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"Here, poor fellow," said Jones, "here's a penny for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir; but, pardon me, you haven't got a dyspepsia tablet about you, have you? I always suffer when I over-eat."—Ex.

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito, politely, as he sent a half-inch shaft into the man's leg.

"Not at all," replied the man, mashing him with a book; "how do I strike you?"—Ex.

First Comedian—Say, I was talking to a scientist the other day and learned how to tell what a man is by what he eats.

Second Comedian—That so.

First Comedian—Yes; now you tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are.

Second Comedian—Well, I eat canvas-back, Mumm's extra dry, duck and diamond back. Now what am I?

First Comedian—You are a liar.—Ex.

Lottie—Did he get on his knees when he proposed?

Peggy—No, I was already on them.—Ex.

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AGENTS

He—Don't you think I'd make a good football player?

She—From what I know of you, I'm afraid that you would be disqualified for holding.—Ex.

—o—
Said the shoe to the stocking:
"I'll wear a hole in you."

Said the stocking to the shoe:
"Ill be darned if you do."—Ex.

—o—
He bought a dark blue postage stamp,
This up-to-date young chap;
Then rounded all the corners off
And wore it for a cap.—Ex.

—o—
I went to sleep in a river
Because it had a bed,
And with a sheet of water
I covered up my head.—Ex.

—o—
His Pa—I merely punish you to show my love for you, Bobby.

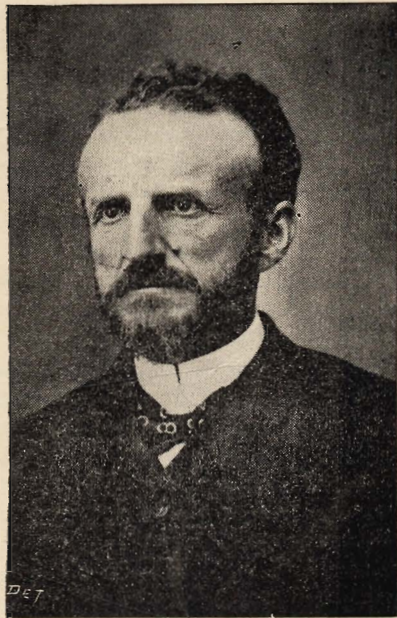
Bobby—If I was bigger I would return your love.—Ex.

The Guard and Tackle

Vol. X.

Stockton, Cal., June, 1905

No. 9



STOCKTON HIGH SCHOOL, C. M. RITTER, PRINCIPAL.

Class History of '05.

By Bernice Amy of the Class of '05.

History is being made about us so fast these days that it is almost as much as one can do to keep abreast of the times.

The Class of '05 has been busy making history for the past four years, which may prove interesting to look into.

The Class of 1905 numbered over a hundred when they entered upon High School life in that long ago September of 1901. It was with fear and trembling that they gathered with other students in the study room of the old High School to listen to the opening address of Mr. Mobley. Believing that "aspiration is inspiration," they toiled steadily on, their cares being many and their pleasures few until nearly half the term had elapsed, when a spirit of unity began to assert itself and it was then that they adopted the Class Motto, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow your board bill is due." It was in this Sub-Junior year that a class picnic was arranged, the only one in all our High School life, and it was an all round success. The picnic was held at Woodbridge, the journey being made in hay wagons. The return home was by moonlight, and how vividly we all remember how very near we came to spending the night in Lodi.

Our Junior year began under the Principalship of Mr. Ritter with Mobley as Vice-Principal. It was then that we lost Mr. Israel and Mr. Wood and gained Mr. Garrison and Mr. McIntosh. We now felt the effects of a Renaissance, as it were, for we underwent a thorough change in things. We were given more liberties and a chance to display our powers of self-government in many ways. It is needless to say we displayed them in more ways than was altogether pleasing to our august Principal.

Near the end of the year Mr. Mobley left us to assume his duties elsewhere. Before he left he gave us a bit of advice and a bit of praise as well. He predicted for us a bright future, filled with many honors; he also predicted that ours would be the

largest graduating class from the Stockton High School. His place was filled by Miss Bacigalupi.

After two months of vacation the Class of '05 suddenly awoke to the fact that they were Middlers. By awakening you must not suppose that they overstepped the bounds of dignity becoming their position. Oh, no! They only tried to impress the fact more strongly upon the minds of the Faculty, which, unfortunately for them, they succeeded in doing.

