

# CLASSES

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Harry Mazzera  
President



Freda Fay Dustin  
Vice President

## Senior Class

Harry Mazzera, President

Freda Dustin, Vice President

Roger Hardacre, Secretary

Charles Comfort, Treasurer

Arthur Clay, Sergeant-at-Arms

### CLASS MOTTO:

"Impossible is Un-American."

CLASS FLOWER

Coreopsis

CLASS COLORS

Green and Orange

### COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAM

Sunday, June 13

Baccalaureate Sermon.....Rev. J. W. Lundy

11:00 a. m.

Presbyterian Church

Tuesday, June 15

Senior Dance.....S. H. S. Gymnasium

9:00 p. m.

Thursday, June 17

Commencement Exercises.....Auditorium

8:00 p. m.

Friday, June 18

Alumni Reunion.....High School

# Commencement Program

Overture (Selected).....	High School Orchestra
Invocation.....	Rev. H. E. Beeks
Address.....	Harry Mazzera
Commencement Address.....	Rev. Albert W. Palmer
Personal Efficiency	
Vocal Quartette (Selected)	
Misses Alpha Bonney, Virginia Morris, Beatrice Davis, Minnie Sinai	
Address.....	Lester Gnekow
Presentation of Diplomas.....	Supt. Ansel S. Williams
Music (Selected).....	High School Orchestra

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## Class Day Program

1. Overture.....	S. H. S. Orchestra
2. Address.....	Harry Mazzera
3. Class Prophecy.....	Read by Minnie Sinai Lucile Hoyt, Minnie Sinai, Roger Hardacre
4. Class History.....	Read by Grace Inglis Grace Inglis, Josephine Williams
5. Class Will.....	Read by Doris Knight Doris Knight, Lois Wenger, Georgia Pound
6. Class Song.....	By the Class Roger Hardacre
7. Presentation of Class Gift.....	By Lester Gnekow Harold Webber, Minda Kettler, Lester Gnekow
8. Senior Girls' Drill	
9. Laying of Class Plate.....	By President Mazzera

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## Peace Day Program

MAY 18, 1915

Overture and Chorus.....	"God of All Nature"
The Cost of War:	
In Money.....	John Gallagher
In Men.....	Frazer Young
To Civilization.....	Aubrey Howland
Women and War.....	Mildred Jenkins
Chorus.....	"The Coming Day of Peace"
The Duty of the American Citizen.....	Lester Gnekow
President Wilson's Appeal to American Citizens.....	Beatrice Davis
Song, "God Bless Our Native Land".....	School



# Senior History

Can the years ever be so long, or life so full, that you will forget the day when the half-unnoticed gong for the first time held a meaning because it called to you? Is it possible to erase from your memory that joyous "seven times one is seven" feeling? We think not, and it was just such a feeling of awed eagerness that a youngster knows when the school portals first open to him that we experienced when ushered into vine-clad Stockton High School.

We were quite a remarkable class—infant prodigies you might say—and from the outset we exhibited an unusual amount of sagacity and discretion, as was shown in our selection of class officers. With "Cy" Hickinbotham as president, June Young as vice-president, Louie Baldwin, secretary, and Ila Tretheway on the Student Control, we passed a most successful year, devoted to fitting ourselves into our proper grooves, and showing the other students what real "fresh" men were like.

In our Sophomore year we gained an added dignity, which might have been due to the fact that long trousers and lengthened dresses had appeared in our midst. We learned to use the latest slang expressions, and could talk about "cramming for exes," "riding ponies" and "ditching assemblies," with a nonchalant air which must have impressed the Freshmen, especially the poor little "subs" who entered in February.

We again showed our good judgment, when, after a hotly contested election, we chose Charles Whitney, president; Geraldine Parker, vice-president, and Harriet Post, Student Control.

And then came our Junior year. The class of '13 had left entrusting to the classes of '14 and '15, the guardianship of the honor and dignity of their Alma Mater. Two years had worked wonders. The irresponsible, all-too-learned Sophs of the year before, no longer galloped through Latin swamps on ponies, or made the lives of the Freshmen an unspeakable burden.

The lethargy of the Freshmen, the vanity of the Sophs, as if by magic became the earnestness and matter-of-factness of the Juniors. This was a year when we put in our best work and made the days count.

What a rousing election we held in the Student Hall that September day! The fight was a close one, which resulted in Herbert Waite's being elected president, Doris Patton vice-president, Grace Harper secretary, June Young and Buteau Lundy Student Control.

And we worked—worked like the proverbial Trojans. Our records bear me out. But you know the tragedy of all work and no play. And let it never be said that we Juniors were dull. Wasn't it the class of '15 that kept literally pinching the rest of the school to keep it awake?

Remember our dance in the school hall? A success? I should say it was! And the Junior luncheon with its clever toasts? Then the Junior dance at the Philomathean club house. Best time I ever had in my life, and everyone voted it a magnificent success.

School work and society, much as we indulged in both of them, could not make us forget the other boys and girls who were less fortunate than we, so charity and kindness became part of our life. Many homes were brightened by the radiance of our good fellowship and many

a little inmate of the Children's Home will hold sweet the memory of the '15 girls. Proud of our accomplishments, though possibly they were not all that we would have wished, we left our Junior year with the happy light of the Senior year dawning.

