

For first class work, look for Gus!

1323 Fourth St. S. E.

or the Varsity, 425 14th Ave. S. E.

10 - Expert Hair Cutters - 10

Gus H. Hjernevik, Prop.

BANKING

No education is complete without a thorough knowledge of banking fundamentals. Maintaining a checking or savings account at this modern bank will help!

St. Anthony Falls Bank

The Oldest and Largest Bank in East Minneapolis

Tel. Dinsmore 4605

Res. Locust 5255

JOHN BRAATEN TAILOR

310 Oak Street S. E.

Oak Street, near Washington

Cleaning, Pressing and Alterations

Minneapolis, Minn.

Ye Fireside Halle

and

Tamarack Lodge

For private dancing parties

Mid. 7730

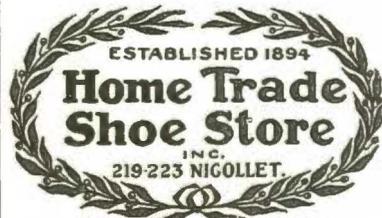
SCHAFFER-SIMMS CO.

Fancy Groceries
and Meats

405-7 14th Ave. S. E.

Telephones: { Gladstone 1368
 { Dinsmore 8792

To Show You is to Shoe You



Edmund C. Bates, Pres.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Psychology in Society—Mary Boyd.....	2
A Strange Episode—Florence Bauermeister.....	9
The Adventures of Two Unfortunates.....	11
Faculty	12
Cartoons	13
Editorials	14
Assemblies	16
Organizations	19
Personals	24
Athletics	28
Alumni	31
Exchange	33
Jokes	34

The Campus Breeze

Volume IV

January, 1922

Number 3



PSYCHOLOGY IN SOCIETY

Characters:

Professor Martin
Mrs. Martin
Lucy Martin
Mrs. Leroy Morgan
Percival De Vandergilt Fitzgerald
Jimmie Brown
Two Express Men

Time: Afternoon; about first of June.

Place: New home of Martins'; in living room.

ACT I. SCENE I.

(Martins just moving into new home; everything is in confusion. Professor Martin, sitting on edge of packing box, is taking notes from a book. Mrs. Martin is directing men to placing of a packing box.)

1st Man: Say, bo, but that's heavy! Mum, your furniture must weigh a ton. Guess you'll have to pay us two dollars an hour. Can't work for less on this stuff. (Wipes face.)

Mrs. Martin: But, my dear man, I'm already paying you a dollar an hour. If you won't work for my pay, you may go, and I'll get along with one man (haughtily).

2nd Man: If Bill goes, I goes too. We're pals, me and Bill, and we works together. There—is he nuts?

Prof.: (comes across room, peers at him over glasses, staring) Young man, if I were to say: "Sky is to blue as grass is to green," and then said: "Fish is to water as bird is to _____" what? Quick! Answer!

2nd Man: (dazedly) Wh-a-a-t? Why—a—um—bird—a. Heck, Bill, let's beat it. The geezer's crazy and he might get violent.

(Exit two men)

Mrs. Martin: Henry Martin! now look what you've done. You've sent away two perfectly good men when it's impossible to get some more, and I might have reasoned with them, too; but you *always* make some blunder. I know you'll ruin us all when we get settled here and in society. You'll probably make a break and say all the money we have is that \$50,000 legacy of my Aunt Jane's. You're——

Prof.: Yes—er—my dear—ah—that man had a very low mentality, do you know? Very ignorant, I should say. Er—what were you saying? (Is taking notes.)

Mrs. Martin: (throwing up hands) You're hopeless. I don't believe you care a bit if your daughter marries Percival De Vandergilt Fitzgerald or Jimmie Brown. I believe you'd just as soon we were living on Hammond street next door to Mrs. Brown, with Mrs. Brown running in every day to tell me of some new recipe for cooking she has. Ugh! I hate cooking. Well, we might as well get to work ourselves. There's no use postponing it. Help me lift this box. (Prof. picks up one end, Mrs. M. the other. Prof., reading at same time, attempts to turn page and drops box.)

Mrs. Martin: Henry Martin! You've broken my best set of Haviland china dishes (begins to cry). What *shall* I do?

Prof.: My dear Mable, control yourself. You will be ill (very worried). It is nothing serious. When I finish my book on "Psychology, its Life and Habits," which is sure to astound the world, I'll buy you the best set of dishes that is to be had. Why, I just got some excellent data from that express man, which shows that——

Mrs. Martin: (still crying) Your old book. You've been working on it every day for two years with a half hour off for lunch, and you'll probably work on it for two years more. Now, where *am* I going to get the money for a new set? You know I've divided up that legacy into parts for our food, our clothes, and dances and I *can't* take a penny of it or we'll have to go back to Hammond street (shudders), and Lucy will have to marry Jimmie Brown. Oh, what a comedown that will be from Percival, with Jimmie a common clerk and running around in a Ford, when Percy has a Stutz.

Prof.: Er—ah—speaking of Jimmie Brown, a fine lad, (warming) a splendid lad. He has a wonderful intellect. He would be just the husband for our Lucy, don't you think?

Mrs. Martin: Henry! (knock) For goodness sakes, there's someone at the door, and I'm a sight. Henry, go out quick so they won't see you in that old smoking jacket (pushes him out of door at center of stage, opens door. Enter Mrs. Morgan.)

Mrs. Morgan: Good afternoon. Is Mrs. Martin at home?

Mrs. Martin: Wh-o-o-o?

Mrs. Morgan: I said Mrs. Martin. I presume you are the maid. Perhaps this is rather soon to come as I see that you are not settled yet.

Mrs. Martin: Ye-es—I mean no—Mum— (courtseys) Is there any message—mum?

Mrs. Morgan: Why, you see I am Mrs. Leroy Morgan, who lives next door—You've heard of Mr. Leroy Morgan, the great wheat king, of course—No, you haven't? (raises eyebrows) Oh, well, so many people are ignorant nowadays. Well, I'm campaigning for the Chinese relief fund. We're campaigning for money to send Ethelgwyn Roset to China to teach the poor little children, and I really thought Mrs. Martin would be glad to subscribe. I'll put her down for \$500 anyway, and she can raise it when I see her.

Mrs. Martin: \$500! Why—er—really—don't you think that's kind of a lot—begging your pardon?

Mrs. Morgan: (haughtily) A lot! Why, really, of course not. Mr. Leroy Morgan gave \$20,000. It costs terribly for the trip, and Ethelgwyn is such a sweet, brave child that her mother said she must take a maid and have her own car shipped over; and, of course, she must have a doctor to see that she doesn't over-exert herself. Are you the only servant?

Mrs. Martin: Now I am—mum—but there'll be more soon.

Mrs. Morgan: How much does your mistress pay you?

Mrs. Martin: —er—forty dollars a month, mum.

Mrs. Morgan: (aside) A treasure (to Mrs. Martin). One of my maids has just left me. If you'll come and work for me I'll pay you seventy dollars a month.

Mrs. Martin: No—mum. You see—er—I've been with the family ever since Mr. and Mrs. Martin were married, and I wouldn't like to leave them now. I—oh! (horrified).

(Enter Prof. reading book—center door).

Prof.: (looking up) Ah—Madame, if I were to say the numbers 9-11-17-19-25—what would come after 25? Answer as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Morgan: (screams slightly) Oh—it's that eccentric Mr. Martin, I'm sure. Some people say that he's actually out of his mind. (Haughtily) My man, I'll give you to understand I'm Mrs. Leroy Morgan, and of course 26 comes after 25. I really believe he's insane (to Mrs. Martin).

Prof.: (writing and talking) A superior; B, very good; C, good; D, poor; and F, subnormal mentality. Expressman, D. Mrs. Leroy Morgan, F, very bad—very bad (shakes head).

Mrs. Morgan: What is the man talking about? He is crazy, I'm sure of it.

Mrs. Martin: Oh no, mum, he is very absent-minded. You see he is writing a book (pushes him from room), and—

Mrs. Morgan: A book you said? Why—

(Enter Lucy)

Lucy: Hello Mo— (frantic signs by Mrs. Martin).

Mrs. Morgan: I suppose you are Miss Martin. My name is Mrs. Leroy Morgan. I am campaigning for the Chinese relief; and as your servant informed me that your mother was out, I put her down for \$500. I really must go.

Lucy: (weakly) Y-e-e-e, but—but won't you sit down a while?

Mrs. Morgan: No, I really must go.

(Exit Mrs. Morgan)

Lucy: Mother! what did that woman mean by calling you a servant, and what in the world are you doing this work alone for?

