



RIFLE TEAM



Ford, Fountain, Higbee, Lee, Shaffer, Koudelka
Helm, Kanak, Gibney, Colony, Palik

The Rifle Team, one of the most valuable organizations for boys in the high school, develops the spirit of teamwork and fair play, and also trains one to concentrate and to be accurate.

Of the matches shot at the time this goes to press, one was lost to Waterloo with a 928-916 score and Ridgewood was defeated 966-922. The N. R. A. score was 2781 out of a possible 3000.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JOE KANAK
<i>Secretary</i>	PAUL COLONY
<i>Coach</i>	J. J. GIBNEY





MISS LOLA HUGHES

Although Miss Hughes has been with us only one year, she has made an enviable record in both declam and dramatics.

Under her capable coaching Iowa City High has taken first honors in the Girls' Iowa Nine, and second place in the Boys' Iowa Nine.

She has, moreover, been responsible for the success of two excellent class plays, together with several one act plays produced by the class in dramatics.





SENIOR PLAY CAST



Beek, D. Brown, Helm, Clearman, Colony, B. Brown
 Foote, Bower, Wolfe, Miss Hughes, Ball, Nagle, Fleming, Holloway
 Walker, Hay, Gegenheimer, Kimmel, Anthony, O. Brown

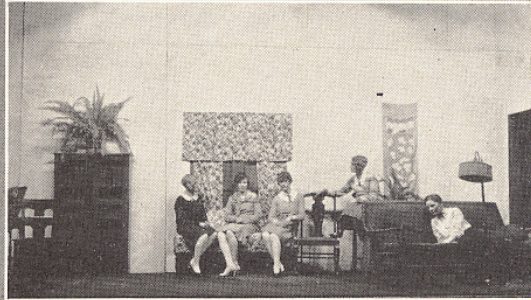
“Captain Applejack,” the senior play, presented at the Englert Theater May 23, fulfilled all expectations. Miss Hughes again is to be congratulated.

THE CAST

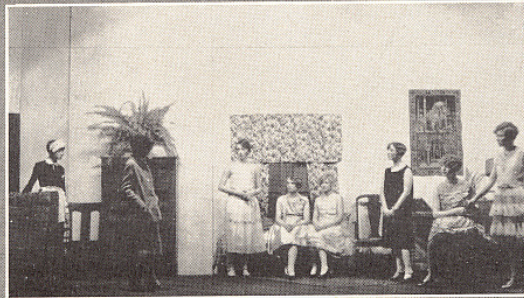
Lush	TED McDOUGAL
Poppy Faire	JUANITA WOLFE
Mrs. Agatha Whatcombe	GWEN NAGLE
Anna Voleska	CATHERINE BALL
Mrs. Pengard	ELSIE MAE BOWER
Horace Pengard	BILL BECK
Ivan Barolsky	EMERY WALKER
Palmer	ALLAIRE FLEMING
Dennet	OLIVER BROWN
Johnny Janson	DON BROWN

Pirates—EUGENE CLEARMAN, MERRILL FOOTE, BURTON BROWN, VERNE ANTHONY, BURDETTE GEGENHEIMER, CHARLES KIMMEL, DONALD HELM, PAUL COLONY

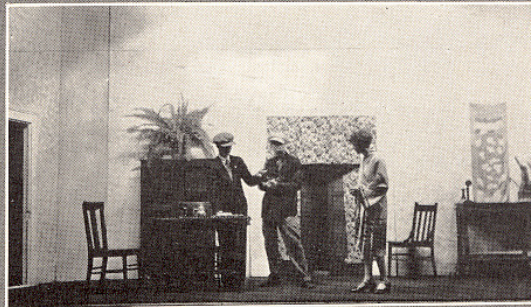
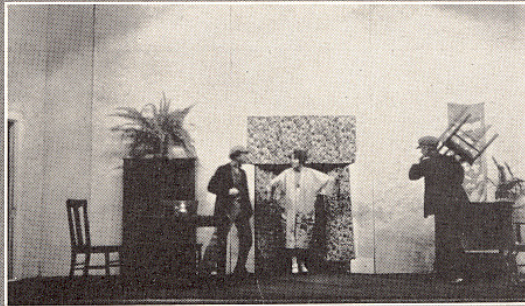




**ONE
ACT**



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JUNIOR PLAY



Cornog, Barth, McCollister, Wickham, Burrell, Ball
 Burnett, Dutcher, Miss Hughes, Mott, Kent, Unrath
 Sanger, Huff, Donovan, Minish, Vestermark, Harper, Sutton

The Junior Play, "Captain Kidd, Jr.," a farcical adventure in three acts, was presented at the Englert Theater Tuesday, March 6, 1928.

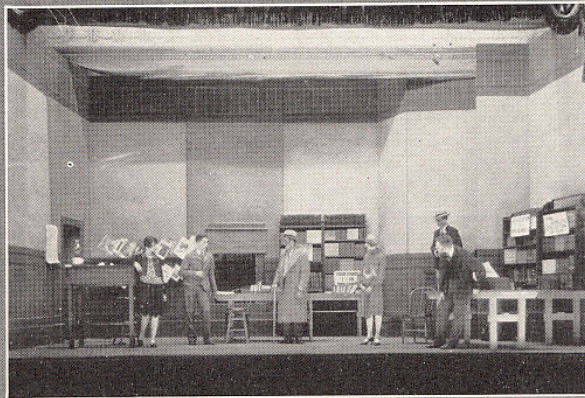
The cast was as follows:

