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BREEZE**

U. H. S.



**NOVEMBER**

**1924**

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# The Campus Breeze

Volume VII

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Number 1



## LITERATURE

### A MODERN TEMPERANCE LECTURE

"Jim, what's in this barrel?"

"Dunno. Found it in a car and rolled it out. Looks like paint; smells like alcohol. Isn't there a tag on it?"

"I can't find one. Come here and help me."

The barrel, the object of this discussion, was large and ponderous with wide horn hoops covered with dirt and grime.

Jim and Dan tugged and tugged at the barrel, but the huge rim appeared to be securely fastened to the floor. Dan was one of two checkers at Bemidji; and Jim, the trucker.

"Wonder what's in here. It sure is heavy enough."

"Yep. Let's give it up. Number three ought to be in about now, and I'm needed to unload her."

"All right, I'll roll her over here in the corner."

There the barrel remained for some time, until in June, Dan, hunting for some article in the warehouse, found it just as he had left it.

"I wonder what's in here?" he asked himself. "I wish that it was a nice barrel of old-fashioned whiskey. Why, I have not had a taste of real liquor for months on account of those Federal officers being so busy. I don't believe there's a drop of the real stuff in town. Say, the more I look at that barrel the more I think that it isn't paint. I wonder if it could be? I could just slip the hoop up a little bit and bore a small hole in it. If it isn't the right stuff, I can push the hoop down, and nobody'll be any wiser.

So that night found Dan in the warehouse behind the empty piano boxes drilling at the barrel.

The warehouse was a large, barn-like place, rather dirty, and with boxes, barrels, kegs, crates, and other shipping material standing around on the floor. The corner that Dan had put the barrel in was shut off from the rest of the warehouse by two immense

piano boxes, behind which he was sitting. In his hand he held a gimlet, which he was industriously applying to a clean spot on the barrel where the hoop had been slipped off; at his side was an oil lantern, and in front of him was a large dishpan placed to catch what he hoped would flow out of the barrel.

He drilled and drilled. My! that barrel was thick. At last when he heard the whistle of number nine down the tracks, the last barrier broke. Out from the barrel flowed a clear, water-like fluid. The odor, which was surely that of alcohol, made him hurry to set the lantern back. He plugged the hole with a piece of wood and hurriedly hammered the hoop back into place. Then he went to the station and, as soon as number nine had gone, returned with a large milk-can. As much of the fluid as could be easily managed he poured into the can, which he loaded onto a small cart and pulled to his bachelor quarters.

Dan lived with Jim in a little cottage not so far from the station. The cottage lacked what makes most homes beautiful—namely, cleanliness. Around the room was strewn almost everything imaginable from clothing to watch fobs.

Lighting the lamp, Dan brought the milk-can into a small, bare, dirty room which might, on account of the lop-sided oil stove, be called a kitchen.

Aroused by Dan's clatter, Jim awoke and, sleepily rubbing his eyes, came out into the kitchen.

Of course the find could not be kept from Jim, so he was told all about the discovery. 'Way back in the cupboard they found a long-forgotten bottle of grape-juice; this they mixed with part alcohol. In a little while Dan's and Jim's tongues were wet with some of the strongest liquor known—liquor such as they had never tasted since pre-Volstead days.

"Do you know, Jim, this tastes pretty darn good."

"I can't say I care for it so much myself; but then I never was a very strong drinker."

All through the month of May Dan mixed the liquor and passed it around. The Federal officers knew that there was liquor traffic somewhere in the town, but they could find no clues. Everybody who had tasted it knew that it came from Dan and Jim; but rather than be mixed up in a scandal, they kept still. Also, if they told where the goods was coming from, there would be no more forbidden fruit for them.

The Sheriff had been reputed to have said between bites of "Climax" chewing plug, "You know, I think it's mighty mysterious where them fellers gets their dope; but I ain't askin' no questions count of their not askin' for coin; and then, too, Newley asked them oncet where it all come from, and they shuts up like clams an' he ain't been allowed to look at a drop since. So I'm keepin' my mouth closed and my eyes open."

Along in June the warehouse foreman was let in on the secret, as he had come upon Dan, a little full, singing:

"In a churchyard near the canyon  
Where the myrtle doth entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies  
Fertilized by Clementine."

Also, as Dan was tapping the barrel, the only way out was to tell the foreman, who only said it was the best ever and refrained from telling the proper officials.

It was not until the early part of July that the supply seemed to be getting very low. The supply up to this time had lasted like a horn of plenty. Nearly everyone in the town had had a taste of some wonderful beverage based on the alcohol from the freight house. How good it had tasted! Why, even the bank president and the station agent drank it and kept quiet.

How mean it was that the supply couldn't have lasted longer, for it had certainly increased both checker's and trucker's popularity.

On a July night at almost the same time as before, three men, Dan, Jim, and the foreman, were gathered in the warehouse; they were tipping the barrel and draining the last delicious drops. As they tipped, one of them noticed on the head towards the floor a tag which had been half obliterated by dirt; as the barrel had never been completely rolled over before, the tag had never been noticed. They tipped the barrel with all their combined force to read what the tag said, which was:

"University of Minnesota,  
Medical Department,  
Minneapolis."

"What the deuce do they want with alcohol?"

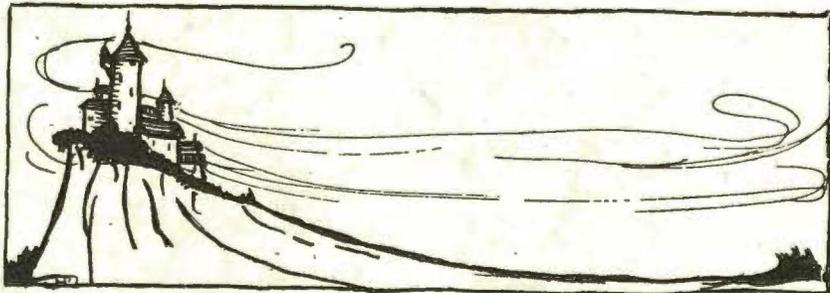
"Read the sign, you blockhead—medical purposes."

Dan, who had been inspecting the barrel, noticed that the head had been smashed in. He had also heard a rattle when the barrel was tipped. With the aid of the foreman he tried to knock in the head, but to no avail. There was something in the barrel which prevented this! Jim, with his wrecking bar, pried up the cover. The foreman lifted the lamp up, careful to keep it away from the alcohol, but so that the light shone into the barrel.

He staggered back horror-stricken! His only ejaculation was, "My God!" For in the barrel was the cramped body of a black Negro, his legs and head cut off and loose from the body, still reeking with the alcohol which had been used to preserve it.

A great many people wonder why there are no indications of drinking among a certain class of people in Bemidji this winter, but they have not heard this story.

—Lesley Lieb.



### FROM SOUP TO NUTS

Any subject for a theme! The whole broad bill of fare! "From Soup to Nuts!" Let's choose that subject! The soup of Spring to the nuts of Fall! The vacation table d'hote!

Soup! Commencement night rain! Bedraggled clothes! Straight hair! Umbrellas! The dash across town in the down-pour! Swimming from the Music building to "Shev!" Everybody late! Soup! The soup of Spring!

Let's have beef tenderloin! Solid and substantial with all its flavors and sauces! Juicy and toothsome! Satisfaction of vacation at hand! Seeming to be the whole dinner in itself! No more school! Playtime! Summer clothes and outings! Good books! New friends! Extensive travels! Beef tenderloin with mushroom sauce—and oh, yes! Sweet potatoes!

