

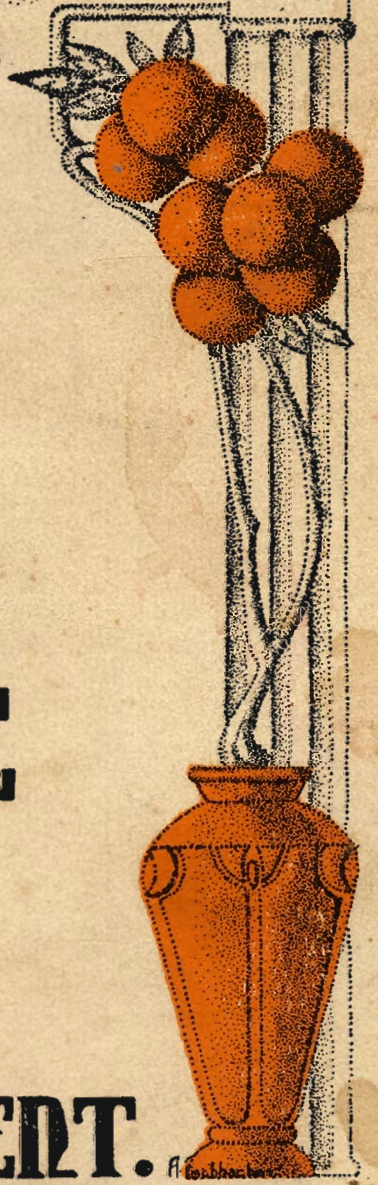
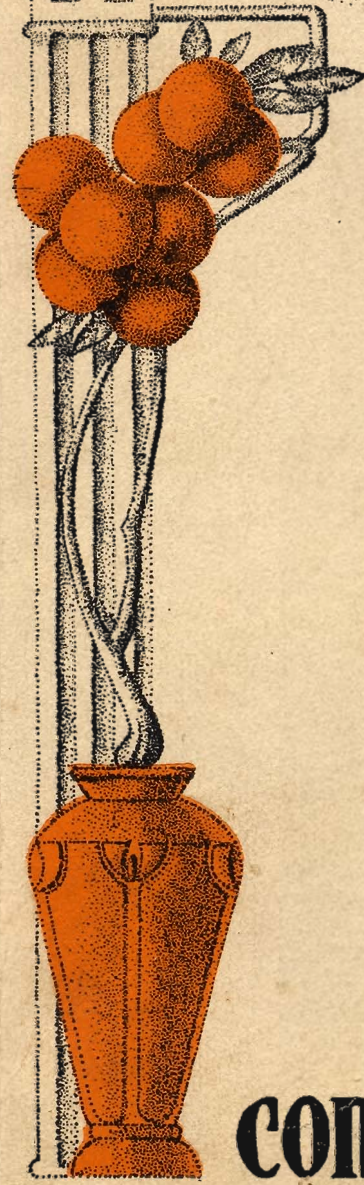
Carinne Mowry '16

GUARD

AND

TACKLE

COMMENCEMENT.



The Guard and Tackle

1915

Published by the
Associated Students of the
Stockton High School
Stockton, California

To our Esteemed Principal
Noel H. Garrison

Under whose efficient leadership the
Greater Stockton High School
has been made possible

This Commencement Issue
of
The Guard and Tackle

is respectfully dedicated
by the

Class of 1915



NOEL H. GARRISON

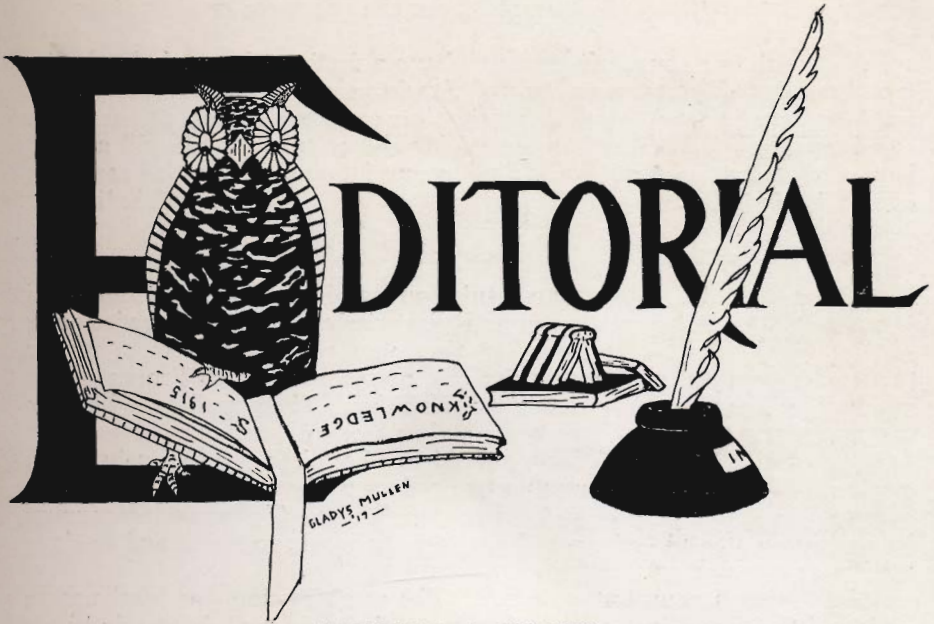
Principal Stockton High School

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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FAREWELL

The class of 1915 has gone down the old, old trail that all classes have gone, and all must go. All that remains is a memory of what we have done or tried to do. Once more a block of copper has been added to the ever increasing row of memorials that line the entrance to the school; an inanimate witness to our too brief sojourn here, while the living witnesses to the happy scenes and pleasant hours spent within the majestic, ivy-clad walls of Stockton High have scattered like chaff upon the harsh storm of life.

