



Shortly after my graduation from the Stockton High School in 1912, I commenced an extended trip abroad, remaining away from home for some fifteen years. During that period of time and through the course of my wanderings and visitations, I saw only a few of my fellow graduates.

It was while in London, that Ivy Schaffer appeared in ballet at the Alhambra Theater. I went one evening to see her and was charmed by her rare beauty, her charming personality and her dainty and delightful dancing, and how she seemingly carried her audience away on a flood of visual pleasure. To see her was to feel the magnetism of her art entralling you; to watch her dance was to be immersed in a world of fancy.

Several months later, when I was stopping in Paris, I took occasion one beautiful sunny day to do some shopping. I entered one of the Parisian fashion houses and was casually glancing about when my eyes fell on none other than Mirabel Stewart, the famous designer. She was known the world over for her striking originality and was then cleverly at work setting the styles for all.

On returning to my native country and my home town in 1927, I beheld a wonderful change. Stockton was no longer a mere town of 25,000, but was a large city, having a population of some 300,000 inhabitants. As I looked about, viewing the skyscrapers and elevated cars and observing the unusual whirr of the busy streets, a feeling somewhat like Rip Van Winkle (indeed, a very strange one) came o'er me. I took an elevated car to the Bartholomew Hotel, which is located on the old site of The Palms on N. El Dorado street, the business section of the city having rapidly spread northward.

On entering the hotel whom did I meet but Clyde Banks, the business manager of that beautiful place. I scarcely knew him at first, for his vandyke beard, and his spectacles placed superbly upon his nose had somewhat changed his appearance. I stepped up to the register and hurriedly scanned the names that were inscribed thereon. "M^{me}. Lillian Norton," I read. "Is it true that Lillian Norton is stopping here?"

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"Yes," responded Clyde. "Have you not heard of how she starred in that famous musical comedy, 'The Girl of My Dreams,' that has taken the country by storm? She arrived here this morning from New York, and is to play here this evening."

"See! Here is Borden Pardoe's name. What what about Borden?"

"Borden Pardoe is the chief of police in San Francisco. He comes here quite frequently. They say that nothing but his love-sick affinity brings him. No doubt you recall that High School romance of him and Lois Osier. Things are truly beginning quite serious. I believe she has announced her engagement."

"Why, if that isn't Albert Whale's signature! How good it seems to see these names; the very sight of them recall many happy thoughts. And is Alberta here?" I continued.

"No," responded Clyde; "she was here last week. You know her folks moved to the city of Manteca, and as Lawyer Gill is now one of the busiest men in the city, Alberta finds it quite consoling to pay frequent visits to this city."

"Miss Georgia Schaffer," I read. "And what about Georgia?" I inquired.

"Well, now, I hardly know how to account for her name being there. I remember just the other day she blew in here quite excited like, with a pencil and paper in her hand. I believe," continued Clyde, as he raised his hand to his brow, "she said she was soliciting funds to erect an Old Maids' Club House."

"No doubt you remember Emma Schneider," continued Clyde. "She has recently fallen heir to a fortune and at present has apartments in this hotel."

"I certainly do. I will go and call on her at once." I stepped into the elevator and soon was landed on the eighth floor at the door of this popular young lady. I rang the bell. Suddenly the door opened and I was cordially welcomed by a tall, slender figure, attired in a beautiful black lace gown. I hesitated for a moment, for I was dazed at the gorgeous furnishings, the rich tapestry hangings, and the exquisite beauty of all. After chatting indefinitely on different matters, our attention was soon fixed on the whereabouts of our classmen of 1912.

"By the way," remarked Emma, "I have been cutting clippings from the daily papers relative to some of our class, and perhaps you would be interested in looking them over."

"Most assuredly I would," I replied, as she rose from the massive arm-chair in which she was seated and went to the library shelves, taking therefrom a scrap-book in which she had pasted many interesting memoirs of our dear fellow-graduates. Together we looked over the pages.

The first clipping, dated August 16, 1918, was a rather mysterious account several columns long, telling about "How Elmer Elias Gumpert Became a Multi-millionaire."

