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The Campus Breeze

Volume V

^{Jan 23}
December, 1922

Number 23

ANNOUNCEMENT

The *Breeze* wishes to take this opportunity to announce the February Faculty Number. This issue is to be written entirely by the Faculty. We feel that our Faculty have had very little chance of showing their literary talents. Furthermore, we very much desire to find out how it feels to be on the assigning end of an assignment. Hence, the Faculty Number.

The assignments are as follows:

Stories (one each).....	Miss Penrose, Miss Staley
Poems (one each).....	Miss Hubmann, Miss Inglis
Latin Feature Article.....	Miss Denneen
Interview with Mr. Dvorak.....	Mr. Stockwell
Our Monthly Travelogue.....	Miss Smith
Faculty Department.....	Miss Buss
Cartoons.....	Mr. Dvorak
Editorials (one each).....	Mr. Reeve, Miss Morehouse, Mr. Rollefson
Assemblies, All-school Parties, etc.....	Senior Reporter
Organizations—The Faculty Advisor of each organization will write up his own organization.	
Personals.....	Miss McGuire, Miss Coon
Dope Colyumn (P. D. Q.).....	Mr. Smith
Boys' Athletics.....	Mr. Tohill
Girls' Athletics.....	Miss Browning
Alumni.....	Mrs. Hickey
Exchange.....	Miss Bourgoin, Miss Corkery
Jokes.....	Mr. Aaberg

These are *assignments*, which *must* be fulfilled. All material must be in by January 15. Members failing to do so will report to the editors in room 117 January 16 prepared to make up their work. Failure to comply with this rule will result in serious action.



TWILIGHT

Upon the mighty passage-way
That leads from Day to Night,
Majestic Dusk declines to stay
Unwilling, glides from sight.

Her draping robes of somber gold
Trail down the deeps of space,
While veils, like mystery, enfold
Her half-averted face.

Thick foliage against the sky
Forms masses rich and dim.
Around it, failing light comes by
The vaguely etched rim.

Deep Silence like a page attends
The darkening pageant vast.
The taper-star its way ascends;
The Empress Dusk has passed.

W. L. D.

BILLY AND NIFTY GET 'EM

"Orderly, tell Lieutenant Tingman to come here, will you?"

The orderly saluted stiffly and with a crisp, "Yes, sir," turned away.

The captain of Troop K, Eighth Cavalry, just then stationed on the Mexican border, was thinking hard. Sometimes he looked toward the south where the Rio Grande was seen to curve in and out among the green fields like a broad, blue ribbon; then he was heard to mumble, "It's got to be stopped and that's final." He did not see the lieutenant until he was awakened from his reverie by the orderly.

"Lieutenant Tingman, sir."

"Oh, hello, Tingman, sit down, won't you?"

The lieutenant looked at his captain keenly. He knew that he was worrying and hadn't been himself for the last few days.

"Are you sure everything's been all right in camp lately, captain?" he said.

"No, Tingman, that's just what I wanted to tell you. I've tried to find out more about it, but it just gets worse and worse. It's just this: for the last four or five nights from eight to ten men have come back to camp drunk. Not only that but the stuff's doped as well. Alum and pepper, I believe. It just makes the men crazy so they'll do anything. I tell you, man, I wouldn't be here now but for a lucky strike. One of these men who had just had some of this junk came into my quarters about midnight with a Colt 45 in his hand, aiming right at me. I jumped up and grabbed his hand, finding, fortunately, that he was holding the thing by the muzzle! If they drink this stuff much longer they won't be able to get along without it and it is weakening the morale of my men. Man, if it isn't stopped, where will our troop be?" The captain brought his fist down on the arm of his chair with a bang. "We've got to stop it—but how?"

Tingman, a true, blue-blooded Englishman, answered without the slightest change of facial expression, "Well, that is rather disconcerting, isn't it?"

"Slightly!" was the sarcastic reply.

"However," Tingman went on, "I shall do my best to find out where the beastly stuff is coming from."

"Oh, we can assume without doubt that it's some measly spick's doing, but we gotta find out which one."

"Oh yes, to be sure! Well, good night, captain, don't let it worry you, you know."

"Good night, lieutenant, don't say anything to the men about it, will you?"

Had the troubled captain seen a small figure picking its way down the hill just at that moment, this story would not have happened. Fortunately he didn't, and when Billy McKee, aged twelve, reached the bottom of the hill on which the camp was situated, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Gee!" he said, "I'm almost glad Ma did make me wipe the dishes when I wanted to come to the captain 'cause then I'd have gotten there before the lieutenant, and see what I'd have missed! I sure got an earful that time and by jimbo it's not goin' to be all for nothin' neither."

He walked solemnly back through the dusty streets which

were full of dirty Mexican children to his home on the outskirts of the town.

"Pop," he said, "do the Mexicans have whisky now?"

"They surely do," replied Mr. McKee. "They make it out of that Soto plant and dope it with alum and pepper. The captain was just telling me the other day that he was afraid some of his men would get hold of it and trade their firearms for it, which are very necessary things to have when they plan to raid us. Why? I hope you're not planning to get some?"

"Oh no! I just wondered! But say, Pop, have you ever made any? Do you know how they do it?"

"Bill, it's time for little boys like you to go to bed."

The next morning after a sleepless night, Billy appeared at the breakfast table heavy-eyed and listless.

"Pass me the cream, Billy, please," said Mr. McKee.

Billy gravely handed his father the salt.

"I said the *cream*, Bill. What's the matter with you—sick?"

"No, 'course I'm not sick. I was just wondering about somethin'."

"Wondering again? Hm-m-m! That's bad. Better not sit outdoors on these moonlight nights anymore. I wish you'd wonder a little more how that horse got in the pigs' sty last night instead of the stables. I guess you were 'wondering' then, too, weren't you?"

"Honest, Pop, I didn't know I put that horse in with the pigs. I was—well—wondering."

Mr. McKee gave an exasperated grunt as he arose from the table, "Better follow my advice and stay out of the moonlight today."

"Oh gee, Pop," said Billy, "there ain't any moonlight in the day time!"

Nevertheless he hurried down to his faithful burro, Nifty, mumbling grievously. "Doggone 'em! I guess a fella has a right to think some around here without everybody lookin' at him perspicuously! Doggone 'em! Well, we'll show 'em yet, won't we, Nifty?"

Nifty wiggled one ear sympathetically, and having become well acquainted with his youthful master in those five years he had been on the McKee farm, started off briskly when Billy jumped viciously upon him. Nifty, from pure instinct, turned toward the rugged hills, which he and Billy loved to roam, pricking up his ears surprisedly when he was turned toward the river.

"Sumptin' new this time, Nifty," Billy said mysteriously.

They trotted quickly through the alfalfa, for now Nifty knew more than to stop for even a nibble, waded through the irrigation ditch, down the path between the rows of overhanging cottonwoods till they came to the very banks of the Rio Grande. There Billy left Nifty to roam about as he pleased while he walked slowly up and down the shore. Suddenly he stopped. "By jimbo!" he ejaculated. He stooped down and gathered up several grains of corn and a rope as he closely examined the foot prints leading to the fields. "Low heels, three nails across the instep, broad toe," he murmured. Then, "Hey, Nifty! c'mon, let's go!"

He raced the startled little donkey up the shore, through the fields, up the hill, and passed the sentry who demanded in his own picturesque language what he wanted!

"Oh, doggone ya! I want to see the captain!" was the impudent reply. Nor did he heed the stern look on the captain's face, for there was an irrepressible twinkle in his eye.

"Looky here what I found," said informal Billy. "I guess that's some evidence, ain't it? I found 'em down by the river with a lot of footprints."

The captain, after the first startled glance, looked at Billy gravely.

"What else did you see, boy?"

"Nothin', but this might mean sumpthin', ya know."

"Well! I should say so! Thanks, Billy, if you'll tell me where this place is I'll station a couple of men down there."

Billy looked disappointed. "Not if you're goin' to do that. Wait just a couple of days, won't ya, captain?"

"Oh all right! I don't see exactly why, but if it'll give you any more satisfaction, I guess I will!"

Billy rode home decidedly puffed up. "We'll get 'em yet, won't we Nifty?" he said. And Nifty, in true donkey fashion, agreed.

"Billy," asked Mr. McKee at dinner time, "where were you this morning?"

"Oh! Just ridin'!" was the evasive reply.

"Well, see that you're not 'just ridin'' this afternoon. I'll need you."

"Oh gee, Pop, I was goin' to—Oh well! I 'spose I'll have to!"

"Yes, I'll 'spose so, too," said Mr. McKee dryly.

Billy stayed home and worked all afternoon. But the next morning after breakfast he managed to slip off unobserved.

When he arrived at the same spot of the previous day, on the other side of the river, he saw that three sticks, one below the other, were stuck in the mud.

"Sure," Billy muttered, "that's where the river's shallowest."

