

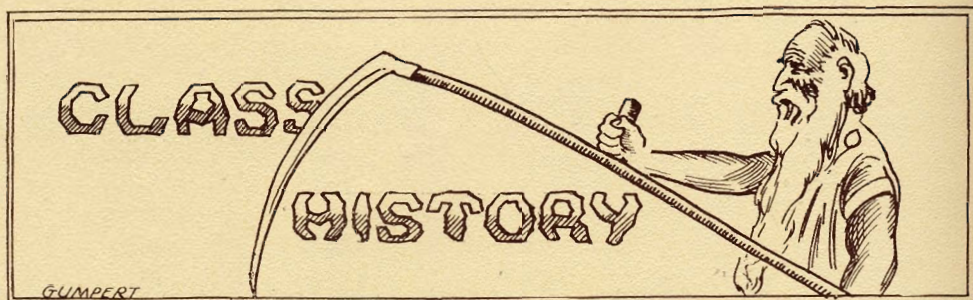
Senior Class Officers



Simpson H. Hornage
President
Homer S. Guernsey
Treasurer

Merle Sprague
Secretary

Daphne G. Miller
Vice-President
Harry Kessell
Sargeant-at-Arms



In literary activities and in athletics, on gridiron, track and diamond, and in unique social functions, perhaps no other graduating class of Stockton High School has attained greater pre-eminence, or has been more widely and largely represented by its members, than has the senior class of 1917. Almost from the time when, as freshmen, the class of '17 first entered Stockton High, there was apparent among the lower classmen an unusual whirl of activity.

Few classes have been composed of members who have taken active parts in so many widely diversified activities of school life; for, even in the year of their entrance, a period when many groups of students are content to observe the activities of the upper classes and prepare themselves, the freshman class of 1913 on the football and baseball teams, but in the interclass athletic contests, '17 men were victorious on field and track over sophomores, juniors and seniors.

The president and vice-president of the class in 1913 were Homer Guernsey and Helen Wurster. In the fall of 1914, Paul Murry and Esther Naylor were chosen in the capacity of president and vice-president to lead the graduates of '17 in their activities.

The dance given by the sophomore class in December, 1914, was acknowledged by the entire school to be a huge success; for the entertainment, in even the smallest details, left little to be desired and was carried through with a precision which was a credit to the executive ability of the members of the class.

In athletics in all its branches the class of '17 was better represented in 1914-1915 than in its entrance year.

When the same lively group, now the junior class of 1915-1916, met together in the following autumn, they elected to head their class Irving Neumiller, president, and vice-president, Kathryn Kerrick; and when the board of student control for the ensuing term was organized, two members were from the junior class of that year.

Junior Day at the school cafeteria, by an appetizing menu combined with delightful entertainment furnished by the juniors to their guests, was made one of the most pleasant class lunches of the year.

In October of 1915, the class of '17 was host to the senior class of 1916 at one of the most novel entertainments ever attempted in Stockton High—a dinner dansant—an elaborate dinner in the cafeteria being followed by a splendid dance in the gymnasium.

Under the direction of Paul Murry, a "Hard Times Jolly-up" was given in the gymnasium by the junior class, and the evening, enhanced by renditions by the popular S. H. S. quartet and the famous Ukulele Four, was one of the most unique and enjoyable of jolly-ups ever conceived.

In the inter-class rugby contests of 1915-1916, the juniors were victorious, for in that year the varsity rugby team of Stockton High School was composed almost entirely of class of '17 men, and it was this team which won for the Blue and White the championship of Northern California.

In baseball and on the varsity basket ball team, the class of '17 was similarly well represented and with no less a degree of success. It is not surpris-

ing that the 1915 "Guard and Tackle" prophesied that the boys and girls of 1917 were going to be "one of the best senior classes ever graduated."

The president and vice-president of the class of '17 in its farewell year were Simpson Hornage and Daphne Miller. The year 1916-1917 has been a fitting close to the class of '17's term of four glorious years. It has been a year unprecedented in Stockton High School by so great an exuberance of school spirit and enthusiasm. The seniors of 1917 not only upheld, but enhanced with new achievements, their well-won reputation for progressiveness and executive ability, for, during the past term, they have not only introduced, but have realized, with no uncertain degree of success, well-laid plans for the formation of a number of hitherto only hoped for organizations, and some never dreamed of projects.