The next one was of the most vital interest to me, and undoubtedly was to every one who read it at the time it was published. It was

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regarding the Presidential candidacy of 1924. Strange though it may seem, two of our classmen were candidates. The one, Loui Beauman, Republican candidate for the chair; the other Walter Andrews, Democratic candidate for the same. The popular spirit seemed to be in favor of Beauman, owing to the fact that women vote. But, alas! a fatal fact which marred his aspirations came to the surface, and in a heated debate Andrews proved that Loui Beauman was born in Mexico, and hence was not legally authorized in running for President. The election resulted in a "walk-over" for Andrews, the first Democratic President for twenty-eight years.

The next clipping, dated July 17, 1925, stated that Clarence Stephenson sailed for London as Prime Minister for the United States.

The next one was interesting to be sure—"Earl McComas attracts crowds." Upon reading the article, I learned that he was agent for a wonderful patent medicine, and that he went about the country giving lectures on what it could do.

The next was an account of a wedding, of whom, you could never guess. However, I will not hold you in suspense, but will read the little item as it appeared: "Married, June 20, 1918.—At the home of the bride's parents on Juanita avenue, Miss Mae Russell and Mr. Horace Spare were happily united in marriage. The wedding was a quiet affair, only a few of the immediate friends and relatives being present. The bride, who is of the rare type of blond, was charmingly attired in a beautiful Copenhagen blue gown of silk crepe demeteor. The groom is a tall, handsome young man of the brunette type, holding a bright and promising future. He is a recent graduate of the Culver Military Academy, of Culver, Indiana. They received many costly and useful presents."

Miss Theresa Sala, a popular Suffragette and a strong Prohibitionist, spoke on the evening of May 26, 1918, at the old Yo Semite Theater. Many people gathered to hear her.

Miss Violet Schlichtmann, a graduate from Mills College, expects to attend the Alumnae festivities which will be held there in June of 1920.

Miss Hazel French, a teacher in the Waterloo High School, is spending the week end with Miss Bessie Schaffer, who recently received her Bachelor's degree from U. C., and is now a teacher in history in the local High School.

April 5, 1918. "Sinai."

The pride of Stockton will defeat his opponent in the ten-round main event at Johnson Hall tonight.

July 10, 1918.

Miss Pearl Gilmore, a teacher of Physical Culture in the schools of this city, leaves today to spend her summer vacation in Honolulu.

January 5, 1919.

Miss Enid Nixon goes to Berlin. On reading the article, I learned that since Enid had graduated from High School, she had devoted her entire time to music, and was now going to Europe to study for a couple of years.

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March 5, 1919.

Why! whose picture but Rudolph Gianelli's, and in head lines of heavy type was written "Gianelli State Champion." At last he had reached his goal and won his fame over the entire country. He was now the champion baseball player of the West.

July 16, 1909.

Miss Lucy Pearson is the hostess at a pretty luncheon given at her home Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Carrie Beaman, a graduate of Fairmont School, Washington, D. C., and who is now being welcomed home by her host of friends.

August 25, 1919.

Miss Genevieve Wyllie will render a piano recital next Saturday afternoon in the ball room of the Bartholemew Hotel. Miss Wyllie has recently returned from the East, where she has attended a musical conservatory.

Well, here is a good chance for some one.

February 16, 1920.

WANTED, A WIFE—Must not be over five feet tall, must not be a member of any political club. Must be a good cook, and of all things, must obey me. Beauty no object. Address Alden Cowen, P. O. Box 192, City..

"Look at this next ad. Why, I thought Edith Ridenour was married the year she graduated from High School."

"Well, she was," remarked Emma, "but her husband eloped with some chorus girl, and now Edith is in business, that she might support her family." The ad. reads:

March 30, 1920.

"Madam Edythe Mignon Ridenour." Hairdressing and Manicuring Parlors over the Holden Drug Co. Office hours, 9 to 6.

April 5, 1920.

Coming—The world's greatest circus, featuring several former Stocktonians. Irene Breidenbach will do her dare-devil dash in an automobile. Another feature of the circus will be the wonderful clown, Frederick Giotonini. Beatrice Cohn will attract crowds to the side-show.

