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The Campus Breeze

Volume IV

November 1921

Number 1



THE SIMP

"What the deuce!" Al sat up in bed with a jolt that woke even Fatty, the sleepest fellow in the crowd. I had been awake for fully two minutes, wondering what in the world could have caused such a familiar sound to reach our ears at two o'clock in the morning in a spot ordinarily so peaceful as Lake Ponotogan.

"I'm going out on the porch and listen," Fatty volunteered, and we all wondered what had come over the lazy individual. Laboriously he climbed out of bed and disappeared, in his pink pajamas.

"My gosh, fellows, it *is* a piano!" He landed on the bed with a tremendous weight. "It's in old lady Witherspoon's house."

"Aw, go jump! A *piano* at her house. Why she isn't even there!"

"That's where it is. I don't care how it got there. I heard it and you heard it, and it's going still, and probably will forever. I wish it would shut up," Fatty whined.

"Oh, we know you heard it, Fatty, but I wouldn't worry about it. It isn't there, because it can't be. It sounds like a piano, but there isn't a piano for miles around. You should worry if it does go on forever; it's only an imaginary one." I loved to reason with Fatty, he was so good-natured.

"All right, Bud, I'll take your word for it. It's only a piano of the mind, and I really can't hear it." And, indeed, it might as well have been, for all it disturbed our slumbers after that.

Our disgust was renewed, however, at eight o'clock when the strains of what we learned to recognize as a Czerny study broke the usual peace of our camp-fire bacon and eggs.

"Well, either we form a scouting expedition and go over and scalp that idiot with his imaginary piano, or here's where I vamoose," Al announced, and we all approved of this practical suggestion.

We marched through the little stretch of woods with a determined tread, and came suddenly upon a young fellow of our own age, sitting on a rock. He was lanky and stoop-shouldered, and about as fat as a hall-tree. His forehead receded and his chin receded, and the heavy tortoise-rimmed spectacles, on the end of his long nose, seemed to make his long hair, primly parted in the middle, lie even flatter than ever to his head, where it was neatly plastered down. He was sprawled awkwardly over the stone, talking baby-talk to a little white cat which he was cuddling in his arms.

Fatty had volunteered to do the talking, but as we advanced, his sides shook with laughter and he was seized with a violent coughing fit. Bert Wilson was next in line, and he glanced about desperately. "What'll I say? 'Mr. Witherspoon,' or 'Mr. Baby-talk,' or 'Simp,' or—" I gave him an encouraging poke, and he began lamely, "We thought you were over here alone, and—a—might like to know that —wh—well—we're here too." Here Fatty's coughing fit took a more violent form, and Al and Dave showed signs of the same malady.

"I see," drawled the tall young man, rising. "I'm Hawrace Withawspoon. I'm staying a little while alone in my Awntie Withawspoon's cawtage, befaw she shawll arrive fow the sum-maw."

"You seem rather interested in music," I suggested, trying to look businesslike. I remembered the purpose of our visit—to "scalp the idiot."

"Yes, it has always rawthaw held my fawncy. I hope I didn't disturb you lawst night."

"Not at all." I tried to seem cuttingly sarcastic. "What was it that you were playing over and over at two o'clock this morning?" I hoped he would take the hint.

"Was it really two o'clock? My train pulled in at some unearthly hour, and I thought it near mawning and not worth while to retiaw. Why, that was a Czerny study of which I am particularly fawnd. I'm up here for a couple of weeks to do a little improvising. I'm working on a scherzo in G flawt majaw awt present. I was down here trying to combine an andante with the presto movement." We stared at each other blankly, and Fatty began to giggle. Fatty always began to giggle under the most inconvenient circumstances. Al stepped in front of him and Horace seemed utterly oblivious of any embarrassing pause in the conversation.

"We—us—" Dave groped wildly for an idea—"we're planning to go swimming in a little while. Don't you want to come along?"

"Why—aw—no thanks. You're very kind to awsk me, but I promised my Awntie Withawspoon I'd stay out of the wataw until her arrival."

"But it's very safe," Bert rejoined. "You wouldn't need to go beyond your depth unless you should want to. Don't you swim?"

"A little. I learned in the Y. M. C. A. pool in the town where I went to cawlege."

"Have you been to college?" Fatty's voice was incredulous.

"I graduated a year ago from the Cawlege of Music at Fairview." (Fatty muttered something about a "nurse girl.")

"I guess we'll go and leave you to your scare-crow or whatever it is you're composing."

"*Scherzo*. I'll play it for you when it's finished."

"By the way," Al turned back. "There's a leaky little tub of a boat over at our camp. You can use it any time you want to."

"Does it leak? I should think you'd be afraid of drowning in it! But I suppose you've had cawses in life-saving. Thanks, but I think my music is going to keep me pretty busy for the next few days."

And the five of us in the next cottage will bear solemn witness that it did. Fatty would toss restlessly in bed in time to the music, and would groan that we knew "every note of the blamed thing backwards and forwards, and still the simp kept on playing it."

"Honest, I'm serious." Al certainly looked it, with a kitchen towel pinned over his bathing suit, the frying pan in one hand and a can-opener in the other. "We've gotta make that scherzofiend quit. I'm going *silly*."

"Well, there's only one way we can get away without hurting his feelings. He's so sensitive I'm afraid to ask him what kind of pie he likes best. We've got to get away from that piano, and we've got to go off on a trip to do it. We might hike over to Hillcrest—that's about eighteen miles, I guess," I volunteered.

"Sure! We'll go over and rent that launch we've been planning on."

"Gee, let's do it! Camp on an island over night and come back by water the next day." Dave was always quick to take up any plan, and his enthusiasm filled us all.

"You know, I'd like to ask that poor fish to go along, just to see how shocked he'd be. He'd drawl something about his 'Awntie Withawspoon'—" here Fatty mimicked him with such a comical pose that we all burst out laughing.

"We'd stretch it a lot and shock him good—but, what if he should accept!"

"Oh, he won't. And if he should, we could take turns walking beside him, and that way we wouldn't mind his English accent. I'll volunteer to carry him in when he gives out," Fatty ended, generously.

I don't know why we were so benighted as to accept Fatty's suggestion, for his ideas were always tragically inclined. Anyway, this one had an unfortunate outcome. We received the shock of our lives when we asked him if he wouldn't like to hike eighteen miles through the brush and then camp on an island over night.

"Why, that's nice of you fellows, but isn't eighteen miles a little far? Besides, it's a bit hawt, lately. We might get lost, but I suppose you have a compass. Why, I should be delighted

to go. I've done a little walking, and I'll do my best to help make it enjoyable. It's awfully nice of you to awsk me."

We set out about four o'clock next morning. All went well until we sat down on a log to eat the sandwiches we had with us. "I say, Tschaikowsky must have been in such a spawt as this when he wrote the fourth 'Symphony' in F minaw. It is only such a place that is conducive to the state of mind expressed in the 'andante maestoso.' The delicate explanation 'moderato con anima' shows how *deep* thought cawn be without being heavy or unpleasant."

"Oh gosh!" Fatty changed the subject. "Are you fellows all as tired as I am? We've gone twelve miles, and there are six ahead of us. I feel as if I'd been walking forever." True, we all had a decidedly "dragged out" feeling. Part of the way there had been no path and we had forced our way through the underbrush, breaking away branches and climbing over numberless logs. The heat was excessive and hardly a breeze stirred the air.

A few minutes later Horace looked up. "What is that bird? Its melody hawlf follows the motive of the pizzicato ostinato of the scherzo movement! Why didn't I bring my bird glawsses?"

I heard a groan behind me. "Scherzo!" Fatty muttered under his breath. "Let's sit down." Fatty had frequently suggested sitting down and looked pale as I regarded him. "Getting tired, Fatty?" I inquired.

There was a note of impatience in his usually placid voice, as he replied, "Darned right I'm tired. If we had any food I'd say stop and camp right here."

"Come lean on my arm, then," said I

"Aw—," but he came.

"Aws I was saying, the pizzicato move—"

"Honest, fellows, I can't go any farther." Fatty sank down on a log in despair.

"No fawthaw? I'd just aws soon carry you the rest of the way."

"Oh, you can't do that, old man, but I'm not so tired as the other fellows, and I'll take his feet if you'll take his head. It's only two miles farther." I was not as tired as they.

"Golly, I couldn't offer to do that. I'm about ready to be carried in myself," Bert groaned from the ground.

We went slowly, stopping often to rest, and it was an hour before we came into sight of the village, a sorry looking group. I still had Fatty's feet, and Horace, gently whistling a classical air, carried his head. Dave and Bert leaned on each other, and Al struggled on by himself, insisting that he "felt fine."

