



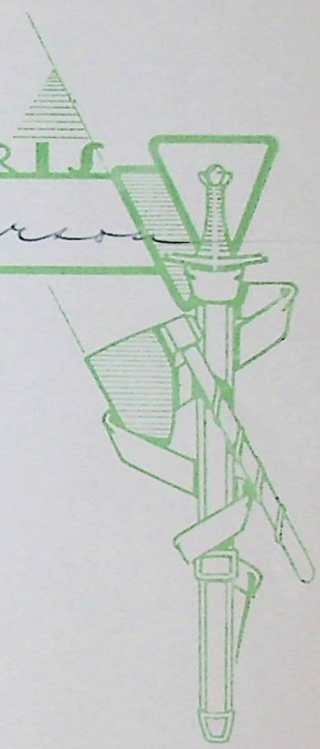
VIRING 1930



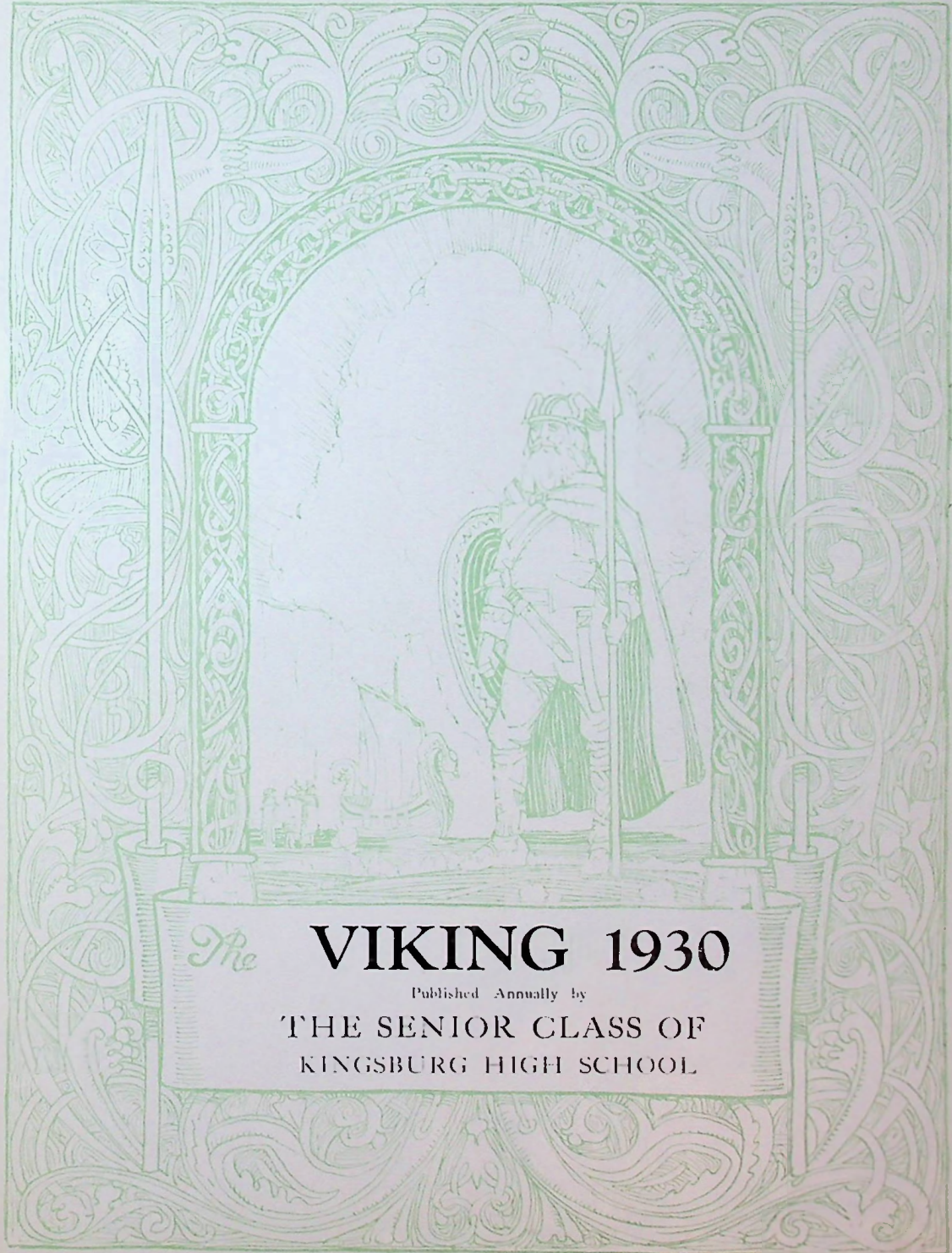


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Prof. Anderson







The

VIKING 1930

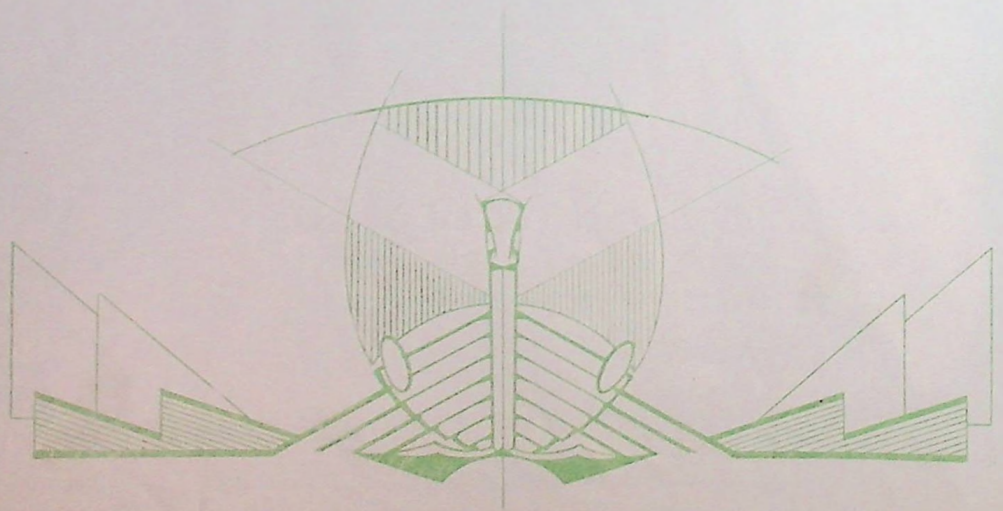
Published Annually by

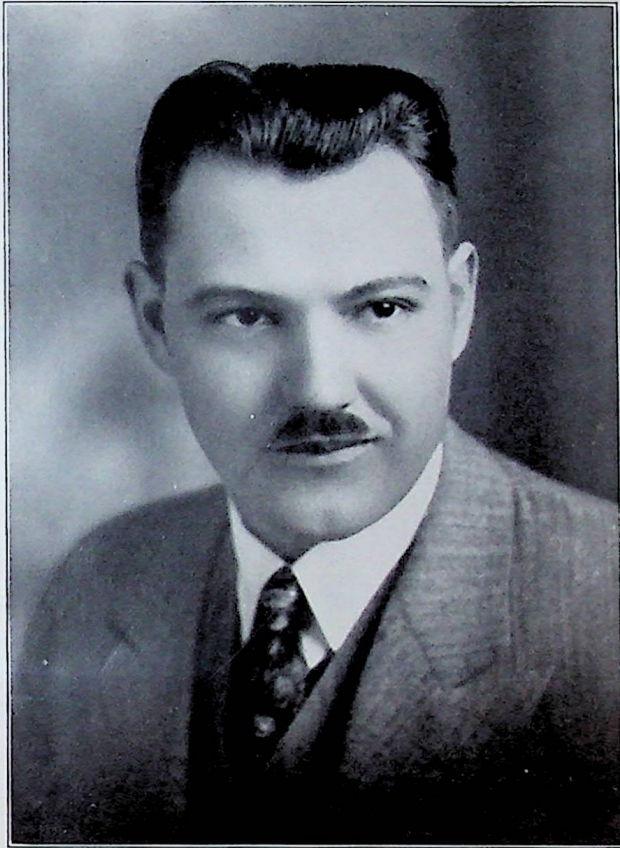
THE SENIOR CLASS OF
KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATION

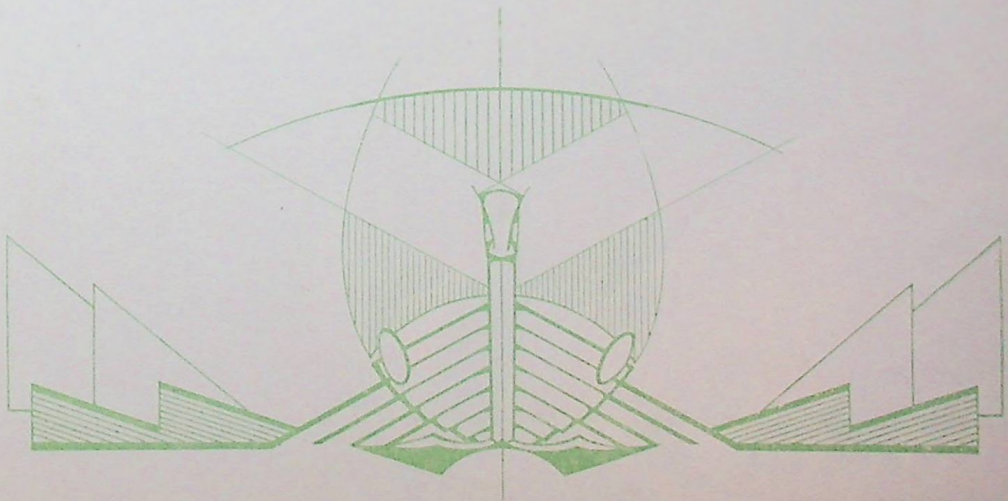
To our friend and staff adviser, Mr. Russell R. Reukema, who, through his loving acts and deeds, his interest and guidance in our school affairs, and his limitless efforts for all, has won the admiration and respect of every student in Kingsburg High School;

To you, dear friend, is this piece of work, the VIKING of 1930, fondly dedicated.





MR. RUSSELL R. REUKEMA



FOREWORD

Another year has rolled past, leaving dreams and visions of our school days. And it is from these fleeting and memorable days that we have drawn all accomplishments, incidents and memoirs to print in this book. Some of you will cherish fondly the memories enclosed within; some of you may deem it an inspiration toward higher ambitions; some of you may with only a glance set it aside and perhaps in later years reopen its pages and retrace the unforgettable occurrences.

And so, if by chance, you have judged these endeavors successful, the staff will have felt that its attempts in making this, the 1930 "Viking" annual a success, will not have been in vain.

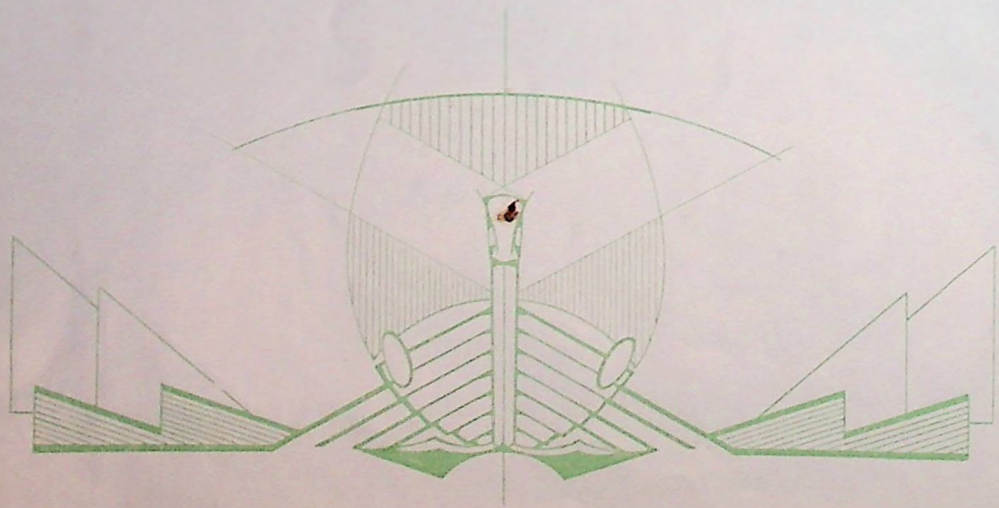


TABLE OF CONTENTS



Book I

SCHOOL

Book II

ORGANIZATIONS

Book III

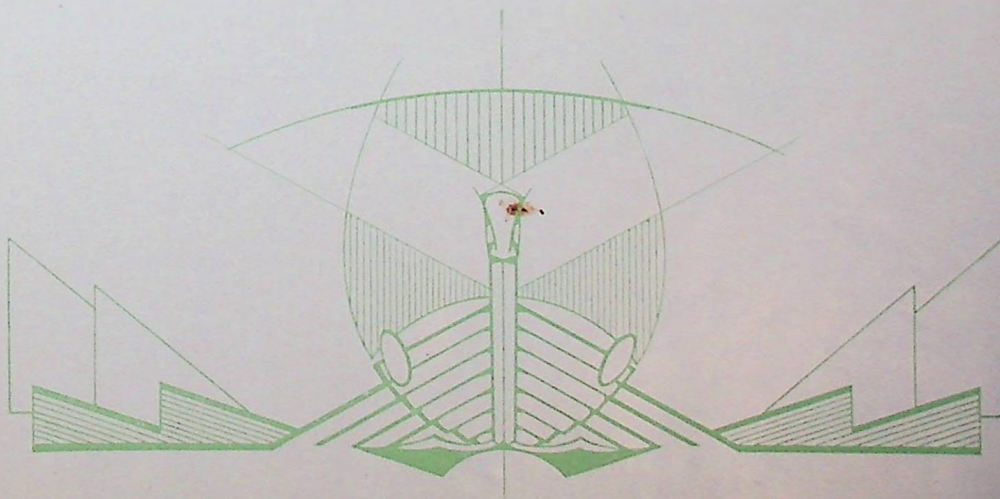
ACTIVITIES

Book IV

ATHLETICS

Book V

BREAD OF LIFE



IN MEMORIAM

LA VERNE CLARK

Died July 31, 1929

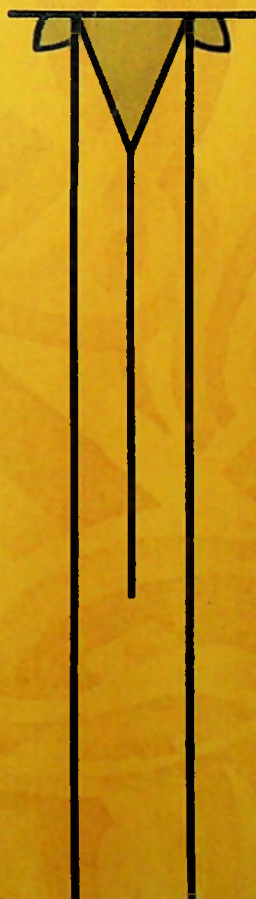
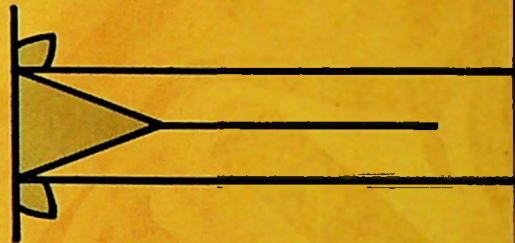
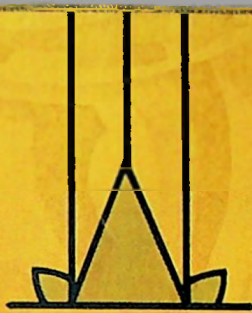
*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;*

*For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



SCHOOL



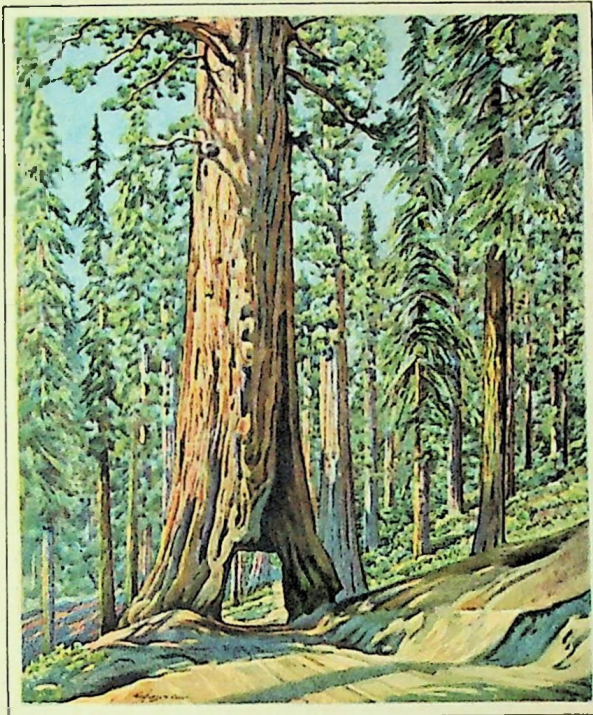
MEMORIAM

—
A VERNE CLARK

Died July 31, 1929

*ening star,
ear call for me!
re be no moaning of the bar,
t out to sea,*

*de as moving seems asleep,
pr sound and foam,*



WAWONA BIG TREES

Wawona Big Trees—stately monarchs of the forest, ancient sylvan historians that bear the weight of centuries in their massive trunks and bulging arms. Old when the Man of Galilee walked the shores and blessed the bread, these are still growing, developing, reaching upward to the blue heavens. As Joyce Kilmer says, "A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts its leafy arms to pray." In their fallen trunks do they tell the story of years of smiling plenty and years of devastating drought. Yet do they embrace every opportunity to promote growth; a forest of trees—all sizes, all ages, all kinds, yet all striving competitively for growth.

We also strive for growth and development—grasping opportunities for the enrichment of life, weathering storms of adversity that prove the timber of our hearts, striving ever toward the Light—reaching out for larger life, larger vision, for the promise of abundant Life. But mere knowledge will not suffice; let us strive for wisdom. Life is a privilege; let us consecrate it!

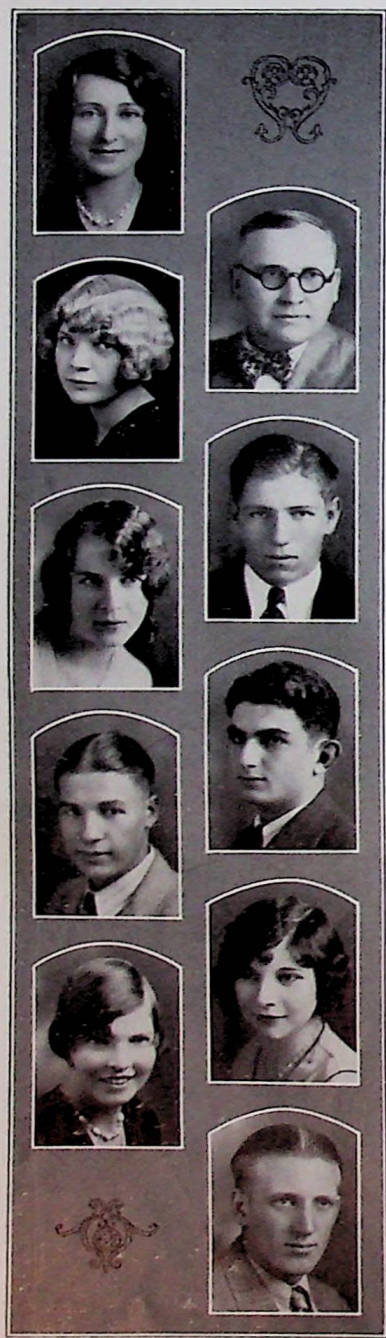




K. H. S. FACULTY

Wallace Smith, I. V. Funderburgh, Mrs. Signe Thompson, R. A. Catlin
 Einar Peterson, Miss Bernice Newbecker, R. R. Reukema, Mrs. Pauline Nordstrom
 W. M. Bunger, Miss Olga Hertz, Wiley B. Hudson, Miss Rose Chaplin
 Charles Peterson, Miss Helen Keast, Heber Moreland, Miss Edna Bishop, George Henderson
 Mrs. Mildred Bohleen, John M. Cox, Miss Elsa Kraeger, Clarence Smith, Miss Grace Devereaux





MISS ELSA KRAEGER, *Adviser*

MR. GEORGE HENDERSON, *Adviser*

MILDRED DANELL

"A pleasing manner wins many friends."
Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29; Interclass Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Volleyball 28; Baseball 28; "K" Club 29, 30; Vice-President "K" Club 29; Class Secretary 30; Hiking Club 30; G. O. S. League Council 30; Sergeant-at-Arms G. O. S. League 30.

STANLEY ANDERSON

"None but himself can be his parallel."
Class Vice-President 27; Class President 28; Class Treasurer 29; Class President 30; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; "K" Club 27, 28, 29, 30; Hi-Y 28, 29, 30; President Hi-Y 30; Treasurer Hi-Y 29; Football 27, 28, 29, 30; Basketball 27, 29, 30; Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Track 29.

ALICE LARSON

"You may not be aware of her presence, but she is there with the goods."
Art Editor of Annual Staff 30; Class Reporter 30; "K" Club; "K" Club Secretary 29; Latin Club 28, 29; Volleyball 27; Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Baseball 27, 28, 29; Honor Scholarship Society.

ARSEN ASLAN

"If words are music, I'm a brass band."
Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Football 29, 30; Basketball 27, 28; Track 28; Hi-Y 29, 30; Hi-Y Treasurer 30; "K" Club; Class Vice-President 30; "Finger of Scorn" 29; Business Manager Annual Staff 30.

RAY PEARSON

"He is a scholar and a gentleman."
Board of Managers 30; Stage Manager and Sergeant-at-Arms Student Body 30; Class Treasurer 30; Haywire Orchestra 29, 30; Honor Scholarship Society 30.

ENID HAYES

"With boys and their handsome looks, I thought not of being busy with my books."
Latin Club 28, 29; "K" Club 29, 30; Tennis 28, 29.

RUBY JONSON

"Each mind has its own method."
Honor Scholarship Society; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; Spanish Club Vice-President 28; Hiking Club 30.

ALLAN NELSON

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."
Football 27, 28, 29, 30; Basketball 27, 28, 29, 30; Track 27, 28, 29; Hi-Y 27, 28, 29; "K" Club 27, 28, 29, 30; "The Finger of Scorn" 29; Ag. Club 27, 28, 30; Secretary Hi-Y 29.





KENNETH BAKER

"Fie, what a spendthrift he is with his tongue."

Football 27, 28, 29, 30; "K" Club 27, 28, 29, 30; Hi-Y 28, 29, 30; Hi-Y Vice-President 30; Class President 27.

ETHEL ROOSMAN

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; Program Chairman of Spanish Club 28, 29; Honor Scholarship Society.

ELSIE PALM

"Born for success she seems."

C. S. F. Sealbearer; Student Body Treasurer 30; Class Treasurer 27, 28; Honor Scholarship Society 27, 28, 29, 30; Honor Society President 30; Honor Society Vice-President 29; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; Spanish Club Secretary-Treasurer 28; Literary Editor Annual 30; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Board of Managers 30; Inter-class Volleyball 30; Hiking Club 30.

MAURICE MERCER

"A man's a man for a' that."

Little Theatre 27, 28; Ag. Club 28, 29; Football 30.

BERNARD LINDGREN

"Much wisdom goes with fewest words."

Ag. Club; Hi-Y 30.

LILLIAN TOROSIAN

"A happy genius is the gift of nature."

Little Theatre 28; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Inter-class Basketball 30; Hiking Club 30; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30.

LILLIAN OLSEN

"The best tribute we know, an all-around girl."

Volleyball 29, 30; Baseball 29, 30; Inter-class Volleyball 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Baseball 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Basketball 30; Honor Scholarship Society 28, 29, 30; Officer of Honor Society 30; "K" Club 29, 30; "K" Club Treasurer 30; Girls' Sport Editor of Annual 30; Latin Club 28, 29; Hiking Club 30; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Minnie-Ha-Ha of Pow-wow 30.

ALVA JOHANSON

"She is mild and meek, swift to hear and low to speak."

Latin Club 28, 29.

LAVERNE MUNSON

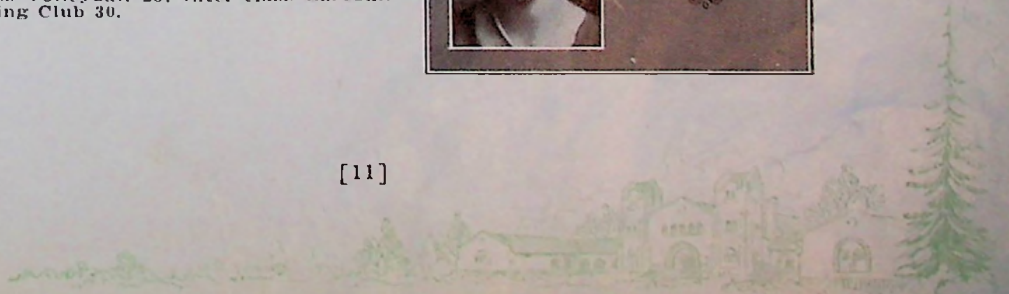
"I have no use for a dictionary."

Baseball 27; Basketball 28; Ag. Club 27, 28, 29; "The Finger of Scorn" 29; Football 30; Hi-Y 29, 30; Judging Team 27, 28; "K" Club.

MARTHA PARRENT

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Inter-class Volleyball 28; Inter-class Baseball 29, 30; Hiking Club 30.





ARPE SAFARJIAN

"Her achievements speak of her ability."
Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29; Inter-class Baseball 27, 29; Inter-class Debate 27; "K" Club 28, 29, 30; "K" Club President 30; Interscholastic Debating 28, 29, 30; "K" Club Athletic Manager 29; "Finger of Scorn" 29; G. O. S. League Council 30; G. O. S. League Reporter 30; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Princess-White-Fawn of Pow-wow 30; Editor-in-Chief Annual 30; First Mate S. S. Forensics 30; Extemporaneous Reading Contest 30; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30.

CLARENCE ANDERSON

"There are many who show their wisdom by speech."
"Bits O' Blarney" 27; Little Theatre 27, 28; Football 29, 30; Track 30; Captain S. S. Forensics 30; "K" Club 29, 30; Ag. Club 27, 28, 29; "Finger of Scorn" 29; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; Hi-Y 28.

ELMER HANAN

"A joke is a very serious thing."
Football 30; Hi-Y 28, 29; "K" Club 30; Ag. Club 27, 28, 29.

DORIS SWENSON

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."
Latin Club 28, 29; Orchestra Librarian 30; "Tulip Time" 28; G. O. S. League Council 30; Secretary G. O. S. League 30.

MARGET STRANDBERG

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."
"Toreadors" 30; Secretary Vivace Glee Club 30; Latin Club 28, 29; Inter-class Volleyball 30; Galley Chief S. S. Forensics 30; G. O. S. League Council; G. O. S. League Treasurer 30.

GORDON JOHNSON

"Many friends thou hast."
Selma High 27; Hi-Y 30; Baseball 30.

EINAR JOHNSON

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."
Ag. Club 27, 28, 29; Inter-class Track 28, 29.

EVELYN WESTERLING

"Flirtation, attention without intention."
Student Body Secretary 30; Board of Managers 30; Glee Club Treasurer 30; Honor Scholarship Society; "K" Club 28, 30; Baseball 29; Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29; Inter-class Baseball 27, 28, 29; Girls' League Council 29; "Toreadors" 30; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; Vikings' Candidate for Raisin Queen 30.

MILDRED CARWELL

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and pleasure with mirth."
Inter-class Debate 27; Little Theatre 27, 28; Inter-class Volleyball 27; Interclass Baseball 27, 30; Hiking Club 30; Interscholastic Debate 30; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Pow-wow Reporter 30.

DONALD LONDQUIST

"Anything for a quiet life."
Ag. Club 27, 30; Football 28; Basketball 27.



HAROLD RENFROW

"A curly-headed, mischief-making monkey from his birth."

Student Body President 30; Yell Leader 28, 29; Board of Managers 28, 29, 30; Class Officer 28; Basketball 29; Tennis 28, 29, 30; "Finger of Scorn" 29; Interscholastic Debating 30; National Oratorical Contest 30; Little Theatre 27, 28; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Chief Lopizante of Pow-wow 30; Snap-shot Editor Annual 30; Boys' Sports Annual 30; Cabin Boy S. S. Forensics 30; Sergeant-at-Arms Boys' Forum 28; Hi-Y 29, 30.

EVA SATTERBERG

"Teaching school? Go take a rest. I think a home with a man is best."

Latin Club 28, 29; "Tulip Time" 28; Student Body Vice-President 30; Board of Managers 30; G. O. S. League Council 30; Assistant Editor Annual 30; Class Program Chairman 27; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; Inter-class Volleyball 30.

DOROTHY STOKES

"She is just the quiet kind whose nature never varies."

"Bits O' Blarney" 27; "Finger of Scorn" 29; Latin Club 29; G. O. S. League Council 30; Inter-class Baseball 29; Inter-class Volleyball 30; Inter-class Basketball 30.

RUBY STRID

"Mistress of a merry tongue, of lively wit and laughing mood."

"Tulip Time" 28; "Toreadors" 30; Volleyball 28, 29; Baseball 29, 30; Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Basketball 30; Vivace Glee Sextette 30; Latin Club 28, 29; "K" Club; Sergeant-at-Arms "K" Club 30; Exchange Editor Annual 30.

WALTON OLSON

"Character is a perfectly educated will."

Ag. Club 27, 28, 29; Hi-Y 30; Athletic and Advertising Manager 30; Board of Managers 30; Honor Scholarship Society 28; "Finger of Scorn" 29; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30.

HARRIET JENSEN

"Principle is ever my motto, not expediency."

Honor Scholarship Society; Glee Club Librarian 28; "Tulip Time" 28; "Toreadors" 30; Hiking Club 30.

LOUISE OLSON

"Studious and jolly and friendly to everyone."

Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Latin Club 28, 29; "K" Club 28, 29, 30; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; Honor Scholarship Society; Tennis 28; Little Theatre 28.

SUB YAMA

"Men of few words are the best."

Basketball 30; Haywire Orchestra 29, 30; Ag. Club 30.

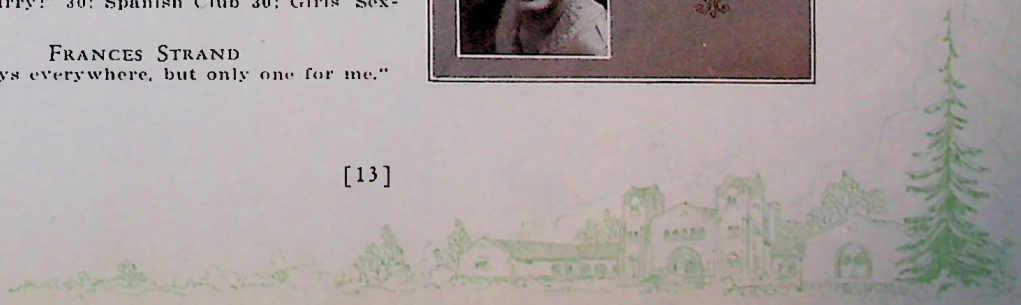
HANNAH LONGACRE

"A winsome, wee thing."

San Diego High 27, 28; "Finger of Scorn" 29; "Up in the Air" 29; "Toreadors" 30; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; Spanish Club 30; Girls' Sextette 30.

FRANCES STRAND

"Boys, boys everywhere, but only one for me."





