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U. H. S.



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# The Campus Breeze

Volume VII

March, 1925

Number 5



## SPRING FEVER

When my thoughts are wont to wander  
Through the window, freedom yearning,  
What a foolishness to squander  
All that precious time on learning!

O! that my feet might tread the paths  
That my thoughts so dreamily follow—  
How I long to leave my books,  
And wander over hill and hollow.

The coaxing little breezes say,  
"Come out, come out, and walk alone;  
We'll cool your feverish, tired brow,  
For we are from the northland blown."

But the gentle breezes' coaxings  
Are as nothing to the voice  
That within me shrilly shouting,  
Says "You cannot have your choice."

Dorothy Army, '25.



## THE GUARDED LETTER

"You see this scar, Jim?" was Bill's unexpected question as we sat down for our evening smoke. I nodded, not knowing what would follow.

"Well, you see, it's this way—One summer after starting college, a new campus was opened for the Rhetoric students. The campus was beautifully situated among some colored mountains of Vermont around Lake George, where the aristocrats of New York spend their summers. It was an ideal place for such study as we were forced to do.

"The rules of this campus were few, but very strict. One was that any person out after ten o'clock would be expelled. One night I took a longer hike than usual, and I suddenly found it a quarter to ten. Now, this was not out of the ordinary. With little effort I could make the campus by ten. As I was pacing along the path, I saw a woman in a stunning black suit coming from the opposite direction. Courteously, I stepped aside, but she also stepped aside. Thinking it a matter of ignorance on her part, I was about to go on, when this beautiful young girl, in a mellow and exceedingly pleasant voice, asked me to accompany her home. Forgetting about any previous errand, I went. As we walked along, I gleaned some facts. Her name was Mara-Jane Warren, daughter of old J. Gillingham Warren. She had been to a meeting of her father's stockholders and was hurrying home, when her car broke down—leaving her to walk home alone with an important paper. Needing an escort, she had asked me. When we at last reached her home, she invited me in; but before entering, she pressed a parcel into my hand and said in a subdued whisper, "Guard it with your life!"

"Her home was beautifully decorated. The long living-room lighted by the flickering fire in the grate made dancing figures on the long black draperies covering one end of the room.

"With a careless gesture she tossed her hat on the couch and skipped up the stairs, saying over her shoulder that she would be down in a minute and that I should make myself at home. As I sat before the fire, I remembered the time. I anxiously awaited her return, not wanting to leave with the letter. As I was thus waiting, I heard a swish of the black draperies; and glancing around, I saw an old man in full-dress suit slowly enter. I noticed one hand was in his pocket. Scarcely knowing what to do, and remembering the letter, I stood up to be at better advantage. Suddenly he asked me for the letter, and I said I didn't have any. With a snake-like move he pulled forth a long knife; slowly he crept forward, ready to cut me to bits. Just then a spat of a gun came from out of the darkness, and the old man keeled over. I grabbed my hat and was going to run for it, when Mara dashed in, laughing and saying that it was all a joke cooked up by my sister to get me introduced to my future wife. "When the old fellow pretended he was hit, though, it pretty nearly put me under."

"Well, what about that scar?" I demanded.

"O, that? That just reminded me of my honey-moon. When I was putting up some she'ves, I ripped myself with a nail."

Jack Barwise, '27.

## A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Troops of girls, giggling and chattering, surged out of the camp dining-hall, where they had been having lunch. On reaching the path they divided, the older girls turning to the right to the Senior Cottage. Among this gay crowd, two girls, Judith and Cicely Wilbur, stood out as being less exuberant, especially Judith, the dark-haired one.

"You look as if a thunderbolt had struck you, Judy," said her twin.

"I don't doubt it, Sis. It's the result of,—er—I'll tell you later."

Preparations were now made for rest hour. After much scurrying and whispering, there was a "Quiet, Girls!" from the Counselor, and all was still. Judith and Cicely, however, having the advantage of a sleeping-porch all to themselves, began a whispered conversation in which the former gave vent to her wrath.

"Isn't this the dearest joint? I wish we could do something different just for one summer. But I suppose that as long as Dad is a traveling man and Mother is a sort of traveling woman, now she is so interested in the National D. A. R., they will continue to send us up here for ever and ever!"

"Sh! You'll wake the Coun!"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Don't get mad. I know how you feel. I'm bored to tears too, but I don't see what we can do about it." Cicely's blue eyes were expectant, however, for though Judy usually thought up the daring stunts, she herself was a close second in carrying them out. An expression of calculating mischief was showing itself in Judith's face.

"I know!"

"Sh! Not so loud!"

"We can run away! And get jobs!"

"Don't be silly, Judy," said her sister, but her eyes were gleaming.

"Sh!" said Judy in her turn. "I'll think it all out and write you about it in a letter. Our talking too much together might make them suspect something. By supper time I'll have my scheme all worked out. Next week is Fourth of July and we may as well have a little Independence Day of our own. Mother shouldn't object as long as she is such a strong D. A. R., and as for Dad—I don't worry much about squaring ourselves with him."

"Don't make it too wild," begged cautious Cicely.

"Oh, you never can tell"

True to her word Judy had the manuscript finished by supper-time, likewise the points of several pencils. When Cicely received it, she felt as if she were in possession of a document worth hundreds of dollars. The substance of the plan was to escape from camp, go to Minneapolis, and try to secure work. Permission was to be secured from Miss Powers, head of the camp, to visit relatives the following week in Greenbank, the town across the lake. The success of the plan, as pointed out in Judy's letter, all depended on enlisting the help of Jos, pilot of the boat which went from the island on which the camp was located to Greenbank. This job was assigned to Cicely because of the witchery of her blue eyes.

Cicely thought it all over. If worst came to worst, and they found themselves friendless and out of cash, what would they do?

On the other hand, if they did put the plan over—Jiminy, wouldn't it be a good sport!

The girls had a terrible time warding off suspicion, and several times the cat almost got out of the bag.

One morning Cicely found Jos alone, and in beseeching tones she asked, "Jos, we've been friends for such a long time; would you be sorry if I should pine away and die?"

"Well, I should say so! But what makes you want to die?"

"Oh, I don't want to, but I am so awfully tired and sick of this old island. Why, I know every stick and stone in the whole ding-busted place!"

"Sorry you feel that way about it."

