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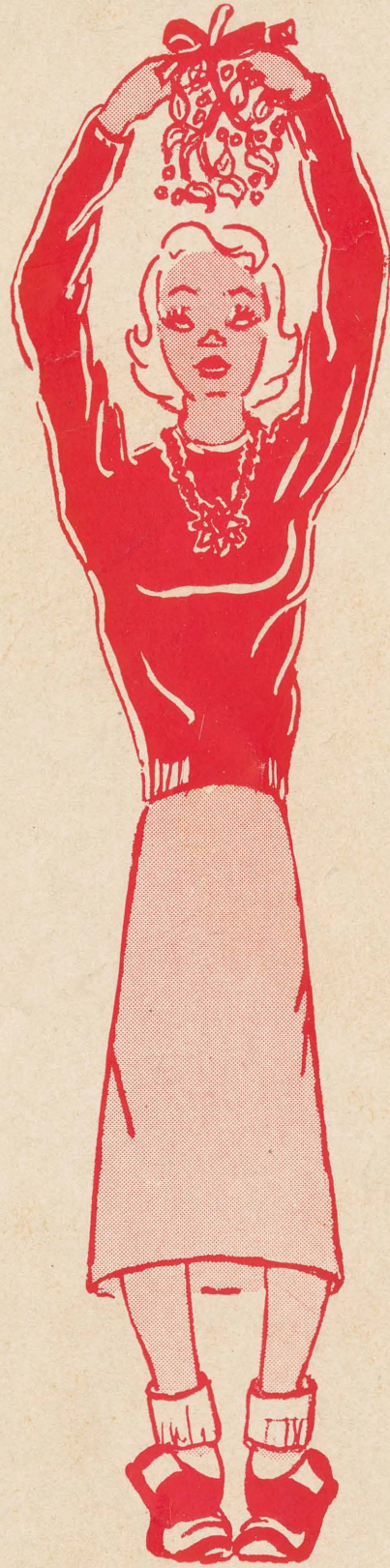
Valparaiso University

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VU

magazine



VU

DECEMBER, 1952
VOLUME IV, NO. 2

magazine

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COVER:

Our cover this month is the work of Art Editor Iris Ihde. It is the first multi-color cover to be used by VU this year. Miss Ihde is a senior majoring in English. Although she has contributed a good deal of art work to campus publications in the past, this is the first VU cover to be done by her. Of course, we wouldn't think of having mistletoe at Valpo.

THE FERRY



CHRISTMAS



Cultural Abnormalities

by BOB WITTE

A DISCUSSION OF "GARY MUSIC" AND THE "CHICAGO TRIBUNE"

To the dismay of government profs, college students are characteristically ignorant of current events. Whether this indicates laziness or merely a time-consuming preoccupation with the task at hand, namely, accumulating 128 credit hours and a one point average, is not for us to decide here. Nor would we suggest that this oblivion to current events is necessarily wrong. After all, while we can spend the rest of our life following current events, we have only four years or so to devote to a unique experience, college life. Our point is, however, that this limited world-outlook may blind the student to phenomena of national significance which are occurring in this immediate vicinity.

Did you know that Valparaiso is a focal point for several cultural abnormalities? Without bothering the sociology department we've postulated that American cultural patterns approximate a normal curve distribution and that occasionally a cultural abnormality appears at one extreme or another.

We would also hold that these cultural abnormalities are destined to either general acceptance or annihilation. Enough theorizing. Very appropriately, these phenomena are largely an outgrowth of the heterogeneous population situated in the Chicago-Calumet region, an area noted for its economic diversification

and social aberrations. There proximity warrants, in fact demands, the attention of every earnest Valpo student.

GARY MUSIC

Gary music, as we've decided to call it, isn't confined to the Calumet region. Nor has Gary any historical basis for claiming to be either the birthplace of the jazz-blues movement or the present Mecca of jazz-blues enthusiasts, these distinctions going to New Orleans and St. Louis, respectively, according to our sources. Obviously, the peculiarity of Gary music is grounded in something other than historical significance or raw numbers of jazz-blues enthusiasts; it can be found in the comparatively high percentage of Garyites who indulge in jazz-blues music.

Most radio stations give their listeners what they want in the way of entertainment. If the station is a success you can readily infer that in the area the station serves there's a one to one correlation between the frequency of a particular type of entertainment (say jazz-blues music) on a station's broadcasting schedule and actual number of listeners interested in this entertainment (in this case jazz-blues enthusiasts).

The huge majority of local radio stations allocate between five to fifteen percent of their broadcasting time to jazz-blues music. Remembering this hypothetical figure (based on ten years of radio listening), turn on

your desk radio, dial in WGRY (1370 kc.), "the voice of the Calumet region" or the other Gary station, WWCA (1320 kc), and listen. The odds are even that you'll hear jazz-blues music. Align this observation with the apparent fact that both of Gary's two stations are intent on pleasing their listeners, and you can conclude that close to fifty percent of Gary's radio population are jazz-blues enthusiasts. So there are at least thirty-five percent more jazz-blues fans in Gary radio audiences than in the "average" audience. And herein lies one reason for classifying Gary music as a cultural abnormality. Of course, the inquisitive reader could justifiably ask: Okay, an extremely high percentage of Garyites are jazz-blues fans, so . . . ?

An implicit assumption throughout our discussion of Gary music has been that the jazz-blues style is more than a highly rhythmical, sometimes primitive, type of music. Its lyrics propound a harsh, pessimistic philosophy which seemingly permeates the Garyites approach to life. As a case in point, take Vivian Carter (WGRY) 9:30-11:30 a.m.), "the girl that loves all of you the mostest." Vivian's hour and a half would be incomplete without the spinning of such Gary standards as "Trouble, Trouble." "After Five Long Years (of married life according to the lyrics) My Baby's Gone and Left Me," and "I Got the Blues."

