

CLASS HISTORY



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Every one has realized, since the very day of our arrival in September of 1914, that we are (or were) an unusual, an extraordinary class. From the time that we held our first election and chose, with much wisdom, Ralph Hickinbotham as our president and Caroline Minor as our vice president, our superiority was recognized and acknowledged. The success of our freshman tennis dance and our prominence in the football field, added to our already glorious name, and reassured the students and the faculty of our brilliance.

Our sophomore year proved that we had gained knowledge, for our election and the wisdom of our officers cannot be over-rated. Roscoe Clowes officiated as president and Virginia Thompson as vice president. Our dance was the biggest success of the season while the honors that we covered our name with, showed that we were born athletes.

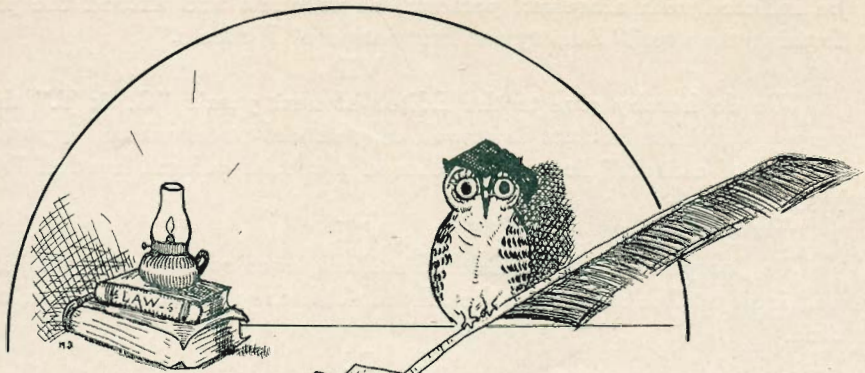
The second year sped by and before we knew it we rose to the position of juniors, honored and revered by our fellow students. At the first of the year we held a quite exciting but quite orderly election and elected, finally, Ray Dunne as president and Mary Knox as vice president, under which able leadership we proceeded to crown our name with never fading laurels. Our farewell dance to the seniors was one that will never be forgotten.

Then, before we were able to realize it, we were graduated from the position of juniors and found ourselves occupying that pedestal which is occupied only by seniors. After much thought and discussion we elected Vivian Prindle as our president, Caroline Minor as vice president, Karl Weiss secretary, Angelo D'Amico treasurer and Newton Robinson as sergeant-at-arms. A short time after the election, Caroline resigned and Vivian was called to serve his country.

We looked around for several weeks and ended by choosing Harrington Wells as our president and Gertrude Howland as vice president, under whose able leadership we proceeded to make our senior year a momentous one. Our dance, given the 29th of May, was the success of all our dances.

We know, though we are leaving Stockton High, that she will never forget us, the members of the class of '18, but will follow us with loving eyes wherever we may go. Our one hope is that we shall never make our alma mater ashamed of us but will always continue to heap honors on the beloved name of Stockton High.





CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1918, of Stockton High School, City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, being of sound and superior mind and memory, at the age of four years, and not acting under duress, fraud or undue influence of any person, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, in the following manner, namely, to wit:

I

To the Class of 1919.

First—One large volume, "Peace and Order in Senior Meetings." This book contains all necessary instructions for calling, conducting and dismissing meetings without any noise whatsoever. If followed strictly, no senior meeting will last more than ten minutes.

Second—A beautiful picnic site about two miles from Camanche and one small rowboat which we hope they will treat with due respect, as their predecessors have done before them.

II

To the School.

First—We give a room, air tight and hermetically sealed, absolutely guaranteed that sounds will not penetrate, in which the band may practice.

III

To Mr. Garrison we bequeath an extra door in the gymnasium, thus enabling students to pass "quietly and promptly to their next classes."

IV

To Mr. Iliff we give the right to sing at all public entertainments, "They go wild, simply wild over me" with all variations, or a selection of "Joan of Arc."

V

We do solemnly and reluctantly bequeath to George Fortune the sole right to measure the Statue of Lincoln with his own height at any time during his senior year, providing he is properly chaperoned.

