

World Affairs Announces Students' Essay Contest

Offers \$500 First Prize

Subject for an essay contest by World Affairs, prize for which is \$500, has been announced recently as "Collaboration between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations for post war world order."

Open to all undergraduate college students, this essay contest has as its aims the following, presented in the announcement sent to Chancellor Boucher. "The reconstruction of international order at the end of the present war will be excessively difficult," the rule sheet states. "It will require the co-operation of many nations. The close collaboration of the English speaking nations is essential."

Objectives Proclaimed.

"The United States and Great Britain have proclaimed their objectives in the Atlantic charter and in the lend-lease compact of Feb. 23, 1942. The American people should be made thoroughly aware of their worldwide responsibilities. This essay contest should help to focus attention on so vital a subject and be productive of valuable ideas and proposals."

Rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. The contest is open to all regularly registered undergraduates in properly accredited degree-granting institutions in the United States.

2. The subject of the essay shall be "Collaboration Between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations for Postwar World Order."

3. The essay must be an original contribution prepared for this contest; no previously published article may be used.

4. The essay must be typed double spaced on one side of white paper, size 8x10 1/2 inches with a left-hand margin of 2 inches.

5. A bibliography of pertinent material used in preparing the essay must be appended. Footnotes may be used at the discretion of the author.

6. The essay should contain not more than 5,000 words.

7. The essay must be submitted to the editors of World Affairs not later than Jan. 1, 1943 and should be accompanied by a duly authenticated statement that the student is properly registered in the university.

8. Prominent judges will be selected by the editors of World Affairs and their decisions will be final.

9. The winning essay will be awarded a prize of five hundred dollars.

Reporter . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

"never steps out" said, "It could be to break the monotony or maybe just trying to make the other party jealous."

Art Lincoln, big picture boy from the Delt joint declared, "To get a change of scenery." Charming Martha Ann Bengtson murmured after play rehearsal one afternoon, "I don't know why they would."

Lois Cowden really meditated on this, "More interesting. See what kind of a raise they can get out of the other member of the pining. Or maybe it is just boredom."

Joe Anderson joyfully said, "I didn't know they started that until after they were married." Oh, no, Joe. Hadn't you heard?

Annajean Ray—"It's just plain being fickle. But people who don't take pins are too fickle to even take one so at least those who take pins aren't quite as fickle as those who don't take them. . . Oh, sure, sure. . . just as clear. . . isn't it. . . Besides, pins sure look cute on sweaters."

The foregoing may be of aid to settle the question but if not may we definitely settle it for you? The answer lies in one of two things, human cussedness, or human wolfishness. You may have your choice. . . Personally, we think that the la—. Oh well, you know that patriotism is a great thing.

Scrap Irony

By Chris Petersen

Of Woes Ala Levy.

I have a very pessimistic friend, Levy, who has a curious knack for speaking in poetical arias. He gave me the sorrows of one belateden, yesterday.

Once upon a midnight eerie, while I crammed 'till I was weary, over a thick and boring textbook, never cracked before—while I sat there, boning, boning, suddenly I heard a moaning, as of someone softly groaning—close behind my chamber door. "Tis the wind," I muttered, "Moaning right outside my chamber door—only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was ever since September I had planned to study English, French and Constitutional Law. And I found out to my sorrow, that in vain I tried to borrow notes from classmates, for tomorrow I had exams, three or four. Finals in three courses, which I should have studied long before. Was this justice? I saw "Naw!"

And the silken, sad uncertain rustling of my flannel bathrobe chilled me—filled me with goose pimples I had never felt before; so to stop the heated straining of my nerves I sat, and draining seven quarts of beer, I settled down to cram and cram some more. To learn of bank notes and commissions and principles of Malthus' law—things I never knew before.

Presently my breath grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sure," said I, or Madame, beat it, and by solitude restore. Can't you see I've got to study? Have a heart and be a buddy, or my future will be muddy—so keep moving I implore. Go and do your groaning elsewhere, not beside my chamber door." Then forgetting etiquette I swore.

But hie groaning came still louder, so I flung some talcum powder on my four days growing beard and slowly stumbling towards the door, "Nuts," I muttered, seeing double, "if some drunk is seeking trouble I will bust him like a bubble, with a left hook to the jaw. Bue efore I undertake him I will guzzle one beer more. Then I'll fling wide the door.

My patience then far further goaded, for in my house a bomb exploded, blowing books and beer and students headlong thru my chamber door. As I lay there from the environs came the scream of a police siren and the clattering of old andierons clattering on as they landed on the floor. Then I learned what caused this uproar

—it was merely a gang war. Then and then, my hair I tore.

"Hell," I said, "no use denying it is vainly I've been trying to do work." So I shrugged while sighing, "This is surely the last straw. Before me my exams are looming, and since I'd be wrong in assuming I can study while this booming is increasing to a roar—I will spend a peaceful evening with my girl named Eleanor, where I can relax and furthermore, her father owns the liquor store."

So my kind and good professors, I will make you by confessors, if upon my examinations large F's you design to draw—tho my work seems inefficient, try to make my grades sufficient, and my faith, now too deficient, in human nature, you'll restore. Even then, if

you don't see me, in the classrooms any more—blame it on Eleanor.

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