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Valparaiso University

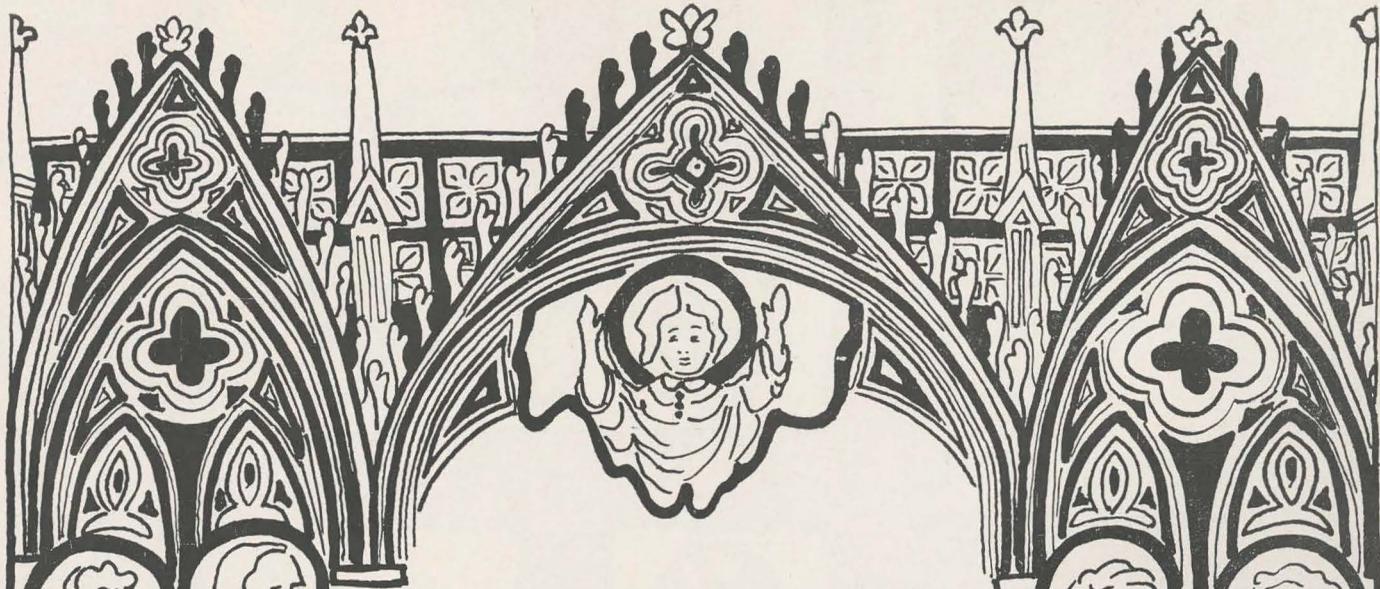
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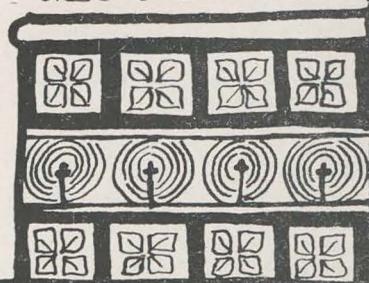
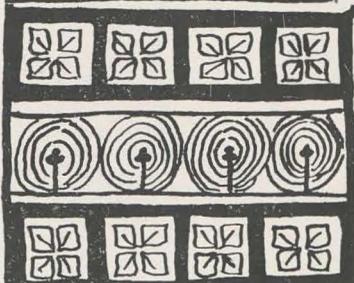
## CHRIST CHILD AND CALVARY

Ah, Child, did You know then that angels were singing  
and

Telling the shepherds of Thy wondrous birth?  
Were You foretold that the Maji were coming  
To pay Thee a tribute of fabulous worth?  
And did You know that Thine was the glory,  
The power, a kingdom in heaven and earth?  
Could You foresee then that someday this story  
Would be shouted abroad with such gladness and mirth?

Or had You foreboding of ill,  
Could You see, then, a cross on a hill,  
Were You bearing the pain of a circlet of thorn  
On the night You were born?

A VALPO STUDENT



# VU

DECEMBER, 1953

VOLUME V, NO. 2

# magazine

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief, Betty Schultz  
Associate Editor, Louise Kohzer  
Art Editor, Roberta Esch  
Photography Editor, Kurt Jordan  
Humor, Editor, Ernest Kanning

## Contributors:

Hansen Akpabio, Lyn Berreaux, Ingrid Buchleitner, John Hasegawa, Rosemary Knoetzsch, Barbara Kleiman, George Schenck, Dick Stelter, Prof. John Strietelmeier, Bob Warmann.

## Artists:

Roberta Esch, Bill Hoerger, Lorraine Schroeder

## BUSINESS STAFF:

Business Manager, William Wagner

Assistants: Mary Bohrer, Judy Bovin  
Circulation Manager, Marion Dallman

## FACULTY ADVISOR:

Victor Hoffman

VU magazine is published four times during the 1953-1954 academic year by the VU staff of Valparaiso University under the auspices of the Student Council. Editorial and business office located at 468 College Avenue.

Subscription rates are \$1.10 by mail anywhere in the United States. Price per copy, 25 cents.

Address all correspondence to VU Magazine, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Reproduction rights granted all college publications. Please credit.

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COVER: Design by Roberta Esch



# The Legend of HOWIE FANG

By ERNEST KANNING and GEORGE SCHENK

Howie Fang? Certainly we know Howie! It's a shame you don't know Howie since he's certainly one of the more popular persons on the Valpo campus. What does he look like? Well, we'd rather not describe him; just take a look at his picture there and see if you know him. You *don't*?

Well-ll, that's very strange. Howie is so popular and well-known on campus that he could run for Student Council president and win if his six years of scholastic eligibility weren't up. In fact, Howie did run for Student Council treasurer two years ago when we were lowly freshmen. But that's a story in itself. We'd better go back to the very beginning and tell you how Howie first made his start in college.

Howie enrolled at Valpo shortly after World War II. Being a young and talented veteran, he decided college was a good career for him. In fact, he was so anxious for learning that he enrolled right off in summer school to get a head start.

However, he decided that with all the heat that summer (a cool 200 deg.), the profs might be so far gone that they wouldn't believe his name. So he left campus, but forgot to withdraw his registration materials.

As it happened, some wilted prof passed Howie's registration cards because he couldn't make out Howie's name through all the haze. All the prof could see was "How Funy" and thought it was some kid named after one of those odd Wisconsin card games.

All through summer school, Howie's name was called on the roll, but never an answer. Being a very diligent lot, Howie's profs turned in his name to the Committee of Ten, headed by Dean Bauer, who passed on anything and everything very quickly and efficiently as compared to the red tape right now. (Dean Bauer would read the student's name and all would simultaneously shout "Guilty!")

