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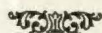
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The Campus Breeze

Volume VI

March, 1924

Number 5



LITERATURE

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

The day had been cold, dark, and damp, and the night was even more so. I was walking along "nine-mile" creek through McLintock's woods. Every rustle of the leaves on the hard, cold ground, every living movement in the woods made my heart beat like a triphammer. Ordinarily I would not have been frightened, had it not been for the fact that I was going to stay that night with the corpse of the late Al Fraser. The thought of this made my breath come and go in little gasps; certainly this being Friday, the thirteenth of November, did not cause it to become more regular.

The distance between my home and that of the deceased was scarcely a mile, though it seemed as if it were ten.

The wind howled between the leafless branches of the trees. The weirdness of this sound could be compared to nothing but the moaning of a dying man. I was so struck with nervous agitation that I quickened my steps and in so doing fell down with a crash, the very noise of which made me tremble so that a cold sweat broke out all over me. My steps, afterwards, were more cautiously but almost as hurriedly executed.

The moon, shining every now and then through the clouds and branches, like through the grating in a prison cell, added to the terror of the scene surrounding me.

The wild, shrill cry of a loon made me shake and shiver like a man with the ague. The who-oo-oo of an owl made me stop to wonder if it could mean me, and when a squirrel darted across my path, I shrieked at the unlooked for scurry.

Naturally, though I approached the shanty with a palpitant heart, I was more frightened to look back at the horrors from whence I had come.

I stepped inside the door of the shanty, only to find that my friend, who was to have met me there, had not yet arrived, and to notice on the table a note from the woman, who had stayed there

during the day. In the note she advised me to have a cup of coffee from the pot on the back of the stove.

I sat down, on a three legged stool, to await the arrival of my friend.

The cabin, as I had seen it in daylight numerous other times, was just the kind of a place you might expect a poor, elderly eccentric bachelor to possess. It had been completed as far as the tarpaper went, but nothing had been done from there on, either because Fraser did not wish to associate with his fellow comrades long enough to get the material needed for the completion or else because of resources. The tarpaper had been put on with big tin nails—pin holder nails I believe they are called—which were as bright now as the day when they were purchased. The windows had neither shades nor curtains, another detail which showed the want of a feminine hand. Fraser had found some window shutters and at one time had painted them a bright green, a decided contrast to the eye-like windows and the steel-dotted wall. A flower and vegetable garden prospered behind the cabin, evidence of the better qualities in this man. There were no steps leading up to the door—one of these doors which sags on its hinges, does not fit, and is very squeaky—which led into the ante-room of the shanty. This was a very dirty hole, indeed. Two or three dilapidated chairs were heaped up in a corner of the room; a small, cheap table stood in the center, on which was a very dirty deck of cards; by the door leading into the death chamber was the three-legged stool upon which I was now sitting. From this point of view a stove could be faintly discerned in another corner.

Upon noticing the last article of furniture I thought of the coffee and went over to investigate, hoping somebody might have left something besides that black beverage, of which I was not very fond, but instead, finding that they had left nothing, not even cream and sugar for the bitter brew. I drank a cup and then decided never to touch that strong drink to my lips again.

I roamed around, for a while, hunting for something to read. Nothing was to be found in the shed, and, as I could not gather up sufficient courage to enter the death chamber, I tried to interest myself in a game of solitaire, only to find the whole of the deck was not there. Bang! I jumped. My nerves were on such an edge that even a noise less than that occasioned by the flapping of a window shutter would have upset me quite badly.

Why didn't my friend arrive? He had boasted to me of his courage. Was he really a coward?

Having lost my interest in the scanty deck of cards, I began to meditate on the character of the deceased and to wonder why he had not been more successful in making friends. It seemed to me that the sole reason was that, while the people around him were Christians, he was an atheist, and was not afraid to advertise his unbelief. In fact, he had once slammed the door in the minister's wife's face, when she had brought him numerous things one Christmas, and at that time he had used decidedly profane language in addressing Reverend Blekely.

The thoughts had for some queer reason stimulated me; and for the first time, I opened the door of the death chamber. The spectacle I saw was a body stretched out with a sheet spread over it. The window behind the corpse was open, and the sheet blew back and forth in the breeze. The swish, swish of the sound was

suggestive of the steady and monotonous lap of the water on the beach during a calm night.

A strange thing about the body was that the feet lay stiffened about ten to twelve inches above the board upon which the body had been placed, a condition due to rigor mortis. When the body had been found, he had been lying over a box and had stiffened in that manner, so that the people in the village could not straighten him.

Everything being all right in the room I returned for the rest of my dreary, and, so far, lonesome vigil. I inwardly commented on there being no floral tributes in the death chamber, an omission which made his death to my mind still more terrible.

In the stillness of the night, the wind blowing down the chimney flue, the creaking of the shed door on its hinges, the flapping of the loose clap boards, and the drip, drip of the water from the pump, made one long, that some living thing, even a dog, could be found for company. The tick-tick of the clock, which at home, is so comforting, made me look for a pillow to still its continuous beat.

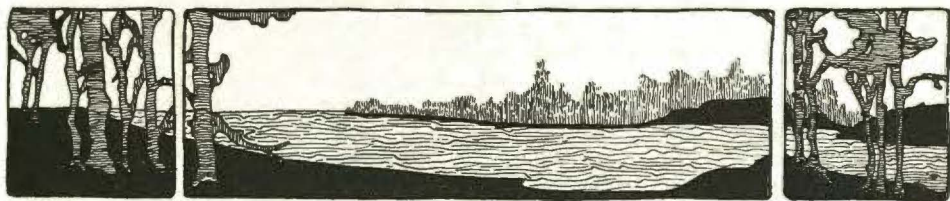
Each minute seemed to grow into an hour, and the wind increased in violence, until finally the shanty trembled; and the door from the room of the dead blew open. Was a storm coming up? Before I could close the door, another gust of wind blew through the open window, extinguishing all light. As I looked into the death chamber, two fiery eyes gazed out at me. The deceased was certainly conversant with the demon! The fiery eyes turned! The body raised itself! The sheet fell from the ghastly face! I was gazing into the fiery pits of Al Fraser's eyes! I was terrified!

I shut the door with a bang, and hid my face in my hands. It was then that I heard the welcome purr of an automobile. My friend had finally arrived. I ran out into the yard, and shuddering, related the horrors of the last few moments. He was not in such a nervous agitation as I was, and for this reason his manner and his voice, steadied my nerves, so much, that upon entering the shanty, we both got a light and entered the death chamber.

Sitting upon the chest of the deceased was a huge, black cat, who had, evidently upon my opening the door, leaped to the window sill, directly behind the corpse, giving an impression of fiery eyes and added height.

My friend laughed at my hallucination, but I stood still gazing in speechless horror at this trick of reality.

—Lesley Lieb.



REGARDING CLASS-BOOKS

Everyday—in fact, every period of every day—that I have attended “U” High, I have seen those little red books which designate their owners as learned imparters of knowledge. There is no one in this school who is not familiar with the exteriors of these books, but how many have been initiated into the hidden mysteries and records which they contain? I, for one, have never had a satisfactory look into one of these books; so I attempt to satiate my reverent curiosity by little peeks whenever a chance offers itself. It is an odd fact that all of these books — whether they belong to exponents of History, English, German, or Science — act alike; that is, they never entirely close; so an inquisitive person may try to decipher the hieroglyphics inscribed therein by peering closely through the somewhat separated leaves. I have learned by experience that this is not a very successful method; but it affords amusement and nearly always heightens awe and wonder. Then, too, if a person has a front seat, he may sometimes catch a glimpse of the ink which forms the visibility of the much-speculated contents. Nothing is clear; nothing is translated; yet I always derive diversion in trying to read what the all-knowing have there set down. It must be admitted that these books convey to me a subduing and awful presence—not so much that I know what is in them, but rather because I do not know specifically what they contain. Ignorance, you know, always inspires foreboding.

