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**CAMPUS
BREEZE**



Merry Christmas!

DECEMBER

1919

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1919 FOOTBALL SEASON.

"U" High, 18; Mechanics 2nds, 0.
 "U" High, 33; East 2nds, 0.
 "U" High, 6; "Ag" School, 6.
 "U" High, 0; West 2nds, 14.
 "U" High, 6; Dunwoody, 40.
 "U" High, 25; Elk River, 6.
 "U" High, 22; St. Paul Academy, 0.
 "U" High, 13; Blake 10.

Won	Lost	Tied	Percentage
5	2	1	714

Total Scores.

"U" High, 123; Opponents, 76.

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The Campus Breeze

Volume 2

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Number 2

STORY CONTEST.

In view of the fact that there were discrepancies in the plots of all the stories which made any pretense to plot whatever, the judges found it best to base their decision chiefly upon the literary merit of the composition, excluding, however, compositions entirely lacking in plot.

Lois Wilde won first place, Helen Jackson was a close second. Winifred Hughes' description of the French class was very amusing, and while not a story, was recommended for publication at some future time among the humorous contributions.

Committee,

Sophia Hubman,
Dora V. Smith,
Sybil Fleming.

(First Prize)

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LOST BOX A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a wild night. The wind blew with demoniac force and the stinging particles of snow seemed almost to embed themselves in the faces of whatever unlucky travelers were abroad. The trees were swept bare, showing a constantly changing tracery of boughs as they were tossed to and fro. In places the hard earth showed through, stony and cold, while in others, little hollows and valleys, the snow was deep, making them level with the higher ground. A dangerous night it was for such as did not know the way. But few of these were about. There were doings at the castle that night to which all the country-side had gone and where they were already warming themselves, the farmers, with with steaming ale and roaring hearth-fires; the gentry, adjusting their costumes in the dressing rooms, or standing before the chimneys in the reception rooms waiting for the rest to come. For it was Christmas eve and a wonderful costume ball was to be given, to which had been invited, besides all the folk for miles around, many great people from town. It was to be a magnificent entertainment.

It was now eight o'clock, almost time for the ball to begin! A coach appeared, on the road, rumbling along at break-neck speed, its heavy body swinging and jolting from side to side as the horses plunged along. My lady within was late, and shrilly cried to the coachman to hurry. The horses, feeling the sting of the whip, and knowing a good stable awaited them, dashed still faster.

Coming to a small hillock in the road, the coach gave an unusually sharp lurch, and one of the boxes strapped on the top was loosened and fell off, bursting as it struck the hard road. It fell unnoticed and the vehicle disappeared in the dusk. What a fuss would have been raised had my lady known, for when the box burst, it disclosed a velvet gown of deep blue, bespangled and embroidered, and with it all manner of lovely scarfs, the very costume my lady was to wear as Queen of Night—a terrible loss had she only known it.

As one approached the castle, sounds of revelry were heard and warm lights streamed out over the snow from the doorways and windows, promising good cheer within, and right good cheer there was. In every room the huge chimneys were piled high with roaring logs. Mistletoe and holly and ground-pine were hung in festoons from the walls, and everywhere a gay crowd moved, courtesied, and laughed. As yet all were masked, for the ball had just begun, and there was much merry guessing as to who was who. It seemed as though every sort of folk was there—tall knights clanking in armor, haughty queens, Venetian gallants, dark Spanish beauties, Egyptian enchantresses, gypsies tinkling with bracelets and strings of coins and beads, clowns, harlequins, and in fact every character that could add gayety and good cheer to the company.

There was one, however, a duchess in red velvet, who was distinctly out of harmony with the rest. She looked with jealous eye on the merry throng decked out in finery, for she was conscious all the time of her daughter weeping in the dressing-room because, through some dreadful blunder, the box containing her costume for the night had either not been placed on the coach or had fallen off. A pleasant predicament enough when my lady had planned that evening to entrap the son of the castle into a declaration to her daughter.

But by far the most brilliant and striking figure was that of a lady dressed as Queen of Night. In the ball-room, amid the rustling of silk and satin, the sparkling of jewels and the fine powder from the curled wigs with which the air was filled, she held sway. She was really majestic in her sweeping deep blue velvet, in spite of a slight uneasiness that she displayed and a slight awkwardness in the mangement of her gown. As far as could be seen under her mask, her face was a perfect oval and she had a rich Italian color. She wore her black hair loose with a golden net over her head. Her eyes, through her mask, were long and dark and were meant to be warm, but for some reason were tonight cold and reserved. "Her hair was light with excess of darkness and her eyes were dark with excess of light."

Try as they might, none could guess who was the Queen of Night and none could pierce through her disguise. Though free enough with her smiles she was reserved in speech and when she spoke, it was carefully as does a foreigner. What was more strange was that she seemed unfamiliar with the dances, though learning very readily.

Towards the middle of the evening the order was, "masks off," and though at first the lady was very much averse to doffing hers, she finally had to, and displayed a face as lovely as it had promised to be. But to everyone's amazement she was absolutely unknown to the rest. Even the hostess could not remember ever having seen her! This created a good deal of agitation and the lady was

left to herself while the rest conjectured in groups as to her identity.

About this time a certain count Giorgello, an Italian guest who had been detained from the first part of the evening by unavoidable business, entered the room, joining one of the groups of young men. The unhappy duchess in red also chose this moment to make her first appearance in the ball room, and coming suddenly upon the lady in an alcove, saw only the dress and exclaimed in happy relief.

"Marion, you found it! How fortunate! My dear girl, I began—oh!" Here she uttered a piercing shriek on seeing the unfamiliar face, and trembling with rage and pointing an accusing finger at her, cried out so all could hear, "that is my daughter's dress. You stole my daughter's dress, woman! thief! you—" She would have seized the terrified girl but the rest intervened and the whole company gathered around as she made known her wrongs.

"How did you come by that dress?" asked the host of the lady.

"I—I—I don't know, I found it," replied the girl, shrinking from the accusing eyes on all sides which had recently been so admiring.

"How can that be possible?" asked the host, "tell us quickly who you are and how you came by the dress, and no harm will come to you."

"She stole it, she stole it," harshly interposed the duchess.

"I didn't," she reiterated, almost in tears, "I didn't, I tell you I didn't, I found it on the road—you shan't say I'm a thief!"

Here Count Giorgello, who from the moment he first saw her had been gazing fascinated at her as if trying to remember something, spoke, his voice tense with excitement.

"Then who are you?" he said.

"I don't know," she replied listlessly, "I guess I'm a gypsy."

Count Giorgello's face fell, then lighted again as he asked eagerly, "were you always a gypsy? You remind me of someone I knew long ago—My Lord," he said, addressing the host, "may I have a few words alone with this girl? Perhaps I can get the truth."

The host acquiescing, the two drew apart and Count Giorgello said again,

"Were you always a gypsy?"

"I don't know. I know I was not always in England but came from very far away. But it was different when I was a very little girl—oh please, kind sir, you will not let them throw me into prison! I swear I found the dress upon the road."

"No, no, they shall not hurt you. But tell me, how was it different where you were a child?"

"Oh, in many ways. I know it was always warm there and I was always happy. And I remember playing in a lovely garden, and—I don't believe I was a gypsy then, for I remember clearly a lovely dress of—of—what was it—blue brocade—that I wore—on—my—my." her eyes had a far-away look and she seemed to be remembering things that she had not thought of for a long time, "'t was not my birthday, it was—I know, it was my betrothal day!"

"Yes, yes—and do you remember to whom you were betrothed?"

"Oh, yes, I always used to play with him. His name was

Francis. What good comrades we were; he was dark and like—like.”

“And what was your name?” The Count cried, watching her eagerly.

“My name? Why—I don’t—I can’t—”

“Roselle?”

“Yes! yes, of course, now I know, and Francis called me Ella!”

