

FROSH FROLIC FRIDAY DECEMBER 13

Good music, elaborate decorations, and a lively program for the intermissions will feature the annual Frosh Brawl given by the students of the Freshman class of Humboldt State Teacher's College on the evening of December 13, at 8 o'clock in the college library.

The program as it now stands includes a tango dance by Hazel Mackley and Melvin Thomas, a special tap dance number by Kae Nellist, and jazz numbers featuring Herbert Inkip at the piano. Ken Hill and his orchestra have been secured to furnish music for the dancing.

Melvin Pinkham, president of the class, is general chairman for the affair, and is also in charge of the program. P.J. Sallee is chairman of the decoration committee with Hazel Christensen, Bessie McConnell, Alice Knufree, and Dorothy Wrigley as assistants. The publicity is being handled by Karl Cooperider and Wayne Keltner. Hazel Mackley is chairman of the refreshment committee.

There is no admission charge and all bids must be in the day before the dance.

FRESHMAN ACCEPT CHALLENGE

The Freshman girls accepted the upperclass girls' challenge to a hockey game which will be played off sixth period Thursday.

It was stated in the last issue of the Rooter that the Upper class girls have been training before breakfast. This will give the Frosh team a lot of competition although rumors have it that the Freshmen don't need any practice.

Jimmie Spiering little dear,
Of the women had no fear.
Once he tried to make a date,
Said to say he got the gate.

BASEBALL GIRLS SCORE HIT

The Pathe news reel of the Humboldt State Co-ed's baseball team, shown at the State theatre last week was pretty good. A general exodus from all parts east towards Humboldt can be expected soon. Young Atlantans with visions of baseball and young Romeos with visions of certain feminine baseball players will be hitting the pike in the the direction of the "most western college." However, a counter migration from Humboldt towards Hollywood is to be feared. Nearly every student at Humboldt can be said to have successfully broken into the talkies, for even our H.U. kerohoo being heard in theatres all over the United States? Kae did splendid work down in front.

Coach Laura Herron's speech ought to put Humboldt on the map. She did well despite distractions of the nose powdering ceremonies. It's to be regretted that they didn't show Billy Huber in action on the mound, but can't this Dolaney girl swing a mean bat?

Literati will hold its regular meeting tonight at 7:30 in the Social Unit.

Mildred Moe is in charge of the program. The one-act play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks" will be presented. Kae and Hazel will give an original tap dance.

A new constitution will be discussed at the business meeting.

BASKETBALL SEASON STARTS!!!!

Now that football is over it is time for basketball. There are plenty of huskies in this school who have a good knowledge of basketball. Our football team did well let's get up a basketball team that is just as good or better, and keep up the standards already set by the football boys.

STAFF

Lawrence Morris-----Editor
Ethel Sweet-----Asst. Editor
Lanita Jewett-----Art and Make-up
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P.J.Salles-----Sports Editor
George Gregory-----Bus. Manager
Alvin Burns-----Asst. Bus.Man.
Maurice Hicklin-----Advisor
Contributors to this issue:
H.Inskip, Cooper, Rider, L.
Lawson, Keltner, Beebe, Mc-
Connell, Hays, Pinne, Pick.

As our friend, the Chemistry and Physics instructor has it, college should not be regarded merely as a preparation for what is to come later; the years we spend in college should be just as much a part of our lives as other time. The person who gets nothing from college but book learning is missing just as much as the person who goes to college with the sole idea of having a so-called "good time." The undergraduate who gets his studies and yet enjoys to the full the extra-curricular activities of his school is the one who gets the most out of college. To teach a person how to live is as important a function of college as to teach him science or classics.

Mr. Rube Goldberg says college spirit is the bunk--perhaps it is for gouty old grads. But in our opinion undergraduate college spirit means more than breaking one's neck on the gridiron for dear old Pedunk; it has a much wider connotation. As Dr. Sweetman explained, the word Aloha typifies the spirit of the Hawaiians. In the same way the thing called college spirit is the noblesse oblige attitude of the undergraduate for his college.

Voice from upper floor: Smatter
down there--have you no key?
Lee Sullivan: Gotta key all right,
but wouldja mind throwin' down
some keyholes.

THE SEA AT TWILIGHT.

I sat by my window one evening
And looked out over the sea
A vast carpet of deep rich blue
Is what it seemed to be.

So calm and deep; it lay there
As if in a quiet sleep,
And the white-caps furled their
foam
Into the boundless deep.

The sun had just gone from the
heavens,
But a few rays lingered on
To entrance the beautiful ocean
As it slept in infinite calm.

And my heart found rest and contentment
As I watched the endless blue.
And the sun from behind the
horizon
Gathered its last golden hue.

And the sea in the calm at twilight
Lay hushed in its quiet deep
With neither ship nor white-cap
To disturb its dreamless sleep.

