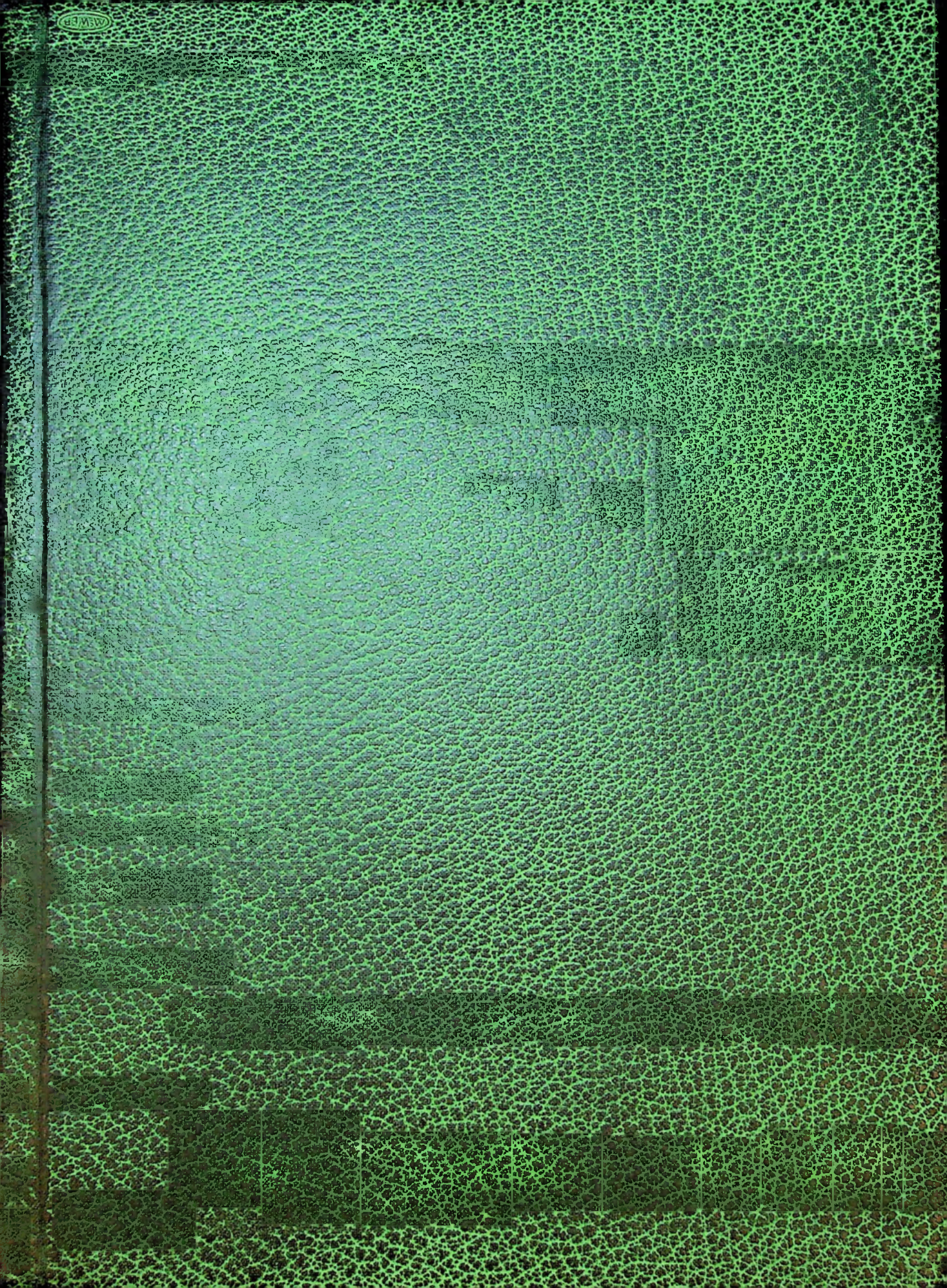


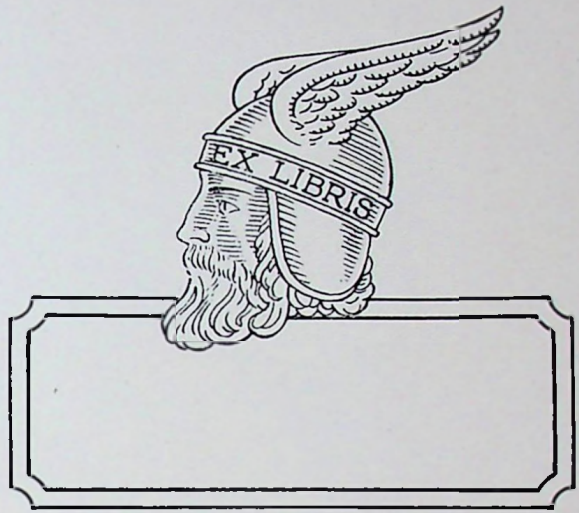
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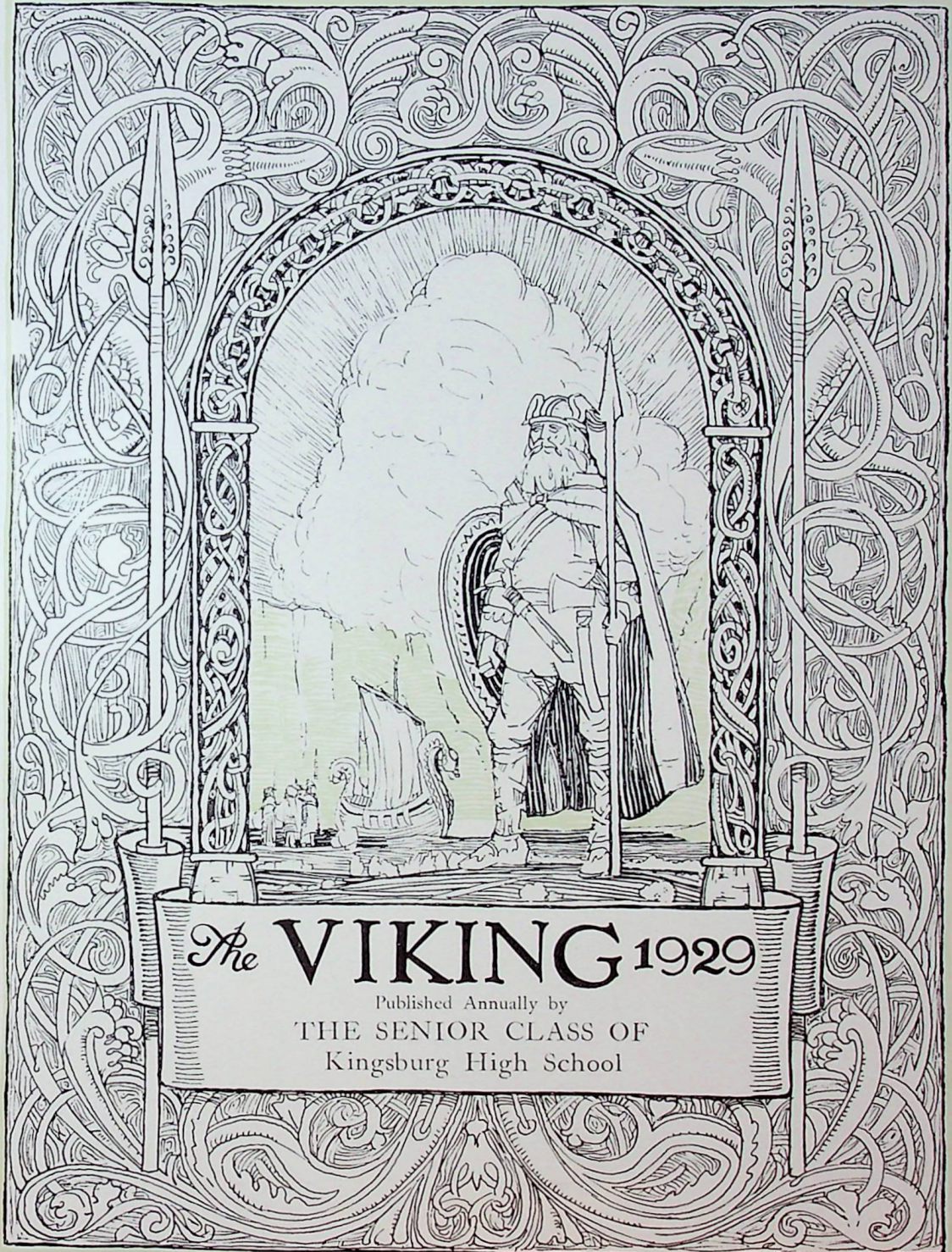
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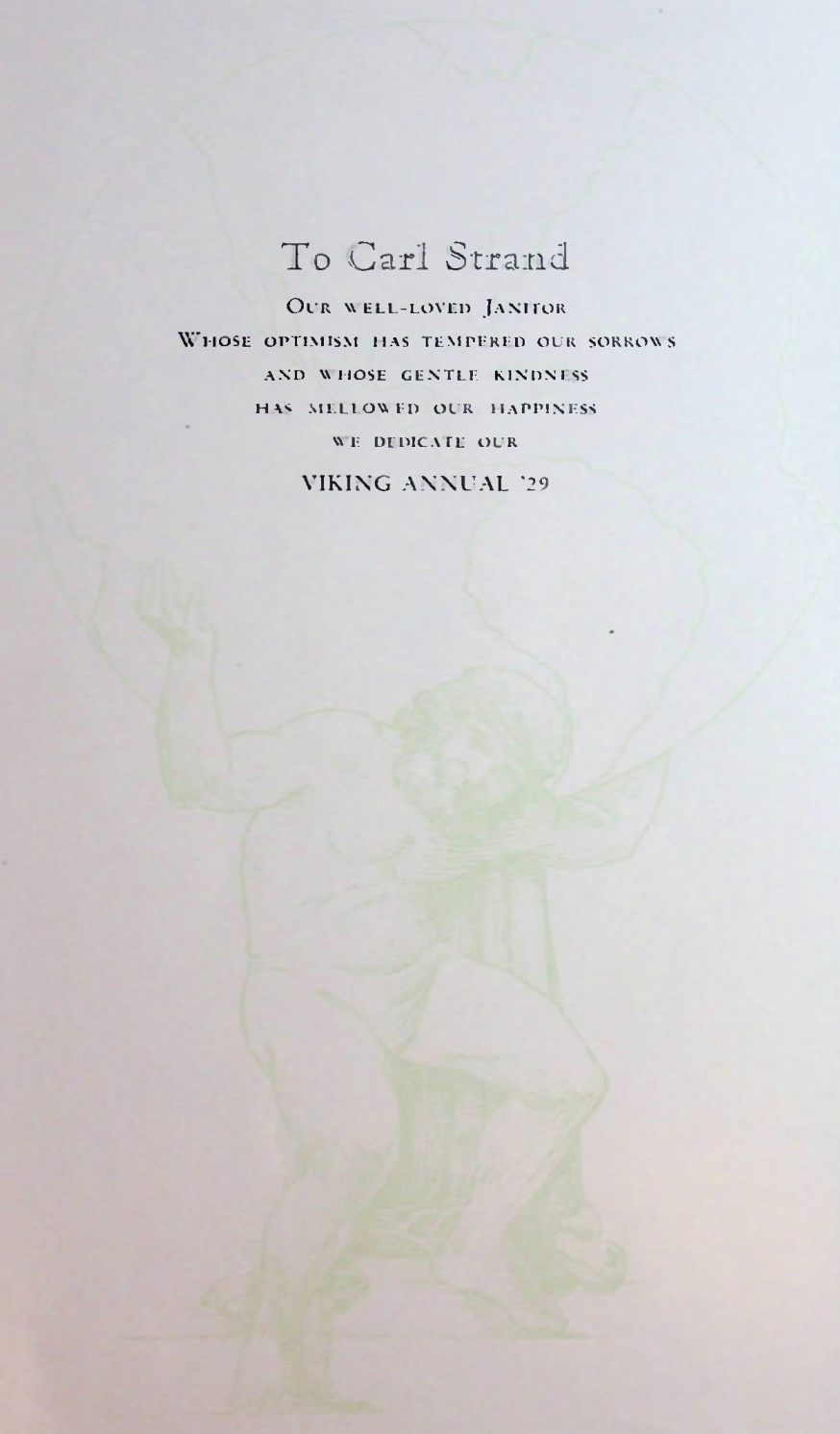






*The* **VIKING** 1929

Published Annually by  
THE SENIOR CLASS OF  
Kingsburg High School



To Carl Strand

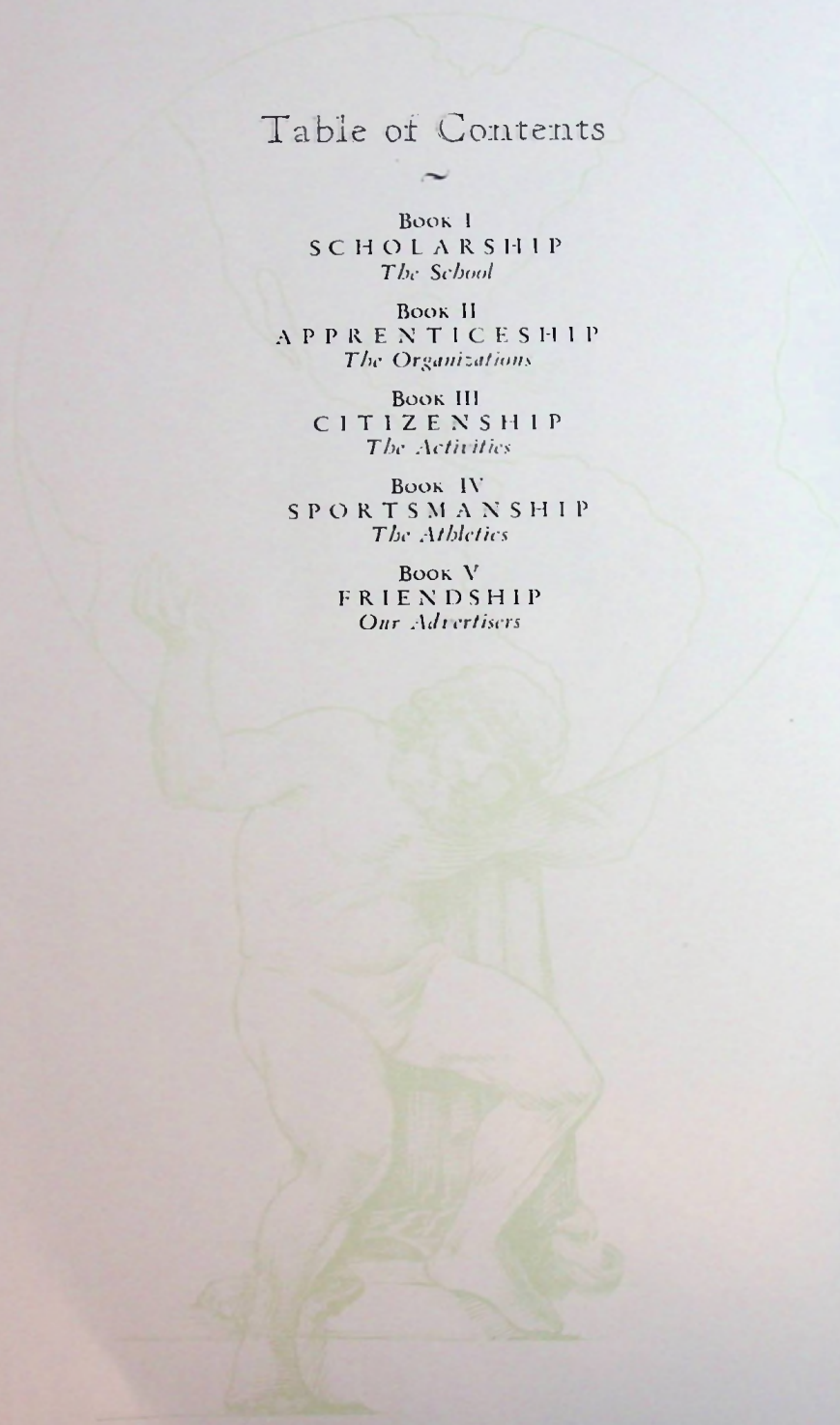
OUR WELL-LOVED JANITOR  
WHOSE OPTIMISM HAS TEMPERED OUR SORROWS  
AND WHOSE GENTLE KINDNESS  
HAS MELLOWED OUR HAPPINESS  
WE DEDICATE OUR  
VIKING ANNUAL '29



CARL STRAND





A faint, light green illustration of a muscular man in a classical style, holding a globe above his head with both arms. The man is wearing a draped garment and has a beard. The globe is positioned behind the text.

# Table of Contents

BOOK I  
SCHOLARSHIP  
*The School*

BOOK II  
APPRENTICESHIP  
*The Organizations*

BOOK III  
CITIZENSHIP  
*The Activities*

BOOK IV  
SPORTSMANSHIP  
*The Athletics*

BOOK V  
FRIENDSHIP  
*Our Advertisers*

## Foreword

Another year has passed, and another horde of rich emotional and intellectual experiences are relegated to the past. There are some of us who will never experience school life again; there are some of us who, uncertain of what the year will bring forth, see the portals of the school close upon us with regret. The majority of us will return—to root for another football team, to win another contest, to publish another and perhaps a better annual.

Whether or not we experience another such year, the memories of this school term are sacred. It is to preserve these memories that our Viking annual is published. If this purpose is accomplished, the staff will feel its dreams are fulfilled.





