

*Margaret Paris*  
*Oct. 19, 1926*

The  
**CAMPUS  
BREEZE**  
University High School



*Poetry Number*

OCTOBER  
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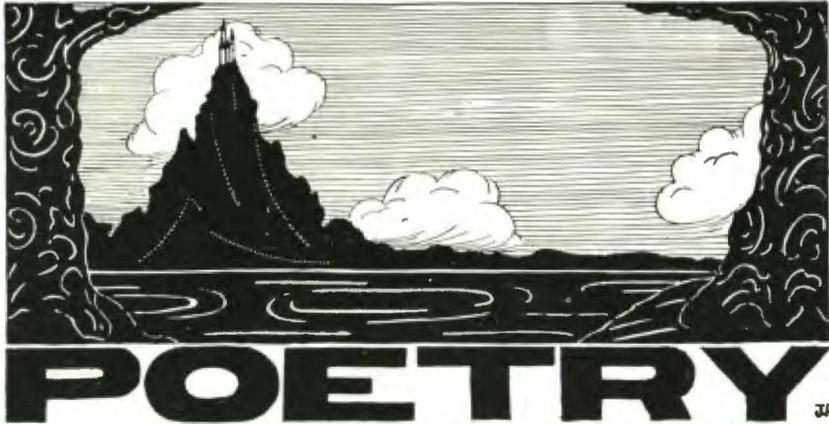
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# The Campus Breeze

VOLUME IX

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., OCTOBER, 1926

No .1



## Memories

A dried wee rose,  
A brittle rose,  
A fragrant rose,  
    From a nosegay.  
A fluff of ribbon,  
Blue fluff of ribbon,  
Silk fluff of ribbon,  
    From a bouquet.

An old dance program,  
A filled dance program,  
A loved dance program,  
    Of dear school boys.  
A bursting heart,  
A dripping heart,  
A bleeding heart,  
    Of griefs and joys.

—RUTH THORSHOV.

## A Glimpse

Rushing, splashing, roaring,  
Traveling ever seaward,  
Comes the pouring  
    Of the great and mighty falls.

Masses of sea-green spray,  
Veiling valley with mists,  
Breaking on rocks of gray,  
    Then it daintily, fancifully lifts.

—HELEN WILDES.

## Melody

I was dreaming, and she stole softly in,  
 She was veiled, mysterious, evanescent, lovely.  
 She moved me and I sought to understand her.  
 Happy, joyful, merry she was at times,  
 And then I, too, was unaccountably so.  
 I was drunken, restless, merry with life's wine,  
 All was throbbing, alive. Life was real;  
 Death was cruel, thoughtless, and hard.  
 Time only mattered in the present.  
 Eternity was nothing, for it was in the future.

Sorrowful, melancholy, and sad she was,  
 And then I strangely, too, was so.  
 When from the depths of despair I viewed the world,  
 Dreariness seemed dominant.  
 Nothing was real. Life was a symbol.  
 Death was unfathomable, mysterious.  
 Time was nothing.  
 Eternity was everlasting, indomitable, forever.

The veil of enigma lifted—oh, so slowly—  
 Then slowly, steadily, it dropped.  
 I sighed, for I wished to know what lay beyond it  
 She bewitched me so!  
 And I searchingly, blindly, falteringly groped  
 To find Melody's veil—the veil that masked the enigma.

But she was watchful, wary, and she fled,  
 Melted away. Far, far and farther away.  
 And far away and farther fled my fancies,—  
 My hopes, with her.  
 I called her, begged her, prayed for her to come back,  
 She did not hear or would not.  
 I glimpsed her silvery robes flare into the  
 Iridescent colors of dawn as she mounted  
 The crest of the hill. And then—she was gone—gone.  
 Lonely, sorrowful, misunderstood she wanders  
 Through the world hoping. Joy at times  
 Embraces her, but sadness underlies all.

—BETTY RUGGLES.

## The Hour Before the Dawn

The wind is in the willows and the poplars moan,  
 Birch leaves whiten—a pine stands alone.  
 The grasses toss, shivering in eiry moonlight,  
 And the Wind Woman wanders in the stormy night.  
 Lights beckon dimly with a misty charm  
 And pale clouds trail from the Wind Woman's arm.  
 A star-ghost glistens and the Wind Woman sighs—  
 A white moth flutters—a little child dies.

—WINIFRED WASHBURN.

## Poems

1.

Over the tree tops  
 One sees  
 A roof, a spire, and  
 In the distance  
 Blue mist or orange sky.

Space, space, space . . .  
 Clouds veiling  
 Mountains; and  
 Smoke from distant towns.

2.

Purple flowers  
 Sprinkled in blood  
 Of heroes fallen that day.  
 Still a haze of smoke  
 Lay over the battlefield of broken bodies.

A sinking sun  
 Reflected  
 Itself on the burnished steel  
 Of some great lurching cannon.

The stripped trees . . .  
 Echo . . .  
 . . . Silence . . .

3.

Slender cottonwoods,  
 How slim and supple  
 In winter, when your leaves have dropped  
 You stand, gaunt and naked.

Then fluffy down falls,  
 Floating, sifting, slowly  
 The soft flakes are  
 Summer's snow.

—JOHN R. SHUMAN.

## Six o'Clock

At morn, when I awake from slumbering dreams  
 And lie imprisoned by the coverlets  
 And listen to the far-off chink of dishes,  
 The milkman's pleasant voice, the streetcar's roar,  
 The chatter of squirrels, the cheerful chirps of birds  
 And all the whispering sounds of wakening woods,  
 The troubles of last night have whisked away,  
 And warmth and tingling comfort reign supreme.  
 But this half-conscious bliss is all too short,  
 For consciousness is coupled close with care,  
 And care calls forth the mind and will, and then,  
 To rise or not to rise, that is the question.

—LYNN BEYER.

## Phantasy

A sail of thin pearl, a mast of onyx,  
And a ship of lazuli, carried us  
Into the misty land of phantasy  
Where floating dreams are wafted  
In eternal motion. The rays of light  
Cut through the haze, lit up  
The fairy wonders, and whirled  
And twisted together, each a  
Different color, red, blue, amber,  
And black. A water pond  
With its waxen lilies  
Covered the ground; its surface like  
Glass, only green and silver  
Shimmered. And above, the moon  
Poured out her silver, washing  
The sandy bottom and waving ferns  
In frost. Hanging over the banks  
Of the pool were cress and mint;  
Over the water, drooping moss  
Formed an arch, with scarlet hibiscus  
Entwined among the green, like an  
Emerald pierced with flame,  
No movement crisped the molten  
Water but the foamy wavelets  
From our ship, as we sailed through  
The land of mists, to the castles  
Of dream. Soon we came to a  
Towering castle on a little isle—  
Pink and yellow mists floating before  
It, and blurring the outline. Long, wide  
Terraces of steps surrounded the  
Castle which we ascended and  
Finally we entered the dim temple  
Of phantasy. The rooms were narrow,  
Their polished marble floors  
Reflecting the glimmering light.  
Purple satins and black  
Velvet softened the walls and  
Green dragons embroidered in gold  
Contorted themselves in the  
Shadowy tapestry. Some rooms  
Of this mystic shrine were  
Chambers where thoughts might  
Return. A room where the tinkling  
Of the tiny temple bells of the  
Orient were heard; where the air  
Was purling with sweet-scented  
Incense, and figures in bright red  
Silks moved in the candle-glow  
Of the lantern and maidens,

Twisted lavender arbutus in their  
 Black hair and performed the sacred,  
 Languorous dances behind ivory fans  
 In graceful movement. And there were  
 Many other rooms that numbed  
 And withered our minds. We have  
 Not found our way from the  
 Deadly, charming rooms, and still  
 We wander listlessly, knowing  
 No incentive to return.

