

The Bumble "B"



Published monthly during the school year by the students of the Boone High School

THE BUMBLE "B" STAFF

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Eutrophian Literary SocietyROBERT BLYTHE Commercial	Joke GAIL FITCH Art LENORE OSGOOD			



Eutrophian Literary Society

The wheels of time have ground out another year and they shall continue to grind until the end of time. As the years roll on and we pause in life's busy routine to recall the pictures of High School days none will be surrounded by fonder memories than those of familiar scenes of our society life.

The Eutrophian Literary Society was organized for Juniors and Seniors but as time went on the lower classes were admitted. As a result of this the fall of the present year new societies were organized to relieve the crowded conditions.

During the entire history of its existence the Eutrophians have held their place as leaders in Boone High School life. The purpose of the society is fourfold—first, it broadens the individual and creates in him a spirit of progressiveness; second, it gives him an opportunity for development along literary lines; third, it gives the student some idea of parliamentary law; and fourth, but not least, a close friendship and loyalty among its members is encouraged.

The traditions which have been handed down to us by past generations of Eutrophians concerning the amount and quality of work done have not been forgotten and
the work of the society during the current year has progressed. The programs while
short and instructive have been interesting and well attended. In October, a James
Whitcomb Riley program consisting of Riley readings and songs was given; in November an innovation was introduced when a closed program was given and enjoyed by
the society alone. February saw us carrying out the suggestion of the National Education Association and one of the most effective programs given by any society was
presented in "Living Songs and Living Pictures".

The social gatherings of the Eutrophians will long be remembered with pleasure. The hard time party for members, alumni, and football men proved to be one of the big events. Last but not least and a fitting close for such a year was the great picnic. Those who have had the pleasure of previous affairs of this kind do not hesitate to proclaim this the best ever.

OFFICERS

President, EMERY NELSON Vice-President, CLYDE LAMB Treasurer, RUTH CONDON Secretary, RAYMOND POWELL

Reporter, CECIL PANGBORN

CRITICS

MISS BALL

MISS BOIES

MISS PHILIPPS



The Moore Literary Society

The Moore Literary Society when first organized intended to extend their membership to only Sophomores and Freshmen, leaving the Juniors and Seniors to the Eutrophian Society, but instead the Moores and Eutrophians have grown to be rival societies including all four classes previous to this year.

Early this year owing to the rapid growth of membership the societies were limited to include just Juniors and Seniors besides the Sophomores and Freshmen who had already become members. Then the Alethean and Empyrean Societies were organized for the Sophomores and Freshmen that were not included in any other Society.

The Moores were again honored this year by Mr. S. L. Moore's generous offer to take them to Des Moines to visit the State Legislature. In spite of the day sixty of the members set off for the trip and pleasantly spent the day visiting in and about the capitol.

The Moores have had three pleasant social functions in the past year, the Patriotic Party given in February, the trip to Des Moines, and the annual picnic.

The officers for the semester ending June, 1917, were as follows:

President, Helen Wylie Secretary, Genevieve Duffy
Vice-President, Harris Meredith Treasurer, Genevieve McCall

Reporter, Helen Huntley Critics, Miss Calhoun, Mr. Metcalf



Alethean Literary Society

Colors: Rose and Silver Flower: Pink Rose

Motto: Semper Fidelis

YELL

One two three four

Three two one four

Who for? What for?

Who shall we yell for?

Alethean! Alethean!

Faculty Critic: MISS KIRKPATRICK

On October 25, 1916, a new literary society was organized with the help of Miss Chakshank and Mr. Ball. The officers chosen at this meeting to serve for the first ester were:

President, Doris Shaler Vice-President, Ione Johnson

Secretary, PAUL WHITMAN Treasurer, Homer Noland

Reporter, MARGARET PATTERSON Sergeant-at-Arms, EINAR ANDERSON

A constitution was drawn up and at a meeting held November 2 it was submitted the society.

During the first semester two closed programs were held, one a Thanksgiving proand the other a Christmas program. A Christmas party was held shortly before Christmas vacation.

On February 14 the following program was given:

Plane Solo	
Valentines	
"That Old Sweetheart of Mine"	Ione Johnson, Ethel Bennett
Topole TurviesLARETTA REYNOLDS, RUTH	HIAT, SHELDON WILLIAMS, HOMER NOLAND
Quem of Hearts	YOLANDA PROSPERI
Rieral Love Scene	MARGARET PATTERSON, DAYLE MORAN
An Old-Fashioned Girl	ADDIE TIPLER
3. Soudy in Charcoal	
Surbounet Twins	GRACE BAKER, ETHEL BENNETT
Mannay's Little Cole Black Rose	
Blinth Oe	RUTH LANE

This program was the first open program given by the society.



Empyrean Literary Society

On November 22, 1916, we, the members of the Freshman society number one, became the Empyrean Literary Society, with purple and gold as our colors and the violet as our flower. For our motto we chose "Labor omnia vincit" (which being interpreted is "Work conquers everything"). The officers elected for the first semester were:

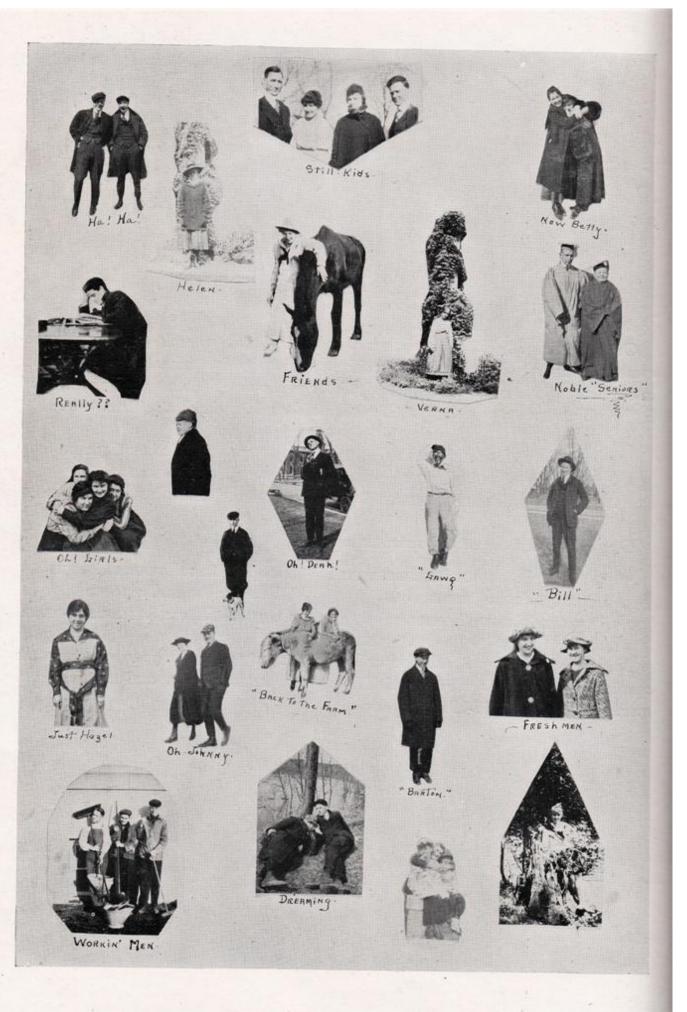
President, George James Secretary, Verda James Reporter, George Meehan Vice-President, LUCILLE COLTON Treasurer, LUCY CANFIELD Sergeant-at-Arms, WILLARD COOPER

