




THE
VIKING
1931



MWB





The VIKING 1931

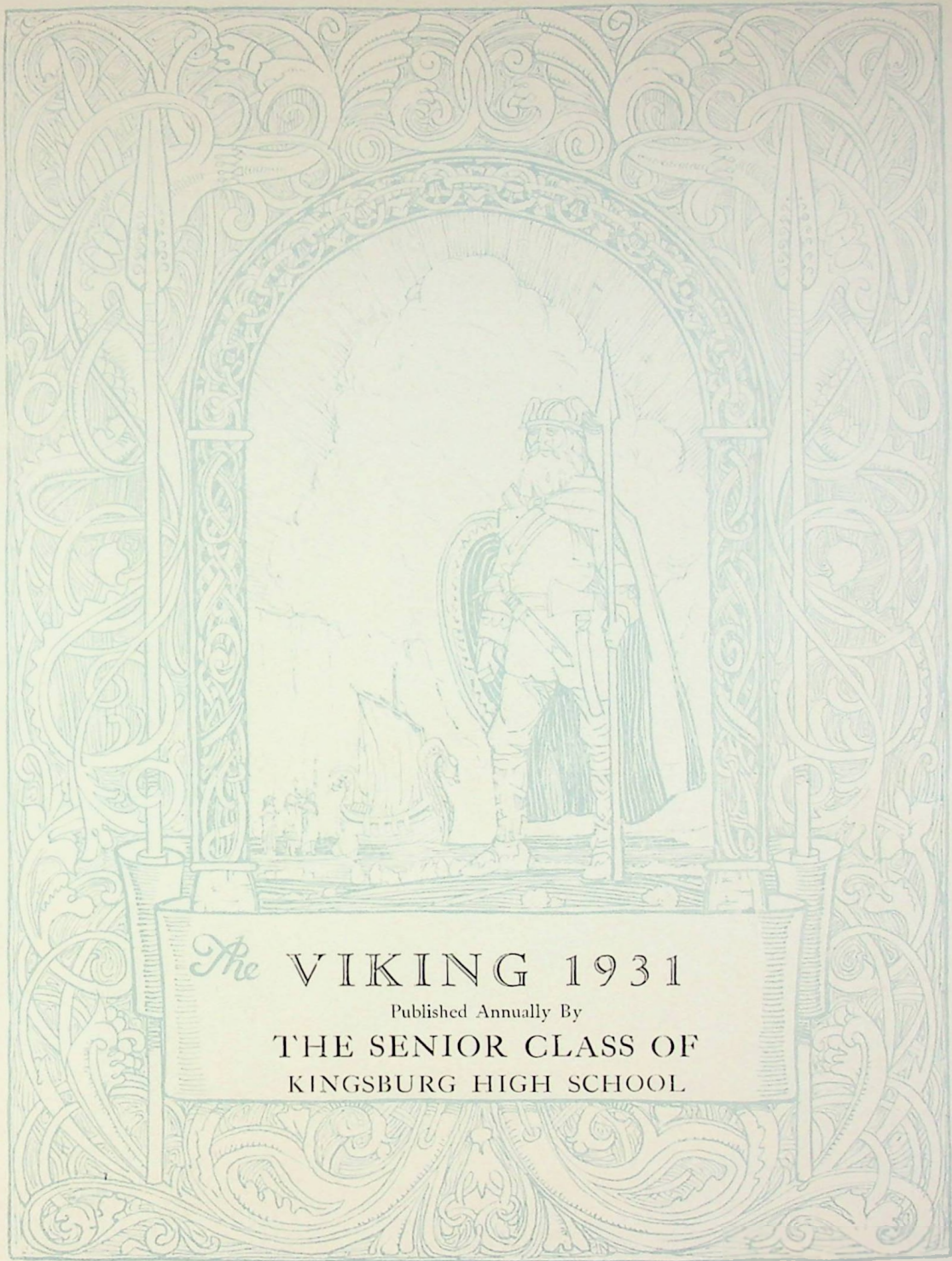
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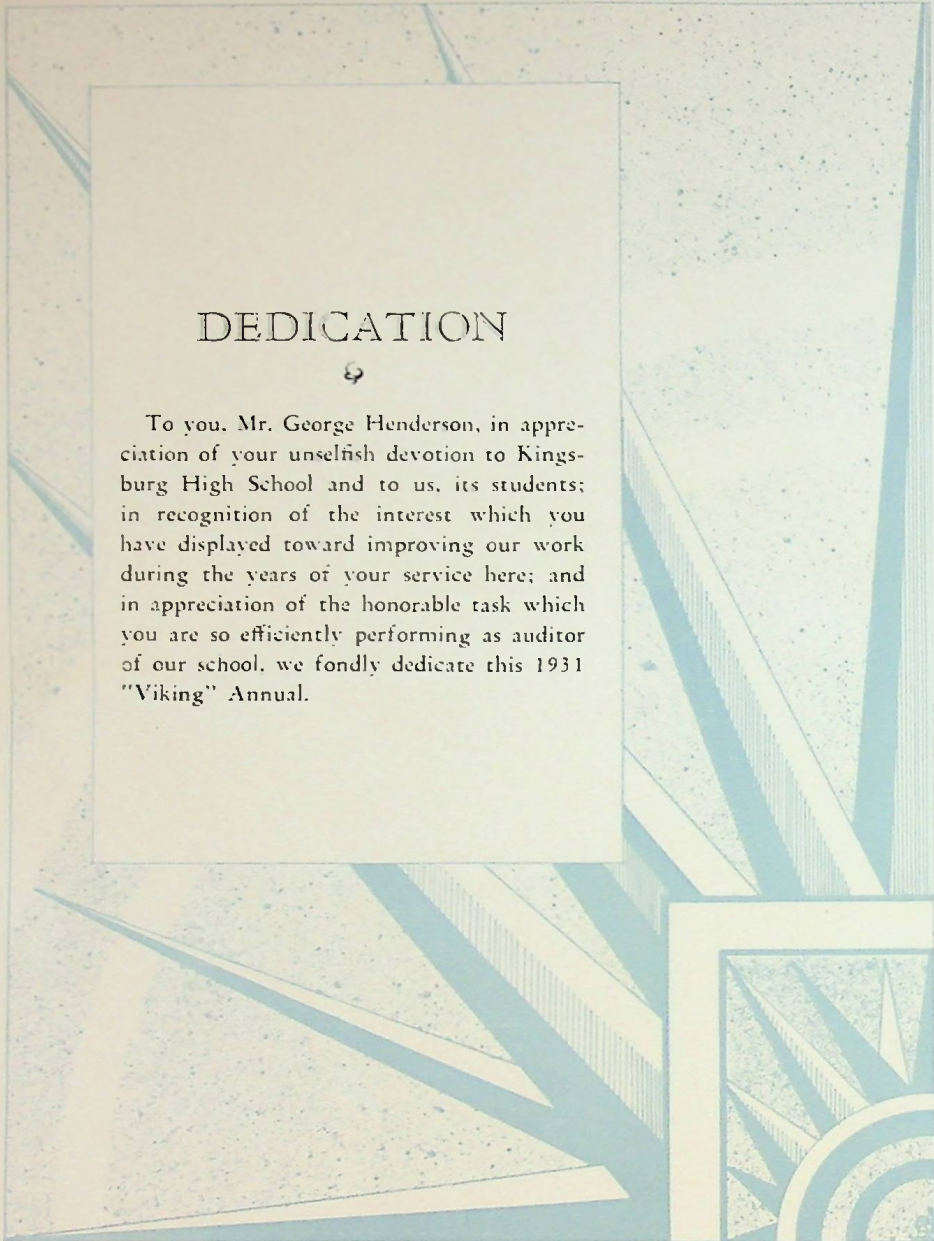
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DEDICATION

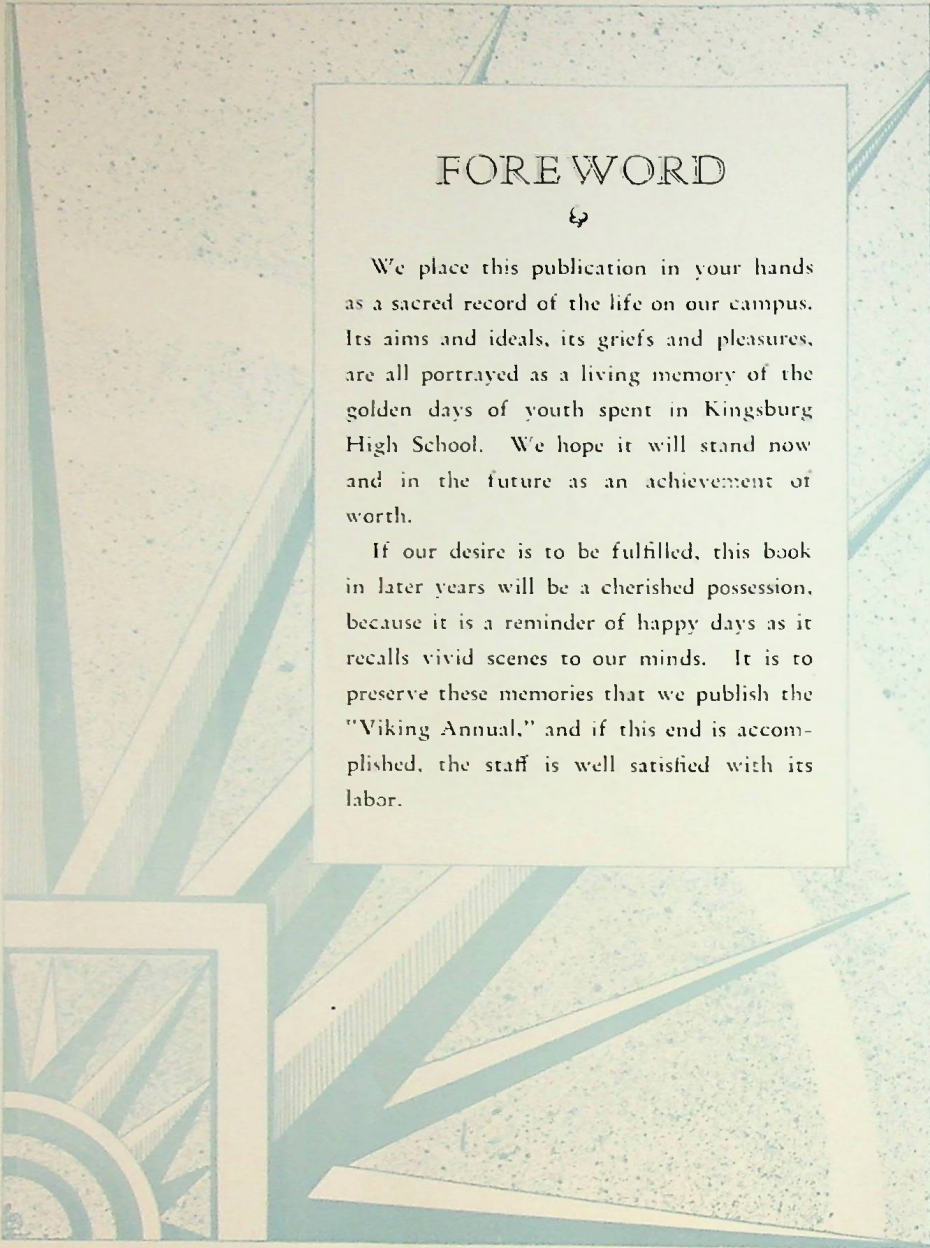


To you, Mr. George Henderson, in appreciation of your unselfish devotion to Kingsburg High School and to us, its students; in recognition of the interest which you have displayed toward improving our work during the years of your service here; and in appreciation of the honorable task which you are so efficiently performing as auditor of our school, we fondly dedicate this 1931 "Viking" Annual.



MR. GEORGE HENDERSON

Dad
Geo Henderson



FOREWORD



We place this publication in your hands as a sacred record of the life on our campus. Its aims and ideals, its griefs and pleasures, are all portrayed as a living memory of the golden days of youth spent in Kingsburg High School. We hope it will stand now and in the future as an achievement of worth.

If our desire is to be fulfilled, this book in later years will be a cherished possession, because it is a reminder of happy days as it recalls vivid scenes to our minds. It is to preserve these memories that we publish the "Viking Annual," and if this end is accomplished, the staff is well satisfied with its labor.

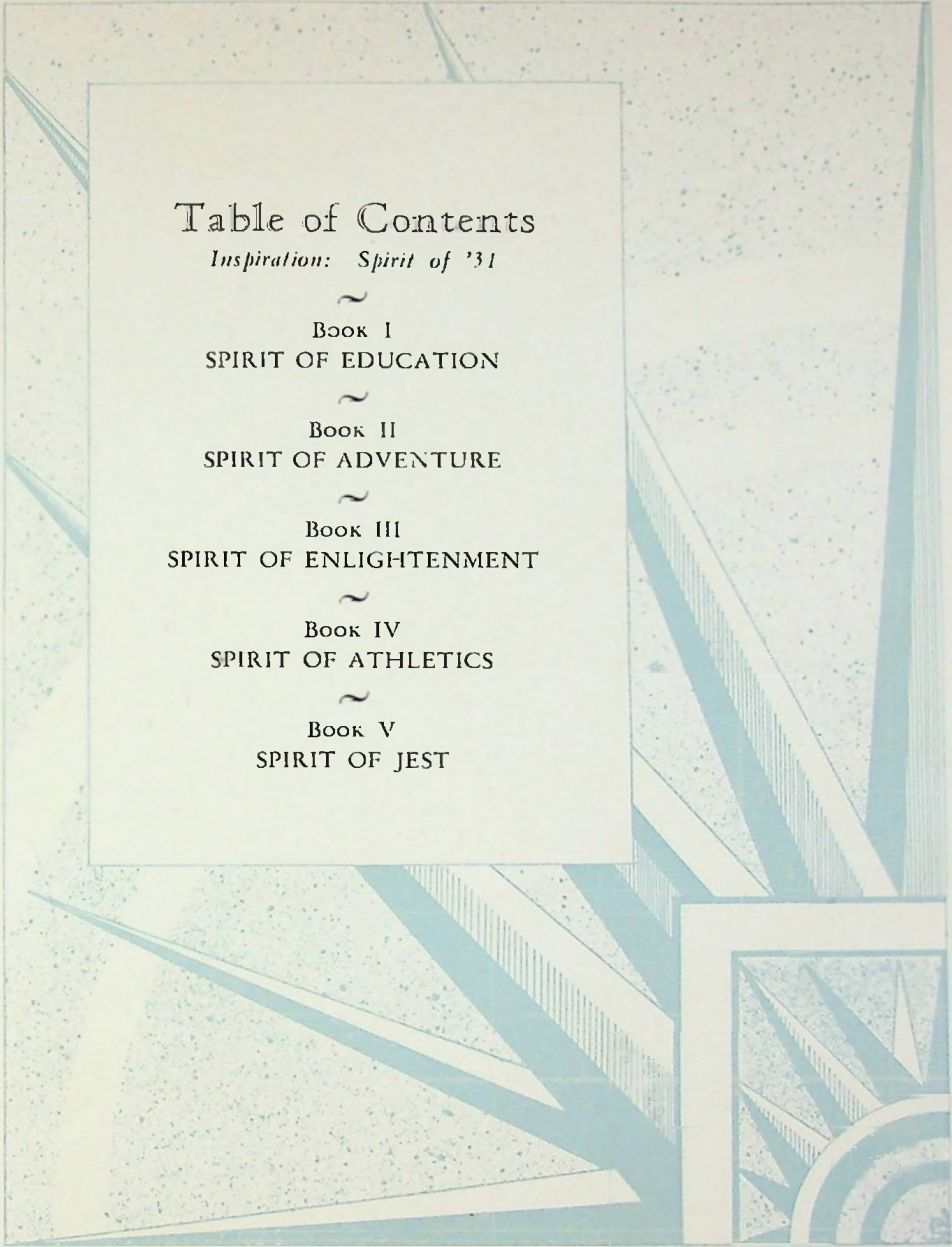


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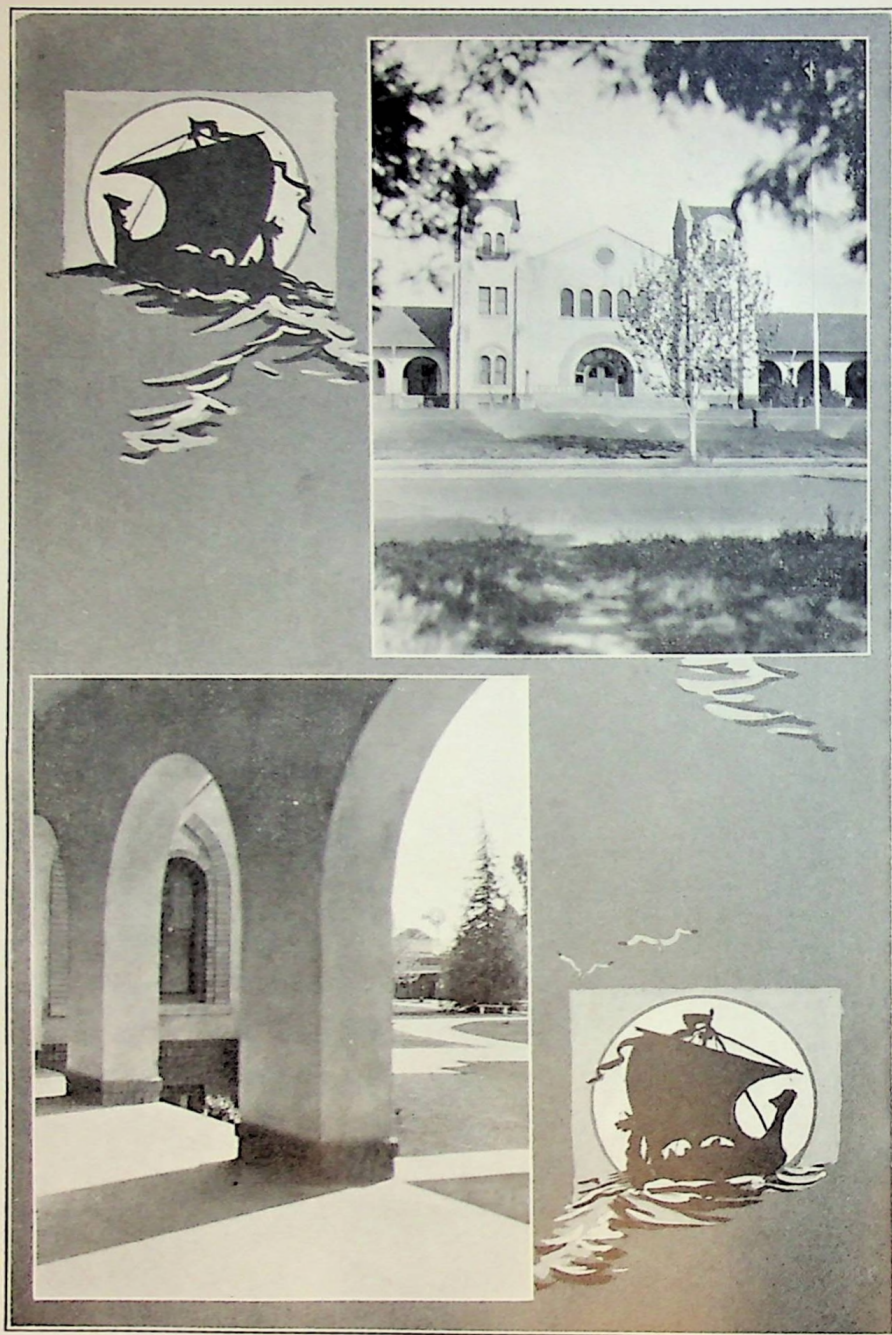
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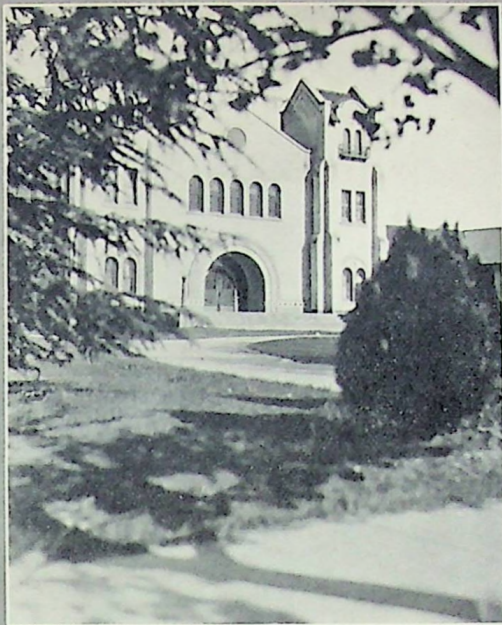


BOOK V
SPIRIT OF JEST



O Cloistered Halls!
How you have rung with
Merry shouts and laughter!

Temple of our high school days—
Days of triumph and achievement;
Workhouse of citizenship and high resolve.



A cozy view of the
Viking's Hall of Learning.

Silvery sycamores,
Verdant lawns, and checkered shade
Enhance the beauty of our Alma Mater.



FRANK BURNETT

Died September 12, 1930

*"Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each has back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad!"*

—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.





FRANK BURNETT

Died September 12, 1930
You are not dead, and we of yesterday
Can never see you dead, and neepers, like the sheep,
Are not out of sorrow that you had,
But in our own tears, and make me we aught
From what you had what once he stayed to weep:
Come to us, David, his little lad!"

--ELIZETH WOODWORTH REESE.

Paul Strach



SPIRIT OF EDUCATION



VIKING



"VIKING" ANNUAL STAFF

Clarence Wigh, Advertising Manager; Mae Johnson, Editor; Helen Gunnarson, Assistant Editor; Betty Stallings, Business Manager; Hazel Kaiser, Girls' Sport Editor; Francis Miller, Assistant Business Manager; Elsie Jern, Snap Editor; Dorothy Tapp, Calendar Editor; Mabel Minnich, Art Editor; Marjorie Lindquist, Literary Editor; Jack Gridley, Boys' Sport Editor; Sigrid Johnson, Comics Editor; Ada Cneal, Organization Editor; Mae Rosander, Typist; Lylith Paulson, Exchange Editor; Helen Lundgren, Typist; Mrs. Nordstrom, Adviser; Mr. Reukema, Adviser; Miss Glenn, Adviser; Mrs. Thompson, Adviser.





TRUSTEES

Back Row—A. E. Swanson (clerk), Phillip G. Peterson, K. G. Lindquist.
 Front Row—Dr. C. C. Kolander, V. G. Pierson, Oscar L. Stokes (president).

In Appreciation of the Trustees

There is a group of men whom we students of Kingsburg High School hear very little about; nevertheless they are faithfully and skillfully managing the affairs of our high school.

This group is the Board of Trustees, consisting of Victor Pierson, Oscar Stokes, Phillip G. Peterson, Al Swanson and Conrad Kolander, who recently took the place of K. G. Lindquist, a former member of the board. To these men falls the task of selecting suitable teachers for our school, fixing the salaries of each, preparing the school budget which allots a certain portion of money yearly to all the various departments necessary to the functioning of our school. The granting of privileges to the students and the number of holidays allowed are also determined by the Board of Trustees. So great is their work it is difficult to mention it in detail, but when we stop to think, we must realize how necessary are these men to the welfare of our school and community.

As we think back over the years of the success of Kingsburg High, we wonder who has made this success possible. Was it the pupils attending the institution, or has it been the instructors? To both of these, perhaps, some of the praise belongs, but to that group of men who work so quietly and effectively, belongs a good deal of the credit also. In their hands lies the power that motivates this student force of ours. In a great measure it is they who make this school of ours one to be admired.

So let us think often of these men, and appreciate their honorable labor.

The students of Kingsburg High School take this opportunity to sincerely thank the Board of Trustees for its untiring efforts in guiding the students of K. H. S. safely along the highway of education, and we hope that the members may be rewarded abundantly for their labors.

Bernice M. Newbecker

Wm. Funderburgh

Miss Thompson



Geo. B. Henderson



Miss Flounoy
Alma Kraeger

Wm. C. Peterson



Miss Roper

Miss Nordstrom



K. H. S. FACULTY
Miss Newbecker, Mr. Funderburgh, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. E. C. Peterson
Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Heaton, Mr. Catlin, Miss Devereaux
Miss McMurry, Mr. Reukema, Miss Kraeger, Mr. Bunger
Miss Flounoy, Mr. Vaniman, Miss Chaplin, Mr. Moreland, Mrs. Nordstrom
Mrs. Bohleen, Miss Glenn, Mr. C. Peterson, Miss Roper, Mr. Gray



Mrs. NORDSTROM, Adviser

Rubini Nordstrom

Mrs. THOMPSON, Adviser

ELSIE ANDERSON

"A head that could not be turned by flattery."

Girls' Athletic and Advertising Manager 31; Board of Managers 31; Interscholastic Volleyball 28, 30; Interclass Volleyball 28, 29, 30; Interscholastic Indoor 29, 30, 31; "Honor Bright" 31; G. O. S. League Council 31; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; "K" Club 31; Athletic Manager Girls' "K" Club; Interclass Basketball 30.

LOWELL BENSON

"He blushes—all is safe."
Ag. Club 30; President of Aero Club 31.

Lowell Benson

WILLIAM BOYLE

"I know so much, therefore I know much."
"Top Time" 28; "Toreador" 30; "Honor Bright" 31; Class Sergeant-at-Arms 30.

VIOLET CARLSON

"A heart with room for lots of friends."

"Up in the Air" 29; "K" Club 29, 30, 31; Interscholastic Volleyball 28, 29, 30; Interclass Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31; Interscholastic Baseball 30, 31; Interclass Basketball 30; Interclass Track 30.



MR. RUSSELL REUKEMA,
Adviser



VIRGINIA ALMQUIST
"Exceedingly shy until you know her."
Los Angeles High School 28, 29, 30; Spanish Club 31.

Virginia

ROY ANDERSON

"A fine fellow, honest, intelligent, and kind."
Track 28, 29, 30, 31; Basketball 28, 29, 30; Football 30; Aero Club 31.



IDNELLA BJORKLUND

"A quiet, studious sort of girl."
"Up in the Air" 29.



HARRY BUNGO

"Truth is the highest thing a man may keep."
Latin Club 29; Basketball 30, 31; Ag. Club 31.



MOSES CHABOLLA

"He glories in honor, in work and in truth
And quietly goes on his way."
Spanish Club 29, 30, 31; Basketball 28, 29; Track 30.

VIKING

THEODORE CHRISTENSON
 "Happy am I, from care I'm free."

Why aren't they all contented like me?
 Football 27, 29, 30; Baseball 28, 30, 31; Interclass Basketball 31; "The Toreadors" 30; President of Glee Club 30; President of Boys' Forum 31; Secretary and Treasurer of "K" Club 31; Ag. Club 27, 29, 30, 31; "Help Yourself" 30; "Honor Bright" 31; Reporter of Ag. Club 31; "K" Club 27, 29, 31.

WILMA CLAYTON
 "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."
 Lawrence County High School, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. 28, 29, 30.

VIVIAN DAVIS
 "How sweet and fair she seems to be."
 "Toreadors" 30; Honor Society; Program Chairman of Spanish Club 31.

MARTELLE FUNDERBURGH
 "They are only truly great who are truly good."
 "Tulip Time" 28; All Valley Orchestra 28; Glee Club Treasurer 31; "Help Yourself" 30; Extemporaneous Reading 30; "Pierre Grigou" 30; "Conf and Co-Ed" 31; "Honor Bright" 31.

HELEN GUNNARSON
 "In social engagements, studies and such
 Her winning way is liked very much."
 C. S. F. Sealbearer; Interclass Baseball 30; Latin Club 29; Latin Club Vice-President 29; Board of Managers 31; Student Body Treasurer 31; Assistant Editor of Annual 31; Honor Society 28, 29, 30, 31; Honor Society President 31; Hiking Club 30; Class Reporter for Annual 30; Valedictorian.