From the chrysalis of the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, the Senior class at last emerged like a brilliant moth to dry its wings in the flame of the lamp that burns the midnight oil. Of course, this last year has been the happiest and most successful of all. But then, why shouldn't it be? With the eautifully equipped new building, the new teachers and courses to give an impetus to study, surely the veriest dullard could do well.

During the year 1914-15 many innovations, which had long been only dim specks on the horizon of our hopes, became realities. The Guard and Tackle from a monthly paper which seldom appeared on time, became a weekly which came out promptly every Monday morning, with the news of the previous week interestingly presented.

„The turf leld, for which our class orators have so long pleaded, has finally been brought into existence and at the time of this writing the grass is just beginning to assert itself and crowd out the weeds. The music hours, which everyone enjoyed so much, the dances in the gym, and the Senior picnic were all introduced for the first time this year under the sponsorship of the "Exposition" class and we take great credit to ourselves for so doing.

So now that the time has come when we must leave our dear school, we can do so with a feeling of having done our duty and done it well; and though we depart in sadness, we can still be glad that we have a school which is better for our having been here.

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## Class Song

(Sung to "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary.")

Out to Stockton High School came a Freshman class one year,  
Overawed by Sophomores and frozen stiff with fear,  
But ere the year was over, we had proven that '15  
Could hold its own with any class that ever had been seen.

### CHORUS

It's a grand school that we are leaving,  
It's the best school of all,  
It's a great school—that's why we're grieving,  
That we must leave it at all.  
Good bye, friends and teachers;  
Farewell, days gone by;  
Our own Stockton High.

Four long years have passed away, and now we're leaving you,  
Our old friendships and old memories will give place to new;  
But whether we win honor or remain unknown to fame,  
Our days in Stockton Hi School in our memory will remain.

### CHORUS

Rajah, '15.



## Class Prophecy of 1915

I awakened one sunny morning in the year 1925, yawned and turned over preparatory for another nap. When I heard an excited ringing of the 'phone. I jerked the receiver off and growled an irritable salutation. The joyful voice of Lucile Hoyt greeted me with, "Say, we're the luckiest mortals on earth! How in the world did we do it, etc.?" When by some streak of luck I managed to find a pause long enough to respectfully inquire why we were such lucky mortals and what we had done, Lucile told me that she and I had won in a contest and we were to tour the United States in an electric aeroplane. An aeroplane! I sank weakly into a chair and confidentially informed myself what I thought of the whole proposition. Why did I ever compete? What fiend ever thought of an aeroplane as the method of locomotion? And lastly, why, oh, why did I win?

Nevertheless a week later found Lucile and I seated in an aeroplane which we discovered to our great surprise had been one of the production of the famous manufacturers, Baldwin & Co. Louis himself was there to see us start. We asked him if he had heard of any of our old friends and he told us that Walter Vincent was doing wonderful things with his inventions, also that Ludwig Reimers had won the world's record for aeroplane racing and was using one of Louis' own models. Irene Vignolo and Gladys Kerr were standing close by to get in a word before we started. Both were as good friends as ever, but sad to say, old maids, but still had prospects.

After a last look at the engine the mechanic, who was none other than our brilliant student, Roger Hardacre, dusted his hands, pulled down his grimy cap and announced that he was ready. Ready for what? I wearily asked myself. And to all our well-meaning friends who gave us a handshake preparatory to the usual gush, we tendered a benignant smile, while deep down in our hearts we fervently cursed that person, all contests, the aeroplane and in our most wildly desperate moments, the United States!

Then amid great shouts the machine rose into the air and Lucile and I gave the dear familiar earth one agonized glance and reconciled ourselves to our fate.

We were to travel first to New York City from our starting point of Buffalo. For the first day we journeyed slowly and not at a great height. As we were flying over a typical country town in central New York I happened to glance down and saw walking along the main street a person with a most peculiar method of locomotion. His feet seemed to have had a permanent disagreement with each other and he wound from one side of the sidewalk to the other in a most startling manner. Lucile and I became so interested that we told Roger to alight once more to Mother Earth, so that we could view closer the queer specimen of humanity. As we reached him he was just completing a most marvelous circle on the sidewalk. The more we looked at him the more familiar he became, so finally I walked up to him and said, "My good man, what in the world are you trying to do?" but "my good man" was so engrossed in his diverting labor that he didn't even look up. A village loungee took it upon himself to enlighten me. "He is the village curiosity, ma'am. His name's Dean Holt and he thinks he's a caterpillar." To say we were astonished is putting it gently. I tried to stop my old schoolmate and shake hands with him, but he pushed aside my friendly advances with a scornful hand and gave me not even a glance as I departed.

Lucile and I were becoming a trifle bored with each other when our waning interest was suddenly given a new impetus by the sight of an approaching aeroplane. As it neared we recognized the two greatest "movie" actresses of the age, Bessie Markheim and Violet Hamilton, and with them was handsome Charles Comfort, the craze of the movie fans. They recognized us at the same time and both aeroplanes stopped at a nearby aeroplane station. After effective greetings they told us of some of our old friends of '15. De Witt Colestock was the manager of one of the leading "jitney" concerns of the United States and had hundreds of men in his employ. Bee Davis, so they said, drove a "jitney" in New York and the way she dodged among the traffic was a marvel to see.