“Roselle, Roselle, I knew I could not be mistaken! All over the world I have looked for my child love who was stolen from me on our betrothal day. I was twelve and you were eight. Don’t you remember me—Ella—I am the Francis with whom you used to play in the garden in Sunny Italy so long ago. Ah! You remember! You could not forget. Come back with me, my beloved, my betrothed, back to our own land, my dearest love. Now let us to the company and tell them of our happiness. And tomorrow’s Christmas bells shall ring our Wedding day!”

—Lois Wilde.

(Honorable Mention)

MEASLES VS. FOOTBALL.

“O-o-h! What under the sun?” She suddenly sat upright in bed to examine the arm which she had been lazily stretching upward. “Darn! Oh, excuse me! (Jean was polite frequently, even to herself.) But oh! I’ve got them!”

For a long, terrible moment she gazed with horror at the long lanky arm covered with queer little pink bumps. Hastily throwing off the covers she ran to her dresser mirror.

“I don’t believe they show much! No, they don’t show at all on my face. Just my luck to get them on Saturday! I don’t care. I’m going to the football game anyway!”

A step sounded outside the bedroom door. Jean scrambled hastily back into bed, and feigned sleep.

“Get up, dear, now that you are awake,” pleaded a soft voice by her bedside.

“How did you know I was awake?” cried Jean.

“How could I fail to know, after hearing your Indian whoop—why, Jean! What is the matter? You have the Germ-Liberty Measles! I thought you’d get them. You never escape anything.”

In reply she heard only a stifled sob from the pillow. Mrs. Ward hastily departed, controlling her mirth with difficulty. The red, screwed-up bumpy face that she regarded was so comical that even a kind mother could not desist from laughter.

For the following ten minutes loud, heart-broken wails issued from Jean’s room. Very suddenly they ceased as Jean thought, “What if Milly should come by for me and hear me screeching in this manner?” For the present she kept her great sorrow to herself.

“Now I feel better,” a red-eyed girl announced a few moments later, as she sauntered into the kitchen. “May I help you with the dishes?”

"Oh, Jean!" Her mother against burst into uncontrolled laughter.

"Well, what is it now?" demanded Jean, starting anew to send forth piercing wails.

"Forgive me, Jean, but how could you expect to wipe dishes, with a night gown on, and when you have the measles, and haven't any breakfast?"

Smiling rather sheepishly, Jean mounted the stairs, three at a time, not omitting her regular "stunt" of catching on the landing railing, and **swinging** herself up until her toes touched the ceiling below.

"I feel just splendid! Ding bust! Why do I have to be cooped up in this old house, when we are playing the most exciting game of the season, and the last one at that? Everybody always does impose on me."

With a deep sigh the abused Jean hopped into bed, "Penrod" under her arm. She spent several years in bed that morning, and never had her beloved "Penrod" seemed so dry. The tempting lunch, brought by a solicitous mother, was left untouched.

It was unfair, she told herself fiercely, that a fourteen year old girl should have to bear such great sorrows! Why, when she grew up she would be bitter and cynical. She had always heard that drowning was the most pleasant way of ending one's life.

Taking pity on the poor forlorn creature, a jolly, mischievous germ of an idea entered her mind. With miraculous rapidity this wicked little creature attained the growth of a splendid, happy thought, filling its occupant's heart with malicious joy.

Jean donned her clothing silently and rapidly—so rapidly, in fact, that her mother's eyes would have widened with astonishment at the sight of this little girl, who usually lapsed into lengthy periods of dreaming during the intricate process of dressing. Today no ordinary clothes sufficing, she bundled herself up, until nothing but a pair of pert brown eyes remained open to view.

With the air of those terrible villains she had so often seen in the movies, Jean deftly opened the window and crept down the fire escape.

"Ten minutes to reach the football field," she breathed dramatically, and in an unlady-like fashion galloped down the street.

The game was very thrilling and what football game isn't? Jean, who was among the most enthusiastic and loudest of cheerers, remained fortunately unnoticed during the game's excitement. Being encouraged by her success thus far, she removed her smothering scarf, and opened her coat.

It was the last quarter, and Jean's school was one point ahead.

"Hold 'em, East! Stone wall," encouraged Jean mightily. "O-o-o-h!"

Breaking apart from the others in the miraculous manner of some football players, a West boy dashed swiftly toward his goal, clutching tightly the precious ball.

Horror stricken, the East rooters stared open-mouthed. From their midst a small figure darted, waving her arms wildly, and shrieking, "Oh stop! Stop!"

For a single second the astonished boy hesitated. Suddenly the ball dropped from his deathlike clutch, and he fled from speckled Jean, crying, "**Small Fox! Small Fox!**"

Then the fateful whistle blew, long and loudly. East was victorious!

Jean was scarcely awake, and she was almost exhausted; but she did not fail to hear the mighty roar following the cheer leader's cry, "What's the matter with Jean?"

—Helen Jackson.

"FLUNK QUARTETTE FOREVERMORE."

Tune: E. A. Poe's "The Raven."

Scene: A desk and lots of gloom.

Oh, upon these nights so dreary,
While I study weak and weary,
Over Speeches, Spelling, Grammar, of the long forgotten lore—
While I'm drooping, almost napping.
Suddenly there comes a tapping
As tho' someone's gently rapping—rapping at my conscience's door.
" 'Tis that speech," I mutter, "tapping at my conscience's door.
Work at it forevermore."

When into my sleep I'm turning,
With my sore eyes, yearning, burning,
And again I hear a tapping, somewhat louder than before,
"You haw!" snore I. "Mum hum!"
'Tis my conscience dreaming,
Telling me my History to explore.
Let my sighs be still a moment, I my History must explore;
Or it is an "F" in History forevermore.

"French!" scream I, "O, thing of evil!
Made by man or made by devil.
French, so cruelly sent or tossed to me by Miss DeBoer.
Beast undaunted, curses flaunted,
In this land of English haunted,
In this home of civil people, tell me truly, I implore—
Will you give me 'C' just once? tell me, tell me, I implore."
Quoth the beast, 'F' in French forevermore."

Oh! Chemistry, my brains are aching,
"Gloom and fiend!" I shriek upstarting
"Get thee, medieval science, to another far off shore!
Leave no yellow slips as token,
Of a recitation all unspoken,
Leave my weary back unbroken, take thy leave from out my door!
Take thy weight from off my head, make three "F's" instead of
four."

Quoth the prophet: "Nevermore."

And these subjects, never lifting,
Always weighing, always sifting,
On my soul until I'm lying, prone and cold upon the floor.
And their eyes have all the seeming of a million demons dreaming,
And my lamplight on them streaming sends me prone upon the floor,
And my soul from out these burdens lying in these books of
frightful lore.

Shall be lifted nevermore!

—D. A. Kurtzman, 1920.

THE SKWAD.

Coach Smith.—Pick out the big gray Stetson in the crowd at the game and see who's playing the game for "U" High from the sidelines, pounding one gloved hand with a clenched fist and pounding out the yards on the field with his feet.

Henry Brock (Heinie), quarterback.—Here we wish to demonstrate our new dictograph for an adding machine. All that is needed is a speed regulator. Lubricate with anything except "bad peanuts."

Dan Finkelstein (Fink), fullback.—We play Fink in what is called a "split buck" but we can't see anything "split" about the "buck" that Fink makes against the line, except the big split he makes in the opposite line. Another theory is that this play is a head-splitter.

Andy C. Hislop, Jr. (Hindy) captain 1920, right halfback.—No "Glass—Handle With Care" sign is needed here. Other teams have learned to handle Hindy with care under any circumstances, especially circumstances which require him to carry the ball, appropriately called circumstances, numbers 42, 43, 45, etc.