FRANK HILL
 "Quick, skillful, quiet, soft in speech."
 Porterville High 29, 30; Student Body Stage Manager 31; Football 30, 31; "K" Club 31; Spanish Club 31; Honor Society; Interclass Indoor 30; Board of Managers 31.



EVELYN CLARKE
 "A winning way—a pleasant smile."
 "Tulip Time" 28; "Up in the Air" 29; Baseball 30, 31; Interclass Volleyball 28, 29, 30, 31; Interclass Basketball 30; Interclass Track 30; "K" Club 30, 31; "Honor Bright" 31; Interclass Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31.

LENNIS DAHLSTROM
 "A leading man on and off the stage."
 Baseball 28, 30, 31; Basketball 28, 29, 30, 31; Track 30, 31; Football 29, 30, 31; "K" Club 28, 29, 30, 31; Class Reporter 28; "Honor Bright" 31; Interclass Football 31; Interclass Basketball 31; Interclass Track 30; Interclass Playground Ball; Vice-President Boys' Forum 31; "Tulip Time" 28; "Up in the Air" 29; "Toreadors" 30; Vice-President Glee Club 30.

LEONARD FLOOD
 "True to his word, his work and his friends."
 "Tulip Time" 28; "Up in the Air" 29; "Help Yourself" 30; "Honor Bright" 31.

JACK GRIDLEY
 "I'll be merry,
 I'll be free,
 I'll be sad for nobody."
 Basketball 30, 31; "Help Yourself" 30; Student Body President 31; "Honor Bright" 31; Board of Managers 31; Sport Editor Annual 31; Extemporaneous Reading Contest 31; Captain S. S. Forensics 31.

THOMAS HAYES
 "I have a heart with room for every joy."
 Basketball 28, 29, 30; Interclass Basketball 31; "Toreadors" 30; Baseball 30; Football 31; "K" Club 30, 31; Interclass Track 28, 29; Interclass Indoor 30, 31.

CLARENCE HILLBLOM
 "He wants what he wants when he wants it."
 Football 28, 29, 30; Basketball 29, 30, 31; Track 29, 30, 31; Baseball 29, 30, 31; "K" Club 28, 29, 30, 31; Vice-President Class 28; "Honor Bright" 31; Interclass Football 31; Interclass Track 28, 29, 30, 31; Interclass Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31.



ROSE HUSSIAN

"She is loved for her own true worth."

ELVIRA JEWELL

"Not flashing, but glowing all-ways"

"Up in the Air" 29; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; Volleyball 29, 30; Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31; "K" Club 28, 29, 30, 31; Interclass Volleyball 29, 30; Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31; "Pierre Grigou" 30.

MAE JOHNSON

"Like a careless, flowing fountain"

Were the ripples in her hair." Freshmore League Council 28; Freshmore League Treasurer 29; "Up in the Air" 29; Class Treasurer 29, 30, 31; G. O. S. Treasurer 31; Student Body Treasurer 31; School Sextette 29; Board of Managers 31; Interclass Volleyball 28, 29, 30; Editor-in-Chief of Annual 31; Honor Society; First Mate S. S. Forensics 31; Salutatorian.

SOPHIE JOHNSON

"Born for success she seems."

Sophie

DOROTHY LINDQUIST

"She loves a little wholesome fun"

Even before her work is done."

"Tulip Time" 28; Secretary Glee Club 29; School Sextette 29; "Up in the Air" 29; Freshmore League Council 29; G. O. S. Council 31; President Glee Club 31; "Count and Co-Ed" 31.

RUTH LINDQUIST

"Her eyes are like songs without words."

"Tulip Time" 28; School Quartette 28; "Up in the Air" 29; Christmas Pageant 28; School Sextette 29; Freshmore League Council 28, 29; Hiking Club 30, 31; Girls' Trio 31; "Pierre Grigou" 30; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; Cabin Boy S. S. Forensics; Secretary Girls' Glee Club 31.



ELSIE JERN

"She was made for happy thoughts. For playful wit and laughter."

G. O. S. Council 30; President "K" Club 31; Volleyball 29, 30, 31; Interclass Volleyball 29, 30, 31; Tennis 28, 29, 30; Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31; Interclass Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31; "Tulip Time" 28; "Up in the Air" 29; Snapshot Editor Annual 31; Strong Bull of Chief-Tow Choc-Taw Pow-Wow 30; Athletic Manager of "K" Club 30; Hiking Club 30, 31; Sergeant-at-Arms G. O. S. 31.

DORIS JOHNSON

"I would help others out of a tallow feeling."

Freshmore League Council 29; "Up in the Air" 29; Hiking Club 31.

SIGRID JOHNSON

"Bright as the rainbow in the sky."

Honor Society; Secretary-Treasurer Honor Society 31; Interclass Volleyball 29, 30, 31; Interclass Basketball 30; "Up in the Air" 29; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; "Honor Bright" 31; Latin Club 29; Comics Editor of Annual Staff 31; Interclass Baseball 29; C.S.F. Sealbearer.

HAZEL KAISER

"Always busy; such is the road to success."

"Tulip Time" 28; "Up in the Air" 29; "Honor Bright" 31; Chief-Tow Choc-Taw Pow-Wow 31; "K" Club 30, 31; Spanish Club 31; Girls' Sport Editor of Annual; Interscholastic Debate 31; Honor Society 28; Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class 31; Reporter "K" Club; Reporter Spanish Club 31; Volleyball 30, 31; Indoor Baseball 30, 31; Interclass Basketball 30; Hiking Club 30, 31; Interclass Track 30; Interclass Volleyball 28, 29, 30, 31; Interclass Indoor Baseball 28, 29, 30, 31.

MARJORIE LINDQUIST

"The only way to have a friend, is to be one."

Strathmore High 28; Volleyball 29, 30; Baseball 29; Interclass Volleyball 29, 31; President Freshmore League 29; Vice-President Spanish Club 29; Vice-President G. O. S. League 30; Secretary "K" Club 30; Manager Hiking Club 30; Class Reporter 30; President G. O. S. League 31; Vice-President "K" Club 31; Vice-President Student Body 31; "Help Yourself" 30; Literary Editor Annual 31; Board of Managers 31; Oratorical Contest 31.

HELEN LUNDGREN

"Such was her wisdom that her confidence did seldom darken her foresight."

Spanish Club 29, 30, 31; Program Chairman Honor Society 31; Annual Staff 31; Interscholastic Debate 31; Honor Society; Chief-Tow Choc-Taw Pow-Wow 31; Hiking Club 30.

"Pants"

FRANCIS MILLER

"His likeable qualities will carry him
A long way on the road to success."

Football 30, 31; Track 29, 31; Basketball 28, 29; Class President 29, 30, 31; Student Body Yell Leader 30; Spanish Club 29, 30, 31; Board of Managers 30; "K" Club 30, 31; Assistant Business Manager of Annual 31.

MARIAN MORINE

"She is just the kind whose nature never varies."
"K" Club; Baseball 28; "Up in the Air"; "Interclass Baseball 28.

EVERETT NELSON

"A little nonsense now and then does not make a man foolish."
Class President 29; "Tulip Time" 28; "Up in the Air" 29; "Torchbearers" 30; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; Aero Club 31; Ag. Club 28.

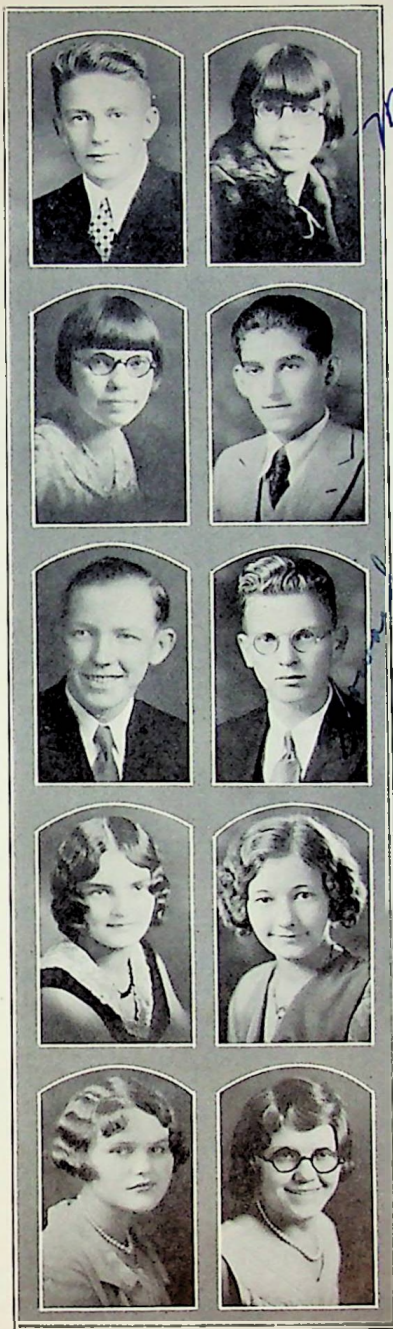
ADA ONEAL

"Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms grow."

Little Theater 28; Class Program Chairman 28; Secretary of Class 29, 30, 31; President of Spanish Club 28, 29; "Help Yourself" 30; Secretary "K" Club 31; Secretary Student Body 31; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; "Honor Bright" 31; Tennis 28, 29, 30, 31; G. O. S. Council 30; Treasurer Glee Club 31; Secretary Board of Managers 31; Interclass Volleyball 29, 30, 31; "Pierre Grigou" 30; "Up in the Air" 29; Organization Editor of Annual 31; Gunner's Mate S. S. Forensics.

ETHEL PETERSON

"Silence is the key of thought."
Honor Society; Secretary-Treasurer Honor Society 30.



MABEL MINNICH

"Of stature slight, of nature gay and bright."
Freshmore League Council 29; Secretary of G. O. S. League 31; Art Editor Annual Staff 31; "Tulip Time" 28; Interclass Volleyball 30.

SAMUEL MURADIAN

"Quiet and self composed, what he thinks nobody knows."
"Tulip Time" 28; Spanish Club 30, 31.

HOWARD NORDSTROM

"If determination and ambition count for anything, we shall be proud of him in future years."
Baseball 29, 30, 31; Basketball 28, 29, 30, 31; Football 31; "K" Club 31; "Tulip Time" 28; School Double Quartette 28; "Help Yourself" 30; "Honor Bright" 31; Spanish Club 30, 31; Tennis 31.

LYLITH PAULSON

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."
President of Glee Club 30; Vice-President of Class 31; "Count and Co-Ed" 31; "Torchbearers" 30; "Tulip Time" 28; Exchange Editor of Annual; Freshmore League Council 29; School Pianist 30, 31; "Pierre Grigou" 30; Girls' Trio 30, 31.

RUBY PETERSON

"Stodious and jolly, and friendly to every one."
Interclass Baseball 30; Baseball 31; Interclass Volleyball 28, 29, 30; Volleyball 30; "Up in the Air" 29; "K" Club 31.





ATTA GIRLS



LOOK OUT
AND



SETTLIN' THE DUST
PLAY

WORK

AND

PLAY



TOBOGGAN SLIDE



CLASS OF '31



JUNIORS



UP AND DOWN



A PAIR OF ACES AND A JOKER



STRONG MEN



NIGGER PILE



GOLD DIGGERS



SLEEPY TIME GIRLS

Class History

In the autumn of 1927, a plane, The Spirit of '31, began what was to be a record-breaking, non-stop flight. The large, inexperienced crew aboard the plane was given a royal reception early in the flight by the class of '28.

The crew elected as its pilot for the first year of the flight Roy Johnston, who proved his ability as a successful aviator.

Two short flights of importance were made this first year. One to Sequoia Lake where the crew frolicked in the snow, and the other to Mooney's Grove where they rode upon the waters of the lake.

After a short storage in its hangar, The Spirit of '31 took off on its second year of flying. This time, with Francis Miller as pilot, the crew won success. They proved their ability as salesmen when they won the annual lyceum ticket-selling contest, which they were to win the following two years as well. The crew was also successful in athletics, the girls winning the inter-class volleyball contest. A brief flight to the High Sierras was again taken in January, and in the spring a party and picnic was enjoyed.

The third year of our flight was a record-breaking one. Early one winter morning, the Junior crew arose from their beds before dawn in order to surprise the Seniors by giving them a royal send-off on their "sneak" to Giant Forest.

In March of that year, with a number of distinguished members aboard, The Spirit of '31 took off into the field of dramatics and as a result produced a three-act drama, "Help Yourself," which was given to an appreciative audience. Before the class of '30 departed from Kingsburg High School, the crew entertained them at a royal Junior-Senior banquet which succeeded in drawing the knot of friendship tighter between the two classes.

Three years had passed by, and the jolly crew again climbed aboard the good plane and with many a fond adieu took off on the last flight of their high school career.

In the fall, the annual Senior steak-bake was held at Piedra. A wonderful masquerade party was staged in January with all the Seniors in costume. Then in April, the outstanding feature of the year was enjoyed—"Senior Day." A new idea was carried out this year in that the class journeyed to Fresno, where they visited numerous places of interest; a luxurious banquet was held at Hotel California, followed by a theatre party at the Fox Wilson.

Another dramatic success was presented, namely, "Honor Bright." In our crew, besides the characters of the class plays, there are two members who were on the debating team. Marjorie Lindquist, the oratorical contest winner of our school, is a member of whom all are indeed proud. There are also many others distinguished in athletic and scholastic activities. The crew enjoyed at the end of their flight a wonderful banquet as guests of the class of '32.

But our flight is not finished, for before us after we leave this beloved institution is a new course. Soon our plane must take off into life with each of us as pilot of our own ship. New records are waiting for us to break, new obstacles in our path to be overcome, and we shall have to face the difficulties without the restraining guidance of our faithful advisers, Mr. Reukema and Mrs. Nordstrom. May each member aboard The Spirit of '31 take off into the air of Life with a high purpose in his heart and a desire to reach the last landing field, a pilot who has been strong and steadfast during his solitary flight through Life.

So, after four years of flying in which we have overcome difficulties, we look across the great open spaces and see ahead of us new opportunities and new work reminding us once again that we must fly on!



Class Prophecy

*I look into a crystal
To see what I can see;
It is my classmates far and near
That bring sweet memories.*

*My good friend, Lela Warren,
Has Bill Boyle for chauffeur;
He sometimes runs into a tree,
When he turns and winks at her.*

*Miss Wigh is losing all her hair
By worrying all day long;
She is afraid her long-sought Frank
To someone else belongs.*

*Idnella is matron of a children's home;
She works enough for two.
There are so many children
She doesn't know what to do.*

*Mrs. Rose and Samuel M.
Make such a loving pair;
They have two, four, and six young sons,
But they have none to spare.*

*Marian, we find in Holland,
A fair one of her sex;
She milks so many cows, she says,
Ten gallons she collects.*

*Elsie A. was in a contest
With her silky, reddish locks;
She was the one that took first place;
The prize was one pair socks.*

*A famous artist's found in France;
His name will never die.
He paints the flowers, birds and trees;
That man is Clarence Wigh.*

*Violet is an auctioneer
In far off Mexico;
She raises pigs and sells them
And earns a lot of dough.*

*In a county jail is Roland;
He stole one yard of lace.
He grieves about the family
And his dear wife, Grace.*

*Tiny Miss Rosander
Is an opera star;
She sings to all the heathen
And travels lands afar.*

*Mr. Miller, Pres. of U. S.
With Mabel as his wife,
Lives in Washington, D. C.,
And enjoys the best of life.*

*Of all the famous nurses,
I find my friend, Mae J.;
The stronger sex all flock to her
To see her smile each day.*

*Wilma Clayton, always pleasant,
Is a waitress fair;
She smiles at all the customers,
So the people all flock there.*

*A hermit is poor Everett,
And how he grieves and sighs;
He could not win Elvira's heart,
So now he wants to die.*

*In far off Shanghai, China,
Is dear Miss Hazel K.;
She has been to seek divorce
From her darling husband, Ray.*

*Carl, the famous horse racer,
Took Ollie for his bride;
They live in a castle on a hill,
In a limousine they ride.*

*Sigrid is an attractive belle
At every ball and party;
She dresses like a stately queen
And is noted in society.*

*Handsome Lennis Dablstrom
Sings his crooning song;
He makes the love birds weep and sigh
And for each other long.*

*Flora S. and Rosie V.
Have gone in partnership;
They sell long flannel underwear
Guaranteed not to rip.*

*In well-known Hollywood I spy
A dazzling movie star;
The leading lady for Joe Brown
It is fairest Rena R.*

*Steve Sauter is a bachelor
Working all the day;
He goes to visit Evelyn
And there he'd like to stay.*

*A banker's wife is Doris,
She raises cats galore;
And when you come and visit her,
They're all at her front door.*

*The great inventor of the day,
Our friend, Roy Anderson,
Has made himself so famous
That world renown he's won.*

*Elsie Jern is married,
Has many girls and boys;
She goes to Helen Lundgren's house
When she runs out of toys.*

*Mr. Martelle Funderburgh
Is a member of Sousa's band,
He has a great big trombone
And plays in many a land.*

*A sailor sad and heartbroken
Is blushing Lowell B.;
He could not win fair Betty's hand,
So then he took to sea.*

*Bookkeeper for the President
Is Ethel Peterson;
She works so hard and mighty
Until the day is done.*

*Moses is a shepherd
Along the river Rhine;
He lives in classy hotels
And there he eats and dines.*

*In a circus is a clown
As funny as can be;
He makes the people laugh and cry,
"Professor" Jack Gridley.*

*The second Paderewski
In this old world I find;
It is my friend, Miss Paulson,
The best one of her kind.*

*"Ole" teaches dancing
In a university;
He's vamping all the co-eds
As everyone can see.*

*In gloomy western China
Sophie Johnson found her mate;
A chimney sweeper was her Tom,
A good man at any rate.*

*William S. is manager
Of a department store;
And such big business as he does,
They've never seen before.*

*The queenly Vivian Davis
Owns a beauty shop;
The customers come flocking in,
Which keeps her on the hop.*

*"Red Hot Coney Island"
You can hear a mile away;
It is Miss Lillie's voice you hear
Selling hot dogs every day.*

*Harry B. is a preacher
In Japan so far away;
And when he once gets started,
He preaches the whole day.*

*The Lindquist three are boot-blacks;
They shine shoes for the Turks.
Dorothy collects the money, while
Ruth and Margey do the work.*

*A noted tennis star so fair,
Miss Ada was her name;
In Texas far, she met Lloyd R.,
A cowpuncher by fame.*

*Mr. Theodore Christenson
Is an evangelist;
And when the people's hearts are sad,
He wipes away the mist.*

*Virginia is a housewife
Baking biscuits, bread, and cake;
She married in Los Angeles
And lives beside a lake.*

*When you want your teeth pulled,
Go to Howard N.;
He's very kind to ladies,
But rough to all the men.*

*In Paris is a seamstress,
Miss Anna is her name;
And when it comes to making gowns,
She's the fastest one, they claim.*

*The oldest daughter, Dorothy T.,
Is a dear missionary;
And all the darkies love her,
So in Africa she'll tarry.*

*Walter has a station
Where he's selling gas;
Though he's somewhat bashful,
He's interested in a lass.*

*Rostin's working very hard
In selling chops and steaks;
He owns a great big butcher shop
And there his money makes.*

*President of the old maids
Is Helen G. by name;
In that society cranks are found,
But she is just the same.*

*Leonard goes a-courting
Every night and day;
He sees the preacher's daughter;
They'll marry in next May.*

*But, alas, I am sorry to state,
Their forms are fading, oh so fast;
But glad to know, most met success,
There they have gone, now all is past.*

—RUBY PETERSON, '31.



SENIOR

WHO?	ALIAS	USUAL REMARK
VIRGINIA ALMQUIST	Jiny	"Gosh!"
ELSIE ANDERSON	Strawberry Blonde	"O. K., Baby!"
ROY ANDERSON	Roy	"You're crazy"
LOWELL BENSON	Red	"Ah, Heck!"
IDNELLA BJORKKLUND	Lolly	"Shoot it anyhow"
WILLIAM BOYLE	Billious	"Aw, Mr. Reukema"
HARRY BUNGO	Bungo	"Uh!"
VIOLET CARLSON	Vi	"He's peeved at me"
MOSES CHABOLLA	Mosey	"I don't know"
THEODORE CHRISTENSON	Ted	"Salamugundi"
EVELYN CLARKE	Eye	"Gosh!"
WILMA CLAYTON	Wilma	"I can't do it"
LENNIS DAHLSTROM	Doughty	"That's an item"
VIVIAN DAVIS	Honey	"Let's go, Clyde"
LEONARD FLOOD	Cooky	"Sure, don't you like it?"
MARTELLE FUNDERBURGH	Funderburgh	"Gosh darn it"
JACK GRIDLEY	Jack	"Gosh darn"
HELEN GUNNARSON	Gunnarson	"Ch, Heck"
THOMAS HAYES	Tommy	"I laughed till I thought I'd die!"
FRANK HILL	Hill	"Gosh"
CLARENCE HILLBLOM	Ole	"Ch, yeah!"
ROSE HUSSIAN	Penny	"Tee Hee"
ELSIE JERN	Lopa	"Aw, keep still"
ELVIRA JEWELL	Vea	"How about it"
DORIS JOHNSON	Lena	"Shoot it"
MAE JOHNSON	Stena	"Gracious"
SIGRID JOHNSON	Sigzy	"Oh, heck, I don't know"
SOPHIE JOHNSON	Soph	"Wait, Tommy!"
HAZEL KAISER	Bertie	"Gawsh!"
DOROTHY LINDQUIST	Mrs. Linman	"Aw, shucks"
MARJORIE LINDQUIST	Margie	"Darn it"
RUTH LINDQUIST	Ruthie	"That's what I bawl out"
HELEN LUNDGREN	HCl	"You would"
FRANCIS MILLER	Pants	"I love you"
MABEL MINNICH	Lucille	"Man alive"
MARIAN MORINE	Jerry	"I haven't a chance"
SAMUEL MURADIAN	Sam	Nothing
EVERETT NELSON	Chick	"So's your old man"
HOWARD NORDSTROM	Nordstrom	"Ah, Heck!"
ADA ONEAL	Henrietta	"Jiggers"
LYLITH PAULSON	Lyli	"Ish!"
ETHEL PETERSON	Et	"Gee whiz!"
RUBY PETERSON	Pete	"For land's sake"
ROSTIN RATLIFF	Rostie	"I don't know"
RENA RAWSON	Cootie	"Yeah?"
MAE ROSANDER	Honeybunch	"Gee whiz"
LLOYD RUDHOLM	Stubs	"Aw, Heck!"
STEVE SAUTER	Steve	"Aw—w—"
FLORA SCHILL	Flora	"Oh, Goodness"
WILLIAM SCHLATTER	Slats	"Ye Gads"
ANNA SERPA	Serpa	"Darn you"
LELA SHERMAN	Lee	"I can't help it"
BETTY STALLINGS	Bets	"You all"
CARL SUNDSTROM	Sonny	"Hello, kid"
ROLAND SWARD	Bolt	"Oh, yeah?"
WALTER SWARD	Walt	"Well!"
DOROTHY TAPP	Dot	"Oh, that's nothing"
ROSIE VARTANIAN	Posie	"Shucks"
OLLIE WEBSTER	Shortie	"Shure"
LILLIE WESTERBERG	Lil	"Oh, Ma"
ALPHA WIGH	Al	"Fiddle sticks"
CLARENCE WIGH	Whigs	"Goofy"
GRACE WILSON	Gracy	"Oh, Goodness!"

SCOPE

NOTED FOR	AMBITION	DESTINATION
Diamond ring	Married	Organ grinder
The second Jackie Coogan	Entertain Howard	Orator at Washington
His inventions	Clock mender	Famous singer
His laugh	Aviator	Posing for ad. pictures
Cooking	Nurse Maid	Preacher's wife
Riding, not walking	Toe Dancer	Principal of Kingsburg Hi
Cunning ways	Bell-Hop	Dramatics instructor
Boy friends	Heart-breaker	Lecturer
Bashfulness	Plumber	Spanish teacher
Romantic ways	Insurance agent	Actor
I'll try attitude	Admirer of cats	Mayorette of Traver
Maiden from Tennessee	Forensics teacher	Farmerette
Wavy hair	Intelligence	Bachelor
Beauty	Policewoman	Old maid
Public speaking	Vamp	Hermit
Trombone playing	Broadway vamp	Swimming director
Hot temper	Chief Justice of U. S.	Tramp
Scalbearer	Housewife	Science lecturer
Loudness	Flea catcher	Woman hater
Brains	Cook	Fixing motors
Dimples	Stage director	Wireless operator
Laughing	To be serious	Tent show
Giggling	Lion tamer	Junk buyer
Stepping out	Ford saleslady	Catching men
Riding in a Ford	Oil station manageress	Housewife
Beautiful hair	Housewife	A divorcee
Silliness	Comedian	Artist's model
Expert bookkeeper	Stenographer	Join Pollies
Debating	Banker's wife	President of old maids' society
Cheerfulness	Old maid	Matron of crazy house
Golden tresses	June bride	Jail keeper
Those eyes	Mrs. Nelson	Keeper of poor farm
Studious attitude	Washwoman	Looking for Whigs
With Mabel	President of U. S.	Mabel's darling
Being with "Pants"	Artist	Deaf and dumb instructor
Durants	Find cure for love sickness	Hot dog seller
Algebra	Cartoonist	Champion tennis player
Arguing	News-hound	Preacher
Handsome ness	Street car conductor	Athletic coach
Flirting	Fastest woman in the world	Man hater
Skill at the piano	Ventriloquist	Chambermaid
Shyness	Catching bugs	Secretary for Pres. Smith
Love poems	To live in Monterey	Opera star
Selling meat	Butcher	A floor walker
Noise	Campus flirt	Speed cop
Dramatles	Hair dresser	Russian Princess
Making dates with Betty	Janitor in K. H. S.	Sheik
Pestering the girls	Swat flies	Peddler
Those kissable lips	Ollie's rival	Milk maid
Bass voice	Clerk	Tight rope walker
Living newspaper	Seamstress	Dishwasher
Librarian	School ma'm	Frank's wife
Honoriness	Model Schneider's Dept. Store	First lady of land
Shyness	Matrimony	Ditch digger
Blushing	One-horse chemist	Herding sheep
Working in an oil station	Sculptor	Waiter in O. K. Restaurant
Vocabulary	Spanish songbird	Queen of Amazons
Bushy hair	Violinist	Bathing beauty
Vamping the men	Giant in the circus	Life saver
Good disposition	Cosmotologist	Evangelist
Timidness	Missionary to Africa	Hula dancer
Artistic ability	Street cleaner	Globe trotter
Shortness	Grow taller	Scene shifter



Sophomore Class

President	KENNETH BOLLINGER
Vice-President	LOIS DIEHL
Secretary	LILLIAN ERICKSON
Treasurer	JOHN PEARSON
Sergeant-at-Arms	LESLIE BURK
Advisers	MRS. HEATON, MR. E. PETERSON, MISS McMURTRY and MR. CATLIN

Sophomore Colors: Green and White

We, the Sophomores, feel that we have had very successful class meetings throughout the year of 1930 and 1931. It was due to the fact that we were under exceedingly worthy advisers and a president who urged us on to make the best of our time.

On November 5th, the "Sophs" assembled in the auditorium for a party. Kenneth Bollinger, our class president, officiated over the program. After several "snappy" numbers, we adjourned to the sewing room, where we played many games of great interest. About nine-thirty, dainty refreshments were served, and were enjoyed by all.

