

H.S.T.C. ROOTER

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FROSH FROLIC FRIDAY

HOCKEY GAME CALLED OFF

HEY!

The toughest hockey game of the year which was played last Tuesday when the Freshman girls defeated the Upper-class girls' challenge, was called off in the last half because of accidents.

Good sportsmanship was shown throughout the game, and although there was no score the Freshmen seemed to hold the margin as they got within the striking circle eight times to the Upperclassmen's one. Only lack of cooperation on the part of the Froch forwards caused the failure to score.

The Lineups were:

Frosh		Upperclassmen
Christiansen	rf.	Cooper
E.J. Sallee	cf.	Baldwin
MacKley	lf.	Long
Hartgrove	rw.	Yankers
Belaney	chb.	Cottrell
Gould	lb.	Jones
Carter	rb.	Wright
Henningsen	rhb.	Combs
Hartely	lfb.	Harper
Pietling	go.	Small
Wrigley	lw.	Giacomini

BASKET BALL

Tuesday noon witnessed a rough and tumble game between Todd's Tutors and Munther's Menkys. The Menkys came out on top with the score 15-5. The boys still think this is football season and simply substitute a basketball for a football. Munther, Hadley, and Stromberg all starred on Munther's team. On the losing team, Kaski played well at center but Munther's galaxy of stars proved too much for the Tutors. Lineups:

Munther	Todd
Stromberg	Kaski
Hadley	Spellenberg
Spiering	Wackillan

Don't forget the Frosh Frolic Friday night! Oh man! Listen to Ken Hill's orchestra--and that tango--and, oh, those decorations! The annual Frosh Frolic is some dance!!

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB LEARNING TO DIRECT MUSIC!!!

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Sather has been learning to direct music during the last week. So far they have only learned the fundamentals but the future promises to find them very adept music directors.

NEW COURSE NEXT SEMESTER.

Labor Economics, an upper division social science, will be offered next semester. The course will deal with labor problems considered from all viewpoints. One of the authors of the text to be used is Paul Douglas, one of the most famous of present day economists. The course was given in the spring semester of 1938.

ANOTHER DANCING CLASS.

A logging class for men has been instituted at Humboldt by Miss Estee Martin. The class is held Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30.

The purpose of the class, as Miss Martin states, is to develop dancing acts that may be used next spring in the annual Collegian tour.

So look to your laurels, all you would-be Collegians; for these boys look good on the dance floor.

STAFF

Lawrence Morris-----Editor
 Ethel Sweet-----Asst. Ed.
 Lanita Jewett-----Make-up Editor
 P. J. Salles-----Sports Editor
 George Gregory-----Bus. Manager
 Alvin Burns-----Asst. Bus. Mgr.
 Maurice Hicklin-----Advisor
 Contributors to this issue:
 Tackitt, Cooper, Pinner, Finne,
 Keltner, Burns, McConnel, DeLuca.

Nothing is lower than a petty thief. Sordid as it may be, there is yet some glamour in a bank robbery or other major crime; it at least takes some brains. But to sneak into an office or open a locker--any more can do that. Things are always vanishing from lockers, seemingly this can't be helped. Lately, however, things have been disappearing from offices. A few dollars were taken from an instructor's office downstairs, and five dollars was removed from a purse in an office upstairs--just petty thefts, but very annoying. How can we get any ideals from a place where we are continually impressed with the idea that nothing is safe unless it is locked up?

Dear Editor: It seems to us students that Len MacSullivan has been using the telephone too frequently to converse with our coeds. We want cooperation from the paper to try to stop these terrible late hour flirtations.

"She Hails"

Dear Editor:

What, who, which, or where is Atlanta, and how does it apply to a co-ed athlete?

Atlanta, my alliterative friend, was a hard-hearted person who was very beautiful and possessed great athletic prowess. She was never beaten in a footrace until she was outsmarted by a trick involving three golden apples, by a certain Hippomenes. If you would like more, consult a book on classic myth.

Ed.

BOOK REVIEW

Everyone who is interested in the adventures of Peard Schofield should by all means read "Penrod Jashber", the new Penrod book, by Booth Tarkington. In this book Penrod adopts the name of George E. Jashber and organizes a detective force to shadow the man whom he thinks is a crook. The crook is followed in a manner that would mean success if carried out by our present day detectives, I'm sure. But one day Penrod's secret profession was discovered by his parents, and when he was forced to answer why he thought this man a crook, he said at last, desperately, "Well, _____ he acted so in love with my sister, Margaret, I thought there must be something wrong with him."

This remarkable young lad says many other clever things that may be learned only by reading the book, and perhaps you will recall many of the incidents of your youthful days as you accompany Penrod and his young friends on their many adventures.

