



66

LIFE ON THE CAMPUS



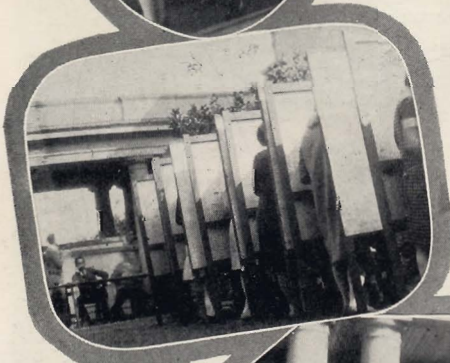
A glimpse of the new art and foreign language building.



Students above, eagerly awaiting the distribution of the "Guard and Tackle" Weekly.



Girls parading to the Freshmen Reception.



Scenes at the Student Election booths during the Hoover-Smith Campaign.



Class bench of 1925.





A view of the west side
of the Main Building.

And here is the familiar
old cactus standing
guard over the
school.



A group of
students
rushing to
"get fed" in
cafeteria.



The auditorium
seen across the
West Glade of the
campus.



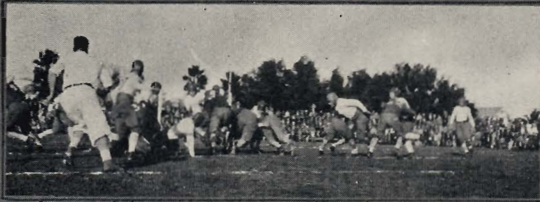
A "shot" of
some girls
eating their
lunches under
the palms in
the East Glade.



Some fast playing at the Bakersfield Game



Wunderlich, star tackle



An exciting moment at the Lodi Game



Woodland Game



Hammitt breaks through Modesto's line



The Sacramento Game



A fond embrace with Woodland



Goold takes the ball

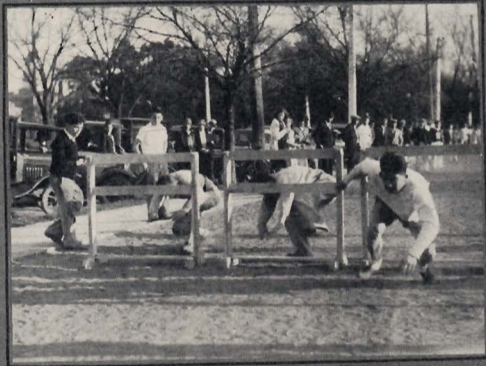


Rooters at the Sacramento Game

Football.



Track Trophies



Under the Hurdles



Three legged race



Three legged race



A group race



The Backward Dash

The Irish Marathon.



Above, some strenuous exercises during spring practice.



Ken McIntire and Arnold Paul all ready to take the air.



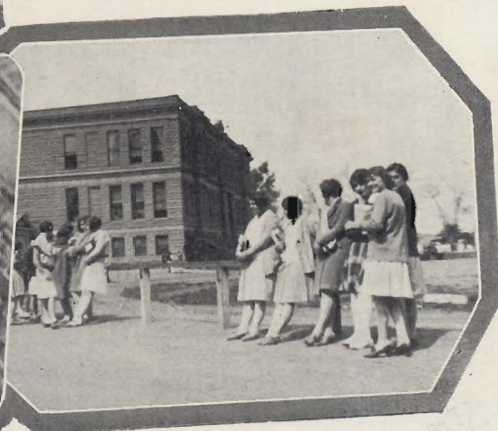
A romantic (?) vista.



An 8:30 class.



Down in the corner we have an angel's view of the campus.



"Chewing the rag" around the fence.

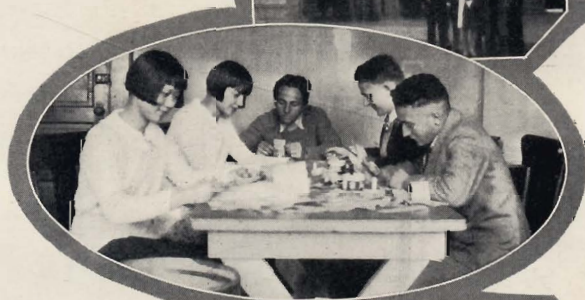


Members of the 'Gat' staff taking in the sights at Stanford University.