On February 7th, we decided that it was time for more amusement. We got up early in the morning, packed our lunches, and started on a snow trip to Giant Forest. We had snow fights until it was time to start for home. About three o'clock we were homeward bound, very tired, but happy.

On May first, one of the greatest events of the year was celebrated by the high school students. The May Day Parade was the first event of the day. The Sophomore Class gave its officers the privilege of representing their class by riding in a wonderfully decorated buggy, drawn by a horse.

Our Sophomore Class has been represented in athletics as well as other school activities. Earl Linman, Ralph Anderson, and Stanley Londquist played on the lightweight team, and Raymond Anderson played on the middleweight team. Clark Russell played on the first team in football, and Archie Vaughan played on the second team.

We are also represented in girls' athletics. Helga Nelson played on both volleyball and baseball teams. Hatsuye Matsuoka played on the girls' baseball team.

We wish to extend our most hearty thanks to our worthy advisers for their splendid co-operation during the past year of 1930 and 1931.



SOPHOMORES

Top

Back Row—Mr. Peterson, Marvin Hayes, Clyde Huddleston, John Olson, Betty Munday, Doree Nunnemaker, Lillian Erickson, Susanne Michigan, Eugene Bjorklund, Kenneth Bollinger, William Chaderjian, Mrs. Heaton.
 Middle Row—Alice Swenson, Fern Montgomery, Doris Cederholm, Hatsuye Matsuoka, Marnell Winkleman, Helga Nelson, Bernice Sperling, Ethel Gustafson, Hazel Ann Sherling, Helen Christenson, Doris Wilson, Anna Jewell, Alice Tanaka, Verna Newell, Eunice Wickeliffe, Lois Martin, Kiyo Yama.
 Front Row—Virgil Hanson, Stanley Lundquist, Ralph Anderson, John Pearson, Virgil Nyberg, Robert Null, Franklin Satterberg, Frank Anderson, Archie Bostrom, Earl Linman, Clifford Sherman, David Ostrom, Arthur Bruce.

Bottom

Back Row—Miss McMurtry, Archie Vaughn, Clark Russell, Hiram Wilson, Ernest Stober, Lois Feihl, Irene Villa, Zada Gipson, June Kern, Doris Peterson, Henry Johanson, Peter Querin, Herman Wildermuth, Mr. Catlin.
 Middle Row—Alfhild Ahlstrom, Francine Allmon, Ruth Bystrom, Helene Henderson, Inge Olson, Harriet Retliff, Ciga Soderman, Adeline Nord, Elizabeth Olson, Annette Olson, Grace Georgian, Mamie Burgeson, Isabel Thrower, Jennie Olson, Elizabeth Pearson, Annie Thrower, Irene Rosander.
 Front Row—Edward Morine, Harold Johnson, Eric Olson, Waldemar Allvin, Carl Larson, Yoshiaki Yamada, Raymond Anderson, Chandler Henderson, Norton Wood, Clarence Rudholm, Milford Bengston, Henry Larson.



Freshman Class

President	CLIFFORD PALM
Vice-President	HERBERT FLOOD
Secretary	TULLA STAPLES
Treasurer	HARVEY PETERSON
Yell Leader	EDGAR DUNN
Sergeant-at-Arms	ARTHUR CLARK
Advisers	MISS KRAEGER, MISS FLOURNOY, MR. VANIMAN, MR. BUNGER

Class Colors: Red and White

When school opened in the fall of 1930, ninety-five little Freshmen came to high school. We were all very shy until reception night came.

Although we were made to give a program and were painted all up, the other classmen were very good to us afterward, by treating us to ice cream and cookies.

Our most important social events were our class party and picnic. We won a \$25 prize for the best class party given in the school this year.

In athletics, we also came out as well as could be expected.

The Freshman boys played the Sophomores a game of football, but the Sophomores were victorious.

In interclass volleyball, the Freshman girls took third place in the winning of the games.

The following Freshman girls were on the school league volleyball team: Florence Rudholm, Etta Kaiser, Bertha Oneal, Florence Beck.

Edgar Dunn was an outstanding player on the lightweight team in basketball, and he also took second place in class C broad jump and discus throw at the county track meet on Saturday, May 2.

On cleanup day, our indoor team played the Sophomore team and the Freshmen came out victorious.

The Freshman class float won the first prize as the best original class float in the May Day Parade.

We have enjoyed our first year of high school very much, and although the upper classmen sometimes pretended to be disgusted with us, we know that they are really fond of us and would feel very, very sorry if we were taken away.

Our teachers we are very fond of, and we have always done our best in our classes.

So, with the first year of our high school career gone by, we are now ready to welcome another Freshman class next semester, and as Sophomores we are preparing to give the next class a hard year and as good competition in athletics as we had from the other classes this year.

We are hoping to get new members in our class and by working hard and being good sports, we are going to achieve as high a standard for our class as we possibly can.





FRESHMEN Top

Back Row—Richard Forsblad, Karl Johnson, Albert McMilian, James Scott, Miss Flournoy, Evelyn Swanson, Nime Erickson, Mr. Bunger, Edward Morine, Winton Hicks, Arthur Christenson, William Carlson, Orval Starkey.

Middle Row—Ingrid Walden, Junice Benson, Frances Bergman, Marian Allvin, Marjorie Goble, Carol Pierson, Florence Werner, Alice Gustafson, Blanche Sward, Clara Eastlund, Frances Rufert, Enna Fredlund, Mildred Johnson.

Front Row—Waldo Rae, George Anderson, Melvin Bush, Harold Dean, Howard Sward, Dale Vaughan, Chester Satterberg, Carl Wendling.

Middle

Back Row—Henry Jewell, Richard Rosander, John Paloutzian, Elton Melin, Charley Georgian, Harry Strid, Glenn Satterberg, Clifford Palm, Alvin Mellow, Thomas Cooper, Walfrid Flod, Mr. Vaniman.

Middle Row—Sybil Hovnanian, Alice Nelson, Alta Crass, Alice Aslan, Eleanor Seaward, Evelyn Mercer, Gertrude Tapp, Florence Rudholm, Evelyn Burnett, Tulla Staples, Toshiye Ezaki, Bessie Gipson.

Front Row—Yeshite Yamada, Dennis Orr, Roy Larson.

Bottom

Back Row—Roy Dahl, Glenn Kolander, Edgar Dunn, Charles Schaffer, Herbert Flood, Arthur Clark, Paul Weise, Clifton Pearson, Arthur Westerberg, Harry Nakata, Harvey Peterson, Verne Carlstrom.

Middle Row—Palmira Cabral, Bertha Oneal, Florence Beck, Ruth Lundberg, Phyllis Quist, Edith Westlund, Judith Alen, Helen Nord, Eileen Hallsten, Alice Rosander, Evelyn Jacobsen.

Front Row—John Gunnarson, Joy Fink, Ethel Nord, Etta Kaiser, Barbara Burk, Kazuyashi Mataucka.



The Royal Road to Conquest

The glittering lights of a distant city shine through the darkness of a warm spring night. A glamorous city! What fascinations it holds! What tremendous works are wrought within its massive gates! Structural forces are accelerating the world's progress today until in less than half a century, it is prophesied, the human race will be traveling at a terrific pace—a pace that cannot at present be realized—a pace that will either set the high standards of the world far beyond the imagination, or else will bring about the degradation and complete devastation of the entire universe.

Millions and millions of years ago our world was a barren steaming planet of rock, mud, soil; boiling and furious, whirling about at a speed much greater than today. Astronomers assert that the earth was at one time a flaming sphere upon which no life could exist. It has taken all these years, the number of which cannot be estimated, for God to create and develop a modern world—the world which we are enjoying. However, it is evident, that in the following years progress can and will travel at a greater stride.

And, in order that future accomplishments may be realized, the world will have need of men, young men, modern men, with the pioneer spirit of energy, grit, determination, and manliness. Men who will take the common clay into their inexperienced hands and, after comprehending and analyzing its nature, mold a masterpiece, construct a monument to the world.

Plentiful are the common mass of people; multitudinous are the "satisfied"; but few are they who set aside their own desires, their own pleasures, and in a self-confident way step forward armed and prepared to face the obstacles of life—conquer them, and because of them, make the world a better place.

Class of 1931—it is this latter that has need of you. You have received the necessary training and education to begin your careers and make your own decisions. You are to be taken out of the gates of four years of high school life, and directed to a waiting ship ready to sear to heights unknown. The plane of life that you reach depends on your capability, your determination, your persistence. Whether the airship of aspiration as it soars through the lofty clouds of experience rises or falls, will determine your success or your failure.

The task should seem easy as we realize that men before us have 'prepared our way; have cleared the paths of any difficulties. How much more fortunate than those of a score of centuries ago!

We have a battle before us—a battle hard to face, more difficult to endure, but there is a vision of victory and we must go on. We owe it to those ancients who, in their tiny world, struggled, fought, and died; we owe it to our own pioneers, who blazed the forests and waters of a New World and left us in the lap of an expansive and luxuriant country. It is an open sesame for the upbuilding of the greatest nation the world has ever known; it is an open sesame for new projects in lands yet undeveloped; it is an open sesame to give the world leaders unsurpassed in all history.

Members of the class of 1931—you have reached the end of a spectacular year; a year which you will revere above all other years thus far. But, as you stand in retrospect of those precious memories, be not content with these laurels of the past. Pull up the anchor of self-satisfaction, set your keel into the waters of inexperience, brave the tides of cold indifference, and sail into the port of success.

—ARPE SAFARJIAN, '30.



Faculty

	Acquired	Degrees	Honors, Highlights, and Hobbies
Isaac V. Funderburgh	1924	B. S. L., La Verne.....1913 A. B., La Verne.....1915 A. B., Pomona.....1916 M. A., U. S. C.....1917	2 years business manager, 2 years president, La Verne College; taught 1 year in Fresno High School; experience in various religious fields and banking.
George G. Henderson	1920	A. B., Gem City College, Quincy, Ill.1909	Officers of Boys' Reform School, Topeka, Kansas; clerk, ranger, and forest supervisor, U. S. Forest Service, Idaho.
Ejnar C. Peterson	1922	A. B., University of California 1921	Graduate of K. H. S., 1916
Bernice Newbecker	1922	B. S., Hastings College, Nebraska 1916 M. A., University of California 1922	Taught 1 year in Los Molinos, California.
Mrs. Signe Thompson	1923	A. B., University of California 1911 M. A., University of California 1912	Taught in Caruthers and 3 years in Easton; president San Joaquin Valley Chapter American Spanish Teachers' Ass'n; secretary Fresno State College "Key."
Maude Devereaux	1925	R. N., University of California Hospital 1919	Special nursing; social service work.
Russell R. Reukema	1925	A. B., University of California 1924	Pastor; social service work; Fresno Players; Scabbard and Blade; intelligence officer 1st Batt., 363rd Inf., R. R. C.
Charles G. Peterson	1926	Special Secondary Certificate in Music	Studied and taught music in Canada and Nebraska.
Wm. Meade Bunker	1926	A. B., University of California	Member Andy Smith's varsity team, 1923; taught 1 year in Analy High School, Sebastopol.
Elsa Kraeger	1927	A. B., University of California 1926	
R. A. Catlin	1927	State Normal, Mo.1900 A. B., Stanford 1927	Teacher in Kingsburg schools since 1907; principal Harrison school; district superintendent for 10 years.
Heber Moreland	1928	B. S., Oregon State College 1922	Taught 5 years in Oregon; president of Fresno Section Ag. Teachers' Association, 1929-30.
Mrs. Pauline Nordstrom	1929	A. B. and B. S., University of California 1915	Taught in K. H. S. 1916-1920.
Mrs. Olga Heaton	1929	J. S. T. C., Cedar Falls, Iowa 1922 B. S., University of Southern California 1915	Taught health and physical education in Iowa Teachers' College; Y. W. C. A. work in Iowa and Glendale, California.
Rose Chaplin	1930	A. B., University of California 1928	Professional work with voice and piano.
Edith Glenn	1930	Fresno State College.....1925 Special Secondary Certificate in Art	Art teacher in Kingsburg Grammar Schools.
Elizabeth McMurtry	1930	A. B., University of California 1925	Taught 1 year in Truckee, 3 years in Sierra High School; vice-president San Joaquin Valley Chapter American Spanish Teachers' Association.
Blanche Roper	1930	A. B., Drury College, Mo. 1927	Taught 1 year in Missouri; 1 year in Corcoran High School.
Anne Flournoy	1930	A. B., University of California 1928	Secretary to chairman of board of research, U. C., 1 year; secretary to Dean of the graduate division U. C., 7 years.
Glenn Vaniman	1930	A. B., La Verne College.....1929 M. A., University of Southern California 1930	President of student body at La Verne College.
Stanton Gray	1930	B. S., University of California 1930	





PEANUT WAGON



TENNIS SHARK



BELLE



CROWNED



CAPTAIN



TENNIS LADDER



STEVE



BUMS



STUDIOUS BOYS



FRESHIES



SNAP SHOT DAY

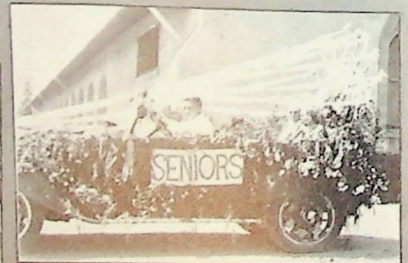


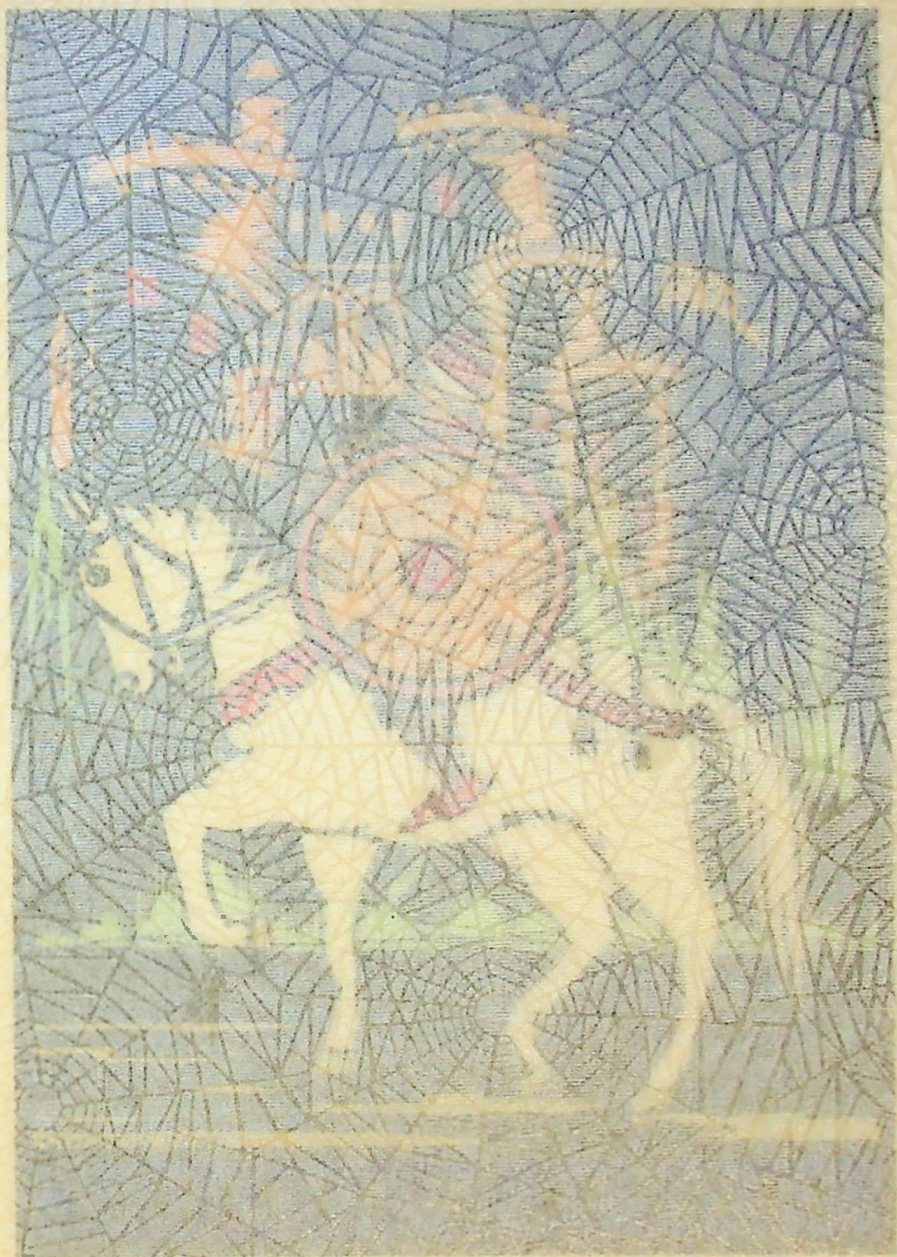
FISHIN'



JAPAN'S DAUGHTERS

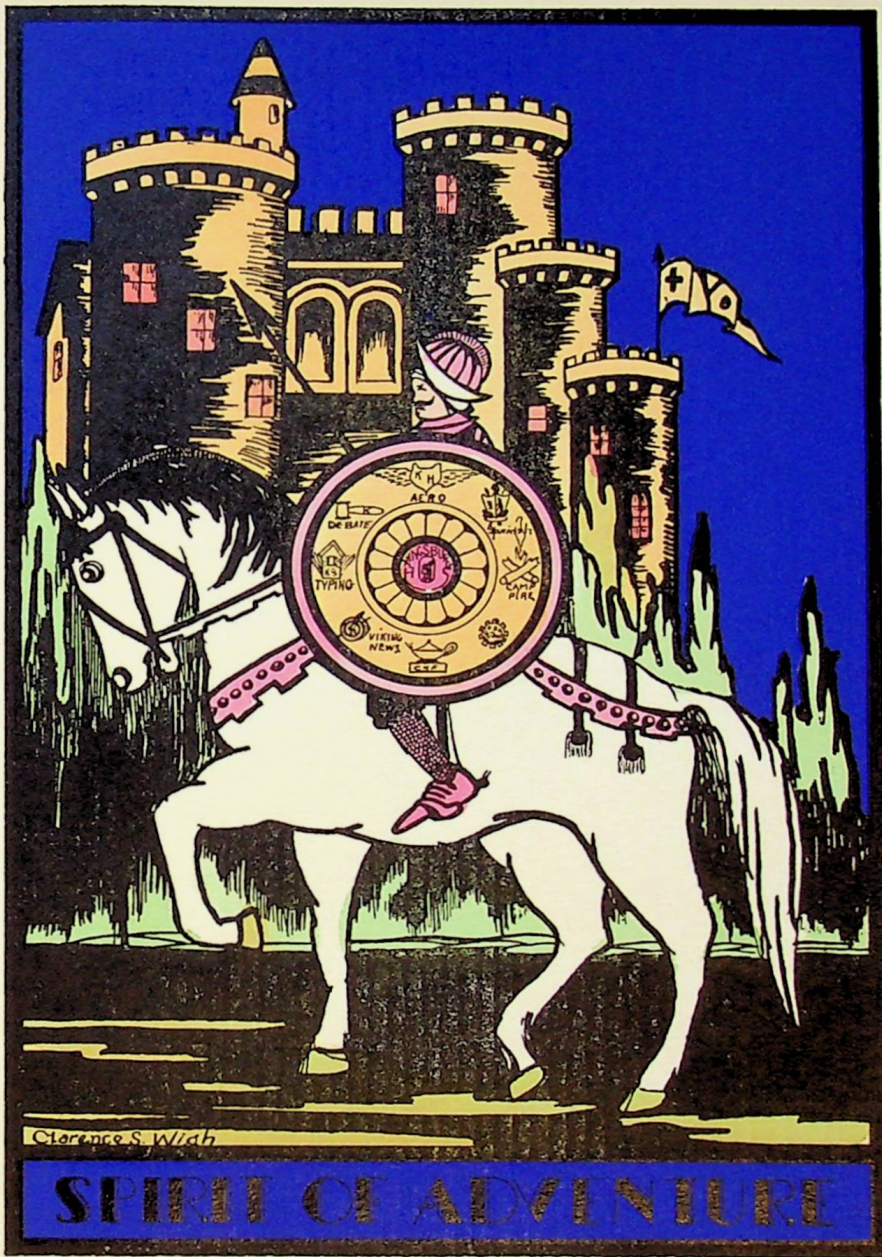
SENIOR KING - QUEEN -
FAIR ATHLETES







THE VIKING



Clarence S. With

SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE





Back Row—Mr. I. V. Funderburgh, Clarence Wigh, Ralph Swedell, Elsie Anderson, Frank Hill, Mr. George Henderson.
 Front Row—Mae Johnson, Helen Gunnarson, Jack Gridley, Ada Oneal, Marjorie Lindquist.

Student Body

President	JACK GRIDLEY
Vice-President	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Secretary	ADA ONEAL
Treasurer	HELEN GUNNARSON
Business Manager and Purchasing Agent	MAE JOHNSON
Boys' Athletic and Advertising Manager	CLARENCE WIGH
Girls' Athletic and Advertising Manager	ELSIE ANDERSON
Stage Manager	FRANK HILL
Yell Leader	RALPH SWEDELL
Assistant Yell Leader	HARRY ASLAN

One more year has slipped peacefully into the realms of the past. Happily has the "Viking" ship sailed the fair blue waters of success under the capable leadership of its captain and crew.

The year began with a "bang" when on Friday, September 19, a class of over one hundred Freshmen were royally welcomed into our student body.

Early in the year, a lyceum and athletic ticket selling campaign was organized. Each class competed, and the Seniors were fortunate enough to win. The lyceum course consisted of six educational numbers.

On January 15, one of the biggest events of the year sponsored by the student body took place, namely the football-volleyball banquet.

The annual "Clean-up Day" was held on April 15. After the campus was thoroughly cleaned, refreshments were served.

The student body purchased three new sets of bleachers to be used on the new lighted indoor diamond.

So now at the close of another school year, we must be content to turn the work and responsibility of the coming year to the new crew. We hope that next year and every year shall be as fruitful in happiness and good times as the past year has been.





Sigrid Johnson

Helen Gunnarson

Honor Scholarship Society

President MYRON JERPE, HELEN GUNNARSON
 Vice-President RUPERT ALEN
 Secretary-Treasurer ETHEL PETERSON, SIGRID JOHNSON
 Program Chairman HELEN LUNDGREN
 Reporter MAE ROSANDER

The Honor Scholarship Society has functioned more this year than ever before. We have had meetings during class periods once every two weeks and an evening meeting on the first Wednesday of every month.

The society has been represented at both the local conventions of this year. Two representatives were sent to Washington Union High School, and with few exceptions, the whole society journey to the Bay Region where they attended the convention at Palo Alto on April 10th.

In November, a Thanksgiving party was held at the home of one of the members.

The society presented two one act plays, "The Ghost in the Boarding School" and "Love and Insurance," before the student body.

An exhibit of a lighted lamp representing the C. S. F. sealbearers pin was displayed in the lobby during the May Day Fair.

Sigrid Johnson and Helen Gunnarson were awarded the state sealbearer pins.

Helen Gunnarson and Mae Johnson earned the valedictory and salutatory respectively for the class of 1931.

With a toast to larger membership the Honor Scholarship of 1930-'31 bids you a progressive year in scholarship for 1931-'32.





Back Row—Miss McMurtry, Betty Stallings, Ione Olson, Ennis Querin, Hazel Kaiser, Vivian Davis, Adelia Ericsson, Helen Henderson, Alfhild Ahlstrom, Doris Peterson, Helen Lundgren, Mae Rosander, Mrs. Thompson.
 Middle Row—Lois Diehl, Elveda Palm, Ada Oneal, Marjorie Lindquist, Lela Sherman, Doris Persson, Ruth Anderson, Pocahontas Ball, Virginia Almquist, Dorothy Tapp, Nelda Peterson, Harriet Ratliff.
 Front Row—Franklin Satterberg, Samuel Muradian, Leslie Beckman, Chester Johnson, Francis Miller, Frank Hill, Clement Galloway, Chandler Henderson, Moses Chabolla, Virgil Hanson.

El Club Espanol

President	ENNIS QUERIN
Vice-President	ELVEDA PALM
Secretary and Treasurer	NELDA PETERSON
Reporter	HAZEL KAISER
Program Chairman	VIVIAN DAVIS
Sergeant-at-Arms	MOSES CHABOLLA
Advisers	MISS McMURTRY, MRS. THOMPSON

El Club Espanol began the 1930-'31 school year with several old members. Immediately after school began, nineteen new members were added to the club's enrollment. Any student who has taken two or more years of Spanish is entitled to belong to the club.

Thursday, December 11, the club held its annual Christmas "Tertulla," which consisted in a typically Spanish supper, program, and games.

Saturday, February 28, the convention of the Spanish teachers of Fresno County was held at the Kingsburg High School. El Club Espanol furnished the program for this convention. Our high school was honored by the election of Mrs. Thompson as president and Miss McMurtry as vice-president of the organization for the coming year.

May 1, the club entered a float in the Ag. Fair parade.

May 28, a swimming party was held at Jewell's Beach. Each member was given the privilege of inviting one guest. Wieners and buns disappeared miraculously and a jolly time was enjoyed by all present.





Back Row—Howard Nordstrom, Theodore Christensen, Lennis Dahlstrom, Carl Sundstrom, Everett Nelson, Clarence Hillblom.
 Second Row—Mr. Reukema, Clarence Wigh, William Schlatter, Sigrid Johnson, Elsie Anderson, Dorothy Tapp, William Boyle, Steve Sauter, Rostin Ratliff.
 Third Row—Wilma Clayton, Ruby Peterson, Lillie Westerberg, Violet Carlson, Marjorie Lindquist, Ruth Lindquist, Dorothy Lindquist, Lylith Paulson, Doris Johnson, Mae Johnson.
 Front Row—Betty Stallings, Helen Gunnarson, Hazel Kaiser, Mae Rosander, Helen Lundgren, Ada Oneal.

S. S. Forensics

Captain	JACK GRIDLEY
First Mate	MAE JOHNSON
Gunner's Mate	ADA ONEAL
Purser	BETTY STALLINGS
Cabin Boy	RUTH LINDQUIST
Log	DOROTHY TAPP
Admiral	MR. R. R. REUKEMA

On September 15, 1930, two ships, S. S. Forensics by name, set sail upon the billowy sea of public speaking and journalism. The larger crew consisted of twenty-two staunch sailors, while the smaller ship carried but eleven. To conquer the foaming, lashing tides of public speaking was the aim of these brave but inexperienced sailors aboard the two ships.

Deep and dangerous as the waters of oratory were, the brave crew successfully explored them and as a result produced speeches on the Constitution of the United States. But this was not all; for into the unexplored waters of extemporaneous and memorized speeches the two ships plowed, leaving behind them a foamy path of success.

From among the brave sailors, two of the debaters, Miss Helen Lundgren and Miss Hazel Kaiser, were chosen. Miss Marjorie Lindquist, winner of the local oratorical contest, also belongs to this hale and hearty crew.

The two good ships, soon after pulling up anchor and leaving the old familiar shores, entered the billowy waves of journalism. The crew then launched into the task of publishing the weekly paper, the Viking News.

A pleasure cruise was enjoyed by the crew during the warm month of May. This proved very refreshing to the weary sailors.

The nine months cruise is finished; the turbulent waters are calm. The path before us is smoother because of the experience we have had. We are now ready to launch out into the rougher, angrier waters of the great sea of life. We owe our first success to Mr. R. R. Reukema, our worthy admiral, who saw us safely across the waters of the treacherous deep.

VIKING NEWS



KINGSBURG JOINT UNION HIGH SCHOOL

HOW TO GET GYM



OPERA LARSEN GETS TWO NIGHTS

Lylith Paulson and Myron Jerpe Take Leads

March 27 and '28 the combined Glee Clubs presented an operetta entitled "The Count and the Co-Ede" directed by Miss Elsie M. Chaplin. It was a great success.

