

Humboldt Lumberjack

HUMBOLDT STATE COLLEGE in the REDWOOD EMPIRE

Wednesday, November 7, 1945

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE NEXT WEEK

President Gist Announces HSC Construction Plans

In a few months or so, even our high and mighty seniors will begin to have a hard time finding their way around. There'll be quite a few changes made. Besides being repaired, our Alma Mater will have some fine additions made to it.

First of all, the buildings will get a bright new coat of paint on the outside—no more war time camouflage!! Plans have also been made for the completion of the stadium, the new fence, seats and sprinklers—possibly a separate water system for the football field. The roadways around the campus will be greatly improved. Many minor repairs are also on the list, including repairs to the present leaky decks north of the library and south of the present auditorium. \$50,000 are available for these needed projects.

Of the several new buildings planned, the first to be constructed, is the industrial arts, which will be located on the site of the old Messenger Apartments, across the street and east of the north end of the training school. This will have all the facilities for lumber work, drawing, painting, pottery, and woodworking.

In place of the present little gym and the co-op, there'll be a fine new library, which will have a modern reading room or reference, cataloging, and work rooms and new offices. Another fine point about the new library is that there will also be a comfortable listening room for phonograph records. The present library is to be used as a reference and stacking room.

The blueprints for a new science building are complete. It's to be constructed where the shop is now. It will have a lecture room with a capacity of one hundred and new offices and storage rooms. Besides having labs for physics, chemistry, bacteriology, micro-technique, zoology, and botany, a fine new greenhouse is planned, south of the new botany lab.

The co-op will be moved temporarily into one of the present science rooms. It is hoped that there will be a new co-op built on the tentatively selected site in the eucalyptus grove west of the north end of the main building. A new auditorium, with a seating capacity of six hundred, is eventually going to be erected south of the present Little Apartments facing east and extending through the entire block from Pine St. to Sequoia Avenue.

The plans for all of these constructions are complete, though the money at present is available only for the new industrial arts, the library, and the new science buildings. The contractors have refused to bid on any project at this time. They are waiting until there



Marge Kemper Returns From WAC Service

Marge Kemper, a former student of Humboldt State, has recently returned after spending over a year in the W.A.C.'s. Marge left Humboldt in 1943 and entered the army in the following year. Military service took her to such places as Australia, New Guinea, Layte, and Manila.

As a Sergeant in the W.A.C.'s, Marge admits that she wouldn't have missed it for the world. It was quite an adventure for her. Marge hopes to enter the University of Missouri, where she will take courses in journalism. Humboldt students will remember her for her fine work as editor of the Lumberjack.

New Dates For Fall Play

Mrs. Gayle Karshner, director of the fall play, "Icebound," wishes to announce that the dates for the play have been shifted to Thursday and Friday nights, December 6th and 7th.

There is also a need for props and costumes. The period in which the play occurs, follows the first world war. If you have anything in the way of properties or costumes, please notify Mrs. Karshner or John Van Duzer, head of the stage construction.

W.A.A. meeting tomorrow!

"Little Symphony" Is Organized

Under the direction of Charles Fulkerson, a musical group, entitled "Little Syhphony," has been organized. The orchestra, consisting of the entire resources of the county, is now under way. Music teachers of Humboldt County have given of their time to help make the orchestra a success. Mrs. Lloyd Anderson of Fortuna High School, and Mr. Carl Stone of Eureka are both members.

The following persons are members of the orchestra: Violins, Mrs. L. Anderson, Doris Eikleberry, Millicent Carroll, Mary Ann Pinches, Mr. C. Stone, and Betty Rees; Violas, Mrs. Griffith and Dr. Marcell Spetz; Cellos, Frances Brizard, Jean Fulkerson, and Ann Murphy; String Bass, Ula Westburg; Clarinets, Marilee McCrea, Bernice Shields, and Marilyn Brizard; Flutes, Doris McCann and Peggy Brookins; Oboe, Elma Arnold; French Horns, Barbara Fisher and Joyce Bruner; Trumpets, Laurald Stebbins and Don Celli; Trombones, Charles Farrar and Mary Dolf; Timpany, Mary Meyer.

Practice has begun on Beethoven's "First Symphony," G Minor, "Fugue" by Bach, and Grieg's "Last Spring."

Mr. Fulkerson considers the string section one of the best, but announces that there is still room for more members here. He calls attention to the "Little Symphony" as an enthusiastic and hard working group, of which, much may be expected.