In Memoriam

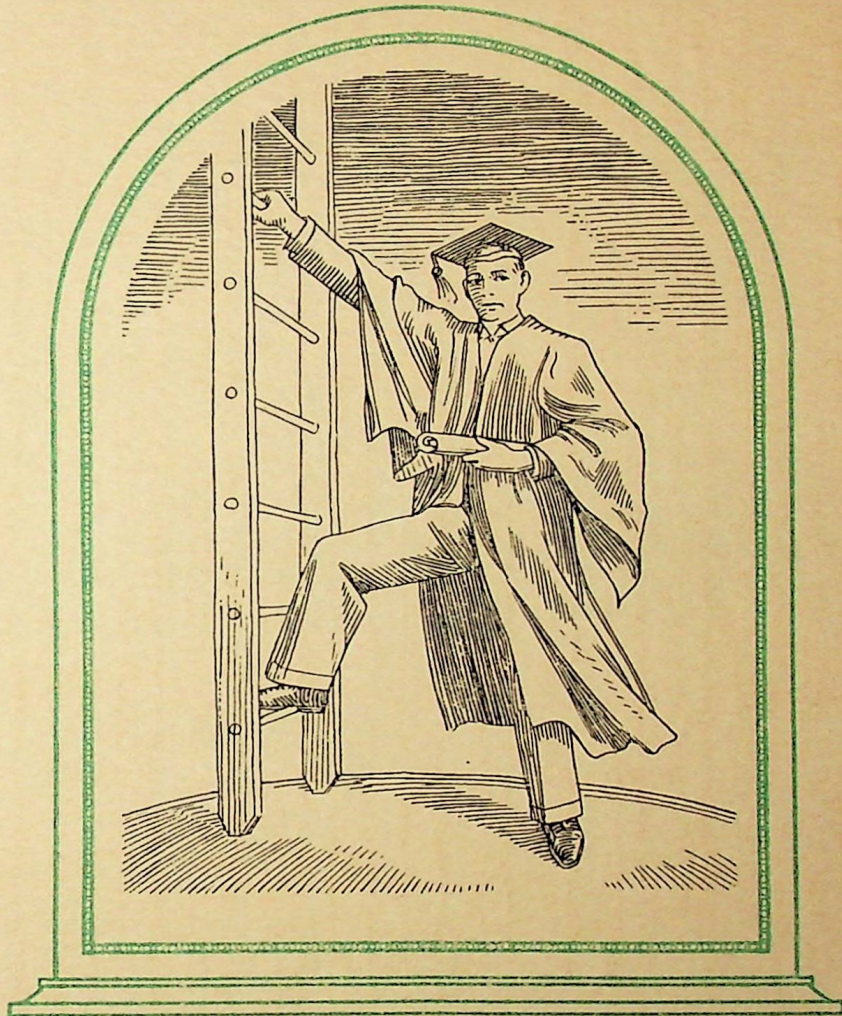
TO

FLORENCE JERPE

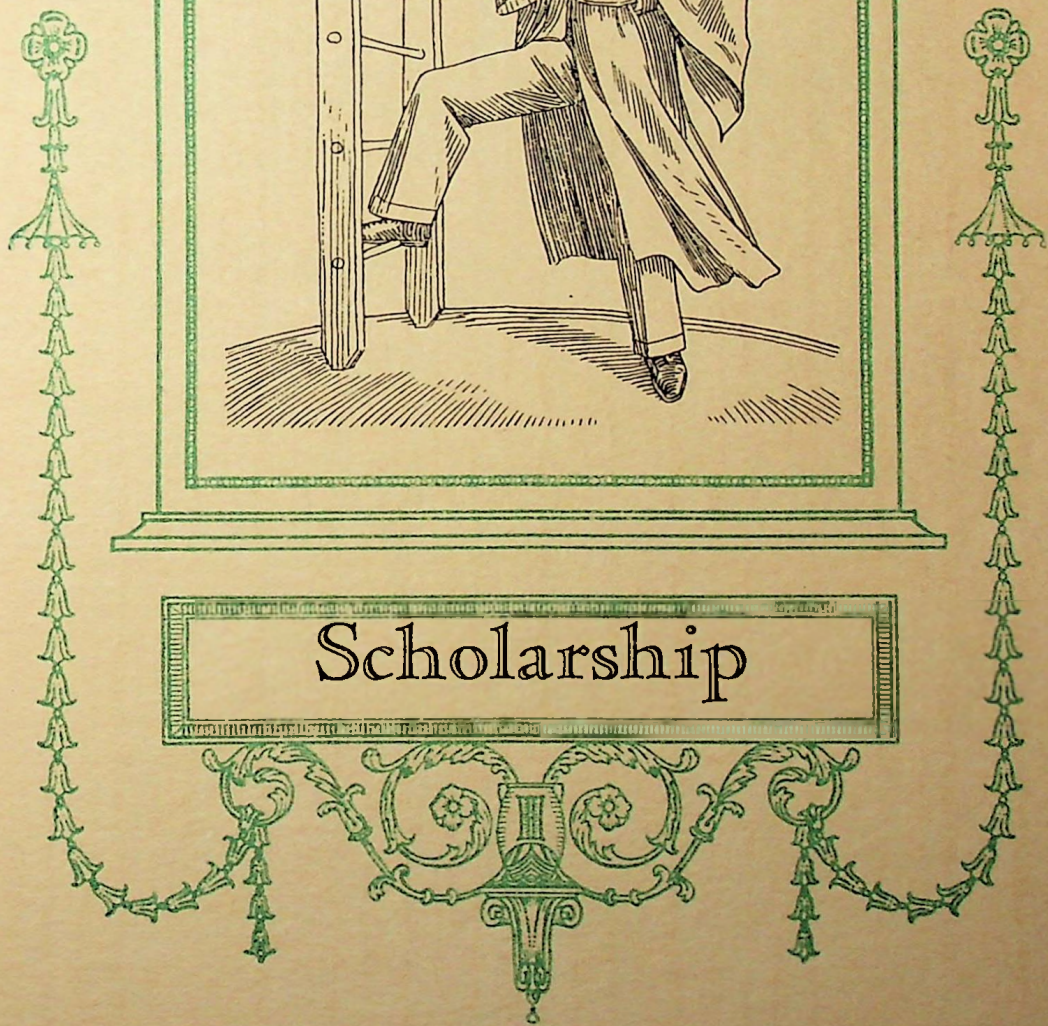
Member of the Class of '30

Died October 15, 1929

*"You have not gone so far but what you know  
Our hearts would ever long to call you back  
And failing that, we shall dream on  
Of touching hands with the hands of God,  
Of seeing, too,  
The sunshine through the black."*



Scholarship







## Faculty

Another swift year has climbed upon the backs of the faculty members of Kingsburg High. While an undaunted charge has been persistently made upon the Embattlements of Ignorance, yet the citadel remains unshaken. Since the teacher "lives by man's ignorance," according to Hawthorne, he can at least enjoy the comfortable feeling that he always has employment before him: there is abundance of "material" to challenge his best efforts at all times. Along with the realization that our success has been limited during the year now drawing to a close, comes a determination to achieve greater victories in 1929-1930.

Two new faces appeared in our midst in September. Mr. H. M. Moreland took charge of the work in Agriculture and Miss Marian A. Null has led our school choruses throughout the year. These worthy additions to our faculty were appropriately "initiated" at the Freshman Reception in solemn fashion. Mr. Null and Miss Moreland were joined in matrimony by a Freshman "minister" the "bride" carrying a lavish bouquet of carrots—tops and all.

The faculty has maintained its previous record of supplying its own entertainment during the year. This started off in a blaze of glory in a real Carnival including almost everything but a Ferris wheel. Another high spot attained in the middle of the year was a Snow Party at Meadow View Inn above Pine Ridge. The final social event of the year was a musical evening at the home of Principal Funderburgh. For be it known unto all interested that the Kingsburg Faculty has a sterling Orchestra and an unbeatable Male Quartet.

At the same time the Faculty has not been unmindful of the necessity for professional growth. The good work of curriculum study and adaptation begun the preceding year has been continued with interest and profit.

However, there has been one "casualty" among our number. Miss Mildred Smith is with us no more. The faculty befittingly commemorated her "passing" by wending out to the home of H. E. Bohleen, where she was found in charge of at least the culinary department. Mildred still finds time to take charge of the office at the High School during school hours.

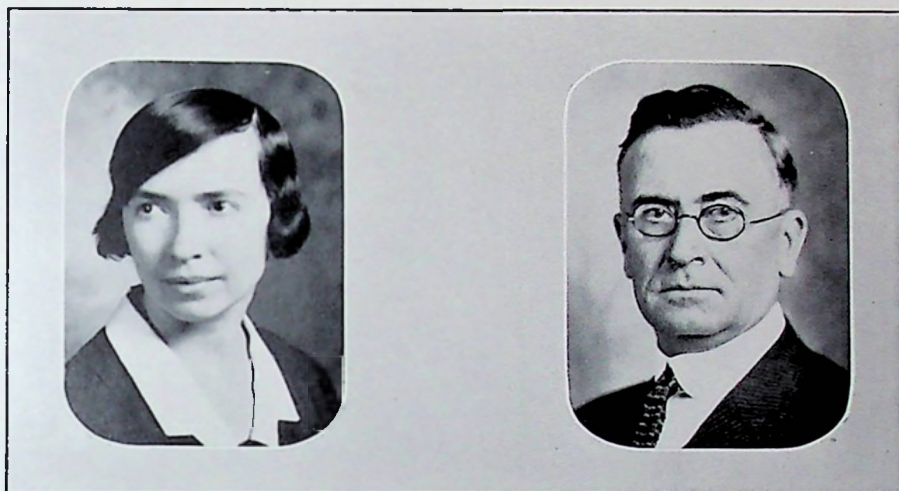
A near "casualty" appears imminent in our Dean of Girls, who is contemplating removing from our midst to Santa Paula. Our benediction goes with her.



VIKING STAFF

LaVerne Wilson, editor-in-chief; Eugene Nelson, sports editor; Sarah Munday, jokes; Frances Hall, assistant editor; Ruth Peterson, assistant business manager; James Paulson, literary editor; Herbert Olson, business manager; Rudolph Leander, snaps editor; Ruth Sandstrom, calendar; Edward Spraker, advertising manager; Mr. Catlin, advisor; Gladys Kneeland, art editor; Mr. Cox, advisor; Hazel Olson, girls' sports

Seniors



"GREEN AND WHITE"

OFFICERS

President .....	RUDOLPH LEANDER
Vice President .....	FRED WOODS
Secretary .....	ROMAINE ONEAL
Treasurer .....	RUTH ANDERSON
Editor .....	LAVERNE WILSON

ADVISORS

MISS NEWBECKER

MR. CATLIN

*Links In Friendship's Chain*

*There is no friend like the old friend  
Who has shared our morning days,  
No greeting like his welcome,  
No homage like his praise.*

*Fame is a scentless sunflower,  
With gaudy crown of gold,  
But friendship is a breathing rose,  
With sweets in every fold.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES





**RUDOLPH LEANDER**

"Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."  
Mount Vernon High '27, Track '27, '28, '29, Class president '29, Viking staff '29, Debate '29.



**ROMAINE ONEAL**

"You like her—she is ever quiet and pleasant."  
Class reporter '26, Girls' League Council '26, Class president '29, Viking staff '29, Debate '29, secretary '27, '28, '29, Treasurer Lower Girls League '27, Interclass Glee Club quartet '27, Sergeant-at-arms Girls League '29.



**FRED WOODS**

"Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat and therefore let's be merry."  
Basketball '27 '28, Baseball '27 '28 '29, Captain basketball '29, Captain baseball '29, Ag. Club '26 '27 '28 '29, Vice president class '27, Junior Farm Bureau '29.



**RUTH ANDERSON**

"What she undertook to do she did."  
Treasurer class '29, Vice president Girls' League '29, Vice president Honor Society '29, Spanish club '27 '28 '29, Publicity manager Honor Society '28, Honor Society secretary District Council C. S. F. '29, Girls' League Council '27 '28 '29, Interclass volleyball '28 '29, Interclass baseball '28, Class reporter '27.



**HARRY TERNUST**

"Good nature is of daily use."  
Vice president class '26, President class '27 '28, Yell leader '27, Little Theatre '28, Football '29, Baseball '27 '28 '29, Board of Managers '27, Tennis '28, "The Mummy and the Mumps" '29, "End of the Lane" '28.



**LUCILLE RUDHOLM**

"A bee without the sting, but with the honey."  
Volleyball '28 '29, Volleyball captain '29, Baseball '28 '29, K Club '28 '29, Vice president K club '29, Girls League Council '28, Little Theatre '28, Mummy and the Mumps '29, Interclass volleyball '28, '29, Captain Interclass '28 '29.



1929

**EUGENE NELSON**

"Of their own merits modest men are silent."  
Football '28 '29, Basketball '26 '27 '28 '29, Track '28 '29, Baseball '27 '28 '29, Tennis '29, Treasurer class '27 '28, Secretary Boys' K Club '28 '29, K Club Hi-Y '27 '28 '29, President Hi-Y '29, Board of Managers '29, Viking staff '29, Student body president '29.

**ALENE NELSON**

"Slow but thoughtful are her actions."  
Latin Club, Interclass volleyball '29, Ag. Club '28,  
Latin Club Reporter '27.



**EUGENE DANELL**

"Always laugh when you can—it's cheap medicine."  
Ag. Club '27 '29, "End of the Lane" '28, Foot-  
ball '28 '29, Vice president class '28, "Mummy  
and the Mumps" '29.



**RUTH PETERSON**

"Don't cry over spilt milk; run and catch the  
cow."  
President Lower Girls' League '27, Girls' League  
Council '27 '28, Spanish Club '27 '28 '29, Honor  
Society, Viking staff '29, Interclass baseball '27,  
Interclass volleyball '27 '28.



**RUTH SANDSTROM**

"Dull reality binds my feet, my fancy takes me  
far."  
Secretary Student Body '29, Secretary Girls League  
'29, Secretary-treasurer Spanish Club '27, Honor  
Society, Vice president Girls' League '26 '28, Vice  
president class '27, Masque and Scroll '28, Span-  
ish Club Little Theatre Viking staff '29, Inter-  
class volleyball '27 '28, Debating '28, '29, Secre-  
tary Board of Managers '29, Program chairman  
Girls' League '27, Girls' League Council '26 '27  
'28 '29.



**HERBERT OLSON**

"Nothing great was ever achieved without en-  
thusiasm."  
Football '27 '28, Hi-Y '27 '28, Sargeant at arms  
of Class '27, Board of Managers '29, Treasurer  
Student Body '29, Little Theatre '28, Ag. Club  
'26 '27 '29, Interclass debate '26 '27, Annual  
staff '29, K Club '28 '29, Honor Society '29,  
"The Mummy and the Mumps" '29.



**GLADYS KNEELAND**

Schma High '26, Viking staff '29, Athletic and ad-  
vertising manager and business manager '29,  
Girls' League Council, Baseball '27 '28 '29,  
Board of Managers '29, Class program chairman  
'24, Interclass volleyball '27, '28 '29, Girls' K  
Club '28 '29, Honor Society, Little Theatre '28,  
Masque and Scroll '28, Seal bearer C. S. F., "The  
End of the Lane" '28, "Mummy and the Mumps"  
'29.



**LORRAINE SODERMAN**

"And she was fair as a rose in May."



1929



**MILDRED LINNERSON**

"In spite of all the learned may say, I still my own opinion keep."  
North High '26 '27, Little Theatre '26, Interclass Volleyball '28.



**RUTH PETERSON**

"Without the smile from partial beauty won, oh what were man? A world without a sun."  
Oakland High '27 '28.



**REUBEN LINMAN**

"A heart with room for lots of friends."  
Basketball '26 '27 '29, Minstrel show '26, Ag. Club, Football '27 '28 '29, Track '26, Class Treasurer '26 '27.



**FRANCES HALL**

"Whatever she did was done with so much ease, In her alone 'twas natural to please."  
Board of Managers '29, C. S. F. sealbearer, Interclass baseball '28 '29, Interclass volleyball '27 '28 '29, Viking staff '26 '27 '29, Little Theatre '27 '28, Debate '28, Publicity manager Honor Society '28, President Honor Society '29, Secretary Little Theatre '28, Secretary Girls' K Club '28, President Girls' K Club '29, "Tulip Time" '28, "End of the Lane" '28, Vice president student body '29, President Girls' League '29, President Masque and Scroll '28, Volleyball '28 '29, Extemporaneous reading contest '29, Oratorical contest '29, "Mummy and the Mumps" '29, Girls' League Council.



**HELEN HANAN**

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."  
Little Theatre '28, Masque and Scroll '28, "End of the Lane" '28, Girls' League Council '29.



**WESLEY JOHNSON**

"Oh, why should life all labor be?"  
Hi-Y '27 '28, "The Mummy and the Mumps" '29.



**ALICE ANNE PETERSON**

"Work and wit in delightful proportion"  
"End of the Lane" '28, "Tulip Time" '28, Little Theatre '27 '28, Masque and Scroll '28, '29, Interclass debate '26, "Mummy and the Mumps" '29.

1929

**ERNA HEIBERT**

"She triumphed gladly o'er defeat."

**ERVIN LOVEN**

"Rare mixture of oddity, jollity, fun  
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."  
Ag. Club '26 '27 '28 Hi-Y Club '28.

**HENRIETTA TEGELBERG**

"My heart at thy sweet voice."  
Little Theatre '28, Latin Club '27, Mummy and  
the Mumps '29.

**MARIE JENSEN**

"I have a heart to let."  
Girls' K Club '28 '29, Volleyball '28 '29, Baseball  
'27 '28, Captain volleyball '28, Interclass vol-  
leyball '26 '27 '28 '29, Interclass baseball '26  
'27 '29.

**MELVIN LINDQUIST**

"Happy am I: Joy in my name."  
Stromberg High '26 '27, Hi-Y '28 '29, President  
Ag. Club '29, Football '28 '29, Basketball '29,  
Track '29 '29, K Club '29.

**NANCY OLSON**

Girls' League Council '29.

**LAVERNE WILSON**

"Devise, wit; write, pen! For I am whole volumes  
in a folio."  
Stambaugh High School '26, Viking staff '28,  
County spelling title '29, President Latin Club  
'29, Editor Annual '29, School reporter '29, Little  
Theatre '28, Honor Society '28 '29, Reporter  
Latin Club '29, County spelling title '29.



1929



**JAMES PAULSON**

"Life to me is one big funny paper."  
 Freshman editor, Masque and Scroll '28, Little Theatre '28, "End of the Lane" '28, Viking staff.



**SARAH MUNDAY**

"We can live without culture, we can live without books  
 But how, oh, how can we live without cooks!"  
 Villa Grove Hi '26, Little Theatre '28, Viking staff '29.



**STANLEY JOHNSON**

"Unbounded courage and compassion joined."  
 Hi-Y '28, Agricola Club '26 '27 '28, Stage manager '29, Board of Managers '29.



**HAZEL OLSEN**

"Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages."  
 Spanish Club '27 '28 '29, Volleyball '28 '29, Interclass volleyball '27 '28 '29, Baseball '28 '29, "End of the Lane" '28, Masque and Scroll '28, Little Theatre '28, Secretary and treasurer Honor Society '28, Viking staff '29, Treasurer Girls' K Club '29.



**RAYMOND JOHNSON**

"None but cats and dogs are allowed to quarrel at my house."



**ELIZABETH OLSON**

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow."  
 Interclass volleyball '26, '27, Interclass Indoor '27 '29, Interclass Glee Club Quartet '27, Little Theatre '28.



**RAY JACOBSEN**

"Merit Wins the soul."  
 Ag Club '26, Student Manager Fresno County Track Meet '28, Hi-Y '29.

1929

KOHARIG GHAZARIAN

"The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she."



ZAVEN TEROSIAN

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

Hi-Y '28 '29, Basketball '27 '28, Track '27 '28 '29, Ag. Club '27 '28.



SUSIE GOORIGIAN

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Interclass volleyball '26 '27 '28, Interclass indoor '26 '27 '28 '29.



EDWARD SPRAKER

"A tongue with wit behind it."

Coninga Hi '26, Ag. Club '27, Baseball '28 '29, Little Theatre '28, Masque and Scroll '28, "End of the Lane" '28, Viking Staff '29.



VERA SPHAR



IRVING WESTLUND

"My light is hidden under a bushel."

Hi-Y '28 '29, Track '27, Athletic and Advertising Manager '29, Ag. Club Board of Managers '29.



HERBERT WERNER

"I am for other than for dancing measures."

Interclass debate '26 '27, Football '29, Ag. Club '27, '29 Hi-Y '28 '29, "Lion Tamers" '28 Debate.



1929



RUTH COSGRAVE

"Behold ambition written on her brow."  
Class Program Chairman '26 '27, Spanish Club '27 '28 '29, Latin Club '28 '29, Little Theatre '27 '28, "Los Pantalones" '27.



WILLIAM MUNDAY

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"  
Villa Grove Hi '26 '27, Hi-Y '28, Ag Club '28, "End of the Lane" '28, "The Mummy and the Mumps" '29, "End of the Lane" '28.



ESTHER LARSON

"Be happy but be happy through piety."  
Secretary and treasurer Latin Club '27, Interclass Volleyball '26 '27 '28 '29, Latin Club Interclass Baseball '26 '27 '28.



MARGARET LONGACRE

"Fair is she to behold."



WILBUR GREEN

"Agreed to differ."  
Tulare High '26 '27 '28, Extemporaneous Reading '29, Tennis '29.



ZUVART SAFARJIAN

"Always busy: such is the road to success."  
Spanish Club '27 '28 '29, Interclass baseball '27 '28, Interclass volleyball '27 '28.



1929

EDNA BECK

"The mind to contrive, the heart to feel, the hand to execute."  
Interclass volleyball '27 '29, Interclass baseball '26 '27 '28, Honor Society.

# The VIKING





## Class History

The history of the class of '29 as found in the diary of "Jackie":

Dear Diary: I didn't know what on earth I would put in you when I got you for my birthday last month, but I sure had a keen idea the other day. You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. I'm starting to high school this month and I'm going to tell you all that happens in our class. Now, don't you feel honored? You should!

1925-6: Gee, but high school isn't so bad after all. The seniors didn't haze us a bit; they were awful nice, and gave us a play, and eats, and everything.

And we're not so dumb either. The freshies put it all over the other classes in debating. And we're getting by in most of our studies, too. But we don't work all the time; we've sure had some keen parties and picnics. And now comes vacation!

1926-7: Sure is hard to study again. Seems as if we'd forgotten all we ever learned. Well, here goes!

We sure walloped the freshies in the big brawl. We're developing, we are!