BARBARA CATLIN

"She pleased while distant, but when near she charmed."

Girls' League Council 28, 30; Little Theatre 27, 28; Inter-class Debate 27; Inter-class Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Baseball 27; Inter-class Basketball 30; "Finger of Scorn" 29; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; Spanish Club President 30; Interscholastic Debating 29, 30; "K" Club 29, 30; G. O. S. League President 30; Board of Managers 30; Student Body Business Manager 30; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Snake Charmer Pow-wow 30; Joke Editor Annual 30; Class Vice-President 28, 29; Class Reporter 27; Class Editor 29; Volleyball 29.

ALVIN LINDQUIST

"I am the master of my fate."

Hi-Y 28, 29, 30; Viking News Business Manager 30; Purser S. S. Forensics 30; Advertising Manager Annual 30; School Reporter 30; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; Track 29; Inter-class Track 28, 29.

BERNICE ANDERSON

"Serene and resolute and still, and calm and self-possessed."

Class Secretary 27, 28, 29; Latin Club 28, 29; Glee Club Pianist 29; Honor Scholarship Society; Orchestra Secretary 30.

BERTHA STEELE

"True to her word, her work and her friends."

Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; Assistant Business Manager Annual 30; Honor Scholarship Society 28, 29, 30; C. S. F. Sealbearer; Honor Society Secretary and Treasurer 29, 30; Honor Society Publicity Manager 30; Spanish Club Secretary-Treasurer.

STANLEY C. ANDERSON

"He was zealous yet wore a bashful look."

Hi-Y 29, 30; Football 30; "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" 30; "K" Club 30; Spanish Club 29, 30; Class Sergeant-at-Arms 29; Honor Scholarship Society 30.

EVELYN SWENSON

"Stately and tall she moves in hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."

LEONORE MERCER

"Quiet and self-composed, what she thinks nobody knows."

LESTER EMLET

"About the only thing a man can feel is absolutely his around the house is his old tooth brush."

Hi-Y 28, 29, 30; Ag. Club 29; "Bits O' Blayne" 27.

WILLIAM NILES

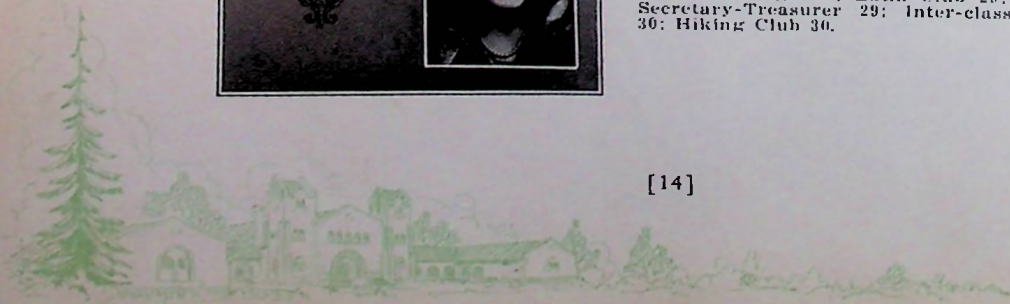
"Nothing is given so profusely as advice."

Taft High 27; Coalinga High 28, 29; Baseball 30; Track 30.

MARGARET WALDEN

"A pretty dimple in each cheek."

Turlock High 27; Latin Club 29; Latin Club Secretary-Treasurer 29; Inter-class Volleyball 30; Hiking Club 30.





CHARLOTTE GOORIGIAN

"She lives each day in a sensible way and does her level best."

"Foreadors" 30; Inter-class Baseball 27; Inter-class Volleyball 28.

RUTH LARSON

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

"Bits O' Blarney" 27; Inter-class Baseball 27, 28, 29; Inter-class Volleyball 29, 30.

EDWARD WHITMORE

"He is only truly great who is truly good."

Basketball 29; Ag. Club 27, 28, 30; Ag. Club President 30.

MILDRED HILL

"Always she stands ready with a helping hand."

Porterville High 27, 28, 29; Spanish Club; Girl Reserves.

ZABELLE VARTANIAN

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

Annual Staff 30; Interclass Volleyball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Baseball 27, 28, 29, 30; Inter-class Basketball 30; Honor Scholarship Society 28, 29, 30; Hiking Club 30; Girls' League Council 28; Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow 30; Vice-President Honor Society 30; Latin Club.

WILLIAM SWEET

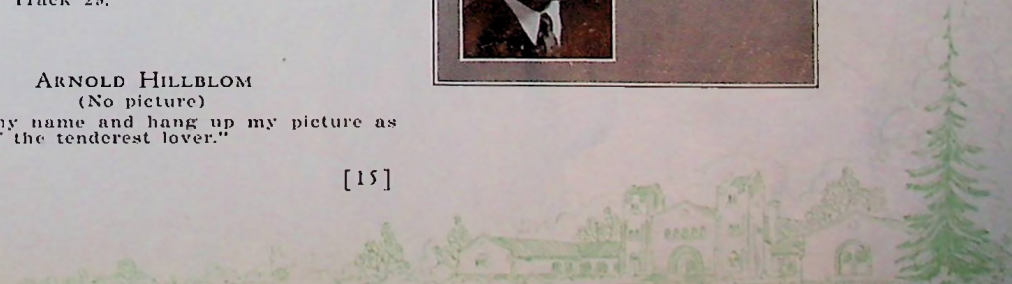
"Few men can afford to be angry."


"Bits O' Blarney" 27; "Tulip Time" 28; Spanish Club 28, 29, 30; Basketball 29, 30; Track 29; Inter-class Track 29.

ARNOLD HILLBLOM

(No picture)

"Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover."





Class History

It was in the autumn of 1926 that a strange ship, bearing the name of the Class of '30, set sail, with three other ships, on the stormy waters of Knowledge. To the former ship the first stretch of the journey promised smooth sailing. But the other ships, taking advantage, caused an S. O. S. signal from '30. The inexperienced boat carried a crew, equally inexperienced. A reception was given those eighty-six seamen, much to their displeasure.

After being sufficiently and officially tormented they again set sail on the billowy waters. For a while each ship sailed calmly in its own course.

June found a weary, battered, yet slightly intelligent crew anchored in the port. We had not won any crowns but we had at least carried out our motto to our ability and had reached the welcome shores of "Vacation" by "Rowing, Not Drifting."

After a furlough, seventy of the crew returned to the now repaired and waiting ship. Again we confronted the foamy waves of Learning. This trip proved more successful. The crew began with athletics, producing "star" men throughout the year; and the girls won the interclass volleyball and baseball trophy. A silver cup, for the most unusual entry in the Ag. Club fair and carnival, was received by the captain on behalf of the crew. For the second time the good ship '30 sailed into "harbour and home."

The next trip was a famous one with sixty-two Junior seamen enlisted. Stanley Anderson, the all-round student, who put us on the map and kept us there with his athletic ability and sportsmanship, was exceedingly outstanding, to say nothing of Kenneth Baker, Arnold Hillblom, Alvin Thorell, and Arsen Aslan.

Then came the season for a dramatic presentation and as a result, a tragedy, "The Finger of Scorn," was staged and well received.

The year was drawing to a close. Our comrades aboard the good ship '29 would soon be departing for other seas. And so erasing all memories of unfriendliness (if any) the younger crew entertained them at a Junior-Senior banquet, unsurpassed in the history of its existence.


Three years had sailed by and a gay crew of fifty-six it was that started on the last journey.

The social events of this trip were among the outstanding features. A "steak-bake" at Bear Camp and the annual "Senior sneak" at Giant Forest were indeed memorable occasions.

Another dramatic "hit" was presented, namely, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"—a great success. All four of the interscholastic debaters, and the orator and extemporaneous reader of the school were of this now intelligent and dignified group. We, also, were honored by the good ship '31 at a luxurious banquet in our honor.

But lo!—in the distance dimly can be seen the familiar shores of yesteryear. We are rapidly approaching the end of another journey in our lives. We soon will have again sailed into port. Our ship is launched but it is not anchored, for we will soon set sail on the seas of Life. Unexplored miles lie before us—seas which we must plow, not with the aid of comrade seamen, nor the helping hand of our advisers, Miss Kraeger and Mr. Henderson, but—alone! Yes, alone we must push forward in search of our higher ambitions and ideals! And may no sailor of this crew, the crew of the Class of '30 weigh anchor until he has contented himself with the fruits of his sought-for desire.

So after four years of sailing we have endeavored to conquer stormy tides and as we emerge from those journeys we see ahead of us more seas and we must go on. Not merely go on, but plow on, for the banner signifying our purpose is a-furl o'er the mast, reminding us, urging us, that we must conquer the tides of life by "Rowing, Not Drifting!"



Class Prophecy

*The other day I met a friend
I had not seen for years;
Who ever since our high school days
Had traveled far and near.*

*Glad to have a chat with him,
I led him to a seat,
And of that dear old Senior class
He did this tale repeat.*

*Elsie Palm and Bertha Steele,
Who C. S. F. pins won,
Are owners of a butcher shop
And making lots of "mon."*

*Clarence A. and Kenneth B.
Are speakers of renown
And for twenty years now past,
Have lectured in this town.*

*Ed Whitmore is a rancher
And labors hard all day;
He raises purebred hogs and cows
For which he gets much pay.*

*An actress fair is Ruthy L.,
In tragic plays she stars,
And all her hard-earned money spends
On classy foreign cars.*

*Bernice is an organist,
Playing all the time,
And she is very famous
At the writing of this rhyme.*

*Gordon Johnson is a bachelor
Living all alone;
He milks the cows and mows the hay
On his farm near Rome.*

*A typist shark is Lillian O.,
The swiftest of her kind;
And in the office of Henry Ford
Her every day you'll find.*

*Alva is the principal
Of dear old Kingsburg High,
And with Vice-Principal Evelyn S.
They work till dusk draws nigh.*

*"Ob" is in the army now,
He's captain of his troop;
He often serves on the K. P.
And dishes up the soup.*

*An opera star is Lillian T.,
Who thrills us through and through,
Accompanied by Charlotte G.,
Gives concerts missed by few.*

*Dorothy Stokes a lawyer is
And wins most every case;
She plans to run for governor
In the next election race.*

*Arnold was third baseman
On the Yankee team,
But he fell for an actress
And now he's on the screen.*

*Alice is a designer
Of modernistic gowns;
As creator of new fashions,
She is known the world around.*

*Working at a lunch counter
You'll find Billy Sweet;
He always makes acquaintances
With all who come to eat.*

*Lester is the keeper bold
Of a big, expansive park,
And breaks up necking parties
Two hours after dark.*

*Frances Strand is married now
And has two pairs of twins;
She always goes to Walton's house
To borrow safety pins.*

*Allan is the counsel
Of several London firms;
He owns a home in Northampton
To which daily he returns.*

*Ruby Strid is an explorer
And travels o'er the world,
And mysteries of ages past
Are before her eyes unfurled.*

*Einar is the manager
Of a great big farm;
He tills the soil from day to day
And keeps the cows from harm.*

*Arpe S. and Barbara Lou
Are teaching dancing school,
And also they are owners of
A great big swimming pool.*

A cowboy of the western plains
Donald Lundquist is;
At roping cows and branding them
There are none with skill like his.

A dandy cook is Harriet,
She cooks for Maurice M.,
He's getting fatter every day
And weighs three hundred ten.

Stan C. A. is teaching Spanish
In a modern school;
"Learn your lesson every day,"
Is now his steadfast rule.

Martha is the mistress
Of a home in Beverly,
Wealth and happiness are hers
And a handsome young hubby.

In the Philadelphia Symphony
You'll find Arsen A.,
For he is now the greatest
Violinist of our day.

Ruby Jonson, always smiling,
Is a waitress fair;
With her as an attraction,
The customers flock there.

Elmer Hanan and Bernard
Now run a barber shop,
And customers keep rushing in,
Which keeps them on the hop.

Evelyn owns a beauty shop,
She's an expert you'd agree,
If before and after treatment
Her customers you'd see.

The ever smiling William N.
Is now a great musician;
He plays upon his saxophone
While spell-bound his audience listen.

Eva, Doris, and Marget
Resolved to never marry;
Nurses they had planned to be,
But now are veterinaries.

Ray Pearson is the pilot
Of a giant monoplane;
He has broken many records
And is still flying on to fame.

A bookkeeper in Hollywood
You'll find our friend Leonore,
No matter how much work she has,
She always will do more.

Now we have the Mildreds three
Who are incorporated.
To making hats they are inclined
With ardor unabated.

Sub Yama is the leader
Of a modernistic band,
And broadcasts over radio
To all parts of our land.

Ethel is a governess
And surely knows her stuff,
And when the little boys are mean
She both their ears does cuff.

In the city of New York,
You'll find Walton O.,
He works as a gardener
And uses spade and hoe.

A farmer's wife is Enid Hayes,
A plane she longed to fly,
But a handsome sheik then came along
And now she sings a lullaby.

LaVerne was a sailor
On the great Leviathan,
But through his brilliance he became
First mate to the Captain.

The preacher's daughter, Hannah L.,
Is now a missionary;
And in the heart of Africa
She plans to ever tarry.

And little dimpled Margaret
Is clerking in a store;
She diligently labors now
From eight till half past four.

A cheerful lass is Zabelle V.,
Chemistry she teaches,
And all the students fall to sleep,
While she stands and preaches.

Stanley A., our football star,
Has now acquired fame
As punter of the Stanford team—
They never lose a game.

T. O. is the leader
Of all the Stanford yells,
And when Stanley makes a touchdown
His crowd in noise excels.


A tennis star is Louise O.,
She plays with Helen Wills,
And with graceful, sweeping strokes,
Her crowd with awe she fills.

This our chat concluded,
'Twas brief but nevertheless
I found out our Senior class
Has met with great success.



SENIOR

Name	Known As	Favorite Saying
STANLEY ANDERSON	Capt. Andy	"Aw, shus!"
MILDRED DANELL	Milly	"Hey, kid"
ALICE LARSON	Al	"Oh, shoot!"
ARSEN ASLAN	Ars	"Aw, go to—"
RAY PEARSON	Ray	"Ch, Hazel!"
ENID HAYES	Enid	"Ye Gods!"
RUBY JONSON	Boobie	"Ch, yeah"
ALLAN NELSON	Castle	"Naw"
KENNETH BAKER	Kennie	"Jimminy Krouse"
ETHEL ROOSMAN	Etta	"Rev. Burke"
ELSIE PALM	Elsie	"I know better"
MAURICE MERCER	Merceer	"So did I"
BERNARD LINDGREN	Barnie	"Oh, Betty"
LILLIAN TOROSIAN	Trojan	"Isn't that thrilling?"
LILLIAN OLSEN	Lil	"Ch, we-ull"
ALVA JOHANSON	Alva	"Well, you know"
LAVERNE MUNSON	Bud	"Ch, ja"
MARTHA PARRENT	Parrot	"My gosh"
ARPE SAFARIAN	Arp	"I won't do it"
CLARENCE ANDERSON	Stoggy	"Ray for prohibition"
ELMER HANAN	Buck	"Cut it, guy"
DORIS SWENSON	Dodo	Oh, for Pat's sake"
MARGET STRANDBERG	Geets	"Oh, Etta"
GORDON JOHNSON	Gordie	"Yoost"
FINAR JOHNSON	Ten Legs	"Let's ditch"
EVELYN WESTERLING	Ev	"I'll bet we have a test"
MILDRED CARWELL	Milly	"Aw, gowan"
DONALD LONDQUIST	Don	"For cat's sake"
HAROLD RENFROW	T. O.	"Aw, quit yer kiddin' "
EVA SATTERBERG	Katherine	"Any announcements"
DOROTHY STOKES	Stokie	"Aw, ga'wan"
RUBY STRID	Rube	"Shut up"
WALTON OLSON	Gov	"Can't, gotta work"
HARRIET JENSEN	Etta	"Ch, Geets"
LOUISE OLSON	Louise	"Oh, k-i-d"
SUB YAMA	Sub	"Hey, Mr. Cox"
HANNAH LONGACRE	Hanner	"You might say"
FRANCES STRAND	Frannie	"Ch, Ray"
BARBARA CATLIN	Lou	"Ch, for a dollar and a half"
ALVIN LINDQUIST	Ob	"You don't mean it"
BERNICE ANDERSON	Bernice	"Gee, that was terrible"
BERTHA STEELE	Bert	"Naw sir"
STANLEY C. ANDERSON	Li'l Andy	"Darn thing won't start"
EVELYN SWENSON	Evelyn	"Aw, come on"
LEONORE MERCER	Leonore	"I never knew"
LESTER EMLET	Peps	"Aw, turn 'round"
WILLIAM NILES	Bill	"Ch, deah"
MARGARET WALDEN	Dimples	"Why?"
CHARLOTTE GOORIGIAN	Charlie	"Ch, kid, ye know"
RUTH LARSON	Spike	"Well, gee whiz"
ED WHITMORE	Ed	"Oh, that's nothing"
MILDRED HILL	Milly	"Oh, you're awful"
ZABELLE VARTANIAN	Zae	"Gee, isn't that funny"
WILLIAM SWEET	Sweets	"Well, I don't care"



SCOPE

Noted For	Could Be	Shall Be
Handsomeness	Lady's man	Sheik
Blonde hair	An artist's model	Opera star
Long hair	Bare-back rider	Maid
Soup strainer	Artist	Garbage Man
Sheikness	Nize baby	Stage mgr. Wilson Theatre
Dancing	Quiet	"Skinney's" wife
Smiles	Pollecwoman	Ray's future
Dinuba girl	Freight train	Artist
Ford	Less sleepy	Dentist
Memorizing	In love	Old maid
Studying	A sensation	Campus flirt
Reading fiction	Decent	Janitor K. H. S.
Sarcasm	Violinist	Life-guard
Forn	Singer	Evangelist
Typing	Fast	Slow
Height	Lawyer	Butcher
Pestiness	Nice	Lovesick
Red hair	Studious	Dairy maid
Talking	Innocent	Chauffeurette
Chalk talks	Blow-out	Answer to a maiden's pray'r
Frowning	Graceful	Street cleaner
Playing a fiddle	K.H.S. orchestra director	Organ grinder
Neatness	Married	Tap dancer
Studying	Dumb	Prof
Shyness	Bold	President Hoover's valet
Golden hair	Traffic cop	Queen of Fiji Islands
Football playing	Dignified	Dog-pound keeper
Freckles	Manly	Deep-sea diver
Tap dancing	Woman-hater	Sports reporter, N.Y. Times
Dimpled chin	Grouchy	Clarence's nursemaid
Giggling	Silent	Dishwasher
Hot temper	Sweet	Baptist minister's wife
Shell station	Story teller	Dramatist
Criticizing lipstick	Hula dancer	Comedian
Golf fan	Boyish	Music supervisor
Harmonica player	Giant in a tent show	Second Al Jolson
High-hatting	Intelligent	Missionary to Borneo
Riding in a Star	Brunette	Housewife
Flirting	A lady	A divorcee
Brown eyes	Heart breaker	Bachelor
Cello playing	Noisy	Bathing beauty
Baby face	Artist	Poet
Playing volleyball	Sensible	Speed cop
Big feet	Happy	Public speaker
Wavy hair	Large	His
Honestness	Angel face	Dizzy
Sax player	Music teacher	Hers
Asking questions	Serious	Lion tamer
Grinning	An angel	Fashion designer
Laughing	Thin	Someone's darling
Size	Noisy	President of Sun-Maid
Spees	Romantic	Crator
Stepping out	Journalist	Mountain climber
Stubbornness	Fat	Hot-dog seller



Junior Class

President	FRANCIS MILLER
Vice-President	LELA SHERMAN
Secretary	ADA ONEAL
Treasurer	MAE JOHNSON
Editor	HELEN GUNNARSON
Reporter	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Advisers	MRS. NORDSTROM, MR. R. R. REUKEMA

Colors: Yellow and White

We, the Juniors of today and the Seniors of tomorrow, entered our third year of strife in the high school halls of learning last September under the leadership of Francis Miller and the guiding hands of Mrs. Pauline Nordstrom and Mr. R. R. Reukema.

We pause and wonder—what have we accomplished the past year? Many have achieved success and honor for our class and school and have a few left for other paths. We have been well represented in all school events. The male quartet of the school is composed entirely of Juniors: Lennis Dahlstrom, Hollis Dahlstrom, William Schlatter, and Everett Nelson. Also the girls' trio, Dorothy Lindquist, Lylich Paulson, and Ruth Lindquist, hail from our class.

The Juniors have supported the school teams by the following members of the class of '31: Carl Sundstrom, Clarence Hillblom, Claude Bounds, Lennis Dahlstrom, Roy Anderson, Jack Gridley, Francis Miller, and Harry Bungo.

The girls have also won fame in sports, capturing the class championships in both basketball and volleyball with Elsie Jern and Elsie Anderson as captains. Elsie Jern was also chosen captain for the league volleyball team.

Each six weeks we have been represented on the honor roll. Mae Johnson, Lela Sherman, Sigrid Johnson, and Helen Gunnarson have been the most faithful.

Our lively class of '31 was up in a body to see the Seniors off when they "sneaked" and tried to spoil the secrecy of this annual event for this year.

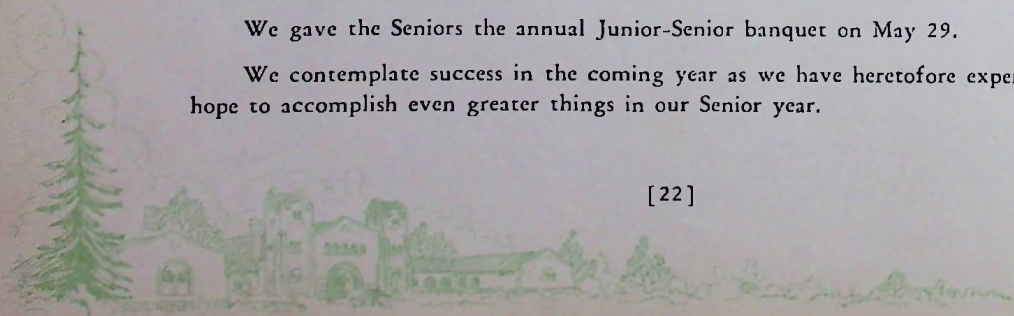
The first social function was a Christmas party and later a pleasant day was spent in the snow at Sequoia Lake.

We again captured the prize, in the form of an extra social function, by selling the most student body tickets.

Our play, "Help Yourself," with Ada Oneal as leading lady, was well received.

We gave the Seniors the annual Junior-Senior banquet on May 29.

We contemplate success in the coming year as we have heretofore experienced and hope to accomplish even greater things in our Senior year.





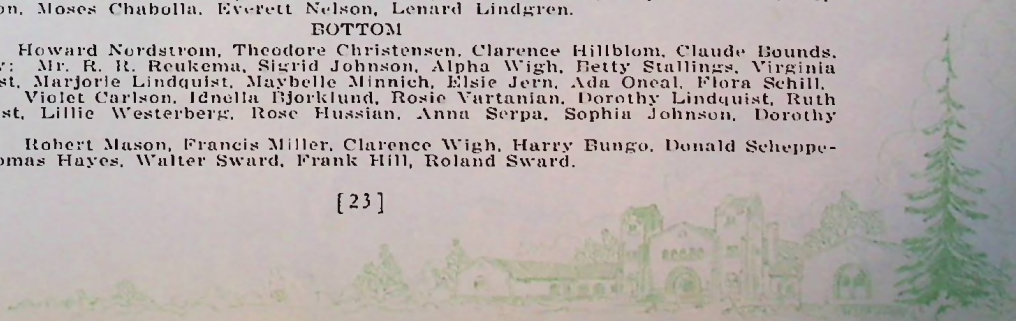
JUNIOR CLASS

TOP

Back Row: William Boyle, Leonard Flood, Carl Sundstrom, Charles Harris, Henry Gustafson.
 Second Row: Lennis Dahlstrom, Lylith Paulson, Elsie Anderson, Ruby Peterson, Grace Wilson, Ethel Peterson, Lela Sherman, Doris Johnson, Mae Johnson, Norman Robb.
 Third Row: Mrs. Pauline Nordstrom, Marien Morine, Vivian Davis, Rena Rawson, Helen Gunnarson, Elvira Jewell, Helen Lundgren, Mac Rosander, Evelyn Clarke, Hazel Kaiser, Clie Webster.
 Front Row: Martelle Funderburgh, Sam Muradian, Rostin Ratliff, Lloyd Rudholm, Roy Anderson, Moses Chabolla, Everett Nelson, Lenard Lindgren.

BOTTOM

Back Row: Howard Nordstrom, Theodore Christensen, Clarence Hillblom, Claude Bounds.
 Second Row: Mr. R. R. Reukema, Sigrid Johnson, Alpha Wigh, Betty Stallings, Virginia Almquist, Marjorie Lindquist, Maybelle Minnich, Elsie Jern, Ada Oneal, Flora Schill.
 Third Row: Violet Carlson, Idenella Bjorklund, Rosie Vartanian, Dorothy Lindquist, Ruth Lindquist, Lillie Westerberg, Rose Hussian, Anna Serpa, Sophia Johnson, Dorothy Tapp.
 Front Row: Robert Mason, Francis Miller, Clarence Wigh, Harry Bungo, Donald Scheppegrell, Thomas Hayes, Walter Sward, Frank Hill, Roland Sward.





Sophomore Class

President	LEROY ANDERSON
Vice-President	LUKE BELLOCCHI
Secretary	LOIS ONEAL
Treasurer	EVERETT OSTROM
Reporter	RALPH SWEDELL
Yell Leader	HARRY ASLAN
Advisers	MISS NEWBECKER, MR. MORELAND

We have now reached our half-way point in our educational program. We believe that our Sophomore year has been more enjoyable than our Freshman year; for not being tormented by the rules laid down by the Seniors, we have been able to enjoy the agony of this year's "Frosh" in obeying said rules.

We now come to the social side of our school year. We held a party on the evening of November 15th, at which all had an enjoyable time.

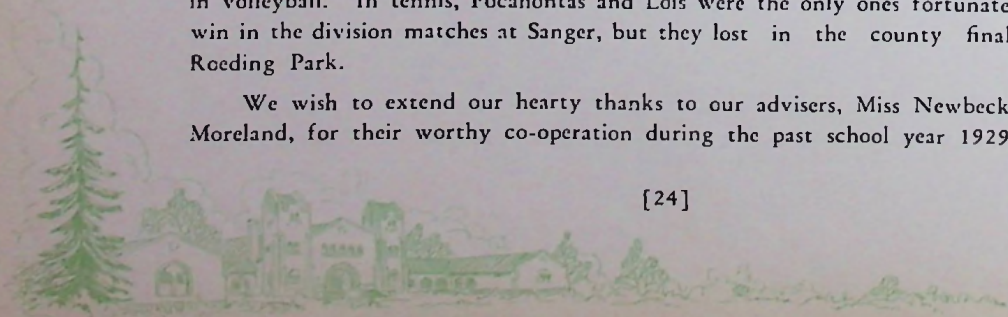
Having decided to go to Giant Forest for our snow trip, we left the school house about seven A. M., reaching there in time to eat our delicious stew and received the award—a stomach-ache. The trip might have been more pleasant if it had not rained all the time we were there.

We are highly represented in interscholastic athletics. In football we have Frank Burnett, Enock Jensen, Hront Safarjian, Leroy Anderson, and Luke Bellocchi. In heavyweight basketball, we have only Frank Burnett, who played center. On the middleweight team there were Leroy Anderson, Waldon Olson, and Roland Erickson, and on the lightweight team there were Tee Ezaki and Sheldon Anderson. As the baseball season arrived we found a great many "Sophs" on the field—Frank Burnett, Luke Bellocchi, Enock Jensen, and Roland Erickson. In tennis there was Ralph Swedell in the boys' singles; Delmore Cederquist and William Rothermel in the boys' doubles. Although the boys played hard at the division matches at Sanger, they failed to win a place.

In class A in track we have Frank Burnett putting the shot and throwing the discus, Luke Bellocchi running the 440, and Russell Fridolfs throwing the discus. In class B there are Tee Ezaki and Paul Peterson running the half-mile. In class C there are Sheldon Anderson throwing the discus and Mats Ando and Hajime Hamada in the relay.

In the girls' athletics we are also liberally represented. Belle Walker played both in volleyball and baseball. Pocahontas Ball was in the girls' doubles and also volleyball, Lois Oneal in the girls' doubles, Helen Henderson in baseball, and Myrtle Anderson in volleyball. In tennis, Pocahontas and Lois were the only ones fortunate enough to win in the division matches at Sanger, but they lost in the county finals held at Roeding Park.

We wish to extend our hearty thanks to our advisers, Miss Newbecker and Mr. Moreland, for their worthy co-operation during the past school year 1929-30.





SOPHOMORES
TOP

Back Row: Edward Andrews, Hajime Hamada, Edward Esajian, Mats Ando, Chester Munson, Roland Erickson, Sheldon Anderson, Myron Jerpe, Harry Aslan, Enoch Jensen, Luke Bellocchi, Frank Burnett, Grant Challstrom.
Middle Row: Esther Jewell, Helen Munson, Dorothy Frazier, Belle Walker, Doris Persson, Doris Anderson, Doris McKenry, Ruby Beck, Ennis Querin, June Wiley, Bertha McDaniel, Adelia Ericsson, Chester Johnson.
Front Row: Lois Bargaroth, Lois Oneal, Nelda Peterson, Alice Erling, Doris Tucker, Myrtle Anderson, Madeline Satterberg, Elveda Palm, Ethel Staples, Phoebe Lindquist, Panchontas Ball, Miss Bernice Newbecker.

BOTTOM

Back Row: Robert Hanson, William Horton, Walter Larson, Front Safarjian, Paul Peterson, Russell Fridolphs, Waldon Olson, Delmore Cederquist, Melvin Rieffel, Everett Ostrom, Jerome Nelson, Leslie Beckman, Randolph Peterson, Leroy Anderson.
Middle Row: Mildred DeVarmin, Helen Sanders, Lillian Sols, Helen Minamoto, Florence Newell, Helen Emlet, Ruth Anderson, Thelma Therell, Helen Safarjian, Ellen Boyle, Helen Henderson, Bertha Wooley, Anna Jane Reiners, Willard Olson.
Front Row: Ralph Swedell, Alvin Hiebert, Helge Olson, Floyd Nelson, Tee Ezaki, Hugh Gabbert, Lawrence Brundvig, Clinton Jones, William Rothermel, Delwin Orr, Archie Olson, Mr. Heber Moreland.



Freshman Class

President	EARL LINMAN
Vice-President	MAX WHITMORE
Secretary	ELIZABETH OLSON
Treasurer	WALTER ANDERSON
Sergeant-at-Arms	BILL WILLIAMS
Yell Leader	MARVIN BLOUNT
Advisers	MISS OLGA HARTZ, MR. E. PETERSON

On September 21st school opened with 109 Freshmen enrolled! The Seniors and Sophomores caused much terror but after the Freshman reception we regained our self-control.

Although we still showed signs of "greenness" we were bent on action. Our class organized, we displayed our ability in various activities such as volleyball, football, basketball, and baseball.

Social activities have also played an important part in our school life. The Freshman party which was held at the high school was enjoyed by all and an outdoor picnic held late in the spring, also was a great success.

Thus has the first of the four pages of our high school life turned! And the success of that page is largely due to our advisers, Miss Hartz and Mr. Peterson.