And what do they contain? That is the mystery. That is the question which is so disturbing, perplexing, and humorous to us grabbers after enlightenment. We know what they contain, and we don't know what they contain. We do know—and every month we realize—that they hold something which is essential to our advancement. But beyond that—What do they contain? As far as my hazardous peeks have allowed me to ascertain, class-books may be said to contain records of attendances, absences, tardinesses, assignments, recitations, failures, quizzes, paper clips, addresses, hairpins, telephone numbers, safety pins, loose pieces of paper of all sizes and shapes, blotters, small diagrams, kodak pictures, rubber binders, calling-cards, calendars; and finally, the issue of paramount importance, the list of names with the respective grades. And my! What jumbles of writing they are! Each worthy instructor has his own system, yet all obtain the same results. I have often wondered how and where all the information is written, for often the records of two or three classes are kept in one book.

As I said before, no two books are alike. Some teachers print; some write. Some teachers use black ink; others, red; others, pencils. Some teachers listen to the recitations with diabolical grins and poised weapons of penmanship; some chew the ends of the aforementioned weapons and gaze meditatively at the floor, at the ceiling, out of the window, around the room, or at the stumbling student; some jot down unintelligible little marks during recitations; some trust to their memories and reserve their notations for future pleasure. But this is off the subject! What I mean to say is that every teacher in this school has a class-book, that these books are brothers and sisters externally, that they are foreign relations internally, that they have always inspired me with the

greatest of curiosity and inquisitiveness—not, it must be confessed, unmingled with a small portion of fear and doubt.

Surely these class-books are fearfully and wonderfully made, and I suppose I shall never fully understand their innermost complexities until I myself am the possessor and inscriber of some of those omniscient and ubiquitous little red books.

—Eleanor King.

A SAILOR MAN

When I was young, so long ago,
It chanced I knew a sailor man,
A sturdy, swarthy, vulgar chap,
An English mate that we called Dan.

I see him yet with his big broad smile
On his full-mooned, sun-burned, freckled face;
I used to love to pound his chest
And see him walk a drunkard's pace.

He used to let us feel his arm
And shake his hard and grimy hand;
He'd tell me how to sail the seas
And how a sailor acts on land.

He used to take me by the pants
And lift me up upon his knee,
And tell me how the water looked
To sailormen clear out at sea.

He'd tell me pirate stories too—
Of how the pirates burned a ship,
Of how they buried gold and jewels
And carried sabers on their hip.

And then he'd pat me on the back
And in a husky voice he'd say:
"I like to roam about the seas,
But home's a better place to stay."

—Anonymous.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MISS BUTTERFLY

The honors and glories received at the immediately preceding banquet were still ringing in my ears as we, Miss Butterfly and I, were wending our way homeward through the dark, crisp night. The details of the banquet would be superfluous here. Suffice it to say, that, as valedictorian, my classmates had deemed it of sufficient moment to plan an elaborate feast, and Barbara Butterfly had honored me by accepting me as her escort. This fact is of more consequence than the mere mentioning would seem to denote. Miss Butterfly was a newcomer in our crowd, and rumor had it that she was the possessor of a dual personality. No evidence of this had ever been disclosed since we had known her; nevertheless, it was the cause of much speculation among the college students, and she was watched with unusual interest at all gatherings.

As I was saying, we were walking home, enjoying the keen air, and it must be admitted, I was being anything but congenial, as my mind was dwelling pleasantly on the recent festivities. As we neared a bridge, the construction of which was not quite completed, we instinctively slackened our pace and I, at least, was saturating my soul in the weird beauty of our surroundings. The river under us was black and still under the sable cloak of night. The few stars lighting the heavens were reflected in little ripples of gold. Under the mellow light of the half moon the trees were dimly sketched against the dark back-ground. There was an atmosphere of mystic power pervading the air. Suddenly a steel-like grip on my arm whirled me around, and I found myself face to face with — but that woman couldn't be my companion of the early evening! Had I, in my pre-occupied state of mind, conducted the wrong person from the banquet? What horror now filled my soul as I realized she was, indeed, Miss Butterfly! But her soft, glossy, brown hair, pinned in coquettish ringlets, so charming a moment ago, now lent her the appearance of a distracted witch, and the wind blowing them across her face added to the wildness of her aspect. The calm, hazel eyes which I had supposed incapable of any emotion, now protruded from their sockets and blazed as with a hidden fire. The small, sweet mouth was drawn so tightly that the red of the lips was invisible. Several moments we stood thus, all the while the grasp tightening on my arm. Finally, a sense of revulsion overcame my stupor and I attempted to shake off her hold, but I was not to escape so easily. Hot breath was scorching my face. A hoarse whisper reaching my ears and somehow registered in my brain, to the exclusion of all else. "Do not leave me now, Gerry. Come with me—I must find Merle Babcock. Come! you cannot—must not leave me!" With these wild words echoing in my mind I wondered. Was I insane? Had my success resulted in a completely demented state? But before I could collect my stray wits, with a headlong, dizzy hurl, I felt myself falling through the air. At last, with a sudden impact I landed upon and settled in mushy, oozy, slimy mud. It splattered into my eyes, mouth and ears, and felt like innumerable cold, crawling lizards wriggling around my neck. I lay sprawled in this slimy paste, bewildered and stunned. My wild eyes spied a broken, bespattered piece of statuary half buried in the mud. Like a lunatic I craved contact with something solid. By placing my hands as firmly as possible in the oozing mud, I managed to raise the forepart of my body—when my hands slipped, and I

flopped again into the wet mess. After several attempts I succeeded in crawling within arm's reach of the marble. Desperately I seized upon it, only to draw back—terrified—when the eyes opened and a low groan escaped the rigid lips. In my dismay I had lost my equilibrium and so had once more slipped—this time sliding to the water's edge. (I had now discovered the cause of our present situation. By a sudden, violent attack, Miss Butterfly had hurled us both off the bridge at a place where the railing was not yet completed, and, fortunately, we had landed in the oozy mud just this side of the river which the bridge spanned.)

A painful pressure now bore down on my chest. Looking up I beheld the mud-stained form of Barbara, who was surely insane. It seemed futile to attempt to move; so I submitted to the inevitable and lay there with Bab kneeling beside me, pinioning me in the slime, and constantly muttering a low and indistinct jumble of senseless words.