We're still winning things, too. We walked off with the interclass yell contest; that too! the upper classes down a peg. And then we had a band in the Ag Fair parade that won a prize, too.

All of us are learning more and more all the time. But we know plenty about having fun right now, in class and out. And did we cut up at our picnic and party? I'll say!

Heck, it's sure getting hot. We'll go swimming a lot this vacation—and how!

1927-8: My word! I've been too busy this year to write you before. As our class poet says,

"Minutes read and approved; and what have the Juniors done?"

They've given the school a lot of fame, and themselves a lot of fun;

They've made a name; folks'll remember, long after the members are old,

The class of the Green and White that supported the Green and the Gold."

And now I'll go into details.

We held a jolly party down in spooky Traver, and we picnicked at Camp Monroe, then went to snow.

We battled with the seniors in the color fight. We also fought the good fight with geometry, history, and chemistry, as well as other weighty projects.

And our play, "The End of the Lane," was surely a success. We've a lot of talent in our class. We had two leads in the operetta, and you should have seen us in athletics!

We won the Ag Fair contest and our queen reigned royally. And the county champion speller was a junior!

And, honest to Pcte, you should have been at the big banquet we gave the seniors. What a feed and what fun! And next year we'll be seniors.

1928-9. And now we are seniors! We don't feel so differently only when we stop to think that this is the last year of high school fun. We'll miss it more than mere words can express.

Anyway, the seniors are leaving a record that anyone could be proud of. We've always stood high in every activity. Ours is a versatile class. This year our members have participated, as leaders, in every sport, in debating, the operetta, in the oratorical and extemporaneous reading contest, in dramatics, and in scholarship. Two of our members have won their C. S. F. seals.

And, as a class, we have capably managed the student body, given that laughter-provoking play, "The Mummy and the Mumps," won in track, placing our queen supreme over the May festival, and have given to the world a newer and better "Viking."

Our steak bake, sneak, picnic, crazy day, and class night were in every way a success.

The junior-senior banquet, baccalaureate, and commencement were the last events of the year; of high school, for us. How sad that classmates must part and travel far afield into the busy world. We can only say to each other, "Keep ever the high standards that we have set, and may success attend you till we meet again."

Dear Diary, I close your covers with reverent hands, for within them hallowed memories rest. And I hope that some day I may write, "The class of '29 was called to order once more."

—GLADYS KNEELAND, '29.

## Horriblescope

NAME	HOBBY	A PPEARANCE	AMBITION
Ruth Anderson	Studying	Titian tresses	Teacher
Eugene Danell	Spending money	Happy-go-lucky	Cutting alfalfa
Edna Beck	Industrious	Saintly	Housework
Kay Jacobson	Women	Missing link	Matrimony
Ruth Cosgrave	Learning Spanish	Old maidish	Movie star
Kaymond Johnson	Study	Professor	Farmer
Koharig Ghazarian	Geometry	Calm	Hash-slinger
Stanley Johnson	Driving a Ford	"Lilla Pete"	Explorer
Susie Goorigian	Asking foolish questions	"Good sport"	Dramatics
Wesley Johnson	Raising curly hair	Sheik	Graduate
Frances Hall	Collecting hearts	Qucenly	Wife of a football captain
Rudolph Leander	Talking to girls	Ichabod	Railroad gang
Helen Lianan	Writing to "Brick"	Sweet and demure	Housewife
Melvin Lindquist	Sitting with Barbara	Handsome	Marriage
Erna Hiebert	Keeping girlish figure	Windblown	Long curls
Reuben Linman	Barneyard golf	Cocky	Undertaker
Marie Jensen	Cutting classes	Athletic	Cattle queen
Gladys Kneeland	Staying out late	Eoyish	Get rich
Ervin Loven	Dating girls	Dumb	Be popular
Escher Larson	Studying forensics	Quiet	President Tuesday Club
Mildred Linnerson	Willys Knight	Coquettish	Undertaker's assistant
William Munday	History	Teacher	Matinee idol
Sarah Munday	Date Jakie	Irish	Arguing
Alene Nelson	Talking to James	Pure	Teacher
Eugene Nelson	Loving Rudie	Scholarly	Fat man in circus
Elizabeth Olson	Selling tickets	Tiny	Hold on to Bill
Hazel Olsen	Roger	Cute	Office girl
Herbert Olson	A girl	Slim	Married man
Nancy Olson	Giggling	Smiling	Matron Old People's Home
Romaine Oneal	Kenneth	Modest	Chorus girl
James Paulson	Arguing with Helen	Sophisticated	Lecturer
Alice Anne Peterson	Arguing with Frank	Graceful	Nothing
Ruth Peterson	Eats committee	Red hair	Cook
Edward Spraker	Ditching	Shcikish	Date Bertha W.
Lucille Rudholm	Permanents	Blondie	Wife of farmer
Zuvarf Safarjian	Chevrolet	Curly	Librarian
Harry Ternquist	Foolishness	Goofy	Comedian
Ruth Sandstrom	Curling hair	Young	Old maid
Vera Sphar	Little shoes	Neat	Opera star
Zaven Torosian	Fish seller	Professor	Typing teacher
Lorraine Soderman	Shorthand	Charming	Dressmaker
Herbert Werner	Blushing	Slow	Father of ten
Henrietta Tegelberg	Playing jazz	Just got here	Peanut vendor
Irving Westlund	Aid weight	Tall	Midget in circus
LaVerne Wilson	The boy friend	Rainbow round her shoulder	Four-room bungalow
Fred Woods	Pitching	Good figure	"Big league"
Margaret Longacre	Olson's garage	I should worry	part ownership in a gas-wagon
Wilbur Green	Blowing	Green	Ballyhooper
Ruth Peterson	New Chevrolet	Trim	Happiness

## Class Will

We, the members of the class of 1929, Kingsburg Joint Union High School, Fresno County, Kingsburg, California, believing ourselves mentally capable of the task, and mindful of the approaching end of our career, do declare this to be our last will and testament.

First, we leave our dignity to every future freshman.

Secondly, our wisdom to the rash juniors in the hope that they will take heart and profit by their sad experiences.

Our individual talents we bequeath as follows:

James Paulson feels that four years of learning are enough to leave.

Ruth Peterson intrusts her remarkable good nature to Doris Johnson.

Having acquired far too much knowledge to bestow upon one person, Ruth Cosgrave and Henrietta Tegelberg donate such knowledge to the library.

I, Eugene Danell, bequeath my blond curly locks to Hront Safarjian.

Frances Hall leaves her quiet disposition to Elsie Palm but her love for studies she will not part with.

Hazel Olsen, Mildred Linnerson, and Lorraine Soderman leave their rosy cheeks, naughty eyes, and pretty clothes to any bashful miss.

Wondering how the school can progress without her, Ruth Sandstrom is undecided whether to leave or not, so will make her bequest later.

## The VIKING

Erna Hiebert leaves her windblown "bob" to Lillian Torosian if she promises to use it.

I, Rudolph Leander, bequeath my sprinting ability to Alvin Hiebert.

I, Irving Westlund, leave one inch of my shortness to Gregory B.

Having considered herself a general nuisance around the school, Sarah Munday generously declines to leave any of her characteristically bad habits.

Harry Ternquist leaves his pacing walk developed in the "Mummy and the Mumps" to Charlie Harris.

Alice Ann Peterson bequeaths her three year old "gym" socks to Alvin Thorell to keep his neck warm in cold weather.

LaVerne Wilson leaves her ability to have notebooks in on time to Ethel Roosman, with the profound hopes that she derives as much thrill from the pursuit of scholarship as did the deceased.

Roger Carlson gives his ability for making speeches to Harold Renfrow.

To Maxine Wilson, Helen Hanan leaves her repertoire of wit and unfailing humor.

Gladys Kneeland leaves her divine dancing to Hannah Longacre.

Wilbur Green bequeaths his sweet disposition to Eva Satterberg.

Vera Sphar wills her Quaker ways and gracious manners to Pauline Swedell and Pocahontas Ball.

Romaine Oneal bestows upon anyone who wants it her beaming face and the sunshine of her smile.

Displaying a most kind hearted spirit, Elizabeth Olson leaves her permanent waves to Flora Schill.

Ruth Anderson leaves her frivolous nature and marked brilliancy to Viola Sphar.

Having reached a dignified period in life, Herbert Werner leaves to Bertha Steele his educated phraseology and extensive vocabulary.

William Munday bequeaths his calmness and self control to Leonard Flood.

Knowing she will value this gift, Edward Spraker wills his sociability to Florence Johnson.

Eugene Nelson leaves to the next senior class his powers of deep concentration.

I, Herbert Olson, leave my thinness to Edward Whitmore.

Zaven Torosian leaves his ability to speak with a Japanese dialect to Mrs. Thompson.

To Vivian Davis, Ruth Petterson leaves her natural complexion, that absolutely refuses to wash off.

I, Lucille Rudholm, will my ability to play baseball to Sigrid Johnson.

Zuvar Safarjian leaves her ability to pass commercial law tests to Gordon Johnson.

Reuben Linman wills his graceful figure to Waldon Olson in the hope that he will make as charming a girl as Reuben did senior crazy day.

To John Warren, Marie Jensen wills her ability to make dates.

Weinie Nelson leaves his position as water boy to Helen Henderson.

Stanley Johnson leaves his ability to set the stage to anyone artistically inclined.

To Kenneth Baker, I, Edna Beck, donate my old-fashioned curls, in the hope that he will love and cherish them forever.

To Arpe Safarjian, Koharig Ghazarian leaves her soft cooing voice, hoping it will enable her to win her debates next year.

To whom it may concern, I, Fred Woods, bequeath the use of my right arm and feel sure that they will be able to use it to good advantage.

Susie Goorigian leaves her ability to stage a circus to Barnum and Bailey.

Alene offers her cooking ability to anyone who wishes a cook.

Nancy Olson leaves her tresses to Oma Perkins.

I, Raymond Johnson, leave to Clement Galloway my excellent but small "cookie duster."

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seal, this twenty-sixth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

FRANCES HALL, Administratrix.

# The VIKING



## Juniors

### OFFICERS

President .....	ARNOLD HILLBLOM
Vice President .....	BARBARA CATLIN
Secretary .....	BERNICE ANDERSON
Treasurer .....	STANLEY ANDERSON
Reporter .....	ARSEN ASLAN
Seargent at Arms .....	STANLEY G. ANDERSON

"Just to think our junior year is over! Say, haven't we had a good time this year?"

"I'll say. Remember the trip to the snow? Didn't we have fun! Wasn't that a swell slide there at Giant Forest?"

"Yeh, and remember that hike to Moro Rock? Not many got up there."

"And say do you remember the play we gave?"

"You bet I do. Wasn't the name of it "Finger of Scorn"?"

"Yes, and say, wasn't Barbara the leading lady?"

"Yah, and she sure was good. The play was a great success."

"And do you remember our queen, Pauline? Too bad our boys couldn't have run a little bit faster so she could have reigned at the May Day festival."

"And say, bo, do you remember that banquet we gave the seniors? Wasn't that just too good?"

"Oh, boy! and the setting, wasn't it beautiful!"

"And to think this year is over, it certainly has gone fast."

"It surely has!"

"Who'd 'da thunk it!"



The VIKING



## Sophomores

### COLORS

#### YELLOW AND WHITE

Advisers .....	MRS. THOMPSON, MR. REUKEMA
President .....	FRANCIS MILLER
Vice President .....	ALVAR NELSON
Secretary .....	ADA ONEAL
Treasurer .....	MAE JOHNSON

In the month of September, 1928, the sophomore class started the school year with a large number of peppy boys and girls who chose as their president Francis Miller.

The first social event of the year was a trip to Sequoia Lake where all members enjoyed themselves in the deep snow.

Vivian Davis was chosen as sophomore queen and represented our class in the May festival.

The class of '31 has distinguished itself in both scholarship and athletics.

Each six weeks we are well represented on the honor society.

The girls' volleyball team showed its ability by capturing the cup in the final game. This game was played with the juniors.

The following sophomore boys have played on the various athletic teams:

Walter Sward  
Irving Hard  
Clarence Hillblom  
Stanley Woods  
Lennis Dahlstrom  
Carl Sundstrom  
Roy Anderson  
Moses Chabola  
William Schlatter  
Francis Miller  
Henry Gustafson  
Almon Jensen

We are now at the halfway mark in our journey through high school, and hope we may spend two more successful years in dear old K. H. S.

—LELA SHERMAN, '31.

The VIKING





## Freshmen

### OFFICERS

President .....	FRANK BURNETT
Vice President .....	LUKE BELLOCHI
Secretary .....	LOIS ONEAL
Treasurer .....	GLEN OLSEN
Reporter .....	LEROY ANDERSON
Yell Leader .....	HARRY ASLAN

Kingsburg High School had to stretch its walls this year to make room for the many freshmen. We are full of pep and willing to do our part in all school activities.

The biggest social event we have had thus far was the class party which was held at the high school. This was the occasion of much fun for everyone.

On a Thursday night in October the freshmen were invited to a reception to initiate us into the student body. Much torture was administered and many scary acts were done to us, yet we express our thanks to the seniors for giving us such an enjoyable time.

Many of the freshmen have shown their ability in various activities. We have been prominent on the football field, in basketball, and in track. Many of us have taken part in school programs.

We expect to come back next year slightly bigger and better equipped to bring honor to K. H. S.

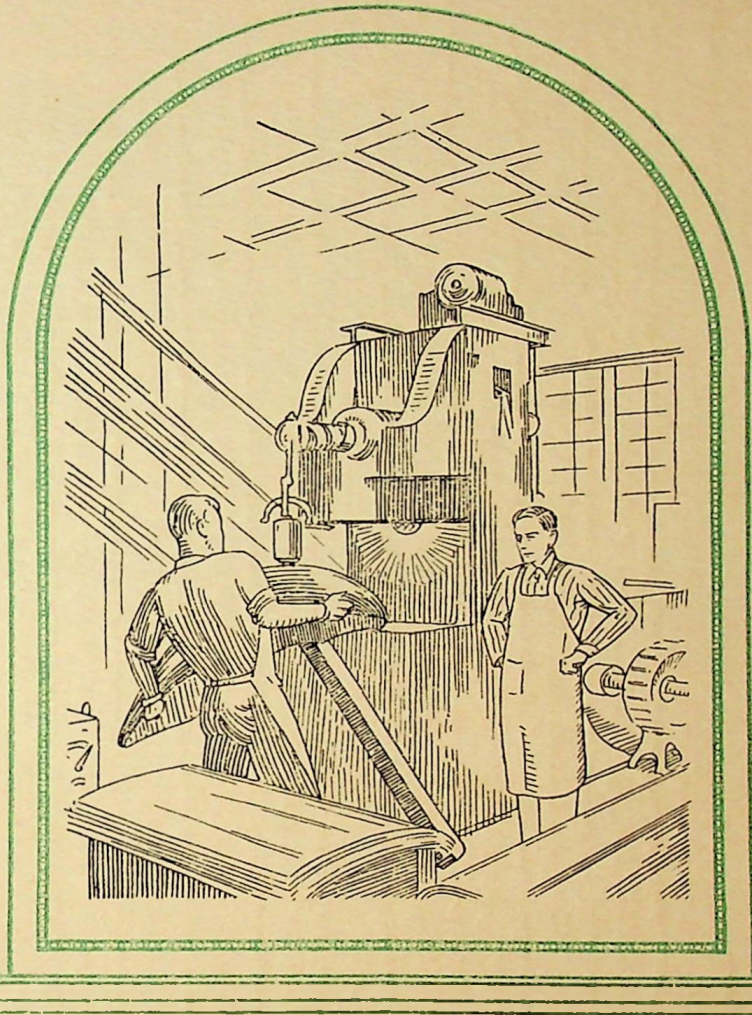


# The VIKING

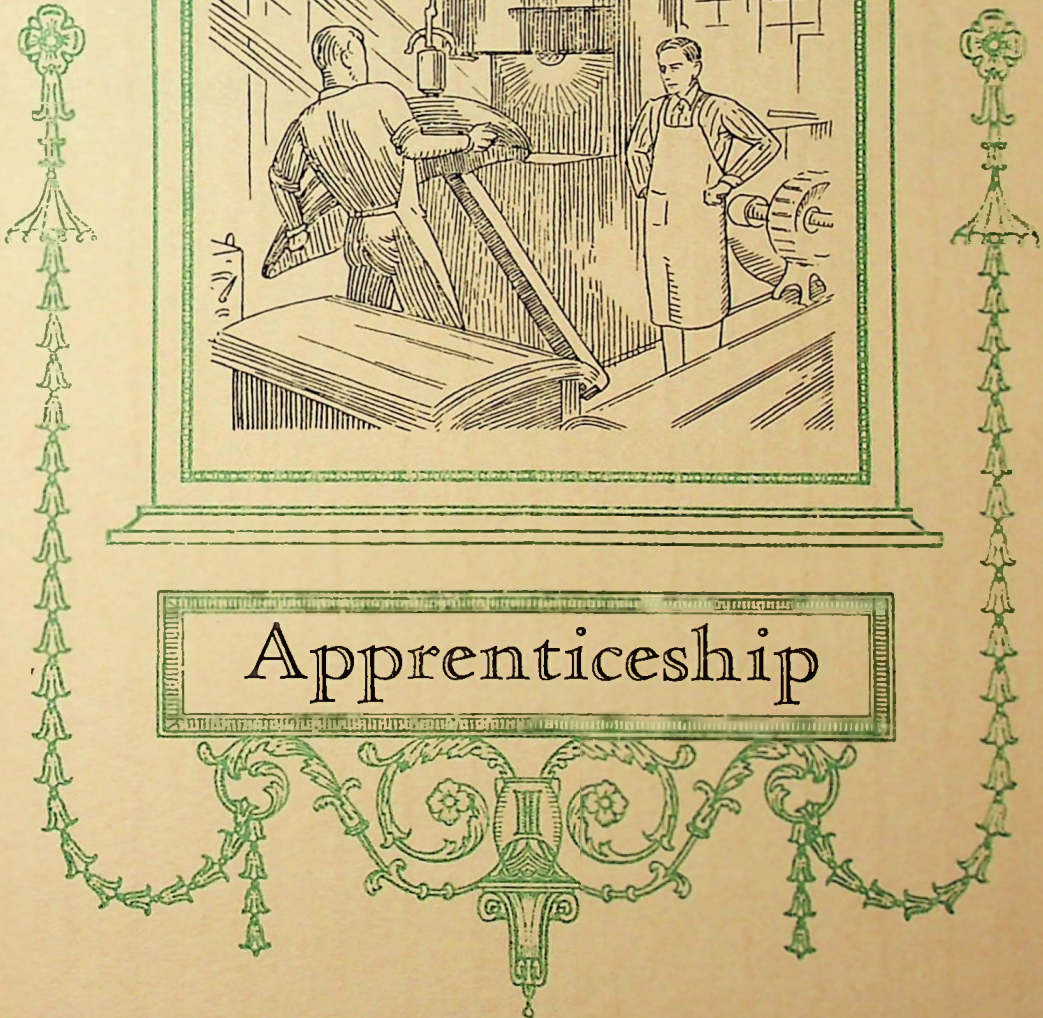


The VIKING





Apprenticeship







## Student Body

President .....	EUGENE NELSON
Vice President .....	FRANCES HALL
Secretary .....	RUTH SANDSTROM
Treasurer .....	HERBERT OLSON
Business Manager and Purchasing Agent .....	IRVING WESTLUND
Athletic and Advertising Manager .....	GLADYS KNEELAND
Sergeant-at-Arms and Stage Manager .....	STANLEY JOHNSON
Yell Leader .....	HAROLD RENFROW

Kingsburg high school has completed one more successful year. Under the direction of capable officers and the cooperation of the entire student body our school has rallied forth.

The first event of the year, the Freshmen Reception, started the year off with a bang! The frosh were given a royal welcome, as only seniors can give, with dainty cheese sandwiches and delicious dishes of chop suey. Not only that but their heads were scoured with lysol and elbow grease.

This year, under the direction of Miss Null a very interesting and profitable lyceum course was given the students. Mr. Geophrey Morgan's lecture on "Looking Ahead" was enjoyed by all. The plan of having program and business meeting alternately was carried out with huge success.

