

5-1956

VU Magazine, vol. 7, no. 4

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholar.valpo.edu/vumag>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives & Special Collections at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in VU Magazine by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.

VU

MAY 24, 1956



Spring Issue

DISTINCTIVE LINE

— of —

Greeting Cards

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

WASH O MAT

Automatic Laundry

505 Freeman

Phone 3-8314

Behind
Engineering
Annex



We Iron
Shirts and
Flat Work

Mrs.

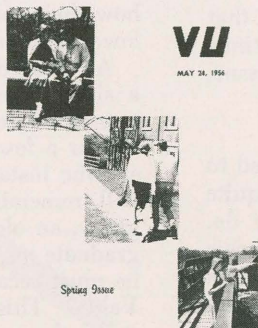
Johnson's

CHICKEN DINNER

PHONE
VALPARAISO
4-702

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

Our cover this issue depicts the kind of thing that is going on all over the campus this time of year. In case you don't recognize it, it's called "Spring Fever," and Tennyson had quite a bit to say about it in his "Locksley Hall".



ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

Prominent in this issue is our Queen of Spring—Karen Kreinheder. Short stories came from the pens of George Schenk, one of last years VU co-editors, and Wayne Sommerfeld, who wrote "A Stiff Upper Lip" for Dr. Friedrich's class in Short Story writing. It is an example of the objective telling technique. Evie Rau was on hand to lend her usual sparkle to the pages of the magazine, and we welcome Laura Mueller to the staff. We're sure you will enjoy her "The Alternative" on page 4. A new feature in this issue, and one which we hope will not end here, is our poetry page. We hope that more students can be urged to try their hand at writing some serious poetry, or at least trying. We would be interested to hear from you concerning "Wind" and "That Mixed-Up Feeling." Among the many thanks that must go out for this issue are those to Dr. Carl Krekeler (for this and all of the issues), Judy Bovim, Dr. Friedrich, Marlene Nofz, Henry Spannhake, and Tom Siess. Thanks to everyone that has helped in anyway with VU this year from the editors, who can now blissfully retire into apathy.

CONTENTS

Between the Two of Us .. Jack Nelson and Herb Busching	p. 2
Queen of Spring—Karen Kreinheder	p. 3
The Alternative	Laura Mueller p. 4
Cartoons	p. 5
Non-Nonsense	Evie Rau p. 6
Rate Your Prof.	p. 7
The Ant and The Fly	George Schenk p. 8
Sleeping Beauty-Revised	p. 9
The Stiff Upper Lip	Wayne Sommerfeld p. 11
Wind	p. 12
That Mixed-Up Feeling	Constance Suelze p. 12
Soliloquy in an English Class	p. 13

STAFF

Editors-in-Chief—
Herb Busching
Jack Nelson

Associate Editor—
Marlene Lacey

Business Manager—
Shirley Lepisto

Advisor — Carl Krekeler

Art Editor — Marlene Nofz

Photography—
Henry Spannhake
Don Eckart

Art — Lynn Mack, Al Daniel,
Lorelei Sajeck

Circulation — Elaine Arndt,
Marilyn Evers,
Diane Vanderhoof,
Andy Dobelstein,
John Perkins

Business—Ralph Reddersdorf,
Emilie Eifrig,
Don Wallheder,
Don Dierson



by Jack Nelson

It often seems that an editor is left with nothing other than regrets when he reaches the end of his rope with his last issue. Ideally, this column should be filled with all that I have wanted to say all year, but have not had the time, space, or opportunity. Oddly enough, with this last issue, I feel a sense of beginning, not ending.

It is true that there is a lot we had planned and hoped to do but never had the chance, or things just didn't quite work out the way we wanted them too. They never do. Yet, I do believe that VU did accomplish a few things this year. In VU editorship, there is always a conflict between what the editor feels should be in the magazine and what the majority of students on campus feel should be in VU. VU has always been a middle-of-the-roader. The editors are faced with the problem (and it's not an easy one by any means) of keeping VU from being a comic book, but still not making a literary magazine out of it. Of course, we have tried to "give the people what they want", but this is not always possible, and frequently it is not plausible. All we can do is hope that we have made a valiant effort, if only an effort. To Sleepy and Char, I can only give wishes for good luck, some headache powders, and a box of no-doze. It's fun, heart-breaking, and thankless, but I think they'll also find it's worthwhile.

* * * * *

Earlier in the year, I mentioned that one might do well to make the acquaintance of the residents of "The Wind in the Willows". If you haven't, do so, and add these wonderful people to your list of musts: Pogo, King Aroo, Peanuts (all of them), Dennis, and — here's a new one — Eloise! Not to forget Piglet, Eyore, and the other residents of Pooh Corners!

Between The Two Of Us . . .



by Herb Busching

As graduation time approaches again we begin to wonder what the departing seniors will remember about Valpo and how their memories will change as they become more mellowed alumni. Permit us to speculate.

An immediate reaction of the senior would probably be a sigh of academic relief, perhaps mixed inwardly with a tear-salted sentimentality. After the graduation gowns are off for a few months the sentimentality is diluted and some specific instances flirt with the alumnus' memory. Maybe he will remember accidentally a difficult test, the cafeteria gravy, an old dorm room, a friend. Let years pass and the graduate no longer remembers instances so fluently, but now he must recall, perhaps with some effort, what happened at Valpo. This is the progression of the memory and here is really the crucial point — what will today's senior see with his memory's eye when he wants to recall something about his alma mater?

We no longer speculate, but hope he sees classroom diligence fused with his present diligence and eagerness for life. If he can find a thread of continuity of his Christianity in school and in life after school Valparaiso has served him well.

These are the ashes of memory we suspect a mellowed alumnus will probe. We hope we are right.

* * * * *

Ogden Nash said it:

"How will you have your tedium, rare or medium?" Maybe he was referring to the length of time it takes old editors to sign out. We are not apologizing and while there is still some paper and ink left we can find some unfinished business.

Thanks, staff, for your cooperation during the past four VUs. We enjoyed working with you and hope you do not run away too fast to be recruited for service next year.

There is always a big job for new editors and rumor has it that next year's editors are capable of big jobs. We think they are too.

Our best wishes to next year's co-editors — Marlene and Charlotte.

From the New Editors

Because the present VU co-editors think that the VU readers (What readers?) are interested in knowing the future policies and plans for VU, next year's co-editors were asked to write a few words expounding upon our tentative program. We would be glad to oblige, but there is just one difficulty. At the present time, our plans are — to be perfectly frank — non-existent! Don't be surprised; we aren't as lazy as you might think.

There has been much discussion on campus this year, especially during the recent Student Council elections, about VU, its purposes, its functions, and its campus appeal — or lack of it. One student says he likes the short story; another says he wouldn't read it if he were paid. One student wants more pictures and more — and funnier — jokes and cartoons; another wants a more cultural and intellectual magazine. (Note: Yesterday the latter student, refusing to recant, was escorted to a plain padded cell by some men in white jackets at the request of more enlightened fellow students.) Thus you see the dilemma VU editors find themselves in.

The fate of VU is now at a crucial point in its history —

whether "to be or not to be." In an effort to determine what the majority of Valpo's students would like to see in their quarterly magazine, the VU staff conducted an all-student poll this week. Since VU is yours — the students' — magazine, we trust that you gave your honest opinion for each question and that you didn't answer the questions in the way that you think the staff or the other students wanted you to. (By the way, did you even answer the questionnaire?)