-A.F.-

I WONDER

If OUR paper
 Is anything to
 READ about?
 They have
 Put out a
 PAPER,
 I mean a
 REAL PAPER,
 ACROSS
 The court.
 THEY say
 Around this SCHOOL
 That WE need to
 Take a FEW
 LESSONS from
 Our neighbors.
 Will WE DO IT?

I WONDER,

-ARCH-

So wouldn't be so outclassed if we had the same support that the "Training School Toughsters" give their paper.
 Ed.
 Any editor ought to see a doctor about his circulation.

A VULGARISM.

The man was old; his head bent low,
His only child was wondering woe;
She was a vamp of treacherous greed
Her aged father would not heed.

She went with men for pure delight
To keep her father up at night;
And tho' his strength was failing
Fast,
She went with hopes he would not
Last.

A cruel vamp indeed she was,
Her eyes were green, her hair was
fuzz;
Contemptuous as the day is long,
She was a thing bound to go wrong.

Her aged father sighed with fear,
What could he do with this child
dear?

Alas, there came but one reply,
To banish her from out his eye.

To cast her forth into the cold,
For him (her father) it was bold;
To banish her from out his eye,
It almost made the old man cry.

That night when late the brat came
home,
And stalking passed her father's
room;
The old man rose from out his bed,
His night cap thrust upon his head.

"Where have you been?", he gruffly
cried,
(The light turned on, the clock he
eyed).

And at that hour struck the bell,
Which did late morning hours tell.

"Who wants to know?", the thing
replied,
And leering at her father cried,
"You damned old fool, why should
you care?
Your daughter's courting a million-
aire."

He speaks--
"To heck with your amazing brass,
Your father will not take your sass;
Pack up your duds and go, sweet Beck,
Before I break your Gosh damned
neck.

Too long I've listened to your

Guff,
So now I think that I'll get rough;
A kind old man I've tried to be,
I cared not for mere sympathy--
When I was good, you caused me woe,
So now, cruel daughter, you must go!"

She speaks--

"Oh, father, do you really care?
And father--Gee, how you can swear;
Why I'm surprised to hear you cuss,
It almost makes your daughter blush

Oh, daddy dear--I know you're old,
And I your daughter; am too bold;
But won't you give me one more
chance?"

(And at the old man she softly
glanced.)

He speaks--

"Why bless your heart, my angel
child,
If you'll do better, I will,"
he smiled.

Moral---

This daughter turned a brand new
leaf,
She no more caused her father grief
And he, old man with Irish bluff,
Accomplished much by getting rough.

-A.B.-

MORE DESIRES.

Last week gasps of relief could
be heard floating around the build-
ing. Some of the faculty members
were deluded into thinking that the
had escaped the editorial eye. But
they gasped too early, for we would
not omit anyone for the world. Her
they are--

Suppressed desires; what they
are, think they are, or wish to be--

Bally-----	Tom Mix
Burton-----	Betty Compson
Clurton-----	Gary Cooper
Dickson-----	Mary Pickford
Graves-----	Rudy Vallee
Hollister-----	John Boles
Jenkins-----	Andy Gump
Johnson-----	Bebe Daniels
Pierce-----	Dorothy Mackaill
Riley-----	Colleen Moore
Shoifty-----	Mary Brian
Woodcock-----	Zazu Pitts

Irate father: I can see right
through that Anne's intrigue,
Rae Clara: I know dad, but they
all dress that way nowadays.

Li We may be all wrong, but we
suspect sandpaper of being a by-
product of canned spinach.

"THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS"

"The Bishop's Candlesticks", an appropriate play for this season of the year, was given before the student body last Friday. The actors are to be congratulated on their excellent acting and the message which they portrayed was entirely absorbed by the audience. Sully led community singing before the play.

CIVIC CLUB NEWS.

Did you know that you are indebted to the Civic Club for the ink in the Library? This organization purchases the ink for you. They have recently decorated the telephone room. They are working at present on other projects in improving the surroundings here at school.

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION.

An ode of Horace after he had read the back of an American magazine:

Lux sapolio tonsillitus duplex
Idolent congolesum taxi speedex.
Camera tuxedo erysipelasrex
Delco castoria.

Bakelite rem filino sansoo
Paintex oleo pyorrhea ansoco
Caviar pax auditorium dentro
Phantasmagoria.

Halitosis simplex vacuum ansoco
Regina texaco luxor tobacco
Phoenix virio pepsodent dece
Stacco tomato.

Cleanex electro Pontiac fatima
Radio domino cantilever asthma
Piano prophylactic coxa coli
Felix mulatto.

—Exchange—

YOO! HOO! FROSH!

All Freshmen are requested to stay after school Friday afternoon if possible--and help decorate the Library for the FROSE FROLIC.

Mr. Balabanis (Zoon. Hist.): Give me an example of a dirt farmer.
Spiering: The editor of the Whiz Bang!

