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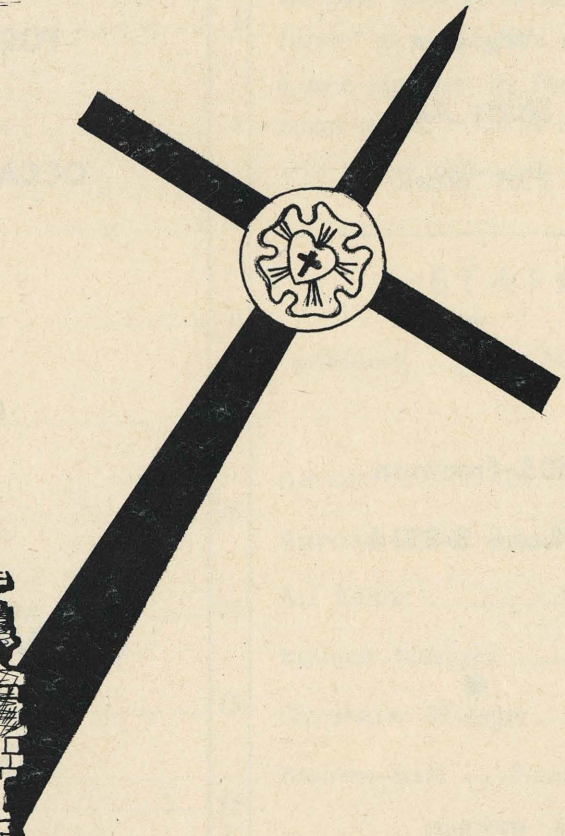
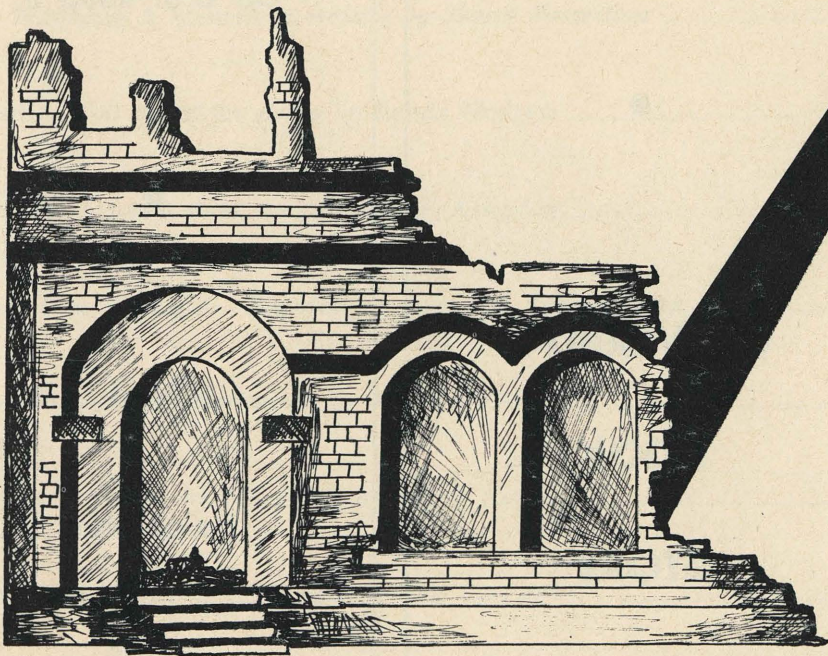
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FAITH IN THE FUTURE

WU



FOUNDATIONS IN THE PAST

MEACH

**WASH
O
MAT**

Automatic

Laundry



We Iron
Shirts And
Flat Work



505 Freeman
Phone 3-8314



BEHIND
ENGINEERING
ANNEX

DISTINCTIVE

LINE

of

GREETING

CARDS

FOR ALL

OCCASIONS



UNIVERSITY

BOOK

STORE

Mrs.

