

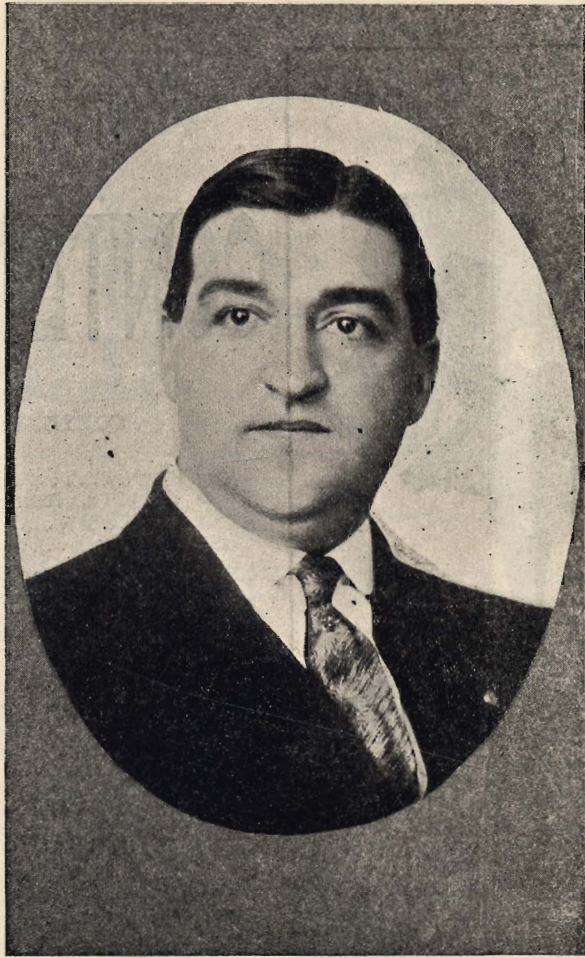


# The Guard and Tackle

GUARD  
AND  
TACKLE  
COMMENCEMENT 1912

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF  
STOCKTON HIGH SCHOOL

IRMA EXAMER



**W. H. Ellis**

To one whom we love and admire  
To one both our teacher and friend  
To one we'll remember unending  
Do we dedicate this our farewell



Book 1

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# The Guard and Tackle

Volume XVII

JUNE, 1912

Number 9

## Miss Cherry Blossom

(A Story of a Japanese Intrigue.)

"You wished to see me, sir?"

Perrin, pausing in the doorway, gazed down upon his father, who was seated at the desk, assorting a few papers.

"Yes, sit down," he answered somewhat shortly. Perrin did as requested, but impatiently. From below floated up the strains of a fascinating waltz, mingled with the gay chatter of a throng of young folks, for tonight Rosalie was hostess to her high school friends.

The father turned and plunged at once into the subject.

"I want you to sit in that chair all evening. Now, don't look surprised; it is imperative. In this desk is a government document with which I leave for Mexico in the morning. From then until I place it in the President's own hands, it will always be in my possession. Tonight it is here and must be watched."

"But, dad, aren't you overly cautious?"

"No. Two months ago I took similar papers to Mexico, as you know. In some unknown manner the Japanese government obtained knowledge of those papers. Your father is too old a man in government service to be blamed, but if it should happen again——"

He paused significantly.

"What makes you think that some one might have taken it from here?" Perrin asked.

"I'm simply putting two and two together," his father answered. "It would be an easy matter for someone familiar with this house to

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have slunk in here and copied that document. No one would be the wiser. Now, I'm not saying that it was done, but simply that it could have been. Nevertheless, we shall take no chances."

After a moment's pause, he continued, "Who is this Japanese friend of Rosalie's?"

Perrin laughed lightly.

"Sakura San?" he asked. "Why, she is the sweetest little blossom that ever blew across the Pacific."

"Oho, so Rosalie isn't the only one who is acquainted with this—this blossom?"

"Certainly not. She's the pet of society."

"I think I asked you once before; who is she?"