The orchestra played before the first act and between the first and second act.

A brief resume of the operetta is as follows:

Mr. M. Swabber, who is the president of Marden College, is trying to raise an endowment of a million dollars.

The



VIKINGS DEFEAT FOWLER IN FIRST LEAGUE TILT FRIDAY WITH

Building to Be Completed by November First

Listen my children and you shall hear,
The greatest news of this school year—
Kingsburg High School is going to have a new gymnasium and as soon as the site is definitely located the building of it will take place.

The board of trustees is endeavoring to purchase the land from Mr. Berg which is directly adjacent to our athletic field. It is expected to be for use by the school will be a most desirable feature.

Fowler 7
Honsa 1
Teavor 0
Obanga 0
Cenac 0
Kuh 0
SS 0
BF 0
CF 0
LF 0



ASSOCIATION CONVENES

Last Wednesday night the Associated Press Club of Fresno State College was host to various high schools in the valley. Delegates from our school were Mr. Beckema, Clarence Wigh and Jack Gridley. The Press Club was organized last year by members of Fresno State College Journalism class and have endeavored to impress it by giving the high schools of the valley a chance to participate and present their journalistic problems before the club.

The speaker of the evening was Mr. Pope, assistant editor of the Fresno Morning Republican. He gave a very interesting talk on "The Romance of Journalism" sketched by vivid experiences of his own career.

(Continued on Page 4)



EASTER

For, the herald of spring, brings with it new leaves on a blossoms and a new carpet of green to the bare brown earth. To begin a new song after their mellow notes have been hushed all cold winter and too, in the hearts of the people a new song is born, a song arising from hearts which yearn for a new thanksgiving.

For at Easter time the dead. Cradled on a gentle. This is indeed a brief moment of life for us. Do busy life of our long ago walk.

The Easter linked enough ones for East Christ is all.

The first cannot think that our Christ year.

This year will not let us be will echo to the sky.

Let this Easter be a day of joy and a true understanding by our fellowmen and a deeper love for our Redeemer.



BOY SCOUTS MEETING

The meeting of the boys' forum, which was held in the auditorium Wednesday, March 25, was called to order by the secretary, Carl Peterson, due to the absence of the president, Ted Christensen, and vice president, Lewis Bradburn.

The question of having pictures in the annual of the Forum, was brought up and made discussed. It was moved and seconded to have a booth of some kind in the Agricultural to raise the required amount of money for the pictures and page in the annual. It was moved and seconded that the chairman have power to appoint a committee of four to work with the advisors on an idea for a booth.

As there was no further business the meeting was declared adjourned.

VIKING NEWS

Marjorie Lindquist, Betty Stallings, Doris Johnson
Sigrid Johnson, Jack Gridley, Hazel Kaiser

As a result of the annual "Best Viking News" contest, issue number twenty-three, edited by the above pictured students, was adjudged the winner.





Back Row—Edward Andrews, William Royle, Howard Nordstrom, Mae Rosander, Lennis Dahlstrom, Helen Emlet, Dorothy Tapp, Miss Flournoy, Doris McKenry, Hazel Kaiser.
 Middle Row—Mr. Reukema, Harry Aslan, Clarence Wigh, Helen Lundgren, Ethel Staples, Helen Henderson, Nelda Peterson, Elsie Jern, Clement Galloway.
 Front Row—Jack Gridley, Ruth Anderson, Pocahontas Ball, Helen Safarjian, Hugh Gabbert.

Chief-Tow Choc-Taw Pow-Wow

Chief Lopi Zante	ETHEL STAPLES
Princess White Fawn	NELDA PETERSON
Murmuring Waters	RUTH ANDERSON
Minnie Ha-Ha	HELEN EMLET
Snake Charmer	HAZEL KAISER
Strong Bull	HARRY ASLAN
Dog Face	HUGH GABBERT
Head Chief Ivory Hunter	MR. R. R. REUKEMA
Coo Chee Gawa	MISS ANNE FLOURNOY

This Indian organization tries to bring out any latent forensic or dramatic talent in its members. Its membership consists of members of the Junior and Senior play casts, those who participated in the extemporaneous reading contest and oratorical contest, and also those who took part in interscholastic debates.

The pow-wows are held in the Wigwam Cedrus Deodorus every quarter half moon.

On May Day the Choc-Taw entered in the parade a float representing a scene in the forest with a wigwam amidst the trees. In front of the wigwam there were many Indian blankets and different types of pottery and stone mortars. Nearly a dozen braves and maidens sat in council nearby.

In the afternoon, the Choc-Taw maintained an exhibit, consisting of different types of furs, grinding stoves, Indian dolls, blankets, two wigwams and articles of Indian dress.

In the evening, the Choc-Taw participated in the program, rendering two Indian folk songs.



Back Row—Eunice Wickeliffe, Junice Benson, Miss Kraeger, Florence Rudholm, Alice Aslan.
Front Row—Lois Diehl, Elizabeth Olson, Lillian Erickson, Alice Swenson.

Ahwahnee Campfire Girls

Guardian	MISS KRAEGER
President—Kinikse	LILLIAN ERICKSON
Treasurer—Kiriki	ELIZABETH OLSON
Scribe—Wodoceca	LOIS DIEHL

The Ahwahnee Campfire group was organized on January 12. At that time there were six members, while there are now eight. The Ahwahnee Campfire group is a school organization and also a member of the national organization.

Wohelo, the watchword, means work, health and love. These are the ideals of the Campfire.

During the year of 1930-'31, the Ahwahnee Campfire held a Valentine Party. Each member of the Campfire invited her boy friend. They had a very enjoyable time.

They also held a picnic at Mooney's Grove. The afternoon was spent pleasantly in boat riding.

The Campfire was also invited to the Wah-wa-te-se Campfire's Fire, at which some of their members received the wood gatherer's rank.





Back Row—Fern Montgomery, Marian Morine, Violet Carlson, Ruby Peterson, Elsie Anderson, Helen Henderson, Mrs. Heaton, Etta Kaiser, Ennis Querin, Marjorie Lindquist, Hazel Kaiser.
 Front Row—Bertha Oneal, Evelyn Clark, Elveda Palm, Elvira Jewell, Belle Walker, Elsie Jern, Ada Oneal, Pocahontas Ball, Lois Oneal, Helga Nelson.

Girls' "K" Club

President	ELSIE JERN
Vice-President	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Secretary	ADA ONEAL
Treasurer	HELEN HENDERSON
Reporter	HAZEL KAISER
Sergeant-at-Arms	BELLE WALKER
Adviser	MRS. HEATON

The Girls' "K" Club, which was organized three years ago, began this 1930-'31 school year with sixteen old members.

However, on February 12, four new members were initiated as a result of letters gained during the volleyball season. They received a royal welcome, and a jolly time was enjoyed by all.

The club took an active part in school life this year. It organized the "Pots and Pans Kazoo Orchestra," which furnished much amusement at the football-volleyball banquet.

To the Ag. Club May Day Fair the club contributed a Maypole dance on the front lawn, participated in by thirty-two girls.

For the past two years the club has given awards to all girls who have entered interclass competition.

This year 48 awards in volleyball, 12 in tennis, 40 in baseball, and 18 in hiking were given.

Nine of the club members are leaving this year, but some of the lower classmen are already showing ability that will enable them to step in and fill the vacancies of those members who are leaving.

The girls take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Heaton for her help in guiding the club.





Back Row—Howard Nordstrom, Clark Russell, Harold Hammarsten, Lennis Dahlstrom, Theodore Christenson, Enoch Jensen, Hront Safarjian.
Middle Row—Waldon Olson, Carl Sundstrom, Thomas Hayes, Russell Fridolfs, Frank Hill, Clarence Hillblom.
Front Row—Floyd Nelson, Luke Bellocehi, Francis Miller, Roland Erickson, Leroy Anderson, Roy Anderson, Almon Jensen.

Boys' "K" Club

President CLARENCE HILLBLOM
Secretary and Treasurer..... TED CHRISTENSON
Adviser WM. 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. The group is under the supervision of Mr. Bunger. A steak-bake was held last fall at Piedra, and toward the close of school another at Piedra, in which everyone rode up on a Ford truck, which was part of the day's fun. It is assured that everyone had a good time and plenty to eat at both of the steak-bakes. The group also helped stage the grammar school track meet at the May day festival.

The group is also considering on having a quarter-inch gold K and a numeral guard, as an emblem of membership.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Bunger for his kindness and interest shown in the club's activities.





Back Row—Mrs. Heaton, Harriet Ratliff, Lillian Erickson, Lois Diehl, Hazel Ann Sherling, Barbara Burk, Annette Olson, Miss Flournoy.
Front Row—Elizabeth Olson, Verna Newell, Lois Martin, Bertha Oneal, Adeline Nord.

Freshmore League

President	LOIS MARTIN
Vice-President	VERNA NEWELL
Secretary	ELIZABETH OLSON
Treasurer	LOIS DIEHL
Program Chairmen	JUNE KERN, LILLIAN ERICKSON
Sergeant-at-Arms	HAZEL-ANN SHERLING
Yell Leader	HARRIET RATLIFF
Reporter	ANNETTE OLSON
Advisers	MISS FLOURNOY, MRS. HEATON

The Freshmore League has completed another successful year due to the co-operation of our advisers and president.

At Christmas time, the two leagues gave a joint party for the little children and sent baskets to the less fortunate people in the community.

A wiener roast was given the Freshman girls by the Sophomore girls. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

The league had a very successful money-making plan. Each girl made a miniature apron and inserted a verse in the pocket. This suggested to the receiver of the apron that she was to measure her waist and put in the pocket one cent for each inch.

On May Day, the league took part in the parade and also helped entertain during the day.

Towards the end of the year, the two leagues gave a mother and daughter party which proved very successful.





Back Row—Mrs. Thompson, Dorothy Tapp, Doris Tucker, Dorothy Lindquist, Elsie Anderson, Phoebe Lindquist, Miss Newbecker.
 Middle Row—Mabel Minnich, Marjorie Lindquist, Lois Oneal, Mae Johnson.
 Front Row—Elsie Jern, Belle Walker.

G. O. S. League

President	MARJORIE LINDQUIST
Vice-President	LOIS ONEAL
Secretary	MABEL MINNICH
Treasurer	MAE JOHNSON
Reporter	DOROTHY TAPP
Advisers ..	MRS. SIGNE THOMPSON, MISS BERNICE NEWBECKER

The Girls of Service have had a very successful year due to the willing help of our advisers, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Newbecker, and our president, Marjorie Lindquist.

In the early fall the league sent a number of delegates to a convention at Reedley.

A Christmas party was sponsored by both leagues for the little children of the community, and several cheer baskets were prepared and delivered during the holidays to the less fortunate families of our community.

The girls held an enjoyable "hard-times" party at which they appeared in costumes made of gunny sacks.

In the spring, the girls presented two short plays entitled, "Sophie from Sandysville" and "The Right Answer," which were well received by the Student Body.

On May 8, the girls of both leagues entertained their mothers at a mother-daughter party at the high school.

May next year be as eventful as this past year of 1930-'31 has been, and the girls be united in a fellowship which may continue throughout life.





Back Row—Lloyd Morine, Delmore Cederquist, Clifford Palm, Harry Strid, William Horton, Charley Goorigian, Chester Munson, James Lahann, Walter Larson, Albert McMillan, James Scott.
 Second Row—Mr. Moreland, Clark Russell, Eric Olson, Almon Jensen, Steve Sauter, Luke Bellocchi, Edward Esajian, Arthur Clark, Dale Vaughan, Archie Olson, Paul Wiese, Arthur Bruce, Clifford Sherman, Peter Querin, Mr. Gray.
 Third Row—Wallace Westland, Harry Bungo, Helge Olson, Russell Fridolfs, Enoch Jensen, Theodore Christenson, Hront Safarjian, Grant Challstrom, Richard Strand, Harry Nakata, Karl Johnson, Walfrid Flod, Winton Hicks.
 Front Row—Arthur Christenson, Chester Satterberg, Carl Wendling, Glenn Satterberg, Eval Starkey, Dennis Orr, Alvin Mellow, Verne Carlstrom, William Carlson, Arthur Westerberg, Frank Anderson, Yoshito Yamada.



Future Farmers of America

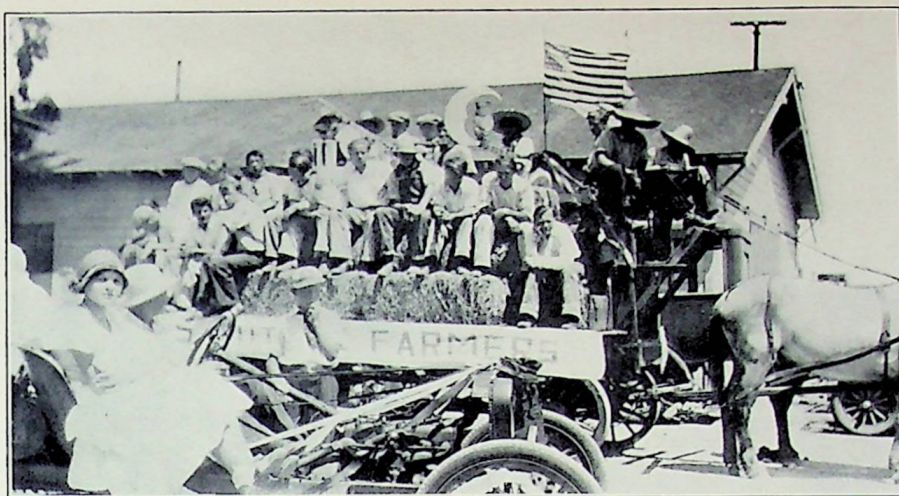
President	ENOCH JENSEN
Vice-President	FLOYD NELSON
Secretary	RUSSELL FRIDOLFS
Treasurer	HELGE OLSON
Watch Dog	HFONT SAFARJIAN
Reporter	TED CHRISTENSON
Advisers	MR. GRAY, MR. MORELAND

This year the F. F. A. Chapter has had one of its most successful years. Many new ideas have been created and consummated.

A Project Loan Fund is already in action as \$400 has been lent to help finance those who are unable to start a project. The organizations lending money to the Project Loan Fund are: Kiwanis Club, Tuesday Club, Masonic Lodge, and the American Legion; each giving \$100, which is administered by the Kingsburg Chamber of Commerce.

A contest was held to determine the best project in our chapter. Hront Safarjian's hog won in the hog group; Grant Challstrom, trees; Luke Bellocchi, vines; Arthur Bruce, poultry; Carl Wendling, rabbits; Frank Anderson, dairy; Dale Vaughn, sheep; and Harry Strid, garden. Each one winning in these classes won a prize worth five dollars. These prizes were donated by public spirited local merchants.

Many trips have been taken this year. Before school started a trip to the State Fair at Sacramento was enjoyed by Mr. Gray, Mr. Moreland, Hront Safarjian, Archie Olson, Theodore Christensen, and Frank Anderson. Mr. Gray and the judging team, composed of Helge Olson, William Horton, Floyd Nelson, and Walter Larson, attended the Pacific Slope Dairy Show at Oakland and the Los Angeles Livestock Show. Picnic



FUTURE FARMERS ON PARADE

Day at Davis was attended by James Scott, Chester Satterberg, Dale Vaughn, and Orval Starkey.

A scrap-book contest sponsored by the Fresno Republican for all San Joaquin Valley Chapters is getting along very nicely with newspaper articles concerning our activities appearing on its pages.

The Kingsburg F. F. A. Chapter booth won \$30 at the Fresno Fair and our boys won \$50 in prize money on their various exhibits.

The May Day Fair sponsored by the F. F. A. Chapter proved to be a very successful event. Enock Jensen and Helge Olson were the main chairmen of the day. The parade was very interesting and larger than in previous years. Lylith Paulson and Lennis Dahlstrom were chosen as Queen and King of the May Day Festival and rode on a beautifully decorated float. Banners were awarded to the Senior Class for the best float, and the Chief-Tow-Choc-Taw Pow-Wow for the best club float. The F. F. A. float was second. Prizes were awarded to two Harrison School entries and Steve Sauter for the best school and individual entries. Exhibits of the boys' livestock and poultry projects were shown. The grammar schools' track meet, an evening program, and Maypole dance completed the rest of the day. Thanks is extended for the hearty co-operation of all the school organizations in making this year's fair successful.

Very practical work has been done in the shop under the direction of Mr. Gray. The boys and Mr. Gray poured cement for the handball courts, a dairy barn floor, and the garage pit; they also repaired the shop and many farm implements.

The field trips taken this year proved to be very interesting. The boys had experience in judging cattle, hogs, and poultry; installing a deep well pump; planting orchards; and pruning trees at different stages.

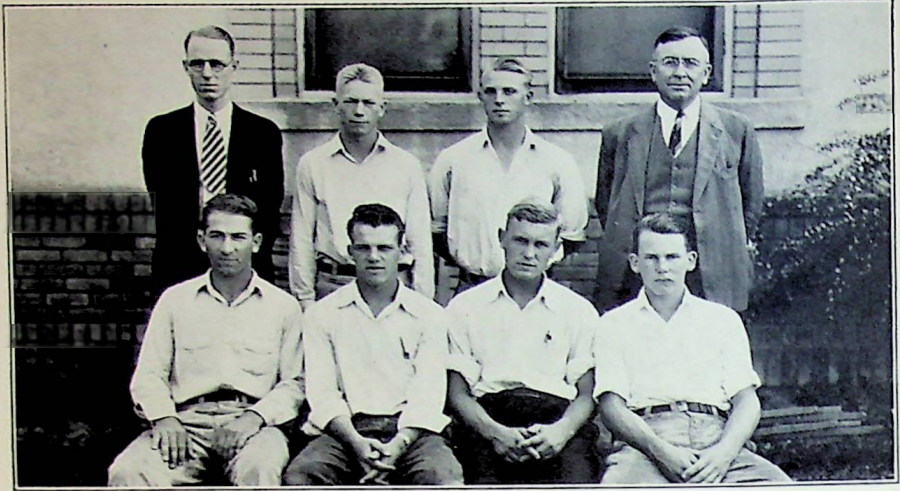
The chapter had an undefeated basketball team.

A formal initiation was held at the high school and a party in the Legion Hall at which everyone had a good time. As a finishing party, a steak-bake and swimming party was held.

We are proud of Helge Olson as he has shown his speaking ability by placing second in the Oratorical Contest at Washington Union High School, sponsored by the Los Angeles Livestock Show, as well as placing near the top in the Valley semi-finals at Hanford. Helge is also president of the Student Body for the coming year.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Moreland and Mr. Gray for the interest they have taken in making our chapter a success.





BOYS' FORUM
 Back Row—Mr. Vaniman, Leroy Anderson, Enoch Jensen, Mr. Catlin.
 Front Row—Harold Hammarsten, Lennis Dahlstrom, Theodore Christenson, Carl Peterson.

Boys' Forum

President	TED CHRISTENSON
Vice-President	LENNIS DAHLSTROM
Secretary	CARL PETERSON
Treasurer	HAROLD HAMMARSTEN
Sergeant-at-Arms	ENOCH JENSEN
Reporter	LEROY ANDERSON
Advisers	MR. CATLIN, MR. VANIMAN

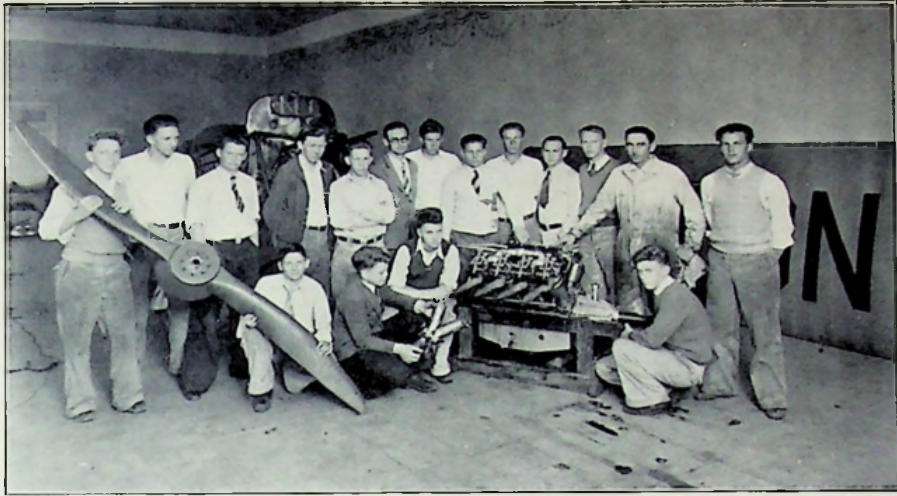
The Boys' Forum is an organization composed of all boys attending school. The purpose of this organization has been to provide a means for developing and maintaining school spirit among the boys.

During the past year, members have had the privilege of listening to several splendid programs. They also have had the opportunity of taking part in the lively business meetings which are characteristic of the Boys' Forum.

Despite the fact that most of the members were busily engaged in other activities as well, the Forum planned and executed two outstanding events of the school year. The first was a "whisker contest" lasting two weeks, which created much interest not only among the boys but also the girls. Second was the maintaining of a booth at the May Day Festival, where all the golfers could show their skill at the game.

The boys wish to thank Mr. Vaniman and Mr. Catlin for the interest which they have taken in the club and for so diligently offering their service and advice.





Back Row—Hollis Dahlstrom, Waldon Olson, Lowell Benson, Everett Nelson, Sheldon Anderson, Mr. Gray, Floyd Nelson, Roy Anderson, Archie Olson, Harold Johnson, Herbert Flood, Mr. Linda, Lennis Dahlstrom.
Front Row—Ralph Anderson, Harvey Peterson, Hugh Gabbert, Herman Wildermuth.

Aero Club

President	LOWELL BENSON
Secretary-Treasurer	SHELDON ANDERSON
Reporter	EVERETT NELSON
Sergeant-at-Arms	ROY ANDERSON
Adviser	MR. GRAY
Instructor	LUTHER LINDA

The Aero Club is a newly organized club, formed by students interested in the promotion of aeronautics. Although a new organization, the members have enjoyed a very successful year. Several trips were made, including one to the Visalia Airport where we visited the weather bureau station and an airplane sulphuring exhibition. The club was very fortunate in securing as its instructor this year Mr. Linda, who furnished some very interesting meetings, including motion pictures and various speakers.

The club wishes at this time to thank Mr. Gray for the interest he has taken in the club. We hope this organization will continue to keep up its good work in the years to come.





Back Row—Ruth Lindquist, Lillian Anderson, Dorothy Lindquist, Ethel Gustafson, Florence Voorhees, Elsie Anderson, Bernice Sperling, Adeline Nord.
 Middle Row—Lillian Waters, Jennie Olson, Elizabeth Pearson, Lylith Paulson, Miss Chaplin, Mamie Burgeson, Rena Rawson, Lois Martin, Evelyn Mercer.
 Front Row—Elvira Jewell, Isabel Thrower, Ada Oneal, Mae Rosander, Sigrid Johns, Annie Thrower.

Vivace Glee Club

President	DOROTHY LINDQUIST
Vice-President	LYLITH PAULSON
Secretary	RUTH LINDQUIST
Treasurer	ADA ONEAL
Librarian	MAE ROSANDER
Reporter	RENA RAWSON
Director	MISS ROSE CHAPLIN

The Girls' Glee Club has been very active during the year of 1930-'31.

In December, with the help of the Boys' Glee Club, we gave a Christmas pageant, "Pierre Grigou."

In March, the operetta, "The Count and the Co-ed" by Morgan and O'Hara, was given by the combined glee clubs. The operetta was directed by Miss Chaplin and the accompaniment was furnished by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Peterson.

In May, the music festival was held at Reeding Park. All of the high school glee clubs in the county took part. Our club and mixed chorus sang.

Our trio, composed of Ruth Lindquist, Lylith Paulson, and Dorothy Lindquist, has been a great success.

The Music Department picnic at Mooney's Grove was given late in May; we had fun and lots to eat.

Our club wishes to thank Miss Chaplin, our director, for her untiring efforts in making this year a success.





Back Row—Miss Chaplin, Winton Hicks, Eugene Bjorklund, William Chaderjian, Ernest Stober, Kenneth Bollinger, Herman Wildermuth, Edward Andrews, Alice Swenson.
 Front Row—Clifford Sherman, Carl Larson, Harvey Peterson, Roy Larson, Stanley Lundquist, Earl Linman, Martelle Funderburgh, Myron Jerpe.

Los Trovadores Glee Club

President	MYRON JERPE
Vice-President	KENNETH BOLLINGER
Treasurer	MARTELLE FUNDERBURGH
Secretary	EARL LINMAN
Librarian	WILLIAM CHADERJIAN
Instructor	MISS ROSE CHAPLIN

The Boys' Glee Club started the year very successfully under the able leadership of Miss Rose Chaplin. Alice Swenson was our accompanist.

For our first public appearance, we presented, with the Girls' Glee Club, a Christmas pageant entitled, "Pierre Grigou." The pageant was written by Miss Chaplin's brother, I. S. Chaplin.

Our annual operetta, "The Count and the Co-Ed," by Morgan and O'Hara, was given by the combined glee clubs on March 27th and 28th. Its success was due to the able, energetic direction of Miss Chaplin and also to the splendid spirit of co-operation which existed between the clubs. The orchestral accompaniment was furnished by Mr. Peterson.

Immediately after the operetta, the glee clubs and mixed chorus started practice for the May Music Festival, which was held in Roeding Park, Fresno, on May 3rd and 10th.

The Music Department picnic was held in May at Mooney's Grove and was very much enjoyed.





Back Row—Virgil Nyberg, Walter Sward, Archie Vaughan, Elton Melin, John Pearson, Harry Aslan, Thomas Cooper, George Anderson, Mr. Peterson, William Schlatter, Florence Werner, Martelle Funderburgh.
 Front Row—June Wiley, Rosie Vartanian, Francis Bergman, Helene Henderson, Ralph Swedell, Gertrude Tapp, Helen Christenson, Marian Allvin, Ruth Anderson, Phyllis Quist.

Orchestra

President	RUTH ANDERSON
Secretary and Treasurer	JUNE WILEY
Reporter	FLORENCE WERNER
Librarian	ELTON MELIN

The high school orchestra has had a very successful year. Mr. Peterson, our teacher, has benefited us a great deal.

We have given quite a few numbers on various occasions and also have partaken in a music festival given at Roeding's park. Here the directors from various places and their pianists led the entire group of assembled orchestras in one number. Our school was well represented by the different members.

We are twenty-four in number and have played at the Junior play, the Senior play, the operetta, and the Christmas pageant. A girls' string octette was formed for the girls' Christmas party at which several numbers were given.

Our school event was a picnic with the band and glee clubs. We had a very enjoyable time.



VIKING



Back Row—Harry Strid, John Paloutzian, Elsie Jern, Florence Rudholm, Roy Anderson, Harry Aslan, Glenn Satterberg, Mr. Peterson, Virgil Nyberg, Everett Ostrom, Jerome Nelson, David Ostrom, Forest Huddleston.
Middle Row—Herbert Flood, Clarence Rudholm, Randolph Peterson, Walter Sward, Everett Nelson, William Schlatter, Jack Gridley, Ralph Swedell, Earl Linman, Elton Mellin, William Rothermel, Chandler Henderson, Martelle Funderburgh.
Front Row—Samuel Muradian, Clifford Palm, Norton Wood, Chester Satterberg.

Viking Band

President WILLIAM SCHLATTER
Secretary ELSIE JERN
Treasurer EVERETT NELSON
Sergant-at-Arms RANDOLPH PETERSON

The K. H. S band was first organized two years ago with an enrollment of thirty-four members.