Spirited class meetings were held throughout the year, but the climax of impressions was reached near the close of the term at the election of officials for the "Guard and Tackle." A very spirited class meeting was held; in fact, so spirited that the Faculty came on a mad rush to see if the building was afire or if an earthquake had sent part of it tumbling into ruins. They found themselves in the midst of what is colloquially termed a "rough house," and had to flee for their lives. Consequently, the very next day a notice appeared to the effect that the Middlers were to hold no more class meetings that term. Now the hearts of the Middlers were very sore and they petitioned and prayed in vain. The answer was, decidedly: "No more class meetings." Then one of their strong characteristics displayed itself, and it was determined what strength there was in union. The Board was petitioned, and at last Mr. Ritter relented. Yes, we had another class meeting, but we dared not raise our voices above a whisper, as occasional ominous creakings in the halls foreboded no good. It has been said that "still water runs deep."

Out of the old into the new! It was with many regrets, but greater anticipations, that we transferred ourselves, upon the invitation of the Board of Education, from the old High School building to the new High School.

We held our heads just a trifle higher

because we were Seniors, and just a trifle higher yet because we were to be the first graduating class from the new building. We did not hold them too high, however, to overlook any of the beautiful things about us, nor to notice that the study room was divided, half for the boys and half for the girls. We, as Seniors, wondered what the poor undergraduates would do. Only to think, ten feet away from the nearest boy and as far from the nearest girl. The Board had certainly settled the note business, we thought to ourselves, but could a member of that Board stand invisible in the center of the study-room for half a minute he would become convinced that making plans was one thing and carrying them out another.

The first sad event of our Senior year came in the news of the death of one of our former teachers, Miss Bacigalupi. Miss Bacigalupi was with us but little over a year, yet she endeared herself to all her classes and they were loath to see her depart. Death claimed for its own a remarkably bright woman.

With the change to the new High School came a change among the teachers, also.

Professor Ritter remained to guide us safely to graduation, and were it not for his little consolings now and then we would have been in a sorry way, indeed.

Mr. McIntosh has helped us to take things on faith all year. He succeeded in making the woman suffrage question clear to many of us, and to make us all thankful that Physics exs. are not counted among graduation presents.

Miss Lane, also, was with us and we were given our last chance to write "a biography" of ourselves; also, on "my school life up to the present time." We made so many mad rushes to the dictionaries and reference books that she was obliged to purchase a padlock to the book-cases.

Miss Howell beamed from the head of the stairs upon us as motherly as ever.

Miss McCracken scanned our faces to see if we recollected her and her diligent teachings in mathematics.

Miss Hutton came conscientiously to us to raise our standard in French and Spanish. Her conscience helped her to success.

Miss Hutton certainly brought her good nerves and plenty of patience, although she will undoubtedly have to have the platform in the study-room raised several feet and put on ironclad boots to protect her from the cannon balls and other missiles that frequently go rolling down the aisles.

Miss Daly profited by her experience in the old High and started out by impressing upon us the dignity behooving Seniors; also, the value of diligent study in shorthand. She certainly had the patience of a saint in typewriting matters, and said as sweetly for the fiftieth time as for the first, in one day: "Try it over again."

Mr. Williams became popular immediately upon arrival. He tried to impress upon us the necessity of dealing with topics which were in the book in examinations. We gave him all kinds of topics, believing if a little was good, a great deal was better.

Still we gazed at Mr. Garrison and wondered.

Mr. Ridenour sat in state, accompanied by his crutches, and gave us the same old smile. We are happy to say he is minus the crutches now, but that smile won't wear off.

Then there were Mrs. Minta and Miss Boring and Mr. Rice.

Our class has had many notable characters. Among these is first in our affections, Richmond Turner, who is now a cadet at Annapolis. He filled the chair as Class President in our Middle year and his loss was regretted by all.

You have all heard how Dayton Davenport in his Junior year left us to study dentistry. He succeeded and is now practicing his profession in San Francisco.

Ruth Blankenship left us this last year to study for a teacher. We have heard recently that she is installed in a school in the northern part of the State.

You have all heard of Bill and his billboard! He sold it, if you remember right-

ly. But we will let him rest in peace.

Then there is Etta Colt, who has the hysterics so often in the history class. The peculiar thing is that when Etta gets the hysterics they become infectious and demoralize the entire class.

We also have a "Brownie" in our class, but in name only.

Roy is our chief when it comes to suspensions. He has broken the record for '05.

Then we have Stanage, more commonly known as "Spinach," the great ball player.

The Class of '05 is full of geniuses and bright and shining lights, but we cannot take time to enumerate them all.

With Earle Steinbeck as our Class President we have passed through all the squabbles of our Senior year and have come out with flying colors, class-pins, etc.