Here, it seemed, I was to remain indefinitely. (Somehow I never thought of exerting my utmost strength, but was like a toy in the hands of a child.) The nearly frozen water lapped monotonously at my side, just touching my arm. The dark sky overhead, and the dead, skeleton trees just visible in the black night, were the only things in sight except the bridge from which we had recently descended. Now I began to wonder how the slender girl who had appeared so frail could have shoved me, utterly without resistance, over the side of the bridge. Being unable to solve this vexing problem, I began, unaccountably, to study the plan of the bridge. First I counted the pillars between each pier, numbering six, which were all I could see in the first span because of my position. The second span numbered nine pillars on either side of the center, where the uppermost curve of the arch met the roadway. I counted slowly, for at a distance things are apt to blur; but in spite of my care, I could only see twelve pillars in the third span; the fourth and last was too far away, and I could not count the pillars at all. Then I began to wonder at the weight of the material and at the precision of the mathematical calculations requisite to the preliminary arrangements before the actual construction, which, if at all amiss, might possibly result in casualties. The lustrous whiteness of it glistened conspicuously under the beams of the moon. The graceful curve of each span was reflected in the icy, black water beneath; the gay little stars danced and twinkled along the reflected railing. In my numb physical condition, resulting both from fear and cold, I tried desperately to keep my mind alert. Some strange power of this girl, my captor, robbed me of any ability to plan escape. In grim resolution to wait sanely, my thoughts again reverted to the bridge. The ancient style of arched bridges with the wedge-shaped stones which would be locked in the middle with a key stone, I tried to compare with the modern style of strong, steel frames enforced with substantial concrete. Glimpses of the old bridge were discernible beyond the new one. Here indeed, I had food for thought. In actual dollars what would be the difference between that ugly, detracting, and weaker bridge, and this new, graceful, stalwart structure? Surely, with the largest concrete span in the world, this new one must amount to at least a million dollars. The advances in architecture under man's control were extremely interesting, and I resolved to make a study of the business if ever I escaped from my present clammy environment. A large, vague

field for introspection here opened before me, and eventually the weight on my chest would probably have become unnoticeable. But of a sudden the hoarse whisper which had been as the under-current of my thoughts all this time rose to a painful gasp. The horribly distorted features of the person at my side underwent the strain of a nervous collapse, and, after groaning, "She is here—she has found me—Gerry, I'm dying!" the frail form of Barbara Butterfly crumpled over like a paper doll, falling face down in the river. Immediately after the relaxation of her hold, I sprang up (the slippery mud not hindering me now—strangely) drew a scarf from my inner pocket, and turning the child over (for so small and helpless she seemed that I could not help but think of her as a child) washed the dirt from her face with the river water. Her features now being clear, I once more doubted my senses. Such a complete transformation seemed incredible to me. A sweet peace must have pervaded her soul; for a gentle smile was upon her lips, and an inexpressible calm softened her every feature.

The night's cold wind whistled about us—I drew my coat around her. The few stray pedestrians above us on the bridge, passed unknowing—unheeding. We were alone—I and this little, dead Butterfly. I was filled with compassion for the girl whose final death agonies I had refused to witness. I took no notice of time. The strange power of the live Bab's open eyes was exerted over me now by the dead Bab's lifeless face. I knelt, gazing at her till my own soul became calm, and my breast heaved with pity.

The morning star had risen—I felt a shudder go through the form in my arms. The moon was fading—a second time the body trembled—A tear was stealing down her cheek. It must have dropped from my eye—but no, I was not weeping. The lids trembled and slowly opened. A tender smile lit the triumphant, happy face of the awakening girl.

"Gerry," she whispered, "Bab is dead—I am free!"

Such was the birth of Merle Babcock, my present wife, the conqueror of the weaker, vixen spirit—Barbara Butterfly.

—Virginia Bollinger.



POETS' CRANNY

SPRING

Let the willow weep with its dewy spring-green leaves,
 For me, I'm full of life and joy!
 Let the breezes softly whisper through the trees,
 But I thank God that I'm a boy!

Thank God that I can roam with feet so free
 And wander o'er the swinging hills;
 Thank God that I'm not rooted like a tree
 When all the blood within me thrills!

I want to see the waters rush along;
 I want to touch the azure sky;
 I want to hear the blackbirds sing their song—
 The world is young, and so am I!

O let me join the blackbird choir and sing!
 O let me feel the wind rush by!
 Just let me be a bird that's on the wing!
 The world is gay, and so am I!

—Ross Lee Finney.

SUNRISE

Slowly, silently, one by one,
 The stars of heaven fade and die,—
 As tinted clouds embrace the sun,
 And golden shafts like arrows fly.

The smiling fields of waving grain
 Are bathed in morning light,
 While drifts afar that sweet refrain
 Of happy lark in heav'nward flight.

In the shady forest dells,
 Crystal drops bejewel the flowers,
 And the modest little bells
 Tinkle through the morning hours.

O'er the silver, rippling lake,
 Comes a breeze that gently plays
 With the lilies, as they wake,
 When they see the sun's first rays.

Now, the earth is bathed in glory,
 Of the red majestic sun,
 But now, ends the little story
 How the new day is begun.

—Ruth Thorsov.

THE THOUGHTS OF A TULIP BULB

Ah! Have I awakened at last
 From my long winter's slumber?
 Or is it that I'm just dreaming,
 Dreaming of the days that are past?

No, I'm sure I'm awake.
 The ground around me is warmer,
 Warm like the early June evening,
 Here by the side of a lake.

I feel rested and anxious to grow,
 Eager to send my roots deeper,
 Lift up like bright thoughts my blossoms
 Into the air and let them blow.

—Helen Lasby.

TO MY BROTHER AT HIS TOILET

He cast a fervent look into the glass,
 His cheek was flushed, his breath came quick and fast;
 But in his eye the light of triumph shone:
 At last, a most correct and proper dome!
 His hair (the which was long) lay smooth and straight
 Upon that sleek and shining "Hair-groomed" pate;
 A part from center-front due northward ran,
 An art long studied by our little man.
 But as I gazed, a shudder o'er him passed;
 "How long," he murmured, "how long will it last?"

—Jane West.

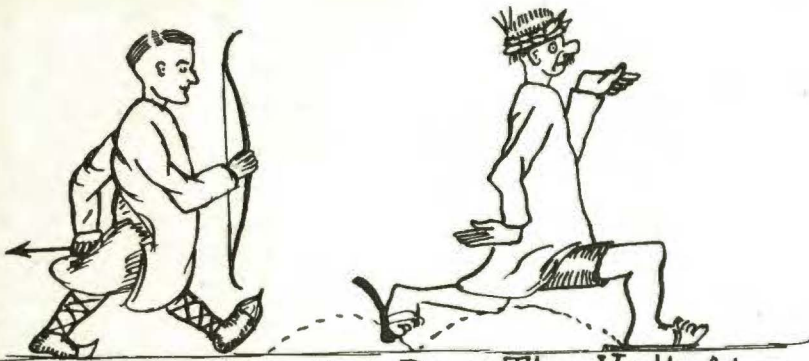
A COLLEGE MAN

A man of learning, he goes to the "U."
 There's nothing the latest he doesn't do.
 His tie, the newest, is straight from the East.
 He thinks that he's hard, (he's not in the least).
 He lifts his hat to a passing maiden—
 We see his hair is with waves all laden.
 Languidly smoking he strolls up the street;
 Flapping galoshes encase his small feet;
 His fur coat is long, on one eye rests his hat;
 He's not all he thinks, but he gets by at that.

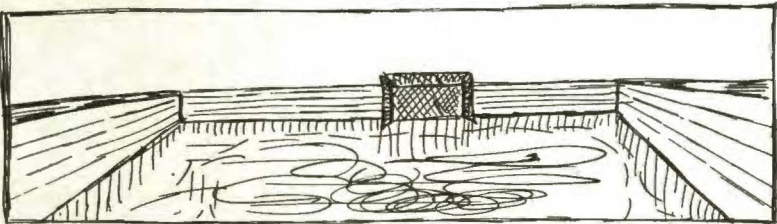
—Margaret Hummel.

Polly (in Assembly—during Mr. Cooke's talk) — "Say, wasn't Washington Irving a Negro?"

Milla—"No—You're thinking of Washington T. Hooker."