Seeing nothing else particularly startling, he decided to climb a tree where he could get a good view of things on the other side. High, high, up in a cottonwood he perched and waited patiently. Finally his searching gaze was rewarded. The tall, slim, figure of a man clad in an old blue pair of overalls was coming swiftly down the mountain side with something on his back. Billy sank still further down into his seat, never taking his eyes off that approaching figure. He could see the man just close enough to see that he had a long face covered with a much overgrown beard, and a long silky mustache. When the man reached the foot of the mountain, he looked carefully around; and Billy saw his eyes light up when he espied the three sticks. Taking off his shoes, he started to wade across the river, uttering a low ejaculation, as every Mexican does, at the chilliness of the water. As soon as he reached the other side he put on his shoes and trudged with his burden into the brush. Not far enough, however, to escape Billy's eagle eye. For just a little way from Billy's tree, he started a fire, sending the smoke up in two columns. He then carefully extinguished the fire and resumed his trip across the river but this time without his encumbrance. Billy was overjoyed and waited impatiently until

the Mexican was out of sight. At last he could climb down from his perch and get over to the place where the Mexican had been. Yes! There was the bag! Billy hastily opened it. Corn! Just as he had suspected. He dug way down into the grain and brought out twelve bottles full of brown liquor which smelled horribly. Billy left everything as he had found it, sprang on the startled Nifty, and whipped him unmercifully until they reached camp. Once more he dashed past the angry sentry down to the captain's quarters.

"Hey! Captain! C'mon! Come down to the river quick! I wanta show ya sumptin'."

"I can't come play with you now, kid, I'm busy. I guess it'll keep till some other time."

"Don't then! I bet it *won't* keep, though. Not if them soldiers know it 'n' if they know it, they won't keep; 'n' if they won't keep, the rest of 'em won't keep; 'n' if the rest of 'em won't keep—

"What! Say, kid, come on, where is it?"

* * * * *

The next morning Billy was up at sunrise looking expectantly toward camp.

"Ya, there they go. Gee, they're mean though. I go 'n' do it all 'n' then they don't let me go along. Next time I'll do the killin' 'n' all!"

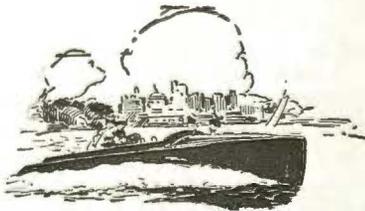
What he saw was the captain going ahead on horseback with five men following leading a tall, thin, Mexican with a long face, foxy black eyes, an overgrown beard, and a long silky mustache. He wore an old pair of overalls and a tall, fancy sombrero.

Suddenly Billy was struck with an inspiration, and as soon as he thought the captain had returned, he ran up to camp.

"Captain," he said, "can I have that rope I found? Just as a sort of a souvenir, ya know."

"Kid," replied the captain, "that rope went for a better purpose than that. It was his own rope. That's what we hanged him with."

FRANCES HICKEY.



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

Your editor has asked me to contribute something on the subject "Turning Over a New Leaf." When I think of a topic like this, I am at once reminded of the Resolution family. Strange to say, this family, like many another family, is only too often neglected in our thinking at this time of year. In fact, too many of us not only do not get properly acquainted with the family, but are terribly neglectful of the individual members once we are introduced.

I simply must confine myself to a consideration of a few members of this important family as they relate to the life of the University High School.

In the first place, there is the well known one "I will be on time next quarter." How many of us are going to be duly respectful and thoughtful concerning him? His chief attribute is punctuality, and how much we all respect the person who always meets his engagements promptly.

Another important member—an elder brother, so to speak—is the sturdy "I will be honest in all my dealings with my fellows and with myself." I think it was Shakespeare who said "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day: thou canst not then be false to any man." What a noble character this individual is. How well do we know and love him? His main attribute is honesty, and he holds a high place in our school.

Then there is the motherly type of member of this family. The one who says, "I will always be ready to serve my fellows." Her main idea in life is reflected in service. How much we need a more generous sprinkling of individuals like her in our modern life. Do we all really know her?

The family life in the Resolution family would indeed be a dreary one without the youngest sister who continually radiates cheerfulness—the "I will always endeavor to be cheerful and optimistic" member of the family. Someone has said:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life runs along like a song;
But the man worth while,
Is the one who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

Cannot we all emulate her more?

Finally, there is the dignified and thoughtful, fatherly type of brother who always is ready with his "I will be loyal to my group and to myself" attitude. How valuable this member may be in the home life, and yet how awful the consequences if he forgets his mission.

Space will not permit me to go on picturing the various members of this good family with all of their characteristic attributes, but if we know all of these which I have mentioned, I am sure that acquaintance with the remaining members will be an easy matter.

I will close with a short quotation from Tennyson, who must have known the family very well indeed. He said:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."

W. D. REEVE.

IN FOUR FEET OF SNOW

Without, a furious storm raged. The snow was already four feet deep and there were prospects of another foot. Within the small log cabin it was cozy and warm. The sole light in the one room was a small lamp mounted in a bracket high on the wall. Uncle Bob, an old man, and Tom, a boy of about eighteen years, sat before the stove, each busy with his own thoughts. They loved each other as father and son, for Uncle Bob had been the same to Tom as a father. Tom's own father had died long before Tom could recognize him. Uncle Bob had taken Tom "under his wing," and as he was a trapper—and a good one—he naturally taught Tom the business of trapping. While they sat there before the stove Tom suddenly recalled that he had promised his mother and sister something for Christmas. At this Uncle Bob suggested that that silver fox fur would be an appropriate present. But how would Tom get to town with five feet of snow on the ground? After a minute Tom simply stated that he

would take it in on the next day. The old man looked somewhat surprised at this statement from Tom; but he knew that what Tom said he would do, he would do.

They followed one of the unwritten rules of the wilderness, "early to bed and early to rise"; so they were up with the dawn. The snow had nearly stopped, but the cutting north wind swept over everything. After breakfast was over, the little cabin in order, and the snow shoveled from the door, Tom got down his pack sack and snow shoes. Uncle Bob offered to get Tom's pack ready while Tom prepared himself for the long trip. Soon he was in readiness, snow shoes strapped on, warmly dressed, and that precious skin in his pack.

"Better take yer pistol along; might need it," warned the cautious old trapper.

"Aw, no, it'll only be extra weight and besides I probably won't need it anyhow," replied Tom.

After bidding Tom good by, the trapper stood in the door for a moment watching him swing away across the soft snow.

"Well did ye ever!" he said to himself as he closed the door.

As Tom tramped along, the snow finally ceased to fall, but the gray sky showed no signs of clearing. On and on he plodded. The cold north wind blowing sharply on his back sent little shivers chasing up and down his spine.

Toward noon Tom strode up the little village street pretty well exhausted. "I'll surprise 'em good," he chuckled to himself as he anticipated his unpredicted entrance into the little cottage. And he did "surprise 'em good," for they had thought it impossible for him to come after this dreadful fall of snow; and, of course, "he would stay over tomorrow." "No, I must go back because I don't want to leave Uncle Bob alone on Christmas day. It would seem sort of selfish for me to have a good time and him not."

"That's right, dear," said his mother a bit sorrowfully, "it wouldn't be right to leave him alone. But what have you in your pack?"

"Look and see," was the reply.

With eager fingers they opened it and joyously pulled out the handsome silver fox fur.

"My, but that's a fine skin," said his mother admiringly.

"What's this?" exclaimed Sis, as she shook the supposedly empty pack. It was Tom's turn to be surprised now.

All three crowded around and read from a piece of soiled paper that was tucked under the string which held half a dozen exceedingly fine mink furs together, "From Uncle Bob."

"Well what do you know about that?" was Tom's surprised exclamation.

"He's a good hearted old fellow anyway," said Sis.

"Say, we'd ought to surprise him by sending him some presents," suggested Tom.

"That would be fine if we could buy them," said his mother somewhat sadly.

"You just bet we can," declared Tom as he seized the silver fox skin and dashed out.

Before very long he returned waving a check for fifteen hundred dollars in his hand and shouted, "Get on your wraps and go shopping, but leave me here. You know that I'm a bum

shopper; besides I want a bite to eat. Hurry 'cause I want to get back before dark if I can."

"Yes, chatter-box, we will," said Sis teasingly.

Overjoyed at the unexpected turn of affairs, both mother and daughter were soon on their way to the one store that the little town could boast of. After a good hour had passed they were back loaded with bundles and smiling mischievously. They said not a word but took off their wraps and to Tom's astonishment shut themselves up in the bedroom. Whispers and snickers of delight issued from their retreat and fairly burned Tom up with curiosity. He vainly tried to get an earful and with equal success an eyeful. After what seemed ages to Tom his mother came out, seized the pack sack and smilingly returned.

"Hurry, mother; I've got to start soon," urged Tom, "it's nearly one."

"Don't worry, dear," said his mother consolingly, "you'll be off by one."

True to her word she issued from the bedroom at ten minutes to one with a rather bulky pack in her hand and a twinkle in her gray eyes.

"Now," she said with that same merry twinkle, "don't you dare to open this till Christmas morning."

Tom nodded his head and grinned foolishly as he prepared to return.

By one Tom was headed for the little cabin in the woods and his beloved Uncle Bob. That full pack on his back seemed to slow him down tremendously, but he knew that hurrying would make it seem only the heavier. He plodded along at a slower pace than when he had come to town. After the sun had finished its great arc in the sky, and had hung like a great red cannon ball for a moment on the horizon, it dropped out of sight.

