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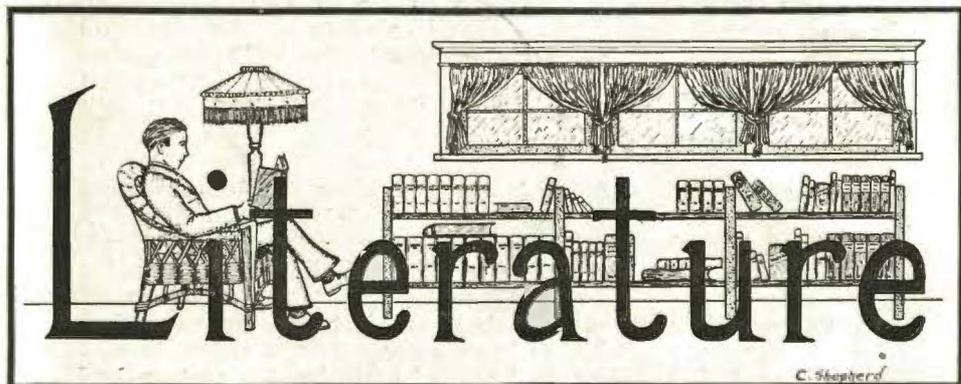
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# The Campus Breeze

Volume V

December, 1922

Number 2



## MOUNTAINS

My heart goes out in pity to the hills;  
They are so beautiful and do not know  
About their summits light and blue skies cling,  
And clouds float near them, and slow shadows fling  
Into their valleys. Glinting, laughing rills  
Leap downward from the cool, white, shining snow.  
The setting sun with flaming glory fills  
Each hollow, each gray stone. They do not know.

They do not know! They bring us golden gifts,  
Peace, and content, and swift-felt joy that lifts  
Our hearts from slumber. Their strong graciousness  
Carries little thoughts more near the stars  
With their kind wisdom and high loveliness.  
And even to the Maker of the stars;  
My heart goes out in pity to the hills;  
They are so beautiful and do not know.

—ELISABETH JONES.

(Editor's Note: By permission of Elisabeth's father we are printing this exquisite example of her work, which she wrote a short time before her death.)

## TOO MUCH CRANBERRY JELLY

(With Apologies to Baron Munchausen)

It was early in the month of June when I left my home in Minneapolis for a trip around the world. Heading due west. I crossed the plains, the mountains, and then turned south until I reached California where I boarded a ship for Nicaragua.

From there I started for Cuba on the good ship "Nimrod." On the second day out at sea there seemed to appear off in the distance a large and oddly proportioned island. As the ship approached nearer to it, we saw that it was about four hundred feet high, a mile or so long, and an eighth of a mile broad. At the south end there was what appeared to be an enormous cavern into which the sea disappeared.

Almost as soon as the ship came within a few hundred feet of its shore, the sea became suddenly violent and formed a gigantic vortex whose center lay near the mouth of the cavern. As if impelled by some unseen force, the ship glided into the outer edge of the vortex and entered the cavern. Most of the passengers immediately fell on their knees, but I, being somewhat of a scientist, instantly began to gaze around.

The first things I noticed were how calm the waters had become and the seemingly growing smallness of the cavern. Glancing above, I saw that the roof was covered with a hanging white formation which resembled somewhat stalactites. My curious gaze suddenly turned to terror as I saw the roof slowly sinking. Was this a submarine island? Soon the roof was within twenty-five feet of the top of the ship's mast. All about the stalactite formations, which resembled teeth, dipped into the water. We seemed to be in a fairy forest. Luckily, the roof sank no lower.

After a time, some of the ship's crew lowered a boat and set forth to explore the cavern. A half a day or so later they returned and reported about their trip. In the end opposite to which we had entered, a small underground stream just large enough to admit their boat flowed. Out of curiosity they followed it and found that it emptied into a small lake.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that we had entered the mouth of some deep sea monster; possibly a descendent of the whale that swallowed Jonah. Never did I dream to see America again. Knowing that the end was near, I set about to determine if I could not in some manner leave word to the world of the fate of our good ship. To do this I took a strong steel-bound oak barrel and bound around it several steel bands covered with long spikes. These I connected to a powerful super-generator, which I placed in the barrel, so that when this monster attempted to swallow it, it would receive a severe electric shock causing it to disgorge the barrel. I placed in a steel box bound to the generator several notes, my last will, and an account of the trip. The barrel was then thrown into the water.

Suddenly the roof rose and a terrific maelstrom formed in the placid waters. The ship started to whirl violently around, then suddenly flew off at a tangent straight toward the opening mouth of the cavern. Once more we found ourselves out upon the open sea, while off in the distance a continuous coast line

stretched. Wondering how far we had travelled and what country was in the distance, I borrowed the captain's sextant. Our position was  $20^{\circ} 0' 0''$  north latitude and  $17^{\circ} 59' 44''$  west longitude, or four miles from the coast of French West Africa. While commenting to a fellow passenger on our crossing the ocean in a day and a half, the ship struck an iceberg and sunk, carrying almost everyone down with it.

Fortunately, being a good swimmer, I was not drowned; but reached the iceberg, clambered up and hoisted my shirt as a signal of distress. Soon a canoe containing a dusky savage pushed out from shore and made for the iceberg. Not knowing whether he was friendly or not, I enticed him on the iceberg; then by strategy I got hold of his canoe and started for shore. Seeing me leaving, he called to me in Dakish and begged me to take him along for he would freeze to death because he had no shoes on. On his promise to be my man Friday, I consented to take him along.

Upon reaching shore, we immediately made preparations for a trip across the desert. We did not start immediately for the Sahara but travelled northward along the coast up through Rio de Oro to Agidir in Morocco. While travelling through Rio de Oro, we had an experience which nearly converted us into a meal for a tribe of cannibals. We were trudging up a hill about noon on a hot and sultry day when we heard a rustle in the bushes. Thinking it to be only some snake, such as a python, we paid no attention, when suddenly a spear flashed by and lodged in a tree. As if by some pre-arrangement, the whole forest resounded with war cries and the air became filled with arrows, spears, and boomerangs. Picking up one of the spears, I noticed that it was propelled by a tiny, though powerful, motor which was concealed in its hollow shaft. As there were no rudders on the spear for guidance, the pooriness of aim was easily accounted for. The natives, seeing their attack failing, drew off in the distance to contemplate what was next to be done. During this slight pause, Friday and I hastily made a bomb out of an old tin can and some gunpowder. To this we attached a fuse and lit it. The bomb was then thrown in the midst of the savages where it exploded violently, hurling them in all directions.

Not wishing to lose any time, we immediately set forth again. When we had gone about eight miles, we heard a succession of crashes. Looking about, we saw twenty or thirty natives come tumbling down from the sky. It was evident that our bomb had sent some on quite a journey. Two weeks later the end of our journey was celebrated in Agidir.

As soon as we reached there, we paid our respects to His Excellency the Royal Governor. After hearing of our adventures and determination to cross the Sahara, he desired to know if we would not use our influence in bringing a savage and lawless tribe of Senegal Arabs under the influence of law and order. He told us the tribe could be possibly found somewhere north of where the Senegal river makes its enormous bend. Knowing what a difficult journey was before us, we determined to travel by a new method. Making a rush trip by boat up to Tangier, a radium-power plane whose powerful engine would propel us at the rate of two hundred miles an hour was purchased. It was equip-

ped with a radio-photo instrument which would enable us to see the country ahead of us for approximately one hundred and seventy-five miles. This we thought would help us considerably in discovering the Senegal Arabs. Upon getting back to Agidir, we secured our dominion pass from the governor.

