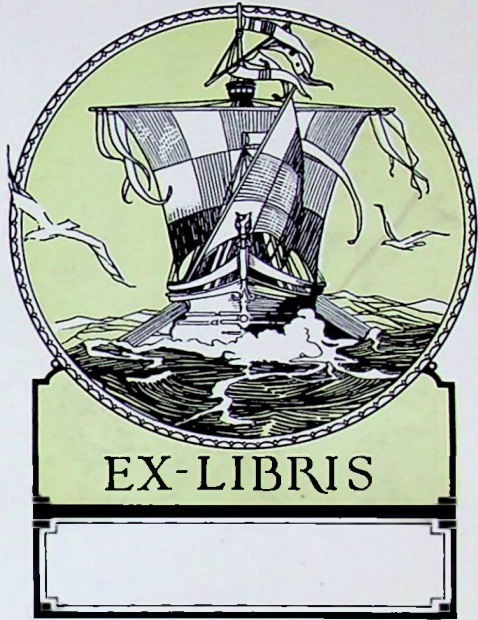


The
VIKING

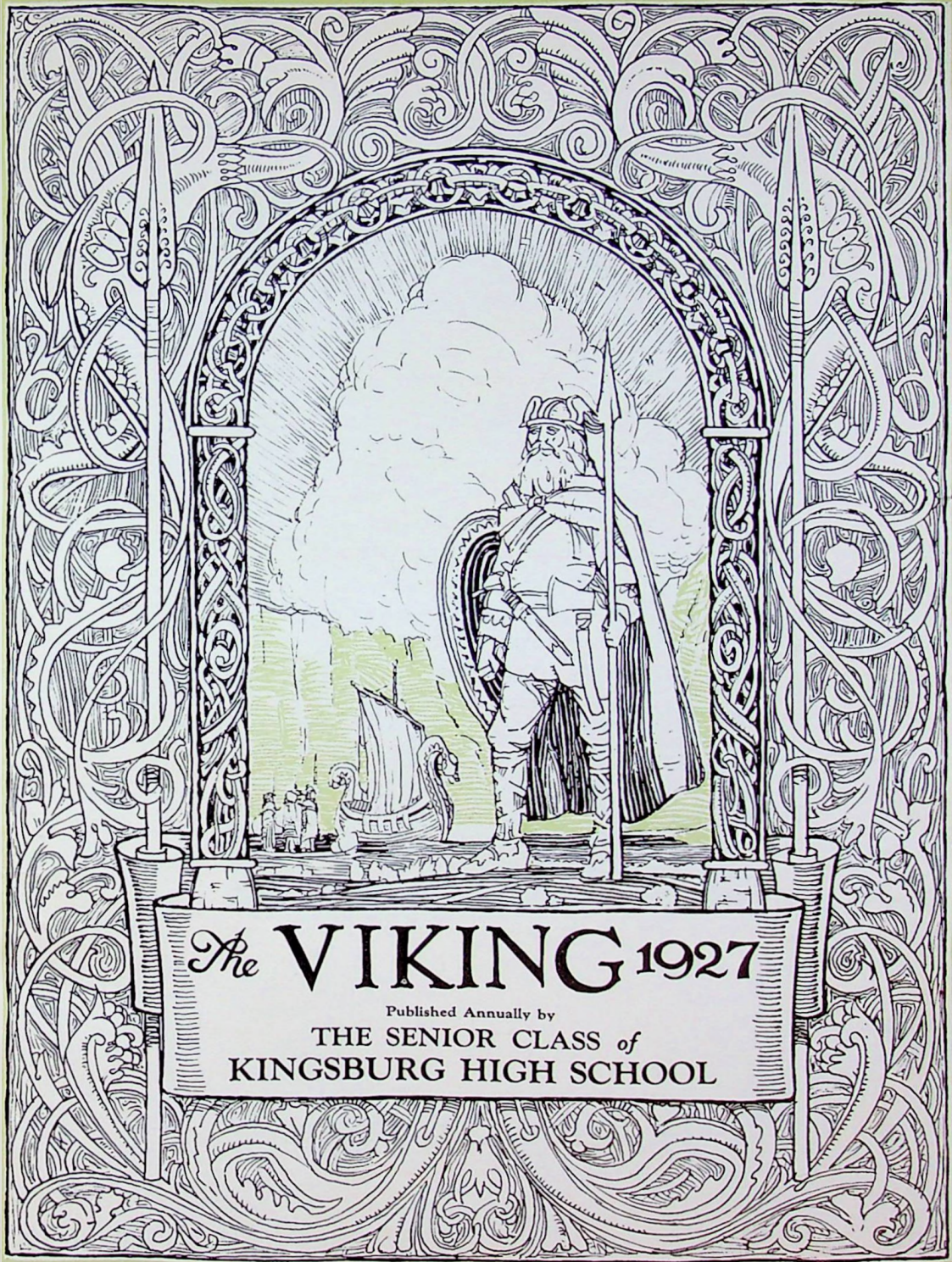


1927









The **VIKING** 1927

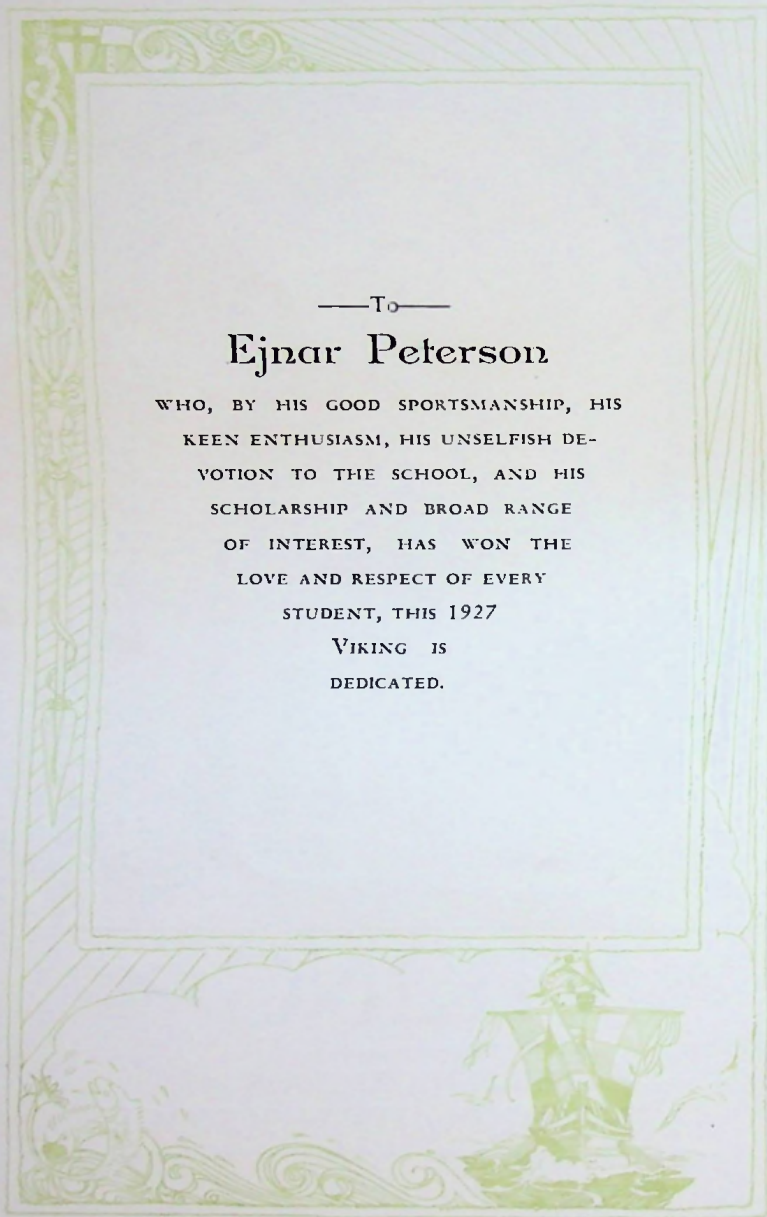
Published Annually by
**THE SENIOR CLASS of
KINGSBURG HIGH SCHOOL**

—To—

Ejnar Peterson

WHO, BY HIS GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP, HIS
KEEN ENTHUSIASM, HIS UNSELFISH DE-
VOTION TO THE SCHOOL, AND HIS
SCHOLARSHIP AND BROAD RANGE
OF INTEREST, HAS WON THE
LOVE AND RESPECT OF EVERY
STUDENT, THIS 1927

VIKING IS
DEDICATED.







Foreword

Quips for the merry, laughter for the light of heart, stories, scenes and sayings are the materials from which this book is made. Recorded in its pages are the events of the past year and through this simple chronicle of happenings we have tried to reveal the spirit and achievements of K. H. S.

If we please our readers, if we portray our high school life, and if we bring back memories of student days, our threefold purpose is realized.

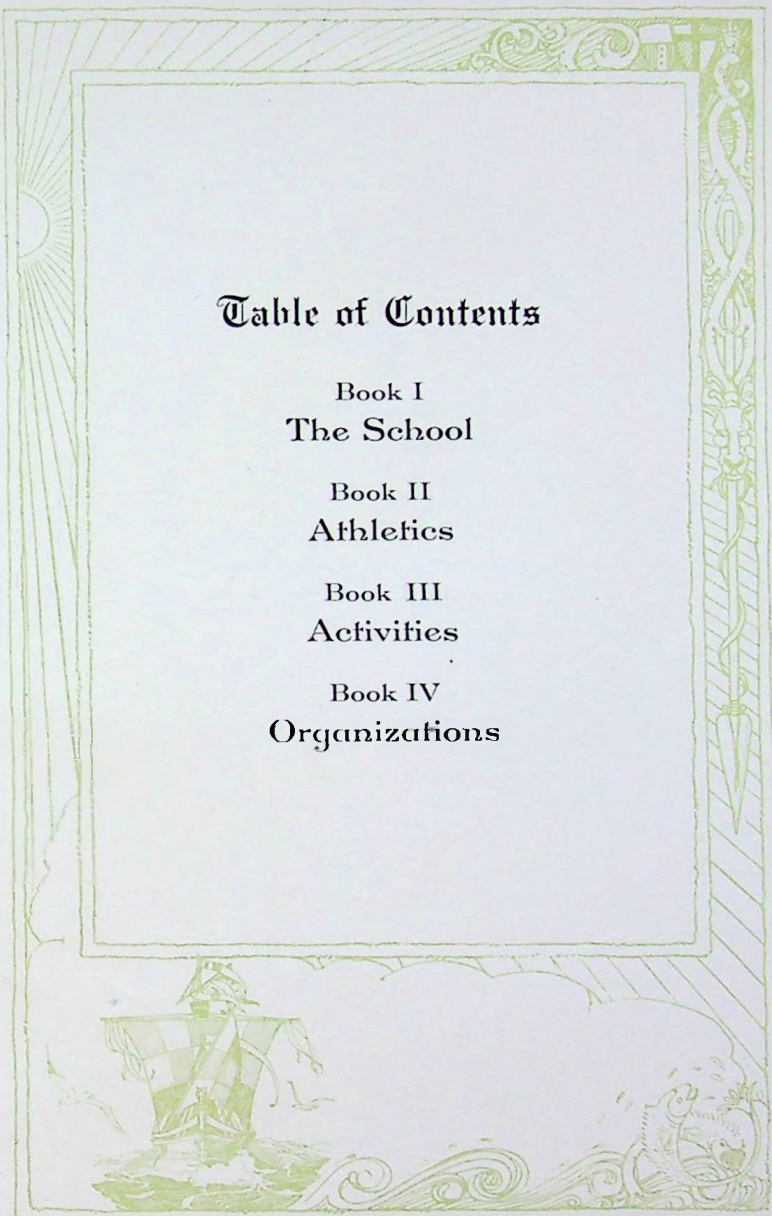


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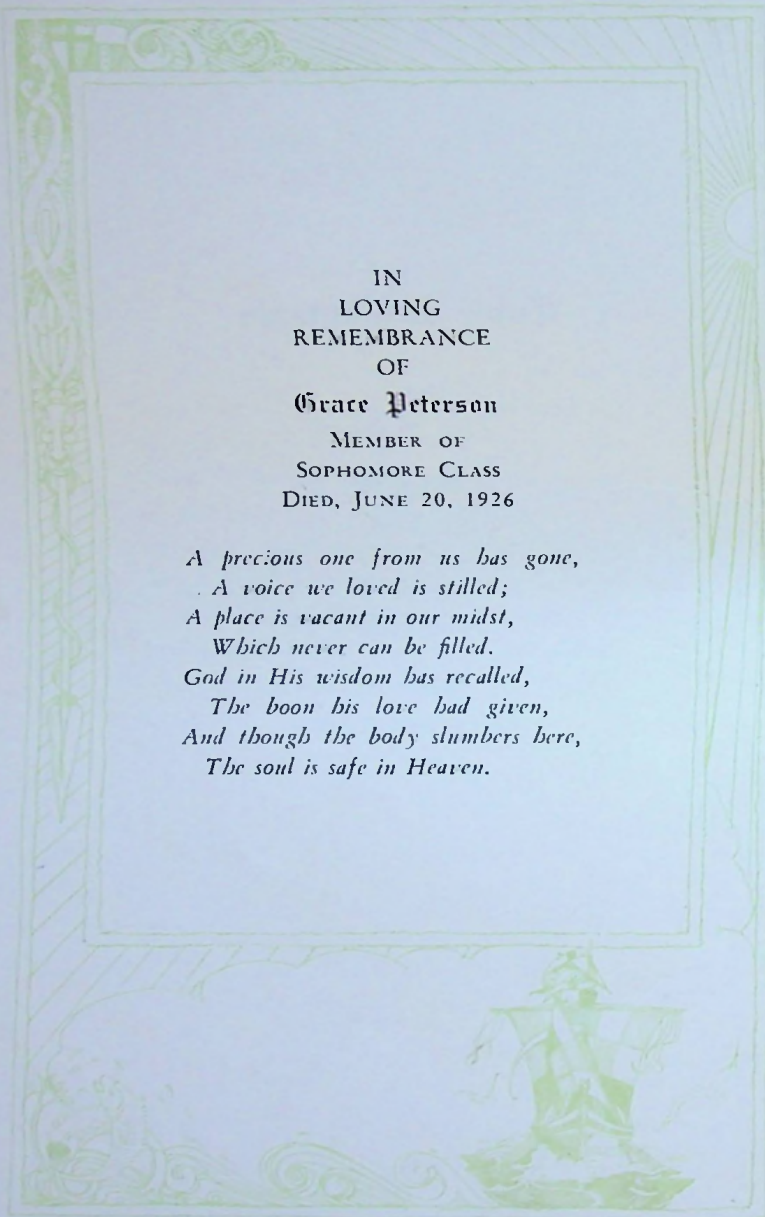
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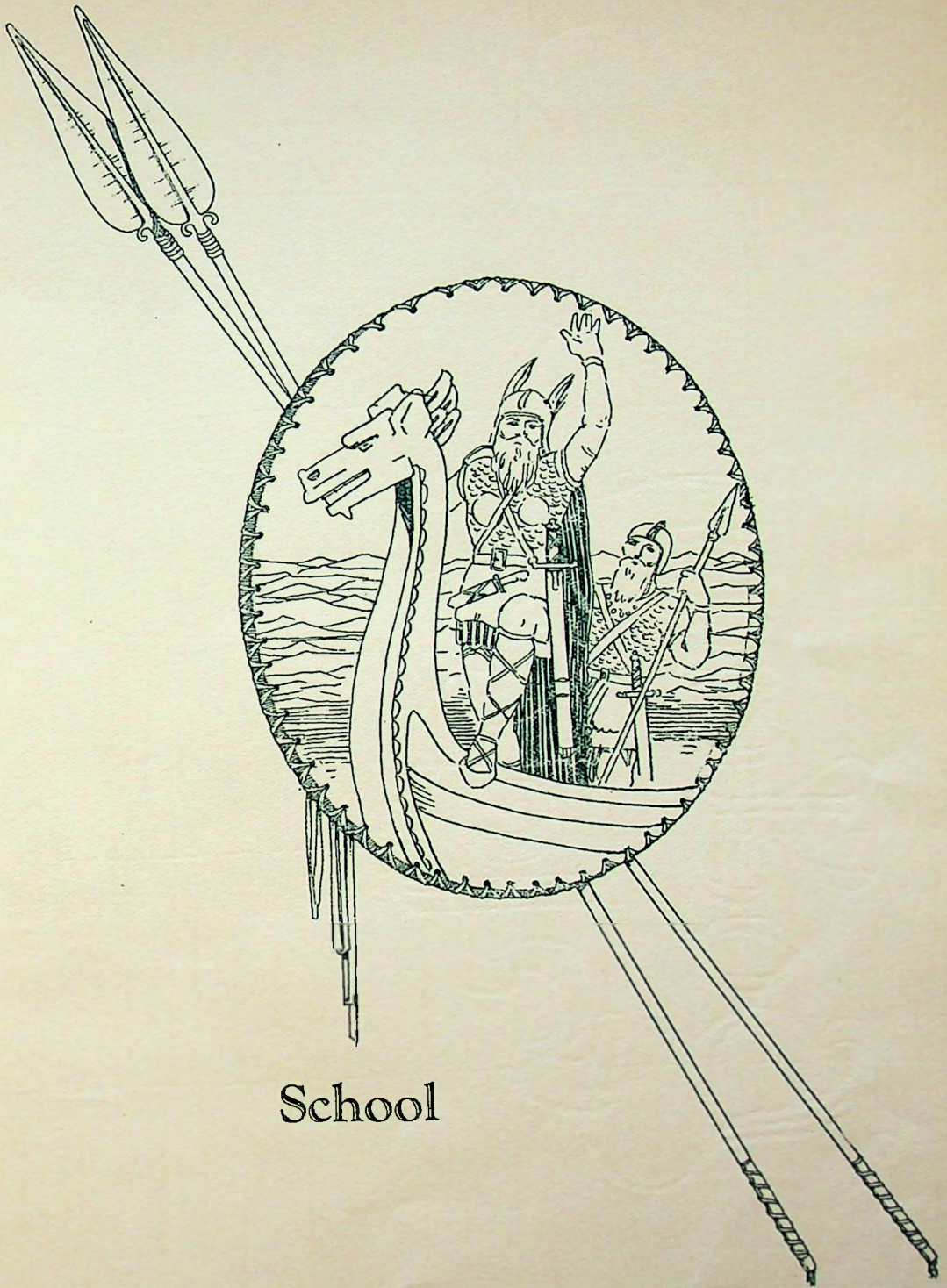
IN
LOVING
REMEMBRANCE
OF

Grace Peterson

MEMBER OF
SOPHOMORE CLASS
DIED, JUNE 20, 1926

*A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our midst,
Which never can be filled.
God in His wisdom has recalled,
The boon his love had given,
And though the body slumbers here,
The soul is safe in Heaven.*





School



The Faculty of Kingsburg High School

<i>Name</i>	<i>Vocation</i>	<i>Avocation</i>
I. V. FUNDERBURGH	Principal	Radio, catfishing
WALLACE SMITH	Vice Principal, English, Library	Oakland trips
BESSIE B. TRUESDALE	Dean of Girls, Physical Education	The tall one? The fat one?
EDNA R. BISHOP	Physics, Chemistry, Geometry	Tennis
R. I. BUCHANAN	Agriculture, Landscape Garden'g	Testing oil
WILLIAM H. BUNGER	Physical Education	Jean
L. B. CAIN	Glee Clubs	Swimming at Neptune Beach
EFFIE M. CLARK	English	House plans
JOHN M. COX	Social Science, Drawing	Speech making
GRACE M. DEVEREAUX	Nurse	Anti-germs
ANNA M. HANEY	General Science, Biology	Pipe organ
J. WILEY HUDSON	Farm Mechanics, Mech. Drawing	Golf
GEORGE HENDERSON	Commercial Subjects	Kiwanis
BERNICE M. NEWBECKER	Domestic Science, Art	Piano
CHARLES PETERSON	Orchestra	Violin
EJNAR PETERSON	Mathematics, Sociology	Ejnar, Jr.
R. R. REUKEMA	Dramatics, Forensics, English	Plays
MILDRED SMITH	Principal's Secretary	Merit records
SIGNE E. THOMPSON	Spanish, Latin	Riverdale



"Viking" Staff

VIRGIE ONEAL *Editor in Chief*
 VIRGIL STIREWALT *Assistant*
 LINNE AHLBERG *Business Manager*
 LEO NILDA COLUSSI *Assistant*
 EULA SCHLATTER, EDWARD SAFARJIAN
 *Advertising Managers*
 PAUL STRID, MILDRED SANDSTROM.....
 *Sport Editors*
 KATHLEEN HAILE, MYRTLE SANDELL
 *Joke Editors*
 CARL NYSTROM *Organizations*
 MARGARET VOTAW *School Life*
 MILDRED RENFROW *Literary Editor*
 ELLA MERCER *Alumni*
 ROSALIE ANDERSON *Junior Editor*
 FRANCES HALL *Sophomore Editor*
 ROBERTA BUCANAN *Freshman Editor*
 MR. PETERSON MR. SMITH
 MRS. HANEY MR. REUKEMA
 Faculty Advisers

Appreciation

The STAFF wishes to take this opportunity to express their appreciation—

To CALVIN PETERSON to whom is due the excellent and clever cartooning found on various pages of this book;

To LEO NILDA COLUSSI and FORD CRAWFORD who so diligently assisted in the typing of our proof copy;

To our faithful FACULTY ADVISERS who so cheerfully assisted in making this book a success;

And to the ADVERTISERS who, with their kind interest and generous support, put the last important touch to our YEAR BOOK.