Now for tomato salad! Horseback riding! Red jacket! Green fields! Thousand Island dressing! Pageants! Tennis! Dances! Light dresses! High voices mingled with low! Canoeing! Lots of spice and celery in the dressing! The spice of life and the celery of Summer!

Chocolate and strawberry and maple parfait! The delight of vacation! Dance at the club! Pineapple punch! Boys in flannels! Bright lights! Pretty chiffon and georgette dresses! Whipped cream on top! White organdie and laces! The height of fluffiness! Maraschino cherries sprinkled on parfait! Fun! Joy! Revelry!

Nuts! Stolid! Conventional! School! Heavy brown shoes! Woolen dresses! Dark colors! Snow! Books! Mathematics! Maybe they're pistachio nuts, though! Knowledge! Education! Career! Fun! Life ahead! Soup to nuts!

—Lucy Day Wakefield.

### THE RADIO BUG

Of all the things I cannot stand, a few remain supreme. Some things I know just drive me wild and haunt me in a dream: A Big Ben clock, a howling child, or a fiendish golf-playing man—They take the cake without a break like any fanatic or fan.

But believe me or no, I tell you it's so—there are worse things on earth indeed. An invention of late has brought up to date the torturer's latest need. Now listen and see, I think you'll agree, the first thing that should get the jug is that troublesome hound that you find all around, the pernicious, wild radio bug.

It wasn't enough when they invented the stuff, to be quiet and use the ear phones. They developed, of course, a voice like a horse, which gives out such heart-breaking groans.

If I had my way for only a day, and a good fairy gave me a wish, I'd hope and I'd pray on that wonderful day all loud speakers would go to the fish.

Far be it from me, if you disagree, to force you to lose knob and dial. But use it alone with a tight ear phone; to your friends 'twill be less of a trial.

—Mary Mabel Todd.

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## SENSATIONS OF A SENIOR—SILLY, SENTIMENTAL AND SERIOUS

They say that woman is a curious being, but men are curious, too! (Any gentleman who wishes may hold himself up as an absolute exception to this statement without arousing any bitter feelings in the writer of this article.)

And I am positive that my curiosity as to what would be my feelings when I attained that high and dignified state of being a Senior has grown yearly. In my salad days, when I was young and green—and; of course; a Freshman—a Senior seemed an omnipotent, omniscient creature who honored the school with his presence and who looked down from an infinite height on the wee, insignificant beings called Freshmen. Then it was that my heart leaped at a mere word of greeting from a Senior, and my knees trembled while I blushed "to the roots of my hair" in sheer ecstasy and stammered an unintelligible reply to the gracious god or goddess who deigned thus to honor me. But those were the days of long ago.

When, at the end of my Freshman year, I became the interesting being called a Sophomore, changed indeed were my feelings. No longer did I gaze with indescribable longing at the lordly beings who walked through the halls with an almost proprietary air, pardonable though it may have been, for I had grown older and wiser and more sophisticated. My feeble little heart, once so "funny and fluttery," had grown enough stronger to help me speak to a Senior without being spoken to. Oh, wondrous achievement! And, surprising and remarkable step of progress, I no longer thought and spelled the word "senior" in capital letters, for some of my awe had vanished and, like all Sophomores, my good opinion of myself and my class had not diminished in the least.

That year passed, too, and I found myself a Junior, one step higher on the ladder which leads to what is called an education. One would scarcely recognize in me the shrinking, timid little Frosh of two years before. Seniors were still higher than I, but just a nice distance away. They no longer seemed creatures to be revered and worshipped on bended knee, for they had become human, real people who would be my friends. In short, in looking back it seemed to me almost as if the gods were come off Olympus to live here. Thus it was that the Seniors assumed a new and different aspect. As I drew closer, they dazzled me less and I saw that their diamonds were mostly rhinestones, and that what my inexperienced eyes had taken for one hundred watt lights were merely twenty-watt bulbs with reflectors! Soon, however, like the restless adventurer who feels the urge within him to go on, I began to think of the time when I would be a Senior, and I tried to imagine how I would feel.

Suddenly Time seemed to have thrown off his feeble wings and gotten a twelve-cylinder engine, and the days and weeks sped by. Vacation seemed to have passed like a song, and the first days of school approached and arrived almost before I could realize what was happening.

And "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime" was mine for a brief moment when I first felt myself a full-fledged Senior and realized that I was occupying that dread place of power, knowledge, and dignity which is really the Halcyon of High School. Now that I had arrived, I felt a wee bit unsteady and afraid and alone until I

remembered that others were there too, probably experiencing the same sensations which I was feeling.

Yet among the mingled feelings which were crowding through my brain was a pang of lonesomeness as I saw the gaping hole which those other Seniors who had been our friends and school-mates had left. The school seemed strange and unnatural, but the sight of the crowds of new students who were coming to make a place for themselves in our interests reassured me a little.

But, all in all, it's a jolly feeling—that feeling of having reached "The Promised Land"—and it's going to be jollier for each one of us as the year goes on; so here's to the class of '25!

—Ruth Lampland.

### WINDOW DISPLAYS ON NICOLLET AVENUE

"I'm glad we're up here on 10th instead of at the north end of Nicollet, if we are going window-shopping," my Aunt said, as we started down the avenue.

I was hot. "Of all the fool tricks, this takes the drinks. The idea of dragging me down Nicollet in August to look at a lot of dress models all ragged out in Alaskan fur costumes! Just like a woman to want to look at clothes!"

There was nothing for me to do but to give in as gracefully as possible, which I proceeded to do with more or less success, mostly less.

The first stop was a millinery window, and while my Aunt was deciding between a black, square-crowned hat and one of soft velvet with a negligible brim, I wandered on to the next window, which belonged to a sport shop. One corner of the display was given over to multi-hued silk sport belts, and in the center of the window stood a sign which read as follows:

**Men  
Just In  
Latest Wide English Trousers**

The sign had no punctuation.

Just as I was about to select a new cricket sweater, my Aunt suggested that we move on. We finally crossed Eighth street in safety and proceeded onward.

"Aren't those new fall coats perfectly adorable?" exclaimed my Aunt. (It struck me that women are always changing their styles. A novel idea, surely!) I really couldn't see anything worthy of adoration in the coats, but I thought that those new light tan shoes for men were more worth looking at.

We next stopped at a jewelry store, where my Aunt couldn't spare a look for the latest in gold Waldemar watch chains; she was too busy looking at foolish necklaces and other things.

We passed rapidly by a drug store, which was having a sale of gum drops, and a department store with a large window full of canning materials. From here we went past a clothing establishment advertising a "record breaking, price slashing event, the sensation of Minneapolis." I did notice that a certain type of suit had been reduced two dollars.

After a few more blocks the scenery became less attractive; so we turned over to Hennepin, where we took the car for home. I was convinced that my Aunt had gotten all the enjoyment out of the trip and that it was "the bunk, anyway." Such is man!

—Clifford Real.

## THE YELLOW CAT

"Hey, Josie, where are you?"

"Here," reluctantly.

"Well, say, look at that, now, will you? Cooped up in a corner, and on Hallowe'en, too!"

"Yes, Josie," came a third voice, "you and your eternal book do get a little tiresome, I must admit."

"It's a magazine, and I'm reading a keen story," I explained, for, in truth, "me and my eternal book" constituted a rather unpleasant standing joke among the girls.