-V.L.B.-

Suppressed desires of our
faculty members—as they are; think
they are; or would like to be—
Dr. Dorothy-----Mae Murray
Carl B.-----Mack Sennett
Sankey-----Myrna Loy
Leo, Sr.-----Nils Astor
Sally-----Louise Fazenda
Maurice H.-----Ben Turpin
Floradora-----Nancy Carroll
Claire O-----Buddy Rogers
Imogene P.-----Clara Bow
Fernand C.-----Maurice Chevalier
Annie Marie O.-----Alice White
Robert P.-----Emil Jannings
Tilly-----Lon Chaney
Betsey-----Gloria Swanson
Harry Mac-----Doug Fairbanks
Laura H.-----Greta Garbo
Homer A.-----John Gilbert
Ralph S.-----Farina

There was a young lady called P.J.
Who had a crush on dear T.J,
It soon fell through
He had nothing new,
To offer, and little to say!

WILT PRICE WORLD PEACE?

Throughout the history of our race men have sought to establish peace, realizing that only in time of peace is the greatest prosperity and happiness possible. In recent times the desire has become world wide in its scope. Today as never before men are striving for the realization of world peace. Yet it must be admitted that the progress registered remains small.

One of the important means of preventing war is diplomacy. Though this method failed utterly to prevent the World War, when treaties were regarded as "scraps of paper" yet the League of Nations has prevented much unnecessary bloodshed. The Kellogg treaty is said to have prevented definite outbreaks of war between Russia and China.

Some maintain that present economic conditions will prevent war; that the interdependence of nations will prevent them from fighting against each other because of the economic loss involved. Yet most of our great wars have been caused by economic rivalries.

Perhaps one of the most important causes of ill-feeling between nations is modern Jingoism. Many of the lower types of newspapers indulge in this practice. The doctrines of "100% Americanism" and "my country right or wrong" must be abolished if we are to have mutual understanding between nations. We must begin at the bottom and stop teaching our children that America is "the greatest nation in the world." Can there be international understanding when we ridicule the institutions of Europe, and still foster Anti-German feeling?

But even understanding is useless if it begets love. Does the love of our fellow man recognize international boundaries? When Christ said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself", did he mean only the people in our own country? We say that we are fighting "for love of country" but can true love engender hate? Even in a war for principles of justice, which is the only justifiable war, we should be tolerant to our enemies, for tolerance is the essence of love, and love is the manifestation of God.

-R.H.-

CLIPPINGS FROM THE MOURNING EUGLE

BQG SPRINGS, May 8, 1928--Brandy Brandstetter, former Humboldt Foot ball captain, yesterday broke the world's record for carrying pig-skins. Mr. Brandstetter attributes his success to the fact that he always eats pork for breakfast. Brandy started his colorful career under the direction of Willie Tel-onicher now famous for his work in conducting a school for foot-ball coaches at Crennell.

FILM LANDM June 2, 1940--Miss Greta Grabbo and George Gregory announced their engagement at a Poker Party given at the Smoke House last evening. Miss Greta Grabbo is a film actress of world fame while Mr. Gregory recently became popular in his first talkie--"The Business Manager's Trials". Gregory in his days was a football star on the H.S.T.C. team. He was also inclined to be very musical.

ARCATA, April 1, 1968--"Phantom Pete" Pederson has just returned from his trip around the world on the tramp steamer, "The Hornet." Mr. Pederson enjoyed a very exciting time in Africa while away and still inclines toward red heads and brunettes. Pete intends to settle in Arcata and raise pigs for the purpose of manufacturing footballs of his Alma Mater.

DESCRIPTION OF PAUL CLARY AFTER THE ASHLAND GAME.

He made a run around the end--
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck
The fullback on his ear.
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then,
Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tackles on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.

The saddest sight of all sad things
Would be Bill Pederson on wings,
He'd fly up high into the air,
and catch and hold the football
there.

If Laura were a Duck instead of a Herron.
 If Louise were Wrong instead of Wright.
 If Vada were a Corridor instead of a Hall.
 If Vera were Pop instead of Malm.
 If Dick were a Sombrero instead of a Derby.
 If Luise Wouldn't instead of Wood.
 If Alva Louise were a Why instead of a Howe.
 If Eadythe were Short instead of Long.
 If Marjorie were Summer instead of Winter.
 If Ethel were sour instead of Sweet.
 If Everett were Black instead of Brown.
 If Gene were a Carpenter instead of a Smith.
 If Ronald were a Meerscham instead of a Cob.
 If Bettse were a Nightingale instead of a Martin.
 If Violet were an Iceberg instead of a Sandberg.
 If Leno were a Hammer instead of a Moll.
 If Alyce were Scaley instead of Finne.
 If Reva would Listen instead of Look.
 If Melvin were a Highball instead of a Toddy.
 If Mary were a Teamster instead of a Carter.
 If Linda were a Chair-car instead of a Carter.
 If Milum would Pin it instead of Tackitt.
 If Ed were Yes instead of Nix.
 If T.J. were Big instead of Little.
 If C. Edward were Tombs instead of Graves.
 If Grace were Sea-green instead of Palmgren.
 If Val, were a Dale instead of a Lee.
 If Sather was Silly instead of Saily.
 If Helen were William instead of Thomas.
 If Sylvia were a Waterworker instead of a Fearworker.
 If Aubrey were Tungsten instead of Boydston.
 If Lydia were Pinkham instead of Lovejoy.
 If Flora were a Creeper instead of a Walker.
 If Dave were a Sexton instead of an Exton.
 If Rudolf were Kas instead of Kaski.
 If Inez were a Butcher instead of a Taylor.