FRESHMEN

TOP—Back Row: Virgil Nyberg, Earl Sanders, Arthur Bruce, Alice Tanaka, Fay McDaniel, Helene Henderson, William Chaderjian, Conrad Johnson, Carl Larson. Middle Row: Yoshaki Hamada, Annie Thrower, Kiyo Yama, Isabel Thrower, Elizabeth Davidian, Fern Montgomery, Irene Rosander, Ione Olson, Olga Soderman, Harriet Ratliff, Mr. Einar Peterson. Front Row: Earl Linman, Virgil Hanson, Herman Wildermuth, Clarence Rudholm, Waldemar Alvin, John Bush, Leslie Burk, Rupert Allen, Kenneth Bollinger, Harold Johnson, Clifford Sherman, Lewis Stone.

MIDDLE—Back Row: Raymond Taylor, Soren Asdorian, Elmer Olson, Lloyd Morine, Earl Hess, Hamlin Johnson, Frank Anderson, Wallace Westlund. Middle Row: Hatsuye Matsuoaka, Doris Cedarholm, Annette Olson, Helga Nelson, Lois Diehl, Elizabeth Olson, Verna Newell, Ethel Gustafson, Eunice Wickliff, Ruth Bystrom, Lillian Erickson, Alice Swenson. Front Row: Gerald Johnson, Herbert Mercer, Ernest Stober, William Williams, Hiram Wilson, Henry Johanson, Clarke Russell, Peter Querin, Archie Vaughan, John Olson.

BOTTOM—Back Row: Frank Pereira, Archie Bostrom, Ernest Lindstrum, Anna Jewell, Francine Allmon, Helen Christensen, Doris Wilson, Hazel Ann Sherling, Ralph Anderson, David Ostrom, Marvin Blount. Middle Row: Miss Olga Hartz, Grace Goorigian, Zada Gipson, Suzanne Michigan, Marnell Winkleman, Alplhd Ahlstrom, Adeline Nord, Doris Peterson, Bernice Sperling, Mamie Burgeson, Jennie Olson, Elizabeth Pearson, Lois Martin. Front Row: Marvin Hayes, Norton Wood, Raymond Anderson, Clyde Huddleston, Harry Davidian, Chandler Henderson, John Pearson, Stanley Lundquist, Walter Anderson, Forest Huddleston, Franklin Satterberg, Robert Null.



Our Chapel of Memories and Dreams

Brothers and sisters of the class of 1930, we welcome you to the great fraternal order, Alumni. With all due recognition of your past four years training in the Kingsburg Joint Union High School, we ask each of you to dedicate yourselves to the service of your fellowmen.

We bid you enter into our Chapel of Memories and Dreams. However, before you cross the threshold of Expectation we bid you pause and give thought to those cardinal virtues which every alumnus must endeavor to possess, and by so doing, better our organization. We beg you close your lives upon selfishness, pride, conceit, intemperance, and egotism. We command you to arm yourselves with Justice, Wisdom, Discretion, and Morale and take up the shield of Courage to dare and do that which the world demands of you.

Thus armed, you may enter our chapel through the four portals set here by our sisters of the class of 1908. Each portal signifies the fundamental principles of our order, namely: Truth, Loyalty, Service, and Success.

Members of the class of 1930: "To thine ownself be true, and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Be loyal to your Alma Mater, your home, your church, and country and thereby merit good citizenship.

Individual members, we extend to each of you the call for service. He who unselfishly and willingly serves others brings into their lives untold happiness and merits highest praise.

We wish for each of you success. Success is not gained in a day. Success lies not in social nor material gain. Success means doing all in your power to serve others nobly, and leaving the world a better place than you found it.

We enter our chapel as the sweet strains come to us:

"There are days in our mem'ry we love and revere,

There are days we remember with joy and with tears—"

We reflect upon the past years, a bit sorrowful that our happiest of school days are over. Above us, gracing the walls of our chapel, are the mosaics ever being laid by the members of our order. Some are brilliantly illumined and nobly portray the achievements of our fellow alumni. Others remain drab and dull in pattern, or unfinished, sorrowfully significant of ill-spent lives and neglected opportunities. Some pictures we recognize and they grip us with a dynamic, personal force.

The golden rays of the western sun diffuse through the emerald stained windows, shedding a subtle glow upon us, and through the spectrum we view the dreams ahead.

As we kneel before the Altar of Reality, one brotherhood and sisterhood, united for a common purpose, we sing with the chimes:

"Inspired by thy love, in our hearts we shall know

How to love thee, to serve thee, the Green and the Gold."

Again we welcome you, class of 1930. May the glow of the future ahead ever be bright. May you profit by our fellowship. May the world at large become better because you are here.

—ALICE L. FRENCH, '26.



Faculty

The ultimate objects of our public schools are seven in number and these are they: To develop and promote good health, a command of the fundamental processes, worthy home membership, civic education, vocational guidance, worthy use of leisure time, and good ethical character. Our advance along the various roads of learning this year is the measure of our success.

A thousand long years ago the people of Europe were living in the Dark Ages, not because there were so many knights then, but because there was so much ignorance and superstition. For ten hundred years men and women have gone on a vast Crusade, not to break down the citadels of the infidels, but to penetrate the walls of ignorance. They have been soldiers in a holy cause and we have been privileged to be members of that company. The casualties have been heavy and new recruits are being constantly added. Those who enlisted for service at Kingsburg during the year 1929-1930 were Helen Keast, Olga Hartz, Rose Chaplin, and Clarence Smith.

To be well-governed, people must have intelligent rulers. In a democracy, where people rule themselves, the people must be intelligent. This is a challenge to the school and a responsibility of the faculty. In California we have the largest trees in the world, the highest waterfalls, the biggest mountains, the most fertile valleys, the greatest ocean, and the most salubrious climate. Can we develop men and women to match our heritage? This is another challenge and another responsibility. We must make haste for the time is short and the labor is great.

*Could a man be secure
That his days would endure
As of old, for a thousand long years,
What things might be know,
What deeds might be do,
And all without hurry or care.*





NIGGER PILE



SCALPER



SKATE



PUT IT OVER



WALLIE



TOSS-UP



SHOWING OFF



FACULTY BALLTEAM



BATTER



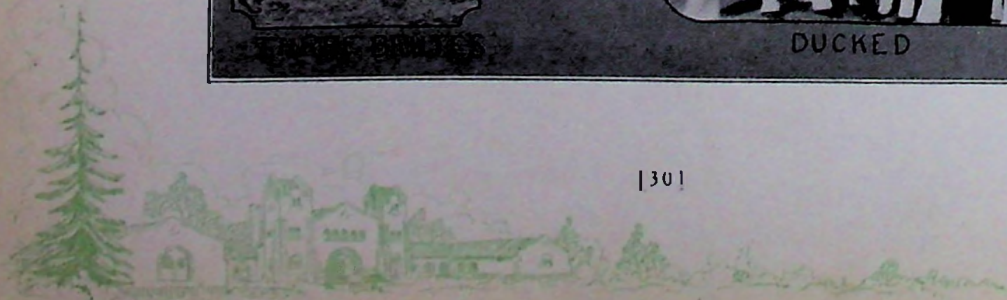
ON DECK



HOME RUN



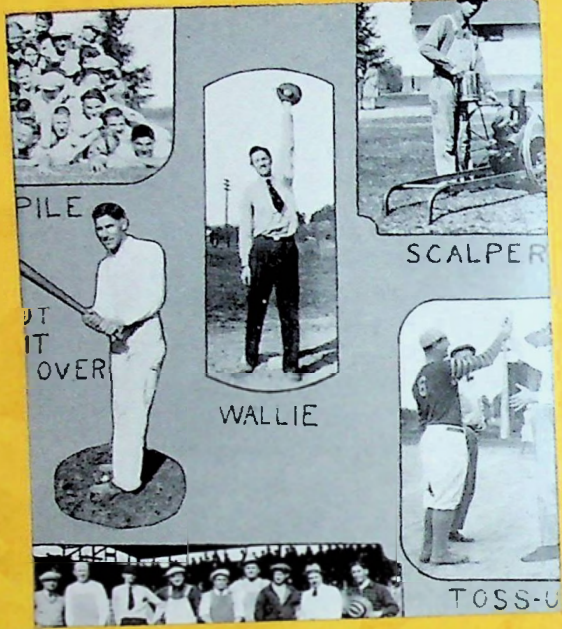
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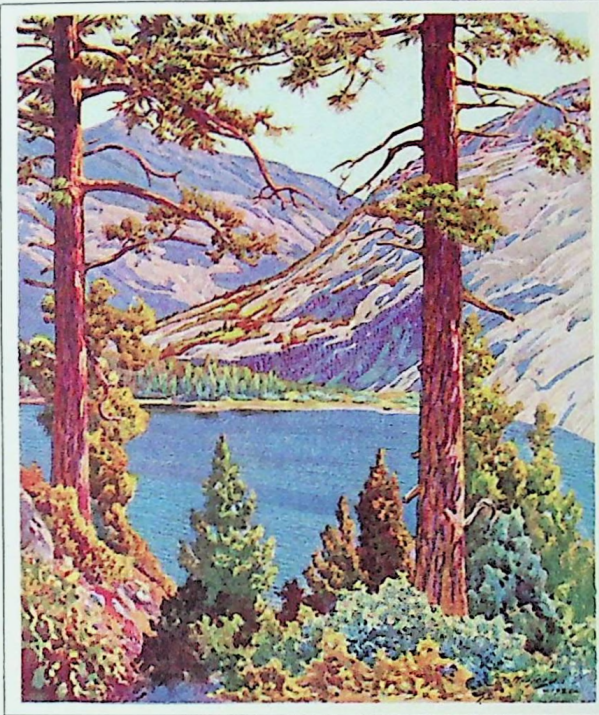




Organizations







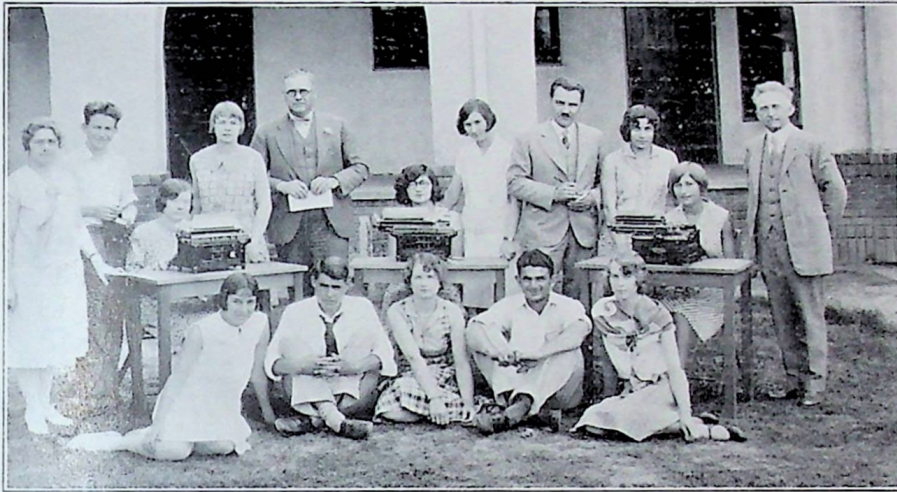
Merced Lake

MERCED LAKE

The forces of Nature teach us the wisdom of storing up during seasons of plenty, so that necessities of life may be drawn in seasons of want. From out the stored water of hundreds of tiny creeks and bubbling springs, a gushing turbulent stream can be called forth at the proper season to bring new life to parched earth—rich in elements, but powerless to promote growth without water. Merced Lake, with its miles of rugged shores, is a panorama of beauty, a veritable storehouse of food and energy.

Our organizations bring forth the various small talents of each individual; but in the aggregate experience which we all share, we are rich. A lake is kept pure, fresh, and life-giving only as there is activity—a constant in-pouring and out-flowing; so also, our organizations have life and prove a blessing to all of us, in the measure in which we each contribute liberally of our talents, and draw generously and thankfully from the accumulated experience. No finer place for learning habits of good citizenship exists than in our organizations.





Back Row: Mrs. Pauline Nordstrom, Harold Renfrow, Bertha Steele, Elsie Palm, Mr. George Henderson, Arpe Safarjian, Eva Satterberg, Mr. R. R. Reukema, Zabelle Vartanian, Lillian Olsen, Mr. J. M. Cox.
 Front Row: Ruby Strid, Alvin Lindquist, Barbara Catlin, Arsen Aslan, Alice Larson.

“Viking” Annual Staff

Editor-in-Chief	ARPE SAFARIAN
Assistant Editor	EVA SATTERBERG
Business Manager	ARSEN ASLAN
Assistant Business Manager	BERTHA STEELE
Advertising Manager	ALVIN LINDQUIST
Girls' Sport Reporter	LILLIAN OLSEN
Boys' Sport Reporter }	HAROLD RENFROW
Snapshot Editor {	
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Calendar	ZABELLE VARTANIAN
Exchange	RUBY STRID
Art Editor	ALICE LARSON

Advisers

MR. GEORGE HENDERSON	MR. R. R. REUKEMA
Mrs. P. NORDSTROM	MR. J. M. COX

Another book printed—another task done! The entire staff has labored hard on this, the 1930 “Viking” annual, and through their efforts and the co-operation of the students and reporters this achievement has been accomplished. However, without the patient and untiring aid of our advisers, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Reukema, Mrs. Nordstrom, and Mr. Cox, our work would have been difficult indeed.

In behalf of the staff I wish to take this opportunity of expressing appreciation to the following:

Harold Renfrow, who has done more than his share in the preparation of this book;
 The advertisers who have made this publication possible;

The Student Body which has aided us financially;

And the faculty, who have so willingly and generously co-operated with the members of the staff. We thank you!

—ARPE SAFARIAN, '30.





Top Row: Mr. George Henderson, Walton Olson, Ray Pearson, Mr. I. V. Funderburgh.
 Front Row: Barbara Catlin, Eva Satterberg, Harold Renfrow, Evelyn Westerling, Elsie Palm.

Student Body

President	HAROLD RENFROW
Vice-President	EVA SATTERBERG
Secretary	EVELYN WESTERLING
Treasurer	ELSIE PALM
Business Manager and Purchasing Agent	BARBARA CATLIN
Athletic and Advertising Manager	WALTON OLSON
Stage Manager	RAY PEARSON
Yell Leader	FRANCIS MILLER
Assistant Yell Leader	HARRY ASLAN

The Viking administration crew of the season 1929-30 with its able chief and assistants weathered another storm and emerged with the greatest success of all in its several years of existence. Not only in wealth did we abound, but high in honors was the name of the Vikings inscribed.

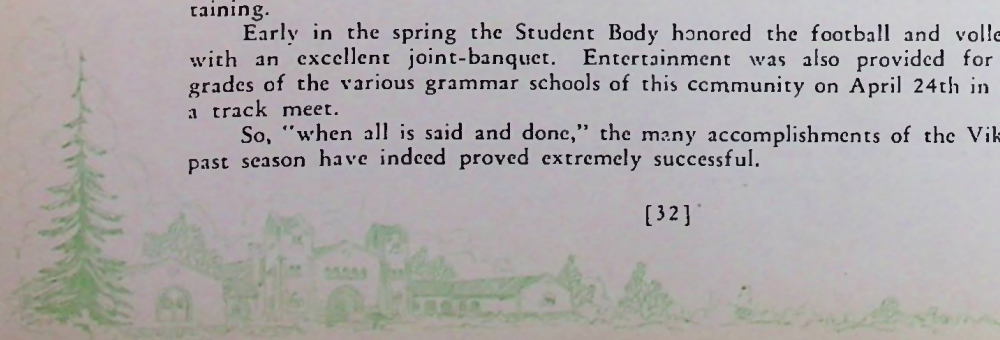
The year started, as in former years, with a royal welcome and enjoyable initiation for the new arrivals, namely the class of '33.

The opportunity of winning the county championship in football and thus confronting the Bakersfield Drillers was indeed a rare one. A large number of the Student Body occupied the special cars of the Southern Pacific, accompanying the team to the southern town.

This year meetings were held only twice a month, the first being for the transaction of business and the second for entertainment, and the plan has proved quite successful. A lyceum, under the direction of Miss Eva Satterberg, has proved very entertaining.

Early in the spring the Student Body honored the football and volleyball teams with an excellent joint-banquet. Entertainment was also provided for the eighth grades of the various grammar schools of this community on April 24th in the form of a track meet.

So, "when all is said and done," the many accomplishments of the Vikings of this past season have indeed proved extremely successful.





Elsie Palm

Bertha Steele

Honor Scholarship Society

President	ELSIE PALM
Vice-President	ZABELLE VARTANIAN
Secretary-Treasurer	BERTHA STEELE, ADELIA ERICKSON
Publicity Managers	ANNA WILSON, BERTHA STEELE, RAY PEARSON
Advisers	MRS. SIGNE THOMPSON, MISS ELSA KRAEGER

This year our chapter has been more active than in previous years. It has held regular meetings every two weeks which have proved both interesting and beneficial.

The social event of the year was a Hallowe'en party at which the members masqueraded as ghosts.

A district convention was held in Lemoore in November at which Elsie Palm and Anna Wilson were delegates. Another district convention was held in Madera in March, Elsie Palm and Rupert Allen being Kingsburgs' delegates.

In March the society presented two short one-act plays in the high school auditorium, entitled, "Crossed Wires" and "Sauce for the Goslings."

A spring convention was held at Modesto for the central part of the state at which Kingsburg was represented by Elsie Palm, Zabelle Vartanian, and Rupert Allen.

A picnic was enjoyed by the society in the latter part of May.

This year two members, Elsie Palm and Bertha Steele, have gained life membership to the C. S. F.





Top Row: Mr. George Henderson, Walton Olson, Ray Pearson, Mr. I. V. Funderburgh.
 Front Row: Barbara Catlin, Eva Satterberg, Harold Renfrow, Evelyn Westerling, Elsie Palm.

Student Body

President	HAROLD RENFROW
Vice-President	EVA SATTERBERG
Secretary	EVELYN WESTERLING
Treasurer	ELSIE PALM
Business Manager and Purchasing Agent	BARBARA CATLIN
Athletic and Advertising Manager	WALTON OLSON
Stage Manager	RAY PEARSON
Yell Leader	FRANCIS MILLER
Assistant Yell Leader	HARRY ASLAN

The Viking administration crew of the season 1929-30 with its able chief and assistants weathered another storm and emerged with the greatest success of all in its several years of existence. Not only in wealth did we abound, but high in honors was the name of the Vikings inscribed.

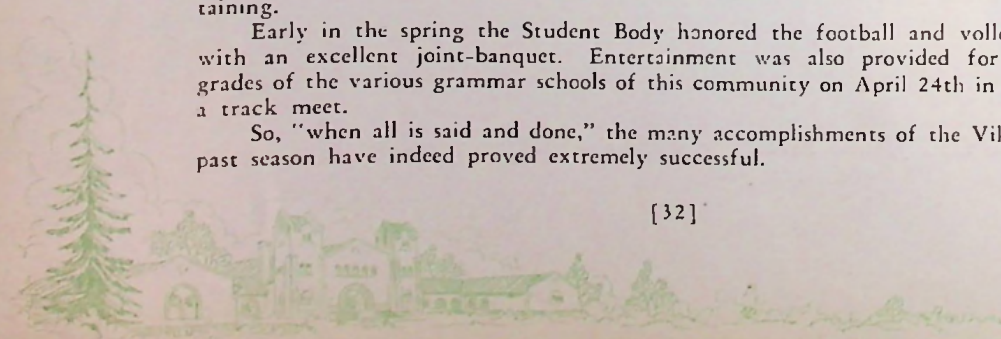
The year started, as in former years, with a royal welcome and enjoyable initiation for the new arrivals, namely the class of '33.

The opportunity of winning the county championship in football and thus confronting the Bakersfield Drillers was indeed a rare one. A large number of the Student Body occupied the special cars of the Southern Pacific, accompanying the team to the southern town.

This year meetings were held only twice a month, the first being for the transaction of business and the second for entertainment, and the plan has proved quite successful. A lyceum, under the direction of Miss Eva Satterberg, has proved very entertaining.

Early in the spring the Student Body honored the football and volleyball teams with an excellent joint-banquet. Entertainment was also provided for the eighth grades of the various grammar schools of this community on April 24th in the form of a track meet.

So, "when all is said and done," the many accomplishments of the Vikings of this past season have indeed proved extremely successful.





Elsie Palm

Bertha Steele

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Back Row: Mr. R. R. Reukema, Zabelle Vartanian, Elsie Jern, Arpe Safarjian, Lillian Torosian, Harold Renfrow.
 Middle Row: Helen Emlet, Lillian Olsen, Elsie Palm, Barbara Catlin, Mildred Carwell, Ethel Staples.
 Front Row: Pocahontas Ball, Ruth Anderson.

Chief-Tow Choc-Taw Pow-Wow

Chief Lopi-Zante	HAROLD RENFROW
Princess White-Fawn	ARPE SAFARJIAN
Murmuring-Waters	ELSIE PALM
Minnie-Ha!-Ha!	LILLIAN OLSEN
Snake-Charmer	BARBARA CATLIN
Dog-Face	MILDRED CARWELL
Strong-Bull	ELSIE JERN
Head Chief Ivory-Hunter	MR. R. R. REUKEMA

A new tribe has been formed and has functioned within the folds of the Viking camp. The Chief-tow Choc-taw has held its regular pow-wows in the Cedrus Deodorous Wigwam, with a few exceptions, at every quarter of the Moon at the Holy Hour.

The purpose of the organized tribe is "to gain knowledge of public speaking and to develop natural talents along dramatic and oratorical lines."

The first attempt was the sponsoring of the tag day skit for the 1930 Viking annual on April 25, which proved exceedingly successful.

Each brave and maiden is equipped with a copper bracelet signifying membership in the tribe, and also appears in full regalia of an Indian at each pow-wow. No members have as yet been captured by hostile tribes. The organization consists of the following braves and maidens: Snowqualm, Ena Poo, Wahn-gal-loo, Penweka, Adoo-doo-deck, Shawandassee, Nahneet, Opechee, Nawahtessee, Sitting Bull.



Back Row: Hannah Longacre, Dorothy Tapp, Elsie Palm, Francis Miller, Stanley Anderson, Stanley C. Anderson, Chester Johnson, Howard Nordstrom, Moses Chabolla, Sam Muradian, Hajime Hamada, Mats Ando, William Rothermel.
 Middle Row: Betty Stallings, Florence Newell, Nelda Peterson, Lois Oneal, Elveda Palm, Helen Munson, Doris Persson, Helen Lundgren, Lela Sherman, Marjorie Lindquist, Ada Oneal, Ethel Roosman, Arpe Safarjian.
 Front Row: Bertha Steele, Adelia Erickson, Ennis Querin, Dorothy Prazier, Mrs. Signe Thompson, Barbara Catlin, Lillian Torosian, Ruby Jonson, Mildred Hill, Mae Rosander.

El Club Espanol

President	BARBARA LOU CATLIN
Secretary and Treasurer	ADELIA ERICSSON
Program Chairman	LOIS ONEAL
Reporter	NELDA PETERSON
Adviser	MRS. SIGNE THOMPSON

This organization was composed of members having two or more years of Spanish. The purposes of the club are to increase the students' interest in Spanish countries and customs and to provide opportunity for practice in conversational Spanish.

These students have been entertained with several movies and slides of interesting people and places in Spain. Every six weeks programs are given which consist of readings, songs and skits in the Spanish language.

The club met for a very enjoyable and amusing Christmas party at which all of the games and songs were in Spanish. A picnic was held in the spring at Mooney's Grove where the afternoon was spent in boating and playing games.



Back Row: LaVerne Munson, Mr. R. R. Reukema, Bertina Steele, Ruby Strid, Alva Johanson, Ethel Roosman, Mildred Carwell, Eva Satterberg, Walton Olson
 Middle Row: Barbara Catlin, Alvin Lindquist, Arpe Safarjian, Clarence Anderson, Marget Strandberg, Harold Renfrow, Hannah Longacre, Arsen Aslan.
 Front Row: Zabelle Vartanian, Elsie Palm, Lillian Torosian, Mildred Danell, Doris Swenson.

S. S. Forensics

Captain	CLARENCE ANDERSON
First Mate	ARPE SAFARJIAN
Gunner's Mate	MARGET STRANDBERG
Purser	ALVIN LINDQUIST
Cabin Boy	HAROLD RENFROW
Admiral	MR. R. R. REUKEMA

On September 21st the good ship S. S. Forensics set sail upon a sea of journalism and public speaking for a nine-months cruise. The crew, consisting of twenty-four brave and gallant, yet inexperienced sailors, pulled up anchor and sailed out of the calm port to storm the boisterous sea. But one brave sailor, Anna Wilson, fell overboard; and another, Willis Erickson, not only fell overboard, but was captured by the monstrous sharks and has not been heard from since.

The crew has successfully sailed over the billowy waves of lengthy speeches and also memorized and extemporaneous speeches. They explored the deep and dark waters of oratory, when each one prepared and gave an oration concerning the Constitution of the United States.

This year all four of the debaters, Arpe Safarjian, Barbara Catlin, Mildred Carwell, and Harold Renfrow, and our representative in the oratorical contest, Harold Renfrow, and one of the extemporaneous readers, Arpe Safarjian, are members of this honorable crew.

Not only has the S. S. Forensics been successful in public speaking, but it has also braved the roaring tide of journalism. As a result the crew has published the weekly school paper, "The Viking News."

The Steamship Forensics has finished its cruise; the foamy waves have been conquered; the way before us is much smoother; and all this has been accomplished only by the able guidance of Mr. R. R. Reukema, to whom all and any success is due.



Left to Right: Myrtle Anderson, Pocahontas Ball, Alice Erling, Doris Tucker, Elsie Anderson, Doris McKenry, Miss Olga Hartz, Dorothy Lindquist, Ruth Lindquist, Marjorie Lindquist, Elsie Jern, Ruth Anderson, Madeline Satterberg.

Wah-Wa-Te-See Campfire Girls

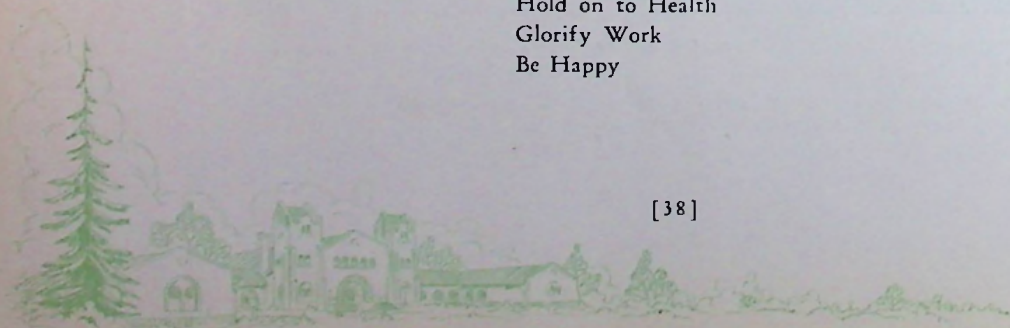
Guardian—Wi-se-ya	MISS OLGA HARTZ
President—Wa-to-pa-pi-wi	DORIS TUCKER
Scribe—Wapo-meo	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Treasurer—Andek-gissis	MADELINE SATTERBERG

The Camp Fire Girls were organized nationally in 1911. Dr. and Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick are the founders of the system of honors used in Camp Fire.

The Wah-wah-te-see Camp Fire group held its first meeting on March 25, at which time there were six girls present. There are now twelve members of the group. The Wah-wah-te-see is a member of the national organization.

The purpose and ideals of the Camp Fire are:

- Seek Beauty
- Give Service
- Pursue Knowledge
- Be Trustworthy
- Hold on to Health
- Glorify Work
- Be Happy





Back Row: Alice Larson, Ruby Strid, Marjorie Lindquist, Enid Hayes, Barbara Catlin, Evelyn Westerling, Louise Olson, Violet Carlson, Elsie Anderson, Hazel Kaizer.
 Middle Row: Marian Morine, Esther Jewell, Pocahontas Ball, Lillian Olsen, Ada Oneal, Elsie Jern, Lois Oneal, Belle Walker, Ennis Querin.
 Front Row: Mildred Danell, Miss Olga Hartz, Arpe Safarjian.

Girls' "K" Club

President	ARPE SAFARJIAN
Vice-President	MILDRED DANELL
Secretary	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Treasurer	LILLIAN OLSEN
Athletic Manager	ELSIE JERN
Adviser	MISS OLGA HARTZ

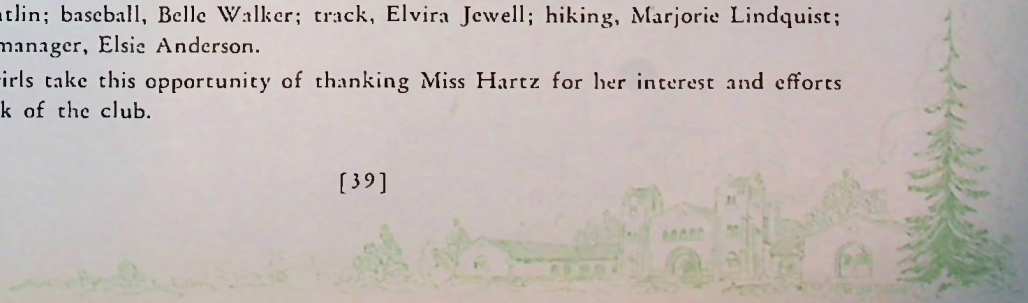
Girls who are "K" Club members are those who have won a letter by playing on some league team. This year there are approximately twenty members of the club.

The Hiking Club, sponsored by the "K" Club, was formed with a membership of seventy. Each girl hiking twenty-five miles during the season was awarded the letter "H."

To each girl making a class team in the following sports, volleyball, basketball, baseball, and track, the letter corresponding to the sport was awarded her by the "K" Club.

The following were managers of these sports: volleyball, Elsie Jern; basketball, Barbara Catlin; baseball, Belle Walker; track, Elvira Jewell; hiking, Marjorie Lindquist; and chief manager, Elsie Anderson.

The girls take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hartz for her interest and efforts in the work of the club.





Back Row: Miss Bernice Newbecker, Arpe Safarjian, Eva Satterberg, Elsie Jern, Ada Oneal.
Front Row: Marget Strandberg, Mildred Danell, Barbara Catlin, Marjorie Lindquist, Doris Swenson, Dorothy Stokes.

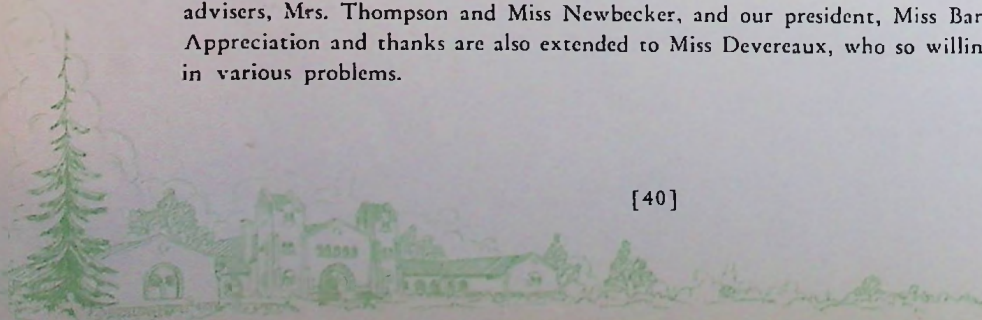
G. O. S. League

President	BARBARA CATLIN
Vice-President	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Secretary	DORIS SWENSON
Treasurer	MARGET STRANDBERG
Reporter	ARPE SAFARJIAN
Advisers ..	MRS. SIGNE THOMPSON, MISS BERNICE NEWBECKER

The Girls of Service have accomplished much during the past season. The first event was a farmer and farmerette party when a wholesome time was enjoyed. As has been customary for the past several years, cheer baskets for the needy were prepared and delivered before the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. A party was also shared with the children of the less-fortunate families.

