

LITERARY



THE TRICKS OF FATE

"The boast of heraldy, the pomp of power.

And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

—Thomas Gray.

Valhalla is the airmen's heaven. Some get there through their own recklessness; some get there through the carelessness of others; some by well directed anti-aircraft fire; some by faulty machines; and quite a large number due to the breaking up in mid-air of the flimsy Nieuports.

It was due mainly to this last reason that our officers decided to get us new machines to replace the flimsy Nieuports, and of course they must be Spads—Spads, the supreme one seated plane. So when our commander announced at dinner that we were to have new Spads that very afternoon we were suddenly turned into a hilarious mob. We cheered the flight commander, our squadron commander, the "Old Man", as we affectionately dubbed him, our new machines, and our benevolent officers who had so graciously procured the new machines for us. Although enough of our good fliers had gone west to make it very urgent and necessary that we should have new machines it seemed to be too good to be true that at last, we were to have Spads.

We loafed around after our noon feed, patiently waiting for the time to pass until our new machines should arrive. About three o'clock we heard the approach of the machines. Down on the landing field they swept, one after the other. At last our squadron was equipped with Spads! The French pilots crawled out and went to headquarters; we immediately took possession. Oh, those Spads, sturdy, strong, well built, shining and new! What a contrast they offered to the flimsy, shell battered Nieuports. We had examined them thoroughly when the "Old Man" came out and yelled, "Fall in."

We tumbled out and lined up; he gave us our machine numbers and told us we could stay at the aerodrome the rest of the afternoon and make trial flights with our machines. We felt mighty good after we made our trial flights. The Spads in comparison to the Nieuports were—well, all there was to it, there wasn't any comparison. We felt so confident in ourselves and our new machines that we felt we could lick the whole German air force by ourselves.

Just about three days after we had received our new machines, Eddie Berkenheart arrived. We thought our cup of joy was full before and now it certainly was running over. Berkenheart was a stunt flier of the old school, although young in years. In the States he had been considered the most daring of daring. Nothing was too great a risk and nothing was too dangerous for him to try. He seemed to have never known of the term fear. We thought that when he was assigned to our squadron we had it all over the rest of the squadrons. It is true he had never been under fire, but nevertheless we expected great things of him.

It was several days before Berkenheart was sent out. We left about three o'clock in the afternoon and in a short time we were well above the German lines. The Archie anti-aircraft gunners were doing fine that day and shells were bursting all around us. Only one of our planes was hit, we were certainly lucky that we escaped

so easily. Suddenly one of the machines dropped from the formation and flew straight for the aerodrome. It was Berkenheart's machine. We felt sorry for him—his first time out and he was forced to return home, for we felt sure he had engine trouble or something had happened to his machine. But when we returned to headquarters we heard the startling news that Berkenheart had returned home with his machine all O. K. Suspicion entered our minds.

The next time he was out, which was a week later, we had crossed over the lines and were scouting, when suddenly a formation of machines swept out from behind a cloud and in no time we were hotly engaged. Berkenheart seemed to be trying to redeem himself, for he was fighting gamely. Some accurate German gunner, however, clipped his belt strap and that cured him. He dived down out of the melee and beat it for headquarters. We were disgusted with him and when we returned we showed it by our actions, which certainly spoke far more eloquently than words could ever have done.

The unwritten law of our squadron, the 126th, the most famous American flying squadron in the world war, demanded that a man be given three chances to redeem himself if any reflection was cast on his integrity or bravery. So we did not say much and we all waited for his next trial, secretly hoping and praying that he might redeem himself. We had been given hints that a big movement of German forces was on foot and we were sent out to scout. Berkenheart was along. We had successfully accomplished our mission and were returning home when we met a party of German Fokkers who had been over our lines. We engaged them and were having a pretty hot time of it. Lieut. O'Dowell was having his hands full with the enemy—the only one not engaged was Berkenheart. He swept by, absolutely refusing to fire on the German plane. Our luck was with us and we sent three of them to earth in flames and the others took to their heels. We returned and Lieut. O'Dowell, as fine an officer as ever strode this earth, marched up to the "Old Man's" desk, saluted and said, "Sir, I report Berkenheart for refusing to fire on the enemy."

The "Old Man" turned color and said, "Berkenheart, what have you to say to this charge?"

"My machine gun was jammed, Sir," he replied. Examination proved his answer to be correct.

"Probably jammed it himself," was the audible comment.

"Why didn't you fight?" inquired our commander.

"My arm was wounded, Sir; making it impossible for me to engage with the enemy, Sir!" answered Berkenheart.

One of our fliers was a doctor before the war and under the commander's orders he examined the wound. In a scornful tone he said, "It certainly is a bad wound, but he probably made it himself."

This was too much; Berkenheart stiffened, grew a livid red and then turned a deadly white; before anyone could stop him he turned, ran to the machine which was still running, and flew off. We really felt sorry for the poor fellow, partly because of his record in the States, and partly because of the magnificent manner in which he had borne our abuses. But now he was gone. Two days later we found a wrecked machine with an airman's helmet bearing the initials E. B. Poor Berkenheart, "Suicide," we decided.

We went through our regular routine; for weeks nothing unusual occurred, then one day "it" happened. We had been out and were returning when we met a party of German planes. They flew from behind a cloud and took us by surprise.

all that an airman could ask. We were getting the worst of it, when, a lone airplane came up from below us and engaged in the fight. It was a one seated plane painted black with white skulls adorning the sides; a ghastly spectacle to say the least. The strange airman flew close to me. His face was covered by a black mask adorned with the same ghastly skull. Some poor fanatic whose mind has been deranged, was my verdict. But such movements! He dived into the fight with a wonderful bird-like swoop, raked the German planes with a deadly fire, the ta-ta-ta-ta-ta of his machine gun sounding with perfect precision. He sent two to the earth and hit another in a vital spot. The rest of the machines turned and flew for home. When we turned around our savior was disappearing behind a cloud. He came and went like a strange avenging Nemesis.

It was the talk of the squadron. "Who was he?" "Where did he come from?" "Where does he stay?" Those and many more unanswerable questions were asked. Such conduct, such wonderful maneuvers, such wonderful flying and such wonderful fighting were some of the few remarks made about this strange and mysterious airman.