—JOHN R. SHUMAN.

### Nocturne

Into the night each silver flower distills its perfume  
 And ladens the balmy air with its delicate petal-scent.  
 The sky at night is like the waxy bloom of the blue  
 Grape, cloudy, amethystine, sprinkled with the starry dew.  
 Moon at night bathes the garden in a sea of cold silver.  
 And an orange moon paints the shadows with a silent,  
 Living, but unmoving light.  
 Crystalline nights when the incense of the pines fumes  
 Upward through the temple of the trees. And the mysterious  
 Lamp of heaven, glimpsed through the silhouette of an  
 Apple tree, gilds the wood till it seems like a forest  
 Of metal trees, clinking and clashing, in the wind.  
 Dark nights, when the God pours out the inky fluid that  
 Envelopes the sleeping world, quiets it, and breathes on  
 It a mysticism of love.  
 Nights, when alone one watches the luna moths flit in  
 The moist mist that floods the meadows and marshes, and  
 Sees the pale, yellow clouds float across the sky, one  
 Knows not the message of night, but one senses it, and is  
 Freshened.

—JOHN R. SHUMAN.

### Black and Gold

Black of the stormy night at sea,  
 Black of the bitter heart in me,  
 Change to the gold of a sunlit sea,  
 Change to the gold of a heart in glee.  
 Storms will vanish, bitterness flee,  
 Stay as gold for eternity.

—RUTH THORSHOV.

## My Secret

A tryst to keep in the woods, have I,  
 By the banks of a running stream,  
 With one who is tall and lovely and fair—  
 I found her as in a dream.

The path that touches the little stream  
 Where two sentinel poplars meet,  
 Is covered with moss of feathery green,  
 Trod only by fairy feet.

I found my love on a warm June day  
 In the lingering sun's red glow,  
 The dancing of lights on her pale green dress  
 Caught my heart and held it—so.

And now a tryst in the woods, have I—  
 For she whispers she loves just me—  
 So dainty, so tall, so sweet, and so fair,  
 Is my love—the willow tree.

—WINIFRED WASHBURN.

## Night

The silver moon trails up the stairs  
 Of heaven in misty light;  
 With one white eye she sadly stares  
 All through the silent night.

The happy little fount flings high  
 Showers of silver rain;  
 And laughs and cries with sob and sigh,  
 Now happy, now in pain.

The sweet white trumpet lilies waft  
 Long waves of sweetness far  
 Across the sleeping garden; oft  
 It tries to reach a star.

The heavy perfume of the rose  
 Hangs low and slowly drifts  
 About the nodding flowers; it blows  
 Around, and then it lifts.

—RUTH THORSHOV.

## How About It?

Aren't you mighty glad that school  
Has come around again?  
That vacation days are over  
And that lessons now begin?

Didn't you miss Miss Penrose  
With her "Y-O-U"?  
And didn't you long for Miss Denneen's  
"Short" assignments, too?

Was there ever a time you didn't care  
To view each classmate's face?  
And when was it that you didn't want  
To see the dear old place?

The Girls' Club Room looked just the same.  
Didn't it to you?  
And along the halls and locker rooms  
Rustled pleasant memories, too.

Didn't the mention of "soccer"  
Bring back the same old thrill  
Of chasing 'round that elusive ball  
And hearing the whistles trill?

Of course, we miss the Seniors—  
The ones who've gone away,  
But we welcome each beginner  
And hope they're here to stay.

It doesn't seem the same to me  
With Mr. Boardman gone,  
But Mr. Turney's in his place,  
I'm sure things can't go wrong.

Vacation days are great things  
I'll say, but then, oh—well,  
Coming back to school again  
Is a joy that's unexcelled.

—JANE SHERIDAN.

## Our Worst Out

Have you heard the latest scandal?  
 'Bout Miss Inglis and the court?  
 She "borrowing" for her lunches,  
 'Cause they cut her allowance short.

But that's not the worst of it, either,  
 It happened twice in one week.  
 And she says: "My clothes are wearing out  
 So, I'll soon look like a freak!"

Now if you haven't heard about it,  
 The first offense was this:  
 She parked her car and soon found out  
 Her rear light had been missed.

The next time that she parked it,  
 She stayed too long in that place,  
 And she soon found she must meet again  
 That old judge, face to face.

So it now behooves Miss Inglis,  
 When she parks and goes away,  
 To leave her lights on and come back soon,  
 Or she will have to pay.

—FLORENCE LAMBERTON.



## Realism

A green little boy,  
 In a green little way,  
 A green little apple  
 Devoured one day.

The green little grasses  
 Now tenderly wave,  
 O'er the green little apple boy's  
 Green little grave.

—MARY WILDES.

## Notice to Freshmen!

By observing the following six rules, any boy of twelve can easily protect himself from the attacks of a full-grown man. Freshmen, here's your chance at your natural enemies, the class of '29.

1. As your opponent makes for you, step quickly under his arm, and stooping, grasp his left ankle with both hands, fingers interlocked. Rise quickly and with a circular motion, throw him over your right shoulder.

2. Enraged, your adversary will reach for you with his right hand. Step lightly aside, and as his arm passes you, strike it sharply with your fist. This will break his wrist.

3. Your antagonist will now reach for you with his left hand. Take two rapid steps backward and kick his open palm, at the base of the thumb, upwards. This will dislocate his shoulder and cause a compound fracture of his left floating rib.

