

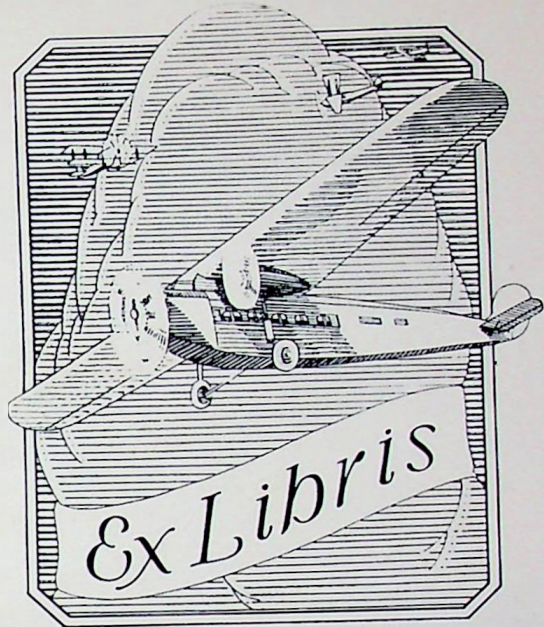
The
VIKING



1928

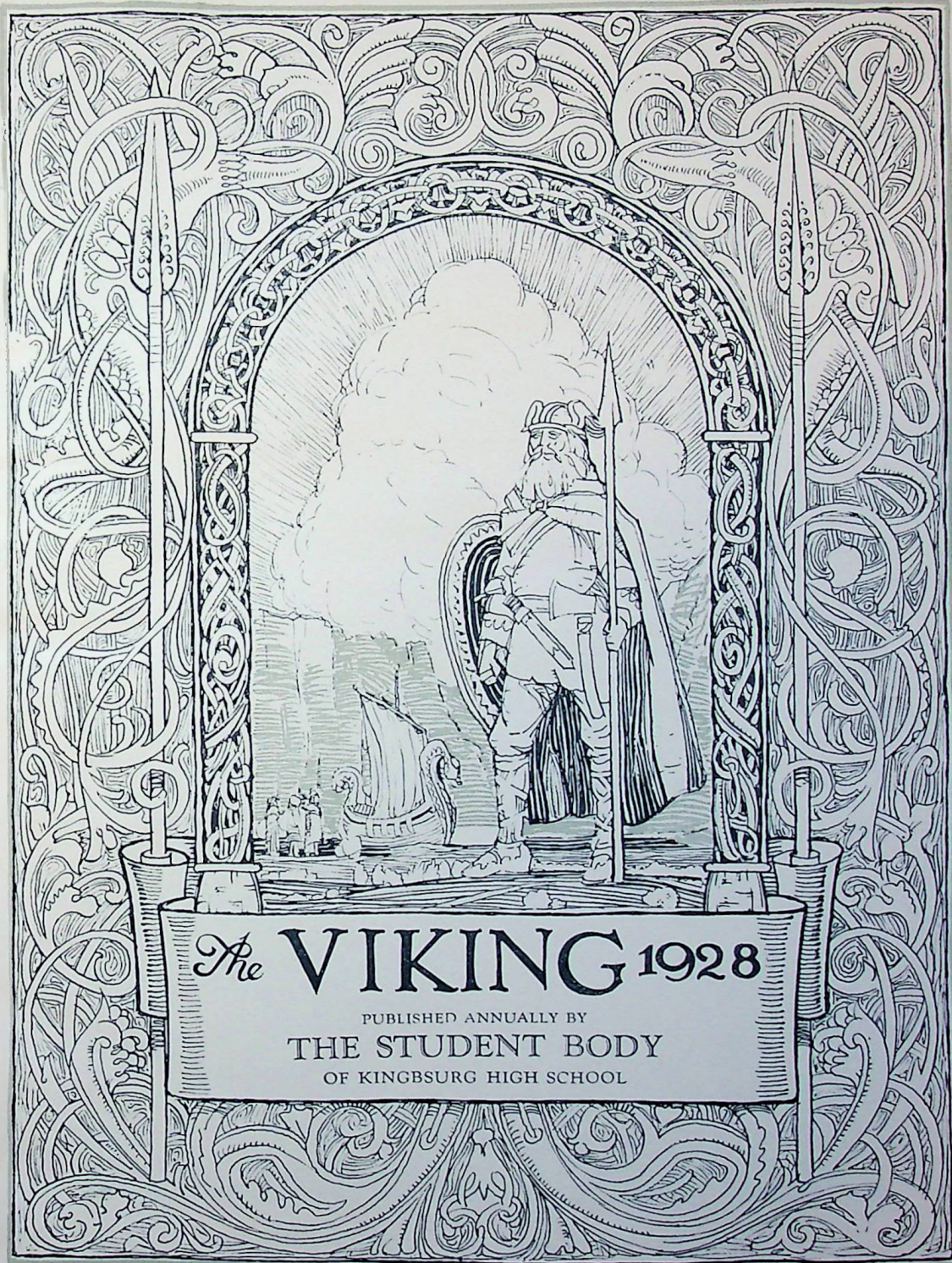






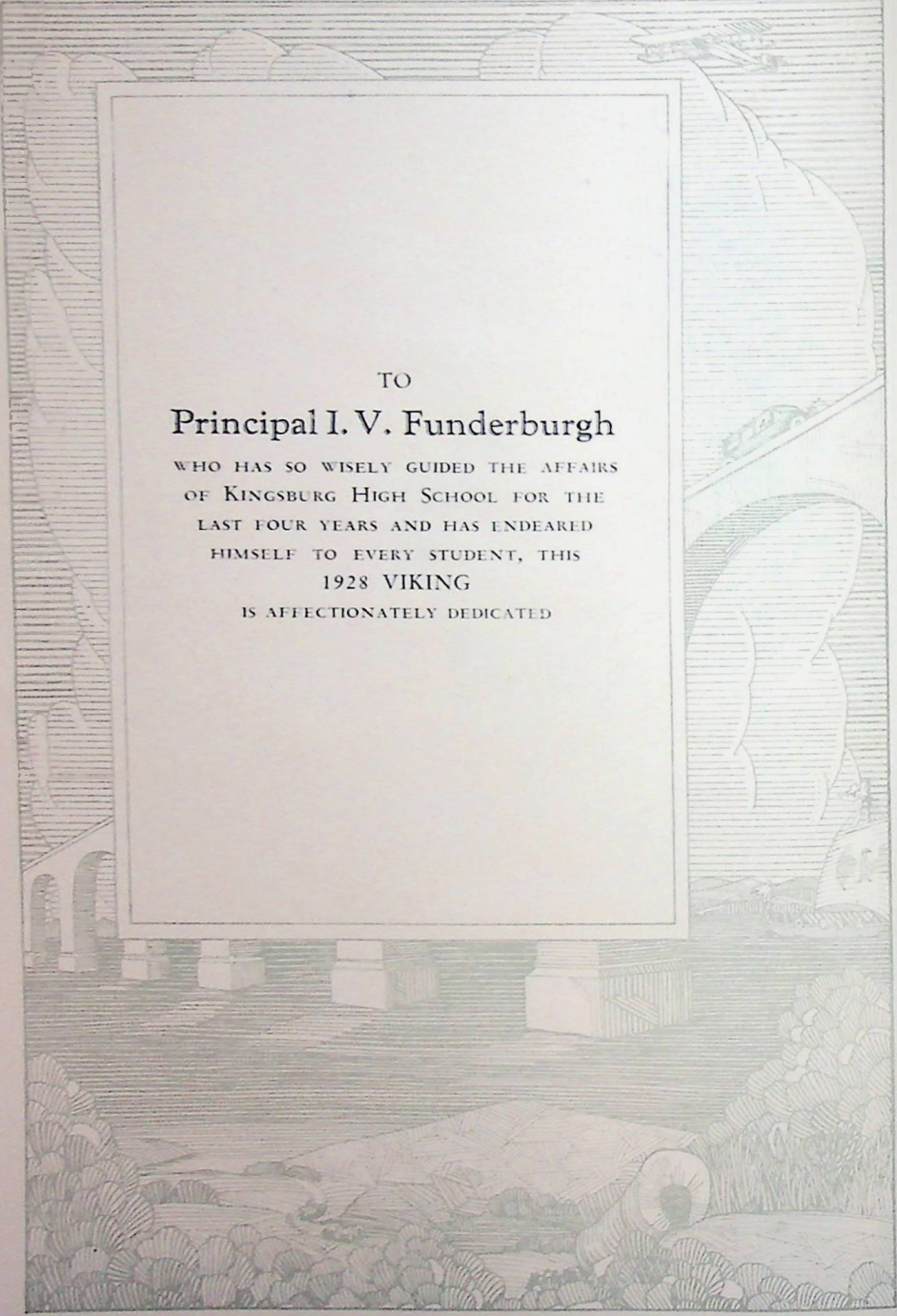


COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH



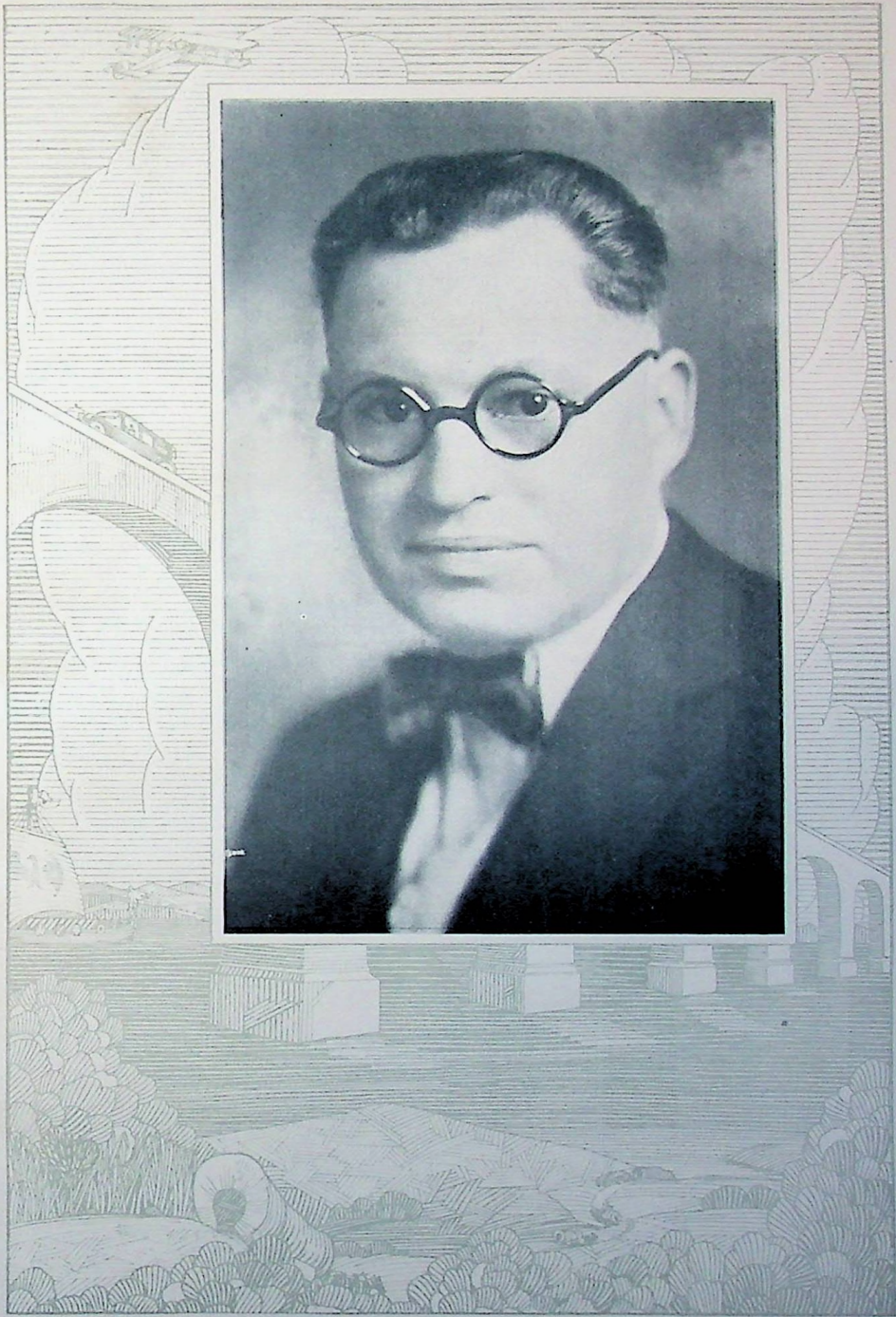
The **VIKING** 1928

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY
THE STUDENT BODY
OF KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL



TO
Principal I. V. Funderburgh

WHO HAS SO WISELY GUIDED THE AFFAIRS
OF KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE
LAST FOUR YEARS AND HAS ENDEARED
HIMSELF TO EVERY STUDENT, THIS
1928 VIKING
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



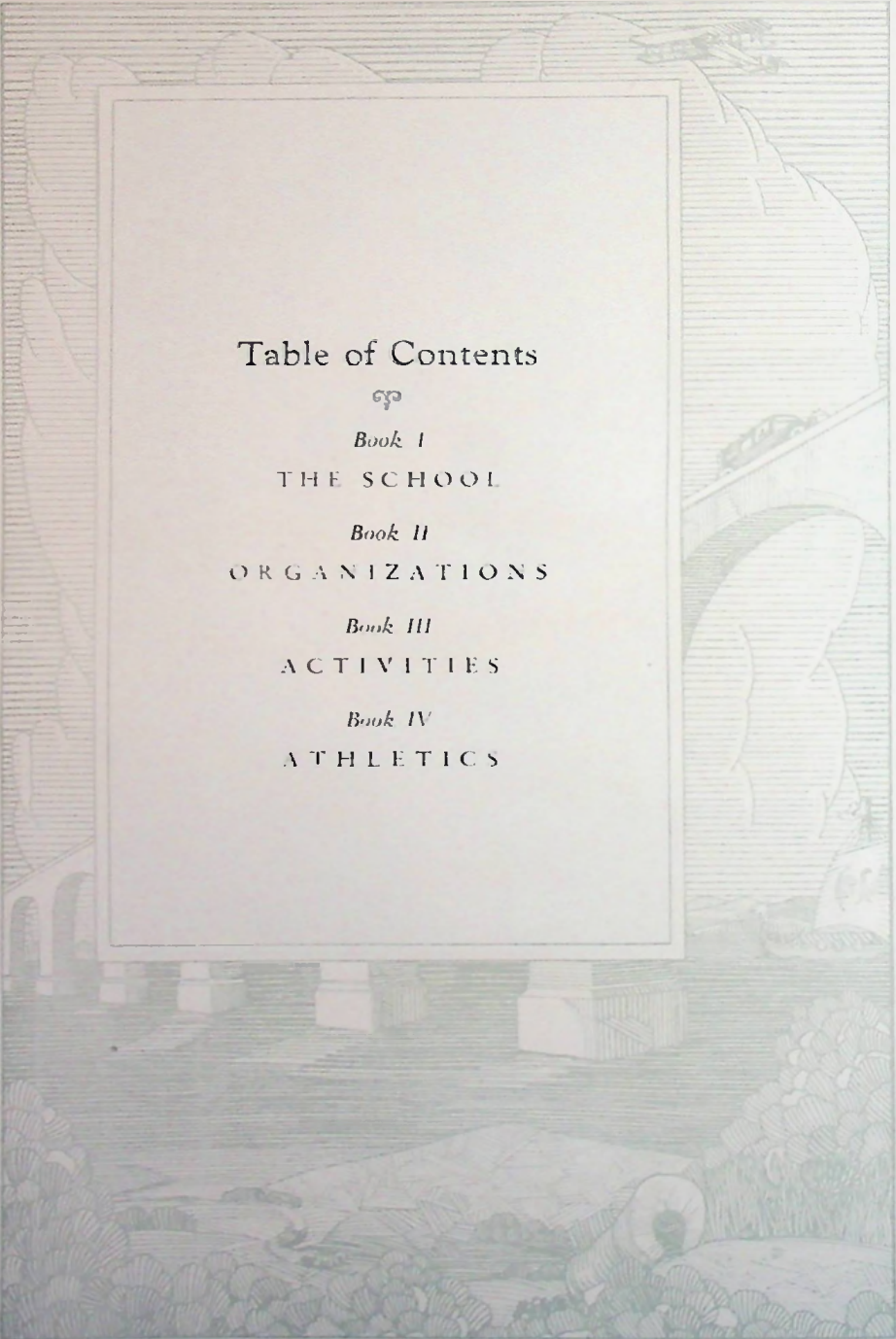


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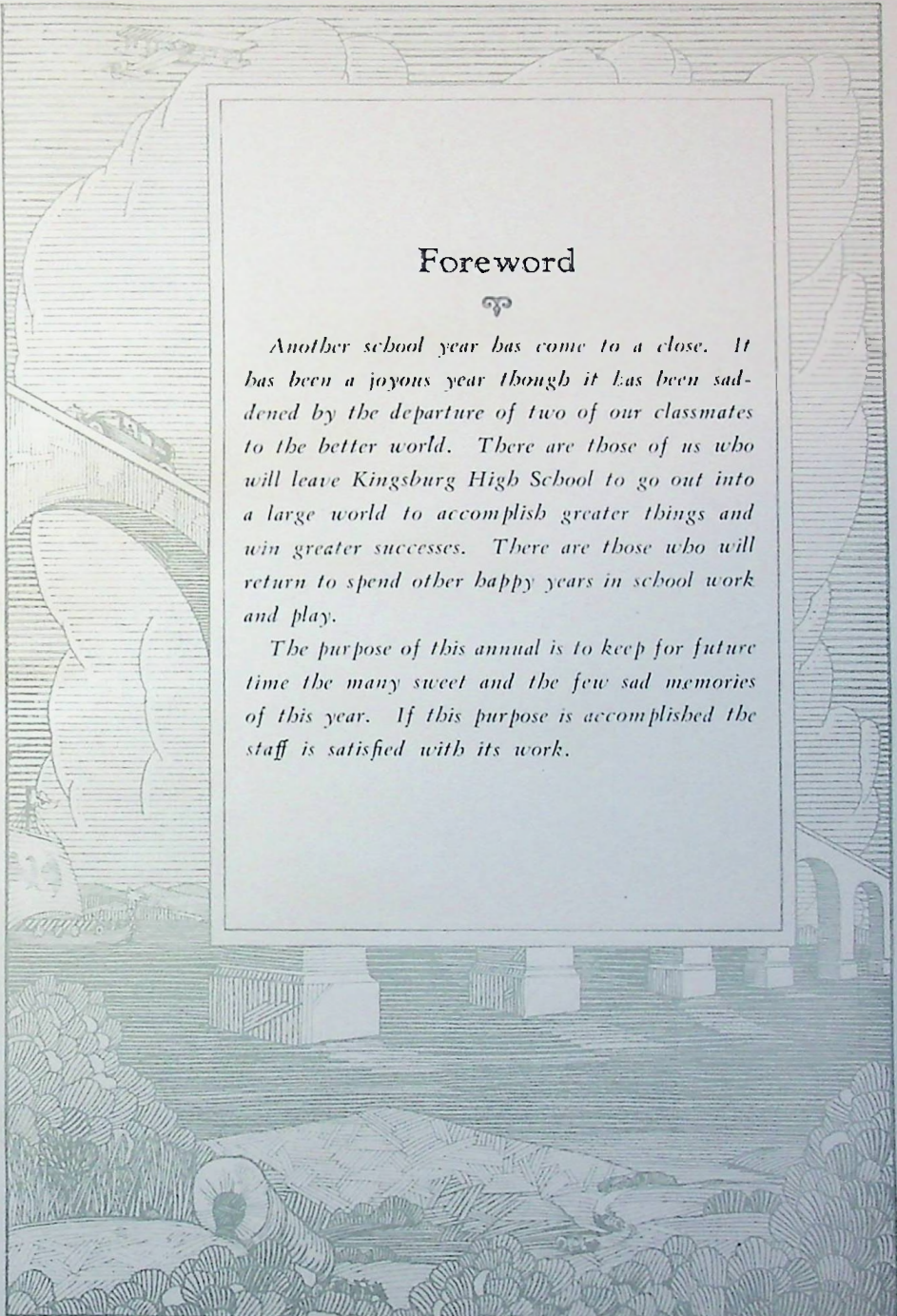
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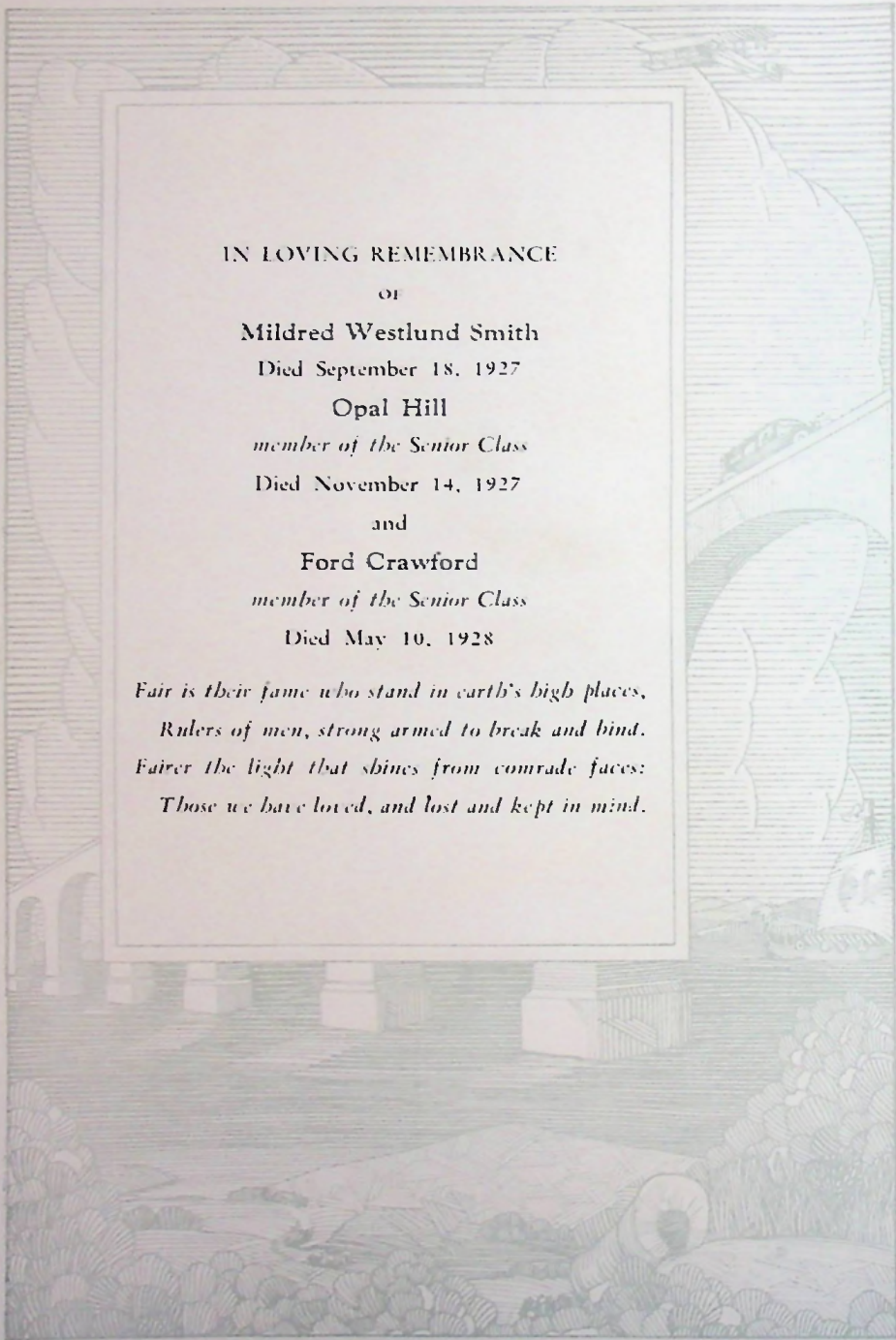


