



That Dancing Pair

"Jacie! Oh Jacie! Where are you?" called Jack, coming into the house. "Sis, come on down stairs, got some good news!"
"Coming, Jack," answered Jacie and she slid down the banister, landing at his feet. This is exactly the way Jacqueline always arrived. Not usually by the banister, since it is not at hand at all times, but in some equally startling fashion. Her name, Jacqueline, describes her at once. I need waste no words on more description, but to say her nickname, Jacie, is pronounced Ja'se. Are you satisfied? If not make up your own description. Anyone will fit. There, that is exactly the phrase I needed, "Anyone will fit." That is Jacie described and over-described.

"What is your news, Jack? Do tell me. You said it was good news."

"Good news? Swell news! You will be delighted past assistance, but I'll give you three guesses," he stalled, wanting to tease.

"Oh, you'll tell me anyway," said Jacie with sixteen-year-old wisdom. "But I'll guess anyway. You got a decent grade in chemistry? No? Well, Eloise said she would go to the Uic-Pic Hop with you? Yes? But that isn't it. Oh, I know now by that letter in your hand. Bob is coming to spend the week-end with you. Is he really?"

"What did you guess for? You knew I wanted to tell you. But that is just like a woman. Yes, Bob is coming to spend the week-end with me—I mean us. I am sure he is coming because of you," replied Jack.

"Oh, isn't that nice! I am so glad he is coming to see you," she said, emphasizing the "you." "I'll have some fun with him. He believes almost everything I tel! him. Here comes Mumsie; let's tell her."

Mrs. Courtney grasped the doorknob for support as her two children rushed at her. They both talked at once, but she caught the name of Bob Ames and decided that he was coming to visit them. She made a mental note that he was particularly fond of chocolate angel food.

Bob arrived the next evening and Jacie was particularly nice to him, but Jack noticed that she was too particular and many forebodings arose in his heart. What was Jacie up to? Would she dare hurt Bob's feelings? She wouldn't dare. That was no comfort. Jacie would dare anything. She would tease anybody, especially one who was not expecting it ,Bob, for instance.

The next day was a bright and sunshiny Saturday and after lunch Jacie said. "Oh Bob, it's such a nice day. Won't you drive with me into the country? I've just heard of a haunted house out on a lonely road and I'm just dying to see it and find

out for myself if there is any foundation for the ghost stories I've heard."

Of course Bob was delighted and showed it in full measure and plus. Jack thought the storm was about to burst, so he said, "That will be bully. I have always wanted to see that place. I'll go too."

"You can't, Jackie," answered his sister sweetly. "Have you forgotten that you see that place this afternoon?"

promised to play tennis with Eloise this afternoon?"

"So did you," broke in Jack hotly. "I guess if you don't go, I don't have to."

"Oh, but I didn't promise, I said maybe," still sweetly. "And maybe isn't a promise. You can't bring Eloise, either, because ghosts won't perform for her. She is too practical.'

Three o'clock saw Bob and Jackie starting out. In half an hour they had a blowout and in another thirty minutes they were again embarked on their perilous mission. They stopped in front of the post office in a one-horse town and inquired their

"Ye young 'uns hain't going to the Haunted House, be ye?" asked a forty-niner,

after Jacie inquired of him if they were on the right path.

"Oh yes, we want to see for ourselves," answered Jacie. "We want to see if these stories we have heard are true. It is three miles to the Shifting Road, isn't it? Then we go through the Lost Wood and the house is on the edge of a clearing. Am I





"Ye air," answered the man. "But I hate to see sich lively young 'uns made old in one afternoon. I'll wager her hair will be gray inside of an hour.'

"Nothing can frighten me, and Bob's hair is golden and won't show the effects of re strain. Thank you." And they were off once more.

nerve strain.

"Say, Jacie! Enlighten this poor ignorant mortal beside you. You haven't told me much about the house except it's haunted," demanded Bob. "What is this I hear about Shifting Road and Lost Woods? Explain!"

"Since you are so insistent I'll tell you. But I don't know whether it is true or not." She stopped talking a minute to guide the car along a faint path grown up into weeds. Suddenly they were on road again and Bob looked behind him and saw that they had seemingly been on it quite awhile, as it stretched out far behind.

"When did we turn?" I didn't notice any corner," he said wonderingly.

"There wasn't any turn, Bob. This is the Shifting Road. I hope it doesn't shift until we get back. It is hard driving in the rough."

Soon they came to a dense thicket, which seemed to have grown over itself in an attempt to spread out.

"I suppose this is the Lost Wood and we shall soon arrive at our destination," remarked Bob. "Do tell me what to expect. Prepare me for the shock."

"All I know about it is that it is awfully dark and spooky," she replied.

"Yes, yes, usual atmosphere. Would expect that. Has it no predominating features? I suppose the doors open and shut themselves and invisible hands shove you about. What else?"

"Yes, it has a feature. A new one. A pair of feet encased in white shoes chase you from room to room. They seem to stir up great mirth in their victim and I am anxious to see them. I have heard that the dance they do is so funny that one can't keep from laughing out loud and this is exactly what one mustn't do or they will disappear right away. I have wanted to see them so badly, but I never could get Jack to come out with me. He said it was all bosh."

Just then they came to a clearing and on the edge with its back to the Lost Wood stood the deserted house. It certainly did look capable of being the home of such a startling ghost as just mentioned. The rickety fence was completely obscured by wild. uncultivated shrubbery. The board walk was no longer fit to be described as a walk and the porch was as unfortunate as its immediate neighbor. But the door was not so unlucky as this. One could still recognize it as a door and furthermore it hung on two hinges instead of one, contrary to the time-worn plan for front portals of most haunted domiciles. The front windows of the house were tightly boarded and Bob thought the darkness inside would make a fine background for the dancing pair. Jacie thought it would make an excellent background,

Jacie jumped out of the car and reached inside for her knitting bag which seemed to contain quite a number of things. She ran on ahead and gave the door a shove. It opened quite easily and Bob followed her into the hall. It was as dark as pitch so he decided to leave the door open. Jacie had disappeared into the other room and was calling to him to watch out for the holes in the floor, she also mentioned that there used to be a cistern in the kitchen and he should stay where he was until she investigated. He was no coward, but he did not wish to drown in a cistern on that sunshiny day, so he stood still. After waiting for five minutes he became anxious and called loudly for Jacie. The first syllable had not left his mouth when there was a loud crash and the room was as dark as before. The front door had blown shut and there wasn't a breath of air stirring. How had it happened? He was just going to investigate when he heard Jacie calling him.

