

HSTC ROOTER

Vol. II

Arcata, California

May 15, 1930

No. 15

SCHOOL SPIRIT DEAD!

ELECTION MONDAY

Election of Student Body officers for next year will be held next Monday. The names of the eligible candidates and the election committee are posted on the bulletin board. We think these Student Body officers are an imposition on the school, but since we must have them, it might be a good idea for everyone to vote.

COLLEGE PLAY DAY TO BE HELD MAY 20, 1930!!!!

The W.A.A. girls are again getting that streak of ambition that always proves fatal. They think they're going to put on a riot of a Play-Day next Tues. May 20th. Well, we'll see. It seems these girls can't play by themselves so they are asking the whole school, including the faculty, to come out on the afternoon and make monkeys of themselves. In other words, act natural. They have to resort to bribery, so they appealed to the executive council, who in turn gave them their permission to get the permission of the student body to put on a free lunch at the commons the noon of the Play-day. Of course if this goes thru there will be some who won't get enough to eat so the girls will probably sell hot-dogs down on the field. The civic club want to take charge of this so the pleasure will doubtless be all theirs. The Committees of course, are doing all they can to make the thing a flop, and they're asking the help of others by tending to their own affairs. Oh yes, considering the fact that the girls are just a bunch of rough-necks, it is advisable to wear old clothes. If you don't you'll wish you had!! We'll be seeing yuh at the field.

THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT

In keeping with the funereal gloom which pervades the Campus, the Rooter has turned pessimistic. What ails the old place anyway? It can't be that the students are mourning over the demise of School Spirit. School Spirit has been dead at Humboldt for so long that it has been forgotten.

The whole place seems dead. In line with our policy of being representative of the school, we don our black glasses and look for the worst side of things. Hence this pessimistic edition.

ASTRONOMY CLUB POSTPONES GALA EVENT!!!!!!!

At the last meeting of the star gazers club, they decided to take in new members to add to their prestige.

Among the new business that was discussed were the plans for a Beach Party, but the group decided that it would be totally unfit to hold such a thing when the whole school was in mourning for the death of School Spirit.

LITERATI TO SPONSOR BIG BEACH BUST

The pessimistic literatists have finally decided to hold a big Beach Party at Moonstone. It won't be very good though, because every one in school will be there and it will be too public.

Rumors have it that Carl Bowen will be thrown in the ocean for shark food, and several other prominent H.S.T.C. students are expected to go in swimming and drown. Aside from all that a good time will be had by all.

By your ticket early and avoid the push.....

The Pessimistic Edition of the H.S.T.O. Rooter, published by the Student Body of the Humboldt State Teachers College, Arcata, California, once a year.

STAFF (or life)

Editor-----L.M.N. Undertaker
Asst. Editor-----A. Gumpster
News Editor-----A. Gumpster
Sport Editor-----U.R.A. Ballbearer
Feature Editor-----Chief Murner
Bus. Manager-----Harry Rearedriver
Advisor-----O. Preacher
Contributors: the village choir

C'EST LA GUERRE!

Last week the alleged activities of the College Civic Club furnished us with material for an editorial thus making it unnecessary to write our "Cabbages; Their Proper Care and Disposal." We were looking gloomily forward to a session of research work on Cabbages when the Civic Club again came to the rescue. It was with unadulterated delight that we received the following communication:

Editor
Humboldt Rooter.

Dear Sir: In the publication of the Rooter dated May 8, 1936, an editorial appears in which the College Civic Club of the Humboldt State Teachers College is severely criticized for its alleged stand against our weekly paper.

It is definitely stated in this issue that the Civic Club had in the month of May, decided in a regular meeting that the Humboldt Rooter was of no (little was the word in the paper) value to the school at large.

As our minutes show, the club, in a recent meeting, voted that the Humboldt Rooter WAS of value to the college and that all members of the club would co-operate with the paper as much as possible in the future.

Therefore the College Civic Club feels justified in asking that the staff of the weekly verify their material before casting windmills for the target of editorial comment.

We also feel that, in the next issue of the Rooter, instead of using space on the valuable article "Cabbages; Their Care etc." that the editor make some attempt at explanation or perhaps apology for not verifying a "story" which exists only in the realm of misin-

formation.

Yours sincerely,

The College Civic Club
(signed) Pres. Esther Stewart
Secy. E.O. Curry

Rather a scathing denunciation. Quite a laudum Opus; it could scarcely be embellished. But since the authors seem so earnestly to desire an explanation we herewith humbly present our version of the affair. If the Civic Club took personal affront from the article we are sorry. No scandalum magnatum was intended.

But if the authors of this billet-doux would peruse our editorial carefully, they would find that some of their own statements are unfounded. For instance, we did not definitely state that it was decided in a regular meeting of the Club that the Rooter was of NO value to the school.

