U. is Proud

of you

The administration of Valparaiso University is proud of you, the student body. It points with pride to your

Student Council
Honor System
Student Patron Solicitation
Academic Honors
University Youth Council
Engineering Laboratory
Heyne Laboratory
Valparaiso Union

No other university administration can boast an equal record by its students.

Valparaiso University wants to enroll more of the same calibre students next September. Are there any more at home like you? Of course there are. And you know them better than even their neighbors, teachers, or pastors.

You are Valpo's most effective booster—better than our alumni, pastors, teachers, Guild members, Walther Leaguers, and Laymen friends. These are all working to see that the best students come to Valpo. Won't you, too, help find more of the best, like yourself, for Valpo?

Here's what you can do:

1) Talk to your friends about Valpo.

2) Take a genuine interest in their future.

3) Bring them to the campus, if possible.

4) Give them advice based on your college experience.

5) Give their names and addresses to Mr. E. H. Ruprecht. He will send them an official information booklet about Valpo.
At evening, when the lamps are lit
The Arts and Science students sit;
They talk and laugh and joke and sing
And play at pool or anything

Forsooth, I cannot talk or sing
Nor can I play at anything;
Because I must the time beguile
With homework — engineering style;

My Chemistry I try, to start;
I wish my teacher had a heart;
I read a page and then I see
That Chemistry's too much for me.

My Math book next I take in hand;
This is a course I cannot stand!
I throw the book upon the floor —
'Cause Math — it always makes me sore!

The English task assigned — alas!
I'm in the Grammar Zero class!
I try to parse a noun — oh my!
I lay this, too, aside and sigh.

I bring my slide rule into play
For problems given out today —
The slide is stuck! With doleful face
I put the rule back in its case.

I take fresh heart, and make a stab
At study for Machine Shop Lab;
I scan three lines — and soft and slow
My eyelids droop, my head falls low.

My drawing work I take up last —
My bedtime is already past
I draw one view — and only one —
And now — at last — my homework's done!

---Anonymous
VU'S SPRINGTIME GIRL
Letha Bieberich
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COVER:
This issue's cover shot was taken by Kurt Jordan, VU and TORCH staff photographer. Jordan caught the unusual shot by standing in the doorway of the TORCH office during a rainy day a few weeks ago. While "Valparaino" is just that for a good many days in the Spring, it's only fair to mention to readers of this magazine who aren't acquainted with the climatic oddities in these parts that we also enjoy our share of Dunes weather.

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MAY, 1953
"If someone is a painter or a sculptor, he'll paint or sculpt no matter what," says Stanley Bielecky, art instructor and director of the University art department.

Standing in the big, sunny studio up at Kroenke Hall, one can well believe him, for the shelves, the walls, all the corners, and a great deal of the floor space are taken up by drawings and paintings in a dozen sizes, shapes, and mediums. Colorful oils and stark black and white charcoal sketches rub elbows with watercolors and pastel chalk portraits. Easels and drawing boards are ranged in front of the big windows and face a wide assortment of the still-life arrangements and plaster figures which often serve as subjects for the artists.

A total of 98 students are enrolled in fine art courses in the department. Most of these are beginning artists in the freehand drawing class in which the fundamentals of proportion, perspective and light and shade are studied. Charcoals are used exclusively in the course, which is a prerequisite for all others offered.

"The study of the basic elements of painting," says Bielecky, "stimulate creative work and self-expression, in addition to giving the student a background for advanced work."

Pastel chalks, water colors, oils—take your pick! All are avialable to the would-be artists, who can specialize even further by employing such techniques as gouache or tempera.

As for the subjects of the paintings, as great a variety prevails, for they range from models, portrait sitters, and still life arrangements, to buildings and landscapes. In spring and fall, when the weather cooperates, the students take their materials outdoors to immortalize the campus and vicinity.

Not the "snap courses" one might like to think, class periods include lectures by the instructor, discussion of special problems, work in class from models, casts, and groupings of
A charcoal study by Wilbur Luecke

Still life charcoal by Carolyn Doege

Night Street Scene in oils by Richard Herbst

Lois Werner sketching from plaster cast model
selected objects, and out-of-class assignments.