In the spring a social time was given the mothers of the high school girls. The league also sent several delegates to the convention at Taft early in the fall.

The girls stand for all that the name of the league signifies—Girls of Service. But service could not have been rendered without the able and patient leadership of our advisers, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Newbecker, and our president, Miss Barbara Catlin. Appreciation and thanks are also extended to Miss Devereaux, who so willingly aided us in various problems.





Top Row: Miss Olga Hartz, Lillian Erickson, Madeline Satterberg, Helen Henderson, Doris Tucker, Ruth Anderson, Miss Elsa Kraeger.
 Front Row: Phoebe Lindquist, Verna Newell, Lois Oneal, Myrtle Anderson, Florence Newell.

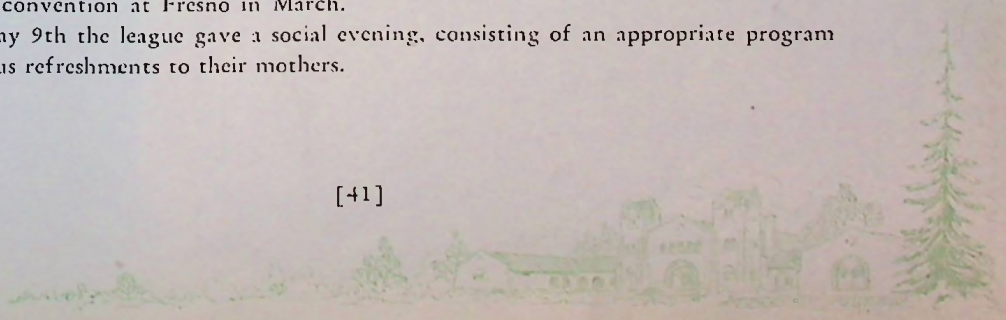
Freshmore League

President	LOIS ONEAL
Vice-President	DORIS TUCKER
Secretary	RUTH ANDERSON
Treasurer	PHOEBE LINDQUIST
Reporter	FLORENCE NEWELL
Scphomore Representatives	MADELINE SATTERBERG
	MYRTLE ANDERSON
Freshmen Representatives	LILLIAN ERICKSON
	VERNA NEWELL
Advisers	MISS OLGA HARTZ
	MISS ELSA KRAEGER

The Freshmore League has had a very successful year, due to the untiring efforts of our advisers and president. At Christmas time the two leagues gave a joint party for little children of the community.

In November two delegates were sent to a convention at Taft and all the girls attended a convention at Fresno in March.

On May 9th the league gave a social evening, consisting of an appropriate program and delicious refreshments to their mothers.





Back Row: Mr. Clarence Smith, Walter Larson, Floyd Nelson, Archie Olson, Russell Fridolfs, Theodore Christensen, Elmer Hanan, Grant Challstrom, Enoch Jensen, Delmore Cederquist, Peter Querin, Steve Sauter, Soren Asdorian, Mr. Wiley Hudson.
 Middle Row: Wallace Westlund, Frank Anderson, Arthur Bruce, Raymond Taylor, Alvin Hiebert, Gordon Thorell, Clarke Russell, William Williams, Lloyd Morine, Brent Safarjian, Eric Olson, Rostin Ratliff.
 Front Row: Willard Olson, William Horton, Helge Olson, Chester Munson, Robert Mason, Edward Whitmore, Mr. Heber Moreland, Earl Hess, Hamlin Johnson, Gerald Johnson, Henry Gustafson, Sub Yama.

Kingsburg Chapter, Future Farmers of America

President	EDWARD WHITMORE
Vice-President	RUSSELL FRIDOLFS
Secretary	PETE QUERIN
Treasurer	HELGE OLSON
Reporter	WILLIAM HORTON

Advisers

MR. HEBER MORELAND, MR. CLARENCE SMITH, MR. WILEY HUDSON

The members of the Agrícola Club of the Kingsburg High School decided last fall to make application for a charter in a nation-wide organization called Future Farmers of America. Their charter has been received and the activities of the agricultural students are centered around their new organization.

The agricultural students have in the past, through their club, taken an active part in student body affairs, and undoubtedly will continue to do their part.

The F. F. A. has been considering a change from their usual type of Fair or Ag. show this year by staging a project show of livestock, crop, and horticultural products on their annual field day and invite the grade schools to participate in some judging contests.

The Ag. students have chosen a basketball team with Max Whitmore as their captain and played two games, one with Hardwick and one with Selma. An indoor baseball team was also organized with Floyd Nelson as captain.



Mr. Moreland Shows 'Em How

The local F. F. A. chapter won first prize on its booth exhibit at the Fresno District Fair, in competition with approximately ten other chapters. This booth exhibited products from the different projects as well as from some farmer friends.

The dairy judging team has been quite active this year and is composed of the following: Helge Olson, Floyd Nelson, Walter Larson, and William Horton. They have made some very interesting trips, such as the trip to the Oakland Dairy Show and the Los Angeles Christmas Stock Show. Floyd Nelson was high man in Holsteins at Oakland, and the team took fifth place out of about thirty-five schools competing. The Southern Pacific Railway furnished free tickets to Los Angeles which made it possible for the team to go. They are planning to attend the Davis Picnic to be held on April 19th at Davis.

Each boy taking agriculture has a project which may be any of our common farm crops, or livestock of some nature. A boy who has a project can make money while he is going to school, and he meets some of the problems of farming while he is studying about them in his agricultural courses. A project contest between all students enrolled in agriculture in the San Joaquin Valley is held each year. Last year John Warren won second prize in livestock.

The F. F. A. plans to make their money this year by selling candy at the baseball games.

The Ag. I and II classes have been planting shrubbery around the buildings to learn some of the things about the fundamentals of landscape gardening and to give the school a more attractive appearance.

The Ag. students feel, that without the help of Mr. Clarence Smith, Mr. Wiley Hudson, and Mr. Heber Moreland the club could not have accomplished so much. We take this opportunity to thank them for their help in making the local chapter of the Future Farmers of America a success this year.



Vivace Glee Club

President	LYLITH PAULSON
Secretary	MARGET STRANDBERG
Treasurer	EVELYN WESTERLING
Librarian	PHOEBE LINDQUIST
Yell Leader	NELDA PETERSON
Reporter	RUBY STRID
Instructors	MISS HELEN KEAST, MISS ROSE CHAPLIN

The Vivace Glee Club has been very active this year. Several concerts have been given by the club with the Los Trovadores.

The club won the limited Glee Club section of the division music contest, and placed second in the county music contest.

The sextette, composed of Hannah Longacre, Thelma Thorell, Lois Oneal, Lylith Paulson, Ruby Strid, and Phoebe Lindquist, has appeared on many programs during the year.

On February 21st, the operetta, "The Toreadors," was given under the direction of Miss Keast.

The Vivace Glee Club wishes to thank Miss Keast and Miss Chaplin for their untiring efforts in making the year of 1930 a success.



Los Trovadores Glee Club

President	THEODORE CHRISTIENSON
Vice-President	LENNIS M. DAHLSTROM
Secretary	WILLIAM BOYLE
Treasurer	HARRY ASLAN
Sergeant-at-Arms	MARVIN BLOUNT
Librarian	EARL LINMAN
Reporter	HUGH GABBERT
Instructors	MISS HELEN KEAST, MISS ROSE CHAPLIN

With Miss Helen Keast as our director we commenced the year of 1929-30. Our first appearance was on December 13 at which time we rendered some Christmas carols.

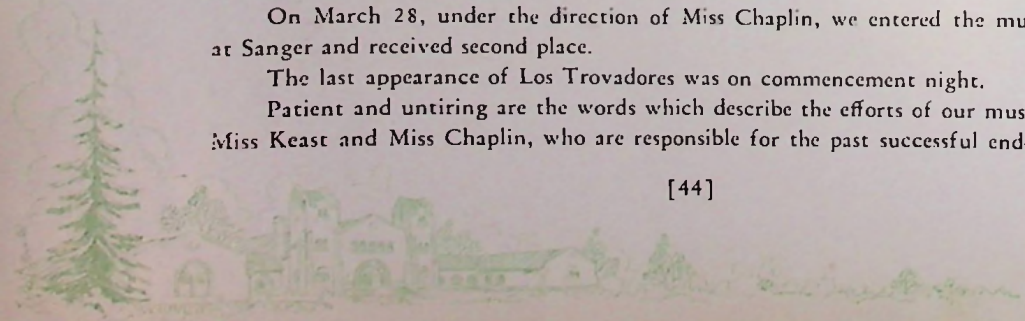
On February 21 with the help of the Vivace Glee we gave an operetta entitled, "The Toreadors," written by Otis M. Carrington and directed by Miss Keast, the accompaniment being furnished by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Peterson. This piece of entertainment, whose setting was in Spain, was a huge success.

On March 14 the combined Glee Clubs held a skating party at the Legion Hall. A good time was had by all, in spite of the tumbles.

On March 28, under the direction of Miss Chaplin, we entered the music contest at Sanger and received second place.

The last appearance of Los Trovadores was on commencement night.

Patient and untiring are the words which describe the efforts of our music teachers, Miss Keast and Miss Chaplin, who are responsible for the past successful endeavors.

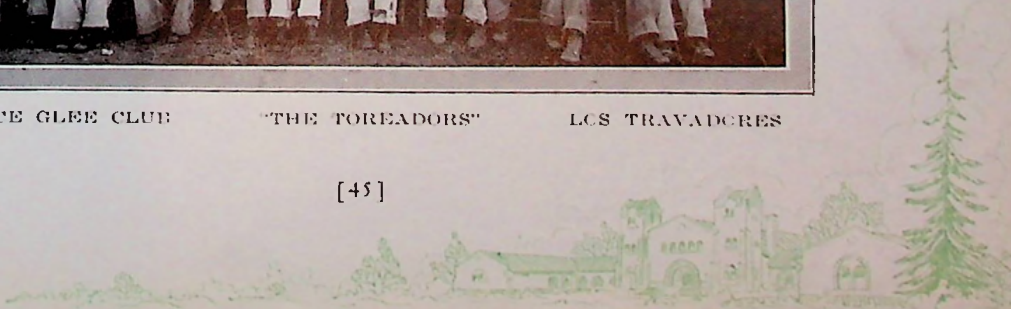




VIVACE GLEE CLUB

"THE FOREADORS"

LCS TRAVADGRES





Back Row: Mr. Charles Peterson, Arpe Safarjian, Sheldon Anderson, Roy Anderson, Harold Johnson, John Pearson.
 Middle Row: Dorothy Lindquist, Alva Johanson, Helene Henderson, William Chaderjian, Arsen Aslan, Henry Johanson, Helen Christensen, Doris McKenry, Bertha McDaniel.
 Front Row: Alice Swenson, Rosie Vartanian, Bernice Anderson, Mildred Danell, Lawrence Brandvig, Ruth Anderson, Lillian Seiss, Doris Swenson, Evelyn Clarke.

Orchestra

President	ARSEN ASLAN
Secretary	BERNICE ANDERSON
Librarians	ROY ANDERSON, DORIS SWENSON
Director	MR. CHARLES G. PETERSON

This year the orchestra has been divided into two sections—a band for the wind instruments and an orchestra for the stringed instruments. Both sections have been large and quite active.

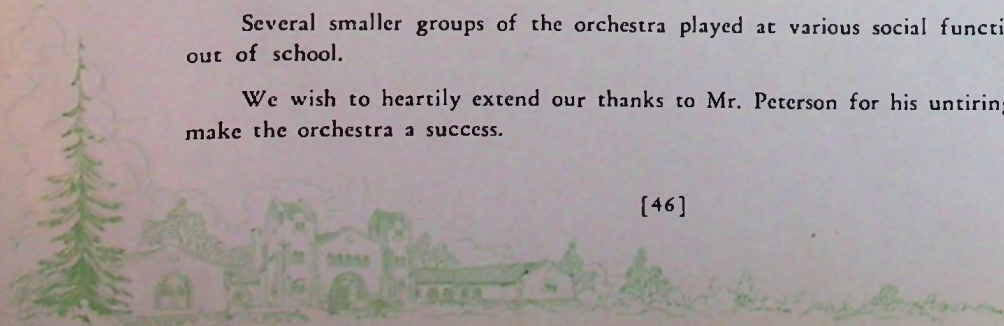
The stringed section consists of twenty-four members—seventeen violins, five cellos, one bass, and one piano. Under the able direction of Mr. Peterson the orchestra has been able to contribute in various ways toward school spirit.

The orchestra assisted the band with a concert in March. It also furnished music at the operetta given by the combined glee clubs, and the Junior play.

In the latter part of March the orchestra entered the preliminary music contest held in Sanger and won second place.

Several smaller groups of the orchestra played at various social functions in and out of school.

We wish to heartily extend our thanks to Mr. Peterson for his untiring efforts to make the orchestra a success.





Back Row: Clyde Huddleston, Martelle Funderburgh, Notton Wood, William Niles, Archie Vaughan, Leonard Flood, Harry Aslan, William Schlatter, Randolph Peterson, Clinton Jones, Ralph Swedell.
Second Row: John Bush, Clarence Rudholm, Walter Sward, Verna Anderson, Ruth Lindquist, Jerome Nelson, Elmer Hanan, Virgil Nyberg, David Ostrom.
Third Row: Mr. Charles Peterson, Earl Linman, Chandler Henderson, Ray Pearson, Donald Scheppegehell, Everett Ostrom, Forest Huddleston, William Rothermel.
Front Row: Marvin Blount, Elizabeth Olson.

Viking Band

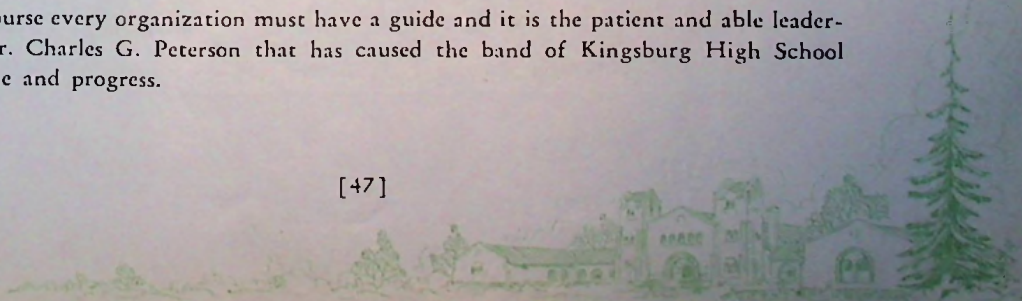
President WILLIAM SCHLATTER
Secretary-Treasurer RAY PEARSON
Director MR. CHARLES G. PETERSON

The Viking Band, being the first organized band of Kingsburg High School, has achieved great success for its first attempt. The initial public appearance was made in a concert on February 21st, and another was rendered a month later.

Unlike previous years, the band furnished music at the football games and rallies. On May 4th the members motored to Fresno where they participated in the County Musical Organization program at Roeding Park.

In the division contest held on March 28, in Sanger, the band placed second. By presenting concerts and programs an endeavor is being made to purchase uniforms for the entire group. Although this year the hope of acquiring at least part of the uniforms was not fulfilled, it is believed that next year the entire outfits will be at their disposal.

Of course every organization must have a guide and it is the patient and able leadership of Mr. Charles G. Peterson that has caused the band of Kingsburg High School to originate and progress.





CLUB



JOKE FAMILY



PAINTER?

PLAY CAST



DAILY JOB



FAKE



TAG DAY SKIT



USHER



PYRAMID



VIKING



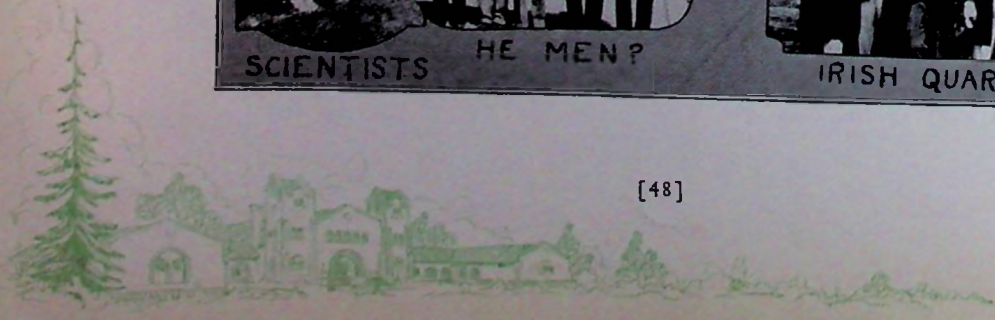
SCIENTISTS

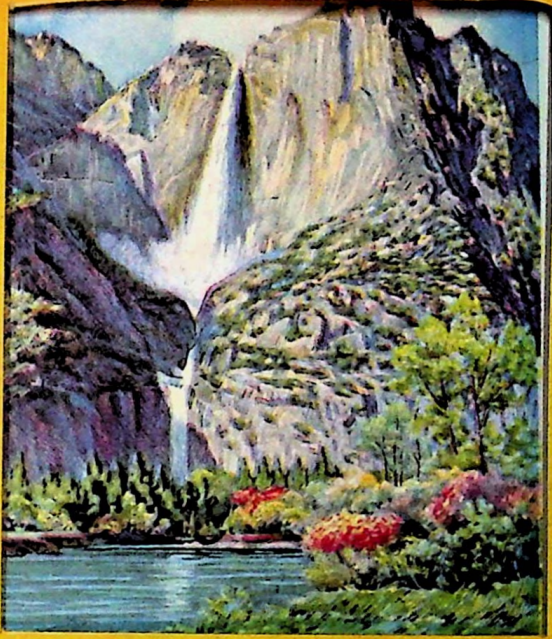


HE MEN?



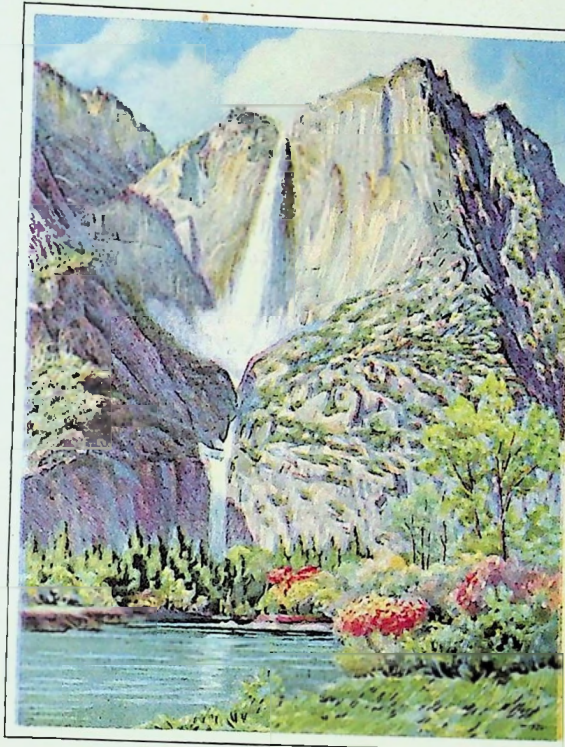
IRISH QUARTET





ACTIVITIES





Yosemite Falls

Yosemite Falls

Yosemite Falls—a plunging cataract of life-giving water falling from God's blue heaven to man's luscious meadows in the Valley below. What transformations these waters bring in the rich soil—what trees, grasses and flowers of every kind are brought to new perfection, beauty and richness of seed.

That our personalities and inner selves may have a chance to grow, let us welcome spiritual values to quicken the material labors in hand. In many ways our activities promote these spiritual values and so enhance the development of character.



Arpe Safarjian
Barbara Catlin, Martelle Funderburgh
Harold Renfrow
Mildred Carwell

Forensic Activities

Although a great deal of effort, energy and time plus talent was used this year, the debating team of 1930 was not as fortunate as in former years. The question for debate, "Resolved, that a commission of judges should be substituted for the present jury system in criminal cases," proved unusually interesting. The honors that were won were largely due to the tireless efforts of our able coach, Mr. R. R. Reukema. The team this year was composed of Arpe Safarjian and Barbara Catlin, affirmative, and Mildred Carwell and Harold Renfrow, negative, who are all Seniors.


An interclass debate was held during the latter part of the year, coached by the interscholastic debaters. The purpose of this was to afford opportunity for lower classmen and furnish material for the coming season.

EXTEMPORANEOUS READING

A large number turned out for the reading contest this year. Arpe Safarjian and Martelle Funderburgh, representatives of our school, both placed second in the district contest held at Kingsburg.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

"The Constitution, a Challenge to the American Youth," Harold Renfrow's stirring oration, won first place in the local contest and third place in the county contest held at Sanger. This year the Los Angeles Times awarded prizes for first and second places to each school having at least six participants in the local contest, providing twenty orations had been prepared. Twenty-two first-class orations were written and delivered by members of the forensics class.



An Impo'tant 'Phone Call

"Hullo, yas dis am 112F12. Yo' wanted to speak to Jasp' Jefferson Lindberg? Wal, dis am he. Wat? Oh, you' wanna repo't ob de doin's ob de Kingsburg High School, 'cause Ah am de repo'ter? Ah see.

"Well, Ah's gwine sta't from de beginnin' ou Septemba' de 16 when we all went to school an' gave de Freshman boys de shampoo. De fust Student Body meetin' was helt on Septemba' de 19 when de president demo—demonstr—uh—showed de ability ob his office. On de evening ob de 26 de entire school gave de green class a reception. Wal, dat finishes de month ob Septemba'.

"On Octoba' de third de faculty-trustee reception was helt. (Is yo' listenin'?) Den on Octoba' de second de Freshmen dressed up in acco'dance to de rules dat de Seniors lay down. De Freshmen and Sophs settled deir scraps in a brawl and de latta' come out de victo'ious un. On Septemba' de 18 de glo'ies began when de fute-ball team beat de Lemoo' team wid a score of 32-0. Wasn't dat gran, now Ah's askin' yo'? It sho' am! An' den right aft' dat why de gurruls won de fust volleyball game wid de sco' ob 13-0. But on de las' day ob Octoba' ou' gurruls los' to Riverdale kid a 3-2 sco'.

"We sta'ted de fust day ob Novemba' by winnin' from Roosevelt High 31-7 and when we got back de Honor Society helt one ob dem spooky pa'ties dat Ah never will go to—a Hallowe'en pa'ty.

"Den on Novemba' de fou'th de fader and son dinna' was helt at the M. E. Chu'ch. De volleyball gurruls got defeated by Selma on Novemba' de 7th but on de nex' day ou' boys beat de Fowla' boys.

"De Senior class helt de annual steak bake on de ebening ob Novemba' de 15th at de Bear Camp an' on de same night de Sophomo's held deir pa'ty.

"Den one day de Seniors all came to school wid deir red sweata's on. De Vikin' gang won de division I and II championship by defeatin' Easton. But de greatest thrill came when we trampled de Fresno Tech team wid de close sco' ob 6-0.


"On Decemba' de 7th a special train tuk de playa's and de roota's to dat field dat belongs to Baker. It sho' was one wonderful game eben do' we did lose wid de sco' ob 26-6.

"On Decemba' de 13th de Glee Clubs gave a Christmas program to de community. And de gurruls gave de chilluns a pa'ty and afta' all dis busy yea' we tuck a vacation.

"When we came back de Vikin' basketball team won all ob de three games from Lemoo'. Den one day some Injuns done got togedder and helt some kin' ob a pow-wow, and dey elected officers, too. Ah t'inks dey is friendly. On January de 24th de secon' numba' ob de lyceum was presented and de nex' day de boys won two out of three games wid Reedley.

"Yas, we had de fust debate wid Lemoo' on January 28th and los' both ob dem. Dat am terrible, ain't it? Wal, what do you t'ink happened in February, de secon' semesta'? Dey sta'ted a new system called de detention. It sho' am terrible. Ah's scared stiff Ah'll have to stay sometime.

"But maybe it done some good 'cause on de fou'th day ob February de debaters won from Washin'ton Union. On de 6th de fust set ob pictures was taken an' de following Monday dey sta'ted de home-room period. De debaters los' to Tranquillity



on de 11th but das was all right 'cause de nex' day was de sneak and dey done forgot all 'bout it. On de 15th it was de Juniors' turn to take a trip and dey did. On de 21st de combined Glee Clubs gave de operetta, 'De Toreadors,' and it sho'ly was one great success. On Ma'ch de 11th de dibision readin' contest was helt here and on de 12th de Honor Society gave two sho't plays.

"But Ah can't help but laugh when Ah t'inks ob de faculty-student baseball game when dat mayo' ob de town hit a homerun and missed all ob de bases.

"An' dat wasn't all dat de faculty did. Dey gave de students a program, too. On Ma'ch de F. S. C. students entertained and dat sho' was gran'. De music contest was helt at Sanga' and de gurruls won de fust place in de gurruls dibision.

"Spring statted wid T. O. winnin' de oratorical contest on April de second. An' den w'at you t'ink, we won de fust baseball game wid Fresno Tech on April 3rd. Den on de nex' night de Juniors presented deir play 'Help Yo'self.'

"De Seniors gave a program dis yea' and de Chief-tow Choc-taw Pow-wow staged a skit fo' de annual staff. On de same day de Vikin's won de game wid Sanga'.

"Say, you' should 'ave seen de Seniors on deir crazy day. Dey suddunly was good. But den de nex' day we los' de baseball game to Roosevelt High. De gurruls 'gain entertained deir mudders on May de 9th. An' on de thirteenth de Juniors put up deir colo's ova' de school and all ova' de town. Yo' should 'ave seen brave Ahn Hillblom crawl ova' dat telephone cable and tear down dose colo's. It sho' was one gran' fight on both sides.

"De Seniors presented de play, 'Hurry! Hfurry! Hurry!' on de 16th. Dose Juniors suddunly was good too, 'cause dey entertained us at a swell banquet; de nex' day we didn't come to school—oh, yas, it was a holiday, May de thurtieth.

"June come 'rund fas' and we had de baccalaureate service on de fust ob June and on de sixth came ou' las' pe'fo'mance—de commencement.

"Has yo' been listenin? Wal, if yo' has, dis am all ob de doin's ob de yea'. Call again nex' yea' and Ah'll say some mo'.

"Ah hopes yo' am goin' to publish it! Gu-bye."



Dramatics

“Help Yourself”

The first attempt of a dramatic presentation on the part of the present Junior class was displayed on the evening of April 4th, to a full house. All success was due to the able coaching of Mr. R. R. Reukema, Kingsburg High School dramatic coach.

The following are the members of the cast:

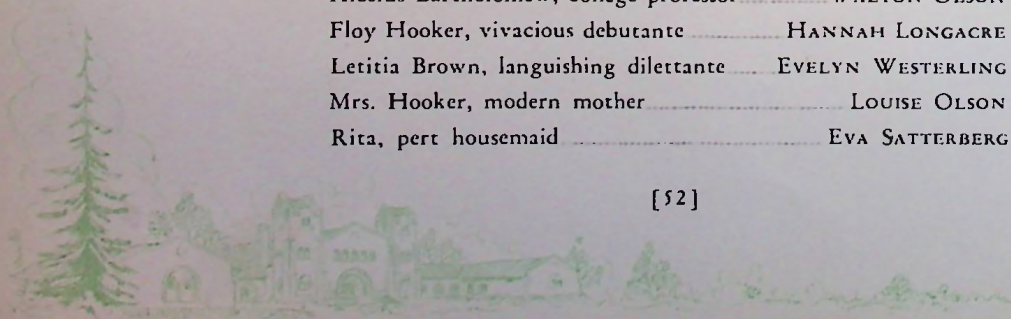
Thomas Lansing, an attorney.....	MARTELLE FUNDERBURGH
Winifred Norton, an actor.....	JACK GRIDLEY
Countess Hofele, a mining expert.....	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Jack Forest, the perpetual student.....	LEONARD FLOOD
Johnnie Smith, keeper of the club.....	THEODORE CHRISTIENSON
Courtney Sumners, Jack's half brother.....	HOWARD NORDSTROM
Abigail Fairweather, Courtney's fiancee.....	ADA ONEAL
Florazelle Chalmers, Abigail's widowed sister.....	BETTY STALLINGS



“Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!”

A new success along the line of dramatic activity was written upon the records of Kingsburg High School when the Senior play, “Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!” was presented on the evening of May 23. The play was one of the fine achievements of the class of '30. It was through Mr. Reukema's untiring efforts that the play was a success. The members of the cast were as follows:

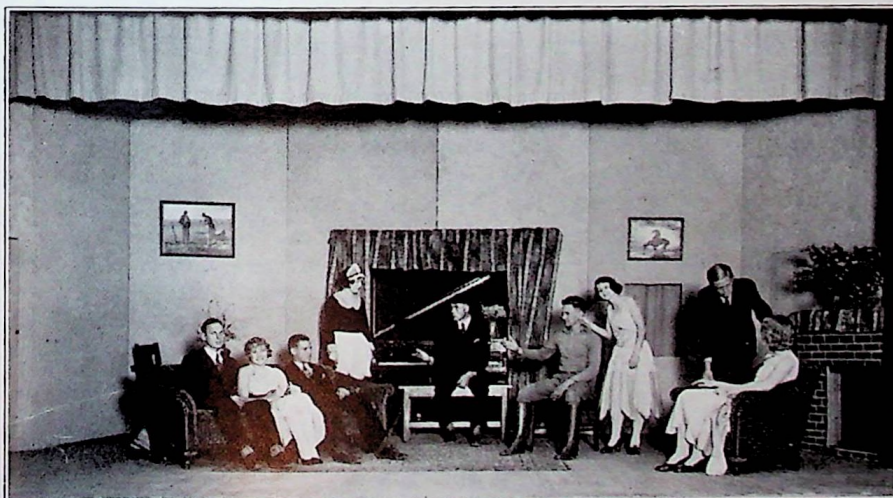
Jack Crandall, cowboy author.....	CLARENCE ANDERSON
Mr. Hooker, business man.....	ALVIN LINDQUIST
Stephen Hooker, college Freshman.....	ARNOLD HILLBLOM
Ted Stone, football hero.....	STANLEY C. ANDERSON
Alosius Bartholomew, college professor.....	WALTON OLSON
Floy Hooker, vivacious debutante.....	HANNAH LONGACRE
Letitia Brown, languishing dilettante.....	EVELYN WESTERLING
Mrs. Hooker, modern mother.....	LOUISE OLSON
Rita, pert housemaid.....	EVA SATTERBERG





"HELP YOURSELF"

From left to right: Johnny Smith, Ted Christensen; Florazelle Chambers, Betty Stallings; Jack Forest, Leonard Flood; Abigail Fairweather, Ada Oneal; Winfred Norton, Jack Gridley; Courney Sumner, Howard Nordstrom; Thomas Lansing, Martelle Funderburgh; Countess Hafele, Marjorie Lindquist.



"HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!"

Senior Play—Jack Crandall, Clarence Anderson; Letitia Brown, Evelyn Westerling; Ted Stone, Stanley C. Anderson; Rita, Eva Satterberg; Mr. Hooker, Alvin Lindquist; Steve Hooker, Arnold Hillblom; Floy Hooker, Hannah Longacre; Alostus Bartholomew, Walton Olson; Mrs. Hooker, Louise Olson.