VI

The red-heads of the eighteeners regret to relinquish the honors bestowed upon them by the seventeeners, but as a matter of custom and etiquette, they hereby release the brilliancy of their locks and freckles to all those who may

be inflicted with aforesaid personal adornments and extend the privilege of forming the usual "Society for Prevention of Ridicule."

VII

We do hereby give to the Editor of next year's "G. & T." the right to peruse all waste baskets in search of personal notes which, if passed by the "board of censors" he may publish in a special column headed "Among Us Mortals."

VIII

To Josephine Arbios, Zelda Battilana does sorrowfully pass on the sole and indisputable right to make all the noise she wishes, anywhere, and at any time.

IX

Bernard Frankenheimer leaves a book entitled "Latin Lessons, And How to Get them, Without Undue Waste of Energy."

X

With much unselfishness, Zida Borneman retires from her enviable position of Belle of the Commercial Department and hopes that her successor will be as successful as she.

XI

Harold Pearson does solemnly give up his lease on "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl" to him who the executor of this last will may think, possesses the best ability to continue singing its melodious strains.

XII

To the library we give one set of Boggart's History, which we hope will add joy to the hearts of next year's U. S. History students.

XIII

To Mr. Barzee we present a little book entitled "Hobbies, and How to Ride Them," which we think may widen his knowledge of the subject.

XIV

To Mr. Barrett we bequeath a book entitled "Big Speeches By Little Men."

XV

To Miss Henderson we leave the patent on the expression, "Take your books and go back to the Study."

XVI

Miss Lily Schlichtman does very unceremoniously give her patent hair curlers, guaranteed not to rust or break the hair, to Lida Craig.

XVII

Ray Dunne does hereby very solemnly leave all his dignity, which he hopes will be bestowed upon Ed Gerrish.

XVIII

The seniors in the public speaking class do hereby bequeath all their oratorical merits to their lucky successors with hopes that they will always "get their points over," and continue to "set a good example."

XIX

Miss Flora McDiarmid leaves to Dan Eckland one large ambition to grow tall, which she hopes he will cherish.

XX

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

(Signed) Class of '18.

THE FUTURE



In the mysterious land of dreams where the age of miracles has not yet passed, and wonders never cease to be, Marion and I wandered down a shady lane in search of an adventure and came at last to an open field.

A rickety fence barred the way, but the hand on the faded sign post pointed straight ahead and straight ahead we went—over the stile and through the field, toward a huge, forbidding wall which loomed up in the distance.

As we approached, we saw broad, shining gates before us and were never so happy as when we found they were open. The brazen gates of the future had been left carelessly ajar!

We entered timidly, peering incredulously about us, fearing that at any moment this strange future-land might vanish.

A queer little man, garbed in a herald's array of green and silvery finery, appeared beyond the row of palms which screened us from the land beyond. His mien was one of quiet dignity and reserve, but there was a twinkle in his eye which set us wholly at our ease.

"I am the Spirit of What-is-to-Be," he announced with a smile. "I guard the gates of Future Land and it is I who have let ye in. Now that ye are here, what would ye that I should show?"

Eagerly, we clamored for the future of our friends. "What is to become of the members of our class, the boys and girls with whom we have associated four long years? Are any of us to become famous? Have we, perhaps, a future president in our midst? Please, sir, do show us the future of our classmates."

"Know ye," he said in an impressive tone, "that Future Land is only part of Dreamland, and things which ye think strange are natural here. I shall show you your classmates as they will be fifteen years from now and ye may speak to them and talk with them. They will not think it strange for in Dreamland we take many things for granted."

Thereupon he stood on tiptoe, whirled round three times and cried aloud some sort of mystic jargon. All we could make out was, "Stockton-High-School-Class of 1918—be seen in 1933—yesterday—today—tomorrow—appear!"

Of a sudden we found ourselves in a mountain valley with rugged scenery all about us. Down the steep road came a flock of sheep, bleating loudly. But above their plaintive wails, we heard the shouts of the herders, three grim and grimy fellows with a thought for naught but their heedless flocks.

