

The Major Summoned to Defend His Country

Humboldt Lumberjack

HUMBOLDT STATE COLLEGE in the REDWOOD EMPIRE

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 1

ARCATA, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1943

MEN FLING HUGE SHINDIG FRI. NITE

To Command Streamlined Shock Troops

Arthur S. Gist, President of Humboldt State College, last night announced the grant of an extended leave of absence to Maurice Hicklin of the English Dept., so that he may fill a hitherto secret War Department post.

In a personal communication from Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, President Gist was informed of the good Major's appointment as head of a new strategic group, similar to Mountbatton's Commandos.

Although the details are shrouded in the dank mystery peculiar to Washington, military operations, women and live oysters, it is generally understood that Herr Hicklin's post is no ghost. The local underground has it that "H-cat Hicklin," as he once was known, will again be turned loose with his trusty Enfield to kipper the nipper and outrun the Hun.

Other sources, more reliable, have suggested that Mr. Hicklin will be the nucleus and organizer of a commando-like group which will attack by air by means of parachutes and gliders. Once on the ground, the troopers will harass the enemy with loudly shouted quotations from the Atlantic Monthly, entanglements of cotton pledgets and syntax, and Enfield rifle fire. These measures are designed to confuse, impede and scare h— out of opposing troupes, respectively.

After thoroughly demoralizing the opposition, Hicklin's group will be relieved by more conventional (but stuffy) troops, whereupon the Major's raiders will evacuate the area by means of the famous planes which reading the literary masters will put you upon.

Coming close on the heels of recall of Dr. Homer Balabanis to Washington, Maurice Hicklin's appointment is looked upon by some as an attempt by the Republicans to re-establish the temporarily upset balance of power. However, both "the major" and his boss vehemently deny any such implications, pointing out that "After all, This may well be."

Mr. Hicklin is expected to leave almost any time next week. When asked about arrangements for his classes, Mr. Hicklin replied: "There is a slight chance that my classes will be disbanded. However, I am looking for a competent successor, who is also fond of dogs, Enfields and"

At which point we left and sauntered out to Herbie's bar for a beer.

Naval Academy Rumors Denied

Vehement denials came from the Administration, late yesterday, regarding the currently circulating rumor that the Navy will take over Humboldt State College as a training school for its officers. The rumor also included compulsory enlistment of all women in the WAVES. The front office communique neglected to mention this part of the rumor, but presumably it is to be regarded as totally unfounded.

Signed by Pres. Arthur S. Gist and the late Homer Balabanis, vice-pres., the denial read as follows:

"Inasmuch as there have been circulating certain references to the taking over of our institution by a certain branch of the military, we feel it to be highly desirable to issue a definite statement regarding the status of the aforementioned institution; more, we feel that it is absolutely essential that, for the continued welfare of Humboldt and the morale of the Student Body collectively and as individuals, such clarification of the present administrative stand on this subject as is pertinent to the problem as a whole is indispensable."

See?

It's Hallowe'en. Feeble excuse, perhaps, for this flight into the fantastic, but good enough for any good Lumberjack whose sense of humor tends towards the macabre and who can be heard muttering over straight news stories, "Comes the Revolution!"

So we dug down into our simple brains and found hiding in inconspicuous little crannies the shrouded remnants of all the scoops we'd never scooped, the stories that never quite happened.

Well—we done it. May heaven and a darn good lawyer protect us from impending libel suits, and we swear: we're as sane as you are.

Great Minds Clash

The eminent Siberian economist, Mr. Hans Frozenoff, gave what he thought was an original English speech last evening at Sacramento. However, Leigh Manley, who would rather prove someone wrong than do anything else, found a book in our own library which contained every word that Mr. Frozenoff uttered. The book was Webster's Unabridged dictionary.

Grab a frail, male, and barrel over to the Men's Party, come Friday nite.

WELL HERE I AM!



I am the little gray rabbit.
Mine is the kingdom and the glory,

Just the Little Gray Rabbit.

My mother had a name
And so did my father;
I do not know his name.

But you know how rabbits are.
So I am simply the Little Gray Rabbit.
Discouraging, eh?