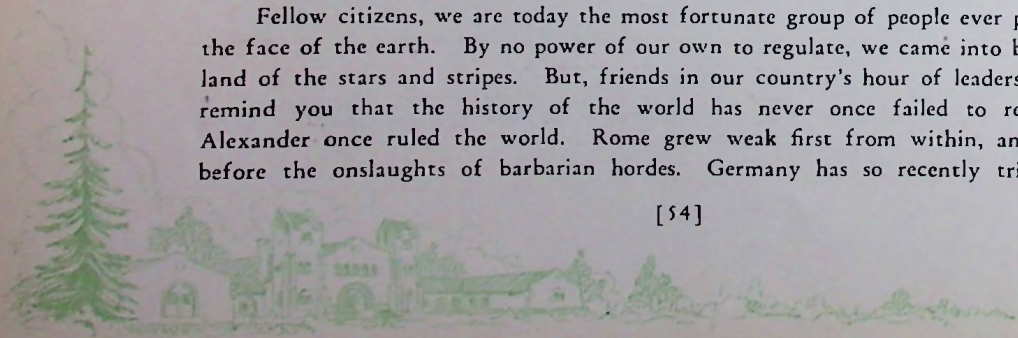
Literary

The Constitution—A Challenge To the American Youth

The United States Constitution is a product of the ages. Down through the centuries of history, man has ever aspired to freedom. The democracy of Greece and the republicanism of Rome were attempts on the part of the ancients to achieve this coveted goal. The overthrowing of the Bastille of France, the wresting of the Magna Charta from King John, were steps toward universal freedom. But it remained for the builders of a new nation, in a new world, to establish an immortal document that was to make all men of all nations free and equal.

Little did the signers of the Declaration of Independence realize that they were laying the foundation for liberty and freedom throughout the world. Born out of these centuries of strife, with the aid of the unfaltering hand of God, came this great proclamation of equality to all—the Constitution of the United States. The dignity of Washington; the brilliance of Hamilton; the master framing of Madison and the practical intelligence of Franklin, opened to the United States and hundreds of other nations of the world, the steep, rugged path to democracy. These staunch patriots, through vision, wrote the most perfect instrument of government ever penned. A constitution that has proved adequate to meet the ever changing conditions and demands of an expanding nation. This memorable document makes provisions for perfect representation of the people. It gives the power of rule to the majority and yet protects the rights of the minority. Other priceless guarantees of this constitution are trial by jury, and of freedom of speech and of press, and the right to worship without molestation; a blessing and a privilege without which no people can progress in virtue. It gives the right to amend, a right that has again and again proved a blessing to our country. It fulfills in every respect the logical purpose of perfect government. Those noble fathers of our country built for us a constitution admired yet envied by all nations. But it remained for our great Chief Justice, John Marshall, to interpret that masterpiece of master minds so that it should ever be applied with ever increasing power. The Divine Builder, not satisfied with the superhuman work of the framers of our constitution, gave to his chosen country the Liberator, Lincoln, to make four million souls of one race ever free and cut the last binding chains of human servitude. It must have been through the grace of Providence that such great leaders were sent to our country, in order that the United States might be able, within a century and a half, to rise from thirteen tottering colonies on the Atlantic seaboard to forty-eight thriving states and finally into the greatest nation the world has ever known.

Fellow citizens, we are today the most fortunate group of people ever placed upon the face of the earth. By no power of our own to regulate, we came into being in the land of the stars and stripes. But, friends in our country's hour of leadership, let me remind you that the history of the world has never once failed to repeat itself. Alexander once ruled the world. Rome grew weak first from within, and then fell before the onslaughts of barbarian hordes. Germany has so recently tried to gain





control of the world and failed. Let us take care that our great nation does not fall as a result of similar causes. The moral integrity of our citizens at large is our best safeguard.

The United States emerged from the Great War the most influential nation on the earth. It is today the guiding hand of all other nations, many of which have taken their form of government from our Constitution. May the name America ever stand the greatest power on earth.

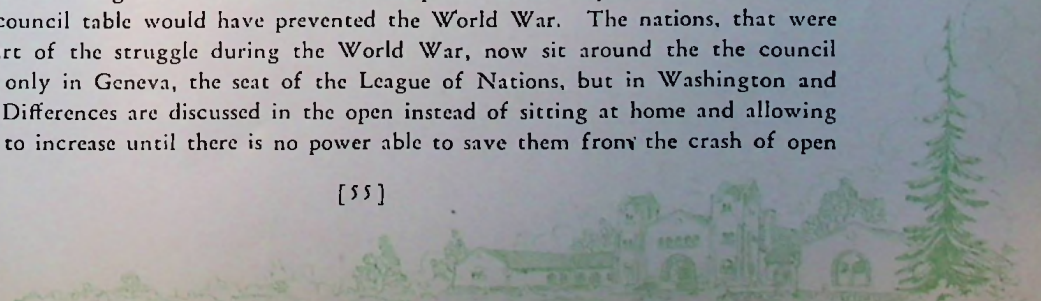
Friends, America's future rests with the individual citizens. The crying need of our country today is for leaders to inspire undying love of country in the American people. Every right secured for us in that great heritage has been dearly paid for, by our forefathers, on many blood-stained battle fields. American youth, I stand before you with a challenge—a challenge to carry out the will of our forefathers. It is our sacred right and duty to obey and enforce the laws of our country. We must recognize the needs of our government and proceed directly and manfully to a generous solution of these problems, in order that this immortal document of government, that has guided our nation through so many struggles, does not dispoil under our guardianship. It is a challenge to us, to you and to me, the youth of today, and the voters of tomorrow, to guide our ship of state through the most violent storm it has ever been called upon to conquer, the storm of public indifference. We must consecrate ourselves to this great work. We must, through a process of education, Americanize the foreign element in our land. We must educate ourselves and our posterity to love and honor our most noble heritage, the Constitution. Sound progress must and will be made, within the terms of the bulwark of our liberties, if we, in this onward march, hold high the torch of patriotism in peace as in war. Let us combat the insidious enemies of our unity and prosperity,—those who seek to overthrow the priceless charter of our liberties. May we always honor and protect this glorious heritage, and pass it on a sacred legacy to the generations to come; so, "that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

—HAROLD RENFROW.



World Peace

There is today an interest in peace such as the world has never seen before. Religious and ethical organizations are studying peace. Peace societies multiply their numbers and their memberships; peace treaties are being negotiated between nations of the world; the principle of conciliation and arbitration is growing in treaty making, between nations. Leaders of the leading nations are getting together and talking things over which shows a great advancement over the past. Lord Gray said that two weeks around a council table would have prevented the World War. The nations, that were at the heart of the struggle during the World War, now sit around the council table, not only in Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, but in Washington and London. Differences are discussed in the open instead of sitting at home and allowing irritations to increase until there is no power able to save them from the crash of open





war. No issue is unsolvable by reason and good will. The best guarantee the world today has of peace is the council table not only at Geneva, but such as has just concluded at London. It keeps disputes between nations from breaking into open strife without adequate discussion and chance at mutual understanding.

The people are demanding the right to a say in the matter of war and peace. It has always been the case that in the end the common people bore the cost of war, not only by being taxed to the limit to provide the means, but there were selected from the ranks the best in body and mind to go to the front and man the guns. The ruin that has overtaken almost every great nation of the past has been caused by continually killing so large a number of the best young men in war and increasing the population with the odds and ends of the earth that drifted in from the scattering and inferior nations around.

The amount of money spent by the United States in the World War would, according to one of our great economists, build highways across the United States joining her extreme boundaries—north, south, east, and west every twelve miles. What a wonderful substitute that would be for war and in case we were attacked by a foreign power they would prove to be our greatest asset in rushing troops to the front. Millions of dollars are spent annually in the construction of great battleships to be used in case of war. How much better would it be if this same money were used to feed the starving masses of humanity in our country?

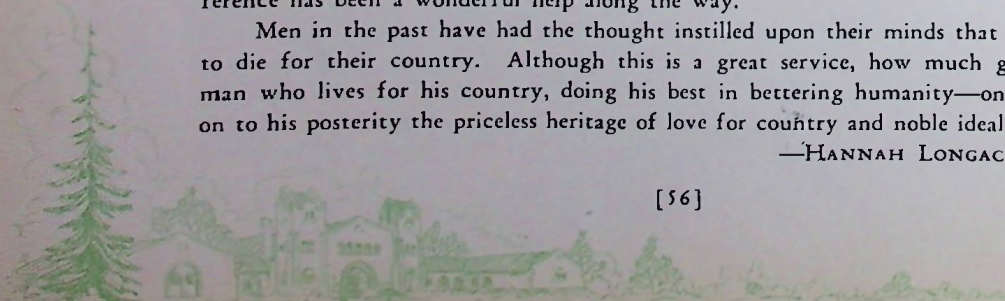
It is entirely proper to call attention to the fact that our soldiers who fell in the World War, and our wars of the past, died for what our national leaders believed to be a worthy cause, and that we are under profound obligation to them for the sacrifices they made in behalf of liberty and national honor. We shall remember and also imbibe the teaching, that the soldiers of the other side also were sincere patriots and valiant soldiers. The German soldier believed that he was fighting for the protection and preservation of the Fatherland. The assessment of blame for the World War is not so simple a matter as we once supposed it to be, for it was partly the outcome of misunderstanding and suspicion and fear in which all the nations involved shared. We must not perpetuate the animosities engendered by war. To do so would be to prepare the way for other wars. Victors can afford to be generous; the United States is under a mighty obligation to be so.


The recent conference in London is a forward step in looking toward peace. Our "jingo press" may deride, and the enemies of the president may continue to make trouble, but progress has been made. The treaty drafted by the diplomats, if adopted, will save the taxpayers of the United States \$1,000,000,000. It will save the taxpayers of the world \$2,500,000,000. It wrote the doom of the battleship and makes other recommendations that really constitute a forward step.

The people must not expect everything to be done at once. War is an ancient institution deeply rooted. It will take many conferences to end it. The London conference has been a wonderful help along the way.

Men in the past have had the thought instilled upon their minds that their duty is to die for their country. Although this is a great service, how much greater is the man who lives for his country, doing his best in bettering humanity—one who passes on to his posterity the priceless heritage of love for country and noble ideals.

—HANNAH LONGACRE, '30.





The Battle Aboard the Haiching

Dusk was beginning to settle over the docks at Hongkong. The fishermen's tug-boats could be seen coming in through the din. A young Chinese lad was seen hurrying along the docks. His name was Jimmy Lee; he was cabin boy on the ship Haiching. Jimmy Lee was in a hurry because he had only forty minutes to catch his boat.

Suddenly the sound of angry voices came to him from within a rude hut along the waterfront. Jimmy paid no heed for he had no time to waste and besides quarrels were not uncommon along the dock. He had almost gone out of earshot of the cabin when he heard a loud voice say, "I'll tell you he intends to give us the slip and sail on the Haiching and he already has the dope on board."

The words struck Jimmy like a shock; his curiosity was aroused. What could these men have to do with Haiching? He stole back determined to find what it was all about, and crouching 'neath the open window, he lay there for perhaps twenty minutes listening intently to what the men were saying inside. He learned from their conversation that there was a man named Rufe Beerly, formerly a member of this pirate gang, who had double-crossed them and was going to make a get-away with five million dollars' worth of opium on the Haiching.

A tall man who evidently was the leader stood up and said, "We'll attack the Haiching just off Point Swatow and attempt to gain possession, and may God help Rufe Beerly."

His words were greeted by loud exclamation and oaths from the men. A short man who looked more like a gorilla than a human being stood up and said, "That guy Beerly is my meat. I'm going to tear that guy apart just to see what holds him together. Get me?" Jimmy shuddered. He had never heard men speak so cruelly and with such an utter disregard of human life before.

Jimmy, looking at his watch, found he had only ten minutes to catch his boat, so he started out on a run, but he could not get his mind off of what he had heard. When he got on board he decided to hunt up the man called Beerly. He was strolling around the starboard side of the ship about 10 P. M. when he thought he heard a noise in one of the lifeboats. He slipped behind a huge coil of rope which was lying nearby and listened with eyes and ears alert. He did not have to wait long before he noticed the crouched form of a man in the lifeboat nearest him.

The man was evidently hiding something for he now stood half erect as if his purpose had been accomplished. Jimmy Lee's heart was beating like a triphammer for he was afraid he would be discovered, but the man who was evidently Rufe Beerly climbed out of the lifeboat and went below without noticing him.

After Jimmy had made sure that Rufe had gone below, he peered into the boat; and concealed in the bottom were five one-gallon cans of opium. Beerly was evidently going to smuggle it to America.

Jimmy considered for a moment what he should do. If this dope should be found by revenue officers when they neared the United States, Captain Woodward would have to explain or get the penalty for smuggling. Captain Woodward was his best friend. He thought for a moment and then decided he would throw the opium into the sea and then warn Captain Woodward of the intended attack. He picked up the first can and flung it over the rail. When it hit the water it seemed to shatter the still night



air like a pistol shot. He did the same with the second and the third when suddenly he felt that he was being watched. He could not explain it but he felt a presence near him. His heart was in his throat but he was determined to go through with it. Just as he reached for the fourth can a knife whistled over his head and stuck in the other side of the lifeboat with a sickening thud. He made ready to leap when he felt a pain of steel-like hands pinning him down. He turned and saw that the man was Beerly.

"You little rat!" he said. "I'll cut your eyes out for this. Now come with me, you devil!"

He half dragged, half pushed Jimmy below into his room. Jimmy was so frightened that he could not speak.

"After I feed you to the fishes through that porthole you'll never bother me again," said Beerly. Someone walked by outside and Jimmy was going to call loudly for help but Beerly evidently read his mind for he grasped his throat with those sinewy fingers and everything turned black.

When he came to his senses he heard the crash of pistols and the clash of swords on deck and he realized that the pirates had attacked. Jimmy's head felt as if it weighed a ton, but he managed to reel out onto the deck.

The crew were fighting for their lives and many of the Chinese passengers became panic-stricken and leaped overboard into the sea. He noticed Beerly in one corner fighting for his life with the man who had made the horrible threat back in the hut.

Jimmy picked up a sword from a fallen pirate and began to make use of it in no unheard-of fashion, for many a bloody pirate felt the sting of its blows. The pirates were fighting desperately now; their backs to the rail; the Indian guides who had been on board were pressing them close and seemed to hold no fear of death. The bandit line fell back under their terrible onslaught and finally broke, the attack had been repulsed, the pirates scrambled on to their boat and fled away.

They left eleven of their dead lying on the deck, and it was found that the Haiching had a total of seventy-two dead and missing.

After traveling all night the ship finally made it back to Hongkong and a squadron of United States Marines cruisers was sent in search of the pirates. The next day Jimmy was called into Captain Woodward's office where he was met by a cheery smile. "You did fine work, Jimmy boy," he said, "and if you keep it up some day you will be a great naval captain in the service of your country."

Jimmy walked out of the office feeling very happy for Captain Woodward had praised him and Captain Woodward was his friend. —WALTON G. OLSON, '30.

Mother

*O, Mother dear, whose hair I've caused to turn,
O, Mother dear, whose heart I've caused to yearn;
I want to say to you, just you,
This little thought that is so true—
Of all God's precious gifts divine,
The very best is—Mother mine!*

—BARBARA CATLIN, '30.



Henry Steele's Murder

Dark was the night. A man crept stealthily to the window. The curtain was up and he could see all that was going on in the room.

There was a large armchair in front of the broad fireplace and a man was sitting in it thoughtfully gazing at the low burning embers. Five minutes passed, then the man got up, turned out the light and left the room.

The man by the window crouched down under the bushes as the front door opened. The man of the house came out dressed in evening clothes, hailed a taxi and left.

After all was quiet the hidden man opened the window so slowly that not a sound was made. He climbed over the window sill and entered the room, then cautiously advanced toward the huge desk in the center of the room. He went through all the drawers but did not find what he wanted, when he accidentally stumbled against the leg of the desk and a small "pop" was heard.

There concealed between two drawers was a smaller drawer. He looked in it and with an eager exclamation grasped the revolver. A door banged somewhere upstairs and the man departed, knocking over the chairs as he went.

The next day when the verdict of guilty or not guilty was to be given to Robert Ralston for the murder of Henry Steele, a messenger all out of breath rushed up to the Judge and handed him a letter and a package. The judge slowly read the letter which was written as follows:

To Judge Winthorpe:

Robert Ralston is innocent of the murder of Henry Steele. I am the guilty one and the revolver used in the crime is in the package. Come to 7049 Abby Street and you shall find the body of William Austin, but not his spirit, for it shall be in another world.

WILLIAM AUSTIN.

Robert Ralston was freed and when the police rushed to the mentioned address they found William Austin dead. Arsenic poison, was the coroner's verdict.

The man of the house we shall not know about for the very next day he left for regions unknown. Whether he knew about the murder we do not know and probably no one else will ever know.

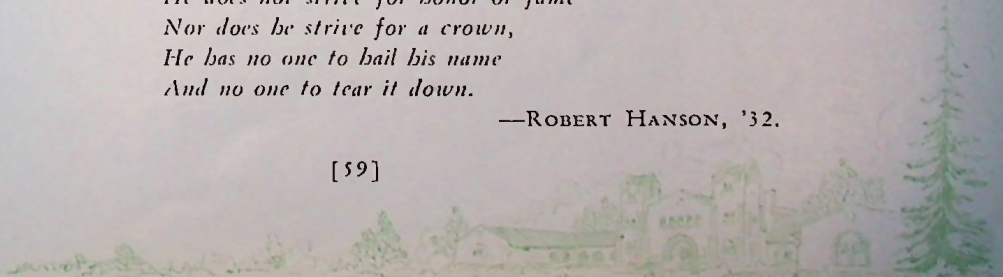
—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.



*When the first faint rays of the sun
Mark the start of a new day,
The farmer's chores are now all done
And off to his work he makes his way.*

*He does not strive for honor or fame
Nor does he strive for a crown,
He has no one to hail his name
And no one to tear it down.*

—ROBERT HANSON, '32.





The Lost Friend

*Oh, friend of mine, when you were near
I really didn't care
If troubles piled up to the sky
For you always bore my share.*

*That bond which held our friendship true,
I never understood.
I didn't know that it was you
That made me feel so good.*

*But after you had gone away,
Our friendship was made clear,
I felt the pangs of loneliness,
Your voice I longed to hear.*

*My mind was filled with thoughts of you,
There were things I longed to say;
But I didn't know that you must go,
And too long I did delay.*

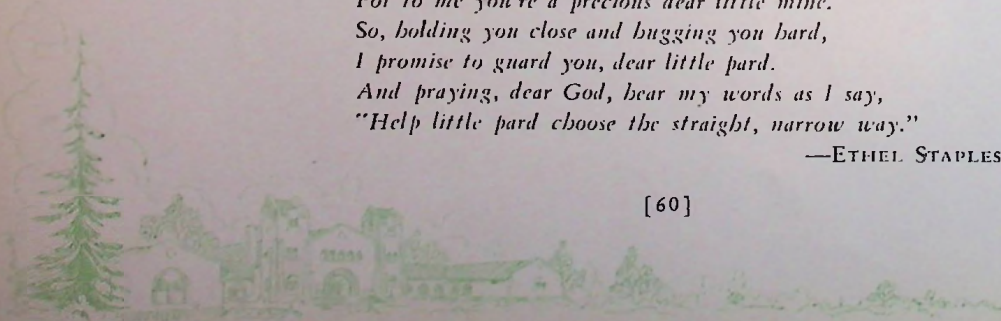
*Oh friend, won't you come back to me,
If only for a day;
That I might have a chance to tell
The things I long to say?*


—BERTHA STEELE, '30.

Little Sister

*Dear little sister, I love you so,
Ready to raise my spirits when low,
With a smile on your face you can cheer me up quick
If I'm lonely and blue or feel very sick.
You're the friend among millions, the chum of my life,
We've grown up together through sorrow and strife,
Always ready to play or joke in your way,
Making others about you happy and gay.
When you won't listen and do what is right,
When you fell into mischief and give me a fright,
I can always forgive you, dear sister of mine,
For to me you're a precious dear little mine.
So, bolding you close and bugging you hard,
I promise to guard you, dear little pard.
And praying, dear God, bear my words as I say,
"Help little pard choose the straight, narrow way."*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.





The Phantom Flyer

It was a village town on the outskirts of Paris. The boys were making "whoopee" and plenty of it. There was a small dance hall and in it were all kinds of nationalities from Portuguese to Jews, including the Allies' soldier boys. They were all having a good time, when in stepped Captain Riley and announced that they were leaving the next day for Bordeaux. The boys all began kissing their little French sweethearts goodbye and parting into the darkness of the narrow streets.

Jack Williams was an aviator of great skill and the best flyer the Allies had. He did not have time to fool around with these French girls, as he was busy planning a little piece of business for Captain Riley who was going to send him over the German lines the next day. Captain Riley was a fat, jolly, good-natured Irishman who never kicked about anything, unless the General came around, and then he had to show a little discipline.

At four o'clock the next morning Jack was up and ready to go at Captain Riley's command. Ben Jacobsen, a dear friend of Jack's, was also an aviator, but not so skilled or important as his buddy. Jack tried every way he could to get Ben in with him as machine-gunner but all hopes were in vain. Ben Jacobsen was a light-haired, fair complexioned, well-behaved young American about 24 years old. He was made a pilot of plane number five in the eighth squadron of the American Aviation Corps.

Jack had his motor started and was about to shove off when he heard a well known voice calling, "Jack, Jack, Oh Jack, wait a minute!" He turned and saw Ben running across the field with all his might. When he reached the plane he was exhausted and all he could do was thrust a letter into Jack's hand. The letter read: "Be careful, Jack dear, as I am afraid something will happen to you on this trip and that would be dreadful. Your true friend, Florence Jones. P. S. You will find a little locket enclosed. Please wear it for my sake, as it is a good-luck piece."

Florence Jones was a lovely girl about 22 years old who was a nurse in the French Republic Hospital. She had liked Jack ever since she had first seen him.

Jack fastened the locket around his neck, bade farewell to Ben, and pushed off. The roar of his motor seemed to sing a song to Jack because he had liked Florence Jones very much himself. He was flying at an elevation of about two thousand feet when he heard the drone of motors below him. He circled around twice and then swooped down to see whom it might be. He saw that it was the dreaded German planes known as the Famous Air Troupe. He had not gone low enough for them to notice him and so he turned quickly and opened the throttle to the speed of 110 miles per hour. He arrived at the hangars before the German plane were anywhere near. He notified Captain Riley of the enemy's prepared attack and within ten minutes the fleet of Squadron Eight was in the air under the command of Jack Williams. Ben Jacobsen was some hundred feet behind Jack, but he was glad he got to fly under the leadership of his pal. It was not very long until they heard the drone of motors ahead and each plane banked to the left and gained an altitude of about 3000 feet. The leader of the German Air Troupe was known as the dreadful Count Von Linvik of Germany who had wrecked more planes than any other one German aviator.

The planes of the German Troupe were checkered with red and black and shone very brightly in the sunlight. There were six German planes and seven American



planes. The Count Von Linvik of Germany started the battle.

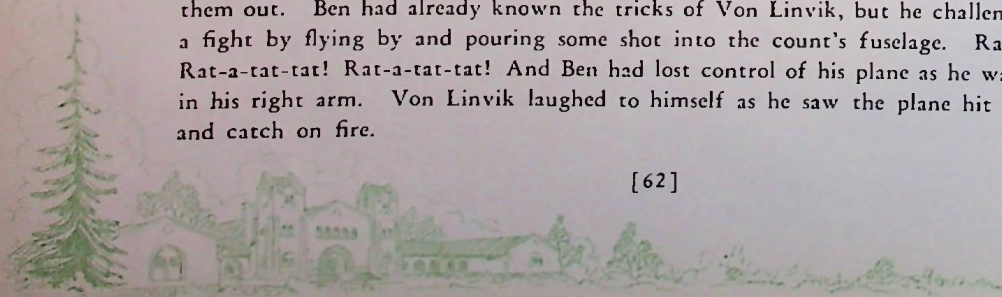
He attacked an American plane and sent it a flaming coffin to the earth. Then the battle began in earnest. Jack started after another German plane and Von Linvik swooped down behind an American plane and killed the pilot, which sent another Allied plane to the ground. Jack kept chasing this German plane and finally noticed there were two German planes behind his friend Ben. He suddenly banked to the right and opened the machine-gun fire on one of the enemy planes that was fighting his pal. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat. The enemy went into a tailspin and lit in some trees about 1500 feet below. Suddenly Jack banked again to the right and met another German foe. The enemy motioned that his machine gun was jammed and headed for the German lines. There is fair play in all things, even in war, so Jack turned and took up the trail again. He suddenly noticed that Van Linvik was following him; he banked to the right and then swooped up. In doing this he collided head on with the bottom of Von Linvik's plane. Both planes became out of control. Jack jumped out and pull the cord which opened his parachute. Ben had seen the terrible collision and turned his plane in an effort to save his partner. He slowed down and caught Jack on the tip of the left wing; Jack managed to untangle himself and climb into the cockpit behind Ben.

The fight was over for that day and the remaining planes went back to the hangar. In the meantime, Count Von Linvik had fallen into a swamp below the battle field and had escaped to the German lines. When Jack and Ben had landed their planes safely, they began joking each other about the life-saving proposition of that day. They went to the mess hall and took their respective places for supper.

After supper the boys all left for the little village about one and a fourth miles away to dance and make "whoopee" with their little French girls again. About eight o'clock Jack left for the hospital to see Florence Jones. He met her out in the garden and told her how lucky the locket was and of his experience that day. She told him she had worried about him all day and was surely glad to see him back again safely. Jack would have told her how much he loved her but he was too bashful to do that. He left about eleven o'clock and went home thinking how foolish he was because he hadn't proposed.

Ben Jacobsen bunked in the same tent with Jack and when he came home he began telling Jack of the wonderful girl he had met that night; and how she had told him that he was the first and only boy she had ever liked. Jack knew the French girl was lying and just gave Ben the laugh and went to bed. Ben didn't like this and he became angry at his buddy.

The next morning, instead of the usual goodbye, there was nothing said. Jack left about five o'clock and went to the German lines. About half an hour later Squadron Eight left the hangars to relieve a small French town about thirty-five miles away. Squadron Eight arrived and found Von Linvik and his Famous Air Troupe having a lot of fun with the poor peasants below by dropping bombs on their houses and driving them out. Ben had already known the tricks of Von Linvik, but he challenged him to a fight by flying by and pouring some shot into the count's fuselage. Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! And Ben had lost control of his plane as he was wounded in his right arm. Von Linvik laughed to himself as he saw the plane hit the ground and catch on fire.





When the plane hit the ground it threw Ben before it caught on fire. Jack Williams had finished his business and had been called to help in this little town also. He arrived and noticed that Ben was no place to be seen and he knew this was Squadron Eight. He circled the village three times and then he left the rest to find his pal, Ben Jacobsen. He happened to notice some smouldering article in the forest at the far end of the canyon. He was curious and went to see what it might be. He could tell it was an American plane, but he could not distinguish the number as it was badly burnt. He saw a pretty good landing place nearby and decided to land and see if it was Ben. He made a safe landing and walked to the place of the smouldering plane. He recognized the plane but Ben was no place to be found. He was about to give up hope when he heard a low groan and nearby in a clump of underbrush he found Ben stunned with a bleeding mouth and arm. He went to a creek that was only a short distance off and came back with his hat full of cool water. He brought Ben back to his senses; and it wasn't long before he had bandaged Ben's arm and fixed his mouth.

Ben told Jack of his fight with Count Von Linvik. Jack asked Ben if he could work the machine gun all right and Ben said he could do anything to get even with Von Linvik. They made a good take-off and were soon near the small village again. The planes were still zooming all over the sky. Ben spotted Von Linvik first and they chased him for about an hour and finally they swooped down behind him and—rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! The gas tanks of Von Linvik's plane exploded and in a few moments the flaming mass crashed to the ground. This was the last of Count Von Linvik, the German ace. They returned to their hangars about six-thirty and went to their bunks for a little rest before supper.

Ben was a little weak so they called for a nurse and in came Florence Jones. Jack and Florence were glad to see each other and forgot all about Ben. Ben called another nurse, and who should walk in but his little French sweetheart, Franceline? He was so surprised he almost fell out of bed. About three weeks later could be seen in a park on the outskirts of this little village, Jack and Florence sitting on a bench and kissing each other; while in the other corner of the same park, Ben and Franceline were in each other's arms.

Just then a man came up and called the boys and Florence and Franceline and began congratulating them on such a wonderful picture—for all this was in the Fox Studios of Hollywood and the aeroplane part was taken at the San Diego Airport. The producer told them it would mean a raise in their salary. It was nearly quitting time so the boys left the studio and met their wives out in front. They told them of their great success in the last picture. They were all so happy that they went down to Los Angeles for supper and after supper took in a good show. The two girls, Florence and Franceline, were sisters and went to their father's home. They were also very happy over their success, for this was their first big picture.

—JACK GRIDLEY, '31.



The Arm of the Law

Bob Pemberton slowly followed the guard down the corridor. He watched the guard intently as he stopped to unlock and throw open the great, massive doors of the penitentiary. His heart was beating rapidly in his breast as the guard stood aside to let him pass through the door, out into the world. At last he had received the reward which he had been trying so hard to earn, parole on good behavior.

He stood on the prison steps for a moment as if wondering which way he should go. But he did not remain there long in undecision. He would rush right down to the depot and catch the first train for Indianapolis, for that was the place where he would find his Jean, little Beth and Robert. A faint smile played upon his lips as he thought of holding them all in his arms again and listening to their words of love. Unconsciously he raised his head a trifle higher and a look of firm conviction came into his eye as he strode down the steps and out into the street. Now he could begin life anew.

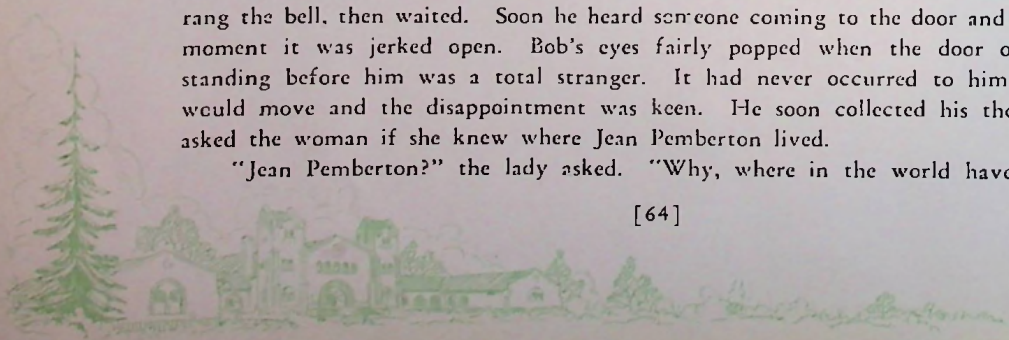
On his way to the depot he reviewed briefly the facts leading up to his conviction and sentence to the penitentiary. Five long, hard years had passed since the jury had filed into the courtroom and rendered the verdict "'guilty!'" Bob's thoughts returned to Jack. Why had Jack testified against him? Could it be that Jack still carried a grudge against him, because Jean had refused his love and married Bob instead? Surely Jack must have known that the shooting was purely accidental.


