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TABLE OF CONTENTS

This is the first all-faculty number the *Breeze* has ever printed. Every word in this issue has been written by the Faculty. The *Breeze* staff feels sure that you will agree that it is a good beginning and wishes to thank the Faculty for their hearty co-operation.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| "The Stuff That Spring Is Made of"—Sophia Hubman..... | 3 |
| "The Red Letter Passage"—Wren Staley..... | 5 |
| "The Goose Which Did Not Become a Swan"—A. M. P..... | 8 |
| "A Brief Dissertation on the Process of Acquiring an Education"—Marie B. Deñeen..... | 9 |
| "An Interview with Mr. Dvorak"—L. E. Stockwell..... | 11 |
| "In Explanation of the 'Mute, Inglorious Milton'"—Rewey Belle Inglis | 12 |
| Our Monthly Travelogue—"Christmas in London"—Dora V. Smith | 13 |
| Assemblies—Rewey Belle Inglis..... | 15 |
| Editorials—W. D. Reeve, FMM, K. E. Rollefson..... | 16 |
| Organizations—Advisers | 19 |
| Cartoons—August Dvorak | 21 |
| Personals—Margaret McGuire, Ruby Coon..... | 24 |
| P. D. Q.—W. R. Smith..... | 25 |
| Exchange—Suzanne Bourgoin, Margaret Corkery..... | 26 |
| Athletics—Louis A. Tohill, Henrietta Browning..... | 28 |
| Alumni—Ora Hickey | 30 |
| Jokes—C. S. Aaberg..... | 32 |

The Campus Breeze

Volume V

February, 1923

Number 4



THE STUFF THAT SPRING IS MADE OF

(One of Sophia's Sophistications)

Here I sit
Watching Spring, the artful one,
Transforming the universe.

See her weaving her pattern
For the drama of love!
A thousand tendrils eagerly craning
Are fastening their subtle hands a notch higher,
Interminably interweaving and entwining,
Lifting the new life to an ampler unfolding,
Beckoning and eluding the pursuer.
A thousand sounds call and reply;
The world is full of hidden laughter.
It is the old, old story—
But I, knowing nature, the witch,
Look into the heart of her purpose.

For I, too, am eternal as she is
Though the crow feet are gathering about my eyes
And my color is fading;
Yet I sit in her heart of hearts,
Knowing her secret.
I am one of the forms nature has fashioned,
One of the forms she will destroy

When it pleases her fancy—
Resistance is idle, and protest;
For nature, the witch, will have her will of me;
Am I not one of the pipes on which she plays her melodies?

So I sit passive to her soliciting;
To the spirit of time, to the spirit of love, to the spirit of Spring,
I am as an empty corridor
Through which they hurry, echoless.

I am idle as time itself, and as vacant,
A mere silent sitter-in-the-corner,
Neither awed, intimidated, nor intrigued;
I am that sad spectacle—a rational being;
For nature, the witch, has stolen my youth,
And is making the Spring of it.

Seeing it, I sit idly, my hands in my lap;
For there is nothing I would have for the asking,
(Save one thing!)
To a rational being the world is an outgrown toy.

SOPHIA HUBMAN.



THE RED LETTER PASSAGE

My niece inherited the romantic strain that was left out of my makeup. She keeps a diary. For Virginia I have the most affectionate regard; of her diary I heartily disapprove. Accordingly, that record of great and small occasions, of mountain top experiences and just ordinary happenings has been as jealously guarded from the sacrilege of my comment as a Christian altar might be protected from the defilement of pagan feet. Even the subject of diary-keeping was never a topic of conversation between us.

Recently, I came to my niece's room at an unfortunate moment. If I had been reading in my own room, with the door closed, nothing would have brought me into the family affairs of my brother's household on that evening; but I wanted Virginia to go walking with me. I found the door half open, the light above her desk on, and her fountain pen lying upon the desk. That was strange, I was sure I had heard her in there but a moment before. As I turned to recross the hall to my own room, my brother's younger daughter bounded up the stairs with all the untamed force of a young puppy. Helen was like that, all arms and legs.

"Oh, Aunt Carolyn"—wherever the child was about to disclose a bit of gossip about her sister, she punctuated her remarks with a peculiar sound, half giggle and half snort; so I recognized the nature of what she had to say.

With my most straight and tall air—an assumption of dignity for one only five feet two—I proceeded into my rooms, disregarding entirely Helen's pursuit. The young lady seated herself tailor fashion on the bed, and with another nasal giggle, began. "You know Ginny's diary"—more punctuation over the interesting disclosure toward which she was working—"Well, father told her she'd better cut out that foolishness and spend more time on getting some common sense."

Helen's triumph was so far unspoiled by my discreetly non-committal air. I supplemented my indifference with the activity of rearranging all the gloves and handkerchiefs in my top dresser drawer. I knew, of course, that the child would be watching my face in the mirror for the slightest bit of encouragement.

After a brief silence, broken only by a squeak in the bed springs, Helen inquired, "Aunt Carolyn, what is a 'reminess sense'?" Evidently she thought it had something to do with the mental processes of some strange feminine being. She struggled with the word, and then added by way of a glossary in case I should be puzzled, "Father told Ginny—"

My own thoughts had gone flying back to a certain occasion when my brother, Frank, had certainly been guilty of reminiscing over no less sentimental an object than a white glove belonging to the young lady who has since become his wife. But that was a long time ago; and now my brother is a practical man, and, in some ways, a wise father.

Helen's narrative and my cogitations were interrupted by Virginia's deliberate and dignified announcement: "Helen, mother wants you downstairs." I could see her face in the mirror before me—the embodiment of calm desperation. Her eyes, looking nowhere in particular, expressed indignation; the slight

droop of her head, humiliation. Her father's own daughter, Virginia could awe even the irrepressible Helen at times.

With the air of a two-year-old whose block house has suddenly become a chaotic collection of cubes, without arrangement or pattern, Helen found the floor with her feet and left the room reluctantly. A deep blush upon Virginia's reflected countenance convinced me that I was not the only one to see Helen's impish curtsey just outside the door.

Virginia did not move while I closed my dresser drawer, without haste, and turned off the light beside the mirror. The lamp upon my study table was well shaded, and at a distance from the door.

"I want to go walking, Virginia." (I refrained from using "dear" out of deference to her present dignity. The delicacy of the situation demanded the use of her Christian name.) "Will you go with me?"

Virginia's hands had been behind her all this time. She now dropped them to her side, and I noticed the fatal diary in her right hand. She had lost somewhat the resentment with which she had arrived at my door, but she maintained almost elaborately, her reserve while she advanced to lay the little book open, face down, upon my bed. Without a word she crossed the hall to her own room. A rattle of a coat hanger in her closet encouraged me to put my own wraps on. When I reached the hall, Virginia was standing erect at the head of the stairs.

Things were natural enough now for me to risk asking, "Don't you need your hat, dear?"

There was no heat in my niece's reply. "I want to feel the wind in my hair." I was further relieved when, on our way downstairs, her hand slipped into my arm.

Virginia looked straight ahead as we passed the sitting room door. Neither Frank nor Harriette took any notice of our departure. Helen, bent over a book in an attitude of great absorption, followed us with her eye as far as she could without actually moving her head.

For several minutes we walked along briskly in silence. Finally, without emphasis, Virginia recited, not as a grievance, but as a matter-of-fact narrative, just what had taken place earlier in the evening. She had gone to her mother for help in recollecting the events of a certain day during the holidays. (Harriette's mother had had the whole family down at Prescott for the Christmas vacation, and Virginia had failed to transport among her effects the precious diary. This necessitated a subsequent recording of happenings which the journalistic Virginia did not propose to let slip into oblivion.) The girl did not repeat her father's remarks or even mention his having taken part in the discussion.