Foreword



Another school year has come to a close. It has been a joyous year though it has been saddened by the departure of two of our classmates to the better world. There are those of us who will leave Kingsburg High School to go out into a large world to accomplish greater things and win greater successes. There are those who will return to spend other happy years in school work and play.

The purpose of this annual is to keep for future time the many sweet and the few sad memories of this year. If this purpose is accomplished the staff is satisfied with its work.



IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE

or

Mildred Westlund Smith

Died September 18, 1927

Opal Hill

member of the Senior Class

Died November 14, 1927

and

Ford Crawford

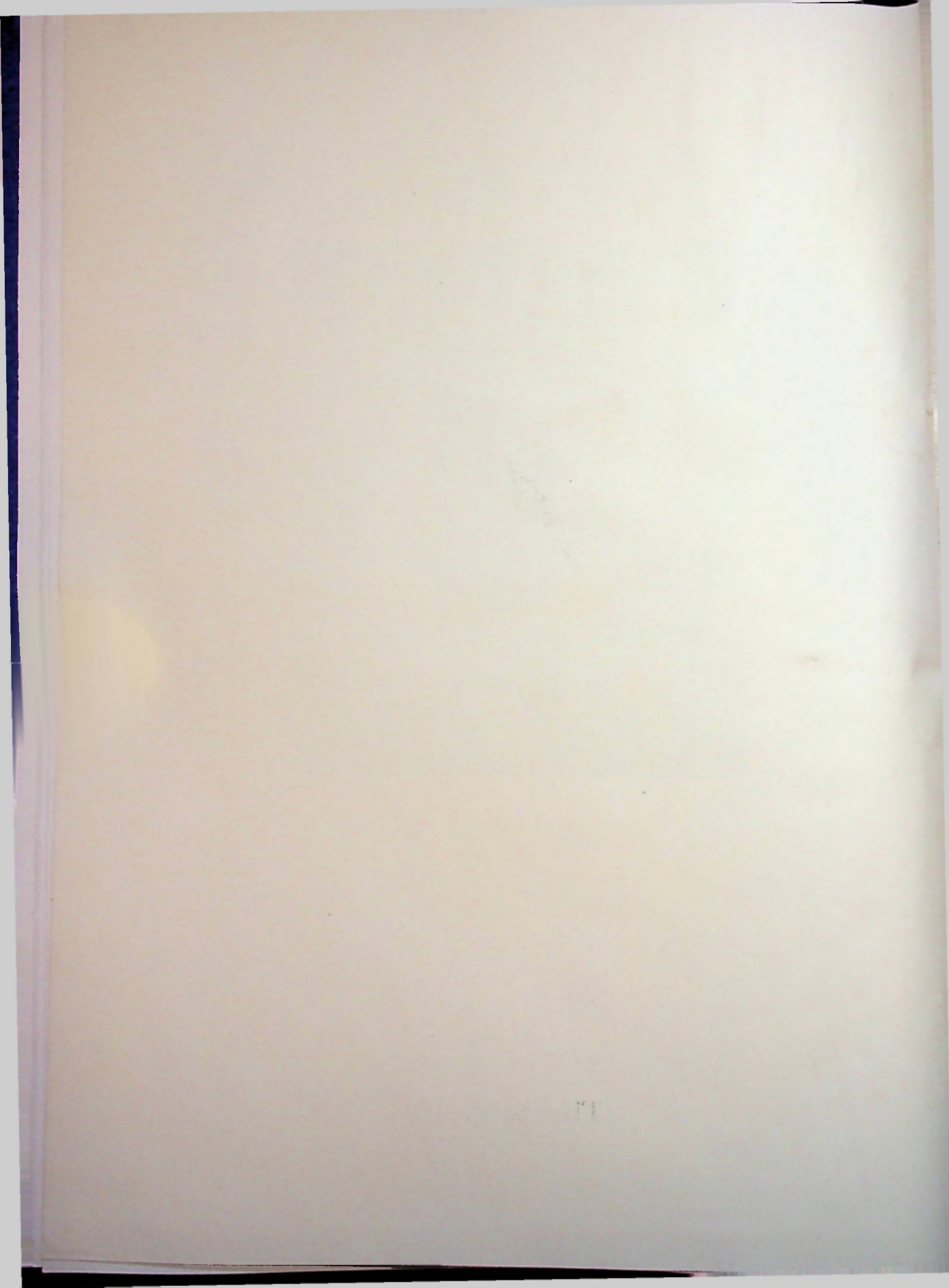
member of the Senior Class

Died May 10, 1928

*Fair is their fame who stand in earth's high places,
Rulers of men, strong armed to break and bind.
Fairer the light that shines from comrade faces:
Those we have loved, and lost and kept in mind.*



The School





Faculty

With speedy wings the last year has flown into the unknown abyss of time, laden with its joys and sorrows, disappointments and triumphs; but on the whole it has been a very enjoyable year of service for the faculty members.

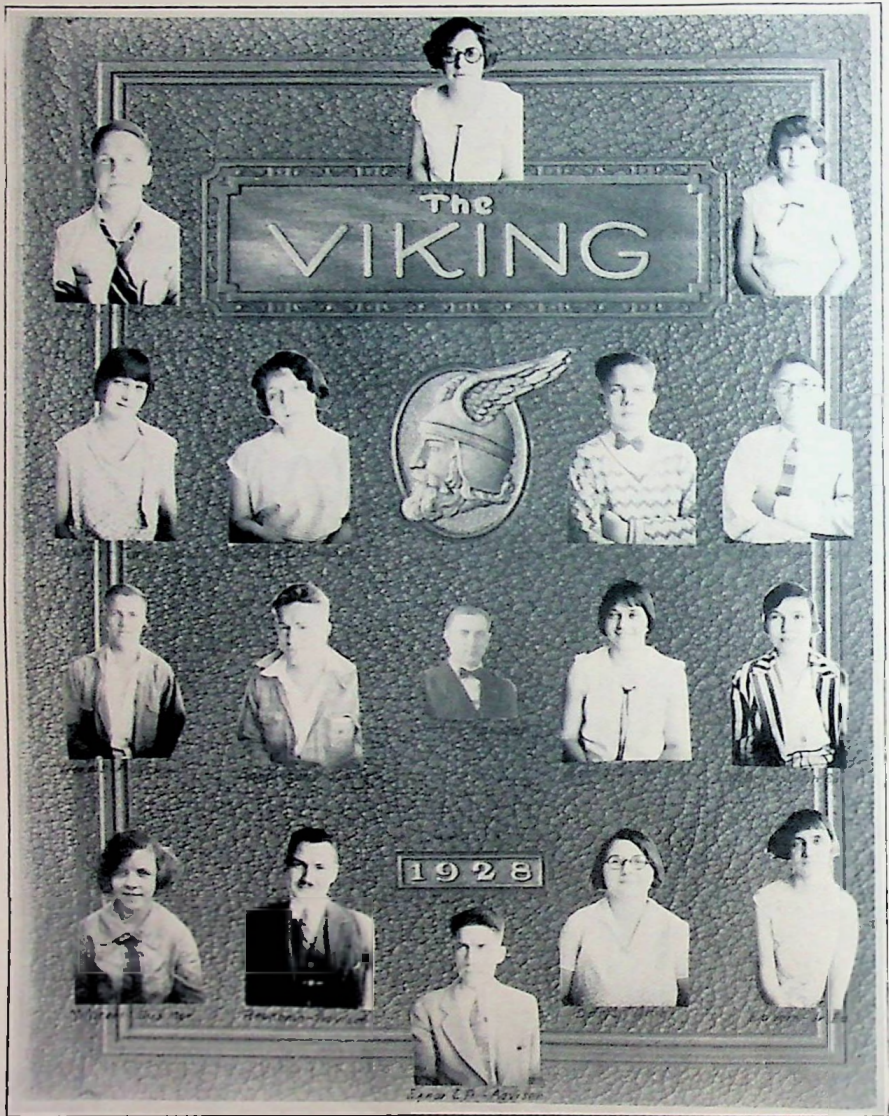
This year saw few changes in the composition of the faculty, except the addition of two new faces. The freshman reception brought into our family, the pleasing countenances of our genial mayor, R. A. Catlin and the quizzical face of that expert dissector of bugs and worms, Miss Elsa Kraeger.

The members of the faculty have succeeded in snatching a few golden hours from the busy hum of life and duty, devoting them to social contacts. Mr. and Mrs. Bunger entertained at their spacious country home, where with great enthusiasm we sewed on dolls and pulled candy for the Red Cross under the direction of Miss Devereaux. A patriotic party, given late in February at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reukema followed. Costumes, a fine program, prizes and a baked ham helped to make this social event one enjoyed by all. Miss Devereaux, Miss Truesdale, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Reukema can be credited with the success of this affair. On May 2, Mrs. Cain entertained the men of the faculty with a surprise dinner in honor of our song-bird, L. B. Cain; after which upon the arrival of the wives, all motored to the country residence of E. Ed. Peterson where the rest of the evening was spent in an uproarious time playing all the games invented since Noah's ark came to rest on dry land. A delightful picnic in Mooney's Grove was the last social event of the year.

Professional interest in problems of education has been the theme of our monthly meetings. Under the direction of Miss Edna R. Bishop a very worthwhile study of curriculum revision was undertaken. We endeavored to to examine our own curriculum with the aim of more nearly adapting it, if possible, to the needs of the community.

Thus ends a busy, happy and prosperous year for the members of the faculty. As co-workers with the pupils, trustees, and community-friends of the school, they have tried hard to train the youth of Tomorrow in the ways of knowledge, character and citizenship, that they might make the fullest contribution and realize their highest ambition for God and country.

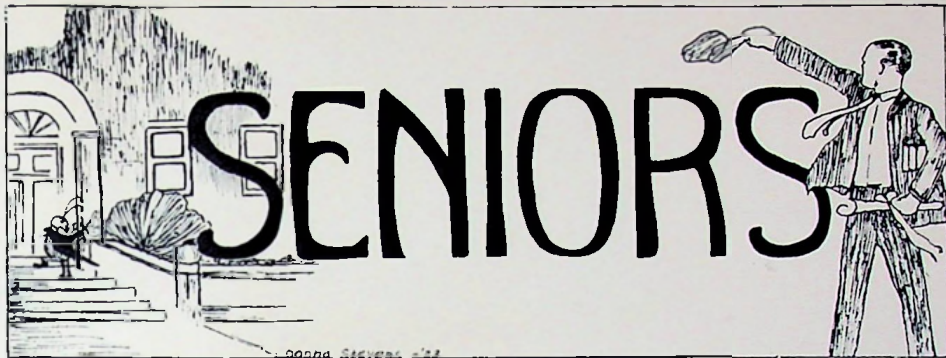




Annual Staff

Rosalie Anderson, Editor-in-Chief; Hanley Sundstrom, Assistant Business Manager; Mabel Munson, Assistant Editor; Dorothy Condray, Girls' Sports; Opal Woods, Literary Editor; John Kullberg, Snaps; Allan Fink, Advertising Manager; Lennis Dahlstrom, Freshman Editor; Myron Anderson, Boys' Sports; Mr. Smith, Advisor; Georgia Carter, Joke Editor; Roberta Buchanan, Sophomore Editor; Millicent Peterson, Business Manager; Mr. Reukema, Advisor; Mr. Peterson, Advisor; Doris Anderson, Calendar; LaVerne Wilson, Junior Editor.





Motto

"CLIMB THOUGH THE ROCKS BE RUGGED."

Colors

BLUE AND WHITE

Flower

CARNATION

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Elsie Samuelson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Bernice Bush</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Hanley Sundstrom</i>
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>

ADVISORS

<i>Miss Truesdale</i>	<i>Mr. Peterson</i>
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Class Song

(Tune: "The Old Refrain")

*We'll often think of our dear Kingsburg High—
 Of happy hours we've had in days gone by,
 Of all our teachers dear and classmates too;
 To Kingsburg's Green and Gold we'll e're be true.
 These mem'ries bring us visions full of light
 And happy dreams throughout the darkest night;
 As o'er the world we wander far and near
 No school on earth to us can be so dear.
 Although our school days here we know are o'er,
 We'll be as faithful as we were before;
 And when our path again shall lead us home,
 We'll join with you and sing "The Green and Gold."*





K

1928



MISS BESSIE TRUESDALE
Advisor

MR. EJNAR PETERSON
Advisor

ERIC JEWELL
Broad in the shoulders,
deep-chested,
With muscles and sinews
of iron.

ELSIE SAMUELSON
With many a soft and
wayward toss,
The fairest ever seen.

BERNICE BUSH
Her air is so modest, her
aspect so meek,
So simple yet sweet are
her charms.

HANLEY SUNDBROM
Who can fortell for what
high cause
This darling of the god's
was born.

ORVAL DEAN
That gentleness, which,
when it weds with
manhood,
Makes a man.

RITA BURNETT
A queen in a crown of
rubies drest.





K

MERLIN MILLER

Persuasion tips his tongue
Whenever he talks.



MABEL MUNSON

Of all the girls that are
so smart
There's none like pretty
Mabel.

HELEN HARKLEROAD

A little nonsense now
then
is relished by the wisest
men.



MYRON ANDERSON

A little curly headed
good-for-nothing—
A mischief-making mon-
key from his birth.

JOHN BAKER

Silence is become
His mother tongue.



DORIS MERCER

A face with gladness
overspread,
Soft smiles, by human
kindness bred.

OLGA WILDERMUTH

Wise to resolve,
And patient to perform.

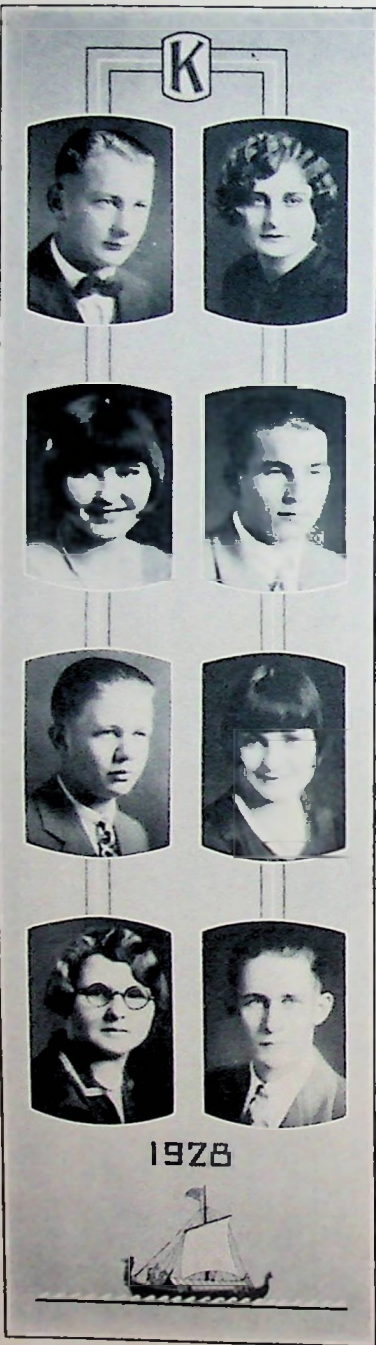


PAUL CARLSON

I am sure,
care's an enemy to life

1928





LLOYD WERNER

Plain without pomp,
And rich without a show.

MARGARET SARKISIAN

Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone
on.

LUCILLE LARSON

Come and trip it as ye
go,
On the light fantastic
too.

VERNE VENABLE

Perfect in Cupid's art,
The only language he
knows by heart.

JOHN KULLBERG

Brilliant, beautiful, with
his ever-flowing wealth
of ideas.

DOROTHY CONDRAY

Her very frowns are
fairer far
Than smiles of other
maidens are.

DORIS ANDERSON

Roses are her cheeks
And a rose her mouth.

ARCHIE CHALSTRON

His laugh is something
grand,
It ripples, overturns his
cheeks.

1928





K

ALLAN FINK

But he whose inborn
worth his acts com-
mend,
Of gentle soul, to human
race a friend.



DOROTHY BOSTROM

Her modest looks, the
cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose
peeps beneath the
thorn.

VIOLET STRID

To see her is to love her
And love but her forever.



LE ROY GUSTAFSON

I profess not talking,
only this:
Let each man do his
best.

ARNOLD NELSON

Cheerful and courteous,
full of manly grace,
His heart's frank wel-
come written in his
face.



GEORGIA CARTER

Her blue eyes sought
the west afar
For lovers love the
western star.

OPAL WOODS

A foot more light, a
step more true,
No'er from the heath-
flower dash'd the dew.



VIOLA PETERSON

She is pretty to walk
with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to
think of.

1928





K

MARVIN TAYLOR

He glories in honor in
work and in truth
And quietly goes on his
way.



PEARL HUSSIAN

An open hearted maiden,
True and pure.

LA VERNE CLARK

So sweet a face,
Such angel grace.



MANSFORD CARLSON

O true in word
And tried in deed.

VALENTINE HAMILTON

A fine little fellow, hon-
est, intelligent and
kind.



ROSALIE ANDERSON

Her cheeks are like the
wild red rose,
That showers its petals
down.

HELEN JOHNSON

A daughter of the gods,
divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.



FORD CRAWFORD

They pass from work to
greater work
Who rest before their
noon,
Ah, God is very good to
them,
They do not die too soon.

1928





K

IVAN BYRD

And a voice like the
card of some wild
bird—
The sweetest voice that
was ever heard.



EVELYN SEAWARD

Tho' she looks so be-
witchingly simple
Yet there's mischief in
every dimple.

MILLCENT PETERSON

Her eyes are sparkling
bright—
A lovely girl is she.



RAY WARREN

The school-room for a
joke he takes
His lessons are but fun.

