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LITERATURE

The Campus Breeze

Volume VI

December, 1923

Number 2

HOMECOMING AS SEEN BY KING DREAMERUS I

"Make way," cried the pages. "Make way for our illustrious King, Dreamerus the First."

The huge crowd that had assembled in front of the guild hall parted obediently; and King Dreamerus the First, with his white beard and loose gown flowing in the wind, walked slowly and portentously through the crowd to the platform. As soon as he had seated himself and all his dignitaries had arranged themselves, the pages cried, "Hear ye, hear ye one and all! This afternoon will our gracious majesty impart to you his latest dream. Hear ye, hear ye one and all!"

The crowd murmured expectantly, and shouts filled the air as the king arose. "My faithful subjects," he began, "you all know my great faculty of dreaming strange and wonderful things, and my dream last night surpassed all others in strangeness. Scribe, take heed closely!

"In my vision I seemed to be transplanted into another world. Great, yellow vehicles moved on rails in the streets, big boards were everywhere bedecked with strange colors and letters, no open stretch of country was visible anywhere, confusion was everywhere; in fact, it was most suffocating and displeasing.

"I wandered aimlessly about, and soon I came to a place where there seemed to be abundance in a superlative measure. I paused in front of a gate, and with great difficulty—for the letters and spelling were entirely different from ours—I managed to gather that this was a homecoming day—whatever that may be.

"I followed the mass of excited and jolly people down the street, and most peculiar sights met my eyes! All the houses were trimmed in some way with a variety of bright colors and signs. In some places were statues of men in fantastic garb, at which everyone laughed except me; for I did not comprehend. In some places boys and girls were still in the act of draping these queer combinations of colors on the buildings. Altogether, it was quite mystifying; and I hope that such bedazzling colors will never be seen in my kingdom.

"Soon the sight of flames led me to another section. Here, in the center of a vast crowd, was a huge fire. Beside this roaring, blazing fire was a man with a conical object in his hand. He put this device to his mouth and yelled forth some unintelligible words. The next minute I was nearly swept off my feet, for a deafening sound composed of all the voices present shook the earth. This kept up for some time; and when I finally composed myself on the ground for a sleep, my ear-drums were fairly splitting.

"The next day I was swept by the steady current of noisy people into a large enclosure which was lined on all sides by tiers of wooden planks. Following the example of the multitude, I seated myself on one of these planks, and my! how hard they were! My bones fairly ached when I left!

"After a long wait some men in most curious dress invaded the open field; and upon a given signal, they proceeded to knock each other over—which activity, you know, is not considered a rule of etiquette in this land. Well, they continued to do this all the afternoon; and what enjoyment the people received, I can't tell. But judging from the deafening yells, they must have experienced thrills from something. Even the young ladies, when a certain man was most rudely pushed over, danced up and down and screamed in unnatural voices. Truly, it was most perplexing!

"It is most disconcerting to me that I woke at this juncture, for I would like to observe these unusual people more closely. All day I have pondered over this vision, but no enlightened thoughts penetrate my skull. Therefore, to the one who shall present the most logical explanation of this foolish dream, I will present my daughter and one eleventh of my kingdom." As the king seated himself, the pages cried, "Make way, make way for our illustrious King, Dreamerus the First."

And all the way back to the castle King Dreamerus and his retinue were accompanied by the ringing shouts of the people. "Long live our illustrious and gracious king! Long live King Dreamerus the First!"

—Eleanor King.



THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT

'Twas on a night as ghostly still as this
When all the earth seemed shrouded in a robe
Of silence, enclosing all with mystery,
Yet all a-tingle with expectancy;
When the brightly shining planets burned
Like myriad fireflies, crystal-tipped of wing
Against the fastness of the midnight sky;
When Capricorn shone iridescently
From out behind the silv'ry wisps of clouds
Which coasted down the Milky Way of stars;
That shepherds saw the silent heavens part,
Disclosing there a white-robed angel choir,
Hov'ring 'round about and singing praise;
And three of them beheld, lo! in the east
A beck'ning star far brighter than the rest.
They took their staffs, for it was leading them
Ever farther from the western sky
Until it stopped and stood with wondrous light
Above a little town called Bethlehem,
Where lay a babe, the Savior of mankind.

—Samuel Brown Kirkwood.

CHRISTMAS RETURNS

It was on Christmas night after little Joyce and Allan had become weary of all their new toys that they climbed up on grandpa's knee and begged for a story. He had never yet refused to tell stories to his precious grandchildren. As he was getting very old, he wanted little Joyce and Allan to know his story of success before many more Christmases. The three settled themselves in grandpa's big armchair before the fireplace to hear his story and to watch the bright flames dance merrily to and fro.

"It was on a Christmas morning many, many years ago, that my story is to begin. I was living with a good old woman, whom I always called Nancy. It was she who had found me when I was a baby, wrapped in a blanket and thrown in the snow. She had taken me into her miserable old shack and had raised me until I was seven years old. This shack was built on the river flats where the raw cold could work to its best advantage and where the river came up to its very door in the spring.

"As I remember Nancy, she was a tall, bony, harsh-looking woman with very white hair and a gray face. Her eyes were black and were sunken. Nancy was always very kind to me; so when I reached the age of seven, I thought it my duty to earn my own living. From the money she earned scrubbing floors and that which I earned from my paper route we were able to struggle along. For a long time we lived on that small sum.

"Well I remember the Christmas night when I was ten years old, for it was on that night that poor old Nancy gave up the weary struggle and went to a place far superior to even the most

palatial of earthly residences. Thus it happened that I was left alone on that cold, snowy night to face grim life. After many hours of waiting, I realized that I was very weary; so I took my torn overcoat from its nail in the wall and went out into the night to roam and think under the friendly stars.

"As I was wandering, where, I do not know, I heard faint cries. They came from the door of a dark vacated house. As I came nearer the house, I saw the form of a little girl standing in the doorway. When I inquired who she was and where she lived, she pointed to the locket which was hung around her neck. The name on the locket was Antoinette Williams, and the address was one to which I had been delivering papers. I took her hand and brought her home. After the excitement over the return of the lost child had somewhat subsided, her mother remembered that I was watching the welcome. Maybe my eyes were wistful, or maybe the child's parents were just wonderfully kind, anyhow, I found myself tucked away in a beautiful big bed, telling them my life story. When I realized that the lovely mother was saying that I was to live there always as her own son, I couldn't hold back my tears. Sheer happiness and exhaustion made sleep steal softly down upon me to give me only happy dreams and memories.