"You'd feel that way, too, if you had to do everything that was planned for you. Gee, I wish I could earn money the way you do."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Jiminy, I'd like to!" She proceeded to outline their plan.

Judith, by employing the same sort of hypnotism, had obtained the necessary permission to visit the pretended relatives, and finally the great day arrived. The night before they appeared to be industriously cleaning out their suitcases. No one suspected their real doings. When they were landed on shore the next morning, they were so excited they could hardly keep from bursting. They left their baggage with Jos, who was to take it to the station instead of to the supposed relatives. Gradually the two girls strayed from their companions and directed their steps toward the railway station. Here, quivering with excitement, they hardly knew what they were about, and lost suitcases, purses, and heads at different intervals. Suddenly it occurred to Cicely that the station master might give them away, and she began to chatter gaily to him about their going to Minneapolis to meet their parents, with whom they were going to the Adirondacks.

The journey to the city was uneventful. Gradually they regained their equilibrium. Thank goodness, if the news did leak out, neither of their parents could be reached; so they would not get worried and try to interfere before their scheme was fairly started. Their joy in their freedom knew no bounds. Although their store of cash was very low, they purchased a paper to look at the Want Ads and paid carfare to hunt for a furnished room. After nearly wearing through their shoes, they found a place that would do. Settling for a week's rent in advance took all their available cash except seventy cents. Both the girls lost no time in going to bed. Cicely's last remark before closing her weary lids was, "What would our Dadsy dear say if he could see us, his precious daughters, sleeping in this third-rate rooming house!"

"He'd be more surprised still if he could see what we're going to do tomorrow. Everybody happy?"

"Yea, Bo!"

Camp training for rising at early hours stood them in good stead the next morning. They couldn't resist paying a call on the restaurant, and managed to strain their purse for a meager breakfast, quite a contrast to the ones they were used to at camp. It was still early when they had finished, but they had determined to be the early birds and get the juiciest, fattest worms. Cicely had set her heart on a job at a music store, and Judith on being a telephone operator. As they were separating to go to different addresses, Cicely queried, "If we should fail?"

"But we won't!" cried Judith, defiantly.

To both this parting seemed somewhat of a climax. Each walked to her destination with a feeling of responsibility for the other and such grim determination to "do or die" that the employers couldn't help themselves. Perhaps it was also because they were short-handed on account of help being on vacations; at any rate, both girls were hired. To hear the rejoicing over their good fortunes, one might suppose they were to receive a million dollars a week instead of ten.

In the meantime, Miss Powers, the head of the camp, was not altogether easy in her mind. It was a very special privilege for the girls to leave camp, and now that it was granted, she regretted it. It was especially awkward, because their father had telegraphed that he was coming to pay a visit, and for some reason or other there was no record of the names of the girls' relatives in Greenbank. Exactly a week from the time of the departure of the young schemers, Mr. Wilbur arrived, and the now thoroughly alarmed Miss Powers was informed that the Wilburs had no relatives in Greenbank. When the next mail arrived, a postcard from Minneapolis directed to one of the girls was signed Judith and Cicely Wilbur. It contained no message except to say they were well and hoped all were the same! But down in one corner was written "Care General Delivery"—perhaps in the hope that some girl would write them as to how their escapade was being received. Mr. Wilbur lost no time following up the clue. On his arrival in the city, he hastened to the Postoffice. His waiting was rewarded at noon when two damsels of light and dark complexions respectively, greeted him ecstatically and gushed, both talking at the same time.

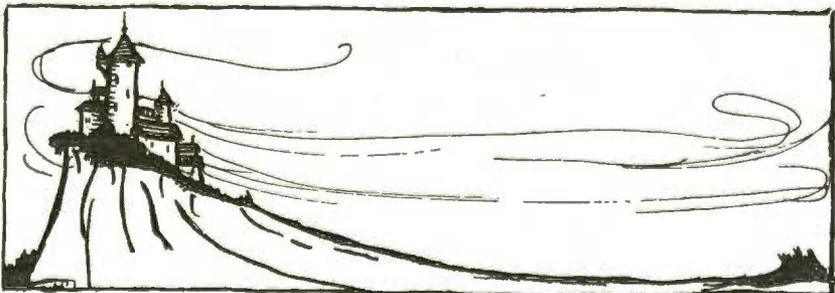
"We knew you'd come down to see us, Dadsy, dear. You don't care a bit that we ran away from that old camp, do you? You ought to be proud of your daughters. Just think, we've got the most wonderful jobs! Why, we're earning our living all by ourselves. We get ten dollars a week, and we've got the cutest rooms—"

Papa Wilbur gasped. His wrath and vexation began to melt, and a reminiscent look came into his face.

"Well, I'll be hanged! That's the very same thing I did when I was seventeen!" he exclaimed.

"Good blood will tell!" responded Judy and Sis.

Hermion Wheaton, '25.



K. K.

Dear Betty:

Now I know you're expecting me to say "I'm awfully sorry I couldn't answer your darling note sooner, but I've been just rushed to death so that I've been busy every minute"—so I'm saying it to fulfill your expectations!

Dear—how I wish you could have been back here for just one night—February seventh—for that was when we had our annual Senior Vaudeville, "the dramatic event of the season," to quote the critics. We practiced faithfully for over a month previous to it, and I—as Property Manager with Dot Army, my committee—toiled equally the Monday after it, because, of course, after procuring settings and costumes and every possible accessory from palms, telephones, and overstuffed chairs and cabaret tables, revolvers, goblets, and blond wigs, I had also to see that they were returned. Were we busy—or careworn—or tired???

But the performance was worth the price, absolutely. The last act alone (we had ten acts of super-vaudeville) was worth the admissions! It was an Actors' Ball, staged in a New York cabaret with tables and chairs at one side of the stage and with Dave Wing's orchestra playing on the other as the curtain rose on eight couples dancing. Then followed take-offs on famous comedians and dancers from the Cherry Sisters, Al Jolson, Eddie Canton, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, and Irene Castle, to Ann Pennington, Eva Tanguay, and Frances White, with each one giving an example of Tanguay and Frances White, with each one giving an example of his specialty. My dear! The Cherry Sisters in their comical, old-fashioned clothes were the hit of the evening when they sang "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay," that famous little ditty

But you would have adored the second act, where eight girls (four pairs of "twinsies") in the Kampus Kiddies' Kindergarten brought us back to "school days" where we needed sympathy after naughty boys had broken our dollies or when we had "those tom-boy blues" until maybe something happened which made us "as good as we could be!" Bet you don't know what!