"It's absurd suspicioning her," Perrin answered. "She's companion to that eccentric Mrs. Lennox. While travelling in Japan, Mrs. Lennox met this Sakura San and brought her home with her. As I understand, her people in Japan are of royal caste."

The father rose. At the doorway, he turned.

"Perhaps I have a foreboding," he said. "Anyway, I'm nervous this evening. If anything should happen, just ring that bell twice. I'll instruct the servants to let me know at once—if you ring."

Perrin arose and switched off the lights, then settled himself in a huge chair. The low French window leading out on the small balcony was open, letting in a silvery flood of pale moonlight. Thus, in the darkness, he sat dreaming, listening to the distant sounds of revelry below, and thinking mostly of the most charming of persons, Sakura San.

Suddenly he sat straight in his chair, startled. A long beam of yellow light had fallen across the floor before him. He looked up, fascinated. Slowly, he saw the portieres leading to the hall part, and a figure stood in the doorway, a bewitching little figure which might have stepped from the screen of some quaint old Japanese print.

"Cherry," he murmured, "Cherry!"

"The figure in the doorway clung to the portieres, trembling.

"Oh," she gasped, "thad you, Perrin San?"

Perrin arose. "What are you doing here?" he asked sternly.

Cherry pattered lightly across the room to the balcony.

"I come to keep you—whad you say?—compane."

She seated herself upon the railing and smiled at him irresistibly.

"Whad the honorable Perrin San doin' here lonely?" she continued.

"The honorable Perrin San," he answered, "was just longing for the presence of the honorable Sakura San."

"How fonna you are," Cherry gurgled.

So, with the moon above and Cherry sitting near, Perrin forgot all about the Mexican document and all that pertained to it. Some time later, Cherry having expressed a wish to go down-stairs, Perrin found

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himself among the merry throng chattering incessantly. He looked around for a small Japanese figure, but no Cherry could he see. Excusing himself as soon as possible, he made his way up-stairs. At the doorway he paused, listening, for he had heard a sound from within, a sound just barely audible, as if someone were cautiously opening a drawer.

He parted the portieres and quickly stepped into the room. Coming quickly from the brilliantly lighted rooms without, he seemed to be plunged into the blackness of night. Instinctively, he knew that he was not alone; some unseen person was crouching there in the darkness near the desk. His father's fears had not been for naught after all.

Slowly, silently, he felt his way along the wall. At last he reached the bell, pressed it once—twice. For a moment he stood still, debating what he should do next. If he could just glimpse this form for a second, then leap, he might have the fellow secure when his father came. But in this darkness—

Now he knew why he had felt a difference; the window had been closed. Cautiously he circled the room toward the balcony. Not a sound had come from the intruder. Yet Perrin was certain as if it had been broad daylight, that a form was opposite him against the wall.

Grasping the two sides of the low window in each hand, he suddenly threw them open. Involuntarily a cry broke from his lips and he fell back—staring. The pale light of the moon revealed Sakura San, clutching the desk with one small hand, the other clasped to her breast, holding a large sealed envelope, while her frightened eyes gazed at him hopelessly, like a wounded dove at bay.

"Cherry," Perrin breathed. "You!"

He took a step forward.

"So you are a spy, after all!" he said scornfully. "How you fooled me with your pretty sayings and inimitable ways. And you dared to come into our house and do this before our very eyes." He laughed harshly. "I think I almost loved, too. Foolish that I was, I believed everything you said."

Cherry stepped toward him.

"Here," she said softly, extending the envelope, "tak' id. I not care now.

Her voice broke and she hurried past him to the balcony.

Perrin stuffed the envelope into his side pocket and stepped out after her. Through the tall pines, with their branches touching the balcony, he could see the dim coloring of the Chinese lanterns hanging in the garden below, and the couples strolling off over the terraces of green, their merry laughter floating upward.

Cherry was huddled on the railing, a desolate little figure which brought a throb of pain to Perrin's heart.

"Poor little Cherry Blossom," he murmured, "it must be hard, after all, to give up that envelope."

