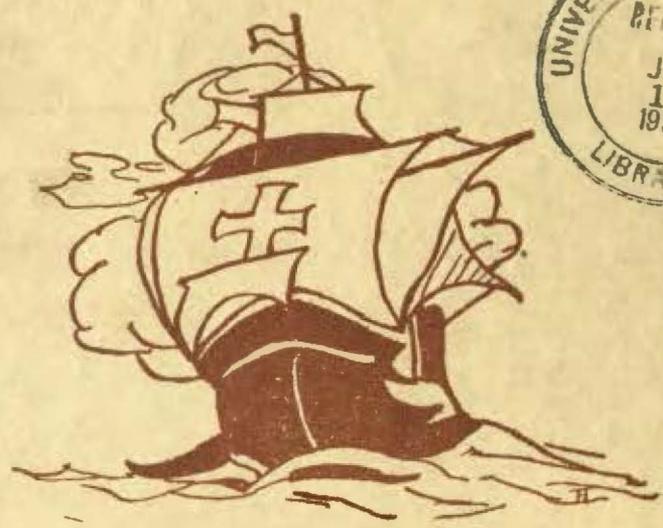


Vol 9 compl.

The  
**CAMPUS  
BREEZE**  
University High School



*New Year Number*

*January*

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## Table of Contents

	<i>Page</i>
HAPPY NEW YEAR.....	3
THE LITTLE PEARL GOD..... <i>Lois Finger</i>	3
FOOTLIGHT FANCIES..... <i>E. and J.</i>	4
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK..... <i>June Sheridan</i>	5
THOUGHTS ON EATING SHRIMP SALAD..... <i>Ellen Oren</i>	5
THE MISSING LINK..... <i>Helen Bodwell</i>	6
FANTASY..... <i>Ruth Thorshov</i>	7
THE MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE..... <i>Catherine Drackert</i>	9
COMBINATION SALAD..... <i>Ruth McMahon</i>	11
THOUGHTS ON ANCIENT HISTORY..... <i>Anonymous</i>	11
CORRECT ANSWERS..... <i>Andrea Kiefer</i>	12
MAMMOTH CAVE..... <i>Raymond Pepinsky</i>	13
INSIGNIFICANT ARTICLE PROVES INDISPENSABLE..... <i>Henry Clark</i>	15
SPECIMENS OUTSIDE OF BIOLOGY..... <i>Ruth McMahon</i>	16
SPEAKING OF QUEER SUPERSTITIONS..... <i>Nancy Staples</i>	16
WHAT THE MAIL MAN BROUGHT.....	17
IN MEMORIAM.....	19
HONOR ROLL.....	19
EDITORIALS.....	21
CARTOONS.....	22
ORGANIZATIONS.....	23
EXCHANGE.....	28
ALUMNI.....	29
SMILE WITH US.....	30

# The Campus Breeze

VOLUME ~~XI~~ / X

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., JANUARY, 1927

No. 4



"L'an Heureux Nouveau."

"Prosit Neu Jahr."

"Blythen Neuth Bba."

"Veselj Navej Rok."

"Happy New Year."

## The Little Pearl God

In the mysterious gloom of the cave the beady black eyes of the seeress flashed entirely too near the illustrious nose of John Cunningham, wealthy oil magnate. She studied him one long minute through the multi-colored glass she held in her hand; then, much to his discomfiture, she threw back her head and laughed a jeering laugh. She ceased as suddenly as she had begun, and thrusting her face still closer said, in a foreboding tone, "You will dig your own grave," and followed it with a burst of hearty laughter.

Cunningham, white with rage—not unmixed with fear—threw down his dollar and stalked away. Out in the fresh air and sunshine his fears seemed small and insignificant.

Five years later John Cunningham's private yacht was stalled near a deserted island somewhere in the South Seas. Leaving his companions behind, Cunningham started forth in exploration of the island. Much to his delight and surprise, he came upon an ancient temple half buried in ruins. Cunningham's favorite hobby was the collection of queer relics and the prospect of a search in the hidden recesses of the temple pleased him beyond words. He was especially delighted with several little gold idols he chanced to find as he poked energetically about the old ruins with his cane.

Finally he came upon a very dilapidated old stairway and descended it, still intently bent upon securing all the idols possible. Coming to an impassable barrier of ruins, he dug and wormed his way into a little room literally filled with idols of all kinds and descriptions. But most surprising of all was what appeared to be a large pearl ball set in the

darkened ceiling in the middle of the low room. He eagerly sprang for it but it was immovable. He dug feverishly around it with his hands and cane, and the ball grew larger. Yes, it was in the shape of a face—a pearl idol! What luck! He dug farther and still farther until he came to a stone slab. He pulled but it did not budge. As a last resort he placed all his weight on the ball and raised his feet from the floor. It yielded. He strained again—yes, it was coming—but, merciful heavens! He gave an agonizing scream and groped for assistance. A great deafening rumbling filled his startled ears. Cunningham glanced upward and to his distorted senses appeared a pair of beady eyes and flashing teeth jeering at him from the face of the little pearl god. It came closer and with a crash tumbled down as the walls caved in and buried him.

—LOIS FINGER.



### Footlight Fancies

The "Footlight Fancies" frenziedly  
Have been rehearsed, selected.  
We hope you all will come to see  
That which we have perfected.

The tickets sell for scarce a cent.  
Then come, O mob, on pleasure bent.  
The money spent is worth your while.  
You'll pass the time with many a smile.

Three one-act plays will be displayed,  
So buy your tickets 'ere they raid  
The ticket-sellers and consume  
All passes in a mammoth boom.

Not only one-act plays are there,  
But three more acts will make you swear  
You've never seen surpassing show.  
And won't your friends be envious though?

But is there need for envious spite?  
'Tis true, for seats you'll have to fight,  
But there is space at rear of hall  
And standing room provides for all.

—E. AND J.

## All in the Day's Work

She is Scotch—perhaps that accounts for it!

It was Christmas time. For those unfortunates who do not possess cars with which to distribute their gifts, there are but two other ways left—streetcars or “hoofing it.” Of the two latter, the girl had her choice. The weather was dreadful. The sticky snow which melted almost as quickly as it fell, made walking unbearable. Besides it was too far to walk—consequently the street car.

At her first destination, she left a dainty package and proceeded back to the carline. Now comes the Scotch part when this little Miss made all her other stops on one token with the aid of several transfers.

Having boarded an Oak and Xerxes car, paid the token, and received a transfer, there was nothing more to do until she reached Eleventh street. Here, quitting the car, she began a long wait for the Franklin and Eleventh street car. But it came at last, and on this car she exchanged her transfer for a new one. “So far, so good,” thought she. She was headed for “Gabriel Snubbers” at Fifth avenue and Eleventh street. But the car carried her one block too far so she had to walk back. Here she left the most cumbersome of her packages. Having retraced her steps to the carline, she waited for another car which would carry her down Fourth avenue as far as Sixth street. Cedar cars came and went but finally a Glenwood Park car came along. She again exchanged transfers. Her present destination was Second avenue and Sixth street, and here she deposited her third parcel. Waiting for a car that only runs every century isn't exactly fun in such weather. When the Grand and Monroe car came it was indeed welcome. She was getting used to swapping transfers with the conductor, so she did it again. “One o'clock and no lunch,” kept her mind busy during that quarter of an hour ride until she left the car at Fourth street and Central avenue on the East side. Now a casual observer will have noticed a fine new drugstore on the corner, and this is where the girl intended to lunch. That over, she waited a few minutes for a Como car and set out for her final place of visitation—St. Anthony Park.

Every time the girl made a transfer, she chuckled to herself. It really was funny. How many miles had she gone on a single token?

I suppress a desire to chuckle even as I relate this story to you. And you, my friend, may be chuckling at the thought of attempting the same trick. But let me warn you—you'll never succeed unless you are really Scotch.

—JUNE SHERIDAN.

## Thoughts on Eating Shrimp Salad

“Why must the shrimp be sheerly shred?  
It mixes up the heels and head,  
They cannot be distinguishèd,  
It worries me,” the maiden said,  
And took another piece of bread.

—ELLEN OREN.

---

THE BIG SHOW IS ALMOST HERE!

## The Missing Link

As the granddaughter of the late William J. Bowen, I had been going through my grandfather's desk, and tucked away in one of the numerous drawers I found a trinket with a code cleverly concealed in the design.

Never having seen the trinket before I was surprised to find it among my grandfather's papers. My friend Celia and I talked it over and, during this conversation I disclosed the fact that my grandfather's dying words had been, "The bracelet."

"Beatrice, if I were you, I would take this trinket to a cryptographer and see if it doesn't mean something. You can at least be satisfied."

"All right, I'll go the first thing in the morning."

Celia left after awhile and I continued my sorting of Granddad's things.

The next morning I started for the cryptographer's, the trinket secure in my purse. I passed many little shops, one an antique shop, which caught my attention. Gazing into the window, I was startled when I noticed on a silken cord a link in the form of a pendant similar to the one in my purse.

I entered the store and inquired the price of the pendant. Twenty-five dollars, I was informed. Upon leaving the store I wondered if I had been foolish in buying the pendant as I was not even positive that the one I had was of any value.

The cryptographer told me that there must be other links to this bracelet, and if I could find these he would be able to interpret the code. That was all the information I received. I left the place with the intention of finding the clue by night.

Little did I realize that four days would pass before I had found another clue, and this came about at a luncheon at Celia's. During the afternoon I had met and talked with many of the girls. One had attracted my attention more than the others. She was standing a few feet from me when I noticed her ear-rings. I almost gasped aloud, for they were identical with the links I had already found. "How am I going to obtain those ear-rings?" passed through my mind. Upon leaving, I told Celia and she satisfied me by promising to borrow those ear-rings as soon as possible.

Celia called me a few days later to inform me that she had obtained them. I hurried to her house and asked her if she would accompany me. We left immediately for the cryptographer's where I soon hoped to solve the code.

It was a matter of several hours before he had deciphered the links. Great was my surprise to learn that there were secret panels and passage-ways in my home and the links were the key to the passage.

Celia and I, very much excited, rushed home and after several fruitless attempts, found the concealed button which opened the panel, disclosing a long, dark, and narrow passage.

\* \* \*

"Footlight Fancies" is a name,  
That leads us all to certain fame.

After securing a light, we entered and walked what must have been several hundred feet up and down and around corners. We were alarmed at the abrupt ending of the passage. Searching the wall for several minutes, we found a small knob. It took all our combined strength to turn it. The door opened suddenly and we jumped back, startled. A small hole was revealed. Looking into the opening I discovered a heavy steel box which Celia and I carried to the library. As we were placing the box upon the table, it suddenly slipped from our grasp, fell to the floor, the jar causing the cover to fly open and the contents of the box to be scattered over the floor.

A large, legal-sized envelope caught my attention. I hurriedly broke the seals and began reading. Suddenly I gasped! I could hardly believe my eyes. Surely it could not be true!

Celia, who had been occupied with the other papers, on hearing my cry, ran to my side. She, too, could hardly believe what she read, for surely my grandfather, who had been so kind and loving to me could not have been guilty of so horrible a crime as a murder, the confession of which we had just finished reading.

—HELEN BODWELL.

### Fantasy

To heaven the priest his eyes he raised  
And breathed, "Almighty One be praised,  
And show Thy humble servant more;  
Show him Emotion's magic door."

The priest in robes of silk and gold  
Did gaze about when, lo—behold!  
He saw a door of wondrous hue,  
Of crimson, gold, and heavenly blue.

A magic key lay on the ground;  
If in the lock and turned around,  
'Twould ope the door to ruling things,  
Of hearts and souls, the queens and kings.

The priest did ope the door with glee,  
Emotion's door of mystery.  
He stepped within, the ground he kissed.  
He saw a writhing rainbow mist.

The mist did mix and writhe and roll,  
From sky to earth, from pole to pole.  
The colors soon strange shapes assumed,  
Strange shapes and colors brightly bloomed.

A flaming lake of Anger seethed,  
While pungent smoke above it wreathed,  
And serpents, green with glittering eyes,  
Of Jealousy, did sink and rise.

---

WHEN? JANUARY 28TH!

Black forests stood around the lake;  
 A haunt of Evil it did make,  
 While from all flew a yellow streak  
 Of Cowardice, so pale, so weak.

The priest in terror stood spellbound,  
 And then the scene did whirl around  
 To mist again, and stranger forms  
 Unrolled from out the writhing storms.

Six beauteous maidens, fair of face,  
 Did dance and trip with wondrous grace  
 Or walked with stately goddess mien,  
 Their robes of silk, a rippling sheen.

Shy, blushing Love in rose-hued gown  
 And Joy in gold, tripped light as down.  
 Then purple Pride with face serene  
 Walked with Compassion's snow-white queen.

Sweet Sacrifice, celestial blue,  
 With eyes raised to the heav'n's same hue,  
 Did slowly walk; then Sorrow gray  
 Came weeping, sobbing by the way.

The mists once more did mix and roll  
 From earth to sky, from pole to pole.  
 A sudden blast of wind roared by  
 And swept the mists from earth to sky.

The wondrous door did vanish, fade  
 To fancy wherefrom it was made,  
 The priest alone stood wrapped in thought.  
 The object won which he had sought.

—RUTH THORSHOV.




---

On the stage with unmatched skill,  
 We'll entertain you with a will,

## The Mysterious Adventure

My friend from London, Thomas Baron, who had been ordered to Spain for his failing health, requested me to accompany him, which I did, because I, too, needed a change of climate badly. We stayed at the famous mountain resort on the Guadalquivir river in southwestern Spain.

One day, being bored with the monotonous life of the hotel, we resolved to brave the dangers of the uninhabited mountains. After walking about two hours, I became aware of the fact that it was growing dark, and called Baron's attention to it. We started back but soon realizing that we could not reach the resort that night, we tried to find a safe place to sleep. Presently Baron uttered a cry of relief as he pointed to a light about fifty feet away. We immediately started for it and found it to be that of a cabin. We knocked, and after being given a careful scrutiny by the owner, were admitted. There was but one room, with a very low ceiling. The furniture consisted of a bed, a cot, two chairs, a table, and a lamp, all apparently having been made by an unskilled carpenter. There were two decorations, a picture and a shamrock, which showed the native country of our host. The picture was that of a beautiful girl who had dark brown eyes and wavy black hair. Her pretty mouth and chin showed that she was very firm in all she did or said, but not too firm to be sweet. On it was written the name "Colleen." All this I saw, while Baron explained our plight to the man whose name we later learned was Kennedy. He immediately prepared for us some supper and a bed, which, at the moment, we appreciated much more than we had our comfortable compartment at the hotel. Kennedy then invited us outside to have a smoke, and since we all wanted to become better acquainted, we eagerly accepted his invitation.

It was delightful outside. The cool air was very bracing. Nature couldn't have shown her beauty in a more fitting manner or at a better time. The full, red moon was just rising, and the tall mountains were whispering their love to the stars. We could hear the ripple of the Guadalquivir below us and it seemed to add beauty to the scene.

"But how did you happen to settle here?" Baron asked suddenly. I, too, had wondered that, but did not dare to ask, as there seemed to be something of mystery about the place.

"Ah, that is a long story, because it involves my whole life," answered Kennedy. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Do tell about it," we both chimed, for it was very interesting to us indeed to know what would lead a man to settle in the mountains, so far from all civilization.

Kennedy, after a long whiff at his meerschaum, resumed, "My father was a jolly old Irishman who was lovable and conscientious, but had a deep liking for liquor. While on his sprees, which occurred far too often for the good of his family, he showed none of his good traits. My dear mother, to whom I owe all that is good in me, was the bread winner of the family. It is sad but true that I inherited my father's greatest weakness—a liking for liquor. When I was about twenty-five years of age, I met and fell in love with a beautiful girl,

---

WHERE? MUSIC AUDITORIUM!

Colleen O'Brien, some five years my junior. I had managed to control my passion while courting her, but by accident, one evening, she discovered me when I was drunk. That, indeed, is a seemingly trivial occurrence, but it ruined my whole life. She declared she could never marry a drunkard. I tried to win her back by promises and threats, but in vain. At last, despairing, I bade farewell to my parents, and went to Paris, where I thought I could smother my unhappiness in cabarets. I soon learned that I could not, however, and drifted to Germany, and from there to Italy. Finding no peace in those countries, I went to Spain, and hence my strange dwelling."