I know your aunt would have been charmed by the "Family Album," shown by a little girl to an afternoon caller. The first page revealed two stately couples in quaint costumes and powdered wigs who stepped out to dance a graceful minuet, and in the next picture a nervous little maiden lady relates the tale of her long ago loves to an old Civil War veteran beside her, until he finally starts "clogging" in memory of old times. And, of course, there was the Boardman family group with fond papa and mamma with their three children—little Percival with long golden curls, who played a squeaky violin solo; fat little Eleanor who recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" only to stop at the significant line "Into the valley of hell they rode"; and baby Charlie, who cried energetically when papa tried to wipe his "ittle nosie."

But the Boys' Revue, where our graceful lads impersonated every kind of a woman from a tennis girl to a beauty in an evening gown or a dancer in tinsel and tulle or a barelegged nymph, was irresistible!

And if Bob likes humor, he surely "missed his calling" this time by not hearing our own Kampus Klowns give us fifteen minutes of uninterrupted wit which made us all really wonder that anyone could be so foolish as to call silence golden! "Sing a Little Song,"

a clever combination dialogue, popular songs, and dancing, would have won him completely, I know, for no one could resist the grace of Clarice and Lucy's act.

Really, when you think of our classical music, too, doesn't it seem like a "double-header"? For "Three Aces of Harmony" (the "thorn between two buds" trio) sang twice for us, and our other classical act included Laura Lacey as soloist, Ann Todd and Hermion Wheaton at the piano, Leonard Finkelstein on the violin, and George Barton on the saxophone. Doesn't that sound like the treat it was?

And when our slender Sign Girl brought out the placard announcing "Miss Civilization, a Play," you ought to have heard the "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the audience! It was a thrilling drama of the triumph of civilization over mere might, when a young girl alone in the house except for her invalid mother successfully detained three accomplished burglars in conversation until the police arrived to take them into custody, much to the surprise of the burglars themselves. So now we've discovered our prospective Masquers!

Can you believe it? I've been writing for almost an hour—and I know that I must go; so I'll inclose the program of that "one exciting night" for a keepsake.

Write me soon, dear, and tell me all the news!

Lovingly,

Rufus.

### ODE TO THE SENIORS

Oh, great, illustrious Seniors,  
 Far above our humble heads  
 Your thoughts and doings are.  
 Miraculous your wisdom, and great  
 Your deep and thoughtful speeches.  
 Dost e'er remember long ago,  
 When first you walked the floor  
 Of our U High?  
 And how you felt when  
 Some o'erbearing Senior  
 Passed your way with head in air?  
 Were you reminded of your  
 Greenness and how little was the knowledge  
 That you really had?  
 Like all good Freshmen  
 Did you pay obeisance  
 To your betters?  
 Or were you like the most of us,  
 And merely thought:  
 "O proud and snippy Senior,  
 When I reach my last year at U High,  
 Brighter will I be than you—  
 And great will be my fame.  
 But I will be more modest, Senior,  
 And have compassion on  
 The senseless little Freshmen."

Lois Finger, '28.

## TO-VOTS

Several years ago when we visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, of which a large part is in the state of Arizona, we were impressed by a huge natural rock formation which greatly resembles the head of a rabbit. Our guide, a very old Indian who knew all the legends about the rock sculpture, told us the story of this statue, and this is what he told us:

One day while To-Vots, the Rabbit God, was asleep, the sun mischievously burned his back, causing him to fly into a great rage and vow vengeance on his tormenter.

Then To-Vots set off to fight the sun.

That day he saw two men heating stones so that they could make arrow-heads. "Hot rocks don't hurt me; let me help you," said To-Vots.

The Indians laughed and said, "Do you think we believe that you are a ghost?"

"Hold me on the rocks, and if I do not burn, let me do the same to you," answered the Rabbit God.

The men agreed, and heating the stones red-hot, they placed To-Vots on them; but they failed to see that by his magic breath he was able to keep a current of air between him and the stones. Rising unhurt, he demanded that they also submit to the same torture; and being Indians, they did so. When they had been burned to death, To-Vots sounded his war-whoop and went on.

On the following day he met two women picking berries. He told them to blow the thorns and leaves in his eyes. They did so, as they supposed, but with his magic breath he was able to keep the thorns from his eyes. "I am no ghost," he said, and he thrust the thorns in their eyes, blinding them. Then he slew them, sounded his war-whoop, and went on.

A day later he came upon two women making bead and willow baskets. "Let me get into one of those baskets while you braid it up," he said. The women laughed to themselves, for they thought he could never escape. But in a flash he was out. They did not know anything about his magic breath. "Easy enough," he remarked. "Try it and see if you can't get out, too." With their consent To-Vots began to weave, and soon the women were imprisoned. He laughed and laughed, then sounded his war-whoop and went on.

The next day he came to the edge of the world, where he looked off into space and spent the night under a tree. The moment he saw the sun at dawn, he flung a magic ball at it. Instantly the sun broke in thousands of pieces, and soon the whole earth was on fire. To-Vots crept under the tree, but nowhere could he find relief from the tremendous heat. He tried to run, but the fire burned off his legs; then he ran on the stumps; then he ran on his hands, for the fire had burned off all his feet. Finally only his head was left, and that rolled off a precipice and struck a rock. When his head hit the rock, his eyes burst; and the tears that gushed out flowed over the land and extinguished the fire. So much water flowed from the head that it deteriorated the rock and formed it into the shape of To-Vots' head.

John Shuman, '27.

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHRISTIAN STATESMAN

Woodrow Wilson once said that Dr. John R. Mott was the world's greatest Christian statesman. That is a broad statement to make concerning any man, but we who had the privilege of hearing him, heartily agree.

John R. Mott was brought up in Iowa, the son of a lumberman, and as a boy, his ideal was to become the world's most famous constitutional lawyer. He went to Cornell, and there won high honors in the law school, and at the same time developed a fine physique through playing football. One day an English athlete whom the boys all admired because of his fine, manly life, spoke to them so convincingly of Christ that young Mott decided to consecrate his life to the service of God and his fellowmen. We are not surprised to learn that that same John R. Mott is now the general secretary of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States, chairman of the International Missionary Council, and chairman of the World's Student Christian Federation, which is now sending out more missionaries than any other single organization.