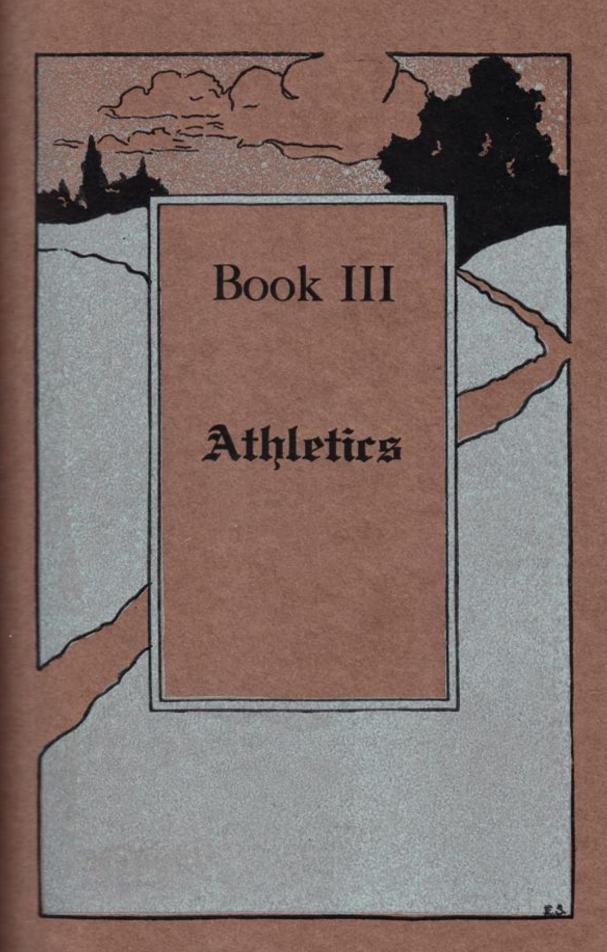
Our officers for the second semester are:

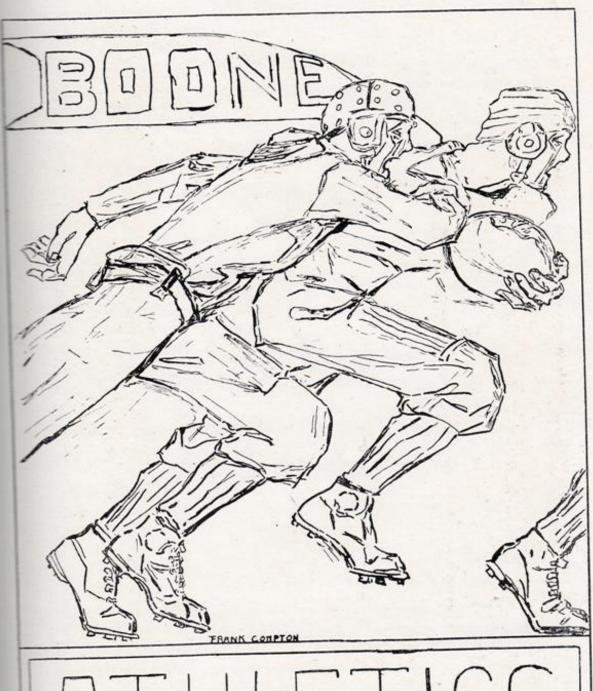
President, Marjorie Reichenbach Secretary, Verda James Reporter, Martin Norderg

Vice-President, LUCILLE COLTON Treasurer, LUCY CANFIELD Sergeant-at-Arms, WILLARD COOPER

As a young society we feel that we have had a very enjoyable year both from the standpoint of literary work and sociability and we are looking forward to a year even more successful in 1917-1918.







ATHLETICS











1916 Saund







Sound line up.

Football

As we lay aside our football togs for another year and ponder over the games played we cannot help but feel that in many respects the season was a good one for B. H. S.

The season opened auspiciously with the Madrid game, altho the score 31-0 was decidedly in Boone's favor, in many respects was disappointing to the coaches because it showed Boone's weakness.

September 30 Boone journeyed to Des Moines for the worst drubbing of the season, being snowed under 47-0. The team was outweighed and outplayed the entire game and were never within striking distance of East's goal. However, at times they showed evidence of improvement in forward passing and at all times manifested a fair spirit of fight.

Undaunted by this defeat Boone took a trip to Humbolt. Boone started fast and swept the Hombolt eleven off their feet; weakened somewhat in the second half and it seemed for a time as if Humbolt would tie the score; but the whistle saved Boone and brought home the big end of 18-13 score.

This victory served as an impetus to the spirit of the Boone team, and the following Saturday we took Indianola into camp by the score of 13-9. At the end of the first half Indianola had Boone on the run by a score of 9-0, but by a demonstration of the first come-back ever witnessed on a Boone field, Indianola was defeated by a score of 12-9.

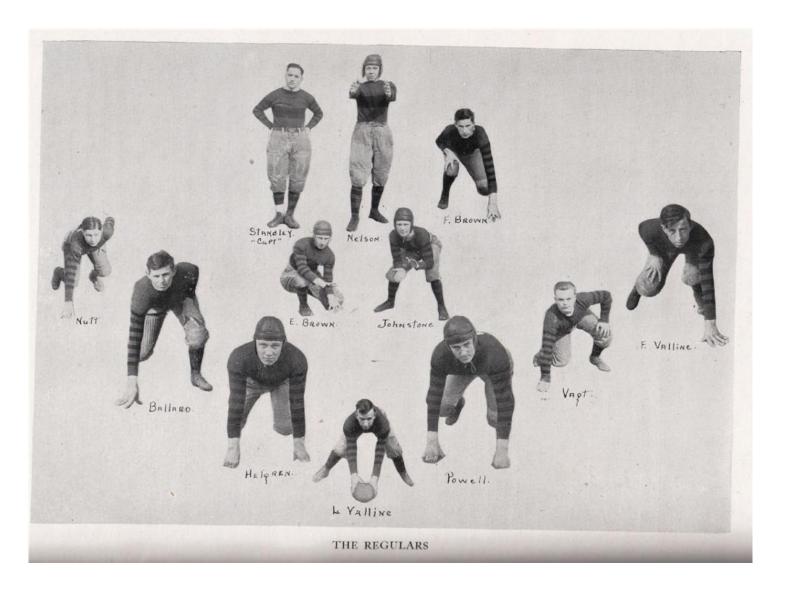
Next Saturday on a muddy field with falling rain, Boone played an indifferent tie game with Jefferson. It served in no way to prepare us for the hard Marshalltown game which was soon to follow.

We journeyed to Marshalltown with high expectations but the first few minutes of the game served as a damper to the spirit of the machine which had played so well for five consecutive weeks. It lost its fight and went down under a defeat of 41-0.

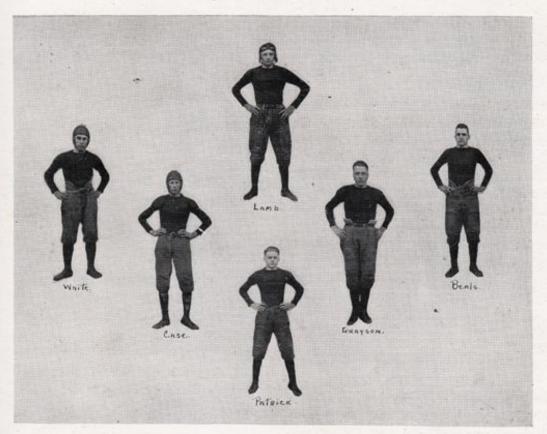
Fate was not kind to Boone in dealing out the weather, for in the Eagle Grove game on a snow covered field the light Boone backs were unable to make any progress against the heavy Eagle line and were defeated by a small score of 12-0.

With these two defeats the hopes of winning the Ames game seemed very small indeed, but everybody received the jolt of their lives when Boone came back and fought their old time rival to a standstill and the much hoped for victory of six touch-downs was but a victory of 2.

The next Saturday the season closed in a blaze of glory, Boone defeating Carroll 31-0. Altho from the standpoint of the one who looks at the scores only the season could not be called a great success, however, it showed what the Boone team was made of and what a green bunch of football material could do. Next year Boone will have a full team of one and two year men who should give a good account of themselves against such teams as Sioux City, North High, Marshalltown, and Newton.