In sports our school reigned supreme. Starting out with a successful season of football and ending with the County Championship in baseball. Kingsburg has always been noted for good sportsmanship.

For the last few years Kingsburg has given an Ag. Fair and Carnival but this year a novel idea was carried out, staging a Poultry Show in the American Legion building April 7 and 9. Every year the high school has given the grammar schools a track meet, so this year we entertained the various schools on April 11. This important undertaking afforded a good time for all.

The above enterprises have done their part in making this an unusually successful year for the student body of Kingsburg high school.

—RUTH SANDSTROM.



GLADYS KNEELAND

FRANCES HALL

## Honor Society

President .....	FRANCES HALL
Vice-President .....	ELSIE PALM
Secretary-Treasurer .....	BERTHA STEELE
Publicity Manager .....	ANNA WILSON
Advisors .....	MRS. THOMPSON, MISS BISHOP

Kingsburg was admitted to the California Scholarship Federation as Chapter 110 in 1924. Since then, it has taken a prominent part in all the activities of the federation.

Four delegates represented Kingsburg at the C. S. F. convention in Los Angeles in December, namely: Elsie Palm, Edna Beck, Anna Wilson, Alice Larson, and Miss Bishop. A spring convention was held in San Mateo in April.

Kingsburg entertained the chapters of this district at a district convention in March.

The social event of the year was a luncheon at which the delegates from the Los Angeles convention reported.

This year two life members received their permanent pins: Frances Hall and Gladys Kneeland.



## Latin Club

President .....	LAVERNE WILSON
Vice-President .....	HELEN GUNNARSON
Secretary-Treasurer .....	MARGARET WALDEN
Program Chairman .....	DOROTHY STOKES
Reporter .....	FLORA SCHILL
Advisor .....	MRS. SIGNE THOMPSON

The Latin Club, always socially and intellectually active, has been somewhat handicapped this year by a decrease of members.

Since the Latin II class comprised only seven members, the club was noticeably smaller. However, under the guidance of Mrs. Thompson and the energy of the older members, the club enjoyed its share of good times and intellectual benefit.

In the beginning of the year, through the courtesy of the History Club of Riverdale, slides were presented showing Roman scenes.

At the carnival and track meet, the Latin Club sponsored a booth in which popcorn balls and peanuts were sold.

On May 16, a party and program was held at the high school, where, after an interesting program, the members of the club enjoyed games and refreshments.

The club wishes to express its appreciation to Mrs. Thompson for her kindly guidance, and for her never-failing interest in all its activities and problems.

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.





### S. S. Forensics

Captain .....	RUDOLPH LEANDER
Galley Chief .....	EUGENE NELSON
Gunner's Mate .....	RUTH SANDSTROM
Purser .....	HARRY TERNQUIST
Cabin Boy .....	FRANCES HALL

The S. S. Forensics set sail on the 20th of September, with a load of sixteen unusually brilliant students, more or less. The first big task that this crew undertook was the publishing of the weekly school paper, the "Viking News," which has been distributed to all the students free of charge for the entire year.

Our school has always had its share of honors along forensics activities. This year two of the debaters, Ruth Sandstrom and Rudolph Leander, our representative in the oratorical contest, Frances Hall, and both extemporaneous readers, Frances Hall and Wilbur Green, are members of this honorable crew.

Before the crew took leave to embark upon other channels of life they decided to try its navigating abilities on the Kings River, where a wiener roast was enjoyed by all hands. Later they piloted their ship to the Kneeland port where many games were enjoyed on deck.

It is only through the able assistance and untiring efforts of our good friend and coach, Mr. Reukema, that the steamship Forensics has weathered the storms of public speaking and journalism.

—RUTH SANDSTROM, '29.

# VIKING NEWS

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1926

KINGSBURG JOINT UNION HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. NO IV—NUMBER 2

## KINGSBURG SMOTHERS REEDLEY

STUDENTS VIEW  
PASSION PLAY

VIKINGS VICTORIOUS IN LAST GAME  
Kingsburg Scores Easily 25-7

SOPHS VICTORS IN  
VOLLEY FINALS

Screen

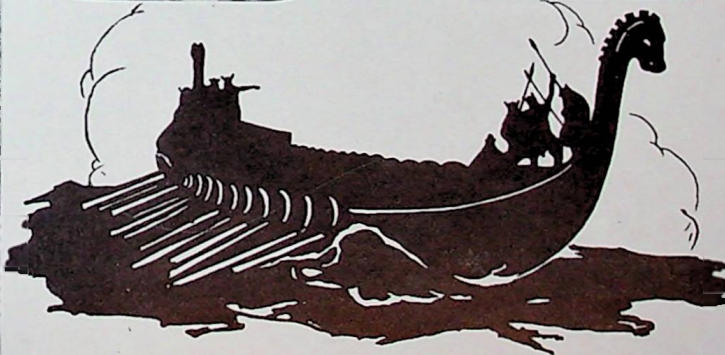
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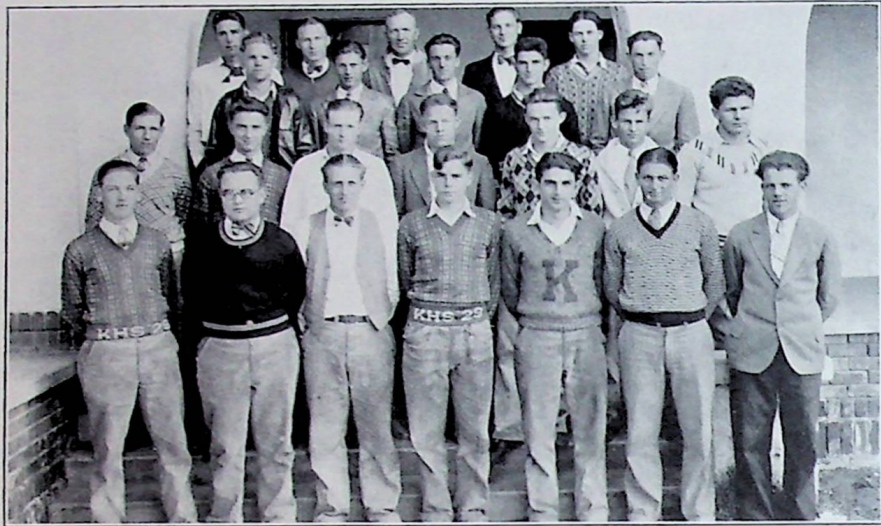
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### PRIZE WINNING VIKING NEWS

Ruth Sandstrom, editor of the Viking News, voted by the students of K. H. S. to be the best publication of the year; and Harry Ternquist, the yearly business manager of the Viking News.



### Boys' "Block K" Club

President ..... STANLEY ANDERSON  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... EUGENE NELSON  
Advisor ..... MR. WILLIAM BUNGER

The boys' block K club is a club of boys who have made eight inch block K's in one or more major sports. It was originated under the supervision of Mr. Ellington, and since that time has enjoyed many social events, as well as helping in the staging of grammar school track meets.

The activities of the past year began with a bang, when the initiation was held down at Preacher's Hole. The new members were formally initiated by burning a K upon the chest.

The grammar school track meet held on April 11 was supervised by the K clubs.

The club hopes to be host to the girls' K club before close of school.

—EUGENE NELSON, '29.



## Girls' "K" Club

President .....	FRANCES HALL
Vice-President .....	LUCILLE RUDHOLM
Secretary .....	ALICE LARSON
Treasurer .....	HAZEL OLSEN
Athletic Manager .....	ARPE SAFARJIAN
Adviser .....	MISS TRUESDALE

The Girls' "K" Club, as yet but a small organization, gives promise to be one of the most outstanding in Kingsburg High.

The club, which was organized last year with fifteen members, has now almost doubled its membership.

On April 11 the Girls' "K" Club, together with the Boys' "K" Club, sponsored the grammar school track meet and play day.

The club has been instrumental in promoting good sportsmanship in girls' athletics.

—HAZEL OLSEN.



## Upper Girls' League

President .....	FRANCES HALL
Vice President .....	RUTH ANDERSON
Secretary .....	RUTH SANDSTROM
Treasurer .....	LORRAINE SODERMAN
Program Chairman .....	HELEN HANAN

The Upper Girls' League, under the guidance of their faithful Dean of Girls, Miss Truesdale, has enjoyed an especially profitable year.

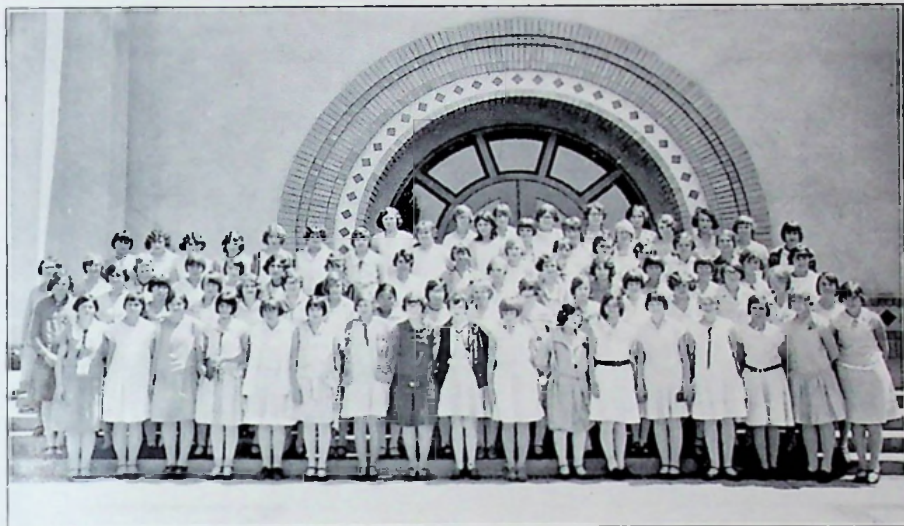
The first semester, the two girls' leagues were joined. During this time, the girls presented a Christmas party to the children of the city, and distributed baskets to the needy.

At the beginning of the second semester the league was divided, the juniors and seniors forming the upper league, and the freshmen and sophomores the lower.

Since then, the girls have sponsored the entertainment at the track meet given the grammar school by the K clubs, and have, together, given a mother and daughter party that was in every way a success.

The girls hope for still more benefits next year, and are already making plans for a bigger and better year of service and of friendship.

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.



## Freshmore League

President .....	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Vice-President .....	LELA SHERMAN
Secretary .....	LYLITH PAULSON
Treasurer .....	MAE JOHNSON
Program Chairman .....	RUTH LINDQUIST
Sergeant-at-arms .....	DOROTHY LINDQUIST
Advisors .....	MRS. THOMPSON, MISS KRAEGER

At the beginning of the second semester the Girls' League was divided into two groups. The lower division includes the sophomore and freshman girls, who adopted the name "Freshmore League."

In order to become better acquainted with one another several parties were given in the afternoons.

The most outstanding party of both leagues was a combined "Mother and Daughter" party. A very interesting program was given in honor of our mothers.

The Freshmore League has had many interesting meetings which have proved a benefit to all its members.

—MAE JOHNSON, '31.

## Agricola Club

President .....	MELVIN LINDQUIST
Vice-President .....	EUGENE DANELL
Secretary .....	FLOYD NELSON
Treasurer .....	HELGE OLSON
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	HOWARD NORD
Reporter .....	FRED WOODS

The Agriculture Club of the Kingsburg High School has been an active unit in the student body for many years and especially has it been so this year. For several years the club sponsored a fair and a carnival but this year it engaged in a new venture, that of holding a poultry show.

This show was held in the American Legion Hall and birds were exhibited from leading exhibitors throughout the state. Over fifty dollars were given away in prizes, and three silver loving cups donated by the Kiwanis Club, William Erickson and Oscar Erickson. Merchandise prizes were donated by the leading business men of Kingsburg. In connection with the show, prominent speakers were secured who dealt entertainingly and instructively with poultry, and dairy problems.

On April 8 the Ag Club entertained the eighth grade boys who will be with the Ag Club next year. The purpose was to get acquainted with the high school ways and was designed especially for the younger boys.

The Ag Club has also sponsored and assisted in the Kingsburg street tree planting program.

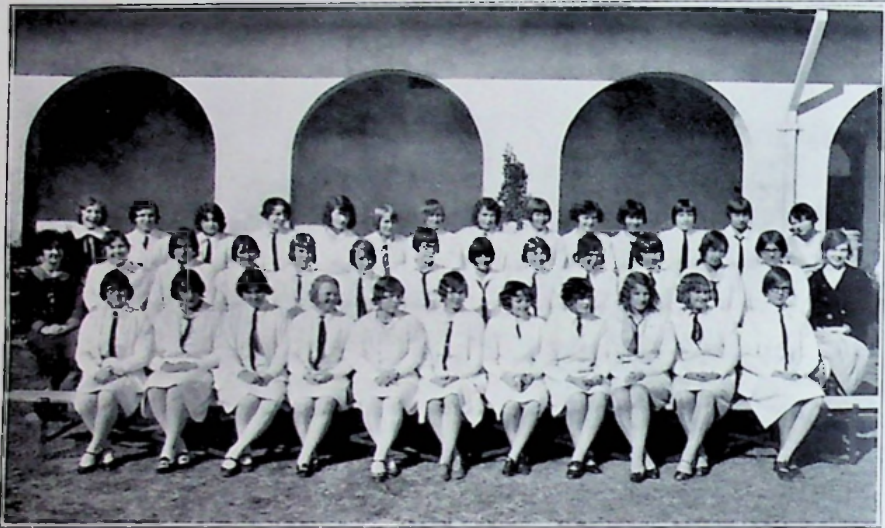
Without the able help of our advisors, Mr. Wiley Hudson and Mr. Heber Moreland, our Ag Club would have fared very differently and we wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their work.



The VIKING







### Vivace Glee Club

President .....	ALICE ANN PETERSON
Treasurer .....	HENRIETTA TEGELBERG
Secretary .....	DOROTHY LINDQUIST
Business Manager and Reporter .....	EDNA BECK
Librarian .....	ADA ONEAL
Director .....	MISS MARIAN NULL



The Vivace Glee Club has been very active this year.

At Christmas the combined glee clubs with the Caruthers clubs gave a musical program at the two towns.

The clubs sang at the local churches at various times.

The double trio and the quarter entered the music contest at Reedley but lost to Fresno High.

The girls' glee unlimited entered the music contest at Reedley but lost to Fresno High.

The Vivace Glee wishes to thank Miss Null for her untiring efforts in making the club a success.

"UP IN THE AIR"

The operetta, "Up in the Air," was presented Friday, April 19, in the high school auditorium by the Vivace and Los Trovadores Glee Clubs. The cast was as follows:

Betty Burbank .....	HENRIETTA TEGELBERG
Harold Post .....	LENNIS DAHLSTROM
Mrs. Burbank .....	RUBY PETERSON
George Burbank .....	WILLIAM SCHLATTER
Mrs. McCullum .....	DOROTHY LINDQUIST
Henry McCullum, a moving picture magnate .....	LEONARD FLOOD
Fannie McCullum, their daughter .....	LOIS BARGROTH
Annie McCullum, her twin sister .....	THELMA THORELL
Jim Carter, a young man with good intentions .....	EVERETT NELSON
Joe Bennett, an aviator with ambitions .....	MYRON JERPE
Shirley Kingston, a friend of Betty .....	MAE ROSANDER
Juniper Johnson, a colored man of all work .....	JOHN WARREN





## El Club Espanol

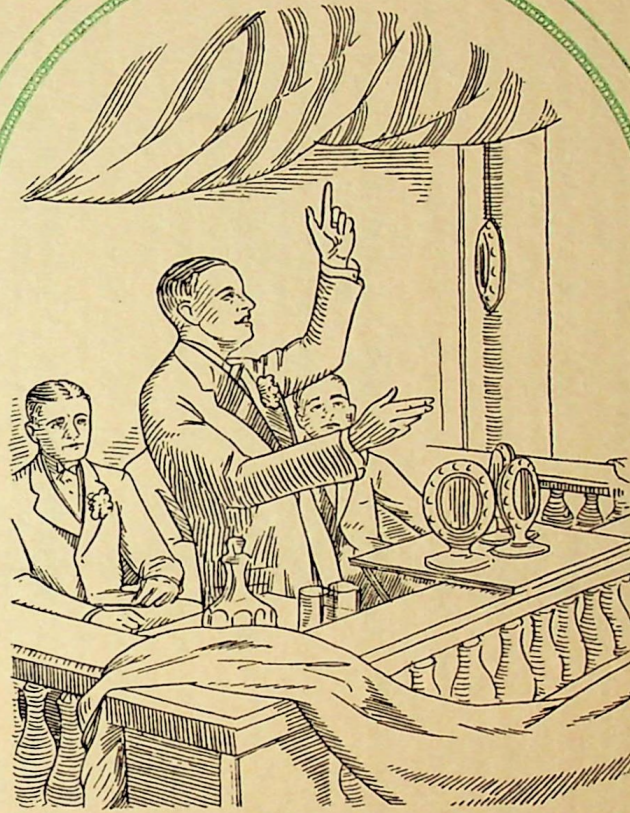
President .....	ADA ONEAL
Vice-President .....	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Secretary-Treasurer .....	BERTHA STEELE
Program Chairman .....	ETHEL ROOSMAN
Advisor .....	MRS. THOMPSON

El Club Espanol is composed of students having two or more years of Spanish. The membership in this club is increasing yearly. This year there are twenty-five members.

The members of the Spanish II class have held regular monthly meetings. A Spanish program was given at every meeting. These programs were both interesting and helpful.

The club enjoyed a Christmas party in December, and are anticipating another social event before the close of the term.

—BERTHA STEELE.



# Citizenship





## Forensic Activities

### DEBATE

With plenty of talent, a good deal of energy and capacity for real hard work, Kingsburg's debating team came very close to "bringing home the bacon" this year. That they did not do it, was neither their fault nor that of the able coach, Mr. Reukema. Mr. Rudolph Leander and Miss Ruth Sandstrom on one team, and Misses Arpe Safarjian and Barbara Catlin on the other, met their assigned tasks well. We won our first two debates; the third was forfeited and the county title debate with Coalinga was lost by a small margin.

Both Miss Catlin and Miss Safarjian will be with us again next year, and mean to bring home the county title for K. H. S.

### EXTEMPORANEOUS READING CONTEST

In the local elimination contest, Frances Hall and Wilbur Green placed first in their respective classes, and were enabled to represent Kingsburg in the county contest at Reedley. Both contestants placed second.

### ORATORICAL CONTEST

Miss Frances Hall, with her oration, "Our Constitution: The Symbol of Freedom," represented Kingsburg in the oratorical contest this year. Miss Hall placed second in the county contest, held at Central Union.

### SPELLING CONTEST

Miss LaVerne Wilson, who represented Kingsburg last year, again won the spelling championship, thus winning the opportunity to go to Sacramento, as Fresno County's representative in the state spelling bee. Kingsburg wishes her the best of success.

# SCHOOL

Dear Meenie in Minnesota:

I thought it would be nice to write you a letter about school life here in K. H. S. Well—school commenced the 20th of December and them poor Frosh was duly initiated into the mysteries of herring and other school activities. Did the seniors treat them swell? I guess so. Some of them were given dainty cheese sandwiches while others were treated to real Chinese chop suey. And then of course some of those brave young lads proposed to a few of the sweet and demure lasses. It was too sweet for words. Do you remember Herb Olson? Well—he stepped out with Gladys Kneeland that night and he's still keeping it up.

Say, but the real thing this semester was our football team. Could they play—and how! You ought to have seen Braggy take some nose dives through the opposing team's line. Many's the time I held my breath waiting to hear one of his bones crack. But then that's just like girls, always scared even if I do say so myself. But, Meenie, you've never seen such a good kicker in all your life as Andy. You just ask Frannie if he couldn't. Well, the boys certainly did splendid and they got a keen feed out of it too.

Meenie, I wish you could have been with us on the Senior Sneak. It was a real one. Those juniors didn't even suspect it. We-uns all met at the City Park at 4:30 and it was raining pitchforks and nigger babies. Mr. Catlin did not wish to be roused but we all went down there in a bunch and dragged him out of bed.

