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University High School



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The Campus Breeze

VOLUME ~~XI~~ //X MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., FEBRUARY, 1927 No. 5

A Valentine Then and Now

1827

Gentle maiden, like a flower,
Yet before your charm I cower!
Sweet maid—your slave
I too!
Blue your eye and gold your hair,
As the spring-time, you're as fair,
Please smile upon
Me too!
Come with me—sweet the night,
When with you, all is delight,
Lassie, dearest one to me.
Come with me—alone we'll stroll
By pale moonlight, to yonder knoll
Where I'll give you my love's own plea.
You have many lovers fine
Eternal bliss shall all be mine
If you will have
Me too!

1927

Tom writes sonnets to your eyes
Calls them blue as summer skies
Ho, ho, ha, ha!
Me too!
Jack brings flowers to your door,
If my dad's generous, you'll have more (from)
Oh, yes, sweet heart
Me too!
I've the ring, you've the car,
We'll elope, travel far,
It will be just one grand spree!
I've the love, you've the cash,
To the parson's we will dash,
I love you, you love me,
Now you have this, and you have that,
Come say "yes," you'll have all that
You'll have, ha ha!
Me too!

—BETTY RAMSDELL.

February

February has, in all probability, the most unusual history of any of our months. In the beginning it was established by the "venerable Roman ruler, Numa Pompilius," who gave it twenty-nine days, except in leap year when it had thirty. So we see it has always been rather short. It was then a month of expiation.

July was named after Julius Caesar and was allotted thirty-one days. His nephew, Augustus Caesar named August after himself. Much to his dislike there were only thirty days in August, so he took one day over from February to make August equal his uncle's month, July. This brought February down to its present size.

Besides for its interesting historical background, February is noteworthy for the part it has played in American History. First of the important dates in February is Washington's birthday in 1732. Next is the birth of William Henry Harrison in 1773, who was one of the important generals in the War of 1812. Then we find the birth of Lincoln in February 1809.

The acquisition and purchase of Florida follows along in the February Chronology of American History.

The very beginnings and stirrings of the Mexican War began in February. The end of this war also fell in that month in 1848.

At the close of the Mexican War we find in February the early dissensions and ill-feelings that later led to the Civil War. The first evidence of these was the success of the Republican party in the election of 1860. A meeting for a new Union and an anti-slavery party was held in the North soon after. This began a political party that was to guide the Union through the war and for many years after.

In February, 1861, Lincoln set out for Washington to become President.

The South was also very active in February, Jefferson Davis being chosen the President of the newly formed Confederacy. The first Congress of the South and the inauguration of Davis both fell in this fateful month.

Two very important victories of the North in the Civil War came in February—namely, the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson by troops under Grant. This increased the morale of the North and pointed out Grant as one of the world's best generals.

After the Civil War, peace fell on the United States for several years. In February, 1895, the Cubans began their revolt against Spain, which soon enmeshed the United States. The battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor in February, 1898. After some useless negotiations, war was declared between Spain and the United States in April.

Last but not least, February played an important part in our recent World War. All official relations between the United States and Germany were broken off in February, 1917. War soon followed.

Thus we find that February was, on the whole, a rather more eventful than peaceful month, in our history.

—HELEN WILDES.

Ink

There are as many kinds of ink as there are tribes of mosquitoes. Ink there is that won't wash off; ink that will; ink that won't flow in the fountain pen when one is taking a test; ink that floods out when you're drawing a fine line; ink that says black on the label and writes blue; printer's ink; cheap ink at the post office; fairly good ink at the bank; scented, priceless ink on the movie star's inlaid ivory writing desk; low, round bottles of ink; sturdy, square bottles of ink; big dark bottles of ink that look like the bottles papa's pre-war comes in; pails of ink; barrels of ink; in India there's a river of ink; at home there is a lake of ink where the kitten chased the canary onto the writing desk; but for a low-down, low-life, rotten, down-and-out, miserable, pesky ink, I ask you: Did you ever splatter some indelible ink on your hostess' imported, handworked, pure Kaffir Karakul, and priceless table scarf?

—ALVA SWAIN.

Dissection of a Freshie's Brain

From recent investigations held by the noted Professor Upperclassmen in the Senior College of Junior Science of Sophomore Mines, it was found that the Freshie had a brain composed of small cells, all dull in color. The brain was not connected with any of the organs of speech. Indeed there seemed to be no connection whatever with the brain except the ears, and from these a single tube passed through the brain. Anything that reached the brain from this source would have to seep through the strong walls of this passageway. Thence it is not likely that much ever reached the brain cells. A faint impression caused by some school football yells were discernible with a microscope. The cells were filled with a very green liquid which was sluggish and showed no symptoms of having been worn out. In a normal cell these would have been many solid cells filled with knowledge but in this specimen there was only one such cell and it seemed full of frivolities.

The whole brain was covered with a tough fiber to further protect from more worldly contact.

—MARJORIE PAGE.

White

White of the stainless, little cloud,
 White of the deathly, silent shroud,
 White of the bird of paradise,
 White of the wastes of snow and ice,
 White,—what art thou?

—RUTH THORSHOV.

Tell a Bigger One

Whenever I pick up "Gulliver's Travels" and start to read of the astonishing adventures of the exceptional Gulliver, I am reminded vividly of some of my own exploits while roaming the seven seas. Of course you will throw your head back and laugh at what I am about to tell you, but nevertheless, I will endeavor to set down the facts as nearly as I can recall them and vouch for their authenticity as much as I would for the tales of other men such as I.