Mrs. Martin: Why, I wasn't dressed as Mrs. Martin should be dressed, I suppose, so she took me for a servant; and when she did, I couldn't very well say I was Mrs. Martin. And so that is the kind of neighbors I have, wanting to take the very servants from their friends. Mrs. Brown never *would* do that, I know. She was a true friend even though she *was* fond of cooking. I was working alone because I thought I could save money by doing the work now myself and hiring the servants later.

Lucy: Speaking of the Browns, I haven't seen Jimmie lately. I hope just because we're moving up here near the club. It doesn't mean that our old friends think we're too good for them. Why, Jimmie used to run in every night after he came home from work. You know, mother, I wish we weren't living up here if it means that Jimmie isn't coming up any more. I really like Jimmie a lot better than Percy, and you know I'll miss those rides in his old flivver, too. It was such fun.

Mrs. Martin: Now, Lucy, I hope you aren't going to be ungrateful after all we've done for you. It is for *you* we moved here. You didn't have a chance in the world with Perceival Fitzgerald while on Hammond Street and with a \$25 a week clerk around you all the time. I guess he won't be around much now because when I saw him the other day I told him that you were going to be quite busy now and wouldn't have much time to see him.

Lucy: Mother! You didn't! Of *course* I want—

Mrs. Martin: I'm doing it for your own good, dear—oh, that \$500 I must give to help Ethelgwyn Rosely to go to China! I don't see why she wants to go to China for anyway, and where *am* I going to get it? I must look up my accounts and see if I can get some money from somewhere. I wonder if Henry would object to eating mush for breakfast instead of bacon and eggs. Let me see, eggs—\$.30 a dozen—bacon—

(Exit Mrs. Martin. Lucy takes off coat, starts to work.)

Enter Prof., (still reading and taking notes.)

Prof.: (looking up) Hello, daughter. I just obtained some excellent data for my book, and through it discovered that that article twenty-nine, on page forty, has a followup. It says that by proof it has been discovered that the minds of the rich class are more developed than those of the poor class. Now a rich woman from one of my tests, just received an "F", while a common expressman received a "D". I must record that for it is very important.

Lucy: That's fine, father—but—father, don't you think Jimmie Brown is much nicer than Percival?

Prof.: Yes—Yes—Oh—Jimmie Brown, a fine lad, a splendid lad, just the husband for you, Lucy. He has a wonderful mind. I gave him a mental test the other day, and he did remarkably well in it. Percival, you spoke of? A person of no brains.

Lucy: (thinking, idea comes to her) Father! I have an idea. I know how we can make mother like Jimmy. Listen, I'll phone Percy and tell him to come over. You give him a mental test and then compare it to Jimmie's. The one who rates the highest I'll promise mother I'll choose. Oh, mother!

(Enter Mrs. Martin)

Mrs. Martin: Yes, dear? You know, I believe I can squeeze out that \$500 by only having three cars. That ought to cover it, and then there'll be some over, too.

Lucy: Wonderful—but mother—er—if there were two men, and I liked one, and you liked the other, wouldn't you like the one best that was the smartest? That—ah—had the greatest prospects in life—had hope to be elected as—ah—well, President of United States for example? You wouldn't like the man that didn't know anything, was almost foolish, would you?

Mrs. Martin: Why, Lucy, what are you driving at? Of course, the man of greater prospects is best. He probably would have social position, wealth, and those things.

Lucy: Well, even if he didn't have social position and wealth, he'd be the best, wouldn't he, mother dear? I know you'd like to find out so father and I want you to give one of these men a mental test and compare it with the other's, because the other one has had hundreds of them given to him. Promise you'll choose the one that rates the highest, mother.

Mrs. Martin: Lucy, what are you talking about? Who are these men? What—

Prof.: Of course, my dear, you'll agree it's—

Lucy: Promise, mother.

Mrs. Martin: I—ah—oh—promise.

Lucy: Mother, you're a dear. I'll phone Percy right away.

Mrs. Martin: Percy—oh, and the other is Jimmie, I suppose.

Lucy: Yes, but remember your promise. I'll call him up now (goes past window, looks out) there he is now, and he's stopping here. Mother, stand here and don't say a word. Father, have your questions ready and (aside) fire them at him hard. Mother, don't look dazed.

(Knock, Lucy opens door)

Percival: Hello, Lucy, old dear. How's the girl? Howdy, Prof., old chappy. 'Afternoon, Mrs. Martin. Say, Lucy dear, you're coming to the country club dance with me, aren't you?

Lucy: Why, really, I—

Percy: 'Course you are. Say, old dear, you're not working, are you?

Prof.: (sternly) Young man, if I were to say the noun fire, and then gave you the words after it as hot, house, damage, melt; and ask you which word explains what the fire does, you would say damage of course. If you don't understand what you are to do, ask before the signal "go" is given. Now, I'll give you the noun water, and the words cold, flood, thirst, hot, red, which word is it? (Produces a large Ingersol) Go.

Percy: (talking to Lucy, looks up)—eh—what did you say? Go! Why, I just came. Lucy, don't let anyone see you working. It isn't being done now.

Lucy: I think—

Mrs. Martin: Let Percy think, Lucy.

Prof.: Now, which one of these is a character in Dickens' "David Copperfield": Sinbad, David Copperfield, Rebecca, Hamlet, or Douglas Fairbanks?

Percy: —Oh—Douglas Fairbanks. Have you seen him in his latest picture? It's a dandy, Lucy. You really must see it.

Lucy: Yes, I suppose so. Is—

Mrs. Martin: Lucy! Hush.

(Percy looks bewildered)

Prof.: What is a violin used for: Music, farming, typewriting, photography, dancing, or eating?

Percy: (beginning to get nervous) Say, old Chappy, you're sure you are feeling well—what? I'd go and see a doctor if I were you.

Prof.: Answer quickly.

Percy: —er—I don't know. (aside) Lucy, isn't he—er—a—a little off, don't you know?

Mrs. Martin: Percy, please listen.

Prof.: What is the meaning of this saying, "A carpenter should stick to his bench?" Is it because one should do the work one is best suited for, or because he should not be idle, or because he can't get away?

Percy: (edging toward door)—wh-y-y—he can't get away, I s'pose—Why is every one standing around? It makes me bally nervous, you know.

Lucy: (sarcastically) Yes, I suppose it would.

Mrs. Martin: Lucy, do be quiet! Let's sit down.

Prof.: Why is it better to fight than to run? Is it because cowards are shot, or it is more honorable to fight, or because by running away, you may get shot in the back?

(Jimmie Brown enters at last part of speech)

Percy: I—r-r-rea-l-ly d-d-do-o-n't k-k-kn-o-ow (stuttering).

Jimmie: (pointing a revolver at him and laughing) If you don't run, you may get shot in the back.

Percy: Shiver me, it's a revolver! They're all crazy.

(dashes out)

Mrs. Martin: Jimmie Brown, what a rude thing to do, pointing a revolver at him, and *where* did you get it? Oh well, I'm beaten, I suppose.

Jimmie: Pardon me for being rude, Mrs. Martin. All I did was to point this fake pistol at him. See, it's full of candy. I brought it for Lucy. She said once that she felt like shooting at some one so I brought her this—

Prof.: (reading and writing) Percival De Vandergilt Fitzgerald, "D". James Brown, "A". My dear, you see—

Lucy: Yes, mother, you see—

Jimmy: What is this all about?

Lucy: (laughing) Nothing, Jimmie—er—father is getting stuff for his book.

Prof.: Young man, I wish you the best of luck.

Mrs. Martin: I suppose I must, too.

Jimmy: (mystified) Thank you. I suppose its because I was put at the head of my department today, though I can't imagine who told you. Lucy, I bought a new car today. Threw the other in the junk heap. I—I—I—hope you'll like it, Lucy.

Lucy: Oh, Jimmie!

Curtain.

MARY BOYD.

A STRANGE EPISODE

'Twas a dark, dreary sort of an evening on the old Newman farm. There was no moon in sight and the gigantic oak and poplar trees that surrounded the farm-yard seemed to shut out the rest of the world.

The house was of brick and many years old. The vines that covered its walls swayed in the wind, rustling the leaves in a queer fashion. The wooden fence that inclosed both the garden and the yard was so worn with age that it would crumble before the merest breeze.

This farmhouse was first owned by Joseph Newman. Now his grandson, Carl, was the possessor of it. Carl Newman was a prosperous, well-educated farmer of about forty.

On this oppressively gloomy and desolate evening, Carl Newman started off for the little country schoolhouse, but three-quarters of a mile distant, where he intended to speak at a meeting of the school board. After he had passed through the dense shrubbery and gained the open field, a strange, inexplicable feeling of foreboding came over him. "What can it be?" he asked himself. "Is there anything amiss?" He glanced uneasily, almost furtively to the right and left. A light still girdled the sky like a golden belt between the upper and nether garment of darkness.

