

THE
CAMPUS
BREEZE
UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL



DECEMBER, 1927

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THE CAMPUS BREEZE

VOL. X.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., DECEMBER, 1927

No. 3



The Derelict

A broad expanse of ocean
In a tropic sun lay blue.
The gorgeous flag of Nippon
High on the mast-head flew.
Mothers and wives and sweethearts,
With laugh and cheery song,
Waved farewell to the sailors,
Nor thought the parting long.

Long days the women gather
Upon a wind-swept shore.
No longer jests and laughter
As in the days of yore.
With eyes now red with weeping,
They scan the tumbling foam
'Til hope is dead. With broken hearts
They turn their footsteps home.

Again the mighty ocean
In the brilliant sun lay blue;
High on the battered mast-head
A tattered standard flew.
No helmsman's hand is guiding,
No crew to furl the sails,
With Death the only pilot
To tell of mighty gales.

And thus it idly drifted,
 'Till the ocean currents bore
 The battered hulk from Nippon,
 Close to the new world shore.
 There, strangers' footsteps sounded
 On the long deserted deck;
 But the sea still guards its secrets,
 'Though it yields to man its wreck.

ELORA GORTNER.

Occasionally a gleam of the divine light pauses for a second even in an American school! This ballad was written by a student after reading a newspaper article on a truant fishing smack. The class agreed that we had made a "discovery" in our modest poet, and anxiously awaits more.

Love's Labor

or

THE CHRONICLE OF THE SQUIRE BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE ON THE PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY

In the forest the birds were carolling the joys of springtime, as down a violet-bordered path came a youth in a green jerkin. The soft breezes carried the perfume of the lilacs to him, and at his feet, sheltered by the tall grass, the daffodils peeped shyly. And in the heart of the youth there was a great joy, for a stone's throw away, at the edge of the forest, in the ancient manor-house of Warwick, dwelt the lady of his heart, the Lady Leone.

He found her in the garden, her laughing lips pressed close to the heart of a budding rose, its half-opened petals still beaded with the dew of early morning. The rich color tinted her ivory cheeks as the eager eyes of the youth caressed her.

"Ah, Leone, Leone," quoth he, "thou art fairer than the fairest rose this morning, but wilt thou not lighten the shadows in thine eyes? I would learn my fate in them."

"Truly, thou hast a silver tongue, Cedric," said the maiden. "But, tell me, wilt thou grant me a boon?"

"A boon!" exclaimed the youth. "Dear lady, thou knowest well that all that I have is yours."

"Thou hast it not, Cedric," said Leone with a little laugh, "nor wilt thou ever. Yet 'tis but a little thing. Thou knowest that King Richard lieth ill in London-town. Of late, it hath been noised around that 'twill go hard with those at court when Richard hath recovered, if any of them be found to have forgotten their Aves at Canterbury for the king. But my father hath a sister at the point of death, and he needs must travel to her bedside. And so, my father hath informed me that if thou wouldst journey to the shrine at Canterbury, and say a score of Aves in the name of the Earl of Warwick, why, he would . . ."

Blushing, she stopped, and the long black lashes fell on twice-reddened cheeks.

"'Tis Dame Fortune herself, Leone," spake the exultant youth. "Tomorrow, my father leaves for Canterbury, but he will be accompanied not only by a yeoman, but also by a Squire."

So saying, he kissed lightly the rose that still rested in the hand of the maiden, sprang over a black-thorn hedge, and disappeared beneath the overhanging boughs of the forest.

As evening approached next day, three road-weary travelers quickened their pace as they neared the court-yard of the Tabard Inn, Southwark, its weather-beaten frame silhouetted faintly against the setting sun.

JOHN J. BOEHRER.

Pinochle Inn

One often finds many things of interest on a trip expected to be one of the usual tours along a winding, narrow mountain road, and on this trip we were pleasantly surprised.

Signs tacked onto trees or fenceposts, pointing every possible angle, designated names of mountain peaks, caves, creeks, etc. Stopping at one of these signs we went in the said direction 'til we came upon the Natural Bridge formed by the rushing of the Boulder River on to the International Falls. Only in low water may this bridge be traversed.

A few hundred rods farther on we approached the falls—magnificent and appalling—roaring their power and supremacy to the four winds, throwing their foaming fetlocks in contempt of mankind. Below, whirlpools frolicked gayly, evasively before racing pellmell down the canyon—the seemingly bottomless canyon of cold, perpendicular sides so much resembling that treacherous killer—the Maelstrom.

Continuing our journey, our attention was attracted to the "Unexplored Cave" which appeared as a dark, unapproachable hole near the summit of a jagged mountain and decided that so far as we were concerned it could remain "UNEXPLORED."

The constant climb caused the engine to clamor for water and was personified by a violent tattooing upon its sides. Following a sign "Jacob's Well" we sought water. Of course we wondered how Jacob ever get all the way over from Jerusalem but, upon gazing into his well, we were confirmed that he must have been an immortal if his liquid refreshments consisted of tin cans and a few lazy snakes. However we soon found one of the happy, playful mountain streams to quench the now indignant engine's thirst.

We continued along the road of frequent right-angled turns 'til we came upon a quaint log inn—not one of these "Dew Drop Inns" but an inn set among pines—an inn that seemed to welcome one, yet with aloofness. Pinochle Inn, by name, carried an air of mystery as well as of frankness; 'twas deserted tho' new. These queer combinations of characteristics called for an inquiry from which the following brief story unfolded.

Two men who had been companions since childhood and who were professional gamblers answered to the respective names of Kain and Hale. In a mood for high stakes they agreed to build an inn, go fifty-fifty on expenses, and then when the cabin was completed they were to sit by the spacious fireplace and play pinochle; the winner, thus would become title holder of the inn. Kain won the cabin by very scheming, skillful playing and accordingly became owner of PINOCHLE INN. But a sad quarrel ensued in which Hale was killed.

Stricken with remorse, Kain deserted the now historical inn so appropriately named.

So, with this story tucked away in my memory, I can never forget that lone cabin on the narrow mountain road that wound up into the mountains—up into God's Own Country.

RUTH MCMAHON.

Popularity Via Athletics

"That new Junior is terribly good looking, isn't he? My brother Bob says he's out for football, but that he won't have much chance to make the team because of the many veterans." Jeanne Blair remarked this to her chum, Barbara Willis, as the two girls stood in the hall talking one morning in October.

"Yes, he's just darling, but terribly bashful. His name is Jack Graham, and he's in my Latin class, and oh, he's the brightest thing ever."

"I dare you, yes, I double dare you to go and ask him the Latin assignment."

"Oh, Jeanne, I couldn't do that. He'd be too embarrassed to answer me. But then—"

Barbara had never been known to refuse a dare, so she arranged her sweater and skirt to a proper angle, tossed her curly bobbed auburn hair, and with her large blue eyes sparkling mischievously, she made her way toward the lad, who stood engrossed in the study of his chemistry.

"Would you please tell what the Latin lesson is for today?"

Jack heard the inquiry spoken softly from behind, and he turned to find Babs standing there with a very serious expression on her face, seemingly anxious for his reply.