During the two years since its organization, the band has grown considerably both in size and ability.

This year with the help of the student body, the band purchased green and gold caps and sweaters. March 6th, the band gave a concert to raise money to help pay for these uniforms.

Throughout the football season the band did its part to contribute to the success of the team, by playing at the games.

May 3, the band met with the other bands of Fresno county at Roedings' Park. Here, playing together as one large band, an enjoyable concert was furnished for the public.

Late in the school year, the band and the Glee Clubs together enjoyed a picnic at Mooney's Grove.





SEPTEMBER

- 15—School opens and the frightened Freshies receive a ducking.
- 26—The dignified Seniors initiate the Freshmen at the annual Freshman reception.
- 29—Freshman boys celebrated (rules, of course) by coming to school with their shirts inside out and the girls wore green hair ribbons.

OCTOBER

- 1—"K" Club boys enjoyed a steak bake at Piedra with Coach Bunger as chief cook.
- 2—Great excitement in sociology! Mr. Catlin swallows a fly!
- 7—The football field was the scene of a terrible battle, namely, the Freshman-Sophomore brawl.
- 16—A bonfire rally was held the evening before the first grid clash.
- 27—Yosemite Indians, with Major Powell, entertain at first Lyceum number with songs and war dances.
- 27—M-m-m-m-m! Seniors devour big juicy steaks at Piedra.

NOVEMBER

- 1—Viking gridmen are defeated by Fresno High in tilt.
- 6—More glory for "old K. H. S." Viking girls win volleyball game with Laton.
- 8—Several delegates of Kingsburg High School attended an interesting Girls' League Convention at Reedley High School.
- 11—Hooray! A day of vacation was fully enjoyed on Armistice Day.
- 12—Mr. Pratt with his trained dogs entertained student body at second Lyceum.
- 14—Brr! The autumn winds are beginning to blow; as a result the Seniors purchase beautiful white and yellow sweaters.
- 15—Help! Ambulance! Everybody is vaccinated against smallpox at City Hall.
- 21—The studious representation, the Honor Society, held a hilarious party at the home of Helen Gunnarson.
- 27—Oh, back to school after two days of Thanksgiving feasting. Turkeys are mighty scarce just now. "We wonder why."

DECEMBER

- 2—Junior-Senior football game. The Juniors were victorious.
- 11—El Club Espanol enjoys a Christmas party according to Spanish customs.
- 12—Girls' League entertains the little children of the community at a kiddies' Christmas party.
- 16—Glee Clubs present a Christmas pageant.

JANUARY

- 9—Senior girls win volleyball game from Juniors, entitling

REEL

- them to the trophy cup. Hooray for the Seniors!
- 15—The football-volleyball banquet held at K. H. S.
 - 16—Basketball season opens with a bang! Kingsburg varsity defeats Coalinga.
 - 20—Debating season opens with Kingsburg debating against Central Union.
 - 22—Seniors hold grand masquerade party. Jack Gridley, dressed as a cannibal, won first prize.
 - 24—Juniors journey to mountains to frolic in the snow.
 - 30—Vikings win third league baseball game.

FEBRUARY

- 2—Second semester begins.
- 6—Juniors bring honor to K. H. S. by presenting a wonderful three-act drama, "Only Sally Ann."
- 6—What fierce specimens! Boys end whisker-growing contest. Glenn Kolander wins booby prize of a real live cat and bottle of milk.
- 9—First speech of the clean speech campaign.
- 28—Spanish teachers of Fresno county meet for convention at K. H. S.

MARCH

- 3—Oh, I'm shot! Pictures being taken for the annual by Mr. Mains of Visalia.
- 10—Extemporaneous reading contest. Pocahontas Ball and Jack Gridley were declared winners of the local contest.
- 27—Combined glee clubs present successful operetta, "The Count and the Co-Ed."

APRIL

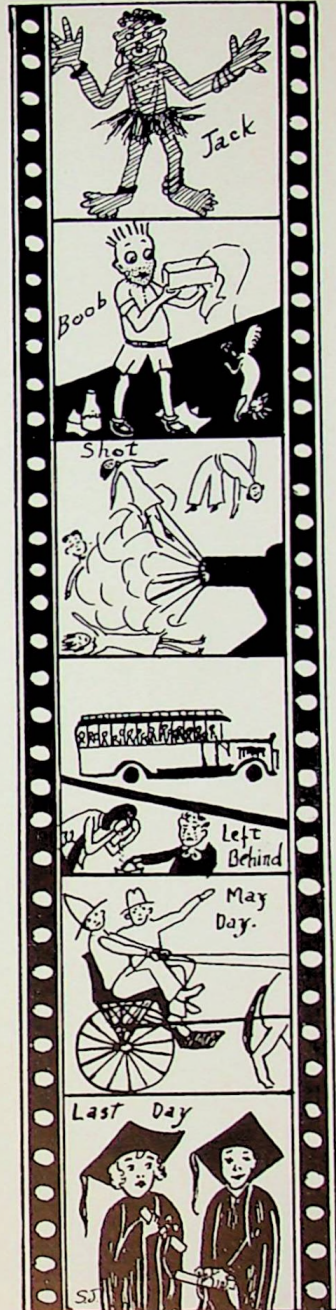
- 1—Hooray for the new gymnasium that we're going to have next year! Aw, shucks! Just an April-fool joke.
- 9—District Oratorical Contest. Marjorie Lindquist wins first honors.
- 17—Seniors enjoy a big Senior Day with a sumptuous banquet at Hotel Californian and a show afterwards at the Fox Wilson theater.

MAY

- 1—F. F. A. sponsored May Day Festival with all sorts of gaiety.
- 18—"Freaks on parade." Annual Senior Dress-Up Day. Were they dressed up, and how!
- 19—Alas, they did it all in vain! The poor Juniors remained up all night to adorn the campus with the blue and white.
- 28—Seniors enjoy a picnic at Mooney's Grove. Romantic rides on the water of the moonlit lake.
- 29—The crowning event of the year. The Juniors entertained the class of '31 with a wonderful Spanish banquet at the Legion Hall.
- 31—Baccalaureate services at the Baptist church.

JUNE

- 5—Commencement exercises. With many a fond goodbye the Seniors of '31 leave dear old Kingsburg High.





1st PRIZE



LITTLE PIGS



JUDGING
GRAPES



PRIZE HOG



HORNYS
DOWN!

F. F. A.



RIDE 'EM
COWBOY



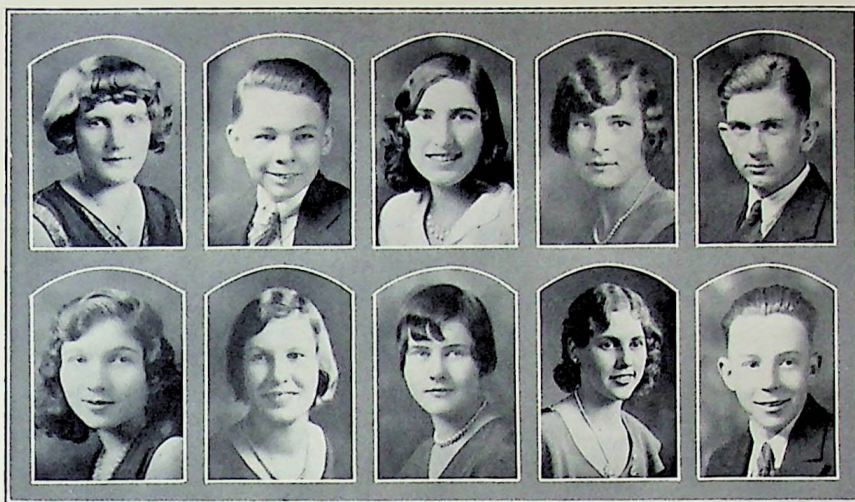
NICE BOSS Y





SPRIT OF ENLIGHTENMENT





Back Row—Hazel Kaiser, Clement Galloway, Ethel Staples, Helen Lundgren, Harry Aslan.
Front Row—Helen Safarjian, Marjorie Lindquist, Dorothy Tapp, Pocahontas Ball, Jack Gridley.

Forensic Activities

The debating season was opened with much interest this year. Out of the many who began, only six showed the necessary courage and willingness to work to become good debaters. In order to give each of these six a fair chance, two affirmative teams were organized to function throughout the season. The first affirmative team was composed of Hazel Kaiser and Ethel Staples; the second team, Helen Lundgren and Harry Aslan. The negative was upheld by Clement Galloway and Helen Safarjian. Only two of these debaters are Seniors, so much good material is on hand for next season. The question for debate, "Resolved that the adoption of the five day week plan would be advantageous to the general welfare of the people of the United States," proved to be very interesting. The success that the teams acquired is largely due to the efforts of their coach, Mr. Reukema.

EXTEMPORANEOUS READING

A large number of students exhibited interest in the reading contest this year. As a final result of the local contest, Jack Gridley and Pocahontas Ball were selected to represent the school. In the district contest held at Parlier, they both placed second.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Thirty-two orations were written by the forensics class, nine of which were delivered before the student body. "The Constitution, our Guide, Friend, and Defender," Marjorie Lindquist's inspiring oration, won first in the local contest. Mae Johnson's oration, "The Constitution and Its Relation to our Nation's Progress," placed second. This year the Los Angeles Times awarded prizes for the first and second place.



Dramatics

"ONLY SALLY ANN"

The Junior class presented "Only Sally Ann," a three act comedy drama, February 6. The success was due to the able coaching of Mr. R. R. Reukema.

The members of the cast were as follows:

Martha Ross, mistress of the house.....	DORIS McKENRY
Drucilla, a poor relation.....	ETHEL STAPLES
Adeline, of the sewing circle.....	HELEN HENDERSON
Hyacinth, also of the sewing circle.....	RUTH ANDERSON
Ruth, Martha's daughter.....	NELDA PETERSON
Timothy Ross, Martha's husband.....	SHELDON ANDERSON
Al Piper, known as "Huckleberry".....	WILLIAM ROTHERMEL
Sally Ann, Martha's niece.....	PCCARNTAS BELL
Crazy Jake, a poor unfortunate.....	HARRY ASLAN
Hector Larkins, a friend of Timothy.....	EDWARD ANDREWS
Rev. Miles Vance, the new minister.....	EVERETT OSTROM
Captain Caleb Ross, Sally Ann's father.....	HOLLIS DAHLSTROM

"THE COUNT AND THE CO-ED"

A very successful operetta was given March 27 and 28 under the able direction of Miss Rose Chaplin.

The following are the members of the cast:

Birdie Boggs, Freshman girl.....	ADA ONEAL
Amy Arnold, a Junior.....	DOROTHY LINDQUIST
Dolly McSpadden.....	LYLITH PAULSON
Agatha Lockstep, house mother.....	RUTH LINDQUIST
Dr. McSpadden, college president.....	MARTELLE FUNDERBURGH
Mrs. McSpadden, his wife.....	LILLIAN WATERS
Mark Watson, yell leader.....	KENNETH BOLLINGER
Hamilton Hunter, glee club leader.....	WILLIAM CHADERJIAN
"Sleepy" Carter, Freshman.....	HARVEY PETERSON
Marjorie Blackwood, a belle.....	MAE R SANDER
Dan Flanigan, motor cop.....	EARL LINMAN
"Snooze" Andrews, comedian.....	MYRON JERPE

Girls' Chorus (left to right): Elsie Anderson, Florence Voorhees, Adeline Nord, Ethel Gustafson, Bernice Sperling, Evalyn Mercer, Mamie Luuges, Sigrid Johnson, Edith Westlund, Annie Thrower, Isabel Thrower, Jennie Olsen, Elvira Jewell, Elizabeth Pearson, Rena Rawson, Lois Martin, Virginia Johnson, Lillian Anderson.

Boys' Chorus (left to right): Ernest Stober, Stanley Lundquist, Paul Peterson, Clifford Sherman, Winton Hicks, Roy Larson, Wallace Westlund, Hamlin Johnson, Hugh Gabbert, Edward Andrews, Herman Wildermuth, Gerald Johnson.

"HONOR BRIGHT"

"Honor Bright," a comedy drama, was presented by the Senior class on May 22. It was due to Mr. Reukema's untiring efforts that the play was a success. The members of the cast were as follows:

Mrs. Lucy Barrington.....	EVELYN CARKE
Richard Barrington, her son.....	LENNIS DAHLSTROM
The Rt. Rev. William Carton.....	WILLIAM BOYLE
Peggy Carton, his wife.....	HAZEL KAISER
Honor Bright, a book agent.....	MAE R SANDER
Rev. James Schooley, of North Platte, Neb.....	LEONARD FLOOD
Bill Drum, press agent with the "Snap It Up" Co.....	JACK GRIDLEY
Tot Marvel, a chorus girl.....	ADA ONEAL
Watts, the butler.....	CLARENCE WIGH
Annie, the maid.....	ELSIE ANDERSON
Maggie, the cook.....	SIGRID JOHNSON
Foster, the gardener.....	MARTELLE FUNDERBURGH
Michael, the chauffeur.....	CLARENCE HILLBLOM
Simpson, deputy sheriff.....	HOWARD NORDSTROM
Jones, deputy sheriff.....	THEODORE CHRISTENSON





"ONLY SALLY ANN"

Left to right—Sheldon Anderson, Doris McKenry, Ethel Staples, Harry Aslan, William Rothermel, Hollis Dahlstrom, Pocahontas Ball, Everett Ostrom, Helen Henderson, Ruth Anderson, Edward Andrews, Nelda Peterson.

"THE COUNT AND THE CO-ED"

Left to right (principals)—Lybith Paulson, Kenneth Bollinger, Dorothy Lindquist, Martelle Funderburgh, Lillian Waters, William Chaderjian, Mae Rosander, Harvey Peterson, Ada Oneal, Myron Jerpe, Earl Linman, Ruth Lindquist.

"HONOR BRIGHT"

Left to right—Jack Gridley, Ada Oneal, Martelle Funderburgh, Howard Nordstrom, William Boyle, Elsie Anderson, Hazel Kaiser, Sigrid Johnson, Leonard Flood, Theodore Christenson, Evelyn Clarke, Clarence Wigh, Mae Rosander, Lemis Dahlstrom.



LITERARY

The Constitution—Our Guide, Friend,
and Defender

Since the beginning of time we find that man has needed a guide and helper to aid him through the rough waters of life. To whom does one turn when choosing this guide—a friend or enemy, defender or offender? We, the people of the United States, have our Constitution, the product of much thought and deliberation, for our guide, friend, and defender.

In the hearts of men, for centuries, has burned the desire for freedom. Religious freedom, freedom of speech,—just freedom! Many wars have been fought because of the turmoil in the souls of human beings caused by the craving for liberty. America to many individuals was the opportunity for liberty and the realization of the hopes for mankind.

Little did the men who sat in the Constitutional Convention to frame the Constitution realize what a wonderful helper they were giving to the generations to come.

As a stranger wanders about in a desert without a guide so had our country stumbled blindly on through the darkness trying to gain a foothold in the world.

In 1777 our forefathers adopted the Articles of Confederation because they had come to the conclusion that what they needed was a constitutional form of government. How inadequate these articles were for the wants of the people. They utterly failed. They were as a ship without a captain—Congress had "the power to do nothing." Because the Articles failed to strengthen and to harmonize the discord of the nation a Constitutional Convention was held in Mt. Vernon in 1785 and in Annapolis in 1786. Delegates were appointed from the several states to attend this convention and to tear down and reconstruct a better form of central government. Finally, after many heated arguments and debates at which time it seemed as if their hopes would perish, the wonderful masterpiece was placed before the people—our Constitution, the best form of government the world has ever seen and perhaps ever will see.

Several of the states hesitated to accept this Constitution. Storms of criticism descended upon it. The people wanted to feel sure that this friend was going to guide and protect them—so they faltered for a time because they felt it did not give them their full rights. They feared that the president would become a king and that the states would be vanquished.

The government received suggestions that certain amendments should be added to fully warrant the people their rights, and because of the good foresight of the people the Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution, which granted such rights as freedom of speech and press, trial by jury, and religious freedom.

This new Constitution was framed as a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." This shows that as a good friend it is for us not against us. This Constitution has given you and me the privilege to live in the greatest nation of the

world, one which has climbed up the ladder of fame in a few years, a stupendous nation thriving from an original thirteen colonies.

How does this great friend defend us and protect us? The Bill of Rights is one of our greatest aids. It gives the power to the majority to rule, yet the minority is protected. The framers of the Constitution did not fail to add the right to amend which has proved to be a great blessing to our country at many times.

Young people of today, let not the entire responsibility lie on the shoulder of our friend, the Constitution, but let us in turn be a friend to it.

Yes, it is true that our country today is the greatest nation the world has ever had, but we must remember that though a project may take many years to be built it needs only one day in which to be destroyed. Therefore, we, the youth of today and the leaders of tomorrow, must in turn defend our defender. Our forefathers paid dearly for all the rights given to us and we must take up the work they have entrusted to us and feel that it is our individual duty to obey and enforce the laws of our country. As long as the laws are obeyed we shall live in lasting peace and liberty, but when the laws are disobeyed tyranny begins.

There are many battles we must fight and win, not in war but in time of peace, if our nation is to keep its high standing. During times of depression we must not be too hasty to find fault, but must train ourselves to be patient. We have the responsibility of Americanizing the foreign material that comes to our land constantly. We must educate ourselves and our posterity to love, honor, and obey our noble guide and defender. We must ward off the enemies that constantly try to demolish our hopes and aspirations.

Fellow citizens, may we in gratitude to the framers of the Constitution, our forefathers, who gave us our great guide, friend and defender that has made all men free and equal, do our utmost to keep "the government of the people, by the people, and for the people" the great guiding light for all nations.

—MARJORIE LINDQUIST, '31.

Perception

*We lean over eternity,
Seeking with ever-dimming eyes
The underlying mystery
Of the Great Beyond.*

*Our arms strain out
And suddenly we are groping the space.
The stars in the heavens
Are mere lanterns
To lighten the great walk of life.*

*The rushing billows of the clouds
Roll silently aside to reveal
The hidden glory of
An Indian Summer Sunset.*

—BETTY STALLINGS, '31.



Bagsheera

Down in the southern part of Florida was the large winter camping grounds of the Al. G. Barnes circus. Here the animals were trained for the summer performances when the circus traveled.

In the cages where the tigers were kept, there was an uneasiness on the part of the animals. Khan, the huge Bengal tiger from India had arrived that day. Huge, massive, with muscles rippling under the tawny striped skin, the soft-footed feline moved from one end of the cage to the other. Khan, the monarch of the Indian jungle, roared with rage to think that he, the king of the jungle beasts, should be kept in a barred cage by puny men. Oh, what a mouthful they would make!

Next to his cage was Bagsheera, a lighter colored tiger from Africa. He had been brought to the training camp two weeks before and was quite homesick and longing for his native jungle. Bagsheera saw his young son, Baloo, playing near the bars of Khan's cage. "Don't go near Kahn's cage, son, he is very angry today," said Bagsheera. Khan glared at Bagsheera and, with a mighty spring, jumped at little Baloo, crushing his head against the iron bars with his massive strength. With an angry roar, Bagsheera sprang to the side of the cage. "I'll get you for this; some day, Khan, you shall pay a thousandfold for the deed you have done," he said, and crouched by his little son's body. Khan laughed with joy at his strength and walked about twitching his tail from side to side. Some of his anger had vanished with the accomplishment of his cruel deed. The other animals sympathized with poor Bagsheera, but could not help him.

Spring arrived and the circus was all excitement, for the time was near for them to be on the road. Bagsheera was very ill with a fever and his mate, Makra, was very sick also. Miss Mabel Stark, their trainer, came in every day to feed them. She had taken an immense liking to Bagsheera and had dearly loved little Baloo.

Bagsheera awaited her coming with joy, for she was very kind and when she stroked his ears and spoke to him softly, he would respond to her caress like a playful little kitten. Khan would roar with scorn and laughter at Bagsheera. "Ho!" he said. "Letting a wisp of a girl lead you around; what a tender morsel she would make." But Bagsheera would say nothing—he was waiting patiently for his revenge.

The great day came and the circus started on its journey. The cars were filled with the animals, the horses neighed and pranced, the lions were roaring with the noise, but Bagsheera was sad for he missed little Baloo. The circus traveled through many towns and there were always huge crowds coming to see it. The performance with the tigers went off perfectly. All went well except for the behavior of Khan who was very unruly and wild. He went through his tricks perfectly, but you never knew what he would do at any moment.

After every night's performance, Mabel Stark would enter Bagsheera's cage and feed him a few sweets or pet him, always speaking kindly.

One day Khan came up to Bagsheera and said, "Mabel Stark is making a house cat of you. Bah! You are a disgrace to our tribe; I'll fix her one of these days. You little pussy cat. What can you do?" Bagsheera roared with rage. He could not warn Mabel Stark, but he watched over her very closely.

It was while they were in Stockton, that the near disaster happened. The band



was playing and the tigers were filing into the ring, taking their accustomed places. Khan came walking in majestically with a wicked glint in his eyes. He looked at Bagsheera and laughed. Soon Mabel Stark came in the ring. She was slim and dainty, but there was a firm way about her as she cracked her whip and put the tigers through their well-taught tricks. When the time came for Khan to jump through the hoop, he jumped toward Mabel Stark with a terrific roar and was swinging his forepaw for his terrible stroke when, like a flash, Bagsheera intervened and landed on Khan's back.

"Ha," snarled Khan, "what can you do?" and he swung his paw at Bagsheera and knocked him down. But Bagsheera was up and ready for him. His tail lashing from side to side, he jumped at Khan and sank his teeth into the muscled shoulder. His hind feet slashed at the Bengal's sides and back, causing Khan to roar with pain and anger. Bagsheera was lighter and quick. Khan tried to shake him off, but to no avail. The other's teeth were sunk into his shoulder and the grip was tight. Two guards came running into the ring cracking their whips and trying to restore order.

Over and over they rolled; Bagsheera's rage was uncontrollable. Let alone his old score to be paid off to Khan, he was very angry at the thought that he had almost lost his beloved trainer. Bagsheera was holding on tight; his jaws were clamped together as if they would never release their mighty hold. Khan's shoulder pained him; his sides were bleeding and a giddiness came over him.

"Let me up, Bagsheera," he said, "I deserve this punishment," and Bagsheera opened his jaws and released his hold from Khan's shoulder. He looked down at him in scorn.

The crowd was yelling, women were screaming, and amid the noise and confusion the guard led Khan out. Gone was his proudness; his tail dragged between his legs and he limped out. Bagsheera was licking Mabel Stark's hand as it lay limply by her side. Mabel's heart went out to Bagsheera as he crouched at her feet, as if paying homage. The look in his eyes seemed to tell of the great devotion he had for her. With tear-filled eyes she knelt before him.

She stroked his head and with a trembling voice spoke to him. "Oh, Bagsheera, you have saved my life—dear, dear Bagsheera." The tiger understood and a peace was in his heart. He had saved his trainer and paid off his old score.

The crowd was cheering and yelling, and the circus went on with its performance. To the mass of humanity assembled there, it was further added excitement. But to Bagsheera and Mabel Stark had come a new and closer understanding to bind their friendship.

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.

Class of '31

*Young, happy, carefree am I,
Gaily watching the days slip by,
Letting tomorrow take care of itself,
Living for today and its golden wealth,
Forgetting that tomorrow will surely come
And find my task on earth undone.*

—HAZEL KAISER, '31.

The Storm

The wind howled and whistled around the little river hut, slamming the doors and rattling the windows. The river danced and foamed and roared as the water rose higher and higher up the banks. A loud, hysterical laugh mingled with the noise of the wind was soon lost in the distance. Just then a door blew open and a tall, well-dressed man jumped up to close it. He would have been considered good looking, but for the fact that he had not shaved that day nor the day before. He strolled leisurely up to the table, drew a bottle from his pocket, and raised it to his lips. Again a horrifying, mocking laugh ran through the old building.

"Good Heavens!" he said at last. "Wonder what will become of her!"

Then he laughed again and sat down on a box near the table. Suddenly he stood up, as though he had just awakened from a bad dream. He stared blindly about the room as if not knowing where he was. Then he sat down again. He seemed restless and looked several times at his watch.

Why was he there? Certainly he did not live there. Why, he seemed to be a well-to-do young man, according to his clothing.

But the wind blew harder and the rain beat against the window panes. Again he burst into the terrifying laugh that startled the bats that were clinging to the walls.

The man pulled a letter out of his vest pocket. It read: "Mr. Edward Arlington, Eureka, Wyoming." He looked at it with a sneer and then threw it into the open fireplace. He strolled into the next room and threw himself on a cot.

Soon a gentle rap was heard on the door. There was a deathly silence, followed by another rap. The man bolted out of bed like a flash of lightning. Certainly he had locked the door. He peered out of a crack in the wall, but could see nothing but the streaks of lightning that filled the sky. Then he went back to sleep.

While he slept, a small white form entered his room. She stole quietly up to his bed and gazed down at the figure lying there. Then she bent over and kissed the lips of the sleeping man. She crept quietly back to the door and turned to give a last lingering look at the man. Suddenly she drew a glistening dagger from her pocket, dashed blindly up to the man and sank it into his heart up to the hilt. There was a loud, sickening scream from the man on the bed and then all was quiet except the roaring of the wind and the river beyond.

As she stood looking down at the dying man, a shout was heard outside, then a crash, and the door caved in. The woman stood speechless, and did not dare to move. Then she came to understand what was happening and she ran wildly for the door. But it was too late. Three of the men had seen her. She ran to the bank of the river, paused a moment and then plunged in headlong. Another figure followed, and by the next flash of lightning that lit up the sky, two figures could be seen, fighting with the current that was taking them swiftly down the canyon. The woman fought desperately while the man coaxed her to let him save her.

"Nina," he said, "don't act like this. Everything will be all right."

They whirled around the bend and into a yawning gap. At the other end the man could be seen climbing the banks with the woman in his arms. He put her down

tenderly on the bank and worked untiringly to revive her, but with no success. At last he gave up and carried the limp body toward the little river hut.

As he neared the hut, two men came running out to meet him.

"He's dead!" they yelled to him.

"Who is dead?"

"Why, Ed, of course."

"Well, his wife will be with him in a few minutes. God! How I've worked, and I've lost."

Then the men went slowly into the house. One man slammed the door and they began inspecting the room. That the woman had killed Ed was very evident. But why? The half-drowned man hung his head. One of the detectives swung around and faced him. His suspicion was aroused, but he said nothing. He walked up to one of the men and they whispered for a few minutes. Then he was heard to say:

"Why not?"

"No. You're wrong, Joe."

"Anyway, I admit it is a sad case."

The two men looked inquiringly at the man in the corner.

"Were you a good friend of Nina's?"

"Nina——?"

* * * * *

Edwin Arlington jumped out of his bed in his new home and ran into his wife's room, knocking down two chairs that were in his way.

"Nina, Nina, are you there?" he yelled excitedly.

Nina sat up in her bed and blinked at the light.

"Of course, Eddie," she said, and smiled up into his face.

"Gosh! I had a—Oh—I had a terrible dream. Nina, come close to me. I feel so—all alone. You wouldn't leave me, would you, Honey?"

"Of course not, silly. So please go to bed, or—listen—is that Junior crying?"

—NELDA PETERSON, '32.

Why Did You Do It?

*When you read it you smiled,
Not thinking at all
How much had gone with it
To make it a call
To the best that was in you
To urge you ahead.*

*You did not know
What it meant to me,
A few scribbled lines,
But it made me see
That you didn't understand
How could I throw away convention—
And write a silly poem
Without any intention.*

—BETTY STALLINGS, '31.



"Gordon Duff—Killed in Action"

"August 14th, 1918—Gordon Duff killed in combat over Hindenburg line." To most people the news was just another account of a brave aviator killed in strife.