At 5:30 we started towards Pinehurst where a hot breakfast of bacon and eggs, hot biscuits and coffee, was ready for us. All afternoon we went tobogganing and then some of the kids went to Lake Sequoia. About 4:30 we started home and what do you suppose the brave juniors did to welcome us home? They decorated the town with their colors, red and white. Now, Meenie, wasn't that thoughtful of them?

You know the Girls' League always gives a Children's Party just before Christmas each year. Helen Henderson was Santa Claus and she sure did make a swell one. All in all this semester was a success. Will write you all about next semester some other time. Don't forget to greet Ole, and Peter, and Henry Oscar from me.

Your chum,

ANNIE OF KINGSBURG.

# DIARY

Dear Meenie:

Well, Meenie, I decided to tell you some more about K. H. S. and what the second semester consisted of.

The first big event in the new semester was the Poultry Show staged at the American Legion Hall by the Ag Club. This unusual event lasted from February 7th to 9th, and a huge turnout was present, both afternoons and evenings. Things went along their usual routine until Mr. Geoffrey Morgan spoke on "Looking Ahead" before the student body February 28th.

Then, Meenie, comes debating, the semi-finals with Coalingo March 12, and I regret to say we lost. But at any rate we had lots of fun down there. Also, on the memorable day the extemporaneous reading contest was held and Kingsburg sent representatives—Frances and Wilbur, who both placed second.

On March 15th Frances Hall went to Central as our representative in the oratorical contest. Although she did not place first she came in a very close second.

Three days later, the Junior Play was given, entitled "The Finger of Scorn." In spite of bad weather a good-sized audience enjoyed this four-act drama, which was very well acted. Baby Harold was just too cute for words.

Do you remember me telling you last year about the Santa Barbara Glee Clubs giving a program? Well, this year they were here as one of our lyceum numbers and they sure were keen. They gave a comedy number entitled "Grand Opera Up To Date," which caused the audience much laughter. On the night of April 19th Kingsburg Glee Clubs gave their operetta, "Up in the Air," and it surely went over big.

Did you ever know that Wesley Johnson could act? Well, you should have seen him in the senior play, the hit of the season, "The Mummy and the Mumps." He couldn't have been better. All the girls fell for him.

But the Junior-Senior Banquet was certainly a climax to the whole year. You wouldn't think those juniors could have done anything like that. They carried out the idea of a ship and it certainly was clever.

Well, Meenie, now I've graduated and we will have to leave the future in the hands of the new seniors. Good-bye, Meenie. This has sure been a pleasant year.

Your chum,

ANNIE.



## Dramatics

### "THE FINGER OF SCORN"

The junior class presented its dramatic contribution, "The Finger of Scorn," on Thursday, April 4.

A carefully selected cast lived the characters which they represented and the play was of high merit. Its success was due to Kingsburg's excellent dramatic coach, Mr. Reukema.

The cast was as follows:

Rev. Phillip Dunchester, a man of true worth	CLARENCE ANDERSON
Norman Weir, a detective in love	ARNOLD HILLBLOM
Richard Heritage, a doctor and the sweetheart of Bess	HAROLD RENFROW
John Gordon, a hunted man	WALTON OLSON
Sheriff Blake, a disciple of duty	ALLAN NELSON
Peters, the Sexton	LAVERNE MUNSON
Bess, Rev. Dunchester's sister	HANNAH LONGACRE
Mrs. Pickins, the village newspaper	DOROTHY STOLKES
Irene Gordon, the fear-hunted heroine	BARBARA CATLIN
Aunt Bina, the faithful negro mammy	ARPE SAFARJIAN
Constables	ALVIN THORELL and ARSEN ASLAN

### "THE MUMMY AND THE MUMPS"

A noteworthy career of dramatic activity for the class of '29 reached its apex with the presentation of "The Mummy and the Mumps" on Friday, May 24. This three-act farce kept a huge audience in continuous gales of laughter from curtain to curtain. Class night was again coupled with the class play and an evening of enjoyment was furnished for all through the efforts of the senior class and Mr. Reukema.

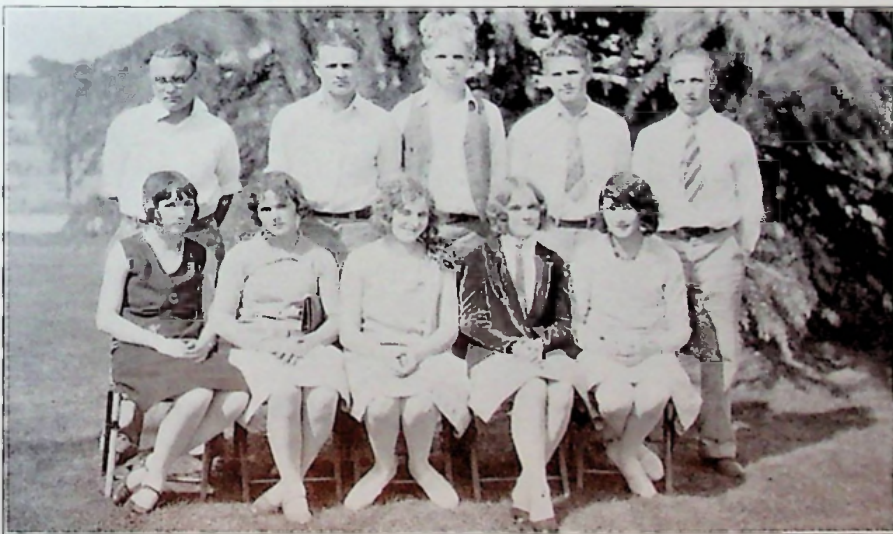
Members of the cast were as follows:

Miss Agatha Laidlaw, mistress of exclusive girls' school	ALICE ANN PETERSON
Anna Hampton, a beautiful western girl	FRANCES HALL
Dulcie Dumble, blonde and beautiful but dumb	LUCILLE RUDHOLM
Maude Muller, a flapper from the East	HENRIETTA TEGELBERG
Phoebe Beebe, a keen-witted reporter	GLADYS KNEELAND
Sir Hector Fish, a noted archeologist	WESLEY JOHNSON
Francis Brisco, better known as Brisky	WILLIAM MUNDAY
William Laidlaw, a rising young lawyer	GENE DANELL
James Slammon, Racker the worker	HARRY TERNQUIST
Sheriff Perkins, the John Law in the case	HERBERT OLSON

The VIKING



JUNIOR PLAY



SENIOR PLAY



## The Constitution, Our Symbol of Freedom

Every great nation owes to the men whose lives have formed part of its greatness, not merely the material effect of what they performed, not merely the laws they placed upon the statute books or the victories they won over armed foes, but also the immense but indefinable moral influence produced by their words and deeds upon the national character.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the material effects of the careers of Washington and Lincoln upon the United States. Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of little communities, ruled over by British tyranny. Without Lincoln, we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won; and even if, as is possible, we had kept it, both the struggle by which it was kept and the results of this struggle would have been so different that the effect upon our national history could not have failed to be profound. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is.

Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent for our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington, and of Lincoln. Each of us who reads the Gettysburg Address or the Second Inaugural speech of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaign and lofty statesmanship of that other great American, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of mere material prosperity.

With the close of the Revolutionary War, the first great epoch of American history, the Colonial period, came to an end. The English colonies became an independent nation, and the political connections with the British Empire were severed. Two great facts, the separation of the colonies from England and the possession of a vast western territory to be settled and organized, determined the chief activities of the new republic.

First of all the United States must devise a form of government to insure a national union; and in the second place, the national government must be extended westward as a new domain beyond the mountains developed.

Thirteen years elapsed between the Declaration of Independence and the inauguration of George Washington as first president of the United States. During those years our country was governed by a congress, a group of delegates comprised of from two to seven members from each state. Until a few months before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown this congress was without legal authority, or any written constitution defining its powers.

About a year before the colonies declared their independence of Great Britain, Benjamin Franklin, a lifelong advocate of colonial union, submitted to Congress a draft of "The Articles of Confederation and perpetual union." Too many members of Congress still hoped for a peaceful settlement with England to make this plan acceptable. When independence was declared, however, the necessity of forming a government became obvious and after argumentation and dispute the Articles were adopted.

The Articles of Confederation remained in force eight years but failed utterly to bring strength and harmony into the Union. The Articles gave Congress "the right to do anything but the power to do nothing." Their inadequacy was recognized from the beginning by some of the wisest statesmen and several proposals were made for their amendment. Finally as a result of the Constitutional Convention held at Mount Vernon in 1785 and in Annapolis in 1786 the several states appointed delegates at a general convention for a thoroughgoing revision of the Articles of Confederation. Many stormy debates arose in the Convention and it often looked as if the assembly might break up in irreconcilable discord. The Constitution which resulted from their labors sets forth one of the eldest forms of government in the world and it has proved to be the best.

Several states accepted the Constitution with hesitation as it did not fully state the rights of the people. Suggestions were sent in to the government that certain amendments be added guaranteeing a number of immemorial rights, such as liberty of speech and press, immunity from arbitrary arrest and cruel punishment, freedom of peaceable assembly, and the right to be tried by a jury of one's peers after a public hearing of witnesses on both sides. New amendments, constituting the Bill of Rights, were accordingly adopted by Congress and ratified by the states soon after the inauguration of the new government. By the adoption of the Constitution of the United States our country passed, with civil revolution or military dictatorship, from anarchy to order, from weakness to strength, from death to life.

In contrast to the old government under the Articles of Confederation, the new Constitution was framed as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people of the United States. Whereas the members of the old Congress were appointed by their respective states the members of the new House of Representatives, elected by the voters in the congressional districts in every state, were to be servants of the nation, paid from its treasury to make laws for the good of the whole land. Whereas the president of the old Congress had been simply its presiding officer or moderator, the President of the United States under the new Constitution was given powers for the execution of laws made by Congress—powers extending into every corner of the land and greater than those enjoyed by most Constitutional monarchs. And finally, whereas the old Congress provided for no permanent court to pronounce on the validity of its own laws or settle disputes at law between the various states, the new Constitution established a Supreme Court of the United States and gave Congress power to establish inferior national courts throughout the nation. The creation of three independent departments of legislative, executive, and judicial power, reaching every citizen in every part of the land, was the fundamental achievement of the framers of the Constitution.

We Americans have many grave problems to solve, many threatening evils to fight, and many deeds to do if, as we hope and believe, we have the wisdom, the strength, the courage, and virtue to do them. But we must face facts as they are. We must neither

surrender ourselves to a foolish optimism, nor succumb to a timid and ignoble pessimism. Our nation is that one among all the nations of the earth which holds in its hands the fate of the coming years. We enjoy exceptional advantages, and are menaced by exceptional dangers that confront us; we shall never achieve true greatness nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty Federal Republic have set before us, unless we are Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very name American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing it.

—FRANCES HALL.

## The Highest Art

Careno Morita tiptoed across the splintered floor of the humble shack with a flickering oil lamp in her hand; in the other she caressed little Marchesi, sound asleep. Into her snowy nest the mother laid her slumbering babe. On the wall a grotesque shadow, cast by the lamp, moved with each of her gestures as she lingeringly approached the doorway.

"O Sole Mio—" Careno's rippling voice broke off and her pensive eyes narrowed with the pain of memory as she drew herself up at the door jamb of the shack. Belching chimneys of the sugar factories, closely huddled on the landscape, silhouetted themselves against a rising autumn moon. Inside those factories there existed veritable cities of shirtless peon beet crews.

I, Careno Morita, the 'Golden Voice,' classed as one of these! I who lifted myself from the dregs of poverty and all but won a place with Antonio! The struggle of it all . . . oh, oh, if he'd listen to me . . . I love him, and I hate him. . . !"

In the face of the laughing moon—the golden moon in its exalted station in the firmament, Careno saw the dear beauty of him—her Antonio. She saw the flashing genius of his bow as he seemed to be playing, appealing only to her, his exotic love as of yore—and now . . .

"It is not enough that he arrives, my Antonio—then comes that silly stretching of the finger to reach higher notes without such pain of practice . . . ah, fool! For now he is nothing, nothing . . . and I with him!

"Me sing for him—"Sole Mio"—he begs—bah! Men are blundering idiots!" She flung her head back, her fingers tearing the black locks that glistened in the moonlight.

Her dark eyes, behind narrowed lids, focused menacingly on the distant buildings that formed the horizon and then meditatively on the factory close by.

"I'll keep his shack, I'll tend his babe, my Marchesi, and I'll send him off with a quarrel in his ears—"

Suddenly her eyes widened with terror as if pierced by blades of steel. A phantom cavalcade took form on the ribbon like highway rising against the purple foothills. Nearer, nearer, they came—a stretcher! Silently they set down their burden on the splintered floor of the shack.

As in a dream—Careno groped toward him. She did not uncover his face. Antonio—or the world's acclaim? She knew now which meant the most to her. She moved closer on her knees as in supplication to the figure beneath the shroud. For the

first time since they crawled into this awful hole together, tears trickled down her cheeks. Her arrogant youth quailed before the horrible mutability of life.

Antonio—had he ever complained? "It was I who failed him," she wailed. "In the highest, the most precious art of all—loving."

Suddenly a hideous scream penetrated the night. A bent, wizened figure in a black shawl was upon her, with talonous grip tearing her from the bier. Careno locked with the woman in passion and resentment.

A man's form pressed through the circle of silent, ominous watchers. Panting, he caught her arm: "Careno, it's a mistake. . . here's Antonio."

Sobbing, breathless, she permitted him to take her to the crib of the sleeping babe, away from curious eyes; and in the peace of their aloneness she relaxed in his embrace.

"Antonio, forgive all! What—what can I do?" she choked bitterly.

"Sing for me, Careno . . ." he whispered, touching her white forehead with tender lips. "Sole mio."

With eager hands she flung wide the portal to their dreams, warbled out a singing chord, and lifted the glory of her voice so golden. The listening peons crossed themselves. The little Marchesi in her snowy white cradle kicked as the blending harmony widened the walls of the shack and vaulted its lowly roof.

—JAMES PAULSON, '29.

### *In Plea for Peace*

*There is a field, wherein the tawny grain  
Blows ripe. For years, the barbed-wire fence has lain  
In rust; blotched through the prostrate fields, the red  
Of poppies seeps, an ominous blood stain.  
A flower for every life!*

*Now, thinly, rain  
Blots out the larks that swoop from overhead.*

*In this chill sod, our soldier boys lie dead;  
And yet, incessantly, men talk of War. Again?*

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.

### *With Step Unfaltering*

"You win," said MacNell. "I'll clear out pronto."

There was nothing in his voice of bitterness; very little, even, of regret. He was breathing heavily; his shoulders were hunched, but with that suggestion of force peculiar to fighters. He held out his hand, and there was that in his eyes which told of a life well lived, of a fight well fought.

The man who returned his handclasp was the representative of a Los Angeles bank; and he was there to foreclose on MacNell's property. Such foreclosure was merely part of the day's work—to Marmon; but this time, he felt a strange stirring of pity for the

farmer. No, not pity; MacNell was too strong to inspire that. Sympathy. Admiration. He said quickly, "I'm sorry, MacNell, but as you know, it is a matter not entirely within my control."

"Of course," assented MacNell. "Well, I'll get the papers, and we'll get this red tape over with. Make yourself at home, Marmon."

Marmon did. When, a very few minutes later, MacNell returned, the city man was standing before a framed photograph.

"By all that's holy—malemutes! You been North?"

"Rather. That's my team." MacNell, too, looked at the dogs; then at Marmon, whose eyes reflected honest admiration.

"A winning team," said Marmon softly. "A blue ribbon team."

"A blue ribbon team," repeated MacNell. "Yes, you've hit the nail on the head. With a better musher, and if they hadn't been put up against an unbeatable combination of brains and grit—that's the team I lost the Nome derby with, Marmon."

The eyes of the two men met; Auld Lang Syne and perfect understanding blended. Then—

Perhaps it was the crisp friendliness of the city man's voice and eyes; perhaps it was a natural longing for confidence awakened by his disappointment. At any rate, seated there in the living room of a typical San Joaquin valley ranch house, MacNell told for the first time the story of that dog derby in '13.

"When Pard and I entered our team of huskies in the Nome derby, we felt pretty confident of winning the sweepstakes; but, after inspecting the layout, we weren't so sanguine.

"We had drifted in from Cold Bay early, intending to fix up our sledge for the great event. The malemutes were in the pink of condition; our lead dog—ain't he a hefty one?—was prime. That dog's name was Sharkey, and I loved and trusted him like I did my pard. He was killed the following spring—but that's another story.

"The first day we were in camp, we drifted about from one camp to another, looking over the layout, and speculating on possible rivals. The teams were the usual racing type—twelve or fourteen wolfish huskies, with a good leader, and a tolerable good sourdough musher. About the middle of the afternoon we come to a fellow the rest of the camp called 'Dago.' The name had no reference to his nationality, but was a corruption of San Diego, which was his home town. Well, it took only one glance to see that this fellow was different. First off, he was young; and most of the contestants was middleaged. And he had a certain city stamp on him, and if his muscles was iron, his determination to win was Damascus steel. Still, we didn't worry about any tenderfoot from the States; Pard grinned at me, and I grinned back, and we both looked sympathetic at Dago. But when we saw his dogs—!

"The team as a whole stacked up pretty well with our own; maybe ours had a little the advantage. But the lead dog! He was steel grey, with white stiff hairs forming a stocky line along his back. He was big, and when he circled us, warily, the muscles rippled under his hide. Then there were his eyes. They weren't wolf eyes; they were dog eyes, and there was in them that sort of courage that God gives to some animals and leaves out of human beings. Pard and I just about went on our knees

before that dog; I lost control of my senses enough to offer to buy him, and it wasn't till I saw red blood seeping through the face of Dago that I realized what I had done. A dog like that isn't valued at money, Marmon . . . Well, Pard and I went back to our camp, and we talked long and seriously to Sharkey. We told him how our grubstake depended onto that race, and Sharkey, being a mighty intelligent dog, whimpered, and rubbed his ruffled head against my knee. He was a real dog, Sharkey was. . . .

"Well, it didn't take long in camp to find that the sourdoughs had mighty little use for Dago. First off, they resented a city fellow who hadn't been in the territory for more than six months at a stretch coming up and entering a team like that in the derby. Besides, they had the notion, though God only knows where they got it, that Dago was yellow. And Alaska hates yellow men.

"A couple of days before the race, Dago's lead dog was poisoned.

"I don't think they ever did find out who did it. Some Siwash, most likely, hired by a sourdough who didn't know the rules of the game. Nobody seemed to be much surprised. There's bound to be foul play at that stage of the game, and it was just luck it happened to Dago, instead of somebody else. But I kept remembering the white face of Dago, as he bent over his dead dog; and it brought a hurt something to my heart. On the morning of the race, I was surprised to see him lining up his team after all.

"'Gonna try it?' someone called to him, friendlier, now that his chances of winning were shattered. Dago looked up with hard eyes. 'I'm gonna win it,' he said. And then he was down on his knees beside the black dog he was using as leader, tending his feet, talking to it, adjusting the traces.

"They lined up for the race; Pard stood beside me while the official went through the customary red tape. When all was ready, he held out his hand. 'Go it, boy,' he said. I pulled my parka and nodded dumbly. I'd go it. I'd win. For Sharkey and I, there was no such thing as failure—

"You see, Marmon, I was young then. And life was beautiful.

"Signal! The sleds creaked, traces tightened; dogs hunched forward, fighting for foothold. A series of sharp jerks; smoother going. We were off!

"The next hour went swiftly. It was smoother going than we had expected, and I rode most of the way, bidding my strength. At the end of the hour I was fourth in line. Then came blizzard.

"It was one of the hardest blizzards that ever hit Nome. Many of the teams turned back. It was cold, bitter cold; I ran and hopped to save my feet from frost; I led Sharkey when the blizzard blinded him. And all the time, I knew, with a swift, unholy joy, that we were forging ahead. Hours passed; Billy, the oldest of the dogs, fell. After a minute he rose and went on; but I knew it would not be long till he was out.

"When, after hours of plodding, we swept into Circle—Circle is the halfway point, where the race turns back to Nome—the official thrust a cup of steaming coffee into my hand. 'First man in' he said. 'There's another team close behind—Good luck, musher!'