"The next morning it occurred to me that the people around me were entirely new and strange and different. There were only three members in the family and four servants.

"Dad, as I always called him, was a tall, well-built man. From somewhere far back in the depths of his keen, stern, gray eyes came a gleam of merriment and kindness. His hair was iron gray and slightly curly. One could easily tell from his determined chin, his well-shaped mouth, and his low, clear speech, that he was a man of great ambition and determination.

"Mother was tall and slender. Her beautiful golden hair made a suitable frame for so lovely a face. The clear, big, blue eyes gave her a cultured and intelligent expression. Beauty, dignity, and kindness were her three outstanding characteristics.

"Little Antoinette's features were much the same as her mother's. Her large gray eyes distinctly resembled those of her father. For a child of nine she was unusually tall and quite slender. As she was the only child, she was rather spoiled; yet, I often wondered how she could be so unselfish to every one.

"From this time on the events of my life were ones to be remembered as the happiest of my career. Antoinette and I had a private tutor. She was more interested in languages and art, while my mind ran more to mathematics and law. From numerous conversations with Dad I judged that he wished me to take up law so that I could some day be a partner in his great business. It was to this end that he often explained various phases of law to me for hours at a time.

"In due time I was sent to Yale, where I took up law. Of course, I tried hard to get good marks for Dad; but, at the same time, it had always seemed to me that the main thing in school was to combine scholarship with school spirit and athletics. For after all I thought it didn't make much difference how many A's a fellow got in college if he didn't have friends to care whether or not he was a success or a failure in life. It has always seemed

to me that school spirit is one of the greatest things which encourages friendships.

"After having been graduated from Yale, I returned home to find a position in Dad's firm open to me. In four years things had changed, but the greatest change had taken place in Antoinette. The bud had turned into a blossom.

"All the great events in my life had happened on Christmas; so it was that Antoinette and I chose Christmas night as the time to exchange the vows of matrimony before this very fireplace."

Only now it was that grandpa noticed that both Joyce and Allan were fast asleep on his shoulders. For a long time he remained smoking his pipe and watching the last faint embers die away in the fireplace.

—Evangeline Nary.

FRIENDS, FACULTY, AND SINGERS

Lend Me Your Ears

I come to slam the Mu-sick Hour, not to praise it;
 The Evil that the Kids do eighth period lives after them,
 While the Mu-sick is oft interred with their Groans,
 So let it be with the Choristers. The Mu-sickal Practice Teacher
 Hath told you eighth period was awful,
 If it were so, it was a Mutual Fault,
 But grievously shall the Kids answer for it.
 Here (not) under leave of the Singers and the Rest,
 For the Singers are Honorable Creatures,
 So are the Talkers, all Honorable Creatures,
 Come I to speak of the Mu-sick Hour.
 They are all my Friends, faithful and just to me,
 But the Practice Teachers say they are noisy,
 And the Practice Teachers are lovely creatures.
 The Kids have brought much Mu-sick out of their Throats,
 Does this in them seem awful?
 When the Practice Teachers have talked, the Kids have yelled,
 Songs should be made of Gentler Stuff.
 And the Practice Teachers say they are awful,
 And sure, they are Knowing Creatures.
 I speak not to disprove what the Practice Teachers say,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 We all did love Mu-sick once, not without Cause,
 What Cause now makes us yell at it?
 O Mu-sick, thou art fled,
 And Kids have lost their Senses. Bear with me,
 My Voice is in the Mu-sick Room,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

—Bon Ami.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS OF—
(Employee of the Minneapolis Cold Storage Plant)

Today I took a crowd of about 20 students, accompanied by their teacher, through the plant. They were the social science classes from University High School and had come for the purpose of being initiated into the mysteries of the cold storage business.

I got them all into the elevator and we rode to the fourth floor, while several cheerful pupils calculated the number of feet we would fall if anything should break. As soon as we had left the elevator, a red (auburn?) haired young lady planted herself firmly by my side, took out a notebook and pencil, and began: "About how many people are employed in this plant? How do they dress? Are they paid by the hour or what? And how.....etc." I answered her as satisfactorily as I could, while a darkeyed boy grasped my arm and repeated as if reciting a piece, "What temperature do you store eggs at, and how much do you charge for them, and how long do you store 'em?"

After answering these questions I decided to see what effect the room in which we stored our butter at ten degrees below zero would have upon their enthusiasm. I led them into this room and then on into other rooms containing eggs (29 above), fruit (5 above), fowls (5 above), and sauerkraut (32-33 above). I explained that the eggs are considered fresh up to 5 months of storage; that there is a recording thermometer in each room which is checked up at intervals; that the temperature of each room is controlled from the engine room, and that the brine pipes in several rooms are provided with drip pans to catch the melted "snow" which collects on the pipes. The young people seemed interested and engaged in brief "snow" fights, but they all admitted that they were not sorry to leave the "ten below" temperature.

I then took them to see the process of making buttermilk. As special details seemed desired on this subject, I told them how the milk is first Babcock tested and then powdered by a special machine with huge hot rollers. Another process which I included was the making of margarine from cocoanut oil by dropping the liquid oil through the ceiling into chilling tanks of cold water. This crystallizes the oil which is then skimmed off and moulded into bricks.

Several of the young ladies seemed particularly interested in the chicken killing department, but the class as a whole did not vote to witness this process. After the chickens are killed they are put in cold storage boxes. I let the class watch some of our employees wrap the packages of butter and they seemed much amazed at the machine-like rapidity with which this is accomplished. There is "no lying down on the job" for they are paid by the box of packages which they wrap, although many of our employees are paid by the hour.

When we had completed the trip through the plant, and I saw the class leaving the building, I sincerely hoped that I had impressed upon them the fact that the storage man is not a man who interferes with exchange and makes prices higher, but one who, by keeping a product until the consumer needs it, really adds usefulness and value to that product. —Annabelle Taylor.

MUSIC HOUR

Half an hour, half an hour,
Half an hour singing
All through the chorus tune,
Sat the two hundred.
"Ready to sing, you louts!
Strike the first note!" she shouts.
Right through that good old tune
Sing the two hundred.

"Ready to sing, you louts!"
Was there a boy dismayed?
Not though the whole class knew
They wilfully blundered.
Theirs to make quick reply,
Theirs with no reason why,
Theirs all rules to defy;
Right through that good old tune
Shout the two hundred.