Eventually he arrived at the schoolhouse. The meeting was a long one, and at 11:30 he started towards home. It seemed darker than ever, and Carl Newman felt stranger than ever. Shadowy objects, but dimly discernible, had framed the edge of the field before; now they were enveloped in darkness.

Carl Newman had never experienced such a queer sensation before. He had lived in this part of the country all his life, and so the surroundings were extremely familiar. He walked quickly. As he was about to cross the little bridge that was but half-way between the schoolhouse and his home, he had a feeling that someone was near him. He stopped. About five yards

ahead of him he noticed a white vapor which seemingly had sprung up from the ground. Gradually he perceived the outline of a woman dressed in a beautiful white garment, which rustled and floated about her. She became more and more discernible as he stared at her. Her hair, which was a beautiful, glossy brown, seemed to shine through the darkness. Her face was as sweet-looking as a child's. Although her eyes looked lovingly at him, he was extremely terrified. He took a few steps forward. At the same time she retreated, keeping her eyes, however, fixed on him. Calmly, yet intently, he rushed toward her, determined to seize upon her, but she receded. Carl stopped again. He opened his mouth to speak, but not a word could he utter. Again he started forward; again she receded, never for a single moment taking her eyes off him. As they approached the gate of the farmyard, he stopped. She did the same. He stared at her with wonder and terror in his eyes. All in a moment she flung her left arm over her eyes, sighed heavily, and fell backward. Carl rushed to the spot and—saw nothing!

Then he hurried through the shrubbery as quickly as possible. The darkness was almost impenetrable.

Who could this strange and mysterious visitant be? What did she mean? The peculiar fear and unrest was still upon him as he emerged from the shrubbery. In the yard there stood a crowd of people, some weeping, and others merely looking sad, but without showing, however, any unusual emotions.

Carl Newman was amazed. He watched each person closely. What strange business had they in his yard? What were they doing there anyway? Just at that moment he saw the front door open and six men come out carrying a coffin.

"What on earth?—Why, where's it all gone?" thought bewildered Carl. For even as he stood there, wondering, the people had all disappeared and he stood in the darkness alone.

Then he rushed to the house and up the stairs to his bedroom. He lit the light and sat down in a chair trembling in breathless excitement.

It was useless for him to go to bed that night. He paced up and down his room until dawn. Then, stepping to the window, he looked out. What a beautiful sight he saw as the sun thrust forth her slender beams, lighting up the country around. Never before had he been so glad to see the sun rise. Never before had he spent such a dreadful night. Never again, he resolved, would he go alone to a meeting at the schoolhouse after dark.

He went downstairs for breakfast at the usual time.

"Why Carl," exclaimed Mrs. Newman, "what can be the matter? You are not ill, are you?"

"No, my dear," answered Carl, "I feel perfectly well. But somehow I couldn't sleep well last night. Maybe that has something to do with it."

"Probably," replied his wife, and the matter was dismissed.

Carl wished to keep this adventure a secret. "If I tell her," he thought, "she will not understand, and it may frighten her." So he said nothing to her concerning his strange experience.

Mrs. Newman was a frail woman. It was just two weeks after her husband's encounter with the lady on that eventful

evening that she was taken seriously ill. The doctor who was called told Carl that she would not live long. After the doctor had left, Carl was alone with her in her room.

"Carl," she said faintly, "I want to tell you something before I die. Do you know that the queerest thing happened to me two weeks ago tonight? You remember it was the night you went to the meeting at the schoolhouse. I came upstairs intending to go to bed early, but somehow or other I couldn't go to sleep. I just lay awake, and at about 11:30 or later, I jumped out of bed and went to the window; why, I don't know. I saw a number of people in our front yard. I couldn't imagine what they were doing there when all of a sudden they disappeared. Ever since then I—I have had the queerest sensations. Do you know, Carl, I think that was a warning?"

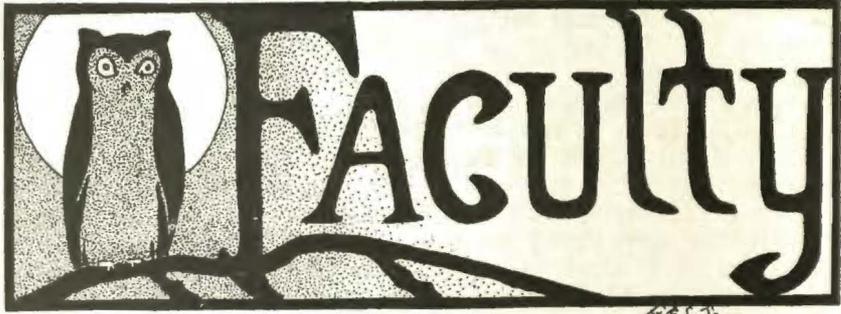
"Why!" he exclaimed, "I saw that very same crowd when I got home that night. I didn't want to tell you that that was why I sat up all night."

Mrs. Newman never recovered. Only a few days after this conversation with her husband, she began to decline rapidly, and before another week was over, the crowd of mourners he had seen there a few weeks earlier assembled once more, this time in broad daylight, and the coffin was carried out just as he had seen it on the night of his return from the board meeting. But the beautiful lady with the sad, consoling eyes, was nowhere visible.

FLORENCE BAUERMEISTER.

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO UNFORTUNATES

One day a Scott and a Miller set out for a village many miles distant. On the way, they met a Fisher who held the Merritt of having caught several Fox(es) and a Bull on the Chase by calling, "Co-Boss, co-Boss!" He, Alway(s) pugnacious, threatened to Pierce them with a Reed in such a way that the frightened Scott imagined their Graves hidden in the Woods, and the Miller could see their bodies lying Stark and cold in a Rice Field or sunk in deep Wells. A Ladd came over the Lee leading a Lamb just in time to inflict a severe Payne on the Fisher, and to save them from going West. When rescued the Scott's first words were, "I shall Foster this in my heart till it Burns me." Just then the Miller sat on a Burbuck of him and screamed, then drew from his pocket the Wing of a Brown bird which he had killed while on a Fox hunt with the King. The Scott, Alway(s) jealous, pulled out a slab of Bacon which a Mason had given him for waving a White Flaig Every time a Freeman was Borne. After eating, the unfortunate Miller and the weary Scott took themselves home.



PARENTS' PARTY

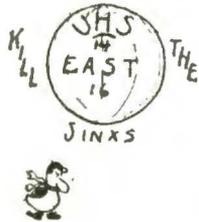
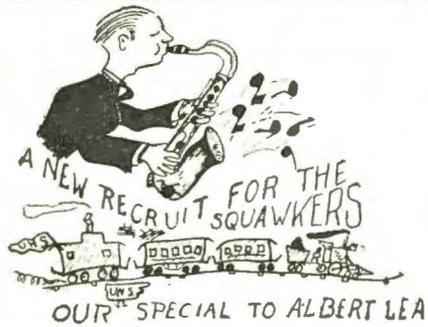
The parents of the high school students were entertained by the teachers at an open house at the school building on Thursday evening, December 8. Exhibits of students' work and illustrative materials were shown in almost every department. After the parents had had opportunity to inspect the various rooms and meet the teachers, they were assembled in Room 204. After a few words of greeting from Mr. Reeve, Miss Inglis and Miss Morehouse talked on suitable books for Christmas presents, and the parents then had a chance to look at the sample books which had been very kindly loaned by one of the Minneapolis book stores. The Home Economics department served ice cream and wafers. The teachers were very much gratified by the large number of parents attending the open house.

FACULTY FUN

The faculty sometimes unbend from their usual dignity and have parties among themselves, the news of which is not always carried on the Breeze. A Breeze reporter has recently delved into the annals of the past and discovered the following startling evidence of faculty frivolity.

On October 9 the teachers had planned to have a hike and supper in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Reeve, but unfortunately the weather man frowned on this scheme, so the affair turned itself into a supper without a hike at the home of Miss Smith. It is ascertained on good authority that exercise of the lungs took the place of the exercise of the legs which had originally been contemplated.

On October 22 Mr. and Mrs. Reeve entertained the faculty at their home. A movie in which European scenes were interspersed with cartoons of well-known members of the audience was greatly enjoyed. Another form of entertainment not planned by the hostess was Mr. Stockwell. The refreshments would require a poem to do them sufficient justice. Haven't you all noticed how sweet the teachers' dispositions have been ever since?