4. Your mortified foe will attempt to kick you. Catch his foot in your left hand and twist his leg off at the knee.

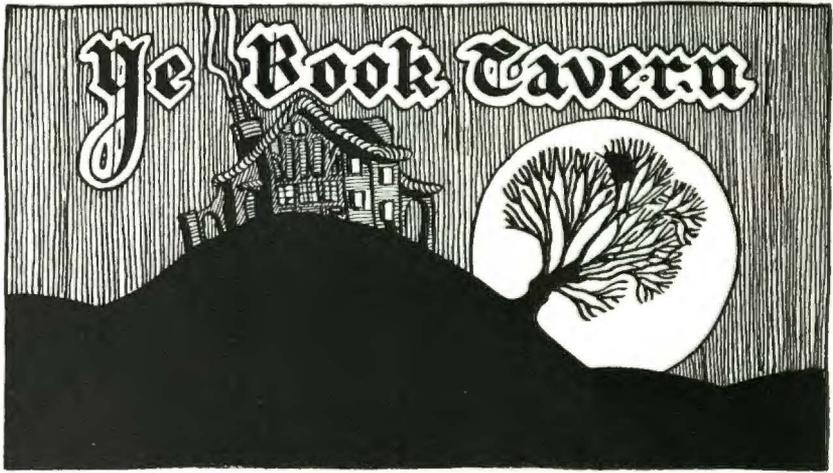
5. Your enemy will make an effort to kick you with the other foot. Step quickly behind him and butt him in the small of the back with your head. Properly administered, this blow should break and dislocate every vertebra in his spinal column.

6. The last attempt your opponent will make will be to bite you. As he opens his mouth, place your open left hand on his forehead, and, thrusting your right hand down his throat, take a good hold, and with a pull turn him inside out. He will then be quite harmless and will eat out of your hand. This trick is somewhat dangerous and should be only tried as a last resort or by an expert as otherwise your opponent may be painfully injured.

Perhaps, also, it would be better to try this out before venturing on anything as old and experienced as the Sophomores. The phonograph or piano will make a very nice dummy to practice on, though you must be careful not to bump yourself, because, unless you hit the soft pedal, you are liable to get hurt.

—MARY WILDES.





Looking over the new books of the last few months, one notices that adventure and adventure stories take a large part of the list. Perhaps this coming cold weather, when the wind howls under the eaves and Jack Frost etches the window panes with his icy touch, inspires one to read, and enjoy the warmth of a grate fire and an absorbing mystery story. "The Club of Masks," by Allen Upward, and "Beau Sabreur," by Percival C. Wren, are books of this type, that lift themselves out of the ordinary class just by sheer merit and uniqueness.

"The Club of Masks" is written by Allen Upward, who, by the way, has written some very interesting poetry. His book is another startling product of his fertile imagination. The story concerns itself about the strange murder of a Dr. Weathered, killed in the ballroom of the Domino Club, a club where its members must always appear in costume, with a white silk masque covering their features. This doctor, as it later develops, is an ingenious and heartless blackmailer, using his patients' confidential confessions as a threat to extort huge sums of money. Either by intention or coincidence, all his patients are members of the Club. The night he is murdered, his safe is broken into and his book of records and information is stolen. Whosoever possesses that book holds the means by which he can twist enormous amounts of money from the doctor's victims. Who possesses that book? Who murdered him—the woman disguised as a Leopardess, the woman disguised as Zenobia, queen of Palmyra? And what were these women's real names? How the mystery is finally solved, and the fate of the book forms one of the most engrossing mystery stories.

Now a book of adventure. "Beau Sabreur" is the sequel of "Beau Geste," a book that has been reviewed in this column before. "Beau Sabreur" tells the story of Major de Beaujolais, a major in the French Legion, and his struggle with duty and love. He arrives in an Arab city just in time to rescue a beautiful American girl from a massacre and flees with her into the desert. There he falls into the clutches of a powerful Arabian tribe, with whom France is eager to sign a treaty of peace and alliance. Should he

## My Initiation by "The Big Four"

It happened at a Scout Camp; it was done in a first class style. Suddenly I woke. My heart beat a furious tattoo against my ribs. I sensed a presence crawling nearer and nearer. A voice shattered the stillness with, "Not a word or move." My heart did a complete flip. A hand shook me none too gently, and again the voice snapped, "You are to be taken before the Altar of the Big Four. Beware!"

I was dragged out of bed, blindfolded, and joined to another group of boys. Then we were marched through bushes, over rocks, through marshes, but around trees and stumps for the simple reason that we could not go through them. As we were clad only in pants and shoes, the cold morning wind from the lake almost froze us solid. Finally we came to a halt near a friendly fire and were ordered to sit down. After much creaking and delay, we were seated. I was the first victim. I was told to bow low before the altar of "The Big Four." Whack! Whack! Sm-m-a-a-ck! I was cracked on an exceedingly tender part of my anatomy with a flat board.

"Grasp the keys of the altar!" came the next command.

I did as ordered. I received the full power of a shocking machine—it surely lived up to its name. By this time, I was very, very warm. My hair was filled with pancake flour, my nose and mouth were stuffed with some vile-smelling cheese that was probably years older than I am!

Next came the branding. Ice water trickled down my chest; an immense figure "4" was designed on my breast with red paint. Then the last torture, but not the least! An egg was broken over me and its contents decorated my head and neck.

My initiation was complete. As long as I live, I shall reserve a place in my memory for my formal introduction to "The Big Four."

—GORDON WEIS.

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### Continued from Page 12

desert the girl to the Arab chieftain, as the Sheik demanded, and, in that way be rewarded by the treaty, or forfeit the treaty for the safety of the girl? That is his problem. And then, when things reach a crisis, the magnificent hoax of the story begins to appear, and be revealed. Clever man, Mr. Wren!

It was hard work to decide which book best represented the more serious type of novel. Finally "Flight," by Walter White, was chosen. Mr. White is a negro, whose writing is fast attracting attention. In fact, he is one of the leading negroes in the country at the present time. "Flight" tells about a negro girl of Southern Creole descent, who leaves her people, adopts the ways and customs of the whites. She makes quite a name for herself in business and on account of her very fair complexion, she is taken for a white. But when her marriage with a white man turns out to be a failure, she sees her mistake and goes back to her people. It is a very interesting book, and makes very easy reading. It is unusual in that so few books are written on the negro problem that are as clear, frank, appealing and sympathetic as "Flight."

—JOHN R. SHUMAN.

## Our Principal Says:

### Progress and Precedent

Among the many ways in which our school resembles society outside is in its interesting manner of establishing custom and beginning changes. We have from time to time begun certain activities with a given class, only to find that the following year this activity has become a "tradition."

In many ways this is a valuable situation. To find a high school group conservative is for the most part desirable. If this same spirit were shown in all their actions, it might possibly be even more desirable. Yet, curiously enough, while customs change slowly, opinion varies rapidly and without real reason. Hence we often find opinion formed too quickly or formed without careful thought.

The ability to judge carefully anything affecting the school is very desirable. If you judge from selfish motives now, you will do so in the world at large when your high school days are over. If you consider everything carefully from the standpoint of what is best for the school, you are building up habits of thought that will make for good citizenship.

