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UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL

The Campus Breeze

Volume III.

December, 1920

Number 2



THE PUNISHMENT OF CLYDE BISHOP

In my travels I have discovered that among the countries of the world, China, without doubt, takes the most uncivilized and horrible procedure in cases of violation of the law or impiety. Here, too, laws are often absurd, owing to the ignorance and stubbornness of the people.

In the time-worn city of We Hong, where things are done in accordance with the customs of several thousand years ago, I once had a horrible experience as a spectator at the scene of the cruel punishment of a young man which has since haunted my memory unceasingly.

He was a young Englishman stopping in China on his way around the world. Ours was a chance acquaintance but we were the best of friends in a very short time. I found him to be a quiet, thoughtful young man, subject, however, to occasional bursts of confidence news, on these occasions he displayed an unusual power of language and knowledge.

I remember well the first time I visited him in his apartment. I was ushered by a slinking, suspecting little Chinese into a large, dimly lighted hall. Rich tapestries hung upon the high walls and dark mats were on the smooth floors. The hall was apparently destitute of furniture, but terrible carved faces glared at me from the walls, following me wherever I moved; I could not escape them. These, together with the tantalizing incense which pervaded the hall and the fact that although I could hear a faint rustling, as though someone were stealthily moving about, no human being was visible, produced a ghastly, horrible sensation in me. I knew not where the pale, grotesque light which so faintly illuminated the hall came from, but at length in a remote corner of the room, where the light appeared

to be a trifle more bright, upon a low couch, nearly hidden from view by the thick veil of incense and various oddly-shaped and colored cushions, reclined my friend, Clyde Bishop.

After exchanging greetings with him, I told him of my fear at entering the apartment, and of my strange contempt for his servant. He evidently was in one of his rare loquacious moods, for he waved his hand merrily at the former, and called his servant at the latter.

"Why, man!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you have been in China for nearly a month and haven't become acclimated to this yet? If it was my old grinning faces which frightened you, I'll have them removed, but to be frank, I rather approve of them. They give just the right atmosphere. As for Ah Song" (who had mysteriously appeared and stood silently upon his master's left) "why, he's but a well meaning citizen of China. Aren't you, Ah Song?"

The Chinese answered in the affirmative, and I was compelled to shake hands with him. When he had disappeared, I hastily assured Bishop that he might keep his face and his servant, but my heart cherished a secret desire to be once more out into the light away from this bizarre atmosphere.

Our friendship ripened rapidly, until one dark and gloomy night about two weeks later, when Ah Song suddenly appeared in my apartment, more excited than I had ever seen a Chinese before. His almond eyes glared maliciously at me, while he nervously dug his long pointed finger nails into the palms of his hands. I felt the roots of my hair tingle as I looked upon his horrified, ghastly face, but I bravely asked him what his errand might be. The hurried, jumbled lines which served as an answer meant nothing to me, but after Ah Song had finally calmed down a bit, I gathered enough to know that his master was in great danger somewhere, and that he wanted me to come at once.

Shocked and mystified, I followed the Chinese. I was led to a remote part of the city, where buildings stand crumbled and close together. At the door of one of these Ah Song paused and excitedly beckoned me to follow. Opening the door, we groped our way down a long and dark flight of steps. I could hear excited voices from the room below. They proved to be the voices of a mob of Chinese, who turned and stared suspiciously at us, but soon turned away and resumed their jabbering. Several carried short daggers which they waved in the air, and yelled orders which I could not understand.

Suddenly there was a lull and, to my horror, my friend, bruised and bleeding, was dragged in by two Chinese. Upon seeing me he groaned pitifully and begged that he might converse with me, but it was as rolling the stone of Sisyphus.

I asked Ah Song what crime his master had committed, that he was thus mistreated. He replied, his eyes glaring with terror, that his master had failed to bow down before the emperor as he passed by with his train.

Bishop was then taken to a cage-like room about ten feet square, made entirely of glass. It was, upon the inside, bare except for a rope about seven feet in length which hung from the glass ceiling. He was thrown roughly into this glass room, and my curiosity nearly equaled my grief as I wondered what procedure would be taken next. At length a large, fierce lion

was brought in. Upon seeing this, I felt myself giving way. My friend, I knew, was neither strong in body nor courage, and all that I had feared took place in the next few minutes. As Bishop's eyes fell upon the terrible beast, he made a horrible picture, standing fixed in the center of the glass room like a stone statue. His eyes, bloodshot and staring, and his blond hair falling over his face haunted my very soul like a nightmare.

Torn, bleeding and nearly dead as he was when the lion had been in the room, and the door securely fastened, Bishop had just enough strength and presence of mind to seize the rope in the center of the cage and pull himself up out of reach of the lion, who came slowly toward him, gnashing his teeth.

I shall never forget him as he looked there, hanging pitifully to the rope, with that monster upon its hind feet, growling.

The group of Chinese uttered satisfied cries, but Ah Song and I remained terrorized, sorrow-stricken, as we watched the ghastly scene which followed.

As Bishop's strength slowly gave out, he slipped, slowly, gradually, pitifully, into the jaws of the waiting, hungry lion.

—LOUISE CONGDON.

AN ARKANSAS FLOOD

As we stepped from the train, first gracing the premises of "Frenchman's Bayou," we were forced to acknowledge that our winter in the South gave good promise of not being as it should be. As was natural and fitting, we had expected to make our debut into the sunny southland, welcomed by green grass, climbing roses, and at least one tropical bird. But the sight before us—!

In the first place, there was a distressing absence of birds, of budding flowers, of sapphire skies. There stretched before us acres of mud, of the slimy, clinging variety. At intervals were trees struggling for existence in the substance which continually threatened to swallow them up, but these courageous specimens of the tree family were few, and their scrawny forms added no beauty to the scene. Of course, there were the pitiful, dirty, whitewashed huts and the scores of loafing Negroes, but above all, the dreariness, the wetness, and the eternal mud of the place impressed one.

As we were gazing with disillusioned eyes at the country in which we were to spend one winter of our lives, we saw a wagon drawn by six mules approach us. The Negro who was perched on the rear animal, in some miraculous manner driving his steeds from that position, jumped blithely from his charger and approached us.

"Yoah foaks baowned foah Mistah Dresback's plantation?" he asked with an engaging and toothy smile. "Mistah Dresback was hindahed, but he'll be along on de nex' train. P'raps you-all would enjoy setting heah in the wagon waitin' foah him."

Had we been given the choice of all the desirable things in the world at that time, to have sat in a wagon of doubtful stability watching six mule tails perform unusual maneuvers in their attempts to discourage this and listening to a Negro discourse on various bloody subjects, this, I believe, would have been our last desire while enjoying this life.

Mose (for such was his name. We had asked him for his last one, bound to address him properly, whereupon he had laughed boisterously and declared that, "Lawd, honey, he'd forgot that long ago!"). Mose was saying:

"Had quite a time heah, las' night. Too bad you-all couldn't have gotten heah soonah so's not ta miss it. Ole Nigah Bailey pulled a razah on Green and made a killin'. Three killin's we've had this yeah, not counting Hannah, who made her own moonshine with snuff an' alcohol. That one suah was a purty one!" he added reflectively and repeated sadly, "Too bad you had to miss it, but ah guess you'll see sumpin' of the soah't yet. This heah ain't no dull place, ah reckon."

