Hey! 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.

Next 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 1936.

Another Dancing Class.

A dancing class for men has been instituted at Humboldt by Miss Betty 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 arts 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.

Basket Ball.

Tuesday noon witnessed a rough and tussle game between Todd's Turtles and Munster's Monkeys. The Monkeys came out on top with the score 16-8. The boys still think this is football season and simply substitute a basketball for a football. Munster, Hadley, and Stromberg all started on Munster's team. On the losing team, Kaski played well at center but Munster's battery of stars proved too much for the Turtles. Lineup:

Munster: Todd
Stromberg
Kaski
Sperring

Turtles: Hadley
Spellenberg
Blackman

The toughest hockey game of the year which was played last Thursday when the Froshmen girls' and the Upper-class girls' against the Upper-class, was called off in the last ten minutes of accidents. Good sportsmanship was shown throughout the game, and although there was no score the Froshmen seemed to hold the margin as they got within the striking circle eight times to the U-people's four. Only lack of cooperation on the part of the Frosh forwards caused the failure to score.

The Lineups were:

Frosh: Up-people

Christiansen

P.J. Selkie

Hackett

Harkness

D'Elia

Coud

Carter

Hanningsen

Hartley

Fielding

Wrigley

ry.

cf.

1b.

1b.

1b.

ocb.

lh.

rh.

rbb.

rb.

lw.

Cooper

Baldwin

Long

Young

Cottrill

Jones

Wright

Combs

Harper

Small

Cincemini

Frosh frolic is some dance!
Nothing is lower than a petty thief. Sordid & 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 were removed from a purse in an office upstairs—just petty thefts, but very annoying. How can we get any ideas 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 Bob McSullivam 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. 

Sincerely yours,

Dear Editor: What, who, where, or where is Atlanta, and how does it apply to a coed athlete?

Atlanta, my alliterative friend, was a hard-hearted person who was very beautiful and possessed of great athletic promise. She was never beaten in a footrace, until she was outdistanced by a trick involving a golden apple and some Hyacinths. If you would know more, consult a book on classic myth.

Book Review

Everyone who is interested in the adventures of Penrod Schofield should by all means read "Penrod Schofield", the new Penrod book, by Booth Tarkington. In this book Penrod adopts the name of George J. Bashber and organizes a detective force to shatter 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.
A VULGARISM.

The man was old, his head bent low,
His only child was wondering woes;
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 the strength was failing fast,
She went with hope he would not last.

A cruel vamp indeed she was,
Her eyes were green, her hair was fuzzy;
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 wall,
Which did not make one hour tell.

"Who wants to know!", the thing replied,
And looming at her father cried,
"You damned old fool, why should you care?"
Your daughter’s courting a millionaire.

He speaks:
"To heck with your amazing brass,
Your father will not take your sage;
Puck up your date 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, dadda 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.

MORE DESIRES.

Last week gasps of relief could be heard floating around the building. 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. Here they are:

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

Bally--------Tom Mix
Burker--------Betty Compson
Chuston--------Gary Cooper
Dickerson--------Mary Pickford
Graves--------Rudy Valee
Holterman--------John Hales
Jenkins--------Andy Gump
Johnson--------Bebe Daniels
Pierce--------Dorothy Mackeill
Riley--------Colleen Moore
Shorty--------Mary Brian
Woodcock--------Zeus Pitts

Irate fathers: I can see right through that Anne’s intrigue, Rae Claire: I know dad, but they all dress that way nowadays.

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

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!
"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. Sally 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 sapoli tonumillis duplex
Ident congoleum taxi speedex,
Camera tuxedo arystipelavex
Delco castoria.

Bakelite rex filio sanco
Paintex oleo pyorrhoe ansco
Caviar pex auditorium centro
Phantaemagoria.

Halitosis simplex vacuo ansco
Regina texaco luxor tobacco
Phanex verio pessodent deoe
Stecco tomato.

Cleanex electro Pontiac fatime
Radio dominio cantilever asthma
Piano prophylactic coca cola
Felix maito.

-Exchange-

YOOI HO0I FROSH!!

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

Mr. Balabanis (Zoon. List): 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, although they were wicked, were not more wicked than most. However, although 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 upon 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. Presently steam began to arise off the kettle and go up the chimney. 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
COLEGE 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 "dots." No more did Jerry call up any man. 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 tiddledew-winks, and of course study some. Imagine such a deplorable condition.

Judge Dade Dadeeence 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 Stawe'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 his sagacious way that she thought it was a mistake to avoid the telephone 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. Poultry.

What was the little box, and to whom did the finger prints belong? (Continued next week)

F.J.: Come and join us in a game of spud poker,
Bess: Watcha mean--Spud poker?
F.J.: We use potato chips.

THE PEEK-A-BOO BIRD

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

Has anyone noticed the 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 C. was so preoccupied with Helen that he lost his suit-case.

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. Gittelstein teaching his French class to sink.

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 peak-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 black, 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; MacGinley stopt up some crumpled papers were in his hand. Brandishing them aloft, he slowly said in a ghostly whisper, "They Shall Not Pass." -W.K.-