When he stepped forward to speak at the University Convocation, I instantly liked that tall, well-built man with the iron-gray hair, heavy, dark eyebrows, and the strong face with its kindly, thoughtful expression. His voice was low and penetrating, and although he almost never raised it, it could easily be heard at the farthest end of the huge Armory. His message to us was delivered calmly and quietly, yet with the force of a deep conviction.

He declared that we were approaching a world crisis which might mean the collapse of our modern civilization. The world is not dead, as some pessimists have declared, but it is very, very sick. It is sick with suspicion, irritation, and lack of trust; all of which are typified by a recent communistic movement which has over seven hundred thousand members among the young men of Russia, and whose motto is "Religion is an Opium." If it succeeds in its determination to kill all religion in all its forms, it will kill civilization. But in spite of the fact that the world is so sick, it is the sickness just preceding birth. New nations are about to be born and old nations to be born to a new life. There are three especially hopeful signs of this coming age. The first is that the nations are in a plastic condition and are ready to be set. The question is, how shall they be set? Will it be in the old mold of selfishness, warfare, and hatred, or will it be in the mold of altruism, self-sacrifice, and democracy? Another sign is that the nations are humble, humble to the dust, and are teachable. They are ready to learn, and humility is always the forerunner of something infinitely greater and better. The third sign is that the social groups are expectant, are still expectant in spite of the past five years. They are looking to the United States, to us, for light and faith. Shall we fail them?

Blessed are the peace-makers, those who have the international mind and heart, who act upon their knowledge, and who have a great friendliness towards all races and nations. We need a campaign of education in our public schools for international good-will, a colossal cause. Just as a muscle is developed by exercising it, so is character. There is the muscle of mercy, for example, which is so greatly needed. It cannot be developed in a day, nor in a year, but it can be in a lifetime if we seek to master the principles of Jesus and to apply them.

Katherine Washburn, '25.

### OUR PRINCIPAL SAYS:

I have had a number of inquiries concerning the work of a central Student Body Organization and the duties and responsibilities which would fall to such a body. There are a great many such responsibilities which are pressing now, and new ones will arise from time to time. An illustration will serve to indicate the types of problems which will fall to such an organization for solution.

One of the most difficult problems in the University High School is to make such arrangements as will provide properly for the meetings of the various clubs, boards, and other student organizations. There are six clubs which should have more or less regular meetings; namely, the Dramatic Club, Acme, the Boys' U Club, the Girls' U Club, the Hi-Y, and the Girls' Council. In addition the **Campus Breeze** Board and the **Bisbila** Board must have definite meetings, and the class and varsity athletic teams must have time scheduled for practice and for games. Finally, the various classes, especially the upper classes, need to have meetings from time to time to take care of important class business. In all there are about eighteen school organizations having claims for a time and place for meetings.

The problem in arranging for meetings of these organizations is that the membership overlaps between them. The same boys may be members of an athletic team and the **Bisbila** or **Campus Breeze** Board. Members of the U Club may be members of the Hi-Y or of the Dramatic Club. Acme may overlap in membership with almost any other organization. These illustrations suffice to show that the problem of arranging for organization meetings is serious because of the over-lapping of the membership of the organizations.

Various schemes have been suggested for arranging for the meetings of organizations, but none has yet been workable because of the problem of overlapping memberships. The Faculty has spent time laboring over the problem without solving it. The result is that organizations having important business to be transacted will often go for several weeks before a meeting can be called. The present inability to solve this problem is harmful to the best interests of the organizations and of the school.

In large part this problem is one that concerns the student body. Upon the ability of the school to solve it depends the opportunity of the school organizations to meet and transact their business. The solution of the problem is as important for the students as for the faculty. If a Central Student Body Organization is formed, then there will be a group who can aid in solving the problem.

## THE HONOR ROLL

The Honor Roll of the University High School will be one month late in publication this quarter due to a change in the end of each of our monthly periods, which makes the date of reporting school marks so close to the date of publication of the **Campus Breeze** that it is impossible to get the list of names ready for the current issue. The Roll herewith presented is composed of students who had attained the standings indicated at the close of the first month of this quarter.

### The Roll of Honor

#### All A's

Andrea Kiefer	Ruth Lampland
Eleanor King	Ruth McClintock

#### All B's or Better

Jane Armstrong	Evangeline Nary
Dorothy Arny	Gail Nesom
Eleneta Carpenter	Theodore Rassmussen
Henry Clark	Eileen Slattery
Lois Finger	George Smith
John Hynes	Almon Tucker
Arthur Lampland	Katherine Washburn
Alma Leider	Winifred Washburn
John McConnell	Hermion Wheaton
	Helen Wildes

#### B Average

Gordon Bassett	Mildred Larson
Donald Blomquist	Bessie Levine
Margaret Briggs	Wallace Merritt
Daniel Carroll	Robert Myers
Irene Couper	Katherine Preston
Everett Drake	Frank Rarig
Virginia Fehr	Ruth Thorshov
Roger Hayes	James Tyler
Marjorie Jewell	Natalie Wedge
Dorothy Johnson	Edith Zimmer

*Charles W. Boardman.*

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# The Campus Breeze

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Associate Editor .....	James Tyler
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	{ Wallace Merritt
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Girls' Athletics .....	Gail Nesom
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## STOP! READ! ACT!

As usual, the April number of the **Breeze** will be a combined humorous and foolish edition. There is much wit and humor in U High. If you have even a smattering of it, please set it down on paper and hand it to the frantic editors. We want this coming issue to be a regular humdinger. We have some material in view, but we need more. If you want the issue to be truly humorous and foolish, please write something for us before March fifteenth.

(We do not mean to imply, necessarily, that you are foolish—though you probably are at times.)