Naturally, Howie was guilty, and the registrar's office promptly (a month later) sent Howie some very strict notices. As Howie had given the KIP house as his address, the

notice went there. The KIPs had a hilarious time that summer as the registrar's office became more and more frustrated with each unanswered notice, and the KIPs got more and more bellylaughs.

Howie came back in the fall and settled matters by enrolling, as far as we know, as an electrical engineer, with various majors thrown in along the way to the double-E. He stayed in the KIP house most of his time on campus, spending many fine hours curled up behind the nice warm furnace when his fellow engineers were slaving in the labs.

(continued on page 4)

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## The Winner

of VU's Howie Fang art contest is RON LANSING, who denies that the work of art on the opposite page is a self portrait. Ron is legal, a senior, and an English major in pre-law. The kid is loaded with talent—he writes, draws, sings, and acts. His fellow TKE's reveal that he's almost impossible to live with since he won this contest—he was *that* thrilled. We hope he doesn't "go Hollywood" on us, now that he has won fame (publication in VU) and fortune (a carton of Chesterfields). Ron's own comment on Howie is as follows: "Howard was one of the leading figures of the Valparaiso campus a few years ago. This is significant, because just what is a campus without a leading figure?" Anyhow, here's his picture, and, reproduced on the opposite page, the winning entry.



He once complained bitterly to us that he was not given proper credit for his original method of learning while asleep. Since then this method has come into some prominence.

For several years Howie considered the process of learning. Although he felt he was not learning anything, yet perhaps there was a method which would be more comfortable and almost as efficient. Obviously, efficiency would have to bow to comfort if it ever came to that, and it did.

The modern method at the time utilized a speaker (mechanical) under the pillow. Howie improved a great deal on that. He just slept on his books. After one night, he decided it was a question of efficiency versus comfort and pitched the textbook into the furnace.

Howie's next venture was running for office. He could not let his public down. In the spring of '52 there was only one candidate for Student Council treasurer—Joe Graziano. Howie decided that would never do; there must be two candidates in order to preserve the cause of democracy! So he campaigned as a write-in candidate.

We both remember those rugged days very well. Together with Howie's freshman sister Bertha (a real doll), we put on a bit of—shall we say, shady—campaigning and swung 103 votes to Howie. However, Graziano had The Party behind him and won easily.

This was a blow to the KIPs since they had backed Howie strongly with banners, signs and even a car for Howie to ride in the parade. The reason you probably didn't recognize Howie then was that he wore a Frankenstein mask to cover a shaving cut on his face.

Howie made it up to his sister Bertha for her work for him, though. Last year he nominated her for Homecoming Queen. Bertha was really thrilled over this, but all the men on campus were jealous of Howie's popularity with the women, so they banded together and voted in one Nina Arnold.

This was quite a shock to Howie since he knew, as well as everyone else, that Bertha was better looking even if she had a personality like a wet dishrag. Howie became quite disgusted with Valpo then and also with EE. He picked up a major in philosophy and is now going to the University of Wisconsin for graduate work. He may be found in the Silver Spoon just outside Madison where he has an assistantship teaching the local characters all about Plato and Aristotle.

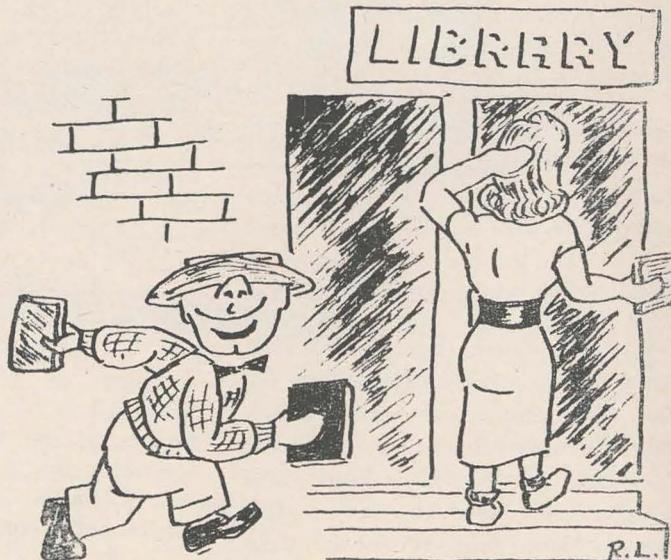
If you're lucky, you may see Howie once in a while, as he often drops back on the campus to satisfy his nostalgic yearnings for the old days next to the KIP furnace.



"PAINTING IN ART CLASS"

