

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 66)

Sacramento, for a duel meet on the 18th and after weeks of consideration, Sacramento consented, but unpreventable circumstances arose which caused the postponement of this proposed meet and all attempts to arrange a meet on a later date were unsuccessful.

It is hoped that we shall meet Sacramento High on track next year during the first of the season, and it would be advisable to make this an annual event.

The Pacific Coast Interscholastic was held at Berkeley on April 24th and 25th in connection with the third semi-annual convention of the Tallac Club. There were four Stockton lads in this meet, namely, Williams, Love, Hickenbotham and Kohle, and there were many rooters present to cheer them.

Although track was not so prominent and successful in point winning this year, it did more for the school than ever before.

It encouraged competition and resulted in making the esteemed sport very popular. The outlook for next year is very promising, as Captain Grunsky will be the only loss to this year's varsity. The team displayed excellent judgment in electing DeWitt Colestock for captain of the 1915 team, and much of the future success depends upon him. Higby, Love, Hickenbotham, Waite, Dunne and Westbay will all return to school next year, and with a few months of earnest training all will develop into point winners in every meet entered. Here's to absolute success in 1915.

—Reeve Yost, '14.



ESPIE the fact that the Stockton High School has as a member of its 1914 track team Carroll Grunsky, the champion "prep." school hurdler of the state, who was a large point-winner in the state meets of last year, and also of several other less formidable athletes, who bid fair to make names for themselves as track stars, our team has fallen down in every meet in which they participated this year. Captain Grunsky was out of form in each competition, due to his recent illness, and while close followers of track in the state said he had gone back, we know better and only wait for him to make varsity hurdlers look to their laurels when he enters California next year.

Yet in spite of the loss of Grunsky, the school can count on Dunne, Colestock, Higby, and a few others who developed this year, to bring glory to themselves and to the colors of Blue and White in meets to come. These athletes showed in this year that they had the "stuff" and only needed development to make stars of them.

While the high school greatly missed the services of George Parker, who with Grunsky captured every meet in 1913, the students were glad to see him selected as a member of the "All-American" team, which toured and conquered Australia. Parker left school to make this trip, but he will probably enter Stanford the coming semester, so his services have not altogether been lost to the amateur world as yet. The names of Parker and Grunsky, although they may never set foot on Stockton soil again, will never be forgotten by local high school pupils in years to



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come and it is the prediction of their class mates that their equals will never again be seen in any one school.

Dr. Dozier, a Stockton boy and a former middle distance runner in the University of California, offered his services to us this year, and it was largely through his fine coaching that we had whatever success that we did. Students who watched the work of Dr. Dozier, have nothing but praise for him, and here's hoping they can secure him again next year.

Concerning the sub-league meet, we lost it—as you all know; Modesto won. A small (as compared with our rooters), crowd of Modestans witnessed their lads capture the meet in their home city. Mainly, through "scientific" measuring of the "judges," Stockton lost several just places; the broad jump, for instance, which Dunne lost by 1/20 of an inch. Picture Modesto Hi students of geometry or trigonometry measuring such a fraction in a pit of sawdust. We should worry. We are satisfied that our athletes are better than theirs, and what more could be wanted?

Concerning the future of track at S. H. S. the near point winners of this year's team will surely show their class in the next year of competition, so here's for a big year in 1915!

—Reeve Yost, '14.

FRESHMAN GIRLS, '17.

Cheer up, ye wise ones, to this history in rhyme,
List to this story in annals of good Father Time.
A Senior's greeting to Freshies so simple and green
Such a doing—those kiddies—with bottles of cream
Such dear little darlings—in infant array,

Oh, weren't they sweet on that Freshies' great day?
For Mother Goose rhymes "Ring round a rosy,"

Seniors, we thank you—you made it so cosy.
Each Freshie felt tickled with heart pit-a-pat,
Verily, oh verily, the babes missed their afternoon nap.
Engaging once more in the study's hard rub
Now the Freshies formed a wise little club.
Together they hied to Mrs. Minta's room,
Elected their officers—no inharmonious tune.
Energetic Cecil Watkins first president, if you please,
Next electing Alice Doolittle vice president with ease.

Secretary-treasurer to Marion Moffit completed all needs,
To work with a vigor for Christmas kind deeds.
On January twenty-first, the girl Freshies lunched neat,
Choice were the good things—a dandy treat.
Kindly remember, that on Valentine day
The girls came in garments, most brilliantly gay.
On an April 1st they went for a hike,
Now the Misses Ohm and Cliberon chaperoned right.

Here's to the Class of Seventeen!
In rhyme its history may be seen.
Good faithful scholars always are we,
Happy and jolly, until through we be.

—H. W., '17.

