

Maria P. ...

LITERARY

The Deserter

(First Prize Story)



HE restless water of the mad sea whipped the salty air, rushed shrieking up to jagged heights, and snapped viciously at the low black sky. The whole ocean heaved and sank drunkenly in sluggish rhythm with the insane turmoil on its surface. A high, dim moon skirted above the knotty clouds, peering now and then through a small break, and hurrying on as if frightened.

On the heaving surface of this deep, black graveyard, a ship wallowed and gasped, gulping from each wave as it passed and groaning as it drank to death's health. The racing water licked all decks clean, lashed loose the railings, and gushed down open hatches, gurgling its evil intentions as it went.

All passengers and the crew went below until the captain should order them to the life-boats—if he would. The captain hugged tightly a rope ladder near the pilot's cabin and shivered. He was wet and cold, but the shivering was mostly from fear. The lifeboats would probably sink if sent out, he thought; and, besides, there were not enough to hold all.

The ship tossed about helplessly, wallowed in the watery canyons, and gave up the fight. Her sides vibrated with muffled screams of the hysterical living mass within. They were wild with fear. In the midst of the scuffle and din the lights went out, and the entrapped men and women reverted to animals, howling and clawing, nails tearing flesh, until their death's serenade was raised to a hoarse formless bawl, like that of terrified cattle. The air inside was compressed and hot with the screams of the insane mob. The pressing sea squirted icy sprays of water through the cracks to hint of what was coming—water so cold and shiny that, like steel, it burned and maddened the eyes that saw it. It rose around stampeding feet and muffled the noise to a mucky clump.

The captain heard, and shivered more. No, the boats could not hold all. He went to one and lowered it with difficulty. He clung for an instant to the edge of the ship, but loosed his hold and fell into the lifeboat, repelled by a louder outburst from below. The water must be up to their waists by now, he thought. The small boat was torn away from the side of the ship, and the hoarse cries were dissolved in the ocean.

For hours the captain bailed the water from the frail craft, his arms aching and stiff. At times the little boat was faced by high walls of water, and again it shot down boiling inclines. Morning came, with it a calm sea. The now sober waves tripped restlessly over the sea as if troubled by a death-laden conscience. They mounted in small silver tombstones, blushed gray, and broke. All the air seemed tense and rank as it charged with the bloody-tipped fingers of the waves with their own foul, evil spirit.

The captain woke from a sleep of exhaustion when his boat was jerked and grounded on a sloping sandy shore. He sat up startled and called for the first mate. Then he remembered. The first mate was at the bottom of the sea with all the others. He wondered if they were still screaming.

He was on the edge of an island, where, he did not know. It was a large island, and there were trees growing some distance away. The ocean's waves beat the island's dirty shore, foamed yellowish gray, and drew back. A buzzard glided low over the ground, rocking from side to side, and blinking sleepily. It looked well fed.

The captain was startled from his observations by the appearance of a white man, unusually white he was—in spots. He was quite an old man and walked stiffly as if paralyzed. He blinked his eyes like the buzzard, but did not, like the buzzard, look well fed. His face and hands, his long, discolored neck were dried and sinewy like dried meat, which, in truth, it really was; for there was no tint of blood in his skin—only the patchy white and grey. He spoke English, but appeared to have forgotten much. The captain told him of the ship, of the storm, and his escape, but not of the voices. The man listened unconcerned to the tale, and without answering the captain's question as to where he was, started up a trail motioning the other to follow.

After some time, during which the man looked back often, blinked unceasingly, scratched his arms, and rubbed his head, they came to a row of small huts lining each side of dirt road which led to some larger buildings behind palm trees. They stopped at the huts, and the guide spoke in a strange language to a small group gathered there. The captain noticed that they were of all races and wondered at it. They were all rather sickly and listless looking.

As the white man talked to them, they began to look as if an idea had come to them vaguely, as if all ideas came to them vaguely, in fact. Then the speaker turned.

"My friends," he said, and stepped back.

They took his hand one by one, shook it with an artificial zest, and dropped it to his side, as if they were done with it. The captain wondered why they all squeezed his hand so tight, and why they stared at him so. Some stifled a smile as they finished the handshake and looked at their own hands as if to say, "We fooled him."

