



AND now the fourth milestone in our high school race has been passed. We have competed with dullness, discouragement, hopelessness, incompetence and laziness, and most of us have won our race. We had a flying start. The elevated satisfaction of being a high school student served as a goad to victory where'er disagreeable factors entered in and tried to secure the inside lane.

But most of us have not run the race as well as we might. We panted a little on the second lap and we slowed down just a trifle in the third—we speak of the race in general—and the fourth lap was a hard, hard fight from the beginning to the end. But the reward was just ahead, and though the lane was a rough one with many turns and of different grades, we all ran hard, knowing that the Diploma of Competence awaited the winners.

Now that it's over, isn't there a feeling that you have really accomplished something, and that the race has not been run, merely to see who could last out, and who could not? Don't you feel that it has paved the way for you, that it has put you in training for a harder race, the race of the business of life? If you do, a great deal has been done. The high school has not been a mere mechanical routine, but has served as a builder for the foundation that will support you in the years to come—if you do your share towards holding yourself up.

WE would fain dwell at length on the new courses, but space forbids. Let us gaze, however, at the special arrangement that has been made in the commercial department for those graduates who would like to take up stenography, typing or bookkeeping, or in fact, any commercial subject and finish in as short a time as his ability may permit. The principal or the head of the commercial department can give those who are interested in this new course all necessary details, and supplies any information about the courses that may be needed.

Another change is to be made in the English department in the form of introducing public speaking and an extended study of dramatic literature. Short speeches will be given in the different English classes, and a slight study of parliamentary law made. Orations, addresses, presentation and nomination speeches and debate will be taken in turn. In



EDITORIAL STAFF

the Senior and Junior English classes a course is offered in the drama, and dramatic readings will be given. Whether this part of the course will be included in a somewhat modified form in the lower classes has not been fully decided yet.

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Coincident with the fact that the "Guard and Tackle" represents this year the largest amount of advertising that has ever been inserted in one copy of a single issue, comes a plea for a greater support. The support we give the merchants is, indeed, vast. Practically \$5000 a month is spent by the students of the high school. This money goes to the men who advertise with us, and some of it to those who don't. And right here is where we ask your support. Don't spend any of it with the man who doesn't advertise in the "Guard and Tackle." There is one place in Stockton that is absolutely supported by high school pupils, and without their help the proprietor would have to go out of business. We regard this as significant evidence of the power that lies behind the spending money of the school boys and girls.





SENIOR OFFICERS.

Pres., Charles Cloudsley.  
Sec.-Treas., Lloyd Drury.

V. P., Germaine Stewart.  
Ser.-at-Arms, Agler Ellis.

## :: SENIOR HISTORY ::

### FRESHMAN.

Dear Merle: High school is a wonderful place? I love it! But, oh! what a lot of hard work the teachers pile onto us, and what a crowd of pupils there are here! It's all so interesting and strange, but Uncle John warned me against gazing at the pictures on the wall, because then everyone would know I was a Freshman. There are some awfully mean girls and boys they call Juniors. We wanted to know where the office was, and they told us to ring the bell under the clock and then in five minutes, if Mr. Williams didn't appear, to go up the last stairs and knock at the third door. We found the office was nearer at hand and in less than the stated time, too.

Isn't an election the most exciting thing! Ours turned out fine, with Clay Swango as president; Russell Payne, vice president; Reeve Yost, secretary and treasurer; Bob Blossom, student body representative, and Genevieve Tully and Elwood Long, student control committee. You remember them, don't you? Just a week ago Clay Swango left school and Bob Blossom lost his honored position, so we have elected Russell Payne and Bill Dunne to fill their places.

The school is all enthusiasm over the track meet which is to take place this afternoon. We're going to turn out in a bunch and root for our Freshmen boys. They won big "S" for baseball, and I'm sure we'll win the meet, too. I must close and cram for a Latin ex. and study my English, German and dear knows what not.

As ever, your chum,

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P. S. — Next Day — Hurrah! We won the inter-class cup. You ought to come to this high school. It's one that does things, especially our class.

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### SOPHOMORE.

Dear Merle: This is certainly an uneventful term in the way of class doings, although we are getting wise in order to make a brilliant showing the third and fourth years. Several new members have been added to our number, but still more have dropped by the wayside. Mr. Garrison is now principal and our school is in line for many modern improvements. One of the innovations is that precious article called "the mid-year class." Really when those infants toddle across the halls I wonder if we were ever such helpless little creatures. They are pitiable little objects indeed. One poor little child has an ink-stained stubble field covering his scanty brains as a token of Sophomore love.

