

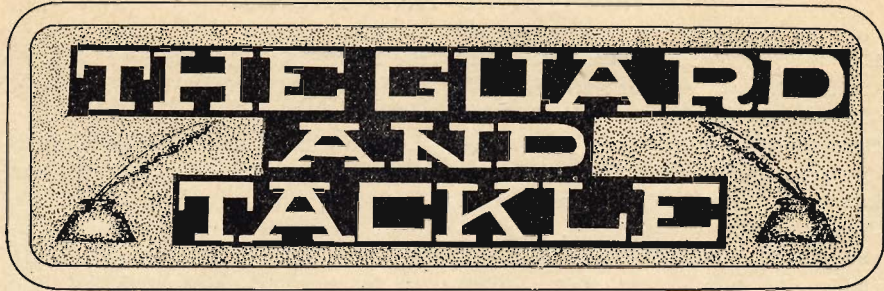


## Sonnet on Graduation



Life comes as swiftly as the yellow dawn,  
Dim, golden-streaked; ere we scarce can know  
It steals upon us, like the silent flow  
Of some broad tide from misty oceans drawn.  
The sunny, shadowy days—these all are gone  
As light as dreams; so, lightly still, they go,  
And Life unfolds—thus do the roses blow  
Ere scarce we heed. But youth and youthful brawn  
And sun-lit hearts that glory in the day,  
And naked, rough-hewn strength, and dim desire  
That counts the coming hours every one—  
This all is ours; we seek the broadening way  
With eager hopes, with youth's free, eager fire—  
The world is all before us to be won.





## History of the Class of 1910

FROM the day that the class of 1910 entered Stockton High School the world began to realize that something wonderful was to come of it. Just as a tiny green oak sprouts from an acorn and grows into a large, spreading tree, so was our class of budding geniuses to blossom forth into a great career. To begin with, we were an unusually large class, one hundred and sixty-five in number, and we were under the guardianship of a new principal, Mr. Frank B. Wootten. Indeed, our Freshman class found a sympathetic friend in him from the beginning as was shown at our first class meeting.

When the novelty of walking from room to room for recitations had worn off, when the problems of algebra began to lose their interest and when our fear and admiration of the Seniors began to wane, we were attracted one day by a sign of "Freshmen Meeting" which emblazoned the study room board. It was with great joy that we welcomed that sign, and our entire number assembled after school for the election of class officers. But one would never have dreamed it was a Freshmen meeting on observing those present, for here was a group of Sophomores, there a group of Juniors and in another place some Seniors, all

watching the election with a curiosity we did not appreciate and advising us most patronizingly in the great art of politics. It was then that Mr. Wootten came to our rescue and ordered all visitors out of the room, after which our business proceeded, resulting in the election of August Kramm president; Clair Wilbur, vice-president; Ralph Eaton, secretary and treasurer and Chipman Dodge, sergeant-at-arms. It looked very much as if the boys were going to run things, but time has clearly shown that such was not the case.

Our Freshman year was unmarked by any great happening, except the acquirement of a great deal of knowledge and the formation of a Student Affairs Committee which was something new in our school. In January of this year we were deprived of a dear friend in the departure of Miss Lane, our English instructor, for Oakland.

Our Sophomore year opened with a class of one hundred forty-two. Our class assembled for its election of September 19th, and after our august president of last year had announced the reason of the assemblage in a careful address, Ralph Eaton was chosen to succeed him and Janet Adams became vice-president; Loring

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Kent, secretary and treasurer and Walter Hadden, sergeant-at-arms.

This was a year of great events. German and Latin clubs were formed by the students which created a new interest in the languages and made their study more progressive. A number of our members showed their talent in a German comedy and a carnival of art which took place in the spring. On March 9th the first fire drill ever held in the high school took place, and though previously announced, several of our girls came near fainting and some of our boys tried to use the fire-escapes. We began to realize our importance in high school life and joined every activity with that fine school spirit which has grown each year in our class.

The autumn of 1908 found us diminished into a class of eighty, our girls grown into fine young ladies, our boys grown into serious young men. We were sad indeed to find that so many of our number had turned from the path of school life for scarcely more than half had returned. Stephen Blewett received the throne of honor for the year, with Helen Atherton as his assistant; Orrin Gravem was elected secretary and treasurer, and Solly Sinai, sergeant-at-arms. Some time later we were honored by having our pictures taken for the World's Fair at Portland and a finer looking array of Juniors never graced the high school steps. This was a year of great learning and little time was spent outside of our books. Indeed, we were so deep in our studies and in our efforts to keep school spirit alive, that we had time for but one meeting at which plans were made for commencement decorations. This honor falls each year to the Junior class.

It was with glad hearts and a feeling of triumph that our class entered

the fourth year of its career with the number of fifty-eight. The feeling of a Senior cannot well be described, but it is, my dear underclassmen, something that is indeed worth working for, and the satisfaction of four years' practical learning under the instruction of good teachers is a pleasure of greater value than one can realize.

Our Senior year began under the principalship of Mr. Ansel S. Williams, who had already made himself popular among us as our instructor in history. A new plan of election was inaugurated by him after its consideration by the Student Body by which nominations for class officers were made several days before the election. We showed our satisfaction in our last year's officials by re-electing Stephen Blewett and Helen Atherton as president and vice-president and Orrin Gravem, secretary. Chipman Dodge was chosen treasurer and Will Shepherd, sergeant-at-arms. We had, however, some difficulty in keeping an officer in the latter important position. Owing to the fact that Mr. Shepherd left school on account of overwork, the office remained unoccupied for several months until Porter Danford was chosen as his successor. He was unable to endure the responsibility of the position longer than two weeks and after his sudden withdrawal from school August Muentner was elected sergeant-at-arms. In a short time he tendered his resignation and Walter Hadden filled the position in a most efficient manner the remainder of the year.