From the weak class we were on entering High School, we have been united into one of mighty strength.

The standard of our Guard and Tackle has been brought up noticeably through the untiring efforts of its editor and staff.

The history of '05 closes when graduation comes, when each of its members goes forth into the world, each to make a history and a name for himself or herself.

Prophecy of Class of '05.

Promise you'll be good, now,
And quiet, children dear,
And I'll show you the contents of the old
hair trunk,
In the attic for many a year.

Many, many years ago,
When your old aunt was young,
She went to the Stockton High School,
Where they had all work and no fun.

So, one day, tired and weary of
Learning Milton's lore,
She decided to write a prophecy,
As many have done before.

Suddenly, as in a flashlight,
Pictures before her vision came,
And she saw they were her classmates,
Whom the years were soon to claim.

So, she remembered, but kept it a secret;
A strange thing for a girl to do.
But stranger than all this, was—
Everything has since come true.

First, she saw an organ grinder—
Children raising an awful din.
Stars above! It's Johnnie Daly,
Gathering the nickles in.

Next, a crowded theater,
And before the footlights' glare

She recognized an old friend's face,
And Bessie Brown was there.

Next, a circus parade she saw—
An elephant with heavy tread;
Thought she recognized a face—
Lyman McCall was on its head.

So she watched carefully
For others who'd made a mark,
When she saw a doctor's office
And a sign, "Drs. Burton & Clark."

Next, she saw Kenneth DeYoung
Leading a farmer's happy life;
And to cheer his "Home Sweet Home,"
He'd chosen Katie for a wife.

Next, a wedding party before
Her vision passed;
She took another look, then smiled—
Roy had found his ideal at last.

Next, a book store window—
A new story of great fame,
And on the title page
Was Lizzie Gitten's name.

In far off sunny Italy,
Mid the ocean and the mountain air
She saw Margaret Reid enjoying
All the comforts of a millionaire

Next a tropical region,
 People in the robes of another clime,
 And among the crowd was Earl Steinbeck,
 Owner of an African diamond mine.

With brass buttons, club and high hat
 And navy blue suit, so neat,
 She saw Archie, a policeman,
 Strolling up and down hit beat.

Years have made her e'en more gentle
 Then in her High School days,
 And Alida, a wealthy widow,
 Followed in charity's ways.

Flags of red and red carnations,
 Mid blue and gold an every side,
 Down the field with ball clutched tightly,
 "Hurrah for Stanage!" the rooters cried.

Our old friend, Howard Allen, decided
 That he could get rich enough
 By selling his very latest book,
 Entitled, "How to Bluff."

In a crowded circus,
 Every night and every day,
 Rheda performed upon a pony
 And received enormous pay.

She who in her school life
 Never was known to break a rule
 Ethel Paddock was teaching German
 In a fashionable boarding school.

Then a great stone building,
 A familiar name she saw,
 She stopped and read on the window,
 Alex Anderson, Attorney-at-Law.

Then a crowded Senate chamber,
 A great question in debate,
 Will Inglis was nobly upholding
 The interests of his State.

Next, a room at the High School,
 Looking closely she did see,
 As successor to Mr. Ritter,
 Bessie, teaching Trigonometry.

He who in his school days
 Never knew defeat,

In a far off Eastern city,
 Ralph Coleman had a corner on wheat.

Loved by all who knew her,
 Always helpful in trouble and strife,
 She saw her old friend, Nina,
 Leading a nurse's noble life.

In a pretty little cottage
 By the sunny ocean side,
 By the dashing, roaring waters,
 Jessie and Merlin did abide.

In a lonely rural district,
 Observing the Trustee's every rule,
 She saw her old schoolmate, Lenora,
 Teaching a country school.

On a farm in the foothills,
 At the light of early day,
 Ray McGurk sallied forth
 To work at ranch hand's pay.

Pulling straps and punching transfers,
 Counting change when he had time,
 Edwin Snyder earned his living
 On a Lodi trolley line.

With her pussy and her parrot,
 'Neath an elm tree's spreading shade,
 She saw Etta or Sallie Colt,
 A happy, contented old maid.

Then she saw a hotel kitchen,
 First a glance, than a look—
 Sure enough it was Clarence Campbell,
 And she saw he was a "Cook."

In the slums of a great city,
 Mid suffering, trial and strife,
 She saw Bernice Amy,
 Leading a Sister of Charity's life.

Next, a newspaper's glaring headline
 Carl Walderman's life and work detailed
 That great invention for banishing work,
 He'd discovered where Edison failed.