"It's about the reincarnation of a yellow man, a Hindu, into a yellow cat," I went on, hoping to arouse interest instead of ridicule. "When the man was found dead in his hotel room, the yellow cat crawled from under the bed, and sat on the Hindu's chest. When the dead man's name was spoken, the cat nodded its head. A yellow man and a yellow cat! Oh, it's terribly gruesome."

"Must be," shuddered Eleanor, "I never did care about that kind of stories."

"Hate 'em," was Jane's brief comment.

I was loath to leave my story at the most vital point, especially for the expedition of window-soaping and garbage-pail tipping, which was in my estimation extremely juvenile, to say the least. I saw, however that there was no escape, and resolving to finish the gripping tale immediately upon my return from the escapade, I rose to don the customary sheet and pillow case.

As we started forth with our grinning jack-o'-lanterns, I felt an odd sensation of fear, momentary, but keen. I seemed urged, almost drawn, by a strange force, back into the safe, light house. With an effort I managed to overcome the feeling, but, nevertheless, wished fervently that I'd had the sense not to read a story of that type before starting on this adventure. I started at every shadow so noticeably that one of the girls queried, "What's the matter, Josie? You act like a bad case of nerves. Ghost story get you worked up?"

I colored in the darkness, but made no reply. In spite of my efforts to control them, my thoughts persisted in reviewing that terrible tale. Did human beings return to earth after death in animal form? How would the mystery in the story be solved? Or would it be left unsolved—left to the reader's imagination? I hoped not. The number of terrifying possibilities was too great. But, regardless of the other harrowing details, why, oh, why, had the author chosen that most dreadful of animals, the cat? If his purpose had been to inspire his readers with horror, he had, in my case at least, succeeded.

At this instant I awoke from my reverie, and saw, with a shock, that the other girls had gotten almost a block ahead of me while I had been absorbed in thought. Realizing that I was alone in the black night, I became terror-stricken. My thoughts of the last few minutes surged thru my brain, magnified and multiplied a hundredfold, until my mind became numb, and I prayed that I might never be forced to look upon another cat, feeling that henceforth all the tribe would hold a sinister significance for me.

And now comes the weird part of my story, and one at which I tremble as I relate. As I was in this condition of half-paralyzed fear, I perceived in the blackness beside me the twin balls of fire so easily recognized in the dark as the eyes of a cat!

I was speechless, powerless to move; but some inner power propelled my legs forward, and, in a mad panic, I ran. Never shall I forget the happenings of the next several instants; they will always remain fixed vividly in my memory.

Unlike any other cat, this one pursued me in my wild flight; why, I shall never know. As I ran, I tripped and fell, and, as I lay, my distorted senses told me that the animal had sprung onto my prostrate form. Drawn by an irresistible power, my eyes met the glaring ones of the beast. In the dim light of the candle, which, by a miracle, had not been extinguished by the fall, I discerned that the creature was yellow. Yellow! That fated color! Almost unconsciously my lips whispered, "Parkva!" the name of the Hindu in the story. The cat nodded its head. I shrieked blood-curdlingly, and fainted dead away.

The sophisticated reader will at this point yawn and say, "Oh, yes, she tells it well, but I'm wise to this kind. In a minute she'll wake and find it was all a dream. They're all alike. Moral: don't read thrilling mystery stories."

As a matter of fact it was not "all a dream," but a very real occurrence. My friends to this day do not know what caused the unconscious condition they found me in that night, and I have never been able to explain. But I know in my soul, and tonight I felt that I must write this for them and the world to see. At last my mind is unburdened, though the memories this writing calls forth drive me well-nigh mad.

Since that fateful night the sight of a yellow cat renders me hysterical, and I cannot drive from my mind the fear that in some manner a yellow cat will cause my end.

Was it merely an uncanny combination of circumstances that caused my terrible experience that night, or was it something more? I do not know now, but some day I shall.

—Muriel V. Clark.

## WORK

In winter I must go to school  
And study English and the rule  
That says that, though the earth is roun',  
No one is living upside down.

I have to study History,  
Which still has much of mystery.  
I study Latin half the night,  
But yet my marks are far from right.

In summer, on the other hand,  
I have to work to beat the band.  
I've hopped the bell, I've been a clerk.  
It's all the same—you dare not shirk.

In winter's cold, in summer's heat,  
There is no rest for tired feet.  
It might as well be school, I'd say.  
You can't escape work either way.

—Clifford Beal.

## A MOVIE ROMANCE

When Lota Pepp was on a trip "Way Down East," she met a "Sporting Youth" who claimed to be "Girl Shy" and "Woman Proof," but was in reality quite a "Beau Brummel."

He was a "Gentleman of Leisure"; and she, "A Dangerous Maid." She strutted down "Fashion Row" looking like a "French Doll" dressed in a "Bright Shawl"; and he, being quite a "Go-Getter," decided not to act like "The Stranger" for "Three Weeks"; so in "Six Days," defying the "Social Code," he flashed "The Marriage Circle" and asked her to be his "Silent Partner." Then Lota, being quite "The Flirt," not caring about "Her Reputation," raised her "Rouged Lips" to his and said, "Boy of Mine," you can be my "Big Brother." But he was a "Sheik," and knowing the ways of "Trifling Women," was soon "The Love Master." He followed her to "Where the North Begins" and there with the help of "The Little Minister" became "Her Husband"; and he, having "A Million to Burn," decided to go to "Little Old New York" and see if what they say about "Broadway After Dark" is true. They found that it was true, and Lota, wanting to show this "Reckless Age" something new, spent "Her Husband's Fortune" in a short time. After it was gone they went "Back Home and Broke" and found perfect "Happiness" in "Working Their Way Up" away from all those "Painted People."

—Leonard Finkelstein.

## HAIL! U HIGH!

Tune—"The Orange and the Black"

We have gathered here together,  
 We've come from near and far;  
 And we'll stand in every weather  
 To our Banner and our star;  
 May achievement be our story,  
 And we'll all join in the cry  
 Of hail and a glory  
 To our dear old U. of M. High.

Our hearts hold many a treasure  
 Of comradeship and cheer,  
 And our joys we cannot measure  
 Till we are far from here.  
 May achievement be our story  
 As each with each we vie  
 For the honor and the glory  
 Of our dear old U. of M. High.

—Sophia A. Hubman.

(Editor's Note: This school-song was written by Miss Hubman several years ago, and we feel that every student should have a copy of it. Bring your **Breeze** to the next Assembly so that we may have the words with us when we sing.)



**CHARLES W. BOARDMAN**

Our new principal was born "long years ago" in Des Moines, Iowa. His high school training was in Marshalltown and Red Oak. He was a Junior-and-a-half when he left school to enter Grinnell College. This he maneuvered successfully, and was admitted as a Freshman without a diploma. He graduated from college in 1908 and has taken post-graduate work in the Universities of Iowa, Columbia (New York City), and Minnesota. His first position was in newspaper work, which he forsook for banking. Not yet was he satisfied, and he left banking after a year of it. His first teaching job was in Grundy Center, Iowa, as principal. Then he taught at Ft. Dodge before coming to Minnesota. In 1911 he was called to Central High, Minneapolis, as a public speaking teacher. There he was promoted to the office of assistant principal, and in 1922 became the head of the West High staff. And now see where he is! 1924 and at the top of the ladder—the much-envied principal of our much-envied U High.

But along in the course of this "uneventful" career (as he styles it) several events have occurred, among them being his marriage and the arrival of a daughter. His hobbies, he says, if he has any, are hunting, fishing, camping out in the woods and roughing it "up North" generally. But the thing he likes best is to watch a good game, and a sportsmanlike one. If he is satisfied among good sports and sportsmanship, we have reason to believe, and hope, he'll be our principal for a good many years.