We feel that we were justified in printing the article in question. Since our editorial was based on reports of Civic Club MEMBERS who were present when the alleged denunciatory attitudes were expressed, we feel that our grievance was authentic. Investigations have shown that further discussion in the Club was favorable to the Rooter. Unfortunately, this was not reported to the Staff by the Civic Club members in question. As we are no mind readers, we were unable to determine the attitude of the Club en Masse but when Civic Club members tell us that the Civic Club does not like our style, what are we to think?

It is not for us to judge the value of our publication but we have done our best to make it representative of the school. We are most anxious for constructive advice and if any worthwhile contributions could ever be offered we would take the utmost pleasure in printing them.

We appreciate having a resolution of helpfulness towards the Rooter recorded in the minutes of the Civic Club. It alleviates somewhat the feeling of sadness engendered by reports to the contrary.

Who said our College isn't solid? Look at our professors.

Now that baseball season is over there is nothing to turn to except tennis and track. We don't think the boys will do very well on the cinder path, though, because I overheard some of the girls telling each other how slow they were. Oh well, then there is tennis---but the students of a big college like ours are expected to take all love sets. And the girls have decided that the boys weren't any good at games of love-----

Well anyway---no matter what the girls may think, we feel confident that our men are better than any other ones in this vicinity. In fact we know it..(but how terrible the other must be!)

ASSEMBLY LAST FRIDAY RAINS MUSIC

Last Friday a very unusual assembly was held for the bored students of H.S.T.C.

Madame Henkel, prominent singer, was heard in one of the best performances of her career. One of our well known student critics was heard to state that he enjoyed the squeaks immensely, but that the rest of her singing was way over his head. Madame Henkel was, perhaps, one of the greatest singers to sing before the student body and was immensely appreciated by those who had been educated up to her level.

Yes, people say it was a very good assembly---but it could have been better.

COMPLAINT OF COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Oh can't we get together,
Together, together,
Oh can't we get together,
Together sometime.
For you're here, and you're there
And none of you are anywhere
Oh can't we get together,
Together sometime.

AT THE GAMES

Oh where, oh where have the boosters gone
Oh where oh where can they be?
They've gone for a ride or parked in a lane
Or all gone out to have tea.
The game goes on but the spirits dead
Oh where oh where can it be?
With its jolly days and its boosting ways,
Oh where, oh where can it be?

.....
So you're working your way through college. What do you do?

We feel that as the end of the term is drawing near we should prepare for the next one. Therefore we have decided to publish a directory of the many clubs which Humboldt College claims.

In Humboldt College there are many clubs and organizations that don't do a thing all year long but try to get all the publicity possible around school.

The Literati is composed of the John Barrymores and Greta Garbos of the college. Any one can become a pledge if they have that Charlie Chaplin air. But to become an active member one must do silly things before a very critical audience, and be able to take pretty faces.

The W.A.A. is composed of Humboldts stronger sex. Or at least the sex that is in majority at this institution. It is most likely formed to keep senior girls warm by donating them with sweaters after they have broken their necks three times and dislocated a little toe. It claims as its members all the poor women athletes in the country.

The Astronomy Club is the worst newly formed organization in the school. Its members are students who are so used to the night air that they have decided to use it for something worth while---if you want to call it that. It might be composed of all the popular couples in school---but unfortunately they are not all in the book.

The Civic Club is established to promote civic activities and good citizenship. They strive hard even though they may not gain. To belong to this organization one must take a course in Civil Government and be a good gossipier.

The Men and Women's Glee Clubs promote good eartraining for Humboldt and get us used to going to class with cotton in our ears.

The Royal Order of the Barn Door is perhaps the most useful organization in the school for promoting sore ribs et cetera. To join this promising fraternity one has only to get the bookstore manager mad.

The Press Club of Humboldt is a newly formed organization that is almost as bad as the Astronomy Club. It is composed of all members of the newspaper staff. And may be joined by anyone who is interested enough to promote the Rooter by writing for it. It is a terrible club as it is composed



Pessimistic Pete is wondering if he should have had a bigger cushion.

Is the End of the World Near?

From all indications we had better get our our harps and put in a few hours of hard practice before the end comes. This steady westerly wind and general depression in the weather forebodes no good for the people of the world. Undoubtedly the end is near. The long looked for event is almost near if we can judge by the signs. It has long been predicted that the world was due to come to a sudden end. And now every sign points toward a sudden demise for the whole universe. Starting from our original premise of the strong and steady west wind, we find other things to corroborate this; a general depressive atmosphere where ever we go; a general depression all over the country; poor radio reception; and then too there is that prediction made long ago by the famous Greek philosopher and tragedian, Throphilus, that the world would end lay the 13th at 12 o'clock midnight. But dont give up hope for that is not passed. According to the old calender and allowing for the two holidays, the fourth of July and Armistice, that would make it today that the fatal occurrence is due. So run home and grab your harp and practice and pary. There ought to be lots of competition for the places on the bandwagon with so many candidates. We are sorry but we will not have room to give the ohords for most popular pieces that you will be called upon to play. But remember; be original and you will have no cause to worry. Men and femmes too.

