe, and Gray-Hall Hotel. The

Hughes-Humphreys-Inglis Sales Company had a full page "ad" in the paper.

Just then Maggie dashed up out of breath with the news that our opponents were rising and fleeing. With a hasty adieu I started on a run for the craft. We pursued them over the mountains across the great dry Sahara and then over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. And then that awful etherizer went bad again. We landed on the island of Madagascar, and our opponents, not seeing us come to earth, continued their swift flight.

We had landed near the sleepy town of Spearmint, and, while Ed and Maggie worked in the huge grove in which we had landed, I went out to view the sleepy scenery. The first place I struck was a gasoline station on the edge of town where Lawrence Ashley was raking the graveled walk and Hollis Morris was filling a Fisher Bi-plane. They say Al is doing quite well in the airplane business. I stopped to chat, but not for long, and then proceeded down the main street. I stopped at the Carigiet and Carlin Ice Cream Parlor for a lemonade. Eleta made a charming soda jerker, though I was very sorry that Esther was not in. I noticed several houses with signs of the Cross-Cutts Realty Company, and Wilma Davey was president of the First National Bank of which Charlotte Eckstrom was cashier. Dorothy Frazier was the mayor of the town.

By this time I was at the end of the main street; so I took a Gaia-Gallagher trolley to my starting point. Elmorene Glascock was conductor and Edith Goulette motorwoman. They were two of the most efficient travel experts I have seen. Leslie Harper had a huge finger-nail file foundry on a hill not far off. I was told he was negotiating a merger with the Holden and Jones corporation who also had a

large establishment. Margaret Laffety was found to be president and Eva Lewis vice-president of the amalgamated teeth-filling corporation. It was rumored about the island that Margaret Liesy, Alice McCaughy, and Ruth Mathews were on a tour of Europe. Bernice McArdle was conducting a party around the Mediterranean.

I reached the grove to find Ed and Maggie justly peeved, for I had kept them waiting for a long time, and the detectors had located our opponents returning in search of us. We arose and headed for Italy, with our enemy the chasers and we the be-chased.

Finally we arrived over Rome, and then Ed determined to stop and fight. We swooped, shot, glided, pierced, and had a fine time in general until a huge armoured cruiser, manned by Leslie Waggoner and John Steele, suddenly appeared, and threatening us with their huge guns, ordered us to land. We did, were hauled before an American magistrate, Madge Menking, and ordered to leave immediately, which we did, but not before I had learned that Al Trivelpiece was there collecting material for another poem and Bernice Wiley, studying music.

Georgia Smith has a vulcanizing works for the accommodation of hydroplanes on the Tiber. Robert Carr is her husband and publicity manager. Juliet Meltzer is in charge of the un-stretchable rubber department there. Carleton Williamson has a bathing beach on the river, and Lloyd Wood does the fancy diving. Gertrude Sellers is head of the Rubberneck Wagon Syndicate, and Angeline Mignacco has a monopoly on the Tiber Shellfish Industry. I also heard that Thelma Steinbeck and Margaret Steele have organized a company to manufacture street sweepers for Venice. Pearl Sumner and Lelia Taggart are heads of

the engineering and construction plants, respectively. Madeline Vitaich controls the city's ice cream industry, and Ray Stiles has invented a new stretchable spaghetti.

We waited until we saw our opponents rise in the afternoon, and then we pursued them back to Africa and across the desert. They eluded us for a time in the mountains, but wireless messages from our good friends Kathryn Miley, Margaret Wadge, and others always brought us back on the trail. We located Inez Ryant and Alva Woodford on the Sahara where they were conducting an expedition for the study of the conditions of caravan stable hands. Leslie Waggoner and Arnold Werner are heads of the Caravan Workers' Union. Vivien Webb has done quite well and is in charge of the records for the Smithsonian Institute which had its representatives, Lorraine Moran and Jean Shepherd, heading an expedition on the Sahara Desert at that time. Dwight Potter

was in charge of supplies and other matters not purely scientific.

Our pursuit took us back to the Republic of Aesthetic, and Ed decided to risk a fight over the place. It is a matter of history how the crafts fought until both were forced to land, how peace was arranged under the influence of Helen Westgate and Pauline White, how Carlton Wilcox is financing the plants for the manufacture of more Omniregios, and how Edith Yandall is the efficiency expert in charge.

You see Buckman and Boston and Ed and Maggie had worked hard on their inventions, and, when they both perfected the same thing at the same time, each thought that the other had stolen his plans. But then all is peace now; so why worry over trifles.

"Some lively class," I pondered, "that 1922 aggregation! No four corners of the little old earth have terror for them. And we used to think a few thousand miles a real trip! Things and people move, sure enough."

A Child's Fantasy

The moon was chasing stars all night
And missed them every one,
But they were swallowed up by day
Or vanquished by the sun.

The clouds were chasing sunbeams
And gamboling on the blue,
And lofty frigates, sailing by,
Were bright with sunset hue.

I wish I were a skylark, bold;
Then, flying to the moon,
I'd sing to haste the merry chase,
Or trill a happy tune.

