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# The Campus Breeze

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## LITERATURE

### A SCHOOL FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Upon the occasion of my going down town last Saturday, I decided to stop first at the Library, which, I might add, is reasonably far from the center of the city, and thus get into the Christmas traffic slowly and gradually. I had heard for many years previous to this tales of harrowing adventures, narrow escapes, and divers exciting experiences which had taken place during the Yuletide season; so it was with fear and trembling that I finally quieted my palpitating heart enough to allow me to journey out of the seclusion of my home into the hustle and bustle of a crowd. However, necessity spurred me on, and I finally decided to use the above mentioned plan and start as early in the morning as would be humanly possible.

The fatal day dawned, and, as I had forgotten to include an important event for Friday evening in my calculations, the sun rose on a "morning after the night before" situation, so that when I had decided what to buy and where to buy it and had dropped in at the Library and the Post Office, my little watch pointed to eleven. Then to my dismay, as I waded further into the traffic which seemed to represent about ten-elevenths of St. Paul's total population, I remembered that the Lunch Hour had begun and that these people must be a few of the many business men and office girls who daily eat at this hour. Already quite fatigued after visiting only one store, I went outside to get a breath of fresh air and was just walking 'round the corner when I saw in a little arcade nearby, a man lecturing from a soap box to an ever-increasing crowd of auditors who applauded oft and loudly.

Curiosity overcame my weariness, and I reached the edge of the crowd just in time to hear the speaker say, "I will now speak on the Science of Bargain Hunting, including hints for Christmas shoppers. To partly defray our numerous expenses, a collection will be received," and without more ado the hat was passed. Then he continued, "Ladies and gentlemen. I will divide my talk into four parts: searching for bargains at a bargain counter, getting quicker attention from a saleslady, procuring what I want at a lower price than ordinary, and successfully traversing large crowds in speed and safety, a point especially for Christmas shopping.

"The first requisite in searching for bargains is to get close to the counter and then examine **all** likely articles. If there is a crowd around the counter, merely use your elbows and murmur a polite "Pardon me" if a well dressed woman is looking on. Do not give up your vantage point to anyone, and if you see something that someone else seems to want to buy, watch it eagerly and snatch it up the minute she may lay it down, saying meanwhile something about it being the one you had had your eye on and were intending to buy, for if someone else wants it, the article must be really worth something. Then, after looking over everything displayed, pick up all the best articles and hold on to them firmly till the saleslady is ready to wait on you, and begin to select what you really want at that time.

"The next main topic of this lesson is 'How to Get Prompt Attention from a Saleslady.' This may be done in three ways: First, by standing out so prominently by the counter and holding your prospective purchases so firmly that no one else can make any resistance, 'a la Horatius at the Bridge;' secondly, by repeating often in a martyr-like voice and with more sweet insistence each time, your plea to be waited on; and thirdly, by smiling very blandly when first requesting attention and leading up to threats of reporting her to the manager, etc., etc., if you are not served soon. Often a modification of these simple rules may be necessary, but that, I am sure, can be left to your own discrimination (smiling broadly).

"The next point in 'Bargain Huntology' is 'How to Get What You Want at Your Desired Price.' It, however, requires so much tact and perseverance and, withal, experience, that I am loathe to teach it to classes which I have not specially selected, but I judge from your intelligent faces that you will have no difficulty in understanding me. The first think necessary in the above operation is to select the object you wish and find some flaw in it. Next bring your line of talk into play and magnify the one defect until it becomes well nigh irremediable. After this announce to the saleslady your intention and desire to buy the article if just a little is knocked off 'the price,' since you have only a few cents with you at that moment. In short, whether by pretending not to want to buy the article or by other means, cause the saleslady to greatly wish to sell you the thing in question, and clinch the proposition by taking out your money and requesting her to give your package as soon as possible, as this transaction has taken too much of your highly valuable time. Only remember that the rule of success in delicate situations is tact," he continued, and his bland, self-assured smile bore out his words.

"And last, but certainly not least, comes the problem of 'How to Go Through Large Crowds in Speed and Safety.' My most popular method is a la' elbow, using it to make way for you to pass through, as you murmur, 'Pardon me' in a low tone. To insure greater speed, get a good start before encountering the main body of the crowd and let momentum, aided by a few little pushes and reminding steps on toes increase your celerity. However, don't push—just shove, and whatever you do, do it quickly."

So saying, he had dismounted from his soap box and was out of the crowd before most of his auditors had had time to turn around, a living example of his own policy, with a substantial collection to cheer the day. Suddenly I looked about me, dazedly at first, and discovered that I was lying on a little cot and was being conveyed somewhere. Upon questioning my attendant, I discovered that I had fainted just outside a large store and was now being taken to the hospital in an ambulance. 'Twas all but a dream.

Now, as a result of my experience, I hereby do avow and assert that never again will I endeavor to shop on a Saturday noon near Christmas time, no matter how great may be the necessity.

Signed, and affirmed this twelfth day of December, nineteen twenty-four.

Ruth Lampland, '25.

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### 'T WAS A WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas a week before Christmas, and all through U High,  
Every student was studying, for exams were then nigh.

The Soph'mores were filling the Freshmen with dreads,  
And visions of flunking now danced in their heads.

Each head was bent over a book with great care,  
'Twas so quiet in study you'd think no one was there.

But just then there rose such a terrible clatter,  
We sprang from our desks to see what was the matter.

The ink on the edge of a desk did o'erflow,  
Gave a lustre of midnight to objects below.

And what by Miss Penrose's desk should we view,  
But some Library books that were almost soaked through.

But again we were studying in hopes to get done,  
'Twas Miss Penrose who picked up the books all alone.

Lois Finger, '28.



## VS. THE FAMILY

## A Play in One Act

Time: Any summer evening, just after dinner.

Place: Living room of a comfortable American home.

(As the curtain raises, the stage is empty of people. At the right, however, a noise of chairs being pushed back is clearly audible, and a moment later LANE comes in. He looks bored and rather tired. He seats himself in an easy chair and pulls a little red leather-bound book from his pocket. After staring moodily at the cover for a few seconds, he gives himself a shake, impatiently, and opens the book. His features gradually relax and an absorbed happy look appears on his face. Then a sound of voices is heard outside, but he does not appear to notice it.)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Nancy, Elinor and Jimmy.

Lane (starting and jumping up): Aha! The whole family, I perceive! The deduction is, my dear Watson, that the pater has just finished his customary after-dinner cigarette. Am I right?

Mr. O'Connor: I rather surmise you are. And I'm rather surprised that you remember a thing like that after two years of the Sorbonne. Did it just occur to you, or were you saving it up as a poser?

Lane: It just occurred to me. But (impatiently) that's enough of that. What are you going to do now?

Mr. O'Connor: Why—our usual evening half-hour of jazz, of course. Why, (as Lane rises) what's the matter, Lane? Where are you going?

Lane: Up to my room.

Elinor: Aw, Lane, don't be so highbrow! Stay down here and give us a taste of your celebrated line of conversation for a change. You've been home three days now and you haven't let us see hardly any more of you than if you were still in Paris. What's eating you, anyway?

Lane (appealingly): Dad.

Nancy (interposing): Hold on, Elinor. Let him alone. Go over and fix the phonograph.

(Elinor goes and starts looking through the record cabinet.)

All right, Lane.

(Goes over to her mother on the davenport and talks with her in a low voice.)

Exit Lane.

Mr. O'Connor: Thank you, Nancy.

Nancy: Yes, Dad.