The next day he appeared again and saved a squadron of ours from defeat and added another victory to his credit. With the same wonderful bird-like movements, the perfect firing of his machine gun easily enabled him to dispose of our enemy. And in the same way he made his strange and mysterious departure. The ghastly spectacle presented by the mysterious machine gave our fliers the creeps and certainly put fear in the hearts of the German fliers.

In a short six weeks he had been in more than a score of engagements and had more enemy machines to his credit than most of the most noted fliers. He always appeared when our fliers were being worsted and always entered the fight with that same bird-like dart. And above all he seemed to bear a charmed life. He had close calls, narrow shaves and was in some pretty big holes, but he always managed to squeeze out and he had never been hit.

One dull day the mysterious plane came from behind a cloud right in the midst of three German planes. No one rose to aid him. We all knew his far reached fame and all knew the ultimate end of the contest. His fame which had reached from the front line trenches back to even the drawing rooms of fashionable homes in Paris and London was known to us and we decided to watch him worst the Germans from terra firma.

But human judgment is oft erring and Fate plays strange tricks. A German plane flew head into the black plane, breaking it into two pieces. Like rocks they fell right in the center of our landing field.

Like a frenzied throng we rushed to the spot. At last the identity of the far famed airman was to be known! We were crazy with excitement. Our commander stooped and picked up a piece of paper from the airman's pocket. It read:—

"This will be read only when I am in Valhalla—I have tried to repay the debt to the squadron whose honor I once defamed. If your conscience decrees I have fulfilled this, then my soul shall rest in peace."

It bore no signature, name, nor address, yet it sounded strangely familiar. We were all throbbing with excitement. Men who were used to the sights and horrors of war seemed strangely affected. Our commander slowly dropped on one knee and removed the black mask. It was Berkenheart—Our Hero.

—Theodore Beck, '24.

LU SIN

It was well toward evening when our packet drew up along the bank of a dirty little yellow stream, that spewed whole cargoes of yellow mud into the bay. There was practically no wind, so we hove to for the night and dropped anchor near the mouth of the little creek.

Mr. Brunner, the captain of this coastwise vessel on which I had taken passage, came aft and with a boatswain's whistle called the crew. They came tumbling from nowhere and stood before us, as dejected a looking bunch of cut-throats as ever shipped before the mast. They waited with sullen attention while Capt. Brunner informed them in a mixed jargon of Dutch and Chinese that they would be given shore leave for the night. With a wave of the hand he dismissed them and they tumbled over the side into the dingy and started shoreward singing like a bunch of American college boys on vacation.

Capt. Brunner smiled grimly and came over to where I sat on a sort of deck chair. He drew an ancient pipe and a pouch of tobacco from his numerous pockets. Why and how he ever came to be a leader of such a motley bunch of Chinks as had just left us I never found out. However, Brunner is known from Batavia to Singapore.

As we sat thus, each engrossed in his own thoughts,—I admit mine were far removed from that miserable little packet,—a terrific racket started on the shore. It startled me terribly, but Brunner sat there immovable as Buddha himself. The noise increased and finally I saw through the failing light, ducks, hundreds of them. They tumbled from the heavy foliage along the banks and set up such a racket as I never have heard before nor afterwards. It had never occurred to me that there were so many ducks in one place in the world. The little creek, so lately yellow, was white with them, and the edge of the bay itself had a liberal sprinkling of ducks of all sizes, squawking and splashing until the noise became almost unbearable.

To top this off, from up forward came a heavy volley of celestial oaths accompanied with the slamming of pans and kettles. I turned in time to see old Lu Sin, our cook, plunge from the gallery and with one dive go down the hatchway calling down upon the ducks and the world in general, the vengeance of his ancestors clear back to Adam or somebody, who, I suppose, meant the same thing to Lu Sin.

I looked at Brunner, he chuckled heartily, and as the racket on the shore had somewhat subsided by this time he motioned me back to my chair which I had left at the sudden appearance of the ducks.

"Santee," he began, his voice coming slowly to me through the deepening night, "I expect you think old Lu Sin crazy, well, I guess he is about ducks. Ducks have always been Lu Sin's weakness since he was an incubator. You know," he said by way of explanation, "in this God-forsaken country they hatch their duck eggs by human incubators. It's this way. A duck, as you know, is not what you would call a setting bird. They lay their eggs in the hot sand, similar to what the sea turtles do, you know. Well, the nights along the river are chilly, so men take soft logs and hollow them out much the same as your American Indians made their dugouts. In these they place the eggs in a sort of semi-circle and leave the center bare of eggs for the heater." Brunner laughed outright at this and I admit I was deeply interested. "This heater usually consists of an old man or a boy who for a few cash a year spend their nights with the eggs. They set the man or boy, as the case may be, among the eggs and cover him all but his head. His heat in this way keeps the eggs warm. Oh yes, I forgot they have a rope at either end of the boat dugout, and they hoist it seven or eight feet off the floor to

prevent, I suppose, the men from leaving their post. So here the egg men, as they are called, pass their nights. Such a one was old Lu Sin until he came to me one morning a few years back, spitting like a madcat and using a string of heathen oaths that fairly made my ears burn.

"Well, I gave him a job in the galley, as our former cook had suddenly disappeared, after he had put salt in the rice instead of sugar. I gathered the following facts from Lu Sin, after he had exhausted his vocabulary and himself trying to impress me forcibly with his plight.

"From boyhood up Lu Sin had been a hard working heathen. He worked in the rice fields during the day and at night slept on duck eggs. His folks had in some way neglected to find him a young lady in his younger days, so Lu Sin figured it was high time such a one was found. He set about getting the interest of the buxom daughter of the old man who owned this 'duckery' or whatever it was. There were worse looking Chinks than Lu Sing, when he first came to me, so from what I gather this heavy set, almond-eyed damsel began to think that Lu Sin could hatch better ducks than anyone around the place.