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"I not care now," said Cherry. "Everythink's gon', and I no do nothings for the honorable countree."

For a moment she sat in silence, then, suddenly, she raised her head.

"Look thad!" she whispered, pointing.

Perrin looked down through the pine boughs. Over the terraces, a figure was running straight for the gate, where another figure stood in the shadows. He knew what that meant; it was a servant running for one of the policemen who surrounded the house. In a moment they would be rushing back to arrest the spy. And that spy was Sakura San.

"Oh, Sakura San," he whispered, "it's the police coming to arrest the Japanese spy."

Instantly Cherry arose and clutched his arm. "Oh, no, no," she cried, "don't let the honorable police tak' Sakura San."

She gazed up at Perrin beseechingly, and he noticed how frail and fairylike she appeared in the moonlight.

He did not answer. After all, was it his duty to give this girl up to the law, even if she was a spy? Would he ever be able to forgive himself, for forget her he knew he never would or could."

"Oh, don't let them tak' Sakura San," Cherry was crying. "Tomorrow she go back to Nippon add be married."

"Married," he echoed.

"Yes, my honorable father says."

Then Perrin forgot everything but that his little Japanese blossom was going out of his life, and that he loved her.

"Oh, Cherry," he whispered, "I love you. I want you to marry me!"

Cherry sprang from him.

"Listen thad!" she cried.

Then Perrin became aware of a rush of footsteps on the stairs. In an instant, they would be upon them.

"Quick, Cherry," he cried, "run! You mustn't be caught here."

She sped past him into the room, but it was too late. The portieres were flung aside and the room was flooded in brightness. Perrin heard the voice of his father, excited, triumphant.

"Arrest that woman!"

The words brought Perrin back to his surroundings. "Wait," he said appealingly, throwing out his arm.

"She's a Japanese spy!"

"She is not!" Calmly he faced his father, his jaw set determinedly.

Cherry was standing apart, gazing at him trustingly.

"It's a mistake," said Perrin. "She is not a spy."

A relieved look came into his father's face. Then he gazed at the desk. Swiftly he crossed the room and pressed a hidden spring. The drawer flew open. It was empty.



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The papers," he gasped. "Where are they?"

"Safe in my pocket."

"Then she is a spy. You took them from her?"

"No."

"But you rang the bell?" he said, puzzled.

Perrin turned and looked at Sakura San. She was watching him hopefully, believingly. Without raising his head, he answered:

"I rang to save myself."

The father took a step forward.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I'm the traitor. I sold your secret, my country's secret, to the Japanese government. I was afraid of doing it again. Now will you let her go?"

For a moment the father gazed at him uncomprehendingly. Then he fell back as one stricken.

"Oh, my God," he gasped. "You, my son, A traitor!" He stumbled backward into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

Perrin dared not glance at his father. He knew the blow would hurt, but it was just to save Cherry. He couldn't let her be taken.

Cherry tripped over to him.

"Thangs," she whispered, "thangs, Perrin San."

"Go now, Cherry," he said.

"Yes, I go. Tomorrow I leave for Nippon. Perhaps you come to Nippon some day? Yes, Perrin San?" she asked softly.

"No, Cherry. I don't think so," huskily.

"Never?"

"Never."

"Without another word she turned and slowly crossed the room. To Perrin, standing there, the silence was terrible. At the doorway she paused.

"Whad they do with—traitor?" she asked.

One of the officers hesitated for a moment, then answered:

"I think they hang them."

The father shivered, and sank deeper into his chair.

"Whad they do with spies?" Again from Cherry.

"I don't think they do anything with them. Just ship them back from whence they came."

"How fonny," said Cherry. "In Japan, they kill them both."

For a moment she stood silent, then crossed again to Perrin.

"You never forgeet Sakura San?" she whispered.

"Never, Cherry."

"Then Cherry almos' happy, but not quite. Sakura San luf' you, too, but her honorable countree come first. Good-bye, Perrin San,—Good-bye."

