

Cum Laude

The following are names of students who throughout the year have done superior work in their respective courses of study. The valedictorian has throughout her High School course maintained an average above ninety-five per cent.—Principal.

1914

HELEN LIMBAUGH

Valedictorian

ALICE LANGE

Salutatorian

IAN STRANGE

1915

LUCILE BOLLINGER

MARIE FINK

GLADYS BOYNTON

GLADYS GARNER

MERLYN MANNING

1916

AMY BOYNTON

FERN DAWSON

MORRIS BROWN

ISABEL De YOUNG

GLADYS COBLENTZ

BLOSSOM KILGORE

HOWARD REMICK

1917

LENA GRAFFIGNA

MAGDALENA KRAFT

WOODSON HAWES

NELL WILLHOIT

HELEN SMITH



EDITORIALS

"No clippings. Get thee behind us!"

HELEN LIMBAUGH, '14

This annual, O Taxpayers, is dedicated to you. We hope that your joy in giving is as great as ours in receiving. We will not try to thank you in words for the beautiful structures which you have granted us. What we do intend is to live our thanks, rather than speak them. By making the most of every opportunity offered us, by careful study and diligent application, and by constant attention to the preservation of the buildings and their equipment, we hope to prove beyond a doubt that we are not only grateful for your munificence, but, in a considerable degree, worthy of it.

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THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

The new High School! Words can not describe it adequately; we print the picture of the main building as a frontispiece.

There are three buildings at present, with plans for a future science building and a natatorium. In the main building the regular academic classes meet. On the third floor is the commercial department, consisting of the bookkeeping and typing rooms and a modern banking establishment. On the second floor is the large auditorium, with roomy balcony and fully equipped stage. The cooking and sewing rooms, the cafeteria, and the boys' and girls' dining-rooms are located in the basement. The gymnasium and manual training buildings are connected with the main building by extensive pergolas, with cement pavement and many columns. The gymnasium is one of the finest in the state. It is provided with ample seating capacity, with instructor's and apparatus rooms, and with girls' and boys' showers.

The science department and the shop share the manual training building. The excellent laboratory and the separate recitation room make science a delight.

The boys busy in the shop, using the huge saws and lathes, excite the jealousy of the girls, who wish to take shop also.

All the rooms are provided with thermostats, telephones, and electric clocks and gongs. Fire escapes afford easy exit from all floors of the main building. Truly Lodi Union High School must be seen to be appreciated.

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THE GROWING DEMAND FOR HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

The intellectual development of our State is marked by the growing demand for modern high schools. California parents certainly realize the value of high school education to their children. Comparatively a short time ago, such schools were rare, and those existing had but small attendance. Now every town of three thousand inhabitants can point with pride to its high school. These institutions, moreover, are not confined to the towns and cities. Country districts see the wisdom of uniting to build union high schools. Altogether, there are few communities in California that have not easy access to a good high school.

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DAILY ASSEMBLY

An innovation in our day's program this year is the morning assembly exercises, which all students agree are the best part of the day. On Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, the school join in singing patriotic songs. On Tuesday mornings we are entertained by talks on current events, given by students appointed from the history classes. Considerable training in public speaking has been gained through these talks. On Friday, dramatic and literary selections are offered by the different English classes. The dramatic selections have brought out considerable latent talent in our school. The Senior Class varied the intellectual precedent by giving a "Day of Fun," devoted to witty anecdotes and sharp repartee. Latin songs and a Latin skit enlivened one morning, and a "Dutch" day was also an agreeable diversion. Daily Assembly is a popular institution.

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THE FACULTY

Our faculty has been enlarged this year, by the addition of three new teachers: Miss Hund,, a graduate of the University of California, who has taken Miss Bammann's place in the Latin realm; Miss Goddard, a graduate of the University of Missouri, who has charge of the Domestic Science department; and Mr. Bullock, a graduate of the University of California, master of the shop.

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THE WEEKLY TOKAY

The public has become acquainted with our intimate L. U. H. S. affairs this year through the Weekly Tokay, published every Friday by the Lodi Post. Two editors for the department have been selected each week from the English classes. The Weekly Tokay contained several excellent editorials, and concise and interesting school notes, enlivened from time to time with poetic outbursts.

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DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society of L. U. H. S. has grown to be, perhaps, the most prominent student activity. It boasts of a membership of over fifty, a number representing about one-fourth of the school. Great interest has been taken in inter-scholastic debates, and in each event the L. U. H. S. representatives have made a very creditable showing. Inter-class debates for the school championship and trophy offered by the student-body have excited even more interest and enthusiasm than the inter-scholastic contests.