## TO THE STUDENTS OF UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL:

To serve God, his country, and his fellowman; to earn a livelihood for himself and those dependent upon him; to spend his money and his leisure for those pleasures which uplift and invigorate both mind and body; to develop his intelligence; to cultivate the spiritual values of life and a sense of responsibility for the social, moral, and political conditions of the community—these are obligations and duties of every citizen of this American Commonwealth. Schools are maintained as one of the agencies offering young men and young women an opportunity to prepare to meet these obligations.

As each student of the University High School faces the coming year, may he remember that he is preparing for many years of life after he leaves the walls of this school and that the only real preparation is that which daily meets successfully the obligations of our own school community. So may each one settle to his various tasks with a serious realization of his personal responsibility, as a citizen of this school, for the honor and the welfare of the school.

I am glad to have the privilege of being associated with you and to have my part in upholding the honor, the traditions, and the spirit of University High School.

Faithfully yours,

Charles W. Boardman.

### SCHOLARSHIP LIST FOR OCTOBER

Printed by Special Request of the Principal

#### Students Having Four A's

Andrea Kiefer	Eleanor King
	Hermion Wheaton

#### Students Having All B's or Better

Jane Armstrong	Evangeline Nary
Clifford Beal	Gail Nesom
Donald Blomquist	Katherine Preston
Eveleth Blomquist	Theodore Rasmussen
Henry Clark, Jr.	Eileen Slattery
Muriel Clark	George Smith
Irene Cotper	Ruth Thorshov
Margaret Hallstrom	Ann Todd
John Hynes	Katherine Washburn
Arthur Lampland	Winifred Washburn
Ruth Lampland	Helen Wildes

John McConnell

#### Students Having a B Average

Virginia Fehr	Ruth McClintock
Lois Finger	Allyn Miller
William Haggerty	Elsie Mills
Roger Hayes	Margaret Tallmadge
	Robert Tucker

# The Campus Breeze

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Associate Editor .....	James Tyler
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Personals .....	{ Lucy Day Wakefield Wallace Merritt
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Girls' Athletics .....	Gail Nesom
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Alumni Editor.....	Madrienne Strickler
Joke Editor.....	Helen Reilly
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Junior Reporter.....	Jane Ford
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## A NEW YEAR

School has begun again. For some of us it is the first year of high school; for some, the last. But for all of us—new and old, teachers and pupils—it is another year in which to play, work, enjoy, and achieve.

This year we have with us a new principal and several new faculty members, and by the way matters have progressed so far we are assured that they "know their stuff." We welcome them heartily to our U High. And the old members are in for their share, too, for we are very glad that some instructors like us well enough to stay on and struggle with our primitive and infantile minds.

Some policies may be new to us this year, but in the long run we feel they are for the best, and we will work to carry them out. So—here's to the faculty, the students, and the year of '24-'25!!

## SUPPORT THE BREEZE

This is the first issue of the **Campus Breeze** by the new editorial staff of 1924-1925. We submit our first efforts to the students of University High School, knowing fully that there is much room for improvement, but yet feeling that these efforts measure up quite favorably with the ideals and standards set by the preceding staffs.

But no matter what high ideals the staff may have—and does have—we can never attain them unless we have the honest and hearty support of the student-body. The staff cannot work single-handed—it must have some sort of backing, and we ask that that backing be the students of U High.

Now, you ask, just what do you mean by support and backing? This—contributions, subscriptions, interest! Each member of the staff has his own particular duty for the whole year; so we must turn to the students in general for much of the bulk of our magazine—namely, stories, drama, poetry, essays, editorials, anything of any nature which does not encroach upon the territory of the reporters. And even they sometimes encounter a great dearth of material and blankness takes possession of them—you see, we're being very frank and portraying ourselves in a true light—so we want you to hand in anything and everything that you feel would be of interest to the readers. And don't be afraid. Your contributions may not be published the first time or two, but that does not necessarily mean that they are utterly and absolutely condemned. Work them over, keep trying, and before you know it, you'll have made a name for yourself in the **Breeze**. You see, we do not want to have to force people to contribute, to assign stories or poems to certain people for certain issues, to have to worry about where our material is coming from. Quite the contrary—we want to be so swamped and deluged with spontaneous contributions that we may even be forced to call a halt.

A magazine or newspaper of some sort is essential to any school that has even an ounce of school-spirit, for in such papers is kept a record of all that goes on. Ask any Senior in U High today who did not subscribe to the **Breeze** when he was a Freshman if he does not regret it. A person who does not subscribe to the school magazine loses out more than he perhaps thinks—he is, in a sense, out of things—he is not able to keep up with the current events of his school.

The staff of the **Breeze**—your school magazine—realizes all this. The question is—Do you? Do you realize that it is for your own personal benefit—as well as for pleasure and enjoyment—that you must subscribe to the **Breeze**, that you must be free and willing to contribute, that you must show your interest in the **Breeze** in some-tangible way?

The staff is doing all it can. Let's hear from the students.

**"PICK UP YOUR PAPER"**

We, as boys and girls and members of the University High School, should know what a high standard has been set before us and try to make the standard even a little higher. To uphold the good name of this school is one of our big jobs at University High. There are a great many ways of doing this, each one important.

"Pick Up Your Papers." That ought to be "'nuf said" without any explanation. We ought to consider it a privilege to be allowed to use the school rooms for eating, and it would be no more than right that we should clean up these places after we are through. This applies to the girls as well as to the boys. It will need the co-operation of everyone in the school to put this across, and it will lighten the burden of everyone if we pick up after ourselves.

"'Nuf said."

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**THE POINT SYSTEM**

The University High School is about to establish a point system to enable its student body and faculty better to regulate student activities. The student body should take the most active interest in this matter, and help their school to bring about a fairer distribution of the duties and honors relative to participation in student activities.

The delegates chosen by the various organizations to represent them in this matter will be given an opportunity to deliberate with the faculty committee on student activities. Needless to say, the committee will welcome most cordially any constructive suggestions from the student delegates. We must keep in mind that we are not legislating for the present organizations or student body only, but are endeavoring to formulate a policy for future school generations. All personal interests must therefore be subordinated to the general good. In all decisions we need to bear in mind three aspects of the question: fairness to the individual student, fairness to the student body, and fairness to the activity which the school finds it desirable to encourage and foster.

S. H. Hubman,  
Chairman of the Faculty Committee.

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Mr. Boardman: "Why were you absent, Carl?"

Carl Lewis: "I was-er-sick."

Mr. Boardman: "You don't look sick."

Carl: "Oh, I was home-sick."



LEONA K. AND BUNNY SWAP CLOTHES  
IN GYM.



Chorus-lovers.



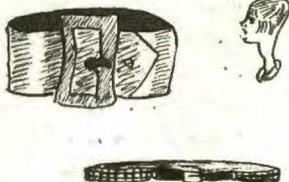
- Seen Around  
our halls -



Important Dates.