Our guide would have introduced us, but though they were much changed, we recognized the men as Charles Condy, Roscoe Clowes and Maurice Gumpert. We were surprised to find them together, but men love to tell tales on one another, and these three were no exception. Charles, it seems, had herded sheep one summer and enjoyed the work so much that he stuck to it. Maurice had been driven to desperation because the prominent Miss Forman, now, a member of Congress, refused to have anything to do with a mere man. He had wandered hopelessly through the mountains until Charlie found him and induced him to herd sheep as a solace for his woes. Judging from Maurice's healthy appearance "Doc" Condy's prescription had been a good one. Roscoe was living this outdoor life for one year, after which he intended to go back to civilization where he would publish his experiences in serial form.

"Be that as it may," What's-to-Be told us, "the Condy, Clowes and Gumpert trio, or the C. C. & G. boys, as they are commonly called, are popular fellows and are in great demand at the country dances for miles around."

"Speaking of success," Charles broke in, "you might be interested to know that Roy Drais owns half the sheep in California. The story of his success has become a proverb among stock men."

But the dogs were barking insistently and Condy, Clowes and Gumpert were forced to follow up their flocks. We watched them out of sight, then turning off the road, plodded up a rocky mountain trail till we reached the line of snowsheds far above. What's-to-Be found some loose boards in the side of the sheds and we all climbed in, walking the rails for half a mile or more before we reached a small, smoky station house.

Here, enthroned among the ticking telegraph receivers, we found Delbert Anderson, the railroad agent. His chair was tilted back against the wall and he himself had fallen asleep, but our footsteps roused him and he rose to greet us cordially. Nothing would do but that we must stay to dinner with him! We dined sumptuously on a meal of canned pork and beans, supplemented by a can of "Bryan's California Peaches." Delbert told us that they came from Lena Bryan's model cannery.

Marion started the ball a-rolling by inquiring how Delbert enjoyed his work. Once he was started, we did nothing but listen!

He said Bernice Fiola controlled the stock of that particular railroad, and was at present engaged in warding off a threatened strike, instigated by Robert Gruell, president of the conductors' union. Delbert grinned when he mentioned Robert's name. Marion asked him what the joke was, and he told us that two weeks before, Abe Greenberg, the burly brakeman on Robert's express, had discovered Harvey Berry asleep on the brakebeam, and Robert ordered him thrown off. "That may not seem funny to you," he smiled, but Harvey Berry is a famous man! Young as he is, he has twice been our ambassador to Great Britain, and since his return two years ago, he has been a lionized idol among American society folk."

"Well, then, why was he riding the brakebeam?" Marion puzzled.

"I asked him that myself," Delbert answered, "and he said he was beating his way on a wager. But poor old Gruell always was a determined fellow. The men along the road heard he put Mr. Berry off, and they've twitted him everlastingly, but he doesn't mind a bit."

Just then an inner door creaked open noisily, and turning in our chairs, we beheld Claude Forkner, rubbing his eyes and yawning copiously. He was not fully awake and it took him some time to realize our presence, but when he was once roused, words could not express his surprise. He was Delbert's night assistant which accounted for his late rising. But he told us his real profession was dreaming, that is, he used all his spare time writing dreamy verses for the "Dreamy Dance Dirges" composed by Loretta Gallagher. I felt sure that Claude was working for a worthy cause, when I remembered Loretta's extraordinary musical talents in the good old high school days. What's-to-Be suggested that probably she gained her inspirations from a certain song, named "Ever of Thee."

We would have stayed longer, but our guide's impatience was becoming evident. He proposed that we take the "Overland Limited" straight across the Sierra Nevadas and reach our old home town as soon as possible. Naturally, we agreed.

Out in the snowsheds, while we awaited the train, Marion called my attention to a glaring poster across the track:

\$100 REWARD
For the Capture
of "Blustering Brown,"
Dead or Alive.

We crossed the track to read the details and learned that the fugitive was a desperate outlaw who had committed robbery after robbery, always evading capture. The picture of the bandit looked strangely familiar and after staring for some time, spellbound by the reckless, daring face, realization burst upon me. This was Merrill Brown, the meekest high school boy I ever knew! And to think he had developed into such a desperate character!

"But that's not all," What's-to-Be announced, importantly, "this man's accomplices are also one-time classmates of yours. Their names are Delbert Smith, Earl Stribley and Archie Scheffel, though they are known among their friends as Shorty No. 1, 2 and 3."