As assistant manager of the paper,
 Much of business he did learn,
 For Will Petzinger drummed up trade
 For an Eastern candy firm.

Next, a dancing trio,
 With many a feather, curl and bow,
 Lenore, Elizabeth and Maimie she saw
 In a traveling minstrel show.

Then a busy street fair,
 Shows and booths on every hand;
 Lorraine and Dorothy were joint owners
 In a busy peanut stand.

In a large wholesale house,
 Mid ribbons, laces and flowers,
 Elsie Harry and Ethel Akers
 Spend many a busy hour.

As teacher of a kindergarten
 Much of patience she did learn;

Who'd have thought that Stella Martin
 Would in this way her living earn?

Words of praise you're sure to hear
 At the mention of her name,
 For Marjorie as a painter of portraits
 Has won for herself great fame.

In the Physic class Henry Buell
 Learned much of engines, levers and
 bars,
 And she saw him spending his every hour
 On a machine that will travel to Mars.

And best of all, my children,
 Every one is still alive,
 Healthy and happy; I'm proud of them all,
 My Class of Nineteen-Five.

Class Will, '05.

By John Daly, '05.

In the name of God, Amen. We, the Senior Class of the Stockton High School of the City of Stockton, State of California, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person whatever, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, in manner following—that is to say:

First: We direct that our examination papers shall be decently cremated, with proper regard to our station and condition in life, and the circumstances of our averages.

Second: To the Honorable Board of Education of the City of Stockton we extend our heartfelt thanks for the beautiful building they have thrown open to us and to our Alma Mater.

Third: To our Principal, C. M. Ritter, and to the several teachers of the Faculty, we wish to express our earnest appreciation of their untiring efforts in piloting us through our years of High School life.

Fourth: We give, devise and bequeath to the coming Senior Class all the trials and tribulations undergone by us in our class meetings, viz.: Electing Presidents, selecting class pins, colors, mottoes, yells, etc., etc.

Fifth: We give and devise to James McIntosh, teacher of Physics in and for the above mentioned Stockton High School, an armor-clad hat in the hopes that said headgear will prove impregnable to the furious onslaughts of the pencil-wielders of the Class of '06. We also devise to the said James McIntosh, a conscience, said conscience to be used by him during the preparation and correction of the exs. intended for the Class '06.

Sixth: To Norman Woods of the Class of '06 we give the privilege of working all the Physics problems for the girls, said privilege having been heretofore worked overtime by Carl Walderman of the Class '05.

Seventh: We give, devise and bequeath to Edith Hall a chair in the history room (formerly occupied by Etta Colt, '05), said chair situated, lying and being in the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of the history room; together with all the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining; to have and to hold the premises above described, to the said Edith Hall, her heirs and assigns forever.

Eighth: We give and devise to Marjorie MacPherson a megaphone.

Ninth: To Hattie Sterling, '07, is devised the title of "Giggling Kid," said title having been undisputedly held for four years by Maimee Hughes, '09.

Tenth: We give, devise and bequeath to Edgar Lynch, '06, the role of "bright and shining light" of the Shorthand Class, as successor to Roy Oman, '05.

Eleventh: To "Casey" Owens and Estelle Clarke we hereby given and bequeath a pair of tendem stilts.

Twelfth: To the under class men is devised several cases of hair oil and a few books on Sherlock Holmes or the "Mystery of the Wily Seniors."

Thirteenth: To Wynne Newell is devised and bequeathed a muzzle, said muzzle to be worn by him when he is at large.

Fourteenth: We give and devise to Lawrence Nicol, '07, a pair of opera-glasses and a check entitling him to a seat in the "bald-headed" row in the study room for the entire season of 1905-6.

Fifteenth: To "Babe" Moore, '06, an ardent admirer of the Eeternal Feminine, we give and devise the duty of escorting the Senior (and other) girls to and from school, said duty having previously been usurped by Archie Eichelberger, '05.

Sixteenth: To the Freshmen are devised several guide books and a bodyguard to

be composed of Sophomores, '08, for the safe conveyance of the former in and about our spacious building.

The above clause is intended to protect the newcomers from the dangers which are apt to befall the uninitiated.

To the above mentioned Class of '09 is bequeathed the honor of supplying paper, books, etc., to the upper class men, which honor has been so nobly upheld by '08.

Seventeenth: We hereby nominate and appoint C. M. Ritter, of said City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, the executor of this our last will and testament, and hereby revoke all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this 21st day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and five.

(Seal.) SENIOR CLASS.

The foregoing instrument, consisting of two and one-half pages, was, at the date hereof, by the said Senior Class, signed and sealed and published as, and declared to be, their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

NOEL H. GARRISON.
ANSEL WILLIAMS.