The most important of these new organizations formed during the past year were the "Associated Girls of S. H. S.," the purpose of which is to promote democratic activities among the girl students, and the realization of a firmly established dramatic club, with over forty members, an organization which Stockton High School has long lacked, but a society never before successfully organized.

The Dramatic Club quickly won for itself recognition, its two early stage successes given before the public being "Kathleen ni Hoolihan" and "Pot o' Both," the first to be presented of a series of Irish peasant plays by William Butler Yeats.

The project of a "Diamond S Society," to be composed of leaders in inter-class and inter-scholastic literary activities, and the rise of the "Circle S Society," composed of meritorious athletics, but who have not been able to attain to the rank of a "Big S," were further accomplishments, largely the work of members of the senior class of '17, in which achievements the class has shown itself to be an able leader in school activities.

During its last high school year, the class of '17 continued to dominate the field of athletics. The February inter-class swimming and track meets were alike carried by the athletic representatives of the senior class, and the Junior-Senior rugby match was a signal victory for the seniors of '17.

The varsity rugby team, still largely composed of class of '17 men, again won for S. H. S. the 1917 championship of Northern California; and of the nine boys chosen by their standing in class as well as by their athletic ability) to make the Honolulu trip, seven were members of the Class of '17.

"Brown of Harvard," presented by the graduating class of '17, under the supervision of Mr. John G. Iloff, was staged in an admirable manner, and was in every particular, indicative of the characteristic thoroughness and ability of the members of the senior class.

Thus through the entire four years of their high school life, the members of the class of '17 have not only participated in the athletics and literary and social affairs of Stockton High School, but have, to a large extent, taken a leading position throughout nearly every line of activity.

Individual and class excellence has always been the aim and desire of the class of 1917, so it is not out of the ordinary course of events for the boys and girls of '17 to have attained supremacy in nearly every channel of school life, thus maintaining their chosen motto—"Excelsior."

Class Song

The Class of Seventeen

Lyrics by
Clay M. Greene

Music by
Silvio Hein

I

Good-bye—goodbye, Old Stockton High!
We'll keep your mem'ries green.
You've placed your seal upon the leal
Of the class of seventeen.—
And in the days beyond the haze
The future holds in store
What struggling vet will e'er forget
Those days to come no more?

Refrain—

S-t-oc-k-to-n—'Rah
H-i-g-h—High!—
We're ready now to work and do,
Or for our country die.

II

Goodbye—goodbye, Old Stockton High;
Beyond the spoken word—
Class seventeen shall bright be seen
Her hanhood's known and heard—
And it shall not forget the blot
That stains the life untrue—
Nor dim the line and genius bright,
Of lessons learned from you.

Note.—The author of the lines and the composer of the music of our class song are men prominent in New York dramatic circles, Clay M. Greene, playwright, and Silvio Hein, composer of "Love's Sweet Refrain" and other popular airs. And both of them have put forth their best efforts in our song; Mr. Greene's work exemplifies itself above, while Mr. Hein's results are ringing in everyone's ears—a ripping melody.

—Frank E. Belcher, Chairman of Committee.



This bunch of old letters was found while clearing out a long-neglected and much over-crowded desk, about the year 1935. They were read with much enjoyment by the owner, and are here reproduced in the hope that they will in a like manner affect whomsoever they may concern:

New York, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1931.

Dear Esther:

What a wonderful place this is. I feel my "cousin from the country" appearance quite as much as I look it. The relations are all well, and much more interesting than I expected. We have been doing something every minute since I first arrived. Lots of surprising things have happened, too.

In the first place, the relatives all agreed that I needed clothes. So we set out almost immediately to get some. My aunt took me to Madam Adele's, remarking that she had quite an exclusive shop. Guess who we found there? Madam Adele is our old friend Adeline Dutton. She looks quite French and has lots of wonderful creations.