"Page eight," he stammered, and fairly dashed from view, but not before the amused girl had noticed his flushed countenance.

Jack and Babs met often in class and in the halls, and he admired her very much, but he was so very, very bashful. He continued to work hard in the football field, and gained the position of fullback on the second team. He received a horrible cut over his right eye one night, but he did not mind, because he overheard Babs tell Jeanne that she hoped he would be able to gain honorable recognition in some big game, because he seemed so eager and worked so hard.

Although he had already played for a time in three minor games, his big chance came during an exciting moment in the fourth quarter of the last game of the season, when the score stood 7 to 6, in favor of the rival team. It was the most important game of the football

year, because on it was dependent the championship. The Kent High team was fighting hard, being cheered on by their loyal supporters on the sidelines, who were led by two yell leaders, garbed in white duck trousers and white sweaters, with blue and white emblems of Kent High on the sleeves. Barbara Willis was in that excited crowd, watching every play with keen interest. She saw Ames, the Kent fullback fall. Time was called. Ames was carried off the field, and then she cheered loudly as Jack rushed out on the field, fastening on his headgear.

The students, led by the boys in white, yelled, "Fight! Fight team, fight!" With this ringing in his ears, Jack waited patiently for his number. It came. He caught the ball, clutched it fiercely to him, glimpsed sight of a hole, and charged with his head lowered. He was soon down, but not before successfully gaining nine yards. Again the quarterback rattled off the signals. The left half's signal came, then the pass number rang out, and the half-back, after catching the ball, spotted Jack, who was free, and made a perfect pass to him. Jack circled the fighting mass, and sped over the line for a glorious touchdown. A moment later the shot was fired to end the game.

Great excitement followed. Graham found himself everywhere at once. He was congratulated, and called "Jackie" by people he hardly recognized. All of this thrilled him, but he was made exceedingly happy when Barbara clasped his arm, while she praised him and his playing. Then it seemed his bashfulness left him, for he gave her a wonderful smile, and was about to thank her when he was hoisted to someone's shoulders. In this way he was carried to the locker room, amid the cheers of the mob.

At the annual athletic banquet, twelve "K's" were given out, and the name read with the distribution of the twelfth was responded to by Jack Graham.

If you would like to accompany me further, I will show you a happy picture. Jack and Babs are coming out of the school yard together. Jack has a large blue "K" on his white sweater, while a small gold "K," which resembles strongly the membership pins of the boys' "K" Club, is adorning Barbara's new sport dress.

Bashful boys aren't always left behind. Not if they are ambitious, and get a "Babs" interested in them.

HELEN MCGRATH.

Little Chats on Unimportant Subjects

MATH PROBLEMS

Math problems are food for a great psychological study. They will point out to the observant teacher, better than the most complicated tests, the differences between the brilliant, average, or subnormal student, to a marvelous degree of accuracy. More important even than their aid in rating is what math problems teach a student in other fields besides algebra, geometry, and trigonometry.

It is the "star" student who never asks for help in his math problems. He prides himself in his ability to do his own work, without outside help. He has learned the truth of the statement, that "you can get out of math just exactly what you put in it, and

nothing more." There is no perpetual motion in math, any more than there is perpetual motion in physics or chemistry.

The "star" delights in coming to class after preparing an especially difficult lesson, and loves to work out some extremely involved example, one that he realizes will "buffalo" the rest of the class. He is cruel, you may think, but that is his privilege, the reward of the class "shark." If you will stop to watch this person, you can't help noticing this, *he never gives up till he has finished his work!*

Above all, this deep-thinking personage makes the study *interesting* for himself. He eyes the problems as interesting, even if complicated, puzzles, which he intends to solve, and thereby he begins to love his work. Math is a field of enough substance to form a very diversified course, tremendously interesting and appealing, if you take time enough to develop such a taste. We must search for the interest, and develop it by research and study. Keep in mind that math stars are made, not born. "If math will not come to you," as Mahomet would say, "you must go to math."

The main point of this ramble is this: Math problems are like the great problems of life. If you search for an interest in your duty, and find it, it will cease to be a duty, and become a pleasure, because it is easy to build up a liking for it, if you approach it in the right way. That, I think, is the greatest secret of success in any undertaking. "Find an interest, and you find all."

Math problems teach the one who rightly manages them the way to find an interest in life's great problems. He who masters his math problems has mastered the secret to success.

PEP.

November

Cold air
 Snapping,
 Winter
 Tapping
 On the door.
 Soft smoke
 Turning
 Grey fog
 Churning
 Upward soars.
 Snowflakes
 Falling
 Grey clouds
 Squalling
 In the sky.
 Jack Frost
 Painting
 Without
 Tainting
 All on high.

—JUNE SHERIDAN.

Romance a la 1927

It was the day of the big Michigan-Minnesota game. The stadium was densely packed with the vari-colored, motley throng, some still surged and elbowed their way into the big bowl. Others, who were already seated, shouted or sang the praises of their school and team. The cheer-leader had long been occupied in making noise and cart-wheels, and the band was blaring away like fifty stomach-aches. Gay colored iridescent balloons floated over the field of the oncoming battle.

Priscilla appeared, having been ushered in rather unceremoniously to her aisle by a trio of youthful, perspiring boy scouts—resplendent in gold "mum" and maroon and gold ribbons. Hardly had she seated herself, when the two bands burst forth simultaneously, and the football teams pranced out onto the field. Foremost among the Minnesota men was Herb Joesting, the blunt-spoken, hard-driving, winged line-smasher of the team.

On this particular day, Herb was having a hard time dividing his thought between the "little brown jug" and Priscilla. Not an hour ago, in the locker room, he had summoned his friend John Alden, a youthful football aspirant, to a private interview in which he divulged his great affection for winsome Priscilla, and expressed the desire that John be his spokesman, and set forth in rosy words the tender feelings of his heart.

"For," said he, "my hand was made to hold a football, not to wield a pen; and my mouth was shaped for signals and commands, and not for burning words of love. While you, John, are young and handsome, and well versed in love-making and fair and flowery speeches, a fitting wooer for me."

John had listened with dismay, choking back anger and sorrow. How could he tell his Captain that he too loved Priscilla?

Thus it was that both men wore a serious countenance as they trotted out on the field. Herb uneasy because he feared that John's fluent tongue might slip a cog; and John nervously steeling himself for the coming ordeal.

The team lined up and took the kick-off. At the end of the first quarter, the score read 7-0 in favor of Michigan. At the end of the half, it stood the same. At the end of the third quarter it was 7-6 in favor of Michigan. And when, during the final quarter, John ran around left end for a touchdown, making the score 13-7 in favor of Minnesota, the fans went wild.

Through a hat-throwing, banner-waving throng, Priscilla walked demurely but with beating heart to the edge of the field, where John was receiving the handshakes and congratulations of a victory-thrilled crowd. John saw her coming, disengaged himself from the mob, and advanced to meet her at the foot of the steps. As soon as he was within ten feet of her, he blurted out faithfully his Captain's proposal.