Johnson's

CHICKEN

DINNER



One Mile West

Of Road 49

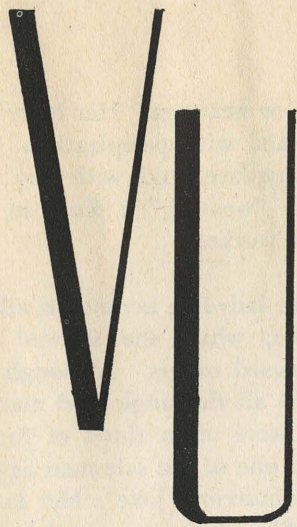
On U.S. Road 6



Phone

Valparaiso

4-7702

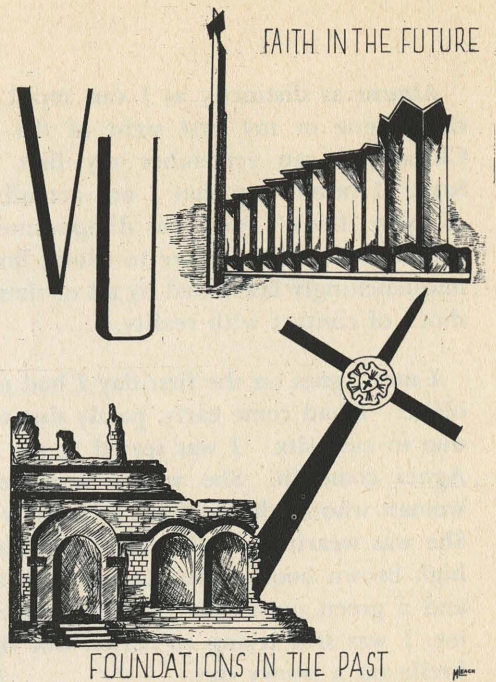


JANUARY 1957
Volume VIII - No. 2

Cover by Leach

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The sudden destruction of our chapel-auditorium, the University focal point, could have been a catastrophic loss, but our "foundations in the past" have given us "faith in the future" as we begin a new year and a new semester. As President Kretzmann stated, "Out of the ashes may arise a new monument of faith."

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C. Ernst

Marilyn Leach

Almost as distinctly as I can recall my first taste of champagne or my first sight of the "L" platform in Chicago, I can remember my first employer, Agnes Sage. I cannot say that I was actually thrilled by any of these "firsts"; yet I was disappointed after my great expectations. I will have to admit, however, that I was unquenchingly fascinated by all of these after the initial shock of contact with reality.

I met Agnes on the first day I had ever worked at an office. I had come early, partly due to fear and partly due to curiosity. I was seated at my desk when I saw Agnes come in. She was a very heavy, middle-aged woman who made the floor tremble with her stamping. She was wearing a yellow-and-black checked coat, knee-high brown boots, a purple hat with an ostrich plume, and a green umbrella. When she came up to talk to me, I was still trying to reason out the use of an umbrella on a snowy day.

I found it impossible to keep my eyes off her face while she talked because it was one of the ugliest I have ever seen. Her skin was freckled and filled with red blotches; her hazel eyes were watery and bloodshot. Her make-up resembled that of a woman of the streets. Her cheeks were round and flaming red, her eyebrows arched and black; the line of her lips was over shadowed by a higher line of purple lipstick. From under her hat pieces of red-brown hair, sprinkled with gray, straggled out, thick with oil. As she walked away, I marveled that her thin legs could carry the weight of her obese body. This is the picture of a woman whom I would get to know quite intimately within the next year.

The paradox of Agnes' motherly instincts toward me and her shocking worldliness toward the other people deeply perplexed me. Perhaps she was the personification of the flesh and the spirit. Since we were the only two people working in our small office, we had plenty of opportunities to discuss a variety of topics. She would spend long hours preaching to me about the virtues of cleanliness in appearance and habits while she practiced none of them. She, in direct contrast,

dressed with very little taste or neatness. Her body and clothing were dirty and reeked with perspiration. She smoked heavily anytime, anyplace, and with any person. She had the habit of "wearing" a Kool in her mouth when she talked and worked.

She insisted that I practice lady-like actions in all my dealings with other people, while she showed few scruples in her behavior toward others. Although she was married, she flirted with all the single and married men in the office. There were often times of furtive whispering between her and one of the salesmen as they confided in a risqué or an obnoxious joke. Her laughter was loud and vulgar. She often came back to the office after lunch almost intoxicated.

Above all else, she cautioned me to be honest with my work and with other people, even though she had no religious background and many of her actions were questionable.

Soon after I came to the store, a series of inside robberies began to take place, the first one occurring right in our office. Two hundred dollars was taken from the safe. After this incident, I would often interrupt a private tete-a-tete between the store manager and Agnes when I would come into the office unexpectedly. I, as cashier, was often requested to hand out huge sums of money without a requisition or a receipt by the store manager or Agnes.

The district managers took many trips to the store during this period, and, unfailingly, the following day some person at work would be missing—no longer employed. I witnessed a complete change in personnel within a year's time. After one of these so-called visits, Agnes was relieved of her duties to the company. That was the last time I ever saw her.

