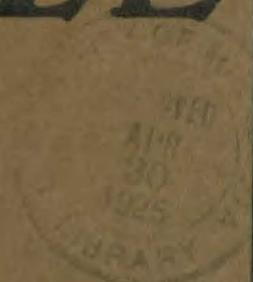


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The
**CAMPUS
BREEZE**



WELCOME!

**NOVEMBER
1919
UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL**

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October 31

The Campus Breeze

Volume 2

November, 1919

Number 1

TO OUR PRINCIPAL.

We take this opportunity of expressing for the school our most cordial welcome to Mr. Miller, who has returned to us after an absence of more than a year, in the service of Uncle Sam. We hope that the pleasure and satisfaction we feel in having him with us again will be mutual and we pledge him our loyal support and cooperation.

THE SPELL OF THE SILENT SANDS.

As the night grows steadily older,
And the coals of my campfire glow,
Across the tired, hot desert
The winds of heaven blow.

As I lie here idly dreaming
Of the days that might have been,
The spell of the desert enfolds me
As it has so many men.

A cloak of darkness around me,
Above the stars go by,
And from the purple distance
Comes one lone coyote's cry.

Here in this vast, grim silence
That has buried so many sins,
Here in the place of shifting sands
Is where the world begins.

Alice Hickey.

AT A "U" HIGH FOOTBALL GAME.

The noble football eleven of "U" High trooped upon the field and took their places.

Presently the game started. Boys were to be seen hovering near the side lines. Excited groups of girls were seen talking in the background.

Such remarks as these were to be heard anywhere among the girls:

"See those awful looking suits? I wonder why they wear all those padded clothes," said one small girl.

"To keep them warm, I suppose. Gracious!! It's cold enough," said the girl, drawing her scarf around her.

"I should think they'd get some color beside brown," said the first girl disgustedly.

"So should I. Oh, look at the funny shoes! Spikes! Now, I know why they wear spikes in their shoes. When they kick each other it'll have more effect. Oh, dear! Boys are so cruel!" said the second girl sadly.

In another group an extensive and very helpful conversation, on fashions was being held. When the first quarter was over, one of this group stopped discussing hats long enough to cry, "Goodness! Isn't this game exciting, girls?"

"It certainly is. I wonder who's ahead!" said another.

Farther down the sidelines another group is talking over lamentably the lessons of the next day.

"Oh, dear. I never shall get my Math! The teachers never imagine how long their assignments are. It takes me ages to do my lessons. I'm getting thin from studying so much," said one girl.

"Oh, what was that? Did some one make a touchdown?"

Still another group of girls stood on the sidelines. These were interested in the game, but as yet had not completed their education in that subject.

"My, but can't he kick high?" said one girl admiringly.

"Pooh! I could kick it just as high as he can," said another disdainfully.

After a few minutes another shouted, "Oh, look at that boy! He made a home run!"

"Home run! Huh! Girls know a lot about football!" scoffed one of the boys who had overheard their conversation.

By the time the third quarter had ended and the fourth had begun the boys on the sidelines were becoming excited and were giving loud cheers and yells of encouragement for the players.

When the game, with the score of 18 to 0 in the favor of "U" High, had ended, the spectators left the field. The first group to continue the discussion on the cruelty of boys and the homely suits; the second, to prolong the conversation on fashions; the third, to lament still further on the length of their lessons; the fourth, to talk of the skill of the winning team; and the fifth group, which consisted of boys, to congratulate the players.

If you doubt my word as to our "U" High football games, go to the next game and find out!

Avis Litzenberg.

THE VERDANT FROSH.

Johnny Jones, our prodigy,
With heart so blithe and gay,
Came up from Jenkins Junction
A hundred miles away.

Before the massive campus gate
Our hero stood agape,
A' looking for the U. H. S.
It wasn't on his map.

"A ha!!" He cried, as he peered thru,
"I didn't never guess,
It took so many buildings
To run the U. H. S.!"

A lofty Senior he espied
Come sauntering down the walk,
John halted him and from him pried
This grave and solemn talk.

"Welcome! Pilgrim, to the fount
For all in search of learning,
For English, Math, and other things
I'm sure your heart is yearning.

"We enter now and first we view
That spot of mystic rite,
The boiler room, where Seniors proud
As Freshman saw the light.

"The lofty thoughts which thus inspired
Become the Senior's dream,
'Tis sights like these, which boldly fixed
Maintain the Seniors steam.

"Now follow me with lightsome tread
And I will show to thee,
The mighty power, our Principal,
That's steering you and me.

"Your cognomen he'll gladly take
And list your studies rare,
Just once in life you'll have this chance
Your future to prepare."

John Jones stood up with shoulders back
You'd scarce detect a flaw,
"Who was your last instructor?"
John proudly piped, "My Paw!"

"When I was back in Jenkins
Folks said as how I'd be
The champeen big star halfback
At the University.

"And so I thought I'd come here
With this here end in view,
And take about eight subjects
Tó put the blame thing thru."

"So now," remarked our Principal,
"Of course you know that you,
Must take our General Science
And Calisthenics too.

"This General Science sounds all right,"
Said Johnny with a grin,
"But Doc give me Calisthenics
When the measles started in."

SOME ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

Dear Freshmen:

As you are embarking upon a new period of life, that of a high school pupil, I, as an experienced personage in the temptations and difficulties which arise before a beginner, or rather freshman, (pardon me!) am willing to share my wealth of knowledge with you.

Now, dear Freshmen, it is wise to keep within the good graces of the Seniors. Therefore, do not act as though you have mastered all the knowledge there is to be mastered, even tho you really believe you have. That is the sole right of the Seniors.

I realize that it is very hard to distinguish between Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors and even teachers. I shall endeavor to aid you slightly by telling you how to ascertain Sophomores. They are the ones who love to make life miserable for you. Freshmen dear, and who have such **immense** vocabularies.

Also, please do not bore us by expecting us to laugh at you as you slide down the banisters. It is done by every Freshman class.

It is not well for you to spend so much money at the "Oak Tree." Of course, we realize that it is a novelty, but you must take into consideration other expenses which are **sure** to arise; such as subscription to the **Campus Breeze**.

Do not fear Mr. Miller. Respect him, but do not fear him. He isn't half as formidable as he looks. You should have seen him at the "gym" party waltzing around the room with Mr. Smith's baby on his arm.

"Cut out your horse play," before you go to Mr. Reeves' class.
As to **Yellow Slips**—quoted from the faculty—

"They are just little slips sent home to your parents to remind you that your work is not what it should be." It is rather queer. Yellow slips are sent to our parents when the slips are to remind us that our work isn't "up to the mark." Our parents invariably interpret them to mean we have flunked; and then—! Understand?

Well, dear Freshmen, I hope this will help to smooth the pebbly path of fortune and that you will accept the advice of

A Junior.

FRESHMAN WORRIES.

All the tales of Ancient History
To me, poor Freshie, are a Mystery,
Sometimes I just cannot see,
How I c'n b'lieve what they tell me!

All about the sheep they found,
Whose big tails dragged upon the ground.
How they fixed their funny tails
To little carts, with several nails.

Yes, 'nd from the city, Bactous,
Came'n animal which attact us,
Called "Bacteria," and they sold
With cows for money, 'stead of gold.

They say that man from worms evolved
Anyway, I have resolved
That they invented all these stories
Just to add to Freshies' worries!



VACATION ECHOES

.....

WANDERING SHEEP.

A Play in One Short Act.

Prelude (Church Music).

I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the Lodge,
 I did not love my chap'ron's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wandering sheep,
 But now I love the Lodge,
 I **loved**, I **loved**, my "chocolate goo,"
 More than I loved the Lodge.

Characters:

Dot Bowen—Nut number 1.