S. H. S. '05 Class Song.

Bright High School days, with pleasures rife;

The shortest, happiest days of life;

How swiftly have you glided by;

Oh, why has time so quickly flown!

The years will come, the years will go,

And now we leave our dear old High,

Years cannot break, nor doubts, nor fears,

The friendship of our High School years.

Chorus—

S. H. S., S. H. S., how we love you, S. H.,

And the Class of '05 will spread

Your fame, S. Hi,

1905, 1905, 1905, 1905,

And our class, it is a daisy,

Let us ever strive to win.

Now let us leave our dear old Hi,

About the stormy world to roam,

But though we wander far and wide

We'll often think of home;

We'll think of schoolmates, one and all,

And teachers, too, who taught us here,

So are our hearts close bound to friends

By love and faith that never ends.

Chorus—

Extra copies of Guard and Tackle can be obtained from W. Inglis (Tel. 1334 Main) or W. Petzinger (Tel. 736 Brown). Price, 25 cents.

Class Alphabet.

N. I. S., '05 and A. C. S., '05.

—A—

A stands for Alma,
A rosy cheeked maid;
For Alex and Austin
And Alida, so staid.

—B—

B is for Bernice
And Bessie and Bess,
May the rest of their lives
Be crowned by success.

—C—

C is for Clarence,
A "frat" man is he,
To be bashful and slow
He is noticed to be.

C also for Clark,
A cornet he does blow,
And likewise for Coleman
From far off Chicago.

—D—

D is for Dorothy,
With many brown curls,
And E for Eichelberger,
Who likes all the girls.

—E—

E again is for Earl,
Our class president,
Who always on duty—
Not pleasure—is bent.

E is also for Ethel,
We've two of that name;
For Elsie and Etta
And Edwin so tame.

—F—

F is for Florence,
In "Trig" she did shine,
But I'm glad that her grades
Were hers and not mine.

—G—

G is for Gittens,

Who in English is bright,
And H is for Henry,
A bright, shining light.

—H—

H is likewise for Howard,
Who wears baggy pants,
In English he often
Goes into a trance.

—I—

I is for Inglis,
A business-like boy,
To collect for the paper
To him is a joy.

—J—

J is for Jessie
And also for John,
Who always, in English,
Gives Miss Lane such "con."

—K—

K is for Kenneth
And also for Kate,
If rumor be true,
They some day will mate.

—L—

L for Lenora,
Who studies so hard;
Some day she will have
Ph. D. on her card.

L is also for Lyman
A very good boy,
And again for Lorraine,
Who is his sole joy.

—M—

M stands for Margaret,
So exceedingly tall;
And also for Merlin,
Who plays basket-ball.

M is for Marjorie,
So quiet and meek;
Also for Maimee,
With a blush on her cheek.

—N—

N is for Nina,
Who is so hard to please,
Mathematics('tis said,
She does with great ease.

—O—

O stands for Oscar—
An athletic boy;
In baseball and football
He is the school's joy.

O is also for Ott,
So exceedingly prim,
And P is for Petzinger,
Who always looks trim.

—R—

R is for Roy,
Often called "Red."
A very bright boy with
With a very bright head.

Also for Raymond,
A curly-haired lad;

Rheda, who in school
Was ne'er known to be bad.

—S—

S is for Stella;
She comes in a whirl;
She makes lots of noise
For such a small girl.

—T—

T is for Taylor,
Who plays basket-ball;
By many 'tis said,
She's the best of them all.

—W—

W is for Waldmann,
So learned and smart,
For Physics and "Trig"
Are dear to his heart.

To the rest of the alphabet,
V. X. Y. and Z.,
The writers are glad
That they have none of thee.

Seniors Are Out.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Blue and White;
High School Seniors are out tonight;
We'll tie their feet and clip their hair,
Gag their mouths, so they can't swear.

We'll take them to a shady spot,
Or hide them in a secluded lot,
Where no person passing by
Can their weary limbs untie.

They may lie there all night;
They may be free before the light;
But not before we've a hairy prize—
A souvenir which they despise.

The people may think us very wrong,
But just you hear our leaden song;
What if the Seniors our band should get,
They'd clip our hair quite short (you bet).
—By an Under-Graduate.

Middle Class Notes.

On June 2d the Class of '06 held a meeting for the purpose of electing the Guard & Tackle Staff for the ensuing term. After much careful discussion, the following students were elected:

Editor-in-Chief, Norman Wood.
Associate Editor, Elsie Flower.
Manager, Sid. Barnett.

