

El Recuerdo

1955

Ellen,
Luck in your
hope of a scholarship
I still remember the
rain-check. God Bless

Best of Luck
Always Ellen
it has been well
knowing Carolyn for
a short time
Always "Sweet"
Stew Simpson
May of the deck
Jefferson
Kor

Ellen
How you did
better in trying than
I did. It's
been a pleasure
to have you
with the Newman Club.
You were had fun
with the Newman Club.
You were had fun
with the Newman Club.
You were had fun
with the Newman Club.

Ellen:
It's sure been
a lot of fun knowing
you all through school.
We've had a lot of fun
together (especially at
your party). I wish
and the best always
a great success in
whatever you attempt.
Some chance tonight
Shirley Wright

Ellen -
Best of Luck
in the new school
55" Stage

Ellen,
How nice
you were had fun
with the Newman Club.
You were had fun
with the Newman Club.
You were had fun
with the Newman Club.

Dearest Ellen - nice
etc been nice
knowing you. Have
fun in the new school,
club next year, and
remain as sweet as
you are now.
Evelyn Frost

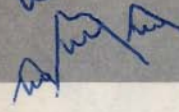
The
best of
luck
in all
that
you do.
Roberta
Lodges

Hi

Best Luck
Ellen -
I wish
you
rest of
your life.
I hope when ever
you are in C.O.P.
Pharmacy
Be seeing
Love
Kathy

Ellen
it's Trig Remember
we forget. We really
had a lot of misery
together didn't we?
I hope when ever
you are in C.O.P.
Pharmacy
Be seeing
Love
Kathy

to a sweet girl in the dancing class. My best wishes to you in the future
Sincerely
Leo Kuwamoto

ALL THE FUN we HAD AT 

Don Donovan

To Ellen, a fellow grad. we have really had some great time together over years in school. Remember, the fun we had at the party (Oh! boy) always stay as sweet as you are.

ucky Best always for the Gustafson

Dear J,
We sure had a good time in school. I hope you wait to get over here. I hope you have a good time too. I have a friend; I do your work. Best of luck to you in the future.
Love
Lede.

Best wishes to a sweet gal may
Dickinson

To Ellen,
Guess we had a lot of fun in hockey (I remember tennis too. How fun for a cool Hatcher

Lots of luck to a nice & cute girl.
Bee Tracy

Ellen
Best of wishes for the summer and I hope to see you at Clear Lake
Walter Dyer

Ellen -
lots of luck to real swell friend - Remember Rosemire & I'm looking forward to Clear Lake.
Mary Hubbard

This Book Belongs to
Ellen Lawseth

Good luck to a real swell gal.
Gudy Foster

Ellen
 It really been a
 pleasure to have you
 in my class. I hope
 you are in some of
 my classes that you are in
 next year. This is not
 likely, due to the fact that we are in the same
 class. Nevertheless, we can 'cheat' together. (I can copy from you) ...
 Seriously, Ellen, it's been wonderful and I only
 wish we could have had more time to work on projects to-
 gether. Good luck to you in the future with high honors.
 The ball and graduate with high honors.
 Ellen
 WHAT DID YOUR SISTER
 SAY ABOUT YOU TO-DAY
 Martin Lee

Hloyd

To Ellen
 Best of Luck
 and best of
 Every-thing Good!
 Remember "Boris"
 And all that
 Furniture.

This is the end
 of another year
 Hope to see
 You next.

Very Sincerely
 Bob Little

I hope you have
 all the luck in
 the world.
 George
 Dixon

Wish we
 sitting

Ellen,
 I hope
 all the luck in
 the world

Best wishes to
 sweet
 Paul
 Carol
 Carol's

I hope you have
 all the luck in
 the world.
 George
 Dixon

Best of luck, Ellen,
in everything you do.
Gay love
Brighal

When you get married
and buy a Ford
have me a seat on
the running board—?
Jack Shamblin

Good luck, Ellen,
I have enjoyed
sitting next to you
in English.
Helen Jones

Lots of love
to a girl &
a guy
Best of luck to
another mid-term (unlucky)
we're graduate
you in my class during our
high school years.
I shall have fun having our
memories be good.
I love your friend
Carol Avery

Best of luck and
good wishes to
a nice kid.
Bob Bard

Best of luck
to a nice gal!
Janice
Castellone

To a swell gal
in Newman Club
Best of luck
Jan
Castiglione

Good luck to one of
Newman's hardest workers
you deserve the best, Ellen
yours in Newman
Charles Ledger

1955 El Recuerdo
Garrett Kinser, Editor
Stockton College Stockton, California

Ellen,
Best of luck to a
wonderful person
just me-920
Castellone



To Ellen
my old
school
Buddy
Bob

I'm a dirty
Bird you say, what
what the hell my wife
Keep looking straight and
sharp and keep in touch
a sharp. (How she strummed)
Leo Goodella

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even lack
Best of luck
always. Remember
the kids we've had
all these years,
fights, etc.
always, Brooks

To Ellen the greatest
The bestest and mostest
alwaysest.

