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Table of Contents

	Page
ST. PATRICK'S DAY (MARCH 17).....	<i>Marguerite Erickson</i> 3
MARCH WINDS	<i>Helen Wildes</i> 4
FROZEN EARS (With Apologies to Russ Jurgenson).....	<i>Florence Lamberton</i> 4
IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.....	<i>Ruth McMahon</i> 5
EARLY MORNING	<i>Lorna Larson</i> 6
RIDING THE RAPIDS.....	<i>Allyn Miller</i> 6
A TALE OF THE SEA.....	<i>Winifred Washburn</i> 7
THE COLLAR-BONE OF THE ZENITH CITY.....	<i>Elizabeth Ann Couper</i> 8
WHEELS OF LIFE.....	<i>Ruth Thorshov</i> 9
BOOK REVIEWS	9
UNDERCLASSMEN'S DEPARTMENT	10
FACULTY--MR. A. W. HURD.....	13
OUR PRINCIPAL SAYS:.....	14
HONOR ROLL	14
STUDENT OPINION	15
EDITORIALS	17
ORGANIZATIONS	19
BOYS' ATHLETICS	22
GIRLS' ATHLETICS	23
ALUMNI NOTES	24
EXCHANGE	25
JOKES	26

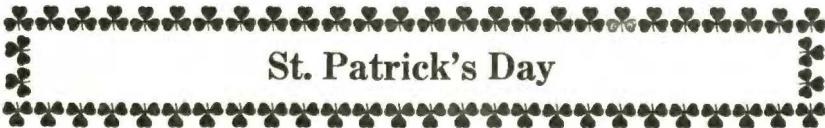


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St. Patrick's Day

(March 17)

The people of every country have a saint under whose care they are supposed to be. The French call St. Deny their saint; the Welsh, St. David; the English, St. George; the Scotch, St. Andrew; and the saint which is dearest to the Irish is St. Patrick. Many of these saints lived so long ago that the day of their birth is not known. But this is a small matter, as some of our most famous men in history are known only by what they did or wrote.

It has never been discovered whether St. Patrick was born in Scotland or in Gaul. No one knows the year of his birth, but it is thought that he was the son of Calpurnius, a judge and magistrate in a Roman colony about fifteen hundred years ago.

In the year of 403 he was taken captive and conveyed in a boat to Ireland. Here he was sold as a slave. While he was taking care of his master's sheep he learned the language and customs of the Irish. He finally escaped to his own country, but he had learned to like the Irish so well he wished to go back and try to make them Christians like his people. He spent many years in preparing to do this. Then he obtained the permission of Pope Celestine to return to Ireland as a missionary. He was not the first to try to convert the Irish, but those who had gone before him were not able to do much because the Druids, a heathen priesthood, were so powerful. After many years of hard work and discouragement, St. Patrick finally was successful.

The following story is said to account for the Irish wearing a sprig of shamrock to celebrate his memory:

When St. Patrick landed near Wicklow in Ireland, the people did not like his trying to convert them. When he began talking to them they became angry and gathered up stones with the intention of killing him. St. Patrick then plucked a piece of Dutch clover from the green on which he was standing and said: "Is it more strange that three persons should be united in one God than it is for these three leaves of the clover to grow upon one stalk?" This convinced his hearers. He worked among them for many years, until he succeeded in converting most of the Irish. He died March 17, 465, and for his good works became their patron saint.

—MARGUERITE ERICKSON.

March Winds

Wind, w-i-n-d, wind what do we know about winds? Well, we are just learning that there are many kinds of winds (this is March, you know).

There are nice kind, gentle winds, or breezes you know, our Campus B. being the best in the race, of course. You really enjoy that kind, you just float along in the face of it, as you would like to float on the rosy clouds of an August sunset.

There are pleasant winds that bring happiness and joy to all, the guardians of people. There are bad, rough, winds, too, that make people feel old and decrepit when they should be young and full of pep.

There are little gusts and spurts of wind too. Oh, what sport to go out and see who will conquer, the wind or yourself. You go along at a sort of hasty shuffle propelled by the fitful wind at your back. What a pleasurable feeling to gain your footing slowly against these strong but pleasing airs.

There are real gales, heavy March winds. They are fun too, but you enjoy watching the other fellow buffet the winds now, while with the aforementioned winds you were inclined to envy him. A good book, a cozy chair, and a warm fire are the requisites to make this blustery weather delightful. You only care for the short walk now. No long hikes, thank you!

March is really a good old month, isn't it? It has enough mild weather to encourage and insure the frailer and quieter mortals that summer is really coming, and enough blast and chill to comfort those harder ones who long for the return of winter. Let's all join in a hearty cheer for March and her wind!

—HELEN WILDES.

Frozen Ears

(*With apologies to Russ Jurgenson*)

It happened at a party,
One cold and crispy night,
As I was skating 'round and 'round
Jack Frost my ears did bite.

They burned and stung and hurt me
And got as white as snow
But still as I kept skating around
The wind on them did blow.

I huddled nearer to the fire
But Jack was there to bite;
Then some one cried, "Put on some snow
That'll warm them up all right."

I rubbed it on my poor sore ears
Which made them nice and warm,
But then they got so big and red
They lost their natural charm.

And all the rest of the evening,
I was pestered with gibes and jeers
And just because old Mister Frost
Had given me "Big Ears."

—FLORENCE LAMBERTON.

Wheels of Life

The wheels go round,
The wheels go round,
With never ending roaring sound,
With never stop, nor leap, nor bound,
But smoothly, smoothly, round and round,
The wheels go round,
The wheels go round.

Stark famine walks,
Pestilence stalks,
Death marks the doors with gleaming chalks,
The earth upheaves with fire and rocks,
The human life dire Nature mocks,
As lightning shocks,
As earthquake rocks.

The wheels go round,
The wheels go round,
Now hushing shrieks with roaring sound,
Now grinding bodies poor or crowned,
But smoothly, smoothly, round and round,
The wheels go round,
The wheels go round.

—RUTH THORSHOV.