If there has been only a half-hearted response to the VU questionnaire, the authorities have the valid reason — lack of student interest and support — for permanently discontinuing the publication of VU. If that should be their decision, they would not be "killing" VU — they would only be pronouncing VU "dead" after the students had already "killed" it. On the other hand, if there should be a whole-hearted response to the VU questionnaire, VU may well be considered to be past the "crisis." VU may, however, need a penicillin shot or perhaps only a few vitamin pills to pep it up and restore it to complete health. The decision rests ultimately in your hands, student. What is it, doctor?



QUEEN OF SPRING — KAREN KREINHEDER

The Alternative

By Laura Mueller

A few weeks ago a small group of faculty and students met at the Union for the first of a series of important books discussion groups. The book discussed was Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*, the story of George F. Babbitt, the solid citizen of Zenith who epitomizes respectability and conformity in all its dull glory. He is an Elk, a Booster, and a member of the Association of Commerce. He lives in a town of nice people who are perfectly satisfied with their own niceties. Lewis wrote this book in the twenties when the opening picture of a Babbitt shaving himself before the bathroom mirror at seven forty-five could have been set in any one of the rows of conservative white frame houses across America.

The book is being dusted off and re-examined these days, and the word "Babbitry," which has acquired enough respectability to be included in Webster's dictionary, is creeping more often into our conversation. For this reason the book was chosen to begin the discussions. Perhaps the panel and audience approached the discussion with smug elation in being able to apply the middle-class attributes and stereotypes of a G. F. Babbitt to our own times. There was a certain feeling of intellectual superiority and inflation of the ego in pasting the label of Babbitry on our neighbors, and some of the audience daringly identified traces of Babbitry in their own family groups. It is a peculiar quality of human nature that man takes pride in identifying with his fellow man some unsatisfactory quality with which he himself is not burdened. This was like eating the delicious pink cotton candy sold at the circus. As the discussion continued we suddenly discovered that once the candy was eaten it left a less than agreeable taste in our mouths. The closer we looked at Babbitt the more we began to perceive that this was just a bit too familiar and close to home. Unconsciously we had pushed ourselves into a corner and had to admit that there is Babbitry in all of us; in fact, on our own campus Babbitry is existing in all its smug mediocrity.

The only difference between Lewis' Babbitt and the Valparaiso University Babbitt is that one lives in Zenith and the other on a Midwestern college cam-

pus. The campus Babbitt could be pictured as the "college joe" who goes along with the crowd, accepts the mores and standards dictated to him by his friends or fraternity and is comfortably situated on the campus for four years in order to obtain a degree. A campus like ours is especially susceptible to the nourishing of a community of Babbitts. We are more prone to this than many other campuses because of the background from which the typical Valpo student comes: basically he comes from a conservative middle class community, and he arrives on campus with what he believes is a satisfactory and workable set of morals and a mind which is made up on most of the basic issues of life.

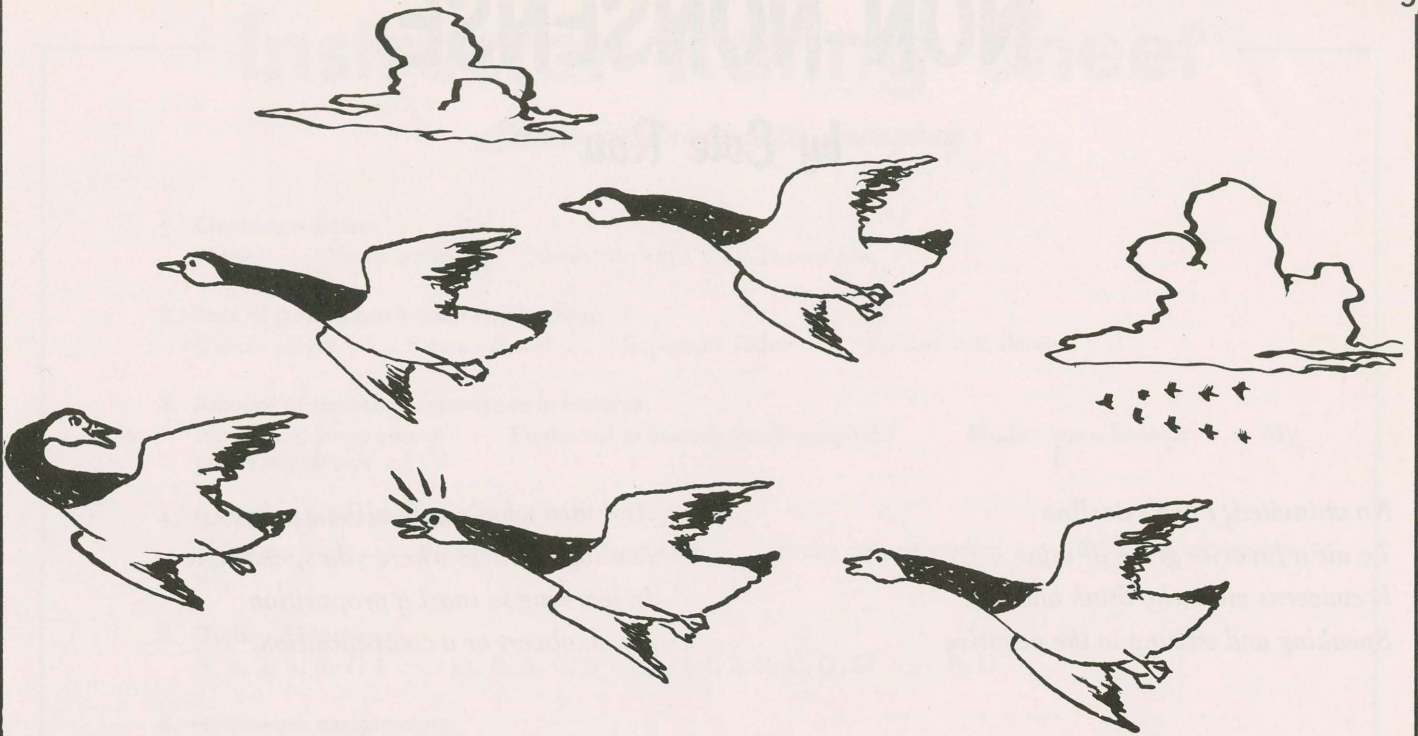
If this is what is meant by campus Babbitry, what is wrong with it? How does it harm the individual and the campus? Reexamine the type once more. The trouble with the Zenith Babbitt or the Valpo Babbitt is not that he is good, that he is dull, and that he is respectable. The tragic thing is that this is all he is. There is nothing more. Like the amoeba suspended in the protective chemical solution, the campus Babbitt is merely existing.

The alternative to this state of existence is found in the intellectual activity of the student. On our campus it is taken for granted that when we arrive we do not need to concern ourselves to a great extent with problems of adjustment in moral and ethical standards and patterns of behavior. This has been taken care of in our Christian training at home. In these areas our conscience has been conditioned to prod and prick us when we misstep in fair relationships with other students, when we are tempted to crib on an exam or show other outward forms of dishonesty. We may forget, however, that there is another kind of honesty: an intellectual honesty. Somewhere along the line our conscience has not been conditioned to prick us just as much when we violate certain rules of right and wrong in the use of our intellect. It is this deadness and apathy in intellectual areas that gives birth to the campus Babbitt. He conceives of his mind as a sponge into which can be poured, punched and filtered certain facts and experiences. These materials and impressions rest comfortably in the mind until they die from deterioration and disuse.