I needed hats, too, so Adeline sent us down to Fifth avenue. She said there was a shop there which she thought would interest me. It did, because it was Bertha Dockendorff's. Bertha specializes in paradise plumes and heron wings. She says her head milliner is Lillian Robinson.

In the afternoon my aunt took me to the Tuesday Assembly to hear a concert. It was one of the Edison Phonograph re-creations, and Beth Blain and Ethel Anderson were the "re-creators." The girls were wonderful.

Guess who else we saw? There was quite a furor in one of the boxes and my aunt pointed out one of the season's social lions. I looked and saw a youth with a monocle and a gardenia in his buttonhole. Seen through the glasses he proved to be Lloyd Burgess. I was quite as surprised as you are.

Then on the way home we purchased one of the popular magazines—because of the girl on the cover. She proved to be Josephine Clemensen. Remember her? Moreover, the artist was Edith Kaese. My aunt says Edith is quite a popular artist. She and Alma Kuhlmann and Erma Edwards live together. Alma is a sculptor, and Erma does engraving. The three girls are known in art circles as the step-sisters.

Who would believe so many surprises could happen in one day? It is only a little after ten, but I am sleepy. You see I am not very sophisticated yet. I dare say I will be before long, though.

Good night,

MARGARET.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 30, 1931.

Dear Esther:

The visit to the New York aunt is finished and I am transferred to the

Washington cousins. I thought there might be time to breathe here, but from all appearances, there won't be.

I am writing this in that lull which follows having one's hair dressed for an occasion. The occasion this time is the opening of the big new movie theater, and the hair dresser was Ethel Watrous.

We had quite a chat. Ethel says the play is to be "Back Again," and was written by Lois Stroup. They say the play is very good, at least that is what Ruby Elgan says in one of her critical essays. Ruby writes dramatic criticisms and book reviews for a couple of magazines and several papers, you know, and is so busy that it is almost impossible to see her.

Oh, yes, Ethel says the cast of "Back Again" is to include Kathryn Kerrick. Do you go to see her often? She is a splendid emotional actress. Doesn't she remind you somewhat of Pauline Frederick? Remember how we used to watch Pauline with bated breath? Those were thrilling days, weren't they?

Yes, and Tom Louttit plays opposite Kathryn. I wonder if the Louttit pompadours are as popular out west as they are here. Every boy has one.

The cousins call, so I must leave now.

Yours—in anticipation of some more thrills,

MARGARET.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Harper
announce the marriage of their daughter
Bess
to
Mr. Austin Hill
on Saturday, November the seventeenth
Nineteen hundred and thirty-one,
Stockton, California.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 10, 1931.

Dear Esther:

Back home for Christmas! We have been shopping today. There was a funny coincidence. We went down town on the street car. Opposite us was one of those Arrow collar ads. The face reminded me of Lewis Fox. I wonder if it could have been? So we traveled down town with Lewis and home again by jitney, with Margaret Learned driving.

While we were shopping we went into the cleverest animal specialty shop. It was run by Ruth Avery and Alice Doolittle. Ruth keeps the dogs, and Alice has a full line of gold fish.

We spent quite a time there, and then went over the "Sapiro and Reimers," which is a large department store run by Allan Sapiro and Herman Reimers. They were exhibiting some Christmas specialties, and we stayed long enough to see Lillie Wilson and Helen Quinn appear in some lovely clothes. Earl Marsden was showing some fancy vests and neckties, also. Herman Reimers told us that he had just returned from the annual convention of the "Amalgamated Red-Heads Association," and that St. Clair Devereaux was elected Grand President.

It is awfully hard to shop this time of the year, don't you think? I am nearly worn out.

Tonight we are going out to dinner, though. We are dining with the Baron Schimpelfemmers, the Baroness being Leanore Oullahan. I expect

Helen Harvey will be there, also. She is a popular debutante, in her third season, and as charming as every. Then after dinner we go to the "Follies" to see Daphne Miller in the dance which has made her so famous.

This is a full day, you see. Ten o'clock doesn't bother me any more, unless it is ten in the morning. Time passes, so.

Good-bye,

MARGARET.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 17, 1932.

Dear Esther:

Were you surprised, or weren't you, to hear that Melvin Parker won the tennis championship in the big Honolulu meet?