Andrew McTavish	Clyde Burnett
A Customer	Jeannette Huff
An Expressman	Lyle Sanger
Mary McTavish	Grace Donovan
Jim Anderson	Allan Barth
George Brent	Paul Harper
Marion Fenton	Gwendolyn Minish
William Carlton	Harry Burrell
Sarah Jane Simmons	Jane Dutcher
Lemuel Bush	Lloyd Kent
Luella Bush	Georgia McCollister
Lucinda Bush	Maria Mott
Samuel Dickens	Robert Cornog
Greyson	Harold Wickham
Green	Richard Ball
Brown	Carl Unrath
Solomon Shears	Albert Vestermark
John Long	Marcus Sutton
Coach	Lola Hughes
Stage Manager	Robert Berry
Property Managers	Helen Husted, Dorothy Heid
Line Reader	Jeannette Huff
Business Managers	Paul Harper, Robert Kriz

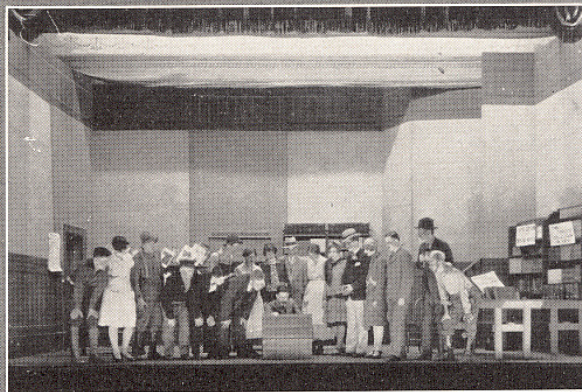




CAPTAIN

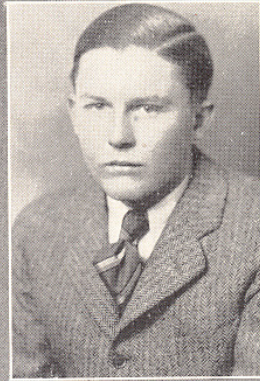


KIDD

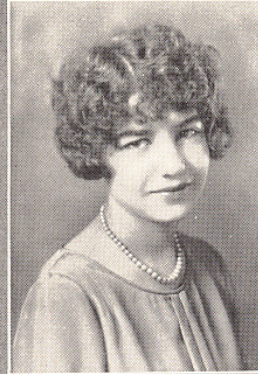


JUNIOR

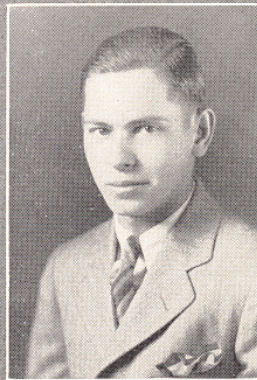




Paul Miller



Gwendolyn Minish



Woodland Woodard



Josephine Burrell



Gwendolyn Nagle



Merritt Holloway

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DECLAMATORY

Iowa City High has this year upheld her reputation for producing good speakers.

The first contest of the year was the Iowa Nine Oratorical contest held at Muscatine, November 11, in which Paul Miller represented Iowa City with the oration, "A Man for the Ages."

Merritt Holloway, who entered the Boys' Iowa Nine contest at Ottumwa, December 9 with the selection, "The Debatin' Society," was awarded second place.

Gwendolyn Minish represented us at the Girls' Iowa Nine contest at Fairfield, and received first place with the selection "The Valiant." This honor gave Iowa City the highest standing in the Iowa Nine this year.

In the state contest Josephine Burrell, Gwen Nagle and Merritt Holloway entered the preliminary contest at West Liberty with the selections "The Wandering Jew," "The Money Spider," and "The Debatin' Society," respectively.

Josephine received second place, and Merritt and Gwen both won firsts, giving them the privilege of entering the next contest at Washington, where Gwen again won first and Merritt second.

Gwen, thus qualified, entered the sub-district contest which was held here and received second place in her division.

Josephine Burrell represented I. C. H. S. at the extemporaneous speaking contest held in Oskaloosa April 14. Her topic was "Unemployment in the Midst of Prosperity."

Woodland Woodward represented I. C. H. S. at the Iowa Nine extemporaneous speaking contest held in Burlington April 20. He spoke on "Prohibition."





IOWA NINE DEBATE



Hodges, Woodard, Mr. Trachsel, Burrell, Moyer
Miller, Wickham, Bower, Brown, Arn

STATE LEAGUE

QUESTION: Resolved, that a Federal Department of Education should be established with a secretary in the President's Cabinet.

Affirmative

WOODLAND WOODWARD
KENNETH HODGES
PHOEBE BENSON (Alt.)

Negative

LOUISE ARN
HAROLD WICKHAM
PAUL MILLER (Alt.)

IOWA NINE

QUESTION: Resolved, that the United States should grant the Philippine Islands their independence at once.

Affirmative

HAROLD WICKHAM
PAUL MILLER
KENNETH HODGES (Capt.)
CLINTON MOYER (Alt.)

Negative

ELSIE MAE BOWER (Capt.)
OLIVER BROWN
LOUISE ARN
HARRY BURRELL (Alt.)

This year Iowa City entered the State Debating League, debating Davenport and Muscatine. Davenport's negative team won 3-0 while Iowa City's negative team defeated Muscatine 2-1.

In the Iowa Nine Triangular Debates the affirmative team defeated Grinnell 2-1 while the negative team lost to Clinton 3-0. A debate was arranged with Dubuque on the Iowa Nine question, but this debate was called off.





CLASS DEBATES



Brown, Helm, Hodges, Bower, McDowell, James
Rouse, Benson, Wickham, Arn, Miller, Donovan
Woodard, Miller, Christensen, Jahnke, Steele, White
Hedges, Smith, Aldershof, Stewart, Moyer

THE SENIOR DEBATE

RESOLVED: That the United States should grant independence to the Philippines at once.

Affirmative
OLIVER BROWN
DONALD HELM
KENNETH HODGES

Negative
MARTHA MCDOWELL
ELSIE MAE BOWER
HARRIETT JAMES

Decision: 3-0 in favor of Affirmative.