"She used to come in the evenings and sit and watch Lu Sin hatch eggs." Brunner fairly choked, but went on. "On this particular night Lu Sin's lady friend came to see him as usual, and sat on a chair almost under the boat he and the eggs were in. She must have looked unusually good to him that night, for I suppose she wore her best suit of pajamas, or that is what I call them. Anyhow, Lu Sin wasn't sitting in such a way as to see her as well as he wanted to, so he tried to turn around. It isn't the easiest thing to do; turn around in a clumsy dugout hanging by a rope seven or eight feet off the floor. So when he thought he had reached the position of his desires the old boat was swinging quite a bit. Lu Sin tried to steady it but to no avail. Finally the rope on the end of the dugout slipped off and Lu Sin, eggs and all, plunged right into his lady love's lap.

"Well, when old Lu woke up he found himself mixed up in a chair, with a lump on his head so large that he wondered which one he was really seeing out of. Half hatched ducklings were all over the place, together with the aroma of antiquated duck eggs. Lu Sin's friend had gone. He went down to the river and bathed his battered head until dawn, then he began his wanderings which finally brought him to my ship. Ever since ducks have been his weakness. He never returned to his native home until now, for out there," Brunner indicated the mouth of the creek, "is where Lu Sin baptized his dearly beloved with ducks and duck eggs."

Now I saw the reason why the old cook had gone wild at the sound and the sight of his former home.

"Ho hum!" yawned Brunner, as he arose, "Let's swing our hammocks, 'cause I've got to pull out of here as soon as that crew gets back. Old Lu Sin won't leave the hold until we do, and we've got to eat.

—Harry Lewis, '24.

"MARRYING-OFF" MARTHA

Bob flung his coat and hat in the big Morris chair and took several strides toward his younger sister, who reclined on the massive davenport.

"I say, Dot, what's up Did you get a spanking?"

"Indeed, I did not, Robert Winchester! How dare you say such a thing to me? No, it's only Martha. She's been meddling in my affairs again. I wish, oh, I wish she'd get married."

"You're not alone, sis. But really, wouldn't you pity the man? I don't doubt she'd been married years ago if she'd found a man."

Dorothy suddenly jumped from the davenport and grabbed Bob by the shoulder, "Bob," she exclaimed, "I've got a whale of an idea! What do you say, Bob, that we marry her off?"

"What?" questioned the perplexed boy. "I don't get you."

Oh, marry her off like—oh well, I don't quite recollect but you know. Get some man to fall in love with her, oh—say, Warren Willis for example."

"But supposing he don't fall, which is very sure to happen. Then she'd get wise and, massa! wouldn't we catch it?"

"Oh, pooh, scared of your sister. I might know I couldn't count on a boy for planning. They're no good at it. Shucks, Bob, I bet I can do it alone. You needn't help me, old smarty."

"Yes, sis, you know I'd be glad to, but I don't know how."

"All right. I'll start the thing off."

Stepping to the phone she began, "774M, please. Yes, quickly. Bob, if Martha comes you nudge me, quick."

"Hello, is this you, Warren?—It is?—This is Martha.—How are you?—Fine?—What are you doing?—Nothing, how dull.—Can't you come over this evening?—No—Oh, that will be fine and say, those were simply wonderful chocolates you brought last time—Oh, thanks, yes.—Goodbye."

"Sis, what are you up to anyhow?"

"Well, if that don't get him to thinking! Why, he'll imagine that Martha is trying to land him—"

"And undoubtedly, like most fish, he won't be willing to be landed, either," broke in Bob.

"Oh, yes, but we'll make him want to be."

That evening at seven the doorbell rang and both Bob and Dot made a dive for the door, but to their amazement it was Percival Perkins. Bob howled and Dorothy gasped as she led the bashful suitor into the living room and seated him on the davenport.

"Why did you seat Sir Percival on the davenport, Sis?"

"There's room for two there, Mr. Robert."

"Sis, you're awful. You've sure muddled things up in great shape. Better call up Warren and tell him not to come. You surely don't want three or you'll break the charm."

"I guess not. It's going to be grand, so much better. Rivalry will cause competition."

"What?"

"Well, when Warren sees Percival and Percival sees Warren they'll both decide it's time to act. They'll propose and we'll be done. Martha will be married off."

"But supposing she doesn't accept, Dot?"

"Silly, of course she'll accept. She'll be so glad to get a man she'll surely take the first one. Wonder which?" questioned Dot glancing at Bob with eyes dancing.

"I'll answer," said Bob as the bell rang.

"You shall not," said Dot, who arrived at the door first. This time it was Warren that she conducted to the living room and seated right opposite the amazed Percival. Warren seemed to say, "What you doing here?" and Percival seemed to answer between blinks, "That's just what I was wondering about, you." Dot went

to call Martha, trying to keep back the giggles. "Martha, Mr. Perkins is here."

"I'm not ready yet. Amuse him until I come."

Dorothy's brain whirled, but suddenly she walked right in, seated herself at the piano and asked sweetly. "Do you wish to sing?"

Percival sulked but Warren readily consented. "What?" he asked.

Dorothy was ready, "Let's try, 'I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine.'"

"Good, all ready."

Poor Percival! He lowered his head and began to look more dejected as Warren sang. Warren noticed and the worse he got the louder Warren sang.

"What's going on here?" demanded a voice in the doorway. "Dorothy Winchester, leave this room. Warren, what are you doing here?"

"You called me, didn't you?" questioned Warren in self-defense.

"I did not. It's a trick. I can bet Dorothy did it. Now, Miss Dorothy, take him out and entertain him."

"Mother said I couldn't have beaux," defended Dorothy.

"Do as I say. Mother's not here. Maybe it will be a lesson to you."

Bob stood in the hall meanwhile bursting his sides with laughter. Martha pushed Dorothy out after Warren and closed the door. Dorothy looked at Warren and Warren looked at Dorothy.

"Do you like taffy-pulls?" she asked.

"Do I?" he exclaimed. "You bet I do."

"Bob, we're going to have a taffy-pull. Do you want to help?"

Bob popped up from somewhere and burst out, "Well I guess I do. Lead the way."

Dorothy led the way and led everything that evening until amidst shouts of laughter Martha announced, "Dorothy, it's your bed-time. As for you, Mr. Willis, you should be manly enough to go home at this time."