Kennedy's story was very interesting but pathetic, and I felt very sorry for him. Baron, too, who had heard of the victims of similar cases numerous times, felt very sorry about it. We all sat still for a long time. Then my eyes fell on an impressive mansion on the slope of a mountain across the river. The moon provided wonderful light. It was tall and stately with creamy walls and an orange roof; its sides were covered with vines and roses and the whole building had once seen the care of loving hands, I thought.

"That is the old convent of St. Catarina, but it has long been deserted," said Kennedy, very excitedly. "It has been a source of annoyance to me for several months. As I was exploring its vast rooms, one night I heard a strange noise. I listened and it seemed to become more weird minute after minute. I became rather nervous, at last, since I knew that no human being beside myself had set foot in the old convent for years. Determined to find the cause of such a foreign sound, I started for the room from which it came but had to go through a long hall at the end of which was a window. Just as I was about to enter the room, I uttered a cry of joy and fear, for there was my Colleen, dressed in a nun's garb, looking at me in silence. Although I was happy to see her, I was afraid of her, so I ran out and have not entered the building since. And now, gentlemen, what do you think of my experience?"

Neither Baron nor I answered him immediately for the suddenly told story bewildered us. At last, Baron, who was not easily convinced of such stories, said, "Let us go to the convent tomorrow night and solve the mystery." To this I readily agreed and, although Kennedy did not seem very anxious about it, he did not object, so we planned to go the next night. We soon retired in order to be fully rested for the next night's mysterious adventure.

The next day passed quickly and at five o'clock that evening we all started to find what Fate would bring us. The moon appeared once more in the sky, and by the time we reached the convent, it was high in the heavens. We started to explore room after room, but on the third floor we were more cautious because it was there the strange event occurred. We entered the room Kennedy was in when he first heard the noise and again the old man listened and became ghastly white. Baron and I heard nothing, though, and proceeded to the hall with Kennedy fast at our heels. He suddenly screamed and pointed toward the window. What do you think we saw? Not the beautiful nun, but the statue of St. Catarina, the patron saint of the nunnery. To poor old Kennedy it had brought the vision of his lost Colleen.

—CATHERINE DRACKERT.

## Combination Salad

There was "Moonlight on the Ganges." "In My Gondola," "Blue Eyed Sally" was telling me she would be "Lonesome and Sorry" when I went away.

She said, "'Remember' 'I Love You' and will 'Always.'"

Then that "Sweet Child" raised her "Baby Face" to mine and said, "Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Yah, Huh?" I did and said, "I Never Knew How Wonderful You Were." Then I told her that "Sometime, Someday I'd Come Back." I held her in my arms and bade her farewell.

I wrote fair Sally and said, "I'm Lonely Without You!" I'm pining "For My Sweetheart." But, "Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals"—"My Sweetie Turned Me Down."

In "Barcelona" I met a "Sleepy Time Gal," "Valencia," who was sad because she had broken up with "Red Hot Henry Brown." It was a "Silent Night" "In the Riviera." There were "Moonlight and Roses" which brought back "Memories."

I was "A Dreamer of Dreams" and I said, "'Let's Talk About My Sweetie,'" but she said, "Oh, 'Animal Crackers,' 'I Love You,' 'Save Your Sorrows,' and 'Tell Me You Love Me.'"

I thought, "What'll I Do?" One brief glance at the slight "Five Feet Two" figure by me and I said, "'Let Me Call You Sweetheart' and 'I'd Love to Call you Sweetheart.'" So we built "Just a Cottage Small By a Waterfall" on the "Tamiami Trail" near the "Bam Bam Bammy Shore" and in our garden of "Hearts and Flowers" we sang, "'Love's Old Sweet Song,'" while our pet mouse, "Katinka," alone in her sorrow, sang "I Miss My Swiss."

—RUTH McMAHON.

## Thoughts on Ancient History

Ah me—'tis sad—Themistocles,  
Pisistratus and Clisthenes  
Why must it be  
You are to me  
A mere conglomeration?

Much midnight oil on you I burn  
At crack of dawn to you I turn  
You still remain  
To me,—insane,  
A mere conglomeration.

—ANONYMOUS.

---

It's truly great, no one can doubt.  
The critics say, 'tis best that's out.

**BRING YOUR PARENTS!**

## Correct Answers

Since a seven has taken the place of a six in the date at the upper right hand corner of our English papers, it might be well and proper to start the New Year by preparing a few suitable remarks by way of answering those innumerable questions that were invented merely to annoy one.

One question which is very common and is asked upon the victim's arising and taking a step in some direction, "Where ya going?" Perhaps the best answer up to the year 1927 was—"Crazy. Want to go along?"—but I have discovered a better one. The other day while I was waiting for a streetcar, four little girls were romping in the snow on the corner lot. One of them suddenly stopped and addressed a man carrying a suitcase who was coming down the street, "Say, where ya going?"

Without the trace of a smile the man answered, "To London to see the Queen."

Absolute silence.

How's that? Neat—eh what?

To that murderous accomplice query, "Are you hurt?" clench hands and lower eyebrows, lips placed in a hundred and eighty degree angle, to say, "No, but you will be before the next few minutes." No doubt this reply will frighten your tormenter into obsequious apology.

Quoting from "Tin Hats"—

"Have an accident?"

"No, thanks, just had one!"

Sometimes, to the enlightening accompaniment of explanation, this question is asked, "Say, what's the answer to this problem?" The most fitting reply I have ever heard was, "The answer to *your* problem will be easily found under the word *indolent* in Webster's Book of Knowledge."

A most unbearable question was cleverly answered by this incident:

An artist was sketching a beautiful view on Niagara Falls when an inquisitive visitor approached and asked, "What are you doing?"

Now if it had been you or I upon whom an answer depended, we would most likely have said scathingly, "Oh, nothing much."

But the artist merely glanced up calmly and replied, "My friend, whisper a secret into the ear of a friend and you shout it in the ears of the whole world!"

Yet—and please pay close attention to this—if you are asked this question—however annoying it may seem to you—"Won't you please write something for the Breeze this month?" instead of throwing all your originality and individuality into the sauce to concoct a suitable dodge, believe me, the most fitting, most agreeable answer should be, "Surely, I will." In the long run this will save others from hearing equally annoying questions from your lips, such as, "Why is the Breeze late in coming out?" and "Why do the same people always contribute to the Breeze?"

—ANDREA KIEFER.

---

For miles around the people come,  
And, by our art, are stricken dumb.

## Mammoth Cave

To describe Mammoth Cave one cannot escape intensive adjectives and superlatives. Marvelous, magnificent, unsurpassed seem tame in the face of this great natural wonder of the world.

Mammoth Cave is situated near Bowling Green, Kentucky, on the beautiful Green River, in the heart of the bluegrass country of good old Kentucky. This region is traversed by all sorts of natural caves, and every bluegrass farmer has some sort of cave on his premises, to use as a giant icebox to store his dairy products and other things.

The cave owes its discovery to a certain hunter, Houchins, as the story has it, who pursued a bear he had wounded to its lair, a small crevice in the limestone rocks. He investigated the den and found that it opened into a cavern which extended back into the ground seemingly without end. He acquainted others with his discovery, and the cave soon became famous in Kentucky annals. It was first used for mining saltpetre for gunpowder in the war of 1812, and even now one can see the immense vats where the saltpetre was mined and the great long pipes lying across the floor, long, thick logs with holes bored down the center.

It seems strange that this great natural wonder is not more heard of in other parts of the United States outside of Kentucky, but this is due to the restrictions of a curious will on file in Louisville, which provides that the Mammoth Cave estate, including the caves, hotels, and two thousand acres of land, be left practically unchanged until the death of the last of the original life tenants, and then the estate is to be sold at a public auction. It was owned by three Grogan sisters of Louisville, of whom but one is yet living, and at her death the government is planning to take it over. The fact is, the budget gave the government enough to keep it up, but nothing to buy it with, and matters are so complicated that some kind-hearted millionaire citizen will have to buy it and make the government a present of it before it can be made into a national park!

Mammoth Cave is an underground world, with dells and grottoes, mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes with the famous blind fish, pits and domes, cascades, and long beautiful halls and avenues. The cave has five different levels and over a hundred miles of explored territory, but not more than ten miles of it can be seen by the tourists because of the numerous crawlways and dangerous pits, of some of which the terrific depth is unknown. The sightseeing is divided into four routes, varying in duration from three or four hours to eight or ten hours, and each route has an especially famous feature to see. The temperature always remains the same, 54 degrees, and in the invigorating atmosphere one can scarcely get tired, even after an all-day tour.

The first route is an especially popular one because it does not take long to go over and it gives one a very generalized idea of the cave. The many deep pits and the great lofty domes make the route known as the Pits and Domes Route. The "lion" of this route, however, is the world-renowned subterranean river, Echo River.

Echo River is on the fifth level of the cave, three hundred and sixty feet underground. The half-mile ride over its clear waters is one

---

**SEATS ARE LIMITED!**

of the most unique experiences in all the world and can never be duplicated. It is here that the famous blind fish are found, blind because there is no use for sight in this kingdom of eternal darkness. The whole river is one vast resonator. The lofty roof, the ancient battlement shores, and every crack and crevice answer with slightest sound, sending it back intensified a thousand times, blended into one volume of glorious harmony. Nowhere on the earth or within it, can such a rich tone be heard.

A thing which appealed to me very much was the giant corkscrew exit from the fifth level up to the first, over three hundred feet in sheer height. It was a narrow "hole" in the limestone rock, winding from level to level in true corkscrew manner, with short, rude ladders over the slippiest spots and across the many crevices and abysses where you could look down and see a few lagging couples climbing up, fifty or a hundred feet below. It seemed incredible that such a marvelous natural staircase could be found beneath the surface of the earth.

The second route is entirely on the first level. It is here that we can see the old saltpetre vats used in the war of 1812. Some of the other noted features are the Methodist Church, Gothic Avenue, Pillars of Hercules, Annetta's Dome, Martha Washington's Statue, and last but not least, the Star Chamber.

The Star Chamber is an immense long gallery, over thirty feet high, tapering down at one end to a very even, six-pointed, star-shaped hole in the curious undulated onyx formation, about eight feet across. The Star Chamber is one of the many places in Mammoth Cave where one is humbled and impressed by the splendor of the cave.

The third route is about twice as long as the other two. It passes into one of the biggest chambers in the cave, Chief City, through the Grand Portal, into one of the most beautiful scenes in Mammoth Cave, Violet City! This is about two hundred and fifty feet long and a hundred and twenty-five feet wide. The upper central part of the hall is crowned by three masses of Fluted White Onyx, glittering with exquisite crystals, called the Chimes. The right wall is decorated with pure white formations and the left is coated with a rich Brown Onyx. At the lower end is the most gorgeous display of all, the Marble Temple. It is a grand cascade of all-colored Onyx, a dazzling manifestation of beauty, not to be again found the world over. The Marble Temple will always remain in the minds of those who have once seen it, as a symbol of all that is beautiful.

The last route is very long, but it takes in some of the greatest scenes in the cave. It is a trip down Echo River, and on into the more distant parts of the cave, to some of the crystal formations of which comparatively little has been seen in the other routes. The Valley of Flowers, Mary's Vineyard, the Lunch Room, the lovely Snowball Room, and at last Cleaveland Avenue, considered the most wonderful of all the cave scenes. Of Cleaveland Avenue Hovey's Manual says, "It has a marvelous beauty peculiar to its own. Wall and ceiling everywhere are decorated by mimic leaves and flowers, in infinite variety of form.

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The old and young, the rich and poor,  
Will dote on it you may be sure.

There is hardly a plant known to botany that does not find its counterpart here, but roses, camellias and chrysanthemums are the most common varieties. In many parts of this treasure of crystals there is not a space as large as your hand that is not decorated by dazzling blossoms."

How I dream it all over again and long for another visit to these incredibly beautiful marvels.

—RAYMOND PEPINSKY.

## Insignificant Article Proves Indispensable!

Most of the work of the Physics class for the month of December consisted in giving talks on various questions pertaining to Physics. Naturally, none of the students was a Webster; the best talkers were very self-conscious, and anything for the speaker to toy and play with to relieve his mind from his subject was eagerly sought. Many common articles around the room were employed to meet this demand. One of the most popular was a small bar of iron painted black with a screw clamp at each end. This is endorsed by Mr. Emmet Field, noted authority on Westinghouse air brakes for freight cars, Mr. Harlowe Gieseke, of renown for his knowledge of steam engines, Mr. Roger Hayes, expert on telling how the new Stutz hydraulic brakes work and why you should own a Stutz, and lastly, but not leastly, Mr. Wendell Johnson, famous historian, alchemist, physicist, and mathematician who knows all about Galileo's falling bodies experiments.

Mr. Field confused the audience for a few moments by fumbling with the laboratory clamp at the beginning of the air brake talk. Everyone thought it was a little miniature air brake. The class was also slightly confused when Mr. Hayes succumbed to the desire to turn those bewitching little screws and doo-dads on it. The class thought that certainly this time they must be listening to an illustrated talk.

Mr. Malcolm (alias Mutt) Manuel, however, seems to prefer a piece of chalk. His method is as follows: Take the piece of chalk in the right hand and toss it lightly into the air. When it comes down fool it and catch it by balancing it on the back of your hand. Repeat this until through your talk or until the audience commences to get bored. If so, stop this little trick and entertain them by tossing the chalk over the right shoulder and the head, catching it in front of you. "Though this latter is a splendid trick, I prefer the first one to distract my audience and to help them overlook my many technical errors," said Mr. Manuel when interviewed recently.

We must admit Malcolm is a clever lad.

HENRY CLARK.

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GET YOUR TICKETS NOW!

## Specimens Outside of Biology

The other morning, I had an enlightening conversation with the grocery boy. He looked as if he had lost his equilibrium, but nevertheless I demanded, "Where did you go to school?"

He regained his perpendicular after making an almost fruitless attempt at balancing a dozen eggs in one hand and a sack of flour in the other. He gathered enough courage from this feat to reply, "I go to school at Chaska."

I had a dim recollection of having heard that name somewhere in the past. I then volunteered a bit of information that caused him to give me such a voluminous narration, that, when it was all over, I was led to believe that Chaska must have been a special ward of Saint Peter.

My fatal sentence was, "I attend U High."

He looked at me in surprise, and this is what he told me. "Your school is most extraordinarily beautiful. I never saw so many towers and big rooms. Your school must have been modeled after some very famous medieval castle."

I listened to this especially interesting "specimen" before me, partly in amusement and partly out of pity. By this time the eggs were in extreme danger.

He went on to say, "You have the largest basketball floor I ever hope to play on."

"That's it! We played Chaska in basketball. Then everything dawned on me—the Armory, of course.

—RUTH McMAHON.

## Speaking of Queer Superstitions!

Last summer while Dr. McKelway of New York was reading "Kim" by Kipling, he noticed especially this incident. A boy took sick on the train and his parents disguised him as a girl in an attempt to save his life. A few weeks after reading this, Dr. McKelway was called to the death-bed of a woman in New York; After her death, he was told that her name had been changed three times while she was sick.

Seeing the resemblance of this incident and that in "Kim," Dr. McKelway wrote to Kipling to tell him of it. Kipling answered his letter by telling him this third variation of the same superstition. While in Southern Africa he was talking to a native who called his attention to a very odd-appearing grave. It had no marker and there was a path leading straight across it. This path led to a large and impressive monument a few feet beyond. The friends of the man—this native told Kipling—had placed the path over his grave because he had been wicked, and they hoped to deceive the Death Angel by leading him over the grave.

Of course this all seems very foolish to us, but here are three entirely separate examples of the same custom, and they are each in a different part of the world. And isn't it queer how men think that they can fool the Angel of Death by merely changing a name or putting a path across a grave?

—NANCY STAPLES.

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This show will thrill you through and through  
And not a moment will you rue.

## What the Mail Man Brought

Dec. 10, 1926.

To the Students of University High School:

One of the greatest pleasures I have this year is to hear from members of the faculty or student body of the University High School and to know about the continued progress and success of the school. The football team has had an excellent season. The reverberations of the Homecoming re-echoed in the canyons of New York city streets. The issues of the Campus Breeze have been splendid. The spirit of the school has never been finer. Every letter I have tells of some new achievement. I congratulate you upon your continued record of success. It means greater progress, finer achievements and a more splendid record throughout the remainder of the year.

It has often been my wish this fall that I might be able to step into the corridor and see you all. But my regret at not being with you has been tempered by the fact that you are having the privilege of knowing Mr. Turney. Your friendship for him and support of his fine leadership is ample evidence of your appreciation of this opportunity.