Lil Borreson—Ditto number 2.

Alice Hickey—Innocent Newcomer.

Winnie Hughes—Oh, you know Winnie!

Nola Jones, Mildred Jaynes—Unfortunate Scouts.

Mary Elizabeth—Prescott girl.

Scene—Beautiful scenery around Prescott Lodge, including croquet set, Miss Inglis, Miss Smith, beautiful shrubbery, "Lizzie," "Marge," "Glad Eyes," and a hammock.

(The play starts here).

Enter Dot. Bowen with a very charming village girl, Mary 'Lizabeth. She advances to a spot where the other characters are having a strenuous game of croquet.

Dot. Oh Kee—uds! Come here, nuts, I want you to meet my friend, Mary Elizabeth. This is Lil, Mary 'Liz'beth.—Well, Winnie, *can't you stop playing croquet for a minute?*

Lil. Awfully glad I met you, Mary 'Liz'beth. Dear, I wisht we could do something *exciting* tonight! Mildred, dearest, do you think we could go to the ice cream parlor with Mary 'Liz'beth? Don't you, honey? What do you think about it, Winnie, dear? Don't you think we could? *My*, I wisht we could, Mary Elizabeth. We'd *love* to.

Nola. I'm game. *Come on*, kids, let's go! It's only 9:25 now.

Mildred. Do you suppose we'd have time? I'd *like* to.

Winnie. Sure, we'd have time! What time have you, Mildred? But we got to hurry, that's all. I'm hungrier than the dickens.

(The girls depart and accompany Mary Elizabeth about a block. Suddenly, the crowd halts.)

Nola. (peevd) I can't go! *Look at my hair!* It's a *fright!* I haven't combed it since swimming and I haven't a ribbon here. I'll have to go back—blame it all!

Crowd. Oh!

Mildred. (Giggling) *Look at me*, would you! I have my *bloomers* on. *I can't go.* (Wails and giggles mixed.)

Crowd. Oh, Mildred! Run and change 'em—you, too, Nola. We'll wait.

Mildred. Beat it, kids, or you won't get back on time!

Lil.—(polite as usual). All right, Mildred, but you'll go next time, won't you, honey? You, too, Nola dear. I'm *awfully* sorry, *really* I am. Well, good-bye, then—see you later.

(The two unfortunates (?) depart for the Lodge, while the others continue their trip down town to the ice cream parlor. No time is wasted, you understand, but no especial haste is noticeable. They arrive at the village of Prescott, and enter the "favoritest" ice cream parlor—chosen because of its beautiful, tin-panny, jazzy, "nickleodeon." In two jerks, they are seated at a table, and in five more have given their orders—four "Chocolate glues." They glance at the clock—Horrors!)

Alice. *Quarter of ten!* Only fifteen minutes to get back, eat, 'n everything! (giggles).

(Here Dot and Winnie become quite agitated and start drumming on the table with their spoons. Immediately after the waitress brings the ice cream, Winnie gracefully tips hers over, in vain attempt to keep time to the "jazzy" jazz of the nickleodeon.)

Dot. Oh—*Winn—e-e-e-e-e!*

Lil. Never mind, Winnie dear, it'll be all right. Just a blunder—that's all. Everyone makes mistakes. I do myself, sometimes.

Alice. Miss Inglis 'll give us the dickens.

Dot. *Just quiet down, Alice, and eat your ice cream!* Appreciate it while you have it. Winnie, for heaven's sake, quit that drumming. You make me nervous, too! Cut it out, and eat your ice cream. Be quiet like I am. Listen, kee-uds, like I am! (giggles).

Alice. I'm scared stiff! I don't know what's going to—

Winnie. I do. Jane and Phyllis were late the other night.

Lil. Awfully sorry we can't stay longer, Mary dear, but I'm afraid we'll have to go, much as we hate to leave. Isn't that right, Dot?

Dot. Sure, Lillian, sure, sure!!

Winnie. *Let's go, kids. Look at that clock. Regardez-le! Five of ten!! Murderation! Let's aller! Vite!*

(The girls gracefully pile out. Innocent Alice, who is not familiar with camp discipline is *not* playing up to her part—she is giggling!!!!)

Dot. Behave yourselves, kee-uds, or everyone will notice us.

Winnie. *Let's run!* Let's run *fast!* Let's get out into the street, take hold of hands and run.

(All of the girls are giggling so hard they cannot run very fast. The home-trip is *up hill* and about a twenty minute *walk*. It is about two minutes of ten. Inspection at ten!)

Dot. Take hold of my hand, Lil, there! *Now, let's run!*

Alice. *I'll get thin!*

Crowd. Too bad. *Sad—sad!!*

Dot. We've got to plan what we're going to do. How are we going to get in? We'll be *murdered!* *Actually!*

Winnie. Lillian, where are your brains, child?—oh—I know! Let's undress on the way!—partly, of course—take our hair down, and so forth; we won't meet any one.

Alice. Here's hoping!

Lil. Maybe we aren't late after all.

Alice. *Maybe not!!*

(They are running all the time and are now in sight of the Lodge.)

Dot. Doesn't that give you the creeps, kids? *It does me,*

Winnie. Gee! I thought we could make it but we didn't.

Lil. No, we didn't *exactly*, did we, Winnie dear?

(They are on the Lodge grounds now. Lights are still burning; some hopes! They scurry across the grass.)

Alice. Dot, *cut the giggling!* Somebody'll hear us!

Winnie. This grass is *positively* loud!

Lil. Tee hee—tee hee—hee—hee (etc.)

Dot. Hee, Hee, Hee, tee hee, tee hee, hee.

Winnie. Ditto.

Alice. Ditto.

(They decide to try the back door. A light is flashed into their faces. *Miss Inglis is standing there!* Horrors!!!)

Silence is audible.

Capt. Inglis. *Where have you girls been????*

Dot. Horrors, kee-uds!

Capt. Inglis.—(imagine icicles) *Where have you girls been???*
Answer me!!!!

Winnie.—(small still voice). Down town.

Capt. Inglis. Girls, this is a *very* serious offense. Now *you* are only *four* of *eight* or *ten* who are late tonight.

Winnie. Who are the others?

Capt. I.—(audible silence). You will be deprived of all swimming privileges tomorrow.

N. B. (Tomorrow is the day Miss Schill comes. Horror of horrors!!!!!!)

Capt. Inglis. *Be in bed in less than five minutes*, without fail. *Do you understand?* I shall expect to find you sound asleep when I come into your room.

(They meet Miss Smith very worried and flustered over their wrong-doings.)

Lil. Oh, I'm *so* sorry, Miss Smith—*really* I am. We've been running *all the way*. I feel terrible about it. Don't we, girls? I'm *so* sorry, Miss Smith, I *know* you've worried—*really*, I am!

Dot. For heaven's sake, Lil, *don't you remember what Miss Inglis said?* Come on kee-uds, let Lil apologize.

Lil. You know how it is, Miss Smith—we didn't consider the amount of time it'd take. We're awfully sorry—*really*—.

(Slow curtain, Lil still apologizing.)

EPILOGUE.

Curtain rises disclosing four disconsolate maidens sitting on river bank watching the swimmers.

Chorus of Maidens:

I was a wandering sheep
But now I love the Lodge
I love, I love, my chap'ron's voice,
I love, I love the Lodge.

THE GIRL SCOUT CAMP AT PRESCOTT.

Prescott Lodge, where the Girl Scouts held their summer camp, is a large building with a spacious lawn and a lovely sleeping porch; but unfortunately for us, it had only ten cots, and we had to take turns using the porch.

After the Girl Scouts and their friends had once become firmly established at the Lodge, it did not take them long to fall into the routine of Camp Life. Of course, some of them "fell out" later on; but that will not be recorded here.

