

## H.U.C. Calendar 1941-1942

### September

23—Freshman Week is in full bloom with placement tests, conferences, the get-acquainted party, and a gigantic picnic. Gosh, what fun! (and what eats!)

### October

Tribunal meets every Friday this month. The maliciously innocent are being severely prosecuted.

31—What a peach of a Hallowe'en Party. Those little devils from H.U.C. had a "hot" time down below.

### November

11—Attorney Puhak gives an inspiring talk on this, the last peacetime Armistice Day.

21—Combination assembly and open house tonight. But, why the sermon on dangerous beverages for this bunch of tee-totalers??

25—The Thanksgiving Dance is a great success with the aid of Junior McGuire's orchestra.

### December

19—I'm so sore I can't sit down to tell you much about our first skating party.

25—Merry Christmas! Coming to the alumni All-College Dance tonight? George Summerson's orchestra will supply the swing and sway.

### January

18—Final exams this week. No sleep, no time, no joke!

21—Short vacation between semesters. We need the rest!

### February

6—The Second Stadnik Skating Party. Swell fun, but it hurts!

14—Great time at the Valentine Dance. Strong punch, too.

19—Millionaires for a night at the Wild-West Party. The boxing match between Gregory and Harris was won by Vitabile, the referee, as far as we could see.

### March

2—Third skating party tonight. Bruises upon bruises, but still fun!

12—Hell Week begins for fraternity pledges. I can still see those crazy fellows parading Broad Street in pajamas, but they rated a banquet after it was all over.

20—It's Activities Night at the Y. M. C. A. Sophs hammer Frosh at basketball. Bowling, pool, swimming, and other games also featured. Those swimmin' wimmin' really were a sight for sore eyes.

27—Chem club sponsors back-to-the-farm movement with the invasion of the Yost homestead at Sugarloaf. And that party weren't hay!

## SPORTS EBULLIENCE

This column was given space in the paper to review the sport activities of the Center. Oh, so you think it's a waste of valuable space, because you remember them all. All right, Smarty, what was the name of Wilkes-Barre's water boy? What happened to the score book? Who made the first and final baskets of the game against the Freeland Y.M.C.A. at Freeland? Who is the best tiddly-winks player? If you can't answer these questions, you should not trust your memory for the most important events. Let us help you recall some of them.

We all know that we had a basketball team. Ask any of our opponents and they'll tell you that we had a team that never stopped trying. With "Smokey" McNelis and Sid Klemow as co-leaders the team came through with five wins in twelve attempts. Two of those five wins were over Pottsville. Remember how our boys beat them on their own court and earned a trip to the Campus? Our team was really red hot that night. It was Jack "Red" Mulhall who came through when he was needed. Before the season closed the team lost to the freshman team of Bloomsburg State Teacher's College and to the freshmen at the Campus. On the whole the season can be called a success. Much of this success story is due to the efforts of our coach, Hen Reed, the reserves, the faculty, and the students who cheered and encouraged the team. Because of the war our team did not play Altoona and Dubois. All the boys were disappointed, but they had their feelings soothed somewhat when they received their awards at the Smoker. They certainly deserved them.

Next to basketball in popularity is ping-pong. If you have ever been in the game room and have seen the scramble for the paddle of the defeated player you know how popular ping-pong is. From eight to five each day someone is playing ping-pong. The person who seems to have derived the most from all this playing is Sid

### April

10—Gosh, I'm still dizzy from all those cigars we had at the smoker tonight. Mr. Watson's speech on our part in the war was very inspiring.

11—Mothers' Tea today. Teacher tells mama about us; mama tells papa; papa gives us heck. Heck!

17—Phi Delta Phi banquet at the Stine's. Great fun but it's getting late. Let's pick up Ted and go home.

24—Chem Club gives great show, "Wild Bill Rides Again."

### May

8—Seventh Annual Dinner Dance. How about the last dance?

Klemow, for he reigns as "Champ" for the second year. If you do not become as good as Sid, you should not give up. To get the benefits of ping-pong or any other sport, you do not have to be the best. But remember that the best gets the most out of a sport.

Two new sports made their debut at the Center this year. The first of these was boxing. Every Tuesday night the future challengers of Joe Louis learned and practised how to throw a left hook, how to block a jab, and other fine points of boxing. Although the boys had no match, they had a lot of fun learning how to give each other black eyes. What fun! Why didn't they box against other clubs? The boxing clubs of this region probably heard of "Shipwreck" Vitabile, "Snorter" Gilbert and "Crusher" Gregory, and they promptly went into hibernation. The other new club was the handball team. These boys also practised on Tuesday nights at the Y. M. C. A. The team played several matches, but they were too modest to tell us the outcomes. These two new sports proved to be worth while for the students who are not interested in basketball. For this reason they should be continued in the future.

You probably didn't think that there were so many sport activities at the Center, did you? Well, those aren't the only sports. There are two more, football and softball. A football team was organized, but it had no equipment. However, this was no handicap. The boys played their games anyway and won. Some of them still have bruises to prove that they played. Softball is another sport that did not have an opportunity to take much of the time of the students. Because our semester was shortened, the boys did not have much time to play softball. When the first game was scheduled, it snowed. It wasn't until two weeks before the end of school that the first game was played. If there was more time there would have probably been many more games.

That concludes the list of the chief sport events and activities at the Center. But did you ever think who was responsible for all these activities? Who scheduled the basketball games? Who checks that the basketball players are in bed by ten o'clock? There is probably only one person who could do this and teach chemistry besides. That is Dr. Kieft. Without "Doc's" help and co-operation sports would not mean so much to the Center students. Thanks, Doc, for all you have done. We wish you all the possible success in your new position. When you become Athletic Manager for Bucknell, don't forget to put H.U.C. on your schedule. Well, that's it!



## WE LOVE OUR PROFS

They're always telling us that profs are human guys. Let's strip off the academic crust and have a look.

What do our Center sages do in their spare time? Exclaims Mr. Isenberg, "What spare time? Are you kidding?" But anyway, they get together once a month to eat and social. At most of the covered-dish socials some half-dozen anti-social men spoil the plans of the good mixers by going off, preferably to another room, to play pinochle. Quote, Mr. Isenberg, "I'll never play again." The rest of the party-goers get along as best they may with bridge and games. The last social, though, was one to end all socials. Games were the order of the evening—especially games of identification. What Center husbands didn't know their own wives' fair limbs? Mrs. Kieft and Mrs. Thorpe were chagrined to find that their husbands were not connoisseurs.

P. S.—Our "art" instructor did all right! Mr. Thorpe was not so hot at kisses either. He swore up and down that Dr. Kieft's delicate embrace was none other than Mrs. Thorpe's. However, there were extenuating circumstances—Mr. Thorpe was blindfolded.

Everyone has "off moments." Doc McIlvaine tried to cure a turtle's ailments by storing it in the refrigerator, and Mrs. Mac almost served it up with the salad. Miss Saby, as sleepy as usual at eight o'clock, tried valiantly to take over a class that wasn't hers. Mr. Brentin once declared that he ditched a girl because she didn't read the newspapers, and he didn't mean Superman. Our fair secretary hasn't let him forget it since. The Taylors and the "Isenbergs" spent one quarter of an hour bargaining around late one night on a thick living-room rug trying to gen-

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