Edith Peterson

Al G1 Club '24
 Treasurer, class '27
 Treasurer, Girls' Forum '27
 Treasurer, Little Theatre '27
 President Honor Society '27
 Agricola Club '27
 Little Theatre '27
 Masque and Scroll '27
 "The Road to the City" '27
 "Green Stockings" '26

Mr. Reukema, Adviser

Eunice McKenery

Volleyball '25, '26, '27
 Baseball, '25, '26, '27
 Al G1 Club '24
 Honor Society
 Court of Commissioners '27
 Agricola Club '27
 Vice President of Class '27
 "Windmills of Holland" '25
 "Princess" '25

Edward Safarjian

Football '25, '27
 Basketball '24
 Masque and Scroll '27
 Little Theatre '27
 Hi Y Club '26, '27
 Orchestra '26
 President, class '27
 Athletic manager,
 student body '27
 "Green Stockings" '26
 "When Home Came
 Ted" '27

Margaret Votaw

S. S. Forensics '27
 Al G1 Club '24
 Spanish Club '26, '27
 Vice-president, Span-
 ish Club '26
 Treasurer, class '26,
 '27
 "Fays of the Float-
 ing Island" '24

Virgie Oncal

Debating Team '27
 Little Theatre '27
 Board of Managers
 '27
 President, Al G1 Club
 '24
 President, Masque
 and Scroll, '27
 Vice-president, stu-
 dent Body '27
 Vice-president, Girls'
 Forum '26
 Secretary, class '26,
 '27
 Secretary, Masque
 and Scroll, '26
 Editor-in-chief "Vik-
 ing" '27

Paul Strid

Football '26, '27
 Hi Y Club '26
 President, class '24,
 '27
 Vice-president, Hi Y
 '27
 Boys' Forum Counsel
 '24
 Program Chairman,
 Hi Y '26
 "Green Stockings"
 '26
 Secretary, class '26,
 "When Home Came
 Ted" '27



Agnes Jacobsen

Breston High School '24, '25
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Melvin Rudholm

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 Class President '26
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 Student Body President '27
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Leo Nilda Colussi

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Linne Ahlberg

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 Tennis '26
 "Gypsy Rover" '26
 "Green Stockings" '27
 "Bits o' Blarney" '27
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 Ag Club '26
 Business Manager
 "Viking" '27
 Secretary Boys' Forum '27
 Class Vice-President '26

Kathleen Haile

Girl Scouts '24
 Masque and Scroll '27
 Class Vice-President '25
 School Quartette '27
 "Bits o' Blarney" '27
 "Green Stockings" '26
 "Fays of the Floating Island" '24
 Court of Commissioners' '25
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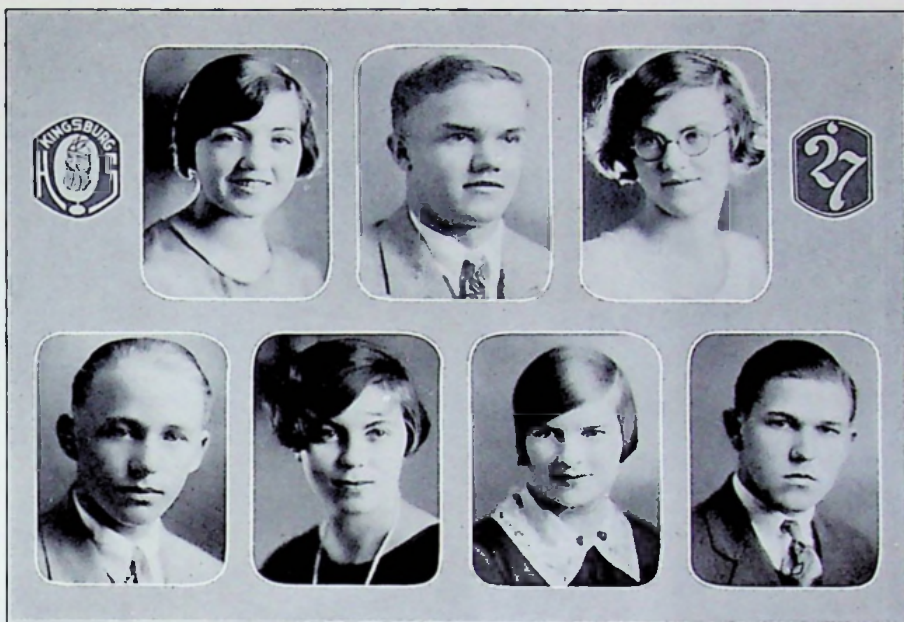
Florence Anderson

"Al-gl" '24
 Interclass Indoor '26

Clyde Kneeland

Selma H. S. '25, '26
 Student Body Business Manager '27
 Board of Managers '27

The VIKING



Margaret Ratliff

Al G1 Club '24
Spanish Club '26, '27
Agricola Club '27

Egon Strandberg

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Treasurer, Student Body '27

Merlyn Johnson

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Milton Brandvig

Hi Y Club '26
Orchestra '26
"Green Stockings" '26

Annette Swanson

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Honor Society

Pearl Sward

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"Fays of the Float-
ing Island" '24
"Bits o' Blarney" '27

David Ericsson

Agricola Club '26, '27
"Bits o' Blarney" '27

The VIKING



Minnie Bush

Girls' Reserve '24
Honor Society
Agricola Club '27
Girls' Forum Council '27

Bruce Catlin

Football '25, '26, '27
Basketball '24, '26, '27
Baseball '25, '26, '27
Track '25, '26
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Agricola Club '26
Stage manager, Student
Body '27
Treasurer, Boys' Forum '27

Mildred Thorell

Spanish Club '25
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Orchestra '25, '26, '27
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Sam Harkleroad

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Edna McKenry

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Tennis '26
Volleyball Captain '25
A I G I Club '24
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Ella Mercer

Honor Society
Agricola Club '27
"Viking" Staff '27
Class Officer '26
President, Girls' Forum '27
Home Economics Club '24
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Wesley Linda

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Hi Y Secretary '26
Class Officer '24
"Gypsy Rover" '26
"Clarence" '26, '27



Myrtle Sandell

Volleyball '25, '26, '27
 Baseball '24, '25, '26, '27
 Captain, Volleyball and
 Baseball '27
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 "Clarence" '26
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Carl Nystrom

Basketball '25
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 President, Boys' Forum '27
 "Green Stockings" '26

Dorothy Oakleaf

Girl Scouts '24
 Agricola Club '27

Walter Nelson

Agricola Club '24, '25, '26

Mildred Landstrom

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 Masque and Scroll, '27
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 Intemporaneous Reading Contest '27

Eula Schlatter

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 Vice-president, Debating Society '27
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Clifton Brandvig

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 Masque and Scroll '26, '27
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 President, Little Theatre
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 "Clarence" '26
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 "The Road to the City" '27

Harold Nelson

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Mildred Westlund

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 Baseball '25, '26
 Al GI Club '24
 Agricola Club '27
 Spanish Club '25, '26
 Secretary, Student Body '27
 Secretary, Class '25
 Secretary, Girls' Forum '27
 Secretary, "Viking" Staff '27
 Secretary, Al GI Club '24

Virgil Stirewalt

Football '27
 Program Chairman,
 Boys' Forum '27
 "Viking" Staff '27
 "The Road to the
 City" '27

Esther Say

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Florence Morine

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 ing Island" '24
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Paul Sandstrom

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The VIKING



Agnes Benson

Volley Ball '26, '27
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Amelia Muradian

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Merle Westbrook

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Jeannette Dahlgren

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Rachel Olson

Volleyball '26, '27
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 Interclass Volleyball
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Alyce Bishop

Al G1 Club '24
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 Berkeley High School
 '26
 Treasurer, Vivace
 Glee '27
 "Bits o' Blarney" '27

Audre Graff

Girl Scouts '24
 Agricola Club '27
 Honor Society
 Little Theatre '27
 "Fays of the Float-
 ing Island" '24
 "Green Stockings" '26

Class History

One Monday morning in September, four years ago, there sailed into the port of Kingsburg High, a vessel carrying a strange cargo. It was the same hoary vessel that had taken the class of '23 out into the world and its fortune. In fact, this vessel had been engaged in the work of bringing in raw products and later carrying to the world the finished products of education. But wild and untutored was the regiment of rookies it now held on board,—rookies who had been promoted after eight years of fundamental schooling to be subject to further training in a higher institution.

Untamed and wild as the group appeared, nevertheless they clearly showed signs of intelligence to those who anxiously waited to administer welcome. This reception committee was composed of "fresh" sophomores, who deemed it their duty by tradition, to wash these newcomers of all stains, particularly the green spots, before allowing them to enter the sacred portals of that venerable institution—Kingsburg High.

After being assigned our quarters and given our problems to master, the next worry was the "Freshman Reception." The thought of this ordeal occupied our minds during all spare moments, even while training in the field of education. At last the great day come (woeful day) and we were given the chance to display our talents much to the amusement of those attending and very much to our embarrassment. But most of us lived through it; and we soon settled down to the long grind, to greet with joy the furlough that was granted early the following June.

The furlough over we came back, with the exception of some stragglers and deserters, a company of sixty lively "sophs." We now proved ourselves genuine terrors of the incoming freshmen, whom we washed and paddled until they were models of meekness.

We progressed daily in our routine of duty and began to acquire the traits of true soldiers and citizens of life. During this time the "green" freshies began to show signs of certain epidemic called "smartness." This needed immediate attention, so we were all commissioned as either doctors or nurses and administered an effective cure by winning the annual "sack rush."

It was during this year that our power along athletic lines was being noted, and we developed some players who have been "stars" from then on, namely "Bud" Rudholm and Bruce Catlin. In girls' athletics we have been supreme because practically ever since our second year they have been the backbone of the school teams.

Our third year was a great year. We were now a very important factor in the training camp. We started out by bringing about a standardized school ring, for the classes of the next four years to wear.

We presented our junior class play, "Green Stockings," which proved a great success. There now came a time when we would have to match strength against the

outgoing regiment (the seniors) and we hoisted the Blue and Gold above the class of '26 by throwing the dignified seniors into the mud.

Our last year at this beloved institution proved our greatest for we had been promoted to the highest position possible, that of seniors.

One Friday morning, to the surprise of everyone, it was found out that the seniors had met before daybreak and started on a trip that was to carry them far into the snow-clad Sierras, to Pinchurst. After traveling in mud for thirty miles or so we pitched camp, and rested our "weary bones." We resumed lively activities that night and the next day, after much sliding with cars, as well as sleds, we turned the noses of our cars homeward, a tired but happy bunch.

Our play, "When Home Came Ted," was the hit of the season. Much talent was displayed and we are proud of our dramatic ability.

As we look back upon our happy years here, some of us feel that our time has been satisfactorily spent; again, others of us may feel that we have not given enough attention to the opportunities offered us, but as a whole we are not sorry but happy that we have had the opportunity to attend such a school as Kingsburg High. We have won high laurels in school activities, athletics and dramatics, and proven of what high caliber the class of '27 was composed of.

As a graduating class we are glad to embrace the larger opportunities that lie before us, and on the other hand we are sad on having to leave our high school, our friends and teachers, and it is with a choking feeling gripping our throats that we are about to step into this vessel and sail away from Kingsburg High, out into the larger confines of the world.

—PAUL SANDSTROM, '27.

HAIL TO KINGSBURG

*Hail to Kingsburg, we're her booster,
Woe to them who would outdo us,—
Fame and love and fortune for us,
Hail to Kingsburg High.*

*To our Alma Mater, bound by love and valor,
We'll win the game—proclaim the fame,
And shout—Rab, Rab, Rab, Rab, Rab.
Honor for the name that leads us—
Hail to Kingsburg High.*

Limericks of the Class of 1927

Edith's a beautiful blonde
Of whom all the students are fond;
She's the kind of a lass
Who's a credit to her class,
And to friendship she's quick to respond.

Eunice is one of our volleyball stars
And she can hit it almost to Mars;
But the stars on her sweater
And the scholarship letter
Are but few of her trophies of wars.

A budding humorist is Ed
Who's a Viking born and bred;
He could be Edison's peer
But we Kingsburg folks fear
That, instead, our fast hero will wed.

This blushing senior, Margaret by name,
Is a sweet lassie, whom her classmates
claim
Will influence many nations
And future generations
With the lasting imprint of her glorious
name.

Virgie Oneal is a studious maid;
Her aim is always to make a high grade;
"Viking" editor-in-chief,
Her debates are snappy and brief.
We love her—what more need be said?

There is actually not the slightest need
To described the well acquainted Paul
Strid.
Much liked by all
Is dark skinned Paul,
He's a senior who dares take the lead.

Agnes Jacobsen, so often called Aggie,
Has a temper as flagrant as Maggie.
Howbeit, she's dear,
And has hosts of friends here,
Who among us does not adore Aggie?

Come, give nine cheers for Kingsburg Bud
Who stopped rival football teams in mud;
He tackled mid-air
And when he got there
He landed that ball with a thud.

There is a young senior called Lee—
She's a vamp as you plainly can see,
So chic in her clothes
From head to her toes,
And her eyes are as black as can be.

Our Kingsburg High School shark is Linne
Who is always late hitting the hay;
Yet we forgive his transgressions,
For he studies his lessons,
And works ere indulging in play.

Three cheers for our Senior Kate
Who works at a furious rate;
Her diamond's so bright
That it dazzles our sight—
We reckon Don got a good mate.

The brilliant but frivolous Florence
Of study feels awful abhorrence;
She's friendly with all
And her sentences fall
From her lips in continuous torrents.

A student of merit is Clyde,
Paragon of school spirit beside.
If you follow his trail
You'll arrive without fail
In the boat where the "I" students ride.

Who's that comin' down the street?
'Tis Margaret Ratliffe, gay, petite,
Straight and slim,
Dainty of limb,
A maiden both pretty and neat.

The Honor Roll claims Egon S.
Justly famed for studiousness.
We unanimously agree
Our K. H. S. prodigy
Will prove a world famous success.

There is a girl called Merlyn,
Her hair is forever a-curlin;
She does want a beau
Though she lets no one know
That she's out after a ring that is sterlin'.

The VIKING

Surname Brandvig, Christian name Milt,
Jolly fellow, stockily built,
To say he's handsome is to lie,
But he's a popular guy
And he strides with a confident lilt.

This senior you see is Annette—
Best sight for sore eyes we've seen yet.
She's shy and she's sweet
And excessively neat
And nobody's won her heart—yet.

Our handsome, irresponsible Dave
To late hours and fast dates is a slave.
He's fast and he's speedy,
Envious boys call him greedy
With the girls whom his interests crave.

Pearl Sward is a senior of ample dimensions,
Neat dresser, abides by all the conventions.
She is jolly and gay,
Always ready for play,
And a maiden of charming intentions.

A maiden named Myrtle Sandell
Acquired all her lessons quite well.
In school she'd have starred,
But her record was marred
By whispering after the bell.

We confess that not one of us ken
What the future will hold for Carl N.
Gay, debonair,
With admirers to spare,
Carl is one of these versatile men.

When this handsome lass you see
That she's popular, you'll agree.
She goes everywhere
And has sweethearts to spare—
A versatile girl—Dorothy.

Gentle reader, we ask you to halt
To gaze on the features of Walt.
Looks peppy, you'll agree,
And it's easy to see
If he's lonesome it sure ain't his fault.

A modern flapper is Miss Landstrom,
Making eyes to boys who are handsome.
Like "Flapper Fanny" in the Bee,"
Many things she doth know and see
And 'tis rumored she loves Paul Sandstrom.

Eula's a lovely young girl,
Sweet smile and hair a-curl.
She powders and primps
And makes eyes at the simps
Who frequently around her do swirl.

Clifton Brandvig—just the same
As brother Milt, with different name.
He ain't so "dumb,"
A nice kid for a chum,
Though some girls say he's hopelessly tame.

A senior we have named Min
Who greatly abhors being thin.
She's quick in her study,
Adores bashful Buddy,
And oft' rides in a Ford car of tin.

Young Catlin, whose first name is Bruce,
In social life raises the deuce;
He's oft' seen afar
In the mayor's big car,
And Oh, how he drives when he's loose!

Happy-go-lucky is Milly Thorell,
So sweet that the mossy-green frosh for
her fell;
She's cheerful and bright,
Stays out late at night.
At debating—and skating—she's swell.

List our sad song of Senior Sam,
Handsome receiver of many a slam;
This amorous sheik
Is said to be meek,
But experience proves him no lamb.

The mighty senior is Edna Mac—
The Kingsburg spirit she does not lack.
The luck of the game
And Kingsburg's fame
Is all due to Edna's attack.

Our Ella is a senior of the very best kind,
To the faults of others she's always blind.
In the forum she presides,
Does it well and besides
In her studies she's far from behind.

Our lovable, teasable Wes
Is a pattern for masculine dress;
Yet 'tis sad to relate
That our gay fashion plate
Of studying makes a sad mess.

The VIKING

Mildred Renfrow, giggling, bright,
In dramatics is first-rate—quite.
In the Masque and Scroll play
She was starred, and folks say
She's an actress of singular might.

Of course you people all know Harry,
Gay and cheerful, mad and merry;
Out to make himself a name,
He'll clothe K. H. S. with fame—
When opportunity knocks, he will not
tarry!

Mildred, our heroine in volleyball,
Is a dandy kid—she beats them all.
She's pretty and proud,
Reads the minutes aloud
And—sometimes—makes eyes at Paul.

Virgil Stirewalt, a VIKING well known,
To be a real he-man has grown.
He's so wonderfully active,
As well as attractive,
That we're proud to call him our own.

A jolly young comrade is Esther,
The jokes of life always impressed her.
She loves to skate
And stay out late—
Good grades she has every semester.

This senior—Florence Morine—
Is like all the others you've seen.
She's attractive and sweet,
A flirt hard to beat,
And for fun she's bewitchingly keen.

Our angel of innocence—Paul—
Missionary to China's his call.
We don't like to be mean,
But it's plain to be seen
He's destined to run a dance hall.

Agnes is the kind of a lass
That's always at the head of her class.
Whether she'll ever gain fame
We don't know—just the same
Greater wonders have oft come to pass.

Amelia, this sweet-faced young lass,
Is the musician de-luxe of her class.
She may be at sea
In her technicality
But her music appeals to the mass.

Our cute little senior called Merle
Is considered a fast little girl.
Be that as it may,
She's pretty and gay—
No wonder the boys 'round her whirl.

Smiles and dimples—gay Jeanette,
Most piquant lass we ever met.
Chameleon-like, she changes now,
Sweet whether dancing or milking the
cow,
Petite flirt or charming farmerette.

Rachel Olson, the kind of kid
Who dares the things you never did.
The flash of her smile
Makes your trouble worth while—
If she has any faults they're well hid.

An athletic young lady is Alice—
A nice kid—quite lacking in malice.
She's got intellect,
Does her work all correct,
And to flattering sheiks her heart's callous.

Introducing our vamp, Audre Graff,
Gay lass of the silvery laugh.
Talk? She sure can,
And we pity the man
Whom she takes for her lesser half.

Written by English III Class.

Revised by LAVERNE WILSON.

Class Will

We, the senior class of the year of our Lord 1927, solemnly declare ourselves to be sane and serious for once in the four years spent at Kingsburg High School and testify this to be our last will and testament before passing through the portals of the halls of Knowledge into the great, wide, beautiful world in search of further knowledge.

To the incoming freshman class we leave our esteemed dignity, hoping that they may find it as advantageous to them in moments of distress as we have found it, and that they can display it with as keen composure as we have always done.

To the present freshman class we leave the ink spots (especially the green ones) to be found on books, desks and floors, which were accidentally put there by us, that they may profit by the experience of their elders and not follow this example. We also wish to bestow our good behavior on the freshman class that they may know how to conduct themselves to the best advantage.

To the Sophomores we will our ability to bluff through classes, hoping they are as successful as we were; but hoping, too, that they get a taste of how it feels to get called down for it.

To our friendly enemies, the Juniors, we solemnly bequeath the *Knacke Bro och Sill* (our mascot), and the first six rows of seats in the assembly, hoping they will be as well cared for as they were when they were in our possession.

To the faculty we leave the solemn memory of our ability to neglect our home work, our adeptness in being tardy, and our outstanding characteristics of "dumbness" and stubbornness; nevertheless, expressing sincere regret at departing and assuring them we will some day realize they were right and cast aside all the undesirable qualities we possess and acquire new and better ones.

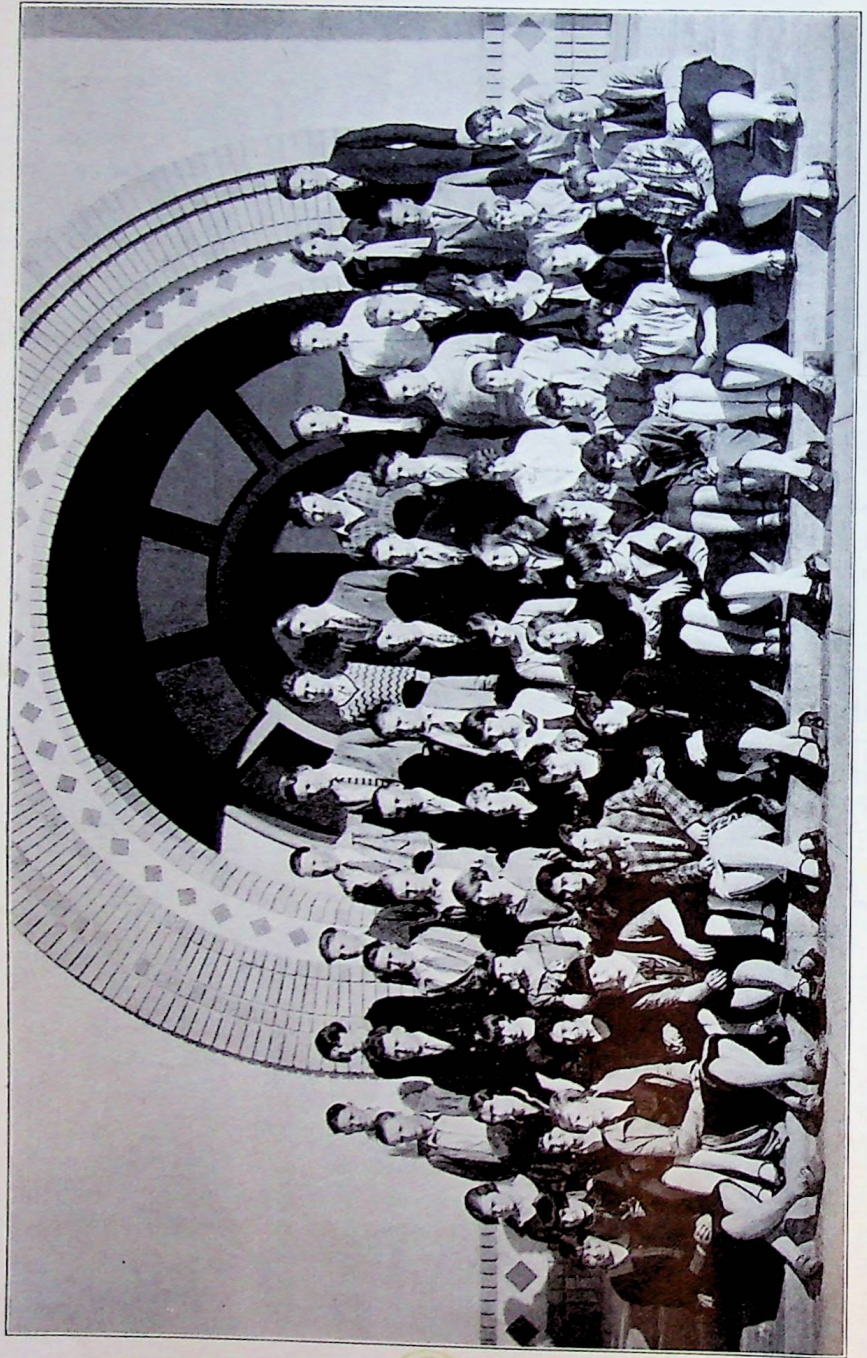
To the school board we will our sincere appreciation for all they have done to make the school such an attractive and interesting place in which to spend four years of our school life.