Priscilla listened quietly through it all, and when he had come to an end, laid her small gloved hand on the sleeve of his maroon sweater, smiled coyly up at him, and "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" she said.

PRISCILLA HOWE.

The Pleasures of Being a Strap Hanger and a Strap Entertainer

Much joy can be derived from the use of a six cent token, if one goes about it in the right way. I, through experience, have found that out.

After leaving "ye halls of knowledge," at five o'clock in the evening (not that I'm actually kept there until five, but that many things lured me to stay after three-twenty), I join my friend Helen, and we start for home. Usually when we are about a block off, we see our car coming, and break all track records, male or female, in an attempt to catch it. Sometimes, on rare occasions, we make it, after our two years of drill. Our first ride is a short one, and we have barely time to adjust ourselves, pay our fares, and transfer. Having got our next car, and again getting transfers, we elbow our way to "a strap." Sometimes just "a strap" will do, but if we see a girl who looks as if she might be properly impressed with our conversation, or an elderly spinster who looks as if she might be properly shocked, we head for the straps which dangle above our victim's head. A lively conversation then ensues, sometimes true, sometimes not so true, but always for the benefit of the listener. However, don't imagine that we're always so talkative. In fact, it is very amusing to hear "Tess the telephone girl," telling "Mable of the candy counter," just how she "gave that guy a piece of her mind," or about Mrs. Jones' ailments, or Sue's new dress. It is always nice to check up on your joke supply, if you can stand the mixed odor of cement, dirt, and grease, before a group of working men, also.

As there are always exceptions to the rule, we sometimes get a car that affords us seats, and as our conversation cannot then give the desired effect, it is equally impressive to open one's third-year French book, and read a page or two. Of course we would hardly choose translated pages. I mean pages that are Greek to us, as to the observer, but which are all the more impressive. Still, if one hasn't one's French book, it is rather amusing to sit and flirt with the "boy on the end," or the "sheik of the back platform."

All these are means of entertainment provided for you, but we also believe in contributing our share. One of our performances I'll never forget. We were about to get off the car, when it gave a lurch, backing Helen onto a man's lap, and me—well, as the conductor and the register were the only objects near at hand, I madly clutched the conductor's neck with one hand, and rang up seven fares with the other. When I regained my balance, I saw Helen on this man's lap, trying to get up. She tried three or four times, but every time she lost her balance and fell back. Finally she succeeded in getting to her feet, with the conductor's aid, amid the laughs of all the occupants of the car. We tried to make as dignified an exit as possible, after what had occurred, but our dignity was injured when I fell down the steps, and Helen made a fool of herself, laughing at me.

All in all, "strap-hanging," and "strap entertaining," is quite a profession, if you are lucky enough to be able to indulge in it.

JANE SHELLMAN

Par Elimination

(Conclusion)

"Forsyth, to say that Eggleston is a thief is pure nonsense. Were he at bankruptcy, he would not stoop to so base an action. He has the character of a sport, a real man, who can take his medicine like a man. He went through school with me, and he and I used to live on each others' confessions.' I tell you, Forsyth, I know that man's character better than I know my own, and I would much sooner have you accuse me than him. You must at least be reasonable."

"My dear chap, I have not accused this fellow, but I have merely pointed out the possibilities of the case. You know me well enough to know that I do not jump at 'conclusions' till they are 'concluded.' I can appreciate your objection, but I am citing clear, cold facts. You can not deny that."

"Something is rotten in Denmark! That is my belief, at least. I still have that interview with Mrs. Hynes, too, and what I'm going to say to her is far beyond my knowledge. It's two o'clock, and we still have a four mile trip across town before us, so I suppose we had better be on our way."

It isn't often that Forsyth is "stumped," and as he has always managed to extract himself from the deepest mysteries, my confidence in him was strong. Yet it certainly was discouraging to hear his cheerless "nothing," in answer to Mrs. Hynes' query as to his success in the matter. What he was there for I could scarcely see. Suddenly, in the midst of a quiet conversation, Forsyth himself answered my question.

"Mrs. Hynes," he suddenly ejaculated, even in the midst of another sentence, "I want you to tell me all you know about this. The honor of several persons depends on it. Is it true that a jewel of some sort or another has been stolen at each of these affairs?"

"No, Doctor, that is not correct," she answered, somewhat startled at his manner. "Mrs. Quentin told us she had lost a diamond brooch, but later found that it had dropped on the rug, and it was recovered the next day."

"Why did you not mention this yesterday?" he questioned, almost savagely. I have seen Ellmore in action before. He is practically fierce when he is deprived of any important clew.

"I only learned of the matter last night, from Mrs. Quentin herself."

"Can you give me the address of Mrs. Quentin?"

"Certainly. She is staying at the Brooks Hotel, and her suite number is 416. I have been there several times."

"All right, then. I'll see you tonight at five at the Eggleston residence. You too, Ray. Just give them your card when you enter, and you'll have no difficulty. So long!" Out he strode, climbed into my car, and drove off, leaving me to "make peace" with Mrs. Hynes.

It was a gorgeous looking group of people who were assembled in the Eggleston drawing room that evening. Beautiful clothes and beautiful jewels were everywhere, and one hated to associate the thought of thievery with such magnificence. Yet what a lure those gems had! Small wonder that they were the objects of thievery.

I was cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston, who seemed to be expecting me. Forsyth was nowhere in sight, however, and I

began to worry over him. One could hardly expect the solution of the mystery in two hours, especially such a tangled-up affair as this. I felt decidedly ill at ease, partly because of my colleagues' absence, and partly because of the surrounding of millionaire society I was in the midst of. Yet it gave me a thrill to speak with them, these men who owned half of the city.

The tea went on, as those kinds of teas do go on, gossip, music, and the usual program. The treat of the evening was to be a vocal solo by Mrs. Eggleston. And truly a treat it was! She had a marvelous voice, and knew how to use it. Again and again her audience demanded encores, and finally she announced that she would sing only one more song. This was a French song, sung in the best Parisian accent, and had a strange melody and rhythm, which hardly seemed to fit into her nature. The song had a hidden appeal to it, which struck to your very soul, and aroused your spirits. It created an atmosphere of impending disaster which was impossible to explain.

She finished the song, to which she had given no name, and smiled at the applause. Suddenly the doors opened, and into the room dashed three men. One of them was Forsyth, and the other two I recognized as detectives from the Central station! Straight they made for Mrs. Eggleston, and at the point of a pistol, handcuffed her! She screamed, went white as a sheet, and fainted away. The guests, led by Mr. Eggleston, indignantly and fiercely demanded an explanation of the "outrageous happening." It was only the sight of the pistols in the hands of Forsyth and the detectives which restrained them from growing violent.

"Eggleston!" Forsyth said, as he calmly stepped towards the group to explain the startling action to them, "you are the victim of one of the world's lowliest criminals on record. That woman lying there is your wife, but she is also a thief, a murderer, the worst criminal in Europe. She married you for your money, but when your finances began to fail, she resorted to her old tricks to gain money, that of robbery. She is none other than Marie Harnot, queen of the French underworld, thief, murderess! We had believed her dead, but she has simply escaped our clutches, and was perpetrating this crime. She posed as a student at Washington University, where you met her, and were beguiled into marrying her."