The Reserves



Player	Position	Weight	Experience
IVAN STANDLEY (Captain)	R. H. B.	145	2 yrs.
Frank BrownL.	H.B., F. B	. 150	2 yrs.
EMERY NELSON	C., F. B.	150	2 yrs.
E. Brown	Q. B.	125	2 yrs.
R. POWELL	L. E.	160	2 yrs.
J. Vagt	L. T.	175	2 yrs.
C. Ballard	R. T.	170	2 yrs.
A. Helgren R	. G., R. T.	175	2 yrs.
F. VALLINE	L.E.	150	1 yr.
V. Nutt	R. E.	130	1 yr.
W. Johnstone	Q.B.	130	1 yr.
L. VALLINE	L. G., C.	150	1 yr.
FOO	TBALL S	CORES	
Madrid	0	Boone	31
East High	47	Boone	0
Humboldt	13	Boone	18
Indianola	9	Boone	
Jefferson	0	Boone	0
Marshalltown	41	Boone	0
Eagle Grove	12	Boone	
Ames	12	Boone	

The Squad

IVAN STANDLEY

"Cap" '17

Right Half Back

Standley, the captain of this year's squad, is one of the main stays of the back field. He was a power on defense and played defensive full-back. For a short smash through the line, Standley was there, and as an interference runner on long runs he always got his man. Where Standley showed up the best was in returning punts and his work all through the season in this line marked him as one of the best in this part of the state.

EMERY NELSON

"Swede" '17 Center, Full Back

"Swede" holds the distinction of being the best punter ever turned out by B. H. S. He started the season at center but was later shifted to full back. As an interference runner his work was wonderful, and in the Ames game his line-plunging, tackling and punting held the crowd spellbound. "Swede" was the pep generator of the bunch.

EVERETTE BROWN

"Barton" '17

Quarter Back

Boone had two quarter backs last season and they were both used in practically every game. Brown had cinched his position on the team by great work the year before, and played a heady fast game all season.

RAYMOND POWELL

"Powell" '17

Left End

Powell was one of last year's men who found it impossible to get out during the early part of the season. Two weeks before the Ames game, however, he showed up in a suit and helped out wonderfully at end. He played a slashing, hard-tackling game. For a big man, Powell is extremely fast on his feet, and makes an ideal end.

FRANK BROWN

"Hi" '18

Left Half Back, Full Back

This was Brown's first year on the regulars but not his last, for "Hi" is to pilot the '17 eleven through one of Boone's hardest schedules, and with him as a captain we should develop a "runner-up" team. He played half and full back and was good at line-plunging, but made his best gains on long end runs. It was his spectacular work that won the Indianola game in the last half.

LLOYD VALLINE

"Valline" '17

Left Guard and Center

Every coach likes to have two or three men on the squad that he can use where he needs them. Valline was this kind of a man. He played guard and tackle, and end in one game, and after "Swede" went to full back, Valline held down the center job. He was very good on the defense and at analyzing the opponent's attack, and always was on hand to break it up.

AXEL HELGREN "Ack" '17 Right Guard

Helgren was utility man in the line this year. He played any position from tackle to tackle. It is usually hard for a player to change positions and still play a good game, but it never bothered Helgren. He was a steady player on defense and had that aggressiveness which is sure to work havoc in the opponents' line-plunging. Axel will leave a big hole in the line next year.

VERNIE NUTT
"Nut" '19
Right End

Little, but oh my! Nutt only weighed a hundred thirty-five, but what he lacked in weight he made up in speed and aggressiveness. Many times when "Swede" punted, Nutt would be down on the man almost as soon as the ball. He was a consistent player and a sure tackler. We expect great things of him next year.

JOHN VAGT "Butch" '19 Left Tackle

Vagt was sure of his position when the season opened, and was the man around whom the left side of the line was built. "Butch" is a big man and fast on his feet, and was apt in breaking through the opponents' line. On fake plays he came into the back field and did the forward passing, and he never had any trouble placing the ball where he wanted it.

CLARENCE BALLARD "Lengthy" '18

Right Tackle

One of the few regulars left over from last year was "Lengthy". This year he played at tackle or guard and was used most at tackle on the right side of the line. Ballard was a good man on the defense and opened up good holes for the backfielder, but where he showed up best was at analyzing and breaking up the opponents' plays on the defense. "Lengthy" was one of the big men of the team.

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE "Bill" '19

Quarter Back

This season marked the development of Johnstone as quarter back. Early this year be ran the second team but soon was changing with Everette Brown as a regular quarter back on the varsity. As quarter back he was heady and peppy, on the defense he made a great safety man. Watch Bill next year!

CARROLL CASE

"Casey" '18

Sub Tackle

One of the first string subs this year was Casey". He was used in the line and showed prospects of making a good man next year.

LUE GRAYSON

"Lue" '17

Guard

Lue Grayson was the man who saved the line in the last part of the season. Injuries and scholastic conditions had cut the coach's supply of line men until Lue's return from the farm was a perfect Godsend. He showed the same fight that had characterized his play the year before, and beginning with the Ames zame, played the rest of the season.

RODNEY PATRICK

"Pat" '18

Sub Center and End

Patrick played at center or end and was used at both positions. "Pat" will be with us next year and should hold down a regular position.

FLOYD VALLINE

"Toad" '18

Left End

When the season opened "Toad" was a new man at football, but as practice went on began to show first team caliber. In the first few games he substituted at guard and center, but later was shifted to end. There he was a sure tackle and shared honors with Vagt at forward passing.

FRANK BEALS

"Jasper" Half Back

Beals was one of the scrappy candidates for the back field, and could always be counted on to play a first class game. He started the season at end, but because of his speed and aggressiveness was switched to half back. We are sorry to hear that Beals won't be with us next year.

HAROLD WHITE

"White"

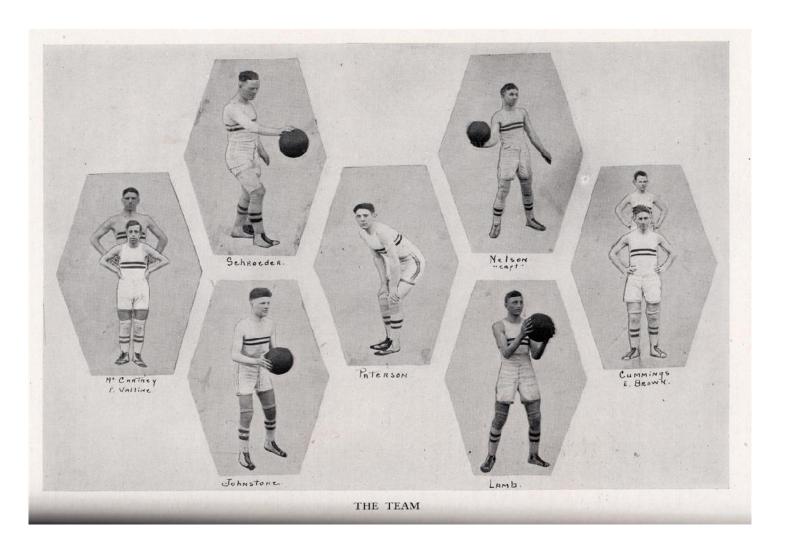
Half Back

Here's a man that didn't know anything about football when he started the season. He was used at the end until he learned where to go when a signal was called, and then the coach decided that he was too fast to keep in the line so he went to half back. Here he showed up in great shape, until he received a sprained ankle in the Indianola game. The team had to get along without him until late in the season. White was probably the fastest man in a football suit on the Boone squad.

CLYDE LAMB

"Issic" '18 Half Back

This is Lamb's first year at playing first team football, and it was only his ability to put up a great fight which won him a place before the end of the season, for "Issic" is light and must rely on his speed and scrappiness. He did especially fine work in the Ames game, and from the way he closed this season, would make a first class half back next year.



EMERY NELSON

"Swede" '17 Left Guard

The able captain of this year's squad was Emery Nelson, with two years of basketball which developed him into a wonderful standing guard, and from this position he commanded the Boone forces with rare generalship. Nelson's cool head, speed, and ranginess enabled him to break up the opponents' play so surely and deftly that he was a positive nightmare to any opposing forward. The captain was an ideal leader and a great favorite with the Boone crowd. He was a man that will be remembered long as a great fighter and a true gentleman on the basketball foor.