Agnes was a person who socially, morally, and physically left much to be desired; yet I did not dislike her. I was moved to self-examination and pity when I saw her ideals betrayed in her actions. St. Paul says it more clearly in the words: "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

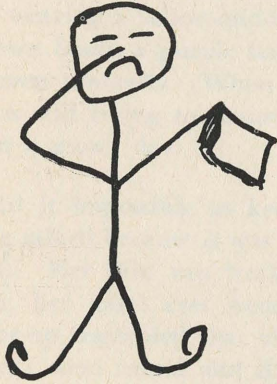
AGNES

by
Grace Jass





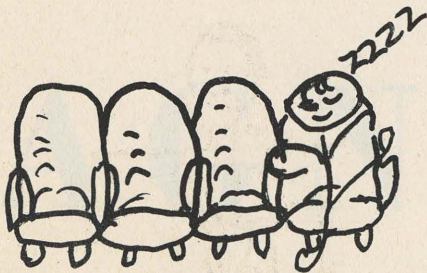
This is an article on the most beloved of all games—SPORTS! Not everyone likes books ---



not everyone likes music ---



not everyone likes to go to the movies ---



but everyone loves sports!!



Most articles on sports are written by people who know something about them. Some people who write about them are also sports players. They are

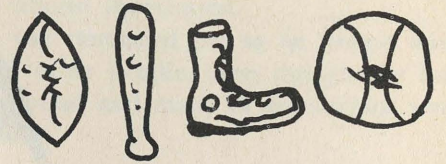


usually pretty good at this because they can elaborate on technicalities like birdies and pars and fouls and scores and overweight (depending on the sport, I think). Sometimes sports articles are written by ardent spectators.

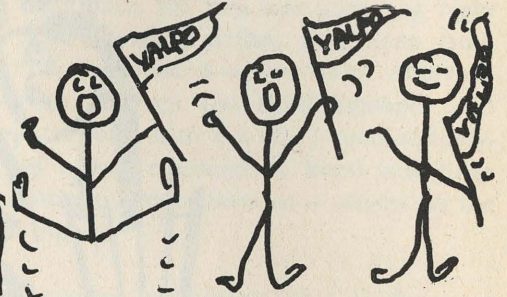


But this one is written by an amateur—a real honest-to-goodness some-

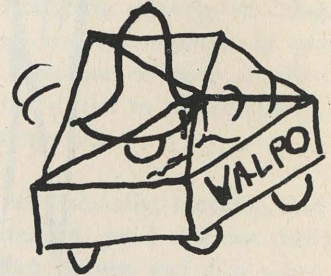
one who knows nothing about sports. This is your new, fresh approach!! At Valparaiso there are LOTS of sports ---



and lots of fans ---



We even have a victory bell ---



Sports are really important here! But some sports are neglected. Did you know about field hockey, for instance? It is

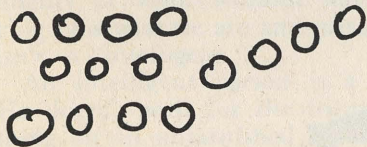




ferocious, wild, speedy! Two teams rush around a field, chasing a ball, trying to get it into a goal—and what happens? The players bang their shins and rip their pennies and have a wonderful time.

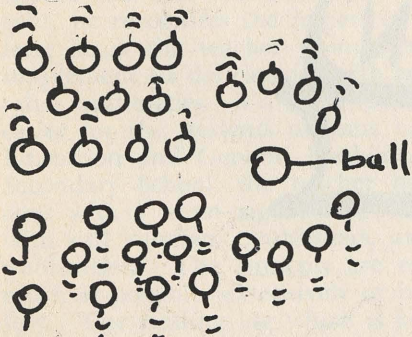


Then there is Rugby. Hardly anyone plays Rugby around here. The best part about having Rugby played is that then plans must be made for the game, and the plans are the most fun of all! There are fifteen people on the team, and they all get dressed up in practically nothing except shirts and shorts and shoes. Then they get lined up:



RUGBY TEAM FROM THE TOP

and dash towards the other team:



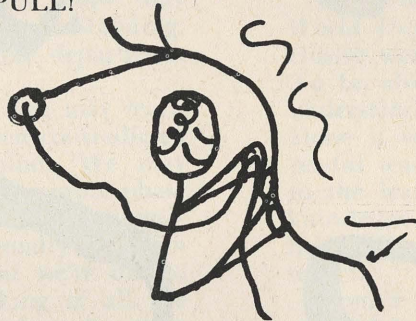
TWO RUGBY TEAMS FROM THE TOP ... AND A BALL!

and play. The players push and tug and kick and hit and get all hot and bothered until it gets to be time to stop. (This is a very popular game in Iceland.) One of the most exciting sports—and

