



HARRY BERG
PRESIDENT

BETTY VIEBROCK
VICE PRESIDENT

STAFFORD WILDE
SECRETARY

PAUL HARRISON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Junior History

It was in Ned's room of the Delta Sigma Fraternity house that the fellows were to have their stag session that evening. Ned was lounging in the big arm chair, smoking his old pipe, as Jack, who was the first to arrive, strolled in. He gave Ned a friendly greeting, stretched himself before the fire, and then reflecting slowly, half sadly, he said,

"Say, Ned old boy, do you remember S. H. S.?"

"Do I? How could I forget it?" Ned retorted.

"Well, you know, I've been thinking a great deal about it lately. Gosh! those were the good old days."

"Remember Emmitt Johnson? We kids elected him president; Laura Jane Flint, vice-president; Joe Peters, secretary-treasurer; and Walter Deering, sergeant-at-arms."

"Heck, yes! and we won the freshman-sophomore oratorical contest, too, if I ain't mistaken."

"You bet you're not. Then the next year Emmitt Johnson was president again, and Evelyn Jones was vice with Huntly Haight handling the money and books and Harry Webster trying to keep the peace."

"Man! we sure showed up in athletics that year, too. Think! Five men on the football team, five men in basketball, and four on the swimming team. Say, wasn't that Harry

Berg a wonder? He sure was a whiz at basketball."

"And just put this under your cap. We won the freshman-sophomore oratorical contest in our second year, too."

"You bet, and we sure busted into society when we gave that keen sophomore 'hop'."

"Gosh! that man Berg sure was a wonder. If I remember right, he was elected junior president."

"You said it, old timer, and Betty Viebrock was made vice-president; Paul Harrison, secretary-treasurer; and Stafford Wilde, sergeant-at-arms."

"Yea! and the women wore purple sweat shirts with a gold J. C. for our class."

"Wait a minute. Here! Pipe the cap we wore, this purple thing with the gold trimmings. Right in style then, eh?"

"But remember the classy junior-senior prom we gave the class of '25? Gosh, those sure were the keen days; weren't they? It makes me homesick."

"Me, too! Gosh, here we are seniors, ready to graduate and all thanks is due to that old High and the class of '26, the best——."

Before Ned could finish, fellows flocked in, and midst shouts and laughter the pleasant memories of the class of '26 faded into the atmosphere.



Sophomore History

Reporter—Hello! Hello? Operator? Give me Stockton 1927—Yes, 19-27—No! 1-9-2-7. Thank you.

Answer—Hello!

Reporter—Hello, get Jordon on the 'phone, please. Hello, Jordon?

Jordon—Yes.

Reporter—Well, I've finally got that story for you, and it's a peach. Took a long time to round it up, but we've got the scoop on the other papers.

Jordon—Fine. Tell it.

Reporter—Think it's safe? All right; here goes. It seems that this great class which is now called sophomore, entered Stockton High School in '23 as freshmen. Of course they were kind of green, but they did things up right and elected Mervin Garibotto president; Georgia Manuel, vice-president; Clara Catherine Hudson, secretary-treasurer; and Mervyn Littlefield, sergeant-at-arms. They sure did some clever things that year, but gee! I can't begin to tell you over the 'phone.

Jordon—Well, go on with the story.

Reporter—All right. Then the next year they came back to S. H. S. all ready to succeed, and did they?

Well, I should say. Right off the bat they got together and elected their leaders. Elizabeth Blackmun was president (mind you a woman leader); J. Henry Smith, vice-president; Helen Thornton, secretary-treasurer; and Jack Eagal, sergeant-at-arms. Gosh! I'm all outa breath.

Jordon—Go on.

Reporter—All right. Then they adopted a constitution and provided class belts. Say, and they made some wonderful records in athletics and scholarship, and gosh! they brought home some flying colors to S. H. S. when they won in sophomore debating. But listen. To top this all off, they gave a play "The Charm School" that sure went over big, let me tell you.