He remembered clearly the morning Jack and he had decided to go hunting together. While walking along they had disagreed over some little, insignificant thing and soon they were quarreling. Jack, being very angry, had hurried on ahead and had soon disappeared behind some bushes. Shortly after Bob had spied a deer. He raised his gun and shot, but simultaneously with the shooting Jack had straightened up from behind a bush directly in front of him and in line with the shot. He let out a scream as the shot struck him and crumpled up again behind the bush. Some men came running and together they had carried Jack home. The matter had been taken into court and Jack as well as some men who had heard the quarrel, but failed to witness the shooting, all testified against him. That was about all there was to it. The court had found him guilty with intent to kill and he had been carried off to prison.

Then his thoughts again returned to Jean. Dear Jean, how she had cried when they had taken him away! Jean was one person who had believed him innocent to the last. It was three years ago since he had received his last letter from Jean. He wondered why she had not written since, but he supposed that probably she had,—anyhow it did not matter now. Soon he would see her, then they would go off to some place where no one knew them and start life anew.

Upon reaching Indianapolis, he went directly to his old home. A feeling of happiness surged through him when he saw the house and he almost ran up the steps. He rang the bell, then waited. Soon he heard someone coming to the door and in another moment it was jerked open. Bob's eyes fairly popped when the door opened, for standing before him was a total stranger. It had never occurred to him that Jean would move and the disappointment was keen. He soon collected his thoughts and asked the woman if she knew where Jean Pemberton lived.

"Jean Pemberton?" the lady asked. "Why, where in the world have you been





all this time? Her name is Dawson now. She got married about three years ago and the last I heard they were living in Springfield."

"Married!" Bob gasped. He put out his hand and leaned against the wall for support for he felt as if his legs would give way beneath him. So that was why she had not written. The lady was of the talkative sort and seemed not to have noticed his astonishment. She was soon telling him about Jean's first husband who was serving a term in the penitentiary. Feeling that he could not stand her idle chatter any longer, Bob muttered a "Thank you" and turned blindly down the steps. "Married!" The word kept running through and through his mind. How could she get married when she was already married to him?

He went to the courthouse to verify the woman's statement and there he learned that Jean had gotten a divorce and was now married to Henry Dawson. He still longed to see his children so he inquired if it were not possible to obtain custody over them for part of the time. This he learned was impossible; he was further told that he was not allowed to even visit them without a court order. The court decided that it would be better for both the children and Jean if they did not see him and refused to give him the court order.

Again Bob felt the clutches of the law close in upon him. The last thread of hope was cut off between him and those he loved. He wished that he had never been paroled. Everyone looked upon him with suspicion. "After all," Bob declared, "the world is a cruel, cold place for one who has been in prison."

The longing to see Jean and the children became so great that Bob decided to go to Springfield. If he could only get a glimpse of them from the distance, see that they were well and happy, he felt that he would be satisfied for life. Having obtained the address from the woman who lived in their old home, Bob took the next train for Springfield. He arrived at his destination about six-thirty that evening. He decided that he would go by the house and probably he would get a glimpse of Jean and the children, then he would leave Springfield, never to return. He got off the train, checked his baggage, and set out to find the house. As he was walking down the street he saw a woman directly in front of him who was going to cross the street. Something about her looked familiar. Bob hurried a little and when he had almost reached her she turned her head a little. He almost cried out when he saw her face for he knew immediately that it was Jean. He was about to drop back so she would not see him when he saw her start across the street. At the same time he saw a car come rushing down the street. In the middle of the pathway of the car Jean had stopped paralyzed with fright. Realizing her plight, Bob gave one great big leap, giving her a push that sent her sprawling across the street. He had just been in time to save Jean but he was unable to save himself. The car descended upon him and then everything went black.

When Bob awoke he was lying in a large, white room. He heard a sob and, turning his head slightly, he saw Jean, little Beth and Bobbie sitting beside the bed. Reaching out, Bob took Jean's hand in his and kissed it.

"Oh, Bob!" he heard her exclaim between sobs. Drawing little Beth and Bobbie to him, he kissed them both. He tried to speak, but words would not come. Then Jean told him of her marriage to Henry—how poor they had been and almost starving when Henry came along. Thinking that it was best for the children she had promised to marry him.



The door opened and Henry Dawson entered the room with an officer. Coming to the bedside, the officer nodded to Jean, then proceeded to address Bob.

"I have a message for you, Pemberton," he said. Then he took from his pocket a letter. It was a confession signed by Jack stating that it had all been a mistake. Jack had seen Bob getting ready to shoot and had risen purposely because he hated Bob and wanted to get even with him. Now his dying wish was that Bob might forgive him.

Everything was happening at one time. Bob felt very happy. Jean was married to a man who would always protect her, the children would be well taken care of; and Jack, of course he would forgive Jack—he had forgiven him long ago. Bob closed his eyes.

The officer was speaking again. "The law will no longer interfere with you, you are—"

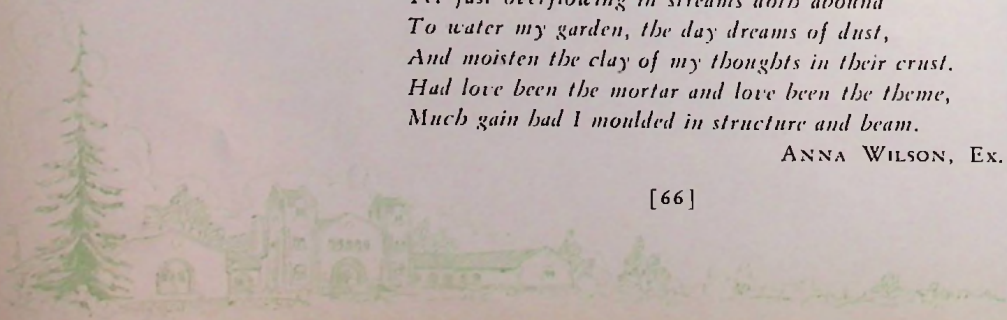
The doctor who had come into the room was now bending over Bob. He shook his head sadly. "You needn't say any more, officer. The arm of the law will never lay its hold on him again."


—BERTHA STEELE, '30.

The Secret

*The day has been busy with much work to do,
And now I am tired and weary and worn;
In deepening shadows and quietness soft,
I gather my day dreams, my burdensome thoughts,
I spread them before me in jumbled array
And think of the future, the past and today.
Oh, what have I gathered and what have I gained?
A heart full of wishes, a soul full of pain.
I look for my playthings, for playthings they are,
To star-studded heavens—that great azure bar;
And mystified, terrified, yet in great awe,
I whisper to God, who is builder of law,
Of worlds and of universe, maker of Love.
The answer comes straight to my heart from above;
Oh secret, oh treasure, 'tis heavenly love.
Oh God! cries my soul in sore agony torn,
My heart is all bleeding and hungry, forlorn.
Again comes the answer, sweet balm to each hurt,
A well springing upward (from heaven to earth),
Oh joy so celestial, still humanly bound,
Yet fast overflowing in streams doth abound
To water my garden, the day dreams of dust,
And moisten the clay of my thoughts in their crust.
Had love been the mortar and love been the theme,
Much gain had I moulded in structure and beam.*

ANNA WILSON, Ex. '30.





All For Love

Alf and Ander Engen, youthful Norwegian twins, had arrived in Tahoe, California, several weeks before the First Annual National Ski Tournament. They were in wonderful shape and all "rarin' to go."

"How do you like California?" asked Jean Walstad, daughter of the proprietor of the Blue-Water Tavern, where the brothers were staying.

"It's wonderful," answered Alf. "Why, in a few hours' drive we could be in summery weather."

Thus had she ventured to open the first conversation between them, for Alf was a very serious, silent, and thoughtful youth, unlike his brother Anders. But it was not many days before Alf was often found in the company of Jean, and especially were they found together when the moon had decided to top the snow-capped mountains and take a peek down at the blue depths of the lake and dimly-lighted taverns. On such nights as these Alf and Jean would often walk at the water's edge or sit on the veranda and talk in low, muffled tones. Several times Anders had come upon them and in his heart had cropped jealousy, on his face had glowered anger and disgust—for he, too, loved this blue-eyed, fair-haired athlete. And although he had made more approaches to her, it seemed that Alf had won her by his serious, silent and loving personality.


The night before the tournament Alf and Jean sat on the couch before the fire for there was a bitter wind outside; and then, of course, Alf must have a rest before the Big Day.

"Who are you rooting for, Jean?" he asked very softly.

"Three guesses," she answered. He placed three guesses on her waiting lips. (Of course the last two were not necessary for the first was correct but—oh, well, anyway, she had given him "three guesses.")

It was at this moment that Anders made his decision. He must do something to prevent his brother from winning tomorrow—or even prevent him from competing. He had heard and witnessed the scene between the two lovers and never before had such contempt appeared on his countenance.

The great hour had finally arrived. Alf, dressed in his red and white outfit, with the initials "S. S." signifying the Snowflake Ski Club of Westby, Wisconsin, descended the two flights of stairs from his quarters at the tavern and was a bit disappointed not to find Jean waiting for him. She had promised to drive over to the trajectory with him. Probably she had changed her mind. But she had said she would be at the foot of the stairway at 9:30 and it was exactly that. Alf waited around for a while and soon found out, from Anders, that Jean had gone over half an hour ago. His heart disillusioned, Alf trudged up the long stairway and back up to his room. After closing the door he took out a tiny box and placed it on the dresser; he had intended to present the contents of that tiny jewel box to Jean on the way to the tournament. His heart was heavy, but had he known of the tricks of his twin brother he would have given up all hopes of fame and Jean. Unaware, he turned the knob to again descend for he was due at the scene of the day's activities in forty minutes. Mysteriously, the door had been locked. He stood silent for a while. There was no other escape; unless the door would open he must stay there. He would call and he did; but it seemed that everyone had gone to the tournament—and they all had except Jean. She had suddenly become



ill that morning and stayed in bed. However, she had expected Alf to see her before he had left, but she supposed he was in a hurry and had neglected her, much to her disappointment.

But something surely must be wrong for he wouldn't think of leaving without first seeing her. And so, weakly she climbed the stair and knocked at his door.

"Who's there?" came the sharp command.

"Alf, why aren't you at the tournament?"

"Jean dear, someone's locked me in and it's just about too late already."

"Wait a minute." Forgetting her weak condition, she fairly flew down the stairway and in a few moments was back with the key. As he stepped out of the room he at once saw the reason for her failure of appearance at the appointed time and place. Her face was a ghastly white and he picked her up and carried her down to her bed. With a light kiss he left her.

Try as he would the motor in his car was absolutely still. Jean saw his attempts at fixing the car from the window and in five minutes she was in her new white togs (brought from Sacramento especially for this occasion.)

"Come on, Alf, get in my car and let's hurry."

"Jean, go right back inside. Aren't you aware that you are ill? My car is fixed now."

"Nevertheless, I'm going to follow you, for goodness knows what will happen on the way."

Protests and heated arguments would not change her, and so after a few more attempts Alf succeeded in starting his car, and drove on ahead of Jean's high-powered car. True enough, his car stalled after the first two miles and there were four more to go. He must be there in just a few minutes, otherwise his name would be erased from the book which contained the list of the competitors. At the foot of the hill on top of which was erected the new \$25,000 trajectory, Jean's car sputtered and died.

"Well," exclaimed Alf, as he sensed his brother's actions, "Anders certainly arranged for everything slick, didn't he? Wait here, Jean." He clambered up the hill and was just in time to report to the officials. He at once sent down someone to take Jean back to the tavern.

His first hop was a failure for Jean's ghastly face was visioned before him and then behind it Anders' growling, jealousy-filled, and hatred-covered face stared at him. His next two jumps, however, were marvelous, totaling 312 feet.

Anders realized that his brother's love was faithful and the only remaining action was to make truce. And so making his way over to Alf's side, he finally managed to stammer out, "Forgive me, Alf," as he held out his hand, "and good luck."

For a moment they looked at each other and then the two hands clasped in a warm grip as Alf said, "Nothing to forgive, kid, and good luck to you."

It was the last, they said to each other. Alf had won California's First Annual National Ski Tournament, but exhibitions were to be given to the cheering crowds. Alf was about to jump again when he heard a sweet, familiar voice call out, "Attaboy, Alf." He turned around and standing directly behind him was Jean.

"Jean, why aren't you home?"

"Oh, Alf, I had to see you jump. I'll go as soon as this one is over."

Nothing he could say would make her leave and so he took off and thrilled the



crowds with a leap of 195 feet. Anders, too, was to give an exhibition. His face was very grim and sad as he stood at the starting point. Alf had come back and was standing at one side with his arm around Jean. One look at them, and then he was gone. It was a beautiful leap but far to one side and right in the midst of it something happened. How foolish of him to mess up his skis like that. Four times he looped in the air and then crashed against a tree nearby. By the time Alf and Jean were at his side, Anders was motionless.

* * * * *

"Funny of Anders to act that way, wasn't it," mumbled Alf with tears in his eyes, as he sat by Jean's bedside. Jean had been sick several weeks after the heavy strain and exposure at the tournament. Alf had not mentioned Anders until now, for still he did not understand Anders's strange actions.

"But listen, dear, he sacrificed himself for us."

"For us? What do you mean, Jean?" he questioned eagerly, as he knelt beside her.

"Alf when you helped carry your brother's body that day, Halvor, a cousin of mine, who you remember was also in the race, confided these facts to me. He had reached Anders when life was still with him and had heard these words from the dying lips: 'I loved her too deeply; it was meant to be, either Alf or I. All that matters now is their happiness. Wish—them—good—luck—from—Anders.' And he was gone."

For an eternity, it seemed, Alf stared, his eyes dilated, in space; and then they softened and tears streamed down his ruddy cheeks.

"Our happiness!" he fairly whispered with a faint smile. "Oh, Anders!" He broke down and cried bitterly.

It was near dusk when he raised himself from the bedside. Jean had fallen asleep and a smile of content and happiness was on her lips.

Anders could have realized what he had sacrificed only had he seen a face in a certain bed in Blue-Water Tavern!

—ARPE SAFARIAN, '30.

The Kitchen-Folk

*With leaps and bounds the forks and knives march into sudsy water,
The spoons follow with joyous clatter to see what is the matter.
In they jump and swim about
Pushing, diving, with many a shout.
They feel so good without the grease
That their screams and shouts seem ne'er to cease.
Behind them all appear the dishes,
And in they jump like many fishes.
Then after all have had a rinse,
They shine and glow like the proudest prince.
With a flicker and a swish
The towel dries each shiny dish.
So smiling brightly in their places
You see content in their rounded faces.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.





The Old Home Ranch

*By the cottonwoods near a stream,
With eyes idly gazing, I fondly dream
Of the days I lived on the old home ranch
And the days I frolicked and played many pranks.*

*The house was embraced with tall evergreens
And the porch interlaced with vines on the screen,
The garden nearby with the flowers so sweet
Filled the air with perfume in the June day's heat.*

*The old stone wall by the cherry tree
Where I used to climb on many a gay spree;
All these I remember as I lie here
While down each cheek rolls a salty tear.*

*I remember the barn with the sweet smelling loft,
Where I used to make dives in the fresh bay so soft,
And Old Ryan's Creek—our gang's swimming pool
That I gazed on so fondly, as I went off to school.*

*This is the picture kept hidden away;
And when I am lonely and blue all the day,
When I am tired and have nothing to say,
I look at it then and my thoughts drift away.*

*I have framed my picture in pure, rich gold
Made from my heart as I think back of old,
And forever in life till my days are all over,
I'll think of the ranch midst the sweet smelling clover.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.

Immigrant

*He came over on the good ship "Minago"
And landed at Chicago.*

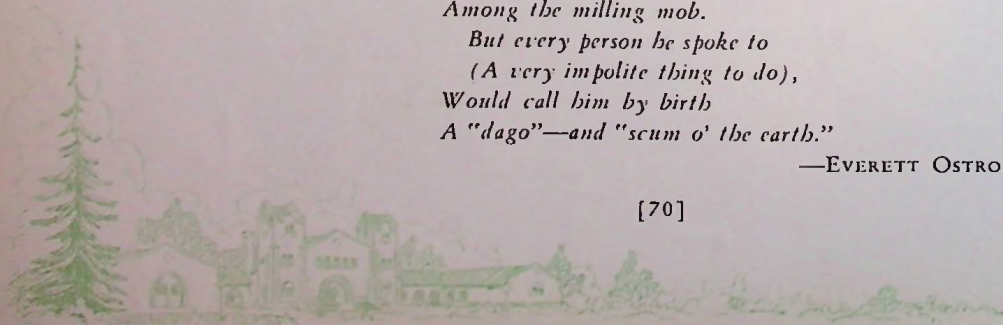
*With high hopes for freedom
Instead of beastly kingdom*

*He set out to find a job
Among the milling mob.*

*But every person he spoke to
(A very impolite thing to do),*

*Would call him by birth
A "dago"—and "scum o' the earth."*

—EVERETT OSTROM, '32.





The Secret of the Sea

"Why, hello, Tim! What makes you so happy?" asked Molly as she opened the door to let Tim into the small fisherman's hut where she lived.

"Oh! I have good news," answered Tim. "Today as I was selling my paintings, a man came along and bought all I had. He asked all about me. I told him everything. He said he was interested in me and wanted to send me to an art school."

"Oh, Tim," cried Molly, "you won't be leaving me, will you? You and I have been playmates ever since I was rescued from that terrible ship. Let me see now, that was—six—seven—why, it was eight years ago!"

Tim's face became downcast as Molly went on, but brightened as he said, "Come, Molly, cheer up. I will make a sketch of you, to remember you by; and I will give you the knife I got from Uncle Ted last week so you won't forget me. Come! Let us go to the seashore out yonder while I sketch your picture."

Many years ago there had been a shipwreck on that rocky coast of southern Europe. All were drowned except one little girl of five who was saved by some fishermen. One childless couple offered to adopt the little girl and raise her as their own. But as the foster father was a fisherman, money was scarce; and many were the times when little Molly had to go to bed hungry. Tim was a boy who lived next door. He was two years older than Molly and a right smart young chap. He was an orphan so he lived with an uncle. "In order to live he had to earn money." That was the policy of his uncle. He was somewhat of an artist, so he painted landscape scenes and sold them in a little stall in the village.

Tim went away to school; and Molly thrived in the village. She always kept the pocket-knife that Tim had given her close to her, and at night she kept it under her pillow and dreamed sweet dreams over it.

About five years after Tim had left his village home to attend an art school in the city, a man came to see his paintings. Tim could draw quite well now and the gentleman was well pleased with what he saw.

"And what is this?" he asked when he saw a small canvas, covered with a veil.

"Oh, that is a sketch I made while a boy when I was in my village home," he said, drawing the veil aside. It revealed a portrait of a young girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years with laughing black eyes and long curls framing a lovely face with a deep dimple in the chin.

The man seemed somewhat disturbed as he looked at the picture. "She reminds me of my own little girl," he said. "She and her mother were drowned in a shipwreck many years ago."

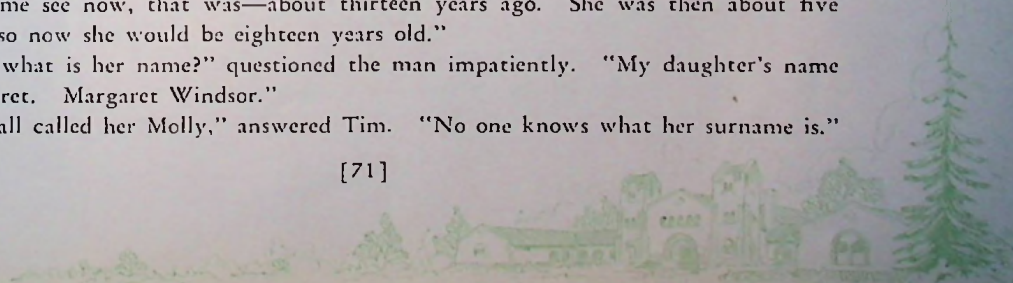
"She was my playmate as a child," said Tim. "She was saved from a shipwreck off the coast of Verde Lunes where I lived."

"How many years ago was that?" asked the man eagerly. "Perhaps she may be my own daughter. What is her name?"

"Let me see now, that was—about thirteen years ago. She was then about five years old, so now she would be eighteen years old."

"But what is her name?" questioned the man impatiently. "My daughter's name was Margaret. Margaret Windsor."

"We all called her Molly," answered Tim. "No one knows what her surname is."





"Take me to her at once," said the man decidedly. "I will leave no stone unturned to find my daughter."

When Tim and his distinguished friend arrived at Verde Lunas, Molly was there to meet them, dressed in her best.

"My friend has a strange mission here, Molly. Do you think you have ever seen him before?"

Molly looked long at him, but shook her head slowly. "It seems to me that I have seen him somewhere, but I can't remember where."

"Margaret! My daughter! Don't you know me?"

"Why, are you my father? Is it really you, father?" asked Molly excitedly, as she ran to her father's side. "I knew you would come some time," she added with a loving embrace.

—RUBY JONSON, '32.



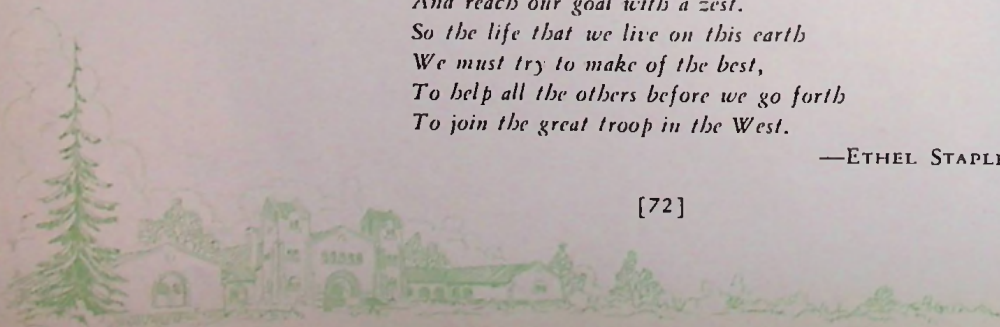
Life


*What is our life without sorrow—
Without happiness, love and power?
We have to live the life we made when young,
And sing the songs that our fathers have sung.
We travel the long roads and the by-ways,
Slowly reaching the smooth road of gravel,
Where a light sending out its brightest rays
Shows us the road we're to travel.*

*There are dear ones we prize and we love—
But each goes at the call of our God,
And his soul swiftly flies like a dove,
His life burden he leaves in the sod.
So we grieve for him and, though wailing,
Out through the darkness we see a bright light,
And the harsh blow we take without quailing
For we see with a different sight.*

*We must work with great Faith at our shoulders
And give our share with the rest,
We must overcome all the boulders
And reach our goal with a zest.
So the life that we live on this earth
We must try to make of the best,
To help all the others before we go forth
To join the great troop in the West.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.





The Fate of Clive Stewart

The beautiful garden of the Stewart home was the scene of a merry party when Clive came home. He did not join the party but went in to find his mother.

As he entered the large library he was greeted by his mother who soon explained that Janet was entertaining in honor of her friend and roommate, Annabelle Mason. Mrs. Stewart went on to describe Annabelle and Clive tried to listen attentively. Why all these explanations? Oh, if his mother only knew.

"Clive, dear, hurry and change your clothes so you can join the party." Clive barely heard these words his mother spoke to him, as he was busy thinking. She left to give orders to the servants in the kitchen but Clive sat as still as if he were a marble statue.

Why had she come here? Why didn't his sister let him know about the party? Why hadn't he gone home with "Tubby"? All these questions went through his mind but what good did they do? He was here. He had to do something rather than sit here like this.

He went to his room to change his clothes but he did not hurry as his mother had told him to do. There was a gentle rap on his door and Janet called out, "Oh, brother, do hurry. I want you to help me entertain. And I want you to meet Annabelle."

Just as he had expected. She had not known his name. But would she remember him? Well, one way to have this question answered was to go out and meet her.

"Be right with you, sis," he called out in as merry a voice as he could.

Janet was so proud of her brother as she walked with him out to the garden! Clive was good-looking. He was about six feet tall and had dark, wavy hair and—well, he was handsome.

Here were all of his friends so glad to see him and there was Charlotte Green coming toward him. Why was it she did not look as beautiful as she always had to Clive's eyes? Was it because he had seen—ah! there she was. Introduction over, and she had not said a word about seeing him somewhere before, but Clive had seen the look on her face when they were introduced.

Her voice, how beautiful it was. And then he heard her say, "I believe I have seen you before."

Clive was startled and looked around but he saw that they were alone.

"Well, yes, I believe so." What a fool he was. Couldn't he talk? He had never been tongue-tied before.

"I certainly was surprised to see you here and to learn you were Janet's brother. Randolph was kind enough not to tell me you were her brother."


So that is what she thought of Randolph Knight. Kind! Still Clive was silent.

"Mr. Stewart, how have you evaded the police this long? Please say something! Do your folks know about it?"

This seemed to bring Clive to and he tried to answer her.

"Well, Miss Mason, I do not know how I have evaded them this long, but I guess they'll get me pretty soon now. You were a witness, Miss Mason. Do you think I am guilty of that murder?"

This was a hard question for Annabelle to answer for she felt sorry for this handsome man. She was wondering if it was really sorrow or something greater that she



felt for him when she heard him repeat his question.

"Mr. Stewart, what could you expect me to think?"

"Annabelle—pardon me for calling you by your first name," he stuttered. "I would hate for you to think I am guilty. I want to tell you I am innocent. Can you believe me?"

"Why should I have that much interest in you?" she replied. "Oh! What is all the excitement about? I fear it is the police."

On impulse Clive caught her in his arms and kissed her. She struggled loose and started away when she heard him say, "Goodbye, dear. I'll prove I'm innocent."

"Oh Clive, what does all this mean?" It was his mother who threw her arms around him and asked the question.

Clive explained that he was held for murder, but that he was not the one who had committed it.

"Oh, son, tell me all about it," she weeped.

"Aw, come on! He can tell you all about it at the police station," said one of the policemen as he pushed Mrs. Stewart away and handcuffed her son.

All of the guests were astonished and ran around trying to learn the truth of everything. Annabelle tried to comfort her friend Janet as they sat in the living room waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Stewart to return from the police station.

Janet was weeping softly and Annabelle was silent now. Should she tell her all she knew? Yes, she would!

"Janet, I can explain how it happened," she said softly. "I went to a large party with Randolph Knight at the Chandler home. Your brother was there but I did not meet him. A little later he went with Mr. Chandler into the library to talk. Several minutes later we heard a shot in the library. I was among the first to reach the door as your brother came running out. Mr. Chandler was lying on the floor dead. A gun was on the floor nearby. Your brother got away somehow; I left immediately and did not learn his name until I met him at the party this afternoon. That is all I know, dear."

"And were you with Mr. Knight when you heard the shot?" inquired Janet.

"No, I was talking to a group of people. I don't know where Randolph was, but he took me home at once."


At the trial Clive said he was innocent but everything seemed against him. No fingerprints could be found on the gun but everyone at the party witnessed that Clive had come running from the room. Clive explained that he was running for help but this did not make any impression on the jury. He was sentenced to die!

Annabelle was with Randolph at the trial and it hurt her when she heard the verdict. She did not notice the smile that crossed Mr. Knight's face.

Annabelle had announced her engagement to Mr. Knight and she had been entertained at many parties. Janet was along at these parties but she was a very sad looking girl now. She looked very tired and worn all the time.

One day Annabelle asked Janet if she did not rest very well and she was told that she never, or hardly ever, rested. She was busy trying to find evidence that would prove her brother innocent. Annabelle wished her luck in a light-hearted way but she really was hoping and praying that Janet would succeed.

Clive patiently waited for the end for he had given up all hopes of escape from



the death sentence. He spent most of his time reading and he often read about the parties given in honor of Annabelle. It hurt him for he was jealous of the man who was to win this prize. The day was drawing very near when he should take a last glimpse of the world. In the last days he had become very thin and seemed to lose his strength.

Annabelle was busy getting ready for her wedding, but she was not like other brides-to-be. She had a heavy heart and she tried to be gay. She tried to drive that picture from her mind but it would always remain. Had she ever gotten a thrill out of Randolph's kiss as she had Clive's? Oh, she must not think this way! She could not love a man who had killed another! Why, she was soon to be married.

Her wedding day arrived and everyone seemed excited over it, except Annabelle. A bride ought to be happy on her wedding day but she wasn't. Clive's face was always in front of her. Could she marry Randolph? Did she love him? What a fool she was! This was no time to think of these things. She must marry him.

Annabelle made a beautiful bride and Randolph looked upon her with pride. The bridal party was at the altar when footsteps were heard on the church steps and in rushed some policemen and grabbed Knight.

Annabelle was amazed. What did all this mean? She saw Janet and soon learned that Janet had visited at the Chandler home and had found a pair of gloves in a vase and they showed the finger-prints of Randolph Knight and that he was the one who had murdered Mr. Chandler. He had opened the door while Clive was in the library with Mr. Chandler and fired the shot, threw the gun in and then was with the group when they caught Clive.

"You remember, Annabelle, you were not with Mr. Knight and you did not know where he was when the shot was fired. Well, we know now!"

"Where is Clive?" Annabelle asked excitedly.

The smile disappeared from Janet's face when she told her that Clive was home but very ill.

Annabelle rushed to his bedside. Clive recognized her and smiled and asked her if she loved him. She told him that she did and kissed him, and then with a smile he whispered, "Goodbye—"

Annabelle mourns Clive every minute of the day and often asks herself this question, "Why did it have to be this way?"

Flower of Spring

*The flowers are folded in their tiny leaflets
Yet unseen by mortal eyes;
Many a flowerlet sweet and peaceful
In its modest beauty lies
Waiting for the summer sunshine
And the gentle falling dew
To unfold its matchless beauty
To the world's admiring view.*

—HELEN FAY EMMET, '32.



Aim High


*Do your work aright, boys,
Treat it kind and true,
Lagging far behind, boys,
Will never carry you through.*

*Achieve your highest goal, boys,
Don't drop to sin and shame.
Why should you be a "scum," boys?
Carry on your proud old name.*

*Be loyal to your mates, boys,
Fight hard to share the meat,
Don't put your team behind, boys,
And never try retreat.*

*Aim high to aid your land, boys,
Try help her honor gain,
Just sacrifice yourself, boys,
And you've won your cup of fame.*

—ESTHER JEWELL, '32.



The Iris

*Lovely flower of deep rich hues,
With petals of velvet
In purples and blues.
Your color of standing
The King's choice by far,
You look like a picture,
A shining bright star.
The gold in your petals
In glory shines bright,
And the green of your leaves
Reflects back the light.
What a background of color,
O sweet smelling flower,
As you shake off the dew
In a sparkling shower.
Thou art of great beauty
With colors so gay,
A marvel of nature
Pleasing God, in your way.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.



My Goal

*I am sailing today on the sea of my thoughts,
On a ship of the golden hue;
I'm nearing the goal I've been striving for—
Home, and dear God with you.
I've lived my life the best that I could
Though a mixture at times it has been,
But though sparkling or grey
I'll be glad on the day
When I shall be close to you.
Of my loved ones—
My father and mother have left;
And of brothers and sisters,
I've long been bereft.
But they are all happy in their own true home,
The place I am nearing as I glide through the foam.
Though behind me I'll leave
Many friends true and kind,
I've my heart set for home
Near the others that I'll find;
And one day we'll meet
In the one place for all—
Home, and near you, dear God over all.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.

