



--Bill Fitch

12-B History

THREE and a half years ago this June marks the beginning of the voyage of the good ship "Be Seniors". More than two hundred loyal subjects of Port Elementary were on deck to take their new jobs. Most of the gobs were given jobs at polishing brass, mending sails, and scrubbing decks. A few of the more promising tars were allowed to serve as cabin boys for Captain Ellis, and for Purser Robbins, who has long been associated with the disciplinary force on the ship. The time for promotions finally rolled around (the sea was terribly rough) and the Captain called for an inspection. The Admiral was the visiting officer of the day and had the honor bestowed on him of promoting all enlisted men. However, some lowly scrub left a bar of soap on the deck and the Admiral slid down an open hatchway. Consequently, due to his lameness and bruises, the honorable officer could not reach the end of the long line and a few of the tars had to continue with their old tasks.

In September the officers found out that the crew knew too little about the technique of being good sailors, so they suggested reading Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep." The ship weathered all storms, but the conceited tars bribed the cook into giving them oversized rations. The captain decided to over-haul the ship while they were taking on supplies, so a vacation of two months was granted.

Contrary to expectations, the rest proved a benefit to the crew. The fact that they were junior officers was probably the reason for their good workmanship. After a six months' voyage to South America the ship set sail for a year's cruise. Port Stockton via the Straits of Magellan and the Pacific coast is the destination of the ship. Providing too many of the crew do not desert at Buenos Aires to visit the beautiful belles there, the ship should arrive in Stockton the last day of January of 1931.



12-B Seniors



11-A Juniors

Junior Class History

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a den, otherwise known as the Stockton High School. And, behold, I saw a band of Pilgrims, heavy laden with books and lunch boxes, start out on the long journey through High School. Although hardly to be recognized, this was the class of nineteen-thirty-one. This class made great resolutions to leave all other classes behind and make a triumphant journey through S. H. S.

Now, I saw, upon a time, near to the sunny month of June, when the pupils were walking toward the school, that they were reading from their books, and were greatly distressed in their minds; as they read, some burst forth saying: "Oh, how shall we ever get through with these finals?" When the examinations had been safely passed, and those few who chose to remain behind were left, the class was directed thus: "Do you see yonder great building? That is the Stockton High School. Go up directly thereto, and it shall be told you what to do by your great predecessors, the Juniors and Seniors."



11-B Juniors

Then I saw that, in September, the class again appeared, their faces shining, at this edifice, and they were directed by the learned Juniors, who kindly informed them that the kindergarten was in the basement. In spite of their unfriendly reception, the class commenced, with newly-made resolutions, the work of the Sophomore year. As Sophs they worked hard, oh, ever so hard and achieved—oh, well, never mind what they achieved. Girls took Home Economics and wished that they had done so ages before. These youngsters now heard that persistence and doggedness were necessary in order to get good results. Hard hearted seniors dropped the hint that "Hard work is the common coin in the realm of Success". These soph babes took heed, and then decided to do something about it. Grade time approached.

These Pilgrims progressed splendidly till they found themselves slipping into the Slough of Despond, better known as the Mire of Marks, whose shape at the bottom is zero. But the class took heed in time and the pupils escaped, fewer in number, and immensely wiser. But the Juniors could not be corrupted and they struggled bravely onward. And now, far ahead, through the long vistas of lessons, and among the laurels to be heaped upon their brows, are dimly seen the lights of the City Celestial, the sheep skins, waiting to be received by the illustrious class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-One.



10-A Sophomores



10-A Sophomores



10-B Sophomores

Ship Ahoy

IN the year of 1928, the ship, "Adventures in Learning", sailed from port carrying four hundred and eighty-four passengers. These passengers, otherwise known as Freshmen, were very inexperienced sailors. Trials and tribulations came upon them. It was difficult for them to become acquainted with the ship, as it was an enormous thing. It was well equipped, however, and through the help of older passengers, they gradually became acquainted with the different rooms and parts. They were told if they were to become recognized sailors and were to get the most enjoyment out of their voyage, they must study as they journeyed. In order that they might prove what they were learning, they were frequently questioned and given examinations by their instructors. These able-minded instructors seemed to insist that mathematical minds be developed, and thus, subjects through which this knowledge could be gained were in-



10-B Sophomores

flicted upon them. It seemed hard at first but realizing that the ship would not dock for four long years, they decided to make the best of it. With this attitude of mind, they began to enjoy their trip, and almost before they realized it, they were entering upon their second year.

With the coming of the second year, they were given another title, that of Sophomores. This was encouraging to them, as it proved that they were making great progress, but there was a disadvantage too. They found that as they progressed, not only was studying expected of them, but also participation in activities as well. These activities they had merely taken for granted the year before, and had taken very little part in them with exception of an Oratorical Contest with the Sophomores. In that they had proven themselves worthy of commendation, as the judges' decision had been decidedly in their favor.

Only two more years are to be spent on this voyage, during which the passengers will be given two more degrees, those of Junior and Senior. Having already made a promising start, these sturdy sailors will probably make themselves outstanding in many accomplishments, as there is a wide field open to them in dramatics, sports, scholarship, public speaking, and journalism. At the end of the four years those who have reached their goal of success will be ready to dock. Just before they dock, they will be given a diploma, stating their success and helping them to embark upon the "sea of life."



9-A Freshmen



9-A Freshmen

Freshman History

AFTER 20 YEARS.

“WELL, well, if it isn't my ole friend, Johnnie Cone! Say, I haven't seen you since we graduated from the little old high school together in 1933. Boy, just seventeen years ago.”

“Yep, the time sure does fly. Why, Jim, I have two children almost ready for Stockton High now. Yep, one goes to the Junior high school over at the old Armory field. Remember when we were little Freshies in 1930?”

“Do I remember? Say, I still feel sore where those big, strapping lads used the paddles on me. But, boy, I had it all over you. You were scared to death. Couldn't find your adviser's room, and say, John, I don't know yet how you got through those first few days without me around to keep care of you.”



9-B Freshmen

"Well, Jim, you sure haven't changed any. Still think you're bigger than I am, huh? Well I still remember the day that you tried to buy elevator tickets and gym books in the main office. Say, laugh, boy, you sure looked funny."

"Well, say there sure is plenty of difference between the good old high school days and the present time. I just bought my boy a tri-motored Ford plane. Yep, they've got courses in aeronautics at the 'ole high school now."

"Say, Jim I went out there yesterday, and if you thought that the high school was big in 1930, you ought to see it now. It's like a small city, landing fields, and everything."

"Everything's sure changed. Why, look at this town, too, almost as big as San Francisco and Los Angeles together. Remember when, in 1930, long skirts began to come in style? Now they've gone right back to colonial days. It takes all a man's money to buy clothes for his daughters."

"John, do you remember Miss Robbins? Boy, maybe I wasn't scared of her when I was an insignificant infant. I soon knew her better though."

"Well, you should have. If anyone cut more than you in your freshman year, I'd like to see him. I wonder what became of her."

"Those days were the good old days, weren't they, John? The class of 1933 was a peach."



Post Graduates

POST GRADUATE HISTORY

A GREAT change came over the graduates who returned to S. H. S. as P. G.'s. They found out that they could no longer run around the campus like unnoticed Don Quixotes. They actually had to get down and work to stay in school. Of the fifty-one enrolled, fifteen dropped out. Of the one hundred and twenty-three units of work carried by the class, twenty per cent were A's, twenty-seven percent B's, and twenty-one percent C's. This is a total of sixty-eight percent doing satisfactory work. Of the seven students who received all A's and B's, all but one were boys.