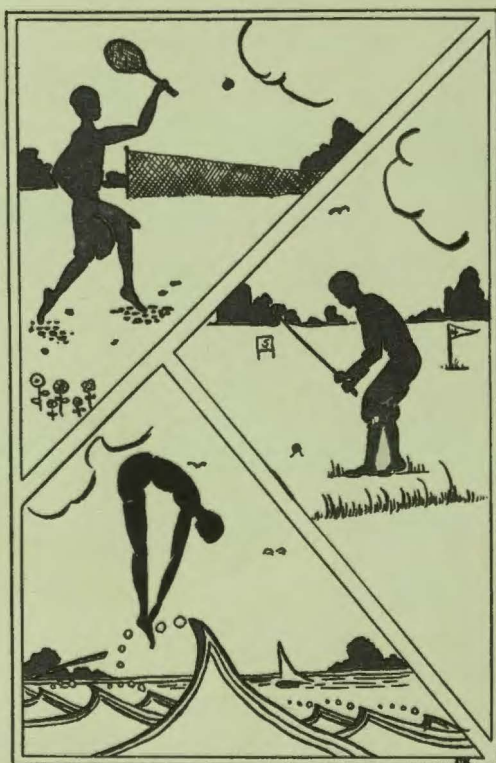
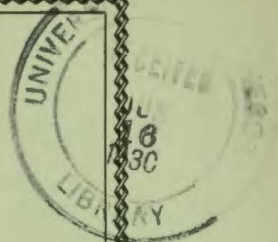


THE CAMPUS BREEZE

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL



JUNE, 1928

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THE CAMPUS BREEZE

VOLUME X

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., JUNE, 1928

No. 7



LITERATURE

Japanese Verse

1. The night is black,
But the moon is gold,
And the stars are silver,
The night is gold and silver—and black.
2. The day is dreary,
The rain falls lightly,
But it is gray
I am overwhelmed with loneliness.
3. A cloud is not of earth.
Oblivious of petty things
It reigns—
Would I were a cloud!
4. Would I could see all world
At one glance,
Omniscient and omnipotent,
But only One is that.
NAOMI FREDERICKSON (First Prize).

Finite

I saw a hawk, circling, in the sky,
Until he disappeared on the horizon.
I saw a fish, swimming, in the sea,
Until I lost him in the murky depths.
I watched a fox, a squirrel, and a fawn,
Until they vanished into their green forest.
I watched the sun, rising, in the east,
Until it sank into the western sky.
But these have no soul, no reason, no heart,
While I am man,
Until—oblivion.

L. L.

The Demoness

I.

It happened something like this. We were sitting idly at Ciro's in Monte Carlo gazing out at the Riviera. Nobody said anything. It was too hot. Suddenly Brast made the remark: "She was a demoness." On being asked to explain his curious remark, he gave us the following tale:

II.

"We were on a cruise with Basil Payne on his yacht. Payne had some place met this woman Peggy Robinson. She was the most beautiful creature on this earth. She was radiantly beautiful. Almost all the men on shipboard were crazily in love with her and she held court with absolute autocracy and impartiality.

"We were in Honolulu throwing pennies overboard for the native boys to dive for. She was having great fun doing it. There was one boy there who was an absolute Apollo, and he was a marvelous diver. He would get on the topmast of the ship, a matter of some seventy feet, and do a perfect swan dive, the most beautiful thing you ever saw.

"All of a sudden all the native boys came rushing up on the deck shouting in native tongue, 'A shark! A shark!' They were trembling all over and their teeth were chattering, for down the bay came the long grey fin of a shark. It was one of the deep-sea kind, a monster man-eater. We stood there and watched it come swiftly up the bay.

"Suddenly Peggy tossed her head and said: 'I don't believe all this nonsense about sharks eating people. I'm going to find out.' She opened her purse and took out a gold sovereign. The Apollo watched her closely. Payne and all of us begged her not to throw it in. It was a fortune to the boy and he would probably dive in to a horrible death. Laughingly she threw the coin in. Like lightning the boy dived. Some say a shark has to turn over to seize its prey. This one didn't. He flashed up, and in a minute or two the boy was gone forever."

III.

There was a long silence. "Well," Brast finally said, "Classify her."

HENRY ZON.

The Mosquito

The pest of my summer days
 is he,
 He buzzes 'round my head
 noisily,
 When the right moment comes,
 He stings.
 It makes me say—
 Oh, many things!

BETTY SHERIDAN.

A Trip Down the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne

In the following words I am going to take you with me on a trip down the Rhine River, the great avenue of central Europe. We will start at Mainz and from there wend our way to Cologne, and in so doing I will try to make you acquainted with a few of the many legends of love, adventure, romance, tragedy, and comedy that are associated with every spot along this noble river.

Mainz, one of the old Roman strongholds built along the Rhine, is outstanding, not for the fact that it had been repeatedly the spoil of conquerors, but because among its citizens, at one time, was a man whose life-work revolutionized the world. This man was John Gutenberg, who invented movable types. In the public square of Mainz, one may find this day the statute of John Gutenberg, one who neither held a sword, nor wore a crown, but whose name stands out in characters that will forevermore command the admiration of posterity.

As we leave Mainz and go down the river, a charming feature soon reveals itself in the extensive vineyards that are lined along the shore for miles. The most renowned and valuable lie upon the slopes of Johannisberg.

At the union of the Rhine and one of its smaller tributaries, lies a town, which the lines of a poetess have made more widely known than almost any other place on the river: "Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

"Tell her, the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,
I dreamed I stood with her and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine."

Just opposite Bingen is the German National Monument, which stands at a height of seven hundred and forty feet above the river, on the brow of a wooded hill known as the Neiberwald.

"Mausethurm," better known by the title of the "Mouse Tower," is located upon a tongue shaped island that is just above Bingen. The curious legend which adheres to it accounts for the name of "Mouse Tower." The story is that Bishop Hatto, in a year of famine, locked a multitude of women and children in one of his barns and set it on fire. "There," he exclaimed as he saw the flames, "I have burned up a lot of miserable rats that were good for nothing but to eat corn." He had barely finished speaking when a servant came running to him and said that thousands of rats were coming that way. In terror, the bishop hastened to this tower and, barring every hole and window, thought himself secure; but in vain! For in at the windows, the doors, and through the walls they came by thousands. Soon they went to the bishop, and since they were sent to do judgment on him, acted accordingly by leaving only a few gnawed bones.

Conspicuous among the castles whose towers cast their shadows on the Rhine is the Rheinstein. Its origin is lost in obscurity, but there is evidence that it has kept watch over the river for at least six hundred years.

The Rhine, in its capricious windings, gives forth its treasures, one after another. Among the pretty villages thus revealed is Bucharach, the most conspicuous feature of which is a ruin known as Saint Werner's Chapel. The origin of this building is both in-

teresting and peculiar. Saint Werner was a young boy who, five centuries ago, was murdered by Jews at Operwesel, a little way down the river. His body was thrown into the river, but, instead of floating down stream, it came up against the current for some miles and was finally washed ashore at Bucharach, scaring the murderers into confession. The young man was declared a saint and in his honor the pretty chapel of Saint Werner was erected on the borders of the Rhine.