Everyone will admit to knowing the first type of intellectually dishonest student who casually flunks his exams, disregards all opportunities for acquiring knowledge, sleeps through his classes and flaunts the distinction of being on scholastic probation. The second type of dishonest student is more subtle and can often only be known to himself. He may carry a 2.5 average, apparently have most of the right answers, and be elected into an honor organization, yet all of his seemingly valid intellectual effort has been done to obtain a grade, to please a professor or to achieve an immediate and purely artificial goal. His flaw is that he has failed to realize that it is cheating to use his mind to absorb knowledge, use it for completely selfish and false goals, and then sink back into the routine wasteland of existence.

If true intellectual honesty is the alternative the student can rightly demand to know the reason and purpose for this honesty. When one searches for this reason or motivating force he must ultimately see that the very act of the giving of our intellect and the materials with which our minds work is reason enough and the most powerful force behind intellectual honesty. It is true that our knowledge will be used for both theoretical and practical or productive ends, but over and above this the acceptance of this unmerited gift from the Christian point of view implies that we can and should completely lose ourselves in using and enjoying these gifts to the utmost. The tragedy of intellectual cheating is that in doing so we are also chipping away at the core that regulates and controls honesty in all other areas of our life. True intellectual honesty and unselfishness are chained tightly together. The more the student becomes involved in the honest use of his intellect the more he finds that he is getting himself out of the way and the easier it becomes to find means of using his talents in service.

It is impossible to imagine an anemic, passive kind of honesty. True honesty of any kind — and especially intellectual honesty — creates a force and vigor. Thus, the intellectually honest student is the builder of the strong and living campus, the campus on which the seeds of a future Babbittland could never begin to take root and grow.

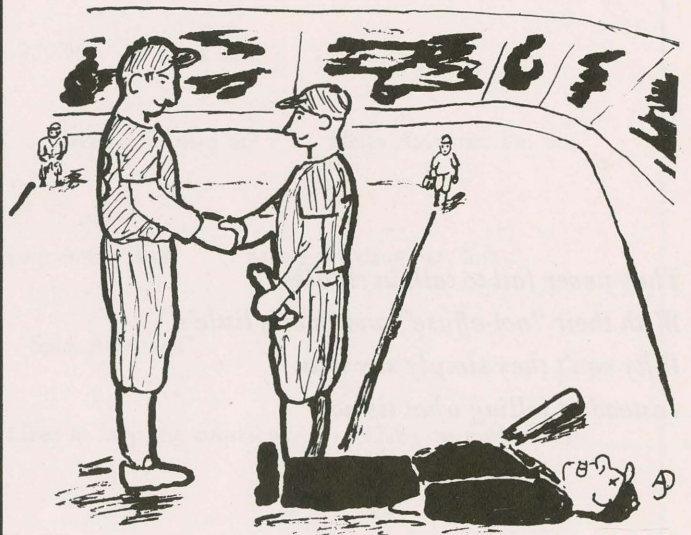


STOP THAT INFERNAL HONKING
IF YOU WANT TO PASS, PASS!

Mack



Pater, I believe I've found a Lumbricus Terrestris!



Nice swing you got there, Al.

NON-NONSENSE

by Evie Rau

1

*No uninvited, I can't decline
To air a favorite gripe of mine
It concerns men who think and live
Speaking and writing in the negative*

4

*And then what's not unlike a crime
Is a logic course where you spend time
In learning to snarl a proposition
By an obvert or a contraposition.*

2

*Textbook writers are afflicted
And English profs not un-addicted
To this not uncommon mania
Which festers in those trainin' ya'*

5

*You start with a statement not unclear
Like "all my favorite drinks are beer"
Contraposition makes you think
"Non-beer is my non-favorite drink."*

3

*They never fail to talk in riddles
With their "not-effuse" and "not a little's"
Why can't they simply say a lot
Instead of telling what tis not.*

6

*Now when you read this silly verse
Which is more than slightly less than terse,
Rememer, be not unaware — No, not's, non's, un's
Are not unfair.*

Instructor Rating Sheet

Check appropriate category

1. **Classroom poise:**
None . . . Needs coffee . . . Needs two cups . . . Drown him . . .
2. **Rate of pacing back and forth in class:**
Chess player . . . Steam shovel . . . Expectant father . . . Voodoo war dance . . .
3. **Amount of personal experience in lectures:**
Now when I was young . . . Permit me to become autobiographical . . . Mother was a bouncer . . . My parole officer says . . .
4. **Holds attention of students:**
Wake me early . . . Rarely . . . By hypnotism . . . Biting nearest student . . . Balancing on window sill . . .
5. **Outline of lecture:**
A, 1, 2, 3, B, 1, 2 . . . A, B, A, C, B . . . C, 1, 2, B, C, Q, M . . . P, U . . .
6. **Homework assignments:**
Snap course . . . What? Read the *whole* book? . . . Since it's the only course you're taking . . . Sleep? What's that? . . .
7. **Ability to answer questions:**
Slips me at the moment . . . Look it up in the text . . . That's a good question . . . Class, where are you going? . . .
8. **Gestures:**
Paralyzed . . . Drat that mosquito . . . Windmill . . . Whirling dervish . . . Hold onto your notes . . .
9. **Order and odor of jokes:**
Sure it's funny, I told it to him . . . Tune in same time next year . . . What died in here? . . . Laugh or flunk . . .
10. **Appearance:**
Just got up . . . Fire Sale . . . Marked down from \$29.95 . . . Paris label . . .
11. **Vocal delivery (Volume):**
What's the secret? . . . Maybe he's just gargling . . . Who's *he* mad at? . . . Hello Ambrose, I'm outside the Coliseum! . . .
12. **Number of A's given:**
Dime a dozen . . . What am I bid? . . . Bring your ration book . . . Marry my daughter, first . . .
13. **Rate of delivery:**
Lockjaw . . . Hiccups . . . Babbling brook . . . "Sold, American" . . .
14. **Window stare:**
Storm coming up . . . Moth on the pane . . . Likes to help the contractor . . . Hang on prof, this is the fourth floor . . .
15. **Can be impressed by:**
Good notes . . . Any notes . . . Keeping both eyes open . . . Asking him questions he can answer . . .

THE ANT AND THE FLY

By George Schenk

The ant looked up at the high perpendicular surface blocking his way. It was white and had a rounded protrusion halfway up. Right above the protrusion the surface was transparent; at least this was all he could see looking up from the rough stone surface.

The ant looked down and perceived the slight elevation that lay before him. It was brown and made of material like the branches of the bushy things around which he was used to crawling.

He climbed the elevation and found a dark opening as wide as the white surface. He could barely walk underneath it.

On the other side was a semi-darkness. A terrible noise sounded nearby. Bam, bam, bam! It thundered closer and closer. Bam, bam, bam!!

The ant scooted back into the dark opening. The terrible noise stopped, and the ant heard a sort of click. Then the noise started and this time became softer and softer till it was no more.

The ant came out of his hiding place and crept along the wall. He stopped in front of a round silvery obstacle. It was not many steps around it, but his senses told him the impression of sweetness he received would lead him up this obstacle.

He attempted to pull himself up with his front legs, but he slipped down again. He was puzzled at this. He tried to climb once, twice, and then started walking again.