"It's none of your affairs, Miss. I suggest that you send Percival home too. Dot, I can't go home. I'm stuck fast."

Sure enough, his hands clung together around a sticky mass of taffy. Dorothy endeavored to help him and soon had him freed from the entangling delicacy. Warren suddenly turned to Dorothy and said, "Dorothy, I wish we could always stick together like this candy. Do you think we can?"

"Warren, you mustn't. I beg you not to talk so foolishly."

"But, Dorothy, I mean it. Really."

"Oh, Warren, be careful. Martha'll hear us. Foolish. I was only fooling with you."

"But, Dorothy, I love you."

"Tell Martha that, Warren."

"No. I mean it for you, Dorothy, say yes."

"I can't. Mother would not let me. Why, Warren, I'm but sixteen."

"Fine, we'll wait."

"Yes, Warren." And he kissed her.

A burst from the doorway concluded, "Sweet sixteen and has been kissed." It was Bob.

"Robert, do be careful. What will Martha say?"

"Say, sis, you're a punk failure in trying to marry Martha off. I believe it will be you that will be married off."

"It will," agreed Warren smiling.

—Mary Lowry, '22.

WATCH AND WAIT

I, Mary Ann Marshall, was in the kitchen the other day getting some things ready for lunch. You see, I was all alone or I probably wouldn't have been doing it. As I worked I was thinking up a plan for a story. I often write stories and I always have the most beautiful heroines in them. They are always happy and smiling, even in trouble. Dorothy, that's my little sister, says I would look much better if I'd do that too. And they have pretty, curly golden hair, mine's straight and brown. And there is always a villain,—a big rough man who carries the heroine off. Just as I had gotten to the part where he was going to grab her, someone knocked on the door. My heart just went clear down to my toes, I was so scared. I thought of how people were snatched away when they opened the door but I got up courage and opened it, and it was only the grocery boy. After he left I had to go down town.

I was going past a vacant lot when a car came along and a man just grabbed me right off my feet and into that car. I started to scream but he put his hand over my mouth. Then I started to fight. I got free and gave him a push to the other side of the car. Then, oh horrors! the door came open and he rolled out on the pavement. When the man in the front seat saw what I had done he pointed a gun at me and made me sit quietly. We drove for a long way till we at last turned in at a little tumble down cottage.

The man jerked me out of the car and carried me into the house and shut me up in a room lit only by a skylight. He put me on the bed, tied my hands and feet and left me.

Then I began to think. What would father and mother do when I did not return? Of course my picture would be on the front page and there would be a big writeup about me and all the girls would be jealous, but I didn't care about that now, all I wanted was to be at home.

I was left alone all night and in the morning the man came in with my breakfast. He untied me and went off, locking the door after him. He did not come back again so I began to devise a way to escape. The door was locked so that way was cut off. I wondered if I could reach the skylight. By pulling the bed under it and putting the little table on top of the bed I managed to grasp the edge of the skylight. I was just ready to pull myself up when the door burst open and my jailer came in. This frightened me so that I let go and tumbled to the floor. I pretended to be hurt. When he saw I did not move he muttered something to himself and picking me up carried me outside to a waiting car. He drove to another house. I was all right now so he told me to walk along and behave. As we entered the house, who do you suppose I saw? A minister! Then I knew what was going to happen. I ran for the door but it was blocked. Then I began to fight and scream. In a few minutes a nice looking young man came dashing in. He saw that I was in trouble and seizing me he ran out of the house. The villain must have been a very cowardly thing; for he did not follow.

My rescuer paused in his mad dash to ask what my name was and where I lived. He was just about to tell me his name, when oh, girls, you can't guess what happened, I awoke!

Oh! what a relief to know that this was but a dream. But, I do wish I had learned his name. I shall always watch for some one who looks like him, for I know he would have made an ideal husband.

Della Reed, '23

ORGANIZATIONS.





STUDENT COUNCIL

Fall Semester
Pres.—Jane Rhoads
V. Pres.—Myers Lockard
Sec.—Dorothy Driscoll

Spring Semester
Pres.—Eskil Randolph
V. Pres.—Mary Goodykoontz
Sec.—Jane Rhoads

MEMBERS

Eskil Randolph	Harry Lewis
Mary Goodykoontz	Clyde Paxton
Clarence Paxton	Linn Mathews
Lois Standley	Jane Rhoads
Pearl Blaess	Herbert Anderson

Wesley Shaler

Mr. Umbreit—Advisor

The Student Council has now been organized two years. During this time it has done much toward the furtherance of a better all around school, by attempting to arouse interest and enthusiasm, not only for athletics, but for Debate, "Declam" and Extemporaneous speaking.

The Council consists of the president of each class and one representative at large. The Editor of Bumble "B," Yell Leader and the Captain of Basketball, Football, Track, during its season, are members by virtue of their offices.

The President appoints committees which plan a stunt or get a speaker for a Pep meeting before any game or contest. He also presides over Pep meetings, which helps the yell leader considerably in conducting it.

The purpose of the Council is to help bring the school up to higher standards and ideals, also to bring about a feeling of co-operation between the Faculty and Student Body.



EUTROPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

First Semester
Pres., Harold Mowrey
Vice Pres., Eskill Randolph
Sec. & Treas., Hazel Dodge
Reporter, Wesley Shaler

Second Semester
Pres., Marvin Johnson
Vice Pres., Margaret Esmond
Sec. & Treas., Mildred Lidell

CRITICS

Miss Rolston, Miss Melhaus

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Baldus
Susie Beckett
Luella Behrens
Vera Caldwell
Benjamin Clark
Charles Cunningham
Hazel Dodge
Frank Duby
Helen Elliott
Edward Foes
Ralph Grant
Frances Hiles
George Howe
Mabel Hoyer
Ronald Hughes
Thirza Hull
John Herman

Adelaine Johnson
Marvin Johnson
Irene Kemmerer
Harris Lamb
Willis Lamb
Sybil Lamb
Mary Landon
Mae Lathrop
Mildred Lidell
Myers Lockard
Thomas Lynch
Arnold Manny
Mary McDermott
Edna Mae Moser
Harold Mowrey
Ruth Nelson
Albert Deering

Christine Ohge
Clarence Paxton
Foster Pendarvis
Eskill Randolph
Vera Reid
Myra Reid
Jane Rhoads
Katherine Runyan
Harold Sandellius
Wesley Shaler
Harry Schroeder
Lisle Shrader
Katheryn Steele
Gertrude Switzer
Clarence Wearth
Margaret Esmond
Beatrice Young

The Eutrophians did not start out very early this year but it did not take them long to make up for lost time. They have had many good programs, two of which have been given before the assembly. Their minstrel program demonstrated their ability as comedians wonderfully. The Eutrophians expect to do even more next year, as their membership will probably be more limited.