ARTHUR JOHNSON

In each cheek appears a
pretty dimple;
Love made those hol-
lows.



ELSIE LINMAN

Her silver voice is the
rich music of a summer
bird.

ORA BOLLINGER

O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a
brook.



HELEN PETERSON

Happy am I: from care
I'm free!
Why aren't they all con-
tented like me?

1928





K

RAYMOND PHILLIPS

Never elated while one
man's oppressed
Never dejected while an-
other's blessed.



HILDUR OLSON

Gentle of speech, bene-
ficient of mind.

MABEL HEILMAN

Her hair is thick with
many a curl
That clusters round her
head.



RUDOLPH HEILBLOM

His smile is sweetened
by his gravity.

HERBERT WIGH

I have a heart with
room for every joy.



HAZEL ROBERTS

She moves a goddess
And she looks a queen.

GRACE HUSSIAN

Black are her eyes as
The berries that grow
On the thorn by the way-
side.



1928





SENIOR ~ SNEAK



Vern



Feeding



All Set



Pet erson



Lake Sequoia



De Ole Ford



Resting



Scenery



Taking It Easy





Class History

In September of 1924 some one hundred or more bewildered strangers entered the portals of Kingsburg high school. Judging from appearances these Freshmen, for such they were—were an untrained group of treasure seekers anxious to climb the Hill of Knowledge. The Sophomores sought to remove vain, foolish thoughts from the minds of these newcomers by scrubbing the heads of the boys with a generous supply of soap and not so much water.

Before long came the Freshman Reception when the girls as well as the boys were forced to undergo ordeals of unspeakable nature in order to be truly initiated into K. H. S.

Already the Freshmen had learned that everything was not a "bed of roses" but that there were difficult mountains ahead of them to climb. Lest some perplexed member of them give up before he reach the summit, they organized, selecting as their appropriate watchword, "Climb though the rocks be rugged." Orville Condray was chosen leader of the group; William Manley, assistant; Ray Pearson, guard of money and supplies; Elsie Linman, recorder of the successes and failures of the group, and Miss Ahnstedt, trusty guide.

The first stretch of climbing was quite successfully completed and some sixty strong returned the following fall more fit than ever, having already mastered the grievous algebra and Latin of the former year.

Allan Fink, Merlin Miller, Elsie Linman, Hanley Sundstrom and Mr. Peterson directed the climbers the second year. As Sophomores they showed their superiority to the Freshmen by tying them to the flagpole should these inferior classmates disgrace the school by appearing on the front steps or by showing disrespect in their attitude to other classmen. The Sophomores also triumphed over the "Frosh" in an athletic tournament with them.

A social event or two, coupled with numerous athletic victories, led the Sophomores on with white and blue colors flying.

Again they refrained from ascending further for a few brief months and returned as Juniors, destined to be better climbers than ever.

This time Eric Jewell, Paul Carlson, Bernice Bush and Hanley Sundstrom took the lead while Mr. Peterson still gave sound advice.

As heretofore, members of the party were stars on athletic teams and won victories left and right.

They took a most active part in dramatics presenting a play, "The Whole Town's Talking," which was the cause of much well-earned and favorable comment as its title implies.

A "wiener roast" and a trip to snow were most enjoyable pastimes from labor. Then following color fights and the customary mud fight, the victorious Juniors, to erase all hard feelings, entertained in honor of the Seniors at an unexcelled Junior-Senior banquet.

A last time the weary travelers were given a chance to recuperate. They resumed labor as Seniors, bearing an air of dignity and a determination to reach the summit of the hill.

The same commendable officers again served except that Elsie Samuelson was selected as vice-president.



The climbers excelled in all forms of athletics with John Baker, Merlin Miller and Eric Jewell making enviable records in track.

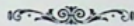
Social functions staged were a "steak bake" at Bear Camp, a Valentine "kid" party and the traditional "Senior Sneak."

The dramatic "hit" of the year was "Home Acres," the Senior play. Excellent talent was displayed in this.

On June 8 the members of the class of '28 reached the top of the Hill.

They have adhered to their motto and overcome the obstacles on the upward incline. Through labor they have conquered in the fields of study, athletics and dramatics. Beyond lay other steeper hills of learning which some will attempt to ascend while others will not. Yet with such an excellent foundation as was gained in our venerable Alma Mater, only success can be realized for the members of '28.

—MABEL MUNSON, '28.



An Appreciation

For three of our four years' voyage through high school, Einar Peterson has been the advisor of the class of '28. Without his constant friendship and advice our high school life could never have been as pleasant and profitable as it has been. He has given to us most freely of his time and energy and we take this opportunity to thank him for his great contribution to our success.

—THE CLASS OF '28.

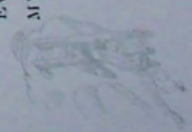


The Viking Fleet

SHIP	MODEL	STEAM	FEATURE	WHISTLE	DESTINATION
ERIC JEWEL	Beer	I don't know—but	Dramatics	Let's Talk About My Sweetie Now	Lecturer
BERNICE BUSH	Bernie	Well	Good looking	You Forgot to Remember	School teacher
PAUL CARLSON	"Dude"	Darn it	Shrekish	"The Boing the Black Bottom in Charlestown Now"	Town hick
ELSTIE SAMUELSON	Sam, Jr.	Good gracious	Long hair	"The Gadder the Weather the Warmer I Feel"	President of the W. C. T. U.
ALLAN FINK	Sobman	"I know"	Studs	My Radio Romeo	Chemist
LA VERNE CLARK	She	"Don't"	Quiet	Drifting and Dreaming	Housewife
ARTHUR JOHNSON	Art	You're up in the air	Dimples	Lucky Lady	Aviator
HILDER OLSON	Fatsy	Rah! Rah!	Flout	You're the Only One for Me	Nurse
VAL HAMILTON	Shortie	"Good grief"	Short	Five Feet Two	Mayor of Traver
MILLENCE PETERSON	Concealer	Shoot it!	A 1 student	Just a Memory	Assistant Cashier in Kingsburg Bank
LE ROY GUSTAFSON	Lee	Oh my	Blue eyes	I Need Thee Every Hour	Preacher
DOROTHY CONDRAY	Bunny	Good gravy	Powdering her nose	I Wonder How I Look When I'm Asleep	Artist's model
AROLD NELSON	Eph	Look at the moon	Making dates	It Ain't Gonna Rain No More	Weather prophet
VICLA PETERSON	Sandy	You'd be surprised	Blonde	I'd Love to Meet That Sweet-heart	Farmer's wife
HANLEY SUNDRUM	Pastor	Listen to me	Debating	Thee's Two Sides to Every Song	Fortune teller
VERN VENABLE	"Chick"	"See you tonight"	Flirting	"Gimme a Little Kiss"	Bachelor
GEORGIA CARTER	George	"Aw-Dum"	Abbie	Just a Cottage Small, By a Waterfall	Mother of 8
CRVAL DEAN	Lean	Dudgone it	Baseball	I Didn't Raise My Ford to Be a Hoop	Truck driver
MABEL HELLMAN	Rafe	This is so sudden	Engaged	"Better an Old Man's Darling Than a Young Man's Slave"	Housewife
ARCHIE CHALLSTRUM	Arch	Who'd does this ^{so?}	Fall	"You Can't Cry Over My Shoulder"	Mechanic
MABEL MUNSON	"Red"	"Goodness sake"	Quintess	School Days	Stenographer
MARVIN TAYLOR	Smoker	Order, please	Girl shy	Lonesomest Day in Town	President of U. S.
OLGA WIEDERMUTH	Olga	"Something for you"	Little	"Put Your Arms Where They Belong"	Chaperon
ORA BOLJINGER	"Bud"	"Aw"	Pump	All I Want is You	Washerwoman
GRACE HUSSIAN	Grace	Ch, my	Long hair	I'd Rather Be Alone	Maid
HERBERT WIGH	Wiggs	Ch, see	School-girl complexion	Horses! Horses! Horses!	Veterinarian
BO RUTHY BOSTRUM	Explosion	For land's sake	Blond	You Gotta Know How to Love	Missionary



SHIP	MODEL	STEAM	FEATURE	WHISTLE	DESTINATION
IVAN BYRD	Beard	"Peep"	Singing	May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight, ME?	Tramp
VIOLET STRID	Vi	Boo, I'll say	Busy	Thanks for the Lazy Ride	Librarian
HAZEL ROBERTS	Juliet	You're funny	Cosmetics	At Peace With the World	Marcelier
CPAL WOODS	Party	What will I wear?	Pretty clothes	Don't You Hear Me Calling (Eric)	Bathing beauty
RAY PHILIPS	Phips	"Holy socks"	Left handed	I'm Sitting on Top of the World	Champion typist
DORIS ANDERSON	Red	Ch heck!	Trig shark	No One Knows What a Red Head Mama Can Do	Matron of orphanage
MERLIN MILLER	Brick	"Fore"	Golf bug	Any Tee Today, Lady	Professional golfer
ELSIE LANMAN	"Els"	"Aw, Carl"	Singing	Who Takes Care of the Care-taker's Daughter	Mrs. Carl Nyström
JOHN KULLBERG	Socrates	"Tweet! Tweet!	Talking pictures	When My Sugar Walks Down the Street All the Birds Go Tweet, Tweet!	Photographer
RITA BURNETTE	Bita	Hang it	Dancing	I'm Going to Dance With the Guy That Brung Me Smiles	Preacher's wife
HELEN JOHNSON	Giggles	Ha! Ha!	Curly hair	"Lonesome"	Seamstress
PEARL HUSSIAN	Pearl	Gosh	Giggling	"It's Nice to be Short and Stocky, But It's Nicer to be Tall and Thin"	Farmer's wife
LUCYD WERNER	"Lanky"	Ch gosh!	Tall	When You and I Were Young Maggie	Electrician
MARGARET SARKISIAN	Maggie	Daen it	Piano Playing	In a Little Spanish Town	Saleswoman
MANFORD CARLSON	Man	"Cupumba"	Greased hair	Work for the Night is Coming	Spanish teacher
ROSALIE ANDERSON	Rose	"Ch"	Studying	That Old Gang of Mine	Dean of girls
LUCILLE LARSON	Lulla	Let's go!	Weakness for boys	I Got Myself Somebody to Love	Nurse
DORIS MERCER	"Dot"	"Ch, Rudy"	Primping	Somebody Loves Me	Carpenter's wife
RUDOLPH HULLBLOOM	Rudy	"Ch, Dots"	Yellow hair	Red Lips—Kiss My Blues Away	Carpenter
HELEN HARKLERVAD	Helen	For heaven's sake	Jazzy Jane	Hand Me Down My Walking Shoe	Movie star
JOHN BAKER	Bake	Look-at-me	Athletic	"Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight"	U. C. coach
HELEN PETERSON	Pete	"Boy Howdy"	Laughing	Pal of My Cradle Days	Old maid
RAY WARREN	Dud	"By crucky"	Raising pigs	Among My Souvenirs	Pig Judge
EVELYN SEWARD	Lottie	"Fiddlesticks"	Chattersome	Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses	Millionaire's wife
MYRON ANDERSON	Barb	"I guess so"	Optimistic		Mechanic



Class Will

We, the members of the Senior class of 1928, are quickly nearing the close of our school days in dear old K. H. S. This being the case, we now draw up our last will and testament, bequeathing to the lower classmen, some of our outstanding characteristics and personal traits.

- I, Bernice Bush, will my handwriting to Ruth Cosgrave.
- I, Doris Anderson, bequeath my red hair to Rosemary Veazey.
- I, Helen Johnson, bequeath my ability to "check-in" books to Dorothy Stokes.
- I, Arthur Johnson, leave my love for aviation to Lloyd Rudholm, in hopes that he will become a second Lindbergh.
- I, Eric Jewell, will my ability to remember all appointments (especially Little Theatre meetings) to Frances Hall.
- I, Archie Challstrom, will my height to Gregory Begosian.
- I, Margaret Sarkisian, will my ability to play the piano to Margaret Waldon.
- I, Allan Fink, will my dignity to Pauline Swedell.
- I, Val Hamilton, will my excellent school spirit to Hazel Sawyers.
- I, Pearl Hussian, will two inches of the length of my dress to Henrietta Tegelberg.
- I, Mabel Munson, bequeath my position as student body secretary to Lorraine Soderman.
- I, Viola Peterson, will my "peroxide blond" to Alice Anne Peterson.
- I, Herbert Wigh, bequeath my speedy speech to Marian Morine.
- I, Grace Hussian, will my long hair to Kate Thrower.
- I, Ora Bollinger, will my size to Ollie Webster.
- I, Orval Dean, will my ability to play ball to Luverne Peterson.
- I, Helen Harkleroad, leave my giggles to Elsie Palm.
- I, Rudolph Hillblom, will my position as "handy man" to the physics sharks to Eugene Nelson.
- I, Helen Peterson, leave my good nature to Alene Nelson.
- I, Dorothy Condray, will my love for Clara Bow to Esther Larson.
- I, Ray Phillips, bequeath my typing ability to La Verne Wilson.
- I, Elsie Samuelson, bequeath my memory to Evelyn Johnson.
- I, Merlin Miller, bequeath my golf clubs to Vivian Davis.
- I, Opal Woods, will my water wave combs to Mae Johnson, hoping that she may use them as much as I do.
- I, Paul Carlson, will my love for the girls to Stanley Johnson.
- I, Millicent Peterson, will my ability to get on the Honor Society to Elizabeth Sundstrom.
- I, John Kullberg, leave my position as "Viking" photographer to Hazel Olsen.
- I, Rita Burnett, bequeath my flirting and vamping ways to Doris Swenson.
- I, Lucille Larson, bequeath my love for dancing to Einar Johnson.
- I, John Baker, will my skill in throwing the discus to Vera Sphar.
- I, Rosalie Anderson, will my ability to concentrate to Ted Christianson.
- I, Lloyd Werner, will my flirting abilities to Eugene Danell.
- I, Mabel Heilman, bequeath my curls to Virginia Mackey.



- 1. Hazel Roberts, will my lipstick to Mae Rosander.
- 1. Marvin Taylor, will my position as Ag Fair King to Harry Ternquist.
- 1. Myron Anderson, will my winsome smile to Florence Johnson.
- 1. Verne Venable, bequeath my inclination toward farming to John Warren.
- 1. Violet Strid, bequeath my athletic ability to Grace Wilson.
- 1. Arnold Nelson, leave my practice of nightly trips to Fresno to Arnold Hillblom, in hopes that he will enjoy them as much as I have.
- 1. Georgia Carter, bequeath my queenly carriage to Elizabeth Olson.
- 1. Hanley Sundstrom, bequeath my dramatic ability to Roger Carlson, hoping that he may be the leading character in the senior play of 1929.
- 1. Manford Carlson, will my bottle of stacomb to Howard Curtis.
- 1. Elsie Linman, will my ability to sing to Louise Colussi.
- 1. Hildur Olson, will my excessive height to Irving Westlund.
- 1. Doris Mercer, will my pleasant smile to Gladys Westlund.
- 1. Le Roy Gustafson, will my diversified abilities to Clarence Anderson.
- 1. Evelyn Seaward, will my dimples to Evelyn Benson.
- 1. Olga Wildermuth, will my love for the city of Porterville to Ruth Anderson.
- 1. Dorothy Bostrom, bequeath my fear of explosions in chemistry to Alvin Thorell.

We, the Senior Class of 1928 of Kingsburg High School, maintain and affirm the foregoing to be our last will and testament and we place our seal upon it and subject it to no further changes.

—EVELYN SEAWARD, '28.





Juniors

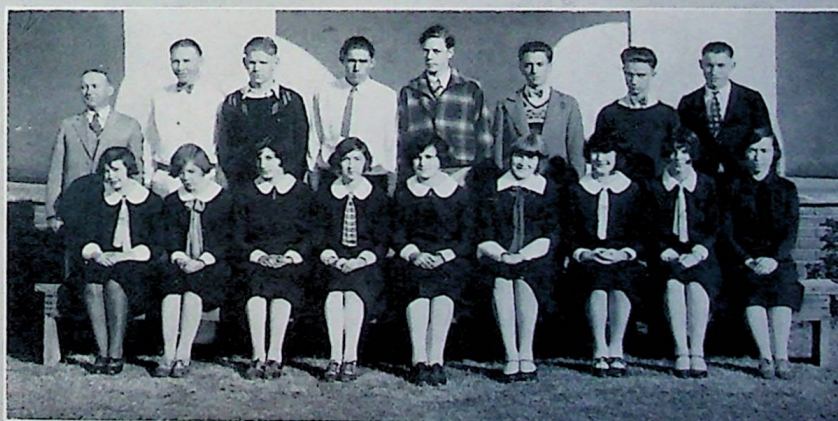
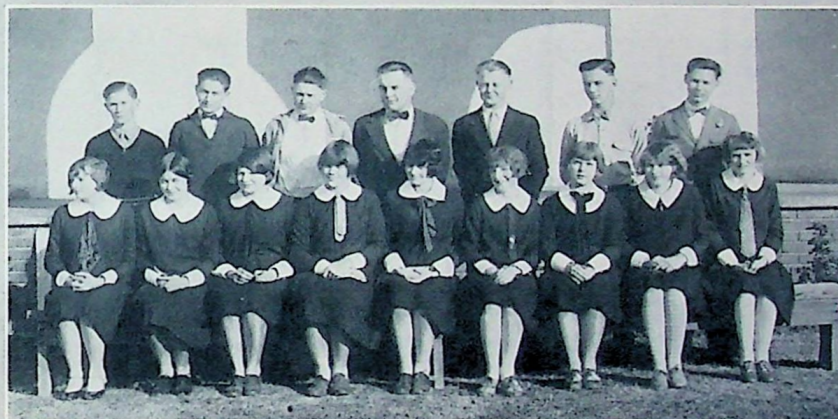
President	Harry Ternquist
Vice-President	Eugene Dandel
Secretary	Romaine Onca
Treasurer	Eugene Nelson
Program Chairman	Gladys Kneeland
Reporter	Ruth Sandstrom
Annual Editor	LaVerne Wilson


Minutes read and approved; and what have the Juniors done?
 They've given the high school a lot of fame, and themselves a lot of fun;
 They've supported every enterprise and come out way ahead,
 They even curbed the seniors when they painted Kingsburg red.
 They've given a real party, held somewhere down in Traver,
 A masquerade, with pumpkin pie, and cider to give it flavor;
 And talking of eating, seniors still marvel unrestrained
 At the Junior-Senior Banquet when the Juniors entertained.
 And—our auditorium's spacious, and it usually supplies
 Ample room for spectators with open mouth and eyes
 But they needed extra standing room, and still a lot were barred
 When the Juniors gave the play, "End of the Line," and Hazel Olsen starred.
 When March came round, the Juniors were bound to go to snow
 So they took the Fords and a tractor or two and sallied for Camp Monroe,
 Where Ervin Lovén cracked his voice, and Bill M. cracked his legs
 And someone cracked the phonograph and the rest cracked hardboiled eggs.
 Then spring came round with added heat and drowsiness of mind
 But it didn't harm the Juniors though others fell behind
 They had pep, and Frances Hall for queen; and still the Freshies tell
 Of how the Juniors rallied to the Ag Fair and Carnival.
 Minutes read and approved; and what have the Juniors done?
 They've given the school a lot of fame, and themselves a lot of fun.
 They've made a name, folks'll remember, long after their members are old,
 The class of the Green and the White, that supported the Green and Gold.

The guides behind the front that gave the big parade its punch, were Mr. Buchanan and Miss Newbecker; like Rickard managing his prize fighters, they had a hard job but they did it keen. The class says thanks.

—LAVERNE WILSON '29.







Sophomores

Motto:
ROWING; NOT DRIFTING

Class Colors
RED AND WHITE

<i>President</i>	<i>Stanley Anderson</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Barbara Catlin</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Bernice Anderson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Elsie Palm</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Louise Colussi</i>
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	<i>Eleanor Swanson</i>
<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Harold Renfrou</i>
<i>"Viking" Reporter</i>	<i>Roberta Buchanan</i>
<i>Advisors</i>	<i>Miss Kraeger, Mr. Henderson</i>

The class of '30 is proud of being a very versatile class. This year has left us with a record of which we need not be ashamed. Each six weeks we have had several members in the Honor Society. Our class is represented in the "Little Theater" by many of our classmates. We have Sophomores on the basketball, baseball, football, and volleyball teams of our school.

We are growing closer and closer together in class and school spirit and as a result the Sophomore party was the best of our parties so far and our picnic at Lake Sequoia was a huge success.

The Sophomores won the brawl between the Sophomores and Freshmen and the Sophomore-Senior football game was a tie.


We also are proud to state that one of our representatives, Florence Johnson, won second place in the spelling contest and we also earned the cup for the most unusual entries in the Fair and Carnival parade.

We wish to thank Miss Kraeger and Mr. Henderson, our advisors to whom much of our success is due.

—ROBERTA BUCHANAN '30.