Pray, why the large handkerchief?
For crying out loud.

Be optimistic.

Be optimistic; do not let the blues get hold of you. Remember when the skies look blackest, you can always end it all and leave your worries to someone else to bother with. A drink of wood alcohol is quite effective, strichnine is always good. Start the car in the garage and breathe deeply of the pure CO that emirates from the exhaust. A really modern and romantic way is to up in an airplane and step out at a considerable height without the aid of a parachute. Just think, you could not have done that fifty years ago. For you could not get in the air jump. Of course if youre Scotton want to avoid the expense of the plane ride, you can always stop breathing and it is quite effective too. This is an excellent way to get publicity too; it is cheap and effective, particularly if you try some original method. So really now why be pessimistic with all this to look forward to?

HERE
LIES



Snat-ches from a scientific lecture of two thousand thirty.

Lecturer--"Ladies and gentle men, I am about to raise the curtain and disclose for you a spectacle that has not been exposed to the human vision for just a century. I has been preserved just as it was before it breathed its last gulping breath. When you gaze upon this degenerate and grotesque apparition, you will not believe that at one time it was immense; that its influence enveloped and was the pride of an entire college. Now ladies and gentle men, hold tight to the arms of your chair and gaze upon this poor unfortunate and long since forgotten individual" He draws the curtain and exhibits to the curious and ready-to-be-amused group of typical 2030 moderns the diminutive and distorted and almost unrecognizable figure of what, a century ago had been known as the quickly disappearing Humboldt "School Spirit."

PESSIMISTIC FETE PURRS

Speaking of everlasting romances, this school has just about as many of them inflicted upon it as the suffering population can stand. But with the general depression which pervades this institution we feel sure that sooner or later the following couples will be engaged in private wars. However we wish them luck.

Helen and Ed.
Mickey and Rollo
Ben and Lois
Vada and ab.
Helen and Bonahan.
Etc.

Paul Ely seems to be trying to make the grade with Natalie Thornton. Well why bother Paul? Just as soon as you get a woman nicely trained some other bird will come along and date her out, especially if she's a blonde.

Pinky was heard making inquiries as to whether or not he could invite a guest to go to the Oregon Caves with the Geology class. We hear that you can Pinky, but why do you care? After you get her there, she is likely to leave you for some other fellow, and it is expensive anyway.

Last week Sadie was around school, and the little Clary boy showed that he does have a soft spot in his heart even in it wasn't for Humboldt women. Well, she's gone back to the city, now, and Clary had better start worrying about competition from others besides localities.

NOTICE TO SENIORS

The order for the caps and gowns will be sent off tomorrow. If you have not been measured, see Asta Gullberg, or Marjorie Small at once.

The diploma fee of \$2.60 is now due in the office.

Everyone planning to attend the Senior Banquet, May 29, must sign the notice on the bulletin board by tomorrow. Each Senior is entitled to bring one guest.

Dumb: What animal is known to practice the most rigid economy?
Well: The skunk, who makes every scent count.

PERMANENT HEADING FOR ROOTER CHOSEN BY STUDENTS

The heading which is now published on the Rooter, was chosen by popular vote, to be used as the permanent heading for the paper. The votes were cast Tuesday noon at the bookstore.

The heading was drawn by P.J. Salles, who could have done much better, we think. Especially if we could get her to really sit down and work. But as the heading was voted to be the best there, we will have to let it do.

The calculus class took the second derivative or something of a window this morning. Anyway, only part of the window is left.

We aren't going to have many jokes this time because we feel too pessimistic and besides the editor broke his mirror.

-----at least there is one optimist in school! We heard Clyde Curry say--

There's two good looking guys in school--

I'll make my statement clearer; The first is me--the second's my Reflection in the mirror.

Pessimistic Phoebe wants to know if you have heard about the absent minded student who took notes on the commencement lecture.

Little Girl: I'm not going to play with Johnnie any more.
Mother: Why, what's the matter?

I thought you and Johnnie were good friends.

Little Girl: We were, but we were playing a game and he kicked me in the stomach when I had my back turned toward him.

Denny Willis: Dont you scream, girl!
Marjorie Monroe: Why not, pray?
D.W.: All right, pray then, but it wont do you any good!

"I've got a Sherlock Holmth tooth,"
lispd Lily.

"What sort of a tooth is that?"
"Slooth."

"Well, folks, I must be off,"
said the lady as the guard led her to the asylum.