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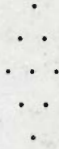
UNIVERSITY OF

CHICAGO

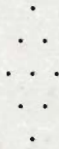


FIRST GRAMMAR SCHOOL
1850

THE
GUARD AND TACKLE
ANNUAL



PUBLISHED BY
The Associated Students
OF THE
Stockton High School

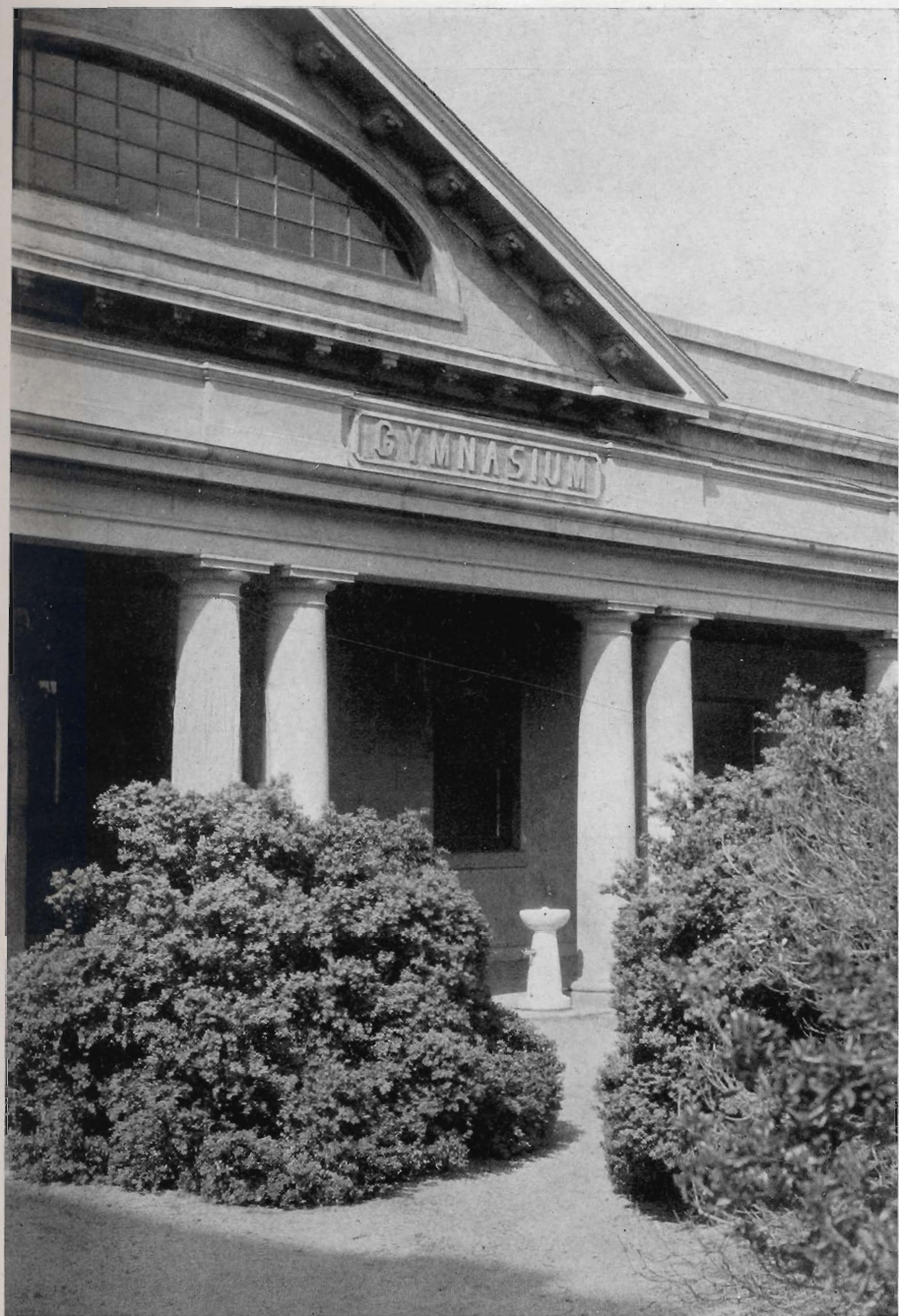


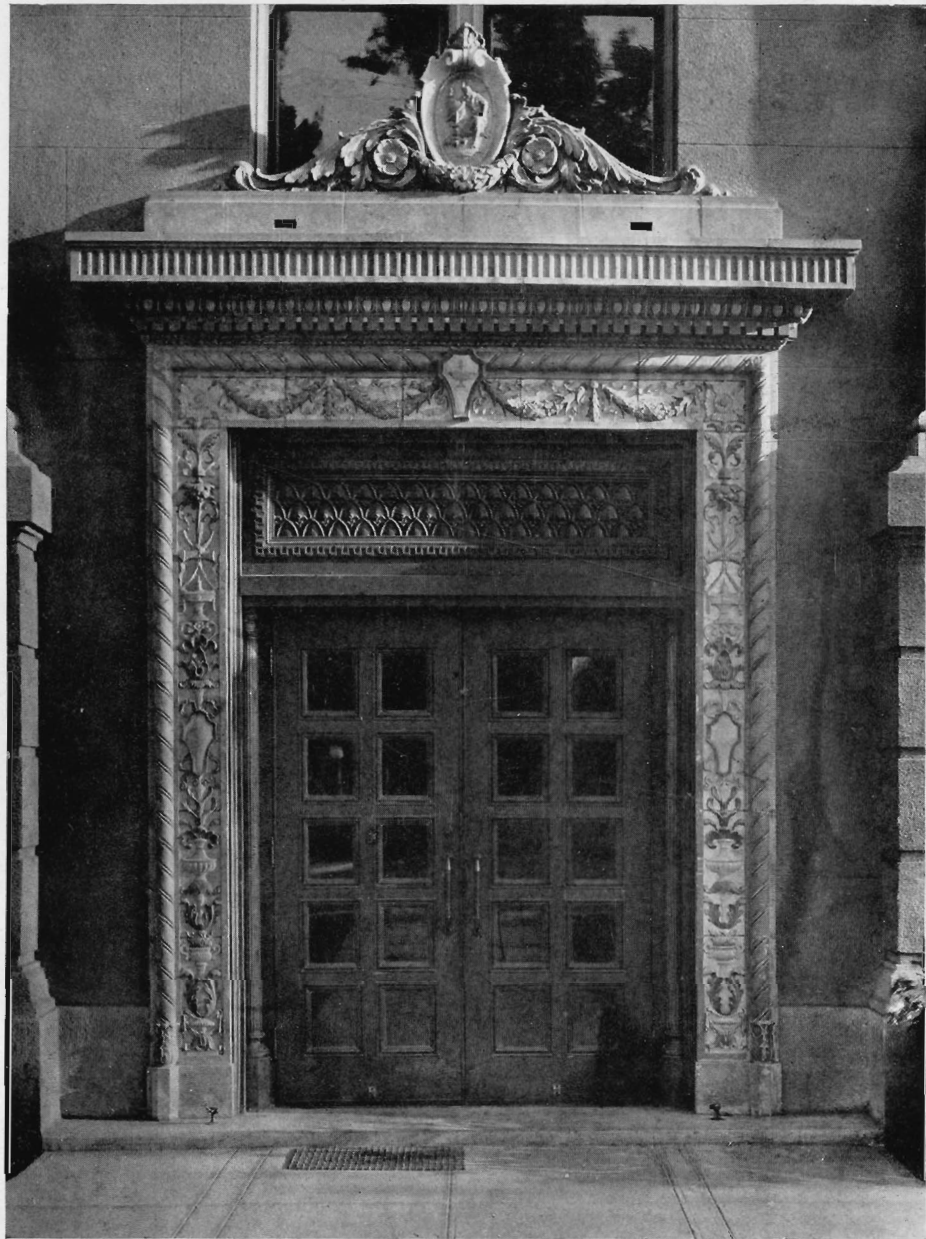
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