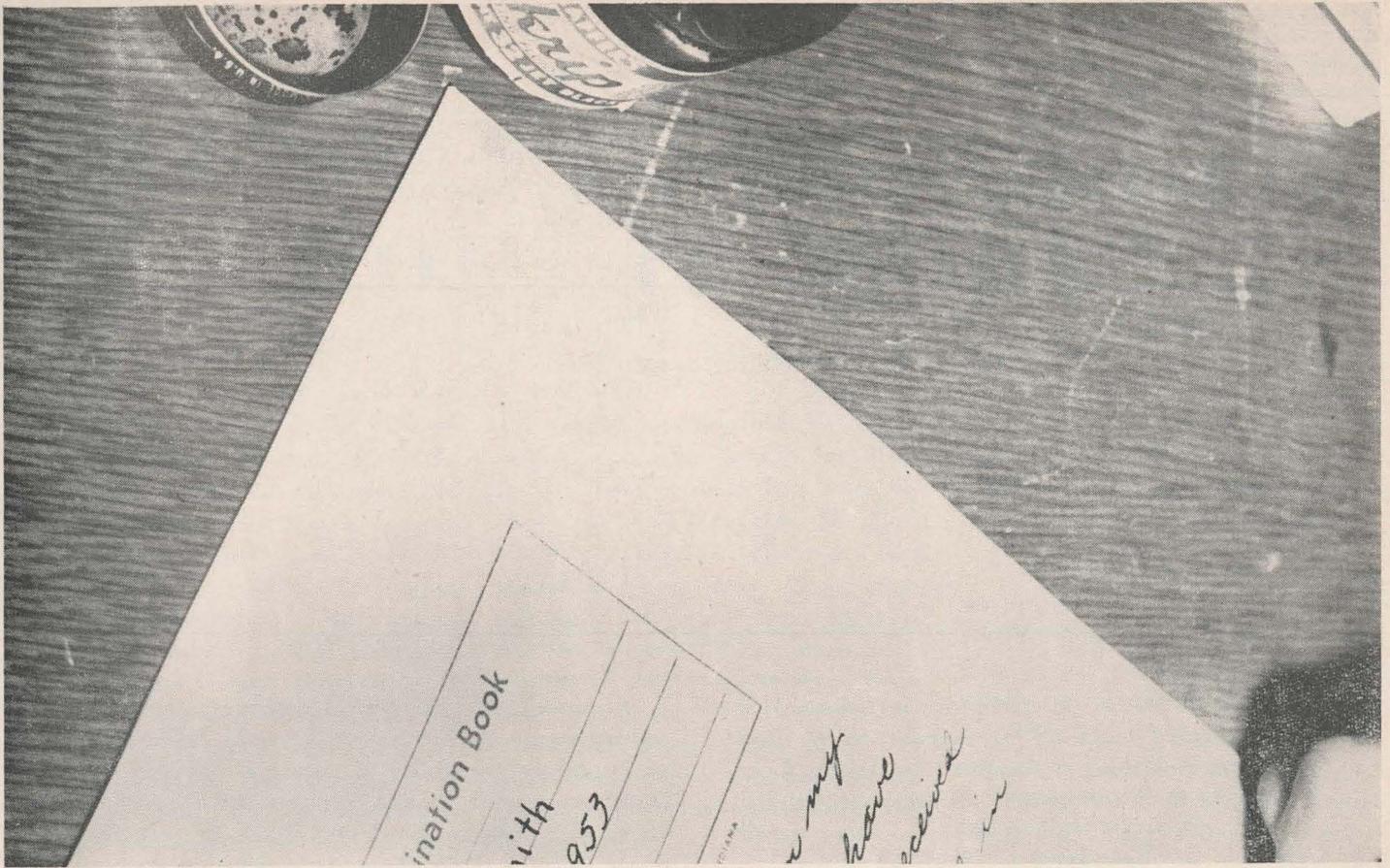


"JUMP BALL"



"BACK TO THE STACKS"

These cartoons depicting some of Howie's activities, are the work of the contest winner, Ron Lansing.



# A MATTER OF HONOR

Figuratively Speaking ..... Page 6  
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It's All Yours ..... Page 8



# FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING...

Year	Total number of Cases	Cases Dropped	Innocent	Guilty
1947-48	26	7	4	15
1948-49	17		6	11
1949-50	35	2	10	23
1950-51	11	1	3	7
1951-52	16		5	11
1952-53	9		2	7
1953-54*	8**			

## PENALTIES

F in Test	F in Course	F in Course and Suspension	Other
	14	1	
	8	2	1
1	8	5	3
7	4	2	
4	1		

One thing the above statistics prove for sure is that the Honor Council, contrary to popular belief, does handle cases of violations or suspected violations of the Honor Code. Many of the figures, however, only serve to bring up a multitude of questions as to their significance.

Does an increase, one year, in the number of cases, for example, mean that cheating has increased that year, or does it mean that students are taking a greater interest in the preservation of the system? Or, does a drop in the number of cases indicate that cheating is less frequent, that people are becoming more skilled and more clever at cheating, or that students and faculty are less concerned with reporting violators and violations of the Code? These questions are largely unanswerable, of course, and serve only as points of speculation, but they deal with vital aspects of the Honor System. The number of cases handled privately among and by students, without their being referred to the council, is not, of course, represented by the above figures.

Some of the statistics speak for themselves, of course, and some have no underlying significance, but they are interesting simply for their own sakes. A few facts not found in the above table, but giving some insight into the nature of the Council's duties and problems, follow.

The majority of cases arise in final examinations, and the penalty for cheating on a final is usually heavier than for cheating on other tests.

\* The fall-winter semester up to Dec. 10.

\*\* The number of acquittals and convictions is not given, as some of these cases are still pending.

A considerable number of defendants are acquitted on the charge of violation of the code. Possibly some of these persons are guilty of cheating, but the available evidence is insufficient to convince the Council of guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt." Lack of sufficient evidence to support the charge or to warrant an investigation accounts for some cases' being dropped.

In recent years the penalties have generally grown lighter for comparable offenses than in the early years of the Council's operation. No suspensions have been recommended by the Council since 1951. A failing grade in the course is the penalty most often affixed.

The pleas of "guilty" rather than "not guilty" have increased in proportion to the number of cases considered. A plea of "guilty" usually carries with it a lighter penalty, than a plea of "not guilty" resulting in a conviction.

The last case of mass cheating, involving nine people in one case, was in 1949.

Foreign languages, English, and Religion, which are required fields of study, and those with the largest enrollments of students, are the fields in which most cases of cheating arise. The lower division courses in the applied sciences also claim a large percentage of the total number of cases.

Freshmen offenders do *not* account for a large majority of the violations reported to the Council. Cases involving sophomores, juniors, and seniors are relatively frequent.

Although many incidences of cheating can be detected by the instructor checking the work, probably most violations would remain undetected unless seen and prevented, corrected, or referred to the Council by students.

## THE HONOR SYSTEM:

# DOES IT WORK?

BY JOHN H. STRIETELMEIER

Before I attempt to answer the question which the title of this article asks, I have to make one preliminary observation which, I think, is validated both by human experience and by the doctrine of original sin. That observation is this: that in any community of sufficient size, one must expect to find those who deliberately and with full knowledge of what they are doing violate the laws and customs of the community in order to seize for themselves unearned advantages over their fellows. No system has yet been devised that does not break down when it confronts the determined and clever schlemiel. Such a person can only be brought to time by the slow and inexorable workings of the Moral Law and the dreadful sanctions which enforce it.

The effectiveness of an honor system can not, therefore, be judged by whether it creates an environment within which cheating is impossible. The question that must be answered is this: does the honor system create an environment within which the average student is under little or no temptation to cheat and does it offer positive inducements to honest conduct? I believe that the honor system as we have it on this campus does minimize the temptation to cheat, that it does offer positive inducements to honest conduct, and that, therefore, it does work.

The system as we have it makes the individual conscience the proctor of our examinations. The temptation, natural and perhaps almost

wholesome, for the student to try to outwit a proctor who is merely a faculty member disappears when the instructor walks out of the room. Cleverly concealed crib notes and telescopic vision may, by a slight stretching of moral principles, be justified as sporting equipment for a contest of cleverness between a student and a sharp-eyed proctor. Remove the proctor, and these "unauthorized helps" become burglar tools designed for use against one's fellow-students.

On the positive side, the honor system as we have it accords to the student the dignity which he deserves both as a person and, more particularly, as a child of God. A proctoring system recognizes the reality of that defect in man which theologians call original sin. An honor system, supported by penalties for its infraction, recognizes both the reality of man's moral delinquency and the equally important reality of regeneration in those who have become obedient to the Gospel. Certainly one reason why the system works well on our campus must be that the men and women of our student body are not mere animals twisted and warped by original sin so that they can be governed by no law but the law of the fang, but are members of the Body of Christ who have attained to a greater or lesser degree of sanctification. Under the honor system, each student has the opportunity to bring his honor and his integrity as a thank-offering to his Lord. For the poor student, particularly, the opportunity to bring

such a sacrifice must be the source of much greater satisfaction than he could hope to derive from even the best grade, dishonestly acquired.