"Mrs. Hynes," he continued, turning to her, "you today furnished the clew to the mystery. At Mrs. Quentin's reception there was no robbery, and I found that not Mr. and Mrs., but only Mr. Eggleston attended that affair. I had heard of other strange reports of Mrs. Eggleston's character from some of Eggleston's friends, and all in all, they all seemed to meet up with those of Marie Harnot. Last night when I came here, I noticed that mark on her left cheek. I recognized that mark as the chief physical characteristic of Marie Harnot, and all my suspicions were verified tonight when I listened to her song. My friends, that is known in English as the "Song of the Apache!"

The woman, carefully guarded by the two men with pistols, slowly rose to her feet. She gazed upon Forsyth in a half-dazed manner, and slowly spoke, "Par elimination!" she exclaimed in wonderment, "Le Diable! Par elimination!"

RAYMOND PEPINSKY.

Crissey, the Skunk Woman

(A True Story)

The whistle of an approaching train! A large, rather handsome woman advanced from a humble cottage at the side of the tracks, followed by a slender, pretty little girl with a "crowning glory" of definite auburn, who helped her mother draw the railroad ties.

That was some years ago. Today Crissey is dead, but her life had a peculiar development. Living in this little town on the Michigan border she became a recluse from society, and yet one of the most visited women of the country. Very little is known of her mysterious life, and certainly nothing has been gleaned from her conversation. Her family all died, and she married a certain Major Hand. It was after his death that she became a recluse. She took up her abode in a tumble-down shack on the edge of a town where she met her many visitors.

She was a jovial person and would open the battered door of her hut and lead you into a dark, narrow passageway, which she called her summer kitchen. The roof was partly gone, luckily, for it afforded the only light, there being no windows. Lined up against the walls were boxes upon boxes of skunks, and upon one a dead smelly raccoon. The chickens pecked at her feet and the odor was very marked, but she bade you see the "front" room. This was the only other room, and served her as a bedroom, living room, dining room, attic, and cellar. In one corner of the room a big black dog was tied, and in another a pile of undisturbed blankets—Crissey's bed. Old tin cans were sprinkled here and there about the room, and the old woman warned us to step lightly because of the lizards and harmless snakes on the floor.

As to her personal appearance. The once auburn hair was bobbed, gray, and filthy. She wore a gingham dress, either torn or else rotted with dirt. On her feet were man's shoes, of the labor type, and her brown, grimy legs were bare. On the third finger of her left hand she wore a curious, old-fashioned ring about which she would never speak. One other masculine characteristic was her terrible swearing.

Major Hand was not the only husband. She had befriended in the form of matrimony two other beggars who came to her door, and some place in the little plot of ground about her home is the long forgotten grave of a tiny baby. Her last two matrimonial careers were short, due to the fact that her husbands couldn't stand her filth and walked out.

Two years ago, word reached the townspeople that Crissey was ill. A delegation was sent to take care of her. They found her in a critical condition with the skunks playing about her, the chickens and lizards chiming in, and "Rover Boy," her pet skunk, locked in her arms. There was only one man she wanted to see, and that was the banker to whom she had entrusted the amount of money she had earned from living in filth raising chickens, skunks, lizards, snakes, and kittens, thereby drawing large curiosity-seeking crowds who gave her money.

After a great struggle she was washed and put in a clean bed, but it was winter and the shock was too great—Crissey contracted

pneumonia and died. With her died her past; the mystery of the gold ring; and the reason for her mode of life. Yea, Crissey would speak only of her skunks, for they were her pride and her household companions, each one being named for a person in the town.

By ELEANOR EVENSON.

Just a Day

Up in the morning
 And wash my face,
 Run to the table,
 And take my place.
 Time is short
 And I must rush,
 A bowl of prunes
 And a dish of mush.
 All out of breath
 But I'm on time,
 Here at my desk
 As the last bell chimes.
 Lessons well learned.
 'Twill be all right
 If I don't know them—
 "There's lines to write!"
 "Pass quietly!"
 The professor calls
 Above all the noise
 That fills the halls.
 'Til the end of school,
 When I'm let out,
 I leave my tasks
 With a laugh and shout.

His Master's Voice

"Von, come here!"

Jerry McDonald sat in the hollow worn in the hewed log stoop, and rested his head against the casing in the cabin door when he gave the command. The tip of the German police dog's nose touched the gravel between his paws as he crouched flat on earth, with his beautiful eyes steadily watching his master, but he did not move a muscle.

"Von, come here!"

Twinkles flashed in the eyes of the man when he repeated the order, while his voice grew imperative as he stretched a thin, wiry hand toward the dog. The animal's eyes gleamed and his sensitive nose quivered, yet he lay quietly.

"Von Hindenburg, kommen sie hier!"

The body of the dog immediately arose on straightened legs, and his muzzle dropped in the outstretched palm.

"Good boy," replied Jerry.

Jerry had lived alone with Von in the great North woods ever since his mother had passed away four long years ago when he was just twenty.

His nearest neighbor was an old widow, Mrs. Sanders, who used to be a very intimate friend of his mother's, and lived a few miles down the road. She was a second mother to Jerry. She taught him to cook so he was able to prepare his meals, and did many odd things that helped him very much.

Every other day Jerry would hitch Betsy to the wagon and drive into the small town about two miles from the cabin. On the same day Von would sit contentedly on the seat beside his master and ride into town too.

One day they went to town to bring back a load of hay for Betsy.

After they returned Jerry put the hay in the barn and locked Betsy in for the night. Then he proceeded back to the cabin with Von trotting behind. He retired rather late. Toward morning he was awakened by a shrill bark from Von. It sounded very unusual. He got up and started for the door. Von was jumping madly against it. Jerry opened it and drew back quickly. The barn was in flames. Von dashed for it. He tried vainly to enter, but it was no use. By this time Jerry was coming with the key. He unlocked the door. The smoke seemed to smother him. Von leaped forward and led Betsy out. Jerry also went in and staggered a few steps. Then he fell. He wriggled and and squirmed. He could hardly breathe. It was still except for the crackling of the fire.

Von had managed to lead Betsy out safely, but where was his master! He went back to the barn and listened. He heard a sort of moan. It was his master's voice. He must be saved. Von crouched down flat and began creeping along on the earth. He was in the barn now. With his head low, he still crept. Finally, it seemed ages, he reached his master. He pulled on Jerry's clothing. No response. Then he dragged his master a few feet. How exhausted he felt. He must keep on. And he did, until Jerry was out of the flames. Here Von left Jerry and not stopping once, he raced to Mrs. Sanders. He had great difficulty in arousing her, but within a short time they were back to Jerry.

Several days passed and Jerry was still unconscious. On the morning of the third day, Jerry seemed to be recovering.

As he regained consciousness, he saw Von staring at him.

"Come here, Von!"