Sheriff William Riecks



Candidate for Re-Election

Primary Election
August 25th
1914

∴ First Impressions ∴



S many of you know, the first impressions are the lasting ones, of course. Not that it makes any difference what I think, but I'm just telling you.

As I climbed the stone steps at the entrance of this great hall of learning, on that memorable first Monday in March, I will admit that my poor knees were somewhat shaky, and little lumps rose in my throat as I stood about, fearing to ask any one to direct me to the office, where I might tell my name and family history, be duly questioned as to the temperance of my habits, and last, but not least, be enrolled as one of the students of this magnificent High School.

Finally, after many stutterings, stammerings and stoppings, I asked a handsome youth to direct me to the office. He looked at me with a condescending air and asked me if I were a new boy. I had always thought I looked as much like a boy as anyone else, but I promptly agreed with him, whereupon he took me in tow, politely steered me up to the muchly dreaded office, but immediately sailed away, leaving me to my fate. I dared not turn back because a little short man had spotted me, and, nodding a greeting, motioned me to await his pleasure, which I was glad of the chance to do, for had he started to cross-examine me then, I might have told him my real name and lots of other things besides.

I had to wait some little time and you can take it from me, I was not asleep. I saw pretty fairies trip lightly in, smile a little smile, say a little speech, and trip out as lightly as they entered. Right then I made up my mind that I was going to be principal of some High School some day. I also saw handsome and stately youths stroll in, confer in whispers with a black-haired man, and walk out in a very dignified and conscious manner.

My turn came and I was sent to a little room in the basement to see what I could learn about Caesar, etc. I walked into the room as if I owned it, looked around, then marched up to the desk. The man at the aforesaid desk gave me the "once over," handed me a pretty smile (I still have it) and told me to go over in the corner and sit down.

I was conscious that I had created quite a stir in the room, and as I sat down I could hear whisperings about my personal appearance. One said, "Doesn't he look funny in that suit?" Another, "My, look at him blush," etc. I felt like an animal at a circus. I half expected some girl to throw me a peanut or a piece of popcorn to see if I would growl or bite.

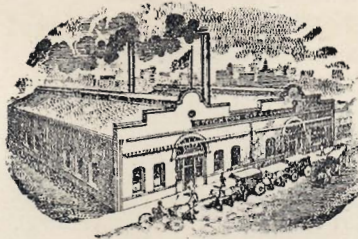
And so on through the morning. At noon a boy grasped me by the hand, told me his name and took me to lunch (some lunch it was, too). All the time he was lecturing me about "getting in right." He promised me he would introduce me to the right crowd of girls and fellows. That sounded rather strange to me, but he told me the history, past and present, of each individual I asked him about.

That afternoon, underneath the clock, he introduced me to about

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7,777 million people, more or less. My poor brain was all in a whirl. I felt like one of the famous "600."

Girls to the right of me,
Girls to the left of me,
Girls in front of me,
Nodded and smiled.

I lost my heart to about seventeen girls that day. And such girls. Such pretty eyes, hair and lips. Such lovely smiles would have entranced a monk, and I am not a monk.

But I have not mentioned the fellows. I shook hands with little boys, big boys, fat boys and skinny boys. Some had grips of steel and some greeted me with the very feminine air of "I am pleased to meet you," but I could have got along just as well if I had not been introduced.

Then my friend asked me to go to opera practice. He said he knew all the principals and that he would introduce me to the leading lady. Of course I went, and here I was "knocked down" to a number of fairies who were in the chorus. My specialty is "Chorus Girls." I promised myself a seat in the baldheaded row so I could hear everything there was to be heard.

That night I slept but fitfully, dreaming of girls and curls and wings and all such things about which a Freshman is supposed to know nothing. Several times I awoke to find that I had a pillow in an endearing embrace.

The next day there were more introductions, for I was still a novelty, but from then on interest waned, and I am now but a poor unnoticed scrub (except when I make some blunder).

I have not mentioned any names in this. The reason is not that I am afraid I might get in wrong. It's poor policy. If I have been fresh or important please excuse me because I am still a Freshman.

—Paul Murray, '17.

CALIFORNIA.

O, Sunny California, ever mine,
A jewel rare, thy graces to my heart,
Which pleasures bring and happiness impart,
Compelling me to wish no love but thine,
With gifts of luscious fruit from branch and vine;
'Tis like a smiling tempter's wily art
To offer these, then ask to sit apart,
And share with thee the pleasures of thy wine;
To those who seek to nestle on thy breast,
And for lost health and fortune make amend
I cannot think that thou are ever cold;
To weary ones thou giv'st health and rest,
And show'st to them the rainbow's treasured end,
Who tell to thee their need of shining gold.