The system works—not perfectly, not in every class, not with every student. But as I compare the workings of our system with various attempts at proctoring which I have witnessed or in which I have participated, I feel more and more strongly that what we have here is better than any system which I have yet encountered for getting a fair and accurate appraisal of what students really know and can do. In a very real sense, the working of the system constitutes day-to-day validation of the University's whole philosophy of education. If the system were ever to break down, I would feel real anxiety for the future of the University itself.



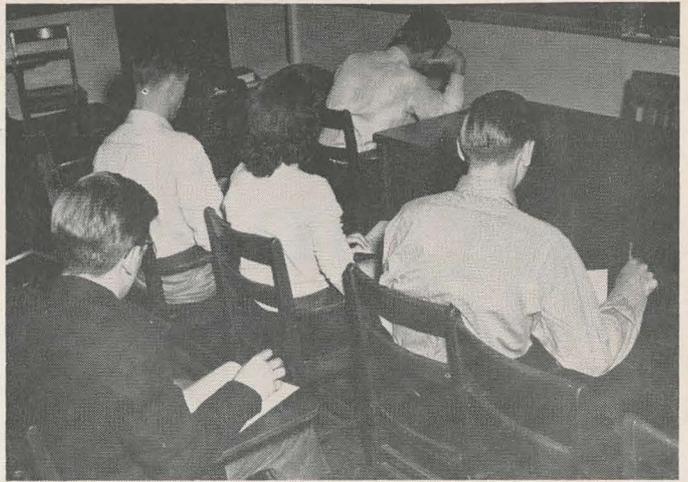
MR. STRIETELMEIER is a member of the faculty of the Department of Geography and Geology, and has been teaching in that department for six years. A 1943 graduate of Valpo, he was a student here under the old proctor system. Formerly editor of THE TORCH, and a member of the group which founded VU, Prof. Strietelmeier is presently managing editor of the CRESSET.

## A MATTER OF HONOR

# IT'S ALL YOURS!

By BETTY SCHULTZ

In 1943—just ten years ago—the Honor System was instituted at Valpo after repeated requests by, and an overwhelming vote of, the student body. This step was taken in spite of objections by the faculty, who thought an Honor System could not work here. That it could work was proved by the students, who realized it was their system, needing their vigorous support.



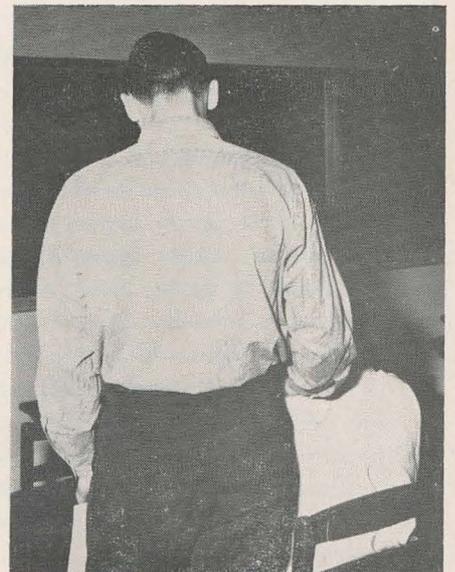
Pencil tapping is a rarely used device, which might be brought back into more frequent use, for warning a violator of the Code. Begun by one person who suspects cheating during an exam, the tapping is taken up by other students in the room, thereby warning the violator that he has been seen and that his actions must stop.

It is still the students' system—your system. No one but you can make it the vital force it should be in your lives at Valpo. Neither the faculty nor the Honor Council can enforce the Code; it takes the support and vigilance of all the students



"I see cheating in the room. Will the offender please stop!" calls out a student during an exam. This is another way to prevent violation of the Code.

It is up to you to prevent honor at Valpo from becoming a thing of the past. to make violations rare and swiftly recognized, to keep the Code a living idea in Valpo life, to give true meaning to the Pledge. The Honor System is all yours.



A student speaks privately to a person he suspects of violating the Code. This is often an effective means by which violations of the Code are handled among the students without the necessity of reference to the Council.

# CHRISTMAS at HOME . . .

*Four of Valpo's Foreign Students describe  
Christmas Celebrations in their Own Countries*

## Austria

By INGRID BUCHLEITNER

"Heiliger Abend" is approaching. The small children cannot wait until the "Christkinde" comes to bring them all those many toys they want. Weeks before, they write down their choices on a slip of paper, and put it in front of the window, so that the Christkinde will take it when he flies by during the night. Mothers bake delicious *Lebkuchen*, *Vlebsenbriet*, and small figures of fine dough, which they will hang on the big *Tannenbaum*. The trees are usually tall, dark green firs, with spreading branches, decorated with brightly-wrapped candies, cookies, and ornaments. On Christmas Eve, fathers light the many white candles on the trees. The Christmas bells begin to ring in the town, and the melodies of the old carols are heard from the churches, the families at home joining in the songs. After the children have unwrapped their gifts, they play with the nativity sets which stand under the trees, and with their new toys until almost midnight, when everyone goes to church.

## Guatemala

By ROSEMARY KNOETZSCH

It was the night of the 22nd of December, my last Christmas in Guatemala. The main parts of town were decorated with Christmas trees, bells, and lanterns and children were enjoying themselves on Santa's lap and admiring with happy eyes the toys in the store windows. But only a few hours later, the main streets of the city lay in deep silence, which was broken now and then with religious songs coming from the crowd of people following the holy procession of the Christmas week. This is an old tradition which has been followed in every Catholic country for many centuries. Every year an impressive ceremony takes place. This procession is divided into four parts. The first part represents the scene of the shepherds and the angel who announced the birth of Christ. The second scene shows the Virgin Mary and Joseph praising and adoring the Holy Child. In the third part, the Christmas star is shown guiding the three Kings to Bethlehem, and in the last scene the Baby Jesus is blessing the children of all nations. Then comes Christmas Eve, the night which every one waits so anxiously for; when young and old in the family gather together to worship and praise the Son of God and share together happiness and peace.

## Japan

By JOHN HASEGAWA

"Do the Japanese people celebrate Christmas?" As Christmas draws near many Americans have asked me that question. Almost all Japanese celebrate Christmas, even though most of them are not Christians. It is a big day for the younger people in Japan. For students, it is the day when Christmas and New Year vacations start. Japanese students also enjoy the Christmas parties which are held by different clubs and organizations. Japanese people who have children decorate beautiful Christmas trees. Parents tell their children the story of Santa Claus who brings gifts to the good boys and girls. Christmas season is the busiest time for those who are working at the stores. In the beginning of November, most stores in Japan begin to decorate their show windows for the Christmas rush. At the end of November, Santa Claus comes to town. Christmas in Japan is as joyful as in America, even though most of the people are non-Christians and do not know the true meaning of Christmas.