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When Perrin at last looked up, Cherry was gone. Only the portieres moved a trifle, and it seemed to him that something had gone out of his life, leaving an aching void.

The father rose, his face a stern-set mask. "Give me those papers," he said.

Slowly Perrin drew the envelope from his pocket and placed it in the outstretched hand of his father. One glance, and he faced his son.

"Have you dared to play me false again?" he thundered.

"What do you mean?" Perrin gasped.

"These aren't the papers. Where are they?"

Deadly white, Perrin staggered back toward the wall. So he had been duped after all, merely a puppet in her hands. Oh, fool that he was, why hadn't he seen that she had been acting all the time, this Japanese maid in her theatrical costume? Now she had the papers—would give them to her government. She must be stopped.

He raised his head, meeting his father's eyes squarely.

"I'm not a traitor!" he cried. "I lied to you. She is the spy. She has the papers!"

As they rushed from the room, Perrin stumbled over to the wall.

"Forgive me, Cherry," he murmured. "Forgive me."

He switched off the lights and sank into a chair. He wanted to be in the dark, to shut out forever the visions that haunted him, yet he knew it was useless. Gazing at the moonlight streaming in through the window, he seemed to see the form of Sakura San rise out of it.

"Perhaps you come to Nippon some time," she said softly. "Yes, Perrin San?"

"Never, Cherry."

He saw the shadow of a cloud pass slowly over the moon. Silently it moved toward the window, blotting out her little figure and leaving the room in darkness.

Cherry?" he cried coftly. "Cherry?"

But no answer came. Only the whispering of the pines beneath the window floated in, breathing to him her last words:

"Sakura San luf' you, too, but her honorable countree come first. Good-bye, Perrin San—good-bye."





## “The Conspirators”

The regulu surrounding the city of Washington has been infested by man with excellent highways. These roads, the little spots of brightness in a motor trip, have been laid out, it would seem, to give one a foretaste of the beautiful city to come.

It was in the latter part of a hot afternoon in July when down one of these many highways, coming from the north, a little cloud of dust could be seen. It now disappeared in a dip in the road, now on the hill, but still coming closer, until with a whir and a whiz a big blue car shot past, the two occupants, crouching low to keep from being thrown out by the terrific speed. The dust had hardly settled, when another car appeared, going at the same breakneck speed. Boom! and the big racer came to a stop.

“Confound the luck!” With this exclamation, the driver a youth of about twenty, crawled out of the driver’s seat.

“Yep! Victor, me boy, a blowout,” he said to his companion, a wiry little Frenchman.

“I told Dan to change that this morning,” Victor remarked as he examined the tire.

“Well, fix her up, Victor, and I’ll stretch my legs.” Richard Baxter Sutherland, or “Dick,” as he was called at old Eli, was the son of a U. S. Senator. His family was one of the oldest in Virginia, and Dick had the best of care. He was now a student, or rather was attending Yale University, and was a Sophomore, more or less. But Dick was not all the time an idler, for from the expression on his face, a grave matter confronted him.

“All right, Sir,” called Victor as the last nut was tightened, and with a whir and a cloud of dust the big car shot ahead. Dick had the name of being a good driver, and he lived up to his name as far as speed was concerned, for nothing but the city limits made him slack his speed. Threading through the traffic, dodging cars and up side streets, he at last stopped in front of a large hotel.

“Take the car to the garage and return here, Victor,” he said as he jumped out and ran into the lobby. Up the steps two at a time he went, for he didn’t have time to wait for the elevator. He reached the

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second floor, ran down a hall and rapped at the entrance to a suite of rooms. The door was opened by a valet.

"Hello, David. Is Dad here?" Dick said, forcing himself into the room.

"How do you do, sir. Yes, sir; your father is in the next room, sir."

With one jump Dick was across the room and into the next.

"Hello, Dad. Say, Dad, guess who I saw. Who is the Ambassador from Japan. It isn't Yoko Hamo, is it? Well, what is the matter, Dad?" Dick at last stopped.

