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# The Campus Breeze

Volume V

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Number 7



## A METRICAL ROMANCE

'Tis said by seers wise and sage  
That there is nothing in a name,  
But in a distant day and age  
That was disproved by Jaqueline.  
Her name as spoken in her tongue  
Meant "Ne'er attain the heart's desire."  
Too often had her pride been stung  
By taunts that burned her soul like fire.  
Fair she was beyond all words;  
Her fame was borne upon the air;  
'Twas borne abroad by singing birds  
That Jaqueline, extremely fair,  
With servants, lands, and piles of gold,  
Was now in marriage to be given  
To the gallant with spirit bold  
Who'd snatch the emerald from the griffin.  
If her true love snatch the stone so green,  
The man whom she was meant to wed,  
A prince full worthy of Jaqueline,  
The emerald would turn to red.  
Whoever tried, nor gained the stone,  
Was doomed to meet immediate death.  
Who gained the jewel, nor changed the tone,  
Must single stay till his last breath.

Full many a goodly prince and knight  
 Then took the chance, and for all time  
 Put marriage from his luckless sight  
 For sake of regal Jaqueline.  
 Now she reclined on stately throne,  
 Extremely tall and slender too,  
 Impassive, dark, in silver gown;  
 Numerous swains came there to woo.  
 A sudden light leaped to her eyes,  
 She clutched the richly carved beam,  
 For there was one of wondrous guise  
 Whom oftentimes she saw in dream.  
 He was indeed a perfect mate,  
 And many days passed by her side;  
 He promised he would come in state  
 The seventh day take her to bride,  
 For in his soul he felt secure  
 That he could overcome the griffin;  
 Gave her his shield of silver pure  
 Engraved thereon the castle Clifin.  
 Two days before this knight's return,  
 Came Repul Kultur near the throne,  
 And with a passion did he burn,  
 To gain the wealth of Jaqueline.  
 An alchemist sold him a drug  
 That for a space of twenty hours  
 Would turn the emerald brilliant brug.\*  
 He girt him in his magic powers  
 And seized the stone from awful beast.  
 By artifice he gained the jewel,  
 He turned it red with powerful meast\*\*  
 And claimed immediate marriage cruel.  
 Poor Jaqueline implored delay,  
 But Repul yielded no degree.  
 He ordered that the following day  
 Should see them wedded royally.  
 Three hours she kept the nuptials waiting  
 In hopes of Clifin's quick return.  
 She knew not what he could avail,  
 Yet for his presence did she yearn.  
 Just as in that enormous hall  
 The fateful words were to be said,  
 In burst Clifin, finely tall,  
 And cleaved off the villain's head.  
 Then soon the entire hall had seen,  
 Since now the twenty hours were gone,  
 The emerald turning back to green  
 Till Arthur touched it with his thumb.  
 The ceremony soon took place  
 With much joy now, where sorrow lay.  
 The king then dedeed by his grace  
 His wealth to Arthur. Hail the day!

WILVA DAVIS.

\*Red.

\*\*Drug.

## THE DIARY OF BABETTE

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1919

Wrote invitations to the League's tea to be given on Friday afternoon; took most of the morning. I was interrupted many times by the ringing of the telephone. Those flappers are always calling Sue, my flapper sister, for some silly little chatter. I've tried for many weeks to convert her to the more sensible things, but to no avail.

This afternoon I drove with Mrs. James. We discussed the former meetings and planned speeches for the one next week. Mrs. James has some very intelligent ideas. I believe it is her husband who discourages our cause. He is medieval enough to believe that smoking is dangerous to a woman's health.

TUESDAY, JUNE 2

I slept a little later than usual this morning because of the dance last night. Dick is awfully nice, but, of course, he is too ancient in his ideas. He still believes that woman's place is in the home. I can't see how an educated man can be so far behind the times. He seemed quite interested in Sue and her silly friends.

Mrs. James called and presented me with the new club pin. It is very striking, and I'm sure I can convert more people to the cause now. I called on various ladies of social standing. I was very nearly overcome by the beautiful homes and the stunning gowns which the women wore. All of the really fine women are terribly interested in the cause. The husbands are the drawbacks. I'm sure I'll never marry, for it does take away one's personal liberty.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3

I took my club work down to the beach. I saw Harry and Ellen surf riding. It seems awfully hard to be an intellectual person putting all enjoyable things from my mind. Sue and Dick wanted me to play tennis. I refused. I wonder what a sensible man like Dick sees in my impossible flapper sister?

I drove this afternoon with the club ladies to the slum districts. It was very hard to make those uneducated women understand our cause. I just got a glimpse of Sue and Dick going into Gaymer's. The little rebel!

Spent the evening at a very dry meeting of the club. The speakers were good, but my enthusiasm was rapidly cooling.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4

Arose this morning with the firm intention of having a little fun. I was a little angry last night to see that I was the only young woman at the meeting. I believe I'm getting old-maidish from working with these women so much.

It rained all afternoon; had none of the pleasure I expected. I wrote a speech for the club's meeting next week. It sounds very convincing and intelligent. Sue still laughs at the cause, and calls us "a bunch of snooping old hens." Went to bed very early because of the speech tomorrow.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5

This morning I sneaked away from everybody and had a delightful swim. I saw Sue's crowd making a fuss over Dick. A thing like that spoils my whole day.

The big luncheon of our club wasn't very exciting. I trembled a little while making my speech, but gained composure when I found it was "taking" well. The ladies all congratulated me and hoped I'd always be loyal to the cause.

On the way home I found myself thinking and saying Sue's words, "A bunch of snooping old hens." I must have been tired, for it really is a wonderful club.

I had dinner and went to a dance with Dick this evening. He still hates the cause and tried to convince me that I'd never be a real Suffragette. I was quite firm, and I also told him a great many discouraging things about Sue's crowd. The man really seems to enjoy their frivolity!

SATURDAY, JUNE 6

This morning I awoke with a headache; didn't rest well last night. I believe the work of the club is too much for a young person.

Mrs. Ellman and Mrs. Burns dropped out of the club yesterday. Their husbands refuse to shelter Suffragettes any longer. It must be terrible to live in fear of a man's commands.

Spent the afternoon at a beauty parlor getting fixed up for tonight. Dick is taking me to one of the flapper parties; so I won't need to look severe or intellectual.

Met Mrs. James on the car. She spoke of my good work and said she hoped I would speak again next week before the state convention. I didn't give her a definite answer.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7

This morning I awoke early and went into the garden to think over the events of last evening. I really enjoyed the flapper party. Sue is a dear child; I believe I never appreciated her. I accepted Dick.

Dear diary, I can't keep up with the cause! I had to choose between the cause and Dick.

DOROTHY EVERY.

