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Valparaiso University

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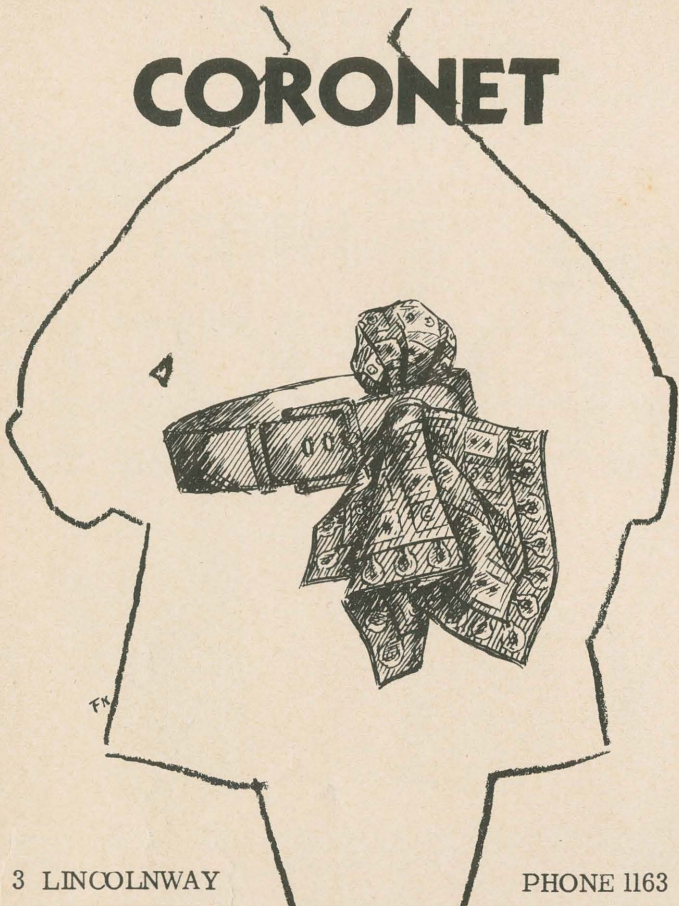
MARCH 1952

NEW KORKER



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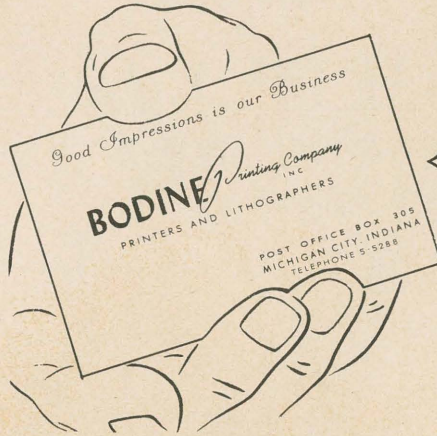
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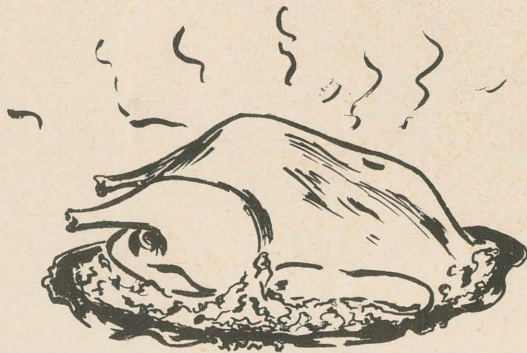
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COMINGS OFF ABOUT TOWN

The Theatre

Plays

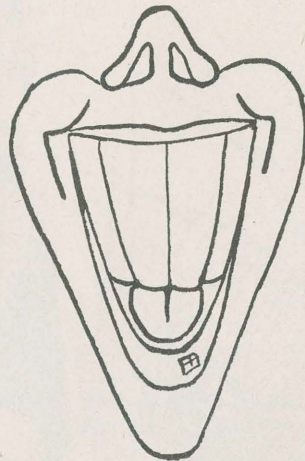
CAESAR AND ANTONY and CLEO AND FIGARO—the standard classics by Shaw, Shakespeare and Friedrich involving the Nile river and Ftataeeta and questioning if mules are immortal. Superb cast headed by Joe Scionti as Antony, Lulu Moore as Cleo and Art Matthews as the mighty Caesar. Plays given in alternate weeks. (Honest John Theater, 355 Greenwich, VU 9-999. Daily 8:30, matinees Wed. and Sun. 2:40.)

THE FIVEPOSTER—there is a cast of thousands in this witty new drama about a couple and their trials through 35 years of marriage. Produced by the IFC and available to fraternities for smokers by calling 585-J and asking for Ted. (Premier, Lincolnway over the bookie joint, BO 7-6550. Nightly, except when performing for fraternities.)

THE MOON IS—a lively play about an astronomer who happens to point his telescope towards Guild Hall one night. Starring Dorthea Dunagen and Jo Leege with a supporting cast of 40 nondescript co-eds. (Bucket Theatre, Benjamin at Franklin, Sob 5-9704. Nightly 8:15, martinis Wed. and Sun. 2:40.)

DEATH OF A PROFESSOR—wonderfully amusing story about a professor at a small freshwater college in Northwestern Indiana who is tarred, feathered, and slowly tortured to death by happy, carefree students. Surprise ending as professor reveals that he, too, was shocked by American Literature. (Auditorium, College and Freeman. Continuous performance 24 hours a day by tireless performers.)

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A Conscientious Calendar of Events of Interest

S . M . T . W . T . F . S						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

MUSICALS

GUISE AND DOLLS—a rollicking comedy about a fraternity and sorority. Score by Hoelty and Norority. Score by Hoelty and Norority. Nickel contains such hit tunes as "Because of VU," and "I'll Flee You in my Dreams." (IFC Theater, East Campus. Nightly, with or without an audience, 8:30. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2:40.)

BOOKS.....Library
THEATRE.....Dead
RACE TRACK.....Muddy
GOINGS ON.....Guild Hall

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers planning a change of their dress give at least a month's notice and provide their old as well as new.

NORTH PACIFIC—a gay musical about college life in Hawaii. The entire action takes place under water during a class in deep sea diving. Stars are Marl Marlin and Ezio Pincer, and it is a whale of a show. (Twentieth-Century Jox Theater, 822 LaPorte ave. Knock three times and ask for Marshall. Nightly 8:30, no matinees as performers are catching their breath then.)

Night Life

Supper Clubs

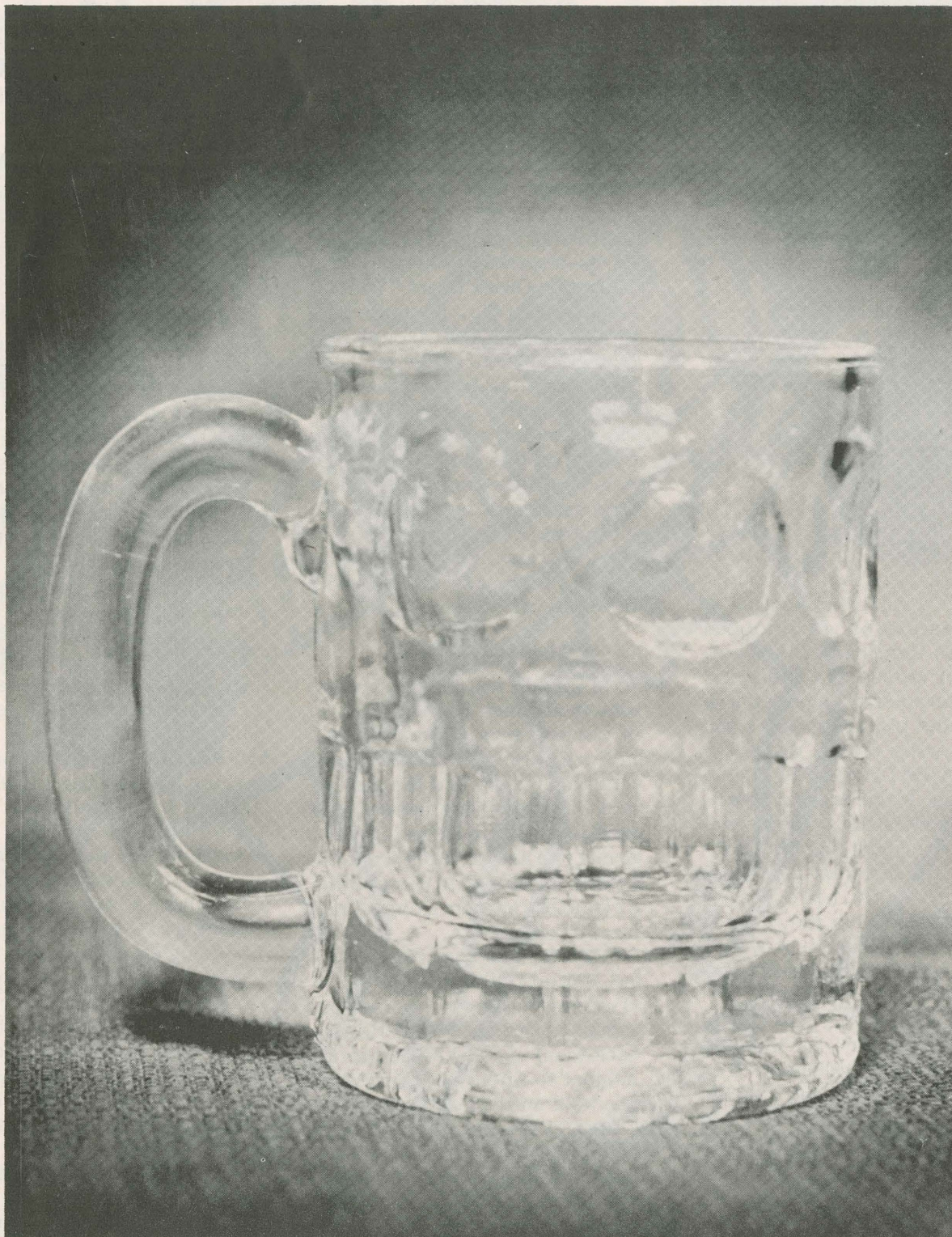
SHANTY—a small, cheerful spot at College and Union. Elaborate murals of an Alpine village on the walls that took a year and a half to complete. Dinner music by "Juke" Box and his orchestra, no dancing. Gloria Blau is head-mistress. No reservations necessary.