Clara Bennett.

NOTES PAYABLE.

Dan Chase, '14, is open to all questions as to the disappearance of his hat—I mean hats??

"Scotty" Hyde claims to be the best wall scaler in San Francisco. Good luck, Scotty.

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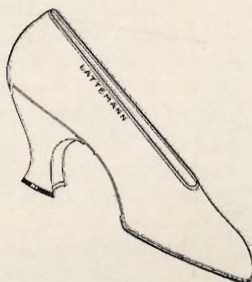
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BOYS' BASKET BALL.

(Continued from Page 62)

S. H. S. 21; Oakdale 14.

Of course the finals had to be played on a neutral court. It was played February 23rd at Turlock. The game did not lack spirit throughout. The sentiment of the Turlock enthusiasts were in our favor. The excellent team work was too much for the Oakdale players and the final score declared Stockton winner of the San Joaquin Valley Sub-League championship.

S. H. S. 17; Lowell 27.

On February 28th the team played Lowell for semi-final championship. The team did not lack "pep" but played against luck and serious odds. Lee Hickinbotham was injured but Kay McKenzie took his place and put up a wonderful defense against fellows twice his size. The chalk seemed to have a grudge against Stockton and it took revenge by recording the score for Lowell.

The basket ball games were well attended and well worth attending. The school spirit ran high in the veins of everyone. Too much can not be said of the excellent support rendered by the school, and at the same time we must add our hearty thanks to the band. "Spirit, is right" when applied to the band. They all turned out and rendered their assistance free of charge. Three big ones for the band.

Those receiving their black "S" for service on the basket ball team are: Captain Comfort, forward; Lee Hickinbotham, forward; Kay McKenzie, forward; B. Laviego, center; I. Dennis, center; C. Grunsky, center; N. Emerson, guard; Cy Hickinbotham, guard; C. Whitney, guard, and E. Kohle, guard.

MY LATIN PONY.

You may talk of your trusty burro,
Or the horse, that's the Arab's crony,
But tho' they are true, they can't compare
To my dog-eared Latin pony.

My pony he is the bravest,
He cost me one dollar plus,
He conquers "Caesar's Legions,"
That plucky little cuss.

Nothing can stop his ramblings,
Not even Cicero's speeches,
He tears right thru, then looks around
And for more gayly screeches.

My friend is getting ancient,
He's moth-eaten and slightly bony,
But still—I bow to you,
My trusty Latin Pony.

—Argus.



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THE STOCKTON HIGH SCHOOL—PRESENT, PAST AND FUTURE.

The Stockton High School held its first session on January 10, 1870, in the two front rooms on the second floor of the old Washington Grammar School. Mr. A. H. Randall was principal and Mr. S. D. Waterman his assistant, the two teaching the eight subjects of the three years course to the twenty-eight pupils enrolled. The first graduating class, December 23, 1870, number three: Lottie F. Grunsky, Alice M. Mills and Ewald Grunsky, uncle of Carroll Grunsky of the class of 1914.

In 1877 Miss Lottie Grunsky was added to the faculty as a third teacher, the enrollment being 70, three courses being offered, business, literary and scientific. Mr. Waterman succeeded Mr. Randall as principal in 1883, serving seven years, when he was succeeded by Mr. Hamilton Wallace, who remained but two years, being followed by Robert F. Pennell, who resigned at the end of the first year. During Mr. Wallace's term, in 1891, the increase in enrollment necessitated the addition of a fourth teacher and a third story to the old grammar school building, five rooms being used for the high school.

Mr. Herbert Miller was at the head of the high school from 1893 to 1895, the latter year being the date of the first issuance of the *Guard and Tackle*. In 1893, the enrollment then being 175, a fourth year was added to the course and the commercial course was enlarged. It still contained the academic course, English and mathematics, but it was not until 1905 that the present purely commercial course was organized, at which time a purely elective course was also introduced. Mr. Miller served but two years when he was succeeded by Mr. D. A. Mobley, who was principal for seven years, Mr. F. E. Perham taking his place for the one year 1899-1900.

Mr. C. M. Ritter, who succeeded Mr. Mobley in 1902, remained four years. He organized the literary, scientific, English and modern language courses which continued in use with practically the same requirements until 1912. Under Mr. Ritter the sectional library cases were ordered and the books numbered, but not under a classified series. The enrollment at the end of Mr. Ritter's first year, 1902-03, was 336, the teachers thirteen.

This same year was the last at the old Washington school. Only five of the present faculty were in the school at that time: Mr. Ridenour, who entered in 1895; Miss Howell and Mrs. Minta in 1901; Mr. Garrison in 1902 (left for the principalship of Ukiah High School in 1907), and Miss Daly in 1903. The following September marked the beginning of instruction in the present building.