Discord to right of them,
Discord to left of them,
Discord in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at by teacher's yell,
Unbaffled they sang pell mell;
All through the chorus tune,
Up to the closing bell,
Shout the two hundred.

Cold stares to left of them,
Cold stares to right of them,
Cold stares behind them,
Met them and conquered.
Teachers no good could tell,
Good marks and credits fell,
They that had stood so well,
Back from the office quiz
After the closing bell,
All that was left of them,
Left of two hundred!

When can these memories fade
Of all the discords made?
The faculty wondered,
Regretting the noise they made,
Regretting, and much dismayed,
Humble two hundred.

—Lucille Preston.

A NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A new league of nations, made up of France, Spain, Chile, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries, was formed here in this city in S. E. on the night of Nov. 6, at 8 p. m., and has been formally recognized by the courts of this country. France had three representatives, two of whom were ladies, and each of the other countries had one; but, since the same man represented both Spain and Chile, the ratio is really 3:2: :1:1. This is fair to all, for the purpose of this league is to perfect a firm and happy union between France and Spain. The representatives were: The Rev. Mr. Thompson of Scandinavia, Miss Mahoney of Ireland, M. Arnal, Madame Bourgoïn, and Mlle. Bourgoïn of France, and Signor Torres Del Riosees of Spain, who also represents his birthplace, Chile. A notice of the legal recognition of this league may be found in any Minneapolis newspaper for Nov. 6, under the heading, "Marriage Licenses."

The students of "U" High are sufficiently free from the constraints of narrow nationalism to extend their sincerest congratulations and best wishes to the new alliance.



EASY LESSONS FOR JUNIORS

LESSON 1



LESSON 2



LESSON 3



LESSON 4



THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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THE CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT

Every Christmas some people are wondering if "give" is as big a word as "get." Quite often we will find an old person who sees only a dark picture of selfish personal gain in the distance; and still we heard a statement from an older person that was encouraging and full of hope. "I think, my boy, that you may live to see the day when the Christmas time will really mean a sentiment of brotherhood and peace."—If! If we young people are anxious to have that kind of a Christmas!

As we sit in comfort around a Christmas-tree, let us ask ourselves this question: "What has the world given me?" There is the Christmas-tree and all its gifts, all of which have come either directly or indirectly from the earth. Oh, yes, and these are our folks—everything that we have—and love. It is true that we have gotten much from the world.

What can we give in return? Yes, we can give a cleaner and

better manhood; but now it is in our power to give it something that no other generation has ever had so much chance to give: Peace! Brotherhood of man! Friendly cooperation of all the people on the earth! Let us think this Christmas of what we may give to the world in return for all it has willingly given us. Let us give it peace, peace and the brotherhood of man.

OUR LITTLE SONGSTERS

Music, that element of such charms that savage beasts are soothed and human souls uplifted by it, has been introduced into "U" High! Our new principal fosters it, and our new teachers hear it. Now daily at eighth hour warblings and even long flights of song are heard throughout the building, while still another group in the Music Building wrings haunting melodies from various instruments.

Yes, the powerful influence of beauty and rhythm is felt throughout the school now, if never before, because of the efforts of Mr. Giddings and Mr. Pepinsky. Our assemblies, once comparatively quiet and prosaic, are now enlivened and beautified by musical selections rendered by the Orchestra or Girls' or Boys' Glee Clubs. Our once almost futile attempts to raise our voices in praise of our school are overshadowed by our present ability to sing our support of "U" High and its teams—in fact, the voices once silent are awakened, and our music-less days are gone forever!

EDUCATION AND ITS ADVANTAGES

Sometimes you hear a boy say, "Why do we go to school? Tom Blake is making twenty dollars a week in the foundry." That may be true, but the boy that goes to school, is fitting his mind for a higher field of endeavor than merely working in a foundry. The boy that works in a foundry probably will never get much more than twenty dollars a week, while the boy that goes to school will very likely get a great deal more than that.

The boy who gets ahead and does not have a good education is very rare.

Trying to go through the world and build up a good business and life without an education is like a contractor who tries to build a great building without a foundation.

Education also fits one for the finer things of life, such as music and reading of good literature. The educated person is always welcome anywhere, and he can have a good time where the uneducated person would be bored.

Someone has estimated that the time the average boy spends in high school is worth sixteen dollars an hour to him. Let us make the most of our time in high school, for that is the time the average person learns most.

THE GAS LEAK

The Music

Of course, music is a new subject in the high school and it's only fair to say that it should be given a fair trial. It seems, though, that it has been given a fair trial and that the student body as a whole does not seem to have profited much by it. The music period starts at two-forty and ends at three-thirty. The majority of the students could put this time to a much better use. There may be some students in the high school who really like the subject; if so, then they are the ones that should take it and not the rest that don't care anything for it.

A short time ago, during the music period, one of the girls that was trying to teach it, stopped the singing and gave a talk on the value of our taking music in our high school days. The reason that she gave was that when we grow to be old men and women that our being able to sing will make life a whole lot easier for us. That may be true. But why didn't she state the real reason? She knew as well as we did that the main reason this course was being offered was to give these girls who were studying to be teachers somebody to practice on. Once a week a man comes to the high school and takes the class. Under some experienced teacher, something might be accomplished, but it will never be so with the unexperienced assistants, who do not command the respect and attention of the student body.

I sincerely hope that this may be worked out to the advantage of those who do want music and those who do not.

—P. Barlow.

Our Lunch Half-Hour

As a lunch period would make a fine time to eat, it has been suggested that we have one, instead of a recess during which we can chew a stick of gum. An apple a day keeps the doctor away, but gorging an apple in the time allotted for lunch would bring a flock of specialists.

As we say at noon on Saturdays and Sundays, "Eat, drink and take lots of time at lunch, for tomorrow you shall fast a tiffen," or be a half hour late to fifth period. If the students could gather up will power enough, maybe they would give up even music.

—Carl Lewis.

How About It?

A very vital need of every school is school spirit. "U" High certainly has lots of that; but, you know, you always like to have a way of letting out your spirits. Probably the most effective way of doing this is by yelling and cheering for your school. We have one splendid cheer leader who is doing all he can to help and lead us in our boosting, but don't you think it would be peppier if we had several leaders? You know, the girls ought to have

a good yell leader, too. What do you say, "U" High, to having a tryout in which anyone in the school can compete? Don't you think we ought to be able to find some pretty good leaders that way?