### THREE OF A KIND (AND TWO MORE)

#### Colonel Comstock

##### I. THE CRUCIAL MOMENT

"It was a tense moment. The outcome of the game depended on the next pitch. It was the last of the ninth inning and Mudville was up to bat. The score was 4-1 in our favor; but with three men on base, this gave us scant comfort. However, two men were out and the count was three and two on the man at the plate. Yet, the Mudville batsman was the heaviest hitter in the league and had built up a reputation for hitting in such pinches as this. The championship of the league was at stake as our hurler threw the ball. A homer would give them the pennant while, with an out, the flag would be ours. Ten thousand fans watched anxiously as Murphy, the Mudville mauler, swung heavily at the ball and—" He may have knocked the pill out of the park or missed it a mile, but you can't prove anything by me. The baby was playing with the magazine yesterday, and I strongly suspect it was he who tore out the next page.

##### II. FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR

The basketball game was drawing to a close. A short twenty seconds of play remained. The visitors were leading 24-23, with the ball in their possession. We had little hope of

winning for they were expert staller. Apparently our only hope was to rough them up a little at the risk of a foul being called on us. This proved unnecessary, however, for Clark, leaping high in the air, managed to intercept one of their passes. In coming down, he lost his balance and landed heavily on the floor. He recovered himself in a hurry, however, and shot a wonderful basket from over half the length of the floor. It went thru without touching the rim just as the pistol went off. The final score? Oh, yes, 26-23, in their favor. You can figure the rest out for yourself.

### III. THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN

Quarterback Quigley was a quick thinker. He was aware that there was time for but one more play before the whistle blew. He gave the signal for the famous forward pass to Left End Brown that had busted up many a gridiron tussle. Brown was elusive and speedy; so it was a foregone conclusion that if he got his hands on the ball, the game wouldn't end in a scoreless tie. The pigskin left Quigley's mitt and sped straight and true into the outstretched paws of Brown, who, evading the opposition, went over for a touchdown. Quarterback Quigley, as I remarked before, was a quick thinker. He, therefore, made a hasty exit from the grounds and escaped before the home town fans could get a chance to massacre him for throwing the ball to Right Halfback Brown of the visiting eleven.

### IV. A CLOSE FINISH

I got to the track meet just in time to see the finish of the two-mile relay. I had been told that our relay team was so slow that if it went much faster it would be almost walking. However, it didn't look that way to me, for I saw Skinner running neck to neck with the visiting trackster in one of the closest sprints on record. It seemed to me that the two runners breast-ed the tape at the same moment; so I turned and asked another spectator his opinion as to the winner. "Why," he said, "they won by a big margin. Skinner just handed the baton to Reid; so we'll finish only half a mile behind them."

### V. A RECORD SHOT

I've never told you about that hole I made in one, have I? It happened this way. I walked up to the first tee feeling fit as a fiddle and just naturally soaked that ball with all my weight behind it. I weigh close to two hundred, too. That shot had height, distance, and a terrible hook. It cleared the trees on the left of the fairway, and that was the last I heard of it for some time. Right then and there I lost all interest in golf and retired to the clubhouse. I guess I must have dozed off, but, I tell you, I awoke in a hurry when my friends brought back word that my ball had dropped into the cup on the fifteenth green. The pro contends that I made fifteen holes in one shot, but I am modest and content to call it a hole in one.



## BEGINNINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY HIGH

When professional education of teachers was still in its infancy in higher educational institutions of learning, the idea of a practice school was not favored. The objection was mainly a matter of prejudice. The normal schools had such practice schools, but colleges and universities seemed to think it savored too much of kindergarten to follow the lead of the normal schools. Also, even among professors of education, it was thought that subject matter was all important and the teacher who had scholarship needed little or nothing else.

As a result of this feeling, it was uphill work to establish a practice school at the University of Minnesota. President Northrop looked askance at all professional education for teachers, but he was tolerant even of the vagaries of his subjects, and did not seriously oppose the proposition to establish such a school. The University had just acquired many houses with its purchase of new territory adjoining the old campus. Therefore the question of building did not embarrass us. Dean George F. James was then in charge of the College of Education. He favored the new project even tho the national meeting of teachers in colleges of education looked with disfavor on the move.

There were at that time three members of the "faculty" of the College of Education—Dean James, Mr. C. M. Holt, now one of the proprietors of the Minneapolis School of Music and Dramatic Art, and the writer of this article. I was made principal and Mr. Holt assistant, in actual charge. We secured a building at the corner of Beacon and State Streets. This building was small but large enough for the faculty and students. We had a hard time to get students. The city high schools made a practice of shoving off onto us the students who couldn't get along. One principal sent us a student with high recommendations, but we afterwards found the student had been dropped for incompetency. However, we took what we could get, and made the most of it, a practice which has much to commend.

The idea was to begin with the seventh and eighth grades and then add up and down until a complete system of all the grades, elementary and secondary, were established. Financial and other reasons prevented the carrying out of our plan, but those of us who were at the beginning of things still think we were right. In two years, at the place named, we outgrew our quarters and moved down Beacon Street to the corner of Church street. This building was an abandoned boarding house. The first duty I had to perform as titular principal was to eject or destroy millions of the "pestilence that worketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday." I secured the assistance of the superin-

tendent of buildings and he nearly burned up the building in his zeal for accomplishment.

Our faculty was enlarged thru the engagement of Miss Alice Mott, who was in possession of a doctorate from the University of Minnesota, and also a fund of humor and energy which could remove mountains and make the same mountains sing for joy. Under her direction, for she became assistant principal, the school rapidly grew in numbers and grace. Miss Jessie Boyce, who is taking an extra degree from the University of Minnesota this spring, was put in charge of several "departments" of the school. Our first graduating class numbered twelve. These students acquitted themselves after the manner of other high school graduates and appeared not to have suffered from our supervision.

We were not classed as sane people exactly the first few years of our endeavor. The best that can be said is that we were tolerated. But we were real pioneers. The years that have passed since our beginning have seen a wonderful change and now no college or school of education is considered equipped to render efficient service unless it has a high school, and soon the entire system of grades must be added. I understand the College of Education is having difficulty in getting adequate funds for providing quarters needed. I may be permitted, in closing this account, to express the conviction that the students and faculty now in charge of the work I had the privilege of starting deserve better of the University than they are at present getting. However, the future is theirs, and the work will not fail.

ALBERT W. RANKIN.

(Editor's note: The University High School may look up to Mr. Rankin as the founder of "U" High.)



## SIR PARSLEY AND THE DRAGON

Sir Parsley, who was a valiant knight  
 Who lived in the days of old,  
 Took grim delight in picking a fight  
 And knocking other knights cold.  
 For only one lady did he care,  
 And her name was Jacquelot,  
 A maiden fair with rich golden hair  
 Who loved him so, it is thought.