Of all the cities that adorn the Rhine, Cologne is both the wealthiest and most renowned. The dominant feature is, of course, its glorious cathedral that was started in 1248 and practically completed in 1880. This great cathedral, with all its majesty, speaks for itself.

Beyond Cologne, the Rhine goes on, but its fame and power are left behind. It apparently received from the old cathedral its benediction and is now nearing its terminus—the open sea—which is silently awaiting its inevitable coming.

MARGARET BRIGGS (First Prize).

The River Elves

When the sunset on the river
Fades from gold to purple-gray,
And the lamps afire from sun-shafts
Are a link 'twixt night and day,
Then there comes crowding, the riverside clouding
A pixie troop, trixie troop—
River elves!

Civilized sprites from the sooty city
They unmoor a barge, set it loose without pity
Clamber up a bridge arch, and start the lights blinking
Startle the water bugs and send them slinking
Then dance on the top of the rippling river
And frighten the poplars till their leaves are aquiver.

Mischievous elves to the river glen winging
Coquet with a violet, start a thrush singing,
Call to a bat as he flies overhead
Till he circles and dips swooping high up in dread
And softly they croon to a dragonfly
Floating by on a leaf,—an elf's lullaby.

When the sunset on the river
Fades from carmen into gray,
And the lamps alight on every bridge
Are a golden link to day,
Then there comes stealing, the twilight revealing
That pixie troop, trixie troop—
River elves!

BETTY RAMSDELL.

"Pee wee": "This match won't light."

Steve: "Washa madda with it?"

"Pee wee": "I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

The Newspaper Game

Some people think a newspaper man has a snap of a job, but "Experience is a good teacher." I know otherwise. It's fine to write when the inspiration strikes you or when you're in the mood, but when the hunger for bread and butter necessitates the pushing of the pen, it's a different matter. I have the bad fortune to be, or rather to have been, a feature writer and a poor one, for I am one of those who can write only when the fancy takes them, and in my case, that is not often.

One day last week I was out hiking along the river bank to enjoy the newly arrived spring and, incidentally, hoping a plot for a story would either spring up from the river or drop from the heavens. This was merely incidental since I had been warned that were not a "human sympathy" story in in time for the following morning's paper—well—I would be out in the "cruel cold" world again—without a job. I walked for sometime, watching for robins, buds, green grass, and other signs of the oncoming season and appreciating greatly the beautiful day.

As I neared the Bay Street bridge, I noticed a man standing at the railing idly scanning the water beneath. Since I was in the springtime mood which calls for company, I stopped for a chat. Although I was not enthusiastically received, a newspaper man is used to that, and I remained.

After several attempts at conversation which were answered mainly by monosyllables, I finally tried the age-old and much used remark, "a penny for your thoughts." The remark though innocently meant seemed to cause the gentleman some concern, for he was somewhat embarrassed and, I believe, a trifle piqued as he answered, "What thoughts?"

I call the stranger gentleman, for that he was, the type which is referred to as belonging to the "old school." He was well educated, I inferred from our brief conversation, and certainly well dressed. His face was kind and particularly thoughtful, I thought, his general appearance pleasant but not unusual.

"Your thoughts as you gazed into the flowing depths," I answered his query lightly and poetically.

"Sir, I——." He drew himself up to his full height, and a flash of his eyes showed me he was capable of quick anger.

I had been impertinent and hastened to make amends.

"I beg your pardon. I meant no offense."

He showed his training and his impulsive character in his quick response. "Certainly."

For some moments we both watched the river flowing past. The air seemed full of suspense—the river full of secrets.

"Sir," the gentleman turned to me. "I have a complex."

I looked at him perplexed. This was an abrupt and rather unusual turn to the conversation. After a moment he continued.

"I never see anything happen but I want to try it. I never hear of an emotion but I want to experience it. I am never happy unless I do. It is exasperating. It is more than that. It is—it is beastly."

With that he stopped short, seemed to recall my presence, turned on his heel, and without so much as a "Goodbye" left me and proceeded across the bridge. I stood looking after him, bewildered. What an extremely odd gentleman with a decidedly unusual manner!

As I watched, a small yellow dog, popularly known as a cur, arrived from somewhere—or nowhere, and attached himself to the heels of my new friend. From the distance of several rods between myself and him, I could derive that the waif was a playful dog enjoying a nip at the heels of the pursued.

The man suddenly turned. It all happened quickly. The next moment the dog was in the air and a moment later he was seen no more. The river covered him. But I had not time to think about the dog. A tall, dark figure wavered a trifle on the bridge—and was gone. The man had followed the dog.

I sent in the alarm. The usual process followed. Sirens of the police, the fire engines and the ambulance were heard—but it was too late.

An hour later they found him, the dog in his arms and a smile on his lips—and in his pocket a letter, still decipherable.

It was from the law firm of Sims and Dawson of New Orleans informing Mr. Harrison Andrews of Chicago of the death by drowning of his sister, Miss Evelyn Andrews.

My late friend, Mr. Andrews, achieved the sensation he sought. He died happy.

It is needless to say that I kept the letter and no one but myself saw it. All the city papers contained articles of the tragedy. "An unidentified man committed suicide off the Bay Street bridge at 4:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Motive unknown." The paper of whose staff I was a member contained the same type of article—and no human sympathy story. I lost my job. My sense of delicacy, perhaps, or at least, my idea that the secret of the dead shall remain a secret, had got the best of me once too often. I am a newspaper man no longer.

What I shall try next is undecided. But the bread and butter mood is not yet upon me and I'm out of the newspaper game for good.

N. F.

Progress?

Onward, ever onward, through the night
Droned the special mail
Thinking never in its flight
To cower or to quail.

Soaring, where only eagles dare to fly,
Sailing high, or cruising low,
Eternally speeding through the sky
With only God their fate to know.

Its pilot masters the controls—
Shoving here or pulling there.
Yet each day the death knell tolls
For some who fly no more.

Yet as the days roll swiftly by,
That drone grows more and more,
Leaving in its wake a darkening sky
Where only blue had reigned before.

LLOYD KEMPE.

The Race Is Over

The Breeze contest material has undergone due consideration of five reliable judges, and their decisions have been rendered. It is a "golden" day for the prize winners, who are as follows:

Poetry Section

Winner—Naomi Fredrickson: "Japanese Verse."

Honorable Mention—Eleneta Carpenter: "Toll of the Sea."

Lute Kemp: "Progress."

Serious Section

Winner—Margaret Briggs: "A Trip Down the Rhine."

Honorable Mention—Albert Savage: "Nine Rahs and a Tiger for the Team." Delphine Brooks: "School Spirit."

Humor Section

Winner—Gilbert Kingery: "Women Drivers."

Honorable Mention—William Helmes: "A Compact or Disagreement."

Judges—Mrs. Nethercott, Miss Prothers, Mrs. Sundeen, Mr. Tohill, Mr. Boardman.

We, the members of the Breeze staff, heartily congratulate the winners and sincerely thank all the other contestants for their co-operation.

Drowning

Senseless panic to regain the heights,
 Zealous hands—restraining,
 Muttered rumbling of water
 And swift retreat of pain,
 Ineffable darkness
 Mingled with sweet voices
 Bound in harmony—
 Then sleep.