I didn't go to the class election, but from all appearances Carroll Grunsky is president; Germaine Stewart, vice, and Russell Payne, secretary and treasurer. Will write more next time.

As ever,

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(Continued on page 98)

## ∴ Q. E. D. Revelation ∴

Dear Sister Eliza—

Well, that girl o' mine, Matilda, she has got through school an' I'm good an' thankful fer it, 'cause ma's all wore out with hemmin' furbelows so's she kin hev glad rags like the rest of 'em, an' all jist ter climb up on that there stage an' git a piece o' sheepskin, when we hev lots here on the farm. This 'ull hev red ribbon on it, she sez, an' them city folks call 'em diplomas. I think it's plumb foolishness, all this fuss, but Matilda she sez the way ter git along in this 'ere world is ter hev a eddication. I don't see as how we could 'er ben any happier if we'd went ter school fer ten er twelve years, 'stead of workin' ter help maw and paw on the farm.

Last night when she orter bin in bed, she wuz mumblin' somethin' about her club an' 45 girls equals 45 X 4 yrs hard study—45 diplomas equals 45 X 15 credits, the like of which I never heerd afore. That's what comes of all this 'ere gometry and schoolin'. Them girls—"seniors," Matilda calls 'em—got pins for their club an' I had ter sell a extree box o' spuds ter pay fer Matilda's. Terday she tole me that mumblin' last night wuz cause she wuz figgerin' out a problem thet has Q. E. D. at the end, and she calls it "quod erat demonstrandum." Matilda sez she found out, too, las' night, thet them girls is "quite eddicated damsels" which wuz to be proved.

I ain't hed much book learnin', I know, but the farm's doin' fine, only we need more rain.

Your brother,

EZRA.

E. C.,

E. V. M.,

E. E. C.,

H. McK., '14

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### SONNET ON PROCRASTINATION.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

How often have I proved that proverb true!  
 In language, grammar, narrative or rhyme  
 For "more time, please," I always have to sue.  
 Insidious thief, thou dost beguile my day,  
 With smooth suggestions of occasions near,  
 When the sweet Muse will more inspire my lay  
 So I neglect my task for pleasures dear.  
 But now by the immortal gods I vow  
 No thought of act undone shall hound me sore.  
 "Tomorrow" fly! My substitute is "Now!"  
 Thy treacherous prison shall not chain me more.  
 This high resolve I swear I'll keep or die,  
 Else prove myself, my words, my aim, a lie.  
—Dorothy Travis.

## ∴ 1914 Class Song and Yell ∴

(To be sung to the tune of Peg o' My Heart.)

Oh! the years full of toil  
 While we've burned the night oil  
 We love them, we love them, yes we do.  
 And now the end's not far away  
 And our time is up for play.  
 Every problem and task  
 That our teachers have asked,  
 We miss them, we miss them, yes we do.  
 And our hearts soon will sigh,  
 For our dear Stockton High  
 Sweet days of joy, sweet days of joy we're leaving.

### CHORUS:

Class of Fourteen, we leave thee,  
 Class of Fourteen, it grieves me.  
 Oft shall we dream  
 While in life's stream  
 Of those bright and cheery times  
 That oft befell our tired minds.  
 Now that fame calls we're leaving  
 And our diplomas receiving,  
 These dear old halls  
 We bid good-bye, today.

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### SENIOR YELL.

S—1—9—1—4  
 S—H—S—1—9—1—4  
 S—H—S—1—9—1—4  
 FOUR—TEEN  
 FOUR—TEEN  
 WOW!!!



Time—6:30 p. m. June 6, 1925.

Scene—Section of dining room in Hotel Stockton. Several tables arranged for guests. One is occupied by a theatrical troupe consisting of Mesdames Blanche Hillegas, noted soprano; Hortense McKee, pianist; Messrs. Guard Darrah, stage director, and Carlton Davis, manager.

(A waiter advances with a menu card.)

Carleton D.—Well, Heinie, of all things. I never expected to see you here. The last I heard of you, you were preparing to become a doctor.

Henri Rohrbacher—Glad to see you, old chap. I believe I recognize the others of your party as members of the class of '14.

Hortense McKee—Henri Rohrbacher! How long have you been here?

Henri R.—Oh, I am now assistant manager of Hotel Stockton since Danford took it over.

Guard D.—You don't mean to say that Willis Danford now runs the Stockton Hotel!