To Carl Strand, the "handy man," and Mr. Alvine we will our hearty gratitude for the many times they have helped us out of our troubles, and may they continue their good work with due appreciation given it.

To the school in general we leave our heartiest good wishes that they may succeed in progressing without the guidance of the strong hand of the senior class of '27 to help them along (hoping that our egotism will be overlooked and taken as it is meant, in the kindest of manners.)

We, the senior class of 1927, of the city of Kingsburg, in the county of Fresno, in the state of California, as yet remaining sound in body and sane in mind, on maintaining and affirming the foregoing to be our last will and testament, solemnly place our seal upon it and subject it to no further changes.

—M. V., '27.



JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors

MOTTO

"Climb though the rocks be rugged."

Adviser Mr. Peterson

OFFICERS

President Eric Jewell
Vice-President Paul Carlson
Secretary Bernice Bush
Treasurer Hanley Sundstrom
"Viking" Editor Rosalie Anderson

When we, junior class, started to school in September we were determined to make this year more successful and worth while than the two highly successful years that we had already spent in Kingsburg High School.

This first social event of the year was a "wiener-roast" which was greatly enjoyed by all those who went.

The juniors have taken a very active part in dramatics this year. We presented the play, "The Whole Town's Talking," to a full house and everyone declared that it was a great success. A number of juniors belong to both the Little Theatre and the Masque and Scroll.

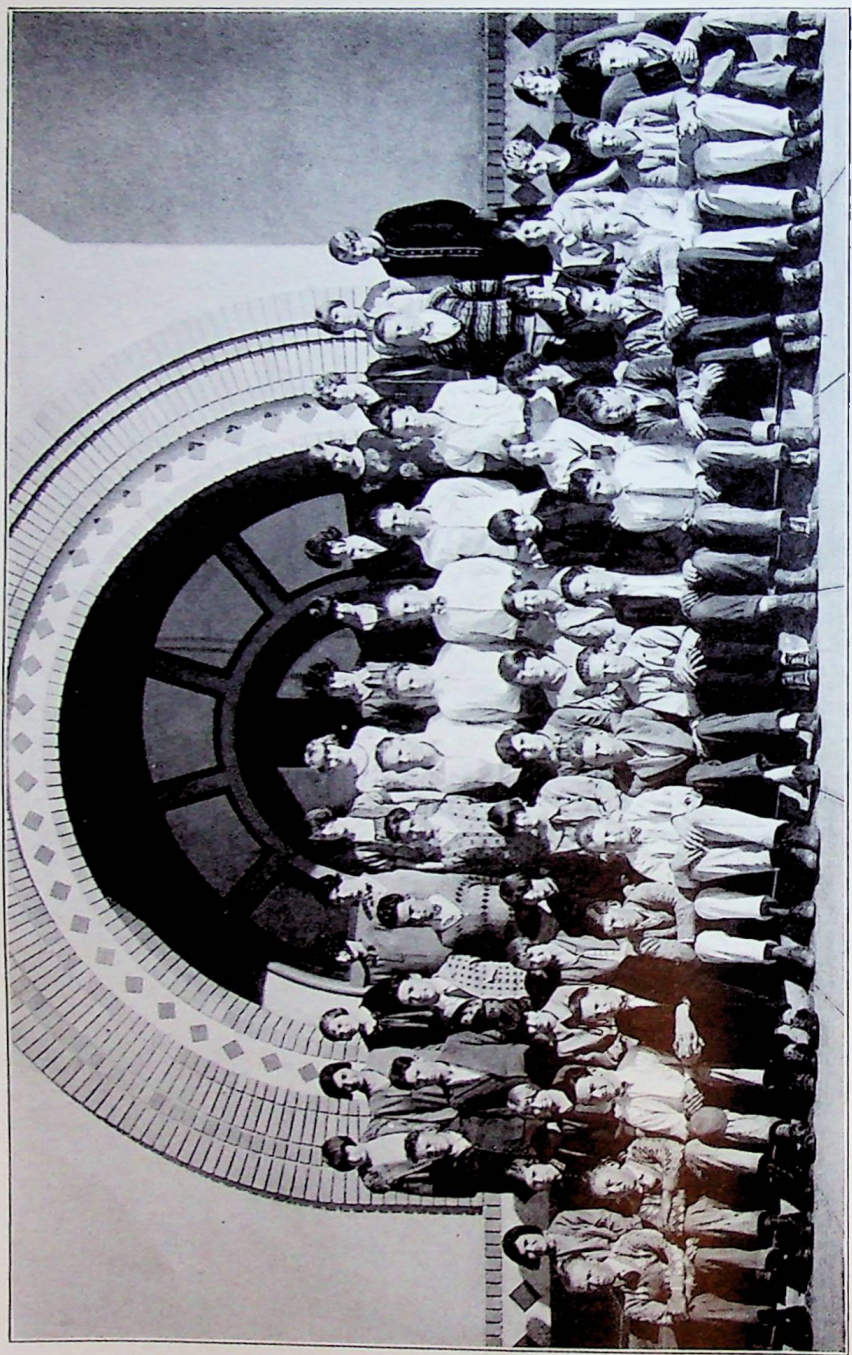
We have also taken an active part in athletics, a number of juniors being on each of the school teams. We again lived up to our reputation and won the interclass track meet.

The junior quartette, composed of Ethel Rylee, Ora Bolinger, Vivian Benson, and Dorothy Bostrom, won the cup at the interclass music contest.

The second social event of the year was a trip to the snow. We went to General Grant's Park and we had a fine time.

The week before school was out we gave a reception for the seniors which was very successful.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank our adviser, Mr. Peterson, for the unselfish interest he has shown in our affairs throughout the year.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

MOTTO

"After the battle the reward"

CLASS COLORS

Green and white

Adviser *Mrs. Clark*

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>Harry Ternquist</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Ruth Sandstrom</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Romaine Oneal</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Eugene Nelson</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Ruth Cosgrave</i>
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Herbert Olson</i>
<i>Reporter</i>	<i>Ruth Anderson</i>
<i>"Viking" Editor</i>	<i>Frances Hall</i>

The sophomore class won many laurels for themselves the past year. They captured the honors at the athletic tournament held between the sophomores and the freshmen by winning the relay, sack rush, and obstacle rush.

The first social gathering of the year was a party at the high school building. A trip to Camp Monroe the twenty-sixth of March climaxed the social events of the year.

The sophomores very kindly acted as advisers for the freshmen and assisted them in trials and tribulations which is the lot of all freshmen.

We proved to be good yellors as evidenced by winning the interclass yell contest.

The sophomore band, composed of Frances Hall, Henrietta Tegelberg, Alyce Ann Peterson, Ruth Sandstrom, Gladys Kneeland, Ruth Peterson, Hazel Olson, Helen Hanan, and Bertha Sorbom, won a prize of one dollar in the Agricola Club fair parade.

The success of the sophomores during the past year has been due to the untiring efforts of their faithful and unselfish adviser, Mrs. Clark, and as a class they wish to thank her for her work and inspiration.

—F. H., '29.





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

MOTTO

Rowing, not drifting.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>Kenneth Baker</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Stanley Anderson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Bernice Anderson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Elsie Palm</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Eva Satterberg</i>
<i>Class Reporter</i>	<i>Barbara Catlin</i>
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Clarence Anderson</i>
<i>Editor</i>	<i>Roberta Buchanan</i>

September, Nineteen Hundred and Twentysix

*"Freshmen short, freshmen tall,
Freshmen large, freshmen small.
All the other students see
That we're as green as we can be."*

On September twentieth, nineteen hundred twenty-six, eighty frightened freshmen entered the Kingsburg Joint Union High School.

The seniors caused much of our terror, but after the Freshman Reception and the "green stocking" days, the freshmen regained their self-control and have advanced rapidly.

We have distinguished ourselves in scholarship, glee club, and such sports as basketball, volleyball, football, baseball and indoor baseball; we have several freshmen on each of these teams.

The freshmen were victorious by having the best and most original entries in the Agricultural Club parade and received a silver cup of which we are justly proud.

Social activities have also played an important part in our school life. The Freshman Reception given in the fall by the seniors to welcome and to initiate us furnished us a good time. Our freshman party was a success and we are anticipating our freshman picnic which is to be held in May.

Much of our success is due to our adviser, Miss Bishop, whom we now wish to thank.

May, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven

*"Some of us have grown more small,
Some of us feel lots more small,
But all of us are quite agreed
That all the grass has grown to seed"*

PRIZE SNAPS.



Alumni

"Yes, I'll tell you a true story," said the tramp as he sat down to the dinner which he had begged from Mrs. Charles Schaffer. He glanced around the dining-room with an appreciative sigh and began: "I think I graduated from the Kingsburg high school in 1913. My one great ambition was to be the greatest traveling salesman in history; and I was fully confident of my success, but that was my trouble—I was overconfident."

"Yes," prompted Mrs. Schaffer, "beginners usually are that way."

"Absolutely. Well, I started with a group of others of which Ivar Petterson was one. We sold life insurance, silk stockings, oil stoves and such. But it was all the same way—after he became a broker it was failures for me one after another. The one compensating factor during those lean years was that at nearly every stopping place in my travels of California and throughout the United States I met graduates of Kingsburg. In Los Angeles I went into the Trust and Security Bank to get a loan, and who should I meet but Arnold Anderson, who was a freshman when I graduated? He was in charge of the department of research and publicity. It was a lucky meeting, for through him I was able to get my loan.

"With this loan I bought a Ford from William Swanson and started to sell life insurance to make my way to New York. But that was an ill-fated trip. My Ford broke an axle on a bumpy road about twenty miles from town. Ed Burg, passing on a farm wagon, hauled me to a Ford mechanic, Henry Carlson, to get it fixed. So again I started out. I got as far as Idaho and had sold six policies, so I was feeling fairly good. It was spring—even a salesman could feel it—and I enjoyed looking at the even carpet of green, broken here and there with patches of wild flowers; then, turning to watch the road, I saw a train coming on the track across the road. I had just time to recognize Carl Erickson as engineer before—bump!—and I was there no more.

"When I came to I was in a hospital with Dr. Evald Larson taking my pulse and Jewel Morine for nurse. Since one of my tooth fillings had fallen out in the wreck, they sent for Dr. P. A. Falgren to fix it, which he did without charging me because he knew I never did have any money.

"When I got out of there I found my Ford car was a wreck and I hadn't one cent left. So I decided to sue the railroad company for damages. I got Wesley Marten, an old schoolmate, for my lawyer and gave the thought a try. Well, as it turned out I had no grounds for suing the railroad and I was in debt for all my pains, so again I sat down on the road to think of something else.

"So I thought and thought, then became conscious of an unusual number of people going to a little red church down the road. So I got up and went along, thinking perhaps a little preaching would do me good. Everything went all right till I saw

who was in the pulpit, then I gave a yell and started for him (it was another old school friend). The congregation must have thought I had gone crazy, but Paul Erickson calmed me down and after some long, sound advice (no money) I again started on my way.

"I was now using my legs for the first time in my life to a good advantage. And this is one reason I had a good time for thinking. I thought and thought. On reviewing my life I could see that I had accomplished nothing and my money earnings up to date were absolutely nil. As I had nothing to sell, but perhaps myself—O, happy thought!—that gave me an idea. Why not do a little manual labor? I had been raised on a farm, so why couldn't I work on a farm? I certainly knew how. So at the very next farmhouse I applied for a job. I happened to be Elmore Peterson's ranch and it seemed that they did not need a workman so I used all my salesmanship talk and then some, but—I landed the job.

"Since I had to live up to the reputation I had painted of myself, I really worked. The money began rolling in. I paid the bank, hospital bill, dentist bill, and all my expenses which had piled upon me. I then put my money in the bank and became as carefree as a young pup.

"A cold, rainy spell came on and as luck would have it, Elmore Peterson slipped on the wet front porch and dislocated his backbone. Mrs. Peterson got Carl Lind, an osteopath, who, after relocating Eleanor's back, recommended rest and a vacation in such climates as India, South America or such. She asked my advice, and as I had always wanted to go traveling I suggested India, and Mrs. Peterson agreed. The doctor sent out a nurse to take care of Mr. Peterson, but I didn't happen to see her till we got on the train; then I discovered she was Ruth Larson (another schoolmate of mine). It must have been love at first sight on my part because I was surely stricken; all the more, probably, because she did not seem to care for me. Well, things continued in this condition till we got to India. There, when we were riding on a pet elephant, the climate must have gone to my head for I was fool enough to propose. All I got was a slap for my pains! Upon this rebuff I was so grief-stricken that I went to the edge of a lake and poised for a long dive, planning never to come up again. As I was ready to jump I gave one last look around the world—my glance strayed to the edge of the lake, but—what was there? It wasn't—yes—it was she, with another man. I rubbed my eyes to be sure, then there arose in me a great determination. If she could throw me over so easily I would not give her the satisfaction of having someone die for her; so I went back to camp and chopped wood for the next two hours.

"I was so disgusted that I asked Mrs. Peterson for my leave. She was surprised, but when I told her the conditions she consented and I took a ship for my native land. One the boat I got a telegram from Mrs. Peterson, saying that Ruth had married that missionary she had been with yesterday, that morning.

"I tossed the telegram overboard and sat on a deck chair idly turning the pages of a magazine which I had bought from a stand on shore. I glanced at it to see if

anything interesting might be there, when lo and behold—if there was not a picture of Ejnar Peterson, looking at me with that square look he always gave a person when he was in grammar school. I became interested and, on looking for a reason for his picture, I discovered he had become a high school mathematics teacher and had also made an extensive study of the Alumni of the Kingsburg high school, which he had published in that magazine. I eagerly read over the mathematics-like table he had drawn up, almost crying for joy over the familiar names—I was so lonely. Under the nine percent of farmers, I recognized the names of Harold Danell, who had been a troublesome junior when I graduated, and Ed. Burg. Under the fifteen and six-tenths percent of business occupations, I recognized such names as Caleb Anderson, Lillian Bromark, Fred Danielson, who had been such a tease that he almost got suspended, and Blanche Erickson. Some of the thirteen and nine-tenth percent of teachers were teaching in their old familiar school; and there were still fifteen and eight-tenths percent of students, struggling for higher honors. All in all, there were 403 graduates from my old high school; and to crown it all under the twenty-three and four-tenths percent of home-makers, I noticed that your name, Mrs. Schaffer, headed the list, so I decided to come back and get you to help me arrange an Alumni reunion.”

Mrs. Schaffer hesitated but finally consented.

“Good—I’ll get the names for you from Mr. Peterson,” said the tramp, rising with a great show of pep.

“But you haven’t told me who you are,” exclaimed Mrs. Schaffer.

“Ha, ha!” laughed the tramp. “I thought perhaps you would recognize me. Off with my false beard and long hair, then. Now! Look at the transformation!”

She looked, gasped, then became rather excited—“Wallace Smith, why did you come here like that? When you were a little freshman you always fooled the girls and told them tales, but why now?”

“Just to try my salesmanship powers. I did have that ambition, and I thought an Alumni reunion would be most wonderful,” he concluded as he went out the door. “Let’s hope it turns out good.”

Mrs. Schaffer laughed gaily and called as he walked down the path, “I second the motion, Mr. Chairman.”

* * * * *

Days and weeks passed. Mrs. Schaffer and Mr. Smith worked and worked. Finally they set the day and sent notices all over the world to the scattered graduates of K. H. S.

The happy day dawned bright and clear with a cooling breeze offsetting the rather warm sun. No mail or acceptances had been received by the now troubled Mrs. Schaffer and Mr. Smith, and they were both getting very much worried. The mail

arrived, Mrs. Schaffer eagerly opening the letters one after another with a falling face; she wearily called up Mr. Smith to report the results of the acceptances.

"Mr. Smith?" she asked in a tired voice.

"Yes," came over the wire.

"The notes all say, 'Very sorry but am invited to another party.' It sounds suspicious, but what do you think of that?"

"It wouldn't be fit to tell," returned Mr. Smith rather snappily and hung up with a bang.

She sighed and turned languidly from the phone and set about finishing the tiresome housework.

Five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Smith's Chrysler shot up the drive and stopped with a jerk in front of the door. Mrs. Schaffer went excitedly to the window, thinking perhaps it was an accident, wreck—or—oh—anything.

Mr. Smith ran to the door; gave a long push on the doorbell and Mrs. Schaffer finally got it open.

"Hurry!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Peterson's having our reunion tonight and we are going with him!"

Well, Mrs. Schaffer did hurry. In less time than it takes to tell it, she was ready and they drove to the high school like a flash.

Quite a crowd had already gathered.

"Hope some of that six and nine-tenths percent of unknowns have come, so I can get an accurate data on them," remarked Mr. Peterson laughingly.

Mrs. Schaffer asked what they were going to have for dinner and when she was told, she hopefully remarked that if the four and four-tenths percent of nurses and five-tenths percent of doctors were there, she guessed they didn't need to worry about stomach-ache. It was a happy bunch, jokes and sallies were sent, flung back again and again with laughter. All chose partners, exchanged stories and finally sat down to the loaded tables.

In between courses Mr. Smith, chairman of the day, asked each person in turn to tell of the things he had seen or heard of any absentees.

They began with Mr. Henry Jorgenson, from the office of the Fresno Bee. He rose, rather dignified, and began: "Brothers and sisters of this great alumni reunion: I shall now enlighten you as to some of the absentees. My brother, Johannes, is in Chicago at present and he said to tell you that Paul Ericson is also there. This concludes my great speech and all those wishing to hear more will listen to Carl Lind."

That named one arose, thought a while, then reported that Mrs. Paul Anderson and Mrs. Gust Thollander were also in Palo Alto, but could not come to this great occasion.

Joe Ostrom from Los Angeles next arose and said that Reuben Larson and he were now greatly enjoying themselves pulling teeth of movie actresses and actors. He

The VIKING

concluded with the remark that Harold Bromark was in a battery shop and Esther Nystrom was working on a special case and could not come.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Smith. "Here are three telegrams. I'd better read them before the next one gives any information. 'Dear fellow graduates: Greetings from Long Beach. Hoping you have a good time. Truly, Mildred Cederberg!'" Every one clapped, then grew silent as Mr. Smith picked up the next one. "This is from Edith Lindberg and Astrid Nelson, saying that they are both on important cases and could not be here. "Wishing you all a happy time." Again there was classping. Mr. Smith picked up the last telegram from New York: "Salesmanship business too remarkable at present—could not leave, so send you my regards. Remember me to dear Alma Mater. Verner Johnson." Louie Merrill, the ever invincible, jumped up and led them in old yells and new yells and the walls echoed and re-echoed at the sound of so many familiar voices in its bounds.

The excitement gradually subsided, but I am sure the joy in the faces of Kingsburg H. S. graduates has not abated as yet from this happy reunion. So we will now leave them to their dessert, their joy and their dear Alma Mater.

—EUNICE MCKENRY, '27.

KINGSBURG

*Ab! here's the land you're looking for,
With all your happiness in store.
Where sunbeams cast their golden rays,
Where God His grace and bounty lays,
Where flowers bloom and fragrance lend,
Where hearts their welcome message send.*

*Ab! here's the town of your ideal,
And all your aspirations real,
Where happy faces await to meet,
Where welcome bands await to greet,
Where sincere friends your presence need,
Where Christian souls your favor plead.*

*To thee, Ab, Kingsburg, do we cheer
Your loyal sons and daughters dear.
We cannot sing and voices raise
With words too great to give you praise.*

—RUBSIE GIRAGOSSANTZ, '26.



The VIKING



"Sacked"



Winner.



Sophs vs Fresh.



Lafven.



"Fritzi."



Jousting.



"The Leaver."



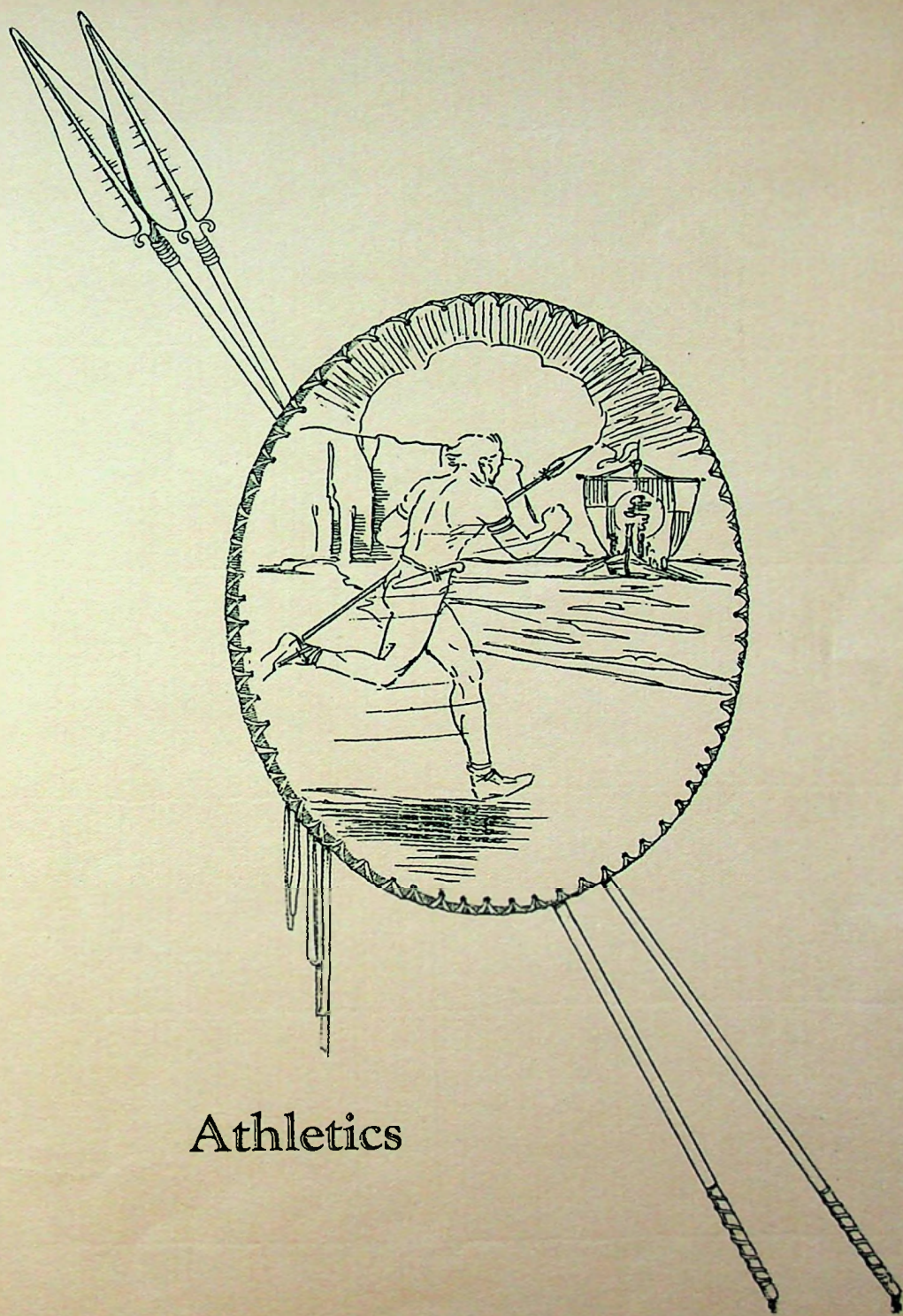
Los Pantalones.