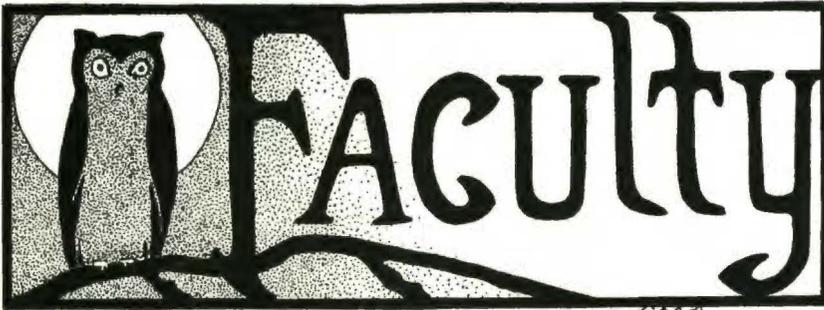
If we guide ourselves by considering always the good of University High School, our customs which have stood the test of time will be preserved and we can better initiate new and desirable changes. Any growing institution must make changes. We have found that necessary in the past and will find it necessary in the future. These changes are not always just changes in rooms or staff or membership. There must be changes in policy that effect all our activities, our school work sometimes, our athletic and social activities often.

In these changes the student body may find a great opportunity. In after life you will be faced with much more serious problems without the tried friendship of the faculty to fall back upon. You will have to decide when important things are to be done or necessary improvements made, and then carry them out. Here you have a training school that offers opportunity to meet problems and assist in their solution. Do not overlook the value of this part of your school life.

From time to time we make changes. These changes mean improvement. They are made only after careful thinking. They are made always in the interest of the boys and girls in the high school with a view to their future. From time to time we reject proposals for change. This, too, is done for the good of all. Our motto is, "Retain the good; try to improve where improvement can be made."

It is a great opportunity, it seems to me, to have the privilege of membership in such a social group as U High. It is one worthy of your best thought and endeavor. You can and do assist materially in its development. In so doing, you gain for yourself ability to go on successfully "outside."

*Austin H. Turney*



## Faculty Member Leaves Unexpectedly

We have all missed a familiar face from the number of this year's faculty. We are very sorry that Miss Denneen, who has been with us for some time, decided in August that her station of duty was elsewhere than at our U High. It was with deep regret that the student body learned of this unexpected decision. All of her former students feel that they have lost a good friend as well as a most able instructor.

She is now a member of the faculty of the North Carolina College for Women. Besides having college students, she also has under her direction a goodly number of both Junior and Senior High School students.

Miss Denneen writes that she is exceedingly well pleased with her new quarters, which, by the way, are in a lovely new building. She also says that the Blue Ridge Mountains, through which she passed on her journey, are and always will be a source of extreme delight to her.

We know that Miss Denneen will be happy there, as she tells of various former friends whom she has met again in Greensboro. This city is a very lovely one, and has many beautiful homes. As much as we wish Miss Denneen were with us this year, we all hope that her expectations of happiness will be amply fulfilled.

### Faculty News

Miss Holmes is now teaching at Washington Junior High in St. Paul. She remarked that there are many beautiful voices in that school, but of course there is no comparison to the U Highites.

U High's faculty is ever-changing. This year seven of our faculty have gone and eleven new instructors have been installed. A short introduction will be given as a more complete history of the faculty will appear later in the year.

Miss Helen Schwend, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, is taking Miss Holmes' place in teaching both the Glee Club and Chorus.

Miss Mabel Holmberg, also a University of Minnesota graduate, is teaching two classes of English, one Junior and one Senior.

Miss Vivian Short, who teaches two classes of Math. I in U High, is a graduate from the University of Indiana. It is interesting to note that she has also studied in Columbia under Mr. Reeve, a former principal of U High.

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# The Campus Breeze

VOLUME IX

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No .1

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FROM OCTOBER TO JUNE



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## Problems

There is no denying that most schools have some flaw in their reputation throughout the city or state. If it is not of one sort, it is of another, but in most schools, unfortunately, it is present.

In our school we have one—or should it be called one? It really is more than one. That is, there are a few things which a visitor to the University High School could not help noticing.

One of them is the problem of candy and ice cream sales. It really should not be called a problem, it is such a little thing. A student buys an "arctic sweetheart," takes off the lid and drops it on the floor. Of course, there is a waste container nearby, but why use it? The same thing is true at the candy sales. The result is a very untidy lower hall. Perhaps a contest with a prize for the largest candy wrapper collection would solve the problem.

Then there is that matter of running in the halls. A Freshman comes out of his classroom just a second after the bell rings, just in time to avoid the belated assignment. "Whoopee!" he shouts, and in pure elation runs about twenty feet and then slides the rest of the way to the stairs, a very disorderly act, to be sure, but what can be done to stop it?

The solution is simple. "When in doubt, DON'T!" When in doubt whether to drop a candy wrapper on the floor, DON'T! When in doubt whether to run, slide or shout in the halls, DON'T!

A girl, on Monday morning, in her haste to get to school to tell her friend about the week-end trip forgets to bring her locker key to school. On arriving at school, she discovers the fact, and dashes to the office to obtain a duplicate key. At the request for one, a sweet voice comes back from over the counter, "I'm sorry, but that will cost you fifty cents."

"But, Miss Fenton, I haven't got my allowance yet; I haven't got that much!"

"But I can't give you the key unless you pay the fee. We have to enforce the rules, you know. We don't have the authority to change them."

"But I have to get into my locker!"

And so you see how it goes. Someone may return after an absence without an excuse, and argue with the secretary to great length, wasting valuable time, before finally deciding to go home for the excuse.

All these things tend to detract from the high standards of the school—from the efficiency of its program. Don't forget the words of Mr. Boardman, "You, the student body, are the University High School." The school is what we make it.

This fall a large sum of money is being spent on the football team. It is being done, why? To make a finer, better showing for University High. Can we not co-operate, then, by just helping out in these few things?

## The Campus Breeze

The CAMPUS BREEZE is to be a magazine this year. Last year the publication was a newspaper by way of experiment, but a ballot taken last spring showed a distinct preference for the

magazine. At the first BREEZE meeting this year the matter was taken up and a vote taken. The staff voted almost unanimously for the magazine.

Now this change is very significant. Since the students were so strongly in favor of the magazine they MUST support it. It is their magazine and they must contribute to it. In previous years it has been necessary for the various department heads and editors to go around and blackmail different people to get them to contribute. Also most of the work has been done and most of the contributions made by members of the staff. But this is not true now. Last year, in the last issue of the newspaper, thirty-four people contributed satisfactory material, and for this issue even more have written. This shows the rising democratic spirit in the school and the BREEZE is becoming truly the official publication of our school. Let's keep this up. The BREEZE needs you and you need it.

### The Underclassmen's Papers

The first week of school the Junior class collected enough news for the second issue of "The Junior Newsance." This is, in a way, a runner-up for the BREEZE, publishing the news when it is news. We hope that the Junior class will continue to put out a news bulletin frequently and that the school will show appreciation by reading it on the study room bulletin board.

As the custom has been for the past several years, the Freshman class has published a Freshman paper. The Freshmen are a very important part of the school. They constitute over one-fourth of the school in numbers and the school could not get along without them. The Freshman paper is a splendid idea and we hope that all underclassmen will contribute to the BREEZE. For this purpose we are starting an underclassmen's page for Freshman and Sophomore material especially. This is only one page in this issue, but we hope that demand will make it necessary to enlarge it to several pages.

