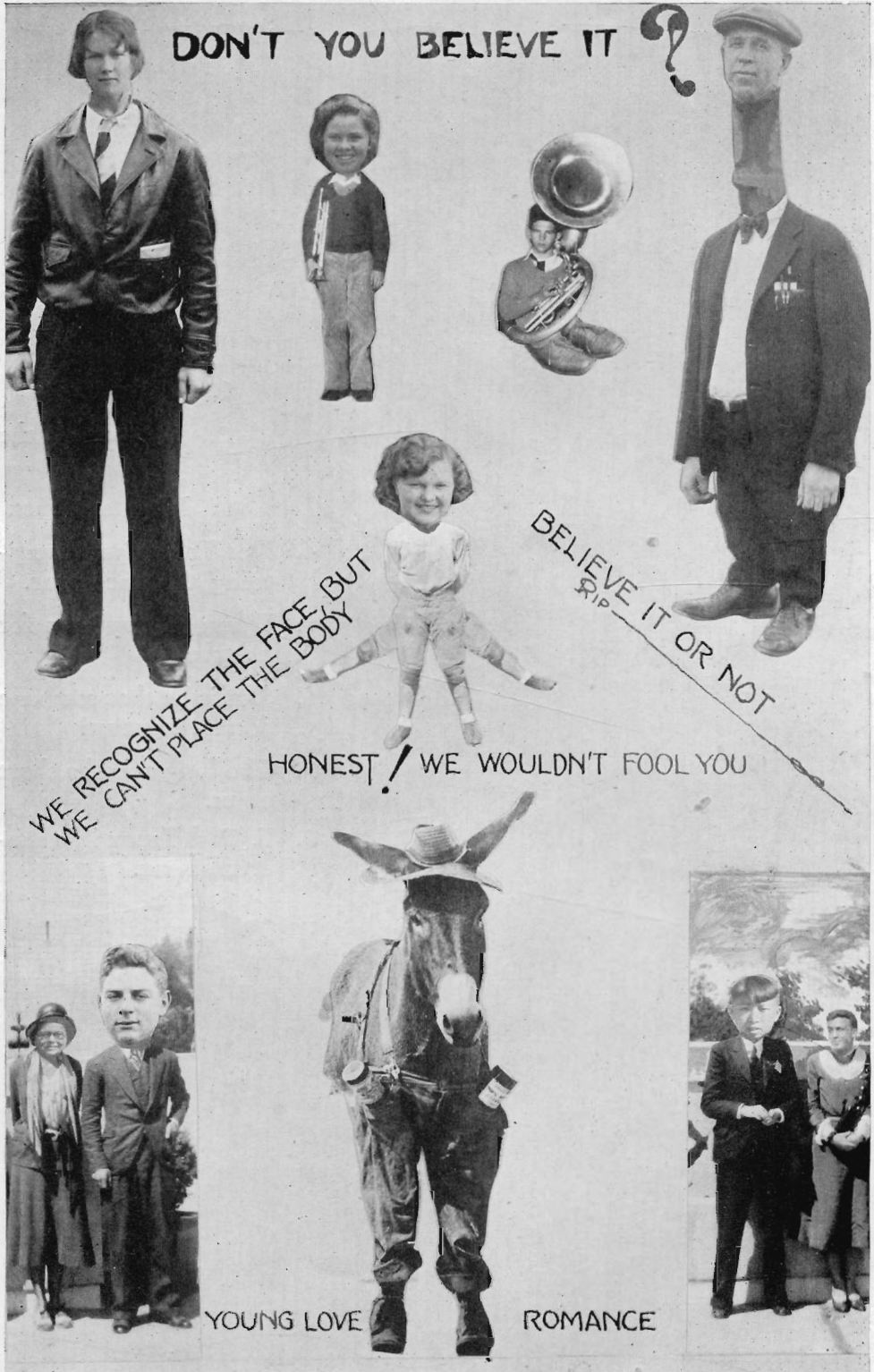


NEW BUILDING 1929 GP

Student Life



DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT ?

