

# THE 1919 GUARD AND TACKLE ANNUAL

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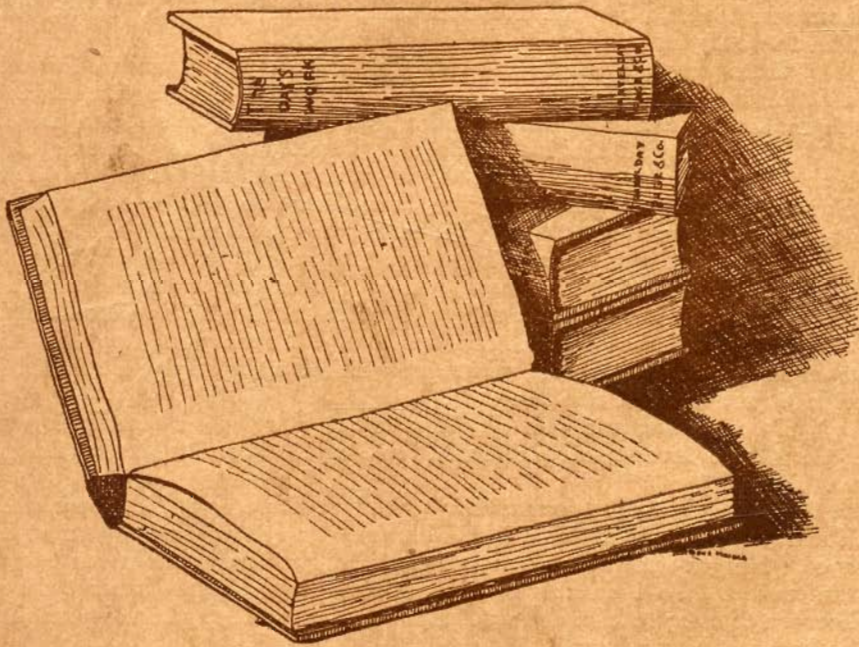
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# LITERARY EFFORTS



# THE MEETING OF THE WAYS

By Hortense Walsh

**A**LL was silent in the library, the morning shone brightly through the windows and danced merrily on the carpet. From outside came the call of a bird. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a masculine voice. Colonel Harrington was speaking to his son.

"My boy, you could not do differently and I'm proud of you," he said.

Carlyl Harrington smiled. "I knew you would understand, dad. I have been thinking about this for a long time and I can't make it seem that my place is anywhere else but in France."

"I know, my boy, but the hard part is to tell your mother," answered his father. "When are you going?" he asked.

"Tomorrow night," the boy answered. Thus Carlyl Harrington left his home in Virginia for the aviation camp in San Antonio, Texas, taking with him the only bright spot in the old homestead.

Once through the halls of the old manor had sounded the laughter of a little girl, but with the disappearance of Beverly Harrington, his baby sister, his mother's health had failed and a somber silence enveloped the old house.

The story of the kidnapping of Beverly Harrington was told by the hearth of many homes in the state. It ran as follows: One day when Colonel Harrington entered the library he found his valet, Charles Streeter, rumaging the safe, and in the fight that followed the colonel was shot and slightly wounded. And one year later when the valet was released from the penitentiary, Beverly, with her nurse, suddenly disappeared, and although searched for many months, no clue was ever found of their whereabouts.

Some months later Lieutenant Carlyl Harrington stepped off a troop transport onto French soil, where he with his company was billeted in a little village just back of the lines.

Days passed and one day Lieutenant Harrington found his way to the little village tavern; here seated at one of the small tables he first saw Jean La Trelle.

"What does monsieur wish?" asked a soft voice at his elbow, and turning, Harrington saw a wisp of a girl with light curly hair and a pair of hazel-blue eyes. He gave his order and watched the girl disappear in the back room of the tavern. To the American she seemed out of place amidst the grim and horrors of war; to him she would have fitted perfectly in the peaceful country he had just come from.

Soon she returned with a loaded tray. A close observer could see that the girl was not accustomed to waiting on tavern tables.

"Pardon my clumsiness," she said; "the girl who serves is ill, so I am taking her place until she is well."

"Madamoselle is not used to serving, then?" said Harrington.

"No; I just returned from the convent at Bordeaux and as it is impossible



## THE MEETING OF THE WAYS

to get help during these times, I am helping my uncle, who owns the tavern," she answered apologetically.

Leaving the check on the table, she hastened to take the order of a newcomer.