It was a beautiful, hot December day when we started. The radium engine worked wonderfully and soon we reached an altitude of fifty thousand feet. By noon the plane had brought us within five hundred miles of where the tribe was located. We then decided to immediately descend to the fifteen thousand foot level. All worked fine till the twenty thousand foot level was reached and there we landed on a huge frozen cloud bank. The plane came to a sudden stop. The radium flow to the engine was immediately turned off and directed down the heat tubes. Soon the plane melted its way through the clouds until it was possible for us to see the hazy landscape below. The radium flow was then turned to the engine, but it refused to start. Something was wrong. The radium, we discovered, had melted through its tank and was falling rapidly to the ground. The plane broke through the last thin layer of ice and as if drawn by magnetism, hastened to greet Mother Earth in a tailspin—but Friday and I, our parachutes always strapped to our backs, jumped out into the open space. Our descent became gradual and drifting.

Off in the distance an immense tribe of people were gathering, some brandishing knives, some spears, but all screaming and pointing heavenward. Drifting nearer, we saw that we were the objects of their curiosity. Suddenly two spears cleft the air and cut our parachute ropes. Down we crashed, into the seething mass. Hearing a scream, I turned around, but too late, to see Friday struck down dead, decapitated. I was saved for a more enjoyable death, that is to the people. Summoned before the general council, I was tried, the charge being of using the air as a highway for travel, and sentenced to death. The penalty was the using of my body as a human target. As soon as the verdict was heard, all the people sent up a joyous scream.

Without further delay, they bound me to a plam tree. Then the practise began. The first spears, sent by youths not yet in their teens, flew wild—which was somewhat encouraging. As soon as the elders joined the sport, the marksmanship grew better. A spear passed through my hat, another cut my finger, still a third clipped a cuff link from my sleeve. The people, becoming more hilarious all the time, put an apple on my head and tried to pierce it, but without avail. I seemed to lead a charmed life. At last a young Arab strode amongst my tormentors. Picking up a heavy, silver-tipped spear, he threw it straight at me. It never swerved once from its course, but continued straight toward my face with a terrific whirling force which—

“Frank! Frank! Time to get up. You’re late already. It’s almost 11 o’clock,” a loud voice called.

“Look out! Look out! I am getting killed. They’ll get you, too. Get away.”

“Frank, what is the matter with you? Are you going crazy? Who do you think you are?”

"Wh-wh-wh-y, where am I? Where are the Arabs?" a boy with a slowly opening pair of sleepy eyes asked. "Why, I must have been dreaming. Wow! I thought I was just getting killed!"

"Well, next Christmas don't make such a pig out of yourself when you eat. Too much cranberry jelly usually doesn't cause the most pleasant of dreams."

—OLE OLEBERG.

### THE TALE OF A DEER

"I'll tell you," said Jack slowly as we sat in the cool of the evening before his cabin, "I'll never take a tenderfoot out to show him deer at night again."

Jack was a typical guide of the north woods and would seldom tell of any of the events that filled his thirty years of experience as a guide. Now that he was in a mood to talk about his adventures, I spurred him on.

"How's that, Jack?"

"Well, sir, two years back a tenderfoot came up here for a couple o' weeks, and he was a nice sort of a chap. One day he says to me, 'Golly, Jack, I'd like to see a deer awful well.'

"I asked him if he'd like to see it by day or by night.

"'Oh, I ain't particular,' he says, just like he wasn't. I told him, all right, that we'd go the first quiet, dark night.

"The next night was fine; so we started out—I paddlin', and he holdin' his flashlight. I took him over to that little stream thar." Here Jack pointed with the stem of his pipe to the mouth of a little creek some distance down the shore.

"When we got thar, it was blacker'n the inside o' your hat and still as a graveyard. I told him 'at we'd sneak along up the creek and when he heard somethin' kind o' splashin' and chewin' along—at was a deer. I says that we'd slip up purty close to Mr. Deer, and then I says for him to turn the light on the animal and off purty quick, 'cause the light'd blind 'im and the deer might jump into the canoe instead o' into the woods. He said that sure he'd do that; so we started up the creek."

"Purty soon I hears a splashin' up ahead and kept a paddlin' straight for it. We got purty near on top o' the deer fore the tenderfoot turned on the light, and holy smoke! there stood a bull moose as big as a barn and with horns like a brush pile. That tenderfoot just froze and forgot to turn off the light. In a wink o' your eye that blame moose made a jump and landed smack in the middle of the canoe.

"There was quite a fuss for a couple o' minutes. When things got settled down a little, we found that the canoe was all busted and me and the tenderfoot was whole except for a hoof print in the middle o' my back.

"That's how I got cured o' chasin' deer around at night with a tenderfoot," he ended.

—LEE FISHER.





## CHRISTMAS



When the Great Spirit looked upon man,  
 Man who toiled and schemed and struggled  
 That he might have furs and wampum,  
 That he might be chief among men,  
 Then He said, "All men are brothers.  
 But the wampum kills the warm flame,  
 The bright flame of love in men's hearts.  
 I will give them, then a season  
 When they leave their hunting, fighting;  
 When they sit around the camp-fire;  
 When they make each man a brother;  
 When they make the stranger welcome.  
 They shall give for love of giving;  
 Give to friends—and to the friendless;  
 They shall glorify their wigwams  
 With the glory of the forest.  
 They shall shout their songs of gladness,  
 Songs that spring from out their full hearts,  
 Songs of praise and of thanks-giving.  
 And this season shall be Christmas."

### A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

#### An Interview with Major and Mrs. F. R. Wunderlich

In as large a group as that of the University of Minnesota one is certain to find a few who have had unusual experiences. One of these is Major F. R. Wunderlich, Assistant Professor of Military Science and Tactics. Major Wunderlich, one of the youngest majors in the United States Army, served for two years with the Siberian Expeditionary Forces; and his experiences were shared by Mrs. Wunderlich, who saw two years' service with the Red Cross. In view of this and of the fact that some years ago the major was a pupil of Prof. W. S. Miller, "U" High's own former principal, when Mr. Miller was a teacher in Major Wunderlich's home town, Columbia City, Indiana, the Breeze thinks that the students will be interested in hearing of a Christmas in Russia as Major and Mrs. Wunderlich saw it.

"As I remember," said Major Wunderlich, "one of the most striking things about the Russian Christmas was that it did not celebrate Christ's birthday but the day of His resurrection—at least so it would seem to us. For the festival in Russia that corresponds to our Christmas comes not on December 25 but at Easter time. This is brought out by a customary greeting at Easter. When two Russians meet, one says, 'Christ is risen.' The other replies, 'He is, indeed.' However, there is a holiday called Christmas, coming on January 7—they still use the old calendar; but this is really a minor one.

"The real celebration and the Christmas customs all come at Easter. As far as I know, there is no celebrating on January 7

except for certain winter sports such as skiing, sledding, and playing games in which the old as well as the young participate, and great feasting. These are carried to even greater extent at Easter. Also very few gifts are exchanged on this day; but on Easter quite a number are given, including one of a month's salary from the employer to each of his men. This gift is demanded whether the man has worked for his employer ten years or a month just at Easter. I say demanded and I mean it literally, for a failure to give this often results in legal action on the part of the employees.

"The Russian customs are influenced very much by the German, our own customs being very little known. I don't believe they have any trees. There were a few, but I think this was because of the American influence. There is one rather peculiar custom—one which very much takes a foreigner off his feet if he is the victim—that is carried out usually by girls of twelve to fourteen years old. A group will jump out on a passer-by from some dark building and beat him with bundles of pussy willows. Having done this, they seem to consider it their right then to kiss the unfortunate one."

"There is one custom at Easter that seems to come from our own practice," put in Mrs. Wunderlich. "Most elaborate cardboard eggs are exchanged. These eggs are decorated with all sorts of fancy paper and writing, and range from small ones up to this size." And she indicated an egg fully a foot in length.