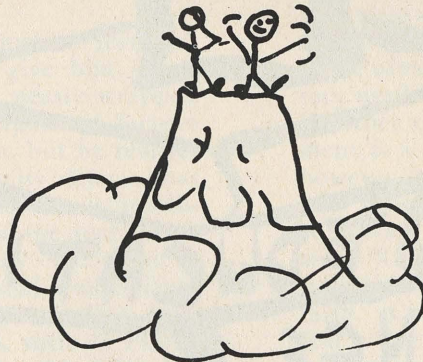
one fearfully neglected at Valpo—is mountain climbing. Mountain climbers like to jab long, iron, shish-kebab-skewer-like things -



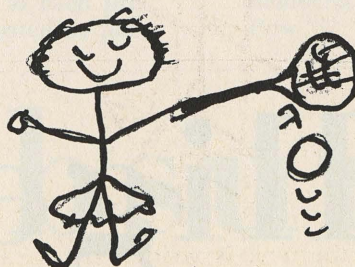
into rocks above them and throw the rope around themselves and PULL!



They do this over and over again until they get to the top of a mountain. Then they stand on the top and look at the world beneath them.



People who do sports love to do them,



people who watch sports love to watch them,



and people who write about sports love to write about them.



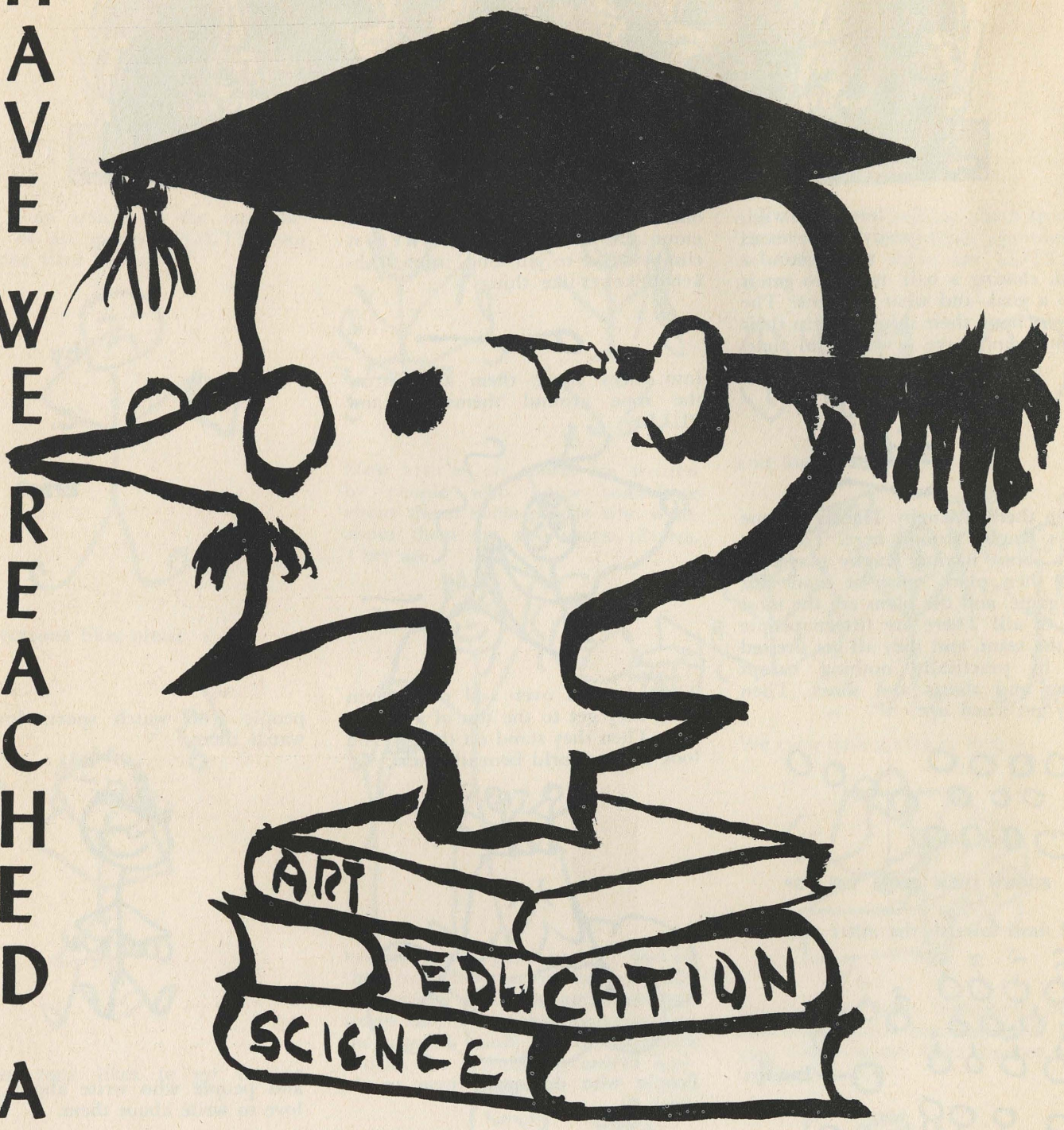
Sports are a wonderful thing.

by

C.