The girls arose at seven o'clock, in order to have inspection before breakfast, which was at seven-thirty. And such "eats!" Of course, the girls talked about the "prunes" that were continually on their "bill-of-fare," but, nevertheless, ate them.

After the lively breakfast, the girls were given until 9 o'clock to make their beds, sweep their rooms, and see that everything was in order before "inspection." This was not so very hard for the lucky girls who had big suit cases, or whose bedspreads hung to the floor.

After inspection, the girls were allowed to do anything they wanted—row, play croquet, tennis, hike, go down town, play the piano, or practice for the play. The greatest amount of time was spent in practicing for our comedy, "Playgoers," which was given in the Prescott theatre for the benefit of the "Campus Breeze."

At twelve o'clock we had dinner, and that was when we had the "eats!" Strawberry shortcake was received with such acclamation that the cook decided to make herself popular by having it often.

After dinner the period from one to three o'clock was "rest-hour," a time to be spent quietly in writing letters home (or some place else) sleeping or reading. It was **not supposed** to be spent in "conversation bees" in various rooms?

Three o'clock was the usual swimming hour (if we hadn't been deprived of privileges). After we had walked **down** the hill to the lake, had swam for an hour, and then walked **back up** the hill (or was it a mountain?) and to the Lodge, we were pretty tired and hungry.

After supper, which was served at six o'clock, the girls either went to the movies at the Prescott Opera House or stayed home and had "stunt night." The best "stunt night" was when each girl "took off" one of her teachers. Too bad that all of the faculty could not have been there; they might have been led to reform.

At nine-thirty, every girl was supposed to be within the safe walls of the Lodge, and at 10 o'clock, in bed. After our leaders had inspected us to see that we were all "sound asleep," we sometimes woke up and had our private little midnight lunches of olives and cookies on the side.

This life, with a few variations, lasted for two merry weeks.
Winnifred Hughes.

HARVEST TIME, NO SPOONING TIME.

They strolled the fields together,

And their arms were interlocked,

He tried to kiss her. "Don't," she said,

"See how the corn and grain are shocked."

AT LYMAN LODGE.

Dear Katherine:

We're well ensconced out here at "Lyman Lodge" now and you should see us "carry on," in more ways than one. Our bunk house is a long low building with rooms partitioned off on each side, about four feet square. Inside each one of these rooms is a "double decker" (they're loads of fun if you happen to be "upper crust") and four hooks (!) to hang clothes on. Now, Kattie, just imagine, if you can, Mugs and me trying to cram a two weeks' wardrobe on two hooks!—"It can't be did." As a result our wearing apparel is draped everywhere, under our bunks, stuffed in our suit cases, or thrown over the partitions of our rooms. The favorite place for shoes is over the door. Of course they fall down on you sometimes, but the air of distinction they lend our rooms makes it worth the trouble it is to put them up again.

We've had enough discipline already out here to last us a year.—Why they don't give us a chance to express our own individuality at all! Oatmeal and toast buttered with oleo, or—no breakfast for yours truly; absolutely quiet during quiet hour, and after "lights out" or K. P. for us all the next day. Ethel and Lenore have had that honor bestowed on them already.

Ethel's bunk is next to ours and the second night we were here Ethel and I, who are both "upper crust," devised a scheme of signals. One tap on the partition means, "Hello, are THREE—University ^{ho} you awake," two means, "All's well," three means, "Can't sleep," and four means "Come."

Well, lights had been out about twenty minutes and everything was quiet when suddenly I heard, tap, tap, "All's well;" tap, tap, tap, tap; "Come." I have always believed in obeying signals and I proceeded to obey this one; but since last night I have learned the danger of always obeying them. I have learned that wood partitions certainly are not very stable; that pillows have a magic way of disappearing from a bunk at a very inopportune moment; that splinters on your bunk aren't particularly adapted for bare feet; and that counselors are very light and nervous sleepers. Since then I have a great deal of respect for the dishes that two hundred girls can make. You see, if we are well disciplined, we commit a few unpardonable crimes. But we have many good times, too.

Three times a week we have council fire. Last night it was cold and we built a huge fire in the fireplace. We all sat around this while the camp newspaper was read. This was lots of fun because we heard everything that had happened in the last week, while the lost and found department was rare. You should see and hear about the wild things we lose. After the paper came the camp yells and songs, (earsplitting in quality) and then the real feature of the evening and of every council fire, Miss Greg's talk or story. You'd love her, I know. She always gives us something to think about before sending us to bed at ten o'clock.

When we first arrived at Lyman Lodge we all thought that the canoe would never lack an occupant, but when we learned that, to enjoy this privilege, we must first swim two hundred yards, be able to paddle satisfactorily a mile, and tip the canoe over in deep

water, getting it safely to shore, some of us changed our minds.

We have special instructors in all sorts of sports and crafts. A Y. W. C. A. monogram is offered for anyone who secures eighty points for proficiency in various crafts.

When we feel flighty or nature calls, there are always the woods and the paths around the lake to follow. We have special instructors for all the special crafts such as, birds, mushrooms, and general hiking.

We have everything in the way of sports, but beside these the Y. W. C. A. atmosphere, which permeates everything we do, makes camp mean much more to us than a mere good time. It gives us the complete Y. W. C. A. triangle, physical, mental and moral.

When we come again, as we surely shall, we want you with us. You'll think it's worth while.

Sincerely,

Frances MacLean.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Not a fish had been caught for many a day
 In the waters of Lake Connaught;
 And the summer house boarders were fading away,
 For what was the use of trying to stay
 Where nary a fish could be caught?

But one lucky fisher (beginner I guess)
 With a stick and a piece of twine,
 Actually hauled in a ten-inch bass;
 Its weight was a pound or possibly less,
 But he thought it was superfine.

By the time he got back to his home in the East
 The fish had grown in size,
 "It was—well—so long, at the very least,
 And it weighed ten pounds, Gee! we had a feast."
 And the home folks stared in surprise.

"He never was much of a sportsman," they said,
 (When he wasn't around to hear)

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ANDY

"And he did it with neither a reel or lead;
 If he could do that what could we do?" they said,
 "We'll go and find out next year."

Next summer from out of that town in the East
 Came a hoard of fishermen gay,
 Each hoping to catch one "so long at least,"
 And have a grand and glorious feast,
 And a story to carry away.

They angled all night, and they cast all day
 In the waters of Lake Connaught,
 But at last they all went disgusted away,
 For what was the use of trying to stay
 Where nary a fish could be caught?

Elizabeth Jones.

A DAY IN KINDERGARTEN.

"Good morning to you,
 Good morning to you,
 Good morning, dear children,
 Good morning to you."

This was the opening song of the kindergarten class, which consisted of little boys and girls ranging from the ages of two to seven. They were seated in small red chairs arranged in a circle.

After the song was finished, the teacher asked, "What did you see coming to school this morning, Billy?"

"I see a airplane," replied Billy in a very deep voice.

"Did you see an airplane this morning?"

"No, I see it the other day."

"Teacher, I was to my Auntie's this summer and she had chickens and—" Betty Jane commenced.

"Teacher, I can't come to kindergarten tomorrow. I are going to have a birthday party," interrupted Louise.

"Let's not all talk at once, children," the teacher said.

"Oh, teacher, I'm raising a squash. I don't like squash; but I can take out all the good part, you know the inside, and I can make a jack-o'-lantern for myself with the other part. A squash has a face like Andy," said Clark.

"Like whom?"

"You know, Andy. He's on the funny page of the paper."

To put an end to this talk, the teacher suggested a game.

"Everybody sit down on the circle and we'll play hot potato," she said. "We shall pretend that this ball is a hot potato; so when I roll it to you, quickly push it away. Remember if you touch it, you will be burned."