Of the beginning students, Bielecky says, "They often find themselves with special leanings toward fashion or design or interior decoration, all of which are, of course, based on fine art."

The department of art had its beginning at Valpo in 1941, the fall semester. Dr. Walter Friedrich, now head of the Department of English, was acting dean then, when Bielecky began an art curriculum with two courses, one in freehand drawing and the other in color and composition.

From '42 to '45 it was discontinued while Bielecky served in the army in the engineers division. As might be guessed, he worked on camouflage for Uncle Sam.

Until this year, the department was housed in Science Hall, but now occupies its own quarters in newly constructed Kroenke Hall, where instructor and students enjoy more room and a north light.

Bielecky is a bachelor who makes his home and maintains a studio in East Chicago, Indiana. He spends the first three days of every week here on campus, however, and conducts classes from morning to late afternoon those days.

A painter in his own right, he has no specialties, but works with most mediums and a variety of subjects.

"What does the future hold for the Valpo artists?" Well, not all enrolled in classes plan to go on in art, and many of those who do will change their minds somewhere along the way to a real career in the profession. But a fair percentage intend to make a more serious study, and eventually a living, of art, and these apparently have no easy task ahead of them.

Fields such as commercial art and design, fashion drawing, interior decoration, and illustration, although relatively difficult for newcomers to break into, do have definite markets and lines of work. "Fine art, on (Continued on page 19)
After a week of unseasonably cold weather, Tuesday, April 21st, the day of the Valpo-Wisconsin game, had a sedative-like effect on shivering Valpoites. By 3:30 p.m. the mercury hit a scorching 60 degrees, a bit chilly for players but ideal for fans. Cloudless skies promoted visual acuity among fly-chasing outfielders, and a stubborn breeze toward left field enhanced the prowess of right-handed batters. These conditions provided a natural setting for an ordinary event, an intercollegiate ball game.

Probably because the setting is natural and the event ordinary, a third ingredient, the fan's "mental reaction" to the game, is commonly neglected; we tend to categorize all spectators as rabid fans who, while viewing the game, think almost exclusively in terms of it. While, doubtlessly, many do, we suspect that more than a few fans—if you can call them that—submerge themselves in fantasy and irrelevant thoughts when they should be engrossed in the game proper. Despicable as this type fan is, it would take several McCarthy's to segregate them from the legitimate fan, for both types applaud a home run, jeer at visiting players, and boo umpires, the difference being that one is actually absorbed in the game while the other is only seemingly absorbed in it.

Although we'd have a difficult time proving it, we're convinced that there was a disproportionate number of pseudo fans present at the Wisconsin game. We subsequently feel compelled to give a second-hand description of their probable reactions to this game.

Very conveniently, they fall into distinct classes:

The Co-ed: "OH MY, BILL'S AT BAT . . . sure looks awkward up there . . . you wouldn't know he's a good dancer . . . his formal's next week . . . wonder if he'll pin me . . . anyway, hope it's better than last semester's . . . and those favors . . . STRIKE TWO, COME ON, BILL . . . hm, who's that blond over there . . . nice dress . . . like my red one . . . must cost five dollars . . . strange, she's stag . . . maybe her boyfriend's on the team . . . probably not . . . not the dateable type . . . bet she doesn't belong to a sorority . . . OOPS, HE STRUCK OUT . . . I'll hear all about that tonight . . ."

The Prof: "Wish those kids would sit down . . . can't see as it is . . . better have my eyes examined . . . no, I can still see the back of the classroom . . . ONE OUT, GOOD . . . we might beat those fellows yet . . . oh well, it's not that important anyway . . . it would be nice though . . . yet if you win too many everybody figures you're running a diploma mill . . . not Valpo . . . I'll make sure of that . . . the curve should flunk about five in the 124 course this semester . . . are curves ethical . . . gotta keep up standards . . . NICE CATCH, THAT'S TWO DOWN . . . had that player in class . . ."