Jack A. Eaton (Jack A), left halfback.—Quite a physical change (eh, Mr. Powers?) to start the season as a mere quarterback and wind up as a halfback. Still a cripple tho. He heard that Jack was so afraid of being tackled and hurting his back some more, that he ran 80 yards at the St. Paul Academy to keep from being tackled. Cowardly, we call it, when some of the others let opposing players, tackle them anywhere, not even choosing a soft spot to light on.

Edward Hunter (Egg), right end.—Egg is one of the last of the Mohicans who has played with "U" High from his freshman year, and we regret that he has but six years more in "U" High. S. P. A. shortened the third and fourth periods of that game on account of darkness because they couldn't see Hunter and were afraid he'd get lost.—N. B. He *did* as far as they were concerned.

Paul Watts (Swats), left end.—"U" High has a weakness for putting steamrollers in the end positions, Watts wasn't a shark at first, having learned his football at class parties, but we'll admit he knew how to break up any interference, if he got near it.

Monroe Strickler (Tom or Monty), right tackle.—"The Navy took us over and the Navy sent them back," with a little help from the rest of the squad. We had to take time out in the Blake game once when Strickler had some Blake fellow's head in his arms and didn't know which one it belonged to.

Lloyd Vye (Dobie), left tackle.—He has come down several stories in altitude since last year and is now noted for tying knots in opposing players' legs (not wooden leg y' understand). He'll probably try splicing 'em next.

Lawrence Paist (Sticky), right guard.—We are again advertising the same kind of Paist that we had last year. We haven't got much more than we had last year but it sticks better and is faster. According to Paist's credits tho next year "U" High will have to use resin altogether.

Hugo Miller (Archimedes), right guard.—Hugo is not related to Victor H., altho he has shared the honor of being victor with the rest of us, but he says that he left about "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" at Blake. By using his hands and feet, he was able to swim and save himself tho.

Charles Burns (Chuck), left guard.—Chuck is our other 250 lb. guard. Wasn't it terrible how Chuck got tangled up in that Blake machinery and nearly wrecked it? He tangles things worse in opposing football teams than he does in Fresh.

Jim Bohan (Jazz), center and captain.—You can't leave jazz out of football either. You'd think girls didn't have anything to do with making "U" High stronger on the defensive, but didn't Jim go all the way to Hudson to get "Lizzie" to produce the results in the team's tackling?

Henry Williams (Mutt), sub-halfback.—Andy says Mutt can never play fullback, because when he signals with his knee for the ball to be passed on a punt formation he gives away the play, because his knee cracks. We also accuse Mutt of watching the weather reports to see if he will come out for practice or not.

J. Louis Tambornino (Lousy).—Andy was knocked out of the games on an accidental slip, but Louis was knocked out on a white slip from the office. The three blows which knocked him out are called, in public speaking, labials. I Guess.

—Enuff—

We asked "Mabel" Erickson what she was going to wear at the Football Banquet, but she didn't know, either.

HOPE.

Freshies here, Freshies there,
Freshies almost everywhere.
Freshies large, Freshies small,
Running up and down the hall.

Freshies, dear, take my advice,
Don't get fresh, it isn't nice,
Be polite and watch and see
That you don't lose your locker key.

And Freshies—you just bear in mind,
That everybody here is kind,
And if discouraged, don't get sore,
Next year you'll be a Sophomore.



A LETTER FROM OUR FORMER ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Hotel Bristolm, Warsaw, Poland,
September 29, 1919.

Dear Miss Fleming:

I don't suppose that when I studied about Europe in history that I ever realized that I would soon see so much of it. But here I am in Warsaw after two weeks of great excitement, with a large part of western Europe in my memory.

I must admit that history has proved itself a valuable friend and that everything is doubly more interesting for knowing its past.

We spent a week in Paris and saw almost all for which it is famous. We spent an afternoon at Versailles which was certainly very enjoyable. There were many people out in the gardens which have been very well kept up. The trees are trimmed into very beautiful shapes and the flower gardens are a brilliant display of color. We also saw the Trianon which is a very beautiful smaller palace and the beautiful gardens around it. It was here that the queen and the royal ladies used to play at being shepherdess and so forth. Judging from the looks of the palace I judge that being shepherdess must have been an agreeable pastime.

We saw Paris from the Tour Eiffel which is certainly a very wonderful edifice. There are some big power telescopes mounted on the rail with which you can pick out objects in the city. The day was a little hazy but the trip none the less enjoyable. We drove around the Arc de Triomphe and out the Avenue of the Bois du Bologne. The woods itself is now very beautiful, as the trees are of a very rich green.

I saw Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle several times. The wonderful stained glass of the Ste. Chapelle was all taken out at the time of the bombardment but is now being restored. Notre Dame is very beautiful and a fine example of the strength of Gothic architecture. We drove thru the Latin Quarter once and I didn't think that it was very interesting, tho the old houses are very quaint. Our hotel was near the Place de Concorde and the Tuilleries. The children would go and sail the toy sailboats that we bought. The Louvre was not open the morning we went so we could not see that. The Hotel des Invalides was also closed.

Sunday a week ago we took a trip out to Rheims passing thru Chateau Thierry and Belleau woods on the way cut and thru Fismes and the region of the Vesle. We ate dinner at a little hotel in Rheims which despite the fact that the top story, half the plaster and most of the windows were gone, still had a little garden in the court, a phonograph and a very good menu. The town itself is not worth much even for junk. Almost every house consists of from one to three and a half walls, an old rusty stove and a big pile of plaster, bricks and other debris. The proprietress of the hotel where we ate said that there were 42,000 people still in Rheims. This seems almost incredible as there is hardly a house in good preservation.

The cathedral is not nearly as bad off as it might have been. The principal damage is to the scores of smaller statues which were the beauty of the church. Almost every angel is sans head, arms or legs. These statues represent long years of labor and will be the largest factor in repairing the church. The interior is in a remarkable state of preservation. There are three big holes in the

roof but beyond that it is unscarred. The altar was entirely destroyed with one big shell which tore off almost all of the rear of the church.

Its tremendous strength is the only reason that most of it is standing. There are four or five places in which overhanging corners of great weight have had the supporting pillars shot out and are hanging with no support from beneath. It is badly wrecked but is still in good enough condition so that time and money can repair.

We also went out to Fort Pompelle which is one of the large forts defending Rheims. It has been completely ruined and is nothing but a pile of sand with an occasional tunnel visible. All about it are the trenches, communication and the main line. There are six wrecked tanks lying around in the fields. Most of them are Germans which they captured from the English. We visited two of them. In order to do so you have to cross No Man's Land and great care must be taken not to step on the duds, grenades and aeroplane bombs which lie about the field. In jumping into a trench I lit within a foot of a large 350 millimeter shell and in attempting to dodge it I just missed an unexploded hand grenade which looked rather ugly. It certainly is thrilling. We picked up cartridge cases, cartridges, shrapnel balls, high explosive fragments and the usual line of souvenirs. This region which is a great favorite for tourists has been well picked over but up in the north it is almost like during the war. It was a very interesting trip and I hope to take another like it.

We had a wonderful trip from Paris to Warsaw. Switzerland, we saw at its best, a new snowfall having covered the mountains even down to the train level and the air clear and brilliant. We even contrived to take pictures from the train which I hope will turn out well. We saw many interesting things concerning the life of peasants in France, Switzerland, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

We stopped for an hour or two in Vienna which is now probably the cheapest place in the western hemisphere for things made by hand. I bought a high class camera for less than one-half of its worth in America. The Austrian crown which was formerly worth about \$.20 has gone down to 65 to the dollar. Their smallest coins, the Heller, are worth about 1-40th of a cent. Bills for 1 and 1/2 crowns are more common than metal. In Poland the conditions are similar but not so bad. The Polish mark is worth \$0.03 but there is an enormous amount of paper.