Mrs. Gordon Duff—a young widow—her hopes for the future with her young, debonair husband shattered! Oh, the horrors of war!

"Dead! Killed! God Almighty! It cannot be! It is not so! Tell me he is not dead! My Gordon—dead?" Young Mrs. Duff was hysterical and threw herself violently at the feet of her brother who had brought the news to her before she should read it in the papers. He knew of her temperamental reactions; he knew such news would nigh kill her.

Don Marshall was just twenty-one, but owing to a deformity of one leg he was unable to join the great war in which his country fought. His sister Anne was of slight nature and beautiful. Throughout her nineteen years of life, she and her brother had been the best of pals and now that her husband had gone to war, she leaned solely upon Don for encouragement and fellowship.

Anne regained consciousness to utter, "Gordon—dead"

Months passed. The Armistice was signed! The war was over! But to Anne Duff—nerves, shattered, cheeks hollow, eyes dull—it was just another fresh reminder of Gordon. Gordon, the one to whom she had promised her life—gone! What was there to live for?

"Anne, buck up! You can't give way like this. Get away from the old surroundings; find new friends; start anew!" It was Don speaking.

"Start? No, it is the finish!"

"Anne, don't talk so! You are young! Do you think Gordon would want you to act thus?" Don had never dared strike so hard a blow, but it was a last resort. He had tried everything.

"Where—could—I—go? What—could—I—do?" She had taken it better than he had ever dared hope.

"Let me take you to a spa I know of 'way back in the hills where everything is green—living! There is a lady there just like a mother. That is where you should be. You would soon get back your rosy cheeks and your tripping step. Say you'll go there."

* * * * *

Months passed and Anne looked like a new creature. She was vivacious and beautiful, as she had been in the days before the Great War. The beauty of the country surrounding the spa served only as a setting overlooked by the appreciative eye. By her side on a fallen tree, surrounded by a carpet of fern and flowers, sat a handsome young German, Otto Von Kohenlohe, speaking words of love and endearment and drinking in, in wonderment, her superb beauty.

Anne was happy as she played beneath the blue of a summer sky and the silver sheen of a full moon in beautiful England with her lover.

And there Anne announced her engagement to Otto Von Kohenlohe. Von Kohenlohe—the very name thrilled her, and to think it was to be hers—Mrs. Von Kohenlohe.

One evening when Otto and Anne—for such, of course, they were to each other—

were taking their habitual evening walk, the conversation turned to the past.

By this time Gordon was just a beautiful memory to Anne and she said, "Otto, I wish you could have met my husband, Gordon; he was a wonderful man."

"Ah, yes, my dear, he must have been and I'm sure his companionship would have been most delightful," he answered with due respect.

"And he was brave."

"He must have died gallantly, Anne."

"Yes, in single combat over the Hindenburg line. He was killed by a German officer flying an Albatross plane. Afterwards the German officer flew over the British lines and dropped my husband's letters and jewelry."

"Anne, was it in single combat on August 14th, 1918?" asked Von Kohenlohe, sensing the tragic consequences of his fiancee's revelation.

After her assurance that it was, Otto Von Kohenlohe, being an honest man and thinking only of Anne, said, "Anne, I have a confession to make. I—" But he got no further.

"You!" With a heart-rending screech Anne fainted and she awoke to find a nurse bending over her, attempting to soothe her.

She shuddered as realization of her blasted joy came over her and she turned to see Otto Von Kohenlohe. The fresh opening of old wounds brought hysteria.

"I hate you! Go away! You killed Gordon—my Gordon! You murdered him in cold blood! I don't want to see you again!" she screamed and flung his ring at him as he turned—broken—away from the room. The ring lay untouched on the floor—symbolic of a broken romance.

Anne again lapsed into unconsciousness and awoke to find Don, her brother, kneeling beside her bed, comforting her. Good old Don—sticking by her through thick and thin. Tears stood in his eyes and she forgot her own sorrows when she saw him sad.

"Don, please, don't I am not worthy of your generosity."

But his answer came out clearly, "Oh, yes, sister mine, you are always worth more to me than any other thing on the whole earth."

* * * * *

It was Christmas, 1930, in Paris, the great metropolitan center. Mrs. Gordon Duff was spending her thirteenth Christmas alone since Gordon was killed. During the past past ten years, in the escort of her brother, Don Marshall, she had traveled quite extensively in Europe. She had led a complacent and solitary life.

The Hotel Maurice in Paris was beautifully decorated in red and green for the celebration of Christmas, and the guests thronged in the lobby in small groups.

As she entered the room Anne noticed one group seemed to be larger and in the center stood a man whose gestures and speech seemed to create much jollity among those of the group.

The group greeted Anne with smiles and promptly introduced her to—Otto Von Kohenlohe!

A few days later Anne met Von Kohenlohe at the foot of the stairs leading up from the bobby. Von Kohenlohe had watched and waited for her to descend.

"Anne, may I speak with you?" he asked.

"Yes," was her quiet reply.



They walked into a small room and Otto asked, "Anne, have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you? Of course!"

"Then you still love me, Anne?" And he clasped her to him.

"No, no, Otto, you mustn't!" she cried.

He released her and in puzzled embarrassment exclaimed, "But, Anne, if you love me—"

"I do, Otto, but we can never be married!"

"Anne, Anne, don't say that you are promised to someone else!"

"Well, I belong to someone else."

"When you said you loved me? It is impossible! Tell me who it is! Oh, Anne!"

He was crushed in spirit and he wrung his hands and hung his head in despair.

"Otto, you don't understand!—Oh, how can I explain?—Otto, I belong to Gordon," she blurted out, with tears in her eyes.

"But Gordon Duff is dead, Anne."

"Yes, Otto, dead in life, but his spirit lives for me."

"Then you still hold it against me! Oh, I might have known!"

"No, I don't, Otto. Let me explain! Maybe—some time—I can be yours but, Otto, I still belong to Gordon and I'm afraid that shadow would always be between us. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, Anne, I—understand."

"Oh, Otto, can't we be friends?"

"Of course, till we meet again and then we'll see."

"Yes, maybe—some time—I can be yours."

Silence.

Suddenly Anne broke the spell by, "I must go to dinner. Won't you dine with me?"

"Of course, Anne, and some time, somehow, you'll forget and we'll always dine together."

—HELEN GUNNARSON, '31.

Life

*What is this thing called life?
This bullaballoo, muddle, and strife,
The thing men gain and slave for,
The thing men love and die for,
The thing everybody fights for,
A cruel, hard something where Fate has her way,
A something that caught us yesterday
And holds us yet today?*

—POCAHONTAS BALL, '32.

The Sea Giant

"One chance to save the crew from the S50. A thousand arms reach out to crush the man who dared the bottom to save the crew."—L. A. Times.

The diver's head bumped the steel hull of the submarine V4. In another moment they dragged him on deck. Like a man chased by devils, he clawed the air until he exhausted himself. He was Jack Bailey. As he gained consciousness, he stood and with horror yelled.

"What's the matter with you fellas? Why are you staring at me like that? Can't you understand? A few more minutes of delay will be the end of the crew of the sunken submarine." Jack, standing up with bloodshot eyes, shouted: "As I was going to join the air valve to the sub. a thousand arms stretched out from hell and seized me."

With a great shriek he lay flat on the deck, unconscious.

"Hurry him to the decompression room," said the deep voice of Captain Benton. "He came up too soon." The man was immediately carried to the operating room.

Curtiss and Bob McAllister were put in diving suits to go down. In an instant the air hose was put on Curtiss and he was sent down. Before two minutes were up, he was hurled against the steel hull of the submarine with his body crushed as bad as a mashed potato.

"God!" breathed the commander of the sub., "Curtiss looks as if he's gone through a grinding machine.

In the distance, toward the east, dark clouds were rising, which signified the fast-approaching storm.

"Take a chance, Bob! You're the only one left." The captain's voice was husky.

"I'm going down prepared," said McAllister, and with a short ax, a powerful lamp and a hand grenade, he descended the ladder into the blue waters.

After years of undersea work with great danger always crowding him, Bob felt he was a stranger to fear; but remembering the maddening terror of Bailey and the crushed body of Curtiss, a cold shudder passed over him. "Arms reaching from hell? What did Bailey mean?"

He shook the thought from him, remembering that solely upon him the crew of the S50 were depending for their lives.

At last his feet felt the slippery deck of the submarine V4. He straightened the air lines behind him and started walking for the conning tower.

With the head of his ax, he beat a message of cheer to the crew. His heart leaped with joy as he heard the return of his message—two short taps with intervals of five seconds between.

As he was working, again he thought of the "Arms reaching out of hell." "Would they bring him up crushed like Curtiss?"

A bottom surge struck Bob and swept him off balance. In another instant he felt the slimy side of the submarine. Frightened, he reached for the signal line and pulled. He felt a wavering arm reach out of the blackness, toward him—another and



another came into sight. He stood paralyzed, unable to move a finger, though every muscle seemed to twitch.

Closer and closer came the large, wavering arms, coiling, groping tentacles, tapering at the ends, but growing as thick as a man's thighs farther up. At regular intervals, on each tentacle were great sucker-like mouths as big as a saucer that contracted and expanded horribly. And farther back he saw great eyes peering at him.

Then one of the tentacles touched him and circled his neck. With furious action he cut it off with the knife. He pulled the emergency line again. Another arm came around his waist and crushed him. But instantly he was shooting upward like a bullet.

McAllister knew that he was approaching surface too fast; he probably would be the victim of the "bends" dreaded by all divers, but he didn't care. He was free from the great monster. A moment later his head struck the steel hull and he appeared on the surface of the water.

By the time they had dragged him on deck and loosened his helmet he had regained consciousness and was talking to the commander.

"I'm all right," he grunted painfully. "It was a giant octopus, sort of a quid." Bob explained and shuddered. "I've seen small ones, but this one is the great granddaddy of them all!" And again he was in his suit going down the ladder.

His feet struck the deck of the sunken "sub" lightly. He made slow progress working toward the air valve. Slowly and carefully he worked, forging ahead inch by inch, climbing over the crushed conning tower until he felt the air valve underneath him. Frantically he worked with the coupling and air hose. At last the connection was securely made. McAllister gave the signal for the compressed air. He felt the hose stiffen under pressure. A moment longer he waited. A faint pulse of the air jerks was heard.

As he was about to give his emergency signal, within a few feet of him he saw tentacles that looked like enlarged worms in a bunch creeping toward him. Slowly he raised himself to crouching position.

His knife held in the left hand, he reached for the hand grenade. Carefully he raised the lethal ball to his mouth and drew the pin that would set off the explosion. Just what a grenade would do, he didn't know. Perhaps it would blow both himself and the giant sea-devil to pieces. Yet, at any rate, he would sell his life dearly!

Faintly he could see two eyes, peering through the dark.

Again the sub shifted, almost throwing him off balance. At the sudden movement, an arm strong as an elephant's trunk wrapped around Bob's waist. He cut frantically with all his might, but to no avail.

With another tentacle it knocked McAllister such a crushing blow that it sent him off balance. Another came around his waist and wrapped closely around him, crushing him, pressing him, forcing the breath from his lungs. The grip grew tighter and tighter around him. At last he saw the great mouth. With all the strength remaining in him, he raised his arms. Somehow he released the hand grenade and thrust it full into the devil's mouth. Startled at the unexpected movement, the great squid slackened his grip. Bob McAllister jerked his body away in an effort to escape the full quantities of inky fluid into the water, so it was no longer possible for him to see.

After what seemed an hour of waiting, there was a dull, numb explosion that wracked his body ungearingly. It seemed that the blood was spurting from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth so he could not breathe. But he was conscious that the squid had released its deadly hold with its body blown to bits. Despite his feeling of agony, he felt a joyous surge of victory.

As he relapsed into merciful unconsciousness, he felt the submarine rising beneath him.

—HAJIME HAMADA, '32.

Modern Youth

*Silver curtains opened by a silver clad page,
Spot lights glaring on a crimson stage,
Sprightly dancer glided,
Whirled and raged,
Showing the spirit of the modern age.*

*Then the whole stage swung in a whirling group:
Oriental costumes from old Europe,
Red, gold, silver,
Lavender, blue,
Blithe girls gliding through the loop.*

*A tiny figure in shimmering white,
Danced in the rays of celestial light.
The hop, loop, bend,
The devil's slide,
Her bright eyes sparkling with delight.
The lights flickered out on this dazzling stage;*

*The wild crowd clapped on in cheering rage.
They whistled and laughed,
Shrieked and raved.
It's a glorious feeling, this modern age.*

—NELDA PETERSON, '32.

The Sea

*Like a rough and rollicking giant,
You strike at ships with unholy glee,
And your voice is the voice of a mighty tyrant
As you shout and send them down to be
Vassals of Neptune in his watery home
Where fishes, dragons, and mermaids roam.*

—CLEMENT GALLOWAY, '32.



The Old Weber Mine

"Why, how did that get here?" said Lowell Wright as he stooped to pick up a dead bird.

The bird was found wedged in between two walls of an old courthouse they were exploring. Lowell and two of his friends, Dick and Kenneth, had picked up their rifles early that morning and started out to hunt quail. By devious routes they had reached the old courthouse, had eaten lunch, and were preparing to leave when Lowell picked up the bird.

"Say, Lowell, what's that there on its leg?"

"Dunno, let's see." Turning the bird over, they were surprised to see an aluminum band on its right leg.

"Au 30 E. C. L. 426," one of the boys read out loud.

"No, that's not it, it is S. J. C.; see that curve," said Kenneth, really interested now.

"Yes, sir, and whatever could it mean?" asked Dick, really surprised.

The young men put the pigeon in their game bag and started home. All the way they speculated on the meaning of the inscription on the aluminum band.

"I have it. Why not ask our old friend, Dr. Hilton? Perhaps he would know," suggested Lowell.

"Sure thing. Why didn't we think of that before?"

"We'll go home, change clothes, and call on him. I'll get my Chrysler gassed up and you all be ready at two and I'll come by for you," said Kenneth.

At two-thirty the three were talking earnestly with Dr. Hilton. At first he was inclined to believe someone was playing a practical joke on the boys and refused to give it credence, but, impressed by the earnestness of his young friends, he became interested.

"Just where did you find this bird?" he asked, meditatively rubbing his finger along his two-day growth of beard, for he often became so interested in his work he was disinclined to pay any attention to his personal appearance.

After being told, he next asked, "And, as it lay, what direction was the head pointed?"

"Why—er—I didn't notice," admitted Lowell, "but it was between two walls and must have changed positions while falling.

"That's true too," the doctor reflected. "Let me see the band again, please."

He took the band to the window, got out his magnifying glass and subjected it to a minute scrutiny.

"Why, what's there?" asked Lowell as he saw a look of interest cross Dr. Hilton's face.

"Th stps tod ol ebr min frm sou. Rit trn tn pases lft cro," he read slowly.

"Quick, a paper!" said Kenneth, as he divined Dr. Hilton's needs.

The words were written down but seemed all a jumble to the four.

"Are you sure that is all there is?" asked Lowell.

"Look, perhaps you can see more," said Dr. Hilton.

Lowell looked at the band but could find nothing further.

"Wheel!" This from Dick who had been industriously marking on some paper.

"Glory be! I have some of the words. 'Th' mean three and the others words are written somewhat by sound. See, we have this!"

He handed them a paper on which was written: "Three paces toward the old Weber mine."

"Why, that's where the fire was last winter," said Dick.

"Quick! Can you read the rest?" asked impatient Kenneth, always the impetuous one.

"Let's see, right 'tn' paces lift crow. What does 'tn' stand for? Ten or turn? And whoever heard of lifting a crow?" ridiculed Lowell who was a bit piqued because he had not discovered the secret of the handwriting.

"I'll tell you what; we'll go there and find out," eagerly suggested Dr. Hilton, just as young as those around him.

"We'll go this very night. Scamper home and pack some provisions and throw them into the largest of your cars and we will jonnrey up to the old mine. It is only a few miles from here. Be sure to bring food, your canteens, a flash, and a pick and shovel." He hastily shoved them out and then ran up to pack a few necessities.

Within an hour they were ready to start.

That evening the four found themselves in strange surroundings. They had driven several miles into the forest over the rough roads without meeting a soul. Cars cannot run without gas, you know, and Lowell's Chrysler was no exception.

"As a traveler you are a rank failure," teased Dick. "Now if it had been me—" But here he was stopped by a strong hand from behind.

"Now, aren't you the perfect little man?" Lowell answered. "I suppose you would have even filled our canteens with gas. Just your type."

"Boys, we're not far from the mine; would you care to hike it tonight so as to be there early in the morning?" suggested Dr. Hilton, who was anxious to see the old mine.

"The very thing," laughed Kenneth as he began unpacking things. "Come on, lend a hand."

Happy hearts make work light and soon they were trudging along with poorly tied bundles on their backs. Poor Dick had to carry the frying pan in his hands and he was a ridiculous picture, but Kenneth, who was a wee bit humped, looked grotesque with his loosely tied pack.

They pitched camp at the feet of the mine, cooked supper, and sat around the fire, swapping yarns. Dick, the sleepy one, suggested they should get some sleep as the coming day might prove an arduous one. They all turned in and the silent night closed about them.

As the first streaks of pink and amber lighted the eastern sky the boys were ready to explore the mine. They flung a few victuals into waxed paper, picked up their canteens and picks and started to follow the directions on the paper.

"Three paces toward the old Weber mine," read the doctor.

The boys stepped it off carefully.

"Now we will have to find out what 'tn' stands for," Lowell said.

"Right ten paces. We'll try ten paces first and see if that brings us to the crow." Lowell suggested. "Still I don't see how a crow could be down here."

"A crow-bar would be more suitable," added Dick.



"Why," and the other three looked at each other for a moment and began clapping one another on the back.

"The very thing, Dick, old boy, old boy!" Kenneth said as he started toward the right.

Sure enough, at the end of ten paces they were pleased to see an old rusted crow-bar lying there. Lowell grabbed it and pulled. Imagine his astonishment when the rock by his side slowly sank from view.

"Judas Priest, I thought I was a goner," ejaculated Lowell. "Come on, fellow, let's find out about this thing."

So they looked over the edge of the rock and were somewhat surprised to find a natural stairway. They followed this for what seemed an interminable time.

Then they came into a large room filled with brownish gray stone. Dr. Hilton gave a wild cry and fell on his knees.

"Boys, come quickly! Man, what a find! Why, we're rich. Now Sally can have all the nice things she has so longed for!" Dr. Hilton seemed mildly insane from that minute on, but after a bit recovered his composure and was able to talk intelligently.

"Just think, millions and billions of diamonds! Why, your fortunes are made. Let's gather up all we can and take them out of here. We won't say a word about it and whenever we file our claim here we will sell them," advised the doctor.

The boys were a bit bewildered at the turn things had taken but were gradually beginning to realize what it meant to be rich.

They took their coats off, threw away their food, and filled their canteens and everything else full of the brownish stones.

"Which way did we come in here?" asked Lowell as he prepared to head the procession.

"Why, it was the door on your left," said Dick and Lowell went in whistling and—Slowly backing up—with his face slightly pale—speechless with horror, Lowell returned.

"What is it? You look as if you had seen old Nick!" said Kenneth.

"It's a-a-a-a-a g-g-g-ghost!" stammered Lowell, finally regaining use of his tongue. Dr. Hilton hurried up and went through the door.

"Only a skeleton. Why be so afraid? But what is this?"

He picked up an envelope which appeared to have been written upon.

"God—water—Can have the diamonds but get me out—Am sending pet pigeon to my daughter. May never enter the unshadowed world again. God save me. Notify my two daughters if anything—" and then a horrible babble and then a blank line.

"Whew, let's get out of here; it's getting on my nerves," suggested Dick.

"Mine too," said Kenneth. "I like healthier climates."

Dr. Hilton folded the paper, put it in his pocket and followed the others. They couldn't find the way they had come in. They were hungry and very thirsty by this time and knew what it was to be lost. Then suddenly—boom—boom—such a welcome sound! Water—it was a waterfall of some sort.

"We must follow the water to its source," said the doctor. "Save your strength, you will need it."

The boys were grateful to him for his good advice after they had spent six hours

walking along the bank of the river. Their carbide lamps were burning brightly because they had plenty of water for them. They flashed them in various directions but no outlet was disclosed.

Then they bumped into the bare surface of a rock directly in front of them.

"The end of the trail," said Lowell significantly. No answer from the others. They sat down to discuss the situation.

As Lowell sat down he had a funny sensation. He felt as though the rock he was sitting on was being dropped into space. He looked around him and in front of him, where Dick had been sitting, was a broad streak of daylight.

"Well, I'll be!" said he. "Must be something funny around here."

The others had been surprised to see Lowell vanish in such a strange way and shouted for him. Far, far below he heard them and set up a ringing shout. He advised them to put their rocks where his had been and to come on down. After considerable debate, Kenneth placed his stone there and enjoyed the same experience as Lowell. One after the other the others followed.

"It must have been something in the nature of a slide," remarked the doctor.

The boys were too overjoyed to be interested. They hiked for what seemed quite a time before they got their location from a definite saw-toothed mountain and then within an hour they were all seated in the car ready to return home—but—there was no gas.

"Got any alcohol for accidents, Doctor Hilton?" asked Lowell.

"Yes. What do you want it for?"

"Why, I thought I would put it into the carburetor and perhaps we could use it until we get to a station."

"Brightness, now we will get home," remarked Kenneth.

So they finally reached a filling station, got their car "gassed" and watered and started on. Their sacks of diamonds were lying on the low floor of the car in plain view, but no one seemed interested in them. Perhaps they thought earth was in the sacks.

The doctor gave some of the wealth to the daughters of the dead man and then divided the rest with the boys. His daughter Sally received her education and as the climax married Lowell. They had everything they could care for so we will leave them to enjoy new found happiness.

After investigation, the doctor found that the inscription meant August 30, save Jerry Chalmers; the 426 meant the place where he was. For by this time you know that Jerry Chalmers was the corpse.

—BETTY STALLINGS, '31.



Cynic's Prayer

*I want something, I know not what,
Something only God can bring to me.
It may be wealth; it may be fame;
It may be anything but love—
I want it not.*

*Love is the root of all trouble.
Love of money makes a thief.
Love of fame causes grief.
Mother love spoils a child.*

*Yet, you say love brings happiness.
Happiness? There is no such thing!
There's only woe, hate!
These, life was meant to bring.*

*Life is the Hell, God meant.
No greater torture can be conceived
Than mental torture here on earth.*

*Do not be deceived
By soothing phrases,
Lying words to be believed.
Our only Heaven is after death,
Then shall our burden be relieved.*

—FLORENCE VOORHEES, '32.

Judy's Mystery Box

Judy was worried. Her monthly allowance was due and she hadn't received it yet. She needed a new dress for the Prom tomorrow night and she had no money. They were to select a queen for the big May Day affair. Judy didn't want to miss that at any rate.

"Well, I could stay home this time," she mused, half to herself and half to her cat, sleeping beside the fire, "but Jim is going to be there and if I don't get him away from Edith there will not be such chances after a while to land the Bradley millions. That is what mother managed to send me here for."

While she was thus engaged in thought she was startled to reality by a ringing of her door bell. When she answered it, the only evidence of anything about was a large package in front of her door. It was addressed to Miss Judy Winthrop, with no return address. Curious, but very much thrilled and excited, she took the box into her apartment. Hastily cutting and tearing the paper away she saw a large package with the Paris de Modes' Shoppe return address. She tore off the cover and, to her utter astonishment and delight, she looked upon a dress such as every girl dreams about. A floating mist of green satin and tulle met her eyes. As she explored more

carefully, she saw slippers and all other accessories to match the dress. The most hoped for dream of her young life had come true. Now she could go to the Prom as well dressed as anyone there. Then she looked around the box for the card that should have come with it. There was none in sight. With a heavy heart she put the dress back in the box. She couldn't wear the dress if she didn't know where it came from.

The following evening arrived and Judy was very downhearted. When Mazie, her girl chum, came to take her to the Prom she refused to go.

She showed Mazie the dress and said, "I can't wear the dress when I don't know who gave it to me."

"Take the dress and wear it," Mazie exclaimed. "It's a chance for you to show Edith that you have as good a chance as she has for the Bradley millions."

"Besides, you really love Jim, don't you?" questioned Mazie as she looked admiringly at the dress.

Judy answered hesitatingly. "I don't think I love him. It's just the idea of getting everything I like just for once. I know Jim likes me but that isn't everything."

After much coaxing, it was decided that Judy would wear the dress. With a soft glow of excitement upon her face, she slipped the dress over her head. As the two girls looked at the vision in the mirror they were amazed at the change a mere dress could make in a girl. A tall slim elf with floating mists about her, was Judy. After much admiration on the part of Mazie, they called a taxi and were off to the great event.

They descended from the taxi and stood looking in at the door. Both girls had been to places similar to this but none where so much gaiety prevailed.

The room was all crystal, with what seemed a million lights. Fountains with silvery streams of water flowing upward, were in a circle about the room. A large stairway descended from both sides.

As Mazie and Judy passed into this splendor, people turned and looked at the two girls. Both were lovely, young, and with a flush of excitement about them. They passed through a hall into the dance floor and were met by Mazie's fiance and another young man. After being introduced, they danced. Mazie was escorted by her fiance and that left Judy with the young man. Cathel Finnley was tall and dark. Judy had heard he was very well-to-do. As he looked at Judy, he thought her the loveliest girl in the room.

As they glided onto the floor Cathel Finnley asked, "Where have you been keeping yourself, Miss Winthrop? I'm sure I've never seen you around these places before."

"I haven't time to play around," Judy answered, "and besides I don't care for these fresh college boys. They seem to think they know everything and of course they don't. It's time for you to tell me about yourself now."

"Well, I really haven't much to tell. I graduated several years ago and was sent by my father to Africa. I really learned a lot of wonderful things there. May I tell you some of my experiences at luncheon tomorrow?"

"Yes," she answered, and so the time passed.

The main attraction of the evening was the choosing of the Queen of May. All the girls who were present were eligible. When the time came for the choosing, the girls descended one large stairway and passed around the judges and up the other

stairway. Judy was near the middle of the line of lovely girls. She shyly came down the steps and around the judges. Judy glanced up and to her horror beheld Jim Bradley among the judges. He looked upon her with an eye which seemed to say, "You're mine." Judy hurried back and tried to find Mazie. She found her and her fiance seated in a little alcove, engrossed in each other. Judy slipped away and as she came around the end of the staircase she met Cathel.

She exclaimed, "Who do you think will be Queen of May? Let's go to the ballroom and see if the judges have decided." He took her arm and together they progressed through the couples into the ballroom.

There was a great excitement in the room as each girl thought down in her heart that she would surely be chosen. Even the impossibles had hopes. Judy never gave the matter a thought because she was thinking about the mystery dress.

There was a stillness in the room as the main judge stood up to read the decision. He cleared his throat impressively, then read slowly:

"The third winner of the contest we may mention as Miss Evelyne La Marr.

"The second winner of the contest we may mention as Miss Edith Le Roy.

"And the Queen of May, we are proud to announce, will be Miss Judy Winthrop. Will Miss Winthrop please come forward?"

Utterly astonished, Judy let Cathel lead her to the judge. Still feeling dazed, she knelt and the crown was placed on her golden hair. As the ceremony was performed the crowd went into an uproar. Everyone looked upon Judy with the greatest of admiration. That is to say, all except Edith. She shot Judy a look of contempt and left the room.

After the ceremony was performed Judy went back to her place. She looked up, as someone pressed her arm. She shrank away as she looked upon the face of Jim Bradley.

"Come with me, beautiful," he said. "We're having a party over to my apartment and I want you to be our guest of honor."