Freshmen

Colors:
YELLOW AND WHITE

<i>President</i>	<i>Roy Johnston</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Clarence Hillblom</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Evelyn Benson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Everett Nelson</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Ada O'Neal</i>
<i>Reporter</i>	<i>Lennis Dahlstrom</i>
<i>Yell Leader</i>	<i>Gregory Begosian</i>
<i>Advisors</i>	<i>Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Smith</i>

On September 19, 1927, school opened with 96 Freshmen enrolled. On September 30 the "freshies" gathered at the school to be initiated into K. H. S. We were taken to the music room where the dignified Seniors painted us with our class numerals and dipped our hair in paste. After each Freshie took part in the program we were treated to eats. The initiates were sent home with their hair stiff with paste.

During the latter part of the first semester, the Freshmen enjoyed themselves at a party held in the sewing room.

In March the "Freshies" journeyed to Lake Sequoia for their picnic. After enjoying themselves tobogganing, snow balling and boat riding a hot lunch was served by the drivers. Many Freshmen hiked to General Grant's. On returning they went home.

The Freshman class placed second in the Fair and Carnival parade. The Kingsburg airport entry displayed by Clarence Wigh won first place.

Both boys and girls were well represented in athletics and won many honors.

The members of the Freshman class hope to return the coming year as dignified Sophomores.

—EVELYN BENSON '31.





Alumni

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

(Editor's Note: This essay on the development of transportation was given in 1916 as a commencement address by Ernest Peterson, an alumnus of Kingsburg High School. It is very pertinent to the theme of the annual and shows that transportation has improved in the last twelve years).

Since the time when man was driven forth from the Garden of Eden he has carried different things from one place to another; the child in his arms and a club in his hand for protection. From these primitive beginnings the great systems of transportation have been developed.


Travel and transportation are related to every art and to almost every activity of man. It is by means of travel and transportation that the people of one locality are made acquainted with the people and products of other territories. Men's wants have increased so that now endless goings and carryings bind together the trades and occupations of a community, making the farmer, the merchant, mechanic, and the artist all dependent upon one another. Transportation and commerce have always been the chief promoters of civilization and in the twentieth century they bind the nation together in a closely interlocked union.

Man was the first beast of burden and even today men are employed as carriers in all countries. They are necessary where other means of transportation have not been developed. And their employment is economical in regions so densely populated that labor is cheap, as in certain portions in China and Japan. In these countries and among uncivilized tribes this form of carrying has become a fine art. Burdens are carried on the head and shoulders by means of many different devices.

When man began to domesticate animals, one of their first uses was in transportation. Man soon learned that the domesticated animals could transport articles much more easily than he could himself. The animals most commonly used as beasts of burden are the ox, camel, donkey, yak, elephant, llama, and the horse. Each of these animals predominates in the locality where he thrives best, and can be most economically used.

Long before the use of domesticated animals, paths and roads were common. The first highways were footpaths over which men walked in single file. They began to be formed as soon as men began to travel and were gradually developed with the use of the pack animals and the invention of the different kinds of vehicles.

Even in ancient times, good roads were built. The extensive system of roads perfected by Alexander the Great, in 325 B. C. "set the world a-mixing." Among the ancient nations the Romans were the most noted builders of roads. They regarded these highways as of vital importance for the maintenance of their empire. The Appian Way built by the Romans in 315 B. C. was so excellent in construction that sections of the road are still in good repair. The roads gradually decayed with the fall of Rome and naturally civilization was also retarded. Then for a thousand years or more the roads were extremely bad. In 1800 two engineers, Telford and Macadam, in England, invented new methods of building good roads, and highway construction improved rapidly. In America the question of good roads came to be of vital importance during the war of



1812 when a blockade virtually closed all our seaports and the people were compelled to find some means of inland transportation between the chief centers of trade. To meet this emergency lines of freight wagons were soon established. The introduction of these freight wagons into American trade is of historical importance because it was the forerunner of the prairie schooner which was so extensively used in our westward expansion. Although our national government early recognized the importance of good roads, for military as well as for transportation purposes, it was not until 1906 that any formal attempt at road building was made. While the U. S. is ahead of some of the great nations in the leading industries and in the construction and maintenance of railroads, she is far behind those countries in the construction and maintenance of common roads. We are accredited with having the poorest roads of any large civilized nation. Much of the money and labor expended upon our roads instead of going into permanent improvements, is invested in repairs which at best can endure but a short time. In this way millions of dollars are wasted yearly. So long as these conditions continue but little can be hoped for in the way of permanent progress.

Someone has truly said, "The most important element which lies at the root and beginning of a nation's progress, and that which is indeed the greatest part of the foundation of a country's civilization is a system of good roads. Roads are the veins and arteries by means of which the circulation of the social body is carried on. Where they are clogged, the march of civilization is retarded." Perhaps the strongest influence leading to better roads has been that exerted by the farmers.

One of the results of the advent of the bicycle was the appeal for better roads. When the popularity of the bicycle began to wane, the automobile appeared, and it is causing a still more strenuous demand for better roads. The latest development in road transportation is seen in the perfection of the auto trucks.

Even the modern railway is merely an improvement on the common wagon road. The railroad originated in England from the tram cars used to haul coal from the mines. First, wooden rails were used as early as 1672 and then iron rails were substituted. Horses were used to draw the cars. Then the steam engine was invented and in 1829 the first successful locomotive was perfected. The success of the steam railways was then assured.

In the early railroads of the United States the passenger coaches were merely stage coaches mounted on wheels that would run on rails. What a contrast to the modern passenger trains which are virtually palaces on wheels! However, many unthinkable difficulties were surmounted before the railway system was perfected as it is today.

In all ages the sea has been the highway of nations, and long before the invention of the steam engine, the science of navigation had reached a high degree of perfection.

Every tribe in the human race which has lived near some navigable body of water has had some sort of a vessel in which they could float upon the water. The simplest boat was the log, then the raft and then probably the dug out. Naturally the earliest sea-faring nations were those whose countries bordered upon some large body of water, i. e. the Phoenicians, the Greeks and the Romans were by far the most important among these nations of antiquity.

Just when sails were first used is unknown. The earliest record of a large ship is found in the Bible where Noah is given instructions for building the ark. However



strange it may seem the relative proportions of length, breadth and depth for the ark are practically the same as those found in modern ships of the most approved type.

Under the Phoenicians and Romans ship-building and transportation upon the ocean made considerable progress. The Norse people were the first nation to become interested in navigating the open ocean, and the history tells us that they visited the shores of North America nearly five hundreds years before Columbus.

Previous to the time when Columbus made his celebrated voyage, the compass and other inventions were made in the nautical science. Then Spain and France who led in the building of ships and navigating the high seas, were the foremost in exploring America. After much more progress in the art of shipbuilding the steamship was invented by Robert Fulton, and in due time the steamship was made better and better. Then steamship companies formed such as the Cunard and White Star Lines. These steamship companies have gigantic ships such as the Lusitania, with a length of 790 feet and an average speed of 25 miles per hour, and the Titanic 890 feet long and 92 feet wide. The hardships involved in crossing the ocean fifty years ago can hardly be imagined when we today cross the Atlantic in about five days in large ships which are luxuriously appointed and supplied with every device and convenience which modern science and ingenuity can contrive for the safety and comfort of the passengers.

In the United States inland waterways such as the Great Lakes are also a great aid to transportation. Canals, too, are numerous. In 1761 the first extensive canal was opened in England. In the following years a great number of canals have been completed affording an easy and cheap way for the transportation for goods and connecting many inland districts. Some canals especially worthy of notice are the Erie, Saulte Sainte Marie, Suez and the Panama canals.

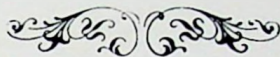
There is still another mode of transportation, namely that of carrying passengers and goods through the air. Man is born with the desire to conquer all the forces of Nature and it has ever been his ambition to navigate the air. "Birds can fly, why not I?" The balloon was the first successful device for navigating the air. The first balloons were made in China in the fourteenth century. In 1783 a successful balloon was perfected in Paris, hydrogen gas being used. The greatest objection to the balloon is that its course cannot be controlled by the aeronaut. So the balloon has given way to the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane. The dirigible or Zeppelin is a huge cigar shaped balloon propelled by a motor. The aeroplane is heavier than air and must be sustained in flight by upward pressure of the atmosphere against its planes. The perfection of a machine heavier than air has required years of persistent effort and the highest degree of scientific and inventive skill. The first successful heavier than air machine was perfected by the Wright brothers in 1903.

All aeroplanes are constructed according to one of two general plans, the biplane with two planes and the monoplane with only one plane. For high speed, quick and graceful movements and beauty, the monoplane excels, but for stability and carrying a heavier load, the biplane is generally preferred. The hydroplane is only a modification of the monoplane so that it can light and rise from the water. Each year sees the aeroplane brought to a higher degree of perfection; and it is not unreasonable to expect that in the near future the navigation of the air will become safe and practical.





Thus we see that the distances and barriers of the mountains, of the deserts and of the oceans have been overcome by railways, highways, waterways, and that the air itself, now offers no resistance as a rapid and promising means of transportation. At all times commerce and the means of carrying it on has been the greatest promoter of civilization. Today the means of transportation have become an imperative, economic necessity.



Seniors

*We seniors now are going
Out on life's highways alone—
To fill our niche in God's great plan
And to gain fortunes of our own.*

*Give us, oh Father, strength to climb
O'er rocks so rugged, far and nigh,
And help each one of us to bring,
Fame and honor to Kingsburg High.*

—EVELYN SEAWARD, '28.



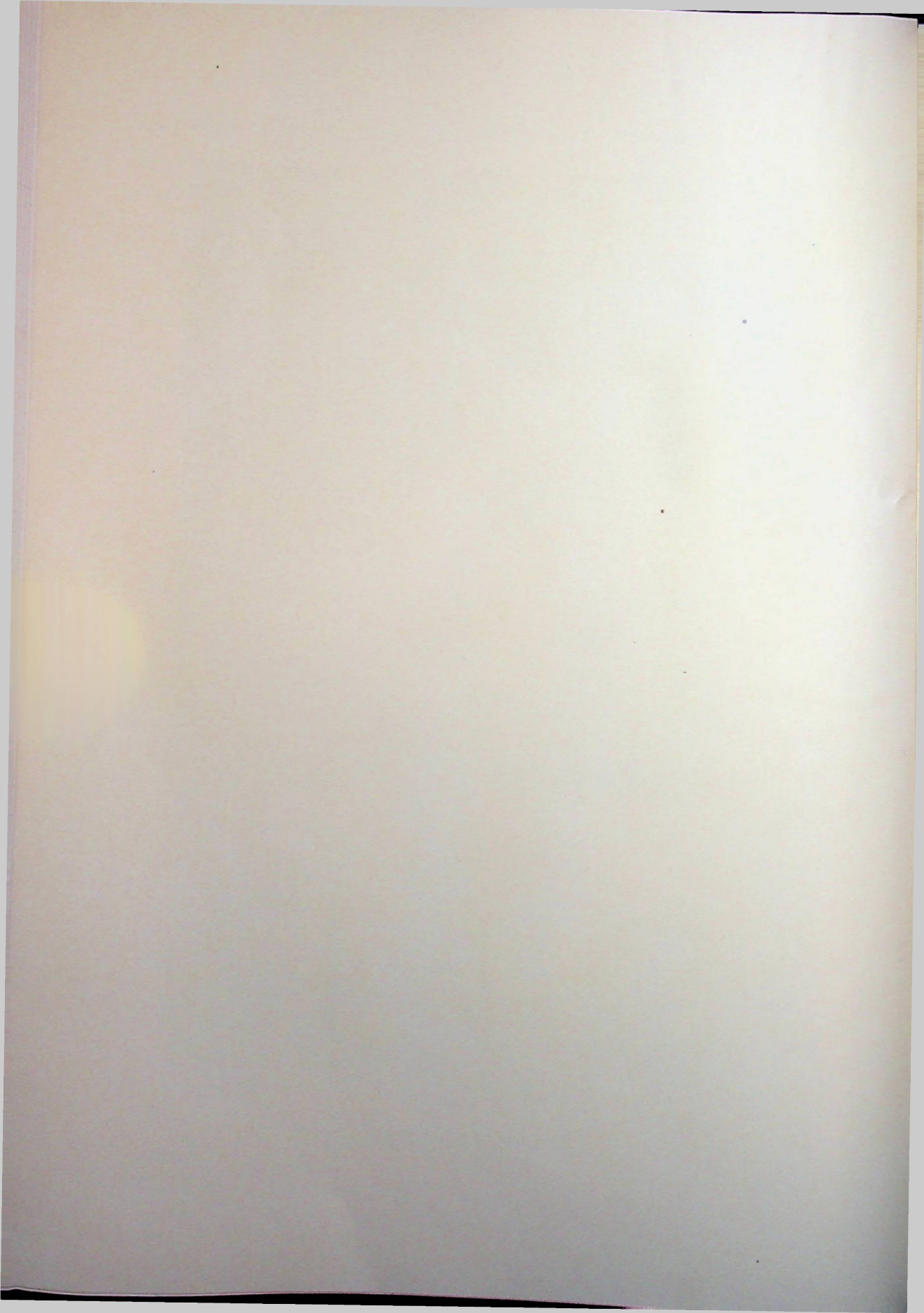


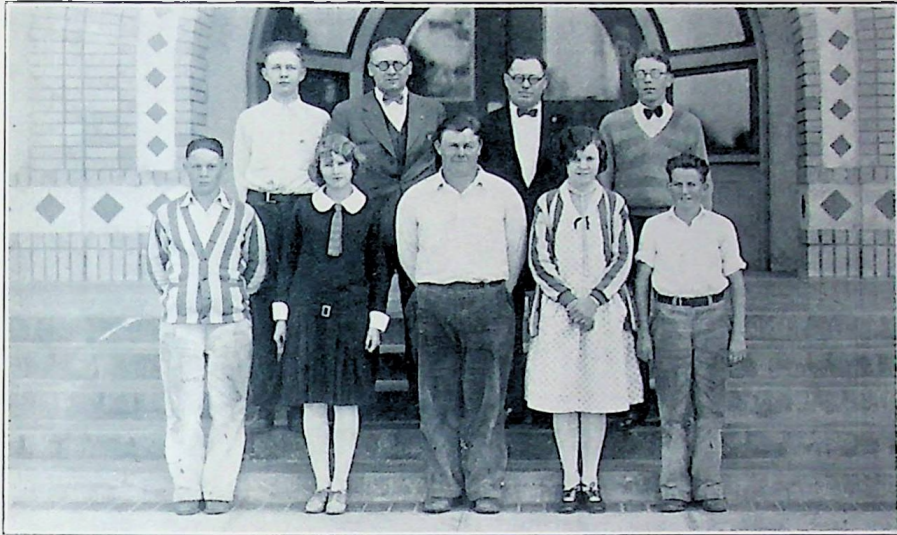
SCHOOL ——— SCENES





Organizations





Student Body

<i>President</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Millicent Peterson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Mabel Munson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>John Kullberg</i>
<i>Bus. Mgr. and Purch. Mgr.</i>	<i>Valentine Hamilton</i>
<i>Stage Manager and Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Myron Anderson</i>
<i>Yell Leader</i>	<i>Harold Renfrow</i>
<i>Song Leader</i>	<i>Elsie Linman.</i>

Under the direction of capable officers ably supported by students and faculty a successful year has again terminated for that important organization, the student body.

The much anticipated "Frosh Reception" at which the freshmen were treated to paste supplemented by delicious refreshments, marked the first student body activity.

A lyceum course consisting of two lectures and a series of pictures was skillfully managed by the regular program committee. Very commendable programs have been rendered throughout the year. This was partly due to the fact that meetings were held every week alternating programs and business sessions at meetings.

One of the most important undertakings of the Student Body was to secure bleachers for the athletic field. The proceeds of the Ag Fair and Student Body Carnival paid for these.

Both the boys and girls have made enviable records in sports. A football boys' and volleyball girls' luncheon was given in appreciation of good work. Deserved rewards were guaranteed to students having earned them by a revision of Article VII of the Constitution.

A most interesting and unusual experience was afforded Kingsburgers when the Fresno County Track Meet was held here May 12.

The above enterprises have all filled their little niche in making this a worthwhile Student Body year.

MABEL MUNSON, '28.





Honor Society

Motto:

"SCHOLARSHIP FOR SERVICE"

<i>President</i>	<i>Rosalie Anderson</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Bernice Bush</i>
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	<i>Mabel Munson, Hazel Olsen</i>
<i>Publicity Manager</i>	<i>Ruth Anderson, Frances Hall</i>
<i>Advisors</i>	<i>Miss Thompson, Miss Bishop</i>

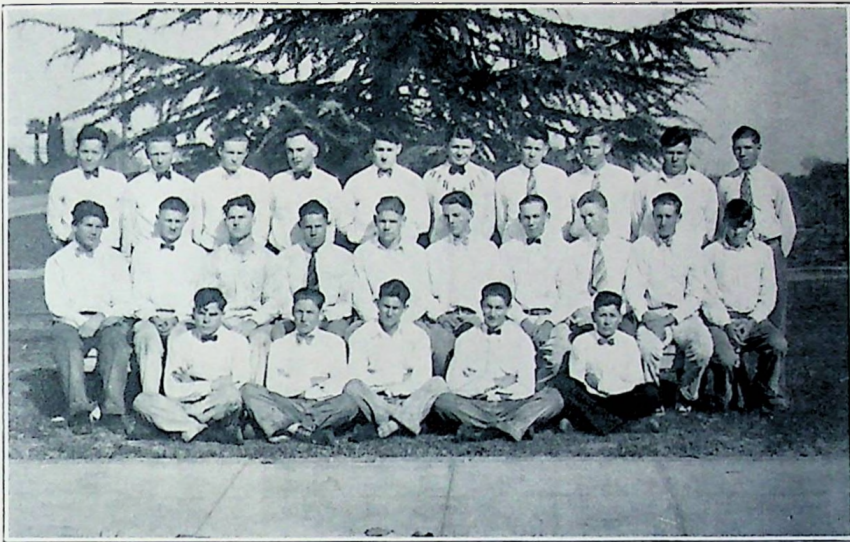
Kingsburg High School was admitted to the California Scholarship Federation in 1924 and the organization has been growing and improving ever since.

This year two members, Millicent Peterson and Rosalie Anderson, have earned the right to wear the Federation pin and to have the Federation seal on their diplomas by gaining membership in the society three-fourths of their time in high school, one semester of which was in the senior year.

The Kingsburg chapter sent four delegates, Millicent Peterson, Gladys Kneeland, Helen Gunnarson and Mrs. Thompson to the C. S. F. convention at San Diego in December. The spring convention was held in Sacramento and Kingsburg was represented by Millicent Peterson, Rosalie Anderson, Roberta Buchanan, Louise Colussi and both of the advisors.

The social event of this year was an echo of the San Diego convention.

The society wishes to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Thompson and Miss Bishop for their enthusiasm and untiring efforts in making the Honor Society a success.



Hi-Y

<i>President</i>	<i>John Baker</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Paul Carlson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Arthur Johnson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Myron Anderson</i>
<i>Reporter</i>	<i>Clyde Kneeland</i>
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>
<i>Leader</i>	<i>Elmore Peterson</i>

Another successful year for the Hi-Y under the able leadership of Elmore (Pedro) Peterson has passed into history.

The Hi-Y program for the past year has been a very active one for the Kingsburg organization. First there was the Berkeley State Conference to which Kingsburg sent four delegates, Arthur Johnson, Paul Carlson, Everett Nelson and Irving Hard, the latter two representing the Junior Hi-Y. During institute week John Baker and Arthur Johnson spent several days at the Hi-Y conference in Montezuma. Some time later there was a Y. M. C. A. meeting at Fowler at which Kingsburg had the largest attendance of all the clubs. Previous to the Fowler conference the Hi-Y Club had their yearly outing in the snow at Lake Sequoia. The trip started on February 11 and lasted for two days. Last but not least was the Hi-Y "Woman Party" which proved to be the big event of the year.

The Hi-Y made several notable accomplishments during the past year, mainly starting a Junior Hi-Y, staging a Mothers' Nite and Dads' Nite and sponsoring a booth at the Ag. Fair and Carnival.

—CLYDE KNEELAND '22



S. S. Forensics

<i>Captain</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Galley Chief</i>	<i>Mabel Munson</i>
<i>Gunner's Mate</i>	<i>Evelyn Seaward</i>
<i>Purser</i>	<i>Myron Anderson</i>
<i>Cabin Boy</i>	<i>Doris Anderson</i>

It was on September 20, 1927, that the good ship, S. S. Forensic set sail upon the sea of journalism and public speaking for a nine months' cruise. The sixteen brave and gallant sailors with their willingness to learn and to work have successfully sailed over the billowy waves of short and long speeches and of memorized and extemporaneous speeches. They even explored into the deep and dark waters of oratory when each one prepared and gave a ten minute oration on the Constitution. One exceedingly good orator was found, namely Eric Jewell, whose oration, "The Constitution, the Protecting Hand of Freedom," brought fame and honor, both to the school and himself.