We stumbled into the country hotel and limped into the side sitting-room, which we had to ourselves. Horace excused himself and reappeared, announcing that "suppaw" would be served in "hawfff" an hour, and he said, also, that he had found a piano, and would play until then. A sigh filled the room. It was useless. He said he was not very tired and that it would rest him. We tumbled upon sofas, and as we lay, unable to sit up, the half-plaintive strains of the "Moonlight Sonata" floated down the hall to our ears.

"He's a nut, but he saved my life," Fatty groaned.

"He's a pill in some ways, but he's tougher than we thought," Dave mumbled sleepily, and Bert was already snoring.

We felt much refreshed after supper and procured a beauty of a little motor boat, which they let us have for two weeks. We arrived at sunset, and the island certainly looked attractive and cool after the long, hot day. Looked cool, did I say? That was about all, for there was not a breath of wind, and the on-coming darkness didn't bring the usual lowering of temperature. Moreover, the mosquitoes began to appear, thicker and faster every moment.

Sounds of slapping and mild profanity began to break the stillness. "These bugs are fierce. I'm going to roll up in a blanket," Al decided, after a while.

Fatty had already tried out this brilliant plan. "Don't do it! It's hotter'n the dickens. I'd rather have the bugs," and he unrolled.

"No, you wouldn't, Fat." Slap, slap! "Oh, they're *clouds* of 'em!" And so there were, and as their numbers increased, they seemed to gain in size. First we would roll up, and then, suffocating, we would brave the vicious insects, just for a change.

"Mawquitoes nevaw bawthawed me much, but if they're going to disturb your sleep, I should advise you to take the launch and go in befaw it gets too dawk."

"The poor fish!" Dave muttered to me. "What does he think we came out here for? A few bugs can't chase us in."

Fatty was wiggling and squirming around on the sand like an eel. "Ow! Oh! Build a fire and smoke 'em out, quick! O—o—h!" Slap, groan.

"I'll go for wood. I don't mind mawquitoes much."

In a moment a roaring blaze sent us racing for the lake. "I'm scorching," yelled Fatty. "I gotta go swimmin', that's all." We all followed him except Horace, who said he would watch the fire. We were cooled off when we came out, and felt quite cheerful. We were greeted by a swarm of buzzing pests, while Horace sat on a rock whistling the "Miserere," as oblivious of them as if there had not been a mosquito within a mile.

"We might as well roll up and try to sleep," Dave sighed.

"Put out the fire, then, for gosh sake!" Fatty was always hot. "It's heating up the whole island, and if a fellow gets near enough for it to do any good, it cremates him."

According to the account Horace gave us later, it was about midnight when he awoke to find himself alone. He had been asleep, and decided to set out and hunt for his comrades. He found us lying in the water, our heads on the sand; we were trying to get away from the heat and mosquitoes enough to sleep for one minute. He looked at us a moment, struggled to control himself, and leaned back against a rock, laughing in a way that infuriated poor Fatty. "If they hurt you the way they do us, you'd lie in the water, too. It's the only way to get away. Oh! *How* do you do it?"

We heard a groan up the beach. Dave was pacing up and down, his head tied up in a handkerchief, wildly waving his arms. "Why, what's the mawtaw, old top?" Amusement marked Witherspoon's voice.

"OH," he groaned with tragic intensity, "these *damned* mosquitoes!"

It must have been his heart-rending earnestness that was so abominably *funny*. We felt cruel, and yet, Horace and I nearly laughed ourselves sick.

"Why don't you go out in the launch?" The creatures didn't torture me the way they did the others.

Horace was afraid we might get lost on the water, but anything was better than those insects. We all went, and dropped anchor about half a mile off shore, we didn't know where. Out there we managed to get to sleep, and the sun was high when we awoke.

The island was still there, and we started in. We had on our heavy hiking clothes, boots and all, and Horace was duly shocked when Bert explained, "I'll dare you fellows to swim in with your duds on." At first no one cared much about it, but finally Al said, "All right, I'm not afraid. I'll take you up, Bert." And in he plunged.

He was a fine swimmer, and we managed to keep somewhere near him with the launch. He went splendidly at first. Nevertheless, he soon began to slow up, and suddenly he threw his arm out toward us and we saw him begin to sink, slowly pulled down by the weight of his heavy clothes.

I sat stupefied, dazed with horror.

IMOGENE FOSTER.

(To be continued)

THE CAMPUS IN AUTUMN

The sunlight glints thru gorgeous leaves
And gathers glory as it falls.
The figured grass is tapestry
Fallen from celestial halls.

The ivy clings to stalwart walls,
The red-twined leaves from bright filets,
Swift shadows flicker to and fro,
Old ghosts of other days.

The wind sifts thru the twisted oaks
And ever-sighing, grieves.
Along the walks in threes and fours
Gay figures rustle through the fallen leaves.

ALICE HICKEY.

THE ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT OF PETER PFEFFER

Peter Fredriche Pfeffer was a young, jolly Dutchman, also fat, and to add to this list of agreeable characteristics he was in love with Katrina Bohmbeer, who was the apple-cheeked daughter of a German farmer, perhaps the exact replica of the love of the famous Brom Bones, only Peter Pfeffer was far from being mistaken for that pitied hero. He was in no way superstitious and fifty pounds or so on the plus side of thinness.

But in spite of these various ways in which he had been favored by fortune, his life for some time had been far from happy. How could a man be happy when the father of the lovely Katrina was of such stern and forbidding mien that even his dog put his tail between its legs and "kiyoodled" off on his approach? And worse than that, kept his daughter so well under his watchful eye that the most the faithful Peter could do was to escort her home from church with the same father five feet behind and eagerly absorbing all the conversation?

Not much of a chance, but a lover's heart is very brave and Peter was very much in love. The case was desperate. Sundry summer evenings Katrina would commit such acts that to Peter's mind would leave Mr. Bohmbeer's mouth standing open with rage if even a suspicion entered his head. For did not Katrina, after all the rest of the family were deep in snoreland, don her clothes, forsake the house through her bedroom window, crawl out over the shed roof, and hold many secret meetings with Peter out behind the barn? (They were especially fond of moonlight nights.) Don't think she did this without parental authority, for Katrina's mother was her closest ally and friend, as well as Peter's.

The horses, doubtless, were much disturbed by the conversation which usually would have been very commonplace to other listeners, though Katrina was oftentimes so thrilled that she would jump up suddenly despite Peter's encircling arm, clap her hands, and cry out, "Oh, Peder, how cute vos it. Say idt again, plees do!" And Peter would repeat again to a willing ear,

"Roses vos redt, vilets vos blue,
Molasses vos sweet, and so vos you.
Posees vos fragrant, the sky it vos blue,
A dog lufs his master, und I luf you."

And so on till a warning light shone from the back window of the house, (it was queer, Pa Bohmbeer said, that Ma always got the toothache in the middle of the night when he was asleep, and had to light the lamp to keep herself company) and the lovers would be forced to part for another week of dismal loneliness.

It was late in the fall when they decided to wait no longer, and, aided and abetted by Ma Bohmbeer, they held long midnight discussions while wrapped in heavy coats and shawls and mittens.

"Peder, I'm scared. Pa is so fierce vou don't know noddung vot. Venefer Ma she speaks your name he mad gets and tells to ma that Peder a goot-for-noddung vos."

"Your Pa he will nodding know. Your Ma will to him sec and all ve haf to do is marriedt get. Like now when he sleeping is, you come like now and ve vill go as qviet as goes der rats in der cellar. You vill soon see, Kaddy."

The next night the young Lcchinvar stole up through the back cornfield leading a horse, which, though it could attain a fair rate of speed indeed, was far from being a knightly specimen.

Katrina was at her post, but a very shrinking, trembling person.

"Honey, vos you too scared?"

"No, no, Peder, but my powder puff it vos vid me, and now idt vos nodt. Oh, I must gedt it, Peder, plees. Yust two meenides and I vill here be again."

"Kaddy, Kaddy, that must not you do; ve vait *vun* meenide und your Pa he roaring vill come!"

"Oh, Peder, plees, it iss mine only *vun*, und mine shoes vill I take off. Yust two meenides, Peder!"

And, though fearing dire disasters for his darling, Peter let her go.

In less than half a minute a bewildered Katrina rushed out and threw herself on Peter's neck where she clung, crying hysterically.

"Peder, he's coming; qvick, qvick take me widt you!"

More speedily than he had ever moved before, he swung her upon the neck of the patient horse and, hanging on somehow himself, he set off toward the house of the justice of the peace at a rate that would have done credit to a famous racer.

Katrina proved correct, for before they had gone one mile of the three that must needs be traversed, the clackety-clack of Mr. Rohmbeer's best saddle-horse was heard not far behind.

Peter was now thoroughly frightened, and after they had gone a little further, he dashed the horse across a low hedge into a cornfield that was now filled with long rows of shocks, and endeavored to escape his pursuer by zigzagging dizzily around and behind the tall shocks. For perhaps fifteen minutes he had the advantage, for the road was dark where he had turned off, and he had not been instantly noticed.