"Please tell us something more about this desperate gang," I coaxed, but at that moment the Limited thundered around the curve. Before we had even said good bye to Claude and Delbert, we were hustled aboard and the train had started.

The guide, and Marion, and I prepared to make the best of our trip, and naturally, What's-to-Be talked. "I have something here that will interest ye," he said, producing a folded newspaper from his pocket.: "If ye read this carefully, ye'll find out what more of your old friends are doing."

The name of the paper was "The New York Midnight Moon." What's-to-Be told us George Dean was the editor of this most successful of all metropolitan dailies, made famous by its notorious midnight editions. George employs Zelda Battilana as his foremost feature writer, and Constance Bertels has charge of all the editorial work. Zelda's feature stories are famous throughout the country, particularly because of their spicy colloquial flavor.

Since the deposition of Wm. Hearst, Juanita Cozad has accomplished a great work in reforming the newspaper syndicates. Her name is a formidable one in Wall street.

"Let's read the paper, and get the news," Marion suggested. So we read.

On the front page we found an article about Miss Agnes Anderson, well known member of Congress, whose reputation for filibustering had become national. It stated that Miss Anderson was an expert at asking useless questions, quite beside the point!

I was surprised to find that Joy Clark was the editor of the sporting page. Verily, the day of woman suffrage is at hand! The main article in this section, proclaimed in streaming headlines that Joe Baumel, the new manager of the New York Giants, predicted a brilliant season for his team.

Looking over the back sheets of the paper, Marion was struck with the startling appearance of the ads. The guide noticed her surprise and explained that the change in ads was due to a recent innovation in the commercial world. Anna Johnson and Florence Hall were the managers of a widespread corporation which made a business of writing ads for business firms throughout the country. Beatrice Bryant managed their illustrating department and Gertrude Howland was their best paid artist. Laura Davis was largely responsible for their success, having furnished the capital with which they started business.

Naturally, after hearing this story, we looked critically at each and every advertisement. One advised that no one buy a new spring hat without first visiting Mademoiselle Myrtle Duncan's exclusive Fifth Avenue hat shop. Another described in appetizing language, the delicacies to be had at Carr's bakery, of which Marguerite Carr was the proprietor. A clearance sale, at a dreadful sacrifice, was advertised for Beal's Emporium. Rhoda Beal owned this store which was the largest and most successful of its kind in New York.

All this time, our train hurtled along at such a speed that I almost feared for our lives. We were out of the mountains and across the plains in an unbelievable short time.

"Here is Sacramento," cried the guide; "we get off here. We all piled out and made for the ticket window, where, by the way, Eleanor Andrews presided. Within the office we spied Myrtle Clark and Beatrice Bowe, typewriting diligently.

Hearing a familiar voice behind, saying, "Why, hello, Ev," I turned to behold the amiable countenance of Martin Bernt. He was buying a ticket to Stockton because his little Ford had met with an accident and was in a garage for repairs. "The first garage I happened on, he told us, was one run by Holger Gormsen. I left my machine there. He told me that Florence Cowell, known among the city's wealthy set as "the money woman," was part owner of the business."

Martin himself was a traveling salesman for the Jones & Eichenberger Shoestring Manufacturing Co., owned by Gladys Jones and Juliet Eichenberger.

"Now let's find something exciting, if we can," said Marion. What's-to-Be agreed and we followed him to the aviation field. Here we met Caroline Braghetta, a little taller, perhaps, and a little more determined than she used to be, but still as businesslike and brisk as ever. "I am working for the

Bornemann Passenger Agency, of which Zyda Bornemann is president," she told us, "and I only stop a few minutes between trips."

We thought her work must be exciting. "It certainly is," she said; "last week I helped Otto Finkbohner elope with the mayor's daughter. I took them to the nearest town at such a speed that they finished the ceremony 10 minutes before the mayor arrived."

The story sounded more like a moving picture scenario than real life, but one "never can tell!"

Caroline also told us before she left that Mahesh Chandra was one of the fastest flyers in the country's mail department.