September 20th marks one of the most important dates in our history, the formation of the Senior Girls' Club, H<sup>2</sup> G<sup>3</sup>, for the promotion of good feeling among the Senior girls and the members of the class as well.

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During the year we enjoyed several social functions which made us better acquainted and formed friendships which we hope will be lasting.

At a class meeting on September 29th we selected our class pins, our colors, scalet and silver, and our class flower, the scarlet geranium. On November 14th the class elected Margaret Smith and Vernon Morrow to represent it in the Student Affairs Committee. The progress which the members of the committee have made by their untiring and conscientious work under the chairmanship of August Muentner is indeed worthy of praise and it is to be hoped that the classes will co-operate in giving them a strong support hereafter and realize the necessity of each student acting his part under the committee's regulations.

The success of our class in athletics is an honor which will always be remembered. The boys of the class of 1910 have been a strong support to the baseball and football teams ever since their entrance into the high school. Our 1910 basketball team, which won

for us the A. A. L. championship, had in its number three Senior boys, August Muentner, Chipman Dodge and George Davis. Three Senior girls figured prominently on the girls' basketball team, Josie Campodonico, Anita Winder and Adelin Rivara. These reasons are sufficient for our pride in our athletics.

Little wonder for Principal Williams' statement that "The class of 1910 is a record-breaker in quantity as well as in quality." We are glad indeed of our principal's good opinion, and hope the world will judge us as well. We believe we have the favor of our teachers, although during our career eleven members of the faculty left us and eight new ones arrived.

The history of the class of 1910 is at an end and it is with great regret that we say good-bye to our classmates and teachers, and though to a number of us this is only a step to a higher education when new associations will be formed, we realize that many of us are indeed going "From School Life Into Life's School."

MARY K. SMITH.

### Class Song

Tune: "A Stein Song," from the "Prince of Pilsen."

Many a day we have toiled away in these old familiar places;  
Many a day we have laughed away, a careless, happy throng;  
We sing the glad praise of our student days, of the old familiar faces,  
And so we will pass, a glorious class—come join in a rousing song.

Chorus: Here's to the lads, a health, a cheer;

Here's to the lassies, too;

Here's to the luck that lingers here;

Here is to you and you.

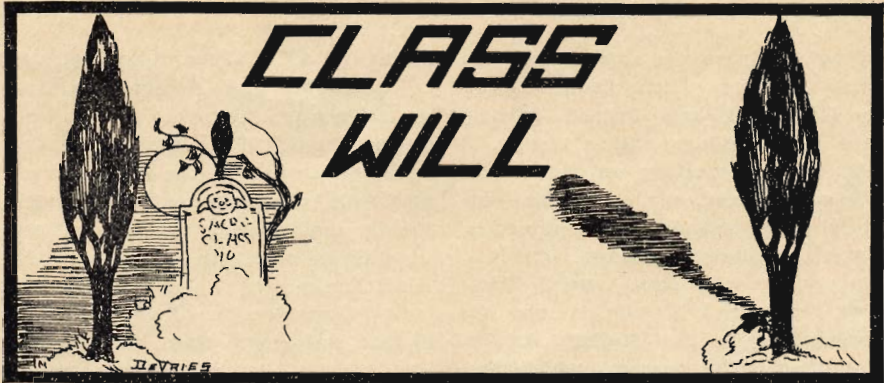
Here's a farewell to the student ways;

Here's to those happy hours;

Here's a farewell to student days,

Here's to this class of ours.

E.



TO Whom It May Concern:

We the Class of 1910 of the Stockton High School, City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, United States of America, recognizing the fact that our days in the High School are numbered, do on this occasion make our last will and testament; all property bequeathed by us is to be cared for to the best of the ability of those persons holding the same.

1—We do hereby will and bequeath to the present Junior class, who will soon take our place, all those duties and high responsibilities which are attached to the calling of calm, dignified, serious Seniors, providing that they show the same elevation of mind which has characterized the actions of the present Senior class. With our usual thoughtfulness we also give them the numberless herds of ponies used by us on all occasions.

2—To the members of the Board of Education we extend our heartfelt thanks for their sustained liberalities and the generous part which they have taken in all the activities in which we have been engaged.

3—To our principal, Mr. Williams, and to the several teachers of the faculty, we wish to express our earnest appreciation of their untiring efforts in piloting up through our years of high school life.

4—To Mr. and Mrs. Williams we bequeath the chaperonage of the Senior class. They are splendid; aren't they, Seniors?

5—To Mr. Theobald we do bequeath the moustache formerly worn by Jasper Tully in the German play.

6—On behalf of Gladys Laughlin we do give the renowned title of "Chatterbox," formerly held by the above-said lady, to Viloa Sims.

7—Out of kindness of our hearts we do give and bequeath twenty-five life-sized mirrors to the cloakroom for the convenience of the fair ladies of the future.

7—The much-desired place before the mirror we do bequeath to Marjorie Waite, providing that she doesn't monopolize it more than two-thirds of the day.

9—Unto George Wright we will and bequeath the position held at the present time by Dub Hadden, that of Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senior class.