"It ain't hot, teacher," remarked Louise after touching it.

"But we are just pretending that it is, Louise."

After this game had been played for about ten minutes, the teacher put the ball away and said, "I guess the clock says we must go to our tables now."

The children went to their tables very anxious to make something pretty to take home. This day they were instructed how to make paper dust pans. The younger children had some difficulty with this as they had had practically no experience in folding.

One small girl, after very hurriedly folding hers in a somewhat crooked manner, held it up and said, "Teacher, ain't that just grand?"

A little boy started to cry, "I want to go home. I spoiled mine."

After being reassured that he could make another, he stopped crying.

After about thirty-five minutes of work at the tables, the children went back to the circle for the closing song, "Goodbye to you."

"Here is your ball, Julia. Thank you very much for bringing it."

"I'm glad I brang my ball, teacher."

Then they marched out of the kindergarten room, and school was over for one more morning.

Note: The teacher here mentioned was Ruth Edwards, who spent her summer vacation in this interesting manner.



SHERMAN DICKINSON

By Himself.

Autobiographies are usually classified in libraries under the heading "Unpopular reading." The reader feels that the writer takes every opportunity to speak of the facts of his life as tho they were of the greatest importance to the world; further, that there were hardly any happenings in his life which were not "big affairs." We all have a horror of listening to some one speak only of himself.

As the old time saying goes—"I was born of poor but respectable parents." My father was a physician and surgeon and had the misfortune to live in the time of reasonable compensation for his services. I was the sole recipient of all pains and pleasures coming to the family, for of brothers and sisters I had none. For the first eighteen years of my life I lived in Des Moines, the capitol city of the greatest agricultural state in the union, Iowa. During my grade school days I fought over girls and marbles; played Indian and ate green apples; loved dogs and horses and hated cats; tramped the woods and fished. Studying did not seem to be second nature to me, altho partially so—it came second.

As was customary in those days, I entered high school at fourteen. I managed to break several things, a collar bone at football, the patience of several teachers and a large amount of laboratory equipment. I was mixed up more or less with debate, dramatics and girls.

At this time I managed to run into "My Ambition" and discovered that I wanted to be a farmer. I went to Ames to learn how. Ames is a great school and must be judged by what it did to me. There I found that a milking stool was to be used by the milker and not by the cow, that a pig without a curl in its tail was N. G., and that the name Colt meant something besides revolver. As by-products of my education, I perfected my dancing, joined a fraternity, and learned of the joys of "strolling."

During my third summer vacation I went to Montana as an apprentice farmer. I learned a great deal about the game on the world famous Marcus Daly ranch of twenty-two thousand acres. The incidents of this summer which stand out strongest in my mind, however, are that the water in the irrigation ditches was terrifically cold for swimming and that it rained all day the Fourth of July.

In due course of time the college faculty decided I was hopeless and gave me my diploma in exchange for \$5.00. A large land company, not realizing fully what they were doing, sent me to Alberta, Canada, to take charge of the cattle, horses and hogs on a ten section ranch. They did not mention the necessity of riding unusually restless ponies and it was some time before I could keep in touch with these latter sufficiently to be comfortable. I remained on the prairies for six months, riding fence, dipping Short-horns, milking cantankerous old cows and doctoring pigs. Thinking my constitution would not stand the Dominion weather, the Company sent me to Mississippi to start a truck, orange and pecan ranch. I became fully acquainted with sandburs, pine needles, razor back hogs, yams and possums.

About this time I succeeded in persuading The Girl that there was no use in waiting any longer. She was looking for excitement so we went thru the usual stunt with harp music, mumblings, mourners, moulded ice cream and all. Rice was plentiful, for prices had not yet taken to the heights.

I also decided that the life of the farmer was so fine that others should know of it. I consequently secured a job (wages were not enough to call it a position) as a teacher of agriculture at Grand Rapids, in the Piney Woods region of Minnesota. Besides teaching and organizing Farmers' Clubs, my wife and I tramped and rode thru the woods, fishing and hunting.

In the fall of 1915 I came to Minneapolis to direct the work to France. I'm sorry sometimes. My war work consisted in directing the Boys' Working Reserve for Minnesota. I placed hundreds of boys in industry and on farms where they could help win of agriculture and gardening for the Public Schools. I did not go the war.

You know the rest, I come to University High to teach agriculture. Almost ten per cent of the school is in my class. To these and the other ninety per cent I am now introduced, and I stand ready to do my part in the school.

Oh yes! I am 28 years old, five feet ten and one-quarter inches tall, have blue eyes, weigh 153 pounds and am in a fair state of preservation.

Beere (boastingly): I call one of my chickens Frank.

Strick: Why?

Beere: Because he's Moulton.

HAIL THE CHIEF OF THE BROTHER ELKS.

First Student: "I am going to the Thanksgiving Dance as a Stag."

His Roomy: "Why so?"

First Student: "Because I haven't any Doe."

?
Do you
Recognize
any of
These



Crowning Little
"Freshe"



Extremely
grown-up
Sophomore



Youth
Camouflaged
Junior



Senior
old beyond
recalling

?
Do you
Recognize
any of
These

-As the years Role by- S.P. Dark



How Ruth Edwards Spent Her Summer Vacation
"Teaching Kindergarten"

Vol 2. Minneapolis, Minn., November, 1919. Number 1
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 The University High School
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Associate Editor.....	Hugo Miller
Associate Editor.....	Lucelia Mo
Organizations.....	Helen Jackson
Boys' Athletics.....	Monroe Strickler
Girls' Athletics.....	Winnifred Hughes
Alumni.....	Margaret Robinson
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Junior Reporter.....	Laura Elder
Sophomore Reporter.....	James Smith
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Faculty Adviser.....	James Mackell

WELCOME!

The University High School this year welcomes into its midst as promising a group of Freshman and new students as have ever entered the School.

Some former students have also returned to finish their high school career with us and we are equally glad to have them here again.

We hope that all our new students will grasp the genuine "U" High spirit of loyalty and cooperation in the interests of the school, and will be a credit to the record of the University High School.

There are many clubs and organizations among us and all are worthy of your consideration and support.

Why not get in on things at the start and be one of us? Let us know you are alive and working and we are sure it will be a benefit both to you and to the school.

AN APPEAL.

The **Campus Breeze** needs more material for all departments and it is up to the student body to help supply this.

If you can write stories, let us have one! If you are clever, let us have a joke. If you know any school news, let us have it. If you are a poet, don't let your verse remain in obscurity, give it a chance! If you know anything at all, tell us about it! We want to know it! Hand your manuscript to any editor or put it in the **Breeze box in the office.**

AN APPRECIATION.

The **Campus Breeze** wishes to express its hearty appreciation for the support and cooperation which it received from the faculty and the student body in the first year of its enterprise.

We wish to extend special thanks to the Girl Scouts who rendered valuable financial assistance at a time when the success of the magazine was at stake.

The **Breeze** now looks forward to a second year with a clear financial record and with the staunch support of the whole school we hope to make a bigger and better magazine of which the University High School can well be proud.

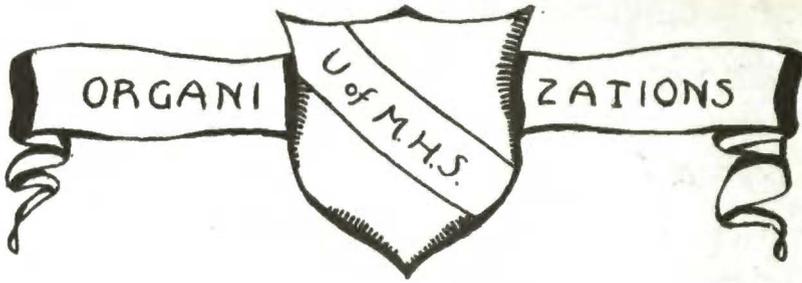
EXCHANGE.

