11-20-1929

HSTC Rooter, November 20, 1929

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PLAYDAY HUGE SUCCESS

One hundred and thirty girls representing seven high schools attended the fifth annual Play Day sponsored by the W.A.A. Miss Laura Herron and Bessie Coombs were largely responsible for the realization and success of the occasion. Hockey games, an archery contest, tennis, basketball, tumbling, soccer, and volleyball featured the day. The principal feature was the tumbling put on by the girls from Eureka High and Eureka Junior High under the direction of Bess Marshall, a recent graduate of Humboldt.

Besides athletic events there was a reception in the college auditorium, a banquet in the Commons and a dance in the library. At the banquet, speeches were made by Dr. Swetman, Miss Herron and Mr. Bowman, who also gave two humorous readings. Songs, many written for the occasion, were sung by the group, and the representatives of each high school sang their own school song.

The high schools represented were: Eureka, South Fork, Fortuna, Arcata, Ferndale, Del Norte, and Eureka Junior High. W.A.A. committee chairmen were: Lois Cottrall, Rose Youker, Merion Burger, Anna Nielson, Hulda Wenglein, Lois Heningasen, Florence Theophilos, and Tessie Giacomini.

BISHOPS CANDLESTICKS

As a feature of the program for the Literati meeting next Thursday evening, a one-act play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks" will be given under the direction of Carl Bowman. "The Bishop's Candlesticks" by Norman McKinnel, is founded on a well-known incident of Victor Hugo's immortal novel, "Les Miserables." Following is the cast for the play:
(cont'd. on page 2)

BOYS OUT TO BEAT S. O. N. S.

On November 23, the Humboldt Lumberjacks face the Ashland Siskiyou on the Ashland field in the final struggle of the year. This is the third year that the two teams have met on the gridiron, and the first year that the Lumberjacks have really stood a reasonable chance of winning. However, there is no indication that the game will be an easy one, for only two weeks ago the Siskiyou held the powerful Monmouth squad to a nothing to nothing tie. Then too, the fans who saw the game last year will recall the excellent playing of the color boy, Hans, who is one of the trickiest backs ever seen in action on a local field. He is at Ashland again this year and is bound to be a dark horse on the Humboldt horizon. Next star lineman, is also in the lineup again this year and is bound to give the middle of Humboldt's line plenty of trouble.

The Lumberjacks are out to win in spite of everything. The defeats of the last two years have been hard to take, and the boys swear that they will not take another on the twenty-third. Oregon has lost to every California team it has played against this year, and as we are the only team from the Golden Bear state left for them to play—we MUST uphold the standards set by other California Colleges.

The trip will be made in private cars, and the more students and alumni that are able to accompany the team, the better will be the spirit of the boys. Anyone who has a five passenger car available for the trip is asked to get in touch with the coach immediately.

Rather foggy lately, what? Reminds me of dear old London. Don't you know?
Now that mid-term records are out, we make our perennial resolve to do better next time. You know, those little pink cards have a wonderfully stimulating affect on the amount of studying done. Those students who received "all plus" cards are still in the dark about their standing; they may be doing excellent work, but from the all the plus marks tell them they may be just average. So they are spurred on to make sure of a high index on their reports at the end of the semester. Those who did not get "all plusses" will try to redeem themselves. Here's hoping the mid-term spurt will last until time to cram for finals.

We liked the assembly Friday. We are not a musician but a enjoy good music; Sally knows how to train a choral. These Legionnaires are pretty good too. Our patriotic singing show we don't know our national anthem very well.

If you don't feel just right, If you can't sleep at night, If you man and sigh, If your throat feels so dry, If your eyes can't see, If your food makes you choke, If your heart doesn't beat, If you're getting cold feet, If your head's in a whirl, Why not marry the girl?

Exchang-e-

BOOK REVIEW

Do you want to spend a happy worthwhile evening or afternoon—Do you want something light and air of appeal more permanent? If you do, I'm afraid I can't help you this time.