We parted reluctantly and that evening arrived in New York City. In front of the Metropolitan Opera House was an immense electric sign with the words "Doris Knight," leading lady in Macbeth. We decided to interview the prima-donna of our Senior play and sent our cards to her dressing room. The door was opened by a trim looking little maid whom we discovered to be Mabel Anderson. Mabel said that she was afraid our visit was fruitless as Miss Knight's time was fully occupied. She went on to say that we would be interested in hearing that Grace Harper was the coming dancer of the age and with the help of her graceful partner, Edward Silva, she held thousands enthralled. As we were leaving the theatre we almost collided with the irate manager, Steve Waite. He was purple with rage "over the fool tricks of that stage prop., George Westphal." We calmed him down a bit and by the time we left he was almost jovial.

We went to our hotel where a blase, self-satisfied clerk pushed the register towards us with a scornful gesture, gazing meanwhile, about one inch above our heads. Lucile looked intently at him and said, "Well, Aubrey, you needn't be so uppish about it." For once in my life I saw a hotel clerk jolted out of his superior calm. He was surprised into giving us good rooms. The bell-boy came up then and I stopped short in astonishment when I saw it was Oscar Ames. He looked perfectly stunning in a bright red suit with a large family of gold buttons on it.

The next morning we went to Coney Island and the very first person we saw was Scott Hyde. He was standing on a platform, beating the air with his arms, a habit acquired as yell-leader, and violently extolling the merits of a certain unbelievably beautiful Queen of the Amazons. After a few moments' conversation, Scott, thinking we might be interested, informed us that the Queen of the Amazons was none other than Georgia Pound!

We left Scott's attraction and continued our sightseeing expedition. In about an hour we met a small person who was in eminent danger of being led astray by a huge bunch of balloons. We were wondering where we'd seen him before when a great white light broke in on Lucile and she dashed toward him saying, "Well, as I live, Leo Todresic. Leo told us that if we wished to hear some good music to go into a nearby show and hear the "Seven Songbirds"—otherwise, Hazel Ramsey, Margaret Ramsey, Tille Prahser, Mary Brown, Minda Kettler, Marguerite Daniels and Ethel Garrow, under the management of George Finkbohner.

Just about that time we decided we were tired and returned to our New York hotel. The next morning we started once more on our journey. We arrived in Washington that evening and Lucile and I went for a walk in the White House grounds. A tall figure approached, stopped and started forward with a cry of recognition and we found



ourselves shaking hands excitedly with Cyrus Hickinbotham. He told us he had just returned with his charming wife, Bethel, from his embassy in Switzerland and that on his homeward trip he met Gladys Fox who was just returning from Africa where she had just been sent as a missionary. With the old twinkle in her eyes Gladys said that she had had quite enough of missionary labor and had decided to go back to California and get married. Cy asked us to attend the Senate the next day and so next morning we found ourselves in the great Senate chamber of the White House. There we met a pompous person whom we recognized as Lester Gnekow, and we could not help being a little awed to be in the presence of the great Secretary of War. He pointed out Harold Comfort and told us that he was Senator from California.

We found the session very interesting, and after its adjournment returned to our hotel. There was an invitation to a tea awaiting us from one of the Washington society belles, June Young. We attended the tea, more to see June Young than anything else. We asked her if she had seen any of our old friends and she answered that Alpha Bonney was attracting much attention in Washington society with her sweet voice. She asked us if we'd seen Constance Hall, the White House stenographer, and we were disappointed when we discovered that we had missed her, but it was necessary to leave the next day.

Once Again we found ourselves seated in the aeroplane. We were beginning to feel ourselves seasoned aeronauts and enjoyed the moving panorama till we arrived in Annapolis to visit the Naval Academy in which Roger was interested. We were resting in the lobby of our hotel when Roger came in proudly leading two handsome young cadets, Leland Beecher and Woodrow Coale. Lucile became instantly enamored and wanted to stay there a week, but Roger and I overruled her and a week later found us at a famous winter resort in Florida. In front of a little inn, not far from the great hotel, we saw a large luxurious touring car. At the wheel was the chauffeur and by his side chattering away vivaciously was, we presumed, the owner of the machine. We were just about to pass by the car when the chauffeur gave a leap, tooted his siren and cried, "Minnie, as I live! and Lucile! and Roger!" When we turned around, astonished, we discovered that the exuberant person was Bill Junker and the lady by his side Josephine Williams. We were overjoyed at the meeting and accepted with alacrity the invitation to take a little spin.

We were passing a cosy looking little bungalow when Bill whispered awfully that in it the greatest pianist of the age was spending his winter. When I asked the genius, he answered, "Mme. Dustine, otherwise Freda Dustin!" We took it upon ourselves to visit this illustrious person and were admitted by a girl (she was still a girl) with dimples, curly hair and an auspicious looking twinkle in her eye. She led us into an exquisite little living room and there reclining luxuriously on a couch was Freda. After weeping tears of joy on each others shoulders, Freda called the curly haired young person over and said, "Well, Minnie, you have a marvelous memory—don't even remember Doris Patton!" Doris' eyes twinkled more merrily than before when she took our outstretched hands and told us that there was yet another surprise for us. She departed into some mysterious region and returned with Mary Abbott. Seeing Mary we naturally inquired for Eleanor and learned that she (Eleanor), accompanied by Olive Burton, was taking a pleasure trip through Europe and was not expected home for at least a year. We certainly were sorry to leave such a congenial crowd, but as all good things must have an end, the next day found us on our way to Texas.