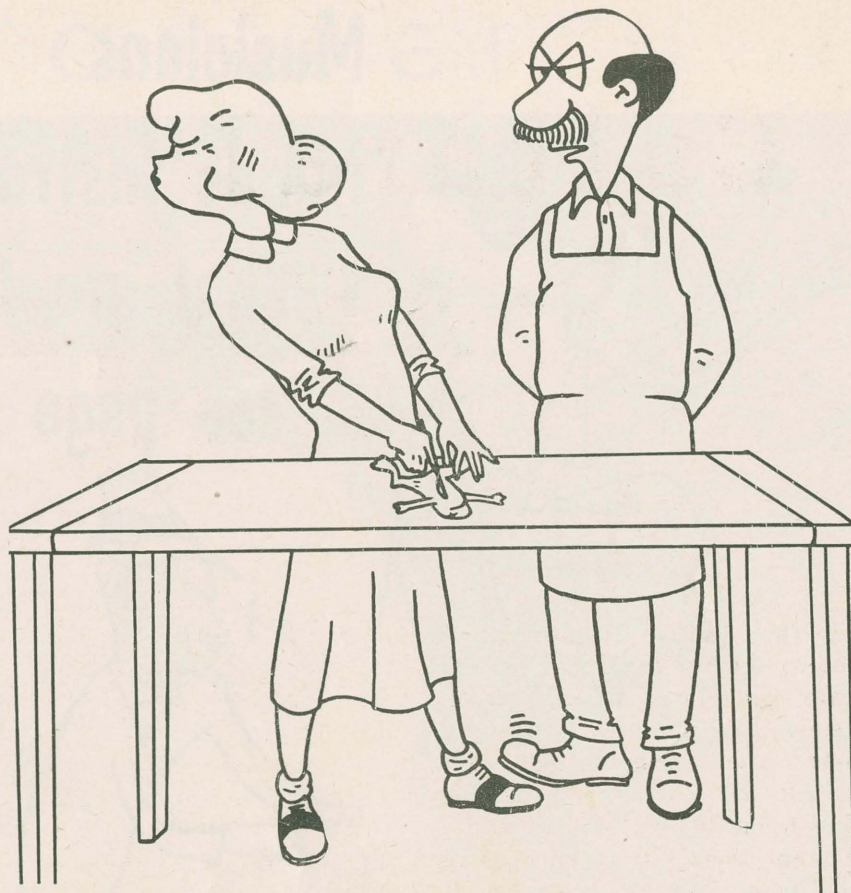
If music affords a means of expression for the innermost feelings of a person, what are we to think of those Garyites who find solace in hearing songs concerned with tales of economic disaster, suicide, desertion, and divorce, or, by identifying themselves with a broken voice complaining of the blue Mondays common to workers trapped in a monstrous industrial system which supposedly smothers their anemic social-emotional life. Certainly this predominance of jazz-blues music on Gary radio programs is a manifestation of a profound change in the life values of the typical Garyite.

Gone is the ideal of human dignity or even the hope for a better tomorrow. Instead the Garyite is bogged down in a mire of everyday hopes and fears. His disposition is determined by the immediate present; he's a victim of circumstances. He's seen life and decided it's a farce; in a word, he's got the blues. To our way of thinking this attitude or cultural abnormality presents a potent paradox: Here we have a group of people who have attained the zenith of industrialization and yet, as a result of, or in spite of, this attainment, have regressed to an immature, primitive form of social-emotional life. Is Gary music and the attitudes which accompany it a sample of what we're to see in the next fifty years or just another cultural mutation destined to annihilation? It'll be interesting to watch.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

While some may question our application of cultural concepts to a newspaper, we think it appropriate. The Colonel's paper embodies the strange, antiquated political attitudes of the bigoted diehards who edit, read, and believe in the self-acclaimed "world's greatest." On this basis then, we would examine the Trib as a cultural abnormality.

According to the Trib, the Midwest is a sovereign state which, for the last hundred and fifty years, has condescended to become a section of the United States. The time has



"That's it, Miss Hillman, get mad!"

—Kitty Kat

come, the Trib threatens, for the Midwest to reaffirm its sovereignty and to declare itself independent of eastern internationalists and western liberals. God's chosen shall once again establish an America for real Americans, i. e., people who vote the straight Republican ticket, believe that FDR sold out to the Communists, and advocate an American invasion of imperialistic Great Britain.

Come the Midwest revolution; government theorists will be confronted with a Utopia which actually exists. Ex-Senator, President Kem will immediately reactivate the old McCormick-Monroe Doctrine providing for an impenetrable Ohio-Pennsylvania and Iowa-Nebraska boundary line. Its enforcement will be insured by the talented McCarthy who'll probably be Secretary of Defense. To counteract the corrupting influence of Rhodes scholarships upon Midwestern students, Secretary of State Jenner will break diplomatic relations with the British Empire. At the first

American Congress convening at Tribune Tower, Secretary of Interior Taft will propose a Lockian-American Economy bill guaranteeing free enterprise, private ownership, and equal taxation for all, including corporations. Until this wonderful state is realized, unfortunately, the Colonel must confine himself to fighting the Revolutionary War of 1776 during his Saturday night radio addresses, and issuing caustic edicts from the Tower.

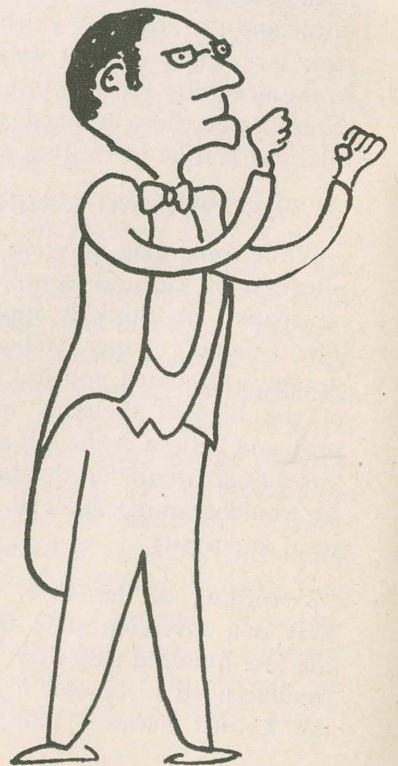
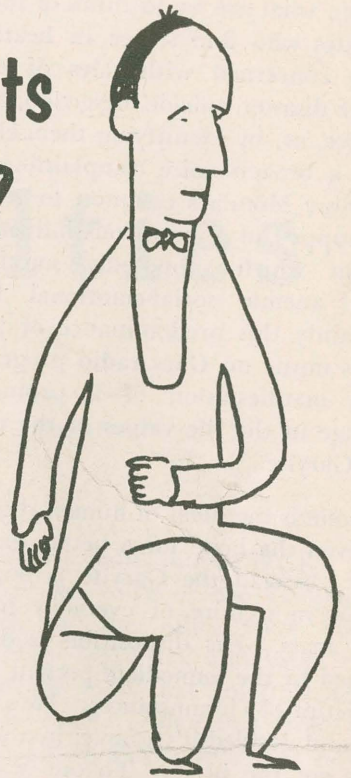
At times we're inclined to agree with the Trib that there might have been an era deserving the label "the good old days." Doubtlessly, the Monroe Doctrine did keep us out of those messy international conflicts. And it must have been convenient not to worry about governmental interference whenever a particular person or group did something which might have resulted in a economic catastrophe with national repercussions. But then we come back to 1952. The
(Continued on page 23)