ATHLETICS

Our broadening interest in athletics is shown this year by our participation in the Pacific Inter-scholastic Track Meet at Berkeley. It is hoped that this action constitutes a precedent which will be followed hereafter.

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STUDENT CONTROL

Plans are being made for student-control next year. The constitutions of various schools have been consulted and compared by our principal and student body president, and a constitution is in process of evolution which will give to L. U. H. S. students of next year complete control of their own school affairs. Since we have practically student control now, we feel sure that the proposed system will meet with approval and will work successfully.

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DRAMATICS

The Senior Class play "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" was the most difficult drama attempted by the students of the L. U. H. S. That they achieved such splendid success is due to the untiring efforts of the coach, Miss Fields, and also, shall we say, to the conscientious work and the talent of the cast. The cast made an enjoyable trip to Lone and Jackson, where they played to crowded houses. The players appreciate the cordial treatment they received at both places, and wish to thank the students of the Lone and Jackson High Schools for their good work in selling tickets.

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COMMUNITY USE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

When the bond issue was before Lodi, the people of the district were assured that in the proposed high school they would have a civic center for the community. We are glad to note several instances in which the citizens of Lodi have taken advantage of this opportunity. Lectures under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers' Association of Lodi, the Woman's Improvement Club of Woodbridge, and the Merchants' Association of Lodi have been held at the high school; and the Woman's Club of Lodi made use of the auditorium for the rehearsals and presentation of their play, "The Maneuvers of Jane."

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APPRECIATION

The editorial staff express sincere thanks to Miss Fields for her invaluable assistance in publishing this Tokay.

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COVER DESIGN

The most prominent feature of our cover design is the local color, for the pergolas are one of the most noticeable features of our campus, while the Tokay is the distinctive product of the Lodi community.

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THANKS TO MR. INCH

In all of the rejoicings over our splendid school, we do not forget that it was the entire attention of our Principal, Mr. Inch, to the endless details of plans and construction that has secured for us these perfectly equipped buildings.

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The Tokay accepts only the most reliable advertisements. We especially commend to our readers the advertising pages at the end of this issue.



Editorial Staff

Top Row—
 Kenneth Udell
 Warren Gunn
 Howard Remick
 Lawrence Hosmer
 John Fink
 Clarence Wagner

Second Row—
 Irene Cary
 Adelaide Weihe
 Helen Mandy
 Stiles March
 Marie Murray
 Alice Lange
 Lucille LeFebber

First Row—
 Merton Manning
 Ian Strang
 Helen Limbough
 Ernest Fink
 Mildred Westlake

Night

Prize Poem

HELEN MUNDY, '14

Now evening breezes blow with winter chill;
Behind the mountain sinks the western sun
In pale and cheerless sky. Alone I shun
The path where many tread, and seek a still
And unattended way; for fancies fill
My mind, as cheerless as the sky, and run
A host uncalled, tumultuous, one by one,
Until the tortured heart subjects the will.
At last the sun drops down into the sea;
Soft twilight comes, the stars shine clear and bright;
Above the distant grove the moon appears;
Aglow with gentle cheer her mellow light;
Like shadows, slipping softly, fly my fears—
The night and God have given peace to me.

Mar'thon Sue

Prize Story

MERLYN MANNING, '15

When I first saw Briggs it seemed to me as though he had been put into the mold on the bias, or else had warped early in life. Not that there was anything abnormal about Briggs, but from his right shoulder down, his anatomy was on the skew. His mount, Mar'thon Sue, the only burro on Dredger Hill, was also slightly lop-sided; only when Briggs was on her back, she seemed to warp the other way, so that the two fitted together like pieces of a picture puzzle.

I have always felt rather indebted to Briggs ever since he saved my life with his lariat when the lady tourists sent me over Good-bye Cliff to pick them some manzanita. Of course, I have never quite forgiven him the manner of the rescue. It is humiliating to a degreed surveyor to be lassoed back to life; but then, Briggs meant well, and so when he said to me with a patronizing drawl, "Kent, you take Mar'thon Sue and meet the stage at Stakes and escort those tourists back to Dredger," I overlooked his presumption.

"And are all the tourists to be escorted back here astride Mar'thon Sue?" My fine sarcasm had no effect on Briggs. Puff, puff, puff, went the yellowed meerschchaum.

"New stage-driver; don't know the road. I told him someone'd meet him at Stakes and show him over." Puff, puff.