10—Next we dispose of the position of "Shining Light" of the Senior class. After carefully considering all possible candidates we have come to the conclusion that the most favorable member of the class of 1911 is Dutch Meyers, and we give him the position now held by Stephen Blewett, together with all honors which have been conferred upon this distinguished gentleman.

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11—Out of sheer pity we do bequeath the flaxen wig worn by Margaret Smith in the German comedy, to Dub Hadden, that gentleman having been unfortunate enough to lose his crown of glory several weeks ago—we all know how.

12—Among other things there are several books which we would like to dispose of. We hope we have chosen careful owners. Although the present owners dislike very much to give them up, it is only with the idea that they will benefit the following named parties, that they deign to part with them: (a) "How to Acquire Mental Vigor," formerly used by Howard Condy, we do give to Curtis Robbins; (b) "How to Be Popular," owned by Josie Campodonico, we do bequeath to Marian Dozier; (c) "How to Grow Tall," successfully used by Elvira De Vries and practiced in vain by Chip Dodge, we do give to Nathan Sinai.

13—To "Sackie" Barnhart we give the right to go to all Senior doings, even if he is not a Senior, as that is his established custom.

14—To the next Senior Girls' Club, whatever it may be, we wish the best of good times and jolly stunts, formerly enjoyed by H<sup>2</sup> G<sup>3</sup>.

15—To an honored few we do be-

queath the privilege of running a bill with the cornucopia man, formerly enjoyed by some of us who had honest faces.

16—To Mr. Kuhn we do give the permission to fulfill his oft-expressed desire to have a home on Nob Hill, San Francisco, but we further add, "Do not live there alone, but let some one enjoy this beautiful and hygienic place with you."

17—To the Senior girls of next year we do give the advice: Treat the Senior boys well; it pays.

18—To the Senior boys: Don't be bashful about giving dances to the Senior girls; they appreciate it.

19—To the successor of Mr. Cooper we do give the pleasure of driving civil government into the heads of frivolous girls.

We do hereby appoint Mr. Williams sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, we, the Class of 1910, the testators of this our last will, written on two sheets of parchment and sealed this 15th day of June, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten, hereby affix our signature.

(Signed):

CLASS OF 1910.

FLOSSIE SIMON.





I HAD always thought that the class of '10 was unusual and it needed only my departure from life to confirm my belief. Since I have been doomed to wander eternally in the underworld, I have had the opportunity of meeting all my classmates. Mortals often wonder what becomes of those who cross the River Styx, so I will chronicle for them the fates of my old friends.

I have lost count of time, but it seems, oh, so long since I stood on the farther bank of the River Styx in terror of what should follow, my fear not lessened by the grim and silent boatman, Charon. But my terror turned almost to joy in recognizing in him the talkative, jolly fellow of class '10, Solly Sinai. However, my desire for communication met only with a hard, cold stare. Later I learned that his habitual silence was poor Solly's doom.

At last we gained land. It was with difficulty that my guide, none other than Hazel Belknap, led me through the crowds which surrounded us. Safely she conducted me past the terrible Cerebus toward the palace of Pluto and Proserpina.

We neared a mighty throne among rocks, around about which crawled snakes, toads and lizards. I knew the great monarch sat upon that throne but dared not look up until I was

startled by a familiar voice which said "Come thou before me!" Yes, I was not mistaken. It was Clair Wilbur, who had by special reward been proclaimed the god of the underworld, and at his side as Queen sat Elvera De Vries.

My fears vanished and I was soon trying to show that my good points fully balanced my bad ones. But I was interrupted by a very oratorical argument close beside me, and looking around saw Stephen Blewett. Naturally Stephen was trying to argue his way out of Hades, but as yet all efforts have been in vain. Pluto, assisted by his judge, Alpheus Stewart, pronounced my punishment and I was sent to wander by myself.

By this time I became painfully conscious of a growing hunger, but no wonder for at my side stood Hunger, tall and gaunt, in the personification of Melvin Mayne. Next I was almost overcome by Sleep and who should this be but Clarence Stewart.

A familiar laugh brought me out of my sleepy stupor. Ah! I knew that laugh. I looked about with pleasure, hoping to see Josie's laughing face. There she was, but with a very drawn and melancholy expression, seated before a phonograph from which issued the sound I had recognized as her laugh. I would have stopped to speak to her but dared not.

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Near her I caught sight of a face, which, though wrinkled with cares and trouble, had a striking resemblance to Howard Condry. He sat over a huge pile of books reading studiously, yet I ventured to disturb him.

"Studying yet?" I inquired.

"Alas, yes," he replied.

"But why and what subjects?"

"Be not alarmed. Fate decrees it," he replied. "I am doomed to study how to forget all I learned at High School. Not yet have I succeeded in forgetting my Freshman work." Poor boy. I offered my sympathy for I thought he needed it.

My attention was attracted by the discordant strains of a violin and following the sound I came upon a most spectacular, yet horrible scene. Around a huge cauldron danced a mad crowd of spirits. Among them I distinguished Flora Merrill, Earl Liesy, Hazel Hoeri, Barry Gersbacher, Rachel Libbey and Laura Tatterson, none of whom kept time to the music played by Erva Harris. The cauldron was enormous and the fire beneath it emitted terrible heat. There was a great pity in my heart for the man who shoveled on coal and it was some time before I recognized the heat-drawn, smut-covered face as that of Chipman Dodge.

