

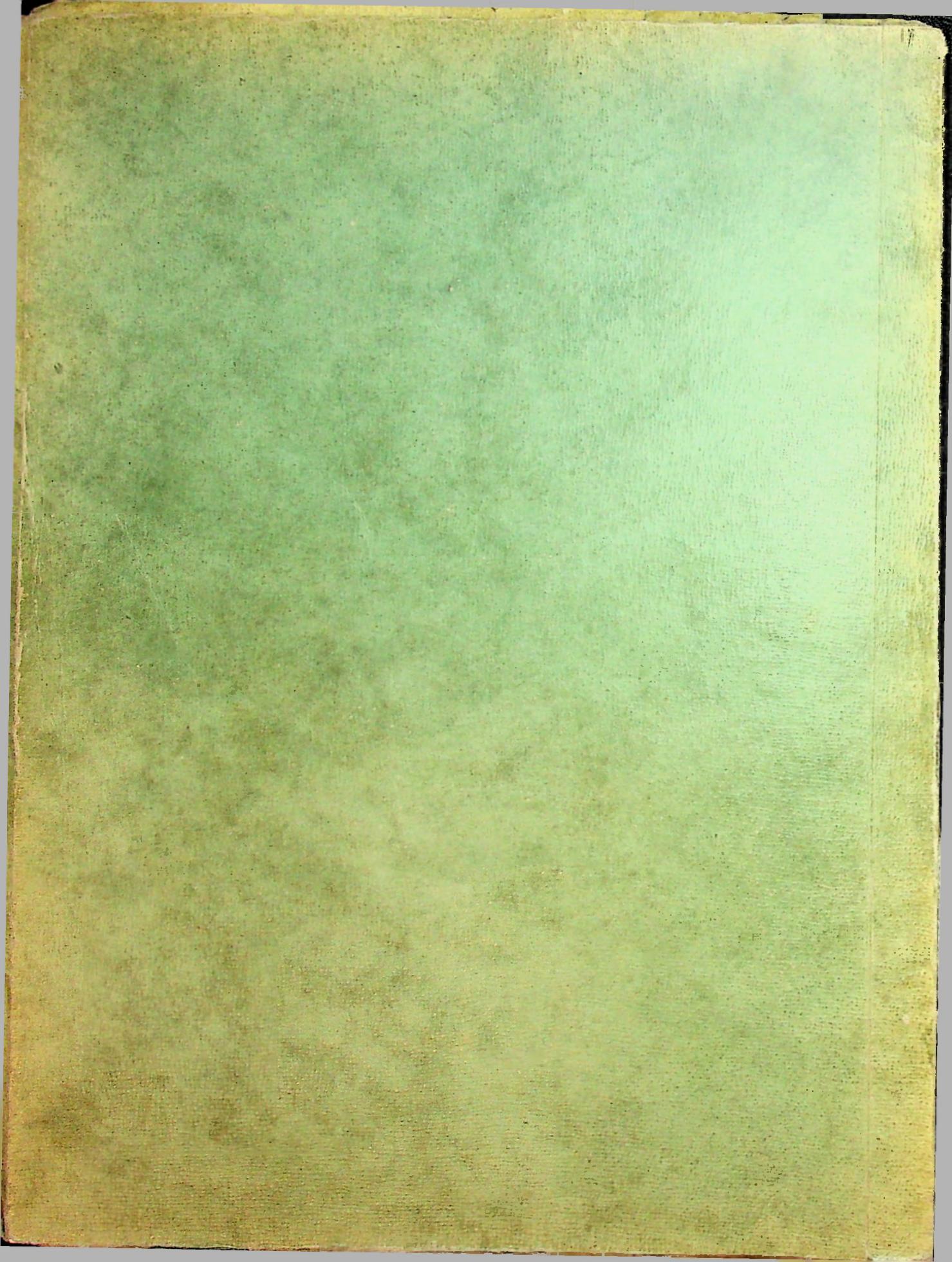
THE  
GOLD BUG

1922

KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

KINGSBURG CALIFORNIA





# THE GOLD BUG

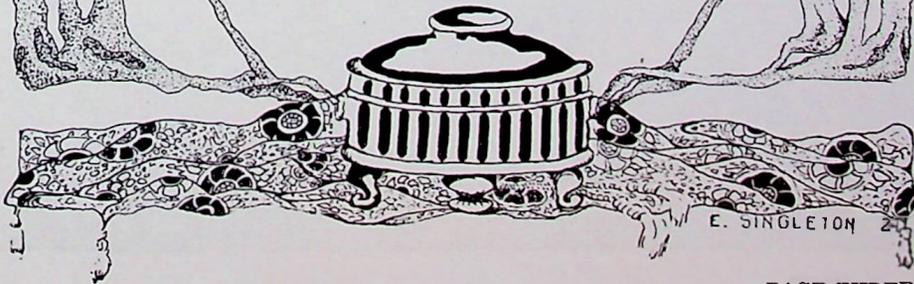
Published by the Students of the  
KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL  
Kingsburg, California



# DEDICATION

To our Faculty Advisers  
Miss Mildred Veazey  
Mrs. Amy McKee  
and  
Mr. R. I. Buchanan

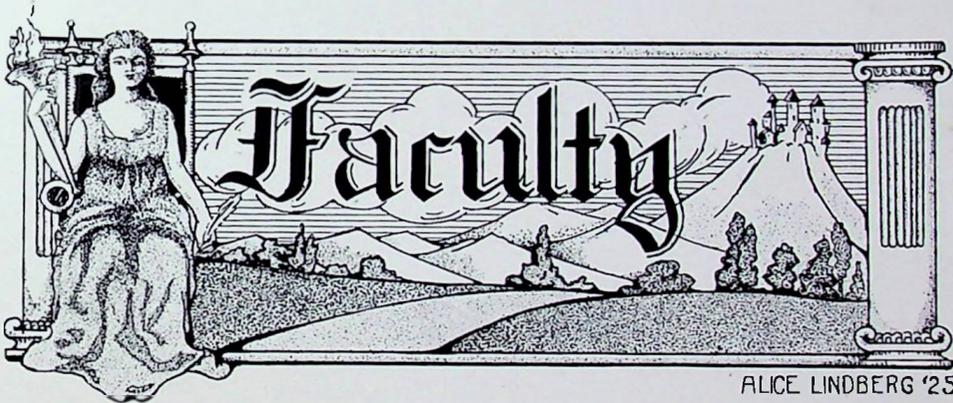
whose loving inspiration and untiring  
efforts have made the 1922 Gold  
Bug a success, the staff re-  
spectfully dedicates this  
issue of the Gold  
Bug





PAGE FOUR

A KINGS RIVER SCENE



ALICE LINDBERG '25



T. G. Renfrow  
 Principal  
 Maud G. Cessna  
 History  
 C. G. Bradford  
 Science  
 Olga Hendershot  
 Mathematics  
 R. E. Gilbert  
 Manual Training  
 Tura A. Hawk  
 Home Economics and  
 Mathematics  
 J. I. Buchanan  
 Vocational Agriculture



	Amy McKee Art and Music	Mildred Veazey English	Bertha Leader Science and Physical Training
Bessie Jillson English and Public Speaking	G. G. Henderson Commercial	Adalalde Welthe Spanish and Latin	
Wilma Veazey Domestic Art	Wilson B. Heller (No picture)		



Dorothea Craven  
Alumni  
Mildred Veazey  
Staff Adviser  
Amy McKee, Staff Adviser  
R. I. Buchanan  
Staff Adviser

**STAFF**  
Francis Anderson  
Associate Editor  
Donald Jacobsen  
Literary Editor

Helen Kern, Music  
LeRoy Cederberg  
Junior Editor  
Viola Sundstrom  
Sophomore Editor  
Leroy Carlson  
Freshman Editor



Eunice Morrison  
Activities  
Glenn Peterson  
Asst. Business Manager  
Elsie Brandt, Art Editor  
Bonnie McKeen  
Snapshot Editor

**STAFF**  
Geraldine Renfrow  
Editor-in-Chief  
Carl Bromark  
Business Manager

Masaru Nakamura  
Athletic Editor  
Myrtle Wilen  
Asst. Athletic Editor  
Henry Bishop, Joke Editor  
Dora Darak  
Asst. Art Editor

# SENIORS

ESTELLE FALLGREN '24



BESSIE JILLSON  
Our Class Adviser, '21, '22

GRACE AHLBERG  
Junior Jollies, '21

ENOCH ANDERSON  
Vice-President Agricola Club, '22

FRANCIS ANDERSON

Student Body President, '22  
Class President, '21  
Lieutenant Company 21, H. S. C., '22  
Board of Managers, '21, '22  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Debating, '21, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Hi-Y Club, '20, '21  
La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
C. C. C., '22  
Pas a Pas Society

ELVE BERG

Junior Jollies, '21

HENRY BISHOP

Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Major of H. S. C., '22  
Declamation, '21, '22  
Shakespearean Play at Fresno, '22  
La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
Hi-Y Club, '20, '21, '22  
Glee Club, '21, '22  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22  
Tennis, '19  
Basketball, '22  
C. C. C., '22

ELSIE BRANDT

Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21





ALICE BRANDVIG  
Glee Club, '21, '22  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21



CARL BROMARK  
Student Body Treasurer, '22  
Class Treasurer, '22  
Treasurer of Hi-Y Club, '21  
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant  
H. S. C.  
Board of Managers, '22  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Tennis, '19, '20, '21  
C. C. C., '22



MAY BURNETT  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Junior Jollies, '21



MARION BURTON  
Easton Union High School, '21  
Captain Company 20, H. S. C., '22  
Glee Club, '22  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Basketball, '22  
C. C. C., '22

DOROTHEA CRAVEN

Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Glee Club, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22



DORA DARAK

Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Glee Club, '20, '21, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22



NAOMI HANSON

Hilmar Union High School, '18  
Glee Club, '19  
Junior Jollies, '21



DONALD JACOBSEN

Class President, '22  
Class Secretary-Treasurer, '21  
Vice-President Quill and Question Club,  
'21  
Secretary La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
President Hi-Y Club, '22  
Captain Company 21, H. S. C., '22  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Debating Team, '21, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22  
Tennis, '22  
Chorus, '22  
C. C. C., '22





HENRY JORGENSON

President of La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21



HELEN KERN

Beverly High School, '20  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Glee Club, '21, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Orchestra, '22  
Basketball, '21



EUGENE LINDBERG

Quill and Question Club, '21  
Junior Jollies, '21  
C. C. C., '22  
Pas a Pas Society



RUTH MAGNUSON

Reedley Union High School, '20

BONNIE McKEEN

Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Basketball, '20

EUNICE MORRISON

Student Body Vice-President, '22  
Class Vice-President, '22  
President Quill and Question Club, '21  
Board of Managers, '22  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Debating Team, '21  
Shakespearean Play at Kingsburg, '22  
Glee Club, '19, '20, '21, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Baseball, '19  
Delegate to Athletic and Literary Convention, '22

MASARU NAKAMURA

Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Board of Managers, '22  
Second Lieutenant of Company 21, H. S. C., '22  
Delegate to Athletic and Literary Convention, '22  
Basketball, '19, '20, '21, '22  
Basketball Captain, '22  
Baseball, '19, '20, '21, '22  
Baseball Captain, '21  
Tennis, '19, '20, '21  
C. C. C., '22

ANNA NELSON

Junior Jollies, '21  
Baseball, '20





EDLA PETERSON

Junior Jollies, '21

GLENN PETERSON

Student Body Secretary, '22  
Treasurer La Sociedad Espanola, '22  
First Lieutenant Company 21, H. S. C.,  
'22  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Junior Jollies, '21  
C. C. C., '22

RUTH PETERSON

Junior Jollies, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22

JEAN RAMEY

Los Banos Union High School, '21

RUDOLPH RASMUSSEN

Second Lieutenant Company 20, H. S.  
C., '22  
La Sociedad Espagnola, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
C. C. C., '22



GERALDINE RENFROW

Reedley Union High School, '19  
Class Secretary, '22  
Editor of Gold Bug, '22  
Shakespearean Play at Kingsburg, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Glee Club, '20, '22  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21



ETHEL SMITH

Berkeley Union High School, '20  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Baseball, '19, '20, '21



HENRY SWANSON

Class Vice-President, '21  
Class History, '22  
Quill and Question Club, '21  
Junior Jollies, '21  
C. C. C., '22  
Pas a Pas Society





MELVIN SWARD

Junior Jollies, '21  
Treasurer Agricola Club, '22



ELMER TERNQUIST

First Lieutenant and Battalion Quarter-  
master H. S. C., '22



MYRTLE WILEN

Class Secretary and Treasurer, '19  
Secretary Quill and Question Club, '21  
Gold Bug Staff, '22  
Girls' Yell Leader, '20, '21  
Debating Team, '21  
Declamation, '21, '22  
Shakespearean Play at Fresno, '22  
Shakespearean Play at Kingsburg, '22  
La Sociedad Espagnola, '22  
Glee Club, '19, '20, '21, '22  
Love Pirates of Hawaii, '21  
Miss Cherryblossom, '22  
Junior Jollies, '21  
Basketball, '20, '21, '22  
Basketball Captain, '21  
Baseball, '19

# HOROSCOPE

Name	Universally Known as	Self-Opinion	Others' Opinion	Present Occupation	Future Occupation
GRACE ALBERG	Grace	Red hair is terrible	Isn't she quiet?	Looking wise	Keeping cheerful
ENOCH ANDERSON	E-knock	I'd like to talk, but—	Wish he would	Meditation	Public Speaker
FRANCIS ANDERSON	Slim	Some looker!	If he'd only smile	Presiding over S. B.	President of U. S.
ELVE BERG	Elve	What a drawback to be bashful	Why don't she talk to the boys?	Smiling	Keeping free home for cats
HENRY BISHOP	Bish	I'm THE MAJOR	Oh gosh!!!	Basketball "star"	Snake Dancer
ELSIE BRANDT	Elsie	Original Child	Good in art	Learning to cook	Patroness of Art
ALICE BRANDVIG	Becky	Just Right	Slightly too stout	Evadng the boys	Matron of Orphanage
CARL BROMARK	Ka-Ki	The Bunk	Neat and nifty	Keeping books	Preacher
MAY BURNETT	May	Pretty good girl	Oh! so studious!	Digging	Teaching school
MARION BURTON	Burt	That's all right	Some Flirt!!!	Drilling Bonehead Co. A	Army Officer
DOROTHEA CRAVEN	Dora	Poetic	She'll pass	Thinking	Woman Ranger
DORA DARAK	Dorte	Snappy	Mere Child	Sassing Mr. Heller	Hairdresser
NAOMI HANSON	Naomi	Tall	Pretty good	Dreaming	The discovery of Mars
DONALD JACOBSEN	Jakie	Not half good enough for—	Some swell Debater	Talking to Helen	Playing violin to deaf and dumb asylum
HENRY JORGENSEN	Jorgy	Dashing	Harmless	Assisting Donald	Being left behind
HELEN KERN	Helen	Some Pianist	She's all right	Practising	Accompanying Donald
EUGENE LINDBERG	Jingles	Oh! I'm all right	Here? What's wrong?	Bringing candy to Ted	Open a Singer
RUTH MAGNUSON	Ruth	Quiet	Such fun, if you know her	Sewing	Designer of clothes
BONNIE MCKEEN	Bonnie	Why am I?	Nuff said	"Snapping folks"	Photographer
EUNICE MORFISON	Eunice	Short but sweet	Them bobs! Those hair!	Powdering her nose	Housekeeper
MASARU NAKAMURA	Massa	I'm so unimportant	Most indispensable	Athletics	American Citizen
ANNA NELSON	Ted	Curly hair is nice	Jolly Kid	Eating Jingles' candy	Historian
EDLA PETERSON	Ed	Not so bad	Very good	Cooking for athletic feeds	Cooking for two
GLENN PETERSON	Pete	Very neat	Could be better	Keeping the minutes	Singing checks
RUTH PETERSON	Peggy	Wise	Unassuming	Laughing	Teaching gym.
JEAN RAMBEY	Jean	Different	Not a DEER	Studying history	Studying human insects
RUDOLPH RASMUSSEN	Rastus	A BEAR!!!	They shake their heads	Showing muscle	Strong-man
GEMALDINE RENFROW	Jerry	Some writer! Oh boy!	A good head	THE GOLD BUG	Old Maid
ETHEL SMITH	Smith-y	When I work, it works	Too young	H. S. Publicity	Reporter
HENRY SWANSON	Hank	Nice boy	Could be worse	Tensing Freshmen	Fortune Teller
MELVIN SWANST	Bud	Dreadfully shy	He's all right	Evadng the girls	Henpecked Husband
ELAUER TERNQUIST	Ternquist	What's wrong with me?	Same as Eunice	Studying	Animal Trainer
MYRTLE WILEN	Myrt	Jazzy Jane		Vamping new students	Don't bother her—she's suing for alimony

## History of the Class of '22

In the fall of 1918, fifty-five Freshmen entered the Kingsburg High School. This comely group of children earned the envy and admiration of their older classmen immediately, for they recognized in us the making of fifty-four useful and intelligent citizens. Because of our very innocence and ignorance they wrecked vengeance upon us in the form of a reception, where we were cruelly and disrespectfully treated. The class of '18 humiliated us by giving a Better Baby contest in our honor; however, this show contained so many promising contestants that the onlookers were forced to open admiration. After our formal reception we were at least recognized, for were we not the largest and most wide awake Freshman class that had ever been welcomed to Kingsburg High? In our young lives that first happy year passed quickly. Our class enjoyed a picnic and a party. It also made a creditable showing in athletics.

When we entered school the second year, the only changes which Father Time and the companionship of three advanced classes had wrought were the lessening of our number to thirty-eight, and the appearance upon our smooth intelligent brows of a few wrinkles and a thoughtful expression. We were so much wiser and more dauntless than before that some of the students attempted debating, although their efforts never penetrated beyond the classroom walls. Nevertheless, they gave promise of what was realized the following year. One of our number won the local, county and state prizes for the best essay on Temperance. Besides this honor, several Sophomores went in for athletics, proving that we had brawn as well as brains.

The third year thirty-four veterans appeared on the field, each determined to make his class the class that would not be forgotten. The public speaking class turned out orators and debaters whose earnest tones and stirring words yet ring in the ears of their hearers. Those energetic debaters could at will give Ireland her independence or bind her forever to England. Through their efforts our school's team, composed of four Juniors, Donald Jacobson, Eunice Morrison, Myrtle Wilen and Francis Anderson, and a Senior, Mary Diran, won the district championship in debating. A Junior boy, Henry Bishop, won the county declamatory contest. A Junior boy, George Larson, and a Junior girl, Myrtle Wilen, led to victory the basketball teams, of which they were captains.

During the term of '20 and '21, which was the golden era of the class of '22, we gave one of our students a farewell party, entertained the community with the Junior Jollies, and later gave the Seniors a reception.

At the beginning of our last year in high school, the Class of '22 had decreased from fifty-five to thirty-three. Although during the summer two girls, Ina Bach and Ella Eagan, deserted the class to enter the "silent oblivion of matrimony," two worthy students, Jean Ramey and Marion Burton, came to take their places. Our class remained prominent in school activities, for two of our members, Donald Jacobson and Francis Anderson, were on the debating team, a Senior boy, Masaru Nakamura, was captain of the basketball team, a Senior girl, Myrtle Wilen, won first place in the local declamatory contest, and Seniors held the responsible offices of the Student Body. Furthermore, the Class of '22 took the responsibility of editing the Annual.

From this brief history, you may judge for yourself the success of the Class of '22.

—May Burnett.