"Ha! ha! Well, Richard, my boy, give me a chance to breathe. Now where were we? In the first place, you have probably seen so many people, I couldn't begin to guess. Second. Count Komo is Ambassador from Japan. Yoko Hamo was recalled last year. Now it is my turn. How did school go? Have you any of the last check I sent you left? When did you leave home, if you have been there, and where did you get such a garb?" And with a smile playing around his mouth, the tall old Senator with loving eyes gazed at his son.

"Well, Dad, let me begin at the first. School is all right, and I will count my money in just a minute, but here is what I want to tell you: Victor and I were in the Fifth Avenue garage, New York, this morning about ten o'clock, when two foreign looking fellows walked in and asked for their car. One of them, the smallest, looked to me like Yoko Hamo, and the other, the Colombian Minister. So I told Victor to get busy about the car and I did the same, but kept one eye and an ear on them. They had a big blue French car brought out and filled up. Then I heard them ask one of the mechanics how far it was to Washington and how long it would take to get there. They jumped in and started out, but just as they went out of the door a tire blew out. They asked for a new one, and when told it cost \$50, Yoko Hamo remarked in Spanish to the Colombian Minister, what's his name? Oh, yes, Cassio, that when Japan controlled the canal rubber would be cheaper. So when they started out, Victor and I followed them until about three miles from here, when we blew a tire and lost them."

The Senator sat in deep thought for about five minutes, the silence being broken only by Dick as he counted his money. At last the Senator said: "Dick, you have done right to come to me with this. We have no actual proof against them, but it is always best to be safe. I will see the Secretary of State this evening. As a matter of fact, Yoko Hamo is supposed to be in Japan and Cassio is confined to his rooms and will receive no callers. Did you bring any clothes besides those you have on?"

"Yes, Dad; Victor left them downstairs."

"Well get cleaned up, David will get you anything you want, and I will make an appointment with the Secretary." So saying, he left Dick to clean up, which he did with all speed.

The Senator returned in about two hours, to find Dick seated in his father's easy chair, reading the evening paper and thoroughly enjoying one of the Senator's imported cigars.

"Hello, dad. Say, these are dandy cigars."

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"Yes, Dick," his father answered, surveying the almost empty jar, "they are while they last. Well, if you are ready we will go to dinner and then to the Secretary at a quarter past nine."

The big car stopped in front of a handsome residence and the Senator and his son mounted the steps to the door. They were ushered into the Secretary's private study.

"Oh, Senator, you are on time I see," the Secretary remarked as he shook hands. "Secretary, this is my son Richard, whom I mentioned this afternoon," the Senator replied, introducing Dick.

"Very glad to know you, sir. You are a chip off the old block all right," the Secretary said, grasping Dick's hand. "But let's to business, Mr. Sutherland. Now, please give me a history from the time you first saw Cassio and Hamo."

So Dick was forced to go through the same tale he told his father.

"Now," said the Secretary, when Dick had completed, "are you sure it was Cassio and Yoko Hamo?"

"Yes, sir; for I knew Yoko Hamo when he was Ambassador for Japan, and the Colombian Minister I could tell by the slight lameness in his left foot," answered Dick.

"Good. Now, are you sure of what Hamo said in regard to the canal?" next asked the Secretary.

"I am quite sure of that, for I understand Spanish almost as well as English," was Dick's reply.

"So far, so good. I have sent my private secretary to inquire as to the health of Mr. Cassio, and I expect his return soon. Ah! here he is now." As the Secretary spoke, the door opened and a small, shrewd looking man slipped noiselessly into the room.

"Well, North, what have you found?" the Secretary asked. "This is Senator Sutherland and his son, North."

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen. Well, sir, Mr. Cassio has entirely recovered and favored me with a personal audience. He looks exceedingly well and has recovered very rapidly. I so remarked to him, sir. I also found this, sir." So saying, North handed the Secretary a handkerchief of Japanese silk and pattern, having a strong odor of musk.