Mr. Ritter was followed in 1906 by Mr. F. B. Wooten, who was principal from 1906 to 1909. Under Mr. Wooten French and Greek were dropped, an appointive system of student control was introduced and many of the present pictures purchased through an art exhibit. Mr. Ansel S. Williams succeeded Mr. Wooten in 1909 and served as principal until October, 1911, when he was elected city superintendent of schools, Mr. Noel H. Garrison being chosen as his successor.

During Mr. William's term the department of music and agriculture were organized and the appointive student control changed to an elective one. Mr. W. Fred Ellis acted as principal from October, 1911, to January, 1912, when Mr. Garrison assumed charge of the school. During the present administration the course has been reorganized on a fifteen unit basis with major and minor subjects, greater choice being given not only by the selection of majors and minors but also through

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electives, representing one-third of the course. The purely elective system has been abolished. The administrative system of the school has been changed to the card index form for all records of scholarship, attendance, etc., as well as for the library, which has been reclassified and recatalogued under the same plan as all public libraries. Steel lockers have been purchased, additional pictures have been provided through an art exhibit, the debating society has been rehabilitated, a lyceum course has been introduced, three vice principals, an advisor for girls and an office assistant and librarian have been appointed, a bond issue of \$100,000 has been carried, the departments of industrial arts, household economics and physical training have been inaugurated, three new buildings being now constructed for that purpose; sanitary towels and drinking fountains have been introduced and provision has been made for holding all social functions at the school.

Such in brief, is the history of the Stockton High School in its main features from its organization to the present time.

LIMERICKS AND KINDRED TRASH.

The lim used in the preparation of these limericks is scientifically separated and prepared from the very best brand of imported limberger cheese. (Observe the odor).

Argus.

It makes me sad as I sit and think,
And stir my pen in the muddy ink,
Of the dope I've written for C— or D—
That never saw light in the "G. & T."

There was a young fellow named Rex
Who the girls did certainly vex,
Until he met Bess
Who quickly said "Yes,"
And now he is quiet, by heck.

There is a young fellow called Lloyd
Who possesses a bunch of sangfroid.
Though he's not very ruff,
His teachers he'll bluff.
He also sings songs like a boid.

There's a mysterious club called "Q. E. D."
Formed of nice Senior girls, 'tis said;
When they go for a walk
They do nothing but talk
Of the boys they have in their head.

There is a young scout called Louie,
Who cooked hot dogs a la flouie,
His horse rings a bell
And Louie doth yell,
"Hot dogs, peanuts and chop suey."

There is a young fellow called Spike
Who rides around on a bike
Until he essayed
To ride over a spayed,
And now poor Spike has to hike.

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WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF—

C. Whitney was "For Hire?"

B. Blossom was a shark?

W. Walker joined the union?

Doyle was a German?

"Tod" was homely?

B. Lewis, '14, is waiting for the crown of his hat, a straw one.

Would some one please crown him?

G. T., '14—Lloyd, I dreamed about you last night.

Lloyd D., '14—You dear girl, did you?

G. T., '14—Yes. I think it was something I ate.

D. C., '14—Well, how are your New Year's resolutions wearing?

H. B., '14 ?—Fine. Had one little puncture, but nothing like a regular blowout.

B. B., '14—Why, I thought your car was a self-starter?

C. G., '14 (cranking heavily)—It was—in the catalogue.

"Piggy" H., '15 (weight 198)—Oh, joy, oh, joy, I've lost ten pounds.

J. M., '14—Don't worry. You'd never notice it at all.

Miss Howell—To the Greek all things are Greecy.

C. o. D., '14—Some girls don't know how to make love.

N. P., '14—Why didn't you give them a chance. "Chances are?"

All those who wish to study shampooing inquire of "Joe" Williams—Egg man!

C. "O." Davis is anxious to study zoology. Back to the woods for him—the tall timbers.

All gather around and shout:

Tallac—Tallac

T—a—l—l—a—c

T—a—l—l—a—c

Tallac Club—Tallac Club

Wow!

Swell dame coming down the hall,

The fellows are all right there.

Oh! She's a bear—a blonde perhaps.

Can't you guess how the kids all stare?

Kute little smile, and pretty eyes,

Their coats and ties they fix.

On her face an expression sly,

Now they tumble just like bricks.

Her glance takes in the double row,

In a second she makes her choice.

Got a date for tonight?" he cries.

Her answer is, "No," in a sweet little voice.

Softly they speed in a motor—fast,

Can anything equal the joy?

He gets an idea this will always last—

On the next morn, though, the joy is past,

Over the sun a shadow is cast,

Little blonde snubs the boy!

—H. M., '14.