Assistant Manager, Sid. Herkner.
Personals, Gertrude Littlehale.
Exchange Editor, Edith Atherton.
Athletic Editor, Lewis Murphy.

A committee was also appointed by President Barnett to decorate the Assembly hall of the school for the Commencement Day exercises, to be held on the 22d instant.
S. D. H.

Class of '05.



Stella Martin, Will Inglis, Bernice Amy, Oscar Stanage, Ethel Paddock, Bessie Brown, Alida Reimers, Lorraine Wolfe, Alex Anderson, Florence Hall, Leonora Ott, Lenora Bugbee, Edwin Snyder, Etta Colt, Jessie Blade, Will Petzinger, Lizzie Gittins, Margaret Reid Carl Waldmann, Archie Eichelbeiger.



Mamie Hughes, Lyman McCall, Elsie Harry, Earl Steinbeck, Katie Felt, Clarence Campbell, Rheda Ridenour, Elizabeth Taylor, Roy Oman, Henry Buell, Ethel Ackers, Nina Sawyer, John Daly, Dorothy Brandt, Reed Clarke, Kenneth De Young, Bess Campbell, Marjorie MacPherson, Austin Burton, Raymond McGurk.



Guard and Tackle

EXECUTIVE STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief.....Alida Reimers
 Associate Editor.....Kate Felt
 Business Manager.....Will Inglis
 Assistant Business Manager.....Will Petzinger
 Exchange Editor.....Henry Buell

DEPARTMENTS.

Exchange.....Henry Buell
 Personals.....Edwin Snyder, Bernice Amy
 Athletics.....Howard Allen

REPORTERS.


Class '05..Bernice Amy, F. Smith, Edw. Snyder
 Class '06.....Elsie Flower and Sidney Herkner
 Class '07.....Ilene Lundy
 Class '08.....Emma Martin and Will Hollis
 Gamma Eta Kappa.....Willard Moore
 Lambda Theta Phi.....Bess Campbell
 Omega Nu.....Alma Simons
 Zeta.....Rheda Ridenour

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One Year in Advance.....50 Cents

Please remember to notify the Manager when any change of address is made. Contributions invited.

Address all communications and exchanges to "The Guard and Tackle," Stockton, Cal.



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Editorial.

When sixteen seasons ago this year's graduates entered the High School the years ahead seemed long and uncertain of destinies. But time has flown and the untried has become experience now when we stand at the parting of roads and unknown years loom up before us, pregnant with questions of what they might bring.

And these sixteen seasons which now are past, what have they not brought to many of us—new friendships have been made; new thoughts have knocked on the door and we have bid them enter to become part of our life, to help in joining both present and future.

Indeed, we are but "ships that pass in the night," and wide is the sea on which we travel. We have greeted; we have clutched hands. Today we say good-bye—good-bye to the old school; but a thousand memories shall follow us up through the years—some bright with gladness; others that might bring tears to one's eyes.

So good-bye, old comrades! Even if the sea is wide, we may meet again. The sails are set; unknown shores are before us. There are breakers ahead. Success depends on our steering.

It is a glad time, this time of youth. There should be song on board—clear, ringing and honest song that comes from the heart. There should be hope at the prow and the cargo on board worth the sailing. Life has much to offer. It is the highest art to grasp the best thereof. It is that which tightens every muscle and every nerve to deeds hard to accomplish.

But back of us stands the old Stockton High in the halo of youth, a memory soon—a glad thought of by-gone days.

When fruits are picked there are debts to be paid and it sometimes needs but gratitude to balance the counting. It is such we give to you who stood truly by us; you who were our teachers in heart and learning. We extend to you our hands here, for a hard, good shake as we part. We turn and wave once more, and life without you has us in its taking. But your good councils will go with us on the trip till, perhaps, some day some of us stand where you are today. There is sadness in parting, but also much of gladness, but gladder still it is to meet again. So come on, comrades, boys and girls of the year '05, a new start is before us. Let us make life give us a fair counting. In the new let us be true to the Stockton High and to ourselves; true to home and true to fatherland, and what we build shall stand and be fair in its standing.

Exchanges.

This being the last issue of the Guard and Tackle for the year, we will first say a little something to the exchanges in general, which we have received from month to month.

In looking back over the criticisms which we have found in the other publications for the benefit of our own, we notice quite a number which give us encouragement for the way in which our paper is put out. These we thank, and can say that their encouragement has been a help. Those which have been severe in their criticisms we, also, thank and trust that they will find improvements.