We have been having the queerest day today. Marian is here—Marian Moffatt, you know. She has been sent out by the government to inspect factory conditions for women in this city. She telephoned last night to ask if I wouldn't go with her today as she was going to some interesting places. Erna Giggens went, too. Erna got into the Assembly this year, at Sacramento. They say she is noted already for calling for the ayes and noes, although she sometimes forgets herself and calls for "hair!"

First we went to the Frank Belcher Hat Factory. I dare say you are acquainted with those clever "Belcher Big Hats for Heads" ads that Harold Gumpert draws. Frank is quite engrossed in his work, as he feels that he is supplying a great need in his "Big Hats." We found conditions quite satisfactory—also Howard Odell in the bookkeeping department and Norma Ashley as sales manager.

By the time we had inspected and gossiped enough it was noon, so we had some of William Walter's Wollypops, which Erna had brought. It seems that William Walter has a candy shop. His Wollypops are of a superior flavor.

In the afternoon we went to the big munitions factory, of which Roy Thrash is president. The noise was deafening. Roy tells us that he has built up quite an establishment, and that Alvin Walker is his live wire telegraph operator. He is having a new wireless set up and George Williams is to be in charge of that. We also caught a glimpse of Lloyd Westphal at one of the complicated machines, but did not find any of our girls there.

By this time it was dinner time, so we went up town to Ruth Wright's cafeteria. It is a dandy place, on Powell, just off from Sutter. When you are in the city, eat there.

While we were eating, Erna declared that she was disappointed, as she had expected to find some shocking conditions to legislate about. She thought that we ought to end such an educational day in a fitting manner, however, and suggested that we go to Clarence Wight's circus.

Marian remembered a lecture to be given over in Berkeley, though, so we decided to go there, and, as two is the majority of three, all Erna's ayes and noes couldn't stop us. The lecture was one of a series given by Gladys Moore. It was on "The Comma, Its Use and Abuse." Merle Sprague, whom we found reporting the lecture for his paper, says that the course has been very good. He has covered them all. He saw us safely across the bay and home again, as a fitting climax to our educational day.

I guess we will have to take Erna to the circus tomorrow, though. Did you know that Jessie Nicholas was advance agent for it? I just found it out myself.

Yours in anticipation of a red balloon,
MARGARET.

Hotel Del Monte, Cal., April 10, 1932.

Dear Esther:

Yes, I was surprised to hear about Alice Jenkins and Harold Quail. I wonder if they will go to light housekeeping?

You never saw such beautiful weather—or clothes? The polo season is on and I am here with Esther Naylor. We were over to the polo grounds this morning to watch the game. Paul Murray was quite the star of the game and I think he has a good chance of winning the championship.

Esther has been having quite a time. It seems our old friend, Frank Dutschke has invented some Ford shock absorbers, to reduce vibration when the horn is blown. Esther claims that the proceeds from all Ford inventions are hers, by previous right. If she were not the head of the Ford Company there would be no Fords, consequently nothing to make Ford inventions for. Anyone can see that Esther is right, especially after seeing Esther.

She has given the case to Quinn and Raymond. Yes, Frank is a lawyer, and Stanford is his silent partner. Esther also says that Winifred Hooper is the stenographer for the firm.

There is a great fuss outside. They tell me Jack Raggio has arrived. Jack is touring the country with a Fageol car and a wrist watch. He brought Irving Neumiller with him. It is rumored that Irving will favor the guests with some of his latest song hits while he is here. I do hope he will sing "Way Back In 1917." The hotel is all aflame with excitement.

It is time for dinner, so I will say,

Good-night,
MARGARET.

P. S. We have just come in from dinner and dancing. Guess whom we met? Helen Wurster. She is out on this coast on a concert tour, but doesn't intend to give a concert here at the hotel, as she left her concert grand in the city.

Also we found Morris Wallin to be the hotel barber. It has just been announced, too, that the auto races, which were to have been held tomorrow, have been called off. Philip Genser was to have been in them.

Farondale, Ill., June 22, 1932.

Dear Esther:

Do you realize that it is just fifteen years since that eventful day when we were graduated from our old High School? My, what a lot of things have happened since then!