Not only has the S. S. Forensic been successful in public speaking but it has also braved the roaring tide of journalism. The "Viking News" has been distributed weekly, free of charge to the students for the third successive year. This has only been due to the hearty co-operation of the merchant advertisers of Kingsburg.

On Wednesday evening, January 25th, the usually quiet, orderly and law-abiding sailors turned pirates and set sail upon a "Treasure Hunt." Dressed as the daring pirates of old, they followed up clues until they arrived at the home of Rosalie Anderson, where they spent the remainder of the evening.

It is only because of the able assistance and untiring efforts of our friend and coach, Mr. R. R. Reukema, that the crew has bravely weathered and conquered the storms of this great voyage.

—EVELYN SEAWARD '28.



VIKING NEWS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1934 KINGSBURG JOINT UNION HIGH SCHOOL VOL. III, NUMBER 14

Viking Debaters Are Victorious

HARD TIMES PARTY IS SOCIAL AFFAIR OF SPANISH CLUB

Good Time is Enjoyed by All Those Present
A very good time was enjoyed by the members of the Spanish Club last Friday night, January 15, at the high school. A "hard times" Mexican, or Spanish, dress party was staged and many colorful and original costumes were displayed. A large percentage of the Spanish Club members turned out for the party which was held in the prettily decorated sewing room. This had been transformed into a beautiful "salon" decorated with the colors red and yellow.
Talk about a good time being had—ask the ones who played and enjoyed the game.

Kingsburg Teams Win Both Debates With Fowler High School

Capital Punishment and Imprisonment is Subject of Season
Kingsburg acted as the de- fendant in the de- bate of all times received. The decision was by a 3-2 margin.

HEAVYWEIGHT WIN IN FIRST LEAGUE GAME OF SEASON

Selma Players Victors In Other Two Games
The Selma basketball team managed to win two games on Friday, January 15. The lightweight of Kingsburg were completely outclassed by Selma. The Selma men were nearly all veterans and on the whole were a team played better than the Kingsburg team. I kept the Selma's score very low. They threw three three point shots. The Selma's was a game. The lack of the full branch was a shot easy and past. The Selma's was in the being the Page 11



On Men
of new me- rity was he- to the history. The fixed situation, stating of the single- eration songs, speeches by the ef- fects, and lighting of the signifi- cant yellow candles, was again per- formed. Instead of becoming unin- teresting, this form of imitation is more impressive each time and is becoming a tradition to be adhered to from now henceforth.
The following initiates were ad- mitted to membership in the Honor Society: Ethel Roosman, Hazel Ol- sen, Le Verna Wilson, Ruth Ander- son, and Hazel Vartanian.

Bleachers Arrive
The rest of this year's spring bleachers may be witnessed from the new bleachers on the sidewalk. Two sections of portable bleachers were delivered and set up last Thursday evening much to the pleasure of every student.
These bleachers are extremely de- corable, the frame work being con- structed of steel, and the seats of strong wood. Judging from the ap- pearance and past success of this type of bleacher at other schools we feel confident that every one will agree that the committee chose an enduring set of portable bleach- ers.





Masque and Scroll

<i>President</i>	<i>Frances Hall</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Le Roy Gustafson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Millicent Peterson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Hanley Sundstrom</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Clyde Kneeland</i>
<i>Advisor</i>	<i>Mr. R. R. Reukema</i>

The Masque and Scroll has apparently made no great contribution to the school this year. Yet it has gained experience which will enable it to accomplish much in the future, for it will be prepared to cope with any obstacle which may prevent the further development of the Masque and Scroll.

Since it was impossible for the Masque and Scroll to give its regular play, which has hitherto been an annual event, a program of one act plays was presented before the student body and proved an immense success, due mainly to the untiring efforts of Mr. Reukema, our advisor.

This organization brings about intense interest in dramatics and makes for the furthering and the development of higher dramatics in this high school. The Masque and Scroll is a society of which Kingsburg High is justly proud.

—FRANCES HALL '29.





Little Theatre

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>President</i> | <i>Eric Jewell</i> |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | <i>Hanley Sundstrom</i> |
| <i>Secretary</i> | <i>Frances Hall</i> |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | <i>Millicent Peterson</i> |
| <i>Advisor</i> | <i>Mr. R. R. Reukema</i> |


The Little Theatre has completed two years of successful work. It was organized last school year for the purpose of helping students develop their dramatic interests. This organization prepares members for the Masque and Scroll and is conducted under their supervision, which is considered the dramatic honor society of Kingsburg High School.

A great deal of interest has been shown and many students have joined, making a total membership of fifty-four.

This year's work has consisted chiefly in reading and discussing one-act plays.

—ELSIE SAMUELSON, '28.





Agricola Club

<i>President</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Bernice Bush</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Clyde Kneeland</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>William Munday</i>
<i>Viking Reporter</i>	<i>Olga Wildermuth</i>
<i>Advisors</i>	<i>Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Hudson</i>

This year the Ag Club has been one of the most outstanding of all clubs, with a membership of about sixty-five lively students who not only work hard but can enjoy a good time. This was proven at the Ag Club, Cooking Class snow trip to Big Stump Meadow.

The chief joy and aim of each member has been to serve his community as well as possible. This aim helps to "Keep Kingsburg Coming."

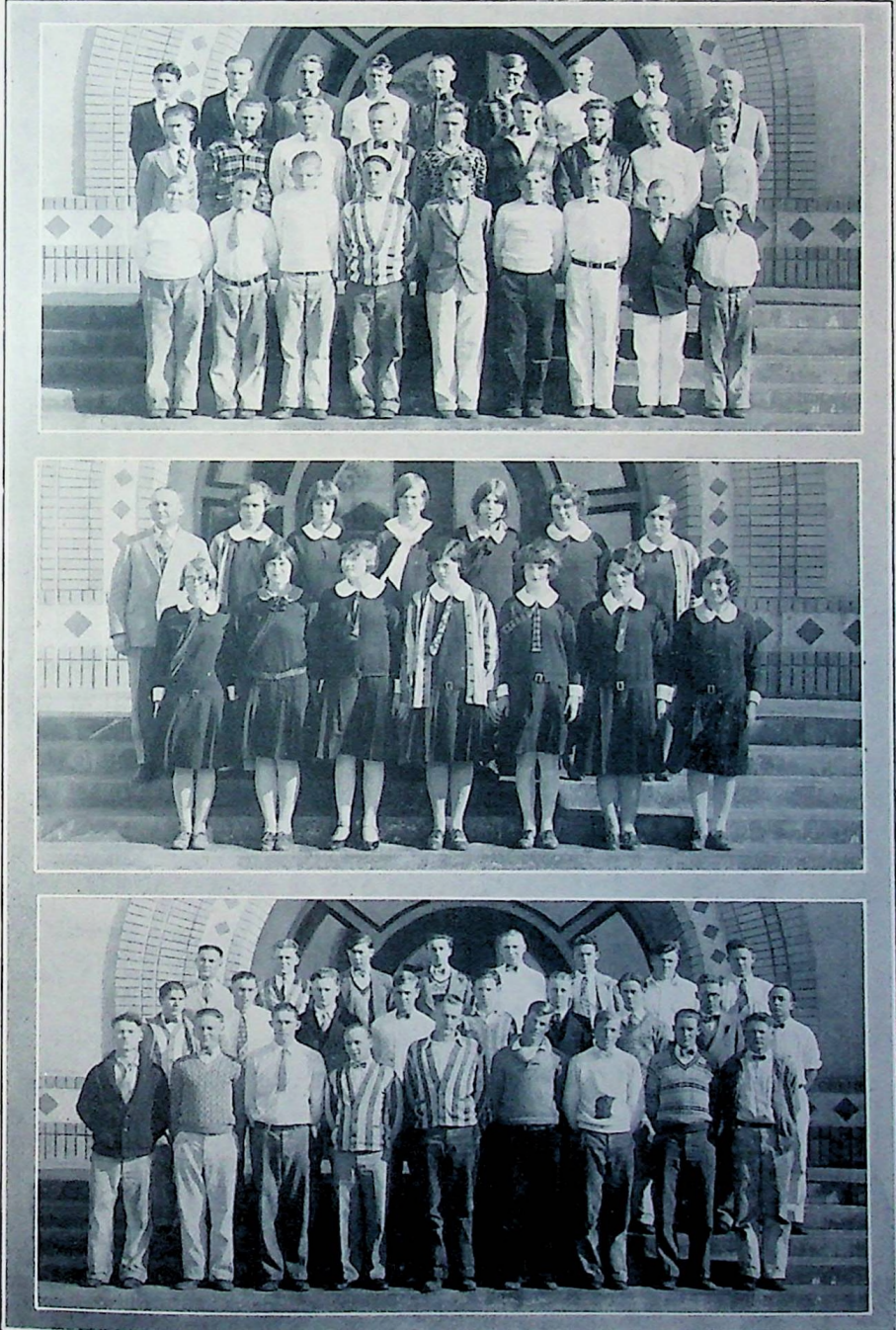
The Ag Club sponsored the Fair and Carnival giving all proceeds to the student body bleacher fund.

Information concerning farming, live stock and floriculture problems is gladly given at all times to those who desire it. All work done by the Ag Club is given to the people of Kingsburg free of charge.

The following is a brief survey of the club's services this year:

SERVICES RENDERED	BY CLASS IN—
Pruned, roses, shrubs and ornamentals Planted shrubs Budded roses Landscaped homes and public buildings Made tree survey of Kingsburg Propogated ornamentals	Landscape Gardening (girls)
Pruned vines and trees Budded and grafted vines, figs, peaches, walnuts, and citrus trees Tested soils	Horticulture
Tested milk and milk products Culled poultry Raised high grade stock	Animal Husbandry
Repaired cars and farm implements Made farm accessories	Farm Mechanics
Collected statistics of farm management (cost and production)	Farm Management Landscape Gardening (girls)







Girls' League

<i>President</i>	<i>Rosalie Anderson</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Opal Woods</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Ruth Sandstrom</i>	<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Ruth Anderson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Mabel Munson</i>	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Ora Bolinger</i>
<i>Advisors</i>		<i>Miss Truesdale, Miss Neubecker</i>	

The Girls' League heretofore known as the Girls' Forum has successfully completed another year of service.

For the benefit of the Freshman girls the Big Sister plan was again carried out.

A new constitution and a revised code constitute added improvements for the League.

November 5 proved an interesting day for about forty girls who attended the Annual Girls' League Convention at Madera and were privileged to hear a discussion of the activities of other Leagues.

A matter which had for some time been under discussion terminated in the wearing of neat winter uniforms this year.

On November 4, the first social affair, a costume party, was held. December 22 was another happy occasion when the girls gave a Children's Christmas Party. Christmas cheer baskets were gifts from the girls to less fortunate families.

On Play Day, April 17, the Kingsburg girls were hostesses to the girls of Fowler High School.

May 4 was the date of the Mother-Daughter Party at which the girls showed due respect to their mothers by preparing an evening of entertainment for them.

The Girls' League has worked hard to do its best. It has succeeded to some extent, yet many unsolved problems lay before. Let us wish for a bright future and many willing workers to carry on this good work in our school and community.

—MABEL MUNSON, '28.



Boys' Forum

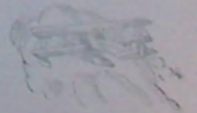
<i>President</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Paul Carlson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Ford Crawford</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Hauley Sundstrom</i>
<i>Advisors</i>	<i>Mr. Bungler, Mr. Catlin</i>

Although the Boys' Forum is an organization whose purpose is to promote good spirit and inspire its members to higher goals, it is with sorrow that we state that due to no one individual's fault, it has fallen short of its goal this year.

Meetings were held once a month in the auditorium, with the president presiding each time. The programs were irregular, but what programs there were were worthy of high consideration. Topics of interest to boys were discussed, to their great advantage.

From the experience gained this year, however, it is sure that in years to come the Boys' Forum will be an organization justly entitled to its name.

—ERIC JEWELL '28.





El Club Espanol

<i>President</i>	<i>Lorraine Soderman</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Ruby Jonson</i>
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	<i>Elsie Palm</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Stanley Anderson</i>
<i>Reporter</i>	<i>Manford Carlson</i>
<i>Advisor</i>	<i>Mrs. Signe Thompson</i>

El Club Espanol is composed of members having had two or more years of Spanish. The club has quite a large membership, there being about twenty-five members this year.

The club members of the Spanish II class have held programs once every six weeks in the Spanish language which have been very helpful and interesting.

The whole club staged a Spanish hard times party during the latter part of the first semester. Near the close of the school term the club had a picnic at Mooney Grove. A good time is always in order at the Spanish club affairs.

—MANFORD CARLSON '28.



Circulus Latinus

<i>President</i>	<i>Eleanor Swanson</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Louise Colussi</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Mabel Munson</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Eva Satterberg</i>

The Latin Club is an ever-growing organization made up of students who have had more than one year of Latin. This year there were twenty-five members all but seven of whom were taking their second year of language.

In addition to several special meetings, regular meetings were held once each six weeks. At these very interesting programs consisting of such numbers as would tend to increase one's knowledge of ancient Rome as well as entertain were rendered.

January 6 was a red letter day for the members of the club as a pleasant social event, a New Year's party, was held at school. Later in the year the Latin Club in conjunction with the Spanish Club enjoyed a pleasant picnic outing.

May this club continue to grow as it has done heretofore not only in membership but in usefulness as well.

—MABEL MUNSON '28.





Boys' "K" Club

<i>President</i>	<i>Myron Anderson</i>
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	<i>Eugene Nelson</i>
<i>Historian</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Advisor</i>	<i>Mr. Bungler</i>

The boys' "K" Club has had many social events during this school term. The first was a dove hunt which terminated in a tasty dove stew and a pleasant social hour at the home of Mr. Bungler.

A short time later the "K" Club boys were hosts to their girl friends. This social affair was also held at the home of Coach Bungler and was reported as being the most enjoyable party held in the history of the club.

The girls' "K" Club gave the members of the "K" Club a very pleasant picnic. This was held at Meoney's Grove one afternoon and evening.

Some real work was done by the "K" Club during the county track meet held at Kingsburg. The boys were given the sole right to sell ice cream, candy, etc., and in turn did their utmost to make the meet a success.

—EUGENE NELSON '29.





Girls' "K" Club

<i>President</i>	<i>Georgia Carter</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Viola Peterson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Frances Hall</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Hazel Olsen</i>
<i>Advisor</i>	<i>Miss Truesdale</i>

The girls' "K" Club, a recently organized club, started this year with an enrollment of fifteen members. However before the end of the term several new members were initiated.

On March 8 th Girls' "K" Club entertained the Boys' "K" Club with a picnic at Mooney's Grove, where a good time was had by all. The Girls "K" Club also helped sponsor the Fowler-Kingsburg Play Day held the afternoon of April 17 at which the girls of the Kingsburg High School acted as hostesses to the Fowler girls.

—VIOLET STRID '28.





Vivace Glee Club

<i>President</i>	<i>Frances Hall</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Roberta Buchanan</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Alice Anne Peterson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Helen Hanan</i>
<i>Librarian</i>	<i>Harriet Jensen</i>
<i>Advertising-Manager</i>	<i>Lela Sherman</i>
<i>Yell Leader</i>	<i>Henrietta Tegelberg</i>
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Marie Jensen</i>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<i>Esther Larson</i>
<i>Director</i>	<i>Mr. Cain</i>

The Vivace Glee Club began the year's work very enthusiastically. They immediately elected officers and began work.

At the public school program in the high school—they sang a number of songs.

The operetta, "Tulip Time," was given by the combined glee clubs the latter part of December. It was a comedy with a Dutch setting and was very well received.

In January the combined glee clubs presented an appreciation program which was very well attended.

The club entered in the music contest at Parlier for the limited chorus but lost to Fowler.

The Vivace Glee wishes to thank Mrs. Peterson and Mr. Cain for their untiring efforts in making the club a success.

—MAE PETERSON, '30.

"TULIP TIME"


The operetta, "Tulip Time," was presented in the high school auditorium by the combined glee clubs, Thursday, December 22.

The cast was as follows:

<i>Hans, a young Dutch apprentice</i>	<i>Martelle Funderburgh</i>
<i>Aunt Anna, Christina's guardian</i>	<i>Frances Hall</i>
<i>Katinka, a village maiden</i>	<i>Alice Anne Peterson</i>
<i>Hendrick Van Ooster, Burgomaster of Osendorf</i>	<i>William Boyle</i>
<i>Christina, a charming Dutch girl</i>	<i>Hazel Kaiser</i>
<i>Theophilus McSpindle, an authority on botany</i>	<i>Le Roy Gustafson</i>
<i>Ned Baxter, an American college student</i>	<i>Everett Nelson</i>
<i>Dick Warren, a fellow student of Ned</i>	<i>Lennis Dahlstrom</i>







Los Trovadores

<i>Instructor</i>	<i>L. B. Cain</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Arthur Johnson</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Winfred Nelson</i>
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	<i>Reuben Linman</i>
<i>Business-Advertising Manager</i>	<i>Raymond Phillips</i>
<i>Librarian</i>	<i>Hollis Dablstrom</i>
<i>Yell Leader</i>	<i>Everett Nelson</i>

The boys' glee club, Los Trovadores, started the year with twenty-five members under the able direction of Mr. Cain, with Mrs. Petersen as our accompanist.


The annual operetta was given on December 22 with the aid of the Vivace Club. The success of the operetta was due to the able, energetic direction and coaching of Mr. Cain and Mr. Reukema, and also to the splendid spirit of co-operation which existed between the clubs.

Immediately after the operetta, the glee clubs started practice on their contest music. On March 16 they went to the preliminary contest at Parlier and the boys won first prize, which was a pennant, being entered in the limited boys' glee. The song that was sung was "Marching Song for America."

On March 30 Los Trovadores journeyed to Fresno for the finals. There they placed second, which didn't discourage them at all, but made them resolve to do better next year. They also sang numerous times at different programs during a year.

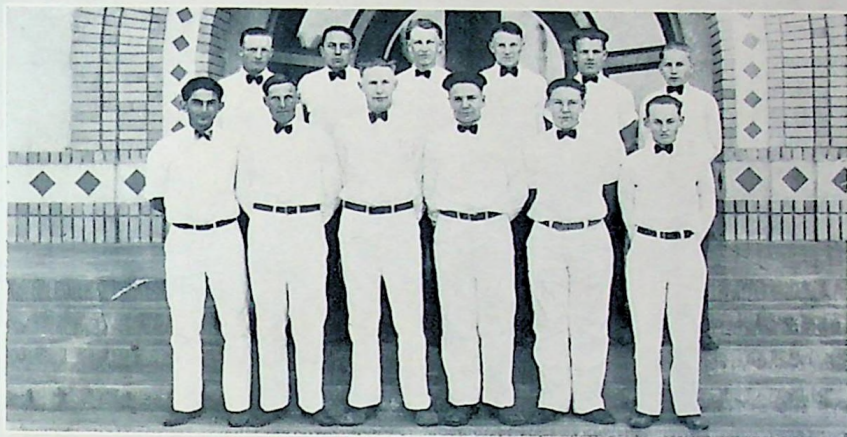
Later in the term they developed a double quartet which did some excellent work.

—RAYMOND PHILLIPS, '28.



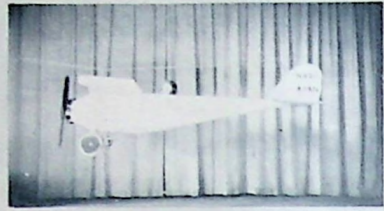
Orchestra

This year orchestra work was offered as a full-credit subject and with this system the orchestra did some excellent work under the careful direction of Mr. Charles Peterson. The orchestra appeared at the Education Week program, the operetta, the Fashion Show, Student Body meetings and other times. They won second place at the music contest held in Parlier. Kingsburg was honored by having two members of the orchestra, Allan Fink and Martelle Funderburg, in the Central California High School Orchestra. The climax of the year's work was the orchestra concert held May 11 at the high school in which each student had an opportunity to show his skill.