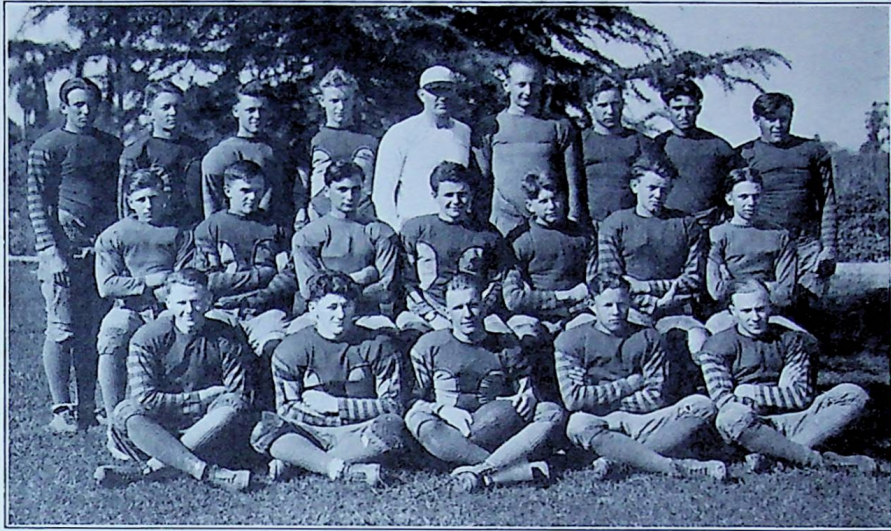
"La Brama"



Spanish Play



Athletics



Back Row—A. Nelson, Catlin, Nelson, Anderson, Coach Bunger, Werner, Strid, Taylor
 Middle Row—Anderson, Stranberg, Safarjian, K. Baker, Johnson, Carlson, Sandstrom
 Bottom Row—Stirewalt, J. Baker, Rudholm, Thorell, Jewell

Football

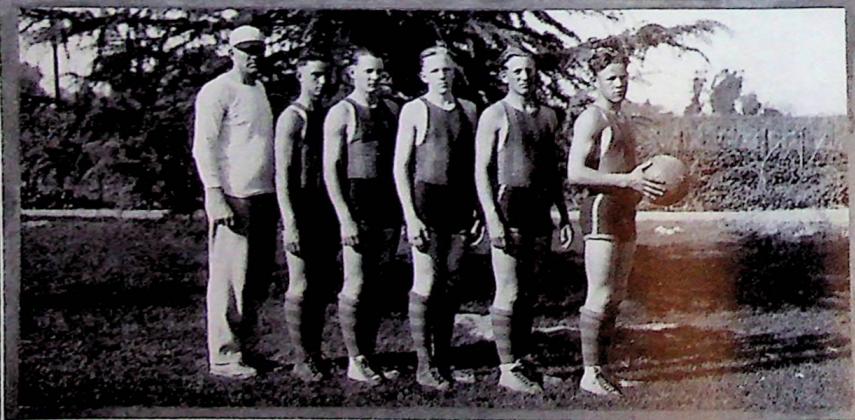
The first week of school found the '26 football aspirants earnestly devoting their P. E. periods and evenings after school to the development of a good team of Viking warriors. The coach was faced by the problem of making a good squad from material which he had never seen before. Most of the regulars of the '25 team had graduated leaving only substitutes and inexperienced men from which to build the team. The season was preceded by a few practice games which aided the coach in placing his men where they were best suited.

This year there was no lightweight team as there was no league for the "pee wees."

Several of the freshmen turned out for football this season and made a very good showing, thereby assuring the high school of material for three years to come.

The following are the results of all the league games played this season:

Kingsburg	0	Fowler	7
Kingsburg	0	Clovis	2
Kingsburg	19	Laton	0
Kingsburg	4	Caruthers	7
Kingsburg	14	Easton	7
Kingsburg	13	Riverdale	15



Heavyweights—Coach Bunger, Morrison, Anderson, Miller, Woods, Catlin, Rudholm,
Strandberg

Lightweights—Aslan, Ghararian, Anderson, Nelson, G. Thorell, Torsian

Middleweights—Coach Bunger, Linman, Seavy, Brandvig, Nelson, A. Thorell

Basketball

Immediately after the close of the football season, those wishing to try for places on the 1927 quintets were issued their gym suits. Due to the lack of a gymnasium, practice had to be held out of doors, and very often suspended on account of rain, or because of the pools remaining after a rain. Several of the opposing teams, some of which were not in our league, had the advantage of being trained in a gym. Those teams which were met on an outdoor court were mostly defeated by the Vikings.

Coach Bunger divided his time between the three teams, and developed some "scrappy basketeers." The lightweights lost only one league game of the season which was played with Fowler on their indoor court.

The "middies" put up a hard fight all through the season and played some very close games.

Several of the lower classmen are showing very good form, thus assuring K. H. S. of a squad of good players for next season.

Only three of the heavyweight regulars will be lost through graduation, which will leave a few experienced men for next year's quintets.

The following are the results of the heavyweight league games:

Kingsburg	36	Clovis	19
Kingsburg	5	Fowler	15
Kingsburg	13	Sanger	20
Kingsburg	21	Easton	15

The middleweight scores:

Kingsburg	21	Clovis	8
Kingsburg	6	Fowler	25
Kingsburg	5	Sanger	9
Kingsburg	3	Easton	14

The lightweights' scores are as follows:

Kingsburg		Clovis	Won by forfeit
Kingsburg	4	Fowler	8
Kingsburg	12	Sanger	7
Kingsburg	13	Easton	9



Top Row—Coach Bunger, Johnson, Aslan, G. Thorell
 Middle Row—Nelson, Woods, W. Nelson, Morrison, Dean, Anderson
 Bottom Row—A. Thorell, Christebson, Taylor, Catlin, Munson

Baseball

This season there was a goodly turn-out for the Viking baseball nine. Most of those trying for positions were lower classmen, the seniors having but one member on the team. Most of the players are freshmen, with a few sophomores and juniors. The season has been one of hard practice, the boys working faithfully every evening. The high school joined the Twilight League, and came out with the long end of the score every game.

All of the league games played with the other schools resulted in Kingsburg winning everyone. Fred Woods, our pitcher, has made a very good record for himself, "fanning" as high as twenty batters in a game, and very often three in a row. There is also another pitcher showing up with very good form, who is Stanley Anderson, a freshman. Several of the freshmen are developing into good baseball players, thus assuring K. H. S. of a good baseball team for the next three years. As none of the games have been lost this year, the team is expected to win the division championship, and also to have a try at the county title.

Coach Bunger is to be congratulated for his good work in developing a team of players, not only in games, but in clean sportsmanship. Kingsburg has always been known as good sports and clean players. May this continue throughout the years to come.

The following are the results of the league games played:

Kingsburg	7	Laton	0
Kingsburg	Won	Riverdale	Forfeited
Kingsburg	6	Easton	1
Kingsburg	6	Caruthers	1
Kingsburg	5	Parlier	1

All the practice and Twilight League games were won by the "Viking Nine."



Top Row—*Gbazarian, A. Thorell, Anderson, Nelson, Johnson, Jewell, Nystrom*
 Middle Row—*Coach Bunger, Aslan, Dean, Werner, J. Baker, Rudholm*
 Bottom Row—*Ternquist, G. Thorell, Torosian, K. Baker, Miller, Woods, Catlin, Leander*

Track

The Viking track men responded to the coming of spring with a very good turn-out. Track this year proved to be a great success. There was an inter-class meet at the beginning of the season, and later an invitational meet was held at Kingsburg, the contestants being Central, Fowler, Clovis, Easton, Laton and Kingsburg. In April the county meet took place at Reedly, when Kingsburg took third place and also had the honor of taking three firsts. Five men were entered in the valley meet at Bakersfield, where they captured honors for both themselves and their school.

The following is a brief resume of the track events of the year:

The inter-class track meet was won by the juniors. Jewell proved to be the star sprinter of the school, placing first in the 440 and the 880. Since Jewell, Baker, Nelson and Miller are juniors, Kingsburg will have a very good set of track men for the next year.

The invitational track meet was won by Easton, with Kingsburg as a close second. Easton won most of their points on second and third places, while Kingsburg took first in the following events: mile, won by Miller; javelin, by Baker; half, Jewell; and discus, Werner.

Fresno High won the county meet with 43 points. Reedly came second with 24 points and Kingsburg third with 20 points, and three first places.

Baker took first in the shot, Miller, first in the mile, and Jewell won the 880.



Volley Ball

This year there seemed to be a keen interest in volleyball. On the first night of practice about twenty girls came out to lend their efforts toward the making of a winning team.

The first game of the season was played with Caruthers on the Caruthers court. Kingsburg carried off the victory with a score of 3-0. The next game was played with Laton on the home court. This proved to be a more difficult game, but with good teamwork and hard playing, Kingsburg was again the winner, by a score of 3-1. Lemoore was our next opponent, but as this was their first year in the volleyball league, the score was 3-0 in favor of Kingsburg.

On November 12th, the Riverdale team came over to match their skill against the Kingsburg team. After a hard battle, our girls came out victorious with a score of 3-1. This victory placed in the hands of our team the division championship, and immediately preparation was begun for the semi-final game which was to be played with Selma, our hardest opponent.

The semi-finals were scheduled for December 1st at Kingsburg, and on that day our girls met their first defeat, in spite of their determined efforts to gain the victory. The volleyball girls did not win great honors for their school, but as the real value of high school athletics is to promote good sportsmanship, the volleyball season was very profitable.

The girls feel that they owe their success in winning the division championship to their coach, Miss Truesdale, who showed such interest and patience in practice.

INTERCLASS VOLLEYBALL

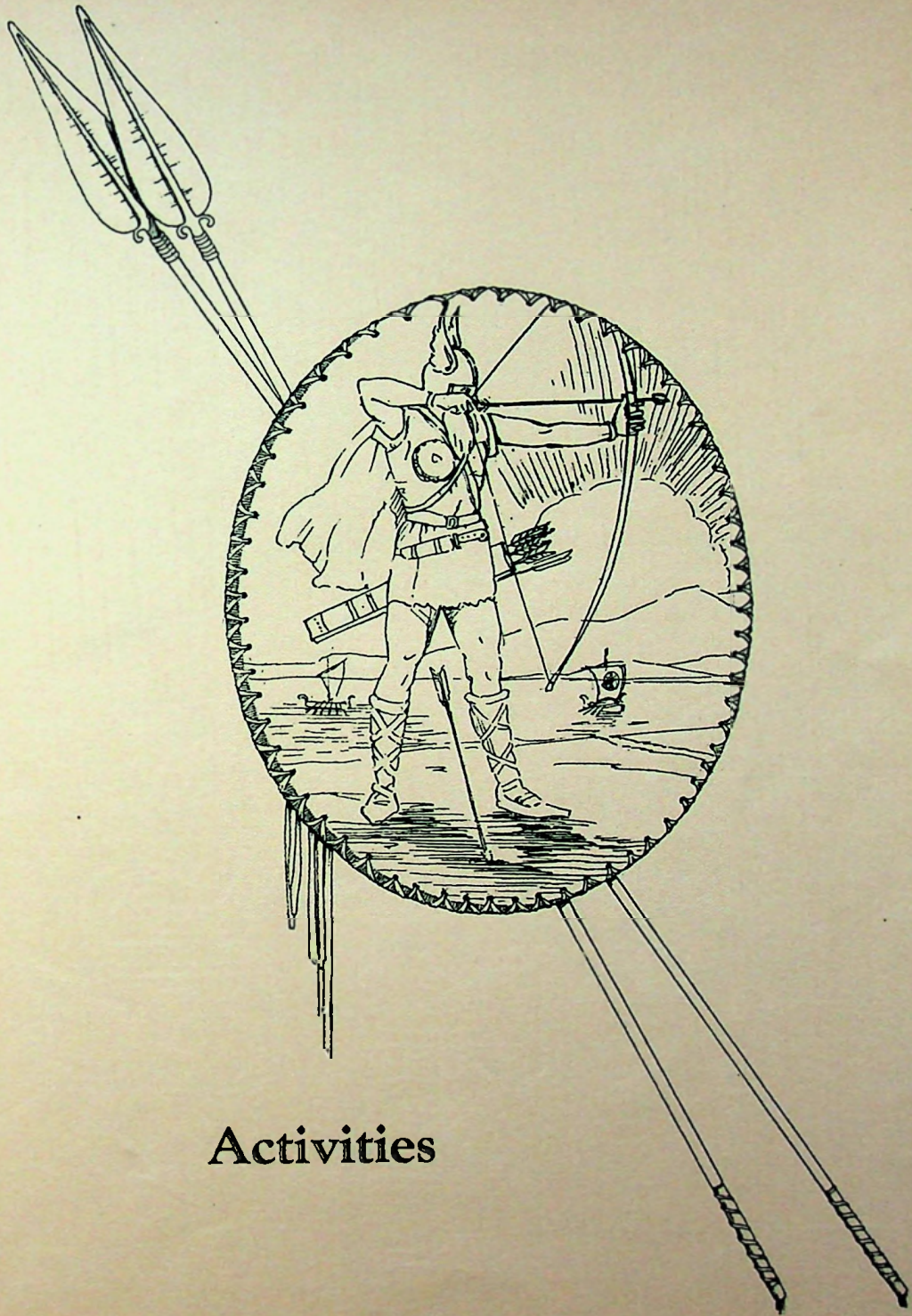
For the second successive year the silver cup for inter-class volleyball has been in the possession of the class of '27. Three years ago, the custom of playing inter-class volleyball games was started in order to promote further interest in volleyball and to create more class competition. The first year the class of '25 won the cup and the last two years it has been awarded to the class of '27. The winners of the preliminary games, played between the freshmen and sophomores, juniors and seniors, were won by the freshmen and seniors. These two classes met January 5th for the final game which decided that the cup should go to the seniors.

Indoor Baseball

The first league game of the indoor season was played at Kingsburg with Laton. The game proved to be an easy victory for Kingsburg with a score of 25-2. A week later the Riverdale team came over to match their skill against the Kingsburg girls. After a hard fought battle the game resulted with a tie at 7-7. Another inning was played, which gave the game to Kingsburg with a margin of two runs. The next opponent was Washington Union. The game was played on the home diamond, and the Kingsburg girls met defeat with a score of 4-8. The girls then went to Parlier and took the game with thirteen runs against Parlier's six. The girls also won the final game of the season over the Caruthers girls with a score of 4-3.

The VIKING





Activities

The VIKING



The VIKING

Dramatics

"AND HOME CAME TED"

The senior class play was given May twentieth to a full house. The cast in the order of their appearance is as follows:

<i>Skeet Kelly, the clerk</i>	<i>Sam Harkleroad</i>
<i>Diana Garwood, the heiress</i>	<i>Mildred Landstrom</i>
<i>Miss Loganberry, the spinster</i>	<i>Ella Mercer</i>
<i>Ira Stone, the villain</i>	<i>Bruce Catlin</i>
<i>Aunt Jubilee, the cook</i>	<i>Florence Morine</i>
<i>Mr. Man, the mystery</i>	<i>Edward Safarjian</i>
<i>Jim Ryker, the lawyer</i>	<i>Linne Ablberg</i>
<i>Mollie Macklin, the housekeeper</i>	<i>Mildred Renfrow</i>
<i>Henrietta Darby, the widow</i>	<i>Kathleen Haile</i>
<i>Ted, the groom</i>	<i>Paul Strid</i>
<i>Elsie, the bride</i>	<i>Eula Schlatter</i>
<i>Senator McCorkel, the father</i>	<i>Clyde Kneeland</i>

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING"

The evening of February 25th, the junior class presented the three-act farce entitled "The Whole Town's Talking" before a large and appreciative audience.

The cast was as follows:

<i>Henry Simmons, a manufacturer</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Harriet Simmons, his wife</i>	<i>Elsie Samuelson</i>
<i>Ethel Simmons, their daughter</i>	<i>Ethel Rylee</i>
<i>Chester Binney, Simmons' partner</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>
<i>Letty Lythe, a motion picture star</i>	<i>Georgia Carter</i>
<i>Donald Swift, a motion picture director</i>	<i>Hanley Sundstrom</i>
<i>Roger Shields, a young Chicago sheik</i>	<i>Vern Venable</i>
<i>Lila Wilson, Ethel's friend</i>	<i>Helen Peterson</i>
<i>Annie, a maid</i>	<i>Mildred Thorell</i>
<i>Taxi driver</i>	<i>Arnold Nelson</i>
<i>Sadie Bloom</i>	<i>Viola Peterson</i>

"THE ROAD TO THE CITY"

On April 13th the Masque and Scroll presented "The Road to the City," which was declared the most difficult but most outstanding play ever presented in Kingsburg High School. The play was a marked success, due to the selection of an exceptionally talented and well balanced cast. This four-act comedy abounded with humor and tears of sorrow was coached by the most capable and efficient coach in the valley, Mr. R. R. Reukema. The cast was as follows:

<i>Jet Sanderson</i>	<i>Mildred Renfrow</i>
<i>Robert Darnell, a country physician</i>	<i>Hanley Sundstrom</i>
<i>Richard James, man from the city</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Jud Judkins, a young farmer</i>	<i>Sam Harkleroad</i>
<i>Toto Lee, Jet's cousin</i>	<i>Esther Say</i>
<i>Lilly Morton, girl from the city</i>	<i>Kathleen Haile</i>
<i>Mrs. Sanderson, Jet's widowed mother</i>	<i>Edith Peterson</i>
<i>Duke, man of mystery</i>	<i>Virgil Stirewalt</i>
<i>Marie, a lady's maid</i>	<i>Ethel Rylee</i>
<i>John James, Richard's invalid father</i>	<i>Marvin Taylor</i>

Pinkley Memorial

All of us at some time or other have experienced the grief that comes with the passing of a dear friend. On October 9, 1926, the entire community experienced that grief when it learned of the death of Mrs. Eda E. Pinkley. Mrs. Pinkley had taught in the primary schools for over thirty years and had consecrated her life to the cause of education. No teacher was as well loved by her many pupils as she, for no one understood quite so well their troubles and pleasures as she; no heart was as tender and sympathetic for the joys and sorrows of childhood as hers.

She worked with the minds of children. Each day she spent shaping and moulding these minds that they might better grasp the meaning of life and the many things it held for them. Earnestly and sincerely she worked that knowledge and learning might predominate in the community. But now her work is done and the world looks to us to carry on the cause to which she dedicated her life.

The Tuesday Club is sponsoring a fund known as the Pinkley Memorial Fund. Its purpose is to encourage high scholarship and to enable others to go on and secure a higher education. Each year one member of the graduating class will receive a two hundred dollar loan, which is to be used in paying for the expenses of a higher schooling. This loan will be paid back within a period of six years, and no interest will be charged.

On April 22, a benefit program was given by Charles Peterson and his orchestra to pay for the high school's contribution to this fund. A wonderful concert was arranged by Mr. Peterson which was unanimously declared one of the best musical programs ever presented. This concert included several vocal, violin, and other instrumental solos, as well as selections given by the entire orchestra.

On the evening of May 11, the last lyceum number was given at the high school, which was the home talent number. It was decided to give the proceeds of this number to the Pinkley Memorial Fund also. A very interesting program was arranged, which consisted of a variety of musical selections and other numbers. The Little Theater, which is always willing to co-operate with the student body, contributed their share towards the program by staging three one-act plays which were coached by members of the Masque and Scroll. The plays which they presented were "Free Speech," "Two Crooks and a Lady," and "Three Pills in a Bottle."



The VIKING



Hiker.



Honey!



Figure 8



Scenery.



How Dare You!



Sneak Bus.



Stuck.



Hi-Y Homeward Bound.



Winter.



When Age Plays Cupid

Lillums was curled up in the big Morris chair, unmindful of the radio's usual orgy of static. To tell the truth, Lillums was crying. Had her sheik given her the gate, or eloped with some envious girl friend? Or, worse fate, had he died? No, indeed, a sorrow more poignant than that was piercing Lillums' heart. Prettie—her diminutive French poodle—was dead!

"Hello, Lillums, old kid! How's the Sheba today? Why, for crying out loud. What's wrong? Tell papa."

There was genuine concern in Bud Rudholm's tones. Lillums turned to him for comfort. Bud had such nice, strong arms! In a few minutes she had told her story, and Bud held her tight, while she cried all over his nice white shirt.

"Aw, forget it now, honey!" pleaded young Rudholm gruffly. Lillums gasped. "But I—I killed him!" she gasped. "He was lying on the davenport and someone had hung a coat over him and I folded him up in the davenport and—and this evening when we opened the davenport—he was—dead!"

Bud told himself fervently that it was no wonder—under the circumstances. Aloud he said, handing her the minute compact she had left in his pocket the night before. "Well, don't cry about it. Better replenish your complexion—you look as streaked as a camouflaged zebra!"

Lillums accepted the powder and applied it generously to her freckled little nose. Bud seated himself on the davenport, and began to strum the ukelele. "Me, too," hummed Bud. "Say," he leaned forward eagerly, "won't you go to the theatre with me tonight—and a dance after? Come on!"

"No chance," said Lillums airily. "I got a hot date tonight. Old Cox—the history professor, you know—" ("Don't I, though?" grimaced Bud) "is going to take me to a Bohemian tea club at Fresno, and then to a very exclusive dance afterwards. Hot dog!"

The ukelele strummed "Show Me the Way to Go Home." Bud looked at Lillums with sombre eyes. "Didn't know you were robbing the grave," he muttered darkly.

"Huh!" said Lillums, instantly defensive. "Mr. Cox is a wonderful man! He is related to Henry Clay—the statesman, not the gravedigger—and has two coats of arms and a title in France. And that's something you haven't got, Bud Rudholm!"

The ukelele crashed to the floor. "Oh, heck," said Bud savagely, "if a title is all you want—"

He stood biting his lip, his hands in his pockets, looking at Lillums, who looked demurely at the scantily dressed Kewpie doll on the mantel. "Oh, heck!" said Bud again, and strode out of the door. He went home, heavy of heart, and though it was only eight-thirty, he went directly to bed.

