

**L. F. BROWN**  
**QUALITY DRUGGIST**

600 Washington Ave. S. E.

See our line of Easter Cards and Novelties.  
A full line of each

**TOMORROW**

In practically every life there comes a time when success hangs upon available funds -

At such a time the right bank connection proves valuable.

Even while you are a student, you can begin establishing your connection with this bank. We invite student accounts!

**St. Anthony Falls Bank**

Established 1893

East Hennepin at Fourth

**Ruu no Risk**

Bring or mail your

Kodak Finishing to

**University Foto Shop**

Over University State Bank

Oak St. and Washington Ave. S. E.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**Ye Fireside Halle**

and

**Tamarack Lodge**

For private dancing parties

Mid. 7730

If you want your shoes fixed in a hurry, take them to the

**O. K. SHOE SHOP**

Reliable repairers - All work guaranteed - Prices reasonable

808 Washington Ave. S. E.

Minneapolis

Dinsmore 4562

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
The "Bar" of Justice—Samuel Kirkwood.....	3
Dead Caesar's Ghost—Iris Cederstrom.....	5
Dissection of a Freshman's Head.....	7
As Longfellow Would Have Said It—Wilva Davis.....	7
Wow!—Eleanor King .....	9
The Night Before the Evening After.....	10
Wonder What Mr. Johnson Thinks About?.....	11
Premonition—Alice Hickey .....	12
Unlucky Friday .....	12
The Club—Greta Clark.....	14
Editorials .....	16
Assembly .....	18
Dramatics .....	19
Athletics .....	22
Cartoons .....	23
Exchange .....	24
Personals .....	26
Jokes .....	27
Society .....	32
Organizations .....	33
Alumni .....	35

# The Campus Breeze

Volume IV

April, 1922

Number 6

THIS IS ONE OF OUR NEW CUTS



APRIL FOOL

## THE "BAR" OF JUSTICE

(With apologies to W. Shakespeare, playwright)

### CAST

Shylock .....	Starr Pierce
Antonio .....	Pansy Todd
Duke .....	Jim McConnell
Portia .....	Ruth Eckles

Scene—In or about "U" High.

Enter Duke, Antonio, and others.

Duke—

Is the accused here?

Antonio—

I am, your grace.

Duke—

Thou art come to answer a savage charge  
Brought against thee by one envious person who,  
In all "U" High, is smallest save, perchance,  
That one resolved seeker of knowledge,  
Called by surname, Beal, by Christian, Clifford.  
Thou must be prepared for the worst that may befall,  
For I have labored long and steady  
And, likewise, they who have the sports in part,  
But to no avail, for the Jew stands immovable  
And demands his asking.

Antonio—

I am prepared, your grace.

Duke—

Then go and call the Jew into the court.

(Enter Shylock)

Shylock, canst not see that in demanding  
Judgment 'gainst the accused there  
That thou dost wrong sport's future prospects?

Shylock—

He is guilty; I demand my suit.  
Do not deny me it, or, by the law  
Thou wilt proceed against that very law

Duke—

My wits are spent. The Jew might have his wish  
But for a learned doctor from St. Anthony  
I have called for the trying of this case.

(Enter a servant.)

Servant—

Your grace, I come before my lord, the one  
Who in the stead of Bellario has come,  
Bellario being ill of overwork.

(Enter Portia)

Duke—

I greet you. You come from old Bellario?

Portia—

I do, your grace.

Duke—

Accused and accused  
Step forth that he may know  
Who are the principals in this grave case.

Portia—

Shylock, state your case against this man.

Shylock—

In all "U" High there is no one  
Who can boast of greater size than he.  
He doth feast on Senior bars and candy,  
And then on pies from land of Eskimo;  
And so do I, yet look at me—and him—  
Scarce do I make up one hundred pounds,  
Full two hundred of them he can boast—  
Therefore I demand one meager pound  
From him in whom one pound could not be missed.

Portia—

Jew, if this court awards to you your wish  
You take it at your own great peril and danger,  
According to the law.

Shylock—

But canst not see  
That he is taking all the flesh from others,  
And profiteering, and leaving none for those  
Who need it?

Portia—

Full well I see your point, Shylock,  
And therefore I do ask his grace the Duke—  
One year from now, lest, having been deprived

Of one who so earnestly supports our cause,  
 We should find Bisbilla lacking,—  
 To require Antonio to cut out these:  
 All pies, all bars and all of Senior candy!

Antonio—

Nay! I'll gladly give the pound of flesh,  
 I'll roll to goal, I'll exercise at morn,  
 Yea, anything I'll do, but spare me from  
 This dire sentence you but just pronounced!

Duke—

As said before, in view of future good  
 I do require this of Antonio!

(Antonio falls in a faint to the floor.)

Shylock—

At last! at last! a pound, at last a pound!

CURTAIN

SAMUEL B. KIRKWOOD.

### DEAD CAESAR'S GHOST

"The room will please come to order," said Miss Almira Brown to the Sophomores that sat before her. The room did come to order very promptly, for every pupil had a handsome respect for the Latin griffin of his Freshman days. Miss Brown had been the cause of many "F's" and "D's" in the twenty years she had taught in the village high school at Barkhurst. She liked no one and wanted no one to like her, so she lived alone in a little house a mile or more from the outskirts of the village.

"We will have a thirty minute test in Caesar," was the next thing she stated. The whole class gasped, then visibly shuddered. Miss Brown saw and understood. She had expected this.

"All those who are prepared for this test may raise their hands."

After much looking wildly about and raising of eyebrows, fourteen hands were timidly raised. Three were not. The owners of the three hands represented the truthful members of the class. Miss Brown just looked, but nothing else was needed. The three truthful members of the class rose, and Myles started to explain in a rather weak voice the reason he had not raised his hand.

"Please, Mom, I was out making a very important call last night and didn't have time to study."

"M-m-me t-t-too, M-M-Mom," stuttered David hurriedly, when he felt Miss Brown's eyes focused on him.

"Where to?" asked Miss Brown ironically.

Myles flushed, then said tartly, "That's my business."

David said nothing but sank weakly into his seat because he saw Miss Brown take the pose that meant a lecture.

"Do you suppose Caesar could have done what he did if he had had frivolous thoughts about things not associated with Rome and himself?"

At this point Miss Brown stopped because she remembered that she had not made Donald tread the carpet of humiliation.

"Now will Donald be so kind as to tell us why he didn't raise his hand," she said sarcastically.

Donald rose and said, "I didn't raise my hand because I believe in being truthful."

Many faces flushed.

"Very well," said Miss Brown, "All those who did not raise their hands may write a thousand word composition on 'Julius Caesar.' I hope," she continued, turning to Donald, "that your conscience will not let you cheat." With this final remark she rapped on the desk for the second time, and the class began to plod wearily through a test that resembled its maker.

That same day after school when Miss Brown started across the fields towards her home, she saw Myles, David, and Donald ahead of her, each carrying a large bundle. She was in a hurry to get home to read "Gems from Ancient History" and did not wonder why they were going her way when their homes were in the other direction.

After reading awhile, making out the next day's assignments, and having her supper, she looked under the bed, in the clothes closet, and behind the door. She saw that no one was hidden in these places, so she put on her night cap and slipped into bed.

She had been there but a little while when she heard a slight tapping on the window. She looked up and saw the shadow of a man on the window shade. She sat in a dazed condition trying to decide what to do. The next thing that aroused her was the rattling of the door knob. She hopped out of bed. As she tiptoed to the closet to get her bathrobe she could feel her knees knocking together. After pulling on her bathrobe she stood in the middle of the room trying to decide what to do. She knew that it would do no good to call for help because her nearest neighbor lived a mile or more away. Concluding she must face the intruder, she set about preparing herself for the encounter. Remembering that most robbers struck for the head, she hunted up a saucepan that would protect her own. She also remembered that most robbers carried guns, so she padded herself with pillows in front and behind. By this time she found that her feet were cold so she pulled over some heavy stockings, the legs of which fell in bulky folds about her ankles. Thinking weapons would not be out of place, she grabbed the poker and a stick of wood and was prepared for the encounter. She tiptoed to the door; placing her hand on the knob, she turned it and flung the door open. Then, with a downward sweep, she struck the figure that stood on the doorstep a blow on its crown. There was a sickening crash, and the figure fell to the ground, losing its hat in the process and exposing to view a mass of broken eggs. The draft wafted to the teacher's nose a smell that assured her these eggs had been laid when she was young. As she stood gazing at the scarecrow, a bright flash at her feet lit up the scene, then was gone.

One morning three weeks later Miss Brown found on her doorstep an envelope. As she opened it a flashlight picture fell out. On the back was scrawled in a boyish hand, "Dear teacher: He came. We saw. You conquered."

IRIS CEDERSTROM.