"Oh Bob! Bob! They're coming! Look out for them! Don't let them catch

Bob was expecting an onrush of sheeted figures, so he stripped off his coat and made ready for them. But it was here that he received his second great surprise. Instead of the expected ghosts, a pair of shoes came tripping down the stairs and around the room. At first they went quite slowly in their promenade, but they soon quickened their pace and began dancing in a circle, drawing closer and closer to him. As they tripped back and forth, pirouetting here and side-stepping there, he was suddenly seized with the desire to laugh. Just then he heard Jacie whispering to him,





"Bob, can you see them? Aren't they funny? I do want to laugh so. Don't you? But please don't! I want to see them some more."

He made a move toward the sound, but the shoes immediately scampered away from him and began to mount upward into, what seemed to Bob, thin air. After they had taken a half dozen steps in that direction they began to dance again, always keeping on the level, never rising or sinking, as if on a piece of stiff air. This phenomena so surprised Bob that he let out an unsuppressed chuckle. The dancing pair paused a minute, turned, and ran up what he supposed was stairs.

"Oh Jacie, I am so sorry, but that last step so surprised me that I forgot. Please

forgive me."

There was no answer, so he groped his way to the wall, felt his way to the door and stumbled out into the sunshine. He blinked and rubbed his eyes. There stood Jacie with her bag in her hands!

"Have they gone? I heard you laugh inside there a minute ago, but I came out before that. I was so afraid I'd giggle and break the charm that I left," she explained.

"That certainly was the most curious thing I ever saw," he declared. "Let's go back and convince Jack. Can you let her out?" meaning the car.

They reached home just as Jack was turning in at the gate. "You tell him, Bob. I must run up and fix my hair. The wind blew it around so." "Say, Jack, let's run off in Jacie's car while I tell you. I have a little business matter to attend to.'

Jack took the wheel and Bob directed to the Hunted House. For some strange rea-

son they had no trouble with the Shifting Road this time.

Bob rushed up the walk, propped open the front door so he could see his way and

ran up the stairs.

"Just as I thought," he said, holding up a can of phosphorus paint. "Here is the stick she shut the front door with and I hope you noticed that table near the stairs. But she is a keen little sister anyway, Jack."

-Esther Stillson, "25"



Who Wins?

ACT I

Characters

Rose Page	a friend of the heroine
Dorothy Culverw	ho finds beauty is only skin deep
David Adams	an old friend of Dorothy
Billy Mills	the villain
Jack Page	Rose's brother
Several high school girls	

TIME—A chilly April evening, two weeks before the Annual Senior Ball. PLACE—The living room of the Page home.

(Seated before the fireplace, earnestly conversing, are Dorothy and Rose.)

Rose:—Well Dots, I won't say Dave isn't all right and everything, but—oh, you know—he's so—so—oh, he's all right to go on picnics or something like that—but—oh—to the ball—why, he don't have nice clothes or a car or—

Dorothy:—But Rose, he's so nice and I'd hate to hurt his feelings. He may not wear nice clothes or have a car, but—well—

Rose: -But he's so homely-

Dorothy:—He has got pretty eyes, tho, so nice and kind and everything. So there,

Rose:—Oh, it's no use arguing with you—oh, I have an idea—wait a minute. (She runs from the room, returning a moment later with pencil and paper.) There, now we'll add up all their good and bad points and see who comes out ahead.

(She puts down-David-Billy). All ready! Good looks goes to Billy, good

clothes-ditto-best dancer-Bill-

Dots:—Oh, I see what you mean! There's some for Dave, too. I've known him longest—he's smartest, too, and he won the mile for the Seniors in the track meet yesterday.

(Rose writes busily while Dot enumerates the good points of the boys in ques-

tion. She hands paper to Dorothy.)

Rose:—Why, it comes out just even, and I can't think of a single thing more. (Frowns thoughtfully.) Oh, I know something, Dotsy! If my opinion counts for anything, go with Billy. I would if I were you.

Dots:-But Rose, maybe-why, maybe he won't even ask me!

Rose:—Oh, I know he will. Just the other day at school, I was walking behind him after second period and I heard him say to Jimmy Davis—something about "that nice little girl with the pretty red curls and sweet face." Brother Jack says he raves about you all the time lately.

Dots:-But-

Rose:—No buts about it. Go with him—he's a lot better looking and—and—oh, everything. Please—

Dots: -(Slowly.) Well, Rose, it sure is hard to decide, but I-I guess-I-

Rose:—(Joyfullly.) Oh, you're going with Billy! Whee! (She catches Dorothy about the waist and shouting, executes some sort of a war dance around the room.) Three cheers for Dot Culver!

ACT II

TIME-One-half hour later.

PLACE-A street.

(It is quite dark and Dorothy is walking along thoughtfully thru the drizzly rain. She is thinking hard and hardly notices where she is going. A young man rather tall and awkward, yet in some way attractive, is going thru the process of locking up a small drugstore. He glances indifferently at the girl going by, then cries out a greeting to her.)





Dots:-(Startled) Oh! Hello, Dave. (She pauses uncertain.)

Dave: -Wait a minute and I'll walk with you. You're going home, aren't you?

Dots:-Ye-es.

Dave:—(Finishing up.) Well, let's go. Not very pleasant out, is it? Dots:—(As they walk down the street.) Pleasant. No, rather not!

Dave:—Well I wish—(Stops in an attitude of listening. He turns around and sees a man running after him crying, "Hey, hey there, young fellow!" The man comes up to them very much out of breath. "Come on! Come on!" and he fairly pushed Dave ahead of him.)

Dave: - (Apologetically.) Dot, will you wait? I'll be back in a minute.

(She nods "yes", and the strange man and Dave go to the store and enter. Dorothy sighs and waits. Ten minutes pass and it is raining harder. Dorothy grows impatient—if he only would hurry. Just then a red roadscter passes, turns around, comes back and stops. It is Billy Mills.)