Then there is the question of yells, and that is rather an important one. We have a few good yells, but they are the kind that every school has—the railroader and the skyrocket. We ought to have at least one significant and individual yell, a yell which everyone knows belongs to "U" High. We have a good deal of talent in our school which might be directed in this way. I suggest that the *Campus Breeze* staff start a little competition by offering some prizes for the best yells turned in. If the staff agrees, it's up to you, members of "U" High, to enter in with your best spirit and show them what you can do! I hope the staff won't go bankrupt buying prizes.

—Irene Couper.





SENIOR CLASS NOTES

"Material in by the fifteenth." Here we sit on the fourteenth with that sign confronting us and no news. What are we to do? Say so? There is only one other alternative, the journalist's right to create news or make scandal at any time in order to uphold his golden rule. "There is no such thing as no news." The alternative does offer possibilities, but we hesitate over scandal and—we have it! "RUMORS OF WAR IN BALKANS." Of course that's hardly appropriate, but how's this?

RUMORS OF SENIOR REBELLION

Date Set for January 26

By Campus Breeze

U. H. S., Nov. 15.—Our "U" High correspondent today discloses outline of plot for Senior Rebellion which is set for January 26, to come off in the Music Auditorium before entire school. "It would seem," continues our correspondent, "that the entire Senior Class is directly implicated. "So far, however, the plot threatens no immediate danger to the established government. In fact, it promises to afford more amusement than harm." In recognition of this fact the authorities today sent the Seniors the following ultimatum: "On condition that you immediately change the name of your insurrection to 'Senior Vaudeville' and place yourselves under the supervision of Miss McGuire and Miss Jones, we agree to take no further steps to in any way interfere with or publish plans of the event before January 26." The officers of the rebellious class have agreed to these terms, and peaceful relations are maintained; although, from certain short skirmishes taking place in 204, it is evident that operations are still underway.

On Friday, November 9, we held a short class meeting to elect our representative for the All-School social committee. Margie Merritt was chosen to fill this worthy position.

JUNIORS

The Juniors this last month have just been living their own lives, so to speak, and have not been contributing anything that would be of particular interest to the public. Strange as it may seem, we have held two class meetings in the past month. One was to decide how to earn money. We agreed that it was too stale to have bean feeds, and that it would not be fair to the Seniors or profitable to ourselves to try to sell candy. After many suggestions had been offered, both useful and otherwise, we came to an agreement. We think it will be profitable to sell Eskimo Pies. By the way, please patronize us. We are desperately in need of the money. Our other class meeting was to elect a member of the school entertainment committee. Van Nary now holds that position.

We have something to offer here that should have gone in last month's "Campus Breeze," but one part of it escaped the school until just lately, and the other, we are ashamed to say, merely escaped the reporter's mind. To offset the great loss of Lowell Gilmore, we have now a new member of the class, Jack Hartstein. We hope he will find "U" High as pleasant a place as we know it to be.

Another error: Mr. Stewart spells his name Thain, not Thane.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

We, the Sophomore class, have been unusually quiet. The following is a record of our doings for the past month.

Oct. 7-14. No class parties, meetings, or any other kind of gathering.

Oct. 14-21. A class meeting was held in which we elected Dave Rahn and Jeannette Wallace to be the cheer leaders for the Freshman and Sophomore games.

Oct. 21-28. Another class meeting was held at which Dave Rahn was elected class social representative.

Oct. 28-31. We are allowing no class gatherings to interfere with our school work. We have been "staying with the ship" the whole month. In other words, we have been really studying, and we hope our cards will show the result of such close attention to our lessons.

Maybe we have had a kind of dull month in a social way, but in athletics we were talking. We played two games with the Freshies. We tied the first game—this was to give them encouragement—and won the second with a score of 21 to 0.

But next month we are sure to have some class parties and social doings, or we are likely to suffer from over studying.

Just to show you that we are really grown up, we are going to have a humdinger of an evening party Friday, November 16. You'll hear more of it in our next.

ACME

In this last month, Acmeans have held no official meetings, but they have had several exclusive little affairs due to the fact that Miss Sias, our leader, is not initiated. Her fate has all been settled now, and we sincerely hope she will survive anything that may happen in about two weeks.

The annual party, given by Acmeans for the purpose of letting Freshie girls and other new members of "U" High know about Acme, but incidentally giving them a good time, came off this year in the form of a kid-party. This was quite a novel state of affairs, and Mr. Johnson was more than surprised when he found several kiddy-cars parked in his office. The Acmeans aren't quite sure, but they have a sneaking suspicion that the party was a decided success.

We are looking forward to increased membership from our Junior class. We say "our" because Acme is entirely composed of Juniors, a condition unusual and unheard of in previous history. In spite of the fact that there are no indications of this being remedied, we hope that there will be several ambitious Seniors who will join us.

GIRLS' U CLUB

What?—A surprise

When?—In the near future

Why?—For fun

You can never guess; so don't try, for you will see or hear further particulars from your "U" club friends or on the study hall board.

Another activity is brewing. We are searching our numerous thinking-organs for a way to identify ourselves. The most conceivable plan is a pin for each member. Everyone does not seem to agree about this, so we shall have to wait until the obstinate ones are convinced that pins are the correct and proper thing.

Another of our problems is new members. If there are any Freshmen who are not familiar with the requirements necessary to become a member, any upper-classman will be glad to give the required information.

Wanted: New "U" Club members. Any girl who can raise the right number of points will do.

LE PETIT CERCLE

The greatest activity of Le Petit Cercle seems to have been that of learning to pronounce the new name of Miss Bourgoïn. Whoops! I mean Senora Joanne Suzanne Marie Madeleine Bourgoïn Mercier de Bugerolles Arturo Carlos Torres del Rioseco. Don't you think that was a noble work?

Nevertheless, we are going to have a great big whillaboo of a party on November twenty-first. Please don't think this club is a borey, stupid organization, because we are real dancy, giggly, good-eating humans!

DRAMATIC CLUB

Did you ever stop to think what a good up and coming organization you have in your midst? The Dramatic Club has started the year right by electing Mary White as its president. They have Lorna Scott to keep all the doings of the club in her note book. Starr Pierce, the budding young financier of the school, has been chosen to chase delinquents for dues.

The committee appointed to choose a play for the Senior Vaudeville has "done noble." They have picked "The Trysting Place," a snappy play of one act. Come and see one of the headliners of the vaudeville.