FRESHMAN



SOPHOMORE

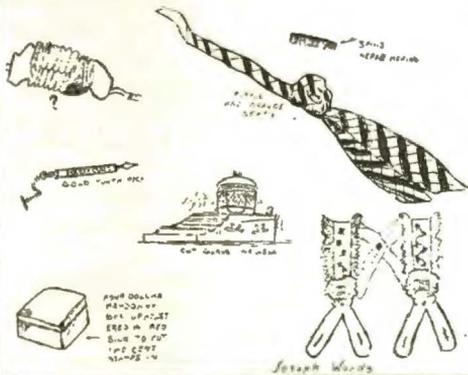


JUNIOR



SENIOR

For Christmas



 THE CAMPUS BREEZE

Volume IV

Minneapolis, Minn., January, 1922

Number 3

Published Monthly by the Students of
 THE UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL
 From November to June

Terms: \$2.00 per year cash; \$2.25, paid monthly; 35c per copy.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	James Perkins
Associate Editor	Alice Hickey
Associate Editor	David Wing
Organizations	Ruth Eckles
Personals	Carl Litzenberg, Margaret Morriss
Boys' Athletics.....	David Canfield
Girls' Athletics.....	Katrina Hummel
Art Editor.....	Dana Bailey
Alumni Editor.....	Mary Frances Graham
Joke Editor.....	James McConnell
Exchange Editor	Dorothy Jackson
Senior Reporter.....	Imogene Foster
Junior Reporter.....	Mary Boyd
Sophomore Reporter.....	Mary White
Freshman Reporter.....	Dorothy Johnson
Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Rewey Belle Inglis

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....	Norbert Clure
Circulation	Elbridge Curtis
Advertising Manager.....	Rowland Moulton
Minneapolis Advertising.....	Frank Shaw
Minneapolis Advertising.....	Everett Comstock
St. Paul Advertising.....	Wirt Strickler
Faculty Adviser.....	Louis Tohill

ON TARDINESS

For a long time tardiness has been a bugbear to the faculty of the University High School and now the worm has turned. Strenuous measures have been resorted to. Everyone who is tardy, be it the first time in his career or the twentieth, stays after school one long, dreary hour for every occasion that he saunters into class a second or so late. It is hard payment, but from the faculty viewpoint, the scheme is a treasure. It has lessened the number of tardies ninety per cent. and has provided study periods for numberless students. Of course it is a little hard to concentrate when the voices of happy, virtuous scholars keep floating through the transom, luring one's thoughts to the delights that might be had in other fields, but on the whole it is conducive to serious thought and meditation, resulting sometimes in an editorial or a well-prepared lesson. On the whole, the "Decree for the Prevention of Tardiness" is a good thing, for it certainly lessens the number of late comers and is no serious hardship for anyone.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

After we have said some uncomplimentary or bitter things, how many times do we wish that we had not? Or how many times would it have been better if we had thought a second beforehand?

Although the thoughts which the above questions deal with have been written about time and again, and proverbs or old sayings been repeated by many people, surely one more article on them can do no harm; it might do some good.

In reply to the first question it might be said we are not regretful as many times as we should be or as would be good for us.

The answer to the second, probably is "always." Many times some friendship worth having is lost by a bitter word at the wrong time; often before the speaker is well acquainted with the person he speaks to. Even though no advantages will come to us through restraining ourselves, it is worth the sacrifice of the little satisfaction of "telling him what you think of him" for our reputation. Besides we never know who is looking at us or who can hear us. Even though we are absolutely in the right, anyone hearing us as we are saying some mean thing may carry a false impression away with him; sometimes it will not be false.

Also let's think of the one to whom the remarks are addressed. Are we always sure before we speak that he has done anything that we should take it into our hands to "bawl him out" for?

This applies only to some people. If the shoe fits——.

SCHOOL AND CLASS SPIRIT

Many a sad-eyed crepe-hanger has been seen moping around "U" High's halls wailing and moaning to anyone who will listen that the old red school isn't what it used to be, that all the school and class spirit has disappeared, and that next quarter he's going to go to some school where they've got some of that spirit. Yet this same person will stay away from the school's games for the most trivial reason. This same person will participate in one of the school's athletics for awhile and then quit because it's too hard work. This same person will create a rumpus in study hall when the teacher isn't looking and then raise the biggest howl when more strict regulations are enforced. This same person will stay away from class meetings for no reason at all and then kick because he doesn't agree with decisions made at that meeting. This same person will refuse to serve on a committee and then later holler because the same faithful, steady, tried-and-true people are always put on all committees. This same person will write an excellent article on school spirit which is handed into the "Breeze" by his English teacher and then refuse to fix up some minor changes in the article necessary for publication and get quite "huffy" because the staff wants any changes in it at all. This same person will do his best against bettering conditions in the locker room. This same person will deliberately smoke on the campus although he knows it is an unwritten law and a tradition that no smoking shall take place on the campus. What is school spirit anyway?

FOUR ASSEMBLIES THIS MONTH!

It is probable that the duty of the Assembly reporter is *not* that of a critic, yet it seems almost necessary to express an opinion or two in regard to the assembly of Nov. 17. To use the idea which many students have expressed, "Dad" Eliot's speech was one of the finest things which ever happened to University High. Perhaps the school is not very near perfect yet; perhaps the students are a long way from being "reformed"; nevertheless, it was an inspired two hundred who left the Little Theatre that afternoon; two hundred students, who felt the sway of a powerful speaker, and nobility of the man who implicitly believes what he preaches, left the "assembly" in a state of mind conducive to *thinking* whether they were of exact accord with him or not.

And really, we have to admit that thinking does not hurt us any *once* in a while! In fact, that is what assemblies are *for*; to make us *think* and *realize* that we have the best school in the world, or that we have not paid our "Campus Breeze" subscriptions, or that the students of Europe may not be going to a basket ball game as light-heartedly as we are—and speaking of European students! Now is the time to tell about it!

We had another assembly this month: on December 12. *Four* assemblies in *one* month! Whee! We're getting frivolous! However, the fact that they are assemblies does not bar them from being serious. This assembly took in *two* very serious things. The first was the question which we all feel to border on the tragic: that of finals. The "U" Highites patiently absorbed the customary warnings and advice of our solicitous instructors in regard to taking care of our credits before June; to bear in mind the fact that the week before finals is probably the most vital one of our lives; and so on, until we were thoroughly depressed, and thought ourselves in the worst situation in the world.

But evidently we were not, according to Mr. Dvorak, who took the occasion of our utter dejection to impress upon us the fact that there are people in Europe even worse off than we. Although we realize that France and Belgium are not the countries referred to when "European" relief is mentioned, still the cause of helping the poor students of anywhere in the world is doubtless a worthy one. Although we could not tell how much good we might be doing in helping such a cause, "U" High was prompt in offering her services to the poor students, and gladly offered to go without chocolate goos for a week to help the "central Europeans" become better chemists.

DRAMATIC CLUB PRODUCES SHAKESPEARE!

We've surely had a lot of assemblies this month—a moral one, a philanthropic one, and after that we had a theatrical one. It would surely seem that the Dramatic Club is a powerful organization, when such a varied program can be put forth with, apparently, so little commotion beforehand.

It was not until the afternoon of December 15th that the school as a whole became acquainted with the talent of our "elo-cutionists," Doris Winchell and Rowland Moulton. It is rumored that Helen Barlow was actually mistaken for a faculty member, due to the poise she displayed in making the announcements. Ross Finney gave a delightful rendering of two piano selections, one of which is particularly worthy of commendation as being his own composition—a Russian sketch into which a march and a suggestion of a wild folk-song were artistically combined with a chime effect.

A charming "fairy dance" was presented by nine or ten of "U" High's prima donnas, in which Norma Scott, as queen, gave a dainty solo dance.

Last but not least was a performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," by Dave Wing and Eleanor Clure, assisted by Carl Litzenburg as the wall, Roy Thorshov as the moon, Roy's little toy dog, and Rowlie, who played to perfection the roaring lion, who brings about the whole calamity of this fearful Shakespearian tragedy.

We all agree that Eleanor and Dave have but a step more to find themselves side by side with Sothern and Marlowe. We are truly grateful to Miss Hubman for so skilfully bringing to light such hidden genius.

REST FOR THE WEARY

"Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin' " when exams are really over, and you find yourself, with your equally worn out but exuberant companions in the little old assembly hall, with a couple of Christmas trees at one end, the chairs all pushed aside for dancing, and Mr. Reeve up at the front of the room announcing that the Boys' Glee Club will lead in singing "It Came Upon an Evening Clear"?