This is the first year for a department of this kind in the **Campus Breeze**, and as yet its work has been confined to writing letters to other high schools for the purpose of trying to establish exchanges.

If there are any pupils who know of high schools that issue papers and would like to have the University High School exchange with them, we would be very glad to do so. Please see that the exchange editor, Cathryn Haisley, receives the names of these schools.

Any person who wishes to become a member of the **Campus Breeze Staff** may do so by obtaining new advertisements for the December issue of the **Breeze**. When five of these have been turned in to the business management the applicant's name will be added to the regular staff. For particulars see Arthur Porter.





THE SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Are the Seniors wide awake? We are organized and ready for work, for we elected our officers last year. They are: Monroe Strickler, President; Jack Eaton, Vice-President; Lillian Borreson, Secretary; and Winnifred Hughes, Treasurer.

In our first meeting this year the following chairmen for our class committees were appointed: Class Play, Gladys Kuehne; Class Photo, Hugo Miller; Social, Mildred Jacobsen; Finance, Winnifred Hughes; Flower, Katherine Hall.

On our Annual Staff was elected as follows: Editor-in-Chief, James Bohan; Associate Editors, Ruth Palm and Marguerite Robinson; Art Editors, Lois Wilde and Phillis Clemetson; Boys' Athletics Editor, Mildred Jaynes; Organization Editor, Helen Jackson; Joke Editors, Erma Schurr and William Coffman; Business Managers, Sam Flannagan and Frank Moulton.

A number of new students have been added to the Senior Class including Erma Schuer, Carl Langland, Harry Hillstrom and Rosemond Tuve.

We are all glad to have Sam Flannagan and Helen Haggerty, former students, back again. Sam has returned from Camp Marfa, Texas, where he was in the eighth Cavalry. Helen has returned from Washington, D. C., where she lived during the War.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

The good ship 1-9-2-1 has once more set sail, this time, under the flag—Junior. The 1-9-2-1 is guided by Pilot Smith, and is under the command of Captain Finkelstein who is assisted by Midshipman Graham. Lucelia Mo is Keeper of the Log Book, and Ruth Edwards is Purser.

Some of the members who were on board ship last year have boarded other ships. They are:

- Russel Aagaard—St. Paul Central.
- Lloyd Blomberg—Breck School.
- Marguerite Kumm—East High.
- Dorothea Lonergan—St. Paul Central.
- Morris Peacock—
- Walter Severson—St. Paul Central.
- Marion Towey—St. Catherine's.
- Margaret Van Cleve—Salt Lake City, Utah.

Some who were not with us last year have come to sail under

our flag. They are:

Ann Coe—From St. Mary's.

Frank Shaw—Blake School.

Both of our new members are heartily welcomed by the entire class.

Still another member is Margaret Haggerty who was with us under the flag Freshman, and who went to Washington, D. C. We are very glad to welcome her back.

On Tuesday, October 7, Daniel Finkelstein called the class to order. This was the first gathering the class had had this year. After the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports had been read and approved and the constitution amended, Maurice Irons spoke on class athletics. Following this, Miss Smith told us of some plans for "good times" this year, and also of her plans to go to Scotland and England on a leave of absence next year. The meeting closed on a class very determined to make this year the best of the four.

Monday, October 13, the Juniors held another meeting at which party plans were discussed. It was decided that they would have their party Saturday and make it an automobile ride and wiener roast.

Tuesday, October 14, a Junior meeting was called to decide about helping the Armenians. Did you watch the pile on the Junior table grow!

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

The first meeting of the present Sophomore Class was held on October 7th, at 3:15. The officers for this year are as follows:

Helen Barlow.....	President
David Canfield.....	Vice President
James Perkins.....	Treasurer
Alice Hickey.....	Secretary
James Smith.....	Reporter
Jason Bass.....	Boy Sergeant-at-Arms
Elizabeth Jones.....	Girl Sergeant-at-Arms

The committees are:

Social.....	Margaret Morris, Chairman
Refreshments.....	Wilma Strom, Chairman
Constitution.....	Emily Curtiss, Chairman

A special meeting was called on October 14, to tell the class of a party to be held on Friday, October 17. Since we were assured by the committee that a good time was in store, we decided to let them plan it.

Our treasurer reported that we had \$16 in the treasury, and that we still owed some money from last year.

We intend to have few parties this year, for we are beginning to save now, for the annual we expect to publish when we are seniors.

Mr. Powers is our adviser this year and we hope to live up to his expectations.

Watch for the new magazine! "Laugh and Grow Fat."
 Edited, published and all rights reserved by Eleanor Clure.

FRESHMAN NEWS.

The first meeting of the Freshman Class was held Tuesday, October 7. The meeting was conducted by our class adviser, Mr. Stockwell. The following members were elected to hold offices during the class year:

President	Rowland Moulton
Vice President	Carl Litzenberg
Secretary	Fredrica Alway
Treasurer	Louise Congdon
Reporter	George Clark

Under these officers, the freshman hope to have the liveliest class that ever entered the "U" High.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The first meeting of the Orchestra was held on October 15, 1919. Mr. Pepinsky is our new leader and we hope to have a first class orchestra this year. The officers are:

Maurice Irons	President
Elvira Butler	Vice President
Eber Ericksen	Sec. Treasurer
James Smith	Librarian

We expect to have an orchestra of fifteen pieces this year. If there are any new pupils who play instruments, we would like to see them out for practice on Wednesdays at 3:30.

THE HI-Y CLUB.

The University Hi-Y Club has extended its membership to twenty-seven, and still is running it up. We hope to have between thirty-five and forty members before the next meeting. This means that nearly thirty-five per cent of the boys in the High School are attending members. Other schools in the city average from fifteen to twenty as the highest per cent.

The Hi-Y has a meeting every Wednesday and all of the boys in the High School, except the Freshmen, are invited to come. Charles Burns, the president of our club, generally takes care of the business of the club, and then turns the meeting over to Mr. Reeve, who leads a discussion about something, generally of interest to the High School.

Once a month there is a joint meeting down at the main Y. M. C. A. building. This supper costs thirty-five cents, but we get our money's worth in the food, to say nothing of the good time. After the supper each club has a meeting and then disbands.

The Hi-Y Club is discussing thing of vital interest to every boy in this High School! You had better join! (See Bill Coffman for a membership card.)

Mildred Jacobson: "How bright you are this evening." (Lights out, it's after taps Mildred). P. S. In remarking about this we can say that in trying to be original some people are aboriginal.

ACME NOTES.

The Acmeans began the year with five members. Two of them came in at the close of the last school year. They are Mildred Jaynes and Winnifred Hughes. Three of last year's members are now alumnae. For the benefit of the freshmen and any other new students who may not know what "Acme" is, we shall say that it is an honorary organization combining scholastic and gymnastic abilities with good sportsmanship.

Last Friday the Acmeans gave a "backwards" party. It was really supposed to be a general get-together party. Everyone had a good time dancing and either participating in or watching a "crab" race. A small admission fee of ten cents was charged for which each one received two freshly made doughnuts and an apple.

It is hoped that hikes on foot and on bicycles can be taken this fall. Again, all the girls should come out to play hour.

THE ACME HIKE.

Of course we had fun! We knew we would! In the first place, it was Friday afternoon, and we were feeling carefree and happy. In the second place, we knew that there were some good "eats" in store for us at the end of our hike.

We left the campus at about five-thirty and commenced our hike on the street car, strange as it may seem. When we got out to Cleveland Avenue, we sat, half-frozen, waiting for the other Acmeans who were to join us there. They came in about an hour (?) and we then started our "hike proper."