LOCKER ROOM BABBLE

- "Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello!"
 "Oh—cute new dress you've got."
 "I've got Shanny's jacket today."
 "I have it"—"you have not."
- "I can't get my locker open."
 "Darn!—Why I could swear."
 "Let me use your powder."
 "Oh gee! Look at my hair."
- "I haven't got a lesson."
 "Going to a dance to-night?"
 "Ed and Milla didn't speak,
 I bet they've had a fight."
- "Can I wear your coat to show?"
 "Say, who's trying to sing?"
 "Sorry that I've lost it."
 "Oh, lemme see his ring."
- "Phil wants to see you, Dora,
 He's waiting down the hall."
 "Don't forget play-hour to-night."
 "Did you see Janet fall?"
- "Ellen, won't you play for us?"
 "Don't be foolish, Marge."
 "I always get my sweaters there.
 You see, we've got a charge."
- "Did you see Rhoda in study hall?
 My dear, I thought I'd die."
 "Mr. Smith was awfully nice."
 "Yes, you did—me eye."
- "Heard the latest scandal?
 Promise you won't tell?"
 "Wait for me after second,
 Hurry—there's the bell."

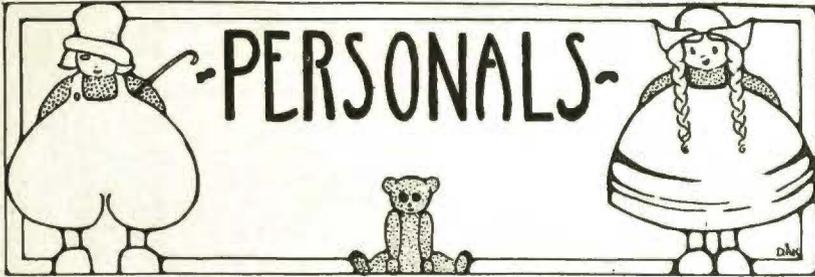
ASSEMBLIES

Over the assembly held Friday, Oct. 12, it will be best to draw a curtain. It was solely for the High School students, who heard it at the time, and not for publication.

Friday, Oct. 26, another assembly was held in the Law Auditorium. From the very first its success was assured; for had it not been announced that, immediately following its close, every one would be excused to see the game with S. P. A? Besides, we had royal amusement. First the Girls' Glee Club favored us with some selections, and then we had an account of the Press Association at Chisholm. Sam Kirkwood gave us the account of the business side of the association, its aims and work, and Eleanor King gave us a very amusing account of this trip as seen by an eye witness. After which, as the secretaries say, the meeting adjourned.

Thursday, November 15, a musical assembly was given in the Little Theater. In spite of the disadvantages the orchestra gave us a lovely selection. We were also favored by a trio consisting of Mr. Pepinski and two of his pupils. Dot Merritt gave us a bit of advice concerning the Bisbila. Let's all join in and see if this can't be the best Bisbila yet. Mr. Johnson reminded us again about loitering in the halls and throwing bits of lunch and paper around. All girls bringing their lunches must eat in Room 204 and boys in 113. Mr. Aaberg gave us an interesting talk, as usual, concerning the minstrel show and game. Surely we were all present at the game for it was the last game the Senior boys played for "U" High. So we all went and saw "U" High get Mound's skull before sunset.

The Breeze Assembly was Monday, November 5. Since that time, of course, you've all subscribed to the Breeze; so, having seen the polished, smooth surface of our performance, you are now to be shown some of the swift, turbulent undercurrents. In the first place, it was impromptu. Staggering though, yet, nevertheless, true, in spite of its finished appearance. Then we leave you to imagine the thrills experienced by certain ones of the girls when they went through the Men's Union in search of a janitor to unlock the dressing room door. Oh, that night mare of a dressing room! No mirror! The shock the girls received when, while getting into their costumes, someone suddenly burst into the dressing room wearing Mr. Tohill's hat and overcoat that had been stolen from their usual hooks in 204 when Mr. Tohill crossed the hall for a moment. The girls screamed and the person turned disclosing the thief to be none other than—Miss Inglis. That, you will admit, was bad enough; but to have her immediately demand if we thought she looked like Mr. Tohill—well, the question was delicate either way one answered it. Fortunately, she immediately amended her question to read, "from the back." But, that question, satisfactorily disposed of, there was Van wanting to know how to harness horses; the Freshman reporter demanding milk for her bottle; Dor fearing that Dana wouldn't arrive on time; certain staff members vowing they wouldn't wear costumes; and—well, you can see from this something of the heroic efforts Bud made as he stood outside the curtain composing lines to gain time while scenes shifted.



The Prince of Wales may have a great many names, but Miss Bourgoin can boast of more since she was married. It goes something like this: Senora Joanne Suzanne Mary Madelein Bourgoin de Bugerolles Arturo Carlos Torres de Rioseco.

Buzz declares that anyone has a right to get hot when someone roasts him.

Was the real cause of the mob scene in the lower hall last week over who should wear Jud Manuel's jacket?

Our practice teachers are a fine institution. "Skin" asked one of them in Modern History how long the "Long Parliament" lasted, and the teacher immediately said, "One minute, please!"

Some of our freshmen are so green that the cows look longingly upon them.

Oscar H. says that the "stagline" is made up of a group of the wisest, shrewdest and most hardhearted- men under one roof. Whom, oh whom did you take to the sophomore party, Oscar?

Jane West is so worried that she'll "flunk out" this year that she only sleeps in spots (her feet).

* * *

Food for Thought

Will Don Miller ever suffer from brain fag?

Will there be a new reception committee to welcome the weary athletes when basketball takes the place of football?

Why is it that Janet weeps so much?

How about Miss McGuire or Miss Coon to act as assistant bouncers for Mr. Rollefson?

Did you know that Chas. Burback isn't the chemistry teacher after all?

* * *

Where We Find Them

Middie and John—Together.

Nancy Staples—Chasing Jim.

Helen Martenis—Selling candy.

Starr—Gazing.

Gertie Husby—At play-hour (saying her bit in a language they call German).

Lorna—Studying—in front of a mirror.

Bill Pettijohn—Settling the question as to who should wear his jacket next day.

Herbert—Laboring to keep all the girls up in chemistry. Don't be so kind-hearted, Herb.

Middy F.—Taking up Art.

Marvin Collatz—In the line of least resistance.

Gloria—With her curling iron.

Ray—Practising with the other lemon.

Phil—At the little store around the corner. (Think upon it.)

* * *

Bits from Here and There

There is a young lady named King;
At whom all our troubles we fling.
To know her is bliss,
She's never amiss,
(But oh, how we wish she could sing!)