[Handwritten signature]

In The Beginning . . .



Hola amiga
Que lo voy a hacer con todo
lo que voy a hacer. Hasta la
vista.
Santos Garcia
Salvador Prieto
Ramon
San Pedro Garcia

At 8:00 Monday morning, the second week of September, 1954, guys and gals ended their three months freedom to enroll at Stockton College for the Fall semester. To the dismay of teachers and counselors, an overwhelming number of students registered in the spacious, new Library building. The final tally was 3,556, the largest number of students ever to enroll at the college.

Standing in line for what seemed hours, the students patiently waited for the cards which OK'd their placement in a desired class.

To Linda
Dear are you going to Stockton college - well I'm
you know what I'm going to C.O.P. self I finished
Summer Session. I really enjoy meeting you in
dancing class. you know again I hope I know what
I got with I'm happy if I get to. Best following yours
Alice

Allen's wishes
Best wishes
to a real terrific gal
with a sweet, vivacious
personality.
Your friend,
Dor Garcia
1955
Prissy



Students registered from as far away as Syria and Norway, but the primary function of the school was to serve the individuals within the Stockton "educational watershed."



Registration was quite hectic, but last minute counseling in the personnel center helped late students to get to classes on the first day of school. After acquiring a complete schedule, new registrants were left to their own devices, and most of them wandered around the campus trying to orient themselves with their new classrooms.



They strolled down the covered walkways and peered into the various classrooms that they would soon be occupying. Some walked by the Barn area and discovered the snack bar, student store, and one of the locker rooms.

Dear Ellen,
Lots of luck in
the 14th grade. Give
it up.