Then a boy had to come on the scene. Norris Rebholtz, who was elected president for the remainder of the year. This is what the class of '27 did.

Jordon—Great Scott! that class's a wonder; we'll run this story now. But wait till they're seniors; we ought to get a big one then.

Reporter—Yeh! no foolin'; they're a great bunch. Goodbye, Jordon.

Jordon—Goodbye.



11-A JUNIOR CLASS



11-B JUNIOR CLASS



EXECUTIVE



COMMITTEE





10-A SOPHOMORE CLASS



10-B SOPHOMORE CLASS

A SCIENTIST, A POET

*A scientist's a poet—this I know:
He feeds on visions, wonders yet
to be.
No labor daunts him, naught is hard
or slow
If in the task he glimpses a chance
to free
Man's bondage to the stupid and the
low:
A scientist doth this, and poets all
do so.
A scientist's a poet sure, I know.*

BUTTERFLIES ARE PRETTY THINGS

*Butterflies are pretty things
With the finest stuff for wings!
Thin as gauze and soft as down!
Colors from a rainbow's gown!
Painted patterns traced and etched,
Dainty drawn and slightly sketched,
Faintly rousing memories
Of unborn paintings no one sees.*

*Gods of morning oft arise
Bathe in dew their shining eyes
Just to gaze at butterflies!*

*And many a moody flower bows
To kiss their lips and make them
vows,
But no one fashions for them hives.
(For butterflies have such short lives)
A palace where to bring their sweets,
And spread their perfumed nectar
feasts—
A hive to live in—fold their wings:
But butterflies are pretty things!*

—B. MYRTIS COFFIN.



12-B SENIOR CLASS



9-B FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman History

*Funny Greeny Adourns S. H. S.
Find out Their Freshman*

Good Little Kids After All

There come to S. H. S. last September 1924 some kidlets which had gradated from grammar school in kiddy kars, tricycles, and scooters. It is whispered that they maid it miserable for those big fellers what wanted piece around hear but later on getting more collected to the circumstances they wasn't considered such a pest.

Huge Assemblage of Students

*George Crane Animously Elected
In Big Room*

A couple or so weks after the Freshman got here we decided to have a little nomnating party in the mane study wich is in the Acdamic building and wich is used for study perposes and pick our leader.

It aint nesary to say George Crane won, cause that's in the headlines but we also have a few more celbrities wich are Vice-Pres. Charlotte Keller, Secretary-Tresure George Sievers, and Sarjent of Arms Elwood Ritz, who had an offel time giving his recieving speech wich was very good and wich was given in standing posture.

Girls Get Purty Scarred

Have Resepshun in Jim

Lots of Fun Had By All

Who says Freshman aint pretty popular? is what weed like to know. Anyway wether or not we want to

print that their was a little party for the freshmen girls wich they seamed to enjoy and wich made 'em kinder fritened to say the least.

New Kiddas Com

From Far and Near

Greener'n Us

A little after Santa Claus time we come to school and come to find out their had come some more freshman to join our class wich had come from other verius and sondry grammar schools.

We delited in seaing them and Welkumed 'em in ourmist even tho' they were grener'n us.

Freshman Feel Skylike

Hard Braney Question at Steak

Blew is how we kinda feel today cause theirs kinda a mix-up somewhere, anyway what officers their is in our class don't know waht they are, some even thinkin' there somethin' else and lots of 'em thinkin' nothing. So what shall we do is what we cries, and hopin' someone'll here, maybe takin' pity on us and helpin' us out such as a uperclassman or women, we ain't much pertilear.

*Freshman and Freshweomin Weap
Kopyus Amounce Of Tiers As they
Leeve Hawls*

That Freshman ain't got no feeling is a lot of balogna cause with the end of the term, wich is in June and wich makes most people feel glad but wich makes us feel sad, the first yearers left in a very bleu stait.



EAST VIEW OF THE CAMPUS