JUNE SHERIDAN.

Our Faculty—Their Plans

When asked what she expected to do next summer, Miss Gold replied, "Well, I expect to give Toto (her dog) a bath. You know he hasn't had one since Christmas." We don't know if it will take all summer to give Toto his bath, but, at least, Miss Gold didn't mention anything else she was planning to do.

Of course, there are a number of faculty members who are going to attend summer school. Among them are Mr. Garlough, Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Nethercott, Mrs. Sundeen, Miss Berslen, Miss Smythe, Miss Holmberg, and Miss Diamond. Mr. Hurd plans to teach at U High the first part of the summer and Mr. Stokes is also going to teach. Mr. Tohill will teach at the University. Have you heard that Mr. Brosious is going to work in a canning factory in Wisconsin? Miss Marlowe plans to visit her home in Alabama all summer. Miss Condon thinks she is going to California, and is sure of taking a trip through the West. Oh, yes, Mr. McGee plans to teach at the "U" too.

We are all very sorry to hear that next year we will be without the following faculty members: Mr. Barron, Miss Ramm, Miss Shwend, Miss Kyne, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Prothers, Mr. Peterson, and Mrs. Phipps.

School Spirit

School spirit! That's what we want, but we want it in a slightly different sense than most people think of it. We want it to be something bigger, finer, and better than just supporting our athletes. It is a good start upward toward real school spirit when we yell ourselves hoarse on the football field, and it is commendable to advertise our school to others; but when one really stops to think about it, there is a much deeper meaning to school spirit than merely these exhibitions of it.

What are we? What are we going to be? Just what our school makes us. What is our school, and what is it going to be? Just exactly what we make it. Its ideals and its standards are going to be just as high as our ideals and standards. The question is how high shall we set these standards? Shall they be on the level with other schools only? No! We want our University High School to stand out as the very finest school in the whole state of Minnesota. How shall we set about reaching this goal? Shall we shift all the responsibility to Mr. Boardman's shoulders, shall we let the faculty bear the brunt of the load? No, that is not their job, it is ours. We must put our shoulders to the wheel.

Too many of us, even while boasting of loyalty to our school, are carried by our school spirit only so far as the support of the activities in which we are particularly interested. We should feel that as loyal sons and daughters of U High we must support every activity of the school; we must stand back of the Senate, upholding all of its principles; we must stand firm behind our principal and faculty; we must throw the weight of our influence on the side of everything that is good and right. We have no right to call ourselves loyal to University High unless we fulfill all of these obligations.

Just now we hear so much about co-operation and teamwork, but in no place do they more aptly apply than in our relationship with our school. Co-operation and teamwork are the first and last essentials of school spirit, and without these factors, it could not prosper or live. School spirit should be so predominant in the life of every student that after graduation he will be proud of having done his bit for his school. Moreover, if this condition exists, the school, in turn, will be proud to have his name on their roll of graduates.

The following little poem which appeared in the Breeze as an exchange last year, expresses the exact meaning I wished to convey, and I believe that in its eight lines it tells just what the responsibility of each one of us is:

IT ISN'T YOUR SCHOOL, IT'S YOU
 You're the one who makes your school,
 You're the one to be true;
 Remember it Freshies, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors,
 It isn't your school, it's you.
 The name of your school is like clay in your hands,
 You have only the moulding to do.
 Mould it and make it good and firm,
 For it isn't your school, it's you.

Article by DELPHINE BROOKS.
 (Honorable Mention)

The Senior Class Play

In "The Boomerang," Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes have given us a drama of the utmost interest and excellence. Yet it took the Senior class cast to produce an effect which many times increased the mere value of the written words. And here is the cast:

Dr. Gerald Sumner.....	JOHN BOEHRER
Virginia Xelva.....	MARGARET WILLIAMS
Budd Woodbridge.....	DANIEL CARROLL
Grace Tyler.....	NAOMI FREDRICKSON
Mrs. Creighton Woodbridge.....	LOIS FINGER
Emil Enrile.....	ALLYN MILLER
Gertrude Ludlow.....	BARBARA FRANCIS
Marian Sumner.....	ELEANOR EVENSON
Preston De Witt.....	GORDON ANDRE
Hartley.....	ROBERT WILLIAMS
Mr. Stone.....	LLOYD KEMPE

Guests: Ruth McMahan, Eleneta Carpenter, Margaret Briggs, Dorothybelle McCree, William Herrold, Hugo Knoefel, Stanley Sather, Thomas Ford.

Can you imagine John Boehrer in a more fitting position than that of a sporty, lovesick young physician? Can you conceive of Margaret Williams in a more becoming role than that of an adorable white-robed nurse? Are you able to produce a better situation than this: Dan Carroll, hopelessly in love with Naomi Fredrickson, convalescing from the effects of his passion under the direction of Margaret Williams, whom John Boehrer, her supervisor, has fallen in love with? And how that plot did tangle and twist!

It is to Margaret Williams and John Boehrer that all honors are due. It was their talent which carried the play into the hearts of the audience. Yet throughout the production was sprinkled those little bits of talent which raise any one play far above all others. Naomi Fredrickson, with her natural, winning way; Dan Carroll, with his serio-comic actions; Emile, the doctor's valet, with his endless ability; thus we could pass through the entire cast.

The Senior class play is to be looked upon, at the least, as a production of the highest merit. Credit for its success is due not only to the cast, but to the able directorship, aid, and advice of Mrs. Nethercott and Mrs. Sundeen.

I Struck a Match

I struck a match.
 The flame
 Flared,
 Lengthened,
 Twitched,
 Thinned,
 And disappeared into Smoke.
 I struck an idea.
 The thought
 Flared,
 Shaped,
 Beckoned
 Ebbed,
 And vanished into Words.

STOVER.

Casual Comments

School will soon be out and many students, freed from the harassment of studies, will be wondering what to do. A good suggestion, even for those who have something to do, is, watch the presidential campaign. For some of the students will vote in the next election, while most U Highites will have a chance to observe only one more campaign before they will be enfranchised.

Gov. Smith is easily the leading contender for the Democratic nomination. Among other points in his favor is the fact that his election would be a smart rebuke to a growing sentiment of bigotry in the United States.

Another approaching election which is perhaps more important from the student standpoint is the school election of class officers and representatives. Although the fate of nations does not hinge on the outcome the welfare of the school does, at least, in part. Anyway, the choice of officers and representatives well merits your careful and sincere consideration.

A Welshman, when brought to task for not aiding a drowning man, said that he had saved 32 men from drowning and had received little thanks for his pains. And yet if he had been a soldier and had killed that many men he would have been rewarded with a medal at least. And a new discovery by scientists puts the advent of man on this earth back a few thousand years more. We progress slowly.

The United States government is still paying survivors of the war with Mexico, while 79,300 persons are still receiving pensions from the Civil War with the Pension Bureau estimating the payment of Civil War pensions for another 25 years. Perhaps some day the world will learn that WAR DOES NOT PAY.

Britain is upset over the "Flapper Vote," that is allowing women to vote at the age of 21 (as the men do) instead of at 30. British standpatters object. Well, American reactionaries have declared that man is not an animal—why couldn't British claim that woman (at least under 30) is not a human being?

