



IN FROM MATECA



THREE OF A KIND—?



THAT JEAN!



OLD SCOTCH



HEART BREAKERS



THE UNDERTAKER



STEAM ROLLERS



A WILD WOMAN



TWO OF A KIND



CHANGE



"GABRIOS"



OH GEE!

# ALUMNI

Here we have some of the last four years' survivors of the Battle of Graduation and what they are doing:

Woodrow Coale, '15.....	He's drilling here—a dentist
Louis Baldwin, '15.....	Somewhere in France
Freda Dustin, '15.....	She keeps the home fires burning
Grace Harper, '15.....	Ask Billy!
Cy Hickinbotham, '15.....	All for studies at Stanford
Doris Knight, '15.....	Busily engaged
Harry Mazzera, '15.....	The same Harry at U. C.
Geraldine Parker, '15.....	Working for father
Herb Waite, '15.....	A high flyer
Clayton Westbay, '15.....	A gob
Mrs. Hubert Baxter, nee Alberta Wilkes, '15.....	Nuf ced
June Young, '15.....	A blushing bride
Ruth Single, '16.....	At the asylum!—working
Marg. Ellis, '16.....	Also working for father
Marie Park, '16.....	She got her man
Beverly Castle, '16.....	Late Lieutenant of the United States Army
Elbert Parks, '16.....	Sailing, sailing as an ensign
Bill Faulkner, '16.....	He's teaching the U. C. Profs. something
Beatrice Campodonico, '16.....	She likes the name of Marengo
Ruth Frankenheimer, '16.....	Dancing at Mills
Bernice Frankenheimer, '16.....	Studying at Stanford
Aubrey Howland, '16.....	He's seeing gay Paree
Ila Tretheway, '16.....	She sells real estate
Harmon Eberhard, '16.....	Flirting in France
Harriet McGinn, '16.....	Waiting
Frazer Young, '16.....	A YOUNG shark at U. C.
George Whitney, '16.....	Ex-lieut. at Stanford
Donald McDiarmid, '16.....	He leads the beauty chorus at Stanford
Norma Ashley, '17.....	A workin'
Louis Burke, '17.....	In Washington
Alice Doolittle, '17.....	What's the attraction at the Traction Company?
Frank Dutschke, '17.....	Grain inspector