Mr. O'Connor (turns to Elinor): Now listen, Elinor—and you, too, Jimmy! I want to give you a simple warning. If you don't let that boy alone something will break around this household. Jimmy—I heard you pulling some of your usual kid stuff this afternoon when he said he was going over to see Joan. He didn't say anything, but he must have thought quite a bit about the advantages of having a younger brother. And you, Elinor—don't treat him like one of the brainless, patent-leather haired sheiks who have been hanging around you for the last year. Remember—he's been in Paris for four years—and he has a different viewpoint of things in general from you. If you keep it up he won't stay here . . . he'll go away and strike out for himself. He's been earning enough

on the side for the last year to support him for the next six months.

Elinor: Well—why not let him?

Jimmy: Sure—get him out of the way.

Mr. O'Connor: Neither one of you knows the slightest thing about the meaning of the words you are saying. He's got to stay at home for at least six months—in order to get used to American customs and ways of thinking again. If he left us now—with his mind in the condition it is in—God alone knows what would happen. Now—I've talked to you two as if you were adults. Do you understand what I mean?

Elinor (doubtfully): I—think so.

Jimmy: I don't get most of it—but the main idea is that I and El have got to treat him like a hot stove—is that it?

Nancy: That is **emphatically** it.

Elinor: All right. That should be easy enough, shouldn't it, Jimmy?

Jimmy: It sounds easy enough; but all the same I have my doubts on the subject.

Elinor: Nonsense, kid. All you've got to do is to pay a little more attention to that new sheba of yours—if you do, you won't have time to think about Lane.

Mrs. O'Connor: Elinor! Will you ever stop using that awful slang of yours?

Elinor: Aw, mother, have a heart! Slang is the spice of the English language. Seems to me it'd be a regular dead language if it wasn't for that!

Mr. O'Connor: For heavens sake! If you're going to have another one of your awful modernist discussions, I'm going to get out. All I ask is that you give a little thought to what I have said!

Exit Mr. O'Connor.

Elinor: There! The atmosphere feels lighter already! Come on kids, let's turn on the jazz and hop a bit.

Nancy: Good Lord!

Exit Nancy to sun porch.

Mrs. O'Connor: Wait a minute. Why don't you call up Jimmy or the Merriwell bunch? If you're going to make a night of dancing of it, you might as well get some people together besides yourself.

Elinor: Hm! There's something in that. How about it, Jimmy? Shall we make a progressive party of it?

Jimmy: No . . . can't say that I care to. Got that trip date on, you know . . .

Elinor: Oh! What time do you expect to leave?

Jimmy: Let's see. It's (he pulls a watch and looks at it) now pre—cisely twelve and one-third minutes after seven. I leave at eight. Guess I'd better get dressed—don't you?

Elinor: Well—it's your funeral. Go to it!

Jimmy: Quoth the octopus—A parting shot!!!! Totally unnecessary with this case.

Exit Jimmy.

Mrs. O'Connor: Well, Elinor—I've got some studying to do on that paper for the advanced Locofocoism Movement. You'll have to entertain yourself. Sorry to leave you alone—but you know how it is! Good bye!

Exit Mrs. O'Connor.

(As she goes out Nancy reappears from the sun porch and runs through the room after her.)

Nancy: Oh, mother, . . . wait a minute!

Exit Nancy.

Elinor: Well! I'll be jiggered! How they must love my company!

(A long pause. She stands in the middle of the stage, apparently meditating. Then she starts into movement.)

Well—I guess this is as good a chance as any to work. But what they would say if they knew of this is more than I can figure out.

(She goes to desk, opens it, and pulls up a chair. Then she rummages in the various pigeon holes and drawers until she finds a small pile of yellow paper manuscript.)

Ah! Here we are! . . . Let's see what we've got done so far . . . It's at least two weeks—probably three—since they last gave me an opportunity to work on this. Suppose we review the plot of this before starting to work on its completion.

(She pulls out a small notebook and consults a topical outline.)

Le voici enfin! The oldest son has just returned from abroad . . . and he's rather hard for the second daughter and the younger son to get along with. As a result, he is miserable, and so are they. He complains to his father, supposedly, who proceeds to squelch the daughter and her partner in crime very effectively by enlisting the aid of the oldest daughter. In the meantime the father is wondering what to do with the returned prodigal, who seemingly knows less about it than he does. Finally the whole family unites in ignoring the second daughter as much as possible—leaving her to her own devices exclusively. She takes advantage of this by—

(As she speaks the word **finally** the window by the desk opens slowly inward, and a young man's face appears. He listens to what she says in the last sentence of the above with evident satisfaction. Then he abruptly interrupts by dropping out of sight and giving a low whistle. She starts and runs to the window. She leans out, but sees no one, apparently, for she turns back. The whistle is repeated. This time she climbs out of the window and stands looking around. The young fellow comes up behind her silently, picks her up bodily, and disappears with her. The stage is empty for a moment.)

Enter Lane.

Lane: Empty! Thank heaven! But (a pause)—what the deuce is—

(He steps quickly over to the open desk and window.)

—**this?**

(He picks up the outline and the yellow sheets of the unfinished play and sits down, evidently very much surprised. He reads them through, which occupies him for a greater part of the next conversation. Then he sits looking dazed for a moment, until his opening comes to speak.)

Enter Mr. O'Connor and Nancy, talking.

Nancy: —all the same, Dad, I maintain that you are mistaken in her for this reason. I have noticed her looking actually very unhappy at times. I think that the apparent gaiety which she has been manifesting at almost all times is nothing more or less

than a mask to cover something much deeper than we have believed her capable of underneath. You have misjudged, and, I think, mistreated her too much.

Mr. O'Connor: Hold on! That's going too far! If there was anything underneath the surface in her, it would certainly have come to the top before this. Why—when you stop to think of it, she's old enough to get married!

Nancy (thoughtfully): Yes; there's something in that, too. But all the same I wonder if she isn't something more than the mere healthy little animal you seem to take her for—I wonder!!!!

(Here Mr. O'Connor turns and sees Lane sitting at the desk.)

Mr. O'Connor: Lane!!! For heaven's sake! **What** are you doing at that desk? Elinor would throw a fit if she ever caught you there!! What have you got there, anyway? Something of hers?

Lane (stammering): No—no—that is—I don't think so. (Angrily). This is **my** funeral, Dad. Suppose you let me alone.

Nancy: There's something in that, father. Practice what you preach, you know. Come on—let him alone.

(Lane throws her a glance of profound gratitude. She smiles back at him and leads her father out.)

Exit Nancy and Mr. O'Connor.

Lane: Thank heaven for an understanding sister! I believe she's unique! But——(he turns back to the papers in his hand)—why on earth didn't she ever show this way before? I can't understand this from a girl of her supposed tastes and dislikes! Why—this is worthy of Theodore Dreiser! But—according to this——(his tone becomes rather sad)—the poor girl has been misunderstood enough to set anyone else crazy. It seems that this is almost exactly the living literary counterpart of this family itself! The circumstances, the people, the time, the place, and even the characterizations are identical. But the thing that she has had the character that corresponds to herself do is what gets me. The ending is not completed yet—but what I understand she intended to do is to have a complete reversal in favor of herself. By the way—I wonder where she is? (Calls). Elinor! Oh, Elinor! Where are you? (To himself). There's no answer. I'll ask Dad. (Calls). Dad! Where's Elinor?

Voice off stage: What's that? Wait a minute.

Enter Mr. O'Connor.

What did you say, Lane?

Lane: Where is Elinor?

Mr. O'Connor: Why, I left her here in this room. I'll ask mother (Calls). Mother! Oh, Eileen!

Mrs. O'Connor, off stage: Coming!

Enter Mrs. O'Connor and Nancy.

Mrs. O'Connor: Well, Ralph, **what** is it?

Nancy: What are you all in here for?

Mr. O'Connor: Lane has found something rather queer—and we would like to know where Elinor is!

Nancy: **ELINOR???** Why—she must have jumped out the window!