Book Reviews

"THIS BELIEVING WORLD"

"By its fruits ye shall know them." That is the basis by which one judges the value of any religious philosophy. So thinks Mr. Louis Browne, author of "This Believing World," a history of all the religions of the world: Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, as well as the story of the early roots and beginnings of hero worship and religion. It is interestingly written, and very simple to understand for anybody—not full of technical terms. After one has read this book one has a broader outlook on the foreign countries whose religion is different from ours, realizing the good points and bad points in each religion and the help and good they did in *their* time. Religion is a process of evolution, each age bringing forth a world teacher who combines in new forms the best doctrines in previous religions to make a religion that will meet his people's particular and immediate needs. It is really worth while to read a book of this kind because one can never be so close an advocate of his own religion till he sees what the other religions are and how his surpasses them.

Underclassmen's Department

The Caretaker's Story

It was on a stormy, cold, night in the last week of October, that it happened. I, who was caretaker of the old mansion of Mellwood, was sitting by the fire, in the corner of the house, in which I made my quarters. Suddenly I heard a loud slam, a scream, and then all was still. Of course, I was frightened, as the house had not been inhabited for ten years. Besides, I could think of no person in the town of Lincoon, who would possibly have a reason to enter the old mansion. The previous month, however, Marlow, the twenty-year-old poet of the family, had come to spend a few days. He had planned to write several poems during that period, so he had requested me not to bother him. Therefore I had not seen him more than three times during his stay, as he prepared his own meals and retired early.

He, too, was in an entirely different part of the house than I. I recall now, that the day of his departure he seemed very worried over something. I did not bother to ask him, as I thought it improbable that he would tell me, anyway.

As I said, I was frightened, so I took my gun, and a flashlight, and made a tour of the house. It was a large one, with many mysterious nooks and crannies. It took me about an hour or more, to search the place. I found no signs of life in any of the rooms, except that in the hall I found a piece of a man's coat. It was lying on the bare landing. That was all. I heard no more screaming or banging, so finally I returned to my room, and decided that I must have been dreaming. In the morning, I got the piece of coat and puzzled over it. It seemed to have been torn off. I kept asking myself how the piece had come to be placed upon the stair landing, but I could find no solution to my question. Then I remembered the large nail in the wall by the landing, which Marlow had put there when he was young, and I decided that he probably had torn his coat on this nail, and the torn piece had fallen to the ground.

That day, I went peacefully about my work, but it seemed that I could hear someone walking around below me. I went to the basement and looked about but it evidently had not been touched for some time. Still I heard someone moving around, so I again searched the house. This time I noticed a very small piece of white paper lying near a pillar on the landing. It had the single word "Beware" typewritten upon it. By this time I was really frightened. I decided to get my friend Jim, who lived next door, to come and spend the night with me. We would be more likely to notice things, if there were two of us.

I went to see Jim, and told him my story. He consented to spend the night with me.

When we returned to Mellwood, we went right to my rooms. The sounds had ceased, and I was beginning to think that I had made a mountain out of a mole hill. Jim appeared to think that too. We sat around until about eleven o'clock. Suddenly, we heard noises, as I have said before, that sounded as though someone was walking about below us. In the meanwhile, I had shown Jim the piece of coat, and also the scrap of paper. When he saw the slip of paper, he became worried, and he wanted to search the house right away. However, he agreed with me that it would be better to wait, so we waited.

As I said, we suddenly heard queer sounds. Soon we heard someone pounding. Both of us jumped to our feet at the same time, and Jim suggested following the noise up. I did not object. We searched the first floor, first, and in the library, the pounding seemed to be very clear, apparently coming from behind the book cases. We took the books down and felt the walls, but they appeared to be solid. Still the knocking seemed to come from behind the wall so we tore part of the wall down. That was no easy job, as the walls were well put together. Finally we reached the last layer. Then all at once, so suddenly that we both jumped, a voice said: "This is Marlow. Let me out, please."

Jim and I were petrified. Marlow? How did he happen to be behind those walls? Yet, if it was Marlow, he surely must be let out, immediately. We set to work once more, and soon we had the wall entirely down. Yes, there, inside, was Marlow. I could hardly believe my eyes, and Jim was very much astonished; but Marlow, who was hungry, begged to be fed. Then he said he would tell us his story. We fed him in short order, and when he was once more warm and comfortable, he told us his story, which ran like this:

"The last day of my stay, I went out to get some more paper. I left the window open, as the room was warm. When I came back, I found that my poem, which I had spent most of my time on, was missing. The title was 'Beware of the Sea.' I searched my rooms but I could find no trace of that sheet of paper. Finally I gave up hopes. I left shortly after that.

"The day before yesterday, as I was thinking about the disappearance of my poem, I remembered putting it in a large book to keep it from blowing away. I don't know, and never will know, why I didn't think of that at the time.

"I decided to waste no time in getting to Mellwood and my poem. I started about eight o'clock that night and I arrived here about ten o'clock. I decided not to bother you, as I thought that you would probably be in bed, so I went right to my room, and sure enough there was my poem in that book. It was just as I had left it.

"As it was still early, I decided to go back to Lincoln that same night. As I was coming down the stairs, I tore my coat on the nail in the wall on the landing, and tripped. When I was trying to regain my footing, my hand fell upon a very small notch of wood at the foot of the left pillar. I must have pressed this notch, for suddenly the landing seemed to open up and I felt myself going down at a rapid rate. I screamed, then I landed below with a thud.

"When I realized where I was, I recalled the story that my grandmother had often told me when I was small. She had told me how, during the Civil War, the people who were for the North helped the slaves to escape. She had said that this house was one of the stations for the underground passages. She never would tell me just how the slaves had entered the house, or just where the passage was, for she was afraid that I would try the combination sometime and injure myself.

"When I was about eight, you know, we left for Europe. While in Europe, Grandmother died. Mother had forgotten the exact combination and Father had never known. Finally I even forgot all about it myself, as I never saw nor heard anything that would bring it back to my memory.

"After looking around a bit, I concluded that I must be in that secret passage, but as the landing had slid back into place, I had no means of escape. I forgot to mention that when I fell, the word 'Beware' was torn off my paper, as the paper was caught in the landing.

"Well, I pounded and knocked, but I guess you didn't hear me. Then I went to sleep. The next day I got up and walked around, to explore a bit. I tried to get out of the passage but the entrances were blocked. I slept quite a bit, too. When I woke up, I began to pound, and I guess you heard me for if you hadn't you never would have found me. Now, here I am, and you know my story. Let's go to bed."