### A DISSECTION OF A FRESHMAN'S HEAD

After reading Addison's "Dissection of a Coquette's Heart," I determined to find out what was inside of a Freshman's head. I had more or less difficulty in obtaining my subject, but one day a very large and bulky Freshman fell down stairs in trying to perform for a Senior girl. He fell with such a thud that he was knocked unconscious and I immediately cut off his head and ran to my laboratory.

The hair was dark brown, seemingly curly, but later I discovered evidences of a curling iron on his head. The head was abnormally large and very, very light. A strange rattling occurred when I shook it.

Upon opening the head, I was not surprised to find it nearly empty. There was a little "gray matter" growing near the tongue, which was almost worn out from over use. The vacant space contained, upon close examination, what proved to be funny airy substances forming "big I's" and "little U's." The inside wall of the head was covered with images and impressions of hundreds of females, mostly Seniors and older girls. The eyes, I found were very small but were much larger than the stomach to which they were connected. In them I beheld an exalted picture of this poor deluded Freshman. His ears were large, but not with over use, and I discovered a hole through the head from one ear to the other. His mouth was large, out of shape, and stretched beyond expression. I could think of no reason for the deformity except that he probably had used too large words at one time or another. After the examination was over I thought, "Oh, you poor misguided head! You're not as important as you think you are. Why couldn't some one disillusion you?" Straightway the head began to shrink and shrivel up till it became a funny little wrinkled ball. It rolled off the table and into the corridor where Clifford Beal's sharp eyes saw it and took it for a golf ball and a plaything, and went off bouncing it.

---

### AS LONGFELLOW WOULD HAVE SAID IT

Came the boys and girls to meeting,  
Came they to their monthly meeting,  
In they came by threes and couples  
To the class room for their meeting.  
When some fifteen were assembled,  
Draped around the chairs and windows,  
Chewing gum and throwing spit balls,  
Up rose Roy, their valiant leader.  
Up he rose and banged his weapon,  
Banged it loud and banged it often  
Till they stopped their noise a little.  
When they had in part subsided,  
Stopped their clatter just a little,  
Roy said, "Read the minutes for us,  
Tell what passed at the last meeting."  
To her feet the secretary

Jumped in horror and amazement,  
Clasped her head with tragic motion,  
She had left them in her locker.  
Then with animated footsteps  
To her locker ran the maiden,  
Came back with a slip of paper  
With the minutes written on it.  
Soon she started in to read them,  
Made a brave attempt and faltered,  
Tried to read the scribbled writing  
On the tiny slip of paper.  
Everyone approved the minutes  
As they had not even heard them,  
For there were some new arrivals—  
Fritz and Esther had just come in.  
Howard Abbot made a motion,  
Moved that all the little garçons  
Should appear in their tuxedos  
At the most illustrious J. S.  
There was much excited voting.  
All the girls were in his favor,  
All the boys opposed the Abbot  
For they did not have tuxedoes.  
Soon the phonograph was started.  
Dorothy Jackson started talking,  
Spoke of cutting school at noon-time,  
Said the Hennepin was splendid.  
Francis Herman, absent-minded,  
Drawing pictures of brave Harold,  
Smiled aloud during the meeting,  
Smiled and blushed and kept her silence.  
Much discussion of the J. S.,  
Of the money that was needed,  
Took place at this wondrous meeting,  
But no one offered any money.  
Self-important Row and Moulton  
Cleared his throat a time or two,  
Buttoned and undid his coat front,  
Stood up and sat down again.  
All departed from their places  
Loud the shrieks and the commotion,  
Tripped each other in their hurry.  
Only two or three were injured.

—Wilva Davis.

YOU EXPECTED TO SEE A CASTLE HERE, DIDN'T YOU?

APRIL FOOL!

## WOW!

The Freshman English students have been studying letter writing for two weeks. We asked for sample business letters to see how well they were doing. We selected the one below as being the most representative of the ability of the Freshman Class:

Sears, Roebuck, and Co.  
Chicago, Illinoy.  
Dere gentlemen;

As my mother has newralga in the neck & cannot rite, I take my pen in hand to rite this order for her.

We want these things as rapidly as you can send them to us. Item one (1) Please send five (5) yd. of the popular blew cloth. The name of it ends in ge, and it sounds something like sponge.

Item too (2) Enough silk & cotton thred to sow it with. It is not a lite blew or a dark blew, but sort of in between.

Item three (3) Ate (8) inches of pink sateen fifty fore (54) inches wide.

Item four (4) Six (6) cans of cling peeches. You needn't send them if they cling two hard.

Item five (5) A large & beaufotul book too give a friend for her birthday. She is not very deep; so I leeve the selecshun to you.

Item six (6) Please consider the following item in strict confidense. Please send won (1) electric vibrater which reduces the flesh. I red in the Sun. paper that the queen of England has one. I would like the same kind. Please do not have over one (1) thousand volts—or is it watts? It will be satisfactory whether it has volts or watts.

Item sevin (7) Too (2) pecks of fresh potatoes, the irish kind.

Now just one (1) more thing. I wood like a cuple of nice records with a good, holesum, centiment, nothing jazzy or foolish for me. I want one (1) that fits a Colombia Edison.

Please send these things F. O. B.: and I'l try to have enuf money to pay for them when they come.

Your's respectively & Cordially,  
Eleanor King

P. S. I hope that these articles comming frum sevrал different parts of your store will not cause you two much truble. In these days I now it is best not to offend employe's.

Sixteen thirty three (1633) Vanburen St.;  
Saint Paul, Minn.

March twenty three (23) nineteen hundred & twentytoo (1922)

## SPRIG SOG

Id study hall we cough ad sdeeze  
Ad sdiff the fragradt, balby breeze,  
We swib ad paddle hobe each day—  
Ad watch the brook alog the way,  
Ad Mother says, lest a cold we get,  
"Take off your shoes, your feet are wet."  
For sprig has cub.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EVENING AFTER

(As observed by the score of observers who "happened in by accident.")

Crash Wail from girls' dressing room. Voices of "U" students: Ha-ha-ha-ho-ho! Is that Nibs Clure! Isn't she cute! Etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Voice of Mrs. Bing—Oh, can't I get through? This awful door—if ever we have to give another vaudeville in this abominable—What! The lights? James is. Alice, you absolutely **must** put more cold cream on—thick—that's it—well, never mind if it does make you look homely, you have to—oh, I don't know, she was here a minute ago! My word!

(Exclamations of disgust from stage—The curtain won't work—no—can't make it open anyway—been pulling for the last—)

Voice of Mrs. Bing—Well, pull **hard**—the rouge? Did you get the wigs, Gregory? You **didn't**? Well, if you boys don't bring them tomorrow—Your part, Fannie? What part—part of what—oh, the tableaux. Why I haven't seen it—don't you know it yet? You don't mean—you haven't even seen it? Why what are we going to do? Tomorrow night—

(Voice of Madame Zu Zu—Hey! Mrs. Bing—we were supposed to begin at seven. Let's start—it's ten minutes to nine and this dress is awfully tight—What, Donald?)

## Scene II

Mrs. Bing, pacing aisle between stage and audience—Well, we might just as well cut them out if Fannie doesn't—we'll, try 'em again then. (Tableaux rehearsed again—still apparently hopeless.)

Mrs. Bing—Well, we may as well go on with the Roman—Margaret, you **must** not roll your eyes at the gallery in that tableau—What Dave? She can't help it? Oh, I know—it's a habit with her—The curtains? Well pull **hard**—pull! Don't break the ropes—pull—if they don't work tomorrow night—Sh-sh-sh-sh! I can't hear a thing—what note, Helen? The last one? The next one in your coat pocket? Wh— (Turning she sees Donald Nelson in the seat directly behind her.) Oh!

Enter Dave Wing—Say, Mrs. Bing, I-I've been wondering about our act—y' know— (looks around and furtively) Mugs—well, I know she's cute an' all that, but she absolutely—she's gotta learn to sing before tomor—we can't put on a thing like—

Voice of H. Barlow—Why Donald! I couldn't think of—oh no, I'm not, but thank you just the same!

Enter M. Morris—Say, Mrs. Bing—(looks about stealthily), y' know—I don't know just what to do about our act—Davy's—oh he's **darling** but—he's absolutely **got** to learn to dance before tomorrow night—he's so c—

Mrs. Bing—The what—Excuse me, Margaret (pushes Mugs gently aside) Your trousers to the tuxedo? Oh, I knew you'd forget something, Alice! Well, we'll just have to leave it cut, then.

Crash—sklumph—behind the scenes. (Enter Bov's Pa'llet)—Ho! ho! ho! Yes,—I guess it'll be good—it's comfortable to have **one** good act that we're sure of—quarter to eleven? It is?