MOORE LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

First Semester
Pres., Isabel McCollum
Vice Pres., Gladys Peterson
Sec., Louise Houghton
Treas., Ora Holt

Second Semester
Pres., Lorenzo Silliman
Vice Pres., Mary Duckworth
Sec., Louise Houghton
Treas., Ora Holt

CRITICS

Miss Blanche Maytag, Miss Ruth Wilson

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Abel	Mary Duckworth	Kenneth Jones	Gladys Peterson
Herbert Anderson	Fannie Ericson	Lytle Jones	Della Reed
Edward Anderson	Errol Fitzgerald	Hesley Johnson	Jay Sayre
Eva Barger	Dexter Free	Ruth Johnson	Lorenzo Silliman
Gladys Bennett	Lucille Goltry	Anna Mae Keenan	Lois Standley
John Benson	Mary Goodykoontz	Marie Lidell	Willis Standley
Irene Bowman	Ethel Haleen	Helen Livingston	Bernice Taylor
Opal Bowman	Kenneth Higbee	Isabel McCleod	Daisy Webb
Sara Canfield	James Hindorf	Isabel McCollum	Julia Wiley
Iva Cobb	Marval Holt	James McMechan	Harlene Williams
Harold Cross	Ora Holt	Lucille McIntosh	Judith Williams
Harold Davis	John Herman	Clara Nelson	Rosalind Smith
Dorothy Driscoll	Louise Houghton	Opal North	Evelyn Shaw
Albert Deering	Lenora Hoyer	Mary McDermott	Emil Holst

This has not been a year of great achievement for the Moores. They started out to follow a definite plan in their programs, that of studying Stuart Walker's plays. They completed this work but did little else and practically nothing in the line of social activities. The effect of their literary training surely shows up when we realize how many Moores were represented in our debating team and plays.

THE BUMBLE "B"

Volume VIII

BOONE, IOWA, FEBRUARY 6, 1922

No. 7

Seniors Amuse Freshmen

On Monday, January 23rd, the seniors had charge of the assembly, to entertain the freshmen. The seniors were in full dress uniforms to receive the freshmen, the girls wearing their new dresses and the boys in their new suits. The freshmen were very much interested in the seniors' display.



These four have been on the senior team.

NEW SEMESTER

Great Increase in Enrollment.

With the beginning of the new semester came a freshening to add to the already crowded population of our school. The total enrollment up to date is 710, which is unusually large for a town of this size.

Besides the addition of two teachers, other changes have been made in the school routine. The assembly has become too small for the whole school to meet together so a new plan has been worked out. The seniors are to have a series of assemblies for themselves and the freshmen are to have assemblies of their own. This plan will enable the classes to receive more individual attention and promises to be a good way to meet the inadequate seating capacity of the assembly.

SENIORS HAVE ASSEMBLY

The second assembly for seniors was held Friday, January 27th, which Capt. Leanda O. Black opened on "Business" as he knows it. "The world of Boones is not easy—there is too much competition." Capt. Black urged every senior to attend college, and he believed that everyone can who has the initiative and ambition to do so. "A college man will succeed nine times out of ten where another man will fail because of training." Give me the success that comes through difficulties, long hard work and happiness rather than the success that comes the other way and brings no satisfaction and contentment of the mind," says Capt. Black.

The third assembly will be next month and will be conducted by a lawyer.

TO PROVIDE FOR LARGE ENROLLMENT — WHY NOT —



Extra! Boone Beats Sioux City, 16 to 11

MOORENS HAVE WALKING REHEARSAL

At last something different has been found to entertain as well as to instruct the members of the Moore Literary Society—a walking rehearsal.

The play, "Six Who Pass While the Lord's Bell," by Dr. W. B. Riker.



The Ames pep meeting was featured by a basketball game between some freshmen boys and girls. The contest was held on the stage in the auditorium. The game was nip and tuck all the way through, neither side being able to score for the rubber ball which was used for the basketball would not stay in the waste-paper baskets, but would float around in the air. The boys fooled quite frequently. Buddy Morrow the giant center for the boys, seemed to delight in fooling. The foul was always the same "For having both arms

around an opponent." The referee finally called the game a draw as he said, "In favor of the girls." We then had some peppy yells and closed with a "Will we beat Ames?" "Yes! Yes!" and we surely did.

BOYANS HAVE



by the marvelous way she wielded her gun. After the rhetorical pleas of the two lawyers to the jury a verdict was returned. The jury (which consisted of six girls and Sidney Grant, who counted as five jurors) had occupied itself rather prominently with its crocheting, but was very prompt in rendering a verdict. They decided in favor of the plaintiff Mr. Daly and Judge Cunningham gave Miss Johnson a heavy fine. Oh, yes it was held January 15th in the music room and we're anxious for another just like it.

Boone Wins Six Victories

Boone High continued its string of victories by winning six more contests during the past three weeks. Both wrestling and football teams have been successful, and we



Boone wrestling team. From left to right: Capt. Black, Coach, and the team members.

BOONE—20 MASON CITY—28

The Boone High wrestling team also won its second victory Friday evening, January 13th, when it defeated Mason City by a close score of 20 to 28. Every match was exciting, with the men fighting hard for falls or decisions.

Although there has been some sentiment in regard to wrestling being held in High School it was noted that very few, if any people left for the basketball game. Wrestling is a popular sport and seems to be to be kept.