THE JUNIOR DEBATE

RESOLVED: That a Federal Department of Education be established with a chair in the President's Cabinet.

Affirmative
HAROLD WICKHAM
MARGARET ROUSE
PHOEBE BENSON

Negative
PAUL MILLER
LOUISE ARN
GRACE DONOVAN

Decision: 2-1 in favor of Negative.

THE SOPHOMORE DEBATE

RESOLVED: That Capital Punishment should be abolished.

Affirmative
MERTIE JAHNKE
HUGH STEELE
JACK WHITE

Negative
THERESA CHRISTENSEN
CECIL MILLER
WOODLAND WOODWARD

Decision: 2-1 in favor of Negative.

THE FRESHMAN DEBATE

RESOLVED: That Submersibles as instruments of warfare should be abolished.

Affirmative
CLINTON MOYER
JOSEPHINE BURRELL
RODNEY STEWART

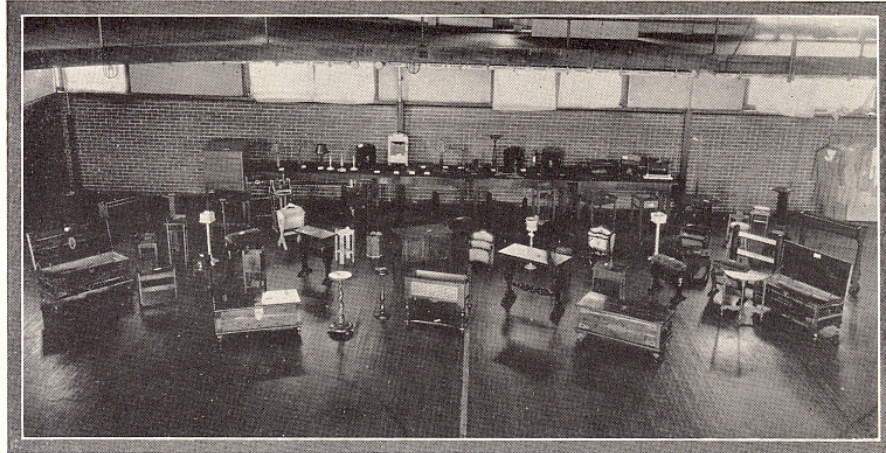
Negative
ROBERT HEDGES
SIDNEY SMITH
PETER ALDERSHOF

Decision: 3-0 in favor of Negative.





MANUAL ARTS EXHIBIT



The manual arts exhibit was given at a P. T. A. meeting, chiefly to enlighten the parents as to the size and character of the work accomplished by this department. Over two hundred and fifty pieces were displayed, including lathe and cabinet works, and hand tooled pieces. Many favorable comments were received from the parents on the quality of work done.





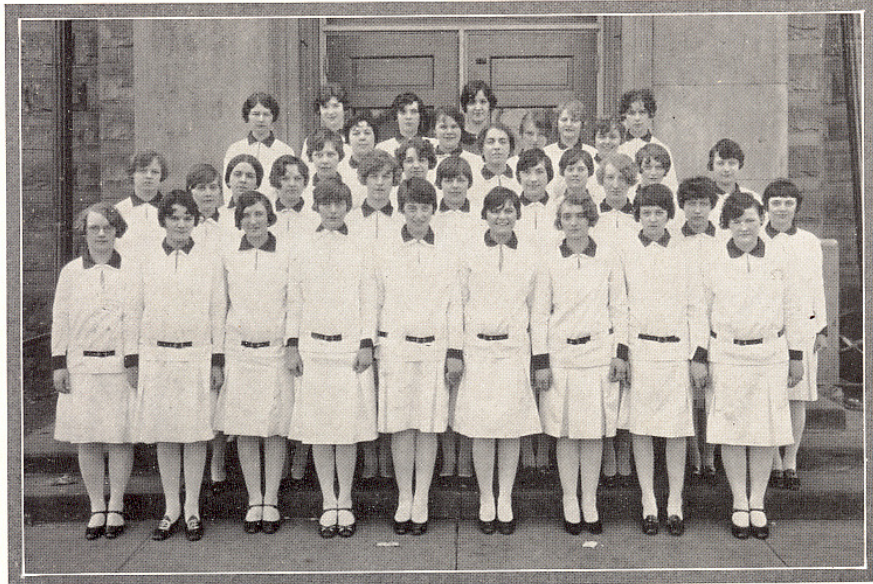
MISS FRANCES CRONIN

The success of the musical clubs this year has been largely due to the ceaseless efforts of Miss Frances Cronin, musical director. Her unspoken motto of "do it right or not at all" has embedded a greater love for music in the hearts of her pupils. Always pushing forward when others' enthusiasm had died, she has brought the glee clubs and orchestra of I. C. H. S. to a high state of perfection.





CLEF CLUB



Keihl, M. Ballard, Dutcher, Miss Cronin, D. Kirchner, Nagle
Stromsten, McCollister, Husted, Jones
Kloos, Moore, Cone, Minish, Neider, Edwards, Patterson, Wrede
Wolfe, Fleming, Glen, Tener, E. Ballard, Fountain, Segar, Gibbs
Benson, Tresslar, Barger, Trundy, Greenfield, Kirchner, Deihl, Donovan, James

Clef Club, composed of Junior and Senior girls, affords an excellent opportunity for group singing.

Under Miss Cronin's direction they performed in a most creditable manner at the State Music contest held at Tama, April 30.

OFFICERS

- President* MARIE TENER
- Secretary* GRACE DONOVAN
- Librarians* VIRGINIA KIRCHNER, JUANITA WOLFE
- Adviser* MISS CRONIN





BOYS' GLEE CLUB



Dicker, Fisher, Helm, Holloway, Steele, Parsons
Cornog, Sidwell, Kanak, Stoner, McDougal
Kent, Fleming, Miss Cronin, P. Benson, Ford, Kyvig, Miller
Brown, Burnette, Hain, Beck, Soucek, Davis

It has been the purpose of the Boys' Glee Club to create a greater interest in music and develop latent talent. Their appearance in assemblies, and their entertainments given at Oakdale, afford ample proof of the fact that they are reaching the goal for which they are striving.





JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Scribner, Sanger, Jahnke, West, Williams, A. Miller, Blakesly, Davis, Benter
Machovec, Shulman, Cornog, Hall, Garwood, Hicks, Riecke
Hodge, T. Greenfield, Beckman, Reha, Soucek, Miss Cronin, Daniels, Wilkinson, Cole •
Fullerton, Breese, Kirchner, Jahnke, Martin, Spencer, Howell, Segar, Benda, Sexton

Through consistent practice the past year, the Junior Girls' Glee Club, composed of freshman and sophomore girls, accomplished much that was worthwhile to them personally, and to those whom they entertained.





ORCHESTRA



Miller, Helm, Kyvig, Donovan, Steele, Segar, Ford
Cone, Tauber, West, Moore, Tresslar, Williams, Sinning, Heid, Anderson
Fisher, Donovan, Kent, S. Smith, Miss Cronin, Davis, Smith, J. Segar, Hodges

Under the leadership of Miss Cronin the orchestra has been taking an active part in school activities this year. It furnished splendid musical numbers at declamatory contests, one act plays, Junior Play, Senior Play, and Commencement. This organization gives an opportunity to students to learn to harmonize and blend, while playing with others in a group.





INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC



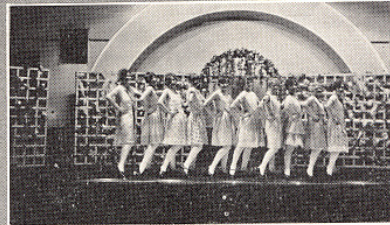
Mr. Larsen, Paden, Donovan, Steele, Seerest, Minish, Kriehl, Miller, Ford, Smith, Tener
Anderson, Kyvig, Helm, Simecek, Spencer, Finch, Reiche, Foucke, Cornog
Benda, Soucek, Gibbs, Fisher, Dunn, Christensen, Fout, Lindsey, Hotka, Mr. Kezer

An opportunity for which we had been anxiously waiting was given to us this year, when instrumental music classes were introduced into the Junior and Senior high schools. Under the general supervision of Mr. Larson these classes were carried on with a great deal of success, and were welcomed with much enthusiasm on the part of the students. Training for string, wood-wind, and brass was offered, Mr. Kezer, having charge of the violin; Mr. Noack, the flute; Mr. Andrews, the brass; Mr. Curry, the clarinet. During the second semester the brass and wood-winds were organized into a band; the strings and the best of the brass and wood-winds were taken into the orchestra.





“PATCHES”





QUILL AND SCROLL



Miss Churchill, Koser, Mr. Gallup, Colony, Neumann
Smith, Benson, Ford, Gardner, Jones, Baxter, H. James, McDowell, Dondore, Cone, Donovan, Houser
Dempster, Neider, Christensen, Arn, R. James, Friedrich, McCollister, Kirchner, Nagle, Fink, Tener

Quill and Scroll is a national honorary journalistic society, organized here in Iowa City three years ago. Only high school students of journalism who can fulfill the rigid requirements in journalistic and scholastic work may be initiated into this organization.

The aim of Quill and Scroll is to try to improve the courses in journalism in the high schools in this country, and to encourage and help the high school newspaper staffs.

At present the Iowa City High Chapter, known as the Harvey Ingham Chapter, has a membership of thirty-three.

The officers for the coming year are:

- President* MISS FRIEDRICH
- Vice-President* GEORGIA MCCOLLISTER
- Secretary* ROBERT JAMES
- Adviser* MISS CHURCHILL





ANNUAL CUP

The 1927 RED AND WHITE ranked first among the high school Annuals of the state at the journalism conference held at Grinnell last December. In token thereof a silver loving cup was presented to Iowa City High School by the 1929 CYCLONE of Grinnell College. Thus another cup is added to our trophy case.





BUTTERICK CONTESTANTS



Patterson, Phipps, Bragg, Nehring, Drake, Miss Robb
M. Jones, Roose, Duttlinger, Neider, Rowland, Seivers

In the local Butterick Dressmaking contest, held at Strub's this year three of the twelve girls entered from Miss Robb's Textile classes, won honors in the contest.

Francis Duttlinger placed first; Leone Neider, second, and Doris Roose, third.

Miss Duttlinger's dress, having won first in the local contest, was sent to New York to compete in the National contest held there February 8, where it captured first honors. Fifty dollars in cash was presented to the winner, and a silver cup with the teacher's and contestant's names, together with the words "The Butterick Dressmaking Contest" inscribed on it, was given to Iowa City High.

The judges of the dresses were: Chairman, Miss Emma A. Baie, Professor of Home Economics, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana; Mrs. Nellie E. M. Rolfe, of L. Bamberger & Company, Newark, New Jersey; Miss Hazel Manning, Professor of Home Economics, University of Wisconsin, and Miss Treva Kaufman, State Supervisor of Home Economics Education, Albany, New York.





FRANCES DUTTLINGER

MISS ROBB

Because of the efforts of Miss Frances Duttlinger and Miss Robb, instructor, Iowa City High school is again in the limelight nationally having received a silver loving cup, first prize in the National Butterick Dressmaking Contest.