Billy:—Hello, Dorothy, what are you doing here?

Dots:—Hello, Billly, why—I'm waiting for Dave.
Billy:—For Dave? What in the dickens—? Well, anyway, come in here and wait. Billy:-It's so chilly tonight and also rather wet.

Dots:-Oh, I guess-I guess Dave will come pretty soon. Maybe I'd better wait,

but-oh, I wish he'd hurry.

Billy:-(Noticing indecision.) Come on, I'll take you home. You may have to wait an hour yet, for him. Come on (and he holds the door of the car open. It looks inviting and Dot yields.)

Dots:-Well-oh, all right.

(She climbs in and they drive off just as Dave comes out.)

Dave:-Well, where-(spies roadster.) Oh, Billy must have picked her up. But Dots isn't that kind to-but I s'pose it was cold waiting. Maybe someday- (He sighs and walks off toward his home.)

TIME-Four o'clock-day of the ball. PLACE-Girls' cloakroom after school.

A number of girls are gathered in front of the mirror excitedly jabbering about

clothes, beaus, etc. First girl:—Mine's orchid color and made—

Second girl-Isn't that swell of Tom, but-(sees Dot). You're going with Dave, I

Dots:-Why-a-yes-I mean-no-oh-

Rose:-She is not going with Dave. She's going with Billy Mills. (she adds triumphantly.)

Chorus:-Oh! you are? You lucky thing!

Second G .: - But what about Dave-

Dots: -Why-why-why-(defensively.) Billy asked me first and-

Rose: - Dave Adams takes too much for granted, so Dot paid him back a bit.

Dots:-Oh, come on Rose, and keep still! Goodby, kids.

Rose:—(Over her shoulder as Dot leads her away.) See you tonight.

ACT IV

TIME-15 minutes later.

PLACE-Jennie's.

(Dot and Rose enter and go to a booth. Both order sandwiches and hot chocolate, then settle down to wait.)

Dots:-(As waitress comes with their orders.) Here she is at last! I am so aungry!

(They eat in silence, each busy with her own thoughts.)

Rose: - (Peering around corner of booth.) Oh, here comes Billy and my brother.

(She makes a move as if to get up and speak, but Dot pulls her down.)

Dots:—(In a whisper)—I don't want to see him now—not just yet Rose.

Rose: -Oh, all right. Let's listen to what they say.

(From other side of booth.)

Billy:-Oh boy, Jack, I'm in high spirits today. I get ten bucks tonight and I rather need 'em too. Wow! I'll treat to anything!





Jack:—Well, let me in on it. I want to laugh, too! Billy:—Oh boy! Ten dolllars! That was a sure bet!

Jack: - (Irritably.) Explain, dumb-bell, explain!

Billy:—Wait a moment and I will! Well, you know that little red-headed Dorothy Culver? You know she's going to the Ball with me tonight and for that I get the money. The other day "Chart" Pitt bet there was one girl in North Hi who hadn't fallen for me. I asked who and he said "Dorothy Culver." Then old "Chart" bet me she wouldn't go with me tonight, so I asked her and she's going. Some little boy, aint I? Just wait until old "Charlie" seees me tonight! Oh, I'm waiting for him all latter go now. right. Well, let's go now.

They go out and still the girls remain silent. Rose looked incredulous and astounded, but Dot trembles with rage, tho' she says nothing. Then, fearful of losing control over herself she hurries out of the booth without even a goodby to Rose and almost runs out of the Tea-Room and down the street. The streets are almost empty and all the shops closed, so none of her friends see her. "I won't go! I hate him! I hate him!" she murmurs over and over thru set lips. (Then suddenly her anger leaves her and she stumbles on, sobbing under her breath. Dave, coming around a corner, narrowly escapes bumping into her.)

Dave: -Why-why-a-(sees it is Dot.) Ooh, Dotty, (remembers she's mad at him)

Oh, I-I beg your pardon!

Dots:—(Sweetly, raising a rather tear-stained face.) Oh, Da-ave, why? (Saying nothing he walks along beside her.)

Dots:-Who-who (swallows painfully)-who are you going with-tonight?

Dave:—Why—er—er—nobody, I guess. Why? Dots:—Oh, I—I wish—I wish I could go.

(And she does and so does he.)

-Mary Fick.



Woman's Fidelity

"I tell you, Steve, I'm willing to bet any money that you can't get a date with Ann tonight, because she refused me!" hotly declared Billy Ames, to the tall, sheik-ish-looking young person standing beside him on the High School steps.

"Cook, you just think I can't. She'll jump at the chance to go with me," coolly replied Steve Ogden, the acknowledged Sheik Supreme of the school, and he walked jauntily on down the street leaving Billy alone to cool his anger. Bill Ames had the luck to be "going with" Ann Lee, the most sought-after girl in school, but he did not know when he was lucky. When Steve Ogden began talking about Ann to him he paid no attention because she always said she would have nothing to do with "that horrid, smarty-aleck-Steve Ogden!" But Steve's declaring he would have her at the Club Dance with him that night angered Billy and made him fear the worst. Steve was not bothered a whit by the things Ann said about him (his ears NEVER burned), but misconstrued her indifference as coquetry.

Billy went on down the street, trying to think how to avert this catastrophe about to descend upon him. No plan occurred to him, so he walked into his favorite drug store, ordered a "400" and tried to console himself. Ann had told him in Civics just that morning that she couldn't possisbly go with him to the Club Dance, because she simply must get some sleep. But Billy knew the fatal power Steve seemed to have over all the girls! Sitting there on his high stool at the soda fountain, he made

himself miserable with such thoughts.

Just then, in walked Dave Lee, Ann's ten year old brother, and seeeing Billy there, he walked over and took a stool next to him. Billy was his idol and there was nothing he would not do for him. Billy did not appear to notice him and the boy gave him a

"Oh, hello, there. I did'nt see you," said Billy. "Want a '400?""

The boy nodded and soon he was busy sipping it. Billy still acted unaware of

his presence and Dave said, "What ails you, anyhow?

"Nothing," Billy started saying, then acting upon an impulse, amended, "Yes, there is, too," and he told him all about it. When he had finished Dave said, "Steve will phone, won't he? Well, you come on home with me and I'll hide you so you can hear what Sis tells him."