When we realize that no more are we to know the pleasure of high school days; that no more can we assemble as the Class of 1915 in Room 6 and plan Jolly-Ups; that never again can we wear the proud Blue and White; but that we must forever turn our backs upon scenes that are dear to us; when we realize this, there comes over our hearts a spirit of sadness that no joy of graduation can erase, and it is then that the humble but fresh Freshman is an object of deepest envy to the

prodigious Senior that ever stormed from the platform or starred on the athletic field.

But with our sense of regret we have a feeling of consolation in the fact that our days as members of Stockton are not over, but extend until the end of time, and if, in the future, there comes a time when Stockton High School calls upon us for aid or support, we will not fail her, even as we have not failed her in our four years spent as members of the Student Body.

Rajah, '15.

* * * *

SUCCESS

There will be many congratulations and praises showered upon you, graduates, and it will seem as if the whole community needed your services and rejoiced in knowing that you were preparing to render them. However, these congratulations, so sincere and well meant, must not be considered a surrender of your ability. These praises, which for the moment overwhelm you and awaken you to some new power you hardly surmised you possessed, should not be taken too seriously. For, graduates, it is true the community needs you, but you must remember success is a common goal and is everyone's aim. To attain it you must be worthy of it, and to be worthy of it is to work, to strive and to slave for it.

Life is no dream, but a reality. The more earnest one is, the more vivid is life. Your duty is therefore not only to do well, but to do better than your fellows. If you maintain the same standard as you have in the past four years you can not help but achieve whatever you undertake. This is no boast nor exaggeration of your ability, but an exact estimate of what you have done. For we, your friends and schoolmates who have come in contact with you every day of your school life, know you better than your instructors and, perhaps, even your own relatives do.

When we wish you success and assure you that we know you are capable of attaining it, do not consider it any empty boast nor just a mere conventionality. For we know you, are confident in you, and are willing to vouch for you. We wish you success, not because others have done so, but because we know and confide in you.

Class '17.

* * * *

REMEMBER

There may be a time in the future when the rain beats down on a well shingled roof and you are sitting by an open fireplace in a big cozy chair with your arms crossed behind your head and your legs stretched out at full length, that your thoughts do nothing but wander. If such be the case let them wander on slowly backward through the years to 1915, the year that you graduated from dear old Stockton High School.

Try to remember what happened and the good times we used to have. Think of those lessons and the cramming for examinations. Think of the ones and the ones and the flunks you made. Then get up and poke the fire and settle down for a good long backward review. Perhaps you played on the football team, and once more you will save the day by a long run through the enemy's defense. Once more you will be electrified and rejuvenated by the prolonged cheers which pronounce you once more a hero.

Let your thoughts follow the crowd of students out into the "gym" to a rally. There's the place where we did the yelling that brought victory to many a team. Stay around the gymnasium now until evening and once more attend the Sophomore dance with that blue-eyed little

blonde you thought so sweet during your high school days. Wonder what became of her!

Then there was the Senior play. Gee. What a grind it was to learn your part, but it was worth it. Yes, you were some actor all right. And the profs. Didn't they give us a pain then? But now—well, we see ethics in their madness. We knew more than they did then but now we realize that we didn't even know that we knew nothing.

You can go on and on and keep bringing up the old times and it may be that you will long to do it over again. Yes, even to start from the first as a Freshman. Then you'll stop dreaming, arouse yourself and run up into the attic where deep down in the bottom of an old cobwebbed trunk you will resurrect one of those antiquated Commencement Guard and Tackles. You will stop right where you are for a glance through those dust-covered leaves at the photographs of your fellow graduates. You'll recall some pleasant instant with each. You will read—just this. Then you will be glad that good Dame Fortune gave you the privilege of spending four of the best years of your life in such a place as Stockton High School.

* * * *

Richmond, Cal., May 26, 1915.

To the Editor of "The Guard and Tackle:

When one leaves behind him the schools and girls and fellows that he has grown up with he becomes as a spectator at a football game. He sees the same things he has seen for years through different eyes. He is a participant no longer. He becomes a critic. For practically a year now I have been away from Stockton. I have not become a critic, though, in the general sense in which we usually speak of critics—as one from whom no praise is to be expected. I'm oozing with eulogy, bubbling with gladness, and chuck full of complimentary things to tell you. I have mingled with the audience and I've heard them tell just exactly how they feel and what they think of the educational show at Stockton. I mean, of course, the new High School with its modernized methods that bespeak a 100 per cent efficiency.

Those of us who have lived in Stockton for years look too much upon the opinions of the Bay City folk as a "hand-me-down" of a high tribunal. Stockton to them has been classed with the species "jerk-water." Stockton, with them now, is classed under the genus and species name of "urbis magnis." (I hope I've got it right—I'm not using a dictionary.) And it's all through the activities of the council and the people that have voted so willingly for school bonds, for it is of the schools and particularly the high school that I hear so much.

Down here they say that there is a high school at Stockton that has any school in San Francisco, both architecturally and effectively speaking, frost-bitten. They advertise the swimming pools, the big new gymnasium, the new courses, and on the lips of more than one I have heard, "Believe me you're pretty lucky if you go to Stockton High." Get it out of your head that you're living in a dead town, that the school is spiritless, that the principal is no good, and the teachers are worse. Forget it! A good cure for that feeling is for you to get away from home for a year or so to see what other fellows have to contend with, see the way they argue and beseech, and implore, and beg for spirit, see the principals they have that growl and grumble eternally, the nineteen-year-old teachers that don't know as much as the pupils, the lack of any system, the absence of modern sanitation methods, the two, three and four course schools where Stockton has at least six that I know of, and probably more now.

CARLTON.