

BEAT THE COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

Let's see the whole student body out in the bleachers Armistice Day to watch H.S.T.C. beat the College of Pharmacy. The game will be held on the Arcata High School field and will start at 2:30 P.M.

It has been reported that Humboldt holds the margin as St. Mary's beat the druggists 60-0. But altho this is the first time C.O.P. has had a football team they are there with the old fight.

Calloping Pete our best backfield man will be there with flying colors. While Dick Herby, our star lineman, will take his place fighting for old Humboldt.

C'mon Humboldt, let's go!!

HUMBOLDT vs. SANTA ROSA

Battling back and forth thru out the entire game Humboldt State and Santa Rosa Junior College fought their way to a 13-13 tie at Althea Stadium Saturday.

Bill Pederson was the big star of the game gaining 132 yards and paving the way for both of Humboldt's touchdowns.

Harrison, Brantly, Guthridge, Stringfellow and Eton played good games in the backfield. Dobe found a hole in Santa Rosa's line and made yardage when most needed. He also made one of Humboldt's touchdowns.

On the line the Clary brother played like they had an Italian dinner bet on the game. Derby and Gregory played their usual good game, while Sullivan, Brandstetter, and MacMillan were right there when needed and helped to keep the ball rolling.

The Humboldt boys piled up 248 1/2 yards thru scrimmage, compared to 150 for Santa Rosa, completed five passes for 93 yards to four passes for 52 yards by Santa Rosa and made 14 first downs to 10 for the visitors. Humboldt was also penalized five times for 35 yards. Santa Rosa 3 times for 25 yards.

See that question mark at the top of the page? That exemplifies the question raised in the minds of the editorial staff concerning the creative power of the student body. About half a dozen people had gumption enough to suggest names for this paper; we're sorry that none of the names submitted seemed appropriate. While giving due credit to the initiative of these few people, the suggestions, for the most part, seemed rather trite and puerile.

But what was the matter with the other students. If ninety-seven people have enough high qualities to be selected to lead classes in case of an instructor's absence, it seems as if there should be more than six persons who have enough power of suggestion to suggest a name.

We want a name that shall be typical of Humboldt. Such names as the "Madhen" or "Bowwow" won't do. This publication is not intended as a sensational tabloid or yellow journal and names characteristic of such papers are not at all desirable. The purpose of our weekly is to be a medium for expressing student ideas; as such it should show the personality of our college. Our paper must have a name before it can be entered as second class matter at the post office. Remember, a year's subscription or its equivalent goes to the person with the best idea for a name.

Members of the cast and the production staff of Sun Up will be guests of Literati at their first dinner-dance of the semester. The affair has been announced as De Boilermakers Brawl, and will be in underworld costume. A prize is being offered to the couple who succeeds in the best Apache dance.



Lawrence Morris -----Editor
 Ethel Sweet -----Ass't Editor
 Lanita Jewett -----Art and Make-
 up Editor
 Richard Derby -----Bus. Manager
 Alvin Burns -----Asst. Bus. Manager
 George Gregory -----Asst. Bus. Manager
 Maurice Hicklin -----Editor

Sallis, Packitt, H. Inskip, Nit,
 Spellensburg, Salabantis, Hayes,
 Burns, Kansen, Morgan, Wood, Lee,
 Beets, McConnell, Melanson, Neillist
 Gregerson, Baluca, Cooper, Woolner,
 Pedini, Burger, Cottrell, Fick,
 Schussman, Cooperrider, Kay, Palm-
 Bren, Finnis, Foster.

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

Just lay aside your books awhile,
 And listen while I tell
 The story of "College Spirit"
 That elf we love so well.

From lack of proper nourishment
 He's waning fast away
 And we must revive "School Spirit"
 So list to what I say.

With plenty of pep to keep our rep
 From dragging on the ground
 We'll boost this elf, "School Spirit"
 Till its better can't be found.

We'll attend all games and yell
 and sing,
 And give them all a treat,
 Till folks say for that "School
 Spirit"
 Old Humboldt can't be beat.

What is more typical of a young college than originality? Yet, what an appalling lack of originality is shown by our collection of songs and yells! It isn't right. Our repertoire of yells consists mainly of the ones we learned at high school. We have a few new yells now and then, but they are quickly forgotten; we repeat them over two or three times at assemblies and that is the last that is heard of them. And our songs! Even our Alma



Football! Weeks of grinding work culminating in an hour or two of terrific combat; a maelstrom of onslaught and defense where men hammer and pound each other in a struggle for supremacy an hour of painful and wearying toil punctuated by the thud of bodies striking each other and the ground. Crowds cheer wildly while eleven men try to advance a ball across a field by the simple expedient of knocking their opponent out of their way. A great deal of unproductive labor replete with chances of injury. Why football?