The Student: "Should be home studying for that quiz right now . . . don't want to become a warped personality . . . anybody, even a student, has the right to a little relaxation . . . but I do have a debt to society . . . GEE, HE SHOUL'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY AN' STRETCH THAT ONE . . . what can you expect from a C student . . . and a fraternity man too . . . I guess some are leaders and some are followers . . . glad I'm a leader . . . THAT'S SMITTY AT BAT NOW . . . a history major . . . he'll end up coaching like all the rest . . . not that there's anything wrong with baseball . . . but it's an idiot's delight . . . sometimes I wonder about the American way . . . the Communists may have more to offer . . . gotta keep up standards . . . NICE CATCH, THAT'S TWO DOWN . . . had that player in class . . ."

It must be admitted, however, that even these fans can appreciate the outcome of a game. Valpo lost 7-5.
THROUGH

REMEMBER THE MAIN!

REMEMBER THE ALLEY, MOE!

54-40, OR FIGHT!
The cartoons appearing on this page were hoisted from another college magazine that comes to us via an exchange list.

We liked them well enough so that we wanted to pass them on to you. Remember these and you'll have your U. S. History final cased.

The cartoons are from the University of North Carolina, Tarnation.

I refuse to answer on the grounds that I might incriminate myself!

I regret I have but one life to give for my country...

--Tarnation
The moon came up from behind the jagged ruins of the church tower. A dark cloud moved across the moon, and a screech owl gave its cry. Four soldiers raced across the dark churchyard toward the church ruins. The cloud passed on, and moonlight suddenly illuminated the churchyard. The four men dived to the ground. They crawled on their elbows and bellies through the tall grass covering the debris. Three of the men got up and rushed into the church. The fourth waited for a moment. Then he backed toward the church door, his eyes staring out into the night, his hands gripping his M-1 rifle.

The heavy oak church door dangled loosely by its top hinge. The soldier, backing his way through the door, tripped and fell on the jagged threshold.

"Nice play, Sarge," whispered one of the men. "Very, very elegant.

The sergeant looked up at him. Another of the men walked over from his position at a window and helped the sergeant to his feet.

"Thanks, Chaplain," the sergeant said.

The four men breathed heavily as they peered out into the woods that encircled the ruins.

"See anything, Chaplain?" asked the sergeant.

"Nothing," whispered the chaplain. "How 'bout you, Red?"

"Don't see a thing, Sarge," replied the tall boy in the corner.

"And you, Kouts? — Kouts?" The sergeant jerked his head away from the door. "Hey, Kouts, where are ya?"

"Over here, Sarge," answered Kouts. Sitting at the base of a broken statue of the Virgin Mary, he was munching on a K-rations candy bar.

"How come you ain't up here at a window, Kouts?" The sergeant's nostrils were wide, his teeth clenched. He was still breathing hard.

"Because we've ditched 'em, Sarge. At least for a little while." He took another bite of his candy bar. The sergeant turned back to the door.

"I suspect Kouts is right, Sarge," Red said, glancing quickly at Kouts. The moon, shining through a huge
gap in the roof and the west wall, illuminated the church sanctuary.

Red stood at a corner window, his hands twisting his rifle strap. The sergeant stood at the church door. The chaplain gazed about the room. Kouts still sat at the foot of the statue of the Virgin. The chaplain walked over to him.

"Don't you think, Kouts, that you ought not sit right there?"

"What do you mean, Reverend?"

"I mean that statue.

"Oh, you mean by Mary here?" Kouts asked with a chuckle. "What do you care, Reverend, you're not a Catholic." The chaplain started to speak, then turned away. "Here, Reverend, have a bite." Kouts held out the candy bar.

"No, Kouts. But thank you anyway."

The sergeant took off his helmet and wiped his forehead with his torn khaki sleeve. "Where do you suppose we are, Rev?"

The chaplain pushed his helmet back and rubbed his eyes. "Oh, I'd say about ten or twelve miles from Naples, and heaven knows where the Third Army is by now. What do you plan on doing, Sarge?"

The sergeant sat down on a wobbly pew. "I don't know, chaplain — I don't know." He scratched his beard. "I figure we'll wait till the moon gets lower, just before dawn, and head toward Naples, hopin' the Third will be thereabouts. I just hope we'll be safe here until then.

The chaplain looked down at him, then at the altar at the far end of the sanctuary. "We'll be safe. This is church, Phil. He stared at the altar.

Kouts broke the silence. "Speakin' of church, you two, why don't you take off your hats?" He laughed loudly.

