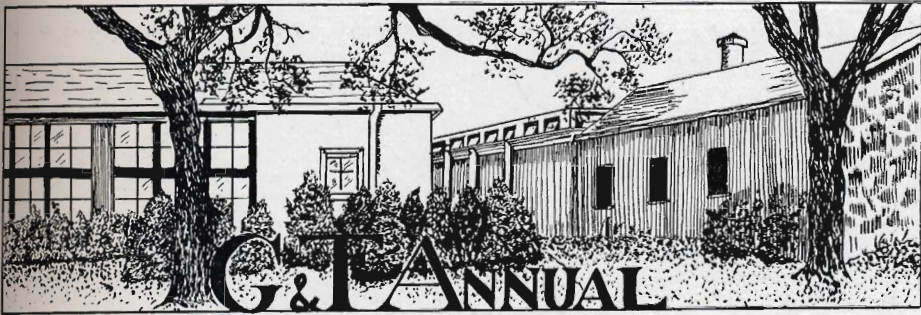


EDITORIAL STAFF



MANAGERIAL STAFF





ANNUAL STAFF

EDITORIAL

Editor	Betty Coffin
Assistant Editor	Douglas Fuller
Photographic Editor	Sam Sherman
Art Editor	Olive Nevins
Organizations	Virgil Belew
Activities	{ Janice Dixon
	{ Jane Willard
Sports	{ Melvin Belli
	{ Louis Sweet
Cartoonist	Richard Thomas
Dramatics	Dorothy Carrow
Classes	Ruth Ferguson
Calendar	Robert Goldsberry
Jokes	Don Carr
Biography	{ Margaret Bishop
	{ Muriel Robertson
Literary	{ Ruth Satterlee
	{ Elise Dean
Oratory	Ernest Lonsdale
Special Writer	Harry Webster