The coming darkness found him with still the length of Mik-ka-ta lake before him. As he quickened his pace he heard a howl far behind him that seemed to say, "I've found something." He must make good time, for if a pack of wolves should follow him—. Well, they must not, that was all. Still half the length of the lake lay before him when he heard the terrible thing he had shuddered at. That same howl was repeated and he heard several answers far and near. A pack of wolves were rapidly assembling somewhere back there and were about to follow his fresh tracks. He set his teeth against the cold breath of the north wind and urged his tired legs a little faster. As he passed the point of land that shut from view the cabin that he and Uncle Bob had worked so hard to build, the distance to that light gleaming from the sheltering log cabin seemed a little shorter. Those rays were rays of hope to Tom. He could now hear the cries of the wolves as they gave voice on his fresh trail. The distance between Tom and the wolves lessened a little for, though the snow was soft and the brutes sank deeply, they traveled with remarkable speed. Without that pack Tom knew that he could easily out-distance those earthly devils, but when he thought of the Christmas cheer that it held for his Uncle Bob he only set his teeth tighter and hurried his weary limbs a little more. Tom could tell by the howling behind him that even though the distance to the cabin

had lessened, that strip of shining snow between himself and a terrible death had also grown smaller. In his exhausted condition he knew that he could not possibly gain the light that hung before him like a star. His only hope was that the savage howls of the wolves would arouse his uncle's suspicion and he would come to his rescue. While those thoughts were racing through Tom's feverish brain, his legs seemed to be working mechanically with no feeling. Vaguely he saw the door of the cabin open and a figure appear in the oblong of light—now the figure was gone—there it once more appeared. With whirling vision and brain, Tom staggered forward, fell, and knew no more.

* * * *

Christmas morning broke clear and so cold that the trees could be heard cracking like pistol shots. In the little cabin the still unopened pack sack hung on a chair before the stove. As Uncle Bob jumped from between his blankets his eyes fell upon the pack.

"By gum, I wonder what that rascal has got in there," he muttered to himself.

"Look and see," said Tom who, from under his pile of blankets had apparently heard what the old man had said, "Mother wouldn't lemme see, but I guess 't isn't much."

"No, 't isn't much," mused Uncle Bob as a vision swept across his mind of a pack laden figure falling in the snow, while too close behind came a ravenous band of wolves that with snow-hindered bounds were rapidly closing the distance between the fallen figure and themselves. "'T isn't much?"

LEE FISHER.

STUDENTS IS PEOPLE

With Apologies to Ring Lardner

Students is people that thinks they can get away with most anything, from a dollar to murder. They thinks they is running a school. They doesn't doubt that the principal has brains, but they gives him no credit for it, being hard luck on his part. They doesn't believe in obeying orders, or listening to their elders' advice. That isn't a nice way to do. They might realize it, but they don't never show it. They throws their books around the rooms and tosses their sandwiches out into the hall. In short, they is dumb. They hasn't disrespect for some of the teachers, but still they never show an overly amt. of respect. They gets their lessons once a week, and brings parts of their lunch to class. They thinks that is funny. They laughs at nothing. They giggles and hollers around like animals, which they resemble in more ways than one. They whispers in study halls, and talks out loud in class. They never shows any real amt. of brain matter.

Students is people that slams doors, and thinks another fellows lunch is enough for both of them. They is people that thinks if they can't get their own lesson, why not let Pa get it. He went to high school about forty years ago. He's smarter as them.

Students is people that believes in ice cream at a school party, if they is no charge for it. They believes in graduating

from high school some time, but they doesn't care when. They reads magazine in study hall, and takes their books home and leaves them sit on the piano. They never looks at 'em. They tells the teacher they left their paper at home when they hasn't their lesson.

They thinks charmoose is a disease, and chiffon is a make of auto. They is dumb. They comes home from school, and their ma asks them to do something for her, and then they tells her they had a hard day, and they is too tired; so she lets them off and then they go out to a dance.

At New Year's they turns over a new leaf that they won't eat candy, and then they is offered a piece and eats it. They should think a bit and turn over more leafs for the year to come, and not break all the vows. Students is people.

CONFESSIONS OF A FRESHMAN

Every time you pass an open-mouthed "Freshie" in the halls, do not scorn him, but smile (however condescendingly). And you take just that much more credit unto yourself. For it is you, and your remarkable poise, etc., at which they are gawking.

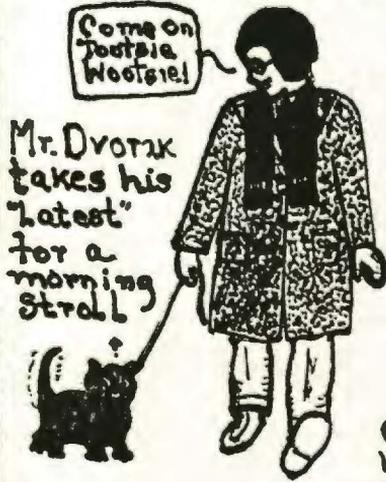
Perhaps you can remember (though if 'twould tax your brains too much to think that far back, we beg you not to) the years you whiled away in the grades. Then an occasional so-called examination scared you to death, and a few little pamphlets to look at very other night kept you so very busy. And then the crowning glory of a graduation party (at which perhaps you danced for the first time with a boy or vice versa), when you were thinking the "Who's Who" magazine had decidedly overlooked the most important of the "Who's." Those days when all the little children looked up to you, and you flaunted your school colors in their appealing faces with feigned disgust. Perhaps, as I said, you can recall "them happy days."

Then try to picture yourself as a Freshman—though only for a moment—coming to such an honorable institution as the University High School, and being surrounded constantly by the highest degree of intellect. Imagine yourself moving daily in such an atmosphere of deep understanding and wisdom that you are actually inspired and forget the rollicking phrases of "Little Red Riding Hood" for the great words of Caesar and Virgil. You abandon all thoughts of arithmetic for the values of "x" and "y."

This little flight of imagination may convince you that the Freshmen's awe-stricken physiognomies fall from such a height as that of eighth grade to Freshman would jolt the best of you.

But when you further consider the influence of the Sophomores—the dignity they have acquired in just one year, the Junior's sweet scorn and ever sharpened tongues, the Seniors, who look benignly from their graceful heights to the tops of the Freshmen's heads and gently remark, "Oh, here is another one of those little things the Faculty has adopted," don't you realize that it is enough to make the Freshmen's little eyes blink once or twice and their jaws drop twice or thrice in blank wonder? With all your learning and glory of height, please, please try not to step on us—we are so young and ignorant.

A FRESHMAN.



Mr. Dvorak takes his "latest" for a morning stroll



Carl ought to try his stunt on the Faculty -



Find 13 Social Blunders in Above Picture



Gibson Style - Her hair will stay in curl 3 weeks!

Happy New Year!

W. S. ...

AUDIENCIAL COMMENTS ON THE SENIOR VAUDEVILLE

A Play in One Act. By someone who doesn't dare sign her name.

Characters: The Fond Mamas, Papas, Baby Sisters, Older Brothers, Friends, Enemies, and Hired Girls of the actors and "tresses" of the Vaudeville.

Scene: The big "Little Theatre" on that dreaded night of December 9. The curtain is about to—(should we say rise, or remove itself?)—well, anyway, all is one grand hub-bub of excitement both behind and in front of the stage. Mugs, Finky & Co., down in the Pit, begin to tune up rather squawkily (but with a most professional air); somebody drops a hat from the gallery; somebody else chokes on an esquimo pie; and others amuse themselves by clapping in unison. The curtain opens a tiny crack. The craning of necks is heard in the audience.

Eileen Kyle (behind it, nervously): Oh, there comes Mama—and Richard—and the whole family. They're sitting right down in front, too, and I told them not to come.

Lee Fisher (stage switch puller): C'mon, dontcha know everybody's supposed to be offa the stage now? Curtain's gonna rise in about two seconds. Lemme have a peek there.

(We are now transferred to the onlookers on the first floor. Our eyes light upon the Mmes. Moulton, Hildebrandt, and Litzenberg sitting in the fourth row back.)

Mrs. Litzenberg (motioning to Doctor to remove her coat): Dear, dear, I did hope we could get better seats. I tried to make Carl reserve me some, but he said, "Aw, Ma, I don't like to always be a privileged character, and none of the other fellows are reserving seats." Wasn't that cute of him?

Mrs. Moulton: Yes, yes, he's such a clever lad. Oh, goodness, I hate to think of their smearing that awful old black stuff all over Rowland's face. I'll never be able to wash it off.

Mrs. Hildebrandt (confidentially): Ruth has always said he had a nice complexion, too.

Dr. Litzenberg: Oh, Ma, look—the curtain's rising. Look what's here. Well, aren't those kids cute! Rag dolls, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Bullis' voice from across the audience: Oh, Lilian, what shall we do if Esther stubs her toe and falls over? And I'm afraid I didn't make the hem of that skirt even.

(Little Peggy Mason recognizes her pet teddy bear roosting in the basket with other rag doll species. Registers great glee and noise.)

