

VOLUME I

ROSTA, CALIFORNIA

OCTOBER 30, 1929

NUMBER I

THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE NEWS MAGAZINE

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 extra-curricular 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

WHAT'S IN A NAME???

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

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.

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.

students interested in writing. Every activity added to our extra-curricular list means valuable education for more students.

--President Swetman--

!! FOOTBALL!! Don't forget this Saturday, Humboldt's out to beat Santa Rosa!

The (see next week's issue for name) 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, Wood, Lee, Burns, Kausen,
 Keltner, Sallee, Tackitt, Fick,
 H. Inskip, Foster, Finne, Cooper-
 rider, Palmgren, Lorgan, Moe, Kay,
 De Luca, Dedini, Cooper, Woolner,
 Edwards, Nellist, Grogerson, Mc-
 Connell, Schussman, Burger, and
 Cottrell.

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.

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 our 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--spout some poetry, give the library some good advertising with a book review; remember that many angels in English do something! If it's good, everyone will be aware of your literary success; if 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, boy; 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

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.

--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. Sallee 6-0, 8-6.

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

FEMININE IMPRESSIONS OF THE HUMBOLDT GLE

-hazy fog against the trees, players like shadows moving about mechanically.

-sickening thuds as body clashed against body. How do they manage to keep their bones intact?

-six enthusiastic Oregon girls yelling excitedly.

-vivid impression of "another bit the dust." How can they endure skidding on their faces?

-a small boy saying excitedly, "Derby always gets his man."

-a cold damp wind. Must move to keep warm.

-a horrible sinking feeling as a man is carried off the field. What a brutal game! Is it worth it?

Interclass Hockey.

The only score in the hockey game played sixth period Thursday between the upper class and sophomore girls was made by Veda Hall, sophomore, in the last of the second score, giving the laurels to the Sophomore class.

(con'd. on page 5)

Play Day will be held November 18th this year at Humboldt, it was decided at the last meeting of the W.A.A. All the high schools will be invited.



H.S.T.C. spirit is an everlasting spirit as was well shown by the number of alumni who attended St. Marys 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 Regal from Coffee Creek pounded the poor man in front of her so hard that he had to get up and move.

Elta Cartwright 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, Melvin Peterson, and Melvin 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 bookstore keeper "Jelly" Collins. He is attending the University of California.



---THE TREE---

To thee, O 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 snows from off your top was
flung
When robins took their leave.

'Tis true, O 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 flies as on wing.

And now, my friend, no green is
found
On branch that's high nor low,
As I walk by on sacred ground,
I, too, am soon to go.

--Ruth Morgan--

GAWL-UFF



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 ne-
glecting the library too some
fine day. According to Will Rog-
ers 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 won-
der who did pay for the clubs we
use. Miss Herron says that the
W.A.A. did. We boys thank you
girls.

Bettie 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.



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

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

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

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

Gotta chew?
Naw. Do it of my own accord.
-Cajoler-

The upperclass line up was: Coombs, GK; Giacomini, LW; Younker (capt), RW; Cooper, F; Cottrell, CF; Gregersen, F; Wright, HB; Harris, HB; Jones, HB; Small, FB; Harper, FB; Dunton and Baldwin subs. The Sophomore team included Tomlinson GK; Russell, F; Hall, CF; Madsen, F; Theophilos, FB; MacMillan, HB; Kausen (capt), HB; Larsen, HB; Mitts and Feurwerker subs.



--THE DEAD CITY--

By Alvin Burns

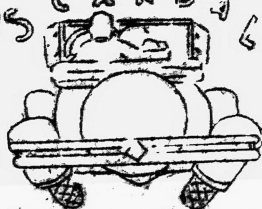
Many miles to the southeast of Humboldt county, in a dreary land, lies the Dead City, sleeping deep down among silent mountains, while the rest of the troubled world rolls on.

It became a pleasure for me to visit the place, not many months ago; and arriving 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 distant purple mountains issued a thin column of smoke, denoting where dwelt 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)

And have you heard of the town that didn't have a cemetery. It was called "The City of the Unburied Dead."



New 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 snoopability.

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 pee-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 Lene need so much practice.

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

Sh! 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: BEWARE of the peek-a-boo bird!