The summary:
15 lb. class—Hickman, Boone, won from Daly, Mason City in 3:34 by body chancery. Eight points.
115 lb. class—Beyrey, Boone, lost Burke, Mason City on a decision. Six points.

125 lb. class—Standley, Boone, won from Holtenstorf, Mason City in 3:44 by body chancery. Eight points.
135 lb. class—Erickson, Boone, won from Finn, Mason City with head and arm lock. Time 1:27. Eight points.

145 lb. class—Cunningham, Boone, lost to Allston, Mason City, on decision. Six points.

155 lb. class—Koppenhaver, Boone, thrown by Blair, Mason City, with body chancery in 5:40. Eight points.
175 lb. class—Covins, Boone, won from Fisher, Mason City, on decision. Six points.

Heavy weight class—Wigshall, Boone, won from Dearing, Boone, in 4:40 with body chancery. Eight points.

Boone—20 points. Mason City—28 points.

(Continued on page 11)



JOURNALISM CLASS

THE BUMBLE "B"

By the high school paper shall your school be known. Truly Boone High should be well known for the Bumble "B" buzzes far and wide over the United States from Maine to California. During the year 1921 seventy-eight exchange numbers were sent to twenty-three states while in comparison this year one hundred and thirty-six copies were sent to thirty-five states.

The Bumble "B" has progressed in more ways than in its exchange department. This past year a new form has been adopted in the type of school paper, that of a newspaper. All of the leading schools follow this idea, and Boone Hi, to keep up, changed. In December and in May a literary magazine is published which represents the best efforts of the staff and voluntary contributions.

In order to make the paper more of an all school affair contests were held in which everyone was given an equal chance. New ideas in stories and art were gladly accepted and prizes were given if the work was found to be worthy of them.

The class in Journalism has been the outgrowth of the desire for a more efficient and better equipped staff. Classes have been held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. It has been here that the members have groped for inspirations, sometimes finding them, many times not.

Heretofore it has been the custom of the outgoing staff to elect the staff for the coming year. A new plan was tried this year when the forty-one members were recommended by members of the various classes and organizations. A committee from the faculty had the final say as to whom the staff should consist of for they knew of the individual work in classes. It has been very successful and will probably be followed in the years to come.

An account of the Bumble "B" would be incomplete without mentioning Miss Mary Cruikshank, its founder and critic. It would be hard to express in words what she has done to further the interests of the school through her work with the school paper.

May the Bumble "B" continue its records as the best high school paper in Iowa. Long life to it.



NORMAL TRAINING CLUB

Eva Barger	President
Judith Williams	Vice President
Irene Bowman	Secretary and Treasurer
Miss Irvine	Critic

Two years of successful work have proven that the Normal Training Club is to be a permanent organization of Boone High School. The girls have done their work with the aim of more efficient teaching uppermost in their minds.

Once a week during a vacant period the girls have done handwork, such as the cutting and dressing of paper dolls, the making of paper-box furniture, posters and weaving, articles which are practical for handwork in rural schools.

The best part of all has been the dinners prepared and served by the girls once a month in the Home Economics Room. The girls have received valuable and instructive hints from the speakers they have enjoyed at these dinners, Miss Grace Norton, Miss Ruth Wilson and Miss Florence Nelson.

Too much credit cannot be given to the girls' best friend and critic, Miss Irvine, who is ready to help them at all times and in every possible way.

It will be with a feeling of satisfaction and contentment that the Senior girls of the Club will finish their work, knowing that they will be better teachers because of this preparation.



DEBATE

This year Boone entered a Triangular Debate with Marshalltown and Ames. The teams were picked three weeks before the contest and intensive training was started during spring vacation. On March 31 our affirmative team, Lyle Quinn, Theodore Beck and Hazel Ick, Captain, with Lisle Shrader as alternate went to Ames where they were defeated 2-1. Lorenzo Silliman, Eskil Randolph and Elizabeth Abel, Captain, comprised the negative team which went down to defeat at the hands of Marshalltown affirmative trio, by a 2-1 decision.

The teams were coached by Miss Ashton and Mr. Umbreit. With three members of this team back and with the memory of Boone's former success in this line of work, we may anticipate sweet revenge in 1923.





Vera Caldwell, Lorenzo Silliman, Pauline Quinn

S. L. MOORE DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The awards of the annual S. L. Moore Contest, formerly given by Mr. Moore, were continued this year by the Officers of the First National Bank.

Three medals were awarded Vera Caldwell, winning first over all, received the gold medal. Lorenzo Silliman winning second over all, received the silver medal. Pauline Quinn winning third over all, received the bronze medal.

Oratorical Class

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. Capture of Major Andre | Elizabeth Abel |
| 2. Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death..... | Hazel Ick |
| 3. March of the Flag | Marvin Johnson |
| 4. Napoleon, the Little | Lyle Quinn |
| 5. The Unknown Hero | Lorenzo Silliman |

Dramatic Class

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Money Spider | Vera Caldwell |
| 2. Cigarette's Ride | Ora Holt |
| 3. Council Assigned | Isabel McColloum |
| 4. The Scoffer | Clarence Wearth |

Humorous Class

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Girls is Girls | Luella Behrens |
| 2. A Case of Fits | Adeline Johnson |
| 3. A Quiet Afternoon | Pauline Quinn |

Vera Caldwell as winner over all represented Boone in the District contest held at Jefferson, Iowa.

The three winners of the first contest represented Boone in the triangular contest held in Boone March 17. Lorenzo Silliman was winner in Oratorical class and Pauline Quinn, second in Humorous.

The winning of these two places was the means of securing second place for Boone.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

This is the second year of our Extemporaneous Speaking Contest and each year brings added enthusiasm to the students who enter. The Contests are under the auspices of the Iowa Patriotic League and are held annually in all the larger schools of the state. The League sends out a list of twenty subjects, on topics of current interest, to each school.

This year the contestants were limited to those of Junior and Senior standing and the under classmen who wished to compete. Thirty students were chosen from classes and these students prepared for the second preliminary contest. From this group ten were chosen to speak in the Assembly Room on April 7. Those who competed in the contest drew from a list of twenty for their subjects. The speeches were limited to four minutes. Mary Goodykoontz won first place, Theodore Beck second, and Marie Lidell third place.