"So the Minister has a Japanese visitor, eh? What's this, North?" and the Secretary pointed to a Japanese character in the corner.

"I make that out, Yoko Hamo, sir," answered North. "And while I was there, sir, I heard my old friend Yoko Hamo's voice, too."

"Well, Senator, we will sleep on this until morning and I will see you again at 10 o'clock at the Department, if it will be convenient."

"Very well, Secretary, at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. Good evening, gentlemen." So saying, the Senator left the room, followed by his son.

"Well," said the Senator as they were being whirled to the hotel, "you were right, after all, Dick, and the Secretary is not through with the matter yet, either."

"What do you think he will do, Dad?" asked Dick.

"Why, I suppose he will send some one to Colombia to probe around and see what he can find and also keep a close watch on these two here,"

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answered the father. The car stopped at the hotel and the Senator got out. "Will you come up now, Dick?" he inquired. "No, dad, but if you are going up send Victor to me, please," Dick answered. When Victor joined him they both got into the car and with the order "To the club," from Dick, they were whisked away. On reaching the club Dick led the way, followed by Victor, to a private room, where they filled up their pipes and settled back for a good talk. Dick recited the incidents of the evening to Victor.

"Now, Victor, as my father said, some one will have to be sent to Colombia. You and I understand French and Spanish more or less so why couldn't we offer our services? Say we go as two travelers and mosey around and perhaps we could stumble on something. What do you think?" Dick finished.

"If the Secretary will accept us I will go with you any where, sir?" Victor answered.

"Good! Well old man this will be all for the evening. You can hang around and talk to the chauffeurs until about twelve, then you can ride back in the car with me or, if you want, you can go now." So saying, Dick got up, stretched his legs and moved out into the smoking room to renew old acquaintances.

The Senator was prompt with his engagements and at 10 o'clock sharp he entered the Secretary's office in the Department's building. He was at once ushered into the Secretary's private office. As he entered the Secretary arose. "Good morning, Senator, this is Mr. Smith, head of the Secret Service Bureau, Senator Sutherland."

"Oh! Mr. Smith I have heard a great deal of you even if I have never seen you," said the Senator grasping the man's hand.

"That is my business, sir, to see that most people don't see me," laughed Smith.

"Well, Senator," said the Secretary, "I have here a notice that Mr. Cassio has resigned his position as Minister from Colombia and will leave at once for his estates in Colombia. Now, Mr. Smith and I have decided that some one must be sent to Colombia and watch Cassio, for he is up to something. Colombia has always hated the United States and the Panama Canal has been a thorn in her side, so they must be watched. At present, the only man to take this little business up is sick with typhoid and will not be around for two or three months, but we must have some one. Can you suggest any person?"

"I can think of no one," replied the Senator, after a moment's silence. Just then the door was opened and the Secretary was handed a card.