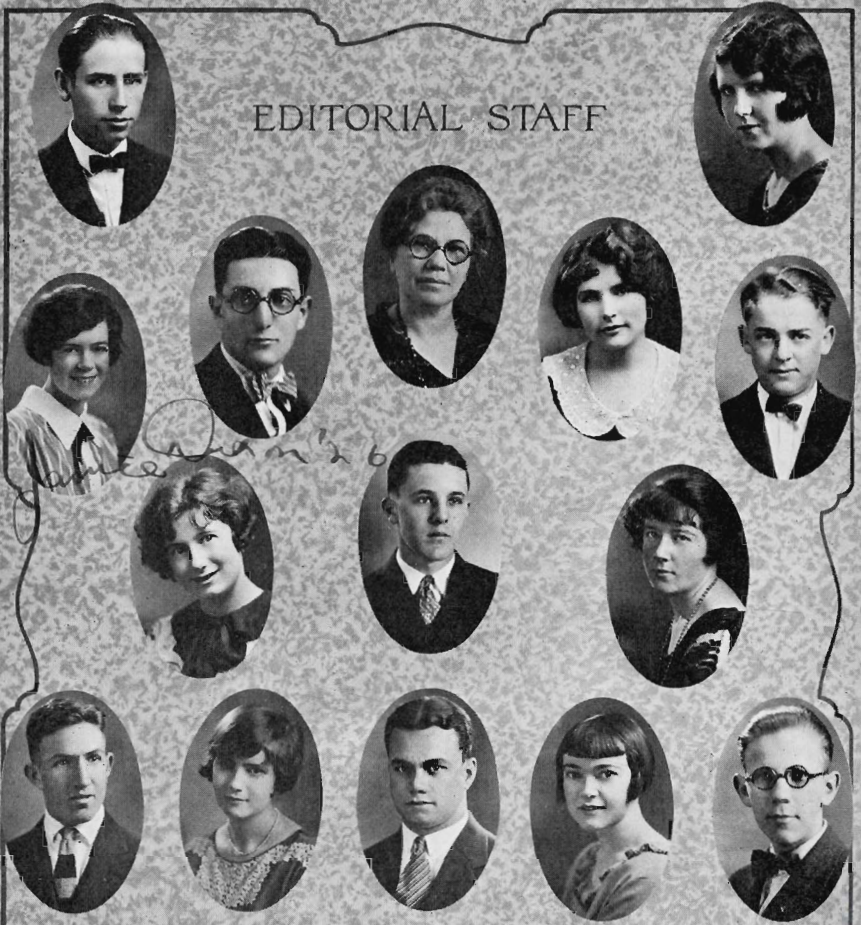
MANAGERIAL STAFF

Manager	Warren Doe
Assistant	Mervyn Garribotto
Assistant	Mitchell Oliver
Assistant	Edward Cottle
Assistant	Robert Goldsberry

FACULTY ADVISERS

Journalism	Miss Lucy E. Osborn
Financial	Mr. L. N. Pease
Printing	Mr. Comer
Art	Miss Pahl

EDITORIAL STAFF



MANAGERIAL STAFF





GUARD AND TACKLE WEEKLY

FIRST SEMESTER

EDITORIAL

Editor	Betty Coffin
Associate Editor	Douglas Fuller
News Editor	Janice Dixon
Asst. News Editor	Margaret Bishop
Sport Editor	Melvin Belli
Asst. Sport Editor	Louis Sweet
Asst. Sport Editor	Scoris Moyes
Joke Editor	William Trivelpiece
Exchange Editor	Jane Willard
Assistant Exchange Editor	Muriel Robertson
Art Editor	Richard Thomas
Feature Writer	Ernest Lonsdale
Special Writer	Ruth Ferguson

FACULTY ADVISERS

News Writing	Miss Osborn
Printing	Mr. Comer
Financial	Mr. Pease

MANAGERIAL STAFF

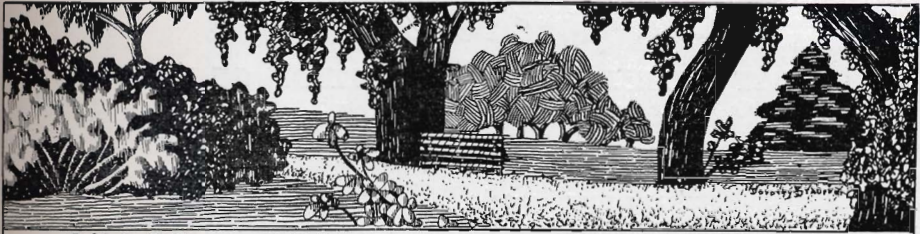
Manager	Warren Doe
Assistant	M. Garibotto
Assistant	Lovett Smith
Assistant	Edward Cottle
Circulation	Mitchell Oliver

EDITORIAL STAFF



MANAGERIAL STAFF





GUARD AND TACKLE WEEKLY

SECOND SEMESTER

EDITORIAL

Editor	Ernest Lonsdale
Associate Editor	Virgil Belew
News Editor	Dorothy Lloyd
News Editor	Sophie Passavoy
General Assistant	Sam Sherman
Sport Editor	Louis Sweet
Asst. Sport Editor	Sceoris Moyes
Asst. Sport Editor	Detlef Brown
Asst. Sport Editor	Lee Scott
Joke Editor	William Striplin
Asst. Joke Editor	Arline Whipple
Feature Writer	Sadie Burstein
Exchange Editor	Clinton McCombs
Special Writer	Harla Scovell
Special Writer	Harry Webster
Special Writer	Oliver Wisler
Linotype Operators	Leslie Davidson, Charles Livingston, Tommie Rozier.

MANAGERIAL STAFF

Associate Manager	Lovett Smith
Assistant Manager	Ovid Ritter
Circulation Manager	Mitchell Oliver

FACULTY ADVISERS

News Writing	Miss Osborn
Printing	Mr. Comer
Financial	Mr. Pease

Special Editions

FIRST SEMESTER SPECIAL EDITION OF WEEKLY

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." So it is with the old issues of this year's "Guard and Tackle," which the student has either kept in a neat file or else unappreciatedly discarded as soon as he finished reading. But whether he has saved or forgotten them, the efforts spent in making each paper have not been in the least wasted.