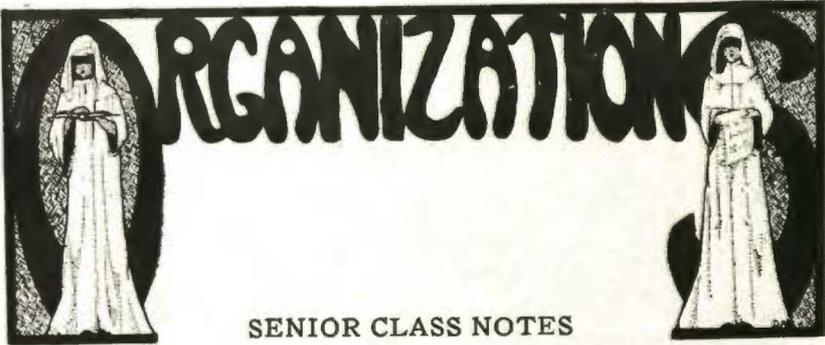


The Freshies haul out  
MAYRA  
hard-earned PENNY.



ye Sheet headers!





### SENIOR CLASS NOTES

For several weeks now we have all been gazing upon that type-written sheet on the bulletin board entitled, "Opening Our Eyes in Our Own City." However, if we should limit that subject a little to include only the space inclosed by the four walls of U High, we would find that there was one class (no slighting of others) which is starting out with enough pep and interest to make it go through the year with a bang—the Senior Class!

On October 1st, immediately after the assembly, we held our first meeting, at which we elected the officers for the year. The boys feel greatly elated; for, through some hook or crook, they were given all the offices. However, you may be assured that the girls didn't realize it until the mischief was done. But we feel that we have some most capable officers in Don Blomquist, who was re-elected president by an enthusiastic, unanimous vote; George Smith as vice-president, John McConnell as secretary, and Jack Brown as treasurer. Mr. Boardman spoke to us, stressing our importance and position in the school as Seniors, and asking that we make the most of it for the benefit of the school.

Our next meeting was held October 8th, during the seventh period. However, I think Mr. Hanson could tell you of several previous Senior meetings which he had vainly tried to subdue during the fourth period of that day. We were presented with slips of paper, when we arrived, upon which we were told to list our outside activities in the school. This was to help in working out the point system which is being planned for the school. John McConnell was quickly and unanimously elected as our representative to confer with the faculty on this system. The four persons elected to assist in the choosing of the **Bisbila** board were Helen Reilly, Dorothy Army, Irene Couper, and William Haggerty. The question of dues was brought up; and, after some discussion, it was decided that they remain, as usual, twenty-five cents a month, but that we begin with September and not include June.

Mr. Tohill put our minds at rest concerning the Vaudeville, the Class Play, and the **Bisbila**, by saying that we would certainly be allowed to have them. The only question now, and it is a mighty

big one, is how to raise the money. We are not to be allowed to sell candy at noon as the Seniors did last year, but we can do so at the games. Under the leadership of Norma Scott, our finance chairman, we have had three Eskimo Pie sales which have been great successes. All we need is the continued co-operation of the school and then—just watch the Seniors make things hum!

To offset the loss of three of our members of last year, Marvin Collatz, who deserted us to attend Central; Betty Bauer, who is fast becoming a regular eastener in her new home in Durham, New Hampshire; and Don Miller, who attends John Marshall, we have added to our number three more: Frank Andrus, Elsie Burns, and Leona Desmond. We hope that they will enjoy this last year at U High just as much as those who can trace back to the days when they walked these halls as Freshmen.

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## JUNIORS

U. H. S., Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 14, 1924. **Campus Breeze** Dispatch.

The Junior class of University High has convened to elect class officers for the coming year, 1924-25. The first (and only) meeting this year was held in room 215 on Wednesday, October 8th. Six candidates were nominated for the office of President, and four ballots taken to decide a majority in favor of one of them. But Jim Tyler, our last year's president, and Wallace Hughes proved so popular that neither won, and the meeting adjourned as much in the dark as it had come together. So the candidates have plenty of time to campaign—and some of them are doing it frantically—have you noticed it?

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## SOPHOMORES

Hello! Everybody! Most of us have returned to our dear old U High after an enjoyable vacation.

We have started our year out right by deciding the tremendous question of our class officers. They are:

President—Everett Leshner.

Vice-President—Madge Strickler.

Secretary—Margaret Canfield.

Treasurer—Stanley Todd.

Historian—Josephine Ulrich.

Gloria Congdon is going to represent us on the Student council.

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to all the new members of our class: Elsie Mills, Marjorie Page, Donald Burch, Everett Leshner, and Alva Swain. Ivar Sivertson, James Addy, Bruce De Long, and Gerald Shepherd have been either lost, strayed, or stolen. If you find them, please return them to the Sophomore class.

### FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

The Freshman class is holding its breath over the election of the class president. It isn't often that two nominees receive the same number of votes, but it is very unusual that three nominees, Douglas Young, Seward Spencer, and Robert Tucker, tied the vote.

The date of the next class meeting is indefinite, and the suspense grows.

The other officers elected are Stephen Barlow, vice-president; Clifford Carlson, secretary; Douglas Urskine, treasurer; and Jane Armstrong, reporter for the **Campus Breeze**.

Now that the newness has worn off—

Freshmen find school is  
 "Just what it used to be,  
 Just what it used to be,  
 Just what it used to be,  
 Long time ago."  
 Freshie finds school is  
 "Just what it used to be,  
 Long time ago."

This refers to the **work**; for surely we have never known such an interesting and patient faculty, or such a stimulating atmosphere.

### THE GIRLS' CLUB

The Girls' Club is here, is active, is accomplishing!

This year we were not hampered by the details of organization, but were able to start the work we have set for ourselves this year right off the bat. The very first week of school we divided ourselves in four main committees—Rug, Furniture, Screen, and Curtain—and began work on our separate duties in the furnishing of our Club Room. By now—after one month of school—these committees are well organized and are functioning regularly. The curtains are in the process of being sewed; rags have been collected and are now being cut up and dyed preparatory to the work of making our "hooked" rugs; furniture and lamps have been hauled and drayed to us, and the Furniture Committee is starting the fun of painting and, in the case of cushioned chairs and couches, covering with cretonne; the Screen Committee is hard at work figuring the details of the erection of a screen and is designing some pattern to be painted or stenciled upon it. The majority of girls are working enthusiastically and energetically, and we hope soon to be able to invite our parents and friends to visit our furnished Club Room.

As is the case with every other activity in U High, we are hampered by lack of funds. But half the joy and fun of life comes from working and figuring and calculating just how we can do what we wish with what we have. We did not have a single penny when we started our activities this fall, but by means of a Tag Day and a Hot-Dog Feed we saved, hoarded, and amassed fifty dollars, a sum which greatly exceeded our expectations; but which, nevertheless, is not sufficient for our needs. We have several new plans for rais-

ing funds for our work, and the next one which we shall put into effect is a musical, which will be given by the girls for the mothers of both boys and girls. This musical will be held some afternoon in November at Shevlin Hall; and although there will be no admission, we shall "pass the hat" and let each person contribute according to the dictates of her heart and purse. Watch for further and more complete details of this event!

But we are not concerned entirely with our Club Room. We are taking over and conducting by ourselves the seventh Study on Mondays and Thursdays; we are looking after the locker-room and halls and trying to see that they are picked-up, neat, and quiet; we are trying to improve conditions after Play-Hour; we are trying to promote good-fellowship and friendship among the girls. In short, we are trying to act as real girls and representatives of U High should and are expected to.

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### THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra in its four meetings has accomplished a good deal. Most of the credit is due to the Freshman class; for out of twenty members, seven are Freshmen. Naomi Fredrickson, Minerva Pepinsky and Thomas Ford play the violin; Bessie Levine and Eleneta Carpenter, the piano; Douglas Young pounds away on the drums; and Barbara Francis plays the mandolin.

Pretty good sprinkling of Freshmen, we'll say!