"We swept around the corner and back. I passed the other team just turning into Circle. It was Dago, with his black lead dog. Just for a second, I stared; then, I waved. 'Come on, Dago.'

"He waved back; he was struggling with the traces; evidently the lead dog had mixed them. I wondered vaguely how he had got so far; it was almost impossible, with a team like that, to come second into Circle. Where were the other teams?

"Lots of times, when I sweat myself crazy working the raisins under a San Joaquin sun, I close my eyes and think of that night, and I can feel the chill in my bones. It was cold, Marmon; devilish cold. The dogs felt it as I did; Billy, the oldest, shivered and whined and fell, only to rise again. We pushed on; but I became aware of another team drawing closer. Who—one of the old sourdoughs, or Dago? I turned my head at a friendly hail. Yes, the Dago.

"Even at that moment, when I realized that I would have to fight to retain my advantage, I felt a strange grudging admiration for Dago. Any fellow that could take a bunch of just average dogs, and a leader without much experience, and then come second in a derby—or first, perhaps—well, I took off my hat to him. But I wasn't going to let him come first if I could help it.

"Just then Billy fell and I took him out of the traces, and put him on the sled, and went on. Shortly after, I became aware that Dago had stopped; then a team swept even with me, but it was another sourdough. He grinned at me from his frosted parka. 'Dago—lost three dogs—already,' and then—'Come on, mush!'

"Mush! I gave the command with failing breath; and Sharkey responded nobly. His white, strong legs flung back the snow; his shoulders were hunched forward, his head on his chest; he pulled strongly, eagerly, without pause. I remember feeling what a wonderful dog he was, and being afraid of killing him; but the fever of winning had got into my blood, and I urged him on; one of the huskies had fallen. To my left loomed the shoulders of the black dog, and beside him staggered the Dago.

"Nome! We knew we were nearing Nome, for there were the teams to meet us. Pard was there, yelling, 'Come on, pardner. Sharkey—mush!' The sourdough behind me was beleaguered with suggestions. I remember noticing there was no word of encouragement for Dago.

"The line was perhaps five hundred yards away. A dog dropped; I picked him up and fairly flung him on the sledge. The Dago stopped; he took another dog out of traces; he was leading the black dog, talking to him, lunging along beside him. There was not an ounce of speed left in either team; it was merely a matter of endurance till the end. 'Sharkey,' I said, 'Sharkey—mush!'

"In the end, Dago crossed the line a sledge length before me."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Man!" breathed Marmon. "Man, to lose a race like that—" A low laugh from MacNell halted him.

"Some men," said MacNell, "don't know when they're licked. Maybe I belong in that class. I reckon it was no fun to lose that race; but losing to a man like that—well, it was as good as winning. He wasn't a man—he was a god—him and that black dog of his . . ."

There was utter silence in the living room. After a moment MacNell resumed: "Right after the races, Dago drifted back to the states. Frosted his lung, folks said, and lit out for San Diego to cure it. The sourdough who came third bought his dogs."

He rose. "I'll get those papers, now, and we'll look them over."

"The papers," breathed Marmon. "Ah, yes, the papers." When MacNell was gone, he shrugged his shoulders, as if to shake off the Alaskan chill that enveloped him. The pallid heat of a California sun lay all about him. Marmon seized an envelope and scrawled hastily.

So, after all, when MacNell returned, bearing the papers that represented a bigger and more capable failure, his company had already gone. But he had left behind him a note. This is what the amazed farmer read:

"Have decided to extend the note. Take your time about paying. You see, I am the fellow they called Dago. Somehow, I couldn't beat you again; you are too good a sport.  
MARMON.

"P. S. Do you know who has my team now?"

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.

### *The Way to Success*

*Keep right ahead till you've finished,  
Though your pathway be narrow and rough;  
Though at present the skies may be stormy,  
You can win if you work hard enough.  
So keep right ahead with your hand at the wheel,  
Grinding and toiling with patience of steel,  
And no matter how sick and discouraged you feel,  
You must keep right ahead till you've finished.  
Keep right ahead till you've finished,  
For where there's a will, there's a way;  
Falter not, but determine to conquer  
And you'll find in the end it will pay.  
It may be that failures have come thick and fast,  
But pray that the future may better the past,  
And all will be swallowed in victory at last,  
If you keep right ahead till you've finished.*

—IDNELLA BURCKLUND, '31.

### That Ye Be Not Judged

"Gosh, I'll just have time to get my mail before I go on duty," mused Marjorie Kent, as she glanced hurriedly at her wrist watch. "Let's see; here's the bill for that new dress from The Emporium, and here's a letter from Jack, and—oh, here's one from Betty. I wonder if mother is better? She had a slight attack of flu the last time Bets wrote." Hastily tearing it open, her practiced eyes fell upon these words: "Dear Marge: Mother is dreadfully ill; you must make some arrangement to come home. She keeps calling and calling for you. The doctor says it is our only chance. You must come home. Send word as soon as possible. Betty."

For one moment Marge stood paralyzed and then crumpling the note in her hand she hastened toward the hospital across the street. Twelve hours, twelve hours! The words beat monotonously through her tired brain. Twelve hours before she would be given even a chance to ask for leave from training. The hours dragged by like lead; it seemed as if a thousand drums were beating in her head, and her body ached as she walked down the hall to see what patient number 110 wanted.

She entered the room quietly and stiffened to attention as she became suddenly aware that all was not well with her patient. Why in the world should he pick such a time as this to die? It would take at least fifteen minutes to prepare him for the undertaker, fifteen precious minutes. Darn these men, anyway, and her mother was drawing closer to death's door each minute by the delay. Oh, well, it must be done. If only Miss Mitchell, the old supervisor, was on the floor! She would understand and let her off earlier. But no, she looked across the hall and saw that it was that cranky old Miss Brown that took such a delight in showing her superior authority. Wearily she prepared the corpse, combed its hair, washed the face, folded the hands, and did all those other little duties a nurse is expected to do.

Free at last! She dragged her tired feet across the street to the nurses' home and there sent a message to her sister Bess, "Leaving seven o'clock tomorrow morning," and then after hastily thrusting a few clothes in a bag she threw her tired body upon the bed and slept. . . .

Miss Brown, the night supervisor, was peeved! These green nurses, thinking they knew it all; they thought they could put it over on an older and more experienced nurse. Just wait, she'd show them! What they needed was a lesson, and who could show it to better advantage than Miss Jerusha Brown. Walking down the corridor, she met the white-clad brigade; inwardly she thought, another stiff, something else for me to check up to see if everything is o. k. These student nurses always bungle everything anyway.

Hurrying into the room recently occupied by 110 she noticed something on the table and exclaimed, "What in the world is this? My gracious, I believe it's the false teeth of patient 110. Let me see, Miss Trent was on duty here last. Hmmmm—this must be reported at once. These students need to be disciplined. What they need is a good lesson and this is a fine example."

Marge was aroused by the ringing of her telephone. What was the matter; what could it be—was her mother dead? She reached hastily for the telephone, but it was not the anxious tones of her sister but the harsh, commanding tones of the night supervisor, Miss Brown, that jarred on her ear. "Is this Miss Trent?" "Yes." "Kindly put on your uniform and report immediately to the supervisor's office for duty," and the receiver clicked. For a moment Marge's mind went blank. What in the world was the matter? Surely they couldn't ask her to work all night, too. She dressed swiftly and hurried to the office. The night supervisor met her at the door with a scowl on her face. "You certainly took your time about hurrying, did you not, Miss Trent?" she asked with saccharine sarcasm. "Yes, Miss Brown," dutifully replied Marge. "I wish to inform you that a grave mistake has been made," continued the supervisor. "It is an error that is unforgivable. You laid out the corpse of patient 110, did you not?"

"Why, yes."

"You know that it is customary to place all false teeth in the buccal cavity before the corpse is taken to the morgue. So you will now fulfill your duty by securing the teeth and bringing them over to the morgue and placing them in the proper position."

"But, Miss Brown, surely you can't mean—oh, Miss Brown—not tonight. Can't I just be excused for this one time? My mother. . . ."

"No! Your place is not in your home, but here!"

But it's three o'clock in the morning and there are no lights in the morgue."

"That does not matter. Here is a flashlight and the number of the patient is in this book.

Marge gave her one despairing glance, but she saw no relenting in the hard, cruel features of the night supervisor's face.

The San Francisco wind was cold as Marge walked up the hill to the morgue. It whipped her uniform wildly, casting queer shapes and shadows upon the ground. "Dear God," she prayed, as a numb fear tugged at her heart, "help me through this, and oh, please spare my mother."

The morgue at last. It rose ghostly before her eyes. There it was, a great white building, filling her very heart and body with a cold, nameless dread. What fate did it hold in store for her? "Don't be foolish," she admonished herself, as she placed the key in the lock. "There's nothing here that will hurt you. Don't be a coward. Remember, the Trents have always been brave." Yes, that was true, but had any of those ghostly ancestors ever gone to a morgue at three o'clock in the morning?

A cold, dank odor wafted across her nostrils as she threw open the heavy door. Horrifying shapes loomed everywhere. "Aceeah—" she screamed as something cold and slimy brushed against her cheek. She turned her flashlight on it and her blood froze in her veins. A heart—a living, pulsating heart, took shape before her horrified eyes, and on its side she saw the numeral 110. Oh, but she mustn't act like this; why, she had to put those teeth in their proper place! It meant everything to her—peace, happiness, and success.

Snatching at the handle of a drawer, she tugged with all her might, took the plate out of her pocket and then folded back the sheet. The teeth fell unheeded from her nerveless grasp and she saw before her, not 110, but a leering death's head upon which particles of stinking, decaying flesh were still clinging to the exposed bones. It seemed to her symbolic of her mother's death. . . .

Staggering from one receptacle to another, turning her flashlight upon each repulsive corpse, she at last reached 110. As she pulled back the sheet her wild eyes met the accusing shrunken orbs of the corpse. They seemed to telegraph a message to her already turbulent mind, "Give me my teeth. I want my teeth!" "Here, take them," she sobbed, as she threw herself upon the coffin and pried open his stiffened, oozing mouth. She slipped the sharp, slimy teeth in between his gaping jaws and before she could slip out her hand, that jaw of death closed with a resounding snap! She struggled with all her might, and at last her hand gave way. But not all came; for upon those teeth, now fast in the death's head, she saw her own flesh!

From that grinning specter of death she fled, from room to room, never stopping for breath. At last her hand touched something stable. She leaned heavily against it, and it moved—suddenly there was a loud, splintering crash and she felt around her the cold, steely arms of the grim reaper. . . .

Uttering one unearthly shriek she lost all knowledge of time or place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Brown was well pleased with her night's work. At last, had come the golden opportunity of teaching a lesson to these impertinent, over-confident young student nurses. Meeting Miss Mitchell, the day supervisor, in the hall, she stopped to tell her of her disciplinary methods. "But, my dear," said Miss Mitchell, "don't you think that in this case you were a little harsh? You know, the girl wasn't quite herself because of her mother. I think you should have considered that."

"Indeed," sniffed Miss Brown. "We shall see. I think it is high time someone took it upon themselves to put these important nurses in their place."

Miss Mitchell said nothing, but a tiny frown marred the otherwise calm of her brow. She glanced at her watch and noticed that it was one minute to seven. She remembered that Miss Trent was leaving at seven, but she was sure that she had not reported to the office for a leave of absence slip. She said nothing to Miss Brown, but a half hour later when she inquired at the office, she found that Miss Trent had not been seen. Just then the telephone rang and, thinking that perhaps, Miss Trent had forgotten, she lifted the receiver. "Mercy hospital." "This is Miss Price; could I speak to Miss Trent?" "I'm sorry, but she's not here. She has leave of absence, you know!"

"But she must be there—her bag is still here!"

"Just a moment," said Miss Mitchell, excitedly, "I'll be right over."

Throwing her cloak over her arm, she hastened across the street to the home and there Miss Price, her face filled with anxiety, met her at the door. "Oh, Miss Mitchell," she sobbed, "I'm worried to death; the telephone rang at three o'clock and she hasn't come in since." "There, there, child," soothed Mary Mitchell, "that's all right; she probably got worried about her mother and left without coming back to get her suitcase." Later when a telegram came from Betty Trent asking why Marge had not arrived, even Miss Brown became a trifle worried. They searched everywhere but no trace of Marge was found. At last, the police were called, but they combed the city in vain.

Miss Mitchell walked slowly down the street. Through her mind flitted the words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help," and whimsically lifting her eyes she gazed upon—the morgue. Strange that she had not thought of it before. Hastily summoning Miss Brown, they made their way to the morgue. As they passed through the open door a premonition seemed to fasten itself upon their hearts. "What's that peculiar noise—do you think something could have happened?" "Oh, look, those medical students left that heart hanging there by a string; I don't object to their initiations, but I do think they should clean up afterwards."

Entering the room where the bodies were kept, the two women froze in their tracks, for there before their eyes was Marjorie Trent, slaving at the mouth and emitting uncanny and peculiar noises, and around her were the arms of a skeleton.

"My God, she's insane," screamed Miss Brown. "It's my fault. I did it—what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You have done enough already," said Mary Mitchell, "and I would advise you to pray to your Maker for the good of your soul and for this poor victim of your cruel heartlessness. . . ."

Mrs. Trent called in vain for her Marge, and with outstretched arms and an aching heart, she died. If you were to visit Ward 13 of the Mercy Hospital you would see a beautiful girl muttering and gibbering strange things to herself about hearts, rotting flesh, teeth and the like. As for Miss Brown, the unfortunate woman who so thoughtlessly wrecked the lives of so many people, she too is a changed woman and spends her time administering to the patients in Ward 13 in the hope that some day perhaps Marjorie Trent may regain her mind and become the same sweet girl that cheered so many patients in the Mercy Hospital.

—FRANCES HALL, '29.

### *Come to California*

*California's the place you'll find me,  
Out in the golden West;  
Here's where we see the poppy,  
Here's where the fruit grows best.  
Come, all ye Eastern farmers,  
Come, all ye business men,  
Come, all ye scenery admirers,  
To dwell here in "Paradise Glen."*

*The mountains are covered with forests  
And grasses of varying green,  
Or in winter we see they are mantled  
With snow that is white and is clean.  
Many a time have old friends met  
Under our sky of blue.  
Here's where the golden sunset  
Is waiting to welcome you, too.*

—HELEN GUNNARSON, '31.

*Paths*

*You never reached the goal you set;  
A mother's hungering  
For children bruised your subtle dreams  
And shattered everything.*

*Yet when I look into your calm eyes  
It leaps to mind once more  
What one man said of mousetraps and  
A path beat to your door;*

*I think more eagerly than to  
The maker of machines,  
The world will forge to the door of one  
Who knows what friendship means;*

*To one with courage and life and love,  
And a heart with the will to bless,  
The world will come with the setting sun,  
Though they dwell in wilderness;*

*For the world has an infinite need of faith,  
And an infinite toll of pain,  
And love must be born with every night  
Ere the world face the world again.*

*Torn by the day's unyielding strife,  
Blinded by passion's charms,  
The tired ones will lay their burdens down  
And nestle in your arms.*

—LAVERNE WILSON, '29.

Died April First

"Lawrence Long, of Oakland, 37 years, died April 1, 1929!"

A commonplace item, you will say? Perhaps, but then you haven't heard the story. Among the happy young married couples of a certain residential section of Oakland, the happiest by far was Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Long—Larry and Mary. They told their friends that the only reason they had married each other was because their names rhymed. (They could joke because they loved each other so much.) Of course, his name was really Lawrence, but nobody ever thought of calling him that; his was too much of a happy-go-lucky nature; and Mary—well, you couldn't be sad and think of Mary at the same time. If the truth were told, these two had many things in common. Larry was fair and—well, shining is the only word that fits. Mary was dark, but just as shiningly beautiful and courageous. Mere words could never do her

justice, nor Larry either. His merry blue eyes and laughing lips were unforgettable; and you gained the impression that his golden head was the high flung flag of an unquenchable spirit. People said these two were made for each other, and undoubtedly they were.

Their happiness was made complete by the arrival of Jerry—the golden realization of all their dreams. It would have been impossible for them to have chosen a name that didn't rhyme with their own. Jerry, being a girl, should have taken after her father, but, and this was only one of the early evidences of her independence, she was a tiny carbon copy of her mother; though perhaps some of her father's merry, debonaire ways had been added to her already large share of happy characteristics.

Larry, Mary and Jerry—a gay unit for "better or worse" and if it were worse, they still managed to find much to laugh at and to be happy over. And if it were for the better, nobody knew as well as they how to celebrate in a fitting manner. As time passed, whatever they touched seemed to turn into money and everything seemed for the better. And the Longs in their gaiety refused to knock on wood against the shattering of their bubbles of mirth. For why think about misery and thus ask it into the halls of happiness? Why, indeed, when it comes all unasked and unwanted!

Jerry's fifteenth birthday was deemed a suitable occasion for an extra picnic at the beach. For was not little Jerry getting to be a fine lady? This would be a picnic in which only they would share. It would be a perfectly happy day to always carry in their memory. It was one they never forgot; at least, Larry and Jerry didn't. Mary—Mary, the adventuress, impatient for the feast, ran gaily on ahead. She called back a challenge to race down the cliff and with a merry shout was off. Their gay laughter rang out as they followed swiftly down the path. Then—perhaps it was a pebble or perhaps laughing eyes had not time to see—Mary stumbled and fell. The trail was narrow and the cliff steep; down—down—sharp, cruel rocks below—oblivion. God! A swift-wrung prayer as agonized love thrust long, piercing blades into two hearts. Tenderly, tenderly, they carried their brave, happy Mary up the cliff. Stricken too deeply for words or tears, they mutely returned to their Halls of Happiness, now halls of death.

Jerry was young; she would laugh again. Larry didn't want to. He seemed crazed with grief—Larry, the irrepressible. He often wandered out for long, solitary walks at night, neither looking or caring where he went. Then, one evening he stepped in the path of a speeding car, and for a month knew no more.

He regained consciousness at last. It had seemed to Jerry as if he, too, were going to die. She cried with the relief of it, when he smiled dimly up at her. She did not know that he smiled before he remembered—remembered that Mary! . . .

The doctors told Larry that if he kept perfectly quiet and tried to get well that he would eventually pull through. But Larry wanted to die. Mary gone—and he'd loved her so. There was nothing left—why, why—there was Jerry. Poor kid, it must be terrible for her. So young and happy hearted, to be so heavily burdened with grief. He'd have to get well for her, no matter how long or hard the trail, he could bear it easier than she.



With leaden feet, the months dragged on; the only bright spot in Larry's dreary days (days of painful memories) was the hour each afternoon when Jerry was allowed to come and see him. They always laughed and joked to keep from remembering. Never a word did they mention of the past; it was safer to keep the conversation on the future. They found much comfort in each other (Mary had held each of them so dear) and were sometimes really merry. They planned for the time when Larry would be well again and they would go gypsying off to Europe. (Mary, Larry and Jerry would have gone that summer.) Brave, generous Mary would be sad if they were not gay and happy. Both of them felt this and hid their grief till only they could see.

Two more days and they would be together, forever. They promised themselves that never, never would they let anything separate them again. Larry laughed a little tremulously at the thought of what good pals they would be. Jerry ought to be coming pretty soon, now. It irked him that any of their precious hours should be wasted. Why didn't she come? Oh, there she was. No, it was just the nurse. What was the matter; had something happened, that the nurse was so pale? No, no! Not Jerry! Oh, God, it couldn't be that. Killed just an hour ago . . . (The nurse stole quietly out and left him alone with his grief.) His Jerry gone—gone! Mary gone—all gone . . .

A few minutes later the nurse rushed excitedly back. It had all been a mistake. Just a mistake in identity, and Jerry was coming in a few minutes. How happy he would be when she told him. Why, where was he? Where could he have gone? Something drew her to the open window. There on the pavement, four stories below, his mangled body lay. Just as Mary's had lain. . . .

"Lawrence Long, of Oakland, 37 years, died April 1, 1929."

—GLADYS KNEELAND, '29.