The Federal Trade Commission has uncovered the fact that the National Utilities Association maintains a lobby in Washington which has spent over a million dollars a year for three years. Among other corrupt accomplishments an Illinois committeeman admitted that "635 Illinois high schools, more than three-quarters of the total number, use specially prepared utility-industries literature in the classrooms." Public ownership (which the lobby is paid to oppose) doesn't look so bad when corporations, making fabulous profits, can afford to spend millions of dollars corrupting our schools.

L. L.

M'sieu Bon Ami, greatest billiard player in years. Bon Ami has never scratched yet.

A Compact or Disagreement

(First Prize—Humor)

Long, long ago, history classes were the only places where maps were painted. Back in the ages when English writers were interesting to read, the girls used to rush down the stairs to the locker room between periods to don the rouge and powder. The membership in the Paint and Powder Club soon increased to the point where the stairways were too crowded to allow the girls to get back to class in time. The only way to solve the problem seemed to be to bring the compact into extensive use. This means of exterior decoration is now used universally in all the classrooms.

A teacher of the male sex, who had been teaching in a boys' school the previous year, once was given a class composed entirely of the false-faced sex at University High School. The poor instructor entered the room a little late on the first day of school. He strode proudly through the door and saw compact to right of him, compact to left of him, compact in front of him. Hesitating a bit, he walked on into the room. A careless and thoughtless girl dropped a compact on his left foot as he passed her. Sadly beaten, head hung low, he was a different man when confronted with this scene. "I'm a game guy," he shouted, "I've been through the war and faced the powder, but I can't seem to do it here!" He then left the room in search of fellow sufferers.

It is said that a girl's life is shortened by the existence of the compact. The nervous strain is very great during the minute that seems a year when the owner drops it and is afraid to look and see whether the mirror and that new refill have survived the shock, or whether another seven years is to be added to the steadily increasing number of years scheduled to be unlucky.

Mr. Boardman has requested the Senior Class to leave money to the school for mural decorations. A much more useful way to spend the money would be to put facilities in the classrooms for facial decorations.

Laugh and the men laugh with you. The women are too busy powdering their noses.

GILBERT KINGERY.

Foreign Correspondence

We received another very interesting letter from Edith Ann Reuler, our foreign correspondent. In this letter she takes us on a tour of her school, leading us from one interesting class to another, and now and then showing us a view from one of the windows such as this one from the study hall, "the view from the large windows is entrancing. Through the tall trees may be seen glimpses of the azure sky suggesting that the lake is the same color." Miss Pratt, the head mistress, takes us, among other places, to the English History class where "we will be amazed by the rapidity with which the girls recite dates, kings, and events." We lunch with her, and afterward promenade with Mademoiselle Bedard, and during the course of this walk we converse entirely in French. After we have accompanied Edith Ann through an altogether interesting and profitable day, she bids us good-bye. We surely will "come again!"

THE CAMPUS BREEZE

VOLUME X

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 FROM OCTOBER TO JUNE

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The Principal Speaks

The Campus Breeze this year has not only maintained the high standard of the past but has set higher standards as a goal for those who are to follow. It has again won first place in the competition of the Minnesota High School Press Association. The successful achievements of this year are the result of the co-operation of the staff under the able leadership of the managing Editor and her associates. To them is due the hearty appreciation of the school for their faithful industry and skillful management.

This issue of The Campus Breeze is published by the new staff. It is a promise that the high standards set by the retiring staff will be maintained next year. The new staff have definite plans for the enlargement of the Campus Breeze this coming year. We owe to them our cordial support in their work. With such support their plans will come to fruition and The Campus Breeze achieve the higher goals to which the new staff aspire.

CHARLES W. BOARDMAN.

Mainstays

We all know the saying, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, etc." and it all ends up in the war's being lost. But really it was the rider who counted, for he surely could have dismounted and walked in order to save the day. So it is with the *Breeze*. There has been this year a large and capable staff, and all of it has gone into making the *Breeze* a success, but it is the persevering leaders who have been willing to get off and walk when everything else failed rather than let the *Breeze* go to rack and ruin who have been the driving force behind it all. Now, with the new staff putting out this last issue of the *Breeze*, we think it a good time to express our appreciation to those who have maneuvered this publication so worthily during the last year and upon whom so much worthwhile achievement has been dependent: Andrea Keifer, Jane Armstrong, Lois Finger, and Ruth McMahon. These four with the other members of the staff have set for us, the new staff, a precedent which will be a worthy goal for our efforts in the coming year.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	Keith Barrows
Assistant	Harry Cummings
Advertising Manager	Wilton Fischer
Solicitors	Marion Gold
	William White
	Don Perry
	Croft Gear
	Stuart Gowen
	Stanley Clark
Exchange Manager	Charles Jones
Circulation Manager	Arnold Mueller

What DO We Go to High School For?

With another school year behind us, the last one for many of our number, it is necessary for us to again take an inventory of our minds. In the first place, what do we go to high school for?

In the past series of editorials, great stress has been placed upon the effects of high school on our character. But when we really "get down to brass tacks," we have forgotten something, the most important something, to be exact. We forget that "high school," in our case, is a short and more popular way of saying "college preparatory school." It is often that we need to be reminded that we are entering a new age, an age of professionals and laity. Our careers are into either one of these categories, the specialists, and the common laborers and laymen. For the first of these, a college education is almost a necessity; for the second, just enough education is necessary to satisfy the compulsory education laws. In the University High School we all study for the first group, with the intention of continuing in college. If we intended to dig ditches after we finished high school, we would not come to University High. That is why we *should* be preparing for college, why we should be prepared before we leave.

Keeping in mind the idea of an age of specialists, we ought to have some idea before entering college of what, among the unending field of studies, we are going to learn there, what career we are going to work toward. At least, we should know some of the things we are *not* going to study, and maybe we can choose our vocation by elimination. We have enough of a curriculum at this school to make it easy for us to choose our field, whether it be science, literature, foreign languages, arts, or what not. Our high school studies should have given us an idea of each of these subjects, what its possibilities and scope is.

In the second place, having a very general idea of what we *should* receive from high school, we must make another inventory as to how much of this aim we have accomplished. Have we seen something of all the phases of study? Do we know which one we want?

It is never too late to learn, but the sooner you learn it, the better for you. Find yourself. Learn your desires and aversions. That is what you attend high school for.

Stop!

In the spring of the year the semaphore at school always seems to turn to "Go." Couldn't fate please set the signals permanently at "Stop" and let us have no more "Go's"? Our latest blow is, of course, the departure of Mrs. Patterson, the whole school's friend and adviser, though perhaps we have not realized until now, when she is preparing to leave, how much she has done for us and how valuable her presence in U High has been. Mrs. Patterson has been a member of the faculty for fourteen years, entering the first year the school was housed in this building. Her contributions to the school have been many, but none more important than the organization of the Girls' Club, which she started five years ago and of which she has been the inspiration ever since.

Mrs. Patterson took her B.A. and M.A. degrees from the Uni-

versity of Minnesota 1913-1914, entering in the fall of 1911, and she was a member of three honorary fraternities including Phi Beta Kappa. She has taught in every sort of school, both country and city, grade and high schools. She has not only taught German, but has instructed classes in English, history, and mathematics. All during her teaching career, Mrs. Patterson has taken an active part in the M. E. A. and has contributed to some of the professional magazines.