F. W. C. Basketball Being Reorganized

H.S.C. to play 12 games with C.O.P., Cal Aggies, and Chico

Late today Marty Mathieson received word that the Alumni (who are also on the gas ration board) of college of Pacific are supplying \$2500 for expenses (and gas) to have the four teams of the F. W. C. play a schedule, the winner receiving the championship cup won by Humboldt State College two years ago. They figure that C. O. P. is a cinch to win it this year, with the Navy and Marine reservists at the school this year. They have also arranged for the conference winner to tour the battle fronts, playing an all-star team composed from the other three teams. Each team will play 12 conference games, four with each other school. Humboldt opens the season at Chico the first Friday in December.

Admission Free: Eight to Twelve Strictly Informal, Strictly Fun

The Men's Association are giving a Hallowe'en party Friday night, October 29, from 8 to 12, in the big gym. There will be games for all and contests between various heads of the school including pie eating, apple bobbing, and the like. Every Humboldt student is cordially invited to come. Admission is free, and cider and doughnuts will be served. Do not wear your best clothes, or even any that are worth anything, but come prepared for a workout and a lot of fun. Remember, it won't cost you anything. This is another, and the biggest event being put across by the small in number, but big in spirit, group known as the Men's Association.

If you want to see Prexy Gist trying to down a representative of the A. W. S. in a pie eating contest, come along. Also Warren Hill and Kay Swap, respective prexies of the Men's Association and the A. W. S., will battle to the finish over cream pies, encouraged and spurred on to greater gluttony by rooting sections in which everybody is asked to join. The only requisites are a very loud voice and much enthusiasm.

In addition will be peanut rolling contests, doughnut eating contests, polkas, schottishes and joi de vivre to spare.

Secret Sub Base At Humboldt To Go Into Active Operation Soon

Maybe you haven't heard about the secret sub base at Humboldt, but we have. We get around. We heard it from a cousin of ours, who heard it from a friend of his, who, I think, heard it from a coast guard. I'm not sure.

Anyway, it's this way. The inner court is going to be flooded so as to form an inland harbor. A very secret underground canal is being dug from Samoa to the inner court, under the Arcata flats, Arcata town, and will enter the court by means of the fish pond at the south end.

The realization of the magnitude of this project is hard for one to assimilate; the digging of the canal itself, which is going to be one hundred and seventy feet in circumference and carry a ghastly number of gallons of water per inch, will be a huge undertaking, as will the building of barracks for the Navy personnel who are arriving tomorrow.

A special detachment of WAVES will supervise preliminary planning, surveying and construction work. The big Gym is being converted into a USO center, where, on the night of the official dedicating of the harbor and canal, which is next Saturday, there will be a huge whingding thrown to which all are invited.

It might be added that this is the first official announcement of the building of the secret sub base, and the Lumberjack is pleased beyond all measure to be the means of communicating to the public the

knowledge of this deal.

That the sub base and its personnel will have a huge effect on life at Humboldt is without doubt. For one thing, where the heck will the Zoo class keep their spare frogs if the fish pond is taken over?

HABEAS CORPUS

"The shortage of critical materials such as rubber, petroleum, light metals and cadavers is rocking the very foundations of scientific research and scholarly investigation," said zoologist Fred Telonicher in a brief statement to the press today.

Inclusion of the latter commodity, cadavers, is obviously a reflection of the awkward plight of Mr. Telonicher's anatomy class, which, although ready, willing and able (?) to begin dissection, is without a body on which to work. The explanation of this particular shortage seems to lie in the fact that people are living longer either for the purpose of cashing their war bonds ten years hence, or to see who the Republicans will run against Roosevelt.

Although the situation is critical at the moment and the present cut-ups may have to struggle along on ersatz mateddials, a partial abatement is expected after the elections next year.

O, come with old Khayam to the Men's Hallowe'en party.

Humboldt Lumberjack

EDITOR Marjorie Kemper
 Business Manager Dave Swanlund
 Men's Sports Godec and Melendy
 Men's Association Ricks
 Women's Sports Marjorie Briggs
 Features Sheldon Reaume

Reporters—
 LaVerle Morely, Mabel Crabtree, Helen Dusina, Leigh Manley, Joy Ginger.