So this was where we were to spend our winter, perhaps ourselves to furnish a bit of amusement in the way of a "killin'"! Resolutely, we shut our ears to his comments but not before we knew the full history of each of the mules. "Sally," it seemed, had a passion for lying down in the middle of six feet or more of water; once she had given way to inclination and had fallen asleep, leaving the wagon stranded for some time. "Babe" was a victim of colic; more than once she had threatened to die in her harness, poetically if inconveniently.

Finally the welcome whistle blew and Mr. Dresback arrived. After his greetings to us, he turned to Mose.

"Well, Nigger," he inquired, "has the levee broken yet?"

"No, suh, but we'se expectin' it any time now. Probably tonight."

Mr. Dresback turned to enlighten our northern ignorance. "The levee," he explained, "is the dam which is built to keep the Mississippi River in bounds. However, the water has risen so far this year that we expect the levee to give way at any time. You see the water marks on those houses?" He pointed suddenly to the shacks near us, which were rimmed around by a grimy streak. "They are the water marks which come with the annual floods. Every year this land is overwhelmed and many die on account of the breaking of the levee. This year, the situation is even worse than usual. If the levee condescends to give way BELOW our plantation, all is well, for us, at least; if ABOVE—" With the art of a true genius he left the horrible particulars to our inadequate imaginations.

The ride to our prospective home was comparatively silent on our part. The Arkansas mud and water affectionately embraced the hubs of the wagon. Buried unknown protrusions far in the depths of the earth continually threatened to throw us into the seething mass below us and to bring us closer, if such a thing was possible, to nature.

After such a ride, what did it matter to us, that our prospective home was a mere white-washed hut, that the dish pans were hung so as to grace the walls of the living room, and the home made water-pipes, put in by the Negroes, protruded grotesquely from the wall. We, so we were given to understand in

a tone of voice which advised us to appreciate the distinguished honor bestowed, had the only running water on the plantation!

That night we sat around the fire (the place was heated by a stove, a precarious rattle trap affair which threatened to stop work any minute) and shivering, listened to the tales of Mr. Dresback as he recounted in vivid terms the awful floods that Arkansas had known. He told of the menace which at that very moment threatened us; the merciless river that was wont to burst its bank, devastating innumerable miles of territory, and still unsatisfied, taking human lives in its sweep. Tonight guards were stationed at intervals along the levee, keeping a continuous watch, for, if even the tiniest leak should spring unnoticed, untold misery would result.

When at last, Mr. Dresback took his leave, we sat silent for a while, thinking over his cheerful words. We could see with startling clearness the item that would appear in our northern newspaper: "Old residents of Minneapolis drowned in Arkansas flood. The bodies will be shipped to this city for burial."

Finally (it was the only thing to do), we retired, each of us in a state of profound depression. We lay awake for hours, so it seemed, our ears tensely attuned to the slightest noise. Surely that sound in the corner was the dripping of water! Perhaps— But it was only our "home made" water pipes misbehaving. At one time my sister punched me.

"Say, Sis," she said repentantly, "say, I didn't mean to hurt you when I slapped you today. Honest—"

"Oh, shut up," I said gruffly, "but when I stepped on your toe I didn't think it'd hurt; if it did—"

Swish! Drip! WETNESS!! Before we could comprehend it, we were being deluged with water. It poured from the ceiling and covered the floors. In a frenzy we got our things together,—the psychological explanation for why we should have thought it would be drier outside is yet to be found, and ran out the door. At the last moment I heard my mother's voice.

"Louise, don't FAIL to have your rubbers with you! Did you get your tooth brush?"

In our rush for the open, we almost threw Mose, who was approaching, high, but not dry, our doorstep. We overwhelmed him with our frenzied exclamations:

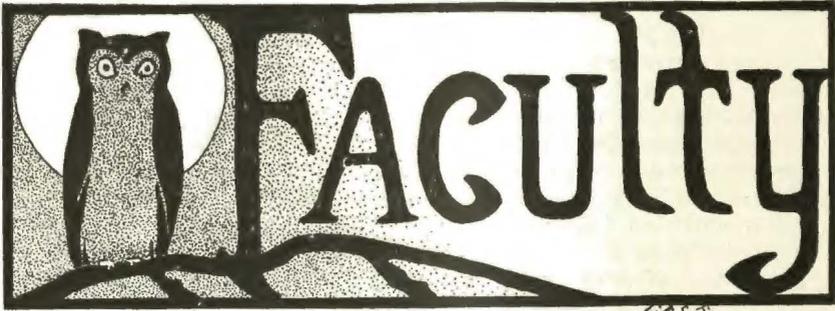
"What's the safest place to go to, quick?"

"Does it hurt awful much to drown?" this weepingly from my anxious sister.

"Oh, Mose!" But Mose, wise man that he was, had turned his back on us and entered the house. We, convinced that he had treacherously deserted us, sat down on the grass (we had not noticed that the earth was strangely dry), shut our eyes, and resolutely said our last words.

Suddenly, we were disturbed by a shout. Mose appeared, his huge, broad face in contortions of laughter.

"Oh yoah white foaks!" he squawked deliriously. "An' you thought de levee had busted. Chilluns, chilluns, it warn't da LEVEE, it wuz dem water pipes that busted!"



Who's Who in the Faculty and Why

LOUIS TOHILL

One of my earliest distinct memories is that of standing on a fence proclaiming my adherence to Garfield to sundry passing farmers in a decidedly anti-Garfield community. I remember that the dissenting expressions on the farmers' faces boded no good will toward the young politician.

Another factor in my choice of a vocation was the fact that I grew up in a neighborhood where the migrant from Tennessee and Kentucky met the one from Pennsylvania and Ohio at a time when memories of border disturbances during the Civil War were kept green in tale and story. I listened to the soldiers' stories of Wilder's brigade in the march to the sea; I attended their reunions and saw them fight their sham battles; I heard the older settlers tell of the bitter election-day quarrels, of a farmer's being shot down in the gray morning fog, of a neighbor's children killed in a neighborhood feud; and I looked for bullet holes under grandfather's window where some marauding "Copperheads" had fired into the house.

Very naturally it came about that when I arranged my course of study at the University of Illinois I took all the history the university regulations would permit an undergraduate to take. These restrictions did not apply to graduate work; therefore in these two years I made it all history with the exception of a few courses in methods of teaching the subject.

Finally, I have come to "U" High to teach you to ride my hobby—and to like it.

LOUIS A. TOHILL.