EDMUND SCHROEDER

"Honus" '17 Right Guard

Schroeder was ineligible at the beginning of the season. His first game was at Fort Dodge, where the Nelson-Schroeder combination at guard worked like clock work. Fight, fight, fight!" was "Honus'" watchword, and the Boone team will miss his scrap and pep when he goes away to school.

GLENN CUMMINGS

'19

Center

Seldom has a basketball team had two such good centers as Cummings and Paterson. Cummings was used at center regularly until his hand was injured a week before the Omaha game. Cummings was seldom outdone at center and he always fitted into the team work of the game. His acrobatic stunts were popular with the crowds.

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE

"Bill" '19

Right Forward

From the start of the season down at Dallas Center to the Marshalltown game, Johnstone's work this year has been truly spectacular. The little forward was an adept at the long shot game and made a rather unusual record in the Marshalltown game of not missing a chance at the basket. He was kept out of a number of games in the middle of the season by a bad charley-horse. He came back, however, and finished the season in a blaze of glory that augurs well for next year's team.

CLYDE LAMB

"Issic" '18

Right Guard

Lamb was one of the green men at the beginning of this season, but he finished the season playing such a game that one of the fans was heard to characterize him as a "Going Demon". "Issic", "Swede", and "Honus" made up a trio of guards that was a regular barb-wire entanglement for the Boone trenches. One of the Council Bluffs forwards, after the game, remarked, "That skinny guy is sure some guard".

HAROLD PATERSON

"Pat" '19

Center

"Pat" started the game at guard but finally showed such first team caliber that the coach had to have him in the game, so switched him to center. At the end of the season he was getting his share of the knock-offs and his floor work was fast and sure. Paterson is going to be one of the main cogs in next year's machine.

FLOYD VALLINE

"Toad" '18

Sub Guard

Valline is one of the few guards who are able to put his forward in air tight position and yet get down on the floor and drop in a pretty basket himself. "Toad" will be with us next year.

RUSSELL McCARTNEY

"Jake" '19

Sub Center

Big "Jake" was the mirth provoker of all the trips, always keeping the squad in good humor. He played enough games to win his small "B" and will develop into a first class center for next year's squad.

EVERETTE BROWN

"Barton" '17

Sub Forward

Accurate basket shooting characterized the play of this scrappy little forward. Brown was an active string man who won his small "B". He made himself famous by the game he played at Nevada.

Basketball

A glance at the Boone basketball scores for the past year might make one think that it had been only a "so-so" season for us in the mid-year sport, but ask one of the team's ardent supporters—and these were gratifyingly numerous—about the matter and—well, here's the why and wherefore of it all. Judge for yourself.

Boone's schedule included sixteen games with the very best teams of Northern Iowa and Nebraska. Eight were played on the home floor and of these Boone lost only to Omaha Central and Ft. Dodge. Beginning the season with a double header, we dropped one at Dallas Center while the other half of the squad took Nevada into camp here. The following night the boys romped away with Eagle Grove, and a week later took the Jefferson crowd to a cleaning.

Boone struck the first snag of the season when Ft. Dodge captured their game by a score of 23-12. This was the first real team we had been up against and we discovered two things; first, that our offense was incapable of getting down the floor against a fast team, and second, a good pair of forwards could get past our guards often enough to win a game for the opposition. How successfully the team remedied their defects became apparent in the games at the end of the season. However, the team rallied the following Wednesday and sent home the Ames rooters with the small end of a 20-19 score. Both of these games were featured by the fine support given the boys by the Boone crowd.

On Friday night of the same week occurred the catastrophe at Jefferson. Score 33-11! Then followed the two Tama games and the first Marshalltown game. On this trip, Boone was without the services of Cummings at center, and Johnstone was hors de combat because of a bad charlie horse. Patterson took over the center job and by the end of the season had developed into a whirlwind.

On Feb. 9th, Boone had visitors from Omaha, Nebraska. The Central High team was one of the best teams ever seen on the Boone floor. They were tall and rangy and fast and scrappy, and gave a fine exhibition of basketball. When the smoke had cleared away the score stood 17-10 for Central, but Boone had put up a fight of which to be proud. The Central team beat Ft. Dodge on the following night.

The Ft. Dodge-Eagle Grove trip cost Boone two defeats. Tradition has it that Ft. Dodge can't be beaten on the Armory floor, because it is so well waxed, but Boone went onto the floor determined to win. The half ended 9-8 for Boone, but the Fort caged some long ones in the second half and won 22-15. Our boys slumped at Eagle Grove the next night, and though the game was fast and furious, none of our forwards could locate the ring though they all had plenty of chances.

The last lap of the season was the best of all. In the final two games on the home floor the Boone crowd saw an elegant, smoothly running machine, which operated like clock work, and fought like a pack of tigers, to bring home well-earned victories for Boone. On Friday the second team took the Nevada trip so that the first five would be in trim for the Council Bluffs game, and though they lost, they gave a good account of themselves. The next night we beat Council Bluffs. It was a joy to see it. That was the night when Peg Meredith dropped in 9 out of 11 free throws.

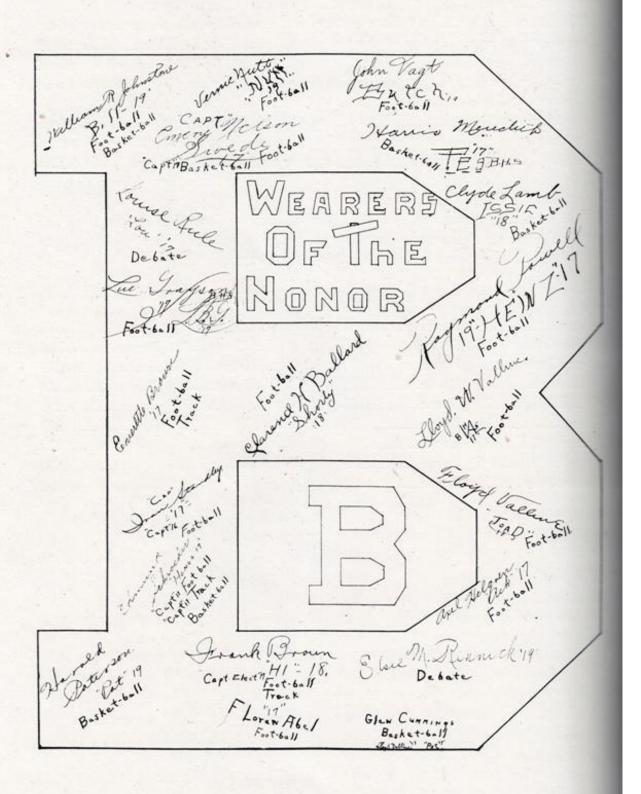
The five men who made up the team that beat Marshalltown in the last game before the tournament were all stars of the first magnitude. Captain Nelson and Lamb at guards were simply invincible, Patterson at center was a whirlwind, and Johnstone and Meredith took care of the forward position in wonderful style. The attack was sure and versatile. The defense was perfect, and the team work was superb.

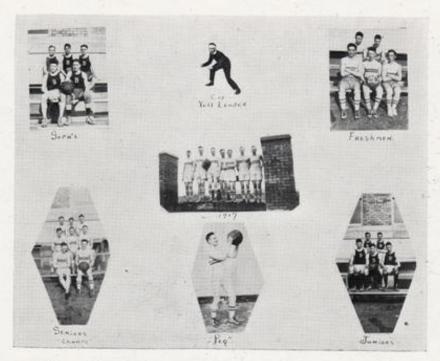
At the sectional tournament in Des Moines, March 9th, the team was all broken up. The loss of the two forwards through sickness, and training rules took the pep out of the squad. So it was an entirely different looking team that failed to trim Adair at Des Moines, than had beaten two of the teams which went to Ames for the State Tournament the following Saturday.

The number of games on the schedule was doubtless too large, but as a result of this we have eight men left as a nucleus for next year's team, who have played first team basketball. The prospects are certainly bright for next year's team.