Sincerely,

*Charles W. Boardman.*

9 Garnisongasse F,  
Vienna,  
November 19.

Dear Art:

It was certainly a great pleasure to receive the Campus Breeze at a time that I would have "walked a mile," as it were, to hear any news from Minneapolis. Although I was a bit disappointed to find that it had been changed from the newspaper back to a magazine, I wish to congratulate . . . the staff on the wonderful success it has made of it.

Here in Austria, in the high schools (or middle schools, as they are called) there are no extra-curricular activities such as a school magazine. The course is eight years and during this time the students must take at least four years of Latin, Greek and Mathematics and must learn one or two other modern languages, such as French or English, perfectly. They simply don't have any time for sports or magazine work as they must study eight or ten hours a day. Most of them study English which is shown by the fact that most of the students at the University speak English quite well.

Kindly give my best regards to Miss Inglis and my other friends.

Sincerely,

FRANKLIN E. BISSELL.

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IT'S A WOW!

Extract from a Letter to Miss Inglis from James Tyler, '26,  
Now Attending Dartmouth College

I understand that you voted to make the Campus Breeze a magazine. I believe that to be best. I wish you a successful year, and hope you get more good stories than were received while I was on the staff.

If you ever wish to visit a *real college* come to Dartmouth. We may not have the beautiful buildings of Harvard or Princeton, but our natural setting is more beautiful. The college is surrounded on all sides by high hills covered with trees. I have never seen anything prettier than the hills when the trees were colored.

You should see me parading around in my little green cap. It perches on the back of my head like I don't know what. It is some drop from a high and mighty senior to a lowly freshman. The upper-classmen tell us that they have hopes that we will grow up. They are encouraging anyway. You would think we were a bunch of babies going around in rompers.

At the beginning of the year there was Delta Alpha initiation for freshmen. We had to perform tricks, carry trunks, beat rugs, and everything else that could be thought of. We had to learn the following prayer and repeat it every time we entered a dormitory:

"O God, who beams with joy upon the class of '29 and hides his face in shame at the moist '30, we, little scabs of the great 1930 fester, do beseech as we enter the facade of great and glorious North Mass. that our unworthiness will make us so humble that our puny frames will shiver with fear and our toddling feet will refuse to track because of Sophomoric holiness about us. Help us to realize that our importance in this dormitory is like unto the warts on the lowly toad, bearable but undesirable. Help us to so respect our superiors that our crouching hunks of quivering flesh may be tolerated. In the name of all-powerful '29 we ask this. Sunk-us, hunk-us, bunk-us." Amen.

I believe the person who wrote the above masterpiece is going to miss his calling if he does not become an author or an English teacher. Please remember me to the members of the faculty whom I knew.

Sincerely,

JIM H. TYLER, '30.

P. S. '30 is my degree.

To "Wonderland" you'll think you've strayed  
Like Alice as the book has said. (Poetic license.)

"Footlight Fancies" glooms dispel,  
Ennui and weary cares repel.

Our spirits to the clouds will soar,  
When we shall hear your friendly roar.

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WE'LL SEE YOU THERE!

## In Memoriam

U High students were shocked to hear of the sudden death of their former instructor, Frances Hollenbeck Beckel, at Fargo, North Dakota, on December fourteenth.

Mrs. Beckel, while at University High School, organized the first glee club and directed our first musical production, "The Bosn's Bride." She came to us at the beginning of the winter quarter of 1925 to fill the place left vacant by Mrs. Swain's resignation. Although she was only with us for two quarters, she won the love and respect of every one who worked with her.

The following winter Miss Hollenbeck was married to Arthur C. Beckel and they made their home for a while in Rochester, Minnesota. At the time of her death they were living in Fargo, where he was a professor of chemistry at the University of North Dakota.

A great poet has said, "When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

In the life she spent among her pupils, she waked the spirit of music in many hearts, and the echo of that music will not pass, but will ever remain a part of the lives of those who came within her influence.

The faculty and students of the University High School wish to extend their sympathy to her family and many friends.

### Honor Roll

#### Final Mark for Fall Quarter, 1926-7

##### All A's

Finger, Lois  
Kiefer, Andrea

Myers, Marjorie  
Ramsdell, Betty

##### All A's and B's

Armstrong, Anne  
Armstrong, Jane  
Beyer, Lynn  
Clark, Henry  
Erickson, Marguerite  
Gold, Marion  
Heck, Eleanor  
Hynes, Patty  
Kittoe, Caroline  
Lampland, Arthur  
Levine, Bessie

McClintock, Ruth  
Pepinsky, Minerva  
Pepinsky, Raymond  
Rasmussen, Theodore  
Rosendahl, Fred  
Rowley, Adelaide  
Staples, Nancy  
Washburn, Winifred  
Wildes, Helen  
White, William  
Webster, Helen

##### B Average

Canfield, Margaret  
Carpenter, Eleneta  
Couper, Elizabeth Ann  
Finney, Marion  
Francis, Barbara  
Gleckman, Florence  
Goetz, Elizabeth  
Gortner, Aiken

Johnson, Wendell  
Larson, Lorna  
Robertson, Maryls  
Smith, Evelyn  
Swendson, Lyman  
Tallmadge, Margaret  
Thorshov, Ruth.

# The Campus Breeze

VOLUME XI

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., JANUARY, 1927

No. 4

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FROM OCTOBER TO JUNE

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## The Campus Breeze Editorial Policy

- To augment and encourage school spirit.
- To support responsible and worth-while extra-curricular activities.
- To uphold the faculty in their efforts to develop the school
- To support any encouragement of higher endeavor in the pursuit of knowledge.
- To encourage literary talent among the students.

## A New Year's Resolution

Vacations are enjoyable times. First of all, they afford rest, usually by way of a change from the regular routine. That is the primary purpose of a vacation.

When vacation is spoken of, the idea of laxity from duty accompanies it. To many this is not the case, for along with vacation comes hard work, oftentimes harder than school work, but of a different nature. Yet this change is no less a vacation than loafing. But vacations as we think of them are recesses from school attendance.

Vacations are very necessary things. Almost always do they fulfill to some extent their purposes. We have just returned from our Christmas vacation and have all enjoyed the change. For some going to school is a continuous vacation. They seem little concerned whether they do any more during the year than barely squeeze through. To others quite the opposite is true. They buckle down and get to work as soon as vacation is over and do their very best to see how much they can really accomplish during the year. This is only fair to themselves and those who are putting them through school to give them an education that will enable them to go out in the world and face every-day problems squarely.

The success of the quarter just concluded can be measured in a way by the size of the Honor Roll appearing elsewhere in this issue. Almost every one has done his or her best. To gain a place on the Honor Roll means a great deal and to maintain it means still more.

Therefore, just as a matter of justice to ourselves, let us make this New Year's resolution: To do our best in all our work and try to attain and maintain a place on the Honor Roll. Let this be the banner quarter of the year. It can be done. An added stimulus to attain all-round achievement is the National Honor Society. This is a very select group composed of Juniors and Seniors who have attained leadership through constant effort and sincere application and corresponds to the college Phi Beta Kappa. Let's try to put forth our full amount of effort and application and the reward will amply repay us.

## The Dramatic Club Program

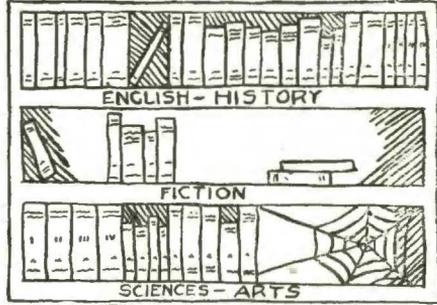
Our Dramatic Club is presenting a varied program in the evening of January 28. This entertainment takes the place of the traditional Senior Vodvil. Instead of having it an exclusively Senior activity it involves the whole Dramatic Club, which includes Juniors as well as Seniors.

To present a superb production requires no end of work. Miss Ertz, Miss Gruetzmacher, and Miss Brown have been holding rehearsals for "The Turtle Dove," "Playgoers," and "The Florist Shop" since long before the close of first quarter. The other specialty acts are being equally well coached and every effort is being put forth to make this a note-worthy event in the history of U high.

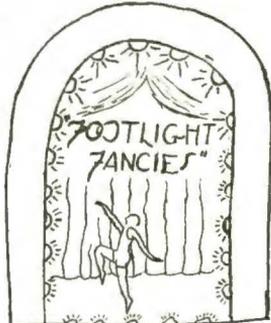
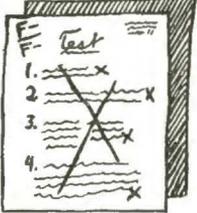
However, the effort put forth by the coaches and the people behind the stage only contributes to the success of the undertaking. To assure absolute success the whole-hearted support of the student body is required. Show your loyalty and school spirit by coming yourself and bringing your friends. It will be well worth your while and will provide keen entertainment.



DID YOU KID HIM ABOUT HIS WHISKERS?



OUR LIBRARY-



A picture of the team trying to get hold of the ONLY basket ball.

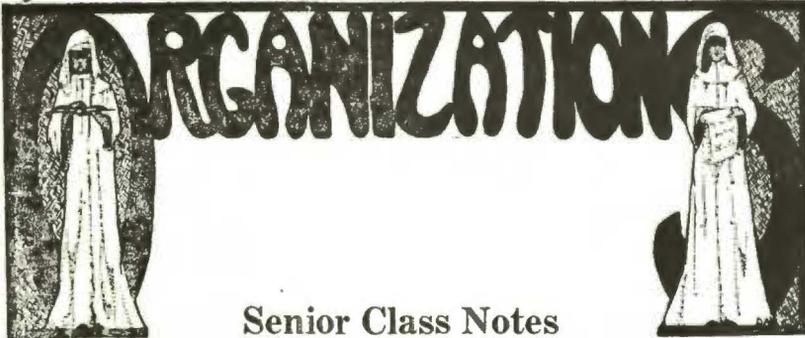
FAMILIAR FRACTIONS.



Swain

WHAT'S WRONG HERE





## Senior Class Notes

Scene—Bank's Studios, Minneapolis

Time—Month of January.

Cast—Members of the Senior Class.

"Say, Har, what was the idea of pulling off that meeting last month and having this done? Oh, how I love the photographers!"

"Well, my word, do you think I'm enjoying myself? Not on your life! But it had to be done, and J. Aaron insisted, so that I thought we might as well get it over with."

"Oh, that's all right, but we all have sure been dreading this moment!"

"Now, listen here, you fellows! I won't take the blame for this. It's not my fault that we have a BISBILA, and you know as well as I do that these pictures have to be taken and that we're going to have 'the best BISBILA ever' this year. So you'll just have to smile sweetly and not worry about the other part (it will be bad enough, goodness knows). But to change the subject, wasn't that some bean feed we pulled off just before school closed?"

"I'll tell the world it was. I heard some Junior say it was much better than theirs."

"Oh, gracious! It must have been someone looking for a quarter—or else a believer in Santa Claus."

"Say, come on out here, you kids. This photographer will be wringing your necks if you don't hurry up and look at his teddy bear. Now, don't laugh too hard."

## Junior Report

We are very proud of our boys for five of them succeeded in making the first squad on the school basketball team. They are: Malcolm Manuel, Doug Erskine, Spud Tucker, Fred Ramer and Cliff Carlson. They are an important cog in the wheel of basketball events.

The girls also are going out for basketball with great enthusiasm and hope to disclose material for the all-star basketball team.

We made a noble effort to make money by having a hot dog sale, but although it proved our class spirit it failed to prove our ability in the business world. However, we hope to do better another time.

We entered into strong competition with the Frosh in Christmas donations, but they came out a little ahead of us. We congratulate them.

The Junior girls are taking a very important part in the activities of the Outing Club. Frozen noses, ears, and feet offer evidence of this.

## Sophomore Class Report

Oo-oof; now that's over for another three months! We squeezed through, all right, but wow, what a jam! Here's hopin' we "know better" next time! Exams always were a nuisance, anyway.

The debating fever has hit us again, but it seems that most of the class are rather immune to it, because very few recruits have caught it. The four debaters of last year's fame, Clifford Menz, Raymond Pepinsky, Marion Gold, and Lee Loevinger, are back in the ranks, and Caroline Kittoe and our old standby, Steve Harris, have come to swell the ranks of the declaimers. It seems to be a rather small turn-out in comparison with last year's epidemic, but

We're the class of '29,  
And when our team's in action,  
We'll clean all comers good and fine  
With speech and declamation!

We regret to hear of the illness of our math teacher and advisor, Miss McGuire, but some compensation is derived from the fact that Mr. Stokes, who is kindly acting as substitute, is drilling us on the method of finding hidden treasures in math. My, what an optimist!

Like everyone, we want to start the new year right, and, of course, the customary resolutions follow. Therefore, with halos above our heads and right hands upraised to the heavens, we utter these words:

"We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, in order that we may retain the glorious rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, ordain the following resolutions, to be complied with as often as possible:

"We, the class of 1929, resolve to place more importance upon our studies than to the numerous, distracting Sophomore class parties, held so frequently throughout the last quarter.

"We, the class of 1929, resolve to consider the other fellow rather than ourselves, and stop winning all the school contests so that the Frosh, Juniors and Seniors can have a slight chance.

"We, the class of 1929, resolve to do our best to abolish exams, and make this school what it should be, a place to learn something, not a place to be told what we don't know.

"Thank you, same to you!"

## Freshman Doings

We DID weather our first exams, and Christmas vacation helped our recovery, but to be faced with six months more of school and two more finals almost caused a relapse. From what upperclassmen told us, we really thought we'd have to take a six months rest cure, but we're still all here!

The freshmen won the contest for getting money for the poor family, too; so we think we really are improving.

## Notice To Parents and Teachers

The regular meeting of the Parent and Teachers' Association will not be held this month. Instead, an extra meeting will be held in the Music Hall of the University of Minnesota Music Building on the evening of January 28, so that all parents and teachers may be present to see the "Footlight Fancies" given by the Dramatic Club of U High. Tickets for reserved seats are on sale at the high school.

## New Projects of the Senate

The serving of one hot dish twice a week at noon in the Home Economics room was the proposal discussed at a December meeting of the Senate. This would primarily benefit the boys since they have the farthest to go at noon. Mr. Turney is behind the Senate in this move. The following committee was elected to take care of it and to look around for a woman to fill the place: Lynn Beyer, chairman; Luree Cheyney, Senior; Margaret Briggs, Junior; Willis Hayes, Sophomore; and Fred Russell, Freshman.

The Senate has also undertaken another project. It is trying to introduce a library board which would take care of checking attendance in the study hall, putting the books away, keeping the room in general good order, and numerous other things which would help Miss Penrose. The library board would probably grow into something bigger in time. This committee will be chosen soon.

## Outing Club

The girls of the University High School are advancing their points for the cup by getting into the Outing Club. If a girl spends one hour each day in any kind of outdoor activity she earns ten points toward the cup. To be a member of this club she must have spent ten hours outdoors, the equivalent of one hundred points. The class that has the largest number of girls in the Outing Club wins. This system has two advantages: first, the girls earn points for the cup; second, they get the fresh air so necessary to good health.

So keep this in mind, and let's see who's going to be the winner.

## Assemblies

On Friday afternoon, December 17, the students of U High frolicked flippantly and frivolously over to the Sunlight at the Union, intending thereby to lift the overshadowing burden of the hard and tedious exam period from their weary minds.

It all began at two-thirty when we were called together for an assembly which was to precede the Sunlight. The entire glee club opened the program by singing two beautiful Christmas carols. Following this the Senior public speaking class gave a Christmas play, "Why the Chimes Rang," in which the cast was as follows:

Steen.....	Glenn Fuller
Holgar.....	Madge Strickler
Uncle Bertel.....	Russell Jurgenson
The Angel.....	Marjorie Jewell
The Old Woman.....	Helen Wildes
The Priest.....	Virginia Fehr

After the play the Boys' Glee Club sang two numbers to conclude the program. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing to George Barton's orchestra, with the only breathing space being when the different classes went out for refreshments.

## What Santa Claus Left

Santa Claus made quite a visit to the abodes of a few of our classmates. Rumors have it that the good old saint got ambitious and slipped in a reinforced steel comb, all nice and shiny, made in his factory at Icy Cape, by his own hands, in the stocking of our own little Marion Gold. It's warranted unbreakable, so here's hoping she'll use it a lot. We also hear that Lee Loevinger got a dictaphone, not in his stocking, because it had to be an especially big size for his use, so he could run it during English period and then listen to it when he got home so that he can hear how he sounds in English, how his "line" sounds to everyone else, and then maybe he will reform. I guess Miss Marlowe and the rest of us will appreciate it! Here's hoping that Don Perry got his doll, poor kid.





