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SWEET ANGELINE

“Oh, de moon shines east,
And de moon shines west,
But who knows now,
Where dat moon shines best?”

So sang Horatius Jasper Alleghany Montgomery Brown Jones, as he went to call on his dusky lover Angelina. As he spied her maidenly form turning a corner, he crooned adroitly, “Sweet Angeline, say you’ll be mine.” A wide grin o’erspread the features of lovely Angelina and she whispered, “Horatius Jasper Alleghany Montgomery, here Ah is, where ah you?”

“You-all’s callin’ youh dogs or what all?” queried a voice at her side. Angelina turned to see a beautifully dressed young man at her elbow. He had on a wonderful, checkered suit of black and white. Viciously, behind the newcomer’s back, Horatius called it a “weddin’” suit, and also remarked to himself that if one so desired one could play checkers upon it without injury to the suit, or time lost in the game. The questioner also had on yellow oxfords, white socks, and—crowning glory of all—a beautiful orange tie, surmounted by a yellow hat with the same shade of orange in the glorious ribbon encircling it.

“Does you all craves a rumpus, or does you only be passing by?” queried Horatius of the greatly surprised young man who stood in close proximity to Angelina.

“Me, who, me?” asked the other.

“Yassuh, ah means you and mean it, ah does.”

“Well suh, in that case ah does both.”

“How come, both?”

“Ah does crave a rumpus and ah do be passin’ by.” With this parting shot, the wearer of the orange tie tipped his hat easily and passed onward.

"Well, of all de nerve," muttered Horatius angrily.

"How come? I think he's scrumptious; and such a style!" trilled Angeline.

"Us'ns is off forever. Goodbye." Horatius took himself away in sorrow to drown his grief at the nearest "crap" game. Arriving at his destination, he espied to his intense delight, Algernon, the participant in the battle of words which had taken place a few minutes before.

"Here'at you Mammy Fortune," grinned Horatius, and, striding up to his former opponent, he called in a stury voice, "I shoots one hundred dollahs!" Everyone in the room turned to look, and, because he could do nothing else, Algernon placed upon the table one hundred dollars.

"Ah shoots to win, come on Mammy Fortune," called Horatius excitedly. He won.

"Ah doubles it and shoots to win." Again he won.

"Ah doubles it." But Algernon's pockets were turned inside out and he shook his head in negation and defeat.

Horatius Jasper Alleghany Montgomery Brown Jones went whistling down the street to call on his lady love. Spying her turning the corner, he sang cunningly, "Sweet Angeline, say you'll be mine."

Mary Frances Graham.

MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD SITUATION

"For heaven's sake! Marjorie, if you don't hurry up and tell me what to do, I absolutely know I will go crazy. I'm so nervous I can't talk. Speak, talk, yell, scream, or holler. Please do something, for I'm almost insane."

"Stop that incessant and incomprehensible language and explain yourself. Calm yourself and tell me what it is all about," soothed Marjorie.

"He is coming tonight. Can you imagine that? I hate him so, and he will be sure to ask me to go out somewhere. Oh—oh—"

"Go on." This from Marjorie.

"I just can't talk to him. What shall I say? What shall I do? He does act so dreadfully silly. I know I never can live through this evening."

"So George is coming to call. Who would ever have thought it," laughed Marjorie.

"Don't laugh, for it really isn't a bit funny. I simply cannot entertain him. I'd rather die. Ugh—h."

"Just what do you intend to do?" questioned Marge.

"That is exactly what I don't know. Please think of something."

"Keep still one minute. How can I think with you letting out so much hot air?"

"Oh!"

"Keep still!"

After a minute's thought, Marjorie jumped up, and dancing around the room, cried out in an excited voice:

"I have it! I know it is a perfectly marvelous plan. It couldn't be better."

"Out with it!" I cried, jumping up and putting my arms around her.

"We'll get Ruth, Helen, Fredrica, and Katrina over, for we are to have a council of war," began Marjorie. "This is my plan. We'll keep you busy on the telephone. You say he is coming at eight o'clock. At about eight, I will call you up; at eight ten, Helen will; at eight fifteen, Ruth will; and at eight twenty, Katrina will. We will keep this up until he goes. You must imagine that we are boys, for we are going to ask you for dates. We'll keep you busy; he'll never come again. Run along home now, and leave the rest to me."

I left for home feeling happy, for a load had been lifted from my mind. At last the dreadful hour of George's arrival had come. My hands were cold and clammy; I couldn't stand up, for my legs trembled and shook! I almost knew I was going to laugh, but—just then the door bell rang. I managed to reach the door by supporting myself on chairs as I went.

"Hello, George, so you decided to come. I am so glad. Come in and"—the phone rang. I excused myself and answered the phone in a rather weak, thin and trembling voice.

"Hello," I began bravely.

"Is he there yet?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes—I'm so glad you called."

"Has he been there long?"

"No—I can't come Friday, but will Saturday be all right?"

"How are you getting along?"

"Very well,—then I will see you Saturday."

"We'll call again in a few minutes."

"All right—goodbye."

"I am so sorry the telephone interrupted us at such an inopportune moment," I apologized.

"I am a little late," began George. "I knew you'd forgive me."

"Certainly," I said stiffly. ("The later the better," I thought.)

"I have something to tell you that"—(the phone rang)

"Hello." This time it was Ruth.

"Why, hello Jack, I haven't heard from you for a long time."

"Has he asked you yet?" Ruth questioned, laughingly.

"Not yet, but soon—I'm anxious for it though," I bluffed.

"We'll call you again in two minutes then."

"Oh do, I'm so anxious to see you. Goodbye."

"These telephones are a real nuisance. You'll have to excuse me though," I said sweetly.

"Certainly, but let's talk now," he remarked.

"Horrors!" I thought to myself. "What now?"

We began by discussing the weather. Poor old weather. I really feel sorry for it. I should think it would be talked to death. Every time he began to get serious, the phone rang. It really was funny. I'm afraid he didn't have an exceptionally good time. The telephone even got on my nerves, for it rang so often. Every two to five minutes I conversed on it. George must have thought I was very popular. The scheme worked for at nine o'clock he left.

"I am sorry you have to leave so early, but since this is a school night I guess it is really best," I said in a very sympathetic

tone.

"Yes, but before I go, I would like to ask"—(the phone rang).

"I guess I'll have to answer the phone," I demurely said. "I'm sorry to have to say good-bye so abruptly. Good night."

"I have spent a very enjoyable evening," he flung back sarcastically, as he slammed the outside door.

I then answered the telephone, and we all had a good laugh about it. "All's well that ends well," you know.

Emily Curtiss.

THE COURTSHIP OF SIMON SHIDDLESHANKS

Once upon a time a Certain Simon Shiddleshanks took it Upon himself to Set Out and find himself a Wife. So he started forth to perform his Tedious Task, feeling quite Certain that the Fortunate Female would turn up At Once.

The First Young Lady he fell in Love with was an Olicious Onion, who was noted for her Extraordinary Ability at Making Pea Soup.

Having been asked to Dine with this Young Damsel, Shiddleshanks asked her to Favor him by serving some of her Soup.

On arriving at the House of the Sweet Young Thing on the day set for Dinner, he was Ushered into the Kitchen, where Olicious began to prepare the Famous Soup, in the Following Manner. Going to the cupboard, she Opened it and drew out a can of Peas, which she Opened. Then, taking one Pea on a Spoon she carried it Carefully across the Room and placed in in a Bowl, went back again, took another Pea on the Spoon, carried it across to the Bowl, and So Forth and So On, till she had carried Exactly Two hundred Peas across the Room, doing this all in exactly Forty-five Minutes.

At last, when Bewildered Shiddleshanks meekly inquired as to Why she Did This, she Snapped: "Why, Goose, don't you See that if I spilled them All on the Floor, it would be That Many to Pick Up, while This Way, if I drop any it will only Be One—Much less Bother to Pick Up."

At this, her Suitor Took it Upon himself to Escape by Means of the kitchen Window, leaving the Might-have-been Future-Wife wondering at his Departure.