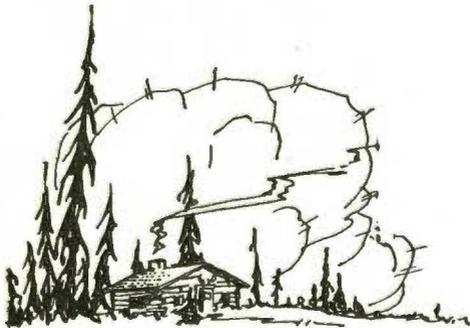
## THE EDITORS' BLOOD IS ROUSED

How can we have a magazine—what is the use of having a monthly publication—if all contributions are forced? Some persons have been complaining that the contributions are always by the same people, that the issues are too small, that thus and so is true. And their criticism is true. It is true that the same persons have contributed over and over again. It is true that our last issue contained only twenty-eight pages. But why? There's a reason—as the Postum ads say. (Yes, we know that's an old one.)

This month we tried a new idea of writing notes to eighteen various persons asking them to help make the next issue—this issue—of the **Breeze**. And would you believe it—although all those persons pride themselves upon a sense of school-spirit and co-operation, not half a dozen of them responded to the call. Each one of them begged off because of heavy work, lack of ideas, or some such excuse which is applicable to nearly everyone in school.

That's the reason, dear readers, you see the same names tacked on the ends of articles every month. That's the reason, beloved readers, that we have only twenty-eight page issues. That's the reason we do not have the variety in our literature department that we should have. And we never will have a truly representative school magazine until you take it upon yourselves as individuals to do your part towards contributing material. We can never receive too much material. Up to this time we have never had enough. We have had practically no choice—we had to publish the little bit we had or else give out a magazine of blank pages. If you do not take it upon yourselves to help out in this matter, we see no reason why the school magazine should be allowed to exist.

It's not the editors' job to write the **Breeze**—it's yours!







## SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Vodvil is over and will soon be past history, though for the present people are still talking about it, much to our delight. The Seniors are now resting on their laurels and making wonderful New Year's resolutions about beginning to study again, etc. We certainly feel that the great success of the Vodvil was well worth the work which was spent on it, because as the present Juniors will find out next year, it is quite a job; and, of course, we expect that Miss Smith's statement about every Senior vaudeville being better than the last will hold true. We are very proud to announce that besides the expenses which amounted to \$75, we made \$150. In every production of this kind the people behind the scenes usually do just as much work as those on the stage, but the hard part about it is that they often don't receive the credit for it. However, we are very grateful for the work of the property managers and the stage hands and also for that of Leona Knetchges, who, besides having a part in the Vodvil, helped so much with the properties used in the Family Album and the last act. But perhaps the people to whom we should be, and are, most grateful are the University students who gave up so much of their time and, incidentally, skipped so many of their classes for us, and Miss O'Brien, to whom we realize that we owe the success of our Vodvil. With such a coach as Miss O'Brien, a production just couldn't help but be a success! So, with that in view, just hold your breaths, Breeze readers, and, incidentally, the date of May ninth, when our next big feature, the class play, comes off.

At present, perhaps you have noticed schedules posted up, and Senior girls having beautiful marcel's put in their hair. The reason will become apparent to you when you one day find the study hall turned into a picture gallery. But, Freshies, don't be too sorrowful if your adored Senior won't give you his or her photograph. They'll all be in the Bisbila.

### THE JUNIOR CLASS

Somehow or other the old fable of individual vs. united effort is brought to mind by the present situation of our Junior Class. As individuals we are all tremendously busy, but as a class—well, we just aren't. Most of us are trying hard to get through everything so that we can take it easy our Senior year. Some of us are succeeding beautifully. This doesn't, by any means, suggest that our class spirit is dead or even slumbering, but is merely a written statement of the well-known fact that Junior parties and other activities, as strictly Class affairs, have been conspicuous by their absence. Several of our different committees are quietly at work on our J. S., and again, don't forget to "Save your Papers and Magazines" for the Junior Paper Sale. Most of us saw the Senior Vodvil and enjoyed it thoroughly, and we take this opportunity to compliment the Seniors on their tremendous success. But wait till you see ours next year. Watch out for it!

### THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomores have done two important things this month. They have paid up almost all of the class dues and have had a class meeting. The meeting was held January 28 in room 204. As usual, we talked about money, and our party, which is to be held in the near future. It was voted that it would be a sleighride. Two committees were appointed, a social and a financial one. After we had about wagged our tongues off, the meeting was adjourned. Lucky for our tongues!

The reason why this report is so long is that there is a limit to everything, including torture, and there is nothing else to write about.

Here's hoping for a big snowstorm or blizzard—something slippery, anyway.

### GIRL'S CLUB

#### Go! Went! Gone!

Are the old council and officers of the girls' club who did so much towards advancing the club. Observe our new club room—although not completely "polished" up, it is almost there. Note the new "sisterly" spirit among the upper and lower classes, all done under the supervision of our late council. Thank you, Old!

#### Come! Come! Come!

Has the new council, who will endeavor to hold up the standards and advance the Girls' Club. At our election, February 11, we elected as council members:

Freshmen—Margaret Williams, Ingaborg Husby.

Sophomores—Nancy Staples, Josephine Ulrich.

Juniors—Edith Zimmer (Vice President), Mary Ada Kelly, Marion Miller.

Seniors—Helen Reilly, Norma Scott, Janet Lieb (President).

All we can hope for is that they will carry out their work as efficiently as the last council. Welcome, New!

## GIRLS' U CLUB

In order that every U High girl can try for her U, we are printing a list of the points necessary. Be sure to keep this record.

To win a U a girl must, during the quarter previous to her admission, obtain a C average in scholarship, 75 per cent attendance at play-hour, and a B in gymnasium in addition to 180 points listed below.

The activities and records to which points are attached and their respective values are as follows:

**Group I. Activities Related to Class Work**

75 per cent showers per quarter.....	5
Apparatus Test .....	20
Gymnasium Test .....	20
Dancing Test .....	20

1. Interpretive for Seniors.
2. Folk Dancing for Lower Classes.

**Group II. Swimming.**

Two lengths pool.....	5
Two additional lengths .....	5
Plain dive .....	10
Additional dives up to 30 points may be counted.	

**Group III. Hygiene.**

Daily bath for two consecutive months.....	15
Posture test, an average of A.....	20
Posture test, an average of B.....	15
Posture test, an average of C.....	10

**Group IV. Hikes**

Series 1—2 of 2 miles; 1 of 4 miles; 2 of 5 miles.....	15
Series 2—2 of 2 miles; 2 of 4 miles; 3 of 5 miles.....	20
Series 3—2 of 4 miles; 4 of 5 miles.....	25

**Group V. Tennis**

Winning two rounds of Spring Tournament.....	15
Championship in addition .....	10

**Group VI. Scholarship**

Average of C.....	5
Average of B.....	10
Average of A.....	15

**Group VII. Teams**

Member of a class team.....	15
Substitute of a class team.....	5

Not more than 45 points may be counted from each group.