Mrs. Patterson is going to Chicago now to join Mr. Patterson, and she will occupy a very good position in one of the high schools there.

It is hard to imagine the school next year without Mrs. Patterson in her accustomed place with her unfailing encouragement and ever-ready sympathy for us all.

Honor Roll for Spring Mid-Winter Quarter

1927-28

ALL A's

Finger, Lois
Hynes, Patty

Kiefer, Andrea
Ramsdell, Elizabeth

ALL A's AND B's

Armstrong, Anne
Armstrong, Jane
Beyer, Lynn
Brooks, Delphine
Erickson, Marguerite
Finney, Marion
Fisk, Fern
Heck, Eleanor
Kittoe, Caroline

Larson, Lorna
Lawton, Gertrude
Loevinger, Lee
Myers, Marjorie
Pepinsky, Minerva
Pepinsky, Raymond
Peterson, Bernice
Savage, Albert

B AVERAGE

Arth, Albertine
Bailey, Barbara
Brown, Thelma
Burkhard, Ruth
Carpenter, Eleneta
Coddon, Marvin
Couper, Elizabeth
Ebert, Margaret
Evenson, Eleanor
Goetz, Elizabeth
Gold, Marion
Gortner, Aiken
Jones, Charles
Holmberg, Edith

Kempe, Lloyd
Levine, Bessie
Linsley, Scott
Mann, George
Menz, Clifford
Myers, Everett
Nelson, James
Purdy, Hazel
Rosendahl, Fred
Sheridan, June
Shippee, Elizabeth
Tallmadge, Margaret
Thomas, Frederick



Senior Sense

The judge's stand is passed as we stand ready to make out farewell appearance.

The Class Play flew high our colors, and the Juniors entertained us royally at the Prom.

You have, no doubt, noticed that seniors are missing from classes. That is due to the fact that we are having HAND PAINTED Bisbila covers.

Probably our last class meeting is over. Mr. Boardman spoke to us about our Baccaulaureate Day sermon, and gave us last minute instructions for commencement night. Yes, we decided, too, about our Class Day at the Curtis Hotel. There are compensations, you see!

"All's well that ends well"—our four years have! May we pass on to others the good fortune!

Farewell!

Juniors

Questions from those characteristically inquisitive Sophomores are, at this time, particularly disturbing to the members of that class who will, in a few short weeks, be all-wise sophisticated seniors. However, knowing the interest of the rest of the school, we will answer.

Of course we have, as usual, been studying with great perseverance, and work on the hand-book has been progressing steadily. This Breeze issue is to be an assured success with Patty Hynes as editor and Kieth Barrcns as business manager. We are sure, too, that a better president than Delphine Brooks couldn't be found for the Girls' Club and that Cliff Menz will make a highly satisfactory leader of the Senate.

Sophomore Scraps

We, the Sophomore class of University High School, have an important event to announce to the world in general, and the rest of "U" high in particular. We have had a party! For six long months we have talked party but at last it has come to be an actual fact. It was held on May 18th (1928) at 8:00 o'clock in good old reliable 204. According to our plans 204 would not have known itself on account of decorations, but somehow funds were

lacking and 204 was the same as usual. We Sophs have been waiting for this party so long that many of us can't believe it is really true yet. The music was excellent, partly because it was composed of mostly "U" high boys. Everyone danced until eleven o'clock when we had to leave because Ole wanted to lock up. The most important part of all was the refreshments. A stick of gum was presented to each one.

Freshmen

Among the most outstanding things the Freshmen have done this month is the party given in honor of the incoming Freshmen. Nearly every one from both prospective and present classes was there. Two plays formed an entertaining part in the afternoon's well planned amusements. One, "Miss Civilization," was unusually well done. Gertrude Lawton played the lead while Jack Allison, Sidney Rubinaw, and Ted Christenson were burglars. Fred Thomas was an excellent policeman. The other, "Six American Beauties," played by six girls was later put on again for the benefit of the mothers at the Mother's-Daughter's Banquet. After the plays were games with prizes for the winners. It is said that some of the boys had fourteen glasses of punch and countless cookies. However, there was plenty left, and so it is being surmised, quite correctly, we believe, that everyone went home well filled and well content.

Acme

The Acmeans have been very busy this month and last. Wednesday, April the eighteenth, each of the members invited three girls to a meeting at which Mrs. T. P. Beyer spoke on "Glimpses in China," and illustrated her talk with slides. It was certainly very interesting. Afterwards they had a social hour in the Girls' Club Room where refreshments were served. Mrs. Beyer brought a great many Chinese bags, beads, scarfs, and such to show to the girls and everyone had a good time.

Now a big reunion is undergoing preparations to be held Saturday, May nineteenth, in Atkinson's Spanish Tea Rooms. All the alumnae are invited, and an interesting program is being planned, with Mrs. R. V. Cram, who organized Acme, as the chief speaker.

What could be more ideal for a house party than the Armstrong's summer place on the St. Croix? The Acmeans think it will be perfect, and so they are going to have their annual house party there in the pine woods, May twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. Elections for the new officers for next year will be held at that time.

Girls' "U" Club

Perhaps if you haven't been one of the fortunate ones who have heard all about our party, maybe you have noticed our sunburned noses. The girls of the "U" Club spent a sleepless and most glorious week-end at Brackett's farm on Long Lake. The graveyard at midnight made a perfect place for the initiation of our new members, and perhaps you can imagine how a group of thirty-six girls affected the quiet town of Long Lake. At any rate, although most of the members slept during their classes "the day after the night before," we couldn't have had a better time.

The officers which will guide us next year were recently elected. They are:

Peggy Ebert	President
Ruth Bengston	Vice-President
Agnes Adair	Treasurer
Marguerite Bruncke	Secretary

The Girls' Club

The past few months for the Girls' Club have been the most successful of the year. The outstanding event was the Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet, which is described a little farther on. The news of the departure of Mrs. Patterson, our adviser and mother for many years, came as a blow to all of us.

April 4—Girls' Club Assembly
 "The Girls' Club" - - - - Mrs. Patterson
 "Manners as a Business Asset" - Mr. J. C. Lawrence

April 9—Girls' Club Meeting
 "The Art of Conversation" - - Miss Prothers

April 23—Girls' Club Meeting
 "Hobbies" - - - - { Betty Armstrong
 Gertrude Lawton
 Willis Hayes
 Harry Stearns

May 10—Election
 Delphine Brooks elected president

May 11—Banquet

May 14—Election
 Girls' Club Meeting
 "The Four Fold Life" - - Miss Marie Shaver

Results of Election:

Senior.....	{ Anne Armstrong Ruth Burkhard Peggy Ebert
Junior.....	{ Mary Ella Brackett Peggy Oehler Mary Lou Wold
Sophomore.....	{ Iantha Powrie Jean Tucker

The Girls' Club wishes again to thank Mrs. Patterson for all she has done for us, and hopes she will have success and happiness in her new home.

* * *

Mr. Brotious: "What is a molecule?"

Hugo K.: "A molecule is one of those things that an Englishman wears in one eye."

* * *

Hugo: I don't think I deserve a zero on this paper.