Before Long, our Youth had fallen Deeply in Love with a maiden by name, Mercious Mush. While at Her House one Afternoon, he Sat Himself down in a Comfortable Looking Armchair and proceeded to Pull Himself nearer the Fire. But, to his Surprise, it would not Budge. Of course this Greatly Puzzled our Hero, but She Sweetly explained that she Strapped all the furniture to the Floor, so she would not lose it. Undaunted by This, Shiddleshanks began to Profess his Great Love for her, which Seemed to Please this Particular Maiden, for she Grinned Widely; but when he pulled out the Magnolious Diamond Ring, she drew away, crying, "Oh, No! No! No! No! Just think, I might Lose it! No, I can never Marry You—I Might Even Lose You!" Whereupon he left her Weeping Pitifully.

Next on the Waiting List was One Charming Miss, Tapioca. Shiddleshanks Fell for her as he Did With Most of the Opposite

Sexers, and invited this One to the Orpheum the Next Night. He found her All Ready but for her Hat, a queer Concoction of Grapes, Cherries, Gooseberries, Strawberries, and Potatoes, which she held in her Hand.

"What an Equisite Hat" he Lied. "Hurry Up an Put it On. We have only Eight Minutes to Get There."

Whereupon she Tossed it Violently up towards the Ceiling, and stationed herself where she thought it would Light. She Seemed to be Quite an Expert at this (at Least so our Gaspng Hero Observed), but each time it Lit on her Fair Head, she Seemed to Dislike the Angle at which it Lit and threw it up Again, While all the Grapes, Cherries and So forth flew Around the Room.

Finally, two hours Later, she Sat down in Desperation.

"Oh Dear!" she puffed, "I Do Have the Worst Time Getting My Hat on. Pray, how do you Manage to get Yours on so Straight?"

Whereupon Shiddlehanks carefully Explained to take it in Both Hands and Place it on Her Head. Miss Tapioca Seemed very Surprised, Thanked Him Heartily, Called him an Ingenious Young Man and Fell All Over Him.

But Shiddlehanks had by this time decided to Remain a Bachelor after these Experiences and to have Nothing More to do with Love Affairs and Women. He still Remains a Bachelor and As Far as I know, Always will, unless some PERFECT PRUDE comes along and turns his Head. But warning—that would be a Pretty Stiff Task.

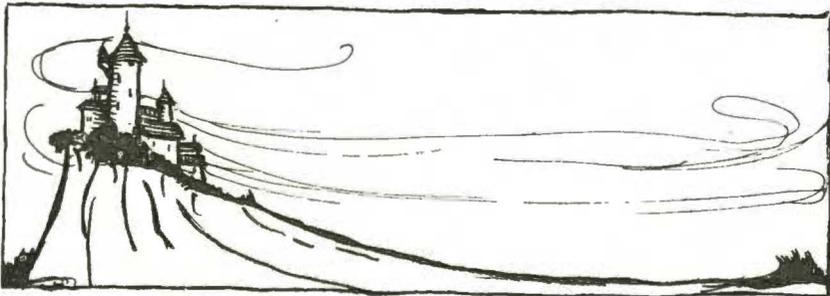
OH! SPRING!

(To a Minnesota Spring)

The spring air is sweet and caressing
As the snowflakes fall soft from above,
The ice shines a radiant blessing
On the spring time that all people love.

The snow bird is calling us gaily,
As he flies with the fresh, new breeze.
Oh, spring time has come! I proclaim it
With joy, and a sneeze, and a sneeze!

—Alice Hickey.



"MIT DE SHICKENS AND KIDS"

The longed-for moment had arrived at last—the moment for which we had fairly lived since last fall when we broke camp. We were home, at last, at our beloved lake in the big north woods, and oh, what a relief! I revelled in the thought of my suffering sisters, struggling with Latin grammar at their desks, in the hot city, and dreading the next day because it would be just like all other school days (only worse, for every day the weather was growing hotter and the assignments longer), while I was free—far away from algebra, street-cars, teachers and the "Oak Tree."

Upon my reveries broke the voice of my father: "It appears that unless someone is brave enough to attempt a drive to the city, the whole party will starve before morning." The "city" referred to was five miles away, and was made up of ninety-seven people. After a brief consultation, the lot fell to the driver and me; after our ride of one hundred miles already, another seemed quite a feat, in our now springless Ford.

Two miles from our cottage lived Mrs. Schneiderlichen, the best butter-maker in the country, and when we reached the tumble-down gate of the farm belonging to the worthy husband of the said woman, it was decided that, since I could not drive the car anyway, I should go in to get the butter and eggs and play with the collie until Hercules (the "flivver") should return from town.

I walked up the path to the house, past the stumpy sheep pasture, and the pile of earth (thrown up where they had started to excavate, years before) down which the children slide in the winter. The grass, tall, coarse, rank, and unmown, was tangled and twisted, in and out among the brush heaps, to such a degree that it seemed a physical impossibility to wade through it. Among it appeared, at intervals, little cleared patches surrounded by carefully white-washed rocks, from which grew the most elegant peonies and iris I had ever seen. I approached the front of the house; around the porch were piles of boulders, which had been there ever since, I could remember, because sometime the Schneiderlichens were going to build a foundation with them.

Here I was greeted most cordially by Mr. Schneiderlichen. After all due ceremonies and inquiries, most of which I could not understand, his English vocabulary being decidedly diminutive, he assisted me to clamber up onto the front porch (there were no steps, as yet) and admitted me by the *front door*. (The greatest honor to be bestowed upon one is to be allowed to enter by the front door, through the parlor with its purple curtains and pink rag rugs.) Mr. Schneiderlichen left the room, explaining that he would summon the "meesus."

The "meesus" entered, a little child in her arms, and the three-year-old twins clinging to her skirts, one on either side. "Vell, vell, vell! Ve are sure klatt to zee you, yet! Ant how you anyhow mit your Mama! My, my, so you are beeg you. You can sure grow, chust like Emil. Und Emma yet, I bet she is beeg like you almost!" I shall not attempt to repeat the remainder of the conversation, as her supply of English words seemed to have failed her. A chicken walked demurely into the parlor. A wild chase ensued until the chicken was caught by a child who had been peeking shyly around the door, for though chickens might be allowed in every other part of the house, chickens in the parlor were "verboten."

"Und vile I make de butter in de char go, you go out maybe and blay mit de shickens and kids?" suggested Mrs. Schneiderlichen, kindly.

"Oh, I should love to!" I replied, struck at once with enthusiasm at this delightful plan, for the Schneiderlichen's back yard, in my recollection, was as good as a three-ring circus. "And what has become of the ten cats you had last fall?" (I was always interested in cats.)

"Ten! My, my, ve got t'irty-seex already yet!"

"*Thirty-six!*"

"Ya, t'irty-seex cats! You know, de kids cry so ven we start to drowned 'em, so ve chust let 'em be now. Fritz and Emil, dey can't see notting get hurt mittout dey got to cry, so—und you should see dis one!"

She stooped and drew out from under the stove, a basket, in which reposed the most pitiful wreck I have yet seen. Its tail bound up, a leg in splints, an ear chewed off, and an eye bandaged, it lay, peacefully purring in its soft nest. Emil, having been to school, spoke better English than his parents, and he explained that the cat had got into a fight with the dog, and in her haste had been careless where she went, and had been stepped on by the cow.

"Und now, you vill zee de hen vat takes care of de kittens? Gerda, you show her." The first remark might have caused some bewilderment to one not familiar with Mrs. Schneiderlichen's choice of words, but it caused me no disturbance, as I inferred that by "her" she must have meant "cat."

The back porch was a mad conglomeration of various farm implements, kitchen utensils, and animals. Thither was I conducted by Gerda and two other children, whom I had not seen before. There I received the surprise of my life. A hen reposed in a box of straw; under her wings, over her, and around her sprawled at least six kittens. We stepped down off the porch; another shock! A cat rested on a pile of hay with a whole brood of little chicks, not more than three days old at most, huddling up to her, and walling over her. Franz, just appearing on his way to the barn with a milk-pail in each hand, explained that the cat and the hen had changed broods (which fact I had observed). He had no reason to offer, and asked if I should care to accompany him to the barn.