Miss Gold pulled a piece of paper out of Dot Army's pocket the other day.

"My English Notes," explained Dotty.

"No, Dorothy, you might as well be Frank about it," murmured our flower of the History department.

Lucy: "Gee! but our Personals were fierce last month."

Reilly: "Oh, do you think so? I threw some of the left-overs in the fire and it just roared."

## ASSEMBLIES

We had almost forgotten the existence of such things as assemblies, when on January 21, it was announced that we were to have one, and it was therefore necessary that we try to remember the way to that building where it used to be our habit to wander every other Wednesday.

Mr. Boardman gave several announcements concerning the glee clubs and the basketball and swimming teams, and also stressed the fact that we remember the date of the Senior Vaudeville, the seventh of February. We were to have the honor at this assembly of being entertained with a program by a group of the students of the Music College under the direction of Mr. Pepinsky. The first number, which was perhaps enjoyed most by the student body, was a novelty overture on the program of the Symphony Orchestra for that week, "If I Were King" by Adams. This was a piano duet played by Winnifred Reichmuth and Paul Oberg. Mildred Perkins sang two beautiful soprano solos, one of which, "The Years at the Spring," will be quite familiar to senior English students. We were next favored with a cello solo played by Walter Bloch. Marion Bassett, first violin; Louis Sauter, second violin; Mr. Pepinsky, second violin; and Walter Bloch, cello, composed the group which entertained us for the remainder of the program.

We greatly enjoyed this program by these members of the music department and wish to extend our thanks to them.

\* \* \*

The assembly February 4 was attended, as usual, by very enthusiastic and lively "U Highteans," though if one had looked closely, he might have seen a few yawns coming from the Senior section. We'll skip over Mr. Boardman's announcements and the orchestra, which distinguished itself as usual, to come to the main part of the program, which was in the hands of the Seniors. This Vaudeville assembly was out of the ordinary because we found that it was the Juniors and not the Seniors who entertained us. But wait—we haven't come to that yet. First, William Haggerty, who was the official "announcer," introduced Miss Smith, who, of course, didn't need any introduction. From the number of Freshmen who turned out at the Vodvil, we can safely say that Miss Smith is a wonderful advertiser. For, as she knew that all the upper classmen would come as a matter of course, she spoke especially to the Freshmen, impressing upon their minds the fact that it is a pre-established rule that besides doing such things as going to the wrong classrooms on the first day of school, all Freshmen go to the Senior Vaudeville. She gave some hints as to what people might see if they came to the Vodvil, and that if anyone wished to be cured of his "awe" of Seniors, this was the time.

Ruth Lampland gave us a graphic description of the joys of a property manager's job. It was next announced that the stage hands, composed of Junior boys, would entertain us with their interpretation of the Vodvil as seen from off stage. They entered with a clash of drums and a blare of horns. They presented a rather motley and comic appearance. We especially liked Bud Merritt's tasteful combination of coveralls and a ballet costume. Mr. Robertson, in a rather obstinate high hat and frock coat, was the leader of his band, which consisted of Bud Wing, Dave Rahn, Fred

Berry, Bud Merritt, Harold Eberhardt, and Ralph Thompson. Bud Merritt's take-off on "I Wonder What's Become of Sally" could be best appreciated by those who had seen it in the original. We hadn't realized that we had such a bird-like voice in our midst, but Harold can "Tweet tweet" beautifully; and with such a mind as he displayed, Bud Wing ought to become a genius some day. We wonder where Fred found the nose. The stage-hands' Vodvil appeared to be a great success, much to the joy of the Seniors, who were frantically selling tickets.

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Rollefson: I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Is there any question before I go on?

Beryl: Yes! Is Mars inhabited?

---

"Give till it hurts," philosophized the philanthropist, as he leaned over the rail.

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The reason why money talks is that there is a woman's head on most coins.

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Marion: Why do you suppose there is so much electricity in my hair?

Mary Mabel: Because it's connected to a dry cell.

---

"Dirty Shirt" Robertson came riding down the main street of Cactus in a cloud of dust. He was riding a panther with a cactus saddle, a wild cat was under his left arm, and he was beating the panther with a rattlesnake. He dismounted with a flourish in front of July and August's, swaggered in, and bellowed in a loud voice, "Gimme me favrite drink; lye, sulphuric acid, a couple o' shots o' arsenic, and some nitro-glycerine."

He downed his drink with a gulp.

"W-where do you come from?" quavered the bar-keeper.

"Aw," said Dirty Shirt, "I come from up on the hills. The tough guys run me out."

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Jim Tyler: So they didn't sue that coffee company after all.

John Hynes: No, they didn't have any grounds.

---

Mr. Stellwagen: Now that you've finished with college, my boy, don't you think you ought to be looking for a job?

Jack Stellwagen: Not on your life, old bean—let the blighters scramble for me.

# ATHLETICS

## U HIGH CAGERS WIN VICIOUS BATTLE FROM NORTHFIELD QUINT

Those who paid the price to go to Northfield, whether for the nice ride in the bus or to see the game, were fully repaid for the time spent. The game was one of the most spectacular ever witnessed by the Northfield **populi** and the U High followers. The victory was especially sweet because last year our team lost, though many considered it the best that the school has ever had. The whole reason the team won this year was that there was real school spirit in the crowd. There wasn't one in the crowd that thought we had a chance, but still he stuck with the team and cheered his lungs out—it was a hoarse crowd that left Northfield that night; with this spirit the team couldn't disappoint, and they didn't. We want more of it.

The first quarter started out fast with both teams striving desperately to score. Merritt broke the ice with a free throw. In the next quarter we added another free throw and three baskets. These were brought about by the superb teamwork of the forwards. The half ended with the score 8-4 in our favor. Northfield started out strong in the third quarter, dropping in three baskets to our one. Northfield was then leading for the first time during the game, 12-10. With but three minutes to play and the crowd shouting frantically, Pierce dropped in two baskets. Northfield took time out. They made repeated onslaughts on our goal, but the U High guards, who featured with their hard driving play, withstood the attack and the final gun boomed. It was a gay crowd that crowded out of the Armory.