The Humboldt Lumberjack strives at all times to serve the best interests of Humboldt State College, without favoritism or partiality to any group or individuals within or outside of the college.

Editorials express only the views of the writer, and not necessarily those of the editor, the Associated Students or the College Administration.

Turn Down An Empty Glass

A joe comes up to me and says is there going to be a halloween issue of the LJ this year? so I hunt up the editor who is crouched under the desk reciting E. E. Cummings and say is there to be a halloween issue of the LJ this year?

The editor changes to Shakespeare and mutters "oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt . . ." I say again is there to be a halloween issue of the LJ? and the editor says "tonight we leave for Moscow."

So I hunt up joe and tell him the editor's gone mad, and we feed her tarantulas and set her in the corner with the LJ's

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STUDENTS HEADQUARTERS

"ON THE PLAZA"

—ARCATA—

pet panda, a gin sling and a jade cigarette holder, and adjourn to the opposite corner where we go into a huddle with Hepsibah, the little gray rabbit, and several witches who are all named Aspidistra.

We build a fire in the middle of the room and put the pot on to boil, and Aspidistra (the one with four eyes) cuts off the little gray rabbit's right foot and throws it in the pot, and then jumps in herself, and says "gosh it's hot" and climbs out again, minus large hunks of skin and one eye, which leaves her only three.

At this point the editor's head falls off and rolls towards the fire, but we pick it up before the eyebrows are singed clear off and hand it back to her, and she says "fools, your reward is neither here nor there" and throws it in the pot, along with a cup of red wine and a bottle of aspirin which she pulls out of her coat pocket.

Aspidistra, who has been hanging by her toes from the light cord, giggling complacently and fishing in the pot for her fourth eye, slips and falls in head first. The pot tips over, and the editor's head screams and the red wine dribbles out underneath the door, which is suddenly jerked open and someone says "joe, are you hurt?"

The editor's head screams again, and Aspidistra collars the jerk who just came in and chortles "look, I found it" and shoves her fourth eye back in to place. Joe says "I'm not hurt" and the editor's head screams louder. Aspidistra cuffs it sharply and hands it to the editor who says "Taman Shud," which is Persian for the end.

A QUOTE THAT SPRUNG INTO MIND WHILE STUDYING FOR A PHILOSOPHY MIDTERM, TALKING ABOUT LIFE, AND LISTENING TO SHAW'S "GLOOMY SUNDAY:"

Alike to those who for today prepare,

And those who after a tomorrow stare.

A Muzzin from the tower of darkness cries:

"Fools! Your reward is neither here nor there."

PAPINI'S

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and

FRESH MEATS

Arcata

Phone 506

BULL SESSION

—BY REAUME—

HALLOWE'EN IDYLL

I am sitting here going slowly mad.

All about me are things. Creeping, leering, gibbering things. On the wall to my left is a picture of my uncle Frank. It is a self-portrait showing him as my aunt found him hanging to the chandelier with a wire through his tongue and his throat cut. Blood is oozing out under his arms from the bullet holes in his sides and his shoe is untied. Uncle Frank only had one leg and committed suicide. Blood is also running out of the rip in his ribs where he fell down the first time he tried. . . .

On the floor is a torn copy of Omar, much stained with red wine and blood spots. My uncle was drunk that night. Again.

The little animal under my foot is screaming in joyous agony as I unerringly crush it with my right heel. Other things glaring. I can't stand the light. Pitch is black enough for me but I am afraid of the dark.

Aunt Nebo is coming down the hall. I can tell her step because she has three legs and loved uncle Frank. Taptaptap, taptaptap. The door is opening, but she can't hear me in the dark. . . .

I killed her. Why not? I have nothing else to do. She didn't scream, of course; she was born without a mouth.

Now that she has stopped struggling the things are idle again and are tormenting me. I can't stand it.

I can't stand it. They never did this before. I wonder why their legs come off so easily. . . .

Maybe.