Just then, her mechanic called that the aeroplane was ready to ascend. The queer twist to his voice was unmistakable. This was Glenn Kennedy! I remember thinking that his skill must have increased considerably to warrant his being employed here. He once ran his father's auto through the back of the garage!

What's-to-Be tugged at Marion's skirt and pulled us down a little alley into a quiet side street. Above a quaintly old-fashioned shop, hung a sign which read:

Ye Old-Time Booksellers
Burton & Brown

We entered, and found Ola and Irma behind the counter. Just as everyone else we had met on our strange journey, they seemed perfectly acquainted with What's-to-Be, who showed us about as if he owned the place. He told us that one of the books, "My Four Years in France" by Ruth Baldwin, was one of the most successful books ever published concerning the great war.

Then in quick succession he showed us a Latin grammar by B. Frankheimer, "Vocabulary Helps" by Amy Grupe, and a primer published by Harriet Wight and Jean Glasier. The preface of the last book stated that both authors had had many years' practical experience in teaching elementary grades. What's-to-Be noted that this astonished me, and shook his head sagely, saying, "Ye may be surprised to find Jean Esther Glasier teaching school, but I tell ye it's useless to struggle against fate. That girl was always destined to teach school—and a teacher she is!"

Ola and Irma told us that Cynthia Purviance and Alta Reed had built up a successful business binding books by hand and showed us one small, exquisitely bound volume as an example of their work. The title was, "A Poet's Reflections" and it was written by Carol Burns. What's-to-Be turned the pages of his notebook and found Carol Burns' name. "Oh, yes," he said, "this man is known as 'the silent poet.' He lives alone in the country, far from civilization and writes his famous poetry by fits and spasms, whenever an inspiration seizes him."

Marion wanted to read the book, but our guide hurried us on.

Outside, in the street once more, we were attracted by a glaring poster announcing the coming of "Kuhn & Salmon's Animal Circus." While we were inspecting it, we met Luella Warner. She was the advance agent for the circus, which, by the way, was really owned by our old friends, George and Ralph. She pointed down the street to where a man was busily posting more of the glaring bills. "That is Carol White, bill poster," she announced. "Who would have thought it?"

"How do you rouse the interest of the people and attract attention?" asked Marion, who knew something about business, from her previous experience.

"Well, I'll tell you. We employ Ray Dunne for that very purpose. He constitutes one whole sideshow. Everyone is let in free of charge and anyone who makes him laugh is given a free ticket to the main show, but I assure you, very few people succeed."

"To think that Ray's serious turn of mind is netting him financial profits!" Marion exclaimed, and I agreed with her.

Farther down the street, What's-to-Be ushered us into a museum of war relics from the great war. We found Leonora Young, a policewoman, at the door watching to see that no one carried out what they had not carried in. Jewett Dustin, president of the California soldiers' union, happened to be visiting that day and the caretaker, Mary Martin, showed us around together. We all agreed it was a very instructive tour.

"They are taking moving pictures over here," said What's-to-Be, leading the way. "Let's go over."

We followed him to the spot and laughed to see the girl comedienne, hair slicked back, into two tight pig-tails, bow-legged and capers that would make Charlie Chaplin feel ashamed. At her side was a second Roscoe Arbuckle, making ardent, but very unsuccessful love to her.

"Hey there," shouted the angry director. "What ails you, girl? You didn't do that right. Try it again!"

Some note in the voice compelled us to look up. Our surprised eyes recognized immediately Howard Moore.

"Now Margaret," Howard was saying, "you don't do that right. Stand there till Rex kisses you, then slap his face and walk off."

Rex Kearney and Margaret Lauxen! Comediennes in moving pictures!—and Howard Moore, their director. What a surprise. But our guide was leading us on.

"Here, girls," he was saying, "comes a minister who has done a great work in this part of the country. He is a forceful speaker—dwells particularly on the fact that perdition is yawning at the feet of those young ones who dance and keep late hours and profane the Sabbath by playing football on that day. Take good note of him."

There, with his collar turned around, dressed in black and walking with a slow, quiet step was Newton Robinson!

But our attention was drawn to a woman, strikingly dressed and leading behind her a small poodle dog.

"Gracious! Isn't she conspicuous?" Marion whispered.