And surely just this kind of an assembly was never more appreciated than on Wednesday, December 21. On this occasion there was a rather long and varied program engineered by Miss Morehouse and Mr. Reeve. Three of the French students gave French poems, which were enjoyed if not understood, and which, we suppose, were well delivered because Mademoiselle smiled approvingly. The French classes sang two French carols, and the German classes presented a little scene from a German Christmas, introducing three of the German Christmas hymns. Gail Nesom told the story of Irving's Christmas in England—a proverbial Freshman trick, but particularly well performed.

The more we hear Mlle. Bourgoin's voice, the more thankful we are to have such a talented person as she with us. Surely it is a joy and an honor of which some day we may be very proud. This was her first appearance before the high school assembly, and she delighted her audience with "Par le Sentier," by Dubois and Massenet's "Cherubim."

And last, but by no means least on the program, was a conscientious and interesting rendering of Haydn's "Toy Sym-

phony." Introduced by a reading by Ruth Hicks, the outburst of the cuckoo and the nightingale came not exactly as a shock, but rather as a pleasant surprise to our somewhat unaccustomed ears. The "Toy Symphony," though simple in composition, is not an easy thing to perform, and a great deal of credit is due Mr. Pepinsky, for a man who can draw from a distinctly amateur orchestra such a response as it gave in the finale is an energetic and talented man indeed.

After the assembly there was a party, with dancing, ice cream, and Santa. Isn't it an insult to ask an orchestra so in love with *music* to produce such discords as modern jazz dancing commands? Let's be satisfied with their Massenet and Schubert.





SENIORS

Have you ever wondered what it would feel like to be a Senior, and say to the little child who begs for help with " $3x+3=24$," "I'm sorry, dear, but I've absolutely forgotten all the algebra I ever knew!" when you know very well that it's just an excuse and that the senior really could tell you in a second if he weren't too lazy? But never you mind; if you had to go to the staff meeting and French club and orchestra and glee club and gym make-up all at two-fifty on Tuesday afternoon, and were just making up your mind which ones you **could** leave out when you heard that there was a special meeting of the class play committee "toot sweet," maybe you would forget that three times seven is thirty-four, too.

Maybe you don't realize what it means to get up a class play. Well, we don't either, but we're beginning to, for it is nearly as difficult a task to select the **best** play ever written in the history of the English race, as it is to pick out the best limerick handed in to the "Journal" on Sunday.

And perhaps you thought you only dreamed there was going to be a "Senior Vaudeville." Isn't it a joy to discover that it is not a dream, but a bright reality, dawning, rosy and entrancing, on the horizon? At least, it must be a joy for everyone but the long-suffering committee (and committees, of course, don't have any nerves or emotions anyway.) Yes, the vaudeville is growing very fast. Round and round go the Seniors' thoughts, and all the pretty girls are rushing around powdering their cheeks and lip-sticking their noses, trying to be chosen for the ballet dance. Really, the Seniors are so far gone in their rhapsody that all they can think of is that charming little ditty which finds its origin in Margaret Morris' untiring memory:

"In de vinter times, in de valley green,
 Ven de vind is vistling round de vindow sills,
 And de vimmens in de vaudevilles
 Ride velocipedes around de vestibules."

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The Juniors—now don't be startled—are still alive. We have been so quiet and insignificant this month that many have missed our light, cheerful voices booming through the halls, and have wondered why the patter of our little feet has turned to a sedate tramp, just like that of the Seniors, but the thoughts of bringing home good reports to friend Dad, and that great mountain, Exams, looming up dismally in the distance are enough to quiet the sturdiest Junior. There hasn't even been the jolly little gathering of our dear classmates to discuss the whys and wherefores of some vitally important problem, a party for instance. One attempt was made to hold this conference, but owing to our inability to find a room (that was the day that even the eighth period class paced the halls), and the objection of several to holding a meeting in the hall, the project died a natural death, and that was the end of a perfect class meeting.

It is hoped that by next month we will have recovered from exams, flunks, conditions in gym, et cetera—and rub the lines of worry from our worn faces. Then will we again hold our meetings, conducted in the usual businesslike manner so common to Juniors; and again will we look and act like Freshies, and the usual slips will come rolling around. Then will people heave a sigh of relief and say, "At last they are natural. I really feared that the dear little things were going to be ill." Which shows that it doesn't pay.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

There is *one*, and only one thing which the Sophomores have not yet learned. That is to agree. (But even the Seniors can't do that, so why should we worry?) However, now that Santa has given them all they desire, they will probably be more energetic, and plan a *real* party. Of course we must be fair, and attribute half of the cause of lack of interest to those "beastly" examinations. But just wait, they'll come out yet.

The Sophomores held a meeting December 1, in which, after much haranguing, they decided on a sleighride Friday night, if there would be snow enough. To be sure, they appointed a committee of one (Katherine Kelley) to call up the Weather Bureau and see if there was any chance of it getting colder. Of course they said there was *not*. But when Friday night came around, there was snow—and plenty of it!

By the time this magazine has been published, the Sophomores, without a doubt, will have had some kind of a party, the account of which will appear in the February issue.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman English classes each held a Christmas party during the class hour on Friday, December 16. These parties were to celebrate the conclusion of the composition contest which had been held during the preceding month. In each class the losing team furnished the refreshments for the winning team. The room was decorated with a Christmas tree all decked out, a fireplace in which the Yule log burned (with the aid of red tissue paper and a bicycle lamp), and many Christmas greens.

In the first period class each person had brought a present for someone else. Rogers Robinson as Santa Claus distributed them, and the queer surprises with their accompanying verses made a great deal of laughter. The Gold team then served refreshments of ginger ale, lemonade, and cookies to the winning Silver team (not forgetting to eat some themselves).

Rogers Robinson then told a Christmas story which was unfortunately interrupted at its very climax by the bell.

The sixth period class had their presents distributed by Santa Claus Ralph Thompson and then listened to a brief program of Christmas poems by Willis Snyder, Agnes Berntsen, and Elizabeth Young, and a story read by Miss Inglis. The Gray team served ice cream and cake to the winning Blue team.

In the seventh period class the Maroons were the guests of the Gold team. Christmas stories were told by Katherine Washburn and Robert Dameron; charades were guessed, and a male quartet improvised on the spot furnished music. The Gold team showed themselves adept at serving refreshments even if they were all boys and provided such a generous quantity of frappe and cookies that it is rumored some even had three or four glasses.

We Freshmen have two new additions to our bright class, Chauncey Stühr from West High, and Janet Lieb from South. We hope these members will like U. H. S. as well as the rest of us do.

The fourth period science class recently made a visit to the ventilating plant of the school. It was very interesting to see how the air we breathe in school is washed and cleaned.

LE PETIT CERCLE

Before Miss de Boer left, she laid the foundations for "Le Petit Cercle," and now it is a full fledged club with members, officers, and one very successful meeting to its credit. It is a club for the purpose of furthering and encouraging conversation in French, and it is composed of all the third year students and selected ones from the second year. The charter members, laboriously and in painful French, finally succeeded in electing officers. They are the following:

Mademoiselle Foster, presidente.
 Mademoiselle Hickey, secretaire.
 Monsieur Francis, treasurer.

Our first meeting was held in November. Miss Keefe broke the ice at once by a rapid fire of French to explain a French game. Of course, that put us at our ease at once, and for the rest of the afternoon, we carried on elegant, easy conversations in that language. The "pieces de resistance" of our meeting were the songs of Miss Bourguoin. We had not suspected until then that we were harboring in our midst a true grand opera singer, but now that all is discovered, we shall give her no peace. The meeting was adjourned after dancing and refreshments, which, although not French, were distinctly agreeable to the palate.

ACME

The Acme girls have been extremely busy the last month. In the first place, hikes have been held every Wednesday for girls who desire letters. The first series has been completed by about ten girls. After Christmas, the second series will be started. These hikes, consisting of two two-mile hikes, two four-mile hikes, and one five, will probably be held every Wednesday afternoon. The hikes are great fun and every girl is welcome to come and win points.

Another thing accomplished was the choosing of captain ball teams. On Nov. 25, a squad from each class was elected. Later teams were chosen from these squads.

Until Dec. 10, Miss Browning escaped being properly initiated. At a buffet supper at the home of Greta Clark, this important point was settled. Any of the Acme girls who wished revenge for a poor mark, having to make up, and other grievances, had her chance. Miss Browning was able to be about the next day, but any prospective Acmeans needn't be encouraged by this, for you know (confidentially, of course) that being a teacher makes some difference. New elections will be held the first of January, and we're looking for the chance to initiate several girls.

THE "U" CLUB

Have you noticed that there have been several new members added to our organization of athletes? The honored persons are: Mr. Tohill, Leo Dieber, Edwin McQuillan, and Gregory Ladd. The night of the football banquet, these men were each presented with a "U" Club pin, in honor of the services they rendered the school during football season.