ASSEMBLIES

On October 24th, the Breeze staff, feeling the need of publicity, held an assembly. The school sang several songs as an opening. We are already discovering talents in our new faculty members, for Miss Wright led the singing. Just as everyone sat down after the last song in rushed a most breezy looking line of individuals. The staff, dignified seniors and frolicsome freshmen alike, were successfully camouflaged under vari-colored crepe paper streamers while each "staffer" carried a balloon bobbing up toward the ceiling. The great chief rose and while weighed down with the responsibilities of his exalted position, explained as lightly as possible the aim and purpose of their appearance. After this each one in turn told, with some couplet, his excuse for gracing that breezy staff. When the staff had properly introduced themselves, subscription slips were passed and all asked to subscribe. As the slips came back they sang a clever little song composed by Alice Hickey, at the end of which the balloons were freed and went bobbing around the ceiling with placards bearing such sentiments as: "Subscribe now," "Help the Breeze," attached to the end of strings. The assembly was a success, and we hope every one will continue to support the *Breeze* throughout the year. The freshmen also had a part in this assembly and two of its most prominent members were forced to make speeches. Truesdale Brown spoke on the advantages of a Kangaroo court, and Elbert Druck demonstrated calisthenics.

"U" High was to play Blake, therefore great excitement. Result—Pep assembly. Mr. Reeve started the program by a talk for clean athletics. After this the team was lined up for our approval and speeches were given by the old "letter men." Maurice Irons Kraus, our cheer leader, climbed upon Mr. Tohill's and led us in several rousing yells.

The senior class is trying to promote school spirit and "U" High athletics so, to show this, they had maroon and gold caps, armbands and pennants for sale at this time. The assembly was certainly a rouser and created unlimited "pep." At its completion tags were given out by the Hi-Y—"Beat Blake. Make it six straight."

Frances M. in assembly:
 "Girls be sure and buy a cap or an arm-band, you must wear something!"



THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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THE HOLIDAY SEASON



Now that the football days are at an end we have only the holiday season to turn to for enjoyment. Thanksgiving has come and gone and all of us have surely enjoyed it. Can't one just imagine that big wonderful turkey with cranberry sauce and all the other trimmings? You know what you did to it. Well, now for the real big day, Christmas.

This is one time when we can enjoy ourselves by making others happy, that is, by such work as the "Hi Y" did in providing several families with Thanksgiving dinners. It is this spirit which ought to prevail all through this season. We wish that more people would share in these deeds. Let us see if we cannot follow through with similar plans for a Merry Christmas.

However, while we are engaged in such tasks of good will we, nevertheless, hope that we may have an all-school Christmas party, such as we have enjoyed in past years.

The Staff takes this opportunity to wish you all a "Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."



YE ANGLAIS OF OLDE ANDE OF TODAYE

Better Speech Week has passed for most of the people thruout the country, but we have been waiting to celebrate it this first week in December. Most of the members of the University High are well acquainted with this memorable fifty-second of a year from past experience, but for the benefit of those who are new to the school we will endeavor to explain once more.

Better Speech Week is for the purpose of celebrating the use of purer and less adulterated forms of English speech. It is a space of time, dedicated by all students to the cause of better English. During this period all are requested to be more careful of speech than usual and to continually remind others that there should be no chopping of words, no use of slangy expressions, nor use of any term, phrase, or sentence that may cheapen our language.

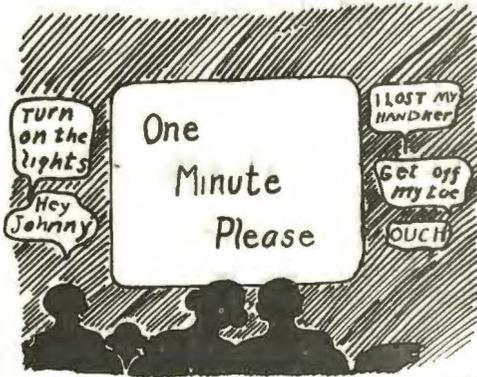
Last year "U" High carried on a contest for better speech in which the school was divided into armies and a banner presented to the winning division. Also, as an interesting climax, a court was held and the enemies of good English disposed of in a fitting manner. This year a committee from the Senior Public Speaking class is making arrangements for the week's program. No matter in what manner we celebrate this week, let us all endeavor to use correct speech thruout the ensuing year so that we, as well as others, may do justice to our native tongue.

Miss Thornton informed her English classes that it only took a few days to get mail from the East, as she got mail regularly from New York. Wonder who he is?

Henderson (looking at Vye's car): "Where's the other one?"

Vye: "What other one?"

Henderson: "Oh, pardon me, I thought it was a roller skate."



OH BOY



Bowling Team

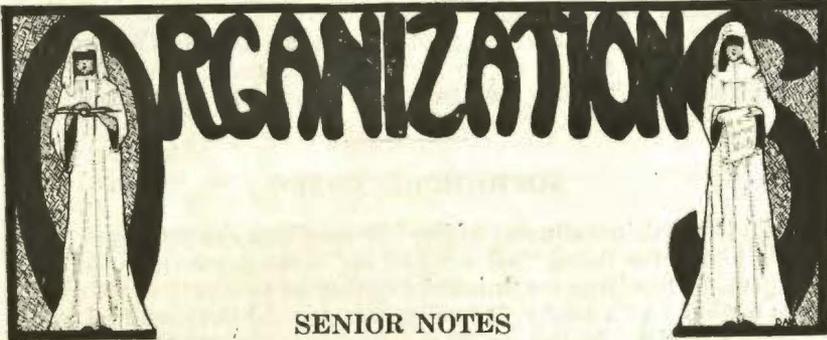


"U" HIGH

Indispensables



"U" HIGHS Carry All



SENIOR NOTES

On Nov. 9 the Seniors held a class meeting. Frances MacLean made a report of the maroon and gold day. We discovered that there were some armbands left. We decided to sell them at future class meetings, so anyone who wants an armband see Frances.

The Senior vaudeville committee has begun work and the vaudeville is in progress.

A Senior dance was planned and another Senior meeting held to work up "pep" for the party. The final arrangements for the party were made.

Our Senior party was a huge success. Mercedes Joerns, chairman of the committee, had the room decorated in a most unique manner. Balloons were strung from cords which were woven into a perfect network. While "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" was being played the balloons were let down around the dancers.

Although the frappe had to be eaten with a wafer and later a spoon, it tasted good, as was demonstrated by the fact that some of our dignified members disgraced themselves devouring it.

After the party, during the usual locker room "confab," all declared in very decided language that they had had a splendid time.

 JUNIOR CLASS

What have the Juniors been doing this month? If your mental reply is "Nothing," you're all wrong. What if the Juniors *have* had no parties or class-meetings, or anything frivolous and silly? So much to our credit! We've been studying ever so hard. And if you don't believe it, just wait and look at our report cards.

We're not "pepless." The object of this school is high scholarship, and as every one knows, it takes a great deal more energy and real *virtue*, genuine and heart-felt, to *really* study, without thought of pleasure, than to waste one's efforts on mere childish amusements. The Juniors have only been trying to set

the school an *example*, and we wish sincerely that all you other classes would realize this.