I could write pages about the condition of Poland, now, but I guess this is a lot too much already. Things are improving steadily and Poland stands in a fair way to be a real country.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Paderewski, in Paris. They are certainly very interesting people, very sincere and cordial. I have also met many other men, prominent in Polish politics, including Hugh Gibson who is now the American minister to Poland, Prince Lubimirski, Polish minister to the U. S. and a line of Princes and counts and generals, to say nothing of a French admiral and hundreds of colonels, majors and lieutenants. Strange to say I have no recollection of having met a captain.

I suppose this is too long a letter but it is all so interesting to me, especially after having had history and I must thank you for having managed to drill a little into my head.

I hope you had a pleasant vacation in Canada and are now

trying to teach Modern history to some members of our school whom I hope will appreciate it as much as I do now.

Yours truly,

Dana B. Durand.

A CHANNEL BOAT SONG.

Sailing along,
Dancing along,
Over the summer sea;
Blue is the sky
And the clouds are high
And as white as they can be.

Behind us the coast
Gleams like a ghost
Caught in the day by chance.
Onward we force
Steering our course
Over the waves to France.

Far to the left
The skyline is cleft
Where a liner noses along,
Holding her way,
Like a heavy dray,
Without thought for the smaller throng.

Off to the right,
Reflecting the light
Of the glorious summer sun,
All sails full set,
A schooner we met
Coming home from a long year's run.

Southward there lies
'Neath smiling skies
A line of slender haze,
Marking the place
Towards which we race,
And all our canvas raise.

Gladly we hail
The gentle gale
That wafts us along our way,
Tempering the heat
Of the sun which beat
So hotly upon the bay.

Sailing along,
Dancing along,
Over the summer sea;
Blue is the sky
And the clouds are high
And as white as they can be.

→Lois Huntington Wilde.

AMALGAMATED UNION OF STRIKERS.

As striking is the favorite pastime of practically every one today who belongs to the abused laboring class, the laborers of "U" High have decided to form a "Union of Strikers" to which every loyal student must belong.

Demands of "U" High Laborers.

1. A 20 hour day and a 5 day week.

Under the present system of holding study classes, the normal "U" High Laborer is putting in a 25 hour day at studying; the normal "U" High Laborer is also putting in a 6½ day week "at the grind." They now demand a five day week, so that they can at least attend their various church services.

2. The Closed Window System.

Under the present system of opening windows in class rooms, the air not only becomes too chilly for any "U" High Laborer, but many of them have contracted violent colds from the unsanitary conditions and as a result have been refused admittance to the Glee Club.

The laborers of "U" High back up Mr. Powers in his statement that "the windows shall be closed, even if the mercury soar to 150."

3. Corrected Marking.

Under the present system of giving good marks only to a chosen few the normal "U" High Laborer, with a D average, has no chance of receiving good marks, as the bosses have already decided to whom they will give the A's and B's. The "U" High Laborers do not like this partiality, believe it to be unfair, and therefore demand "Corrected Marking."

All marks should be put into a hat and drawn out by lot, thus insuring a perfectly fair and equitable distribution of the A's and F's.

4. An Increase of at least 50% in Grades.

Under the present system of the bosses of giving as many D's and F's as is humanly possible, when A's and B's would be much more beneficial to the laborer in many ways, the "U" High Laborer demands an increase of at least 50% in the percentage of A's handed out by the bosses.

5. The Abolition of the Excuse Slip.

The present system of requiring every "U" High Laborer to bring a slip to the following class, is very unjust and cruel in many ways. The "U" High Laborers have long been subjected to this method. It not only tends to make the laborer a wreck in his haste in dressing in the morning, but it makes it very difficult for a laborer to leave his work for a little diversion at a Wednesday matinee, or the "Oak Tree."

We the Laborer's Union of "U" High therefore, demand the **Abolition of the Excuse Slip.**

We believe that the bosses will see this thing in the right light, and concede to the wishes of the "Laborers' Union." If they do not bow down to the inevitable, the "U" High Laborers will be forced to stage a walkout on December 20, 1919, which is the date set for action.

The inevitable result of this will be, of course, the loss of jobs for the bosses.

(Signed) Amalgamated Union of
"U" High Strikers.

REMINISCENCES.

As the wind whistles around the house and the snow beats softly on the window panes, I sit before a roaring fire, and dream of the summer just gone by. Winter blows his hoary breath in long, sharp blasts against the doors and windows, and I cuddle up in the comfortable morris chair and pull the large steamer-rug closer about me. A history book lies forgotten on the floor and as I dream of days not long gone by, a latin book and then, a chemistry follow suit and slip, unnoticed to the floor.

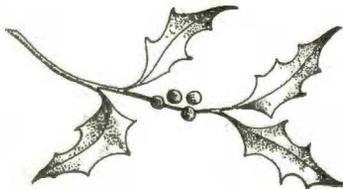
As I set my teeth into a rosy apple, a strange feeling comes over me. Not long ago these apples hung on a tree. Not long ago, these same apples came showering down around me, as Ida shook the tree. But a few days ago, we gathered these apples into our aprons and bore them triumphantly into the house. Then again, I am held entranced by those evenings spent sitting under the apple and cherry trees, with their pink and white petals showering about us in the grass, or floating on the lake in a canoe, with a guitar, watching the sun set and wishing on the first star.

The wind shrieks wildly down the chimney and I sink still farther into my chair. The fire snaps and crackles and gives off a cheery heat. I think of the strawberry plants under a blanket of leaves and a coverlid of mother nature's feathers and down. I think of the day when chubby Janey and Emmy announced proudly that the "strawberrith wath ripeth" which was very evident, for their chubby faces bore traces of the ripe, sweet juice and their cheeks, too, were stained a ruddy red.

Then came the happy times, nutting parties, husking frolics and the harvesting. Those great golden pumpkins, which had caused us so much labor, now were safely harbored in the granary; those pumpkins would soon be great golden pies, steaming in the pantry window.

The harvest is all in; now come the crisp, frosty mornings with a dash across the country on horseback with the wind kissing your cheeks and making your eyes sparkle and laugh. The morning melts into a balmy evening full of—alas—here the door bell peals and starting, I look at the clock—ten thirty—horrors!—no lessons yet, and I rush to the door to let in my parents. All my dreams are gone, and a gust of wind reminds me that winter is King now and I am his subject.

Marion Sardeson.



A TALENTED YOUNG AUTHORESS.

"Mother, what shall I write for a story for the Campus Breeze? I've got to do something for my school, and anyway I could use the cash!"

(Meditative silence.)

Little sister suddenly conceives a brilliant idea: "Oh, Helen, write a story about a pretty girl who gets stolen by a villain, and is rescued by a perfectly lovely hero. I saw a perfectly spoochy one like that last night at the movies. I just dote on thrilling stories like that."

"Yes, that would be just fine, and oh, so original!" I reply graciously, "I can just imagine the dear, curly-headed hero who wears an expression of anxiety which under all appearances is the same as he would register for an attack of indigestion." (I quote from "Foolscap," but my ignorant family pats itself on the back for having brought up such a clever daughter.)

Another silence ensues while one can almost see the thoughts flying around in the air.

"Helen, I wrote a story today. Do you suppose they'd publish it?" anxiously queries my eight year old sister; and she proceeds to read a delightful (?) tale of Mrs. Hen who regards the eggs she has just hatched; of the croaking grasshoppers; and of Dr. Rat, who gathers corn seed in the field.

After several moments of deep thought (note what a thoughtful family we are) I reply sweetly (yes, I really am sweet to my littlest sister), "Honey, if I were you I'd have that story published in a real book. It would make such lovely Christmas presents for your friends."

"Daddy! What do you think?"

"Hon? (my family are always so attentive and helpful when needed)—What did you say? . . . Oh, well, you might write a nice little story in Latin. It is always wise to make useful the knowledge gained in school. Now, when I was a boy of your age, I could translate all of Virgil and Cicero backwards."

"Really? Well, that's nothing. Today I translated all of the 'Iliad' upside down in an hour." (One has to keep humping to do any more astonishing feats than are performed by us after we have compared notes a few moments.)