As we were flying over the rolling prairies, Roger suddenly decided he wanted to alight and before we knew what we were about, there we were on good old Mother Earth before a rambling old ranch house. As we were carefully stepping out of the machine we heard a loud grunt and saw a strange looking person attired in a large blue gingham apron and a sunbonnet sit down most effectively in a mud puddle. This queer apparition stood up, picked up a butterfly net from where it had fallen and went blithely speeding along the prairie for a strange insect. At this moment three women came tearing out of the house with milk pails and made a bee-line for the shed. Roger stood in front of them and waved his arms wildly for about a minute before they stopped. And when they slackened up sufficiently for us to see what they looked like we discovered that the three merry milkmaids were Amalia Fischbacher, Bertha Fischbacher and Adeline Guissi. They took us into the house and gave us some much needed nourishment, meanwhile telling us that Zaida Dolan, the "boss," was out hunting bugs.

As suddenly as Roger decided he wanted to alight, he decided he wanted to start again and an hour later found us far away from the ranch.

For two days we flew aimlessly along, stopping at any place that looked interesting, but despite the latter, becoming undeniably bored. Towards evening of the second day we alighted at a gaily bedecked town in Arizona. Posted on every available surface were great circus placards and we could see the tops of the huge white tents long before we reached the spot. Of course Lucile and Roger were delighted at the prospect of a circus, so after engaging rooms at a hotel we went to the grounds. In front of the largest tent paraded two pompous looking persons whom we recognized instantly as Leland Smith and Harvey Smith. They proudly told us that "they owned the greatest show on earth" and gave us each a pass. First we visited the wild animals, slighting none, and after an enchanting hour of peanut feeding and joyous thrills we found ourselves in the main tent. There were two startling looking objects in red tights who were getting the best of a horizontal bar. Roger gazed at them so intently that Lucile and I were beginning to get suspicious, when he shouted, "By all that's holy, Florence Nims and Ethel Nicholas!" Florence Nims and Ethel Nicholas in a circus! We were shaking our heads over this curious prank of Fate when Lucile shouted, "Look!" Virginia Morris, leading the band and Joe Deluchi in black and yellow tights riding that wild-looking steed!" We decided that we didn't want to see the circus after all and were just leaving when we bumped into Mr. and Mrs. Earle McPeake, nee Maude Sleeth. Earle airily informed us that he was doing most wonderfully well and owned everything in the town but the river.

We staggered back to our hotel, thinking that after a night's sleep we might feel better. The next morning we found that during the night the circus had "folded away its tents and silently stolen away." but that this day had an attraction in the form of a baseball game, between the Giants and the Busher League. We were willing to try anything and really found the game quite thrilling. Kay McKenzie was there with some of his wonderful curves and Roger grew almost hysterical with joy at any especially brilliant ball. We discovered Lois Wenger and Leah Nyland in the audience. They were intensely interested and one could tell they were used to baseball by the voluble manner in which they told the umpire the several things that ailed him. We met Lois and Leah as they were leaving the park. They were both wearing marvelous creations and at our admiring gaze they said that their

gowns were designed by the greatest fashion-makers in the United States, Harriet Post and Irene Blair.

We left early the next morning and before night we were at a hotel in the wonderful Colorado Canyon. We saw a tall lanky person and a short bulky person ascending a perfectly perpendicular rock in a manner peculiar to monkeys. We hailed them loudly and in as many languages as we knew but they evidently were not aware of our existence. We were becoming quite heated when from around the corner emerged a blushing young person whom we instantly knew as Ruby Gerlach. She told us that she was on her wedding tour and was having the time of her life. Following our puzzled glances she informed us that the two business-like persons were John Gallagher and Merle Graham, leading geologists of the day.

Next we arrived at Reno, after a long and swift journey through the air. We were all anxious to see the place having heard so much about it and expected to see matrimonial difficulties as soon as we reached the main street. And sure enough we did, for the first person we met was Ruth Warner. She was very pale and sorrowful looking but cheered up immensely when she recognized us. Nothing would do except that she must tell her troubles, how cruel her husband had treated her and now she was very free. She asked us if we remembered Haidee Pool, and of course we did. She proceeded to tell us that Haidee was now one of the leading "Lawyeresses" of Reno and was especially prominent in divorce cases. We were anxious to see Haidee but next day we were to make a speedy trip to San Francisco and we were all so anxious to get into California that nothing could persuade us to stay longer at Reno.

Next morning our joy knew no bounds when we finally found ourselves on the way to dear old San Francisco. We made the trip in two hours and what a sight greeted our eyes as we crossed the Golden Gate. Surely this city was not San Francisco! Roger guided the 'plane toward the heart of the city and we looked down. Elevated railways met our gaze—there an airship whizzed past—the streets were thronged, the Ferry building was five times larger. We decided to land at a good place not far from the Ferry. We looked in astonishment up Market street. The elevated and subways had taken the place of common street cars and aeroplanes were fast crowding out the ferry boats. We had heard of the growth of San Francisco as the effect of the Fair in 1915 and that it even excelled New York, but we realized it was true. Roger suggested that we ride over the city so we did. The buildings were so tall that our machine could hardly go over them. At one of the tallest, we stopped, attached the plane to the fire escape and crawled through the window finding ourselves in an artist's studio. There stood Arthur Clay with six beautiful gowned maidens. They were stunned by our sudden appearance but Arthur managed to speak and told us that he was now quite a famous artist and these were his models. He introduced us to six of our friends, May Yelland, Augusta Deil, Edna Perkins, Henrietta Blohme, Elice Buol and Lottie Boyd. Arthur was now doing a beautiful painting called "The Mermaids," in which were the six girls. Art told us some more startling news—that he had heard recently from Milton Kingsbury who was a famous detective—"seldom seezit" and Alberta Wilkes was his chief assistant.