It was about the middle of July while on my annual round-the-world voyage on the steamer, "Hoodwink," that the adventures about which I will tell you happened. On this day of all days, immediately after dusk, a giant cloud arose on the northern horizon. The skipper knew what was approaching, but almost before he could give his orders the hurricane was upon us. From the moment it struck us until I found myself high and dry on what appeared to me to be a desolate island, things happened so thick and fast that my memory of those few minutes is a hopeless jungle. After my first glimpse of the land upon which I was thrown, I swooned from utter exhaustion. When I came to and gazed dizzily around me, I was confronted with a horrible sight. I was entirely surrounded, and to my amazement and terror I saw that my captors were cannibals. But that was not all. Less than a hundred feet away the man-eaters had constructed a huge fireplace, and under a kettle just as huge, they had built an extremely huge and hot fire. Something told me my goose was cooked—or about to be. For a time, I'll have to admit I was a bit frightened, but I soon gained control of myself and settled down to meditate upon a plan to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation. At first it seemed hopeless. In a glance I could see that the savages had left no avenue of escape, and I knew if I tried to force one, I would be shown no mercy.

Then I noticed a commotion arising amongst the natives. Their faces were turned towards the now peaceful ocean, and their eyes were fixed upon some dark object. Nearer and nearer it came, until it beached itself at our feet. My captors soon had the object farther up on land where they were examining it with great curiosity. When the excitement had died down a bit, I could see from where I sat that the object was the spare radio receiver we had had on our ship. I remembered then that the chief radio manager had told me how he had rigged up this receiver in a miniature boat with a device of his own genius that started the propeller as soon as it touched water. This was run by compressed air and was designed to propel the boat until it reached some land where it would give some clue as to the ship's fate. A big idea struck me, and after careful consideration, I resolved to try it. It would be my first, last, and only chance of ever hoping to see my native land again. I would charm the natives with the radio! The only thing that was difficult about the plan was getting close enough to the set to start it. I waved my hands frantically to attract the attention of the natives, and I finally succeeded in making them understand what I wanted. They called a council and after much jabbering decided to do what I requested—just to see what would happen—for they knew I could not possibly escape through their circle of guards.

I thought now that the rest would be easy, but as usual I had not foreseen unexpected difficulties. When I reached the radio receiver

and had turned it on, I could hear nothing—and no wonder; the operator on the ship had overlooked equipping the machine with an antenna or wire to make one. What was I to do now? My fate depended entirely, as far as I could see, upon the working of this plan, but it was absolutely necessary that I should have an antenna to make the receiver bring in the distant stations.

It was at this point in my adventure that I had the opportunity of being able to save my life with the knowledge that had been pounded into my head many years ago in high school. I looked around again and I saw that the wives of the cannibals all had long hair that almost touched the ground. I had little difficulty in explaining what I desired and to my amazement the chief agreed that it should be done. First, he called together all the women and arranged them in a long line. Then he had one of his orderlies make two braids of each women's hair and tie a braid to one of another women's on each side so that when the women were spread out, their hair formed one continuous long braid. When this had been done, the braid of the last one was tied to the radio receiver, and another orderly brought salt water from the sea and sprinkled it over the braids of hair. I now had a perfect antenna. The hair formed the wire and the salt water made a good conductor out of it.

You can imagine the rest. The receiver worked; programs rolled in from all parts of the world; the natives were charmed, excited, amazed, and hypnotized; I became their god, so they dared not eat me; and they were so pleased with the music they heard that when a ship happened to touch the island about two months later they made me promise to send them a ship load of the best receivers on the market.

—LYMAN G. SWENDSON.

Death

One night I dreamed a wondrous dream,
 A wondrous dream of death.
 I felt a presence in the room,
 Upon my brow its breath.

A misty light, it filled the place,
 There stood a cloudy creature;
 I could distinguish form nor face
 Nor any human feature.

With muffled tones the silence broke,
 "Be not afraid of me."
 And thus the mystic phantom spoke,
 "Now Death will not touch thee."

"If thou wilt play a game with me,
 I'll show thee something clever;
 I'll show thee what my looks may be,
 But what I am, ah, never."

"Pretend thou art a simple child
 Who fears the dark—and Death,
 Or be a youth or maiden mild
 Who glows with every breath."

And ere the phantom finished this,
 The misty light grew dimmer,
 A fiend seized souls with shriek and hiss,
 Turned life-light to a glimmer.

"A gentle pastime," then spake Death,
 "'Tis what I seem to youth,"
 I shuddered and I held my breath
 At such a game, uncouth.

"Now make believe thou art a one
 Who seeks refuge from sorrow,
 A suicide who life would shun,
 Who tries to escape tomorrow."

The misty light grew warm and bright,
 A Friend awaited, beckoning
 The careworn souls to hide the night,
 Until the day of reckoning.

"A most deceiving game," quoth he,
 "Or maybe 'tis the truth,
 No one doth know what I may be,
 Not suicide nor youth."

"And now," he cried, "thou art one weary
 Of Life's steep rocky road,
 An old one plodding dark paths, dreary,
 Too feeble for the road."

And rosy grew the misty light,
 The sun sank in the West,
 A friendly hand took in each night
 The weary souls to rest.

"And now, my little one," said Death,
 "What form is Death you see?"
 I looked, I gasped, devoid of breath,
 "'Tis nothing that I see!"

"Ah Death, I know not what thou art,
 What future thou dost hold,
 An onward, upward striving heart,
 Or emptiness and cold."

"A little game was played," quoth he,
 "I showed thee something clever,
 I showed thee what my looks might be,
 But what I am,—ah, never!"

—RUTH THORSHOV.

Ye Theories

A theory is a surmise; a surmise is an inference; an inference is a conclusion; a conclusion is the end; therefore the theory is the end, and we must believe it.

When we were frosh we were given to understand that Latin was a dead language; although it was real and lifelike enough to us. At Hallowe'en we first met with the definition of a ghost—a person dead but seemingly alive. Thereupon we began to theorize—Latin was a ghost of the past—which has worked out remarkably well in the passing years.