## Boys' Athletics

### Swimming

Although the U High swimmers are to meet some of the best teams in the state this year, Captain Steve Barlow is confident that the team will win a majority of its meets. The team is well-balanced, with the exception of the position left vacant by the graduation of Don Bayers, backstroke star. Following is an incomplete schedule of the 1927 swimming meets:

- Jan. 11—U High vs. Johnson High.
- Jan. 15—U High vs. Blake.
- Jan. 22—U High vs. Rochester.
- Jan. 29—U High vs. Shattuck.

### Basketball

With a 13-11 victory over Shakopee already tucked away in their belts, the U High basketball team met the strong Excelsior five, January 7, in the first conference game of the season. Although handicapped this year by lack of weight, Coach Peterson is hoping that clever ball-handling will more than offset this disadvantage. The team showed genuine skill in defeating Excelsior, 12-8.

## Girls' Athletics

Now that we have fully recovered from our holiday exertions we are ready to begin work again. The outcome of the "Outer's Club" has not yet been definitely announced but each class is well represented.

Basketball and volleyball will constitute most of the play hour activities and the respective tournaments will soon be played off. Since the soccer tournaments the girls have been practicing for "U," "H" and "S" tests in apparatus and gym, but now the nimble athletes will respond to the "toot" of the referee's whistle.

In the regular class work, one day is devoted to volleyball, and one to apparatus. In the squad work each girl is able to earn points for herself, and for her class towards the cup. Volleyball has never been played in this school until this year, but the girls are getting more efficient, as they play. We're off! Watch your step.



# EXCHANGE

The Ranger, of Chisholm High School, has an exceedingly well-balanced literary department. There is a very amusing story, called "High C," concerning one Percival Marmaduke Cunningham, his "sax," and several bricks, and how he gained fame and fortune through an accident. The cartoons and illustrations of the Ranger are very expressive and exceedingly well-drawn for a high school magazine.

There is a bit of worth-while philosophy in the following poem taken from the Unionite, of Union High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan:

"The harder you're thrown, why the harder you bounce,  
Be proud of your blackened eye;  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,  
It's how did you fight and why."

The December Gleam, from Johnson High School, St. Paul, had a very clever article, "Johnson Nursery Rhymes," in which the favorite Mother Goose rhymes were revised to suit modern conditions in Johnson High School. The following one is especially appropriate:

"If all the world were history tests,  
And all the sea were ink,  
If all the trees were fountain pens,  
Some poison I would drink."

The students of Wheeling High School, Wheeling, West Virginia, devised a very effective as well as simple way of solving the problem of Christmas charity by inaugurating a "Potato and Apple Day." Every student was requested to bring at least one apple and one potato to school, which were dispensed to various needy families.

The Quest, published by the students of Central High School, Minneapolis, is entirely a literary magazine. The short stories are very well written and the poems are equally good. One especially grotesque story, "The Ring in the Floor," concerned a certain Jules who had escaped the guillotine to a worse fate in darkness and solitude. How he finally escaped, only to meet a horrible death forms the plot of the story. The repetition of the ticking of the clock and the candles going out one by one heighten the gruesome effect.

The Hi-News, of Winona High School, has been recently changed from a paper to a magazine. They are to be congratulated on the success of their first number



## Alumni

The wedding of Florence Robinson, '24, to James A. Runser, graduate and present member of the faculty of the University of California, took place on Christmas Day at her home. Miss Robinson was a former student of the University of Minnesota, where she was a member of Kappa Delta sorority. Mr. Runser was a member of Beta Alpha Psi, Delta Sigma Pi, and Beta Gamma Sigma fraternities. He was a member of the faculty at the "U" last year. Mr. and Mrs. Runser have left for Berkeley, California, where they will make their home.

Frances Hermann, '23, who graduated from MacPhail School of Music, Minneapolis, last spring, recently had charge of a Christmas recital given at the St. Anthony Park Congregational church.

Gertrude Hermann, '25, is now attending Hamline University, after taking a rest at home last year.

Irene Couper, '25, who is a Sophomore at the "U of M," has been pledged to Kappa Delta sorority.

Reiner Bonde, '18, visited "U" High before Christmas. He has been doing agricultural research work in a laboratory at Vermont.

Ruth Lampland, '25, took part in the MacPhail School Piano Recital given Jan. 8th, at the MacPhail auditorium. Ruth played "May Night" by Palmgren and "Tarantelle" by Karganoff.

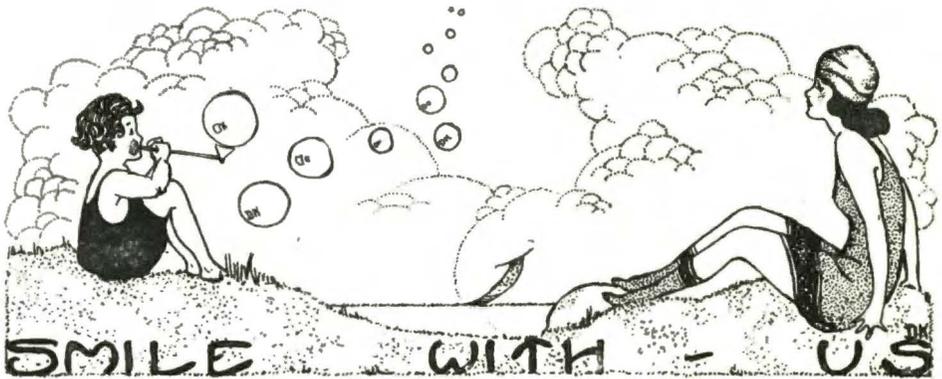
Dave Canfield, '23, as head of the invitation committee, has charge of the distribution of 300 invitations to the Sigma Delta Chi gridiron banquet.

Mildred Borne, '25, is now in Detroit doing stenographic work.

Helen Larson, '25, is studying Home Economics at Stout Institute, Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Cyrus Erickson, '26, is one of the successful candidates for the freshman basketball squad at the University.

Last year's seniors had a number of reunions during Christmas vacation. Mary Mabel Todd, Jane Ford, Elizabeth Lang, Edith Zimmer and James Tyler were all home from Eastern schools. Jane Ford gave a tea at her home, and eight of the 1926 girls had a luncheon and matinee party during Christmas week.



Clifford: "You're three-quarters of an hour late. What do you mean by keeping me standing around like a fool?"

Patty: "I can't help the way you stand."

\* \* \*

A girl often speaks without thinking, but she never thinks without speaking.

\* \* \*

Junkman (at back door): "Any old junk you want to get rid of today, lady?"

Lady: "Yes, come in. My husband will be here in a minute."

\* \* \*

"What is your birthstone?" asked the Freshman.

"Grindstone," replied the Senior.

\* \* \*

Mr. Fuller: "Here, son, is a suit you can't wear out."

Glen: "Then I don't want it. I can't stay in all the time."

\* \* \*

Art Lampland: "I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams."

Alva Swain: "No, I wired him last night."

\* \* \*

"Eleanor Ev.: "So your father is ill. I hope it's nothing contagious."

Fred Metcalf: "So do I. The doctor says he's suffering from overwork."

\* \* \*

Some of the Juniors are good because it pays, but most of them are good for nothing.

\* \* \*

Auntie: "My dear boy, you have grown to be the living image of your father. You have your father's nose, his eyes, his mouth——"

Albert Killeen (gloomily): "Yes, I have his trousers, too."

Bob DeVinny (to taxicab driver): "I say, driver, is your Noah's Ark full?"

Driver: "One monkey short, sir. Jump in."

\* \* \*

Mary baked a little cake,  
To tickle papa's palate.  
He put it on a hickory stick  
And used it for a mallet.

\* \* \*

Peggy Oehler: "If you love work why don't you find it?"

Marvin C.: "Well, yuh know, Peggy, love is blind."

\* \* \*

"I've swallowed my collar button," gasped Herbert.

"Well," responded his wife, "you know where it is anyway."

\* \* \*

Four hours they had been together on her front porch. He sighed. She sighed. Finally: "I wish I had money, dear. I'd travel."

Impulsively she slipped her hand into his. Then rising swiftly, she sped into the house. Aghast he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a token!

\* \* \*

She: "You make love like an amateur."

He: "That's where the art comes in."

\* \* \*

Ellen: "Well, I think I'll repair homeward."

Bob G.: "Oh, you have a used car, too?"

\* \* \*

Then, too, a chapped lip,—ask the man who owns one,—is not all it's cracked up to be.

\* \* \*

Bill: "Was your girl surprised when you called on her unexpectedly?"

Gil: "Yes, so was the guy that was with her."

\* \* \*

The real trouble with the youth of today is that they were out all of the night before.

\* \* \*

He: "Do you draw?"

She: "Oh beautifully!"

He: "Then draw nearer."

\* \* \*

Ruth rode in my new cycle car  
In the seat in back of me.  
I took a bump at fifty-five  
And rode on ruthlessly!

\* \* \*

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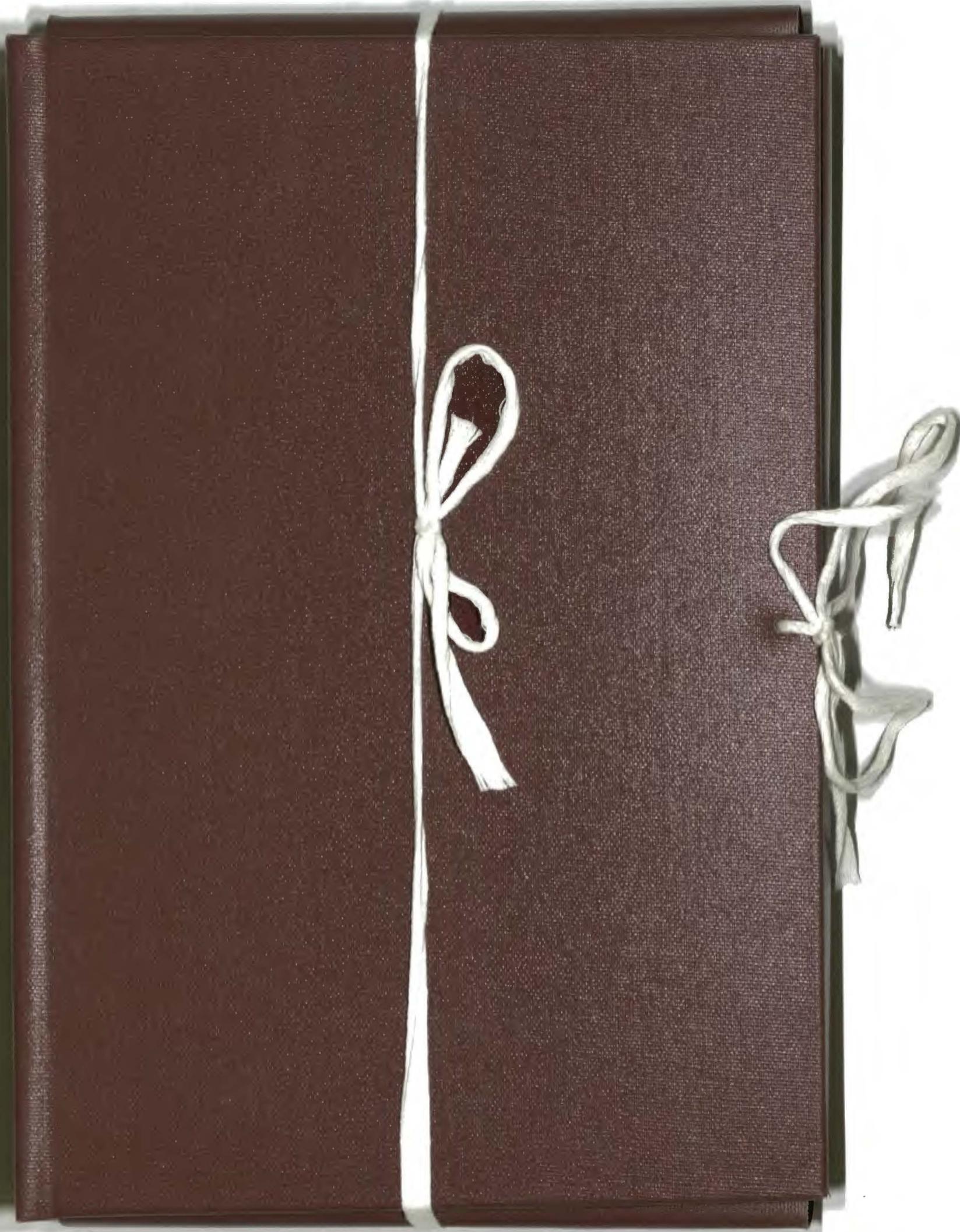
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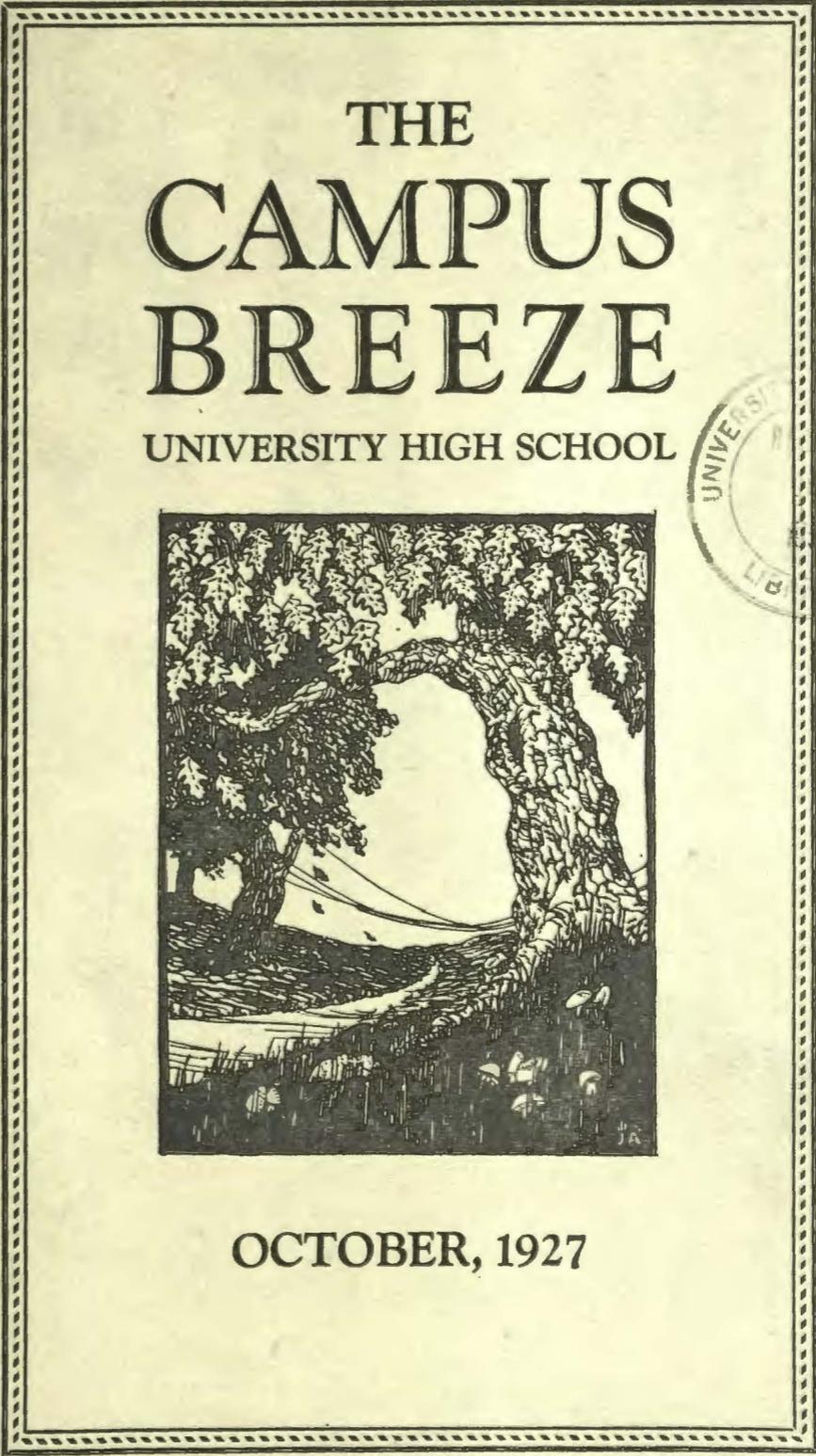
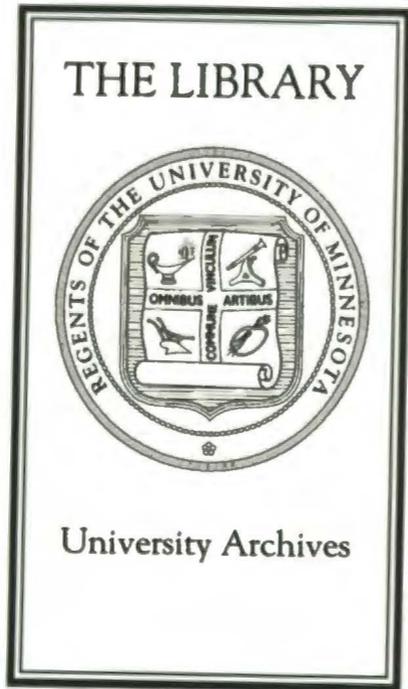
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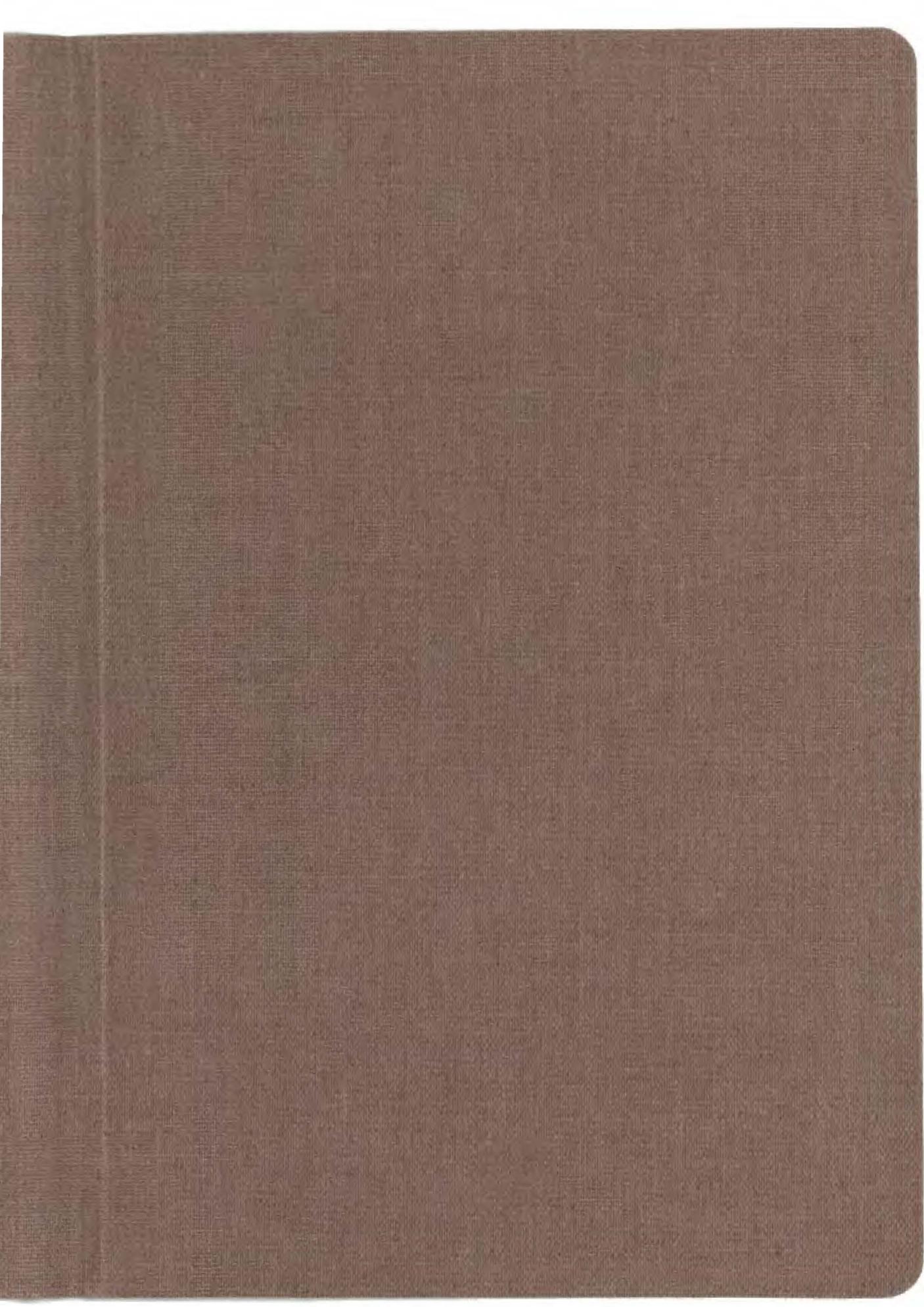