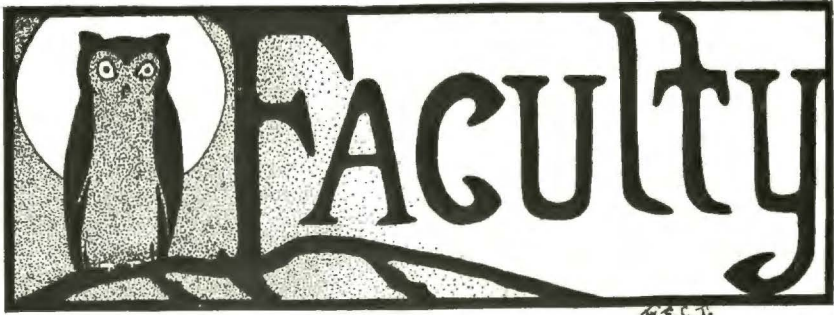
Von came happily to his master without a second invitation.

HELEN FRITZ.

You can always tell a senior,
He is sedately dressed.
You can always tell a junior,
By the way he swells his chest.

You can always tell a freshman
By his timid ways and such.
You can always tell a sophomore
But you cannot tell him much.

—EXCHANGE.



Homecoming

Down on the old home farm, autumn was the best season of the year. Roman Beauty and Ben Davis and Winter Pippin shed their fragrance in the cellar, and with heaps of pumpkins and rows of canned fruit foretold desserts for the cold winter when garden and field were bare. Ears of popcorn tied in great chains, sacks of walnuts from trees in the upland fence rows, and hickory nuts from the river bottoms promised relief from the monotony of the long winter evenings. The young turkeys strutted about and gobbled just from the joy of being alive—and well they might. Fat, clumsy pigs slept away the time in the pig pen and aroused memories of juicy backbones and spareribs and scrapple. New boots with red tops and tin caps on the toes for the boys, and new shoes and coats and hoods for the girls indicated that school time was near and the long vacation was over. School meant new books and new subjects with their ever widening fields of interest. It was a delectable time.

Much more profound, however, was the pleasure of Homecoming at Thanksgiving time. Just to be together again, to recall old memories, to sense the added seriousness and appreciation of life's purpose of those who were approaching maturity, and to note their gratitude toward those who had cared for and encouraged them constituted all the happiness mortals may expect.

As it was on the old farm so it is in high school, autumn is the best time of the year. Vacation is over; we are all together again; new teachers, new subjects, and new acquaintances enliven the routine of school life; and football and parties make us forget, temporarily at least, reviews and examinations. But of all this glad season, especially for us who have known the graduates of many years, Homecoming is the best time. How our pride flames when the fledgling graduate of last spring, who is now trying his wings in the keener college air, or the graduate of years ago, who is making a place for himself in the world of affairs, returns to renew acquaintances and to talk over old times. It is good to see the more serious attitude toward life as they settle down to life's work and to hear them recount their accomplishments and their ambitions. Something of the joy of a parent comes to a teacher at this time, only the teacher's joy must be much greater, since there are so many more individuals in our University High family at Homecoming than can be at any family gathering. Yes, I like the autumn Homecoming.

SENEX.

Personals

The Charltons seem to be keeping that "school girl" complexion.

Margaret Williams likes to give speeches in assembly even if there is the difficulty of having the audience in front of the platform.

Lute boasting, "The muscles of my brawny arms stick out like sparrows' legs."

Dorothybelle's and Ruth's chief song seems to be, "We're the Reformers." How true!

John Boehrer has another new flame. Will it burn lastingly or die as have the others? (by J. B.'s permission)

We notice that Elora lays no claim to that element so prevailing in "U" High, class spirit.

Characters from fairy tales:

Goldilocks.....	Barbara Francis
Tom Thumb.....	Elwood Johnson
Sleeping Beauty.....	Helen Bodwell
Bluebeard.....	Bill Helmes
Snow White.....	Bess Palmer
Prince Charming.....	Gordie Andre
The three bears.....	Lonnie, Spud and Fred
Puss-in-Boots.....	Priscilia Howe
Jack-the-Giant-Killer.....	Fred Metcalf

"Red Hot Henry" in person lives up to his nom de plume.

To parents: It is the sincere desire of Miss Prothers that you swallow and digest certain parts of Bacon's essay, "Of Youth and Age."

Never mind, Albert, the girls don't laugh at you because you're funny. Maybe they have pretty teeth.

Senior song, "Go backwards, go backwards, Oh, time in thy flight, Make me a Sophomore again, just for tonight.

Marion Gold requests a donation of "Pep."

Who says?

"My Bobbie's hot,
So hot I wot
That what she touches turns
To cinders. Is it then right to say
My 'Bobbie Burns' "?

Pay 'Special Attention to This

The Minnesota High School Press Association held its 1927 convention in Minneapolis on November 4th and 5th. All the schools in Minneapolis and the Department of Journalism of the University sponsored the convention and contributed to its success. The general sessions were held at John Marshall High.

This year *The Campus Breeze* took first place in its division. *The Bisbila* was awarded a second place in the year book class.

THE CAMPUS BREEZE

VOLUME X MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., DECEMBER, 1927 No. 3

Published Monthly by the Students of
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FROM OCTOBER TO JUNE

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Responsibility

One of the most interesting things about the University High School is the kind of pupils which make up our school. They come from homes of comfort where one is surrounded by the things which make for fine ideals and high character, and which offer superior advantages. They are themselves of a higher average mentality than is found in the average high school.

But these very facts impose upon us responsibilities beyond the average school. Superior advantages and abilities are worthless unless they are used. In a school composed of pupils having such superior advantages we should find a higher scholarship than in those where such advantages are not found. Upon every individual in our school there is imposed the responsibility and the duty of working up to the best that there is in him, of maintaining the highest scholarship of which he is capable. Only by so doing can he be a true citizen of the University High School.

Between the date of the publication of this issue of *The Campus Breeze* and the end of the quarter there are only three weeks. Make these weeks count so that your marks for this quarter may be as high as possible, so that the University High School shall be noted not only for its prowess in athletics but for its superior success in scholarship.

CHARLES W. BOARDMAN.

What One May Obtain from His Four Years in High School

III

3. Ideals in Beauty, Taste, Ambition, as Well as Ideals in People.

Our courses in English and American literature perhaps more than any other subjects will aid us in the selection of the most worthwhile books for us to read. The influence of literature on a student whose ambitions and ideals are being formed cannot be overestimated. Isn't it true that we have all chosen some character from literature as an object of special admiration and appreciation? In other studies, too, we meet people, come face to face with their ideas and their problems.

Persons who have not attended high school or college educate themselves by reading. Surely, the variety of literature we read and analyze at school will teach us the appreciation of beauty,—the beauty of expression and the beauty of thought. After reading Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," we no longer think of a tree as a piece of landscape, but we pay especial attention to it and realize that poetry has made us recognize nature. So it is with other things.

Social contact teaches us a lesson that books cannot. Whatever fancy names are used to elaborate it, the lesson we learn is etiquette. "We don't go to school to study etiquette." Decidedly not, but that lesson is taught continually without being graded.

Let us take advantage of our chance now to read the best books and to learn what books are the best. Let us learn now to appreciate what is beautiful in nature, and fine in mankind. Then is our school life an asset to us.