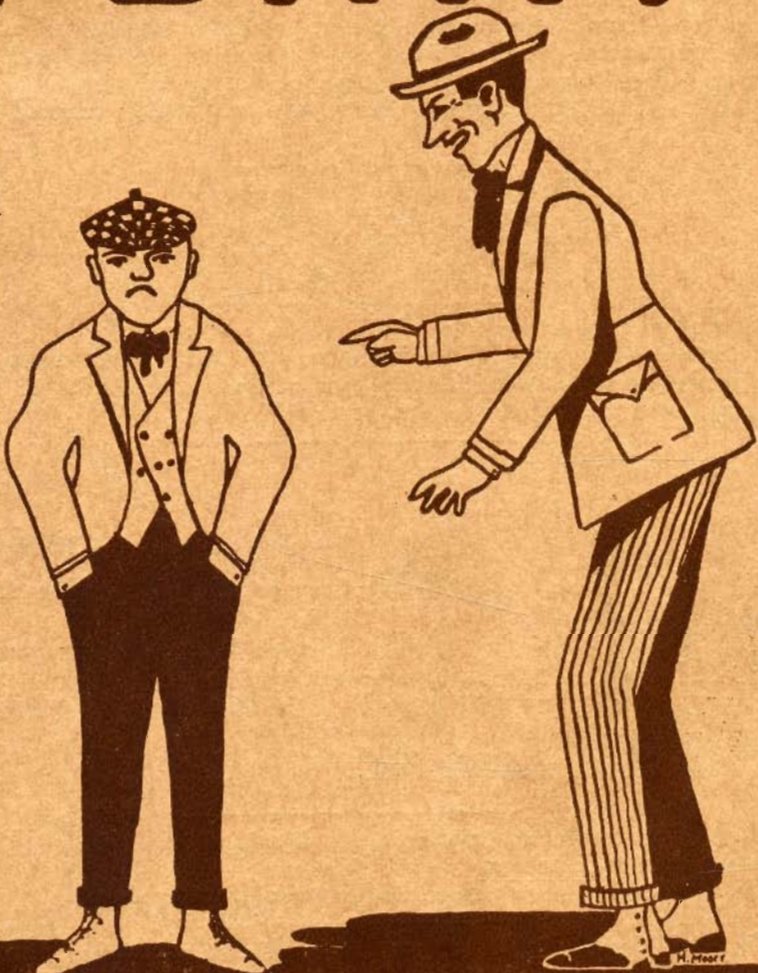


**ALUMNI**

Erna Gibbens, '17.....Late of the College of the Pacific  
 Fred Goodell, '17.....He pulls teeth at college  
 Bess Harper, '17.....Oil Queen  
 Helen Harvey, '17.....In the abstract  
 Winnie Hooper, '17.....She's got the cutest little house, and that isn't all, either  
 Katherine Kerrick, '17.....She's learning to cook  
 Ray McCarty, '17.....He's got a mustache 'n' everything  
 Daphne Miller, '17.....Still the queen of the Miller mansion  
 Et Naylor, '17.....She's learning the Ford business  
 Zelda Battilana, '17.....Studying medicine at U. C., planning to put joy into life  
 and still getting some out of it  
 Dutch Neumiller, '17.....Singing his way through U. C.  
 Leanore Oullahan, '17.....Fair P. G.  
 Mel Parker, '17.....They worship him at Stanford  
 Frank Quinn, '17.....Quinn & Son, bookdealers  
 Jack Raggio, '17.....Still as popular at U. C.  
 Lillian Robinson, '17.....Her name isn't Robinson any more  
 Merle Sprague, '17.....Young banker  
 Helen Wurster, '17.....Chemica shark at U. C.  
 Ila Yore, '17.....Oh, Gloria—ice cream  
 Martin Bernt, '18.....He wears his hair parted in the middle at U. C.  
 Roscoe Clowes, 18.....Milkman  
 Ray Dunne, '18.....Some boy at college  
 Francis Viebrck, '18.....U. C.  
 Gladys Palmer, '18.....Ditto  
 Caroline Minor, '18.....Mills  
 Pat Wells, '18.....He breaks hearts at Stanford?  
 B. Frankenheimer, '18.....Knockin' them dead  
 Flora McDiarmid, '18.....Here teaching little sister to study  
 Virginia Thompson, '18.....P. G. singing and smiling in the glee club



**FUNNY**



**STUFF**



## FUNNY STUFF



**Mother**—Harold, I want you to come straight home after school! You were twenty minutes late yesterday and it gave me quite a shock.

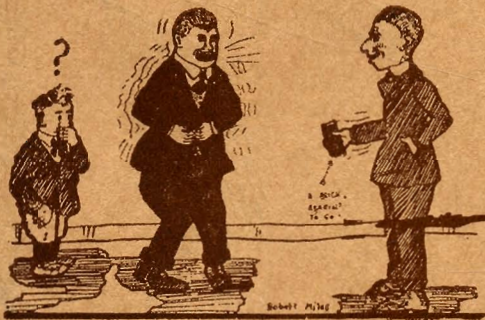
**Harold P.**—You didn't think I had been hurt, did you?

**Mother**—Well, how am I to know you aren't being vamped by another girl?

—  
In converse o'er the telephone,  
She won the lil' frosh;  
But when he met her face to face—  
Oh, gosh! oh, gosh, oh gosh!

—  
"I used to hate work," said Ed Gerrish mournfully.

"I hate it yet," replied Useless McCarty. "But I'm going to keep at it. If you get in the habit of loafin' now, some member of the I. W. W. is liable to step up any minute and call you brother."



—Phat Cowley—I know where you can get a chicken dinner for ten cents.

**Bob Miles**—Why, where is that?

**P. C.**—At the feed store.

—  
Boys go to school to improve their faculties.  
Teachers are faculties.  
Therefore boys go to school to improve their teachers.

**Mr. Caulkins**—I want to get a dog collar; something handsome and showy.

**Dealer**—Will this do?

**Mr. Caulkins**—No; I'd like something more expensive than that. You see, it's my wife's dog and I'd like to get someone to steal it.