Now, this Sir Parsley adventure sought  
 And left the king's court one day  
 While fair Jacquelot her feelings fought  
 And went to her garret to pray.  
 After trav'ling a week and a day  
 Sir Parsley reached Somerset,  
 Which county, I say, was far from gav.  
 For it had disaster met.

Aye, Somerset was sorely oppressed  
 By a dragon green and red,  
 And this pest gave the natives no rest;  
 So him they had learned to dread.  
 Sir Parsley, after hearing the tale,  
 Offered, the dragon, to slay;  
 So over the dale and through the vale  
 He hunted him night and day.

He found the beast a-guarding a den  
 Of treasures both rich and rare,  
 And the bones of men he noticed when  
 He approached the monster's lair.  
 With his faithful sword grasped in his hand  
 He, at the dread beast, did go.  
 Its head, he scanned, so I understand  
 And severed it with a blow.

Now with the terrible dragon dead,  
 He went into its lair  
 And found, 'tis said, bound to a bed,  
 A princess slim and most fair.  
 This fair princess he quickly released,  
 And as for poor Jacquelot,  
 His love for her ceased, to say the least,  
 For her he straightway forgot.

But Jacquelot in her garret stayed  
 And to her knight she was true;  
 But this maid soon became so decayed  
 That, to heaven, her spirit flew.  
 Sir Parsley, on the other hand,  
 To his fair princess was wed.  
 In a castle grand, they ruled the land  
 'Til their souls from them had sped.

*Perpetrated by* EVERETT COMSTOCK.

## OUR MONTHLY TRAVELOGUE

## Letters of a Traveling Student

Forest Hills, L. I., Dec. 4, 1922.

Dear Miggy:

We had the most interesting time yesterday. I'll have to tell you all about it. We went down to Chinatown. You know, everybody had to'd us that there wasn't much to see, but I don't see what they were thinking of.

We went down in the morning taking the L to the Bowery. We walked down the Bowery two or three blocks to Division street. The Bowery didn't look very different from the East Side except that there were more horses and wagons, and it was much noisier and more confused. It was *awfully* cold in the morning; so none of the push-carts were out on the street. We went down Division to where Mott street crosses it. These two streets are supposed to be the most interesting in Chinatown, but we didn't find them so. After we had gone up Mott street a little way we came to another funny street that crossed it. There was an awfully wide elevated going down it, so wide, in fact, that it covered the whole street and made it look dingier than ever. We walked down this one or two blocks and, all in one block, found five of the brass shops we'd heard about. Most of them were below the level of the street and *terribly* crowded and mussy. We went into several of them and found about everything that could be made of brass that you could think of. Most of them had just about the same things. I wanted to get some bellows for the fire-place, but none of them had any that were large enough. From there we went to Chatham Square (I'll never forget Chatham Square) and Mother got a "chop" and I got a "chow" at Port Arthur, a Chinese restaurant.

We had a much better time in the afternoon. From Port Arthur on it kept getting more and more interesting. There was one funny-looking street opening off of Chatham Square. It was awfully narrow and crooked. All the buildings were painted brilliant colors and had queer Chinesey looking affairs on top like the roofs of pagodas. I don't know what they were (the buildings, I mean); they could hardly all be theatres and chop houses. We went into a couple of shops, but found them just cluttered up with a lot of cheap, gaudy things. As we were passing one window, we saw four of the darlinest Chinese children you ever saw. They all seemed to be about the same age, three or four. All had straight, black bobbed hair with bangs and wore little Chinese jackets and trousers. Honestly, they were the cutest things that ever walked! Just exactly like little Chinese dolls! A little farther on we came to Mulberry street. We thought it was the most interesting of all. It was much warmer in the afternoon than in the morning; so all the push-carts were out on the streets. Mulberry street was lined on both sides with them. They had everything under the sun on them. On one end there would be oranges and garlic (they are very fond of garlic down there) and right next to it stockings and corsets, with strings of dried mushrooms and sausages draped over it all. A lot of the children had taken large tin cans and dish pans and were trying to keep warm by burning old boxes in them right on the crowded side walks. We stopped a minute by a grind-organ. A young girl was turning the handle, and an old man pulled it from place to place. I'll never forget the despairing

look on his face. We looked into one or two meat shops, or rather, sausage shops. There were strings of sausages of all kinds hanging so thick from the ceiling that we couldn't see the ceiling at all! Oh, but they looked appetizing! They'd probably been there though for months.

If I had the time and pep, I might tell you about Greenwich Village, too, but as I have neither, I'm afraid you'll have to wait to hear about that.

Much love, K. B.

Boston, Mass., March 24.

Dear Miggy:

We got into Boston this morning. It's evening now, and I'm sitting in front of a fire in the living room of the house of an uncle of mine. Voila! You know all about it now.

We had the funniest time coming from New York. We took the boat up as far as Providence and then came the rest of the way by train. We'd been looking forward so much to that-boat trip, and then—but I'll start at the beginning.

The boat was to leave at 5:00 P. M.; so I went to school all day. I said all my fond farewells at school and then dashed back to the Forest Hills station where I met Mother. We thought it was going to be such a lovely night because it was clear and warm; but when we'd been on the train about five minutes it clouded over and began to *pour!* And it kept up until this morning.

When we got into the "Penn" station we got a Yellow Cab to take us down to the dock. It was a long way, and the last part of it was *awfully* interesting in spite of the rain—or maybe because of it. We went through part of Greenwich Village and down by the wharfs in the shipping district. There was a wide open space all along the water-front, part paved with cobblestone and the rest not paved at all. It was *terribly* bumpy. There were just the big freight sheds lining the river bank. Everything was crowded with horses and wagons piled high with boxes and crates, probably from all over the world. Everything was noisy and confused and rainy and somehow reminded me of London. Mother said someone ought to paint a picture of it and call it "Commerce."

Finally we drew up with a bump at a funny looking building. A red-cap grabbed our suit cases and told us to follow him. We followed him back through this building for about a block. Evidently it was a sort of warehouse where the cargo from the ships was unloaded because we had to squeeze between tottering piles of boxes and crates and dodge under horses' noses and between trucks and climb over crates. We kept this up until we finally came to a ticket office. We turned a corner, and there we were! I certainly was surprised! We slid down the gang-plank because it was just pouring down the space between the dock and boat.

We were an hour and a half late in leaving because of the fog and rain. It was almost dark when we finally did go. You see the dock was on the Hudson; so we went down around Lower Manhattan and up the East river and the sound to Providence. All the buildings in Lower Manhattan were lit up, and it was just a mass of light. We were glad that we could have that as a last impression.