"I am sorry to interrupt your conversation but Miss Winthrop, that is Judy, is doing me the honor of letting me be her escort home." The voice of Cathel Finnley interrupted the two.

Seeing anger in the faces of both men, Judy was at a loss to decide what to do. It seemed that Mazie knew when to interrupt a scene. She rushed over to Judy and the two men and exclaimed:

"Oh, Judy, you are wonderful. Just imagine, you are Queen of May. And, oh, by the way, Bill and I have made up a party and you and Cathel are to be guests of honor. Come on, let's go." She took their hands and pulled them along with her. Jim Bradley, even with his millions, was deserted by the Queen of May. He shrugged his shoulders and went to find Edith, second choice for the Queen of May and second choice for him.

With a happy sign, Judy let herself into her apartment. Mazie was with her. They were talking a steady stream about the happenings of the evening as girls have always done and will continue to do forever. Judy took off her dress and was laying it in the box when she moved the chair and—the mystery of the dress was solved. There lay a card. With a cry, Judy quickly tore it open and read:

Dear Judy:

In case you may be worried about your allowance, I will explain. I saw this dream of a dress and as I knew you would love it, I took your allowance and bought it. Hoping this dress will bring you a lot of happiness, I remain

Your loving,
Mother.

"Oh, you darling," Judy breathed, "and I thought you had deserted me. Mazie, did I show you this?"

Judy thrust out her left hand and there upon the third finger was a simple little diamond.

"It's Cathel Finnley's," she said.

—JUNE WILEY, '32.

Wandering Mind

*In the evening,
While pondering o'er my books,
My mind wanders
To green and shady nooks
With softly babbling brooks
And sweet scented byacinths.*

*Softly shall the Night steal
O'er the unsuspecting sky,
Which slowly gives way
To glorious golden colors.
A lone mocking bird
Holds me breathless with
His sweet, shrill cry,
And my mind wanders
On to romance.*

*The appeal of the poplars
Is filled with awe,
Mingled with a pleased joyousness.
The sky is clearing as
Night folds his dark robe
Around the bright and shining day.
All is quiet and the flowers sleep
While I think on—about things.*

—BETTY STALLINGS, '31.

Left Flat For No Good Reason

Puffing a cloud of sooty black smoke, a little donkey engine and its train of two cars rounded the last mountain curve and pulled up to the Grand Railroad Station in Caliente.

Caliente is a little one-horse town with a population of twenty nearly human prospectors and two women, grown tough by association with the relics of the days



gone by. All the population that was able, came out to see the train arrive on its weekly trip. They were stunned with wonder and pride for their dear old Caliente when they saw a man, dressed in riding breeches and coat made of corduroy, hop off the flat car that served as a Pullman as well as a coach for its passengers. Following this man were fifteen men, dressed for hard, dirty work, carrying shovels and picks. Each man carried a knapsack on his back as though he were going to spend a week or so in the solitude of the hills.

Without any delay these men and their leader started off in the direction of Horse Tail Gulch, on foot. The gang disappeared behind the hill on their way to the Gulch and Caliente went back to her stall as night was drawing near.

For a week no one in Caliente heard or saw anything of the sixteen men. Saturday came again and the little kinked steel worm came crawling its way to the station, this time having a train of twelve cars loaded with lumber, steel beams, horses, pack saddles, nails, bolts, and nuts, and last but not least, a crew of thirty men.

With brake shoes shrieking, the likeness of "Puffing Billy" halted. The residents of Caliente thought it was time that they knew what was going on, so they met in the blacksmith shop and appointed a committee of two to go and ask the leader of the crew what they were up to.

"Jist a minute here, young feller," the chairman of the committee said. "Where is ye goin' and what are ye goin' to do with this here riggin'?"

"Now hold on," replied the apparent boss of the men that had just arrived. "I wonder whether it is any of your business or not, but I'll tell you that we are starting a hydraulic mine in Horse Tail Gulch and this happens to be the equipment with which we are to work. Here is the motor to pump the water, lumber for the shacks, and pipe to conduct the water to the places that we need it."

"How long ye goin' to be at the buildin' of this here hidrawlic mine? Ye know, we, the people of Caliente, are lookin' out for our interests and would like to have your business. We have here a regular blacksmith that can forge as good a link as any other blacksmith in the country. So if ye have any smithy work to be done, he is the one to do it for you. And 'tain't all towns around hereabouts that's got a hair cuttin' shop. So if you need your locks hacked off a little, ye may know where to go. And if it hadn't abeen for the ability of one of our citizens as a doctor, old Maw Perkins would have kicked off a month ago. She had cut her wrist with a dang sharp butcher knife. The doc says that if he hadn't a put somethin' that he called a 'tun-ker' on her arm she would have bled to death."

"Thanks," returned the crew boss, whose name we have learned to be Dingy. "But we haven't time to stop in your town for anything." With this he pushed the committee aside and began ordering his men around.

"Here, you four men unlead the lumber on the wagons. The rest of you unload the motor and get the horses ready."

The ring of steel clashing upon steel, the thudding of lumber upon lumber, the creaking of derricks lifting the cargo off the train that made Caliente Valley ring as it never rang before.

By ten o'clock that night, Mr. Dingy and his men had the equipment loaded on the wagons and were starting up the hill towards Horse Tail Gulch.

"Hey there, mister, ye can't drive no horse wagons over that country. It's cov-



cred with brush and trees," shouted an old prospector as they started off.

"Oh, well, we'll attend to that," replied Mr. Dingy. "If I'm not mistaken I believe that there is a new read up in this direction that has just been put in lately and we're going to take that."

The people of Caliente Valley were left ignorant of what was going on around them, except for the few things that they saw happen at the station. They were not interested enough to go to Horse Tail Gulch and see for themselves.

A few days later, part of the crew returned with a wagon load of lumber and halted beside the railroad track.

"We figured that we'd better build a barn for a store house here by the track so's we can have our equipment and gold dust in safe keeping," said the driver upon their arrival.

So they set up the foundation for a barn about fifteen yards from the track and parallel to it. The barn was made large enough to surround three or four of the largest shacks in Caliente. The job was completed upon the arrival of Saturday's train, which was loaded down with eight inch pipe and lumber for the barn. The pipe was laid over the ground, extending in the direction of Horse Tail Gulch.

Now the men were traveling most frequently between the Gulch and Caliente. A ditch had been dug, the pipe sealed in it, then covered over. One end of the pipe passed under the barn, but did not appear at any of the other three sides, so the prospectors came to the conclusion that it must end inside the barn. The path of the pipe led towards Horse Tail Gulch, but still the people dared not venture in that direction. The crew began to frighten the citizens of Caliente when they came around by giving sneering remarks for answers when they were questioned upon the progress of the mine.

One laborer had frightened the old prospectors away from the barn by blazing away at the ground at their feet with his sixshooter. They were still more frightened to hear the men laughs at them while they were being shot at.

Events happened rapidly the next week. A spur track led into the barn, the doors of which were always kept closed. The next Saturday's train brought a great many tank cars to Caliente. The cars were "spotted" on the spur in front of the barn. One by one the cars were rolled into the barn, staying there for nearly a day, then rolled out again with some kind of black liquid dripping from the tap valve at the bottom of the car. This gave further mystery to the hydraulic mine in Horse Tail Gulch.

The next train to arrive was a special. It came on Tuesday morning. Although this was the first special train to come to Caliente, none of the citizens ventured forth for fear of being shot at.

The whole special train of tank cars went through the same procedure that the other cars had gone through. One day the entire gang of men and horses boarded the train and left Caliente.

Weeks passed but they did not return. The barn remained standing although it was locked with such a large lock that it would have given reason to Samson's grunting had he attempted to break it. Still no one was curious enough to break open the barn and see what was inside it, so the people were still ignorant of what had happened.

A year passed before a man dared to venture to Horse Tail Gulch. Upon arriving, he noticed no change whatsoever, except that a road ran from the Gulch to about a



half mile from Caliente. He did not see anything that even resembled a hydraulic mining outfit—more mystery—but he did look for the end of the pipe that was supposed to be in the Gulch somewhere. He could not find it or even a trace of broken ground because every part of the ground seemed to be undisturbed. He set up his tent and prepared to spend the night. After building a fire he went in search of water and came upon a small spring. Instead of filling his canteen with water he knelt down and thrust his hand into the current. Upon withdrawing it, he saw it was covered with the black oily liquid known to the civilized world as crude oil or petroleum. He leaped up and started home without breaking camp, to spread the good news, for he was too ignorant to be greedy and keep the secret to himself.

When he arrived in Caliente, a mass meeting was called and, as usual, a committee was appointed to go to Tuscon, the largest city in the state, for information as to the methods to be used in getting the oil.

The committee arrived in Tuscon and inside of an hour there was somewhat of a riot. People ran about shouting: "Oil in Horse Tail Gulch! Oil in Horse Tail Gulch!"

Within a week the whole country around knew that oil had been discovered in Horse Tail Gulch by Mike Sullivan, "who with his own hands felt it, and therefore he knew that it was oil."

It hardly seems necessary to describe the action of the people towards this discovery, for what happened was the same as happens in nearly all gold rushes and discoveries of importance where quick money can be made. Again there was fast action in the city of Caliente. Caliente was a city of tents and shanties within a week's time.

The owner of Horse Tail Gulch, Mr. Archibald Fleicheker, was called to the scene of action because of the demand for purchasing the land.

Mr. Fleicheker sold only to cash customers. He sold all his land and cleaned up well over a million dollars. The next day, after the last plot of land had been sold, it was reported that Archibald was nowhere to be found in the country around. Some reports were to the effect that he had taken the daily train that had been forced into service, with the intention of sailing for Europe.

After the derricks had been set up and the drilling started the people settled down, contented with the hope of getting rich. There was much anxiety among the people of Caliente and Horse Tail Gulch over the oil field until one day there was heard the shrill cry of a small girl who had apparently been hurt or frightened in some way.

The girl's parents looked high and low for her until at last they found her inside a clump of trees, the branches of which swept low and hid from view a small section in their midst. The father parted the branches and saw a deep pit into which the girl had fallen.

The girl was removed from the pit and placed in the care of her mother while her father returned to the pit to investigate, with the help of several other men.

They found the pipe line that was part of the mystery concerning the "hydraulic" mine. It was found that the pipe was connected with the pump that rested on the bottom of the pit. They discovered that the motor in the pit turned the pump in such a way that oil coming through the pipe was pumped into the ground and not out of it.

The people of the Caliente oil rush had been swindled. Mr. Fleicheker was nowhere to be found and the million dollars that he had collected had gone forever.

—FRANCIS MILLER, '31.



A Lily Fair

*I planted a bulb in the quiet earth,
And waited for God to give it birth.*

*A wee, green sprout came peeping out;
Then other leaves grew all about.*

*Up through the center, a slender shoot,
Straight as an arrow, shot from the root.*

*Fold by fold, its petals unfurled;
A pure white lily looked into the world.*

*A bright and dazzling sight for all,
An exquisite flower growing tall.*

*Like a life unmarred by any shame,
The lily reared its glowing frame.*

*A thing of beauty, from out the sod,
Springing from earth, reached up to God.*

—MYRTLE ANDERSON, '32.

Graduate's Prayer

*I am standing here
At the cross roads of life,
Hesitating before I take
The well-worn path of strife.*

*Something dazzling ahead
Beckons me on and on,
And my eyes are blinded
As by the resplendent dawn.*

*It looks so easy
But others have failed, yet tried
To fling their fragile shoulders
Against the wall of success—and died.*

*Yes, I cannot help wondering
Which of these shall be my fate.
Come, oh great Force, help me quickly
Before time decrees it is too late.*

—BETTY STALLINGS, '31.



Enter Summer

*A wide, green pasture of sweet smelling clover
And above the flowers the buzzing bees hover;
A cool breeze playing with the dainty white clover
Is whispering words of the oncoming mower.*

*But the clover beads not; its head sweetly nodding
It sings little tunes to the butterflies' applauding;
The sun, shining warmly, a bright smile sends downward
To caress the white clover's sweet face looking skyward.*

*Over meadow and mountain there comes a cool breeze
That teases and plays with the tall swaying trees;
And against the blue sky a bird trills a song
For the night does not hurry, the day is quite long.*

*Oh! Summer, we greet thee, Sweet Maiden of Art,
With your gallery of pictures that entrance the heart,
Though you leave us each year we always await
Your soft-footed entrance through the flower-decked gate.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.

Oh, Boys!

*They want you to be
So many things:
The good, the bad,
And the true;
But when they seek
A companion out
They're liable to
Pass by you.*

*They want a flapper
With sbortened skirt
And a cigarette
To smoke; and yet
They want some one
They can cuddle up,
And play with,
And then forget.*

—BETTY STALLINGS, '31.





Side of dancer

Enter Summer

*A wide, green pasture of sweet smelling clover
And above the flowers the buzzing bees hover;
A cool breeze flaying with the dainty white clover
Is whispering words of the oncoming mower.*

*But the clover looks out, its head sweetly nodding
To many little bees to the butterfly applauding;
The sun shines warmly, a bright smile sends down ward
To warm the white clover's sweet face looking skyward.*

*Green meadows and meadows there comes a cool breeze
That rustles and flays with the tall swaying trees;
And comes to the ear a bird's call, a song
As the sun goes down, the day is quite long.*

*Like a queen, in your face, Sweet Maiden of Art,
There's a glow of pleasure that entrance the heart,
That we can't leave to each year we always await
Your smile and entrance through the flower-decked gate.*

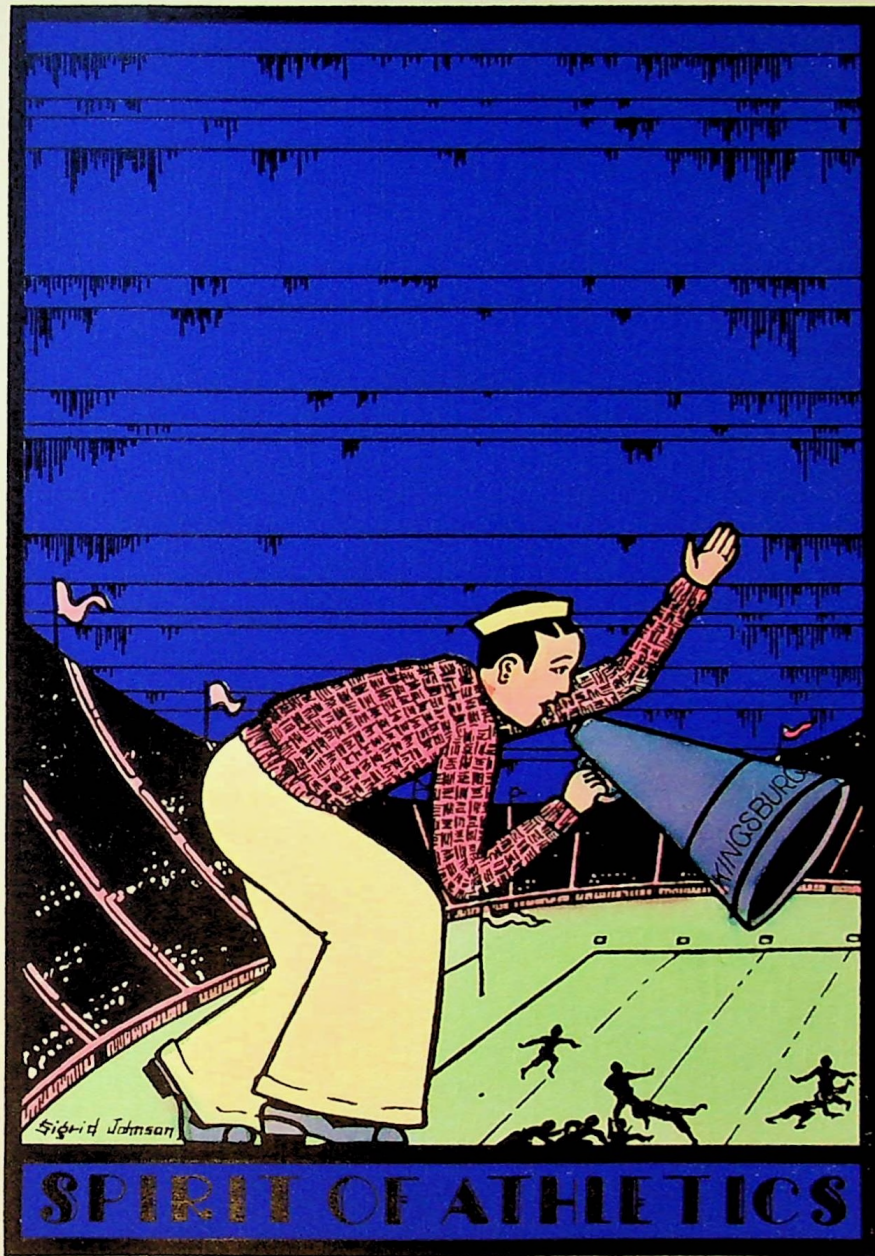
—ETHEL STAPLES, '32.

Oh, Boyal

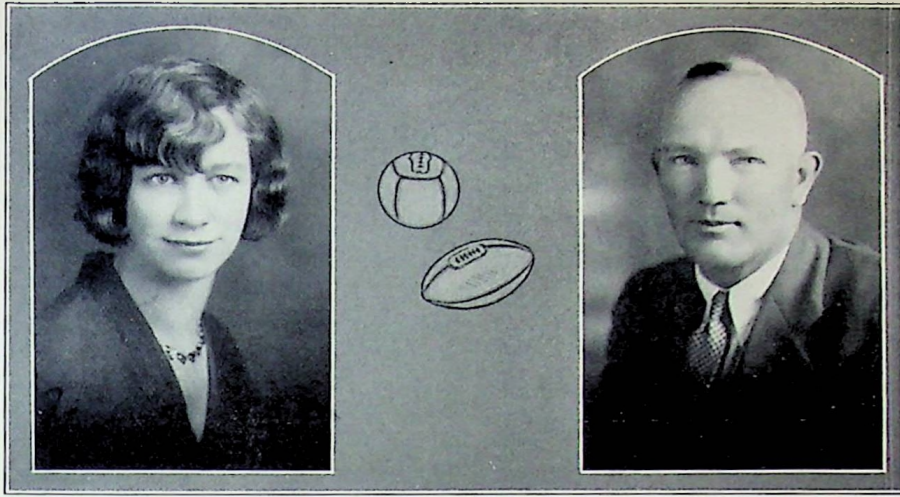
*There's a boy out to be
An every thing;
A boy, the lad,
And the true;
And when they seek
A way to the end
They'll come to
The boy, the lad.*

*They're a flock of
That's the end of the
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad,
The boy, the lad.*

—ETHEL STAPLES, '31.







Coach Heaton

Coach Bungler

Viking Coaches

The success of the Viking athletic teams in the past year has been due to the untiring efforts of the coaches, Mrs. Heaton and Mr. Bungler.

Although the boys have not been able to capture any titles for K. H. S., they have played a good game every time.

When school began and another football season was opened, Coach Bungler found that he had to make almost a complete new football team. But, due to his able coaching, they held their own with the other football teams in the division.

The basketball teams won a great many victories. The varsity team came very close to capturing the title for the division, being defeated by Reedley.

Coach Bungler faced much the same proposition when baseball season arrived. Here again he showed his ability as a coach. The baseball team was again close to capturing a division title but failed when Reedley received the laurels.

Coach "Bill" Bungler has completed his fifth year in coaching the Viking teams. Through his patience and efforts our school has been able to win many victories.

Mrs. Heaton has completed her second year in coaching the girls of K. H. S. This year the girls have been able to receive the Division I baseball title.

Although the girls did not get a title in volleyball, they put up a hard fight.

This year the girls' baseball team defeated Selma's team for the first time in six years, thus making it possible to win the division title.

Both Mrs. Heaton and Mr. Bungler have taught the teams what good sportsmanship is and what it means to the success of the team.





TACKLE
"HORNY"



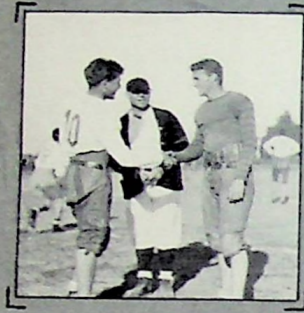
HALFBACK
"BABS"



CENTER
FRIDOLF



GUARD
"SUNSHINE"



JUST BEFORE THE
"BATTLE"



GUARD
"RED"



QUARTER
"DAUGHTY"



"COACH"
BUNGER



END
CAPTAIN "OLE"



END
"SONNY"



TACKLE
JENSEN

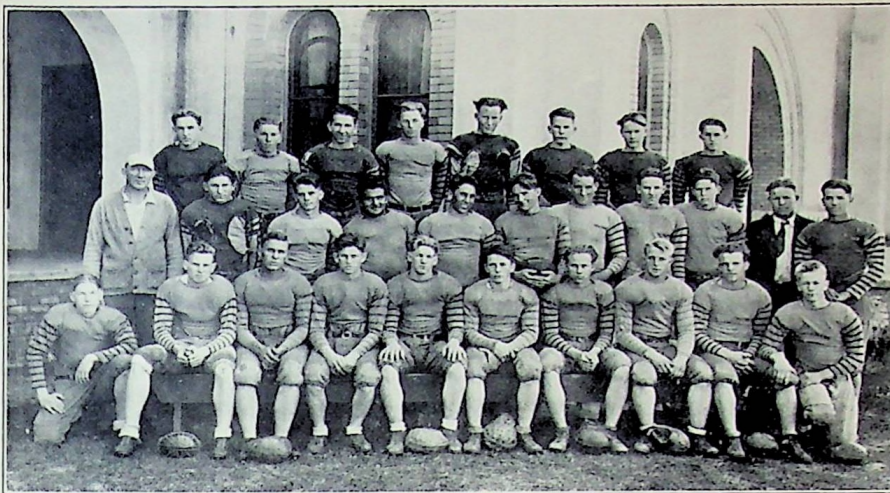


HALFBACK
"PANTS"



FULLBACK
BELLOCCHI





Back Row—Roland Erickson, Lloyd Rudholm, Harold Hammarsten, Archie Olson, Ernest Stober, Carl Peterson, Chester Johnson, Arthur Clark.

Middle Row—Coach Bunger, Archie Vaughan, Randolph Peterson, Front Safarjian, Luke Bellocchi, Clarence Hillblom, Clark Russell, Waldon Olson, Floyd Nelson, Alvin Thorell, Peter Quern.

Front Row—Clarence Rudholm, Howard Nordstrom, Theodore Christenson, Carl Sundstrom, Frank Hill, Francis Miller, Russell Fridolfs, Enoch Jensen, Lennis Dahlstrom, Leroy Anderson.

Football

On September 15, when the call for candidates was sounded forth, six lettermen were back fighting for the Vikings. Besides the lettermen there were a few players with experience, but the green timber furnished much of the material from which the 1931 squad was built. Naturally a great deal of selecting and weeding out had to be done in order to secure a team that would function like a piece of machinery on the gridiron.

Under the guidance of Coach Bill Bunger and Captain Ole Hillblom, the Vikings were successful in holding their own in Division I of Fresno County. They were defeated in the final quarter of their game with Roosevelt when Roosevelt got a lucky break. The second game was with Fresno High and, due to the illegal use of 19 men, Fresno High had to forfeit to Kingsburg 2-0, after having won the game 27-0. Although a hard battle was fought by both teams, the score of the game with Selma was still 0-0 when the final whistle blew. The game with Fresno Tech was thrilling and spectacular throughout and finally ended with the score in favor of Kingsburg in the last minute of play. A near riot resulted.

Although the team was handicapped this year by the loss of the starring element of last year, the team fought hard and deserves an unlimited amount of credit for the honor they bestowed upon K. H. S.

Five first team players who started their football career under Coach Bunger will graduate, and the other members will deeply regret the loss of these members. These



five lettermen who graduate are: Captain Clarence Hillblom, Lennis Dahlstrom, Francis Miller, Theodore Christenson, and Carl Sundstrom.

The members of the team who earned letters and will be with Kingsburg High next year are: Leroy Anderson, Russell Fridolfs, Luke Bellocchi, Enock Jensen, Hront Safarjian, and Floyd Nelson.

Basketball

Although basketball has not reached the championship stage in Kingsburg High, still an improvement can be noted. Practice started in earnest just before the Christmas holidays when about forty aspirants turned out for basketball, competing in classes A, B, and C.

Preparation began with the learning of fundamentals, such as pivoting, passing, and floor work.

Kingsburg was in division II this year with Coalinga, Lemoore, Reedley, and Fowler.

The unlimited team went through the season successfully and played Reedley for the division title due to a three-cornered tie between Kingsburg, Reedley, and Fowler. The game was fast and interesting, but Reedley was on top when the final whistle blew.

The middleweight team didn't fare so well, winning one out of the four games; the midgets acted as curtain-raisers and always showed a fighting spirit throughout the entire game. They won two out of the four games.

Coach Bunger managed all three teams and certainly put in a great deal of work with all three aggregations.

New suits were purchased for the middleweights; the jerseys, gold in color, and the shorts, green and gold. This naturally caused a little more "pep" among the middleweight squad.

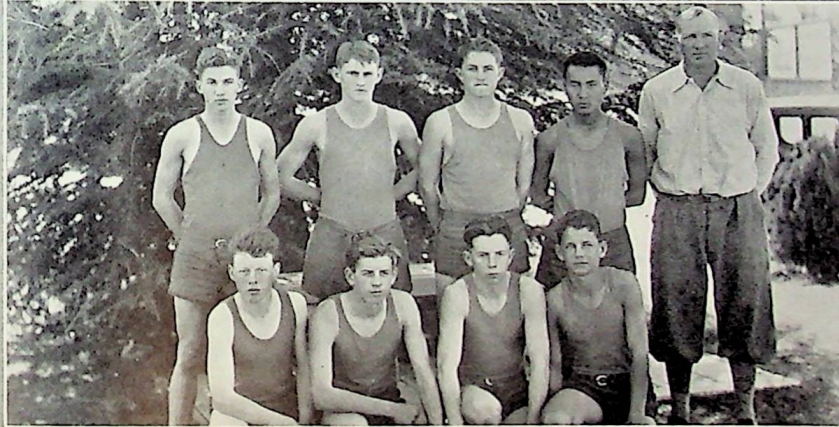
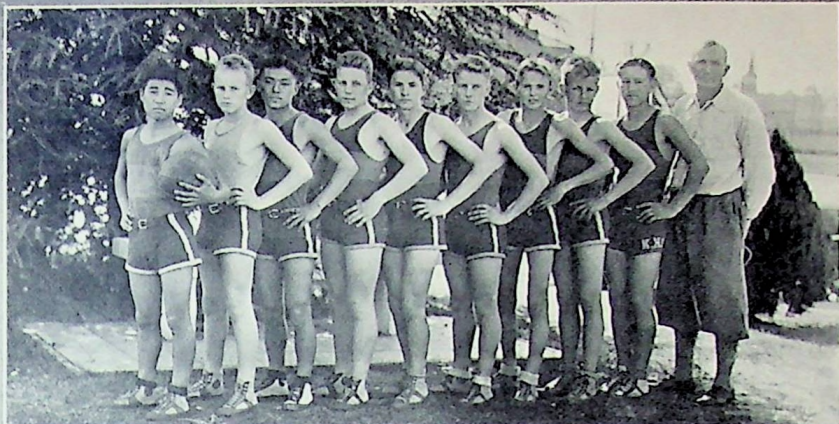
Carl Sundstrom, Jack Gridley, and Ralph Swedell were elected captains of the heavyweights, middleweights, and lightweights respectively.

The varsity boys who received letters are: Carl Sundstrom, Waldon Olson, Floyd Nelson, Harold Hammarsten, Lennis Dahlstrom, Walter Sward, Roland Erickson, Leroy Anderson, Clarence Hillblom, Theodore Christenson, and Howard Nordstrom.