Anne
M. Cawley



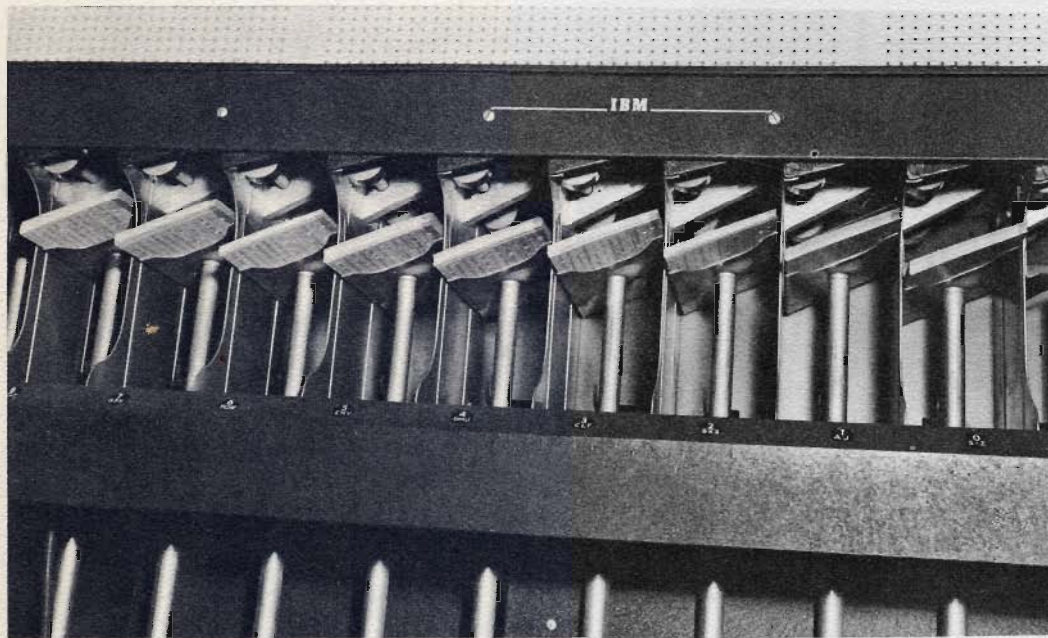
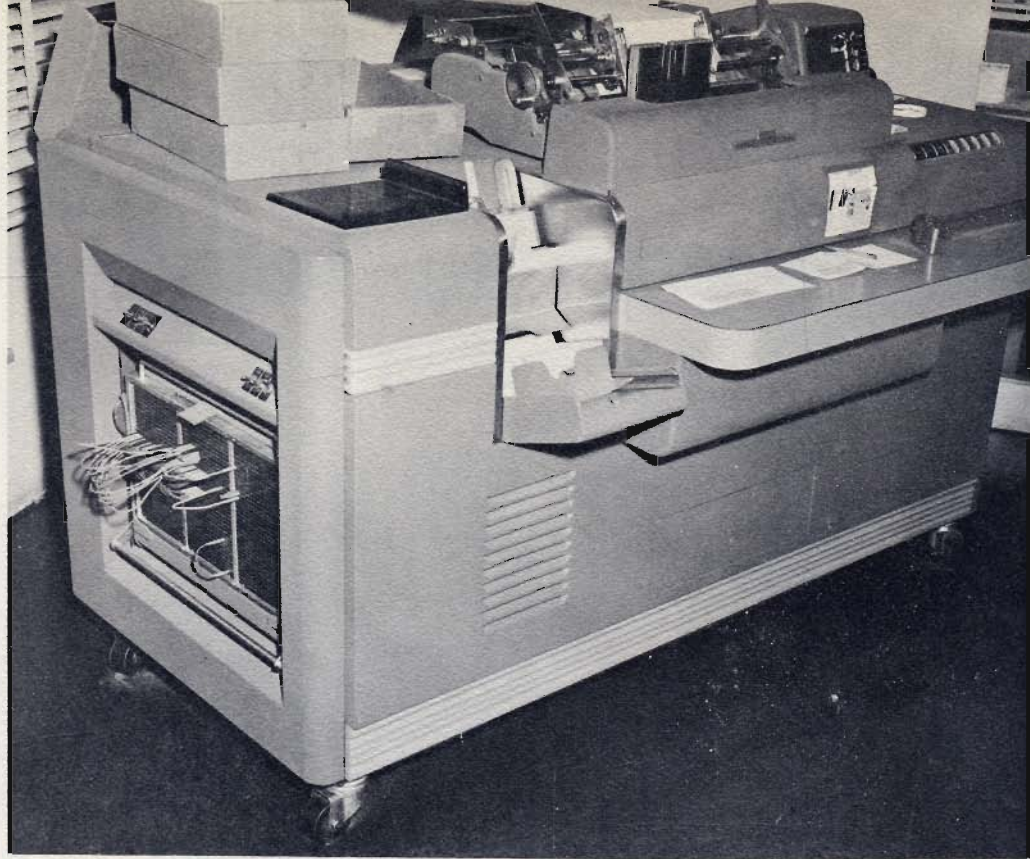
Some guys and gals went out to the athletic fields and passed by the gyms. They were astounded by the immensity of the campus. SC covers forty-two acres with the new Library at the northeast boundary point, the new classroom building at the south-east corner, and the sports fields all along the west line.

This innocuous looking door was misleading, for this door lead to the den of the IBM "monsters" . . . the "things" to which students, teachers, and administrators alike paid homage.

Teachers cried "Where are my IBM class cards?" Counselors demanded "Where are my IBM lists of counselees?" Students moaned "Look at that IBM report card." But the IBM machines whirred, clicked, and garrumphed on as if to ignore human existence.