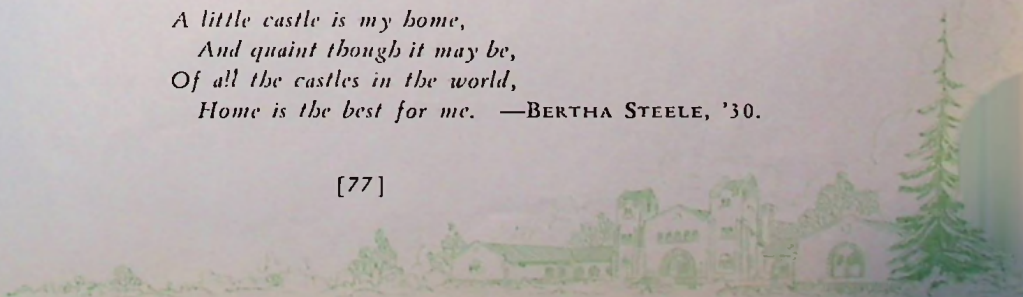
My Castle

*A little castle is my home
In which love has replaced
The gold and silver ornaments
In castles of old days.*

*A loving mother is the queen,
Her throne, an old arm-chair;
And for a crown of costly jewels
A wreath of smiles she wears.*

*Both joys and sorrows mingle there,
For they make happiness;
Defeats and victories are shared,
Which make it a success.*

*A little castle is my home,
And quaint though it may be,
Of all the castles in the world,
Home is the best for me. —BERTHA STEELE, '30.*





Life's Gold

*What is life's gold, when you count it?
What golden treasure fills life's cup?*

*A tall tree, lending its friendly shade,
Hours of rest in a cool, green glade,*

*Song of a bird, in the heaven winging,
Incense that flowers on the air are flinging,*

*Odor of damp wood, quiver of leaves,
Chirp of a wee bird under the eaves,*

*Buzz of a bee, as it drones through the air,
Radiant blossoms everywhere,*

*A mist of green from the willows swaying,
Wee ground folk 'mid the grasses straying,*

*A brown road, leading to pastures green,
Sough of the wind, the brooklet's sheen,*

*Soft grass for a bed, above, blue sky,
Fleecy white clouds to rest the eye.*

*What wealth can compare with the buttercup's gold,
Or offer the wealth that California can unfold?*

—MYRTLE ANDERSON, '32.



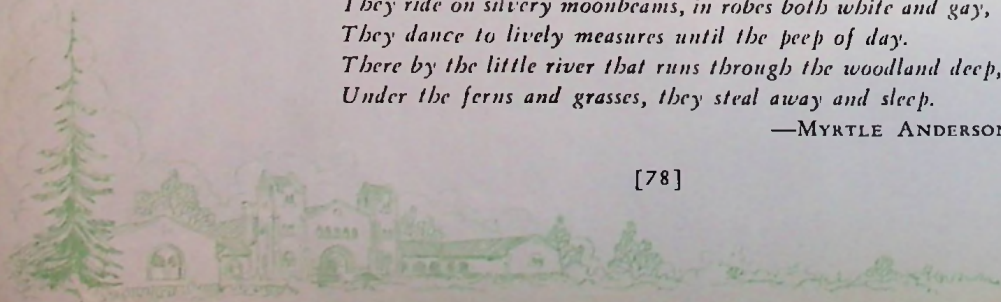
The Little River

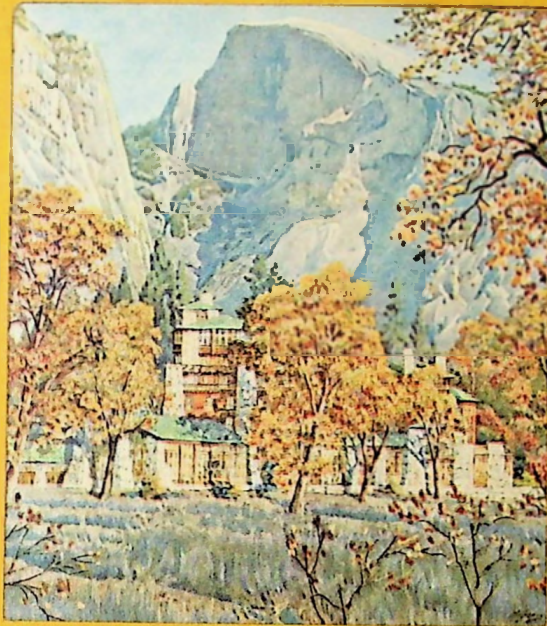
*I know where a little river runs through the woodland deep,
It laughs at all the shadows, it sings the birds to sleep,
It flows through grass meadows where yellow lilies grow,
It whispers to the fairies—they live down there, you know.*

*When little earth-world fairies are snugly tucked in bed,
The sprightly, dainty fairies dance and play, 'tis said.
Light from the fireflies' candles burns with a steady glow
And katydid make music for the fairy folk, you know.*

*They ride on silvery moonbeams, in robes both white and gay,
They dance to lively measures until the peep of day.
There by the little river that runs through the woodland deep,
Under the ferns and grasses, they steal away and sleep.*

—MYRTLE ANDERSON, '32.





ATHLETICS



*life's gold, when you count it?
When treasure fills life's cup?*

*Tree, lending its friendly shade,
Rest in a cool, green glade,*

*Bird, in the heaven winging,
That flowers on the air are flinging,*

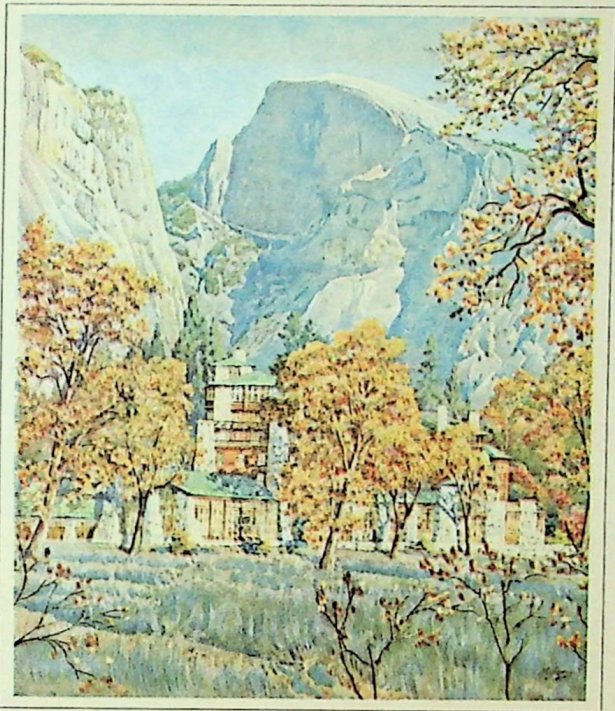
*Slump wood, quiver of leaves,
The wee bird under the eaves,*

*Bee, as it drones through the air,
Lossoms everywhere,*

*Green from the willows swaying,
And folk 'mid the grasses straying,*

*Road, leading to pastures green,
The wind, the brooklet's sheen,*

*For a bed, above, blue sky,
The clouds to rest the eye.*



HALF DOME

Half Dome—the heart of a mountain laid bare! What cataclysm ages ago must have rent so mighty a mountain in twain? But mark of what stuff a mountain is made;—pure granite, closely knit, filled with tenacity and adhesive power, staunch in the will to endure in the face of scorching sun or under the crushing, monstrous weight of snow. It forms a monument because it has stood, while all about it has been ground asunder.

Recognition, praise and even adoration come to those who have excelled in athletics, mental alertness, and spiritual stamina that bring success on the open field of competition. These qualities are preserved and enhanced by clean living, clean thinking and the habit of fair play in the game.

*life's gold, when you count it?
When treasure fills life's cup?*

*Tree, lending its friendly shade,
Rest in a cool, green glade,*

*Bird, in the heaven winging,
As flowers on the air are flinging,*

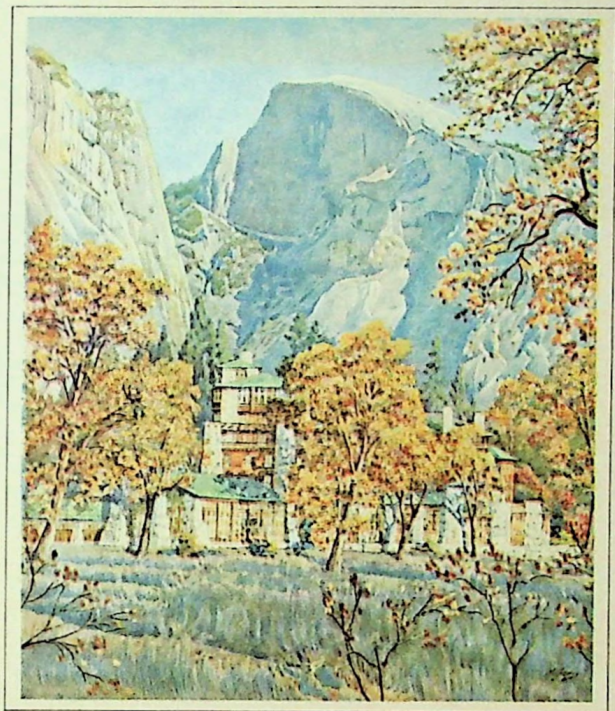
*And wood, quiver of leaves,
And tree bird under the eaves,*

*Bee, as it drones through the air,
And blossoms everywhere,*

*And green from the willows swaying,
And folk 'mid the grasses straying,*

*And road, leading to pastures green,
And the wind, the brooklet's sheen,*

*And for a bed, above, blue sky,
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Recognition, praise and even adoration come to those who have excelled in athletics, mental alertness, and spiritual stamina that bring success on the open field of competition though the trail be rugged;” but who does not enjoy a titillation. These qualities are preserved and enhanced by clean living, clean thinking and the habit of fair play in the game.



Coach Bunger

Coach Hartz

Viking Coaches

The keynote of Kingsburg High School's outstanding success in athletics is undoubtedly due to Coach William M. Bunger, who completed his fourth year as coach of the Green and Gold teams. He has been responsible for the development of a team in each of the four years and also the lightweight teams, a task that is attempted in practically no other high school.

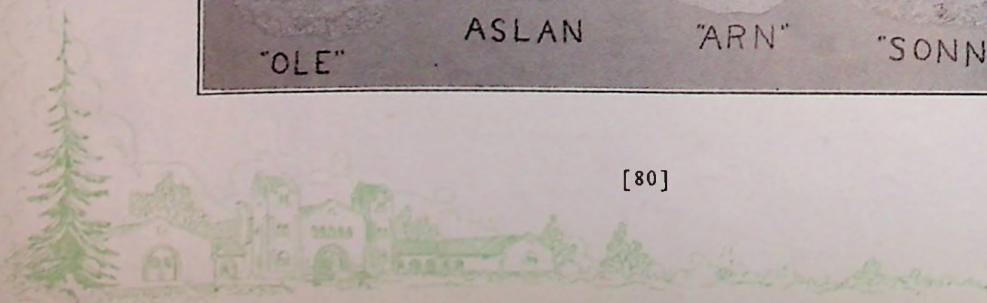
Coach "Bill" Bunger first came into prominence in the 1927-1928 football season when his team won the division title and made a great showing against Fresno High. He also led the Vikings to a county championship in the baseball division the same year.

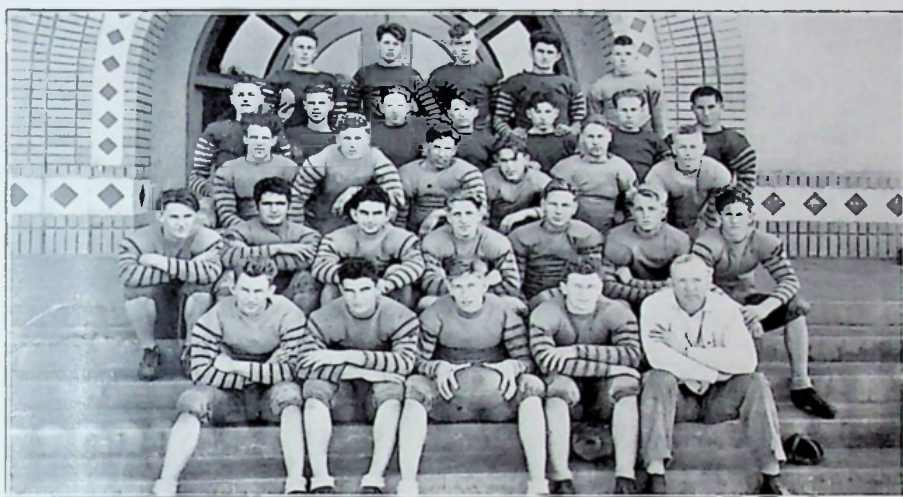
His basketball and track teams have always made good showings. During his four years as coach the wearers of the Green and the Gold have captured third place in the county track meet each year—an exceptionally good record for a school the size of Kingsburg.

Coach Bunger reached the peak of his career as coach at Kingsburg during the year 1929. In the spring of that year the Vikings marched through all opposition in the county and then captured the valley baseball championship. When school opened in the fall the Knacke Brode Och Sil was crowned with its first football crown and Coach Bunger's men led the county in athletics.

Miss Olga D. Hartz has completed her first year as girls' coach at the Kingsburg High. Although the girls did not win any titles they were taught under the able director, Miss Hartz, the value of sportsmanship and the fundamentals of the game so that the girls will begin winning pennants for Kingsburg High after steady building. Aside from being the girls' coach, Miss Hartz has stepped in and taken leadership of many other activities; she has just recently organized the Camp Fire Girls, an organization which has been missed a great deal in this locality. Miss Hartz has much experience and under her able directorship the girls give much promise of bringing home high honors to Kingsburg.

Aside from building great teams the coaches have always stressed the highest type of sportsmanship which undoubtedly spells the success of the Green and Gold teams.





Back Row: Miller, Mercer, H. Olson, Esajian, Rudholm.
 Second Row: M. Mercer, S. Anderson, W. Olson, Querin, Vaughan, Fridolfs, Russell.
 Third Row: Dahlstrom, Christensen, Bellochi, Hanan, Munson, L. Anderson.
 Fourth Row: C. Hillblom, Safarjian, Aslan, Nelson, C. Adneron, Jensen, Sundstrom.
 Front Row: A. Hillblom, Burnett, Captain S. Anderson, Baker, Coach Bungler.

Vikings Win County Football Crown


Kingsburg High School has enjoyed the most successful season in eight years of football history, by winning the 1929 county championship. The highest dreams of the Vikings were answered, as they swept aside the larger schools, making a great record,—running up a total of 224 points against 14 gained by their opponents within Fresno county.

The one wish of Coach Bungler and his fighting Vikings, as the season opened, was to defeat Fresno High and win the county title. Although the Vikings did not have the opportunity of meeting their traditional rivals, they achieved the latter goal.

Kingsburg met little opposition within her own division. The Vikings downed the Fowler Red Cats 20-7 in the hardest struggle of the second division. The Vikings took Washington Union, the winner of the third division, down with a score of 25-0, as the preparation for the championship battle.

Kingsburg played Fresno Tech in the county finals in the State College stadium at Fresno. The Wolf Pack and the Vikings went on the field with the outcome of the game rated as a toss-up by the Fresno papers. The game was a great struggle, from the opening kickoff to the final gun. The Vikings displayed a stone-wall defense that would not yield to the heavy battering of the Tech machine. The Vikings, with the aid of Captain Anderson's long punts, kept the Wolf Pack deep in their own territory during the greater portion of the game. Kingsburg passed over the goal line for a lone touchdown in the second quarter, but failed to convert.

The two teams fought on even terms until the final minute of play when Tech became desperate and took to the air in a frantic attempt to score. Twice long Wolf




passes were knocked to the ground by the Viking backs. Then Captain Daniels hurled a beautiful forty-yard pass to a fleet-footed team-mate which was completed just three yards from the Viking goal as the gold form of "Arn" Hillblom leaped through the air to nail the Wolf to the earth before he could move an inch. The final gun prevented Tech from another play; and thus ended the championship game and the famous Knacke was crowned with its first county football crown.

Kingsburg represented Fresno county in the play-off for the valley title against Bakersfield High. Although the Drillers won their tenth consecutive valley title 26-6, the Vikings fought with undying spirit to hold their giant opponents to one score a period. After the game the Vikings were proclaimed by the Drillers' coach and the Bakersfield papers as the best high school team to face the Drillers during the entire season.

The championship Viking team was a product of four years' steady building by Coach "Bill" Bunger and all the credit for the success of the team is due to his work. Six first team players who started their high school careers under Coach Bunger will graduate and their loss will be deeply felt by the squad as all have been consistent and able players. The first team players who have finished their high school careers are: Captain Stanley Anderson, Clarence Anderson, Arsen Aslan, Allan Nelson, Arnold Hillblom, and Kenneth Baker.

Other members of the team who have earned their letters are: Leroy Anderson, Frank Burnett, Luke Bellochi, Lennis Dahlstrom, Clarence Hillblom, Enoch Jensen, Hront Safarjian, Carl Sundstrom, LaVerne Munson, and Ted Christensen.



Basketball

The three Viking basketball teams completed their league schedule on surprisingly even terms. Each team won two games and lost two of their league contests. All the teams showed a great deal of fight throughout the season, but were handicapped as Coach Bunger had to take charge of all three teams and was not able to give any one of them the needed attention.

After playing a long football season the Vikings received a rather late start in hoop practice. All the games at home were played on the Legion hall floor which always assured a large crowd at the games and much enthusiasm.

Captain Arnold Hillblom of the unlimited squad was the outstanding player of the season. He played forward and usually captured the high point honors.

The middleweight team was a fast, hard-fighting aggregation which before the season opened succeeded in downing the leading teams of the country and were rated as one of the favorites to capture the county flag. But as the season progressed the Vikings failed to improve and were defeated within the division play.

The Viking midgets played in the role of curtain-raisers throughout the season. They always gave the spectators a thrill by demonstrating much fight.

The boys who won their letters on the varsity are: Stanley Anderson, Frank Burnett, Lennis Dahlstrom, William Sweet, Thomas Hayes, Arnold Hillblom, Clarence Hillblom, and Allan Nelson.



HEAVYWEIGHTS—Back Row: Baker, C. Hillblom, Nordstrom, Coach Bunger, C. Anderson, S. Anderson, Sundstrom, Nelson. Front Row: Hayes, Burnett, Captain A. Hillblom, Sweet, Dahlstrom.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Back Row: Erickson, Jensen, Coach Bunger, W. Olson, Rudholm. Front Row: Anderson, Captain L. Anderson, W. Olson.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Back Row: Bungo, Gridley, S. Anderson, Tee Ezaki. Front Row: Hamada, Captain Yama, Anderson.





Back Row: Scheppegrell, Coach Bunger, Nelson, Peterson.
 Middle Row: Nelson, Hillblom, Jensen, Bellochl, Christensen, Rieffel, Ericson, Niles, Mason.
 Front Row: Dahlstrom, Sundstrom, Burnett, Capt. Anderson, Aslan, Hayes.

Baseball

When the call for baseball was given Coach Bunger was faced with the problem of building a practically new team to defend the county and valley titles. There were six regulars and two substitutes lost from the 1929 valley championship team, leaving only a few experienced players around which to build a team to defend the valley title.

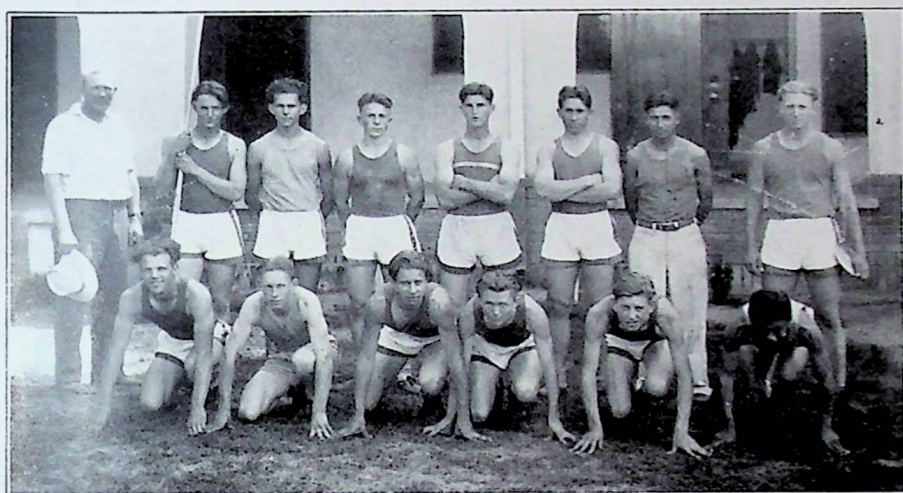
Stanley Anderson, star pitcher, and Frank Burnett were the veterans of last year, while Carl Sundstrom, Arsen Aslan, Lennis Dahlstrom, and Clarence Hillblom had all played part time in pervious seasons.

Anderson made a great record on the mound, equaling the record of his predecessor, Fred Woods, who averaged fourteen strike-outs per game throughout the entire season. Although the Vikings were a newly-organized team, they made a very creditable showing in the top division of the county. Kingsburg had her share of "hard luck"—dropping two games to Fresno High and Roosevelt High both by the same narrow margin, 3-2.

Because of the inexperience of many of the players the Vikings showed a decided weakness in the ability to score runs. Had the Vikings been able to develop a greater scoring punch, they would have been successful, no doubt, in the defense of their many laurels.

The team this year was run entirely by student management, under the new ruling by the County Athletic Commission. This fact also proved a handicap to the younger players who missed the guidance of a more experienced mind.

Those who made letters are: Carl Sundstrom, Stanley Anderson, Arsen Aslan, Frank Burnett, Lennis Dahlstrom, Clarence Hillblom, Ted Christensen, Claude Bonds, Roland Ericson, and Thomas Hayes.



Back Row: Coach Bunger, Hillblom, Scheppegrell, Miller, Burnett, Bellochi, Chabolla, Nelson.
 Front Row: Dahlstrom, S. Anderson, R. Anderson, Niles, Peterson, Hamada.

Track

The Kingsburg track and field team went through the least successful season in several years. Although there were several outstanding Viking field performers, there was no one to gather points on the track and the Green and Gold thinly clad artists dropped out of third place in the county after holding that position for four consecutive years.

Coach Bunger entered several Vikings in the valley meet at Hanford. The meet was held on a cold, rainy day but this handicap did not seem to affect three of the Vikings who made good showings. Clarence Hillblom proved to be the stellar performer for Kingsburg, taking first place in the javelin throw. Allan Nelson placed third in the class A discus while Sheldon Anderson won the class C discus throw.

The two Kingsburg class A athletes that placed at Hanford earned the right to compete in the state meet at Berkeley the following Saturday. In this meet "Ole" Hillblom brought more honor to the Green and Gold by placing third in his specialty.

The county track meet was held on the Reedley High School track. Here again the Vikings demonstrated their ability on the field. Hillblom lived up to his reputation and threw the javelin 166 feet for first place. Allan Nelson and Frank Burnett each placed second in the discus throw and the shot put, respectively. Roy Anderson grabbed fourth place in the broad jump to give Kingsburg 13 points and sixth place in the meet.

Sheldon Anderson took third in the C class discus and Clarence Rudholm tied for fourth in the B class high jump to account for the only Kingsburg points in the limited classes.

Those who won their letters were: Clarence Hillblom, Frank Burnett, Allan Nelson, Roy Anderson, Sheldon Anderson, and Clarence Rudholm.



Back Row: Ruby Strid, Elsie Anderson, Louise Olson, Violet Carlson, Lillian Olson.
Middle Row: Helga Nelson, Evelyn Clarke, Hazel Kaiser, Miss Olga Hartz, Helen Henderson, Elvira Jewell.
Front Row: Fern Montgomery, Capt. Elsie Jern, Belle Walker.

Girls' Indoor Baseball

April 15—

The first league game of the season was played with Clovis on the home diamond. The score was 27-15 in favor of Kingsburg.

April 25—

Selma invaded Kingsburg to carry off the game with a score of 12-10.

May 2—

Kingsburg traveled to Easton to match their skill with the Washington Union team. The girls met defeat with a score of 15-11, although a lot of heavy-hitting was shown in the last inning.

Elsie Jern again piloted the baseball team.

It was due to the efforts of Coach Hartz and Captain Elsie Jern that there was so much good spirit among the girls, although only one game was won.





Left to Right: Hazel Kaiser, Marjorie Lindquist, Helga Nelson, Esther Jewell, Olga Soderman, Myrtle Anderson, Pocahontas Call, Elsie Jern, Belle Walker, Lillian Olsen, Violet Carlton, Louise Olson, Elsie Anderson, Arpe Safarjian, Dorothy Lindquist.
Center: Miss Olga Hartz.

Volleyball

October 24—

The first league game of the year was played on the home court with Parlier. The Kingsburg girls won an easy game 3-0.

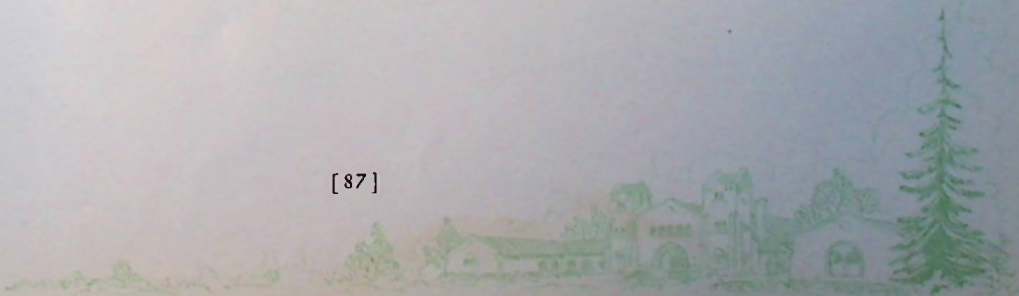
October 31—

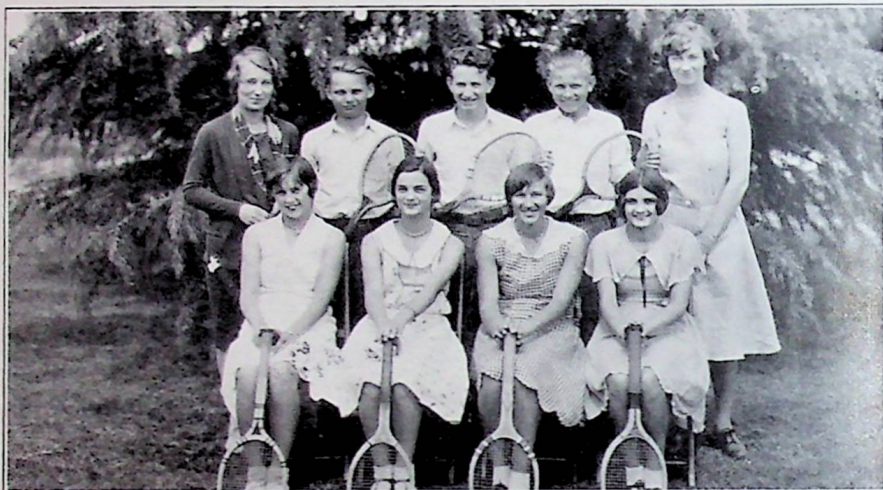
The game was played with Riverdale at Riverdale. Although the girls fought hard they lost to Riverdale with a score of 3-2.

November 7—

Selma proved too much for Kingsburg in the last game of the season. The score was 3-1 in favor of Selma.

Miss Hartz proved a very able coach in keeping up the interest and spirit of the girls with the aid of Captain Elsie Jern.





Back Row: Miss Elsa Kraeger, William Rothermel, Harold Renfrow, Ralph Swedell, Miss Olga Hartz.
 Front Row: Pocahontas Ball, Lois Oneal, Elsie Jern, Ada Oneal.

Tennis

The Viking tennis team went through a rather short but successful season. Due to the fact that the high school tennis courts were torn up during the season, the team was forced to practice on the grammar school court and did not receive a great deal of practice before the division tournament.

Four schools participated in the sectional tournament at Sanger on March 22. Kingsburg made an exceptionally good showing, considering the handicap of not having courts to practice on.

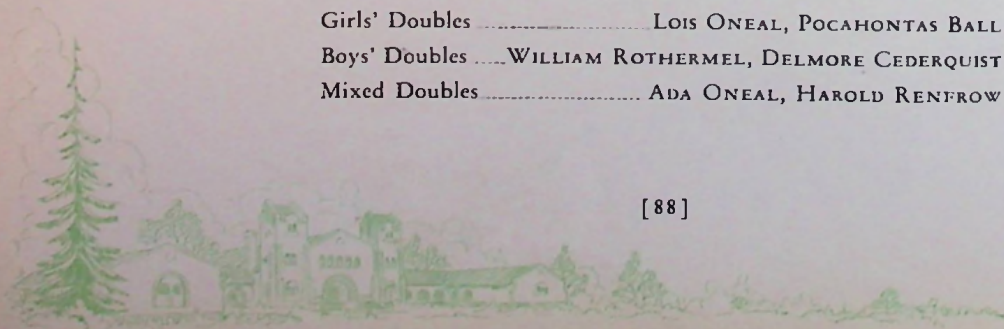
Each Viking team won in the opening round except the mixed doubles which lost to Selma, a team that later captured the valley title.

In the first round the Kingsburg boys' singles player won from Reedley and the girls from Selma. In the doubles contest the boys won from Sanger, and the girls from Reedley.

The final round saw only the girls' Green and Gold team successful. This team played in the county finals in Fresno but were defeated in the first round.

Those who represented Kingsburg were:

Girls' Singles.....	ELSIE JERN
Boys' Singles.....	RALPH SWEDELL
Girls' Doubles.....	LOIS ONEAL, POCAHONTAS BALL
Boys' Doubles.....	WILLIAM ROTHERMEL, DELMORE CEDERQUIST
Mixed Doubles.....	ADA ONEAL, HAROLD RENFROW





"ANDY"



NELSON

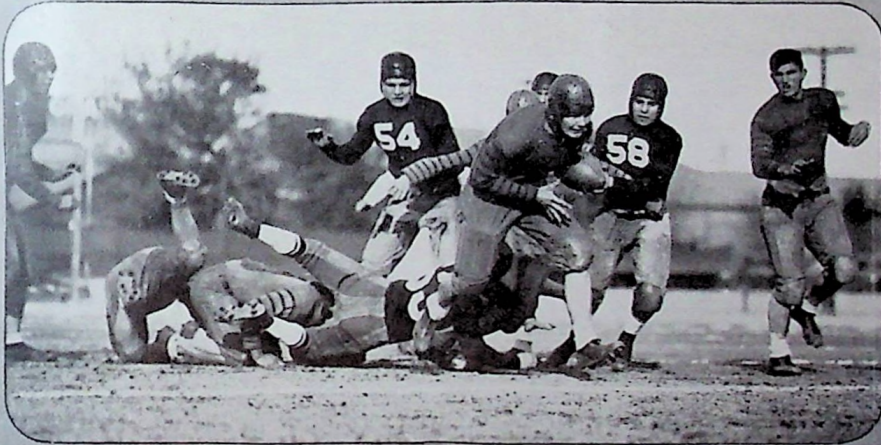


FOES



ROY

KINGSBURG ~ VIKINGS



ACTION BAKERSFIELD GAME



COACH



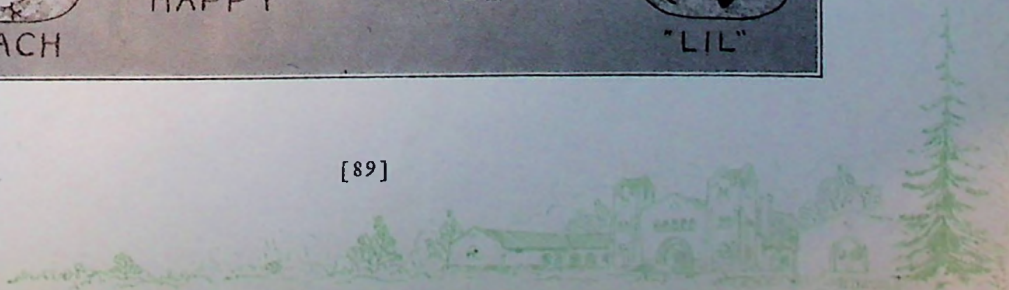
HAPPY



"OLE"



"LIL"





GIVE US A LIFT



THE CAN CHARLEY

"T.O." + "ANDY"



SIDEWALK KIDS



FRESH FROSH



LUNCH



PULL!