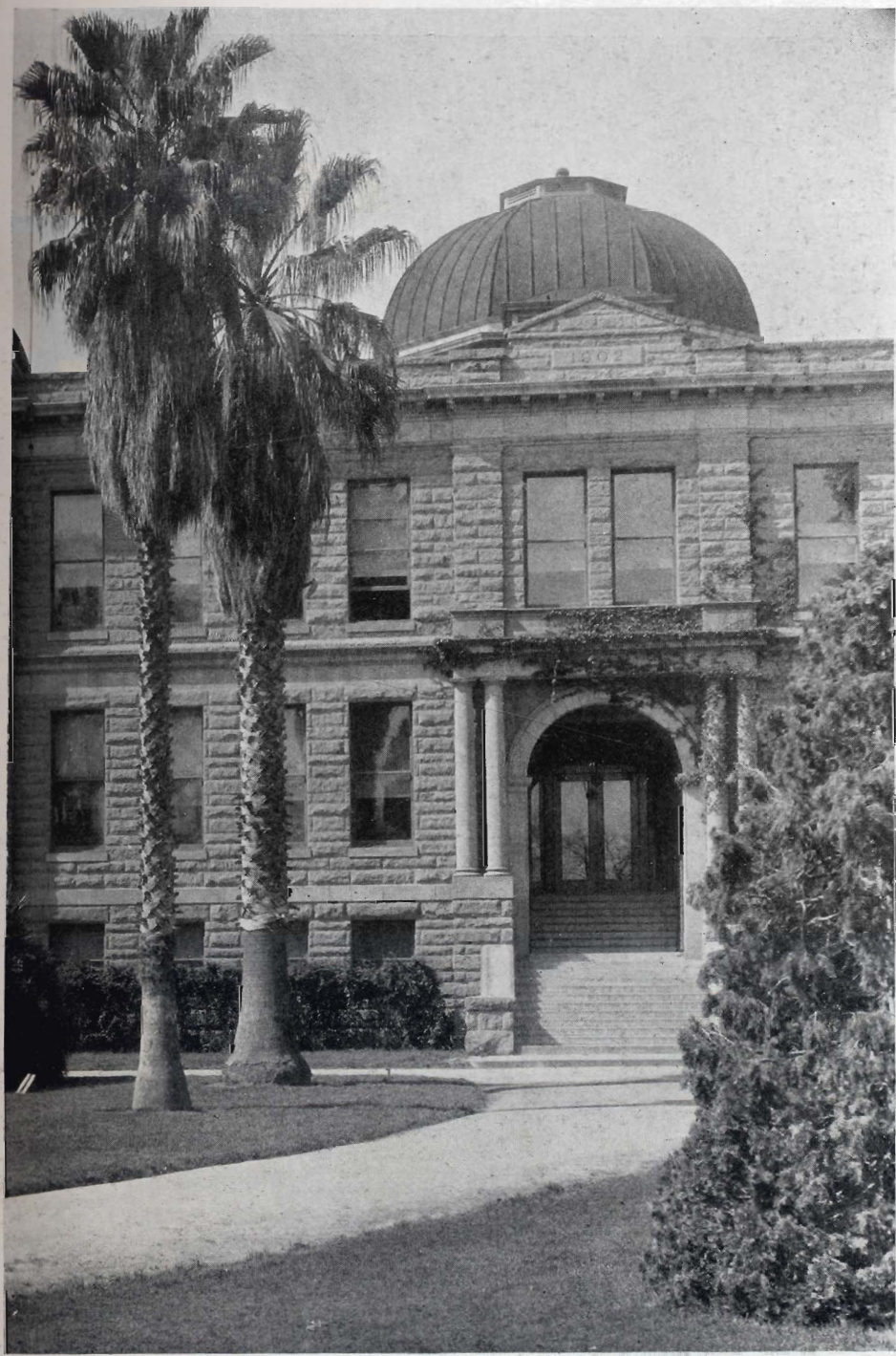
... JUNE ...

Nineteen Hundred Thirty-One











Foreword

“MY, MY! How Johnny has grown!” or “Surely this isn’t Mary?” are two comments that cause endless embarrassment to the would-be sophisticated high school students. They wish to appear that they were ever thus . . . all knowing . . . extremely wise in the ways of men. But when some visitor returns to Stockton after many years and exclaims with surprise, “Surely this isn’t the high school? My, my! How it has grown,” the same students swell with manly pride as they modestly admit that this is the high school.

Stockton High School has increased its size considerably in the last few decades. From two rooms on the second floor of the Washington School, Stockton High School has grown until it now has a campus of approximately ten acres. “The History of Stockton High School” is well illustrated by the linoleum cuts made by the art students.

Galen Potter made the following cuts of the high school; the building in 1885, 1902 and 1929. Georgia Thanos made the cut of the first grammar school; Sophia Thanos made the cut of the gymnasium, and William Fitch made the cut of the high school as it was in 1896.

To Stockton High

*THE heavy dome that tops th' important Main
Has watched ten thousand students come and go,
Has seen enormous mental powers strain
To learn what teachers order them to know.*

*All hail, all hail the sturdy, happy Main
Which Mathematical with terrors fill,
And English; where fair History holds her reign
Over the squirmers; where stiff "Exes" kill.*

*That office where Attendance taken is,
Presided o'er by white-cuffed lady whose
Accusing eye and sometimes very quiz-
Zical expression shakes one in his shoes.*

*The other buildings standing proudly near
To keep an eye on everything that's done,
Resemble Learning's self, aloof, austere,
Yet deign to smile when football games are won.*

*Commercial, where typewriters click and clack;
The Science, whence good smells and evil rise,
The infant New which trails along in back,
Where banners of all nations share the skies;*

*The Auditorium, whence the songs and noise
Make every ear-drum ring for miles around;
The Gym, where milling hordes of girls and boys
Make gay whoopee while all the roofs resound;*

*All, all farewell—we would not leave thee yet.
Sad parting looks devour thy every stone.
There is one comfort still: to ne'er forget
Thee as we journey on, alone.*