Very near the huge kettle stood three women, Adelin Rivara, Genevieve Trask and Anita Winder giving forth in cracked voices a most terrible chant. Over the cauldron, quite witch-like in her appearance and stirring vigorously was our little friend, Inez Dodd. I did not understand the proceedings at all, but upon inquiry was horrified to learn that in that boiling pot was a member of class '10, August Muenter, suffering from the accidental killing of Walter Hadden.

Walter, however, had been sent to the Elysian fields and was given a glorious crown of hair for an extra reward.

I hurried away from this terrible scene, and came upon the class vice-president, Helen Atherton, industriously translating Latin. I learned that after 100 years of such work she may enter the Elysian field.

I also saw Eben Kilmer combing and braiding his three feet of hair, while listening to the discordant notes of an autopiano. . . .

Poor Orrin Gravem is terribly tormented by the Imps, Joe Peters and Walter Miller. He no sooner gets the hair on the back of his head smoothed down than they very rudely jerk it in an upright position again.

Though Amy Ziegler's punishment is not severe, it is very tantalizing. Just a few inches above her reach are fruits which she covets very much but her efforts to get them are in vain. One day I noticed a young man rush up to Amy and attempt to procure for her the coveted fruit. Before he could do so he was attacked by a swarm of bees and tormented terribly for half an hour. I learned that this man was Will Lewis, who as of old, was always trying to be the handy man, but continually getting stung.

Soon I came upon another gruesome sight. A great number of men were sorting and grinding the bones of the departed. Over these men presided the great student of anatomy and physiology, Roy Tretheway. Roy must also see that sanitary conditions prevail. To obtain this, he has two employees, Lottie Powell and Alma Locke, who take day about cleaning and scouring. Lottie does her work so well she may soon enter Elysium and care for her toil-worn hands, but Alma is doomed forever.



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Moving on, I came to the Land of Mourning. Here black-clad figures moved about, sobbing the while. Among them I recognized Paul Newell and Flossie Simon, and later on, to my great surprise, Nadine Burnett and Gladys Laughlin. These unhappy four, disappointed in love, must forever mourn their fate. . . .

Only a few of class '10 enjoy the results of a good life and eternal bliss of the Elysian fields. These are Walter Hadden, already mentioned, Evalyn Hornage, always a model of excellent deportment, especially in physiology, petite little Bessie Carson and last but not least, that dear couple who caused class '10 so much needless anxiety, Dorothy Smith and Vernon Morrow, now eternally at peace with one another.

A few of our class I had not yet seen, and upon consulting the chron-

icles I learned that they had been reincarnated. Georgia Strohmeier may be heard in the evening still singing as before but this time in the form of a nightingale.

Even Pluto was moved by Roland Doan's entreaties to return to his lady love on earth and now Roland with face and form divine, may still be seen in Stockton a gay lady's man. . . .

Thus I submit to the world the chronicles of class '10 as it now is. Some call for sympathy, some for pity and other for joy. Be our fates as they may, yet we are glad that the majority are not separated as we had thought to be at the close of the school year 1910.

ALMA LOCKE and  
MARGUERITE SALINI.

(Parts of the above have been omitted for want of space.)

## A Song of Summer

Where the furrowed hillsides lie,  
    Basking their lazy lengths in the August sun,  
    And the drowsy day, half done  
Droops in sleepy splendor from the sky,  
And the noisy locust calls,  
And a stealthy shadow crawls  
Across the damp ravine,  
Half mingling with the green—  
There does my spirit rest  
    And peace steals to my heart;  
The hours I love the best  
    Are those, far, far apart  
From all the common ways—  
The drowsy summer days  
When life is still and slow,  
And calm as is a mighty river's flow.

# Commencement Week

## Class Day

On June 15th the class of 1910 assembled to say their good-bye to the school where they had worked and played for four years. It was a happy sort of good-bye, with more laughs than tears, but still under it all was the regret of leaving—of turning from the old to the new. The Juniors had decorated the assembly hall in fine style, with pennants and geraniums. The program was well rendered; in fact, we heard someone say that it was the best class day they had ever attended.

President Blewett, the old familiar "Steve," with his glasses and his smile, opened the day with a very apt speech. He told of the feelings which filled the graduates on leaving the high school and of the work which they had done in their four undergraduate years. The musical numbers were very enjoyable and the Class History, Class Will and Class Prophecy (all of which appear elsewhere in this issue) proved to be most entertaining and well written.

The revelation of the H<sup>2</sup> G<sup>3</sup> Club was a great surprise—and now that we are speaking of the Senior girls' club, we would like to say something of the previous ones. The idea of having a club for the Senior girls originated with the class of '07. Their K K K club was started merely as a joke to arouse the curiosity of the Senior boys and when it was revealed as "curiosity killed a cat," the Senior boys were indeed very much taken a-back. This was followed by the A A A club of '08, and the Sin Alif Club of '09, and now finally by the H<sup>2</sup> G<sup>3</sup> Club. The meaning of the name as it was revealed was

most cleverly conceived, "Happiest hours, going, going, gone." These girls' clubs have done much toward more firmly cementing the Senior classes. They have helped to arouse a feeling of good fellowship which makes school a thousand times more pleasant and profitable. We hope to see the custom continued.

After the program in the assembly hall the class plate was laid in the pavement that leads to the front entrance of the building. This plate will ever be a reminder of the class of '10; a sort of monument over its grave. (Not a cheerful way of expressing the sentiment, is it?) Thus the class of '10 said good-bye. Many a class has come before it and has passed—it only follows in their footsteps; many a class will come after it and will sing its own praises to the sky and strut as if it were the mightiest of all time. Such are men. But the class of '10 will never be sorry to have lived their high school days.