--Anon.--

Literature is indeed a wonderful thing, especially when it enables us to travel into the wilds of Africa within an hour. Just start reading "Lion" by Martin Johnson, and you will begin your African adventure which, in this case, is with the King of Beasts. The book becomes doubly interesting when you know that all the photographs shown were taken by Mr. Johnson himself, who was accompanied by his wife on this nationally known expedition, also the pictures are copyrighted by the American Museum of Natural History.

Did you know that the lion is king of all he surveys? All Simba has to do to get himself a square meal is to stalk through the grass until he is within a few yards of an unsuspecting animal and pounce upon his back.

The following is one of the many interesting sections of "Lion." "We followed the herds over the plains until they had largely melted away. We couldn't bring ourselves to leave first. Many sights that we have seen in Africa still impress us as being unique, but for drama, for power, for sustained excitement, no other experience that we have ever had approached those hectic days that we spent on the fringes and in the heart of the ten million zebras and wild beasts that made up the great migration of 1928."

--A.F.--

ANOTHER ROMANCE??

The Rooster's Reporter had been in conference after school. Yea, even the shadows were fast falling as he left the room. He glanced out into the court with a listless curiosity. Suddenly he came to life, and grabbed his notebook. Now, with a capital N! There stood Dr. Penny with a masculine arm around her. The arm was attached to a Prominent Student Body Member. A most loving scene.

The reporter waited a while longer, finally catching the Prominent Student Body Member as he was going home. After a few judicious compliments, the PSEM loosened up and began to talk. Yes, he was teaching gawfluff to three feminine teachers. But he had his troubles too. Mrs. Big kept her eye on her instructor instead of on the ball. Miss Stepper was a problem. "She's left-handed, you know." Radiant smiles. "But I'm getting along swell."

The College Murder Case-----

How did Burr meet his death?

The rumor that he ate a piece of apple pie in the Commons one hour before he was found dead, was proved without foundation when Miss Jackson declared firmly that the story was a malicious falsehood, for nothing heavier than nabiscoo wafers had been served that day.

Miss Button, the librarian, suggested that Kathryn Fairrest might be guilty as she took out all of the mystery stories in the library. However, her chum, More-rain At-the-well swears that Kathryn was writing notes to her in Curriculum about a certain Swede, at the time of the murder.

R. Slick, the defective, remarked "We all know that Frances Melton had strings on him. Maybe she pulled them."

"No", retorted attorney T.B. Fiddle, "He probably died of apoplexy."

Thereupon the coroner made the astounding statement that some chemical action must have taken place for he had found that Burr's blood was red, whereas it was well-known locally that nought but the purest blue blood flowed in his veins.

Who could be the slayer? The chemical change in Burr's blood showed conclusively that his death was not from natural causes.

A lurking dread settled over the college as the menacing fact was re-emphasized that the murderer was still undetected and might even be amongst its midst.

(cont'd next week)

CLASSIFIED AD COLUMN.

WANTED: One filmy veil and books on natural dancing.

--Dave Exton--

FOUND: Twenty minutes in which to do three hours studying.

--R.U.K.--

WANTED: Someone to help me coach the girls' hockey team.

--Jim Spiering--

LOST: My reputation as a woman hater.

--Art Bryant--

FOUND: An unusually large tack in the seat of my trousers.

--Clyde Ratenau--

THE ROOTER AND THE ROOSTER.

Rooter: Well, what have you got to crow about today?

Rooster: More than you have to grunt about.

Rooter: How's that?

Rooster: Well, our girls looked pretty good in the news reel.

Rooter: Yes, and they had to talk too much.

Rooster: That's a minor matter.

Rooter: Speaking of mining, I've dug up some more dirt.

Rooster: Well, cough it up.

Rooter: I see Benny Lease is going with Lois Hepler.

Rooster: It's a wonder you couldn't keep still once in a while.

Rooter: Her's another one. Do you know why Beth Mann is all pepped up?

Rooster: Sure, Mel was home Turkey day. Ask me another.

Rooter: You're too bright, big boy. Speaking of Turkey day, it was almost my funeral.

Rooster: Say I guess I can crow a little for the Frosh.

Rooter: What about our little pea greeners?

Rooster: They're going to give a big feed party and dance.

Rooter: Well, what about it?

Rooster: The name is the Frosh Frolic.

Rooter: Frosh Flop, you say?

Rooster: No, this is going to be good. They're going to have a hot orchestra 'n everything.

Rooter: After that then maybe I will have something to talk about.

Rooster: Let's hope so.

Rooter: All together, let's give the basketball boys a yell--

Unison: A LARGE GRUNT AND A

CACKLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

There was a young woman named Jewet Who would never eat gum nor chew it

She sat on a chair

But the gum beat her there.

And her dress and the rest stuck to it.

Cob: Remember what the fly said when he sat on the fly paper?

Herb: No, what?

Cob: This stuff sticks to the end.

--Pelican--