### Parents' and Teachers' Association

The Parents' and Teachers' Association is happy to have this opportunity to welcome all the newcomers to the school this year; our acting principal, Mr. Austin Turney, the former teachers who have returned to U High, and new teachers, as well as students and their parents.

We are entering the new year well organized to carry on the work of the Association.

The activities are not numerous, there being only five or six meetings planned for the year. This will not make it a burden to either parents or teachers, but will enable us to become somewhat acquainted with each other and will help in the work of upholding the ideals and standards of the school.

It is earnestly hoped that the students will help by making it their business to see that their parents get out for the meetings. Let them know that it means something to you to have them present at as many as possible.

MRS. H. S. LAMBERTON,  
President of Parent-Teachers Association.



### Parent-Teacher Association Notes

The first meeting of the year of the Parent-Teachers Association was a tea in honor of the mothers of the new students. It was held in Shevlin Hall, Monday afternoon, October 11th, at 2:30 o'clock.

The following is a list of the officers and chairmen of the standing committees for 1926-1927:

President—Mrs. H. S. Lamberton, mother of Florence and Sears.

Vice-President—Mr. R. M. Washburn, father of Winifred and Harriet.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mrs. A. F. Williams, mother of Margaret.

Chairman of Program Committee—Mrs. Guy S. Ford, mother of Thomas.

Chairman of Publicity Committee—Mrs. H. H. Howe, mother of Priscilla.

Chairman of Social Committee—To be appointed.  
we were seated. I was the first victim. I was told to bow low

### The Senior Class

Seniors!! Aha! That's what we are. Such a funny feeling that you can't describe. And to think that we were once Freshmen.

A few days after school began we held our first class meeting. This was mainly to discuss our plans for the year. Miss O'Brien told us about the dramatic work done by the Senior class last year. In summarizing, she gave the grief connected with a Vodvil and advised us to put on more plays instead. The next matter that came up was that of class dues. A committee was appointed, with Almon Tucker as chairman, to determine the amount of the class dues. The class felt that we should sell ice cream the first part of the year and let the Juniors have the privilege of selling candy at noon.

You can expect great things from the Seniors, the greatest Bisbila, the best class play, and everything it does of a superlative degree—and that's no exaggeration.

## Junior Notes

The chronicles of the Junior Class tell of two outstanding events in the first month of school. The hot dog sale took place on Friday, September 24th. Hot dogs, cake and milk were sold during the noon hour and at 3:20. While the school at large appreciated the "eats," the Juniors treasure the twelve dollars, which was the net profit from the sale.

More important to the girls was the tea given by the Big Sisters in honor of the Little Sisters. The Big Sister Organization has seen to it that each Junior girl should have some Freshman girl as her special charge during the first week of school. On Friday, when all were fairly well acquainted, Juniors and Freshmen met and mixed in a delightful social gathering in Room 204. It is said that more such parties are planned, designed to make still more pleasant the first year at U High.

## The Sophomore Class

Upperclassmen, us! Boy, what a "grand and glorious feeling!" Out from under the "protecting wings" of Miss Smith, to emerge into the "high life" of our school.

The class of 1929, under the guidance of Miss Margaret McGuire, is scheduled for a vigorous and prosperous year. Our first class meeting, presided over by the "eminent" George Miller, was held the second week of school. It was concerned mainly with numerous announcements, but, believing in the ancient proverb, "The early bird catches the worm," we were also concerned with certain financial problems pertaining to the expansion of our treasury fund. Almost everything, from dances to "hot dogs," was suggested.

Of course, we intend to have a debating team this year, but nothing definite has been decided in that direction.

The Sophomores are planning to celebrate Hallowe'en again this year with another party. It is yet without definite form, but that party is going to be waiting when Hallowe'en comes around!

## Freshman Class Affairs

Fifteen schools contributed to the "class that wears the green" at U High this year, and out of more than seventy freshies, over two-thirds came from St. Paul. Murray, Jr., sent the most, Ramsey next, and Groveland Park tied with John Marshall High of Minneapolis. Two students came from outside the Twin Cities, one from Hennepin County School and the other from Alberta, Canada.

During our first two class meetings, our officers were elected

to the satisfaction of everyone. John Corneveaux guides our class as president. Peggy Oehler, we're sure, will be an able vice-president. Fred Rosendahl is keeper of the vaults, and Lois Williams is the official writer of the records. Class dues are as usual, twenty-five cents a month. The freshmen's lone senate representative, a girl this time, is Betty Ramsdell.

At our third class meeting, we decided to help the Boys' Club collect clothes and shoes for a poor family on the outskirts of Minneapolis.

Due to the sudden departure of the tellers after assembly, the results of the election of the staff of our class paper aren't public as yet. We haven't decided, either, what the publication will be called, but of course it'll be the best one yet!

From last reports, the busy Freshmen's only relaxation has been a tea which the Junior "big sisters" gave in honor of the Freshman girls, on the first Friday of school.

We are proud to say that in both boys' and girls' sports, more Freshmen than Sophomores turned out and we're hoping for a class championship in something. Dick Poucher is the football captain, and Stanley Clarke "manages" the many and irrepressible candidates for the very new team. If practice makes perfect, the Freshies will be wonders, for they have practiced almost every day, and now they are to have a practice coach.

On Tuesday, the twelfth, they played the experienced Sophomores, and before the game, one of the Freshman players said, "Funeral arrangements are being made!"

The only immediate results of the organization of the girls' soccer team have been bruised ankles and pronounced limps.

Our class is showing school spirit in other ways, too. Five Freshies play in the school orchestra and three in the band.

If the rest of our Freshman year is as busy and successful as the first month, we'll all be Sophomores next year.

'Ray for the Freshies! 'Ray for the class of '30!!!

## The "U" High Senate

The Senate of University High School held its first meeting under the guidance of Miss McGuire in Room 114.

The plans for Homecoming were discussed and the Senate for this coming year is anxious, not only to extend last year's work but also to undertake a Homecoming which will be remembered through the annals of U High history.

It seems that during the opening of each school year the students are not very careful in disposing of waste paper. The Senate is having a number of refuse cans made to take care of this waste and we ask the co-operation of the student body in this matter.

## The Girls' "U" Club

The club was founded in 1923 and has been very much in evidence ever since. This year we want it to be better known and do more good than it has ever before. Our most important function is in arranging the playing of the annual soccer, basketball and baseball tournaments. We promote good sportsmanship and clean playing in all of the games. As you see, the U Club is a very important organization in U High and to join it should be the goal of every Freshman girl.

To be admitted into the U Club you must earn one hundred and eighty points from the following list and, the quarter previous to your admission, obtain a "B" average in gymnasium, a "C" average in scholarship, have attended 75 per cent. of the play hours and been on three class teams. Also you must receive a three-fourths vote of the active members.

This is the list of two hundred and eighty points from which one hundred and eighty are to be chosen. Only forty-five may be taken from each group.