After visiting the barnyard and admiring its occupants we went to the lower end of the pasture, where the brook ran, between weeping willows and grassy-banks, we crossed on stepping stones and entered the most charming little log hut I had ever seen. It had once been an old chicken house, but nature had made it beautiful. In a little hollow, shaded by a linden, it was covered by hop-vines and ivy, and surrounded by roses and raspberry bushes. We entered. On one side were rustic beds containing all the broken dolls ever seen by any little Schneiderlichen. They were carefully bound up and covered, and they showed every sign of loyal and tender nursing, by Agnes and Elfreide. On the other side were hay beds, containing the cat with her tail tied up, the rooster with the broken leg, and the chick with its injured wing. I admired, praised, sympathized, and suggested, and we finally started down the homeward path.

A club-footed duck crossed our path. There followed an

earnest dispute as to whether it was Jake or Laura (two horses) which had stepped on its foot.

At the edge of the pasture we were met by Hans with a baby bottle of warm milk in his hands. It appeared that I was to be honored with the privilege of holding the bottle for Mut. Mut was the lamb who had been deserted by his mother. He was always fed in this way.

This done we arrived at the house, and Minnie and Elfreide were sent to chase Nina, the goat, out of the peas.

They returned, triumphant and out of breath and announced that Mudder said it was time to get the eggs. Instantly the youngsters scattered. Hans crawled under the porch, returning with an egg in each pocket, and three in his hat. Agnes and Emil ran down to the barn, and I caught sight of Emma in the hay-loft. Fritz climbed into a broken wagon, Minnie reached under the steps. Franz, because he was tall, reached into the window boxes and produced eggs from among the fusias and geraniums. Grethel returned, victorious, from the peony-bed, and two or three little tots reached in among the farm implements I should not have been surprised to see them picking eggs off the trees. We counted them, and just as we were finishing, Emma appeared with one she and Heinie had found on the porch, thus making an even five dozen.

We decided to inspect the birds' nests. Another surprise! Everywhere we turned some child would part some bushes, displaying a nest. How they treasured them, these little children way up in the woods with no one to teach them, whom one would have rather expected to delight in destroying the nests, cherished and guarded them with the most zealous care.

"*Now de bobolink!*" cried Heinie, when the last warbler's nest had been shown me.

"Bobolink?" I asked. It seemed almost unbelievable that these children should be able to find the carefully hidden nest of this little bird.

"Ya, in de swamp. Papa vas going to fill in de swamp, to plant fields, but he see de bobolink's nest on de ground und he vas *very careful* not to cover up de nest, und so he leave *leedle* hole, right in de meedle of de field, were de nest iss, and plant all around—so. Und de leedle bird, he chust stay mit his nest; he know ve vill take care of him, and now gives it four eggs, yes!"

I was about to reply when a crippled sheep crossed our path. Her front legs were bent, in some way, and she struggled along on her knees. Agnes had explained that, "She vass borned dat vay, but ve didn't van't Papa to kill her, *so*." Her name was Rosie, and what a pet she was. We sat playing with her, when Nero appeared. Hans thought he had not been "looked-over" to-day, so, being told that they would find the wood-tick, Nero stood perfectly still. (These wood-ticks abound in the northern woods, and are fond of getting into the long, thick fur of a dog.) The search, however, was fruitless, so the children explained to me how, when a wood-tick was found, Nero was intensely interested as they "butchered the wood-tick."

Unfortunately, George arrived too soon, and I did not have time to see the bobolink.

I expressed my deep regrets at being forced to leave after so brief a visit, and after many promises to "again come soon und

yet see de bobolink," I hugged Minnie, squeezed Emma and ran down the rough path, waving goodbye with eggs in one hand and butter in the other.

THE STRIKE

"Well, boy, how do you like your job?" inquired the Hibernian foreman of the Southlick Steel Works.

"Fine, sir," answered Joe MacPherson, a youth of seventeen.

"Sure'n that's good, son. If you have any trouble, let me know."

Joe was a powerful boy in spite of his age. The muscles of his blackened arms gleamed in the red glow of the molten slag. His face, although nearly hidden by the dirt which had collected on it, was very good-looking, with honest brown eyes and a high forehead beneath slightly curly black hair in a supposed-to-be pompadour. He towered a good six inches over Pat, the foreman, who made up for this deficiency by a very substantial circumference.

Joe, running his bandana handkerchief over his moistened brow and giving an extra hitch to his overalls, waited with his partner beside the huge electric crucible which would soon empty its irradiant load.

Pat, who had been wobbling toward the next crucible, suddenly stopped and retraced his steps back to Joe.

"Say, Joe, Mr. Briggs, in the office a block down the way there, wants these papers right away. Would you mind takin' 'em to him? Thanks."

Would he mind! Would he mind going out of that choking place for a block's walk in the wonderful morning air? Would he mind entering Mr. Briggs' immaculate, highly-polished office, cooled by electric fans, whose drone gave a lazy, monotonous atmosphere? Would he mind delivering the papers to pleasant, yet vigorous Mr. Briggs, whose personality was in such a contrast to the fans' tunes? O my yes! He detested such an occupation.

As he walked along, whistling "Bright Eyes," he was accompanied in a sweet obligato by the many birds bathing in the July sun, which, having not yet reached the zenith, shed its bright golden rays without its accompanying heat.

"Gee! I feel as silly as a girl," remarked Joe to himself. "Why I believe I could almost recite poetry. Let's see:

The flowers bloomed.

The sun was bright,

And the dear little birds—"

"Got into a fight!" exclaimed a voice at his elbow. Looking at his side, he saw the little messenger boy with such a large grin on his freckled face that the rest of his countenance was almost entirely lost in the abyss.

"Huh!" said Joe. "That's enough to knock out all the poetry a fellow ever had."

"Oh!" retorted the messenger boy. "Was that poetry? I'm sorry I'm turning in here because I'd like to hear some more of your poetry, ho, ho."

"Of all the cheek!" mumbled Joe to himself, but his cheerful surroundings had him in the best of spirits when he entered the office.

"I'm sorry you gave him permission to speak, John," Mr. Briggs was saying to one of the men slightly below him. "He

has a bad reputation of inducing the workmen into the wrong by using the union as his shield and motive. However—oh, hello, Joe Are those the papers from Pat? All right. Just leave them on the desk. Thanks.” And with a nod he dismissed Joe.

As Joe stepped out of the door, an unforeseen cloud suddenly obscured the sun. The birds stopped singing and Joe became discouraged in his whistling, walking on in silence. Looking toward the east he saw a low, dark, menacing bank of clouds, and perceived a faint rumble of thunder.

That noon the men from all the departments gathered to hear a Barnum Vallum. He was a middle-sized man of about thirty-five years. His hair was coal black, receding from his narrow forehead in a carefully-groomed pompadour, parted in the middle. His small, shifting, dark eyes shone from beneath bushy eyebrows, and his mouth was fixed in a perpetual leer.

He started on his speech very moderately, touching on the workman's present satisfaction. Then, gathering momentum, he raised the question of the reason for the contentment. Why were they content? They had no chance of getting to the top. They would live working here, and they would die working here. They were underpaid, yet they said nothing while their families were in want. They were born free and equal with their employers. Was it fair that they, they who were the real manufacturers, they who consisted the majority of the concern, they who did the actual work, should submit to such injustices? Where was there manly spirit? And so he raved on, broaching on new subjects, developing other points, and gradually working his easily-swayed audience to a point of extreme tension and restlessness.

Joe realized what he was doing by these untrue facts. So did Pat, who, enraged by the statement that all employers were unfair, egotistical tyrants, arose to his feet and hollered, “You lie! You know that's not true. The employers of this firm, at least, are the most fair and generous men on earth. They treat us like men and give us a chance to get ahead.”

Barnum Vallum wavered for an instant, but immediately regained his poise.

“Do you hear that man?” he yelled. “It is that kind who defeat the true working man's purpose. He is one of many secretly paid to tell such lies as he has just spoken. He is a traitor! Are you going to listen to him or to me?”

So Pat was forced into oblivion by rude cries of “Sit down” and “Throw him out.”