Oh, of course, there *is* another reason, though it's *ever* so small. There's going to be something, sometime, the initials which are "J. S." Can anyone guess what they stand for?

SOPHOMORE NOTES

In the last installment of the "Breeze" maybe you read about the Sophomores being "all worked up" over a picnic; but, to be truthful, by the time we finished arguing as to whether we should have a picnic or a party, it had grown so cold that we had to decide on a party. So far, so good. But next the question arose as to the kind of party—masquerade at school or plain every day dance at the home of some kind person, who had not as yet extended the invitation. At last peaceful Mr. Stockwell wisely compromised, with a plain, every day dance at school. This seemed to suit all, for a wonder, and a lively crowd appeared on the night set for the grand occasion.

We had a wonderful jazz band, and you ought to see how we've improved in our dancing since last year. There is room for some improvement, however, as a few of the boys didn't dare ask the damsels, with their hair up, to dance.

George Rostrom was given the task of entering a marshmallow race with Mary Boyd and Mary Stark. He came near choking himself to death but the girls beat him by two marshmallows. I heard Mary Boyd announce afterwards that she'd never again go near a marshmallow.

Hans Bonde jiggled and jiggled and jiggled some more, and still we were not satisfied. Rowland Moulton gave an especially entertaining oration on his dear (?) wife, and what he thought of married life. He'll make a nice "hen-pecked" husband for somebody.

After a thrilling and graceful peanut race and tackling of apples on strings, we had a grand march. Refreshments were served and we adjourned.

N. B.—Gilbert Willson says that if some of us "get a wiggle on" with our November dues another good time may appear on the horizon.

THE FRESHMAN HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Freshman class held its first party at Druck's house the night before Hallowe'en. We spent part of the evening with the usual games and fortune-telling. Mr. Miller's ability to read Czecho-Slovakian, talk the deaf and dumb language, and eat cake furnished us with amusement enough to take the place of the dancing that was on the program. Janet Hildebrandt, dressed as a witch, handed out fortunes from a boiling cauldron, giving advice for the future. Mr. Dvorak's contribution to the entertainment was an aeroplane ride on a plank, given free to those who had never been up before. It might be said that he is no slouch at cake-eating or talking the deaf and dumb language, either.

HI-Y JOTTINGS

The Hi-Y has at last started with full sail. They now have under way several projects; for instance, weekly movies in the assembly room (sometimes you can't see them, but—shucks! That doesn't matter). The "U" High Hi-Y will be well represented at the Boys' Conference at Faribault, December 3 to 5, by David Köpp, Arthur Porter and Henry Williams. This conference is for the purpose of finding out other organizations' methods and ways of dealing with boys, how they secure fellowship, scholarship, and athletics together.

The Hi-Y is going to present a minstrel show about a month or two after the Senior Vaudeville.

The students are asked to co-operate with the Hi-Y at their weekly movies by depositing their waste paper and refuse where it belongs—in the waste paper basket.

ACME

Acme's work this past month was choosing the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior scrimmage teams, some of which have since become very famous. The teams were chosen from those girls who were the best scrimmage players and those who had come out to play hour the most faithfully.

We want to remind the girls who are working either for Acme or for their letters not to slack up on their efforts for the new Acmeans will be elected, and letters awarded at the end of this school quarter.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club took place on Thursday, November 11th. Rachel Perkins, acting as chairman, read the constitution in order to acquaint the new members with the purposes and ideals of the club.

Next the new officers were elected. They are: President, Laura Elder; Vice President, Alice Maxson; Secretary-Treasurer, Truesdale Brown.

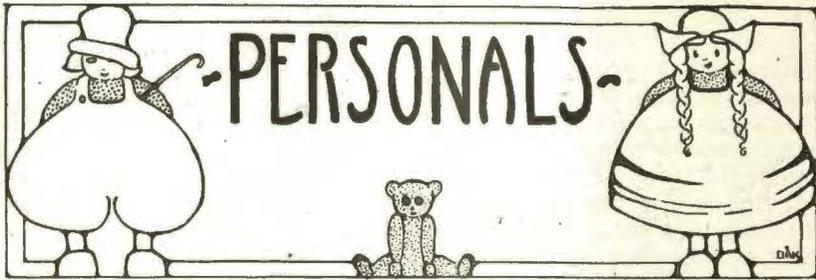
Great results are to be expected from the club this year, as all those who attended the second meeting found out. The Seniors are to give a vaudeville soon after Christmas, and they have asked the Dramatic Club to present a one-act play. At our second meeting, each of our coaches read us a play. Which one we will use is yet to be decided upon.

Watch for us at the Senior Vaudeville!

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra is developing nicely under the able leadership of Mr. Pepinski. The members of the orchestra are showing a lively interest in it, and turn out promptly every Tuesday night after school for a short, snappy rehearsal.

The violin and 'cello sections are large and strong, but some horns and wood winds are needed to support them. If there are students who play any instrument and need a little drill, the University High School Orchestra is the place to go. As to numbers, we have from twelve to fifteen students who are willing to do their share in making the orchestra a success.



THE BLACK AND BLUE WARRIORS OF "U" HIGH

Coach Smith (Walter R.)—His job is to put out a winning team for "U" High. We congratulate him on his permanent position.

Daniel Finkelstein (Fink) Left End—Fink is going after the wrestling title as soon as he perfects his neck tackle.

Reginald Forster (Egg) Left Tackle—We call him "Egg" but he's not bad.

Dana Bailey, Left Guard—He has a good "line" in English III and helps to make one on the field.

David Canfield (Dave), Center—We shouldn't kick about our center, but one fellow couldn't miss his nose.

Arthur Porter (Art), Right Guard—"O-o-o-o-o! My ankle."

Erwin Grumke (Grump), Right Tackle—"Say, boy, did you see me spill them three Blake guys?"

Eric Borglin (Lefty), Right End—"Come on, you fellows on the left side. Can't you hold 'em? I'm holding this side."

Henry Williams (Hank or Mutt), Quarterback—"Come on, Kopp, clean the 'cotton' out of your ears."

Lloyd Vye, Captain (Dobie), Left Half—"You guys keep score while I win the game."

Charles Burns (Chuck), Right Half—"Size don't count." Chuck is half right.

Elbridge Curtis (Curt), Fullback—When he carries the ball he passes them up; when passing, he passes them down—to "Lefty."

Norbert Clure (Nibs), Utility—"Nibs" is an all around man and a perfect "36."

David Kopp (Kopp), Utility—"What is '63'? Do I tackle the man on that?"

James McConnell (Jim or Mac), Wrecked Fullback—First he backed the line at fullback. Then he backed them from crutches on the sidelines.

Paul Watts (Lengthy), Wrecked End—If you want to see an imitation of a flying angel, watch "Tonsilitis" spearing a pass.

Maurice Irons, Cheer Leader—(A soft job)—After all, all he had to do was lead himself.

Clifford Pierce (Starr), Water Boy—He carried our "prescriptions."