BASKETBALL SCORES

Nevada 9	Boone15	Tama22	Boone33
Dallas Center16	Boone15	Omaha Central17	Boone10
Eagle Grove 3	Boone24	Fort Dodge22	Boone15
Jefferson18		Eagle Grove15	Boone14
Fort Dodge23	Boone12	Nevada27	Boone 9
Ames19		Council Bluffs13	Boone17
Jefferson33	Boone,11	Marshalltown13	Boone22
		Adair12	Boone10
Marshalltown 31	Boone 21	1	





The Conflict of the Four Classes

With the close of the football season came the big war for class supremacy in basketball. At the opening of the season the Seniors and Sophs were picked out to be the strongest and so it turned out. The opening battle of the war was fought between the Sophs and Freshies. Both armies were evenly matched but by a little strategy the Sophs succeeded in nosing out the Freshies' army by a one-point margin.

The next advancement was but a light skirmish between the Seniors and the Juniors, the Seniors outfighting the Juniors, and forcing them to retreat by a score of 14 to 4.

The third battle of the war put the Freshies out of the running. When the battle began the fighting was close and fierce, but as the time went on Juniors easily started a rout in the Freshies' rank and defeated them 11 to 1.

Army followers thought that the battle between the Juniors and Sophs would be hard fought, and so it was, but the Sophs' superior generalship succeeded in outflanking the Juniors and turned them back by a score of 21 to 2.

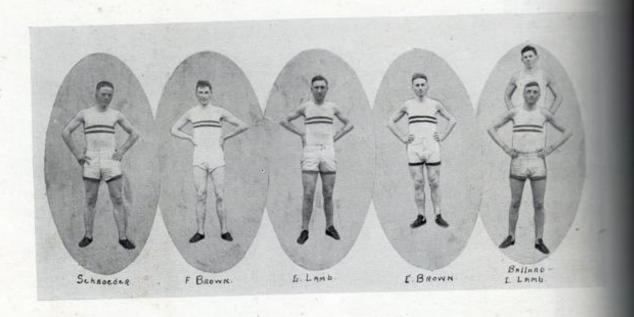
The second skirmish of the class armies was when the Seniors sent out their men to feel the strength of the Freshies. The Freshies were indeed few in number and had had four drillings, for they were forced back into their trenches by a defeat of 34 to 7.

The final and greatest battle of the war was fought between two great armies under two able generals. Meredith, the Senior commander, sent his army against the army of Nutt, Soph commander, in such a surprising manner that he could not station his men to meet the attack and fell back in defeat, giving the Seniors again the coveted cup by a score of 13 to 6.

	on	Lost
Seniors	3	0
Juniors	1	2
Sophomores	2	1
Freshmen	0	3



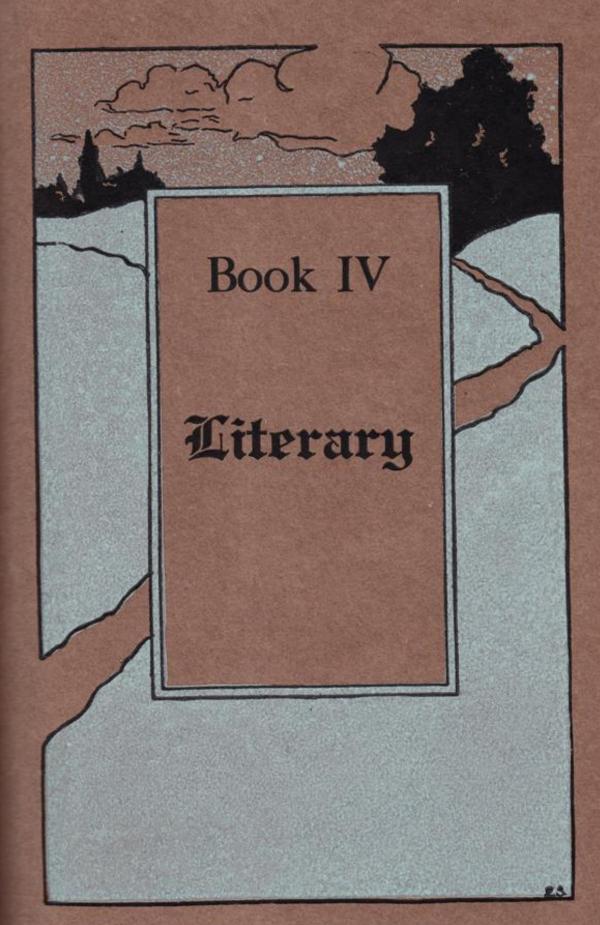


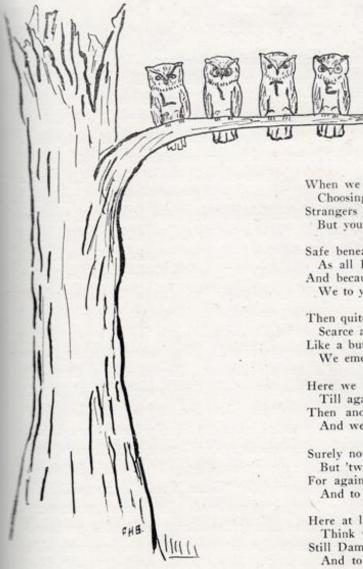


The 1916 Track Meet

Owing to the fact that the Annual goes to press before the track season is nicely started, the 1916 track team is represented here. At the Drake Relay held in Des Moines last year, Boone's team was not able to qualify. The next meet attended was Fonda, there only one Boone man qualified. F. Brown took second in the 440.

The meet held at Ogden was won by Boone, Boone getting first in the mile and half-mile relay, second in the 100-yard dash, and second in the hurdles. This meet was won from such teams as Ames, Dallas Center, Waukee, Ogden, and others.





Sebenteen

Four short years have we been with you; Shared your sorrows and your joys, These, the sentiments I'm penning, Of the Senior girls and boys.

We have helped you win your victories, We've upheld you in defeat; Tho' we've sometimes been discouraged, Still we never did retreat. When we came to you, poor orphars, Choosing you from many another, Strangers then we stood before you, But you took us like a mother.

Safe beneath your care we rested As all Freshman students do, And because you were so loving We to you were always true.

Then quite soon we were triumphant, Scarce a year had passed before; Like a butterfly emerging, We emerged a Sophomore.

Here we reigned for two semesters, Till again a year did pass, Then another transformation And we joined the Junior class.

Surely now we'd reached perfection, But 'twas ever higher fame, For again we were exalted, And to Seniors changed our name.

Here at last we are contented,
Think we've nothing else to gain,
Still Dame Progress says "Push onward
And to higher schools attain."

So if now we must forsake thee, Juniors, won't you try to fill Places we have vacated; And together say, "I will"?

Guard your dear old Alma Mater, Be to her a loving son; One that she may well be proud of, And she'll rank A Number One.

Let our worthy lives remind you
Yours can be a grand success;
And departing leave behind you
Footprints in the B. H. S.
HERBERT V. FITZGERALD, '17.
"Kurly."