Peggy: Oh there's my Annabelle Lee! Mama, see my teddy up there?

Big Sister (embarrassed): Sh! Sh! Watch the sailor-dollie dance!

(Suddenly one of the dolls, Gloriana Gadabout, seems to get out of commission. She makes a bee line for the front of the stage.)

Mrs. Ladd (in a loud, excited whisper): Here's hoping Gladys doesn't fall off the stage. Why doesn't that Comstock boy catch her? Dear, dear, she might break the piano if she falls in the Pit!

(Curtain swishes back. Audience heaves sigh of relief.)

Great ravings and discussions as to who did best. Some very peppy music oozes forth, and all breaths are held, as three charming maidens in lavender, rose and blue (as I remember) waddle forth.)

Mrs. Every: I told my Dorothy not to wear the silver band on her hair. It looks to me just like a bandage.

Mrs. Starke: Why, I never knew Mary could dance so well. Don't they all look like the sweet, simple (don't take this wrong) school girls that they are?

Mrs. Congdon: Poor Lou. She looks so worried.

Somebody's Big Brother (who goes away to college): Say, I'd like to get introduced to those dames.

(All too soon this act is over, and the "Hamlet" act begins. There is greater suspense in the audience than ever, for there are more precious children in this scene than in any other. Fredrica Alway commences to flirt quite naturally with "Curt," the King.)

Mr. Alway (to *Mrs.*): Who would know Fredrica could vamp anyone? Why, she's just like you used to be.

Mrs. Alway (flattered): I do hope people don't get the wrong impression of my daughter.

Mrs. Keeler (voice from the rear): Now I know what Frankie can be when he grows up. Instead of being a horse doctor, as he plans, he can act—go into the movies or something: Why, he's a regular Wallace—what is it—Wallace Turpin?

Mrs. Bissel: Doesn't Stan look cute in those short trousers! I always did hate so to put the dear boy in long ones.

Mrs. Field: Thank goodness this is the last time poor little Bertie Girl will have to fall in the brook. It's been so hard on her all the time she's practiced it, but I see she's perfected it at last.

Mrs. Hildebrandt (as Ruth and others enter): Really I think these children practically outdo Southern and Marlowe. Oh it's almost over.

(In the next scene the Mmes. Moulton and Litzenberg again sit up and take notice, as their two black offsprings perform.)

Mrs. Litzenberg: Where Carl learned to talk like that I don't know. Maybe it was from Idress.

Mrs. Moulton: Heavens! Rowland must be going mad! He has jumped right down in the audience! Rowlie, go back!

Mrs. Miles (excitedly): Oh, my poor Polly! The dear child! See how fussed she is! Those horrid boys! Oh, Pa, my salts!

(She faints—but has "come to" by the time the Dramatic Club play begins.)

Mrs. McConnell (gazing in horror at still another black spectacle, her own Jimmy, who is making himself very much at home in his master's library): My land! *Where* did James learn to smoke? He looks as if he'd done it all his life!

Mr. Mc.: Sh! Here's the leading man.

Mrs. Kirkwood: Oh, I must get Sammie Brown a pair of white trousers next summer. They're so becoming.

* * * * *

(The play draws toward an end with not more than five or six mistakes. The whole cast now stands awaiting the climax.)

Mrs. Balcome (proudly): Isn't Dick just great?

Mrs. Du Fresne (to everybody in general): Yes, and my Rosalia. The poor child was so embarrassed when he kissed her. Of course she's not used to it, you know.

One of Dorothy J's Big Sisters: Mother, now I know who's going to be the first old maid in our family!

Dr. Jackson: It doesn't look that way now—just look at the way she's throwing herself on that poor boy!

(The play ends with some confusion, and we next see before us a large group of graceful maidens and ardent suiters on bended knee.)

Mrs. Jacobson (at the same time with several others): Oh, I like this act. It's so nice and old-fashioned. Now if girls only dressed and acted that way nowadays.

Mr. Jacobson: We'll have to tell Lucille to start the style, won't we?

(The song continues "nicely" and at the end there is much applause. Last of all comes the star act. In trip three dainty maidens—we thought they looked as if they could make the football team—and the same number of extremely effeminate-looking gentlemen—you remember them, lace collars and all.)

Mrs. Somebody: My! Isn't that one in the blue dress a beauty! He'd pass for a girl any day! (Now what does she mean?)

Mrs. White: I hope Carl doesn't split that dress of Betty's. I want Mary to wear it to the J. S.

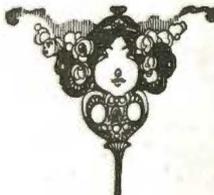
Mrs. Freeman: I have always tried to imagine Monroe looking dignified and haughty, and now I know he can. Aren't his new eyebrows becoming?

Frank Moulton: Rowlie wins the bee's knees for the beautiful arms, neck, and backbone.

All: Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clappety clap!

(The stunt is done over again, the curtain swishes for the last time, and the Families, with sighs of satisfaction, rush behind scenes to congratulate their infant prodigies and tell them not to go to the Gopher.)

Finis.



FICTION IN FACT

An Interview With Mr. Ole Melby

Probably very few of us realize or even know that we have among us an interesting personage whose experiences, if he chose to tell all of them, would furnish abundant material for very good fiction. The trouble is that he is an exceedingly modest person; you might even say bashful. He treats his adventures lightly, placing himself in the background when possible. You must know by this time that we are speaking of Mr. Melby, better and more familiarly known as Ole, who, with Mrs. Score, takes care of our school building and keeps it fit for use. This is a short interview, obtained from Mr. Melby after much persuasion.

"I started my career as a boy in Norway, when I was ten years old, driving a livery rig. I kept this up until I was a little past twelve. Just before this my dearest friend, with whom I had attended school, left with his parents for America. They settled on a farm near Northfield, Minnesota. I had a letter from them telling me to follow and to meet them in Northfield.

"I came across when I was thirteen, alone, and went immediately to Northfield. When I got there, I found that the family I was to meet had moved West several months before. They probably had tried to let me know, but the mails moved much slower in those days than now; so I probably had started before the letter had arrived. I got a job working for a farmer and continued to work on farms for about fifteen years.

"After that I herded cattle in western Nebraska and southern Montana. We stayed in a camp and moved it according to where there was grass. During one of our trips to town to ship cattle, we were accused by a rival gang of herders of stealing steers. One night in a store their whole gang lined us up along the counter (they outnumbered us two to one) and shot down several of our men. The two men standing on either side of me were killed instantly, and I still wonder how I got out alive. As it was I didn't have a scratch.

"Well, we—I mean those that were left of us—got our ponies and rode for two days and a night to our camp. We and the ponies were so tired that we hardly made it.

"After I quit herding I came to Benson, Minnesota. I got a job paddling ice in the river to keep it clear. I worked at that for a while and then became driver of a fire wagon. When I first started—even before going to a fire—just as we were returning from a practice run, something happened that stopped my career as a fireman very suddenly.

"The firehouse was arranged with a side door as well as the main front doors so that I could drive in the side and be in position to start out again when the alarm sounded. The doorway was narrow and I was giving my entire attention to guiding the horses when I heard the chief and another man yell. I quickly glanced up and saw that the top of the door was low and that I was just about to strike it. I immediately ducked and would have cleared all right but for the front wheels running over the threshold. This raised the front wheels of the wagon up and I was caught between the door and the wagon with two husky horses pulling. My back was broken in two

places, the ribs on my left side shattered, and three on my right side broken.

"The doctors of Benson did not think I could live, but they sent me to a hospital in Minneapolis. Here I was put in a plaster cast, covering me from my neck to my waist. I wore this for eight weeks, during which time I could not move more than my fingers, eyes, and mouth. I was laid up for a year. When the year was over, I returned to Benson.

"Here I worked again for a time and then returned to Minneapolis. I found a position on the campus and have been here ever since. For the last three years I have been caretaker of the high school building."

Truly these are experiences that even Don Quixote would find it hard to equal.

DAVID WING.

OUR MONTHLY TRAVELOGUE

A Chattanooga Chat

How's this for a Thanksgiving celebration? All day on a southbound train (about three hours of the morning spent sitting on a side track because of a disabled engine) in the company of persons whom I had never seen before, and a dinner of tough turkey eaten between six-thirty when the diner was put on, and seven when we were put off! Not an enviable celebration, you may say. Yet (in the words of our Sophomore Reporter) I was having the "thrill of a lifetime," partly because I was running away for a little breathing space from the routine of Rooms 203 and 206, partly because the friends I was making on that special train were such excellent company (yes, even teachers going to a convention can be excellent company). Perhaps I should say at this point that I was bound for the meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English, so that you will know that it was quite all right for me to be running away. Now, don't be discouraged and stop reading this article, for I promise not to talk about the convention.