## India

By DICK STELTER

Christmas Eve spent in India is unlike one in the States. In the Malayan area, where my father works, our family starts out for Puranattukara in the car about 5 P.M. After riding for three hours we get close to the village, but we must get out and walk the rest of the distance. By this time the stars are shining, and with my father carrying a lantern we walk towards the church along the muddy dykes of the rice fields. As we approach the church, situated between the coconut trees, we feel as if we were back in Biblical times with the shepherds going to see the Christchild. The service is conducted in much the same way as in the States. After the service, we children hand out candy and Sunday School pamphlets to the small Indian children, who receive them with a great deal of joy and happiness. We soon leave and walk to three more congregations. It is four in the morning when we get home, but despite the walking we do not feel tired. We have our own little Christmas service and the presents are opened. Even without snow and the rest of the glamour of an American Christmas, the Christmas spirit is still felt half-way around the world in India.



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# TRUCK STOP

G'morning mister. Three up with bacon.

Kinda' rough drivin' out there tonight, huh? Good thing there's not much traffic though. This's the worst snow we had for a long time up here. Reminds me of the storm we had 'bout five years ago.

It was a week before Christmas. I was here all alone, like tonight. The snow was 'bout as deep as it is now and still comin' down. Then 'bout this time of the morning in walks this big man in a blue overcoat. He sat down at the counter and ordered

coffee. I was lonesome. It was a night just like this with no customers since midnight, so I started to talk to him.

He was a right nice guy. Said he was on his way to meet his wife in Greenville. She went up there a week before and they were going to spend their Christmas vacation up there.

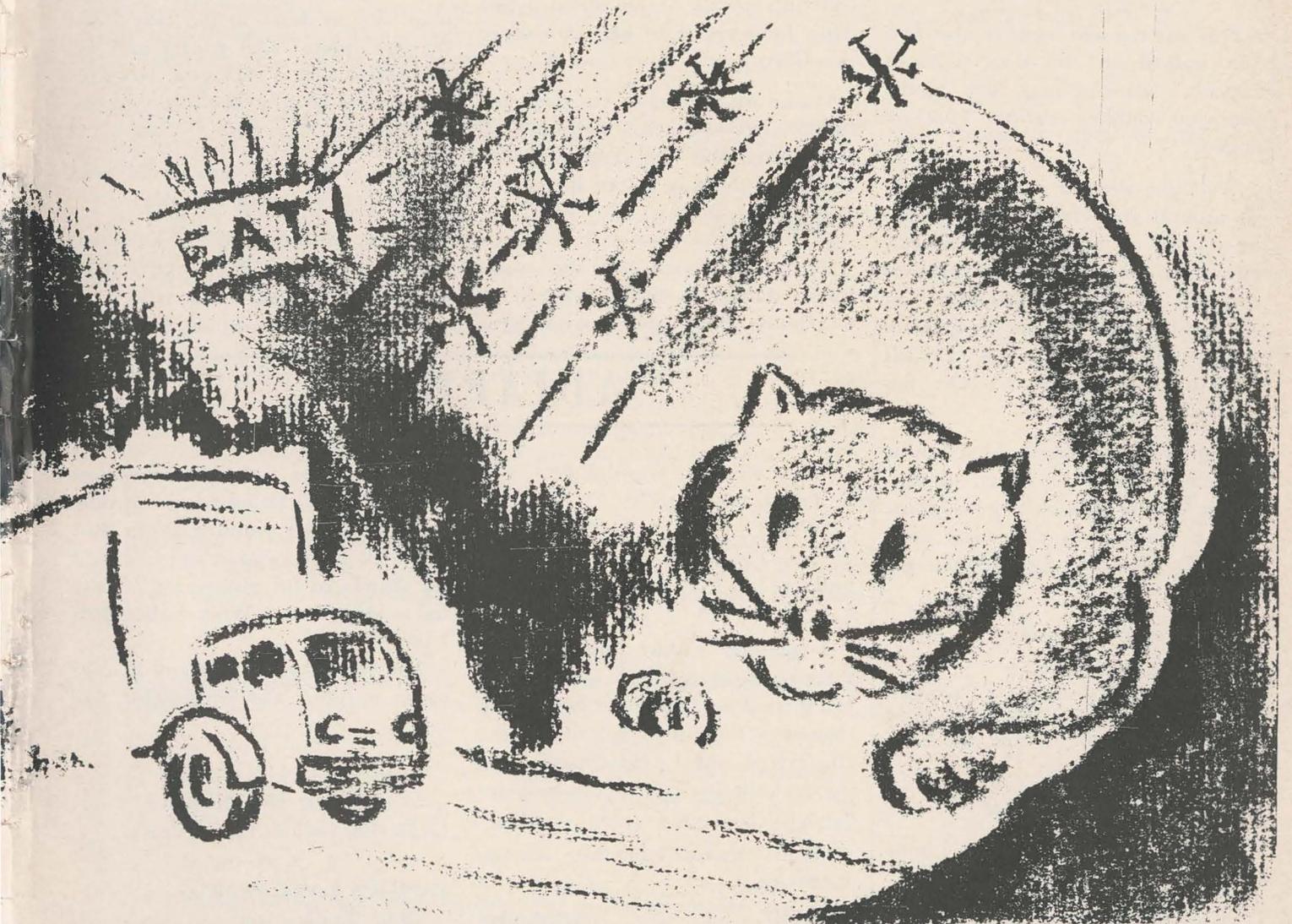
Ted, I think he said his name was—sure was a nice guy. Dressed well, too. He had on a dark blue suit, striped tie, and a white shirt. He had on black shoes. He kept 'em polished good, too, 'cause I remembered he was sittin' here and Jerry—that was

our tom cat we kept here for mice—Jerry came in and walked over to the man in the blue suit.

The man got up and kicked Jerry in the ribs. Then he took one of these napkins and shined his shoes.

Here's the eggs, mister. Catsup?

Well, he said he was in a hurry to get started 'cause he didn't have any chains or somethin' on the wheels. He paid for his coffee and left. He had a nice big car. I could see it parked out in front. The lights from my sign made the car look green. It was one of those new cars.



When he turned on the highway I could see the snow driftin' just like it is now.

Here's your coffee.

Yep, that was sure some storm. That was the night wen old lady Henderson came in. Don't know what she was doin' out at that time of night.

She's the old lady that lived about three miles from here. The wife used to go visit her once in a while to keep her happy. After her husband died—that was in forty-one—she lived there all alone. It was a big brown frame house with shutters on it. The shutters were always closed, too. The only sign of life around the house were her cats. She sure loved cats. Had 'bout fifteen of 'em.

One day the wife went to visit her. She walked in the door without knockin' 'cause Emma was kinda' deaf and couldn't hear the knockin' anyway.