Mr. Brosious: Neither do I but it is the lowest I'm allowed to give.

* * *

Johnny: I could just die dancing, couldn't you?

Eleanor: O, I think there are lots more pleasing deaths than being trampled to death.

The Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet

A new and enjoyable feature was added to the spring program of the Girls' Club when a Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet was held at Shevlin on May 11. Eleanor Evenson ably and cleverly filled the position of toastmistress. The retiring president, Margaret Briggs, opened the program with an address of welcome to the mothers. Mrs. Hynes responded to this in a charming way with a toast to daughters. Marjorie Myers, in her own sweet manner, gave a delightful tribute to mothers. Miss Gold and Mr. Boardman represented the faculty on the program. An otherwise perfect occasion was marred by the news that Mrs. Patterson, the founder and constant adviser of the club, will not be with us next year. In closing Mrs. Patterson announced the election of Delphine Brooks as president for next year, a piece of news at which everyone was overjoyed. There was a short intermission after this so that the mothers might meet each other and get acquainted. Following this, six freshman girls presented a short play entitled, "The American Beauty." Bertha Von Colln gave a very clever reading, and Miss Ramm read some delightful parts of "Margaret Ogilvy." Minerva Pepinsky and Ingebor Husby sang some Mothers' Day songs, both girls living up to their reputations of the operetta.

The mothers all seemed to be very enthusiastic and many expressed the wish that this banquet might become an annual affair. The committee to whom the success of this banquet is due is:

Patty Hynes	General Chairman
Eleanor Evenson	Program Chairman
Delphine Brooks	Ticket Chairman
Anne Armstrong	Decoration Chairman
Dorothybelle McCree	Banquet Chairman

This banquet marks the close of an unusually successful year for the Girls' Club, and the club's achievements are largely due to the untiring efforts of the president, Margaret Briggs.

MIGHTY HUNTRESS

The old-fashioned girl certainly knew how to get a meal. The modern girl does, too, but she uses a different method.

* * *

Jack: "I beat my brother up this morning."

Helen: "How did you manage it?"

Jack: "I got up at six and he got up at seven."

* * *

Miss Gold: "When did the revival of learning take place?"

"Peanuts": "The night before exams."

* * *

Jack: "Do you know Shakespeare well?"

Holly: "You can't kid me. Shakespeare's dead."



EXCHANGE

To the magazines whose owners' names do not appear on the front page. We are reminded of the following story when we look over your magazines:

A little girl went to the store and, after ordering several articles, said to the clerk, "Charge them to my daddy."

"But who is your daddy?" the perplexed clerk asked.

"My daddy?" she said with surprise. "Don't you know my daddy? Why, I know him just as well!"

We suggest from this little example that you place the name of your high school in front of your magazine in large letters. You see, we can't tell who you are if there is no name, and we can't give credit where credit is due.

The *Red Wing Black Bird* from Red Wing, Minnesota, has an original advertisement for its Senior Class play, "The Gypsy Trail." It runs thus:

"If a body meet a body
On a gypsy trail,
Can a body greet a body
Merely by de-tail.
Hand in hand they walk along,
Then hop upon a fence,
Here they see the Senior Show
All for fifty cents!"

We wish to congratulate the West Division High School of Milwaukee for its very original cover and their "Vagabond" number of the *Comet*. It was exceedingly well worked up.

To the Excelsior High School:

The University High School hopes that you will not have to be cramped in third grade seats much longer. We are very sorry to hear of the burning of your building and hope you have a new one soon.

The *Humboldt Life* mentions that our *Campus Breeze* is well arranged. The *Life* snickerettes are very clever, and the heading of the column is "Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you sit in the office alone."

Alumni

At convocation on Cap and Gown Day, U High heard with pride the reading of the University Honor Roll since it recorded the names of many alumni. The following students have maintained a B average during the past year:

Arthur Lampland	'27
Nancy Staples27
Helen Wildes	'27
Ted Rasmussen	'27
Ruth Thorshov	'27
John Hynes	'26
Donald Van Koughnet	'24
John Stellwagon	'25
Philip Le Compte	—

Evangeline Nary, '25, has recently been elected secretary of Cap and Gown, a senior women's organization at the University.

Donald Van Koughnet, '24, received the Class of 1890 fellowship at Cap and Gown Convocation.

Roy Thorshov, '23, was awarded three honors at Cap and Gown Day. He was elected to Tau Beta Pi, an honorary engineering fraternity, and he received the second prize offered by the American Institute of Architecture, and also he was elected to Tau Sigma Delta, an honorary architectural fraternity. Roy certainly received his share of the honors, and U High is very proud to have such an outstanding alumnus.

Ida Levine, '23, was elected to Alpha Omega Alpha, an honorary medical sorority.

James Perkins, '22, and Karl Litzenburg, '23, were honored with membership in the Grey Friars and the Iron Wedge respectively. Both of these societies are honorary men's clubs.

John McConnell, '25, and Mac Beadie, '27, served on committees for Engineers' Day.

Another alumnus who has been doing something very different is Bob Myers, '25, who has been learning aviation at Pensacola, Florida.

Word has been received that Hermion Wheaton, '25, has received high honors in music at Smith College. Hermion has composed the music for the junior song, called "The Final Stop," which will be sung at commencement in June. This is a great achievement since there were so many contestants.

Alice Kelm, whom many of you will remember as U High's prima donna of last year, is still winning laurels with her singing. She recently sang at a W. S. G. A. social meeting.

John Hynes, '26, and Don Matheson, '26, have been working this year in the laboratory of Dr. McClendon making experiments to determine the amount of iodine in butter.

Bob Gould, '27, took third place in military drill for second year students. Jack Barwise, '27, placed seventh in a similar contest for first year students.

Fred Russel, coming home late to dinner, met a family friend. Friend: "Fred, aren't you afraid that you will be late to dinner?"

Fred: "Nope, I've got the meat."



Enough Rope

By DOROTHY PARKER

After returning from a brisk hike one day I found myself not in the least anxious for any exertion and in no especial mood for reading. However, I idly opened a small volume, temptingly bound in autumn colors, just for a little "taste," which soon developed into a regular dinner that I gobbled down most anxiously. It was neither a play nor a novel, but a delightful, piquant book of poems based on modern thoughts entitled "Enough Rope," by Dorothy Parker.

Perhaps, after reading the more famous poems in American literature, and reflecting upon the number of poets who wrote on death, you'll enjoy these lines from her "Epitaph":

"I lie here warm, I lie here dry,
And watch the worms slip by, slip by."

The subjects which Miss Parker treats are exceedingly varied—Love, Nature, Men, Interviews, Travel. As an example of her style, I quote "Unfortunate Coincidence":

"By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying,
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying."

If it seems hard and painful to you, this modern poetry—if you shiver at the thought of reading poetry about anything but sentimental subjects—if you shudder at a wicked word, and would rather stay home at night (which phrases rather bear out some of the thoughts in the verses) this rather animated poetry is not for you; but if you enjoy nature not too seriously dealt with, charm-

ingly mingled with numerous other subjects, you'll enjoy "Enough Rope," in which we find this "Resume":

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing

SAMUAL HOFFENSTEIN

Mr. Hoffenstein's title is rather indefinite and his poems are indefinite; but since they are thoroughly modern, one can excuse anything. You read and read, and chuckle and chuckle; occasionally you shriek with delight. Yet the poems are not so humorous that you remember them, they are merely amusing to read—and forget—and read again.