Jim and I were surprised, to say the least. When Marlow explained how the "Beware" had come to be placed on the stairway, I felt very small, indeed.

—JANE SHELLMAN.

People Who Bore Me

There are many kinds of bores in the world: egoists, gossips, and never ending talkers. Of these I think the egoist is the worst. He is incessantly talking about himself, his house, or his car. Or at times he will start on his children; their appearance, their bright sayings, and their actions. He never fails to tell one where he has been, what he has seen, and the things he thinks he has done for the world. His travels are always of interest to himself, but he doesn't seem to realize how very uninteresting they may be to others. He loves to inform one how he started as a poor newsboy, selling papers on the street implying by his manner, "Look at me now!"

The longwinded man is another bore. He is always very exact in the details of his anecdotes. He will make unimportant changes in his conversation as to the month of the year, day of the month, and time of the day that these incidents happened. For instance, if he starts to tell you of something that happened at half-past nine last Tuesday morning, he will say: "No, I believe it was nine o'clock last Thursday,—or was it Wednesday I met Miss — in the post office?—no, it wasn't in the post office, it was on the step and so forth, far into the night.

Another scourge of humanity is the gossip, a person who carries news about other people and can hardly wait to broadcast everything she hears. One type of gossip is not content with telling only the things she hears, but must add a juicy morsel of her own. Another type seems to take a secret and malicious pleasure in recounting the misfortune of others, and is actually disappointed if the rumor proves untrue. The worst type of gossip is the person who comes to one with a long face, saying, "My dear, I hear that people are saying such and such things about you, and as a friend I thought I ought to tell you." She then proceeds to rattle the bones of one's family skeleton.

Every neighborhood contains one or all of these pests;—the egoist, the gossip, and the everlasting talker, all of whom are supremely self-satisfied, and never realize how abominable they are to their acquaintances.

—RUTH BURKHARD.

It Might Have Happened

"Lots of room up in front! Up the aisle, please. Don't shove, just push your way in gently!" Such were the orders of a certain plump Irish conductor on a street car in which mortals were packed like sardines. A "gentle push" sent me sprawling behind the conductor while I was racking my brain as to whom I should interview for journalism. Upon looking out of the window, I saw two cars in an affectionate embrace and a pool of blood in the street. Having remarked to the "con" that there must have been an accident, I received this laconic reply, "No, this is just an arterial highway."

It dawned on me to interview this good-natured "con." "Lots of room up in front!" shouted the "con," as if he had read my bold intentions, but as there already were three people to the square foot "up in front," I declined.

Then, I inquired of the "con" whether or not he favored clubs for women. He said with a wink, "Sure, if kindness has no effect." When I asked him what his favorite pastime was, he replied, "I grow a moustache on the installment plan." Now, that was a new method too unsophisticated for me and as my face registered bewilderment, he added, "Yes, a little down each week."

Then I asked guardedly, "How do you get along with the Frau?" "Oh, so—so," he answered. She chased me all over town to match some ribbon and when I admitted defeat she said she just wanted to make sure that the ribbon was unique."

I had been balancing first on one foot and then on the other, but when the car rounded a curve, I turned Laplander. When I regained my perpendicular I began to recite: (Apologies to Kipling.)

If you can keep your balance when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can stand up when everyone falls on you
But make allowance for their falling, too - - -!

I next asked the "con's" views on marriages. "Fare, ladies!" I thought this was the beginning of some gallant speech, so was disappointed when I saw two women come back and drop in tokens. However, he went on, "Before marriage a man does a lot of spooning. After marriage he does less spooning and more forking over!"

Minor details that I learned were these—his name was Pat O'Hara (Swede, of course), born in Scotland in Western Minnesota. Apparently he had been a track star for he seemed to have run everything and at present is "running" on a street car.

I then arrived at my transfer point without having found out who was the "sap" of his family tree. I had my suspicions.

—RUTH McMAHON.

Early Morning

Let us climb up the hillside,
On a cool and early morn,
To watch the rising sun send out
Its first faint rays of dawn.

And as we mount up higher,
The sky turns brighter blue,
And the light that chases shadows
Takes on a radiant hue.

Over across the treetops
A bright thread wends its way,
Down a hillside, toward the ocean,
Through fields of clover hay.

From here to eastern skyline
Dew sparkles everywhere
Like a hundred thousand diamonds
Displayed as at a fair.

But with the golden minutes
The shadows shrink away,
The sun dissolves the dewdrops,
Our fortune's lost today.

Then slowly down the hillside
We follow paths along,
We dream of fairy diamonds
And hum a simple song.

—LORNA LARSON

Riding the Rapids

"Wal, it's up to you, boys. Just a few days ago, Bill MacDonald went over with all his belongings an' lost everything but his life."

There were four of us in our party, and this was the kind of a proposition which we faced, shooting with a canoe probably the most dangerous and hazardous rapids in Minnesota. I know some of us were thinking rather seriously. We could not portage as the surrounding country was very closely wooded. This brought it down to two things, either turn back and paddle up stream, or go ahead and take a chance against odds.

We chose the latter alternative, climbed back into our canoes, and pushed off, knowing that now we could not turn back. I could see that Davey, the pioneer woodsman, had little hope of our getting out alive.

We traveled very fast, carried by the swift flowing current. One canoe kept quite a distance ahead of the other to avoid the danger of the second one being hurled against the first if the first canoe was delayed. Chuck paddled in the back seat. Under his strength the paddle quivered as he tried to keep the canoe in the middle of the stream where there was the least danger of rocks. To hit one of them at the speed we were traveling, would mean the tearing up of the canoe and possibly capsizing.

We hadn't reached the whirlpool yet, the most dangerous place, where two boiling, gushing rivers came together forming a miniature "Maelstrom." Davey had told me how to enter this, so as to avoid the water foundering the canoe. I was on my knees in the prow. We rounded a curve. The roar of the water could be heard. I looked up. It was a beautiful sight, the foaming water, the stately rocks and pines, yet what a terrible death it held within its beauty. While I was gazing we neared the whirlpool. I was brought to my senses by the deafening noise. With my paddle upraised I watched for the mound of water which Davey had described to me. I saw that they had a surging motion; one mound or wave forming and then breaking. Here was the one I should cut with my paddle so that the canoe could pass. I struck blindly. There was mist all around us. I thought that the bottom of the canoe had fallen out, but when I turned around there was Chuck almost directly below me.