We stood on the deck for a long time, watching the lights of Manhattan and Brooklyn go by. After a while we went in and had dinner. Mother went right to bed, but it had almost stopped raining; so I went out on the top deck by the pilot house and looked at the water for a long time. We were just passing a light-house when I went out, and there was another boat coming toward us. I never knew before that light-houses have fog-horns. Anyway, this one did, and the light went off and on. I was standing right in front of the pilot-house and supposed that I was alone. But after a minute I was startled by the voices of two men talking about a foot above my head. At any rate, I moved around to one side after that. Once I jumped about a foot when our fog-horn blew a terrible blast, just about a foot behind me, it seemed. There seemed to be surprises and scares on every side.

The next morning we went up some river or other to Providence. While we were eating breakfast we watched the different kinds of ships we passed on the river. The boat was about an hour late in arriving; so, consequently, we missed our train and had to wait almost an hour for another one.

Well, anyhow, we did finally get here, and here we are still. I'll write you later and tell you about our visit here.

Love,  
K. B.

April 3.

Dear Miggy:

I'm now on the train from Boston to Indianapolis. I've been gazing out of the window at the scenery 'til I'm tired of it; so now as a last resort I'm writing to you.

The country was lovely, even though it was all bare. It was typical New England country, all hills, old, old orchards, stone walls, and brooks. It was terribly cold part of the time, but we went in the car several times just the same.

We had a funny time when we went to Concord and Lexington. We saw most of the old historic places and went into the old John Hancock house where some of the old things were on exhibition. We passed Alcott's house, Hawthorne's home, and the "Old Manse" where Hawthorne wrote "Mosses From an Old Manse." Then, of course, we had to see the Minute Man. You know, that is on a little island in the Charles river. You get to it across the old North bridge. We got across the bridge without mishap, but then came to grief. We were in doubt whether to back in front of the statue, to turn around, or to drive clear around it. There was a little snow on the other side of the statue, but decided to risk it. We got half way around it—right in the midst of the snow—and there we stayed. We pushed and pulled and dug tracks with our heels, but all to no avail. Finally Mother went out in search of assistance, and in about half an hour two men came in a car and got us right out. Quite an interesting place to get stuck, wasn't it?

The day before yesterday was Easter. But instead of being good Christians and going to church, we packed up a huge dinner and went out to Nantucket via the Blue Hills. It was awfully cold and the side curtains weren't on; so we poor mortals in the back seat felt like cakes of ice. Our faces were so stiff that we could hardly talk, and laughing was out of the question.

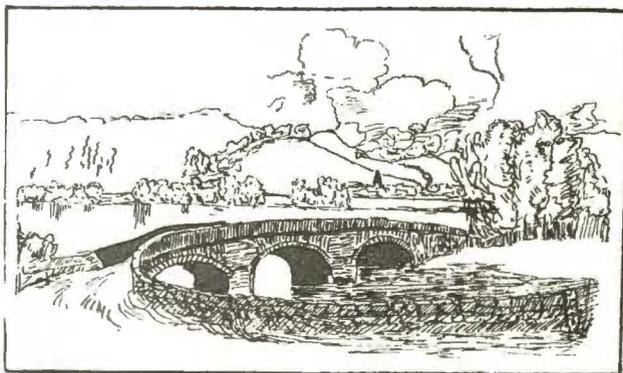
When we got to the Blue Hills we had our picnic lunch and incidentally got thawed out. In the afternoon we put on the side curtains and had a lovely time the rest of the way. We came out on the ocean a little way beyond the Blue Hills and drove along in sight of it for several miles. There had been a huge fire at Nantucket two or three days before, so everybody in Boston decided at the same time to go out and see it. We got there quite early and avoided the worst rush. We didn't care anything about the fire, but we wanted to see the rocks at Cohasset. They were wonderful, and some of them extended 'way out in the ocean. There were long, deep crevices, high cliffs, and about every form and shape rocks can take. On the way home we passed a line of cars, in some places double, just as close as they could get, that extended five miles back from Nantucket. They were evidently held up at the front of the line because we didn't see them move at all in the five miles. Poor things! I wonder how long they had to stay there.

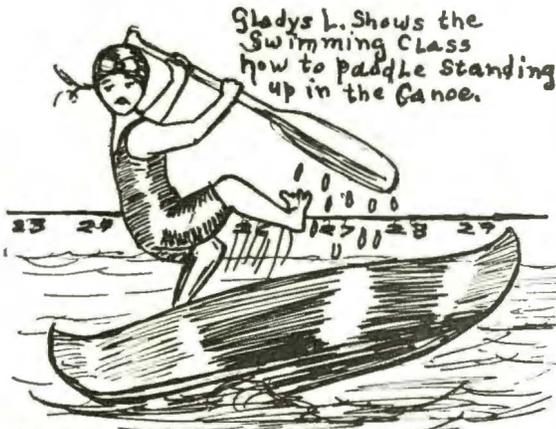
Yesterday we went out to Ordam where the old Fairbanks house is. Except for the adobe houses in the South, it is the oldest house in America. It was built in 1636 and still looks quite substantial. The doors weren't nearly as high as a person, and I doubt if you could stand straight in all the rooms. I took a tiny chip of wood from the frame of one of the windows for a souvenir. And that is as much as we did in the car. Viola!

It's getting late, so good night.

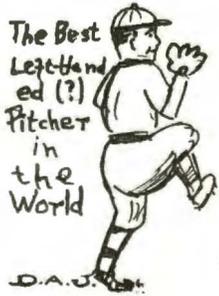
KATHERINE BURNS.

K. B.





"His Majesty Bunker Bear" passes by



## THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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## THE END

The last proof of this year's *Breeze* has been read, the last dummy has been made up, and the last form has been locked. And now with this last issue we may look back upon our year's work.

Many of our plans have not worked out, and many others have. We had hoped to establish a new department or two or secure a few new cuts, but various things prevented us; so we can but hope that next year's staff, if they choose, will be able to found and obtain them. But we have, on the other hand, introduced many things new. We have instituted a new department, "Our Monthly Travelogue," which has proved most successful; and we have tried to make a monthly feature of interviews with well-known people of interest to the school. We have inaugurated a Faculty Number and have come through

financial difficulties successfully. We are delighted in the manner in which the departments have developed; we hope the school in general is as pleased. May we hope that our achievements are worthy enough to be carried on by future staffs.

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### MR. REEVE LEAVING FOR YEAR

For the past month rumors have been going around to the effect that Mr. Reeve will not be with this school next year. Mr. Reeve confirmed this at a recent assembly.

Mr. Reeve has been granted a year's leave of absence which he will spend at Columbia University in preparation for his doctor's degree. He has been a member of the faculty for seven years, both as teacher and principal. He has been very active in promoting athletics, and it is in great part due to him that "U" High has had such success in its various contests. Mr. Reeve was also instrumental in obtaining the library and its expert supervision. Mr. Reeve must be remembered as having constantly in mind the best interests of the school. We are sure that he carries with him the best wishes of the school and that we all look forward to his return.