The beauty we see in an issue of the weekly "G. & T." is first of all a result of very careful planning on the part of the editor. Before the copy is written, the placing of material is decided upon, and so the thing known as "balance" is obtained. Original ideas to put in the "boxes" are sought and clever words are summoned by the editors in the composing of the headlines. Special thought is always given to the proper opinion to be voiced in the editorial column.

Besides all this every special edition of the "Guard and Tackle" has its particular purpose. By these methods is the beauty of the old issues of the "G. & T." determined.

Greeting the students with a delightful color scheme of deep orange and black, the Hallowe'en issue of October 29 was the first special edition of the year. An exquisitely artistic cut in orange and black was designed and made by Thelma Tretheway and Hubert Miller. The delicate story of "The Little Lady in the Pumpkin" and an interesting Hallowe'en History were written for this issue. A big black streamer head

on the sport page sent out the glad news: "Governors are vanquished, 6-0."

"Turkey, please," the humorous editorial by our dignified D. R. F., was the finest feature of the Thanksgiving issue. A clever cut symbolizing the family gathering at Thanksgiving time was made for this edition by the staff artist, Richard Thomas.

"Welcome To Our Visitors" characterized the purpose of the Open House Edition, issued on December 10. A very helpful guide to visiting parents was the complete "Open House" program.

Red and green, the cheerful Christmas colors, were flaunted across the four pages of the Christmas edition on December 19. Two Christmas feature stories, a Christmas poem, and a Christmas cross-word puzzle gave character to this special annual edition.

The "Journalism Edition" issued on January 21 showed that the current news writers would soon be able to carry on well the work of the paper. Two amusing feature stories were the cleverest work in this paper, which was altogether a choice edition.

The mid-year farewell was expressed in the issue of January 28. Pictures of all the mid-year graduates were blocked on either outer column. Among the other memorable features about this last paper issued by first semester staff, was the Farewell editorial written by the retiring editor.

SECOND SEMESTER SPECIAL EDITION OF WEEKLY

With the beginning of the work of the new editor and staff the second semester, the "Kids' Edition" was issued on February 10. This paper broke the precedent of all former "frosch" editions by not using the usual green ink or paper. Amusing to the upperclassmen and confusing

to the freshmen, was the story giving advice to the newcomers in the school.

"The Charm School," the sophomore play of the year, was the incentive for a special issue on March 17. A clever little cut was placed in either upper corner of the front page to show the improvement in appearance

of those who attended "The Charm School." A long account of the play showed that great things were expected of the sophomore actors.

By "Champs Again"—in blazing red headlines—was our state basketball victory announced in the paper edited on April 22. A large front-page cut of the "Varsity" showed the famous smiles of our "Ironman" Barsi and "Pete" Lenz.

But "The Tack!" Indeed it was the most tactless paper ever issued at Stockton High School. On May 5, the long-looked-for Tacky Day magazine issue brought pages of accounts of pretzels, snoodle-fish, and debates on the benefits of halitosis. A royal raspberry was given the faculty and

everyone in particular. All the degenerates of the "Gat" room were members of the staff.

On May 13 appeared the senior play edition. Printed in blue ink, this paper was very attractive, with a large cut in the middle of the front page of two little old gossips symbolizing "The Whole Town's Talking," the senior play of the year.

"Last came" the "cub" edition, or journalism issue, produced exclusively by the second-semester class in news writing on June 3. Even the rare cartoon which featured this issue was the work of Jean Williams, associate editor; Clarence Diffenderfer being the editor elected by the class.