## Class Will

*"All things existing must eventually cease to do so." This being the case, and it now being near the time for the Class of '22 to cease to be, except in memory, we now draw up our last will and testament, bequeathing the following personal effects and capacious capabilities to our friends we are leaving behind.*

*To the classes to come we leave the malicious pleasure gained in telling the secrets of other classes at the Baccalureate Sermon, thereby stirring up a little class spirit.*

*To the beloved faculty we are leaving behind, we will our fresh young brains, to replace the tired ones they wore out on us.*

*I, Donald Jacobsen, class president, bequeath to Haig Torosian my blond locks.*

*I, Eunice Morrison, vice-president, leave my great interest in studying to Carl Sundstrom.*

*I, Geraldine Renfrow, secretary, will my quivering chin to Ellen Munson, and bestow the contents of my various pockets upon George Carlson, hoping that he will use these contents to as great advantage as I have.*

*I, Carl Bromack, treasurer, bequeath to Lloyd MacRae my Wall Street capabilities.*

*I, Grace Alberg, leave to Edna Hawkinson my ambitions toward the nursing profession.*

*I, Enoch Anderson, will my subtle attraction for women to Ben Danielson.*

*I, Francis Anderson, willingly bestow my uncontrollable forelock upon George Larson.*

*I, Elve Berg, surrender my recommendations as a housewife to Violet Wicklund.*

*I, Henry Bishop, confer my self-importance to Harold Clay.*

*I, Elsie Brandt, will my artistic temperament to Eva Brown.*

*I, Alice Brandwig, bequeath my ability to earn sixteen credits in three years to Selma Smith.*

*I, May Burnett, leave my ability as a mathematics shark to Gertrude Powell.*

*I, Marion Burton, confer my place as The Hero upon Edwin Jorgensen.*

*I, Dorothea Craven, leave to Della Woods my position as Class Poet.*

*I, Dora Darak, will my hair to Alice Layton.*

*I, Naomi Hanson, bequeath my quiet, dignified nature and my abundance of modesty and bashfulness to Frances Curtis.*

*I, Henry Jorgensen, leave to Vasco Hoosepian my grasp of the Spanish language.*

*I, Helen Kern, bestow my wicked eyes upon Viola Sundstrom.*

*I, Eugene Lindberg, will my ability as corporal to Claire Nelson.*

*I, Ruth Magnuson, confer my quiet and reserved manner upon Mary Stokes.*

- I, Bonnie McKeen, leave my editorial ambitions to Oker Elander.*  
*I, Masaru Nakamura, will my athletic ability to Wallace Paulson.*  
*I, Anna Nelson, bequeath my capability of giggling to Esther Erickson.*  
*I, Edla Peterson, will my efficiency as a cook to Bertha Fast.*  
*I, Ruth Peterson, bequeath my ability as a seamstress to Lena Hall.*  
*I, Jean Ramey, bestow upon Elna Carlson my natural curls, and marvelous vocabulary.*  
*I, Rudolph Rassmussen, leave my surplus avoirdupois to Leroy Cederberg.*  
*I, Ethel Smith, will my prowess as an athlete to Bessie Galloway.*  
*I, Henry Swanson, leave my place as the youngest member of the Senior Class to Alpheus Soderberg, and bestow two feet of my noble stature upon Elmer Anderson.*  
*I, Melvin Sward, bequeath my ambitions toward farming to Harold Strand.*  
*I, Elmer Ternquist, bestow my faultless demeanor upon Gunnar Linden.*  
*I, Myrtle Wilen, leave to Helen Schmidt my blessing as a village cut-up.*

*Now that we have disposed of our various valuable possessions to the best of our ability, while sane of mind, and strong of body and without being influenced by any outside force, we name Theodore Burstrom our executor of this, our last will and testament.*

*Signed, on this, the last day of March, 1922.*

CLASS OF '22.



## Senior Farewell

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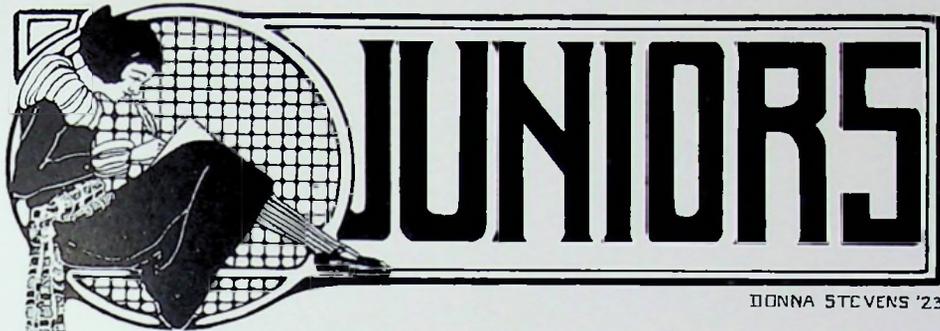
We, the Seniors of '22,  
 Have tried to be loyal, sincere, and true,  
 In work and play we have done our best,  
 For you, kind Faculty, and all the rest.

And now as we leave you, our sheltered home,  
 Somewhere in this untried world to roam,  
 We know we shall miss you, Kingsburg High,  
 But our faith in you will never die.

Your standards pure we all admire,  
 Of hearing your praises we never tire;  
 Wondrous stories of you will be told,  
 Of you, dear school of the Green and Gold.

Oh schoolmates, the parting with these days is said,  
 Yet the wide world calls us and we must be glad;  
 We must enter this new life, shirk duties none  
 If we would follow our motto, Seniors—"Jog on."

—Dorothea Craven.



DONNA STEVENS '23

### Junior Officers

President	- - - - -	Ben Danielson
Vice-President	- - - - -	Paul Kling
Treasurer	- - - - -	Verna Norrby
Secretary	- - - - -	Roland Peterson
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - - -	Raymond Rapp
Editor	- - - - -	LeRoy Cederberg
Class Adviser	- - - - -	Maud O. Cessna

### CLASS MOTTO

"Be Square"

Class Colors	-	Gold and White
Class Flower	-	White Carnation

### Debaters

Roland Peterson   Forrest Anderson   LeRoy Cederberg   Luther Linda

### The Junior Class

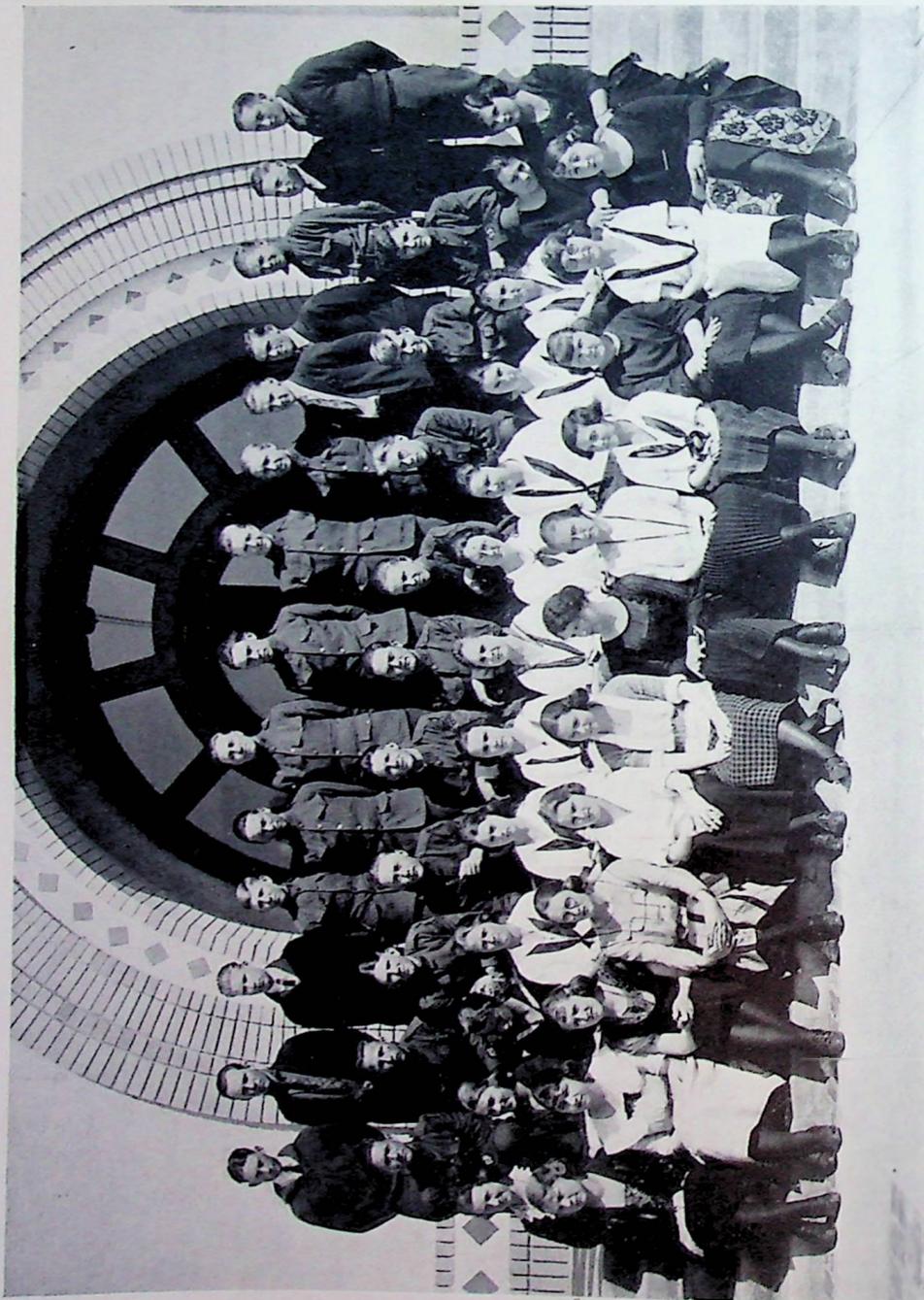
Our class is as happy, our class is as free,  
 Our class is as joyous as any can be;  
 Our class has the grit, endurance and wit,  
 Whatever we're in, we're out to win.  
 We're always laughing, we never shirk;  
 We're happy and gay; we're jolly each day.  
 Whenever you see us you have the hunch  
 That we're the Jolly Junior Bunch.  
 When our school days have passed  
 And we leave school at last,  
 We'll ever look back with hearts of thanks  
 To those who overlooked our pranks.

—Harold Strand, '23.

### Junior Jottings

The Joyous Juniors are known throughout the school and community as the liveliest and snappiest class. There are fifty of us, and it has often been said that we are the best looking, best mannered, and best all around students that inhabit the Kingsburg High School.

The Juniors organized into two literary societies, the Philomatheon, and the Junior Literary Society, for the purpose of training the students to take charge of social and business meeting.



JUNIOR CLASS

# Junior Jollities

or

## Joys in Which We Partly or Wholly Partook

The Juniors have not done much in the way of socials and parties as yet. The year is yet young (March), and before the school term is over, we hope to have a great many social gatherings.

We have had three parties so far, namely:

The Sophomore, Senior and Junior Masquerade party which was held in the month of October, 1921.

A Junior party held in November, 1921.

A party given by the Freshmen in March, 1922, as the result of the Juniors selling more Gold Bug Annual tickets than the Freshmen.

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## Junior Annual Event

The main feature of the program of the Junior Annual Event is two plays. The program is as follows:

1. Selection - - - - - High School Orchestra
2. Reading, "Nora and the Twins" - - - - - Ben Danielson
3. A Play - - - - - "The Obstinate Family"
5. Music - - - - - Selected
6. Reading - - - - - Alice Layton
7. A Play - - - - - "Swedish Without a Master"

### Plays and Casts

#### "SWEDISH WITHOUT A MASTER"

##### Characters

Percy, The Interpreter	- - - - -	LeRoy Cederberg
Johan Malberg, Christina's Father	- - - - -	Alpheus Soderberg
Gerald Forsythe, A Young Englishman	- - - - -	George Carlson
A Police Officer	- - - - -	Theodore Nelson
A Hotel Porter	- - - - -	Floyd Stirewalt
Christina Malberg, Gerald's Wife	- - - - -	Verna Norrby
The Cashier	- - - - -	Donna Stevens

#### "THE OBSTINATE FAMILY"

##### Characters

Mr. Harwood, Harford's Father-in-Law	- - - - -	George Larson
Mrs. Harwood, Harford's Mother-in-Law	- - - - -	Evelyn Danell
Henry Harford	- - - - -	Lloyd MacRae
Jessy Harford, Henry's Wife	- - - - -	Marceile Gerard
James, Harford's Butler	- - - - -	Forrest Anderson
Lucy, a Maid	- - - - -	Violet Hamstrom

## JUNIOR ROLL CALL

Rawlin Abrahamson	Artless Abbott
Forrest Anderson	Leona Berquist
George Carlson	Edith Carlson
LeRoy Cederberg	Evelyn Danell
Ben Danielson	Isabell Diran
Clarence Foster	Blanche Erickson
Oscar Hammersten	Esther Erickson
Paul Kling	Bessie Galloway
George Larson	Marceile Gerard
Luther Linda	Ethel Hall
Lloyd MacRae	Violet Hamstrom
Donald McKeen	Myrtle Johnson
Malcolm Nelson	Alice Layton
Melvin Nelson	Hazel Lindquist
Theodore Nelson	Loretta Nelson
Levi Olson	Verna Norrby
Wallace Paulson	Esther Nystrom
Roland Peterson	Naomi Olson
Raymond Rapp	Mildred Peterson
Walter Satterberg	Helen Schmidt
Alpheus Soderberg	Donna Stevens
Harold Strand	Lilly Swanson
Floyd Stirewalt	Irene Williamson
Carl Sundstrom	Rosalie Wooley
William Swanson	

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### We Jolly Juniors

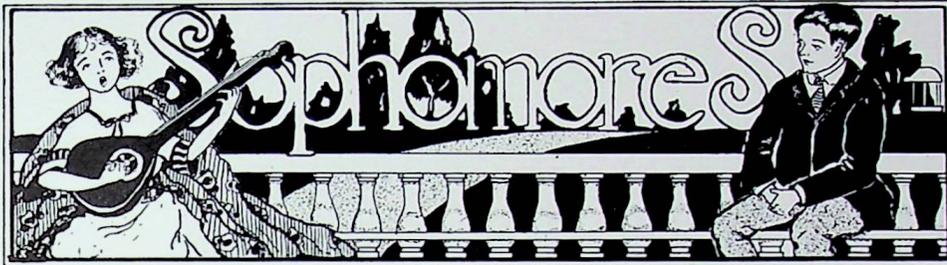
We are Kingsburg's Juniors,  
Jolly Juniors we,  
Always bright and happy  
And studious, don't you see?

We always know our lessons,  
We never shirk or fail;  
But on the sea of knowledge  
We ever try to sail.

We're loyal to our teachers  
And to our classmates, too,  
We treat the Freshies kindly,  
That I think we all should do.

Oh, don't you want to come  
And join this jolly band?  
I am sure that you will find it  
The best that's in the land.

—Helen Schmidt.



EUGENE LINDBERG '22

### Sophomore Officers

Class Teacher	- - - - -	Mildred Veazey
President	- - - - -	Gunnar Linden
Vice-President	- - - - -	Ruby Sward
Secretary	- - - - -	Viola Sundstrom
Treasurer	- - - - -	Estelle Fallgren
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - - -	Harold Peterson
Editor	- - - - -	Viola Sundstrom

#### CLASS MOTTO

"Better to Wear Out Than to Rust Out"

Class Colors - Green and White

Class Flower - White Carnation



### Sophomores

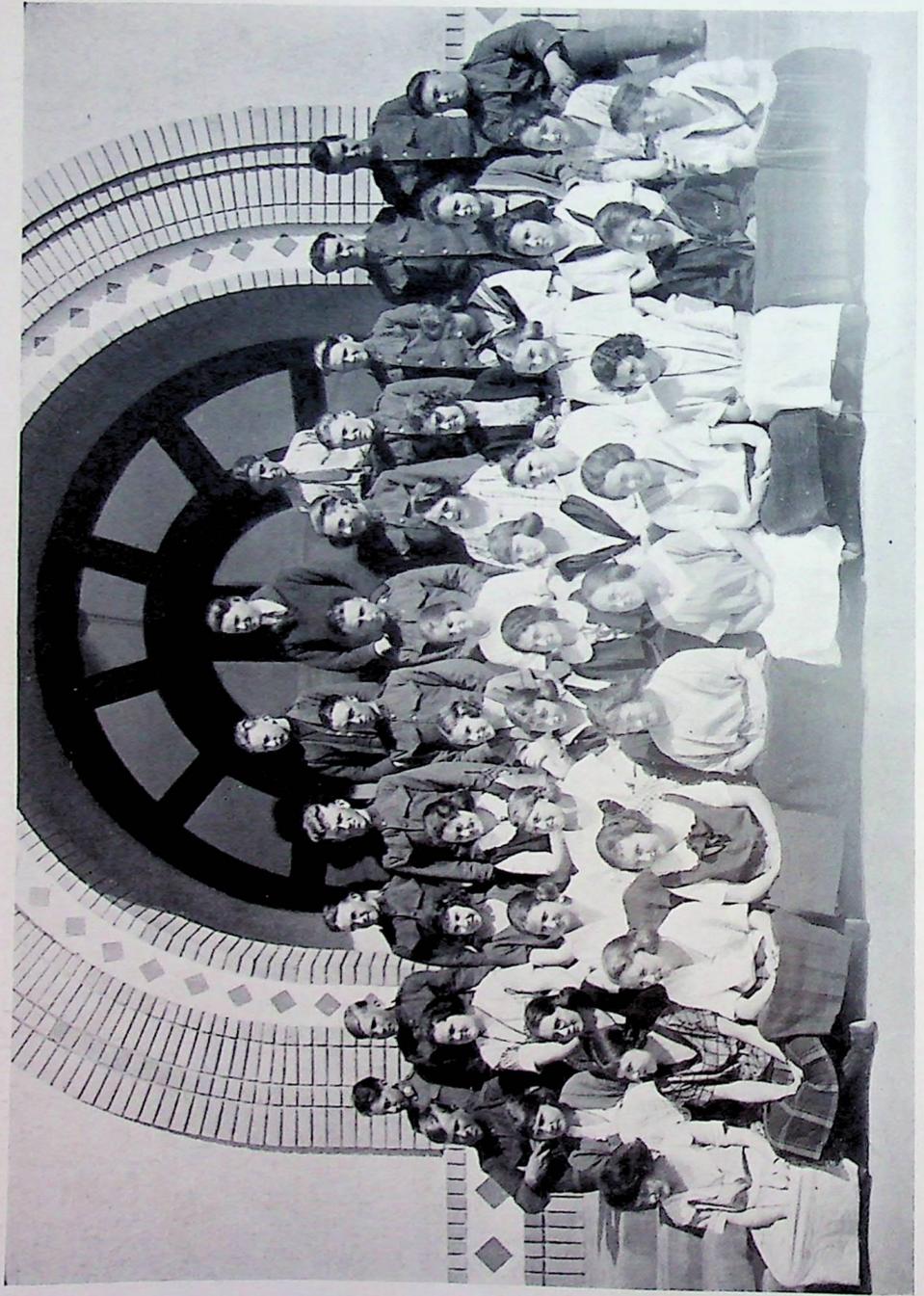
Here's a bunch of Sophs,  
As kind as kind can be,  
The school spirit of this class  
Exceeds the other three.

They try to sell their annual tags  
And tickets for the show,  
But when the Seniors try to beat them,  
What happens, you all know.

They have the best adviser;  
She is happy, kind, and dear,  
Always willing to help us out,  
And wipe the trickling tear.

We close with a hearty welcome  
To the Sophomores of next year,  
We hope they won't disgrace the name,  
Though its fate we greatly fear.

—Myrtle Swanson.



PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

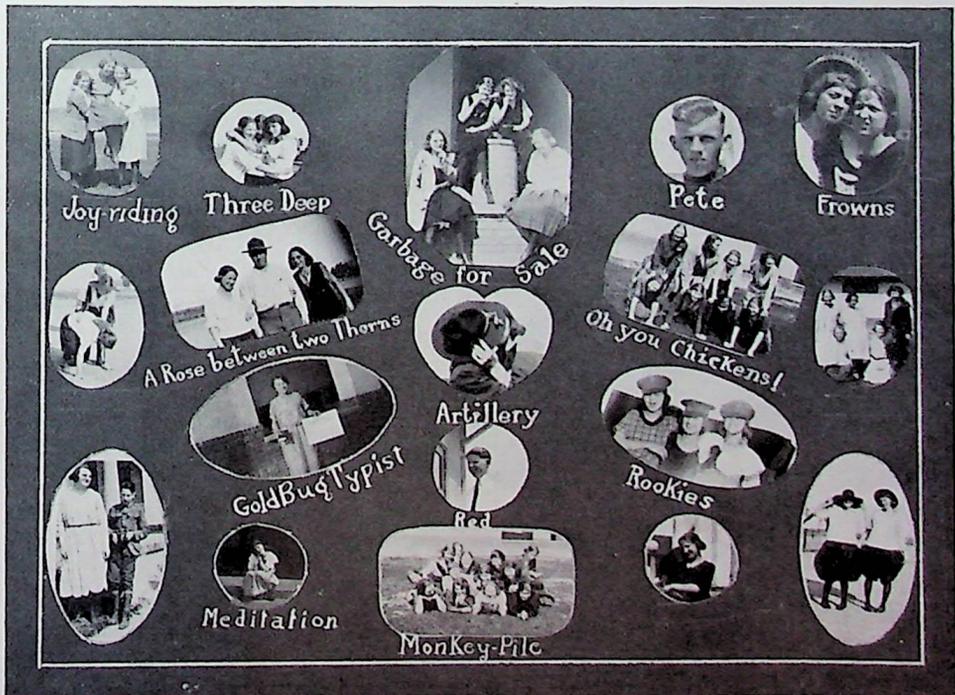
CLASS OF '24

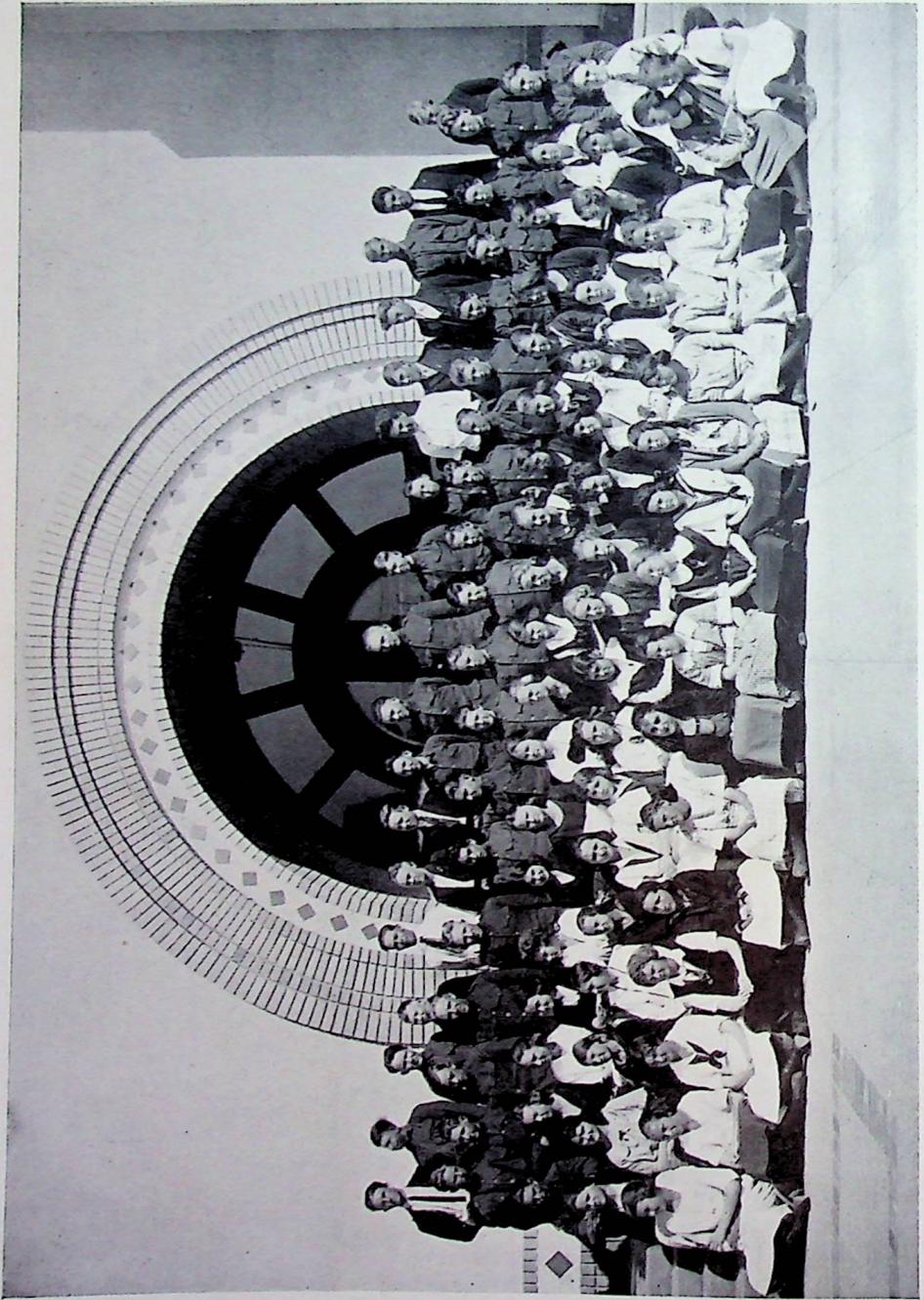
## CLASS ROLL

Selma Alfvig  
 Gordon Backlund  
 Harold Bozeman  
 Nellie Boyd  
 George Calder  
 Elna Carlson  
 Harold Clay  
 Frances Curtis  
 Wendell Davis  
 Estelle Fallgren  
 Ena Hall  
 Lila Hanson  
 Edna Hawkinson  
 Ella Horn  
 Elsie Throssel  
 Claud Hunt

Eugene Jensen  
 Phoebe Johnson  
 Edwin Jorgensen  
 Esther Kirk  
 Clarence Lahann  
 Gunnar Linden  
 Lorence Lindgren  
 Lela Lowell  
 Ethel Meyers  
 Ellen Munson  
 Esther Olson  
 Luella Olson  
 Norman Paine  
 Elsie Paul  
 Viola Westerling  
 Ruby Singleterry

Harold Peterson  
 Gertrude Powell  
 Wallace Reed  
 Milton Rudholm  
 Walter Sawyers  
 Alma Spurgeon  
 Virgil Stirewalt  
 Viola Sundstrom  
 Dorothy Swan  
 Myrtle Swanson  
 Esther Sward  
 Ruby Sward  
 Thelma Tenneson  
 Mabel Ternquist  
 Haig Torosian  
 Elizabeth Singleton  
 Tennis Swedell





PAGE THIRTY

CLASS OF '25



CLARE NELSON '25

### Freshman Officers

Class Adviser	- - - - -	Olga Hendershot
President	- - - - -	George Bounds
Vice-President	- - - - -	Ruby Shanberger
Secretary	- - - - -	Bonna Brewer
Treasurer	- - - - -	Elmer Strand
Class Editor	- - - - -	LeRoy Carlson

### Freshman Notes

The Kingsburg High had to stretch its walls this year to make room for one hundred Freshmen, the biggest entering class the school has ever received. We are full of pep and willing to do our part in all school activities. The biggest social event we have had so far is the party given to the Juniors, whom we entertained with games and two short plays.

The Freshman girls won from the Sophs in basketball by a score of 1 to 0 and baseball, 9 to 12. Some of the Freshman girls made the first team in basketball and some of the boys made a good showing on the boys' first team. Three of the seven on the tennis team were Freshmen, two girls and one boy.

With our size and attainments, and with Miss Hendershot as an adviser, we consider ourselves a leading class in the school. —Leroy Carlson.

### Freshmen

The Freshman's road is rough and steep,  
 Its mountains high, its rivers deep,  
 But the class has the grit to climb,  
 And will get there if you give it time.

When we master French and Latin,  
 Algebra and sewing too;  
 Spanish, history and cooking,  
 Then we'll show you what we'll do.

All our mountains will be ant hills,  
 All rivers will be streams,  
 And our happy Freshman school days  
 Will be numbered with our dreams. —Helen Jensen.



Warming up



Our Goal



Lets Go!



Conference



Massa- Star Athlete



Stuning



Exciting



322



Floyd



Myrt



Study Hall Scene



Why so Sad?



Sociology Class



Smile, Please



Loafing



Stage Scenery



Jerry



10 Years Hence



Defeat



FaKe Stuff



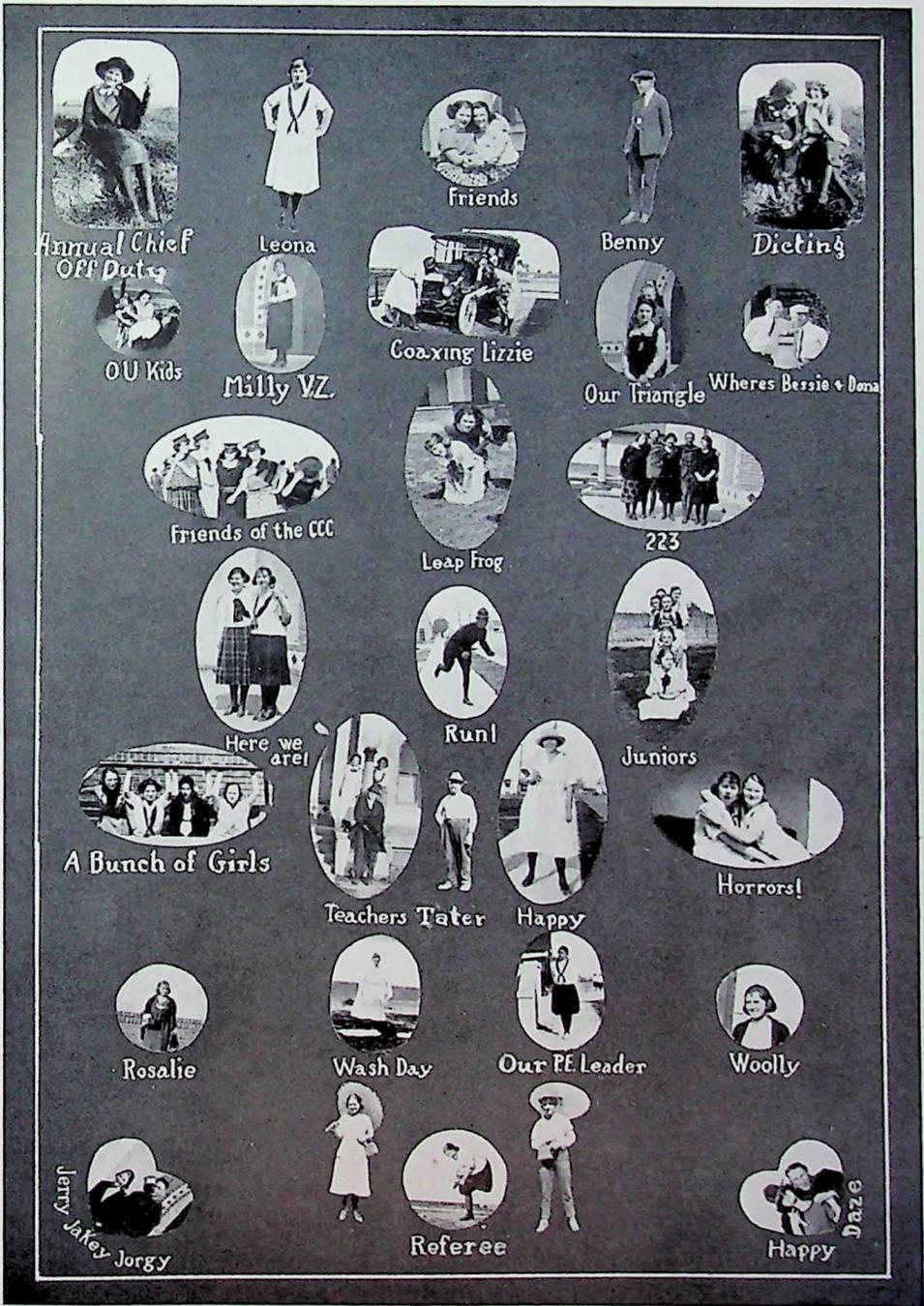
Edna & Frances



look Pretty!



IZZY



Annual Chief  
Off Duty



Leona



Friends



Benny



Dieting



OU Kids



Milly VZ



Coaxing Lizzie



Our Triangle



Wheres Bessie + Dana



Friends of the CCC



Leap Frog



223



Here we  
are!



Run!



Juniors



A Bunch of Girls



Teachers Tater



Happy



Horrors!



Rosalie



Wash Day



Our PE Leader



Woolly



Jerry  
Jakey Jorgy



Referee



Happy  
Daze



Thoughts



Attention!



Yum-yum



Studios



Three of a Kind



Benny + Willyum"



Milly + Billy



Smiles



Getting Wise



Peek-a-Boo



Ow-w-w!



Everybody Happy



Jilly



Kingsburg High School



Posing



Nick Pockets



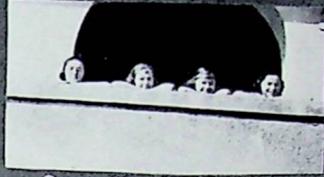
Going Down



Peachy



Kittens



Angelic Juniors



Fairyland



Practicing



Fortunes



Characters in Lincoln  
Play

A Simple Study  
of T.O.R.



Hide & Seek



Ooh la la!



Hello!



Shakespearean "Rolls"



## Yonnie

My name is Yonnie Yonson  
An' I bane a great big Svede,  
I hit the road from Sveden  
An' I don't know vare it lead.

I cum to hare fra Yoteborg  
My yob is making snuss,  
I get to Minnewhota  
Yust before Christmus.

My brudder he bane live  
At Minne, so I hear,  
I fin' him all ret, making  
No, not snuss, but home-made  
beer.

He tole me, if I want a yob  
I ask him, no, not yet.  
I going to go to Kingsburg  
To see vot I can get.

I cum to Kingsburg, and vot you  
tink  
I fin' my best girl hare,  
I never saw her none before  
But den, boys, vot I care?

Ve going to marry, Yane an' I,  
She like me some I tink  
I got a new yob now, my boy  
Not making snuss or drink.

I bite meself a little farm  
A shicken farm, by gor  
I got a hundred dollar left  
An' lots a money more.

My wife and me, vill raise, you know  
Shickens, cows, and mulen  
An' maybe someting, vot vill go  
To Kingsburg Yoint High  
Schoolen.

—Donald C. Jacobsen.  
—Prize Poem.



## T. O. R.

There's a quiet man in High School  
Who's seen walking all around,  
As he goes about his duties,  
Which are many that abound.  
He goes first here, and then goes  
there,  
Attending to them all:  
In weather foul, and weather fair,  
He hurries to the call.

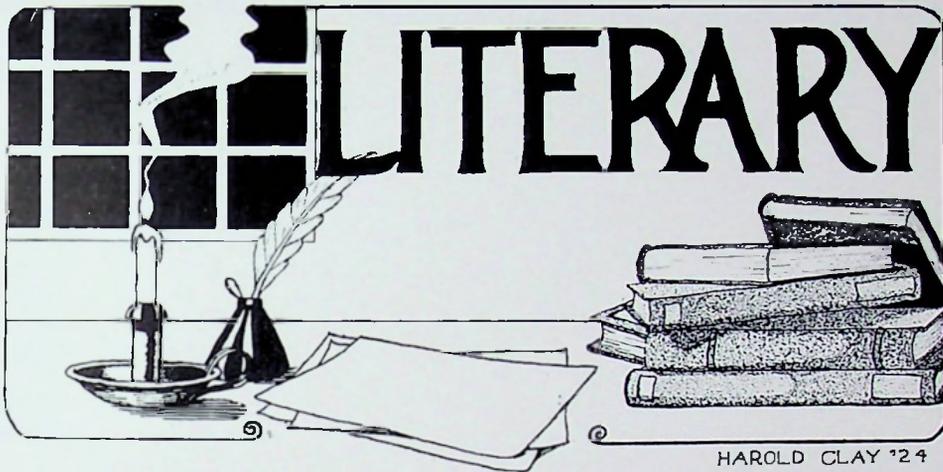
The students call him T. O. R.;  
His real name's Thomas Renfrow;  
The teachers call him plain "T. O."  
Just in friendly love, we know.  
He has a big job on his hands  
To help us students here,  
To straighten out and straighten up  
And get a vision clear.

A heavy burden on his heart  
Has he the livelong day;

As he starts us o'er the trying part  
Of life's great stormy way.  
He tries his best, and does his best  
To guide us to our goal,  
And we have found, like all the rest,  
He has worked with all his soul.

So here's to our good friend,  
T. O. R.,  
May his faith in our love be  
strong,  
May his joys be many, his sorrows  
few,  
May his years be happy and long.  
Though his right name's Thomas  
Renfrow,  
We'll remember him through life,  
As simply good old T. O. R.,  
Who led us without strife.

—LeRoy Cederberg, '23.



## Sun Maid?



EVERLEY McALLEN, Kingsburg, California, Fresno County," were the only words written on the little white slip of paper before the two excited high school students.

"Well, Jack, you might as well be sensible about it," began his twin sister, Jean. "Anybody with good eyes could tell that writing doesn't belong to a girl. Of course, I don't blame you for wishing it did, after your many fruitless years of effort in trying to get one; but, let one tell you right now, that I don't blame one of the female species for not desiring your sour, serious, lifeless company. If I had a disposition like you possess, why—I'd—I'd jump in the lake."

"Tut, tut, Sis, we ought to be pals, you and I; we ought to help each other along, and kind of sympathize with each other. Just because I'm not rushed with admirers as you are is no sign that I'm not as interested in life as you are. You know Dad gave this card to me, and if he didn't think it a girl's manuscript, why didn't he present it to you? Really now, Sis, don't you think some California girl, craving a little mild excitement, slipped this into a box of Sun Maid Raisins?"

"Goodness, no, Jack,—you don't think for one minute that girls work with raisins, do you? That card belongs to a boy, and I'm going to write to him; you just see if I don't. It'll be a lot of fun to correspond with someone I don't know."

"I guess you're right, Sis," sighed Jack. "You always win,—you always have the fun,—you always get the fruit while I shake the trees. Well, good night, anyway; I'll leave you to write to your new acquaintance, but don't be too sure you are writing to a boy, because the name Beverley can belong to either sex."

The next morning found Jack arising one hour earlier than usual. He ate no breakfast and neither did he wait to accompany Jean to school, but rushed hurriedly away from home and was on deck at school as soon as the doors were opened. He went straightway to the library and found the book he wanted, in which he became intensely interested.

At nine fifteen he took the book to his sister's desk in the assembly. His

face was filled with radiance. His eyes sparkled with joy as he opened the book to page three hundred fourteen and pointed to one line which had uplifted his heavy heart. It read, "We have two hundred and fifty girls employed in our plant here at Fresno, packing Sun Maid raisins, notwithstanding the fact that there are over one hundred employed at each of our minor plants—Selma, Kingsburg, Parlier, Fowler, etc." "In Kingsburg, too, Sis," he exulted. "It says so right here in this book on the 'Raisin Industry in California.'" Have you written your letter yet—have you sent it, I mean?" he questioned excitedly. "It's too bad if you have, because now I'm positively sure that slip belongs to a girl." "Hang it, Jean," he added, "you know perfectly well that a boy wouldn't be foolish enough to do such a trick. Darn the luck, why wasn't her name Susie instead of Beverley?"

"Well, Jack, you'd better calm down a bit and go to your class," Jean counseled. "Do you realize that you are now fifteen minutes late for English? Just forget about the girl, or whatever it is, and we'll both write and find out whether Beverley McAllen is of masculine or feminine sex."

One month later—two letters from California—and two over-anxious, excited, foolish high school students.

"You don't dare bet one whole dollar that our letter opening will reveal our desired information in your favor, do you Jack?"

"Well, I don't know, Jean. I hate to see you lose your hard-earned money—but—but—go get your dollar, I'm game."

Two dollars were placed upon the library table. Each twin picked up a letter and slowly tore it open. Twenty seconds—forty seconds—sixty seconds passed. Silence filled the room—each raised his eyes askance.

"Well, Sis, I'm beat," Jack admitted. "The dollar is yours. I have the friendliest, best little letter here you ever read. I don't think a boy could write it, but I'm not certain, and it's merely signed Beverley McAllen."

"You're not beat, Bud," mused Jean, "for I'm in the same boat. Somebody else is having some fun besides us."

"Fun—fun," cried Jack, "I hope you don't call this fun."

"Yes, this is going to be great sport, because we are going to find out who this clever schemer is if we have to go from New York to California to do it. It surely seems funny, though, that we can't get some information from the letters. I'll bet you haven't read yours carefully—let me see it, will you?"

"No, Jean, not on your life, my letters are mine, and you musn't get inquisitive. I'll tell you when I get a clue regarding our desired information and you do the same, will you?"

"Yes, Bud," she agreed.

Months went by, and both Jack and Jean received letters at frequent intervals. They were just friendly letters telling of the life of this Californian, and were intensely interesting to both, but not entirely satisfactory.

It was extremely funny and puzzling that the letters could be so cleverly and so sensibly written that they could not detect whether they came from a boy or girl.

On the evening of June the first, their father, Mr. Burns, entered the library. Jack and Jean were discussing the former's latest missive, but immediately quieted themselves upon their father's entrance.

"Hello, Dad,—anything we can do for you?"

"No, children," he replied, "but as it is nearing vacation time, I was just wondering where we want to go this year. I can't decide myself."

Jack looked at Jean. His eyes grew as large as saucers.  
"Dad, just as sure as you are Robert Stuart Burns, we are going to Kingsburg, California."

"No, no, son, we want to go some place where we can have some fun—real sport, I mean."

"Why, Dad, Kingsburg is a wonderful summer resort—we can pick raisins and everything, Sis wants to go there. We studied about California in history last week, and Jean and I were wishing then we could go to California." Jack felt assured that his father knew little about California, having lived in New York all his life. He winked at his sister and went on. "How about it, Dad,—is it a go?"

"Well, I guess I have no serious objections if your mother hasn't. I've often wanted to go to California. Two weeks from tomorrow then, the fifteenth of June."

Mr. Burns left the library to the two astonished occupants.

"Well, did you ever," broke out Jean, "Jack,—you little rascal,—what on earth do you expect to do?"

"Very little, dear sister, we're just going to California to enjoy a wonderful outing and foremost to find out if Beverley McAllen is a girl or a boy. My one regret is that we start in two weeks, but I can make good use of the telegraph office."

And so he did. Immediately after dinner that evening he hurried over to the nearest telegraph office and sent the following message:

Beverley McAllen.

Am motoring through California. May stop at Kingsburg.

Jack Burns.

The next morning he received an answer:

J. Burns.

Will be delighted with your presence.

Beverley McAllen.

The family, well equipped for a long vacation, started out in their new Hudson, bound for California.