### GROUP I. Activities Related to Class.

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

### Group II. Swimming.

Two Lengths of Pool, any stroke, good form.....	5	✓
Two Additional Lengths.....	5	✓
Plain Front Dive .....	10	
Additional Dives to 30 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. Two hikes of 2 miles; 1 of 4 miles; 2 of 5 miles.....	15	✓
Series 2. Two hikes of 2 miles; 2 of 4 miles; 3 of 5 miles.....	20	
Series 3. Two hikes of 4 miles; 4 of 5 miles .....	25	

### Group IV. Tennis.

Winning two rounds of tournament.....	15	
Championship, in addition.....	10	

### Group VI. Scholarship.

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

### Group VII. Teams.

Member of Any Class Team.....	15	
Member of Second Team.....	10	

We hope that the Freshmen girls will become interested in the U Club and all attempt to get their letters at the gym exhibition this winter. It will be a great honor to us to be able to award a larger number of "U's" than ever before to the Freshman class.

THE OFFICERS.

## Girls' Club

How many of us girls, if asked to give the Girls' Creed, would be able to get beyond the title? A precious few, most likely. This creed was adopted by our representatives for our benefit, but it really doesn't do much good to have one if we don't know what it is. This year, as one of the accomplishments of the Club, the girls are all making a special effort, not only to memorize it but also to live up to it after it is memorized. So all girls who wish to keep up with the times had better take it upon themselves to learn it.

### The Girls' Club Creed

We, the members of the Girls' Club of the University High School, will earnestly endeavor to carry out the purpose of our organization by:

Fostering a democratic spirit among girls,

Promoting wholesome and friendly relations among all the students of the school,

Furthering mutual understanding and good feeling among students and faculty, and

Maintaining among ourselves a high standard of conduct in study and recreation.

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(Continued from Page 15)

Miss Ruth Tiley is having her first experience at teaching. She is in the French Department. She hails from Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois.

Miss Eleanor Marlowe, from the Alabama and Iowa Universities, is teaching Latin and English.

Mr. Victor H. Noll is our new Chemistry instructor. He comes from the Pennsylvania State College. Mr. Noll has spent one year as chemist in the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, which is the largest commercial testing laboratory in the United States.

U High is very fortunate in having Mr. Archer W. Hurd as instructor in Physics. He is a graduate of Hamline and has obtained his Master's Degree at the University of Minnesota.

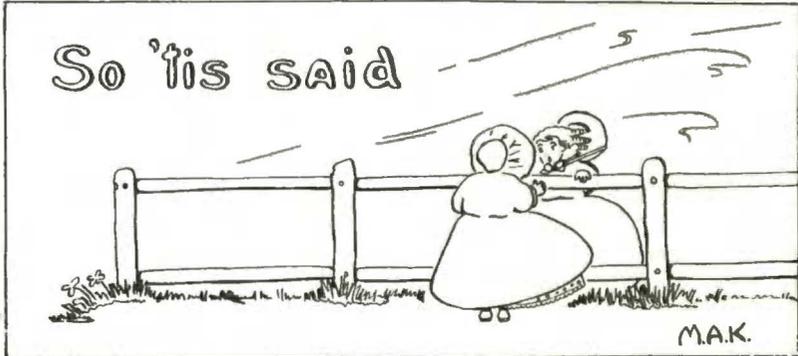
Another University of Minnesota graduate is Miss Mary E. Hoag, our art instructor. Though she has studied in the Minneapolis School of Art, this is her first experience at teaching.

Mr. Claude Stokes, from the University of Illinois, is our new Math. teacher. He also studied under Mr. Reeve.

Mr. Richard McGee is our new Manual Training and Shop instructor. He is from the St. Cloud Normal School and the University of Minnesota.

Last, but not least, is Mr. Lloyd Peterson, another University of Minnesota graduate, who is coaching the Boys' Athletics.

Of the members of the faculty who left last year, Miss Fix is the only one who subscribed to the BREEZE.



A Freshman believes:

That a clothes closet is full of hangnails.  
 That all hens become roosters at night.  
 That a mushroom is the parlor.  
 That the pole vault is the bank at Warsaw.

\* \* \*

Some flappers are working girls, but most of them are working men.

\* \* \*

#### Our Own Advertisements

99 44/100 Per Cent Pure.....	Henry Clark
Everready (to talk) .....	Donna Kurtz
Sweetest Maid .....	Betty Ramsdell
When It Rains, It Pours.....	Dues
That Schoolgirl Complexion.....	Emmet Field
Frigidaire .....	Ross Shaw
Sonkist .....	Alice Kelm

\* \* \*

#### Famous Quotations

"God helps him who helps himself."—Thump Thompson.  
 "An 'I' for an 'I,' an 'F' for an 'F.'"—The Faculty.  
 "Short accounts make long friends."—Rog Hayes (Senior Class treasurer).  
 "I would rather be right than President."—Raymond Pepinsky.  
 "Better late than never."—Madge Strickler.  
 "A word to the wise is sufficient."—Miss Inglis.

\* \* \*

#### We Hear That:

Luree said in Chemistry the other day, "An oxygen has eight sides."

Ruth McMahon wrote on a test in History: "The equator is a menagerie line running around the earth and through Africa."

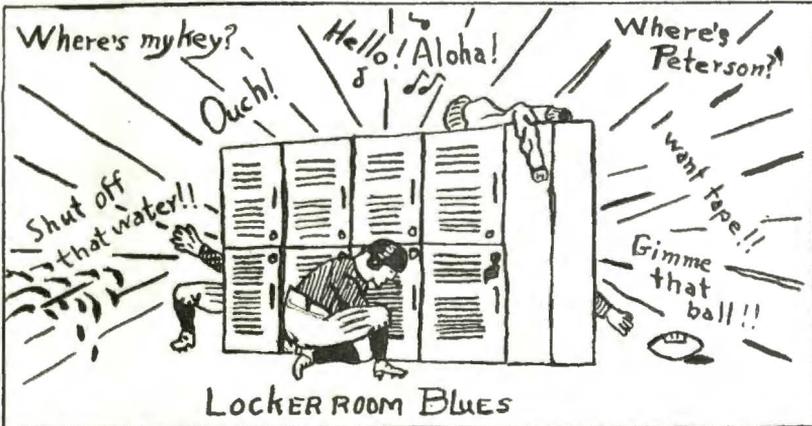
Miles Hubbard insisted that "Pigiron is what they make nose rings for pigs out of."

Miss Bockstruck thinks that Alva Swain is in her gym class.