The sergeant looked quickly at Kouts, then jerked his helmet from his head. Red took his helmet off. The chaplain clasped his hands together and looked up. He loosened his chin strap, then slowly removed his helmet, setting it on the floor. He clasped his hands again and bowed his head.

Kouts laughed again. "Boy, this war sure does somethin' to guys when even the chaplains forget their God."

"That kind of mouthin' off can stop, Kouts," snapped the sergeant.

The chaplain walked slowly down the aisle littered with debris and knelt at the twisted communion rail.

"Hey, Chaplain," yelled Kouts, "that there altar is tuned in only for Fish-on-Friday believers." He laughed loudly again.

The sergeant rushed quickly over to him. "What are you tryin' to do, you fool? You'll have every kraut in Italy on our necks yellin' like that! Now shut up!"

"Sure, Sarge, sure enough! Mum's the word, Sarge."

Red walked over to Kouts. "I kinda like my fish on Fridays."

Kouts looked up at him and smiled. "Now, there's somethin' I didn't know, Kid. You must feel at home," he said.

"As a matter of fact, Kouts, I don't feel at home. And don't call me Kid."

Kouts got up and strolled over to the window.

The sergeant moved to the door again. Red knelt at the foot of the statue of the Virgin and crossed himself.

"Very pretty, Kid," said Kouts. "For Pete's sake, Kouts, knock it off," whispered the sergeant. "This is the last place we need smart guys."

"Well, we sure do need something around here," snapped Kouts. He took a step toward the sergeant. "You crazy guys are goin' around here moppin' and prayin' like dead men!"

The sergeant turned and walked towards Kouts. "You don't seem to understand, bird brain. We're all gonna be dead men if we don't do somethin'. We're in enemy territory, cut off from our outfit! There's kraut's wanderin' around out there lookin' for us! Five of us are already dead. Five of us! Just layin' out there some place. We ain't got a Chinaman's chance to get out of this! We're gonna die, you dumb cluck, we're gonna die! But there's some of us what wants to get back more'n we want to wise crack. We wanna get back! We got homes! So shut up, Kouts, shut up!"

"Sure, Sarge, sure enough."

The sergeant walked slowly back to the church door, his fingers digging into his rifle. Suddenly he leaped to the side of the door. "Somebody's out there, I saw, 'em movin'."

Kouts crouched down by the window. His index finger moved slowly to the trigger of his rifle.

"What was it, Sarge?" Red whispered. He moved up to the sergeant.

"Something moved over there by those two — say, where's the chaplain?" They both turned and saw the chaplain still kneeling in prayer at the far end of the church.

The sergeant sprang to his feet. "Stay here, kid," he said. He moved swiftly down the church aisle, half running, half crawling. Then he jumped to the chaplain's side. "What are you doin' kneelin' right in the moonlight? You're a perfect target for some lousy kraut! Keep down! C'mon now, I think them krauts have finally found us."

He scurried back down the aisle. The chaplain followed close behind him, stooping low.

The four men crouched along the church wall. Their eyes were fixed into the night. They were motionless. Then Red scooted over to the sergeant's side.

"We gonna make another break for it, Sarge?"

"I don't know, Kid. We'll see."

Red scooted back to his position. The sergeant put his helmet back on. The chaplain and Red did the same. Crickets began to chirp. From out in the woods came the faint cry of the screech owl. "Those darn birds," the sergeant muttered.

"It's sure has been quiet today," the chaplain said. "No big guns, no planes, no nothing."

"Too doggone quiet," the sergeant replied.

(continued on page 15)
IN CASE OF FIRE
BREAK GLASS

-Kitty-Kat
Somewhere, sometime, brought about by one moment of pain, or by a glimpse of beauty, or by a brief and most rare experience of rapture, but inevitably, the mind finds a prayer—Life. And then each day attains a noble and absolute purpose, the composition of that prayer, a thing that can be made as worthy and beautiful as one wills.

But life is a series of waking and sleeping, of laughters, of aspirations and failures, of principles, of desires and denials, of fears, of faith ... Bits that make up the whole, fragments, vivid and hazy, that are significant as the entire prayer is significant; that tread a path to a conclusion in eternity.