No one can hear me now; I have opened the door to the cellar. How horrible uncle Fred looks in that shroud. I never liked uncle Fred, but he had his ways and under the circumstances the least I can do is starve him to death. His wife tried to kill me, but I only lost my hand up to the elbow that time so I have no hard feelings. She is buried in the cellar, too, still holding my arm the way she did when I shot her in the head and cut off my arm so I could bury her.

The madness is leaving I think although there still are no lights to speak of here.

Poor aunt Nebo is uncomfortable under the bed where I kicked her body so I couldn't see the animals nibbling on her. The sight of it upset my stomach so I crushed them all between my fingers.

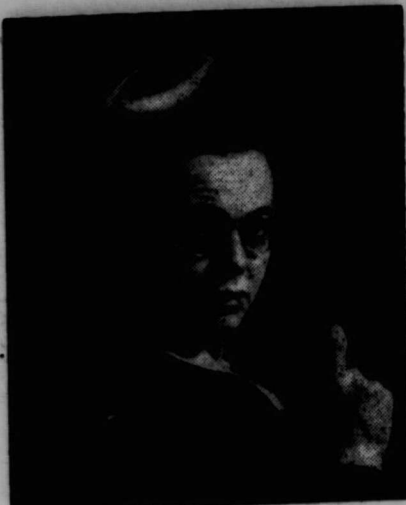
But now there are more.

One of them just bit me. I don't have much blood left on account of this open wound in the back of my head where my brother hit me last week.

Now I am nauseated. Maybe I am coming down with leprosy again . . . practically everybody in my family has leprosy except aunt Frieda. But even so I am very fond of aunt Frieda and I know she thinks well of me. She has never tried to do me harm and beats me unconscious every night before breakfast.

The thing under the bed with aunt Nebo is giggling. Giggling.

Little puddles of blood, ooze and gin are forming under aunt Nebo's ripely decaying body under the bed. But they don't have talk except Jean, who is gouging out aunt Frieda's eyes for a necklace. Jean will look very funny without eyes, but by squinting her eyebrows people may not notice the



blank look on her face.

Her nose rotted off when she was a child.

Fred is twitching and maybe writhing in agony from the ground glass I gave him last night turn off those lights it's dark enough here now and he is coughing up tiny pieces of lung.

Kittens. Crush them again. Sanctuary. Poor uncle Frank, his wife loved him.

I am going blind again and will not be able to strangle aunt Frieda as I had planned because she already cut throat on the buzzsaw. Maybe I can suffocate her.

The things are back, but they can't have this opium, because my cousin—I forgot to mention Jean gouged out her own eyes for her necklace because they were such a pretty orange—my cousin needs something for her nerves like opium.

The madness is coming back. The lights are shining black and uncle Fred in his shroud is dragging his wracked body up the stairs to blow my brains out.

But this is winter and it is far too warm for the bodies in my room so I am going out for a breath of air.

If only this foot wasn't nailed to the floor. . . Things. . .

San Francisco ranked 28th among the nation's cities in number of strikes in 1942, compared to 10th in 1941.

The average number of wage-earners in California manufacturing establishments in 1942 was 671,200.

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EUREKA

Baby Bites Mama, or: Gary Has Two Teeth

Drifting In On Station F-O-G

The Garrulous Ghost, his Dam-yankee pal, and Schnazzlepus, a comparatively recent addition to the little circle, are sad indeed to hear of the predicament of the Anatomy class who are thus far without a cadaver on which to work. However, ever willing as they are to aid and abet anyone in search of higher learning, they hereby offer a solution which they think is most practicable:

The Garrulous Ghost, his dam-yankee pal, and Schnazzlepus have a great many friends, who have conferred at length on this matter, and have decided to make the supreme sacrifice. It is this: they are forming a club which will hold its initial meeting at a very early date, and at that meeting will draw lots. The one who gets the shortest

straw, or the highest number, or something, will then volunteer his body to the Anatomy class, emulating himself on the educational altar and thus becoming immortal.

The sole wish of the candidate is that after the Anatomy class has done with him what they will, that they will reassemble his body in some sort of order so that when he stands at attention in the annual inspection he will not be called down for slovenly assemblage and thereby be penalized with haunting duty next Hallowe'en.