Well, she stepped inside and looked around the kitchen. The dishes were piled up in the sink. The curtains were torn and dirty. There was a couple of grey cats sleepin' in an old rockin' chair in front of the kerosene stove. There was tin cans all piled up in a corner and juice was runnin' out of them.

Well you can imagine what Louise thought. That's my wife, Louise. 'Cause Louise is such a good house keeper. Emma was clean and neat, too, when she and George first got married.

Louise called for Emma.

"In here," Emma said.

Louise walked through the door into the bedroom. "There you are," Louise said.

"Hello, Louise," she said.

"What are you doin'," Louise asked.

"Rockin' my baby to sleep," she said. "Ain't he cute?"

There she was rockin' a cradle with blankets, pillow, and all in it.

Well, Louise knew she didn't have a baby 'cause George was dead since forty-one. Louise walked over to Emma and looked in the cradle. There was that big yellow tom cat of Emma's. That one was her favorite.

Emma started singing' to it and petted it on the head.

"Well," Louise said, "I have shoppin' to do, I'll drop by later, Emma." And she walked towards the door.

"Please stay," Emma said. "He'll be asleep soon and then I can talk with you about old times."

"No, I really have to go."

"Please stay," Emma begged. "I have lots to talk to you about. I just don't know what to get for George this Christmas."

Louise didn't want to stay any longer after she acted so funny, so she walked out the door and ran almost all the way to our house.

More coffee?

Then, that night of the storm Emma walked in here dressed in an old house dress and a thin grey

sweater. She drank a cup of coffee and then stood by the radiator for a while. Jerry walked in and Emma sat on the floor and petted him for a while. Then Emma got up and said good-by.

The wind was blowin' hard then 'cause I remember when Emma walked out the door some snow flakes blew in. They layed there a while and then melted.

The next morning the police found Emma about a quarter mile from my place here. She was half buried in a snow drift. Her head and arms was stickin' out of the snow like she was under a blanket and there was a smile on her face.

She wasn't the only one who died that night though. They found a man shot to death in old lady Henderson's house. The papers said he was killed with a shot gun. Her yellow cat was layin' in the corner of the kitchen, too.

Seems as though Emma would have buried her cats when they died.

Ready to leave? Well, let's see, that's fifty-five cents. Thanks, and be careful of the drifts on the road.

---

## ADIAPHORA

---

"Ivan, what are you doing?"

"I'm drunk, Papa."

"What?"

"Yes, I'm drunk pictures on the wall."

\* \* \*

A gangster rushed into a saloon, shooting right and left, yelling, "All you dirty skunks get outta here." The customers fled in a hail of bullets, all except one Englishman, who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well?" shouted the thug, waving a smoking gat.

"Well," said the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them."

The scene is a dress rehearsal of "Noah's Ark." Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?"

And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, "The flood lights, you sap."

\* \* \*

Overheard—That test was marked so strictly that they took off points for having periods upside down.

\* \* \*

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

"But, Emily, you can trust me, I'm a philosophy major."

# HOW TO TAKE NOTES

## THE PROFESSOR SAYS:

Good morning, students. We'll begin where we left off last period: (Ahem. . .) . . . consists of our need to be loved and to receive tokens of love and affection, without any obligations to reciprocate.

Many of the economic problems of today revolve around the ever increasing influence of Communism.

The assignment for next Monday will be the first three chapters of the *Social and Political Ideas of Some of the Great Thinkers of the 12th and 13th Centuries*, by Henshaw, which will give you a broader understanding of this unit. These chapters will not be included in the next exam.

The test this Wednesday will be an open-notes exam. You are expected to prepare carefully by studying your notes, text, and outside readings.

I will be unable to meet with the class here on Friday. However, three students have volunteered to conduct a panel discussion for the class. Roll will not be taken.

This discussion will be on the topic: World Peace for All Time.

By reason of his relationship to the absolute, and to the extent that he is called to a life and a destiny superior to time—in other words, in accordance with the highest exigencies of the personality as such—it is to the perfect fulfilment of the person and his supra-temporal aspirations that society itself and its good are indirectly subordinate, as to an end of another order, which transcends them.

Literature in the South emerged as a vigorous movement shortly after the rise of the Knickerbockers; however the lyric tradition under the stimulus of Bryon had come to expression in the poetry of R. H. Wilde and E. Coole Binkney.

Formerly the celebration of St. Hubert's Day amounted to a noisy, drunken orgie, lasting for several days.

A small girl's selection of a dog as the phobia object is tied up in a complicated psychological manner, with the normal tendency of the child to confuse phantasy and reality and to assign animals' roles to humans, and vice versa.

Dr. Schmutz in his new study attempts to prove his theory that dark-haired people are warmer-hearted and more demonstrative than fair-haired people.

## YOU WRITE DOWN:

Write Dad for \$75.

Prof. Potts is a Red.

No assignment for Monday.

Call Helen for date for tomorrow night.

No class Friday.

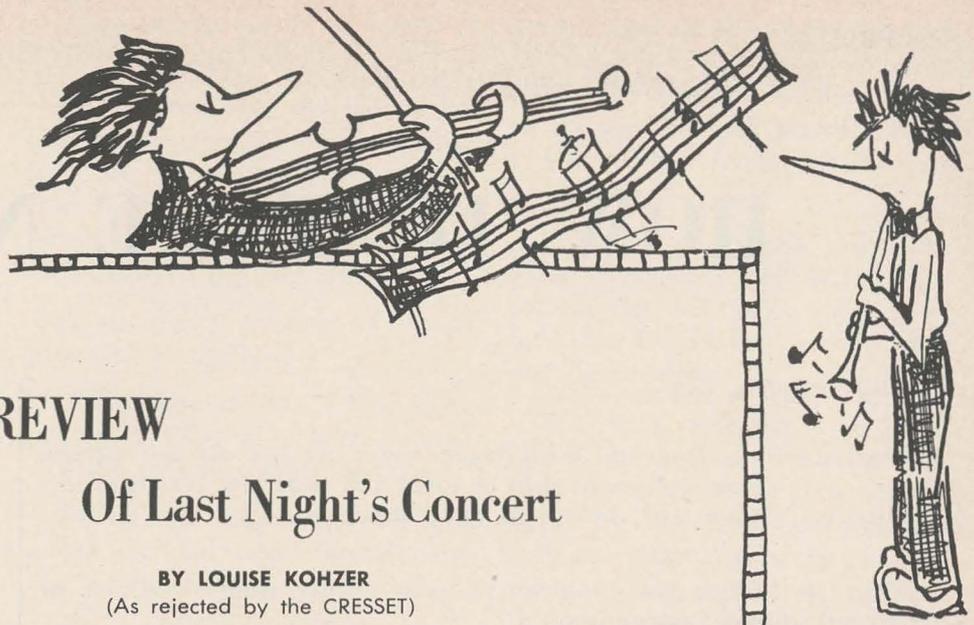
This place is crawling with Reds.