"Don't you think, Aunt Carolyn, that reminiscences are very vital?"

On my word of honor, I did not smile, even though I realized that the shadow of the stone gate post on my right would conceal my countenance from Virginia, and she would never know the difference. We were at that moment entering the east gate of the college campus—the gate through which Harriette and Frank and I had passed so often during our student days. I could think of no appropriate answer to the girl's question, because again my train of thought had encountered that matter of

Frank with Harriette's white glove, and again it had been derailed. No power under Heaven could drag that secret of my own generation from me. The knowledge of her father's youthful sentimentality would be balm to Virginia's wounds. How she would exult in knowing that maturity had once been adolescence!

"You see, Virginia, when one——" I began.

On the bulletin board just inside the gate, well lit up by the electric lamp above, was the advertisement of Sigrid Oegin's concert to which I had gone the evening before. The singer in the picture had a shy but trusting air; the head was tilted revealing one large pendant ear ring, and a fur collar was drawn close about her neck. It was the kind of picture that doesn't look cold on an out-of-door bulletin board in January.

"She was lovely, they said." Virginia's remark was a relief rather than an interruption, for I was not making any headway on the vitality of reminiscences.

"Yes, she was," I was wondering how far I might safely pursue this topic of conversation. "Did I tell you she sang 'My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice' for an encore?" That was a particular favorite of Virginia's, and I knew that what I was doing was not above reproach—deliberately side-stepping the business.

Just then, I had a brilliant idea. Did I dare make a joke of myself, I, the unromantic spinster aunt, the sister of Virginia's very practical, sensible father? We were at least five yards past the bulletin board. It took nerve, I can tell you. I asked my niece to go back and get that advertisement of the concert for me. "It's all right to take it down now," I assured her. "Nobody wants it any more."

In less time than it takes to tell, the marauding expedition was completed, and I was in possession of a rather unwieldy piece of card board.

"I left the thumb tacks in the board," announced Virginia, righteously. At least she was not going to be contaminated by the act.

"But, Aunt Carolyn, is it for yourself?"

"Yes."

"And you sometimes keep symphony programs." Virginia knew that I always kept them; my niece had delicacy for one of her years. "But suppose father should ever discover you are like this, what would he say?"

I was dangerously near to proving that Frank was more "like this" than I was. The child took my silence for great trepidation at the very thought of being discovered by my matter-of-fact brother. I was reduced to the depths of hypocrisy when I accepted, in what appeared to be the silence of deep gratitude, Virginia's sympathetic squeeze of my hand when she had found it in my coat pocket.

When we reached home, it was not hard to smuggle our booty up to my bed room, because Helen's watchful eye was not upon us. (That young lady's bed time had come during our absence.) Virginia took the diary and me to her room, and brought forth a steel pen and a bottle of red ink. She dictated, as I very dutifully wrote under the date of January tenth. "I keep my todays, because tomorrow I want to remember my yesterdays." I was not forced to sign the statement, and Virginia generously offered to guard the diary so that it would never fall into her father's hands.

WREN STALEY.

THE GOOSE WHICH DID NOT BECOME A SWAN

With Apologies to George Ade.

Once there was a Poor but Honest Librarian who rashly Butted In to the Faculty of a High School.

And for their Sins it befell that all that Faculty was haled into Court by the Younger Generation whom they fondly believed themselves to be Educating, and called upon to show that they could do some of the Stunts which they would fain teach Others to do. And the Librarian was Pinched along with the Rest.

And the Young Bolsheviki said, "Go to, we will have a Faculty Number of the *Campus Breeze!*" And to each Pedagogue they assigned what they considered to be his Just Portion of that Task. And to the Librarian they said, "Lo, thou art the Guardian and Dispenser of Books. Hast thou sat in vain at the Feet of Poe, and Maupassant, and Hawthorne, not to mention Stockton, and Conan Doyle, and Kipling, and O. Henry? Produce for us now a Short Story!"

And the Librarian bowed her Head in Dread and humbled herself in Sackcloth and Ashes, and she said unto that stern young Editor, "Alas, my Sentence is more than I can perform. Yea, though I have sat at the Feet of the Great and delighted in the Teller of Tales, yet never could I see how on Earth they Did it, and Never Have I Ventured to Attempt to Do it myself. For Alack! Nature hath not Endowed me with the Creative Imagination." But no pleas moved that Ruthless Judge. He said unto her, in effect, "Nothing doing! Get busy!"

And the Librarian tore her hair, and went about the By-ways of the Corridors accosting the more Lightly Sentenced of her Fellow-Sufferers, and offering to produce an Editorial, an Interview, or even a Poem, in exchange for a Story. But none would Swap, and the merry Ha-Ha was all the Comfort she gained from These.

So the Librarian communed with her own Soul and she said unto herself, "Go to, are not the solutions of all Problems found in Books? Practice then thine own Gospel." So she betook herself to the Public Library and there spent an Afternoon surrounded by Stacks of Books that told just How to Do it. And there were Books that told how to put Salt on the Tail of an Idea and how to Develop the Idea into a Skeleton Plot, and the Skeleton Plot into a Scenario, and the Scenario into a Story. And they Discoursed Learnedly of Coherence, and Unity, and Suspense, and Climax. And it looked as Easy as Concocting a Pudding.

And the Librarian thought within herself, "Go to, why do I toil in a Library, and acquire a Chronic Crimp in the Spine picking up Waste Paper off the floor thereof? I will Break into Literachoor and become an Author on my own Hook." And she felt quite Enthused for as much as Five Minutes.

But when she started Authorizing it wasn't as Easy as it Looked. And in much abasement of Spirit she muttered, "Woman, thou art a Dub and a Dumbell! Go back to thy Catalog Cards and Paste-Pots, and meanwhile practice Coueism for thine Intellect."

And the Short Story was never written.

Moral: It is Hard to Teach an Old Dog New Tricks.

A. M. P.

A BRIEF DISSERTATION ON THE PROCESS OF ACQUIRING AN EDUCATION*

Early in *September* (the seventh month of the *Roman* year), an *immature* (*in* not *maturus*, ripe) youth sets out by some Latin route in search of knowledge. He boards a *car* (either *inter-campus* or *interurban*), steps into an *automobile*, rides a *bicycle*, or fares forth as a *pedestrian*. He eventually traverses the campus to the *College of Education* in which the *University* (*Universitas*) High School (*Schola*) is located, for it is in this fount of learning that he wishes to register as a student (one eager for knowledge!!!)."

Immediately upon entering the building he is confronted by the janitor (*ianitor*, doorkeeper), who tends the furnace (*fornax*) and attempts to keep the air (*aer*) as free as possible from the contaminating influence of the odoriferous gases emanating from the science (*scientia*) laboratory.

As the poor juvenile goes down the hall he discovers that it is exceedingly difficult to maintain his equilibrium (*aequus*, equal; *libra*, balance) as the majority of the pupils (*pupillas*, *la*, dim. of *pupus*, boy, *pupa*, girl) persist in taking advantage of the literal derivation of corridor (from *currere*, to run). He wonders if, under such circumstances, the percentage of mortality (*mors*, death) is not extremely high. He finally reaches a place of safety in the private sanctum of the chief executive of the institution.

He remains in the office long enough to become thoroughly familiar with the respective countenances of the principal, Mr. (Magister) Reeve and his secretary (keeper of secrets), Mrs. (Magistra) Hickey. This is essential, as immediate recognition of these august personages may be imperative on a moment's notice. The youth ascertains within a brief space of time that the office is the place in which, in case of absence or other form of delinquency, conferences are held, excuses, real or fictitious made, alibis given, etc., etc. He learns that here, too, sentence is pronounced and the penalty of temporary detention imposed on those convicted on the charge of being tardy (*tardus*, slow).