—  
**Martha Moore**—How long can a person live without brains?

**Walter McGillvray**—I don't know. How long have you lived?



FUNNY STUFF



THE STREET CAR AT NOON

(Apologies to Walt Whitman)

Oh, Stockton high school street car! Our fearful trip is done;  
The car has weathered every curve, the campus now is won,  
The school is near, the yells we hear, the students are exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, this car so grim and daring.  
But, O heart! Pay as you enter!

A nickle and a penny red  
Where at the box the motorman lies  
Fallen cold and dead.

(From overexertion)

O motorman! O motorman! Rise up and hear the bells:  
Rise up; for you we give a royal cheer; for you our glad heart thrills;  
For you brought us back in an hour and a half, despite the awful crowding!  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.  
Hear, motorman, dear man!

This arm beneath your head!  
Such wonderful time you have made  
That you've fallen cold and dead.  
(It might have been.)

—Ye Modest Scribe.



SURE, YOU WOULD

Mary had a lover,  
He came to call last night,  
He brought her lots of candy,  
And treated her all right.  
But Mary had a brother  
Who played with tacks and strings,  
Now Mary's darling lover  
Is saying naughty things.  
Well, wouldn't you?



Student Control

Here are some jokes  
That are the best—  
Here comes the censor  
You know the rest.

## FUNNY STUFF

### MY BESS

When the first stars come peeping out  
As the summer sun goes down,  
I met my Bess at the pasture bars  
Afar from the busy town.

She stands where the white-fringed daisies spring,  
At the crest of the grassy rise,  
With the golden light on her pretty face,  
And a welcome in her eyes.

She's always waiting to greet me there,  
In fair or stormy weather,  
And side by side in the gathering dusk,  
We wander home together.

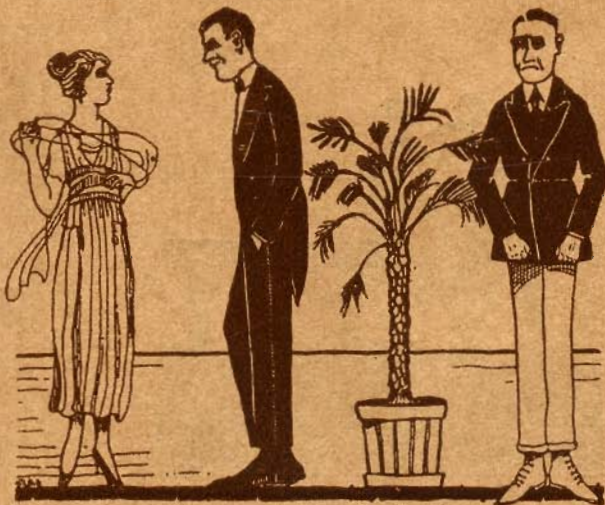
'Tis only a month since first we met,  
On a dewy morn in May—  
But I'll never sell her while she gives  
Eight quarts of milk a day.

---

Jane—What are we doing back here in the joke department?

The College Man—

Well, they had to fill this space and this is "One Way to Do It."





### A LINE OF GOOD STUFF

Goodstuffgoodstuffgoodstuffgoodstuffgoodstuff  
Now wasn't that good, huh?

Nephew—Did you ever have a proposal, auntie?

Miss McInnes—Once, my dear. A gentleman proposed over the telephone, but he had the wrong number.

New invention to keep your gas bills down. \$5.00.

Be strong. Don't be a weakling. \$2.00 for instructions.

New get-rich-quick scheme. We'll let you in on it for \$10.00.

—Skinem & Soakem.

Gene Palmer, after sending the money received a paper weight for his gas bills, a note saying "Bathe in onion juice," and another saying "Work hard and save your money."



Black—What is everyone looking at us for?

White—Aw, hey think we're gonna pull some kind of a joke.

F—ierce lesson.

L—ate hours.

U—nexpected company.

N—othing prepared.

K—icked out.

Roses are red,  
Violet is blue,  
I don't like 'em that way;  
What about you?

The sun is bright  
The air is sweet;  
I hear the birdies'  
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!

Who slips upon  
An icy pave  
And doesn't swear  
Is very brave.