Two weeks later they arrived at Fresno at nine-thirty in the evening. They were too tired to go any farther that night, so to the twins-disappointment, instead of going on, they stayed at the Hughes Hotel.

They had been there but a few minutes, however, when Jack and Jean slipped down the stairs to the telephone booth to call Beverley. Their curiosity could be withheld no longer. After a few seconds, which seemed hours to them, a sweet, clear voice was heard at the other end of the line. Jack nearly dropped the receiver. Before he answered the sweet "Hello," he gasped, "Jean, he's a girl." Then, "Hello, is this McAllen's residence? Is this Beverley McAllen? Oh,—oh, Mrs. McAllen, is it? This is Jack Burns speaking. Is Beverley in? No? Oh, all right, thank you. At the Hughes Hotel—yes. Good-night."

"Jean, that was Mrs. McAllen. She said that Beverley wasn't in, but she'd deliver my message, and that we would be met here tomorrow morning. Sis," Jack sighed, "if we don't find out who this specimen of human nature is pretty soon I'll need a real vacation."

"Oh, come on, Bud, if you rest good tonight you'll feel as bright as the morning sun tomorrow. Say, won't Dad roar when he finds out the kind of summer resort Kingsburg is? He probably has a good idea already with the temperature 102 in the shade. It's lucky for us he's good-natured."

And true it was, as father was beginning to feel the heat.

The twin's secret was no longer their own, because the last half day spent in the warm valley climate and the last five minutes spent in the hottest room in the Hughes Hotel had set the good-natured father to thinking.

His suspicion was aroused and as the children left their suite, he quietly followed them downstairs. He overheard their telephone call and conversation. Though their plot was not entirely clear to him, he heard enough of it to know that he had been caught in some net by his mischievous children. Nevertheless, he remained silent.

Nine o'clock the next morning found Jean in her new sport suit and Jack in his new white serge trousers and dark blue coat.

They seated themselves in the big wicker chairs in the vestibule to await the arrival of their guest. They were both rather silent.

In about fifteen minutes a beautiful Stutz sedan drove up to the curb.

Jack and Jean were paralyzed—it contained two occupants—a boy and a girl. They uttered not one word.

The two young people came directly up to the twins. They spoke cordially, and introduced themselves as Miss and Mr. McAllen.

Jack regained courage and introduced his sister and himself.

"Oh, so you have a sister, too, have you, Mr. Burns," questioned McAllen. "I didn't know that. Are you Jack or Jean?"

Jack nearly fainted, but managed to gasp. "Why, I'm Jack and this is my twin sister, Jean."

"Well, can you beat that," laughed McAllen. "I always thought that Jean was your twin brother. Are you sure you aren't kidding me?" he asked. And then to Jean—"Jean, I certainly have appreciated your letters as well as those of your brother, although I never dreamed of your being a girl. I certainly am delighted to have the privilege of meeting you."

"Then you are Beverley—Beverley McAllen?" gasped Jean.

"Yes, of course," replied Beverley, "and this is my sister, Fay."

There never was a merrier party. Even Jean said she could hardly realize that this Jack was her old sour brother.

Mr. Burns laughed jovially as the four jolly young people came to tell him their story, and on the following morning the Burns family, accompanied by Beverley and Fay McAllen left the city of Fresno to spend the most wonderful vacation possible, in the Yosemite Valley.

Six Years Later—Licensed to Wed: Beverley McAllen, Jean Burns; Jack Burns, Fay McAllen.

(Prize Story)—Eunice Morrison.

## Gloaming



THE WIDOW MARTIN sat by the fire, placidly knitting. The scene about her was one of quiet and peacefulness. There was a table in the center of the room with a cheery red table cloth on it and a basket of red apples. There was no light in the room except the glimmering light from the fireplace, which cast grotesque shadows on the walls about her. On one side of the fire drowsed a huge black dog and on the other side on a cushion snoozed a cat.

The widow was dreaming of days gone by; the look on her face showed that her memories were pleasant. How long ago it all seemed. She thought of the little village now grown to a thriving city, of herself then known as Marie Brown, the belle of the village. Those were the happy days; how it all came back to her! Oh, those sleigh rides and skating parties

on the old pond back of the meadow! One incident especially brought a smile to her face as she remembered one sleigh party, the first time she had met Sam. What a time they had that night. How she had flirted with him! How he had danced around to obey her slightest wish, and that night going home he had sat by her in the sleigh and held her hand! Oh, those happy days, if she could only bring them back! Now she was only a weary old woman, with no one to care for her, for she was indeed alone in the world except for Towser and the cat. It was true, she was comfortable, but what was comfort when there was no one to share it with her?

Her memory again went back to the old days, and to Sam. How happy they had been together, what wonderful plans they had made for the future, but all in vain. Through some slight disagreement they had quarreled and she had never seen him since. Once she had heard that he was getting wealthy on some mining venture, but since then she had lost track of him. A short while before, she had heard that he was dead. Oh, how she had waited for him to come back, but all in vain, and caring little what became of her she had, according to the wish of her parents married Thomas Martin, but she had never been happy; her heart was Sam's. It had been almost two years since her husband had died and she was desperately lonely.

The clock on the mantle struck ten, and still she sat there dreaming. The cat by the fire arose, stretched himself, yawned, and once more curled up and went to sleep. A gentle rain had begun to drop early in the evening but had now turned to a steady downpour which beat against the windows with fury.

She began slowly to peel one of the big red apples, and as she peeled, the thought came to her how, when she was a girl, she used to throw the peeling over her shoulder to see if it would form an S. With a feeling that she was doing something childish and foolish she picked up the peeling and threw it over her left shoulder. Turning slowly around, sure enough, there she saw on the floor a perfect S. She blushed furiously and scolded herself for being so childish. Her, an old woman, acting so foolish. At that instant there was a noise of stamping and knocking at the back door. She jumped up in alarm, snatched up the apple peel off the floor and with her cheeks still rosy from blushing, she went to the door and opened it. In the hall was a man drenched to the skin; the water was dripping from his black beard and mustache, and little puddles of water were forming at his feet. He took off his hat and begging her pardon if he had frightened her, asked her if she could give him a bite to eat. She was rather alarmed, but he looked so miserable standing there in his wet clothes and there was something so familiar about him that she took him in by the fire and bade him take off his wet coat while she fixed him something to eat.

Presently she returned with a pitcher of milk, some bread and butter and some leftovers which she had warmed up from supper. He thanked her and ate his food in silence. She watched him, growing more and more puzzled as she watched. Where had she seen him before; what was there so familiar about him? Presently he began asking questions about the town and about certain people in the town. Suddenly he startled her by asking her if she had lived there long enough to remember a man by the name of Sam Payson.

She started, and answered guardedly that yes—she had known him.

"Well," he asked, "Did you ever happen to know a girl by the name of Marie Brown; I believe her name is Martin now?"

The widow was now actually excited. What did this stranger know

of Sam Payson and Marie Brown. Did he have news of Sam, was Sam living after all?

"Why—er—yes, I remember Sam Payson and I remember the love affair he had with Marie Brown. Why, I know Marie Brown well; she was broken hearted when he didn't come back."

The stranger interrupted eagerly.

"Is she still living and does she, by any chance, still care for him?" He was intense in his interest and his flashing black eyes, which were so familiar to her, looked straight at her.

"Yes, she is still living. She married, but her husband has been dead two years. I know her well and she often confides in me. She is very lonely and still cares a great deal for Sam; her heart has always been Sam's." The widow's voice was hushed and sad as she said these last words.

"But tell me, do you know anything of Sam Payson? She is under the impression that he is dead."

Slowly the stranger answered.

"Why I certainly do know Sam Payson, and he is by no means dead. He is my best friend; we have been pals for years. He has for years been under the impression that Marie Brown has been married, and it was not until lately that he found out that her husband has been dead two years. He has always loved her and I am now helping him to find her. We have searched all over but as yet have had no luck; he is almost broken-hearted that he can't find her and he swears he will die if he can't find her and at least explain. He is an old man now and his one great wish is to find his old sweetheart whom he loves dearly and to see if in some way he can't offer compensation for the heartache he has caused. Please do not hesitate any longer, but tell me where I can find her." The widow was almost unable to restrain herself, but oh, she must be sure!

"Are you sure he still cares for her; you see she isn't young and pretty any more but an old, faded-out woman; would he want her as she is, an old woman?"

The stranger leaned forward in his eagerness.

"Am I sure that he still cares for her?"

"What a foolish question, and as for her being an old woman, he's just as old as she is. But tell me, do you think she'll want him back; does she care enough for him to forgive him and to give him a chance to explain?"

With tears streaming down her face, the widow was no longer able to restrain herself.

"Will I forgive him, and do I still care for him? Oh, what a question to ask. Bring him to me for I am Sam's Marie." In an instant the stranger was at her side, his arms about her, and tearing the false mustache and beard from his face, he shouted—

"And I am Marie's Sam!"

After the excitement of the moment had passed, they sat by the fire together, telling their story.

"You know, Marie, I had to be sure you still cared, before I came back as myself; forgive me for deceiving you, dear, but it was the best way."

"Oh, Sam, I wouldn't have cared how you came if you had only come sooner and made me as happy as I am tonight."

And thus we leave the picture—the little cosy room, Marie and Sam, gazing lovingly into each other's eyes, and Towser and the cat still snoozing by the fire.

—Myrtle Wilen.

## The Honor of This School Is Mine



"The Honor of This School Is Mine." Yes, it is mine because I have not made it. It is the result of the efforts of those who have gone before me, men and women who are now struggling in this wide world. They gave me this school whose name is far above reproach. Many whom I have never seen, whose name I know not, have made this institution what it is today. Its founders, who with unselfish purpose have made this school possible for us, have a right to expect that we who now attend it should be loyal and true. The service of those who have gone before us has made it possible for us to be proud of our school; then we, in turn, should make it possible for those who are yet to come to love and honor our school.

"The Honor of This School Is Mine." It is mine because I am only one of the many in school; I have no right to bring discredit upon others. The moral failure of even one student may stain the good name of our school, a stain which may take years to blot out. Any one of us would seriously object if a member from another school should say anything against our school, but that is a small matter as compared with the destruction of our school morals by some person thinking only of his own interest and pleasure, forgetting the influence of an act of his upon the student body as a whole. We rise and fall together. Kipling in one of his poems said:

"The strength of the wolf is in the pack,  
And the strength of the pack is in the wolves."

So is the strength of the student in the school, and the strength of the school is in the students. We would all severely criticize an athlete who secretly would break training, thus failing to play his part in a game. He loses not only for himself, but by his failure, causes his whole team to lose. But there is a bigger game than that played on any field; for that game we are all training, and the record of one fellow may make the work of another a failure.

"The Honor of This School Is Mine." It is mine because the school will exist long after I have gone from its doors. Hundreds and hundreds will follow me into its halls, and I have no right to pass on to them a school with a stained reputation. No ambition is more worthy than that we should live in some worthy way in this life-learning school.

"For tho the dust that's part of us  
To dust again be gone;  
Yet there shall beat the spirit of us,  
In the school we've handed on."

"The Honor of This School Is Mine," is a challenge to every graduate and every student of this school. It is a challenge to make a better school, better students, and better graduates.

When to you the call of this challenge comes, answer it gladly, promptly, and may you and I, all of us, take for our motto "The Honor of This School Is Mine."

(Prize Essay)—Masaru Nakamura.

## The Strength of Kuruff



KURUFF HIS NAME, muscled like a lion, built like a tower, and solid from the ground up! The terror on the seas, the devastator on the land, with the fierceness of a tiger, and the strength of a bear. His huge bulk of seven feet was as quick as a cat in its motions and as gentle as a mouse—on rare occasions.

This man men feared. They feared him as they did death itself. But now they rejoiced. He was captured at last and confined in one of the strongest prisons in existence. Had they captured him by their own strength and valor? A thousand times no! His sacred vow and gigantic boast was that no number of men could capture him alive in a fair fight. Though a prisoner, he had not broken his vow nor failed in his boast. He had been shot from behind. An inch nearer and he would have fought his last fight. As it was, he was only stunned, and ere he could regain his strength, he was locked in powerful chains. To the prison he was taken and thrust into a large cell high above the surrounding waters of a deep sea.

Opposite the big barred window of his cell stood some monstrous cliffs, jutting out from the mainland. The ridges of these were lined with all manner of people who hurled taunts and curses at him in every tongue. He listened with growing wrath until his whole soul revolted and he could stand it no longer. Slowly he made up his mind. He went to the far side of the cell and tore a huge wooden bench from its moorings and placed it so that it pointed directly toward the barred window. The mob still jeered and ridiculed him. Savagely he shook his fist at them and then looked down at the water. It seemed to be a living mass of darting triangular fins. As he realized what they were he became undecided. Slowly he turned and looked at the cold, solid walls of his prison, then at the long bench behind him. Again he turned and examined the heavy iron bars of his window, the yelling mob across the chasm, and last of all, the sharks in the water below. Of a sudden he seemed to reaffirm his former resolution, for he sprang at the great iron bars and began to jerk and pull and strain in tune with the howling of the mob. His great muscles stood out like a whip-cord, shiny with perspiration. The mob stared in amazement and gazed in awe-struck admiration at his wonderful exertions. Slowly, very slowly the genius of man was being overcome by man before their very eyes. At length with a creak and a groan the bar gave way and was torn from its socket. A cry of admiration, mingled with one of wrath, came from the voices on the far side of the chasm. The people began to be alarmed, but when they looked at the shifting mass in the water far below, their fears left them, and they turned eager eyes toward the scene of almost supernatural strength. Again Kuruff, the man of valor, attacked another bar, and again with a grating of iron the second obstruction was gone. As before, the crowd voiced their applause, this time mingled with a cry of admiration and a growing excitement of enthusiastic wonder. A third, a fourth and a fifth bar were likewise removed under the encouraging criticism of the onlookers, until at last nothing remained to obstruct a clear view from the inside of the cell.

Then Kuruff, the undaunted, stood in the open window and glared with savage hate at the crowd. Every man, woman and child gazed upon him with admiring eyes, not without a desire to be like him. Suddenly he withdrew along the top of the bench while the people waited breathlessly

for his next move. When he came to the far end he turned slowly and drew from under his ragged shirt a long, savage-looking knife. He clasped this in his strong right hand and balanced himself on his toes. Then like a streak he shot along the bench, through the window and far out over the water.

Down, down he went until man and water met in a terrific splash which brought the crowd on the cliffs back to their senses, and sent most of the sharks fleeing into deeper water. Only a few were left, a half dozen in number. Then began a battle such as no man will witness again. Fins darted to and fro and white-bellies turned as if to bite. A dozen knives seemed to flash and glitter in the sunlight. For five long minutes the battle raged, growing fiercer all the while. Then slowly the belly of a monstrous shark drifted out from the tumult of battle. One enemy was dead. Then, suddenly, everything disappeared beneath the foaming surface of the water—everything but two dead sharks. The seconds dragged by. A half minute passed. Another thirty seconds went by and there were five dead sharks floating on the water.

Far above on the cliffs the people struck their fists together to assure themselves that they were not dreaming. Not a whisper stirred the air, as their eyes sought the hidden secrets of the black waters far below. Two minutes had passed and all six sharks were to be seen floating on the water. Another minute came, and out on the shores of the other side of the chasm crawled Kuruf. He was covered with blood; great gashes were upon his body. He could hardly move, but struggling terrifically, with a tremendous effort he rose to his feet. Then from his deep chest there echoed a cry that grew into a roar like that of a gorilla, and suddenly subsided until no sound was audible but the re-echoing thunder. Then his huge form drooped, and with a shudder he fell headlong into the lasting sleep that knows no awakening.

—Marion Burton.



## A California Sunset

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Behind the horizon out there in the west,  
The sun slowly sinks nor pauses to rest.  
O'er flooding the sky with a glorious  
light,

Painting with colors a wonderful sight.

All tints of purple and red and gold,  
On a vastness of clouds of number  
untold;

Here scenes of cities and rivers are  
painted,

A wealth of beauty by man untainted.

Now softly into twilight fades

This beautiful scene of many shades;  
Peace spreads its veil o'er all the land.  
While crickets chirp on every hand.

In the deep blue vault above the stars  
peep out,

There putting each golden sunbeam to  
rout,

And the moon we see in the eastern sky,  
Awatching o'er all with his one big eye.

(Prize Poem)—Virgil Stirewalt.

# School Calendar

## September

- 20—Registration.
- 26—School opens. Freshies in evidence.
- 28—Faculty picnic.
- 29—Class elections. Seniors select invitations. Juniors select rings.
- 30—Kingsburg Day at the Fresno Fair. Glorious, unneeded vacation.

## October

- 3—Seats in the Assembly Hall assigned. Students settle down to hard work.
- 8—Senior "get-together" at Miss Jillson's home in Dinuba.
- 13—First appearance of the cooking class in public.
- 14—Freshie reception. Devils to the Front!!!
- 17—A few Freshies become acquainted with the showers.  
First meeting of the Spanish Club.
- 27—Juniors display class rings.  
Bishop "advertises" the Edison.
- 28—Hallowe'en party of the three upper classes.

## November

- 2—Shakespearian Plays.  
Miss W. Veazey sewing busily on blue material.
- 3—Mr. Heller gets new blue curtains for the back of his coupe.  
Leroy Cederberg reports that he and Henry Baerg escorted their families to church.
- 8—First meeting of the Annual Staff.
- 9—Mr. Heller teaches Econ. in his ballet attire (track suit plus coat).
- 11—Armistice Day. Vacation.
- 14—Sophomore Committee goes to Fresno.
- 15—Committee bawled out for skipping.
- 19—Cooking class sale at Pearson's Corner.
- 23—Junior party.
- 24-28—Thanksgiving vacation.

## December

- 9—Sewing class sale at "Olle."  
Local declamatory. Myrtle and Henry win.
- 13—Sewing class auction.
- 16—Yell contest starts.  
First practice games. Parlier wins.  
District declamatory contest at Selma. Myrtle Wilen first for girls,  
Henry Bishop second for boys.
- 22—Christmas vacation starts.

## January, 1922

- 1—Welcome, 1922!
- 3—Christmas vacation ends.
- 4—Furnace out of order. More vacation.
- 6—County declamatory. Myrtle second for girls.  
Buss No. 3 loses a wheel at Fowler.
- 9—First evening practice for "Miss Cherryblossom."
- 13—Special Tag Day for Annual.
- 17—Yell contest ends. Helen Kern wins.

- 20—First league basketball game. We win all around.  
Marion Burton's collar bone broken in basketball game.
- 21—"Humoresque."
- 27—Second league game. We win again.
- 31—First league debate. We win one, lose one.

#### February

- 3—League game with Reedley. We lose, 19-24. Students depressed.
- 8—Semi-finals with Fowler at Selma. Fowler wins.
- 11—"The Little Minister."
- 13—Spelling lesson to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday.
- 15—First Doughnut Day.  
Out of oil. P. E. three periods today.
- 16—Cooking class joins Chamber of Commerce.  
Principals advertise "Miss Cherryblossom."
- 17—Finals for county at Kingsburg. Parlier vs. Selma. Selma wins.  
End of Senior poem contest. Dorothea Craven wins.  
End of Freshman poem contest. Helen Jensen wins.
- 17-18—"Miss Cherryblossom." Wonderful attendance both nights.
- 21—Fifty dozen doughnuts made and sold.
- 22—Public speaking class presents scenes from Abraham Lincoln.  
Game between Leans and Hasbeens. Hasbeens come back with a bang, and wipe Leans off the map with a score of 15-0.  
Geisha chorus travels to Traver.
- 24—Commercial contests at Fresno. Kingsburg takes fourth place.  
Sanger advertises "The Pennant!"
- 28—Bible study class organized.

#### March

- 2—Seniors receive cards.
- 3—Mr. Oswald visits K. H. S.
- 4—130's play Greyhounds. Score: 12-33, favor of Greyhounds.
- 7—Pee-Wees vs. girls. Pee-Wees win.
- 10—End of literary contests for The Gold Bug.
- 15—K's awarded.
- 17—Freshie-Junior party.
- 18—Juniors show "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
- 22—George Carlson breaks wrist.
- 24—Results of literary contests announced.  
Sophomore-Senior party.
- 25—Ag. boys show "Man of the Forest."
- 27—Art classes working hard for The Gold Bug.
- 28—Estelle faints from overwork.
- 30—Spring surely has arrived. Mr. Heller has discarded his woolens (mustache).
- 31—Everybody working hard on Gold Bug.  
Geraldine inaugurates new method of addressing the chair—  
"Oh, Papa!"  
Institute Week begins.
- 1—"The Breaking Point"—benefit of Staff.
- 5—Final meeting of Gold Bug Staff.
- 10—Institute ends.  
Cold snap. Mr. Heller resumes his woolens.
- 10-17—Mr. Renfrow attends principal's meeting at Pasadena.
- 12—Final installment of Gold Bug material goes to press.