The captain was uneasy now. He knew they had done something to him, but what?

The handshake was over, the captain was pale. The other man stepped forward, his blinking, white face sterner than before, and said. "You deserted your ship, but you will never desert this island.—We are lepers."

James McDonald.

The Monster

(Second Prize Story)



HE doctor's launch was just leaving the customs dock at Yokohama. The reason for this could be seen in the presence of the steamer Western, just coming to anchor. Oh no, the doctor's launch didn't always get under way before the big boats had even stopped their engines. But the Western was from the United States. You had to give those Americans what they were used to—fast service and plenty of it—or off they would go to see what their Ambassador could do about it.

Old Dr. Ward did not, as a rule, move rapidly. A lifetime spent in Japan had taken a good deal of his American zest and vitality, and the fact that it was the middle of summer did not supply more. When the doctor's launch came alongside, he leisurely climbed the gangway and went about his routine duties. If all ships were as free from disease as these American boats, what an easy round the duties would be! But there, just coming through the channel, was a dirty little packet from India. That was a real job before him.

Only one more passenger to examine, a pleasant looking fellow of twenty-eight. A Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from his watch chain marked him as a fellow scholar. As Dr. Ward was finishing his examination, the young man spoke. "Pardon me, but I am looking for a Dr. Ward, one of the doctors here at port. Do you, by chance, know him?"

Dr. Ward smiled. "You're speaking to him at this moment. What is it you wish?"

"Why—I have a letter to you from your son, Bud."

Dr. Ward took it and read it. The bearer, Dr. Carroll, it seemed, was a friend of his son. He had been taking graduate work when Bud entered Johns Hopkins as a freshman. They had become friends; so Bud wished his father to help Dr. Carroll get settled in his new work.

"Why, certainly, I'll be glad to help you," said the doctor, folding up the letter and putting it back in the envelope. "I am sorry I can't see you through the customs, but I have considerable work ahead of me. However, I will be there to meet you when you land."

With this Dr. Ward went off to his launch and the dirty little packet from India.

During the drive from the dock to his apartment, Dr. Ward inquired of his new friend what he intended to do.

Dr. Carroll answered, "I have a position in the missionary hospital at Fuchiu."

"I see; you are a medical missionary then. Well you have a great work ahead of you. There is need for hundreds of doctors in Japan but no prospect of getting them soon. Each new one makes it just that much easier, though."

"I realize that, Dr. Ward, very clearly. That is why I am here, to get into an unlimited field of work, to spend my life in the prevention of suffering."

They were soon in the apartment and making themselves comfortable.

"I suppose, then, you are eager to get out and see this place where you intend to spend your time in the future."

"Yes, I was thinking of going out tonight if possible. I am to start work tomorrow."

"Well if that is so, I will be glad to drive you out; it is only a matter of an hour's ride."

"I shouldn't want to put you to any trouble, Dr. Ward."

"No trouble at all. You see, that is the advantage of being a port doctor; no calls at all hours of the night. I have nothing else to do and will be glad of the ride myself. Let's see; it is a quarter after five now. We had better start at once so we may get there in time for dinner."

The sun was just going down behind the hills as they left the city streets behind and turned into the country. The day had been hot and sultry, and now as the sun was going down there should have sprung up the usual breeze—but it did not come. Instead the air became almost stifling, and the only relief was the wind caused by the movement of the machine.

Dr. Ward Settled down to the drive ahead of him and opened the conversation by pointing out an earthquake fissure running at a diagonal to the road. "That was caused by one of the worst earthquakes Japan has ever had."

"How about the earthquakes, Dr. Ward? Are they really very serious here, and do they come very often?"

"Well, it doesn't pay to worry about them. I've been here most of my life and seen some narrow escapes, but I'm still here and hope to be for the rest of the year."

"You are intending to leave the service then soon?"

"Yes, I am retiring and going back to the good old U. S. A. next June. You know, of course, that Bud gets his M. D. then. I wouldn't miss that for the world."

Dr. Ward looked up at the sky. Dark clouds were fast blotting out the stars. It didn't seem to be cooling off very much.

Dr. Carroll asked, "Do not earthquakes occur generally on hot sultry days such as this?"

Dr. Ward gave a nervous laugh and answered, "It seems that way sometimes, but it is not always so. There is nothing to worry about; we have not had one for a long time now."