"Are you all right?" I yelled.

"Yes," came the faint answer.

You probably would think that we rejoiced that night when camp was made, but there was almost no talking; everyone was wondering how we had passed through the rapids successfully.

—ALLYN MILLER.

A Tale of the Sea

By Me

I'll write you a tale of the wide, blue sea,
And how we journeyed, my cat and me.

The sky overhead was thunderous black
As dark as the spot on my kitty's back.

The maid's white caps on the big, blue waves
Looked like lather when Father shaves.

Our little boat, when caught in the swell,
Felt like a frog in Grandfather's well.

The sea-dogs barked in utter glee;
How scared we were, my kitty and me!

I held my breath when our little boat
Rocked as if knocked by a Billy-goat.

For the waves washed high, and my new, green coat
Was as wet as if dripped in pineapple float.

Our boat met up with a monstrous whale
And kitty and I, we started to wail.

He lashed his tail in lordly pride
And started us toward a whirl-pool's side.

We whirled and whirled on the very brink
Like tooth-picks in the kitchen sink.

I opened my eyes—it was lucky for me,
'Cause kit and I were asleep, you see.

—WINIFRED WASHBURN.

The Collar-Bone of the Zenith City

Millions of years ago, there was a great volcanic eruption in a certain region near the shore of Lake Superior in Minnesota. The lava which burst forth from this volcano, formed into igneous rock along the shore. As the heat became more intense, the rocky mass broke up and peculiar rock formations were the result. One of these strange formations may still be seen on the hill side above Duluth. It is a level shelf of rock extending along the hill behind the city, six hundred feet above the shore line like a huge collar-bone. Such a gift of Mother Nature, as this shelf of rock, could not long go unused. It became incorporated into a beautiful drive overlooking the city.

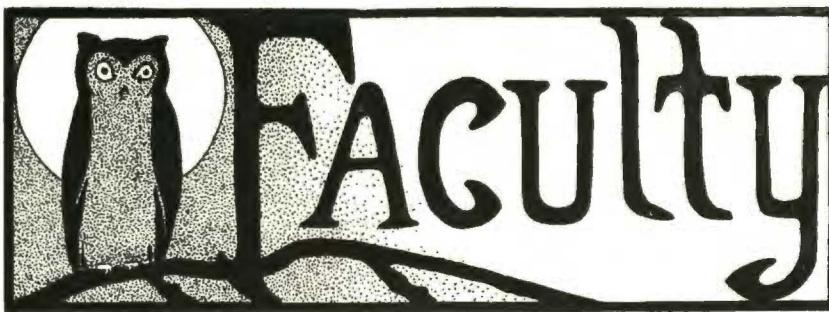
Imagine! Driving along six hundred feet above the water level, and looking down upon a beautiful panorama of city and lake. Starting at the west end of the city, you see the busy harbor spread out below you, and you can watch the great ore boats and freighters coming in and out between the docks. A little farther east is a long, sandy point forming a natural breakwater between the greatest of the Great Lakes and St. Louis Bay. The famous Aerial Bridge connects the city with Minnesota Point. From a distance the car looks like a little basket sliding back and forth suspended from a great trestle. Then the light house, and the piers stretching out from the bridge catch the eye immediately.

But, stop, look across the harbor, and if it is evening, you will find yourself trying to make out what you see. Is it a string of lights? No, that doesn't look like a string; it seems more like a necklace of lights because it seems to encircle the harbor. "The Diamond Necklace," of course, that is it! A view of this beautiful circle of lights as you see it from the boulevard is a sight never to be forgotten. Now, you see, perhaps, a large, lighted-up, three-decked passenger boat coming out of the harbor, while towards the east on the horizon you may see a little curl of smoke, then a light, more lights, and behold! a ship appears.

Turning your eyes down to the city, as it stretches out below, you can watch its busy streets. At the left are beautiful houses, lawns, roads, and parks; in front, the busy center of the city with all its big buildings, and at the right, smaller homes, but large industrial buildings.

So if you ever go to Duluth, don't forget the "Collar-bone" and the "Diamond Necklace" of that Zenith City.

--ELIZABETH ANN COUPER.



G.B.C.T.

MR. A. W. HURD

My dear readers, allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Hurd, who, as you may or may not know, is our new Physics teacher. He has a two years' leave of absence from the Minneapolis Public Schools, and is now working for a Ph. D. degree at the University of Minnesota.

Mr. Hurd is the son of a minister and completed a course in the high school of Dogeville, Wisconsin. From there he went to Lawrence College for a year. Then, after teaching for two years, he attended Hamline for one year, the University of North Dakota for one year, and completed his course at Hamline where he received his Ph. B. degree. For eight years he was an organist and director of Chorus, and put himself through college via music. He was also a soloist in his college Glee Club.

Since he graduated from Hamline, Mr. Hurd has been teaching in Albert Lea and at North High. He secured a master's degree at the U. of M., in 1924. As a member of the University Committee on Science Teaching he has accomplished some very notable work, and is, altogether, a decidedly popular and busy man.

Even in his busy life he has had some time for interesting experiments. After he had worked for some time on a Radio Telegraphic set, North High burned down and consumed the fruits of his labors. In one town he started a community project in telegraphy, and before long, there were about 50 receiving and sending stations in the immediate neighborhood. Since then a number of the boys with whom he worked, have distinguished themselves along that line. He was the chairman of the Scientific Department and president of the Science Club at North High. And—incidentally—Mr. Hurd is married and is the father of two sons, who will attend "U" High in the near future.

A new edition of the laboratory exercises in physics, which are edited by Mr. Hurd and five other Minneapolis High School Teachers, is now ready for printing. He has studied the work of 86 men on "How to teach Physics" and has written several articles of his own for publication. Among these are: "Observations on Factors Determining success in High School Physics," for the School Science and Mathematics Magazine; "I Q as Prognosis of Success in High School Physics" and "Suggestions as How to Select Pupils Who May be Allowed to Plan Their Own Lessons," for the School Review; "Character Traits vs. Subject Matter," for Journal of Educational Methods; and "A Problem vs. a Topical Recitation in High School Physics," which was published in the U. of M. Bulletin.