# K. H. S. Letter Winners

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## BASKETBALL

### BOYS

Masaru Nakamura, '19, '20, '21, '22  
George Larson, '20, '21, '22  
Ray, Rapp, '20, '21, '22  
Clarence Foster, '21, '22  
Waldon Olson, '22  
George Bounds, '22  
Marion Burton, '22  
Ben Danielson, '22

### GIRLS

Vida Bounds, '22  
Verna Norrby, '21, '22  
Frances Curtis, '22  
Estelle Fallgren, '22  
Blanche Fridolph, '22  
Myrtle Wilen, '20, '21, '22  
Helen Kern, '21  
Selma Alfvig, '21

## BASEBALL

Masaru Nakamura, '19, '20, '21  
Clarence Foster, '21  
Paul Kling, '21  
William Swanson, '20, '21  
George Larson, '20, '21  
Ben Danielson, '21  
Luther Linda, '20

Verna Norrby, '20, '21  
Frances Curtis, '21  
Ella Horn, '21  
Selma Alfvig, '21  
Mildred Peterson, '20, '21  
Artless Abbott, '21  
Ethel Smith, '21  
Ruby Sward, '21  
Eunice Morrison, '19  
Myrtle Wilen, '19

## TENNIS

Masaru Nakamura, '20, '21  
Carl Bromark, '19, '20, '21

## DEBATING

Donald Jacobsen, '21, '22  
Francis Anderson, '21, '22  
Forrest Anderson, '22

Myrtle Wilen, '21  
Eunice Morrison, '21  
Roland Peterson, '22

## DECLAMATORY

Henry Bishop, '21, '22

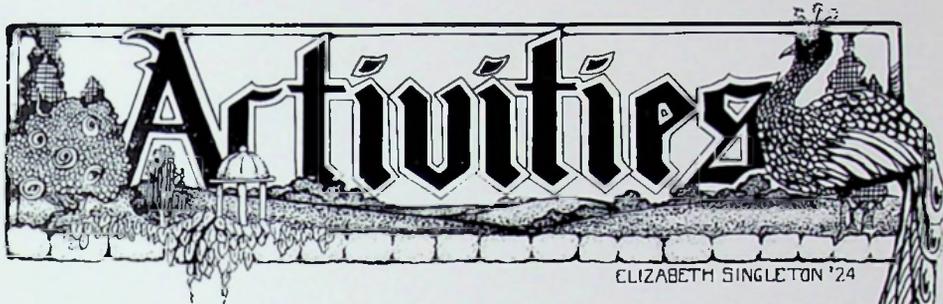
Myrtle Wilen, '21, '22

## NUMERALS

Levi Olson, Basketball, '23  
Harold Peterson, Basketball, '24  
Walter Satterberg, Basketball, '24  
Leroy Carlson, Basketball, '25

Henry Bishop, Basketball, '22  
Francis Huddleston, Basketball, '25  
Rawlin Abrahamson, Basketball, '23  
Haig Torosian, Basketball, '24

Malcolm Nelson, Basketball, '23



Our Student Body officers, having been elected at the close of the previous term, were well prepared to begin real and enthusiastic work the first day of this successful year.

The following are the well chosen officers who have worked faithfully, diligently and successfully for the welfare of the '21 and '22 terms of the K. H. S.:

President	- - - - -	Francis Anderson
Vice-President	- - - - -	Eunice Morrison
Treasurer	- - - - -	Carl Bromark
Secretary	- - - - -	Glenn Peterson
Purchasing Agent	- - - - -	Masaru Nakamura
Advertising Manager	- - - - -	Ben Danielson
Athletic Manager	- - - - -	Paul Kling
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - - -	Ray Rapp

After several days of fright and suspense on the part of our one hundred Freshmen, they were given a hearty reception on the evening of Friday, the 14th of October, 1921.

As they entered the high school this memorable evening, not knowing what was to befall them, they were escorted up the winding stairs to our English room. Here they were transformed by our Senior devils and assistants, from pretty, prim little girls and boys to unrecognizable species by the application of an immeasurable amount and variety of paint and the rearrangement of their golden curly locks and slick pompadores.

Their pride and sensitive feelings were hurt more than words can tell, but in a few days they regained their customary assurance, showed no signs of bearing malice, and have since proved themselves loyal members of the Kingsburg High School.

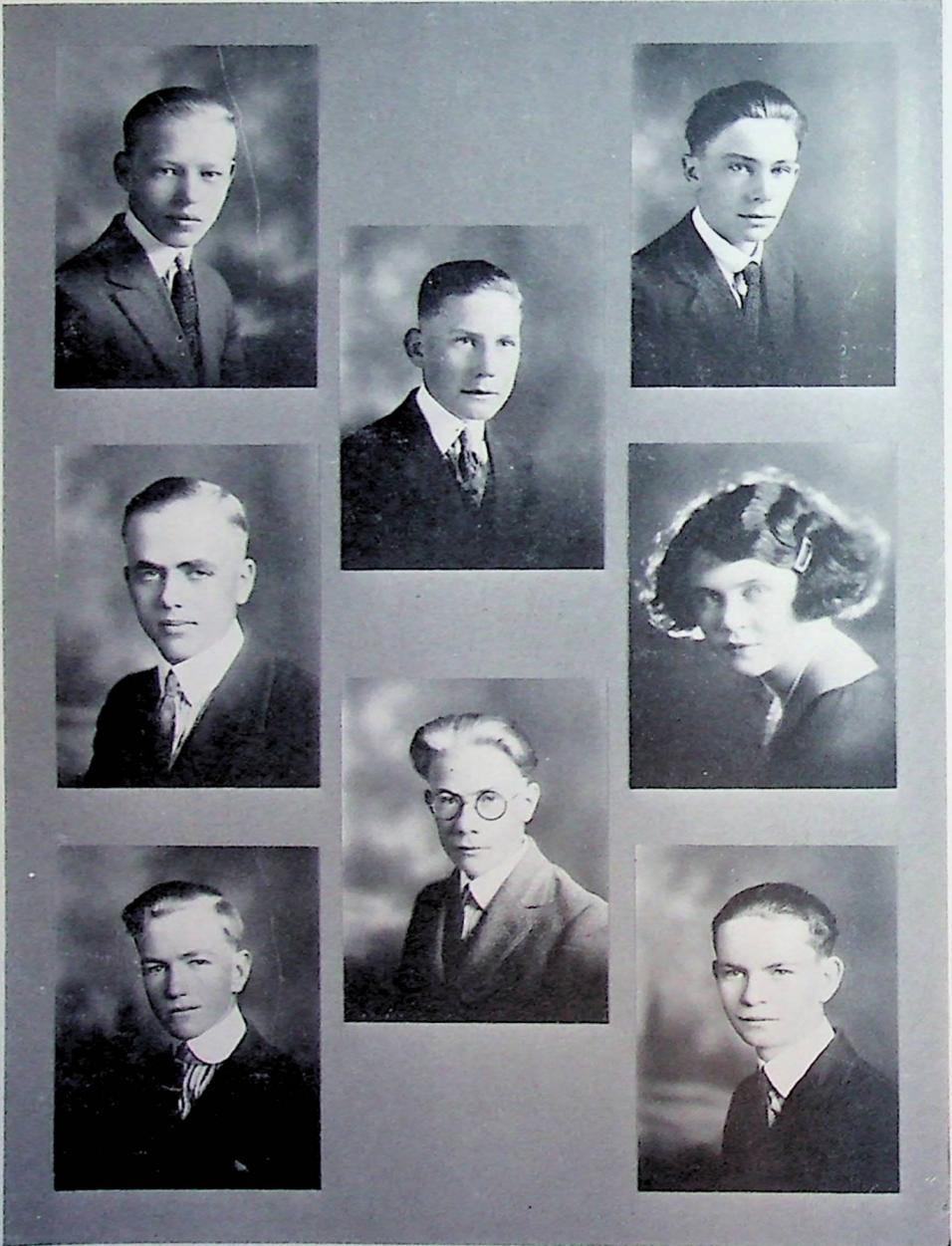
On the evening of November 2, 1921, four of our high school girls, Geraldine Renfrow, Evelyn Danell, Myrtle Wilen and Eunice Morrison, assisted Mr. Loriman Percival in putting on an appreciated Shakespearian entertainment at the High School Auditorium.

This entertainment consisted of four scenes taken from four of Shakespeare's well known plays.

Mr. Percival acted the hero's part and our girls the part of the heroine in each scene.

Mr. Percival	- - - - -	Macbeth
Evelyn Danell	- - - - -	Lady Macbeth
Mr. Percival	- - - - -	Romeo
Geraldine Renfrow	- - - - -	Juliet
Mr. Percival	- - - - -	Petruchio
Myrtle Wilen	- - - - -	Katherine
Mr. Percival	- - - - -	Shylock
Eunice Morrison	- - - - -	Portia

Debating Team



Donald Jacobsen, Debate  
Francis Anderson, Debate  
Forrest Anderson, Debate

Roland Peterson, Debate  
Le Roy Cederberg, Alternative

Luther Linda, Alternative  
Myrtle Willen, Declamatory  
Henry Bishop, Declamatory

## Debating

Due to the enthusiasm aroused by our successful year of debating last year, and also to the skill of our excellent debating coach, Miss Jillson, again debating found its place at the top of the list of activities this year.

Several students tried out for the team and after careful consideration and judgment, Roland Peterson, Donald Jacobsen, Francis Anderson and Forrest Anderson were chosen to represent the school.

The question debated was "Resolved, That the Several States Should Establish Courts of Industrial Relations Similar to That of Kansas."

Roland Peterson and Donald Jacobsen upheld the affirmative, Francis Anderson and Forrest Anderson, the negative.

Simultaneous debates were held, the first one with Fowler, January 31, 1921.

Our negative team debated at Fowler and was defeated, 3 to 0.

Our affirmative team debated at home and won, 2 to 1.

The next debate was with Easton, February 24, 1922.

Our negative debated at Easton and lost, 1 to 2.

Our affirmative debated at home and won, 2 to 1.

This result by vote being a tie, the percentages of the debaters were closely and fairly considered, resulting in a decision in our favor.

These two debates were the only ones in which we participated this year, as Reedley forfeited to us.

Although we failed to receive the championship, we are proud of the work done by our debating team.



## Declamatory

Our declamatory work is becoming more important and more interesting each year.

Under the tireless direction of Miss Jillson, our public speaking teacher, the speaking talent of some of our students has been raised to fame.

Several students entered the try-out for the first contest, and after careful selection, Henry Bishop and Myrtle Wilen were chosen.

The first contest was held at Selma, December 9, 1921. This was an intersectional contest. Myrtle Wilen won first place for the girls, and Henry Bishop second place for the boys.

This success made Myrtle eligible for the finals, the County contest, which was held at Fowler December 16, 1921.

Her excellent work won second place in this County contest.



# Pas a Pas Society

## OFFICERS—1922

President - -	LeRoy Cederberg	Treasurer - -	Eugene Lindberg
Adviser - - -	Miss Jillson	Parliamentarian -	Evelyn Danell
Vice-President - -	Ben Danielson	Business Mgr.,	Alpheus Soderberg
Secretary - -	Violet Hamstrom	Critic - - - -	Alice Layton
	Editor - -	LeRoy Cederberg	

## MEMBERS

Forrest Anderson, '23	Alice Layton, '23
Francis Anderson, '22	Luther Linda, '23
LeRoy Cederberg, '23	Eugene Lindberg, '22
Evelyn Danell, '23	Roland Peterson, '23
Ben Danielson, '23	Alpheus Soderberg, '23
Ethel Hall, '23	Harold Strand, '23
Violet Hamstrom, '23	Henry Swanson, '22

The Pas-a-Pas Society is a class organized for the purpose of training students to be leaders and speakers of the school and of the United States.

In the December try-outs for the debating teams, Forrest Anderson, Francis Anderson, Donald Jacobsen and Roland Peterson were chosen, and LeRoy Cederberg and Luther Linda were chosen as alternatives.

On December 9 the declamatory contest was held. Four girls and six boys were in the contest, which resulted in Henry Bishop taking first place for the boys, and Myrtle Wilen first place for the girls.

In February the Pas-a-Pas Society presented before the Student Body a play, "Abraham Lincoln," which was very much appreciated.

We are now working on two plays to be presented to the public in April, "Please Omit Flowers," and "Suppressed Desires."

Kingsburg High School will be represented in the Shakespeare contest that is held annually in Berkeley. Myrtle Wilen and Henry Bishop have been chosen to uphold the honors of "Dear Old Kingsburg High."

—LeRoy Cederberg.



## "Dear Old Kingsburg High"

(School Song)

Here's to dear old Kingsburg High,  
Deepest love for her we hold;  
Lift her banner to the sky,  
Hurrah for Green and Gold—Rah! Rah.

Chorus—Loyal to her ever,  
For her faith we'll die;  
May we fail her never,  
Dear old Kingsburg High.  
Hearts with eager longing stir  
To uphold her standard pure,  
Proud that we belong to her,  
May her pride in us be sure—Rah! Rah

Chorus

—M. V. V.



## Basketball

The boys' basketball season may be regarded from all angles as a highly successful one. The quintet representing our school this season was the fastest in recent years. Mr. Heller, who has had much experience playing and coaching basketball, brought out the best there was in us.

During the first part of the season we held many practice games with neighboring teams to determine who would represent our school in the league games. When the season opened, the team was composed of Masaru Nakamura (Capt.) guard; George Larson, center; Ray Rapp, guard; Clarence Foster, forward; Waldon Olson, forward, and Marion Burton, Levi Olson, George Bounds as subs, who were pushing the above named hard.

In all games the locals had fewer fouls than the opposing teams, Jack Byfield remarking that it was the cleanest playing team he had seen in the county. But the boys lacked the pep and fight in the Reedley game that they showed against, and won with against, Fowler and Easton, and lost the game and the division championship. Fowler later won a play-off game at Selma indoor court for the division championship. The scores were: K. H. S. 17, Fowler H. S. 14; K. H. S. 50, Easton 26, and Reedley 24, K. H. S. 19; with the second Fowler play-off game 28 to 9 in their favor.

In all these games Kingsburg had an average of ten to twenty pounds less weight per player. Nakamura was the outstanding continual steady player and star of the season. This is as it has been generally for four years. The harder the contest the better he played and the harder he fought. He made one of the best running guards in Fresno County high school circles, as stated by all coaches and referees. His opponent never made more than two baskets and Masaru always made a couple himself. In the Fowler game Burton broke a collarbone, and thus his bright future for this season was put out. Bounds developed rapidly toward the end, especially as a free-thrower. Levi will push the regulars hard—if not replace one of them next season. Waldon, Ray, Foster and Larson gave us the best they had—Foster being probably the best goal shooter, with Rapp and Waldon best on floor play. George Larson was elected basketball captain for next season.

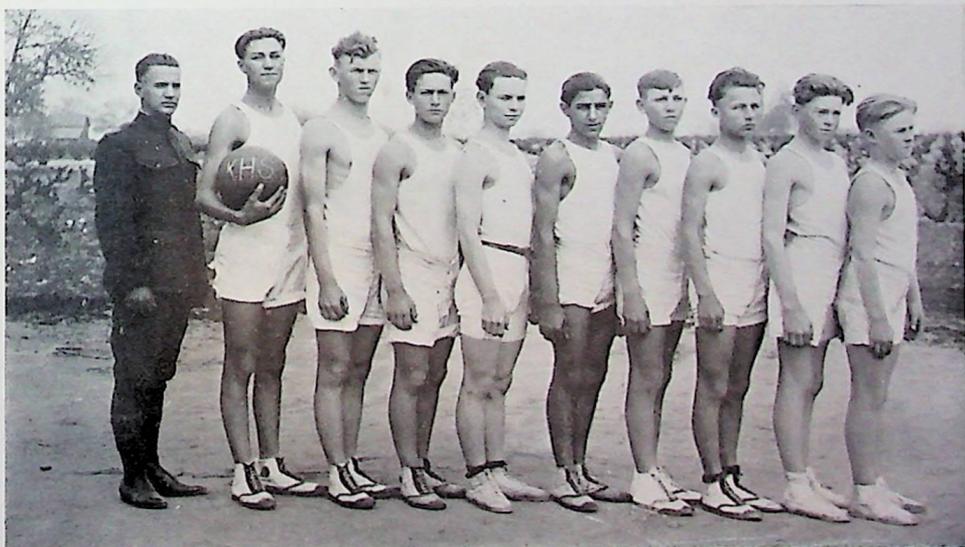
After the league season was over, we believed that we had the best 130-pound team in the county, as all of our players but Larson were under that weight. And we proved our contention by getting second place in

## 1922 Basketball



Athletic Manager, Paul Kling; George Bounds, George Larson, Marion Burton, Ben Danielson, Walden Olson, Clarence Foster, and Masaru Nakamura (Captain).

## Class Numerals in Basketball



Athletic Manager, Paul Kling; Levi Olson, '23; Harold Peterson, '24; Malcolm Nelson, '23; Henry Bishop, '22; Haig Torosian, '24; Walter Satterberg, '23; Rawlin Abrahamson, '23; Francis Huddleston, '25; and Leroy Carlson, '25.

the Fresno tournament, losing out only to the older Greyhound Y. M. C. A. team after a hard fight. We secured a shield for this second place and at last something for our school front hall.

We have bright prospects for next season, with all letter men returning except Masaru. Next season we have placed as our ambition the winning of the banner for the division.

—Contributed.

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## Baseball

As this article is written at the close of March, baseball, the good old American sport, is getting a good start at K. H. S. Our prospects for the coming season are bright, and we look forward to a close deciding race for the pennant in our league, as all schools at present seem evenly matched. With most of our last year's letter men back in school, we do not see why Kingsburg cannot produce a pennant-winning team this season under the leadership of both Coach Heller and our Captain, Clarence Foster.

Working with the coach, our able athletic manager, Paul Kling, has prepared a strenuous schedule of three games a week from the middle of March until the end of April, which will give us all a good stiff practice. In addition, the High School Cadets entered their team, which is really the same team, as all the players are of course cadets, in the Kingsburg City Twilight League, which will also help improve our nine in every department. With many hard games, many candidates for the positions on



1922 BASEBALL SQUAD

LAST row (left to right)—Ray Woods, Malcolm Nelson, Forrest Anderson, Don McKeen, Levi Olson, Luther Linda, Gunnar Linden, Eugene Jensen, Coach Heller, Leroy Carlson.

FRONT row—George Larson, Benjamin Danielson, Waldon Olson, Masaru Nakamura, Clarence Foster (Captain), Paul Kling, George Bounds, William Swanson, and George Carlson. Mascot Clare Nelson.

the team, and much batting practice, we hope to develop a strong nine by the time the league season commences.

Kling, Bounds and Nakamura are the best bets as twirlers at the present writing, with Larson and Levi on the receiving end. Both Carlsons play high-grade ball, especially the new one, George, who eats 'em up in the infield. The midget Carlson is a wonderful little player, and Bounds can infield if he isn't busy on the mound. In fact, we must say that everything is looking promising, and with average luck and no injury to our pitching staff, we should have the most successful baseball season in the athletic history of K. H. S.

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## Track

With basketball through for the season, track was introduced for the first time into K. H. S. Although this was no banner year for our track team, we can all feel that K. H. S. has at least started on this line of sport, with hopes of success in the years to come, as the boys for the first year turned out in greater number than expected.

The Fresno county track meet was held April 8. Kingsburg's entries were Rawlin Abrahamson and Weldon Anderson for the 120-pound class, and Glenn Say, Gordon Jern and Gordon Carlson for the 100-pound class. Although the 120-pound class did not bring back a ribbon, they did some good work. In the 100-pound class, Glenn Say brought back a first place in the 75-yard dash, making it in 83-5 seconds, and tying the county mark.



1922 TRACK SQUAD

Standing (left to right)—Haig Torosian, W. Satterberg, C. Hellman, G. Linden, W. Anderson, L. MacRae, R. Abrahamson, F. Huddleston.  
Seated—G. Say, Malcolm Nelson, G. Larson, G. Bounds, L. Olson, W. Olson, H. Peterson, M. Burton, G. Jern.

On Ground—G. Carlson, G. Satterberg.

5 points. Gordon Carlson received second place in the discus throw, and Gordon Jern got three fourth places, and in the high jump was tied for fourth. Kingsburg brought back a total pointage of 10½.