We can say that by reading these papers we have begun to take an interest in the life of our sister schools and are only sorry that we, the present staff officers, cannot continue to hear from them through their papers. Still, we hope that our successors will find the same pleasure that we have found by means of the exchanges.

Naturally, the type of exchange which we especially notice this month is the commencement number. Among those which have that cover we notice: "The Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.; "The Oracle," Bakersfield, Cal.; "The High School Review," Wilkinsburg, Pa., and "The Russ," San Diego, Cal. Of these, "The Russ" is the best, although the others are above the average. This paper is the best that we have received this year. Its cover is very artistic, it is full of good illustrations and the reading matter is of the best. "The Spectator" contains more than the average number of stories, all of which are good.

"The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Ill., for June, is the commencement number and contains some very good reading matter.

We have received a "Weekly Chemawa American," Chemawa, Or., regularly every week. We have been glad to keep in touch with this school through its paper.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of another "The Manzanita," Watsonville, Cal. We notice a great improvement

over the first number, and can return the compliment it gives us.

The Senior number of "The Lumen," Toulon, Ill., is good.

With the change in the staff officers of the "Olla Podrida," Berkeley, Cal., we notice no change in the quality of the paper.

"The Oriole," Campbell, Cal., is a small, though neat, paper.

"The Girls' High Journal," G. H. S., San Francisco, Cal., is not as good as usual.

We have received "The Windmal," Lawrence, Kansas, for the first time. We would suggest a few more interesting stories.

"The Owl," Fresno, Cal., contains a good poem in memoriam of the Seniors.

The cover of "The Normal Record," Chico, Cal., is neat, simple and artistic, three qualities which do not always go together.

"Irving Echoes," I. I., San Francisco, Cal., is good in every respect. We congratulate you on your paper.

"The Armijo Student," Fairfield, Cal., is at hand for the second time. This number is not as good as the first one, because of the lack of a good story.

We wish all of these and the following a cheerful farewell: "The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.; "The Kodak," Eau Claire, Wis.; "The High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.; "Purple and White," Redding, Cal.; "The Students' Arena," Cobleskill, N. Y.; "La Plume," Grand Rapids, Mich.; "The High School Panorama," Binghamton, N. Y.; "The Wild Cat," Los Gatos, Cal.; "The High School Zephyr," Clyde, Kansas; "The Cardinal," Corning, Cal.; "The Cricket," Belmont, Cal.; "The Aegis," Northfield, Vt.; "The Review," Sacramento, Cal.; "The High School Sentiment," Parsons, Kansas; "The High School Times," Fort Madison, Iowa; "Opinion," Peoria, Ill.; "The Huisache," San Antonio, Texas; "Dictum Est," Red Bluff, Cal.; "The Cherry and White," Williamsport, Pa.

Fraternal Notes.

G. E. K.

Several of our brothers are looking forward to the greatest convention in the history of the fraternity, which will be held in Portland on July 17-22, inclusive. On that date Psi Gamma Chapter assumes to herself the honor of conducting the first biennial convention of the districts, and the pleasure of entertaining a vast army of fraters from each and every chapter of Gamma Etta Kappa. Besides the more weighty matters in hand, a good time is expected by the delegates, as the Portland Geks have spared neither time nor money in making their preparations. The brothers who expect to take part in this convention from our chapter are Brothers Henderson, Ross, M. Woods, Sperry and A. Woods, and they are sure to have a most pleasant visit.

This term has been a most pleasant one to our local chapter. The repasts and the social gatherings after our meetings have tended toward bringing us under the beneficial influence of our older brothers, and we have not failed to profit by it.

We have had two initiations this year and those who came into the fold are Niel Ross, Ralph Coleman, Earl Steinbeck, Maynard Holley, Cyril Nunan and Bert Fithian.

Last, but not least, we raise our glasses to our two graduates this year, Clarence Campbell and Earl Steinbeck, and wish them a successful journey through life.

W. M., '06.

RHO ETA OMEGA NU.

Established 1900.

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

Hazel Aubry	Beatrice Martin
Geneva Blake	Hattie Sterling
Harriet Coburn	Alma Simon
Betha Dunlap	Elsie Wingate
Elsie Flower	Grace Steinbeck
Gay Harris	Ethel Wright
Lois Inglis	Willa Yolland
Aileen Lundy	

MEMBERS NOT IN SCHOOL.

