



SENIOR HISTORY

In accord with the rest of our record of doing everything well and thoroughly, the freshmen class of 1917, entered S. H. S. as samples of an exceptionally brilliant shade of green.

When our election of officers took place, we cast an unusual number of votes considering the size of the class. We thought this was fine, but Mr. Garrison made us try several times before we finally elected the following officers: Ethert Barrett, president; Alice Luke, vice-president; Robert Hammond, sergeant-at-arms; Sherid Moran, secretary-treasurer.

Joe Arbios was soon elected to fill Ethert Barrett's place, and on the authority of the 1919 Annual, he more than filled it.

Our class contained several athletes of promise, and we won one inter-class football game.

When we returned from our vacation full fledged sophomores, we again congregated in the study hall where we proved that we had profited by Mr. Garrison's instructions of a year previous, and elected: Sherid Moran, president; Zeta Arbios, vice-president; Lawrence Campodonico, secretary; Mary Hodgkins, treasurer; Robert McNamara, sergeant-at-arms.

The enforced vacation because of the influenza epidemic, cut short our activities. In the time remaining, we tried to defeat the juniors at baseball, and gave them a bad hour or so, though they emerged victors.

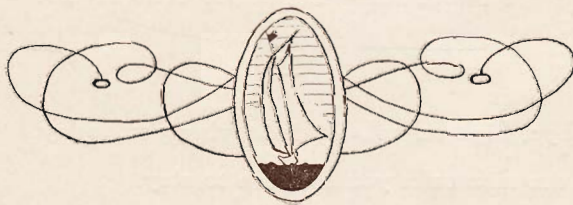
By the fall of 1919, time had turned us into a fine class of juniors. We showed much improvement in every way as we drew nearer to our last year. The result of our meeting was the election of the following able officers: Martel Wilson, president; Mildred Norcross, vice-president; Nelson Blossom, sergeant-at-arms; Katherine Hart, secretary and treasurer.

We played a large part in school affairs, for many members of the junior class were to be found taking part in all activities from sewing bees to football. We shone quite brilliantly in swimming and track, and no one dared to accept our challenge to play baseball. Our junior-senior dance, which the seniors of '20 will not soon forget, was a genuine success.

When, in September 1920, we held the longed-for position of seniors, we entered our last lap of the four-year relay, going stronger than ever. For the fourth time we met in the study hall and chose officers well able to uphold the dignity of the senior class. They were: Wesley Staples, president; Zeta Arbios, vice-president; Ruth Baxter, treasurer; Ivan Prindle, secretary; John Gersbacher, sergeant-at-arms.

We upheld well our record in scholarship this last year, and Stockton High lost several of her best students with our passing. We carried off the inter-class track championship and tied in football. The school track team was composed largely of seniors, and a number of our men are owners of a circle or block "S."

Our class play, "Purple and Fine Linen," had an excellent cast and was a real dramatic success. We had a jolly picnic, and proved that seniors are not always dignified. The proud boast of last year's seniors that their record of class spirit would probably not be broken for several years was a mistake for they overlooked the class who have shattered that record already.



1921 SENIOR CLASS SONG

By Alice Luke

Sing to tune of "Slow and Easy."

I

For we are all seniors—senior class of '21,
And though our lives are not over, the best part is done.
We're leaving, old Stockton High,
We hate to part and say, "Good-bye";
But we are all seniors—senior class of '21.

II

Rah! for Stockton! Rah! for Stockton High,
We'll fight for Stockton until we die.
She's the finest old school in the whole universe;
That's the best we can say, and none can say worse,
For we are the seniors—the senior class of '21.

III

Goodbye, high school, we're leaving you today.
In all our memories you are sure to stay.
And though we are leaving—we ne'er will forget
Our school days at high school, the very best yet;
For we are OLD, OLD seniors, the senior class of '21.



The old gray mouse, relic of 1921, presents to you the following conversation overheard in the year of our Lord 1941. He is familiar with the two old maids whose re-union brings out dusty memories, but he is interested far more in the outcome of these memories, realism as concerns the class of '21. The two old maids are really we who write this, but for modesty's sake and the fact that our failure in securing the old maid's prize (namely, a husband) is at times embarrassing, we do solemnly dedicate it to the old mouse.