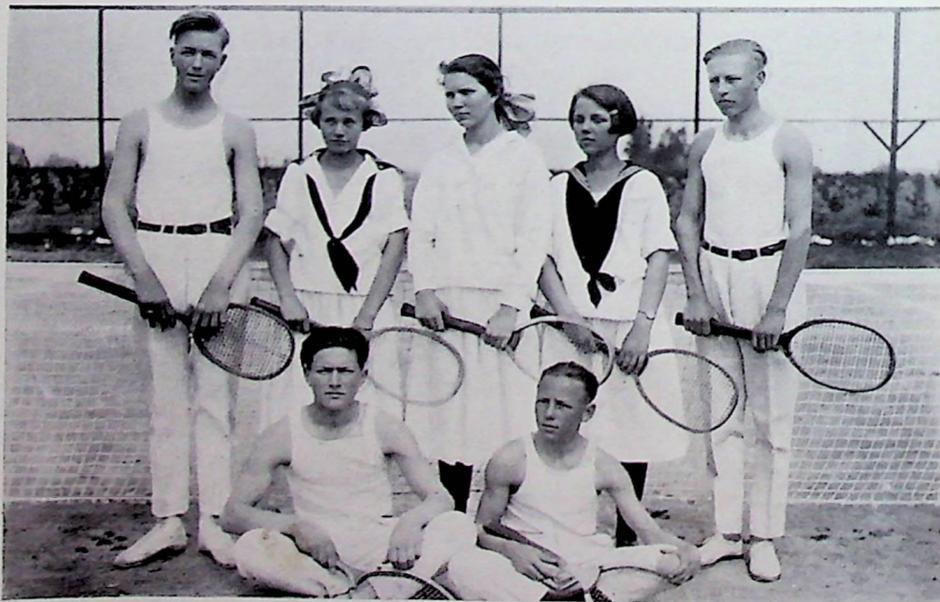
The Valley track meet is to be held at Taft, April 22nd. Glenn Say is the only Kingsburg entry, and we are counting on him to bring back another blue ribbon.

At our request, Coach Heller has given us the following list of track candidates who he believes have worked hard, persistently followed orders, and hence are worthy of honorable mention, whether they have won any honors or not in the County meet.

Waldon Olson	Malcolm Nelson	Glenn Say
George Bounds	Rawlin Abrahamson	Gordon Jern
Levi Olson	Francis Huddleston	Leroy Carlson
George Larson	Welden Anderson	Gordon Satterberg
Haig Torosian	Charlie Heilman	Gordon Carlson

## Tennis

In order to arouse more interest and keener competition, elimination tennis tournament was started early in the Fall by both Miss Leader and Coach Heller. This year we have seen more tennis enthusiasts chasing the balls on the smooth courts than in any previous year. One surprising feature of the tournament was the fact that the girls took more active part



1922 TENNIS SQUAD

Standing—Forrest Anderson, Lorena Olson, Ruby Sward, Alice Anderson, and Donald Jacobsen.

Seated—Malcolm Nelson and Gordon Jern.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM

in the matches than in any of the past seasons. The Gold Bug wishes the team success in their league tournament with other schools.

The girls' tennis team consists of Ruby Sward, Alice Anderson, and Lorena Olson, while those representing the boys' team are Forrest Anderson, Donald Jacobsen, Malcolm Nelson, and Gordon Jern.

The March 28th game with Easton resulted in the girls winning three out of five events—girls' singles, girls' doubles, and mixed doubles; and the boys losing boys' singles and boys' doubles.

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## Girls' Athletics

This has been a busy year for all of us in athletics. Miss Leader has not allowed a minute for idleness. She started us out hard at work practising for basketball, with a determination that we were going to make a better showing than last year's team and win every game.

We began the basketball season with several practice games with Parlier, Laton, and Selma, a close score resulting from each game.

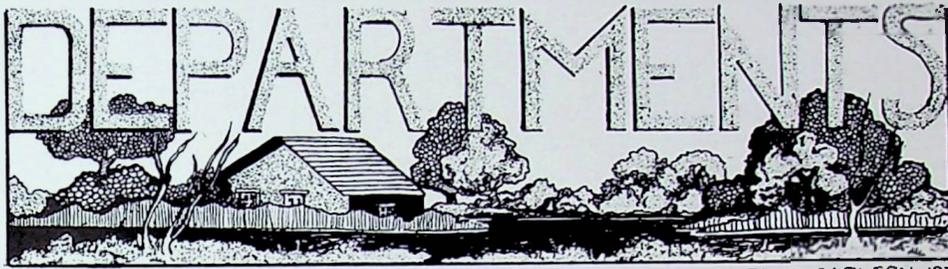
On Friday, January 27, we played our first league game with Easton, winning with a score of 27 to 11. On Friday, February 3, we played our second league game, with Reedley, and again we were the victors, the score 19 to 7. There was a slight misunderstanding as to our next game, which was to have been played with Fowler. We were told that Fowler did not have a girls' team, and so concluded that she had forfeited the game and that the pennant for championship was ours, but later we were informed that we were to play Selma instead, which we refused to do. We still honestly believe we should be the possessors of the District championship pennant.

The girls' team this year showed all kinds of speed and teamwork, and developed into one of the best teams, if not the best team, this school has ever had. The lineup is as follows: Mildred Peterson, captain; Francis Curtis and Ellen Sorbom, forwards; Blanche Fridolph and Vida Bounds, guards; Verna Norrby, Myrtle Wilen and Estelle Fallgren, guards.

Tennis has become very popular with the girls this year, almost every girl trying out for the team. Some very close matches were played, and it was difficult to decide who should make the team. Finally, Miss Leader picked from among the Freshmen and Sophomores three girls who, because of their faithful practising, proved to be the ones for the team, Alice Anderson, Ruby Sward and Lorena Olson. Kingsburg has broken through the cloud of previous defeat by winning the league tennis matches with Easton and Fowler, with a score of 3-2 at Easton, and 4-0 at Fowler. Ruby Sward, girls' singles player, and Alice Anderson and Lorena Olson, girls' doubles players, won their respective matches at both schools.

The girls are busy practising for the best baseball team this school has ever had. On April 13 we won from Easton with a score of 10-2.

—Myrtle Wilen.



ERVIN CARLSON, '25

## Vocational Agriculture

The Smith-Hughes or vocational agricultural work in the Kingsburg Joint Union High School consists of a carefully-planned four years' course as prescribed in Bulletin 23, and is designed to meet the needs of the boy who expects to become a farmer or of the boy who is not interested in the regular classical or scientific courses.

The first year constitutes a study of plants and soils. The text used is "Soils and Plant Life," by Cunningham and Lancelot. Other texts are used to supplement this course.

Horticulture is given the second year. Since fruit is the primary farming industry in this vicinity, this course is good for any boy, whether or not he intends to become a farmer. A continuation of soils, propagation of fruits, irrigation, cultivation, drainage, plant breeding and improvement of plants, making of sprays, diseases and marketing of fruits are subjects that are studied.

The third year consists of a course in Agricultural Chemistry, which is applied chemistry, based mainly on soil fertility. The boys are taught to analyze their own land or that of any farmer who may care to have his soil analyzed.

Farm management and rural sociology are given the fourth year. During these days of keen competition, farming should be considered more from the business standpoint than it is, and in this course better business methods are emphasized.

Each boy taking the agricultural work must take a project, which he must conduct upon commercial productive methods. He must market the product and keep a complete record of all the expenses and time, as well as the income from the various products marketed. Knowledge learned at school is applied on the project. Credit is given according to the size of the project and the accuracy of the boy's record in keeping the accounts.

Each boy is required to take farm mechanics, which is also carefully planned according to Bulletin 23 to cover four years, and the work is correlated with the work in agriculture during each respective year.

The courses in agriculture are all taught just as the sciences are taught. Three periods a week are devoted to recitation and two double periods per week are given to laboratory work and field trips.

Kingsburg High School is fortunate in being one of two high schools in the state to get the loan of a tractor through the courtesy of J. L. Hardy, representative of the Cletrac Tractor Company of Cleveland, Ohio. The arrival of the tractor is anticipated by the agriculture boys with a great deal of interest. It can be used only for school purposes, and the farm mechanics boys must keep it in repair, according to the agreement made with the tractor representatives.

—Floyd Stirewalt.



Leghorns brown  
Chaco frowns



A Good "Grafter"



An Educated Garden



Associating With "Nobility"



Contemplation



"Sweethearts"



Making a flock  
feeder



All kinds of Smiles



Bertie + Biddie



Grafting a fig tree



Finishing the job



Performing a minor oper-  
ation

# Agricola Club



## CLUB ADVISERS

R. I. Buchanan

R. E. Gilbert

## OFFICERS

President - - Theodore Nelson	Vice-President - Enoch Anderson
Secretary - - Milton Rudholm	Treasurer - - - Melvin Sward
Program Chairman, Floyd Stirewalt	Advertising Manager, Luther Linda

Motto—"Nil sine magno labore efficitur"  
Colors—Black and Gold

The newest and one of the best organizations within the Kingsburg High School is the "Agricola Club," whose membership of twenty-four students is made up of the Smith-Hughes students and those having an agriculture project.

The purpose of the club is to create co-operation for the betterment and extension of agriculture and agricultural training among the members.

Regular meetings, conducted in a strictly parliamentary manner, are held once a month. Professional and business men are called upon to address the members and much helpful information has been received in a practical way to aid the boys, not only in their projects, but in becoming better citizens. The boys are looking forward to the annual encampment of boys' clubs held at Sequoia Lake in June. A definite program is being arranged for every hour of the day spent there, and the trip is to be made instructive as well as enjoyable.

Another agricultural club is organized in the grammar schools. Four districts are represented: Lincoln, Kings River, Harrison and Clay. Most of the boys have entered the Poultry Egg-Laying contest. A silver cup is offered to the winner, and the boys are showing a great deal of enthusiasm.



COOKING CLASS

## Cooking Notes

It has been said that the cause of a great many divorces is the lack of knowledge of cooking on the part of the lady of the house. If this is the only cause of divorce, none of the girls of our cooking classes will suffer from that notoriety. Have we not learned from our dear little red-headed teacher how to cook everything from caïe noir to potato au gratin? Cooking, however, is only one of our defences against divorce, for saving along all lines, in which we have been carefully trained, is a big factor in fighting this evil. Also, we have found that we should always be proposed to (or propose, if it be leap year) in the middle of the day, instead of the middle of the night, and that we must learn to use our heads. A favorite question of our beloved teacher is, "If you want to drive a nail, but haven't a hammer, what would you do?" Every time the answer echoes back, "Use our head!"

During the year we have succeeded in making all people both hate and love us. How? The love came from the wonderful soup we have served. So did the hate. The delightful, spicy, penetrating odor, hanging over the school, which was only the onion in the soup, got into the nostrils of our students, and aroused great pain and anguish.

The money paid for this onion-flavored soup purchased two tables, some long-wished-for silver, a membership in the Kingsburg Chamber of Commerce, and a doughnut machine, stove and kettle. Oh, those delicious doughnuts! While they were frying, no one remembered the onion odor which had once prevailed over our school. They were so good that the Chamber of Commerce had the girls serve them hot doughnuts and coffee at one of their meetings.

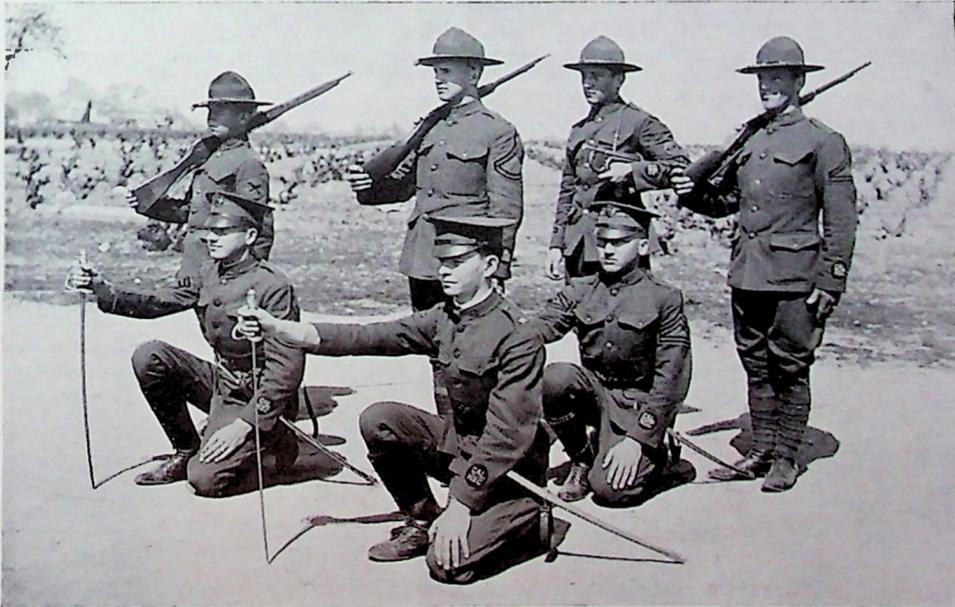
And now, as we near the end of our year of cooking, we have come to the conclusion that all girls should take domestic science. We have contributed five dollars for the purpose of getting legislation to the effect that every high school girl take both cooking and sewing. We all hope that this bill will be passed soon.

## Kingsburg Cadet Battalion

For many months previous to the commencement of this school term the chief topic among the boys had been that of getting a branch of the California High School Cadets located here. They felt that they wanted to boost our High, get the good from the training which other schools were securing from the State, and also make old K. H. S. a bigger, better-known school in the Valley.

This talk became so insistent that when Prof. Renfrow made out his faculty list this year, he included in the list a man who could handle military work and a cadet corps—the first this school had ever had in that line—Capt. Wilson B. Heller, of the U. S. Army Reserves, formerly a flier with the 8th, 354th and 186th Aero Squadrons and with the 31st Italian Air Squadron. Capt. Heller has commanded squadrons in our army on the front, has had four years' cadet training himself, and has the knowledge, energy and fight which we needed so much to put our cadet work on a firm footing.

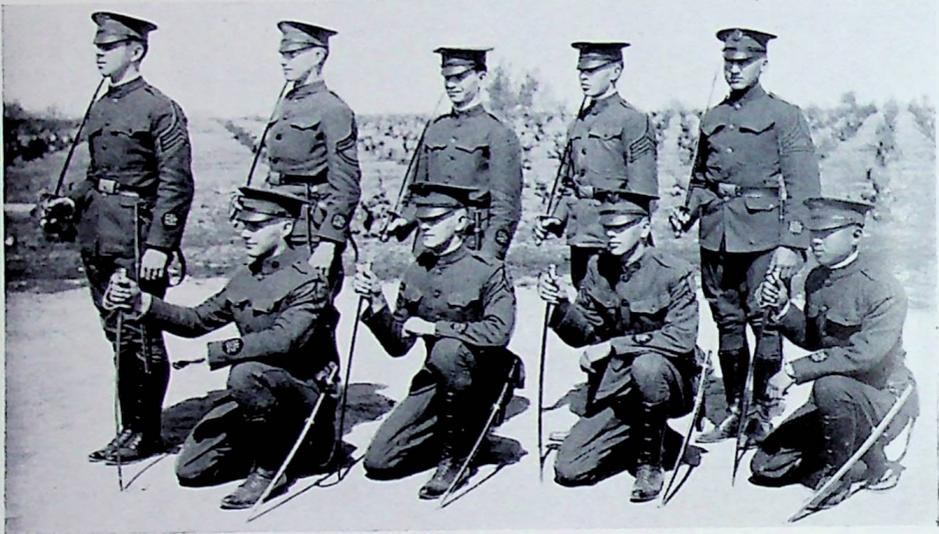
There was some little delay in the commencement of our activities, for after the Board had authorized its inception into the curriculum, objection came from various sources. The Board then decided to do what the parents of the children concerned wanted and put the matter to a referendum vote. This carried 90 per cent, and a final O. K. then being stamped upon cadets, our commandant immediately appointed Carl Bromark as temporary lieutenant and Henry Bishop as first sergeant. Application was sent to the adjutant general for admission to the California High School Cadets, and



THE STAFF

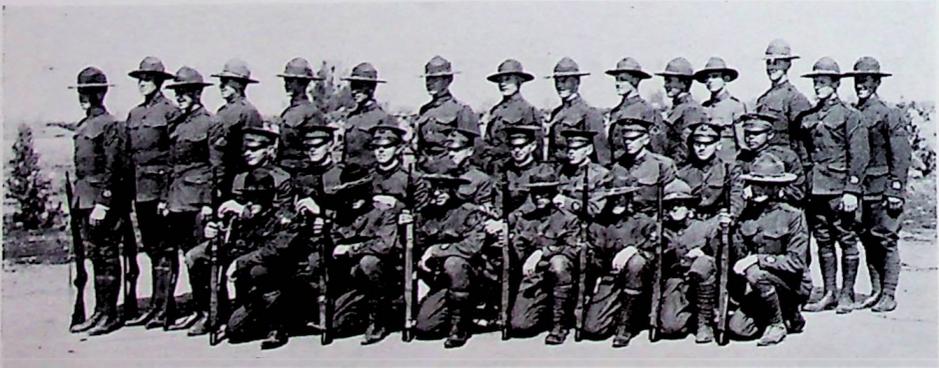
Standing—Battalion Clerk, Private William Kramling; Battalion Sergeant, Major Paul Kling; Battalion Bugler, Corporal Don McKeen; Battalion Quartermaster Sergeant, Alpheus Soderberg.  
Kneeling—First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant Carl Bromark; Major Henry Bishop; First Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster Elmer Ternquist.

## Cadet Officers



Standing—Captain Marion Burton, Battalion Adjutant Carl Bromark, Major Henry Bishop, Captain Donald Jacobsen, Battalion Quartermaster Elmer Ternquist.  
Kneeling—Lieutenants Rudolph Rasmussen, Glenn Peterson, Francis Anderson, Masaru Nakamura.

## C. C. C. Club



Standing—Sergeant Danielson, Sergeant Olson, Sergeant Major Kling, Corporal Stirewalt, Corporal Anderson, Corporal Lahann, Corporal Linden, First Sergeant Swanson, Corporal Peterson, First Sergeant Larson, Corporal McKeen, Sergeant Carlson, Corporal Lindberg, Sergeant Nelson, Quartermaster Sergeant Soderberg.  
Sitting—Lieutenant Rasmussen, Lieutenant Peterson, Captain Burton, Lieutenant Bromark, Major Bishop, Captain Jacobsen, Lieutenant Anderson, Lieutenant Ternquist, Lieutenant Nakamura.  
Kneeling—Sergeant Foster, Corporal Sward, Sergeant Strand, Corporal Abrahamson, Corporal Cederberg, Corporal Swanson, Sergeant MacRae.

on October 24, 1921, we were formally notified of our admission as the Kingsburg Cadet Battalion to consist of Companies 20 and 21, and staff.

On December 4, 1921, we were made members of the National Rifle Association under the name of the Kingsburg California High School Rifle Club. All the cadets are automatically members of the club and eligible for all awards and medals for marksmanship. Captain Burton was elected president; Sergeant Ben Danielson, vice-president; Edwin Jorgensen, secretary, and Private George Bounds, treasurer, with Captain Heller as director and judge of marksmanship.

After six weeks of squad and company drill under various temporary officers and non-coms and much company drill by Commandant Heller, our permanent officers and non-commissioned officers were chosen and appointed by the commandant and the principal, and are shown under the plates in this section of The Gold Bug. Needless to say, the month spent at the C. M. T. C. by Major Bishop and Adjutant Bromark was of great value in starting things out new in the school.

All the cadets have shown a fine spirit in awaiting the uniforms, equipment and guns which it sometimes seemed never would arrive. We received our state equipment of books, buttons, cords, flags, .22 rifles, etc., the 14th of November. Our uniforms were all here with the exception of two by the 1st of February. We secured wooden rifles on January 1st. The long-awaited .30 calibre Springfields (1917 model) have finally arrived as we write this, coming from Benicia Arsenal. We have altogether 115 U. S. Army Springfields and more ammunition than we can use. It is so far from here to a rifle range that we are considerably handicapped for large bore firing. However, with the .22 we have to April 1st fired over 10,000 rounds on the local range kindly provided for us free by C. J. Nelson on his local ball park.