Ski Club Is Now Organizing

After several years of inactivity, the Ski Club has once again re-organized. At its first meeting, officers were elected as follows: President, Kenny Atwood; Vice-president, Pat Wright; and Secretary-Treasurer, Shirley Thompson. Members of the club have made two trips to their lodge on Grouse Mt. to make it ready for the coming snow season. Dr. Lanphere is the faculty advisor of the group.

Two Scholarships Are Awarded

Two music scholarships, in the sum of fifty dollars each, have been awarded to Marilee McCrea and Virginia Lopez, students of Humboldt State College.

Tryouts for the awards were held on Friday, October 26; Miss McCrea played Bach 'B Flat Major in Vention'; 'Malguena' was played by Miss Lopez. Both were piano pieces.

"Dogpatchers" To Invade HSC In True Oakie Style

Come on gal, and git yure man. Yep! that's right, the annual Sadie Hawkins is coming next Friday night, October 16. The dance will be held in the H.S.C. gymnasium, and Sal Nygard will be present to supply the music. Those in charge of the affair are: Decorations, Phyllis Carroll and Betty Tupper; Tickets, Lorris Baumgartner and Cathey Suckanek; Refreshments, Red Hunt and Bud Cloney; Publicity, Perky Milnes and Anna Murphy.

Here are the rules; and they must be followed.

Girls:

1. Must pay all expenses that evening.
2. Rules of etiquette must be reversed.
3. Furnish corsages.
4. Must wear appropriate costume.

Boys:

1. Must wait for girl to make first move.
2. Must play posies on the wall until asked to dance.
3. Have privilege of coming stag.
4. Levis and plaid shirts.

The price of the dance will be fifty cents per person. Plenty of food, fun, and fellowship for all. Yah man!

W A A Hockey Under Way

The weather man gave hockey players a break last week, and three games were played. The Frosh Green was victorious over the Sophs in the first game of the season. This was a rugged, hard, tough game, mainly because of the field, but also because of the hockey traits of various. In the second game, the Sophs lost again—this time to the Frosh Gold. The sophs played shorthanded in both games, and were certainly not outplayed by the Frosh.

Another game played between the Upperclassmen and the Frosh Green proved a 2-0 victory for the upperclassmen. More games are planned for the future, so come on down. It's really fun to watch!

W.A.A. To Hold Fruit Sale

On November 8, the W.A.A. will sponsor a fruit sale; the students of Humboldt are asked to buy as much fruit as possible. Lois Molander is the chairman of the affair.

Other activities under way are a Reducing Club, and Play Day next Spring.

Thanksgiving holidays are coming: November 22-25.

Alan Bartlett Is Candidate For West Point

On Sunday, October 28, Alan Bartlett, a freshman at Humboldt State, received word from Congressman Clarence F. Lea that he had been appointed as a third alternate to West Point from this district.

Alan took the West Point entrance examination during the summer in Eureka, and, after waiting for months, received this good news in the form of a telegram.

Many Hoop Prospects At HSC

With the pigskin parade going into its final month throughout the nation, sports stalwarts of HSC are looking around the corner to the approaching basketball season. This year, prospects are very high. Laurald Stebbins, Francis Smigle, and Keith Lansing, all vets of last year; Lon Longholm, a vet of the Golden Age of Humboldt; Jack Mowat and Theron Carothers, former Fortuna High players; and Red Hunt and Bud Cloney from Eureka are all star prospects for the coming season. Others who will be around when Coach Bohler posts his first call for court candidates, are Wally McMillan, Kenny Atwood, "Sweet-pea" Narron, and "Georgia" Williams.

Thus far, the schedule is incomplete; only four games with Chico State are being definitely arranged. However, it is expected that games with San Francisco State, Cal Aggies, and Southern Oregon, will be scheduled in the near future.

College "Y" Plans Socials

The College "Y" has planned a full calendar for the remainder of the semester. Social Chairman, Don Ray, is in charge of a weiner roast to be held in November, and a Christmas party sometime in December. The group is also planning a radio program on the topic of world peace.

Herby Laursen, who was a student at Humboldt last term, is back visiting with us. Herby is on an extended leave until January or February. He has been in Utah under the Army Specialized Training Reserve program, attending the University of Utah.