**KAMPUS-KONFECTIONERY, KLARK, KURTIS, AND
KRISTENSON**

Sugar Plum.....	Doris Winchell
Mushmallows, very soft.....	Ben and Fanny
Fairy Fluff.....	Eleanor Clure
Fudge.....	Emily Curtis
Cherry drop (artificial coloring).....	Ruth Hicks
Chocolate Puffs.....	Elizabeth Flather
Divinity.....	Imogene Foster
Assorted Nuts.....	The Freshies
Stick Candy.....	May Mackintosh
After Dinner Mint.....	Harry Bill
Hoarhound.....	Eldridge Curtis
Rock Candy.....	Elizabeth Erickson
Taffy.....	Robert Tyrell
Gum Drop.....	Truesdale Brown
Peppermint Drop.....	Jimmy Perkins
Cough Drop.....	Donald Nelson
Cinnamon Drop.....	Donald West
French Paste.....	Miss De Boer
Poppette.....	Jason Bass
Licorice.....	James Smith

1. Gentlemen are requested not to reveal the secrets of ladies' hair-dressing by pulling out and publicly exhibiting wads of stuffing, as this occupation has proved destructive of discipline in Miss Thornton's third-period English class.

2. In the discussion on magazines in English III Ruth Eckles got up boldly and announced that she had Life. We were all very much surprised, as we thought she didn't exist.

3. I am sure every one is very sorry to hear that Bessie Bacon has been out of school several days due to several wounds on her fists.

Mr. Tohill asked Fannie Graham to explain what the "Stamp Act" was, and she said that the stamps got so expensive that they couldn't send letters any more. Glad to see she has an imagination anyway.

Our old friend, Mr. Perkins, was at the Blake football game the other day. He recalled sweet (?) memories of the study hall last year.

Truesdell Brown has acquired Jason Bass' little trick of eating his lunch in the fourth period. Of course, we all know how hard it is for these little boys to wait for lunch time, as they have always had graham crackers and milk served them in the middle of the morning at kindergarten.

Imogene Foster said she hoped to goodness she wouldn't have to study "Virgil" in Heaven. Don't worry, Imogene, Virgil will never be found in Heaven, but beware of the other place.

We wonder whom Ruth Hicks has been sitting next to. An "A" in both French and History is almost too much for us to believe.



EXCHANGE

"The Rah! Rah!," Two Harbors, Minnesota:

This is the first issue of your paper we have ever received, and we consider it a good addition to our list of exchanges. Your editorials are written in a lively manner. Why not publish a few stories, and start a "Personal" column? Both would add to the interest of "The Rah! Rah!"

"The World," Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.:

The first issue of your magazine is full of interest and "pep." and it contains much good material from cover to cover. It is well arranged, and the cover design is exceedingly attractive. The department headings are all neat. Your editorial section is the best, although all of them are exceptionally interesting.

"The Spectator," Duluth, Minnesota:

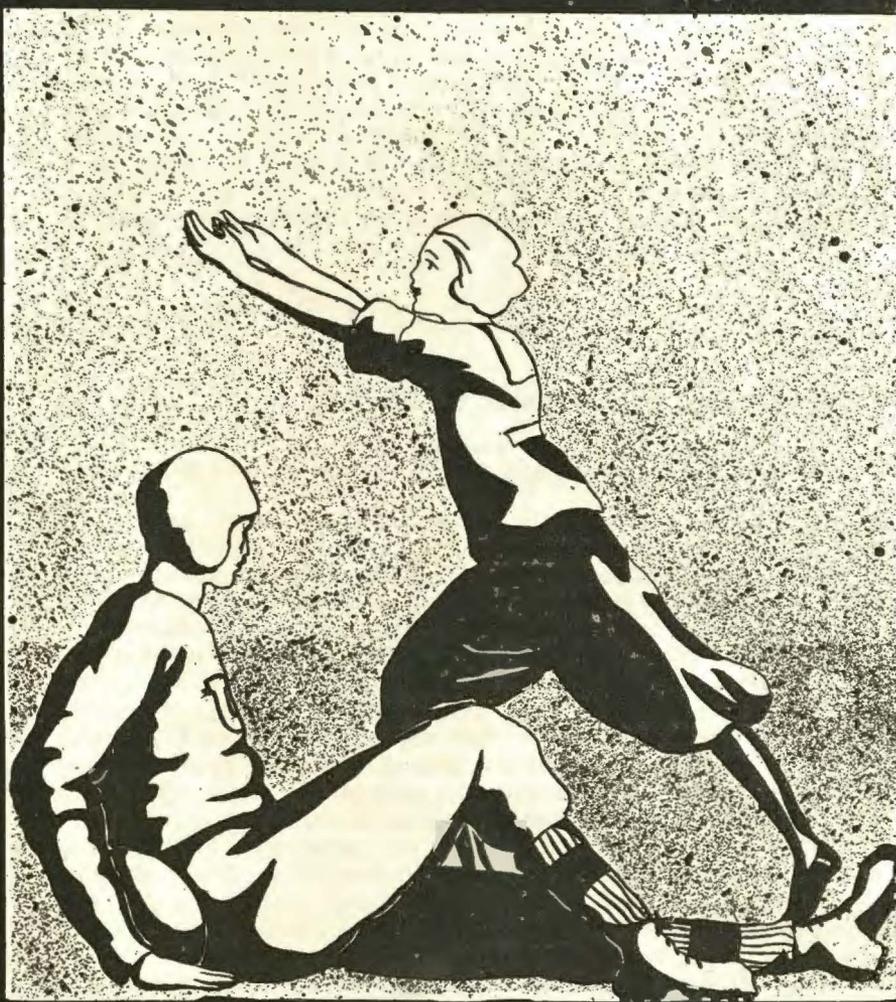
This is a lively magazine, but it comes to an end too soon. The stories are related in an entertaining manner. The department headed "Student's Pulse" is original and a fine plan. The heading for your "Exchanges" department is splendid. The only fault of the magazine is that it is too short.

"The A. H. S. Whirlwind," Albany, Oregon:

This is a new exchange this year, and it is a good addition. Your plan of having three misspelled words in the ads and offering a prize is an original plan and also an excellent one. The poem about your staff is very good. We suggest that you publish a few stories. Your editorials are interesting, lively, and written on fine topics.

"Brookings School News," Brookings, S. Dakota:

We hope you are successful with your carnival. It certainly sounds inviting. We also wish the Senior class success with their play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Your joke and literary sections are good. Why not add an exchange department. Altogether this is an interesting paper from cover to cover.



ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS

"U" High Trims "Congos," 27 to 7, in Practice Game

University High defeated the "Congo" football team, 27 to 7, in a practice game played on the River Flats, Oct. 28. After the third quarter the "U" High second string men were given a chance to show their worth. It was the first game in which Elbridge Curtis played in the "U" backfield and he gave a good account of himself, showing that he was a good line plunger, a good passer, and a fair open field runner. This game showed up one of "U" High's weak spots, namely their inability to block passes. The long end runs of Bellamy featured the contest.