Having been transferred to the library, to his astonishment and indignation he is compelled to submit to an Intelligence Test administered by Professor Miller, ex-principal of the high school. The purpose of this test is to determine his I.Q., or in other words the exact ratio between his mental and chronological ages.

When he has survived this trying ordeal, he is given a course of study from which he selects the subjects he desires to pursue. After arrangements for his program have been completed and his fate has been decreed for the quarter, he receives a statement of the fees which must be paid to the bursar in the controller's office in the Library Building. Unless his paternal parent has anticipated this situation and provided sufficient funds, the lad is destined to be in a temporary state of pecuniary embarrassment.

*Italics indicate words of Latin derivation, either direct or indirect. Of the latter, a few are derivatives from the Greek through the Latin; a larger number from the Latin through the French.

As time passes, his *store* of knowledge is *gradually increased*. He learns some things in *recitations*, more between *periods*, and most of all, after *school hours*.

From *conversations* with upper *class-men* he *gleans* a little *interesting information* concerning *various members* of the *Faculty* (*facultas*, ability. *Query anticipated*—"What is the *connection?*""). He learns that there are a few *bachelors*, some *benedicts* (*benedictus*, blessed with wives) and rather a large number of *Vestal Virgins* whose *chief duty* is to provide *slips* as *fuel* to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." In addition, they are *required to expend some energy* in *instructing and disciplining* the *future citizens* of the *United States*. The *compensation* for these *minor duties* consists *chiefly* in *salary* (*salarium*, stipend from *sal*, salt) *received bi-weekly*.

The *personnel* of the *student body* he finds more *difficult* to *analyze*. *Seniors* whom he has *admired* for *excellence of scholarship* and *profound dignity of manner* he sees in *vaudeville* as *actors and actresses*. Boys whom he has *applauded* on the *football field* he finds *exhibiting unusual facility* in the *intricacies* of the *modern dance*. The *feminine element* is *absolutely incomprehensible* to him, for the *girls with abbreviated tresses* seem to be the ones most *addicted to prolonged dresses*. *Diminutive lads and lasses* appear to *participate in athletic contests* without *fear of injury*. Young and old *grow excited* over the *possibility of an assembly* in the *Little Theatre*, an *all-school party*, a *Junior-Senior Informal*, or a *Benefit Dance* in the *Minnesota Union*.

In *class (classis)* meetings the *youth* becomes *acquainted* with the *respective functions* of the *president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant at arms*. He finds that there is a *vast difference* between *nomination and election, candidacy and inauguration*. He learns to *appreciate the services* of the *class advisor* who *attends meetings primarily* to see that no *motion* is *passed detrimental* (from *deterere*, to rub away) to the *life, liberty, or pursuit of happiness* of other *individuals* in *school*.

Through some *accident* or perhaps *because of precocity* (please *consult the dictionary*) he becomes a *member* of the *staff* of the *Campus Breeze*. He hears that the *editor* has *studied Latin* and, as a *result, exercises his prerogative* of *giving out or assigning tasks* to others. The *manager* *spends most of his leisure time* *pondering* on the *deficit* and trying to *increase the number of subscribers*. The others on the *staff attend* to the *securing of advertising, deciphering illegible manuscripts* of *budding authors, interpreting jokes (iocus), and censoring articles of dubious import*. The *entire group* seems to the *new member* *utterly oblivious* of the *peril impending* as a *consequence* of the *recent offense* against the *Faculty* in *connection* with the *publication of the February Breeze*.

After a *sufficient lapse* of years, through the *combined (com + binus, bini, two and two)* *efforts* of his *parents and instructors* and, *incidentally, some labor on his own part*, the *youth* *completes the required curriculum* and *attains the height of his ambition*—the *right to appear on the stage* of the *Music Auditorium* on *Commencement night*. He *receives a diploma* bearing the *signatures of the principal and the dean* as *evidence* of *honorable dismissal* from the *institution*.

After graduation and a brief vacation he enters the University and is initiated into a fraternity and into the joys of rhetoric, calculus, and economics. At intervals he returns with fellow alumni to visit his Alma Mater and murmur as he surveys the sad remains of what was in his day a glorious place—"O Tempora, O Mores!"

MARIE B. DENEEN.

Anno Domini 1923.
Idibus Januariis.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. DVORAK

"Mr. Dvorak, how old were you when you were born?" I asked.

"Well, really now, that was such a long time ago that I cannot remember exactly; so I would hesitate to commit myself."

"Do you claim Bohemia or Glencoe as your birthplace?"

"Glencoe has the great honor of being the birthplace of so great a man as I." (Great weight.)

"Did the school authorities at Glencoe permit you to attend the grade and high schools?"

"Yes, they gave me a special invitation to attend (state compulsory school attendance law), and were very pleased to hand me a diploma in 1911."

"During the past World War were you in the navy or army?"

"Yes."

"When did you first hear about me?"

"When the Children's Protective Society of Glencoe warned me not to play with you any more."

"Are you married, Mr. Dvorak?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever run for any public office?"

"Yes, when I ran to the clerk to get my license."

"Have you ever been under arrest?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"For what?"

"Speeding."

"How much did it cost you?"

"Twenty-five dollars and costs."

"What is your occupation?"

"Learning the kids."

"Well, Mr. Dvorak, I certainly thank you for granting this interview. It has been highly pleasing to me and very satisfactory."

Vive la Boheme!

Special War Correspondent.

L. E. STOCKWELL.



IN EXPLANATION OF THE "MUTE, INGLORIOUS MILTON"

The author, fountain pen in hand, sat in his easy chair,
 And—metaphorically at least—in frenzy tore his hair.
 (It had to be in metaphor because his locks were rare
 Not e'en as offering to the Muse could he a cowlick spare.)

The author viewed his manuscript, his face was feverish pink,
 And as his temperature arose, he felt his spirits sink.
 (I use the term of manuscript in courtesy—I think
 As yet the page before him was quite innocent of ink.)

He wished that some divertisement might snatch him from his
 plight;
 'Twas hideous that he must alone this inner battle fight.
 (But when his wife popped in her head and sweetly said,
 "Tonight,
 Let's go to see a movie," he was irritated quite.)

The reason that this literary man was so annoyed
 Was not that he of subjects for his "chef d'oeuvre" was devoid.
 (Please note with what precision is the French word here
 employed,
 It helps along the metre which the English would have
 cloyed.)

But he was overburdened with a superstock of thought,
 A variety of subjects which his passing fancy caught.
 ('Tis a malady the germ of which has frantically been sought
 Just before examinations, by the nervously o'er-wrought.)

For an essay, and a drama, and a poem, and a tale
 He had each an inspiration which prognosticated sale.
 (You marvel then that he should make the progress of a
 snail?
 How little do a multiplicity of thoughts avail!)

Now which ever one he worked upon, he soon could plainly see
 That it was quite inferior to all the other three.
 (Of course one doesn't like to spend one's time and energy
 Except upon the theme of marked superiority.)

At last, discouraged utterly, he cast them all away,
 Went to the movies, and ne'er wrote a poem or a play.
 (This narration has a moral. Have you heard the story.
 pray,
 Of the donkey that was starved to death between two stacks
 of hay?)

REWEY BELLE INGLIS.



OUR MONTHLY TRAVELOGUE

Christmas in London

Was there ever anything more hopeless than attempting to write a travelogue while sitting opposite the prosaic-looking white-washed walls of "Education 203" two years after the events related have transpired!