Haunting duty is the bugaboo of all good ghosts who consider it definitely beneath them to have to don ceremonial robes and bob around the countryside trailing bats and Jack-o-lanterns and baying to the moon in ghastly accents of immortal agony. The Garrulous Ghost was unlucky enough to have committed the serious misdemeanor of communicating with the outside world by means of this poor column and thus has been penalized to the extent of haunting duty over the weekend of Hallowe'en. Oh, sad, unhappy day.

Drifting down the hall on Monday, the Garrulous Ghost was sure that his premises were being trespassed by strange haunts from some other precinct, until he saw that they really weren't Ghosts—at least they were very live ones. Shades of the days! The old guard's back, in Marine and Navy uniforms that gladden the eyes of many designing cookies who were heard to scream "Oo-eeh" and also "Ah!"

Letters to J

(Ed. Note: If you are able to decipher this you will probably find great hidden meaning. We think.)

dear j
what is the way of the stuff on the bluff give me the word on the herd how does the l a gang hang i give you my address where i would be glad to hear from you any day—j i have heard nothing from nobody and liking to receive mail however frail even to the point of flubbing the dub and spilling the fill with the quill i am going slowly mad but alas i was that before what i mean is it could hardly be called a change and by no means an improvement although there is plenty of room for same name fame i. e. improvement if anything could do it the lack of contact with the outer world would crick the click then all would be chick they could pack me in hay and send me away—ill-go easy—here in my solitude and no one to cheer me up but benchley poor soul and his i have heard this long time

alas for him who never sees the sun shine through the humboldt fog and now it rains—aw yess guess and now it rains i in-close a drop of our pane rain with my compliments here i was sitting listening to tanhauser and the rest of the hollow wen lined up outside my locked door (lucky for me) to inform me that they wanted "Q U I E T"

.....I switched to beethovens 5th and turned it down the need to heed the call seemed imperative i am still playing i shall go looking for a pair of earphones soon i fear lest on the other side of the world i be over due needless to say the world has its way and i mine — oh fine — but will every one please be "Q U I E T" (echo) aw yes that undescribable din thing

..... who me?
phi omega omega

Mrs. K. Rushed to Doctor: Entire Arm May Have To Be Taken Off

Friends of Mrs. Karshner are saddened by news of the severe wound in her left thumb inflicted by Gary in trying out his two new teeth.

The way it happened is thus: Mrs. K. was holding a dish of vegetables which Gary was supposed to eat, in her left hand, and in scooping up a spoonful, absent-mindedly scooped her thumb up too. Gary clamped down viciously on spoon, vegetables and thumb with both teeth, and wham! That did it.

Until two or three days ago the injured member was doing well, and showed favorable signs of healing. Then, and this is the sad part of this little story, tetanus set in.

On Sunday the thumb was swollen to approximately one and one-half times its size, and on Monday morning red streaks were beginning to appear on her wrist and arm. Monday afternoon when we saw her she was in great pain, but said bravely "I am sure that I will be able to continue with my classes in spite of this catastrophe."

Tuesday morning, nothing was heard of Mrs. K., indeed, nothing has been heard from her since. Whether or not she has succumbed to the spreading infection is not known, but in a statement made at an earlier date to the press, Mrs. K. said:

"I wish it made clear that I am more proud than otherwise to have been bitten by my son, Gary. It is unfortunate that the arm may have to be amputated, but if it is, I intend to pickle it in formaldehyde and keep it as a testimony to the fact that Gary's two teeth are as no other son's teeth ever were. When Gary comes of age I shall give it to him, wrapped up with gold ribbons, and the inscription clutched in its willing fingers 'May your son, too, be so mighty!'"

Sue us if you want to, darn it. We spent our last dime on the 67439th cup of coffee in the process of dreaming this up.

WITH THE ARMED FORCES

Dearest
You will probably be shocked at my forwardness, but I have tried time after to lead up to the matter and some how never could.

Since it has been on my mind for several weeks, I have decided at last to ask you.