For instance, who would expect to find me here in Illinois, and, moreover, on a restful chicken farm belonging to the Ryburns. Hereby hangs a tale.

My physician, Dr. Walton Rains, has sent me to the country to recuperate from a nervous breakdown and an ulcerated tooth. More than that, he has sent me here. The Ryburns—Mrs. Ryburns was Vera Russel, you know, have a chicken ranch just out of Peoria, in a very restful place.

The vacation has been auspicious from the very first. When my train

pulled in, there was no one to meet it. A gentleman kindly offered to take me to the ranch. As he was Wilber Leffler, I accepted. Leffler, it seems, is selling a set of books on "The Power of Will" and "The Culture of Courage." At present, he is working this community. As we ambled along he extolled the merits of his books till I had nearly ordered three sets, but they were too heavy to carry in a suit case.

I am rather sorry that I didn't get the books, though, for think how useful they would be. Moreover, with every three sets, one of the "Hall and Smalling" cook books is given away free. Wilber says that it is Alice Hall's and Mildred Smalling's own book, and all of the housewives pronounce it very fine.

So I arrived safely at the restful chicken farm. The Ryburns tell me their next door neighbor is Homer Guernsey. He has a large dairy, and there are nothing but Guernsey cattle on the place. Willis Steinbeck also has a small place near here where he devotes his time to raising rare tulips.

Raymond McCarty is the veterinary in this community. There is little call for his service now-a-days, however, so he added a small garage to his business. He expects to enlarge it in time. At present it is in charge of Russel Higby, who used to be a second-hand dealer in motorcycles.

Gossip has it that Raymond is a regular visitor at the Peoria Orphan Asylum. The community is divided as to the reason. Some think he is intending to adopt an orphan, while others say he goes there to see the matron. I rather agree with the latter, seeing that Mildred Phillips is the matron.

But the biggest surprise is the new tract which has been opened west of the junction. Edison Holt, the philanthropist, is putting it on the market at a foolishly low sum, and throwing a caterpillar in with every twenty-acre tract as a special inducement. Are you surprised, or not?

The restful chickens are going to roost. This has been such a surprising day that I think I will do likewise, so

Good-night,
MARGARET.

Stockton, Cal., Nov. 19, 1932.

Dear Esther:

Home! The world is a very large place and full of many surprising things, but some of the most surprising are right here at home.

You see, this is teachers' institute week, and Virginia McGinn invited me to visit her, and to hear some of the speeches. So we have been to the institute two days now, and this afternoon Virginia gave her speech to the department of English teachers, of which she is a member. The institute began with the Rev. Harry Kessel's invocation. Then Fred Goodell spoke on "The Proper Length of Latin Assignments." Ila Yore also spoke on "Higher Mathematics." Rita Chan told of her kindergarten work and the wonderful results she gets from her children. Rita told me afterwards that she referred to Lydia Bartholomew's twins. It seems that Lydia has a large family of very bright children.

In the afternoon Ida Green spoke on "Red Cross" and told some of the experiences she and Hedwig Weiss had while in France during the war.

Today Louis Burke told of the prison reforms accomplished since he has

been connected with Folsom prison. Lizzie Alley and James Faulkner explained their recent startling discovery in the field of physics, and Irving Ridenour read his paper on "New York, the Electrical City, and Her Slave, Niagara Falls."

Tomorrow the program announces that Theodore McMurray will tell "What to Do After One Has Completed 52 Years of Chemistry." Marie Eberhard will introduce the new shorthand book which she and Naomi Prindle have compiled. Mercedes Toyarou is to talk on her "Fresh-Air School," and Beatrice Snell will tell about home-nursing. The closing event is to be Paul Mitchell's talk on "Educational Conditions In China." Paul ought to talk from personal experience, having been a missionary there for several years.

But, on our way home this evening, I saw something which reminded me of old times. It was Erva Gnekow, in behalf of the school board, looking over the old asylum property. They are intending to turn our old High School into an enlarged Junior College. Indeed, there will soon be a growing university here.