The Long Lane

On the right hand, so precipitous as to almost overhang the square, lay a hill, crowned with the castle, grand though in ruins, which nature vainly tried to conceal, with tangled vines, climbing ivy, and embowered shrubbery. What the castle must have been in the days of glory, when it was the residence of a court, we could only faintly imagine. It was of white stone, and was a succession of palaces, built to enclose a square. or great court yard, each of entirely different architecture and design. At each corner were watch towers to apprise of coming foes. One can still ascend the winding stairs of one, though the steps have been hollowed into bowls by dripping rain and mounting feet. Between these towers, upon one side, and on the verge of the hill, still remains the grand stone terrace, where a hundred couples might promenade in solitude on moonlight evenings, with summer houses at each end; all these palaces are in ruins. A few habitable rooms only remain among them all. The whole is overgrown with ivy and embowered in shrubbery. Great trees spread their branches in the midst of the walls that still remain standing, and crumbling earth and drifting dust have filled many parts, even up to the broken window ledges of the second story. There was a grand banqueting hall with blue heavens for a ceiling overhead. There was a drawing room, the floor long since crumbled away, with only the broken walls remaining. Standing upon the loose earth, one may see the blackened fireplaces far above, before which fair faces grew rosy centuries ago, and where white hands were outspread, that have been dust and mold for ages. There was, but words cannot describe it, though one should speak of the winding ways like a labyrinth, the queer paved court yard from whence the knights sallied forth in the olden times; the great tower, split in twain by an explosion during the last siege; the wine cellars and the "Great Twain", upon which the servants of the castle danced when the vintage was gathered. In all attempts at word painting, there remained something that defied description, that would not be portrayed by language. Truly the builder had a sense of the picturesque, for the mountain side, covered with a dense foliage, reflected from a distance the ruined walls like a shaft of sunlight. The massive walls, an enormous mass of masonry called the overthrown tower, could not fail to impress one with its gigantic strength. A wonderful fascinating picture the court yard must have presented in its prime, when at sunset the elaborate walls stood out against the sky, like a delicate cut cameo. Surrounding the whole ran an excavation which, when the castle was in its glory, was filled with crystal water, forming an impassable barrier to the invader. Remnants of the huge draw bridge still remained, ponderous and massive it must have been, when lowered for passage, or raised, making a gate impossible to be battered down by the strongest ram.

In one of the turrets, we came suddenly and unexpectedly upon the guard. It was plain to be seen that he had been a soldier, tall and noble, for he was still of the same military poise. When he observed our surprise he greeted us with a smiling, jovial, good-humored face, lit up by quick, bright eyes that twinkled from under a prodigous pair of eyebrows; a square, honest face whose broad nature beamed out from a mighty

bush of curling whisker and gray hair. Yes, he thought the scene beautiful, in response to our attempts at conversation, but, not half so much so as the castle was in the days of its prime, before the Omen fell. What Omen? Our curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch, by the mysterious Omen. After some persuasion the old soldier smilingly began.

"In the ages gone by there lived a semi-barbaric Baron in Rheinstein, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by distant Latin neighbors, still scented of mystery and superstition. The Baron was a man of abundant fancy, superstition, and of an authority so irresistible, that many times he changed his fancies into facts, and believed all mystery and superstition would materialize. The Baron traveled much, bringing all things to his castle, which his semi-barbarianism could understand or which struck his fancy. Here he lived in his castle by the Rhine, ruling his subjects with a will doubly steeled by long years of military command. His nature was bland and mild when everything ran smoothly in its course, but when things overflowed their banks, his wrath rose with the fury and disaster of a tornado. Here," and the old story teller swept the ruins, and surrounding country with his hand, throwing his whole self in the story, "here hidden away from the world, in the cool depths of the Black Forest, with the majestic Rhine winding its silvery way to the southward, lived the Feudal Baron in ease and fancy.

"Out of the multitude of his varied fancies borrowed from visitation to his neighbors was that of bringing the Black Eagles to his castle, where by their powerful protection he and the Empire would be safe. Noble birds they were, measuring from five to six feet from wing tip to wing tip, and more than half that distance from beak to tail tip; black as jet itself were they even down to the claws of their mighty talons. Their beaks curved into a wicked hook, which they ravenishly used to tear apart the flesh given them by the Baron. One thing that baffled the Baron and his successors was that the number apparently never changed, but so near as they could ascertain, remained the same.

"In the beginning there had been a hundred, but within two years, pampered and protected by the Baron, the black host grew, until their number became several times the original. Soaring until they became mere specks in the clouds, they would swoop down upon the castle, uttering hideous cries, and producing a whistling, hissing noise with their wings. It pleased his highness immensely at sunset, to mount his horse and ride to a neighboring hill, where the gray walls glowed brazen in the last rays of day, picturesquely framed by the glimmering jet of black, reflected by hundreds of noble birds, perched on the battlements.

"The peasants regarded the eagles as a bad omen, which eventually would assert itself in ruin and tribulation to the Baron's dynasty. The subject was much discussed both within and without the castle, but still the black host steadily grew, and as steadily the Empire grew in power and breadth. The Baron took a semi-barbaric pleasure in the displeasure of the bad omen fearing peasants. But the Black Eagles had definitely and permanently made Rheinstein their home and still no act of retribution overtook the Baron.

"The course of the Baron's tancy ran smoothly and undisturbed, until war abruptly severed the friendly relation between the Baron of Rheinstein and his neighbor. A chance now presented itself to make use of the Black Eagles. Huge, ebony birds were emblazoned on the shields and decorated the standards of the soldiers. Eagles were carried by the army, petted and pampered until they became idols of the soldiers. In battle, the eagles hovered over the army, cheering the soldiers on by their screaming and unearthly cries. Flushed by the path of glory, the Baron led his army on to victors after victory, and very plainly was he pleased with his fancy and himself, and very plainly did he tell his men before the last battle that he had a dream in which the power was his to foretell a prophecy, if they were victorious. The Black Eagles were to be vitally included in the promised prophecy. Drunk with past victories and blood-shed, the impetuous and forceful Baron instilled in the hearts of his superstitious soldiers fear of the supernatural. They fought with a fury and fierceness never before seen on a field of battle. The enemy was completely annihilated, not a single human being left living upon the field. The Baron's cup was full to overflowing.

"Immediately he would march his victorious warriors back to Rheinstein, and there he would assemble all his nobles and in the presence of the army, and what peasants could gather he would pronounce his solemn prophecy.

"From far and near the people thronged the palace and courtyard, while crowds unable to gain admittance massed themselves outside the royal wall. The Baron was in high spirits. He had no fear of the prophecy being fulfilled himself, but if he could instill it in the hearts of the people, his rule would be safe from revolt. Would this not make him one of the highest Barons of the time? and incidentally give vent to his fancy? Surely, the other rulers would not look with scorn upon his omen. Surely, he would set a precedent; surely the others would follow his example. Surely, the prophecy would have a lasting effect upon the ignorant peasants, which would cause them to swear allegiance to the castle for ever and ever. The omen would bind the peasants to the castle with bands as strong as iron bands, and pass from parent to child, to be handed down from generation to generation, unchanged and foreboding. The Baron took an aesthetic pleasure in watching groups of peasants speculating on the nature of the omen, but not an inkling of his intentions reached them until the appointed time.

"The appointed day arrived. The rising sun looked down upon a strange and mottled sight. Thousands of people were standing facing the east rampart, where the Baron in the presence of the priest would solemnly pronounce the prophecy. All was ready. The Baron and his court, with the priest, stepped out upon the portal, amid wild cheering, half of admiration and half of fear and fright. Darting, black flashes, like flashes of lightning, cut the air. The eagles seemed to realize they were to be concerned, and were loath to let the people forget them.

"After some minutes of speaking to the throng, the Baron signalled to the priest who brought forth a huge parchment. First, the prophecy was entered upon the records, and sanctioned by the priest. Earnestly the Baron pronounced the omen. Since the Black Eagles had been brought to Rheinstein, the people had looked upon them as an omen as black and foreboding as they themselves. From then on the kingdom would

be protected from all danger so long as the Black Eagles remained unmolested at Rheinstein, but should they leave, the kingdom was doomed to destruction and ruin. Again the Baron reminded the people of his vision. There was no need of entering the prophecy upon the records, because it was engraved upon their hearts. Thus the Black Eagles became closely connected with the history of Rheinstein. Not a hand was raised against them. And thus the prophecy passed from generation to generation, always repeated in the same way, always regarded as eventually coming to pass.

"The Baron's fondest hopes were realized to his great delight. Nothing pleased him more than to see his plans carried out, even if the peasants were kept constantly in fear of the overhanging catastrophe. The peasants swore allegiance to the Baron, and responded to his every whim, fearing that if they refused, Black Doom would be their conqueror. The power of the Baron grew, and came to be recognized by the neighboring rulers as a power to be feared, if war came to pass. Naturally it pleased his highness much to have his brother rulers knuckle to him, and be recognized as their peer.