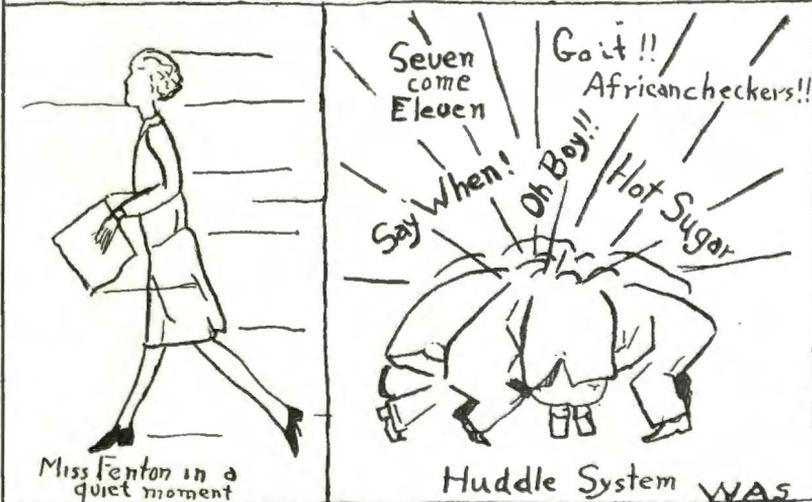
#### Classified

WANTED—Night cook, man or woman preferred. See Adrian Hirschman.

WANTED—A steady, respectable young man to look after the garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to singing in the choir.



LOCKER ROOM BLUES



Huddle System WAS

Signs of the times

PEP FEST  
THIS NOON

I SCREAM  
FOR  
ICE CREAM

PUT WASTE  
HERE



The following is an extract from the "Al-Hi-Nuz," of Alexandria, Minnesota: "Among the many letters received was one from our former English teacher, Miss Holmberg, who is teaching Public Speaking in the University High School. She writes that she enjoyed the first issue of the 'Al-Hi-Nuz' and sees success, not only for the editor, but for the entire staff."

The "Central High Times" of Central High, St. Paul, has a very interesting "Quiz Box" on its editorial page. An unusual question which was asked was, "Why are shoes thrown at weddings? Ans. This practice is for luck and originated from a Jewish custom in which the bridegroom hits the bride over the head with a shoe to show his supremacy."

The Mechanic Arts High School, of St. Paul, has installed new combination locks on its lockers. According to the "Cog-wheel" these are not very popular with the majority of the students and professional "crackers" are very much in demand.

The "Aurora Borealis," published by Aurora High School, Aurora, Minnesota, devotes much of its space to general student comment. One of the most interesting columns was, "Why I Like Art," in which the students expressed their opinions of the value of an art course.

The West High Weekly, from West High, Minneapolis, has just instituted a very novel and unique "Travel Column." This is maintained for the convenience of all West High road hogs and pedestrians. It contains information of all heavy traffic, detours, hills and policemen in the West thoroughfares.

The "Polaris Weekly," of North High, Minneapolis, has an interesting feature article entitled, "Historical Historiettes." This week's story is the dire tragedy of Mark Antony and the lovely "Cleo." It is indeed heart-rending. Mark's famous, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," is condensed into, "Just see what you have did! How could it was? Here lies my little boy friend, Caesar, slaughtered by you cruel varmints! Oh, you brutes!"



### U. High vs. Wayzata

U High opened its football schedule Friday, October 1st, in a 6-6 deadlock with Wayzata. The game was marked by ragged football on both sides, the punting and passing of Carlson, U High fullback, furnishing almost the only thrills in an unusually lifeless opener.

U High seemed to lack that vital punch which puts the ball across the goal line. In the first quarter, a beautifully executed pass, Carlson to Drake, brought the ball to the five-yard line, but the home team lost the ball on downs. In the second quarter, a brilliant, twisting run by Al Tucker brought the ball again to the five-yard line, but the lake team managed to roll back the attack.

U High's marker came in the opening minutes of the second half when Drake took the ball from Carlson and dodged around right end for a touchdown. Carlson's pass for point was incomplete.

The lake team's lone tally was the result of a freak kick from behind the goal line which hit a player's leg and bounded back, where it was pounced upon by Captain Ice, of the Wayzata team. The kick for point was blocked.

Although the game itself was uninteresting, Coach Peterson must have noted the possibilities for a strong aerial attack with the Carlson-Drake-Tucker combination as a basis, and this, with the generalship of Captain Al Tucker, should make U High a strong contender for the championship of the Lake League.

**The Lineup:**

U High (6)		Wayzata (6)
Drake .....	L.E.....	Freer
Knoefel .....	L.T.....	Hughes
Barwise .....	L.G.....	Beer
Vrooman .....	C.....	Hehl
Gieseke .....	R.G.....	Morton, Wa.
Coffey .....	R.T.....	Ice (C)
Rasmussen .....	R.E.....	Evlius
Tucker, A. (C).....	Q.....	Smith
Spencer .....	L.H.....	Thomas
Tucker, R. ....	R.H.....	Rice
Carlson .....	F.....	Morton, Wi.

Substitutions: U High—Sherman for Spencer, Fuller for Sherman.

Score by Quarters:

University High.....	0	0	6	0—6
Wayzata .....	0	0	0	6—6

Time: 3:50-5:10.

Referee: Roach.

## U. High vs. St. Paul Academy

Emerging from the apathy which characterized their last contest, U High triumphed over St. Paul Academy in a bitterly-fought battle that was filled with thrills of every description. Long, bullet-like passes, sweeping end runs, rapier-like thrusts through the line—all these and more kept one of the largest crowds that has ever witnessed a game at the U High field in a continual frenzy of delight. The final score was: U. High, 21; S. P. A., 7.

However, the game itself was much less one-sided than the score indicates. The sure passing of Todd and the shifty running of Hale for St. Paul Academy made the outcome of the game very much in doubt until the final whistle.

But the beating of St. Paul Academy, important as that rare occurrence is, was not the crowning point of the game, for on this occasion a new star was uncovered in the firmament, a Mr. Fuller by name, who covered himself with glory by scoring 18 of U High's 21 points. In the first quarter, after a cross-buck had placed the ball on the four-yard line, Fuller pierced the center of S. P. A.'s line for a touchdown. In the third quarter, as proof of his versatility, he swept around right end for fifteen yards and another touchdown. And still he was unsatisfied until, in the final quarter, another pretty run of 35 yards for a touchdown brought the count to 21.

S. P. A. knotted the count at 7-7 in the second quarter when a beautiful pass, Todd to Mullery, was good for a touchdown.

The Carlson-Drake pass attack was in little evidence Friday, as the home team resorted to straight football to win the game, but against stiffer opposition it will no doubt be seen.

The U High gridgers showed a marked improvement over the opening game, the line especially showing the results of able coaching, and the spirits of the U High rooters have risen considerably since this exhibition of skill. There are still many rough spots that need to be smoothed off, but in the main, U High has a team to be proud of, and one that is well deserving of its enthusiastic support.

The lineup:

U High (21)		S. P. A. (7)
Drake .....	L.E.....	Platt
Knoefel .....	L.T.....	Rose, P.
Barwise .....	L.G.....	Thomas
Vrooman .....	C.....	Harris
Gieseke .....	R.G.....	Davis

Coffey	R.T.	Rose, K.
Rasmussen	R.E.	Mullery
Tucker, A. (C)	Q.	Sommers
Fuller	L.H.	Hale
Tucker, R.	R.H.	McDonald
Carlson	F.	Ward (C)

**Substitutions:** S. P. A., Todd for Sommers, Whitman for McDonald, Patterson for P. Rose.

Points after touchdown: Tucker, A., 3 (U. H.); Todd, 1 (S. P. A.)