All: Jumped out the window!!!

Nancy: Why, yes!

Lane: For heaven's sake, what makes you think that?

Mrs. O'Connor: I'd like to know where you got that idea!

Nancy (defiantly): Well, I'll tell you! When the rest of you had all gone out of the room, I was in the sun porch. If she had gone out any other way, I would have seen her without a doubt.

Lane: But I heard you call something out to mother and run after her.

Nancy: I did. But she and I were up in the landing room—so that Elinor could scarcely have gone out the front hall without my seeing her. I was sitting by the door, too.

Enter Jimmy.

Jimmy (very excitedly): HEY!!! Here comes Elinor!

All: Where?? When?? How??

Jimmy: See for yourself!

Enter the young man, carrying Elinor in his arms.

Elinor (wriggling): Let me down, Peter! (He does so.) Now, then! I'm through being pitted against the whole family. Peter—introduce me!

Peter: My friends—allow me—to introduce—my wife!  
Extremely quick curtain.

—J. H. Stellwagen.

### WHAT THE CLOCK FACES

They comey very muchy early,  
Little boy and little girlie,  
Carry heapy Freshman booky,  
Wanty muchy to play hooky.  
Meet Mr. Boardman, him they feary,  
He pat 'em head and call 'em deary;  
Though go high school, still be baby,  
They be Seniors someday may be.

Sophomores sticky up their nosey,  
With much length now to their clothesy,  
To 'em classes slip in latey;  
Think themselves just first ratey.  
Girlie look not at Soph boyie,  
He too little, she more coyie,  
The front hall, they sneaky passey,  
Fill the Freshmen full of gassy.

Just one summer makes a changey,  
Books to them are velly strangey,  
In front hally, they both standey,  
She a peach and he a dandy,  
He some other girlie fussey,  
She a Senior lad does rushy,  
He the cigarette can smokey,  
She the powder puff now pokey.

Last year comesy much too soony,  
Now they dance to different tuney,  
Up their credits now they looky,  
Study hard out of big booky,  
Kid the teacher for good marky,  
School to them is now no larky,  
Senior lad gone, she is lonely,  
Goes to him, her first and only.

—Mary Ada Kelly '26.

## THE FACULTY ARE QUIZZED

"Please be seated and stop talking. The bell is about to ring.

"Today, most illustrious instructors in the University High School, we shall have a rapid-fire oral quiz on the best methods of forcing lazy students to pay attention and to work. I shall call upon you one at a time and shall expect a brief account of one law which in your experience has proved satisfactory.

"Miss Violet, when students feel inclined to hold conversation between themselves in your classes, what do you do?"

Miss Violet, pleasantly: "I warn them once or twice during the week, and then, without any preliminaries, order them to do outside reading in 'Le Petit Journal' and make a written report on it in French to the class. There are usually such terrible constructions of verbs and prepositions in the report that it frightens the rest of the class into a rigid and frigid silence for the next two or three days."

"That is excellent. Mr. Tohill, what would you do if you saw a boy in your class whose attention was wandering and who apparently did not care in the least what you were talking about?"

Mr. Tohill, with great calm: "When I came to a convenient point, I would stop the whole class and ask with great deliberation, 'Do you want to ask?' Then, if no one asked, I would have every ground to believe that everyone understood the subject perfectly. Turning to the culprit, I would ask of him a question whose answer I was certain he did not know. He would wiggle, squirm, cough, and stammer until in my wrath I should call upon someone else. But usually," he added mildly, "I'd be so tender-hearted as to beg his pardon after class."

"Mr. Dahl, it has been remarked recently in Mr. Tohill's Social Science class that all people are naturally lazy. If that is true, how do you manage to get the students in your class to do such a fine quality of work?"

Mr. Dahl, with a gleam in his eyes, replied: "I give them long assignments to make them work, high marks to keep them from getting discouraged, and then require so much of them in class that they either have to pay attention or be swept under. Once I heard a vivacious youngster turn to her friend and call me 'Dollie!' I was so mad that I broke three pieces of chalk by throwing them with all my force at the blackboard. I then glared at her until my eyes ached. The silencing effect was merely temporary, however."

"Very well. Mrs. Bocquin, how do you hold the attention of the students in your Caesar class?"

"Holding their attention is very simple," Mrs. Bocquin remarked thoughtfully. "It is inducing them to learn something that is hard. Usually though I draw pictures on the blackboard of stick-men running around sign posts and over mountains. That amuses them very nicely and they really like it."

"Better treat 'em a little rougher, Mrs. Bocquin. They can stand it. Treat em rough. Now, Mr. Smith, what do you do when you catch someone napping?"

Mr. Smith, kindly: "I smile upon the innocent lad with overpowering sweetness, and remark at the ceiling, 'Where's our little

Gordon today? Of course, no one knows what I am talking about, so that is perfectly all right."

"Miss Inglis, what happens in your class when students fail to prepare their lessons?"

Miss Inglis's answer was laconic and characteristic. "I spank 'em!"

**Note to the Student**—These are our instructors. Like them or not as you will, but mind your P's and Q's if you don't want these methods practiced on you.

Katherine Washburn, '25.

### THE MUSICAL

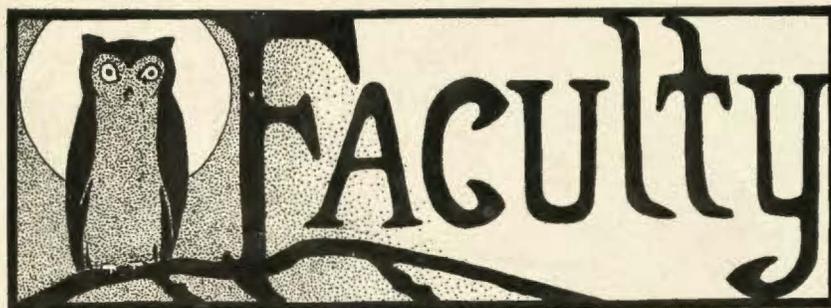
Almost the first of October the girls decided that they would like to put on a musical. No sooner had the date been set than a number of valiant Freshmen answered the call and offered their services on the program. Other talented ones, after being asked, required little persuasion to perform also. From then on it was smooth sailing. Harriet Zelner, with the aid of other Home Economics girls, took charge of refreshments, and Eleanor King roused the students to come, bringing with them their parents.

At last the great day arrived, November the twenty-first. Pupils and mothers turned out in gratifying numbers, and the success of the musical was not to be denied. The following are to be congratulated for their contributions:

<b>Piano</b>	<b>Violin</b>
Norma Scott	Clifford Beal
Lorna Larson	Elinor Fehr
Ellen Oren	<b>Voice</b>
Hermion Wheaton	Laura Lacey
Ann Todd	<b>Saxophone</b>
Natalie Wedge	George Barton
Eleanor Evenson	<b>Readings</b>
Virginia Fehr	Romola Griswold

Rhoda Pierce, Marion Miller and Minerva Pepinsky, who were unable to take part because of illness, must also be mentioned. Lastly, we owe special thanks to Miss Hubman for her splendid general supervision, to Miss Coon for her supervision of the refreshments, and to the girls who acted on the reception committee.





## MISS RUTH O'BRIEN

At last! After hunting for three days, looking between periods and after school, ye hon. hack writer finally threw the loop of discovery over the head of Miss O'B., our well known and greatly esteemed P. S. teacher, and forced the following answers to the questions that precede each one:

Born?

"Yes."

Where at?

"K. C., Missouri."

Pardon me, but do you mean Knights of Columbus or Kansas City?

"Yes."

Nationality?

"Guess."

Early life?

"K. C.—ski jumping in Duluth up until last year, but never learned."

Favorite hobbies?