When we became sophomores, we learned the noted Math. theory; two plus two equals four; two times two equals four; therefore addition equals multiplication.

Now in our third year we are informed in chemistry that when glass and silk are rubbed together, an electric spark ensues; therefore: all matter is made up of electricity. Believe it or not. We don't!

Now there's the theory of French wit. This would be a good English example. Some insignificant frosh would dash into Mr. Turney's office and breathlessly inquire, "Is John Brown here?" Upon receiving a negative answer, he would reply, "Yes, he is. I am John Brown."

Another theory is: people like sugar, horses like sugar; therefore people are horses. But that hasn't any horsesense so give it the horse-laugh.

Being taught these famous theories, we're apt to invent a few ourselves. How would this be if it were accepted? "It's difficult to get up in the morning; therefore, we won't have to go to school till noon."

Indians paint; artists paint; therefore, artists are Ind'ans. Yes, they often have abused the scenery.

I will now reveal the most important and perhaps the most obscure theory—I have nothing to say; therefore I shan't say it.

—RUTH McMAHON.

Is the Doctor In?

We enter the waiting room promptly on time for our appointment and encounter a girl in a white muslin apron and black satin shoes. She imparts the information that doctor has been delayed and is not yet in.

"Ah," we think. "A few minutes quiet rest will calm the nerves." We sink into a chair and remain motionless, trying to discover more symptoms. Already several have disappeared, and we fear lest we lose them all 'er the doctor's arrival.

Five minutes suffices the nerves and we begin to examine our fellowmen. A he-zipped and scarfed people, they are, that scarce intrigue us. Boredly we seek diversion.

Ah! How stupid of us! Of course, the magazines! We rush to the table and then madly thither and about. Originality deserts us and our final decision is a much bethumbed "Post." We delve in a delightful creation of our adored Percy Wodehouse.

Alas! It is all too short and we seek another. The only apparent alternative, worthy of our time is a lengthy dissertation on the Mexican question! Shuddering, we hurl the magazine under the chair and choose another. History repeats itself and we, having reached the end of our tangent, despair!

At this crucial moment the doctor comes in, and vanishes into the inner recesses. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and we, being only human, brighten up perceptibly.

One of many, in our company, rises and disappears. . . . A violent pain in the back of the neck pleases us immensely! Thank goodness our symptoms are back. We need not have worried; they return thick and strong, brought on, of course by our mental condition which is fast becoming seething rage on our discovery that these trivialities have already consumed more than an hour.

Disintegration sets in and we, nothing loathe, listen to a description of the ills of the lady on our right. We sympathize and contribute a few of our own. Dawdling thus, we drag out our life for another eternity. At last our turn comes. We totter in and are reduced to a thoroughly moribund condition by a young lady who plies us with impossible questions. Only our upbringing prevents homicide!

Blithely the doctor enters, "Well how are you today?"

—ELLEN OREN.

On Meditating on a Recent Unappreciated Illness

It is a beastly, ghastly fate
When none believe you ill,
You kick, and groan, and curse, and hate,
And are grudged e'en a pill.

Of fevered brow you moan in vain
And writhing tell of ache and pain.
They laugh, they scoff, and with a sneer
Imply 'tis some exam you fear.

O know, ye people, one and all,
Soon I'll be cold and chill,
And shrouded in a long bleak pall,
My bones the earth will fill.

Ah then you will full sorry be
And your rash folly sadly see.
No longer will my voice resound,
All that remains is one small mound.

—JOSEPHINE ULRICH.

Underclassmen's Department

An English Valentine

There's one thing we know and that is that St. Valentine didn't begin this fourteenth of February excitement, but who did is a question not so easy to answer.

For us it began with our English ancestors who assembled on the eve of St. Valentine's day, putting in a box the names of all the young maidens. Each bachelor drew a name, and the maiden whose name he had drawn was his valentine for the year. He wore her name on his sleeve or in his bosom and it was his duty to protect and guard her. This was a very popular custom as late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Among the countrymen of England and Scotland there was a tradition that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day. Before daylight on that morning young people would go out and try to catch a sparrow and two owls in a net. It was considered a good omen if they succeeded and they were entitled to gifts from the villagers.

On this day also, young maidens had sure charms foretelling their future husbands. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, just before going to bed, she must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill it with salt. Then she must eat it—shell, salt, and all, and neither speak nor drink after that. Next she must prepare for sleep by pinning five bay leaves on her pillow, one in each corner and one in the middle. If she dreams of her sweetheart that night, she is sure to marry him before the end of the year.

—MARGUERITE ERICKSON.

If Caesar Had Received Artemidorus' Letter, Then—

Act III—Scene I

Rome—Before the Capitol; the Senate Sitting Above

Caes.: The Ides of March are come.

Sooth.: Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art.: Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

Caes.: Peace! Who speaks?

Pub.: But some varlet bidding you read a schedule.

Art.: Noble Caesar, read; see this, my schedule, Caesar.

Caes.: Since you press it on me I will read it. Come, to the Senate-house.

Cas. (aside): Brutus, sure we are found out! See, even now he reads this cursed missive.

Bru.: Ah, Cassius, oft am I truly sorrowful that I began this unworthy deed.

Cas.: Most noble Brutus!

Caes. (aside): I like not to believe the context of this note.
 My companion turned against me? Would a thousand times
 That I were dead, than that I knew
 The noble Brutus were not true to me.
 For, when a man doth have
 His best friend cooled against him,
 The whole world seems to totter,
 The skies darken, the storm gathers,
 And the light, the hope of life, seems gone.

1st Senator: Methinks there is a deal on Caesar's mind,
 For he does stare in space,
 And I have heard him mumble strangely.
 It becometh him not.

2nd Senator: You have reason in your sayings,
 There is surely more to Caesar than the eye perceives.
 But peace! He speaks.