University High Is Vanquished By Blake for First Time in Six Years

Blake defeated the "U" High Football Team, on Friday morning, Nov. 5, for the first time in six years. The "U" players were outweighed and outplayed for most of the game but it was apparent that they were not outfought. The absence of Watts and McConnell from the University line-up proved a valuable aid to Blake, as the working order of the East Side eleven was not up to its past standard. The game was played before one of the largest crowds that has ever seen a "U" High team in action.

Blake received the kick off in the first quarter and had possession of it during most of the period. The "U" team was unable to halt Blake's stride but was able to keep their opponents from scoring until the last two minutes of the first half. In thus holding Blake the University team was materially aided by the fact that Blake suffered many penalties while in the shadow of their opponents' goal. Late in the second quarter one of the Blake backs worked thru the "U" defense for the only score of the half.

"U" High received the kick in the second half but was unable to make first down. With the ball on the "U" High thirty yard line Blake carried the oval over for a touchdown in six downs. "U" High again received and after making two first downs lost the ball. Again Blake worked its way thru the weakened "U" High defense for a touchdown. In the fourth period the ball changed hands many times being carried up and down the field by both teams. In this period both sides used the aerial attack, Blake being the more successful. Blake scored its last touchdown, just before the final whistle, as a result of a short pass and two center smashes. When the clouds of battle had cleared away the score was 28 to 0 for Blake.

No players of "U" High shone above their team mates, as each was battling his hardest to uphold the name that the preceding teams had made for "U" High. Stabeck, Card, and Capt. Krogness played best for the visitors.

"U" High, 0.	LINE-UP	Blake, 28.
Finkelstein	L. E.	Velie
Forster	L. T.	Owen
Bailey	L. G.	Krogness (C.)
Canfield	C.	Tennyson
Porter	R. G.	McCormick
Grumke	R. T.	Lugsdin
Borglin	R. E.	Osborne
Williams	Q. B.	Nash
Vye (C.)	L. H.	Frost
Burns	R. H.	Stabeck
Curtis	F. B.	Card
"U" High	0 0 0	0—0
Blake	0 7 14	7—28

Touchdowns—Stabeck, 2; Frost, 1; Card, 1. Goals from touchdowns, Krogness, 4. Substitutes: "U" High—Kopp for Porter, Partridge for Nash. Referee, Tapp; Umpire, Rogers; Head Linesman, Thompson; Field Judge, Carroll. Time of Quarters, 15 minutes.

"U" High Outplays White Bear, Winning 18 to 6

The University High Football team celebrated Armistice Day by defeating the White Bear eleven by an 18 to 6 score. The two teams were evenly matched and the game was hard-fought throughout. The game was marred by frequent fumbles which were caused by the very frigid weather.

"U" High received the kickoff in the first quarter, but was unable to score. The ball see-sawed up and down the field during this period. In the second "U" High scored the touchdown of the game on a thirty yard pass, Curtis to Borglin. White Bear also scored in this period as a result of two costly "U" fumbles.

The White Bear defense weakened in the second half and the "U" team scored two touchdowns in the third period by completing several passes and working several trick plays. The fourth period found each team strenuously defending its own goal but both were successful in checking the enemies' attack and as an outcome neither team scored in the quarter.

Curtis and Finkelstein starred for the winners while Hamline and Smith scintillated for White Bear.

"U" High, 18.	LINE-UP	White Bear, 6.
Finkelstein	L. E.	Latendrea
Forster	L. T.	Fournell
Clure	L. G.	Youngquist
Bailey	C.	Johnson
Kopp	R. G.	Reif
Grumke	R. T.	Rodgers
Borglin	R. E.	Knoulton
Williams	Q. B.	Hamlin
Vye (C.)	L. H.	Melhorn
Burns	R. H.	Bourquin
Curtis	F. B.	Smith (C.)

Touchdowns—Borglin, Curtis, Vye, Melhorn. Substitutes —"U" High: Hughes for Clure, Litzenburg for Williams. Referee, Carroll; Head Linesman, D. Canfield.

"U" HIGH WALLOPS S. P. A. 56 TO 13**Academy Scores Only on "U" Seconds**

On Nov. 19 the University High football team journeyed over to St. Paul Academy and won their most one-sided battle of the season. The St. Paul team was minus three of its players who had played in their Blake game, but two of "U" High's stand-bys were also out of the fray.

The Minneapolis team gained first downs almost at will while the Academy was forced to kick many times. The final score should have been 63 as there was still four minutes' play left when the Academy coach called the game, after Williams had advanced the ball three yards from the blue and yellow goal, by making a forty-five yard run.

Forster, Grumke, Williams, Finkelstein, Porter, Burns, and Capt. Vye played their last football for "U" High in this game and all did their share in rolling up the score.

University received the kick-off and carried the ball over the goal after eight successful plays. After kicking to St. Paul Academy and holding for downs, "U" High again scored when Borglin put the ball on the Academy 10 yard line on a 20 yard run from a forward pass. The other three touchdowns were scored by straight football; Burns, Vye and Williams carrying the ball over the goal line. The half ended with the score 42 to 0 in our favor.

During the second half the "U" team did not do so well, the team evidently tired out from its "track meet" in the previous half. Nevertheless, the maroon and gold men were able to count three times. In the third quarter "U" High scored twice as the result of line smashes and a five yard gain by Grumke on a fake. During this period the entire second team from "U" High replaced our first team. The seconds made several gains but were unable to keep their heavier opponents from scoring 13 points. At the beginning of the final quarter the University team first string men replaced the seconds, and contented themselves with scoring one touchdown. In this quarter the "U" High line covered itself with glory by twice holding the Academy team on their ten yard line after "U" High backs fumbled.

The goal kicking of Curtis and the open field running of Burns was excellent, while Capt. Clapp and Harmon put up a strong fight for S. P. A.

"U" High, 56.	LINE-UP	S. P. A., 13.
Finkelstein	L. E.	Reed
Forster	L. T.	Clark
Bailey	L. G.	Hill
Canfield	C.	Reay
Porter	R. G.	Butler
Grumke	R. T.	Harmon
Borglin	R. E.	Ritchie
William	Q.	Clapp (C.)
Vye (C.)	L. H.	Birch
Burns	R. H.	Buxton
Curtis	Q. B.	Seymour

Touchdowns: Burns, 2; Williams, 2; Curtis, 2; Birch, Seymour. Goals from Touchdown: Curtis, 8 out of 8; Buxton, 1 out of 2. Referee, Fields. Umpire, Varney. Head linesman, Jackson. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

MINNEAPOLIS TIGERS VS. ST. PAUL ALL-STARS

On November 24, the Minneapolis and St. Paul football men of "U" High clashed in a glorious mud-slinging contest. The Minneapolis team seemed to slide better in the mud and, as a result, won by the munificent score of 19 to 14. Only once did a line-plunge succeed, that was when Williams broke through the entire St. Paul team for a touchdown. The majority of the plays were end runs, such as Vye of St. Paul made when he skirted left end on an 80-yard run for a touchdown. Wold and Bonde put up an excellent game for Minneapolis, and since they were not on the regular squad the St. Paulites were quite surprised by the strong defense against them on the Minneapolis wings.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET

The football boys of the University High School held their annual banquet at the Minnesota Union on the evening of November 24th. Lloyd Vye, the captain of the 1920 team, held forth as toastmaster, while such notables as Coach Smith, Mr. Miller, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Brown were also present.