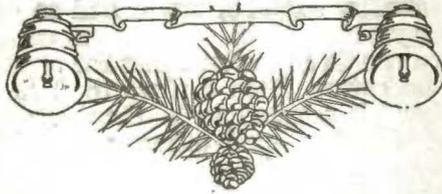
"Of course practically all the celebration goes on in connection with the church," resumed the Major. "The services continue all day, and you may go and worship at your own favorite corner any time during the day. Off and on the priest comes out and murmurs his prayers before the congregation. The choir, hidden behind a screen, chants all day long. These choirs are curious. You know they don't allow any instrumental music in their shrines; so they take children and train them from the beginning to sing bass, contralto, soprano, tenor, and so on. This brings about a queer organ-like effect. When one enters a church on Easter, he buys a candle at the entrance for as much as he cares to give. Then he enters, finds a place to stick his candle and lights it, kneels at his selected spot—there are no chairs in the Greek Orthodox churches—and offers prayer by himself. He continues as long as he thinks necessary and then leaves. Also at Easter every one goes up to the altar and kisses an extremely life-like painted wax statue of Christ which is laid in a coffin. It certainly is gruesome to one not accustomed to the practice.

"On every day possible and, of course, on every holiday—the Russians are great people for holidays; I believe they'd celebrate the day on which the Czarovitch, 196 years ago, recovered from a cold—they feast. And these feasts are no cafeteria luncheons either! They begin about 6:30 in the evening and continue until close to midnight. The first course consists of pickled meats, smoked and raw fish, bologna, and eight or ten other kinds of cold meats. Just as you have formed the idea that you are going to have merely a little cold lunch, soup is brought in for the second course. The rest of the meal offers a fine opportunity to any one who cares to eat huge quantities of roast bird, pork, and other meats. There are always three or four platters of highly decorated meats and fowl at each meal. When you take

into consideration the fact that these feasts occur on every holiday and practically every other day, you will realize that when the Russians have the money they are enormous eaters."

"At Easter, too, the beggars have an easy time of it," added Mrs. Wunderlich. "One very extraordinary thing occurred while we were there; the beggars in a certain town struck! Several soldiers deserting Kolchak's army at the front, came to this particular town and started begging in the streets. Thereupon the old beggars in the vicinity refused to beg. They raised such a commotion that finally the city officials were forced to decree that the soldiers would have to beg in certain restricted districts and leave the downtown section to the veteran beggars. In America we have had plenty of experiences with striking miners and railroad men, but a beggars' strike certainly was a new one on us!"

—Samuel Brown Kirkwood.



## OUR MONTHLY TRAVELOGUE

## A MID'S SUMMER CRUISE

Take a few pirates from the Caribbean, some dark-skinned *senoritas* from Panama; add thereto the balmy tropical evenings of the West Indies along with the champagne and rum of Martinique; mix well with battleships, then take your concoction north to Halifax; at this point add a generous quantity of the fair-skinned beauties of Halifax in their own picturesque setting of silvered lakes and gliding canoes; last of all throw in about fifteen hundred United States Midshipmen, and dissolve the whole in the briny deep. Then serve piping hot! Ah, but that is a dish for the most daring, the most adventurous, and the most romantic of today!

On the fifth day of June the Midshipmen gave a "4-N" yell for "Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts, Wives," shoved off from Annapolis, and got underway for Colon and the Canal Zone. The "Delaware," "Florida," "North Dakota," and "Olympia"; three dreadnaughts and one battle cruiser; composed the fleet which was never manned by a livelier crew. Some of the fellows fired the boilers, some swabbed the decks, and a few manned the rail. The Atlantic was rough and the Caribbean was rougher, but that was fruit compared to coaling ship after dropping the hook at Colon. "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Coalman" was the popular song, while the favorite occupation was cussing the old man for not forwarding that check to the Canal Zone.

However, such trifles were soon forgotten after the first liberty to Colon, or Panama City. A dance given in honor of the Midshipmen by a Spanish club helped to break the ice, as the delightful carriages and lunar lights helped to melt it. The curio shops and Canal fortifications were other sources of interest, and haggling with the merchants came to be a favorite pastime. Sunday found all those rating liberty, and a few others, at a bull fight in Panama City. But that was tame compared to the alligator hunting afforded by the nearby jungles.

After a week in the Canal Zone there was a three days steam to Fort de France, Martinique. All the natives came out in their little boats to meet the fleet and to acquire a few francs. The men and boys dove after what money was thrown to them while the women sold every known kind of tropical fruit. Once ashore, it became apparent that the black Frenchmen were in the majority; there were scarcely any white inhabitants. Perhaps this accounted for the fact that champagne sold at a dollar the quart, but nobody accounted for the empty quarts. Any Midshipman who aspired to be a mountaineer had full opportunity in the presence of Mount Pelee, an active volcano—very active in fact, because about 1900 it erupted and completely wiped out the town of St. Peirre. One liberty party took dinner at a delightful old French hotel and found several convent girls there awaiting their parents. Now the girls were pretty and French so of course the fellows thought of having a dance, and one Midshipman suggested it to the girls in their own language. They weren't a bit like American girls, but said they would have to wait until their *mammas* came. It was no use to waste time there, we could easily see.

On the Fourth of July the fleet came to anchor at Basse Terre, St. Kitts, an English possession. The entire day was given up to pleasure such as pulling and sailing races and a baseball game ashore in the afternoon. In the evening a smoker was held on each ship. Of course the ship was full-dressed all day, and at noon the national salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Their stay at Basse Terre was short and uneventful for the fleet was underway to Culebra the next day.

Culebra's prime offering was surf swimming and a wonderful beach. It was great stuff to hire a horse, gallop across the island, and take a plunge in the cold salt water. That is, it was nice until a shark was sighted one afternoon. From then on the beach never had anywhere near its previous attraction. A sham battle was staged in which those in the landing force successfully took the island from the defenders. One week-end of the Culebra stay was spent at St. Thomas, one of the Virgin islands. Among other points of interest were the castles of Bluebeard and Blackbeard. Blackbeard may have enjoyed fighting in the Caribbean but it was evident that Bluebeard was to be pitied. It was not much wonder that he took to drinking bay rum if he had to pick his wives from that island.

All hands were glad to shove off for Halifax because the tropics are awfully hard on a fellow. From the first to the last liberty at Halifax it was one grand and glee-orious time. The town was wonderful, the people were wonderful, the food was wonderful, and the girls were white! It was impossible to go ashore without being invited out to dinner and then taken to a dance. The only ones that weren't enjoying the stay were the Haligonian fellows. You see it rather upsets the town to have fifteen hundred Midshipmen turned loose in it. Anyhow the males of Halifax stopped attending the dances. The "Delaware" and the "North Dakota" were brought alongside and between them held a reception for the Haligonians one afternoon. Fortunately the function was over in good time for a fire broke out below and caused quite a bit of trouble. It would have made quite a scene, frightened women leaping over the side. These are a few of the reasons for all the Canadian mail arriving at the Naval Academy this year.

On its return journey the fleet held battle practice off the Virginia Capes and then steamed up Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis. A customs inspection was held before disembarkation, and the next day the Baltimore papers announced that the fish in the vicinity were in a very dizzy state.

—R. B. Forster, '21.





## POE-TIC REMINISCENCES

Oft as I ponder weak and weary,  
 Through long November nights and dreary,  
 The ghosts of other years come tripping o'er the threshold  
     of my chamber door,  
 As though a line of guests were ent'ring at my chamber door.

There is the house where I was born,  
 The window shades, they all were torn;  
 When up that street I rolled my doll, and bore with airs my  
     brand new parasol,  
 And twirled with air of queen my bright magenta parasol.

And there are streets all up and down  
 The hills of that old Southern town  
 Where I grew up so long ago; 'and the current of the river's  
     slow;  
 The movement of pedestrians is than the stream more slow.

Those are scenes I view no more—  
 The scenes arising from my chamber floor—  
 As themes I grade these dull November nights, as themes I  
     make such red ink gory sights,  
 While pondering on forgotten days these cold November  
     nights.