WE RECOGNIZE THE FACE BUT
WE CAN'T PLACE THE BODY

BELIEVE IT OR NOT
RIP

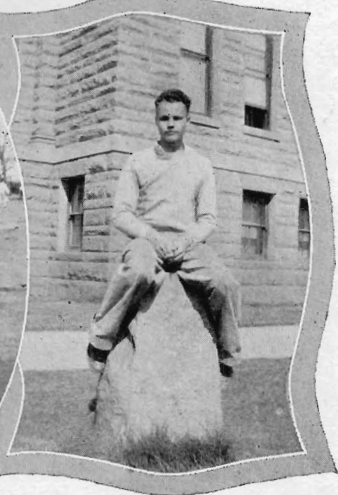
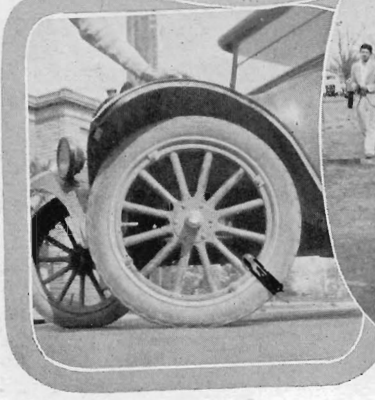
HONEST! WE WOULDN'T FOOL YOU

YOUNG LOVE

ROMANCE



1. Students.
2. A few of the boys.
3. More students.
4. De Voss gives everything the once-over.
5. When "Stewy" ran for president.
6. Can it be that someone doesn't trust us?
7. The long and the short of us.
8. F. Carl Truex in a lesser moment.



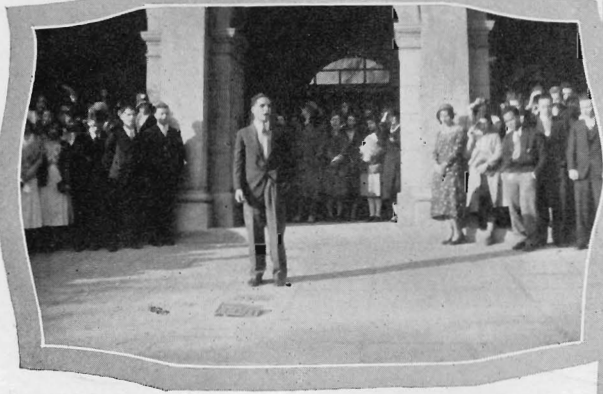
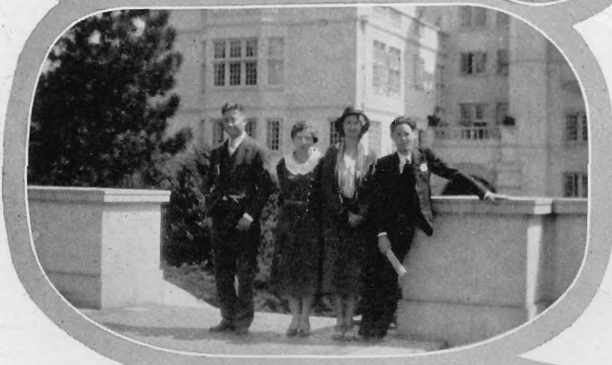


1. Could you guess?
They're freshmen!
2. Ditto.
3. The daily noon
gathering.
4. Where is Santa
Claus?
5. "Sis."
6. More of them.