In the first place, an excellent dinner was served which helped to get the participants into good spirits. Then the program of speeches was started by Mr. Reeve, who gave a talk on "Good Sportsmanship;" some of the main points were to be a "good loser," "a hard loser," and a "good winner." Mr. Miller spoke on the "Patriarchs and the Rising Generation," that is, "the way of a man with his son." Several others made short speeches and then Mr. Smith concluded the program by announcing that Dana Bailey had been elected to captain the team of 1921. Good luck to Dana!

The banquet was then adjourned after a few cheers had been given.

1921 Football Team Will Have Many Experienced Players

Although the 1920 Football Squad did not do all that was expected of it, it must be admitted that Coach Smith made a fairly successful team out of the inexperienced material he had to work with. He also encountered many disappointing hardships during the season. The team looked like something until it lost McConnell and Watts, but with these two men out of the line-up it was not able to do its best. McConnell's loss was somewhat offset by the acquisition of Curtis, who helped the team greatly by giving up his time and effort for practice, but who can imagine the season being as disastrous as it was if all three of these men had been on the team all of the time. The Second Team helped to make the First Team what it was and the following Second String men deserve much credit and praise for sticking thru the season and attending most of the practices: Litzenberg, Erickson, Grumke, Flannagan, Hughes, Dieber, West, Nelson. Mr. Brown also helped to coach the two teams and the squads take this opportunity to thank him for his valuable help during past season. The 1920 team finished the sea-

son credited with wins over the following teams: West Seconds, South Seconds, Elk River, White Bear, St. Paul Academy and charged with defeats from Cretin, Stillwater, Blake and St. Thomas.

The 1920 Team's Standing

Won 5, Lost 4, Pct. .555

With the 1920 football season closed let us look into the bright future of the 1921 team. The following men of this year's squads will be back to answer Coach Smith's call for volunteers in 1921: Bailey, Canfield, Clure, McConnell, Curtis, Hughes, Flannagan, Druck, Litzenberg, West, Erickson, Nelson, Borglin, Dieber, MacQuillan and Moulton. With these fifteen men and with Mr. Smith to coach, University High never had a brighter future for a winning team.

BOWLING

Altho few realize the fact, University High School is represented in the Hi-Y Bowling League of Minneapolis. Thus far the team has been unable to count very high as the best five bowlers have not rolled together in each game. The league is now headed by the South High team which has won all twelve of its games, and the cellar of the league is keeping the "U" team cool, as they have lost all twelve of their games.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The scrimmage tournament has been completed. The championship belongs to the Sophomores and to the Juniors.

Tuesday, November 9, the games were played and won as follows:

Freshmen vs. Sophomores—Sophomores won 6-4.

Juniors vs. Seniors—Juniors won 8-2.

Thursday, November 11, the games were as follows:

Freshmen vs. Juniors—Juniors won 8-0.

Sophomores vs. Seniors—Sophomores won 10-6.

Tuesday, November 16, the games were played:

Freshmen vs. Seniors—Seniors won 10-4.

Sophomores vs. Juniors—Tie, 2-2.

The championship game was played Thursday, November 18, between the Juniors and Sophomores. The two teams seemed evenly matched and when Miss Schill stopped the game about 5:15 the score was 2-2. Both teams were given 7 points towards the cup, much to the disgust of the Juniors. This ends the rivalry between the four classes for a time.

THE SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR RIOT

"Who's gonna play?"

"Lizzie! I've forgot my number! What'll I do?"

"And the woman actually gave that dunce a 'B'! Imagine!"

"Move over, and let me sit by you—"

"Sure, Fanny, we'll yell for you—"

"Look out, kids, there's the whistle."

A shrill blast from Miss Schall's whistle and silence reigns—but not for long. The scrimmage teams rush forward to the accompaniment of shrill screams on the part of the audience.

"Go-wit kee-uds!"

"Juniors Juniors! Juniors!" and so on ad infinitum.

"Sophomores! Sophomores! Sophomores!" and ad infinitum.

Joyous song to the tune of an ancient ditty.

"Juniors get the ball, get the ball, get the ball,

Careful don't you fall, don't you fall, don't you fall,

There it's going to the line,

Keep it up, you're doing fine

Over there, over there, get the ball, get the ball, over there,

We'll be over, we're going over,

And we won't BE BACK 'til it's over, over there!"

"Why! Look at Bessie! You'd think her FIST would crack—!"

"Look out, Lizzie, you'll hurt your head—!"

Wild screams from the Junior enthusiasts. The ball goes over the right line.

"Gee! She's spiffy!"

"How that girl does it—"

"A little more HEAD work, Lizette, if you can manage it—"

A slight diversion is created by Fanny, when she attempts a neat little placement kick. However, this strategy is not appreciated by Miss Schill, and the Sophs are honored with a throw.

"Bessie, dear, DO be careful with your fist! You know, honey—"

"An' I SAW her with my own EYES pick that ball up and—"

But now Betty Erickson, evidently bent on imitating the antics of an enraged cow, has lowered her head and with a grunt, charges the enemy.

A pile-up follows—such interesting articles as heads, legs (the latter wildly kicking) and arms of all sizes extending in an amazing way. Suddenly some helpful person takes a flying leap and lands feet first on the jumble.

"Get the ball, you cuckoos! Quick!"

But 'tis too late, the whistle blows—

"The ball is over, ladies."

And the Sophomore-Junior game is tied.

SCRIMMAGE BANQUET

The girls' scrimmage team held their annual banquet at Shevlin Hall on Wednesday evening, November 24. It happened that it fell on the same evening that the football team celebrated their season's end. The girls did their best to send the football boys the regards of the scrimmage team, but, owing to the "dumb" janitor at the Minnesota Union, were unable to get in touch with them.

The dinner was a huge success, served by Shevlin's best. The "F. S." took charge of the evening's entertainment; two of its members carrying on a sham football game, in which the signal, "24," was very prominent. Although no football was available an indoor baseball served the purpose very well.

The evening broke up with "U" High songs and yells, after which each girl traveled home in joyous *solitude*. (?)

Latin teacher (dictating to young freshman)—"Slave, where is that horse?"

Frightened Freshman—"It's in my desk, Miss, but honest, I wasn't using it."

—The World.

Alumni Notes



Lazelle Alway, '18, was a counsellor for first five weeks of vacation at Lyman Lodge this summer. She also attended the conference at Lake Geneva and was a member of Y. W. C. A. cabinet. She was treasurer.

Leonore Alway, '18, was a playground instructor on Franklin School playground. She was chosen a member of the specially picked Varsity Hockey team. She and Lazelle are both attending the "U" this year.

Crystal Cates graduated from Minnesota College in May. She is now filling the position of a stenographer.