Bud was hit hard. Only one of you sheiks who fall in love as regularly as your Ford car runs out of gas can appreciate his predicament. There was nothing mediocre about Bud's love affairs; they were as ideal and as full of romance as a country lane on a moonlight night. Only, this one was ten times worse than the others because there was a professor and a title involved. Suddenly Bud gave a delighted whoop, and threw his pillow at the ceiling.

"Bud," called his mother, "you'll wake the children. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," returned Bud, replacing his pillow and laying his head no it. "I just got an idea!" and he fell asleep, with his head pillowed on his arm.

Meanwhile Lillums was not having as much fun as she had expected. Even a hot date will cool eventually and Lillums' date had never been more than lukewarm to begin with. By twelve-thirty Lillums was utterly bored and disillusioned—and Professor Cox was still talking. When she finally did arrive home, she was tired and her head ached and she had to take a civics test in less than four hours. "Lillums don't like talkative old men with titles," she confided to the all-seeing mirror, as she smeared her face with cold cream. "Nice big football players—with strong arms—are lots better."

Too bad Bud didn't know of Lillums' change of heart. Not being aware of it, however, he set about perfecting his Great Idea.

The following Tuesday the Viking News cried out to the world in glaring headlines the following news:

"MELVIN RUDHOLM FALLS HEIR TO TITLE AND MONEY!"

"Melvin Rudholm ought to be especially happy to day. Last night he received the startling news that he had fallen heir to a wealth in real estate and the much coveted title of 'Bearer of His Highness' Shaving Mug.' This title is an extremely desirable one, having originated among the ancient Vikings in Sweden. It seems to be poetical justice that after so many years it has returned to such a loyal Viking as is Mr. Rudholm. The title and real estate is in Sweden."

There was more—an endless amount—to the same effect. In fact, the account covered three of the four pages of the Viking News. That evening Bud got into his new Tuxedo and the old Ford, and went to call on Lillums.

"Hello, Lillums," he stammered embarrassedly, wondering vaguely if he should kiss her hand. Lillums solved that difficulty by seating herself on the davenport and motioning him to place beside her.

"Will ya go for a spin up Selma way with me? Aw, Sheba, please!"

"Uh-huh," agreed Lillums. "Wait till I borrow my dad's socks and my brother's pretty new tie, and I'll be ready."

She was ready in a moment. Lillums never wore enough to keep anyone waiting. Bud's heart was pounding a tune of love against the side of his ribs as he helped her into the Ford. "I knew it would work," he said exultantly. "What would?" asked Lillums innocently. "The car," said Bud, and shifted into low.

They were speeding up the hill—the wind blowing Lillums' boyish bob into entrancing curls, and flaking the powder from her nose so that the little freckles showed distinctly. Bud parked the car at the summit, and asked the eternal question.

"Lillums," he said manfully, with his left foot on the brake and his right arm around Lillums, "what say we tie up and get married? We could buy a little ranch and raise raisins and cattle—and—and—"

"I think it would be lovely to have a nice big man to cook for," cooed Lillums, her head on his shoulder. "And we'll raise raisins and—and—other things. But, Buddie, will you do something for me? Give up that title and estate in Sweden! We don't want anything like that to spoil our married life, do we, dear?"

"You bet not," marveled Bud. As if that were not just what he wanted her to say! He punctuated his words with kisses, and he did a lot of talking.

That night Bud remarked to his father: "Say, aint girls funny, though?" Gee, I wonder where I'd be if I hadn't thought of that fake title!"

"Better off," was the grim reply. Dad had a mother-in-law.

At about the same time, Lillums was telling her mother of the greatest moment in her life. "Men are awful stupid creatures," she concluded. "Bud thought that I believed all the stuff about that silly title. Wonder what he would have said if I'd asked him to take us to Sweden for the honeymoon! Men are awfully trustful."

"Yes," agreed her mother, who was very wise as all mothers have to be, "but awfully comforting to have around the house."

The next morning Mr. Cox read the announcement of their engagement in the morning paper. He smiled when he read it—a strange, crooked, complacent smile. "Well, that's over," he sighed. "Pretty good job I made of playing Cupid—though I daresay neither of those children know I did it. I imagine Bud is even now congratulating himself on having won her by that title he got so suddenly. He doesn't know that my date with Lillums made her contrast her youth and strength with an old fogy like me. No, I'll never get any credit for it, but just the same—" he sighed again, "that girl Lillums is sure a peach of a looker."

He went to school without his books and lectured his modern history class all period on the subject of Egyptians and petrified mummies.

—Written by LAVERNE WILSON, Sophomore.

REMEMBRANCE

*'Twas Cloverland and in the month of May,
The Eastern sky flushed pink with breaking day.
The moist wind ruffled up the thrush's wing,
And westward blew.
We knelt beside a new found bed of violets, marveling,
I—and you.*

*The poplars quivered, and the thrush sang sweet.
A squirrel ran unheeded past our feet.
'Twas long ago, and I was wondering
If violets blue
Still blossom by that creek bed in the spring
For me—and you.*

—Written by LAVERNE WILSON.

The Faculty

The faculty was once referred to as taskmasters. Some students still believe this, especially if they are exceedingly "dumb" or lazy. The faculty is really the great mainstay of the school. They are quite as much a part of the school as the students themselves in that if honor comes to the whole school, or even to only one or two individuals, they rejoice as do the students.

Men and women who choose teaching for a profession surely must realize what a long and tedious affair they have before them. The long years of college training require much study, patience, and money and then there is the trying experience of getting settled in a new school. Their salary is not such as would promise a good outlook for the future, especially when they have to spend as much and sometimes more than they earn.

Most teachers are vitally interested in the welfare of the school. They help share all the victories and all the woes of any particular occasion. All teachers usually are heartily in favor of student government as it increases the interest and responsibility of the students in the school and takes more discipline out of the hands of the teacher, thus making school life more enjoyable to both teachers and students.

The faculty is not only interested in student government, debating, athletic activities, and social function, but also in the scholarship of every student. They certainly want to put their school in the "A class" and keep it there, but they are not in favor of giving students good grades just for the sake of a grade. Too many of these students would "flunk" if sent to some good college or university.

Most teachers are quite willing to give as many trials as possible to any student in order that he may succeed. They are guides rather than the masters, for guides have proved more efficient than masters.

So one may easily see that the faculty is incorporated into the student body in every item relating to the school and its welfare.

—MINNIE BUSH, '27.

The Church

The church is the fellowship of those who are true believers in Christ. The building in which these believers worship is also called the church, but this is not important.

As a spiritual fellowship of believers the church is invisible. The bodies of the believers can be seen and their faith recognized by their works. But as one man cannot read the heart of another, no one can tell just who is a believer and who is not. God alone can tell who are His.

The church may also be regarded as an external organization. In this sense the church includes all those who profess to be Christians. It includes many who are not really believers at heart, and whom Christ, therefore, does not recognize as members of the true and invisible church. Because of the outward similarity, these people cannot be told apart from the true believers by man.

Christians are divided into many different denominations and sects. But the church itself is essentially one. It is composed of all the true believers out of all these churches and denominations.

The church is called holy because the Holy Spirit is at work in it. It does not

mean that all those who belong to the church lead perfect lives, but it means that they try to live a holy life by the help of God.

The members of the church are united one with another. Each member is useful and necessary. One cannot get along without the other.

According to importance, the home comes first, the church second, and the school third. A young person should play an important part in each one of these institutions.

Good homes and a good school are considered assets to a community. But this community is not an ideal community unless it also contains a church whose members are true believers in Christ.

—EDITH PETERSON, '27.

Home Sweet Home

*When I left home one evening
Some four long years ago,
My heart had a deeper feeling
Which only the Lord did know.*

*My mind was seeking the world
To get myself from home,
So I left my dear old mother
And went out in the world to roam.*

*My mother wept as I left her—
I knew where she had her heart;
Then I thought of my sweet little woman
With whom I did not like to part.*

*I left it all, just thoughtless
Of what my future would be—
Whether I would be murdered
Or shipwrecked out on the sea.*

*I joined the grand Swiss Navy,
We sailed o'er land and sea;
I never heard from mother
And mother never heard from me.*

*I traveled through many countries
And I saw many sweet women galore,
But, Oh! wasn't she a beauty—
That woman from San Salvador?*

*Her eyes were like a lion's,
Her heart was just the same,
But to see those dimpled knees
Woud knock old Adam lame.*

*But now this life was over—
I had served my four years through;
I went back to my home town
And bade the navy adieu.*

*At last my mind was settled—
I had no desire to roam;
My heart was fixed on Mother
And my mind on Home, Sweet Home.*

—DAVE ERICCCSON, '27.

People Will Talk

California was a very picturesque place in the summer of 1885. Settlers had come to take the place of the ambitious gold diggers and they were transforming the land into a paradise of vines and trees. As yet, however, there remained numerous cattle ranches where large numbers of cowboys were employed to care for the cows, steers, and other animals.

Toward sunset one evening, when the sky appeared as if it had been touched by the magic brush of an artist, a dainty young woman and a handsome cowboy walked side by side. As is usual under such circumstances, the two were in love. While they watched the glorious sunset, their talk became of a sentimental nature but yet there was a note of sadness in their conversation so one might easily judge that they were soon to part.

"Oh, if I had never signed that contract, but it's done and can't be undone, so now I'll have to tickle that typewriter for three whole years," the girl lamented.

"Poor kid!" the man said sympathetically. "But you'll soon get used to it, only don't forget the West."

"Never!" was her emphatic reply.

At that moment the six o'clock whistle blew, only to remind them that in two hours the girl must leave.

"And we will never desert each other," he said in a half interrogative and half declarative manner.

"Of course not," she said as the two joined hands fondly.

"But three years is so long," he added mournfully.

"But three years is so long" he added mournfully.

"I know, but after that we have an apparently rosy future to hope for and think about, haven't we?" she queried, looking trustfully at the one man who could make that wish come true.

"Wonderful!" he assured her, seemingly describing the eyes that were so close to his.

Gloria Langdon, the girl, was a school teacher who had come from the busy city of Chicago for her health had been impaired by impure air and insufficient exercise. Her parents were wealthy, but the girl had insisted that she be allowed to carry on her profession and help support herself. A year before her arrival in California, she had signed a contract saying that she would be private secretary for a certain corporation for three years. That position had looked good then, but now the thought of going to a dark, stuffy office made her feel like one being placed in a prison cell. She had done excellent work with the children she was to leave. It was hard for her, too, to part with these people but it was hardest to depart from her lover, Dean Howell. He was a good, clean type of man and a perfect ideal in the eyes of Gloria. All this she had written to her sister, Daisy, so that upon her arrival she might also become acquainted with him.

Meanwhile, people were already gathering to bid Gloria a final farewell. Her eyes were dimmed with tears as she received slight tokens of love from various people and she felt that she must say a few words. In a clear but unsteady voice she began, "Friends, do not sorrow over my departure for I am sure that you will be duly satisfied with my sister who is to fill the vacancy in both school and community, and—" but at that moment the conductor bawled out a loud "All aboard!" and Gloria took her place in the train.

As the wheels grated, a window was thrust open and a little blond head appeared. All eyes were upon her but hers turned only to her lover who stood gazing at her, hat

in hand, and her last look intermingled with his was one of poignant sorrow, but yet full of love and hope. As the train passed out of sight, Dean turned without a word and walked with bowed head to his trustworthy horse which he mounted and then rode away.

For some time after this, things quieted down in the town, but when news of Daisy Langdon's arrival was told, festivities were planned and prepared for her as they had been for her sister. Everyone spoke of her and even the grizzly old men began to say confidentially to one another, "That young Howell staked all his chances on the other Langdon woman and he just as good as got her, so I think I'll do the same with this one, considerin' as if she turns out to be as smart and purty."

In due time the day of Daisy's arrival came and a large crowd of curious people waited at the station. Suddenly they heard the rumble of the approaching train and almost before they could realize it, it had stopped with a shiver. A dusky porter alighted with several bags and he then turned about to assist the girl. There was a gasp of glad surprise as they saw the girl but she only smiled sweetly and said in a voice almost like that of her sister, "No, I'm not Gloria as I judge from your faces that you believe me to be, but I'm just plain Daisy, her twin sister." That explained the striking similarity and all were seemingly happy as they nudged each other and exclaimed that she was "purty," and truly she was.

Her trim traveling suit was of a light, serviceable, navy blue material and a bright pink rose on the tailored collar marked a daring contrast to it. Her hat was a blue felt tipped jauntily to one side of her head, and with shoes, stockings and gloves to match, she made a charming picture. It was the face, however, which caught the attention of the crowd. Her eyes were deep blue and her ruby lips and youthful complexion caused some comment among the native girls who were tanned a nut brown by the merciless sun. On each side of her sweet face a bit of golden brown hair, which was not concealed by her hat, clung childishly in tiny ringlets. She was almost the exact duplicate of Gloria, so they had reason to admire her features.

One was missing at the welcome scene who had been present at the other and that was Dean Howell, for he had gone away on an extended cattle trip. However, there were other willing helpers and she was soon taken to her lodging. Her ways were so like Gloria's that she became just as popular and even more so, for, being of a stronger physical nature, she could endure more walking and riding. She became as a worshipped goddess among the villagers and there was some competition at times as to who would fulfill her expressed wishes. Wild flowers and cut flowers were brought to the school by various young cowboys and farmers, and many varieties of beautiful shrubs and plants grew around her pleasant home. She seemed to have no special prejudices for anyone of the male sex and she tried to be neutral with the women and girls also, although some almost envied her for her good looks! But no one could really hate her because of her kind and loving disposition.

Several months passed and yet she had not seen the man who, from Gloria's description, she believed she could pick from a thousand. It happened by chance one day as she rode on the outskirts of a village some distance from where she lived, that she saw the man for whom she had been "searching." He rode past her but she called pleasantly, "How do you do, Mr. Howell. I guess you know me, or at least I thought you would. Now guess!" She said the last jokingly as he glanced at her with a puzzled yet appraising look in his eyes.

Doffing his hat, he said politely, "I'm sorry, but I don't believe I could."

"Oh, now," she said wonderingly, "if you are so modest I'll have to tell you that I'm Miss Langdon."

"Well, it has certainly been a pleasure to have met you and I hope to see you again," he said sincerely.

"You shall, I assure you," she answered and they shook hands for the first time. Daisy urged on her horse and, turning to say farewell, she saw that the cowboy stood by his horse gazing intently after her.

She sat as if in a trance for some time and then the rapid breathing of the animal which she rode arrested her attention and she loosened the tight hold on the reins.

"Poor little Brownie," she soothed, fondling his silky mane, "I didn't mean to make you run so fast, but I—well, I couldn't help it for I didn't know what I was doing. Poor Sis! He must have lost his memory or he couldn't mistake me as he did and I know I'm not mistaken!" In spite of her jumbled thoughts, she said the words with such preciseness and emphasis that a tiny squirrel playing by the roadside ran up a tree in a frightened manner. The crackle of the dry leaves caused even the horse to become startled and lift his ears with eager listening. She reassured the animal and soon arrived home.

Meanwhile, her work in school was progressing splendidly for she was as well educated as she was pretty. One day, while the pupils were having their drawing lessons, she was called to the door and there stood "good looking" as she was wont to call the handsome cowboy whom she had so accidentally met. The nickname, which of course was never used in his presence, was a very appropriate one for he had certain striking features which made him different from the average village boy. He had a ruddy complexion and his honest gray eyes and firm chin showed him to be a man of mental as well as physical power. As Daisy came from the room, he removed his hat to reveal an unruly, chestnut-color pompadour. Oh yes, he was good looking and a man fine enough for any girl. "No wonder Gloria is proud," Daisy said to herself as she glanced at him in happy surprise.

After a few commonplace words he looked apologetically at her and said, "I'm exceedingly sorry to interrupt your class work, Miss Langdon, but I have come to ask a favor of you."

"State the price," was her teasing rejoinder.

This reassured him and he commenced, "The first time I—" but a loud burst of laughter from the school room hindered him from completing his sentence. Daisy went in to quiet the hilarious boys and girls but returned blushing, for the boy who had answered the door and had seen the cowboy had drawn a cartoon of "good looking" on his knees proposing to Daisy. He was one of the less timid boys, so he had shown it to the entire class, thus bringing about the uproar.

"What was the cause of the disturbance?" the man queried as she joined him again.

"Just childish pranks," Daisy replied with drooping eyes. "But now, what was it you wished to say?"

So he began again, "Miss Langdon, when I saw you once before, I expressed a wish of seeing you again and if it is satisfactory with you, I should like to meet you here after school is out today and ride in your company for an hour or so."

He stopped expectantly and she immediately consented, only she protested mildly, "People will talk, so let's meet in the woodland yonder."

"As you wish," he said and was soon riding rapidly away.

The remaining hours in school were long ones to Daisy, but as the time for the jaunt drew near, she grew both thrilled and curious for it was the first so-called date that she had had with a cowboy and, moreover, her sister's beau.

After school, she had hastened home and as she rode gaily along on her glossy, brown horse, she made a very beautiful picture. The tie which she wore with her drab suit was one of the many bright colors and it helped to bring out the bloom in her cheeks. Just as she had passed through the main section of the village one of the

old men inhabitants stopped her. "Oh, how fortunate," he said in a ridiculous attempt at gallantry, "and now I will have the pleasure of riding with you." She protested, but was forced to be in his company for some time. They rode up and down the streets of the village but he was bound to "have it out with her," as he had boasted to his companions that he would. He tried to win her favor by complimenting her but she was very indifferent and scoffed at some of his rude remarks.

"We sure were lucky to git you here for our school ma'am for the kid larn more from the purty ones," he said, clearing his throat in an important manner. "And do you know," he continued, "I think you're even purtier than Glory ever was."

"Most people can scarcely tell the difference," was Daisy's cool rejoinder.

"Waal, but I can, and I could give any girl a good home because I've hoarded up quite a lot," he continued in a surly manner as he began to chew on a mouthful of tobacco.

"Most gamblers do," was the girl's curt reply and she spurred on her horse, but the man was not yet ready to let her go.

"See here now, miss, don't yet git so sassy," he warned. "I wouldn't even ask yer sister to be my wife but I'm agoin' to ask you and I think you know it 'ud be a fine chance fer an old maid to take, let alone such a innercent young woman like you be."

"Mr. Butes," she said hotly, "as I understand it, you had no chance whatsoever with my sister and I am afraid that you will be disappointed by me, too."

The man felt that he was beaten and he made no attempt to follow as Daisy turned to leave him this time. After this incident it was noticed that the reputed boaster, Butes, no longer spoke of the affections which he and "thet young school marm" had for each other.

Daisy had, during this unpleasant hour, averted the woodland, but when she was again alone, she spurred her horse and rode swiftly in the desired direction. Her only thought was whether or not "good looking" was still waiting, for by now he might have received the opinion that she was one of the care-free type of girls who would be perfectly willing to break one promise and make another.

By the time she had reached her destination, the sun was rapidly sinking and she left the tired horse to eat grass near the thick forest of trees while she proceeded to the agreed upon meeting place. A voice arrested her attention and she stopped to listen. She recognized the speaker to be the cowboy, but she was astonished at his words for in a bitter voice he was saying, "Why doesn't she come? I hope she's not like the other on!" A tumult of thoughts rushed to Daisy's mind, such as a misunderstanding between this man and Gloria, but she would have been told for the sisters scarcely ever kept secrets from each other. Well, she would not disappoint him so she tripped to the place where he was. At first he looked embarrassed, but seeing no sign that the girl had heard his soliloquy, he gathered his dignity and greeter her heartily. She told him of her meeting with the other man and finished slyly, "You know, I had to humor him for people will talk."

It was the second time in the same day that Daisy had said this and "good looking" felt offended but he said nothing. Her apology was accepted and, after eating the dainty refreshments that she had prepared, the two at Howell's suggestion took a moonlight rather than a sunset ride. They had a pleasant time and Daisy's sleep that night consisted chiefly of thoughts of his lingering handclasp and of the sincerity with which he had said the words, "I hope to see you more often after this."

More of these evening jaunts followed, but some of the things which "good looking" said made Daisy feel like a traitor to the sister who should have been having all these pleasant times. One evening they sat on the shore by a secluded little lake watching the moonlight as it played on the calm water. The charm of the moon had the man place an arm around the girl's waist and, with one of her dainty hands in

his, he told her of his feelings for her. Neither had spoken for some time when he began earnestly, "Daisy, I thought that I loved a girl once, but it was only a passing fancy, and I know now that you are the girl of my dreams." The girl's face seemed to turn pale in the moonlight and a look of pain settled on her countenance so the man realized that he had made a mistake. "For my sake, forgive me," he said humbly. "I see that I have made an error, but I hope that some day I can say those words to you so that you will be happy for them."

Daisy remembered these words more than any others that he had said and, although the two no longer kept up these pleasant evening rides, the girl's thought were always of the cowboy as his were of her. When she received a letter that Gloria was soon to arrive on a visit, she began to worry and worked out a plan by which her sister and Howell would be brought together so that their love for each other might be tested. She planned a delicious luncheon and dispatched a note to "good looking," inviting him to come to dinner on Thursday of that week. That was the day when her sister was expected to come and thus the two would immediately be reunited. The note which Howell received was a godsend to the man who had lost all hope of reconciliation with Daisy. Much of his time had been spent with thoughts of her and even his usually pleasant work had become a drudgery such as he had never felt before. Would this meeting at least return her friendship for him? Oh, how he hoped that it would and even more than that, it might return the spark of love which he thought was developing in her for him, but he must wait.

On the day of Gloria's arrival, Daisy and the cowboy sat waiting in the former's neat, little four-room apartment. Conversation was lagging, for the cowboy feared that he might make another foolish error. Suddenly the door was thrown open and Gloria rushed into her sister's arms. Kisses and assurances of health and happiness followed and then Gloria in a breathless voice of complete joy exclaimed, "And now for the surprise, Sis. I'm married."

"Married!" echoed Daisy in a daze, but her sister was not listening, for at the other side of the room the two cowboys were exchanging greetings much as the girls had done. When they turned around simultaneously the girls saw that they, too, were twins.

"Then it was the other one you loved?" she said slowly in an unbelieving voice. But by now she was in the arms of "good looking" who had understood the situation first. After smothering her with kisses, he turned around and said, "From now on, you will know that he is Dean Howell, my twin brother, and I am Jack."

"B—but where were you all the time?" she said to Dean.

"I'll explain that," broke in Gloria. "You see, dear, he couldn't get along without me here and as he was brought close to Chicago on cattle business he came and coaxed me to marry him, so I couldn't refuse, and now we're here on our honeymoon. That dreadful contract I signed was easily broken now, because my new boss was a saint and he knew how urgent a matter of marriage was."

She glanced wistfully at her husband who continued, "Several years ago, Jack and I were put on different cattle ranches and this is the first time since then that we have seen each other."

"Luck or an angel brought me here," expostulated Jack, who still held the blushing Daisy in his arms.