"Crowd from Atman," continued the laconic Briggs. "Ladies been here before. One's name's Derby."

It was enough. At the mention of the name Derby I was in the saddle and away before Briggs could say more than, "You've hardly time to make it."

Miss Derby was the young lady whom I had gone over Good-bye Cliff to serve, and my pleasure was still to be at hers. To have the honor of guiding her over Dredger trail was luck indeed. I goaded Mar'thon Sue.

As I swatted the mosquitoes, I wondered a little at Briggs. He and I had rather been rivals in the graces of Miss Derby; but then, of course, Briggs had seen that he had no chance against me and so had withdrawn, giving me the opportunity and Mar'thon Sue. Briggs was such a good-hearted fellow.

But Mar'thon Sue and opportunity are not synonymous. Mar'thon Sue was the best burro on Dredger Hill—by reason of being the only one—but she had one beastly trait, a habit of her kind. Nothing short of the spirit would move her. Wild tales had been told of how Briggs had even made a fire under her with no effect; and so when on the near side of Dredger Hill that abominable, lop-sided beast stopped short and squared her four feet in a swarm of gnats, I wilted all over.

"Move along, there," I said cautiously, in case she had just stopped by accident. Did the mountain-side move sooner than Mar'thon Sue.

Far above, on the short-cut that leads to Blue Mud Springs, I saw a bald-faced sorrel thrust his nose through the Chaparral. As he turned and went on it seemed to me that his rider sat with a familiar skew; but it may have been only the heat vibrations, I thought.

I dismounted and eyed Sue warily. I took the bridle reins and tried to lead her gently. She pulled back, showed her teeth, and all but sat down on her haunches. I walked on ahead. Mar'thon Sue did not follow. I tried force. I spurred, lashed, even swore a bit. They have no reason. I tried ruses. I held tempting grasses ahead of her. Mar'thon Sue was not hungry. I picked up her hoof and tapped it gently with a rock, and found myself embracing the pungent sagebrush for my pains. I took a beetle and put it in her ear—I had read of this

in an almanac. At this last action she turned on me her mild eye with a look of dumb wonder.

I looked at my watch and then at Mar'thon Sue. The race was between them. I mounted, so as to be ready in case her mind changed suddenly. Such a ridiculous situation for a man of my position!

Why did Briggs ever give her such a name as that? Of course I know there was humor meant, but it was far-fetched, forced. I had told him about it once before, but he wouldn't change it. He was obstinate, too; in fact, if I'd only been a Hindu I'd have believed her one of his transmigrated ancestors.

The vibrations of the heat seemed to make the great wooded mountain tremble. The sun beat hotter; the gnats swarmed thicker; time flew; Mar'thon Sue didn't. It was too late to make Stakes now. I was to meet the stage at three, and it was five minutes of. It was all up.

Suddenly, with a sharp crack of a black-snake, the screeching hiss of brakes, a loud "gee, there!" and a cloud of dust, what should swing around the curve from Upper Trail to Dredger but the stage-coach. Mar'thon had broken the record. She had won by standing still!

I was just ready to greet the tourists when the dust cleared away and I saw close by Miss Derby, the bold-faced sorrel, astride which was my friend Briggs.

I hate a crabber, but I have always allowed myself the satisfaction of saying that this was a mean trick. But it was nothing to the one he followed it up with. I could see well enough how he had arranged it. He had sent me off for Stakes on that balky brute of his, while he had taken the short cut over the mountains, caught the stage at the springs, and brought them back by the Upper Trail. But I would give him no satisfaction; I would merely give the ladies a perfunctory greeting, wheel around on Mar'thon Sue, and move on up the hill with perfect indifference.

Alas! Mar'thon Sue would not wheel. She flipped her long ears and held the road.

"Move 'long there. We got t' pass," called the stage-driver tersely.

I moved with alacrity.

"Well, move yer hoss."

"Oh, she doesn't move," I remarked calmly.

"You——"

Briggs came to the rescue. He told me to mount and he could get Mar'thon Sue to go. He drew back and started "My Lady Lou" in a lively whistle.

Horrors! that animal beneath me began to cake-walk and horse-waltz around there as though she never had stood still. I remembered then that she once belonged to a circus.

A loud cheer and an echo of titters came from the stage. I swallowed three gnats from sheer mortification. As Briggs whistled faster, the faster that creature cavorted around until my head swam. All at once she halted, and drew back on her haunches, taking me by surprise. I bolted forward, over her head.