Well, we **absolutely** have to go over it again. If those jokes don't get over any better than—What? Yes, we'll begin with the tableaux and go straight through it. That's it—well—till eleven fifteen then—I guess that will be all we can stand—if it doesn't pep up some way by tomorrow night—(voice fading away in despair) **if—curtain won't work—lights fail—absolutely—if—by tomor—** Margaret. **Can't you stop rolling your eyes?**—ever try a Senior vaudeville anyway?—tomorrow—(Truly with apologies to Mrs. Bing.)

---

### WONDER WHAT MR. JOHNSON THINKS ABOUT!

(With apologies to Briggs and also for the fact that the cartoons are not.)

Use your imaginations. Can't you just picture him?

Enters room with vigorous steps, nods to poor fellow creature at desk, removes his fur-collared coat and briskly sits down in seat, which the relieved "poor creature" has abandoned.

"Dear me—back to the old grind again. Really I'm sure that by the time I get through with these pesky kids I'll be a nervous wreck. This is my worst class! Dear, dear, why can't I look fierce enough?"

Get's up and strides dramatically down the aisle, pencil in mouth.

"See here, you're going to get into trouble, my boy. Don't you recall the rules that there shall be absolutely no conversation during study period—what-ever? You may take the front seat for the rest of this quarter."

Saunters back to seat, stopping to smile at bobbed haired damsel who has found his favor. Sits down.

"I do hate to be so hard on them, but they're such little demons. I have tried them by kindness and fairness, but that just **don't** seem to work—wonder what time it is—that was some dress Myrtle had on last night—she's some gal—yes she sure is—Goodness here comes somebody to get help on their math—of all the things I know **least** about—oh no, I guess not after all—it's one of those Locker Slip Fiends. No, Idress, I do not allow **anyone** to use the Locker Slip—you know that I'd let you (you bet I wouldn't) before anyone else but I can't start it again."

Jumps up suddenly, slams book on desk: "Jean Fulmer and Leslie Hughes, will you **please** stop passing notes?"

Grins at Idress and sits down again, resumes thoughts.

"Oh well, I was a kid once myself and wrote notes to Myrtle. I'll never forget the one—"

"Someone's going to get into trouble! Harry Bill, I wish you'd confine your vocal talent to the proper time and place."

Paces over to window—looks out. "Ain't nature grand? I wonder how I look in this pose? Oh, dear, I must walk down there and scare those Freshmen with one of my cold glances. Myrtle said I look like a regular Sheik when I administer them. Here goes:

(Alas! He has not the chance, for the welcome bell rings and the great rush for the hall door is on.)

## PREMONITION

(A Medley in Free Verse; Apologies to Mr. Sandberg.)

One day I was leaving my little bungalow  
 On the corner of Seventh and Bryant to go to my office.  
 Suddenly I turned to my homely wife who was wearing her blue  
 checked apron,  
 And kissed her. Then I kissed my child  
 Who was playing with her new blocks which cost me  
 Five dollars, and she squealed at my caresses.  
 When I went upon the street  
 Where the milkman had parked his horse  
 And where the spring air was heavy with a  
 Supremely enigmatic essence of warm dirt and sunshine and  
 early  
 Tomatoes from my neighbor's garden,  
 I was happy because I, too, had a family and a garden and toma-  
 toes.  
 I saw a little girl on the walk. She was chewing  
 Gum and her soft eyes shone with happiness.  
 My child, where was she?  
 A feeling overwhelmed me.  
 Turning around I hurried homeward with all the speed  
 My new calfskin oxfords would allow.  
 I approached my wife. My voice  
 Quivered with a bear-like tenderness.  
 "The child!" I murmured, in intonating accents, "Where  
 Is she?" "Why," said my homely wife,  
 "She is playing with the yellow blocks you gave  
 Her which cost five dollars."

—Alice Hickey.

## UNLUCKY FRIDAY

Yes, Friday is an unlucky day. Ask the Seniors who have dramatic aspirations. On a certain Friday not long ago one might have supposed the entire Senior class smitten with the ague had he seen them congregated in the hall outside Room 206. No wonder, for inside the lair thus numerically designated were three ogres waiting to torture the unfortunate victims as they were dragged in one at a time. Picture to yourselves:

Ogre No. 1. Red haired, seated in true masculine fashion with his chair tipped back against the radiator, directing the torture with a skillful hand.

Ogre No. 2. Opening the door suddenly, seizing a victim, dragging him in, and announcing his name in terrifying accents.

Ogre No. 3. Peering through her specs in sphinxlike silence, sucking the end of a fountain pen.

Is it surprising that the young innocents came out of the ordeal stumbling and gasping, some fiery red, some ghastly pale? To their curious companions they narrated how Ogre No. 1 had struck terror to their hearts, or how Ogre No. 3 had chilled

them to the bone, whereupon the sound that arose from the chattering of teeth and the knocking of knees completely eclipsed the noise that the Freshmen were making in the locker room below.

Let us investigate what was proceeding meanwhile within the lair. The victims were made to leap with great rapidity from page 13 to page 29 to page 65; they were made to dissolve their personalities in a mixed solution of Marmadukes, Mortimers, Pats, and Susans. They were made to roar and growl, to simper and shrink; last and worst, they were made to walk! Such walks! Some shook the building; some sawed the air with their elbows; some minced; some caved in at the waistline. Meanwhile the Ogres sat with enigmatic expressions or fiendish smiles upon their faces according to their various dispositions.

Now the "Breeze" reporter has been making a careful investigation and has found that these supposedly necessary inflictions were simply perpetrated by the ogres for their own amusement, that they had nothing to do with the ultimate selection of the cast. The following is guaranteed inside information:

Jim Perkins was given the "lead" because, since he is President of the Senior Class and Editor-in-chief of the "Breeze," he has nothing to do but get other people to do the work, and consequently can put more time on the part than anyone else.

Ruth Hicks was chosen for Pat because she is the only girl in the class who is just one-sixteenth of an inch shorter than Jim.

Dana Bailey was chosen for Mortimer because he invariably pronounced it More-timer.

Alice Hickey was chosen for Lady Althea because she did not come to the first try-out.

Truesdell Brown was chosen for the Irish doctor because, being English, he ought to know how to handle the Irish.

Ruth Eckles was chosen for Lady Susan because she longs to be an ingenue.

Helen Barlow was chosen because her part of Mme. Zuzu in the vaudeville showed her to be wiley.

Dave Canfield was chosen because the length of the man should be in inverse ratio to the length of the part.

Margaret Thompson was chosen because she is the only girl in the class who is not afraid of spiders.

Norbert Clure was chosen for the valet because he is the greatest authority in the class on gentlemen's fashions.

Since we can see that it was all a matter of luck, the Seniors who didn't get into the cast know now that Friday is an unlucky day, and those who did get in will be thoroughly convinced of it by the night of the dress rehearsal.

---

A song by John Flannigan, has been just published. Its title is: "Teacher, may I get my lunch?" Dedicated to Miss McGuire.

## THE CLUB

The Observer, No. 1, Wednesday, April 1, 1922

"So few; and yet so many."—Anonymous.

The most illustrious member of our society is a person somewhat more worldly wise than the rest of us; by name, Her Majesty, Miss Henrietta. She has the same family name as that famous English poet, though I do not know that she is related to him. She belongs also to that esteemed group which is termed the faculty, and for that reason is very much respected; and for that reason, also, she is an honorary member of our group (which privilege excuses her from the obligation of paying the customary yearly fees). She often appears at our gatherings in a peculiar attire, and it is said she wears this apparel most of the time she inhabits her domain.\* This costume is of a rather masculine appearance, having full, plaited breeches made of black woolen cloth. However, it seems Her Majesty usually appears in ordinary habits when not in her domain. Often she is seen carrying a thin red book—which is a synonym for "Faculty." She is a very lovable person, with a very pleasing personality, and is most interested in making girls walk straight, or in teaching boys how to be chorus girls.

The next member of the club is most easily distinguished by her red hair. The fact that her hair is of the hue of the setting sun may lead you to think she is coarse and rough; but she isn't. On the other hand, she has a very tender heart and refined feelings, in spite of the fact she is an ardent admirer of Cicero and Virgil. She dresses in the most fashionable, most becoming way of anyone I have ever seen. She has one fault, however, this ruddy haired maiden; she is stubborn.

The literary element of our society is embodied in a very modest, unassuming girl, whose ambition is to join the Order of Wellesley Scholars. She has read a great deal, and is so fond of reading that she will reread a book rather than listen to a conversation. She is a very clever authoress, and, I understand, has received, at different times, small sums of money, amounting in all to three dollars from our common newspapers for several short, humorous articles she has written.