Harrington watched her as he ate. The tavern with its quietness was a relief from the noise and commotion of the camp. Suddenly a gust of wind blew the door in the rear of the room open and an outburst of Teutonic utterances echoed throughout the tavern. Then someone slammed the door and silence reigned again and the room had the aspect of a quiet French wine shop.

Harrington was familiar enough with the language to get the words "Yanks," "meddlers," and "telephone." Carlyl was bewildered. Who was it that spoke of the Americans as meddlers? Surely no one in sympathy with the allied cause.

There was only one thing to do and he promptly did it, and that was to inform the authorities. And from that time forth a close watch was kept over the tavern.

This, however, did not keep Harrington from visiting there, and on one visit he made the acquaintance of the uncle, a tall, heavily built blond, who twirled his mustache in a nervous manner.

One bright autumn day Jean and Lieutenant Harrington were seated at one of the tables. Harrington was talking.

"You never knew who your father and mother were, then?" he was saying.

"No," answered Jean. "No, all I have is my locket to connect me with my life in America."

"America!" ejaculated Carlyl. "Do you mean to say you're an American?" An idea was framing in the man's mind.

"Yes," laughed Jean. "See," she said and handed towards Carlyl a small locket of gold with an odd design on the front, and when opened it revealed a young woman.

"Mother!" exclaimed young Harrington.

"Monsieur is mistaken," said the girl; "it is my mother."

Then the solution of the whole affair came to Harrington.

"Jean, you're my sister!" he exclaimed. And as he told her the story, the two looked at each other with mingled wonder and fear.

"Your uncle must be Charlie Streeter and your aunt the nurse," he finished.

"I know what you say is true," she admitted, "for things have occurred that confirm my suspicions, and he must be a spy, because they keep a phone in the wine cellar."

"The tavern has been watched for some time and tomorrow night some of our men are coming here to search it," Harrington told her.

"Carlyl, didn't you say your—our—father was coming here today?" Jean asked.

Harrington nodded in assent. "And he will know Carl Streeter when he sees him."

True, that afternoon on the colonel's arrival he needed nothing more than one glance at the tavern-keeper to tell him that Jean La Trelle was in reality Beverly Harrington.

Charles Streeter, thus cornered communicating with the enemy, confessed all and admitted that his name was Karl Strauss, Wilhelmstrasse 51. And he told that he was the kidnapper of Beverly.

Colonel Harrington alone knew that the discovery of Beverly's parents had shattered Carlyl Harrington's dream. And the day of his and Beverly's departure for the United States he called both young people to him and said:

"Carlyl, Beverly, I have something to tell you. During the Spanish-American war a close friend of mine, Dr. Hunter, died in the Philippines of a tropical fever. Two months later his wife in the United States passed away, leaving behind a baby boy four years old. This boy we took into our home and we reared him as our own. Needless to say, this boy is Carlyl Harrington—really C. Richard Hunter."

When the colonel finished Carlyl smiled at Beverly and they passed from the room to the great outdoors, now red with the turning leaves of autumn, the most enchanting time of the year in old France.

---

I shot an arrow in the air;  
It fell, I know not where.  
And knowing this, I came away  
And left the arrow there.

---

This space is small,  
I haven't time  
To make these lines  
Into a rhyme.



# ONE WAY TO DO IT

By Franklin Scott

**K**ENNETH and Jane had been going together (the expression is worn out, but will have to do) for five years, an unusual thing in this our so-called enlightened age where such an affair seldom lasts more than a few months. They had



had quarrels, it is true, but never very serious ones, and they were always made up in a manner very satisfactory to both. Jane was one of these girls, perhaps you know the kind, with whom it is very hard to quarrel. She was sweet sixteen. Her hair, let us say, was blonde, and naturally so at that. So much could not be said of her complexion, which was the kind accessible to all young ladies who have a few cents and a drug store handy. Be it said, however, that it was not overdone, as is frequently the case; no peach had a more satisfying bloom than did the

cheeks of our heroine on any and all occasions. To continue the description, she was very fond of dancing, movies, and Wrigley's, and an ardent admirer of Holworthy Hall. So much for Jane.

To like Kenneth, Ken for short, one needed but to see him. He was a well built, well dressed, jolly and agreeable fellow who seemed to have neither worry nor care in the world. He was a good dancer, a good musician, a good swimmer, a good speaker, and, in fact, a good everything, and a combination of all the good qualities any girl would look for and admire in a boy. All the girls admired him and thought him perfection—that is, all but Jane. She was not satisfied with his accomplishments but was always wanting something else, and herein lies our story.