Romans Dashing Down The Hall At
The Latinus Shindigus



Above Is A Photo Of The East
"U." High Phantoms Hockey Team Of
The Season 1923-24

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Have Died During Childhood



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Albert De Still of
Rassberry N.J. - Inventor
And Introducer Of Short Quizzes

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The
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THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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BETTER SPEECH WEEK

Better Speech Week has come and gone, but we hope that the ideals for which it stands have been strengthened and renewed in the mind of every student. Better Speech Week comes once a year to remind us of the importance and significance of the English language, and we should not pass it by unnoticed. The Public Speaking Classes of "U" High have very competently directed our program this year; but now that all the speeches are over, are we going to forget?

Let us hope not; for we need people who can speak or write fluently, correctly, and convincingly. Prof. Conger in his talk to us on Woodrow Wilson pointed out that one of Wilson's greatest attributes was his ability to express his views so that everyone understood them. And you remember Lincoln, who was such a master of the English tongue. Both of these men spoke and wrote

simply, clearly, yet with only the finest and highest types of vocabulary and sentence-structure.

A person cannot put anything "across" if he lacks proper knowledge of grammar. Grammar may seem to be a very uninteresting and unexciting subject; yet look at all the wonderful orations, literature, drama, and poetry which it has produced! Authorities have come to realize the importance of correct diction more and more; in fact, many colleges and business firms refuse to admit persons who fail to pass certain tests which show their ability to use correctly the English language.

It is a wonderful thing to be able to converse in three or four foreign languages; but when you consider that we use our own tongue most commonly, it seems only right and logical that we should devote most of our efforts towards the development of that power which everyday enables us to express and convey ideas.

Better Speech Week was organized with a purpose. Keep that purpose aflame, and try to follow and materialize it. We want no one in "U" High who, through ignorance, casts any reflection on his mother tongue. We want everyone to speak correctly his language, the English language, at all times—whether it be in a class-room or at a basket ball game.

HORSEPLAY

During this year's football and basket ball season the teams have taken several out of town trips, trips that the student body could not go on. And on all of these trips the coach or manager has been complimented on the good behavior of the players during the game and after it. The people in the schools we have visited have a very high opinion of the type of boys and girls that go to "U" High. For this reason it has been possible for the team to go on more trips and for them to be in demand in many of the outlying towns. We are duly proud of our boys, because they conduct themselves as gentlemen at all times, and for this reason we who stay at home are supposed to be of the same quality. Our teams have advertised us and in the past year "U" High has gained recognition throughout the state as a high school, and not an experimental station.

We are not ashamed or afraid to send our teams anywhere in the state, because we know they will not disgrace us. But would we like to have visitors from some of the schools we have visited, see us at some of our gatherings? When we have a school party, or an assembly, why is it that a few have to persist in what is known as "horse play"? Is it necessary to our enjoyment that we attract attention by loud laughing, unnecessary applause and a pronounced effort to attract attention to some cute, baby trick we have acquired?

Have you stopped to realize that next year, or in the course of three or four years, you will either be in college or working? You can't "get by" with much of the "rough-stuff" then, if we may be allowed to use our native tongue. And it will be hard to outgrow the childish habits that we are acquiring now.

The loud boisterous "guffawing" that some of us do, is not real laughter, it is a marked sign of lack of culture and refinement. Taking advantage of the young men and women who are our practice teachers is not a sign of bravery or cleverness. It is a sign of cowardice and crudeness.

We do not wish to criticize, too strenuously, nor do we wish to intimate that all of "U" High is this way. But there are a few who seem to persist in "horseplay" and consequently we all suffer.

Let us unite in our efforts to change this, and to have the same traditions at home as our teams have away from home.

HERE'S A NASTY ONE

According to Chief Chaser Strickler, there are still a number of students who have not yet paid their Campus Breeze subscriptions. These subscriptions have been running now for three or four months, or since they were taken out.

In the majority of the cases the staff is sure that the trouble is not inability to pay as much as either carelessness or unwillingness; and it is pretty sure that there is very little unwillingness. Therefore, we conclude that because of the carelessness of a few, the Breeze is short some money and the majority are being deprived of several small extras which might be purchased if the delinquents would pay up.

We have given all past issues to those on our black-list just the same as anyone else, in the belief that they would soon clear themselves of their indebtedness. However, such a small percentage having paid, the business staff refuse to allow these people their Breezes any longer. Any issues which are thus withheld will be kept and presented upon payment. Don't miss any issues; pay now!

THE GAS LEAK

DISAPPOINTMENT

Oh, dear! I have tried so hard
 To get something—
 A mere something—
 That I have written
 For the Campus Breeze—
 In the Breeze—
 That I think it is impossible.

Oh, dear! I have written so much
 And used reams of paper—
 Without getting anywhere—
 For the Campus Breeze!
 I have tried to make them better —
 As much better as I could—
 But I don't get anywhere!

Oh, dear! I am so afraid
 That this will not be printed—
 For it isn't very good—
 But it shows my feelings!
 I have written poetry—
 Not very wonderful poetry—
 But I think you might print some of it!

—J. S.



SENIOR CLASS NOTES

"If a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well."

The "thing" consists in having our pictures taken; and how well it's done can best be judged from examination of the following problem:

Given: Studio of Messrs. Golling and Hesse, 50 members in Senior class to have pictures taken; 3 sittings per member; one hour per sitting (45 minutes for "dolling up," 10 minutes for examining friends' proofs, 5 minutes for having picture taken); 24 hours per day.

To find: How well the pictures were taken.

Work: $50 \times 3 \times 1$ hour equals 150 hours; 150 hours divided by 24 hours equals 6 1-4 days. Therefore, the Senior class has spent 150 hours, or practically a week, 6 1-4 days, to be exact, in the studio of Golling-Hesse, not to mention the weary hours spent in deciding which are the best proofs.

Look for results in the Bisbila!

JUNIOR DOIN'S (?)

The Junior reporter should have saved her lament about inactivity of last month for this issue. Compared to what we are now, we were alive, yelling, screeching Juniors last month. But now—well, now we are every imaginable opposite to those adjectives. I think the following statement sums it all up briefly and concisely:

First week—One J. S. committee meeting.

Second week—No parties, meetings, or anything else.

Third week—Ditto.

Fourth week—More ditto.

Don't you think we have reason to be proud of our one lone committee meeting? Much was accomplished at this, however. For one thing, the Sophomores who are to serve at the J. S. were determined. They are ? ? ? ? (Nobody knows). A huge momentous question has been raised. Should the boys wear "Tux's" or should they not, to the J. S? Anyone who can shed any light on the matter will be heartily appreciated.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Well, speaking of the Sophomores, they have had another dead month.

January 10 to 17. No social events, no anything.

January 17 to 24. The great sum of our social events for this week is nothing.

January 24 to 31. When you speak of social doings you aren't speaking of the Sophomores this week.

February 1 to 7. Another minus week with the Sophomores.

February 7 to 14. And still another minus week for the Sophomores.

If we decide to have a party of anything, we shall have to go at it easy or the shock of having some kind of social doing will kill all the class and then what good would the thing be? This last month there has been a rumor of a party going around among the Sophomores. First the rumor said a sleigh ride party with the Freshmen. Then it changed to just a regular party with the Freshmen, if they wanted to have one with us. So cheer up, Sophomores, this rumor may turn out to be the real thing and we will have a party and other doings this next month. Take this easy and be prepared not to die from the shock if we have a party. Come on, Sophomores, let's make this a snappy month.

Now to speak of our attempts to get into the athletic limelight. We have won three basketball games and lost two. If we win every game from now on and the Juniors only lose one we will be tied for the championship. Come on, team! Let's go! We want that championship.

THE FRESHMEN

Oh! Haven't you heard? There's going to be a Freshman-Sophomore party! Aren't you thrilled?