The name of the man who will be principal next year has not been announced. Whoever he is, there are many things that the students of our school can do to help him. Let's all co-operate and make it easier for the new principal.





"His Majesty Bunker Bean," a comedy by Lee Wilson Dodd, was presented by the Senior Class, University High School, under the capable direction of Mr. Ray T. Busch, May 12, 1923, in the Music Auditorium. The play, a delightful treatment of youthful aspirations, reminds one of "Merton of the Movies" in the characterization of the leads. The play depends, indeed, on characterization and the quick turn of situation for its interest. The general effect of the performance was pleasing. The play moved swiftly to its climaxes, and the characterizations were distinct and sustained—a hard thing for amateurs of any age to achieve.

Gordon Murray, as Bunker Bean, was the dreamer to perfection. His shy love-making reminded one of "Seventeen"—and was delightfully real. Carl H. Litzenburg as Max Bulger, J. Elbridge Curtis as Bud Matthews, the pitcher, and Wilva Davis as Granny, the Demon, were excellent in their parts and had the quality of projection so necessary to interest an audience. Milton Balcomb as Pop, Rosalia Du Fresne as the flapper, Balthazer or Rowland Moulton, and the elder pretty daughter, Dorothy Jackson—unnamed on the program—were distinct and individualized.

Clear-cut characterizations of lesser roles were given by Gladys Ladd, Dorothy Every, Jay Nicol, and Stanford Bissell.

Minor characters were presented satisfactorily by Frances Herman, Emory Lindsey, Roy Thorshov, Frank Keeler, Monroe Freeman, and Everett Comstock.

Mr. Busch, as director, handled his situations excellently and developed in his people a pantomime and a resourcefulness in stage business very commendable. The work of Dr. Balthazar in building up the price of a mummy was a beautiful bit.

The sets were simple and suggestive, particularly the scene in the wizard chamber of the fortune teller, where the lighting and black background was most effective. Miss Herman and Mr. Busch and the Senior Class are to be congratulated on an excellent performance.

ARIEL MACNAUGHTON, University Director.

## THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BALL

This biggest event of the school year took place Friday, April twentieth, at the ball room of the Minnesota Union, and it certainly was a whirlwind of a success. Mr. Reeve very enthusiastically announced that it was the best "U" High Junior-Senior that he had ever attended. Juniors complained that he said that every year, but he assured them that it was said in all sincerity this time. True, the weather was a bit rainy, but do you suppose a small matter like that could bother the Juniors and Seniors? Certainly not! We doubt very much whether many of them realized it was raining.

The crowd began to arrive at about nine o'clock, and by nine-thirty most of the couples had made their appearances and were doing their share to make the party gay. It was fine to see so many of the faculty present. They added a great deal to the enjoyment of the evening, and we hope they received their share of enjoyment from it. The expressions on the faces of Mr. Reeve, Miss Deneen, and all the others did not show any signs of melancholy. There were several alumni present, who joined in the merriment. We were glad to see them back again. Another big feature of the evening was the presence of several of the parents of prominent Juniors. Mr. and Mrs. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. Strickler, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrandt proved their ability as chaperones.

After greetings had been exchanged and the gentlemen had filled out their programs, the dancing began. Wilke's orchestra furnished the music, and it was real music we assure you. Can't you just imagine yourself just drifting along to the tune of some snappy fox trot? Well, that's what we did. The new addition to the ballroom made it a wonderful place in which to dance, and with the decorations it was beautiful. Everyone was dancing very contentedly; and before we knew it, the evening was half over and the refreshments were announced. (You know how time flies when one is enjoying himself.) One-half of the group ate while the other half danced, and vice versa. This plan worked out very well. The ice cream and cake were delicious. O yes, the punch between dances was very fine and refreshing. What could be better than a glass (one glass?) of nice cold punch following a few warm dances? (After all, it is rather a warm sport.) When the refreshments had been served, the dancing was resumed, and after eight more superb dances two o'clock arrived. The party broke up somewhat reluctantly, and everyone agreed that he had spent a wonderful evening. The only complaint was that it was over all too soon.

Miss McGuire, class adviser, and the Junior-Senior Committee, of which David Wing was chairman, deserve a great deal of credit for the big success of the ball. The main committee consisted of the chairmen of the specific committees: Sam Kirkwood, chairman of the Program Committee; Janet Hildebrandt of the Decoration; Marjory Merritt of the Refreshment, and Wirt Strickler of the Music Committee are to be complimented on their work. The whole affair proceeded with unusual smoothness.

## ASSEMBLIES

April 29, at the Little Theatre, David Eugene Smith of Columbia University, delivered "the most stupid talk you ever heard so that it will be remembered." Mr. Smith's talk will be remembered, but not because it was stupid. He told us about the cases of ten different boys who started out in life with serious handicaps, and who, in spite of continual predictions to the contrary, made good. Mr. Smith was most inspiring, and we consider it a great privilege to have had the opportunity of hearing him.

Wednesday, May 2, the boys had a very interesting and instructive hour with Harry E. Ewing in Room 204, first period.

The girls in Room 117 were deeply interested in the new outlook on life depicted by Miss Ruth Raymond of the Art Department at the University. Miss Raymond sees everything with the eyes of an artist, and certainly aroused the girls to the possibilities of beauty that lie in their reach. It seems a shame that the boys should have missed the enlightening talk which she delivered.

Convocation at the Armory, May 3, was better attended by "U" High than by the University. We were very fortunate in being able to hear as distinguished a man as John H. Finley, the commissioner of education of the state of New York. Mr. Finley's subject was "Copernican America."

The Freshmen staged three decidedly successful scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" in an assembly, May 4, the Portia and Nerissa scene from the first act, Launcelot Gobbo's scene with his father, and the court scene. The three little acts "got by big" with the audience.

Virginia Cherry and Muriel Clark, respectively, portrayed Portia and Nerissa in the first scene. Both showed a keen appreciation and understanding of the parts, and real talent.

Loud smiles greeted Jacky Bates' interpretation of Launcelot Gobbo in his soliloquy with the fiend and his conscience, and Bud Wing's portrayal of the "high gravel blind" father. Johnny Hines and Harold Eberhardt, respectively, acted the roles of Bassanio and Gratiano very well.

The most difficult and perhaps best worked out of the three, the court scene with Marion Miller as Portia, Bud Merritt as Shylock, Werner Gullander as Bassanio, Helen Struble as Nerissa, Henry Bull as the Duke, Fred Arny as Antonio, Harold Eberhardt as Gratiano, and David Rahn as Salerio was well received. This was one of the most entertaining assemblies of the year, and Miss Inglis deserves much of the credit.