That afternoon the cogs of the Southlick Steel Works did not fit exactly. There was too much friction, as the oil of good-will had been removed. Pat could obtain no results, being sullenly obeyed, and once or twice absolutely defied. At four o'clock a great commotion was heard outside the building. The men, despite Pat's orders to remain at their benches, rushed to the door. There they saw a swelling stream of all the rest of the workers flowing toward the office. Joining in the cries and threats, the men rapidly ran to increase the mob. Only Joe remained behind.

“It looks like a case of ‘They're all out of step but Jim,’” remarked Joe to himself. “But I think I'm in the right and I'll stick up for it.”

The mob, headed by Barnum Vallum, who seemed to appear from nowhere, engulfed the office.

“These men demand fifty per cent higher wages and an

hour's less work per day. We give you one hour in which to decide," called Vallum to Mr. Briggs, who had come from the office and stood in the doorway.

Mr. Briggs' troubled face became clouded for an instant and he bit his lips nervously. Then his expression became grim and set.

"You need not wait so long for your answer," he said quietly and determinedly. "I shall give it now. I refuse to grant your demands!"

The long-threatening storm broke. The rain fell in torrents. A great charge of lightning rent the sky, closely followed by a deafening peal of thunder. A report of a revolver echoed, and Mr. Briggs fell.

—James Perkins.

(To be continued.)

April Fool.

A JUNIOR JEREMIAD

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to us all the uses of this world! Happy days of levity and the J. S., whither have you fled?

The other day I passed along a dark and dreary road, with my little note-book, in search of any news, or any business which was not my own, into which I might have the satisfaction of prying. Of a sudden, as I passed a dark, damp thicket of thorn-trees, a moan reached my ears, so dismal that it fairly tore my heart. In the cold, slimy mud beneath the thorns lay a weary Junior, where he had fallen from sheer exhaustion. "Why, my friend, what fortune has put you in such a plight?" I asked, trying to raise him from the ground. He looked at me wildly. "Who am I? What am I here for?" he groaned miserably.

"Why, my poor, distracted creature, that is what I would know! Where have you been going, down this dreary path?"

"How can I tell where I am going when I do not know what I am here for?" he sobbed. "And how may I find out what I am here for until I find out who I am?" And with a wail he sank back upon the ground helpless, and I left him lying there, a raving maniac.

As I turned about the edge of the slough, I heard a hysterical scream which so terrified me that I stood amazed, my hair stood on end, and my voice clove to the roof of my mouth. A mildly obese damsel tore her raven locks and dashed her head upon the rocks in despair. I laid my hand comfortingly upon her cushiony shoulder. A shudder ran through her whole body.

"I have bemoaned my Roman nose and lamented its hump ever since my first Latin lesson!" she raved. "Now, my griefs are so increased that I know not where to turn. I have been beaten in a debate by a boy of half my size. Oh agony! My weight is twice that of Truesdell, and yet,—he has beaten me, and Aeneas was not justified in his treatment of Dido! And my woes are piled up! I lost a hygiene card, and I cleaned my locker. I found it—the other half of my Virgil book. No longer have I

that excuse which I have enjoyed since last Christmas, for not knowing my lesson!" And as I turned away, I saw her pick up the tattered remains of half of a Virgil book and hurl them viciously into the waste basket.

I turned a corner, and saw a boy sitting upon a stone in the midst of a barren desert. His head had fallen into his hands, and I fancied I saw a light sprinkling of gray through his dark hair. All about him were reams of paper covered with figuring.

"I can't do it," he whispered. "Seven dollars for a class ring. I'm a ruined, broken-down wretch, and my credit is gone. If only they would leave the pearl out! But what's the use? I can't do it!"

The road grew darker and it began to rain. A heavy vapor overhung the world, and my way was beset with groans and howls. I stumbled over—a log? No, the body of a Junior, fallen, with his many comrades, after the long struggle with his finals. I glanced about. Too many lay prone before me. I could not help them all, and I passed on by them.

I started upon my homeward path, and I came to a precipice. A miserable crowd was gathered there, gazing into the sea, which dashed upon the rocks far below them. They were beating their breasts and clawing their faces with their finger-nails as they prepared to leap into the surging flood. I asked them the cause of their misery. "Oh, the Dramatic Club is putting on another play. We have to be in it, we can't learn our parts, and we can't pay our class dues." And they plunged into the raging abyss of insanity.

And still my notebook was empty. The reporter returned to her desk, and bowed her head upon her arms in dejection. And another number of the Breeze had blown by with no report in it.

DANTE II

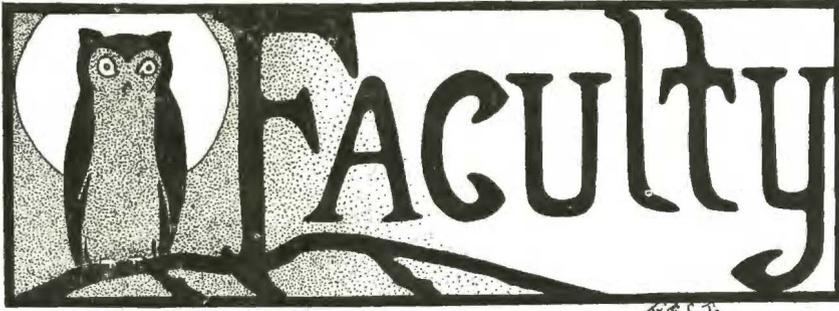
(Virgil obligato—muted strings)

THE NEW HISTORY

(Modern and Ancient combined)

On the 33rd day of February 1425 years B. C., George Lincoln and Abraham Washington crossed Minnehaha Creek on a piece of granite and discovered America. There they met Woodrow Wilson and Christopher Columbus. They then signed the declaration of war and went to San Francisco, where they took a trip around the world with Magellan. When they passed thru the Panama Canal, Cox was made president of the onion states. From Panama they went to the South Pole by aeroplane and discovered Roosevelt shooting elephants. From there they went to France and saw General Hindenburg get beat by the Esquimaux in Egypt. They then went to Rome and helped Julius Caesar capture Japan. After Japan was captured they went to Cuba and saw Dewey make collanders out of the Spanish ships at Vanilla. They then went home and went to bed.

R. L.



R. E. C. J.

To the great joy of the Campus Breeze Staff, we have been able to obtain extracts from the diary of Miss Rewey Belle Inglis, of the University High School Faculty. We have reproduced her diary just as in the original, even leaving the spelling as it was when she penned the words.

June 23. Every since I can remember, I have known that I'm going to be a cowgirl, an' now Mama has given me this note book, I'm going to beegin on my bogrofy, for every famous person has bogrophies, and cow girls specially. To-day I was ate yeers old. When I grow up to be fortean yeers, I'm going to by my cow gurl soot and get my horse which I am going to call "Mable" after my deer pussy cat, and I'm going out on a desert all my own and wride all day.

Dec. 30. I do think Sadie Johnson is the horridest girl I no. And even Maw says she isn't as pretty as I am—she has freckles and once I heard her say—well, deer dairy I can't write it out but it sounded like da-rn. There! I almost rote it out, but I'm glad I didn't. Well, too-day she called me a tom-boy. I am knot a tom boy. Just because I had a fist fight with that horrid little Willyums boy and gave him a pretty blew and blak eye, I guess she better not cast ashpurshions (Mama sed that too-day). Besides, cow gurls have to lurn to take care of ruff caracters.

Unfortunately, there has been a break in the continuance of the diary, but we take it up again when Miss Inglis has reached sixteen years of age.

Aug. 16. Oh dear Confidante, I am so happy today. The sky is so blue, and she smiled at me! I had been taking a drink of water (I had waited at the theater for two hours, and had had twenty-fore drinks) when she came in. Oh—I can hardly allow my trembling fingers to pen the words, for she, a beautiful actress, saw me—me, a mere girl of sixteen whose mother won't even let her do her hair up—and she spoke. Her rippling, musical voice thrilled my throbbing heart. "Good mor-nn-ing," she said. Oh dairy, life is indeed worth while. I, too, shall be an actress.

Jan. 27. I was so embarrassed to-day, Confidence, I blushed so rosy read. Mama has at last allowed me to wear a coiffure, and while I was at a luncheon Saturday one of my bone hairpins dropped into the soup. Oh Diary, how can Life be so Cruel? But I'm getting too old for diaries now, deer Confidence. I have a Life Work, and I shall put my soul on the plow and never turn backward. I shall be an English Teacher.

THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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KEEP OFF THE GRASS

How many of us have noted a sign with the above inscription and then walked directly over it? Even where there are no signs and it is plain to be seen that the earth is tender we should try to have enough respect for our campus to use the sidewalks. Let's try using the walks and keeping off the grass and then we shall see to what a great extent we have bettered our surroundings.

Recently there came to the High School a notice stating that its students are to a large extent the chief culprits in destroying the grassy plots about the campus. This may or may not be true, but surely we students of the University High School should take such an attitude of disapproval toward this lawn trespassing that no one will have any reason to blame us.

From now on let's "Keep off the grass," and show the University that we know how to respect our own property as well as that of others. How about it! Are you with us?

BISBILA!!

Now what does that word really mean? How many of you "U" High students, if called upon to explain the word, could say more than that it is the name of the "U" High Annual? Yet the term has a real meaning of its own, a meaning that is only known to the select few.

If you know it, **DON'T TELL!!!**

Let's keep the secret for the big assembly surprise sometime in the first part of April.

Meanwhile, if you do know or if you want to guess the meaning of this queer word, here is a chance to earn a free copy of the BISBILA. Those who don't know what BISBILA is like, may not appreciate this offer but the others will. For the benefit of those unacquainted with the BISBILA, a last year's copy will be posted on the study-room bulletin board.

Now as to how you can earn a BISBILA,—to the person who writes up the best article illustrating or explaining the meaning of BISBILA, will be given a free copy of the annual. The rules for the contest will be found at the end of this article.

The BISBILA is not just a Senior publication; it represents EVERY class, EVERY organization in the school. You will have a share in the material of this publication; won't you also share in its financial support?

If you desire actual, tabulated reasons for subscribing for the BISBILA, they are as follows:

1. The Seniors will not be able to publish a BISBILA without a large subscription.
2. It is a souvenir of the school year having the activities all written up and reviewed.
3. It is a special souvenir of the Senior class, containing their photographs, prophecy and will.
4. When everyone is reading a BISBILA, you won't want to be out in the cold or trying to peek over your neighbor's shoulder.
5. You are getting a bargain because the BISBILAS are sold to students for less than cost.
6. It is a worthy activity of the school and should be supported by 100% subscriptions.

RULES FOR CONTEST

1. All material must be on number four note book paper, in ink and on one side only.
2. The article must not be over 500 words.
3. The writer's name must be signed to the article.
4. All material must be labeled Bisbila Contest and placed in Campus Breeze box before April 30th.

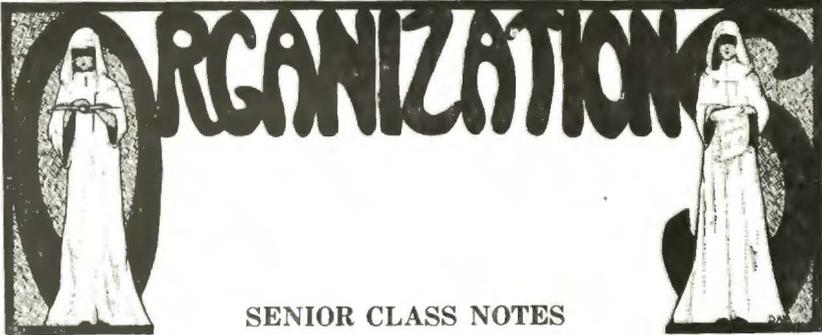
ANNOUNCEMENTS

David Canfield, a veteran of the '19 and '20 base ball nines, was honored by his teammates with the captaincy of the 1921 ball team. Norbert Clure was elected manager of the team.

Eric Borglin was elected captain of the 1922 basket ball team at a meeting of members of the 1921 quintet.

James McConnell was elected manager of the 1922 basket ball squad.

Leslie Blomberg was elected manager of the 1921 football eleven.



The hottest debate of the year has just been waged and won. The Senior girls are divided against themselves and dire things are threatened by both factions.

For weeks, what might be called "Locker Room Campaigning," was carried on. Sometimes if any person disagreed sure war ensued, but what is this dreadful thing which threatens to disrupt the quiet, peaceful, "Sisterly affection," of the Senior girls? The girls of the school have probably already guessed and the boys never would anyway so we might as well reveal the question: What shall we wear on graduation evening?

Of course we realize fully that it is imperative that we make a pleasant impression sometime before we "depart this life" and there seems no more fitting time to do this than when we all sit solemnly waiting Mr. Miller's announcement that we are the best class that ever graduated from "U" High. We realize that it is going to be exceedingly difficult for some of us to obtain the desired effect when it must be obtained "on review," but we also realize that the effect will be improved by suitable clothes. The difference comes in the interpretation of "suitable." Some of the girls wish to accomplish this effect by making themselves as inconspicuous as possible and by hiding all entity by having everyone in white, while others prefer pale, tinted Organdies.

We are all meek and unassuming by nature (?), as we proved by the class meeting which we held ————. Remarks and advice were shot forth like bullets. Some of our fair class members lost entirely their unassuming qualities and spoke volubly, but after the storm was over we came back to earth and, since the class was so evenly divided, decided to let each girl choose for herself. All our campaigning and meekness for nothing.

JUNIOR NOTES.

April Fool.

(See Page 13)

SOPHOMORE NEWS

Valma De Puy of our class has been absent for over a month, having undergone a serious operation for appendicitis, but is now almost entirely recovered and expects to take a trip to California before long.

Virginia Timmons is getting along famously in Montana and is keeping up faithful correspondence with different members of the class.

Fredrica Alway was very unfortunate in losing one of her new shoes. She was very put out about it for a while, and kept close guard around school for some one-legged thief. Although she came in contact with "none such" the lost shoe finally turned up in as good condition as before.

It is rumored that some of the particularly ambitious Sophomores are beginning to think about **thinking** about getting up a little play to give at some assembly, some time in the near future. Just you wait—we'll distinguish ourselves as dramatists yet, if we do nothing else.

FRESHMAN FOOLISHMENT

We have had nothing in the line of parties in the last month except one given by half of Mrs. Bing's second period class for all the other Freshmen, who dramatized the court scene of "The Merchant of Venice."

Our class activities being exhausted, we will turn to Miss Thornton for something to write about. This is a foolish issue, anyway. Miss Thornton's autobiography recently appeared in the "Breeze," so everyone knows something of her past. We will endeavor to throw some light on her present life.

From observation we have learned that she generally boards a street-car at Fifteenth and Como at about 8:19. Arriving at the Campus she walks leisurely across to Shevlin and enters, we suppose to get her breakfast. That is about 8:30. We are familiar with her doings during the day. What she does after she leaves school is still a closed book to us, but if she makes as close connections the rest of the time as she does in the morning, it would be worth while to open it. Let's hope she doesn't read this.

ACME

At an Acme meeting on February twenty-eighth, captain ball teams were chosen. As only Juniors and Freshmen had come out regularly for sports. Freshman-Junior and Junior-Freshman teams were chosen. The Freshman-Junior team consisted of four Freshmen and three Juniors; and the Junior-Freshman team, of four Juniors and three Freshmen.

The Junior-Freshman team, becoming the winner, was awarded the promised fifteen points for the silver cup.

Acme has also been conducting a third series of hikes. All girls may attend these hikes and win points for their letters.

"U CLUB"

The "U" Club is on its feet with a jump, as was shown by the fact that they have had a meeting and have done some noteworthy work.

First they elected a president for this year. It has been the custom to elect captains of teams and presidents of the "U" Club at the end of school in June, to take office the following fall; but last year, because of the general collapse of athletic doings at that time, this custom was neglected. Henry Williams, one of the few three-letter men in the school, was elected president, to take office immediately.

There are fifteen members of the "U" Club in school, those graduated not being considered active members, and they deemed it advisable to draw up certain regulations that would have specified stipulations that must be fulfilled in order for a boy to receive as "U's".)

Here they are:

1. The athletic insignia of the University High School shall be an old-gold "U" with a maroon back, to be worn on the chest of a maroon sweater or jersey. (The color of sweater or jersey need not be maroon, but such is preferable.)