Well, here goes! We're off! It's Christmas Eve, and the lights of London are more alluring than ever. Holly and mistletoe adorn every home; but no wreaths appear in the windows, for we learn that in England they are used only to symbolize a death in the family! As we hurry out through the garden, we are startled by a sudden scampering of feet, and hide ourselves in the hedges long enough to see three roguish boys, one of whom boasts a penny whistle, steal up to our "drawing room" windows and begin in none too melodious tones, "Good King Wenceslas," chief of England's Christmas carols. "The waits!" we cry in amusement. But where are the satin costumes and tuneful voices of old? One thing remains unchanged, however—the collection box, which is thrust into our faces at the close of the song as we jump out from our hiding place in the hedge.

Hastily we make for the great 'bus coming down the street, glance at its sign, "Half-Moon to Elephant and Castle," and climb up the winding outside stair to our seats on top. We have got on at the "Half Moon" public house, or saloon, and are going to the corner by the "Elephant and Castle," another public house which has above its door a huge ivory elephant with a castle on its back, where we shall change again for Waterloo Bridge. Strangely enough, most of the street car stops in London are named for public houses on the corners, survivals of the old coffee houses of the eighteenth century.

The lights of the city are especially brilliant tonight, and we ourselves are in a particularly gay mood, for are we not bound for the Christmas pantomime, "Cinderella," one of the big events of the holiday season? As we leave the 'bus, we see ahead the huge sign of "Drury Lane Theatre," which sets us dreaming of Mrs. Siddons and David Garrick, and the days when they played Shakespeare there almost 200 years ago. Being of an economical turn of mind, we "stand for the pit" in a long line which the Englishman calls a "queue," a very orderly affair directed by the efficient London police, and quite unlike our American "rushing the gallery." We expect to entertain ourselves during the wait by listening to our English cousins as they speculate upon the "topping" time we are going to have and the "ripping" fairy godmother there is in this "jolly" show; but we soon have other entertainment. Little, gruesome-looking creatures come from the dark alleys in all directions to perform for us while we wait. One stands on his head, another tears our paper dolls from yesterday's "Times," and still another sings "Bubbles" with all the strength of his harsh, rasping voice. Each in his turn presents his hat for our coppers; and as we look into their strange, strained faces (they are men and women, but mostly dwarfed or misshapen by disease or hard usage in childhood), we realize something of the tragedy of life in the back streets of London, about which Dickens wrote with so much pathos.

Once in the theatre, we take our seats in the back half of the main floor, still called "the pit" as in the days of Shakespeare, though the first eight or ten rows of the parquet circle are now looked upon as the choicest seats in the house. The boxes and seats generally are filled with happy, chattering children who have looked forward to this annual holiday treat for many weeks. Then the play begins. Cinderella mournfully watches her sisters depart for the ball, the fairy godmother interrupts her lonely musing by the fire, and Cinderella is transported to fairyland, a most enchanting place of birds and flowers and happy children at play. At length she appears in her glittering gown of white, her long train sparkling with jewels and her golden curls held in place by a band of diamonds. The next scene reveals a pumpkin large enough to occupy the whole stage. At the touch of the fairy's wand this giant pumpkin opens, and from its center emerges a gorgeous chariot of gold drawn by twelve real live ponies with harnesses sparkling with jewels. The excitement of the children knows no end. Never were such "ohs" and "ahs" as greeted the magic carriage. Then, of course, Cinderella is belle of the ball until the clock strikes the fatal hour, when humiliated and in rags, she rushes from the scene, only to be reclaimed later by the charming Prince with the slipper of glass.

Never was a more gorgeous spectacle for Christmas Eve; but the most delightful thing of all is that almost every theatre in London is giving a similar pantomime for Christmas week. At the "Haymarket" we shall see "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," and at the "Kennington," Dick Whittington himself comes up to London drawn by the alluring call of Bow Bells.

Now, for the sake of variety, we shall go home by the "Tube," the lower of the two underground railway systems of London. A huge "lift" (elevator) takes us down into the depths to a station with a tunnelled entrance at each end, into which our train whizzes with a terrible roar, stops for what seems no more than half a second, and whirls us across London, roaring through pitch black tunnels all the way.

Next morning, Christmas Day and Sunday, we go up to the city once more to the Christmas service at Westminster Abbey, the famous cathedral in which are buried England's renowned and great of all ages. The church, we shall find, is built in the shape of a cross, the long stem being known as the nave and the two side pieces as the transepts. We enter by the door of the right transept, known as the Poets' Corner. The dim religious light which enters through the beautiful rose windows at the end of each transept sends a mellow glow over the high vaulted ceiling ornamented with the most delicate carving and tracery, and the long oak panels lining the walls. As we take our seats facing the center aisle of the cathedral, we see on either side about us the tombs of authors with whom we have long been familiar. To our right are Chaucer, Tennyson, Browning, and the bust of Longfellow, and to our left, busts of Shakespeare, Burns and Goldsmith. Beneath our feet we see engraved on the stone floor the name of Charles Dickens, and we realize we are sitting above the grave of him who taught England the meaning of the Christmas spirit. Facing us in the Statesmen's Corner are Pitt, Canning, Gladstone, and Disraeli. Truly we are in the company of the immortals!

The mellowed tones of the organ and the sweet, tender voices of the choir boys as they enter in solemn array by the long aisle of the nave recall our thoughts to the service about to begin. They take their places in the beautifully carved choir loft in front of the famous altar before which England's kings have all been crowned. The whole service, the intoning of the canons, the replies of the congregation, the simple message of the Dean, and the inimitable rendering of the carols by the choir all impress us with the beauty and solemnity of the glad tidings brought anew at each Christmas season.

We leave the church by way of the royal tombs, passing through the gorgeous chapel of Henry the Seventh, with its solid oak stalls for the Knights of the Garter, the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, and finally down the nave past the shrine of the Unknown Warrior and out onto the pavement, where the chimes of Big Ben from the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament remind us that we are to hasten home to our savory English Christmas dinner, of which we have all read so much.

DORA V. SMITH

ASSEMBLIES

Music Week was celebrated very delightfully at "U" High by an assembly at the Music Auditorium on January 11. After preliminary announcements by Mr. Reeve and Sam Kirkwood, and some entertaining preparations on the stage, such as letting down curtains and rolling in the movable organ with many excruciating squeaks, the real program began. Mr. Abe Pepinsky and the students of the Music School who participated gave us another of those enjoyable little concerts which make us appreciate how much the new Music Building is benefiting us.

The first number was the Boellman Gothic Suite on the organ, played by Mr. Paul Oberg. The sonorous chords came out with a richness and fullness that was surprising in view of the small size of the organ. Many of the students had probably never had such a good opportunity to observe the great amount of footwork which is necessary in playing the organ. In spite of some uncertainty on the part of the audience as to the proper moment to applaud, the appreciation was manifest when it did come and an encore was required.

A Quartet in C Minor, Opus 18, No. 4, by Beethoven was played with both vigor and delicacy of interpretation by Mr. Pepinsky and three of the students.

Miss Elaine Bayard's vivacious performance of Wieniawski's Valse Capriccio brought an encore and that in turn won prolonged applause, but the necessity of a lunch period, however short, prevented an extension of the program. Invite us again, please, Music School.

REWEY BELLE INGLIS.



THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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IDEALS AND TRADITIONS

No student has a moral right to continue his membership in the University High School who can not pledge wholehearted allegiance to the high ideals of thought and conduct for which "U" High stands. These ideals are not superficial standards superimposed upon the student body by an over zealous Faculty group. They are the outgrowth of more serious thought and rich experience of a constant living together of Faculty and students. It takes some students a long time to realize this. The fact that some of us do not live up to all of these ideals is not the worst sin. "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Many of us are proud of "U" High traditions. These are the outgrowth of ideals. How many students stop to think what the ideals and traditions of "U" High mean to us, and to the school, and to the community? We have ideals and traditions because certain strong characters have been at "U" High for

four years. The names of several boys and girls are outstanding in our history. The school will always be different because they have lived with us. What are you doing to leave the impress of your character upon the life of the school we all love? To what extent will your life after you leave school reflect credit upon us?

It is a joy to see the Alumni who worked so hard to help us establish our ideals and preserve our traditions coming back from time to time to see how we are getting on. Most of them come because of a real love of "U" High and because they are vitally interested in our future.

Let us not give them any chance to feel that our standards are any lower than they were when they were among us. Let us rather live so that they must have a feeling of exultation because we are "carrying on."

It is a fine thing for us to have a tradition that every "U" High athlete is a good loser. Love of school should hold such a high place in the heart of every boy and girl that to lose fighting for one's school should be a glorious privilege. Our boys and girls both show the "good loser" spirit when they lose in inter-class competition. Can we not develop more of our traditions to the high plane of this one?

How truthfully can we say that every "U" High student is honest? that every "U" High student is just to his fellows? that every "U" High student is unselfish? that every "U" High student is tolerant? that every "U" High student is giving the best that is in him?

W. D. REEVE.

HOW FAR ARE YOU FROM AN EDUCATION?

February is dominated more and more by one heroic figure, as Americans grow into a more adequate appreciation of Abraham Lincoln. Without doubt new regiments of boys and girls, this month, will hear for the first time how Lincoln trudged 30 miles to borrow a book, that he might learn his Euclid. Lincoln stands in the forefront of that goodly company who have had to go far for the nurturing of their minds. There stand behind him a noble company—Elihu Burritt, Carey the Cobbler, Sir William Jones (who "read that he might know"), Henry Clay, Booker T. Washington—to name a few at random. The whole world does them homage, because they overcame space and time in a good cause. Young people who have nothing to do but partake of the intellectual feast spread for them call themselves lucky, in that they traverse no-such rocky road to learning.

But in spite of the scarcity of schools and libraries in that world in which he lived, Lincoln was very close to culture. Desire and Appreciation are the two seven-league boots with which eager minds find their way to understanding. The mind that reaches out for learning is close to it. It is the prehensile mind, not the well-stored environment, which counts for most in getting an education. In any school, including the University High, one finds students who may literally reach out their hands and touch the stored knowledge of ages but who are still some aeons of time and some worlds of space removed from that wisdom and that happiness. They are at least, one surmises, a

few lifetimes further from learning than was Lincoln when it cost him a day's walking to find a book.

How much spiritual space separates you from the great men whose thoughts have been recorded in books that lesser men might think them over after them? Are you fairly intimate with at least a few of the world's outstanding minds, or have you scraped at best a bowing acquaintance with them as you view them from across the street—or see them afar off over some broad field of your own personal interests? How far are you from an education?

FMM

GOOD MUSIC

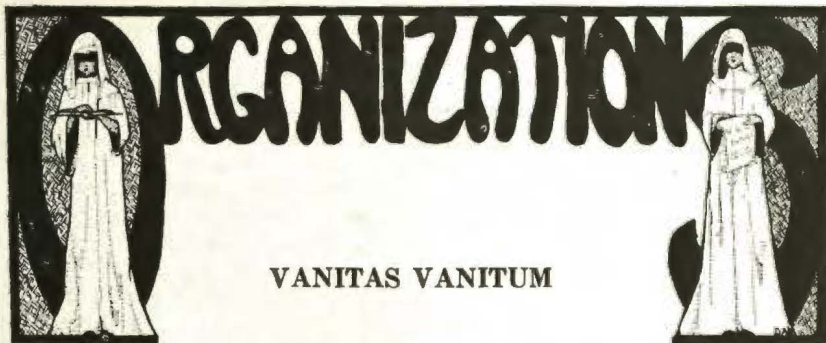
Immediately following the assembly of Music Week we heard a great many remarks by students as to how much they had enjoyed the program and how they wished we could have such programs more often. Yet we wonder how hard some of the people of the U. H. S. would strive to hear a program of good music if it were not actually placed before them. And from the way we have heard some students talk we infer that if a program of "jazz" music were to be offered, there would be a grand rush. We hear of the "radio bug" tuning in for the "jazz" programs, but nothing is said about the programs of good music which are frequently broadcast.

It is not our intention to preach against "jazz" music. It is merely a musical "fad" and probably has its day and place. Its life is short and it will soon be extinct, only, perhaps, to be followed by some other "fad." But we do want to encourage and promote the appreciation of good music. One has but to hear the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, or others to feel the touch of a great master and know that there, truly, is an art which will stand the test of time and live through the ages. One may not fully appreciate good music the first time one hears it. Just as with any art, the finer appreciation comes through continued study and listening to good music. In other words we can educate ourselves to enjoy good music, and no person can be said to have properly completed his education until he possesses an appreciation and an enjoyment of good music. Once this has been found, one will possess something which will stand the test of time and offer pleasures which cannot be obtained in any other way.

We are living in a community which offers unusual advantages for the appreciation and enjoyment of good music and we should all make the best of our opportunities along this line. Let us also hope that we may have more such programs as we had at the assembly of Music Week.

K. E. ROLLEFSON.





VANITAS VANITUM

Which being interpreted means Senior Class Notes

"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "all is vanity!" So it is alas with the Seniors, much to the sorrow of the distracted photographer who has labored incessantly, yet without success, to produce the expected gallery of beauties from the models of the Senior class! There is Louise, whose recalcitrant eyebrow shoots up into the roots of her hair! (And she'd have us believe it isn't lifelike! Some people will forget that practice makes perfect.) Then Everett's necktie insists upon draping itself over one shoulder as if the Colonel had tried to plant his gun under his chin instead of in his armpit. Dick Balcome's mother thinks his curl isn't natural, and Wilva's thinks hers is too much so; so there's no pleasing everybody. Elbridge looks "absolutely simple, though not altogether unnatural," according to his mother, but the verdict of the Senior girls is unhesitating; his pictures are "too perfectly sweet for anything!" Even Miss Smith, we understand, is not satisfied. In one, she wears an idiotic grin (perhaps she doesn't see it as often as the Seniors do); while in another she looks worn out and half dead. We hear she has chosen the latter and expects to write under it the cheerful epitaph: "Seniors! Look what you've done!"

But the Seniors have thought of others besides themselves this month. They presented their adviser with a pair of handsome bronze book-ends for Christmas, of which she and they are justly proud.

"Litz," said Rowlie on the way home from delivering them, "that ought-ta fetch a few A's in English."

But Carl prides himself on knowing human nature (or is it inhuman nature when applied to teachers?) better than that.

"Say, Rowlie," was his caustic reply, "have you ever read that book?"

"What book?"

"Oh, What a Hope You've Got!"

The Seniors have likewise been busy backing up school activities, if such an expression may be used to describe such wholesale hauling as it falls to their lot to do. Are you curious to find out what is K. K. K.? Ask the Seniors. Do you wonder who makes the Tardy Class flourish? Ask the Seniors. Do you want to know who is hard at work getting out the best Bisbilla ever? Ask the Seniors—then subscribe! You'll be given a chance soon.

Written, as per last month, by one "who doesn't dare sign her name."

THE JUNIOR CLASS

This month the Juniors have had two big problems which have somewhat distracted their thoughts from the studies which last month received their entire attention.