Referee: Taylor.

Time: 3:45-5:20.

Score by Quarters:

University High	7	0	7	7-21
St. Paul Academy	0	7	0	0-7

## The Swimming Team

Steve Barlow reports that he will continue to break records with this year's swimming team. It has had its first practice and Steve has his eye on Gordon Andre, a new recruit, and Spencer, who is another promising candidate.

Coach Thorpe, of the University team, will coach these new men and also try to show the old veterans a few tricks. Grates, the little man with a lot of wind, will keep on going past his last year's record. Steve will break the dash records which he set last year and Mac Beadie will be the star mermaid, doing the flips from the plank. Gieseke and Spencer will fill in and help along the new tank men.

These men deserve the support of the school, for they are out for records.

## Girls' Athletics

Miss Bockstruck is on the job again—soccer practice starts the competition for the cup, which is annually awarded to the class that wins the most points in various activities during the year.

The first "play hour," held last Thursday afternoon, abused mostly Sophomores and Juniors. Albertine Arth was almost seriously injured but she escaped with a sprained ankle. All the soccer players, however, can be distinguished by their peculiar gaits, due, perhaps, to vari-colored scenes traced on right ankles. The rest of the players, besides afore-mentioned Juniors and Sophomores, were two Seniors.

On Tuesday there were a number of Freshmen additions to the would-be suicides—still two Seniors!

Each class has chosen a manager to help pick the teams and attend to various other duties. Nancy Staples acts in this capacity for the Seniors; Margaret Briggs for the Juniors; Marjorie Meyers for the Sophomores, and Peggy Oehler for the Freshmen.

If there are enough girls who escape mishaps, in two or three weeks the tournament will decide which is the superior class. As yet, no conclusion to this problem has been reached.



## ALUMNI

### Parents to Exchange Sons for a Year

Frank Bissell, '26, is having the most unusual experience of any of our alumni. He is not only attending the University of Vienna, but he has also become temporarily the son of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Schuller for a year, while Franz Schuller is in Minneapolis as the son of Dr. and Mrs. Bissell for the same length of time.

It was not until last June that the Bissells came to know the Schullers. Dr. Schuller was in Minneapolis for five days to conduct a course on X-ray for a group of medical men, when he met Dr. Bissell and was invited to stay at their home. It was at this time that Mrs. Bissell jokingly suggested that they "trade" sons for a while.

"It's a go!" Dr. Schuller cried.

After the doctor left, the Bissells did not hear from him for a long time and began to think that he had forgotten all about it, when one day last August, a letter came from the Schullers. It stated that Franz was already on his way to Minneapolis and that Frank would at any time be welcome in their home.

So that is how it happened that Frank is at Vienna. He will enter the University of Vienna, which is considered one of the best schools in Europe.

Lillian Borreson, '20, was married in Green Bay, Wisconsin, June 23rd, 1926, to Carl Leet, of Two Harbors.

Ann Todd, '25, is attending the "U" this fall. Last year she attended Wells and St. Lawrence. She is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority.

Lucile Preston, '25, and Helen Reiley, '25, after spending a year at Carleton, became so lonesome for their U High playmates that they have come back to enter as Freshmen at the University of Minnesota.

Margaret Kepperly, '26, is taking the nurses' training course at Eitel Hospital.

Ross Lee Finney, '24, is very ably upholding the scholastic traditions of U High at Carleton College, not only as a student but also as an instructor, for Ross is teaching a Senior college course in the History of Music.

The U High girl pledges to sororities are:

Virginia Bollinger, Gamma Phi Beta; Virginia Cheney, Delta Kappa; Charlotte Wells, Mary Ada Kelly, Muriel Clark, Margaret

(Continued on Page 32)



Miss Bockstruck: "Can you explain the difference between polo and croquet?"

Luree: "Horses! Horses! Horses!"

\* \* \*

Steve: "Your sunburn's very becoming."

Dan G.: "So's your old tan."

\* \* \*

Miss Inglis (trying to humor judge after overparking twice in same week): "Good morning, Judge. How are you feeling?"

Judge: "Fine—\$15.00!"

\* \* \*

Rhoda Pierce is a good old sort,  
She thinks Rex Beach is a summer resort.

Billy Herrold, the stupid rube,  
Thinks tooth-paste comes in the Hudson tube.

Old Mac Beadie's not quite all there,  
He thinks Julian Street is a thoroughfare.

Glen Fuller, a poor simple gink,  
Thinks a cotton gin is a kind of drink.

Albertine's dumb as the rest, I've heard,  
She thinks a peasant is some kind of a bird.

\* \* \*

Roger H.: "I would go to the end of the world for you."

Helen B.: "Well, it's time you were getting started."

\* \* \*

Donna (in dentist chair): "After I take this gas, how long will it be before I know anything?"

Dentist: "How long since you took gas before?"

\* \* \*

Marg. Williams: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Spud Tucker: "No, who teaches it?"

\* \* \*

Peggy H.: Harlowe certainly is full of pep when dancing, isn't he?"

Madge S.: "Yes, indeed. He's always right up on your toes."

Man (offering Bob Gould a ride home): "Want a lift?"

Bob: "Hm. It looks like rain. I think I'll wait for a closed car."

\* \* \*

Mr. Ebert (teaching Peggy to drive): "Have you got your brake on?"

Peggy: "Oh! Do I have to wear a brake?"

(Continued from Page 30)

Larawa, Delta Delta Delta; Ruth Eckles, Jean King, Alpha Chi Omega; Katherine Niebergall, Eileen Slattery, Helen Struble, Alpha Omicron Pi; Harriet Zelner, Alpha Delta Pi; Frederica Alway, Pi Beta Phi.

James Tyler, '26, has entered Dartmouth as a Freshman this year. He was elected to the University High chapter of the National Honor Society last spring.

Everett Leshner, '26, has entered Carleton as a Freshman.

U High has five former girl students who have decided to obtain their college degrees in the East:

Jane Ford and Elizabeth Lang, '26, have become popular young Freshmen at Milwaukee Downer this year.

Edith Zimmer, '26, is attending Goucher College in Baltimore this fall.

Hermion Wheaton, '25, after one year at the University, left for Smith College where she will enter as a Sophomore.  
Mass.

Mary Mabel Todd, '26, is attending Kendall Hall at Salem,

Ruth Eckles, '21, is attending the "U" and taking a post-graduate course. At Carleton College, where she obtained her B. A. degree, she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic society.

### Assemblies

We are going to have a treat at our assembly, October 20, for Walter Speakman, thought to be one of the greatest actors ever produced at the University of Minnesota, will give some readings. At the Armistice Day assembly Mr. Albert Parker Fitch of Carleton College will speak.

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