Yes, and the real estate dealer who is handling the property is Simpson Hornage. That reminds me of our old class of seventeen. Simpson was the president, you remember. I have just been thinking how many of the class I have seen lately. I wonder if all classes have such futures as our has had. I think not, for we were a grand old class, don't you think?

Love from

MARGARET.

P. S. Of course I am glad that you are to be traveling companion to an elderly lady. I know you will often feel like shrieking in despair. I might as well tell you now, that I am to be librarian at the old Hazelton library next year.

Good-bye

M.

Class Yell

Oski—Seventeen

Whisky—green and white

Holy—Stockton High

Seventeen—Wow.



Class Motto

The Past is gone; Sieze to-day!

Class Will

We, the class of 1917, declaring that we are, at the age of four years, in our right and sound mind, and being about to pass into the vast and unexplored waste called the future, do hereby solemnly make this, our last will and testament, and bequeath in favor of those who will after us hold the lofty and inspiring position of students in the Stockton High School, City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, U. S. A., the following:

I

To The School:

First—The ability to instill more enthusiasm into the rallies, which are such an institution in the school, and also a few new yells.

Second—To the brave gallants who so persistently fill the corners in the gymnasium during the school parties, the courage to the girls; and to all participants in such affairs, the spirit which will make said parties the success they deserve to be.

Third—The balance in the Senior treasury, with which to start a Junior College in S. H. S., relying on the generosity of the tax-payers of Stockton to help support the same.

Lastly—A lively, noisy, full-sized brass band, which shall continue the good work of its mourned predecessor.

II.

To those unsophisticated infants, who shall in future times grace these halls, we bequeath the use of the side doors till they become sufficiently blasé to brave the impressive and awe-inspiring array at the front door.

III

To the Dramatic Club of the future we will the high standard of productions, talent, and ideals so ably begun in this our last year, and willingly give the noble incentive to continue the agitation for a better stage.

IV

To The Public-Speaking Class We Bequeath:

First—The free use of all the lengthy words in the dictionary, with the sincere hope that they may be able to coin some new ones.

Second—One day in each school month is hereby dedicated, in which they can unburden their souls of all the speeches which they have so faithfully practised in class.

V

To all new boys who may enter our halls we will the right to create a sensation for two consecutive weeks.

VI

Homer Guernsey regretfully bequeaths his place by the front door to Bill Eccleston, in the hope that he will enjoy the place and the privileges it affords as much as has the said Guernsey.

VII

To Mr. Garrison, our principal, we will the pleasing memories of our sweet simplicity and child-like obedience, which we know this class has given him.

VIII

The exclusive privilege of making all the noise she wishes in the halls Esther Naylor passes on to Zelda Battalana.

IX

The efficient and ever watchful Student Control of '17 wills to its successor its ability to return all books lost, strayed or stolen, and to intercept all those whose perverted morals allow them to harken to the call of the great outdoors and the Orpheum.

X

To Miss Minerva U. Howell the Senior English class bequeaths the use of a second period, in which she may perhaps finish assigning the lesson for the following day.

XI

To Mr. Dredge we will all of our chemistry and physics experiments and themes, neatly bound, which he may distribute among the future unfortunates who shall be deceived into thinking that his sweet smile denotes a sympathetic heart.

XII

To Mr. Iliff we bequeath the book, which we hope he will find very useful, entitled "How to Keep Your Shoes from Turning Up; or Toes Down."

XIII

Russell Higby sorrowfully wills his well known position against the wall, where he was wont to converse so long and often, to Bee Frankenheimer and the lady of his choice.

XIV

On Russell Yost we bestow the position of school giggler, formerly held by Roy Thrash.

XV

To Mervyn Dunnagan we bequeath the powerful though unofficial place of school politician, which has been so ably filled by Erna Gibbens during the past two years.

XVI

To Miss Dockendorff we bequeath a private office, where she may receive excuses and give admits, always white, to all comers, thus relieving Mr. Ellis from the necessity of hearing the same excuses repeated for another year.

XVII

To the library we do bequeath a placard bearing in large clean letters the words, "Silence is Golden," which shall be hung by Miss Henderson over her desk.