* * *

He walked on. It was five minutes of nine, Saturday night. It is quiet, he thought. And the wind replied with a thin and trailing whine on the branches of bare trees. It was quiet. Nothing of the deafening silence of an empty room, but quiet made rich and wholesome by this occasional whimper of the wind—like a pool of clear water on which a drop of blue was spilled, the clearness is not disturbed but rather made pure and vibrant, the sharpness mellowed. He walked on. Then memory beckoned and placed its hand on his shoulder.

"The rapid staccato of leather soles echoed in the bright, early morning as they came down the steps. He was already late for school. And he had not had breakfast yet either. And he felt hungry. He grabbed a couple of slices of bread, hacked at the butter, spilled the milk on the tablecloth, dipped the bread in his coffee, then crammed it in his mouth. The coffee was too hot. He reached for two more pieces of bread, spread butter on them, then wrapped them in a napkin. That was breakfast.

He dashed to the library to get his books, and he complimented himself for having prepared all that he would need that day the night before. Soon he was bolting out the door ... Screech! Ma called. He forgot to kiss her goodbye. At last he was in the car, and it was backing out the driveway.

In the midst of night, he smiled. That was a beautiful morning, he thought. He remembered that he swore at having that particular first period upon third floor of the L.A. as he bounded up the three flight of steps. He was smiling when, without regard for order, memory touched on a sombre note ... *The din of merriment had ceased. The house was flung in darkness. All were asleep. But he could not waste a single moment of the night in sleep. It was too precious for that. It would have been too precious for anything.

He had taken a comfortable chair outside and there sat where he was clearly visible to the neighbors. They would think him mad if they chanced to see him, he knew. He cared little—or not at all—if they did. That would be their opinion—and he had little respect for opinions except his own. He thought it was for him to grant respect; he would not be forced to grant respect.

The sounds of mingled laughter and music and glasses striking happiness and light where sorrow, darkness, and defeat are not known.

Then, darkness. Dense clouds veiled the moon entirely. The spell was broken, and reality prevailed.

He walked on in the night. It had been one more day away from home, one more day nearer to home. But home for him was still many, many week ends away—week ends like this, walking with memory, vainly haggling with time. There is much to learn, he thought, there are mountains to scale, sorrows to bear, happiness to share. He saw the reflections from the pool of memories—the arms waving at the pier—how sad; the music at the farewell party—how painfully faint; Ma—how sweet a face, how brave the smile. School-days of the past were ushered in, each dragging its own share of what had been, fragments that are and always will be a part of life.

He walked on in the night, step by fateful step bringing him closer to finding his prayer: the series of waking and sleeping, of laughters, of aspirations and failures, of principles, of desires and denials, of fears, of faith ... when each day attains a noble and absolute purpose, when in plenary belief he shall say: I, myself—a separate entity, a unit, a distinct creation, complete ...
IN THE FUTURE
(Continued from page 12)

“Silent night, holy night.” It was Kouts, softly singing the carol while strumming imaginary strings on his rifle.

“Very funny, Kouts!” growled the sergeant.

“Thank you, paisan, thank you. My next selection will be . . .”

“That’s enough, Kouts!”

Kouts smiled. Red scooted over to him. “How come you don’t act afraid, Kouts?”

“Afraid? Bein’ afraid don’t get you nowhere.”

“I don’t know about you, but I’m scared stiff. I’d like to be home,” Red said.

“Home? That’s home, Kid?”

Kouts stared at the church floor. “The trouble with you, Kid, is that you think that - - better forget it, Kid.” Kouts again began to strum on his M-1, this time to the tune of Home, Home on the Range.

“It certainly is quiet out there,” said the chaplain.

Red began to scoot across the floor again.

“Hey, Kid,” yelled the sergeant, “Quit your bouncin’ around! You’d think this was a nursery.”

Not so loud, Sarge,” retorted Kouts, “there’s krauts wanderin’ around out there.” He chuckled. The sergeant twisted his hands around his rifle butt.

The chaplain sat down on the floor and took some papers from his coat pocket. He began to glance through them. A metal disc fell from the papers and made a tinkling noise as it bounced on the stone floor.

“What’s that, Rev, your Sunday bus token?” asked Kouts.

“No, it’s not, Kouts.”

“Don’t tell me, let me guess - I know - it’s a petrified life-saver.”