Now here is a wonder we think!
Three quarts of milk daily he'll drink.
He plays the violin
And loves so to chin
Our dear little, cute little "Fink."

There is a young girl named Katherine
(Pronounced Kath-a-reen)
Whom '24 thinks is a queen.
When she Kangaroo glides,
With her arms at her sides,
She's the loveliest thing they've e'er seen.

President, athlete, and friend
Just great from beginning to end!
His heart is so big
He simply can't dig;
One on whom all can depend.

* * *

When You and I Were Young, Maggie
At "U" High she's the rage
She's peppy and yet very sage.
She can change a Ford tire
This dear lady McGuire,
And nobody yet knows her age.

* * *

Language of Flowers

Fringed Gentian: "I am going out to get a shave."

Poppy: "Call me daddy, dear."

Goldenrod: "I hear that you have hayfever."

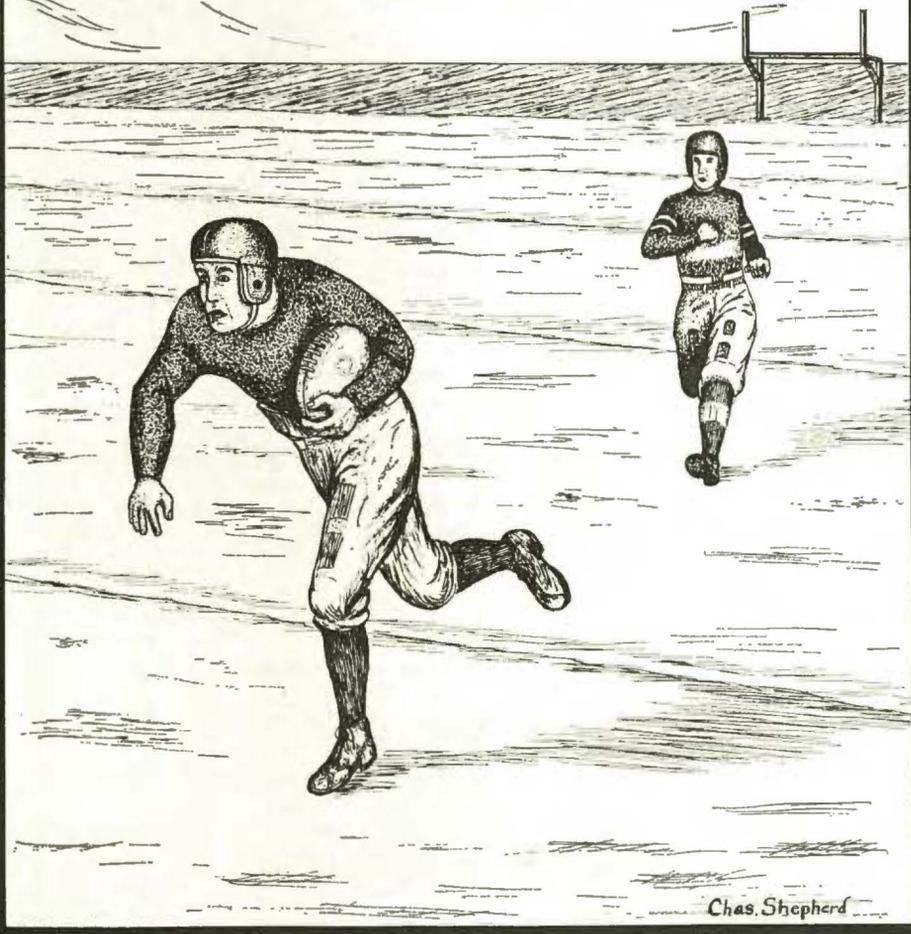
Blood-root: "Aunt Kitty murdered Uncle Joe yesterday."

Dutchman's Breeches: "That case of Holland gin and Old Tailor has arrived."

Deadly Nightshade: "Pull down those blinds quick!"

Cowslip: "I'll never dance with you again, you big cow!"

ATHLETICS



Chas. Shepherd

"U" HIGH VS. S. P. A.

Captain McConnell won the toss and chose to receive. Sharp kicked to "U" High's ten-yard line and the ball was returned fifteen yards behind fine interference. "U" High tried off tackle plays but S. P. A.'s line held well and we were forced to punt. The game see-sawed back and forth, each line holding well. Neither team's goal was at any time in danger when the first half ended.

The team was not content with the score and when the fellows lined up every one was ready to do more than his share. S. P. A. must have felt the same for they completed two pretty passes, Kenney to Clark, and scored a touchdown. Putnam kicked goal. Sharpe kicked to "U" High's fifteen-yard line and the ball was returned only five yards. From then on "Red," almost single-handed, carried the ball to S. P. A.'s fifteen-yard line. The next play was an end run by "Red" and he dashed fifteen yards for a touchdown. The game ended 7-7 tie.

The game was featured by the stellar playing of Capt. McConnell and "Joe" Dieber in the line and McQuillan, with the aid of the two halves, carrying the ball over the muddy field.

For S. P. A. Putnam and Kenny played the outstanding parts. The line-up is as follows:

"U" High, 7		S. P. A., 7
McGuire	L.E.	Read
McConnell, Capt.	L.T.	Corning
Todd	L.G.	Raudenbush
Dieber	C.	C. Churchill
Rollins	R.G.	A. Churchill
Hathaway	R.T.	Butler, Capt.
Pierce	R.E.	Clark
McConnell	Q.	Putnam
Merritt	L.H.	Sharpe
Blomquist	R.H.	Kenny
McQuillan	F.	Wold

Substitutes—S. P. A.: Platt for Raudenbush. "U" High: Rarig for Todd, Mathieson for McGuire, Burbach for Merritt.

Final Fresh-Soph Battle

On November 9, the final Freshman-Sophomore bout was held. The Sophomores were greatly handicapped by the absence of two regular back-field men, but, nevertheless they were able to score two touchdowns. Pierce was successful after one touchdown for a point, netting the Sophs 13. In the last quarter, the Freshmen fighting hard, gave Olson a good start and he completed a spectacular run of 40 yards for a touchdown. Later in the fourth period, Olson received a kickoff and raced seventy yards for the second Frosh score. As the first year men were unable to get a point after either touchdown, the Sophs won 13-12. Olson was the individual star of the game, playing a fine game in the line besides his spectacular running.