Musicians

Minus Instruments

What are they?

see page 21



VU's Christmas Girl



BOBBIE BAHL

THE OLD MAN UP THE CREEK

by BOB HORN



On September 1, LIFE magazine published a story, which they called "a great new book by a great American writer." *The Old Man and the Sea*—by Ernest Hemingway, was a tremendous critical success, but to some of us the tale was dull, repititious, and strictly untypical of what we like to see in Life Magazine. Here's the same thing in only a fraction of the space used by Hemingway.

He was an old man who fished alone in a sailboat on the Amazon river and he had gone a year and a half without taking a fish—he had been in jail for busting the game warden in the nose. A boy of the naked *National Geographic* type had been with him the day he got out of the clink. But the boy's parents had told him that the old man was a bad influence on him because he was too ambitious. The boy's parents wanted him to become an Indian *fakir* like his great uncle who lived alone with a snake. It made the boy sad to see the old man carrying his sailboat down to the river each day because he knew he had such a powerful left hook and the boy always went down

to help him carry fishing pole or the tackle box.

The old man was thin and wrinkly. Everything about him was old except his ears and they were the same color as the muddy river and were pointed and he could wiggle them.

"Fritz," the boy, said to him as they walked down to the river, "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to play craps and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said.

"But . . .," said the boy.

"No," the old man said.

"Why?" the boy asked.

"I know you want to come, but your father, the game warden, would

only slap me in the clink again if I let you."

"I know," the boy said. "I am a boy and I must obey him."

"It is quite normal," the old man said.

"I will buy you a beer at the Terrace and then you can go fishing."

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

They went across the river and into the trees where the Terrace was and many of the young fishermen made fun of the old man but he was not angry. They didn't know that he was running the black fish market on the side.

"You are the best fisherman here," the boy said.

(Continued on page 18)



THE STUDENT UNION

by MEL DOERING

If not Student Union, what *do* you call a building that provides the following things?

- 1) A center for social, recreational and cultural activities.
- 2) A place to spend leisure hours profitably.
- 3) A meeting place.
- 4) More campus employment.
- 5) A chance for unheard from minority groups to express themselves.
- 6) An opportunity to develop and broaden interests and skills, and to create new interests.
- 7) Encouragement for faculty, alumni, students and friends to get together informally.
- 8) A site for educational institutes, conferences and conventions of off-campus organizations and collegiate associations.
- 9) A headquarters for visits to alumnus by alumni.
- 10) Introduction of new social activities and new facilities not now available on campus.

Our planning consultant, Dr. Porter Butts, has recommended that the student-administration committee in charge of the project, referred to in our Student Council Constitution and By-Laws as the *Student Union Fund Committee*, officially adopt the name *Valparaiso Union* for the building.

Dr. Butts argues that too many misunderstandings about the use of such a building, which is properly in-



Student Chairman of the Valparaiso Union committee, Ted Eickhoff, reports on progress of building plans to the University directors. The Board approved proposed Union site and promised to continue study of immediate financing plans.

tended as a campus community center for the entire university family, have developed where the name *Student Union* has been employed.

On top of this, many Valparaiso students have learned to their bewildered surprise that non-college educated parents and friends betrayed a total misunderstanding of what a college *union* is.

While not conceding that we should bow to the lack of knowledge of a large majority of the Valparaiso constituency by sacrificing the name *Union* without an attempt at educating these friends of an older generation to a proper understanding of

the term, our committee feels that whatever name is given to the prospective building should be the result of thorough campus-wide consideration.

Therefore VU magazine has been authorized by the committee to conduct a contest to select the official name for the proposed building. Any student at Valparaiso University may enter this contest. A valuable prize will be awarded to the first person who submits the winning name.

For convenience, use the contest entry blank on this page. However, you may simply submit the name which you think appropriate for this building on a card or piece of paper with your name and date underneath. You can enter as many names as you like.

All entries to be eligible for the winning award must reach the VU magazine office no later than February 1, 1953. Send your entries by mail or drop them in the campus mail box in the business office, ad-

BUILDING NAME CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

To: Contest Editor
VU Magazine
Valparaiso University
Valparaiso, Indiana

I think our proposed building should be called _____

Signed _____ Date _____

(Continued on page 29)

Poetry Page

SMOKE

Into the infinite realm of space,
Climbs, and curls, and twists in the air—
Smoke—seeming to run, seeming to race—
Blurring the sky and land everywhere.

Smoke from a train, smoke from a house,
Factories, mills, gins, and smelts,
Smoke—more silent than the quietest mouse,
Covering the sky with gigantic welts.

All through the day, wherever you look,
Smoke-covered objects so black and so gray;
More beautiful than pictures of any good book,
Smoke fills the earth on each new day.

—Allen Dale Olson

AN OVERTURE

How sweet, endearing, enchantic, romantic,
Or noisy, booming and terribly frantic,
From lively dances to gay romances,
From mezzo forte to triple forte;
Now it is soft, sweet, and melodic,
Listening, we're spell-bound, our minds nomadic.
Louder and louder, increasing in volume,
Gone are the chords which once were so solemn.
Booming, crashing, thunderous banging,
Deafening roars, ear-piercing clanging.
Higher and higher and faster it goes,
Reaching the sky and shouting its woes.
One more crash and then it will fall,
Leaving a silence over all.

—Allen Dale Olson



"Quit shoving, there's plenty of business for all of us."



"GOOD MORNING, good morning! Ha, ha, ha! Have a nice vacation? Take out your blue books."