Stephen Leacock is one of the best known non-fiction writers. Now, when we said non-fiction, we didn't mean that stupid kind of prolonged essay to which we were in contact so often in our high-school courses. "Over the Footlights" is written in such an interesting style that I couldn't help but like it. All of you who have read any of Leacock's work know that his style is, and those of you who haven't will sometime; so form your own opinions.

"Over the Footlights" makes one think of theatrical productions he has attended and see them in a new light and criticize them properly. If you think you would like the book, read it; if you don't like it, or think don't, don't read it. At least give "Over the Footlights" its due consideration when choosing your next book.

THANKING CARL BOWMAN

The members of Literati, and the cast, and production staff of "Sun-Up" wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Bowman for the fine coaching and stage directing that he gave to make the play a success. Mr. Bowman has been very generous with his time not only for the three-act play, but also for various one-act plays.

BISHOPS CAMEOPICTURES (cont'd)
The Bishop--Harry Bell
The Convict--George Chrichton
Percy--Leno Wells
Marie--Louise Wood
Sergeant of Gendarmes--Herbert Inskip
Soldier--Kelvin Pinkham

The setting for the play is in France, about thirty miles from Paris, in a bishop's cottage, in the beginning of the nineteenth century.
THE SILVER PATH.

The most beautiful thing I think to me
Is the path of the moon which lies over the sea.
This path in silver splendor lies
A fascination to my eyes.

I often wandered but now I know
What makes the sailor wish to go
So far away away from home.
"Tis the silver path lying o'er the foam.

It seems to beckon and seems to call,
Be careful or under its spell you'll fall.
You'll feel as I, a vague unrest
At sight of that path on the ocean's crest.

M.L.K.

LEISURE AND SAND.

Some have no time to go down to the sea;
To the blue and the gray of the sea,
Where the gulls are riding and the waves break high
On the rocks by the side of the sea.
The gray and the mist, the green and the blue,
The tang of the salty air;
0, some have no time to go down to the sea,
Yet how much they are missing there.

O, some have no time in the struggle of life,
No time for the beautiful things,
Yet who can be blamed if the poor must work,
And the leisure is left for Kings?

There is leisure in living--and drudgery and toil;
There's the joy that the salt air brings;
There are hours of darkness spent in the mold
Of making material things:
0, the heart of a man must work the mine,
And the soul turn each weaving wheel,
And the blood of a man is mixed with dust,
Until men are too weary to feel.

Until in the darkness that follows the sun
They sink with the care of the day;
And weariness fades when the fire burns out
And the trouble of living with day.

But some have no time for the sea and the sand,
And the joy that living brings;
The pleasure of life and the tang of the sea
Is left for the leisure of kings.

A.B.

COLLAGE MURDER CASE.

Morning papers blazed, "A. Burr, popular bookstore manager, found dead in phone booth. No clues or motive evident."
The sleuthful E. Slick offered his services in running down the murderer, gossips chattered, while even the faculty members of Sequoia College offered psychological, mathematical, biological, philosophical, economical suggestions.
The coroner found the corpse was in good condition, devoid of any suggestion of foul play, though plenty dead. In searching the corpse, Max Toddie discovered numerals amounting to "354" written on Burr's thumb nail. Effective Slick immediately scratched upon this evidence, designating it clue No. 1. Wondering--was it the mysterious Ashland football signal that he had gotten in some strange manner, or was it Miss F's room number? But it later proved that Burr, a conscientious member of the Civic Club had written the phone number of the girl's dorm on his thumb nail rather than on the freshly waxed machine phone booth.
But Slick, another effective, uncovered by far the most important clue involving Balona Leebe who was last seen with Burr. Where has Balona Leebe gone?
Mail!!! Mail!!! The cry rang lustily thru each and every room of the girls' dorm. The girls appeared like chickens come at the call of "Here chick, chick, chick" After the mad scramble Helen wended her way back to her room locking not a day over ninety, entirely unnoticed by her roommate Sara, who was absorbed in the delicious contents of a letter from Rae.