We took the road that leads past the University Golf Club. It was absolutely necessary to "make tracks," unless we chose freezing as our favorite type of death. In spite of the fact that we **did** "go some," a little Ford overtook us, and the man therein invited us to ride. After we had told him that we weren't going his way, he handed us two sticks of gum, saying he wished he had three, etc. We suspected that the man, in anger at our refusal had given us poison gum. However, feeling rather reckless and carerfee, as I stated before, we chewed it—that is, **five** people chewed two sticks of gum, which probably accounts for our still being alive!

When we arrived at the place we were to make our fire, it was nearly dark. Soon we had a bright wood campfire that felt good to our numbed hands. Miss Schill then started to make the rarebit, and discovered—lo, and behold!—that we had forgotten to bring flour. As a results, the rarebit was thin, but **delicious!**

It was a pretty hard matter to get the fire out, as we had no water, and all wore "gym" shoes. But the noble Miss Schill came to the rescue with some of Alice's **delicious** grape juice, which she heroically sacrificed to the cause! Now **no one** can accuse us of starting any forest fires! Miss Schill saved the day!

The home trip was spent in singing and talking. We stopped at Ruth Balcome's for a minute, and when we saw the mirrors—horrors!—why were mirrors ever invented?

In spite of the absence of some of our members, we had a lovely time; of course if every Acme girl could have been there, it would have been better yet!

GIRL SCOUTS.

The Girl Scouts have been holding their regular noon meetings every Friday since school started. At a recent meeting officers for the coming year were elected. Helen Baldwin was elected Secretary of the troop, and Mary Howe, Treasurer. Each patrol had a meeting and elected its patrol leader for the coming year. Mildred Jaynes, Winnifred Hughes, and Lida Burrill were chosen patrol leaders for the first, second, and third patrols, respectively.

The Girl Scouts gave a welcome party on the afternoon of Monday, October 20, at Shevlin Hall.

Miss Inglis made the opening address to the new girls. She explained what a Scout does at camp, and in her community. She praised the troop, which is undoubtedly worthy of praise, but!—**did you** notice that Miss Inglis **entirely** forgot to mention **herself**? (For further reference, see the last issue of the G. S. "Rally.")

Following Miss Inglis' speech, Alice Hickey, former patrol leader of Patrol 3, gave a short talk on "Camp." It was an **intensely** interesting subject described in a humorous manner by one of the "wandering sheep."

Did you ever hear Lillian Borreson or "Rev. Preachanhour" give a sermon with some such elevating text as "**Be Ye Therefore a Righteous Scout, for the way of the Wicked is Bad**"? From the way Lillian shook her fist and her deep tone of voice, it was evident that she had been at church lately.

Lida Burrill and Virginia Dustin, two progressive members of the third patrol, gave a brief demonstration of signaling.

After the completion of the program, the girls went across the hall and danced until refreshments were served. The Girl Scouts decided to have some unusual or "different" kind of refreshments, so served ice cream and macaroons!

There has been nothing "dead" about our troop since it started, and the more girls we take in, the livelier it becomes. Senior candidates for membership are: Ruth Palm, Elvira Butler, Erma Schurr, Rosamonde Tuve, and Helen Haggerty.

Freshmen candidates are: Muriel Hanna, Anna Olson, Ruth Gibson, Elizabeth Irwin, Ruth Hildebrand, Dorothy Chase, Iona Haskell, and Helen Westerson.

Wednesday, October 22, six of the girls from our troop attended a meeting of the "Girls' Club," at East High. They gave a demonstration of First Aid and Signaling there, as a means of recruiting Scouts at East High.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENTITIES.

Once upon a time four mighty and dignified Seniors taxed their weighty brains to the extent of planning a visit to China land. Now these Seniors had a dear and trusted friend among the faculty of their beloved school. This lady's name was Miss Hubman, a much revered and honored person, respected by Freshmen and Seniors alike. She believed that even these Seniors needed chaperonage and as they were very eager in their approval of her company, they set out together upon this trip. Five more congenial and happy people it would be impossible to meet.

Upon arriving at their destination, they indulged with relish in some of the rare dishes of China, handling their chop sticks with great ease and skill.

Now it happened that one of this company by the name of Elizabeth Young, sometimes had moments of great thought and wise ideas. At this time a thought of great brilliancy entered her fair head, and with a solemn mien she indulged this to the group assembled, saying thus:

"My friends, I have a thought which may interest you at this time. We have ascended to a place of wisdom, knowledge, and glory in our school. We are leaving behind us an example which be the privilege of underclassmen to follow. Yet perhaps in time, if we do not take care, others will forget to keep high the standard which we have raised. So I ask you, my friends, if it would not be wise to give this task to four of next year's Seniors, so that they may see that our work is not forgotten and will still live on in them." The speaker paused and gazed directly at Miss Hubman.

"That is indeed an excellent suggestion. Let us discuss this further, for it seems a good thing."

Then spoke one girl named Alberta Wright.

"Let us choose now each one girl who is most like us, in love for the school and its standards, and for all its beloved teachers. Let us call ourselves Entities, and as a guiding star, twinkle brightly day by day."

So this is how it happened that four girls were solemnly initiated into an organization which will some day acquire great fame. For the sake of erring Freshmen, let it be known that its purpose is not that of pleasure seeking alone, but that it aims to give good cheer and good fellowship to all. So it happens that there are now at this very day four entity primes named Helen Jackson, Mildred Jaynes, Winnifred Hughes and Lillian Borreson.

These girls are the sisters or successors each of Elizabeth Young, Alberta Wright, Amy Erickson, and Fannie Lockwood. As time goes on they will each choose from the class below, and these in turn chose others so that the circle will increase as the years roll on and all will be held together by the bonds of friendship.

Lillian Borreson.

THE ENTITY NOTES.

The Entities couldn't resist the temptation of enjoying the beautiful out of doors soon after school started. One night after school they set out down river road with their arms and pockets filled with candy, fruit, cookies, and everything that makes your mouth water (and a "uke". They played it, too).

The nicest, prettiest spot was waiting for them, so they made themselves at home without any ceremony. Miss Hubman said that she felt like a queen with her court all singing to her, as she lay there on the ground "in the shade of the autumn trees." The girls sang old favorites, not omitting, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Later they presented Miss Hubman with a box of "sweets for the sweet," as a "token of love an' everything."

This is only the first of many good times they are planning.

Lillian Borreson.

THE STAFF PICNIC.

The 1918-1919 staff of the "Campus Breeze" felt that they needed compensation for their literary toils in being the main subscribers to the **Campus Breeze**, and moreover, they deemed it necessary to initiate the new staff for 1919-1920. Therefore, a picnic was given on the River Flats the last day of the school year.

The membership at the picnic was very good, in fact, much better than at the staff meetings. Those of the old and new staffs who were there were: Miss Inglis, Lawrence Paist, Helen Jackson, Winnifred Hughes, Mildred Jaynes, Dana Durand, Lois Wilde, Tom Canfield, Katherine Canfield, Lucelia Mo, Arthur Porter, Frank Moulton, Charles Burns, Edward Grumke, and Rachel Perkins.

The initiation of the staff was very clever altho, sometimes, rather embarrassing.

Arthur Porter was made to fill a hole in the earth with water by means of a spoon. Finally, Miss Inglis took pity on him and allowed him to use a cup, or he would have been there yet.

Poetry composed at the moment while standing upon a boulder was the lot of Helen Jackson. She could not get beyond two lines, so we were forced to be satisfied with that.

Charles Burns drew climbing a tree and compose a speech after he reached the end of his journey. He certainly did his duty at climbing but as to the speech, he got no farther than Helen had, so, again we had to be lenient.