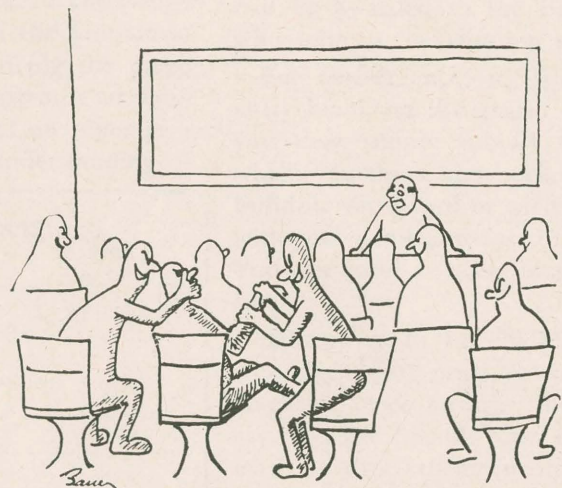
And So They Laughed

Our colleagues on the editorial boards of such publications as *Punch* and *The New Yorker* have decided that this is the year to put out anthologies of the best cartoons they've published in their time, and so we here at VU, never missing a chance to cash in on a trend, have decided to perform a kindly service to the minor publication with offices next door, and do herewith present on these pages some of the best cartoons appearing in twenty years in *Torch*.

We feel, also that we have done a great service



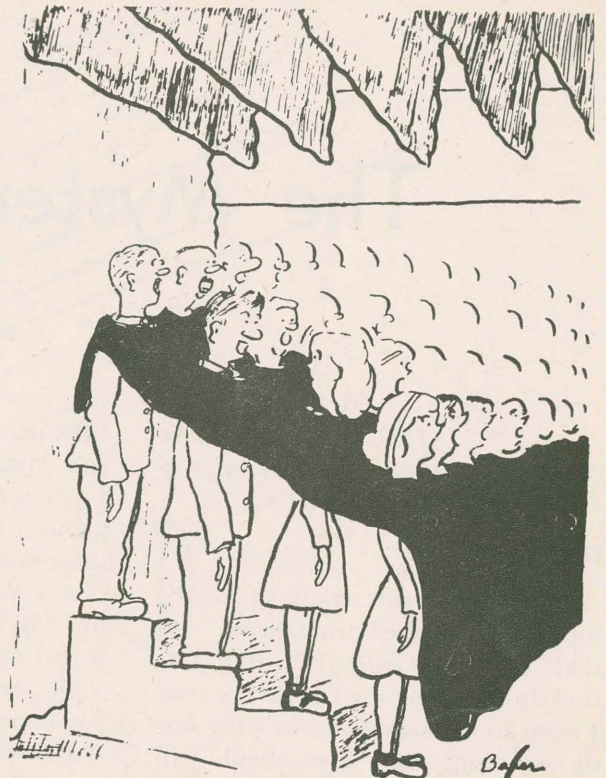
"Give'r the whistle Mac, they're having a concert tonight."



"Now, if there are no more questions, class is dismissed."

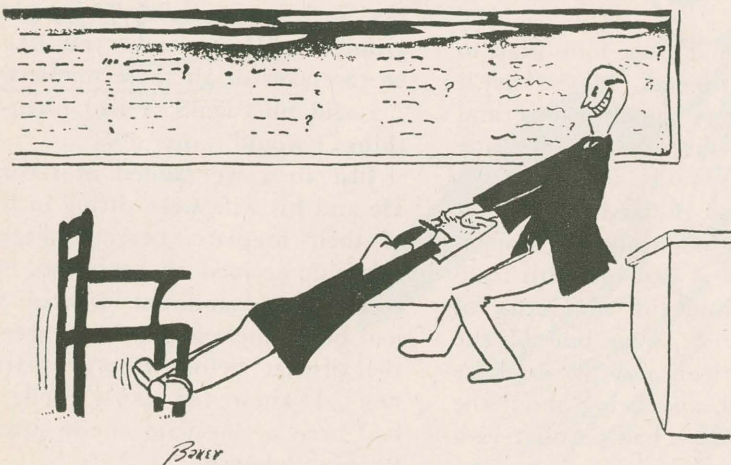


"Now remember men, our goal is \$1,600,000."

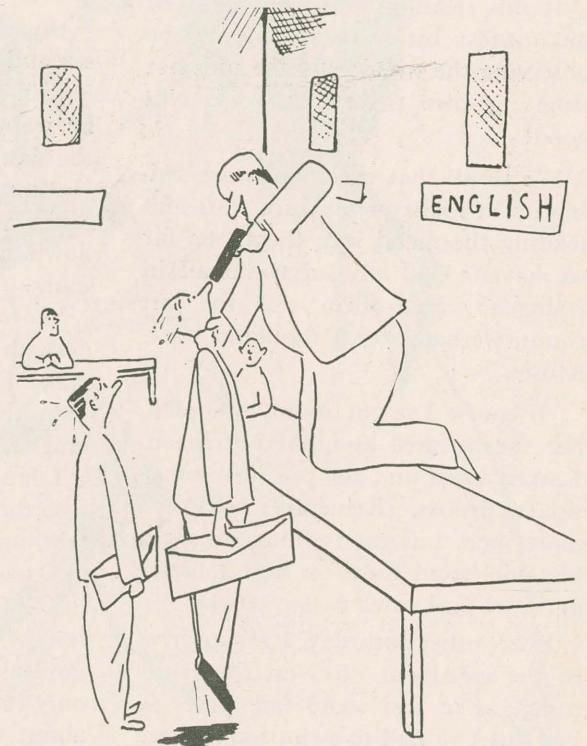


"Hoelty-Nickel's brother sells them."

to you, too, dear reader, in printing these hilarious pictorial anecdotes. For now your shopping problems for the approaching holiday season are solved. Simply give these two pages to any and all humor-lovers among your acquaintances. Different . . . charming . . . fit for everyone, even the smallest child . . . and so cheap! Only thirty-five cents for each extra copy of VU! What's more, it's really two gifts in one, serving a double purpose. Because after your friends have looked and laughed, they can use these 8½ x 11 pages to line the bottoms of their birdcages.



"Come, come, Hasenpfeffer, the bell has rung."



"May I suggest a Saturday class."