Tag Day Schooner



Tag Day Plane



Franny



Chain gang



Fred



Mutt & Jeff



Grafters



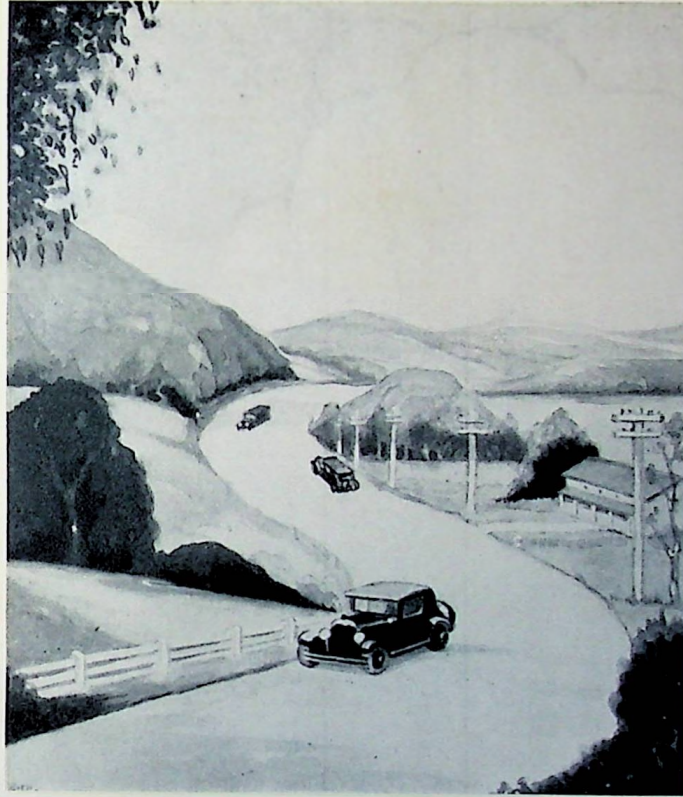
"T.O." Mascot



Aq Club Outing



Tag Day Auto



Activities





Forensic Activities

DEBATE

This year Kingsburg debaters won the division championship for the fourth time, losing the semi-finals to Madera by a small margin. Ruth Sandstrom and Frances Hall upheld the affirmative, while Arpe Safarjian and Hanley Sundstrom were the negative. The question for debate was: Resolved, that life imprisonment without parole should replace capital punishment in California. The question debated in the semi-finals was: Resolved that the intervention of the United States in Nicaragua is justifiable. To Mr. Reukema, the coach, a great deal of credit is due for his untiring efforts and enthusiasm.

The results of the debates were as follows:

Kingsburg	2	Fowler	0
Kingsburg		Lemoore	Forfeited
Kingsburg (won by points)	1	Easton	1
Kingsburg	0	Madera	2

NATIONAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

After the preliminary and final contests in the school, Eric Jewell was chosen to represent Kingsburg in the National Oratorical Contest. He won first place in the division contest in Reedley, later competing with other division winners at Bakersfield.

EXTEMPORANEOUS READING CONTEST

Tryouts were held for the reading contest and Evelyn Seaward and Hanley Sundstrom won. At the district contest Hanley placed first for boys and Evelyn second for girls. Hanley then competed in the county contest and won the boys' cup.

SPELLING CONTEST

Spelling contests were held this year, first in the classes and then between the best spellers of each class. LaVerne Wilson was declared champion speller of the school, with Florence Johnson as alternate. LaVerne later competed in the county match and won first place.





SCHOOL

SEPTEMBER

20. School opens. Frosh boys are ducked. "Big sisters" meet "little sisters."
27. Holiday, Kingsburg day at Fair.
28. Mr. J. D. Stephens talks on fire prevention.
30. Freshman reception.

OCTOBER

3. Night school begins.
4. First "Viking News" of the year put out.
7. First football game, with Clovis. Vikings victorious.
14. Vikings win from Parlier. Score 1-0. First volleyball game, with Selma. Kingsburg defeated with a 3-0 score.
20. Freshman-Sophomore sack rush. "Sophs" win. Girls defeat Sanger, 3-1. Bonfire rally at 7 p. m. Serpentine down town after bonfire. "Old" teachers have reception for "new" teachers.
21. Vikings defeated by Caruthers in hardest game of season. Score 6-0.
27. Girls defeated by Parlier. Score 3-2.
28. Vikings defeat Corcoran. Score 25-0. Junior class holds Hallowe'en party in haunted house near Traver.
29. Hi-Y has "woman party".

NOVEMBER

1. First "day of doom". Grade cards given out.
2. First lyceum number—Mr. Coppock talks on his travels.
3. All the girls wear their uniforms for the first time.
4. Volleyball game with Laton. Vikings defeat Riverdale. Score 8-6. Girls' League has Hi-Jinx party.
7. Lordly seniors have steak bake at Bear Camp.
9. Girls defeat Laton. Score 3-2.
10. Minimum day. Football game with Easton.
15. Kingsburg defeats Fowler. Score 19-6.
17. "Slide, Kelly, Slide."
18. Vikings defeat Caruthers for division championship. Score 16-12.
22. Fresno defeats Vikings.
- 21-23. Teachers' Institute. Thanksgiving vacation.
30. Interclass volleyball game.

DECEMBER

2. Junior-Sophomore volleyball game.
5. Girls start Christmas cheer work.
8. Girls' volleyball luncheon.
9. Football luncheon.
10. C. S. F. convention at San Diego.
12. Forensic class sells tickets for Christmas issue of "Viking News".
13. Honor Society luncheon.
16. Teachers have grand party at Bunger's.





D J A R Y

J. PAULSON - 29

- 21. Girls have Christmas party for the little children of the community.
- 22. Operetta "Tulip Time" given by combined Glee Clubs.

JANUARY

- 11. Third lyceum number—"The Winning of Barbara Worth."
- 13. Kingsburg debating team wins from Fowler. Basketball game with Selma.
- 20. Basketball game at Parlier. Kingsburg wins.
- 21. Ag. Club and cooking classes have snow trip.
- 25. S. S. Forensics enjoy pirate party.
- 27. Appreciation program given by Glee Clubs. Vikings win from Clovis in basketball game.

FEBRUARY

- 3. Seniors have "kid" Valentine party.
- 7. Basketball game at Washington Union. Vikings victorious.
- 10. "Freshies" hold their first party. Hi-Y goes to snow.
- 14. Private Peat appears in person with life history on films.
- 15. Debaters win division championship from Easton.
- 18. Sophs enjoy snow trip to Lake Sequoia.
- 22. School dead. Why? Senior sneak.
- 24. Juniors present "The Ends of the Lane."

MARCH

- 10. "Freshies" have picnic at Pinehurst.
- 14. Hanley Sundstrom and Evelyn Seaward represent Kingsburg in extemporaneous reading contest at Sanger.
- 17. Junior class has great time at Camp Monroe.
- 26. Spelling contest.
- 28. "Hills of Kentucky." Hanley wins the boys' extemporaneous contest at Clovis. Eric Jewell wins oratorical contest at Reedley.
- 29. Kingsburg debaters lose to Madera.
- 30. Girls' indoor team defeats Parlier. Vikings defeat Laton.

APRIL

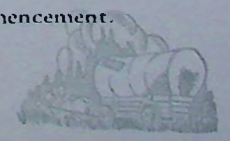
- 13-14. Ag Fair and Student Body Carnival.
- 17. Girls' play day with Fowler.
- 19. Senior crazy day.
- 20. Girls' indoor team defeated by Riverdale. Score 3-2. Vikings win from Caruthers. Score 6-5.


MAY

- 2. Last lyceum number—"Johnnie Get Your Hair Cut."
- 4. Girls' League gives Mother and Daughter party.
- 12. County track meet at Kingsburg.
- 25. Senior class play, "Home Acres." Class night.

JUNE

- 1. Junior-Senior banquet.
- 3. Baccalaureate exercises.
- 8. Commencement.





Fair and Carnival

The annual Fair and Carnival sponsored by the Ag. Club and Student Body, which was held on April 13 and 14, proved to be a huge success.

The chief objective of the fair has been to create a co-operative spirit between the community and the school, while the funds were used to purchase bleachers and a fence for the athletic field.

The first event was a parade in which all four classes and the grammar school of Kingsburg and vicinity participated. The classes held a ticket selling contest, the winner being the Junior class, who had the honor of choosing the queen for the parade, Frances Hall.

A tent 60 by 120 feet was rented for Los Angeles and was set up behind the school building. All the commercial displays were exhibited in this tent. The exhibitors were Hanson Bros., T. J. Christensen, Citizens' Lumber Co., Valley Lumber Co., Wm. A. Erickson, R. M. Diehl, Kingsburg Bank, Bryant and Swanson Insurance Co., Edw. Magnuson, Kingsburg Recorder, Ernest Quist, Schneider-Dodd Co., Lindquist and Son, C. P. C., T. F. Runnels, Danielson and Kulgren, and W. R. Buckridge.

There were also many class displays which were exhibited in the various rooms of the building. The exhibits were: Landscape gardening, biology, general science, horticulture, domestic science, basketry, art, Spanish and Latin, woodwork, shop and farm management. In the garage and on the school grounds, splendid Holstein cows and calves, hogs, a large variety of poultry, rabbits, turkeys, geese, guineas, and pheasants were shown; this was sponsored by the Freshman animal husbandry class.

On Friday afternoon, April 13, a track meet was held between the grammar schools of the district. The Harrison grammar school won the meet and was presented with a perpetual cup given by Mr. Drexler of the Kingsburg Recorder.

Saturday afternoon a baseball game was held between Kingsburg High School and Taft. The score was 4 to 2 in favor of Taft.

Friday night a fashion show was given by the Schneider-Dodd Co., and Lindquist and Son, in which students acted as models. Saturday night a picture show and a program were given.

Probably the most interesting feature of the fair and carnival were the amusements, which included a crazy house and several stunts, among which were: Target shooting, sponsored by the sophomores; nail driving, by the Hi-Y; rope climbing, by the K. Club, and archery, by the freshmen.

The judging of the exhibits was done by a committee consisting of Mrs. Charles Schaffer, Mrs. Richard Batten and Farm Advisor Dr. John P. Benson. A. F. Gillette, county club leader, judged the swine and Saturday John C. Hayes, assistant farm advisor, judged the poultry and cattle. Mr. Brose of Parlier judged the pigeons.

The landscape class won first prize in the class exhibits, the prize being a cup donated by the Sperry Flour Co. Home economics won second, and horticulture, third place. Wm. A. Erickson won first prize in the commercial exhibits. Archie Challstrom won first place in shop, and Helen Johnson won first place in home economics. The sophomores won first prize in the parade, the prize being a cup donated by the Albers Milling Co.

Three years ago when the Ag. Club began the fair they had dreams that it would become a community fair. They feel that their dreams have developed beyond realization as has been demonstrated this year.

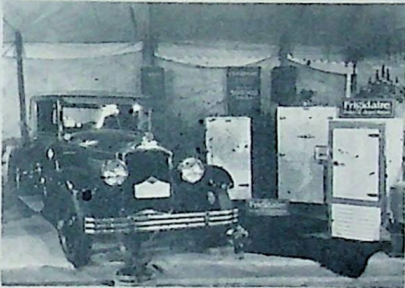
BERNICE BUSH, '28.



FAIR



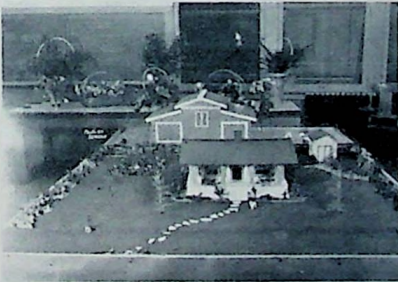
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"The End of The Lane"

The Junior class presented to the public on Friday, February 24, the play entitled, "The End of the Lane."

The characters in the play had been very well chosen and acted their parts so true to life that the audience was moved from tears to laughter within a moment. The success of the play rested on the untiring efforts of Mr. Reukema, who coached it.

The cast was as follows:

<i>Jim Denver, a wanderer of unknown parentage</i>	<i>Eugene Danell</i>
<i>Harry Sanders, Jim's pal</i>	<i>Edward Spraker</i>
<i>John Randall, a rich farmer</i>	<i>James Paulson</i>
<i>Bud Nix, Randall's hired man</i>	<i>William Munday</i>
<i>Messenger Boy</i>	<i>Harry Ternquist</i>
<i>Coral Randall, John Randall's only daughter</i>	<i>Hazel Olsen</i>
<i>Ellen Seabright, Coral's bosom friend</i>	<i>Mildred Linnerson</i>
<i>Martha Elizabeth Ann, servant at Randall's</i>	<i>Frances Hall</i>
<i>Mrs. Kate Sanders, Hal's mother</i>	<i>Gladys Kneeland</i>

"Home Acres"

The class of '28 presented its last dramatic success, the class play "Home Acres", by Arthur Lewis Tubbs, Friday night, May 25. This three-act drama was very well acted before an enthusiastic audience. The same night was also senior class night and a skit was presented between the first and second acts.

The play cast was as follows:

<i>Jane Whitman, rooted in the soil</i>	<i>Georgia Carter</i>
<i>David Holden, a young farmer</i>	<i>Hanley Sundstrom</i>
<i>Rose Whitman, a country flower</i>	<i>Helen Peterson</i>
<i>Ann Rickett, a dressmaker who generally has her say</i>	<i>Viola Peterson</i>
<i>Lib, out of her element</i>	<i>Rita Burnett</i>
<i>Enoch, the chore boy</i>	<i>Le Roy Gustafson</i>
<i>John Whitman, who has been to college</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Wilfred Clay, a New Yorker</i>	<i>Verne Venable</i>
<i>Helen Dalton, a product of "The Gay White Way"</i>	<i>Lucille Larson</i>
<i>Jim Ferguson, a schemer</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>





LITERARY

Our Constitution! The Protecting Hand of Freedom

Man's struggle for his freedom, for the correct interpretation of a God-given privilege, dates back to the days of Babylon, and to the beginning of history. From the time of Moses, gradually up through the ages to the days of Caesar and Rome, of King John and the basic foundation of English and American liberty, the Magna Charta, of the Pilgrims and their Mayflower compact, and up to the time when the thirteen colonies of America declared their freedom and independence, man had relentlessly continued his struggle for liberty, and for justice for all.

But the time had come, toward the close of the eighteenth century, when the opposition could no longer endure the fierce onslaught of a liberty loving people, and as a consequence, there stood forth in the summer of 1776, to illumine the world with its light of frankness and sincerity, the Declaration of Independence.

That, however, was merely a declaration. Men had to bleed and die on the field of battle, in order that you and I, those who have gone before us, and those who will follow in our footsteps, may enjoy to the fullest extent possible the wish of One who would have it so.

The smoke of the revolution cleared away, only to reveal a gaunt spectacle of a country without form, and with only a name, the United States of America; but with a purpose in its mind that inspired the hearts of even the most pessimistic, namely, to form a democracy second to none.

Unfortunately, however, these brave people did not realize, that as a structure of true greatness must have the proper foundation, so must a nation. Striding forth with their avowed purpose, they attempted to form a government without an underlying principle. But the country, though in their minds a union, was not a federal union; it was a confederation. Congress was as a babe in the arms of its mother, weak, and without the power possessed by the legislatures of the respective sovereign states. Gradually, in the eyes and minds of the American people, nationality grew dim.

In the year of 1777 there appeared another document, the Articles of Confederation, the aim of which was to secure a perpetual union between the states. But nine long years of oppression and suffering was to be the ultimate result. On the horizon the sun of disloyalty to the cause arose and another failure was not far off. The keyword was not unity. The very theme of the Articles of Confederation merely served to make a firm league of friendship between the states. There was no executive to enforce the laws; indeed, if it were not for that champion of freedom, George Washington, we might today be living in a monarchy, with the divine right of the people in the hands of an unrelenting king. Democracy then was still a far-off reality. Dissatisfaction arose on every hand, and it was not long before a far-visioned minority began to see the utter futility of such a government.



So in 1787 the people "in order to form a more perfect union" met in a constitutional convention at Philadelphia, truly, one of the greatest bodies of men ever assembled en masse. They formed our present constitution, the bulwarks of a great ship intended to sail the seas of destiny without a change in its chartered course. Sovereignty was taken from the states, and placed in the hands of the people, who in turn pledged allegiance to a union and at last a true democracy had been realized.

Chaos throughout the nation had been the aftermath of the Articles of Confederation, and it remained for the people to build from ashes caused by the flame of dissatisfaction, a new nation. The foundation had been built not merely for the time being or to permit as time went on, the parasites of discontent to gnaw at its base, but rather, to stand as the Rock of Ages, firm and secure. Thank God for the fathers of democracy and for the mothers of those men!

Common liberty and common freedom had demanded the rights of persons. The prayer for freedom of speech and religion had been answered. No longer need men brave the tempests of an uncharted sea, to think and to worship as they saw fit. Today, every creed known to man receives the same consideration here in our own America.

We are guaranteed the right of protection, of equality, and of justice for rich man and poor man alike. In the eyes of the Constitution, no law-abiding individual is better than the other. Wealth or religious affiliation are not sufficient to make an American; rather love for his country, love for his Constitution and a true love for democracy are close to the American citizen's heart, and these form the ideal of true Americanism.

Our Constitution stands out among documents of similar nature throughout the world, and has made our nation one to be respected, and honored, yet, envied by nations.

The ports of call throughout the world stand ready with wide open arms, to welcome our merchant marine.

The great wheels of commerce turn swiftly, and with great regularity, grinding out prosperity and contentment. The gigantic forces of agriculture stand out on a plane far above those of other nations, pouring out on a busy and happy people, the cream of livelihood. Man's material wants, here in the great United States of America, have been realized to the fullest extent possible.


Those brave hearts back in 1776 planted the seed of democracy. In a few short years it grew to a sapling, but weak and bent as public opinion would bend it. But finally it grew and as its roots went down deeper, its branches attained a height that its planters had never dreamed it would reach. Democracy! Yea! Life itself!

The darkness had passed. Out of the dusk had come the dawn! Out of the dawn had come freedom, an advanced civilization, a boon to human-kind, a haven to the weary and to those oppressed by the iron hand of an autocracy.

I stand here, an American before Americans, proud, happy and contented with the knowledge that over my head is a hand that protects me, keeps me safe and gives me the right to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness. That hand is the Constitution of the United States of America.

—ERIC JEWELL, '28.





My Bird Friend

*You wake me in the early morn
With your sweet, happy song,
You seem so very, very glad
When you come hopping 'long.*

*You nod and shake your pretty head
Out in that tree so green,
As if you said, "Get out of bed,"
While you your feathers preen.*

*And all day you busy are
From dawn 'til sunset red,
But way before the evening star,
I know you've gone to bed.*

—ELSIE PALM, '30.

Pal

As the sun lingered upon the horizon like a great red ball of fire before it dropped into the ocean, leaving the hot ranges to cool for the night, Lowney strode into the stables leading his affectionate horse, Pal. It had been a long, tiresome day rounding up the cattle for the market and Lowney as well as Pal loved the sound of the distant dinner bell that marked the close of another day. He unbridled the tired, sweaty mare and fed her a good portion of the oats from a sack that happened to be lying near; Pal whinnied and licked her kind master's hand in gratitude—and I dare say as an expression of love, too.

The gangling bowlegged Lowney, all his life a cowpuncher on this same range, awkwardly stalked into the "Chow-House", as it was called by the boys. Greeting the broncho-busters who sat eating, he tossed his hat on the hook with a hand that was skilled in throwing the lariat. Being the last one in from the plains, he took his time in washing up for a big meal; then a game of pinnoche the rest of the evening.

"Wal, I reckon them p'ison oats'll sure fix them ground-squirrels. We've a half a sack o' p'ison left an' we'll finish spreadin' it t'morrow—" started one of the boys to the cook in the smoke-house.

"Poison oats—oh, Lord," muttered Lowney as he dashed from the chow-house and raced frantically to the stables. The rest of the boys, so engrossed in the process of eating never noticed his rapid departure.

The long dusty road it seemed would never end. To the stable door which loomed vividly in the moonlight Lowney kept up his mad pace! He bounded into the moonlit stall and threw himself in utter exhaustion to the ground, for there lay Pal in agony. He cried to her with tears streaming down his brown, leathery cheeks, but to no avail; it was a futile attempt at recalling one who had passed the pale of consciousness. Not a kindly whinney could he arouse from the heaving and gasping animal in the throes of death.





Gone! The treasure, beloved pal of his life, the pal whom he had reared since a colt breathed heavily as the quiver of death shook her body. Lowney clung to her neck and gazed fixedly into her glassbrown eyes, the light of keen understanding and affection that had sparkled within the depths of those sympathetic orbs was gone, extinguished forever in cold death.

Lowney, broken hearted, stayed with his pal all night in a trance. Through his whirling brain reeled those fond memories of his truest and only pal on the plains—now only memories to fill an aching void in his torn heart. There in the darkness he laid upon the stable floor beside his companion—Pal, who lay resting peacefully in a sleep that knows no waking caused by the hand of her loving master.

As the morning star faded before the approaching dawn in the tinted east, Lowney, dejected and lost in sorrow, slowly and reverently straggled into the chow-house. In his blue-gray eye there glistened a tear. A deadly silence pervaded the shack as he entered, unusual indeed for Lowney naturally spread cheer among his fellow cowboys; but everyone agrees Lowney has never been the same since the loss of Pal.

—JAMES PAULSON, '29.