Our most charming member is Our Shrew, who either was tamed before she came to be one of us, or who never was wild. She is of a mathematical turn of mind, and for this reason we have made her Keeper of the Treasury; in connection with this office she is also Recorder of our Actions. She is so timid that, when asked to recite, she becomes very embarrassed, and murmurs in a low voice a Latin word which I take to mean "I give,"† in English. Withal she is a very entertaining person.

We have one actress in our group, a girl nearly six feet tall, and exceedingly thin. We have recently discovered that she is particularly well adapted to playing the role of an old maid, although in actual life she hasn't yet "grown up" to her size. It would not surprise us if our actress would become a lawyer, for she is an overpowering debater. The secret of her genius lies in the fact that she is a faithful, energetic worker.

One of our most demure associates is a very humble appearing person. She is an excellent student in every subject being especially interested in mathematics and music; and she also has that admirable quality of being an interested listener. She has a most characteristic laugh, which reminds me of the noise our radiator makes when steam escapes from it.

Our newest member is our most serious member. As yet she has had little chance to reveal her characteristics; but I have found that she has a great deal of dry humor, which, I believe, few people have discovered.

Such are my companions in social life.

(My apologies to Sir Richard Steele, and to the members of this club.)

Greta Clark, President.

\*Editor's Explanation: The author probably meant the gymnasium.

‡Editor's Note: The Latin word is "Dono."

### NONSENSICALMENT

What is the Boston Mass?  
Tell it to me, if you will.  
What is the answer. I ask you,  
And why is Chicago Ill?

Why is Providence, R. I.,  
Can you try to feature this,  
If I said the truth wasn't true,  
Do you think Mississippi would Miss?

Missouri has got a new Jersey.  
It matches quite well with her hair,  
But if she's got a lease on the clothing,  
Why what will poor Miss Delaware?

Where has Oregon, I ask you,  
You answer with hee and with haw,  
But you couldn't say, I will bet you,  
What was the thing Arkansas.

Mary went up in an Airplane,  
She thought the ride simply grand—  
But her mother was anxious, and asked me,  
How will my child Maryland?

A man paid a debt and he said  
"I've paid ninety-nine without holler,"  
"I don't owe so much as I did," said he,  
For now maybe Iowa dollar.

C. H. L.

---

 THE CAMPUS BREEZE
 

---

Volume IV

Minneapolis, Minn., April, 1922

Number 6

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 Curt's
Advertising Manager .....	Rowland Moulton
Minneapolis Advertising .....	Frank Shaw
Minneapolis Advertising .....	Everett Comstock
St. Paul Advertising .....	Wirt Strickler
Faculty Adviser .....	Louis Tohill

## BEG PARDON!

Mr. Reeve is to be congratulated on the excellent effect his book on etiquette is having upon the students of this model high school. Not every person is in the position that the editors are to appreciate this social revolution. In the November, December, January, February, and March numbers, that form of etiquette, politeness, was entirely eliminated; but aha, notice the effect of the little blue book upon this number. First there are the most profuse apologies to Shakespeare, playwright, in "The Bar of Justice." Second, there are the equally profuse apologies to Mr. Sandberg in "Premonition." Also, there are apologies to Sir Richard Steele and Mrs. Bing. Then last, but very far from least, are the most equally equal apologies to Briggs in "Wonder What Mr. Johnson Thinks About?" We were quite provoked to find that the take-off on the Junior class meeting did not have apologies to Longfellow, but perhaps the ignorant author has not yet read the book on etiquette. Nevertheless, who says the book is doing no good?

## DOWN WITH INSIDE ACTIVITIES

Much discussion of late has been discussed with great disgust over the problem of school work taking too much time from vaudeville, parties, dances, movies, etc., so that these necessary functions of a student's life have had to be greatly slighted.

Let us indulge in a concrete example. Even if two periods are skipped, letting the student out at the end of fourth period at 11:40, only two or possibly three movies can be visited after lunch before supper. Then, immediately after supper, a dance will consume the time till about 3:00 A. M. If there is no dance, there is always a "Breeze" meeting at Miss Inglis' house, or plenty of more shows around the two cities. From 3:00, allowing no time for homework, sleep should consume according to the best authorities till at least 11:00. But again foolish education enters in and the poor overworked student must be at school by ten minutes after eight, and, of course, because of the nonsensical time, is unprepared. Nothing has yet been mentioned about numerous other organizations which must take up time such as Bisbila, Parliamentary Law Class, Dramatic Club, Hi Y, Acme, Triangle Club, "U" Club, French Club, Entity, etc., all of which are seriously interrupted by studies. The faculty, realizing this lamentable situation, has adopted the following schedule to be put in effect immediately on June 31:

3:00 A. M. to 12:00 M.—Sleep.

12:00 M. to 1:00 P. M.—Lunch.

1:00-1:30 P. M.—Free transportation to school.

1:30-1:45 P. M.—Study.

1:45-2:15 P. M.—School.

2:15-5:30 P. M.—Organization meetings followed by movies.

5:30-6:00 P. M.—Free transportation home.

6:00-6:30 P. M.—Supper.

6:30 P. M. to 3:00 A. M.—Dances, parties, "Breeze" meetings, more shows.

## HUMOR TO ORDER

An editorial! Oh, just anything that's easy enough, but make it funny. In by Wednesday. Oh, just anything, but remember, humorous. **Humorous!** Ye Gods!

Seven o'clock, Tuesday evening. Silent, solemn atmosphere. Table, chair, books, piles and piles of books. Much disorder. Blank sheet of paper. A sigh, a long stifled sigh comes from behind the piles of books. Somebody here? Didn't know it. We stand on tiptoe to peep over the piles of books and see a disconsolate, huddled-up-in-a-bunch slice of humanity sitting behind the Blank-sheet-of-paper. He is wrapped in a bathrobe and thoughtfulness. The whole atmosphere is saturated with thoughtfulness, too, and it rustles the curtains solemnly. Horrible thoughts for the morrow. One hundred fifty pages of English. Six pages of French grammar. Fifteen pages of Caesar. Seventeen theorems and twenty-nine examples for Math. Owe the candy stand ten cents. Lost gym shoes today. Fell in the mud in front of the

Men's Union this afternoon. A humorous editorial! A groan. Eight o'clock. Still piles and piles of books yet unopened. Still gloomy thoughts for the morrow. Still much disorder and thoughtfulness. Still a Blank-sheet-of-paper. A humorous editorial! A moan. Nine o'clock. A humorous editorial! A heart-rendering sob. It is night, a long, sleepless night. Downstairs still piles and piles of books yet unopened. Still a Blank-sheet-of-paper. The sun rises. The disconsolate slice of humanity drags his weary limbs from out his cozy bed and once more fills the air with thoughtfulness. The Blank-sheet-of-paper is no longer blank. It is fast becoming unblanker. It is finished. A humorous editorial! A sad specimen, but it's in—and on time.

### ASSEMBLY

Setting:

"Who 'z'all right?"

Juniors and Freshies: "Juniiors!"

Seniors and Sophs: "Seenioorrs!"

And they were. Slick debate. Yes, pep, decorations, yelling—even almost a war against the judges on the part of the Seniors—all the hard feelings and scraps that go to make up a good debate. Dana Bailey at desk looking important.

Action:

May: Are the Philippines ready for independence? (Time for audience to become more calm.)

Are the Philippines entitled to independence? (Impressive pause for interrogation to soak in.)

Are the—(oh well—we've forgotten exactly how to word it—but you know.)

And then a stream of voluble and powerful arguments—May has the convictions behind all her courage. Finis.

Helen Christenson in stage whisper: "Say—she's goood!" Applause.

Everett Comstock flatly contradicts everything May has said, and absolutely disproves her proofs.

Ruth Hildebrand in stage whisper: "Say—he's slick!" Applause.

Appear Bobby Tyrrell. In breezy and concise form he brings in all other proofs of all other questions, and sits down leaving a great impression.

Ruth Hildebrand in stage whisper: "He's d' bunk!" Applause.

Rowly Moulton—hot-air—pep—flat contradiction of everything—impression.

Helen Christenson in stage whisper: "Dat's d' bunk!" Applause.

Rebuttal.—Fire-works.

General comment in stage whisper: "Dat's d' berries!"

Announcement of judges—thrills! "Two to one for the Juniors!" Huh!

"W'yall say sooo!"

(Editor's note: And it was a senior who wrote this up!)



### FRESHMAN NOTES

We have been so busy getting our lessons that the Freshmen have not thought of much outside activity.

We had a class meeting. A number of Freshmen had wanted another party, but it was deferred until a later date as a number of people are observing Lent. Another problem was that of having the Freshmen in the Bisbila. After much discussion we decided on blossoming out with two pages including a half page cut.