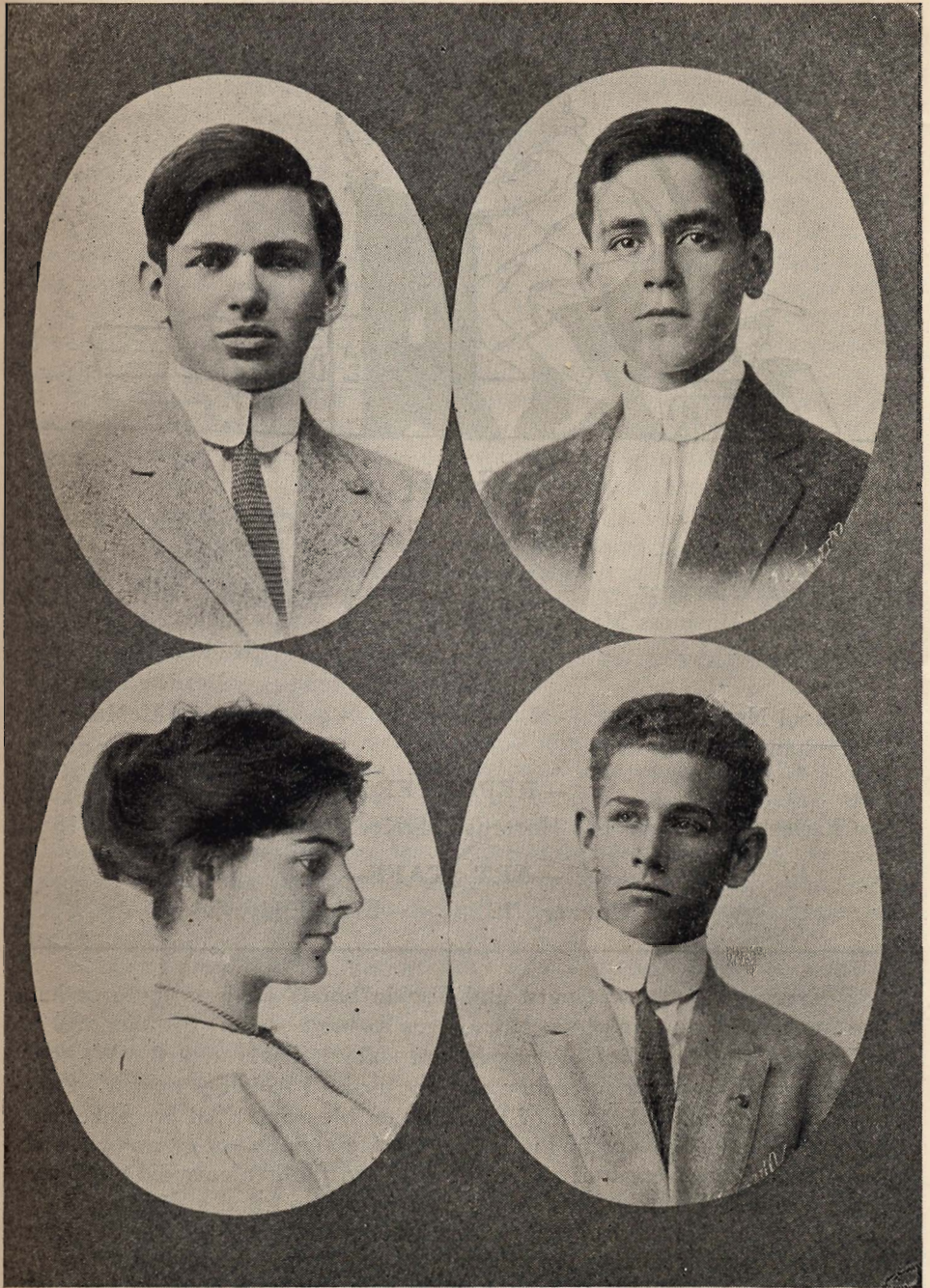
"Show the gentleman in, Rupert," he ordered. The door opened again and in walked Dick.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said with a smile.

"Mr Sutherland this is Mr. Smith," the Secretary began—

"Oh! yes, of the secret service, we have met before, I believe, Mr. Smith." Dick advanced with his hand outstretched and a half smile around his lips.

"I don't believe I have ever met you before, Mr. Sutherland, but here's my hand," Smith replied. (Continued on page 64)



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## THE GUARD AND TACKLE

This year it is our turn to fade, and as we look down upon our leaves that already begin to look withered and old, we cannot flatter ourselves that we have been the fairest bud in that garden of annual bloomings. We can't even be certain what sort of a flower we were—a mongrel, perhaps. Certainly we did not have all the beauties of the rose, but we may have had some. Too rough hewn we were to be the dainty violet, and our tints were not so delicate but that they looked rather sunflowery. Indeed, with a little more spice and brilliance, we would easily have passed among the journals of the past for a fair sunflower.

Yet, whatever our faults were we were not entirely to blame. Let the gardener say whether he did his duty with the sprinkling can. Who knows but that, with other care our sunflower might have been a lily? Strange things have happened especially in gardening, where melon vines often grow pumpkins.