This seemed as good a plan as any, so in a few minutes Billy was hidden from view in a clothes closet in the hall, near the Lee's telephone. Dave stayed around that region, ready to call Ann, when the sheik should call. They had waited perhaps thirty minutes when the phone rang. Dave answered, but it was only the butcher. Thirty minutes more and Billy was beginning to think Steve had only been teasing Also, Mrs. Lee was cooking the dinnner and Billy realized that his "400" was only a hungry memory. Then the telephone rang and Dave called his sister. Ann hurried downstairs and Billy heard her say to Dave, "Is it Billy? I've been asleep and I could go now." Then she caught up the receiver and said "Hello?" Then, "Oh, Steve Ogden. And you want to take me to the Club Dance? I told Billy I couldn't and do you think I'd refuse him, then go with you?—you thought I MIGHT? Well, think again!" and bang went the receiver on the hook. Ann walked into the next room. A few moments later Billy rang 665-Red and everything was bliss once again

The next day at school Billy repeated the telephone conversation, word for word to Steve; then said, in the language of the gang, "Now, I guess that will hold you!"

-Cynthia Crary.





"A Literary Discovery!"

The following poem which is, perhaps, the most satisfactory form of the Italian ode of the 17th century, is the recently discovered work of Giacomo Piede della Borgia. It was written, presumably, about March, 1665, when Piedi della Borgia was at the height of his popularity as a writer. The translation given below is the work of Dr. Hank Coulson, who has preserved the original beauty and simplicity of the ode.

The poem was found among other garbage under a chair in the Palazzo della Borgia in Genoa. It is likely that the manuscript lay there for over a century. The annota-

tions here given are my own work. The poem follows:

ODE TO A LOVE-SICK BAIRN

O Sauerkraut!
Them hair, those eyes, that lips!
I love thy triple chins,
Thy cow-like grad inspires
An Ode, as to a hippo.
O Polygon!

A shape, as of a bar'l;
Two hands, like those of Vulcan;
Two dainty feet (but nines),
Protrude 'neath caliko.

O Meteor!

A look, it is enough
To palpitate my heart,
And send a chill to creep
Along my vertebrae.

O Weinerworst.

NOTES: Line 2. THEM HAIR: Etc.; obviously intended to convey more than the ordinary meaning. The translator has, of course, preserved the errors from the Italian.

Line 4. COW-LIKE GRAD. It is understood that the writer spent some time in the Orient, where plumpness is a pre-requisite to beauty. Cf. Tullon, "Southern Life in Southern Letters," pp. 563-569.

Line 5. HIPPO. The writer was evidently well informed on zo-ology. Cf. Lusia Telrazzini, "Memoirs."

Line 6. O POLYGON. The archaic meaning signifying stability of character and purpose. (Kartoffel, vol. 4, "Die Schmalzgesught von Baden.")

Line 8. VULCAN. Disputed. Maldous maintains that Vulcan was an ice-man. Hudson, however, agrees with Warburton, that Vulcan was supervisor of plumbing from 1644 to 1659.

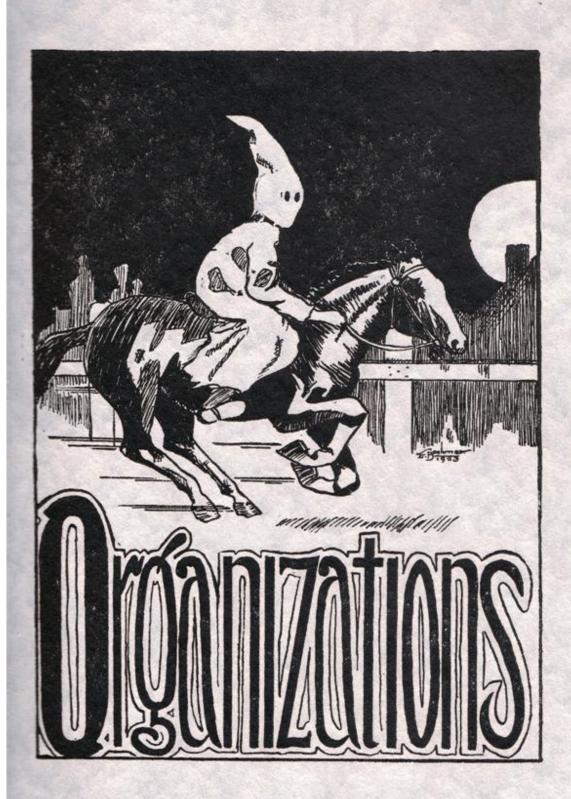
Line 11. METEOR. Syn. of Weinerworst. See line 16.

Line 14. CHILL. Here doubtless means "shudder."

Line 16. WEINERWORST. Note mistake in spelling. The Bavarian form which is here used, is usually written "wurst." However it is no longer permitted.

-Ted Ashford.









BOONE HIGH STUDENT COUNCIL.

A Student Council is an attempt to better conditions in a school by giving the students a part in the management of the same. At best such organizations are but an experiment, and that is true of the Student Council of Boone High School. As yet it is in the earliest stages of its possibilities, and it will take time to get it to function and play its part in the regular work of the school.

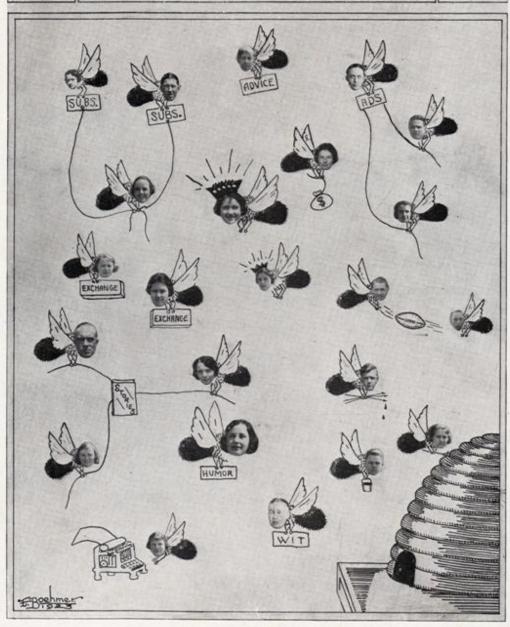
This year the Council has moved slowly. It has been a period of study by those in charge, to see just where this organization could fit in to the best advantage. The members of the Council have had charge of the Pep meetings, and have sold tickets for various affairs. They have as yet taken no active part in the government of the school, but that, too, is a function which will come only after careful study, and after considerable time has been spent in laying the foundations.