Just think, though fishing is his favorite sport, Mr. Hurd has not had an opportunity for two years. Now, can you wonder why he has not taken a more active part in the school activities and why he is not better known?

Our Principal Says:

"Your boys are a nice group. They played a nice game." This is a quotation from a letter to me by the Principal of one of the schools where we played basketball. Such a comment pays for any amount of losing. We lost this game but won the respect of our opponents and the Principal. I've been rather proud of our clean sportsmanship. Few things get me as near to a fighting mood as unfair sportsmanship. Let's keep our record untarnished and merit the opinion that this Principal holds.

Time was when we heard criticism about our behavior in halls and classrooms. Let me say that we've gone far toward the goal we've set. You've put University High in the top ranks in this respect, I believe, and that without policing or faculty supervision. There's much more to be done, but you can do it if you will.

Each time the honor roll is laid upon my desk it is accompanied by a "failure" roll. I've noticed, as you have, that the honor roll often carries the same student's name time after time. The same is true of the "failure" roll. Scholastic achievement is, to my mind, a really great thing. To possess a mind that functions quickly and well is a wonderful gift. To use that gift adequately is to possess a correspondingly desirable character. To misuse or neglect that gift is—well, let's put it mildly and say "undesirable."

I'm just as proud of our achievers' fame as of our athletes' good name. But there are upon the failure roll some names that should not be there. There are many D's written on the record of students with A minds. It is high time they became U High members in spirit as well as technically.

Austin H. Turney

Honor Roll

Second Month of the Winter Quarter

ALL A'S

Andrea Kiefer

Elizabeth Ramsdell

Marjorie Myers

ALL A'S AND B'S

Anne Armstrong

Carr Neal Miller

Jane Armstrong

George Miller

Thelma Brown

Theodore Rasmussen

Margaret Canfield

Alice L. Riley

Henry B. Clark, Jr.

Marlys Robertson

Elizabeth Ann Couper

Frederick Rosendahl

Marguerite Erickson

Adelaide Rowley

Lois Finger

Elizabeth Shippee

Marian Finney

Nancy Staples

Elizabeth Goetz

Lyman G. Swendson

Martha Hynes

Helen Wides

Arthur O. Lampland

Ruth McClintock

Bessie Levine

B AVERAGE

Thomas Lynn Beyer	Marion Lawson
John Boehrer	Ruth Lindquist
Margaret Briggs	Rosaline MacBean
Ruth Burkhard	Malcolm Manuel
Eleneta Carpenter	Thomas Mowery
Marvin Coddon	Edith Reuler
Margaret Ebert	Margaret Tallmadge
Marion Gold	Ruth Thorshov
R. Aitkin Gortner	Winifred Washburn
Wendell Johnson	Helen Webster
Charles Jones	Mary Wildes
Caroline Kittoe	Henry Zon
Lorna Larson	

Through an error Ruth Burkhard's name was omitted from the Honor Roll for the first month and the first quarter. She had a B average. Margaret Mull's name was accidentally omitted from the Honor Roll for the first quarter. She had a B average, also.

Student Opinion

THE SOCIAL QUESTION

Thursday morning, February 24, Mrs. Patterson, dean of girls, compared the Social status of "U" High and of the other High Schools in the twin cities to the Senior class.

She said, "If there is to be a social program in school, which would be carried on to further the school spirit for the enjoyment of the pupils and develop them socially, many of our outside activities would have to be sacrificed. It is almost an impossibility to carry on both because it harms both the school and the student." Mrs. Patterson pointed out that other city high schools have no class parties, sunlites, or evening parties except the J. S. If sunlites are permitted, the students must leave the building by four o'clock. So from this it is very obvious that U High has a much more liberal program than any high school in the cities or in the state, perhaps. It is the aim of U High to make its social activities such that the student may be helped in his social life after high school days as well as to contribute to his immediate happiness. Mrs. Patterson also showed that if an extensive outside program were carried on, it would be probable that the faculty would have to pattern their program after the other schools.

The Senior class was willing to co-operate with Mrs. Patterson and the faculty. For this purpose a senior social committee was appointed to confer with Mrs. Patterson on the types of activities which they should engage in so as not to interfere with the health and well-being of the student body.

We are certain that when Mrs. Patterson presents her ideas to the other classes they will receive them as kindly as the Senior class did.

—M. H.

The Campus Breeze

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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.

right. The band meets every fourth period in the basement of the Music Building. There are three cornetists, Harold Shaw and Raymond Pepinsky, solos, and Lee Loevinger, first. Sitting across from the cornets are the three saxophone players, Charles Jones, C melody, and Gordon Brown and Lonny Vrooman, E flat altos. Sandwiched in between them, in the rear, are the three drummers, Don Rieck and Bob Upton, snares, and Dicky Poucher, bass. Last, but certainly not least, in the center of the semicircle sits Frank Carpenter, our only, but very efficient trombone player. Mr. Pepinsky's assistant, Mr. Larussen, the leader of the Shriners' band, directs the band every day but Friday, when Mr. Pepinsky himself "takes the stick" and checks everything up for the week.

We are sure Mr. Boardman and the rest of the "missing" would be very agreeably surprised at the great improvement since last year, and we can hardly predict our accomplishments for the future, except that when the band is next called on, it has a few things "up its sleeve" at which it will certainly be worth your while to "sit up and take notice of."

Speaking of "Pep raisers," what's the matter with the band?

The Mardi Gras

The Juniors and Seniors frolicked at a Masquerade at Shevlin Hall, Saturday evening, February 26th. The prizes for the cleverest costumes were awarded to Everett Drake, a Spanish toreador, and one each to Jane Armstrong and Lillian Bissell, dressed as chickens. Booby prizes for the funniest costumes went to Donna Kurtz, Bowery and to Donald Burch, dressed as a girl.

Those on the general committee were:

Harlowe Gieseke, General Chairman

Malcolm Manuel	John Barwise
Gordon Andre	Barbara Francis
Robert Tucker	Helen Wold
Ruth McMahon	Josephine Ulrich
Anna Mills	Katherine Preston

Those on the Decorating committee were:

Jane Armstrong, Chairman

Ruth McMahon	Malcolm Manuel
Isabelle Sweet	Anna Mills
Barbara Francis	Donald Burch

Ruth McMahon was chairman of the committee on the orchestra and the prizes.