Mr. Tohill, although he did not carry the ball or do any tackling, played an excellent game on the sidelines. We have gone to him for advice and he has been like a father to us. He is a good sport and we all like him. For these reasons, we gave him a pin, and now we speak of him as dad of the "U" Club.

The three others mentioned earned their pins by hard work on the gridiron. Let's have some more new members when the basketball letters are given out. Every fellow has a chance. Come on and make it good.

"Lefty" Borglin was very much shocked the other day when he saw some pretty looking girls (not mentioning any names) wearing "U" Club pins. He wanted to know what the big idea was. We suggest that Jim, Dave, or Les, please tell him, because he is very anxious to learn.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Due to the fact that the Dramatic Club has been very busy with rehearsals, there has been only one meeting this month. Then, too, there was the making of costumes and flowers, buying paints, attending to lights, getting music, cutting leaves (which were not used), and ever so many other things to do that one never thinks of till he himself has to help put on a program. Speaking of leaves, which were made by the members of the club, some bright individual thought a new joke was being sprung when asked, "Have you cut out your leaves yet?" Fortunately, as you must know, the Dramatic Club is through with rehearsals for a while, but it is also to contribute to the Senior Vaudeville.

December 14th, after much delay on the part of certain way-laid persons, a meeting took place. Order was first brought about by the request that Miss Hicks keep quiet "if possible."

The newly elected play committee consists of:

Gladys Ladd
May Mackintosh
Robert Tyrrell

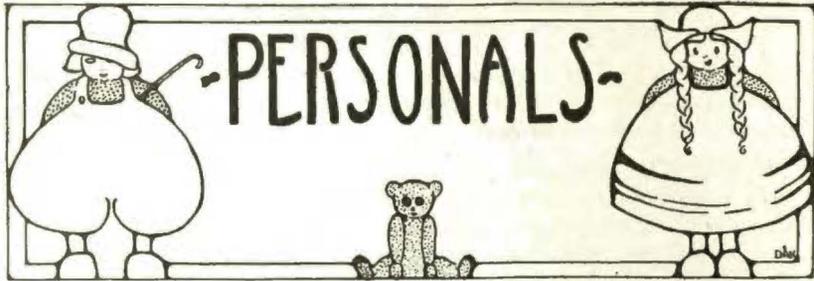
It seems that many members of the Dramatic Club want pins. This matter is to be looked into.

At last exceedingly important business was discussed; there is to be a Dramatic Club party Friday, January 13th, at 7:45 (for the benefit of the Juniors, who cannot be "tucked in" later than 10 o'clock). Oh no! This date isn't going to be unlucky for us! Some of the boys wanted a stag party, but the president immediately emitted a faint "oh" and said, "Aw, gee—I wanta come!" The social committee was delighted to find that they would have little or nothing to do as the party is to be a "straight dance."

The club hopes that the refreshment committee, Leslie Blomberg and Dorothy Jackson, will do their very best.

The meeting ended in the usual way—one big dash for the door.

The Dramatic Club wishes to thank Miss Hubman for her valuable help in directing the Shakespeare program given in assembly.



Magine Foster is so dumb in math that she can't understand why $2 + 3$ makes four. She insists that it should be six.

Roy Thorshov disgraced his "Hi-Y" reputation by making moonshine over at the "Little Theater" in the Dramatic Club play. I always thought "Hi-Y" boys were nice, didn't smoke, drink, etc., but—

Jimmie Perkins said he hoped Santa Claus would bring him a pocketbook so he could keep all his transfers in it.

Curt insisted that all the boys should sit in the front row at "Midsummer Night's Dream" the other day. He said they'd find out why later. Yes! Idress was good and Eileen's costume was a lovely shade of yellow.

"Lefty" Borglin doesn't think the girls should wear the boys' "U Club" pins. He said if the girls were going to get into the club, they'd have to earn the privilege by going out for football or some other little feminine sport like that.

The Cicero class is going to celebrate the birth of Cicero by wearing deep mourning on Jan. 3rd, the day that well loved man was born.

James Thompson received a comb for Christmas. Wonder if he'll use it? It would be a good thing if a few people had received haircuts.

Why did Kenneth Francis suddenly take up Latin? If you don't know, just look at his practice teacher. She's a knockout.

Every night the study hall is crowded with those who have been late sometime during the day. Now, just as a little suggestion, why not have refreshments and polish up on your bridge a little? I'm sure Mr. Reeve wouldn't object. No, of course not.

There are "stills" and "stills." The kind we *don't* have in study hall, and the kind Mr. Dvorak makes at home, for just little chemical experiments, I assure you.

Harry Bill, due at the strike in South St. Paul, turned soldier and faithfully guarded the cows. It would have been more appropriate if he'd guarded chickens.

If the older girls aren't careful young Pat Gregory will vamp all the big strong senior boys away. Yesterday she was seen talking to Bluebell Brown, and he was listening with rapt attention.

I see Frank Shaw is sporting a new tie. Wonder if he got it for Christmas from Mamma, or Helen, or Fanny, or whom?

Bob Tyrell's nose is so small that he has to take his glasses off to get hold of it when he has a cold.

Lowell Gilmor is getting into pretty wild company for a Freshman; he has the nerve to ask Senior girls to his party.

Marjorie Cheney wasn't sure how much of a present to give Jim McConnell because she didn't know what he was going to give her. (Hope it was something nice.)

MISS BAREFACTS' COLYUMN

By Beatrice Barefacts

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am a Freshman in High School, and I am bothered by the attentions of some female admirers, including Patricia Gregory, Evangeline Nary, Elizabeth Bauer, and countless others. How may I make them realize that I'm too busy a man to be bothered by girls?—Harmon Pierce.

H. P.—If they get unbearable, Harmon, I'd tell some teacher. Naughty girls! Don't pay any attention to them.—B. B.

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am a small boy, young and foolish, but really not half as foolish as I look. I play a mean second fiddle in the school orchestra, but what bothers me is that I play second fiddle to Julian Murray in a race for the attention of May Macintosh.—Clifford Beal.

C. B.—It seems to me, Clifford, that you're quite an anxious asker at my bureau. I'm proud to hear that you play second fiddle in the orchestra. You ought to be glad you don't play a bass viol, or a tuba, or some of the other pocket instruments. But as to being second choice to Julian Murray, don't let that bother you, for May likes neither one of you. Her affections are already posted on Dick Balcome.—B. B.

Dear Miss Barefacts: I am a new member at "U" High, and am a senior. I am a short boy, curly hair, size 8½ hat, 14¾ shoes and 16 inch overshoes. What does my handwriting denote, I mean donate?—Greg. Ladd.

G. L.—Your handwriting doesn't donate anything, but still it gives away a lot. You are sincere, brainless, a good kidder, and student. Your one trouble is your feet.—B. B.

POETS' CORNER

When in my pocket, lead nickels I find,
They fill me with feelings, so generous and kind,
That I promptly give them to men that are blind.

Annie had a little dog,
Its fleas were black as coal,
Annie hasn't got it now,
For the little lamb was stole.

Whereupon Miss Smith invites the class as a whole to stay after school.

A noble invention, for the indentation of a gentleman's head,
Is the rolling pin, encountered in coming home late to bed.

All of the above poems are published with the absolute consent of their author.—E. W. C.

Nibs said that he bought some geese, and put 'em on the porch. He said geese on the front porch would never do. However, he explained that they were Portuguese, and then dodged the eggs, lemons, etc.

Selah.

P. D. Q.

DOPE COLYUMN

By P. D. Q.

(Smile if you can. If it's a lot of trouble, well, just don't.)
A boy's steady attentions will turn any girl's head. Well,
Frank, Fanny can look almost backwards now, can't she?

The job of an ore-tester is trying.

A few people we can get along without, are: the fellow
who hands the Con a five dollar bill on a pay-enter car, Study
Hall teachers, Harmon Pierce, Robert Dameron.

Headline on a newspaper: "Hughes proposes scrapping of battleships." Why, Charles, don't you know that's what we're trying to get away from?

Rowly Moulton remarked the other day that his cap was wearing out and that he'd have to be eating at Child's again.

Her father's name was Cleo, her mother's name was Pat, so they called her Cleopatra, now what'y'a think of that?

Mr. Dvorak explained to his Chemistry class that molecules chased each other around, and hit each other, etc. Everett Comstock promptly asked if their motto was, "Now you chase me for a space of time"? Oh, without a doubt, Ev., without a doubt.

Dorothy Jackson has been wearing moccasins to school. We never did think Stan Bissel was a good dancer.