"Oh, what a brilliant lot! I might as well do it myself. Now it will have to be at least ten pages shorter because you clever people have wasted a whole half hour of my precious time. It is already eight o'clock.

"My story shall be original, dramatic and intensely interesting."

Following Shakespeare's example, I retire into seclusion, with an apple, the victrola and an "Atlantic Monthly" from which I intend to get an idea for my story. (Of course mine is to be much better than any the "Atlantic" could produce. I never did care much for the style in which they are written. I never could see any sense in them. Margaret says they are too deep for me, but—oh you know what sisters are like.)

I find an interesting article on Poland, which I peruse attentively, for Winnie is intensely interested in Poland just at present, and I should love to do her any small favor such as telling her all I know about that beloved country.

I am called to the telephone; but it is only Dot, per usual,

wanting to know what her Ancient History lesson may be.

This gives me an idea. I had always been secretly annoyed at Dot's constant breach of memory concerning her history, but now I could hug her for it. (It means a whole dollar to me.) To-day we had been having Phoenicia in History. This will make a lovely setting and background, and I can easily devise the plot.

It is now only eleven-thirty. After several minutes of earnest contemplation I commence writing a marvelous masterpiece which is certain to make me famous. All the current magazines will soon be pleading to be allowed to print it at a thousand dollars a word. Indeed, it would fascinate even the most noted author with its "Snowy, glistening sails, fluttering merrily in the mellow breeze." I gasp in horror as I write these tragic words, "Julie fled stumbingly about the ship, screaming in terror;" and I am completely overcome by the dramatic ending: "At night a small black girl of Julie's age arose from the ground, and drawing forth a silvery dagger, stabbed the sleeping white child."

Yes, it is certainly original; and surprising? Why it has O'Henry left far behind! I rush to my elder sister (yes, I have still another sister) to read her my story, and allow her to share my rapture. It is she I regard as a flawless critic; she to whom I look as my supreme judge. She will be as elated as I over my great success.

Never did Demosthenes orate so grandiloquently, and feelingly as I do in my inspired mood. I finish at length, and glance apprehensively at Margaret, as a hopeful young author gazes at his publisher.

She sweetly comments: "Well, Helen, I guess your talent lies in essay writing."

—Helen Jackson.

A RESPECTFUL MOAN FROM A "FRESHIE."

One day as I studied my lesson,
It was very hard indeed.
The Latin kept me a-guessin',
And the Science! twelve pages to read.

The study hall was quiet,
As quiet as could be.
When out in the hall, don't deny it,
I heard someone shout in glee.

The Varsity class had finished,
They made such a horrible noise.
My thoughts were all diminished;
"U" students sound like small boys.

Now, the College of Education,
Is very good in its way.
But I wish it would have a vacation,
'Cause it frightens our thoughts away.
—Carl Litzenberg.

Miss Smith (to Freshman English class): This is the skeleton of the sentence. Now, "U"—, what shall we add to it?

"U" (timidly): The skin and some more bones.



WHO'S WHO, AND WHY, IN THE FACULTY

May Holt.

In this very flour city of the world, one bright spring day, I awoke to the possibilities and responsibilities of life. Born a Minneapolitan, still a Minneapolitan. This is, indeed, a clue to a life spent in a very even tenored way. Whenever asked to write an autobiography I have always longed to take flights of fancy, to portray imaginary spots where here I spent one part of my life, there another. Instead I must relate the drab reality; tell you that for eight years I trudged the same path from my doorstep to the public school on the corner; that for the next four years I wore smooth another road leading to the high school; that the following four years I daily took the same car to this very campus which you and I so dearly love. Then I roamed, but not far. Cords seemingly attached to me permitted me to wander about over this Gopher state, so far, no farther, and then winding themselves up, drew me back to Minneapolis once more.

In one of these roving into the northern part of this state, I found myself suddenly transferred to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. Here the people dwelt in log cabins; the men wore long, patriarchal beards; the women bonnets. Hats were vigorously disapproved of as inventions undoubtedly of the evil spirit. They were, however, a colony of sincere, honest folk. Here I first experienced the sensation of being surveyed as a curiosity. I could feel myself being furtively inspected by shy eyes. Yet it was here where the snow piled up moun ain high and the thermometer kept sliding ever downwards, that I first really enjoyed the cold out-of-door world. It was here also that I was initiated into the delights of rides on handcars, straw piles and big wagon sleighs.

After a year I left this antediluvian community to go to typical Minnesota towns and from these I have come back to my Alma Mater.

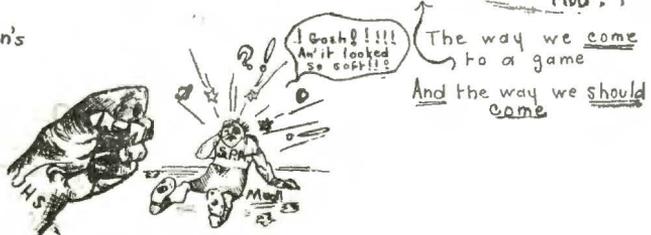
GERMAN I MEDITATION.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
 Das ich so traurig bin.
 Ich habe mein Krib vergessen,
 Und muss rely on mein Sinn.
 Frau Hubman ist kühl und sie chuckles
 Und rühig lacht sie in glee
 Sie glaubt dass sie will jemand flunken
 Ach Himmel! kann das sein me!

- Funny Paper - alias -
- General News Section -



Isn't B. Henderson's
"Boy Scout
Suit"
CUTE
? ! ! ?



! Mud on River-Flats!



What we've got to be -
- loyal in -

The Campus Breeze

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A WORD FROM THE COACH.

Both in play and by tradition, football is a distinctively scholastic game. Friends and followers of the game must therefore depend on the schools, colleges and universities for the preservation of its past traditions and the maintenance of the high standards of sportsmanship in its play, which are to be expected in a distinctively academic game.

University High School has certain obligations to fulfill in order that the game and its reputation may be protected. In every game, no matter whether we are players or spectators, it is our duty to insist on fair play and sportsmanlike tactics. We are proud of the manner in which our football team has conducted itself during the past season and we feel certain that the basketball and baseball season will be equally successful.

THE SEVEN PERIOD DAY.

How much better the seven period day this year is than the old five period day of last year! Last year twenty minutes at the end of each hour was supposedly given over to the study of the advance work for the next day. But was it? Almost every conscientious instructor would call a halt in the day's recitation as

soon as the twenty-minute bell rang. But how much good did that do? One would just get nicely started and interested in his next day's work when the bell would ring and he would have to hastily gather up his unfinished work and rush to another class where all thoughts of this previous study would be driven out in the new interest taken in this next subject. It is very different this year!

Nearly everyone now has two or more study periods and thus ninety or more minutes a day, forty-five minutes at a time, without a single interruption of any kind, in which to concentrate upon any subject that demands his attention. The instructors used to give individual help to certain students desiring it, during the twenty-minute period, thus annoying the other students unless they had highly developed powers of concentration. But now the study periods are conducted so that quiet is maintained to a much greater degree and the students are kept in the large, light study halls under the conditions which are most conducive to the best concentration and consequently the greatest amount of work possible is accomplished in the given time. Also, last year it was impossible for a girl to carry more than four subjects unless the required and extremely beneficial gymnasium work was omitted from her program, and it was found necessary at times for a person to fall back a whole year just for the lack of one subject. The larger number of periods has made possible a greater choice of subjects. There are more divisions of one subject so that conflicts are not nearly so prevalent. Also, this larger number made possible the double periods for the laboratory work in the various sciences. Aside from these points concerning the number of periods there has been an improvement in the length of time between periods. The students were allowed three minutes for changing classes last year. This brief time resulted in many tardy marks. But now the time has been extended to five minutes and the number of tardinesses has been cut down materially. How much better the seven period day is than the old five period day!

BETTER SPEECH.