April 20, 1920.

The next account, entitled "Climbing Upward," told of Miss Marion Dozier, who was Assistant Editor of the Stockton High School Guard and Tackle, and who is now manager of the New York Times.

May 11, 1920.


Ah! Here is a bit of town gossip. "It is reported that George Atherton is to be congratulated as a married man; however, it is not known who the bride is. It is believed that she is a sweetheart of boyhood days."

May 28, 1920.

Miss Herma Anderson returns this week from Australia, where she has been engaged as the "Only Lady Cornetist" of the Australian League.

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W. A. T. ?



One stormy November afternoon I sat alone before a cheerful, crackling fire. A lonely feeling crept over me, and I suddenly thought of a little wooden box in the attic, with all the treasures of my happy High School days, locked securely in it. I gave my friendly fire a revengeful poke and painfully climbed the ladder to my treasure and my solitary dreams.

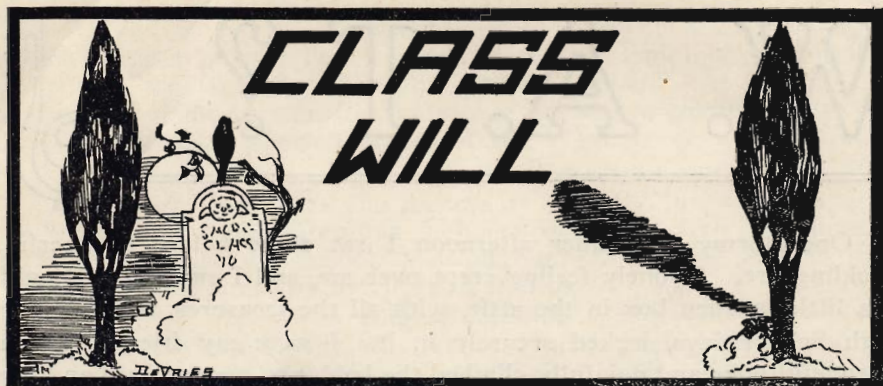
Unlocking the rusty lock and lifting the dusty cover, the first thing that I came upon was a lovely blue Colonial dress. As I lifted it reverently from its place, a program, yellow with age, fluttered, rattling, to the floor. I stooped and picked it up, and tears of happy memory dimmed my old eyes. It was the program of our Senior play, and the dress I had worn in "The Rivals."

I looked farther, and found a dance program with large blue letters W. A. T.? on the cover, stamped with a question-mark seal. I looked at the names scribbled after the dances, some now almost indistinguishable from age, and smiled at the memory of the dear old friends and the many happy hours spent with them.

At last I came upon a small purple velvet box, and removing the cover I found a little gold question mark pin, with black letters W. A. T.? on it. The pearl had long since dropped out, and the clasp was broken. I sank upon the floor and fell to thinking about the significance of the little pin. I wondered how the pearl had been lost, and then, oh! I remembered. It had been gone when a certain good looking Senior boy had returned it to me, after a quarrel, and I had never had the heart to wear it since. Those were happy days.

I laughed as I thought of the wonderful mystery which had enveloped our W. A. T.? Club, and the meaning of its name, how we had gathered in excited groups in the hall and how Jimmy had crawled around the outside of the windows on the coping at risk of his precious curls, just to spy on us at our first meetings. Of course Jimmy always denied it, but he was guilty we were sure, because it was just like him to do it. He was so sure that he knew the mystery of W. A. T.?, but "Who'll answer that?" and I dreamed on over my treasure, undisturbed.

MARION DOZIER, '12.



To Whom it May Concern :

We, members of the graduating class of 1912, of the Stockton High School, City of Stockton, State of California, United States of America, recognizing the fact that our days in this school are numbered, and being of sound and disposing mind and in full possession of all of our faculties, not acting under the influence of anything or person, do hereby publish and declare this our last will and testament, on this, the last day of our school life, in the manner following, that is to say:—

I.