Ernst

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Intelligentsia

Because we live in a democracy, we have the right to express our opinion in any medium we choose. However, we, as individuals, see identical things in entirely different lights. For example, a snow storm is viewed from many different angles: a hearty, six-year-old boy anticipates the fun he'll soon have playing in it; a safety expert looks askance at the snow and thinks of icy highways and traffic accidents; a Southerner, viewing snow for the first time, is thrilled by nature's beauty and the grandeur of God; parents waiting for sons and daughters to drive home from college over dangerous, slippery roads view the snow with fearful apprehension. While we may consider some of these viewpoints as unwarranted distortions, still we can understand that a person's attitude and experience greatly influence his viewpoint.

An article on the education department was published in the last issue of *Vu*. A child watching a snow-storm is thrilled by his anticipated play, but he isn't worried about the possible tragedies the snow may cause because he has an incomplete understanding. *Vu* now hopes to present the education department from a more complete standpoint.

"As long as we live we may learn!" We may learn that previously accepted concepts are often contradicted by additional, more complex information. We may learn that education from books is only a minute phase of education. We may learn to notice everyday things—plants, animals, and birds—which we actually had seen all the time. We might even learn that we're not so smart as we once thought. Most shocking of all, we might learn that it really doesn't matter how smart we are, but that the important thing is how *constructively* and *completely* we use our God-given talents—be they mighty or weak—without wasting precious time bragging how wise we are and pitying our poor brother who isn't so "intelligent."

An intelligent person is a "self-propelled learner." He doesn't wait for the instructor to give him everything on an untarnished silver platter, neatly wrapped up in one textbook and a few well-organized lecture notes. He doesn't expect a flawless text, but he realizes that the instructor, fully cognizant of its defects, has chosen the best *available* text. Because he is intelligent, he recognizes the imperfections of the text—or at least hears the teacher point them out. He seeks to supplement its deficiencies with additional studies from other authorities. To make this outside reading even easier for the students of some courses, such as Public Education and General Methods of Teaching for the Secondary School, the teacher has supplied each student with a seven-page, dittoed bibliography—complete with call numbers, publishers, and date and place of publication. The students are encouraged to read as much as possible—extensively or intensively as each prefers. The reading log which is kept is counted as part of the final grade.

In many of the education classes in which this writer has been, discussions were encouraged by the teacher, but too often the students sat passively or merely aired their personal prejudices in senseless argument. But perhaps the students were too engrossed in their own exalted, intelligent thoughts to bother adding anything to the class discussion.

Yes, when we come down from our cloud of reverie only to find ourselves stuck behind the other side of the desk, we must face the fact that much of what was offered to us has suddenly skyrocketed in our estimation from the low level of "nonsense" to the high level of "essential." The sad part is that too often we wake up too late. Now we realize how important a philosophy of education is—we need some sort of map to guide us in our helter-skelter teaching. Before we arrive at our own philosophy of education, we'd like to know something about the principal schools of thought—what they were, what they stood for, why they declined.

What does it mean to "teach"? *Webster's New World Dictionary* reports that "*teach* is the basic, inclusive word for the imparting of knowledge or skills." To be able to teach, one needs a knowledge and an understanding of the subject matter, but a knowledge alone is very inadequate. An equal requisite to successful teaching is the ability to put the subject across to the learner, i.e., effective methods of teaching. A knowledge does *not* insure this special ability. Nor is this ability correlated with either a high or a low intellect.

From a teacher's—not a student's—viewpoint, we are stunned by the realization of a teacher's responsibility—to his students, their parents, his school, the community, and himself. As teachers we know and understand—to our shock—that one of the primary functions of our schools is indeed "education for life adjustment."

In educating for life adjustment we must prepare the student for a life in the society in which he lives. Since the United States happens to be a democracy, democracy needs to become partially a "god of the classroom." Whether or not democracy is the best possible government is a matter of opinion. Most of us would agree, however, that Totalitarianism would *not* be a satisfactory substitute. In our age of tension and worry, we American citizens cringe at the mere mention of the word "Communist" and panic at the thought of a devastating Red invasion because of our weak Christian faith. Chances are, however, that we don't need to fear a *direct* attack. What we do need to watch is Red infiltration which will quietly undermine our belief in democracy and in God. We complacent Americans feel so snug in our "safe" country. We are so prosperous that we tend to take everything for granted—low-flying cars, television, steaks, home, freedom, government, democracy, and even God, "from Whom all blessings flow."