Frank Moulton demonstrated his ability as a ground hog, by crawling in and out of all the bleacher benches, which adorn the River Flats field.

Edward Grumke was the star actor when, burdened with an apricot, he made a trip to the river bank and presented it to another group of picnickers. Ed got the best of the bargain, however, for he returned laden with a wienie sandwich.

Last, and most befitting his new job, Lawrence Paist was made to play the noble role of janitor and clean up the camp.

The "eats" were delicious, especially the pop, which some members were thoughtful enough to bring, and the immense basket of apricots which Dana Durand produced.

The picnic nearly ended in a riot when Arthur Porter and Frank Moulton each decided that the other was so soiled from his exertions, that he needed a bath; and each, considering himself a heaven-sent emissary for the occasion, proceeded to remedy the situation by chasing the other all over the flats and pouring water on the other out of the pop bottles.

The staff is sorry to announce the loss of Dana Durand, who was elected Associate Editor last year, but who has left us to go to Siberia.

Hugo Miller has been elected as the new Associate Editor to fill this vacancy and we hope to have our "great expectations" realized in him.

Porter (tell Bohan about his prowess): Gee! I can get Betty Morgan's goat.

Jim: You get mine, too.

ASSEMBLY.

An Assembly was called the third period, Monday, September 29, by Mr. Miller, our returned principal. It was opened by a talk on the value of a High School education by Mr. Miller.

Directly after his speech Mr. Miller called on Miss Inglis, who gave an interesting account of how the Girl Scouts raised money enough to pull the **Campus Breeze** out of the hole.

Mr. Reeves, our next speaker, spoke on the advantages of membership in the "High Y" Club and participation in athletics.

The new teachers were then called upon by Mr. Miller, to give their "carefully prepared" speeches; but there seemed to be some doubt as to the preparedness.

Mr. Miller, very anxious to see how each class looked, asked them to rise separately.

The second assembly was held on Tuesday, October 21. After a number of announcements, William Coffman led the school in a few yells in preparation for the next football game. The **Campus Breeze** staff then marched in, duly labeled, and were introduced by Lawrence Paist, editor-in-chief. A dramatic representation of the former financial difficulties of the paper was followed by a campaign for subscriptions. The response was gratifying on the whole, but there are still a few students whose names do not appear on the subscription list. Are you one of them?

In the future we hope to have many interesting assemblies given by the local talent of our different organizations and departments, interspersed with those at which we have the opportunity of hearing outside speakers.

IN MEMORIAM.

Esther Dickinson, a member of the Sophomore class, died very suddenly of diabetes, at her home, September 20.

The funeral services were held at the home. Many of Esther's eighth grade and high school friends, as well as all her teachers from the high school, were there to show their sympathy.

Among the many beautiful flowers sent by sympathetic friends were a floral spray from her high school class, and a beautiful bunch of yellow chrysanthemums from her St. Anthony Park friends.

Her loving, thoughtful, and generous disposition endeared her to her class-mates, and all who knew her in the high school, where she will be greatly missed.



ATHLETICS.

University High foot-ball practice started with twenty-four men out for the team, and although we are three weeks behind the other schools, there are prospects for a very successful season.

On Wednesday, October 8th, we played a practice game with the second team from Mechanic Arts High School, easily defeating them by a score of 18 to 0. During the course of the game, most of the "U" High candidates were given a tryout.

On Thursday, October 9th, we played a practice game with the second team from East High. "U" High again mopped up the field by a score of 33 to 0.

On Tuesday, October 14th, we played a practice game with the "Ag" school Freshman. The "Ag" school team was quite heavy and furnished good practice and strong opposition to our team.

The first regular game of the season was with the West High Seconds on Thursday, October 16th, "U" High was weakened by the loss of our snappy end, Ed. Hunter, who was laid out in the first quarter. In the first half West scored two touchdowns and kicked two goals. "U" High came back strong in the second half but we were unable to score on our opponents altho we held them and prevented any further scores on their part. Thus the game ended with the score 14 to 0 in favor of West.

We are very fortunate in having again this year, the services of Mr. Smith, our coach. He deserves much more credit than can be given him for his splendid work with the team last year and he is working with the same zeal to give us a winning team this year.

Mr. Smith is a past master at turning out, not only foot-ball teams but successful teams in every branch of athletics.

On several occasions he has been termed "The best coach in the Twin Cities," which is true enough, except that it is limited to too small an area,



THE ALUMNI.

1919 Class.

The alumni of the University High School have always been well represented in the University of Minnesota, and this year is no exception.

Louise Black, George Burns, Katherine Canfield, Norris Johnston, Ober Rask, William Rask, Jane Sedgwick, Lawrence Smitton, Alberta Wright, and Elizabeth Young of the 1919 class are all at the University of Minnesota taking the S. L. & A. course.

Katherine Canfield is expecting to take the nursing course later and Norris Johnston will probably enter the College of Engineering next fall.

Alberta Wright and Elizabeth Young after spending an interesting year in social science with Miss Fleming are intending to complete five years of that subject.

Tom Canfield is taking agriculture at the "U"; Wilfred Hines, architecture; Earl Rice, a pre-dentistry course; and Joseph Sodom, a pre-medical course.

Maurice Martin and Lawrence Pontius are also attending the "U."

Not all of the members of this class are attending the University of Minnesota, however, for Anna Durand has gone east to Cornell, and Russell Gow is at Colby College, Maine, and Richard White is at the Chicago "U."

Sally Fenton is at Miss Wood's kindergarten school.

Fannie Lockwood is continuing her art at the School of Federal Arts and LeNora Taylor is attending Stanley Hall.

Charlotte Van Cleve is living in Salt Lake City, Utah, but it is not as yet ascertained as to whether she is attending school or not.

Ruth Balcome made up her mind after attending "U" High that small schools are best and she is now deep in her work at Macalester.

Former Students.

Earl Gray is taking a heavy course in the Los Angeles Polytechnic School and has written asking an exchange of the **Campus Breeze** for **The Poly Optimist**.

1918 Class.

John Adams, Lazelle Alway, Leonore Alway, Theodosia Burton, Lillian Bullis, Melvina Forsythe, Ruth Graham, Phyllis Kraus, Robert Reynolds, Evan Saltzman, and Gertrude Strand are in the S. L. & A. college at the "U."

Claude Bachman is taking up law at the "U"; Alice Doolittle, nursing; William Reppeto, dentistry; Cyrus Rice, journalism; Griffith Salisbury, dentistry; and Wilson Wells, engineering.

Charles Beal is in the rehabilitation work in France.

Julia Briggs is teaching in North Dakota.

Field Eaton is hard at work in the St. Anthony Park State Bank, but intends to return to the "U" next quarter.

Olive Madsen is in the School of Federal Arts.

Janet Reynolds is a stenographer at the Agricultural College and Donald Shoop is attending night school at the Minnesota College of Law and is working during the day.

1917 Class.

Graydon Bachmann is a sophomore in engineering at the "U."

Dorothy George is in the S. L. & A. College at the "U."

Clarence Olson and Kenneth Terry are freshmen "medics" at the "U."

Reiner Bonde is taking agriculture at the "Ag" College.

Fraternity and Sorority Pledges.

Tom Canfield, Phi Kappa Sigma.

Jane Sedgwick, Kappa Alpha Theta.

Elizabeth Young, Gamma Phi Beta.

Theodosia Burton, Kappa Kappa Gamma.

The students and the faculty of the University High School wish to thank the class of 1919 for the clock they presented the school when they graduated. It is certainly a welcome addition to the equipment of the school.