Scholarship Record

FALL QUARTER, 1927-1928

MID-QUARTER

ALL A's

Beyer, Lynn
Hynes, Martha
Kiefer, Andrea

Levine, Bessie
Ramsdell, Elizabeth

ALL A's & B's

Armstrong, Anne
Armstrong, Jane
Boehrer, John
Burkhard, Ruth
Carpenter, Eleneta
Erickson, Marguerite
Finger, Lois

Gleckman, Florence
Larson, Lorna
Lawton, Gertrude
Mann, George
Myers, Marjorie
Pepinsky, Minerva
Pepinsky, Raymond

B AVERAGE

Bailey, Barbara
Brown, Thelma
Bruncke, Marguerite
Ebert, Margaret
Evenson, Eleanor
Ford, Thomas
Gilmore, Flora
Heck, Eleanor
Johnson, Vivian
MacBean, Rosalind
Nelson, James

Robertson, Marlys
Rosendahl, Frederick
Rosendahl, Russell
Savage, Albert
Tallmadge, Margaret
Thomas, Frederick
Thompson, Helen
Vrooman, Alonzo
Webster, Helen
Weil, Miriam

What Our Alumni Have Done and Are Doing

Betty Erikson, '22; Lucille Preston, '25; Ruth Lampland, '25, and Marion Miller, '26, were all delegates from the Y. W. C. A. at the University of Minnesota to Mankato, Minnesota.

Helen Minty, '23, is teaching music some place in Michigan this year.

George Smith, '25, has pledged Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity.

Helen Larson, '25, is attending a Girl Scout institute in Wisconsin.

Those alumni who went to Michigan were Evangeline Nary, '25; Janet Lieb, '25, and Jack Bates, '26.

Harold Eberhart, '26, is all-Sophomore President at the University of Minnesota, while he is also President of the College of Engineering.

Mary Wildes, '27, made the All-University volley ball team, and she is only a Freshman.

Rhoda Pierce, '27, was an out-of-town guest at the Pillsbury Homecoming.

Harmon Pierce, '25, went with the Minnesota team to several out-of-town games, including Notre Dame.

A party of "U" High alumni boys went hunting, but the only real hunter was Jack Brown in the class of '25.

We stand corrected as to the fact that Josephine Ulrick is at Carleton. She is not in Carleton but in some school in the East or abroad for a year.



The Showboat - - Edna Ferber

"The Showboat" is a grippingly fascinating tale of the lives of actors on the "Cotton Blossom Palace Floating Theatre," as it was fantastically called. The boat made trips up and down the Mississippi and its tributaries, stopping to give plays at appreciative small towns. This was in the days before railroads were in general use, when the great river was the main route of travel.

The story opens on the showboat at the birth of Magnolia Ravenal's daughter, Kim, on the maiden trip of the new boat. Then the style changes to reminiscence, and we are taken back to Magnolia's childhood. Her mother was a rigid New Englander. Her father was a riverman, jolly, good-natured, and carefree. He one day surprised his wife, Mrs. Hawks, by exchanging his river boat for a showboat, which Mrs. Hawks considered the root of evil. However, she was finally persuaded to take up her summer residence there, while in the winter she stayed on land that Magnolia might have proper schooling.

Magnolia gloried in the life of the river. She afterwards compared her life to the unexpectedness and moodiness of the river. She became the ingenue for the company and later married the juvenile lead, Mr. Ravenal.

They went to Chicago and here she learned that her husband was a gambler. One day they with their little daughter, Kim, would be in the lap of luxury, and the next in a humble boarding house with barely enough to exist on. But despite the uncertainty of the visits of Lady Luck, the gambler always looked most fastidiously correct. He would spend his last dime for a shoe shine rather than for a sandwich. He was finally reduced to despair by the banishment of gambling places, became a drunkard, and deserted his family. Magnolia then went into vaudeville to support her daughter, who later became one of the most famous actresses of her time. At the death of her parents Magnolia felt the lure of the easy lazy life of a showboat and the call of the Mississippi, and went back to it to spend the last part of her life in the scene of those early happy years.



EXCHANGE

The North High school paper, *The Polaris*, has one feature which is not found in high school papers very often. It is a cartoon appropriate to the season or to some recent event in the school where the students' original work is presented.

The two publications of Central High, St. Paul, are as good as ever. *The World*, the monthly literary magazine, contains several good stories and articles, the best being a Phantasy, "The Idylls of a Water Sprue," which certainly contains some vivid and colorful word pictures. "In the Garden of Alamo," also in this magazine, gives a very good description of the battle of Alamo, and is well worth reading. *The World* is perhaps more like *The Campus Breeze* than any other exchange contributor.

"The Central High Times," also of St. Paul Central, is truly a newspaper. It gives the school news very fully every week. This paper reports that Central is to have a point system something like our own, which has been drawn up by the student council. Each student is allowed only so many points for extra curricular activities, so as to prevent any one student from doing too much outside work. Congratulations, Central; we hope you succeed in your new project.

The *Alphian* of Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, has been enlarged on account of the increase in the advertising secured. "The bigger the better." There are only a few jokes in the publication, but they are good, especially one in the November issue about the different kinds of "Phewls," bonehead, saphead, etc.

When we read the *Hamline Oracle*, we discovered that Eleanor King, an alumna of University high, was one of the staff reporters.

We have two new exchanges, *The Magnet*, of Owatonna High School, and *Now and Then* from St. Paul Academy.



Seniors

Last month we came across with a song, but we've been so busy showing our salesmanship ability by winning the Homecoming ticket sales race that no new genius has budded forth. Also, we have been thoroughly entertained down at Lee Studios by "watching the little birdie," etc. It's great having your head cocked in one direction and your hand in another, consequently resembling some famous pose of Napoleon. Don't laugh, Frosh, your turn will come and in the meantime keep out of the limelight or—oh, you know the rest.

Senior boys who received their "U"s in football on our championship team are: Lonny Vrooman, Capt., Tom Ford (our undaunted quarterback), Doug Erskine, Art Hanson, Hugo Knoefel, Spud Tucker, Lard Coffee, Steve Barlow, Clifford Carlson, Gil Kingery, "Tiger Lute" Kempe, and Miles Hubbard. These SENIOR boys were the main cogs in the wheel of our team that ran away with the Lake District championship.

The girls are busy "interpreting" dancing. You ought to see them prancing gracefully around as sea nymphs teasing the sailors, or again, as snowflakes whirling carelessly about at the whim of the wind. Really, it's worth the price of admission. As to soccer—the final game between the Junior and Senior girls for the championship comes off next week in spite of snowdrifts or Mississippi floods. The girls are quite playful so will not mind tumbling around in the drifts en route to a goal.

Onward, SENIORS!

Prominent Juniors

Several gridiron heroes of our class were awarded athletic honors at the Homecoming banquet. Dan Grates, Don Perry, Cliff Menz, Keith Barrows, Don Rieck, Jack Erskine, and Sears Lamberton were presented with "U's," each bearing a small star on the bottom to signify membership on a championship team.

These were not the only juniors who distinguished themselves at Homecoming. One of the greatest successes of the evening was the decorating, for which Patty Hynes was responsible.