At that moment Lucile happened to glance in the direction of our aeroplane but all she saw was that object floating away in the distance. Great excitement followed and after quite a chase Roger returned saying that it was safe. But reporters pursued us. Who was the first but



Grace Inglis from the "Examiner" and she told us that Harold Webber was the manager of that same paper.

After this commotion Roger interrupted our pleasant memories of old times by saying that it was time to go on to Stockton because our aeroplane couldn't stand much more and we hailed the idea of returning to our old home with joy. So we started, but after a short ride the engine began to miss and once more we were forced to descend to earth. We landed in a beautiful park, which we discovered later was only a few miles from Stockton. There were large buildings around us and it was difficult to determine whether it was a country home or a sanitorium that we had invaded. Suddenly we beheld a tall figure hastening towards us. As he came nearer I observed that he wore glasses and had a worried expression. Just then Roger was disturbed out of his habitual calm by the sudden removal of a monkey-wrench from the tool kit to his foot. Lucile and I were expressing our sympathies in a lady-like manner that was evidently not being appreciated when I heard a pleasant masculine voice say, "Hello," in a "why-you-here-again" tone. We whirled about, our gazes resting on George Sanderson. He told us that this was now the State Asylum and he was the physician in charge. He smiled as he remarked that such institutions had acquired a fascination for him in his early youth. As he was speaking, from out of one of the buildings came one who we at once recognized as Geraldine, now the wife of George. After effusive greetings we started out on an inspection of the grounds. From a far corner we saw advancing towards us a person who was evidently exercising his oratorical abilities. He was rolling his eyes and making dramatic flourishes with his arms and kept shrieking, "How many elective officers in your town? If so, why?" Then he grasped his history book and repeated feverishly over and over again, "The Crittenden Amendments, the Crittenden Amendments, Oh, Lord, what are those Crittenden Amendments."

George whispered to us that it was the saddest case he had ever seen, and that it was Pest Gravem, the pride of the Stockton High School upon whom history had accomplished its baleful influence.

Soon another figure came toward us, strutting along in a majestic manner. In his hand he held a stack of white cards upon which he was furiously inscribing zeros as fast as he could. Geraldine whispered that this was another sad case, for it was Clayton Westbay, and he was under the hallucination that he was a former history teacher—Mr. Safford was his name. By this time Clayton, or we might call him Safford and Pest were within ten feet of each other. Pest looked up, saw the cards, saw the zeros, gave one flying leap over a six-foot fence and all that could be seen of him was his twinkling feet and flying coat tails as they disappeared down the walk. George and Geraldine asked us to inspect the buildings but just then some nurses came along and we joyfully greeted Ruth Huntington, Lois Burgess, Maude Taylor, Alvina Edmonston, Lavina Hanna, Alvira Giottonini and Marcel Broksch.

The atmosphere was commencing to affect us so we decided it was time to leave. We journeyed on our way and in a very few minutes the tall spires of Stockton presented themselves to view. Lucile gazed at our native city open-mouthed and remarked in an awesome tone, "Roger, you've been going backwards! Is this Stockton or San Francisco?" Roger looked at her pityingly and was just about to make a sarcastic remark when the aeroplane rose upward suddenly decided it was going the wrong direction and with a suddenness that took away our breath, swooped down through an inviting skylight and lo, and behold, here was Bill's—or rather Buteau's—for the little establishment dear to the boys

of '15 had become the most prosperous in California and at the death of Bill had descended to Buteau Lundy. We landed on Buteau's pet billiard table with an awful crash. The irate proprietor came tearing in and was just about to unburden himself of all his stored-up wrath when he recognized us. He grasped us jovially and led us through his establishment with pride. On the way he told us that our class wonder, Harry Mazzer, had developed into the heavyweight championship of the world. Just then we reached the imposing front entrance, and there with a little yellow wagon trimmed in red, George, greasy and perspiring of visage, dealing out with hysterical haste—"Hot Dogs."

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"Minnie, Minnie, you'd better wake up, here comes Mr. Ellis. I see the eight o'clock detention every morning is too much for you. There goes the bell, now!" I started, rubbed my eyes, and gazed stupidly into the merry face of Lucile Hoyt and joining arms we walked out together while I told her my wonderful dream of the class of '15.

MINNE SINAI,  
LUCILE HOYT,  
ROGER HARDACRE.

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## Class Will

We, the class of 1915, about to quit this life at the age of four years, having reached our years of discretion and being in full possession of all our faculties, that is to say: sound of mind and brilliant of brain—being influenced by no person, either by threats, hand or undue stress, de hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament by which we bequeath to Stockton High School, City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, and United States of America, one library to contain the following books, namely, to-wit:

### I

To the class of 1916 we bequeath the following:

First, the volume entitled "Orderly Senior Meetings—How to Conduct Them with the Regard for Parliamentary Rules That Always Have Prevailed With the Class of '15."