If you had been on the train with me and we had been looking out of the windows together as we went through Kentucky and Tennessee, you would have exclaimed over the difference between those Southern farms and ours in Minnesota. Paint seemed to be an unknown ornament, though its second cousin—whitewash—was frequently seen. No prosperous looking red barns, no towering silos, no neatly-groved dwellings were evident. Few cars, even Fords, frequented the roads, not to be wondered at when one noticed the red mud roads which would make driving a misery. Discouraged looking cornstalks, stripped of their leaves, stood in most of the fields; evidently the Southerners don't cut their corn. Occasionally we passed a picked-over cotton field with a few puffs of cotton still clinging to the plants. Some of my sharp-eyed companions descried mistletoe growing on the oaks which bordered the track. But I had to use my imagination for that. However, I did see holly bushes as big as lilac shrubs and covered with red berries. I longed to tuck one home under my arm.

When we arrived at Chattanooga after that hastily swallowed dinner, we knew we were in the South indeed. Black

faces were thicker than at the Senior Vaudeville, and the dialect was almost as genuine as Jim McConnell's. Our reception at the hotel was warm—almost torrid. It seems that there are two high schools in Chattanooga. One of them had defeated the other in football for five years, but on Thanksgiving afternoon the tables had been turned, and the victorious school had just been celebrating in the very hotel for which we were destined. Just as we arrived at the door the whole crowd came hurrying out, yelling like young hyenas. Curiously enough, there were just eleven in our party, and we said afterwards that no defeated team could have felt more battered and disabled than did our eleven after "bucking the line" to reach that hotel lobby.

Chattanooga itself is not a handsome city, but it has an unusual setting, and its outlying suburbs, which are really distinct towns, are highly (I use the word advisedly) picturesque. Down in town one sees crooked streets, dingy buildings, only three of which approach twelve stories in height, many warped brick sidewalks—sometimes no sidewalk—and one is impressed by the general lack of the "smartness" of a Northern city.

But the glory of Chattanooga is Lookout Mountain. We have lakes and boulevards and better landscape gardening, but we have no mountain. It is tremendous! Perhaps in gray weather such as we had it is even more impressive than on sunny days, for when it is shrouded in mists it overhangs the city like a great spirit. I was prepared to see a mountain, but I was not expecting to find that a good share of the inhabitants of Chattanooga live on the top of it. Imagine "the hill" in St. Paul or Mount Curve in Minneapolis shot 1,700 feet into the air and you have the best residence section of Chattanooga. Though some of the houses up there are summer cottages, many of them are all-year-round homes; and surprising to relate, it is not an isolated community. Every day the men go back and forth to business, the children to school, and the grocery trucks to deliver provisions. There is an incline railway—almost an elevator—but most of the travel is by the good paved road which winds up the mountain side. Fancy climbing the seventeen hundred foot slope in a sight-seeing car holding twenty-five people, with the radiator steaming (and no water available till we reached the top) and the road so steep in places that the driver had to go into low gear to pull the car along at a snail's pace. I held my breath and longed for a Dodge on Lowry Hill.

Speaking of water, it seems that all the water used on the mountain is pumped up from the city. Our guide, who was full of jokes like all his kindred, informed us that the mountain dwellers are all Presbyterians, because the Methodists are afraid of falling from grace; and there isn't enough water to suit the Baptists.

At the top of the mountain we stood where the Southern guns were trained on Chattanooga when it was held by the Northern Army during the Civil War. A modern gun at that point would have wiped out the city in an afternoon, but the cannon of the '60's did little damage beyond scaring the citizens. A beautiful marble monument erected by New York state crowns the mountain and can be seen even from the valley below. The "Battle above the Clouds" was not fought on the Summit but on a plateau about halfway down. As we had a cloudy day we could well imagine the hand-to-hand contest there in the mists

when men could not tell whether they were fighting friends or foes. This plateau is dotted with monuments erected by various states.

While the clouds put us in the spirit of the great battle, they prevented our having the view of five states—Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, and North Carolina—for which Look-out is famous. But we had the satisfaction of knowing that we could see three of them, for Georgia and Alabama meet just south of the mountain.

After a much quicker ride down than we had had up, we drove over to the Chickamauga battlefield, where the eleven hundred markers and monuments, and the explanations of the guide made the old facts of the history books come to new life. We saw the long line of marble slabs marking the positions of the two opposing forces—so astonishingly close together. We saw the unusual monument erected to the war horse that stayed in the charge to the end even though his rider had been shot at the start. We saw Kelley Field, where the fighting was so severe that after the battle one could not see the ground for the bodies of the slain. We had seen on the way three great cemeteries with their endless rows of small stones for the unknown dead. The romance and the tragedy of the old struggle seemed so real a thing that one felt it an unwarranted intrusion of the modern when there was pointed out not far from the Chickamauga battlefield the prison for German spies and the cantonments of the last war.

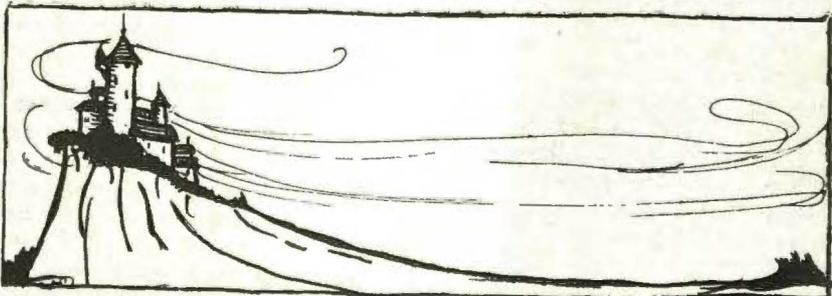
Finally we drove along Missionary Ridge, where the third of the great battles took place. Like the mountain, it is now the location of the handsome homes of the city. By this time it was deep twilight—too dark to see much but the myriad lights of the city below. Just to ride on and on through the dusk in that warm southern air, with your mind singing those soundless melodies,

“Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago—”

But before you know it you are standing on Hennepin avenue in zero weather with a long wait for a Como-Harriet car to take you to a Freshman English class.

You always do fall out of bed at the end of the story.

REWEEY BELLE INGLIS.



INDOOR SPORTS

November 29 we all assembled to give fitting consideration to the day to follow, Thanksgiving. Mr. Tohill took charge of the program and with his customary ability to make the dead as interesting as the living, gave brief accounts of a few Thanksgivings well known for the fervor with which they were celebrated. He first told of the Pilgrims, their hardships and final good fortune—good to them by comparison with the trials which had preceded. Then he spoke of a thanksgiving at Leyden, such a one that many left the Little Theatre thankful that they did not have a similar reason for thanksgiving.

December 8 we marched down to the Little Theatre again. All things foretold an interesting assembly.

First of all, almost all of our number got out of Latin, English, or math. When we arrived, Mr. Reeve favored us with an artistic solo of "Three Blind Mice." Miss Smith followed with a delightful talk advertising the Senior Vaudeville. The speaker of the day was Professor G. B. Watts of the Department of Romance Languages of the University. He gave a very interesting talk on the Passion Play—practically made us see the whole wonderful production—and told of the fascinating tradition concerning its origin. Of course we were all shocked to learn of the partiality of the Germans for our money; but since their demands were comparatively small, many walked back to school making plans to see the Passion Play ten years hence.

U. High students were duly grateful sixth period, December 13, to have assembly called in the delightful auditorium of the new music building. There had been rumors that the program would be musical—very vague rumors. Helen Minty read parts from the diary Greta Clark wrote while at Camp Ahiti. The little glimpse of camp life showed the girls how worth while it is to be an all-around girl and get elected as a representative. Miss Browning gave letters to Frances Hickey, Helen Feuling, Ethel Lamb, Louise Leland, and Mary Payne.

The concert which followed was of rare beauty and executed with skill. Miss Ruth Gurly, accompanied by Miss Veronica Krueger, gave two vocal selections. The first, "The Angel's Song," was of a serious character while her encore, "Will o' the Wisp," was rather of the fantastic elfin order. The limited amount of time allowed for assembly would not permit that Miss Gurly sing again, though vigorous applause demonstrated that the audience desired more. Mr. Dakstader followed with Chopin's "Nocturne in C Minor," a sweet simple melody which required perfect technique to make it so charming. Then Mr. Abe Pepinsky, well known to U. High, played "Litanei," by Schubert, a soft refrain with the same theme running throughout.

Assemblies of this type are an inspiration fully appreciated by all, from the most verdant Freshman to the mightiest Senior.

THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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"LITTLE GRAY TASKS"

Now is the new year in its infancy, and the whole world begins anew with a fresh page before it to fill as it chooses. be it with plots and smudges or neat, straight sentences. Even Nature begins, in the wake of the dead year gone by, to prepare for the life and beauty which she is soon to bring forth. Thus do we also return to our work after the failures and mistakes of the past year and the festivities and gaiety of the holidays. Why not start profiting by old errors to make the year 1923 truly the best and happiest yet?

There is one "sure fire" method of doing this—and a very simple one it is, too. These few lines will, perhaps, help to remind us:

"I used to run with red-gold sun
And sing with silver stars;
My little gray tasks they hushed my song
And fastened my door with bars.

In crimson clad I danced as mad
As the leaf when the fields are brown;
My little gray tasks they stilled my feet
And riddled my crimson gown.

But when hope had failed and my spirit quailed
At the desolate days in view,
'Twas the little gray tasks that took my hands
And guided me safely through."