### SOPMORES

This number of the 'breze' is supposed to be 'nutty,' but since the Sopmores aren't 'nutty,' how can they be writ up to be? "To be, or knot to be, that is the queschun." Shell the Sopmores be 'nutty,' just this once, for the beni-fit of the others, or shell they knot? Mr. Editor says, "They shell." So—"shell bovs, shell, and throw the hucks to the Rinoserises." (Did you childrin get the point? It's supposed to be funny.)

The Sopmores have knot don enything for a long time. Jist at presant there receiving blue slips, and severer scoldings from severer pareants.

### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Tell about a sleighride in April! You say, why not tell about last Fourth of July. Well, you see, it's like this: the Breeze very inconveniently went to press before the sleighride, which occurred the last part of February and as it was such a success it needs a BIG writeup. If the honorable readers will kindly imagine the day cold—but not too cold, snowy—but not too snowy—thank you—the setting is set, as it were. Now if said readers will imagine two sleighs in front of the Feuling estate with the laughing, rosy-cheeked, gayly-dressed children—that's us—frisking about impatient to be off, the curtain will rise with a crash to the tune of—

"Hey, there, who's on my neck?"

"That's my place, you mean thing."

"C'mon, kids, let's muss 'em up, they look kinda peaceful."

"O dear, only one hour of this."

"Well, remember what comes next." The curtain then comes down with a crash and there is an intermission of about two minutes while the children get their skates.

Act II takes place on a wonderful skating rink with the Feuling estate in the background well lighted up. The children, in the same costumes, are skating merrily about the pond. This is a very beautiful and impressive scene because the children who are accomplished skaters show such grace and such technique as they flit about.

But the most impressive scene is when some one yells, "Eats." In the mad rush for the house there are only four killed and six injured. You see this is a cheerful play.

Dancing comes afterwards and finally to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," the curtain slowly sinks with the children, looking tired but happy and shouting, "What's the matter with the Feulings, they're all right" and so forth.

And now dear reader, we ask you how you have enjoyed the party. We say that it was **SOME PARTY.**

---

## SENIORS

Perhaps Seniors in former years have had thrills, but we are quite convinced that they haven't known what it is to be excited, conceited, admired, and all the rest of the list. The vaudeville and chemistry tests were sufficient to keep us properly stirred up for a time, but that was before we realized the extent of the adventures we were to have.

Only feature that the Seniors have already advanced to the point of ordering cards—yes, real ones like other Seniors have had when they were graduated (only of course ours are a trifle more unique.) Moreover, there isn't a girl in the class who hasn't an appointment for a marcel—it's about time for photographs. (If you look you may see the list of appointments on the bulletin board.)

Worse yet, the "Bisbila" is beginning to be straightened out—we had never really expected that, and the class play is being read by everybody—in fact try-outs are a thing of the past.

We can recommend the class play as a thing you can't afford to miss. We can safely announce an all star cast. The hero of "The Irresistible Marmaduke" we can assure you will be especially fine—good looking, brilliant, fascinating, a trifle wild—"irresistible," you know.

And as for the financing of it all—oh, we don't understand such matters very well. We're leaving that to the treasurer and to Jimmie.

---

When Miss Morehouse asked Marguerite Wallace what made the Tower of Pisa lean she said that if she knew she would take some herself.

---

### DRAMATIC CLUB

Alas! The Dramatic Club has had no meetings this month. However, those who were at the Senior vaudeville know that the club members were working twice a week rehearsing for "Joint Owners in Spain." It was easy to see that May Mackintosh and the other "old ladies" did their best to become quite ancient so as to cover up their exceeding youth although they were Seniors. Yes, it certainly **was** work getting up that play! Betty Morgan couldn't think of any way by which she could get a bureau and several other articles over to the theater. May managed to bring a whole pile of old shoes to throw around (she wasn't really supposed to hit any one). Margaret Ericksen had the misfortune to lose her "bunnet" and "extry petticoat."

After the play, one rather delicately constituted old lady (Elizabeth Flather) donned a girlish costume and performed the Highland Fling while the others soon joined the camp scene.

Helen Barlow has decided to continue being president as long as the club continues. One more play is to be put on before school closes.

---

### HI Y

As you all know, or ought to know, the Hi Y has been doing mighty deeds since January first. In the first place, we held the joint Hi Y supper in February at the Central Y. M. C. A., and then we attended the monthly supper as well as our own theater party. During the last month we have had some excitement too. Dana Baily, former Hi Y president, resigned because of parliamentary law politics, and Milton Balcome was elected president until the next regular election of officers. The Triangle club kindly invited the Hi Y this month to hear Arnold Oss, who gave a little dinner talk during the noon hour. We were all very glad to hear him. Next month the school will have the exclusive right to hear the outcome of the Hi Y elections. Be sure to read them!

---

### ACME

SEE PAGE 14

---

Miss McGuire in Math. I: "Give an example of a direct proportion."

Robert Dameron: "The more you eat, the more you want."

# ATHLETICS

## THE SOCIAL WHIRL

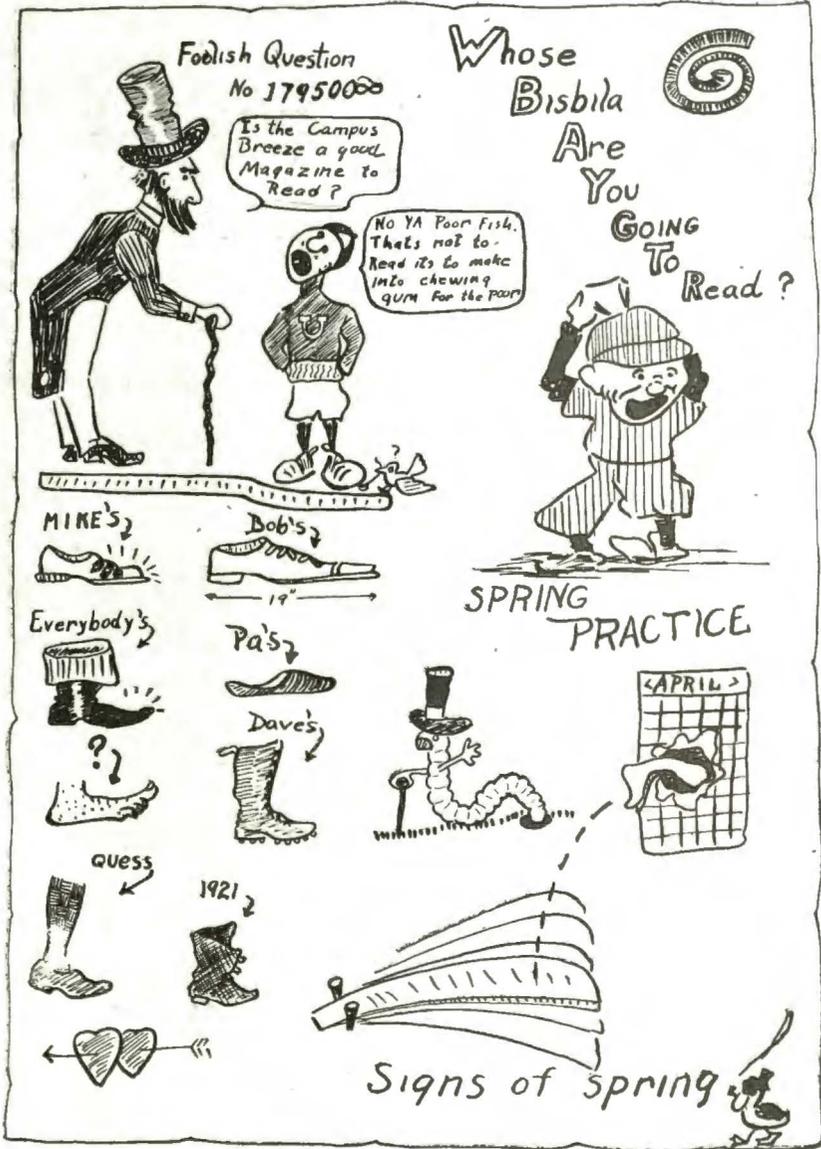
Speaking of tuxedos, dress suits, formal gowns and all the rest, you should have been to the J. S. Idress remarked seriously the other day that she hardly recognized anybody because they all looked so nice on the memorable evening. The banjo player in the orchestra thought that Harry Bill, in his full dress suit, was the head waiter and asked him for a sandwich. Really, the Seniors were awfully proud of their president; he made such a nice speech and blushed so prettily. He can blush almost as well as Laurence Anderson when a good-looking girl tells him what a wonderful complexion he has. Mr. Reeve was there in a full dress suit. Everyone was afraid all evening that Truesdell would forget where he was, grab onto the coattails, and want to play horsy. What I really meant to say about Mr. Reeve was that he answered Dorothy Jackson's toast and told us all about literature. For instance, the minute difference between prose and poetry. The party decided unanimously for the prose. The Morris girl had on a good-looking dress. Her neck projected from one end and her legs the other. One of the particularly noticed features of the gay and festive evening was that Helen Barlow washed her hair for the occasion; it looked pretty. Miss Hickey, one of the season's debutantes, was arranged most becomingly in a lovely gown of black chiffon, or crepe de chine or georgette; see it for yourself, and caused much admiration from the other fair young things. For some time at the beginning the male members of the party lined themselves diffidently against the far wall apparently overcome by the beauty and grandeur of their former friends and playmates, but they soon overcame their timidity enough to dance and later to cut in.

