

ESSAY CONTEST

With the announcing in April of an essay contest open to all H.U.C. students, the English department began what they hope will continue as a regular Center competition. Reasons for announcing the contest may seem obvious—to stimulate thought by students about topics they're interested in, to give them a chance to air their opinions publicly, to see their names in print. Incentives, aside from these, were the prizes—three dollars for first, two dollars for second prize.

Six students, during the busiest time of the year, were interested enough to submit essays. Of these, five treated the one topic on all our minds—the war, in one or another of its aspects; one dealt with education as such. One essay was disqualified.

Winners the judges are glad to announce as: Jacqueline Kistler, first prize, and Jean De Marco, second prize. Space permits publishing only the first.

COLLEGE VS. DEFENSE EMPLOYMENT

As we all know, colleges all over the country are being affected by the present war. Monthly the enrollment is decreasing because many of our fellow students are of the draft age. However, the number of students that are forced to leave because their "numbers" are constantly being called, is only a part of those dropping from the enrollment.

It is not bad enough that the war is the cause of making our young men leave college, it is also the cause of luring away many of the other students, both boys and girls, who really would not have to drop out of school. It is to these people that I wish to direct my appeal.

I realize as well as you the pleasure that could be derived from earning one's own money. At our age, we all think when we look at some of our former school chums, that it must be nice to be independent and have lots of money to spend as one pleases, and the thought alone tempts us. Yes, the war has caused urgent defense industries to spring up all over the country, and tempting indeed to us students are the high wages offered.

However, if these students would not rush blindly into the new jobs, but would stop to think it over and to look toward the future, I am not so sure they would be in such a hurry to leave college. For in the long run, the college graduates are still going to come out on top. After the war, the defense plants will close down one by one, and our comrades will be left once more with nothing to do; whereas, we college students will be



Refuge

They know the rolling of the waves,
The curved horizon 'gainst the sky,
The salty spray and deep blue cave,
The snowy crest and fish that fly.
They know, or knew the seaward
crave.

Alas, not I.

They know the conquest of the air,
The beating winds, the birds that shy,
The thrill of speed, the sun's bright
stare,
The agile grace of all that fly.
They know the urge that flung them
there.

Alas, not I.

They know the joy of the newly
found,
The wondrous sights, the roving eye
The tingle of the unknown sound,
The different blue of different sky.
They know the call of stranger
ground.

Alas, not I.

ready to step into well-paid professional and technical positions.

Those having defense jobs, who have saved their money, intending to enter college at the close of the war, shall have been more wise than some, but nevertheless, one must remember that after being away from the classroom for three or four years, it is a difficult task to return to it. Also, these college aspirants will be much older than the ordinary students and will not readily associate with them. This will greatly affect the social side of their college life and they will miss much of the enjoyment they might have had.

Thus I hope that when and if you are tempted during the present world situation to leave college for less stable things in life, you will think the matter over carefully before making a decision. Look toward the future, and be fair to yourself and the oncoming generation which will need capable leaders just as we do now.

We Love Our Profs

(Continued from page 2)

erate enough static electricity to electrocute each other.

Pet peeves? We should say! How are these? Doc McIlvaine hates pompous people. Mr. Isenberg is emphatic about the butchering of classical music for popular consumption and would like to boycott the Capitol for their record concerts intended to fill out the time between shows. Mr. Thorpe will have nothing to do with sea-food and "vice versa". Dr. Pendell loathes loafers. Dr. Kieft—but that curl! How could he hate anything? Mr. Taylor detests radio quiz programs, stores that sell two kinds of ice cream cones—five-cent and ten-cent, dogs that yap, women with wrinkled stockings, war songs in the rah! rah! spirit, and—Hold on!

Our profs do like some things. Mr. Chase delights to be whisked over mountains and through valleys to the tune of "Clementine," which he sings with much gusto and right on key through heaven knows how many stanzas. Mr. Brentin likes rare and impossible foods, and Dr. Kieft adores everything connected with his printing press—even the ink on his fingers. Dr. Eshelman likes walking and dogs, or maybe it's walking dogs. Dr. Pendell likes a house that he built with his own hands down in Virginia; and Mr. Herpel likes to be home with Mrs. Herpel, but when can he be? Having seen a few theme corrections in our time, we're not sure whether Mr. Taylor likes anything.

Profs, we salute you!

SHERLOCK STUDENT



If you want to get yourselves kissed, co-eds, use a little come-on sense.

Before marriage he was a dude—now he's only subdued.

Student Council

Early last September, 94 students signed out as members of the crew of the good ship H.U.C. and set sail for unexplored lands. With no thought of mutiny in mind but rather in the hopes of having some pleasant times along with their chores, they chose nine from among their number to chart a course which would include a maximum of pleasurable leisure-time activities. Drawing up articles of incorporation under the name of Student Government Association, the crew of nine elected the following officers: Captain, Charles Bruch; Boatswain, Charles Vitabile; Keeper of the Log, Jacqueline Kistler; and First Mate in charge of the Exchequer, Ario Brennan. The steering committee included William Tito, Robert Holtzclaw, Charles Cowell, Elvira Sell, and George Seidel.

Bursar Brennan, incidentally, was selected to his post because of his nefarious reputation of being the tightest-fisted moneyholder in 69 ports, and upon him fell the responsibility of rationing out the funds held in common so that there would be enough pieces of eight left to make tonight's stop at Port Altamont possible without having to loot the Sailor's Grog Fund. Other members of the crew were appointed to take care of the various programs aboard ship, and also to plan the expeditions into territory familiar to some, but strange to most.

Looking back over the log, we see that our incorporated brother tars have done much to arrange entertainment, etc. for us deck swabbers. Boxing and cards have gone on below deck and the ping-pong table never once got a chance to come up for air. The H.U.C. juke box was kept well supplied with the latest jive and even did yeoman service at various deck parties. Once before, Thanksgiving time to be exact, the ship sailed into Port Altamont for a super floor polishing.

On the second half of our voyage, we regretted the loss of Bos'n Vitabile who was drafted for landlubber service in the army. Francis Marusak took over his duties and responsibilities. All in all, it's been smooth sailing, and after a week in dry dock for repairs we'll be all at sea again. All aboard!

REFUGEE

O mighty banker,
Master of capital,

Ruler of men,
Of what value now thy gold?

Of what use thy prestige?
Thankful art thou to live.

And work and sleep—
And dream.