"Small boys and Senior Vaudevilles!"

Phi Beta Kappa?

"Yes, but"—this with a tremendous air of wonderful secrecy—"for goodness and my sake don't tell any one!"

Much experience in the ways of the world?

"That's hard to tell—when it comes to dancing, ask Mr. Boardman or Frank Rarig."

Do you drive an auto-mo-bile?

"Supposedly, but I'm the only one that knows it. So far the only thing killed is a telephone pole!"

Favorite cussword?

"FUDGE!!!!"

What's the best joke you know?

"When you see him, kid him about his whiskers—he won't bite."

Opinion of M. B. C.'s?

"Admire them immensely!"

Do you like canoeing?

"I'll go with anyone who'll let me paddle stern."

Your idea of the s. b. as a whole?

"Even my 5th hour p. s. class is exceptional."

### OUR PRINCIPAL SAYS:

A Happy New Year to all the students and the faculty of the University High School. I hope that 1925 will bring much joy to each one of you, that during this year you may each one see some of your ambitions realized and that its close will find each one with new and bigger aspirations.

\* \* \* \*

The first quarter of the year 1924-1925 has come to a close. What has been done has been recorded and the books are closed. We can look back over the weeks that have passed at our achievements (and like Lot's wife, that's all some ever do; they are too busy looking backward to go forward) and in the light of those accomplishments we can make our preparations for this new quarter. With the opening of the new quarter comes also the beginning of a new year and the making of new resolutions. Resolutions, however good, are of no value in themselves; it is only as the resolve is accompanied by action that any results are accomplished. Among your resolutions for this new year may there be one that you will be on the job and do your work every day. What good does it do you for the teacher to broadcast if your receiving set isn't tuned in?

\* \* \* \*

There are many fine things and much hard work ahead of us this quarter. The **Bisbila** board will complete its plans and begin to get the annual into final form. The Senior Class will present the Senior Vaudeville and begin its work on the class play. The Swimming Team will meet many opponents and endeavor to carry the colors of University High School to victory. The Basket Ball Team has a heavy schedule and will uphold the honor of the school in all its games. The Inter-Class Basket Ball tournament will be held for the possession of the Haggerty Trophy. The **Campus Breeze** staff has before it the task of maintaining the fine standard it has set for itself in our school magazine. The whole school has the problem not only of maintaining the high standards of school spirit and school work of the past quarter, but of attempting to set an even higher standard this quarter.

\* \* \* \*

### AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The University High School is under deep obligation to Mr. Leuhring and the department of Physical Education and Major Lentz and the Military Department for the splendid help they have given us in obtaining quarters for physical education for the boys of the high school. The University Armory is far from adequate for the work of those two departments, yet they have arranged so that the boys of the High School can have the north wing of the Armory each day for gymnasium classes. A locker room, with showers, has been provided so that after every gymnasium class the boys can have a shower. And in addition to this, provision has been made so that three days a week there are three basketball courts at the disposal of the gymnasium classes, the class teams and the high school team, and special hours have been set aside in the swimming pool for the swimming team. The University High School is deeply appreciative of the spirit of helpful

cooperation on the part of Mr. Leuhring and Major Lentz which makes it possible for us for the first time in the history of the High School to give our boys work in physical education.

\* \* \* \*

The Roll of Honor in this issue of the **Campus Breeze** is composed of those persons whose scholastic attainments have been the highest for the entire fall quarter. It has been splendid to see the increase in the number of names upon this Roll each month. It is my hope that there can be a similar increase each month throughout the winter and a larger Honor Roll at the end of this quarter.

\* \* \* \*

### ROLL OF HONOR

#### Students Having All A's

Andrea Kiefer	Ruth Lampland	Hermion Wheaton
Eleanor King	Ruth McClintock	

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

Dorothy Arny	John Hynes	Katherine Preston
Clifford Beal	Arthur Lampland	Theo. Rasmussen
Donald Blomquist	Mildred Larson	Eileen Slattery
Irene Couper	Helen Lasby	George B. Smith
Harold Eberhardt	Wallace Merritt	Margaret Tallmadge
Lois Finger	Robert Meyers	Ruth Thorshov
Marion Finney	Evangeline Nary	Winifred Washburn
Margaret Hallstrom	Gail Nesom	Helen Wildes

#### Students Having a B Average

Jane Armstrong	Virginia Fehr	Bessie Levine
Eveleth Blomquist	Jane Ford	John McConnell
Muriel Clark	Roger Hayes	Katherine Washburn
Everett Drake	Wendell Johnson	Edith Zimmer

\* \* \* \*

You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how hard you soak it. You can't win the hard knocks of life if you never learn to be any more than a sponge.

\* \* \* \*

Have you met the Sociable Man in the study hall? He is the one who, having nothing to do, instead of doing it comes around to bother the one who has much to do.

\* \* \* \*

Cheer up! What if you did back slide a little last quarter. You can pick out the splinters and sell them for tooth picks. The main thing now is to hit a home run this quarter.

*Charles W. Boardman.*

# The Campus Breeze

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—1-9-2-5—

This is the first issue of the **Campus Breeze** in the year of 1925. And the beginning of the new year is always the time for reflection and good resolutions. Consequently, we suppose that at least one of this month's editorials ought to be devoted to the usual new year writing—namely, plans and resolutions to follow till the next new year. But we are not going to do that. For one thing, it's too difficult; for another thing, it's too hackneyed. But we do want to say—

This is a new year!

Make the most of it!

---

### CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

We are sure that most of us spent a more enjoyable Christmas than usual because we knew that we had helped others to have a truly "Merry Christmas!"

This year we took several families under our protection and tried to see that they received a greater abundance of Christmas cheer and joy than they would have experienced had we left them alone. We gave the families food and clothing, and at the Christmas party our Santa distributed presents to the little children. When we saw those little children fixed up as best as possible and looking just as cute and sweet as any other boys and girls, we could not help but feel that there is a great deal of inequality and cruelty in this world, in Minneapolis itself. We may not live in luxury ourselves, but yet we have never known the real, stern, relentless privation and suffering which some people have to endure. We were glad and happy to have these families under our care this Christmas; and judging from the expressions of the kiddies at our party, we feel sure that we really did make things pleasanter and cheerier for them.

What about it, U High? Shall we establish a precedent and try every year to "do unto others as you would be done by?" For the only way to be truly happy is to help make some one else happy.

---

### ATTENTION, ARTISTS!

The **Campus Breeze** has needed new cuts ever since we can remember, and now it seems that we really are to be supplied. Jane Armstrong, a Freshman, has already submitted two excellent drawings for cuts; and Mary Ada Kelly, Marjorie Jewel, Jane Ford, and Johnny Lieb possess artistic talents which we hope will be bestowed upon the poor **Breeze**. There must be others in this school who have a knack of drawing. Don't hide your light under a bushel basket, but come on out and show us what you can do. Come on out and stir up a little rivalry and competition. We need some new cuts. Who's going to draw them?

---

The editor-in-chief respectfully inquires how anyone thinks we're going to have a magazine if nobody writes any "literature" without being forced to do so.

## GRIT

We admire the Spartan boy who was silent, giving no hint of his suffering, while his body was slowly being devoured by a frantic animal hidden beneath his clothing. He could have let the little beast out and saved himself, but he refused to consider it. We wonder—and hesitate to say that we could do likewise. But we are wrong, although we may not think so.

Men and women of this age—of the new age—endure the keenest suffering, both mental and physical, with surprising indifference. They are the real Stoics of the eons—even though their philosophy is not expressed. After a terrible emotional shock or physical injury few of us give way to despair—few give up. We go on as if nothing had happened. We are, as a whole, an uncommunicative, undemonstrative race.