A FAIRY STORY.

Once upon a time, in a country not far from here, and not so long ago, there was a group of people who, altho they were wicked, were not more wicked than most. However, altho the people did not know it, they were in the power of a very terrible wizard. He became displeased with them, and decided to inflict them with the most terrible thing he could think of. He thought and thought, and thought and finally he stopped thinking, for he had found what he had been searching for.

He looked himself in his laboratory and began to mix his poison. He took a large copper kettle and into it he poured some of This and some of That until at last he had just the right mixture. He set the kettle over the fire in his fireplace and sat down in his rocker, rocking back and forth and grinning a terrible grin the while. Presently steam began to arise off of the kettle and go up the chimney. Great clouds of it floated away. Outside the people complained about the heavy fog, not knowing it was an enchantment.

Soon the people could not see. The fog hung over them for days and weeks. They never saw the sun. They didn't even see the light of day. All they had to guide them about was a little white line, a string stretched from Here to There. They followed the string blindly from day to day, from week to week.

Suddenly, long time afterward the fog lifted, but the people were blind, and forever afterward continued to feel their way along the string.

Moral--Don't be strabismic--Look where you're going and go where you're looking.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Librarian wishes to make it clear to the students that the mezzanine floor of the library is to be used only by those students who have actual use for the books and magazines shelved on that floor. The principal reason for this request is that the accommodations, both in the matter of tables and of chairs, are limited. Students who merely wish to do text-book studying are requested to remain on the main floor.

C.E.Graves--Librarian

COLLEGE MURDER CASE.

Perhaps, since the murderer was still at large, he might commit another murder--For that reason, no one used the telephone, nor went near the room. No more did the boys call up the "dorm". No more did Jerry call up any men. Sad, very sad, but true. Dates were no longer heavy, but very light and far between. There was nothing to do on Saturday and Sunday evenings but stay home and play tiddledewinks, and of course study some. Imagine such a deplorable condition.

Judge Daddy Deedeene was busy hearing accusations and arguments. Robert Straws, Burr's room-mate, was called on the stand, as a possibility. It was thought that he might have murdered his room-mate for talking in his sleep. However, the senior partner of the firm Leo and Leo stated that Staw's I.Q. was entirely too low for him to have committed such a deed. The murderer must have had a super-keen mind to have figured out such an elusive scheme which no one could solve.

Coach Crane announced in her sagacious way that she thought it was a mistake to avoid the phone room. Whereupon, President Farina ordered the telephone company to repair the telephone so that dates might again be heavy and sugar-coated.

Then suddenly an important clue was found. The P.T. and T. men found a little tin box inside the telephone. Inside of the little box was a machine of some sort, a jumble of gears and springs. The telephone men, being of ordinary intelligence, did not handle the box carefully, so consequently they almost obliterated some important finger prints on the box. However Coach Crane obtained the box before they were all removed, and carefully photographed it with the help of Mr. Foultry.

What was the little box, and to whom did the finger prints belong?

(Continued next week)

THE PEEK-A-BOO BIRD

For the fifteenth time this semester, Ray G. and Anne have gone up the hill to pick apples. Still De Luca, buy apples for their fruit store. It looks rather queer, Anne.

Has anyone noticed the enraptured expression in Burns' eyes lately? Ethel is Sweet, isn't she Burns?

And Thursday night "Pinky" took Alyce for a nice long ride.

On the return from Ashland George G. was so preoccupied with Helen that he lost his suitcase. He went back for it but couldn't find it or any of its contents. He stopped at Crescent City and they spent a pleasant hour in a restaurant or such. Fifty miles later George discovered that he had left his hat in the restaurant. He telephoned back but the hat was not there. Won't someone volunteer to be George's caretaker?

We wish to explain the queer sounds emerging from the music room second period. It isn't a dying bull, but Mr. Gattelain teaching his French class to sing.

When Dot Wrigley is in view, why do the boys always start calling Sullivan?

Juanita Larson and Harry Riley seem to have started another budding romance for the dear old Alma Mammy.

Harry Bell says the peek-a-boo bird can't get anything on him. However, if you want some fun ask him what time it is. A certain young lady wears his watch in lieu of a fret pin.

A CRIME INDEED.

In a corner of the College Library three grave instructors sat whispering. Their attitude showed secrecy and apprehension of discovery.

Outside, the night was dark-pitch dark, and the wind blew fitfully thru the moaning cypress trees. Lightning flashed, thunder roared; bats flew hither and thither in the inky blackness; a supernatural atmosphere prevailed.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the room; MacGinitie stood up--some crumpled papers were in his hand. Brandishing them aloft, he slowly said in a ghostly whisper, "They Shall Not Pass."

-W.K.-

F.J.: Come and join us in a game of spud poker.

Bess: Watcha mean--Spud poker?

P.J.: We use potato chips.