Successful college life is based on understanding. Understanding is based on contacts. Contacts may be meager or rich. A weekly college news magazine offers to each student and faculty member, in the few minutes it takes to read the magazine, a rich contact with the life of the college.

A student may be thinking that the college has too few activities and that the extracurricular life is too little emphasized. Perhaps the trouble lies in the individual student and not in the student body as a whole. Perhaps the student has isolated himself too much through the lack of contacts. The news magazine may bring to such a student a wider understanding of what is available for him in activities and stimulate him to break his shell of solitude and become a participating member of the group.

On the other hand, publicity concerning the various college activities may be valuable for the activities themselves. Students in an activity have a natural pride in having the activity successful. An unprejudiced report by a college reporter as to what the group did last week may stimulate more interest for next week.

Last, the news magazine provides an activity in itself for students interested in writing. Every activity added to our extracurricular list means valuable education for more students.

---President Swetman---

What's in a Name??

What shall I appeal to? Your school spirit? Maybe. Your interest in me? Perhaps. Ah! I have it! Your pocketbook!

Here's the proposition: Suggest a name for me—if adopted you get the year's subscription just for an idea! As a certain professor often remarks, "The train leaves next Friday"—get your suggestions in by then. My name should be original, distinctive, decorous, and not too long. —The Nameless Humboldt Paper.

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Frosh Election.

Melvin Pinkham defeated Clyde Patenaude in the race for Frosh class president by the narrow margin of a flip of the coin! Patenaude was elected vice president and Rudolph Kaski secretary-treasurer at Thursday's meeting and election.

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First Football! Don't forget this Saturday, Humboldt's out to beat Santa Rosa!
The (see next week's issue) for names published weekly, except during vacation, by the Student Body of the Humboldt State Teachers College.

Subscription rates fifty cents a semester for college students and seventy-five cents a semester for extra-college subscribers.

-- STAFF --

Lawrence Morris - - - Editor
Ethel Sweet - - - Asst. Editor
Lanita Jewett - - - Art and Make-up Editor
Richard Derby - Business Manager
Alvin Burns - Asst. Bus. Manager
George Gregory - " "
Maurice Hicklin - - - Advisor

Reportorial list:
Hayes, Spellenberg, Balabanis, Nix, "Good, Lee, Burns, Keason, Keltner, Sallee, Tackitt, Fick, H. Inskip, Foster, Finne, Cooper, rider, Palmer, Lorgan, Joe, Key, Do Luca, Dedini, Cooper, Woolner, Edwards, Nall List, Gregerson Ko­Connell, Schussman, Burger, and Gottrell.

The reportorial staff is, as yet, only tentative. Everyone who will and can is urged to contribute. Those best qualified will be named heads of departments. The students should regard this paper as a forum where they can air any grievances, ideas, or opinions they may have.

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Here is your paper and now that the first issue is out, the staff is anxious for suggestions and criticisms. "We know only too well that we probably are finding mistakes, but the first issue, like the first day of teaching, is, we hope, the hardest. A school paper belongs to all the students, not to the editor or the manager, or to any other staff member. Our paper, too, will be what Humboldt students make it.

We'll do our best—you help us, make your criticism constructive, subscribe, and then the paper cannot help succeeding.

To judge by the amount of material submitted for this issue Humboldt students are either exceedingly modest, busy, or lazy—we hope modest. Now please don't be bashful—about some poetry, give the library some good advertising with a book review; remember that many among in English do something! If it's good, everyone will be aware of your literary success; it's really impossible, only the editor will see it. Nothing to lose and everything to gain!

"Oh, but I'm not clever", the bright little boy remarks. Say, boys; if one-half the people who write wise-cracks on the bulletin board notices would begin reporting for their school paper, the editor could rest in peace forever.

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Recompense Meritee.

The credit for the publication of this paper is due principally to Mrs. Lanita Jewett. The idea was started by her initiative and developed by her energy. It was she who worked out the organization and course of procedure. Most of the different features are the results of her suggestions. She has also done the drawing for this issue.

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--OCTOBER--

The leaves are falling softly to the ground,

Falling softly all around:

Whirling downward to the call

Of the breezes, whispering it is fall:

Gold and scarlet, tan and brown

Swirling, twirling, down and down,

Until at last they find a rest

Upon the earth's sweet welcoming breast.

--M. L. K.--
Did you know that the student body emerged victorious from the tennis tournament held several weeks ago? The only set the faculty won was the women's singles in which Miss Herron defeated P.J. Salles 6-0, 8-6.

The mixed doubles team composed of Dot Wrigley and Richie Johnston submerged Betsee Martin and Fred Telonicher 6-2, 6-4. Teddy Thomas won the men's singles 6-3, 6-0, from Mr. Graves in one of the fastest matches played. 

**DATES: 11-14-36**

**FORUM: ALL-AMERICAN C.C.**

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**H.S.T.C. Spirit is an ever-lasting spirit as was well shown by the number of alumni who attended St. Mary's game. From every part of Humboldt county, and even from Mendocino, came the "gone but never forgotten" alumni.

Seated on the bleachers with the regular student body, the alumni rooted with that "pep" for which they have always been noted. Marion Cooper from Crescent City was so thrilled that she started down to the Humboldt goal to cheer the team by herself.