VIVIAN AND BERTHA



CHICKENS



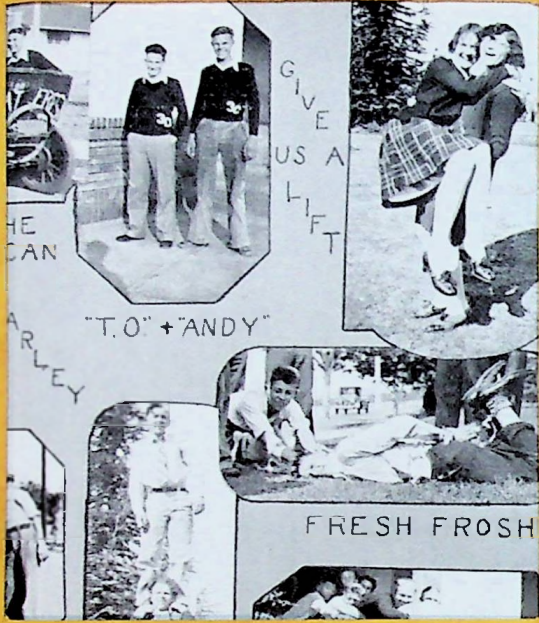
MAIL MAIDS
HEP! HEP!





Bread of Life





HE CAN



"T.O" + "ANDY"

GIVE US A LIFT

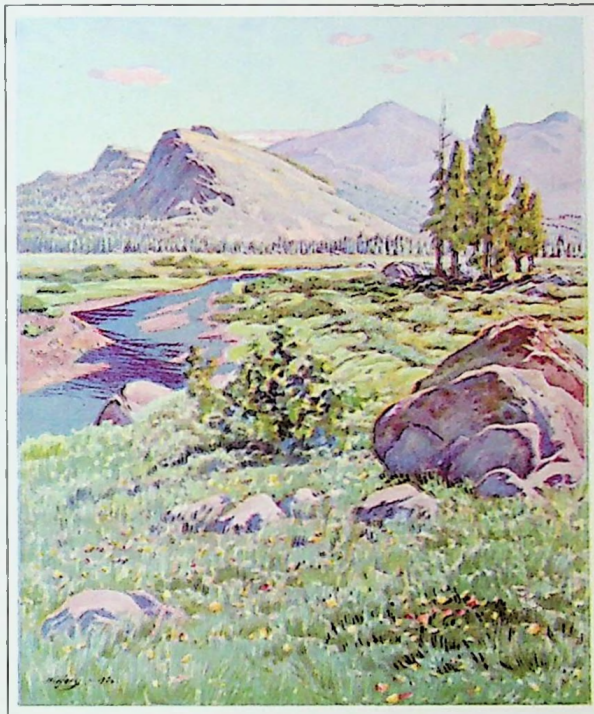


ARLEY



FRESH FROSH





Tuolumne Meadows


TUOLUMNE MEADOWS

It is well to strive for mountain peaks—"to climb though the trail be rugged," but who does not enjoy a happy romp or quiet stroll through lazy meadows of luxurious grasses and flowers? A well-rounded character enjoys a moment of levity;—a man without a sense of humor must be a bore.

On the floor of the Valley we find the business of men being done—pleasant tasks of service performed generously for all. Read the greetings of our friends, the advertisers; they represent the soul of business.

He who has a joyous outlook on life, and who finds the keenest pleasure in his daily task well done, has found the secret of happiness.





The Bread of Life

Detention

*As I sit in detention
Wondering what to do,
I bit upon a little plan
To write a verse or two.*

*For you know you have to be studying,
Looking at a book or map;
You can't even whisper one little word—
Much less to take a nap.*

*But, as I start to write poetry
My brain won't seem to work,
But still I have to do something
For I can't just sit and shirk.*

*Then I think of something clever,
But what it is I cannot tell,
'Cause just as I start in working
I hear the ring of the bell.*

*Then everything becomes a blank,
I can't remember a thing,
'Cause just in the midst of my thinking
That darned old bell had to ring.*

—LAWRENCE BRANDVIG, '32.

Ellen: "What color are gold fish?"

Poccie: "My dear child, they are blue."

Earl S.: "What is it that has four legs and a tail and that can bark?"

Harold J.: "A dog."

Earl: "Aw, someone told you."

Harold: "Well, then, what is it that has four legs and a tail and can see from
one end as well as the other?"

Earl: "I don't know."

Harold: "A blind dog."

Arsen Aslan: "Why are a woman's cheeks like a team of horses?"

Gov.: "I don't know."

Arsen: "Because there is one on each side of a wagon tongue."



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for future achievements to the
graduating class of 1930

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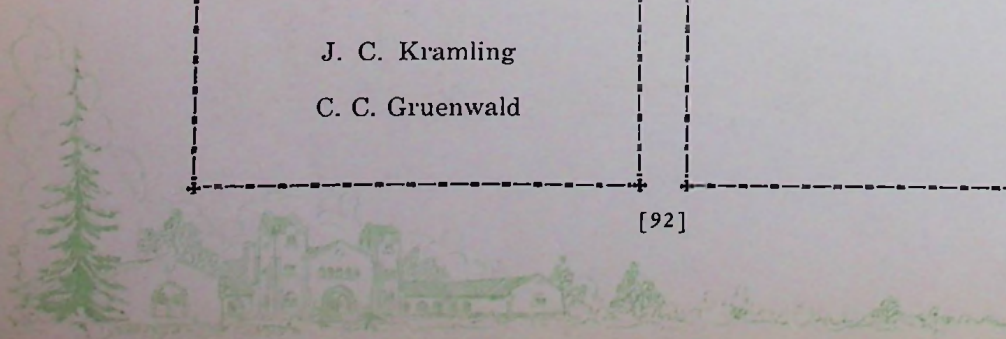
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CUPID ON THE CAMPUS

WHAT?

OH BABY

BLISS!

KIDS HOW SWEET

LOVE BIRDS

OH! OH!

PALS

CAUGHT DEAR!

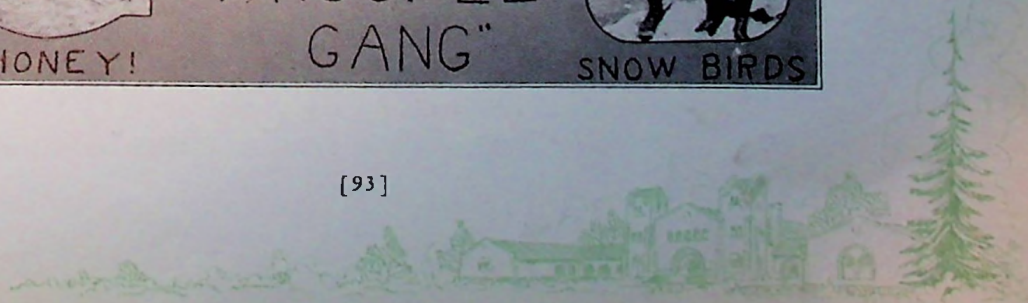
SHEIK

HONEY!

THE "WHOOPEE GANG"

MA+PA

SNOW BIRDS





Mother: "But why didn't you tell the young man to stop kissing you?"

Verna N.: "Why, mother, you know you taught me never to interrupt anyone."

"It pays to look well," said the old lady as she peered under the bed.

Hazel K.: "If you had 21 apples and ate 18 what would you have left?"

Ray P.: "Three apples and a pain."

Freshie, giving definition of a circle: "A circle is a plane surface bounded by a straight curve."

Mr. Smith: "Fools sometimes ask questions that the wise can't answer."

Dorothy L.: "That explains why so many flunk your examinations."

Lennis: "How did you get that ink all over yourself?"

Clarence H.: "I was writing a theme about automobiles and it was so realistic that my fountain pen backfired."

We have decided why Clarence Anderson talks so much. He was vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

Betty S.: "What would you think of a person who could spell everything correctly?"

Mr. Smith: "I'd say he knows more than I do."

Betty: "E-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g."

"Hello, is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"O. K. by me; take it, if you need it."

"Sonny" S.: "You look like two cents."

Frank B.: "Well, I don't see any dollar signs on you, either."

Coach: "What is the matter with you guys? Don't you know what spunk is?"

"Andy": "Sure, it's the past participle of spank."

Frank: "It is said that story tellers seldom believe others."

Luke: "I don't believe it."

Ellen: "Why is Sigrid taking chemistry?"

Helen: "To learn about reducing agents."

Mother: "Arpe, there's a button in the soup."

Arpe: "Typographical error. It should have been mutton."



HOME OWNERSHIP

Man's most lasting investment cannot be measured alone in dollars and cents—it pays two ways. Happiness, contentment, comfort, prosperity—all of these must be counted as actual dividends.

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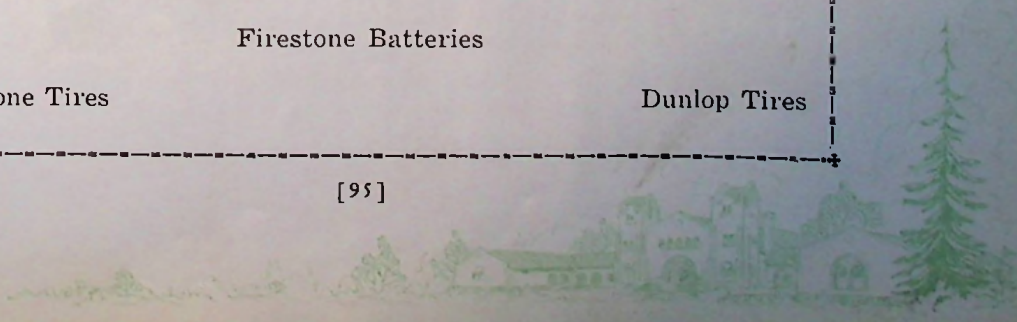
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DANIELSON & KULGREN

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Firestone Tires

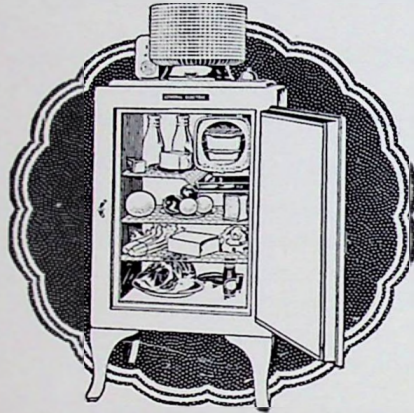
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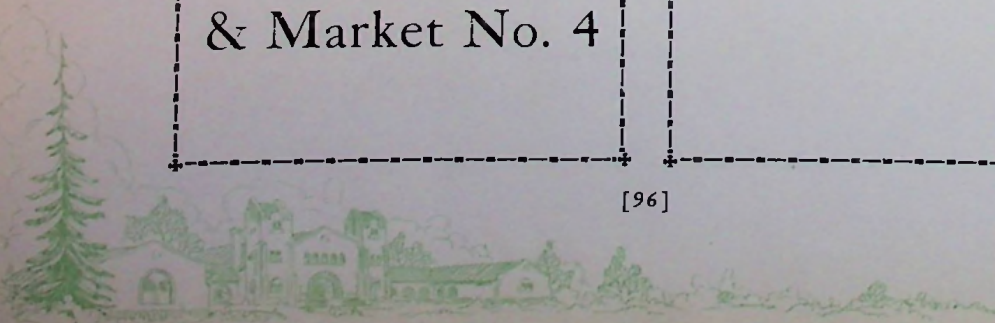
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please you.

PHONE 306





NELSON RANCH



CHICKENS



PIGS IS PIGS
AG.



R
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D



HUDSON
CLUB



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GRAPES



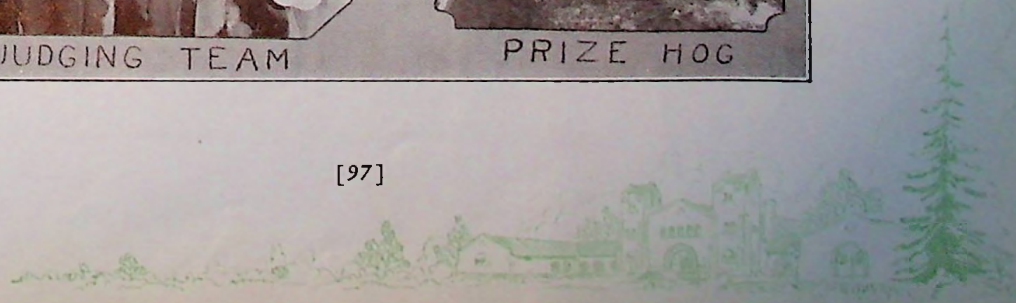
COW BOY




JUDGING TEAM



PRIZE HOG





CHEMISTRY QUESTIONS

If Na and Cl make salt, what does chloroform?

If lead is heavy, is electrolyte?

Does chloride or walk to school?

Jack G.: "I've tamed nitric acid."

Arnold: "How come?"

Jack: "It will eat out of your hand."

Ruby: "What shall we do with our chemistry books?"

Frank: "Barium."

Mr. Cox: "See this picture? It's hand-painted."

Dorothy: "So's our hen-house."

A skunk and her four baby skunks were basking in the sun when a big hound dog made his appearance.

"Children," said the mother skunk, "let us spray."

Miss Bishop: "Order, please?"

Frank (absent-mindedly): "I'll have ham and eggs."

Ray P.: "A little bird told me this coffee was not strained."

Waiter: "What kind of a bird?"

Ray P.: "A swallow."

Mother: "Harold, where did you get such dreadful language?"

Harold R.: "In our English class, mother. Shakespeare used it."

Mother: "Well, you get your seat changed farther away from him immediately."

Miss Bishop (in general science): "How long have we had matches?"

Herman: "Two or three inches."

Another idea of an easy job: garbage collector in Scotland.

"I'm made. I've invented a device for looking through a brick wall."

"What is it?"

"A window."

Veterinary (as his telephone rings): "Hello! Hello! Who's this talking?"

Voice (from afar): "It's a cow that's got the cramps."

Romaine: "Kenny, why don't you propose?"

"Kenny": "Somehow—somehow, I can't bring myself to do it."

Romaine: "It's only a short sentence."

"Kenny": "No, it's a life sentence."



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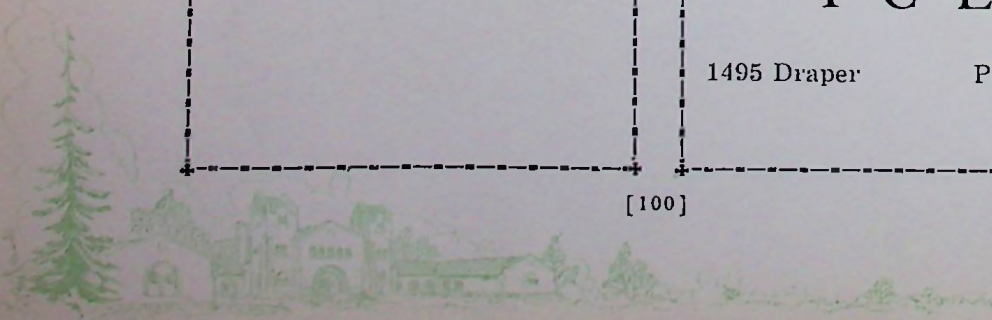
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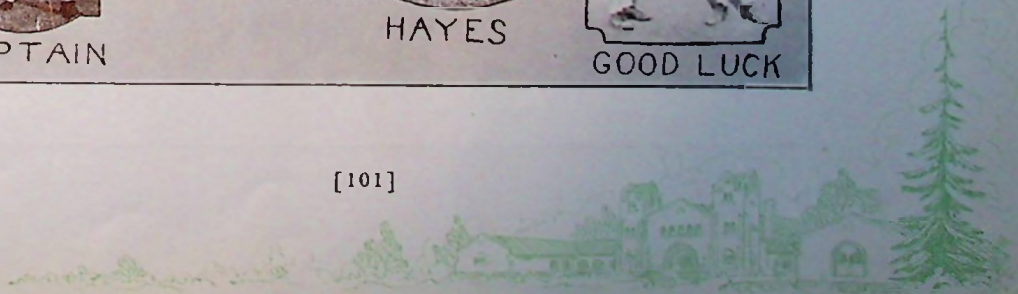
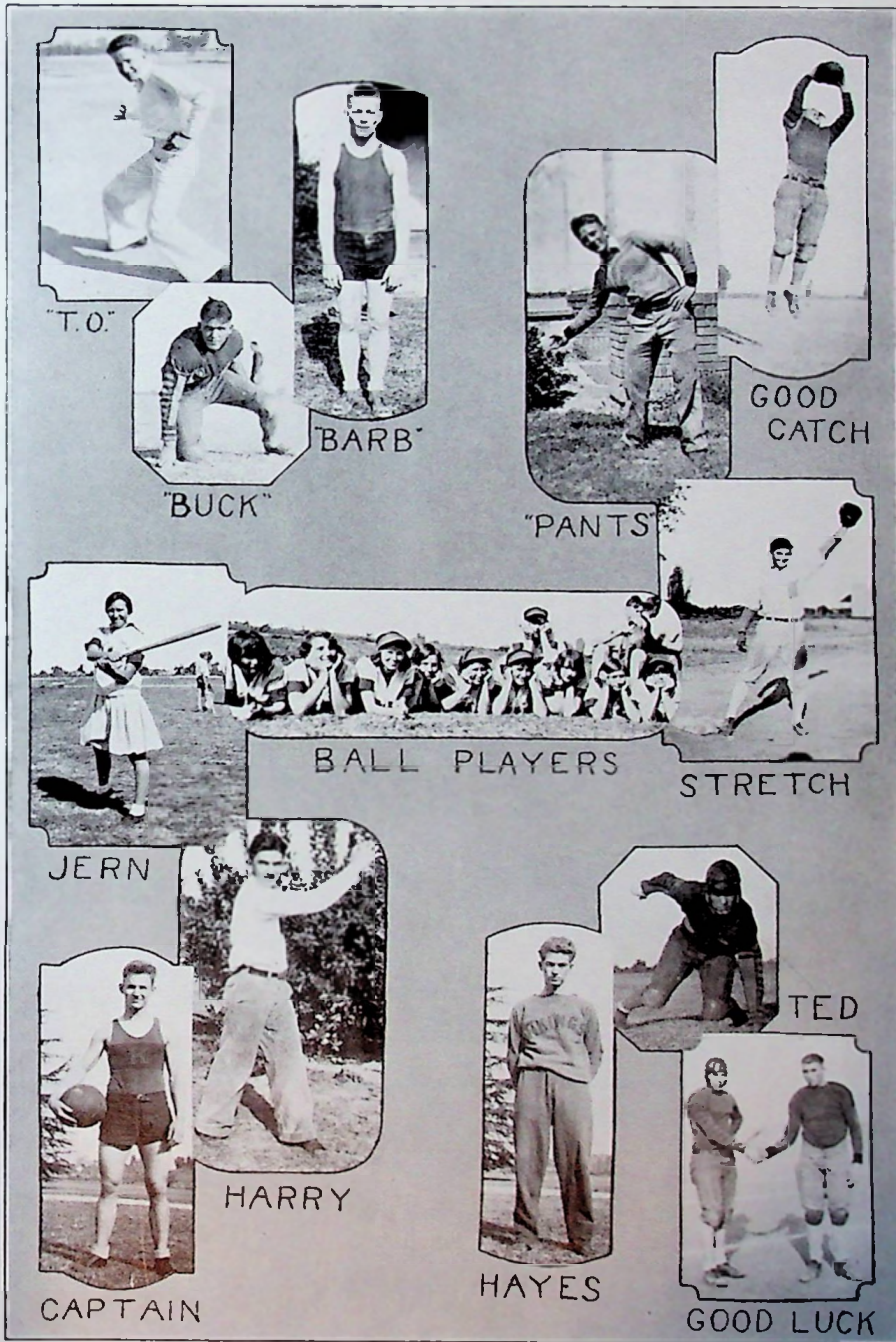
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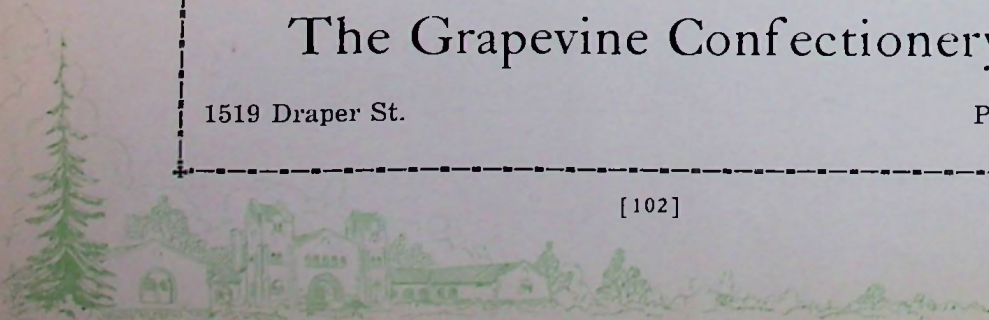
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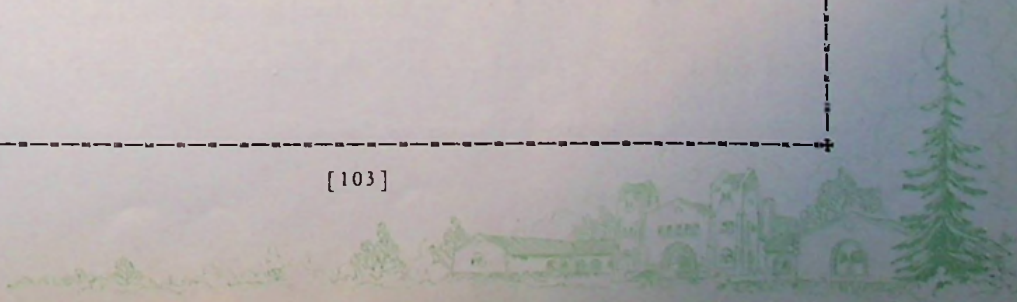
Phone 203

O. PEARSON & COMPANY

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Quality Store of Kingsburg

PHONE 216





Did you hear about the girl who was so pleased with her wedding that she could hardly wait for the next one?

Landlady: "I'm sorry you do not think the chicken soup good. I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she did not catch the idea."

Boarder: "No—it was the chicken she missed."

That reminds us of the professor who gave his fingernails an examination and then cut his class.

He: "I have a fine wrist-watch that cost me fifty dollars."

She: "Is that so? What's its movements?"

He: "To and from the pawn shop."

"New York is getting soft. I'm going to Chicago."

"By Buffalo?"

"No, by train."

He: "And am I the first man you ever loved?"

She: "Say, are you trying to insult me?"

"They tell me he drowned himself in Paris."

"Yes—he went in Seine."

Our idea of the sweetness of revenge is a chiropractor giving an adjustment to the dentist who pulled the wrong tooth for him.

"It's to be a battle of wits."

"How brave of you, Gerald, to go unarmed."

"Bill felt so dizzy he had to go home."

"That so? Vertigo?"

"Home, I said."

Margaret W.: "Are you an athlete?"

Rupert A.: "No, a Swede."

Jack G.: "I am going to kiss you."

Lillian O.: "Do you want me to call for help?"

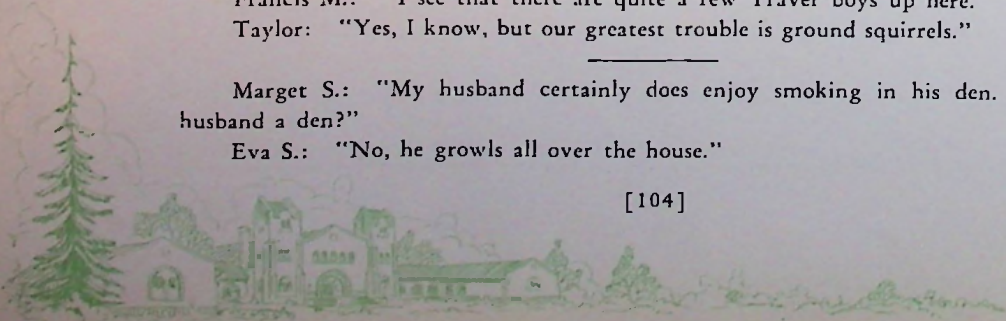
Jack: "No, thanks, I can manage it myself."

Francis M.: "I see that there are quite a few Traver boys up here."

Taylor: "Yes, I know, but our greatest trouble is ground squirrels."

Marget S.: "My husband certainly does enjoy smoking in his den. Has your husband a den?"

Eva S.: "No, he growls all over the house."





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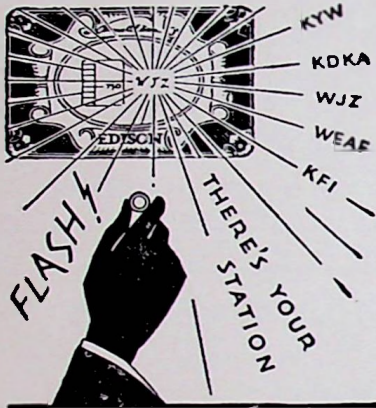
Write for Catalogue

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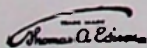


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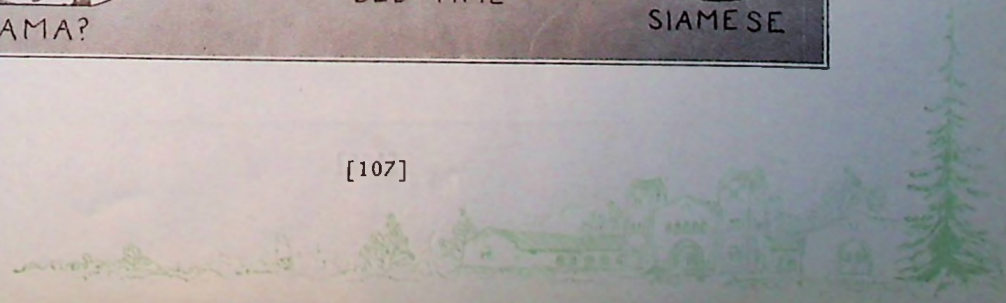
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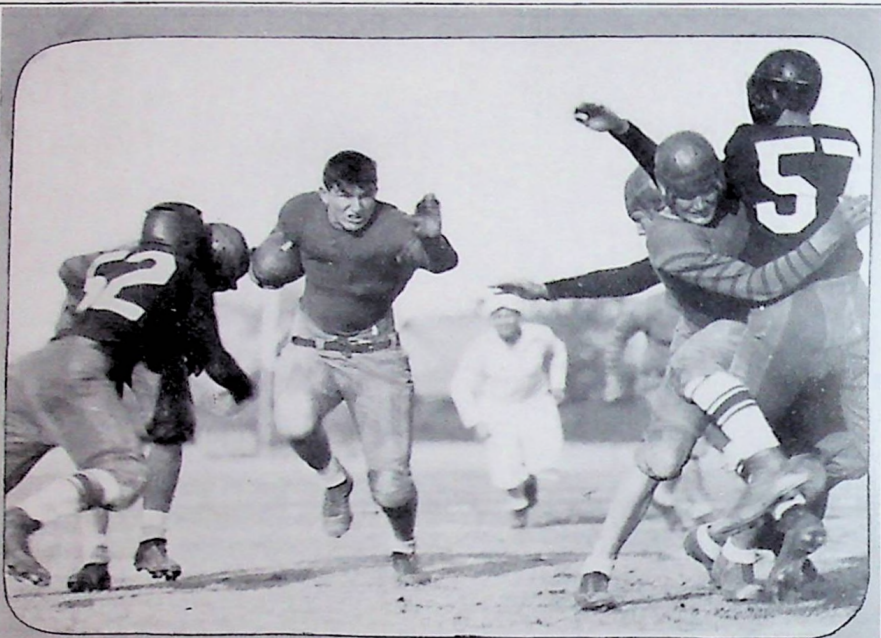
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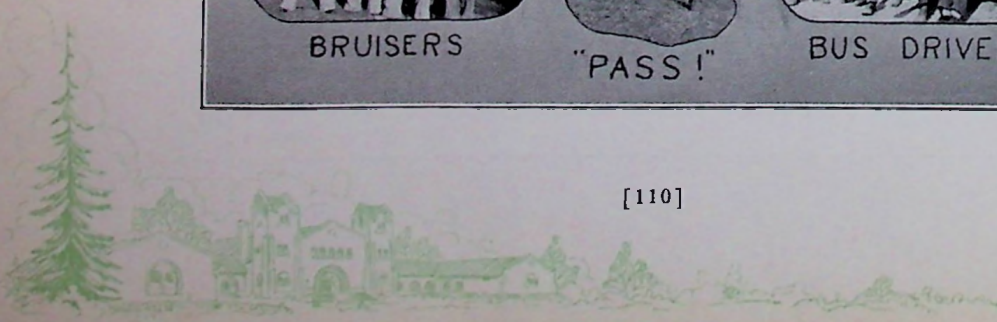
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Taking Pictures

*Doris had a great big smile,
Alice, a sober face,
Madeline pulled her hat down low
Until it almost hid her face.*

*"Buggy" couldn't quit her talk,
And I look like a joke;
"Peanuts" tried to hush the dog,
Giving him many a jab and poke.*

*When each time we were arranged,
Then the sun began to fade;
And we almost wore our faces out
When we had our pictures made.*

MYRTLE ANDERSON, '32.

A soldier lost his left arm in the war, and so his right arm was left. His left arm was not left since it was cut off and his left arm was right. If he had lost his right arm instead of his left, his left arm would have been left instead of his right, but that's not right for his right arm was left and not his left.

WE THANK YOU for the business given us this year and hope the pleasant contacts made with members of the
1930 GRADUATION CLASS
will continue throughout the years to come

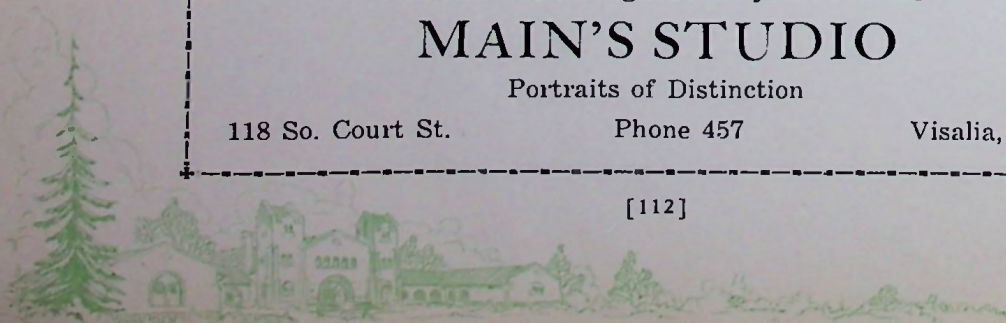
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