Ever since we first met, you were very friendly, but as weeks and months went by the feeling grew into something more beautiful and sincere.

I never thought such a problem would enter my head at such an early age, yet here it is.

Don't know whether it is fair to ask you this question. However, I do know that whatever your reply may be you are true enough to tell it to anyone. You are the only person I would dare ask this question.

In reply be positive, sincere, truthful, above all dispense all thoughts of hurting my feelings. Be honest, tell me: do you think the Lone Ranger should sell his horse if he is drafted. . . .

BROWN EYES.

A total of 23,944 lots of contraband fruits, plants, vegetables and other plant material were intercepted by the California Agricultural Border Inspection during 1942.

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Happy Hallowe'en to you, my friend, and you, and you, and . . . no, not you.

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payroll savings
to your family fund



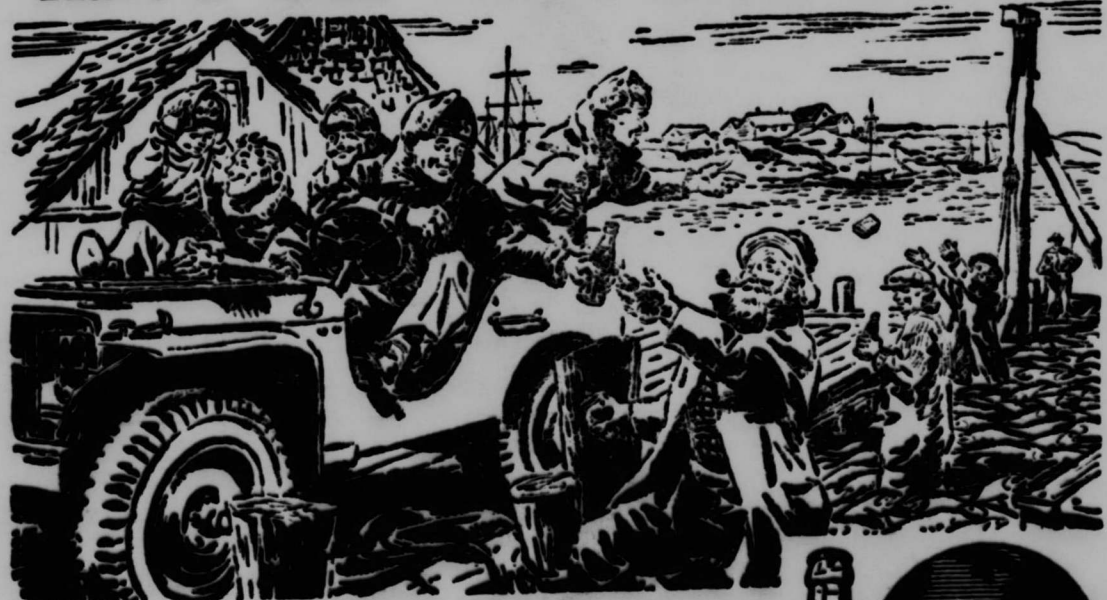
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NEWS AND VIEWS

by John B. Beaume

With the sudden recall of Homer Balabanis to Washington and the closely following (or was it preceding?) conference of Molotov, Eden and an American diplomat (we can't remember his name), the political and military scene shifts again in its kaleidoscopic panorama of events and reveals that events of tremendous import are shaping up in the near future. Although it may be years before their effects are significantly felt, or even for that matter noticed, we repeat that they are of TREMENDOUS IMPORT.

The capture by the Red army of Krivoi Rog (which, incidentally, depended on solidarity in the key position of Pyatikatka, west of Dnepropetrovsk) may be the deciding factor in the casting of future events. However, it may well be that this victory will not amount to a heck of a lot.

Be this as it may, authorities agree that the situations in Moscow, London, Washington, Waukegan and Athens are rapidly coming to a head. It is obvious, from the positions taken by Mikhailovich, MacArthur and Balabanis that the present politico-military equilibrium cannot long endure.

We advise our readers to note these things carefully; they will have radical and violent repercussions in our lives. It must be remembered, though—and we can't impress our readers too much with this—that this may all blow over and Rommel may get the cake.