And there's Chicago with the Lake—  
 That street light on the corner can take  
 Me back ten years to a city all full of lights, a city of brightly  
     twinkling, brilliant nights,  
 A city all full of sights and sounds on crisp November nights.

The campus of Minnesota U,  
 Its library, its halls and river road too—  
 These all remind of college days now past, of days in Evans-  
     ton that went too fast,  
 Of joyous, happy, carefree college days that couldn't last.

These days of old I recollect,  
 And thinking on them, half suspect  
 That you'll be doing the self-same thing one day, and thump-  
 ing out a stupid lay,  
 While wondering every line what readers of the Breeze  
 will say.

—WREN STALEY.

(Note: In the words of one of our recent poets,  
 George Manuel, "Please do not read in class.")

### THE THIRD ANNUAL PRESS CONVENTION

The Breeze was represented at the third annual meeting of the Minnesota High School Press Association by Wilva Davis, Elbridge Curtiss, and Sam Kirkwood. The convention was held at St. Paul Central.

At 10 o'clock of Friday, October 27, Mr. J. E. Marshall, Central's principal, welcomed the members. Good musical selections were then given by some of the Centralites.

The speakers were Mr. Howard Kahn, editor of the St. Paul Daily News, and Mr. Leon Bigelow, former advertising manager of Brown & Bigelow. Mr. Kahn spoke upon "The Prospects for a Young Man or Woman Entering the Newspaper Work." Mr. Bigelow gave some very fine advice and information about advertising.

Following the addresses, Leo Hartle of Owatonna, the president, took charge of the business meeting. When other business was taken care of, the nominations were made for officers for next year. The votes were taken by schools, and Sam Kirkwood was elected president for next year. Our candidate was chosen by a vote of 27 to 4, and we are glad to have "U" High put on the map. Other officers are vice-president, Heath Farnum of St. Cloud; secretary, Marjorie Du Cloe of Denfield High, Duluth; treasurer, Virginia Hay of West High, Minneapolis.

In the afternoon, each member of the association was given a ticket to a football game between St. Paul Central and St. Cloud. To the surprise of all, St. Cloud won.

Friday evening The Pioneer Press and Dispatch entertained the association at a banquet given in the Dispatch tea-room. Mr. H. R. Galt, managing editor of the Dispatch, and Mr. A. J. McFaul, business manager, spoke. Mr. Galt told something of what was expected of the modern newspaper, and Mr. McFaul spoke about the business side. At the conclusion of Mr. McFaul's speech, prizes were awarded to the best high school papers and magazines. These are mentioned in the Exchange Department. A trip through the plant concluded the evening's program.

The morning meeting, Saturday, was made interesting by an illustrated speech, "The Art of Engraving," by Mr. W. G. Greene of the United Engraving Co. The rest of the morning was taken up by sectional meetings, one for Senior Annual editors, and the other for the editors and reporters of the regular school publications.

The meeting next year is to be held at Chisholm High School, Chisholm, Minnesota.

Keep That School-Girl Complexion !!!!!!

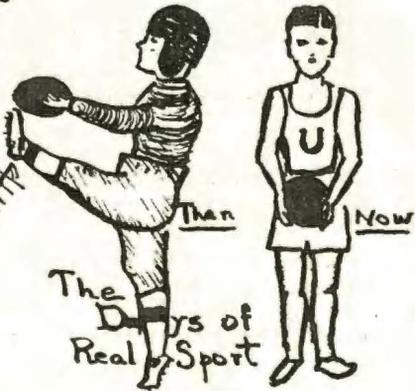


He's Perfectly Hairless - Just a member of the Flannel Shirt Club

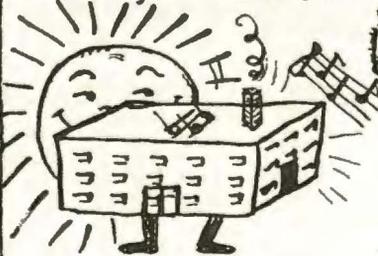


See Us the Night of Dec. 9th

The Latest in Hats Made to Order by our Class Millinery



Then Now The Days of Real Sport



Our Friday Sunlites

Over at the "Big Tub"



The Girls Are learning To Dive

MERRY XMAS - What We'll Soon Be Getting(?) - English, a Science, a History, a Spanish, a Music, a French, a Latin, a German, a Japanese

## THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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 From November to June

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## THE REAL CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AROUND SCHOOL

"The real Christmas spirit." What is it? Isn't it really all summed up in that one fine sentence, "Good will toward men?"

There are an infinite number of ways in which this affects us, only two of which will be discussed here. However, these two are vitally important to the school. The first is an old failing, but one which unfortunately seems to be ever-present. It is conduct in the halls. If two playful students chase each other up and down it's merely an outburst of their spontaneity. But it's up to each of us—not only the upper classmen—to show them that

a school is not a gymnasium. Some one will get the notion from this that we are advocating solemnly walking through the school with hands folded behind our backs, but that isn't it at all. As there is a happy medium for everything else; so there is one for this. We must find and keep it. There are possibly other more grievous occurrences than the one cited, but this is the point. Are we fair to our parents and our teachers who are responsible for our proper up-bringing if we persist so; is it giving good will to the other man?

The second is the getting of another fellow's lesson for him. Help up to a certain point is all right—our teachers would do no more—but we are too often guilty of making our help more than help, making it the actual doing of the assignment. It is obvious that this latter form of "help" is only depriving him of a chance to learn to stand on his own feet. No one can go through life on someone else's shoulders; so the sooner we learn to be independent the better. Consider it again; is carrying the other's subjects good will toward him?

We must decide these two questions for ourselves; they cannot be forced on us. Think hard. Help to promote this real Christmas spirit not only at Christmas time, but at any other time of the year. It's up to you.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions and advertisements make up the backbone of a modern commercial magazine. The *Breeze*, like a commercial magazine, needs contributions and ads. Although this article is headed "Contributions," don't think that there is not a need for ads. There is. But advertisements are things which, generally speaking, have to be landed by a more or less systematic campaign.

However, anyone can hand in a contribution. The school paper or magazine should be a journal which reflects the opinions of the bulk of the school, rather than the few who are on the staff. It is hoped that is what the *Breeze* will become; not that it has not in the past, for we have had a number of very good contributions; still they came mostly from the same people and it is not felt that the majority have been represented.

There is not only a need for editorials, but other articles also. If you see something very funny happen to a fellow student, or a like something happen to a member of the faculty, if it isn't too bad or embarrassing, write it up, observing the rules posted in the study-hall, and place it in the box provided for the purpose. And don't forget that stories and poems are always welcome. Bring them on. Perhaps the article won't be published for various reasons, but try it again. We hope to have so many we shall not be able to print them all.

Please think of the *Breeze* as your magazine, as a means to express and exchange your opinions, and as an outlet for your skill and talent.



## SOMETHING WE ALL LIKE—ASSEMBLIES

The Pep Fest at the Little Theatre, Wednesday, October 25, raised enthusiasm about the Blake game to such a pitch that almost every student from "U" High went to the game the next day. (O miserabile dictu.) Football manager Everett Comstock presided, and we were regaled by humorous and interesting speeches from Coaches Aaberg and McMillan, Mr. Tohill, Elbridge Curtis, and Frances Herman. Mr. Smith then called the football men to the stage. And the next day, wern't we proud of that player endowed with the maiden-like shyness? Rowland Moulton, rooter king, leading his band of hearties, gave encouragement to each individual as he mounted the stage.

## UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER

## Seniors

Ida Levine, 5 A's

Roy Thorshov, 2 A's; 2 B's

Ethel Lamb, 2 A's; 2 B's

## Juniors

Sam Kirkwood, 4 A's

Jane West, 2 A's; 2 B's

Julia Partington, 3 A's; B

Ross Lee Finney, 2 A's; 2 B's

Kerwin Kurtz, 3 A's; C+

Donald VanKoughnet,

Sam Kepperly, 2 A's; 2 B's; C+

2 A's; B; C

## Sophomores

Gail Nesom, 4 A's

Eleanor King, 3 A's; C+

Hermione Wheaton, 3 A's; 2 B's

Evangeline Nary, 3 A's; C+

Ruth Lampland, 3 A's; B; C

Clifford Beal, 2 A's; 2 B's

## Freshmen

James Tyler, 3 A's; C+

John Hynes, 2 A's; B; C+

Werner Gullander, 3 A's; C

Arthur Frost, 2 A's; B; C





### SENIOR ACTIVITIES LOOM IMPORTANT

The evening of Friday, November 10, one of the season's gayest fetes took place. The Juniors and Seniors cooperated in giving a very charming party. The decorations, made entirely of streamers and balloons, were stunning. The Seniors readily assisted in teaching the Juniors to trip the light fantastic. Good music was furnished by an orchestra assembled for the occasion.

The next important date on the Senior amusement calendar is December 9. A program of beauty and art in various forms will be shown. The ludicrous will not be overlooked.

Two of the most celebrated black-faced humorists on the circuits are going to make their first appearance in Minneapolis. The best trombone player in America is going to appear with the three dancing beauties. Two other charming numbers are a musical comedy, and a thirty-minute play. The latter will be presented by the Dramatic Club, under the efficient coaching of Miss Theodosia Foote and Miss Marion Jones. A one-act travesty on "Hamlet" is to be one of the most amusing acts on the bill. Mrs. Bangs with her world-famed rag-dolls will be on the program. A brilliant Gipsy scene is slated to close the successes of the evening. Under the direction of our competent manager, Carl Litzenberg, a splendid performance is expected. Get your tickets early; they will be on sale soon.

All signs point toward a Bisbila worthy of the name. If enthusiasm and eagerness have anything to do with it, the Bisbila this year will be the best Senior Annual ever put out by any "U" High graduating class.

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### UPPER CLASSMEN HAVE A PARTY

After the Juniors had held several unsuccessful meetings to set a date for a class party, some bright Junior started a petition to have a party with the Seniors on November 10. This "preamble to the J. S." was the best party in the history of either class.

The decorations were planned by Wilva Davis and put up by the decorating committee. Colored balloons blown to their fullest capacity hung from the ceiling, and together with paper stream-

ers, made 204 more attractive than ever before. (The balloons were secured from Donaldson's and Whitney & MacGregor's by the persuasive powers of Polly and Jerry.)

One of the best orchestras we ever had at a "U" High party played peppy music. Robert Reynolds and Leonard Finkelstein played violins, Margaret Erickson the piano, her young brother the banjo, Rowland Moulton cornet, Dave Wing everything, and "Bud" Wing a curious whistle. The orchestra was the feature of the evening, and those who didn't hear it can't imagine what talent we have.

About the middle of the evening, having abstained as long as possible, a crowd pulled down the decorations and joyously pounced on any stray balloon or roll of confetti in sight. Of course, after this the room was filled with flying balloons, confetti, and dancers much wound up in "red tape." Imagine it—if you can!

Many of the faculty were there, but we hope more of them will be able to attend our next party. As for the Juniors and Seniors, they were nearly all there.

Immediately after the refreshments of ice cream and cookies, the football boys were sent home. The rest of the people stayed until eleven o'clock.

The J. S. certainly ought to be a great success, as the Juniors and Seniors mixed so well at the "preamble."

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#### Watch For the Junior Class Pins

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The Junior boys have attained football glory, but also injuries. Coates Bull injured his ankle and Wirt Strickler his collar bone.

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#### SOPHOMORE NOTES

We, the Sophomores, have been unusually quiet and inactive during the month of November. The following is a record of our vivacity, briskness, and alertness:

November 1-7. No class parties, meetings, or any kind of gatherings were held.

November 7-14. No class parties, meetings, wiener roasts, picnics, or gatherings of any nature were considered.

November 14-22. Variety is not the spice of life. We have still abstained from any class assemblies.

November 22-30. We are yet allowing no outside class activities to interfere with our work. We have been "sticking to our knitting" the entire month, that is, studying diligently. We hope our marks will show the results of such remarkable and meritorious conduct.

But we are not all to blame! Old Sol has not smiled for two weeks, and the rain has fallen in an intermittent drizzle for the same lapse of time. Who would want to go on a wiener roast or a picnic in such weather? Not we! Then, too, our worthy instructors have plied us so heavily with work that it takes up all our evenings, while after school we have no chance for meetings due to the fact that some boys attend football practice, some girls go on hikes or to playhour, and the remaining few go to study classes.

So what are we to do?

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## FRESHMAN

The Freshman class held a meeting on Wednesday, November 8, primarily to elect class officers. Wallace Merritt was elected president, Margaret Hayes vice-president, and Werner Gullorder secretary and treasurer.

It was then discussed how to get money for a class party. A ways and means committee was appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

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## GIRLS' "U" CLUB

Something new, isn't it? But nevertheless, it is as important as any of the other organizations. In the last number of the *Breeze* you doubtless read of the "hare and hound" chase which the "U" girls gave for all the other girls in this school. This month the club has taken on the serious side of life. The difficult problems of drawing up the constitution has taken most of our time.

The officers met with their adviser, Miss Browning, the other week for the purpose of discussing this new constitution. This year the club will award an "H" and an "S" as well as the "U." The "H" may be won by submitting one hundred points other than those already submitted for the "U." No definite way for obtaining the "S" has been decided upon. The letters are in Old English, and the same size with the exception of those awarded to the Acmeans. If you wish to have a large "U," it is necessary for you to work hard and obtain the "wings" awarded only to Acmeans.

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## ACME

Acme has completed two things well worth their while this last month.

The first was the initiation of Ethel Lamb, which was held a few weeks ago. Without doubt, the old members enjoyed themselves to the greatest degree, but as to Ethel's enjoyment—that is rather doubtful.

Acme has also finished the first series of hikes, of which quite a number of girls have taken advantage. The second series will be held after Christmas, and it would be a good plan for as many girls as possible to take the series since it counts twenty points toward a "U."

The Acmeans are now looking forward to increased membership from the present Junior class.



## EXTRA!

With a sigh of utter weariness I sank into an empty seat on the street car and deposited my large load of books in my lap. I then took out my mail which I had hurriedly snatched from the mail stand before leaving the house. On top of the pile was the Dramatic Club Bulletin, which I scanned eagerly in hope of news. My eye was attracted by a large black typed word, "Organization," in the middle of the page; so I settled myself more comfortably and began to read:

"President.....Rowland Moulton  
 Vice-President.....Wilva Davis  
 Secretary.....Jane West  
 Treasurer.....Frank Keeler  
 Adviser.....Miss Marion Jones  
 Coach.....Miss Theodosia Foote

"The Dramatic Club held its first meeting Tuesday, October 31, for the purpose of organizing.

"Following the elections, the results of which are given above, a committee of three, Wilva Davis, Frances Hickey, and Gordon Murray was appointed to read and select a one-act play for the club to present at the Senior Vaudeville, December 9.

"Notice! Regular meetings will be held two Wednesdays of every month; and, although the first month is devoted to hard work in preparation for the play, it is whispered that after the work comes—sh! the party.

"Come on, Juniors and Seniors, join the Dramatic Club and help show the talent in University High."

I looked up with a start to see that it was Fourteenth street, my stop. As I hurried off the car, I almost bumped into a small boy who was yelling:

"Extra! Extra! All about the Dramatic Club play. All about—"

I grabbed a paper and glanced at it hurriedly as I ran for my class.