Humboldt Lumberjack

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR Donald Ray
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR Theron Carothers
 WOMEN'S SPORTS ANNA BABLER
 MEN'S SPORTS Charles Petersen
 Reporters: Betty Tupper, Perky Milnes, Anne Murphy,
 Marilyn Brizard, Mary Dolf, Mary Meyer, Patty Murray,
 Charles Sutton, Bob Farrar, Laurald Stebbins, Kenny
 Liscomb.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Frances Brizard
 Associate Charles Petersen
 Circulation Clara Ann White
 Exchange Mary Meyer

Editorial

On a Tuesday afternoon in August of this year, millions of people thronged the streets in the greatest of rejoicing; the war had come to an end. What a day! I know that I was so darned happy that I wanted to tear the house apart. (and I did).

Peace meant a lot of things to me: I could continue my education without fear of having my arm or leg blown off; my cousins and uncles would soon be coming home; and everyone in this whole cockeyed world could face the future with a smile. It was a good feeling to think of these things, and even better when I learned that everyone felt the same way.

I was reading through a magazine the other day, and found that 34 million dollars had been raised in the purchase of Bonds during 1944-45 by college kids alone; 34 million dollars that went to make a new armistice reality. You kids, through your benevolence and patriotism, helped in this great job; and victory is your doing just as much as any fighting man.

Now, however, an even greater

problem is facing us; the problem of post war reconstruction. Many wonderful ideas have been brought up to help in this great task, but money will be the necessary factor in all cases. So kids, our government is asking us to dig down deep and pull out that extra money we were saving for a soda or a movie and once again donate it to the Victory Loan committee. Our government is asking us to buy bonds so that our post-war plans can be carried out to the extent planned. Hospitals, reconversion, U. S. O.'s, etc., are all a part of post-war planning, and believe me it's a job. So let's co-operate now. We did it before when we were in the midst of war, so let's do it again now that the blessings of peace are actually ours.

Steppin and Limpin

As Jay Van Booser once said, "Your column is nothing but dog-rol, or nonsense." So we shall start in our characteristic form.

High on top of a windy hill, we can absorb the great expansion of the Humboldt Bay mud flats. To the lower left of us we see one of the janitors shaking his can (paint). Egad! What is that? It's only Dr. Lanppear and his fatty acids out looking for ants in the janitor's plants. We now see Dr. Lanppear's class advancing alone. Where has the Dear Doctor gone? Whoops! There he is now, triumphantly clutching a Black eyed Susan in his left hand, and a scrappulary acea in the other left hand. You didn't know he had two left hands, did you!

From vantage pernt, we can also see the tennis quarts. There is knocking of knees as knot-need Wally Tudor sprints after a fast bawl and diffly bats the ball across the net with his left ear. John Parrish. Nuff said. His profile looks like a piece of paper

Ramona

On entering a dance hall, you are immediately aware of rhythmic noise made by a group of men using various complex noise makers. Whether Sam's Sour Six, or, as sometime happens, good dance music, the result is seen in couples drifting about the floor demonstrating their various foot-works. Many problems are encountered before, during, and after each dance causing the initiate worry, embarrassment, and confusion. The basic problem for the girl is the boy; the boy: the girl. (you follow me? OK. You're way ahead anyway.

Girls! Don't lend him. I know men don't amount to much nowadays, and you are stronger than he, but give the poor devil a chance. Don't try out new steps on him. After all, he may have learned to dance watching a Burlesque show. Don't try to bowl him over with an over dose of "catch-em-quick" perfume. If he can't dance, don't smirk behind his back. . . there might be mirrors around, and the next time he compresses your toe with his foot, it will be no accident! Don't make catty remarks about other girls when he is defenseless in your arms. When stag at a dance, don't expect a shy male to come and pick you out of a bunch of drooling, giggling, gossiping hens. . . eerr girls. Don't dance with me. . . I'm a heck of a dancer.

Boys! Remember, you may want to dance with her again some time. Keep off toes; don't squeeze her to death; don't dance so far away that she begins to wonder if she is dancing alone; don't smoke while dancing. You might set her wig on fire! Don't pardon yourself each time you cave in her arches. Don't be afraid to put your arms around her. You lead a horse with a rein, not radar.

twined edge-wise. But he isn't too thin.

Jack Bolger was seen limping down the hall, because he had been out throwing his boomerang and it always came back in the end.

Did you ever hear of the man whose wife divorced him? She clamed he kicked her rump while playing bridge.

We are very ashamed our ourselves: a great mistake was made in our last issue. That ink bottle belonged to Warren Blake. Ray and Blake are meeting at dawn tomorrow morning;----a mutual agreement will be made at that time. Aren't men the silliest things, though!