Henri—Sure. He contracted for it nearly three years ago. But hotel business is dull now; two of our waiters left today and, being short of help, I took their places. But where have you been that you did not know this?

Carlton—Oh, we are now touring the United States and are going to play here tonight and leave for San Francisco in the morning. (Enter a lady and gentleman, Lloyd Drury and wife, nee Dorothy Arnold, each carrying a suitcase. They look around expecting to be led to a table, and drop suitcases in surprise as the waiter advances and they recognize him).

Lloyd (extending hand to Henri)—Henri, old boy! Glad to see you. My, but it seems good to be back again amongst friendly faces once more.

Henri (shaking hands with both Lloyd and Dorothy)—It's been a good many years since I saw you two. Where have you been all the time?

Dorothy—Traveling in Europe mostly.

Henri—Well, come over here. This is certainly luck. There are others of our old class mates here, waiting for lunch to be served. They will be awfully glad to see you.

(Henri advances forward and announces the arrival of the new-



comers. All shake hands and sit down around the same table. Henri passes out menu cards to all.)

Lloyd—Are you all living in Stockton?

Carlton—No. You know, we are members of a theatrical troupe now touring the United States. We're to give a performance here tonight. It's the first time we have been here for six years. Might say I saw Howard Pease last week while in Salt Lake City. He is managing the municipal government in that city. But let's give our orders. May I have the pleasure? Blanche, what will you have?

Blanche—Oh, I'll take anything the others do. I don't care what it is, just so it's something to eat. But where have you and Dorothy been, Mr. Drury?

Lloyd—You might say just anywhere. We have spent most of the last three years in travel, mainly in Europe. Arrived in New York last month and here we are back to the old town once more. Had a most enjoyable time and saw so many of our old classmates.

Guard—Oh, do tell us about them. It will seem like old times again.

All—Yes, do tell us about them.

Lloyd—Well, while traveling through the Alps, we were very much surprised to find Enos Arrieta, who is an expert guide in the St. Gothard region. He asked us about the different members of the class and informed us that Carroll Grunsky and wife (our fair little Clara Bennett, you know), had been on a trip through the Alps the year before and at that time their home was in Brooklyn, N. Y.

After leaving Switzerland we traveled through Germany and one day while walking on the streets of Berlin, whom should we meet but Harold Vogelsang, acting as bodyguard to the Emperor. He invited us to his home where he and his wife (who was once Lucy Ray, you remember), treated us royally. Lucy has become quite famous in Berlin as a singer and we certainly spent a most enjoyable day with them, talking over old times.

Dorothy—And in London (bursting out in laughter), whom do you think we saw? Marjorie Wilson, an eminent suffragette, who, in the eyes of Englishmen is a second Emily Pankhurst.

Guard—What! You don't mean the Marjorie of our class?

Hortense—Did you ever hear of the like?

Dorothy—But that isn't all. There were her subordinates, Fannie Downs, Faith Hoerl and Josephine Morris.

All—(Burst out in convulsions of laughter).

Lloyd—Just before leaving London I noticed in the paper where a new ambassador had been sent to Italy and imagine my surprise when—(Enter bell boy, Dan Chase).

Dan—Call for Mr. Davis! (Starts with surprise).

All—Dan Chase!

Henri—Oh, yes, I forget to tell you that Dan is the head bell boy here. I suppose you expected to hear of him as a military instructor at Annapolis by now, but he failed in the mental examination and so he came here.

Dan—(Picking up a telephone standing on a desk and placing it on a table near Carlton)—You can answer from here, if you wish, Carlton. (Exit Dan. Carlton answers and all remain quiet).

Carlton—(Gives orders. Exit Henri). Oh, yes, this you Blake? You say the new bunch of chorus girls are on their way? Will be here at 7:30? Names, please. What? Oh, that's all right, only I'm personally acquainted with most of them. Let's see, are these right? Evelyn Salcido, Lottie March, Irene McCarty, Florence Macquarrie, Anarda

Price, Helen Goode, Mace Hudelson, Mollie Genser, Ruth Davis. (All turn towards Carlton and with open mouths listen to the names).

Carlton (continuing)—All right, we'll look for them at 7:30. And how about that change in the principal No. 3? You say you have one all ready? What! A Miss B. Shepherd! All right! Will see you tomorrow. Goodbye. (Hangs up receiver and falls back into chair). Of all things. What do you know about it? A whole troupe of our class to be with our play. And Bessie Shepherd has signed a contract to take a principal part.