It is, after all, the "little gray tasks" and not the "red-gold suns and silver stars" which make this life worth living, and, by performing them carefully and punctually, we can make sure that there will always be something to guide us through when we can no longer "dance in crimson."

Let us assure the successful outcome of the New Year by being faithful to our "little gray tasks."

HAPPY NEW YEAR, OLE!

Having wished Ole a happy new year, let's turn over a new leaf and help make it one for him. Here's Ole's working day:

He arrives at about 10 o'clock in the morning on week days. As for Saturdays, Ole says, "I don't think that I'll get down before 7 or 7:30 tomorrow morning." Then he starts in to work. Among his various duties are these:

1. Sweep the whole building every night.
2. Mop up the shower room floor three times at night to get it really clean.
3. Arrange all the chairs in the building every night.
4. Wash the chairs at frequent intervals, besides dusting them at more frequent intervals.
5. Clean the locker room about two or three times a day.
6. Juggle tables, chairs, and ice cream buckets around to accommodate everybody.

7. Clean up the halls and 204 after every party.

Furthermore, have you ever known of Ole's refusing to let you into any room no matter where he is if you have a rightful cause for going there?

Thus ends Ole's day. Says he, "Well, I think I can get home by 10 tonight."

Now let's see if we appreciate Ole's efforts to give us a good clean building. Sure we do. Why, we always throw paper and banana skins at the box in the locker room, for it doesn't matter whether we hit the box or not—we've been saved the trouble of getting up. Then we always show our esteem at parties by throwing all sorts of paper and other things around. And there are a thousand and one other ways in which we repay Ole for his work.

We're a rummy lot of friends.



SENIORS AND SENORITAS

Now that the Vaudeville has been successfully executed, and Miss Smith entirely worn out from being stage manager, business manager, costumer, general manager and coach, the Seniors are devoting their mental energy to ways and means of raising money for a bigger and better Bisbila. Dorothy Jackson suggested a white elephant sale, on the premise, no doubt, that there are enough of such in the Senior Class to make it remunerative. Rowland thinks we should auction Lucile's sweaters. Even if we don't get more than a quarter a piece for them, it would be quite a bit of money. Carl insists, however, that we ought to raffle off something like the natural wave in Mony's hair, or Herb Sanderson's sweet and girlish laughter. One member of the Senior Class suggested that as every cloud has a silver lining, an aviator be employed to bring down some of the argent metal for our needs; but another said this was too far-fetched. Besides, the scheme is not very practical—too much up in the air. The prettiest bobbed-haired Senior thinks that those who have not already done so should bob their hair and sell it for the cause. Now, I ask you, is that nice? Many other suggestions have been offered, but none acceptable, and we cannot appeal to charity yet. It will undoubtedly come to that soon though; so if you find a bottle in the office with a sign "Help the Poor" over it; think of the Seniors and "give till it hurts." We offer as a prize for the best plan for securing funds, a genuine, hand-made, pure, cold-rolled, pop-corn ball.

The Senior who received a shot-gun for a holiday present will tell in the next issue how he started to go rabbit hunting and met a bear.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class this month reminds us of the small boy who, before going out to dinner, was told to compliment the hostess on the food. He said, "The butter is very good, what there is of it; and enough of it, such as it is." Our doings are very good, what there are of them, and enough of them such as they are; for all we have done is study.

The Juniors have been unusually quiet this month, having acquired a great thirst for knowledge and a desire to live up to

their reputation. Did you notice that more Juniors were on the Honor Roll than members of any other class?

We gave the first of a series of bean feeds on Wednesday, December 13, and added about five dollars to our treasury. We are earning this money for the J. S. Miss Coon was kind enough to help us and to let us use the Domestic Science room. We are very grateful to her.

Several of our class members took part in the Senior Vaudeville and were a credit to themselves and the class.

SOPHOMORES HAVE HIGH JINX

At last! (Steady your nerves now, or the shock might prove fatal.) We really have had enough "pep" (and money) to do something!

A class meeting was eventually held, and we decided to have our first brilliant splurge on the evening of December 8. The blushing maidens and dashing cavaliers arrived promptly, most of them quite early, in fact. Everyone seemed rather bashful at first, but after the music began no one certainly could accuse us of being so; for then everything, and everyone, started off in full swing. Although Dave Wing is not a member of our illustrious class, he is quite a wonder, isn't he? Anyone who did not dance with Chauncey escaped severe notice. He does take such cute little hops and jumps, you know. Here is a riddle. Why were Julian and Robert Murray so shy? The one who can solve this will please mail his answer to all the girls in the Sophomore Class. We were glad to note that the Faculty seemed to think enough of this social event to honor us with their presence. We hope more will be able to eat and drink with us next time. This party surpassed all previous ones in giving the attenders the "thrill of a lifetime," as some females of the species are still testifying.

Some of us are really getting quite bright, and it is amusing to watch the progress of some individuals. Here is a sample of Bill Haggerty's wit:

"Say, have you ever seen a red negro?"

"Nope!"

"Well, neither have I, but I've seen a Ruby Coon!" Quite clever, n'est ce pas?

The sixth period Caesar class is in perplexity concerning a statement recently made by Miss Corkrey. It is reported faithfully, word for word. Here it is:

"I've seen little rouge pots come out of Egyptian tombs some five or six thousand years ago." Does she mean it, or does she not?

We Sophomores are going to put on an assembly soon, at which some of our most ornery members will perform, although said members are already quaking in their boots. We will let the audience be the judge of our talent and skill.

The surplus from the *Freshman Journal*, published by one of the sections of our English class last year, has been used to buy a new book on Journalism for the school library. This book is expected to be in great demand by *Campus Breeze* contributors.

Thus ends the record of the doings of the Class of '25 of University High School in Minneapolis for December, 1922.

FRESHMAN CHRISTMAS PARTIES

The three sections of the Freshman English class had their Christmas parties on Friday, December 15. In Section I, the program consisted of readings of Christmas stories by Bettina Ballentine and Leslie Lieb. Santa Claus (Merwyn Robertson) came in and distributed the presents from the tree. Among other appropriate gifts was a rattle for Polly Sweet. John Bates, who was in charge of the refreshments, found a Senior Public Speaking class unexpectedly meeting in his butler's pantry, but he managed to rescue the "eats" without upsetting too much the dignity of these public speakers.

In Section II there was phonograph music as well as a story read by Helen Strubel, and an amusing recitation by Mildred Larson. Cyrus Erickson had donned the Santa Claus costume this time, and upon his entrance read a letter he had received from David Rahn telling the presents desired by prominent members of the class. Of course Santa was able to satisfy all these desires. Again refreshments were a conspicuous contribution to the success of the party.

The program of Section III was varied by a dialogue from Dickens' "Christmas Carol" acted by Harriet Zellner and Claire Julihn. Santa Claus again appeared (Alden Stafford this time) and in traditional fashion shook hands with all the small children on the front row and asked them if they had been good boys this year. After he had distributed the presents, he told a long story, at the end of which he came out from behind his mask exclaiming that it was about 95 degrees in the shade of that rig. Shall refreshments be mentioned again? Yes, indeed. Let no one think that this important item was omitted from any of the parties.

DRAMATIC CLUB

We hope it isn't necessary to tell what the Dramatic Club has been doing. The play put on at the Senior Vaudeville ought to be proof of that. If you don't believe they've been busy, just ask anyone what they thought of "Up Against It." Haven't you heard people say, "How well Frank's role suited him," or "How cute Rosalia looked," or "How perfectly lovely Dorothy was," and so forth? Until the night of the play many of us shared the Hon. Henry's opinion of his nephew's studious habits, but we know all now. As for Rastus, everybody admits that Jim did the part perfectly, although some wonder at it because Jim and Rastus are naturally so different; of course this last statement is excepting Rastus' actions before the appearance of his master.

Certainly the success of this play promises well for future treats of a like nature.



ACME

With the presentation of five athletic letters Acme completed a hard month's work. The letters were given by Miss Browning at the special assembly held at the music building. It was a very exciting moment for the girls because these letters were something new. Five girls received their "U's". Of these, two were Acmeans. Louise Leland and Frances Hickey represented the Juniors receiving letters; Mary Payne, the Sophomores; while Ethel Lamb and Helen Feuling represented the Acmeans as well as the Seniors.

It is rumored that this club is to give a formal ball sometime in February; but, girls, your hopes will vanish when you read the sign, "No Boys Allowed." It is to be a Colonial Ball with its hoop skirts, powdered wigs, and silver buckles. There will probably be at least one minuet so that it will truly be a Colonial Ball. Every girl will be invited so watch for the announcement in next month's *Breeze*.

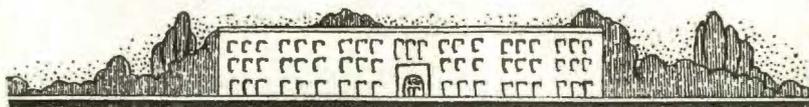
GIRLS' "U" CLUB

The officers of the club have been having secret meetings this month—very mysterious, don't you know; but don't think that we weren't properly chaperoned because we were, Miss Browning filling that position very capably. The constitution has taken most of our time. You will agree that drawing up a constitution that will suit everyone is a difficult task. At last it has been settled and within the next week we expect to have the club vote on it. Before this time, the club hasn't made its presence known but from now on there will be no limit to our ambition and success.