The staff before the Stanford Memorial Chapel.



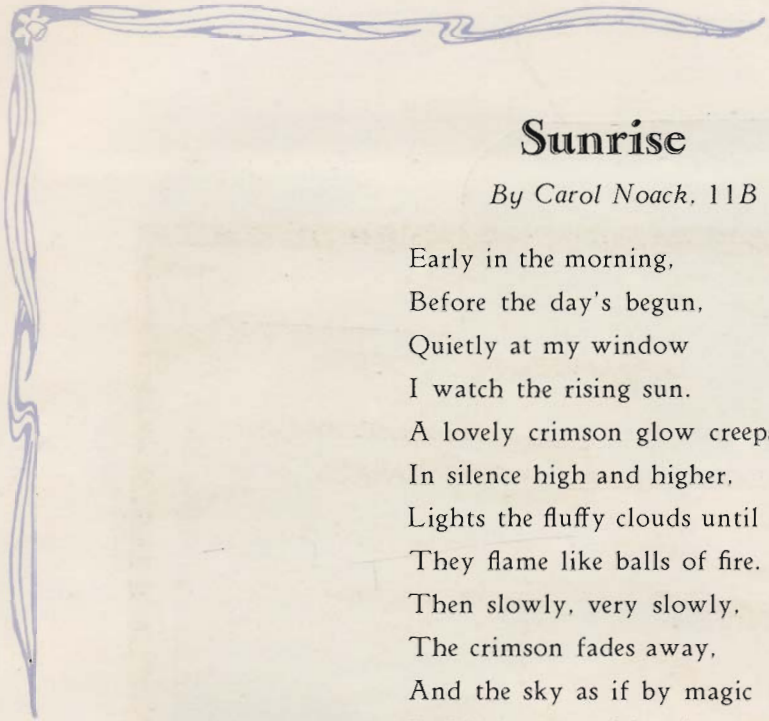
Making an issue of the "Guard and Tackle."



President Herbert Hoover snapped at Stanford by a staff member.

The staff members "looking pretty."





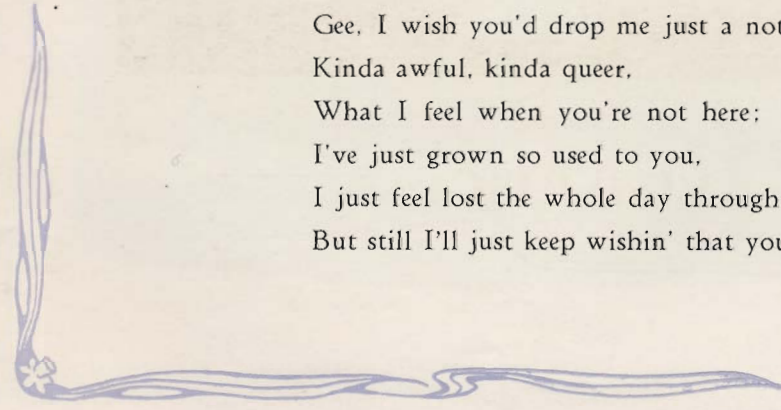
Sunrise

By Carol Noack, 11B

Early in the morning,
Before the day's begun,
Quietly at my window
I watch the rising sun.
A lovely crimson glow creeps
In silence high and higher,
Lights the fluffy clouds until
They flame like balls of fire.
Then slowly, very slowly,
The crimson fades away,
And the sky as if by magic
Is filled with golden day.
But the magic of the heavens,
As the colors change to blue,
Is gone, though in my memory
There's sunrise all day through.

When You Won't Write

By Inez Sheldon, 9A



Kinda lonely, kinda blue,
Kinda like to hear from you;
There's a longin' in my heart for you
Grown, while we are apart;
There's an achin' in my heart;
Gee, I wish you'd drop me just a note.
Kinda awful, kinda queer,
What I feel when you're not here;
I've just grown so used to you,
I just feel lost the whole day through;
But still I'll just keep wishin' that you'll write.