Secondly, certain tiny gray books marked "Virgil," with the following inscription on the fly leaf of each book, "A Horse! A Horse! My Last Jitney for a Horse!"

Thirdly, a collection of beautifully bound artistically decorated History themes. The covers are all right. Perhaps the class of '16 may be able to get a 4 or 5 for their contests.

To the school we will:

### II

First, a book entitled "The Scientific Meal—Chew Your Food," as practically demonstrated by the new cafeteria in the Science Building.

This book contains the accompanying epitaph:

To the memory of home—

His hot dogs so govey,

Once seemed to us just about right;

But now we cry "Ovey"

No digestions go flouie

Since he took them away in his flight.

Secondly, a set of books by Mr. W. F. Ellis Jr., as gleaned from his own experience. It is a very complete and comprehensive work called "Mr. Ellis, I Was a Little Late for School This Morning, Because—" then follows 7,500,000,672 excellent reasons. Some of these probably have not occurred to a few of the students as yet, and if practiced faithfully, can be said without the amateurish sound that these stories usually



have. They will probably prove of infinite benefit to the students.

III

To George Buch, the book written by Harry Hazzero entitled "How to Make a Speech With Such Force That Freshmen Cry, 'Mama, Mama, Take Me Home; Don't Let 'Em Get me!'"

IV

To Mr. Garrison we bequeath that bulky volume, which is called "Pass Quietly; Do Not Loiter in the Halls."

V

To Mr. Allen, the pamphlet with the title "The Asylum; Hunt Your Boys There," and another little leaflet on "The Selection of a Real Grown-up-to-thè-No Hard Knots Need Apply."

VI

To Mr. Ellis the 150,000 paged book "How to Become Thin."

VII

To Miss Howell, a copy of "The Other Fellow," with the sincere thanks of the Senior Class for her trouble and time in coaching the Senior Play.

VIII

To Mr. Safford, a large book of "Jokes—Really Funny," which we hope he will study earnestly during vacation in order to be well-stocked for the fall term; also his own book which we have caused to be printed called "Why I Carry My Satchel to School Every Morning," or "Me and My Little Grip."

IX

To Mr. Howes, a set of volumes on "Down With Roosevelt; Let Socialism Rise." Also a catalogue on "Hats"—no caps included in the list.

X

The little white and gold book entitled "Love Under the Clock" by Geraldine Parker and George Sanderson is willed to Lenore Neumiller and Pest Gravem.

XI

How to get it in History. A collaboration by Alpha Bonney and Lester Gnekow to Myrnell Godfrey and Katherine Brown.

XII

The book on modern sorcery by Scott Hyde "How to Talk All the Time and Say Nothing" is willed to Rex Parker.

XIII

A collection was taken up to buy this volume, "How to Make My Green Socks Match My Purple Tie," and it is hereby willed to Tom Louttit.

XIV

"Why I Am a Nervous Wreck" and "You Made Me What I Am Today, Oh, G. & T," by Clayton Westbay and Harold Webber, is hereby willed to—

XV

"How I Attained the Pantages Circuit," written by the Senior Play Cast, is willed to the future "actorines" of '16.

XVI

To the school is willed a book by Steve Waite entitled "Lessons in Kissing—Before the Public," as demonstrated in the Senior Play.

XVII

Lastly, we hereby appoint Mr. Stafford the sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

Signed,

CLASS OF 1915,

L. W.

G. P.

D. I. K.

## The Senior Play

"The Other Fellow," by Mary Barnard Horne, was given by the Seniors of Stockton High School upon May 28th and 29th, under the direction of Miss Minnie Howell and Miss Lucille Halwick. The following is the cast of characters:

Lord Deyncourt.....	Harry Mazzer
Captain Chatfield.....	Lester Gnekow
William Mixer.....	Harold Comfort
Gerald Hartley.....	Herbert Waite
Stiles.....	Milton Kingsbury
Mills.....	John Gallagher
Lady Jane Aylward.....	Alberta Wilkes
Marjory Heathcote.....	Grace Harper
Mrs. Hartley.....	Virginia Morris
Lady Helen Castledown.....	Doris Knight

Time: The Present.

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

Act 1.—The White Room, Deyncourt Terrace.

Act 2.—The Same. Two weeks later.

Act 3.—Gardens at Lady Castledown's Home.

G. I.

\* \* \* \*

## Senior Girls' Revelation

The tall white-haired old gentleman surveyed the empty rooms critically. "Well, with a little painting and fixing, I'll take the house," he said, turning to the agent.

"Very well. Mr. ——," and after entering a memorandum in his notebook, the agent turned to go.

"Hold on there, young man, I want to 'explore' these rooms," called the old man, impelled by a curiosity that was almost boyish.

"Very good, sir," replied the agent, respectfully. "Where'll we begin?"

"Any where," responded his client, so the two began an inspection of the big empty house, in the hope of finding some clue to a possible mystery, but this hope seemed doomed to disappointment, for not a single out-of-the-ordinary object appeared. They were just leaving the big, airy front bedroom, with its windows facing the west, when the last rays of the setting sun fell upon a pile of dust in the corner. A dull gleam from this spot caught the attention of the agent, and crossing the room he picked up a small gold, dust-covered pin.

"What's this? A Black Hand Society, or some one of those labor affairs?" he asked, examining the pin with interest. "'W. W. W.' sounds rather mysterious, doesn't it?" and he turned to the old man. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked in amazement for the leader of the exploring expedition stood lost in puzzled thought.