"The eventful rule of the Baron passed in a blaze of glory on to his successors. Four of these there were, and to four generations was the omen handed down, believed and feared not in wholly superstitious way of their forefathers, but, as a sacred prophecy depending upon themselves for fulfillment. Still the bond of union between Baron and peasants became ever stronger and stronger under the true blue test of time. One generation passed on the next with the threatening shaft of doom overhanging them like a sword. Thus four generations passed on to their predecessors, leaving to the fifth all their advances in civilization, but always the legend and omen was engraved upon the hearts of the children as soon as they were old enough to understand. Surely the legend was true for was not the same castle occupied by their king (the Baronship passed to king and kingdom), and were not the same Black Eagles to be seen by the hundreds? The castle was the same, as the days of its youth, for time had been kind to it, owing to the perfection and care in its building.

"The king like his ancestor was the possessor of an irresistible will, and loved to be conqueror. Thus the truce of friendship, which existed between the king and his neighbors, from centuries of peace and contentment, was rudely broken in his greed for territorial expansion. The peasants willing to follow the king's wish in any attempt, marched to the conqueror's glory, with the prince at their head. Success followed in their footsteps, giving to them victory after victory with a splendid promise of a wonderful achievement.

"Each day a messenger came bearing news to the king of the overwhelming victories and wonderful success of his army. The Goddess of War was apparently allied to the king, converting his army into an irresistible and invincible force. Under the stress of war and the desire of territorial expansion, the omen of his ancestors was forgotten—but only to the human race.

"Well pleased with the great gains of the army, exhausted from strenuous work of military planning, and badly in need of recreation, the king engaged seats at the Royal Theater, to see the renowned dancer, Medilone. The night of the entertainment came. All cares and thoughts of war were thrust aside, and all attention centered upon the immediate enjoyment. The dancing was enjoyed immensely by all, and by far, not least by the king himself. Again and again the dancer was recalled, returning each time smiling and bowing with respectful recognition to the imperial family. When she had completed a very clever and beautifully executed dance for the third time, the king stepped to the stage to congratulate her. She bowed in deepest respect and recognition of the great honor, and kissed the king's hand squarely in the palm. Returning to his seat, the king discovered crimson stains in his hand, which most strangely appeared to be blood. Fear gripped him. All the fierce superstition of his forefathers seized him, transforming him into a ruler of the semi-barbaric age. Rage and bitter disappointment swept over him like a flash of fire, only to be quenched in an unspeakable fear, like a dash of ice water. Those crimson stains from the dancer's lips, so horrible in their resemblance to blood, planted the first seeds of alarm and dread within his fearless soul.

"The king and the imperial family immediately returned to Rheinstein. Here consternation and fright ruled supreme among the inhabitants, for all the fearful superstition of their ancestors was not dead, but only smoldering, awaiting the fuel that would fan it into a raging fire. The long pending catastrophe, blighting as a breath of fire had fallen upon the kingdom. The dreaded appalling prophecy made centures before by a fanciful and irresistible Baron had come true. The Black Eagles of protection and destruction had left Rheinstein, and not one remained of the countless number which had made the castle their home for ages. To the inhabitants the kingdom without the fateful guarding of the Black Eagles was like a babe without the protection of its mother. Since time immemorial, and the birth of the nation, the people looked to the black host for aid, and little wonder hope left with the leaving of the protectors.

"The king was in the agony of the tortured, under the horrible doom, which was reaching out its bony fingers to crush out his existence. Superstition, he imagined, had no place in his soul, but now fear of the inevitable gripped him like a vise of steel.

"Rheinstein was still ringing of the two ill-boding omens, when a messenger came, bearing the news of the prince, somewhere in a foreign land. The army had been completely annihilated by the combined forces of four nations. Only a few escaped, but evading one death, they welcomed another, a thousand times more terrible—that of starvation in the Black Forest. Under the combined awfulness of three omens, the king's mind snapped, converting him into a raving maniac. Running to the battlement of the highest turret, he leaped to a terrible death, hundreds of feet below, on the rocks of the Rhine. The victorious armies swept over the country, plundering, murdering and inflicting on the conquered race all the horrible atrocities bred by the demon of war. Rheinstein was completely demolished, old customs and traditions obliterated, and the people enslaved, for to 'victor belong the spoils'.

"Swift, when the appointed time came, black retribution overtook the kingdom completely wiping out the once prosperous, powerful, and ambitious nation from the face of the earth." The old story teller finished, and smiling told us that we had better be going, for it would soon be dark. So engrossed were we with the legend that time had swiftly passed without our knowledge, and now as the last rays of the evening sun fell on the shattered ruins, and as the dark shadows of night gently dropped her covering of darkness over the scene, we shuddered and quickly left the sea of ruins.

RAYMOND POWELL, '17.







The Louisiana Pageant

Three bells! General Assembly! After a good deal of dodging and hurrying all were in their places. Mr. Ball made a few announcements and told us that Miss Mathews of Chicago would tell us of her plans. She said that she wanted to put on a pageant, a Louisiana pageant, which would represent the history of Louisiana Territory from the landing of Columbus until 1917.

"Come on, let's hurry home."

"I can't. I have to practice for the pageant."

Such conversations could be heard nearly every evening for three weeks, if you listened closely. As the third week approached another subject was added. "Have you bought your ticket yet? Well, be sure to buy it of me."

The passing of each day brought more and more curiosity and when the eventful evening arrived the auditorium was crowded with eager spectators.

"Oh, how sweet!" was the thought in every mind as the curtain rose revealing the sleeping fairies, their queen and her attendants. The Brownies, all kinds of them, came next followed by the Butchers. Then Cupid's Court, a tableau.

The time between 1492 and 1687 was represented by Indian drills, the landing of Columbus, and a medley school drill.

A tableau of William Penn and his Quaker friends, also the newsboys' drill and song, represented the period from 1687 to 1776.

The representatives of the period from 1776 to 1803 were a tableau, George Washington, Martha Washington, and Betsy Ross, assisted by a ladies' quartette; a minuet; and a drill by the dudes.

The next period, 1803 to 1900, represented the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon by the United States. It included also a Cymbal Drill, Floral Drill, and "Queen of the City". The closing number was "America".

The great period of development beginning 1900 was represented by U. S. delegation; Miss Dixie and Miss Columbia, with solo and chorus; ten virgins; Grecian drill;

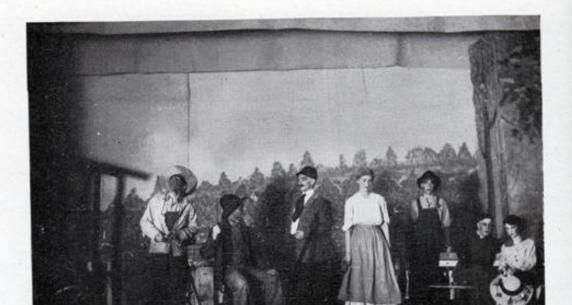
motherhood; marble halls; Japanese tea scene; a Cuban scene; G. A. R. and soldiers' monument; boys' chorus and Boy Scouts; Dixie Doodle Boy's solo; Angel of Peace; and Electricity. In the Grand Finale, Columbia, Civilization, Indian Chief, Iowa, Louisiana, and Peace took the prominent parts. The curtain fell just as the last words of "The Star Spangled Banner" died away.

The angels and Kenneth Fye, the little five-yearold dancer, assisted in many of the scenes. All parts were well rendered and were enjoyed by everyone who attended. Much credit is due Miss Mathews for her patience and ability to train so many, also Miss Leland, and the various grade teachers who assisted her.









"Back to the Farm"

Friday, March 16, everybody went "Back to the Farm". This was a clever little comedy-drama in three acts, and was given for the benefit of the agriculture department of the school.

Аст I

The Merrill farm is unimproved and run down under the poor management of Farmer Merrill. The man's son Merton is in love with Rose Mead, a school teacher, but she thinks that she cannot marry a farmer. At the advice of Ashley, an attorney, Merton decides to go away to school and his father turns him from home for his "notions".

