

H.S.T.C. ROOTER

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No. 3

HUMBOLDT BEATS C.C.P.

In a game featuring straight football the College of Pharmacy was outplayed by our team which beat them 18-6. The druggists got a break when Neighbor intercepted a pass and raced to within 10 yards of the goal. A perfect pass followed putting the ball over.

As usual Pete Pederson played a great game, making two touchdowns with twelve yard runs in both cases, and heaving a long pass to father Dobe, who ran 30 yards to a touchdown. Dobe went great, gaining plenty of yardage with line crashes and reverses.

Stringfellow looked well in the game and "Ab" reeled off some yardage, while Rollo Guthridge did the kicking.

On the line Sullivan and Dick Derby were the outstanding players. Kaski and Whigley showed up well while the Clary brothers played their usual steady game.

"Pansy" Exton knows how to make yardage. Pansy made fifteen yards without touching the ball!!

COLLEGE CO-EDS DOWN DEL NORTE!!!

The girls basketball team defeated the Crescent City girls in two games this last week-end. The score of the first game was 13-9 and the second game score was 26-16. Both games were hard fought throughout.

The starting lineup for Humboldt was: Renfro, F; Younker, F; Whigley, C; Nellist, C; Christensen, G; Huber, G.

ANNUAL PLAYDAY TO BE HELD HUMBOLDT SATURDAY

The student body is invited to attend the annual Hi-girls play day which will be held this coming Saturday. All W.A.A. girls are requested to attend whether they are on any committees or not.

AN AUTHOR ON OUR FACULTY!!

One of our science instructors, Miss Flora Walker, is the author of a new text book on plane, solid, and analytical geometry. The book, we understand, is on the press now and will soon be released. Miss Walker is preparing scientific tests for publication at the present time.

As this text will contain principles that present geometry text books lack, it will no doubt be an important addition to volumes now in use.

NEW GOVT OF PAINT.

The College Civic Club has recently finished calssomining the telephone room. Let's show that we appreciate it, by refraining from writing our phone numbers on the walls.

LITERATI DINNER-DANCE.

DE BROILERBRAWLER'S BRAWL of Literati will be held tomorrow night at 8:30 P.M.

NAME CHOSEN.

What do you think of the name? Sorry, but it is not one of those suggested by the students; it was cooked up in the editorial department. It was said that the best name submitted would be chosen—there was no best, they were all about on a par. We want this paper to be a booster for the college as such, we hope the name is somewhat applicable. If this name meets with disapproval there is no law against changing it. Next one please?

Those in charge of the various committees are: Lois Cottrell, field events; M. Burger, reception; A. Nielson, decoration; H. Wenglien, banquet; L. Henningsen, program; F. Theophilos, clean-up.

SAT

Laurence Morris ----- Editor
 Ethel Smeet ----- Asst. Editor
 Lanita Jewett ----- Art and
 Make-up Editor
 Richard Derby ----- Business Manager
 Alvin Burns ----- Asst. " "
 George Gregory ----- " "
 Maurice Hicklin ----- Advisor

Contributors to this issue:
 Salica, Pick, Morgan, Hausen,
 McConnell, Finne.

How about having a name for our athletic teams? Such appellations as the Humboldt eleven, the College Nine, or the Teacher's quintet are not very distinctive. All big, important colleges have names for their teams. Our college isn't very big, but it will grow in time, and we feel quite important. A name that could be construed so as to apply to our feminine athletes would be original as well as distinctive. What about it?

THE REDWOODS

How carelessly we view the things
 We pass and see each day;
 How we have learned to want to
 hear the
 Music that is farthest away,
 When there's harmony and there's
 beauty
 In every valley and erig we see
 In the old and famous Redwoods,
 So near to the sea.

We never give a second thought
 To the sky that is so blue,
 Nor the stars that shine so bright
 With the shadows passing through.
 Is Switzerland more beautiful,
 Or can Italy fairer be
 Than the cool breeze of the Red-
 woods
 So near to the sea?

-R.H.-

Brisbane writes only for Art's
 sake--

-Wesleyan Wasp-



As we see it there are two alternatives open to those scoffers who think this should be printed daily--they might subscribe to the Boston Evening Transcript or give this paper a little more support.

No, we aren't superhuman, and if in trying to begin the Rector on a sound financial basis, Humboldt hasn't a big newspaper size daily we have at least something. This something is progressing satisfactorily, is not running into debt, and seems to interest the largest, if not the loudest part of Humboldt students.

THE JOY OF BEING THE EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic
 If we print jokes, people say we
 are silly;

If we don't, they say we are too
 serious.