"The Dramatic Club of the University High is putting on 'Up Against It,' a play which is full of amusing complications. It is—"

I broke off at this point because, much as I should have liked to know about the play, I wanted still more to know the cast; so I skipped down to "Cast for the play:

Madeline Harrington.....Dorothy Every  
 Marjorie Harrington.....Rosalia Du Fresne  
 Patience Dempster.....Dorothy Jackson  
 Richard Fellows.....Sam Kirkwood  
 Robert Fellows.....Frank Keeler  
 Hon. Henry Fellows.....Dick Ralcome  
 Ex-Prize Fighter.....Emery Lindsey  
 Rastus.....Jim McConnell

"With such a cast the play can't help being a success, and—"

The first bell interrupted my reading, and giving up trying to read I hurried into the building; but as I ran, I thought to myself, "Oh dear! Why couldn't I have been allowed to finish reading about that play? Well, anyway, I'll see the whole thing at the Senior Vaudeville, December 9."

### LE PETIT CERCLE

On Wednesday, October 25, Le Petit Cercle met once again. After the meeting was called to order and the business taken care of, there was a good program.

The first number was a song, entitled, "Bonjour Suzanne," by Helen Minty. Next the Misses Merritt, Hildebrandt, and Miles rendered two popular selections. Then everybody joined together and played a few French games. When these were finished someone obligingly played the piano while the others danced. While we were dancing, some of the girls served delicious refreshments which consisted of sandwiches and cocoa.

Just about this time some of the football boys accidentally (?) dropped in and helped us finish the refreshments, after which the meeting broke up.

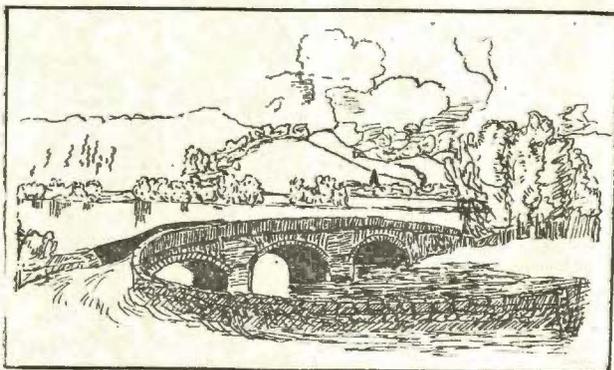
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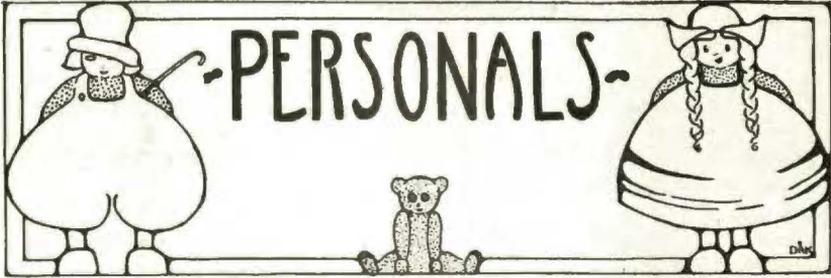
### ENTITY

On Thursday evening, November 16 a meeting of the Entities was called for the purpose of initiating the new member, Esther Bullis. A number of difficult tests were part of the initiation ceremonies. As usual, Esther passed these with an A grade.

We heartily welcomed the five alumnae members who were present, and we hope there will be more of them at our next meeting.

After dinner some of the girls saw Wally Reid in "Clarence" at the State Theater.





Why did Millicent Mason look so pleased when the cheerleader gave Ed a yell? Why? WHY?

There didn't seem to be much enthusiasm among the Senior girls over the Dramatic Club play until somebody let it out that the leading lady was to be kissed—then—some rush!

Have you seen the b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l hats the second year Home Economic girls made? Well, if you see a lop-sided, top-heavy hat being paraded down the avenue, you'll know where it came from.

Some little freshmen boys were overheard remarking on the amount of hair Mildred Borne has. We'd like to inform them that it's not all hers.

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### PROVERBIAL PROVERBS

The night brings counsel.....After the cards come out  
 After a storm comes a calm.....The day after the night before  
 Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts....Dave Wing  
 Where there's a will there's a way.....Polly Sweet  
 Rome was not built in a day.....The boys' gym  
 They agree like cats and dogs.....Polly and Jerry  
 Better late than never.....Fritz Alway  
 Out of sight, out of mind.....Lowell Gilmore's girls  
 Love me, love my dog.....Bill Haggerty  
 Short accounts make long friends

Bob Rhame, Junior class treasurer

The end crowns the work.....Finals  
 Haste makes waist.....Pansy Todd  
 All's well that ends well.....S. P. A. game  
 Half a loaf is better than no bread....Margarite Wallace's lunch  
 All that glitters is not gold.....Starr Pierce's teeth harness

## AMERICAN HISTORY UP-TO-DATE

American Association.....	Academic League
Committee of Correspondence.....	Mrs. Hickey
Fundamental Orders.....	No Smoking
The Grand Model.....	Chauncey Stuhr
Courier de Bois.....	Riverbankers
Immemorial Rights of Englishment	
	To change "A minus" to "A plus"
Loyalists.....	Marjorie Cheney and Helen Barlow
Mercantile Theory.....	"U" Club candy sales
Mayflower Compact.....	Freshmen
Writs of Assistance.....	Caesar ponies

## DOPE COLYUMN!

By P. D. Q.

Spasm II.

Outburst II.

We've had a very successful football season. We lost two of our stars at the start, but it didn't hinder us a bit. The first was Lowell Gilmore. We lost him because he sprained his nerve. He was very valuable, as he would have doubtlessly made the third team. The other lost star was Charles Burbach—a brainy lad, but he never carries his brains with him. He was a candidate for the line (side line). Mr. Smith says that the reason our team was so good is that we trained on Camels; so we wouldn't need a drink between halves.

With the on-coming of winter and the out-going of our elbows we find that the social events of the year are all centered around the Senior Vodvil. We want you all to come. As Mr. Aaberg says, father, mother, brother, sister, hired girl, and dog.

Kernel suggests this bit of Carl Sandbank:

There was a young fellow named Wade,  
Who was known as a clever young blade,  
In distress he saw a dame,  
Mary Lemon by name,  
So he "waded" out to Lemon Aid.

And also this:

I gazed at the beautiful stars above,  
Twinkling brightly in the sky,  
Like wooer's sentinels of love,  
They flickered to and fro on high.

But I was thinking howe'er of love,  
I was wishing fate upon a guy—  
Hell's gate to him I'm thinking of,  
The bird that blackened up my eye.

Some names for some of the famous movies of the hour, with apologies to Gopher Grins, **Minnesota Daily**:

Blood and Sand—Gore and Gravel.

To Have and to Hold—A Bird in the Hand, etc.

Dream Street—Opium Avenue.

Yellow Men and Gold—Chinks and Auric Chorate.

Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?—Where Is My Way-faring Male Descendant This Evening?

The Old Homestead—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I was talking  
with  
Jim Curtis—that's  
Elbridge you  
know—  
and we saw  
a girl  
go  
down the hall.  
"Say," he said,  
"I thought you told me  
that  
Constance Talmadge  
was in  
New York."  
"I did," I said.  
The girl was  
Frances Beebe.  
I  
guess he must  
have been sarcastic for I  
see no  
resemblance.

"It's all of a lifetime," said the man as he took poison.

Little "F's" of red ink,  
Next to "D's" of blue,  
Make your daddy angry;  
It's tough luck for you.

"This is the end of a perfect Day," said the hangman as he  
hung a man by that name.

Yours till Wilva Davis gets up early enough to do her hair  
up. P. D. Q.

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### We Didn't Know Henry Dated Back That Far

Miss Denneen (translating Virgil): "And Venus returned  
to Paphos on high."

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Senior: "What did your father say when you told him my  
love for you was like a mad, gushing river?"  
Co-ed: "Father said, 'Damit'."

She: "Do you like tea?"  
He: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Miss Morehouse: "When did Louis XIV die?"  
Freshie: "I don't know; I must have been absent that day."