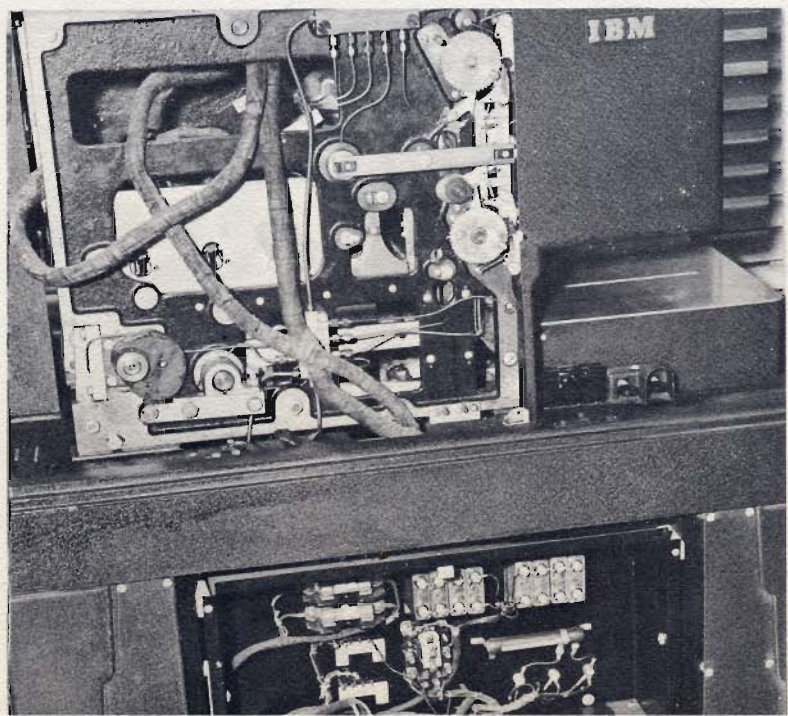


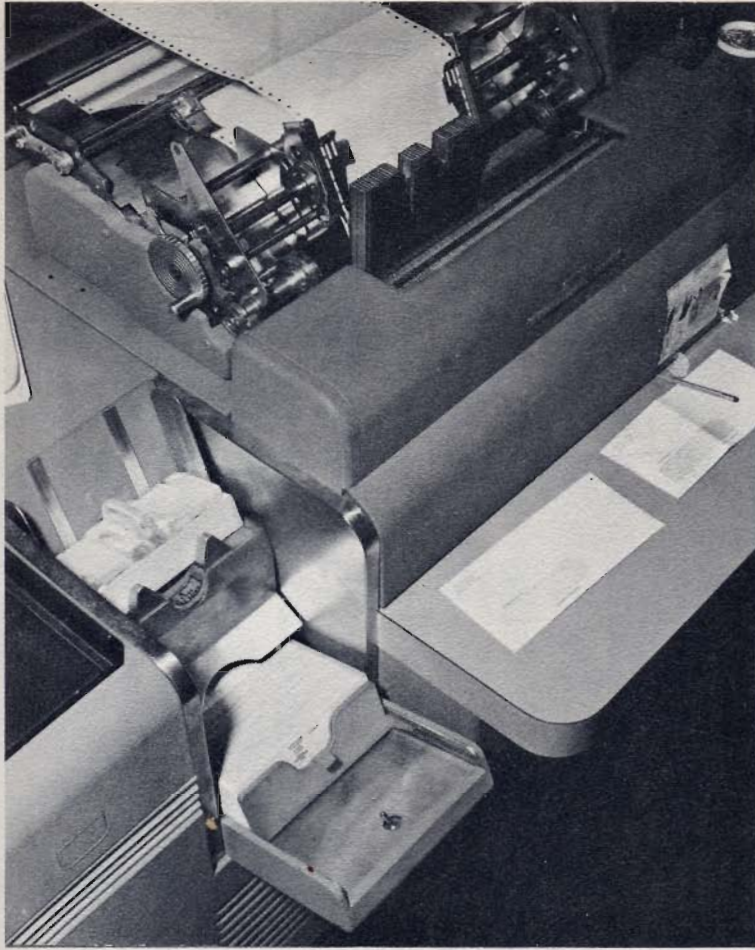
Automation. The "monster" at the right was the daddy of them all at SC. Its "brain" was exposed at the lower left, a complicated system of wires that told the machine what operation to perform. The most sinister of machines was this, because it printed the report cards.



Automation. The lovable little "monster" at the left sorted IBM cards faster than students could think up excuses for being late or absent.

Automation. With its protective cover plates removed and its nerves, arteries, veins, and other vital pieces exposed, one can study the elaborate workings of a mechanical "monster."





At risk of life and limb, a photographer approached the "monster" for a close-up. Its double "mouth" was absorbing two sets of IBM cards while an endless sheet of paper recorded the data transmitted to the printing bars from the apparently meaningless jumble of little square holes found on the cards.

The 1955 El Recuerdo stands as a monument to all the St. George's who challenged the "beasts" and won their battles. The yearbook staff stands indebted to the International Business Machines firm for creating such cute little "monsters" and for permitting such rough handling of their products.

Stockton College has closed its doors for another year and the machines will have crawled deep into their lair where they will hibernate for the summer. As the machines awake from their slumber one morning next September, a new crop of St. George's will charge the IBM "monsters."