Middleweights who received letters are: Jack Gridley, James Lahann, Tee Ezaki, Harry Bungo, Arthur Clark, Raymond Anderson, and Paul Peterson.

Lightweights who received letters are: Ralph Swedell, Edgar Dunn, Roy Dahl, Earl Linman, Hajime Hamada, Yoshiaki Yamada, Chester Rosander, and Stanley Londquist.





LIGHTWEIGHTS (left to right)—Yoshiaki Yamada, Roy Dahl, Hajime Hamada, Stanley Lundquist, Edgar Dunn, Earl Linman, Ralph Swedell, Clifford Palm, Coach Bunger.
HEAVYWEIGHTS: Back Row—Coach Bunger, Floyd Nelson, Waldon Olson, Howard Nordstrom, Carl Sundstrom, Clarence Hillblom, Almon Jensen, Harold Hammarsten, Lennis Dahlstrom.
 Front Row—Clarence Wigh, Carl Peterson, Walter Sward, Roland Erickson, Clarence Rudholm, Leroy Anderson, Grant Challstrom.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS: Back Row—James Lahann, Robert Hanson, Arthur Clark, Tee Ezaki, Coach Bunger.
 Front Row—Raymond Anderson, Paul Peterson, Jack Gridley, Milford Bengston.





Back Row— Coach Bunger, Howard Nordstrom, Floyd Nelson, Carl Sundstrom, Clarence Hillblom, Theodore Christenson, Enock Jensen, Luke Bellocchi, Harold Hammarsten, Russell Fridolfs.
 Front Row—Jerome Nelson, Leroy Anderson, James Lahann, Roland Erickson, Lennis Dahlstrom.

Baseball

The "rookies" and veteran players of Kingsburg High began spring practice early in March for the 1931 campaign of the Fresno County League, Division II. Four clubs, Kingsburg, Fowler, Sanger, and Reedley, composed this division.

Much keen competition was shown for position this year and more lower classmen turned out than ever before.

Coach Bunger bolstered the K. H. S. lineup with new material to replace the men lost by graduation, and the lineup as chosen by the coach made a willing but unsuccessful attempt for the Division II title, being beaten by the Reedley High in the final tilt, 13-7.

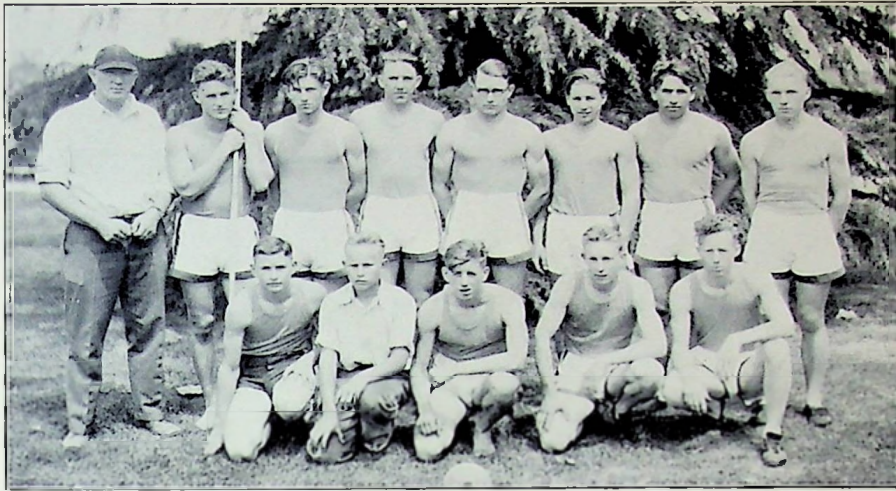
Although the boys fought hard to bring K. H. S. fame and victory, they lost by a very close margin. Coach Bunger is assured of a good team next year by the large turnout for the major sport this year.

The battery this year was Sundstrom and Nelson, pitchers, and L. Anderson, catcher.

The Vikings who received letters in baseball for '31 are:

Roland Erickson, Lennis Dahlstrom, Carl Sundstrom, James Lahann, Enock Jensen, Harold Hammarsten, Clarence Hillblom, Ted. Christensen, Leroy Anderson, and Luke Bellocchi.





Back Row—Coach Bunger, Clarence Hillblom, Carl Sundstrom, Waldon Olson, William Schlatter, Roy Anderson, Luke Bellocchi, Clarence Rudholm.
 Front Row—Edgar Dunn, Roy Dahl, Paul Peterson, Sheldon Anderson, Leslie Beckman,

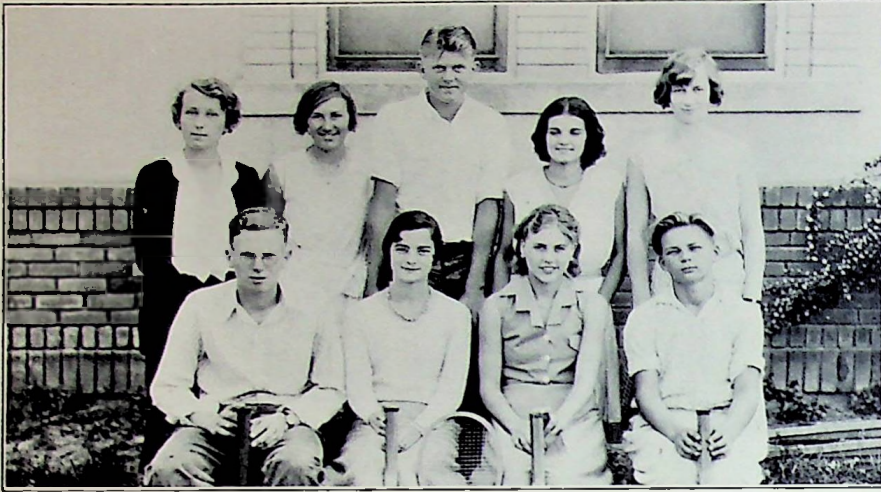
Track

The Viking track men strove hard for victory this year but fell a few points short for a championship. Although the track outlook was weak at the beginning of the season, surprising things took place. Five trackmen from Kingsburg placed in the county meet at Fresno May 2, 1931.

"Ole" Hillblom, the "fair-headed" Viking, threw the javelin 179 feet, 10¼ inches, for a new county record. Edgar Dunn, the promising Freshman, took a second in class B broad jump and discus. Roy Anderson took fourth in the broad jump; while Leslie Beckman, also in class B, took first place in the junior discus, 126 feet. William Schlatter took fourth place in the shot with a heave of 44 feet, 3 inches.

Our sprinting has been exceedingly weak this year but next year we hope to have a county championship team. "Ole" also placed first in the Valley meet at Lemoore. Other members of this year's team are: Sheldon Anderson, Roy Dahl, Clarence Rudholm, Hiram Wilson, Luke Bellocchi, Hobert Brown and Waldon Olson.





Back Row—Miss Kraeger, Elsie Jern, Delmore Cederquist, Ada Oneal, Mrs. Heaton.
Front Row—Howard Nordstrom, Lois Oneal, Pocahontas Ball, William Rothermel.

Tennis

There was much interest shown in tennis the past year, and many students tried out for the tennis team. If the same interest is continued next year, K. H. S. promises to have a good team.

The same four schools which competed last year—Sanger, Reedley, Selma, and Kingsburg—met for the division matches at Reedley.

The Viking girls' singles, mixed doubles, and boys' doubles defeated their opponents from Sanger, Reedley, and Sanger, respectively, in the first round of division plays, but were defeated in the finals.

Those representing Kingsburg were:

Boys' singles.....	HOWARD NORDSTROM
Girls' singles.....	ELSIE JERN
Boys' doubles.....	MARVIN HAYES and WILLIAM ROTHERMEL
Girls' doubles.....	LOIS ONEAL and POCAHONTAS BALL
Mixed doubles.....	ADA ONEAL and DELMORE CEDERQUIST







Back row—Miss Young, Miss Cook, Patricia Sorenson, and Orval, Mrs. Heston. -
Front row—Howard Nordstrom, Etsie Jern, Margaret Ball, William Rothermel.

Sports

There was much activity during the past year, and many students tried out for the sports team. This year's success is continued next year, K. H. S. promises to have a good season.

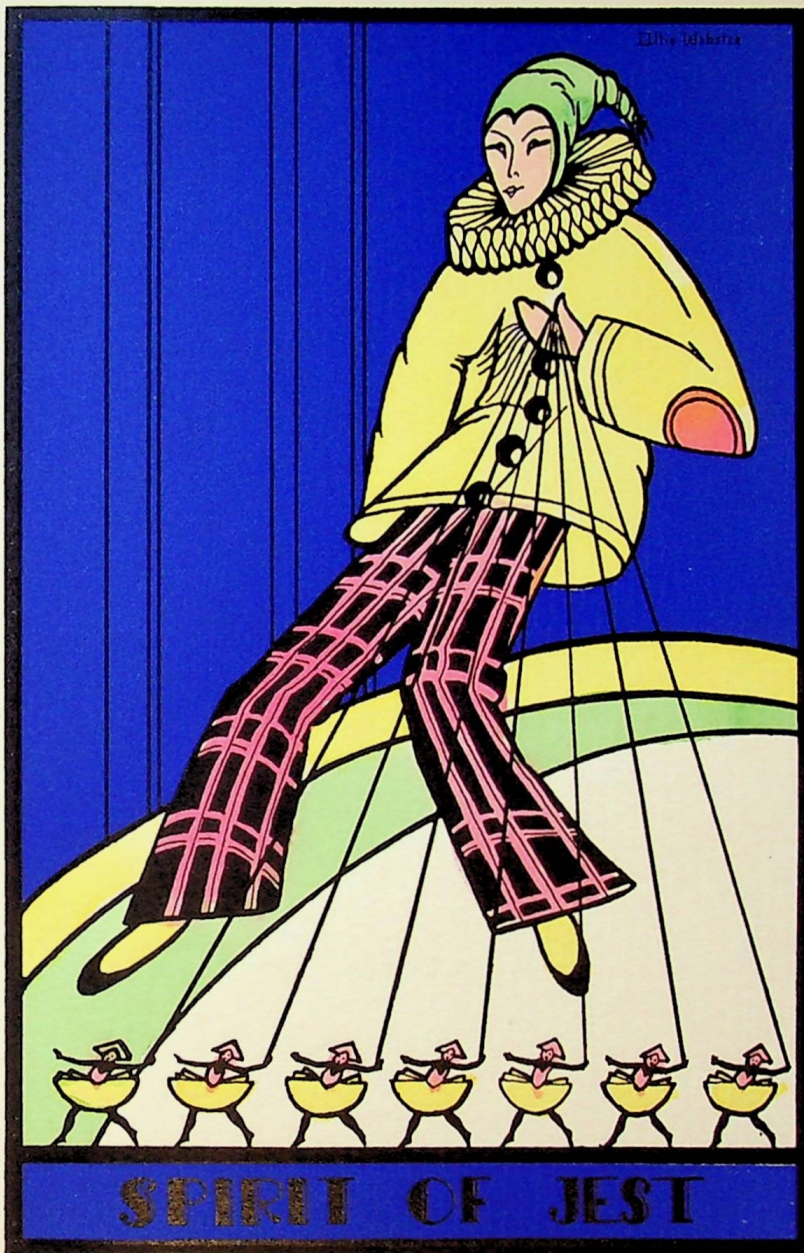
The girls' basketball team competed last year—Sanger, Reedley, Selma, and King City were the opponents at Reedley.

The boys' golf team, mixed doubles, and boys' doubles defeated their opponents (Lemo, Sanger, Reedley, and Sanger, respectively, in the first round of division plays, but were defeated in the second.

Team membership consisted of:

Boys' singles	HOWARD NORDSTROM
Girls' singles	ETSIE JERN
Boys' doubles	MARGARET BALL and WILLIAM ROTHERMEL
Girls' doubles	MRS. ORVAL and POGAHONTAS BALL
Mixed doubles	MARGARET BALL and DELORME CEDERQUIST

Little Jesters



SPIRIT OF JEST



Dumbness

*Way down in a valley on top of a hill
 Stood a little green house painted brown.
 And near this house was a brand new mill,
 That was so old I thought it would fall down.*

*In the house lived two old people that were so nice,
 They reminded me of a couple of mad mice.
 The smallest was a woman, big, fat, and tall;
 The largest was a man, slim, old, and small.*

*They never quarreled but they fought all the time.
 She wasn't worth a cent but he bought her for a dime.
 The house was like a pig pen, it was so clean and neat;
 The floor was so dirty, it covered up your feet.*

*Now, in this house they had the cutest little bed,
 It was one of those kind that has the foot at the head;
 And over the fireplace they had a battered clock;
 You would think it was a Ford the way it could knock.*

*They had some black cats that were all snowy white
 And the peacefullest dogs; my, how they could fight!
 They had the loveliest garden growing up the side of a hill;
 It was so level that the water just stood still.*

*They had some of the queerest plants that I have ever seen.
 One of these plants was what they called a pink-eye bean.
 The color of everything was a sky blue pink.
 Now I had better wake up for a change, don't you think?*

—BELLE WALKER, '32.

Holly H. (translating in Spanish): "—and I am a fool—I am a fool—I am a—"
 Miss McMurtry: "Yes, yes, that's right, go on."

Mr. Vaniman: "Your pneumatic contrivance has ceased to function."

Pants: "Er—what?"

Mr. Vaniman: "I say, your tubular air container has lost its rotundity."

Pants: "But—"

Mr. Vaniman: "The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose successive revolutions bears you onward in space has not retained its pristine roundness."

Robert Null: "Hey, Pants, you've gotta flat tire!"

Miss Roper: "Harold, please tell me what it is when I say, 'I love, you love, he loves—'."

Harold Johnson: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."



Mr. Allen (to Rupert): "Wat is another word, wid five letters, for snake?"

Rupert: "A viper."

Father: "You silly! That's a handkerchief."

Mr. Reukema: "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Betty Stallings: "I began by addressing envelopes."

Little Fern Montgomery came running up to her great aunt with a dry pressed leaf, obviously a relic of a day long past.

"I found it in the big Bible, Auntie," she said. "Do you suppose it belonged to Eve?"

Alvin T.: "There's something dovelike about you."

Flora S.: "Really!"

Alvin: "Sure, you're pigeon-toed."

Helen Gunnarson: "Why do you call me Pearl? My name is Helen."

Paul Peterson: "Because you are so easy to string."

Waldon Olson (attacking piece of chicken): "This must be an incubator chicken."

Floyd Nelson: "Why?"

Waldon: "A chicken with a mother couldn't be so tough."

Herman Wildermuth: "Do you like spaghetti?"

Hugh Gabbert: "As a rule."

Herman: "What on earth do you measure with it?"

Grace Wilson (to delivery boy): "Has your butcher a pig's head?"

Delivery boy: "No, ma'am. It's his ears that make him look that way."

Chinese Patient (over the phone): "Doc, what time you fixee teeth for me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty; all right?"

Chinese Patient: "Yes, tooth hurty me all right, but what time you want me to come?"

First Hunter: "We are lost!"

Second Hunter: "Gosh! Let's shoot another deer so the game warden will find us."

Wes: "Wanna fly?"

Poccie: "Oh, I'd just love it."

Wes: "Just a minute and I'll catch you one."

Missionary: "You Chinese are so irrational. You put food on the graves of your dead. Dead men cannot eat food."

Chinaman: "Nor can dead Americans smell flowers."



Jack: "Have you a book in stock called 'Man, the Master?'"

Clerk: "Fiction department is on the other side of the shop."

Mother (to little Jimmie Scott): "Surely you did something else but eat at the school treat?"

Jimmie: "Yes, mummie, after tea we sang a hymn called, 'We Can Sing, Full Though We Be'."

Mother learned later that the hymn selected had been "Weak and Sinful Though We Be."

Bank Teller: "What's the name, please?"

Rostin Ratliff: "Don't you see my signature on that check?"

Bank Teller: "Yes, I do—that's just what aroused my curiosity."

Two women on a train disagreed as to whether a window should be up or down. "If it's up," said one, "I'll catch a cold and die."

"If it's down," said the other, "I'll die from suffocation."

The conductor was proving a poor diplomat when a red nosed individual from across the aisle offered a solution. "First," he said, "put it up and let the one die from cold. Then put it down and let the other one smother to death."

Advertising pays in the long run. Look how grapefruit has got in the public eye.

"Just as my cousin and his bride started up the aisle of the church toward the altar, the lights went out."

"What did they do?"

"Kept right on. She was a widow and she knew the way."

Doc: "I'll sew up your scalp for ten dollars."

Luke B.: "Well, doc, I just want plain sewing, not hemstitching and embroidery."

Mrs. Helen Wigh: "I'm bothered with a little wart that I'd like to have removed."

Dr. Jones: "The divorce lawyer is on the second floor to your right."

Mr. Catlin: "The man who made the first Eskimo pie was sued for his patent."

Bill Rothermel: "Who sued him? The Eskimos?"

HOW THE FORENSICS CLASS PUNCTUATES

Visitor in Forensics Class: "What is your rule for punctuating?"

Ted: "I set as long as I can hold my breath and then put in a comma; when I yawn I put in a semi-colon, and when I want a chew of candy I make a paragraph."

"Emily was always wishing for a girl baby so she could name it June."

"And did her wish come true?"

"Well, she has her girl baby but she didn't call it June. You see, she married a man named Bugg."



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Congratulations

and

Best Wishes

to the

Class of '31



JUSTESEN'S

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and Market No. 4

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Repairing

VICTORY
CLEANERS

PHONE

161

WEAR CLEAN CLOTHES



HONEY

DEAR!

WHAT?

AS USUAL

ON THE

CUPIDS

CAMPUS

OH! OH!

LOVE BIRDS

OH BABY!

AIN'T LOVE GRAND!

CAN IT BE TRUE?

IS IT POSSIBLE?

SNOW BIRDS

HA! HA!

PALS!



A very shy young man experienced considerable difficulty in summoning up sufficient courage to propose to the girl of his heart.

One day he took her to a walk in a cemetery, and stood awkward and tongue-tied before his family tomb.

At last he blurted out: "Lizzie, d-d-darling—would you like to sleep here some day?"

A clergyman, slightly deaf, asked his clerk to make an announcement after the sermon about the new hymn books. The clerk, having other notices also, first read on baptism, saying, "All those with children to baptise, will please send in their names at once."

The clergyman, supposing the notice read on babies was the one on hymn books, arose and added, "I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any that they may be obtained from me any day between 3 and 4 o'clock, the ordinary little ones at 15 cents each and the special ones with red backs at 25 cents."

John Olson: "Doctor, if there is something the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long, scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

Doctor: "Well, to be frank, you are lazy."

John: "Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report at home."

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

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

Alice Swenson: "When I woke up this morning I found all the bedclothes wound tightly around me."

Lois Diehl: "My, you must have slept like a top."

Mr. Henderson: "You are the coming generation."

Carl Peterson: "No. We're already here."

Doris J.: "What makes your next door neighbor so unpopular?"

Mae J.: "He's fixed his lawn mower so you have to drop a nickel in the slot to make it go."

Reporter: "I have an account of a big landslide. What shall I put it under?"

Editor: "Put it under the real estate transfers."

Teacher (to little boy): "How many animals have you at home?"

Little Boy: "Four. Mamma's the dear, baby's the lamb, I'm the kid, and dad's the goat."

Etta: "Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Mr. Peterson: "Why, of course not."

Etta: "Well, I haven't done my algebra yet."



SMITH'S PRINT SHOP

Modesto, California



PRINTING RULING
BOOK BINDING



This is the Eighth Year
we have had the pleasure
of printing "The Viking"



Holly Hammarsten: "Every time I try to propose to Myrtle my knees knock."
 Leroy Anderson: "Have you tried Ethyl?"

A report states that the average life of a paper dollar is seven months. But we have never had one die on our hands.

Ole: "Been to church this morning, Bill?"

Bill B.: "Why, do my clothes look as if they had been slept in?"

Miss Kraeger (star gazing): "Does anyone see the small dipper?"

Melvin Norman: "I do, but the handle is too crooked."

Miss Kraeger: "Don't worry, you won't have to use it."

Miss Chaplain (leading music): "Haven't you girls learned to follow a stick? Now follow me."

Tablet of a man's life: School tablets, aspirin tablets, stone tablets.

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

Ethel Nord: "Take a tape measure."

"They say he's a live wire."

"Yes. I was broke last week, but I was positive he'd let me have a fiver at least, so I touched him. But, boy! How I was shocked"

Mr. Moreland: "How can you tell how old a chicken is?"

Steve S.: "By the teeth."

Mr. Moreland: "Why, a chicken has no teeth."

Steve: "No, but I have."

Mabel: "I wonder why they call a man's wife his better half."

Pants: "Just to keep her from thinking she's the whole thing."

Elveda: "If you men told the truth, you would have to admit that you like a talkative woman just as well as you do the others."

Henry G.: "Others? What others?"

Little Harvey Peterson entered the barber shop.

"And how do you want your hair cut, my little man?" asked the barber.

"Like dad's," answered Harvey, "with a hole in the top."

A revivalist said to the congregation: "There is a man among us who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts \$5 in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the collection box came in there were six \$5 bills in it, and a \$2 bill with a note pinned to it saying:

"This is all the cash I have, but will send the other \$3 Wednesday."



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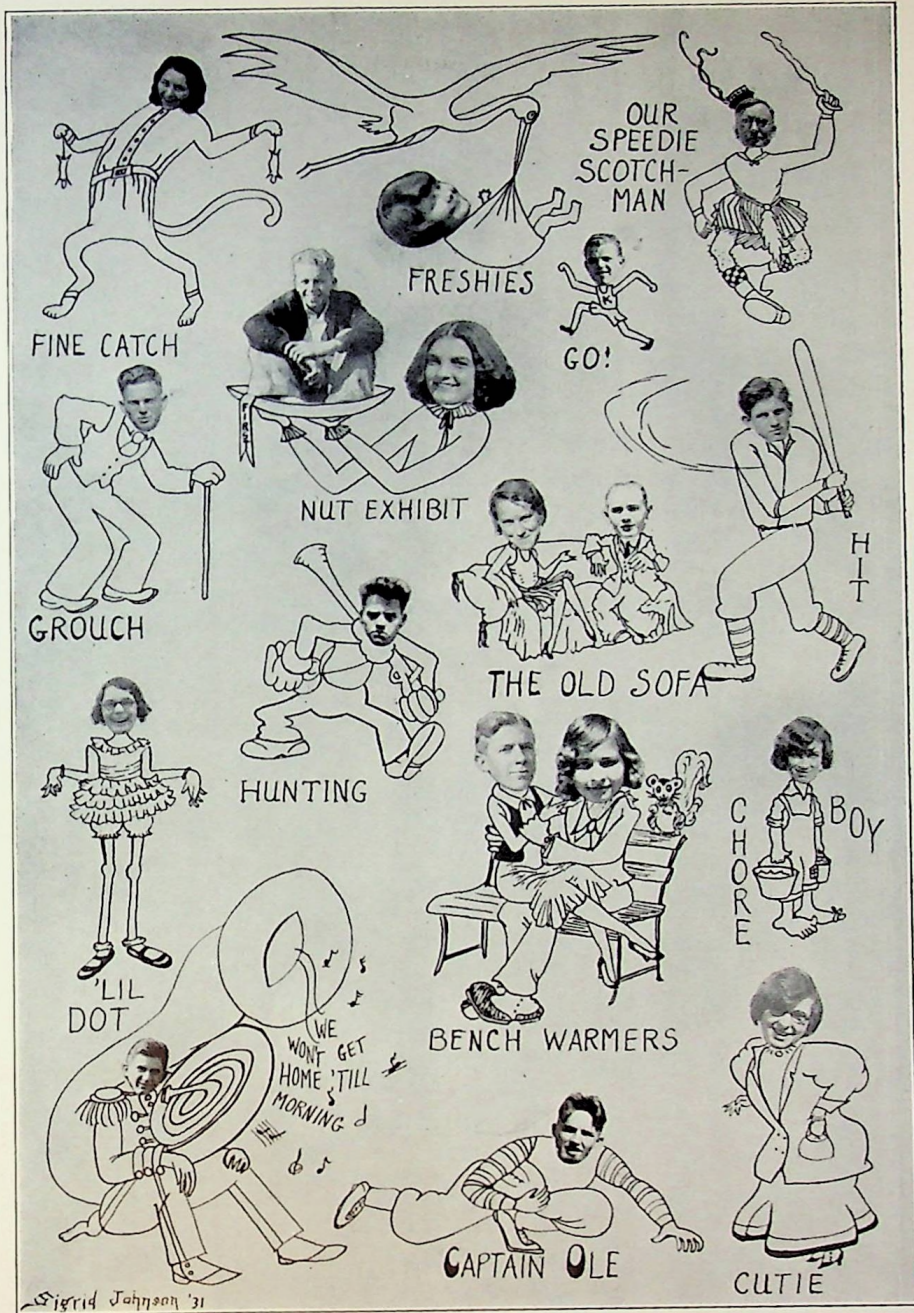
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WE THANK YOU for the business given us this year and hope the pleasant contacts made with members of the

1931 GRADUATION CLASS

will continue throughout the years to come

MAIN'S STUDIO

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An Acknowledgment

The staff has found that the making of a school annual is not an easy task. They have worked earnestly and at length in order to make this 1931 "Viking" annual a success.

In behalf of the staff I wish to take this opportunity of thanking the following: Mr. Reukema and Mrs. Nordstrom, who have so diligently offered their advice and service in any problem that confronted us; Miss Glenn, who has put forth untiring effort in helping the art department and who is to be congratulated on the results; Clarence Wigh, who drew the border for the pages and the design for the opening pages in our annual; Betty Stallings and Sigrid Johnson, who put much time and effort on the "tag day" skit; the student body which has so generously paid for all the athletic pages; the faculty, who have helped the staff whenever it was possible; and our advertisers, who, in the final analysis, have made this publication possible through their cheerful and ready co-operation. We thank you!

—THE EDITOR.





Wagnell Winkelman '32

Raymond Anderson

Paul Petersen '32

Alvon Jensen '32

Jake Bellocchi '32
Ernest Tope

Virginia Johnson

Alice Ervin '32

Stanley Lundquist '33

Anna Jane Reiner '32

Doree Nunnumaker

Mildred McFarmin '32

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Verna Newell '35

Kuth E. Lundberg '34

Barbara Purly

Francis Almon '33

Mildred Johnson '34

Walter Rau '34

Helge Olson '32

Harry Tengquist '32

Ed. S. ... '34

Stukey Anderson '30

Mary Jewel '34

Helen Toots

Lodger Rimmer

Angene Borklund

Charma Ruth John

Carl Lundstrom

David ...
Grant Chalstrom

Harold T.O. Pennington R.S.C.

Archie ... '32

Vertical text on the right edge of the page.

Arthur Martin

Marcellus Hindwood '84

Ruth Anderson '32

Glenn Halander.

Bergwith '32

Virgil Young.

Edward Johnson '33

Hennie M. Rahnstrom

Laverne Peterson
Class of '31

of 5
now:
new
brought
water
and
'31

Dear Mr
Rennin
Garrison
Garrison
to call
that is
the
page

Dearest Helen:
Remember all the
good times we've had
in the past year 29 & 30
Yours truly
14/10/32

Dear Helen:
Do you remember
Paul's party May 23, 1931
Love
"Buggy"

my dear Helen:
Remember your job
of cutting numerals for the
color day. Loretta.

Dear Helen:
Remember how three
years ago together, I hope the
best of us as you and
we don't forget the night
and having up our colors,
does our year been clean.
your pos and caremate
Alveta Palm.

Dear Helen:
Remember me Junior
now. Love at Sequoia Park
Your Lamentable
Jimmy H. Hanks