OLD STYLE INN—a popular club at 11 Lincolnway run by Dick Batchelor and Carrie Hayden. Music by F.M. Radio, featuring Donna and her magic.

THE HOLE—just what the name implies. Located at the corner of Brown and College, the Hole is a basement redone to look like a cellar. Has TV, a ping pong room which doubles as the President's Dining Room, a small stage, and a 100-foot bar. Floor shows Sunday nights, occasional dramatic skits by Mrs. Garrison (wife of bartender Pop Garrison.)

BLUE GOOSE—well frequented nightspot, with visits occasionally by the excise men. Jack Whitton serves as M.C. for the floor shows, which are often impromptu affairs. Music by Horace Schmaltz and his one-man band.

UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA—closed down at present while Federal inspectors check for horse meat,



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hope to open as soon as possible. Dancing to the "music" of Ken Harmon and the dishwater five. Specialty is barbeque on bun, not recommended for weak stomachs. If you take the right line at night, count your change carefully. Eddie Arcaro in charge of the meat storage department.

COLLEGE INN—quiet atmosphere, no dancing. Trio consisting of a piano, a piano player and a stool plays occasionally, and a gypsy violinist flits from table to table while the manager pursues him with a flit gun. Frequented by cultured philosophists who discuss existentialism over pie and coffee.

Art

THE LIBRARY—on the second floor of the Valparaiso University library is a superb collection of rare masters by such famous artists as Rembrandt, Raphael, Grandma Moses and Bielecky. Oils, watercolors, fingerpainting (not on the pictures, some kid was drawing on the walls.)

ALTRURIA HALL EXHIBIT—the main lounge features great treasures in modern art. They seem to be a permanent exhibit, indicated by the fact that they have been there for three years. Officials report that they cannot be removed because it would show that the lounge walls have been painted recently.

607 UNION CLUB—a collection of paintings in the cellar hideway by Reinhold P. Marxhausen. The door is always open, and visitors are always welcome. A word of warning however, the occupants of the club request that you do not pull the central light switch located in the basement.

Music

MODERN MUSIC CONCERT—the combined University choir, Chapel choir, Schola Cantorum and Glee club will start off the program by singing the four most popular songs of 1951. Following this the V.U. Dixieland sextet comprised of Hoelty-Nickel and his five pennies will render "The Dance of the Sugar Plum

Fairy" and "Hearts and Flowers." Included in the quintet are "Fingers" Nickel on the 88, "Thumper" Schoenboehm on the bass, "Hot Lips" Bichsel on the trumpet, "Sticks" Wienhorst on the drums, "Licorice" Fleischer on the clarinet and "Slide tone" Kroeger on trombone.

FRATERNITY-SORORITY HOLE SHOW—a sparking revue featuring the best in Greek talent. Quartet composed of Epi-prytanis Bob Breseman, Royal Count Don Smith, Vice Justice Warren Ward and Chancellor Bill Hindahl will sing "It's All Greek to Me," while dancing around a burning effigy of the Indee's symbol indian. All the important Greek personages will be represented, including Zues, Apollo, Juno, Plato, Socrates, Venus and Olympus. As a climax, Mercury will drive his car on the stage.

Other Events

IFC MEETING—a philosophic society at which representatives of certain rival organizations meet to discuss the weather, christmas trees and the picture of a VU magazine queen. All questions vitally affecting fraternity life are stricken from the agenda so as not to disturb the delicate constitutions of the representatives.

ISC MEETING—another philosophical society which believes in disseminating an enormous amount of rules with nothing to back them up. All decisions are subject to silent veto. Revotes are held until ideas are adopted.

IRC MEETING—here we find those who are trying for an A in government talking about world situations which they know little or nothing about. Meetings are held in the Hole so that when a member is asked what he got out of the meeting, he can reply "a cup of coffee."

AUCTION—Alpha Phi Omega will hold another unique auction sale in conjunction with a bake sale held jointly by Sigma Alpha Iota and the University Guild. Specials for the day will be a brown umbrella, chocolate layer cake, one

copy of "Les Deux Idoles" and a silk scarf, fudge and brownies, and a crumpled maroon corduroy hat with the initials VFH.

Movies

UNDERCOVER AGENT—an unusual plot in which a Lt. Commander of the Navy returns to a small midwestern university to teach government. There he gathers in his department a philosopher and a member from a foreign diplomatic service, and together the trio plan to force socialist ideas on their students. A student in their department, who is also managing editor of the college newspaper, averts this plot by getting the diplomat deported, blowing up the Commander's car on the way to a reserve meeting, and forcing the philosopher to become the censor of the university magazine. In his fight however, he becomes a bitter cynic, and retires to Elmhurst, Ill. to live the remainder of his life writing sarcastic letters to the Socialist party.

ADVENTURE OF FAITH—a sports story about a basketball game which is all tied up at the beginning of the movie, but unfortunately the favored team loses. During the game, the film flashes back and the players illustrate their ingenuity by building an engineering building in their spare time. It is probably because of their never-ending work in erecting this building that they were too tired to win the game. The story is based on fact in that the team in question actually did lose the game.

QWO VADDIZ—a seven million dollar epic starring 63 lions and 30,000 others on a Roman setting. The plot is based on Julius Caesar's book, "All Gaul is Divided Into Three Parts," and stars Bruno Rothman, a college student, who throws the bull in one impressive scene.

THE BLUE BADGE OF COURAGE—this movie tells how one sorority dares to be different by wearing no fancy costume at song fest, holding no official rush party and pledging girls with a 1.0.



Didn't I see your picture in last year's "SCORCH?"

PORTRAITS of WOMEN



by

BACKRACK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

We stopped into 459 College ave. the other morning for our daily pack of Luckies and the Trib. There were a half dozen other people in the store for the same reason. Bud Swanson stood in back of the counter, cigarette dangling from lips, leaning against the wall. It was the same as any other morning.

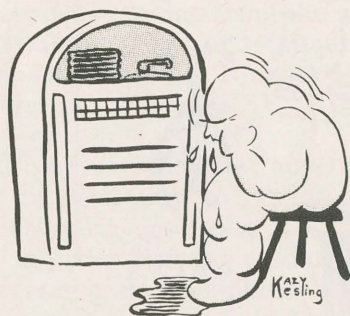
A little later in the day we started wondering just what the story is with this Fill store, and decided to inquire and find out. When we got there the second time, Bud and a bakery truck driver were the only people present. The truck driver was making out the day's bill. The Tribs were gone, having been replaced with the afternoon Chicago papers; Daily News, Herald and Sun-Times.

When we told Bud that we intended to write a little story on his store, he replied, "Again? You do that every year." We know this, but there is something about the place that is hard to put into words. We hoped we could succeed in doing a good job this time.

He answered the usual interview questions. He told us he'd been in the store business for the past six years; that he'd been born in Chicago; had moved to Chesterton and gone to high school there; that he'd married and quit the factory job he held because of illness. He then added that he didn't see much of a story in that.

We said we were more interested in the literature that lines one wall

of the building and in the people who trade with him. How many magazines does he keep in stock? "Hundreds, maybe thousands, I wouldn't know," was his answer. He added that his biggest magazine seller was the Post. He said that Colliers used to go over big but



—Arizona Kitty Kat

that it was evidently too cheap because sales were way down.

In addition to the magazines, he sells about 75 Tribs every morning and about 50 other Chicago papers, of which Sun-Times (10 a day) is the lowest in sales. We wondered about the Sun-Times sales since we'd read that it was almost equal in circulation to the Trib. He had the answer: "Too many Republicans on this campus, and the Times isn't exactly a Republican paper."

He told us that the biggest seller of all are the pocket books. These he sells at the rate of 50 to 60 a week. He wasn't quite sure about the exact figure, because he "never did stop to figure it out."

About a year ago, a famous sports scribe in this area, one Elmer "Arch" Bernard, coined a name for Bud's store. In a moment of literary greatness, Arch called it "Bud's Magazine Emporium and Confectionary." The name could hardly be more fitting, especially when one considers the clientele. It ranges from the neighborhood kids (who always find enough empty pop bottles to redeem for a candy bar) to distinguished men of letters.