Dear Miss Hix

Dere Miss Hicks:
 I am riting thisz two yu four addvice. Eye no that youshully on-ley the men are two dum two solve there problems, butt we wimmin hev reely got difikult questshuns to ask yu. Now the Sadie Hawkins Day dance is purty soon. I hev grately addmired (frum a distunce) then nobull caractor, Bed Bump. I no hee probabley has knot knowtuced me, all tho I trip him and bash his skull in to attract his atenshun. I've reely got it bad, Miss Hicks, his flaming read hare, like a car-rot patsh in Uncle Barfugs silo, is the mane atraksun four me. Butt he seams to prefer Goonie Blonner, who pawsitively reeks with beauty. Shud eye overlook thisz and esk hem to the dance with mee? I got a shotgun in kase he refooseze mee.

Yours desparatly,
 Blois Bloomgartner.
 My dear Miss Bloogarder:
 I realize your problem . . . it is as old as the day is long. My heart weeps buckets for you, you poor little thing. I can tell, from your sincere little billet-doux, that you are a shy, sweet, and coy little flower from the old south. However, my dear, if Mr. Bump is entranced by the beauty of Miss Blonner, there is very little you can do; unless, of course, you use that shot gun to dispose of her. Last week, a shy male sent in a letter saying that he had B. O.,

and knew that no girl would ask him to the dance. His name is Blimpy Tisicum. If you have a gas mask, may I suggest that you contact the young gentleman. His picture may be found on the wall of any post office. After all, my dear, one on the wall is worth two in a brawl. Why not ask him to go. I am quite convinced that you two would make a charming couple.

As for Miss Blonner, if your yearning for Mr. Bump is too great, why not hit her over the head and grab him. After all, its every woman for herself. If neither of these suggestions work, I suggest that you shoot yourself. You will find plenty of eligible men down below.

Your hopefully,
 Eleanora Hix.

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Gymn Gossip

Sarah Ann Wakefield is one of the best "goalies" out this year—she really has a powerful arm. Pauline Gushaw is a swell center half, a little rough, but in a game like hockey . . . what's that? Another good player is Perky Milnes. Marj Buckman is also in there digging. Phyllis Carroll, Marjorie Keating, and Helen Whittet are right behind her.

Other good turnouts for this year's hockey, were Audrey Fisher, Bernice Shields, Alene Beers and Mary Dolf for the Sophomores; Jean Ziegenhein, Sis Thompson, and Helen Millios for the upperclassmen.

Saw Miss Fielding down coaching the Frosh in one of their games, so the other teams had better beware.

There will be a Student body meeting tomorrow. All students are expected to attend.

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First Rubber Shipment Arrives



The nation's first shipment of rubber from the Pacific since Pearl Harbor, produced under the very noses of the Japanese in the Philippines, recently arrived at San Francisco. Forty-two tons of the precious crude stock was shipped from the Pathfinder plantation of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber company in Mindanao.

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Interviews

An infectious grin . . . laughing grey eyes . . . five feet four inches of bubbling vitality . . . president of the W.A.A. . . . Of course, it's Annie Babler! After practically hot-tying our vivacious and charming Annie, we managed (almost by force as she's a shy little maid) to exact the following information.

Born in the year 1926, Anna Babler came into the world howling: "Give me a hockey stick!" She is an educational product of the Arcata school system; nevertheless, a resident of McKinleyville. He favorite pastime now is hockey, with basketball running a close second. Her pet peeve, in fact her only peeve, is hypocrisy.

Annie, now a junior, has been active in Student government, Sports, and is sports editor of the Lumberjack. With all of this, she is also a pledge to the Chi Sigma Epsilon honor society.

Giving this advice to frosh and new students, "Participate in as

Kampus Kats

Well, here's another issue gone by. They had to stick me in somewhere, even though my life is in danger after last issue. Oh well, that's life I guess.

We are glad that Don and Marcille have finally patched things up. Poor Wally, his love life has included one jinx after another. I hear Perky Milnes is having a time for herself these days. "I always did like Eureka boys," says she.

Bert and Lois Molander make a cute couple. Hope something comes of it. This I can not understand: Why were Jerry Abby and Don Ray at the Halloween party together? I guess Ella hasn't quite forgotten Redding yet. C. Kathy seems to be playing the field these days! Let me see, Tom,

many activities as possible, and don't forget to join the Sarah Davies' Polar Bear Club!" Annie bounded off on her merry way.

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Theron, etc. etc. etc. . . . need I go on?