He tried the back of the obstacle, and his legs grasped the rougher surface more easily. Slowly he ascended the rougher surface until he reached a point where his ascent was blocked. He circled around to the smoother surface. He began to slip, and he then retreated to the rough side. Trying the under side of the surface blocking his passage, he gained the top of a smooth colored, patterned plain by climbing up its side.

The ant did not hesitate. He approached a round-looking object and climbed up a crystalline-looking cube next to it. His sense of sweetness was overpowering — it made him giddy like a bee on a flower.

Suddenly a great buzzing sound zoomed near the ant. He made a quick dash for the cover of the round object. Just when the sound reached its climax, it stopped.

"Have no undesirable reflexes my friend," said a voice. "It is only I, the fly. I did not mean to scare you — it is only the buzzing of my beautiful wings."

"Why should I believe you, oh Great One?" the ant asked. "You may want to bite or sting me."

"Nonsense," the fly said. "Homos is my real enemy. Come, I will share the sweetness with you while it's dark and homos cannot see us in here."

"Homos? Who is he? I have never seen him."

"Homos? You have never heard of Homos? He inhabits this huge place which is immeasurably large. He is large himself and all-powerful. He must have built this plain and put much thought into it although I do not understand it. He seems to have no mercy, for he kills my brothers when he can. Sometimes we outwit him, for he does not seem to know we jump backwards before we fly away. Thus he misses us if he swings his huge weapon in front of us."

"What is Homos though?" the ant asked. "What is he like? And how do you know he built this colored plain with legs, or this object holding sweetness?"

"I don't know what he is," said the fly. "He is not like us, but I simply cannot comprehend him. But others have seen him or felt the force of his blows. And where else would this plain have come from?"

"I don't believe in Homos." The ant felt he had to see to believe. "This plain could have built up after a long, long time." He did not hold to this nonsense. Why should he accept anything one could not prove or see?

"Foolishness," the fly said. "Everything comes from someplace. I had parents and I came from them. Where did you come from?"

"I came from an egg laid by my queen," said the ant.

"But where did your queen come from?"

"Obviously, from an egg of a queen before her."

"But don't you see," said the fly, "that somewhere there must have been a beginning? There must have been a first queen ant?"

"Why?" the ant asked. "Need there be a beginning? Couldn't we just keep on going without a beginning?"

"No, we are all finite, limited creatures."

"Are we?" asked the ant. "How do you know if you weren't at the beginning that there was a beginning, and how do you know there was a first queen ant? Our queens live a long, long time."

"Well then," said the fly, "where did I come from? Certainly with such a short life as I have, I couldn't be without a beginning."

"Perhaps you have evolved upward from things like us ants. We could have developed wings after awhile, you know."

"Ha! Nonsense! How could you ever grow wings that beat 330 times a second? How could you ever grow wings that would ever help you fly, let alone make the buzzing noise my wings make? And besides, our learned flies tell us that fossils of our ancestors are older than all insects. We don't believe much of their ridiculous ideas on the origin of the rest of our world, but this is indeed plain."

A huge crawling bug confronted the two. His long antennae cradled the round object of sweetness. "Why not eat the sweetness while you can? Perhaps others will come and take it away!"

"Who are you?" the ant said.

"What, in your many travels, you have never met the roach, ant?" replied the fly. "Friend roach, I was trying to convince comrade ant here that our enemy, Homos, really does exist. Tell him this is true."

"I? I tell him this is so when I am not convinced he exists, myself? Certainly, I am not able to see him and I have never felt him. I have heard of his power from others who supposedly saw him long ago. Even if I were able to see Homos, how would I know it was he? How could I be sure? The roach started founding the sweet cube."

"I have it!" cried the ant. "Homos no doubt evolved upwards from my ancestors! This is easier to believe and explains how there came to be a Homos! Ha! I must tell this humor to my fellow workers."

"You will learn to make light of Homos when he attacks and crushes you, ant," the fly said. "Obviously, there must be a Homos — we don't think about things that don't exist."

The ant, feeling rather industrious just then, fell to taking some of the sweetness from the cube. The roach mounted the round-looking object and greedily began to consume the sweetness. The fly took advantage of the hole the ant had made in the cube. The ant made his way down the shiny leg.

Click! Light flooded the room. "Homos!" cried the roach. He fled towards the other end of the table to a perpendicular surface.

"Homos? Come back," the fly said.

Sleeping Beauty -- Revised



Attention all students of English lit . . . or otherwise. Cunningly concealed in the following version of this folk story, one can find several quotations borrowed from writers of greater ability. The question: who said that?

"Twas many and many a year ago in a kingdom by the sea" (1) that a king and his queen were blessed with a baby daughter. Now the kings policy was "eat, drink, and be merry" (2), so he decided to have a big party to celebrate the occasion. He invited the upper crust of the kingdom and a few crumbs too . . . they really had a ball. Suddenly there was a crash of thunder, and the queen shouted "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks . . ." (3) Everyone turned around and saw that an old witch had entered their room.

"Real gone party," said the witch. "Why didn't you invite me?"

This was an awkward question, the answer being that they didn't want her. Anyway, the king, being quite a sport, told her: "Come, fill the cup, and into the fires of coming spring thy winter's garment fling". (4)

"What," said the witch, "criticisin' my clothes again! Just for that you shall all sleep for 100 years!"

"Oh, no," said the king. "To sleep, perchance to dream, ah, there in lies the rub . . ." (5) But to no avail . . . they all slept. They slept for 100 years . . . this was known as the Big Sleep.

Exactly 100 years later, a prince came riding up looking for the palace of the sleeping beauty and fell off his horse.

Nearby, "an aged, aged man, standing by the gate" (6) saw the prince and laughed. "He that laughs at a scar hath never felt a wound" (7), said the prince. Thinking the old man might know where the castle was, the prince then said: "Has thou seen that castle, that castle by the sea?" (8)

"Yep," said the old man. "It lies yonder."

The prince entered the forest, and looking around him, said: "So this is the forest primeval" (9). Before he kenw it, the prince found himself inside the castle (He fell through the skylight).

Now the entire castle was aroused, including the princess, who was now exactly 100 years old. As she ran towards him, the prince said: "What immortal hand or eye hath framed thy fearful symmetry?" (10)

"M'lord," said the princess. "You have set us free." She indicated all of the servants of the castle, who now were dancing and singing. "You have done all of this", she said.

"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" (11) cried the prince.

"Now the kingdom is yours, and so am I" said the princess. "Let us fleet the time carelessly as they do in the golden world." (12)

"No thank you," said the prince. "You're much older than I."

"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be" (13) said the princess.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." (14) cried the prince. Someone gave him a horse, and he rode away into the sunset.

"Ah well," said the princess, "Tomorrow is another day (15) tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow . . ." (16).

So ended the story of the sleeping beauty, and as far as I know, she is still there waiting for her prince to come.

FOR ANSWERS TURN
PAGE OVER:

- 16—Shakespeare (*Macbeth*)
- 15—Mitchell (*Gone With The Wind*)
- 14—Shakespeare (*Richard III*)
- 13—Browning
- 12—Shakespeare (*As You Like It*)
- 11—Shelley
- 10—Blake
- 9—Longfellow
- 8—trans. by Longfellow
- 7—Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*)
- 6—Carroll (*Alice in Wonderland*)
- 5—Shakespeare (*Hamlet*)
- 4—Omar again
- 3—Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*)
- 2—Omar Khayyam
- 1—Edgar Allen Poe

"Homos is not the light. He only causes the light." The roach did not stop to listen. "He can't get me anyway — he doesn't know I can jump backwards."