XVIII

To Mr. Garrison we do bequeath a patent on the expression, "Before beginning I would like to make one announcement," so that he need have no fear of any one usurping his title to the same.

XIX

To the Board of Education we extend our thanks for the benefits that have been conferred on us during our high school career, with the suggestion, however, that they remember that too much repression may be good for the morals but is bad for the exuberance of youth.

XX

To the library we do also bequeath a complete set of the translated works of Caesar, Cicero and Virgil and several volumes of the Baker and Inglis Composition Book compiled with both Latin and English versions of the sentences, the same to be used freely by all Latin students.

XXI

To Mr. Reed we do give and bequeath a permanent circle in which his pupils may stand at right angles with the floor and parallel to their desks when reciting, thus relieving him of the undignified duty of drawing chalk circles daily.

XXII

The class of 1917 wills to Mr. Ellis and Mr. Toms the same number of mornings in detention which they have given to said class during the four years of our existence, with the hope that it will be a lesson to them hereafter.

XXIII

To the class of 1918 we do especially bequeath the following:

First—The originality in matters pertaining to entertainment and school activities for which the class of '17 is so justly famed.

Second—The empty seats of Latin IV, which we sincerely hope they will fill, and from which then can note the resemblance between Caesar's and Prof. Ellis' profile. We also wish to call their attention to the birds' nests in the oak trees, which they may examine in the silent lull after they have been called upon.

Third—The ability to contract debts, and to the girls of the class the right to make up such deficiencies by giving candy sales as successful as those of the S. I. S. girls.

Fourth—Those meritorious creations of this year, which we so ruthlessly neglected, namely the literary societies, in the hope that they will nourish them well and treat them with the kindness they deserve.

Fifth—The inalienable right of Seniors to wander about the halls during periods in pursuit of their own sweet will, and hereby warn Mr. Garrison that this gift shall in no way be curtailed by him.

Sixth—To the Senior girls of 1918 alone the right to occupy the first row of the gym rallies, with the hope that they will continue the standard of behavior set by the girls of 1917.

Lastly—The rapid fire ability to refight the Civil War in two days and a half.

XXIV

Lastly, we hereby appoint Miss Minerva Howell the sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

(Signed)

—Class of '17.

The Senior Picnic

May twelfth is a date that will always be remembered by the class of June '17, for that was the day of the long anticipated Senior picnic, held in the hills beyond Clements. The affair was regarded by all present as one of the pleasantest get-together days of the class.

At half past eight groups of dignified Seniors began to gather at the high school in front of the gymnasium, and shortly after nine o'clock the start was made. In the midst of much noise and fun, eight auto loads of merry picnickers headed down California street and left town by the Waterloo road, all seemingly bound for the Comanche bridge over the Mokelumne river, a pleasant spot about forty miles from Stockton.

Some of the machines stopped at Lockeford and Clements, consequently becoming separated from the others. One load finally reached the designated spot only to find that none of the other autos had come that way. Accordingly, the machine was turned around and a search was made. The party went back to the Comanche road and followed it among the hills until the other machines were met returning from the copper mine above Comanche, where they had gone by mistake. When the river was again reached, two auto loads were found to be still missing. Some of the boys took an auto and went in search of them, finding them playing ball near Comanche at the place which they thought was the one selected. There was some dispute among the members of the class as to the place where the picnic should be held, but the spot near the bridge was finally chosen.

By the time all had arrived, it was nearly one o'clock and it was certainly a hungry crowd that gathered about the spread. The credit for the sumptuous "eats" was due to the girls of the class.

After this important part of the program, the picnickers adjourned to an open field nearby for the fun of the afternoon. First in order was an indoor baseball game between the boys and the girls, and it certainly proved to be an interesting contest. After that, a lively game of prisoner's base was played, and various races, such as sack and three-legged afforded much fun. The prize in the sack races was won by Frank Quinn, while in the three-legged races, Esther Naylor and Daphne Miller captured first prize and Bertha Dockendorff and Bess Harper, second.

Soon after, most of the boys went in swimming and the girls spent the remainder of the afternoon in various ways. But the real "thriller" came when some of the girls made off with Frank Belcher's Ford! Esther Naylor drove them to Comanche, where they were treated to ice cream and soda pop.