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### VERS VERY LIBRE-ER

An ode to our Friend and "Pote" Johnny Stale-wagen. In memory of his poem in the March Breeze, 1924.

The day after I saw the old shoe,  
 I was walking down  
 The hall  
 And I viewed  
 (absolutely alone)  
 A sweet  
 Inspiring  
 Purple-orbed,  
 Dark-haired,  
 Darling  
 Girl!  
 She touched my heart  
 Strings  
 So much  
 That I gurgled  
 And guffawed  
 And grinned  
 For seven  
 Or eight hours.  
 Some day I'm going  
 To be a Lady-Killer.

### ASSEMBLIES

Wednesday, September 17th, at three-thirty, found the students and faculty of University High School gathered together in the Music Auditorium for the first time this year. With the first strains of music from the volunteer orchestra, the buzz of voices ceased (to some extent), and our first assembly was under way. The orchestra, under the circumstances, distinguished itself with the decided help of Mr. Pepinsky.

Mr. Boardman put us in the right humor at the very beginning by telling us some of the compliments he had heard about us during the summer. He then went on and impressed upon our minds the importance and necessity of always keeping as a goal the highest and best things in life. He used as an illustration Mount Shasta at dawn and evening, a sight which he himself had seen.

Miss Inglis next set our minds at rest concerning the missing faculty by giving us their whereabouts and urging us to write to them.

Upon the stage, all in a row, were seated our honored faculty, among whom were several new faces. Next on the program was the introduction of the freshman faculty members, who, though not knowing that this was in store for them, had each a presentation speech for us of one kind or another. The new members and their subjects are: Miss Mary Gold, History; Miss Myrtle Violet, French; Miss Doris Stevens, French; Miss Ruth O'Brien, English; Mrs. Clara Bocquin, Latin; Mr. Ernest Hanson, Athletic Coach and Mathematics; Mr. Edwin Dahl, History; Mr. Leonard V. Haertter, Mathematics.

Mr. Boardman again spoke to us concerning our education and why we go to school. He stated that it was to get an opportunity and to take advantage of it, not simply "to get an education."

Eleanor King, president of the Girls' Club, spoke on the work of the Girls' Club, explaining it and asking the support of the school in helping the girls to furnish their room.

The president of the Boys' H. Y. organization, Clifford Beal, gave the purpose of this club and urged a greater membership.

As has been the custom in past years, the Freshman class stood up and was properly presented to the school; and in addition, Mr. Boardman had compassion on the Freshmen and inflicted the same trial on the other classes.

Mrs. Swain, with her usual enthusiasm, led us in the singing of our song, "The Wearer of the U," and throughout the assembly we expressed our feelings as best we could by cheering for all those on the program.

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The purpose of the assembly, October 1st, was to choose a cheer leader. However, before the victims of the contest were brought before us, Mr. Boardman reminded us of a few of the small courtesies which we have been neglecting lately. Miss O'Brien announced the first meeting of the Dramatic Club for the following Wednesday, strongly urging us to show our pep and interest by turning out in good numbers.

The contest was then on! Clifford Beal, "all dressed up" and with a huge megaphone, was the first on the program with Dave Rahn and Jack Stellwagen following. They each led us in yells, and we endeavored to yell our best for all of them.

During the interval while the judges were making out their decision, we made a rather poor attempt at singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Upon the return of the judges we were given the good news that Cliff Beal and Dave Rahn were to be our yell leaders. We let our spirits loose in a rousing cheer, and adjourned.

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On October 15th, at exactly three-thirty o'clock, the existence of that famous wind, the **Campus Breeze**, began to make itself very apparent to the members of the school. In the first place, Mr. Boardman spoke on the subject of school publications, strongly encouraging them and telling how his association with the paper at his university had helped him in becoming the head of the circulation department of the Sunday edition of one of the largest papers in Iowa. The Minneapolis school publications have certainly gone ahead with some speed since 1914. Mr. Boardman told us about the publications at West High where—they have both, a weekly paper, and a monthly magazine devoted to literature. Our **Campus Breeze** aims to combine both news and literature in one.

George Smith, the business manager of the **Breeze**, boosted the subscriptions and told about the **Breeze** in general.

Eleanor King announced the publications convention, which is to be held at Owatonna on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of October.

The meaning of the very peculiar sounds which had been coming from somewhere in the rear of the stage was soon revealed when Clarice Bedard, as the Spirit of the **Campus Breeze**, entered, and dancing about soon blew upon the stage the staff of the **Breeze**, which, thanks to the existence of paper laundry sacks, gave the appearance of autumn leaves. As the "breeze" died down the "leaves" gathered together and each one told his position on the staff in a clever rhyme. If you could only know of the torture undergone by that martyred staff in getting into its "leaves" and staying there you would certainly appreciate its efforts.

While the subscription slips were being passed out to the school, the orchestra played a selection.

Mr. Boardman then got the team up on the stage, and at first we merely cheered for them; but Mr. Hanson told his opinion of our efforts, and after that—well, we just yelled!

While the **Breeze** may only have become apparent to the members of the school on October 15th, since then it has become of truly vital interest: for each subscriber has now a share in the magazine, and you may be sure the **Breeze** will fulfill all its expectations.

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Of all the sad surprises,  
There is nothing to compare,  
With the treading in the darkness  
On a step that isn't there.



Barwise says that the shingle probably got its name from being so close to the wood.

Ralph Thompson says, "Don't be a Wallflower. Play a Saxophone."

Simeon (pleading over telephone): "Alice, you peach, why don't you give me a date?"

Little Kelm: "Because I don't give a fig about you, you prune."

We've been measuring up J. Bates and have decided that "Jawn" could pass for a needle if he closed one eye.

Franky Bissell runs a close second to Jacky in our estimation and would pass for a thermometer if fed on grape juice. Let's try it sometime.

Friend Harmon wonders why the people in the School of Mines are behind us in Education.

Carl Lewis suggests that it's because they don't know no good grammer or nothing. He says they call theirs the School of Mines, but he knows better and refers to the School of Ours. Bright boy, Lewis.

Another M. B. C. is quoted as having asked, "How many Hours?"

We think that maybe M. B. C. stands for Mentally Befuddled Coo-Coos.

We certainly hope that Steve Barlow and Ross are not succumbing to the Lady Influence. Mama spank!

Since it is the duty of the Vice President to take charge of determining the kind of dresses the girls wear for Graduation, we move that George Smith call a meeting of all the (other) girls immediately.

Helen Reilly: "George Smith told me that Bunny Scott got caught reading 'Snappy Stories' in Study Hall. Keep it dark tho'—I promised him not to tell."

Hefty Preston: "How come? Has George got a case on Bunny?"

Helen: "Naw. It was his magazine."

The Honorable John Stellwagen insists that they have the Stadium on one end of the Campus and the Tedium here in the other.

Miss Gold asked: "What did Prehistoric man do when he wasn't just wandering around?"

And Carl Lewis answered: "Stand still, I suppose."

Mr. Smith told the Chemistry Class that he'd hand back their Experiments the next day. Clarice asked: "Well, what will happen if we haven't handed them in yet?"

And Carl made another "wise crack" and said: "You won't get them back."

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### Our Children's Page

Poems by a Freshman Prodigy

Bang! Bang! go the guns.  
Our boys beat the Huns.  
I like Hot Cross Buns.  
Merry Christmas!

Here the little birdies.  
Singing in the trees.  
You'd think they would catch cold.  
For they have no B. V. D.'s

—By George Barton, Age Six.