The Mystery of District V

by ERNEST KANNING

1621 Automatic Drive
Areopolis, District V
March 23, 1969

Dear Charlie,

I'm in hot water again, up to the top of my pointed little head. It's that "(|:!!!?" (Costi. Why didn't he stick to shoveling carrots? Every time I want to do something, he's the boy to mess things up. They should call it a Costi wrench. He's only been governor for six months, but we'd have been better off without any governor for all the good he's done.

I think I'm going to need your help. We're having troubles again. Some character is out filching metals from the District V warehouses.

If this stealing continues, we'll be out quite a bit of metal, and I'll be observing the wonders of the universe from my own private asteroid! Not good!

We think that these birds are riding up at night in pleasure craft and loading the metal into them. So far we haven't had any success at all in trying to catch them. At the last count, we had over a thousand warehouses.

Of course I've got about 1400 men, but they're used as night watchmen. I asked Costi and the police commissioner, Brooks, (Remember him?) for more men, but got nothing except a big spiel from Costi on how I better get busy and catch a few crooks.

Every other Saturday, I get to drive in the speedboat races on the Hujecanal. I've had some fair times so far, but I've had to swim for it more than once. My racing name is Vic

Venturi; my partners are Fritz Fender and Max Magneto. Everyone picks a part of a piston-engined car for a name. On the odd Saturdays we drive race cars. I have an Apker Special, a V-16. I don't know how long this will last before Costi learns about it and makes me quit.

Oh, one more thing before I quit, you know that robot who ran the fuel station down the road? I gave him an aptitude test the other day, and the Council made him secretary of state.

I'll probably have to send you an official letter in a few days asking for your help, so until then,

Hasty banana,

George

Dougherty finished reading the letter and looked at me with his usual foolish grin. After a decent pause, he went to his desk and pulled out the latest "Solar System Almanac". He paged about and mumbled to himself, finally putting the book down and kicking his desk drawer shut.

"I wonder what those fools plan to do with all that metal. Maybe they'll make cosmic ray guns with it and send them in for cereal boxes," he laughed.

I laughed too; I liked my job. I just did a few odd jobs for Dougherty, and he provided me with reading material and the necessities of life. Dougherty, being one of the few of the British nobility to have any cash at all, and being about the only lord on Mars, had peculiar ideas about the essentials.

"Well," he said, "trot down and

get the tickets. We don't have all month. Besides, I want to get there before Costi finds out that George asked me in on the deal. It would probably cost George his job; not that I think he'd mind losing it."

* * *

We pulled into District V a few hours later. We spent more time on the helicopter going to and from the airport than we did on the jet. We had the usual automatic helicopter. Get in, push a button, and go.

Whipping over the city to George's, we could see the people lounging around in their yards. Some were playing with their children themselves, others let their offspring play with robots. The robots seemed to be doing a better job. We were headed for the far side of town when I saw a huge cloud of smoke rise in the distance. It was the smoke from one of the smelters that George had to take care of. I looked around a bit more and saw smaller clouds completely covering the horizon.

"Now you know why George is having such a gay time," Dougherty grunted. "How would you like to be caretaker of all those smelters?"

I said no thanks; I had plenty of things I would rather do.

Just then we landed at George's. He and his wife were sitting in front of their fireplace, playing checkers. His wife seemed to be ahead. She was a very handsome woman who had been chief electrical engineer for the district before George married her. I knew her fairly well; she had been a classmate of my sister at Phobos Polytech.

(Continued on page 20)



THIS ALTRURIA COED IS:

- a) Being serenaded by the Theta Chi's?
- b) About to leave via the fire escape?
- c) Looking into room 8 at the Rho Tau house?

Photo Quiz

THESE MEN ARE:

- a) Instigating a panty-raid on Memorial hall?
- b) Law students in front of Arts-Law at Chapel time?
- c) At the court house being inducted?



THIS MAN IS:

- a) A dog lover?
- b) An advanced student in the art department?
- c) The KIP alum who designed their float?



THIS IS:

- a) The proposed plan for the new men's dorm?
- b) An interior shot of Lembke hall?
- c) Dorm A after a party?



THIS PROF IS:

- a) Removing his upper plate?
- b) Censoring?
- c) Eating his fingernails because he can't afford food?

Mrs.
Johnson's

•
CHICKEN
DINNER

•
One Mile West
Of Road 49
On U.S. Road 6

Phone
Valparaiso
1708M1



THE MERRY GENTLEMAN

by DORRIE WATTS

The snow had stopped falling, but it lay steeped around the door of the house, making entrance or exit impossible. White spread out grandly, met only by the pale, gray horizon. There was no one around. She was all alone. And it was Christmas Eve.

When she had married him, and come to this land so far from her home, she had been warned by her family that it would not be easy. They had told her she would often be alone like this, aching for conversation, or even silent company.

Still, she had not often been sorry. Besides, maybe he would manage, somehow, someday, to fight his way through and be home for at least the close of Christmas day. Strange, and cruel. In all their married life, they had never had a chance for Christmas together. Somehow, it gave the holi-

day a touch of the anti-climax to her. Of course, she had been aware from the beginning. After all, this was his life, his work . . .

Walking to the kitchen, she poured herself another cup of luke-warm coffee. "This must be at least my fifth cup tonight," she thought. "Settle down, there's nothin' to worry about. The snow has stopped falling, so he shouldn't have any trouble seeing. He always gets here somehow. Besides, he's careful. And he's so kind, and good. I know anyone would be happy to help him, if they saw him caught in a drift. If anyone wanders by . . ."

Her thoughts drifted back over the years. The happy, happy years. Always there was the aura of cheer and the robust laugh; the fun, and the work, and fellowship. O, she was not

WASH O MAT

Self-Service

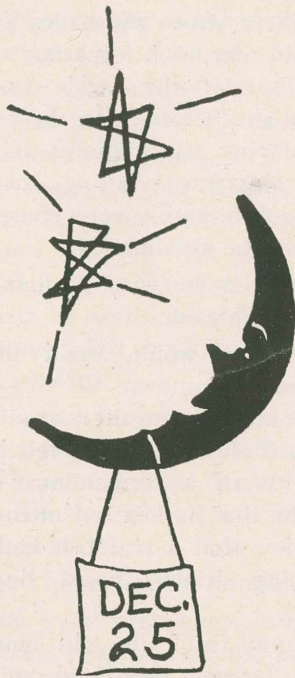
Laundry

*We Iron
Shirts And
Flat Work*

505 Freeman

Phone 1108W

Behind
Student Council
Building



sorry. She was glad she had married him. Even if he wasn't home for Christmas eve.