We have it on good authority that Dean Bauer's favorite smoke is a Roi Tan cigar. "Sometimes he stops in a couple of times a day," Bud says. He also knew when C.P. quit smoking cigarettes, although he isn't quite sure that the "Boss" hasn't started again. He tells it this way:

"O.P. dropped in one day a couple of weeks ago. We were chewing the fat and I took a cigarette and offered him one. He said no, that he'd given up cigarettes. I hear he's smoking a pipe now."

An example of the complete contrast between Bud and some of his customers is best shown by the well-known Zim, who even comes in occasionally to buy a paper. And here we thought that he got at least a 20% discount on everything!

That's Bud's Magazine Emporium and Confectionary. Sometimes it looks like the old neighborhood hang out back home; and occasionally it resembles Bughouse

or Pershing squares in other cities. But it really isn't fair to make a comparison. Bud's is incomparable. It is characterized by complete casualness. It is as much a part of Valpo as is the auditorium. Even if you don't want the paper or something to eat, stop in Bud's every day, and you'll be certain to have the lowdown on everything.

When we heard that Easter vacation, otherwise known as Spring vacation, was about to begin once more, we conducted a little poll around various places and came up with these revealing, but possibly inaccurate results.

The object of our little sociological, statistical, or what have you

survey, was to find out how many of the people on this campus take books home over vacation periods. In addition, we wanted to know how many of those who could answer "yes" to the first query could honestly answer in the affirmative to the question: "Do you get any work done while you're at home?"

The results of our efforts were somewhat expected, and at the same time, somewhat revealing. We always thought that those who did take their books home at least made an attempt to wade through them, but the results show that we've been misled. We found:

"Do you take books home over vacations?"

Always	Sometimes	Never
77%	16%	7%

"Do you get done with the work you had planned to finish?"

Always	Sometimes	Never
7%	16%	77%

As a result of these findings, we would like to recommend that you take no books home this coming vacation. We feel that by taking this advice, you will be doing a great service to yourself. For one thing, the odds are against you in the first place, so why even try to fight fate. The other reason is still better. If you forget your books, not only will you accomplish as much as you have in the past, (assuming that we're speaking to the norm) but you will save yourself the terrible punishment one's conscience can give one, when one goes back on one's word to one's self.

It seems that to be in the vogue these days, you have to be down in the mouth all the time, and be able to emote with various kinds of wailing sounds most of the time. At least all we can pick up on our modern version of the crystal set are "songs" such as "Cry," "The Little White Cloud That Cried" and "Please Mr. Sun."

Mr. Johnny Ray is the man who is responsible for this business, and we're beginning to wonder just what this place (the world) is coming to. It seems that people no longer care about strolling through the park, or which side of the street is the sunny side, or even if mares eat oats. Such things reflect the brighter side of life and are too, too optimistic. We must spend our time worrying about getting that letter of goodby from dear Sweetheart. When that sad moment arrives all we have to do for relief from anguish is to sit down and cry our eyes out.

Through all this pessimism we see a ray of hope. Maybe if we all learned how to cry profusely and go on emotional rampages like our friend Mr. Ray does, we too could get rich overnight. Why work when this opportunity lies at our feet? Here is the New Frontier. The nice thing is, we don't have to be romantic cowboys to rule this Frontier. That's old fashioned. The day of the romantic cry-baby has arrived!



"Something facultyish, but alcoholic."

Helen H. H. H.

P R O F I L E S

In the Religion dept. of Valparaiso university, the eager student may learn valuable facts about the "Life and Works of Martin Luther" or the "Life Of Christ," but alas, a second persual of this imposing list of courses fails to reveal any discussion of that august personage but for whom a study of Luther and Christ would be unnecessary.

Introducing, the Devil. If the reader dares read on into the following discussion of him who represents all that is evil and wicked, he will learn just a bit about the history of the devil—his various names and forms.

A logical point of starting this acquaintanceship is the learning of the varied and numerous names by which man might address him. "I go by various names" Satan informs Tom Walker in Washington Irving's famous story. On the common level, man might use the terms "Devil" (diablo in French and German.) The classicists will be glad to know that the ultimate derivation is the Latin "diabolus" which means an "accuser or assailant."

The other common denotation, "demon" in its original form carried with it a complimentary connotation. Both Coleridge and Emerson used the word "daemon" as a term for genius.

These two only scratch the surface of the vast repertoire of diabolical appellatives. The medieval German mysteries call 62 devils by name. Reginald Scot (no relation to Randolph, since this one wrote in the 16th century) already knew the names of 79 devils. The Bible, indeed, has a great number of names for him. "The god of this world" may be found in Second Corinthians. "The Prince of the powers of the air" appears in Ephesians, and the "angel of the bottomless pit" and the "old Serpent" are mentioned in Revelations.

Originally correct names for him have been corrupted through popular

usage so that entirely new colloquial terms have evolved. Thus "Bellerophon" has become translated in vulgar speech into "Billie Ruffian." The Biblical "Adrammelech" was transformed into "Andrew Malchus."

The Valparaiso student, it might be inserted here, when he lowers his eyes and mumbles an embarrassed "what the deuce" or "what the Dickens" is actually handling a corrupted form of Satan's name. The word "deuce" is a popular corruption of the Latin "deus."

The English language has honored the Devil with the venerable prefix "old." One scholar has compiled a list of 41 different such names, among which are Old Harry, Old Horny, Old Nick, Old Scratch and others. The most popular "old" of the list is Old Nick which has been traced back to a number of varied sources, ranging from the second syllable of the word "iniquity" to the first name of Niccolo Machiavelli.

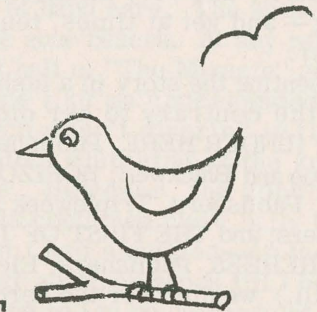
So by now, the many appellatives of the Devil must be lucid in everyone's mind.

In order that the student might receive a more complete orientation with the Evil Spirit, it would be well if he could easily recognize him in case of a chance meeting on campus.

The Fiend must indeed be a quick-change artist of the first-rate ability, if one is to believe all the descriptions of him. Characteristic of his disguise is that of animal form. The representation of the Devil in the shape of a goat goes back to far antiquity. Goat-formed deities existed in the religions of India, Egypt, Assyria and Greece. The creation of the goat has even been ascribed to the Devil by Hans Sachs in his farce entitled "The Devil Created Goats."

The representation of the Devil in animal form can be traced back to a certain extent to the Bible. If Scripture referred to the Devil as a roaring lion, a serpent, a wolf, a

dog or a dragon, medieval writers immediately supposed that he was in the habit of actually assuming the forms of these animals. Twice in the Bible the Devil is represented as a dog. Literature has incarnated him as a bat, a rat, a cat, a fly, a crow, a dragon and a wolf. Goethe openly said that he believed black cats were of the Evil One.



The Devil appears in many colors, notably black and red. Radical hatred has had much to do with this dark description of Satan. It is interesting to note that all descriptions of the Devil in African communities show him as a white person.

Red, the representation of flame, also often characterizes the Devil. The New Testament already describes him as a fiery fiend. As a matter of fact, the Devil appears in any color that has an unpleasant look or suggestion. The Orientals say "as white as the Devil" for whom that color represents death or mourning. The Spaniard says "as green as the Devil" since green was a sacred color to the hated Moor. It might be comforting to note in this connection that the French swear word "sacre bleu" has no diabolical connection.

Suaveness and subtlety are characteristic of the Devil's approach. In his contact with mankind, he wears the cloak of a gentleman, Shakespeare, in "King Lear" says "the prince of demons is a gentleman." Employing the superhuman power at his command, he manifests himself to us now as a well-bred, cultivated man of the world.

—KAYO GOCKEL

BOOKS

A comparative study of the psychological differences of Stephanie in three stages of development seems to be the only theme possible for the basis of writing in this novel, *STEPHANIE, MY CHILD* by Ida Clareton, Graebvik and Schwan Publishers, as the author shows her insight and understanding of modern day problems and the quest for security in a very thought provoking—and yet at times, tender manner.

Presenting the story in a fashion quite the contrary to her other works, (*UNDER HERE*, Publishers, Doe, Doe and Blackwell; *HORIZON'S CALL*, Publishers, Tripleweek and Daughters; and *THE FIRST OF THE MANCHEBEES*, Publishers, Elealo and Will.) we discover the heroine through introspection on the part of the author, a flashback into the early years of Stephanie, and then later come upon her—far removed from her native country of France—through her diary.

The final revelation of Stephanie today—no longer as a child—exhibits her on Fifth ave. as the aloof society matron who finds that the accompanying maladjustment of a marriage built on the grounds of security is too great a price to pay for anyone.

The author relies upon her early years to set the stage for our first encounter with Stephanie. Having received the attention and special instruction of a young and gifted artist in music in the *Academie de Musique in LaTravor*, France, our author related similar talents and circumstances for Stephanie in the field of art. Tempermental, high-spirited, shy and bewildered we find our *CHILD* giving vent to her emotions in creative work at the age of ten, while the less talented infants of her age enjoy a normal and happy carefree life. As our author related:

"I had been standing in the classroom for nearly a quarter of an hour before I realized that she was there. In the corner painting silently sat Stephanie. You wouldn't have even

realized that she was there had not the handle of her brush attracted your attention. Her drawing board moved slightly as a very fragile hand steadied it for the correction of a line. Moving over to gaze on the object in the corner, one understood with the first glance into her strange looking eyes that bewilderment had fostered the most formative period of her life—I was immediately drawn to this child."