# ATHLETICS



Chas. Shepherd

### "U" HIGH—6      ROOSEVELT—0

"U" High defeated Roosevelt High 6-0 in a stubbornly contested game October 20 on the East River Road gridiron. Both teams were evenly matched, but the score fairly indicates the slight advantage held by the Maroon and Gold.

"U" High put over the only touchdown of the game in the second quarter when, after a steady march down the field, Curtis shot a pass to Litzenberg who went over the goal line. The last half was played on even terms, "U" High being content to play a defensive game and Roosevelt lacking the punch to put over a touchdown.

This game was one of the cleanest of the year and the officiating was unquestionably the best of the season. The quality of the refereeing was doubly good when contrasted with that of the week before.

University High	Roosevelt High
Litzenberg .....	R. E. .... Nee
Jim McConnell .....	R. T. .... Brannan
Rollins .....	R. G. .... Dowland
Freeman .....	C. .... Butler
West .....	L. G. .... Corcoran
Dieber .....	L. T. .... Burkman
Miller .....	L. E. .... Dvorak
John McConnell .....	Q. B. .... Tuttle
Blomouist .....	R. H. .... Kolisar
Don Nelson .....	L. H. .... Stansbury (C.)
Curtis (C.) .....	F. B. .... Ondich

#### Score by Quarters:

U. H. S. ....	0	6	0	0-6
Roosevelt .....	0	0	0	0-0

Touchdown: Litzenberg.

Substitutions: Scott for Nelson, Miller for West, Bissell for Miller, McQuillan for Scott.

Referee: Stanberry.

### "U" HIGH—0      BLAKE—12

When "U" High and Blake get together, the spectators can count on a battle royal. This year's game on the Hopkins school's gridiron, October 26, was no exception, and although "U" High lost, it has no reason to apologize for the showing it made. The successful stand it made on the one yard line when Blake had the ball and four downs in which to put it over shows that "U" High has a fighting team that is hard to beat by straight football.

It is no secret that Blake won by taking advantage of the breaks of the game. One touchdown was made on an intercepted pass; and a fumble was directly responsible for the other. This is not meant to detract a particle of credit from Blake, for the Brown and White unquestionably displayed a knowledge of the cardinal principle of the game—follow the ball.

"U" High was at its best during the last of the first half and the first of the third quarter. The way the line held during the closing minutes of the second quarter has already been alluded to. "U" High started the second half with a rush by advancing within twenty yards of the Blake goal on two plays. The team was unable to score, however, and it wasn't until later in the game that another opportunity to score presented itself. This chance failed when a forward pass over the goal line was grounded.

The game was preceded by a contest between the Freshmen teams of the two institutions, the Blake yearlings winning by a 25-0 count.

University High		Blake School
Litzenberg .....	R. E.....	Dietz
Jim McConnell .....	R. T.....	Langworthy
Rollins .....	R. G.....	Gray
Freeman .....	C. ....	McCaull
Miller .....	L. G.....	Bennett
Dieber .....	L. T.....	Norton
Bissell .....	L. E.....	Ford
John McConnell .....	Q. B.....	Christian
McQuillan .....	R. H.....	Boutin
Blomquist .....	L. H.....	Schermerhorn
Curtis (C.) .....	F. B.....	Giles (C.)

Score by Quarters:

U. H. S.....	0	0	0	0—0
Blake .....	6	0	0	6—12

Touchdowns: Giles, Ford.

Substitutions: Pierce for Blomquist, Nelson for Bissell, Boss for Litzenberg, Flannagan for Boss.

Referee: Rogers.

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BLAKE—7 "U" HIGH SECONDS—6

On Monday evening, October 30, the second teams of Blake and "U" High met at the East River Road for "one grand battle." On an intercepted pass, Dietz of Blake made the only touchdown made by his team. Mills added the extra point with a drop-kick. Pierce carried the ball over in the second quarter, but failed to kick goal. Nelson, called back from end, made consistent gains around the flanks. In the last quarter with but a few seconds to play, and the ball on Blake's two yard line, Balcome tried to carry the ball over, but the diminutive "U" High back was too fatigued to make the grade, so the game ended 7-6 for Blake.

The line-up:

"U" High			Blake
Boss	L. E.		Jamison
Strickler	L. T.		Heffelfinger
Erickson	L. G.		Maughn
R. Nelson	C.		Bovey
West	R. G.		Somervill
Kern	R. T.		Clifford
D. Nelson	R. E.		Welch
Pierce (C.)	Q.		Sudduth
Balcome	B. H. B.		Mills
Scott	L. H. B.		Dietz
McGuire	F. B.		Newheart (C.)

Touchdowns: Dietz, Pierce.

Goals: Mills.

Referee: W. R. Smith.

Substitution: Flannagan for Kern, Sanderson for Strickler, Lindsey for Erickson.

### "U" HIGH—19      SHAKOPEE—13

"U" High journeyed out to Shakopee November 4 and returned with a 19-13 victory. Shakopee got the jump on "U" High and scored two touchdowns in the first five minutes of play. This didn't demoralize our team, however. Far from it. It only made them scrappier and more determined to wreck the Shakopee eleven. By collecting three touchdowns and keeping their goal line uncrossed the remainder of the game, "U" High wrested victory from seeming defeat, got the Shakopee contingent terribly excited and peevisish, and almost started a gang fight.

Starr Pierce lived up to his name, for he was unquestionably the "U" High star. His long runs after receiving Curtis' passes and intercepting Shakopee's were the features of the game. He played an important part in "U" High's victory. Curtis and McQuillan also starred both on the offensive and defensive. Herb Sanderson started the game and undoubtedly would have finished it, had not a Shakopee player carelessly stepped on Herb's face and almost ruined one of his eyes. We are glad to hear—and so is Herb—that the injury is not serious.

### U. H. S.—13      S. P. A.—13

"U" High brought the grid season to a successful conclusion by playing a 13-13 tie with St. Paul Academy on Northrop Field, November 14.

The game started with every promise of being close, but when Ritchie of the visitors intercepted a pass and ran 70 yards for a touchdown, prospects for the Maroon and Gold took a decided drop. They looked even less bright when Milton speared a pass and romped over the goal line for S. P. A.'s second touchdown.

At this point, however, McQuillan got mad, and Curtis decided that he wasn't at all enthusiastic about ending his "U" High football career with a defeat. The result was that two

touchdowns were forced over and a 13-0 defeat was turned into a 13-13 tie during the last four minutes of play. It would be useless to attempt to pick out the "U" High stars, for the entire team was trying all the time, and it can be said, that with very few exceptions, each player played the best game of his career.

University High		St. Paul Academy
Pierce .....	R. E.....	Milton
Rollins .....	R. T.....	Kenney
Erickson .....	R. G.....	Butler
Freeman .....	C.....	C. Churchill
Miller .....	L. G.....	Towle
Dieber .....	L. T.....	Corning
Don Nelson .....	L. E.....	R. Rice
John McConnell .....	Q. B.....	Putnam
McQuillan .....	R. H.....	Sharpe
Jim McConnell .....	L. H.....	P. Rice
Curtis (C.) .....	F. B.....	Ritchie (C.)

Score by Quarters:

U. H. S.....	0	0	0	13-13
S. P. A.....	0	6	0	7-13

Substitutions: West for Erickson, Erickson for West, Nelson for Erickson, Litzenberg for Nelson.

Touchdowns: McQuillan (2), Ritchie, Milton.

Goals: Curtis, Putnam.

Referee: Smith.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL

When the Frosh and Sophs get together there is no telling who will win, or, to be more exact, whether either will win. The Freshmen and Sophomores, this year, had two of the most evenly balanced teams that ever got together on a gridiron. This is shown by the results when the two elevens clashed. The first game ended 6-6; the second tussle was a 12-12 deadlock; the third resulted in a scoreless tie; and the fourth (this is straight goods) was actually won by one of the teams.