One of these problems is the question of how to raise enough money to give a bigger and better Junior-Senior than has ever been given by any Junior class. As a partial solution of this problem we have planned to give another bean feed in the near future and also to give something that has never yet been attempted in this school—a "hot dog" feed. We are expecting generous patronage from both the students and the Faculty, and we guarantee better service and bigger helpings than you can get anywhere else on the campus.

The other matter that is troubling the minds of the Juniors is anxiety over the arrival of the class rings and pins. For weeks the treasurer and the pin committee have not been appearing in the halls between classes for fear of being besieged by an excited group of Juniors who hold them personally responsible for the fact that the pins are not ready. Last week when a class meeting was called, everyone thought that the longed-for emblems had at last come, and great was the disappointment when it was discovered that the sole purpose of the meeting was to extract the middle initials of the Juniors.

However, we hear that our treasurer has received a letter from the company saying, as Caesar said, that "the die is cast;" so watch for the fine, new pins soon to be proudly displayed by the Juniors.

MARGARET MCGUIRE.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

It was not altogether with sighs of regret that the Sophomore class returned from its vacation and plunged into the work of the last month. There are worse things than building Caesar's bridge, swimming across the pool, circumscribing a triangle, following the Roman roads, or even taking a defeat from the Freshman basketball team. Indeed, at least one member of the class turned his back on vacation days not at all reluctantly, since he can now renew his acquaintance with his parents, a connection that was seriously threatened by the numerous social activities of the Christmas tide.

One sharp incentive to return to school on January 4 was the curiosity to know what marks were on the little thin slips which Mrs. Hickey distributes at the end of each quarter. After the class had canvassed the returns they decided to challenge any other class in the school to show as good a record. Here is what they found: out of 195 marks there were 22 A's, 38 B's, 21 C+'s, 41 C's, 18 C—'s, 29 D's, 12 F's, and 14 conditions. Of the F's they are not proud.

There are other evidences that the class is taking school work seriously. It is probable, from present indications, that within the next two years five of the girls will make Acme, and it is possible that seven will do so. That would be the largest representation that any class has ever had in that organization.

The boys are making good records, too, although they have no honorary society comparable to Acme to bear witness to their scholarship. When June, 1925, comes we expect Mr. Reeve to be able to say truthfully, "This is the best class that has ever been graduated from the University High School."

LOUIS A. TOHILL.

FRESHMAN NOTES

?

K. E. ROLLEFSON.

ACME

The choosing of the captain ball teams with the writing of a note to each successful candidate kept Acmeans pleasantly engaged during the early part of January.

The rumor of which you read in the last *Campus Breeze* has progressed to the stage of a real invitation. The members of Acme hereby invite the Faculty and every girl in school to attend a Colonial Ball on Friday afternoon, February 16. Will the Seniors and Freshmen who can come please notify Helen Minty; Juniors, Helen Feuling; and Sophomores, Ethel Lamb. Be sure to save that date, for you are all wanted.

HENRIETTA BROWNING.

GIRLS' "U" CLUB

The first formal meeting of the Girls' "U" Club was held on Friday afternoon, January 12. The Constitution, which had been prepared previously by the officers of the organization, was read and adopted. There are at present sixteen members. We hope this number will be increased the latter part of February when Acme presents new "U's." According to the regulations of the "U" Club, it is now possible to work toward an "H" and later an "S" by striving for and obtaining 150 additional points for each of these letters. It is our hope that the Girls' "U" Club will be a vital factor in the life of "U" High.

HENRIETTA BROWNING.

HI Y CLUB

The most notable and perhaps the most valuable bit of work done by the Hi Y Club this year was the "Kome Klean Kampaign" for which they were responsible. The club, in cooperation with the Triangle Club, Acme, the Entities, the French Club, the Dramatic Club, and the *Campus Breeze* staff decided to foster a "Better 'U' High" week. To this end daily slogans were adopted and placed in prominent places about the school during the week of January 15.

Separate assemblies for boys and girls were held during the first period Monday, January 15. Mr. Ben Chapman of the Central Y.M.C.A. talked to the older boys, Mr. Harry O. Hench, Boy Scout leader, to the younger boys, and Mrs. B. La Due spoke to all the girls. We feel that all of these talks have borne much fruit at "U" High. The entire work of the week was summed up with an assembly at the Little Theater on Friday. Dr. Norman B. Henderson, pastor of the University Baptist Church, spoke on "Human Nature." Dr. Henderson's speech was concrete and to the point and served as an excellent climax to the week's program.

The Hi Y Club is planning on a "Decision Meeting" in the near future to make more real and apparent some of the fruits of "Better 'U' High" week.

It is a little difficult for some of us to understand why so few boys in the University High School affiliate with the Hi Y Club. Of course the meetings are held at a poor time and the period for the meetings is shorter than it should be to get the best results, but probably this is not the main reason. Surely most of the boys in the school have ideals as high as ours. The club feels that there are some boys around school who probably think that Hi Y members have a sort of "holier than thou" attitude. If this is their feeling, we want it known that nothing is further from the truth. We are all supplied with an abundance of "human nature" and we know that we are not perfect in any sense, but we are honestly trying to live up to the best ideals that we know and to help preserve the traditions that have made "U" High what it is. We could do better work if we had the sympathy and co-operation of more boys in the school.

Just now we are studying the life of Christ for the Bible Study part of our program. Once a month some boy reports on a famous athlete of the Bible, and another meeting each month is given to the business or social side of the club.

Those of us who have found time to attend the meetings, both at "U" High and at the Central Y.M.C.A., have obtained much inspiration to help us to live the kind of life that was pictured for us by Dr. Henderson in his talk.

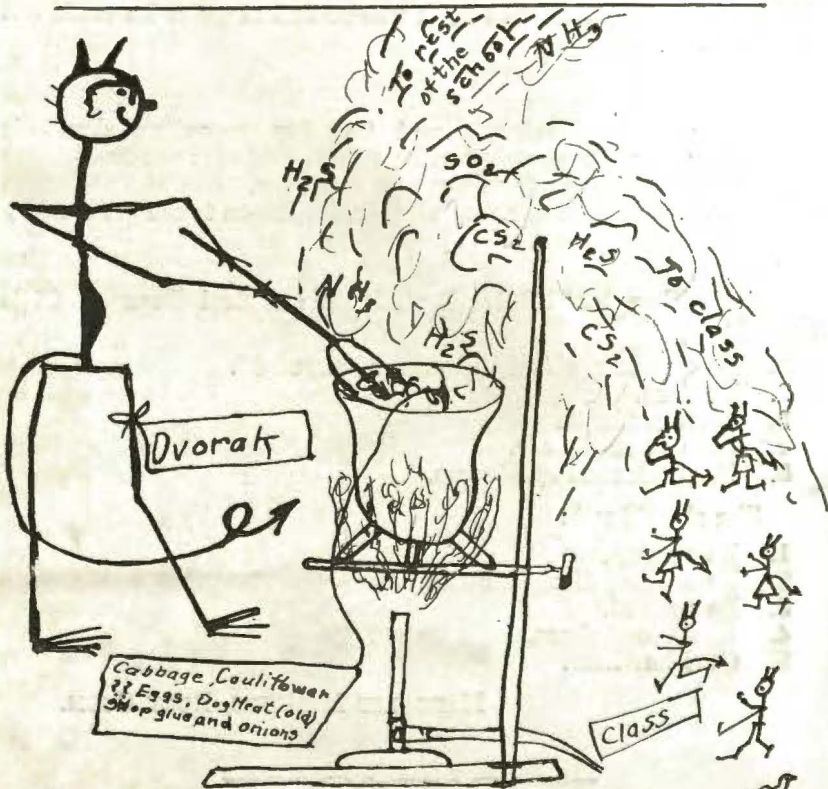
W. D. REEVE.

