

H.S.T.C. ROOTER

Vol. I

Arcata, California

November 20, 1929 No. 4

ASHLAND NEXT!

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 Cottrell, Rose Younker, Marion Burger, Anna Nielson, Hulda Wenglein, Lois Henningsen, 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 colored boy, Hine, 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 spot on the Humboldt horizon. Next, star lineman, is also in the line 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?

Lawrence Harris-----Editor
 Nigel Roberts-----Asst. Editor
 Louise Scott-----Art and
 Make-up Editor
 Richard Barby-----Asst. Manager
 Alvin Burns-----Asst. Manager
 George Gregory-----
 Maurice Hicklin-----Advisor

Contributors to this issue:
 Teckett, Cooper-Rider, Barby, .
 Foster, Hansen, Fisk, DeLena,
 Burns, McConnell.

EDITORIALS.

Now that mid-term records are out, we make our perennial resolve to do better next time. You know, these little pink cards have a wonderfully stimulating effect on the amount of studying done. Those students who received "all plus" cards are still left in the dark about their standing; they may be doing excellent work, but from 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 records 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 we enjoy good music; Sally knows how to train a choral. These Legionnaires are pretty good too. Our patriotic singing shows 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're an and sigh,
 If your throat feels so dry,
 If you don't care to smoke,
 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?
 -Exchange-

BOOK REVIEW

Do you want to spend a happy worthwhile evening or afternoon-Do you want something light and airy, some pure nonsense? 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 I said non-fiction, I didn't mean that stupid kind of prolonged agony with which we come 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 anything of Leacock know what 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 CANDLESTICKS (cont'd)

The Bishop--Harry Bell
 The Convict--George Chrichton
 Persons-----Leno Moll
 Marie-----Louise Wood
 Sergeant of Gendarmes--
 Herbert Inskip
 Soldier----Melvin 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 wondered but now I know
What makes the sailors 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.-



COLLEGE MURDER CASE.

Morning papers blazed, "A.
Burr, popular bookstore manager,
found dead in phone booth. No
clues or motive evident."

The sleuthful R. Slick offered
his services in running down the
murderer, gossip chattered, while
even the faculty members of Se-
quoia College offered psychologi-
cal, mathematical, biological,
philosophical, economical sugges-
tions.

The coroner found the corpse
was in good condition, devoid of
any suggestion of foul play, though
plenty dead. In embalming the
corpse, Max Toddle discovered num-
bers amounting to "354" written on
Burr's thumb nail. Effective
Slick immediately snatched 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 X's room
number? But it later proved that
Burr, a conscientious member of the
Civic Club had written the phone
number of the girls dorm on his
thumb nail rather than on the
freshly examined phone booth.

But Sillie, another effective,
uncovered by far the most impor-
tant clue involving Balona Leebe
who was last seen with Burr. Where
has Balona Leebe gone?



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;
O, 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's leisure in living--and
drudgery and toil;
There's the joy that the salt air
brings;
There are hours of darkness spent
in the moil
Of making material things:

O, the heart of a man must work
the mine,
and the soul turn each whearing
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.-



MAILS OF A WOMAN.

Editors note: We found an-
other of these notes and took the
liberty of publishing it.

Dearest -----

How do you like the nake 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 Sat-
urday? 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 Kas there
with Horbie. I wonder where Rudi
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 news
papers. 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, Luella the piano
and another girl played the sax.

I hope we beat Asaland Sat-
urday. 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 sure
hope a lot of cars and kids go.

Mr. Balabanis suggested that
we call the paper "Rooster." Would-
n't that be cute? I think "Hum-
boldt, Hewler" 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,

MAIL AT THE DORMITORY.

Mail! Mail! The cry rang
lustily thru each and every room
of the girls' dorm. The girls ap-
peared like chickens come at the
call of "Here chickee, chick, chick"
After the mad scramble Helen wended
her way back to her room looking
not a day over ninety, entirely
unnoticed by her roommate Sara, who
was absorbed in the delicious con-
tents 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 any-
more--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 prob-
ably 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!"



Miss Walker: Can anyone name a
star with a tail?

Homar S: Sure, Rin-Tin-Tin.

Mr. Hollister: When I was your
age I could say all the presi-
dent's by heart.

Olive W: Yes, but there were only
about ten presidents then.

Miss Walker to Vera Armstrong who
has just reported an observation:
"What time was it when you saw
the constellation?"

Vera: "9:00 O'clock--at Crannell.

Mr. Hicklin: "Tell me one or two
things about John Milton."

Edgar Sweet: "Well, he got mar-
ried and he wrote 'Paradise
Lost'. Then his wife died and
he wrote 'Paradise Regained'."

At some colleges the winning foot
ball players take home the goal
posts, and at others they just
take a photograph of the goal



SENTHANO

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 curioisities of procedure, mostly heretages of mediæval 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 assembles, twelve yeomen of the guard in picturesque Tudor regalia, with lighted lanterns, search the building still looking 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?"



MORE SCANDAL

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 her 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.

Ellie Woolner seemed to have a pretty good time at the Brawl, and from what we saw she added a new admirer to her list. It's the Carlson man this time.

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

Ruel Ficke 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.