Caes.: Now, if there be any suit to make to me, have haste,
 For I do feel ill, and presently will homeward journey.

Bru.: Caesar!

Caes.: Brutus, do you approach?

1st Senator: Hast yon Brutus a strange and gleaming look in his
 countenance, or do I dream?

2nd Senator: I do agree, Marcus, there is a foreign look in Brutus'
 eye.

(Brutus advances toward Caesar.)

Bru.: O, Caesar! Great Caesar! Noble Caesar!
 Brutus has humble suit to make to you.
 He asks your pardon, but, he knows,
 A thing like this, this treacherous act,
 Could never be forgiven. Therefore,
 He asks only that you send him to his death,
 With a kind word ringing in his ear,
 That he may say of Caesar,
 What Caesar cannot say of Brutus
 That he was true unto the end. But Caesar,
 How now doth Brutus wish he had been true.
 He will not say he was unjustly swayed
 To treachery; for that would be a lie,
 But he will say that he doth thoroughly,
 Repent him of his sin, and wish to be
 Remembered with no malice by great Caesar.

Caes.: Brutus! Dear Brutus!

Bru.: Caesar, enough. That word sufficeth.
 So, Brutus fall!

(Stabs himself.)

Caes.: My Brutus! Didst thou know how thoroughly I do forgive
 thee, thou wouldst not lie there with gushing blood from that poor
 gaping wound which signifies Great Brutus' love for Caesar.

Our Principal Says:

Wanted: A Code of Ethics by University High School. If this advertisement were actually made, fully 99% of you would be very much astonished. "Have we not had a wonderful year?" you would ask. "Is not school spirit better than ever? Have not our social affairs been bigger and better? Has not our athletic program gone forward and have not our teams distinguished themselves?"

To all these questions I would answer, "Yes!" And I am glad with the most of you that it is so. Nevertheless I feel that our student body can make a great deal of progress in developing a real code of ethics. And what kind of code? The kind that brooks no violation of accepted regulation, that will bring quick and strong student disapproval for any action unworthy of a member of University High School, that is jealous of the school honor and hence of the honor of each member.

Such a code of ethics would be a force to continue student support during the interval between games as well as at them. It would help the athlete live correctly during training as well as endure the trial of the contest. It would condemn and punish a student who failed to respect either school property or that of individuals. It would guide your conduct rightly whether under faculty observation or not. It would require the fulfillment of all obligations made by a member.

It is especially desirable now, it seems to me, to turn your thoughts to these possibilities. University High School can set an example in student government, and student morale not yet equalled in the past. Do not misunderstand me. It is just because you have started the year so well that I feel this one big thing—the development of a strong, fine sense of personal and group honor and spirit—would so fittingly occupy the remaining half of the year.

Austin H. Turney

Student Opinion

Our League

University High has been in the Lake District League now for three years. We have had our victories along with defeats. But in administering or receiving these victories and defeats we have drawn conclusions. Some of the schools we play are what is known as small town high schools and they certainly live up to that name. Their distrust and narrow mindedness is typical of "Main Street" which Sinclair Lewis symbolizes. On the other hand such towns as Excelsior may well be proud of their teams. They're good sports, clean players, and besides that they're good! A friendly rivalry exists between "U" High and Excelsior which is indeed keen. All the "U" High players know by name the Excelsior bunch, their reputation, and prepare for hard battles with them. But above all this their school and their authorities are all open-minded, metropolitan people. Here's to a long relationship with Excelsior!

—J. D. K. B.

Basketball

The joys of football days are past,
 Those good old days are gone
 When on the Mississippi banks
 Our victories were won.

And how we cheered at all those games—
 Until our throats were sore,
 But yet that was a mere detail—
 We would and could yell more.

Oh, football is a grand old sport,
 But basketball is too,
 And we have such a mighty team,
 We should give them all their due.

For they've been playing gallantly
 And winning right along,
 While we stand near and give support
 In word and yell and song.

So come, then, students of U High
 And go to their next game,
 A team is fighting there for you
 And for our High School's name.

—MARGARET HALLSTROM.