A fine pastime for a Saturday afternoon, is watching a left-handed, cross-eyed Chinaman eating spaghetti with a knife, off of a right armed chair in the Baltimore lunch.

The Glee Club's prominent members are Clifford Beal, soprano, Bill Haggerty, falsetto, and E. W. Comstock, monotone.

Every year, just before the J. S., the girls vote that the boys will wear dress suits. It is expected to be the same this year. The feminine members of the school will see that the boys wear "Soup and Fish." But, now I ask you. Can you imagine Dick Balcome, Joe Thompson, or Bardie Murray in said togs? Yes, I can—oh boy, page H. C. Bill, and his gang of National awards.

OUR OWN JUBILEE'S PARTNER

Compiled by R. T.

Thomas Aristides	Frank Keeler
His Aunt	Bessie Bacon
His Uncle	Charles Gove
His Grandfather	Lee Fisher
His Father	Mr. Stockwell
His Mother	Eleanor Clure
Youniss	Janet Hildebrandt
Maggie	Lucille Preston
Eric. the minister's son	Howard Abbot
The Minister	Harry Bill
Dough Britches	Clifford Beal
Nibs	Clure
Frenchy	Everett Comstock
Bunt	Lowell Gilmore
Miss Parmer	Ruth Hildebrandt
Lost Bag of Tripe	Gordon Murray
Red	Charles Reed
Miss Deglun	Jean Fulmer
Butch	Harold Detuncq
Jubilee	Carl's Dog

ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Since the last Breeze howled by there has been considerable basket ball and other athletics (locker room).

On the first few nights of practice there were about twenty boys out, the largest turnout ever recorded here. Following the custom, however, it was not long before the ranks were thinned out and the squad now consists of the "stickers" who will be out faithfully all season. It is hardly fair to say that the rest who have quit haven't the "stick-to-it-iveness," but with the exception of the few who stopped because of "physical disability," the criticism is true.

The boys have had three games so far, and many scrimmages with "picked up" teams. The first real test, while not considered a regular game because no score was kept, was the session with the Alumni. The Alumni team consisted of Jack Eaton, former "U" High player and present Mechanic Arts all-around star; "Mutt" Williams, a shining light on the Dunwoody five; Tom Canfield, now on the "U. of M." squad, and Mike Thom. Les Hughes of our team was used to fill in. It was a hard, fast game with perhaps a slight margin in favor of the Alumni. Our boys have improved vastly since then and are going to defy in the near future the strongest line-up the Alumni can round up.

The next game came with South High at South High. The team was not in the best shape as two of the boys were in poor condition and the team had not been able to have a practice for four days. Consequently, on the strange floor, they were defeated, 35 to 17. Blomberg starred with a total of seven points. He tallied twice from the floor and slipped the sphere through the ring three out of five times for foul goals. Ed McQuillan, "Curt" Curtis, and Capt. "Lefty" each made a field goal, and "Lefty" two free throws.

Dieber, Hughes, and Miller all got into the fray and did well.

The game with East High on the Farm School floor was a pleasant surprise to our followers and a different kind of a surprise to East. East expected a snappy little work-out with lots of basket shooting. East is considered one of the strongest fives in the city and we scarcely hoped for a chance. But for an error on the part of a "U" High player, when he took an East man for his own, the game would have been ours. The score was: East, 16, "U" High, 14.

The line-up was the following:

		East
"U" High		
Borglin	l. f.	Colliton
Blomberg	r. f.	Guzy
Canfield	c.	Ascher
McQuillan	l. g.	Almquist
Curtis	r. g.	Muskovitz

Field goals: Blomberg, 3; Canfield; Curtis; McQuillan, Almquist, 5; Guzy, 2. Foul goals: Borglin, 2 out of 5; Colliton, 2 out of 2.

A few nights later the Trinity Church quintet came over for a game. Our boys overwhelmed them. The score was about 50 to 2. Borglin, Blomberg, and Canfield dropped them through the basket in a steady stream. Curtis and McQuillan came down the floor every now and then for a turn with the ball. The score would have been much larger if the second team had not been inserted in place of the regulars for half of the game.

The "U" High five plays a Y. M. C. A. team from Southeast Minneapolis on Dec. 15, just too late to be written up for this month's issue. Canfield will not be in the line-up but our boys are favored to win, according to the latest dope.

The effect that basket ball has on the boys is seen by conditions in the locker room. They have the basket ball "bug." By the door there is a tin receptacle in which waste is thrown. At noon, from their various positions around the locker room, the boys throw their crusts, orange peels, etc. Often these are banked on the wall and go in, although more often they don't. This made the locker room too messy, so the "U" Club put a ban on the sport. If no ban had been placed on it, no doubt within the next few years we would have wonderfully superb shooting on our basket ball team.

During Christmas vacation many games will be played, as Managers McConnell and Smith have scheduled games with the leading teams of the Twin Cities and vicinity.

Although we may not win all our games or be a championship team, it is as Caesar said to the Christian martyrs; "Tis all in fun."

Or if you don't agree with that, it is as Nero said when Rome burned, "Mistakes will happen."

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Captain Ball

One of the alumnae asked the other day what all the noise in the gym was about. When she was told that a captain ball tournament was taking place, she said she wasn't surprised, remembering several in her day. The teams this year are quite evenly matched, having been chosen carefully by Miss Browning, Acme, and the class captains. On Thursday, December 8, two games were played. The Senior-Junior was fast and furious. During the first half, the Seniors made seven points. Encouraged by this, they allowed the Juniors one point in the second half while they themselves won 3, making the final score 10 to 1 in the Seniors' favor. The line-up was as follows:

Seniors		Juniors	
H. Evenson	r. c.	B. Bacon	
K. Hummel	c. c.	A. Olson	
D. Anderson	f.	H. Feuhling	
R. Eckles	f.	M. Boyd	
M. Cheney	g.	R. Hildebrandt	
G. Clark	g.	H. Westerson	
M. Mackintosh	g.	H. Minty	

Fine teamwork was shown by the Freshmen in their game with the Sophomores. Under the able leadership of Eleanor King, they have developed wonderfully with little practice. However, the superior tactics of the more experienced Sophomores resulted in defeat for the Freshmen with a score of 8 to 2. The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores		Freshmen	
F. Bauermeister	r. c.	M. Bourne	
F. Hickey	c. c.	G. Nesom	
J. Hildebrandt	f.	E. King	
M. Hummel	f.	D. Arny	
E. Erickson	g.	M. Payne	
L. Leland	g.	H. Reilly	
A. Fisher	g.	H. Wheaton	

On Tuesday, December 13, the Seniors played the "Sophs." Unfortunately three Sophomores were unable to play and substitutes had to be used. Nevertheless they played a good game, only to be defeated by a score of 3 to 9. The Freshmen demonstrated their ability to hold the Juniors in an exciting game ending 4 to 2 in the Juniors' favor.

On Thursday, December 15, the Freshmen had a chance to beat the Seniors; but although they tried their best, they could only make one score, while the Seniors won 12. This game gave the Seniors the championship with 3 games won. The Juniors and Seniors were very evenly matched, and both teams had a hard fight. In the end, however, the score was 3 to 1 in the Juniors' favor. So ended the captain ball tournament, with 15 points toward the cup for the Seniors.

FOOTBALL

Between captain ball games two very fast football combinations have been produced. Since practice started a little late, the teams did not challenge the "U" High team (it was also thought that another St. Paul Academy score would not be desirable). These teams have been kept a dark secret; but at length, I am at liberty to divulge their names, the stars, and other important facts concerning them.

The Cheney Blacsox have more heavy material, Eleanor King's sturdiness adding greatly to its resistance, while the Eckles Wolsox play a faster game, employing more passes. In this. May's slim wiriness accounts for a good many goals. Rivalry between these two teams has been terrific; but as yet no definite supremacy has been recorded. We hope this pigskin dispute can be settled soon after captain ball is out of the way.

Alumni Notes



Lucille Brock, '20, has been pledged Achoth at the University of Minnesota.

Erma Schurr, '20, spoke at Alice Shevlin Hall December 12, on behalf of the students in Europe who need money in order to complete their education.

Several University High school alumni are on the W. A. A. board at the University of Minnesota. Leonore Alway, '18, is president of the board; Lucille Larson, '20, is Hockey Manager; Helen Baldwin, '20, is the manager of Minor Sports.

Mary Howe, '21, Dorothy Kurtzman, '21, and Irene Johnson, '21, are on the Freshman Hockey Team. Rachel Perkins and Myrtice Matchitt are substitutes.

On the Sophomore Hockey Team are Erma Schurr, '20, and Lucille Larson, '20.

On the Senior Hockey Team is Leonore Alway, '18.