The bell has rung; so the reporter must hasten to her next class after wishing everyone a "Happy New Year" on behalf of the club.

A CORRECTION

By mistake the name of Dorothy Jackson was omitted from the Honor Roll in last month's *Breeze*. Dorothy received 2 A's; B; C+.





New Year's Resolutions

Resolved: That Donald Nelson shall not write more than three notes a day to Eileen Kyle.

Resolved: That Margy Merritt shall not have her hair clipped again until it grows to the tops of her ears.

Resolved: That Eleanor King and Polly Sweet shall eat more lunch so that they will not be so emaciated.

Resolved: That Margy Cheney's "business" shall not bring her to "U" High more than seven periods a day.

Resolved: That the teachers shall give shorter lessons and higher marks.

"Tit-will-o, tit-will-o, tit-will-o!" The great skill with which Everett Comstock recited this at the Senior Vaudeville showed that he is about to graduate from the School of Expression under Miss Smith.

Frank Keeler in his evening costume will greatly influence the advanced fashion in evening pumps for the coming year.

Shooting a gun off three times in one act is not customary in "U" High school activities, but that's all right, Carl, we're behind you! (scared to get in front.)

Polly desires to have this original little poem, to herself, published in the *Breeze* so that people will stop asking her her last name.

To Polly

Sweet by name
And Sweet by nature,
Was there e'er
A Sweeter creature?

Everybody thinks Fredrica Alway and Katherine Kelley are the matrons of the school because of their long hair and short skirts.

There is, as yet, an undiscovered genius in "U" High (if that is possible after the fruitful efforts of the Faculty) who goes by the name of Jack Bates. If you look around in all the small corners maybe you'll find him, and when you do, drag him to a piano, seat him, lay his hands on said instrument and you will immediately hear Music.

DOPE COLYUMN

Spasm III, by P. D. Q.

Outburst III

We found a letter in our box addressed to the father of some Freshman in our Institute for the Feeble-minded. Curiosity prevailed, so we read it. Here's what it contained:

DEAR PA:

I just wunted to tell you about cumming hear and raisin' so much trouble at our blake game. It didn't becum any father of mine. Those too girls you was flirting with was thoroly respectable. They was Pollie Miles and Janet Hildurbrant. You shouldn't have dun that. It wasn't nise. That there guy you started a fite with was a very extinguished guy. He was Mr. Rieve, our principle. You got me in bad. You got too apologize.

You don't have no disrespect fer yer elders do you. And you was laffin at the hat our coatch wears. Don't you know that hat syndicates he's a very accompanied man. I'm entirely dis-cussed with you. Shame on you. Shame on you for too minits. Please send me ten dollars and oblige. Your sorry son
elmer.

P. S.—I wunt say nuthin' to maw.

P. P. S.—I mean on recipe of the ten.

You all remember the old Freshman Elogy:

"I've never seen a molecule,
I never hope to see one—
But I can surely tell to you
Just how it feels to be one."

We suggest as an improvement:
I don't know as I know where "Atom" is,
I don't even care to be shown there.
But nevertheless you read about
Houses and folks that are blown there.

Ode to the Old Poets

I.

Books are written of heroes—
By authors that wail on and rave.
But you never see a book about
Thorshov who needs a good shave.

II.

You read free verse, and poetry blank
Of a handsome lad and a girl.
Why don't some dizzy minded bird
Write a book "Mary Stark needs a curl?"

III.

Epics are written, and sonnets too
Of fair maidens in dire distress.
But you never read a book about
Dick Miller whose pants need a press.

Yours till Freddie Alway finds another male Freshman to
pick on.

P. D. Q.



Athletics



BANQUET CONCLUDES GRID SEASON

The football season was officially concluded Friday, November 24, at the annual banquet held at the Minnesota Union. Mr. Tohill acted as toastmaster and in his usual capable manner conducted the program consisting of the usual number of speeches, the awarding of letters, and the election of next year's captain. Sixty-four attended, thereby setting a new high mark in attendance at an athletic banquet.

Speeches were given by Mr. Miller, Tom Canfield, Dana Bailey, Captain Curtis, Bud Merritt, Bill Haggerty, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Aaberg, and most of the Seniors. Letters were awarded to twenty players, establishing a new record in this respect. Those receiving letters were Captain Curtis, Ed. McQuillan, Gordon Scott, Dick Balcome, Jim McConnell, Donald Blomquist, John McConnell, Huhn Litzenberg, Starr Pierce, Wally Boss, Simeon Rollins, Don West, Herb Sanderson, Monty Freeman, Dick Miller, Ted Erickson, Leo Dieber, Johnny Flanagan, Stan Bissell and Don Nelson.

After the letters were given out, Mr. Aaberg gave a short speech and introduced next year's captain who we have every confidence will prove as worthy of the honor as his predecessors have. The captain-elect has played on the football team every year since he entered school and upon the conclusion of next year's grid season, he will have attained the rare honor of securing four U's in one sport. He is a versatile player as he plays tackle or halfback with equal ability. Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce to you next year's captain and as scrappy a player as ever set foot on a gridiron—Jim McConnell.

"U" HIGH, 13; ROOSEVELT, 19

"U" High opened the basketball season at Roosevelt High, December 13, with a 13-19 defeat. Roosevelt got the jump on the Maroon and Gold by counting 10 times in the initial quarter and were never headed from then on. Play was even the rest of the game with the exception of a spurt in the final quarter in which "U" High displayed its best basket-shooting form. Substitutes were freely used by both coaches in an effort to secure smoothly running combinations.

UNIVERSITY HIGH			ROOSEVELT HIGH				
F.G.	F.T.	Fouls	F.G.	F.T.	Fouls		
Pierce, f.	0	0	1	Kolesar, f.	2	0	0
D. Nelson, f.	0	0	1	Gervais, f.	1	0	1
Miller, f.	1	0	2	Tuttle, f.	1	7	1
Moulton, f.	0	0	0	Nee, f.	0	0	2
Hathaway, f.	0	0	0	Sjohlen, c.	0	0	2
Dieber, c.	1	1	2	McCleod, c.	0	0	1
Boss, c.	0	0	0	Onlich, g.	0	0	1
Freeman, c.	0	0	0	Erickson, g.	0	0	0
McQuillan, g. ..	1	2	2	Stansberry, g. ..	2	0	3
Blomquist, g.	0	0	0				
Curtis, g.	1	2	2	Total	6	7	11
Total	4	5	10				

Free throws missed—Dieber, 3; McQuillan, 2; Curtis, 4; Tuttle, 6.

Score:

"U" High	3	3	1	6—13
Roosevelt High	10	2	4	3—19

"U" HIGH, 15; VOCATIONAL HIGH, 29

"U" High dropped a close game to Vocational High, 29-25, December 15, on the University Baptist Church floor. Vocational led at half time, 19-12, but "U" High came back in the final half and outplayed the visitors, although it was unable to overtake the lead the opponents had gained in the initial period. Captain McQuillan was easily the "U" High star with seven field goals and one free throw. Corey, Ahlin, and Reifenberg accounted for all of Vocational's points.

UNIVERSITY HIGH				VOCATIONAL HIGH			
	F.G.	F.T.	Fouls		F.G.	F.T.	Fouls
McQuillan, f.	7	1	0	Corey, f.	5	0	2
Miller, f.	1	0	0	Ahlm, f.	5	1	3
Dieber, c.	2	2	0	Reifenberg, c. . .	4	0	2
Freeman, c.	0	0	1	Hall, g.	0	0	1
Curtis, g.	1	0	0	Belster, g.	0	0	0
Blomquist, g.	0	0	1	Moore, g.	0	0	0
Hathaway, g.	0	0	1	Schrier, g.	0	0	1
	—	—	—	Hendrickson, g. .	0	0	1
Total	11	3	3	Total	14	1	10

Free throws missed—McQuillan, 5; Miller, 1; Dieber, 1; Curtis, 2; Ahlm, 5.

Score:

"U" High	4	8	7	6—25
Vocational High	8	11	2	8—29

Referee—W. R. Smith (Monmouth).

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls have been playing captain ball at play hour for about a month. The Freshmen are getting to be quite expert at the sport, and if the upper classmen don't come out for play hour, they will lose the tournament.

It is surprising to see so many white middies so long before the exhibition. Apparently, the squad system is a good thing. We heard the other day that the Sophomores are playing a new game which we judge to be end ball, although we take no chances.

The swimming classes have been having tests for form and endurance. There are about two "A's" in each class. Thirty times the length of the pool gives an "A," twenty times a "B," ten times a "C," and less than ten a "D." Each one was surprised at her endurance.

Alumni Notes



We are always glad to see our "U" High alumni taking part in campus activities, and they do show themselves around the campus quite a bit.

James Perkins, '22, has been elected to Masquers and Helen Barlow, '22, has been pledged to Paint and Patches, a girls' dramatic club.