To the class of 1913, being the rightful owners, we do will and bequeath the following, to-wit:

Firstly. The straight and narrow path of learning to be traversed in the selfsame way as their worthy predecessors.

Secondly. All those renowned herds of ponies that were so well driven and guarded by our members.

Thirdly. Whatever deficit the class treasurer says exists in our class fund.

Fourthly. The privilege of rough-housing in Room 19 at all senior meetings.

Fifthly. Any member of our class who fails to graduate, and trust they may profit by them.

II.

Moreover, we do bequeath to every Senior class, that graduates from this school, the privilege of adorning the flag pole with class pennants, and furthermore we grant them our permission to become tonsorialists.

III.

Upon John Sala we do bestow the extra long pair of stilts now owned by Nathan Sinai, and we trust he may find use for them.

IV.

To the members of the Board of Education and the members of the Faculty we extend our heartfelt thanks for their untiring efforts, and sustained liberalities.

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History of the Class of 1912

Considering the ideal life we have led in our High School, and the benefit it may do for those who follow us, and wishing to confer a favor upon our successors, we take great pleasure in giving to them the record of the most glorious and greatest class of any known High School.

September the tenth, nineteen hundred and eight, we meekly entered the Stockton High School, an aspiring class of one hundred and thirty-six, lured on by a diploma glittering far, far off in the distance. We were greeted with the usual scorn by our dignified superiors, the Sophomores, probably because of their painful apprehension of our worth. But, alas! we were but simple-minded Freshmen, subject to the mistakes of any mortal. Our first knowledge was given us by a set of fashionable idols (commonly called seniors), who strutted about the halls with a swaggering and lordly air. We were told that in order to consult the principal we need but press the button in the hall, and if he responded not to keep the bell jingling until he appeared. And he usually did appear, with a face horrible to behold, only to find a poor, innocent product from the nursery standing before him with trembling knees. But we learned fast. Election time came and we assembled in the spacious study hall, and in a strong uproar, presided over by the then illustrious President of the Seniors, we organized by electing Harold MacQuarrie as our paternal guide during our infancy. However, in our first year we produced such remarkable men as Latta, Dickey, Ferguson and Gianelli. Thus the curtain fell upon our infant career and we drifted into the second or "wise fool" stage.

Again we organized, this time into the dignity becoming Sophomores, and in a strictly one-man ballot control elected as our natural leader Harold MacQuarrie, who had so ably guided us during our infancy.

As for our younger brethren, the Freshmen, we followed out the golden rule, as laid down by former Sophomores, "Do unto others as they have done unto you." We were ever ready with a helping hand or a word of encouragement, advice or admonition.

Unlike our inactive predecessors, we established the custom of social activities, being the first Sophomore class to give a series of most delightful dances, or commonly called "hops."

In our Junior year we returned, filled with hope and ambition, but sad to relate, lacking through defective eyesight or failing health, many of our original members. Being well versed in the game of politics, we eagerly thronged into the sacred precincts of room nineteen (the distinct privilege of Juniors) to witness our most spirited election. Again did history repeat itself, and we found that the inviolable precedent laid down by the immortal George Washington, in regard to a third term, could not be broken, so our former president was edged from his seat of honor by the victory of George Atherton.

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Class Day

On June 19 the class of 1912 gathered in the Assembly Hall to bid farewell to the dear old school and their many associations of four long and happy years. A feeling of mingled regret and happiness, of sighs and smiles prevailed.

The hall was beautifully decorated—and, “lest we forget” we wish to thank our friends and schoolmates of the class of 1913 for their untiring labor in the accomplishment of their work.

Of course the program was unusually well rendered and the hall was literally “crammed” with our friends and well-wishers.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

1. March School Orchestra
2. Address By the President
James McMahan.
3. Class History..... Read by Stella Hammond
Lois Oser, Stella Hammond, Walter Andrews.
4. Piano Solo..... Alberta Whale
5. Class Will..... Read by Sherwood Norton
Sherwood Norton, James McMahan.
6. Cornet Solo..... Herma Anderson
7. W. A. T.? Revelation..... Read by Marion Dozier
Marion Dozier.
8. Vocal Trio, “Murmur Soft, Ye Breezes”..... (Wekerlin)
Marion Dozier, Beatrice Cohn, Herma Anderson.
9. Class Prophecy..... Read by Ruth Owens
Ruth Owens, Emma Schneider, Clyde Banks.
10. Class Song..... By Marion Dozier
Sung by the Class.
11. Laying of Class Plate..... By the President

James McMahan, the same old jolly, good hearted, curly headed Jimmy, delivered an hither-to unequalled “oration,” in a hither-to unheard of way, and of course we are proud of our Jimmy, as ever.