Indeed, all this makes one wonder what "U" High would do without us prominent Juniors.

Sophomores

Thursday noon, Nov. 10, the Sophomores held a class meeting in room 204. As the majority of members were not present, the matter of a class party could not be definitely decided. The matter of class dues was also mentioned, and all of the class members, who had not paid their dues were urged to do so promptly.

The Sophomore girls have done excellent playing in the soccer tournament. The first team tied the Juniors 1-1. We consider this quite a victory. The Seniors defeated us 3-1 in a hard won battle. The inexperienced Freshmen fought hard, but we fought harder and gained a victory over them with a score of 3-0.

Mary Lou Wold, Durand Maher, and Stanley Clark canvassed the school rooting out all of the Sophs and urging them to purchase tickets for homecoming. As you probably all noticed, we were ahead for awhile until the Juniors and Seniors overwhelmed us. But we finally ended up with a rousing 54 per cent of the Sophs to attend homecoming with all their school spirit. You may be sure we all had a good time and wouldn't have missed it even for the large sum of \$1.10.

Freshmen

Congratulate us! Our party was a great success. Nearly everyone came in full costume. There were any number of pirates, old-fashioned ladies, Spaniards, and children in overalls or rompers and half socks.

The prizes for the best costumes went to Jeannette Evans, a pirate, and to Lucius Putnam, a pirate. Both costumes were worthy of much admiration.

Cider and doughnuts were served, and then we danced until the party broke up.

Parties seem to play an important part in our lives. A good many of us went to Homecoming, and had a fine time.

Besides parties and hard work, we are getting along nicely in our gymnasium work. The girls have a very fine soccer team—for Freshmen. The Juniors only scored four points against us in the whole game, and the Seniors only three. Of course, we planned to beat the Sophs all to pieces, but then.

I repeat, congratulate us, and beware, upperclassmen, the Freshmen are coming right along.

The Girls' Club

The surprise meeting that took place on November 14 was well attended, almost 100 girls being present. (Where were the rest?) A few days before the meeting the cat almost got out of the bag since some rumors were going around school that there was to be a style show. Strange to say, *these* rumors had some foundation. A very interesting talk on "Appropriate Dress" was given by

Miss Little of the Home Economics Department of the University. Miss Little's talk was illustrated by several of the girls who acted as models.

On December 12, another meeting with a surprise program, will be held. This date will be worth saving.

If anyone should listen in on the cabinet meetings, there would be plenty to listen to. Everyone has so many plans that it isn't possible to get everything done with meetings only every other Monday, so now it is necessary to meet every Monday. In the very near future these plans will come out in a program for the remainder of the year—so it is hoped.

It is perfectly evident that the Clubroom Committee didn't take a vacation over M. E. A. However, the clubroom can only be kept in such a condition with the help of everyone, so let's co-operate. The pictures and bench from Miss Gold were certainly appreciated since they added such a great deal to the attractiveness of the room.

The Finance Committee under Eleanor Evenson has kept themselves busy selling punch, buttons, and armbands.

Perhaps you didn't know that it was the Girls' Club who did these things, but it was, and very soon a constitution is going to come into existence.

Don't forget to save December 12!

The Senate

HOMECOMING

Well, Homecoming is over, and I am sure that there is not a person in school who doesn't wish he might still be looking forward to it. There were about two hundred at the banquet and many more alumni came in later, to dance.

John Boehrer, that very efficient toastmaster, first called on Mr. Boardman, who gave our alumni a very sincere and hearty welcome. Almon Tucker, captain of the 1926 football team, spoke of how our championship team was more than filling the SHOES of last year's eleven, while Elbridge Curtiss, assistant coach and member of the class of '24, spoke on SHIPS. Coach Peterson was next, and told us all about SEALING WAX, and Lonnie Vrooman, though supposed to talk on CABBAGES, wavered a good deal from the subject and gave us a very good summary of several of the "U" High games. Mrs. Sundeen discussed the very difficult subject of KINGS, ending up with King Liking, who turned out to be our own great Homecoming celebration.

Then came what (at least to some) might be termed the greatest event of the evening. Twenty-one boys won the coveted "U," and also a gold football, the symbol of a championship team.

President Lotus D. Coffman, of the University, was the main speaker of the evening. He gave an extremely interesting talk on scholarship and athletics, both of which are essential to a successful school.

When the banquet was finished, about nine-tenths of the balloons broken, and the speeches over, the boys cleared away the tables and with the aid of a lively orchestra, the dancing began. A little

after eleven o'clock everyone went home, wishing that Homecoming came twelve times a year instead of once. "Anything worth doing is worth doing well" was the slogan of the senate in putting over this stupendous Homecoming.

The Girls' "U" Club

What would you do if someone came up to you and said, "Won't you please write something for 'The Breeze' about the Girls' 'U' Club?" At first thought this doesn't seem so difficult, yet what can one say about such a well-known organization as this? Most of the girls not already in it, realize that it is a worthwhile and lively club, and are working to meet the standards and requirements for membership. To those girls who have missed hearing about "U" Club, we would like to say that we really do have good times at play hour. Also we supplement this exercise with outings, hikes, or picnics once a month. Then we have dinner meetings once a month, too, and discuss business and plans for more good times—mostly the latter! "U" Club is open to any girl who is interested in athletics, and who first earns the required points, as stated in the constitution, which is very new, and of which we are duly proud.

So, you see, the "U" Club does not exist in name only, but is a bunch of peppy girls who are bent on enjoying themselves, and whether they succeed or not we leave to you to judge.

Pee Wee—"Could I have a program, please?"

Box Office Attendant—"The show's nearly over."

Pee Wee—"Yes, but I've got to prove to Dad that I was here."

* * * *

EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?

(Home Undertaker)

Sue (ardently)—"You're one in a million."

Winifred—"Your chances are about the same."

* * * *

Dan—"Did you tell Margaret that I'm a big stiff?"

Spud—"No, she knows that."

* * * *

Frosh (at ice cream counter)—"Loan me five 'til pay day?"

Soph—"Pay day?"

Frosh—"Yah, the day I pay you."

* * * *

A lady was washed out to sea and some wise fool threw her a bar of soap to wash her back.

* * * *

Steve—"If you keep looking at me that way, I'll kiss you."

Helen—"Well, I can't hold this pose all night."



Hail the Conquering Heroes!

The University High School feels proud of its championship team as they once more return to the various duties which await them. Most of the boys will go out for basketball, however, and we hope the season will be just as successful as was the football season.

"U" High had an exceptionally hard schedule, playing two of the best teams of the Southern Minnesota league, namely Winona and Northfield, both of whom rarely suffer defeat. Our boys journeyed to Winona only to be beaten to the tune of 12 to 0. It wasn't as bad as it sounds for it developed the fighting spirit of the team so that we nearly came back the second half and beat them. Earlier in the season the weak Hopkins team was a victim of the University High Bone crushers when we massacred them, 13 to 0.

The next game saw a changed team take a comparatively easy game from St. Louis Park Gridders to the playful tune of 24 to 0. St. Louis Park didn't stand a show, but it did show that "U" High was a team to contend for the championship.