But again he heard the hated sound, and as a last desperate move, Peter jumped another fence and found himself in a field that had been idle that summer and had grown up in pasture grass which soon entangled his horse's feet and brought him to a dead stop. With wildly palpitating hearts, they waited for her father to come up. An awful silence seemed to weigh upon the whole earth till he shouted, "You yong silly bebbies, were's your vitness? I guess you had better take me along midt!"

And sure enough, half an hour later, Mr. Bohmbeer was "vitnassing" his daughter's marriage and explaining "that it all vos a trivle qveer, but he voodn't haf a son-in-law vot couldn't show dot he vos full of spirit!"

VIRGINIA DUSTIN.

AUTUMN

I.

Autumn has come
And the leaves are brown ;
Coal has gone up,
And bank accounts down,
All the old folks
Sit around and frown,
And talk of the weather
They've seen in this town.

II.

The harvest is o'er
The hay has been mown,
The farmers have gathered,
The crops they have grown,
Great clothing reductions
Are offered by Cohen,
And off to the southward
The robins have flown.

III.

School has commenced,
And with great expectations,
The children are waiting
For future vacations,
While Wilson is giving
His prognostications,
Or ruin without his
Dear "League of the Nations."

IV.

Autumn has come
The poet writes a sonnet,
And tries to raise money
To pay room rent on it.
Father looks cross
And mutters "dawgonit,"
When sweet daughter mentions
Her new winter bonnet.

V.

Winter is coming :
The leaves it will bury ;
We care not for winds
And the snow flakes that flurry,
For Christmas is coming
In an awful big hurry ;
And then will come Spring,
So why should we worry ?

EARLEEN RALPH.

CAMPING

So long as interminable winter months shut pining spirits in an institution called a school, and so long as, at the end of what is aptly styled a term, spring magic manages to find a way through formidable walls, awakening one to the fact that freedom is near; then will come the vacation dreams. Then all the world goes camping. Essence of starlight, crisp, brown bacon, and sweet sleep under friendly boughs! Essence of Paradise!

Somehow one forgets those little wood creatures that also find Nature delightful, and Human Nature especially so. One forgets (or fails to remember with an ease that one marvels at later) certain herds of ravenous mosquitoes that can change a paradise to purgatory, and one forgets a certain little striped animal that one can detect without seeing or hearing, and which is highly desirable neither to see or to hear. It is strange how really forceful facts can fade into nothingness when one is in the study hall planning his summer vacation.

But dreams do not always materialize as they are dreamed, especially when a chaperon is concerned. Grown people seem to have more highly developed memories than other persons, or perhaps it is only that their discriminating powers of what to remember or what to forget are inferior. At any rate, my mother flatly refused to act as a chaperon the next summer when, our budding plans now fully blown, we invited her to come "camping with us." She recalled last year; wasn't it then that we had all come trailing back to the cottage at midnight? Anyway, she distinctly remembered the time that I had stepped on the tree toad in my bed of leaves. Mercy! would she never forget my screams!

This year we found our Paradise on the uninhabited island opposite that on which our cottage was located. "Ummm!" we gloated! It would be thrilling. The woods were awfully scary at night, and there really were wood chucks and things on the island. We would have watches by the campfire, each one of us two hours.

"I bid daybreak!"

"I bid midnight!"

"I bid ——!"

We had a gun, too. As each one of us took her watch by the fire, she would receive the rifle, and she would shoot any creature, human or otherwise, who molested her comrades in their sleep. We were determined to take no chances.

Supper went very well. The mosquitoes, with whom we were obliged to renew acquaintance, prevented a perfect Paradise, but in general, it was a good semi-paradise.

After our simple *répast*, we sat around the fire, uplifted and dreamy-eyed. It *was* solemn. The stars were shining, and the great dark oaks stood over us. Our fire seemed the one point of flame in an infinite void. One of us began to sing softly.

Suddenly, without hearing it or seeing it, we detected the presence of the little striped being.

"Skunk!" Helen whispered.

"Skunk!" Now we remembered.

We sat around the fire a little longer, but the poetry of it was gone. We were no longer the only living creatures in an infinite universe. We felt a foreign presence, and we liked it not. It fluctuated, that presence. Now we would think it had departed, and then, as the wind changed, we were reformed.

However, we reasoned, what was a skunk? It wasn't a man-eating animal; it merely kept man from eating, which couldn't hurt us. (I think the atrocious pun was Imogen's.) The girl on watch should merely keep her gun and her ear cocked, and that would be all that was necessary.

With that, we rolled up in our blankets and invited slumber.

I don't know how long it was. I slept a little, took my watch, and then lay down to sleep again. Sweet oblivion was just descending when,

Boom! A reverberation shook the world.

"What——?" we all whispered, and then without opening our eyes, we knew. Helen had shot the skunk!

We sat around the fire to talk it over rationally. Should we bury it? The No's seemed to have it. Poor little creature! (A sudden dive under blankets.) It seemed that he had come too far, and now his lifeless body was lying within ten feet of us.

"Helen, oh, ugh, how could you?"

We moved our camping grounds many times that night, struggling through underbrush and over unsuspected stumps. However, the memory of our horrid deed was carried to us wherever we went. As we changed, the wind like an avenging spirit (or was the albatross an angel?) changed also.

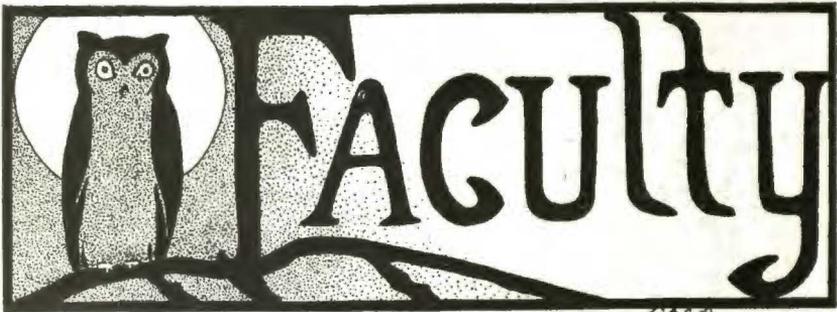
Finally we found ourselves by the boats on the shore. The stars were still shining. Lucky stars, to be so far away! We sat on the beach for what seemed an eternity, with our heads in our hands.

Suddenly, the wind veered. Simultaneously and without words, we got into the boats and pushed off. We sped away in the starlight (lucky stars!) to our cottage across the lake.

It is strange how forceful facts can fade into nothingness as one sits in the study hall some warm, May day planning his summer vacation!

ALICE HICKEY.





Who's Who in the Faculty and Why

Experiment No. 1.

Date Rec.: Oct. 21, 1921.

Object: To find out about K. Egbert Rollefson's life.

Data:

Born Grand Fork, N. Dak. (Somewhere between 1800 and 1900, but he says he doesn't remember it.)

Grad. Superior, Wis., Central High (date?).
Superior State Normal, 1916.
University, Minn. B. A., 1920.

Taught Superior High and Junior High School.
Research Asst. Dept. of Physics, 1918-19.
Tch. Asst. Dept. of Physics, 1919-20-21, University of Minn.
Naval Aviation, 1918.

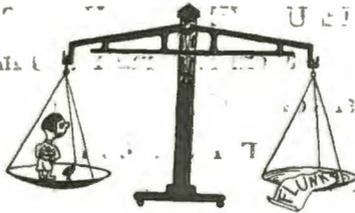
Result: Teacher of Physics, University High.

Mr. Smith will sing for the benefit of the team a little ditty entitled: "Did You Get a Slip?"

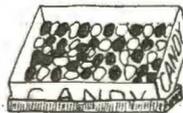
U-HIGH FRIVOLITIES



FRESHIES



It's An Awful Feeling



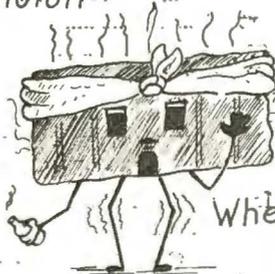
Two Reasons
For UHigh's Sweet
Disposition



Have
You Ever
Seen This
Before



UHigh
Has No
Pep



Whew!

UHigh After Her First
Party



Less
of
These

We Want



More Of These
RAH
FOR
U.H.S.

 THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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WELCOME

The University High School extends to the Freshmen and all new students the heartiest of welcomes. The new students in upper classes have had experience in other schools and so do not need advice as the Freshmen do. You Freshmen have chosen to come to this school because you consider it the best school of all and we hope that—in fact, we are sure that you will not be disappointed, but have an ever increasing love for "U" High as you progress *if you do your part*. By doing your part we mean living up to "U" High standards, backing up the school itself, supporting the Breeze, Bisbilla, and other worth-while projects, and entering into and supporting athletics. If each member of the class of 1925 will do his best in his studies and in supporting "U" High's activities, this new class cannot help being a successful one.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH—"

Every year has its changes. One comes back to school in the fall to behold the walls in the hall spotlessly white, and the old familiar smudges completely eradicated. One sees myriads of minute creatures that one is told are Freshmen. This year, however, the returning students were confronted by a greater change, a Change with a capital letter. Mr. Miller, our principal for many long years, had been advanced to the position of Professor in the Educational Psychology department of the University. Of course, we knew that he would perhaps be happier when surrounded by mental test upon mental test, records of I. I.'s and all the rest of it, but yet it was a hard blow to bear up under. Moreover, it was rumored that he had camouflaged himself! Undoubtedly he feared that, while walking at a dignified pace through the Campus, he should be recognized by "one of those high school kids"; therefore, he had cultivated a moustache. But, evidently sure of his disguise, he has been seen at some of our parties, and so we can hope that he has not forgotten us.

Mr. Miller has been one of the finest influences in the high school, and it was through him that it has run a smooth and worth-while course. It was through his efforts that it has gained the reputation that it holds today. Our good wishes go with Mr. Miller in his new work.

GREETINGS TO MR. REEVE

To Mr. Reeve, our new principal, the student body of the University High School extends the heartiest of greetings. Of course it is realized that Mr. Reeve is not "new" in the sense that he was formerly strange to "U" High, as he has been seen for many years in room 113 trying to teach mathematics to dense students. In the school year of 1918-1919, Mr. Reeve assumed the temporary responsibility of principal while Mr. Miller was on a leave of absence to give mental tests to the soldiers during the war. He took Mr. Miller's place so perfectly (and this is the highest compliment possible), that he naturally was asked to assume the leadership of "U" High when it was so unfortunate as to lose Mr. Miller. There is no doubt but that the University High School will progress as greatly under the piloting of Mr. Reeve as it has under that of Mr. Miller. Greetings, Mr. Reeve!

YOUR PAPER

It is stated on the opposite page that this magazine is published monthly by *the students* of the University High school. That does not mean the few who are on the staff, but every single pupil in the entire school. You have already done a great deal by your ready response in subscriptions and we thank you heartily for that, but there are other ways in which you can also help. Stories, poems, editorials, and jokes are in constant demand and we wish your co-operation. If you think you have no literary talent, you can at least get ads for the "Breeze." Anyone who turns in three advertisements is automatically made a member of the staff, which is worth working for. Make it *your* paper.

CONCERNING "U" HIGH'S ATHLETICS

The athletic situation at University High school, especially in football, is improving year after year. Years ago Mr. Reeve was the only member of the faculty who was at all interested in the boys' athletic activities. The teams were poorly equipped and a small number of boys competed for positions on these teams. Mr. Reeve deserves much praise for the spirit and enthusiasm with which he imbued those teams, and the boys should be given credit for the way in which they responded.

Today we have three men on the faculty who are actively interested in our athletic teams: Mr. Reeve, principal of the High School; Mr. Tohill, chairman of the athletic committee; and the coach, Mr. Smith. Our teams are equipped better than ever before and it is a pleasure to those in charge to realize that two full teams or more appear each night for practice. This year's team is the most evenly balanced one that has ever represented this school. The individual members have co-operated with better spirit and with less friction than in any past year. Certainly, we have a team of which we are proud.

Partial credit for the success this year must be given to Mr. Paul Carroll, senior in the Law College, who has ably assisted in training the football boys. He is an exceptionally good player and an artist in coaching others in the fine points of the game. With the help of the entire student body, we hope to win the two big games of the year, St. Paul Academy, on Oct. 29th, and Blake, on November 3rd. The team needs you!

HUN GERMS AGAIN?

Three years ago the boys' locker room was besieged by an epidemic of Hun Germs. These germs are simply bacteria which cause the fellows to throw their scraps of lunch and paper on the floor, to mark up the walls, and to become profane. So far this year the germs have not gotten a real start, but they have broken out in one or two cases. Just a little carefulness now will prevent drastic action later. In the former epidemic the "U" Club, Hi-Y, and each fellow combined to stamp out the germs. They succeeded, and they have discouraged the bacteria exceptionally well ever since. Let's keep it up, fellows!

A CONTEST?

It has been rumored that a prize will be given for the best story handed in for the December issue. Be thinking about it and watch developments and announcements.

ASSEMBLY

On the opening day of school, September 19, the school was started out on the right path by a very appropriate assembly. Mr. Reeve, after a rest of three years, again took charge as principal and he certainly doesn't seem to have lost his old love for songs, nor any of his former characteristic "pep." After the opening, the new teachers were introduced. They are Miss McGuire, mathematics instructor; Miss Keefe, French teacher; and Mr. Rollefson, physics and science instructor. Miss Schill's place as physical director has been taken by Miss Browning. Besides these changes, Miss Smith, Miss Morehouse, and Mr. Dickinson have returned to us. Mr. Powers, who was our Science and Chemistry teacher two years ago, has returned to our building, and, as he has one Science class, he is really another prodigal faculty member. However, our readers will learn all about them later in the Breeze under the "Who's Who" column. The Freshmen (were we *really* that small when we started in?) were next introduced, as well as the new students of other classes. Then, after the announcement of the altered classes and the singing of a few more old favorites, the first assembly of the year was adjourned.

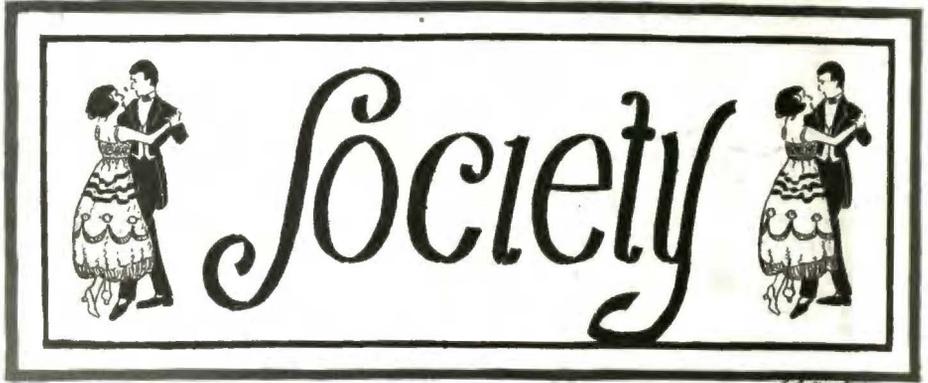
HOORAY! ASSEMBLY!

We all admit there is one consolation in going to school. Once in a while one misses a class because of assembly. It was with blissful grins that the U-High-ites entered the law auditorium at eight-ten on the morning of October the twenty-fourth; moreover, when the fact was disclosed that school would stop at one-thirty, and that a magnificent twenty minutes would be added to the customary noon-hour "joy knew no bounds."

On this particular Monday, the grand and glorious football lineup was introduced, displayed, and properly applauded.

As for the "Campus Breeze" announcement, little need be said. Surely the staff was made up of as charming a group of young girls as one often finds. Anyone who observed Davy Wing expertly pull up her green silk stocking must at once have been struck with the girlish simplicity and charm of masculine members of the staff. As for the song—what matter that it sounded strangely like the chorus of a girls' glee club? Were not the characteristics of the stronger sex supposed to remain in the background? And surely the stirring eloquence of Jimmy Perkins' oratorical efforts must have moved his hearers to their very pocketbooks. (At least Jimmy would like to believe that they did!)

And then came announcements, numerous and far-reaching, from the locker room to school parties. Thus ended the second assembly.



OUR ALL-SCHOOL PARTY

Once more, the patient and long-abused "College of Education" has been tried by youthful recreation. Once again, the melodious voices of children have resounded, ear-splitting, through the halls, and the patter of juvenile footsteps has been audible up and down the stairs at the unearthly hour of six o'clock.

The all-school party has re-entered the realm of our scholastic joys with all the pep and punch of its younger days. The happy round of stunts and pineapple ice was resumed on Friday afternoon, October the fourteenth. With songs by the Seniors—songs of rare exhibition of talent both in composition and presentation, and a take-off on one of their own classes by the Freshmen (who innocently supposed that they were taking off "just a crazy school"), the afternoon's entertainment was rendered in a captivating manner. To encourage the Freshmen, an "old mill" plan gave them an idea of what their fate was to be at the merciless hands of the faculty. In it the curly-headed cherub was converted into a vamp, and the mother's little angel into a football star.

The pineapple punch and cookies were superb, and Jessie Wright was welcomed indeed, after our long state of being without our old pianist.

We all agree that we will try, with heart-felt earnestness, to tame down to a respectable degree of gentility, in order to have them often.