Due credit should be given to the English department for the very effective campaign against bad English, during the first week of November. This campaign will not be effective unless a similar campaign is waged by each student fifty-two weeks in the year. Bad speech is unbecoming to so select a group in regard to educational advantages, as this school represents.

It is not too much that students who enjoy a high school education should set an example in the correct use of the English language to those who do not have the advantage of this educational opportunity. It is not enough that we should know the correct and incorrect, it is imperative that we should demonstrate in speech and in everyday life what we are taught. Of what use is four years' instruction in English if we continue in bad usages that we know are incorrect?

Now is the time to correct our English, while we have the assistance of those who are masters of the English language.

REDS WIN!

The headline refers to the Better Speech Contest and not to the Bolsheviki. Up to the last day the Blues, headed by Marguerite Robinson, led the only by a small margin of six or seven points. On the last day, Erma Schurr, captain of the Reds, made a special plea

to all her lieutenants to be unusually watchful. The Blues, sure of victory, were apparently not quite wide-awake, for several of their lieutenants failed to hand in reports the last afternoon. Consequently the final score showed the Reds in the lead by six points—and they are thus the winners of the pennant.

A PLEA.

"Oh won't you please write up the Glee Club for the paper? I'd be indebted to you forever if you would."

"I can't write. Get somebody else to do it."

"You're only the fifth person who has refused."

About the fifteenth of the month, I think, see and dream this tragic little scene. Everyone seems to consider it someone else's duty to write for his school paper.

A great deal has been said about school spirit. In reality supporting one's school paper involves almost as much school spirit as supporting one's football team. In fact, more people know us by our paper than by our team. Is it not better for East High's pupils to say, "What a good paper University High has! It must be a good school," than, "Why does that dinky little school try to run a paper?"

A poem, story, essay, or any article is always received with great welcome. Show your school spirit.

A CHANGE IN THE STAFF.

Mildred Jaynes having resigned as Senior reporter, Mildred Jacobson was elected to that position which includes the Assembly reports. James Smith has been found to have more business than literary talent and has been transferred to the business staff.

ASSEMBLY.

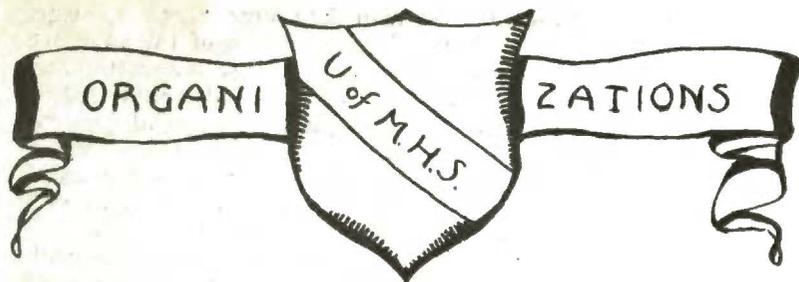
A Better Speech Assembly was held Wednesday, November 5th, in the law school. Mr. Homer J. Smith of the College of Education, gave a talk on the importance of good English. He told us several interesting things about the English work in vocational schools.

The trial of the Clan of Bad English was an important feature of the Assembly. The judge, in a truly legal manner, opened court and ordered the worthy policemen to bring forward the criminals. The two prominent lawyers, Mr. Webster and Miss Standard, gave lengthy pleas of great eloquence. One of the many notorious criminals was the famous King. "There's three kinds," who was charged with the murder of two of his subjects. Mr. Webster pronounced it a "Very serious case," and the judge ordered the executioner to behead the prisoner immediately. The executioner, from the amount of work he had to do, could not be blamed if he went on a strike for more pay and shorter hours.

The "Gonna," "Gotta" and "Git" children were very pathetic in their emphatic manifestations of innocence. Their sobs were enough to move the heart of any judge.

"WeHa," "Anda" and "Whva" were charged with stealing the affections of the Senior Public Speaking Class. This was considered an extremely serious charge and they were sentenced to spend the rest of their lives in North Dakota.

The Assembly closed with songs and school yells. This was our first assembly in the law school and, because it was such a success, we hope to hold many others there.



THE SENIOR CLASS PARTY.

The first Senior party was given in the assembly room October 25th. The room was effectively decorated with pumpkins and corn, and the blackboards were covered with witches, cats, moons and stars. The decoration committee deserves much praise for their artistic and original ideas. The orchestra was made up of five students and the music was lively and good for dancing. Frappe was served by two Junior girls.

Dancing was the main entertainment of the evening, but two unexpected interludes, an impromptu funeral conducted by Hugo Miller and Bill Coffman, and an elastic dance by Mr. Reeve, added amusement.

The students appreciated the large attendance of the faculty.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.

The Senior class held a meeting Monday afternoon, November 5th. After the secretary's report, the matter of class dues was taken up. There was a heated argument as to the amount, and at a vote of 17 to 15, twenty cents a month was decided on.

The class decided to give a vaudeville performance at the Little theater some time about December 1st. The following committee was appointed: Harold Beere, William Coffman, Irma Schurr, Lillian Borreson, Hugo Miller and Eleanor Staples.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

Did you go to the Junior Picnic? If you didn't, you missed something. We met at the school, October 18th, and were taken in machines for a lovely ride along the river drive to the Fort. Before leaving school, Miss Smith asked Mr. Miller please to direct the party—but before Mr. Miller's car could start, Miss Smith's sped far in the lead. Fortunately for the reputation of the Junior class, there are no traffic policemen on the river drive. (Miss Fleming says it is a disgrace to have anyone with whom you are connected arrested.) The cars, which had driven at a moderate speed, reached the Fort in due time, but could find no trace of the two leading cars. After waiting and watching patiently for about fifteen or twenty minutes, Miss Smith was seen running toward us. She pretended to feel very bad to have come so far ahead, after asking Mr. Miller to lead, but said they were waiting for us down at the Ferry. On the way down the narrow, bumpy road leading to the Ferry, the joy-riders were deposited at the cave. The shrieks and yells of early arrivals made us all the more anxious to investigate

the spooky place for ourselves. Some of the rooms were very large, others were small. After a thorough examination of the cave, we hiked down to the river, across the railroad bridge (expecting any minute to hear the whistle of a train, for Mr. Miller said that it was the day for the train to come), along a winding road to Mendota, up hundreds (?) of steps leading to the church, and finally out on the bluff. Then the fun began. First, the wood was gathered, and the sticks sharpened, then Frances and Mary fought with Mr. Smith. Their ammunition was milkweed fluff and it is hard to say who got the worst of it. Weinies were roasted and marshmallows toasted in the early evening, and as the church chimes were tolling seven o'clock, the tired picnickers started the hike back to the cars. Again Miss Smith's car set the pace and the rest tried to keep up. Such blowing of horns was never heard as the satisfied Juniors sped home!

THE SOPHOMORE FROLIC.

Time: Friday evening, October 17, 1919.

Place: School assembly room.

Characters: The whole bunch and "Pow-wow."

Assisted by Faculty Stars.

Scene I. A Ball Room.

Shimmying (?) by entire cast.

Scene II. A Theatre.

(a) Playlet—"Hallowe'en."

The mother of seven.—Janet Cairncross.

The Seven.—Katrina Hummel, Marjorie Cheney, Theodore Strand, Ruth Hicks, Ruth Shelly, Robert Tyrell, Elizabeth Flather.

"I'll tell the world" they can ('t) sing.

(b) Mugs Morris makes the ghost walk the piano keys.

(c) Alice (the witch) marshalls "shivers" and "creeps" for an attack on the spinal columns.

Scene III. A Gypsy's Hut.

Gypsy.—Helen Evenson (jewelry furnished by 5 & 10c store).

Scene IV. Apple biting contest (big mouths win).

Scene V. Same as Scene I. More shimmying (?).

Scene VI. Eats—U-m-m.

Scene VII. Girls' Locker Room.