Unfortunately, the boarding school atmosphere was the least desirable place for Stephanie. With only occasional thoughts on the part of the author as to the happenings of this young girl during the next two years and even less frequent encounters prior to the German invasion, we find our author confronted with Stephanie and her increased perplexities in a rest home, the girl having finally broken down under the immense weight of tension and internal conflict—which has its climax in the public condemnation of her father as a Nazi party leader in the French underground.

With the sentencing of her father to prison and the confiscation of their home and resources, Stephanie was sent to an asylum for children and only after a six months' residence with the less mentally fortunate, was placed in the rest home by the intercession of an influential relative. It is thus at the age of 14 we are able to resume our semi-personal contact with Stephanie as she reveals to the author her experiences and trauma of the war years.

And as in her previous successes the author portrays the feelings of the girl toward society and the assumed feelings of society to the young girl with vivid clarity. The author's work on the post-graduate level with the mentally ill has enabled her to work out—piece by piece—the seemingly impossible task of fitting the girl's jig-saw mind into an organized whole.

The traditional warm friendship develops between the worker (Ida Clareton) and the patient which leads to a more than professional interest on the part of the worker as to the girl's plans and hopes for the future.

During the author's 3 day absence from the home (almost on the level of the mystery stories) the young girl is removed by her relatives with no forwarding address. It is assumed that she was taken by them at the age of 17 to the United States where she is again placed in an art school after a tour of the continent.

By this time the girl has developed into a very charming but unusually reserved and demure woman who lives quite removed from her associates in the school. With her relatives returned to France after two years, she finds a solitary companion in the friendship of a disabled veteran who is in attendance at the school for the purpose of orientating himself to his disability.

After a brief and perplexing courtship, by this unusual and wealthy suitor, Stephanie agrees to marry him though his over attention to her comes as a completely unexpected shock. The over-attention is the first indication of the extreme jealous nature of the man she has married and which leads him into violent rages on the simplest suspicions.



CO-ED

It is after one of these emotional traumatic experiences that we find Miss Clareton encountering a woman with strange eyes at an intermission of a concert whom she recognizes as the girl in France. Once again she is confronted with the problems of Stephanie and again assumes a role as mother to this orphan sophisticated of Fifth ave.

The story ends with the curio sity unsatisfied as to the actual solution of Stephanie's problems—which is the prevailing tendency of this type of literature—though it marks the author's initial effort in the disposal of contemporary problems.

—LOIS SCHWEPPE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Vigaro Be Sika and Ceasar Sava Teenie, the director and writer responsible for the remarkably effective films, "The Velocipede" and "Boot Polish," have again joined the party, pooling their talents to bring to the surging herd of plebian intelligentsia the invigorating movie, "Miracle in Krasnoyarsk."

This time collaboration has resulted in a film with some of the bounce, humor and eccentricity of an old Chaplin comedy—or a new Berle burlesque. The picture has an air of innocent improvisation, and sometimes the proceedings become as wildly disorganized as the author himself.

But even when Be Sika and Sava Teenie are plainly allowing their imaginations to run amuck (Slobovian term for "in the mud,") they manage to pepper their fancies with a good many queer observations on human foolishness in general and wind up associating with leprechauns and elves in fairy land.

As seems to be customary with Slobovian films, "Miracle in Krasnoyarsk" has quite a few amateurs in its cast, particularly illiterates, all of whom act bestial. But it is a professional ham, Fran Cisco Collysayno, as distant relative of the Cisco Keed, in the role of Toto (African abbreviation for totum pole), who does most to convince us that absurdity in a Krasnoyarskian is no more unusual than eloquence in a deaf mute.

Toto comes rightly by his peculiarities. He is supposed to have been found in a veritable Devil's Island run by a Slobovian Mrs. Jiggs and has spent his years before the fall in an orphanage.

While yet in his tender teens, he establishes himself as provost of a colony of engaging derelicts (pickpockets in the throws of young love) in residence on a compost heap of garbage depository outside Krasnoyarsk. Under his supervision the heap goes through such a tremendous transformation that

even families with offspring move in to share the development which has the contours of a shantytown, but the atmosphere of a brawl.

Here the poor are not only happy, they are beside themselves. In the course of erecting a flagpole big enough for the board of trustees to sit on, several members of this scintillating group strike what they suppose to be water. After having sent several stomach linings to the dry cleaners, they decide it must be oil.

Soon several fine old villainous capitalists (American loan sharks residing in Slobovian villas) in silk hats and rabbit-trimmed coats attempt to impress them.

Up to this point the film depends on mundane activities to provide amusement such as selling tickets to sunset sitters and having an obese idiot stuff himself with bread

as a precaution against flying through space.

But then the movie becomes celestial and the female owner of the heap, Mrs. Jiggs, sees the hero floating down to earth and hands him a magic dove which makes wishes come true—something like the goose that laid eggs, only smaller.

It seemed the fantasy got a little out of hand here. The author may have gone beserk. At any rate, the last half of "The Miracle" seemed more like an underhanded pass which wasn't diverted in time to avoid a clutching at the knee of fate. However, the concluding reels contained more belly laughs than I had expected—in fact my lower abdomen shook till I became ill and had to be carried out of the theatre on a stretcher. The rest of my anatomy remained intact.

—M. J. HAGEN



And furthermore, I don't want any of your relatives hanging around here.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

With a rather disconcerted eye, I have been glancing around at the legs of Valpo coeds, Being female myself, I had no real personal interest, of course, but I was interested in noting with what these legs were covered during the cold wintery days.

It came as a shock to notice that the large majority were covered with nothing but a band of thick, white wool around the ankles, that extended down to the foot part of a not-so-thick, and not-so-white wool sock. This would lead one to presume that the portions between the upper thigh and the ankle comes with its own, private heating system or something.

Either this presumption is erroneous, or I was created with something missing. I prefer to believe my hypothesis was incorrect. In that case, I ask you: Are college girls using their intelligence to full capacity when they dress thusly? I think not.

As a cure, I propose the use of knee socks by all thinking Valpo women. The un-thinking, of course, should wear them too. This would insure warmth from the knee to the toe, at least, leaving only the knee-to-upper thigh region to worry about. Perhaps some child prodigy on campus will solve this problem by coming up with a substitute for the good, old-fashioned "woolie." They do itch so.

Another fabulous feature about the knee sock is that they require little washing. Whereas the white socks must be washed after each wearing, and even then do not come with a guarantee that they will remain white, the knee socks come in many, many colors. No one can see the dirt. To top it all, this feature enables your friends to smell you coming.

Still more noticeable on campus is the current rage of "poodles" and "horsetails" which followed a recent issue of LIFE. While these two hair styles have their advantages, it does tend to make the university look more like a managerie than a center of culture.

A few people have added to the confusion by getting their hair cut in such a way that they look like a cross between a duck and a jackass. Rumors from just a few miles northwest of here indicate that a hair-do tabbed "Angel Swirl" is the latest fad. Perhaps that style should be introduced at Valpo by some brave soul.

For almost a year now, little hunks of colored silk known as "neck scarves" have been worn by at least a third of the Valpo girls each day. Although the name is suggestive, these are colorful squares, and do help one to break the habit of chewing on dime-store pearls. But that, I am sure, cannot be the only reason for their continued popularity. Could it be that so many girls have sore throats so much of the time? Or do the large majority of them harbor a secret love for TV hero Hopalong?

Back to feet again, we note that shoes just ain't what they used to be. It was bad enough when girls wore only dirty "saddles" and sloppy loafers. Now, however, we find them wearing all sorts of monstrosities, that range in appearance from the pixie-looking type of thing, that come in all different colors and are lined with lamb's wool, to the sandal affair that reminds me of my Sunday-school picnic days.

Are we in our second childhood already? White bucks are now being worn by girls, too. Another step in the direction of equality of the sexes? If so, give up girls.

You're fighting a losing battle.

My loveable but eccentric roommate nearly blinded me the other day when she walked into the room with a bright orange stocking cap that looked more like a neon ad for Nesbitt's than anything else I could think of. When I started looking around, I noticed that others were wearing them in ranging shades of fuchsia and lime. Anyway, at this rate Swanson can plan on selling out on dark glasses, even in the middle of February. Fruit drops, too. The power of suggestion, you know.

I am surprised to note that although rushing is now in full swing, there still has not been the annual spree of sorority hats and jackets. No blazers, no windbreakers, and no converted sailor caps to serve for identification purposes. I wonder about this. Could it be that



—Arizona Kitty Kat

the sororities are actually resorting to subtlety? Horrors! The end of open cut-throat competition has come! We have now moved into the league of underground espionage! Beware!

I read someplace, sometime, that red headed people are reputedly the most intelligent. My ego causes me to resent that, of

course, and I wonder if some instructors on campus do not feel the same resentment. Without being disrespectful, may I ask why several of our top-drawer intellectuals, who's hair is not red, are now seen wearing hats of a deep red shade?