The Masquerade began at about eight-thirty. At ten o'clock there was a grand march in order that the prizes might be awarded. There were many clever costumes and the six faculty members had great difficulty in choosing the winners, but the decisions were finally made. Mr. and Mrs. X of the faculty aroused great curiosity and their identity was not discovered until long after the rest had unmasked.

The decoration committee are to be thanked for the time they spent in so successfully decorating the ball room. Jane Armstrong planned and made the artistic, weird masks hung at either end of the ball room.

The Mardi Gras was a preamble to the Junior-Senior Ball which will be held the first part of next quarter.



U HIGH VS. CHASKA

Handicapped by a slippery floor, which rendered speed useless, U High fell before Chaska, 20-6. The game was extremely slow, and the only thing that made it at all interesting was the unsuccessful effort of the U High basketers to keep their footing on the glass-like floor.

U High, although unable to form an offensive, found themselves somewhat in the second half, and allowed the Chaska quint only five points.

U HIGH VS. JORDAN

Journeying to Jordan, Minnesota, U High was again at a disadvantage on a strange floor, and was downed by Jordan High, 13-7, in a mediocre game that was featured only by the roughness which is unavoidable on a small floor. Doug Erskine was high point man with one basket and three free throws.

The trip to Jordan was the longest one so far this season, the team traveling forty-five miles.

U. High vs. Chaska

With their recent defeats rankling in their minds, the U High squad journeyed to Hopkins on March 4, to meet Chaska in the opening round of the fifteenth district tournament. Unfortunately for the home team, the Chaska quint presented a fast, well-balanced quint, with a well-nigh impenetrable defense, and a smooth, versatile offensive, which proved to be too much for the home lads, who were beaten 21-7.

Poppitz started the scoring for Chaska by dropping in a free throw in the first moment of play. However Ev Drake countered with another free throw and followed that with a long basket to put U High in the lead. Poppitz flipped in two baskets in as many minutes, as the period ended.

Leiverman and Happ opened the second period for Chaska with two beautiful baskets. Ramer and R. Tucker replaced Manuel and Erskine. R. Tucker dribbled down the side and cut in to sink a short shot. Ev Drake added another point for U High and Leiverman made two more for Chaska as the half ended.

Manuel replaced Captain Drake at the beginning of the half.

R. Tucker made a free throw good, but Schimelfanig countered with another. Drake replaced Ramer for U High. Happ flipped in another beautiful shot, and followed that with its double. Jurgenson replaced Rasmussen. Poppitz made a free throw. Schimelfanig and Hardt sank two long shots as the gun sounded, making the final score 21-7.

Lineups and summary:

U High—		—Chaska
Erskine	F.	Schimelfanig
Manuel	F.	Poppitz (C.)
Drake (C.)	C.	Leiverman
Rasmussen	G.	Hardt
Tucker (A.)	G.	Happ

High Point Men: U High—Drake; Chaska—Happ and Poppitz.

SPORT-O-GRAMS

It hath been whispered to us that the basketball squad is harboring an organization known as the Harmony Boys. Whether the purpose of Messrs. Tucker & Tucker, Ramer, Jurgenson, and Rasmussen, is to fill their teammates with rage in anticipation of the game, or not, is as yet not definitely known.

Bert Sherman has learned that sad maxim, "The early bird doth catch the worm," in this case, the worm being the bus in which the team went to Jordan.

It has been reported that several members of the basketball squad, Doug Erskine and Spud Tucker, especially, gained many valuable hints on romantic technique, as a result of the ride home from the Jordan game.

The basketball squad has asked us to voice their demand for suitable sleeping accommodations after the out-of-town games.

(Contributions to the above atrocity are respectfully solicited by the sport editor.)

Girls' Athletics

At last the basketball teams and the schedule for the tournament have been definitely decided. The last game, which was between the Sophomore and Junior first teams, was played Saturday evening, March 5. The Sophomores won with a score of 12-11. Wednesday, March 8, the regular "U" Club basketball dinner, was held at which the "all-star" team was announced.

The Senior class was not able to have a team because the girls had not had the required number of five practices. Winifred Washburn and Mary Wildes are the only two who are eligible for position, and they will be given the regular points and a chance for the "all-star" team. The other classes each had a first and second team. The members have been chosen as follows:

JUNIORS	
First Team	Second Team
Naomi Fredrickson	Eleanor Evanson
Andrea Kiefer	Mary Luehring
Lois Finger	Margaret Tallmadge
Lillian Bissell	Jane Armstrong

Elizabeth Ann Couper
 Lorna Larson
 Ruth McMahon
 Margaret Briggs

Elizabeth Gove
 Priscilla Howe

SOPHOMORES

First Team
 Marjorie Meyers
 Margaret Ebert
 Mary Field
 Rosalind McBean
 Anne Armstrong
 Martha Hynes
 Helen Metcalfe
 Albertine Arth

Second Team
 Laurice Russell
 Margaret Rarig
 Evelyn Smith
 Caroline Kittoe
 Helen McGrath
 Kathryn Molzahn
 Jane Shellman
 Helen Webster

FRESHMEN

First Team
 Mary Ella Brackett
 Muriel Bassett
 Agnes Adair
 Margaret Oehler
 Mary Lou Wold
 Ruth Bengston
 Marguerite Erickson

Second Team
 Helen Manuel
 Mary Giblin
 Helen Fritz
 Adelaide Rowley
 Elizabeth Ramsdell
 Marlys Robertson
 Muriel West
 Lois Williams

The three volley ball teams in each class have played among themselves and will soon compete with the corresponding teams of the other classes. The final game will be a feature of the demonstration. Each class has been divided into groups of three girls. The groups in the Junior and Senior classes have been presenting original exercises, and those in the underclasses, the rules of health. A vote will be taken in each class to decide which presentation is the best, and the chosen ones will show their work for final decision at the demonstration. The classes which claim the winners will each receive 25 points towards the cup. The apparatus teams for the meet will be chosen according to the score cards, which have been marked by the squad leaders in the class periods. The demonstration will be given March 12, at 7:30 P. M., and the four classes are each working to the limit of their capacity to fit themselves for the trying ordeal.

Alumni Notes

Katherin Hall, '21, was married during Christmas vacation to Mr. Norman Clark.

Virginia Hicks, '23, has been doing practice teaching in Mr. Tohill's seventh period history class.