Thus explanations were exchanged, and after the refreshments were eaten, another wedding took place. With Dean and Gloria as witnesses, the ceremony was performed and as the two joyous couples proceeded homeward again, Jack gathered his happy bride in his arms and whispered, "And now we'll let the people talk."

—MABEL MUNSON, '28.

Little Bateese in High School

*You bad young sheik, not much you care
How worried you make your grandpere
Trying to stop you when he meet
You chasing de chickens along de street.
Vy not forget 'em, for the love of Pete,
Young man Bateese?*

*At school you act like a crazy creature,
Den ven you tired throw spit balls you flirt wit' the teacher.
Usin' your eyes till de lassies fall
And der vork ain't good for nottings at all.
And you only seventeen this fall,
Young man Bateese.*

*Got a date so can't go to church tonight?
Never mind, I suppose it will be all right
To go dere tomorrow—dere he go
In his old Ford coupe. In a minute or so
He'll stay out all night till de roosters crow,
Young man Bateese.*

*Den sleep till noon—'n' wheel 'er away
Looking for nodder girl wit' whom to play.
Make me t'ink of Henry de Eight—
Soon he get one more, give de odder de gate.
Vunder you find yourself a good mate,
Young man Bateese.*

*But lookin' him sittin' wit' a girl so tast'—
Looka his arm around her waist.
If he act like dat for three year more
He von't have one wife—he'll have four.
Dat's vot de future holds in store
For young man Bateese.*

*But, Sheiky Bateese, please don't get wed,
We rader you stay like dat instead.
So flirt wit' de chicken and have de chat,
But don't let it go no farder den dat;
You break our heart if you leave us flat,
Young man Bateese.*

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.

School Patriotism

*Patriots of Kingsburg High,
Lift your voices to the sky,
In the glorious, ringing anthem of our high school and our town.
Green and golden flags unfurled,
Broadcast "Kingsburg" to the world,
Till each nation knows and praises and re-echoes our renown.
May the students of our school
Make A-one grades, prove the rule,
And the rating of our graduates highest in the U. of C.
Kingsburg—'tis a glorious name!
Kingsburg—winner of each game!
And the fame of Kingsburg Vikings towers aloft, unhampered, free!*

*There is worship in our heart
For each store that forms a part
Of our loved and honored high school that in all the world's the best.
We equal spirit, we can meet
Victory or dark defeat,
And through trials and temptations our school honor stands the test.
Trust, then, when we graduate
And our high school we vacate,
We must meet success, affluence, yet stick to the Golden Rule.
We will moral victories win,
We will conquer over six,
Patriotic to our country as we're loyal to our school!*

LAVERNE WILSON, '29.

A Little Rock

*I wish I was a little rock
A-sittin' on a bill,
A-doing nothing all the day
But just a-sittin' still.
I'd never eat, I'd never sleep,
I'd just sit still a thousand years
And rest myself, bigosh.*

*I'd never have to do a thing
But watch the World go on,
The birds a-singing in the trees,
Busy as the humming bees.
I'd be a help in many a way
By seating travelers for a stay
Whenever they came by.*

—ERVIN LOVEN.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

20. School begins. No place for freshies.
22. Ray Warren wins awards for his pig at Tulare County Fair.
23. "Bud" Rudholm presides at first student body meeting.
25. Freshman reception: Seniors lay down rules for freshmen.

OCTOBER

1. Freshmen are freed from senior rules.
5. First meeting of "Viking" staff.
6. First issue of "Viking News."
8. Kingsburg "Vikings" clash with Fowler football team.
11. Lightweight squad defeated in practice game with Selma.
14. Try-outs for Little Theater. Volleyball girls carry banner of victory away from Caruthers.
15. Senior and junior girls escort freshmen and sophomore girls to High Jinx party. "Vikings" meet Clovis football team.
18. "K" Club, football squad, and Coach Bunger were entertained by Kiwanis.
22. Volleyball girls win from Laton.
25. "Shirting" and "stocking" party held in honor of freshmen.
26. Val Hamilton has a tooth missing.
28. Masquerade Skate. Volleyball girls defeat Lemoore.
29. "Vikings" meet with Caruthers.

NOVEMBER

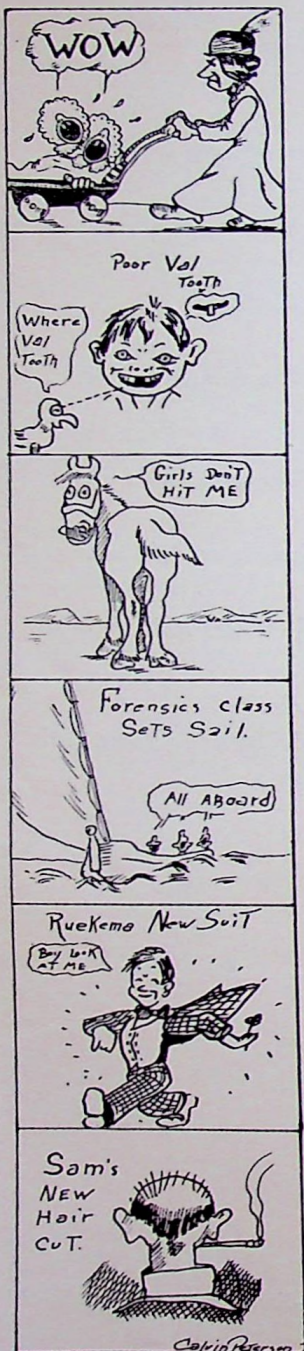
2. Rev. Ross speaks to student body.
3. Mr. Funderburgh wears a "high silk hat." Boys serve breakfast.
4. Bonfire rally—hot dogs prevail.
5. "Vikings" gain victory over Easton.
8. Doc. Toepfer entertains us with a movie—thanks, Doc.
9. Yeah—seniors have steak bake. Sophs win brawl from frosh.
11. Holiday—Armistice Day.
19. Beginning of a week's vacation.
30. "Country Gentleman" pays a visit.

DECEMBER

3. Juniors go to Bear Camp to eat weiners. Sophomore party.
7. Basketball game with 4C's.
13. Young Leander falls upstairs.
14. Farm Bureau-Chamber of Commerce banquet. Audre cools a man off by pouring cold water down his back.
16. Louie Merrill visits Kingsburg Hi.
17. Glee Club present "Bits o' Blarney."
22. Girls' Forum party.
23. School closes for Christmas vacation.

JANUARY

3. Return to school.
5. Forensics class presents a skit to advertise "Viking."
14. Lucky day for K. H. S. Two basketball games won from Clovis. Debaters win from Parlier. HAIL TO KINGSBURG HI.



18. Registration for new semester.
19. Seniors elect new officers.
20. Spanish classes present play. "Vikings" lose basketball game to Fowler.
27. Dr. Fridell of Fresno speaks to students.
28. Debaters again bring home the "bacon" from Fowler. Game with Sanger.

FEBRUARY

7. Beginning of new semester. Viking staff meets.
9. Board of managers appoint secret service committee to look after the upkeep of grounds.
10. 21 students become members of Scholarship Society. Pinkley Memorial plan presented to student body.
11. Cox lecture proceeds go to seniors—'rah for Cox!
15. Faculty "fashion party." Mr. Cox wins prize.
16. Volleyball luncheon. Dorothy Condray elected captain for '28.
28. "His People," third high school Lyceum.
22. Washington's birthday. Students hear Pres. Coolidge's address over radio. Afternoon off—everybody happy.
25. "Junior play, "The Whole Town's Talking," surely set the town talking.

MARCH

2. Junior quartette wins interclass cup.
3. Rev. "Whirlwind" Pete Morrison talks to student body.
5. Seniors sneak from school.
9. Elimination extemporaneous reading contest. Eric Jewell and Mildred Landstrom win.
11. Ag. Club Fair. Great success. Pet parade proved to be very unique.
16. Extemporaneous reading contest at Selma. Mildred Landstrom wins.
18. Music contest at Selma. Kingsburg brings home three cups.
19. Juniors go to mountains.
22. Pictures taken for annual.
23. Glee Clubs go on tour to Selma and Orosi.
24. Play Day at Easton. Invitation field and track meet at Kingsburg. Washington Union wins, Kingsburg second.
25. Semi-final debate with Easton. Easton carries away banner of victory. Final music contest at Fresno. Quartette wins first place.
26. Sophomores journey to hills.
30. Final extemporaneous reading contest.

APRIL

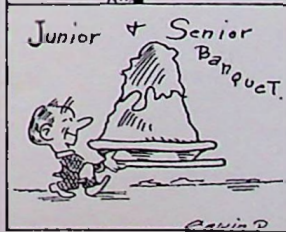
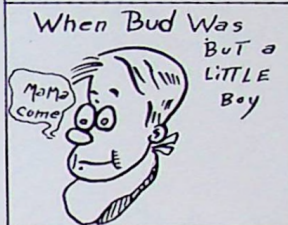
8. Fourth high school Lyceum number. Baseball games with Laton.
9. County track meet at Reedley.
13. Masque and Scroll play, "The Road to the City." Great success.
22. Mildred wins in oratorical contest at Selma.
27. Play Day. Everyone enjoys themselves.
30. Raisin Day.

MAY

6. Fifth high school Lyceum number.
20. Senior play, "When Home Came Ted."

JUNE

3. Junior-senior banquet.
5. Baccalaureate sermon.
8. Senior class night.
10. Commencement.



The VIKING



What?



Sam



Oh!



"H"



Preacher



Playful



Pals.



ECP



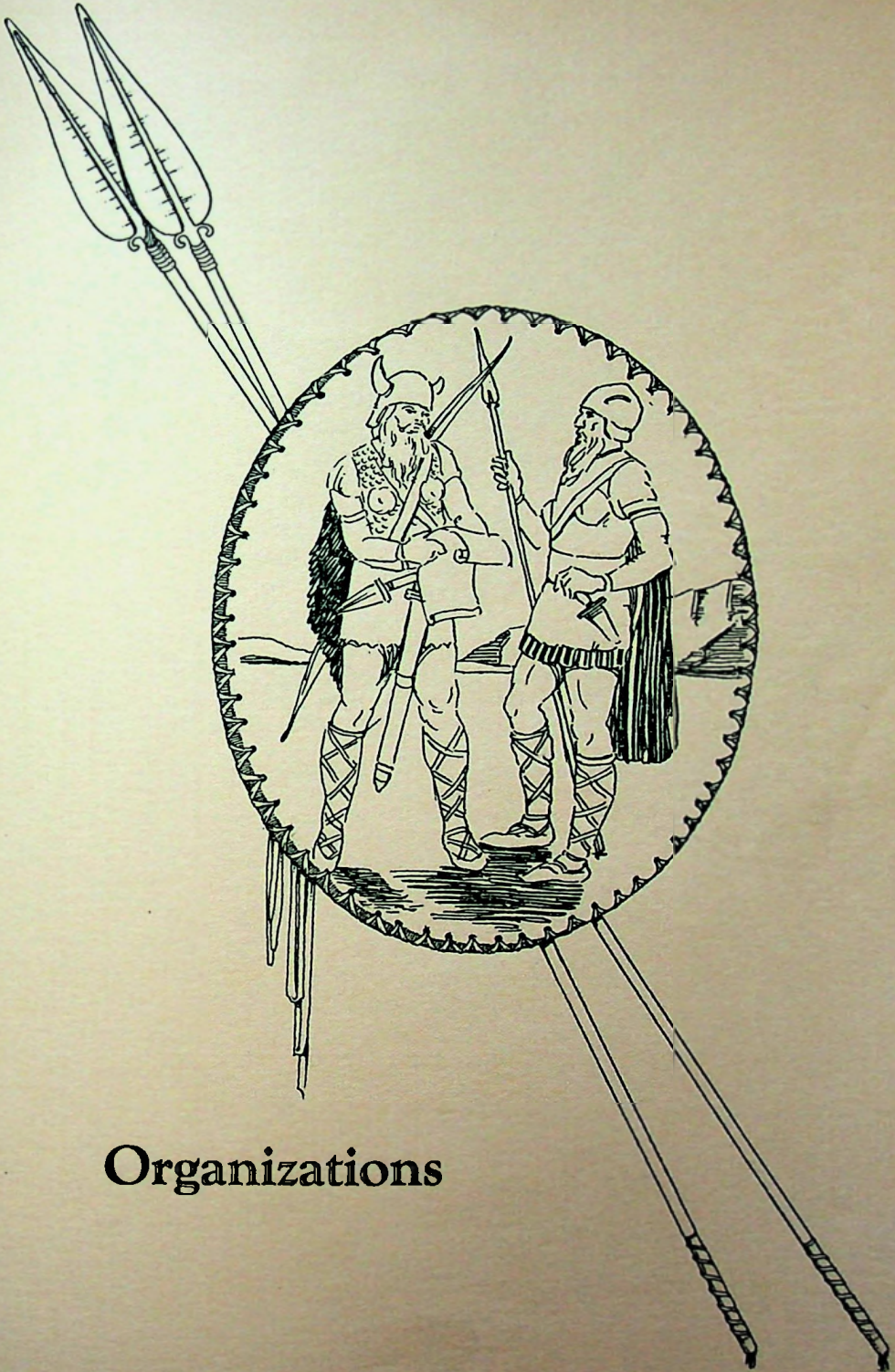
Fake!



High 5!



Baby



Organizations



President Edith Peterson
 Vice-President Rosalie Anderson
 Secretary and Treasurer Millicent Peterson

Scholarship Society

During the year 1924-25 Kingsburg high school was admitted to the California Scholarship Federation as chapter 110. All the schools of high standing in the state of California have membership in this organization, the purpose of which is to "foster a high standard of scholarship and all around attainment on the part of the students."

A student gaining ten points during a six weeks period, at least eight of which must be gained in curriculum studies, and not more than two in outside activities, becomes a member of the Scholarship Society for the succeeding six weeks and is entitled to wear the pin of the chapter during that time. A student who has been a member of the Scholarship Society for at least two-thirds of the time he has been in high school, part of which must be gained during his senior year is given a Federation pin and a gold seal on his diploma. Edith Peterson is the only member capable of wearing the Federation pin this year.

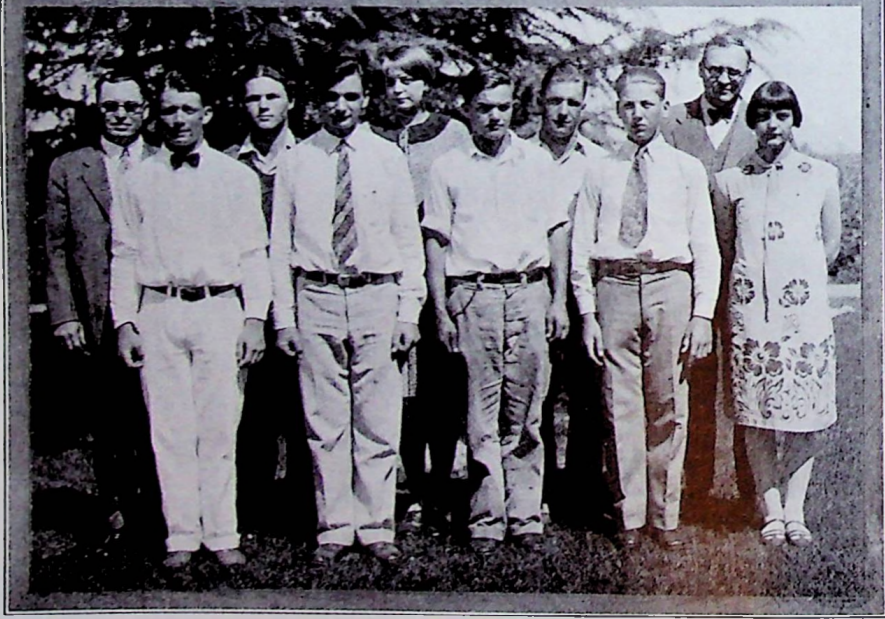
On December 18th, the Scholarship convention was held in Riverside, to which Kingsburg sent two delegates, Bernice Bush and Rosalie Anderson. Miss Bishop, the adviser of the local chapter, accompanied these two delegates. In the spring another convention was held in Fresno. This time seven delegates from Kingsburg attended, and reported it as a very interesting meeting.

This chapter holds regular meetings every six weeks which are followed by programs of educational value.

Our social functions consisted of a St. Patricks Day party given by our advisers, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Bishop.

Those who have gained membership to the Scholarship Society are as follows, with the number of times indicated by the figure beside their names:

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Edith Peterson (21) | Bernice Bush (4) | Marvin Taylor (2) | Helen Peterson (6) |
| Rosalie Anderson (14) | Ruth Anderson (4) | Herbert Werner (2) | Allen Fink (5) |
| Millicent Peterson (10) | Eugene Nelson (4) | Robert Buchanan (2) | Frances Hall (5) |
| Evelyn Seward (10) | Anna Wilson (4) | Ethel Rooseman (2) | Louise Colussi (1) |
| Mildred Landstrom (9) | Elsie Palm (4) | Linne Ahlberg | Mildred Thorell (2) |
| Minnie Bush (9) | Leo Nilda Colussi (3) | Audre Graff (1) | John Kullberg (2) |
| Dorothy Bostrom (9) | Merlyn Jensen (3) | Sam Harkelroad (1) | Val Hamilton (2) |
| Gladys Kneeland (9) | Virgie Oneal (3) | Harold Nelson (1) | Florence Jerpe (1) |
| Ella Mercer (7) | Ruth Sandstrom (3) | Annette Swanson (1) | Melvin Hoppe (1) |
| Mabel Munsen (7) | Walfrid Back (3) | Merle Westbrook (1) | Ruth Peterson (1) |
| Eunice McKenry (6) | Mae Peterson (3) | Rita Burnet (1) | Alice Waldon (1) |
| Egon Strandberg (6) | Myrtle Sandell (2) | Viola Peterson (1) | Ruby Johnson (1) |



COURT OF COMMISSIONERS
BOARD OF MANAGERS

Student Body

The officers who successful guided the student body through the 1926-'27 term were:

<i>President</i>	<i>Melvin Rudholm</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Virgie Oneal</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Mildred Westlund</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Egon Strandberg</i>
<i>Stage Manager</i>	<i>Bruce Catlin</i>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<i>Clyde Kneeland</i>
<i>Athletic Manager</i>	<i>Edward Safarjian</i>

Student body activities of the term commenced with the freshman reception on September 25. The freshmen were entertained and were put through their tricks in an original and amusing program conducted by the seniors. Their troubles were erased by delightful refreshments served after the program.

The merit system has proved successful another year and self-governmnt is expected to continue in our school. An addition to the plan was made by the board of managers whereby merits may be earned by work in school activities and for perfect attendance.

A student lyceum course was sponsored by the student body. The varied program included motion pictures, home talent, and an entertainer, all very much enjoyed by the students. The treasury was also aided by the sale of subscriptions for the Curtis Publishing Company.

Kingsburg high school acted as host to Washington Union, Fowler, Caruthers, Clovis, and Central Union high schools at an invitational track meet March 24. A pennant was given to the winning school and a medal to the high point man of the meet.

The football banquet, honoring the hard fighting Viknig squad, was a great success. The appreciation of the student body for the boys' work in upholding the Viking standards on the gridiron was well displayed in this affair. The evening was made enjoyable by musical selections, toasts and an excellent menu.

The girls of the volleyball team were rewarded with a luncheon for their work on the team. The affair was given during the noon period and was delightfully arranged.

A pleasing feature of the student body meetings were excellent programs which included many fine speakers and were educational and entertaining.

VIKING NEWS

VOL. II No. 28 KINGSBERG JOINT UNION HIGH SCHOOL TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1927

AG FAIR COMING FRIDAY

STUDENTS TO STAGE JOB TO STAGE TRYOUTS FOR QUARTET
 FIVE TO HI SCHOOL READING CONTEST
 THIS FRI. TO BE

STUDENTS WILL OPEN BOY GIRL SINGING CONTEST
 REWARD KINGSBERG

Five students and Marie will all day Friday. The contest will be held at the American Chemical Society, which has submitted essays in the subject "The Relation of Chemistry to the Enrichment of Life," Bernice Bush, "The Relation of Chemistry to Health and Disease," Evelyn Seaward, "The Relation of Chemistry to the Home," and Olga Wildermark, "The Relation of Chemistry to the Baking Industry." In each state six prizes of twenty dollars, each covering each of the subjects, will be given. One subject not mentioned which together with those mentioned make the total of six is the "Relation of Chemistry to the National Defense." There will also be six prizes given in the National Defense class.

(Continued on Page 4)

Rev. Morrison Is Very Interesting

The regular meeting of the Modern Body was held Thursday, March 2nd. It was decided that the offer of the Junior class be accepted, and that we take the stage secretary instead of the 1926 protocol from their play.

A very interesting program was presented by the B.Y. The Boys' Quartet sang two Negro Spirituals, "Whirlwind" "Till" Morrison of Fresno gave a very unique and interesting talk which although seeming at times somewhat "fencing around" a good message of finding oneself in education. It was a very original and unique talk.

The title of "Whirlwind" Morrison certainly fitted his personality. During a man of small stature, he is counted for his strength and was at one time a noted wrestler on the Pacific Coast. His talk was given undivided attention by the audience, and was very well appreciated.

Starline Is "Russia" in Evening

The extension of the Fair will be held at the Mich School and will be officially opened by the parade, however the public will be permitted to see the exhibits from 10:00 in the morning until late in the evening. The Fair will be conducted in the evening at seven o'clock. A picture "A" will be shown in the evening.

This will be the program for the evening.

The Fair will be held several days in the week and which will be held in the department of horticulture, laundry, and other departments of the horticulture exhibit from that of

(Cont)

Seniors Enjoy Snak at the Pinehurst Lodge

Rain or shine we'll be there on time!

Rald Seaman

Despite the continuous rain all day Friday and the time for meeting at 4:00 p. m. the members of the Senior class, excepting six, met at the park and started off on their "snak" about 5:30 p. m. in cars and a large truck used for the Giant Forest.

The group stopped at the ranger's camp near Sycamore in the mountains. Here they were told of a landslide two miles above, and the conditions which made the road impassable. The seniors resolved on being satisfied with this excursion, and returned to camp. Finding the statement true they turned back but still with high hopes of a good meal. A meeting was held in the Three Rivers store

which terminated in a debate to decide whether to continue their trip or turn back home. By a majority vote, the seniors decided to go on to Parkers and in the cars directed their eyes, nose and all toward Pinehurst arriving at about one-thirty in the afternoon. Lunch was prepared and everyone ate heartily.

The group became restless due to the absence of the truck with its occupants of fifteen girls, two boys and the driver, Mr. Woodruff. A few cars went down to investigate the cause of the delayed truck while those at camp began to imagine drastic results such as sliding down the canyon, several deaths and the like.

After dark, a telephone message was received stating that the truck

(Continued on Page 4)

QUARTET MEETS IN

BOY GIRL SINGING CONTEST

Robert Louis Stevenson is the author of "The Treasure Island" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame".