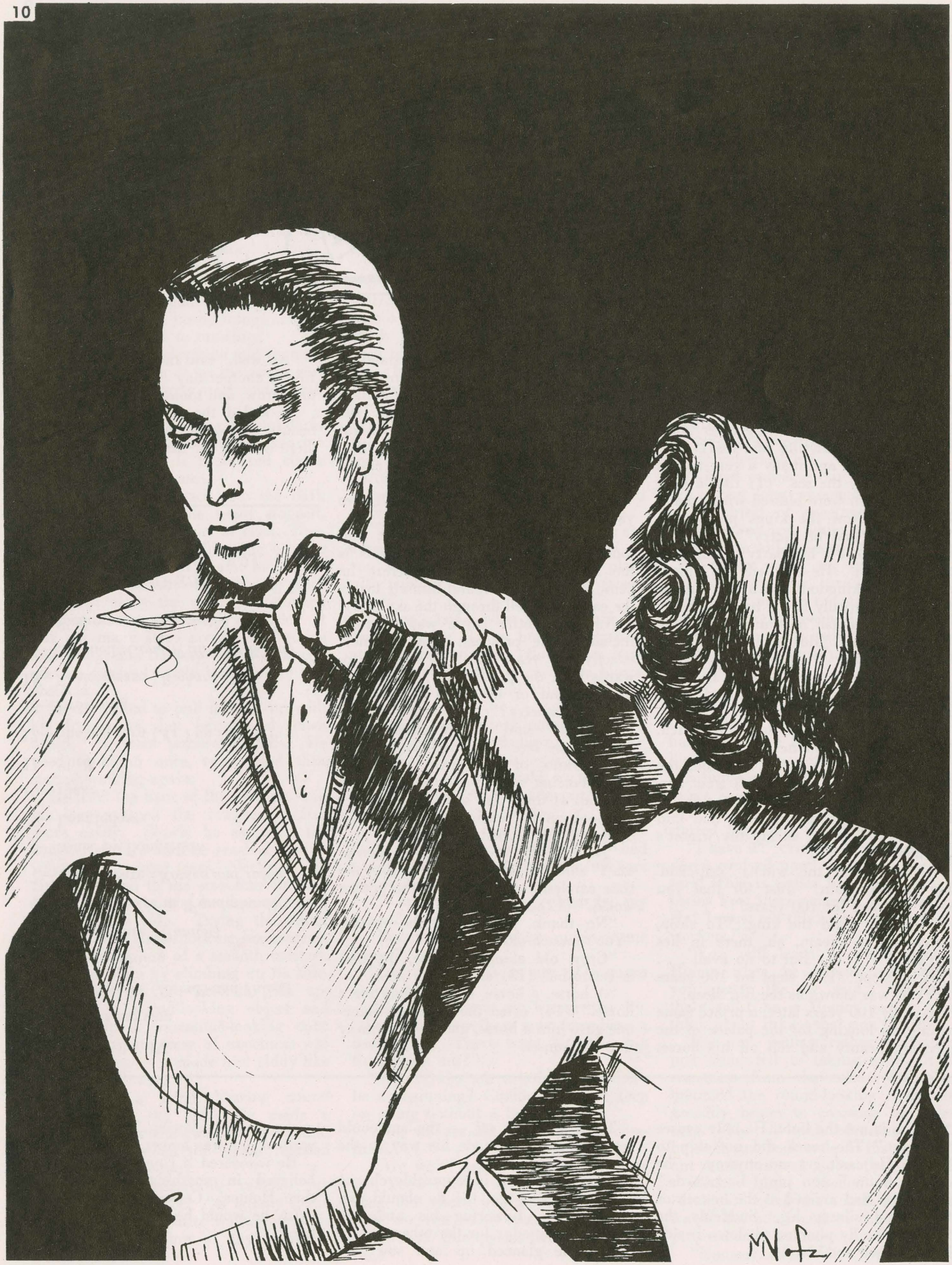
The ant had arrived at the bottom of the round silvery leg. Suddenly the body of the fly plummeted down beside him, crushed and bloody.

The light went off — the ant could see nothing. He made his way to the dark opening.

What a strange, irresponsibly chance world this was that the fly should die, thought he. Lowering his abdomen again for the odor for the other ants to follow, he glanced up and saw two

sticks crossed, glowing in the dark. The vertical one was longer.

He wondered if Homos, if he existed, believed in anything more powerful than Homos. Certainly, if Homos did exist, he would be powerful enough to know.



M. F.

The Stiff Upper Lip

By Wayne Sommerfeld

Tim looked at the gold letters on the glass panel in the door. "Well, here goes nothing," he said. He pushed open the door and walked in. The girl at the desk did not look up from the typewriter. Tim stood and looked around; then he coughed.

The typewriter stopped. The girl swung around in her chair. "Yes?"

"Is the Dean in?"

"Did you have an appointment with him?"

"Yes. He said he'd see me at ten o'clock."

"Well, he's busy right now, but he should be free in a few minutes. Just have a seat over there, please."

Tim sat down in one of the chairs along the wall. He looked at the wall on the other side of the room. The girl at the desk started to type. "Excuse me," Tim said, "is it all right if I smoke in here?"

The girl continued typing. "Go right ahead," she said, "it won't bother me."

Tim reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He lit one and looked around the room. Then he stood up and walked to the end of the row of chairs and moved up to the desk.

The typing stopped. "Yes?" the girl said.

"Do you have an ashtray anywhere?"

"Use this one," she said. She took two paper clips out of a green glass ashtray and pushed it across the desk.

"Thanks," said Tim. "Would you like a cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

Tim walked back to the row of chairs and sat down. He looked at the clock on the wall and at his watch. "Listen," he said, "if the Dean is going to be busy for awhile, I don't think I can wait. It really isn't that important, I guess. Just tell him I was here."

"Just a minute," said the girl. "I'll check with him and see how soon he can see you. Just sit down." She picked up one of the telephones on the desk and pressed a button on a panel. "There's a young man to see you, Dean. What did you say your name was?"

"Tim Anderson."

"Tim Anderson. All right." She hung up the phone. "The Dean will see you right now. That door over there."

Tim put out his cigarette and walked over to the door. There he stopped and felt the knot in his tie. Then he opened the door and walked in.

The Dean looked up from a folder on

the desk. "Hello, Timothy," he said. "Sit down, please."

"If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather stand. I'll be sitting for quite awhile on the train."

The dean smiled. "Very well. I've been looking over your records here. As far as your academic record goes, everything is in order. In fact your standing is above average. You professors are satisfied with your work, and you seem to be well-liked by your classmates. But the fact remains that you have broken a regulation of the university, and we can't consider these other factors in this particular instance." He looked at Tim. "You understand our viewpoint in this matter. Much as we would like to be more lenient, there simply is no other choice. As I said, I've discussed this with your professors and your advisor, and we all feel that a semester's suspension is the minimum penalty we can impose. By the end of next semester I'm sure the matter will have died down, and you'll be able to re-enter school again without any difficulty. The suspension will in no way affect your academic record; in fact, the matter won't even be noted on your record. I'm sure you see that we have been more than fair in the whole matter."

"Is there anything else?" said Tim.

"No, I think that is all I have to say. Have you obtained your refunds from the Business Office?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess everything else is taken care of then. Give my regards to your parents. I'm sure they agree with us that this will all work out well for everyone concerned in the long run. And let me repeat that it will in no way affect your re-entering next semester. Have you made any plans as to what you are going to do until then?"