Setting—A typical frumpy old maid's room, all dressed up in tidies, tea things, and cats. Seated at the left, thin and rather dried, but still possessing relics of her youthful bloom, is D. Lyons Dawson. Enter woman about five feet tall, who has long passed the age of pleasant plumpness and seems to model her gowns from the stout ladies, section. "Yes, 'tis true," says the old gray mouse, to Dot. L. Perryman, "and a whole lot more."

Perry: After all these years, my dear, you look just the same. I hardly expected it after your heartbreaking experience with Floyd Green. Tell me, did he really desert you at the altar?

Dot: Yes, poor Floyd always did seem erratic, but let's not mention it. There are so many people we must mention. Did you notice our new elevator boy as you came up? Wesley Staples always was such a dear old fellow.

Perry: Yes, and your house detective, too, Tessie Musto. But really, dear, I do wish that you could have been with me on the train. I stopped over in Escalon to see Mrs. Monroe Coblentz. Think of Elise Wagner, the lucky girl, getting such a husband. I saw so many people I knew while I was there. Robert Hammond is the mayor, you know, and the police force has claimed both Carl Schneider and Harry Dixon. Yes, Hortense Walsh is now Mrs Dixon. Such a lovely couple. While I was wandering down Main Street, I heard the cheerful whistle of a peanut vender, and the owner was no other than "Phil" Baxter. But you should see Dorothy Burgess. She and Bernice Gravem are both starring in a most gripping tragedy—"Kicking the Bucket."

Dot: How interesting, but I have something better than that. Who do you think was here last Friday? "Tootsy Darling," alias Daisy Smith, and her entire company in, "The Scandals of 1941." Esther George, Rose Genser, and Nellie Hooper are assisting her as minor characters. Her leading man is that handsome Max Newstat. Fred Nicholas and

Adolph Peirano both do splendid work in the play. And you should see the chorus; Philippine Parker, Valera Potter, Birdie Todresic, Elva Ullrey, Sylvia Waggoner, Geraldine Salmon, and Kathryn Mann, all led by Alveda Johnson, who is Mrs. Antone Muzio now.

Perry: That reminds me. Do you remember George Badger? He married Frances Abatangle at Woodbridge last May. Miss Margaret Abatangle was the bride's maid, and Gene Asher was the best man. It was quite the social event of the season, so Mrs. R. Garvin said. You remember her; don't you? She used to be Reta Convers.

Dot: But neither of us has mentioned the crowning event. To think of old long-legged "Hap" Gall as the president of U. S., and considered the modern Abe Lincoln, and "Mil" Norcross the first lady of the land! When I stopped over at Washington, I found many of the cabinet officers filled by people from home. Herman Bartholomew is Secretary of the Navy, and Will Ivy, Secretary of the Interior. Doris Garvin and Catherine Oullahan are famous leaders in Washington society.

Perry: Well, I'm awfully proud of "Hap," you know. I always did call him Abe. But what do you think of Zeta Arbios and Lawrence Campodonico starting a modern dancing school on the old plan of Denis Shawn. They say "Campi" is really the modern Ted Shawn.

Dot: He always was graceful, but I think Arthur Bass's starting a charm school for young ladies is quite the best I've heard yet. Can you imagine what influence that handsome man will have on young frivolous girls? And the beauty parlor connected with the school is managed by Ivan Priddle.

Perry: A charm school! Well, of all things! I wonder what his wife can be thinking of to let him start such an enterprise. But, of course, you know that before her marriage she was Dorothy Lang. She always was good-natured. Not long ago I heard that our friends, Ruth Baxter and Dorothy Mills, had taken a party of men and women on a tour through Mars.

Dot: Oh, yes! I heard of that, and they took with them Prof. Dedrick Anderson, professor of astronomy, who has made a close study of Mars. I believe, his wife, formerly Miss Martha Chemnitz, accompanied him. My dear, does the chattering of my parrot annoy you?

Perry: No, indeed! I have one myself. I went back the other day to visit Mills College, where I had such an enjoyable time during my four years there. Much to my surprise, I found Alida Israel the president. She has taken Dr. Rinehart's place. She took me around so that I might see the progress which the school had made. On the English faculty we found Frances Henry. During our promenade around the campus, we came upon a gentleman with large eye glasses, poking in the bushes and a tall woman standing by with a jar in her hand. Miss Israel introduced me to Professor James Barsi, the biology

instructor, and his assistant, Miss Gwendolyn Ball. James told us about Earl Harrold and Eugene Meister's new dry goods store in Oakland, and their floorwalker, who is Harry Lusignan. As it was late, I had to take my departure, much to my sorrow.