The lineup:

U High		Northfield
Merritt	F.	Laurence
Pierce	F.	Nelland
Mathieson	G.	McKenzie
McConnell	G.	Helming
Fredrickson (Capt.)	C.	Flaaten

Scoring: U High—Free throws—Merritt 2. Field Goals—Fredrickson 2, Pierce 2, Merritt 2.

Substitution: Blomquist for Mathieson.

Our hero, Johnny Stellwagen, is suffering under the delusion that he's a detective just because he ran down his heels.

"After every party"—there's lots of 25c bets. Mer's getting pretty fluent with his bets lately—and he's Scotch at that. Ruff guy, wot? Ask Rhoda.

**S. P. A. DOWNS U HIGH IN CLOSE GAME 20-19**

Determined to overshadow the defeat given to us in football, we went into the S. P. A. game with all the fight that any team could have. Not lack of fighting spirit, but bad luck, made the team lose. Many times during the first quarter the forwards missed seemingly impossible shots under the basket. Then when there was just one minute to play, with S. P. A. leading by one point, U High missed a golden opportunity to win by the free throw route when one of the players was fouled under the basket.

The lineup:

Pierce	F.	Reed
Mathieson	F.	Wold
Merritt	C.	Ritchie
McConnell	G.	Putman (Capt.)
Blomquist	G.	Earl

Scoring: U High—Pierce 5, Merritt 2, Blomquist 2.

Substitutions: Todd for Blomquist, for Mathieson; Mathieson for Todd.

**U HIGH FALTERS BEFORE BETHEL 16-12**

Our teachers complained that the Vodvil had been affecting their classes. Not only did it affect the school work, but the basketball team also suffered. It is not often that the U High team is not in condition, but it was evident in the Bethel game. The team led throughout the first three quarters, but during the fourth they weakened, and Bethel rallied.

The lineup:

Merritt	F.	Conrad
Pierce	F.	Lenning
Fredrickson (Capt.)	C.	Nickstrand
McConnell	G.	Hanson
Blomquist	G.	Ernst

Scoring: Pierce 2, Fredrickson 1, Blomquist 1. Free throws: Fredrickson 4 out of 4.

Substitutions: Mathieson for Fredrickson, Fredrickson for Mathieson.

**S. P. A. WINS RETURN GAME 29-26**

By starting out fast and having some freak luck on a number of shots, S. P. A. was able to win the second basketball game. They led throughout, but towards the last, U High got going, and Pierce, our demon forward and consistent scorer, began duplicating some of his pretty shots from mid-floor.

A small-sized crowd was on hand.

The lineup:

Merritt	F.	Wold
Pierce	F.	Rice
Frederickson (Capt.)	C.	Ritchie
Blomquist	G.	Read
Mathieson	G.	Putnam (Capt.)

Scoring: Merritt 2, Pierce 3, Frederickson 3, Blomquist 1.

Substitutions: McConnell for Mathieson.

**KNAUGHTY KNOTS**

**Word Squares**

English

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French \* \* \* \* Latin

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\* \* \* \*

German

**Definitions**

English

1. A resounding noise.
2. A fellow.
3. An animal.
4. Close (antonym).

Latin

1. Kill (imperative).
2. For (conjunction).
3. I hurry.
4. Love (noun).

German

1. Blue.
2. Salary.
3. An ear of grain.
4. A negative prefix.

French

1. Cat.
2. Tanned.
3. Alum.
4. Slender.

**Conundrums**

1. What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain?
2. What lady can never make a call alone?
3. Why is a proud woman like a music book?
4. Why is a cherry like a book?
5. Why do you go to bed?

**Letter Additions**

Prefix a letter to each of the following words. When the correct letters have been added, the initials of the new words will spell something that is useful and enjoyable to everyone:

AID MEN ITCH DEAL PEN

**Hidden Seniors**

1. He drew all aces.
2. It will be all right.
3. It was a dark, inglorious scene.
4. They are ill, you know.
5. The pier certainly looks large enough for the bridge.
6. Rover, lie back under the stove!
7. Didn't Dora rig up for the party?
8. Make Philip rest on the couch.

Look for the answers in next month's **Breeze**.

Virginia Fehr, Florence Lambertón, Peggy Mull,  
Katherine Preston, Helen Wold, '27

**Our Own Little Cross-Word Puzzle.**

The M. B. C.'s are looking for a six letter word beginning with g and ending in y.



### NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE OF OUR ALUMNI

Frances Hickey, who in the past was one of the attractions of U High, is now attending Carleton. A few years ago she left Minneapolis and went to live in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Maybe she and the climate didn't agree, but anyway, she's back again; and at Carleton the Maize Press club recently elected her its secretary and treasurer.

\* \* \*

The Delta Delta Delta sorority on the campus announces the pledging of Dorothy and Marjorie Merritt. Erma Schurr was in charge of the Tri Delts Founders' Day Banquet on February 22. Erma, during the Christmas holiday season, attended the National Y. W. C. A. convention in New York as a representative of the northwestern Y. W. C. A. work. She's engaged and—if all goeth well—will be married in September.

\* \* \*

Ethel Strickler, for the last two years, has been studying dramatic art at MacPhail School. She is now a student at Hamline. At the last meeting of the Minnesota Dames club, Ethel gave a reading. "Buz" Strickler is going to business school. Madge is—

\* \* \*

The president of the Junior Ball association has appointed his committees to be in charge of the affair, which has always been the most brilliant social function at the U. Marjorie Cheyney is on the program committee, and Margaret Erickson, the printing. Marjorie is a Tri Delt, and Margaret a Phi Omega Pi.

\* \* \*

The literary societies at Macalester College just performed their annual pledging of Freshmen. The Clonian (some name, what?) which is only for women, pledged Alice Kingery. Last year the **Breeze** used to be the willing victim of Alice's literary inspirations. The Hyperion society for both men and women admitted our youthful genius, Samuel Brown Kirkwood (in full). Sam, while only a Junior at U High, was editor-in-chief of the **Breeze**, and in his Senior year he edited the **Bisbila**.