She went back into the living room, threw another log on the sleeping fire and poked it a bit. And then, settling in a chair nearby, she turned on the radio next to her. The sweet voices of the boy sopranos drifted through the room.

"God rest ye merry Gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,

Remember Christ, Our Savior, was born on Christmas day. . ."

"Yes, God rest you, my merry gentleman. I am sure that God will take care of you. I am sure he will. Yes you'll get home soon, and safely. You always do. Rest. I need some rest after these past months. And if I sleep, the time will pass quickly, and you'll be here soon."

* * *

Before she went to meet her dreams, she scrawled a little note and left it propped against the lamp on the front table. He'd be home soon. "Dear Santa," she had written. "How were all the children, and did you wipe off your feet when you came in? Coffee is on the stove. Call me in time for church. Lovingly, your wife."

(End)



*Sandy
Claus Says:*

Thr-riffy shopper-r-rs shop ear-r-ly and save a pr-r-retty penny to boot when they stop in to shop at . . .

Mac Lowenstines'

. . . wher-r-re you get a tr-r-re-mendously r-r-remar-r-rkable selection too!



- Complete gift wrapping and
- Mailing Service.
- Gift boxes for every gift.

OPEN ALL DAY
THURSDAYS
DURING DECEMBER

Mac Lowenstines'

THE OLD MAN UP THE CREEK

(Continued from page 7)

"I am not as strong as I used to be," the man said.

"But there are tricks," the boy said.

"Yes," the man said. "I will have courage, and I will make money."

The old man and the boy walked down to the river again. The old man checked his tackle box to make sure the boy had not forgotten to put in the two marked decks of cards and a ham on rye.

"Good luck old man."

"Good luck," the old man said.

It was a strange river, but the old man loved it because he could drift either upstream or downstream with the current. This particular morning he was going upstream to fish (perhaps) and to try to get into a little game (perhaps).

He didn't have to row very much because the current was strong in early morning. So he sat on the tackle box and whittled on a pair of dice to make them stand on the edge every time a fellow gambler rolled them. Having nothing else to do he ate the ham on rye.

The sailboat suddenly lurched and the man rose to see what was the matter. It was the sun which also rises at this time, that caused the boat to lurch. "The cool and peaceful waters resent the rising of the sun," the old man said.

It was getting late and he hadn't put out the bait yet. Carefully he adjusted the leader, the spinner, the sinker and the plug on the end of his crude line. The plug was red with a sign written across it, *DANGER*, because the old man said "the fish have a dignity of their own, but they are not as smart as we are and therefore we eat them."

He dropped the bait overboard. It hit the water with a trickle of laughter. He sat down again to wait. He knew that soon many fish would come and they would all follow his bait up to the boat where he would be able to beat them in a game of poker.

And it wasn't long until the fish

were there—green eyeshades and all. The old man took a marked deck of cards out of the tackle box and opened it. Before noon the old man was playing six different hands at once and was winning them all. "These fish aren't very sharp card-players," he commented.

"I'll raise you two minnows," gurgled the kingfish.

"No, you won't," said the two frightened minnows.

The kingfish ate the two minnows.

In a flash the old man felt his line jerk. With a tremendous convulsion the line flashed out of his hand. He knew that a real fish had taken the plug, leader, hook, line, and sinker.

"Stupid fish," the old man muttered, "he can't even read my danger sign."

The line started to rise in the water and he knew that the fish was coming up. As the great fish rose out of the water majestically, one of its fins brushed the cards out of the old man's hand.

This made the old man furious because he had had a full house.

The fish was completely out of the water now and was slowly sinking back again.

The old man knew that the battle against this fish would be long and hard, because he said, "This is a real card-shark."

But he was glad that the great fish had come along when it did or the fish story would be much too long.

The other fish, with whom he had been playing poker, swam nakedly off; for they knew that the old man had given them a skinning.

The great fish started to circle the boat, 100 feet, 500 feet, 2,000 feet were his circles (big river).

He let the line out slowly. "Make him pay for the line," he thought, "make him pay." Toward evening the old man tied the line to his left big toe and lay down to sleep. It was a restless night and he awoke as the sun was coming up over the trees. The fish was still pulling him up stream. He wasn't sure just where he was, but he thought the fish had

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towed him up one of the many small tributaries of the Amazon.

His toe was raw and red where the cruel line had been fastened. He remembered the time he'd played footsie with the big Negro in the Tavern. That was in his youth. He felt sorry for the fish, because he knew that if it got close enough to the boat he could hit him with his tremendous left hook and the fish would give up.

"A man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated. A man is more intelligent than the fish. I will win," he said aloud.

"Yes," he answered himself.

A low overhanging tree caught the sail of his boat and as the powerful shark pulled the boat, the sail broke off. The old man did not curse the shark. He said, "The Shark is an animal. I will curse the tree."

Suddenly, the fish whirled around and swam directly for the sail (less) boat. The shark's fin stuck out of the water and moved rapidly toward the boat like a scythe cutting tall grass.

The feeble old man grabbed the one oar from the bottom of the boat and paddled madly to get out of the way.

The shark was upon him and he stuck the oar at the shark to keep him away. The shark grabbed the oar in his mouth and swam away. The old man had forgotten about the line and the shark had gotten away.

Here he was on a tributary of the Amazon, sail broke off, fish gone, nothing to eat, no current—and he was, for the first time in his life, up the creek without a paddle.

(End)

Notice in a small Scottish church: "Those members of the parish who are in the habit of putting buttons in the collection plate instead of coins—please put in your own buttons and not those from the cushions in the pews."

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THE MYSTERY OF DISTRICT V

(Continued from page 12)

George greeted us warmly, but it was obvious that something was on his mind. He took off his slouch hat and introduced Dougherty to his wife. Dougherty looked at me, and I interpreted his look as asking, "Does she have any sisters?"