Dot: What a shame. When in San Francisco a short time ago, I came across Beryl Wellington,—making a "soap box" speech on "Women's Rights." Gathered around her were her staunch supporters, Marguerite Doran, Estelle Dolan, Leah Blanchard, Mona Campbell, Hattie Mooty, Eldena Mulroy, and Beryl Martin.

Perry: How exciting! But have you heard the latest news—Mary Maxey driving in an automobile race at San Bernardino? Her mechanic, Elmo Mazzera, was a great friend of yours. They collided with another racing car. The occupants of the other car were badly hurt, and when Dr. Ernest Griffith attended them, he found that they were two old classmates, John Gersbacher and the "speed king," Ben Taylor.

Dot: Goodness! That is terrible. Talking about accidents reminds me of a terrible mine explosion in Angels. Luckily the majority of the men escaped with nothing more serious than a few bruises. I have a clipping of their names. Charles Buckley, Roy Carney, Maurice Carlon (you remember he married that clever little girl, Edith Chalmers), Lawrence DeMartini, George Ellis, Walter Fairall, and Ed Giriodi.

Perry: Just for old times' sake, while in French Camp, I took in a circus last week. Guess who was manager? Thomas Connolly. He was too busy to notice me; so I passed on down the line of side shows, when a familiar voice reached my ears. "Sherry" Moran began his career at our Hi Circus off '21, and here he was still using his famous spiel. "Notice the sand behind their ears." During my talk with Sherid, he invited me into the side show. The main attraction was the alluring snake charmer, Marceline Shurs, accompanied by the music of Sydney Philips, the slip horn artist. Another act was the sword swallower, Henry Kaneko, and Ed Wagner was assisting him. Sherid told me that our old friend Otis Oliver was head canvas man. Passing on I was attracted by a most unusual spectacle, that of a crowd of men taking delight in batting with hard balls the head of a poor old man. It was supposed to be a game, but Worth Kidd was getting the worst of it.

Dot: Haven't I told you of my thrilling experience in Hollywood? On my return from Texas, being curious, I stopped there to inspect the movie studios. The first person I encountered was the maid of all work, Melva Kane. She told me I must see the manager, Mr. Tedd Sidener, before I could gain entrance to the studio and that many of our old friends were employed there. It seems that Edna Cowdrey, Josephine Bryan, and Arcenia Brown all were very important factors in the concern. Among the stars are Angelina Bosco and Katherine Alvas. As I was leaving, I collided with three nicely dressed ladies.

One turned out to be Mrs. Philip Giriodi (Helen Black), the other two were Ellen Buckley and Ethel Jones. They were traveling together. In their journey they met Ilah Cornwall, Dorothy Boldick and Clara Hall, who have a lovely tea room in Boston. In San Diego William Gallagher has a flourishing junk company. His partner is Wesley Chalmers. Murl Ewert and Ruth Fisher are also there. Murl is a "quack" chiropodist, and Ruth is a most efficient osteopath.

Perry: You people surely had an unexpected reunion. Did you know that Arnold MacAfee has just returned from Italy where he has completed his study of art? He is opening a studio in Greenwich village and has hired as his models Sallie Smith, Effie Monaco, and Elizabeth Edinger. And in the San Francisco Examiner I saw an announcement of the arrival of Madame Kowenoschey, alias Phoebe Nancy Eschia, Grace Harter, Vera Jackson, Mona Kidd, Alice Lauden-McGregor, with her famous Russian ballet troupe. The dancers are: bach, Fern McKenzie, and Adelyn Marino.

Dot: Perry, of course you haven't forgotten our revered president and vice-president of the student body, Martel Wilson and Mary Hodgkins. They are in partnership in an exclusive millinery store in New York. Can you imagine our dignified president selling beflowered and beribboned hats? Alice Luke and Bernice Scott have a hog farm near Linden.

Perry: Raising pigs! My! how folks change. Did you hear of the terrible tragedy? Eleanor MacDiarmid, Francis Kennedy, and Clarice Cook, all came to an untimely end in a cannibal stew in the South Sea Isles. They had gone there for missionary work.

Dot: Oh! my dear, I have just received a letter from Norma Sherwood who is a police woman in Reno. She told me she had met Mark Hatch who was there getting a divorce from his wife, Helen Hammer. It is rumored that Helen will not remain single very long as Howard Gavigan is the man in the case.