No, Kouts, it happens to be an inscribed medal, which Kaplan gave me before he - died back at the bridge.”

The sergeant leaned his rifle against the wall and tipped back his helmet. Red tossed a small pebble across the floor. It caromed off a
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chunk of concrete, bounced against
the base of a pew and stopped at the
foot of the statue of the Virgin. Red
stared at the pebble.

"Funny, old Kaplan," muttered the
sergeant smiling down at the floor.
The cry of the screech owl broke the
silence.

"What does the medal say?" asked
Kouts.

"I haven't had a chance to read it.
It's some sort of poem. He said his
father gave it to him." The chaplain
moved toward the center of the room.
He held the medal into a column of
moonlight and began to read:

"Things weigh heavy on this aging
ground,
Things stand higher around us.
But somewhere ahead a true
Light, a real Word,
That in the past has sought us,
That in the future we find."

Kouts began to strum on his imagi­
nary guitar and hummed the opening
bars of Hearts and Flowers. The chap­
lain gazed at the inscription, shoved
the medal back into his pocket, and
walked to his position.

Red took off his helmet and
scratched his head. "Boy, I sure
could use a bath. I'm beginning to
itch."

The chaplain moved over to the
sergeant's side. "I don't see anything
out there, Sarge."

"Yeh, I guess you're right, Chap­
lain. I must be gettin' jumpy." The
sergeant sat down on the floor and
began to massage his right leg.

"How does your leg feel?" asked
the chaplain.

"Oh, it's just a bruise. Nothin' bad.
It's pretty sore though. I
ought'a keep my eyes open. I should­

"I don't know, Sarge. But I would
guess that they were already across
the line and back to those Sicilian
girls they were talking about."

The sergeant chuckled. "Yeh, I
suppose they are. And Breski a mar­
ried man! Say, Chaplain, I'm sorry about the way I had to yell at ya like that when ya was prayin'. I'm sorry."

The chaplain smiled and moved back to his window. The sergeant stared at the floor. "I'm sorry — I'm sorry," he muttered.

Red began to scratch his head again.


"When are we leavin'?" asked Red. The sergeant kept staring at the floor. "Hey, Sarge," Red called.

"What? What did you say?" the sergeant asked.

"I said when are we gettin' out of here?"

"Oh, pretty soon, Kid." He looked up into the sky. "I figure that cloud over on the horizon will be here in another fifteen or twenty minutes. We'll go out under that."

"That's pretty short notice, Sarge," said Kouts. "I have a lot of things to pack." The sergeant gripped his rifle. Kouts tipped his helmet back.

"Say, Reverened, how long did it take you to become a preacher?" asked Kouts.

"A long time, Kouts."

"I think I'll become a preacher. I got the knack. I can see me now..." He stood and raised his arms. "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Red instinctively moved his right hand to his forehead and then to his breast. Suddenly he stopped and grinned sheepishly.

"Did you see that, Reverened?" Kouts asked, "did ya see that now? I didn't think I had it in me!" He laughed loudly. "I think I'll become a pope instead."

The sergeant threw down his rifle and stood up quickly. He rushed over to Kouts and grabbed him by the collar. "Kouts, I've had about all I can take from you!" The sergeant's arm swung out and caught Kouts on the side of the neck. Kouts slammed against the wall and fell to one knee.

The sergeant rushed toward him again. Red and the chaplain grabbed his arms and held him away.

Kouts stood up, his hand rubbing his neck. "Let the louse come!"

"All right, you two," said the chaplain, "Cut it out! What's the matter with you? Don't you know this is war and we're in a dangerous spot? Now snap out of it!"

"I can't help it, Chaplain," blurted the sergeant. "This wise guy is drivin' me nuts with his smart remarks! He's always pickin' on guys and what they believe in! Why can't he leave 'em alone? I thought he'd drive Kaplan nuts with the way he pestered him about synagogues and cantors. Lay off, Kouts, lay off!" The sergeant was breathing hard. "Why don't ya let guys alone? Ya remind me of my ole man. He never had a good word for nobody. Everything was hell for him, and he made everything hell. Quit smilin', you skunk! The next time I'll bust ya wide open!"