Аст II

Rose, Merton, and Ashley are at a college dance. From Ashley, Merton learns that the mortgage on the farm is overdue. Merton pays the mortgage but is too proud to go back home. Then his mother begs him to come and he decides to go back to "live in God's country—Back to the Farm".

ACT III

The Merrill farm has changed since Merton has come back from school and is now run on an improved and scientific basis. Rose comes out from town with new views of farm life, and the play ends with the happy outcome of their love affair.

The humorous elements of the play were Farmer Merrill, Gus, and Hulda. The two latter "ban goin' to git married too".

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Chas. Merrill	LUE GRAYSON
	WILLIAM MONTGOMERY
	Louise Moffatt
Gus Anderson	RODNEY PATRICK
	GLENN JONES
	JAMES COX
	GENEVIEVE DUFFY
Robert Powell	LEONARD CRAMBLET



The Football Minstrel Show

On Dec. 18, a good-sized crowd was delightfully surprised by the Football Minstrel Show. The Boone people didn't know that there were so many real vaudeville artists in the school, and when everything went off in such fine shape, those who were here could only say to those who stayed away, "Don't miss the Minstrel Show next year."

In the first act, around the circle sat Meredith, Montgomery, Jones, Patrick, Lamb, Dickensheets, Nutt, F. Valline, McIntyre, Beals, Fitch, and Nelson, all typical Alabama coons, and Metcalf, made up as old Colonel Southern. After the usual salutation "Dick" sang, "Don't you cry, my honey", and Montgomery rendered "Sweet Chotilda", and Metcalf gave "Dat Watamillion".

The hit of the second act was Beals' "Lazy Dog" story, and Floyd Valline brought down the house when he announced, "Specks Ah Killed a Niggah". The musical numbers of this act were Dickensheets' rendition of "Old Black Joe", and Peg Meredith's musical monologue, "Coal Black Rose".

In the third act appeared four "Not Coons" on the Grand Opera quartette. These, together with the Coon Band, led up to the grand finale, which of course was the cakewalk.

"Mammy Richardson" had baked a stupendous layer cake for the winner of the walk, so the competition was keen. Miss Kirkpatrick and Mr. Betts rendered a unanimous decision in favor of Montgomery, and the whole cast immensely enjoyed Bill's cake.

The squad is already looking forward to next year's Minstrel Show and hope it will be a regular function in Boone High School.





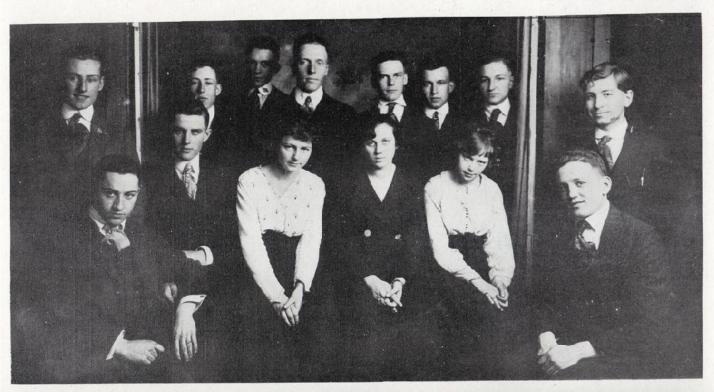


S. L. Moore Declamatory Contest

High School Auditorium, Friday, April 13, 1917

PROGRAM

Music	High School Orchestra
Oratori	cal Section
CARROLL O'CONNELL	"The Genius of Patriotism"—Schall
GLEN JONES.	"What Think Ye of Christ?"-Moody
HARRIS MEREDITH"Give Me	Liberty or Give Me Death"—Patrick Henry
Drama	tic Section
Sylvia Dolak	"The Honor of the Woods"
Lydia Anderson	"A Few Bars in the Key of G"
	"The Swan Song"
Humore	ous Section
Frances Ganoe	"Who's Afraid?"
CLYDE LAMB	"Jim Wolfe and the Cats"
	"Aunt Jane's Missionary Society"
	High School Orchestra
Decision of Judges.	
	dges
SUPT. L. N. GERBER, Madrid	SUPT. M. E. CROSIER, Ogden
	MIDT, I. S. C., Ames



THE CAST







The Fortune Hunter

Cast of Characters

Nathaniel Duncan, "Nat," th	e fortune hunter	HARRIS MEREDITH
Henry Kellogg, a rising young financier		CLARK RAY
George Burnham, a promoter		LLOYD VALLINE
James Long, "Jim"	Two Wall Street	FRANK COMPTON
Lawrence Miller, "Larry"	young men-	Donald Gaston
Willie Bartlett, a millionaire's son		CECIL PANGBORN
Robbins, Kellogg's servant		Everette Brown

Village Characters

Sam Graham, the druggist	LUE GRAYSON
Mr. Lockwood, the banker	
Roland Barnett, bank clerk	
Tracy Tanner, liveryman's son	
Pete Willing, the sheriff	
Mr. Sperry, the drummer	
Watty, the tailor	
Hi, the old inhabitant	
Herman, the errand boy	
Betty Graham, the druggist's daughter	Dorothy Seifert
Josephine Lockwood, the banker's daughter.	
Angie, friend of Josie	Lucille Sunstrom

The Junior-Senior Reception

One of the most delightful of the year's entertainments was the Junior-Senior Reception, given in the High School Gymnasium, Friday evening, April 20th. From the festive appearance of the gymnasium there could be no other supposition but that the most delightful weather had aided in the plans for this occasion which was so thoroughly enjoyed by the large number of guests present. A canopy of purple and white carried out the Junior colors and the baskets had been transformed into hanging baskets. At either end were prettily appointed punch booths presided over by Freshman girls. To the east of the large room had been erected a temporary stage with a large flag as background. Above in the balcony was stationed Pool's Orchestra which played delightfully through the evening.

An attractive program was introduced by an address of welcome by the Junior president, Rodney Patrick, to which Lloyd Valline made the response for the Seniors. A farce, entitled "Burglars", was cleverly presented by Helene Thorson, Clyde Lamb, Margaret Ingersoll, and Floyd Valline. A vocal solo by James Menzies was followed by a reading by James Cox. Alvin Nordberg concluded this part of the evening's pleasure by a very pleasing solo.

The Grand March in which nearly all of the guests participated was led by Dr. and Mrs. Whitehill after which everyone was invited to the balcony where dainty refreshments were served, the Junior colors being carried out in both the table decorations and refreshments.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB



Glee Club



Orchestra and Boys' Quartette



Violins

ELIZABETH CARSON, GOLDA THOMPSON, ELDON CARLSON, FRANCES GANGE LOUISE OTIS, HELENE THORSON, LOIS WHEELER, HARRY HALLER, GENEVIEWE JONES.

Cornets

GAIL FITCH, CLYDE LAMB, AXEL NORDBERG.

Clarinet

CHARLES CROY.

'Cello

WHESLEY PETERSON.

Trombone

JOHN BRUNHALL.

Piano

MARY LEE CARSON.

James Menzies—First Tenor Leonard Cramblet—Second Tenor Alvin Nordberg—First Bass Ivan Goodrich—Second Bass





Boone High School Songs

Tune—Illinois Loyalty Song

We're loyal to you, B. H. S.

To you we'll be true, B. H. S.

We'll back you to stand
'Gainst the best in the land,

For we know you have sand, B. H. S.

Rah! Rah!

So shoot in that ball, B. H. S.

We're backing you all, B. H. S.

Our team is our fame protector.

On, boys, for we expect a victory for you, B. H. S.

Here's to the boys who fight for the green and red.
We're for you, boys, so fight and push to the head.
Like men of old on giants placing reliance, shouting defiance.
Oskey Wow Wow!

We're from the best old school that bedecks the land. For honest work and play we loyal do stand. And unto you we pledge our heart and hand. We're shouting for you, B. H. S.

Tho' Fort Dodge loves the red and black
And Ames loves the gleam of gold,
When the flash of the red and green is seen,
Then Boone's royal colors unfold.

Whatever the shade may be
That's out to the breezes spread,
Tho' colors are many you'll not find that any
Compare with the green and red.