### *Friendship*

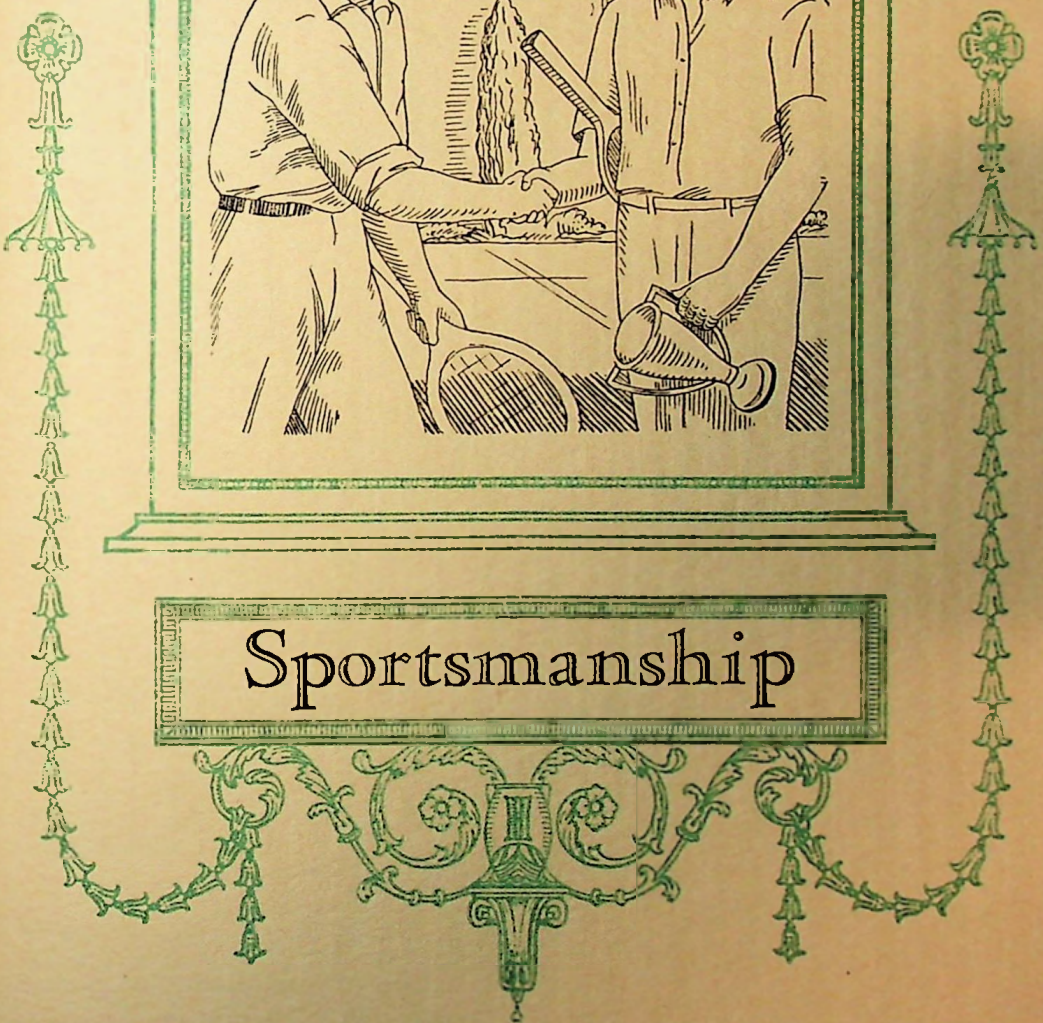
*Some friendships are like flowers,  
They bloom one sunny day,  
They like us for a little while,  
Then naturally fade away.*

*Some friendships last much longer,  
They are more loyal and true;  
We always keep them in our hearts,  
For the Old, instead of the New.*

—MAE JOHNSON, '31.



Sportsmanship







## Baseball

Baseball, the great American game, is truly a real Kingsburg High School sport. This year the Viking nine started the season with all but one player back from last year, and his shoes were filled by a very capable freshman.

The 1928 county champions set their goal this year to become 1929 "Valley Champions." They elected the veteran pitcher, Fred Woods, as their captain. The Vikings swept all opposition out of their pathway in division one, Fresno High and Fresno Tech being among the vanquished; and won the division title with ease.

On May 17th, on the local sandlot north of town, the K. H. S. and Roosevelt High nines met to decide the county championship. The Vikings won by a score of 9-4. This makes the second baseball championship for Kingsburg High in the last two years.

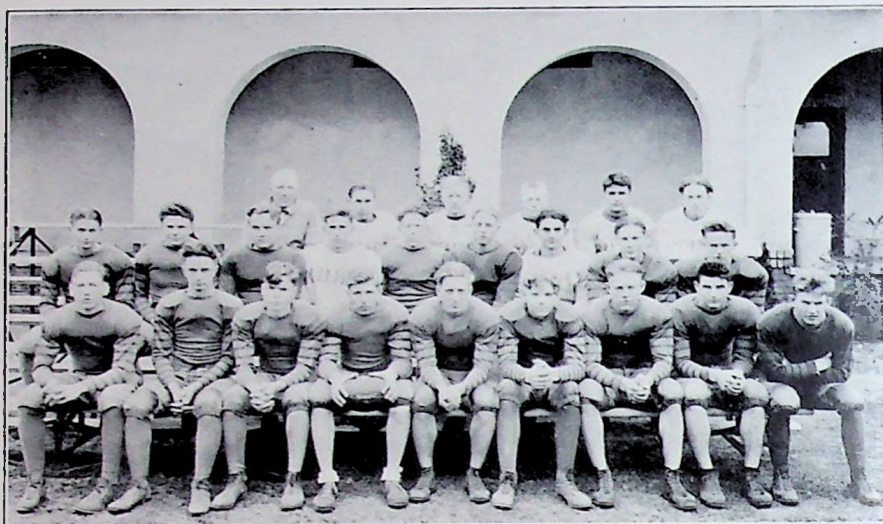
The valley semi-finals were played on May 25. The Viking nine defeated Merced 4-2, in one of the hardest games of the season. The valley championship game was played May 31st, Kingsburg vs. Delano. Delano proved easy meat for the Vikings and Kingsburg High won its first valley championship 10-5. This is something which everybody in Kingsburg is proud of; imagine a school with only 275 pupils capable of defeating any baseball team in the valley.

Much of our credit for winning the championship goes to Fred Woods, who averaged about 14 strikeouts per game. Our able coach, Mr. Bunger, is not to be forgotten and much credit is due him.

Stars, for playing one or more years of baseball, were won by: Alvin Thorell, Captain Fred Woods, Walter Morrison, Arnold Hillblom, Harry Ternquist, Stanley Anderson, Winifred Nelson, Eugene Nelson, and Arson Aslan.

Block "K's" were given to Frank Burnett and Carl Sundstrom.

League games: Kingsburg 13, Clovis 1; Kingsburg 5, Sanger 3; Kingsburg 16, Reedley 3; Kingsburg 6, Fresno High 0; Kingsburg 7, Fresno Tech 3. County championship: Kingsburg 9, Roosevelt High 4. Valley semi-finals: Kingsburg 4, Merced 2. Valley championship game: Kingsburg 10, Delano 5.



## Football

Immediately after the opening of school on September 17th, the call for football material was issued by Coach Bunger. Many students came out for the team. There was never any difficulty in making two teams for scrimmage. With eleven lettermen back from last year and many subs and freshmen out for the team, you can well understand why Kingsburg had a strong football team this year.

Kingsburg played in division I with the stronger and bigger schools of the county. Fresno High, Fresno Tech, Sanger, Reedley, Lemoore, Selma, and Kingsburg competed.

Through the able captainship of Stanley Anderson and the coaching of Mr. Bunger, the Vikings established an enviable record in football. Every school in the league was bigger than ours. Despite this fact Fresno High was the only school to defeat Kingsburg.

We did not win any pennant in football but we did win a reputation as a team full of fight and always playing the game clean and square.

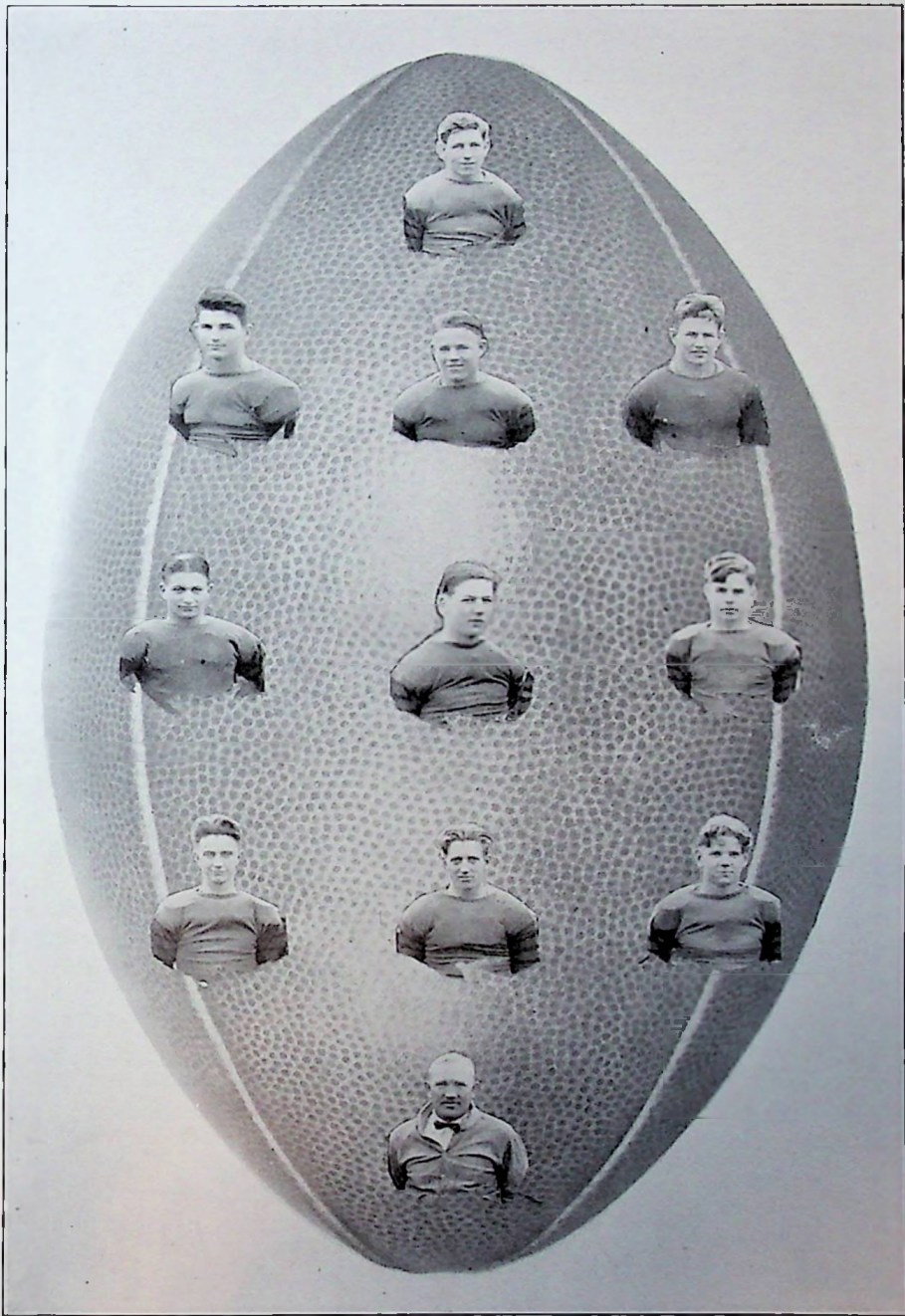
Alvin Thorell, quarterback, and Walter Morrison, end, were given places on the Bee's all-county team. Melvin Lindquist was placed as all-county guard on the Republican team.

Graduation takes seven lettermen from the squad, leaving plenty of material for next year's team, when the Vikings will be out for Fresno High's scalp and the county championship.

The following won stars: Captain Stanley Anderson, Alvin Thorell, Walter Morrison, Allan Nelson, Eugene Nelson, Eugene Danell, Herbert Olson, Melvin Lindquist, Kenneth Baker, Reuben Linman, and Clarence Hillblom. Those who won their block letters were: Gordon Thorell, Harry Ternquist, Frank Burnett, Arnold Hillblom, Clarence Anderson, Verne Fredolphs, and Carl Sundstrom.

League games: Kingsburg 16, Lemoore 0; Kingsburg 13; Sanger 0; Kingsburg 7, Fresno High 27; Kingsburg 8, Fresno Tech 6; Kingsburg 13, Selma 0; Kingsburg 26, Reedley 7.

# The VIKING



Frank Burnett, F. B.  
Eugene Nelson, R. H.  
Reuben Linman, C.

Captain S. Anderson, L. H.  
Alvin Thorell, Q.  
Harry Ternquist, L. H.  
Allan Nelson, R. T.  
Coach W. M. Bungler

Arnold Hillblom, R. H.  
Melvin Lindquist, R. G.  
Eugene Danell, L. T.

## Basketball

### LIGHTWEIGHTS

The skeeter-weights did not finish on top of their division, but they showed fight and gave their opponents plenty of competition. The team did not win all its games, but never lost by a large margin, with the exception of the game with Caruthers. The valley champions, Parlier, were held to a score of 16-8.

Those who won their small "K's" were: S. Anderson, R. Ericson, W. Olson, H. Renfrow, Ezake, A. Jensen, F. Nelson.

Pants Miller and Roy Anderson were the only players to receive a star for their second year of lightweight basketball.

The scores of the league games are:

Laton, forfeit	Kingsburg 2	Selma 11	Kingsburg 7
Parlier 16	Kingsburg 8	Caruthers 22	Kingsburg 9
Riverdale 2	Kingsburg 16	Sanger 16	Kingsburg 15

### MIDDLEWEIGHTS

The middleweights lost but one game in league competition, thereby finishing in second place in the league standing. If the team could have had more practice they would have given Selma, the valley champions, a real run for the championship.

Seven inch "K's" were won by: Heary Sinner, William Sweets, Lennis Dahlstrom, LeRoy Anderson, Luke Bellocchi, and Howard Nordstrom. Moses Chaballa was the only player to receive a star.

Laton (forfeit)	Kingsburg 2	Selma 11	Kingsburg 7
Parlier 12	Kingsburg 16	Caruthers 22	Kingsburg 9
Riverdale 7	Kingsburg 22	Sanger 16	Kingsburg 15

### HEAVYWEIGHTS

The heavyweights always furnished the game which was really worth watching. It was hoped that Kingsburg would win the county basketball championship, but due to injuries at a crucial time the team failed to win the division title.

The main handicap to the Vikings was that Kingsburg did not play its games on an inside court. Previous to the league games, practice was held in the Legion Gym, and at that time the team looked as if it really was championship caliber.

The Vikings played the Dinuba Emperors, who later became valley champions, in two practice games. Dinuba won the first 23-17, but the Vikings took the second encounter 32-29. This more than proves that Kingsburg would have won the county championship if all of our games had been played on an inside court. Here's hoping that in the near future Kingsburg High gets a gymnasium.

Sanger and Kingsburg finished the league schedule tied for first place. The play-off game was played in Fowler gym. The court proved a Waterloo for Kingsburg. Kingsburg led until the last minute of play when Sanger put in a long one-hand shot, which won the game and thereby the division title.

Several of the Vikings were mentioned as good material for the all-county basketball team, and Eugene Nelson, forward, was placed on the Bee all-county team.

Eight inch varsity "K's" were won by Melvin Lindquist, Frank Burnett, Reuben Linman, Carl Sundstrom, Stanley Anderson and Allan Nelson. Stars, for two or more years of competition, were won by Fred Woods, Eugene Nelson, Walter Morrison, Arnold Hillblom.

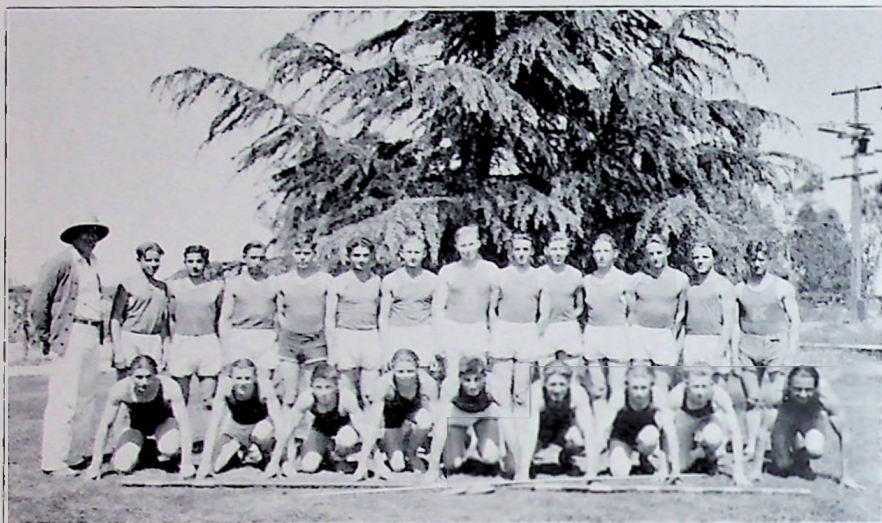
Scores of the league games:

Laton 8	Kingsburg 28	Selma 17	Kingsburg 23
Parlier 12	Kingsburg 26	Caruthers 27	Kingsburg 22
Riverdale 11	Kingsburg 34	Sanger 28	Kingsburg 41
Championship game:	Sanger 17	Kingsburg 15	

The VIKING







## Track

Kingsburg had only one veteran track man left from last year to form the nucleus of the 1929 squad. It indeed seemed dark for the Vikings. But as the county track meet drew nigh many students turned out for track. Several freshmen proved to be rich assets to the team. In two practice track meets, Kingsburg class A team placed first.

Fourteen Vikings were entered in the valley track meet but only four were able to reach Bakersfield. Rudolph Leander, our star track man, took first in the 440. Roy Johnson, class C, took first in the junior discus with a heave of 143 feet, 10 inches, and also placed third in the broad jump, which gave Kingsburg class C team second place in the valley meet.

The county track meet was held in Coalinga. Kingsburg placed third with 20 points,  $\frac{1}{2}$  point behind Selma. Rudy won the 440 in 51.4 seconds, which is stepping right along, only two seconds from breaking the record. He also placed fourth in the 100 yard dash and ran Kingsburg into a third place in the class A relay. Clarence Hillblom won the javelin with a heave of 150 feet,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Stanley Anderson also placed in the javelin, taking fourth place. Frank Burnett took second in the shot put. Allan Nelson placed third in the discus. Melvin Lindquist placed fourth in the mile run.

Kingsburg placed second to only Fresno High in the class C meet. Roy Anderson and "Pants" Miller took first and second respectively in the discus and Roy also placed third in the broad jump, giving Kingsburg 10 points to Fresno High's 13.



## Tennis

More interest was shown in tennis during the past school year than has been displayed for many years. The result of this interest was that K. H. S. had a real tennis team.

The division tennis matches were played on the Selma courts. Kingsburg's three doubles teams and girls' singles defeated their opponents in the first round of division plays. The girls' singles, Elsie Jern, and girls' doubles, Lois Oneal and Enid Hayes, won the division finals and competed in the Fresno County finals, in Fresno, where they were defeated.

The team was composed of:

Boys' singles—Arnold Hillblom.

Girls' singles—Elsie Jern.

Boys' doubles—Eugene Nelson and Wilbur Green.

Girls' doubles—Lois Oneal and Enid Hayes.

Mixed doubles—Ada Oneal and Harold Renfrow.

## Volleyball

There has been but little interest shown toward volleyball this season. The girls were very unfortunate in losing the games they played. Through the untiring efforts of Miss Truesdale and Captain Lucille Rudholm a number of good players were developed.

### PARLIER—KINGSBURG

The first league game was played October 19 with Parlier on the Parlier court. Although the girls played a good game Parlier won 3-2.

### RIVERDALE—KINGSBURG

The game was played on the home court. Riverdale won 3-2.

### SELMA—KINGSBURG

The last game of the season was played at Selma November 2. The score was 3-0 in favor of Selma.