But on the other hand, why not? What would we do if we had nothing like football? We could sit in easy chairs and read stories of action if we needed excitement or saw some wood if we needed exercise. But these would be rather poor substitutes. We need something to relieve the monotony of study and a magazine story could not do that. The big huskies who play football need something besides unadorned exercise. The training in group action, coordination, submergence of the individual for the good of the group; the physical training, and the like gives them something they could not get otherwise. Men like praise for worthy efforts, but how much adulation would an expert at sawing wood receive as compared to that accorded a star football player? The thrill and pride of belonging to a college that has a good football team can not be equalled by the sense of merely going to college. Of course football is but a small factor in college affairs, but it helps a lot to make a college what it is.

Mater is a rehash of another college's song--Cornell's "High Above Cayuga's Waters." "On, O Humboldt" is from "On Wisconsin." "Cheer Boys Cheer" was dragged in by the cat, according to available data. "Out West" is from "Down South", and so on, ad infinitum. It's not that our songs are not good songs. They are. But they are just so unoriginal. We haven't a song that we can truly call our own. What's to be done about



Girls basketball practice has started at Humboldt. Practice is being held every Monday and Wednesday night at seven o'clock in the Arcata high school gym and every Tuesday and Friday during the eighth period at college.

Kas Mellist and Tessie Giacomini are the only ones left of last year's varsity team and are out to win more laurels this year. Miss Herron says that there are some mighty fine prospects for the team in the Freshman class.

The first game will be with Crescent City, Nov. 8 and 9. The team hopes to see some of the student body there to give them their support.

***** FROSH BEAT UPPER CLASS GIRLS!!!

The Frosh vanquished the Upper class girls 1-0, Thurs. eighth period in one of the closest hockey games played this season and now the slogan "Sophomores Next" is heard among the green sluggers.

Alice Renfro, (capt), Bot Wrigley and Kate Delaney starred for the Frosh while Louise Wright, and Lois Cottrell did the heaviest lifting for the upper classmen.

The Frosh lineup was: Salice, (capt); Delaney, F; Wrigley, LW; Field, RB; Thompson, GK; Henington, FB; Christerson, FB; Gould, HB; Hartley, FB; Renfro (capt) RW; and Mackley, LW.

The upperclass team included Giacomini, LW; Yonker, (capt) RW; Taylor, F; Cottrell, FB; Wright, HB; Jones, HB; Baldwin, CF; Harper, FB;ombs, GK.

Galloping Pete the backbone of the team says he is entering the movies after whalloing Ashland. Those who have heard him when he's mad know he is well qualified for the talkies.

"Dove" was seen in the kitchen before the game putting fly paper on his fingers so he could hold on to the ball.

A LITTLE STORY.

The other day Dr. Hunter was noticed ambling down the hall with Miss Herron. Suddenly he tripped on something and almost fell. He looked to see what it was that almost upset our old friend, and--(believe it or not) it was that which we had believed extinct--a garter dangling from his stocking!

It's a mystery to us why Dr. Hunter is thus deliberately endangering his life by wearing such an unnecessary article. He might well take a lesson from our college men who value their lives too much to run the risk of losing them by stumbling on their clothing.



Mildred Greer is spending a quiet year at home after her strenuous college career.

Melvin Shuster and Kenneth Cooperider have been accepted in the Swanford band. This is quite an honor, as the band consists of about 150 pieces.

It's rather strange--but each week--and when Elta Cartwright comes in from Petrolia you can see "Les" Stromberg's car parked out in front of the house on H street.

Catherine MacMillan is teaching at the Commodore Sloat School in San Francisco. She is to congratulate on her good fortune in getting this fine position.

Bess Davitt is ill at the St. Joseph's Hospital in Eureka with pneumonia.

On her way to the game last week Miss Herron dropped in to see Virginia Herron who is teaching just outside of Ukiah. She reports that Virginia is a very successful schoolmarm.

If you go to the Big Game this year, just look around and you will see Dorothy Stewart and Harold Noyes.

It is rumored that Walt Dolfini spends all his money on train fare over to Berkeley from Stanford. Can you imagine Hubert Stenfor teaching dusky Hawaiian maidens their A,B,C's, or how to bisect a triangle? Well, he is.