Lit arose in knickerbockers.

Suggest "St. Hubert's Day" for next house party.

Most humans are dogs.

Call Jean instead of Helen.



# A REVIEW

## Of Last Night's Concert

BY LOUISE KOHZER  
(As rejected by the CRESSET)

Since everyone knows that Valparaiso University is the center of culture, I naturally take it for granted that every fine upstanding Liberal Arts student attended the invigorating open air concert last evening. It was conducted in our newly-constructed orchestra snake-pit located on East Campus, fourth gully from the decaying Student Union sign.

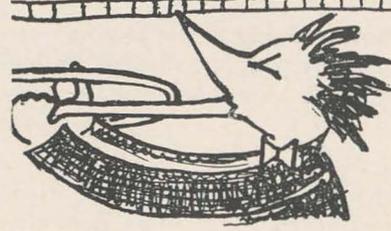
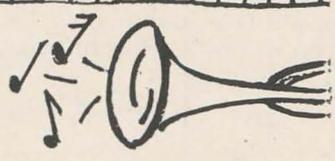
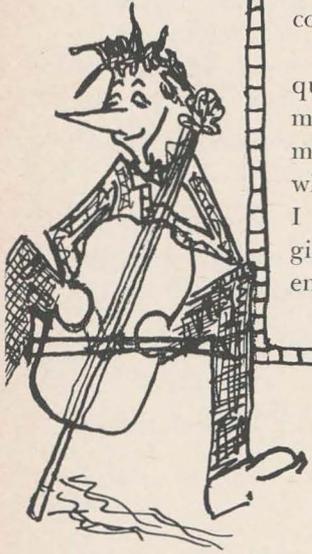
This brief review of the concert is purely for the speech and home economics majors who are simply too busy making speeches and boiling water to take time out for the musical aspect of their academic environment, and have much difficulty in fathoming the culturally uplifting concerts.

Perhaps you wonder just how well qualified I am to be regarded as a music critic. Well, I shall enumerate my qualifications to convince you why I am one of the selected few. (a) I have completely mastered the Beginner's Boogie Syllabus, (b) I am enrolled in the Very Elementary

Music Fundamentals 01 (which places special emphasis on foottapping) (c) I have stolen the last copy of Holty-Penny's *Little Bach Book* from the Library, and (d) I play the zither quite well. So you see, I can really write dandy reviews!

First I will analyze Bach's ("Comin Round the Mountain") Fugie in C sharp and D flat minor, actually a tocatta in F major. This indeed is a rare number and also one of the most difficult exercises for five-and-one-half fingers ever written. I may have to stop and lie down every few minutes during my interpretation—it is so exciting! During these interludes, you may gaze at the cartoon on page 25.

Now this ordinary Fugie, although incomprehensible to the normal uncultured ear, holds a very seductive meaning. Mabel, the cowgirl, is approaching the cowbarn. This introduction is marked by the tum-tiddy-tum-tum, tum-tiddy-tum-tum passage. Remember? Now what you may



Esch

## CONCERT

think is some stupid violinist dropping her rosin on the A string is in reality the approaching step of Sammy Sneke, the goat-herder, her avowed lover.

Perhaps your little uncultured ear detects random noises bearing the semblance of musicians kicking over their music stands. But you are wrong! This is Sammy Sneke sneaking (how's that for euphony?) over to the big red barn to meet Mabel lurking behind the first stall. An extremely high note is hit by an able clarinet which we understand clearly to be their secret meeting-call. Mabel floats over to Sammy in a melancholy manner (more clarinets) and he picks her up in his swift strong arms. A slight rumble from the first bassoon. He drops her; she drops the milk-pail. The melody now drums on for 22 bars which fakes us all out.

We now come to the second movement which is extremely difficult to comprehend as it involves the harpsichord and the Viola da Gamba trying to outplay one another and this really sounds confusing. But this is only because Sammy is fuming since Mabel hid his corn-liquor and she has left the scene, for it is chore-time. Now is the time for the oboes to shine. But the tuba won't take this lying down. It blasts back with the *typani* replies, "Rumble, rumble, rumble." And an excellent reply it is too.

We will omit the third movement due to the fact that the bass viola got her bow tangled in the trombone and two of the saxophones swallowed their reeds. This makes me feel bad, because this movement contains one of my favorite passages—that where Sammy trips over the goat. Excellent solo part for the flute.

A chromatic descent marks the conclusion of the Fugie and time for Sammy to sack-out. On the whole, I thought the mezzo-soprano did an excellent job.

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# CHRISTMAS

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## IF YOU KNIT . . .

Materials: Yarn (any color), needles (Choose any size depending on looseness of stitch you want), measurements.

Time: As long as you like.

Cost: Nothing, if you use odds and ends.

What to do: Knit a tubular sheath, ribbed in the middle, the bottom part being of somewhat larger proportions, according to the figure at the right. The size must be determined by the size and kind of model you are using. When completed, you will have a clever little root beer bottle "cozy," which when fitted over the bottle, will keep the beverage cold and your hand warm. This can also be enlarged and used on the economy-sized soft drink bottles.

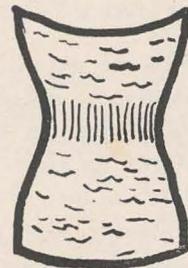


Fig. 1

## IF YOU BUILD . . .

Materials: Hammer, No. 60-penny nails, quick-drying white shellac, 6' x 3' redwood plank. See Figure 2.

Cost: Nothing, if you live next-door to a lumber yard.

What to do: Sand the plank carefully, until it is perfectly smooth. *This is important—it must be absolutely smooth.* Now begin to pound nails at random into the board, being careful to pound them in

perfectly straight, with at least two inches of nail protruding on the reverse side. *This is important.* You can arrange the nails in some pattern or other if you so desire, or not. When you have pounded in a minimum of 4000 nails, shellac the plank over the nailheads. Shellac it as many times



Fig. 2

# GIFTS TO MAKE

as you wish, but it must have a high gloss. *This is important.* Now turn the plank over. You have a lovely comforter or afghan for that difficult-to-buy-for friend in Bombay or Calcutta.



Fig. 3

## IF YOU LIKE TO USE YOUR HANDS. . .

Materials: Several packages of Life Savers, bubble gum (preferably grape flavor), a Lady Elgin de luxe watch.

Time: Central Standard

What to do: Chew the gum thoroughly. Grasp it firmly with your teeth (front) and with the thumb and index finger of your right hand. (The left hand may be used instead.) Stretch to the breaking point. With a manicure scissors cut off at regular intervals. Using these bits of bubble gum, cement the Life Savers together, one piece between every two candies. See Fig. 5.