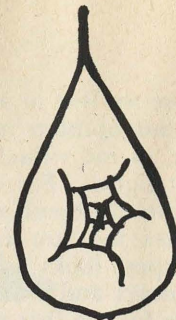
(Continued on Page 20)

Ad Absurdum?

AUTUMN SEASON

by Claudia Nie

Abruptly, sharply should it end —
Clean-cut and severe,
No wisps of gossamer visions remaining,
Caught on a hidden splinter of the mind
To flutter in the breeze of Time, and tease the heart.
Yet it does not,
But dwindles lazily as day slips into night,
Causing the soul to writhe and wrangle
Under the unbearable dryness
Of uncertainty.



FAREWELL NO MORE

by
Claudia Nie

It seems as though I always say good-bye:
When city clocks the bursting sunrise sound,
Or quietness about the stars is wound
In intricately patterned lace—I cry.
And then as oft through sleepless night, I try
To quell the fear which in my heart turns round,
The fear that this sweet love which we have found
Will slowly fade, and in the interim, die.

Perhaps will come the hour for which I pray,
When I no more shall bravely try to smile;
Nor, as you hold me close and press my hands
In parting, shall I seek the strength to stay
My reeling world. Could I but speed the while,
The cursed, tedious dwindling of time's sands.



SOUND, LIGHT, AND LIFE

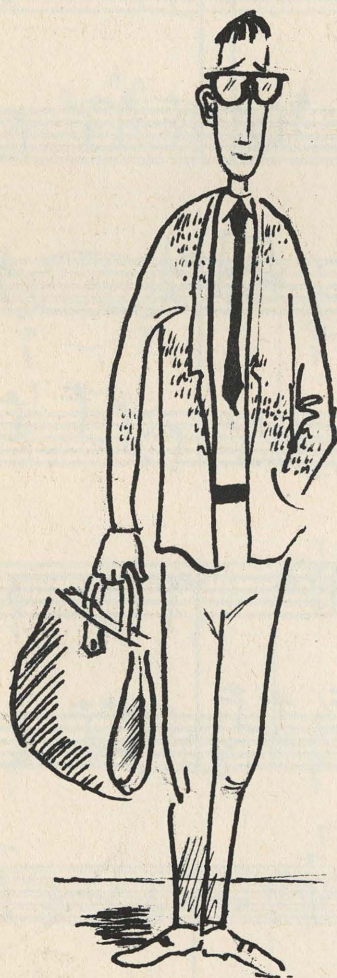
by
Claudia Nie

As echo the seasonal winds against the mountain sides
With distant clarity and endless rebirth,
Treading snow and early crocus
With the heavy imprint on time unsurpassable,
So shall resound the song of the forgotten.

As shines the sun at the noon meridian,
Blinding vision to the planets in attendance,
And obscuring the depth and cool tenderness of night
With the blunt declaration of light ne'er extinguishable,
So shall the embers of the defeated blaze forth anew.

As early spring rain descends with the grace
Of a goddess in misty veil protected,
Gentling the breath from winter's sharp tongue,
And softening the gray dusk encompassing,
So shall I draw nigh the soft blanket of death.

There is an art to studying . . . as you will see in this essay



In modern America an education is becoming an ever increasingly important factor. In order to acquire this education one must become a student. There are various connotations connected with the word "student," but I would like to give directions for becoming a really good student.

The first requisite of a good student is a pair of glasses, preferably horn-rimmed. These glasses need not be for the purpose of bettering the owner's eyesight—the appearance is the important thing. The next item of importance is a briefcase, which anyone aspiring to be a student must acquire immediately. A large collection of books by or about learned men is also a necessity, but it is more convincing if acquired gradually. The briefcase must be carried at all times, filled with several of the books, each containing a well-placed book-mark. After the student has acquired the necessary paraphernalia, he is ready to begin his course of action.

He must first enroll in numerous courses with intelligent-sounding titles. He must attend these classes regularly, but, if at all possible, he should arrive a little late so that everyone may notice his marks of distinction as a student. At timely intervals during the class period the student must make rather lengthy contributions to the class discussions, but he must exercise extreme care to word his statements in such a way that they seem very weighty without actually saying anything.

After class he must rush to the library and locate himself in a conspicuous place. Then after spreading the books from his briefcase rather haphazardly around him, he must appear to pore over them in deep concentration. If the stack of books can be piled high enough around him, he will find that this is a good time to take care of such things as filing his fingernails or reading the latest mystery magazine.

At least once during the day the real student must be seen having coffee with either another student of already recognized superior intelligence or, better yet, with a professor. If one were to follow these directions carefully, I am quite sure that everyone would soon consider him a really good student.