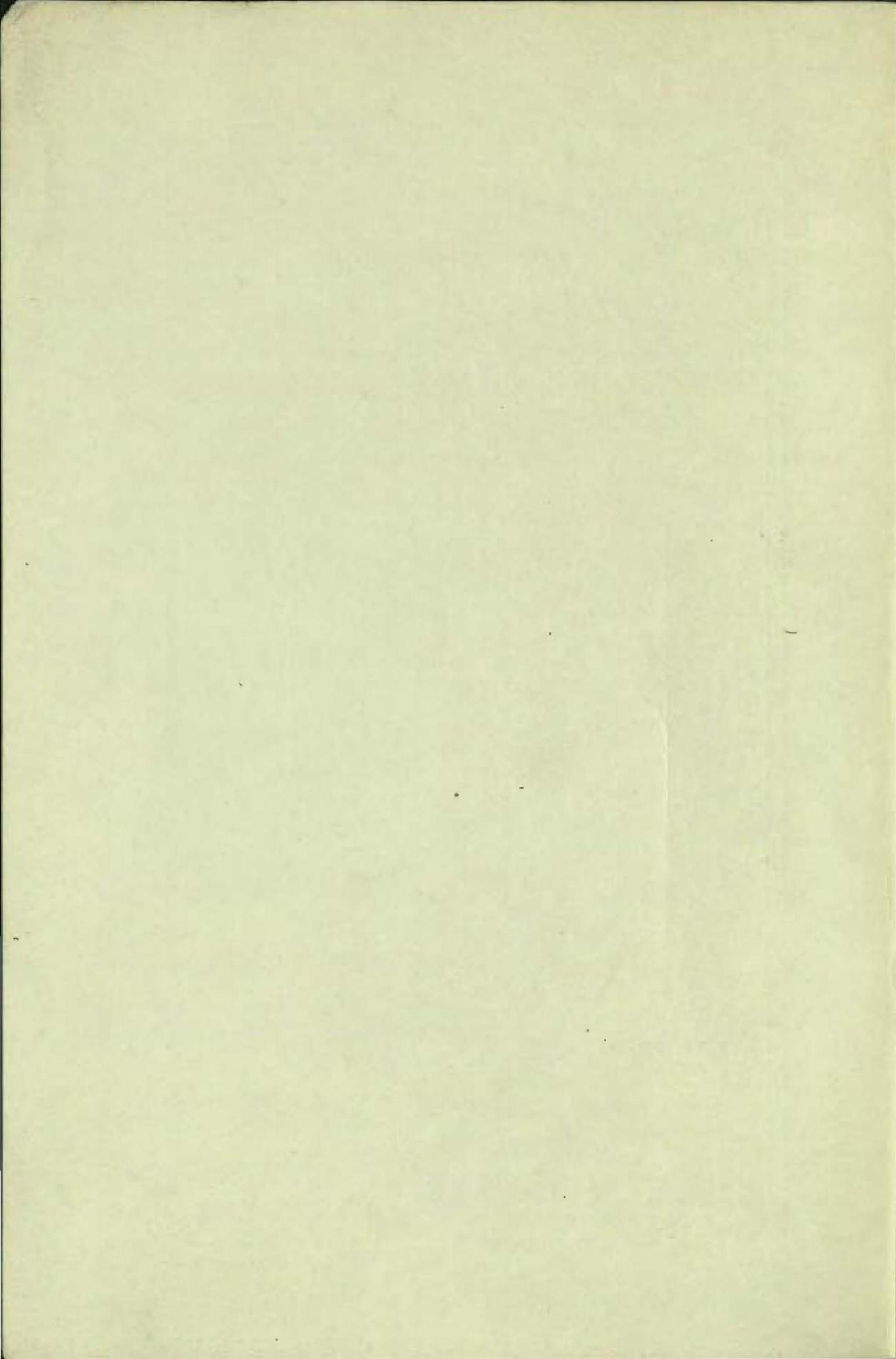
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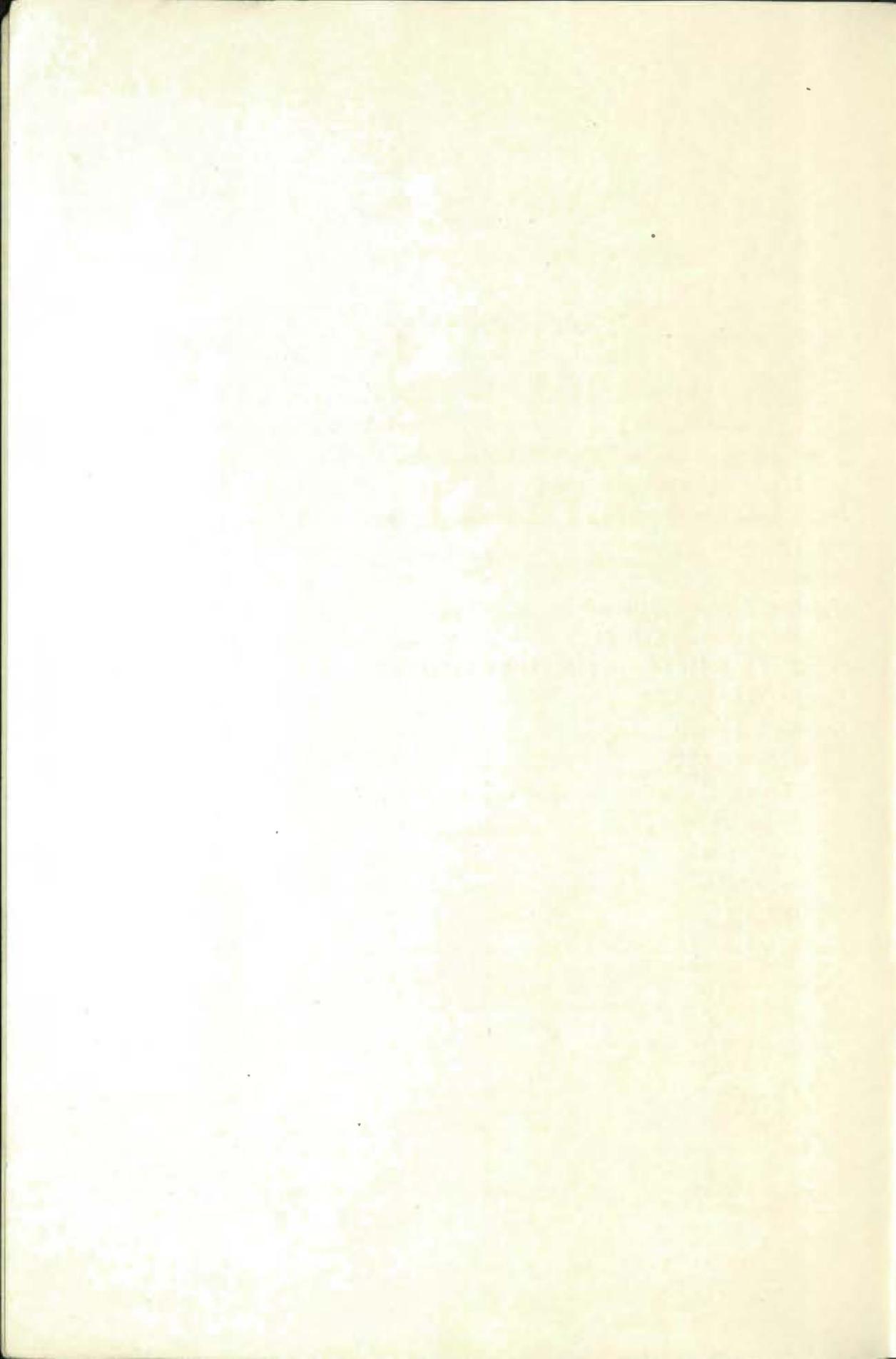






## Table of Contents

JUNIOR RECEIVES HIGH DISTINCTION	3
LOST CABINS _____ <i>Eleanor Evenson</i>	4
TRUTH _____ XYZ	5
SOUTH WIND _____ <i>June Sheridan</i>	6
SUNSET SPECULATION _____ <i>Andrea Keefer</i>	6
DELUSION _____ <i>Anonymous</i>	7
A L'ELIMINATION _____ <i>Raymond Pepinsky</i>	8
THE MYSTERIOUS HAND _____	9
MR. BUTLER'S GUESTS _____ <i>Helen Webster</i>	10
THE TEN MILLIONTH MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE _____ <i>Al Killeen</i>	12
FACULTY _____	13
BOOK REVIEW _____	16
WESTWARD HO _____ <i>Ruth Mac Mahon</i>	17
EDITORIALS _____	19
ORGANIZATIONS _____	21
ATHLETICS _____	24
EXCHANGE _____	26
ALUMNI _____	27
JOKES _____	28



# THE CAMPUS BREEZE

VOL. X.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., OCTOBER, 1927

No. 1



## LITERATURE

### Junior Receives High Distinction

This is the essay with which Raymond Pepinsky won first place in the contest among St. Paul boys to select an aid-de-camp for Colonel Lindbergh during his stay in St. Paul.

#### WHY I ADMIRE LINDY

##### "L'etoile du Nord"

Had we searched forever, we could never have found a finer example of an American citizen than Lindy. Modest, intelligent, kind, he won the hearts of the French, to whom the very name of his plane spelled "Friendship." He is the Messiah of Franco-American relations, drawing the nations closer together in a few days than could years of diplomacy.

Well in proportion to his character is what Lindy has accomplished for the advancement of aviation. His modesty is tinged with a spirit of self-sacrifice. Rather than claim honors for himself, he heaps *his* glory onto his plane and engine and instruments. He un-presumably tries to make us forget his aeronautical ability, remonstrating that his great flight was not a test of his skill or daring, but a supreme test of man's wings. As Holbrook said, "He has sold aviation to the American public."

I admire Lindy for that noble spirit of self-sacrificing modesty, kindness, and discernment, with which he won the admiration and love of two continents, joining two nations in an indestructible bond of fellowship, and showing the world the advanced status of aviation.

That is why I admire Lindy.

Raymond Pepinsky, better known as "Pep," our assistant literary editor, has again proved his ability for his position, as the Como Comet says, by this essay. Hundreds of St. Paul boys entered the contest, sponsored by the St. Paul Daily News. Eleven boys were chosen, ten as honorary guides for the Colonel, and the eleventh, who wrote the best essay, was to be his personal aid. After working over the material for almost two weeks, "Pep" finally drew it up into a

compact theme of exactly two hundred words, the maximum number allowed, and earned the verdict of the judges, that his essay was the best.

As a reward for his work, Raymond was made personal aide-de-camp for Lindbergh while he remained in St. Paul. He was given a place of honor at the grand banquet at the St. Paul Hotel, and rode in the car with the Colonel from Minneapolis to the St. Paul airport.

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### Lost Cabins

Romance murmurs a story that we all love to hear—not always a love between a man and a woman—but very often an entirely different story, such as the one the "Lost Cabins" tries so hard to tell.

Some two hundred and forty miles to the north of our city lies an island in the shape of a star, and this it is named. This island is situated in Cass Lake, and is covered with virgin timber, mostly white pine. After a mile and a half walk inland from the south shore of the island one finds himself on the shores of a lake, a tiny little gem of sapphire blue set in green pines, absolutely untouched by civilization, and said to be bottomless. This is just one of the beauties included in the sixteen-mile shore line of Star Island.

But it is of "Lost Cabins" we wish to hear. I hadn't been at Cass Lake three minutes when I overheard a conversation about "Lost Cabins." Such a bit it was, I could only tingle all over with the romance that the very name put into me. It was not until three days later that I was able to work out a tiny portion of what and where these mysterious cabins were, and to get up a party and a guide to go to the place.