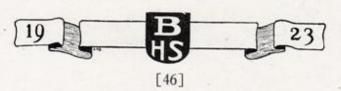
We are looking forward to another year, when we hope that the Council may move forward more rapidly, and fill a more conspicuous place in our school life.



THE SCROLL









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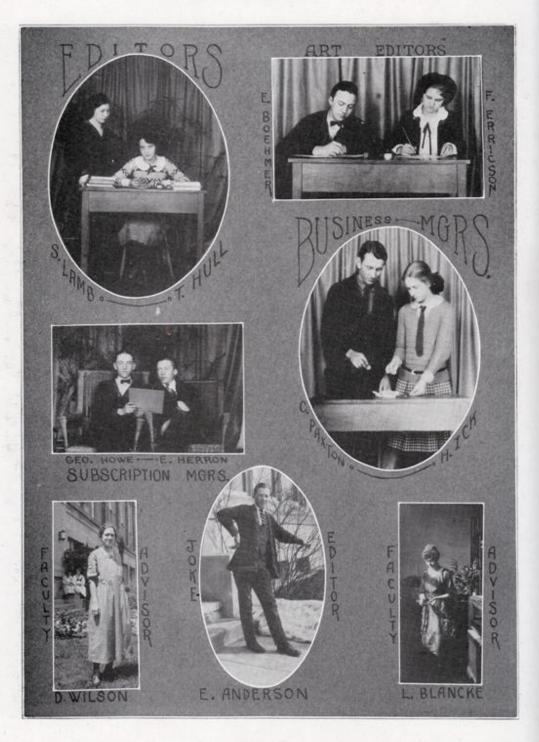
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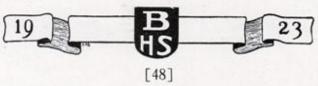
This year the "Bumble 'B'" Staff put out an eight page paper, an increase from six, and hope to put out an even larger paper next year. With the larger paper and the largest subscription list ever, Miss Cruikshank and the Staff feel that this year's publication has fittingly celebrated its eighth year in existence.

Last year's business and executive Staff have elected the Staff for the coming year. Ray Madden, assisted by Esther Stillson, will edit the "Bumble B". Maxine Morgan is business-manager, Helen Hannum subscription manager, and Birchard Ashenfelter and Addison McDonald are the two new advertising managers.

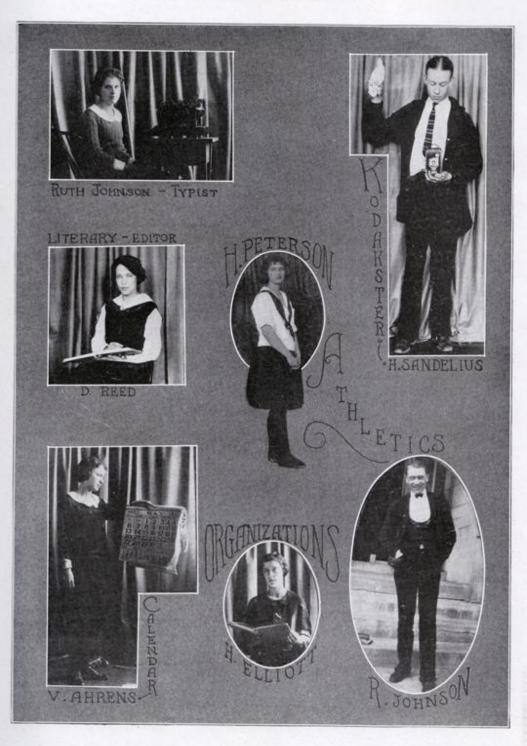








THE SCROLL









Ft. Dodge-Algona-Boone Afhrmative. Johnson, Ahrens, Lewis, Alternate Reed



FTER a period of several years, debate in Boone Hi has become a live topic. Last year our teams were unsuccessful, but by persistent efforts a debate class was organized for this year and two teams were selected to meet Ft. Dodge and Algona for a discussion of the "Good Roads" Question. Still Fate was against us and both teams were defeated. This did not weaken the spirits of either coach or teams, and preparation was begun in earnest for the triangular debate with Waterloo and Ames.

Ft. Dodge-Algona-Boone Negative. Beck, Ick, Quinn, Alternate Ellik







Waterloo-Ames-Boone Affiirmative. Ashford, Johnson, H. Lamb

In Room 20, under the guidance of our esteemed and competent coach, Miss Ashton, work was begun on the question of the City Manager plan. During period IV, day after day the arguments flew fast and furious, and good old Room 20 seemed like a battle ground.

As the date of the debate approached, long hours were spent in final preparations, for both teams wanted to win and felt confident that the side they represented was right in "principle and application." The great day came, and Miss Ashton departed for Waterloo with the affirmative team. Here, too, Fate decided adversely, but the negative team, working against rain and Ames, won the unamimous decision of the judges.

The affirmative team graduates, but the negative team will be with Boone Hi another year, ambitious to win more victories for Boone.