Marna Murphy is happy these days! her man has come home. Yah man! The curtain fell on another blighted romance a few weeks ago. Oh well, Parrish always was happier on the lone wolf type! Alene Beers can't make up her mind. First its Dayton, then its Dayton, then again its Dayton. I wonder if Anna Babler really got those bruises from a hockey stick? Shirley Sweet wishes me to announce that she is open for "friendship dates."

Monsieurs Bartlett and Peterson are attracting quite a lot of attention these days. I wonder if "mama" McCrea has heard from Lubber lips yet?

Well, this winds up the column for today. More scandals next issue . . . if I'm alive.

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ARCATA

Halloween Ante-Does

Mirth and laughter filled the streets of dear Arcata, as the Humboldt boys and girls went forth for an evening's fun. One could see the terrified shop-keepers on their knees in prayers as the students, well armed with bombs, hatchets, and fire hoses, thronged the streets. One poor shop keeper shook so hard that his teeth became a part of the pavement.

I saw that glorious conga-line through Mrs. Karshner's house. What a woman! what a rug! Poor Marilee McCrea had blotches of ketchup on her back. "She looked as if she had been stabbed" screamed Mrs. K. The ketchup came from compliments of the Chili Bowl. One could see Hazel and Doug carrying a huge sign up the hill. It was placed very neatly in the yard of Dean Murf. Three hundred cars stopped for gasoline the next day. I hear Murf did a huge business.

One could also see Ray, Mouat, and Shore ascending the decaying stairs of a vacant house. A ladder was seen being pushed out across a balcony. A lantern was attached to the end. It was lighted . . . it was red. Nuff said!

Many of our sturdy men stopped in front of the various bars and held revival meetings. The conventional Salvation Army songs could be heard echoing across the mud flats. I think they would have converted somebody, had the girls not come and forced them to form a circle in the middle of the street. They began to dance around, and bellowed forth with the various renditions of "Bangin' Away on Lulu." I wonder who put

Uncle Sam's Most Expensive Private First Class



Fig. Arthur Griser, insert, whose wife and 11 children are shown awaiting his return from Europe to their Pittsfield, Pa., home. They have been married 12 years and have three sets of twins among their 11 children. Their army allotment of \$280 a month is believed to be the highest paid to any private first class. Griser is just as anxious to return to his family as the paymaster is to be relieved of this expensive soldier.

that pile of bushes in the middle of the street? I hear a man fell through a manhole and broke his neck. (to divulge any further information on these things would be telling). All in all, it was a sober evening. But what fun!

"Muscles" Wurche could be seen swinging back and forth on the various sign posts. "Just getting in practice for the Sadie Hawkins Dance," she screamed. Patty Dumm was determined to keep

away from alcoholic beverages that evening. "Lead me to it," she screamed, lead me to it."

I hear the Varsity was minus a few coke glasses during the evening. Ray and Williams must have quite a collection by this time. More darn fun at the dorm, until J. V. D. (no relation to BVD) put an end to it. A few doors were tied together and an ironing board was placed against a door, in hopes that someone would have a

Men's Party Is Success

Last Friday night, November 2, the Men's Association sponsored a Halloween party, the results of which were very successful. The party was held in the HSC gymnasium from eight through midnight.

Neil Frost, president of the association, appointed Kenny Liscomb as a general chairman of the affair; the following committees were then appointed for the preparation: Music, Don Williams; Refreshments, Tom Spence (and good food, too!); Decorations, Francis Smigle; and program chairman, Ernie Lekay.

The program consisted of a hog-calling contest between several women, apple ducking, potato racing, dancing, and pie eating contests. The grand finale to the affair came when Don Ray, his mouth filled with chocolate cream pie, kissed Phyllis Peugh on the cheek.

Junior Class Has Elections

The members of the Junior Class recently elected new officers with the following results: President, Shirley Sweet; Vice-president, Virginia Coeur; and Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Wurche.

The Juniors are planning noon dances, beginning November 9, and an admission of five cents will be charged. If enough people turn out, these dances will continue. Biscuit sales are also planned for the future.

It's your co-op. Why not keep it clean.

black eye the next morning. Ah yes! to be young again. Well, see you next Halloween.

Chili Bowl Cafe

Under new management of Teri Robison

Steaks — Fried Chicken
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New Store Hours
11:00 a. m. to 2:00 a. m.

Wittiest remark of the week:
At a recent student-council meeting, Anna Babler was quite frustrated over a coming issue:
Anna: "I have something I wish to bring up."
Kenny Liscomb: "Burp!"

We are sorry to hear that Lorraine Hathaway's father passed away recently. Lorraine has been at her home for the past few days, and we are glad to have her back.

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