"Oh, yes," answered the guide. "That is Helen Tobin. She's an actress and just going to her theatre. They say she dresses quite modestly in private life and is an ideal house-wife along with her professional career."

"But who is that large, blonde lady, dressed so tailored and business-like? She just turned into that newspaper office. There was something vaguely familiar about her," mused Marion, gazing in another direction.

"Yes, I saw her," said What's-to-Be, "she is quite large and a very prominent and successful newspaper woman. Yes, Flora McDiarmid is a very brainy woman."

We passed on a few steps but stopped when our guide drew our attention to a gentleman who also turned into the newspaper office.

"That," he said, "is another old friend of yours—John Patterson. He edits the sport column and is very widely known in the athletic world."

I had opened a book that I had purchased and was so absorbed that I didn't hear what the guide was saying about John.

There, before me was "Patsy" Well's face, smiling from one of the pages. Below the portrait, I read: "A new series of articles written from actual experience and dating back to his high school days, entitled 'The Girls Who Have Loved Me,' by Harrington Wells."

"But he isn't really a writer," explained What's-to-Be, when I had called his attention to the picture. "He's really a sculptor's model, but in his spare moments he writes about the girls. I think he was sued not long ago for breach of promise."

"Well, he began early," I sighed and turned the page of my magazine. These lines met my eyes: "How to Make a Success of An Early Marriage," by Theresa Peas Thompson."

After showing Marion the lines, I gazed on the face of Helen Londesdale, on the opposite page. Below was an autobiography of her life, dating back to her childhood and bringing her through her high school days to the time when she entered upon her literary career. It was evident from the prominence of the article that our Helen had achieved fame.

We were next taken to a studio to watch a very clever and famous artist at work. But upon entering the room, our eyes were focused upon the model, rather than the artist. There in the model's chair, in a wonderful picturesque pose, sat Carolyn Minor, her features looking as though they had been chiseled from stone against the dark-green of the background. And now I recognized it—that picture on the back of my magazine—why, it was Carolyn! My, what a beautiful picture the artist was making, she was, indeed, clever. Who was she? Her face was familiar—oh—Constance Miller! She was very busy so we passed on.

What's-to-Be next took us into a crowded operahouse just in time to hear a wonderful voice and see a beautiful figure on the stage. We, of course, recognized Lily Schlichtman, the light opera singer. We were not, however, prepared for what followed.

We witnessed the best fancy dancing, the limberest and peppiest group of chorus girls we had ever seen. And on our programmes we found their names: Mina Wright, Mary Knox, Ida Kientz, Bernice Hooper and Dorothy Kelton.

We then followed the crowd into a large hotel. The chief attraction was to be a fancy dance displayed by a couple who had danced together for many years and had received much notoriety and money for their graceful and clever performances. We watched their free, light movements for many minutes before we could place the familiar figures; then, as they ceased whirling and smiled and bowed to their cheering audience, we recognized the red-haired woman as Edna Todman—and her partner, Francis Viebrock! The dance they had just given was original with the gentleman and was called "The Viebrock Whirl." They were noted for that especial dance.

Then we went up to the roof garden. The elevator girl was exasper-

atingly slow and, as we were tired and ill humored, we gave her a sharp command to hurry. She raised her pretty face, gave us a haughty look and took her own time about starting the elevator. I was going to give her another order but something in the blue eyes made me hesitate. "Why Virginia Thompson!" we both cried at once. But she had not recognized us and so, when she called "third floor!" we left without making known our identity.

A familiar looking maid served us with tea. She was also very haughty and had a cold, superior look.

"Why, that—that was Herma Manthey," I gasped.

When we went down we had a different elevator girl. She called "main floor"—then I knew her—Merle Rossi.

Our guide hurried us out that we might see the daring aviatrix sail over our heads. Indeed, she had just made a daring flight and was about to land amid cheers and applause. A half-hour later, Sue Mark, dressed in the khaki suit of an aviator, was led smiling and triumphant into the hotel.

"There is one of our old friends whom we have not yet seen," Marion remarked. "What about our dear, faithful, trusted Carl Wiess?"

What's-to-Be, our guide, consulted a small book.