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### Our Advice Corner

Ask Alexander, the Man Who Knows

Dear Alexander:

I am besieged by the affections of two girls who are constantly on my trail. They write me notes and follow me around and I assure you, Alexander, that I am used to girls (very used to them, in fact) but I have never been confronted with such a problem. Kindly advise me as to which I should go with, Clarice or Lucy.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

STEPHEN BARLOW.

Dear Stephen Barlow:

After much deliberation and due thought I have concluded that the way to rid yourself of your predicament and also to enjoy yourself immensely, is to take them both to the Gopher for luncheon. I would advise you to go well supplied with cash, though, as I heard that they were very heavy eaters.

Don't mention it.

Alexander, the Man Who Knows.

John Bates: "Julian doesn't want to be a doctor any more."

Harold Eberhard: "Why?"

John Bates: "He tried to take the Appendix out of the Encyclopedia the other day and Miss Penrose was quite unreasonable."

Lucile Preston: "Miss Smith, why do people always speak of man instead of woman?"

Miss Smith: "Lucile, you should understand that man always embraces woman."

Rhoda, leaving doctor's office: "Oh, doctor, you forgot to look at my tongue."

Doctor: "I don't need to. I know grass never grows on a race-track."



## - SPORTS -

### U High Holds Alumni in Curtain Raiser

For the first time in years our team succeeded in holding the Alumni scoreless. Always in previous years the Grads emerged from the fray with a very decided victory; it wasn't that the Alums didn't have a formidable aggregation, because any team with such stars as Red McQuillan, one of the best fullbacks the school has ever had, and Sim Rollins, last year's star tackle who is a candidate for the Freshmen squad at the "U," is an outfit that has to be watched. The reason for the team's fine showing was due to the good condition of every fellow and the fighting spirit Capt. Don Blomquist instilled in his men.

When the whistle blew, Heinie Pierce and Wiener Gullander were at ends, Rarig and Burbuck at tackles, Todd and Haggerty at guards, Mer Robertson at center, and Capt. Don Blomquist, John McConnell, Wallace Merritt, and Don Mathieson in the backfield.

S. Pierce kicked off to Mathieson, who was downed with no gain. U High tried two passes, which were incomplete, and then McConnell punted to S. Pierce, who was downed on U High's forty-yard line. A series of line plays and passes brought the ball down to U High's twenty-yard line. Here the team played great defensive ball and held the Alums for three downs. On the fourth down S. Pierce attempted a drop kick, but it fell short and rolled over the goal line, thus putting the ball on U High's twenty-yard line. The teams see-sawed back and forth with neither goal threatened when the first half ended. The second half the team opened up on passes. Pierce showed his stuff by grabbing off some neat shoots from McConnell, but this was not enough to get the game, for the Alums tightened up and held the team for their downs. Throughout the third quarter the teams battled evenly. The last few minutes of the game the Alums opened up. McQuillan nabbed a nice pass from Pierce and ran twenty yards before he was downed. The Alums were lining up on U High's forty-yard line when the final whistle blew.

### U High Noses Out 13-10 Win Over Anoka

In a game characterized by crashing line plays, savage tackling, and brilliant end runs, U High defeated Anoka, 13-10. The score shows how close the game was, but it was even closer than the score indicates. The play at times was ragged, but at other times one would have to go a long way to see better playing.

Anoka kicked off to McConnell, who returned ten yards before being brought down on his twenty-yard line. On the first play the ball slipped from Merritt's grasp, and Haller of Anoka recovered. Here Anoka found a stone wall, three plays netting them a four-yard loss. The ball was directly in front of the goal posts. Caine dropped back and sent a beautiful drop kick squarely between the bars. The score, 3-0. Again Anoka kicked off. Mathieson was nailed by Render without gain. The team tried Anoka's ends and tackles with no gain. McConnell kicked to Vevea, who was nailed in his tracks by Gullander. Anoka was unable to gain. Caine kicked to Mathieson, who was downed on his thirty-yard line. The team tried to gain through the line, but in vain; so McConnell called for passes. The result wasn't pleasing, as the first one, intended for Pierce, was intercepted by Render, who raced thirty yards for a touchdown. Caine kicked goal. Score, 10-0. The team showed the old scrap and went back and hammered Anoka's line unmercifully for their first touchdown. McConnell's kick went wide. Score, 10-6. The half ended a few minutes later. The third quarter was even. In the fourth quarter Merritt tore off some nice end runs. On one spectacular run he carried the ball down to Anoka's twenty-yard line. Blomquist and McConnell carried the ball down to Anoka's one-yard line, from where Blomquist scored on a plunge. McConnell kicked goal. Score, 13-10. Anoka had the ball only once after that; on this occasion Caine made a beautiful end run. The game ended with the ball in U High's possession on Anoka's fifteen-yard line.

Caine of Anoka was the star of the game; he passed, kicked and ran with equal skill. Besides these qualities, he left with our team the impression of being a fine gentleman.

Todd and Merritt did the best work for U High. Todd tore large holes in the Anoka line for the backfield to go. Merritt proved himself to be a clever and shifty man on the offense.

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### Minnesota College Is Overwhelmed 20-6

U High went into the game with Minnesota College minus three regular players. Don Blomquist was out with a badly twisted ankle; John McConnell had a twisted shoulder; and Gullander, a bruised hip.

From the spectators' point of view, it was a rather listless game. Minnesota College was not a strong team and U High piled up a score by the end of the first half. During the second half Coach Hanson sent in many substitutes.

### U HIGH DOWNS HOPKINS

In a very ragged and roughly-played game, U High defeated Hopkins 7-0 on the seashore field. By no means did the team play as well as they played against Anoka. Probably the reason for this was the poor physical condition of the fellows. Nearly every player started the game with some painful injury, and Pierce, who started at end, was forced out at the beginning of the second half with a very acute pain in his arm. An X-ray of his arm showed that no bones were broken, but that he had a very bad bruise. Fredrickson, basketball captain, took Pierce's place. U High missed many opportunities to score through the inability to hang onto the ball at critical moments. The only touchdown came when Todd tore through Hopkins' line and fell on a fumbled ball on Hopkins' fifteen-yard line. A series of line plays put the ball across. McConnell kicked goal. Hopkins never threatened the U High goal line.

### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

- S** stands for the Sportsmanship which we are trying to put into our activities this year more than ever before. A good sportsman is one who's fair and square, good-natured, whether she wins or loses. We're never so fair but that we can be fairer. Let's prove it, girls!
- O** is the Opportunity offered at play hour for heaps of fun and wholesome recreation. It is said that opportunity only knocks once, but, girls—this opportunity knocks not only once, but **twice a week, every week!** What a chance!
- C** is for the Cup that is won by the class with the greatest number of points—the cup which the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors gaze at with envious eyes, for—
- C** is also for the Cup which the Seniors now have held for three years and confidently expect to win again. What about it, underclassmen?
- E** stands for Enthusiasm and Effort. Both are needed to accomplish anything successfully—a soccer game, as well as a dry Caesar lesson or an elusive French idiom.
- R** is for the Referee whose decisions we must obey through thick and thin, whether we agree or disagree, if we ever expect to be rated a good sportsman.

**SOCCER—Soccer!** The game now occupying our attention in class period and play hours. Sprained toes, swelled shins, and battered ankles are in vogue, and if this pleasant autumn weather continues, we expect an exciting class contest. Your team needs your support on the side lines, girls, when the invincible Seniors will be tried by the peppy Freshmen, plunging Sophomores, and dashing Juniors.