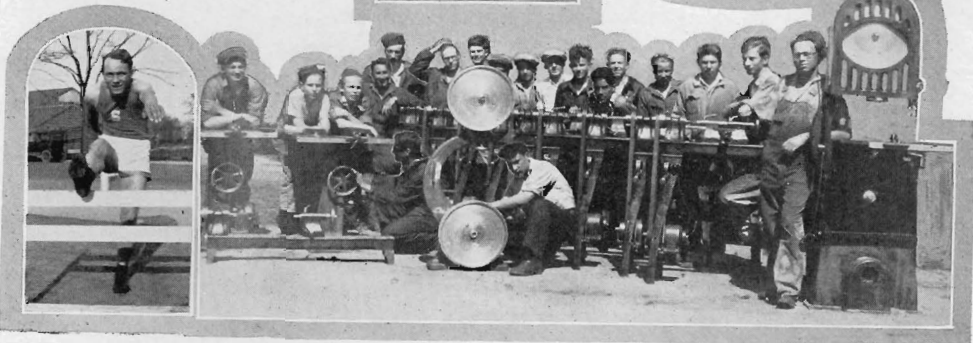
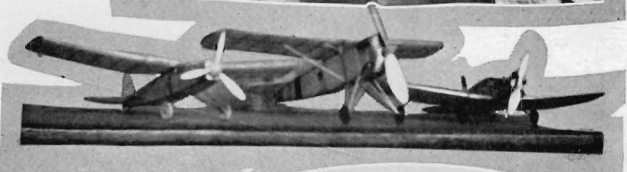


1. Look pleasant, please, or you will be taken with your mouth open.
2. Giddap, Napoleon!
3. Then, there was the archery class.
4. From old Japan.
5. At the Cal convention.
6. “As we go out to face the world.”
7. The first issue of the Guard & Tackle,” 1896.





1. Round the Fence.
2. Senior Rough Week.
3. The honorable fall term editor.
4. Model-airplaners.
5. And model-airplanes.
6. Mr. President.
7. Politics, etc.
8. Band saw and other machines.
9. Feck — big track man.



“GUARD AND TACKLE”



SPRING PRACTICE



“MILER” MACHADO



JACOBSEN FINISHES FIRST



END OF THE TRAIL



GOLF TROPHIES



KNUTE ROCKNE



PROGRESSIVE STUDENTS

TIE-UP



“GUARD AND TACKLE”



“C” TEAM

GRASSHOPPERBACIGALUPI



MENZIES TROPHY



“PETE” WORKS



START OF CROSS-COUNTRY



FEARY PUSHES THE SHOT



ROLL CALL



END OF THE CENTURY



HUMAN BUMPERS



SUMMER HOMES



DIVOT DIGGER



MISS MUSCLE MAN



CIRCLING A SQUARE



THE LOG OF THE CENTURY



BIG PROPOLITION



THE CREATION OF WOMAN

Day Dreams

Third Prize

Some day I wish to sail the seas
To distant lands I know;
Perhaps to Venice or to Rome,
Or to the East I'll go.

I'll rummage in Chinese bazaars
And buy a silk brocade,
Or Chinese rug of blue and gold,
The fairies must have made.

I've dreamed of a green oasis,
Where sparkling pools are seen,
Reflecting men in flowing robes,
And palms of emerald green.

Then when I tire of Southern climes,
I'll sail the Seven Seas,
Beyond the coast of Africa
Where blows the tropic breeze.

Hawaii calls across the deep,
With music and fragrant flowers;
I'll sit beneath the moon and stars,
Be swayed by magic powers.

Then o'er the waves I'll sail again
To a land that's calling me,
To sunny California,
Where my heart will always be;

Where the fragrant springtime blossoms
Are a brighter, richer hue;
Where the rustic gold of autumn
Makes fairyland come true.

—*Eleanor Mittenmaier, 11A.*



Stepping
Stones

¶

GALEN POTTER'S
One
Hundred
Dollar
Prize
Picture

¶

A Spring Morn

As harbinger of summer, dawns the morn:
The sky with many a snowy cloud is flecked;
The fields with dewy flowers are now bedecked;
Nature has left behind her garments worn—
Those mem'ries of the winter. Sweet stories
By each breeze are told of new-born glories:
The wild, fresh hyacinth, the woodsy star,
And spicy mint in sweet confusion are.
Like unto these, O Nature, that we
So gay and good and fresh and pure could be!
Would that we could in thee detect
Oftener those qualities that reflect
The true and worthy things of earthly life,
And lift us up above this common strife.

—Ruth Fuller.