They drove on in silence; it was too warm to talk.

Finally the lights of Fuchiu could be seen in the distance. They entered the town and drove down the main cross street; they had to stop for traffic. Dr. Carroll noticed the bank building across the sidewalk. It reminded him of the bank at home—quite modern in every respect.

Suddenly a low rumble could be heard—a slight tremble. Then it seemed the whole earth was shaking to pieces. A wall of brick towering above them—a crash and darkness.

Bud heard the terrible news three weeks later—how his father had gone out to Fuchiu with his friend Carroll, and been caught in the earthquake. His father's personal effects were being sent to him. His apartment had not been disturbed by the earthquake.

Bud thought of that letter. If he had only not written it.

Robert Koch



The Hearth Fire

(First Prize Essay)



O SIT by an open fire—a hearth fire—and dream—that is happiness. To idly watch the flames leap and dance on the great charred log, and listen to its pleasant, crackling sound—that is comfort. To let it enchant you—carry you back to the land where dreams are life, and life itself but a dream—what more could one ask for the hour or so in the evening that one can afford to spend in idleness? Idleness? Yes, but such a joyous sort of idleness it is—a hope for the young, a memory to the old, and to all a lovely mellow dream picture of life. And the stories the bright flames tell are as many and as different as the coals on the hearth, or as the ashes they leave.

If you are a child, you will probably sit down on the warm rug before the fire. Perhaps you will take a book with you, a fairy-story book, but you will only begin to read it—for what book could hold such wonderful tales as those told by the hearth fire? Every leaping flame is a golden sprite, whose home is in the livid hollows of molten fire. Give the log a little kick, and you will see thousands of tiny spark-fairies flying out of their homes. Most of them will fly up the chimney and disappear forever, but a few will light on the black soot on the back of the fireplace and here and there play fairy games until at last, as if by magic, they vanish one by one. And soon, if you really are a little child, you will fall asleep, and the fairies of the hearth fire will weave themselves into your dreams.

But if you are a little older, with all the happiness and sorrows of life lying ahead of you, yours will not be pictures of childhood's fairies, but the visions, the hopes, and the dreams of youth. You will look into the glowing coals, into the rose and gold lights deep down in the heart of the fire, where the tiny transparent tips of flame change ever from here to there. Your thoughts will be as vivid, as changing as the flames. All that life and love hold for you, you will seem to know in the brief instant that you sit before the fire. Ah, yes; it is for youth that visions are made.

But if you are old—if you have lived—then it is perhaps, that the fullest meaning of all is held for you there in the firelight. You will look into the blue and the beautiful iridescent green flames, and remember—for these are the flames of memory, of lost hopes, and long-dead aspirations. But they are also the flames that will throw their soft glow upon deeds long since done, history long since past—and they will so enchant your sight that only the pleasantest of thoughts and remembrances of your life will creep into that quiet hour.

So come, and sit before the hearth fire. For there's a magic in the flames, an enchantment in the rosy coals that will overcome you with its drugging beauty, that will let you watch your fairies, see your visions, or live again in your world of memories, and that will carry you back on the wings of the mellow firelight to the land of magic and dreams.

Louise K. Noack



Old Pals



HAT half forgotten experience and secrets could these old shoes lying forgotten on the closet shelf, unfold? For a full summer and a small part of the autumn these were George's faithful companions, never once grudging their various duties, but happily scuffing along a dusty lane with their master and his dog. Now they lie upon the shelf, dusty, torn and cracked, living in their pleasant memories of forgotten days.

How they must have enjoyed the holidays and summer vacations when they went climbing up the oaks with their master! Perhaps it was in pursuit of a kitten, or perhaps it was to throw green oak balls on the heads of unsuspecting playmates. Again they went scampering over the meadows where they helped to find hidden treasures, dear to their master's heart. How they must have enjoyed watching, from their perch on a bank, little George wading in a creek!

The schoolroom was probably not as inviting as the great out-of-doors, and they went shuffling into school with a step a little slow, for lessons are not so interesting as skating or fishing or bounding after a dog. But they were faithful pals and waited until George had learned all of his lessons. Then with a mighty leap they left the teachers and blackboards far behind as they made their way to the fascinating school of nature.