\* \* \*

Minnesota Masquers have just elected Sam Kepperly to membership. His acting of the merchant in "Kismet" was highly commended in the Daily. We all remember Sam's debut as the lanky lad who crawled under the settee in last year's vaudeville.



# EXCHANGE

Some of the terribly over-worked Math. students in U High may be interested that other people are going through the same struggles. **The Tech**, published weekly by the Technical High School of St. Cloud, says that the students in the Freshman Math. classes are now debating on the subject, "Resolved: That Mathematics should be required as a High School subject." How many of us would vote for it?

**The Gleaner**, from St. John's Academy, Jamestown, N. D., which has a great deal of poetry and is unusually well edited, says of the **Campus Breeze**. "The literary department in the **Campus Breeze** from Minneapolis displays the ability of the pupils in splendid style. "Sensations of a Senior" is very applicable to any high school, and all classes will duly appreciate it. Your enthusiasm in athletics enables you to give considerable attention to the Sport column. Your editorials bring the needs of your school before the students in a forceful manner." Let's move a rising vote of appreciation for the **Gleaner**

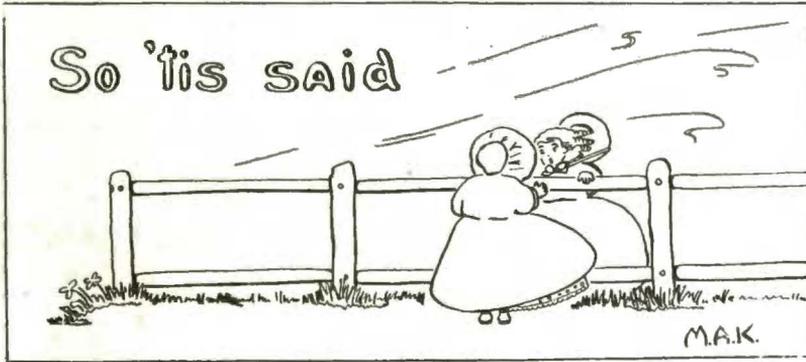
"Speaking of Flappers," is a subject very interestingly discussed in the **Unionite** of December, 1924. How about having some of you boys read it and report your opinions in next month's issue of the **Breeze**? In the same issue of the **Unionite**, we find a lively write-up, entitled "R- Girl Reserves Busy?" Judging by the topics for their meetings this winter and the kinds and amount of community service planned on, we should rather think they are.

In the **Magnet**, from Owatonna, Minnesota, we find many interesting accounts of funny incidents that have occurred around school. Would you like to eat a bar of soap? Read it!

## WRITE TO WRIGLEY NEXT TIME

Frank Bissell (reporting on an essay in English): I read "chewing gum," but I didn't get much out of it.

Practice Teacher in English IV (to a whispering Senior): Do you think this is a tea-party? Don't you know you're supposed to be discussing nothing but Bacon now?



### Interesting Facts About Interesting People

Mr. John Ross McConnell was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Nary, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings last week.

Mr. Charles Burbach spent last week-end in the country. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. King.

Miss Janet Lieb also spent last week-end in the country—she lives there.

Harmon Pierce was over by the Mississippi River last Friday night. Fooled—he was at Carl Lewis' house.

Miss Virginia Bollinger attended the State theatre as the guest of Mr. Fred Berry. (Strange, isn't it?)

The M. B. C.'s of University High School attended the Ga-Seventh Street last Saturday night. (We slipped one over the English department with that word.)

We hear that Ivar believes in getting his money's worth. He went into a barber shop, and when the barber said, "Hair cut?" our shining little star said, "No—all of 'em."

Thass nothin'! Judd had his hairs split the other day. Foolish of the barber—splitting hairs over a trifle, wot?

Norma Elliot Scott says that she's lost a lot of weight this winter. Betty Young says that she can't see it. "Of course not," sez Bunny, "I lost it."

John Mc.: I've lived on vegetables for two weeks.

Don Bloomquist: That's nothing! I've lived on earth for seventeen years.

## WANTED:

A STEADY one—by Jean King.

A J. S. by Seniors.

More time to get to school—by Heinie and Rhoda Pierce.

An apology to Bunny Scott from the Personal Editors for under- (our mistake—over) estimating her appetite in last month's **Breeze**.

48 credits—Carl Lewis.

A compact and comb for E. Oren.

A reason for F. Rarig's taking Dot home alone and not letting the rest of us even wait in the car!

Another birthday by Heinie so that he may get another pair of bright green garters from Kae N. (we think he needs 'em).

A week's vacation—by Heinie's ring.

A Pied Piper of Hamelin to entice the mice out of the girls' locker room.

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The M. B's seem to have another accomplishment—namely, taking ways around the candy counter.

---

Our idea of a collegiately dressed man is one who has to take two steps before his pants move.

---

Mr. Smith: Mildred, what can be done with the by-products of gasoline?

Middy Larson: Oh—they're usually taken to the nearest hospital.

---

Johnny Stellwagen: I've decided to present my latest drawings to some charitable institution, which do you suggest?

Margaret Wentling: The Asylum for the Blind.

---

Chuck (sorrowfully): I loved a girl once and she made a fool out of me.

Isn't it queer what a lasting impression some women make?

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If Miss Morehouse ever asks Beryl how she likes her Social Science Book, Beryl says that she'll say it's all right, but the covers are too far apart.

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Jim Tyler: When I get to Heaven, I'm going to tell Caesar just what I think of him.

John Hynes: And if he isn't there?

Jim Tyler: Then you tell him.

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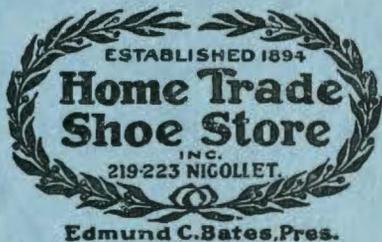
Douglas Young was telling Jim Nelson that shoes were made of all kinds of skins, when Jimmy asked this sticker: "How about banana skins?"—but Douglas was equal to the occasion and replied—"Oh, they make slippers out of them."

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Ruth McMahon: What's the strongest day of the week, Ev?

Evelyn Blomquist: "Why, I don't know."

Ruth Mc.: Why, Sunday is, 'cause all the rest are weak (week) days.



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- TO think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.
- TO be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.
- TO forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.
- TO wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.
- TO give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.
- TO be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

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