Mary Goodykoontz, winner of first place, entered the district contest held at Fort Dodge, April 21.



SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Clarence"

A Comedy in Four Acts, By Booth Tarkington

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Martyn	Violet Pinney
Mr. Wheeler	Clarence
Mrs. Wheeler	Della
Bobby Wheeler	Dinwiddle
Cora Wheeler	Hubert Stem

At this time the parts for the play have not been given out. Mrs. Gray, the coach, will arrive the last of May and intensive work will start at once.

The play for this year is expected to be the very best that has ever been given in Boone High School.

THE SCROLL
1922





ALL-SCHOOL PLAY

"Penrod"

A Comedy in Four Acts

Directed by Della Sayers Gray

Scene—The Schofield Side-Yard

Act I.—A June Afternoon

Act II.—A Few Days Later

Act III.—On a June Evening

Act IV.—The Same Night

Cast of Characters

Tim	Clarence Wearth
Della, the Schofield Cook	Ora Holt
Mrs. Schofield	Opal Bowman
Mr. Jones	Herbert Anderson
Jarge	Ralph Grant
Robert Williams	Harold Cross
Mrs. Bassett	Luella Behrens
Henry P. Schofield	Myers Lockard
Margaret Schofield	Isabel McColloum
Herbert Hamilton Dade	Wesley Shaler
Penrod Schofield	Collingwood Duroe
Sam Williams	James Clapp
Marjorie Jones	Lenora Hoyer
Georgie Bassett	Eugene Slater
Rev. Mr. Kinosling	Marvin Johnson
Herman	Quincy Southers
Verman	Daniel Goodykoontz
Mr. Coombs, Chief of Police	Cecil Barrett

Stage and Properties

Charles Cunningham, James McMechan

Boone High has known no better coach than Mrs. Gray to direct its plays. Her ability to direct and her co-operation with the students is wonderful.

Classes in Public Speaking were instructed by her for six weeks and her work with the Declamatory people is always successful. She wins high respect from all the students and especially the ones who have had special work under her.





GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves were organized in 1919. They were organized to learn how to "face life squarely" and for the purpose of finding and giving the best. With a good leader like Miss Fisher this has been easily and interestingly taught.

The club has grown so within the last year that it was divided into two clubs, Junior and Senior members calling themselves the "Hi-y-Ettes" and the Sophomore and Freshmen members calling themselves "Junior Club."

Junior Club

Scout Chairman Helen Higbee
Innings and Outings Clara Crouse
Service Chairman Helen Hannum

Hi-y-Ette Officers

President Dorothy Driscoll
Vice President Mary Duckworth
Sec. and Treas. Isabel McCollum
Reporter Lois Standley

These two clubs, under leadership of Mary Jane Fisher, are fast becoming a part of Boone High life.

The two clubs, although organized for religious teachings, have social activities as well.

The most important of the religious activities was the Vesper Service which was under the auspices of both the Hi-Y and Girl Reserves. Judge Utterback from Des Moines was the principal speaker.

Next in importance in social activities was the mother and daughter banquet held in the Y. W. C. A. at which about eighty mothers were entertained. Miss Angeline McKinley of Ames was the speaker for the evening.

Since the clubs have divided they have each had individual parties.

The Junior Club had a colonial tea which was well attended and the old fashioned dresses added much to the enjoyment.

The Hi-y-Ettes' St. Patrick's party was also much enjoyed by those attending.

These activities along with several hikes by both clubs constitute the year's social calendar.

But, along the lines of self-betterment more lasting improvements have been secured. A degree of Democracy has been acquired among the girls which could be reached in no other club, since there is absolutely no social restriction. The girls in every station in school have worked and played together. And this democratic feeling alone is worth worlds since it not only helps the individual but the spirit of Boone High.



HI Y CABINET

"To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community standards of Christian character."

The Hi-Y Club has had a successful year. The Club now has fifty members with the same leader as before, Glen E. Turner, boys' secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Parties and feeds were on the social program of the year. In November, John Herman entertained the club. A regular feed was enjoyed and Al Nicolet of the North Des Moines Hi-Y Club talked to the boys. At this time the initiation ceremony written especially for the club was gone through for the first time. Later in the year a special program was given for the fathers and mothers at which time several more boys were initiated into full membership.

Groups of fellows camped at Riveria for a couple of days at various times, while four took advantage of the state camp at Okoboji.

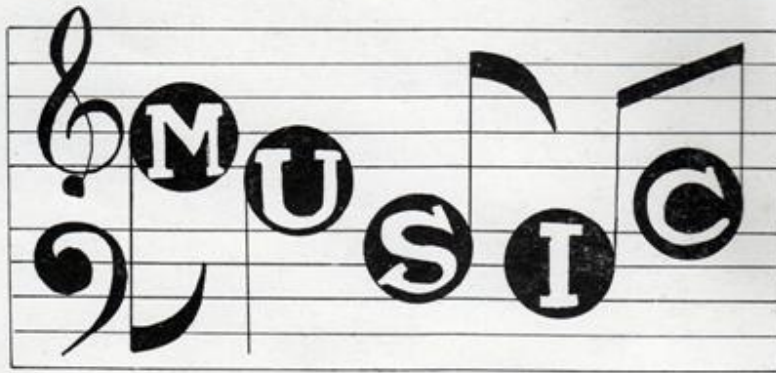
The biggest thing put on by the Club was the difficult play "The Story of Joseph" on May 14, at a union service of the churches. The success of this play was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Turner.

Indications point to a very active and successful year with the new officers in charge. They are:

President	Harris Lamb
Vice President	George Herman
Secretary	Willis Lamb
Treasurer	Harry Schroeder
Service	Martin Meehan
Social	Walter Chapman
Meeting	Wilder Canfield
Membership and Finance	Clarence Paxton

DOMESTIC SCIENCE







GIRLS' "A" GLEE CLUB

Leader, Miss Elsa Foster.		Pianist, Margaret Esmond	
Soprano		Alto	
Luella Behrens	Frances Hile	Vera Caldwell	Opal North
Ruth Brown	Anna Mae Keenan	Ethel Haleen	Christine Ohge
Ebba Haleen	Edith King	Frances Hiles	Frances Rutledge
Ruth Hauge	Vera Reid	Sybil Lamb	Rosalind Smith
Bernice Farnsworth		Mae Lathrop	Louise Snider
		Isabel McLeod	

A Chinese Operetta was given by the entire Glee Club under the direction of Miss Foster. The clever scenes and costumes were very symbolic of China. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Glen E. Turner, who was responsible for the beautiful scenery used.