### INTERCLASS

A good deal of interest was shown in the interclass volleyball games this year. The preliminary games between the freshmen and sophomores, juniors and seniors were won by the sophomores and juniors. The deciding game between the sophomores and the juniors was won, after a hard game, by the sophs with a score of 3-2.

## Baseball

The girls came out for baseball practice early in March. Due to the faithful leadership of Captain Elsie Jern and Miss Truesdale, a good team was developed.

### WASHINGTON UNION—KINGSBURG

The first game of the season, played April 9 on the home court, was with Washington Union. After playing four extra innings, Washington Union won the game at 5-4.

### SELMA—KINGSBURG

On April 12, the girls lost to Selma with a score of 3-2. Game was played on Selma court.

### RIVERDALE—KINGSBURG

On April 19, Riverdale was victorious over Kingsburg 10-3.

### CLOVIS—KINGSBURG

The last game of the season was played at Clovis, to where the girls motored in new Durants. Kingsburg was victorious 14-12.

The VIKING



INTERSCHOLASTIC VOLLEYBALL



INTERCLASS VOLLEYBALL

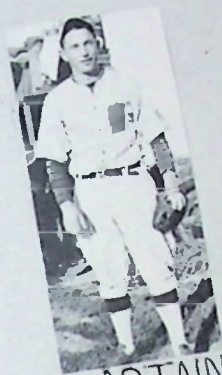


GIRLS' BASEBALL

# The VIKING



# The VIKING



CAPTAIN



GET SET!



FOES



VOLLEYBALL



BASEBALL



SPLITS



SOCKO!

Humor

Miss Kraeger: And tomorrow we shall dissect a guinea pig.

Ruth Lindquist: Do you pull out the feathers first?

---

Marie is one of those smother girls.  
Don't lie to me—what's a smother girl?  
One that says, "Sorry, see you s'm'other time."

---

Miss Bishop: What are two processes for making steel?  
Zaven: The open-heart furnace and the garlic acid process.

---

Mr. Henderson: You must have got up before breakfast.  
Mr. Geer (from Coalinga): Oh, yes, we're oily birds.

---

Reuben: Can I hold your hand?  
Ruth: Yes, we might as well have the preliminaries over.

---

Roger, the campus bachelor, says:  
"It's better to have loved and lost  
Than to have married and been bossed."

---

Miss Truesdale: Now, bend your knee at the elbow—

---

The baseball girls sped past a winery. "Oh, look," cried Evelyn' Westerling.  
"Lookit the pretty high school."

---

Reuben (on senior crazy day): You nearly lost your equilibrium that time.  
Bill (anxiously): Oh, I hope it isn't showing.

---

*Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust—  
If chemistry don't kill me  
Geometry must.*

—RUTH LEANDER.

---

Mr. Catlin: What kind of a sentence is this: "The pupil loves his teacher."  
Viola: Sarcastic.

## The VIKING

Ralph: I looked through the keyhole when Pauline was in there with Carl.

Father: What did you find out?

Ralph: The lamp.

---

### THEY DID IT KEEN

Bill: Say, Lucille, when are we going to practice that curtain scene?

Lucille: Oh, we don't need any practice.

---

Frances Hall (announcing the next picture to be taken): The football boys are next. Just go down to the basement and put on your sweatshirts—that's all you need.

---

Hazel: Whose pants are those?

Enid: Harry's, I guess.

Hazel: Oh, what's he doing?

---

### WHY THE CIVICS CLASS WENT TO FRESNO

Mr. Cox: We must act as though we are civilized even if we aren't.

---

Mr. Reukema: What is your aim in composition?

Herb Werner: The bottom of the page!

---

Gladys: Last leap year, I proposed to a fellow along a river bank.

Fran: What happened?

Gladys: He leaped.

---

Boy friend: Do you believe in love at first sight?

LaVerne: Yes, if you never get a second look.

---

Ray: Aren't you a little Germanic?

Miss Kreager: Darned Teuton, I am.

---

Mr. Smith: I take aspirin to clear my head.

Mr. Hudson: Oh, I see; a sort of vacuum cleaner.

---

Bernice Larson: Why do you close your eyes so tight when you kiss me?

Boy friend: I'm trying to make myself think you're Greta Garbo.

---

LaVerne: Why did you run away from that boy?

Marie: I wanted to be chased.

---

### OH! OH!

Coach: How many lightweights are out tonight?

Ray A.: Six without "Pants."



Miss Truesdale: Who hung that crepe near the shower?

Henrietta: That isn't crepe—that's my towel.

---

Mr. Cox: Well, I must be off.

Ed. S.: That's what I thought when I first met you.

---

Mr. Cox: If I knew as much as you think you know I'd be a wise man.

Bill M.: Yeh, if brains was dynamite you couldn't blow your nose.

---

Miss Kreager (passing out beans in biology experiment): Just compare your bean with that one of your neighbor's, and notice how they resemble each other.

---

Frances: Golly, what'd you think of a man who went horseback riding at 2:30 in the morning?

"Baby": Gosh, who did?

Fran: Paul Revere.

---

Mr. Smith: If you go deaf in one nose you can smell twice as far with the other.

---

Florence J.: Can you keep a secret?

Luverne P.: I'll tell the world.

---

Mr. Hudson: Do you play golf?

Miss Bishop: No, I don't know anything about it. Why, I wouldn't even know how to hold the caddy.

---

Lost—a boy named Ray. Finder please return to Hazel Kaiser.

---

Sarah: This is a nurse's book.

Hazel: Yes, we couldn't very well use some of their jokes.

---

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

*Little Miss Muffet*

*Sat on a tuffet*

*Eating some knacke bro och sil;*

*Along came a spider*

*And sat down beside her;*

*One whiff, and the spider was nil.*

—L. W.

---

My girl's a brick.

Yeah, mine's a hard baby, too.

---

Barbara: I feel giddy tonight.

Meb: Awright, giddy up.

---

## The VIKING

Ruthie: I guess I'll go to Armstrong's next year.

Fran: What for—to learn all about heaters?

Mr. Cox: Shut the door; what's the matter, were you raised in a barn?

Ed: Sure I was, and I feel perfectly at home here with you.

### CORRECT THE FIRST TIME!

Is there anything worse than an Irishman from Kentucky?

Yes—a Swede from Kingsburg.

Skinny: You call these safety matches? Why, none of them will strike.

Storekeeper: Well, you couldn't ask for anything safer than that, could you?

### HEARD DRESS-UP DAY

Hey, Gene, was that Cleopatra doing down the street?

Naw, Sary, it couldn't a Ben Hur.

Roger Carlson: Where did I see you last night?

Hannah: In bed.

Barb: Is my face dirty or is it just my imagination?

T. O.: Your face isn't dirty, but I don't know about your imagination.

Evelyn: You're just like an airplane.

Elverda: Why, 'cause I fly so high?

Evelyn: No, you're no use on earth.

### WHY, PROFESSOR!

James: I didn't get the drift in that joke.

Alice Anne: It's a corset.

James: Oh! It's been so long since I've seen a corset on a lady I'd forgotten what one looks like.

Miss Bishop: What is steam?

Helen Hanan: It's water crazy with heat.

### THIS MOTOR AGE

Wilbur: Lot's wife had nothing on LaVerne Wilson.

Irving: How so?

Wilbur: Well, Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt. LaVerne looked back and turned into a telephone pole.

Ed. S.: I bet LaVerne and the boy friend hold their breath when you try piloting their Gardner Eight.

Marie: Aw, you're silly! They just love—

LaVerne: Aw, keep still! Do you have to tell everything?

"Go," said our editor's landlady, "and never darken my bathtub again."

Earl Oneal (teaching her to drive car): The brake is something you put on in a hurry.

Mildred L.: Oh, I see; a sort of kimono.

Ruth Anderson: My dad's got electricity in his hair.

Ruth Peterson: That's nothing, my dad's got gas in his stomach.

Miss Truesdale: Gladys Kneeland, go out and play baseball all by yourself with somebody!



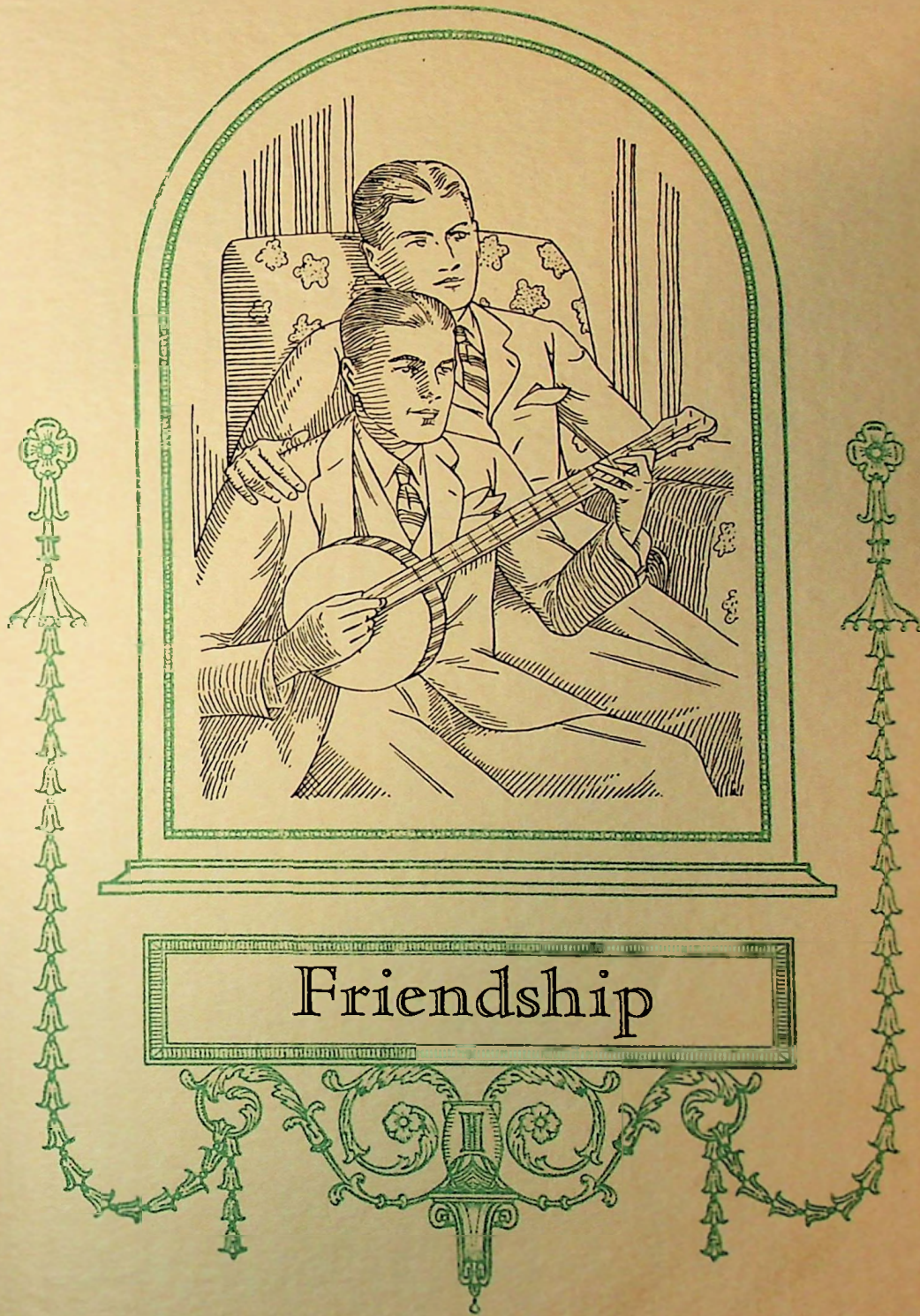
## We Thank You

To those who, by the kind help and willing support, have enabled us to produce this, our Viking annual of 1929, we extend our utmost appreciation and our most sincere thanks. We are especially indebted to the following: Mr. Einar Peterson, who has so diligently offered his advice and counsel; to John Warren and Ervin Loven, who have made various trips to Fresno in behalf of the staff; to Harold Renfrow, who contributed so largely to the snapshot section; and to the many loyal and worthy advertisers, who, by their material co-operation, have made this book possible.

Thank you.

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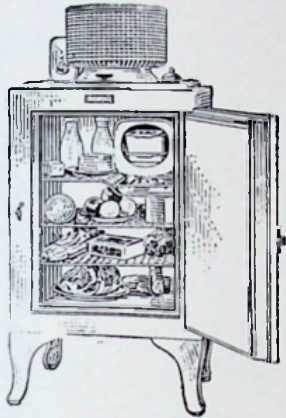
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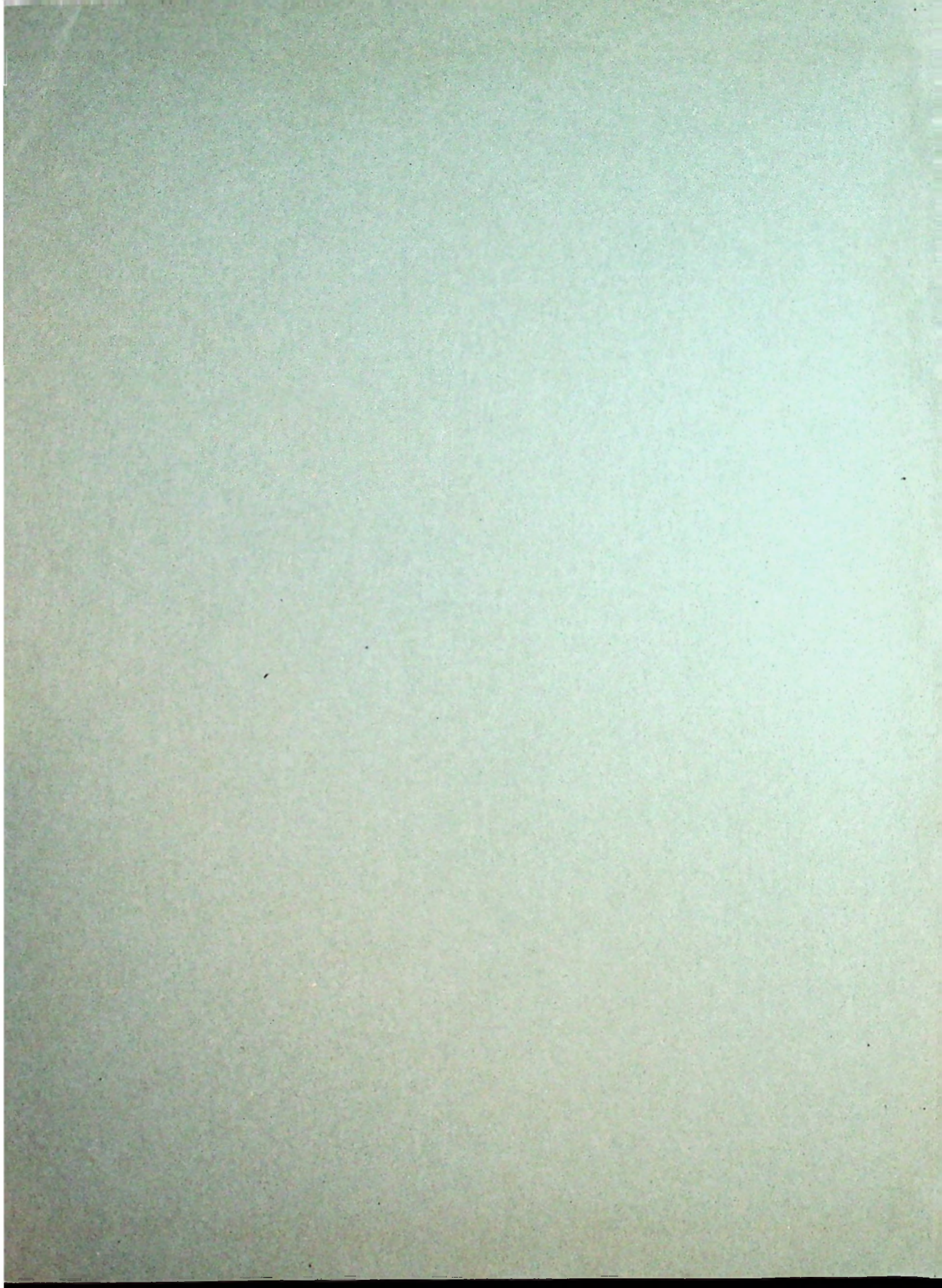
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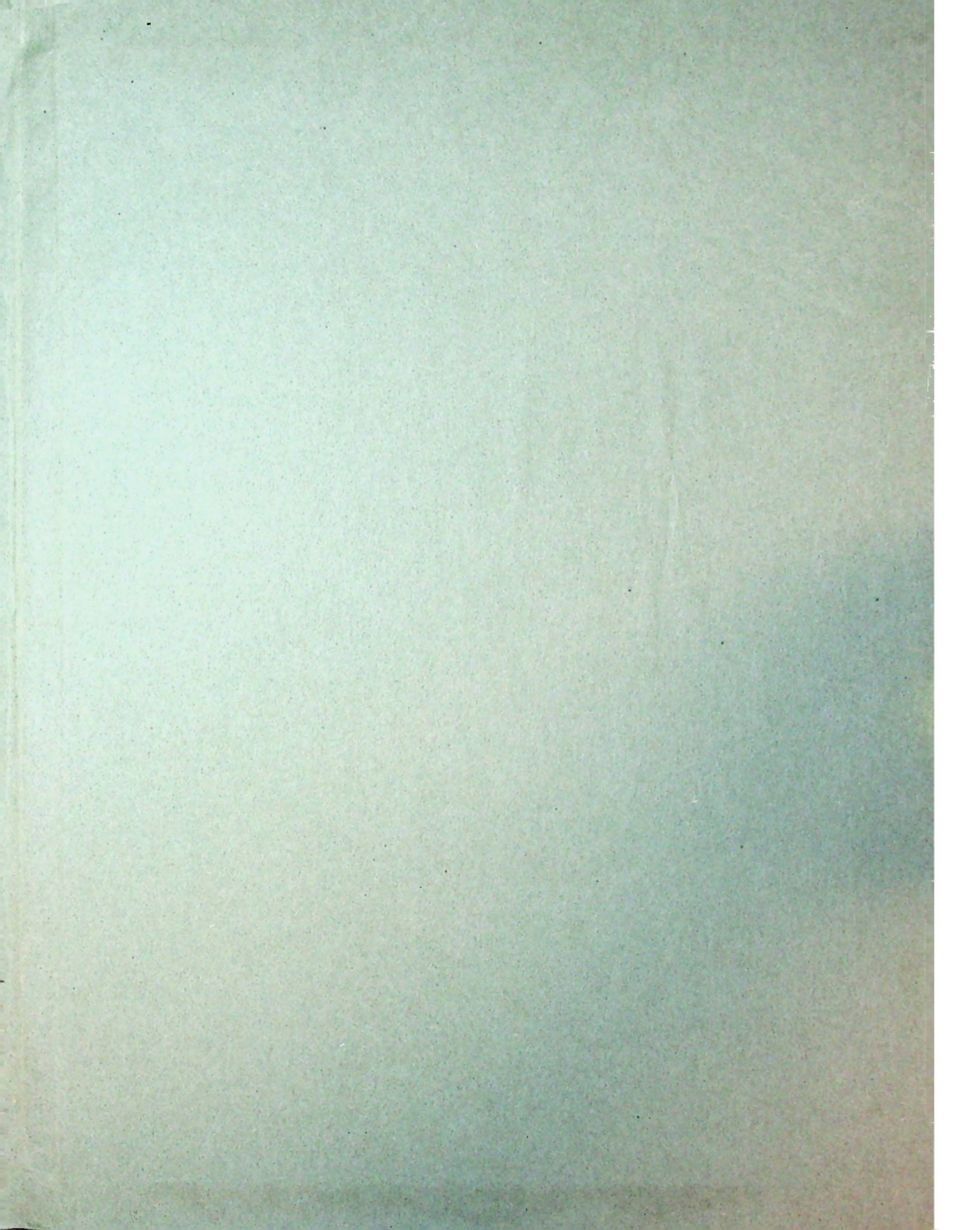












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