And yet, there is a certain bitter, sharp irony about this side of life. After a whole part of a man's life has been shattered—his business, his love, or his dreams—why must he force himself to grin and take it as a matter of course? True, it is the manly thing to do, the heroic thing to do—but the Great God Irony stands in the background and laughs at our eternal pretenses and tinsel glitter designed to hide the realities of life.

To those who realize this, even more grit is necessary. Usually they have insufficient courage to carry them through—and something happens—either an early death, self inflicted or otherwise, or a permanent affliction of gloom.

This is tragic. Life can be made so beautiful that the necessity for grit would be obviated. But we delay—delay—delay. Our accustomed mental inertia is too strong.

So there is only one thing left to do. Let us live like real men and women! Real courage to face anything—no matter what it is—is in itself divine. Do not permit yourselves to forget the lesson taught by the Children of the Zodiac! Carry on!

## THE CAMPUS BREEZE SIX YEARS AGO

The U High column in the Minnesota Daily for January 7, 1919, told of the activities in December.

**Parties! Parties! Parties!**

On December nineteenth all of the high school gym classes met in the Girls' Gymnasium for a costume party.

A Latin party was held on December seventeenth.

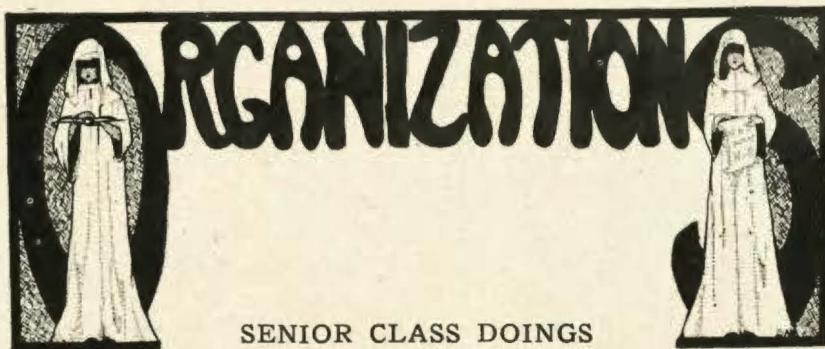
On December twentieth the annual Christmas party took place.

The January fourteenth column told of Athletics:

On January tenth the University High School basketball team played the alumni at the Armory. The score was U. H. S. 31, Alumni 30.

Mr. Benjamin Chapman of the Y. M. C. A. spoke to the boys on January thirteenth about organizing a Hi-Y club. On January eighteenth a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the Hi-Y club.

On January seventeenth a game of basketball was played between the students and faculty. In the first half the faculty led 6 to 0, but in the second half the boys gained. The result was 36 to 36.



## SENIOR CLASS DOINGS

## I

Listen, *Breeze* readers, and you shall hear,  
 Of the manifold doings of your Seniors, so dear.  
 On the twenty-sixth of November in Room 204,  
 (A whole can of wax was upon that floor)  
 Did occur the first Sunlite of the year.

## II

The Juniors and Seniors, fun-loving and free,  
 Trotted together harmoniously  
 To the jazzy tunes of that famous four,  
 Dave Wing's orchestra, no less, no more;  
 While oodles of punch did add to the spree.

## III

The Seniors, so erudite, original, wise,  
 Continue to sell their eskimo pies,  
 And Vodvil committees continue to meet,  
 Continue their pow-wows too, too secrete.  
 What "manifold doings" there are to devise!

## JUNIOR NOTES

Rather than leave the space usually devoted in the *Breeze* to a long and flowing account of the numerous activities of this remarkable class, an empty and aching void, the over-burdened and toil-worn Junior reporter now takes her pen in hand to essay to fill the gaping space:

"Now let me see....  
 Ahem," quoth she,  
 "Of course there'll be....  
 There'll be....there'll be....  
 The J. S. spree,  
 That gay partie  
 Where we did flee  
 When th' Assemblee  
 November 26, was o'er."  
 She tho't and tho't;  
 She racked her brain;  
 She scratched her head  
 And thought again.  
 "Alas," she sighed, "'tis all too plain,  
 I can recall no more."

### SOPHOMORES

Sophomores may not look smart, but there are exceptions to every rule. Just see what we've done! We had a class meeting, and after a prolonged "disagreement" the members of the deadlier of the species won over the less deadly, and the dues were set at fifteen cents every month.

Sophomores surely are a studious lot, and we're here to prove it. On the first honor roll of thirty-five students, eleven were Sophomores, and on the second, of thirty-nine, eleven were again Sophomores. That's over twenty-five per cent! Keep it up, class of '27. We hope that there will be still more next month. Now you know the reason why we haven't done much in the social line.

**Study! Study! Study!**

As a result of Miss O'Brien's well-meant efforts to teach us spelling, our class has corrected two illustrious members of the faculty. They weren't duly impressed, however, with our brilliancy, for they found out that we had studied the words that very day.

The Latin students are very much interested in Latin. They put their feet on the chairs in front of them in order to lean forward and listen more easily. Once in a while a student gives a gasp of surprise and falls backward too far. Kerplunk! For fuller particulars on this subject see Virginia Fehr, who knows from experience the dangers thereof.

Here's hoping for some A's in exams.

---

### FRESHMAN REPORT

Listen!

"The Green Go-getter."

Say it over to yourself.

You can't forget her!

You may think the Freshman class accomplished little this month; but when you consider this brilliant, apt and attractive title chosen for the class paper at the last meeting, you will understand that we have had our hands full.

---

### ACME

Perhaps we might take this opportunity to remind the girls of the school that we would like to have some new members. We are very nearly sure that there are some Juniors who have a B average, and who, if they do not already have their U, could easily get it. Sophomores, too, we urge to work, in order to have your points by the third quarter, when the election of Sophomores occurs.

We are very anxious that Acme should go on next year with as large a membership as it has this year. Please report to the secretary of Acme if you have your points.

## THE GIRLS' U CLUB

Did you know that the Girls' U Club was organized just two years ago? Under the supervision of Miss Browning, then our gym teacher, the girls who had won their U's got together in a club. They lost no time in electing officers: Helen Minty, president; Francis Hickey, vice president; Louise Leland, secretary, and Eleanor King, treasurer. Then they speedily drafted a constitution. They even put over a supper hike. With this excellent start it was not long before they conceived the brilliant idea of having H's and S's as well as U's. From then on the membership and interest in U Club has been steadily increasing.

Now it is the beginning of a new year with all its opportunities to improve still more. So far this year U Club has been famous for doing nothing, the fault not of itself, but of the unsettled conditions. But now with a revised constitution, new members, and original plans, U Club is going to turn over a new leaf and put itself on the map.

---

## ASSEMBLIES

On Wednesday, November 26, feeling extremely care-free and in good spirits in view of the fact that there were two extra days of vacation ahead of us, we all assembled in the Music Auditorium prepared for the usual Thanksgiving program—speech, canned food, and potatoes. The orchestra played a selection under the direction of Mr. Pepinsky, and Mr. Boardman then introduced to us Dr. H. H. Gamel, who is doing a great work among boys and young men in the interest of their social welfare and who rather surprised us by not speaking on the usual Thanksgiving subject, but on a subject whose text was, "Whoso Breaketh an Hedge, a Serpent Shall Bite Him." The hedge represented the rules and laws which are set up for our protection, and if they are broken, the consequences must be taken. Dr. Gamel stressed in his talk two slogans, "Ought means must," and "Hands off," which are, as he said, pretty good things to remember. Although the opinions of Dr. Gamel's speech differ widely, yet we must all agree that he is certainly a good actor and that in spite of what we may say, his speech left us thinking over his ideas much more than we believed it would at the time.

Mr. Boardman then excused the Juniors and Seniors to the High School—read the class notes to know the reason why—and the Freshmen and Sophomores to be left to the "outer darkness."