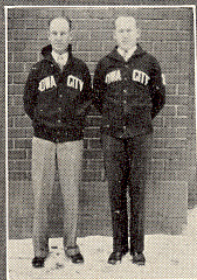
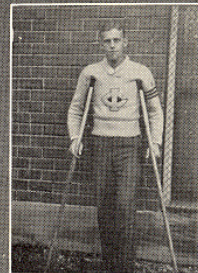
G.R. Colonial Ball



Junior Play Staff



Senior Play Staff



Office Force





Feature



THE SAXON CHRONICLE

- Sept. 6-10. Registration of students.
Sept. 12. School commences. Everyone has such a brilliant start. Remember the warm weather?
Sept. 21. Assembly. Boys try out for yell leaders' positions.
Sept. 24. Football. Lone Tree vs. Iowa City. 'S too bad.
Oct. 1. More football with East Des Moines—6-6. Hooray!
Oct. 2. Dr. Flickinger speaks on the "War Fields of France."
Oct. 8. Game with Marion—whole high school goes. Big Time!
Oct. 12. Professor Dill speaks on some of his travels.
Oct. 15. Clinton—pretty good football.
Oct. 18. First meeting of P. T. A.
Oct. 19. Instrumental Music Teachers give assembly.
Oct. 20. Alpha Initiation. Football game with Grinnell.
Oct. 22. G. A. A. Initiation.
Oct. 26. Girl Scout Assembly. Music, with Miss Cronin in charge.
Oct. 28-29. Journalism Conference held at Iowa City in Old Capitol.
Nov. 2. Dramatics class present play.
Nov. 9. Paul Miller gives his oration in Assembly.
Nov. 11. Oratorical contest at Muscatine.
Nov. 15. P. T. A. meeting.
Nov. 16. Senior Debate.
Nov. 23. Pep meeting.
Nov. 24. Thanksgiving Day (vacation). Big game with the Tigers of Washington High, Cedar Rapids. Held them to a 0-0 tie.
Nov. 25. Alumni mixer.
Nov. 30. Dr. Ensign speaks.
Dec. 2. Football Banquet.
Dec. 8. The Dramatics classes present two one-act plays.
Dec. 9. Boys' Declam at Ottumwa.
Dec. 10. Debating Carnival.
Dec. 13. Basketball game with Dubuque.
Dec. 19. Jan. 2. Christmas Vacation.
Jan. 6. Game with Cedar Rapids, there. Lots of kids go.
Jan. 11. Junior Debate. Volleyball Banquet.
Jan. 12. School night. Our parents visit us.
Jan. 13. Game with Clinton.
Jan. 18. Music Tests in Assembly.
Jan. 19. Debate with Muscatine. We lose. Too bad!
Jan. 20. U. High in basketball here. They win 25-15. But just you wait till the next time, we'll show them.
Jan. 23. "Patches" work starts. Class Basketball—Freshies vs. Sophs.
Jan. 30. Junior play practice begins.
Feb. 1. More class basketball—Juniors vs. Seniors.
Feb. 2. Debating Club. Sophomore class meeting.
Feb. 3. Pep meeting.





- Feb. 6. Sophomore class Party. Miss Elizabeth Halsey, Director of Physical Education at the State University, speaks before G. A. A.
- Feb. 8. Girl Reserve Cabinet Meeting. Snaps for the Annual.
- Feb. 10. Another big pep meeting.
- Feb. 15. Colonial Ball. Big Time. Botany Field Club organizes.
- Feb. 17. Gwen Minish wins first place in Iowa Nine at Fairfield.
- Feb. 21. P. T. A. High School Party. Another Junior class meeting
- Feb. 22. Vacation. Hooray!
- Feb. 28. "Patches." Swell Time. Literatae meeting.
- March 1. Senior class meeting.
- March 2. Senior class attends Clinton Brown's funeral.
- March 5. Junior class meeting.
- March 6. Junior play. Big success.
- March 7. Booster tags for the Iowa Nine debate at Iowa City.
- March 9. Iowa Nine debate. Grinnell vs. Iowa City at Iowa City.
- March 12. Junior rings and pins are ready.
- March 14. Annual pictures taken.
- March 15. Basketball picture taken. Senior play cast picked.
- March 19. Girl Reserves meeting.
- March 20. Girl Reserve pot-luck supper.
- March 22. Girls' Volleyball picture taken.
- March 23. G. A. A. goes roller-skating.
- March 30. Gymnasium demonstration. Clef Club goes to Tama.
- April 1-8. Spring vacation. Hot dog!
- April 19. Spring practice starts.
- April 10. Literatae play and cast picked.
- April 11. Seniors vote on their announcements.
- April 12. Seniors sign for diplomas and number of announcements.
- April 14. District Extemporaneous contest at Oskaloosa. Josephine Burrell is the representative of Iowa City High School.
- April 17. Manual Training—Textiles—Art Exhibition.
- April 18. Assembly. Mr. Mahan speaks on Iowa History.
- April 20. Iowa Nine Extemporaneous at Burlington. G. A. A. party.
- April 24. Teachers Club dinner.
- April 25. Assembly. Freshman debate. Quill and Scroll banquet.
- April 26. Dual Extemporaneous with Davenport.
- April 27. Junior-Senior banquet and dance.
- May 2. Assembly. Literatae play.
- May 4-5. State Music contest.
- May 9. Assembly. Sophomore debate.
- May 15. P. T. A. at 7:30 for the Parents and Teachers.
- May 16. Assembly. Alpha play.
- May 21. G. A. A. meeting—third semester meeting.
- May 23. Senior day.
- May 25. Annual comes out.
- May 30. Memorial Day. Vacation—some more. Hooray!
- June 4-6. Exams.
- June 7. Commencement. Goodby Seniors!
- June 8. Cards. Goodby everybody until next September.





THE HONORABLE JOUST

The gallant knights of the strong fortress, Iowa City High, held their own with some of the best knights of the State.

One day, a war party from Lone Tree was seen nearing the Little Hawk stronghold. There was a clang, clang, as the warriors hurriedly buckled on their armor. Sir Idema led his knights from the fortress and met the enemy at Shrader's Field. Now it happened that this was the first battle which Sir Idema had fought, leading his knights. Due to the misaim of a lance, the Lone Tree warriors defeated the Little Hawks. Sir Idema led his men in an organized retreat and the enemy was not encountered again.