NEWS OF THE ALUMNI

John Adams, '18, who was the first editor of the *Campus Breeze*, then just a mimeographed paper, is now the assistant manager of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Co. in Portland, Oregon. He was married in August.

\* \* \*

Another U High graduate has gone and done it! Sally Fenton, class of 1919, was married in Excelsior a few weeks ago to Mr. Benjamin D. McBratnie of Saginaw, Michigan. Bravo, Sally!

\* \* \*

Avis Litzenberg, '19, is attending Goucher College in Baltimore.

\* \* \*

Quite a pleasing number of our Senior girls of last year have successfully passed through the ordeal of "rushing" and have pledged the various sororities. The pledges and sororities are:

Janet Hildebrandt .....	Chi Omega
Helen Martenis .....	Zeta Eta
Louise Leland .....	Alpha Delta Pi
Florence Robinson .....	Kappa Delta
Mildred Field .....	Delta Delta Delta
Millicent Mason .....	Alpha Gamma Delta
Polly Miles .....	Phi Omega Pi
Edith Erickson .....	Phi Omega Pi
Ellen Bedell .....	Phi Omega Pi
Katherine Kelly .....	Kappa Kappa Gamma
Mary White .....	Kappa Kappa Gamma
Dorothy Jackson, '23 .....	Kappa Alpha Theta
Greta Clark, '22 .....	Kappa Delta
Virginia Hicks, '23 .....	Sigma Kappa

Under a new ruling by the Inter-Fraternity Council, the fraternities will not carry on their rushing until after Christmas. Until then no U High boys may be given the privileges of frat life.

Alumni of 1924 who are at the University this year are Leo Dieck, Kerwin Kurtz, Starr Pierce, Marjory and Dorothy Merritt, Simeon Rollins, William Pettijohn, Ellen Bedell, Helen Martenis, Gertrude Husby, Jane West, Edith Erickson, Mildred Field, Ross Lee Finney, Lee Fisher, Annie Louise Flaig, John Flanagan, Janet Hildebrandt, Katherine Kelley, Sam Kepperly, Louise Leland, Jim McConnell, Arthur McQuire, Ed McQuillan, Millicent Mason, Ray Nelson, Florence Robinson, Anna Belle Taylor, Mary White, Dave Wing.

\* \* \*

Lloyd Vye, who last Spring was elected President of the Agricultural campus, was on the committee in charge of Field Day at the University. He also is on the committee to assist in making arrangements for Minnesota's grandest Homecoming, part of which will be staged in the new stadium on October 31 and November 1.

\* \* \*

Lois Wilde of the class of 1920 is now attending Art School in Minneapolis. As a Senior at Smith College last year, she was art editor of the year-book. Lois says her experience on the art staff of the *Breeze* and *Bisbila* has been greatly responsible for her success.

\* \* \*

The agricultural college's dramatic club, PUNCHINELLO, elected Dana Bailey, U High, '22, as its treasurer.

\* \* \*

Margaret Hummel and Fredrica Alway are at Carleton.

\* \* \*

Samuel Kirkwood and Alice Kingery are attending Macalester College.

\* \* \*

Simeon Rollins and Starr Pierce have been reported to be strong contenders for places on the Freshman football team at the "U."

\* \* \*

Frances Herman, class of '23, is taking a course in Public School Music at the McPhail School of Music in Minneapolis.

\* \* \*

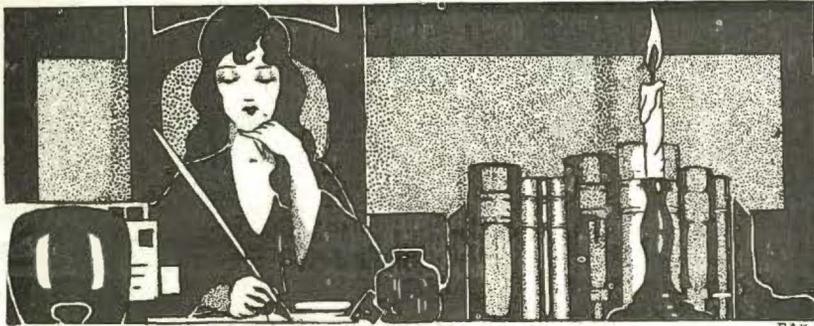
Don Van Koughnet, '24, is having an entirely different experience this year from any of his U High classmates. Don wields the birch and hickory in a little school near the Canadian border—and he has sixteen pupils!

\* \* \*

Gladys Kuehne, '20, who did practice teaching at U High last year, is now a full-fledged teacher, and is waking up the town of Sleepy Eye with the plays she is coaching.

\* \* \*

Helen Haggerty, '20, another of our former practice teachers, is directing the gymnasium work at Osage, Iowa.



# EXCHANGE

We know just exactly how exasperating it is to have someone tell us just enough about something to make us interested, and then fail to tell us where we can find all about it. We don't want to be the cause of any such disaster; so we have arranged to put all the magazines and papers which are received from other schools in the magazine rack in the Library. It will be this Editor's job to make you interested.

Every week the "West High Weekly" of West High School, Minneapolis, prints a short, to-the-point article by their principal. It's 'way off down in one corner, to be sure, but they are so pertinent to high school doings that you will be adequately rewarded for looking them up. Some excellent poems, short stories, and sketches by the students at large are printed under the title, "The Eagle Feather." When you read the "Weekly," you will forget that it is edited by high school students because of the finished, professional way in which all of the news items and editorials are written.

By all appearances the Red Wing High School, Red Wing, Minn., is right back of its football team. Their paper, "The Purple Parrot," is full of athletic enthusiasm; for instance, the words "Beat Rochester!" were printed between each article in each column. They have just acquired a new athletic field, and have started out the season by winning several games; perhaps that's why they are so enthusiastic.

We were very much surprised to read in "The Tech," Technical High School, St. Cloud, that Mr. Laurence Mendenhall, a much-liked student-teacher in Public Speaking last year, is teaching in the Public Speaking department there. It is always interesting to us to know where our student teachers put into practical usage what they have learned in our classes. Perhaps the Seniors will be the only ones who will agree with the following from the "Tech":

Freshmen are grassy,  
 Sophomores are sassy,  
 Juniors are brassy,  
 But Seniors are—classy.

In the 1924 Commencement number of the "Libertas," Bethlehem, Penn., there is a very clever mystery story which we recommend. It is one of those stories with a surprise ending that leaves you gasping.



Off the subject during Mr. Smith's Science class.

Margaret Williams: "You know, Mr. Smith, in the Bible it says that the devil entered the swine?"

Mr. Smith: "Yes?"

Margaret: "Well, Mr. Smith, was that how they first got deviled ham?"

In French class while Merwyn was absent.

Mlle. Violet: "Why is Merwyn absent?"

Al Tucker: "He's got water on the knee."

Wally Hughes: "Yes, and he has to wear pumps!"

A freight train was switching at a crossing and stopped. Arthur Lampland, coming down the street, failed to stop his Ford until he had hit the train.

Brakeman (rushing out): "Say, don't you know that you can't drive a Ford underneath a train without first putting the top down?"

Allen Todd: "You can tell that Carl has been to classes lately."

Fred Bury: "How's that?"

Allen: "Oh, his clothes look like they've been slept in."

A visitor (to Alden's small sister at the Stafford home): "Well, little girl, what are you going to do when you get as big as your brother?"

"Diet," replied the child.

Miss Sias sneezed during roll-call at gym and Leona Knechtges answered, "Here!"

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