Fig. 4

When you stop, you will have a lovely expansion-type watch band, suitable for the most distinguished watch (such as we hinted), or if you are more industrious, a stylish new waist-cinching belt which goes with everything.

## IF YOU HAVE AN ARTY FRIEND. . .

Materials: Any size, good-quality-paper sketchbook, purchaseable at the University book store (Advertisement), Scotch cellophane tape. (Easy, isn't it?)

What to do: Dust the sketch tablet carefully, erase any price markings, or (if the book is an old one of yours), any sketches you may have started. Unroll the Scotch tape to full length and begin to wrap each page of the tablet with the transparent tape. Be sure that every inch of every page is completely covered by the tape. This is *most* important. Both sides, of course. When completed, this makes a wonderful, completely water-proof sketch pad for an artist who likes to paint or draw in the rain. (In Valparaiso, needless to say, this is something needed by every art student.)

So there you are, dear students. I hope you enjoy making these lovely little treasures as much as I enjoyed working them out. If you have any difficulty at all in understanding the directions, just write me for more explicit details.

Love, and a Merry Christmas,

*Aunt Martha*

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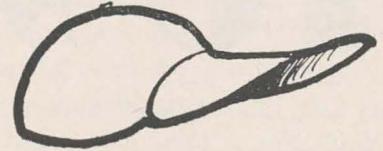
# HATS ON!

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE FACULTY HATS?

COUNT TEN POINTS FOR EACH ANSWER CORRECT. ANSWERS at  
BOTTOM OF PAGE.



1 \_\_\_\_\_



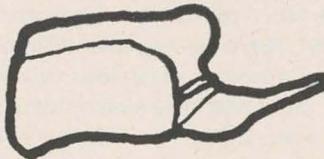
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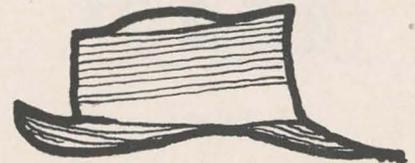
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7 \_\_\_\_\_



4 \_\_\_\_\_

**SCORE:**

- 70-100 Impossible
- 60-70 Apple polisher!
- 50-60 A minus
- 40-50 B plus
- 30-40 B minus
- 20-30 Not so good
- 10-20 Tsk, tsk
- Under 10 Engineer?

- 1-Strietmeier
- 2-Savage
- 3-Haentschel
- 4-Hoelty-Nickel
- 5-Lange
- 6-Hoffmann
- 7-Umbach

ANSWERS:

Illustrated by BILL HOERGER

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## THE COLORS of the LITURGY

By BARBARA KLEIMAN

Sometimes, although we attend church every Sunday, we take little or no notice of the church itself and the significance of the things we see. One of those which we possibly notice is the changing of colors of the pastor's stole and the covering of the altar, but very few of us realize the significance of these liturgical colors.

There are five different colors which the church uses throughout the year. These are white, red, green, black, and violet. Each has its own meaning and is used on certain days.

White represents joy at Christmas, Easter, Ascension, and is associated with days important during the life of Christ.

On the days set aside for the remembrance of martyrs, red is used to signify the sacrificial blood given in the defense of the Church on earth. It also denotes the zeal for the Christian life, and is therefore used on Palm Sunday if the rite of Confirmation is celebrated. It has importance at Pentecost also, for it represents the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

The third color, green, is used perhaps the most throughout the year. It adorns the altar and is worn by the pastor all through the Trinity Season signifying the eternity of the Gospel and the story of His love which is always new in His church.

Black is perhaps the most representative of all the colors used. It covers the altar and the cross until three p.m. on Holy Saturday when it is proper to cover the altar with the white of Easter. This is the only time black is used during the Church year.

The display of violet shows the penitence of Advent and the time of preparation during Lent.

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# VU POINT

## A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS . . .

About this time all the stores here and at home are sporting in their windows and on their fronts all kinds of Yuletide decorations. The air is filled with the majestic strains of great choirs singing beloved carols, and with the crooning of more contemporary numbers about reindeer and snowmen by the latest thing in popular singers. This inspires in everybody the "Christmas spirit" like crazy, and they all go shopping. Christmas is the best thing that ever happened to the American economy, and certainly the best gimmick ever hit upon by the advertising men.

Along with the bells, wreaths, and snow in the shop windows, there have appeared increasingly, of late, plain white placards on which is printed the earnest plea: "Put Christ Back into Christmas." It's a nice gesture, but I'm fairly sure that few of the shopkeepers, and equally few of the harried shoppers really give a hoot about the disappearance of the guest of honor from the celebration. However, the signs are there, and at least indicate that someone's noticed that something's missing.

The question is: Who took Christ out of Christmas? Was it we "Christians" who let Christmas be taken out of our hands and made into an orgy of selling and buying, of eating and drinking, of sentimental platitudes on every conceivable subject? Did *we* admit the traders to the temple?

## AND A BLESSED NEW YEAR . . .

While we're on the subject of holidays, there's no sense slighting New Year's. So I guess I'll discuss customs.

In many countries of the world, as you may know, the beginning of a new year is the occasion for observances that are wholly or primarily religious. Of course, some of these lands are rather backward, and a number of them aren't Christian, but the fact remains that their people feel that they are in need of spiritual guidance and blessing for the coming year. Even those peoples which see no religious significance in "New Year" celebrate it as an important day, one which stands at the beginning of a fateful new period in their lives.

Nowhere else in the world is New Year's celebrated in the way it is traditionally celebrated in the United States. Only in enlightened America—God's country—does the bottle and the hangover symbolize the observance of this great occasion, and the degree of one's drunkenness indicate the intensity of one's holiday fervor.

Ah, progress.

## HERO WORKERS

We want to state definitely that it is sheer coincidence that the short story on page ten deals, as did both fiction offerings last issue, with sudden death. It is *not* VU's policy to print only plots involving violence — prospective contributors please take note. Bob Warmann wrote "Truck Stop" especially for VU, and we hope he didn't think he needed something gory to rate publication. Bob is a senior majoring in biology, which may explain his penchant for cats. He describes his narrative as a story within a frame with the frame removed.

Making her VU debut on page nineteen is junior Barb Kleimann, who also does part-time secretarial work for Dean Koepke.

Ernie Kanning and George Schenck collaborated on the Howie Fang research and write-up. This is Ernie's first appearance in VU this year, except for the jokes he rustles up each issue.

The author of the Christmas poem wishes to remain anonymous.

Aunt Martha, who worked up the gifts-to-make, will not be a regular feature in VU as had been planned. She has been enticed away, for a higher salary, to edit a fancywork column in the woman's page of TORCH.

## BON VOYAGE . . .

We on VU want to wish you all a very happy vacation. We hope you all finish your term papers and extra reading, we hope you can sleep late every morning, and we hope you come back next year. Don't let the approach of finals get you down—there's always summer school.

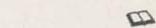
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