ENTITIES

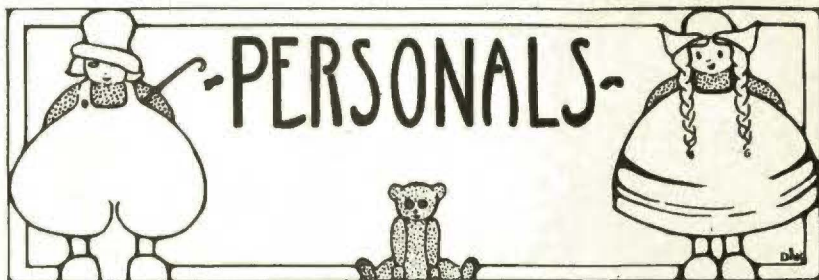
Once more, on January 3, the Entities gathered, twelve strong, at the Sign of the Dragon. They consumed Chow Mein in quantities sufficient to satisfy the requirements for membership, talked gleefully about the "good old times," and then hied themselves to the Capitol Theater to enjoy still better ones to the tunes of the Yerkes band. Then they retired early to study for the next day.

SOPHIA HUBMAN.

The above is an impressionistic conception of the University High School gymnasium, also of my ability as a cartoonist.



Prevalant idea regarding the chemistry classes in "U" High.



Alice Hickey likes everything about Wellesley except the fact she has gained six pounds. On the other hand we hear Eleanor Clure has acquired sylph-like proportions.

We wonder if Dave Wing is strictly truthful when he says that he does not know how Millicent learned to write love letters. Someone must know because in math. class the other day Mr. Smith said that Millicent's book was so full of notes he could not find any math.

Adv.: See Stockwell and Co. for recoating domestic animals. Only the purest powder, rouge, and other cosmetics are used. Striped effects for dogs our specialty. See Mr. Dvorak's "purp" to appreciate our work. (Mr. Rollefson is the "and Co.")

According to "U" High students an ideal Dean of Girls should:

1. Be a young, elderly woman of about 45.
2. Be fare.
3. Have patients.
4. Be a good dancer.
5. Have plucked eye-brows.

She should not:

1. Be snopy.
2. Be a good disciplinarian.
3. Be partial.
4. Wear low shoes.
5. Curl her hair.

MARGARET MCGUIRE, RUBY COON.



DOPE COLYUMN

January 15, 2:30 p. m., copy due but none prepared. I cannot hope to aspire to the literary atrocities of the regular editor of this "Colyumn," but thanks to his assumed initials I am permitted to complete the task in haste.

The coach and basketball team were so filled with the kind of dope administered by this column following the game at Red Wing that a pleasant two-hour auto ride was lengthened to an all night affair.

Dialogue during noon hour in Room 15: "Mr. Aaberg, do you freely imbibe or inhale liquor?"

"I have done neither for several years, Mr. Stockwell."

"Will you tell me, then, why your nose is always so red?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Stockwell. It glows with pride because it is kept out of others' business."

Members of the alumni have called our attention to the fact that the "U" Club is not as active among the boys as it was in the past. Perhaps the interest of the boys has been transferred to the fairer sex, for several "U" Club pins are displayed by feminine admirers. However, we want to call the attention of our alumni to the renovated locker room. It is better now than it has ever been since University High School moved into this building.

This "Colyumn" closed in the January issue with "Yours till Freddie-Always finds another male Freshman to pick on." For the sake of your happiness, Carl, we hope she does not make further attempt.

P. D. Q.

Per W. R. SMITH.

Looking Forward

Getting ready for the future—that's the uppermost thought in the mind of every Student. One of the first and most important steps toward a successful career is the careful selection of your banking connection.

This bank has handled the accounts of thousands of students—open your account today.

St. Anthony Falls Office
First National Bank
East Hennepin and 4th St.



EXCHANGE

The *Gleam*, edited by the Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn., gives an interesting account of Christmas in other lands. Many symbolic rituals of the Europeans are fascinating. Many are more significant than our own customs. Santa Claus is scarcely so important as the housewife's cooking. The humorous creeps in amid the solemn religious ceremonies.

The December issue of the *Academy* is suffused with the spirit of the Christmastide. The playlet, "In Bethlehem," reflects a keen appreciation of the holy mystery. A very difficult tone is reflected in the autobiographical sketch "Katherine Grows Up." The thoroughly modern Katherine has a philosophy something like this: "Every day, in every way, I am bored by my elders."

The *Blake Torch* has a unique section devoted to "Book Talk." There are resumes of popular stories which are helpful and entertaining for the busy reader, and at the same time they afford the authors an opportunity to develop their critical power.

Earl Wilkins of the Mechanic Arts High School is to be envied because he secured a long charming interview with the famous actor, Charles Gilpin. The latter revealed some interesting facts about himself, in particular, the delicate condition of his throat.

The *Comment* announces the winners of the story contest. The prize, "Red Blood," is full of thrills and delicate sentiment. Its rapid-fire description and action portray a football hero who is bigger morally than physically. He would be splendid in the cinematographic world if the story about him were made into a scenario for Charlie Ray.

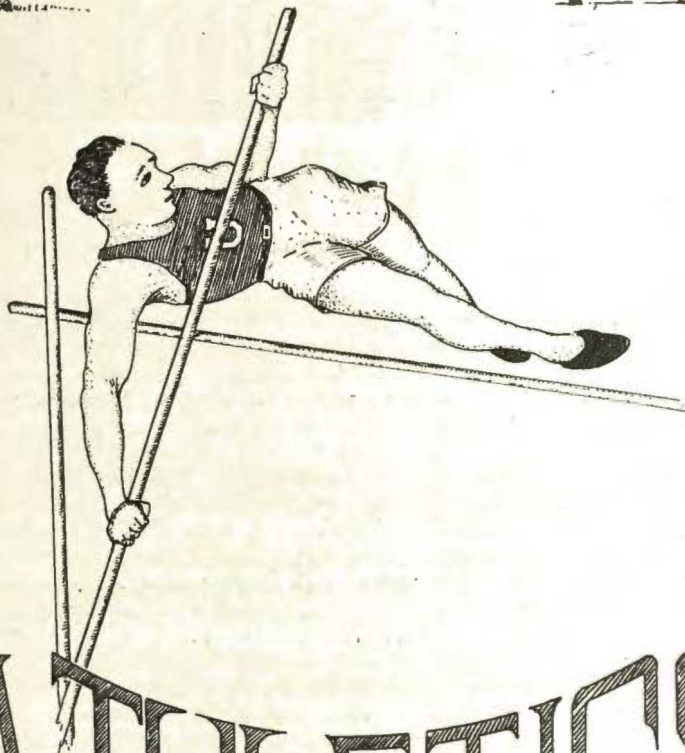
Shakespeare could find sermons in rocks but it takes an editor from West High to draw a splendid moral lesson—without straining the analogy—from

"After the ball was over
Mable took out her glass eye—"

SUZANNE BOURGOIN, MARGARET CORKERY.



VHS



ATHLETICS



DANA IS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The last month in basketball has been a period of preparation for the regular schedule of games which is about to begin. The shooting eye has been developed, new players trained, and team-work perfected. The practice games have not been successful so far as victories are concerned, but they have been very successful when good sport is considered. The first day of vacation the team held Roosevelt High to the close score of 20 to 19 at the University Baptist Church gymnasium. Curtis, Dieber and McQuillan each tossed three field goals. For Roosevelt the outstanding players were Erickson with four goals and Tuttle with three.