JEWELS

*The sky was turquoise
The sea was jade;
And the hills a necklace
Of emeralds made.*

*The night was onyx
With a pearl for a moon;
And the dawn was diamonds
That were lost too soon.*

*Your cheeks were coral;
Your eyes were jet;
And your mouth was a ruby,
I can't forget—*

*Your laugh was silver
And sapphires old—
But, oh, your heart
Was all pure gold!*

—BETTY MYRTIS COFFIN.



Unity

Triumphant in its glorious victories, awards, and championships, this bounteous year is heralded by a chorus of cheers. Cheers for what? For that which has brought esteem to our names and laurels to our own crowns! We accept these honors. There is not one among us who has not shared the glory of the Tarzan victories, the C. I. F. titles in basketball, swimming, and track, the debating championship, first place in the oratorical contest, and the highest rating in scholarship given to the entire school by Stanford University. These honors cast a beam of light on every member of the student body of Stockton High School, though in every instance a certain group of energetic individuals is responsible for the great result.

The name of Stockton High School is on the lips of every one who today praises the better high schools of California; yet there is one great and vital spirit that is lacking or not sufficiently in evidence at Stockton High School—the spirit that made the Tarzans fight for *our* victory, the spirit that causes nations to grow mighty, the spirit that will finally unite all peoples of the world—a feeling of unity, of kindly brotherhood. This innate necessity is obviously absent to a great degree between the two main groups that compose a school, the teachers and students, as well as among the students themselves. An awkward situation exists in the former case and is of just as great importance as the latter. The fact is that the teachers and students do not meet each other. Between the teacher's desk, piled high with lore of learning, and the student's initial-carved, ink-stained desk, lurks a dark abyss. There seems to be no ground for mutual understanding. There are two sides to this question, but the knowledge of either or both gets us nowhere. Only further bewilderment is introduced, for here is the paradox: the majority of the teachers feel that the students do not appreciate their labors, and since they do not ask for private instruction or help, that they are not interested; and the majority of the students believe that the teachers have no other interest in them than that of the class-room, and that the teachers do not sympathize with their youthful difficulties. Both of these ideas are fallacious. This school is full of students who, when a teacher does something kind for them, do not know how to express the gratitude that they feel, and students who simply ache at heart to go to their teachers, if they but dared, with little troubles and difficulties which not even Mother could understand. On the other hand, it is the sincere belief of the writer that there are scores of unselfish, sympathetic, youth-loving instructors in this institution who would welcome with open arms and hearts the real friendship and confidence of the students. In truth, there have been many exceptions to our seeming rule of indifference during even the past year. The writer recalls several instances in the school where a teacher and a student have become profound and sincere friends. Indeed, it is

the encouragement of these friendships that should inspire faculty and students to "come together and understand." To accomplish this ideal situation, more effort should be made by both parties; both should take the advance step that leads into the path of united strength and fellowship.

The second factor concerns the false barriers the students put up between themselves. Because these barriers are built up of such poor and petty material, it seems ridiculous even to discuss the matter. The glorious part about this failure to comply with the unwritten law of our nation, which is unity, is that the strong person ignores all artificial distinctions and goes along doing his own work, helping the school in every way possible, and making scores of truly worth-while friends who can sincerely appreciate him. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there are individuals in the society of our school who are social parasites trying to sap the life out of the student body. These people are known to the majority as "boresome snobs." The harm these individuals can do is not at all lasting. In fact, the student body is composed of so many other groups who are sincerely working for the good of the school that in the course of events the snobs gradually drop out of school activities in the process commonly known as the elimination of the unfit.

This is the truth of the matter as it exists, no matter how bold its expression may seem. But the point of the situation is that unnatural class distinctions are *wrong*; they should not exist in an institution that is preparing healthy young minds and bodies to be the future citizens of this great democracy! Now when the whole world is struggling to tear away its blindfold, to see all problems in a sane and reasonable as well as ideal light, to do away with the horrors of bloodshed, wholesale murder, and all the degradation that accompanies war and international misunderstanding, should we who are next to hold the reins of the universe between our fingers lose sight of the great and lasting things while we are yet so young, fellow-youths?