We hope it will not disillusion the male of the species to report on what the young women on campus are wearing to bed these nights. Most popular are flannel jobbies, frequently in bright red, with ruffles around neck, ankles, and wrists. Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown! We know for a fact that television is partially responsible for the appearance of baggy, loud men's nightshirts, My aunt saw them advertised on TV as "what every young girl is wearing" so I was gifted with one for Christmas, complete with a matching night cap that is modeled after a dunce cap. I hate the inference. To keep you men from being complete cynics, I will add that there are still a few girls on campus feminine enough to cling to the better known nylon nighties.

—DORRIE WATTS

Shreds of Garbage

Blue moon.
Keep it in the house, that's the boy.
But it's a shame that it's not out yet,
And that you're sorry now.

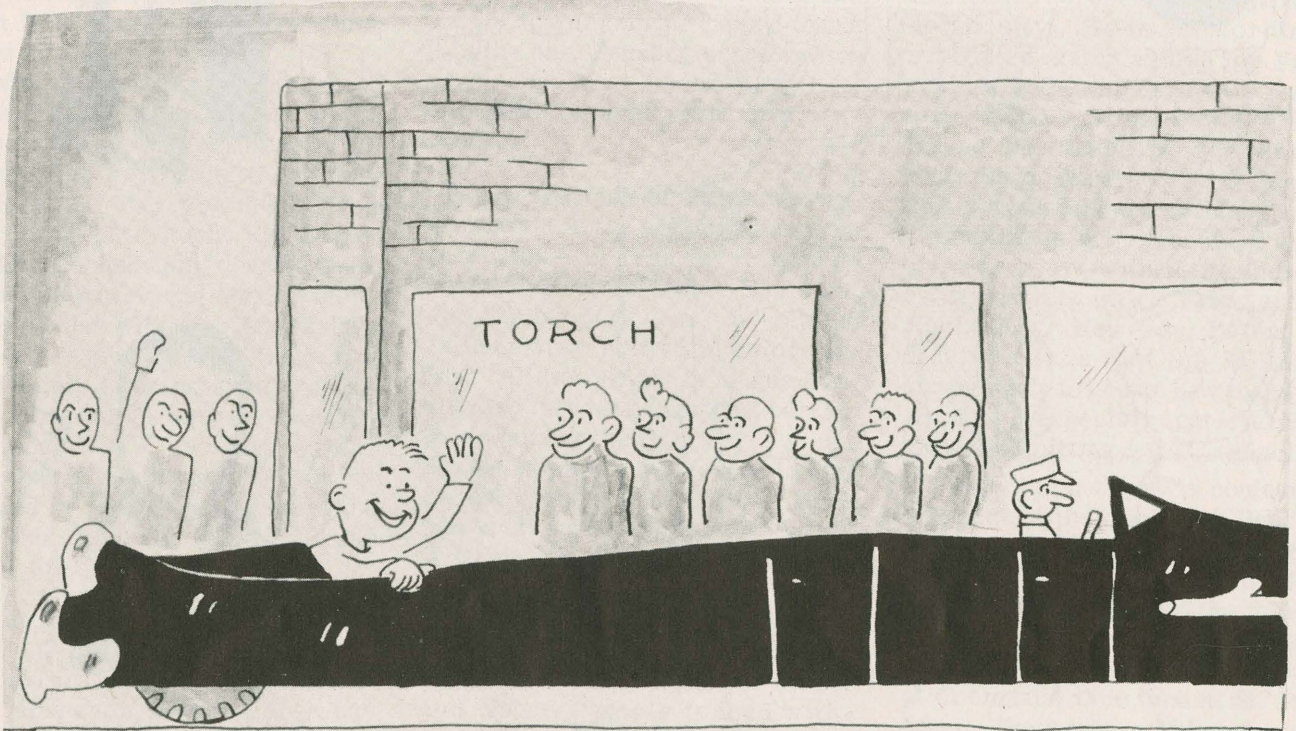
I'll pay the three dollars and keep my parents happy.
Hi Ho Come to the fair.
Neither are the stars out tonight, but that's because the streets are so
Wet and slushy and we still are sorry now.

And she won't cure my frustration either.
She had hung vapors and a despairing sting
We don't know nothing about culture.
I give up. I'm wollowing in a mess of subtopics and departures and
Putrid marshes and swans.

They tried to tell me that
Men are beasts—
Mad, raving, slobbering beasts.
This is what's wrong,
Editors go for that stuff.

But you didn't want her because she wasn't a blond.
Yes, nylonized is as wonderful as they say it is and
A cat with red shoes.
It would be best under a dictatorship,
At six and a half at twelve feet.

—WALLY WHITEMAN



DREAMS OF GLORY

Returning Alumnus



BETTY
+

JACK IRIS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND

THE HOLE

THE RACE TRACK

maneuvers. Bowling is all offensive. Nobody stands in front of a bowler to try to block his view or to deflect his throw.

That makes it a dull game to watch—it's merely a bowler against 10 helpless, motionless, inanimate, bottle-shaped wooden pins positioned to form a solid triangle—unless the watcher gains a vicarious pleasure in studying the bowler's forced nonchalance, betrayed by the smile in his eyes, as he returns to the player's bench after a good hit or the unspoken (yea, even unprintable) words on his lips after a poor hit.

It did not seem to bother the team members that I was not paying rapt attention to their game. They received all the encouragement they needed in the applause of their teammates and frequently of their opponents. I know of no other sport which, during the playing of a game, produces so much cheering for an opponent. It's a very sociable game.

Valparaiso university this year for the first time is leading the bowling league which it helped found. It is the only founding school which has remained in the M.I.B.C. throughout the four years of its existence.

Rudy Dittrich of Valpo was instrumental in the organization of the conference in 1948, working with Ernie Huffman of Notre Dame and Jim Shelley of St. Joe. Loyola and DePaul were invited in before the first ball was rolled in league activity, and they have remained participants during the four years since. St. Joe, however, was forced to drop out until this year, and Notre Dame had to sit out the middle two years. All five schools are conference members in 1951-52.

The problems which face intercollegiate bowling, and which incidentally were responsible for St. Joe and Notre Dame's forced withdrawals, are difficult ones. Bowling will obviously have to be given special consideration before it can be placed on a par with other intercollegiate sports. Now it is not,

having no coach other than the student captains, its players receiving no award letters and being allowed to participate in that sport intramurally.

School officials are understandably reluctant to sponsor intercollegiate bowling teams; most bowlers have participated in one tournament or another where cash prizes have been offered. Strictly speaking, this constitutes loss of amateur standing in the eyes of the National Collegiate Athletic assn., an organization, presently under file, in which all five M.I.B.C. schools hold membership.

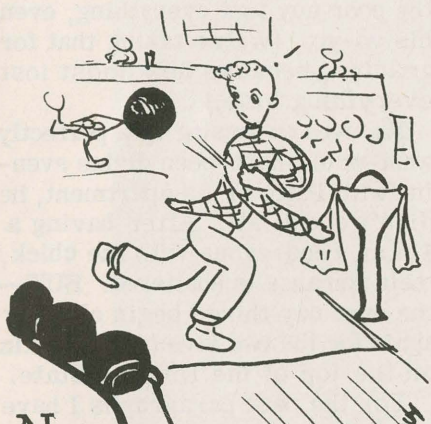
Except for the first season, when the Valpo team sponsored a professional wrestling show in the gym to raise money to cover its bowling fees and travel expenses, bowling has been budgeted for \$200 a year by the Athletic dept.

Athletic Director Karl H. Henrichs has been quick to realize the public relations potential of a bowling team representing Valparaiso university. He has accordingly scheduled match games for Valpo against Lutheran Laymen's league and church bowling teams in Fort Wayne, Milwaukee, St. Joe (Mich.), South Bend, Aurora (Ill.), St. Louis, and in other Lutheran centers.

Bowling is not recognized as an official sport within the Indiana association to which Valpo and St. Joe belong. However, Zalent indicated to me that the M.I.B.C. stands ready to accept new members and would especially entertain the idea of admitting I.C.C. schools.

Valpo won last year's conference tournament, held in South Bend although Notre Dame was not an active league member. Valpo bowling team members also have had the thrill of participating in the "world series of bowling" for two consecutive years, at Columbus, Ohio, and at St. Paul, Minn. Their trip to Milwaukee this year for the annual A.B.C. (American Bowling Congress) tournament will be their third in a row.

—MEL DOERING



No one—not even their most avid fan, Mr. C. R. Heidbrink (he wasn't there)—paid much attention last month (Feb. 10) as Valparaiso defeated DePaul, 4-1, in the season's third bowling match. It was the third victory of the season for the Crusaders, on paper the best team in this year's Midwest Intercollegiate Bowling conference.

(Two weeks later they lost their first match, 2-3, to Notre Dame in South Bend, but retained first place in the standings.)

Although DePaul's un-uniformed keggers got their best score in the second of the five games in the match, they were able to win only the first as Mel Puscheck, Don Eberhardt, Otto Auch, Ric Zalent and Lee Hochsprung, despite their yellow uniform shirts, started slowly. But class will tell. Puscheck's over-all season average (including city league, interfraternity league and conference scores) of 179, Eberhardt's 170, and Auch's, Zalent's and Hocksprung's 178's were verified by the team scores in the final four games on this particular Sunday afternoon.