Emily led the way into their house, which was the usual Martian enclosure. After a few pleasantries, we got down to business. George explained that since transportation on the canals was the cheapest method of moving the metals, he could not ask to transfer the material to trucks or rockets. There were many ways to move the stolen material, but the best was probably along the canals. For most of District V, the canals were at least five miles wide. This tended to preclude individual investigation.

George went on to say that the only place where any sort of investigation could be held was at a narrow spot just south of town. However, there was nothing to prevent the crooks from going north. We set up a tentative plan for the various groups of warehouses and the terminals that night. Then we decided to retire.

When we got upstairs, Dougherty went to the window and looked out over the city.

"Charlie, how would you like to go over to my sister's place?"

"I didn't know you had a sister here. What's she do for a living?"

"She's manager of MRHL, the District V radio station. I think she's having a party tonight. Here, see that place over there? That's it. Looks like gay times. Let's go over there."

"That reminds me, does Emily have any sisters?"

"Sure. She has three sisters and two or three brothers. I only know Emily and Maxine. Max is even better-looking than Emily if you're thinking what I'm thinking. I think she'll be there."

"Get your coat."

I did.

* * *

We wandered into my sister's place. She seemed to be doing all right for herself. I took her to one side and asked if Maxine Kendall was around. She looked at me with that inquisitive look that sisters get too often, so I told her about Dougherty. Then she got that calculating look, which I have learned to fear.

She came back with Max a few minutes later and made the necessary introduction. Charlie went off with Max, and I went into my sister's office.

"What are you doing in this district, Dave?"

I told her to try to keep the news that Dougherty and I were in town away from Costi at any cost. I think she knew even more than I did what that knowledge in the wrong place would do to George. She said that she suspected Costi of some underhanded dealing in this case, but even if he hadn't done anything wrong he ought to be removed on grounds of nonfeasance. In short, he was just a lazy bum.

I asked her about Max.

"Oh, Max is a pretty level-headed kid; she's a lot like Emily."

I hoped so. The last time I saw Max, she seemed more flat-headed than level-headed.

I left on that happy note. It was bitter cold outside, I thought that Dougherty would probably not notice the cold, so I went back and took his coat too. Charlie came in several hours later. From the way he looked, I decided he had been too occupied with other matters to know how cold it was. His face was two shades of red. I said nothing. I still like the pay.

The next morning we began our investigation.

Things looked grim. That noon we set up an x-ray unit at the narrows. Anybody who came through with metal would be picked up there.

(Continued next page)

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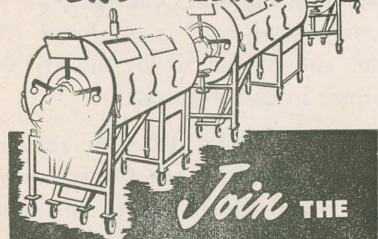


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JANUARY 2 TO 31

Answers to Musicians Quiz

Left to right: Harp, piano, bassoon, violin, harmonica, bass violin, symbol.

We soon ran into trouble. By three we had half the pleasure craft on the canals impounded and being inspected or backed up behind the unit. Charlie finally found the trouble. The boatmen were wearing shoes with metal soles and safety plates. The boatmen themselves solved the problem. They went barefoot.

The next day we caught two people. All the canal taxis went through all right. We got a secret policeman who refused to stand on the shore while his boat was going through the unit. His gun got in the way. The second was a plumber. At noon the radio announced that twenty tons had been lifted the night before. We went back to George's place to eat. He had just come back from the office.

"Costi gave me the word today. I have 72 hours to show results. After that, well, I guess I make racing my vocation. Either that or I become a boatman."

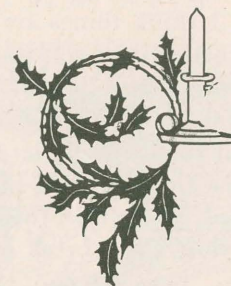
We left after eating. George drove. That was a mistake, especially after eating. He had that turbine turning at top speed. Even Dougherty started to turn white. Just after we pulled into the parking lot, two of George's crews pulled up behind us. They piled out of their cars, sub-machine guns held at the ready. George smiled.

"We'll see what we can do tonight. We just got a shipment of a new alloy today. Enough people know about it to make an attempt possible."

"Can you borrow equipment for an amplifying system from your sister? We can try to catch them by noise, if they ever make any."

We traveled back to town. I got off to see my sister about the electrical equipment. I got her permission to use the staff and went home.

I heard Costi announce on the radio that if matters went any further he would personally take charge of the case. I wondered how George felt. George came to see me early



Christmas is a lot of fun. It means parties, and concerts, and caroling, and exchanging of gifts, and loudspeakers filling the world with the sound of Christmas songs and an air of expectancy and hope.

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that night, and I must say he did not seem particularly worried.

"Dave, I think things are going to turn out better than you think. The worst I can do is to be removed from my job for good. If Costi can get them with the crews he let me have, he's better than I am. If not, the Council of State will remove him. Anyway, things will break soon."

He walked out, whistling gaily. I wondered; had he broken underneath the strain?

That night, every warehouse in the district was bombarded with rotten tomatoes, the doors of the capitol were stolen, and to top it off, the initials C.O.D. were laid in ingots placed in the municipal square. Six hundred tons of metal were dumped on the docks. I suspected Charles Oscar Dougherty.

Costi was never seen again in Areopolis, but George wasn't too happy about it. The Council made him governor. He still races, though. Maxine Kendall and Charles Oscar, Lord Dougherty were married a year later. He runs the council now.

On our way home, I asked him about the capture. I still couldn't see how he got them.

"You remember the amplifying equipment we borrowed."

"Yes, I know you used a lot of it."

"We set up a microphone in every warehouse and terminal. I had all George's friends out on the canal with machine gunners in their racers. When the lead men charged into the warehouse they screamed, and we got it on the amplifying system. We raced toward them and literally "swept them from the seas." The men on land used race cars and got them at the scene. They had been slinging the metal in a net beneath their boats so they could go right through our x-ray unit without trouble. How did we get the 'silent men' to make noise? Simple. All boatmen were going barefoot—thumb-tacks."

(End)

There Must Be a Reason



PARRY'S

COLLEGE AND FREEMAN

THE STUDENT UNION

(Continued from page 8)

dressed to Contest Editor, VU magazine, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana.