Lucy Day Wakefield, Clarice Bedard, Margaret Wentling, Laura Elder, and Marian Miller attended the Junior Ball given at the Radisson, February 27, 1927. Mrs. S. A. Graham, formerly Miss Fleming, history teacher at U High, was a chaperon of this great affair.

John Bates, '26, took a part in the "Thirteenth Chair," which was given by the Minnesota Masquers March 4th and 5th in the Music Hall.

Dave Canfield, '23, has recently been appointed copy editor of the Minnesota Daily.

Debating

The present sophomore class last year started something that in all probability will become a tradition. They originated the first Freshman-Sophomore debate and this year they are holding another debate with the present Freshmen which will take place some time in the near future.

Debating is an important branch of school activity and it is only the lower classes that are now developing it outside of regular class work. Practically any school of any size all over the state has a debating team. This addition to the student activities will probably bring out people in the school who are otherwise inactive.

U High has not in recent years had a representative either in the District Declamation Contests or in debating. This branch of development in education is as important or more important than development along athletic lines. It would afford an opportunity to use much of the knowledge gained in Public Speaking Courses. It would promote important research work. To sum it up—it would be one of the most profitable branches of extra-curricular activity that the school could offer.

Before taking such a step all the phases of the question should be considered. Under the point system now in effect it would mean that such a plan could not be carried out. The operetta, which is usually given every year, has been given up this year because so many of the students are ineligible. Therefore any candidate for a position on the school's debating team would have to attain an average that would allow such outside activity, and after that, maintain it.

It is probably too late in the year now to start such an organization. But the suggestion is made at this time so that, if such a plan should work out, the organization could start off with a bang next fall. In the meantime, all candidates hopeful of representing the school in this field of activity should strive for greater scholastic attainment in the next quarter so that the team will not be handicapped by ineligibility when the time comes. Representing the school in anything like this is a real honor.

Just Why Do We?

A few issues ago you read an editorial in these columns which told you that you liked to go to school. Now, since hearing that you probably would like to know why.

One reason is, you wouldn't be here if you didn't want to be. Let that sink in. There is the financial side to it, that you wouldn't have your folks send you to school if it was just throwing away money. Most grade school students who continue on into high school realize that they will be much better fitted for their life work after receiving a little more complete education.

No civilization can be in the dark and be progressive at the same time. Countries that are largely illiterate, where the light of knowledge has not yet penetrated are not the foremost in the world today.

It costs somewhere in the neighborhood of \$200 to operate this school for one day. Most of this expense carries over to holidays, when classes are not held.

So when someone complains about going to school (and it happens often), ask him why he is going to school.

Of course no one can work well and accomplish anything without regular intervals of rest and complete recreation. These periods are provided for in our school program. It will pay to make plans so that there will be periods when no cares weigh on the mind, for without these nothing holds any pleasure. In other words, "Work before you play."

This is not a plea to have school on holidays, Saturdays, and Sundays, but rather to recall to us that we should appreciate the days of school which we are now being privileged to enjoy.

The Locker Room Situation

Something that has become quite important around school is the situation that now exists in the boys' locker room. At the noon hour especially it seems to afford a certain bunch of the boys a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment to pelt some member of the school with wet paper wads. Or, if they can't aim well enough, they try to plaster the walls with these missiles. They love to hear and see them squash on the wall and see the big spray the soaked paper towels send out.

These actions are in no degree excusable. If this is one of the modern types of art, as yet undeveloped, let it be suggested that the "bright one" who originated the idea try it in any room of his home and get the reaction of the rest of the family. If they think that his idea is successful and ought to be developed, then it is perfectly proper to let the rest of the students in on his inspiration if he would be so kind. On the other hand, if his brilliant inspirations are not well received at home, it would be well to end all further experiment then and there. Considered from another viewpoint, if the report should spread among the other schools that such a condition existed at U High, the rumors and reports that would naturally follow would be very detrimental to our reputation.

The solution of this problem lies entirely within the bounds of student jurisdiction. If the boys of the school find it impossible to eradicate these antics, the situation will probably come under official regulation. The recent redecoration of the locker room is just one part of an extensive plan of school improvements. When this lack of co-operation is shown, it simply curtails and delays the fulfillment of this plan of improvements.

BOYS! Consider this matter carefully and, after doing so, act according to your conclusions.

The University High School wishes to congratulate John R. Shuman, and Winifred Washburn, who recently received recognition from the Gleam, national high school poetry magazine. Their poems, "The Four Seasons" and "The Hour Before Dawn," have appeared in previous issues of the BREEZE.



Senior Headlines

Boston Beans

We finally found the ideal place to purchase beans on short notice. And, what's more, it keeps the weekly allowance within reach to trade with Seniors at their scrumptious bean feeds. We hope you got in on our last one.

Ted Shawn

Showed us the value of the proper costume for special occasions and then, thanks to our faculty, we proved what we learned when we came gayly arrayed to the Mardi Gras.

A Little Tip

Our noble president has at last solved the problem of keeping order in class meetings. And so to be real kind we pass the idea on to the other classes having speakers at the meeting to talk, on subjects of interest to the class. This was done in a special meeting of the Seniors on February 17, at which Mrs. Patterson and Mr. Turney were the speakers.

The Juniors

Now that our monthly quizzes are over, and our parents have stood the shocks of our marks, we are beginning to worry about the winter "quarterlies," which will make a visit to U High next week.

The Junior class mourns the loss of one of its members, Ruth McClintock, who has left U High and is attending St. Paul Central in order to have shorter hours, and more time to carry on her music. We shall all miss Ruth, but we wish her success at Central.

The Junior girls have been working in extra basketball practices whenever they can get the floor. We hope to put out a winning team. If willingness to come out to extra practices makes a team, we'll have one.

The much-whispered-about Mardi Gras was held by the Juniors and Seniors at Shevlin on the twenty-sixth. Juniors on the committee to plan it were: Malcolm Manuel, Gordon Andre, Robert Tucker, Anna Mills, Barbara Francis, and Ruth McMahon. The prize for the cleverest girl's costume was awarded jointly to Jane Armstrong and Lillian Bissell, "the two chickens."

Watch the Juniors this next month. You can't tell what they'll do.