Blake Defeats "U" High in Annual Tussel, 23-7

"U" High kicked off, but Blake fumbled and Pierce recovered the ball. In the first period "U" High had the edge on their heavier

opponents, holding them in their territory, but was unable to get within scoring distance. In the second quarter Blake came back strong, and completed a beautiful pass, Giles to Ford, which netted them a touchdown. Giles was successful in his try for point, raising their score to 7. Later in the same period, with Blake hitting our men like thunderbolts, and causing a fumble which one of their men picked up and ran for their second touchdown, raised their score to 13. In the third quarter "U" High came back and fought their way into Blake's territory. Blake fumbled and McQuillan retrieving it ran for a touchdown. The try for point being successful netted "U" High 7. In the last period Blake forced their way down the field to about "U" High's thirty-yard line, then Deates, their most consistent gainer, made a sensational dash for their last touchdown. Giles was again successful after this score and raised his team's total to 20. After a hard scrimmage, Giles made a thirty-yard drop kick which added 3 more points. This ended the scoring which totaled up to 23 for Blake and 7 for "U" High.

"U" High		Blake
McGuire	L.E.	Newhall
McConnell, Capt.	L.T.	Benett
Todd	L.G.	H. Deates
Dieber	C.	McCaul
Rollins	R.G.	Thorte
Hathaway	R.T.	Larson
Pierce	R.E.	Ford
McConnell	Q.	Hardwell
Merritt	L.H.	Best
Blomquist	R.H.	R. Deates
McQuillan	F.	Giles, Capt.

Substitutes—"U" High: Scott for McGuire, Gullander for Scott, Nelson for Dieber, Dieber for Nelson, Mathieson for John McConnell, Pettijohn for Blomquist. Blake: Hayes for Larson.

"U" HIGH CLOSES SEASON WITH VICTORY OVER MOUND

"U" High kicked off, but Mound fumbled on their second play and "U" High went 35 yards in six plays for the first touchdown. The rest of the first period neither team was able to score, although "U" High was in the opponent's territory most of the time. In the second quarter, after a few minutes of hard scrimmage Merritt returned a punt twenty yards and then the team moved steadily down to Mound's goal and McQuillan took it over. Pierce was successful in his attempt for a point raising our total to 13. Capt. Miller, of Mound, made two spectacular runs of twenty-five and twenty yards in the latter part of this period. Mound came back in the second half and moved up to our thirty-yard line, but with our team working like clock work Pierce shot a pass to Pettijohn who added another 7 points to our score. Mound got closer to our goal, after this touchdown, than at any other time of the game. Aided by a long pass from Miller to Peterson, they moved up to our twenty-yard line. Our team held them here, so they attempted a field goal, but failed. In the fourth quarter, with all our back field men gaining consistently and the line opening big holes and

running fine interference, "U" High went down the field for another score. After a short scrimmage Merritt intercepted a pass on Mound's forty-yard line, and in three plays "U" High added another 7 points. The last play was a spectacular run of twenty-five yards by Shandrew who was playing an exceptionally fine game in the back field. For the last score, after Mound had completed a thirty-five-yard pass, Nelson picked up a fumble and dashed 48 yards before being downed. With the ball on Mound's twelve-yard line, after three plays Pierce crossed for the last score.

Don Mathieson started the game at quarter-back and played stellar football in the first half, but late in the second quarter he was knocked out while stopping a heavy Mound back-field man. Nevertheless, he showed fine spirit by completing the first half.

The line-up is as follows:

"U" High, 40		Mound
Gullander	L.E.	Olson
Erickson	L.T.	Nelson
Todd	L.G.	Edlund
Dieber	C.	Sincheff
Rollins	R.G.	Schoening
Hathaway	R.T.	Dullum
Pettijohn	R.E.	Peterson
Mathieson	Q.	Neemes
Merritt	L.H.	Ohde
Pierce	R.H.	Koelhr
McQuillan	F.	Miller, Capt.

Substitutes: McGuire for Gullander, Shandrew for Scott, Haggerty for Todd, Brown for Haggerty, Nelson for Erickson, Rarig for Hathaway.

Score by quarters:	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
"U" High:	6	7	6	21-40
Mound:	0	0	0	0-0

"U" High Wins Last Meet of the Season

On November 6, "U" High won the last cross country meet of the season, making it two wins out of three starts over Roosevelt. The score was 10-11 in favor of "U" High. Arny and Captain Anderson of Roosevelt fought for the lead over the whole three miles but Arny came in first.

The summary:

Position		Points
1	Arny, U High	1
2	And'rs'n (C), Roosevelt	2
3	Epperly (C), U. High	3
4	Knutson, Roosevelt	4
5	Loughren, Roosevelt	5
6	Bassett, U High	6

U High, 10; Roosevelt, 11. Distance, 3 miles. Time, 16 minutes, 20 seconds.

THE SECOND ROOSEVELT MEET

On October 30, Roosevelt came over to Northrop Field for a cross country meet with "U" High. Lee Fisher could not run

that afternoon, so we had only three men. Arny took the lead at the start and kept it throughout the two miles. "U" High evened up the series with a 10-11 win.

The summary:

Position		Points
1	Arny, U High	1
2	Loughren, Roosevelt	2
3	Epperly, U High	3
4	Gonnella, Roosevelt	4
5	Knutson, Roosevelt	5
6	Bassett, U High	6

U High, 10; Roosevelt, 11. Distance, 2 miles. Time, 13 minutes, 40 seconds.

BASKET BALL

Having completed a very successful season in football, the aspiring athletes are ready to show Coach Aaberg their skill on the basket ball floor. With Capt. Dieber, McQuillan, Miller, Pierce, Hathaway back from last year to form a nucleus of this year's team, we can look forward to a good season. Although these five veterans are back there is going to be a great deal of competition for the first team, as a great many men from last year's class teams and second team showed to Coach Aaberg that they had ability in handling themselves on the floor.

A hard schedule is being arranged for this season, the first game being December 7. Trips out of town are also planned.

Inter-Class

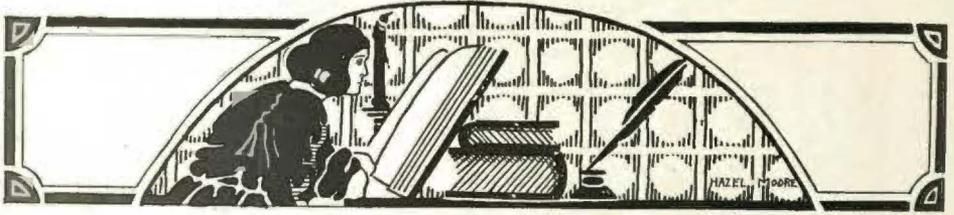
The inter-class tournament will be held again this year. The first team will be selected from the class teams, so everybody is encouraged to come out. Each class has two teams and there will be a tournament between the first and second teams.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Although we were very sorry to lose Miss Browning, who was our gym teacher for two years, we like Miss Sias very much and foresee many good times.