Two days after Christmas the Alumni, represented by Tom Canfield, David Canfield, Borglin, Blomberg, Williams and Erwin Grumke, defeated "U" High with a score of 42 to 16. Blomberg displayed his old form by shooting ten field goals; Henry Williams slipped five through the ring, Eric Borglin four, David Canfield one and a free throw, and Tom Canfield a free throw. For "U" High Nelson, Dieber, Miller, and McQuillan scored.

On January 13 the squad took the long, hard drive to Red Wing to play the Seminary boys. Although the first half ended with a score of 15-11 in favor of "U" High, the second half told a different tale and the game ended in Red Wing's favor 28-17. McQuillan and Dieber starred for "U" High, and Iverson played the game for the Seminary.

"U" High Faculty and students are missing the best sport, however, but not attending the interclass games played at the University Baptist Church gymnasium. A cup is to be offered for the winning team provided a sufficient number of boys can be interested in the sport. The first series of games was played January 11. Pettijohn, Barlow, H. Woolery, Rollins, Shandrew, R. Nelson, McGuire, Kurtz, Erickson, Kern, Fisher, and Kepperly representing the Juniors defeated Moulton, D. Nelson, Keeler, Balcome, Reed, Sanderson, Le Compte, and Bissell of the Seniors 19-16. Nelson, Bissell, and Keeler of the Seniors, deserve the laurels, and Woolery of the Juniors is the "Dead-Eye Dick" of free throwers.

In the wind-up the Freshmen, Todd, Merritt, Mathieson, Robertson, and R. Woolery outplayed the Sophomores, McConnell, Miller, Rarig, Brown, Pierce, Smith, and Haggerty as the score of 10-6 shows. McConnell, Miller, and Pierce scored two points each, and for the Freshmen Merritt secured 6, Mathieson 2, and Woolery 2.

Are we all so busy that we cannot attend and enjoy the games that are about to be played with our friendly enemies, Blake and S. P. A.? I wonder.

LOUIS A. TOHILL.

A Hot Liner

Many an inning that begins with a walk ends with a run.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

With the opening of the winter quarter captain ball practice began again in full swing with enough girls out to have four complete teams. Class captains were elected. They are Senior, Anna Olson; Junior, Dorothy Merritt; Sophomore, Janet Lieb; Freshman, Helen Lasby. After practice on Thursday, January 11, the teams were chosen by the members of Acme and the class captains.

Senior

Bessie Bacon
 Wilva Davis
 Hellen Feuling
 Frances Hermann
 Ruth Hildebrandt
 Helen Minty
 Anna Olson
 Substitute
 Ethel Lamb

Sophomore

Dorothy Army
 Elizabeth Bauer
 Mildred Borne
 Eleanor King
 Janet Lieb
 Mary Payne
 Helen Reilly
 Substitutes
 Agnes Berntsen
 Ruth Lampland
 Earleen Ralph

Junior

Ellen Bedell
 Alice Fisher
 Janet Hildebrandt
 Margaret Hummel
 Louise Leland
 Dorothy Merritt
 Polly Miles
 Substitutes
 Edith Erickson
 Frances Hickey
 Julia Partington

Freshman

Bettina Ballantine
 Jane Ford
 Dolores Hedlund
 Mildred Larson
 Helen Lasby
 Helen Struble
 Jeanette Wallace
 Substitutes
 Jean Balcome
 Margaret Hayes
 Lesley Lieb

The tournament was played the last part of January. Unfortunately the *Campus Breeze* went to press too early to give the results in the February issue.

Following the captain ball season Juniors and Seniors will have an opportunity to compete in basketball. All those who wish to play should report at once to Miss Browning. Besides basketball there will be practice for an apparatus tournament between teams chosen from the four classes.

This quarter the squad work is more definitely organized than previously, making possible keen competition in accomplishment as well as in cleanliness of middies and in good form and attention throughout squad work. By skillful effort each girl can help her squad to win the competition which will be completed at the end of the quarter.

HENRIETTA BROWNING.

Student to Instructor: "Mr. Heinz ought to build a factory near Ford's."

Instructor: "Why?"

Student: "Heinz could make the beans and Ford could make the cans."

Alumni Notes



"U" High fame was definitely established when Monroe Strickler called at the office this week for an application blank for his eight months' old son. Monroe will graduate from Law School in June.

Dana Durand writes to friends from Harvard that he is taking a course in economics, though his fancy leans toward literature. He recently had an article published in the American Boy for which he received \$250. His success is no doubt due to his early training at University High School.

Greta and Fred Clark visited an uncle in Schenectady, New York, during the holidays. Greta enjoyed herself so much she decided to remain there and go to school the remainder of the year. Fred has been promoted to First Class Rating on the U. S. S., 11. He will start this month on a cruise to the Virgin Islands.

Kenneth Francis has returned from Europe where he visited Cherbourg, Paris, Verdun, Berlin, Brussels, London, and many other points of interest. On his return trip the boat was delayed a week by a tremendous storm which caused Kenneth to arrive in Minneapolis too late to register at the University this quarter. He will enter the spring term.

Norris Johnston is a Junior at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge. He is taking the Electrical-Chemical Engineering course. The Minnesota Club which has been organized at the institution has selected Norris for its secretary.

Elizabeth Morgan, '22, is attending a kindergarten training school at Chicago. She is also having training in playground work and is planning to secure a position in that field for the summer.

Katrina and Joe Hummel were home for the holidays. They have returned to Carleton and Cornell, respectively.

Ben Wells is taking a course in Interior Decorating at the Minneapolis Art School. Later he may take up designing gowns for boys' ballets. Do you remember how cute he looked at the Senior Vaudeville last year?

Imogen Foster, who thought she didn't have anything to do, has changed her mind since she saw her first quarter's marks.

Emily Curtiss made "Pots and Pans," an "Ag" sorority.

Helen Barlow was chosen to represent the Freshmen in the S. L. and A. college in the *Minnesota Daily* drive. Knowing Helen, we predict success for the drive.

Dave Canfield is attending Business School. His interest in business was created by his management of the Bisbila last year.

Dorothy Kurtzman has made the Aquatic League.

Grace Johnson is now studying art in the College of Education.

Douglas McHenry has been made president of the Sophomore chemists.

Emma Lou Graham is back at the University.

At a recent meeting of Kappa Rho Winnifred Hughes gave a reading, and Lillian Borreson took part in the mock debate.

Bill Coffman is trying out for basketball.

Marguerite Robinson is dividing her time between school and library work.

James Bohan is running for president of the Junior Ball Association.

Margaret Morris, Ruth Hicks, Marjorie Cheney, Emily Curtiss, and James Perkins made a "C" average and will be initiated into Greek letter societies this quarter.

ORA HICKEY.





Who Rung?

Teacher: "Construct a sentence using the words 'former' and 'latter'."

Willie: "The former fell down the latter."

Neigh?

"A horse just skidded around that corner."

"But horses can't skid."

"This one was tired."

A lunatic, after escaping from an insane asylum, stole an automobile. He drove up in front of a laundry and took his two Chinamen friends out for a drive.

An accident occurred which resulted in a serious smashup. All that remained was a nut and two washers.

Oil Right

Ben Zine: "I know a good joke about crude oil."

Carry Seen: "Spring it."

Ben Zine: "It's not refined."

Yes, Where?

"What part of the body is the fray, teacher?"

"'Fray?' What are you talking about?"

"This book says, 'Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray'."

Hose Line

Rrrrrrr-i-n-g.

"Hello!"

"Is Rose there?"

"No."

"Is Violet there?"

"No."

"Is Pansy there?"

"No."

"Is Lily there?"

"Say, this is a sorority, not a hot-house."

Snuff

Horace: "To me you are the breath of life."

Doris: "Let's see how long you can hold your breath."

C. S. AABERG.