There are numerous sections to the book, all having titles so varied that to name a few is only a suggestion. We find as a title, "Verses Demonstrating That No Man Can Be Unhappy Amid the Infinite Variety of This World, and Giving the Reader a Choice of Several Titles, the Author's Favorite Being, 'Some Play Golf and Some Do Not.'" Part of the poem is:

Some have gravel, some have gout;
Some like home, but most go out;
Some are cold and some are hot;
Some play golf and some do not!

Vachel Lindsay, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and others quake before Hoffenstein's superb mimicry. The wistfulness of Edna Millay is parodied cleverly, and the booming rhythm of Lindsay is caught with the utmost perfection.

Another title is "A Garden of Verses for the Little Ones, Including Orphans and Step-children, and Their Parents and Guardians Also." They are short and wicked verses. Some of the lullabys no one would read to a deaf calf of the tenderest age. For instance:

The Doll

Here is the little doll I brought you—
It shows the kind of simp I thought you.

We even find a carol for the day after Christmas. Indeed the poet's ability to ridicule our foibles is alarming!

Girls' Athletics

The season has arrived for the sport loved by all girls, kitten-ball! Two games have already been played off, the one between the juniors and freshmen, which resulted in a score of 11-9, the juniors being the victors, and the other game ending in a victory for the seniors over the sophomores with a score of 16-15.

The excitement in the junior-freshman game began in the first of the fifth inning when the freshmen scored eight runs to tie up the score. It was during this inning that the juniors did all of their fumbling, and also when the freshmen showed their ability to hit in a pinch. However, another inning was required to play off the tie, and the juniors emerged victorious after one of the most exciting games that the girls have ever played.

The senior-sophomore game was equally exciting. It was similar to the one just described in that it was necessary to play off a tie with an extra inning. Both teams played brilliantly and very evenly until a home run knocked by Ruth McMahon (Babe Ruth 2nd) saved the day for the seniors.

All of the classes have chosen their teams wisely and the fight for the championship proves to be interesting, exciting, and close.

The teams chosen are as follows:

FRESHMAN—

Barbara Canfield	Marian Carlson
Iantha Powrie	Dorothy Ovrum
Jean Tucker	Dorothy Gould
Helen Thompson	Ruth Hulme
Jane Dicks	Jane Williams

SOPHOMORE—

Agnes Adair	Harriet Washburn
Ruth Bengston	Ruth Lindquist
Marguerite Brunche	Lois Williams
Helen Fritz	<i>Substitutes—</i>
Elizabeth Grobe	Flora Gilmore
Betty Hanson	Lucille Barry

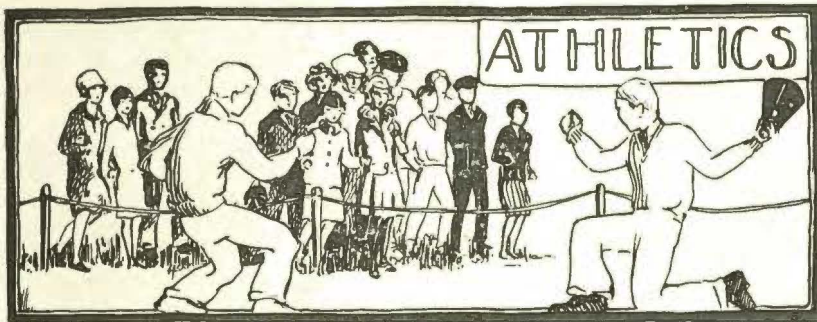
Abigail Kittleson

JUNIOR—

Adelheide Meiners	Margaret Reinardy
Anne Armstrong	Patty Hynes
Helen Bodwell	Albertine Arth
Peggy Ebert	<i>Substitutes—</i>
Mary Field	Lucetta Alden
Helen Metcalfe	Marjorie Myers
Jane Shellman	Helen McGrath

SENIOR—

Margaret Briggs	Eleneta Carpenter
Andrea Keifer	Lorna Larson
Naomi Fredrickson	Betty Gove
Dorothybelle McCree	Lillian Bissell
Ruth McMahon	Peg Talmadge
June Sheridan	



Excelsior Wins by 5-3 Score

University High's opener proved disastrous to the U High Sandloters, and in a spirit of friendliness in return for that football game last year they gave a perfectly good ball game to the Lake team boys. This spirit is all right in fable but it is not so hot when it comes to actually delivering the goods. Eddy of Excelsior was the outstanding player for the Lake men although Maynard and Johnson were valuable players. It was in this game that Sherman struck out no less than 11 men and he, in addition to this, had two solo plays which brought his total to thirteen outs. Then you may easily picture the support that he was getting. Anything that was batted past the pitcher was good for a single. The U High boys could not see to grab the ball and if they did that then the ball would go wild. However, they made up partially for this by hitting better than the Excelsior batsmen and they would have been good for runs but they were not bunched and consequently all went for naught. Grates was ineligible and this left a hole in the lineup that was hard to fill, but Miller did well considering the lack of experience he has had. Erskine, Ramer, Kingery all played fair games but they were not up to form. The work of Spud Tucker behind the bat was highly commendable. His is probably the greatest asset in the field that U High has and his moral support to the pitcher and the way that he puzzles the batter is certainly a great help to the team. The crowd was quite large, and they kept the boys in spirit even if the tide of fortune was going against them, and we hope they will all come to the other games on the schedule, in fact we are sure they will after seeing the good start that the boys made in the Excelsior game.

Hollern Hurls Hilltoppers to Victory

The Blake Hilltoppers vanquished the U High team to the merry tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," but it rained and the Blake boys kept on hitting and the more they hit the more errors the Riverlads from the Campus School made, and that is the story of how we lost a good ball game by such an overwhelming score. Johnny Hollern, the Blake pitcher, in addition to keeping the U High boys down to five scattered hits, also used the willow to good advantage and polled out a long homer that blessed the Mississippi by its presence. He also knocked a triple and a single to finish the day. Tom Sherman pitched an equally good game but the support of his teammates was not on a par with the Hilltoppers.