About a week later, a scout dashed up to the fort, his horse covered with lather. He was ushered before King Knox, to whom he told of the approach of an army of stout young warriors, nearing the fort. Sir Idema again led his men to battle. This time the enemy was East Des Moines. The brawny men from the capital defeated Sir Idema after a hard battle. After the retreat to the fort, Sir Idema found that two warriors would not be capable of taking part in any more skirmishes. (Sir Sanger, because of personal injuries and Sir Redman because of personal reasons.)

One day, Princess Gwen, Sir Idema's dream, with her retinue of pretty maidens left the fort for a short walk in the woods. Now it happened that a prince, known as the Marion Prince had seen Princess Gwen once, through a mistake of Sir Idema's, and had vowed to have her. This day he was walking through the woods accompanied by a small guard. On approaching a tiny clearing he saw his dreams come true, for there was the princess. She saw him and hurried away in fear, but was quickly overtaken. Sir Idema also was in this woods, returning from a scouting expedition. Suddenly one of his men noticed a band of warriors drawing near. They waited in a concealed place until the party came up to them, when Sir Idema perceived that his princess was a captive. Of the skirmish that followed, not much need be said, only that the Marion Prince and guard were exterminated.

The next day, Sir Idema met the brave Clintonians near their castle. Their position gave the Clintonians a great advantage, but even they failed to defeat the strong warriors of Sir Idema.

Early one morning, just returning from a game hunt, the party was overtaken with the fort in sight, by a small band led by Chief Grinnell. Chief Grinnell failed to make a successful rally, only once succeeding in gaining ground. However, that was for only an instant, for Sir Idema thought he perceived a handkerchief waved from a fort window, and withdrew victorious.

As was the custom, once every season the Davenport and Iowa City Knights managed to clash in one of the greatest battles of the year. Sir Idema had rested his warriors for a week, when a scout warned him of the approach of the formidable foe. Cheered on by the fair maidens, the two bands fought hand to hand, back to back, gaining only inches at a time, until Sir Idema saw Gwen in her pavilion. Of course it was another Little Hawk victory.

The Little Hawks, wishing to explore in another direction, journeyed towards the





south and east until they reached the Mississippi river. Here they made camp, intending to remain only one day. Towards evening, a war party crept toward the camp. Every man quickly buckled on his armor and waited for the signal. Sir Idema signaled for the party to stop, but it paid no attention and began charging. Then it was that the signal was given, and the two parties clashed with one great thud. The Muscatine braves had the Little Hawks almost beaten, when Sir Idema, to encourage his men took the lead, and fought at the head of his men. This game was neither won nor lost.

Later King Knox called all of his bands together at a great conference. It was mentioned and decided upon that the next attack would be against the strong Cedar Rapids king. In one previous battle, the Iowa Cityans were decisively beaten, so they were going to strike before the enemy knew anything of it. But through a traitor, the Cedar Rapids king discovered these plans, united his bands, and started toward Iowa City.

The two armies came together on a vast field of battle. Each fighting cautiously, neither one was able to gain any ground for a half day. Time was taken out for lunch, and the fight was on. At first it looked like an Iowa City victory but alas, such was not the case. Neither band won, but the knights of Iowa City showed that they had enough power to equal that of the greatest Iowa football team.

SIR LAUNFALS OF TODAY

Many of you have heard the tale
Of Sir Launfal's quest for the Holy Grail:
Have learned the lesson which he taught;
That Success from *lowly* deeds is wrought.

When boys and girls—knights of today
Set forth amid a grand display,
They blindly search for the Holy Cup—
They'll never of its contents sup.

It contains a holiest wine
For which the purest things combine:
Meekness, gentleness, piety, love—
All the qualities endowed from above.

It's Service's path which we must tread
If to the Holy Grail we're led;
Deeds of kindness to those around—
Deeds which richly in Love abound.

It's the only path to the Holy Grail,
Who seek in other ways, must fail!

HARRIET JAMES '28





ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

(First Prize)

Among the Black Hills of South Dakota, there is a pine covered mountain called "Spooky Rock."

Some friends and I decided to go on a hike to this place. The name was rather terrifying, but we were all fascinated with the idea of visiting it. Joan Higsby's father offered to take us up as far as it was possible for the car to go.

"I'll come for you this afternoon at four," he said as he left us at the foot of the trail.

"Let's take the short route," exclaimed Gladys. Most of us preferred the longer way, however, so that we might eat our lunch at Ghost Cave, so-called because of the mysterious sounds often heard there.

We thoroughly enjoyed our hike, for the morning air was just losing its crispness. While stopping to rest at intervals we let our eyes wander to the great panorama before us. As far as we could see there were pine-covered mountains, the sun throwing his dazzling radiance over all.

Upon reaching the cave, we prepared lunch at once. The strenuous climb and invigorating mountain air had made us all ravenously hungry.

"I'm so hungry I could eat sole leather," said Gladys.

"Humph, I used mine all up on this hike," said Joan. "Let's change the subject. They say they hear the spookiest noises from the cave."

"I'll bet it's all the bunk," said skeptic Ann.

Just then, as if to belie her words, a shrill screech rang out upon the air. "I'll bet it isn't—just hear that!" exclaimed Joan.

"Ho ho! That's just a screech owl. You're imagining things," Ann answered laughingly.

"I'll tell you," said Eva, "let's play we are prospectors looking for gold, and explore the cave for a little way."

"Eva, you're always ready for adventure. But that would be fun, girls, wouldn't it?" I interposed.

"Well, maybe," said Joan, rather doubtfully.

After doing full justice to the perfectly delicious lunch, we started our game of "prospecting." This was fun for a while, but since none of us knew much about prospecting, this did not keep our interest very long.

"Oh, let's play 'Hide and Seek.' There are so many good places to hide," some one suggested.