On December 3 Mr. Boardman called a special assembly in honor of those boys on our football team who had proved themselves worthy of receiving a "U."

The orchestra rendered a melodious, somniferous selection under the unimpeached excellence of Abraham Pepinsky's leadership. (This phrase was offered by her honor, the editor-in-chief).

Mr. Boardman announced the purpose of the assembly and spoke to us about our team. He congratulated the members on their fine play, sportsmanship and scholarship, which, he said, were the finest that he had ever witnessed in a high school team. He then introduced Mr. Tohill, who called the men onto the platform and gave them their letters. He spoke to them on the value of their work on the team and expressed the hope that they would

always show the same spirit in all that they did. We must not neglect to mention that Mr. Tohill almost made a very serious break, but luckily for him "youngsters" and "young men" begin the same way.

"Here's to the man who wears the U" was sung with great gusto.

What's the mater with the team?

**They're all right!!**

December 10.

### THE POT BOILERS

A one-act comedy by Alice Gerstenberg.

#### The Cast

Sud, an ambitious author and producer.....Harmon Pierce  
 Wouldby, a young man of literary ambitions...Merwyn Robertson  
 Miss Ivory, the heroine .....Eileen Slattery  
 Mrs. Pencil, the vampire .....Elsie Miller  
 Mr. Ruler, the hero .....Thain Stewart  
 Mr. Inkwel, the villain .....Leonard Finkelstein  
 Mr. Ivory, the father .....Frank Andrus  
 Stage hands .....George Smith and George Manuel  
 Scene—The library of Mr. Ivory's home.

U High certainly appreciates the great success which the Dramatic Club attained in the production of this play, written in the form of a rehearsal. We haven't laughed so hard at anything for a long time.

Miss Ivory claimed to have "beautiful eyes," but it looked pretty much as though Mr. Ruler had done his best to outdo them. We have heard that Finky's appearance was so very terrifying that several fair damsels came near having an attack of heart failure.

We wish to congratulate the members of the cast and Miss O'Brien who, with the help of Loretta Simpson of the play-production class, proved herself so capable a director.

### OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

On December 19, as many of us as felt able after examinations assembled at the Little Theater at 2:30 for a short Christmas Assembly. The Christmas spirit was carried out by the orchestra, by the reading of Christmas scripture by Mr. Boardman, and by the singing of two Christmas hymns by Laura Lacey.

Immediately afterwards we adjourned to the third floor of the Union, where we "funned and pleased" the rest of the afternoon. Our guests, the children of the families we looked after, proved to be a great center of attraction and diversion. Didn't Fred Berry and Alan Todd look fatherly, though, with a child perched on each knee?

We had a very interesting program. Romola Griswold has performed for us twice now, and we like her better every time. As a Dutch girl she was very realistic, though we wondered how she kept her shoes on when she clicked her heels together. Our famous trio—Bud, Don, Bud (that looks like a sandwich, don't you

think?)—sang several songs which “took” absolutely. Did you notice Francis keeping time with his foot? We have grave suspicions that the birdie was only Dave Wing hidden behind the piano. The two little girls who clogged so cleverly made the Senior girls quite envious; for although they tried valiantly in gym, they simply couldn’t clog. Besides their regular stunt, the two dancers were seen turning handsprings and dancing around off and on during the afternoon, and they were usually surrounded by an admiring circle. But the most exciting event was Santa Claus. And when we saw him, we kidded him about his whiskers—and he didn’t bite! He distributed presents to the little children, who were as cute as could be about receiving them. We had tried to give them just what they asked for, and one little girl went around all afternoon saying, “I got my dolly—I got my dolly!”

After our program the children and all those who wished to play games were taken into another room, and the rest of us devoted ourselves to dancing. Before it was explained, there was quite a little perplexity regarding the gray, blue, red and green tags. G. Baxter Smith, by some hook or crook, got a tag of each color so that he would be sure to be able to “go in” with anyone he wished. But we forgot to notice whom he took. Does anyone remember? The afternoon sped by all too quickly, and almost before we knew it, we were saying “Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!” to each other as we separated for our blessed vacation.

We always enjoy our school parties, but this was the very best of all. Thank you, Social Committee, for giving us such a fine time!

---

### SANTA CLAUS' MAIL BAG

These are some of the letters which our “Tiny” Santa Claus received before the Christmas party. Needless to say, all the articles asked for were in his pack.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 15, 1924.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a year and a half old. My name is May Maple. I want a Mamma Doll and shoes. I am 'leven years old and my name is Irene Maple and I want game and a nice story book. I am three years old and my name is Evelyn Maple. I want a doll and a story book.

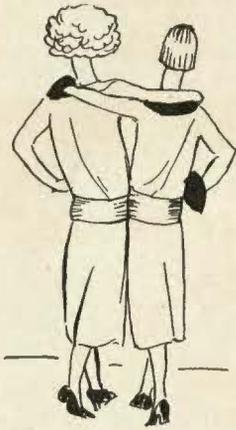
From your friend,

May, Evelyn and Irene Maple.

720 3rd Ave. N.

The letters from the Putt children arrived just too late to be read at the assembly the day before the party. Arthur Putt is just three years old, so he must have dictated this to his stenographer:

(Continued on page 29)



The Junior Twin Series  
Marion & Mary Mabel



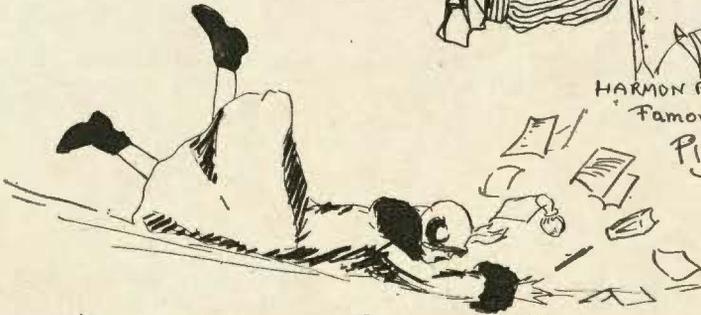
CHARLES W. —  
HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY  
AT U HIGH



Big Mama Dolly FREE  
to the little boy or  
girl who names the  
original of this pic-  
ture correctly!



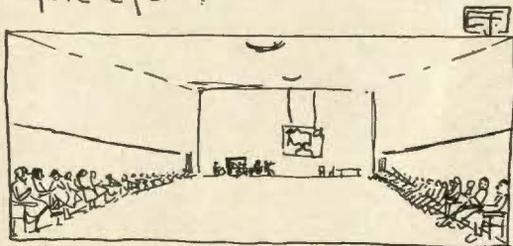
HARMON PIERCE,  
Famous Youthful  
Playwright



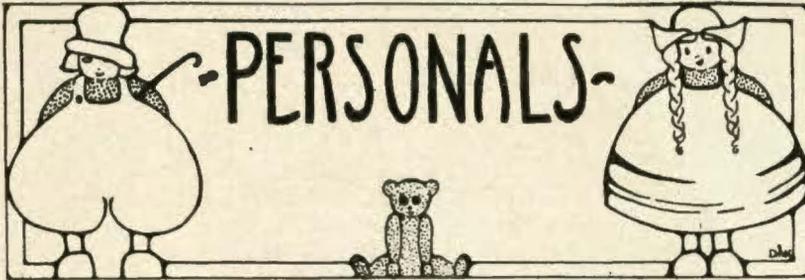
Take heed,  
Ye Sophomores!  
Pride goeth before a fall!



Reque's Gallery  
No 112793546  
J. Stallwagen



SHOWING WHAT ONE DID  
NOT SEE AT THE Junior Senior Party



### Special Notice to Physics Students

The following ditty was composed and dedicated to the poor unfortunates who are taking Physics, by their fellow martyr, John Alexander Brown, better known as Andy Mulligan.