It was an unwritten agreement between them that they were to go to all affairs together, except in special cases, when either one or the other might beg off. The lively discussion occurring at the time our story opens has to do with such a special case. The aforementioned parley has to do with the high school dance, the first one of the season for the high school, but



## ONE WAY TO DO IT



the last one for a long time for Ken. Jane, having received an invitation from an acquaintance just home from college, broke the news to Kenneth. Although she had scarcely considered it before, the sudden jealousy and antagonism of Kenneth clinched her determination. She would go just to show him. It would never do to be ordered about by a mere boy. The discussion, held over nut sundaes at a corner drug store, bade fair to assume a serious aspect, but was suddenly ended by Jane, who, with admirable presence of mind, made a haughty exit as only a Jane can do, leaving a very brow-beaten and much wiser boy behind.

It was at this very dance that Jane got her inspiration. It was while sitting out a dance with the young gentleman acquaintance recently from college that she was treated to a view of his fraternity pin and a glowing description of the doings and superiority of this over other frats. Now, Ken was to enter college the following Monday, and he soon sought her out to have a little talk before he said good-bye.

In the garden in a secluded spot she gave him her decision. She would write to him, surely, but would promise nothing more until she was wearing his fraternity pin. Ken had no frat pin, but he had an ambition to get one and then and there he made up his mind to get it if human ingenuity could accomplish it.

Monday morning found our young hero, high in hopes, on his way to college and his home for the next four years. That afternoon he alighted at the station of the college town amid an uproar of noisy students renewing old acquaintances and making new ones.

Soon he was on his way with a number of equally green students, to the college of his choice. The college proper was several miles from the station and was reached by any one of a number of conveyances, both ancient and modern, which were now lined up and down the whole length of the street. Our hero chose an ancient vehicle of the stage coach type, which was soon filled with the more adventurous element of the incoming class, and several old-timers who insisted upon riding on the roof. The ride, enlivened by the cheerful silence of the freshman class and by the reminiscences of the old students, was soon over and they were dumped out upon the cold and cruel campus of Fortuna College.

Kenneth had heard of the methods of college societies, so he waited expectantly for some sign of recognition from the many students around him. Committees of students were greeting new members, but none approached Ken. Apparently it was notoriety and show that won out. Kenneth determined to have both. He quietly boarded the stage and in a short time was in town.

The next day was a busy one for Ken Ward. First he visited a news-





## ONE WAY TO DO IT



paper office and managed to have a small notice inserted in the paper announcing the impending arrival at Fortuna College of Kenneth Ward, son of the prominent oil magnate. Ken's father sold oil, it is true, but, being of the olive variety, it was hardly fair to call him a magnate. Being the possessor of considerable funds earned during the summer, Ken next went shopping with a deliberate purpose. He purchased three trunks, a set of golf sticks and a bulldog. He also hired a valet for the week. After having carefully rehearsed the tale, and then having had his name printed in large letters upon the trunks, the golf bag and the dog's blanket, he was ready for the fray.

His second advent into the social life of the college showed a marked change. He was soon seized by a committee of three boys, who after taking where a number of boys gave fervent thanks that he had been saved from the clutches of those hard characters (so they called his first acquaintances) a swift glance at the dog and trunks, said, "That's him," and hustled him to a waiting automobile. While his newly acquired friends were attending to his trunks, he was cleverly kidnapped and rushed to another automobile, in the other machine. He was quickly driven to a large and comfortable looking house, where he was speedily pledged and welcomed as a blood brother into the ranks of the "Shy Guys."

In a very few months, which passed quickly for Ken, he was a full-fledged member and, best of all, was presented with the much coveted pin, as big as a quarter, set with pearls and diamonds. Truly, it was a beautiful pin.

Needless to say, this pin was prominently displayed by a very proud and lofty Jane a few days later.



# JOE'S MISTAKE

By Muriel Fitzpatrick

**T**HERE was a great deal of excitement among the men at breakfast on the large ranch of Ed Hall. News had just arrived that the man who committed such a clever robbery two or three days before, about ten miles from there, was journeying that way and seemed bent on making a clean sweep. The men listened attentively to the rumors, as also did the new cook, a large, robust woman of middle age, who had come there only the day before.

A little later the cook was busy clearing away the dishes from the large breakfast table. She was in a hurry to get through, for on a ranch where there were so many men to cook for, she found that breakfast was no sooner over than dinner had to be started. Therefore she did not by any means welcome the knock that sounded at that moment at the kitchen door.

"Is there any chance o' gettin' a little somethin' to eat in exchange for a few hours' work?"