"Listen to Saint Phillip here. You'd think Sarge was Mister Goody-Good himself."

"Better lay off, Kouts," said Red. "Speakin' of believin' things, Saint, I never seen you doin' any kneelin'! Or are you just a fair weather church-goer?"

The sergeant's arms relaxed. He looked down at the floor. Red and the chaplain turned Kouts loose.

"That bothers you don't it, Saint?" Kouts continued. "You oughta practice what you preach! Start castin' out some notes of your own, you dumb cluck."

"That'll be enough, Kouts," said the chaplain.

"Well, go ahead and pray then, Sarge. Go ahead, if ya can! I been watchin' you. This place don't mean much, does it? Well, does it? Pray, Sarge, pray! Get down on your knees. Send up a few words," Kouts laughed.

The sergeant stood staring at the floor, his hands at his sides. He looked up at the chaplain, then at Red. Slowly he removed his helmet and turned and walked down the
church aisle. He paused. Kouts laughed out loud. The sergeant fell to his knees and bowed his head. Kouts clapped his hands.

“You ought not to be right there in the moonlight, Sarge,” Red yelled.

“Oh, let the cock-eyed hypocrite go. He's havin’...” Suddenly a rifle shot rang out from the night. The sergeant pitched forward on his face. His helmet rolled from under his arm. Kouts leaped to the side of the window. The chaplain and Red quickly jumped up.

“Get over to the door, Red!” whispered the chaplain.

Machine gun fire began to kick up the dust on the church wall. The chaplain crawled rapidly down the aisle and up to the body of the sergeant. He knelt looking at him. A burst of machine gun fire caught a near-by pew, and a spray of chips and splinters rained down around him. He hustled back down the aisle and up to a window.

“He's dead,” he said. Red swallowed hard, then fell away from the door as the machine guns tore a neat line of dust across the threshold.

“Those lousy krauts,” Kouts yelled, “where are they? They'll be here in the church with us before long!

“Can't see anything out there!” said the chaplain.

“Let's get out of here!” yelled Red. His face was beaded with perspiration.

The machine gun fire was raking the inside of the church from every side, tearing lines of holes in the walls and sending sprays of dust, stone, and wood into the air. Then it stopped. All was quiet save for the quick breathing of the three men.

“Well, c'mon, Chaplain, what now?” said Red.

“We'll go through with Sarge's plan. Soon as that cloud up there hits the moon, we'll run for it.”

“Wait a minute now, Reverend,” whispered Kouts, “if we leave this building, we'll be dead! They're all around out there!”

“We'll be dead if we don't, Kouts,”
said Red. "You said yourself they'd be in here before long."

"We'll leave by that back window," said the chaplain. "C'mon."

The three men moved along the wall to the back of the church. When they reached the window, they stood staring at the cloud that was moving rapidly toward the moon. It touched the moon, and the sanctuary grew dark.

"Let's go!"

Red crawled out the window. The chaplain quickly followed. Kouts paused, then hurried after them. The church was empty and quiet. Suddenly outside the machine-gun fire broke the stillness again. Several loud staccato bursts, then silence.

Someone crawled back through the window. It was Kouts. He was alone. He raced to the church door and peered out. Machine-gun fire tore chips of oakwood from the heavy door. It caught the top hinge and ripped it loose from the wall. The door fell with a loud crash that echoed through the sanctuary. Kouts stared at the door, his fingers digging into his rifle. Slowly he began to back away from the door. His eyes were wide and glassy. He backed into the statue of the Virgin and jerked about quickly. For a moment he stared up the aisle past the body of the sergeant. His rifle fell from his hands, and he turned away and walked down the aisle past the body of the sergeant. His eyes were fixed on the altar. Suddenly he hurdled the twisted communion rail and fell to his knees, his head bowed. He started to cross himself, then stopped. He stood up and stared at the gilded cross on the altar. His lips tightened. His hands trembled.

"But why did You let her die?"

"Why?"

Suddenly he dropped to his knees and remained motionless for a few moments. Then he lunged forward and grasped the base of the cross. His lips moved soundlessly.

A German soldier appeared in the church door, a machine gun in his hands. A short burst from the gun ripped through Kouts' back. His grip on the cross loosened, and he fell backward away from the altar. His head slammed against the communion rail, and his helmet clanged as it hit the stone floor. It rolled quietly under a pew.