Captain Tucker was responsible for two U High runs and in addition he made two hits. Carroll also had two hits to his credit. The only other hits of the day were registered by Peewee Grates, who added one to his collection. Wright, Cooke, Robinson and McRae were the outstanding players in the Blake lineup and they all helped to make the final score 9 to 4. The lineup:

BLAKE—					U HIGH—						
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Hollern, p	4	3	2	0	0	Grates, 2b	3	1	0	1	2
Cook, ss	4	1	2	0	0	Ramer, ss	4	0	1	1	1
Wright, rf	4	1	2	0	0	Lacy, lf	3	0	0	1	0
Devaney, 2b	3	0	0	1	0	Carrol, cf	4	2	3	0	0
McLane, 2b	0	0	0	0	1	Tucker, c	4	2	2	0	0
Rogers, c	4	1	0	0	0	Nash, rf	0	0	0	0	0
McRea, cf	4	0	2	0	0	Miller, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Chute, lf	1	0	1	0	0	Perry, 3b	0	0	0	0	0
Van Duesen, lf	1	0	1	0	0	Erskine, 3b	3	0	0	2	2
Robinson, 3b	4	1	2	0	0	Kingery, 1b	2	0	0	0	0
Snyder, 1b	3	1	0	0	0	Sherman, p	2	0	0	0	0
Total	33	9	12	1	1	Total	28	5	6	5	5

Hopkins Upsets U High

The University High ball team journeyed to Hopkins in the expectation that this was the time for them to score their first win of the year over the comparatively weak Hopkins nine. Maybe it was overconfidence and maybe it was lack of ability that caused our downfall but it was not the lack of fight. Their fighting spirit carried them through the whole game and they made a comeback in the seventh inning that any team would have been proud of. With two outs and none on base the campus pill pushers banged the oval for three safe hits and scored two runs and if there had only been fewer outs at the time the U High nine would have had no difficulty in vanquishing a very inferior nine. Sherman, while not up to par, pitched good ball and he was relieved by Rieck, who turned in his first game as a pitcher. He impressed the sandlot gang very favorably and we look to Rieck to help us out of many more pinches. The teamwork of the boys is improving very much and in the remaining games they are certain to clean up on their opponents. The spirit of the team has improved, and the rest is in the hands of the opposition, but we are looking very favorably on the rest of U High Sandlotters' schedule.

The lineup:

HOPKINS—				U HIGH—			
	ab	h	e		ab	h	e
Odell, c	3	2	0	Grates, 2b	4	3	2
Smidell, ss	3	0	1	Ramer, ss	4	1	1
Envil, cf	3	0	0	Erskine, 3b	4	1	0
Allen, 2b	3	0	1	Carrol, lf	4	2	0
Schonka, 3b	2	0	0	Tucker, c	4	0	1
Shauer, 1b	3	1	0	Lacy, cf	2	1	0
Stelling, lf	3	1	0	Miller, rf	1	0	0
Weaver, rf	3	0	0	Rieck, p	1	1	0
Voss, p	3	0	0	Kingery, 1b	3	1	0
	—	—	—	Sherman, p	3	1	0
Total	26	4	2	Total	30	11	4

U High Places Second in Mound Relays

University High has always been known to have good track teams and this year they conclusively proved to all the skeptics that they have natural talent that only needs to be developed to make some of the best track stars in the local circles. When 11 boys on their own initiative go out to a track meet just to show the sideline scoofer that they can do something and then come home with a beautiful trophy for winning the four-forty relay, then it deserves some special consideration. In a small school such as ours there are not enough boys to have teams of every conceivable sport as they do at the larger high schools. There they have many track meets but here a runner must train tirelessly for only two or three meets that the school may have scheduled. It is not a sport that is a great pleasure to train in. One must follow a very vigorous training course if he wishes to be any sort of a runner at all, but the glory that comes from giving, and knowing that you are giving every bit of strength to win the race is the only glory that really counts in the end. It is a sport for which you do not have to be particularly heavy built but you must be strong of wind and you must have stamina above all things. Both of these things can be acquired by practice. That is why track should appeal to the smaller boys of "U" High. This track meet at Mound was won by boys that had never run a relay race before. Just think of the possibilities if the team had only trained for their special events. I say trained for the special events because all of these boys are all around athletes and most of them are three-letter men, but if they had only practiced and if there had been more men to take to Mound the "U" High runners would have been easily victorious. The main reason for the loss of extra places was that the U High men had to run so many races that they were too tired to run the last few which would have meant the whole track meet. The whole purpose of this article is to show the boys of this school the possibilities that the track team holds and it is a plea for the boys of U High to take a more ardent interest in track.

U High Tennis Team Loses First Meet

On Thursday, May 17, the first University High School tennis team journeyed up to St. Cloud and met defeat from St. Cloud Tech by the narrow margin of 3 to 2. Playing on cement courts, to which half the team at least is unused, and playing their first inter-scholastic meet (except for a practice event with Marshall), the boys took one match of singles and one of doubles.

Cliff Carlson, our lanky first man, took a hard-fought and nerve-racking match from his opponent. He lost the first set and four of the first six in the second, but a methodical chopping game brought him through, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3. Mutt Manuel and Lynn Beyer, second and third men, both went down to defeat. In the doubles, Manuel and Carlson hung on to their opponents faithfully and at one time led, 5-4, but the steady St. Cloud pair came out ahead, 7-5, 6-4. Beyer and Boehrer started out with four straight games and won the first set, 6-1. The fact that they were somewhat over-confident and that one of their opponents was just getting warmed up conspired to put them on the short end of a 6-4 score in the second set and a 3-0 count in the third. They steadied, however, and captured the last set, 6-4.



Wouldn't It Be Funny If—

Delphine forgot her potato chips?
 Evy didn't fight with Chuck once a day?
 Peggy didn't flirt?
 Seward didn't cause a riot every time he blew his nose?
 Lute didn't know his Chemistry?
 Dolly had her own Cosmetics?
 Elwood forgot his gum?
 Spud didn't crack wise?
 Lucetta wasn't bashful?
 Sonny didn't grin?
 Ruth lost her pep?

* * *

SHE OUGHT TO KNOW—AND HOW

Mary: Have you heard that new song about the first of the month?

Addy: No.

Mary: Owe-dough-de-owe-dough.

* * *

Mr. Barrens in Physics Class: Dan, who made the glass on your alarm clock?

Dan, just waking up: Oh, it hasn't any.

* * *

Chuck: What did you tell Evy I was a fool for?

Hod: Gee, I'm sorry, I didn't know it was a secret.

* * *

Albertine: I only kiss my brothers.

Sears: Er, what lodge do you belong to?

* * *

Del: I have fifty dollars in my hand.

Milly J.: Let me hold your hand.

* * *

After an ecstatic silence Cliff said: "Then, darling, it's all settled—we are to elope at midnight?"

Patty: "Yes, Sweets."

Cliff: "And are you sure you can get your trunk packed in time?"

Patty: "O yes, Papa and Mamma both promised to help me."

Steve and Helen were out driving. Steve had one arm around Helen when the Ford skidded and hit a bump.

"O, Steve," gasped Helen, "use both hands."

"Can't," said Steve, "I gotta drive with one."

* * *

Pee Wee (in Sunday School): "Aw, I don't want de old medal for being present."

The Teacher: "And why not?"

Pee Wee: "Aw hec, give it to de old man. He's the one what won it."

* * *

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Did you know that: When Solomon went to a dance he carried a card index, not a program?

* * *

BRAIN POWER?

Andrea: I've just thought of something clever.

Lillian: Beginner's luck, eh, old dear?

* * *

Fresh from Hollywood, or Any Place Else

Speedy—Seward Spencer.

The Dove—Peggy Ebert.

Wild Geese—The Frosh.

Red Hair—Jane Williams.

One Woman to Another—The Girls' Locker Room.

Sadie Thompson—Thump's Kid Sister.

The Royal Family—The Faculty.

Man Crazy—We aren't looking for trouble.

Latest from Paris—Eleanor Evenson.

Wine—Too late—this is 1928 (?)

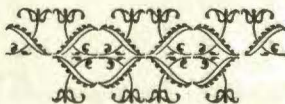
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