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(Cont)

STUDENT SINGING CONTEST

Reverend songs were sung by each class which have demanded much time and effort for preparation. Among the many songs sung was "Rain" by the Vice Glee, which will be sung at the concert March 18. The boys' glee club also made the selection that will be sung at the concert "The Yalta Diplomat" with twenty selected voices.

The main feature of the evening was the annual interclass quartet numbers "Spring Chorus" from Sampson and Dellah, and the "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere". The judges for the numbers were Mrs. Danielson, Mr. Sak, Dr. Tappet, and Mr. (Continued on Page 4)

Winner of Essay To Be Determined

There have been a number of essays written about Abraham Lincoln by many members of the senior class. The medal to be awarded to the winner has been in N. M. Johnson's display window for the past week. This year the contest was limited to Seniors but since it is going to be an annual event, it is hoped that the lower classes will have the opportunity of participating in it. The winner will perhaps be announced this week.

The medal is given by the Illinois Watch Company, Springfield. This company gives the medal in memory of Lincoln who was once a resident of Illinois and whose death was immortal. There are about two thousand high schools entering this contest and each receives a medal. In each school there are at least fifty participants and approximately 100,000 high school boys are writing and thinking about the great deeds of this noble martyr.



S. S. Forensics

<i>Captain</i>	<i>Virgil Stirewalt</i>
<i>Galley Chief</i>	<i>Esther Say</i>
<i>Purser</i>	<i>Paul Sandstrom</i>
<i>Gunner's Mate</i>	<i>Mildred Landstrom</i>
<i>Cabin Boy</i>	<i>Sam Harkleroad</i>

The good ship, the S. S. Forensics, has returned from another nine month's cruise, and her crew has an interesting tale to tell. They have sailed over the billowy wave of public speaking and journalism, have conquered the turbulent waters of debate and have even explored the dark and gleaming waters of oratory.

Sometimes, when the waves of public speaking and journalism seemed too wild and unruly, the crew tumbled for the safety of the S. S. Forensics, but with a greater effort on the part of everyone aboard, the good ship was guided safely through the storm. Toward the end of her cruise, the S. S. Forensics dipped her ears into the deep and oily waters of oratory, when each one on board prepared an oration for the oratorical contest.

One of her good sailors, Baron of Belfrey, (alias James Paulson) distinguished himself by contributing weekly features to the "Viking News." One day, however, James left school, thereby bringing about the death of Baron of Belfrey. Many were the tears that were shed over the beloved baron. Upon the twenty-second day of December a funeral-feast was held in memory of the deceased baron. Upon this sad and solemn occasion, the beloved baron was laid to rest forever in the deep and fathomless blue.

When the good ship puts to sea again, she will carry with her, deep from the heart of every voyager of her present cruise, the hope that she will experience another safe and successful voyage.



Masque and Scroll

Advisor Mr. R. R. Reukema

OFFICERS

President Virgie Onca
 Vice-President Eric Jewell
 Secretary Esther Say
 Treasurer Hanley Sundstrom
 Program Chairman Leo Nilda Colussi

In former years the Masque and Scroll has been merely a dramatic society composed of juniors and seniors. However, this year, after careful consideration and by the approval of the office, it was decided to change the club to an honor dramatic society, whereby only juniors and seniors receiving bids could become members of this organization. This plan has proved very successful and now it is considered a great honor to be asked to become a member of the club.

The Masque and Scroll did not do much as an active organization in the school until the latter part of the term. Much progress was made in dramatic work in its subordinate organization, "The Little Theatre." Members are admitted from the "Little Theatre" as the merit and work in dramatics prove their eligibility. Several new members were admitted for outstanding work in class plays.

The organization meets at the homes of members and at the high school at fortnightly meetings. Programs are given and refreshments served at these meetings.

"The Road to the City" was presented by the Masque and Scroll on the 13th of April and was adjudged the best high school dramatic production of the year. Unusual talent was displayed by the well selected cast.

The members wish to express their gratitude to their adviser, Mr. R. R. Reukema, whose faithful guidance and enthusiasm made the Masque and Scroll a successful honor society of K. H. S. this year.



Little Theatre

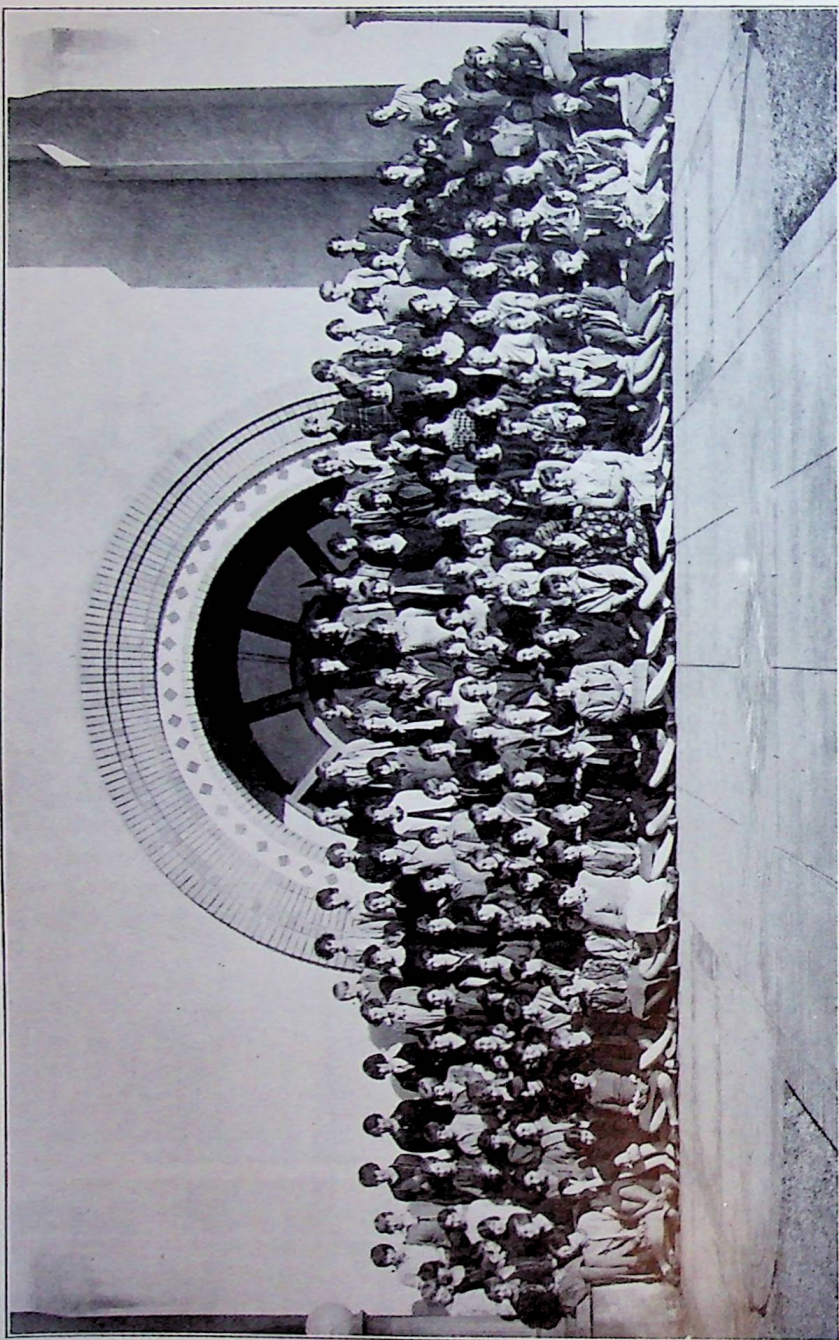
<i>President</i>	<i>Mildred Renfrow</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Katie Haile</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Esther Say</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Edith Peterson</i>
<i>Adviser</i>	<i>Mr. Reukema</i>

For several years Kingsburg High School has had only one dramatic society, the Masque and Scroll, to which a student might be admitted by displaying a certain amount of dramatic talent. This year, however, a greater interest was manifested in dramatics than ever before; so in order that more students might be given an opportunity to develop their dramatic interests, the Little Theatre Club was organized. This organization prepares members for the Masque and Scroll and is conducted under their supervision. The Masque and Scroll is considered the dramatic honor society of Kingsburg High School to which a member of the Little Theatre might gain admittance by showing interest and talent in dramatics.

At the first of the year try-outs for membership to the Little Theatre were held, and a large number of students came out to show their interest in this new organization. Several other try-outs were held later, so that toward the end of the term, the membership list included over fifty students.

The first task of the Little Theatre was the undertaking of the "Patriotic Wedding" given by request of the W. C. T. U. at their annual program. During the latter part of May an interesting program was given which consisted of three one-act plays.

The social function of the year was a St. Valentine's party given at the high school.



GIRLS' FORUM

Girls' Forum

Upper Forum		Lower Forum
<i>Ella Mercer</i>	<i>President</i>	<i>Ruth Peterson</i>
<i>Millicent Peterson</i>	<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Eleanor Swanson</i>
<i>Mildred Westlund</i>	<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Lorraine Soderman</i>
<i>Edith Peterson</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Evelyn Johnson</i>
<i>Mildred Landstrom</i>	<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Ruth Sandstrom</i>

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

<i>Seniors: Minnie Bush</i>	<i>Sophomores: Ruth Anderson</i>
<i>Margaret Votaw</i>	
<i>Juniors: Helen Peterson</i>	<i>Freshmen: Anna Wilson</i>
<i>Rita Burnette</i>	

ADVISORS

<i>Bessie Truesdale</i>	<i>Bernice Newbecker</i>	<i>Anna Haney</i>
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This year the Girls' Forum launched out under the capable leadership of Virgie Oneal, but due to her early resignation, Ella Mercer has since very successfully guided our Forum.

Last year it was decided that the Girls' Forum would adopt the Big Sister Plan and they elected as head Big Sister, Ella Mercer. On the first day of school last semester, each freshman girl was shown from class to class by a member of the senior class. This idea has proved very successful in that the new girls were not frightened by their new experience.

During the early part of the first semester, the girls held a Hi Jinks party in order to acquaint the freshman girls with high school life.

The first month of school a Girls' League convention was held at Visalia and Kingsburg high school was well represented by thirty-two delegates who reported a good time and who have since presented many unique ideas.

Christmas Cheer Week was also observed this year. Every day for one week previous to Christmas vacation the girls brought such articles as potatoes, apples, oranges, nuts, dried and canned fruits, and old clothes. The girls also set aside one night for the making of candies, sewing garments, and packing boxes for the needy. The Boys' Forum donated some money which was used to buy "eats" for Christmas dinners. All this certainly helped to gladden the hearts of those who otherwise would have been sad on Christmas morning.

On March twenty-fourth, Kingsburg high school girls were entertained at Washington Union high school. Everyone reported a good time.

Early in April the Upper Forum presented a unique thirteen cent program, the profit going to the Forum treasury.

The last social affair that the joint Forums held was the annual Mother and Daughter party on May sixth. These parties are held not only to acquaint the mothers with school life and other school girls, but also with their own daughters.

The best we can wish the future Forums is success. They, like all former Forums, will have their problems to settle. Here's wishing them the best of success, not through luck, but through good, hard work.

—MINNIE BUSH, '27.



Boys' Forum

<i>President</i>	<i>Carl Nystrom</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Virgil Stirewalt</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Linne Ablberg</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Bruce Catlin</i>
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	<i>Lloyd Werner</i>

ADVISORS

R. I. Buchanan

W. M. Bungler

The Boys' Forum have again this year, as in the past, enjoyed fellowship and companionship with each other, in such a way to promote school spirit, through a better understanding between the boys.

The program for the year, as outlined by the officers and advisors, has been three-fold: first, educational; second, social; and third, moral.

Our meetings have been held on alternate Tuesday, and several of the programs have been supplemented by noted speakers obtained from worthy sources. Speakers, both educational and interesting, were afforded, and it is believed that much benefit has been derived from these speakers.

A new innovation, different from any other school function, was Dad's Night among the boys. Each boy brought his dad or some guest, and games, skits, playlets, and stunts were enjoyed, and were followed by suitable "eats." The evening was enjoyed immensely by all, and it is probable that it will become an annual event.

Late in the year, the Forum declared war on "boyish hairdress" and resolved to grow beards. Each boy was responsible for one month's growth, and the honor for the best crop was divided between Clyde Kneeland and "Bud" Rudholm.

Thus, having grown in body and mind, we feel that we have been fully repaid for the effort that we have put forth to make our Forum a success.



Hi Y

<i>President</i>	<i>Melvin Rudholm</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Carl Nystrom</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Linne Ablberg</i>
<i>Reporter</i>	<i>Edward Safarjian</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Paul Strid</i>
<i>Advisor</i>	<i>Elmore Peterson</i>

This year the Hi-Y was again under the leadership of our able leader, Elmore ("Pedro") Peterson. He has been a Hi-Y leader for many years and returned back to his position after a year's rest.

The first thing on the Hi-Y program was the Fresno, Tulare, and Kings County Older Boys' Conference at Kingsburg. The Kingsburg Hi-Y willingly acted as hosts. "Bud" Rudholm, our president, was elected president of the conference.

During the Christmas holidays "Bud" Rudholm and Edward Safarjian were sent as delegates from our Hi-Y to attend the five-day conference held at Mt. Hermon.

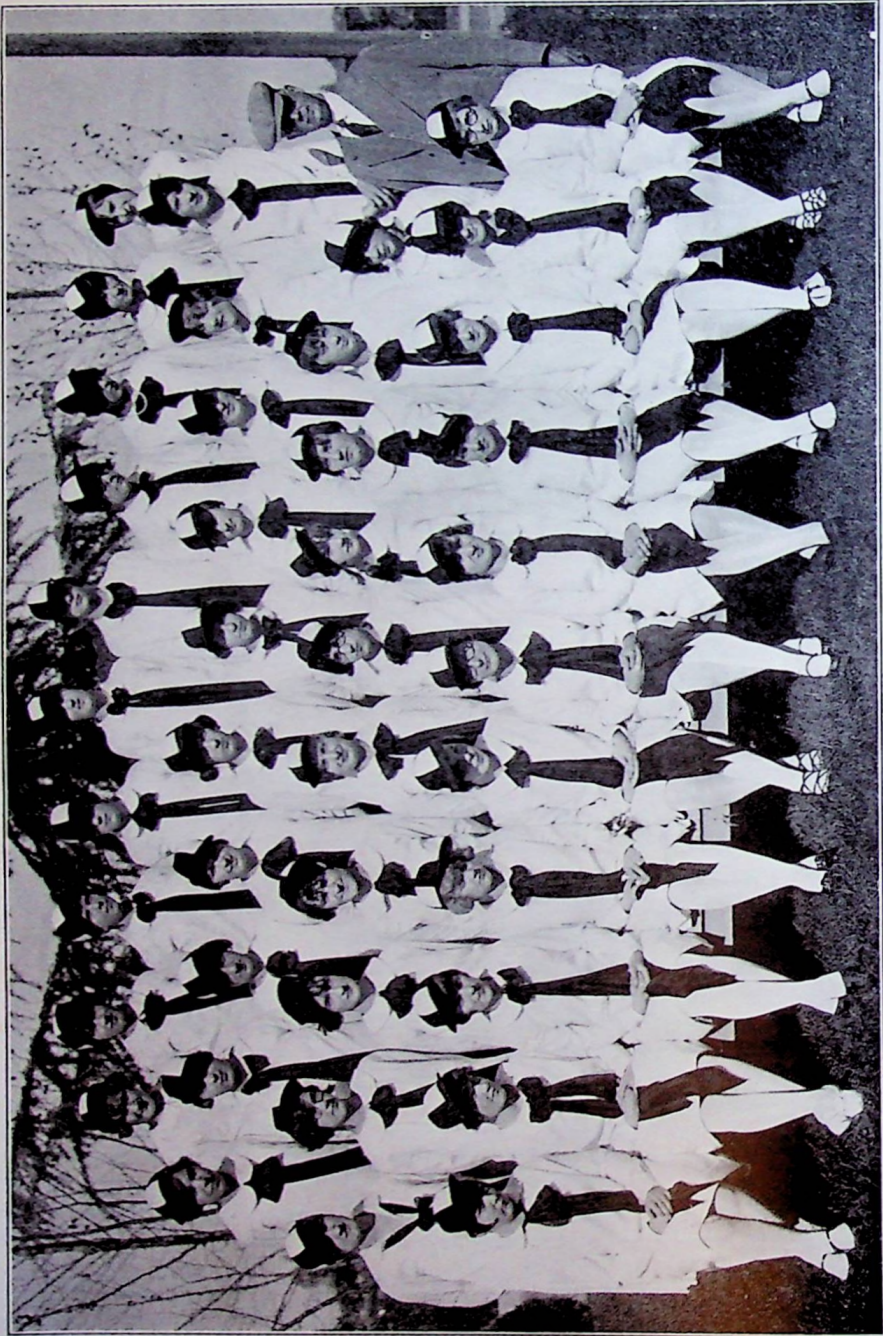
On February 4th, the annual snow trip to Lake Sequoia was held. The club stayed there three days and everyone enjoyed a wonderful time.

The Hi-Y also sponsored a few very interesting programs before the student body. Rev. Fridell of Fresno spoke twice, once before the student body and another time before the Boys' Forum. Rev. Pete ("Whirlwin") Morrison also spoke before the student body.

The club sponsored a clean speech campaign and posters were placed about the building to warn the students. On Armistice Day at Selma, a float was entered by the Kingsburg Hi-Y.

On May 13th the Hi-Y held its annual woman party. This is considered a great event at which the members were allowed to invite their lady friends. This event closed the activities of the Hi-Y for 1927.

The VIKING



Vivace Glee Club

Mr. Cain Director
 Mrs. Charles Peterson Pianist

OFFICERS

President Kathleen Haile
 Vice-President Mildred Renfrow
 Secretary Esther Say
 Treasurer Alice Bishop
 Advertising Manager Mildred Lundstrom
 Business Manager Rubsie Giragossiantz
 Reporter Eula Schlatter

The Girls' Glee Club, consisting of forty members, have had a very successful season. Under the capable direction of the best musical instructor in the valley and a leader who has had wide experience in the musical world, our girls have won many a praise and as a result bestowed honor on our beloved Kingsburg High. The club is growing, not only in popularity, but in quality and quantity as well. With diligence and interest the members of the club have worked to place their name at the top of the ladder in the musical department.

The girls played an important and artistic part in the operetta given December 17th, which marked a very successful production and received much applause from an equally interested and appreciative audience.

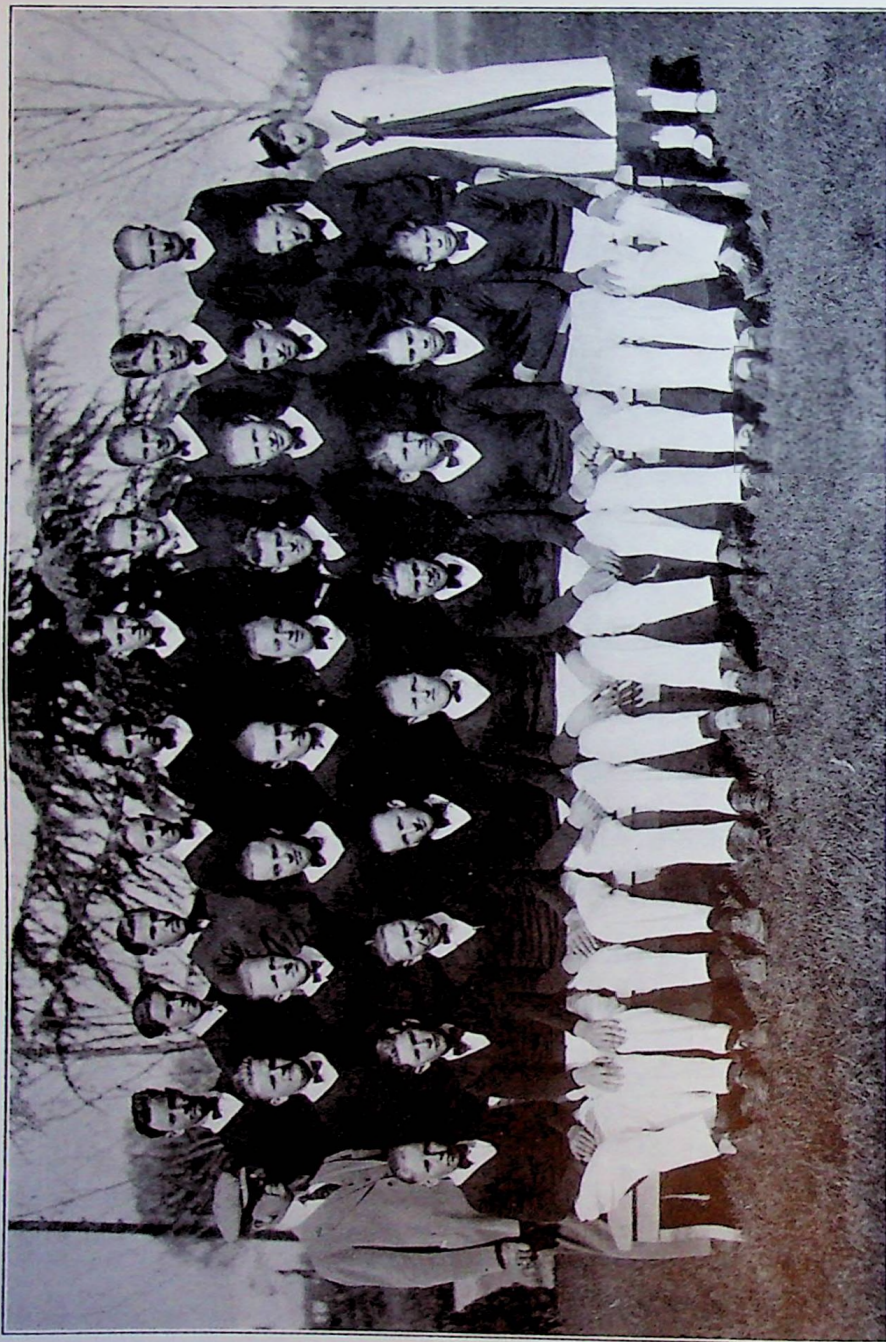
In the division contest held at Selma March 18th, our club placed second, and the mixed chorus consisting of twenty voices won a silver cup which made them eligible to compete in the contest at Fresno. The girls' quartette, consisting of Elsie Linman, Agnes Jacobsen, Merlyn Jensen, and Kathleen Haile placed two silver cups in our trophy case. On May 3rd the school quartette gave a concert sponsored by the Tuesday Club of Kingsburg. Much talent was demonstrated. The Male Quartette of Kings County Sang effectively, and Daniel Popovitch at the piano contributed much to the success of the program.