Lee Sims of Ferndale continually wondered what was wrong with her voice as it seemed that she was not making any noise, although her neighbors thought she had brought a megaphone.

Rose Mary Regid from Coffee Creek pounded the poor man in front of her so hard that he had to get up and move.

Elta Curtwright from Petrolia did not let a mere Ford keep her away. Friday night faithful "Cartwheels" started off so as to be on the bleachers Saturday afternoon. She won, too.

Four alumni boys attending Stanford this year are Walter Dolfini, Allan McCurdy, Kelvin Peterson, and Kelvin Shuster.

It seems that "Pat" Lawson has decided that "two can live cheaper than one", and has taken unto himself a wife.

Lorna Cochrane is home from the Hawaiian Islands, where she attended summer school at the University of Hawaii.

Min Salisbury is teaching school in Weitchpec, where she has to ride twelve miles on horseback to get to her school.

Many people have inquired about our old bookstorer keeper "Jelly" Collins. He is attending the University of California.
Gawluff

Everybody is playing golf around here now. You know what I mean. They take a little crooked stick and push a little white ball around the lawn in the court. It's a hard game, hard on the lawn, and on your temper. It's a great game; look out, or you'll be neglecting the library too some fine day. According to Will Rogers or somebody or other, it takes a little skill, a lot of luck, and a little swearing to play that great Scotch game. Poor Scotchman!

Speaking of expense, we wonder who did pay for the club we use. Miss Herron says that the W.A.A. did. We boys thank you girls.

Betty Martin says that if you want to learn to play, just come around and she'll show you what not to do. We appreciate this too.

Maybe forty years from now we will be able to amble around at the country club pushing the pill among the hills and weeds in order to keep down the avoirdupois.

Yes, after all, there really are a lot of things worse than golf, such as studying or going to class.

---THE TREE---

To thee, 0 tree, within whose sphere
A heaven's enchanted gift,
Our praises raise no thought of fear
To God our praise we lift.

Your branches that you spread so wide
Was roof thatch in the day,
To make that comfort which inside
"Our house," for children's play.

The nests within your branches high,
With young ones peeping out,
The father bird, when we were nigh,
Gave a warning like a shout.

The mistletoe your branches hung
Was sought for Christmas Eve,
The snow from off your top was flung
When robins took their leave.

'Tis true, 0 tree, I'm getting old,
And older true are thee,
As dear to me as miser's gold,
Are you, old aged tree.

Oft is the time I touched your limbs
While skyward on my swing,
This memory of delight now dims,
As time flees as on wing.

And now, my friend, no green is found
On branch that's high now low,
As I walk by on sacred ground,
I, too, am soon to go.

---Ruth Morgan---

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GAWLUFF

Fae Clark, watching golfers:
Fae: Just made a hole in one.
Evan Akins: What did she make a hole in?
Fae: In one.
Evan: I know, but in one what?

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Spiering wondered who had frowned at him when he was told that Mother Nature gave him a dirty look.

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George Crichton: May I have the last dance?
Mildred Moe: You've had it.

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Herbie: Do you like cuddling?
Aileen: (who was caught on the Kipling joke once): What has he written?

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Gotta chew?
Now. Do it of my own accord.

---Cajoler---
Now boys and girls don't be disappointed if your name isn't in this column today. It's not lack of knowledge but merely lack of space! There's no use being secret about your escapades for they will be revealed in this column, after being discovered by our tireless reporter's infallible snooper.

He has discovered that Kas Nellist is spending a great deal of her time "sitting out" her periods with a certain freshman. We think he's handsome too, Kas.

There is an old saying, "Putting two and two together." We suggest "Put one and one together" and you get news for this column. The scandalmonger sees Frances G. and Melvin P. together quite often.

Then too, we are interested in the fact that Leo Sullivan drives a Ford that isn't his own. It looks suspiciously like Lyn's.

We have heard that Gene Smith has a heart-flutter for red hair now. We like it too, and there are some mighty nice "flames" around.

The peek-a-boo bird tells us that Cecil Burke took Velma Lowden out to lunch the other day.

Golf putting is disguising another romance. We wonder why Milum and Lena need so much practice.

The scandal-bound observes that Bessie McConnell has been knocking "em" for a row. The latest we have seen toppling are T.J., Reuel, and Max Todd.

Shh! We just saw something new on Edith Cameron's left hand. Look for yourself if you're curious.

That's about enough for this issue. Your turn's next. REWARE of the peek-a-boo bird.

---THE DEAD CITY---

By Alvin Burns

Many miles to the southeast of Humboldt county, in a dreary land, lies the Dead City, sleeping deep down among silent mountains, while the rest of the troubled world rolls on.

It became a pleasure for me to visit the place, not many months ago; and, living within view of the town, I sighted from a hill-top a valley: some seven miles long, one solid confusion of marble shafts and grave stones. One might think one was looking over a marble quarry, or maybe the ruins of Pompeii, if one's eye was in the least unexperienced. For me, however, my coach driver, a simple, dried-up fossil of humanity, a resident of the county, pointed a skinny finger, informing me that there in the distance lay the City of the Dead.

From the base of some craggy purple mountains issued a thin column of smoke, depositing there where dwell those yet remaining of the living, not as yet fallen in the feud. Thus, I beheld for the first time the City of the Dead.

It is called the City of the Dead, however, for a good enough reason.

(cont'd. next week)