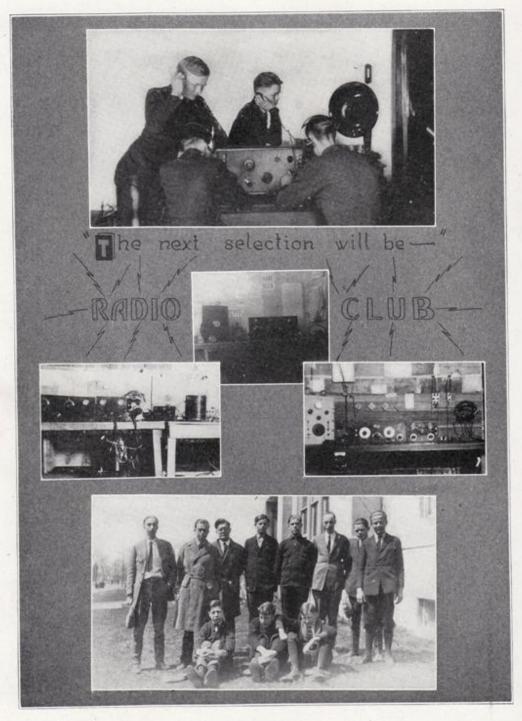
HARRY LEWIS

Waterloo-Ames-Boone Negative. Quinn, Lundberg, Lewis





THE





Radio Club

OFFICERS

First Semester Pres., Harold Pohl. Vice Pres., Marvin Dawes Sec., Myra Reid Treas., Harold Clark Second Semester Pres., Vere McEntaffer Vice Pres., Myra Reid Sec., Archie Pohl Treas., Eric Walsh

The Boone Hi Radio Club, the first organization of its kind in High School, was formed at the beginning of the fall semester with a total of twenty-four members. Its purpose is to study methods of radio transmission and reception. Many papers have been given before the club and much benefit has been derived both from these and from the usual discussions which follow. Not only simple receiving circuits, but complex receiving and transmitting circuits and principles have been fully discussed.

The club also has a complete receiving set in operation. Many interesting programs have been heard. At times, members have loaned apparatus for the club's use, which has helped very much, both for experimental and practical purposes. Club meetings are held in the physics laboratory. All the radio appartus is located there. The aerial is located on the roof of the High School and it has been found to work very well.

Broadcasting programs from both coasts have been picked up, using one tube. Those who have amateur transmitters are: H. and A. Pohl—9CTD; John Burnside—9CWF; Eugene Slater—9EIX; Francis Nelson, whose station number is not yet assigned. Successful communication has been carried on over long distances by those owning these low power transmitters.

The following are members: LeRoy Almstedt, John Burnside, Harold Clark, Vere McEntaffer, George Mann, Forest McHose, Francis Nelson, Archie Pohl, Harold Pohl, Vivian Rosengreen, Eric Walsh, DeLancy Silliman.





Boone Hi Players

OFFICERS

First Semester Pres., Evelyn Shaw Vice Pres., Verna Ahrens Sec., Lois Standley Treas., Sybil Lamb Second Semester Pres., Martin Meehan Vice Pres., Edward Anderson Sec., Verna Ahrens Treas., George Howe

CRITICS

Mrs. Skinner

Miss Ford

For the past few years there has been much dissatisfaction with the existing literary societies, and this year the organizations of the Moores and Eutrophians were disbanded. To take their places, various societies were formed to further certain special interests. Among these is the Dramatic Club which chose the name of the Boone Hi Players.

A group of students interested in dramatic activities met in the music room October fourth. After the constitution was drawn up and approved the club met each two weeks, usually Tuesday, period IV. At each meeting a short play or pantomime was given by the members of the club.

December the eighth, the play, "Fannie and the Servant Problem," was successfully given before the public in the High School auditorium. The members of the cast, the production managers, and the ushers were all members of the society.

The Boone Hi Players have learned much of dramatic productions this year and look forward to further accomplishments next year.









Masque and Buskin Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

First Semester Pres., Marian Shank Vice Pres., Gladys Nutt Sec., Dorothea Arringdale Treas., Mary Louise Foster Second Semester Pres., Theodore Beck Vice Pres., Ruth Williams Sec., Garland Hancock Treas., Mildred Getty

Mrs. Skinner

CRITICS

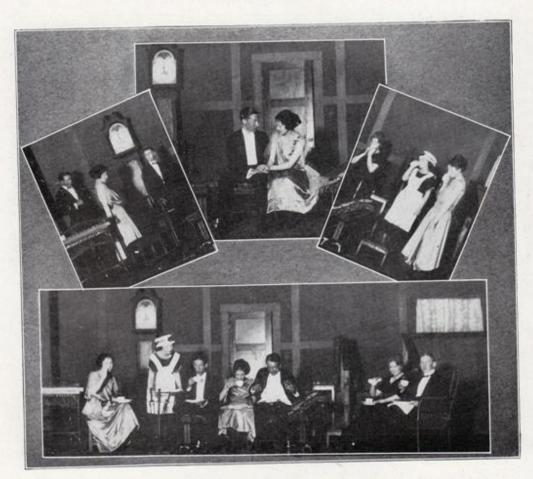
Miss Getty

The first year of the Masque and Buskin was a very successful one. The purpose of the society is to promote interest in dramatics and to become better acquainted with plays and the methods of producing them. The purpose of the club was carried out by presentation of plays before the club and before the assembly. At nearly every meeting a play was presented by the members. A successful pantomime, "The Shepherd in the Distance," was presented before the assembly.

The Masque and Buskin has had no precedent or past by which it might be guided but had to work out its own course. Now that the first year has been successfully passed, the society rests on a firm foundation and the future holds much promise for it. The members are pround of their society and feel that it will be more successful than ever next year, as most of its present members are underclassmen.







All School Play Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Jack Crandall (Cowboy Author) Compared Stone (Football Hero) Date Steve Hooker	n Goodykoontz
Mr. Hooker (Business Man) Mrs. Hooker (Modern Mother) Floy Hooker (Debutante) Letitia Brown Rita (House Maid)	Hazel Boston Evelyn Shaw Marian Shank



Senior Play

Come Out of the Kitchen

The cast of the 1923 Senior play was chosen by competitive tryouts. Sixty-five Seniors tried out for nine parts and the fortunate ones finally chosen were:

Olivia Daingerfield _____ Evelyn Shaw
Elizabeth Daingerfield ____ Thirza Hull
Mrs. Falkener ____ Alice Dolk
Cora Falkener ____ Lois Standley
Amanda, Black Mammy.___ Sybil Lamb
Burton Crane ____ Edward Thorson
Thomas Lefferts ____ George Kendall
Solon Tucker ____ Clarence Paxton
Paul Daingerfield ___ Edward Boehmer
Charles Daingerfield _ Edward Anderson
Randolph Weeks ____ Willis Lamb



EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

A great deal of interest was shown in extemporaneous speaking this year. As usual two were chosen from each class to take part in the preliminaries. From about forty who were entered in the preliminaries, ten were chosen to compete in the finals. These were Jane Rhoads, Iva Cobb, Ted Beck, Hazel Ick, Verna Ahrens, Clarence Paxton, Daisy Olson, Pauline Quinn, Charles Hartford, and Wilton Hoopes. Ted Beck was winner in the finals, March 28, with his speech on "Radio." Jane Rhoads took second with "Prohibition," and Hazel Ick third, with "The Political Situation." The prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00, and \$2.00 were given by Miss Mason.