Things long awaited pass very quickly and only leave a dim memory behind where we had thought that the very world would move, the stars would shoot from their very orbits, and the whole universe would change. But now the class of '10 has graduated and still the days go on—as slow, as glad, as gloomy as ever, and still the skies are blue and the trees are green. It is only a moment, a few steps across the stage, a storm of applause, a thousand hurried handshakes, ruffles and fluffy dresses and proud relatives—a swift moment of realization, and it is all over. The world goes on the same.

This is something of the feeling that

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filled the class of '10 on June 16th when they trooped across the assembly hall stage and took their diplomas (by the way, not their own diplomas) from the hands of the gracious Board of Education. It was all gone as quickly as you could say "Jack Robinson"—all excepting mother's proud smile and father's matter-of-fact, laconic hand-shake. The music and the applause and the careful words of advice were all part of the scheme of things, and they were all as good as anyone could wish. Judge Burnett's talk was something which the graduates deeply appreciated. He spoke of the value of education in life, and of the future—the great, broad, rosy future that the class of '10 are entering. Education, he said, is a drawing out, a development. It is something that should not set a man above his fellow men. It is not a hollow vanity, but it is a thing which enables a man the more successfully to cope with the world. No man can live unless he work, unless he soil his hands with the grime of labor and furrow his brow with the trouble of thought. This is the great lesson that the world will have for the graduate—experience. Education is never complete; indeed it is better that it should never be so; as a great German philosopher said, were God to hold in one hand truth and in the other search for truth, he would choose search for truth. It is that that draws out the man, that educates him, that builds his character. Judge Burnett spoke in this strain and his words were words of wisdom. We only hope that they fell on fertile soil.

And now the flurry is over and the diploma—the coveted bit of paper, eight by fourteen, is at the art store, being framed. The time has come and passed and the class of '10 has

gone into the world. Ten years from now they will be staid men and women with a few gray hairs and a family, and then some day before they realize that they themselves have graduated, almost before their diploma has come back from the art store in its little black frame, they will be coming to see their own sons and daughters graduate, and they will be stern fathers and proud mothers themselves.

### The Senior Dance

Of all the brilliant sights, the grand swishing silks, the stately trains, the gleaming beauty of white necks, the glory of golden hair; of all the grandure of kings, there is none that could surpass the Senior ball. But to get to the facts of the matter and to view the thing in less poetic light, on the 10th of June the Senior class held their dance at Oak Park. We will hardly attempt to describe the decorations, for we are very sure that they were thoroughly discussed along with the floor and the weather and all the other eagerly hunted topics of conversation, on the night of the affair itself. There have been so many red geraniums and silver pennants that we are fairly cloyed with them and we would rather consider another aspect of the affair.

It is very pleasant to be a host; to feel that you are the king of the evening and that all the gay people—the throng that is laughing and chattering and flirting, are going through their little comedy because it pleased you to take the position of stage manager. It is very pleasant to feel that they are enjoying your hospitality; it is even more pleasant than to laugh and chat and dance to the tune of somebodyelse's fiddle. This is the feeling that filled the class of '10 on

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the night of their dance. They were entertaining because they were about to graduate and so they were happy. It was in this spirit that every one made merry—the spirit of the class of '10.

### The Alumni Banquet

On June 17th the class of '10 sat down to the twenty-second annual reunion banquet of the Stockton High School Alumni Association at Hotel Stockton. It was indeed a strange feeling to see all the well known people of the city sitting there to receive the class that had just graduated and to renew the memories of high school days—of the alma mater. The Seniors, mighty in their full grown majesty the day before, suddenly shrank to mere girls and boys, trembling at the very beginning of things. Then, more keenly than ever before, they realized that the time was indeed a "commencement."

The lights, the music, the hurrying waiters, the hum of conversation, the flurry of applause—all these fell on the dazzled senses of the class of '10 as they made their way into the banquet room. George Ditz introduced them, and President Dave Matthews welcomed them with a few warm words. Stephen Blewett, president of the class, responded, speaking of the appreciation which the graduates felt for the welcome. And then—the best of all—came the banquet.

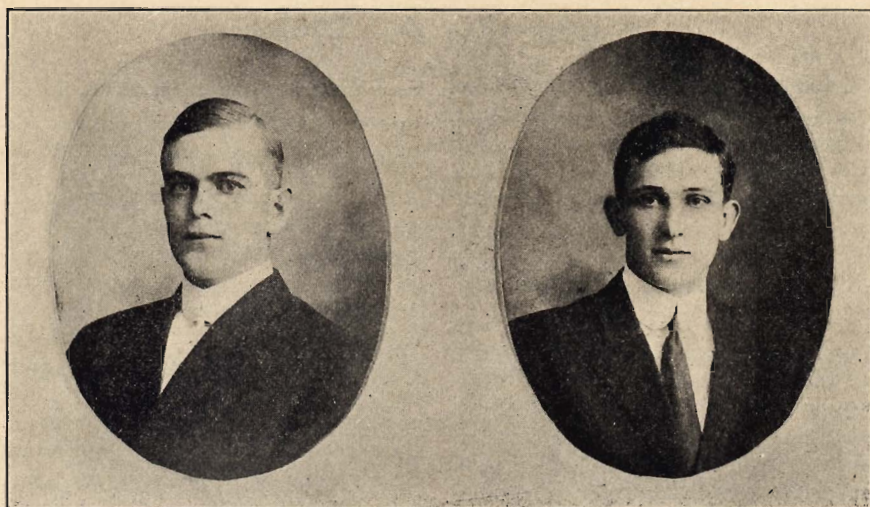
The orchestra numbers were very pleasing, and a vocal solo by J. J. Rhea, after the banquet, proved most entertaining. But Mrs. Edna Orr James in responding to the toast, "The Old and the New," won every heart with her delightfully feminine personality. After hearing Mrs. James' toast one would almost be tempted to

turn traitor to his stern Saxon ancestors and call them wrong for not letting their women speak in public.