Blanche—We already have Ruth Beane and Elsie Eddy in the chorus. I hope you can all come to the performance this evening.

Dorothy—Wouldn't that be lovely? We can take a box and see all our old classmates on the stage and hear Miss Hillegas with her beautiful voice. Oh, won't you sing us the class song? I haven't heard it for years. Please do, now; don't refuse. (Enter Henri with tray. First course, grapefruit).

Blanche—Let me have a bite of grape fruit first. I'm starved to death. Then I'll sing the song, if I can remember it. My, but this looks good to me. (Enter Dan).

Dan—Well, what do you think of this? I found it out on the street. (Exhibits a large hand bill).

Guard (reads)—Kirkman's Band; Most famous in America. Old Yosemite theater tomorrow night. 8:15. \$2.50.

Lloyd—That's the same old Kirkie. Remember how he used to lead the band? The first real S. H. S. band?

Dan—I thought it must be he, but I wasn't sure.

Dorothy—We'll have to take that in tomorrow night, too. (Henri removes plates). Say, you have not told me what you think of my profession. Don't you think I make a splendid waiter? (Passes out).

All (call after Henri)—You certainly do, Henri.

Carlton—Let's have the rest of your story, Lloyd. You left off about the American ambassador to Italy, but you didn't tell us who he was.

Lloyd—Verne Armstrong.

Guard—Well, I'm not surprised. You remember he showed knowledge of politics in congress when a Senior.

Hortense—Let Lloyd finish his story.

Lloyd—When we arrived in New York, I was surprised to find that Willard Walker was editor of the New York Sun and the following day I called on him at his office. Although very busy, I managed to talk with him for a short time. He told me Chester Ware was head reporter and that Genevieve Tully was the society editress.

The following week we went to Washington to visit Congress in session. In the Senate we found Lester Quail, Republican, from California and his wife (nee Hazel Banks, also a Senator from this state, but since her marriage, had been won over to the Republican principles). After the Senate adjourned we met them and they asked us over to eat lunch with them. When we arrived at their mansion we found Emil Gumpert, an eminent attorney of Washington, D. C., and Gilbert Keitle, noted detective from Philadelphia waiting for the Quails. They were invited to remain for lunch, too, so we had quite a nice time together. That's about all we saw, isn't it Dorothy?

Dorothy—Yes, only you forgot that we visited Julius Manthey, who is now governor of Illinois, last week while in Springfield. Now, Blanche, you must sing for us.



Play Ball! Girls!

We were all young once,  
Reeve.

Isn't it a shame Russell  
grew up?

George, June and Ellis at  
your service.

Line out!

Big League Society.

Put me among the girls!

## ∴ Class Will of 1914 ∴

We, the class of 1914, of Stockton High School, City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, at the age of four years, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person whatever, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament in the manner following, that is to say:

### I.

To class of 1915 we do will and bequeath the following, to-wit:  
 First—All the seats in the assembly hall which are now occupied by the worthy Seniors of the class of '14, and with these seats we do leave a good supply of ear trumpets so that the class of 1915 can at least hear why in each case they are assembled.

Second—The works of art of the United States history class, our artistic charts, we do bestow to '15 so as to relieve them of many wearisome hours spent in mental labor which was necessary to produce them.

Third—\$..... with which to bury the Guard and Tackle and resurrect it as a live weekly.

Fourth—With sad regrets and innumerable heartaches we leave you our college course in history.

Lastly—All the new buildings and the manifold courses so munificently provided by the citizens of our city, to use with discretion.

### II.

To the girls of the school, we give the right to join the anti-queening society, so that after much practice they will be ready to follow in the footsteps of the Q. E. D. girls.

### III.

We bequeath the five cents which was willed last year to Dick Lauxen, who has not had time to spend it, to the school treasury, with orders to lend it to the next person who is in the same diff. as Dick was.

### IV.

The position of class fashion plate, formerly occupied by Charles Cloudsley, we do bestow upon Tommy Louttit, with directions to keep up that same high standard of dress which Tod ever maintained.

### V.

With much unselfishness our classmate, Emil Gumpert, retires from the office of class orator, whose place we bestow upon Harry Mazzera, confident that he will make the same convincing speeches and arguments which have won for Emil so many warm friends—(and enemies?).

### VI.

Carroll Grunsky, resigning his position as chauffeur, leaves to the next student body president the right to take the infants of the kindergarten classes out riding at any time.