And then, after the last echo of our class song had died away in the hall, as were dying the last echoes of the voices of the class of 1912, we wandered sadly to the front of the building where, with a few significant words by President McMahan, the class plate was laid, under which were placed the names of the graduates. And here we wish to quote the fitting words of a former editor, “It is sad to think that no longer would we be a part of the busy school world, but, unremembered but for our simple tombstone, would repose in the class cemetery in front of the building.”

Commencement

On the evening of June 20th the class of 1912 assembled before friends and relatives to receive the coveted reward for four (or more) years of faithful labor and happy pleasure. Now that our high school days are over we begin to realize fully that the happiest days of our lives have slipped, all unawares, through our fingers, and we will, in the future, look back on them with many pleasant thoughts.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

1. OrchestraMedley of American Airs
2. InvocationRev. Travis
3. Vocal Solo—Margaret at the Spinning Wheel (Schubert)
.....Miss Marion Dozier
4. AddressMr. R. L. Beardslee
5. Presentation of Diplomas.....Mr. T. P. Bonney
6. Prince of Pilsen.....S. H. S. Orchestra



The Senior Play

It is all over—that Senior play. For months the minds of the Senior class have been turned in the direction of their annual play, and now it is only their heads that are turned. Ever since the September issue, whenever the editor of the *Guard and Tackle* found it necessary to chew the end of his pencil in search of a theme, the question of the Senior play instantly came forth, and readers of that paper have been periodically reminded that a play “was in the air” if nowhere else. First, the continued prodding, in order to arouse interest in the subject—the editor’s task; then, announcements of a coach; choice of a play, advertisement of the “try-out,” followed by the names of the chosen cast; class meetings galore; committees without end; finally, the goal to which all eyes had been turned—“Yo Semite theater, May 16, ‘The Rivals.’ Come early if you wish a seat”—after that, only retrospection.

Judged by the standards of amateur art, the standard by which all student activities must be judged, the play was highly satisfactory. The house was well filled, the audience appreciative, the box receipts satisfactory, and the young actors strutted about the stage with that confidence which arises from perfect mastery of lines, together with boundless faith in their own power to portray them.

But the production of a successful play means something more than the mere memorizing of a certain number of acts and scenes and afterwards reciting them with more or less facility before a crowd of sympathizing friends. It means weeks and months of hard, steady work, in the first place—work after school hours when classmates are either studying the next day’s lessons or relaxing from previous study; it means that recitations must somehow be kept up to a required standard known as “B,” if college recommendations are to be granted hereafter. Yet this is not all. If it were, perhaps the extra strain and nerve force would be better expended in another direction. It means that the carrying on by students of a single class of an ambitious and (for them) stupendous business enterprise. A press representative, chosen from the class, must advertise successfully or the players would lack an audience. Then who would pay all the bills? This very responsibility gives him practice which may be most useful to him in after years, and convinces him that he is able to write profitable articles on short notice. Perhaps here is the nucleus of a future journalist, or a press representative of a larger type.

A business manager must “sign up” for the theater, secure stage-hands, order costumes, contract for “space” with the various newspapers, rent or borrow accessories for the stage, engage expressmen and get out placards, posters, tickets and programs. He must do all this, and more. He must keep an eye ever upon the expense account, and make the best terms possible, lest the receipts will show a deficit in place of a substantial surplus. While he is attending to this work, he

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DUEL SCENE IN "THE RIVALS"

James McMahon as Captain Absolute. Sherwood Norton as Sir Anthony Absolute. Clyde Banks as Sir Lucius O'Trigger.