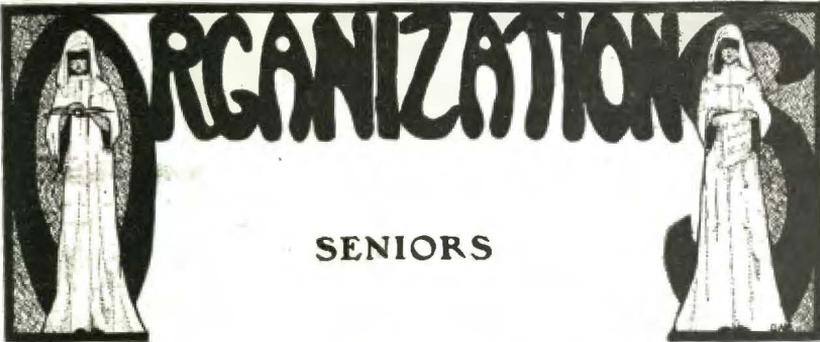
Miss Morehouse: Harry, do you think that the white race is mentally superior to the dark race?

Harry N.: No, ma'am, they all jumped from the same monkey.

POET'S CORNER

The following verse was found printed on the back of a Swede barber's business card:

Ten thousand Jews were selling booze,
 Without the state's permission;
 To supply the needs of a million Swedes,
 Who voted prohibition.



SENIORS

Heigho! The golden age of peace for the reporter is ended, and she must again take up her scratch pad and Eversharp and traverse the halls for bits of rumor. For *rumor*, you know, is all that any of the Seniors' plans can ever be called; for ideas just naturally develop into realities of their own accord, without any one's doing anything about them when a class has a president like Jim Perkins to do all the work.

Yes, surely Jim is a valuable asset. Now just the other day the Seniors had a class meeting and somebody said, "Let's have a party!" And the class turned the whole business, committees and all, over to Jim, and the Seniors had nothing to worry about! Hurray for Jimmy! And Freshmen, just a word of advice right here: Be sure to elect a patient man for president, for that is the most efficient way in the world of getting out of the dirty work.

Oh, not that the Seniors are lazy! How could anyone insinuate such a thing when day after day they have been seen lavishly dispensing peanuts to anyone who has the innocent trust in them to pass within a mile of the candy stand? No, certainly anyone who has heard Helen Christenson desperately shrieking out, "Only ten cents a bar!" can call the Seniors lacking in energy or vocal ability.

How about the party? Oh, you'll have to wait until next time to hear about that (we're giving Jim plenty of time to get it up, for we realize that he has a good deal to do).

The Juniors, in order to appreciate their blessings, should really have witnessed the disappointment of certain of the Seniors (mentioning no names, of course), upon learning that Idress does not belong to the class of '22. However, if this joy is forbidden us, we have other new members who can almost compensate for that sad fact. For instance, there is Kenneth Francis—the boy with the eye lashes; and Gregory Ladd (everybody knows Gregory); Cora Miles, with her brilliant chemistry recitations; and Oliver Lee, another musician added to our ranks.

So, as anyone might suppose, the Seniors are going to do great things this year. Watch the signs!

JUNIOR NOTES

Where, oh where, have the frivolous Sophomores gone and the dignified Juniors come from? Have you ever seen such serious-minded people in all your life? Why, actually it has been rumored that some are carrying five subjects *because they want to!* Perhaps it is because there are so many new bright lights this year to serve as an inspiration. For instance, there's Ida Levine from East, Gladys Ladd from West, Stanford Bissel from ditto, David Markley from Central, Wilva Davis from St. Paul Central, Jean Fulmer, a Western Miss from Portland, Oregon, Helen Minty from Fort Dodge, Iowa, Howard Abbott from Shattuck, Idress Beasley, a delightful Southern damsel from Richmond, Virginia, and Charles Reed, who comes from Marshall, Minnesota.

We have lost several of our classmates, too. George Rostrom has gone to Mechanic Arts this year; Hans Bonde is at South high; Nona Haskell, Paul Kambornino, and Bernice Mailon are at East; Pauline Fletcher has gone to West High; Gilbert Willson is at West High, too; Maurice Lewis is at a military academy in St. Louis; and Rachel Northrup has left rather suddenly to live in Red Wing, Minnesota.

The Juniors started the year in the right way by holding a class meeting for election of officers. They are: Roy Thorshov, President; Francis Hermann, Vice President; Mary Boyd, Secretary; Everett Comstock, Treasurer, and lastly but not leastly, Rowland Moulton, Sergeant-at-arms. We all feel that Rowland has the ability to hold this office as he sets *such* a good example himself. To our surprise we discovered that Mr. Stockwell, our class adviser during our Freshman and Sophomore years, had resigned. We all feel sorry to lose him, but we are fortunate in gaining Miss Smith. During the course of the meeting we decided to hold a bean feed, and everyone knows the result of that. The money was thankfully received because we were—er—financially embarrassed. We have also planned a party, and by the looks of things we all feel sure that our Junior year is going to be the “peppiest” we’ve had.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The first meeting of the Sophomore Class was called September 30th, but since no one was present, the meeting, naturally, was dismissed. However, a second meeting was called and held October 3rd, at the noon hour, to decide the most important question of the year, the class dues! It was finally decided that the large sum of twenty cents (!) must be paid by every member of the class, at the beginning of each month. Our adviser, whom we hope will keep us out of trouble, is Miss De Boer. Although we were sorry to see Miss Thornton go last spring, we are very glad to have Miss De Boer as our adviser.

The officers for this year are:

James McConnell	President
Margaret Hummel	Vice President
Lorna Scott	Secretary
Robert Rhame	Treasurer

A number of new students have been added to our large and prosperous class, including Anna Louise Flagg, Charles Gove, Polly Miles, and Donald Van Koughmet.

As yet our class, as a whole, has not done anything. But watch the Sophomores in the future!

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

The Freshmen held a class meeting October 7. The officers that were elected are as follows:

Charles Burbach	President
Patricia Gregory	Vice President
Norma Scott	Secretary
John McConnell	Treasurer
William Haggerty	Sergeant-at-arms
Dorothy Johnson	Reporter for the Campus Breeze

Nothing was decided as to our future plans.

Why is it that our study hall teachers are so interested in what we do?

The Freshmen girls have turned out splendidly for the girls' play hour. But come on, you girls, we want more of you there every night.

In the all-school party held Friday, October 14, the Freshmen carried off laurels with their stunt. You will all remember that the Freshmen said a unique alphabet under the direction of Imogene Foster impersonating Miss Inglis.

ACME

Strength does not always lie in numbers. At present Acme can count only six active members, but the spirit that prevails promises a good year's work. Under the inspiring leadership of Miss Browning, who has already shown herself a worthy guide, we aim to keep up the Acme standard.

For our first meeting we hiked out in the country with our suppers under our arms. On this hike we also enjoyed having with us Mrs. Cram, under whom Acme has progressed for the past three years. She told many of her experiences abroad and we are hoping that we will hear more about them another time. After walking quite a distance, we decided to stop, not because the road ended, but for the simple reason that we were all just famished. The hike was a great success and everyone had a good time.

Our next meeting was much more weighty. There were several changes to be made in the constitution so that it can be given out to all the new girls in order that they may understand the standards of Acme and the requirements for admission. We hope that during the year our membership will be greatly increased and that our accomplishments will be many.

HI Y

The Hi Y started off with a rush at the first meeting by forming its program for the next year. The program is for a real, serviceable year, which started off with a wiener roast for the Freshmen, so that they could get acquainted with the upperclassmen. This wiener roast was held Friday, October 7, at Welsh Lake, near Rose Hill. Here, fellowship was promoted between the Freshmen and upperclassmen by games and contests between two teams, the Barnum and Baileys and the Curtis Fliers. The latter won by a small margin. Then wieners, buns, and marshmallows quickly disappeared, after which jokes were cracked and songs were sung before the campfire. After discussing a triangle club for the Freshmen, the roast broke up and was unanimously voted the best yet.

On the second Tuesday of the school year, a joint Hi Y meeting was held at the Central Y. M. C. A. Branch. An excellent meal was served, two fine talks were given by prominent men, and the prizes for the Hi Y camp, which was held at the Y. M. C. A. camp at Chisago City from September 1 to 5, were distributed. Although University High was far from the top in standing, it was at least not the lowest. Don Nelson won the tennis championship for the period and thereby gained the University delegation many points. It is hoped that more delegates will attend next year.

Membership in the Hi Y is limited to Sophomore, Junior, and Senior boys, but all the boys of those classes are invited to come into the Hi Y.

THE "U" CLUB

The "U" Club this year is really trying to be an active organization. We started things right when we elected Dave Canfield president and James McConnell treasurer, for these two fellows have taken hold of things and started them off with a bound.