### VII.

We bequeath a pair of stilts formerly owned by Reeve Yost, to Louis Baldwin, to enable better—

### VIII.

We bequeath to Lenore Neumiller the right to make all the noise in the hall and classrooms formerly made by Elsie Eddy.

**IX.**

With much effort, Lucy Ray gives up the title of class talking chatterbox machine, and we do bestow said title to Euphemia Beecher.

**X.**

We bestow the right to get 1-plus from Julius Manthey to Lester Gnekow.

**XI.**

We regret to say that the class of '14, having never used any ponies or the like, are unable to add some more to the collection of the class of '13, but we do bequeath the strength necessary in order to graduate without them.

**XII.**

To Mr. Goodwin's room, room 4, we do bequeath a bountiful supply of fly-killers with which to exterminate the measly critters.

**XIII.**

To the underclassmen we bequeath the following rights:

First—Of claiming the titles of class queeners from Russell Payne and Ruth Eccleston to Louie Baldwin and Vern Swain.

Second—The right to say "foul" at all times from Lloyd Drury to Clayton Westbay.

Third—The right to run an account with Louie, the dogman, is bestowed to the class of '15.

**XIV.**

To Mr. Ballaseyus, we leave a man's size collar to take the place of the one in which he is now lost.

**XV.**

To Mr. Reed, we will all the triangles, polydrons, suis, cosins, and circles, which are floating about the building looking for proofs.

**XVI.**

To Mr. Ellis, we do bequeath eight bottles of anti-fat.

**XVII.**

To Miss Howell and Mrs. Minta, we extend our heartfelt thanks for their unselfish devotion to the class of 1914.

**XVIII.**

We bequeath to our principal, Mr. Garrison, the position of chief detective of the Pinkerton agency.

**XIX.**

To the Board of Education, we leave our grateful thanks for their untiring efforts in bringing about the many improvements and additions to our greater High School.

**XX.**

To Mr. Garrison and the faculty, we bequeath our sincere thanks for their interest which they have shown in our behalf.

**XXI.**

Lastly, we hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Ellis the executor of this, our last will and testament, and hereby revoke all former wills by us made.

## Class Day, Class of June 17, 1914

1. Overture.....S. H. S. Orchestra
2. Class Yell.....By the Class  
Lloyd Drury, Dorothy Arnold, Richard Lauxen.
3. Address.....Charles Cloudsley, President Class '14
4. Class History.....Read by Alice Gilmore  
Carlton Davis, Alice Gilmore, Henri Rohrbacher.
5. Duet.....Hazel Banks, Blanche Hillegas
6. Class Will.....Read by Genevieve Tully  
Agler Ellis, Genevieve Tully, Howard Pease
7. Selection.....S. H. S. Orchestra
8. Class Prophecy—(A One-Act Drama).....  
Time, June 6, 1925, 6:30 p. m.  
Place—Dining room of Hotel Stockton

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Miss Blanche Hillegas, soprano, Miss Hortense McKee, pianist,  
Mr. Guard Darrah, stage director, Mr. Carlton Davis, manager, members of a theatrical troupe.

Mr. Henri Rohrbacher, waiter

Mr. Dan Chase, bellboy.

Mr. Lloyd Drury, Mrs. Drury (Dorothy Arnold), travelers.

Alice Townsend, Harris Ridenour, Rachel Rowland.

9. Songs.....Senior Boys' Quartet  
Willard Walker, Agler Ellis, Justus Kirkman.
10. Seniors Girls' Revelation.....Hortense McKee
11. Presentation of Class Gift.....Harris Ridenour  
At front entrance.
12. Serenade.....S. H. S. Band
13. Laying of Class Plate.....President Cloudsley
14. Class Song.....Class  
Marjorie Wilson, Justus Kirkman.  
—Ira! Dennis, Class Day Committee.

∴ Commencement Program ∴

Music—(selected).....High School Orchestra  
 Senior March.....High School Orchestra  
 Invocation.....Rev. J. W. Byrd  
 Piano Solo—(Selected).....Miss Hortense McKee  
 Commencement Address—“New Standards of Efficiency for Youth”  
 .....Professor Richard Gause Boone  
 Vocal Solo—(Selected).....Miss Blanche Hillegas  
 Presentation of Class.....Mr. Noel H. Garrison  
 Presentation of Diplomas.....Mr. F. E. Ellis  
 Music—(Selected).....High School Orchestra



Them were happy days.

Foul!

Doc Parker has a new patient.

Back to the farm.

Daughter! Don't pick the flowers.

All alone.

On their way.