Still, we forgive the gardener. We only hope that our successor will be a cactus or something that doesn't require much nutriment. Our corner in the garden, the gardener, his doubtful attentions, and everything else needful, we cheerfully turn over to that successor. Then we die a graceful, little death as a paper and emerge dissevered? into graduates with a vacation coming. Hurrah!

We are informed that there was once an editor who "laid down his pen with sorrow." A Guard and Tackle editor, too! Why he laid down his pen with "sorrow" we cannot imagine, unless it was because he hadn't been able to lay it down sooner. That has been a constant, abiding sorrow with us and we can now say so frankly. Good-bye and good luck to those who like the job, say we. Meanwhile, like Bob Acres, we will bear like a Christian the pain of being severed from our pen. The next editor will find it in the official sanctum, in a small, blue-forget-me-notted writing paper box.

Someone may remark that we have said a great amount of nothing herein. 'Tis true. We haven't moralized, or lectured or preached (except a little) in this issue. And we haven't done much more of that in any issue. An editoress of another paper chided us severely for that very fault, and made us feel bad. But we don't believe an editor ought to preach or moralize, etc., and as there is nothing else to talk about in school and the editor must talk (being talkative) rambling incoherence and general get-no-where-ness results.

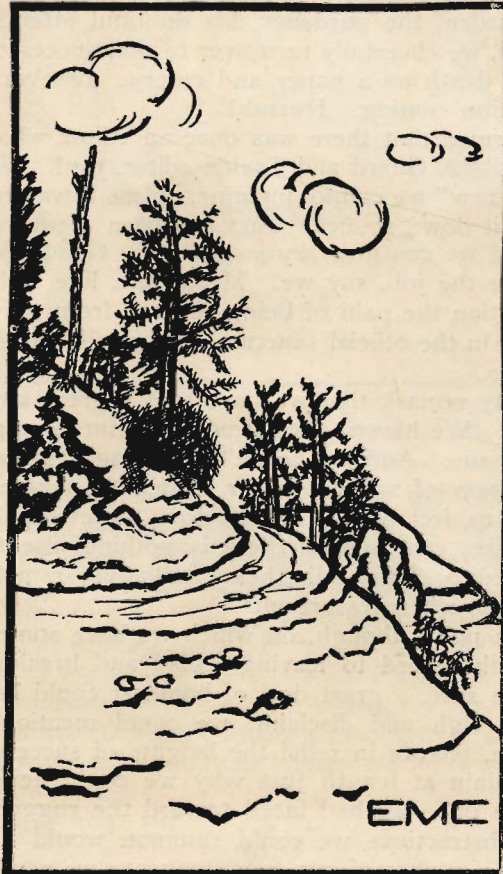
There is one point, though, on which we have something definite to say. That is with regard to leaving school and breaking pleasant ties. About this, to be sure, a great deal of bombast could be scribbled. We could falter and sigh and disclaim; we could mention stern necessity that drives us on, picture in relief the heights of success which must be climbed and explain at length just why we could never return to the Happy Meadows once we had faced toward the rugged slopes. But all the capitalized abstractions we could summon would not aid us much. Tangled up in the meshes of our own eloquence we would lose touch of

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the very thing we sought to express and that is simply—we regret these happy school days.

Happy days for some, firm friends made for all, now the former are past and the latter parted. We regret, but we pass on, not all our happy days are those behind, there are days to come. Nor are these days lost while they live in their, to us, unfelt betterments of our lives and in their happy memory. And as for the friends, why they are scattered for a great reason. Now they seem as the leaves of autumn, lost, but they will but drift away on the waters of life that one by one, in moments of need and when unexpected, they may return with their lustre brightened by waiting moonbeams breaking through the clouds that will gather.

The Guard and Tackle fears that it has been a trifle bombastic in these preceding paragraphs, after all. But it will leave them, and for a last word to all, to teacher, to school, to seniors-to-be, it says—good-bye.





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