The game that decided the championship of the underclassmen was played November 15 on the East River Road and resulted in a 6-0 victory for the Sophs when Chuck Burbach scored a touchdown by running back a kick-off.



## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Juniors and the Sophomores played,  
On many a windy day;  
Then at last the Sophomores won,  
By two to one, they say.

The Sophomores and Juniors played their final game in soccer Thursday, November 9. In the previous game which the Sophomores and Juniors played the score was 1-1. However, the final game proved that the Sophomores were the champions, the score being 2-1 in favor of the Sophomores. Both teams were made up of very fine players, and both are to be commended for their good team work and attitude in the games. The final game had to be postponed for some time because of the rainy weather. Although the day was quite cold, they all had highly flushed cheeks and all were very much out of breath when time was called.

When the days were such that play hour could not be held out of doors, the girls formed two teams and played foot-baseball in the gymnasium. This was a new game for most of the girls, and they all found it lots of fun. However, no teams will be chosen for this game.

The next game that will be played at play hour will be captain ball. Everyone knows what a fine game this is, and it is hoped that all classes will be well represented.

At the beginning of the year Miss Browning divided the Freshmen girls into four volley ball teams. The captains were Jean Balcome, Harriet Zelner, Helen Lasby, and Jeannette Wallace. After eight games the championship honors were between the smallest team (in size) and the largest. The captains of the teams were Jeannette Wallace and Harriet Zelner, respectively. A close game of 15-13 in favor of Harriet's team was played; so her's were the championship laurels.



## Alumni Notes



We are glad to see that some of our "U" High girls are taking part in the activities of the Y. W. C. A. at the University. Two new members have been added to the Sophomore Commission, Mary Howe, '20; and Lucille Mo, '20. The re-elected members are Margaret Haggerty, '21; Laura Elder, '21; Rachel Perkins, '21; Sally Fenton, '18, and Dorothy Kurtzman, '21.

Members of the Junior Commission are Winnifred Hughes, '19, and Erma Schurr, '19. The girls were chosen on the basis of character and promise of leadership, being initially nominated and recommended by members of the Y. W. C. A. and finally elected by its cabinet. Among the seventeen Freshmen girls upon whom this honor has been conferred are Helen Evenson, '22; Marjorie Cheney, '22; Elizabeth Erickson, '22; and Sarah Price, '21.

Winnifred Hughes is in charge of the hospital work at the University, which is under the direction of the Y. W. C. A., and Helen Haggerty, '19, has been appointed as one of the assistants.

Ruth Eckles, '22; Katrina Hummel, '22; Helen Christianson, '22; and Frances McLean, '20—Fran has bobbed her hair—came down to the Carleton-Hamline game, November 11, and spent the week-end in St. Paul.

Alice Hickey, '22, saw the Princeton-Harvard game and said she was thrilled to tears. She is equally thrilled at the prospect of spending her Christmas vacation in Hartford, Connecticut.

We want to correct a mistake that was made last month. Margaret Frederickson is attending Hamline University, not Macalaster.

Helen Barlow has been pledged to Delta Delta Delta.

Frank Shaw has been pledged to Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Lenore Alway, '18, was elected vice president of the College of Education.

Tom Canfield, '19, has been elected vice president of Wing and Bow, honorary agricultural interfraternity. David Canfield, '22, is taking a secretarial course at Minneapolis Business College.

Lillian Borreson, '20, was elected president of Kappa Rho, girls' forensic society.

Harry Hilstrum, '20, one time of our "U High Orchestra," is now playing in the University Band.

Heinie Brock, '20, led a stunt including six saxophones at the Pep Fest held by the College of Education.

James Perkins, '22, has been elected treasurer of the Adelpian Club, freshman interfraternity organization.

Some of our "U" High graduates attended the Minnesota-Iowa game at Iowa, November 11. Winnifred Hughes was delayed somewhat on account of mud, but Betty White took the train with a group of Kappas.

Leonore and Lazelle Alway drove down with a party and were delayed several days because of the road conditions. They said that there were hundreds of cars stuck in the mud ahead and behind them.

It was rumored about that Nibs Clure, '21, intended to make the trip down to Iowa, but we're glad that he didn't, for where would Nibs and his little Ford be now—still stuck in Iowa mud?

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### EXCHANGE

"The Comment," from Cretin High School, St. Paul, has a very good October issue. This is a directory number, especially helpful to the new students. The literary department is rather small in comparison with the size of the other departments, but it has quality, if not quantity. If the issues to-be are as good as they promise, it will certainly be a pleasure to exchange with "The Comment."

"The West High Weekly" is still living up to its well-earned reputation. We congratulate you on winning a place in the contest held by the Interscholastic Press Association. Everyone knows you deserved it!

"The World," St. Paul Central, St. Paul. A might good magazine, I'll tell the World. (That's a pretty bad one, isn't it? As Mark Twain said, "A pun, etc., etc.") The idea of commenting on the month's contributors is very good. You have a fine cover design. Here's hoping you have the best of luck during the coming year.

"The Polaris Weekly," North High School. Your news is very complete in every way and in the issue for November there is a fine writeup of the Press Convention. Your jokes are original and satisfying—too good to be kept. Here's a sample:

"The end is not yet," sighed the Soph, (maybe Chauncey or Bob Dameron), "as he inhaled the spaghetti."

"This elbow is my own joint, and I'll run it any darn way I've a mind to."

And that's all until next time, as the bed time stories say.



## AN INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. When was the war of 1812?
2. At what town was the battle of Gettysburg fought?
3. What nations fought in the Spanish-American war?
4. Who wrote the "Auto-biography of Benjamin Franklin"?
5. What was divided in the partition of Poland?
6. Where did Lincoln make his "Freeport Address"?
7. Who wrote Webster's Dictionary?
8. Where is Madiera wine made?
9. Who was the father of Zebedee's children?
10. Who was the victim of Charles I's execution?
11. Where was the Trinil Skull found?
12. What is the diameter of a thirty-two caliber cartridge?
13. Why does Washington's birthday fall on the twenty-second of February?
14. What is the color of an azure sky?
15. What does leap-year leap?

The median score on this test when given to 5,921 Seniors in high schools throughout the United States was 9.2. Seniors in University high school showed unusual ability in making a median score of 9.37. Rowland Moulton broke all records by making 14.9 out of a possible 15.

Two Scotchmen and an Irishman were telling of the closest races they had ever seen. The first Scot said, "Once I saw a horse race. They were goin' neck and neck all the way till on the last lap when a bee lit on one of the horse's nose and stung him. He won by the swelling on his nose."

The second said he saw an auto race, and no one car could get ahead of the other. Finally two cars got in the lead, one of them was painted and the other wasn't, so the painted car won by the thickness of the paint on its radiator.

It was Mike's turn to prevaricate and he said, "I've seen a close race, too." He paused a minute and said, "I've seen the Scotch."

How many times have you heard Buzz pull this one?

"Ha! Ha! That isn't your hat you're sitting on—it's mine!"

Mr. Dvorak (consolingly): "That's all right, you'll have another test pretty soon."

**This Is a Fishy One**

There was once a fellow named Fisher,  
 Who fished fish from the edge of a fissure.  
 A fish with a grin,  
 Pulled poor Fisher in;  
 Now, they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

**Don't Be Extravagant**

Charity: "Will you donate something to the Old Ladies' Home?"

Generosity: "With pleasure. Help yourself to my mother-in-law."

He: "How do you suppose the tradition of kissing was handed down?"

She: "Oh, probably from mouth to mouth."

"Father, what do they mean by a gentleman farmer?"

"A gentleman farmer, my son, is one who seldom raises anything but his hat."

Lucille Preston thinks a football coach has four wheels.  
 Yah, there are two in a team, Lucille.

Senior: "This school is the worst place for gossip I ever heard of."

Junior: "H'm, what have you been doing now?"

Digging a well is the only occupation in which you don't have to start at the bottom.