This is a Straight News Story--Gad!!

The College Music Club (Mu Epsilon Psi) held its first meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. Jeffers. The evening was started with a desert party followed by a business meeting during which the following officers were elected: Joyce Bruner, President; Gwyneth Langdon, Vice President; and Sally Westbrook, Secretary-Treasurer. A discussion of coming Music Club events was held and many

Silly Isn't It

Dear Moron:

Here I sit myself down, pencil in hand, to type this letter; pardon the ink.

I don't live where I lived before because I moved to where I live now. When you come to see me, you can ask anyone where I live because no one knows.

I am sorry we are so far together. I wish we were closer apart.

We are having more weather this year than last.

Aunt Nellie died and is doing fine. I hope you are doing the same.

I started to Sacramento to see you, and I saw a sign that said: "This Takes You to Sacramento." Well, I got on the thing and sat there for three hours, and the darn thing didn't even move.

I am mailing you a coat by express. I cut the buttons off to make it lighter. They are all in the pocket.

If you don't get this letter let me know and I will mail it to you.

Our neighbor's baby swallowed some pins, but they fed him a pincushion and everything came out alright.

I would have sent you the ten dollars I owe you, but I mailed the letter before I thought of it.

Sincerely yours,
SOMEBODY ELSE.

P. S.—Enclosed you will find a picture, but for fear of losing it, I took it out.

interesting activities slated. The initiation of new members will be held on November 4. Other activities will be the sponsoring of the annual Amateur Hour, the Christmas Program, Sturden Recitals, Ghost Soloists, and many more musical features of interest and value to Humboldt State.

Mu Epsilon Psi promises to be one of the most active organizations on campus this year.

All students interested in music are invited to join.

Mobile service units of the USO member agency of the California War Chest, average one call every ten days to all outposts of all branches of the service in California.

Gosh! You mean it?

Those of you who have read Oaky Doaks are well-acquainted with Morgana Le Fey, the mystic lovely who keeps popping up now and then through keyholes or out of desk drawers.

By special invitation, Morgana is going to be the guest of honor at the Men's Association Halloween party Friday night. She will preside at the punch bowl and probably present a short program of magic tricks, which will feature the sawing in half of our Gillie.

Gillie has been a devoted follower of Oaky Doaks' adventures for so these many years, and when she found that Morgana, an old crony of his, was looking for a subject on which to work, gladly volunteered.

She asserts that she has the utmost faith in Morgana, who has helped Oaky out of so many of his difficulties, and that she considers it an honor to be sawed in half by a magicianess of such magnitude.

Morgana's first plan was to make Gillie disappear; the change in the program is due to the fact that Gillie refused to be banished from the Gym just when the party was at its height.

She said to Morgana in discussing this:

"Gosh, I wouldn't mind, but it's going to be a swell party and I want to stay till the end. You can saw me in half if you want to, though. Then I'll have twice as good a time."

So.

SUBS Take Over Alpha Gulp

On Saturday, October 23, at a new place and under a new name, the local chapter of the Nat'l. Probation Society held its first meeting in many months.

Alpha Gulp Gusto has been disbanded by the fortunes of war, but like the true Phoenix that it is, a new and fresher streamlined group has sprung up from the ashes (and bottle caps, bread crusts, discarded Esquires and long forsaken kegs) of the carnage.

Under the banner of "Schnaps und Borscht Society," the new probation society has aligned itself in solidarity with the Waves, Weeks, Wives and Wolves by abbreviating its name to SUBS.

In view of current transportation difficulties and scarcity of certain essential mateddials, it was deemed advisable to move headquarters from the Buon Gusto—the site of many a hallowed and distinguished bat—to one of the local taverns. Here midst the idyllic atmosphere of tropical islands—sans nips, sans dive bombers and unhappily sans Tony Massei—the SUBS held their initial meeting (or "joust" as it is known among the trades).

Acting as temporary chairman, called the meeting to order and organized an election of officers. Out of the ensuing melee emerged the following results:

, pres. (9 beers, 4 kempercollinses, a gin sling, two flunks and a medium sized head).
, sec'y-treas.
(statistics as yet unconfirmed).