One of the waiting maids, Mary White, carried a large cor-sage. This servant problem!

The Juniors seemed to enjoy themselves, too, tickle toeing around at a great rate of speed. Roy Thorhov, the class president, did the honors for the occasion.

Oh, yes! the J. S. is a great party.







# EXCHANGE

## "FAMOUS QUOTATIONS"

Mr. Reeve—"Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, lend me your ears."

The Faculty—"An 'I' for an 'I', an 'F' for an 'F'."

Miss Deneen—"Oh that he were here." Cicero?

Mr. Rollefson—"Throw physics to the dog, I'll have none of it."

Miss Hubman—"Let us rejoice, then, while we are young."

Miss McGuire—"And e'er the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

Mr. Johnson (in study class)—"An' you had an eye behind you."

The Students—"Late to bed, and late to rise, makes us tardy as well as wise."

The Juniors—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Sophomores—"It's never too late to be sorry."

Freshmen—"We don't know where we are going but we're on our way."

Mary White—"I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

Frank Shaw—"He toils not, neither does he spin."

Fann'e Graham—"People who live behind glass windows shouldn't throw snowballs."

Florence Pierce—"And a little child shall lead them."

Harry Bill—"One good flunk deserves another."

Louise Congdon—"I sing of arms and the man."

Mugs Morris—"And smalle fooles maken melodye."

Nibs Clure—"Clothes make the women."

Kathrine Kelly—"Julius Caesar came to town a riding on a pony."

Elizabeth West—"A bad actor."

Don Nelson—"Love is blind."

Robert Tyrell—"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Bluebell Brown—"Out of the cradle, into my heart."

Howard Abbot—"Off with the old love, on with the new."

Alice Hickey—"Art conceals art."

Eleen Kyle—"Much in little."

Lida Burrill—"A mind serene in difficulties."

Jim Perkins—"Cleans everything."

G. Ladd—"A fool may give counsel to the wise."

Subscribers to the "Bisbila"—"Eventually, why not now."

Alice Hickey is writing "Memoirs" of Mr. Dvorak. She gets her material from him concerning his days when he plowed the fields in chemistry each day.

Everybody cheer for "Bisbila"!! Helen Barlow and Kenneth Francis are "Joke Editors." That's about enough to make everyone subscribe, don't ya think?

Miss Smith changed Don Nelson's seat. Wonder why? He was just sitting beside Helen and they didn't talk—they wrote notes.

Good thing there are two Personal Editors, this one is about running dry of dope. Too bad there isn't some big scandal to write up but "everything comes to those who wait."

Kid Perkins will now make anything between five and ten dollars disappear.

Bluebell Brown is now buying his lunch on money made from penny matching.

Our Knight of the study hall, Hon. Mr. Jacobson, has just purchased a hat—mind ja, not a cap—a chapeau. Clure says he saw him at the game with a lady. We really put that beyond him. It might have been his sister.

Everett Comstock is writing a book, entitled, "How to Pay Your Way Through School on Your Classes' Money."

When Gordie Murray asked treasurer of Hi Y, Thorshav, how collections were, Thors answered "Well, I got enough for a new pair of sox, anyway, and if Bailey would pay his, I could buy some shoes to match."

When George Smith was asked how he stood with his girl, he said, "Oh, I stand 'Pat'."

Rogers Robinson, the pugilist of the Freshman class, has been seriously considering the fistic art as a method of livelihood.

The other evening when Dorothy Merritt and Paul Smith were playing cards, Dorothy felt a mosquito bite or something on her leg. When she reached down to scratch it she missed and scratched poor embarrassed Paul's—er—extremity. They're blushing yet, poor kids.

Gregory Ladd went up to Noble's last week. He asked a fair damsel for the next dance. She told him she "wasn't dancing tonight." In a minute Greg saw her dancing with Shaw, whereupon he put on his coat.

Mary Stark is wearing Mr. Reeve out, making him chase her around—for tardy class.

Our little pet peeve: Harmon Pierce.

Aside from writing a few more love stories, Idress hasn't been doing much this month.

"U" High is blessed by having Wallace (Chuck) Reed in its midst.

Song by H. C. Bill: "Who's got two bucks for a marriage license?"

Jean Fulmer has offered the Personals Dept. an Oak Tree treat to keep her name out of the Breeze this month. But we're not to be bribed, so here goes: **JEAN FULMER.**



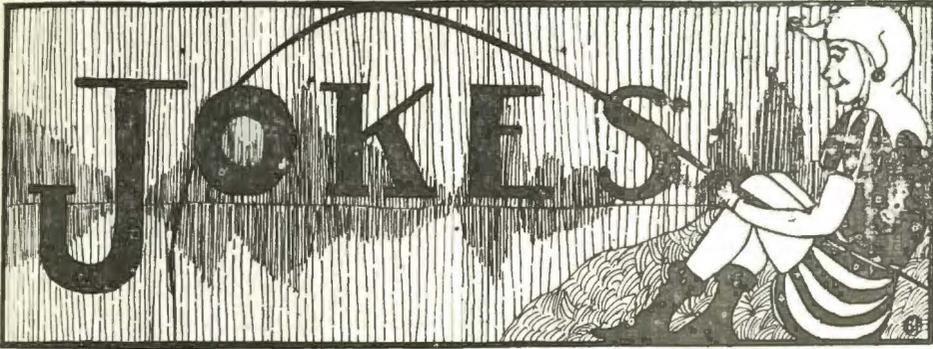
### THE SENIOR VAUDEVILLE

(As seen and recorded by a parent, a tired business man.)

It had been a very trying day at the office, and so I was not pleausurably thrilled when my small Freshman son announced that the entire family would go to a place called the "Little Theater" to see a performance of the "Vaudeville" which had been planned and executed by the Seniors of the University High School. I recalled various dismal attempts of this kind of my own youth, and shuddered. I mildly suggested that it wasn't healthy or wise for very small boys to stay up after eight o'clock, but when this was indignantly overruled, I yielded.

As soon as we entered the theater, we were besieged by very gracious but determined young ladies bearing baskets of that dainty known as "Eskimo Pie." I had hitherto thought that this belonged to the conventional pie family and had many times seriously considered ordering a "slice of Eskimo pie" at my downtown luncheon. I was glad I hadn't. We were finally seated, well stocked with candy and frigid pastry, and if I did not wait with thrilled expectation, I at least waited tolerantly. I could scarcely calm Johnny, who, in his excitement, ate pie after pie, seemingly unconscious of it. He was not later on.

Finally the curtain rose, and I was lifted out of my role of weary business man to that of participator in dance, music and song. Apollo-like athletes bounded before me, forming complicated Egyptian designs. I saw the Fall of Rome personified by a winding sheet and a derby hat and a pair of bare feet. Grotesque figures with prolonged black faces that wavered fascinatingly flitted about to barbaric music. Madame Zu Zu of Oriental beauty entranced the audience by her exotic personality, while her co-worker astounded it by his tricks of wizardry. A flame colored dress and a pair of brown eyes flirted in music and dance with a handsome Tuxedo surmounted by curly hair. Four young men of rather feminine beauty sang and danced in a manner distinctively masculine. But the grand climax was reached when ten beautiful Broadway maidens pranced onto the stage, clothed in the most delicate pastel shades and the latest things out in the way of ballet costumes. Their voices were a little low, perhaps, a little mannish, but their curly hair and girl-ish grace banished all reflections. It was exquisite, and when the camp scene with its soft lights and ukuleles and soft singing had come and gone, there was nothing more to be desired. The Senior Vaudeville was at an end; the tired business man was no longer tired.



Miller    Dieber    Canfield    Curtis    McQuillan    McConnell, Mgr.  
Blon berg    Borglia    Capt. Hughes

### TEAM BEATS BLAKE SECOND TIME

After a lay-off of a week during which time no practice had been held, the "U" High team journeyed to Blake School where they had their second annual basketball setto.

The team lined up differently from the usual formation in hopes that it would bring better results. A very hard game was expected since Blake had put up a stubborn fight in the first game, and this time they had the advantage of being on their own floor. Another thing was that Blake is at their best on a small floor while "U" High works best on a big floor.

Blomberg and Canfield were at forward positions, Curtis at center, and Borglin and McQuillan at guards.