N. B.—Members of the alumni and former students! Have you subscribed to the **Campus Breeze**? If not, don't forget to get in your subscription immediately!! If you are not able to see Frank Moulton, the Circulation Manager, leave your name and address in the high school office!

IN MEMORIAM

WARREN VYE

Killed in a railroad accident, August 27, 1919.

He was a student in the
University High School
1916-1917



APPLIED SLOGANS.

1. "Daintily Packed, Quality Backed." Girl's Basket Lunches.
2. "The Class that's all Class." Sophomores.
3. "The Instrument of Quality." Brock's Saxophone.
4. U High's "Watch Over Time." Moulton's.
6. "Haven't Scratched Yet." Yellow Slips.
7. "Famous for its Famous Odor." Chemistry Laboratory.
8. "More Than a Million Weekly." Tardy Slips.
9. "Built Like a Watch." Vic. Olson's Prehistoric Limousine.
10. "Mild, But they Satisfy." Assemblies.
11. "Where Your Dollar Does Its Duty." Campus Breeze. Subscription Campaign.

NOTICE!

Monsieur Mutt Williams will give private lessons in the "Orthopedic Preamble," which is the latest development in the chronic dance disease, the "Shimmy." Said lessons are free to all football candidates and will be given every afternoon on the River Flats from three-thirty to five.

SPECIAL NOTICE!!

James Bohan will soon establish an extemporaneous hydraulic aromatic elevator in our building. The construction will take place under the personal supervision of Mr. Mackell and Hugo Miller. The promoters of this enterprise hope that it will have a great **uplifting** influence on those who have a tendency towards being "down and out."

EXTRA SPECIAL NOTICE!

Lost! The contents of one bottle of indelible ink. Finder will please return to Andrew Hislop for suitable reward.

In Lab.

Mr. Powers: What becomes of the magnesium when its melts?

Bright Senior: It changes to air.

Mr. Powers: Well! Winnifred, I'd say that's **some** change! Remarkable!

TO A BUTTON.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As to that button my glance I cast,
 A maid who bore with Smile Serene,
 A button with a hew of green,
 "Safety First."

"Stay," the maiden said, "and rest,"
 And a button popped off the front of his vest,
 A tear stood in his dark blue eye,
 Cause he couldn't tell when another would fly.
 "Safety First."

"Beware the head of a charging goat,
 For it will knock the buttons off your coat,"
 This was the peasant's last good-night,
 And another button flew out of sight.
 "Safety First."

These buttons by the faithful hound,
 Half buried in the ground were found,
 And from the skies serene and far,
 A voice fell like a falling star.
 "Safety First."

Bill Coffman, Hugo Miller.

THE CAMPUS BREEZE LETTER BOX.

Fond parents,

Isn't this an unusual beginning? One of the big seniors told me that Miss Inglis (an English teacher with glasses) likes unusual beginnings and endings.

I haven't had much time to rite, because the teachers have been maiking us work so hard on punctyouasion and spelling tests. I only missed fourty-four words on the Freshman list but Miss Smith makes me go to Study class. I kinde of think she wants to no me better.

I would have written sooner but nothing happened except that I lost my locker key three times the first day I got it. A locker key is a key you use to open the place where you keep your books.

The other day the "Acme" Girls (I expect to join them if I get an "A" in English this month, as I expect) gave a party for the knew girls. I think they called it a "welcum party" or something like that. Any way we had a good time. You no, it was the "oddest" party. Every girl there looked awful queer. Probably they were carless in dressing that morning, I no I am at times but almost every girl at the party had her dress on crooked! For oncet I was glad I got up early enough to dress before I leave home, four I would hate to shame myself and before all the teecheers too! But no one seamed to notise them and they seamed to injoy theirselves. We had a grand march at furst and the gurl who lead it started wrong side front and one funny senior said,

"Follow the leader, cookoo," so I did like they did. But I fell over. Mebbe some of them are used to walking backwards but I never have tried.

I was awful sorry we didn't have refreshments sooner because I didn't have much for lunch that day. The line at Shevlin was so long and when I tried to get up towards the front, one of the big seniors told me that "pushing ahead of one's place in line was 'taboo' in 'U High.'" I felt terribly crushed and didn't get much to eet as all the deserts were gone by the time I got their.

I was telling about that funny party. Well, they charged us 10c but we didn't get haf as much to eet as we do at our so-shable back home. I was rather disgusted and told the girls that "2 donuts and 1 appel did not cost 10c." I hop they understood me perfectly. No un has ever run over me yet. I reely had a dandy good time, but I wanted to show those senior girls that I new when I was cheeted. You can't fool me. Clever? That's me all over, Mable. Yours till they give another party,

Emma Nut.

P. S. Send me \$2.00 as I have to prescribe for the "Campus Wind."
Emm.

SUMMER VACATION WITH FRANK.

(Note the advance which this Senior letter shows compared with the Freshman letter above.)

Reva, South Dakota.
September 14, 1919.

Dere Mis Inglis;

I aint seen you and ben taut by you for so long, I don't remember none of that there grammar stuff you taut me about crect english and how to rite write and so fourth.

Considering I aint herd you for so long a time, you wil hev to excuse mi mistakes, which are many. Anyhow you will get the idea.

I hav't did nothin this summer cept ride horses and lern to run a auto wagon and a fu little things lik that and ther aint much in doin ether one. The first time I tryed to ride this here auto contraction, I climbed in and took a good surcinglo holt on the whele you steer it with and I presed one of the levers lik the man what brot it said too, but it jest sputtered and panted and didn't do nothin so I puled a stick thet I seen fastened to the floor and so loose it wobbled. Well you no, Mis Inglis that there lizzie kind of jumped and I held on cause I didnt no what else to do, and I pressed a thing I had my rite foot on without noing it and that fol car just jumped strate backwards into a big post that was standin there and bent the whole back in before it stopped.

This it did when I let go of everything and hollered "whoa!" I guess it understood irish. When mi father herd al the noyse he cum out of the house and giv me such a whalloyin I couldn't ride a hoarse for a weak.

I don't no nothin else cept I most got bit by a rattle-snake and that dont interest you none. It probably wood tho if I had reely got bit cause then you woodn't a had to monkey with me this yeer.

You probably will be interested in nowing that I will be back in your class (if you wil allow it) this yeer. You see I am of a faithful nature and stil believe you mite lern me sum of that english after all evin if i dont look so promisin.

I hope if they go to sendin theme there infernal yellow slips out this yere, you won't bother bout sendin eny to my folks cause I no your over-worked and how much bother it is for you to rite them and then it is alwas hard for me to explain them too.

Your pupil til I pas or flunk in English,

Frank Moulton.

JOKES.

Jason! Jason!

(It happened during summer school. Miss Smith was vainly trying to explain her point but the beautiful outdoors was too much of an attraction for our "Little Bass.")

Miss Smith (trying to catch him): Will you read the next sentence, Jason?

Jason (amid the giggles of the class): I s'pose you don't think I know what it is!

Miss Smith (smiling): Read it, Jason.

Jason (reads triumphantly): "And so I lost myself."

Miss Smith: The sentence is correct, Jason, you surely did!!

A Simple Proportion.

Mr. Powers: Now I want you all to get **this!** If **this** is to **this** as **this** is to **this**, then **this** is to **this** as **this** is to **this**. Do you all understand? Charles—Will you explain that?

Charles Burns—Well, as far as I can see, if **that** is to **that** as **that** is to **that**, then **that** is to **that** as **that** is to **that**.

Melodious voice of Jack as squad is seen approaching from afar: "The camels are coming. Oo-la-la, Ooo-la-la."

Nobody Else: "No, you're wrong. It's only Hayes and his 'hosses.'"

In Social Science class:

Miss Fleming—What is an "open shop," Mildred?

Mildred—A place where you can—well, go and buy things.

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