

GUARD AND TACKLE

1918

... The 1918 ...
Guard and Tackle

of the Stockton
High School



A Record of the Year

1917-18



Published by the
Associated Students

To

Mrs. Mary N. Minta

Our School Mother

This book is affectionately
dedicated.



ON THE CAMPUS

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J. G. Liff

Mr. Liff, our beloved friend and teacher, who took his place in the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. workers, to do his part toward making the world safe for humanity.

The Jerome C. Levy Scholarship



In loving memory of their son, Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy have given to the Stockton High School a perpetual scholarship yielding \$100 annually, which is awarded in June of each year by the faculty to the most deserving member of the graduating class. This scholarship is open to any boy or girl of this institution and is awarded upon the threefold basis of scholarship, character and need.

This is the highest honor a student can attain, since it is the only material award for excellent work that the Stockton High School gives. Also a list of students receiving the scholarship from year to year is preserved in the library, together with a photograph of him in whose honor the gift is made.

The names of all the applicants are never revealed; only the winner is announced each year.

This year the gift has a special significance, as it was with the Class of 1918 that Jerome was to graduate, and it is in their hearts that there still remains a loving memory of their dear friend and classmate, the first to leave their ranks.

... EDITORIAL ...

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

The class of '18 is about to leave its high school days behind. With mingled feelings of pleasure and regret the members have reached this parting of the ways.

In past years the future was ours to use as we would; to work for ourselves; **our** honors, **our** joys, **our** pleasures, and **our** successes were all that counted. This year all is changed; the honor of our **country** is at stake! This big, beautiful "land of the free" is calling on her men and her women to support her. California, one of the fairest garden spots of America, is looking to her young men and her young women.

This is the reason why, here in our own little city, though far removed from the horrible scenes of war, though far removed from our country's capitol where the cry goes daily forth for men and more men, we can no longer put self first in shaping our future courses.

Service is the keynote of today—service and sacrifice! It may not be that all our boys will sail away to poor, devastated France; that all our girls will be called to smooth the pillows of the wounded heroes over there; but service and sacrifice still remain, services for each and every one of us, sacrifices for each and every one of us. Shorten the war by making them the thought of each working hour.

Service is the giving of the best that is in one, whatever be the need.

Sacrifice is the unselfish offering of personal possessions and ambitions.

With service and sacrifice as our passwords, let us all go forth with more exalted ideals, putting **country** first in this great struggle.

If the two stones, service and sacrifice, go to make up the foundation of our characters, the rest of the structure will tower strong and straight.

THE ANNUAL OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY

A huge volume for a high school class to edit, composed of several hundreds of pages; filled with several hundreds of pictures and drawings; containing stories and poetry preferable to some of those published in weekly or monthly periodicals; and covered with brilliant scarlet;—such is the annual of the class of nineteen and eighteen of the Stockton High School.

Go back twenty-two years: Composed of exactly eight pages; filled with the pictures of some six or eight graduates; containing one story, a trip through Switzerland, and one poem, the record of the class; and covered with the roughest of newspapers;—such is the annual of the class of eighteen and ninety-six of the Stockton High School.

There is a vast difference between the annual of today and that of yesterday, and as wide as that difference is, as unlike the polished book of today,

as the crude little book of yesterday, just so wide and so different are the advantages that we, the students of today, have had in comparison with the students of yesterday.

We have been taught in a building surrounded by beautiful grounds, as pretty a site as can be found in all the surrounding counties; we have been allowed to study with learned instructors; we have been given as wide a variety of courses as is offered by any high school in the state; and we have been allowed to mingle with our difficult studies the more pleasing courses in dancing, drawing, singing, sewing and cooking.

Those pupils of twenty-two years ago were instructed in a small, plain-looking school-house, set in a tiny square, and surrounded only by a few scraggly tufts of grass; their instructors were learned, but few; their course of studies consisted only of the fundamental principles of education; they had no pleasant subjects to mix with their difficult studies; all were difficult.

Yet, from those six or eight graduates of yesterday have sprung some of the wisest of our citizens of today, while the fame of one or two has become state and even nation wide.

As superior as the annual of today is to that of yesterday,—as superior as the advantages of today are to those of yesterday,—so should the students of today prove themselves to the students of yesterday.

The question is, will they? That, only time and the members of the class of '18, the graduates of today, can decide.