"I think it would be dangerous, and anyway, you know the reputation this place has," cried Joan.

"Oh, you scared cat!" Ann answered. "Why, this is broad daylight. Come on, be a sport."





Soon we were in an excited game of "Hide and Seek." When we became more familiar with the entrance of the cave, we made a ruling that all must hide at least twenty feet from the base. Ann was "it" when the ruling was made. I had hidden more than twenty feet I was sure. Soon I heard them tap for Gladys, then Joan, and soon after, Eva.

"All's out's in free," Ann called.

I tried and tried to find the way, but I seemed to go farther and farther, the more I tried.

"Girls, where are you?" I shouted. "I can't find my way out."

"Stay right where you are, Edith, and we'll find you," someone answered.

"Oh, it's so cold here. Maybe I can find you now."

After hearing their voices, I thought perhaps I could. I tried different channels, one leading evidently to the same place,—nowhere. They were all very short and ended abruptly.

Finally I did find one that seemed to lead somewhere, so I started to follow it. The uneven floor of the cave was damp and slippery. It was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish between the darkness and the wall. Brrr! It was cold! I couldn't hear the girls' voices anymore, now, and was becoming frightened. Suppose I was lost! What if I could never find my way out and would just die in there? Oh, I must not think of that. It was just unbearable. What was that? It must have been my imagination; but it sounded like footsteps. Maybe the girls were coming. I stopped and listened, carefully.

"No, I guess it isn't anything," I told myself. "See here, you goose, get control of yourself. You've got to find your way out of here, and you might as well stop being frightened at every little noise you think you hear," I scolded myself fiercely.

It must have helped, because I wasn't so frightened after that.

I walked on, or rather stumbled on; and once, I fell headlong and struck my arm against a rock. It did hurt, but I couldn't stop to think about such trifles then. The main thing was to get out and get out quickly. I must have been in there at least three hours. What was that? I heard footsteps, I was sure. I crept stealthily to the place from which I thought the sound was coming. Then came a fork in the passageway. Which way should I go? On the right was just black darkness, and on the left was a—why it was a light. I had no sooner noticed this than I heard a muffled sound like a scream, then another, and another. As the sound ceased to echo in the cave, I heard footsteps. I shuddered, and became so frightened that I, too, wanted to scream.

"I guess they won't worry us none, now," said a deep masculine voice.

"C'mon let's get out of here," said the other.

Terrified as I was, I had enough presence of mind to follow the flickering light of their lantern. At least they knew the way out. As I crept from the passageway, I dimly discerned a little to one side, three hanging bodies. I could scarcely suppress a scream, but realizing what my fate might be, my self-control was restored.





“Hey, wait a minute, I dropped that knife,” said one of the men.

They turned to search for it, and I slid back to one side of the passageway.

Presently they found it, when they were but a few feet from me, and started on again.

There were glass like structures in the cave which resembled icicles. I could see them sparkle when the lantern light flashed upon them. But then I wasn't interested in anything like that. I must watch my step and stay far enough behind to keep them in sight, but yet not close enough for them to see or hear me.

After much stumbling about in the narrow passageways, I thought that we must be near the entrance, for it was getting lighter, and the men had extinguished the lantern.

Then we came to a turn and, as they went ahead, I watched them leave the cave, but did not venture out until I no longer heard their footsteps. The bright sunlight almost blinded me as I emerged from the cave, but Oh! how good it felt! I looked down the mountain side and there were the men just entering a small hut nestled in the pine trees, which was partially hidden from view. My watch told me it was only a little after three o'clock, so I had been in the cave a little less than two hours.

I looked about me and discovered that I must have emerged from the cave on the other side of the mountain.

After my harrowing experience, it was with difficulty that I forced myself to collect my thoughts, and decide upon some definite plan of action. I started on the path leading in the opposite direction from that which the men had taken. I had two things on my mind then: one was to get away from the men, and the other to find the girls.

Soon I saw the wood cutter's hut where we girls had stopped for a refreshing drink on our journey up the mountain. I remembered what a kindly man he seemed. Surely I could tell him my troubles and receive some aid.

I found him at his work and told him, rather incoherently, all about it. He listened with interest and then, noticing my excitement, took me into his hut. His wife, a stout, middle-aged woman with a very nice way about her, made me feel at home at once.

It wasn't until then that I noticed how exhausted and nerve-racked I was. I found I had a bruised place on my arm, was scratched in several places, and looked like a tramp with my torn and soiled clothes, hands, and face.

The woodcutter's wife bathed and bandaged my arm. Then she gave me some hot tea and a delicious spicy cup cake.

I felt better immediately and being anxious about the girls I thanked her for her thoughtfulness, and started out to find them. After walking several rods, I heard voices. Soon after, the girls appeared around a bend and of course I was in a midst of questions. They told me they had both hunted and called for me all afternoon, and were just starting down the mountain to get help.

Joan's father was waiting for us when we reached the place agreed upon.





Tame-a-Iow-an



SHOW me the WAY TO GO



Taking Leave



When do we eat!!



Home

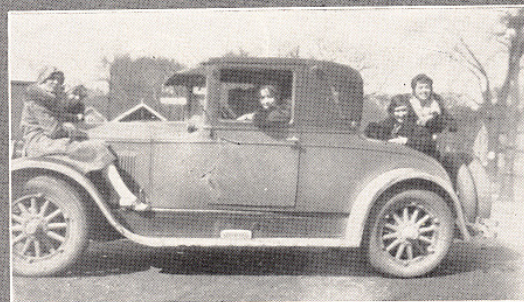


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“I thought she'd better go back.”

“What are they playing now?”
“The Fifth Nocturne.”
“Gosh, but I'm awful late.”