The class had two recent meetings at which several important questions were discussed. As is well known, Freshman girls are regretting now that they have no representatives in office. Finally however, after heated arguments on the subject at a certain meeting, the matter has been satisfactorily disposed of.

The first Freshman paper was published and every copy sold. We are patiently awaiting the arrival of the second; for with that issue printed, the judges of our paper contest can begin work. The purpose of the contest is to determine which paper is most worthy and deserving of your attention.

Our basketball team is making a wonderful showing against the other class teams. Both Seniors and Sophomores have been defeated by the "Freshies."

The only thing necessary to do in "U" High now is to keep our splendid record.

ACME

Acme has certainly accomplished wonders in this last month. Having been spurred onward by our success of the last tea, or rather, cocoa, we have become very ambitious. Our faculty adviser and our president got the idea that perhaps Acme was not

fully appreciated by other organizations. And so, to make ourselves known to, and acquainted with the other girls' athletic associations in the city, we have invited the faculty adviser, the president, and one other member of every girls' high school athletic association in the city. It certainly sounds like quite an undertaking, doesn't it? But if ALL the Acmeans cooperate, it will go off successfully.

Another important thing—we have received two of the long-looked-for pledges. They are Irene Couper and Katherine Washburn. However, they are only pledges. A regular "Humdinger" of an invitation is waiting for them. Of course, we hope they will survive it and all that, but—

Last but far from least, Dorothy Arny and Gail Nesom entertained the Acmeans on February 2. This was in the nature of a toboggan party, which form of recreation has not been common among Acmeans, consequently, we hailed it with much pleasure.

GIRLS' "U" CLUB

During the past month the Girls' "U" Club has been noted for its stupendous activity. The amount of work accomplished by the Club knows no end (nor beginning). The amount of enthusiasm among the Club members is so great that serious effects are impending, and all are faithfully awaiting the outcome of such united effort. And of course, to accomplish all this, a great many meetings were necessary—so many, in fact, that there was scarcely time enough between them to snatch a few hours for school. And meanwhile, the outside world went on, oblivious of our vast work. Yet for all of our fiery meetings above mentioned, only one ever "happened," of all the aforementioned enthusiasm and zeal for work above referred to, not a bit was ever seen; and of all the stupendous work above referred to, only a wee bit was done. But such are the ways of the world! However, next month we may make a mark for ourselves, and our multitudinous meetings will actually take place, so that we may dissolve our relationship with Hans and Fritz, who were helping each other do nothing!

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club had been taking a rest after the Vaudeville until Wednesday, February 20, when a very lively and successful meeting was held. This meeting had one big aim; namely, to arouse interest in the club.

One of the main points of the meeting was the decision to have a membership campaign beginning at the Thursday Assembly of February 28 with a short play entitled, "Two Crooks and a Lady." The list of the cast appears in the account of that assembly.

The Club also decided to give a three-act play about the middle of April. The play and cast have not yet been chosen.

ASSEMBLIES

Did you say "Assemblies"? Yes, indeed, we have had some dandies this last month.

January 24. Miss Inglis opened this assembly with a few announcements. After she made these she introduced James Bohan one of our alumni on the University Campus. He gave us a very good talk on Campus activities, telling about the different organizations and activities which are worth while. He told us if we really wanted to get into things there that we ought to get on the Daily Staff or on the Staff of some other publication.

Dave Wing made a lively announcement concerning the Senior Follies. He introduced to us some of the actors and the stage force of this most wonderful Follies. We all agree that Pansy Todd should have been born a girl.

The assembly on January 31 was a very entertaining one, to say the least. The ancient history classes gave a play written by Muriel Clark, entitled, "In the Days of Hannibal." The curtain rose on a family scene between Cornelia, the mother, Mildred Larson; and Dacia, the daughter, Virginia Bollinger. This was interrupted by Horace, Merwyn Robertson, who announced his intention of going to war. He was lost for sometime, but in the end there was, of course, a happy family reunion. The play was supposed to be tragic; however, it must be confessed certain parts moved us to laughter.

The assembly on February 1 was held at the Little Theatre. Edward Vance Cook, the poet, was introduced to us. He gave some clever definitions of poetry, reading poems to illustrate his different points. To illustrate rhyme he read the poem of "Auto Ought To." With this he kept the school laughing from the beginning to the end. Another to illustrate rhythm was "The Monkey Man." Some others he gave were "The Fu-Doo Man," "America for All, All for America," and "Moo Cow Moo."

After this Dave Wing gave a few announcements. Then Jim McConnell closed the assembly with an announcement about the basketball game with S. P. A.

On February 6 a short assembly was held in room 204 at seventh period in memory of President Wilson. Professor George Conger talked about President Wilson, telling how great a man he was and some of the great things he did.

The assembly on February 7 was again held at the Little Theatre. Jack Barwise gave a short talk concerning the Freshmen paper. Dave Wing also gave a few announcements, one about a basketball game and one about a swimming meet.

Miss Inglis introduced the speaker, Professor William Cooper of the University Botany department, who gave a very interesting illustrated talk concerning his trips to Alaska. His pictures of glaciers were remarkably fine.

The assembly on February 14 was held at the Music Auditorium. The Play Production Class of the University presented "The Robbery." The leading part was taken by Miss Ruth Miller, one of our practice teachers in English and Library. The school appreciates the time and effort given by these university students to give an enjoyable assembly.

On February 21, after trying all week to improve our English, some of the Junior class put on two little skits pertaining to our everyday school life. William Haggerty represented a slangy

boy who tried to get a date with a girl, Elizabeth Young, for the Metropolitan. Of course he was turned down, because what girl wants to go with a boy who doesn't even know his own language? Then Harmon Pierce, who used very proper English, phoned Katherine Niebergall for the same reason, and was accepted immediately. This proved to us just how much good English counts. The other one was a very good imitation of what our halls sound and look like between periods. Surely, if we are that noisy in the halls, we had better try to be more quiet.

Finally Mr. William J. Tannewitz of the Department of Public Speaking in the University gave us a very illuminating talk about voice production. He made it quite simple with the use of a chart showing the mechanism of the voice.

February 28, the students of our institution were treated to a play by the Dramatic Club. The play was, "Two Crooks and a Lady," a "Harvard Forty-Seven Workshop Play." The actors were:

Invalid Lady	Irene Couper
Lady's Companion	Eleanor King
Maid Crook	Helen Reilly
Man Crook	Phil Barlow
Detectives	John Flannagan, Gordon Patterson

The parts were very well taken. Also, the selection of a live, interesting play helps to account for the interest shown by the audience.

Preceding the play, short announcements concerning the activities and drive for memberships of the Dramatic Club were made by Mary White, president, and Simeon Rollins.

ANOTHER ALL-SCHOOL PARTY!!!

About four o'clock in the afternoon of February 21, the orchestra started tuning up for one of our much-enjoyed all-school get-togethers. As soon as the sounds penetrated the walls of the girls' locker-room, there were hasty powderings of noses, last pats and fluffings of hair, and a grand rush for the stairs. Then—"On with the dance!"

This party was no exception to our realizations of former ones or to our anticipations of this one. The music was splendid; the company, excellent. We noticed that the chaperones had full programs; therefore we predict a shortage of "F's" this month. Considerable embarrassment, trepidation, heart palpitations, joy, and daring were aroused in the girls (according to their respective temperaments) by the announcement of a leap-year dance. Practically every girl was on the floor for this number, although a number of the stronger sex were uninvited. How does it feel to be wall-flowers, boys? Eskimo Pies are always in fashion. We might say that Arctic Sweethearts may come, and Arctic Sweethearts may go, but Eskimo Pies go on forever.