Love and Riches

Eloise Webster sat at the desk in the little school house in western Kansas. Stacked in front of her was a pile of arithmetic papers; her mind, however, was not on the uncorrected papers, but on the event of the previous night. There had been a social gathering at the village church. Bob Dale had been there and he had sung. She could still hear his rich young baritone a-singing and she blushed when she remembered how he had looked at her and smiled when he sang—

*"The pretty flowers are made for blooming,
The pretty stars are made to shine,
The pretty girls are made for boys, dear—
And maybe you were made for mine."*


She thought of the ride home in the twilight in the little rickety Ford along side of Bob—and then she thought of Horace Merton, the man to whom she was engaged, and she could not help contrasting the two. Bob, so young, so tall, and with such fascinating ways that everyone loved him, and then Horace, middle-aged, short, fat and extremely self-centered.

"But of course I shall marry Horace," she told herself; "for he can take me back to New York and to those things which I love—pretty clothes, theaters, hotels and everything which money can buy, and anyway, I'd rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

Fate had played a strange hand in the Webster family. For years the Websters had been the most noted and wealthiest families in New York. Then from a clear and cloudless sky had come the thunderbolt—John Webster became penniless over night, the victim of a broken stock market. Bewildered and broken the family had journeyed to Kansas to live on a section of land, the only thing they had left, there to take up farming and wrest a living from the soil.

Horace Merton, who had been in Europe at the time, had sent word that he was sorry, but had made no move to hurry and rescue her from the drudgery and hard work of farm life.





After two months of luxurious life in Europe he returned to New York and then came to Kansas to see Eloise. He found her teaching school to keep up her share of the burden and demanded that their marriage take place at once. However, Eloise insisted that they wait until the school term was over.

Eloise went on dreaming before the little desk—her thoughts were far away from the dry and wind-blown prairies of Kansas—she dreamed of pleasant voyages to far-away Spain, Italy and France.

Suddenly one of the bigger boys burst into the schoolroom—"Miss Webster, I think there's a tornado comin';" he said in a decidedly shaking voice.

Eloise ran to the window on the west side of the room and there in the distance she saw the dark clouds dashing pell-mell into each other, first darting toward the earth and then rushing to the sky. And there was the characteristic funnel-shaped cloud advancing boldly across the prairie.

For a minute she was spellbound; it seemed that her feet were glued to the floor, but as the frightened children ran into the room, she realized that they were in her care and she must in some way protect them from the fast-coming disaster.

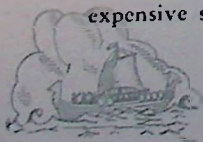
"That tornado's coming right this way," said Joe Allison, who was one of the older boys; "pop says you should always run to the northwest when you see one a-comin', cause that's the quickest way to get out of their path."

"Yes," chimed in Glen Stone; "I think we'd better go, and mighty quick, too!"

Eloise realized that these boys were wiser in the ways of the prairie than she, so she quickly followed their advice. Taking the smaller tots by the hand, she followed the rest across the fields. As the clouds drew nearer she urged them to go faster. When tiny, five-year-old Mae Allison fell—Eloise picked her up and carried her. The two older boys fairly dragged the others across the rough plains. When Eloise thought she could go no further—she heard horses hoofs behind her—it was Bob—he jumped off the horse, helped some of the children up on its back and then with words of encouragement to Eloise he helped her hurry the rest of the whimpering children in the northwestern direction. Finally they reached an old forsaken house. Bob pushed them into the dugout cellar, gave his horse a hit and sent it on to safety and then went in. He had scarcely gotten in when the storm hit. However, they had gotten to the far corner of the tornado and it only blew off the corner of the roof. As they came out, ten minutes later, frightened but safe, they saw the scattered timbers of the schoolhouse, which had been completely demolished.

It was not long before the frightened parents came seeking their children. It was with joy and gladness in their hearts that they found them safe and sound. The joyful parents then told how Horace Merton had been out in the field at the time and had hidden under a straw pile. "Good for him, the tornado didn't strike there," they laughed.

About an hour later, when Bob and Eloise were walking homeward, a large and expensive sedan drew up beside them. It was Horace.





"I nearly got hit by the tornado," he said; "if I hadn't of been under that stack, I'd surely have been killed. We're going to New York tomorrow, Eloise, school over or not. No sense of staying around here and getting killed. Well, hurry on, Eloise, and get in so we can get home."

Eloise looked at Horace and then up into Bob's honest blue eyes and said, "I'd rather walk with Bob, Horace, really I would."

As Eloise and Bob walked home in the twilight, Bob looked down at her and sang—

*"The pretty flowers are made for blooming
The pretty stars to shine,
The pretty girls are made for boys, dear—
And maybe you were made for mine."*

The next social gathering at the church was a wedding and Eloise and Bob were the happy bride and groom.

—EVELYN SEAWARD, '28.

Pay Dirt

It was a long wait until the moonshine order would be filled; the party could not be given without it; there were no deliveries on Sunday. So the gentleman sat down on a comfortable Morris chair and resigned himself to the half-hearted perusal of a travel magazine. The door opened; a young man entered. The gentleman's eyes met gay, green, amber-flecked ones; he grinned involuntarily. "How-do?"

"I'm Breen," said the young man. "Frank Breen. Been waited on?"

"Order being filled," said the gentleman. The young man sat down on a chair opposite him. After the fashion of worldly men thrown unexpectedly together, they began to swap stories—spicy, risqué tales of their varied experiences. It developed that the gentleman, too, had been a bootlegger—had, in fact, derived his fortune from it. "Drank too much of my own stuff, though. It affected my eyes awful. Had to quit the business—couldn't let it alone."

Frank Breen laughed a little triumphantly. "That's where I got it all over you," he said. "That's what a college education does for a guy. . . . Mister, I make my stuff absolutely harmless, lyeless,—sans TNT, sans dye, sans everything harmful!"

"No!" said the man. "Not the Dago Red? You're kidding!"

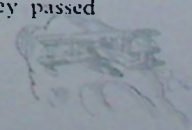
"I mean the Dago Red! And the moonshine toe. Everything! And—want to hear about it?"

"I reckon," said the man again. He still looked incredulous. "What do you use? Has it the same flavor?"

"Absolutely," said Fran. "But let me tell this yarn my own way. Listening?"

"Listening."

"It was my pard's idea at the first. You know Jiggles, my pard, that tall, skinny, red-headed fellow who took your order? I reckon he's waited on you before. Well, he was studying to be a minister when we was chums in college, but after they passed



the Dry Law he thought he'd try this stuff. Funny how many guys did change their profession on account of that there law. Me, now, I was going to be a lawyer. And now I'm dodging the law. . . . Consarned queer! Well, Jiggles, though, he always had a conscience as long as his pedigree, and he can trace his ancestry way back to the Mayflower. So one day—I had been up in L. A. for a week-end visit at my folks, and he had got back—he called me down into the basement, which was where we did the work. 'Want to show you something,' he said. Seemed awful excited. Opening one of the tanks, he drained out a bottleful and shoved it under my nose. 'Smell it,' he yelled. It smelled the same as usual. 'Taste it.' Tasted the same. I began to think he was cracked sure. 'It's pay dirt, Frank, real pay dirt!' he cried exultantly. 'It ain't dangerous, or poisonous; there's no lye, or dye, or TNT, or anything murderous. Only forty percent alcohol. Won't that make a hit? I ask you! The morning after the night before robbed of its terrors by our new system of distillation!! Some slogan for advertising, eh, boy? I tell you, Frank, we've struck it rich!' He ravel on, a whole lot along the same line. To tell the truth, I didn't have much sympathy with the idea. You see, I know men. And it isn't only the kick that gets them. It's the danger. If a man knows he is liable to go blind from drinking a certain mixture, or a lady thinks it might spoil her school-girl complexion, they are all the more liable to take a chance on it, and pay high prices, too. Especially the younger folks; I'm only twenty-three, and I know. They want the danger—"

"We all want the danger," nodded the gentleman. "Adds to the fun somehow. . ."

"Uhhuh," said Frank. "Well, I said as much to Jiggles, but he was stubborn as a mule. Jiggles was financing the business at that time. So we started out on the new plan, and I helped. That night we made three fifty-gallon tanks full as a sort of adventure, and passed it off on our next seven orders. It sold splendid. Jiggles was triumphant. He began to advertise how it wasn't dangerous, and he got so philanthropic he even cut rates. . . . The city folks bought the most. We worked night and day filling orders.

"That was in March. Then, all of a sudden, the trade quit. Just naturally laid down and died. Jiggles worried himself gray-headed, almost, but it didn't help matters any. The fellows—all our best cash customers—gave their trade to other unscrupulous guys who didn't have any conscience. Our building was costing us ninety-five a month straight, and it was only a shack. . . . At the end of August we were about seven hundred in the hole, not counting the last three months rent. Jiggles went to L. A. in a last desperate attempt. As for me, I sat down and packed my neckties, preparatory to a hurried exit if our landlord should happen in!

"I won't ever forget the night Jiggles came home. He was just brimming over with happiness, poor fellow, and I knew that he had struck it rich. And yet there was something pathetic in him—who had sold three hundred or more every day—in him saying, so blamed cheerfully, 'Got an order for one hundred and fifty, if you deliver to-morrow evening. Dago Red, Hollywood, East Side.'

"Well, I clapped him on the back and made a lot of him, and just for a celebration we went down to the restaurant and had a heck of a time eating chop suey and T-bone steak, first we'd had since our luck turned. But after, when Jiggles was snor-



ing peaceful in his bunk, I went back to the house, and stood and looked at the tanks. One hundred and fifty gallons. . . .

"We delivered by the Ridge Route then. It was darned dangerous because this time I am telling you of wasn't long after the Dry Law passed into effect, and they were lots strict. . . Now we can slip by anywhere, but at that time we had to be plumb careful. I always carried a revolver, and sometimes I got a chance to use it; but I never hurt any guy until that night. On account of the big load, Jiggles stayed at home; he told me just before I left to be careful, because some prohibs was watching at the trail. So I was kind of prepared when I got up in the hills to see a car parked square in the road a little ahead, and catch a glimpse of a spotlight circling around. I stepped on the gas, and then as close to it as I could get I tooted the horn. There was only one prohib. He ran out on the road, and jumped on the running board. He had a gun; he couldn't see that I had mine in the pocket on the roof of the truck. 'Hands up! What you got in that tank?' he says, and I put my hands up, and felt for the Colt. I didn't want to hit him, but it was dead easy; I brought the butt of the thing down on his head. He never knew what hit him. Then I ran out and, feeling like a murderer, although I could tell by his breathing and the looks of him that he wasn't bad hurt, I pushed the touring car out of my road. They found the guy afterwards, as he was laid up in the hospital a while; there was a lot of talk about it, but they never did much toward finding me.

"Well, I got into town about nine-thirty, and drove direct to the address. I delivered the stuff, and got a drink myself. Afterwards I went to a hotel to sleep; felt I could afford it after that trip. I never told Jiggles about the prohib—you know I told you he was going to be a minister—but I think he guessed it, although he never let on. Anyway, trade picked up again, slow but sure. The next week we got a seven hundred order, and in the rest of the month we cleared seven hundred bucks. . . Since then we've made usually about the same each month. Whoop, look what's coming!"

The red-haired partner stood in the door, hair tousled, sleeves rolled. In his arms he carried a case of Dago Red, marked innocently enough as "Dried Peaches." "Put 'er in the car, sir?"

"Yah," said the gentleman. "Here's the key. The Chev at the corner. Please."

After Jiggles had gone, the gentleman turned to Breen, who had risen and moved toward the door. "But there's one thing I just don't get. What started the increase in trade? The night you went down into the cellar—"

"That's right." Breen grinned somewhat shamefacedly; his green, amber-flecked eyes laughed. "Good-looking devil," thought the gentleman admiringly. "To tell the truth," said Breen, "and I don't mind telling the truth to you, I carried a can of lye with me, when I went down into the basement that night, and also a hose leading to the tank of alcohol, and some Diamond Dye. . . I dumped a lot of each into the tanks until the blamed stuff was as good as it ever was, or better; at least it sells faster. Naw, Jiggles don't know it. Didn't I tell you every night, about ten-fifteen, I go down into the basement and temper up the stuff. . . And, like Jiggles said, although he didn't know what he was saying, this bootleggin' business is sure pay dirt!"



Breen's hand was on the doorknob; time to interfere thought the gentleman. His hand went to his hip pocket; the bulge was not a flask, but a revolver. "I thought as much," he said stiffly. "An interesting story, but I'm afraid you've committed yourself too much, kid. Next time you want to tell your life history, take care and don't tell it to a prohibition agent. Hands up, please."

"Shore," said Breen, "and I reckon I've been kidding you along, too." His mouth quirked mirthfully. "Feel in my vest pocket, and read that card that's there."

The gentleman did, taking care to relieve him of his revolver first. The card was small and carefully engraved. This was the inscription: Francis Brockwell Breen, Prohibition Agent, Government Service."

The gentleman stared. "But that man with the red hair?"

"Never saw him before in my life. But I reckon he's the guy we're after."

When the man with the red hair came back, he was greeted by the muzzles of two revolvers.

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.

Friends

*There's nothing like a true blue friend;
A friend who never flouts you,
Who always all your fears will fend
Away, when all men doubt you.*

*There's nothing like an honest friend,
Who'll tell you what he thinks,
Who'll stand by you, to the very end,
When all your hopes do sink.*

*Since there's nothing like a true blue friend,
Remember this when troubled;
Be a friend to everyone you meet
And then your friendship's doubled.*

—RUBY STRID, '30.

Retribution

The sun beat down with terrific heat upon the two men and a burro plodding wearily through the white shimmering sands of the desert. It was a typical Arizona day in the dry season and the sun was a molten disk of flame that burned and seared every living thing, plant or animal, that dared its wrath by venturing upon the shifting, ever-changing desolate wastes.

Only one thing would draw men into this fiery hell on earth and that was gold, the stuff that drives a man insane with greed, and the quest of which ever beckons him on. Fortune had smiled on these two men and now they were returning to the bright lights, to the flesh pots of civilization. Already the insidious poison of raw gold had crept into the heart of one, telling him to kill and take all.

The company was a rather ill-sorted group. The man in the lead was a typical desert rat of about fifty-five years—slight but wiry of build, shriveled and dried by the years of searing desert sun he had trekked under in the pursuit of that fickle mistress,



gold. In spite of his leathery outward appearance, he still possessed much of his old vitality and his rather faded blue eyes set deep in squinty sockets, spoke of wisdom that comes only with the passing of the years. The other two-legged animal in the group was still typically a product of the city, despite his three weeks' stay in the desert. He was only about half his partner's age, but certain lines on his ferret-like face made him seem older than his years. He bulked large beside his rather scrawny partner but it was at his insistent suggestion that they finally stopped in the shade of a huge rock and made their noon day camp.

As they went about their preparations for a scanty meal of tea, crackers and bacon, Old Jake, the ratty individual, abruptly said, "Wolf, why are you so glum? We've made a good stake and we are on our way to the city."

"Aw, this develish heat is driving me nuts," was the surly reply.

"Well, al right, but treat that there Arizona canary bird proper, for she might be right useful some day," rebuked the old man.

"The old fool," savagely grumbled "Wolf" Smith to himself, as he pondered on how he could get rid of the old man, for the desire to possess all the gold had fired his heart. Murderously he fingered his gun; but no, that would leave marks of violence. Why not knock the old devil in the head? He could make the nearest town sixty miles away. He could take all the water and the burro and the sun and the desert would soon kill off the old man. His plans were made; he would wait until the next morning before daybreak and then steal away.

"Let's get going here; it ain't goin' to get any cooler before night and we ain't got any too much water and there be no spring within thirty miles," the old man said, as he finished packing the burro with the two remaining bags of water.

The journey was a continual plodding on through the soft sand unmarked by a living thing—nothing but heat, rocks and sand; even the lizards and rattlesnakes were buried deep in their holes. The sun slowly sank toward the horizon, spreading out a beautiful panorama of rainbow colors. The clouds were a flaming glory lit up by the dying rays of the blood-red sun. It was a sight for the gods and one that would be sure to stir the heart of the dullest clod; but these men were too tired to be able to appreciate nature's masterpiece.


As darkness spread her soft mantle over the harsh landscape, they camped in a little gully which offered some protection against a chance sand-storm. Curled in their blankets after a scanty meal, Jake spoke up, "Say, Wolf, did you tie that no 'count she-goat good?"

"What difference does it make? She's all right," sullenly replied Wolf.

"Well, I'd better stir my stumps and see, for she is liable to tear loose, if something scares her," and the old man laboriously crawled out of his warm blankets.

Sleep would not come to "Wolf," who lay planning how to slip up on old Jake while he slept and club him into insensibility; then to seize the poke of gold that lay beside Old Jake. At four o'clock "Wolf" belted his gun around him and armed with a large rock, crept stealthily upon the sleeping man. A dull thud and the dark deed was done. Quickly he was off with the burro, water and gold; headed for the bright lights once again.





Noon next day saw "Wolf" stumbling along seeking some place where he could rest for the noon meal. Finally he came upon a cluster of boulders that afforded a little shelter from the burning sun.

"Well, I sure put it over all right and in about another day I'll be back in God's country and the gold will come in mighty handy," mused John to himself, as he carelessly tied the burro. He was preparing a hasty meal when he heard the whirr of a rattlesnake; whirling around, he saw, to his utter dismay, the burro galloping madly away dragging the uprooted picket. He whipped out his gun and fired several wild shots, but to no effect.

"My God, the water is still on the burro and Old Jake said there was no water within thirty miles," brokenly cried the stricken "Wolf."

He sat hopelessly for some time and then started up in a wild daze, striking out for water; falling again and again as he tried to run through the slithering, treacherous sands. Two days later the sun rose in all its torrid splendor and far out on the desolate wastes of sand, there was a mere speck that barely moved, while overhead, slowly circling buzzards came ever lower and lower.

In the meantime Old Jake had recovered consciousness and was taking stock of his fate.

"Well, I have no water, grub or gold, but I have got a fine headache and an awful thirst," philosophically remarked Old Jake to himself. "I got a hunch that if I sit tight, something may break my way," so he composed himself for a wait of minutes or hours.

Sure enough, three or four hours later, in trotted the burro with pack and rope dragging, but the precious water bags were still there.

"That fool didn't tie her good, just as I expected, and here she is," ruminated Old Jake. "I suppose he is wandering around some place out there trying to find water. I might as well start after him; he might be alive by the time I get there, 'though the poor fool is as good as gone in this trackless waste."

For several hours he gave the burro her head but to no avail, as the winding course pursued plainly showed that no hope lay in that direction.

He camped for the night. The next day was without event, except that both man and beast were the worse for wear and progress was mighty slow. The cooling balm of the desert's evening breeze was an angel's benediction to their weary spirits and aching bodis.

The next morning just before the sun had reached the zenith, Jake's desert eye pierced the shimmering haze.

"By God,, buzzards!"

Quickly the course was altered, and in as short a time as was physically possible they reached the buzzards' center of attraction. It was too late—already the desert had again taken its toll of those who attempted to cheat her.

There was not a sign of gold; either a mind crazed by thirst had caused the tired hand to cast it aside; or the clearness of perception that comes to a man on the verge of death saw the utter worthlessness of this golden snare, which had once proved the undoing of Midas.





This was the third time fate had denied a golden fortune to the old man, who, however, resumed his march toward the water that he found only a few hundred yards to the north.

Just water; but to man and beast it was the nectar of the Gods, and ambrosia could not have been sweeter to the taste. As old Jake rested, he pondered on how the desert always claims her due.

With a wry grin that was half a chuckle, he addressed his surroundings, "Well, for better or worse, Old Desert Girl, I'm your'n—come on, Sally, we all is goin' back to the diggin's again."

The setting sun laughed, as it peeped over the distant hills, to see the old prospector and his faithful burro retrace their steps again on that endless trail of the willow-wisp, gold.

CLYDE KNEELAND.

Realists

*A burnished firefly, and a sky
Pale lilac overhead;
Oh, they are blind who cannot see
That the road is a mauve silk thread
But—a car of tin on a road of tar!
They are concerned with the "Things That Are!"*

*They cannot know and they cannot guess
The shivering ecstasy
Of a phantom wind on a ghostly night
At the fluke of a skeleton tree.
Sh! Breathe not too freely, nor wander too far
You who trust only in "Things That Are!"*

—LA VERNE WILSON, '29.

Traveling Life's Thoroughfare

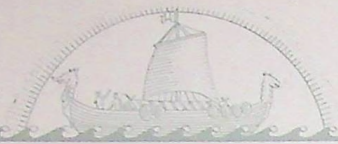
*"I may not have a barrel of money,
I may be ragged and funny,"
But I can be happy and carefree,
As I travel life's highway, you see.*

*I can list to the birds a-singing,
And hark to the message they're bringing.
I can watch the wild flowers growing
All, as the wheat I'm sowing.*

*I may not go to operas and concerts,
And travel over water and deserts.
But nevertheless, I can be happy
As I travel life's highway, you see.*

—EVELYN SEAWARD, '28.