I said that no one paid much attention. This is true, but this is not to say that there were no spectators. However, bowling does not lend itself to the usual kind of spectating. This is probably due, according to Valpo co-captain Ric Zalent (with co-captain Hochsprung), to the absence of any kind of defensive



For the past 53 weeks the University Players have been attracting the attention of drama critics throughout the world. Now it's time that we give some attention to them.

Vying with the so-called legitimate stage for top honors in the theatrical field, the Players (a group of students with the idea of bringing the finer things in life to their campus) have knocked out performances of "The Moon is Purple." Play-goers have come from New York, and even London, to see what these people are trying to do.

For years the play-goers of the metropolis of Valparaiso have had to succumb to such theatrical ventures as "Days Without End" and "There Shall be no Night." Students went because it was something different than going to the theatres in town.

Because of the proven success of the University Players' latest endeavor, a play by a similar title, currently running in the Windy City, has been losing patrons and is closing one of these days. Theatrical stars such as Kathy O'Connell, Ethel Mermanski, Home Cronyn, Jessy Candy and even newcomer, Audrey Hepburn, are flocking to the Players' director in hopes of getting a part in her next production, which is yet a secret.

But now back to the hit of the season—"The Moon is Purple." The acting, on the whole, was better than any this reviewer has seen before. In fact, it's the first play she's seen. Gen. McCormac's high priestess, Claudia MacCasidy, prefers to do all the work herself. The entire cast of characters, all of one woman and three men, were somewhat suitably suited to their roles, as the play called for one woman and three men.

It is now my sad duty to speak of the performances, seen for the last time the other night.

As ladies should rightly come first, we will delve into the acting ability of young Miss Maggie Smog who played the only female role, odd as it may seem, with the greatest of ease. Being a woman, she fitted into the part of Patty Goldstein rather well.

Patty was a character who liked to go to the top of the Empire State building, and from there goes from bad to worse as she gets involved in some dinner making and dish washing in the apartment of a noble young architect, John Draftable, played by Andrew Hines.

Little Patty upholds her virtue. But we're getting away from things. Mr. Hines does a wishy-washy job of being a man with high morals, but still gets into trouble when his ex-father-in-law-to-be enters the scene and louses it all up.

This character, played by Leonardo Amens, is quite a man of the world. He also likes the architect's beverages and throughout the play pours himself glasses of water with some sort of 86 proof stuff as a wash, while involving poor little Patty and John in things they never thought of doing.

There was one character, however, who really held the play together. This was Horace Jones, playing the big Irish cop, who at the same time was Patty's father. I'd say he was on the stage for about two minutes.

But John, he was it. He has all the good things in life, a car, a nifty apartment, a fiancée, a kitchen and a yo-yo. (It was never brought on stage, but a man of his standing must have had one.) He wanted to be well-liked.

And to Johnny, being well-liked meant that he also had to meet gals on top of the Empire State. But it was no use. Even though he found them with ease, things happened. One thing led to another, and bingo—the poor guy lost everything, even his yo-yo. (We're taking that for granted, because he almost lost everything else.)

No, even on lousing up a perfectly what-would-have-been divine evening with Patty in his apartment, he didn't end it all. After having a 4 a.m. rendezvous with the chick, their romance is shattered. BUT—the next day things begin all over again for the two love birds—again on the top of the Empire State.

For the past paragraphs I have called the performances and the play tremendous. That's only because my boss was standing over me with a club in his hand. I understand that the play was considered a success by other critics, and that the University newspaper, the daily SCORCH sheet, went into ecstasies over the performance. Maybe they go into ecstasy easily in that place. I don't know. I still think there's a big difference between University auditorium and Broadway.

While the play was running, I went every night in hopes that I might see what they were all raving about. It was no use until the other night when I attended the last performance. Only then did I truly realize how needed the play was. After the last curtain went down, students, including this reviewer, had nothing more to look forward to than going back to the Bucket once again.

And so the curtain falls on this greatest season of the Valparaiso stage. It may be a long time before we see the likes of it again. So when the next production is manifested unto you, I suggest that in order to avoid paying to see the thing, beg, borrow or steal a ticket.

—ELEANOR SCHULZ

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TV shows getting that bad?



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CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND MARCY

Dr. John Caxton leaned forward on the stool and studied his reflection in the plate glass mirror over Henry Adams' soda fountain. It was really remarkable that it didn't show. No one knew, surely. No one except maybe Nurse Hutchins and Doc Mason at the hospital. But they wouldn't say anything tonight. They would have to tell someone soon, though, and tomorrow morning the dirty little newspaper boy from the mills district would shove his papers out on the corner and scream the headlines at the people walking down Main street. The people would read the big black print first, and then their eyes would somehow find the article in the corner on the front page. But it was only 10:30, and tomorrow morning was a long way off.

He wondered what Henry Adams was thinking. He watched the white head bobbing as the stoop-shouldered druggist clawed away at the ice cream with a metal scooper. Henry never thought about much, though. At least he never said much. That was funny. Most druggists always asked a lot of questions, especially when they knew you were from the hospital. And then they whispered across the counter in low, intimate tones, telling you about the last gall stone attack or the trouble they'd been having with sinus. Not Henry. He'd been in the pharmacy business a long time, but he hadn't asked a single question in all the 22 years Caxton had known him. That's why he liked to come here, he thought. It was quiet, and there wasn't the groaning from a woman in labor, spilling out sweat on the long white table in the operating room on sixth floor. There weren't the screams of frightened children, waking in the unfamiliar dark of a hospital room. Sitting on the stool, bent over the spiral of steam that rose from a cup of coffee in front of him, John Caxton felt the tense-ness slide away from his muscles.

Then he remembered it again. How could he have forgotten.

He watched his face in the mirror. He didn't like it, and he wanted to hide. But he wondered what Henry Adams would say if he suddenly buried his head in his big hands and sobbed. He would feel so much better if he could only cry. But grown men didn't cry. And when they did, people talked and asked questions. And John Caxton didn't want to answer any questions tonight. He wanted to get out into the night air and breathe in the fresh, clean smell of cherry blossoms along the lake drive. It would be nice out tonight, because it had rained. It had been raining at seven o'clock. He couldn't forget that. John Caxton remembered walking over to the window in the big white room with the sound of the rubber wheels of the operating table brushing across the floor behind him. He had pulled the gauze mask away from his mouth and stared down into the silent black street below. The rain had come down in a fine mist, and he had felt as though his feet were no longer touching earth. Then Hutchins had come up behind him and untied the strings on his white coat. "Get some sleep, Doctor," she had said, "She won't need you for a while yet." He had known then that she would never need him again.

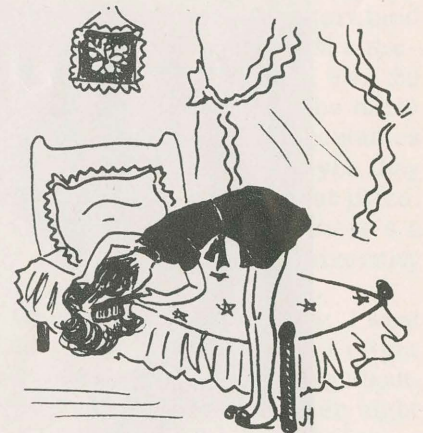
"Good night, Henry." John Caxton's voice was deep and hoarse. He pulled a dime out of his pocket and pushed it across the black marble counter.

John Caxton leaned against the lamp post on the corner and lit a cigarette. The flame flickered in the breeze, and he cupped his hand around the match. The heat stung

his eyes, and he felt the pounding against the inside of his temples again. It had pounded like that at seven o'clock, and he knew it was

because of his eyes. The ether fumes had crawled across his face and into his eyes, and he had to close them for a minute while Doc Mason and Nurse Hutchins waited on the other side of the table. He had felt their eyes on him, and he had wanted to look up and smile to reassure them. But there hadn't been time for that.

Then they had begun, and from then on there had been only his still, whispered orders and the sound of the metal instruments scraping against each other in Hutchins' rubber-gloved hands. It had taken an hour and 19 minutes.



They hadn't stopped once, and when he saw the interne roll her away, he had wondered if it hadn't been a dream. "Oh God," he had said, "I pray, in Jesus' name, don't let her die...please, God. I tried. I tried!" He had steadied himself against the white porcelain table by the window and shoved his palms against his forehead to stop the pounding. Why did he have to be the one? Why couldn't Benedict have done it instead. That was Benedict's line. But Benedict had been called to Chicago that afternoon, and they couldn't reach him when the call came through at five.

Two hours later Hutchins had wheeled her down the gray tile corridor past his door, and he had

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watched the pale, wet face against the clean white pillow. "You'll have to hurry, Doctor," Hutchins' low voice had said, and he had stared at the face on the pillow and wondered how they expected him to go through with it. Then he had closed the door behind him and fallen on his knees and prayed. He had felt the hot tears in his eyes and against his cheeks, but he hadn't been ashamed. They would understand, Hutchins and Mason. Then he had walked through the door into the brightness of the operating room. He hadn't looked at the face on the pillow anymore. They had stretched the sheet across it with holes for the mouth and nose and a neat round opening at the top of the head. He had looked at the tight flesh through the opening and tried to remember the soft, brown hair that smelled like cheery blossoms on a clean spring night. He had felt weak when he had recalled that. They had shaved it off. But, of course, they had to. Hutchins had handed him the first instrument. His hand had trembled for a minute, and he had looked up to see if they had noticed. Mason's eyes watched him from above the white mask, and he had nodded his head. That was at 5:50. At seven o'clock he had handed the needle with the length of bloody thread to Hutchins, and the interne had rolled the table away from between them.