Honor Roll

First Month of Winter Quarter

ALL A'S

Andrea Kiefer

Arthur Lampland

Helen Wildes

ALL A'S AND B'S

Anne Armstrong

Caroline Kittoe

Jane Armstrong

Lorna Larson

Lynn Beyer

Ruth McClintock

Ruth Burkhard

Marjorie Myers

Margaret Canfield

Raymond Pepinsky

Henry Clark

Betty Ramsdell

Marguerite Erickson

Marlys Robertson

Lois Finger

Nancy Staples

Marion Gold

Lyman Swendson

Aiken Gortner

Winifred Washburn

Martha Hynes

B AVERAGE

Thelma Brown

George Miller

Marguerite Brunche

Minerva Pepinsky

Elizabeth Ann Couper

Theodore Rasmussen

Fern Fisk

Alice Riley

Margaret Hallstrom

Frederick Rosendahl

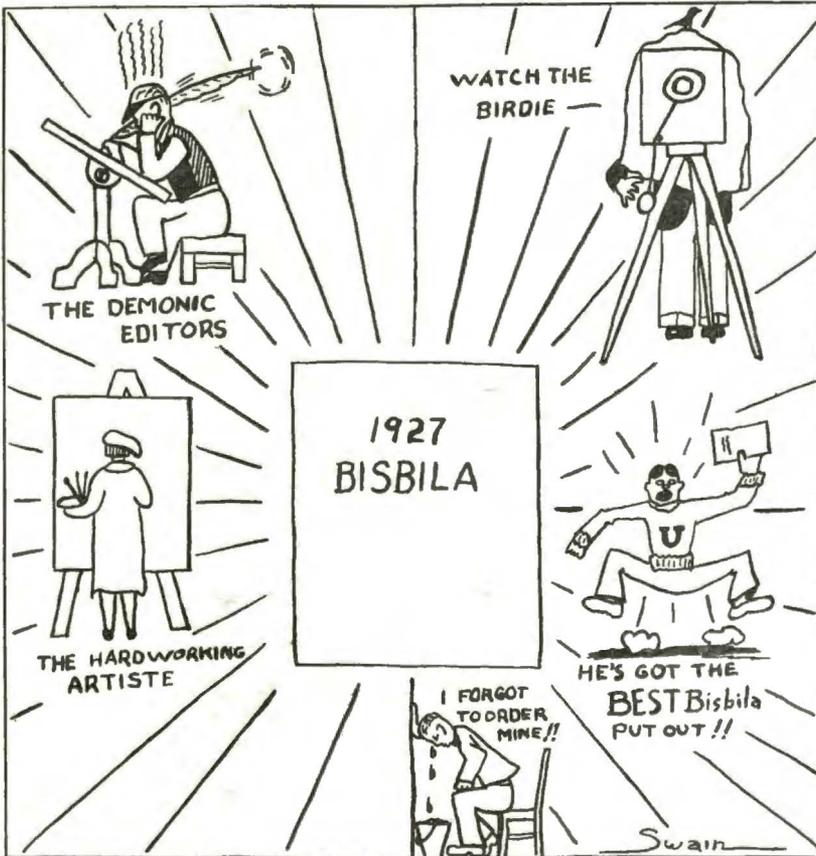
Eleanor Heck

Adelaide Rowley

Wendell Johnson

Ruth Thorshov

Bessie Lev'ne



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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.

The Bisbila

The BISBILA is the annual published each year by the graduating class. The name means "little Gopher" and it surely is nothing else but.

About the first of last November the BISBILA staff was chosen. Since then they have worked hard and industriously to put out the best one ever. Everyone in the school has now seen Mr. Bank's little "birdie" at one time or another and Henry Clark has had his camera ready all the time to do the same trick only in a less professional way. "BISBILA board meeting" has often "adorned" (if one may call it that) the Study Hall blackboard and bulletin board. Bob Gould is often seen running through the halls trying to find one of the editors or any other one of the numerous duties that fall to the editor.

The BISBILA is a library of your school day memories. In it are the pictures of all your school friends. Summaries of the year's work in every branch of school activity are given. It is a reference book to your school life. In future years it will afford much pleasure in seeing the familiar faces of your former classmates.

This year the BISBILA is to be bound in a leather cover. This is something that has never been done before in U High and it is the policy, "the most for the money," that prompted the staff to make this selection. The BISBILA has always taken prizes in the state contests and this is some record to live up to. The BISBILA is going to be put in the hands of every student in U High for less than one-third of the entire cost of the book, \$1.50. A person goes downtown and pays \$2.50 for a book of fiction that he only reads once. Here is the BISBILA for three-fifths of that price and is by far a much more useful addition to your home library. It is invaluable.

The Senate

One of the organizations instituted in the school in the past few years is the Student Senate. This is composed of representatives from the different classes and this year Miss McGuire is its adviser.

In the fall of 1925 they made arrangements for our first Homecoming. This was put on in great style and everyone agrees that it was a big success. Again last fall they provided for our second Homecoming. The success of these Homecomings has done a great deal to make this event in the fall of the year a tradition. The Senate deserves no small amount of praise for the creditable manner in which these things were done.

Another feather in the Senate's hat is the point system. This was passed last spring by the student body after much discussion and delay. Its purpose is to spread out student activities in the school and incidentally to raise the standards of scholarship in the school. When it was passed it affected only three or four students in the school. But the question is not "How many students *does* it affect?" but "How many students *has* it affected?" Some of the schools have asked for the details of our system, which shows that it must mean something. Central High, Saint Paul, one of the largest schools in the state, inquired. Since this "ordinance" has not been repealed or nullified, it should be enforced.

The Senate has many projects in view for 1927, among them the formation of a Library Board. This will be to help in the library and study hall situation.

The Senate is our organization. We elected the members to represent us. They are doing their best and deserve our support in everything that they do. They are trying to improve conditions around school and are succeeding nobly. Remember, it is yet in its early stages of development and too much cannot be demanded from it.

Reputation

Every student in the University High School has a name. With his name, attached very closely, he has a reputation. His reputation may be good to some people and bad to others, but this is usually not the case. It is one or the other, either good or bad.

Of course there are many things that may affect this reputation; many of them aren't half as important as some people think they are. For example, the cost of clothes is often given more consideration than the keeping of one's word. A reputation is a very important thing in everyone's life, though some people mistreat it. It is very essential that it be a *good* reputation. If you are fostering the idea now that your reputation doesn't matter much, it will be to your advantage to discard that idea immediately!

Anyone who has been in any way connected with the business world can tell you off the end of his finger a half dozen names of people that are classed as "good," but very likely he can, in the same manner, name as many that are not "good," in fact very "poor."

You probably will say, "What's the point?" Here's the point: The reputation you are forming now of a financial nature and with regard to obligations is going to remain with you all your life, and right now you are being classed as "good" or "poor." You may add the word, "pay" to either of these if you wish, but that is not all the word stands for.

The idea is, if you say you will pay \$1.50 for a BISBILA or \$2.25 for a BREEZE, or pledge your loyal support to some organization and *don't*, you will garner for yourself the reputation of being "poor."

Are you going to let your reputation "make, or break you?"

Standards of Scholarship

Last Friday marked the half-way mile-stone for this school year. Is it a Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, or Senior year for you? If you are a Senior you will want to put in an application for one of those nice, big, fat scholarships that the University is offering to incoming Freshmen, and also put in a concerted effort to do a little extra studying; if you are a Junior or underclassman, you will want to start making better grades right *now* to offset those you got last year or quarter which you would like to forget, so you will have a chance to make the National Honor Society.