"Nothing definite," Tim said.

"I hope you will consider going to school. Your home isn't too far from the state university, is it?"

"About twenty-five miles. I think I'll try and get a job, though. That is, if the Army doesn't get me first."

"How do you stand there?"

"I have a student deferment. I think I'll be able to keep that. At least I hope I will."

"I don't think you will have any difficulty if you re-enter next semester."

"My train leaves in a couple of hours, and I still have some things to take care of, so if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Well, I think we have taken care of everything now, Tim. Thank you for stopping in to see me. Good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

"Would you mind telling my secretary to step in here a minute when you leave?"

Tim walked into the next room. "He wants to see you," he said, motioning toward the door. "Thanks for the ashtray."

The secretary picked up her dictation pad and walked into the inner office. The dean stood by the window, looking out toward the campus. "There goes a boy I just can't figure out," he said. "If he would only talk and let you know how he feels. But there is some sort of barrier that he builds up around himself. I just can't seem to get at him. For that matter, neither can anyone else, I guess. Oh, well. Now about those letters to the Board of Directors—where were we?"

* * *

The waitress set the tray down on the table. She took the three schooners and set them down in front of the students. "That'll be seventy-five cents all together."

"Take it all out of here," said Mac, throwing a five on the table.

The waitress took a roll of bills from her apron pocket and counted out four one-dollar bills. Then she reached in her pocket again and put a quarter down with the bills. "Thank you."

"Forget it," said Jerry. "Better pick up your change, Mac, unless you want her to think it's a tip."

"Well, to whom shall we drink this one?" said Mark. "How about that Kappa?"

"Forget it," said Jerry. "After that date I had with what's-her-face last night, I'm through over there."

"Nice talk," said Mark. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself on the way home."

"Well, what could I do? All she could talk about was Colorado. The Chamber of Commerce in Denver ought to hire her. Why they ever had to ship her out here in the first place, I'll never know."

"Well, look who just crawled through the swinging doors," said Mark. "Got your I.D., Tim? Your fake one, that is?"

"Hello Mac. Hi Jerry, Mark. Imagine finding you here. Or have you been here ever since last night?"

(Continued on Page 13)

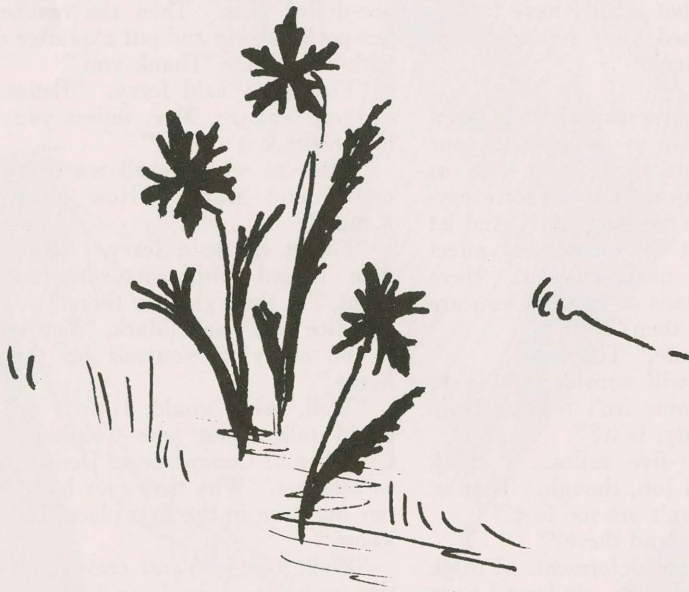
*Wind! Run through the streets and
 play hide and seek with the leaves . . .
 wind! Drift over the gardens and
 toss the heads of the hollyhocks . . .
 wind! dance through the forests and
 scatter the flurries of snow . . .
 wind! soar over the ocean and
 play tag with the white foam . . .
 wind! sweep over the wheat fields and
 dance with the slender stalks of life . . .
 wind! whisper through the meadows and
 change to a river the velvet grass . . .
 wind! touch us with thy gentle fingers
 and restore some hope to the hearts of
 men.*

Vanya



That Mixed-Up Feeling
 by Constance Suelzle

*If you haven't got it yet,
 You'll get it.
 And when you do get it,
 You'll know it.
 You'll get that feeling first inside,
 Then slowly to the top
 It'll never stop
 Until through your brain it winds.
 Your head seems heavy,
 Your stomach weak,
 You wish for another hole in your head
 To let the pressure from there leak.
 You think and you think
 Of the thing you've in mind,
 You keep going in circles
 But a conclusion never find.
 For days and days you wonder and
 worry . . .
 "Gotta think of something fast, gotta
 think in a hurry."
 Soon you have nightmares instead of
 dreams,
 And when others laugh you'd like to
 scream.
 First you should and then it's best not to,
 By this time, night and day, it's
 beginning to haunt you.
 Then all of a sudden the sun breaks
 through,
 Not think of it before? How dumb of you.
 So simple, so easy, yet so dumb,
 That mixed up feeling does it to
 everyone.*



Soliloquy In An English Class



Oh, here comes Prof. Potts. Guess I'd better put the cig out. Wonder who bit him this morning? Maybe we all shoulda stood and bowed when he came in. Old Peppersnoot Potts. He's giving me the whammy again . . . better open my book and take notes . . . at least he's not pulling the pop quiz routine again . . . No, we did not *all* read our assignment! What does he think anyhow . . . got nothing else to do but read . . . how far are we anyway? . . . Wordsworth . . . No? How about Keats? Righto, old bean . . . what's he smirking about anyhow? He's wearing that crummy green jobbie again. Hasn't he got any other suits? . . . Ode on the Elgin Marbles. Marbles! You'd think somebody could write about something other than marbles . . . Elgin American . . . wonder what I can get Marie for her birthday . . . something cheap . . . better call her tonight and check on our date . . . Endimi-what? . . . How do you spell it? . . . Which line, sir? . . . should tell him the page is missing in my book . . . better take some notes . . . Keats lost Lord Elgin's marbles . . . I shoulda cut class today . . . what happened now?

Did he tell a joke? Better laugh if you want to pass the course . . . Ho-hum . . . Be a riot if that butterfly lit on old Potts's head . . . nope, it's going out the window again . . . what a day! Perfect dunes weather . . . think I'll cut class Friday and go to the dunes . . . wonder if Potts ever goes to the dunes . . . he should fall in . . . all wet anyhow . . . can just see him floating around clutching his lit book to his heart . . . we should be so lucky . . . Pennsy's right on time again . . . wonder if he'll try to shout it out . . . yep . . . just like a TV commercial without the sound . . . Now what? . . . Ode on a Grecian Urn . . . this guy was in a rut . . . If I'm going to take Marie to the O.S. Friday night, I'd better write home for money . . . who's chasing who around what? . . . better make a note to read this bit . . . Page what? . . . Sir Walter Scott . . . Lady of the Lake . . . Veronica Lake . . . wonder whats at the Bucket tonight? . . . oh, oh, better get this one down under quotable quotes . . . "The stag at eve hath drunk his fill" . . . must have been some party . . . fraternity smoker . . . wonder if Potts has been asked to

our faculty smoker . . . if he comes, it'll be pretty grim . . . probably ask for tea with lemon . . . lemon . . . French test tomorrow . . . another day, another F . . . guess I'll cut next period . . . get some coffee . . . need it . . . Wisconsin union serves beer . . . "I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy" . . . DT's . . . better take notes . . . Keats was a drunkard . . . erd? ard? . . . Keats got drunk a lot and had hallucinations . . . saw things . . . who we on now . . . Shelley? . . . Only ten after! My watch stopped . . . no . . . wish the roof would fall in . . . Who wrote what, sir . . . Ozy-who? . . . sounds like a disease . . . better frown and look like I'm thinking . . . Wonder if I can pull a D in here . . . A test when? over what? . . . back on scholastic pro next semester . . . Rah, rah, lord byron . . . wonder if I'll have time to play golf Saturday . . . where is the bell? bluebooks and pen and ink . . . what did he expect? . . . stone blocks and chisels? . . . what about George Bernard Shaw? . . . why did I ever take this course? . . . required . . . the bell . . . it's about time . . . I shoulda cut today.