"'W. W. W.'! What IS it? Sounds so familiar, yet I can't place it. 'W. W. W.'—why, of course! The Senior girls' club at Stockton High, class of '15. I remember now how well they kept the meaning of the initials hidden from the rest of the school. Who did you say lived here last?" He wheeled suddenly around upon the surprised agent.

"I didn't say, but a rich old maid lived here. Her name is Miss——"

"Is it possible! Can you tell me where she lives?" cried the old



man, his face lighting up. The agent gave the address and in a few minutes the two were whirling away in the big machine which had been waiting outside the door for its owner. After a keen look into the other's frank blue eyes, and into his merry, clean-cut face, the old gentleman had impulsively told him the story of a long courtship of this same lady, a foolish quarrel, and finally, separation and ignorance of each other's whereabouts.

To make a long story short, a reconciliation was affected, and the two lovers, so strangely united, sat together looking with delight upon the little "W. W. W." pin, which had been the means of their reunion. "Isn't it strange that those three little letters should have had still another meaning for us, besides that one which you girls at Stockton High had so long ago? Winning, Winning, Won! Just as to you girls it meant the gradual but final winning of your diplomas, and the accomplishment of your aim during high school life, to me it has meant the final attainment of our long true love."

\* \* \* \*

## The Senior Picnic

The day for the Seniors' picnic broke warm and sunshining, with just enough clouds to make picturesque patches of light and shade upon the pretty green hills above Clements. By 9:30 o'clock that morning a group of pulsating automobiles and thrilling excited students had formed on California street, then one by one a carload of impatient, very much alive Seniors detached itself from the group and with a sort of good feeling dashed off toward the country.

It was about 11 o'clock when the first machines drew up at the picnic grounds and their occupants threw off their wraps and jumped to the ground. But it was—how many hours later was it, anyway, when Mr. Reed and his car of teachers finally put in an appearance? Hard luck certainly smiled benignly on Mr. Reed that day, but it didn't have anything on him, because he smiled just as good naturedly back at it. The reason for the tardy arrival wasn't due to any particular antipathy of Mr. Reed to eating up the road in one big mouthful, indeed not, but merely to four or five punctures and blow-outs and other quite as slight mishaps.

But in the meantime the rest of the party had taken up a position on a hill beneath myriads of oaks. A very exciting ball game between teams composed of both girls and boys filled in the time before lunch for some of the crowd, while cards, bean bags, and exploring expeditions whiled the time away for others. Whoever says girls are afraid of baseball should have been out there and convinced that they're all wrong. Why, some of the girls are marvels alongside of whom Ty Cobb and the rest of them are mere amateurs.

The prize feature of the afternoon was a draw boxing match between Miss Howell and Mr. Reed. The two combatants started out with a rush, Miss Howell landing an effective uppercut on Mr. Reed's jaw. Mr. Reed came back with a deadly swing to the right, but Miss Howell side-stepped it with a tantalizing smile at her opponent. The bell announced the finish of the first round. At the beginning of the second round Mr. Reed set his jaw a little more squarely and his eyes bespoke the mind figuring out curves and angles. The second round was uneventful save for some rapid-fire puts by Mr. Reed and the dextrous side-stepping and come-backs of Miss Howell. Miss Howell opened the third round with a left swing to Mr. Reed's ribs, while Mr. Reed did some pretty defensive fighting. The ensuing few rounds were

marked by Miss Howell's attempt to break down Mr. Reed's clever guard and the placing of some well directed bouts. The two, however, seemed to be working under two different theories, Miss Howell's being that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, while Mr. Reed sought to win the match by a use of elusive curves and angles. By the tenth round both combatants had become thoroughly self-confident and started the round with a determined rush at each other which ended in a death-like clinch. Neither seemed to have the advantage and both refused to give way an inch of ground gained, so the referee called the time and announced his decision of a draw bout.

At about five the somewhat tired but happy picnickers started for home, and lo! who did they meet on the way but a worn-out and a disappointed crowd of Juniors in the region of Lockeford. The poor Juniors had wondered aimlessly about the country all day in their vain efforts to discover the hiding place of the Seniors, but 'twas of no avail as the Seniors for once had been too clever for them.

\* \* \* \*

### A New Centerbury Pilgrim—The Head Master

A man ther was and that a scendre man,  
His berd was shaved as ny as e'er he can;  
Ful shorte his height, and eke his legges ful lene,  
Few hairs upon his heade could be sene;  
He was y clad in a cote and hat of greye;  
His shoes were blacke, so the folk do saye;  
He was a learned man, a principal,  
There was no man no where so sensible;  
Ful riche he was of godely thought and werke,  
No thing harde did he ever shirke,  
And eek to everich person was he known,  
This worthy man was yclept Garrison.

G. H., '15.







Mervyn Doyle  
President



Lenore Neumiller  
Vice President

## History of Class of '16

I purpose to write the history of the class of 1916 from the time we entered our high school life in 1913, down to a time within the memory of those able to cling to enough credits to claim membership in said class. It was one of those warm September days when the excited and somewhat scared Freshman girls, in their neat little white frocks, grouped together at the bottom of the steps leading into the main building, and the Freshman boys in their long pants for the first time were talking together as to what they would do if some upper classmen would dare to haze them.