As I shot into space I felt a sort of grim satisfaction that now sympathy would be turned my way. The fall, only about twenty feet, would be broken by the sage-brush, and might cause a few scratches; but then, Briggs would be in general disfavor and it would be worth it.

But once again Briggs' lariat sang through the air and tightened its clutching embrace about my knees. And what do you suppose was the music I heard as I was yanked back to earth in my flight towards eternity? It was the ringing voice of Miss Derby, thrilling with admiration as she exclaimed:

"Oh! Isn't he grand? This is the second time I've seen him save that poor man's life!"

I still had enough presence of mind to pull off a good upper-cut that left him sprawling in the dust. I walked back to camp.

Years afterwards I met Briggs in New Orleans. His wife was with him. Fortune had favored them. They had prospected together in Nevada, located a mine, and "struck it rich."

"And the name of your mine?" I asked.

"Mar'thon Sue," he said, without a smile.



O, you Poets of 1913, we've got your Chamois!

A Laurel Wreath

1914*

DREAMS

ALICE LANGE, '14

Fade not from view, oh swiftly fleeting dreams,
But scatter e'er thy lustrous golden beams
Upon my path. Four years have quickly flown;
Each one new sights before my eyes has thrown,
Disclosing worlds that ever lay beyond,
Until my widely scattered fancies fond,
Above, in realms celestial dwelt, and bright,
Where all is glowing with unearthly light.
And as I gazed on all this world afar
Coveted Fame was still my guiding star.
The secrets of the universe, laid bare
Before my longing eyes in visions fair,
Deep stamped on my heart the long desire
To mankind to reveal in words of fire
The mysteries of heaven, in science sought,
And gain a name for which so many wrought.
Such visions fleet. Only at moments rare
They come and pass again into the air.
At times pure happiness has come to me,
As, wandering through the realms of poesy,
Perchance I share L'Allegro's pleasures sweet,
Or else with Wordsworth's dreamful eye I see
The God made manifest in Nature free;
My soul, inspired, is spurred to noble aim—
To earn and win a poet's glorious fame.
Alas! too soon such pleasant dreams are o'er;
For from within my bosom's deepest core
A Voice speaks, "Dream no more; take thou thy place
Amid the strife and struggle of the race;
Go forth, and in the world thy mission find,
With labor, howe'er humble, serve mankind."

ROMAE IN LAUDE

HELEN LIMBAUGH, '14

Romanus puer atque aptus vix discipulus sum;
Romanum idem ludum adeo, pulcherrimum et largum,
Sed aeternum. Humatus paedagogus mihi, de quo
Hoc insigne exemplum alios assumere spero.
Laetus sum quod Romae tam magnae anima duco;
Laetus sum immo vero quod hoc tempore vivo.
Nostrum supremum super omnes imperium alium;
Romanus Caesar dux, maximus impavidorum;
Vergilius fabellis heroisque serenis
Inspirat domo amorem patriae et pietatis;
Facultate ex dicendi Cicero facit orbis
Romae urbem celebratam Romanosque perennis.

* The class of 1914 modestly hangs this wreath of verse beside the immortelles of '11, '12, and '13.—Editor's note.

"NOT FOR SCHOOL BUT FOR LIFE WE LEARN"

LUCILE Le FEBER, '14

Oh, what is the use of our schooling,
Of four years of study and strife?
Will the knowledge we've gained in our school days,
Fit us for afterlife?

Today we are care-free and joyous,
Today our labors are past.
Are the lessons we've learned from the masters,
Sufficient unto the last?

Have we learned for the mere love of knowledge,
Or followed where others have led?
Has our time been simply wasted,
Learning of men long dead?

But no, there has been a deep meaning
In every fact that we learned,
The merest struggling with problems,
Has meant some victory earned.

Have we not in our four years of study,
In the work that we've done each day,
Learned something that will in life's battle,
Keep up courage in the fray?

We've prepared for life's greater school house,
For our life that is just begun;
For this have we toiled and striven;
The years shall tell if we've won.

SIGNS OF SPRING

HELEN MUNDY, '14

When days grow long and sunshine warm,
And blades of sprouting grass appear,
Then Tommy pulls off hose and shoon—
Undoubted sign that spring is here!

Behind the clump of elder trees
Where halts the creek in limpid pool,
For "polly-wogs" and stolen swim
The small boys linger after school.

The lark pours forth his joyful song,
The answer comes before he's still;
From furry pussy-willow twig
Some fellow's cut a whistle shrill.