, Sgt. at Arms and High Priestess of the aspirin (4 beers, a zombie and a sprained tonsil).

conceded the election and accepted a pint of milk in consolation.

After a cold shower, the officers were installed and the meeting adjourned.

Refreshments were served after the meeting.
(Migawd, again?)

HOW TO PLAY BASKETBALL

IN SEVEN HARD LESSONS

(by Godec (Former all-conference star at Vassar)

Do you want to be a basketball star? Do you want to be an athlete here, and have all the girls wild about you? You do! Well what the hell are you reading this article for!! Now that we don't understand each other, I will begin with my instructions on how to play basketball.

Lesson I

First, you must think about yourself. This won't give you much to do, but do it anyway. Remember, that in this game, it's every man for himself and heaven help the pretty blonde on the sidelines. Speaking of blondes never take a shot with one eye and wink at the blonde with the other; not only because you might miss, but because she might be married.

Lesson II

Watch your eating habits. Don't eat any starches, fat, sweets, meats, beets, or sauerkraut. In fact, don't eat. Remember, you have to be a "dead eye."

Lesson III

Don't be a "grandstand player." You can't make any shots from there, and the people get in your way.

Lesson IV

Try to keep in the worst of condition. Smoke, chew, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may be drafted. This might lessen your ability, but don't let it worry you. If you smell bad enough from liquor, nobody will care to get near you, even if you do have the ball, and if they do, you can spit tobacco juice in their eye.

Lesson V

It's a good idea to practice four hours a day. If you are of average

Trietche - I Think

A friend of ours took History 4B last semester. He is still bitter, as is understandable, and at the drop of a hat will tell you his story. He will, indeed, grab the beret off your head, jump on it with both feet, and while it is being thoroughly demolished, scream the story at you with increasing frenzy.

It concerns a man named Neitsche and also a man named Trietche, both of whom were philosophers whose names he could not spell. It happened that, ever inquisitive for knowledge, he read extensively into the philosophy of Trietche, or so he thought, and came to know him as a brother.

In one of the midterms, Trietche was listed as one of the identifications. Our friend shook his pen vigorously, took out three clean sheets of note-paper and proceeded into a masterful analysis of Trietche's ideas, ideals, merits as a philosopher and a thinker, and so on, unto the fourteenth paragraph.

He got the midterm back, at length, and inscribed neatly in the margin beside the crucial question was, "Would you be talking about Neitsche?"

The mention of this episode will probably incite our friend to renewed and impotent revolution against Fate; and come to think of it, we think we will join him now at Herbie's bar.

Most of the stories in this issue are exclusive Lumberjack scoops. What a nose for news we have!

Do you know who Alesky Nikolaevich Kuropatkin was?
WE do, heh, heh, heh. . .

Surrealism!

ability you will turn into a good ball player. Who wouldn't? Practice on long shots a good deal. No one hardly ever makes them and you won't either, unless you follow these three simple rules:

1. Before shooting the long shot get the basket's exact bearing in degrees and minutes. This can be done by a few simple calculation in geometry and trigonometry.

2. Make allowance for wind drift. This can be done by multiplying the air pressure by six, then divide by the square of 2111, subtract two, and add seven. When you get the answer, forget it. It isn't right anyway.

3. Shoot the ball in the general direction of the basket. If it misses, say you were fouled. If you make it, do not faint, because everybody else will, and you want to be different.

Lesson VI

Sportsmanship always. Never use brass knuckles, unless nobody is looking. If you trip somebody always help them up. You might want to trip them again. Never swear at your opponent. Chances are he can think of a lot better names to call you. If your corns begin to bother you during the game, simply call a time out, and go soak them in the drinking fountain.

Lesson VII

It's always advisable to have a good "snort" just before the game and during time outs. It gives you more baskets to shoot at.

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ELECTRIC CO.

Radio - Pump

—And—

Electric Services

—ARCATA—

ARCATA
CLEANERS

D Y E R S

—And—

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THIS IS NO

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BRIZARDS