(a) Foot ball—Block "U," ten inches in height.

(b) Base ball—Block "U," eight inches in height.

(c) Basket ball—Block "U," six inches in height.

2. A boy shall be entitled to wear a "U" when, and only when it has been voted to him by the Athletic Committee.

3. No male member of the school, except as provided in Section 2 shall wear a "U" displayed in any form on a sweater, jersey or other garment. (Armbands are not to be considered as "U's".)

4. A boy shall be voted a "U" if, in any one sport, he has fulfilled all the following requirements in respect to that sport:

(a) Been out all season for the team and worked hard.

(If he has been sick, injured, or has a legitimate excuse for not being out a part of the season, and he has fulfilled the other requirements, he may be given credit for Subhead a, Section 4, by a majority vote of his teammates, who have fulfilled all of the requirements.)

(b) Played in at least two-thirds (2-3) of the periods of all bona fide regular games, whether these periods be quarters, innings or halves for the season in which he is competing. (The manager of the team shall meet with the Athletic Committee and decide which games shall be termed "regular" games, that shall count for a letter.)

(c) Been up in all his studies while playing on the first team.

5. These requirements for a "U" are subject to change upon the recommendation of the "U" Club and approval of the Athletic Committee.

Passed at the "U" Club meeting of March 17, 1921, by majority vote of its members.

ENTITY

We had one of the best Entity meetings of the year on March ninth, in spite of the fact that only one old Entity, Winnifred Hughes, was present. After the usual difficulties, such as getting lost, and waiting **endlessly** for people to arrive, we met Miss Hubman at a Chop Suey House for dinner. Realizing the embarrassment it might cause, we won't tell who ate the most—but you'd be surprised! Miss Hubman entertained us by discussing books and economics until it was time to go to the "Met." When we heard that there was a murder in the last act, nothing could keep us from seeing Lenore Ulric in the "Son-Daughter." Realizing after the play what a loss it would be to the school if anything should happen to Rachel, we entrusted her to Miss Hubman's care, put Myrtice on the car, and the rest of us went home saying what a good time we had had.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Dramatic Club to Present Famous Play!

The celebrated Dramatic Club of the University High School will present "Mr. Bob," a play of great renown, having run for two years successively at the Winter Garden, Minneapolis. It is a play with pep, playfulness and pathos. It runs the gauntlet of human emotions. The plot has to do with a case of mistaken identity which leads to many humorous and tragic situations.

It will be presented about the middle of April. Watch for the date!

HI-Y

The Hi-Y elected their officers for the next year at the last meeting of the second quarter. Those elected are Dana Bailey, President; Elbridge Curtis, Vice-President; Monroe Freeman, Secretary; and Roy Thorshov, Treasurer. These newly elected officers will hold office this quarter, and two quarters next year. The Hi-Y has had in the last year a remarkable growth, both in size and activity. It hopes to do even more during the coming year.





TRY THESE EXCUSES FOR BEING ABSENT AND TARDY:

There was a bump in the sidewalk and I stubbed my toe.
It was awfully hard to walk on it.

I hurt my arm and couldn't walk.

Some one stole one of my good bone hair pins over at gym.

I dropped my English notebook right in the mud and I just had to pick all the papers up and wash them off.

I lost one of my six pennies and had to walk.

It was so foggy I couldn't see across the street.

I tripped on my shoe string.

They are building a building across my best short cut and I haven't timed myself in walking around yet.

I had to walk two blocks out of the way because a cross puppy was tied in the front yard of a house, and I'm afraid of dogs.

I tore my pants and had to go get them mended.

I changed my coat and left my keys in it.

I just got a new dress with a lot of snaps and hooks on it and I had to spend a long time fastening them.

The street car was held up by a train.

I took a shower at gym and couldn't get my hair dry.

A lady dropped her pocket-book off the car and I had to run two blocks to catch her.

I lost my pump in the mud and had to pull it out, but lost the other when doing so. I got them both after awhile, though.

I went to see the St. Patrick's Day parade.

PERSONALS

Mr. Tohill says that every time he hears the word exasperating he thinks of a cat's tongue. You see a cat's tongue is rough and the word exasperating means Well! Go ask Mr. Tohill to explain it all.

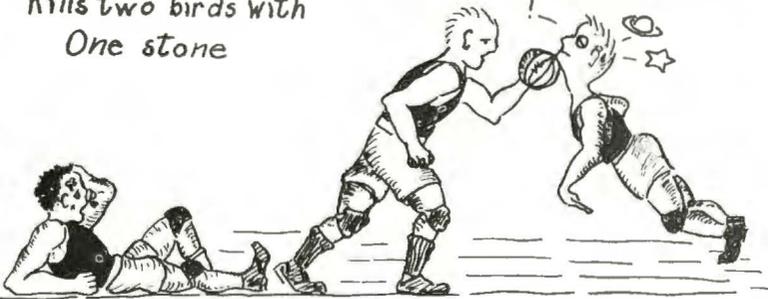
The poor personal editor kindly asked Mr. Smith if anything funny had happened in his classes. And he said that they were all ridiculously funny in their stupidity. Ha! Ha!

Watch for Mrs. Hickey to give you the high sign if you happen to be coming late to school. One finger in the window means *one more* minute, two, two minutes more. This is all very helpful to the student, just look for these signs.

"U" HIGH

Kills two birds with
One stone

*Please support the
baseball team this
coming season.*



Swimming



This is answer
to last
month
INA SMARTUN
WON THE PRIZE
OF 50 PICKLES.

As some would



rather cram
before exams

TARDY

Why is it always thus?



WHO I AM, AND WHAT I AM HERE FOR

This momentous question is answered by several of the most prominent members of the Junior class. Readers of the Breeze have doubtless been puzzled more than once about this very question as applied to several famous students of "U" High, and the editors, in presenting the following authoritative statements, can set all doubts at rest:

I am nothing more than a mere atom of humanity, one of the small cogs in this great wheel of civilization. Yet, I am not so small after all. I am a model young man (model means an imitation of the real thing).—Harry Bill.

Now, I am nothing but an overgrown boy except for a few things. These exceptions I shall not dwell on, other than to say that I have acquired long pants, big feet, and one or two other "small boy ideals."—Dana Bailey.

After I had grown up to be four years old, I decided that I didn't like the English language, so I made up one of my own. I had to be original, so I called myself Haw Haw. My sisters' names were Ha Ha and Me Me. My brothers received the names of Wu Wu and Bu Bu. Wherever I'd go I was laughed at because they thought I was a little crazy.—Frank Shaw.

(Why confine it to the past, Frank?)

Since I have already said that I am a girl, it would hardly be necessary to add that I wear my hair fluffed over my ears and that I have been known to wear a hair net. Being, as I am, a member of the "gentler and fairer sex," it is doubtless unnecessary and even trite to say that one of my favorite pastimes is eating "chocolate goos."—Ruth Eckles.

(Yes, quite unnecessary, Ruth.)

Who am I? As far as I can see, I am merely a blot on the landscape.—Helen Christianson.

(Who's got a blotter?)

I belong to the phylum, Chordata; sub-phylum, Vertebrata; class, Mamalia; order, Primates; genus, Homo Sapiens.—Donald West.

(Where do we get off for the Zoo?)

One short week ago I was the master of my fate, the captain of my soul. Now I am neither of these, but I am "Who I am and what I am here for." Day by day, night by night, week by week, month by month, I sit tortured, starving, and wondering forlornly, "Who am I, what am I here for?" No light of dawn and understanding breaks upon my troubled soul. I have grown faint with the starvation of mind, soul, and body. I have lost all interest in my former pastimes. No more do I wander to school and to my English class with a lightsome heart. Nay, now I rush wildly, hair awry, panting with weariness and fatigue. I sit down on the hard bench, and groan miserably, "Who in the world am I and what in the world am I here for?"

—Fanny Graham.

Elsie: "I can't learn French. It simply goes in one ear and out the other."

Betty: "Of course. There's nothing there to stop it."