And, when the sun arose in state,
I'd hide a little star;
And, mounting on a flying cloud,
I'd flee away—so far!

—By Delbert Miller.

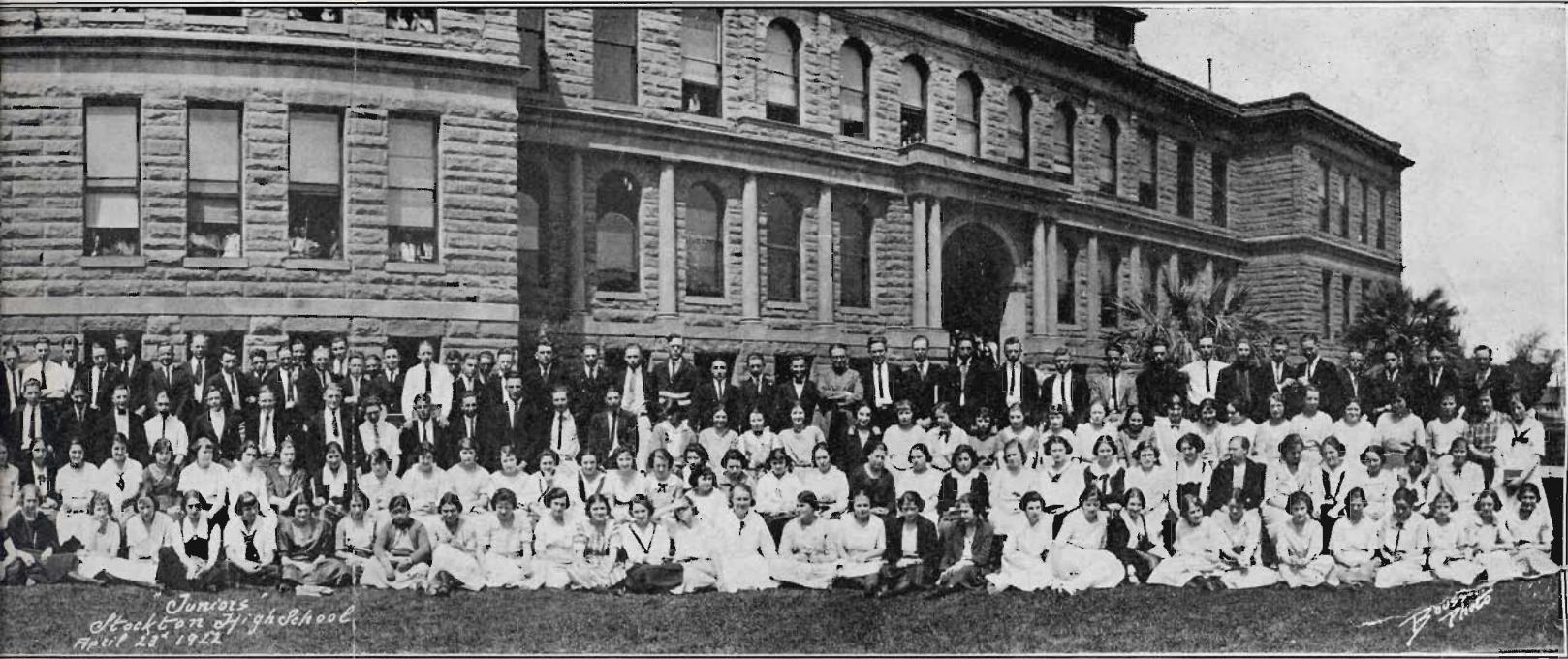
Class of 1923



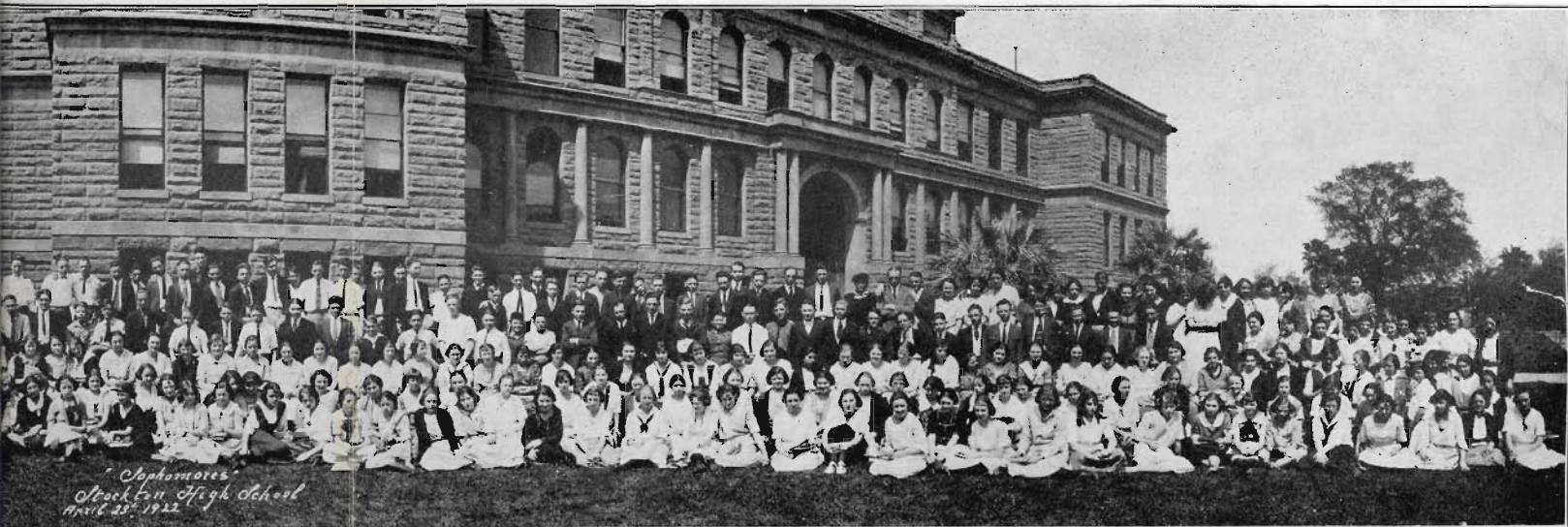
Class of 1924



Class of 1923



Class of 1924





Kenneth Culver

Junior Class



Jacquelin Johnson

Class of '23.
 When you first reached Stockton High,
 You were modest, you were shy,
 Class of '23.
 But you soon were smiling, grinning
 Ready for a fast beginning,
 Saying, Victory is only winning,
 Class of '23.
 What if luck has used you badly,
 Try to take your troubles gladly,
 Class of '23.

Never mind the breaks that cost it,
 Or the luck that might have tossed it,
 Keep on trying though you've lost it,
 Class of '23.
 Never come with old excuses,
 Learn the lesson pep produces,
 Class of '23.
 Here's the system, don't mistake it,
 If you want a Victory, take it,
 As to opposition, break it,
 Class of '23.

The freshman officers were: Edward Dunne, president; Jacquelin Johnson, vice-president; Wilbur Spurr, secretary; and Fletcher Udall, sergeant-at-arms.

The sophomores chose Tom Roberts, president; Grace Atherton, vice-presi-

dent; Tom Boggs, secretary; and Wilbert Spurr, sergeant-at-arms.

This year the juniors selected Kenneth Culver, president; Jacquelin Johnson, vice-president; Melvin Bennett, secretary-treasurer; and Eric Krenz, sargeant-at-arms.



Edward Libhart

Sophomore Class



Beth Doane

A solid foundation was laid by the class of '24 when it noisily entered old S. H. S. with an aggregation five hundred strong. They tried to make a name for themselves when they gathered in the study hall to choose their leaders. The presence of "Pop" Garrison was needed to prevent illegal balloting. When the task was finished, Tom Sloan was the president; Dorothy Dunne, vice-president; Harold White,

secretary; Walter Meyers, treasurer; and John Hodgkins, sergeant-at-arms.

In their first year the class succeeded in sending a few men into the sport kingdom.