Milford Wold, '18, is selling shoes in Missoula, Montana.

Lloyd Vye, '21, is trying out for basket ball at the University. Lloyd was one of our best "U" High athletes.

Melvina Forsythe, '18, is teaching school in Willow River, Minn.

Lazelle Alway, '18, is Vice President of the Y. W. C. A. board.

Aaron Rosenbleet, '17, is director of the South Side Settlement House in Minneapolis.

James Bohan, '20, is a member of the Minnesota Daily Staff. Jim, as we might guess, has charge of the jokes.

Winnifred Hughes, '20, is also a member of the Daily Staff.

Time and bobbed hair go on forever. The last victim of the epidemic was Myrtice Matchitt, '21. At this moment a telegram arrives from Boston. Sara Price, '21, a noted artist of the Boston Art School, has her hair cut also. Out of a class of thirty men and women Sara says that over half have bobbed hair. It has not been ascertained as yet whether or not this includes both sexes.

Catherine Haisly, '20, is also working. Her position is in a real estate office.

Caroline Murray, '20, is working in a doctor's office this year. Caroline isn't sure whether or not she will study to be a doctor herself.

Reginald Forster, '21, who is attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis, came home for the Christmas holidays. He arrived in Minneapolis on Christmas night and remained for six days.

Ruth Palm, '20, was married in September to Mr. Lyle Davis. This was a great surprise because Ruth kept her engagement a secret. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are living at Long Prairie, Minn.

Henry Williams, '21, is attending Dunwoody Institute.

Headquarters for Student Fotos of All Kinds

UNIVERSITY FOTO SHOP

over University State Bank

Bring us your Kodak Work

Better Service

Lowest Prices

UNIVERSITY FOTO SHOP



EXCHANGE

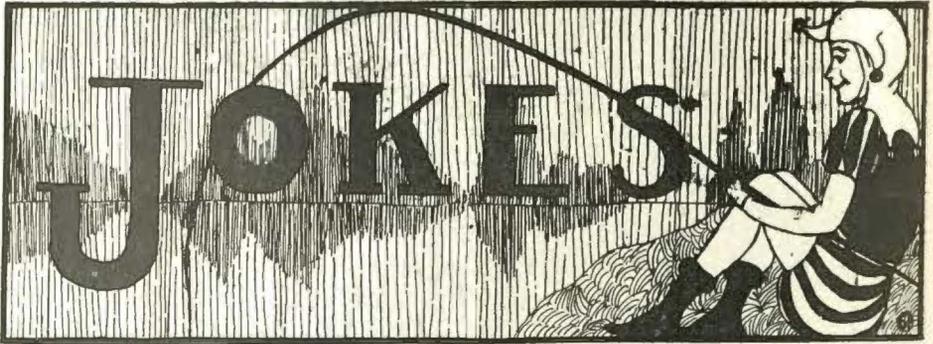
The "Advocate," New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, New Jersey, evidently follows the motto, "Size Doesn't Count." What material there is is exceptionally good, but a few personals, some cartoons and jokes, and an exchange department (speaking of "talking shop") would improve the paper. Last week's number contained an article by the principal of the school. He speaks of organizing an international fraternity throughout the high schools of the states similar to the Phi Beta Kappa in colleges.

The other day we were favored with an East High "Orient." Everybody knows the reputation of this paper so we won't comment on it as a whole. The editorials are not written in a "now let's be good" style, and the Athletic Department shines. The Student Council Association plays a lively part in the East world. It has launched a cleanup campaign and has also taken over the charge of the Sunlights, given every Friday afternoon. These dances are to continue "as long as the students conduct themselves with decency."

The second number of the Cretin "Comment" contained three excellent football stories.

The new members of our exchange list are:

- "The Advocate," New Brunswick, New Jersey.
- "The Ah La Ha Sa," Albert Lea, Minnesota.
- "The Fairmont High Echo," Fairmont, Minnesota.
- "The Picyune," Minnesota College, Minneapolis (just gotten out).
- "The Matoskan," White Bear, Minnesota.
- "The Milachi," Milaca High, Milaca, Minnesota.
- "Central High Times," Minneapolis.
- "The Otter," Fergus Falls High, Fergus Falls.
- "The Tatler," Johnson High, St. Paul.
- "The Polaris Weekly," North High, Minneapolis.
- "The Star of the North," Virginia High, Virginia, Minn.
- "The Pep," Bismarck High, Bismarck, S. D.



Miss McClusky: "James, if everybody made as many remarks as you do what kind of a class would we have?"

James: "A remarkable class."

"What are the emotions of a young man who falls in love the first time he sees a pretty girl?"

"You tell 'em, Irish potato; you're always getting mashed."

"Late for reveille again, I see, O'Malley," snorted the irate captain. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"'Tis inherited, sir," replied Private O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

"Why was Doctor Hutter so severely reprimanded by the club librarian?"

"They caught him removing the appendix from a book."

It used to be a sure sign of a small town guy when you saw a fellow whose hair looked like it had been trimmed around the edge of a bowl.

Now he is a hick if it isn't cut that way.

Todd: "I always say what I think."

Mac: "I've often wondered why you were so quiet."

A news item says that bagpipes were seen on Roman coins in the year 68 B. C. History tells us that Nero killed himself the same year.

Two Irish Americans were representing the United States at a convention in Ireland. One of them had never before seen Ireland.

"Fifty-three years ago," said one, "I left Ireland a naked little boy without a dollar in me pockets." The audience was greatly moved by this speech and the second speaker decided not to be outdone.

"Until last week," he orated, "Until last week, I had never set foot in the land of me birth."

LEARN A FEW FACTS ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS

No paper like ours is a success without ads. No ads are a success without results. Therefore it is the results we are asking for. For the good of both our advertisers and the Breeze, we ask you to patronize the former. This action will bring neither additional inconvenience nor expense to you.

Among our consistent advertisers is Mr. Drebert, proprietor of the Special Sandwich Shop. I, for one, can inform you that twenty-five cents will buy you a very fine lunch at the establishment just mentioned. Mr. Drebert's griddle cakes are without a rival, the best in the United States.

While speaking of eat shops, Mr. Curry's White Bear Tavern must be highly recommended. When unexpected company drops in and you "haven't a thing in the house," or on Sunday nights, just call Dinsmore 4943 and have the best fried chicken you ever tasted brought right to your door. When arriving home from a party, get your chicken sandwich from Mr. Curry; he's open till 1 A. M.

And another thing, folks, don't forget the Campus Cafe. Mr. Brown, the proprietor, says, "Our best advertisements are the products we are able to produce and do produce."

Why bother to go down town to have your picture taken? Mr. and Mrs. Lisk at the University Foto Shop will do just as good a job. They also do fine kodak developing.

And don't forget what's under the "foto" shop: The University State Bank. They have been steady advertisers for years. They are one of our best customers; let's be the same by them.

The St. Anthony Falls Bank also deserves patronage from us. Let's give it to them.

If you are giving a private dancing party, remember that either "Fireside Halle" or "Tamarack Lodge" will be an ideal place for that party. It won't run you broke to rent them either.

If one advertiser furnishes the hall, why not pick another for the music? The Whiz Bang Orchestra is just what you want. For dates speak to Miles Graves at Midway 3011.

When you need a haircut go to either Gus or the Varsity. Please notice the first ad on the first white page.

"But don't go away, folks!" When you need shoes or "goolashes," try the Home Trade.

If your clothes need pressing, cleaning, or altering, see John Braaten, tailor.

For addresses, phone numbers, and other particulars, please read the ads.

R. R. MOULTON,
Advertising Manager.

25 Fotos for 50c

UNIVERSITY FOTO SHOP

over University State Bank

UNIVERSITY STATE BANK

Washington Ave. and Oak St. S. E.

Ideally located for the use of
faculty, students or employees

Checking Accounts
Safety Deposit Boxes

Saving Accounts
Insurance of All Kinds

GRIDDLE CAKES - OH BOY!

DREBERT'S

Special Sandwich Shop

"LIKE FINDING YOUR APPETITE"

SHOP ONE

UNIVERSITY SHOP
1409-1411 4TH ST. S. E.

SHOP TWO

DOWN TOWN SHOP
ANDRUS BLDG.,
512 NICOLLET AVE.

Street Car Rides

in the Twin Cities

are the Cheapest Form of Transportation in the Country

TWIN CITY LINES

W. O. Clure, General Passenger Agent

FOR CLASS PINS AND RINGS

—SEE—

F. O. ANDERSON

Jeweler

504 Hennepin Ave.

West Hotel

School Supplies

Phonograph Records

Stationery - Sheet Music

Magazines

Campus Supply House

Next to the Parthenon