The man who addressed her was short of stature, but very muscular. She eyed him from head to foot. She did not like his appearance and was just about to refuse him entrance when she spied another man standing back, evidently not anxious to press his companion's request. Her eyes rested upon him for a second, then a look of surprise came into her face for one second only, when she regained her composure again and addressing the man who had spoken, told them to come in and she would call the boss. She then went out to call Mr. Hall.

"So this is the woman, Joe?" asked the man who had asked for the meal. (Hereafter he will be known as "Shorty.")

"Yeah," grunted Joe from the other side of the table. "Couldn't ya tell from the way she looked me over that she knowed me?"

Well, see that you carry out my plans. Keep your mouth shut, no matter what happens, and everything will come out o. k. Understand?"

"I'll do anything you say," replied Joe resignedly.

"Have the sense to remember, then, only to answer 'yes' to everything I ask you." The cook came in at that moment, interrupting further conversation.

"The boss will be here in a few minutes," she announced.

"But before he comes I would like to speak with you," said Shorty, addressing the cook.

"What for?" she asked, turning quickly around.

"Don't look so innocent-like. You know what I mean. Joe, isn't this the woman?"

"Yes," assented Joe.



## JOE'S MISTAKE

"What do you mean?" she cried as she turned toward Joe, but Joe only grinned sheepishly and avoided her look of anger.

"Never mind that. He has told me all about it," interrupted Shorty.

"What if he has? Do you think I care?" she flung back defiantly over her shoulder, and started towards the door.

"Come back!" commanded Shorty, and she turned around to face an ugly looking revolver pointed directly at her temple. There was nothing to do but to go back.

"What's the idea? Joe, if you're at the bottom of this don't let it go any further or you'll be sorry."

Shut up and walk over to where Joe is! Here, Joe, put one of these on your wrist, the other on hers." He threw down a pair of handcuffs on the table as he spoke. The cook hesitated for a moment, looked at the revolver held in Shorty's hand, then walked obediently to Joe's side. Just as Joe had finished fastening the handcuffs Mr. Hall came in.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means that I've caught the pair who've been cleverly committing robberies around here and then separatin' to avoid suspicion. I got the inside track on this fellow and he confessed. Not so, Joe?" Shorty promptly replied to Mr. Hall's question.

"Yes," replied Joe.

"It is NOT so!" angrily exclaimed the cook, "and you let me out of here this instant."

"Pretty good at bluffing, but it don't work here," curtly remarked Shorty.

"What authority have you to do this?" asked Mr. Hall.

"This," and Shorty displayed the shining star of a sheriff, much to the open-eyed wonderment of Joe.

"D-don't l-let it g-go too—"

"What did I tell you?" snapped Shorty. "Now, boss, if you have a gun about your person, stand these two against the wall and keep them there until I return. If you'll lend me a horse I'll be back in no time. The posse is waiting for me about a mile from here," said Shorty, turning to Mr. Hall.

"I can send one of my men—"

"No; you can't. I trust no one but myself on a big job like this. And what's more, don't allow either of them to speak." The cook was about to protest again, but looked at the menacing revolver and changed her mind. They stood thus for over an hour, Hall watching alertly any move the two prisoners should make. All three were thoughtful, as well as a bit fearful, when they heard the clatter of several horses' hoofs very near the house.

"Here they are, in here," shouted Hall, who was indeed tired of his job.

"Who do you mean by 'they'?" asked a man with long whiskers just coming in the door.

## JOE'S MISTAKE

"Why, the two that the sheriff left in my charge over an hour ago. The ones that you're probably looking for," replied Hall.

"Ones, nothin'! I'm a-lookin' for one. An' what's more, I'm the sheriff. I was held up this mornin' and my star was taken from me by the same little runt that committed the robbery about ten miles from here. He's been hiding in these parts and I was on his trail this morning, but he was too clever for me. Ain't seen nothin' of 'im, have ya?"

"Ain't seen nothin' of him?" screeched the cook, who by now dared move. "What do you call this?" She jerked her hand up and displayed the handcuffs.

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated the sheriff. "There's my handcuffs. So he's been playin' his game here, too, eh?"

"You don't mean to say—borrowed my horse—gone? There was a big reward, too," sighed Hall.

The cook, who all this time had been sitting in open-mouthed surprise, suddenly awakened to the fact that she was still handcuffed to Joe. "And now, sir, will you please explain why you told that miserable little thief I was the woman and why you allowed yourself to be so doggedly handcuffed to me without even a murmur?"