Sophomore Report

At the present time, the Sophomores are in a state of indecision concerning their next class party. Will it be a masquerade or not? That's the question. Mrs. Patterson has given her permission for us to have a masquerade, but do we want it? We're pretty evenly divided on the question.

This is the main issue to be discussed at our next class meeting. We have worked out an unusual method for deciding this question. First there will be a debate in which Eveleth Blomquist will speak for the affirmative and Clifford Menz for the negative. Then a vote will be taken on the question; and so will the Sophomores decide the momentous question.

The Frosh

Only four months more and we'll be full-fledged sophomores! Sophomores! And not so long ago we'd just started in as freshmen. We really have a good deal to do in those four months, though—two more finals (don't mention them), four more issues of the "Blowout," a party or two, and, just incidentally, a little more knowledge to be acquired.

The "Blowout" is still blowing; the February issue has just come out. Who's solved the cryptogram in the January issue?

The girls' basketball team is to be chosen this week and all the freshman girls are wondering who'll be the lucky ones. Whoever they are, just watch us run off with the championship!

A number of freshman boys have gone out for basketball, too. They may be only frosh now, but some day they'll be U High's team.

We've vanquished mid-quarters, the year is half over, and we're ready for anything. The next thing on our program is spring fever and a party. Let's get busy!

Our Band

Just about a year ago, Jack Barwise, with the approval and aid of Mr. Boardman, started something which has continued to the present, and which has firmly established itself as a regular subject on the curriculum of the school. This "something," created mainly for a "Pep raiser," has put itself into prominence on numerous occasions in school activities, in the assemblies, at the Pep Fests, at the football and basketball games. This "something" is the University High School Band.

At the basketball conference last year, the audience was very much surprised to hear, and much more to see, our band. Not only outsiders, but the U High team and its supporters, were astonished to learn that such a small band could make such a big noise! The memory of that noise was revived at the Pep Fests and football games this fall. When U High played the St. Louis Park team in basketball, the band went out "on its own hook," and helped, doing its work well. At the Pep Fest before the Chaska game, the band starred especially.

It was an unfortunate accident that when the programs were made out last spring, the band was not enumerated on the curriculum. Maybe that explains, to some extent, the small number of the band, considering the talent at hand. However, Mr. Pepinsky consented to take it over and he surely made a go of it, all



The Middle Border is a literary magazine published by the undergraduates of Carleton College. The poems are mostly of the lyric type, and contain excellent descriptions and unusual thoughts. There is also a great variety of stories. In the February issue there was an especially well-written one called "Las Casillas," concerning a revolutionary prisoner in Honduras who was being tried for treason. He had been a coward all his life, but was determined to be a hero in his last moments. The ending is quite startling—he dies a coward!

The Crucible of Rochester High School reports that Miss Elizabeth Young, formerly a student of the University High School of the class of 1919 and at present an instructor of Social Science at Rochester High, has left for New York where she will meet her parents and accompany them on a six months' tour of the world.

There is an excellent bit of advice, to say nothing of admirable philosophy, in the following extract, "Smile every morning until ten and the rest of the day will take care of itself," which is taken from an essay, "My Philosophy of Life," in the Moccasin of Hastings High School. It further advises one to avoid trying any "back water" and to try to get the best out of life.

Here is a little tidbit for the public speaking classes quoted from the *Polaris Weekly* of North High School, Minneapolis:

"The Usual—Mostly appreciated by P. S. students—
Breathes there a man with SOLE so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
"COURTESY AND SELF-CONTROL."

The students of West High, Minneapolis, have a very unique as well as useful way of studying the Elizabethan Era in preparation for the works of Shakespeare. They are constructing a miniature London with houses and buildings typical of that time, among which are well-known Globe Theatre, The Tower, and the London Bridge. Tiny dolls in appropriate costumes will be placed in the streets.



EDUCATION PAYS

(Especially in making excuses)

Freshman—"I don't know."

Sophomore—"I forgot to take my book home."

Junior—"At present I am unable to recall what the author said concerning that point."

Senior—"I'er, really don't think there is anything to add to what has already been stated, in fact I think anything I could add would be entirely superfluous."

* * *

Senior—"Have I the pleasant expression you require?"

Photographer—"Perfectly, son."

Senior—"Then shoot quick; it hurts my face."

* * *

Luree—"Why do you call your car the regulator?"

Glen—"Because the other cars go by it."

* * *

Mr. Smith—"What is a vacuum?"

Hugo—"I have it in my head, but I can't think of it now."

* * *

Eveleth—"I saw Eleneta yesterday and we had the loveliest confidential chat together."

Peggy Ebert—"I thought so; she wouldn't speak to me today."

* * *

A family tie is one that the brothers take turns wearing.

* * *

At Mardi Gras

Malcolm—"May I have the next dance?"

Barbara—"Yes, if you can find a partner?"

* * *

Miss Smith:—"Do you know Poe's Raven?"

Gordon Brown—"No, what's he mad about?"

* * *

Fond Father—"What are you going to do for a living?"

Son—"Write."

Father—"Write what?"

Son—"Home."

Here's to the Faculty,
 Long may they live,
 Even as long as—
 The lessons they give.

* * *

"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"'Cause when I ask Daddy for anything he says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

* * *

We wonder how much Russ Jurgenson has made off of his class pictures.

* * *

Allen Miller—"Are you the man who cut my hair the last time?"

Barber—"I don't think so, sir, I've only been here six months."

* * *

Dan C.: "So you've turned professional."

* * *

Fred R.: "For two cents I'd knock your block off."

* * *

Rog: "Do you believe in the power of prayer?"

Alice: "I would if you'd gone home an hour ago."

* * *

Glenn: "Madge has the queerest prejudices."

Bob D.: "Yes, she wouldn't let me kiss her either."

* * *

Helen Metcalfe: "Have you seen Patty's new dress?"

Anna A.: "No, I've only seen the one she got day before yesterday."

* * *

Albert Killeen: "What's ya hurry? The taxi won't hurt you. It's yellow."

* * *

Ellen: "I thought it would save time for you to ride down town in my car."

John: "Thanks, awfully."

Ellen: "First, would you put on the chains for me?"

* * *

This actually happened:

Movie Director (discovering dummy): "My gosh! What was it we threw over the cliff?"

* * *

For Rent: Window space for display by a lady with broad front.
 See it to appreciate it.—Adv. in Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune.



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