To give you some suggestions, here is a brief review of the purposes of the proposed building:

a) to teach sociability, cooperation, ability to get along well with others, responsibilities toward others.

b) to teach good citizenship, the importance of interest and democratic participation in community affairs.

c) to develop leadership.

Here are some names which have been given to similar buildings on other campuses: Wheaton College Memorial Student Center, Willard Straight Hall (Cornell University), University of Akron Student Building, Indiana University Memorial Union, College Hall (State University of New York), Dickerson Student Union (Hillsdale College), Loyola Union. Campus Commons is also a suggested name.

The building you will be attempt-

ing to name is progressing rapidly toward construction. A facilities listing has been prepared, and architect Michael M. Hare will soon go ahead on preliminary drawings.

The nationally prominent architect has been asked to write an article about the cost aspects of our prospective building for "College and University Business," a national magazine subscribed to by nearly every college in the country.

Very shortly after your return to campus following the Christmas vacation, you will be invited to attend a number of Union Benefit parties now being planned by several student organizations. Purpose of these benefit events is to raise \$20,000 needed in addition to the funds on hand to reach a cash requirement of \$100,000 before building construction may begin.

Yes, you as a student at Valparaiso today are giving your University a Christmas present which will be a living contribution to its total educational program for many years to come.

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CULTURAL ABNORMALITIES

(Continued from page 3)

United States (and the Trib Tower) are a few hours distance from the most remote Asiatic air strips. The price of rice in Southeastern China does modify the international scene, and the complex, inextricably interdependent economy of our country demands some governmental regulation if we're to avoid the depressions of past ages. The Trib might note that socialism, although impractical in its more advanced stages, isn't incompatible with democracy, only capitalism. These latter considerations seem to exaggerate the fact that the Trib, as a cultural abnormality, is destined to annihilation—a change in ownership and a subsequent change of editorial policy.

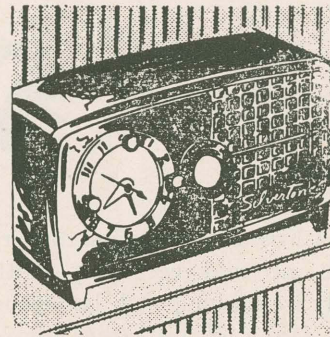
The conscientious student should manipulate his schedule so he can carry, besides several courses under the Homecoming department, 111 Gary Music and 125 Chicago Tribune Culture which will surely be offered next semester by the Sociology department. If not we'll be disappointed.

(End)

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free,
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed,
Upon a drink that's being mixed;
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair;
A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures ways to make them pay.
Girls are loved by jerks like me
Cause who would want to kiss a tree.



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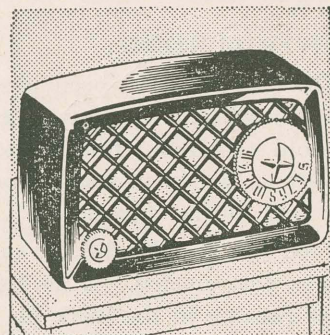


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VU POINT

"Christmas comes but once each year" is what someone once said regretfully. Fifteen years ago we probably went along with lamenting this unchanging fact, but lately we are rather pleased about it. Somehow we've managed to get this issue to press in time and we hope that you'll notice a few changes from the last issue that appeared in October. For one thing the number of pages has been increased to where it belongs at twenty-four. And secondly, we've included a good deal more copy that is in what might be called a "lighter vein."

CONTRIBUTORS:

Once again we've been blessed with a number of new contributors and have the repeat performance of the old reliables. Bob Witte has lost none of his ability to maneuver words (long ones too) into pleasing and biting prose.

Fred Rische, who did the cartooning in "Musicians minus Instruments," is no longer with us. Shortly after turning in the work his draft board caught up with him and he is now enjoying Kansas "scenery" at Fort Riley.

Bob Horn contributed the satire on "The Old Man and the Sea" which was originally written by Mr. E. Hemingway who, for his so-called masterpiece, won the Cuban medal of honor or some such nonsense. If you haven't read Hemingway's story, this one may lead you to do so; and if you have, don't feel sorry for yourself, we wasted our time on it too.

Ernie Kanning III comes to us via Green Bay and the University of Chicago. When he isn't translating from or to the Greek, he spends his time reading science fiction and the like. The "Warehouse V" story is about what he thinks of the whole business.

To prove that we don't spend all of our time on foolishness, we've included two poems in this issue written by Allen Dale Olson. Mr. Olson is a commuter from Gary to the campus. The poem "Smoke" will appear shortly in the "Annual Anthology of College Poetry" which is published in Los Angeles.

Dorrie Watts is no newcomer to readers of campus publications. Her short-short story "The Merry Gentleman" should be enjoyable reading for all.

Bob Kranz, Marlene Wehmueller and Berta Esch helped Art Editor Iris Ihde with the illustrating in

this issue.

MARCH OF DIMES

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has scheduled its yearly drive for the month of January, and reports that in 1952 polio hit more Americans above the age of 15 than ever before. It struck one out of every four cases with the dreaded bulbar form of the diseases.

As members of society we must surely work for the well-being of society. As Christians we must surely help our fellow-man. Four out of five polio patients in the United States receive financial help from the March of Dimes. All receive aid of some kind from March of Dimes services.

The Foundation writes that: "In past years, college students have played an important part in the nationwide March of Dimes. Yet in 1953, the support of college students and faculty members is needed as never before."

Don't forget to include in one of your New Year's resolutions your support of the March of Dimes. It must outpace the march of polio!



"Oh, its you, Charlie."



KRANZ

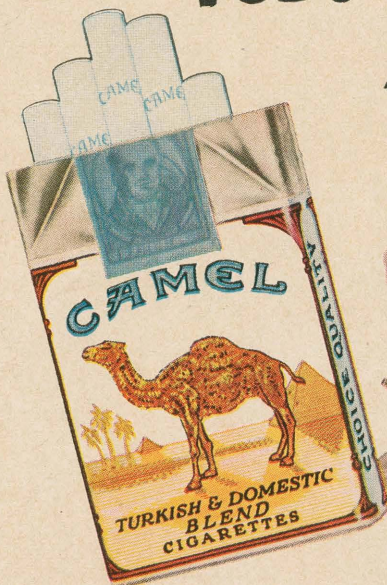
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