If we stick close to the job all day
 We ought to be out hunting up news,
 If we go out and try to hustle,
 We ought to be on the job in the
 office.

If we don't print contributions,
 We don't appreciate genius,
 And if we do print them, the paper
 is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other
 fellow's write-up, we are too
 critical.

If we don't we are asleep.
 If we clip things from other papers
 We are too lazy to write them our-
 selves.

If we don't, we are stuck on our
 own stuff.

Now like as not some guy will say
 We swiped this from some magazine.
 We did!

-Exchange-

Shorty--I think I'll open up an
 office when I graduate.

Wayne--I'll probably turn out to
 be a janitor myself.



FROSH GIRLS WIN HOCKEY LAURELS.

The Frosh won the hockey championship at Humboldt when the Sophomores and Freshman girls clashed last Tuesday during the sixth period. The score at the end of the game was 1-0 in favor of the Freshman.

Lineups were

P. J. Salles	of	Vada Hall
H. Christiansen	rf	S. Fourwerker
H. Mackley	lf	E. Rutledge
A. Renfro	rw	E. Cameron
K. Delaney	ch	L. Hansen
M. Gould	lh	V. McKillian
C. Carter	rt	J. Larsen
C. Henningsen	rhb	I. Russell
G. Hartley	lfb	F. Theophilus
E. Fielding	gc	M. Guitt
D. Whisley	lw	V. Armstrong

SPORTATORIALS

It may interest the public to know that Bello Guthridge is the future Follies girl of 1934. His kicking is quite graceful.

"Ab" our redheaded captain believes in making yardage. Perhaps he was trying to make a hit with some of the druggists so as to get good prescriptions in the future.

Here! Here! Pansy we think you are too lovable and suggest you do your practicing at nite with other sources instead of with that College of Pharmacy Len!

Dick and Sullivan enjoyed a good game of leap frog in the line Monday.

Pete and Dobe are living on pork now, after carrying that old pigskin all over creation Monday.

Lin says Sullivan plays best when he is mad.

Dick Derby always gets his man. Slips not counting.

Gregory believes getting smeared is all right in a slap stick comedy, but in football it's the bunk.

ALUMNI NEWS

Cal and USC may be an important game, but we noticed Phil Howard preferred to attend the HS 70 game with Santa Rosa. Phil who attends the Univ. of Calif. spent the week-end with his parents at Freshman.

We noticed that Leo Stromberg escorted Rita to the game.

Lloyd Delf is working at South Fork, but he managed to get out to the game too.

Others we saw there were Peg McNeil, Ben Fourwerker, Clarice Otto, Marie Haywood (who is teaching at Petrolia), Dot Olman, Norlene and Gora Gave (who teach at Garfield), Helen Goyan (of course) Connie Porter, and Ann Davitt.

Speaking of alumni, if a certain person was not mistaken about the return address on a letter of Jane Haycock's, Adrian Anderson is still interested in Humboldt College.

BOOK REVIEW.

"Field of Honor", Donn Byrne's last book, is a book everyone at H.S.T.C. should read. This book contains nine sections, each of which has an introduction; the author discusses Wordsworth, Goethe, Shelley, and other famous figures in these introductions, but they do not advance the story element whatever. They are more or less dry reading and tend to distract the mind of the reader from the action of the story, but the story itself throbs with love and war.

The romantic vein centers around a young Irish gentleman, Garrett Dillon, and his young wife Jocelyn, who heartily hates Lord Castlereagh, the British Minister of War. When Garrett, with the idea of serving his country, becomes the chief aide of the Minister Jocelyn immediately leaves him. Later this breach is overcome in an unexpected manner.

"Field of Honor" is well worth reading from the historical side, also, for it tells of the struggle between English gold and Napoleonic genius from the time Napoleon was crowned emperor until his death at St. Helena.



WAILS OF A WOMAN.

Editors note: The following missive was picked up in the corridors Tuesday morning after vacation. It contained so much interesting fact and fancy that the editor has taken the opportunity to publish it. The owner may secure its return at the editors office upstairs.

Dearest

Wasn't the game just marvelous Monday? And the boys played so wonderful.

But I didn't think everyone was there. I did see Lois and Lloyd and a lot of others. But they say that some went to the high-school game. You'd think they'd grow up some day.

I went to the DeKalb dance Friday nite, and the orchestra was swell. There were oodles of boys and they just fought to dance with me, too. And I saw some of the Kollege kids there. Not many tho. Eddie Melanson was there and she danced with

I think it was keen that the girls won both games at Crescent City. The boys actually gave the girls a send off, too. Wasn't that Cho-Cho clown ridiculous? I got a big kick out of the training school kids. I don't see how they could laugh so much. And Bessie McGinnis the little Communist, you know she tried to look positively bored. Poor dear, she tries so hard to be sophisticated.