We are now living in the plastic age of civilization. Standards, ideals, and conventions are all going through a trying period of change. One great thing, understanding of one another, should be taken into thoughtful consideration. The unselfish attitude of true fellowship should be adopted in this school between the teachers and students and among the students themselves. We need each others' friendship.

Only by true democracy and unity of spirit can we carry on the great work before us now and hereafter, fulfill the promise that the poet foreshadows for us in the following lines:

"We are the new generation, seeking new truth,
We are the pulsing new blood, we are the Youth!"

ON THE COLOR OF THIS BOOK

That the annual Guard and Tackle be essentially a blue book is a rather frequently expressed opinion in this school. These critics seem to think that blue is the customary color for S. H. S. annuals. In the last ten years, however, there have been but two annuals with blue as the predominant color scheme, and those were the year-books for 1922 and 1923. The preference for the blue annual seems to be largely among the upperclassmen, the reason probably being that these students were brought up, as it were, on blue books during their freshman and sophomore years, and, being peace-loving followers of convention, they dislike to see any new custom started, or any old custom which they are not used to reintroduced.

Variety is the spice of annuals! The modern movement in journalism for year books tends toward glorious divertissements, such as novelties in color and general artistic make-up that offset any stereotyped method of publication. Last

year we had a gray annual! There is no particular reason why the book cannot be any color that is desired instead of following a set plan for a blue and white book or a blue and gold or blue and anything else book for that matter. Because each year the annual is giving more and more prominence to the senior class, it has frequently shown the senior colors. It will always be representative of the entire school, of course, but it is a final record for every senior in high school of his last crowning year.

Why not then have the book carry out the senior class colors? A fine idea if the seniors choose colors, but this year the class of dignitaries neglected that matter entirely. So we chose our own colors for the book! And it had to be green! First of all, because green is lovely in itself and deserves to be recognized as such; second, because it is an ideal color, the symbol of spring, youth, and all young things growing under the sun; third, because it is a general favorite on this earth as it is the back-ground for all of nature; fourth, because to our knowledge Stockton High has never before had a green annual, and therefore it is one of those beloved "new" and "different" things; and fifth, but most important as far as being practical is concerned, because green works out exceptionally well as a color scheme in paper stock and printers' ink!

Long endure our green annual with its dash of coral, blue, and gold!

APPRECIATION

ESPECIAL APPRECIATION OF—

Miss Osborn, who is the one to whom credit for the publication of this book is really due; all members of the staff who have worked unselfishly for the good of their Annual; Mr. Pease, who has made it possible for this school to carry on its activities this year because of his successful handling of the finances; Miss Ann Williams, who successfully coached an excellent play for the class of '25; Mr. Comer and his print-shop boys, who have given their best efforts to make the Guard and Tackle Weekly the paper it is; the Tarzans, who won the greatest possible honor in basketball for this school; Miss Hill and Miss Bradstreet, who presented a gorgeous festival this year, and everyone in the school who has been involved in making this year a year of prize activities and worth-while accomplishment—

IS EXTENDED BY THE EDITOR.





IN MEMORIAM

HOMER AVNGST NORVAL MILLER
ORVAL ROBERTSON



RUSSIAN DANCERS

DEFIANCE

*I shall never stop loving things;
Yet less than the dust am I.
Do you know that my soul sings,
Sings with pain when the young
moons die?*

*Do you know that the burst of dawn
Can flutter my pulse like wings—
Wings that weave a little song
Into a shroud that clings?*

*I shall never stop loving things;
Yet less than the dust am I.
Do you know my life still flings
Love to you who will put it by?
Do you know grief's poisoned mirth
Into my blood a new hope brings,
And when I'm dead the smell of the
earth
Will soothe me then from all that
stings?*

—BETTY M. COFFIN.