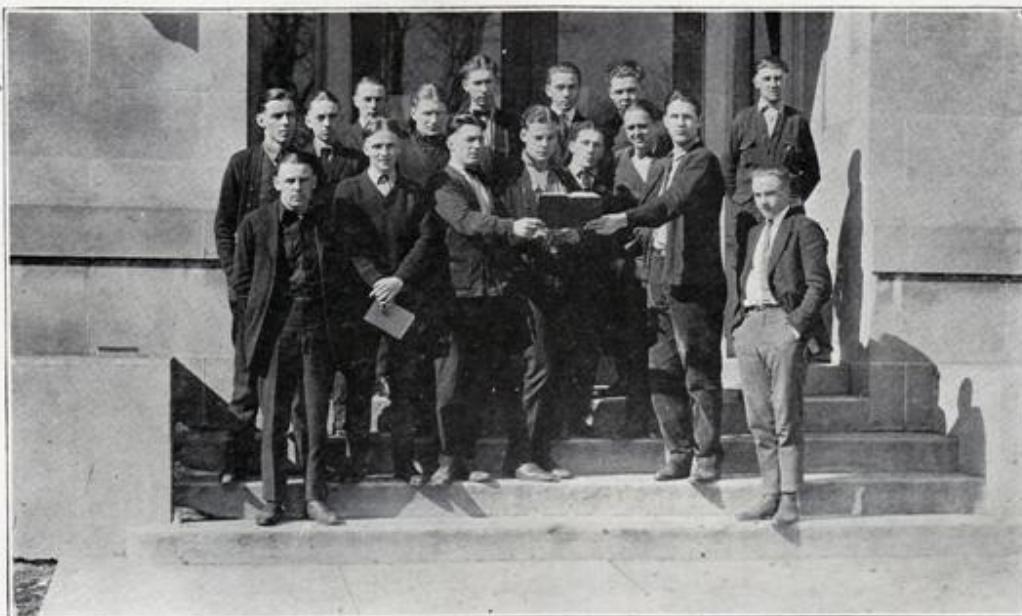
THE FEAST OF LITTLE LANTERNS

Characters

Princess Chon, a Chinese Heiress	Vera Reid
Mai Kio, a Japanese Juggler Maid	Edith King
Wee Ling, Maid to Princess	Frances Rutledge
Ou Ling, Governess to Princess	Miss Foster
Chorus of Chinese Girls	Glee Club
Duet Dances Between and During Acts	
Mary Louise Foster and Mina Moxley	

The story deals with little Princess Chon, who, having lost her brother and sister in the mountains, will also lose her beautiful home, as it is being held in trust and must only be given over to any two surviving children. However, the Princess learns, through a juggler maid, that her sister is still alive and later by comparison of a half coin that each holds, it is discovered that the juggler maid is the lost sister. Their home, therefore, is saved and everyone is happy.

THE SCROLL
1922



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Leader, Miss Elsa Foster.

Pianist, Eskil Randolph.

Tenor

Charles Cunningham
Lynnan Fiske
Errol Fitzgerald
Edward Foes

George Howe
Ronald Hughes
James McMechan
Harold Mowrey

Willis Standley

John Duncan—Second Tenor

Baritone

Lytle Jones Jay Sayre
Lisle Shrader

Wesley Shaler—Bass



GIRLS' "B" GLEE CLUB

Miss Chesnut, Director.

Mildred Meyerman, Pianist.

Soprano

Marie Anderson
Adalene Bean
Ruth Boyvey
Georgia Brown
Marie Burklund
Lois Cobb
Maurine Zimmerman
Audree Duby
Lucille Glaspy
Marie Hansen

Avenelle Heaps
Alice Hiatt
Iona Keenan
Gladys Nutt
Maxine Perry
Gladys Rushton
Leone Schall
Esther Stillson
Inez Wingo

Second Soprano

Alma Bricker
Clara Crouse
Thelma Edwards
Nona Phelan
Linn Mathews

Emma Martens
Suzanne Morrow
Sarah Russell
Ferne Stout
Isadora Thrasher

Alto

Pearl Blaess
Helen Douglass
Marietta Holmes
Opal Hinman
Minnie Kemmerer
Mary Merrick

Velda Otis
Anna Mae Stark
Nancy Walker
Lucille Wright
Ethel Wester

The "B" Glee Club joined with the "A" Glee Club in putting on a program on the night of April 28. The "B" Glee Club gave a very charming Quaker stunt. The girls were very attractive in their Quaker costumes. Isadora Thrasher, Marie Burklund and Esther Stillson were the soloists.

THE SCROLL 1922



M. A. W.



D. Schroeder



BOONE HIGH ORCHESTRA

Director, R. A. Wilder.

First Violins

Marguerite Clotfelter
Ture Gustafson
Catherine Jones

Marcella Myers
Audree Duby
Kenneth Higbee

Linn Mathews
Lydia Schroeder

Second Violins

John Donaldson

Ralph Hewitt

Saxaphones

Edwin Ohge, C Melody John Jones, Soprano
Wesley Shull, C Melody Harry Mann, Bass

Cornets

Justin Gustafson

William Pestotnik

Cello

Ambrose Donaldson

Drum

Clarence Green

Piano

Vera McCracken

Florence Warner, Assistant

THE SCROLL 1922



BOONE HS FACULTY.



A GOOD BUNCH.



MODEL



- SUCKERS -



BASKETBALL TEAM & MASCOT



APRON DAY



I DIDN'T RAISE MY VOICE TO BE A WHISPER



PUT SALT ON HIS TAIL



GREEN WOOD



RUDDISH



CATCHING FLIES



MORE SUCKERS



BIRDIE AND BUB