STIFF UPPER LIP (Cont'd)

(Continued from Page 11)

"Grab a chair, Tim," said Mac. "Can I twist your arm and buy you a beer? Hey, waitress, another schooner, and make this one cold."

"Hey, Tim, how about a game of shuffleboard?" said Jerry. "Give you a chance to win a beer."

"No, thanks," said Tim, "I fell for that line once too often. I don't think you ever ended up buying me a beer."

"I'll take you on," said Mark. "Unless you don't want to play with the guy who invented the game."

"Look who's talking," Jerry said. "Well, if you're so cocky, how about making that two beers. And no IOU's either."

Mark and Jerry walked over to the shuffleboard machine. The waitress brought the schooner and set it on the table. "That'll be a quarter even," she said.

"Here, let me get it," said Tim.

"Forget it," Mac said. "My money's better than yours."

"Of all the bars in town, why did we have to pick this one to hang out in?" said Tim.

"That's hard to figure out," Mac said. "It seems to be the only place in town that doesn't check ID's. You know, we've had some pretty good times here."

"Listen," said Tim, "when I get home, I'm never going into a place like this even if they kick me out of every place else. This dump is depressing."

"When does your train leave?" Mac asked.

"In a couple of hours. I'm all packed and ready to blow this joint. And don't think I'm not going to shake the dust off my sandals."

"Did you see the Dean?" asked Mac.

"Yeh, about an hour ago. Gave me his usual line. You know, it's hurting me more than you, and we hate to do this but, and we think it's for your own good. I almost gagged. As far as I'm concerned, they can take the whole University and—!"

"So you're all through bidding fond farewells to the ivory towers and their ivy-covered inhabitants."

"Yeh," said Tim. "About the only fond farewell I gave was to tell the Business Office that I wanted my refund in cash instead of in a check. You'd think I was drawing out a ten million endowment, the way they horsed around."

"Did you go and see Doc Freeman like I told you to? After class today he asked me whether you had left."

"I stopped by his office, but he wasn't in. I don't suppose it makes much difference anyway. He probably would have given me the same old line like the rest of them. Wasting my talents and all that stuff."

"I thought you used to think he was pretty much of an OK guy. I can remember you sitting in here one night and threatening to slug anybody who didn't agree that he was the best prof on campus."

"Well, I still think he is, and I'll still slug anybody who doesn't agree with me. But I'm sick and tired of being preached at. Besides, Freeman has more important things to do than waste his time on me."

"Come off it, Tim," said Mac. "You know better than that."

"For crying out loud, don't you start preaching too."

"Now cool off. I'm not preaching," Mac said. "I'm just saying that the old boy would have liked to talk to you before you left. For all I know, he

(Continued on Page 15)

**First State Bank
of Valparaiso**

**Make Us Your
FINANCIAL COUNSELOR**

Operating Continuously

Since 1889



TROPICANA

Excellent Food & Service

Specializing in
BAR-B-QUE Ribs

**CHICKEN - STEAKS
SHRIMPS**

Reservation for Banquets
and Private Parties

**Catering Service &
Take-Out Orders**

Open 6:00 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.
Daily — Sundays & Holidays
454 Greenwich Phone 4-1554

**Campbell's Clover
Farm Store**

— the best in —

MEATS and GROCERIES

— located at —

55 MONROE STREET

Everything
A College Girl Would Like

VERA - LORAINÉ

— Smart Apparel —

10 No. Franklin Phone 4-2321

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

**DIXIE
DINER**

Sandwiches

Short Orders



*You don't have to go to college to know that after
eating, drinking and smoking, the best
breath fresheners of all are*



still only 5¢

STIFF UPPER LIP

(Continued from Page 13)

might have wanted to buy you a martini."

"All right, all right. Listen, Mac, it's just that I want to do the thing my way. I got myself into the mess, and I'll get just what I have coming to me. It's my life, not theirs."

"Not to change the subject, but have you seen Barb yet?"

"I still have to go through that. I don't know what she wants to see me for anyway. I said goodbye last night."

"Did it ever occur to you that the girl might be in love with you? Though why she should, I don't know. You've never let her know whether she means anything to you or not."

"Now wait a minute . . ."

"I know, I know," said Mac. "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul. That stuff went out when Henley wrote it. Do you think it would really ruin you if you let anybody know how you felt for a change? Listen, Donne hit it right on the head when he said that no man is an island. I know that sounds corny, but it's true."

"Here endeth the text." Said Tim. "Good old Mac, always sticking his neck out for somebody else. Well, I've got to be shoving off. Take care."

They both stood up. "So long, Mark, keep practising that game and you might win some time. And if you don't quit, Jerry, you're going to lose."

"See you, Tim. Drop us a line some time. If you put it in a beer bottle, it's bound to reach us sooner or later."

"Don't worry about me, Mac. It's a waste of time. I'll drop you a line. And try to find a decent bar, will you?"

"Don't worry Tim," said Mac. "God takes care of fools and idiots. By the way, He must have a special classification for you." * * *

Tim stopped at the telephone desk in the dormitory. "Ring thirty six — two shorts and a long," he said. Then he walked into the lounge and sat down in one of the chairs near the fireplace. He lit a cigarette and paged through an old copy of the *New Yorker*. A girl entered the lounge, looked around, and then walked over to him.

"Hi," Tim said looking up.

"Hi," Barbara said. "All ready to go?"

"Yep, everything's all packed and I'm signed, sealed, and about to be delivered to the 6:45 train. Did you want to see me about anything special?"

"Not particularly," she said. "I just thought that maybe if you had some time, we could just sit here and talk."

She sat down in a chair beside him. "This place looks different in the daytime, doesn't it?" she said. "Not like it

does at night with a fire in the fireplace. I'll never forget the times you came up here and we built a fire and just sat here and listened to your records. Do you remember the time you were carrying the wood up from the basement, and you dropped it. You yelled *timber* as it rolled down the stairs and almost hit the housemother. And she chewed you out, and you kept saying, 'But I yelled *timber*, it wasn't my fault.'"

"Yeh, that was something."

"Or the time you and the guys came up here and buzzed every girl in the dorm. And when about two-thirds of them came down to see their callers, you yelled 'April Fool' and ran out. I bet you'll miss the place, won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Tim. "I'll probably be pretty busy. And I won't waste time thinking about what's going on here. I think the place will run pretty smoothly without me."

"But you'll miss the people you know, won't you?" she said.

"O sure. I'll miss the guys at the house, but that'll wear off in a little while. And I'll miss you."

"Will that wear off in a little while, too?"