—Margaret Bishop, Author and Illustrator

The Water Lily

(First Prize Poem)

Each morning as I early pass
A shallow sapphire lake,
I fondly watch amid the grass
The water flowers awake.

And oft' I lie upon the bank
When I am tired, and see
A water lily on the waves
That opens up to me.

I've seen it at the eventide
When all the clouds were flushed;
I've watched it on the billows ride
When singing birds were hushed.

But oh, were I a peri
And could slumber in its hold,
Or could be some light-winged fairy
On its pollen throne of gold,

Within its pink-walled chamber
I could live and there could sail
On the water's moving surface
Blown by gentle fairy gale.

Nay, this is but a fancy,
And the dream can never be
That I should sail a lily-ship
Upon a sparkling sea.

For I am not a peri,
And must travel far beyond
And bid aside the fairy
That within me waves a wand.

Inez MacNiel

A Nature Mood

(Honorable Mention)

Bleak was the day —
Dark and cold,
Gone was the sun—
Sad and old,
Harsh were the winds—
Stern and bold,
Cowering the hearts of men.

A moment of pause—
Clear and still,
The cruel winds hushed—
Once so shrill,
Great clouds divide—
Gray and chill,
Showing gold of parting day.

Margaret Bishop

Man's Cycle

Dawn is the rise of the sun.
Its sprinkle on rivers and streams;
Dawn is the twin of youth
With his treasure of priceless dreams.
Noon is the sun in mid-heaven,
Its rays falling equal on all;
Noon is the time of full manhood,
Everyone answering his call.
Dusk is the hour of the aged
When they reap the far harvest they sow.

Mildred Muller

Laughing Feet

Laughing feet; yes, laughing feet,
Running, dancing down the street,
Pitter, patter, do you hear?
Laughing feet so small and dear
That I wonder if they're true.
Laughing feet—oh, lost, a shoe!

Laughing feet, your patter sounds
Like a fawn's o'er timid bounds—
Like the falling drops of rain—
Like the rustling fields of cane
Sugar laden but not so sweet
As your patter, Laughing Feet.

Virgil Belew

The Humming Bird

With book and with dreams will I wander,
Down here where with laughing glee
The merry brook tumbles and splashes
On its way to the deep, blue sea.

I'll rest and I'll dream in quiet,
Undisturbed by the noises far heard,
While I watch with dreamy pleasure
My friend, the bright humming bird.

He is small and gay and busy,
Me, he watches with wary eye,
As he flits from flower to flower
Beneath the summer sky.

He is drinking deep of the nectar,
That is found in each dainty cup
Of blue bell, violet, and aster,
And pert, little Johnny-jump-up.

Then home will he haste to the birdies,
All snug and warm and fine,
In the queer, little, wind-swung cradle
In my own honey-suckle vine.

Margaret Camp



"GYMIES!"



WATER NYMPHS



TWINKLE--
AND--



JUST JOE



G AND T DISPLAY



THE SHAVED



CUT UPS



TACKY TOMBOYS
E.V.F.