Wha' s'a matter with Archimedes?  
 He's all right!  
 Who's all right?  
 Boyle!  
 Nine stupendous and heart breaking cheers for Galileo,  
 Rah, rah, rah! (etc.)  
 Pascal, Pascal, Pascal!  
 Yeh-h-h-h-h! Rollefson!

---

Van says, "Beauty is 'SKIN' deep."

The Girls' Club thinks that all the dances we're having this year are hard on the "soles."

Books we hope Santa Claus brought:  
 "How to Love"—for Frank Rarig.  
 "The Car That Went Abroad"—anyone after the J. S.  
 "The Gay Conspirators"—Clarice & Lucy.  
 "The Other Wise Man"—John Stellwagen.  
 "Talk"—Rhoda Pierce.  
 "Wild Brother"—Heinie.

We just got through taking Library work from Miss Penrose and are able to find out anything you ask. Below are the answers:

Question: What makes deuces wild? Margaret Hayes.  
 Answer: Too far away from the queens.  
 Q.: Why don't Chuck and Pat make up? Al Tod.  
 A.: They'd like to, but they've forgotten what they quarreled about.  
 Q.: If "Minnie" means "water" in Indian, what does Minnesota mean? Mary Ada Kelley.  
 A.: Sota water, girlie.  
 Q.: Is it true that Charlotte had a blowout at her house last night? Mer Roberston.  
 A.: No, that was just a report.

## LOWER LUNACY

By Hallie Tosis

(Intelligentzia from Free Verse)

In the far dim valleys of Coca Cola,  
 The beautiful Ville of Delirium  
 Lies in the State of Coma.  
 E'en as Glo Co rests upon the hair,  
 Or dandruff on the knob.  
 For snow is but water—  
 Yea, verily, Bon Ami is but soap.  
 And so ?????????  
 Onward through death we go,  
 With a four letter word  
 Meaning hosiery (Sock).  
 For ursine willows stand seared,  
 In the translucent ' : ? !  
 Light of a mercuric sky - - -  
 In the rasping, repellent ' ,  
 View of the Kleig light . - \*  
 Whose sightless arc \* \* \* \*  
 Is as a tortured soul,  
 Seething with pent up energy,  
 In an idol of clay.

-Bill Yard Ball.

### Hashjointitis

(Heard at Wrigley's by Spearmint)

Roast beef on two; make it wet.  
 (Two orders roast beef with gravy).  
 Ain't that garbage ready yet?  
 (Hash).  
 Ham four, glass of chalk.  
 (Ham sandwich, glass of milk).  
 Say you—where'd ja get that talk?  
 Sweep the floor on two.  
 (Minced ham).  
 Give this guy an Irish stew.  
 What'll ya gargle; cup a mud?  
 Watsat? You don't want no spud.  
 Weiner sandwich. T bone steak.  
 Hey, this guy don't want no cake.  
 While all around the victims munch,  
 For such is life in a one armed lunch.  
 Moral: What's it all about.

—Prints of Wails.

Q. How long is a piece of string?

A. As big around as a stick of wood.

Some people think that the Lower Lunatic lives on mustard  
 and lives in a region where folks raise red horns and barbed tails.

Contributions both financial and literary will be gladly re-  
 ceived.

Per XYZ.

—The Lower Lunatic.

H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.



# ATHLETICS

## U HIGH TO HAVE FAST SWIMMING TEAM

Led by Captain Ron. Woolery, the swimming team, with a large array of letter men, start out for one of the most difficult schedules possible for a Twin City high team. With the exception of Herb Woolery, who has been replaced by Steve Barlowe, a clever lad with his flippers, the team is all veteran, and is progressing rapidly under the tutelage of assistant U. Coach Boyce.

The relay team, composed of Woolery, Gieseke, Wing and Barlowe will make the rival fish step some to win out.

Ron. Woolery and Al Erickson, with Beady as a bracer, are rapidly rounding into last year's form, when they copped many points. A new star of varsity caliber is found in the person of Doug. Erskine, whose diving is a pleasure to observe. Erskine has never splashed before this fall, but is progressing so rapidly that in all probability he will dive in the first meet.

Stafford, the diminutive plunger who had much success last year and is at present probably the best in the Twin Cities, is back again this year and out for blood: He is expected to plunge his team to many first places.

The team is well fortified in the back stroke event. Wing has survived the wiles of exams, so far, and is still with us. Barlowe, the shining gold fish star, swims a back stroke that is a work of art, and much is expected of him.

No worry will be felt by the observers after seeing Bayers' breast stroke. He is the personification of perfection.

Myers, last year's breast stroke demon, is still with us and doing his stuff in A-1 form. Don't disappoint us, Bob.

The members of the team are extremely grateful to Mr. Boardman, who has shown himself a "reg'lar feller" in his work on behalf of the team.

Among the meets booked for this year are the following: January 5, first meet, U. H. S. vs. Johnson High, St. Paul; U. H. S. vs. Minneapolis Central; U. H. S. vs. Minneapolis West; U. H. S. vs. Mechanics, St. Paul.

In addition to these meets, negotiations are on for others. Rumor has it that Shattuck is among the others, and we hope so; for we would like to see our boys get revenge on the Shads; though if we do have a meet, we sincerely hope the speedy Prouty brothers of Shattuck have graduated.

Capt. Woolery takes space to repeat his warning that those who wish to try out for the team must show up for practice regularly. If this applies to you, think it over. You haven't a

chance of getting in the meets unless you earn it by regular, conscientious practice.

Considering everything, we have one of the best balanced teams in the city. All of the city high schools lost all their stars by graduation. Nothing would be better than to have U High have the championship swimming team. Let's pull together and help the fellows win by showing up for their meets.

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### ALUMNI FURNISHES THE OPPOSITION FOR THE FIRST SCRIMMAGE

Basketball was started in earnest when the Alumni came over to do us battle in the first scrimmage of the year. When Coach Hanson issued the call for the initial practice, fifty candidates came around. This group contained three letter men from last year, around which the team probably will be built. Those slated for positions on the squad are Capt. Frederickson, Haggerty, Blomquist, McConnell, Pierce and Merritt.

The Alumni game did not furnish many thrills for the spectators, but it gave Coach Hanson a chance to get a line on his team. We hope the student body won't get disheartened because of the slow game that was played. Remember that the first time is always the hardest.

Captain Frederickson caged six baskets and much is expected of our captain this year.

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### U HIGH DOWNS BLOOMINGTON

Those few that turned out to see U High play basketball with Bloomington were sadly disappointed, for the game proved to be more of a football game. The team showed great improvement over the scrimmage with the Alumni, but they still have a long way to go to reach perfection, especially in shooting fouls. The teamwork was slightly better than in the previous game. There's one thing, though, U High will never have a good team as long as there continue to be so many opportunities for dissipation. Some conclusion must be drawn; either parties must be cut down or athletics dropped. Which shall it be?

Merritt played well for U High, scoring three baskets and two free throws.

The lineup: Lewis, L. F.; Merritt, R. F.; Frederickson, (C.), C.; Blomquist, R. G.; McConnell, L. G.

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### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Our soccer tournament is over; that is, as far over as the snow would let it be. The scores follow:

Freshmen 0, Seniors 2; Sophomores 0, Juniors 2; Freshmen 0, Sophomores 1; Juniors 1, Seniors 1; Seniors 3, Sophomores 0; Juniors 2, Freshmen 1.