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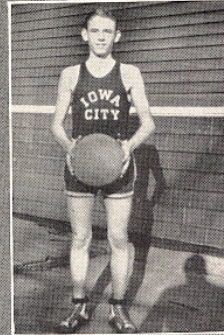
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He said: "Which of you people dropped a five-dollar gold piece?"

"I did!" yelled each of the three.

"Well," said the finder to the man nearest him, "here's a nickel of it."

Don Brown: "Everybody says I have the big head. What do you think about it, frankly now?"

Dorothy Kirchner: "Oh, there's nothing to it."

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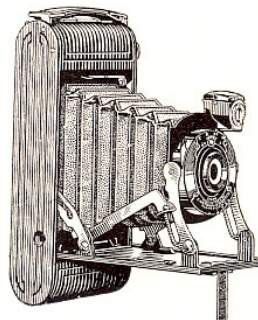
Mr. Wells: "Do you know
what the buffalo on the nickel
stands for?"

Mr. Beck: "No, what does it
stand for?"

Mr. Wells: "Because there isn't
room for it to sit."

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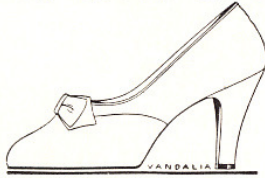
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Read backwards: Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you. It read would you knew we.

The family were at Sunday dinner: “Well, Janie,” said Aunt Emma, “Tell us the Golden Text in Sunday School today.”

And little Janie chanted: “I should fear—I'll get the quilt, anyhow.”

When a startled family opened Janie's quarterly, they found it read: “Fear not—The Comforter will come.”

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“Isn't it smart!”

“And clever!”

“And so unusual!”

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Sentimental young lady: "Oh! Professor! What would this old oak say if it could talk?"

Professor: "It would say, 'I'm an elm'."

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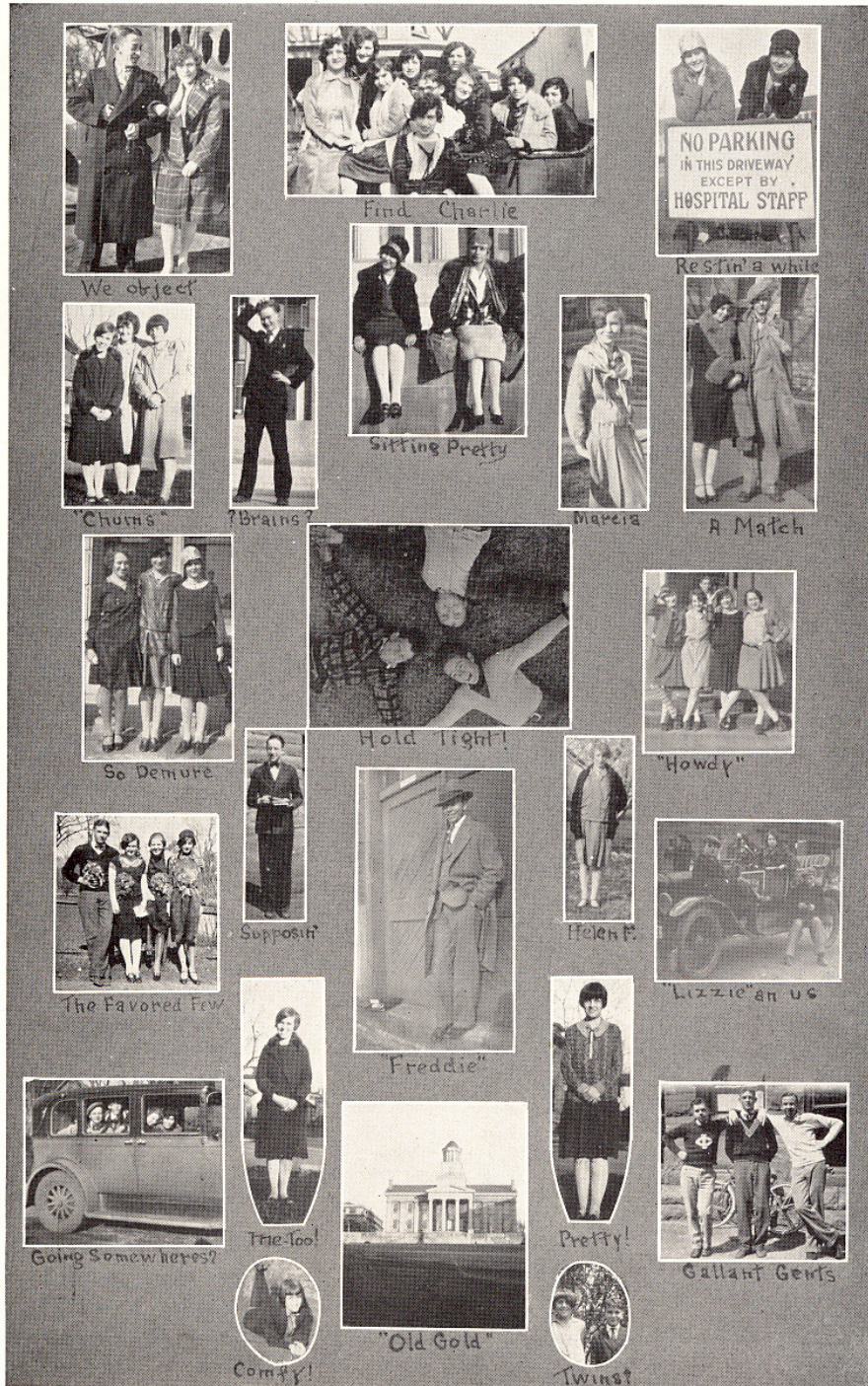
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Barber: "No, I've only been here six months."

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A blinding, roaring, deafening crash—

And lo! the train was gone.

ACT II

And there serenely stood the soph,
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Part-1 (1-50)

Part-2 (51-100)

Part-3 (101-150)

Part-4 (151-163)

Compiled by James B. McVicker

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