Three German soldiers ran down the aisle to the body of Kouts, their boots thumping on the stone floor. One of them bent over the body of Kouts, then muttered something in German. Then all three walked back down the aisle past the body of the sergeant and disappeared through the door.

The crickets chirped monotonously as the sanctuary was gradually filled with moonlight. From out of the woods came the faint cry of a screech owl.

FOR ART'S SAKE

(continued)

the other hand, is a fleeting field and success depends on recognition gained through exhibition of one's work," the art instructor warns. The problem lies in getting one's work exhibited.

Financial security in the profession depends on the times—if people need and desire fine painting, there will be commissions and sales.

And there is definitely a growing public interest in art, Bielecky feels, and he points out that more and more people are attending shows, buying works, and engaging in some kind of painting or drawing on their own.

Why Valpo for a student who does plan to continue in his art studies? Mr. B. has an answer to this too: "A good liberal arts education is good equipment for entering full-time professional study."

So from the looks of things, art is here to stay, and some of the people you'd least suspect may be going up to Kroenke a couple times a week to dabble in colors or struggle with charcoal—engineers, biology majors, musicians, social science students, and probably a lawyer or two.
FAREWELL —

With the final issue of the year once again put to press, the fourth year of VU's existence comes to a close. In the final issue of Volume III that was published just a year ago, the present editor stated in a few paragraphs what he thought the magazine would be like under his direction.

Among other things, he said that he hoped VU would be able to "find" itself. Has it done this? It might be that VU is finally approaching its own destiny. It seems that VU should be humorous, but that it should not be a Humor magazine as we know them to exist on other campuses. VU should have something in it that is serious, but it should be far from a "literary" magazine. VU is read by those whose main reading is the comic book, and by those who brood over ATLANTIC and THE NEW YORKER. Naturally, it can't be both, but it must keep both sides relatively happy. Some will continue to enjoy VU immensely; others will never see an issue that will give them satisfaction.

But the fact remains that VU enters Volume V with a firm four year foundation and a seemingly bright future. Three different persons applied for the position of editor for Volume V—an indication that there is lively interest among the campus journalists, and an almost certain guarantee that there will be active editorial interest next year.

Meanwhile, this issue represents our final effort for the year, and we hope that you will find it to your liking. We'd like to say "thanks" to the many students who contributed to VU this past year. Without their help the magazine would never have existed.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

Ronald Lansing wrote the story "In the Future We Find" for Dr. Friedrich's class in Short Story Writing. We hope you'll enjoy it.

Betty Schultz, next year's editor-elect, composed "For Art's Sake," the picture-story article concerning Valpo's Art Department. Photographer Kurt Jordan (see "Cover") took the accompanying pictures.

Bob Witte's satire on the baseball fan is his fourth contribution to VU in as many issues this past year.

Eric Domingo, a freshman, contributed the story "Reflections."

HELLO —

In trying to write this little spiel, I've discovered I face much the same problem that confronts a politician making a campaign speech. Because although I want to convince the readers that I have great plans for next year I don't want to commit myself to promises I can't keep when the time comes.

Since, however, the position of a campaigning politician and mine differ in the important respect that I already have my job, I'll skip the promises, except to say that I'll try to make every issue of VU informative and entertaining.

Of course, (to retread a phrase credited to A. Lincoln) you can't please all of the people all of the time, but we on VU will make it our goal to please almost all of you at least some of the time.

By now it must be obvious that I'm not going to discuss any specific changes I might make in VU or any specific policy I may follow. The limited budget of the magazine is probably the chief factor in this unpredictability concerning forthcoming issues.

Unfortunately, some of the best things in a magazine aren't free, and what we lack in funds must be made up for in ingenuity. The only thing in or about VU that does come free is the talent—of writers, idea men, artists, photographers, and business minds. We just can't have too much of this; there's always room for lots more. These last few lines are more than just a hint—they're a standing invitation to any of the University family who has something to contribute to VU.

Finally, and most important, I want to thank editor Dick Hanneman for all help he's given me in learning the ropes on VU. He's given me freely of his experience and know-how and I hope to carry this over into next year to match his effort and fine results.
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