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF OUR CHILDREN

After a long and diligent search the personal editor has finally collected these bright little sayings from the fond parents of the students of University High. We wish to thank the parents for going to so much trouble in getting down the baby-books from the dark, dusty attics.

Little Frank was so sweet and cunning today. When Sister Mildred came in the room he shook his golden curls and, pointing his dimpled hand at her, said, "Ehoo Me me."

I'm awfully worried about Eleanor. She is so thin and frail. Yet she has a remarkable brain for such a tiny tot. Today as the coal-man went by she said, "Oh see the miger man, mama."

Helen Barlow was out walking in the pasture today and when she saw a cow she said, "Oh, Daddy, see that cow blow his horns."

In the baby book of Louise Congdon's was this wise remark: "Today I took Louise over at Auntie Jessies. Poor Jessie had a bad cold and her nose was very red. 'But, Mamma, why does Auntie put the pretty red paint on her nose? Other people don't.'"

Fannie surprised the whole family by saying as Father walked into the room, "Ma ma." Of course the little dear meant Papa but she got her tongue twisted.

Little Margaret Smith picked up this clever little phrase. One day she said, "Hello, lady, April fool."

Laura E. one day, while she was out with her mama in the garden, said, "I hear a skito. He bite me. Oh my poor, poor knee."

When Imogene was having her daily nap she woke up and cried out that the sand man had left a lot of grains in her eyes. The sweet child.

Why are we always late to class?
 The seconds fly; the minutes pass.
 The power was off; the car was slow;
 (We left in lots of time, you know!)

We met a friend; we lost a book,
 And in our locker stopped to look.
 The seconds fly; the minutes pass,
 Why are we always late to class?

Joe: "What is appendicitis?"

Phil: "Appendicitis is something that enables a doctor to open a man's anatomy and remove his bank account."

Rostrum: "What makes a balloon go up?"

Henderson: "Hot air, of course."

Rostrum: "I wonder what's holding you down."

ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS



—Photo by Sussman.

Burns

Williams

Vye

Blomberg

Borglin

Grumke

Canfield

ST. THOMAS HIGH, 34—"U" HIGH, 7

The University High basket ball team was defeated by the St. Thomas High five on Feb. 19, by a score of 34 to 7 on the Cadets' floor. The "U" boys were completely lost on the new floor and were unable to find the basket or to keep the St. Thomas players from finding it.

Blomberg scintillated for "U" High and McFaul played the best game for the winners.

Line-up:

"U" High		St. Thomas High
Williams	L. F.	Moran
Blomberg	R. F.	McFaul
Vye	C.	Hanousck
Grumke	L. G.	Harney
Borglin	R. G.	Desmond

Field Goals: McFaul 6, Moran 5, Hanousck 4, Blomberg 2, Williams 1, Desmond 1. Goals from Fouls: Williams 1 out of 2, McFaul 2 out of 2. Substitutions: Hughes for Blomberg, Irons for Grumke. Referee—O'Niel. Time of quarters: 10 minutes.

AMERICAN LOYALTY CLUB BOWS TO "U" HIGH FIVE

After defeating S. P. A. in the afternoon the University High basket ball team encountered and defeated the fast American Loyalty Club in the evening by a 16 to 11 score. When it is remembered that the Loyalty Club has such players of repute as, Field Eaton, Tom Canfield, and Jack Eaton, it will be seen that the "U" High five played a good team.

The Loyalty Club led at the end of the first half by a 9 to 6 count. During the second half the "U" team was able to overcome this lead and win the game. This was made possible by the acute eye of Blomberg coupled with the close guarding by Grumke and Williams. Blomberg and Williams played well for "U" High while F. Eaton and Berge did the heavy work for the Loyalty Club.

Line-up:

"U" High (16)		Loyalty Club (11)
Burns	L. F.	F. Eaton
Blomberg	R. F.	J. Dahl
D. Canfield	C.	T. Canfield
Grumke	L. G.	J. Eaton
Borglin	R. G.	A. Berge

Field Goals: Blomberg 4, Burns 2, Berge 2, Williams 1, Dahl 1, F. Eaton 1, Vye 1. Goals from Fouls: T. Canfield 1 out of 1. Substitutions: Williams for Borglin, Vye for D. Canfield, D. Canfield for Burns. Referee—Hubbard. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Scorer—T. H. Canfield.

"U" HIGH BEATS ST. THOMAS HIGH, 19 TO 14

University High took revenge on St. Thomas High and defeated them on the Farm School floor by a score of 19 to 14. The team work of the "U" five was faultless and all of the players played the best of the season for "U" High. Burns especially was in the limelight. He scored enough points to tie the score of all of the Cadet players. "Chuck" certainly had a keen eye in this game, he caged the sphere from many difficult angles and often with one arm. Borglin and Williams were towers of de-

fense for "U" High and only twice did the St. Thomas players get a shot at the basket from close range. The "U" players started with a rush, scored the first field goal and were leading their opponents at all times. The score at the end of the first half was 9 to 6, with "U" High on the long end.

Line-up:

"U" High		St. Thomas High
Burns	L. F.	Harney
Blomberg	R. F.	O'Niel
Vye	C.	Buck
Borglin	L. G.	McFaul
Williams	R. G.	Moran

Field Goals: Burns 7, Blomberg 1, Williams 1, Kerwyn 2, Moran 2, O'Niel 3, Desmond. Goals from Fouls: Blomberg 1 out of 2. Substitutions: Canfield for Vye, Vye for Blomberg, Desmond for Harney, Kerwyn for Moran. Referee—George. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

BETHEL DEFEATS "U" HIGH

On Tuesday, March eighth, the "U" High quintet played the Bethel Academy five on the Academy floor. The Bethel team turned out to be an aggregation of men, not boys, and had great advantage in size and weight over the High School boys.

Although the "U" High team put on a scrappy exhibition of basket ball, they were unaccustomed to the low ceiling and small floor and seemed to have great difficulty in putting the ball through the hoop, and, with the exception of Burns, could not score with their accustomed regularity.

The "U" High team put on a more polished brand of basket ball, but the Bethelites were there with the goods. When the final whistle blew, it was Bethel 25—"U" High 13.

The details:

"U" High		Bethel
Burns	R. F.	Olson
Blomberg	L. F.	Burg
Vye	C.	Molberg
Borglin	R. G.	Palm
Grumke	L. G.	Johnson

Substitutions: Williams for Grumke, Canfie'd for Vye, Vye for Williams, Williams for Blomberg. Field Goals: Burns, 4, Blomberg, Borglin; Olson 7, Moberg 3, Burg 2. Free Throws: Borglin 1 out of 2, Williams 0 out of 1, Moberg 1 out of 4, Olson 0 out of 3, Burg 0 out of 1. Referee—Johnson.

"U" HIGH FIVE UPSET DOPE

Wednesday afternoon, March ninth, marked an unexpected victory for "U" High—from the St. Paul Academy viewpoint. They came to the Farm School Gym confident of victory, because of their former 44-19 triumph. More joy was added when they found out "U" High had played a hard game on the evening before.

"U" High, however, did not intend to be beaten again, and as soon as the first whistle blew, set out to show S. P. A. so. They did.

The Burns-Vye-Blomberg combination worked well and brought results. The S. P. A. players seemed lost on a larger floor, and this, coupled with the shooting of the "U" High forwards and the close watching of the guards, brought victory. Blomberg's shooting eye was keen, as can be seen by the fact that he made seventeen of the twenty-three points. The floor-work of Williams and Burns was spectacular, and helped make the game interesting to the "U" spectator who was there. The score? 23-14.

The battle array:

	"U" High	S. P. A.
Burns	R. F.	Sharpe
Blomberg	L. F.	Milton
Vye	C.	Reay
Borglin	R. G.	Riche
Grumke	L. G.	Clapp

Substitutions: Canfield for Vye, Williams for Grumke, Butler for Riche. Field Goals: Blomberg 8, Burns 2, Borglin; Sharpe 3, Milton 2, Clapp. Free Throws: Williams 0 out of 1, Blomberg 1 out of 2, Milton 2 out of 4. Referee—George.