Between half past three and four, all gathered at the river, had their pictures taken, and started on the homeward trip. Those who so kindly furnished and drove the machines were Fred Goodell, Theodore McMurray, Frank Belcher, Frank Quinn, Simpson Hornage, Walton Raines and Frank Dutschke. The teachers who accompanied the class were Miss Lauxen, Miss Keniston, Miss Minerva Howell and Miss Dockendorff.

All the members of the class agreed that the picnic had been a success in every way and that they had had the best kind of a time. The day will surely never be forgotten. The committee in charge consisted of Raymond McCarty, chairman, Bertha Dockendorff and Fred Goodell.

The Senior Play

The cast of characters who took part in "Brown of Harvard" presented by the Senior Class of the Stockton High School on May 26, 1917, under the direction of Mr. Iliff was as follows:

Tom Brown	Tom Louttit
Clax Madden.....	Dutch Neumiller
Wilfred Kenyon.....	Paul Murray
Gerald Thorne.....	Frank Belcher
Tubby Anderson	Jack Raggio
"Happy" Thurston.....	Simpson Hornage
Mr. Cartwright.....	Stanford Raymond
Colton	Frank Quinn
"Bud" Hall	Mel Parker
Ellis	Fred Goodell
Pierce.....	Harold Quail
Codrington	Lewis Fox
Old Clothes Man.....	Russell Higby
Irishman	Merle Sprague
"Evey" Kenyon	Alice Doolittle
Marion Thorne.....	Kathryn Kerrick
Mrs. Kenyon.....	Ruby Elgan
Edith St. Clair.....	Daphne Miller
Aunt Carolina.....	Erna Gibbens
French Boy.....	Albert Monaco
Crewmen.....	Ed Holt and Homer Guernsey
Newsboy	Cecil Peirano
Tri Delt Octette.....	Ida Green, Ethel Anderson, Esther Naylor, Lizzie Alley, Beth Blain, Helen Harvey, Virginia McGinn, Alice Jenkins
Male Quartette.....	Jack Raggio, Dutch Neumiller, Howard Moore, Ellis Sanderson.

We also must not fail to thank the understudy of Paul Murray, Louis Burke, who during the former's illness, took up the part, and worked faithfully with it until the cast was assured of Paul's return.

It is true, that there was a rumor about the school, that the Senior Class would have to substitute something else for the play of its choice, but Mr. Iliff, seeing how strongly the class desired this play and no other, came to the rescue and changed the production to the satisfaction of all. The great success with which this upto-date college production was presented proves no mistake was made in the choice.

Everyone agrees that it would have been a difficult undertaking to have brought together a cast more suited to their roles than the one chosen by the coach.

Tom Louttit made a most stunning college hero, his fine enunciation and natural manner on the stage immediately putting his audience at ease. (Remember, those are two important qualities of a great actor.)

The charm of the heroine, Alice Doolittle, won not only the hero, but the admiration of those who saw as well. Many were surprised at the dramatic ability which she displayed.

The difficult parts of the two run-aways were most successfully handled by Kathryn Kerrick and Paul Murray. (Don't let him fool you, he wasn't really drunk.)

As elderly roles are always considered hard to act, the clever way in which Ruby Elgan and Erna Gibbons fell into theirs was a delightful feature of the performance.

Dutch Neumiller and Daphne Miller made a lively college couple, while the brogue of Russell Higby kept the audience rolling in laughter. Frank Quinn proved a most "villainous" villain, even if he was minus a mustache, but if Frank Belcher didn't row in the race, the way he handled his part won the sympathy of all present.

So with the zest of college students, the excellent music, the comptent manager, Frank Quinn, and the prompter, Ray McCarty, who was always on duty, this Senior Class was able to put on a play quite different from any of the preceding productions.

Last, yet most important, the Senior Class wishes to thank the one to whom this great success is so largely due, Mr. Iliff, whose many hours of patient coaching made "Brown of Harvard" a great success.





THE MAY QUEEN AND HER FOLLOWERS. THE OTHERS ARE NOT MUMMIES BUT THE FAMOUS FATIMA CHORUS
OF S. H. S.