A wail from Helen brought Sara back to earth from the airy regions of bliss. "He doesn't love me anymore—I know he doesn't—I just know he's out with some other girl—Oh I'm simply furious, I'm going to burn all his letters and throw away his old ring." "Oh, now, Helen, don't do that. You know he's probably written. You know how slow the mail is sometimes." Sara consoled. "Oh, yes, I know how slow the mail is alright he hasn't written this week and it's Wednesday."—ending in another wail—"Just for that I'll go with somebody else.

No I won't! I want A-r-r-r-t!!

MAIL AT THE DORMITORY.

Editors note: We found another of these notes and took the liberty of publishing it.

Dearest ————

How do you like the name for our paper? I think it is terribly ——; They must have named it for the team after the last game. They looked as if they had been rooting in the dirt. And speaking of dirt, this paper does root up a lot of dirt.

Were you at the playday Saturday? If you weren't I'm terribly sorry for we had a swell time, and almost everybody was at the dance in Arcata.

And the Literati Brawl! I think it was awfully good. Mr. Bowman said it was the best thing they have had. I noticed Rudi there with Harb. I wonder where Rudy was? We had a swell time. The eats were good and everybody was jolly. It was in the South-end which was decorated with bottles and barrels and we ate off of newspapers. I saw that the Frankie was there with that Lydia P. guy. Fact is, everything was kind of mixed up. The orchestra was only three pieces but they were swell. Brick played the drums, Lucilia the piano and another girl played the sax.

I hope we beat Asalend Saturday. Coach is going to take the whole squad. I think I'll take my car, a lot are needed to have the whole team up there. I hope a lot of cars and kids go.

Mr. Balabanis suggested that we call the paper "Rooster." Wouldn't that be cute? I think "Humboldt Howler" would be rather good. But honestly tho, I do hope someone thinks of a really good name for our paper.

Well I must be running along, See you later,
POLITICAL ODDITIES OF
THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons is a very picturesque and impressive body because it retains so many ancient customs and curiosities of procedure, mostly heritages of medieval days. In the reign of James I, a certain Guy Fawkes was hired to blow up the old house of Parliament. He succeeded in placing the gunpowder in the basement, but was discovered by the authorities. Since that time down to the present day, on the morning a new Parliament assemble, twelve yeomen of the guard in picturesque Tudor regalia, with lighted lanterns, search the building for gunpowder.

Legislative chambers in other countries are planned so that all the members face the speaker. However, in the Commons, the members face their opponents across the aisle rather than the speaker. The members turn their faces to the wall rather than bow their heads when the chaplain reads the prayer.

Another interesting custom is that members of the House of Commons wear their hats when the house is in session. There is also a certain etiquette which governs hat-wearing. For example, a member may wear his hat until he rises to speak or until he moves his seat. This must be done even if he whispers to another member.

Congress does its work by day, but Commons does its work by night. The sittings of the English house ordinarily close at midnight, and at that hour the doorkeeper calls out, "Who goes home?" This is repeated and re-echoed throughout the Parliament Buildings by policemen and others, and is the signal for adjournment. This custom originates from the time when robbers and thieves so infested London streets that the members were escorted home by squads of soldiers. As each squad arrived, the doorkeeper sounded the call, "Who goes home?"

Bert Munther and Marie Stromberg enjoyed an outing at Stone Lagoon, all but the showers.

P.J. is going home this Thanksgiving. There seems to be a big attraction at Chico, and it's not just the folks.

Little Ray C. isn't going over so heavy with big brother Paul. He almost got a spanking for keeping his elders waiting after Football practice while he took Anne for a walk. The next time he will have a walk home, according to Paul.

We would suggest that Burns and Sullivan take lessons at penny matching before they try to play with these Freshman girls.

Why is Balabanis always late for his first period class? We just can't account for it.

Ruel Pickle just gets the worst breaks. At the first of the semester his father let the battery of the car run down and Ruel had to push the car to get it to start, as if he didn't have a date that night, and it was just awfully amusing to see Ruel pushing the car after the dance, and then the next time he took a girl out he forgot his cash, and had to charge the tickets, borrow from the girl or return home.

One of the neatest alibis for getting home late is that the fog was so thick they just couldn't drive over 2 miles per. The students should take advantage of the weather while it lasts.