If you should go by the athletic field back of the library when the "U" High girls are playing soccer you would be surprised at the way the girls can race about, kicking at the ball, and each other, and showing an unusual amount of energy. Our hair may be rumpled, and our hands and faces a little soiled, but we are having a wonderful time.

The Junior class has been represented the best at playhour while the Seniors have had the fewest girls out. Each girl contributes two points for her class toward the cup every time she comes out to playhour. The class teams have been chosen, and the games are to be played off soon. The class which wins the tournament gets fifteen points toward the cup. We want more girls out for the next tournament, so that we can have a close race for the cup. And another thing, girls, remember that when you get on a team you are awarded fifteen points toward a "U." Everyone come out to playhour and help your class get the cup this year.



ALUMNI NOTES

Lloyd Vye '21, has won his letter in "Cross Country" at the University of Minnesota, and has recently been put in charge of Gopher sales on the Agriculture Campus.

* * *

Dorothy Kurtzman, Margaret Haggerty, and Marjorie Cheney have made their class hockey teams at the "U."

* * *

Mrs. Katherine Canfield Dowdell is the mother of a bouncing baby boy!

* * *

Esther Bullis, Eileen Kyle, and Gladys Ladd were guests of Fredrika Alway for Home Coming.

* * *

Avis Litzenberg is not continuing at the University but is attending the Minneapolis Business School, which is headed by Mr. Gruman.

* * *

Laura Elder was in charge of Phi Omega Pi party which was given November 24, for the pledges by their active sisters.

* * *

Alpha Tau Omega announces the pledging of Earl Hendrickson of Lindstrom, Minnesota. He was a graduate of "U" High before attending the University.

* * *

Lillian Borreson is chairman of the World Fellowship Committee, and is in charge of all arrangements for the prayer-week on the campus. She has selected Erma Schurr to make a speech on Wednesday. "The theme of all the talks will be international peace," Lillian said. "The object of these meetings, which will be held in the inner office of the 'Y' is to promote fellowship and understanding among all nations of the world through prayer and discussion so that war will be impossible," she concluded. There will be other speeches on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It is in connection with the Y. W. C. A.

* * *

The Alpha Chi Omega sorority and Delta Zeta sorority "battled to a scoreless tie" in the annual Homecoming Ski-U-Mah competition. Wilva Davis was the leader of the campaign in the Alpha Chi Omega sorority. They will be given another chance to break the tie in an effort to secure the large silver loving cup offered to the team selling the most magazines.



EXCHANGE

The Gleam, Johnson High, St. Paul, Minn. We want to compliment you on your literature. Your stories are very entertaining, especially the one entitled "The Missing Crescents." Its plot is good and well laid. The story keeps one in suspense, which is evidently the intention of the writer, until it comes to a dramatic climax. Your poems are good, each one having excellent meter and other qualities that make it entertaining reading matter.

As to your editorials, any one not connected with Johnson High would know that they were helpful to the people concerned.

Your various "Notes" are entertaining and cleverly written so that even people who do not know the students mentioned would be interested.

Your jokes are very witty—some of them. Nearly all are entirely new. Here are some examples:

Junior: "Say, do you know how to get Mr. Guise's goat?"

Senior: "No."

Junior: "Watch where he ties it."

A geometry teacher (maybe Miss McGuire) gave a test in class one day. One of the boys (probably Werner Gullander) asked her a question, and this is the answer he received: "The sum of the exterior angles of a regular polygon equals a piece of pie because Washington crossed the Delaware."

The "M," Mechanic Arts High, St. Paul, Minnesota.

In the last issue of the "M," you have two really captivating stories. The one entitled "Royal Purple" in every way exemplifies its name. The illustrations accompanying the story tell just enough to make you feel that you simply must read that story. Of course, after you have read it, you are not in the least disappointed. For the football fans, and even those not particularly interested in football, "The Breaks of the Game" holds a strong appeal. Both the author of "Royal Purple" and the author of "The Breaks of the Game" have added greatly to the autumn number of the "M" with poems that you might say, touch one's sixth sense.

"Pets of the Freshmen" is certainly a novel department, not likely to be found in many other magazines.

If all other chapters of the "School Travelogue Series" are as cleverly written as this first one by Irving Cohen, this department will surely be a favorite.

For anyone who has the slightest inclination towards radio, your "Trip to W L A G" must hold great interest. It is, of course, instructive as well as merely entertaining.

The "Mourner's Bench," that worthy department with the made-to-order name, is simply running over with clever poems and jokes. We suggest that you modify your poems with the chief theme of "The Curiosity of Women"; otherwise there will be a stampede for the joke editor in short order.





JOKE

Donny Mathieson says that it's no wonder a woman's mind is so much cleaner than a man's—she changes it oftener.

* * *

Nit: "I hear Simeon can make fine time in his little Ford."

Wit: "Yes, he got to Minneapolis from Wayzata in half an hour, a dog, two chickens, and a cat."

* * *

Dana: "Phil is a true boy scout."

Paul S.: "Yes, I hear he only uses one match."

* * *

Small freshie (Trying to make conversation after a summer on a farm): "This is fine growing weather."

Todd (Uninterestedly): "Don't bother me about it, I've got my growth."

* * *

There are two kinds of flat tires. (Ask any boy who's taken one out or off.)

* * *

Mr. Tohill: "To what lengths did Louis the XIV go?"

Ellen Bedell: "Five feet eleven."

* * *

Patterson: "Have I shown any big team stuff as yet?"

Mr. Aaberg: "Yes, your hair looks kind of promising."

* * *

"So it's all over, is it, Van?"

"Yes, John, it's all over."

"Well, it's a blessing you made up your mind on the right side of Christmas."

Stewd: "Katherine Kelly certainly has a contagious giggle, hasn't she?"

Dent: "Heavens yes, she ought to be quarantined."

* * *

Eddy: "Rather muddy for the players today, isn't it, dear?"

Millicent: "My, yes, won't the scrub team have a terrible time cleaning them up."

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