Probably the most important problem confronting the American Republic today is to be found in the pros and cons of the prohibition issue and the eighteenth amendment. For ten years "drys" have defended the issue and "wets" have opposed it. The "drys" have said that since it is the law of the country it should be obeyed; the "wets" have put forth arguments against this statement, the most potent of which arguments holds that if any law were upheld by all people, there would be no reason to change it, but that change comes through disobedience and dissatisfaction, the example cited being the American Revolution in which colonists refused to obey the prerogatives of the crown.

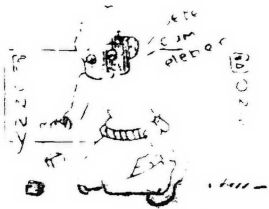
Within the last year Will C. Durant offered \$25,000 in prizes for the best methods for enforcement of the 18th amendment. Soon afterwards William Randolph Hearst offered \$25,000 for the best plan to bring about temperance as a substitute for the 18th amendment. Both contests were entered by people in all walks of life from common laborers to great judges. Neither has resulted in any definite modifications to date.

Every intelligent person is in favor of temperance in all things, but, on the other hand, all will agree that the 18th amendment has not solved the problem. Many agree that the 18th amendment cannot solve the problem because of its basic error in substituting "prohibition" or abstinence for temperance.

In a recent letter to a W.C.T.U. convention, President Hoover said, "Too many people have come to rely on the strong arm of the law to enforce abstinence" and "The cause of temperance has its strong foundations in the conviction of the individual of the personal value to himself of temperance in all things." The delegates to the convention cheered the message loudly, but it seems to me that there is much irony between the lines that could not escape the attention of the careful reader.

There are various plans being carried out in other countries as well as in the United States, but no plan has completely solved the problem as yet, some more closely approaching its end than others. There is probably no richer field

of study for the student of human behavior than the problems coincident to the attempts to enforce either temperance or abstinence. Since the question remains unsolved, it will undoubtedly rise again and again. We, as future citizens, should prepare ourselves, through observation, study, and thought, to cope with the problem when it arises for consideration.



HOW THE FROSH GIRL SPENDS THE FIRST SEMESTER.

1. Learning the combination to her locker.
2. Yelling passe school yells.
3. Regretting having come to college.
4. Finding out which men "rate."
5. Worrying over who will take her to the dance.
6. Wondering if she has a chance with Cobb McMillan.
7. Finding she hasn't.
8. Trying to let her hair grow.
9. Failing for football men.

Mother: Where do bad little girls go?
 Betty: Most everywhere.
 -College Humor-

They call him Luke because he's not so hot.
 -Cajoler-

Lifer No. 1967: Some sense of humor dese guys got!
 Visitor: How's that?
 Lifer: Ta show travel pictures in a place like dis.
 -Illinois Siren-

If you love me as I love you, I guess you know that we are through.
 -Utah Grimson-

Sally: What key are you playing that in?
 Herb: Skeleton key.
 Sally: Skeleton key?
 Herb: Yeh, fits anything.
 -Pitt Panther-



THEY DO SAY --S HOW.

They do say as how we saw a good football game. We kinda liked that game. Sort of a change from what we've been having.

They do say as how the boys played pretty well. We heard some say that that fellow Joe Stringfellow played pretty darn well. We sort of got excited when he started down the field like a scared rabbit near the end of the half. Sorry you didn't quite make it Joe, you rabbit.

They do say that "Father" Harrison was playing a mighty sweet game too. We're glad to see it, "Dope" old man.

They do say too that the new State looks pretty nice. We noticed that there were a lot of folks there. In fact, they had to wait a long time for a seat, but the show was worth the waiting. If you don't believe it, ask--let's see--well, ask Kas Nellist, or Lois Cottrell or Frances Godfrey or Clara Taubman, or Martha Jones or the Taylor girls. Oh no, they weren't alone; and there were lots of others too.

They are saying that Ab needs an assistant or something to help him run things right with the football team. The boy "Doggie" Waldner looks good for the job. At least he handles the water bucket nicely. No fooling tho. "Doggie" is helping Ab right now. Why not give him a title?

They are saying that Literati is giving a Broilermaker's Brawl tomorrow night. We like that too; we are invited and they'll feed us for only four bits. These informal costume affairs are generally good.

And they do say that the Frosh have organized. We heard they are going to give us a dance and feed us too, sometime soon. That's nice.