THE WAR AND THE GRADUATES

Graduating in nineteen eighteen is vastly different from any graduation that has gone before, if it be only one year previous. There has come the time when the sweet girl graduates as well as the young men, do not harbor in their souls the joys and delights only of commencement, do not think solely of their pretty frocks, do not have the lightest of hearts; but rather, in their souls, do they harbor feelings of sympathy and sorrow for those, here and across the waters, who have lost their dear ones. They cherish under those still pretty but inexpensive frocks, a great loyalty to country. With heavy hearts, for those dear comrades over there, but with cheery smiles, they seek to do their part in the struggle.

So, it is seen that this great world-wide war, in spreading its influence over civilization, in presenting itself in horrible shapes not only to Europe but to America as well, has not passed by the little city of Stockton, sheltered and hidden in the San Joaquin valley, but has made its influence felt here as well as in the greatest cities of the world.

Especially has the atmosphere of war hung over Stockton's high school. It has been made manifest in the little, ordinary, every day things of school life. The war has made possible the hearing of splendid talks by renowned speakers on numerous and intensely interesting subjects—Red Cross, Liberty Loan, Y. M. C. A., Thrift and Smileage. War subjects furnish material for plenty of themes. Battling with aeroplanes, battling with submarines, life on the western front and President Wilson's messages.

Not only in the studies but in the extra time as well, does the war form a part of the students' life. Time, formerly spent in talking in the halls or roaming around the building, has now been converted into Red Cross time. In the end the worker of today gets far more pleasure through his results than the player of yesterday.

Costumes also have fallen into martial folds. Gingham and corduroys have displaced silks and serges; old clothes and shoes have been worn in place of new.

Most important of all, the war has done a great deal toward making the pupils unselfish in placing both time and money at the disposal of their government. It has made tenderness one of the greatest of their characteristics, because of the love for their boys that they have and must send forth to become engaged on this terrible battle field. Already there are twenty-six vacant seats in their midst, showing that this many have pledged themselves to their country.

It has made the graduates think more of their classmates and countrymen, and less of themselves. They have gladly given up some of the little joys of commencement; they have done away with their announcements and their cards and invitation, for these are only expensive luxuries, and luxuries should not be indulged in, in war times; they have thought it better not to pay an out-of-town speaker for their commencement address, but have preferred, rather, to use home talent and save the money which they would otherwise have spent; they have dispensed with their banquet that they might not consume the food which really belongs to their neighbors across the sea; they have turned over the proceeds from one night of their senior play that they might help all wounded soldiers over there.

They have rejoiced in doing these things for by so doing they can help their government and their boys make the world safe for humanity.

Surely there was never so true an introduction of democratic spirit into the Stockton High School, as that during the year of nineteen and eighteen.

THANKING YOU

The time is at hand when we must try to express our appreciation of what the teachers of Stockton High School have done for us during the last four years. I say try, for who could express, in a few short sentences, the gratitude that our class should feel, as we stand ready to face life's battle field.

We entered this training camp four years ago, raw recruits. We leave it today, some privates, some officers, according to our efficiency, ready to start on the great campaign into the future. Thanks to our generals, who have goaded on the slackers, promoted those who were deserving, and who now stand ready to pin the Cross of Scholarship on our breasts, we are ready to enter the battle of life.

Whether we work our way up to generalships or always remain privates, we owe our start to the faculty of Stockton High. We are fitted for battle on land or sea (thanks to Miss Davis, the swimming teacher). We can cook ourselves into the heart of any man (thanks to Miss Colwell).

We can express, in the best of English, the most dainty of invitations, or hurl nouns and their adjectives until our adversary is routed. We can speak in tongues unknown to many, spout of Caesar in his native speech, or purr to you in soft, musical Spanish.

In chemistry we can tell whether you are Hooverizing by analyzing your discarded tooth-pick. In history, we can tell you the past, present, and future, while you wait. In math—(dear old math, you were a hard nut to crack, but the meat was necessary to our educational digestion)—in math we at least know how to divide the yolk of an egg into 25 parts.

Public speaking. Too much cannot be said for public speaking! Knowledge is one thing; to impart what one knows, another. Also, to put up a good bluff and tell what you don't know—such is the advantage of public speaking.

And sing. We are the finished product in voice culture!

Now who can wonder us for lacking words to express our gratitude?

Leaving our great training camp behind, we follow the procession of those who have gone before us—marching in khaki to martial airs, or singing and dancing along the way, as it may be.

For all this we can only voice our gratitude in the words of K. C. B.—
"I thank you."



S.H.S.

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B.F.

FACULTY

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