CRAZY DAY



HICS



Where's Papa



Elopers



"Brick"



"VI"



"Eph"



Ford



Gypsies



Toughs





Athletics



Back Row: Coach Bunger, Woods, Morrison, Hillblom, Spraker.
 Middle Row: Sundstrom, W. Nelson, Anderson, Dahlstrom,
 Front Row: Thorrel, Asian, Renfrow, Dean, Ternquist, E. Nelson.

Baseball

As early as Christmas of this school year, the word was out that the prospects for a championship baseball team were excellent. To a great degree this prophecy has been fulfilled. Our team, supporting one of the finest high school pitchers in the country, Fred Woods, won all of their league games, losing only the first game of the season, a practice game with Delano, and a practice game with Taft at the Ag. Fair.

They won the division championship from Parlier by a score of 13-0, and next a practice game with Delano to the tune of 8-4, which gave them the distinction of being the only high school which has beat Delano in a game this year.

By virtue of winning the division championship from Parlier the Kingsburg team won the right to compete with Clovis for the county championship. They defeated Clovis with a score of 15-0.

Following are the scores for the baseball games:

PRACTICE GAMES

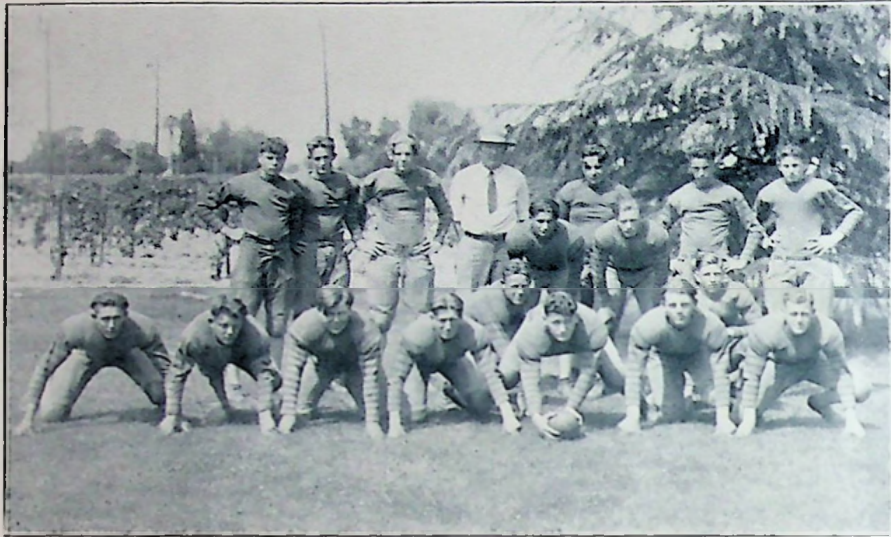
Kingsburg	0	Delano	5
Kingsburg	5	Sanger	3
Kingsburg	2	Taft	4
Kingsburg	8	Delano	4

LEAGUE GAMES

Kingsburg	21	Laton	1
Kingsburg	6	Caruthers	5
Kingsburg	13	Parlier	0

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

Kingsburg	15	Clovis	0
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Back Row: Lindquist, C. Hillblom, Danell, Coach Bunker, E. Nelson, Olson, Deam, Linman, Sundstrom.
 Front Row: Morrison, Carlson, Taylor, Allan Nelson, Thorrel, Baker, A. Johnson, Anderson, A. Nelson.

Football

This year has been a most successful one in the football history of Kingsburg High, the Vikings taking nearly every game, winning the division championship and trying for the county title in a game with Fresno.

Our successes placed us in a three-cornered tie with Fowler and Caruthers, and by defeating Fowler 19-7, and Caruthers 13-7, we won the division championship, and the right to play Fresno High for the county title.

Our boys played a very creditable game with Fresno, holding them scoreless for three quarters of the game, but due to fresh substitutes they succeeded in scoring 23 points against our team.

This shows that Kingsburg made an enviable record on the gridiron this year, besting many larger schools with a light team which was cemented together by co-operation and team spirit.

Following are the results of the league games:

Kingsburg	6	Clevis	0
Kingsburg	19	Parlier	0
Kingsburg	0	Caruthers	6
Kingsburg	8	Riverdale	6
Kingsburg	6	Washington Union	0
Kingsburg	25	Corcoran	0
Kingsburg	19	Fowler	7
Kingsburg	13	Caruthers	7
CHAMPIONSHIP GAME			
Kingsburg	13	Fresno High	23



Foot Ball



Action - Fowler Game

Republican Photo



Fake play



Signal



Dean



Baker



"Barb"



"Brassy"



Pease - Webb Game



Yards



Basketball

Numerous cassaba tossers found their way to the courts on the first night of practice, and a correspondingly large number continued to do so. As the elimination process began, and as teams were picked, it became evident that the "heavies" showed the strongest team and great possibilities in the way of capturing a penant.

This year our division was composed of schools whose teams used only clay courts, which made playing considerable easier. The Vikings also showed their skill on inside courts in walloping Four C's by 29-25, and winning all three games from the Japanese Athletic Association of Fresno, captained by Nakamura, an alumnus of Kingsburg High.

Kingsburg lost the heavyweight championship game with Sanger by one point, due to an unfortunate error on the part of the timer who called time a few seconds too fast, which, had it not happened, would have netted us a point or two, and probably a division championship penant.

The boys who won their block "K's" in basketball are:

Lightweight: Arthur Jern, Frances Miller, Lennis Dahlstrom, Walter Sward, Roy Johnston, Vartan Ghazarian.

Middleweight: Carl Sundstrom, Arsen Aslan, Zaven Torosian, Clarence Hillblom, Moses Chabolla, Dick Esajian.

Heavyweight: Myron Anderson, Walter Morrison, John Baker, Fred Woods, Merlin Miller, Eugene Nelson, Arnold Hillblom.

Following are the scores of the games:

LIGHTWEIGHT

Kingsburg	2	Selma	33
Kingsburg	8	Parlier	17
Kingsburg	13	Clovis	18
Kingsburg	25	Washington	13
Kingsburg	2	Sanger	15

MIDDLEWEIGHT

Kingsburg	7	Selma	27
Kingsburg	14	Parlier	12
Kingsburg	17	Clovis	13
Kingsburg	20	Washington	22
Kingsburg	21	Sanger	10

HEAVYWEIGHT

Kingsburg	15	Selma	9
Kingsburg	18	Parlier	15
Kingsburg	30	Clovis	16
Kingsburg	26	Washington	15
Kingsburg	16	Sanger	17



Lightweights: Ghazarian, Johnston, Gustafson, Miller, Londquist, Hard, Dahlstrom, Nordstrom, Sward.

Middleweights: Torosian, Warren, C. Hillblom, Esajian, Chabolla, Munson, Aslan, Sundstrom.

Heavyweights: A. Hillblom, E. Nelson, M. Miller, K. Baker, S. Anderson, Coach Fungler, M. Anderson, Woods, J. Baker, Morrison, A. Nelson.





Back Row: Dean, Jewell, C. Hillblom, Miller, Coach Binger, Leander, J. Baker, A. Hillblom, Torosian.
Front Row: Curtis, Sward, Anderson, Greenwald, Jern, Johnston, F. Miller, M. Lindquist.

Track

Track, this year as in the past, and even more so, has been an outstanding feature in the sport world, with Kingsburg placing more men in the county, valley and state meets than ever before and carrying home correspondingly more honors.

The first meet of the season was an invitational practice meet at Fresno, between Fresno, Coalinga and Kingsburg, Kingsburg placing third in the entire meet, and winning first place in the class C meet with 15 points.

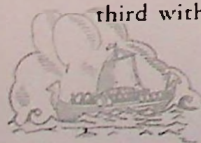
Kingsburg entered the Play Day meet at Clovis and won with 78 points, while Washington Union took 55, Parlier 33, Central Union 29, Fowler 21, and Clovis 1 point. John Baker, Kingsburg star, won high point honors with 13 points.

At the West Coast Relays, Kingsburg made a very creditable showing, winning second place in the high school meet with 15 points, more than either Fresno, Coalinga, Hanford or any other larger school in the valley. A relay team composed of Miller, Jewell, Hillblom and Leander won the medley relay, and set a new record with six seconds less time for the event.

In the valley meet at Reedley, John Baker set a new shot-put record, breaking the former record set in 1920 by ten inches, making the new record 48 feet and 2 1-4 inches. Miller and Jewell each took second in their event.

Miller, our miler took a good third in the state meet at Selma.

The county track and field meet was held in Kingsburg, Saturday, May 12. At this meet our runners, Jewell, Miller and Leander made good showings, Miller and Jewell both breaking their own records. The results of the class A meet were as follows: Fresno High, first with 39 points; Coalinga, second with 31 points; and Kingsburg, third with 24 points.





Standing: Elsie Jern, Louise Olson, Miss Truesdale, Enid Hayes, Ada O'Neal.
Sitting: Arnold Hillblom, Stanley Anderson, Harry Ternquist, Harold Renfrow.

Tennis

The tennis team was made up of practically all raw material this year. The tournament was held at Reedley on March 24th. The following schools were represented in the tournament: Selma, Reedley, Kingsburg, and Sanger. The semi-finals were played off in the morning and the winners of the semi-finals played in the finals in the afternoon. Unfortunately our students met with defeat and did not reach the finals. The team was selected through the elimination process. The following students represented our school in the tournament:

Boys' Singles—Arnold Hillblom.

Girls' Singles—Ada O'Neal.

Boys' Doubles—Harry Ternquist and Harold Renfrow.

Girls' Doubles—Louise Olson and Elsie Jern.

Mixed Doubles—Enid Hayes and Stanley Anderson.





Volleyball

The nineteen twenty-seven volleyball season was profitable even though the team did not win any pronounced honors. Due to illness, Captain Dorothy Condray was unable to be with the squad. Georgia Carter was then chosen to pilot the team and with Miss Truesdale's undying faith and coaching the girls did their bit.

SELMA-KINGSBURG

After a few weeks of hard practicing, the girls played Selma on the home court. They fought a hard game but Selma won 3-0. This did not discourage the girls but made them determined to win the other games.

SANGER-KINGSBURG

The second league game was played with Sanger on the home court. The girls played a very good game and won by a score of 3-1 in favor of Kingsburg.

PARLIER-KINGSBURG

The third game was played at Parlier and although Kingsburg played a good game they lost to Parlier 3-2.

RIVERDALE-KINGSBURG

Riverside then motored to Kingsburg for the next game. This was a good game and our girls were victorious by a score of 3-1.

LATON-KINGSBURG

Last but not least they played Laton. This was a very trying game, but after a breath-taking tie our girls finally won the game by 3-2.

INTER-CLASS GAMES

A few weeks after the volleyball season the inter-class games were played off. The Freshmen and Sophomores played their game, the Sophs being victorious. The Junior and Senior game was played and the Juniors outplayed the Seniors. Thus the Sophomores and Juniors fought for the cup, and the Sophomores were victorious.

Indoor Baseball

There has been but little interest shown toward indoor baseball this season. But with all the material we could accumulate, Miss Truesdale and Captain Georgia Carter worked hard and we developed some good players.

PARLIER-KINGSBURG

Our first league game was played March 30 with Parlier on our own baseball diamond. Our girls were victorious by a score of 13-5.

RIVERDALE-KINGSBURG

This game was played at Riverdale on April 13. This was a very good game and Kingsburg did some splendid playing. The score was 2-2 until the last inning, when Riverdale scored another run leaving the score 3-2 in favor of Riverdale.

WASHINGTON UNION-KINGSBURG

The last game of the season was played at Washington Union on April 26. Washington Union was victorious with a score of 12-3.

INTER-CLASS BASEBALL

The inter-class baseball contest which was played off the first part of May was won by the Freshman class.





VOLLEYBALL
BASEBALL
SOPHOMORE INTER-CLASS VOLLEYBALL TEAM



Fresh



Atta boy



Same sheik



Volly ball



'Barb'



Sophs



Same look



Up in the air



Watch out



Rally



Seeing things from the rear





Wisecracks

Sub: "I wonder why there is so much electricity in my hair."

Paul C.: "Because it is attached to a dry cell."

Mr. Peterson (explaining a difficult geometric problem): "Class," said he, "we are at 'C'."

Louise: "Yes, we're at sea, too."

Miss Bishop: "What is acidosis?"

Ed. Spraker: "An extreme case of halitosis."

Alene Nelson (coming into girl's basement): "Smells like paint. Has there been any paint down here?"

Miss Truesdale (looking at her schoolgirl complexion): "None except what you brought along with you."

Alvira Jewell: "Yes, Gene Danell has grown a lot since he got in the Junior play."

Ruth Cosgrave: "I should say so. He is so much more adulterated."

Mother: "Irving sit down and entertain your little cousin. Tell her a story."

Irving Westlund: "I've just told a story to dad, and I can't sit down."

Mr. Hudson: "It's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

Waiter: "Sorry sir, but you know how turtles are."

Merlin: "Do you believe that kissing is unhealthy?"

Helen: "I couldn't say, I've never——"

Merlin: "Never been kissed?"

Helen: "I've never been sick."

Frances (debating): "Well,—anyway, you hardly ever hear of a man who has been hanged committing another murder."

Mr. Reukema: "I hear your grandfather is a sure enough old timer."

Mr. Smith: "Yeah. He says he can remember when baking powder outsold face powder."

Waiter: "This meat is a flanquette of veal."

Roger: "Oh, I thought it might be a sheet of iron."

Customer: "Do you really think sardines are healthy?"

James: "Well, madam, I never heard one complain."

EXPERIMENTATION

*Fragrant odors stir up my emotions,
And bring into my head funny notions—
As in chem. the experiment progresses
And the lovely little gas effervesces.*

Ray J.: "If you won't listen to me I'll throw myself in front of this train that's coming now."

Helen: "For goodness sakes, give me a chance to think! There'll be another train in five minutes."

"SECOND THOUGHT"

*It must be fun to be a breeze
And blow about the silk clad knees
But still on second thought, no, no,
A breeze can't say where it shall blow,
And many knees, without a doubt
Are nothing much to blow about.*

Val H. (Civics): "The weather bureau receives reports from the winds, storms, and clouds."

Mr. Cox: "There's a lot of difference in candy. You ought to look at it thru a telescope."

Mr. Cox: "What is a mammal?"

Lucille L.: "An animal that has a backbone."

Coach: "Why don't you try to cheer Herb up?"

Loven: "Didja ever try to cheer anybody up who'd just eaten five bananas, a hot dog, and six ice cream cones?"

Mr. Reukama (to Barb who'd just made a failure of a speech in forensics): "Oh well, remember the only thing that doesn't fall down now and then is a worm."

*A mule has two legs behind
And two be has before
You stand behind before you find
What the two behind are for.*

Mr. Cox: "What is a trackless trolley?"

Herbert Wigh: "A trackless trolley is one of those things that stands still and moves."

Mr. Reukama (in Eng. I): "What is gender?"

Rose H.: "Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter."



Ralph A.: "Will you love me forever, dearest?"

Mabel H.: "I can't tell," she said as she gazed at the beautiful diamond he had given her, "but I love you for the present."

Georgia: "Wouldn't it be terrible to want to hug someone, and not have any arms?"

Ruth C.: "It's not half as bad as having two arms and no one to hug."

*"A chicken is a useful beast,"
A colored parson said,
"You can eat him 'fore he's born
And after he am dead."*

Hollis D.: "Hey Roy, do you believe in the devil?"

Roy A.: "No. It's just like Santa Claus; it's your father."

Mr. Peterson (in Trig.): "The trouble with you, Werner, is your altitude."

Mr. Cox: "What is meant by murder in the first degree?"

Violet S.: "Death."

Father: "Are you using that eyewash?"

Daughter: "No. I don't know whether to take it before eating or after."

Marvin (in Trig.): "Do you understand your trig for today?"

John K.: "Yes and no."

Marvin: "Both of mine are no."

Mr. Reukema: "Who buried Stevenson?"

Evelyn J.: "The undertaker."

Miss Kraeger: "Now you have been studying sound waves, can any one tell me where pitch comes from?"

Leonard: "Oh, they get it from pine trees."

Allan Fink: "What size shoe do you wear?"

Lloyd Werner: "Twelve's are my size, but twelves and a half are so comfortable I wear thirteens."

Senior: "If I gave you two oranges, and you had one, how many oranges would you have?"

Freshie: "I don't know. We do ours in apples."

Barb: "What is the greatest water power known to man?"

James P.: "Woman's tears."





Rita B. (discussing introductions): "What does a girl do under eighteen?"
Lily W.: "She goes out with boys."

Mr. Cox: "What is a gorilla?"
John B.: "An animal."
Mr. Cox: "How do they attack you?"
John B.: "I don't know. I never had one attack me."

Arsen: "Would you marry a rich old maid for her money?"
Zaven: "Not if I could get it any other way."

Kenneth B. (the sleepy geometry shark): "If I am studying when you come in wake me up."

Zaven: "There are so many heads in this mirror I don't know which one I am combing."

Boob: "What is frog whiskey?"
Boobie: "It is whiskey that you take one drink of and then croak."

Orval D.: "Won't you give me one little kiss?"
La Verne W.: "No."
Orval: "Please do."
La Verne: "I won't give you a kiss, but you may borrow one."

Miss Kraeger: "Use the word 'fission' in a sentence."
Kenneth B.: "I ditched school yesterday and went fishin'."

Eugene D.: "Sit down in front."
James P.: "I'll sit down all over."

Freshman: "Got my golf socks on today."
Sophomore: "How's that?"
Freshman: "Eighteen holes."

Miss Devereaux: "First rub right arm with alcohol."
Ruth L.: "Would beer be alright?"

Arnold N.: "Sometimes you can see just as good at midnight as in the day."
Mr. Peterson: "Yes, sometimes better."

John Cox (nervously asking syllabus questions): "And Roger, tell me, where did they went?"

Mr. Henderson: "Suppose you killed my horse. I could sue you?"
Manfred C.: "Yes, but you would have a hard time collecting."





Doris J. (opening her Ph. Ed. locker): "You can get a scent for nothing in this locker."

Fred Woods: "We'll flip a nickel, if it comes heads we will go to a show and if it comes tails we'll go to a dance; but if it stands on edge we will go home and study."

Mr. Cox: "I wouldn't chew gum, do you know it is made of horses' hoofs?"

Rudolph L.: "Sure that's why I get a kick out of it."

Mr. Peterson: "You have ten potatoes and you have to divide them between three people. What do you do?"

Mae Peterson: "Mash them."

Carl H.: "You look sweet enough to eat."

Pauline: "I do eat. Where shall we go?"

Frosh: "What kind of a fellow is Mr. Smith?"

Soph: "Well, if you ever seen one fellow trying to borrow money from another, the fellow shaking his head is Smith!"

Helen: "The Lord made us beautiful and dumb."

Verne: "How's that?"

Helen: "Beautiful so the men would love us—and dumb so that we could love them."

Mr. Catlin: "What is a collective noun?"

Loren P.: "A vacuum cleaner."

Miss Bishop: "I see your jaw moving."

Georgia C.: "Ye-es."

Miss Bishop: "'Well come and put it in the waste basket."

Mr. Smith: "Marion, tell me something about the Liberty bell."

Marion M.: "It will ring in just two minutes."





Pushing



Movies



????



Wally



Actors



Cleopatra



Still now



Readers



Going Up



Rev. Poulton



Landscapers



Cooking Class



Photographer



See no evil



Bill



Buck



Cooking Class



Janey






We Thank You

We have found that the making of a school annual is not an easy task but throughout the year our way has been brightened by many helpful friends and we wish to thank everyone who has contributed in any way to the making of this book. We especially thank the following: Bernice Bush, Elsie Samuelson and Evelyn Seaward, who have so willingly aided in typing copy; the students of Kingsburg High School who have loyally supported the annual with their subscriptions; and the business and professional men who have by their advertisements made the book possible.

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BANK BOOKS are Sign Boards that are found only on the Road to Success;

USUALLY a Dollar in the Bank is worth two in the pocket;

REMEMBER that two things in this world never come back —the Spent Dolar and the Wasted Moment;

GENERALLY the man who is "down and out" is the man who, when he was "up and in," never BANKED his MONEY;

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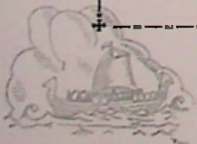
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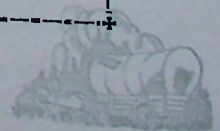
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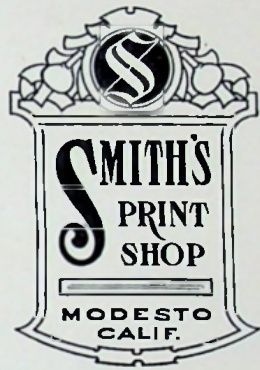
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We serve in the Spirit of Cheer and Good Will

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