"Let's see; Carl Wiess—oh, here it is. It seems that he has been the president of a prominent bank for years.

What's-to-Be continued to tell us of what he had read in his book.

"Dewey Leffler, Frank Viera and George Stewart, noble hearted boys, have answered the call of their duty and are now in southern Africa, acting as missionaries. They were nearly all cooked, once, by a group of cannibals but just as they were making ready to put the boys in to boil, the cannibal queen came up. Dewey's ever-ready smile and the twinkle of his eyes won the heart of the queen who ordered their release. That whole group of cannibals was afterwards converted by your old school friends. You should be proud."

We learned that Noble Wakefield had won many honors in France and that he had just married a charming French maiden and they were expected home soon. How he had managed to win the French girl was a puzzle as he was unable to talk French and she equally unable to understand English. But he had evidently succeeded.

As we walked along the street, a parade of suffragettes, commanded our attention. Each carried a banner on which was written: "Vote for Cyril Stone for Mayor." We recognized four of our classmates: Alma Sagale, June Nicholas, Marjory Pepper and Hilda Peters.

We were very tired and warm and so, stopped as we were passing through a small park, to rest in the shade. As we looked about us, we noted a maid who had neglected her charges to talk to a policeman. When she looked towards us, we saw immediately that it was Gladys Palmer. And her friend, the policeman, Reese Platt. They were engaged in a very confidential chat, and so we arose to go at length without having spoken.

Arthur Storm, we learned, was a recognized musician, playing at a popular summer resort.

Joseph Stout was life-guard at the same place and had distinguished himself by saving many lives. One lovely young girl had been saved by him the summer before. A romance had followed which culminated in their marriage.

Melvin Rider was a popular guest at the summer resort. He had recently inherited a large sum of money and had given up all pretense of work until it was gone.

That particular summer resort seemed to be especially favorable to our old friends, for, as we read some advertisements for the place, we saw that a dancing academy had been constructed with Andrew Valverde and Everett Lews as its managers. Ruth Tretheway and Doris Woods were instructing the dancing.

"I'm terribly hungry after all these surprises," Marion was saying. "Let's go in here and get something to eat. We stepped into a popular cafe which had, for its owners, three girls: Althea Smith, Grace Sears and Corrinne Selma. It was a first-class cafe and doing a big business. We guessed our friends were doing well with it. The only trouble with it was, that being so crowded, the waitresses were a little slow in waiting on us. I picked up a paper while I was waiting.

There, in the center of the "Society Column" was Charlotte St. John, dressed in a splendid array of bridal apparel. Her marriage to a prominent millionaire was to be celebrated that day.

"Have you seen Ethel Mae in her farewell appearance on the stage?" Everyone was asking. "Just think, going to tour Europe—isn't it wonderful? Only America will miss her favorite so."

"But whom did they mean when they spoke of the 'Pig Prince'?" I asked What's-to-Be and he answered.

"They are speaking of the richest man in the country—Teddy Behymer who made his fortune by raising pigs. He has several pet pigs that he is very fond of. People laugh at the names he calls them. They are the names of girls he used to know. 'Virginia,' 'Lily,' 'Bernice,' 'Avonia,' 'Bunn,' etc."

But I suddenly burst out in a peal of laughter.

"Look at that funny woman in the corner," I whispered.

"I'll look her up," said our guide, consulting his book again. "Let's see—that girl, yes, she is an old maid; her name is—let's see—Evelyn Murray!"

But the spell had been broken. I awoke to find myself in the year 1918, as safe and sane as ever.

I have written the dream for all to read, and if, among the members of the class, there be any who do not like What-is-to-be, they can at least try to dodge it—as I am going to do.



Class Song

(Tune, "Joan of Arc")

First Stanza

Dear Alma Mater, our love is greater
For you today than you know.
Now we are leaving, our hearts are grieving,
Though we are eager to go.
With the world before us,
Life seems good and fair.
Help us win our laurels there!

Chorus

Stockton Hi! Stockton Hi!
Though we grieve as we leave thee today,
Still our hearts with pride are beating high;
For thy honor, we will do or die.
Stockton Hi! Stockton Hi!
May we never bring thee shame.
May thy best teachings be our guide,
Stockton Hi, our joy! our pride!