They do say that there was a dance at Moonstone Beach Saturday night. And the Santa Rosa boys enjoyed it too, we know, because those generous Humboldt girls too 'em. Jerry Wilson, for instance,--she entertained the captain. Good for you, Jerry. It was very nice of you and I'm sure

BOOK REVUES



Erich Maria Remarque's book "All Quiet on the Western Front" is horrible! Horrible, yet fascinating--so fascinating in fact that once one has started to read he wants to read on until the very end. Every college student and every citizen of the world should read this book and have emblazoned on his memory a picture of war in which glory and honor play no part and where death--a black, cold, terrible death--must be met face to face. The war pictured in movie-land is mild when compared with these glimpses into the intimate life of a German soldier.

We speak of the tragedy and the uselessness of war, but none of us know the true meaning of that to which we refer. We cannot know the meaning of the tiny word "war" until we have come into direct contact with its activities. We cannot understand what it means to realize that each moment we may be called to a rendezvous with death, and that it is only by the good will of Fate that we are allowed to breathe ten seconds longer. These are things a soldier, the strong young man in the handsome uniform meets and knows each moment on the battle field.

We cringe when a player is carried off the field in a football game--alive and mildly hurt--but what is that compared with the knowledge that a "comrade" with a thousand others, is lying out in the place called "No Man's Land" either dead or dying as a result of the vanity of some powerful leader!

Read "All Quiet on the Western Front" and have a picture burned forever in your mind---a picture that will make you feel the necessity of outlawing war from the consciousness of civilized man.

he appreciated it.

They do say as this is midterm. We gotta go to work,----- STUDYING!

More or less next time.

CITY OF THE DEAD

(cont'd from last week)

It is called the City of the Dead, however, for a good enough reason; here for unnumbered years, men have lived and died until the cemetery covers a much larger area than that inhabited by the living. It has even been said by some that the time would come when the village folk would have to use grave stones for the foundations of their houses or else be crowded miserably against the adjacent hillside, so many were the numbers increasing the death scroll of late.

The city is worthy, though, of the penman's ink; and stranger than fiction is the history that radiates about the town. In the days of the Civil War the people were extremely isolated and it was difficult for them to receive communications from the outside world, due to the great mountains to be crossed. As a result of this difficulty in receiving communications, the townspeople, who were a jealous and bloodthirsty lot, heard of battle array drawn up in the North and South long after the Civil War had been fought and won.

Because of petty trifling prejudice, the people of the valley became divided among themselves up on the question of the Civil War, and fought in their own borders, as deadly a battle as ever affected any group of people in the world's history at one time.

Thus, as the result of neighborly slaughter and a terrible feud, began what was later to make the city a place of interest, its cemetery. On the dedication day of the cemetery, eight hundred corpses were laid to rest. So to the shame of the sturdy townsmen who after the conflict numbered one hundred, the city became known as the City of the Dead, and truly for had not eight-ninths of the population died in one day?

So of a strong and virile people, who in hatred and passion fought, there remains but cold gray marble to remind humanity of a passed war.

--Burns--



The peek-a-boo bird peeked into the library the other day and this is what he saw:

1. Edward Nix reading Romeo and Juliet! Oh dear, but ain't love grand?
2. Bill Nellist outside looking in and Martha Jones inside looking out---but not for long!
3. Miss Burton getting out some more little cards. Haven't you seen them yet?
4. George Gregory writing a big long letter. Ah yes, as the alumni writer wrote, "They are gone but not forgotten."
5. Lois sitting at one end of the library and Benny at the other. Yes, the peek-a-boo bird looked twice.
6. Kas Nellist sitting all alone studying!

Leo Schussman often leaves English 1A to giggle in the hall. It seems that the giggles are chronic.

The latest dope on Rich. is that he has started a harem. One woman attends college, another high school, and we can't keep track of the third.

Dick Derby was heard to remark that he couldn't take a woman to a dance, because it would start a battle among the co-eds, and from what's been seen, Dick's about right.

Max Todd says no woman can ever rope him in. Don't be impressed girls, and go right after him.

The peek-a-boo wished to remind Toddy Thomas, Ray Clary, Rolb Guthridge and Pansy Exton for not going straight home from the last dance.

Speaking of Rolb, did you notice him taking Hazel Mackley somewhere of other down the front steps the other afternoon?

The bird is deeply puzzled concerning whom Evan Akins escorted to Sun Up.