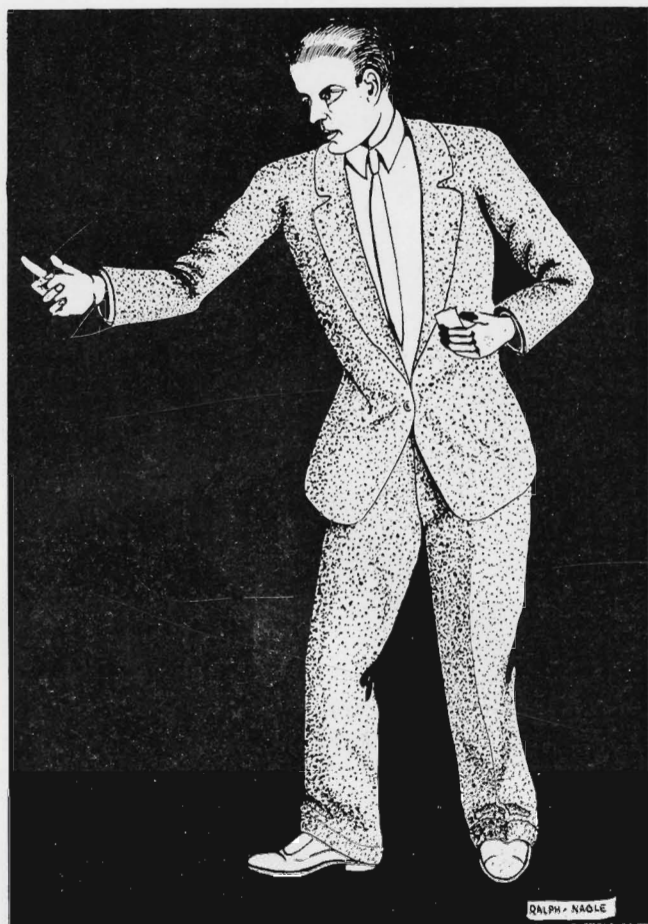
TEE-HEE



PLAY BALL
G.M.C.



*ORATORY, GIFT SUPREME,
MADE OUR COUNTRY MORE THAN DREAM*



ORATORY

DEBATERS



MISS H.U. HOWELL



LUCY RITTER



VANCE PORLIER



MR. B.H. LEWIS



CARL PAGE



LOUIS BENGUEREL



FRANCES FOGARTY



HUNTLY HAIGHT



MERVIN GARIBOTTO

National Forensic League

The National Forensic League, a national organization for the purpose of advancing debating, oratory, extemporaneous speaking and declamation work, has recently established a chapter in Stockton High School. This league, of which there are more than one hundred chapters in the United States, was originally fostered by Pi Kappa Delta, a national honorary forensic fraternity for colleges, but it has recently grown strong enough to support itself.

The local chapter of the National Forensic League numbers 83 and has as its officers Vance Porlier, president, and Lucy Ritter, secretary. Its active members are: Huntly Haight, Louis Benguerel, Frances Fogarty, Carl Page, Lucy Ritter, and Vance Porlier, with three inactive members: Ernest Lonsdale, Clifton Frisbie, and Ed Fang. This chapter is the third in California.

It is a great honor to become a member of this society, for its members must have both recognized scholastic standing and good character. Four honor degrees are given in the order named: degrees of merit, honor, excellence, and distinction. Two league debaters, Vance Porlier and Louis Benguerel, have won both merit and honor degrees, and Clifton Frisbie, now an inactive member has won all four. One degree is given to the student for each debate in which he is a victorious participant.

This society, states Coach Ben H. Lewis, has, besides fostering whole-hearted interest in Stockton High School debating and allied activities, accomplished a great deal during the past year, for the students do things for the National Forensic League rather than for the teacher. It has, therefore developed and stimulated the desire for self-direction.

Public Speaking Class

With much enthusiasm and spirited contesting for first places, the public speaking class started the school term, and this auspicious beginning eventually gained the class the name of being one of the best and most pleasant classes Stockton High School has ever had. From the first to the last of the year this spirit never waned but grew ever greater.

Early in the term Miss Minerva Howell, the instructor, warned the boys to be careful, or the five girls would win all the honors; she predicted a hard stirring battle for the boys. And so it proved to be. Every girl of the original five, Jean Williams, Arline Whipple, Lucy Ritter, Marion Littlefield, Nadine Lubosch, and Margaret Bishop, as well as Clara Catherine Hudson, who later joined, has taken a prominent part during the year.

Some of the most outstanding activities of the class were: their first public appearance in presenting the students' desires to the high school P. T. A., entertaining many children in the public library story hour, winning second place in the Extemporaneous Contest through Lucy Ritter, and Clarence Bush, who were graduating, and later staging another banquet in honor of their instructor, Miss Howell; taking a prominent part by voicing the interests of the English Department at Open House Night; and participating in the Oratorical Contest (it was not known at the time of printing whether or not a place was won).

This year was one of the busiest years experienced by the public speaking class, a year marked, as predicted, by the girls easily keeping pace with the boys and sometimes outmatching them.





Debating Class

Foreword



THE 1926 debating record illustrates the great part which the spoken word is taking in the English work of Stockton High School. Not only did Stockton High School tie with Sacramento for second place in the Central California Public Speaking League, but thirty-five debate challenges were sent out to schools throughout the state, and three debates were held with the College of Pacific. The record of the sophomores rivals that of the league debaters.