"Not if you write," he said. "Well, I guess I should be heading for the station." He stood up. "Be good and write me if you get time." He started to walk toward the door. Then he stopped and turned around.

She came up to him. "Yes, Tim, what is it?"

"I was just going to tell you . . . what I mean is that I want you to know . . . oh, forget it." He turned and walked out of the lounge.

* * *

Tim pushed aside the curtains into the men's washroom on the train. The train started to swing around a curve, and Tim grabbed the edge of the washstand and swayed back and forth with the movement of the train. "Crazy train, can't even stay on the tracks. Guess I'll go back to the clubcar. Nice in the clubcar. Train doesn't rock. Clubcar just goes round and round and round. Better wash up first."

"Hold still," he said to himself, grabbing the edge of the wash-stand. He looked into the mirror above the bowl. "Hey you there," he said, "you don't look so good. Be happy, forget about it." The train started to sway again. Tim hit his head against the towel dispenser. "Ow, that hurt." Looking at his watch, he rubbed the bump on his head. "Wonder what they're doing back there now. Hitting those books, I bet. Ha, ha, no more teachers, no more books for me. Ha, ha, forget it, that's what I always say. Forget it forever." Then he put his head against the mirror and his whole body was shaken by his sobbing.

LOWENSTINE'S

DEPARTMENT STORE

For All Your —

SHOPPING NEEDS

PARRY'S

QUALITY FOODS

The Campus Food Store

Casbon Bros. Electric Co.

123 LINCOLNWAY

Phone 2-3121

"Everything Electrical"

ANGELO'S WAFFLE SHOP

— Open Day and Night —

E. LINCOLNWAY

FASEL'S BAKERY

"The Campus Favorite For
Fine Pastry!"

OPEN DAILY

Phone 2-1481 Lincolnway

VALPARAISO, INDIANA



SIEVERS DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store

WE FILL PRESCRIPTIONS

Free Delivery

Phone 3-3911

1ST PLACE FOR SAFE SAVINGS

First **FEDERAL**
SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
of VALPARAISO

66 & 68 SO WASHINGTON ST.

ELGIN

LONGINES

WITTNAUER



DIAMONDS - SILVERWARE



Identification: l. to r. Marlene Kliemek, Shirley Lepisto,
Mrs. Zimmerman, Becky Rader.

The wedding gown and other dresses shown in the picture at the left were among the over 70 different styles displayed at a recent style show held at the Student Union. These styles, as well as many others, may be obtained at:

Hardings
Style Shop
58 Jefferson Street

FARMERS CAFE

A GOOD PLACE
TO EAT THAT
SUNDAY BREAKFAST
OR DINNER
56 LINCOLNWAY

The Vail Jewelry Store

FRED MOLTZ, Proprietor
11 East Lincolnway — Phone 2-1241
VALPARAISO, INDIANA

VAN NESS Electric Co.

70 Lincolnway Phone 2-3601
EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Hardesty Cleaners

Branch Office Next
To Parry's
Phone 3-8851 Prompt Delivery

WE INVITE
THE STUDENT BODY
Fraternities - Sororities
and Faculty of

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

To Use Our Convenient

Banking Facilities

Open Daily 9 to 3 P.M.
Except Thurs. and Sat. 9 to 12
Friday Evening 6:30 to 8:00 P.M.

FARMERS STATE BANK

"The Friendly Bank"

Brownies Dairy Bar

1006 CALUMET
We Deliver Phone 3-6361

SILVERTONE Hi-Fi Record Players Sears Roebuck and Company

162 LINCOLNWAY
Phone 2-3501

CENTRAL FLORAL CO.

FLOWERS FOR ALL
OCCASIONS

307 E. Lincolnway
Phone 3-0651

Philly Gift & Tot Shop

Gifts of
Distinction

115 Lincolnway

MOM'S HOME COOKING

DAILY SPECIAL
"Friendliest Spot on Campus"

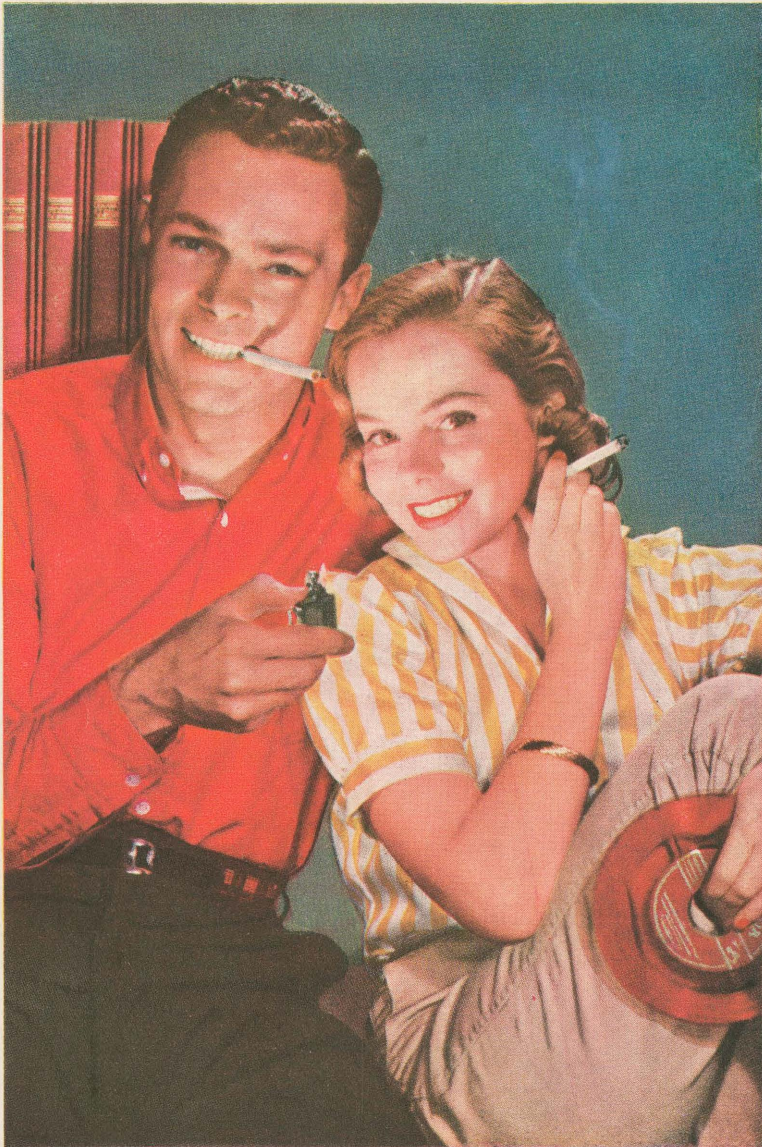
Mom Cole's Kitchen

ALLENS BAKERY

•
We Specialize In
PARTY PASTRIES

•
6 Indiana Avenue

Try the
all-new Cavalier!
It's Great!



the king size smoke
with the
king size
taste

Look for this smart new package!

Light up this great new, *all-new* king size cigarette. Cavalier's *new* blend gives you *great taste* . . . rich, natural flavor that flows to you so

easily through the cooling extra length of Cavalier's top-crop tobaccos. *And*—the smoke *feels* good to you, so smooth, so easy-going! It

feels as good as it *tastes!* Win this new, true smoking enjoyment for yourself with the *all-new* king size Cavaliers. Do it today!

—the smoke feels as good as it tastes!