Mr. Boardman, our absent Principal, has always stressed the fact that the winter quarter is the time when scholarship is the main center of attraction, and other things *must* be put off until it is done. To vary from this standard *during the winter quarter* is the unpardonable sin.

You remember what Mr. Boardman said in his last letter from Columbia; well, let's continue to raise the standards up, up until he won't be able to recognize them when he returns next year.



Senior News

Well you heard last month all about how they dragged us down to the photographers to have our pictures taken. It's all done now, and, of course, "they're rotten!" At least if they aren't we won't admit we're "that homely." The only satisfaction is that it's all over. You underclassmen, i. e., Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshies, had all better start worrying today about your pictures 'cause you won't have time to after you become Seniors. We're too busy to worry over titles.

Now that the Vaudeville is all over we have settled down to work quite calmly again. It was some show too, wasn't it? Weren't the Seniors superb? Oh the Juniors were good too—we have to be polite at least and say that—but we know what it would have been like if some of our noble fellow classmen hadn't added their talent upon that stage.

Now that all our "little quizzes"—and they were awful, per usual—are over we close our month of toil.

Junior Report

Stars to the right of you, stars to the left of you! On with the Junior Brigade! In every field of endeavor the path of the Juniors is marked with asterisks.

One of our stars, Steve Barlow, shines in the water. He's the fellow we can credit with saving U High from utter defeat at the hands of Shattuck, by pulling in two firsts in the forty and one-hundred yard dashes.

The basketball team, too, is not without Junior stars. And the rest of us are back of these fellows in everything they do or try.

We shine in the business world, too. By chartering a bus to St. Louis Park and selling tickets "slightly above par" we cleared eight dollars and eighty-five cents.

One part of our machine, missing for some time, has just been found again. Dorothybelle McCree is just back at school after an operation for appendicitis. We're all glad to know that she's back again.

The Junior girls have the largest percentage in the Outdoor Club. We hope soon to hit the top notch—100 per cent.

We're proud of the Juniors who took part in Footlight Fancies and appreciate all the effort and time they and the Seniors spent in keeping U High's dramatic reputation as high as the former Senior classes have.

What is all the whispering among the Juniors and Seniors about? Perhaps it can all be explained in one significant word—Mard'-gras.

Sophomore Doings

At last the Sophomores have had their long-hoped-for party! At class meeting we were informed that a sleigh ride would take place on Saturday, the twenty-second of January. So on that date we all assembled at the school in mittens and stocking caps, prepared for the snowy trip, only to find that there would be no bob-ride because of the depth of the mercury. Some were disappointed at first but they did not know what was to come.

Up in the well-known 204 Miss Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes had prepared games that were really "fit for Sophomores." Each of us was given a large card with a letter on it. There was an alphabet of boys and an alphabet of girls. When Mr. Stokes called a word there was a wild rush and panic until one side or the other had all the letters of that word standing in their right places. Then Mr. Stokes judged which side was ready first, and another word was called.

After a number of games we had the refreshments. Everyone enjoyed himself to his greatest capacity.

Doings of the Frosh

Heard when the Freshies had their class picture taken: "I certainly do know how to be a sardine now!"—"Aw, can't you give my toe a little rest? You've been standing on it for five minutes steady!"—"What agony! And we'll have to do it three times more before we graduate!" We're there in all our glory, though, and you'll see our picture in the Bisbila.

On the same day, we had a class meeting to decide whether to adopt the constitution that last year's Freshmen made. We did adopt it, finally, but there is a good deal of confusion as to the way it's supposed to work.

Lots of the Freshman girls have turned out for basketball this quarter, and are finding it much more fun than soccer. So far, no teams have been chosen. We've played the sophs twice and lost both times, 10-0 and 3-0. Next time we're going to win.

We feel quite proud of ourselves, for two boys from our class are on the swimming team. And you never can tell! They may be channel swimmers in the making.

We've challenged the sophs to a debate sometime in March. Come on, frosh, here's your chance to win!



U HIGH VS. EXCELSIOR

In an extremely slow game, the U High quint upset the dope, and downed Excelsior, 12-8. Excelsior brought a fast, big team, supposed to be one of the top-notchers in the district, but effective checking by the U High forwards, and extremely bad shooting by both teams enabled U High to eke out a victory.

Captain Ev Drake, U High's rangy center, was the individual star of the game, amassing 11 of U High's 12 points with five field goals and a free throw.

Lineup:

U High—12		Excelsior—8
Erskine	L.F.	Eddy
Rasmussen	R.F.	Shaw
E. Drake	C.	Barnett
A. Tucker	G.	Troendle
Jurgenson	G.	Colby

Substitutions: U High—Carlson for Drake, R. Tucker for Erskine, Sherman for Rasmussen, Ramer for R. Tucker, Manuel for Sherman, Hayes for A. Tucker, Swendson for Jurgenson.

U HIGH VS. ST. LOUIS PARK

Not satisfied with her "rolling prairie" football field, St. Louis Park furnished U High with a 9-foot by 10-foot basketball floor, and as a result, U High was nosed out 20-18.

The U Highites had the game handed to them by the referee in the form of free throws, but the home team did not take advantage of their opportunities. Because of the smallness of the floor, the game was very rough. Twenty-five fouls in all being penalized.

Ev Drake was again high point man with nine points, Nelson leading the Parks with seven.

Lineup:

U High		St. Louis Park
R. Tucker	F.	Nelson
Sherman	F.	Chamberlain
Drake (C)	C.	McGuire
A. Tucker	G.	Hopstrand
Jurgenson	G.	Wright

Substitutions: U High—Erskine for R. Tucker, Manuel for Erskine, Rasmussen for Sherman, Carlson for Rasmussen.