When the class re-entered last fall, Ed Libhart was made the leader; Beth Doane, vice-president; Robert Morris, secretary and treasurer; and Robert Youngblood, sergeant-at-arms.

This year the class won third place in the interclass field meet and fourth place in the cross-country run. They were victors over the seniors in interclass baseball, but were defeated by the juniors. In the Scholarship Society, Thelma West, Margaret Manuel,

Helen Parker, and Alberta Reibenstein held the highest honors.

The class has never hesitated about entering any school activity, and this is a really good spirit to carry over into successful junior and senior years.



Donald Carr



Alberta Horan

Freshmen Class

Deer Paw and Maw:

Just thot that you mite like to no that four hundred and fifty-nine of us arived here last September alrite. It seems strange, maw, but do you know everybody new us the first day we got hear. They called us mean names, such as, 'Frosh', 'Greenhorns', and 'Freshies'. Well, after we got to know everyone, the sofmores and sinners told us that we ought to get a few offisers. So one nite when school had been let out, a bunch of us came together in the study hall, and guided by a big fellar, Wallace Rohrbacher, we desided that we wanted Don Carr, president; Alberta Horan, vice-president; Jack Eccleston, secretary; Jimmy Whitmore, treasurer; and Osborne Bigelow, sargunt-at-arms. The upper

classmen said in their weakly paper that we made "a lot of noise, raket, and confusion."

We thot we'd be victors in baceball, but the junors beat us before we got started. Anyway we wun second place in the cross cuntry run.

A couple of us gained speshul laurels. Merle Harper takkled football; Betty Coffin acted swell in drematics; and Olive Morris, Ruth Fitch and Ruth Ferguson chose leadership of the class in the Scholarship Sassity.

So you can see that we really have been bizzy all the while and you just wate until next year. Then the whole class will shine britely.

Your sun and doughter,

Class of '25



Class of 1922



Honor Scholarship



Class of 1925



Honor Scholarship Society