The debating class was one of the largest the school has had, having an enrollment of twenty, of which six were girls. The class held a dual debate with Manteca and a single debate with the College of Pacific on the question, Resolved: "That the Prohibition Amendment Has Been Beneficial to the United States." But perhaps the most important event in the history of debating at Stockton High School in 1926 was the establishment of a chapter of the National Forensic League, a high school honorary forensic society, which is organized similarly to Pi Kappa Delta of colleges and universities. These achievements cannot fail to establish for Stockton High School a fine reputation in the field of the spoken word.

League Debaters

Four victories and two defeats were the record made this year by the varsity debating teams, an accomplishment which enabled Stockton to tie with Sacramento for second place in the debating league. Dual debates were held upon each question.

The Stockton affirmative team, Vance Porlier and Huntly Haight, won a three to nothing victory over Linden on the question—"Resolved: That the Participation Requirements For All C. I. F. Contests Be Raised to Require a Student to Pass in All Subjects." The negative team, Merven Garibotto and Mervyn Littlefield, lost by a two to one decision to Modesto upon this same question.

In the second debate a three to nothing victory was won by the affirmative team, Louis Benguerel and Al Caplan, who debated Manteca. The negative team, Harry Berg and Merven Garibotto, lost by a three to nothing decision in a debate against Escalon on the question, "Resolved: That the Child Labor Amendment Should Be Adopted."

A two to one decision was won over Placerville by the affirmative team of Carl Page and Vance Porlier in the third debate on "Resolved: That the United States Should Enter the World Court With the Swanson Reservation." Stockton's negative team, Louis Benguerel and Frances Fogerty, also won a two to one victory over Sacramento upon this question.

Although Stockton did not win first place in the league, she made a very creditable showing, and, had the teams made a better start in the early league debates, Stockton might have carried off the silver cup with honors.



Sophomore Debaters

Extemporaneous Contest



FOR the first time in the history of the Central California Public Speaking League, a girl won a pin in an extemporaneous speaking contest. Lucy Ritter, a member of the public speaking class, brought honor to herself and Stockton High School on January 22 when she won second place and a silver pin for her speech on "Woodrow Wilson, the Misunderstood Hero," at the extemporaneous contest held at Turlock. The first place was taken by Victor Burns of Sacramento, who being a boy, possessed that power of voice which the best of girl speakers lack. In enunciation and poise Lucy excelled by far many of the other contestants. Her diction, style, well finished sentences, and personality combined enabled her to defeat the representatives from six other schools.

A gold pin and a silver pin were awarded the two prize winners, while honorable mention went to Frank Goyan of Placerville who spoke on "Juvenile Reform." The eight schools represented were: Stockton, Sacramento, Fresno, Modesto, Placerville, Escalon, and Turlock.

A burlesque on "Romeo and Juliet" was presented as a stunt by the members of the public speaking and debating classes. Clever stunts were also staged by Sacramento and Modesto High Schools. Professors Watkins and Whitehead of the Public Speaking Department of the University of California and Professor Davis of Stanford University acted as judges.

Post-League Debates

The arrangement for post-league debates gave Stockton High School an extensive debate schedule. Five judges' decisions out of six were the results of the first dual post-league debate held here with Lowell High School, San Francisco, on the question, Resolved: "That the United States Should Enter the World Court With the Swanson Reservations." Vance Porlier and Carl Page, upholding the affirmative, won a decision of three to nothing, and Frances Fogerty and Willard Clark on the negative won two to one. Two other dual debates were held with Turlock and Fresno of which the decisions were unknown when the Annual went to press. The Turlock debate was on the World Court question, while the Fresno one was on, Resolved: That the Military Forces of the United States Should Be Placed Under a Single Cabinet Department With Sub-Departments for Land, Air, and Water.

Sophomore Debating

Four out of six judges' decisions, which were won by the sophomores, proved that they possessed ability as debaters. Laurienne McLeish and Mary Lou White represented the class here, winning three to nothing against Turlock on the question: Resolved: "That the Honor System Should Be Adopted." Margaret Spooner and Leonard Glover lost on the same question at Escalon with a decision of two to one. The sophomores made such a good record that the coaches, Miss Manske and Mr. Weber, feel confident that these students will aid greatly in varsity debating in the future.