We then proceeded to organize by electing a president to lead us. After much disturbance, we elected Seth Henshaw. We were now to begin a career in which student, social and athletic life are involved. But being very young and delicate, and liable to many hardships which Freshmen are not able to endure, we did not turn out any athletes. Nor did we have any social functions, as they would tend to keep us out late, and we could not have them after school because all Freshmen must go straight home.

The second year we entered high school with a different view of life. There were no Seniors to torment us. We again organized and re-elected Seth Henshaw. This year we entered actively into social and athletic life. Those who made themselves noted in football were Van Dennis and Seth Henshaw; in baseball, Mant Sprague carried off honors, being known as the best outfielder in any high school in California; in track, Elmer Kohle and Burchard Higby developed.

The girls then arranged for a dance in the halls, and this closed the year with a bang.

The third year opened with a rush. We elected Mervyn Doyle as our capable president. In football, we had Elmer Kohle and Burchard Higby to represent us; in basket ball, Elmer Kohle became quite noted; in baseball, Sprague and Burton were about the best that made the team; in track, we had Burchard Higby and Elmer Kohle.

We also gave a big dance in our new gymnasium, and it has the reputation of being one of the best dances ever given.

Thus we have reached the three-quarter pole, and expect in the coming year to go under the wire to a great finish.



Paul Murray  
President



Ester Naylor  
Vice President

## History of Class of '17

At our first meeting as high school students, we chose Homer Guernsey, president, and Helen Wurster, vice president.

We didn't "pull off" any social functions last year, but for Freshmen we did wonderfully well in inter-class athletics.

This year we elected Paul Murray to lead us, and Ester Naylor as vice president. We have been the real top-notchers as Sophomores. In the inter-class football, we easily beat the three other teams; in track, we easily secured the largest number of points, and could have as easily won the basket ball and baseball titles if there had been any competitors.

Our officers have been the real backbone of the social functions this winter. The Sophomore dance, the first of the season, was a success from start to finish. Then our president and class were behind the first masquerade ever given by the Stockton High School. It was acknowledged the success of all school dances.

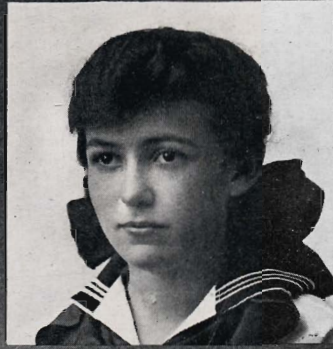
With this record behind us, we hope next year to be the leaders of the school. So far we have shown that we have the "spirit" that does things, so you may expect to hear favorably from the Juniors next term. With Wilbur Leffler as captain of the football squad, Lee Hickinbotham as captain of the baseball team, and Jack Raggio promoter of tennis, we have the athletic honors already cinched. The fact is that if the coming Seniors don't wake up more than they did this year, no one will know that there are any Seniors. We'd advise them to have a care when the class of '17 meets them in the rush in 1916.

"LEWE" F., '17.





Ralph Hickinbotham  
President



Caroline Minor  
Vice President

## History of Class of '18

Last September, when school began, a new Freshman class was born, consisting of most of the 1914 graduates of the Stockton grammar schools and some from nearby country schools. We were about as rank and raw as the usual Freshmen.

A few weeks after school opened, an election was held. The officers of the class were nominated, to be voted on at a second election. The officers elected were: President, Ralph Hickinbotham; vice president, Caroline Minor; secretary-treasurer, Leo Dunne; member of executive committee, Virginia Thompson.

Only a few meetings of the class were held until about the end of football season. As the Freshmen had been ordered to get the boxes, barrels and oil necessary for the bonfire rally, which was to have been held on the campus but afterwards cancelled, a meeting was necessary to know what to do with the funds placed in the treasurer's hands for that purposes. It was decided to leave them in the treasury.

Our first effort in a social way was a dance in the gymnasium on May 15, 1915. The colors chosen for the decorative scheme were green and pink. Tennis nets, racquets and other tennis articles were used to give the atmosphere of a tennis dance. About forty couples enjoyed the hospitality of the Freshmen that evening and the number would have been greater if a good show down town had not drawn a large crowd.

We downtrodden Freshmen will soon be upper classmen, for when the Seniors graduate, we become Sophomores. We expect to be heard from next year. In fact, we have already been heard from in such matters as inter-class track meets and boat racing. But in spite of our achievements one thing that has distinguished all former Sophomores, and in this we shall be unique—we shall not be the pompous individuals that have been accustomed to parade and degrade the beauty of these halls, making themselves generally obnoxious.

F. M. V., '18.

## “Louie”

Who has not heard of ancient Hamlin town,  
O'er run with rats for many miles aroun',  
Until the Piper played his tuneful lay,  
Thus charming all the loathsome rats away?  
Once more up to his lips he placed his pipes!  
Behold! alas! the strangest of all sights!  
The children heard his song from far and wide,  
He charmed them to a distant mountain side;  
The magic mountain opened wide its door,  
The children entered and were seen no more.

Just like the Piper is our Hot Dog Man,  
Who cooks hot dogs as fast as ere he can;  
His waffles have the charms to soothe our mind  
Till to all other pleasures we are blind.  
The jingling of his bells doth charm our ear—  
We know his yellow wagon's drawing near,  
And off we run to meet the little man  
And order dogs just off the frying pan;  
Blessed be our Louie, may he ne'er depart  
And break the student's very hungry heart.

L. H., '15.