The first thing an organization needs, if it is going to do anything, is money; so, with the backing of the whole club, our two husky officers tried their luck selling ice cream sandwiches. This is proving very successful, so we have been trying to decide how we can best make use of our money. We have decided to spend a portion of this money for some pins that will be made in the shape of a "U" which will be the emblem of the club. The rest of our money will go toward banquets or anything else that we shall decide later on to have. The club is now looking forward to a very successful year.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Since school started, two meetings have been held by the Dramatic Club. The officers were elected and plans are being made to have interesting, lively gatherings twice a month, under Miss Hubman's supervision.

The elected officers are the following:

Helen Barlow	President
Gordon Murray	Vice President
Helen Christenson	Secretary and Treasurer
Elisabeth Flather	"Breeze" Reporter

All members of the Junior and Senior classes are eligible. It is hoped that many will join the club, as a cordial invitation is extended to all Juniors and Seniors.

"The Stunt Seekers" are going to entertain at the next meeting and it is expected that many good times are going to be had.

Now is your time to learn to overcome "stage fright" by joining the Dramatic Club. All come!

ENTITY

According to Webster, "Entity" is something that has real existence. The "something" in this case is an organization.

Entity is the smallest of recognized organizations in "U" High. It was formed by four girls who banded together to further friendship among girls and to do whatever they saw fit to benefit the school, in a quiet, unpretentious way. These four girls each chose a girl from the class below her who resembles her to be her "sister." This was four years ago. So now Entity has sixteen members, twelve honorary and four active members. The four active members now are Marjorie Cheney, Ruth Eckles, Katrina Hummel and Greta Clark. The activities of Entity have not yet begun, but when they do—Gangway!

MINIMUM ESSENTIALS

By I. D. Kline

Nibs's bell-bottom trousers and hick hair cut.

Dave Marckley's number 11's.

Ralph Thompson's "You tell 'em."

Dick Balcome's "extensions."

(He put sugar on his shoes and coaxed 'em down.)

Idress' 57 varieties of sweaters.

"Healthy" Todd's surplus 187.

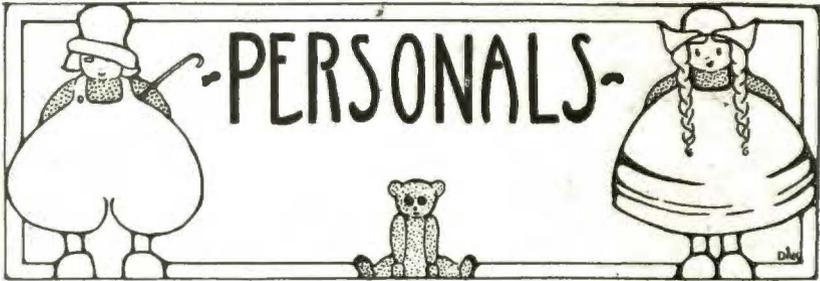
The cut on Cecil Hanson's vest.

Bill Haggerty's pompadour.

Miss Morehouse's parliamentary law class.

Dick Miller's horse laugh.

"Huge" Hughes' horse play.



Imogene Foster has decided that she won't make "coal gas" for a living because one does get his hands so dirty touching the coal. Besides, it is always liable to explode as it did in chemistry class the other day, which ruined her complexion for a week.

Fannie Graham and Mugs Morris are said to have the best imaginations for making up original excuses for being late in the morning of any one in the school. Heaven knows they need all they can make up.

Fritz Alway wanted to know who the new boy was this fall with the sore foot. I wonder if she knows now. He seems to speak to *her* all of the time.

Helen Barlow said that she was just naturally economical and what was the use of using so much material in a skirt, anyway?

Margaret Erickson takes Jessie Wright's place very nicely this year when she plays the piano for us to dance to, doesn't she? But why don't we ever get Mr. Reeve to give us a little "jazz"? Oh yes! He's played for years.

Miss Denneen asked Gordon Murray if he had looked over his translation before, and he said yes, that he'd looked it over; then she said, "Well, I guess you overlooked it," and then we all laughed.

Mary White is "growing up" faster each day. She and May will be fine in the three-legged race we have each spring at "Gym."

Miss Thornton is going to the "U" of Texas. I suppose she is having a gay time with her "Beta" friends.

Mr. Dvorak writes himself letters and puts them in his post office box at school, so he won't forget when there's a faculty meeting, or to get his wife that piece of lace she wanted.

Mr. Tohill asked his class to give a list of "liberties" which had developed in a certain age. Old Jimmie Perkins said "Marriage," but Mr. Tohill hastily disagreed.

Eleanor Clure called up to order the candy for the Seniors. She said, "This is the University High School speaking." Course you do add a lot to the school, Eleanor, but you're not that much. Go count yourself.

Miss Denneen arrived in the office just too late to get a phone call. She asked Mrs. Hickey if it sounded interesting, but Mrs. Hickey said, "No. It was just a girl." Whereupon Miss Denneen sighed.

MISS BAREFACT'S COLUMN

Note: All those wishing advice other than that which is to be published, should send a self-addressed envelope to Beatrix Barefacts, c-o the Campus Breeze.

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am a Freshman this year. Somehow I can't run the school to suit myself. I try hard to do this. What is the matter?
Yours in doubt,

Lowell Gilmor.

Ans.: Maybe, my boy, it's because you are only a Freshman, and you're not quite as high and mighty as you think you are.—
B. B.

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am a Sophomore in High School this year. For some reason or other the girls don't fall for my red hair as they should.

Wirt Strickler.

Ans.: Maybe, Wirt, because red hair alone doesn't make a man.—B. B.

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am of medium height, and am considered very pretty. My hair is straggly, tho, and I would appreciate your advice as to how to do it up.
Yours,

Bessie Bacon.

Ans.: Dear Bessie, I would advise you to skin it tightly back, leaving your ears out. Do it in a tight knot in the back. I think this would be becoming to you.—B. B.

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am tall and good looking, but the girls do not seem to care for me. What would you advise?

Charles Gove.

Ans.: Try wearing flowers in your button hole, and always keep saying pretty poetry to the female dreadnaughts.—B. B.

"U" HIGH'S CRADLE ROLL

Edited and compiled by I. Landem

All small members of any class are eligible. The charter members are as follows:

Vinton Dourthey, adviser.
Starr Pierce, president.
Julian Murray, secretary.
Clifford Beal, sergeant-at-arms.
Elizabeth Bauer
Ralph Thompson
Bill Haggerty
Herbert Halfwit
John Brown
Paul Smith
Katherine Washburn
Grace Anderson

Graduates:

Gordon Murray
Dick Balcome
Helen Christenson
Ted Erickson

"DOPE COLYUMN"

By P. D. Q.

Send 'em in, folks, don't be bashful.—With apologies to P. A. Z. (Mpls. Journal).

It has been hinted that Lee Fischer may shave again next quarter. Look out, Lee, you may catch cold.

Our Motto—"Hew to the line, but don't get the cinders in your eyes."

The other day we visited a chemistry class. Coal gas manufacture was in process. After having one complete apparatus blow up and light in Moulton's lap we, prompted by Mike Graves, decided that coal gas was an explosive.

(The editor told us to take up two columns—having a hot time doing it.)

Wonder who the young Frosh was that Shaw tried to lead astray by dancing with her at the A. S. Party.

Look out for Brown and Thompson, the "Diphtheria Duo."

Sir: We understand that you have a fresh cow for sale. Will give milk, also chairs, tables and other utensils.—(Ex.)

Sir: A friend writes from Straddle Ridge, Ark.:

Benny had a little fit,
His mother said, "What matters it?
Indeed it was a *Bennyfit!*"

We'll go 'em one better, Bosco:
The drug clerk had a little fit,
His partner said, "What matters it?
Indeed it was a counter-fit."

(Copyright, 1776.) Not bad for a high school student, eh, wot, Bosco?

Some more of Moulton's low-life wit: We heard him remark the other day, "What's Frank doing to the poor dog? Look out or he'll Keel-er." Immediately Thorshov into sight (get that—Thors-hove?) and went Moulton one better by saying, "If Jae Wood, would Charles Reed? Fredrica Jane doesn't think so—Always." Well, that'll do for the small town wit. Remember what Patrick Henry said: "A pun's the lowest form of wit."

We just want to say a few words in passing, about a dark moustached man. We were going to print the poem, but it was given at the A. S. Party, besides, he's much bigger than we. As Harold De Bunk termed it, it was a base ball moustache, nine on a side.

Hate to disappoint you folks by cutting this short. You'll get more in the next issue.

P. D. Q.

We suggest that Dave Canfield take up the barber trade. He is getting good practice shaving ice cream for sandwiches.

ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

On Wednesday following the opening of our dear school, all those that remained of Smith's last year's pets trotted to the athletic room, closely followed by all the hopefuls and last year's seconds, to receive suits from Manager Blomberg and Captain Bailey.

After everything was checked out, it was found that the following "vets" had come back for another year: Captain Bailey, last year's stellar tackle; "Lefty" Borglin, last year's end; Clure, end; Canfield, center; McConnell, speedy half; and Curtis, our plunging fullback. The second team men of last year who have proved their mettle are: Flannagan, noteworthy half or fullback; Litzenberg, quarter; McQuillan, scrappy lineman; Don West, game and much respected guard; Hughes and Nelson, worthy backfield men; Dieber, center; Perkins, end; and Bill, halfback. Several new men have entered school and look good. The most promising are Ladd, Markley, Gove, Gilmor, and Reid.

The next night the first practice was held.

This consisted mainly of falling on the ball, and practice at throwing oneself at the opponent's feet. Mr. Smith announced to us that he had engaged an assistant, Paul Carroll, a 180-pound youngster who was a star performer in Doc Williams' machine a few years ago.

The next night Carroll was there to help us. He is a good sport and the boys are all glad that Coach Smith was able to obtain him. After the boys had limbered up a bit and got over their first night's stiffness, a first team was picked, temporarily, and also a second team. A few simple signals were given. This is about the way the team lined up. Borglin, r. e.; Bailey, r. t.; West, r. g.; Dieber, c.; McQuillan, l. g.; Ladd, l. t.; Clure, l. e.; Canfield, q. b.; McConnell, l. h. b.; Curtis, f. b.; Blomberg, r. h. b.

Most of the time was spent in getting the line men set solidly, so that an opponent could not push them over. Bailey, Borglin and Clure were old hands at it so they helped the second team somewhat.

The following week several scrimmages were held and the more promising men given chances in the first team line and backfield. Ladd, at tackle, proved to be a "find." He had had previous experience at St. Alban's School. Markley showed up quite well and was placed at right guard in West's place. Todd was tried in the line, but his weight handicaps him somewhat and now "Pansy" is trying to get rid of some surplus avoirdupois. Flannagan was put in Blomberg's place and appears to be a reliable line bucker. Blomberg has the advantage in weight and speed, but Flannagan has the advantage in experience. The honors are nearly even, however, and at any rate Flannagan will make an excellent man to put in in case some one gets hurt. Gove also looks good. His size and weight could be used, but the big boy will have to speed his feet up a bit even yet. Freeman was put in Dieber's place, but has not the weight that Dieber has, although he is faster and his passing more accurate.

"U" HIGH VS. ALUMNI

On October 30, a team was fairly well decided, and this team was pitted against the Alumni. There were six of the Alumni who came for the game, all former "U" High greats. These six and a team filled out with second team men played a hard game. For the Alumni, Vye, last year's captain and halfback, and Williams, 1920 quarterback, did the bulk of the backfield work, while Grumke did well in streaks. In the line, Miller and Hayes did the best work.

For the regulars it was a good test. It showed up a few weak spots and faults and gave them a good hard scrimmage. The Alumni are to be congratulated for the fight they put up.

The regular backfield worked about three-quarters of the game. Curtis was the stellar performer, his plunging being the feature of the game. "U" High should have made two more touchdowns, one in the first quarter and one in the last. In the first quarter it was third down and a yard to go, when Canfield took the ball over and fumbled as he was tackled, the Alumni recovering the ball and kicking out of immediate danger. Again, in the last quarter, it was fourth down and three yards to go when the ball was given to Nelson on a wide end run. Vye tore into the play and Nelson was forced out of bounds on about the one inch line, but the ball had been lost on downs. When the final whistle blew the score stood: "U" High, 20; Alumni, 0.

"U" High, 20		Alumni, 0
Clure	l. e.	Bill
Ladd	l. t.	Paist
McQuillan	l. g.	Todd
Dieber	c.	Hayes
Markley	r. g.	Gove
Bailey	r. t.	H. Miller
Borglin	r. e.	Perkins
Canfield	q.	Williams
McConnell	l. h. b.	Vye
Blomberg	r. h. b.	Erwin Grumke
Curtis	f. b.	Hughes

Substitutions—Litzenberg for Canfield, Nelson for McConnell, Flannagan for Blomberg, Litzenberg for Curtis, Canfield for Litzenberg. Score by quarters:

Alumni	0	0	0	0—0
"U" High	7	6	7	0—20

Touchdowns—Curtis, 2; Blomberg.

Goals after touchdown—Curtis, 2; Litz, 0.

Time of quarters—10 minutes. Referee: Smith.

This game gave the coaches a line on the strength of the team and during the next week hard practice was given to the squad, with a few minutes of scrimmage on top at the end of the evening workout.

"U" HIGH DEFEATED BY NORTH

The next game was with North. We went over there with the idea of playing the second team, but due to the Jewish holiday, there was not a second team and so Kennedy sent his first stringers against us.

North kicked off and Blomberg received on our ten yard line. By successive line plunges by Curtis and Canfield, together with end runs by McConnell and Blomberg, we advanced the ball steadily down the field in three or four successive first downs. On about the thirty yard line North held, and it was fourth down with four to go. It was too close to North's goal to punt, so Curtis was sent thru on a split-buck and just barely failed to make the necessary four yards.

From that time on North was not in much danger except in the third quarter when "U" High advanced the ball about forty yards, when it was lost on a fumble. In the last quarter "U" High tried almost nothing but passes of which only two or three were successful, hard luck seeming to follow our efforts. One thrill was given the stands, however, when "Lefty" Borglin picked a pass out of the ozone and raced for 15 yards before being downed.

North's touchdowns resulted largely from end runs from a shift formation that seemed to confuse our boys. Cheese made a pretty run for North when he picked up a punt that had been fumbled by a North man and raced in a wide run around all the "U" team for forty yards and a touchdown.

The "U" boys fought hard and made a good showing considering it was the North regulars that were played. Our line plunging worked well, whereas something seemed to be wrong with our end runs and passes. All in all, however, the coaches were satisfied with our work. Several "U" High substitutes were put in. Grumke, at left guard for McQuillan, mussed up several plays for North. The "U" High backfield broke up many of North's passes. The score was: North, 28; "U" High, 0.

Score by quarters:

North	14	0	7	7—28
"U" High	0	0	0	0—0

Substitutes—Flannagan for Clure, Grumke for McQuillan, Freeman for Dieber, Flannagan for Blomberg.

Touchdowns—Cheese, 2; Seagren, Chriss.

"U" HIGH, 43; HOPKINS, 6

On the following Tuesday, Hopkins played us at our field. Either the "U" High team was terribly peppy or something was the matter, because "U" High ran up and down the field several times and in the third quarter put in a complete new team who held the Hopkins team very well. In the last quarter the regulars went back in and made a touchdown and a field goal. When the second team was put in, they made four first downs, much to the surprise of everyone. This was due to the plunging of Hughes and Flannagan. The Hopkins aggregation made their only touchdown when Johnson, at right half, made a forty yard end run. Goal was missed.

During the matinee, Curtis scored three touchdowns and one place kick, and McConnell, Blomberg and Borglin each counted once. Curtis took the ball over on the fourth play of the game. In a few more minutes, after Canfield had placed the ball on the one yard line, McConnell charged thru a mountain of players and came out on the other side with the second touchdown. Blomberg carried the ball across for the next touchdown. Something seemed to be wrong with Curtis' pet toe as he missed two of the three attempts at goal after touchdown in this quarter, which, by the way, are the first he has missed in two years. Last year in the S. P. A. game he kicked eight straight. After the first quarter of the Hopkins game he missed none and made up in the fourth quarter by booting the pigskin between the bars from the twenty-five yard line. Borglin got into the limelight by pulling the oval out of the sky and tearing down the field for a touchdown. Curtis scored twice more before the game was over.

The Hopkins team had the week before defeated Wayzata 19 to 18, who in turn, had been beaten by Blake 33 to 0, and 20 to 0; so according to the dope, we have a better scoring machine than Blake has. Hopkins went home at the short end of a 43 to 6 score.

The players who starred for "U" High were Bailey, Borglin and Ladd in the line and Curtis in the backfield.

"U" HIGH DEFEATS EAST

With a light practice on Wednesday, we played the East seconds on the East field on Thursday. The "U" High boys were somewhat battered up and did not show up as well as they should have, but were lucky, and Curtis' interrupting on East forward pass and going for a touchdown, besides his booting goal with his educated toe, won the game for us. In the last quarter there was a narrow escape for "U" High. Luck came our way for once. An East man broke through the line, got away from Canfield and also another man, and crossed the goal line. But when Canfield was still hanging on to the man, the referee blew his whistle. But it was a mistake; the rule book of 1921 states, "If the referee shall at any time blow his whistle inadvertently or unintentionally, the ball shall be declared dead at the spot where it was when the whistle was blown." So the ball was taken back to that spot and obtained by "U" High on downs. Canfield then punted out of danger, and the ball was held in midfield for the remainder of the game.