Swimming

U HIGH VS. JOHNSON

In the first swimming meet of the season, U High defeated Johnson, 53 to 15. The U High swimmers took first place in every event. Harlowe Gieseke with $9\frac{1}{2}$ points was high point man for the locals.

U HIGH VS. SHATTUCK

Valiantly striving to break Shattuck's string of victories over U High, the local mermen went down in defeat, 52-17. The U High team seemed pursued by an evil jinx, with almost every member of the team making flagrant errors. Captain Barlow with two firsts was high point man for U High.

U HIGH VS. BLAKE

Handicapped by sickness U High fell before Blake, 45-24. Barlow again starred for U High with two firsts. The score does not indicate the closeness of the battle, for Blake triumphed only after a hard-fought struggle.



Trackmen Start Conditioning

While basketball and swimming are holding the center of the athletic stage at present, a small group of boys are loosening up their muscles in preparation for the long grind that awaits the cinder path artists in the spring. Although official practise doesn't start until the end of the basketball season, this squad is working out three times a week on the indoor track in the stadium with a place in the Northwestern Interscholastic as their goal. As it is very early yet, starts and warming-up exercises are all that have been attempted to date. Three men from last year's team have been lost by graduation, Gullander, Bissell, and Byers, and although their places will be hard to fill, there is a wealth of new material to choose from. The veterans from last year who are working out at present are: Spencer, McGaughey, and Perry. The following are some of the new men who are out: Rieck, Miller, Upton, Coffey, Broms, Shaw, and Burch. Drake, Jurgenson, Coffey, and Captain Rasmussen will join the squad at the close of the basketball season.

The Athletic Banquet

During the last two years many events have been added to our school life that have become traditions in University High. The Athletic Banquet was held last year for the first time in the Minnesota Union. Mr. Boardman proposed the idea and the Senate took charge of selecting a committee to draw up plans and arrangements.

This year though the date as yet has not been set, the Banquet will probably be held around the later part of March. The committee will be selected from the school at large to plan for the event so that all the fathers and their sons will be present.

To make the banquet one of the select events of the year all the athletic awards will be presented that night and the captains of the squads elected and announced.

This Banquet as a tradition is just in the making so let's make it go!

Girls' Athletics

"Tweet, tweet," trills the whistle.

"You freshmen simply must learn not to run with the ball," supplements Miss Bockstruck.

Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, a casual observer can see groups of girls engaged in any of the various activities related to basketball. She will have to look twice, however, before she can see anything.

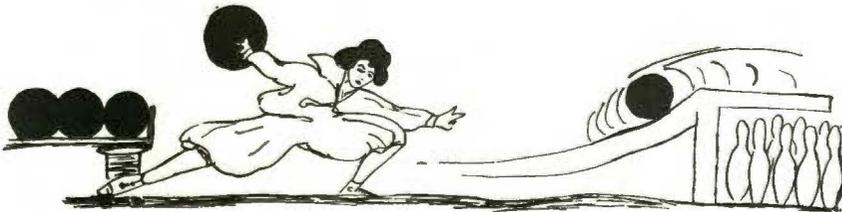
The Freshman and Sophomore classes are each divided into two squads; the Juniors and Seniors together form one squad.

Wanted! Some Juniors and Seniors! Each girl must pass certain tests before she can make a team, and while two of the squads play a game, the others with their respective leaders as guides, work on the tests.

Now that the "vodvil" is over we hope that the Junior and Senior representation will be ample enough to supply teams for the oncoming tournament.

Each class will also have a volley ball team, which will compete with the teams of the other classes. This, however, is a part of the regular prescribed class work.

The girls can now make up gym by skating or skiing on Monday afternoons, as well as the regular work in swimming and apparatus on Saturday mornings.





EXCHANGE

The students of Central High School, Austin, Minn., have devised a very efficient way for promoting order and cleanliness in the locker rooms. The girls of the school have challenged the boys to a "neatness" contest for a six-week period, during which time judges will inspect the locker rooms every day and note any disorder.

A school song contest is being sponsored by the Student Council of Central High School, St. Paul, as a part of its "School Spirit Movement." \$30 will be given to the student, alumnus, or faculty member writing the song judged the one best fulfilling Central's needs.

The staff of the West High Weekly has resolved to eliminate all stories of the dime novel type from its editorial page and install in their place only the most blood-curdling mysteries written in the style of good old Sherlock Holmes, to improve the minds of the West Highites. We wish them success!

WHAT OTHER SCHOOLS THINK ABOUT US:

Quoting from the Moccasin, Hastings, Minn.—

"It is recommended that the senior class read two articles, 'U High Types' (reminiscent of Chaucer's Prologue) and 'A Modern Chaucer Tale' published in the 'Campus Breeze' from the University High School. Little bits of humor like this will surely brighten up our study of this period."

Taken from the Torch, Blake School, Minneapolis.—

"In the November number of the Campus Breeze the University High magazine, the editorial section is limited to one page, but the subjects embraced are of interest to the entire school. The topics of ventilating and school chairs are well discussed. Students are urged, in another article, to make the most of their opportunities in school.



Alumni Notes

Dave Canfield, '21, has been a bit neglected in this column of late. Here are some of the college activities through which he has come into the limelight: Junior representative to Academic Student Council, member of Homecoming Committee, committee chairman for Junior Sunlite, member of program committee and chairman of invitations for Gridiron banquet, copyreader on the Minnesota Daily, sports editor on the 1928 Gopher, and associate editor of the Ski-U-Mah. U Highites will be interested to know that Dave was on the BISBILA and BREEZE staffs, where he received training for the University publications. The Grid Banquet took place February 3, sponsored by Delta Sigma Chi, national honorary journalistic fraternity, to which Dave was elected last spring.