On the evening of March 2nd, the combined Glee Clubs gave an appreciation program to the community. This was the first appearance of the girls in their charming white serge dresses. Streaming black ties that tipped the hem of their garments and their black and white jockey caps which added to their general appearance and attractiveness, was admired by all spectators.

At last the day came when the office granted the permission to an enthusiastic group of boys and girls that they enjoy a tour to Selma and Orosi, presenting a musical program before the respective student bodies. Picnic lunch was served on the Orosi lawn.

On a bright, sunny May day, the combined Glee Clubs motored to Mooney Grove for their annual picnic. The day was spent in boating and playing games.

The girls' club made its last appearance when they sang before the large audience that witnessed the commencement exercises on the high school lawn.



Los Travadores

Instructor L. B. Cain

OFFICERS

President Bruce Catlin
 Vice-President David Ericsson
 Secretary Linne Ablberg
 Treasurer Clifton Brandvig
 Business Manager Sam Harkleroad
 Advertising Manager Calvin Peterson
 Librarian Ivan Byrd

The boys' glee club, Los Travadores, started in the year with thirty-two members under the direction of Mr. Cain, and with Mrs. Peterson as our pianist. Our first production was given December seventeenth, the operetta, "Bits o' Blarney," which was given by both clubs. We cannot thank Mr. Reukema and Mr. Cain enough for the good work they did which made our operetta a success. We put the operetta on again January 14th, for the chamber of commerce.

As soon as the operetta was over, we began work on our contest music. On March 18th, we went to the district preliminary music contest, which was held in Selma. We were entered in the limited boys' club and in the limited mixed chorus. Both entries won cups. The boys' limited club sang "The Song of the Volga Boatman" and the mixed chorus sang "All Hail."

March twenty-third, the combined glee clubs toured to Selma and Orosi with an hour and a half entertainment given at each school, where we were heartily welcomed by each school, and they in return gave us a good musical program later in the year.

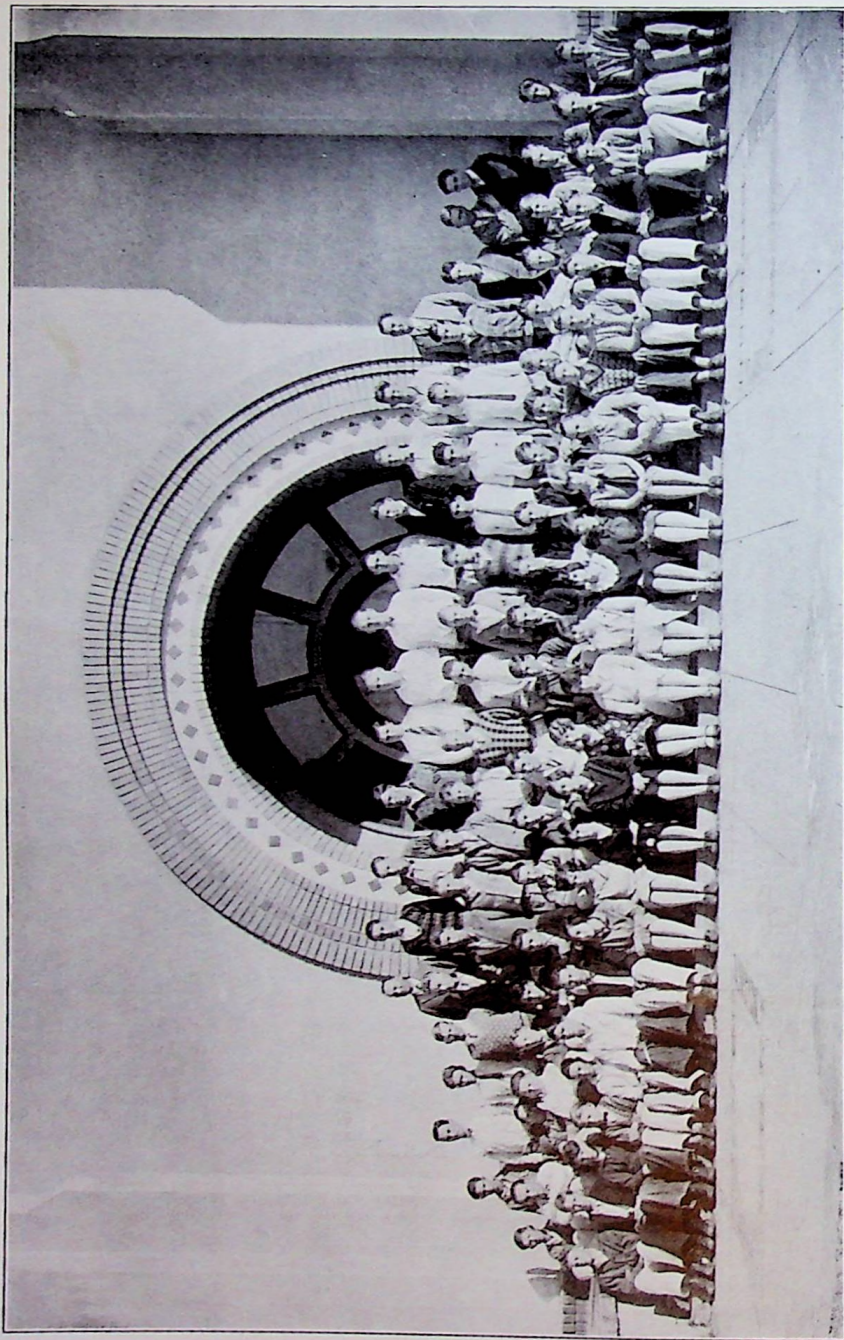
March twenty-fifth, we went to Fresno where we competed in the final music contest, but "fate" was against us and we lost the cup, but not our courage. After the contest we began solo and quartet work.

Early in May we went on our annual picnic. This year we held our picnic at Mooney Grove, which has been our picnic grounds for several years.

We concluded our work for the year by putting on a program before the student body, resolving to win more glory for our school next year.

"BITS O' BLARNEY"

Mike O'Noole Eric Jewell
 Peggy Bertha Sorborn
 Patrick Calvin Peterson
 Mary Anna Wilson
 Agnes Ethel Rylee
 Rosic Kathleen Haile



AG CLUB

Agricola Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Myron Anderson</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Edith Peterson</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>John Kullberg</i>

ADVISERS

R. I. Buchanan

J. Wiley Hudson

The Ag Club this year has a larger enrollment than any preceding year, 52 per cent of the boys in high school being Ag Club members.

The Ag courses contain suitable material for three years' study. The freshman course consists of the study of poultry, hogs, and cattle, their care and feeding. Every boy in the first year work usually maintains a project, ordinarily a flock of chickens or a hog, for which graduation credit is awarded.

The second year work consists of the study of plants, pruning, grafting, dissection of fruits, study of the diseases of plants, plant breeding and other allied topics. The projects taken by second year students usually consist of a plot of ground, to be used for experimental work in soil study.

Third year agricultural chemistry teaches the students to understand the fundamentals of chemistry; to know how to remedy poor soil conditions, animal feeding, and thousands of other practical applications of chemistry to the farm. Some very practical work along the lines of soil, milk and fertilizer analysis has been included in this year's work.

The landscape course, a course in botany, especially for girls in the junior and senior years. The study of plants, diseases, ornamentals, and landscaping. Landscaping is the art of planting shrubs, bushes and flowers in harmony, so as to make a pleasing and well balanced effect when viewed as a whole. For instance, the landscape class has landscaped the grounds around the high school, the Traver grammar school, and also a great deal of work has been done in landscaping the cemetery. The civic side of such a course designates it as a benefit to the community.

Mr. Hudson has charge of the shop work, teaching the boys how to handle various machinery. The courses include woodwork, soldering, tinwork, electric study, blacksmithing, and auto mechanics. The course includes materials for three years' work.

An outstanding example of the practical applications to which the work in these courses can be applied, was shown in a novel and splendid fashion in the Ag Fair. Everywhere in this Viking is a page giving in detail the outstanding features of the fair.

On the whole the work this year has been very good, both as regards students as well as teachers. We have enjoyed the work, as well as to enjoy good times together in the club, and we feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

The VIKING



Ag. Fair

As an outstanding event of the school year, the Ag. Fair immediately presents itself, in the publicity given it, and the impression made upon the throngs of people that attended.

The Ag. Fair, though on a smaller scale, was organized much the same as our county fairs, including exhibits of all natures, athletic contests, concessions, vaudeville program in the evening and all that is found in large fairs.

A large tent was secured in which to house the majority of the exhibits, other than these which were stock and hogs. Over 20 merchants exhibited, 5 oil companies, and others. The class exhibits were correlated with the corresponding outside exhibitors; the chemistry class exhibit was correlated with the oil companies' exhibits, with the spray and insecticides. The purpose was mainly this: to show the public the practical application of what had been taught in the class rooms during the year.

The poultry, hog and pigeon exhibits were centered near and in the bus shed. There were over 500 pens of fine poultry and pigeons and several head of hogs. Herbert Wigh won a silver loving cup for the best pen of poultry exhibited by a club member. The cup was donated by the General Oil Company. The horticultural class won first place in class exhibits and received a beautiful silver trophy, presented by the Shell Oil Company.

Throughout, it had been the plan that the fair should interest all people, and that there should be something worth while for every individual. A combined pet and costume parade started the fair, gathering at the high school and marching through town and back. The judges, Mr. Leon Peterson, Mrs. Charles Schaffer, and Mrs. Richard Batten, adjudged the freshman class as having the most unique and largest representation, for which they received a large loving cup, donated by the Richfield Company. The Mother Earth Kids, from Roosevelt, won first individual prize.

In the afternoon, there was an athletic contest between grammar schools, it being "visiting day" for them, and guests at the fair, as future freshmen. The honor for high point man went to Harry Wakida, representative of Clay School. Again, the idea of entertaining all classes of people is found brought forth.

The program in the evening consisted of a fine film, 9 reels in length, entitled "Rosita," with Mary Pickford as leading lady, followed by a few high class vaudeville numbers. The crowds that packed the auditorium did it so thoroughly as to leave no room for another person. Even standing room was not to be found by the time the entertainment had begun. Surely this speaks for the popularity of such a fair to the people of the community. It is very possible that next year the community of Kingsburg will take hold of the enterprise, entering it as they would the Fresno Fair, under the auspices of the Agrícola Club, which has been directly responsible for the undertaking.



Circulus Latinus

Motto: CRESCAT SCIENTIA

<i>President</i>	<i>Helen Peterson</i>
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	<i>Esther Larson</i>
<i>Program Chairman</i>	<i>Henrietta Tegelberg</i>
<i>Reporter</i>	<i>Alene Nelson</i>
<i>Advisor</i>	<i>Mrs. Thompson</i>

This organization is composed of members who have had more than two years in Latin. The first meeting was held in January, at which time the officers were elected and a definite time for meeting was decided. The purpose of the organization is to arouse interest and to learn of Roman customs.

At various times the club is privileged to see movies of Rome. From these the students get a better knowledge of the Roman ways of living.

On May 16th the Latin Club had their annual picnic with the Spanish Club, at Ward's Oak Park. The afternoon was spent in swimming and playing games.

—HELEN PETERSON.



El Club Espanol

President *Violet Strid*
Secretary and Treasurer *Ruth Sandstrom*
Advisor *Mrs. Thompson*

El Club Espanol is composed of members having two or more years of Spanish. The purpose of the club is to increase the students' interest in Spanish and in Hispanic countries and to provide further opportunity for practice in using the language.

The Spanish students have been entertained many times during the year with lantern slides and movies of the interesting places of Spain and Spanish America.

On Saturday, January twenty-second, the Spanish Club presented before the Association of Teachers of Spanish of the San Joaquin Valley two plays entitled "Los Pantalones" and "La Broma."

On May sixteenth El Club Espanol motored to Ward's Oak Park for a picnic. Swimming and games were the entertainment of the afternoon. A good time was enjoyed by all.

—HAZEL OLSON.



"K" Club

The "K" Club started out this year with about eleven members. As the year went on, the membership increased until at the end of the year there were twenty-two members.

<i>President</i>	<i>Bruce Catlin</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Merlin Miller</i>
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	<i>Edward Safarjian</i>
<i>Historian</i>	<i>Eric Jewell</i>

On March 24th the "K" Club sponsored an invitational track meet on the Kingsburg high school track. Six schools participated—Washington, Central, Clovis, Laton, Fowler, and Kingsburg. Washington Union won the track meet, Kingsburg coming second. A big crowd was present and it was considered the best track meet ever held in Kingsburg.

Later on in the year the new members were initiated at the river. A women's party is being planned to be held at Coach Bungler's home.

The "K" Club-Alumni dinner is being considered but final plans have not been made yet. However, if carried, all former athletes from K. H. S. will be invited to this banquet to talk over the past and present sport.

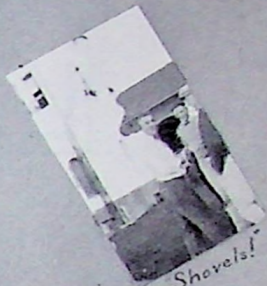
The VIKING



Bertie and Helen.



Swellhead.



Shovels!



Mildred.



Coming Down.



Pruning.



May and Min.



Viking Boosters.



Edith and Andrea.



Merle and Katie.



"Landscapers."



"Hics!"

HUMOR

SOLVING THE EQUATION

(Prize Joke)

Kathleen: "What would happen if Miss Mishop stepped out and the guy put his arm around her?"

Opal Woods: "She would tell him to explain the reaction and write the equation."

Mr. Reukema (in Forensics): "Why, the kids got down and tore the pants out of their knees."

MORE BELONEY

Mr. Cain: "The operetta will be 'Bits o' Blarney' this year."

Helen H.: "Did you say 'Bits of Beloney'?"

Dorothy B. (in chemistry): "Hey! Alice, you're evaporating over there!"

Mr. Peterson (in sociology): "Human beings grow by jerks."

Mildred W.: "Gee! I wish I hadn't jerked so much."

Mr. Smith: "Use a word three times and it is yours."

Carl Nystrom: "Elsie, Elsie, Elsie."

Arpe S. (in history): "And the horse that he was riding was killed three times."

Miss Devereaux (in first aid): "What is the technical name for——Minnie Bush?"

Carl N.: "I've got a pretty good Ford but the wheel came off last night."

Virgie: "My Ford's wheel don't come off."

BACK TO ADAM AND EVE

Margaret V (boastfully): "I've never been kissed."

Mildred R.: "Aw! I know better than that—'cause I saw Cccil's adam's apple wiggling up and down."

Miss Bishop: "Wes, have you got your mind on your essay?"

Wesley J.: "I haven't any."

The VIKING

Mr. Cox (in civics): "What is stronger than the state government?"
Carl N.: "Linne's feet."

Leo Nilda C. (in civics): "Soda water contains carbonic acid."

James Paulson (to man at Ward's Park): "Where is the man that owns this park?"
Man: "The devil only knows—he died six years ago."

Mr. Peterson (in sociology): "Now, while I'm talking I might as well say something."

Herbert Werner (saying fine line in English): "When I open my lips let no other dog bark."

Mr. Reukema (in English IV): "Discuss the origin of drama in English and Greek."

Agnes J.: "Gosh! I can't write Greek."

Bernice Anderson: "These health rules make me sick."

Sophomore: "Did you take a bath?"

Freshie: "Is there one missing?"

Margaret V.: "Hey, I waved to you last night."

Helen: "I didn't hear you."

TEACHERS SHOULD STUDY

Clyde K. (in physics): "That isn't what it says in the book."

Bruce (to Miss Bishop): "It is, too; you try reading it once and you'll find out."

Egon S. (giving report): "When children get home from school their books are empty."

Mr. Peterson: "Can't we go farther back than Greece?"

James P.: "No, that's as far back as I can remember."

Mr. Cox (reading newspaper clipping): "Two Fresno women disappear. 'Aw! We haven't time to read this—there are more women than men now, anyway.'"

Miss Newbecker: "Pauline, how do you spell cocktail?"

Pauline: "C-o-x-t-a-i-l."

Linne A.: "I think some freshmen have water on the brain."

Sam H.: "Impossible; they haven't any brains."

The VIKING

Helen H. (in first aid): "Say, did you know Moses had indigestion?"

Miss Devereaux: "Why do you think so?"

Helen: "'Cause our Sunday school teacher told us God gave him two tablets."

Agnes: "I didn't get any."

Jeanette D.: "I got the same."

Ethel R.: "So did I, it must be right."

Katie: "Santa brought me a nice week-end bag."

Wesley L.: "What kind of a hat is that?"

Miss Bishop: "How do you draw a line?"

Myrtle S.: "Take a tape measure."

Mrs. Clark: "What was the war of 1812?"

Enid Hayes: "Civil War."

Frances: "Meet me at the library at seven tonight."

Virgil S.: "All right; what time will you be there?"

Calvin P. (in Glee Club): "Mr. Cain, will you kindly tell me if I have a bass or a tenor voice?"

Mr. Cain: "You have not."

Mr. Reukema (in English II): "Give me some words that register emotion."

Anna W.: "Love."

Frances: "Hey! Hey!"

Mr. Reukema: "Yes, hate—that is right."

Mr. Cox: "When was the Athenian Empire at its greatest height?"

Alva: "It was about thirty feet."

Miss Bishop: "If a tree were crooked would the shadow be perpendicular?"

Myrtle S.: "No, it would be perpendicular on a slant."

Mr. Peterson (in sociology): "What is a common defect in children?"

Mildred R.: "Do you mean about their heads?"

Mr. Peterson (giving dictation): "The child, his nature, and his needs."

Mildred R.: "His knees?"

Paul Carlson (to druggist): "I want a bottle of perspiration."

Druggist: "Why, we haven't any. What do you want it for?"

Paul C.: "Coach says I don't take enough exercise."

The VIKING

GIRLS' STYLES

Girls' styles would cover miles
But just for sport they wear skirts short
If only them would let 'em,
As ever they can get 'em.

Each will shed hair from her head
Just to keep up with fashion;
Among the mob the boyish bob
Is still the reigning passion.

Each dainty limb in chiffon trim
Attracts the manly favor.
As to bearing a fan—ask Alice Anne
Or her red haired sheik from Traver.

—LAVERNE WILSON.

Miss Devereaux (in first aid): "What would you do if a deep wound was bleeding?"

Jeanette D.: "I'd run."

Frances H. (speaking of watch): "I can take my insides out—can you?"

Dorothy Bustrom (looking in mirror): "My nose looks like a tail light."

Mr. Cox: "Why didn't Milton educate his daughter in more than one language?"
No one could answer.

Mr. Cox: "He thought one tongue enough for a woman."

Mr. Henderson (in business training): "There's a man named John Brown, Sr.; he has a son named John Brown, Jr.; that son has a son—what is his name?"

Lester Emler: "John Brown, Sophomore."

Arnold R.: "May I pull down the shade?"

Mrs. Haney: "No! The sun is good for green things."

Katie: "Say!"

Mr. Funderburgh: "You say it!"

Mr. Cox: "They even found wine in the pyramids."

Francis H.: "Gee! I bet it had a kick in it."

Lucille Larson (giving report): "Fish aren't very well taken care of when they're little, because their father sometimes eats them."

Mr. Henderson (in bookkeeping): "What answer did you get, Agnes?"

Mrs. Haney (speaking of rainfall): "What is the wettest spot in the United States?"

Sub. Yama: "The ocean."

Roger C. returned "The Sea Wolf" to the library.

Librarian: "Why didn't you finish reading it?"

Roger C.: "Oh, the hero fell in love so I quit."

Miss Bishop (in physics): "When are you going to start studying?"

Lee C.: "The day before the exams."

Freshman: "Do they ring two bells for assembly?"

Senior: "No, they ring the same bell twice."

Myron Anderson: "What are you doing with that trap?"

Allan Fink: "I'm going to take it to class and see if I can catch a ONE with it."

TEN COMMANDMENTS

Or, How to Get Along With the Teachers

I

Come to class late if possible.

II

Leave your book behind, by all means.

III

Drape yourself gracefully over the desk and tell him you were out late last night and don't know your lesson.

IV

At a tense moment throw a piece of chalk or a spitball.

V

If he cracks a joke, by no means laugh.

VI

If possible keep up a steady tapping on the desk with your pencil.

VII

Wiggle around in your seat a great deal. This is good for teachers' nerves.

VIII

Always carry a large supply of gum with you. Teachers enjoy asking you to spit it out.

IX

If you are a girl, proceed to powder your nose just as he looks up.

X

If a teacher is talking, be sure to make sufficient noise to drown him out. A teacher doesn't like to hear himself talk and neither does anyone else.

The VIKING

POEMS OF YESTERDAY

Here lie the bones of 'Gene Danell,
The rest of him has gone to Selma.

Here lie the bones of flapper Rose,
She went to bed and froze her nose.

Dead and gone is Helen Hanan,
She stuck her head in the mouth of a cannon.

In this lonely grave sleeps Edward Sparker,
He told Alice Anne the devil could take her.

This is the tomb of unlucky Ray,
He drove a Ford and forgot to pray.

Never again will you see our Nan,
She stole the beau of Alice Ann.

Dead in a ditch lies Vera Sphar,
She had no brakes on her old Ford car.

Beneath this sod lies Edna Beck,
She fell off her feet and broke her neck.

Under this tomb lies poor Zuvart,
She took Hugh's fickle love to heart.

In an auto wreck died youthful Irvin,
He curved in the road and kept on curving.

—LAVERNE WILSON.

Miss Newbecker: "For what are fats used in the body?"

Florence A.: "Fats oil up the joints in the body."

Hanley S. (in American history): "The Massachusetts Bay was granted to a group of Puritan gentlemen in 1228."

Mr. Cox (in civics): "Katie, name three things that constitute treason."

Katie: "Stealing and—"

Mr. Cox: "Eating ice cream out of season."

Lee C. (making inaugural as program chairman): "I'll try to do my best, and when I ask anybody I hope they won't turn me down."

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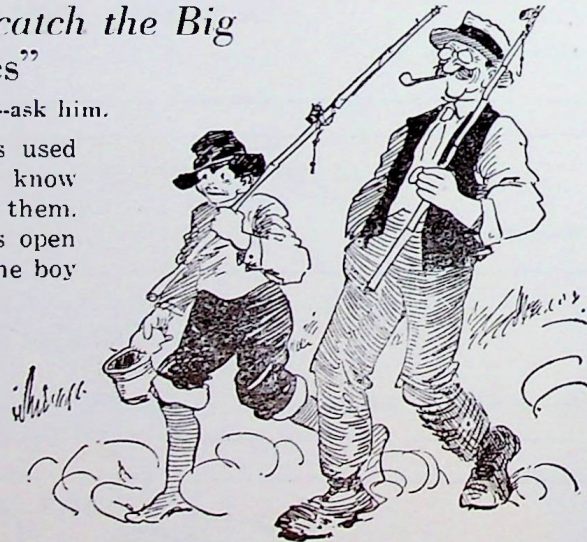
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