In "If," the play written by Lord Dunsany and shown here at Minnesota—the first time it has been shown in America—in the auditorium of the Music Building last month, several "U" High people participated. The girls who took part in the interpretive dance were Louise Hortvet and Lucille Mo, and two of the girls taking the parts of slaves were Gladys Kuehne and Jane Sedgwick.

The new members of Player's Dramatic Organization entertained the old members at an informal party at the home of Avis Litzenberg, '21. A mock performance of "If" was given by the new members.

Kappa Rho, literary society, presented a one-act sketch "Overtones" at the annual Inter-Forensic League party held at the agricultural auditorium last month. Lillian Borreson, who is president of the society, took the part of Harriet, a society woman.

Dorothy Kurtzman, '21, is a member of the 1924 *Gopher* Art Staff. The work will be done in the new studio of Pi Alpha, art fraternity. Pi Alpha handles all the work for the *Ski-U-Mah* as well as that for this year's *Gopher*.

In the try-outs for the Spanish club Irene Johnson, '21, was elected to the club.

Erma Schurr, '20, was chosen to represent Minnesota at the National Student Council of the Y. W. C. A. at Chicago, Dec. 27 to 29. An average of one delegate from each of the middle western states makes up the council.

Winnifred Hughes, '20, has been pledged to Theta Sigma Phi, honorary fraternity for women in journalism. It is the policy of Theta Sigma Phi to elect to membership only those girls who have distinguished themselves by excellent work on some publication, either on the campus or on downtown papers.

The fraternity is professional as well as honorary, and strives to further the best interests of modern newspapers and magazines.

Mary Howe, '21, is in charge of all teas held under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. for this coming year.

"Mugs" Morris and Fanny Graham were both pledged to Flat Tire, inter-sorority Freshman organization.

A good many of the alumni that we have not seen much of in the last few years have appeared in our halls recently. Daniel Finklestein, Edward Cless, and Reginald Forster were seen the last week of school and a fairly good number turned out to the Christmas party.

Charles and George Burns spent the Christmas holidays in Minneapolis with their family at the Curtis Hotel. Both of them are attending Wesleyan college, Middletown, Conn., and are members of Phi Nu Theta. George Burns has also been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholarship fraternity.

Gertrude Strand, '18, graduated from the Business College with her B. H. degree this quarter.

Phyllis Krause, also of '18, graduated from the College of S. L. and A.

Charles Beal, '18, and Olive Madsen, '18, are both back in the University.

Elizabeth Flather, '22, has been pledged to the Omega.

Ethel Strickler, '21, is taking elocution at the McPhail School.

William Coffman, '20, spent Christmas vacation in California with his family.

Lucille Larson, '20, is specializing in dental hygiene at the University of Minnesota.

Mildred Jaynes, '20, is specializing in interpretive dancing at Carleton.

We were rather disappointed in the alumni showing at the Senior Vaudeville but we were awfully glad to see Jack Berry and "Sis" Brock there.

"Mugs" Morris accidentally came to a "U" High assembly last month and she didn't stay, but Marjorie Cheney was there and she stayed. We see Marjorie quite frequently around school. It's all for business though.

Lloyd Vye, '21, is a member of the Minnesota cross country track team. We wish that we could mention more alumni names here in connection with boys' athletics.

Has anyone seen Frank Moulton around the campus with his newly-adopted dog? It is beginning to be a regular campus joke—the dog, not Frank.





EXCHANGE

Why is it that as soon as we receive a *Blake Torch* and settle comfortably down to read it, all the girls in school gather round us and give vent to spasms of delight?

"Oh-h-h! Is *that* the *Blake Torch*? Please let me read it this period! You see, I know—etc., etc."

The football number was especially popular. All the girls wanted to read about the game between Blake and "U" High and see if they could find out the name of the man that made that "marvelous run!" The magazine lived up to its highest expectations, and if the rest of the numbers prove to be as popular as this one, the *Blake Torch* is certainly assured of a successful year.

The "U" High boys may be interested to know that in the first part of September the Blake football team went to Hubert, Minn., to establish a football camp. Besides getting in lots of valuable practice, they had lots of fun.

There is a very clever little story in *The Gleam* from Johnson High school, St. Paul, entitled "Some Hitherto Unpublished Chapters in the Life of Columbus." It tells how "Columbus received a most delightful invitation from Herbert Hoover, Woodrow Wilson, Magellan, and Andrew Volstead to join them in a hunting trip in the far west. The trip would take him away from Marie, the pretty flapper, who was causing him much unrest and he could also view the land which he had stumbled on.

"In New York they met Sir Walter Raleigh and Milton who joined the party. They then set out for Phoenix, Ariz. There they were joined by Roosevelt and Darwin, who were hunting large game in that neighborhood and had a delightful discussion on the passing of the short skirt, the coal shortage and the distressingly rapid increase of divorces. Milton was especially vehement on the last subject.

"They had a wonderful time with a few mishaps, until Columbus was summoned back to Spain by a radio message from Queen Isabelle, to the effect that Rodolph Valentino was to appear in court and Christopher must be there for the reception."

This is just a sample of the real story which is full of very entertaining incidents. The Exchange Editor will put this number of *The Gleam* in the library so all will have an opportunity to read it. We wish to extend our congratulations to the author.

Almost all the magazines on the Exchange list have a radio department. It gives a modern touch to the magazine and is also interesting. We all know of several radio fans in the school and it would be easy to start one for the *Breeze*.

We have a new Exchange, *The Purple Parrot*, from Red Wing, Minn. Our old friend Harry Northrup is associate editor of it. Yes, we all remember Harry.

St. Paul Central is begging for a larger skating rink. If our tennis courts (or what used to be tennis courts) were flooded, wouldn't there be joy unconfined in "U" High?

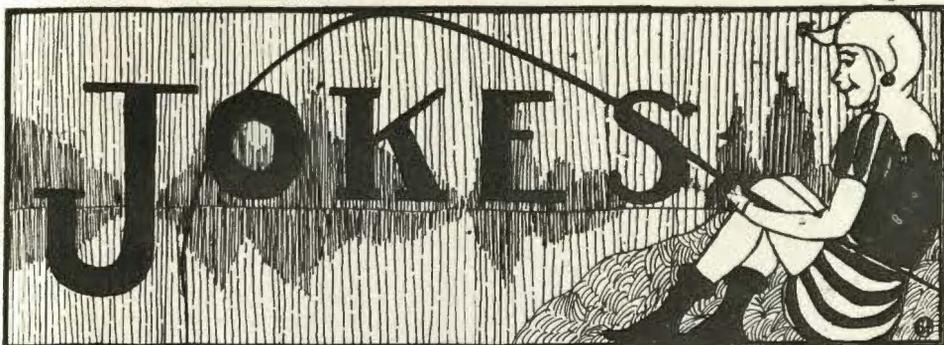
THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

(Why there is no write-up of the All-School Christmas party.)
MONSIEUR:

Je suis tres, tres sorry que je n'ai pas le temps d'ecrire l'histoire du reunion de toute l'ecole. Je partirai de chez moi a huitre henre et carte, ce matin, et hier, j'avais malade a la tete. J'hespere que vous sera thankful to receive ce que j'ai ecrit. Marquez it all you please, but don't swear sur le.

BONNIE NOEL.





Ed.—“Here comes a plucky girl.”

Leo.—“How do you know?”

Ed.—“Look at her eyebrows.”

Miss Staley.—“Edwin, have you your report on Webster ready?”

Ed.—“Yah, he wrote the dictionary, didn't he?”

Miss S.—“No, that was Noah.”

Ed.—“I thought he built the Ark.”

Todd.—“Guess I'll go to math. class today.”

Mac.—“All right, I'll take you in.”

Todd.—“How come, take me in?”

Mac.—“You'll probably need to be identified.”

One side of the famous “Devil's Glen” was kept open to the public. The other side was kept strictly private by the landlord.

An American visitor ignoring the private signs was walking up the wrong side when he was confronted by a very irate gentleman.

“What do you mean by trespassing on this property? Don't you know I own it.

“Gosh, I knew this was the Devil's Glen, but I didn't expect to meet him in person.”

Dave W.—“Can a man live without brains?”

Don M.—“Why, aren't you feeling well?”

Domestic Labor Question

“Hello! Is this the woman who wanted a lady to wash for her tomorrow?”

Freshman Ag.—“Now that incubators are being used so much by farmers, it won't be very long before they'll do away with the hens entirely.”

Abe, who has discovered a burglar in his house—
 "Hands up or I'll shoot."
 Quick witted burglar—"Fifty dollars for the gun."
 Abe—"Sold."

The Morning After the Dance

"I had an awful nightmare last night."
 "Yah, I saw you with her."

Mr. Dvorak—"Name a liquid that won't burn."
 Bud L.—"Hot water."

Mrs. Hickey—"Well, why were you late this morning?"
 Pansy Todd—"Well, I was going to a funeral, but I decided I'd feel bad enough here."

Brainless—"I hear you are working in a shirt factory."
 Moreso—"Yeh."
 Brainless—"Why aren't you working today then?"
 Moreso—"Oh, we're making night shirts this week."

Jim—"Does Mary know much about automobiles?"
 Litz—"Heavens, no, she asked me if I cooled the engine by stripping the gears."