Mr. Ray Busch took charge of the first part of the assembly on May 10 in Room 204. He gave the school a good idea of each character in the Senior class play.

The rest of the time was devoted to the presentation of the Haggerty Basketball Cup to the Sophomores. Dean Haggerty addressed the school and presented the cup, himself, to the Sophomores. But the Sophomores are not the only proud ones; we all are proud and we will always be grateful to Dean Haggerty for giving us this splendid incentive for sportsmanship.



### L'ENVOY TO "U" HIGH

The Senior class has successfully executed (do not misunderstand our meaning) the Senior vaudeville, *Bisbila*, and class play. We have sold our last gum-drop, sent out all our announcements, chosen Westminster church for baccalaureate, and selected canton in the pastel shades for graduation dresses; and now we are looking forward with pleasure to June 16, the commencement date. How successful we have been in our various enterprises is for you to judge, but we hope that you are as well satisfied as we are. False pride? NO! Plain facts. Certainly we have not been idle as far as school activities are concerned, and it is generally recognized that participation in the activities of the school is as essential to a preparation for a success in life as close application to the curriculum. We have a high regard for those all-round people who can engineer a club, paper, or class, and still keep their cards covered with "A's" and "B's."

Much credit is due to Helen Feuling, Helen Minty, and Rosalia Du Fresne for their constant efforts in selling candy to increase the Senior funds; to the class officers who have worked so willingly as our leaders; to the *Bisbila* board members who have spent time, effort, and thought in putting out a senior annual worthy of "U" High—and so we could go on naming the people who have worked hard in behalf of the class interests during our four years here.

We want the faculty to know that we deeply appreciate all that they have done for us in academic and other lines. We give a hearty vote of thanks to each individual member.

We are proud to graduate from a school with the ideals and standards which belong to "U" High; we hope that we will be a credit to our alma mater; and we want it known that we shall always be interested in her welfare.



### JUNIOR CLASS

The J. S. is over. The Juniors are beginning to recover physically, not financially. It was a great success, and we are proud of it.

For the last few months we have not been paying class dues since the class treasurer has been sick, and a substitute seemed impossible to find. He is well again and we hope will soon be back in school.

We have held only one class meeting this month. At that meeting our class pins were given out. We think they are the prettiest ones any class has had yet. The silver U. H. S. is embossed on a green gold background in such way that the pins seem to have a diamond setting.

We have very little money in our treasury; so we shall have to work hard next year to put out a good *Bisbilla*. Our J. S. was the best one that has ever been held at "U" High, and we are resolved to make our *Bisbilla* the best annual.

The Juniors will be Seniors in about two weeks. Here's to the class of '24.

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### SOPHOMORES

During the past month we Sophomores held a "three-in-one" class meeting; that is, we decided upon three important measures. They are,

1. "Earleena" Ralph proposed that the class party—which, by the way, promises to be the best one yet—be postponed until May 11. No opposition was met, and the bill was carried.

2. A bill was introduced by "Johnny" Lieb to the effect that we adopt a war-orphan. After much stormy and weighty argumentation—for some persons evidently thought their appetites would be stunted if they pledged more than five cents a month—the measure was passed.

3. Kathrin Niebergall and "Rabbit" Scott suggested that we send flowers to "Triek." The class, however, was divided on this point—some wanted to give flowers; others candy. Especial mention must be given of the splendid reasoning shown by "Pat." "We ought to send 'Triek' candy, because as long as she's had an operation on her nose she couldn't smell the flowers." (That's logic for you!) We finally determined to send some of each, and we trust that the committee did its duty and refrained from going to the Gopher or paying for a marcel with the precious money.

This is the last time we will ever be "written up" for the *Breeze* under the name of Sophomores. We feel that we have combined the elements of the foolish and the wise, so traditional to Sophomores, very well indeed; in fact, an outsider can barely discern which are which. (Neither can we, for that matter.)

It won't be long now before everyone will be getting everyone else's address, and on the last day of school all we'll hear is someone saying, "Don't forget to write me every week." And the other person glibly answers, "No, and don't you forget to write to me." And on the first day of school next year there'll be a regular chorus of "Why didn't you write to me—you promised to.?!"

### FRESHIE FRESHNESS

With an ice-pack on head and hot-water bottle on feet, the Freshman reporter retreats from the scene of action to view the Freshie stunts more vividly. They aren't hard to find, for our younger generation has gone "over the top" as a result of a year of our dear old "U" High's careful bringing up.

Behold, the English classes attract our attention. Each section has a club and divides itself into two sides. The English room bristles with war and hostility every Friday when the sides attempt to outdo each other in programs. Whew! How we youngsters can fight!

The Freshie girls carried their fighting spirit to the Girls' Gymnasium Exhibition where they crowded the Juniors off third place of honor, and the boys took theirs to the baseball field where they defeated the Sophomores, 9-4.

When you spy an account of our "Merchant of Venice" under "Assemblies" don't forget that it would have been a perfect "fizzle" but for the fine style in which our worthy stage managers, Merwin Robertson and Alan Paulson, did their share.

Just to prove that worders never cease, we've had two class parties this year, but don't worry, the world's not coming to an end.

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### THE TRIANGLE CLUB

"What is the Triangle Club doing?" you ask.

Perhaps you saw the poster on the athletic bulletin board a while ago, which told what the kittenball teams for the club were. We're sure that needs no explanation. You've all eaten the candy which we sold in our candy sales. It was pretty good for boys, even if we do say it ourselves. Don't tell anybody, but most of it was made by our sisters. Then we have a meeting every Wednesday. Perhaps you've seen the rush to the German room on Wednesday noons. "And what do you do there," you ask. We clear up all the business and then have discussions, and every once in a while a speech by some prominent man.

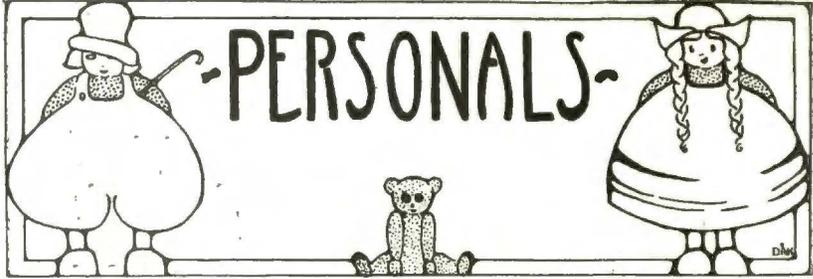
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### ACME

The membership of Acme has increased! Peggy Partington is a full-fledged member now, having successfully passed all tests and examinations.

Acme is having a tragic time trying to raise enough money to pay for our cut in the *Bisbila*. Have you noticed Ethel Lamb selling peanuts every noon? Please patronize her, we need the money.