By far the most interesting feature of the evening was the address by Judge C. E. McLaughlin of Sacramento. What he said will long be remembered. He spoke directly to the graduates on a subject that is very close to us all—"Education and the State." His words were indeed sincerely felt and they carried conviction with them. He urged the upbuilding of individual character as the solution of the great governmental problems which are now facing America. Individual honesty is the answer to the problem of civic corruption. The State he said, has educated its citizens with the idea of securing a greater intelligence, a greater integrity in governmental affairs. He also spoke of the home as the foundation of all society, of all government, and he urged on the graduates that their highest duty was to be "the king and queen in an American home." His remarks were heartily applauded and his hearers went away with food for new thought.

It was 1 o'clock when the tables were cleared, but still everyone was eager to dance, and so the banquet room was emptied of its furniture and the whole gathering, old and young, danced till 2. This, the concluding function of the week, proved the best of all, and the graduates, now full fledged alumni, will long look back to it with pleasure.

The officers for next year are: George A. Ditz, president; Mrs. Edna Orr James, first vice-president; Cyril R. Nunan, second vice-president; Stephen N. Blewett, third vice-president; Miss Alleen Lundy, secretary; Ray Friedberger, treasurer.



CLAIR V. WILBUR, Manager

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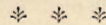
“The Guard and Tackle” is published monthly by the Senior Class in the interests of the Stockton High School. Subscription is fifty cents a year. Single copies can be had for ten cents; special issues for twenty-five cents.



**As We Go Forth** During the flurry of graduation week a great deal is said about mingled feelings of regret and of joy; there is much of looking backward and perhaps equally as much of looking forward, but in all there is very little said of satisfaction, of sound pleasure at seeing a task completed. It is perhaps given to us in this editorial to speak the last word on graduation, and this is what we want to say—satisfaction. We think that this is the feeling above all others that fills a graduate, and to our mind it is a very worthy feeling. A task completed—well completed—should give one a sense of the deepest pleasure; otherwise the task were hardly worth doing.

Regret is the smallest part of the feeling that fills us. To be sure we look back on many happy days, and perhaps as the years go on we shall look back more fondly on those days as some of the best in our lives, but at the present moment we look forward far more eagerly. It is what is to come that holds the greatest charm for us. Many of us are going to college; many are entering the real world; but none, we think, feels any terror or much regret. We are all eager to try our hands and our strength. Thus the two feelings that are uppermost are these—satisfaction and expectation.

What our high school life has given us we can hardly measure by the formula "x plus y equals z." There has been much more than mere books. We have learned something of our fellow men—perhaps the greatest lesson of all time; we have learned to think, to see, to live more keenly. And now as we go forth—scarcely before we realize that our four years have passed, we are full of eager hopes, and above all of pleasure for work well done.



**Student Body Organizations** Everybody has a hobby, whether it is Democratic politics or a pet cat. Our hobby is student organization. Several months ago we aired our views on this subject in these columns, and since that time a step has been taken that almost insures reality to the dreams we set forth then. We were very glad to see the appointment of a committee to draw up a constitution for the Associated Students of Stockton High School. Above all things this is what we need the most.

That we have woefully outgrown the old Athletic Association—that we are like a great, long-legged, overgrown boy trying to get into baby's kilts, has been proven by the failure of interest in the Athletic Association. It is not that we are lacking in spirit.

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It is merely that we refuse to enter into a one-sided organization. Two or three times meetings were called to accept the new constitution for the Athletic Association and nobody came. This was simply because they were not interested in an organization which had as its object the mere support of athletics. Something that would be really representative, that would bring all the interests together in a common center, that would really be a system of student administration, would, we are sure, receive the hearty support of the whole school. It is this that we have talked ourselves hoarse for. This is our hobby.

The new organization would bring together all those interests which are now struggling along as best they can by themselves. The school as a body would elect the officers, the president, the vice-president, the secretary-treasurer. In the president would be centered the executive power of all branches; he would be chairman of all the committees which would be selected to carry on actual business. There would be at least two committees—a committee on athletics and a committee on student affairs. These committees would probably be selected from the classes. In our opinion one representative from each class, with the president of the student body as chairman, would be a committee of proper size. This would make the actual working smoother and more harmonious. The plan of electing managers of teams by the committee on athletics and allowing them to hold office at the pleasure of the committee, is a very good one as it insures a stricter attention to duty and a more careful handling of school funds. Money is apt to slip very freely through the fingers of a manager.

In regard to having members of the faculty on the athletic committee, we think it would be well to have them as advisers, but we scarcely approve of their having a vote, especially in the election of team managers. It is well to feel that the faculty takes an interest in our athletics and it is very desirable that they should see that we maintain them on a sound basis, especially a sound financial basis; but is a member of the faculty really intimate enough with the students to vote for a manager? Or from another standpoint, is it right that the faculty should have a deciding vote in selecting a manager? Of course these are merely our individual views on the matter, and we would have you take them at their worth as such.