Ted represented us at the district contest at Storm Lake, April 27 and tied for third place. Those who were interested in promoting extemporaneous speaking were pleased with Ted's success and encouraged by the general interest.









S. L. Moore Declamatory Contest

ORATORICAL

1.	Long Live America	Verna Ahrens
2.	Thurston's Plea for Cuba	Theodore Beck
3.		
4.	John Brown	Lyle Quinn II.
-		
	DRAMATIC	
1.	A Few Bars in the Key of G	Dorothea Arringdale
2.	The Keeper of the Light	Jeanne Showers
3.	The Last Leaf	Ruth A. Brown
4.	Conner	Pauline Quinn I.
	HUMOROUS	
1.	The Wedding of Miss Bray	Marguerite Clotfelter
2.	The Perkins' Motorcycle	Hazel Ick III.
3.	The Little God and Dicky	Jane Rhoads

In the preliminary contest at Jefferson, Boone won two firsts and a second. At the sub-district contest at Vail we took one first and a third. Then, our contestant, Lyle Quinn went to the pre-district contest and from there to the northwest district where he took second place. In the contest between Newton, Ames and Boone, Boone won, having two first and a third to their credit.

__ Richard Morrow

4. Biff Jerkins and the Toboggan Slide __









Normal Training Club

One of the several most active clubs in Boone Hi, is the Normal Training Club. This year it has proved itself as being the most wide awake club, both socially and beneficially.

The purpose of the club is to gather up material in the line of hand work, preparatory for teaching.

The feeds and entertainments have been very popular, especially "The Last Day of Hickory School," which was given by the club to entertain the mothers. Every member of the club will always recall the deep satisfaction and merriment involved in this club.









Hi-Y Club

Slogan—Clean Living, Clean Speech, Clean Athletics, Clean Scholarship.

Dynamic-Contagious Christian Character.

Objective—Health Betterment, Mind Acquirement, Soul Enrichment, Service Achievement.

The Boone Hi-Y Club is closing its third year as one of the largest clubs in the state, with a present enrollment of sixty-five active service members.

In addition to the usual weekly meeting they have conducted two short courses of Bible discussion of two classes each, under the leadership of service members, while twelve members have served on gospel teams. "Feeds" have been popular; the banquet honoring the visiting Fort Dodge club, the conference banquet, and the Mother's banquet are among the more noteworthy.

Good representations attended Camp Foster and the Des Moines Y Camp. The club conducted the city-wide Inter-Sunday School Basket Ball tournament, the ten days swimming campaign at the Y, and the special Father and Son Week activities. The Second Annual Boone County Older Boys' Conference was held in December with more than two hundred delegates in attendance. The fine two days program brought immeasurable results in genuine inspiration to all in attendance. Two plays were presented, "The Torch," in connection with the conference and including a cast of seventeen characters, and "At Dawning," with thirty-five characters, an Easter drama in which the club, assisted by twelve ladies, proved their willingness to present a vital Christian message in an attractive and helpful form.

The officers for the closing year have been Harris Lamb, Pres.; George Herman, Vice Pres.; Willis Lamb, Secretary; Harry Schroeder, Treas.; Wilder Canfield, Meetings; Walter Chapman, Social; Clarence Paxton, Membership and Finance, Martin Meehan, Service; Glenn Turner, Advisor.

The officers for the ensuing year are Sherman Crary, Pres.; Wilder Canfield, Vice Pres.; William Hannum, Secy.; Birchard Ashenfelter, Treas.; Walter Dutton, Meetings; Buell Herman, Social; Albert Herman, Membership and Finance, Addison McDonald, Service.

OUR CREED

We would be true, for there are those who trust us;

We would be pure, for there are those who care;

We would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

We would be brave, for there is much to dare;

We would be friends to all--the foe, the friendless;

We would be giving, and forget the gift;

We would be humble, for we know our weakness;

We would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.







The Hi-Y-Ettes

OFFICERS

President	Verna	Ahrens
Vice President	Helen	n Higbee
SecretaryElizabe	th Anr	Tucker
Treasurer	Lois	Standley

The Hi-Y-Ettes, under the capable leadership of their President, Verna Ahrens, and Miss Fisher have accomplished much during the past year.

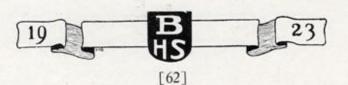
Enthusiastically have they set out to earn points for the winning of the National Girl Reserve Ring and the club has done more than ever before to help measure up to the Girl Reserve standard. To earn money for the camping fund the Hi-Y-Ettes put

on a benefit movie

Social activities, too, were numerous—among them, a joint Hallowe'en party with the Junior Girl Reserves, a Membership party, a Valentine party, the Mother and Daughter Banquet, Vesper services, several hikes and a trip to Riveria. As a climax there was a big May morning breakfast with the Hi-Y in honor of the Senior Hi-Y-Ettes and Hi-Y's.

An installation service was held early in May for the following officers for next year.