All in all, we had a very enjoyable time. We wish to thank Miss Coon and the Social Committee for sponsoring such an event, and we hope that our appreciation and behavior have so impressed them that 204 will serve as a ball-room several more times before the second or third week in June.



BREEZY POINTS

Just look at our list of advertisers! And there's more coming in every month. One little bit of a glance tells us where to go for our heart's desire, where to get the best quality at the most inexpensive price imaginable, and best of all from this little peep at our ads (even if it's only snatched between periods) because it's "Our Breeze" and we all know its merits (or Merritts) we know that we can always be sure that the best results may be obtained in patronizing our advertisers.

We all know just how hard it is to save our money—especially when it's right in front of us every time we open our bureau drawer. Here's just the thing for refraining from temptation and for saving up for that new flannel dress or the Campus Breeze Dance, which, by the way, is a coming event that we're all looking forward to. Start a Savings Account at the St. Anthony Falls Office of the First National Bank, on East Hennepin and Fourth Street—just a little way from school. The First National Bank welcomes Student Accounts and sends us word that even though our funds are limited it is a good plan to keep them where they are safe.

If you live at the "Park" perhaps our savings account at the St. Anthony Park State Bank, tells us that we can afford a pair of those darling new Colonial pumps that we saw last Saturday at the Home Trade Shoe Store. They're just what all the girls are wearing now y'know, and with our additional four per cent interest that the "Park" Bank gives us on our account maybe—maybe, y'understand, we can all have our shoes.

Oh! And listen! Have you seen the cunning little different colored pads they've got at the Co-op? They're just too cute for words and perfectly M-a-a-r-velous for notes, my dear! We hadn't heard about them until we saw the darling yellow one that Clifford gave Len. They're all the rage at the "U" now and of course we must keep up.

Golling-Hesse Studios take the most exquisite, clear-cut pictures of any photographers we know of. What's better proof than one look at our Seniors' graduation pictures? Here's "Food for Thought"—"Keep that schoolgirl complexion" by using beauty utensils from the fully equipped stock of L. F. Brown's Drug Store, by eating at Coolshanaugh Inn, where all the delicacies imaginable are prepared under most healthful, sanitary conditions; and then have that same s. g. c. photographed at Golling-Hesse's.

When we dropped into Perine's the other day we were "fluently" inspired. This quarter will soon be over and with the beginning of next quarter we'll all—at least, 'most all—need new books. We were amazed at the reasonably priced books we found at Perine's, and we're all planning to buy our third-quarter books, there.

We have a suggestion for boys only. Why not have your picture taken at the University Foto Shop and give it to "her"? They're only 25 cents for 25 pictures and you can't imagine what good pictures they are. For other pictures, too, remember that the University Foto Shop is "the" place.

And now for girls—we've got a big secret for you. Watch for next month's "Breeze" and we'll tell you where we can buy the most adorable and inexpensive gowns you ever saw. We can get them ready made or have the sweetest dresses designed in any color we want, and made of the new fabrics. Oh! and by the way, did you know that black and white is going to be extremely popular this Spring? And had you heard that the people who know are wearing those "nummy" new rose beige hose?

And now to everybody—remember that "Campus Breeze" advertisers' are good places to buy. We're all going to visit our advertisers' shops, after this, and learn from our own "ads" that "They Satisfy."

Breezily yours,

L. D. W.

VERS VERY LIBRE

The other day
 I was passing thru
 An alley.
 And I saw
 (Quite alone)
 A ghastly,
 Horrible,
 Frightful,
 Nauseating,
 Shocking,
 Rude
 Old shoe!
 And it affected me
 So much
 That I began to
 Cry; and I cried
 And cried,
 And cried,
 And cried,
 For six hours.
 Some day,
 I must
 Try myself out
 In a junkyard.
 —John Stellwagen.



CANDY TABLE CHATTER

Customer—"What's it like?"

Helen—"It's lem——"

Polly—"And when Dana said he changed places, because the chair was cracked, Mr. Smith said he could appreciate his reason."

Helen—"And Orange Nougat. It's only a nickel, child, step right up and hand me your hard earned dime, but if you should die before you wake, we'll know ——"

Marge—"Oh! I'm sorry, I can't. I have to go to the hospital to see mother—No, Milky Ways, haven't come yet ——"

Helen—"—— Doggone! I wish I could get hurt bad enough to go to the hospital."

Paul—"I'll hit you hard sometime ——"

Middie—"I thought you were quite hard hit by him already—Herbert, don't throw your papers in the hall."

Polly—"Sell candy while I laugh."

Ed—"Any peanuts today?"

Janet—"What's happened to Bob Dameron?"

Lorna—"Oh! He quit school to get rich quick—5c please—by discovering what it is that gives a permanent lustre to a bald head."

Milla—"I heard the best joke on Jack Barwise. They were having a party in English and Jack was asked to open a can of pickles. Pretty soon Rhoda yelled to Jack, and asked what he was opening it with. Jack said it was a can opener and asked the reason for Rhoda's question. Rhoda answered in a scathing voice that it sounded as though he was trying to open it with prayer, judging from his remarks."

Dave—"Mrs. Torres went to the butcher shop the other day and dropped 60 feet, but she wasn't hurt as they were pigs' feet."

Buzz—"There's a customer! Nail him, quick."

Helen—"I've got him."

Ellen—"I heard that Elsie Miller's mother called her down for sitting up to read—but Elsie said she was reading the most beautiful story, and they didn't get married 'til 5 o'clock."

Bill—"Bringing forth his money bag) "Polly, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?"

Polly—"Billet-doux." (Pronounced "Billie do").

Gordon—"5c please."

Helen—"I thought I'd die in History. She asked Finkie when Columbus died, and he said he didn't ever know he was sick."

Middie—"Where've you been, Art?"

Art—"I had some words with the teacher."

Middie—"Indeed?"

Art—"I couldn't spell them."

Margie—"There goes the first bell, where's the key,—toot-toot!"

Polly—"Hurry."

* * *

Annabel Taylor was late for gym because she didn't have clocks on her socks.

Grace Anderson will not be a shining example any more, for she has bought a compact.

What has Miss Hubman against Finkie that causes her to say, "Go on," when Finkie says, "Ich will nach Indien gehen"—(I am going to India).

The Social Science class talks of cleaning up the city. Katherine Kelly says that they once had a maid who swept all the dirt under the beds.

John Hines loves music. You see he's a radio fan, and if he didn't love it so he wouldn't so patiently pick it out of the turmoil.

Hienie says that Lincoln and Washington have nothing on him—there was no school on his birthday either. (You see it is on Sunday).

Dave is so dumb that he thinks that the Sandwich Isles are in Africa.

Kerwin says that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, because the same place is not there after the first strike.

Leo thinks that the world is divided between those who've got it and those who want it.

"There's a relief from an unexpected quarter," said Phil, as he got a quarter instead of a nickel.

Ellen has a new scheme for snow removal. Get the wagons before the storm and let it snow into them.

Aaberg thinks Starr is quite a basket shooter, but he ought to see the line he shoots the women.

Donald Blomquist must be following the doctrines of the man who said, "A woman made a man of me."

When you see Lee Fisher blow that cornet of his, you'd think he was full of hot air. Well, you're right.

Alice Gibbons has been reading up on statistics and she's learned that every time she breathes a man dies. Why not chew cloves?

Ted Epperly says that there are two reasons why people don't mind their business; they either have no business or no minds.

There's always one part of a man cool when in danger. His feet.

Jane West felt a terrific cold chill of modesty, for a young man was near when she saw a "garter" snake coiled around the "limb" of a tree.