(Bits of Chatter Caught on the Fly.)

"I wouldn't go home with any Sophomore baby. I'm going with a Senior." (Who)?

"I won't go with him, I won't."

"Will go home with us. Climb out of the window and let that little kid wait."

"I'll do it!" (and she did).

Scene VIII. Corridor.

"Waiting—Waiting—Waiting."

Scene IX. Lights Out.

Scene X. "Home Sweet Home."

Miss Deneen (in Latin): What three words are most used in this class?

H: I don't know!

Miss D.: Correct.

New Members of the Class of 1922.

Dana Bailey	Irene Johnson
Helen Christenson	Theodore Strand
Ruth Eckles	Robert Tyrell
Wm. Henderson	Donald West.

SOPHOMORE RECIPES.

1. Squirrel Food	Fannie Graham
2. Angel Food	Catharine Barnes
3. Devils Food	Jason Bass
4. Brain Food	Imogene Foster
5. Fish Food	Harry Bill
6. Breakfast Food	Chesley Posey
7. Baby Food	Ruth Hicks
8. Mellen's Food	Eleanor Clure
9. Nestle's Food	Ruth Eckles
10. Dog-biscuit	Bob Tyroll

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES.

The Freshmen planned to hold their first party Hallowe'en afternoon, but, owing to the football game with Elk River, it was postponed until one week later, when Mrs. Moulton very kindly opened up her house for the party. It could not be held at the school building because of the Teachers' Convention.

At eight o'clock, forty-two members out of a class of fifty were present, and in addition Miss Inglis, Miss Smith and our class adviser, Mr. Stockwell.

The early arrivals danced until the rest came. Then the games were started and played until nine-thirty, when the dancing began and lasted until ten. After that we had refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cookies. The party then adjourned.

The Freshmen are glad to say that they attended the home-coming bonfire November seventh.

The Minneapolis Tribune, on the morning following the Freshman party, stated that: "A very noticeable tremor occurred between 10 and 10:30 last evening, being especially felt at the Fiji Islands." We believe that Freshmen, and especially Mr. Stock-Stockwell, should be more considerate of the Fiji Islanders when they decide to shimmy.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club is progressing finely along the road to harmony. We are on a speaking acquaintance with about five songs and can sing three of them, as Miss Fleming and her study class (?) can testify. We are very fortunate in securing Mr. Giddings for our supervisor. He is supervisor of music in the public schools and thoroughly knows his business. He has dreams of the dim future bringing forth an opera staged by the Glee Club.

We hope he will not be disappointed in this desire.

ACME NOTES.

Acme has been having a series of hikes for the girls who wish to win letters. The last hike in the first series was taken Friday, November 7. It started at the school building and ended up at the S. P. A. game, with Minnehaha Falls as the "place of dining."

Although it was impossible for Miss Schill to accompany the girls, among the six of them they managed to get as far as the Falls without losing themselves. The air was slightly chilly, but the only time the girls really noticed it was when they were eating their lunches, and **when they fell into the creek**—and then it was cold.

You know, there aren't so very many rocks in Minnehaha Creek; and the creek isn't so **very narrow**, if **you** are on the middle two-by-four rock. The noble Helen managed to gain the other shore, and stood there yelling at Dot and Winnie who were frantically embracing each other on the middle rock. When they slipped, and fell in, they all laughed, and Dot managed to reach the other side by getting her feet just a **little wetter** than they were before. All of the others, except Alice Hickey, took the bridge across, but the drenching furnished a little excitement to the trip.

The other girls who went on the hike were Elvira Butler and Erma Schurr, and they especially requested that some of their witty remarks be placed in the "Campus Breeze," but I have forgotten them by now, so unfortunately the "Campus Breeze" subscribers will have to wait patiently until I recall them.

After an eventful streetcar ride which took us at least ten miles in the wrong direction, we succeeded in reaching the S. P. A. grounds before the game started.

GIRL SCOUTS.

Ten of the Girl Scouts from the "Mountain Ash" troop, together with fifty scouts from Minneapolis and St. Paul, took part in a demonstration of signalling, which was given in the Auditorium before the Teachers' Convention, November 7th. The girls wish especially to thank Elvira Butler for acting as pianist.

Gladys Kuehne, Mildred Jaynes and Louise Hortvet led a First Aid Demonstration, which they gave together with about twenty other girls. Gladys Kuehne asked people in the audience to suggest cases not taken care of on the stage, and these were then demonstrated.

The fortunate girls who have successfully passed their tenderfoot tests are: Helen Haggerty, Rosemond Tuve, Erma Schurr, Dorothy Bowen and Muriel Hanna.

Agnes Pierce has succeeded in passing her Second Class Test.

ENTITY NOTES.

The Entities have been busy as usual this month doing one thing and another, such as yelling at the ball games and getting A's. Next month will be even busier for everyone of us though, for Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays are coming.

"FRESHMEN POETRY."

"If I were you,
And you were me,
We would be each other."

"SILE"



ATHLETICS.

After a rather bad start our foot ball team "came back" in great fashion, winning the majority of games on our schedule.

The first schedule game was played with West High School 2nd team. The team played well but lost by a score of 14 to 0. The scoring was all in the first half and in the second half "U" High came back strong and held the "West" team scoreless.

The next game was played with Dunwoody, a team which far out-weighed and out-classed us. Notwithstanding, the "U" High team showed lots of fight and scored a touchdown in the last few minutes of play. The final score was 40 to 6 in favor of Dunwoody.

"U" High 25, Elk River, 6. This was our first victory and it was decisive. The team played well and worked in better form than it had previously done.

The following Friday, we met our old rivals St. Paul Academy, defeating them by a score of 22 to 0. The Academy was smarting under last year's defeat of 86 to 0 and we expected much more of a fight than was given us. The score was a pleasant surprise to everyone including the team.

Line-up:

"U" High—

Watts

Vye

Burns

Bohan (C)

Miller

Strickler

Hunter

Brock

Eaton

Hislop

Finkelstein

L. E.

L. T.

L. G.

C.

R. G.

R. T.

R. E.

O.

L. H. B.

R. H. B.

F. B.

—S. P. A.

Clark

Harmon

Trenholm

Tavel

Beak

Guitean

Buck

Clap

Orton

Sommers

Biglow

Substitutes:—Paist for Miller, Moulton for Hislop, Miller for Burns,

The big game of the season ended with a hard won victory for "U" High over the Blake team, who have been our greatest rivals. The game was played on a field covered with snow and with the thermometer a few degree's above zero.

Both sides scored a touchdown in the first quarter, and then in the second quarter, Krogness of Blake made a beautiful drop-kick which made the score for the first half 10 to 6 in favor of Blake. In the final quarter "U" High made another touchdown by hammering the Blake line. This ended the scoring and the game ended 13 to 10 in favor of "U" High. The playing of Hislop, Hunter, Eaton and Finkelstein were the features of the season and with these men all back next year "U" High can look forward to a very successful season for 1920.

The Line-up:

"U" High—		—Blake
Watts	L. E.	Velie
Vye	L. T.	Thorpe
Burns	L. G.	Carlton
Bohan	C.	Tennyson
Miller	R. G.	Barnes
Strickler	R. T.	Lugsden
Hunter	R. E.	Smith
Brock	Q.	Hoeffler
Eaton	L. H. B.	Frost
Hislop	R. H. B.	Nash
Finkelstein	F. B.	Krogness
Substitutes:—Williams for Finkelstein, Finkelstein for Williams, Paist for Miller, Miller for Strickler.		

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

The winter months are usually the time when the girls hold their Inter-class games. Up to this time, Tuesdays and Friday afternoons have been set aside as a time to practice for Captain Ball, Lawn Bowling or Baseball.

Baseball and Lawn Bowling are rather back issues now, and Captain Ball is holding full sway at play hour. The Freshman class has showed up with remarkably good material for a Captain Ball team, and the Seniors, who had such a splendid team last year, will have to fight for their laurels this year.