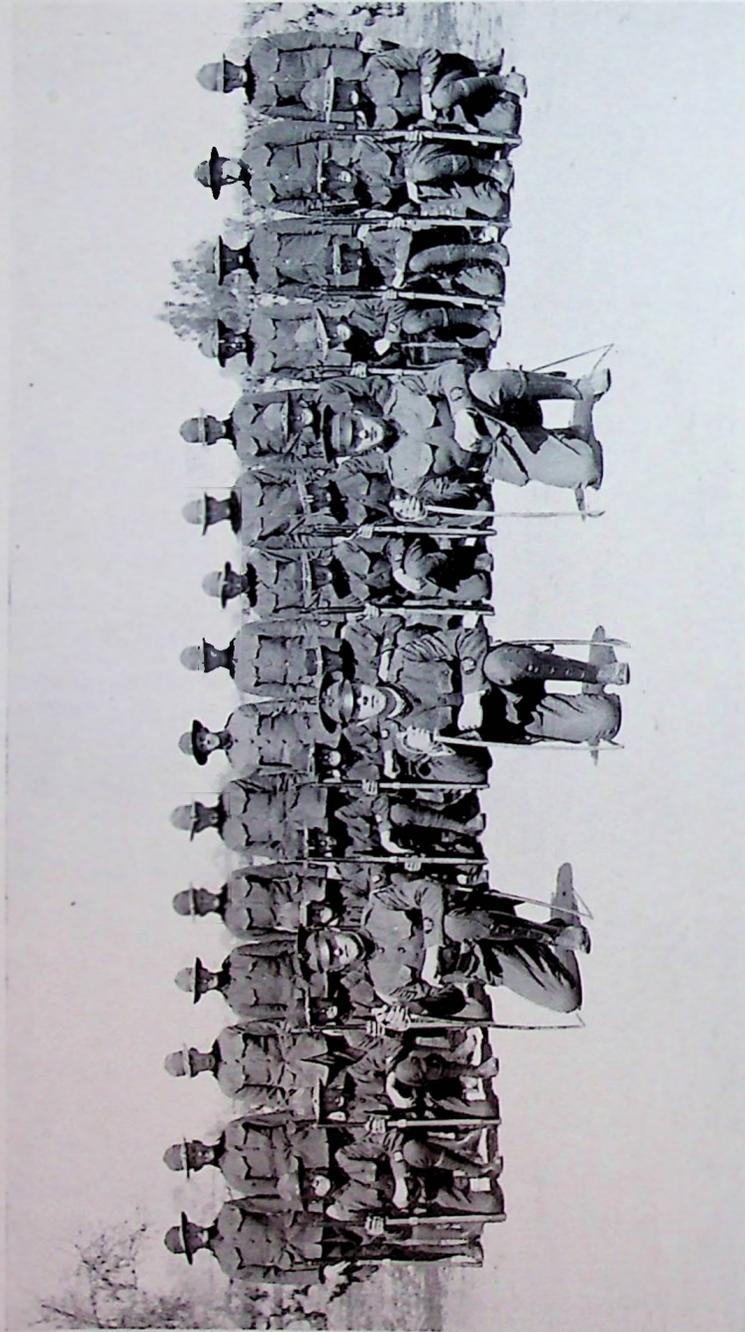
The State of California, in addition to providing all the equipment, also provides us with a week's camp free. We believe that our Board will permit us to take advantage of this free camp and probably by the time this is printed we will have spent a week in camp, and returned better boys for the training and associations thus afforded.

In February we held a parade and review, at which time Principal Renfrow presented us with our non-com warrants. It was a splendid showing, we believe, and all who attended were of the opinion that our execution far exceeded their expectations in inter-company competitive drill. We shall ask the local Chamber of Commerce to close up the stores for fifteen minutes while we parade on the downtown street and all who can (especially parents) to attend the affair. At this occasion, the officers' commissions will be presented to them. Captain Heller will also receive his commission formally at that time as major in the C. N. G. and commandant of cadets. The winner of this inter-company competition will be the Color Company for the following year.

In the inter-company athletic events, Company 21 has so far seemed to have the edge on the bigger company. They have won in basketball, indoor baseball, two out of three games of baseball, and lost but the "poor" basketball game. They have yet after this writing to compete in track, wrestling, boxing and rifle marksmanship. Points will be awarded in the "Compet" for winnings in the athletic events.

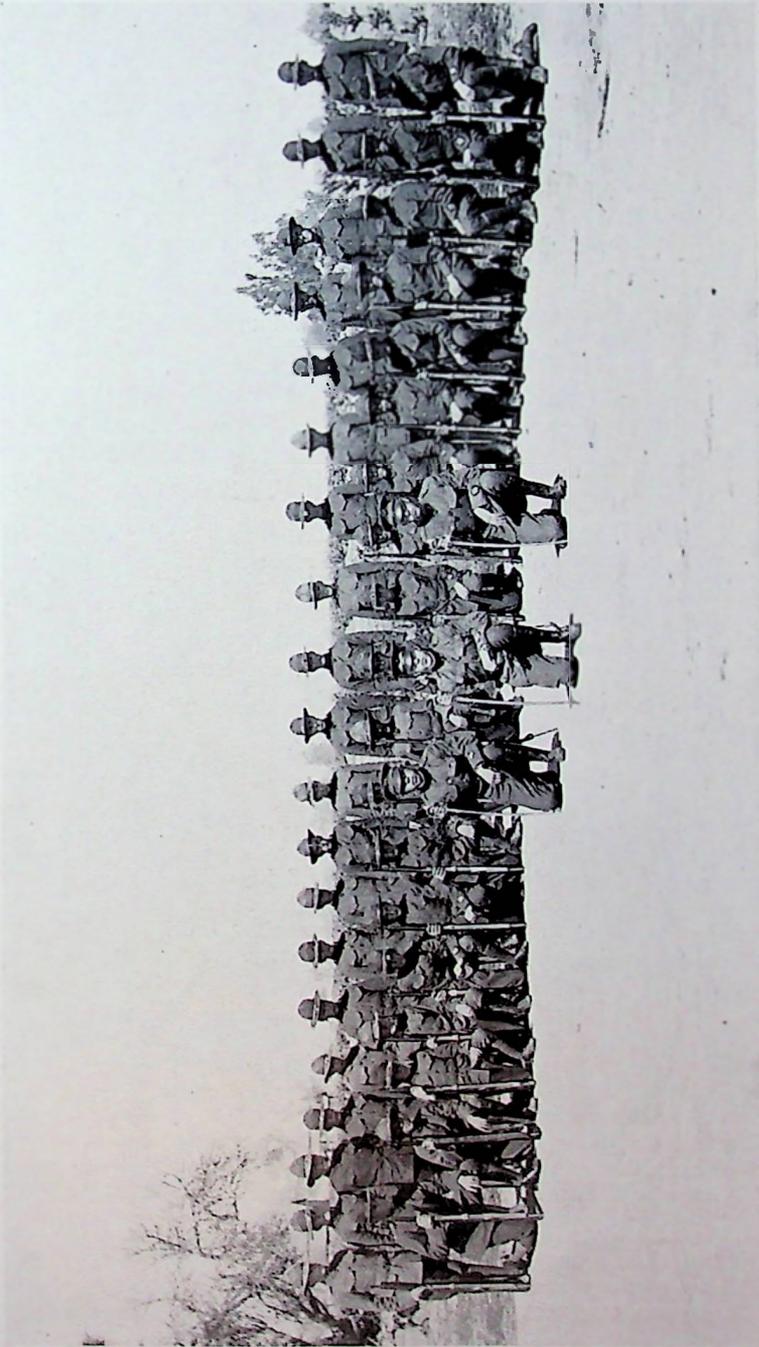
Last January we formed a Cadet Chevron Club (C C C) and elected Carl Bromark as "General." This is for social purposes, and some good times by the members as a group are planned.

"A" Company 20



Captain Marion Burton, First Lieutenant Glenn Peterson; Second Lieutenant Rudolph Rasmussen, First Sergeant William Swanson, Sergeant Theo. Nelson, Sergeant Levi Olson, Sergeant Lloyd MacFate, Sergeant Geo. Carlson, Corporals G. Lindon, E. Lindberg, H. Peterson, F. Sturewalt and Color Corporal F. Anderson, Color Private W. Sawyers, Absent, Corporal W. Reed

"B" Company 21



Captain Donald Jacobsen, First Lieutenant Fremels Anderson, Second Lieutenant Masaru Nakamura, First Sergeant Geo. Larson, Sergeant Ben Danielson, Sergeant Harold Steind, Sergeant Clarence Foster, Sergeant Alkeloh Nelson, Corporals C. Labam, M. Sward, E. Abrahamson, L. Cederberg, H. Swanson.

The cadets have entered the school baseball team in the City Twilight League. Some voluntary collections are being taken at the games to help out the money-box of our Q. M. It looks at present writing as though the cadet team will certainly not be the cellar champs in the league.

In closing this article on our first year as a California High School Cadet Battalion we wish to mention that we feel that we have all been much benefited. We have all had the advantage bound to accrue from systematic exercise. Even the most reticent acclaim our improvement in appearance and bearing. Undoubtedly, we have learned the better characteristic of subordination. Our officers, from Major Bishop down, have learned much in executive and administrative work. Finally, we quote below from our Rules and Regulations of California High School Cadets the Creed of the High School Cadet.

—Cadet Major H. C. Bishop.



## The Cadet's Glory

A high school cadet is a true gentleman. He stands for the high ideals of life. He loves peace and deploras war, but is always ready to defend his country in its hour of need. He respects authority. He obeys the law. He cultivates filial love, and strives earnestly to be an honor to his father and mother. He honors the Supreme Being in thought, word and deed.

(Par. 61, R. and R., H. S. C.)



## An Ode To Our Major

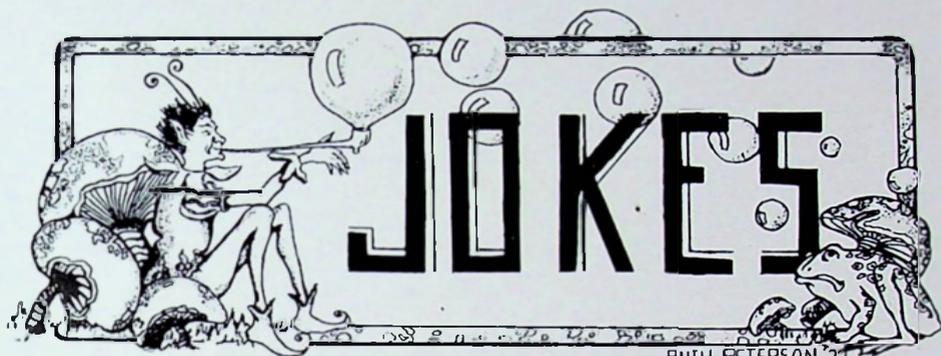
"Squads right, platoon column left," he said,  
"Stand straight up and look straight ahead."  
Thus spoke our major, one September day,  
In drilling cadets his own sweet way.

"Pass in review, squads right," he gave,  
"What's the matter, fellows, can't you behave?  
Get that distance, forty and four,  
That's not enough, a little bit more."

"Take that report, make it snappy, too:  
First sergeant, that's ten demerits for you:  
Who's doing this judging, I'd like to know?  
Get out, Sergeant Major, where you're supposed to go."

"Dismiss your companies," we hear him cry,  
And then goes off, his tears to dry.  
"This yelling harsh commands," he said,  
"Gets on my nerves, I'm going to bed."

—Captain Company 21.



RUTH PETERSON '21

### JOSHES

Miss Cessna (discussing Silver and Gold relations): The value of 16-1 means 16 ounces gold to 1 ounce of silver.

Ted Nelson: You mean vice versa?

Miss C.: Oh, yes! My tongue is twisted. My tongue doesn't always say what I am thinking, and sometimes it is a mighty good thing.

Miss Hawk: What are you doing? Copying Phoebe's problems?

Myrtle: No'm, I'm just looking over hers to see if she copied mine right.

### TENSHUN! FALL IN!

Sunday morning, a minister tells a touching story of a young lady whose lover lost his arms in battle and was unable to caress his love when she visited him at the hospital. The following dialogue by the Misses Vz was overheard as they left the church:

Miss M. (wiping away a tear): My, wouldn't it be awful to want to hug somebody and not have any arms?

Miss W. (sighing heavily): Not half so bad as having two arms with nobody to hug.

Miss Leader (in Chem.): Can you name a liquid that won't freeze?

Slim Anderson: Yes, hot water.

### THEY WERE PLAYING FLINCH

Donald: What makes you so pale, Jerry?

Geraldine: You'd be pale too, if you were holding my hand.

Miss Hendershot (demonstrating squares in Comm. Arith.): Now you see, you have square feet; haven't you?

Richard Bogosian: Why yes—er—er—No! No!

Miss M. Veazey: Who wrote "The Bent Twig?"

Miss Hendersot: "Je ne sais pas" (I don't know).

Miss Veazey: No, I'm sure that isn't it; it was Dorothy something.

Mrs. McKee (in Music II): What did you say the score was?

Levi (thinking of ball game): 14 to 13; they beat us out in the last minute of play.

Bradford (in Biol.): Drowning is a very easy death.

Mabel T.: How do you know?

Bradford: Oh, many people who have drowned have told me so.

Mother (reprovingly): When I was young, girls never thought of doing the things girls do today.

Hazel L.: Well, that's why they didn't do them.

Traffic Cop: What are you standing here for?

Philip Erickson: Nuthin!

Cop: Well, just move on. If everybody stood in one place, how would the rest get past?

Heller (in Sociology): Put a ring around each incorrect word.

Bonnie McKeen: Should we put it around it if the word isn't there?

Miss Weihe (in Spanish): This is the let us form, isn't it?

Donald Jacobsen (brilliantly): Yes, it's the vegetable form.

Mr. Heller (in Sociology): I'm going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Heller: Good! You are the very class to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

Mrs. McKee (taking pictures for Cherryblossom): Gordon, spread yourself out.

Geraldine (telling Miss Hawk about Marion's accident): And Mr. Heller said, "Why don't you get into the game, Burton?" And Marion said, "Mr. Heller, they've broken my collar-button."

Miss Cessna (in Am. Hist.): In what battle did Gen. Wolfe, when hearing of the victory cry, "I die happy?"

Alpheus: I think it was his last battle.

Freshibus takibus examinorum,  
Copybus from neighborium,  
Teacheribus seeibus little cheatorum  
Causibus Freshibus to flunkorum.

Miss Hawk (who had just fallen down-stairs): Well, I'm glad I landed.

Gordon (in Spanish II, translating): "He was blind in the right eye and lame in the left leg." He was blind in the right eye and in the left leg. (Starting over.) He was blind in the right eye and in the lame leg.

Miss Leader: Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the fields every day.

Geraldine: But what if the tramp should object?

Donald J.: Every time I look at your eyes I think of K. J. U. H. S.  
Helen: Why?

Donald J.: Because there are such wonderful pupils there.

Miss Hendershot: Gertrude, define a circle.

Gertrude: A circle is a bent straight line that hasn't any ends or middle.

Miss Vz.: Henry, how many books have you read to report on?

Henry Swanson: Why — er — I read "Four Million."

Miss Hawk's reasons for being an Elderly Maiden Lady:

1. Magna Charta.
2. Hallie's Comet.
3. The war.
4. Matches are made in Heaven, and mine burnt up on the way down.
5. Nobody ever took a liking to me.
6. Never was successful in making anyone love me who could support two.
7. I can't understand Swede.
8. I can hardly support myself, much less another, in the manner to which he has been accustomed.
9. Good men are scarce, and I wouldn't have a bad one.
10. No one ever asked me to pour his tea (or coffee) for life.
11. Big men are scarce, and I wouldn't have one smaller than I.

Heard in American History Class:  
They had a president who ran for  
six years.

Some sprinter, we'll say.

—o—

Mary Stokes: What are you  
scratching your head for?

Floyd Stirewalt: Because no one  
else knows just where it itches.

—o—

#### HYGIENE NOTES

The Germans die of Germs, the  
French of Paris-sites and the Irish  
of Mike-robos. Soap and H<sub>2</sub>O are  
good for de-feat.

—o—

Miss Cessna: What is the Diet  
of Worms?

Viola Westerling: Mulberry  
leaves.

—o—

#### SONG OF GERALDINE RENFROW

I love its gentle warble,  
I love its varied flow,  
I love to wind my tongue up  
Just to hear it go.

—o—

A snap of Donald was going the  
rounds in Cooking. Miss Hawk  
looked at, passed it to Eunice, and  
then picked up a bill for groceries.

Eunice: Goodness, but Donald  
needs a hair-cut.

Miss Hawk: Yes, it's terrible.  
There's over six dollars worth right  
here.

—o—

Miss Cessna: Bill, why do they  
put the percent of alcohol on the  
bottle?

Bill Swanson: So they will sell it  
faster.

—o—

Little bits of rubber, little bits of  
ink,

Make a bad report card look like  
what you think.

Little bits of humor, little bits of  
bluff,

Make our Henry Bishop think he's  
just the stuff.

H. C. Bishop (when asked to  
translate a hard sentence in Spanish  
I): I—I pass.

Miss Weihe: Oh no, you don't.

—o—

Down in front! cried Fatty Davis  
as he gave his uniform a pull.

—o—

You're welcome!  
now.

Yes, I know that all the boys  
who've seen this have read it by

#### ONCE

CURIOUSLY KILLED A CAT

—o—

Miss Cessna: Helen, who was  
Columbia?

Helen K. (dreamily): The Gem  
of the Ocean.

—o—

It has been said that the fuzz on  
Mr. Heller's upper lip is the result  
of drinking hair tonic.

—o—

Claire Nelson was standing on a  
corner one Friday, with his hat in  
his hand.

Claire: I don't know what to do  
with my week-end.

Carl Bromark: Put your hat on it.

—o—

Clerk: Little girl, do you want  
some of this cured meat?

Selma Smith: No, I don't want  
anything that's been sick.

—o—

#### HONEST BOY

T. O. R.: Now who will tell me  
what he likes best about our school?

Billy K.: The Cooking Room.

—o—

Miss Vz.: I went down to the  
beach for seven days to get strong.

Billy K.: I thought seven days  
made one week.

—o—

Fatty Davis: Why doesn't one of  
you fellows get up and let one of  
these ladies sit down?

Slim: Why don't you get up and  
let them all sit down?

Miss Cessna (in Am. Hist.): Look on page twelve in your Appendix.

Ervin Carlson: I bought a tube of shaving cream, and on the box is the line, "No mug required." I wonder what I'll shave.

"Mary, did you bring your fiddle for practice?"

Mary (very much offended): No, I brought my violin.

Miss Vz. (in English IV): Use dissent in a sentence.

Dora Darak: We are dissent from Adam and Eve.

M. O. C. (in Civics): What is the Senate?

Carl S. (evidently having discovered something): It is composed of a lot of men.

Levi Olson (in History of Music): Beethoven wrote his greatest symphonies before he died.

#### IN MUSIC APPRECIATION

Selma Smith: Mrs. McKee, did you say that piece was the "Heart That Once Through Hairless Walls?"

Mrs. Henderson (over telephone): Is this you, dear?

Mr. Henderson: Yes, who is this?

Miss Vz is a teacher SO small,  
Miss Leader is a teacher SO tall;

When Miss Vz did seek  
With Miss Leader to speak,  
She had to stand on her tip-toes and  
CALL.

A cross-eyed Freshman and a near-sighted Sophomore, who had just bought soup at the cooking room, bumped into each other and spilled a shower of soup over each other. Said the cross-eyed Freshman to the near-sighted Sophomore, "I—I—I—I— wish you'd look where you're going."

Replied the near-sighted Sophomore, "I wish you'd go where you're looking."

#### NO JOKE

Milly and Billy are two little twins,  
Milly has English while Miss Billy spins,  
Milly the tallest and Billy so small,  
Teach in Kingsburg High School  
and are loved by all.