We set out in a motor boat around to the west side of the island where we landed near a forest of most beautiful white pines. The path was narrow, and so great was my excitement that I walked on ahead with eager eyes gazing to my left where I had been told the cabins were. When we had hiked straight inland about two miles, and my fever was somewhat abated, my eyes fell on a couple of logs crossed at a 45 degree angle, apparently bordering one corner of a small square. With a shout of joy the party was upon me.

We had found the first of the "Lost Cabins!" From there on we wound in and out among the trees and underbrush at random. We discovered all seven of the cabins, each one different, but all very ancient. There was a particularly large one that still had three heights of rotting logs around all four sides, with one open space, which was at one time, I suppose, the door. This was the only one that had a clear outline. The rest were all very indistinct, many consisting of a few logs on one side, but they were all quite close together. The whole territory was now, of course, over-grown with trees and shrubs. The most common size was a ten foot square, though, of course, it was hard to tell, as some corners were lost.

Our party took council at last to discuss our ideas on the cabins, and someone suggested we walk on to see if we could find the other side of the island. A half mile walk brought us again to the shores of Cass Lake, where we sat down.

There we were, and behind us those cabins! When, by whom, and why were these strange cabins built? The hand-made wooden pegs with square ends that held the logs together caused them to be estimated as a hundred years old. But why were they built so far inland, so far from any water supply whatsoever?

Who could have built these forest homes? The oldest Indian in the Chippewa tribe of that vicinity knows nothing of them, and declares they were built by the white men. The white man has been questioned, but he knows no more. "Lost Cabins" is appropriate; their history is lost forever. What romance they spell there in the beautiful woods, on a large island in the center of an extensive, cruel body of water, only comparatively recently settled by the white man! Yes, there are plenty of stories—perhaps it was a logging camp, but then, the timber has never been touched! Maybe trappers built them for winter refuge, yet why so secluded and far inland? There is another solution that convicts seeking to hide from the law, built these far in from sight in dense woods on a lone island, and still another theory is that Zachary Pike, famous American explorer, built them on his travels.

No one knows. Their history sinks further into oblivion every day, just as the logs themselves do. They are a mystery to all who visit them. So far have they rotted, and so thick is the growth over them that their age is quite apparent; but why their arrangement in a sort of semi-circle, and the variety of size—particularly the large and small ones? A series of pictures, romance, and adventure, flash before the eyes of every one, but most of all, a Minnesotan who has found in his "Land of the Sky Blue Waters," a seat of lost romance.

ELEANOR EVENSON

---

### Truth

There is probably a no more hashed-over story than "It seems there were two Irishmen—etc., etc.," unless it is one about our dear friend, the absent-minded professor. But has anyone present heard lately of that rare and almost extinct species, the absent-minded student? Then hear ye:

The other day a dignified, calm, and extremely brilliant senior rushed into the locker room at the end of second period, and urged on by an undue appetite, shouted, "Where ya goin' to eat, kids?" Without waiting for a reply, she tore out of the locker room with her little purse under one arm, and rushed down the hall, despite the protests of her classmates. Upon reaching the door, she discerned that no one else seemed to be of the same mind, and finally concluded that maybe it wasn't lunch time after all.

Still rather bewildered, she followed the thundering herd up the stairs and drifted into the library. She stared around the room for some fifteen minutes, and then suddenly woke up to the fact that she was stranded in the wrong room. Now this behavior in a freshman is somewhat excusable, but in a senior it is absolutely pathetic. What is worse, to top the calamities of the day, she mislaid her notebook in one of her absent-minded trances!

Moral: Eat a substantial breakfast.

By WXYZ.



### Delusion

At the sound of footsteps Mary jumped up from the glowing hearth and ran to the window to see her father. It was a cool fall evening in the late fifties, and the darkness was just beginning to fall on the little cabin standing alone on the edge of the woods.

"Oh daddy," she cried in delight as she ran to the window to see how near he really was. "Oh!" Her voice had an unmistakable tone of terror in it—like that which some wild thing might utter when it found itself trapped in its hole.

Wildly she glanced about the room, seeing in an instant that familiar hearth, the baby asleep in the cradle, her mother's spinning wheel, and the little clock ticking ceaselessly on a rude shelf. Her glance having made a circuit of the room again fell on the forms of the two dusky Indians swiftly approaching—she wasn't afraid of Indians, for they came almost daily—but *painted* Indians! Quick as a flash she sprang to the door and bolted it, and then as if to close it more securely, she braced herself against it and waited. She could hear them talking in low tones—and then they rapped—it wasn't the usual friendly rap, but a stern one that sent fresh terror to her heart. For a few seconds no sound was made on either side of the door, all that Mary could hear was the tick-tock of the clock—and then another rap—more terrifying than the first. Pale and tense she listened, bracing her small body against the door with all the strength she could gather. Again she heard them talking in low tones, and then a footstep or two. She ran to the window as quietly as she could and peered out into the fast darkening afternoon to see—nothing, so quickly had they vanished.

Trembling she returned to the hearth, but she couldn't play, she was too frightened. In a few moments her mother came in from the barn.....

"It is getting dark, but I believe I'll have time to finish these few rows of corn tonight. Still Julia will be worried if I come home so late." And thus arguing with himself Jim Peterson fell to work cutting the last rows of corn with fresh energy. ....

The kettle was merrily singing on the hearth, the baby was awake and happily cooing, and Mary was helping in her small way to get the supper ready, when the sound of horses' hoofs stopped her mother in the midst of her work.

"Queer," she thought, "that there should be anyone coming here this time of day, and on a horse too." "Sounds like more than one." A rap—this time a friendly one. She went to the door, which was still latched, and asked, "Who is it?"

"Me—White Feather."

"What do you want, White Feather?"

"Wife's sick, wants you."

"Are you alone?"

"Sure," was his blithe retort.

Whereupon she opened the door, as she had often done before.

To gain entrance was all that they had wished, and in less than ten minutes the mother with her two children was being carried away, a captive, by a dozen savages.

An hour later Jim Peterson, happy that he had finished that part of the harvesting, came down the lane swinging his rough implements, a pioneer with great strength and skill. He was going home after a hard days' labor to what?—to a home that was nothing more than a pile of smouldering ruins.

—Anonymous.

### A l'Elimination

"Doctor Forsyth, it is awful. You cannot imagine what it means for us to be in such a situation. Publicity, trials, — oh, it's horrible! Can't you, won't you help me?"

It was a very, very uncommon happening that prompted Mrs. David Hynes to seek outside aid in anything.

David Hynes, her dead husband, formerly the head of a gigantic steel corporation, had left her a fortune, somewhere in the ten millions, enough, at least, so that she hardly needed to depend on the outside world for help. However this was a very, very uncommon happening, and that is why "her highness" had come to Ellmore Forsyth, "ultra-private," super-detective, the greatest psychological criminologist in America, probably the greatest in the world. Forsyth was my cousin and pal, and consequently I worked with him in his big cases.

The gist of the entire trouble was that the famous Hynes sapphire had disappeared. David Hynes had spent an unthinkable fortune in securing the sapphire as nuptial offering for his wife, and she valued it as a keepsake more than all her possessions together. It was no wonder that she was eager to regain it, at any cost, even at the cost of her social prestige.

"I'll give anything, doctor," she half sighed, half sobbed, "if you would only get it back for me."

"Of course I will take up the case, Mrs. Hynes, and do my best to solve it," Forsyth compromisingly declared. "But you must cooperate with me, and tell me everything you know about it. When did you learn it was gone? Has anything else been missing?"

"It disappeared three days ago at the reception I held at my home. I had it before the reception, and afterwards it was gone. It was set in a pendant on a thick gold chain. The pendant had been *clipped* from the chain. I said nothing to my guests, in hopes that it had simply caught on something and had been torn off. Yet it was not found, and the severed link of the chain was sharp, as if it had been cut off. I have the chain here to show you. If the others knew that I have told you, they would not like it, but it is for their own good. This is not the first time it has happened. The fact is, almost everyone else in our set has lost some precious jewel, clipped off in the same strange way, one jewel about every time there is a gathering. We cannot stop wearing them. They are all too proud to say anything outside, so they keep quiet about it. I would not have said anything either, but I know you will not say anything about it to the newspapers, and then David——." She paused, biting back the tears.

"Yes, I know," cut in Forsyth. "I'm glad you told me. I will say nothing. But I must have a list of your friends, so that I can start right. Also, can you tell me this: Did the others lose their jewels during the reception, before, or after?"

"That is what hurts. They all seem to think their stones were taken *during* the receptions. It all points to the fact that there is some thief among us. Think what the consequences would be if *that* got into the papers. But I will leave that to you. I have the list of those I asked to my reception here, and I checked these that were not there."

"Fine. Just leave it, as well as the chain, with me, and I will want you to notify me when your circle meets again, and where it will be."

"I can tell you that now. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Eggleston are holding an informal tea tomorrow at five o'clock, at their residence in Elgrove Park."

"Yes, I know the place, but I certainly will have to work fast! I will see you at your home tomorrow at three, and I promise developments. Goodbye."

"All right, doctor; good bye."

RAYMOND PEPINSKY

*(To be Continued)*

### The Mysterious Hand

While at our camp last summer, I seemed very restless at night. One especially dark night, I was more wakeful than usual. After waking up four or five times, I decided to take a walk.

The darkness makes one timid, so when, in my night prowlings, I saw a shadowy figure coming toward me, I hid behind a clump of bushes. As the figure approached, I saw it was a woman. When she was within speaking distance, she held out a roll of papers to me, and said: "Take these papers! Take them! Hurry!"

I was so startled by this that it took me some time to collect my thoughts. When I was able to speak, I asked, "What are the papers?"

She hurriedly replied, "Never mind, but just take them." There was a moment of silence, then she added, "If you won't take the papers, walk home with me."

I unconsciously took them and walked with her. When we reached the house, I started to return the papers and leave, but she insisted that I go in with her.

I went in, and was seated in a very comfortable living-room. As soon as I was seated, the girl excused herself and left the room.

Left alone, I began to inspect my surroundings. I discovered a very heavy drapery on the wall, and as I was looking at it, a hand reached out from it, and a very mysterious voice whispered, "I want my papers. Give me my papers!" This voice grew louder and louder, until I thought that the folks in camp, two miles off, would hear it. At every word the voice grew louder and louder, until I could not imagine how it could continue doing so. Then suddenly — I woke up!

MARGARET TALLMADGE.

### Mr. Butler's Guests

For two months I had been the only servant of Mr. Butler, a resident of New York's finest apartments. Behind his quiet reserve I felt certain that there was a man of real character, alive and active, such as one would expect to find surrounded by admiring friends. But, strange to say, this was far from being the case, for it was evident from the beginning that he was not acquainted in the city, as he never had callers, and seldom went out. Stranger still, he had received but three letters during the entire two months of my employment. I certainly puzzled over the reason that a man of his attractions and wealth should be so alone and without friends. Even so, I felt a strong liking for him, and felt that nothing could please me more than to be, besides a servant, a friend to him. During his sojourn, Mr. Butler had not been idle; on the contrary, he had thrown his entire interest and enthusiasm into some wonderful pictures he was painting.

One day in the the early winter, he received another letter from abroad, apparently in the same handwriting as the other three. This letter seemed to worry him exceedingly. By this time my interest in my friend, as I preferred to think of him, had grown so great that with a rather sleuth-like feeling I determined to discover the seemingly inexplicable mystery which, to me, seemed to surround his seclusion.

That evening he told me that a gentleman and his servant were coming to live with him in a short time, so I eagerly awaited developments. During the next two weeks Mr. Butler seemed to be doing much serious thinking. Oh, how I wished he would take me into his confidence!

Finally the gentleman, Mr. Sherman, and his servant, Thomas, arrived. They seemed to be strangers to Mr. Butler, and as days passed and they continued to have a nonchalant attitude toward each other, I was much disappointed, having hoped Mr. Sherman would turn out to be the friend Mr. Butler needed.

After they had lived with us for several weeks, I returned from an afternoon out, to find Mr. Butler anxiously awaiting me. He led me into his study and he said: "I am in a position where I do not know what to do. You have shown your good judgment while in my employ, and now I am going to put all confidence in you and ask your advice." You can just imagine that this was one of the happiest moments of my life, and the eagerness with which I waited for him to continue. After a few moments, during which he thoughtfully paced the room, he related to me this account:

"Before I came to New York, I was an art student in Europe. After I had studied about a year, all the money left me by my parents, was exhausted. I then rented a small studio, and set up a business for myself. Rent was high, and it was a "from hand to mouth" existence.

"One day the daughter of the Duke of Wellesley came to my studio, having heard of my work from a friend, and wishing to see some of it. She was much interested, and eventually we became quite

well acquainted. At one time she insisted upon my painting her portrait, which I did creditably well. I will show you the picture later. After some time she invited me to her home, where I went often after that. There I was made to feel at home by Margaret and her mother. The Duke was seldom home.

"After I had known Margaret for some time, I wished to marry her; the Duke, however, firmly forbade it on the grounds that his daughter could never marry a poor working man, like myself.

"I have a sister who, after our parent's death, went to a school outside of Paris. After spending a year at the school, she married a certain Mr. Sherman, and they made their home in Paris. I had never met Sherman. About six weeks ago I received a letter from my sister asking me to let him stay in my home, as he was in danger of being suspected for murder! I answered 'yes,' and he and his servant came here. Their conduct has been nothing out of the ordinary for people living in seclusion.

"Today, when you were out, Sherman was also away. During his absence I discovered Thomas tampering with some of Sherman's papers. I stopped him, and locked him in the room until Sherman returned. To my surprise, when he returned, he immediately released him, imploring his pardon.

"All of this seems very strange to me, but no more than the fact that the first time that I saw Thomas, he looked familiar to me. I can swear that I have never met him, and probably never seen him before.

"I have studied and puzzled over these things for hours, but they still remain an inexplicable mystery to me. I am in hopes that they will be more evident to you."

I told him I would try to help him, then I, in my turn, paced the floor, endeavoring to reason it out. Just then Mr. Butler brought Margaret's picture to me. She was a beautiful young lady, and I wasn't surprised that Mr. Butler loved her. I looked at the picture sharply, and wondered suddenly if she did not resemble Thomas. But that the daughter of a Duke should resemble a common servant seemed so improbable that I said nothing about it to Mr. Butler. I took the picture and placed it where Thomas would be sure to see it. When he entered the room a little later, I watched him closely. He stopped and looked at it with an incredulous expression, then turning to me, he casually asked who it was. I told him that he knew far better than I did, and that it was not strange they looked so much alike. It was a "hunch," but it took effect!

Just then our masters entered the room and put a stop to the conversation. Then I called Mr. Butler's attention to the resemblance of Margaret and Thomas, and both Sherman and his servant acted ill at ease.

Mr. Butler then turned to the man and said, very sharply, "I let you into my home for my sister's sake. I do not know but that I am shielding a criminal. That your servant should resemble the daughter of a duke and have access to your private papers looks peculiar enough to me, and I find it necessary to ask for an explanation."

To my surprise, Thomas answered. He said: "I think I am the one who can explain it to you. I am Richard Wellesley, Margaret's brother. About three years ago, I ran away from home with several of my chums. Upon my return, my father told me I could not remain under his roof, so I left home and took the name of Sherman. While in France, I married your sister. A short time afterwards, my father was murdered, and although in France, I was afraid I might be suspected because of the trouble I had with my father. I therefore came here. To make myself more safe my servant and I changed places." Mr. Butler then explained, as he had to me, adding that he was no longer a poor man, having sold a number of his pictures for large sums of money.

Just the next day Thomas, or rather Richard Wellesley, received a letter from his wife saying that the murderer of the Duke had been found. Shortly after this the three gentlemen sailed for France.

After a few weeks I received a letter from Mr. Butler in which he said, "We arrived in Paris, where we met my sister, whom it gives me much pleasure to see. From there we went to England to the Wellesley's home. Margaret and her mother were overjoyed to see Richard. My sister and Margaret have become good friends, and Margaret and I expect to be married in the spring."

Helen Webster, '29

### The Ten Millionth Made Him a Millionaire

Gordon Marmont stood cranking his flivver. He was in a great hurry, and his engine wouldn't respond, as usual.

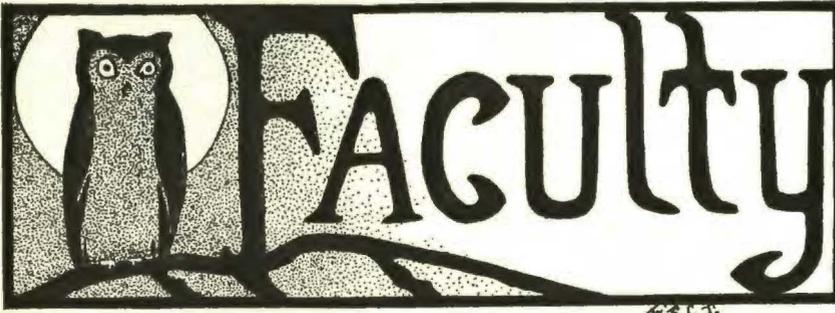
"Just in time to catch the 8:45," he muttered, after seeing the futility of trying to make the ten millionth go.