We have had many dreams during the year—we have advocated many new things, but this is the only one that will be realized as far as we can see. It is a thing that we have been growing toward; it is a thing that must come as surely as some time there must be another class of scared Freshmen, and another of splendid, disdainful Seniors. Our few little words on the subject were but a mite in the whole mass of causes. It is our hobby and we will watch it carefully, even if there is no possibility of our taking a part in it.

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### **On Laying Down the Pen**

We think that every editor must be much wiser when he lays down his pen than when he takes it up. For our part we feel that we have learned a great deal in this year. We had hoped to do much more than we have done and to satisfy our readers much more perfectly, but in exchange for our fallen hopes we have something more valuable—our les-

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son. We have learned that the resources of a high school are limited and that it is impossible to reach out from certain fixed bounds; but what is more we have learned that within these bounds a high school paper can develop to high possibilities.

The lack of talent, the lack of money makes it impossible to expand beyond a certain size, but it does not prevent the maintaining of a high tone of excellence, the creating of a literary atmosphere. It is this that really counts—the tone, not the number of pages or the amount of illustrations. But how to maintain this tone? Simply this—remember that a high school paper should deal with high school life in a sane way. This is the first principle of vitality—to record and interpret the things that are taking place every day in the school, the things that are closest to the students. For this reason we have tried to make our news columns as full and as interesting as possible, and for this reason we have chosen each month in our editorial pages to speak frankly and intimately (if not always well and wisely) on those matters which were taking place about us at the time. Our principal aim has always been to maintain interest in the affairs of the school, and we have tried to fit ourselves as a small cog into the machinery of school activities.

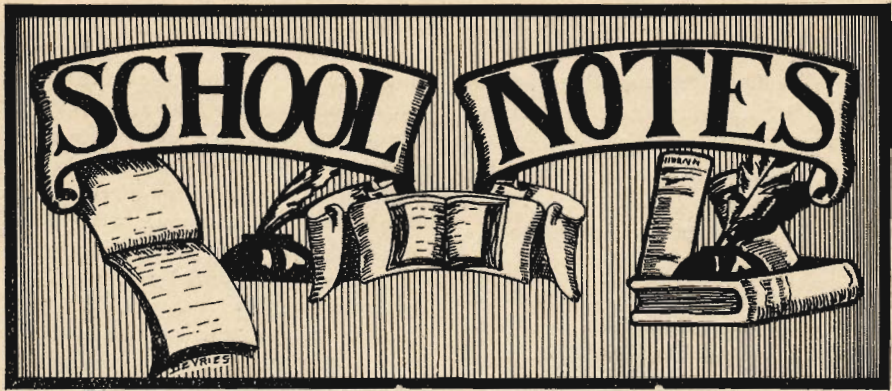
We have also thought much of the amusement of our readers. We are not going to strut and hold up our head and say we don't think that a high school paper ought to aim toward amusing its readers, because we decidedly think it ought to. It should

amuse as well as mould and instruct, but it should always amuse in a sound way. We have been very careful to crush the flippant tone, the insipid foolishness that too often creeps into a high school paper, and in its stead we have tried to substitute bits of real humor. How well we have succeeded we are not able to judge. Further in amusing our readers, we have drawn the line at any amount of unreadable fiction because we think that fiction of the usual colorless type bores most of them. It has never been our aim to publish stories, and what we have published have been put in to fill the space that a treatment of school activities would not cover. It is too much to expect that a high school should offer any quantity of really interesting fiction.

But one thing we have striven very hard for is to maintain a literary atmosphere. We venture the opinion from somewhere deep down in our editorial conscience that a high school paper should show to a certain degree that we can use the English language as it ought to be used, and not batter it and bruise it and send it limping away. Perhaps some mistakes have escaped our ever watchful eye; perhaps we have committed some sins against rhetoric and syntax ourselves, but still the fact remains that we have made the attempt to be correct.

Now as we lay down our pen, we have a twinge of regret. These pages have become so intimate to us that we are almost sorry to leave. But we have had our chance "to strut and fret our hour upon the stage," and we feel that we have not strutted in vain.





## The Work of the Student Affairs Committee

IN summing up the work of the Students' Affairs Committee and passing judgment upon the advisability or inadvisability of having such a body in Stockton High School, one fact must be borne in mind: Before we state whether or no the plan has been successful we must remember that this has been but the first year of the working out of the plan—in fact only an experimental year. Hoping that with this fact before you, whatever faults of omission and commission the committee may or may not have committed, may be condoned, we will proceed.

In general the working out of the plan of self-government suggested by the faculty during the middle of the term has been successful. Although this is seemingly offered as a personal opinion, such will be seen to be the consensus of opinion about the school. Of course many ideals were shattered (such is the usual fate of ideals), but on the whole, success has attended the efforts of the committee. Perhaps one expected aid from students outside the committee in reporting cases. Great was the disappointment. Human nature cannot be overcome to such an extent as to cause one to report another's misdeeds. In a certain school

where the system has been in vogue some years, never yet has any student outside the committee reported a case to a committeeman. Here is balm for the wound of a shattered ideal. Another may have hoped that members of the committee would be treated with at least a resemblance of respect; another that committeemen would conduct themselves with a certain dignity and decorum. Vain hopes all! None of them were fulfilled.