Before the end of school we hope to initiate several Sophomores. If you don't believe that they are trying to obtain the necessary points, just ask Janet Lieb.



### The Song We Sing After Vacation

To the tune of "Just a Little Blue."  
 Just a little stiff, just a little stiff,  
 I'm just a little stiff from gym.  
 Ever since we have come back,  
 All my bones are out of whack,  
 There's a pain in every limb,  
 And it's all from that gym.  
 I'm just a little stiff, just a little stiff,  
 And as I hobble 'round this school  
 And pains shoot up and down and 'round  
 and 'round  
 I wonder if Miss Browning is stiff too.

### Another Poem (An Ode to a House Party)

We know a  
 Sheriff  
 By the name  
 of "Strand."  
 The town of Wayzata is  
 his "land."  
 When the boys from  
 "U" High come out,  
 Sheriff Strand  
 Starts his route.  
 Once in a while  
 He's  
 A little late,  
 But that  
 Doesn't detract from his  
 "Reputate."  
 One bright night  
 In the middle of May  
 When many  
 Fire-crackers  
 Were in play,  
 A group of girls  
 Were singing songs.  
 Two  
 Stealthily crept  
 Into the night  
 And found by the  
 Road  
 Two gutter-snipes!

A car  
 Flew by,  
 The dust flew high!  
 And when this dust  
 Had cleared away  
 The playful boys were  
 On their way.  
 Did  
 This scare them?  
 Not  
 At all.  
 For back  
 They  
 Came with  
 Another stall.  
 While  
 All the boys  
 Had  
 Fire-crackers handy,  
 The girls all sat on  
 The porch  
 Eating candy.  
 After the boys  
 Finished  
 "Playing around,"  
 They retreated to safer  
 Ground.

## DOPE COLYUM

## Spasm VII

## Outburst VII

It is now spring. In spring everyone waxes wise—or at least poetic. I will now wax poetic:

## I.

Why do they make us come to school?  
 And when we're late—why stay?  
 I wonder how the very deuce  
 The teachers get that way?

## II.

They have no use for students  
 Except to do this or do that,  
 And when the 3:15 bell rings  
 They make you grab your hat.

## III.

Just get right out—you can't remain,  
 But as the office door you pass,  
 Mrs. Hickey sings out in a cruel clear voice—  
 "You're due for Tardy class."

## IV.

That meant an hour after school  
 You'd have to hang around,  
 And dive into your lovely books—  
 In knowledge's sea be drowned.

## V.

And in your hour of grievement  
 You swore—wished it would pass  
 And wished the worst of things upon  
 The inventor of tardy class!

## VI.

I'm glad that I'm a Senior,  
 And I'm through shedding tears.  
 I'd hate to be a Frosh and sit  
 In tardy class three more years.

Arthur Adams, our seven-year-old red-head, was writing a quiz for Mr. Aaberg's athletic class. Mr. Aaberg asked what would happen if a man dropped a pass over the goal line (in football). Little Arty answered: "If a man dropped a pass over the goal line it would be an error on his part, and the runner would go to second, otherwise he would be out. If they were playing doubles, it would be a double out, or what's known as a triple play."

## A CUBIST WORD PICTURE

There is no sense to this at all. Try and find some.  
 Fourteen hundred and ninety-two  
 Hardly a man is now alive  
 That fired the shot heard round the world.  
 In seventeen hundred and seventy-five  
 Said the mariner to the wedding guest:  
 "My bonnie lies over the sea;  
 I don't care where my bonnie lies,  
 But I'll shoot her if she lies to me."  
 "Not so," quoth the Raven loudly,  
 And the King laughed because he had to.  
 I wandered lonely as a cloud,  
 The queen was also mad, too.  
 And what is so rare as a day in June?  
 A red-headed Jew said, I.  
 Flow gently sweet Afton—disturb not her dream.  
 Nellie Gray. What a darling to die!

Ruthie Hildebrandt, "Gracey" White, "Kid" Bullis, "Bat-  
 tling" Ladd, "Speedy" Minty, "Nifty" Kyle, "Gas House" Kelley,  
 "Talkative" Alway, and divers others will sing a touching little  
 song entitled, "What makes those fire crackers go off." Rowly,  
 Monny, Litz, Stan, and divers others will join in and sing, "Oh  
 where, oh where has the Sheriff gone?"

## Epitaphs

Here lies John Abernethy Handy  
 He ate dynamite for a stick of candy.

Here lies Alton Austington Hacks  
 His engine died while crossing the tracks.

Here is the body of Joseph B. Frantz  
He took my girl to a small town dance.

A funny gink was Everett Wise,  
Thought a big bridge was a bridge of "Sighs."

Miss McGuire was driving her "Vintage of 1875 Franklin" down the street the other day when she spied K. Egbert Rollefson.

She cried, "Wanta ride?" K. E. agreed to take a chance. Starr Pierce was standing near. He hollered out, "Oh, Mr. Rollefson, it may be the last ride you ever take."

"Oh, I don't care," said K. E. R., "I rode with Mr. Dvorak once—since then I haven't any nerves to get unstrung."

Merry Christmas.

P. D. Q.

P. S.—Please pay for your *Bisbila*.

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Strength and dependability are backed by our helpful service at all times.

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# = ATHLETICS =

## "U" HIGH SWAMPS BLAKE, 11-2

"U" High invaded Blake April 27 and buried the Hopkins school under an 11-2 count. Curtis pitched good ball, striking out 11 and allowing but one fluke hit. McConnell and Blomquist led the attack on the two Blake hurlers and dented them for some healthy blows.

"U" High						Blake					
	ab	r	h	po	e		ab	r	h	po	e
Blomquist, lf ..	3	3	2	1	0	Norton, c, .....	5	1	0	8	2
McConnell, ss..	4	2	3	1	0	Bardwell, 2b ..	2	1	0	1	0
Miller, 3b .....	2	2	2	2	2	Best, ss .....	4	0	0	1	0
Curtis, p .....	3	1	1	0	0	McCaull, cf ...	4	0	1	2	0
Reed, cf .....	5	1	2	0	0	Mills, 1b .....	2	0	0	9	0
Flannagan, 1b	4	1	0	8	0	Boutin, p, 3b..	3	0	0	2	0
Moulton, c .....	3	0	0	11	1	Langworthy, lf	4	0	0	0	0
Boss, rf .....	1	0	0	0	0	Huntington, rf	1	0	0	2	0
Rollins, rf .....	4	0	1	0	0	Ford, 3b, p.....	4	0	0	2	1
McQuillan, 2b..	4	1	0	4	1						
	33	11	11	27	4		29	2	1	27	3

Doubles—McConnell, Blomquist; sacrifices—Miller (3), Curtis, McQuillan; stolen bases—Blomquist (2), McConnell (2), Reed, Moulton, McQuillan, Bardwell, Norton, Boutin, Langworthy; strike-outs—by Curtis 11, by Boutin 2, by Ford 8; walks—by Curtis 8, by Boutin 1, by Ford 6; batsmen hit—by Curtis (Boutin and Bardwell), by Ford (Flannagan); double plays—Moulton to Flannagan to Moulton, Ford to Best; umpire—Harold Rogers.