Grabbing his hat, which had been laid aside in the struggle, he raced madly down the street in the direction of the station. He arrived just as the train was pulling out, but he managed to hop on. His only choice was the parlor car, as the train was extremely crowded. Usually he took the smoker, because it was fifteen cents cheaper, and, too, he was afraid to associate with termed "Big Men." Gordon was by nature a worm, a man cursed with an exaggerated inferiority complex. He was a broker agent, and it was his life-long ambition to be a man with a "tip" as to what was a likely buy.

Entering the car, he nodded timidly to several business acquaintances. He was preparing to sit down in a far corner of the car, when Cyrus T. Field, the wealthy steel magnate, motioned him to a seat beside him. After politely inquiring about his health and home life, Field drifted into stocks and bonds. Gordon soliloquised about a certain nice Miss Jones, while Field talked about the sure offer of a fortune to the man who bought Murphy's Concrete at a margin.

On leaving the train, Gordon took Field's advise, and spent one year's savings on his big tip. Now he has a million and a real ring for Miss Jones.

AL KILLEEN.



### Our Librarian Speaks

The axiom "First impressions are always best" is as false as many other antiquated rules of life. My impression of U. H. S. that first week was one of noise, confusion, and queer names. Everyone wanted to wander around; everybody wanted to talk to everybody else—all at the same time. And to me everybody looked alike. I could hardly distinguish between Hugo Knoefel and Ted Christian-son.

But now, students of U. H. S., things are beginning to straighten themselves out. You are taking on individuality, and my impressions are organizing themselves, and I'll soon have the sheep separated from the goats in my mental file.

And my later impressions are much better than my first. I'd rather know you as individuals than as a mob. I shall want to feel, when we know each other better, that we can cooperate for the best welfare of all of us. I'm going to like you, I know, and I hope I'll have to do nothing to make you dislike me.

With Mr. Boardman's friendly interest in both faculty and students we should all have a very pleasant year together.

Minnesota is a state of many wonders, and we here on the University Campus are situated in the center of them. We have access to the buildings, the libraries, and the personalities of the University itself; we may enjoy the beauties of nature which is at its best in a Minnesota fall; and according to Mr. Boardman himself we have some of the loveliest girls and finest fellows in the world right here in U. H. S. But, to close with an axiom that every library and study room teacher believes is true, "Handsome is as handsome does." May you all be beauties this year!

RUTH ANN CONDON.

### Chattanooga, etc.

On Thursday afternoon, when the editor of *The Campus Breeze* approached me with a request to say something in *The Breeze* about my summer trip, I was flattered into immediate compliance. "What did I see and do in Chattanooga?" was her interrogation. Editors are continually in an interrogative frame of mind.

"Well," I asked myself after the first flush of enthusiasm at being in a fair way to become a notoriety had died away, "What did I do in Chattanooga? The answer, I am sure, will mean a perfect A grade. I saw Mr. W. W. Patterson, and Lookout Mountain! We even had our pictures taken on Lookout Point. This picture looks like the song, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding," and may be seen any day in my office for a penny, the proceeds to be used for my next visit to Lookout. The picture inspires you with the feeling that is usually known as "sitting on top of the world."

"Now about these mountains: you can find them sitting about almost anywhere in the suburbs of Chattanooga. I scraped a bowing acquaintance with most of them, took dinner with Signal Mountain one moonlit evening, and made various calls on Lookout. Missionary Ridge and Cameron Hill were very friendly, and though it was clearly their duty to call on me first, it resolved itself into a case of Mohammed going to the mountain.

"From the top of Lookout you can see into six states, that is, if you are married; namely, the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, West Virginia, and the state of matrimony.

There are many beautiful spots on Lookout. One of these is Fairyland, now under the spell of magic and a land boom. After walking about two miles we entered the state of Georgia, and arrived at the gate of Little Red Riding Hood. We went down Peter Pan Road, Aladdin Street, Mother Hubbard's Lane, and so on, till we reached Rock City. Here are acres of large flat rocks, with huge rocks piled underneath, among which you can play hide and seek. There were great crevasses in some of them, which enabled you to see deep down if you didn't get intoxicated from looking. I didn't like to jump over these crevasses, for I had to close my eyes to do so, and if W. W. had not succeeded in catching me each time, you would not now be reading this plain tale from the hills.

To my mind and memory the most beautiful spot of all is Sunset Rock, on the West Brow Road. After climbing about all morning on the hills and rocks, and hiking four miles to Rock City and back, I was in no mood for continued investigation of Lookout Views. However, an over-optimistic street car conductor persuaded us that Sunset Rock was only a ten minute hike from the next stop, and so "the native hue of resolution was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of a second reflection," and I consented to the excursion much to my immediate regret. The conductor must have worn mile boots. However, when we arrived I forgot all about being tired. The sun had already set as I descended the impressive long flight of stone steps leading down to a formidable assembly of rocks on the topmost one

of which W. W. already sat, looking as much a part of the landscape as if Eternity herself had placed him there.

In hushed twilight beauty lay range upon range of shadowy hills, blue mists and purple veils of distance obscured the far reaches of the valley below until the gathering shadows blotted it from view.

It was eight o'clock when we finally reached the elevated and descended almost vertically from a starry firmament above into a starry meadow below. Later we visited the rock again en familie and actually saw the sun set.

The following is one of the after-dinner stories which I rehearsed many a time and oft before my patient and amused brother-in-law in order to learn the famous Tennessee mountain dialect.

"Whar you gwan, Lize?"

"I's gwan nowhar; I'se done bin whar I's gwan!"

I often feel sorry that I've done been whar I'se gwan; for I should certainly like to taste again of deservedly famous Southern hospitality, enjoy the wonder auto trips up the mountains, and listen to the songs of the katydid. If Miss Schwend will have the chorus practice a few katydid melodies, I'll sit on the doorstep and listen till bedtime. Every flower and leaf in those Tennessee woods was being serenaded nightly by some admiring katydid, and the world was resonant with song.

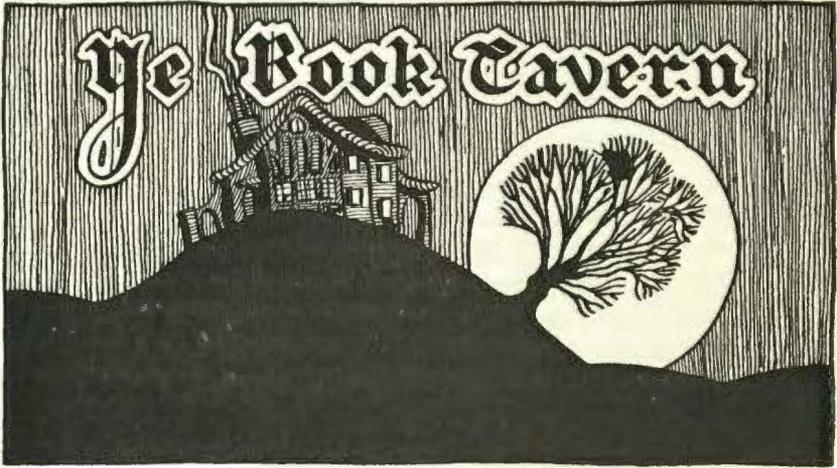
Now, Mistress Editor, to sum up, as good little pedagogues must: I saw Mr. W. W. Patterson and other charming relatives, heard the katydids, and in passing noticed Lookout Mountain. I had a Tennessee Mountain bob, and had my picture taken. You see, I spent a most satisfying and delightful summer, such as man has been looking for ever since he emigrated from the Garden of Eden.

SOPHIA HUBMAN PATTERSON.

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#### What One Should Expect to Get from His Four Years in High School:

1. Compacity and understanding of work and a foundation for the future.
2. Development of character.
3. Ideals of beauty, taste, ambition, as well as ideals in people.
4. Gaining of self-knowledge.
5. Broadening of social vision.
6. Knowledge of retaining health.
7. An insight into friendship.



### “Harmer John”—Hugh Walpole

“Hugh Walpole,” the author of the “Cathedral,” has given us another of his delightful stories, “Harmer John.” This book, while its plot is not exciting, is dramatic in its simple directness. The hero, Harmer John, comes in 1906 to a small town as gymnastic instructor. He is sincere in his endeavor to create around him his ideal, beauty. To quote him, “That was the first duty of man, to keep your body fit. Beyond that was the beauty of the outside things—nature, pictures, music, houses, and streets. But beyond and extending these was the third beauty—the beauty of conduct. And the third word of beauty led to God.”

In spite of his being a foreigner, the townspeople received him very happily, because he gave them a new hobby, physical education. He himself was strong, healthy, big, and handsome; they wanted to be like him.

But he was not satisfied with this first type of beauty and told the townspeople so frankly. He wanted to find kindred spirits to help him improve the town; build statues, beautiful streets, fountains, and especially, wipe out the slum district. His aim was not to change people but to band together people of his views.

The people, however, did not understand him, and thought him interfering and criticising their town of which, in many respects, they were justly proud. He made many enemies in his earnest attempts to improve the unspeakable conditions of the slum district. As his enemies' power increased, his business fell off; the girl he loved sided against him; and he finally died in a riot in that section stirred up by his enemies.

His violent death evidently was what was needed to awaken the town to the numerous improvements necessary, for in later years many of his dreams came true.

This book makes us realize what a long way this world has to go before we recognize perfect idealism.

## Westward Ho!

Toot! Toot! shrieked the train whistle. "Hurrah, we're off!" someone shouted, as everybody poked suitcases here and there, occasionally colliding with those across the aisle who were going through the same maneuvers.

We settled down and watched the scenery fly by, although to me it seemed as though we flew by the scenery. Anyway, whether we or the scenery did the passing, the old man passed till 'twas time for "le déjeuner." So, when the waiter stalked through the car calling "First call for dinner," we were ready for that auspicious occasion. We made our way to the diner with difficulty, as it was "shaky" business.

The most important event at lunch was learning how to calculate one's aim when attempting to eat pea soup. Now, I had always reckoned that liquids were to be drunk (not intoxicatin') but I'd been taught to put soup on a spoon and siphon it in (not noisily, though, like these professional soup strainers), so I began to commence to start to eat the soup. Now, eating soup on the train is different than on "terra firma," and I soon found out the following formula: pick up your spoon boldly and take a deep breath while filling it (your spoon, not your breath) with soup. Try to calculate which way the train will next lurch and then aim your spoon in the opposite direction. Then as the train lurches, open your mouth and the soup will fly violently in, providing "right" isn't "wrong," as the time when one of my spoonsful flew over my left shoulder. Unlike a horseshoe in the same position, it unluckily decorated the waiter's white jacket.

After dinner we drank in the moon from the black packform, or do they call it the black patform? Anyway, it was the east end of a west-bound train. The moonlight on the fast disappearing tracks was fascinating. Returning to our car was difficult, for when we'd go to put a foot down on a certain spot that particular location would be "somewhere else."

Nothing serious happened before retiring, except while undressing in one of those "spacious" berths, I unexpectedly poked one of my feet through the curtain and tackled the porter's shin, causing his chin to "touchdown" on the floor. Score for me. (Lindbergh would say "we.")

By ten we were sleepy, so we joined the Holy Roller society. To do this one must carefully balance on one side, and as the train lurches, without contemplation of either murder or suicide, roll over onto your other side. After one night of this your weight will have been "reduced" or you'll diet the attempt.

Next day I had become quite proficient in aiming food at its prospective destination and walking from car to car was "more to the point."

RUTH McMAHON.

# THE CAMPUS BREEZE

VOLUME X

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., OCTOBER, 1927

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The reason that most of us give for appearing at an institution of learning, is to prepare ourselves for a future career—not always for a career but at least for the future. With this end in mind we choose a course that friends and teachers have advised as the best for that special occupation which is a kind of cloudy vision of the Holy Grail. Generally, that is as far as our discerning goes. Granted that French, and history, and physics, and English will help make us lawyers, and teachers, and business men and women, how does school actually aid us in acquiring a foundation for our future other than the few grains of knowledge that we have scratched up with an inquiring foot and which we will retain when we are shooed into the next garden for another four years? This article and the ones to follow are one student's conception of the benefit to be derived here in high school, not only in achieving a business and social success, but in winning for oneself happiness, culture, and self-satisfaction.

Whatever plans we have for the future, we know that it will take work and effort to carry them out. Work will increase in proportion as the ambitions of a person increase, and ambition is progress. Our years at high school can teach us an understanding and capacity for work that will be invaluable in later years. School work is relatively the same as life work provided it is accompanied by conscientiousness.

By learning the theory of work, we will no longer doubt our capability to assume responsibility. We must learn to systematize our efforts, efficiency—that threadbare word! Yet we can obtain this training in high school.

Concentration is surely an asset for those lucky individuals who possess its secret, for there is a knack to it as well as all the other things we do. The power to converse deeply and intelligently with our thoughts and evolve a decision in a moment when all is confusion about us, will carry us to the top some day. The foundation can be laid here in high school if we would but recognize it.

Then there is the training of one's memory—the ability to isolate those facts which are important enough to be remembered. Is there any occupation where a keen memory is not needed?

But these advantages of school life will not come voluntarily to us nor will they come half way. We must go the entire distance to meet them.

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The publication of a school has been called the oracle of the student body by historians, the barometer of school spirit by scientists, the graph of school achievement by mathematicians, but to the students of the University High School it is merely the "Breeze."

It would be a great responsibility to save another Athens, a great task to establish a weather bureau, but it is a far more important job to keep "The Campus Breeze," the "Breeze" to you. Nicknames are signs of affection.

That is our problem, crudely stated perhaps, but nevertheless sincere. We have former high standards to follow, but it is your evaluation that counts. If, as a mouth-piece or a scientific instrument we are incompetent, we hope this paper will always be the "Breeze" to you.

### Cliques

Of late years there has been a very regrettable tendency at U High, a tendency, which if carried to its ultimate end would result in certain disaster to the social life of the school. The purpose of any school gathering, be it sunlite, "hoofing party," or the J. S., is to promote good-fellowship between school-mates. This aim is interfered with by the presence of bands of students ranging in size from four or five members to a dozen or more, coldly aloof to those whom they consider inferior to them. Just one of these cliques is sufficient to dampen the enthusiasm of a school party, for instead of a single unit, there exist two or more, each contemptuous of the other, which naturally gives rise to ill-feeling resulting in loss of school spirit and good-fellowship.

Last year the evil was less malignant than usual, and we hope that this year, good sense and a general desire to better the social life of the school will result in its total absence.

---

### Ambition

Out of the dreary mass of innumerable details that we constantly face, there are a few outstanding things that make life not only endurable, but pleasant and worthwhile. One of these redeeming features of existence is ambition. One might say that the worth of a man can be measured by the number and the greatness of the ambitions he has and is striving to fulfill. What insipid lives we should all lead were it not for the many goals we are trying to reach! And how much more interesting and lively would we find them if we had more and higher ambition than we have, or tried harder to carry out our plans than we do!

In the fall, with a whole year of varied activity ahead, there are many fields in which to extend our efforts. Scholarship, athletics, and a host of extracurricular activities give the U Highite many opportunities. Pick out whatever you're most interested in, and go in for it hard. Honest effort in any field deserves more credit than half-serious fooling in a dozen things. So make up your mind to accomplish something and then set about it in earnest. Whatever you do, do it!

---

Teacher: "What's the formula for water?"

Hugo: "H-i-j-k-l-m-n-o-"

Teacher: "Where did you get that idea?"

Hugo: "H to O."

\* \* \* \*

Miss G.: "Why don't you answer me?"

Don Oas: "I did shake my head."

Miss G.: "Do you expect me to hear it rattle up here?"

\* \* \* \*

"Hod" Oas: "I thought that you could keep a secret?"

Helen B.: "I kept it a week. What do you think I am?—a cold storage plant?"



### Seniors

Giddap, U High. Do not fear, for the reins are in the hands of the able SENIORS who will guide you through a year of continuous success.