Joe stood on first one foot and then the other. "Why—a—a—er," he stammered, and blushed so furiously that he could not utter another word. But he managed to whisper, "You see, when we had that split-up yesterday I was so worked up I couldn't do nothin'. Began wonderin' why that fellow was so sympathetic. I thought it was no use to try to make up, but he insisted. I knew where you were, f-for I-I followed you yesterday. I know I'm a fool, but he wouldn't a-got me so easy if—"

"Yes, Joe, I know how you felt," she said tenderly. "I felt the same way."

"Truly?" cried Joe, happy as a child over the prospect of reconciliation.

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Our censor deletes  
(And does it well)  
All words that rhyme  
With shot and shell.



# SUMMER BOARDER

By Alberta Eckstrom

**T**HE summer boarder climbed down stiffly from the high seat of the old spring wagon. The long, dusty ride from the station had been a tedious ordeal and he felt weak and tired. A cheery whistle from Mr. Lane, his companion, brought a young girl to the front door of the big house. At the sight of the uniform the girl's eyes popped wide open, her lips parted, and she nervously brushed an imaginary strand of hair from her forehead. She ventured down the steps and her father, leaving his team, came to her rescue. "Nancy, this is Captain Oliver Lee," he said. "Captain, this is my daughter Nancy. She will show you your room and I'll bring your luggage in a minute."


It was a light-headed and breathless daughter who came bursting into the kitchen a few minutes later to tell her mother of the distinguished boarder




who had arrived. Taken completely by surprise, with a paring knife in one hand and a half peeled potato in the other, Mrs. Lane was recklessly and unceasingly whirled around the kitchen between chairs, around the table, and back to the sink.

Breathless and curious, she demanded an explanation of such a procedure and was soon listening to a disconnected and hurried description of the young officer.

At supper time Nancy was sent upstairs to call Captain Lee. Stopping in front of the old cracked mirror hanging in the back hall, she cocked her head first on one side and then on the other, smiled, then pouted, and with a jerk of her head she dashed upstairs. She stopped at his door and listened, then timidly knocked, once. She listened again. "Surely he must be in, for—yes, I hear a noise. I'll try again. There! I guess he heard that one, all right. Yes, here he comes."



## THE SUMMER BOARDER



She smoothed out her freshly starched apron, put one hand in her pocket and waited. Presently she heard another step, saw the streak of light flash across the dark hallway as the door opened, and within the next two minutes she had been knocked over and gallantly helped to her feet; she had flown down the stairs, stopping half way to call back, "Supper is ready"; and she had sunken onto the bottom step in an exhausted heap.

"Are you hurt, Nan-a-a-a—Miss Lane?"

Nancy did not answer. After she had heard the captain's door close she went into the kitchen, where she found Jim, her old stand-by, talking to her mother. As Nancy told him of the new boarder, he was not nearly as interested as he should have been, because he had come to ask Nancy to a barn dance on the next night. As soon as she stopped for a breath, Jim broached the subject, and for the first time that he could remember he was rejected. He got out as soon as possible, but it took him until long after dark to reach home. He stopped by the old seat under the fir tree, and pondered over the many times he had brought Nancy here; how he had helped her with her arithmetic, and read over her English lessons.

As he blindly wended his way home, eyeing the familiar spots with a heavy heart, Nancy was a bundle of confusion, trying to say the right thing at the right time and square herself in the eyes of the officer after her terrible accident in the evening.

The morning dawned bright and cheery on the Lane household, bringing with it a surprise not as welcome to Nancy as to Jim. A fresh bouquet of flowers adorned the breakfast table this morning (a thing never thought of in the busy routine of the Lanes' day). Mrs. Lane sang over her churn and Nancy slipped down the road to the mail box. As she passed Jim's field she waved her hand, but did not stop as usual.

There was a lot of mail this morning and from among the papers and large business letters fell two square, pink envelopes. Nancy stooped to pick them up and read on one, "Captain Oliver Lee." She blew the dust from them and turning the other one over, she saw "Captain Oliver Lee"—written in the same round handwriting.

This load was nearly too much for Nancy to carry home. She pictured and puzzled and wove stories around the two letters. Her only comfort was that they might be from his mother. She stopped and whistled to Jim, who dropped the reins of his horses, anxious to hear what had happened. When he came closer she called, "I'll go tomorrow night," and ran off.

The captain's face lighted as he spied the letters in Nancy's outstretched hand.

The blow came when Mrs. Lane remarked, "Your mother must be very worried over your condition," and Captain Lee replied, "Er—ah—yes, but these are from my wife."

Afternoon found Nancy at the old seat in the fir tree waiting for Jim.