Gertrude Strand, '18, is taking the business course at the U. of M.

Julia Briggs, '18, is teaching school in Montana.

Kenneth Terry, '17, Clarence Olson, '18, and John Adams, '18, have returned to the "U."

Kenneth Terry, '17, was a life-guard at Calhoun this summer.

Fannie Lockwood, '19, is taking painting and drawing at the Art Institute. Her hours are from nine a. m. to five p. m. every day.

Jane Sedgwick, '19, is living at the Theta House during the first quarter. She is then going to California for the rest of the year.

Ruth Balcome, '19, has returned to Macalester College and is studying to become an M. D.

Elizabeth Young, '19, has returned to the "U." She was a counsellor in the Y. W. C. A. camp at Lake Geneva and was a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. She was chairman of the religious meetings committee.

Ruth Graham, '18, is spending half the time in the biology building and is working during her spare time in the medical laboratory.

Lillian Bullis, '18, is working in the Agriculture Book store.

Helen Haggerty, '20, has the honor of being elected to join Le Cercle Francais.

Katherine Canfield, '19, is attending Miss Wood's Kindergarten School.

Tom Canfield, '19, has returned to the Agricultural College. Norris Johnston, '19, is attending the College of Engineering.

Sam Flannagan is working for W. S. Nott & Co.

Phyllis Kraus, '18, is still at the University.

Evan Saltzman, '18, is attending the University.

Joyce Briggs, '17, will soon graduate from the Hospital at the University of Minnesota.

Dorothy George, '17, is at the "U. of M."

Melvina Forsythe, '18, is also at the "U" and is majoring in history.

Robert Reynolds, '18, is majoring in rhetoric at the "U."

Janet Reynolds, '18, is a clerk in the Extension Division.

Rose Wasielewski, '18, is a nurse and is now in Poland.

Amy Erickson, '19, is taking up nursing at St. Barnabas.

Milda Erickson is taking the business course at the "U."

Lamoine Rucker, '15, married Marion Wurt, who worked in the "U" library, in August, 1920.

Katherine Hall, '20, is vice president of the Freshman class on the "Ag" campus.

Julia Greeley, ex-'18, is taking nursing at the University of California and writes that she likes it very much.

Helen Jackson, '20, is becoming quite a society lady. She went to the Faculty Members' Ball with a faculty member.

Even if we didn't think Erma Schurr had exceptional dramatic talent, which of course we know perfectly well, we should be thoroughly convinced through the fact that she is not only a member of "The Maskers" but has been elected to "Paint and Patch." She was also chosen as a member of the Freshman Y. W. C. A. commission.

Mildren Jacobson, '20, and Caroline Murray, '20, were up for the Hamline-Carleton game.

Lucille Brock and Cathryn Haisley visited Northfield during the week end of November 19.

Ruth Palm, who is attending Hamline University, came over to the "U" November 15 to renew old acquaintanceship.

John Adams, '18, is in the Men's Glee Club at the "U."

Monroe Strickler, '20, is a salesman at Louis F. Dow's in St. Paul.

Helen Skinner, '19, was elected to the honorary society made up of the students who have the highest marks in all the Brooklyn high schools.

Helen Baldwin, '20, was chosen a member of the Freshman Y. W. C. A. Commission. She is also a member of the Freshman hockey team.

Sally Fenton, '19, is attending Miss Wood's school and is the president of her class.

Lucille Larson, '20, is a member of the Freshman hockey team.

Melford Wold, '19, is engaged to Dorothy Schernberg.

Richard Saul, '17, is pledged to Sigma Nu and to Nu Sigma Nu, medical fraternity.

Graydon Backman, '17, is teaching school.



Entity has not had a meeting very recently, but each individual Entity is thinking about the plans discussed at the last meeting, and storing up new suggestions for the next.

Keep an eye on the Entities, for *something* is going to happen in the near future!

"Every person has some distinguishing trait, some peculiarity that sets him apart from his fellows," asserted the lecturer.

"I have no peculiarity," said a stolid-looking man in the audience.

"Which hand do you use to stir your coffee?" asked the lecturer.

"My right hand," replied the man.

"That is a peculiarity," said the lecturer, "most people use a spoon."

A man was brought into court charged with the illicit distilling of whisky.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Joshua, sir," was the reply.

"Joshua?" repeated the judge. "Ah! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir," was the answer. "I is the man who made the moon shine."

Will Mr. Dvorak kindly explain this joke which he faithfully repeats each time he is late to class:

"All those who want to go fishing say, 'Ay.'"

Mr. Tohill—"What is the difference between strategy and tactics, Harry?"

H. Bill—"Well, a general could have strategic tactics."

Why have so many Republicans changed to Democrats in Miss Thornton's classes?

Vye to Canfield: "Which gerridian do we play on Friday?"

Now we know why Dobie hesitates to have his little experiences published in the "Breeze." He's afraid his future wife might see them.

Mr. Reeve (in talking of the definition of a point)—"Everyone knows what a point is. Why every little child has had a point stuck in him!"

Lloyd Vye, during study period, to a talkative freshman: "Say, can't you work your brains without working your mouth?"

Hughes: "What should I name my cow?"

Nelson: "Be patriotic and call her 'America.'"

Hughes: "Now, I don't want *her* to go dry, too."

Mr. Tohill (in Social Science): "Charles, what are the most essential staple foods of today?"

Shepherd: "Hay, corn and oats. That's what our mule eats."

Rowley to Frank—"Tell Chuck they've gott'em younger than Ruth and Fritz down at the Stanley Hall Kindergarten."

"I want a pair of shoes for this little boy," said the mother of a freshman to the shoe clerk.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk. "French kid?"

"Well, I guess not," was the irate answer. "He is my own child and was born right here in Minneapolis."

A millinery store window sign says: "Wanted girls to trim rough sailors."

"What is your husband's average income?" the income tax man asked.

"Well," replied the wife, "I should say about midnight."

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried. My mother said, 'Don't cry, Birdie; some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.'"

"And, believe me, you lob-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come!"

Fat man, slippery street, banana peel, Virginia reel.

When a donkey saw a zebra
He began to switch his tail.
Well, I never, was his comment.
Here is a mule that's been in jail.

The man at one end of the telephone wire had become thoroughly exasperated and asked his friend if he were losing his hearing.

His friend replied, "I can hear you all right till you begin to talk, and then I can't understand a word you say."

P. Smith—"Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?"
Father—"They are the ones which their owners forgot to wind, my son."

Dinah was forty and unmarried. One day she was called to the telephone and the following conversation took place:

Dinah: "Hello!"

Man's voice: "Hello! Is dis you, Dinah?"

Dinah: "Yessah."

Man's voice: "Well, Dinah, I done called up to ax you will you marry me?"

Dinah: "Yessah! Yessah! Who is dis talkin', please?"

A darkey took sick one day so he called a doctor of his own race. Since he did not get better, he summoned a white doctor. When the doctor arrived he asked the darkey if the other doctor had taken his temperature. The darkey replied that he hadn't missed anything but his watch.

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