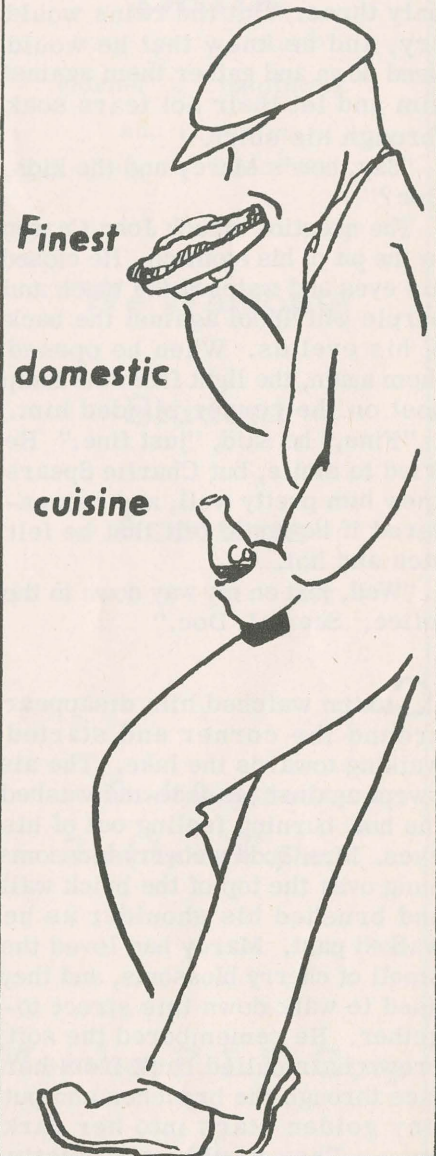
"Evenin', Doc! Tryin' to catch a little fresh air before turnin' in?" It was Charlie Spears from the NEWS. John Caxton had known him ever since he had caught his leg under a ladder while covering the Horton fire 14 years ago.

"Evening," he answered. Then he thought, don't ask questions tonight, Charlie. Please not tonight.

"Got any news for me, Doc? Anything at the hospital tonight?"

John Caxton felt his stomach go sick, and the pounding started against the inside of his temples again. He wanted to step off the curb and run—anywhere, just to get away from this tall man with the worn black notebook and the stub of a pencil. But where could he go? Not home. The children

**PARRY'S
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would be waiting for him, sitting around in their pajamas, their eyes wide with wonder. Thank heavens he had told them not to call the hospital. It would be better to talk to them himself. Sandy wouldn't understand, of course. She was only three. But the twins would cry, and he knew that he would bend down and gather them against him and let their hot tears soak through his shirt.

"Say, how's Marcy and the kids, Doc?"

The question struck John Caxton in the pit of his stomach. He closed his eyes and watched the black and purple whirlpool against the back of his eyelids. When he opened them again, the light from the lamp post on the corner blinded him.

"Fine," he said, "just fine." He tried to smile, but Charlie Spears knew him pretty well, and he wondered if he could tell that he felt sick and hot.

"Well, just on my way down to the office. See ya', Doc."

Caxton watched him disappear around the corner and started walking towards the lake. The air swept against his face and washed the hot, burning feeling out of his eyes. Mrs. Judd's cherry blossoms hung over the top of the brick wall and brushed his shoulder as he walked past. Marcy had loved the smell of cherry blossoms, and they used to walk down this street together. He remembered the soft brown hair pulled back from her face through the branches and put tiny golden stars into her dark eyes. They would walk quietly, listening to the crickets and the sound of the water licking the edge of sandy shore. They had been in love, then, as much as the time when they had sat in the garden behind his fraternity house during the intermission of the Commencement dance. The moon had been full. That was when he had asked Marcy to marry him. It was 22 years ago, but it seemed like last week.

Last week—that was when Johnny had taken out his first girl, and he and Marcy had stood together in the doorway and had watched the boy

take long strides down the front walk, the corsage box tucked under his arm. They had looked at each other and smiled when Johnny had started whistling, because they both knew he was scared and a little bit in love.

They had good kids, kids you could be proud of when you drove them to school in the morning and watched them run up the steps and slip through the big glass doors. Kate looked just like Marcy. She was going to be a knock-out someday. In fact, she wasn't doing badly for herself now—and only a sophomore in high school. But Sandy took the cake. She was the pet of the house, and she knew it. Marcy never had much trouble with her, though, and she'd always have to laugh when he came home at night and she told him about some of the things Sandy had pulled at lunch. Why does it have to end like this? We were so happy. Just last week...

He found the park bench and sank down upon it. The breeze from the lake swept up the slope towards him, and he shuddered. He watched

the yellow reflection of the moon on the water, but he only saw the same thing again. Hutchins was hunched over the record book on the desk at the end of the corridor, and Mason held the telephone receiver against his ear, waiting for his wife to pick up the phone on the other end. They hadn't seen his face in the half-dark. They didn't know how the pounding in his head was driving him crazy. They thought that everything was fine, now that the operation was a success. Only he knew. She hadn't fought, and he knew then that she would never pull through. Why, oh why, didn't she want to live? And why did it have to be me? Benedict was the only one that could've saved her. But I tried, God. You know I tried!

The moon was overhead now. John Caxton shut his eyes and leaned his head against the back of the bench. It was getting late, and the children would be getting worried. But he needed a little more time—a little more time to be alone with

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his memories of Marcy. Alone? Hadn't he prayed? Then why hadn't God answered his prayer? "Whatever God ordains is good." That's what they had learned to sing when he had been in the chapel choir at Luther college. Maybe—could it be that somehow God had answered his prayer?

The pounding in his head was stopping now, and his brain seemed to be clearing. "I ask it in Jesus' name," he heard himself saying. He was still confused, and he didn't

know exactly what he was asking of God, but he knew it had to do with Marcy—and with cherry blossoms.

—LOIS BERTRAM

"Cherry Blossoms," this issue's short story, was written by Lois Bertram, a senior, for the short story writing class during the 1951 spring semester. When we asked Dr. Friedrich for a good story which we could print in VU, he presented us with "Cherry Blossoms."

We hope you liked it; we did.



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These requirements do not apply to candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education (see page 86 of this bulletin.) Footnote on p. 64, 1951 Valparaiso University Catalog.

A candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education must meet all the requirements of the University listed under "Graduation" on page 64 of this bulletin. (p. 86, 1951 Valparaiso University Catalog.)

FRATERNITIES

SORORITIES

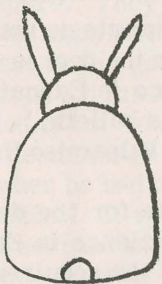
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RABBIT

Tred lightly

A chilly early-morning breeze whips about you as you walk down the desolate side street. You have been looking for an open restaurant in this diminutive town for well over half hour now.

The thought of your bus leaving in 45 minutes hastens the speed of your solitary trek through the cool, white morning mist, which gives an aura of faint ghostliness to the town this morning. You are beginning to curse at the place under your breath.

On finding another cafe, which, like the other, is closed, you plunge onward hopelessly in the cold, driving wind. You push your hands deeper into the pockets of your coat. A half-way decent dump would have a place to eat right in the bus depot, you think. Glancing through the mist at the establishments on the other



side of the street you think you see an open steak house.

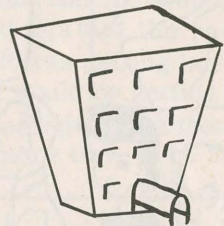
You cut diagonally across the street toward the restaurant. Half way across the street you see that it, too, is unlighted and deserted. You stop walking and try to decide quickly what to do. You turn to resume your course on the other side of the street when: you see a green smear—a driver's agonized face, screeching breaks—a dull thud; a twisting pain pierces your left side—and nothingness...

You awaken with darkness all about you. You can see nothing in the black. There is no sound. Only hushed silence and darkness. Your hand feels some smooth, hard surface under you, but you cannot move. And all around you there is sunken darkness, deepening silence, solemn remoteness. You are dead.

—R.E. HORN

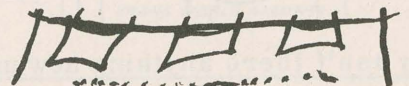
*Specializing**In Authentic**American Dishes*

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DEPARTMENT OF INCIDENTAL INFORMATION

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—UP—Right next to the Trousseau Shop here is the Stork Shop. (From Belvidere, Ill., Daily Republican, Jan. 11, 1952)



LETTER FROM VALPARAISO

With the world situation shaking and crumbling, riots and contention sweeping the nations, Marxian ideologies no longer creeping but now openly rampant, and horse meat being slipped into the Chicago restaurant, the name of a former freshwater college, sleeps on in its inimitable indolence, rising only occasionally to its elbow from a prone bath of tepid provincialism. No hot spot this!