President	Mary Merrick
Vice President	Mary Fick
Secretary	Elizabeth Ann Tucker
Treasurer	Helen Hannum







Junior Girl Reserves

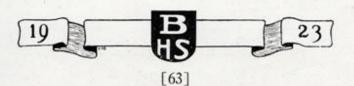
First Semester Scout Chairman, Vera Forbes Outings and Innings, Marian Yerkes Outings and Innings, Zoe Warren Service Squad, Mildred Getty

Second Semester Scout Chairman, Mary Canfield Service Squad, Ruth Martin

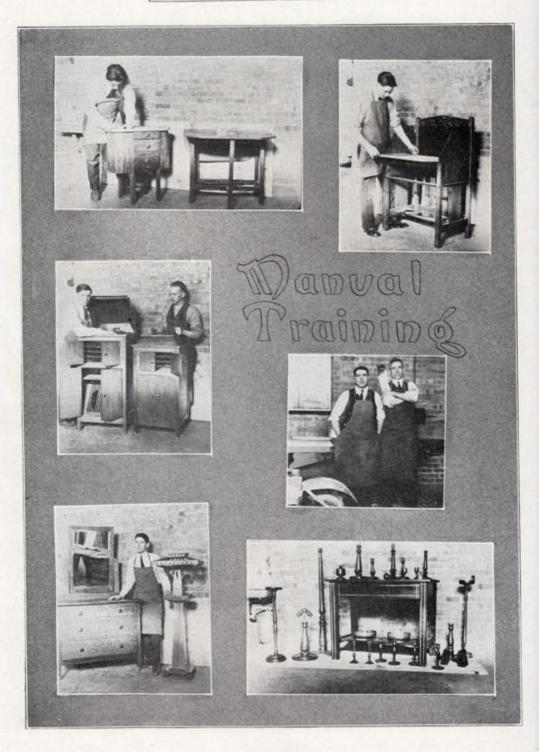
The Girl Reserves is the Junior division of the Hi-Y-Ettes and they have the same aim and carry on their work in the same way as the older girls. The study course was Bible study of Henry Van Loon's "Story of the Bible." The programs of each meeting were given to emphasize all the sides of the girl's natures. The Girl Reserves, besides having several social events of their own, joined the Hi-Y-Ettes in the Mother and Daughter banquet.

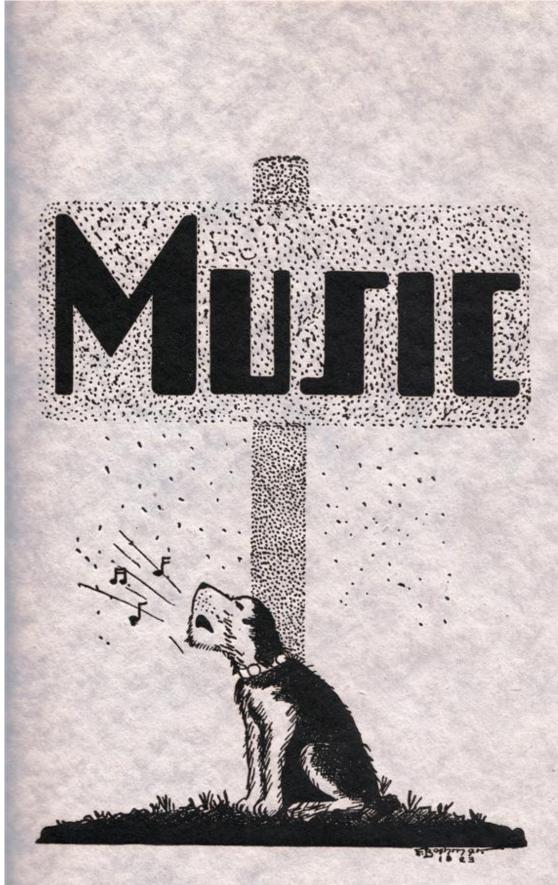
Each year the Girl Reserves send one girl to Okoboji, and quite a large delegation to the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Riveria.

> I am the Future, for in me there lies What through the ages our land shall be, Yet what I am is what you are to me-I am the question to which you make replies.













The Orchestra

This year the orchestra has been under the direction of Miss Florence Thrams, the music supervisor. The practice hour was changed to Wednesday at four, and a real school orchestra has at last been started. Early in the year officers were elected and a picnic was held. The orchestra has appeared at the various public programs of the year, and also played for the basket ball crowds. The orchestra members are:

Violin:

Robert Duncan

Walter Dutton

Ralph Hewitt

Paul Johnson

Minnie Kemmerer

Linn Mathews

Marcella Myers

Clarinet:

Stuart Anstrom George Mann Saxophone:

Loren Cartwright John Jones Vere McEntaffer Harry Short Wesley Shull

Cornet:

Justin Gustafson

Drums:

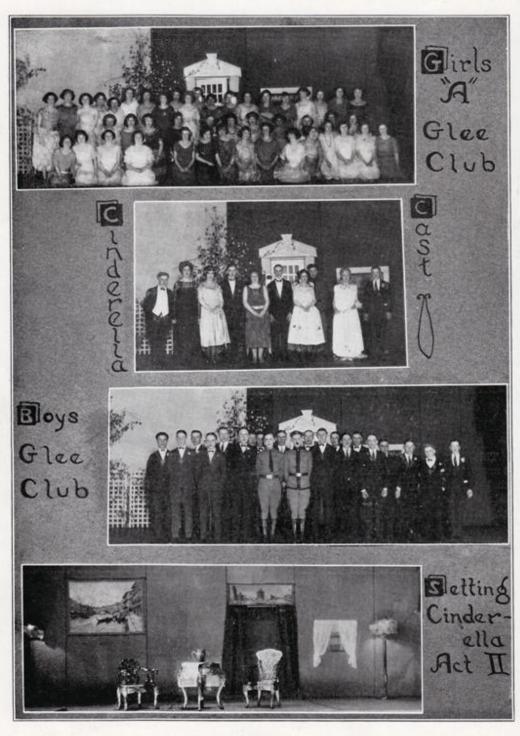
Clarence Green

Piano:

Marguerite Clotfelter













The Glee Clubs

During the year of 1923, the Glee Clubs have once more been under one director, Mrs. Umbreit having taken charge of them. Under her direction much has been accomplished. The girls' double quartette has made several public appearances, and this group is now being enlarged. On March 28th, the Glee Clubs gave a splendid performance of the operetta "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper." The three clubs worked in the choruses, and the leading parts were taken by:

Cinderella	Vera Reid
Prince Leo	George Howe
Sir Oliver	Willis Standley
Lady Oliver	Alice Dolk
Yesta Mora Lady Oliver's Daughters	Edith King Ruth Short
Victor Kenyon	Ted Ashford
Jasper Farrell	Martin Meehan
Fairy Godmother	Frances Rutledge
Bobkins	Edward Anderson

The clubs are now working on commencement music, and with the splendid start of this year expect to accomplish much next year.



THE SCROLL