Frequent fumbles marred the game somewhat, for both sides made costly bobbles. Borglin starred by his catching of passes, one of which he leaped for from a bunch of about six East men and nailed the ball. Ladd and Clure broke up many plays, and, as a whole, the left side of our line played splendidly, but on the right side and center, many plays came thru and it fell upon Curtis to stop these. Jim McConnell also comes in for some glory because of his ground-gaining propensities when he was called upon to advance the oval. Hughes, replacing West at right guard, did well and probably won himself a place on the regular team by his good work.

Score by quarters:

East	6	0	0	0—6
"U" High	7	0	0	0—7

"U" HIGH DEFEATED BY WEST

On the twentieth of October we played West High second team. We came out at the narrow end of a 14-0 score. For some reason or other our boys could not seem to get going. The West team is a strong aggregation. They had a line that outweighed our line by about ten pounds to the man. Considering that fact, our boys in the line put up a plucky fight. Capt Bailey, star tackle, did not play. Our common enemy, Eligibility, clipped him from behind and kept him out for the week. Since Bailey was out, it was necessary to move our "Fighting Mac" from the backfield up to tackle. He played in the line a bit last year before he was injured, and it seemed good to get back there, he said. He certainly ripped things up in great shape. He was clearly the outstanding player of the game for "U" High. He played the first half at tackle but in the second half he played defensive tackle and offensive halfback, switching with Les Blomberg, who has a bad leg that shows him up very much. Lefty Borglin again comes into the spotlight by a couple of real nifty catches of passes. We have some combination, Curtis to Borglin. Curtis, acting captain in the absence of Bailey, also pulled off some neat playing. McConnell, after he was switched to the backfield, made a couple of keen gains. He made an end run of ten yards and Curtis, not to be outdone, immediately followed suit, and so Lefty thought that just for variation he'd catch a pass, which he proceeded to do. The one thing that we were lamentably weak on was tackling. A West man would time and again make five or six yards after he should have been downed. Also, the touch-downs would have been hesitated, temporarily at least, if the defensive backs had done their bit. Altho the West backfield had good interference and were tricky runners, it is hardly fair to try and make an alibi when we were so obviously off color.

The West team had a good kicker. This particular man did not do the punting, as he played guard, but on the kickoff he booted the ball from their forty yard line to our ten yard line. In the middle of the fourth quarter, West was penalized fifteen yards because one of their substitutes, just inserted in their line, talked to one of the team before the first play had been completed. This placed them on our thirty-five yard line, fourth down, and twenty-four yards to go. They decided to try a drop kick. Doran, playing guard, dropped back ten yards for a kick. The center passed the ball and he booted the pigskin accurately towards the bars. It looked as tho it was going over, but fell short by inches, and it was "U" High's ball on our twenty yard line. It is seldom, especially in a high school, that a good drop-kicker is found. Johnny Flannagan, who was put in at left half when "Mac" was put up in the line, performed very creditably. He made several good gains and was in on many tackles. He was laid out twice, but gamely refused to quit.

There were several "U" High spectators at the game. Clure swore that he counted eight. Canfield wasn't so sure. He claimed he heard a quartette rendering the "Locomotive," but was sure that there weren't more than six at the very wildest guess.

(For Girls' Athletics, see page 35.)

Alumni Notes



Last year's Seniors of the University High School seem to hold an almost one hundred per cent record for the continuance of a University course after the high school work. The following pupils from the 1921 class are attending the University of Minnesota: Rachel Perkins, Myrtice Matchitt, Phillip Anderson, Edward Cless, Ruth Edwards, Aylwyn Esperson, Laura Elder, Emma Lou Graham, Erwin Grumke, Margaret Haggerty, Mary Howe, Joe Hummel, Roy Franzen, Louise Hortvet, Milfred Jaynes, Mercedes Joerns, Grace Johnson, Irene Johnson, David Kopp, Dorothy Kurtzman, Avis Litzenberg, Douglas MacHenry, Alice Maxson, Charles Shepherd, Clitus Tepley, Dorothy Truman, Lillian Truman, Lloyd Vye, Paul Watts, Elizabeth White, Jessie Wright, Richard Hayes, Oliver Skalbeck, Elsie Stougaard, Arthur Porter and Gladys Tmey. We sincerely hope that none of them will take the notorious six weeks' course. Three of our last year's members are attending Carleton College, namely, Frances MacLean and Vera Young. Charles Burns, the last year's class president, attends the university at Syracuse, New York. Evelyn Anderson and Henry Williams are both working at present. Ruth Bullis may be found at Hamline. Reginald Forster attends the Naval Academy at Annapolis. "Dan" Finkelstein is at the University of Pennsylvania. Arndis Lundeborg is now at home, while Sara Price hopes to become an artist by attending the Boston Art School. Ethel Strickler is at the MacPhail School of Music in Minneapolis. Marie Bruce is a student of St. Olaf College at Northfield, Minn.

ALUMNI ACTIVE IN THE UNIVERSITY

Avis Litzenberg and Margaret Sweet tried out for the Players' Dramatic Club and were elected.

Douglas MacHenry was elected president of the Freshmen Chemists.

Rachel Perkins, Laura Elder, Margaret Haggerty and Luceia Mo were among the first students chosen as the Y. W. C. A. Freshman commission.

Rachel Perkins and Myrtice Matchitt gave a Dutch dance at the Cosmopolitan Club opening dance.

SORORITY PLEDGES

On October 24, excitement ran high down on sorority row. Of the many girls pledged, ten came from the University High School. They were as follows:

Kappa Alpha Theta—Avis Litzenberg, '21, and Sally Fenton, '19.

Gamma Phi Beta—Emma Lou Graham, '21, and Mary Howe, '21.

Alpha Gamma Delta—Myrtice Matchitt, '21, and Lucelia Mo, a former "U" High student who was graduated from Central High last spring.

Alpha Phi—Margaret Sweet, who attended "U" High for three years.

Achoth—Laura Elder, '21, and Marguerite Robinson, '20.

Kappa Kappa Gamma—Betty White, '21.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 33.)

Mrs. Cram, who is still Miss Schill to us, our gym teacher for three years, has been succeeded this year by Miss Browning. Although we miss Miss Schill very much, we are going to like Miss Browning, and foresee many good times. Our annual period of groans on ascending stairs, and great unwillingness to move quickly is over and we are able to endure quite a lot without injury to our numerous tender muscles. Even folk dances no longer scare us, and it is beginning to look as though we really might attain a degree of grace with practice.

How many girls know what the cup in the study hall is for and how it is won? The Freshmen got it last year and it looks as though the Freshmen were going to get it this year. One very good way to get points is to come out to sports.

Owing to several rather tragic accidents, scrimmage has been dropped for the year. Soccer is just as much fun and just as exciting. As soon as there are enough girls out to sports to make up class teams, we will have a tournament. The winning team gets 15 points for the cup. We already have enough Freshmen and Seniors to make teams, and would like to see a few more Sophomores and Juniors out. Each time a girl comes out for sports, she contributes two points to her class.

Let's have a big, "peppy" sports hour, and a close race for the cup.

The "U" Club has proved, at its own expense, that women do not know the value of money. At their second ice cream sale, Margaret Thompson came along and put a penny on the table, took a sandwich, and departed with an air of absolute innocence.

Through her ignorance of money value, the club is nine cents in the hole.



EXCHANGE

So far we have not been able to add any new papers or magazines to our Exchange List, but will surely have received some before the next "Breeze" comes out. Most of the magazines on our last year's list are still continuing faithfully to send us material. Among these are:

"The West High Weekly," West High, Minneapolis.

Every number of this paper seems to be an improvement on the last. It is well organized and the Editorial Section is especially praiseworthy. Why not a few more pictures and cartoons?

"The Otaknam," Mankato High, Mankato, Minn.

We are glad to continue exchanging with this paper and wish them success with their Lyceum program for the following winter. If one possesses a sense of humor, he shouldn't miss this paper. The jokes are good, though too many.

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

"Short and sweet"; six pages of advertisements in a sixteen page magazine. You may be forgiven, however, for the idea of having your first number a directory number is a good one, and of course it's hard to get a lot of material for the first edition.

"Brookings School News," Brookings, South Dakota.

Your different sections might be arranged in more orderly fashion, but from some of the articles in the paper, yours must be the best kind of a school to attend.

"The Orange and Black," Gilbert, Minn.

Your Athletic Department is very good. The Sophomore and Junior notes last month were especially clever.

After this some of these magazines will be placed in a box in the Study Hall, so that students may read them over and in that way keep in touch with other schools and possibly obtain from them some new ideas for the "Breeze."