Let everyone of us come out to play hour, to furnish a little competition. It is on Tuesdays and Fridays, and you will never regret the time you spend at Captain Ball. It's a great game!

It is impossible to print the Acme constitution in the "Campus Breeze" on account of lack of space, but typewritten copies will be distributed soon, so that every girl who hopes to join Acme can prepare to meet the requirements.

If you are working for a letter, do not fail to take your hikes with the Acme Girls. There will be notices on the board regarding these hikes.

Once more, let's have a large turnout at play hour every Tuesday and Friday, to show Miss Schill that "U" High Girls have **spirit!**

ALUMNI NOTES.



Fannie Lockwood, '19, is now spending all of her time on the study of music.

Another former "U" High member has been pledged to a fraternity. Wilfrid Hines, '19, has been pledged to Alpha Rho Chi.

Jane Sedgwick, '19, has been elected secretary of Bib and Tucker, the Freshman organization in the "U". She is also the Freshmen representative in the Women's Athletic Association.

Elizabeth Young, '19, is the Freshman representative in the Women's Self Government Association and is also on the Freshmen commission of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Leonore Alway, '18, has been elected secretary of the Women's Athletic Association and treasurer of Pinafore, the Sophomore organization at the "U".

Tom Canfield, '19, has been seriously ill with pneumonia but is recovering. He will not return to the University until the second quarter.

Douglas Larawa, '18, is reporting for a local commercial magazine.

Harold Gearty, '17, and Arthur Burgess, ex-'18, are still working for the General Electric Co.

Wesley Barton, a former student in "U" High, is attending the University.

The class of '17 and '18 held a reunion at Shevlin, November 29. A stunt program and dancing were supposed to be the main features of the evening, but the usual refreshments played their proper role in adding to the evening's entertainment. John Adams and Lillian Bullis composed a first class orchestra for the dancing. All the members of the faculty who had been closely connected with the classes were invited.

P. S.—The honorable Seniors of last year have turned to Freshman tricks again! While generating hydrogen in the University chemistry "lab", Jane Sedgwick thought she would be original and explode her generator. No lives were lost, but she turned her left hand into a porcupine with wonderful crystallized quills. No, Jane, you were not original. It has been done at least once (?) before.

EXCHANGES

Through our exchanges of the coming year, we hope to improve our paper in many ways, for, as everyone knows, one of the best means of improving anything at all is by heeding the criticism and advice of others.

We intend to accept the criticisms of other papers in the spirit in which they mean them to be taken, and not as "slams" for our paper; and we sincerely hope that other schools will accept our criticisms in the same way.

We hope to gain many advantages through this exchange of school papers, not only through the criticisms which other schools have to offer, but also by observing the good points in regard to the arrangement and style of their papers. Ideas for the improvement of and addition to our school activities can often be obtained through the exchange department, and thus result in a material benefit to the school.

Up to the present time we have succeeded in establishing exchanges with the schools listed below, and each day we expect answers from many other magazines.

The Polaris, North High, Minneapolis.

From cover to cover, this paper is a credit to the school, both from a literary and an artistic standpoint. The snap shots are particularly interesting and add tone to the paper.

The "M" Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul.

The November issue seem almost entirely devoted to Athletic notes; this indicates that the school is not lacking in "pep" or school spirit. The cartoons are worthy of mention, and the cover design very appropriate.

The Cynosure, Fargo, North Dakota.

The department on "Wit and Humor of the F. H. S." is very cleverly written. The items cover a wide scope of news which are of interest, not only to persons within the school, but also to outside subscribers.

West High Weekly, West High, Minneapolis.

The news items are very good. The "Green and White" issue of the paper was very cleverly edited and contained some very interesting write-ups.

"Pep", Bismarck, North Dakota.

This is a new paper and seems to have made a very good beginning. We would suggest an increase in the proportion of reading matter.

The Torch, Blake School, Minneapolis.

The "College Notes" Department is rather unusual and a very good feature. An enlargement of the Literary Department, however, would improve the magazine.

The World, Central High School, St. Paul.

A very complete magazine. The cuts and literary department are exceptionally good.

In addition to those mentioned above we have received:

The Orange and the Black, Gilbert, Minnesota.

The Otaknam, Mankato, Minnesota.

The Poly Optimist, Los Angeles, California.

The Magnet, Owatonna, Minnesota.



C. B. says that we ought to call Ann Coe Bevo, because she's always near—Beere.

He—"Gee, I wish I had the cheek to kiss you!"
 She (generously)—"Use mine."

Him (at S. P. A. slaughter): Jack just ran 80 yards for a touchdown.

Slim, (who was viewing the camouflage of "Pillsbury's Best" in her mirror): And did he get it?

Miss Fleming (to Social Science Class): Upon what do the philosophers agree was the origin of man?

Ncla Jones (with a triumphant smile): Why, Adam and Eve, of course!

They say now that they measure distances on water by knots, because the ocean's tide. Sea?

Take hope, ye who despair over the cost of books at least the leaves are beginning to drop.

Paist: Do you know Erma?
 Frank: Schurr!

Some things seem better when they are "swiped." This is one.
 Mother: When I was a girl we never thought of doing such things (as for instance the "shimmy").

Daughter: That's the only reason you didn't do them tho.

Louis T-o (at foot ball practice): Aren't we going to have any practice tackling or falling on the ball?

Andy: Naw! we did that all last year.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
 Blondine makes the hair grow blonder,
 Onions makes the breath grow stronger,
 The Editor keeps this from being longer.

A BOY'S REMARKS TO HIS STOMACH,

After Thanksgiving.

What's the matter with you, stomach,
 Ain't I always been your friend?
 Ain't I been a partner to you?
 All my pennies don't I spend,
 In getting nice things for you?
 Don't I give you lots of cake?
 Say! Stomach! What's the matter,
 That you had to go and ache?

I've loaded you with good things,
 Yesterday I gave you more
 Potatoes, squash and turkey
 Than you'd ever had before!
 I gave you nuts and candy,
 Pumpkin pie and chocolate cake—
 And last night when I got to bed
 You had to go and ache!

Tell me, what's the matter with you?
 Aren't you satisfied at all?
 I gave you all you wanted
 You was filled up like a ball,
 You couldn't hold another bit
 Of puddin', yet las' night
 You ached mos' awful, stomach,
 That ain't treatin' me just right.

Your closest friend I've always been;
 Ain't you a friend of mine?
 They gave me castor oil last night
 Because you made me whine
 I'm awful sick this morning
 An' I'm feeling mighty blue,
 Because you don't appreciate
 The things I do for you.

—Selected by — “23”.

THE LATEST SONG HITS.

A la “U” High.

“Breeze” “Campus”
 “Alcoholic Blues” Beere
 “Tell Me” Why is Lois Wilde?
 “After the Ball is Over” The last touchdown at the Blake game
 “The Vamp” Ruth Hicks (etc.)
 “Baby” Eleanor Clure
 “Smiles” After the S. P. A. Slaughter
 “Eyes” Phil's Clemetson
 “Walkin' the Dog”
 Jack Eaton and his Mutt, Rex, hike to Merriam Park (to get Field)
 “Frenchy” “Fairy” Colgrove

SOME SMOKER.

“I say, who was here with you last night?”

“Only Margaret, father.”

“Well, tell Margaret she left her pipe on the piano.”

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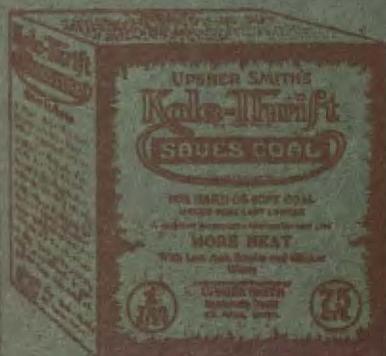
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