Donald Bayers says no men in heaven have whiskers because what few get there do so by a close shave.

If Dresden is in Germany, why do we have Dresden China?
R.S.V.P. Betty Bauer.



KENYON DEFEATS "U" HIGH

On January 26 Kenyon handed "U" High their second defeat of the season in a close contest, 21-19. The team started out strong but was unable to hold the lead made in the first few minutes of play. The team was hampered by a low ceiling as far as long shots were concerned; nevertheless, many shots from under the basket were missed. The game was fast, and fine team work was displayed on the part of both teams. The field goals were evenly divided between the teams as both collected 14 points in this way. Kenyon made the two points that won the game on free throws, making 7 out of 10 to "U" High's 5 out of 8.

"U" High—19		Kenyon—21	
Merritt	F.....	Ugeland	
McQuillan	F.....	Kispert	
Dieber	C.....	Gates	
McConnell	G.....	Litshiem	
Pierce	G.....	Flom	

Substitutions: "U" High—Blomquist for Merritt, Frederickson for McConnell, Hathaway for Pierce. Scoring: "U" High—Field goals—Merritt, McQuillan 3, Dieber 3. Kenyon—Ugeland 3, Kispert, Gates 3. Free Throws: "U" High—McQuillan 1 out of 2, Dieber 3 out of 3, McConnell 1 out of 2, Pierce 0 out of 1. Kenyon—Ugeland 2 out of 2, Kispert 3 out of 4, Gates 2 out of 3, Flom 0 out of 1.

"U" HIGH WINS ANNUAL FIGHT WITH S. P. A.

On February 1 "U" High triumphed over St. Paul Academy in a fast game 12-6. The game was nip and tuck throughout. S. P. A. started out with a two point lead but "U" High fought their way into the lead and at the end of the first half the score stood 6-4, with "U" High on the long end. Sharpe and Putnam caused our team the most trouble with their outstanding floor work. However, no man on S. P. A.'s team collected more than one basket. McQuillan collected five of the six points for "U" High in the first half. At the end of the third quarter "U" High had the lead of only two points, 8 to 6, but in the last period the team made a rally and raised the total to 12.

"U" High—12		S. P. A.—6	
Merritt	F.....	Butler	
McQuillan	F.....	Clark	
Dieber (Capt.)	C.....	Sharpe (Capt.)	
McConnell	G.....	Putnam	
Pierce	G.....	Corning	

Substitutes: "U" High—Pettijohn for Merritt, Hathaway for McConnell. S. P. A.—Rice for Corning. Scoring: Field Goals, "U" High—McQuillan 2, Dieber 2, McConnell. S. P. A.—Butler, Clark. Free Throws: "U" High—McQuillan 1 out of 2, Pierce 1 out of 2, Merritt 0 out of 1. S. P. A.—Butler 0 out of 3, Sharpe 1 out of 1, Putnam 1 out of 2.

Referee: Taylor (Minnesota).

LITCHFIELD COMES OUT ON THE SHORT END OF 11-9

On February 8 "U" High traveled to Litchfield for their tenth victory of the season. Litchfield, however, nearly turned the tables as they crept up within one field goal of "U" High's total of eleven. Both teams were at a disadvantage with the low ceiling, especially "U" High as they were not used to relying entirely on short shots. The first period was the most beneficial to our team as eight points were collected. Litchfield was able to collect but one field goal in this quarter. The rest of the game Litchfield slowly but surely raised their score until the last period. Nevertheless, "U" High managed to add three more points, totaling up just two more than Litchfield.

"U" High—11

Litchfield—9

PettijohnF.....	Hammer
McQuillanF.....	Bergman
DieberC.....	Krugar
McConnellG.....	Palm
PierceG.....	Boe

Substitutes: "U" High—Merritt for Pettijohn. Litchfield—Starck for Hammer, Wilcox for Palm. Scoring: Field Goals: "U" High—Pettijohn, McQuillan 2, Dieber 2. Litchfield—Hammer 2, Krugar. Free throws: "U" High—McQuillan 0 out of 1, Pierce 1 out of 1. Litchfield—Hammer 1 out of 2, Krugar 1 out of 2, Boe 1 out of 1.

Referee: Hamilton.

"U" HIGH WINS TENTH GAME

On February fifteenth two chartered buses carried fifty "U" High students and three faculty members out to Mound to witness the tenth victory of the season. The game was fast and one of the hardest fought this year. Mound started out strong by scoring three points before "U" High was able to score. However, before the game was far progressed, our team began scoring and by the end of the first period held the lead of three points, 6 to 3. Mound was unable to regain the lead throughout the rest of the game, but kept within a few points of "U" High's total most of the time. Mound resorted almost entirely to long shots, one of which was especially outstanding, when a Mound man shot practically the entire length of the floor for an additional two points. Captain Dieber was the highest scorer of either team, collecting 13 of "U" High's 26 points. Ohde, Mound forward, led his mates with 7 points.

"U" High—26		Mound—16
Pettijohn	F	Koehler
Merritt	F	Ohde
Dieber	C	Miller
Pierce	G	Neemes
McConnell	G	Peterson

Substitutes: "U" High—Blomquist for Pettijohn, Miller for Blomquist, Dieber for Merritt, Frederickson for Dieber, Rollins for Frederickson, Nelson for Pierce. Mound—Dullin for Neemes. Scoring: Field goals—"U" High—Pettijohn, Dieber 6, Frederickson, McConnell 2. Mound—Koehler, Ohde 3, Neemes. Free throws: "U" High—Pettijohn 1 out of 2, Blomquist 2 out of 2, Dieber 1 out of 8, Pierce 1 out of 1, McConnell 1 out of 1.

Referee: Anderson (St. Olaf).

"U" HIGH WINS SECOND FROM BETHEL

On February 20, "U" High won the second contest this season from Bethel Academy 22-7. The first half was slow and uninteresting to watch. The passing on the part of both teams was poor, consequently the team work was marred. The score this period was fairly close, "U" High totaling up ten points to Bethel's six. But in the second half our team came back strong and collected 12 counters while Bethel was unable to score once from the floor and only once from the foul line. The game was much faster this half and the passing and teamwork greatly improved over the previous period. Dieber led both teams in scoring with 14 points. High-point man for Bethel was Capt. Lenning who collected two field goals.

"U" High—22		Bethel—7
McQuillan	F	Lenning (Capt.)
Pettijohn	F	Erbst
Dieber (Capt.)	C	Wichstrard
Pierce	G	Hedwall
McConnell	G	Wahlford

Substitutes: "U" High—Blomquist for McQuillan, Merritt for Pettijohn, Rollins for Dieber, Frederickson for Rollins, Hathaway for Pierce, Nelson for McConnell. Bethel—Sachett for Lenning. Scoring: Field goals—"U" High—McQuillan, Pettijohn, Dieber 6, McConnell 2. Bethel—Lenning 2, Wichstrard. Free throws—"U" High—McQuillan 0 out of 2, Dieber 2 out of 2. Bethel—Lenning 0 out of 1, Sachett 1 out of 3, Erbst 0 out of 1.

Referee: Christie (Hamline).

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Play hour is proceeding as usual. Basketball and apparatus work are in full swing. However, there are not enough girls out from each class to make teams, and we would like more out. The girls who have been out are getting to be quite proficient at throwing baskets, guarding, and so forth.

In gym the Seniors are becoming quite interested in the new form of marching they are learning—American military marching. We are sure that some of the girls are destined to become gym teachers, because they have proved themselves so adept at leading this marching. The Seniors are doing interpretive dancing; and the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, folk dancing.