Culturally, the city offers as much stimulus as a soggy tea bag. A visit to the shopping area around the old Court House Square exhibits for us the corpus delicti of heroic ancestral attempts to bring the arts to the Valparaiso scene.

The old Grand Opera House was located on Lincolnway, but a fire and an influx of the mail order department store business has resulted in a sign which hawks the wares of Sears Roebuck instead of a marquee honorably proclaiming the coming of "Carmen."

Memorial Opera House, just south and east of the square now bills every faith healer on the northern Indiana circuit, spicy reviews by the daughters of the mothers of the American Revolution, and exciting Ford Farm Festivals. The name of the building alone indicates that its founders are at this moment not turning, but absolutely rotating in their graves.

Recent developments in the line of cinematic arts are banned by the local two-theatre trust which concentrates on setting box-office records for Tarzan, Gene Autrey, Bubu the jungle boy and the Dead End Kids, merely by running them through on a weekly basis. There has been an attempt on the part of certain enterprising townspeople to bring good entertainment to the city by means of the Community Concert series.

Occasionally they have been successful, but the financial following has been so slim, that between sporadic highlights of first-rate

artists, there exist deadly palls of mediocrity which tend to dwindle membership for succeeding years.

Court House Square itself boasts not the throbbing vitality of the soap-box orators of famed Bug House Square in Chicago, but merely the crowded benches of the local Sit and Spit club. Winter brings speculation as to where the organization holds its meetings during inclement weather, but one need only survey the surrounding nests of little pubs to find the peculiar homespun Hoosier philosophy which seems to accompany each plug of Mail Pouch.



Speaking of things to eat, the town has no dearth of egg, waffle or short order establishments. Valparaiso seemingly dotes on a diet of hamburgers with the assurance from the "Vidette Messenger" (front page, Feb. 9, 1952) that no horsemeat sales have spread to Porter county. So who started all

After The Theatre



**Old
Style
Inn**

**Meagher's
Drug Store**

**your
Walgreen Agency**

*Hydrox Sealtest
Ice Cream*

On the corner

on the square



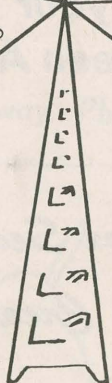
"I'm sorry this had to happen Haskins, but you had a period upside down."

Casbon Bros. Electric Co.

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this prejudice against the horse? Who ever heard of putting ham into a hamburger. In fact, who in Valparaiso ever heard of putting beef into hamburgers? At least old Trigger would be meat!

There is an institution on a morainic hill on the east end of town. When its inmates are freed for summer vacation, the city elders breathe sighs of relief, blood pressures assume normality, and like the sleeper rudely disturbed, the inhabitants can roll over and dream for three months of those halcyon days of the "Poor Man's Harvard."

The influx of the 1500 students has absolutely no effect upon the town. It's fact, not fiction, that the Style does a thriving business all summer, and only then do haberdashers enjoy the freedom from the nuisance of having to make pesky trips to the bank to make daily deposits.

The last innovation to throw the inhabitants into convulsions of confusion was the installation of parking meters and one-way streets. The state of chaos existed for not more than two days, for systems developed immediately.

One parked his car in front of his place of business and filled the meter, that little ogre of the machine age, every hour on the hour. And any cab driver could tell you that those signs didn't mean a thing since they all pointed in the wrong direction.

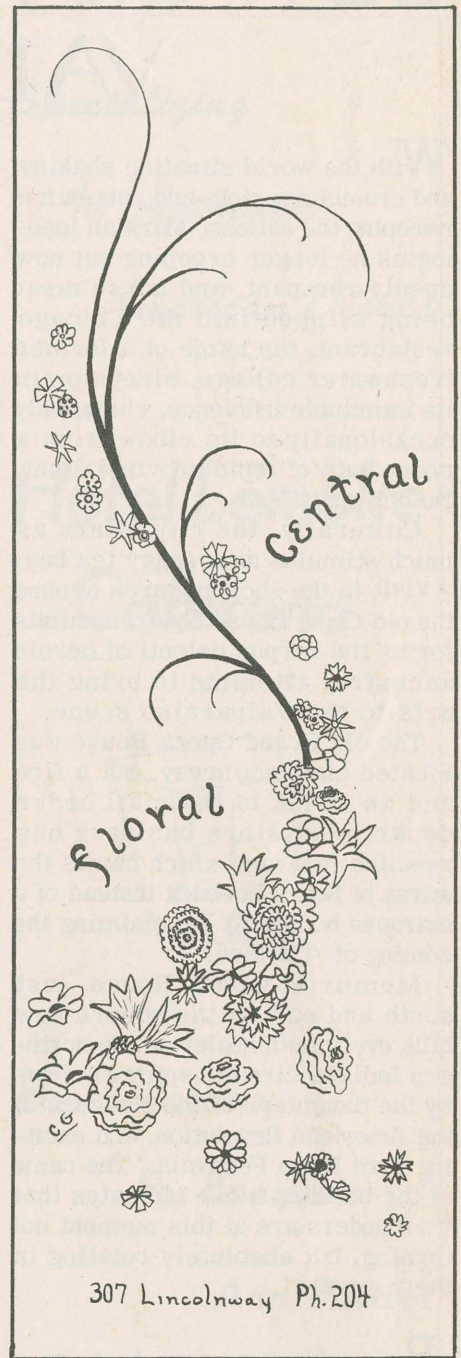
Those interested in the future developments in Valparaiso, watch the headlines of the "Vidette" for action by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Your correspondent feels a lynching coming on.

—BILL KOWITZ

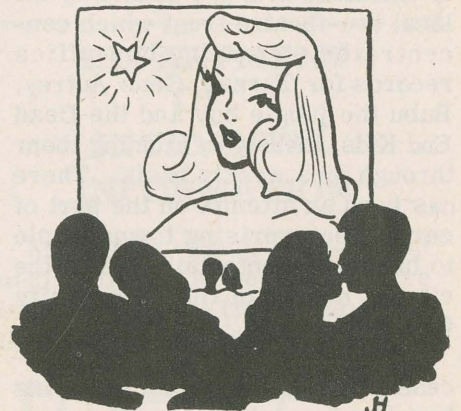
ADS WE NEVER FINISHED READING CEASE-FIRE TALK

It's a little different than the one you've been reading about, Our plan gives you piece of mind. (From Belvidere, Ill., Daily Republican, Jan. 12, 1952.)

Strange, so do the one s
we've been reading about!



307 Lincolnway Ph.204

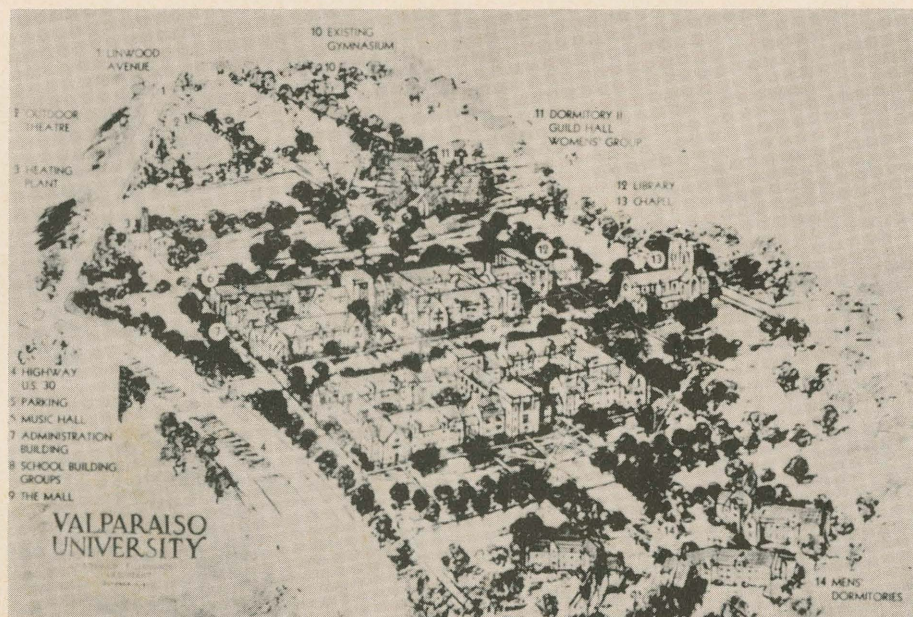


You, the students of the mid-century, are a realization of a vision people dreamed twenty-seven years ago. In 1925, a group of men, none of whom had a formal college education, purchased historic Valparaiso University to nourish Lutheran ideals of a Christ-centered education.

In your years as a part of the university family you will store up much to carry through life. . . memories of an autumn walk across South Campus. . . the discovery of learning under a wise professor. . . a chapel talk in the old ivied Auditorium.

Once you have glimpsed the vision of Valparaiso University, you become a keeper of its tomorrows. Then it becomes your university to cherish and sustain.

It all depends on you.



*Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 15...THE SWORDFISH



*"They had me
fencing with
fancy facts!"*



They crossed swords with the wrong man when they engaged this swashbuckling senior in combat! At first, he was foiled by the tricky, "one-puff" ... "one-sniff" cigarette mildness tests. But he parried their thrusts with this gleaming sword of logic: The only way you can judge mildness is by *steady* smoking. That's the *true* test of cigarette mildness!

It's the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why ...

After all the Mildness Tests ...

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