ON BECOMING A STUDENT

by Sherry Vermilion

SKETCHES

MM $\text{♩} = c. 96$
Smoothly

LYNDA HODGERS

p I

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics include 'p' and 'I'.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Bass clef accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Bass clef accompaniment.

mf

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, measures 13-16. Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics include 'mf'.

p

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system, measures 17-20. Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics include 'p'.

MM $\text{♩} = c. 108$
Boldly

II

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music begins with a forte dynamic marking 'ff'. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece. It includes a piano dynamic marking 'p' in the lower staff. The melodic line in the upper staff has some notes with accents, and the accompaniment in the lower staff continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

The third system shows further development of the musical themes. The upper staff has a more active melodic line with slurs, and the lower staff accompaniment features a mix of chords and eighth-note patterns.

The fourth system features a prominent melodic phrase in the upper staff that is held over with a long slur across two measures. The lower staff accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

The fifth system includes a fortissimo dynamic marking 'ff' in the lower staff. The melodic line in the upper staff shows some chromatic movement, and the lower staff accompaniment remains active with eighth-note figures.

The sixth system concludes the page with a melodic phrase in the upper staff that is held over with a long slur. The lower staff accompaniment provides a final harmonic support for the melodic line.



THE BAD ACTOR

by Natalie Kingston

I was born Mary Catherine Hartigan in County Limerick, Ireland, on the twenty-seventh day of February, the year of our Lord 1879. In the spring of 1897 I set out for the United States, not to seek my fortunes, but to seek a husband. Now, if I must say so myself, I was not exactly one to make a man's eyes pain him, and so I had high hopes.

When the boat docked at New York, we were taken to the Immigration Office, where they had many names of people who wanted the services of a good Irish girl. After lookin' them over with much care, I chose a job in the home of a man named Jesse Spaulding, who was in the lumber business. Surely, thought I, there would be plenty of strong young men in such a business. 'Twas a bit of a shock to me, therefore, to find that the nearest thing to a man about the place was John Casey, the coachman, who was nearing seventy, or Tony Basco, the delivery man, who was happily married and had seven children. The work itself suited me well, to be sure. I began as a parlor maid, but I was soon promoted to being the cook when Mrs. Spaulding found out how well my mother had taught me in the art of pleasing a man's stomach.

Then one day, as I stood in the kitchen makin' the dumplings for the evening meal, I heard the tramp of heavy feet on the back steps. Thinking it was the delivery man, I did not bother to turn, even when I heard the door open.

"Mind you wipe your feet," I sang out. "Just be leaving the packages on the table."

"Faith," said a voice behind me, "that would be short of impossible, since I've nothing with me but myself."

'Twas the voice of a young man—an Irishman, beyond a doubt.

I turned to find who was speaking, and there before me was the thing for which I had come all these miles.

"Patrick Joseph McCarthy O'Donahue is the name," he said. "I'm thinking that you must have me confused with another."

As I looked at him, I glanced at the floor behind him.

"And just who do you think ye are," I asked, "trackin' in all kinds of mud on my clean floor?"

"Faith," he said, "and if that isn't just like a woman. Here I've come over to the kitchen just because I've heard that the cook was the prettiest colleen ever to come over from the Old Sod, and she begins scolding like a magpie without even telling me her name."

"I'll not be telling my name to any strange man who comes along," I said tartly, "even if he does have the speech of the old country and the silver tongue of one who's kissed the Blarney Stone."

Hands on hips, I stuck out my chin and looked him in the eye. He peered down at me for a moment with the bluest pair of eyes I'd ever seen. Then he laughed, a good hearty man's laugh which echoed through the kitchen and all but rattled the pots on the shelves.

"I'm the new coachman, if you must know, and John Casey told me that the cook was a pretty Irish lass, Mary

Catherine Hartigan by name. He didn't say, though, that she was of such a terrible temper."

"Well, I suppose I must be begging your pardon for screaming at you like a banshee, but if you hadn't—" I stopped, remembering a piece of advice my mother had given me.

"Never forget, Mary Katie," Mother often said, "that you'll catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. No man wants a shrewish woman."

So I looked up at him and batted my eyelashes a few times.

"I humbly ask your pardon," I said, all sweetness. "Won't you sit and have a cup of good strong Irish coffee with me? I've a fine apple pie ready to leave the oven."

"Well, now," he said, "since you've asked me so nicely, I will. And I must admit to you that apple pie is my greatest weakness." But he had a strange look in his eye when he added, "Next to pretty red-heads."

Well, we sat and drank coffee for the next hour, and how that man could eat apple pie!