Rating By Classes

	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals Kicked
Freshmen .....	0	3	0	1
Sophomores .....	2	1	0	1
Juniors .....	0	2	1	5
Seniors .....	0	2	1	6

Because of the tie between the Juniors and Seniors, which the arrival of the snow prevented being played off, the U Club has decided that the points for the cup, which usually go to the class of the winning team, will be divided between the tying classes.

Juniors! Seven and one-half points! Hurrah!  
 Seniors! Seven and one-half points! Hurrah!

SANTA CLAUS'S MAIL BAG

(Continued from page 23)

Dear Santa Claus will you send me horsey a big big one and I want a Horsey so bad and a Horn and some mittens and but don't forget my Horsey. I am going to call it bill.

Arthur Putt.  
 2636 27th Ave. S.

This one is from the boy who has been sick in the hospital with an abscess on the brain:

Dear Santa Claus I am sick in the hospital could you send me a train and a book. I have been a good boy. I don't care I only want a train.

Harry Putt

But of course he got both!

Miss Gold (in Modern History): "Why did the Scotch rebel against the church?"

Bunny: "They thought the church had too many formalities about its ceremonies."

Judd Manuel: "Yah, the Scotch objected to the passing of the collection plate!"

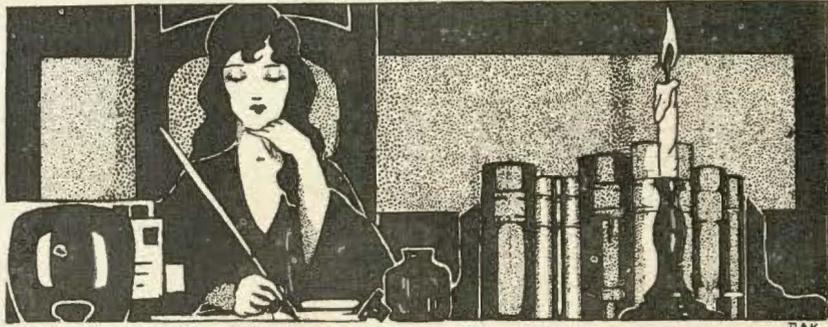
We've all been noticing Prue Grobe's "Budding" romance lately.

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# EXCHANGE

The **Quest**, published twice a year by the students of Central High School, Minneapolis, has just arrived and has proved to be one of the most attractive of the high school magazines. One unusual feature in it this time is a beautifully written and very touching little one-act play, "The Other Half." About half of the **Quest** is devoted to poetry, and some of it is very lovely. How do you like this one, "The Dance?"

Whirling, gliding, floating—  
 A fluff of down upon the breeze . . . .  
 The rustle of silk joins the sounds  
 Like a sigh of wind among the trees.  
 The twinkle of lights from passing cars—  
 A myriad of shooting stars.

The **Quest** won first place among all high school magazines in the United States at a recent press convention at Madison, Wis. Congratulations, Central.

The **Unionite** of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a great deal of very interesting school news, and in it we find a peppy account of the Girl Reserve work. Think of it; over one hundred active members already this year! There is a poem in the **Unionite** entitled, "To a Flower," which is rather unusual and is written in a very charming way. Better get it from the magazine rack in the Library and read it; you will enjoy it.

The **McKinley High School Monthly** of Canton, Ohio, is bubbling over with fun and laughter. Its editorials are straight-forward and to the point; and its humor is just about the drollest thing imaginable. It very calmly remarks, "I'll never forget the day when a nice, friendly looking bumble bee backed up on me and pushed."

## ALUMNI



## U HIGH'S REPRESENTATIVES AT THE U. OF M.

When the Freshman Commission of the Y. W. C. A. was chosen, Dorothy Merritt's and Louise Leland's names were written down in the books as girls who, right from the start of their University career, had made themselves outstanding. The choice of the 20 girls who make up the commission was by popular vote from among the girls in the Freshman discussion groups fostered by the Y. W. C. A. (But what's a commission, anyway? Oh, Dorothy!)

\* \* \* \*

I guess our alumni know how to keep up with the times all right, and Cross-Word Puzzles are just as much the thing in sophisticated University crowds as in the absorbed fingers of our "kid" brothers or sisters. Anyway, Carl Litzenberg has executed (not killed) one of the aforesaid articles which appeared in the December issue of **Ski-U-Mah**. It appears as though Carl and Andrea are to reach fame via the Cross Words!

\* \* \* \*

Dana Bailey has recently been appointed editor of the Agricultural College's activities for the 1926 **Gopher**. It ought to be a good one.

\* \* \* \*

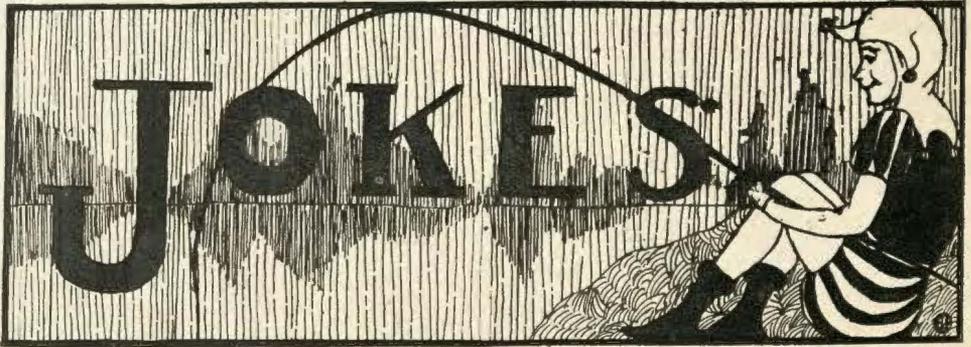
The registrar of the new campus dramatic society, the Masquers, is Wilva Davis. The club held their tryouts December 9, when Mildred Field and Millicent Mason rushed over and applied. Reports come from the University hospital that they emoted very freely and that the judges were "knocked cold."

\* \* \* \*

When the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority presented its much heralded Theta Midnight Whirl, Norval Mulligan sang several songs written by himself and Carl Litzenberg?? The Whirl was planned to be one of the most elaborate dance revues of the University season.

\* \* \* \*

Punchinello, the Ag. school's dramatic club, recently offered three one-act comedies before a U audience on December 4. Emily Curtiss appeared in the cast of "A Matter of Choice," and Dana Bailey held a "roll" in Booth Tarkington's "Ghost Story."



Katherine Preston: "Merwyn has got water on the knee!"

Margaret Canfield: "Well, I wonder if I got sea sick going home the other night?"

Mrs. Tyler: "Well, James, how did the Virgil class go today?"

Jim (absent mindedly): "Just fine. I didn't recite."

Miss Smith (in Freshman English class): "Dorothy Belle, have you read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

Dorothy Belle McCrea: "No, how do you get 'em to listen?"

Hostess: "It looks like a storm, Jack; you'd better stay here for dinner."

Jack Barwise: "Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."

Eleanor Evenson: "I wonder why the Scotch have such a sense of humor?"

Evelyth Blomquist: "Oh, I suppose it's because it's a gift."

Miss Smith (in English): "Take this sentence: 'Let the cow be taken out of the pasture.' What mood?"

Janet Lieb: "The cow."

He (passionately): "Do you love me a little?"

She: "Yes, very little."

Allen Todd: "I gave my girl a compact; you know, a box of powder for her birthday."

Mer: "Pretty keen present, I'll say."

Al: "Oh, no! I-er hope to get it all back again."

Katherine Niebergall: "My engine is missing."

Clarice: "Well, don't sit there; go back and look for it."

Frank Rarig (after a "worse than usual guess"): "Say, Miss Hubman, do they still teach Agriculture?"

Miss Hubman: "Why?"

Frank: "Well, if they do, I'm going to drop German and take Ag."

Miss Hubman: "Huh! Well, that's where you belong—among the fresh, green, and growing things!"



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