Perry: How shocking! But I know of one of our classmates who has reformed. When I was in Afghanistan, I visited the American consul, and who do you think it was, my dear? Fred Burnham! He told me that Eugenia Grunsky was doing wonderful work there as a sister of charity among the natives.

Dot: You don't say! I have just finished reading "Lessons In Love" or "The Means and Ways of Catching a Husband," by Adella Grissel, the noted heart specialist. In connection with Professor Grissel's research work, Jacquelin Jones superintends an establishment for

practical demonstration of the professor's theories. I have been thinking very seriously of putting myself under her care.

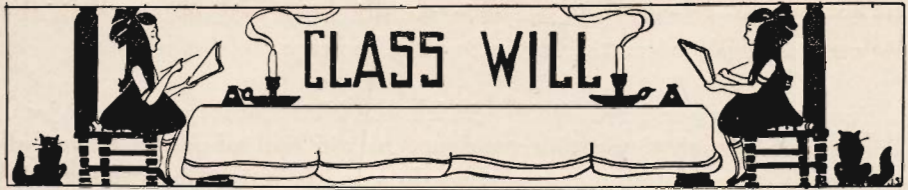
Perry: May you have divine guidance. Not to change the subject, I saw in the French Camp Gazette that Anna White is head inspector of garbage cans and has as her assistants Rowena Hunter, Corinne Russell, Doris Palmer, Helen Palm, and Laurine Moore.

Dot: What an elevating work, to be sure! Working in the opposite direction, Grace Yost has been pearl diving. She found the famous "Ozzook Pearl" that is now in the crown of the king of Ozzolgozzle. I heard that in the king's court Lily Loy, Luella Tyler, and Ava Southwork are ladies in waiting and that Esther Von Glahn, Dorothy Price, and Virginia Upton are most efficient nurse maids to the little prince Ezekiel.

Perry: It has been so delightful to talk over once again our old friends and the lovely times we had together. Time passes quickly. Here it is six o'clock, and the poor kitty and parrot are waiting for their supper. Goodbye, and thank you for such a lovely and utterly enjoyable afternoon.

Those old dusty memories which have been brought out for a few hours now were carefully packed away again in huge trunks which contained the past glories. Then, the old gray mouse perched himself on this treasured box as guard, and the wisdom of the ages glimmered in his eye.





We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-one, of Stockton High School, County of San Joaquin, State of California, United States of America, being of sound and superior mind and intellect, having arrived at the mature age of forty-eight months, and not now acting under any duress, teacher, fraud, or unnecessary influence of any person or object whatsoever, do hereby publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, and herewith divide our personal valuable estate among the less fortunate classes which we triumphantly leave behind us. We bequeath the following to the High School of the great metropolis of Stockton, in the following manner; namely, to-wit:

I

To the School:

First—We do hereby give and bequeath the use of all the fresh air, the beautiful scenery of the bright moon, and the shining athletic stars.

Second—We relinquish the pleasure of promenading speedily from the third floor of the main building to the third floor of the science building between periods, thereby extinguishing all hopes of conversing volubly in the halls with one's best girl.

II

To the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two:

First—For their especial benefit, we do hereby donate to them our superb mental capacity, our distinguished, dignified manner, and our extraordinarily brilliant reputation, to be further upheld by the aforementioned successors.

Second—We leave to them the privilege of furthering Mr. Garrison's plans and council in regard to "more earnest co-operation between students and teachers."

III

To Mr. Berringer, we give the right of accepting without formalities or consequences, all excuses submitted to him, original or otherwise.

IV

To Miss C. D. Wright, we do relinquish for the benefit of the next senior play, all her patience, good-nature, and wisdom (including re-

freshments at rehearsals), so benevolently bestowed in coaching the last senior play.

V

Monroe Coblentz, desiring residence in the hall of fame, leaves all previously unaccepted poetic manuscripts to be duly submitted to the editor of next year's Guard and Tackle.

VI

George Badger reluctantly leaves to "Ye Scribe" his pet made-to-order marcel wave, trusting that the latter will not become sea-sick.

VII

Our editor and manager bequeath to the editor and manager of next year's Guard and Tackle the right to agree harmoniously on all subjects, business and otherwise.

VIII

On account of wide previous experience, Helen Hammer has condescendingly published her popular treatise on "How to Make the Men Spend More Money on You" which she leaves to all who have a penchant for such counsel.