However, most of the main aims of the Students' Affairs Committee have been realized. As set down in the constitution the "Purpose of the Committee is: . . .to try all cases brought before the body. . .hear evidence, render a verdict. . .and, if found guilty, to sentence the offender." How it has succeeded in that line will be discussed later. Some of the minor aims, not specified in the constitution, were to:

1. Crush all disturbances such as took place last year; as bomb explosions, etc.
2. If not to crush, to at least subdue troubles in the study.

In the first instance, there has been complete success. No such happenings as disgraced the fair name of Stockton High School during last year, took place this year. Whether this is

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due to the presence of a committee or to the non-presence of daring in the breasts of some, cannot be determined. At any rate there has been no such disturbance. In the second instance the committee has had partial success. To entirely crush all noises in the study is next to impossible. One hundred and fifty boys and girls seated in one large room are bound to have occasional uprisings. But on the whole, it may be safely said that the committee has at least succeeded in "subduing" such commotions.

One of the hardest things the Students' Affairs Committee had to combat was the attitude taken by the students in general.

The general attitude has been one of, if not open hostility, armed neutrality. This article is not intended to seem a bunch of "crabbing," but it must be said that the students have not given the committee the support it deserved. By some (this does not mean everyone) it has been believed that the members of the committee brought up persons for trial in a spirit of private revenge. All thinking people will see how perfectly foolish and puerile this idea is. That anyone on the committee, bearing a grudge against some one, should "haul him up and soak it to him" is unbelievable, and, needless to say, did not happen once during the past year.

And then the derogatory remarks that have been made regarding the committee! No member objected very strenuously to being called "Pinkerton," "Vigilante," "Gum-Shoe," etc., ad infinitum, all in a spirit of fun, but when some in all seriousness referred to the committee as the "Joke Committee" and declared that they'd just like to see 'em get them up, etc., etc., matters were placed in a different light. Such scurrilous remarks are in

direct opposition to, and endanger the dignity of such a body. By dignity it is not meant that members of the committee should be treated with reverence and awe by the students at large, nor yet that the members should conduct themselves as a High Prince Admiral His Excellency the Mandarin; but a body having the power and the influence of the Students' Affairs Committee should have a certain dignity if only from the position it holds. But in all probability the expected support from the students was but another ideal and had to be shattered.

One of the evils with which the committee has had to contend is the tendency to drift toward trivialities in dealing with cases. This subject has been hashed out, or rather reviewed, in previous "Guard and Tackle" editorials and so will be but touched upon here. The constitution of the Students' Affairs Committee specifies that "the committee shall have jurisdiction over all offenses committed in or around the High School, except trivial cases." Later on it specifies that "the interpretation of the word trivial shall rest with the committee." As may be imagined, this clause led to trouble. What one committeeman regarded as a trivial matter, not serious enough to bother with, another felt was vitally important and serious. When one felt that expulsion was too good for such a heinous offense another declared that the offender should be pardoned and given an apology, (so to speak). In the opinion of the writer, small, unimportant cases, such as chalk-throwing, scuffling and other minor offenses should not be handled by the committee. This does not mean that such actions should be permitted—far be it from such; but it seems best that they

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should be handled by the teachers or the office.

The Students' Affairs Committee has had a year of strenuous work. All of the nine members have, in spite of occasional internal ruptures, devoted themselves to the best interests of the committee. Since the first meeting, January 5, 1910, the drafting and accepting of a constitution some time later, cementing the organization, they have given of their time and effort for the cause. These members are: August Muentzer, president (ex-officio president Athletic Association); Vernon Morrow and Margaret Smith, '10; Ruth Felt and Nelson James, secretary, '11; Sam Latta and Genevieve Wylie, '12; Marian Hewitt and Florence Luke, '13.

The constitution drafted may be found faulty in places, but it represents much work, and when the constitution of the S. H. S. A. A., and the Students' Affairs Committee are superseded by the constitution of the Associated Students of Stockton High School, it is probable that much of its contents will be retained.

The committee has dealt with thirty-two cases, the first coming on January 5, 1910, and last June 6, 1910.

Of this number twenty-three were sentenced and sentence was carried

out and seven were given withheld sentence. In all cases handled, but three suspensions took place, and no expulsions. Out of the thirty-two cases handled, seven were second offenses, one, third and none fourth or more. There was one suspension by the office for not complying with the sentence of the committee.

In the work done, the committee has great need to thank Mr. Williams and the faculty for the earnest aid, support and encouragement which was given at all times.

For the rest, if the Students' Affairs Committee is to be buried in oblivion (which heaven forbid), let its epitaph be that of the cowboy over whose grave his sorrowful companions erected the roughly-carved board: "He done his d—est!"

[Editorial note—The above article gives an inside view of the Student Affairs Committee and shows what difficulties it has had to undergo and how it has undergone them. We were really surprised to see by the facts given what effectual work has been done. The article shows that the Student Affairs Committee has made a foothold, and we can only second the earnest hope that next year will see it still in operation and growing to a healthy maturity.]

### Mr. Cooper's Leaving

We feel that we are voicing the sentiment of the school as a whole when we say that we regret very sincerely to see Mr. Cooper leave us. During the three years that he has taught in Stockton High he has made many friends among the students, and has proven a considerable factor in the school's development. He has always been ready with his aid in the formation of any school organizations

or clubs, and what aid he has given has been thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Cooper's leaving is not a surprise—it is a thing that we have been expecting for some time; but it is deeply to be regretted that we could not keep him in Stockton High. The position he goes to in Berkeley High as head of the history department, is indeed an enviable one. We wish him hearty success in his new field.