Lawrence Anderson, '22, and Roy Thorshov, '23, have been elected to Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering fraternity.

University High graduates who pledged fraternities at the beginning of the winter quarter are:

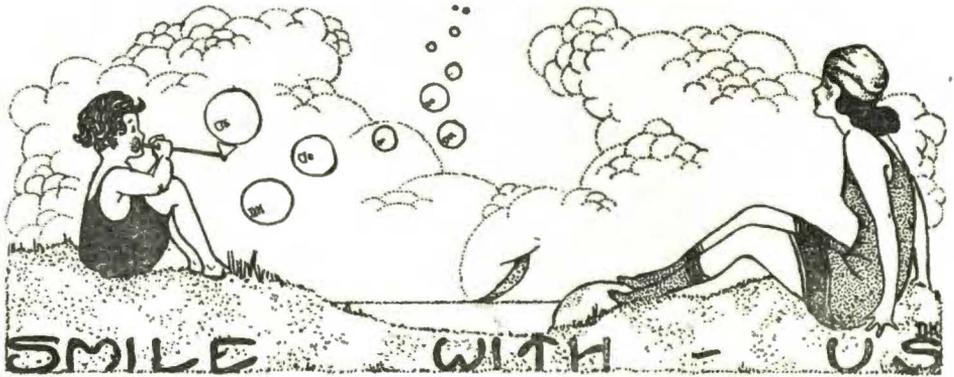
From the class of 1925:

Phi Gamma Delta, George Manuel.
Phi Sigma Kappa, Gordon Bassett.

From the class of 1926:

Beta Theta Pi, "Bud" Wing, "Bud" Merritt.
Delta Kappa Epsilon, John Hynes, Merwyn Robertson,
Don Bayers.
Delta Tau Delta, Dave Rahn.
Phi Kappa Psi, Jack Bates.
Tau Kappa Epsilon, Harold Eberhardt.
Sigma Phi Epsilon, Robert Davis.

Eleanor King, '25, visited the high school last week. Eleanor finds herself in the embarrassing situation of being vice-president of the Sophomore class at Hamline, when she has enough credits through honor points to be a full-fledged Junior. Eleanor is following up her Campus Breeze experience by working on the Oracle staff, and she is also secretary of the W. S. G. A., and a member of the W. Y. C. A. cabinet.



I never yet have owned a car,
 "Keep walking" is my motto,
 But often I accept a ride,
 I really hadn't auto.

* * *

Dan Carroll: "Do you like schoolwork?"
 Allyn Miller: "I like nothing better."

* * *

A party line is the line the girl friend throws when she's fishing
 for a date.

* * *

Peggy: "Isn't Russ a wonderful dancer? He's so light on his feet."
 Alice: "I'd like to see him light on his head."

* * *

The biology class wonders what the tea leaves on the coffee
 grounds.

* * *

Elizabeth Grobe: "This has been a trying week."
 Helen Fritz: "What you been doing?"
 Elizabeth: "Trying to pass exams."

* * *

Mr. Thompson: "Why all the pans of oil in the corner?"
 "Thump": "I put it out for the mice. I hate to hear them squeak."

* * *

Har: "I ordered strawberry short cake. Where are the straw-
 berries?"

Waitress: "That's what it's short of."

* * *

Helen McGrath: "What is the asbestos curtain for?"
 Jane Shellman: "To keep the show from being roasted."

* * *

John Shuman (stepping on Mrs. McCarn's foot): "Oh, pardon
 me."

Mrs. McCarn: "Who do you think I am, Ma Ferguson?"

* * *

Helen Manuel: "This stick pin belonged to a millionaire."
 Bunny Rowley: "Really! Who?"
 Helen: "Woolworth's."

THE WELL-DRESSED GIRL SHOULD WEAR—

Socks	like	Ruth Bengston
Hat	like	Peg Ebert
Scarf	like	Eleneta Carpenter
Gloves	like	Patty Hynes
Handkerchiefs	like	Bertha Van Colln
Compact	like	Al Arth
Bracelet	like	Florence Lamberton
Ring	like	Ted Sutton
Pin (?)	like	Ellen Oren
Earrings	like	Hoppy Canfield

* * *

THE WELL-DRESSED BOY SHOULD WEAR—

Socks	like	Emmett McGaughy
Bags	like	John Boehrer
Shirt	like	"Chuck" Jones
Collar	like	Sew Spencer
Tie	like	Sears Lamberton
Cuff Links	like	Bob DeVinny
Tie Pin	like	Don Burch
Ring	like	Alva Swain
Cap	like	Jack Barwise

Stiffy's Gopher

At least once a week,
 Sometimes more,
 Good old Stiffy
 Sees us comin' in his door.

Sometimes a crowd,
 Sometimes one,
 Tired, hot, and hungry,
 Looking for some fun.

Sometimes a "Wumpus,"
 Sometimes an "Ade,"
 Often just a "Malted,"
 At Stiffy's is made.

And while we're waiting,
 Which isn't very long,
 We draw pictures on the menu
 Or write a clever song.

And lots of famous people
 Come to Stiffy's from afar.
 And many a co-ed's heart beats fast
 When she sees her football star.

So when you feel—oh awful blue
 And everything goes wrong,
 Run over and see Stiffy,
 He's open all day long.

—FLORENCE LAMBERTON.

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AND
Tamarack Lodge**

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For Reservations Call
Midway 7730**

COOPERATION

We are here to cooperate. Your every interest large or small will interest us. Your confidence is an asset.

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Bank**

**Across from the Stadium
on Washington Avenue**

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HAIRCUT TIME**

Think of

**Gopher Barber
Shop**

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Minneapolis

Bisbila

Assembly

Soon

Stiffy

Sez:

Oh! My! The Ground Hog's been up, so it's
FRESH STRAWBERRY WUMPY TIME

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