IX

Delbert Miller wills his gift of volubility, especially displayed a la soft pedal in history, to Leon Dessaussois, who may be able to make use of it in basket-ball speeches.

X

Gwendolyn Ball obligingly bequeaths to Dot Harper her latest concoction for hand-painted complexions, guaranteed fast colors and absolutely kiss-proof.

XI

The talented senior members of the public speaking class relinquish to the coming silver tongues the privilege of holding oratorical banquets and giving as eloquent toasts on grape juice as their predecessors have given.

XII

The actors of the senior play reluctantly leave to the members of next year's cast those exquisite moments of dramatic and romantic rehearsals wherein the heroine rushes into the waiting arms of the hero—etc.—

XIII

Sherid Moran generally wills his latest discovery that—"A woman never quits complaining about her husband until she's a widow," in the form of a hand-painted motto, to the library walls, and trusts that it will

be delicately framed and placed beside the other celebrated proverbs, as a gentle reminder to the remaining bug-chasers.

XIV

Geraldine Salmon bequeaths her personal advice to all ambitious girls on "How to Dye over Night" or "How to become Light-headed". Full directions accompany each bottle, and she states that it works all right providing you dye of heart failure, or that you were already a blond.

XV

We graciously bequeath to "Pop" Garrison the prize of a buck-toothed chicken, awarded for long-distance wear of derbies.

XVI

Worth Kidd condescendingly leaves to anyone who will read it, his most popular romantic poem beginning—"Fifteen love on a tennis court. Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of bevo."

XVII

Zeta Arbios cheerfully wills to Nell Clair Downs her intelligent face to be used in pepsodent advertisements.

XVIII

Alveda Johnson generously wills to Virginia Gall her twelve-and-a-half-cent (12½) rats, hoping that she will fully appreciate their value, as they were bought at a Saturday sale and with family reduction rates.

XIX

Musical McCarty regretfully leaves to the band his latest popular song entitled—"The Corn Held Its Ears While the Trees Barked."

XX

Art Bass most reluctantly leaves to Bart Lauffer his little abridged Ford that seats two with a squeeze.

XXI

To Mr. Toms we obligingly offer as advice those oft repeated words—"Herpicide will save it."

XXII

Lastly, we hereby appoint Mr. Davies the sole executor of this our last Will and Testament, and do hereby revoke all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we do hereby set our hand and seal on this the seventeenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

(Signed)

Class of Twenty One.



SCHOLARSHIPS

Stockton High School now has four scholarships, two of which have been added this year.

JEROME C. LEVY SCHOLARSHIP

The Jerome C. Levy Scholarship was established by Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy in memory of their son, who died in the fall of 1915 while a sophomore in Stockton High School.

The scholarship is awarded on the grounds of scholarship, character, and need, to the most deserving student who is to take a course at the University of California. It is perpetual, and yields one hundred dollars annually. The choice of the recipient is made by the faculty.

LILLIAN M. CUNNINGHAM CONFER SCHOLARSHIP

The Lillian M. Cunningham Confer Scholarship was first presented in June, 1920. This perpetual scholarship was given by Mrs. Frank S. Boggs, in memory of Mrs. Lillian M. Cunningham Confer, who graduated from Stockton High School in 1886, and died in 1903.

An award of \$100 is made in June, on the grounds of character, scholarship, and need, to the most deserving graduate who is to become a student of either the University of California or the Leland Stanford Junior University. The faculty cast the deciding vote.

SELMA RIESE ZEIMER SCHOLARSHIP FOR GIRLS

The Selma Riese Zeimer Scholarship For Girls was given for the first time this year by Dr. Irving S. Zeimer in memory of his wife, Selma Riese Zeimer.

It was awarded on the basis of character, need, and scholarship, and yields one hundred dollars annually, payable in eight installments.

The award is made by the faculty to any girl who is entitled to enter a higher institution of learning.

STOCKTON ROTARY REVOLVING SCHOLARSHIP

The Stockton Rotary Club Revolving Scholarship was inaugurated this spring, and the first award was made this year.

Three hundred dollars is awarded annually, which is limited to one or more students, and is given on the basis of the scholarship, need, and character of the applicant.

The awards are limited to graduates who enter a college of university standing in the United States or a State Normal School in California. The student agrees to return the amount received to the Rotary Club's scholarship fund at his or her earliest convenience after becoming self-supporting.