SUMMARY OF 1921 BASKET BALL SEASON

When it is considered that the 1921 team had a coach with them for three practices and four games, that it received little or no support from the student body, and that it had to practice evenings and at a gymnasium at least two miles from the school and also that far from three of the players' homes, it may truthfully be said that the 1921 basket ball season was a success. Much of the credit for this success is due to Capt. Williams, whose untiring efforts made it possible to have a team. Also the other six men: Borglin, Canfield, Burns, Vye, Grumke and Blomberg, who have or will soon receive their letters, must be complimented for sticking with the team to the bitter end and for the sportsmanlike way in which they adhered to the orders of Capt. Williams.

Blomberg was the highest scorer of the season for the "U" team, being credited with 36 field goals, Burns was second with 26 and Capt. Williams was third with 15.

RESULTS OF THE SEASON

	Won	Lost	Pct.
"U" High 1921 Basket Ball Team.....	6	7	.462
Date	Team's Scores		Place played
Jan. 14—"U" High, 23,	Farm School Freshmen, 19,		Farm School
Jan. 19—"U" High, 14,	Blake, 21, Blake.		
Feb. 10—"U" High, 9,	Blake, 22,		Farm School.
Feb. 11—"U" High, 19,	St. Paul Academy, 44,		S. P. A.
Feb. 17—"U" High, 20,	Aggie Independents, 12,		Farm School.
Feb. 19—"U" High, 7,	St. Thomas High, 34,		St. Thomas.
Feb. 26—"U" High, 16,	Aggie Seconds, 24,		Farm School.
Mar. 2—"U" High, 46,	Hamline "Y," 16,		Farm School.
Mar. 4—"U" High, 19,	St. Thomas High, 14,		Farm School.

Mar. 8—"U" High, 13, Bethel Academy, 25, Bethel Academy.
 Mar. 9—"U" High, 23, St. Paul Academy, 14, Farm School.
 Mar. 9—"U" High, 16, American Loyalty Club, 11, Farm School.
 Mar. 15—"U" High, 11, Bethel Academy, 12, Farm School.
 Total points, "U" High, 236, Opponents, 266.

It will be noticed that the 1921 team played three games in the course of 26 hours, winning two and losing one. It set a precedent for other teams to shoot at when it won two regular games in four hours' time.

HI-Y BOWLING TEAM

There are probably not very many of the students who know that "U" High has a bowling team. This is probably because so few boys know how to bowl and the girls don't know anything about the game.

However, a great deal of competition arose between the five city high schools and "U" High. The Hi-Y program for 1920-21 included some inter-school sport, and this took the form of bowling. The fellows feel that the thing they set out for, namely, to create a better friendship between the boys of other schools, has been accomplished. Nearly all the fellows in the different teams know each other, so that now at a joint "feed" they don't seem so lonely.

At the first of the season, the fellows didn't fight very hard, but at the end everyone bowled his very best. Wold, although at the head of the list in average, was handicapped in that he didn't start at the first of the tournament. Kopp showed up very well altho he had not bowled much before. Clure held the lead for one-half of the season, but two others beat him for first place in the final. Williams played a good game from beginning to end and could always be counted upon for a good score. Hayes collided with the mumps, so he lost a good chance of getting nearer the top.

The season's records:

	Games	Points	Average	High Game	Strikes
Wold	45	5,785	128-25	205	77
Kopp	52	6,563	126-11	205	87
Clure	50	6,068	121-18	174	88
Williams	51	6,075	119-6	164	71
Hayes	42	4,943	117-29	185	67

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There were really no interclass games in Captain Ball this season. The Juniors and Freshmen played three games together. The Freshies won the first, the second was won by the Juniors and the third was won by the Juniors. These are all that have been played as yet.

Baseball will be started after vacation. A little more interest in athletics and sports hour is expected then.

Freshmen had better practice up right away, for they have some hard "wallopers" to compete with.

Alumni Notes



My dear Miss Alumni Editor:

I have some very important rumors (I know they must be true, though) concerning those dear, irresponsible Freshmen of the University who were the illustrious Seniors of your High School. I feel that the public ought not to be without this information; so I believe it is my duty to impart it to you.

You remember Lillian Borreson and her wonderful smile, don't you? Well, she has carried her smile into politics! Yes, into politics! She is campaigning for a certain young man in the University (I believe his name is Lawrence Clark) and poor Winifred is the victim of Lil's speeches.

Ah, but Winnie is accomplishing something on her own account. She and Rosamonde Tuve are writing a story for which they expect to receive the prize of **thirty dollars** offered by the Scribblers' Club. I hear they are quite thrilled and have considered means of spending it which range from chocolate goes to a trip to Seattle.

My dear, I don't suppose you have heard that Carl Langland and Harry Hillstrom have succumbed to the romantic atmosphere of the University. The other night, they took two girls from East High out—oh, somewhere. It was a beautiful night and the moon was shining, etc., etc. For the rest see the first line of the Aeneid.

Some people think that Lois Wilde will not become an artist. She will—she has bobbed her hair.

I hope that this bit of news will prove as interesting to you as it has to me.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Grundy.



EXCHANGE

"Ada Hi Hi," Minnesota.

We welcome your paper to our list of exchanges. Why not add an exchange department, also a few jokes? Your school is to be congratulated on winning the declamatory contest.

"Ah-La-Ha-La," Albert Lea, Minnesota.

This is a fine well balanced paper with the material about equally distributed in the various departments. The editorial on "Courtesy" is very good.

"The Comment," Cretin High School, St. Paul.

Your magazine is one we are glad to add to our list of exchanges. The editorial, "Our Symbol," is excellent. Your department headings are very neat and suitable. You might have a few more jokes.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

In an assembly at Central High School, St. Paul, the Girls' Glee Club produced the first suite of Peer Gynt. At another the students were fortunate enough to hear W. I. Nolan, speaker of the House of Representatives. Two entertaining and worthwhile assemblies!

It is interesting to know that the South High Senior class is going to give "The Yellow Jacket" as their class play. It is to be given in Chinese style. The property man will sit on the stage and hand the articles to the actors. Doors and windows are to be left to the imagination of the audience.

The Gilbert High School of Gilbert, Minnesota, gave a local talent circus to secure funds for the European War Relief.

The students of White Bear High School are striving to obtain three hundred subscriptions for the "Country Gentleman" in order to secure a moving picture machine for the school.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Matoskan," White Bear, Minnesota:

A very well balanced magazine and a most welcome one.

"Milachi," Milaca, Minnesota:

Your style is truly characteristic of what is termed the Classical Period (1660-1780). "Rare perfection in writing comes by Art."—Pope.



Teacher to young miss: "Parse the word 'kiss'."

Young miss: "This word is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and is more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with Me."

A stranger drove up to a farm, tied his horse, and asked the farmer's son where his father was.

"Paw's down in the hawg barn," answered the kid. "You'll know him. He's got a hat on."

Evelyn Anderson, to the department-store clerk: "I'd like to see some flesh colored stockings."

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am. What color do you want—pink, yellow or black?"

Doug: "Gee, but Eleanor's dumb."

Oliver: "How's that?"

Doug: "She thinks that celluloid is Harold Lloyd's sister."

"The street-car company is certainly getting generous. They give a ring with every fare now."

A man rushed into the barber shop and said: "Cut the whole three short."

"What three?"

"The head, the beard, and the conversation."

Emma Lou: "Gee, I've got a funny dog."

Avis: "What's funny about him?"

Emma Lou: "He won't eat meat."

Avis: "How's that?"

Emma Lou: "Because I won't give him any."

"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" I asked.
 She nodded her sweet permission;
 So we went to press, and I rather guess
 I printed a large edition.

Each flea believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That is patriotism.

Irons: "Did you ever hear the story of the empty bottle?"

Graves: "No. What about it?"

Irons: "There's nothing in it."

A fellow once to "U" High went,
 A fellow quite on pleasure bent
 So bent was he (this ain't no joke),
 He soon found he was badly broke.

"Speakin' of bathing in famous springs," said Truesdale Brown, "I bathed in the spring of 1914."

April fool! Maurice Irons did get a hair cut after all.

"Mamma, I've got a stomach-ache," said Nellie, six years old.

"That's because your stomach is empty; you've been without your lunch. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the parson called and, in the course of conversation, complained of a severe head-ache.

"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."



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