Soccer and football have started out with a bang, and the Seniors are confident of stars on both teams. The boys who will be counted most on to win the Lake District Championship are: Lonnie Vrooman, Capt., Hugo Knoefel, Lard Coffee, Biff Carlson, Art Hanson, Fritz Ramer, Steve Barlow, Tom Ford, Bob Williams, Doug Erskine, Spud Tucker, and others.

### News of Lost Members

Isabelle Sweet has returned from Danbury, Wisconsin, and is attending St. Paul Central. We extend to her in her new surroundings our best wishes.

Betty Ruggles is also attending Central and seems to like it very much altho' she misses her friends here.

Ruth McClintock, whom we lost last year because she lacked time to study her music, is progressing unusually well with her cello playing. We miss Ruth, but are glad she is doing well.

So, capable and alert, we, the Seniors, are ready to steer U High thru the coming year and to help keep up the school spirit and school standards.

All ready? All right, GIDDAP.

### Juniors

"Begin right," is the motto of the first girl president in U. High. And the Juniors *are* beginning right. Although we have had no class meetings, we seem to have accomplished a great deal already.

Of course, this is our year for work and accomplishment, since we must carry more extra curriculums than before and must prepare for more social activities than any other class.

Our first duty was for the Big Sisters to entertain the freshman girls at a tea party. This annual affair was managed very well and was wholly successful as far as getting acquainted was concerned.

Another fruit of our labors is the *Junior Newsance* the first issue of which appeared Thursday, September 29. *The Newsance* is published by the English classes that are studying journalism. Although

it is a different sort of paper, it will surely be an improvement on *The Freshman Evergreen* that was such a success two years ago.

Come on, Juniors, we'll keep on right!

---

### Sophomores

We're glad to know that the Sophomores have increased in number. Everyone was glad to receive the new ones, and we want them to feel at home, as newcomers should.

The girls certainly showed that they weren't pikers at the first play hour. Nearly everyone was out, and the next time we want everyone to be there. We started out with the largest attendance and we want it to continue that way all through the coming year. A lively game of soccer was waged, with the Juniors and Seniors standing the Sophomores, but no score was made by either side.

As for the boys, several have been trying out for football, and we hope that our class will be represented on the team.

Nothing has been decided as yet concerning parties or teas, but that will all be planned as soon as our class gets together in a meeting.

Last year we made quite a good showing on the honor roll. This year we're determined to improve it.

---

### Freshman

Well! Well! Here we are, a brand new bunch of innocent little Freshmen, just beginning our careers at U High. Naturally, we were sort of green at first, but after the initial nine days or so, we got our eyes open and began to take notice. We have already learned that, since the hall clock is out of order, it offers an excellent excuse for being late to classes, and that the next best excuse is that we, being new in the vicinity, cannot find our way to the right classroom. In fact, we've learned so many things that we already feel we're quite an important part of U High. Anyway, we certainly seem to be one thing (as all Freshmen are), a laughing stock for the somewhat more dignified Juniors and Seniors, and that, when you come to think of it, is a good deal.

---

### The Girls' U Club

The athletic organization for girls, the Girls' "U" Club, has a year of great development before it.

Before this time, a girl could receive more than one letter a year, and orthopedics could take no part in the club. A girl already having her letters had nothing further to work for, and places on teams were taken from others needing the points. Hence, the point system is being revised.

A committee is working on this so as to have it complete by the second quarter. More outdoor activities are to be listed for points, thereby dropping the so-called Outing Club. Hygiene will be stressed more, and points for scholarship dropped, making it necessary to have a provision that a girl have a set average before admittance.

Freshmen girls are urged and invited to earn points and join the club. Until further information is given, any girl wishing to start working may go to play hour, take a daily bath, and keep track of

any horseback riding, golf, or other sports which she has taken part in to earn points.

The club is to further the interest in sports, improve the health of the girls and create good sportsmanship. Dinner meetings are held the third Tuesday of every month. Social activities include house parties, hikes, and pow-wows.

---

### Acme

A school society, to be desirable, must first define its objectives, and then make these objectives the expression of some need in school life. Acme has felt a necessity for its existence since:— first, as an athletic organization; then as a scholastic institution; but last year it extended its purpose to include, as well as both these requirements, one which is extremely important to the betterment of a school — that of leadership and service to the school.

A well balanced school career unquestionably results in more satisfactory development in a student's character, studies, and health. The mental attitude of a student has more to do with his scholastic success than is generally admitted; for instance, revolt or indifference. Congenial diversions as those of dramatics, athletics, publications, or music, affect a student's standing as well as his reputation. This is true only if it is not carried to extremes.

Acme, then, represents an organization devoted to the advance of the school in any manner in which it is able to help, made up of those who have indirectly aided their school by an all-around school life in athletics and scholarship, have shown ability in leading others, and have done their share in the organizations before mentioned.

Perhaps Acme's best service to the school is merely its existence as an ideal for the prospective members — the underclassmen. The rules for aspirants are simple —

"Be earnest. Be fair. Be courteous. Be ambitious."

---

### The Girl's Club

Although the school in general does not hear much about the Girl's Council, it is one of the more important organizations. The council members, except the freshmen, are elected in June so that there will be no delaying starting the fall work.

Before the opening of school, the Big Sister and Club Room committees are already at work, the club room is in order, and every freshman girl knows who to look to for the first day. Then preparations are made for the Big Sister tea, and the council has started its yearly routine of entertainments and the carrying out of other projects.

---

The following alumnae of "U" High have been recently pledged to various sororities in the University:

Janet Lieb, '25, to Alpha Chi Omega.

Rhoda Pierce, '27, to Alpha Gamma Delta.

Alice Kelm, Lucile Preston, and Madge Strickler, all from the class of '27, to Delta Zeta.

Dorothy Army, '25, Jeane Balcome, '25, Luree Cheyney, '27, Virginia Fher, '27, and Nancy Staples, '27, to Kappa Delta.



## U High Grid Team Dons Moleskins

### Seven Letter Men Report for First Practice (At First Call) Outlook Good For Coach Peterson

Again on the river flats may be heard the dull thud of the punted "pigskin" or the scraping, swishing sound of the impact of human bodies as U high prepares for its gridiron adversaries.

Captain Vrooman led his huskies in a first day's practice which revealed many capable players to fill the vacancies left by graduation.

Captain Vrooman will hold the pivot position, while in all probability Knoefel and Coffey will play the tackle positions, both boys being veterans. Rieck and Hanson are probabilities at guards although Barlow should be given a great deal of consideration. Tucker and Carlson have been transferred from the backfield to the ends, both ends having been left vacant by the graduation of Drake and Rasmussen, who were competent players. We should have a very strong line this year.

The backfield is good, but there are no stellar players; however, the work of Doug Erskine is highly commendable. Tom Sherman, Jack Erskine, and Tom Ford compose the rest of the backfield. There is a pony backfield which consists of Dan Grates, Don Perry, and some freshman and sophomore talent. As this year's team is composed almost entirely of seniors, it is very important that all freshmen, sophomores, and juniors come out.

U High has a very hard schedule this year. On October 8 the team will journey to Winona to battle the strong team of the Winona High School. This team has a fine record having only been beaten once in two years. At that time, however, they were beaten by Rochester, 108 to 0. Next we fight St. Louis Park on our own field; Mound, also, is here. Mound is very desirous of our scalps because we beat her 7 to 6 last year. Wayzata will be played there, and the Lake District Champion, Excelsior, will battle us on her own field. The last two dates are open, but we hope to get games for all of the dates.

### U High Wins Opener

The U High football team opened the season with a 13 to 0 win over Hopkins. The team started off as if they were going to crush their opponents, but they wilted in the second half and failed to score.

Early in the first period on a delayed buck, Sherman went through center for about 35 yards to put the ball in scoring position. He went over for a touchdown a few minutes later. Vrooman missed in his try for point, and the score was 6 to 0. In the second period, a series of off tackle smashes, and line plunges were culminated by Sherman plunging over for another touchdown. Ford passed to Perry for the extra point and the score was 13 to 0.

The second half, however, was a different story. Miller, the speedy Hopkins full, made several nice gains, and Hopkins completed a couple of passes which put them in a scoring position, but "U" High held and they failed to score.

Doug Erskine and Spud Tucker watched the game from the sidelines. Tucker will be back for the Winona game, but it is still doubtful whether Erskine will play again this year or not.

The team showed up well on the offense, but they need considerable brushing up on defensive tactics before they tackle Winona.

U HIGH	Position	HOPKINS
Carlson	L. E.	Allen
Knoefel	L.T.	Stodola
Rieck	L.G.	Hawlish
Vrooman (C)	C.	Hoy
Hanson	R.G.	Envil
Coffey	R.T.	Olsen
Kingery	R.E.	Schutz
Ford	Q.B.	Hamilton (C)
Perry	L.H.B.	Swatosch
J. Erskine	R.H.B.	Klinkhammer
Sherman	F.B.	Miller

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	Final
"U" High	6	7	0	0	13
Hopkins	0	0	0	0	0

### Girls' Athletics

Kick it, Reinardy! That a girl, Helen! This and many other exclamations are heard from the girls in soccer practice. This soccer season lasts six weeks with the last two weeks devoted to playing off the tournament.

This year there are more girls than ever at play hour. We are pleased with the large number of freshmen girls that have turned out, and we hope that even more will be out before the season's over.

Miss Bockstruck and a committee composed of some of the members of the U Club are working on a new joint system. This plan is to have each girl combine the points won in her classes with the points won for her U. That way every single girl will be working towards the U Club and helping her class by winning points for it. We feel that this plan will benefit both the U Club and the members of the classes.



# EXCHANGE

## Exchange

Many of our last year's exchanges have not been started again this fall, probably because "The Breeze" hasn't been sent to any high school yet. But we have started with one paper we didn't have last year, "The Hour Glass," of Denham Hall, St. Paul. This magazine seemed to be the school paper and annual combined.

The following are the exchange papers we have been receiving last year and this:

"School Breeze," Renville High of Renville, Minnesota.

"Polaris Weekly," North High, Minneapolis.

"The Breeze," Chisago High School, Chisago, Minnesota.

"West High Weekly," West High, Minneapolis.

"The Judge," Marshall High, Minneapolis.

"Milachi," Milaca High, Milaca, Minnesota.

"Central High Times," Central High, St. Paul.

"Denfield Critterian," Denfield High, Duluth.

"Austin Sentinel," Central High, Austin, Minnesota.

"Washburn Grist," Washburn High, Minneapolis.

"The Spectator," Duluth Central High, Duluth.

"Hour Glass," Denham Hall, St. Paul.

"Wadleigh Owl," Wadleigh High, New York City.

"Humboldt Life," Humboldt High, St. Paul.

"Wadleigh Observer," Wadleigh High, New York City.

"The Record," Wheeling High, Wheeling, W. Va.

"Al-Hi-Nuz," Alexandria High, Alexandria, Minnesota.

"The Tech," Technical High, St. Cloud, Minn.

"Roosevelt Standard," Roosevelt High, Minneapolis.

"Okatnam," Mankato High, Mankato, Minnesota.

We have a good many exchanges for such a small school as "U" High, but we hope to have even more for this next year.

\* \* \* \*

Jane Wms.: "I hear that your brother has quite a social standing."

Jean Tucker: "Yes, he has club feet."



## Alumni

During Freshman Week at the University of Minnesota, many old "U" High grads had their names mentioned in the receiving line. James Perkins, '23, was on the Welcome Committee for freshmen at the Sept. 29th convocation. Dorothy Merritt, '24, was chairman of the tea given in Shevlin Hall. Katherine Kelley, '24, was on the "Get Acquainted" committee for the freshmen while Louise Leland, '24, assisted at booths during the week.

Carl Litzenberg, '23, is helping to plan this year's Home Coming at the University.

Of those on committees for teas and dinners for rushing we recognize Evangeline Nary, '25, Helen Struble, '26, and Eileen Slattery, '26, for Alpha Omicron Pi; and Irene Couper, '25, for the Kappa Deltas.

Samuel B. Kirkwood, '24, will enter the medical college of Harvard this year.

Betty Youn, '25, is attending the Northwestern College in Chicago.

About our last year's friends, the seniors, the following information has been gathered:

Helen Wold, Katherine Preston, Florence Lambertson, and Margaret Mull have entered Milwaukee Downer.

Robert Gould is attending St. John's University in Wisconsin.

Alice Riley is at Cornell University in Iowa.

This year, Carleton College has claimed Harlow Gieske, Josephine Ulrich, and Ellen Oren.

Margaret Payne and Winifred Washburn are busy at Hamline.

Robert De Vinney is in Montana working as a surveyor for the Northern Pacific Railway.

Doris Rockwell is working until December when she will leave for California to enter the University there.

## Special News

Charlotte Wells, '26, and Wallace Boss, '23, are engaged to be married. The date has not been stated.

Helen Riley, '25, and Franklin Rarig, '25, were married in October, 1926, in Hastings, Minnesota.

Prudence Grobe, '26, and Maurice Lewis of St. Paul were married in August, 1927. They have made St. Paul their home.



### "ODE TO A FRESHMAN"

The boy stood on the burning deck;  
 So far as we could learn—  
 Stood there in perfect safety;  
 He was too green to burn.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Stokes: "What is a circle?"

Albertine: "A round straight line with a hole in the middle."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "What are the principal parts of eat?"

Jean Short: "Eat, ate, eaten."

Teacher: "Regular or irregular?"

Jean: "Regular, with me."

\* \* \* \*

Raymond P., "I have never said an insulting word about a Scotchman, ignorant, bigoted and inconceivably narrow-minded though he may be."

\* \* \* \*

Fred: "Did you say her legs were without equal?"

Gil: "No, I said they knew no parallel."

\* \* \* \*

### AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE

Lonny: "If there are any Dumb-bells on this bench, let 'em stand up." After a hesitation a frosh stood up.

"So you consider yourself a dumb-bell, do you?"

Frosh: "No, but I hate to see you standing all by yourself."

\* \* \* \*

Mark Van D.: (earnestly) "Now, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Gordy: "Get a shine."

\* \* \* \*

### IN SOCK SCIENCE

"Doc" Tohill: "If an empty barrel weighs ten pounds what can you fill it with to make it weigh seven?"

Miles: "Fill it with holes."

Dealer: "So you don't like this butter?"

Mutt: "No, it's not what it's crocked up to be."

\* \* \* \*

Street Car Passenger, "Charge for children?"

Conductor, "Not under six."

Passenger, "Well, I only have five."

\* \* \* \*

Dry Agent: "I swear that Deacon Jones has a stock of home brew in his cellar."

Bystander: "Jones? Impossible!"

Agent: "Then why are the flies buzzin' out of his cellar window backward and in circles."

\* \* \* \*

Billy Charlton: "What are you drawing?"

Eleneta: "A dog."

Billy: "Where's the tail?"

Elly: "Oh, that's still in the bottle."

\* \* \* \*

### No Cents

Now fokes, I jist got a little romantic story to tell ya. To youse it may sound like a fruit cocktail or a vegetable salad, but listen once to me.

TOM ATOS met BAN ANA while picking STRAW BERRIES near the hay stack. She was a PEACH although he was a PRUNE, but they made an adorable PEAR.

BAN ANA raised her CHERRY lips to his and said, "Oh, RASPBERRIES, we CANTELOUPE. What to do?"

TOM ATO shook his ORANGE hair ferociously and said, "Sour GRAPES, I don't give a FIG for what we shouldn't do, LETTUCE do it." And they did.

They went on a camping trip, sleeping on APRI-COTS and eating off of RA-DISHES. They were PLUM crazy about hard-boiled eggs. Guess they got them fresh each mornin' from the EGG PLANT at the door.

On sitting down to a meal TOM ATO would say, "LETTUCE PEAS our appetite," and would carefully place the best on her plate, and BAN ANA said coily, "That BEATS all."

One day TOM ATO stepped on his frau's foot—incidentally on ACORN. So she got peeved and went to stay with her pal, HAZEL NUTS. Soon she received a letter. Sure it was from her soft-hearted TOM ATO. It read:

"Sweetest BAN ANA:

I PINE FIR U day by day. There's a brake in my ankle, but I eats onions to make me strong. Soon I come to take my little PEACH back, FIR U know that you are as POPLAR as MAPLE SUGAR in my heart. I was a LEMON to step on your toe, but please forgive your

TOM ATO.

Now, fokes, don't ya think he knew his ONIONS?

RUTH McMAHON.

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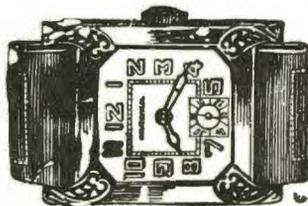
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