Second Stanza

List to the cheering, on never fearing,
Soldiers of 1918!
Our Alma Mater—there is none greater—
Stands ever proud and serene.
Well she has equipped us
For the battle's fray;
Knowledge is our sword today.



The Senior Picnic

Memories of untold merry-makings and adventures lurk in the minds of the seniors. To call them forth one need only mention the magic words, "senior picnic."

April 26th was the day of the great event and it certainly was one perfect day, as every one who went can testify.

Seven-thirty was announced as the hour of departure, but really no one expected to start so early, and late comers were many. There were seniors on the steps and seniors on the lawn, seniors here, there and everywhere, all waiting expectantly. The old high school seemed virtually to be overflowing with seniors.

The boys played indoor, and the girls played tag. Some one had some boxing gloves, and Ted Behymer and Dewey Leffler decided to use them. The girls thought Dewey got the worst of it, but there was no official referee to uphold their decision, so the winner was not announced. Ted couldn't stay for the picnic; he had to go home and hoe potatoes. "Such is a farmer's life."

Time wore on, and still the seniors waited. Half past seven, half past eight, half past nine—every one was restless. Half past ten, and every one was desperate. Even Mr. Garrison came out from the office to discover the cause of the delay, which was none other than a lack of transportation facilities. Even Famous Wells couldn't figure how to put about 150 boys and girls into some eight or nine automobiles.

Miss McCoy lessened the problem by volunteering the services of "John Henry" to the cause.

Finally, when almost every car was full to the brim, the engines were started and the seniors were off. Reese Platt deserved a medal. He had eleven people in his Overland, which was made for five.

"Speed" seemed to be the password for the next hour or so. At any rate, it didn't take long to reach the vicinity of Camanche. Bill Metzger's machine was leading, but he wasn't much of a leader. He took the wrong road and found to his sorrow that it ended about four miles from nowhere. Several machines had followed him. There was a gold dredger near the end of the road and Pat Wells secured permission for the crowd to go through it.

Nobody knows how all the automobiles met again, but meet they did, right on the banks of the river. Every one piled out, only to be called back by Mr. Ellis, who had had an argument with the owner of the property. At the critical moment Delmar and Berniece appeared across the bridge. They had been scouting around and had found Camanche. With Camanche located, it was easy to follow the road on to the picnic grounds.

The place was ideal for a picnic. There was plenty of shade in which to eat lunch, plenty of flat ground on which to play ball, a long, narrow, swaying suspension bridge on which the girls could scream and grow dizzy and the boys could dance and jiggle, a deep swimming hole up the river and a shallow place to wade.

That was enough for anyone, but in addition the "Champion Climbers of the High School" scaled the face of a dangerous cliff, climbed mountains and explored tunnels.

Of course, a great many funny things happened. Roscoe Clowes, the daredevil wonder, hung from the bottom of the bridge and swung over the water with reckless unconcern. So very unconcerned was he, indeed, that he forgot to hold up his legs, and came back dripping wet. He "hung himself out in the breeze" after that and was mighty thankful that the sun was shining.

Frank Vieira and Pat Wells found a leaky canoe and attempted a demonstration of Elaine and the dumb oarsman, but the effect was somewhat spoiled by the continual necessity of bailing out the treacherous craft.

A huge rope was put to good use when Mr. Ellis was bound hand and foot. It is rumored that the villains who did the deed hoped to incapacitate him for attendance at school the next week.

Ice fights were the order of the day. There was no way of escaping the cold, slippery chunks.

Time flew fast and all too soon the horns honked their warning. The tired, dusty seniors piled into the machines for the trip home.

Mrs. Bell, Miss McCoy, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Iliff, faculty chaperons, were as jolly as the most light-hearted senior there.

Mr. Ellis thought he would be left when the automobile started back, but John Patterson made room for him. Reese Platt beat his own record and carried home twelve Weary Willies. They called themselves the "Winged Twelve," but the "Dirty Dozen" would have come nearer the truth.

A tired, disheveled but happy crowd it was that returned to Stockton about 8 o'clock, all joining in the unanimous declaration that the senior picnic had been an unqualified success.