I was sorry that Ella Woolner and other kids were hurt last week because they had to postpone the Broilermakers Brawl. I can hardly wait until this week for it.

Somebody told me that Joe Stringfellow--he was wonderful in the game Monday--took Frances Godfrey out Monday night.

Did you see Dobe go running down to make that touchdown? Of course you couldn't miss it. He was so perfectly wonderful. All the boys were. Merced Wrigley made the cutest tackle and he has a cute car too.



THIS COLUMN
IS A JOKE

Eyes of glass.
Teeth of clay.
Peroxide blond.
She's phoney that way.
-Ohio State Sun Dial-

My women go wrong: They don't read the detour signs.
-College Humor-

Rose: How is my dog different from the planet Mars?

Kildale: Well, how?

Rose: We know my dog is inhabited
-Pitt Panther-

Balsabanis: Who do you think will win the present Mexican revolution?

Reusal: The Standard Oil.
-Lehigh Burr-

Gee, you sweetie uses plenty of make-up.

Yeah, she's my powdered sugar.
-Sevance Mountain Goat-

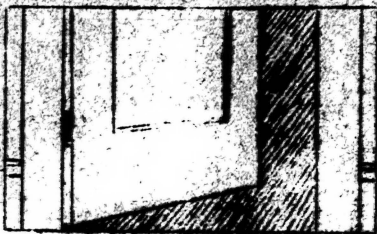
Coach: How'd you get the grease on your face?

Leo: Well, you see, our car broke down and I had to fix it.

Coach: Since when do you grease your car with red grease?
-Lehigh Burr-

Well, I've got to study, I got positively awful grades in the mid-terms. See you later.

Bye, bye,



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

THE COLLEGE MURDER CASE

Completely unconscious of the ominous calamity so near at hand, the bored group of girls gossiped idly in the entrance hall of Sequoia College.

"Nothing exciting ever happens at this college", said a tall dark haired girl called Kae.

"You're certainly right," replied Lynn. "And by the way, Kae, have you phoned Rudy yet?"

"Gee, I forgot to. Go a nickel, Edwina?"

Kae, having secured the nickel turned and walked to the telephone room, the door of which was half open.

"Gee, what the heck's behind this door," she said as she pushed on the door. Unable to move it open further, she stuck her head around the door— blood-curdling scream rang out. The other girls ran to the door. More screams. One of the girls fainted. Confusion reigned. People were rushing out of the rooms and offices. Hoarse orders rang out.

Max, the reporter, ran up, and opening his book, began to jot down the story for the Daily Epoch. Burr, bookstore manager, found dead in telephone booth. No marks on body. Cause of death unknown. Telephone receiver pulled out, and in hand of murdered M.N. Door of room half-open. Can discover no motive, no clues.

Continued next week.

W.H.T.'s THE LATTER?

I have a sinky feelin' down inside my tummy,
I haven't eaten anything to make me feel so funny,
I just can't seem to figure out what makes me feel so turned about.

And lately I have felt so blue,
I wonder if you feel so too,
I know! I bet its on account of midtown grades that are coming out.

-M.L.-

The Peek-a-boo bird has had his eye on Lois and Lloyd as a possible write-up but he can't reconcile the fact that Lois went to the State with Reuel last Sunday night.

Reuel says the bird didn't see it all, however, because he says was there Saturday night too.

Pinky is certainly the hardest guy the bird has ever tried to keep track of. The girl in the case may have red, black, or golden hair. Every time the Pierce goes by there is a different colored head leaning suspiciously close to Pinky's shoulder. We just can't decide who Pink's girl is.

And our little friend Walter Monahan took Helen McKeenan to the Big B dance Friday night.

The other day Valentina Lee was looking out of the window when who should go by but Joe Stringfellow. She calls out, "Hello, Janitor's boy." When asked why she called him that, she reminded the group of N. Cranes' poem, "Oh I'm in love with the janitor's boy, and the janitor's boy loves me." Pretty easy snooping for the bird.

Val knows something she won't tell. But the Peek-a-boo bird will find out.

Pansy was whispering to the birdie that Lorene E. is an awful nice girl. Now don't breathe a word. It might get abroad.

And Joe, poor fellow, he missed that date with Franis, the blonde. They do say Jimmy Spiering was looking him astray? We wonder?

Bessie McG. has added another. This Cooperrider boy is the latest.