Capt. Lefty Borglin chalked up the first score when he sank a free throw, soon afterwards duplicating his feat. Then Blomberg added two more in a close-in shot. Giles then counted for Blake in a long shot. Canfield retaliated and just before the whistle for the quarter was up Blomberg made a wonderful shot from the sidelines while two men were trying to guard him.

The second quarter saw Blake outscore "U" High, tallying seven points to our six. Blomberg and Capt. Lefty made our six points and the half ended 14-7 in our favor.

The third quarter saw a remarkable spurt on "U" High's part. In an effort to put the game on ice they scored seventeen points while Blake was getting two setting the score for the third quarter 31-9. Blomberg and Red McQuillan were the outstanding stars in the spurt. Blomberg sank the ball through the hoop twice in succession, then Canfield caged one and in quick succession on four consecutive tip-offs from center "Red" snatched the ball and dribbled and dodged through the entire Blake team dropping the ball where it counts. "Lefty" counted on a free throw and again on a pretty shot from the side, while Blomberg placed one more through the ring for good measure before the quarter ended.

With the game all wrapped and in the ice chamber, "U" High settled back to take it easy and play a guarding game. Nash for Blake managed to score four points while Blomberg got one basket in this last quarter. The final score stood "U" High, 33; Blake, 13.

The whole "U" High team did good work, but Blomberg and McQuillan outshone their mates. For Blake, Nash and Giles shared the starring honors.

"U" High		Blake
Blomberg	R. F.	Hastings
Canfield	L. F.	Giles
Curtis	C.	Nash
Borglin	R. G.	Huntington
McQuillan	L. G.	Owen

Substitutions: McCall for Huntington, Huntington for Hastings. Field Goals: "U" High—Blomberg, 6; McQuillan, 4; Borglin, 2; Canfield, 2. Blake—Nash, 4; Giles, 2. Free Throws: Borglin, 5 out of 6; Owens, 1 out of 5.

**"U" HIGH DROPS FINAL GAME TO S. P. A.**

After winning eight of the last nine games, our boys went to S. P. A. and lost the last game after a stubborn bout by a score of 32-23.

While it is poor sportsmanship for a losing team to offer alibis for their losses, there is no denying the facts. Blomberg was unable to play his customary position at forward and no doubt his absence affected the score somewhat. Another and more important reason was the floor where the game was played. The floor was as wide as it was long, making the "U" High style of guarding worthless. On three sides were concrete walls, with no out-of-bounds so that a team used to the floor could billiard the ball off the wall to advantage. The fact that one basket was placed on the concrete wall made it inexpedient to try running-in shots as it would have been very inconvenient to take time out to scrape McQuillan or Canfield off the wall.

In fact, it's like this, the first time one takes a girl out one can't get familiar with her; well neither could our team get familiar with the floor, as they're such bashful boys and it was the first time they'd played on the floor.

"U" High usually makes its point by close in-shots and the guards keep the opponents far enough away from the basket so that there is but a small chance of the ball going through. But the floor was so wide that the guards could not stop the medium long shots, and by such shots S. P. A. piled up the score. The fact that both sides scored so heavily shows that good guarding was impossible.

"U" High, 23

S. P. A., 31

Borglin	R. F.	Sharpe
Miller	L. F.	Putnam
Canfield	C.	Harmon
McQuillan	R. G.	Clapp
Curtis	L. G.	Ritchie

Substitutions: Dieber for Miller, Rice for Clapp, Holmes for Rice, Butler for Ritchie. Field Goals: McQuillan, 4; Canfield, 3; Curtis; Sharpe, 4; Putnam, 3; Harmon, 3; Clapp; Ritchie, 2; But'cr. Free Throws: Borglin, 7 out of 14; Sharpe, 4 out of 10.

Taking all the games that "U" High has played this year it is found that the team won ten games and lost nine for a percentage of five hundred and twenty-six. Taking into consideration that the boys played eight games with big Twin City High School teams that are certain'y out of our class, the record is much better than it sounds. Upon final reckoning it is found that Blomberg leads in scoring with one hundred thirty-nine points. Capt. Borglin is a close second. "Red" McQuillan scored heavily the last part of the season and next year ought to lead the list. Canfield was out of the game for over a month and played in only ten of the nineteen games. Curtis, who played standing guard, did not have a chance to score as much as the rest.

In the following statistics, "G" stands for Games Played in, "FG" for Field Goals, "FT" for Free Throws, "T" for Total Points, "Av." for Average number of baskets per game.

	G	FG	FT	T	Av.
Blomberg, R. F. ....	16	68	3	139	4.25
Borglin, L. F. ....	18	32	47	111	1.77
McQuillan, R. G. ....	18	30	5	65	1.66
Canfield, C. ....	10	19	4	42	1.9
Curtis, L. G. ....	18	9	0	18	.5
Dieber, F. ....	13	7	0	14	.54
Miller, F. ....	14	1	0	2	.14
Hughes, F. ....	11	0	1	1	.09

### BASEBALL AT HAND

Captain Johnny Flannagan and some of the other "season rushers" who are anxious for baseball to begin, are already to be seen "warming up" on some spot where the ground is dry enough to permit it.

Johnny and Coach Smith are optimistic over this season's chances; and the pre-season dove seems to give them cause to be very much so. Besides Capt. Flannagan, who either holds down the "hot corner" or catches, there are six other old men back, several of them veterans of more than one year. Blomberg, who scintillated in basketball will be on hand after a year's lay-off, to play either third base or shortstop. "Lefty" Borglin, who was captain of our past basketball team, and a baseball man of two years who last year played a cool and steady game at first base and is famous for his spectacular catch that stopped a shut-tuck rally last spring, will either be back at first or will cavort in the field, as he is a nifty fly-chaser. Dave Canfield, playing his fourth and last year of baseball, will probably share the mound duties with Curtis and will likely play first base in case "Lefty" is switched to the field, alternating at first and pitching with Elbridge Curtis. "Curt" is a last year's man and should make a fine record wherever he plays. He pitched several good games and played the rest of the time at shortstop, incidentally developing a batting eye that will drop the ball over the farthest fence frequently.

Dick Miller, who came out as a Freshman and immediately won notice for his ability, will be back for his outfield job that he ought to hold against any other aspirants.

"Winnie" Hilgedick, whom the girls last year thought was "just too cute in his uniform," is out again for his old job and this year may be taken for an infield position at which he performed well last year. He made sensational stops last year and developed a batting eye towards the end of the season that came in mighty handy.

Among other aspirants there are several men that show especial promise. Among the outfielders there are Boss, Moulton, and McConnell, all of whom had some experience, and with this season's improvement ought to give any of the old-timers a run.

For infield positions there is "Red" McQuillan, who with a little more experience should make a snappy second baseman. "Nibs" Clure for catcher, "Chuck" Reed, a player from Marshall, Minn., high school, who will try out for pitcher or second base, and "Kenny" Francis, a tall individual that hails from Pillsbury Academy and gives promise of being a fine first baseman. Incidentally, it might be good policy to put "Kenny" on the team in order to draw a crowd, because the girls all have fallen for him and say "O he's just irresistible!" Kenny, like a true hero, modestly discounts his ability to "knock 'em dead" and bashfully lowers his eyes when such is mentioned to him.

Of course there are many other men in school who will make good material, but the boys that are mentioned above are merely the ones that seem to stand out before the season begins, as one can never tell what will happen when the whole gang gets out on the diamond.

With a brighter outlook than for many seasons, and for the first time with a sufficient supply of pitchers, Manager "Colonel" Comstock is arranging a heavy schedule. "U" High has entered the Academic League with such teams as Cretin, Bethel and Luther, that necessitates ten games, and games with Shattuck, St. Paul Academy, Blake and all the Twin City High Schools, will round out the schedule for what looks like a good year in "U" High Baseball Annals.

---

### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Newcomb season has closed with another victory for the unconquerable Seniors. On Thursday, March 2, the Seniors met the Sophomores and won with a high score. On the same day, the Freshmen played the Juniors and were defeated, much to their sorrow. The Freshmen met defeat again on Tuesday at the hands of the Seniors, while the Sophomores lost to the Juniors. With two games apiece, the Juniors and Seniors played a hard game resulting in victory for the Seniors and a score of 22-14. The badly mistreated Freshmen were again doomed to defeat and lost to the Sophomores with a score of 12-27. The championship game, played between Juniors and Seniors, gave the Seniors another 15 points for the cup.

Owing to the extreme slushiness, hikes have become wading parties, and hikers have become web-footed. There has been keen competition to see who can keep out of the most puddles. Some of the Freshmen, Eleanor King for instance—just can't keep out of it. They like to see how much the water will rise when they stand in the middle of the puddle.