Mound next ventured into the "U" High fold, and although they fought valiantly, they were outclassed by the charging Campus School line. Because of the fleet Tom Ford, who made the touchdown, "U" High emerged victorious at the long end of a 7 to 0 score. This game practically gave "U" High the championship. Mound beat Excelsior, the only other contender, by a very impressive score. Over-confidence grasped the "U" High boys, and they lost to the weak Wayzata team on their terrible field. They whistled through to a 13 to 12 victory.

A rejuvenated team held the strong Excelsior team scoreless the first half with a changed lineup. The second half told a different story and Tom Ford, our little wonder back, ran through the whole team for a touchdown. The game ended, and the champions of the Lake District ran triumphantly off the field.

A fitting climax was planned for the last game when we were to play the strong Northfield aggregation, but were deprived of this game by bad weather.

Presenting the 1927 Lake District Champions:

BACKS		ENDS
Erskine, D.		Tucker
Ford		Carlson
Sherman		Williams
Erskine, J.		Kingery
Grates		Kempe
Perry		
TACKLES		GUARDS
Coffey		Barlow
Knoceul		Hanson
Rieck		Barrows
Hubbard		Menz
CENTER		
Vrooman, (Capt.).		

Girls' Athletics

The first real soccer games of the season were between the Freshmen and Juniors, and the Sophomores and Seniors. Aside from the Freshmen being minus several players and the Juniors having to remove a few players, all went smoothly. The games ended with a score of 4 to 0 in the Juniors' favor and 3 to 1 in favor of the Seniors.

The first snowfall of the season saw the Sophomore-Junior, Freshman-Senior games played in alternate quarters. Although the field was slippery and the playing was difficult, the teams were in high spirits. "U" High boys adorned the sidelines cheering and throwing snowballs among themselves. The game ended with a Senior victory 3 to 1 over the Freshmen, a tie 1 to 1 between the Sophomores and Juniors, and a few injured limbs.

Another week had passed before the matches between the Freshman-Sophomore first teams and the Sophomore-Junior second teams were played off. The games ended with a 3 to 0 victory in favor of the Sophomores, and a 4 to 1 victory in favor of the Juniors.

The members of the soccer teams are as follows:

SENIORS	
FIRST TEAM	
Forwards	Back Field
Elizabeth Ann Couper	Lois Finger
Dorothybelle McCree	Margaret Briggs
Andrea Kiefer	Lorna Larson
Jane Armstrong	Margaret Williams
Naomi Fredrickson	Lillian Bissell
	Margaret Tallmadge
	Betty Gove
	Ruth McMahan
Goal	
June Sheridan	

JUNIORS

FIRST TEAM

Forwards	Back Field
Helen Bodwell	Helen Metcalfe
Albertine Arth	Peggy Ebert
Mary Field	Margaret Reinardy
Marjorie Myers	Jane Shellman
Ruth Burkhard	Helen McGrath
Anne Armstrong	Laurice Russell

Goal
Patty Hynes

SECOND TEAM

Forwards	Back Field
Lucetta Alden	Delphine Brooks
Evelyn Smith	Adelaide Meiners
Rosalind McBean	Katherine Molzahn
Thelma Brown	Dorothea Egan
Caroline Kittoe	Vivian Johnsor

Goal
Marian Gold

SOPHOMORES

FIRST TEAM

Forwards	Back Field
Marguerite Erickson	Betty Sheridan
Helen Fritz	Bunny Rowley
Mary Lou Wold	Betty Ramsdell
Helen Manuel	Abigail Kittleson
Marguerite Brunche	Muriel Basset
	Agnes Adair
	Mary Ella Brackett

Goal
Harriet Washburn
Ruth Bengston

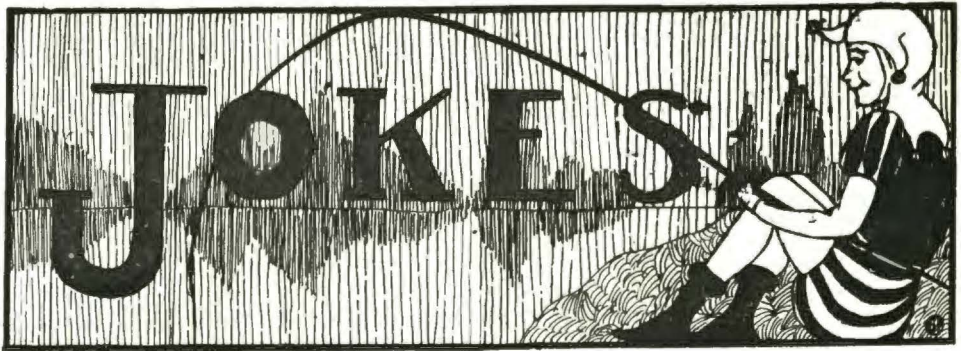
SECOND TEAM

Forwards	Back Field
Bertha Van Collon	Betty Barwise
Marlys Robertson	Miriam West
Lois Williams	Lucile Barry
Elizabeth Grobe	Lorenzo Meiners
Flora Gilmore	Edith Mannel
Mary Giblin	Goal
Elizabeth Geotz	Florence Gleckman

FRESHMEN

FIRST TEAM

Forwards	Back Field
Jane Williams	Alice Woolery
Barbara Canfield	Dorothy Overem
Jean Tucker	Janet Van De Water
Betty Armstrong	Jean Short
Iantha Powerie	Margaret Zelner
Jane Dicks	Goal
	Helen Thompson



Boy Friend: "I feel all wound up tonight."

Jean Dix: "And yet you won't go."

* * *

Dan Carroll: "Ever ridden a donkey?"

Frosh: "Well, no."

Dan: "Oh, get on to yourself."

* * *

Mr. Tohill: "You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

Lynn: "Not at all. Not at all."

* * *

Gordy: "What you crowing about?"

Steve: "Oh, I just had a chicken out in my 'coup.' "

* * *

Andy: "That's funny."

Lois: "What's funny?"

Andy: "Oh, I just happened to think—"

Lois: "Well, that is funny."

* * *

Westerner: "Someone tried to kill me."

Inquisitive: "Howcum?"

W.: "When I was eating that piece of meat someone yelled 'whoa' and I darned near choked."

* * *

Some girls ought to be called vacuum, because they can never be filled. (Now, Eleanor, don't blush.)

* * *

Helen: "Why work so hard?"

Hod: "Because I am too darned nervous to steal."

* * *

Spud says: "Everybody loves my sweetheart but my sweetheart doesn't love everybody because she doesn't know everybody."

* * *

Eleanor: "Do you shave all the time?"

John: "No; I stop occasionally for meals."

* * *

Gil: "Are you bothered by insomnia?"

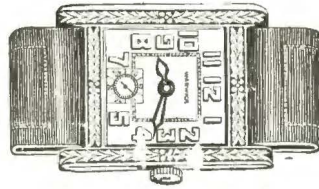
Mutt: "No, I sleep like a top."

Gil: "Perhaps that explains your perpetual dizziness."

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