Viola Leffler	Julia Rossi
Mabel Robbins	Estelle Robbins
Ruby Green Bell	Ethel Strohmeier
Grace Blake	Alice Sherman
Hattie Bierce	Effie Shepherd
Lucile Dunham	Ruby Stimpson
Ethel England	Edna Willy
Vivian Fish	Lydia Wahl
Ruby Hillman	Ema Yardley
Frances Hansell	Bess Yardley
Edith Keagle	

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha	San Jose
Rho Eta	Stockton
Theta Chi	Mission High, S. F.
Zeta Psi	Portland, Or.
Gamma Beta	Girls' High, S. F.
Sigma Alpha	Santa Cruz
Epsilon	Seattle, Wash.
Kappa Tau	Sacramento

The annual convention of the Omega Nu Sorority will be held this year in Portland, Or. The convention and festivities which hover around such an affair will continue through the first week of July.

We are all anxious to go, for we have heard of what a royal entertainer Zeta Psi is, and the Lewis and Clark Exposition adds even more attraction to such a visit.

On Tuesday evening, June 27th, the Omega Nu Sorority will give a dance in honor of its only graduating member, Alma Simon.

Saturday afternoon, May 13th, the Omega Nus were entertained by Geneva and Grace Blake. The crowning event of the afternoon was the presentation of a most beautiful silver-mounted gavel to the sorority by Marcy S. Woods. The presentation was made by Ethel Strohmeier.

Betha Dunlap and Alma Simon entertained the "Bingos" Saturday evening, May 27th. A. C. S., '05.

LAMBA THETA PHI.

The past month has been a quiet one for the Lambs in social affairs, as all interest has been centered on the final exs.

A meeting was held at the home of Elta Smith June 10th. After all business was transacted, delicious refreshments were served and a general good time followed.

Alma Keyes, Lesley Hammond and Augusta Waldmier leave on July 10th for San Diego to attend the conclave. A week of jolly times has been planned by the San Diego chapter, which is noted for its hospitality.

At present the girls are looking forward to the dance to be given at Oak Park June 21st.

Florence Guernsey and Leta Wolf have returned from Mills College.

Hazel Burge and Elise Owen are at home from Stanford.

Ana Smith has returned after attending Pacific University.

Elta Smith leaves in August for a year's visit in the South.

ZETA NOTES.

The Zetas, with their friends, enjoyed a most delightful evening May 19, 1905. The affair was a moonlight hay ride to the home of Miss Dorothy Brandt, on the San Joaquin river. The grounds were very artistically decorated with red Chinese lanterns, which were especially numerous under the large fig arbor, where the lunch was spread. After the spread, we all walk-

ed to the bridge, from which we viewed the surrounding country by moonlight. The latter part of the evening was spent in games and music. It was well on to the small hours when the jolly crowd left for home. The chaperones of the ride were Mrs. Felt and Mrs. Ridenour.

Evelyn Willis entertained the Zetas May 27th.

On June 10th Miss Moore was the guest of honor at the club meeting held at the home of Lois McDade.

Initiations are always "heaps of fun"—at least, Bess Smith thinks so. The last initiation was held May 29th at the home of Evelyn Willis, and Maude Cowell was the victim. "Maude" is a well-known name, and on this occasion its fame increased. The ever fractious Maude was subdued and humbly submitted to all trials of her physical strength and endurance. The "feed," which took place at the home of Rheda and Hazel Ridenour, came up to the standard of the Zeta's feeds. It was rather late when we "broke up" and walked home to the tune of "Eat, Drink and Be Merry."

The Beta Chapter of San Lorenzo has invited the Zeta girls of Stockton to spend the nine days from June 29th to July 6th at that place. Seven of the girls expect to go and they know a glorious time awaits them there.

Graduation.

(Selected.)

Sis is goin' to graduate;
 Mother works till offul late;
 Got a lot of wimmen, too;
 Guess they never will get through.
 Gemunee, when they all come
 How that old machine does hum!
 Every woman sits and sews
 Makin' graduatin' cloze.

Sis is goin' to graduate;
 Things is in an awful state;
 Cloze is piled up six feet deep;
 Ain't no place to eat or sleep;
 Things is lyin' on the chairs,
 Table, bed an' everywheres;
 Every place a feller goes
 Has to keep away from cloze.

Sis is goin' to graduate;
 She's shoppin' at a fearful rate,
 Buyin' hats an' gloves an' shoes,
 Lace an' handkerchiefs—jest slues.
 Never gets to school no more,
 Graduatin's such a bore;
 Keeps her busy makin' bows
 For her graduatin' cloze.

Sis is goin' to graduate;
 Gee! It must be somethin' great!
 Relatives 'll all be here,
 Stringin' in fr'm far an' near;
 Rushin' in an' runnin' out,
 Can't find what it's all about;
 But, from what I see, I s'pose,
 Graduatin' jest means cloze.