When small boys "knuckle at the taw"
And shoot for keeps from marble ring,
Well may you know beyond a doubt
That winter's given place to spring.

THE NEW BALAKLAVA

IAN STRANGE, '14

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward!
All into Lodi High
 Strode the half-hundred.
"Hurry or you'll be late!
Don't make your classes wait!"
Into the Union High
 Strode the half-hundred.

"Go straight to your class!"
No time to stop and ask,
Not though each Freshman knew
 That he would blunder.
Theirs not to cause delay,
Theirs not to ask the way,
Theirs but to go straightway;
Into the big new high
 Strode the half-hundred.

Through doors to right of them,
On stairs to left of them,
In halls in front of them
 Pedagogues thundered.
Stormed at with yell and shout,
Frantic, they rushed about,
Their classes searching out;
Thus in the Union High
 Lost—that half-hundred.

IT PAYS

SILAS MARCH, '14

KENNETH UDELL, '14

You may search the world for pleasure,
Be you rich or poorly clad,
But for genuine amusement
Just try stickin' round with Dad.

When a chap has spent his money,
And he wishes more he had,
Then's the time it comes in handy
To be stickin' round with Dad.

Of course Father's never busted,
For of dough he has a scad;
Help relieve him of its worry
When you're stickin' round with Dad.

If your friends have turned to strangers,
And the dull world makes you sad,
Don't howl about your fortunes—
Just try stickin' round with Dad.

SENIOR ENGLISH

ADELAIDE WEIHE, '14

(I run no risk: Chaucer's copyright has expired.)

Whan that we studie Englishhe atte schole,
Of alle knowledge must we taken tolle.
From Madame Fields ful sone this truth we caughte
That first she taught, and afterward we raughte.
The Seniors she made alway telle
The autor's owne wordes; and ful welle
They coude hem; wys and learned weren they,
A clever classe, soothly for to seye.
And oon, certes, was erste of hem alle,
Helen Limbaugh hir class-makes dide hir calle;
None coude match hir in hir knowledge faire
And hede of all the scole she alway were.
Another Helen had we in our classe
In stories none coude never hir surpassse.
The next ycleped George, was a manne;
To write a propre poem he never canne,
For of grey matter has he none at alle.
And with him, alway, oon that al men calle
Joseph. Ne can he sell his owne rime,
For more than woulde equal half a dime.
Our Clarence, exposition woulde write,
Lucile, but if she coude get a lighte
In prose or rime, than endyte could she welle.
Marie and Irene tales coude telle.
Alices two were of our companye
And bisier girles would you never see.
And Esther, she that tolde stories goode,
Altho to write a poem she never coude.
Our Hazel woulde write for Englishhe foure
A tale, or speak perchance some ancient lore
Of April shoures. Nexte comen on the liste
Some worthy wights—their braines would be missde,—
“Pete” and Ian, Kenneth and eek Warren;
To mak a lytle thing in prose these men
Loved ful wel. And Silas is the laste
To maken up the Senior Englishhe classe,
Excepting she that made this smalle rime,
She nil nat worthy of much honour seme,
And will herself omit; and hir last word is,
A better Englishhe classe ther nowhere noon is.

THE PARK

ESTHER SPIEKERMAN, '14

The sparkling fountains throw their spray
Where flowers dot the grass;
And saucy squirrels leap and play
As on the people pass.

Fair youths and maids and children dear,
All dance along so gay;
E'en sober age catches the cheer
And throws all care away.

But now before the west is gray,
The crowds push slowly back;
An urchin loiters by the way
To pop a candy sack.

At last when the great silver face
Shows brightly like a lamp,
The park is one deserted space,
Save for a lonely tramp.

The moon then peeping through a cloud
Now shows a wretch care-worn;
A remnant of the happy crowd,
He wanders all forlorn.

'TIS DARKEST JUST BEFORE DAWN

HAZEL NEELEY, '14

The dusky veil still hovers over all;
Now the small stars are darkened, one by one;
Each disappearing orb is a hope gone:
So one by one have I seen life's hopes fall.
Will bright Aurora never hear my call,
Or ope' the ebon gates, and bid the sun
Come forth, which gives us joy our race to run?
Aurora, wilt thou never rend this pall
Of deepening gloom? But ah, if mortal eye
Could pierce that mournful veil twixt us and heaven,
And see the goddess swing the gates apart,
And flood, with shimmering beams of light, the sky,
And send forth promises as bright as levin,
Then hope again would fill my weary heart.