The ennui which is noticeable in the Juniors and Seniors on Wednesdays is due to the extreme exertions undergone in learning the Irish Lilt. The question is, does exertion mean grace? The answer will be revealed at the demonstration and competition which will take place soon after the spring vacation.



Betty White, '21, used up a whole can of Dorin the other day powdering her little pink nose.

Lillian Borreson, '20, did an aerial stunt the other day. She rode gracefully over the twin cities hanging by her teeth to a rope, meanwhile doing strange antics.

Sara Price, '21, swam over to Paris yesterday and carried back a string of pearls. Sara tells the public she was slightly fatigued but triumphant. "Make your body your servant," states Sara.

Avis Litzenburg is planning on a tour of the world. She will take her little inseparable "Patches," with her.

Reginald Forster, '21, our alumnus at Annapolis, rushed out in the foamy brine last week and saved a man-o'-war which had been attacked by a man-eating shark.

Emma Lou Graham has been seen around the Campus with her nose pressed to the ground searching for something. Perhaps she lost a couple of A's.

Isabel MacDonald is still going to the University.

There was a Senior-Alumni party about a week ago. April Fool!

Jim Bohan, '20, and Ed Cless, '21, had a lot of fun April Fool's day putting a pocket book attached to a string on the sidewalk and then pulling it back. The little dears are so playful and cute.

Gladys Kuehne, '20, fell off a twenty story building but with her newly patented wings flew over to her house in safety, making a spectacular landing.

The Bushes, '21, are growing.

Milfred Jaynes, '20, punctured a tire the other day.

Rachel Perkins, '21, drove her Ford for the first time the other day. She knocked down the same horse twice and came home with fragments of Donaldson's building on her coat.



Oh you Freshmen! See what's here. "The Fresh Leaf" and "The Freshman Journal" have found favor with big sister "Campus Breeze." Just see what she says about them:

**"The Fresh Leaf":**

This is one of the two rival Freshman papers that are so popular that even the seniors and juniors are seen eagerly devouring their contents. To begin with, this paper is published each month and costs only a nickel a copy. There's a great long staff: Editor in Chief, Associate Editor, Personals, Jokes, Athletics and everything—even Exchange. The March number starts out by a surprising Editorial on the new Southwest Junior High School. Evidently, if a plan is adopted which will mean that this school, instead of ours, is to be used for practice work and observation, "U" High will be discontinued. Chauncey has contributed a very cleverly written review of "The Bat," and also a short story entitled "Amateur Campers." Other stories are: "An Exciting Trip," by Eleanor King and one entitled "?????????????" by Earleen Ralph, to be continued—all very entertaining. Then there's a cute little poem on the "Leaf" staff, and the Exchange Department in which Ruth Lampland, the Exchange Editor, comments on the "clever, stale jokes" in the "Freshman Journal." This is something found in the "All-Spice."

Mr. Dvorak: "The Woolworth Building is very high."

Clifford: "Yes, I heard once that it is so high that if you were looking down from it, your uncle would look like an ant."

**"The Freshman Journal."**

We have gone over and over these two papers trying to decide which is the better but we can't decide so we'll leave it by compromising and saying "one's as good as the other." The Freshmen seem to have gotten on to the mean trick of cutting off a very exciting tale right at the climax and printing those three hateful words: "To be continued." However, that's a good way of keeping up people's interest, so it's permissible. One of these stories "An Experience Along the Allegheny," actually has the nerve to stop right where the train has suddenly stopped on a bridge over a river, and another serial ends in this number. A third is the sad experience of "Ken. Ward's First Day at College." Lowell Gilmore has written his opinion of The Senior Vaudeville and someone contributed

a good synopsis of Arnold Oss' speech to the "Hi Y" and "Triangle." The editorials in this number aren't as good as those in the "Leaf," but the Athletic Department is better. The "Campus Breeze" has its eagle eye on some of these Freshman authors and authoresses—for it isn't very long before we elect next year's "Breeze" staff.

"The Monitor," New Castle, Penn.: Imagine a monthly magazine with pages the size of the "Breeze"—ninety-six pages! This is one of the best organized, most complete, enjoyable magazines we've received. However, the Literary Department is a bit too small in proportion to the rest of the departments. The headings are cute, but why not add some cartoons and snapshots? Where do you get a hold of your jokes? We want to know.

"The Flambeau," Marquette Academy, Marquette, Wisconsin: These boys' school magazines are pretty clever. One of the best features of this one is the abundance of snapshots, which is not a bad idea at all—especially when they are of "good lookers," like these. The poetry in the last number was better than the stories, though both are exceptionally good for a high school magazine. The editorials are excellent, too; in fact, there is nothing that could be improved upon. 'Nuff said.

"The Tech," Technical High, St. Cloud: A typical small town high school news paper—just the right size and full of "pep" and good spirit. Why don't you put in some headings and cartoons? Send us some more.

---

### OUR CRITICS

"The Campus Breeze": One of the best we have received this year. It is written in an easy and conversational style that is very effective. It is hoped that the high school will receive one every month. "Tech," St. Cloud. "The Campus Breeze"; your personals are rather "kiddish." "Orange and Black," Gilbert, Minn.

---

### NEWS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS

There is a Red Head Club of Central Minneapolis. Any shade from copper to carrot is eligible for membership.

"Chimes of Normandy" was given not long ago by the West High Glee Club and Orchestra. It proved to be a grand success, to quote the West High Weekly.

It is rumored that a "Poets' Club" has been organized at North High. Good idea.

More clubs! The chemistry and physics students of Wausau, Wisconsin, have organized a science club. Forty-eight have attained membership so far.

---

In the next issue the complete exchange list, which has grown rapidly, will be published. The list is so full that from now on we are going to exchange only with magazines. If you know of any especially good high school magazines hand in their names and they will be welcome.

## Alumni Notes



Some old plantation hymns appropriate for a few of "U" High's friends.

Ladd (star crap shooter)—"Roll, Jordan, Roll."

Mac (shining Latin star)—"Rise and Shine."

"Mosey" Lewis ("U" High alumnus by proxy)—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

"U" High Assemblies—"When the Roll is Called up Yonder I'll be There."

Mr. Smith's Sedan—"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Mr. Dvorak's Nash—"The Old Ark's a Moving."

Mike Grave's shoes—"Golden Slippers."

---

Miss McCluskey: "Who lost an 'Eversharp'?"

Many Voices: "I did!"

Miss Mc—: "Well, I found the lead for one."

---

A few favorite "U" High cures for afternoon headaches:

1. New Hennepin.
2. Championship ball games.
3. Dave's shack.

---

"I say, old man, how'd you puncture your tire?"

"I ran over a milk bottle."

"Couldn't you see it?"

"No, the fool kid had it under his coat."

---

Census taker: "What is your religion?"

Hobo: "Oh, you kin put me down as a Roamin' Catholic, I reckon."

---

Emily: "I'm so sorry I couldn't see you when you called, but I was having my hair washed."

Ruth: "Yes, and the laundries are so slow about returning things, too."

Dana suggested to the parliamentary law class that the senior vaudeville be held Feb. 29, 1922.

Mr. Tohill, in Modern History: "Leslie, what did you read about?"

Les Hughes: "About six pages."

First Frosh girl: "I know what I'd do if I had the moon."

Second Ditto: "Wot wouldja do?"

First one: "I'd have it set in a stick pin and give it to Lowell Gilmore; he's the only boy I know who has enough front to wear it."

Frank: "It's all over the building, Fannie."

Fannie: "My soul! what is it?"

Frank: "Oh, the roof."

A fellow who was afraid of a short life consulted an M. D. and asked: "Doc, will I live to be a hundred?"

Doc: "I'll examine you; do you smoke or drink?"

Boy: "No, sir."

Doc: "Do you go to theaters and stay up late?"

Boy: "No, sir."

Doc: "Then why do you want to live so long?"

He: "How does it happen that Curt gets along so well with the girls?"

Him: "He studies 'em, I saw him reading a book called 'Success with Chickens.'"

It's lucky for Starr that he wasn't in Caesar's cavalry; he'd have had a poor time of it because he can't take care of a "pony."

"Say, what would you think of a man who threw a banana peel on the walk?"

"A lot more than I would of a banana peel that threw a man on the walk."

A farmer had an ugly bull that he couldn't get into the barn, so he offered fifty dollars to the person who could get him into the barn. An Irishman offered to try; so the farmer gave him a rope and double barreled shot gun and said, "If you don't get him with the rope, shoot or he'll get you." The Irishman tried with the rope and missed; then he shot one barrel of the gun and missed; he shot the other and missed. Then he turned around and started to run and the bull followed him. As they neared the barn he called to the former, "Open the doors, I'm bringin' him in in a hurry."

This is the foolish number, so these names have to be used: Dameron, Pierce, Gilmore, Shaw, and Miller.