THE SWIMMING TEAM'S FIRST VICTORY

The first victory scored by the swimming team of "U" High took place on the afternoon of February 7, at the Armory pool. East's Mermen took the relay and it looked as if they would take the meet, but at the end "U" High had taken the majority of the firsts and the score stood 31 to 28 in "U" High's favor. H. Woolery starred for "U" High and S. Morris occupied the stellar position for East. Summary:

Relay—Won by East—(Benton, Riley, Baldwin, Morris).
 Fancy Diving—R. Woolery (U), S. Morris (E), Erickson (U).
 60-yd. Breast Stroke—Myers (U), Arny (U).
 40-yd. Dash—Morris (E), Benton (E), H. Woolery (U).
 60-yd. Back Stroke—Benton (E), Wing (U), Arny (U).
 100-yd. Dash—H. Woolery (U), Baldwin (E), Bayers (U).
 Plunge—Stafford (U).

"U" HIGH OUTSPASHES HUMBOLDT

Winning the relay and five out of six other first places, "U" High won a dual meet from Humboldt High School swimming team Thursday night, February 14, at the Armory pool.

The score was 41 to 18. The Woolery brothers scored one-half of the winner's points. Summary:

160-yd Relay—Won by "U" High (Myers, Wing, R. Woolery, H. Woolery). Time, 1:42 3-5.

60-yd. Breast Stroke—Struck (H), first; Myers (U), second; Mears (H), third. Time, 51 4-5.

40-yd Dash—H. Woolery (U), first; Mears (H), second; Wing (U), third. Time, 23 2-5.

60-yd. Back Stroke—Wing (U), first; Arny (U), second; Boyle (H), third. Time, 51 1-5.

100 yd. Swim—H. Woolery (U), first; R. Woolery (U), second; Mears (H), third. Time, 1:11 flat.

Fancy Diving—R. Woolery (U), first; Hennessy (H), second; Griswold (H), third.

Plunge for Distance—Stafford (U), first; Lucas (H), second; Myers (U), third.

60-ft. pool in 40 seconds flat.

WANTED—A CHAUFFEUR

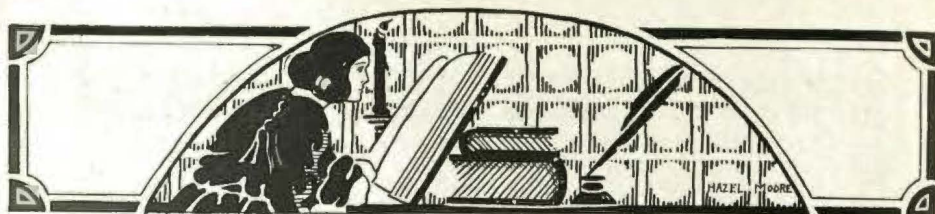
Miss Fortune—"I'll let you be my chauffeur, if you are trustworthy."

Applicant—"You can trust me, Mum. I worked for fifteen years in a bath house and never took a bath."

* * *

"Say, what kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

"Don't know, but banana skins make good slippers."



ALUMNI NOTES

Julia Partington, Ex. '24, is a member of the Senior Class of a Los Angeles high school. In a recent letter she says, "The schools are very different here. I am neither working as hard, nor learning as much as I did at "U" High, though my marks are as good, if not better." As Julia made an excellent record here she must be ranking very high there.

Norbert Clure, known to everyone as "Nibs," took an active part in the Gamma Phi vaudeville which was given in the latter part of February. His feature was a Frisco dance similar to the ones he used to do at "U" High parties.

Laura Elder had charge of a carnival that was given on the evening of February 29, out at the "Ag" Campus.

Dorothy Kurtzman was made treasurer of the Junior Class of the College of Education. This is certainly quite an honor.

Jim Bohan and Erma Schurr were two out of the twenty men and women chosen for the Gopher Contest under the heading of "Representative Minnesotans." Four out of the twenty chosen will have their pictures in the 1925 Gopher and the rest will have their names in. This section will take the place of the Vanity Fair section.

Erma Schurr, Elizabeth Erickson, and Rachel Perkins were sent to Indianapolis as representatives for the National Student Volunteer Convention held there in February.

Robert Reynolds and Rowland Moulton both had important roles in the Players' production of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society."

Rosamond Tuve has an essay in the last number of the Minnesota Quarterly on "The Sixth Sense in Danish Ballad Poets." This is a new publication on the Campus representing the best literary ability among the students.

Miss Lundeen—"What's your name?"
 First Student—"Jule."
 Miss Lundeen—"You should say Julius."
 Miss Lundeen—"Your name?"
 Next in Line—"Billious."

Little George played 'round the lab
 But he shall play no more,
 For what he thought was H₂O
 Was H₂SO₄.



EXCHANGE

"The McKinley High Monthly," published by students of McKinley High School, Canton, Ohio, is one of the magazines that we are going to compare, quite in detail, with our "Campus Breeze." We feel this will be a worthwhile study as this is a very complete High School magazine.

Their Exchange Department itself differs from ours in that they do not publish their criticisms in their monthly—but do it entirely by letter. They have an Exchange list of 25 schools, which was published in their December issue.

More space is given over, in the "McKinley High Monthly" to stories, much longer ones than in the "Campus Breeze." On the other hand they do not give any space for class notes, and only quite a small space for their alumni department.

This high school has a Radio Department, and Science and Debate Clubs. We are very much interested in studying these various organizations—seeing how they are carried out—and also their success in different high schools.

Other features to note are: the fact that the advertisements are mixed with the reading matter; the paper is sometimes not smooth, but of rough, dark, tinted stock; the size of the magazine is practically the same as the "Campus Breeze." All of these things go to make up an interesting, live monthly. We certainly think it would be worth your while to read the last copy, February, 1924, in the Library.

From Canton, Ohio, we shall now go to Jamestown, North Dakota, to find that the pupils of St. John's Academy are launching a publication called "The Gleaner." They seemed very anxious about its success. We, therefore, after having read it want to put their minds at rest. Surely if a high school can start out with as fine a magazine as the winter issue of "The Gleaner" (a very good name, by the way, and we liked the way the frontispiece symbolized the title) they need have no further fears as to the future. The stories and poems of this magazine could not have been improved upon. We wonder if they are going to have an alumni, exchange, and sports departments.



She—"I just received a compliment. A man said my teeth were like stars."

He—"I s'pose it's because they come out at night."

* * *

Soph—"The other night a girl gave me the privilege of kissing her on either cheek, but I couldn't decide upon which one. What would you have done?"

Senior—"I would have lingered awhile between."

* * *

"Teachers are worse than the immigration authorities at Ellis Island nowadays."

"How come?"

"They've swiped the slogan, 'They shall not pass.'"

* * *

Principal: "Do you know that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

Freshie:—"Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

* * *

Photographer—"Do you want a large picture or a small one?"

Herb. H.—"A small one."

Photographer—"Then close your mouth please."

* * *

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the road.

* * *

Anxious Student—"I want the life of Julius Caesar."

Miss Penrose—"Sorry, but Brutus took it long ago."

* * *

"Many a school girl complexion has a bad taste."

* * *

Teacher—"What tense is it when I say, 'I am a young lady?'"

Bright One—"Remote past."

* * *

Pansy—"May I be excused to go home? I don't feel well."

Dr. Johnson—"Where do you feel the worst?"

Pansy—"In my classes."

* * *

First Prisoner—"I'm going to have a hot time when I get out of here."

Second Prisoner—"How so?"

First Prisoner—"I'm in for life."

* * *

Miss Smith while reading "Paradise Lost," read—"This is hell"—she paused and wondered why the class laughed. She hadn't heard Dana's remark, "I think so too."