## CRETIN COPS CLOSE GAME, 5-3

The second game of the season was dropped 5-3 to Cretin High at Como Park May 4. Curtis pitched good ball and was entitled to the game, but several costly errors at the time they could do the most damage lost the game. McConnell and McQuillan starred with the willow, each securing a single and double in four trips to the plate.

										R	H	E
U. H. S.....	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	3	7	5
Cretin .....	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	5	5	2

Batteries: Curtis and Moulton, Gallivan and Mock.



## ALUMNI NEWS

After spending the winter quarter in the South, Ruth Hicks has returned to the University.

Dorothy Sauter is traveling with a group of twelve girls, the "Berkley California Girls." They are at present traveling in the Eastern and Southern cities. A few weeks ago their act was the headliner at Pantages.

Helen Barlow is going to be in the Delta Delta Delta vaudeville.

Laura Elder had charge of the Dingling Brothers' Circus held on the Agricultural Campus, April 20. Dana Bailey took the part of a clown.

Lucille Brock was active in the coaching of a play at St. Mary's and Cathryn Haisley took an important part in the play.

Henry Brock played at the State a few weeks ago with the "Black and White Saxo Six."

Margaret Payne is teaching grade school at New Brighton. Evangeline Payne is teaching in the western part of the state.

Bob Reynolds is working at the New England and attends night school at the University.

Greta Clark visited Alice Hickey for a week end at Wellesley during the May fete. She is now visiting her brother, Fred, at New London, where he is stationed with the navy.

Kenneth Francis is selling Chevrolet cars and is making quite a success of it.

Dana Durand is attending Harvard University.

Elizabeth Flather plans to attend the University of California next year.

Doris Winchell is in nurse's training at Eitel Hospital, Minneapolis.

Claude Bachman is an L.L. D., and is working for the Wells-Dickey Company.

David Canfield has gone north again, where he is with the Forestry Department.

In the play that "Paint and Patches" put on, April 30, Erma Schurr and Gladys Kuehne both took parts.

Helen Evenson has been elected secretary of the Freshman commission of Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth Ericson was chosen the delegate to the Geneva Y. W. C. A. convention in August.

Lillian Borreson has been elected secretary of the Cosmopolitan Club.

Erma Schurr is the newly elected president of next year's Y. W. C. A. cabinet: Margaret Haggerty, treasurer, and Rachael Perkins, chairman of the meetings committee.

Helen Haggerty is going to be the recreational director at Prescott Lodge this summer.

"U" High now has two alumnae in the present Senior class of the University who are members of Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary scholarship fraternity. Elizabeth Young was elected last spring and Helen Jackson this month. Both had won the Girls' Medal when Seniors at "U" High.

Helen Jackson also was elected to Lambda Alpha Psi, honorary language fraternity. On the same day that her college honors were made public she also announced her engagement to Mr. James Ronan, a Junior at the University.

## EXCHANGE

Imagine a high school publication of ninety-six pages, with twenty-seven pages of ads! Sounds quite impossible, doesn't it? However, the pupils of New Castle High School, New Castle, Pennsylvania, don't seem to think so, by the way they've made up the magazine. *The Monitor* has twelve complete departments, very well written and well organized. Any one who wishes to enjoy himself in a free study period will find this magazine in the library.

A particularly good editorial appeared in the *Arrow*, from Ridgewood, New Jersey, this month. It points out how angry you would be if someone cheated you out of a nice up-town job, "but if you don't watch out somebody is going to take it away from you. Where is he? Why he's the person whose face you see every day in the mirror when you comb your hair. If you don't watch him carefully he's going to slip in on you and take that easy job (ask your friends who have quit if they don't wish they were back in school) and he's going to deprive you of the chance of making money. . . ."

Just to please "Hulda" and help her squelch "Ole" we quote the following of an essay entitled "Boys," which also appeared in the *Arrow*:

"We consider boys sadly inferior to girls. We are not quite sure why we feel this way, but it is probably because they are not girls. They usually require a great deal of feminine attention as to buttons and clean necks and ears, because they must appear presentable to the rest of the female world which is out in full force for and against them.

"Boys are peculiar animals that have to be coaxed into doing things that they'd probably have done anyway if they'd happened to think of them first. They like to boss people about. (So do girls, but they usually manage to conceal it, being by nature more tactful than boys), males of the species make a great show at protecting poor, helpless females, but appear to derive much gratification therefrom."

We are glad to see that East High has renewed the publication of the *Orient*. Although it is a somewhat smaller edition than that of last year, it has that same spirit about it which makes it distinct from the average high school paper.

We think that all the high schools we have exchanged with this year have had excellent success with their publications, and we hope they'll be as fortunate next year.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

In listing the best feature of the exchanges *The Academy*, St. Joseph's Academy, named our travelogue department as the best feature of the *Campus Breeze*.

A good newsy paper with fine cuts. Where are all your poets?—*Arrow*, Ridgewood High, New Jersey.

The faculty number lived up to its expectations. Mr. Dvorak should certainly be encouraged as a cartoonist.—*The Monitor*. New Castle High, Penn.

One certainly can feel educated after having read "A Brief Dissertation on the Process of Acquiring an Education." "In Explanation of the 'Mute, Inglorious Milton,'" is a witty poem, as is also the "Stuff That Spring is Made Of."—*The Gleam*, Johnson High.



### Some Hat

I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her hat so I could see the stage. She said if she held it on her lap she couldn't see the stage herself.

### Beautiful and Dumb

Oh dear, the cows must have overslept, the milkman is late again.

### The Grand Jury Blues

My picture's in the Rogues' Gallery, and it's framed all in guilt.

### We Wonder

Mr. Dvorak picked up a piece of chalk, looked at it for a minute and said, "Is that chalk bent, or am I seeing crooked?"

### High Aspirations

At a colored ball game the umpire failed to show up; so an old darky preacher took his place. The first ball pitched was a very high one, but the umpire called it a strike.

"Hey, Brothah Jones," cried the catcher, "yo' sure am judging those balls with yo' spiritual eye."

First Radio Fan: "I sat up until midnight and got London."

Second Ditto: "That's nothing, I sat up until two, and got h—."

Carl: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

Bud: "Any fool knows that; if he lifts the other one he'll fall down."

She used to sit on his lap  
As happy as could be.  
But now it makes her seasick—  
He has water on the knee.