# ALUMNI

RIILEEN JOHNSON '25

NAME	ADDRESS	OCCUPATION	MARRIED	TO WHOM
<b>CLASS OF 1908</b>				
Annie Danell	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Victor Pierson
Kate Hero	Tulare	Housewife	Yes	Oscar Haggberg
Florence Larson	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Charles Schaffer
Lorena Lawson	New Orleans	Nurse	No	
<b>CLASS OF 1909</b>				
Lillian Bromark	Kingsburg	Housekeeper	No	
Emma Danielson	Selma	Housewife	Yes	Mr. Jensen
<b>CLASS OF 1910</b>				
Pearl Bishop	Kingsburg	P. O. Assistant	No	
Elmer Carlson	Kingsburg	City Attorney	No	
Ethel Dailey	Fresno	Housewife	Yes	C. C. Mabrey
Minnie Snorin	Livermore	H. S. Teacher	No	
<b>CLASS OF 1911</b>				
Reuben Hallner	Turlock	Rancher	Yes	Eva Larson
Edith Peterson	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Horace Norman
Elmore Peterson	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	Ella Swanson (Deceased)
<b>CLASS OF 1912</b>				
Elmore Beckstrom	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Edward Berg	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	Ophelia Hayes
Leona Dailey	Orange Cove	Housewife	Yes	Fred Bear
Adelia Fallgren	Fresno	Teacher	No	
Henry Fridborg	Kingsburg	P. O. Assistant	No	
Lola Gillespie	Fresno	Teacher	No	
Conrad Kollander	Kingsburg	Dentist	Yes	Mildred Johnson
Evald Larson	San Francisco	Student Doctor	No	
George Lindquist	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Irene Lindstrom	Kingsburg	Housekeeper	No	
Wesley Martin	Sacramento	Lawyer	Yes	
Myrtle Norstrom	Fresno State C.	Student	No	
Grace Paulson	Scottia	Housewife	Yes	Louis Malone
Ivar Peterson	San Francisco	Merchant	No	
Esther Swan	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Arthur Carlson
<b>CLASS OF 1913</b>				
Joshua Anderson	Stockton	Salesman	Yes	Doris Bank
Agnes Johnson				
Died April, 1922				
Ruth Larson	Singapore, M. P.	Missionary	Yes	Abel Eklund
Carl Lind	San Francisco	Doctor	Yes	Ellen Carlson
Zenas Melcon	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Francis Nelson	Minneapolis	Housewife	Yes	Paul Carlson
Joe Ostrom	U. S. C.	Student	No	
Ray Scheline	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Wallace Smith	Berkeley	H. S. Teacher	No	
William Wilson	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	

CLASS OF 1914

NAME	ADDRESS	OCCUPATION	MARRIED	TO WHOM
Lydia Anderson	Kingsburg	Teacher	Yes	Paul Anderson
William Backlund	Stanford	Student	No	
Violet Bromark	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Freda Cederquist	Kingsburg	Housekeeper	No	
Harold Danell	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Verner A. Johnson	Greenwich, Conn.	Tire Salesman	No	
Reuben Larson	Los Angeles	Dentist	No	
Ben Nordstrom	Oakland	Salesman	No	
Hildur Rapp	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Ed. Magnusson

CLASS OF 1915

Caleb Anderson	Kingsburg	Bookkeeper	Yes	Hazel Nordstrom
Jullus Andrews	Kingsburg	Dentist	No	
Naomi Carlson	Kingsburg	Housekeeper	No	
Jennie Clauson	East Oakland	H. S. Teacher	No	
Dorothy Dahlin	Kingsburg	Housekeeper	No	
Elizabeth Darak	Tulare	Housewife	Yes	Zenope Melcon
Willard Engall	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	Dorothy Nystrom
Blanche Erickson	Kingsburg	Clerk	No	
Palmer Fallgren	Kingsburg	Dentist	Yes	Betty Dillon
Robert Knudtson	Anaconda, Mont.	Chemist	No	
Arthur Florsblad	Los Angeles		Yes	
Helen Linda	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Helen Peterson	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Gus Thollander
Agnes Pierson	San Francisco	Nurse	No	
Albert Swanson	U. S. C.	Student	No	

CLASS OF 1916

Arnold Anderson	Berkeley	Federal Reserve	No	
Clara Berg	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Vivian Johnson
Henry Bishop	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	Alice Stirewalt
Esther Boman	Fresno	Stenographer	No	
Nellie Bradford	Laton	Teacher	Yes	
Ellsworth Charleson	Blythe	H. S. Teacher	No	
Francis Engvall	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Eleanor Erickson	San Francisco	Stenographer	No	
Ruth Forsblad	Los Angeles	Stenographer	No	
Esther Linda	San Jose	Normal Student	No	
Johannes Jorgenson	Selma	Clerk	No	
Ruth Larson	Los Angeles	Nurse	No	
Effie Martin	U. C., Berkeley	Student	No	
Seth McConnell	Modesto	Teacher	No	
Ione McKeen	Coalinga	Teacher	No	
Marion McKeen	Coalinga	Teacher	No	
Hazel Nordstrom	Kingsburg	Bookkeeper	Yes	Caleb Anderson
David Palm	Stanford	Student	No	
Ernest Peterson	Kingsburg	Farmer	No	
Ruth Peterson	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Ejnar Peterson	U. C., Berkeley	Student	No	
Vaness Ratliff	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	Margaret Barlow
Alice Stirewalt	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Henry Bishop
Raymond Smith	Kingsburg	Electrical Engin'r	No	

CLASS OF 1917

Ejner Anderson	Fresno	Clerk	Yes	Vera Kelly
Bonnie Barbarick	Long Beach	Housewife	Yes	John Landers
Richard Batten	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Henry Carlson	Kingsburg	Machinist	No	
Osborne Carlson	Stanford U.	Student	No	
Fred Danielson	Kingsburg	Service Station	Yes	Fern Swedell
Marcellus Davis	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Ralph Denham	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	Marlon Sward
Paul Erickson	Chicago	Theological Stud.	No	

CLASS OF 1917—Continued

NAME	ADDRESS	OCCUPATION	MARRIED	TO WHOM
Pearl Fallgren	Fresno	Stenographer	No	
Irene Johnson	Los Angeles	Stenographer	No	
Mildred Johnson	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	C. C. Kolander
Ingeborg Linberg	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Algot Peterson	Stanford U.	Student	No	
Harold Peterson	Stanford U.	Student	No	
Reeta Powell	Berkeley	Student	No	
Paul Roosman	Stanford U.	Student	No	
Charles Rosendahl	Los Angeles	Student	No	
Paul Snoren	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Gordon Westlund	Died at his home, Feb. 11, 1920.			

CLASS OF 1918

Paul Anderson	Kingsburg	Architect	Yes	Lydia Anderson
Milton Backlund	Redlands	Student	No	
Ed Beck	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Lorena Beck	San Francisco	Nurse	No	
Florence Boman	Los Angeles	Stenographer	No	
LaRose Bromark	Kingsburg	Stenographer	No	
Roy Carlson	Redlands	Student	No	
Sigrid Clauson	Kingsburg	Student U. C.	No	
Violet Fallgren	Los Angeles	Housewife	Yes	Donald Meredith
Clementine Francis	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Laurence Olson
Laurence Gardner	Kingsburg		No	
Margaret Johnson	Fresno	Stenographer	No	
Methodus Larson	Kingsburg	P. O. Assistant	No	
Roy Larson	Fresno State C.	Student	No	
LeRoy McConnell	Fresno State C.	Student	No	
Dorothy Nystrom	Kingsburg	Housewife	Yes	Willard Engvall
Jessie Olson	Kingsburg	Rancher	Yes	
Mildred Olson	Kingsburg	Emp. 1st Nat. B.	No	
Astrid Peterson	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Miles Ratliff	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Jewel Stirewalt	Kingsburg		No	
Myrtle Swanson	Kingsburg	Stenographer	No	
Alpha Thorne	Fresno	Stenographer	No	

CLASS OF 1919

Alice Anderson	Kingsburg	Office Assistant	No	
Signe Berg	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Martha Bjorson	Kingsburg	Stenographer	No	
Lillian Brandvig	Kingsburg	Music Teacher	No	
Myrtle Danielson	Kingsburg	Clerk	No	
Beatrice Darak	Pomona College	Student	No	
Mildred Denham	Fresno	Nurse	No	
Phillip Engvall	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Hazel Fridolphs	Fresno	Stenographer	No	
Frances Landstrom	Kingsburg	Teacher	No	
Alma Olson	Kingsburg	Teacher Bible Study	No	
Nuvart Safarjian	Berkeley	Student	No	
Mildred Smith	Fresno Bus. Col.	Student	No	
Milton Wilen	Big Creek	Office Edison Co.	No	

CLASS OF 1920

Florence Anderson	Fresno	Student	No	
Ralph Anderson	Stanford U.	Student	No	
Verna Anderson	Fresno	Student	No	
Ruby Backlund	Fresno State C.	Student	No	
Hilma Brandvig	Oakland	Nurse	No	
Mildred Cederberg	Fresno	Student	No	
Carl Ericsson	Redlands	Student	No	

CLASS OF 1920—Continued

NAME	ADDRESS	OCCUPATION	MARRIED	TO WHOM
Rolland Gilstrap	Fresno	Student	No	
Harriet Heilman	Fresno	Student	No	
Hugh Huddleston	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Julian Jacobson	Kingsburg	Ins. Agent	No	
Alma Johnson	Kingsburg		No	
Florence Johnson	Hanford	Office Assistant	No	
Myrtle Landstrom	Fresno	Student	No	
Nettle Larson	Fresno	Stenographer	No	
Gurley Lindberg	Kingsburg	Clerk	No	
Jewel Morine	Oakland	Nurse	No	
Anna Nystrom	Fresno	Student	No	
Pearl Peterson	Pomona College	Student	No	
Esther Rasmussen	Fresno	Nurse	No	
Helen Renfrow	Fresno	Student	No	
Walter Roosman	Kingsburg	Emp. 1st Nat. B.	No	
Albert Schellne	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Anna Swanson	Kingsburg		No	
Leslie Vingren	Los Angeles	Bible Institute	No	

CLASS OF 1921

Mildred Anderson	Litchville, N. D.	Teacher	No	
Mildred Benson	Fresno	Student	No	
Mildred Brandvig	San Francisco	Student Nurse	No	
Mary Diran	Pomona College	Student	No	
Juliet Fridolphs	Kingsburg		No	
George Giragossiantz	Fresno	Student	No	
Fritz Hagglund	Berkley U. C.	Student	No	
Jennie Hammerstein	Fresno	Student	No	
Olive Holt	Fresno	Student	No	
Helen Jorgensen	San Francisco	Nurse	No	
Ethel King	Berkeley	Student	No	
Evangeline Kling	Kingsburg		No	
Edith Lindberg	Turlock	Nurse	No	
Doris McKeen	Fresno	Student	No	
Lucille McKeen	Fresno	Student	No	
Myrtle Morine	Fresno	Student	No	
Raymond Norberg	Stanford U.	Student	No	
Edna Norrby	Fresno	Student	No	
George Norrby	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Helen Olson	Kingsburg		No	
Minette Peterson	Kingsburg	Emp. K. Bank	No	
Edgar Rea	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Elvera Satterberg	Fresno	Student	No	
Theodore Toroslan	Kingsburg	Rancher	No	
Theodore Votaw	Berkeley	Student U. C.	No	
Helen Westlund	Fresno	Student	No	



EVELYN HARRY '25

# We Thank You

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To Our Contributors:

We thank you for contributing to the thought and workmanship of the Gold Bug.

To the Drawing Classes:

We thank you for the infinite pains you have taken to make the art work in the Gold Bug a success, and we congratulate you on the result.

To Luella Olson:

We thank you for your efficient and patient industry in typing the material for the 1922 Gold Bug.

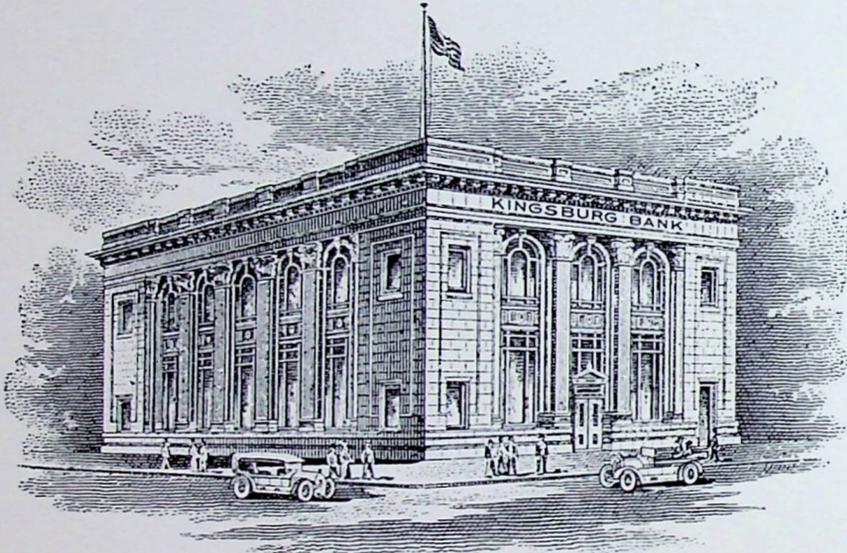
To Our Advertisers:

We thank you for your cheerful and ready co-operation, and wish you success in the future.

To Our Readers:

We thank you for reading so much of this book as you may have read. Please go further, and read the advertisements of our friends, the business men of Kingsburg, whose patronage has made this Gold Bug possible.

THE STAFF.



# Kingsburg Bank

*Commercial and Savings*

A. G. Nelson, President  
 A. T. Carlson, Vice-President  
 J. L. Norman, Vice-President

O. E. Peterson, Cashier  
 C. F. Draper, Assistant Cashier  
 E. Ed. Peterson, Assistant Cashier

## Money at Interest is a Good Silent Partner

Table showing accumulation of deposits of \$1.00 to \$10.00 weekly and interest at 4 per cent per annum compounded semi-annually.

Weekly Deposits	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years
\$ 1.00	\$ 53.05	\$ 108.24	\$ 165.65	\$ 225.38	\$ 287.53
2.00	106.09	216.46	331.30	450.78	575.09
3.00	159.13	324.69	496.94	676.15	862.50
4.00	212.18	432.93	662.60	901.55	1,150.15
5.00	265.23	541.17	827.26	1,123.89	1,432.50
6.00	318.27	649.40	993.91	1,352.34	1,725.25
7.00	371.32	757.64	1,159.56	1,577.72	2,012.77
8.00	424.36	865.87	1,325.22	1,803.12	2,300.33
9.00	477.41	974.11	1,490.87	2,028.51	2,587.87
10.00	530.45	1,082.33	1,656.51	2,253.88	2,875.39

Open a Savings Account at This Bank Today  
 and Watch It Grow.

\$1.00 or More Will Start You

## **CITY BAKERY**

A. E. PETERSON, Prop.

The Home of Milk Maid Bread

Coffee, Bread and Pastry  
Ice Cream and Candy

Draper St.

Phone 236

## **The Gift Shop**

JOSEPH G. SCHROFFER, Prop

Kingsburg

California

## **The Kingsburg Recorder**

- A Progressive Paper for
- A Progressive People
- It Boosts for you

**BOOST FOR IT**

"It's a poor rule that won't  
work both ways."

## **ALL OUR**

Bakery goods are made from the  
best material, and you will always  
find them of the Best Quality  
Baked Fresh Every Day at

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## **The Kingsburg Bakery**

H. WILDERMUTH, Prop.

FOR A SQUARE DEAL

# O. Pearson & Co.

General Merchandise

Kingsburg, Calif.

# Lindquist & Olson CLOTHIERS

WHERE YOUNG MEN TOG UP

Satisfaction Guaranteed

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

When you have read the  
"Gold Bug"  
you will know where to buy  
your DRUGS

The Particular Druggist

# Kingsburg Pharmacy

D. W. OSTROM, Prop.

Kingsburg

California

For Quality, Accuracy, Service and a Square  
Deal You Will Ultimately Trade at

*The Valley Drug Company's  
Rexall Store*

The Big Drug Store on the Corner

Phone 19—Day or Night

## **GRAPE STAKES, TRAYS, BOXES AND**

Lasting worth, the best on earth, for houses round or square.  
Utilized and highly prized by builders everywhere.  
Matchless, great and up-to-date, from cull to high-grade pine.  
Builders get their one best bet in here, on every line.  
Extra grades for different trades,—smooth, rough, soft or hard.  
Right size planks or seats or tanks, so keep this little card:

Because it is our best regard,  
And points toward our Lumber Yard.

## **Citizens Lumber Company**

CHAS. SCHAFFER, Manager.

# **THE POPPY**

You Are Always Welcome

Make This Place Your Headquarters

**Good Eats — Good Drinks**

**Home Made Candy**

SUNSHINE is our name,  
PRICE is our first name,  
SERVICE our second name,  
And all spells success.  
Come to us  
Be one of us,  
We'll do the rest.

## WALKER'S DEPARTMENT STORE

"The Big Store With the Little Prices"

N. A. King

E. Ed. Peterson

C. F. Draper

# King Land Company

Improved and Unimproved

LAND INSURANCE

—See King

## SLOUCHY

looking individuals, as a rule, do not command respect and confidence as do the neat and cleanly dressed. Look nice, and keep your garments neat and clean.

---

## VICTORY CLEANERS

Phone 161

Kingsburg

We may live without friends, we may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?

We may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?

We may live without love,—what is passion but pining?

But where is the man who can live without dining?

Remember this poem and come to us for your cats

## Brandvig & Londquist

QUALITY AND SERVICE

Phone 49-W

Kingsburg

## When Men Know But Don't Tell Their Wives

Every man knows that a woman can make a dollar go twice as far as he can—but will he admit it? He also knows that he should give his wife the money to buy the groceries, then her natural gift of driving a bargain will exert itself, and she will buy where she can get the best for the least—at this store, of course—where quality and prices are an incentive.

## THE IDEAL GROCERY

W. A. Paulson, Proprietor.  
Kingsburg, Calif.

## FEED—FEED—FEED

## Wm. A. Erickson

Complete Stock  
Poultry Supplies—Seeds

H. S. Clark

W. M. Clark

## KINGSBURG MEAT CO.

Wholesale and Retail

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

PHONE 59

Kingsburg, Calif.

QUALITY - SERVICE

## Congratulations

You have finished your work in the Kingsburg High School with honor, and some day you will want a home of your own.

When you do, we trust you will make use of the—

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## Valley Lumber Company

R. E. GROFF, Mgr.

## PETERSON & CO.

Kingsburg Hotel Building

Builders' Hardware, Paints and  
Oils, Wallpaper

Occidental Ranges and Heaters,  
Oil Stoves

Refrigerators and Coolers and a  
General Line of Household Goods

Our Stock Is Very Complete  
and Our Prices Are Low

LAMPS

LAMPS

## Kingsburg Electric Co.

National Mazda Lamp Agency

All up-to-date Appliances

Washing Machines and  
Vacuum Cleaners

**"Everything Electrical"**

LAMPS

LAMPS

We furnish the materials for the artistic finish of a home, which contributes wonderfully to the comfort, convenience and well-being of the occupants.

## Kingsburg Planing Mill

Millwork—in All of Its Ramifications

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**For Fine Candies**

—and—

**Cool Drinks**

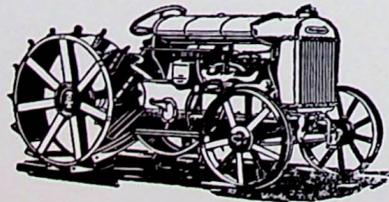
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**THE GRAPEVINE**

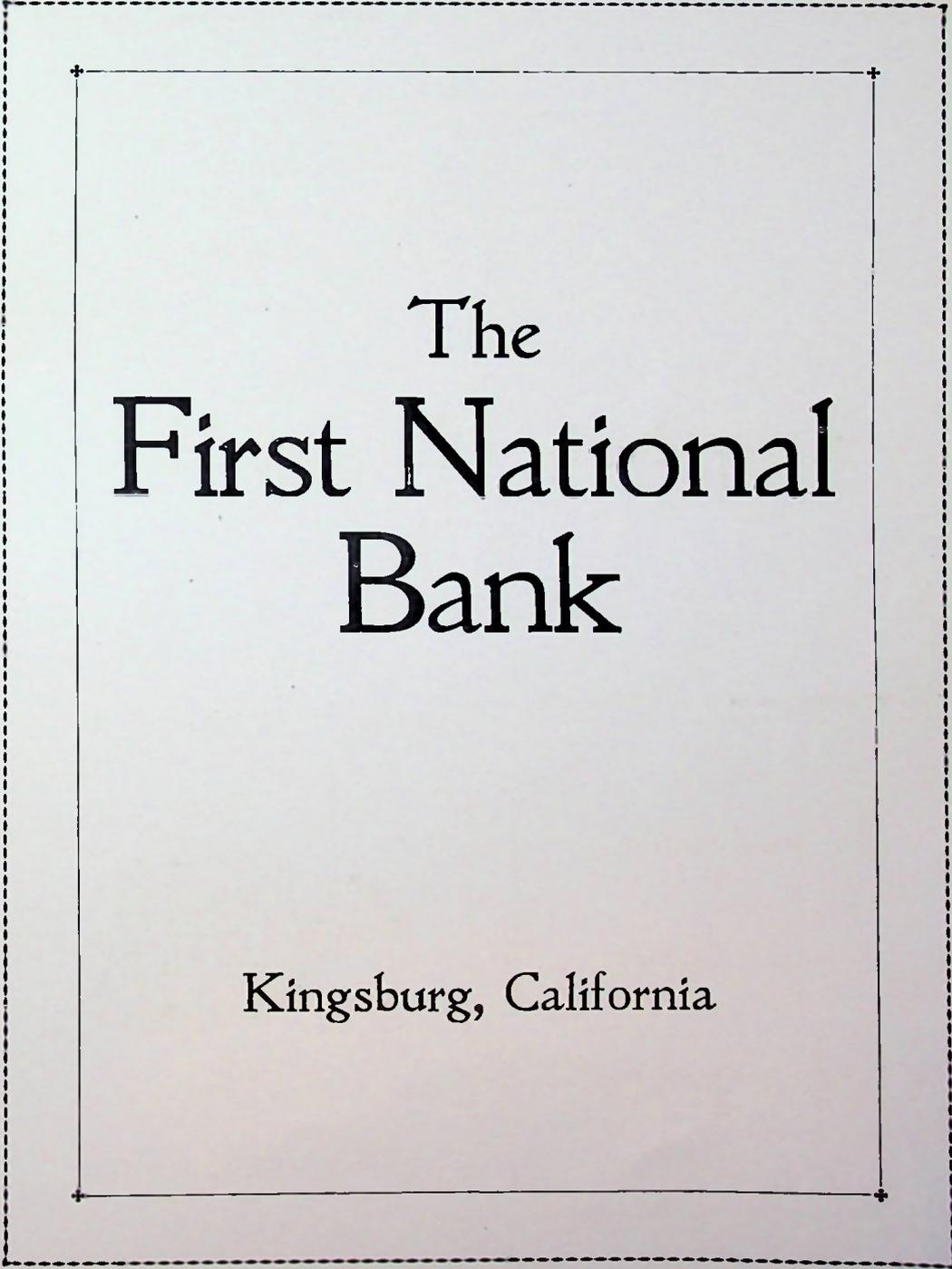
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**FORDSON TRACTORS**



**KINGSBURG MOTOR  
SALES CO.**



The  
First National  
Bank

Kingsburg, California