"I've decided to make this job steady," he said. "At least for a while. You see, Mary Kate, I'm a born rover, with an itchy foot that can't stay in one place too long." He looked at me full in the face, and my heart began to dance a jig. "I think it only fair to warn you, girl. I'm not the marrying kind—so don't be gettin' up your hopes."

My heart stopped for a moment and then started with a thump so loud that I was sure he must have heard it. Suddenly, cold anger replaced the warm emotions which had stirred in me a moment before.

"And just who are you after thinkin' you are," I said coldly, "that I would want to marry you? I'd certainly want something better for myself than a—a mere vagabond! Surely I've better opportunities than that!" I got up from the table and busied myself picking up the dishes. "Now get along with you," I said over my shoulder. "I'm late for fixin' the supper now, and the mister likes eating just at the hour. You won't be keepin' this job very long if you go about wasting this much time everyday."

"Now don't be taking it so to heart, colleen," Patrick said, patting me on the shoulder. "I'm just not the marrying kind, and I don't want you to get your heart broken."

I turned on him and stamped my foot. "Away with you!" I cried.

When he had gone, I set about fixing supper with a heavy heart. As I mechanically peeled the potatoes, I said to myself, "Katie, girl, he's made himself plain. Now stop thinking about the likes of him."

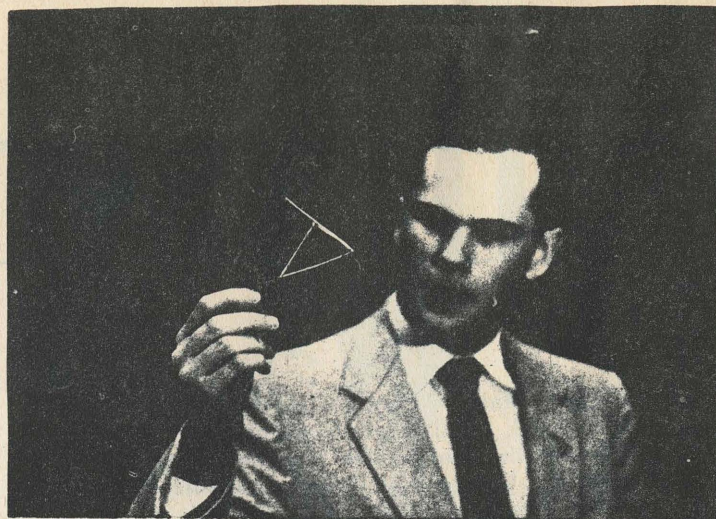
I thought of my old mother, and wondered what she would do in a situation like this. Then I remembered the talk she'd given me on my sixteenth birthday.

"Mary Katie," she had said, "no man ever plans upon

(Continued on Page 18)

TIME

Plus



Thought : Humility

by Joseph Sherman

If we would only take the Time
To Look and Think, not jump.
Instead of quick face judgment
We stopped to use our Heads—
Things would be clear.

Time clutches like the Spider's Web;
There's no escape;
Not one absolved,
All doomed: one Way or Another;
No turning back, but time to Think.

Life is no Prison, only Time.
If only we could read The Line,
If we could separate Emotions
from the Mind
To take some Time to Think.

Prattle, prattle sounds like rattles:
Ignoble, crazy talk of wind,
the rain and cars.
We read the Lines,
But do we find? No!
No Time to Think.

Words, words, words, imponderable verbs
and images as yet unheard!
They are too deep, too profound;
They make our minds go round and round—
Just pebbles in a Field of Sound.
Not one idea sprouts forth.
So—So little Time to Think.

If one Idea would fit The Puzzle,
Time would be Free and so would we;
Ideas would grow and we would know
The Truth of Life—Humility.
Now we have Time to Think.



Every person who is so engrossed in his immediate surroundings that he thinks or sees little of the other aspects of life is isolating himself from the world. College students, absorbed in study and extra activities, are very susceptible to a form of "ivory tower-ism" in their four years on campus. Caught in a net of classes and committees, many students are guilty of complete ignorance in affairs of the off-campus world. To cite a recent example, the Middle Eastern situation and the implications resulting from the Israeli attack were completely unknown for several weeks to fully two-thirds of my acquaintances. Such circumstances among college students are indeed regrettable. The events of each passing day should be especially meaningful to the student because of his duty to the nation. He is of the age when he may be called upon to take part in some world crisis. Because he is a college student, people look upon him as a person who should know the meanings of contemporary happenings. Finally, the student owes it to himself to know what is transpiring in the

The problem can also be viewed from the standpoint of the student's relation to other people. Those who have not received the benefits of a higher education look to the educated person for an interpretation of the news reports. Suppose that during the Thanksgiving recess, a student were asked by his neighbor to explain the situation in Hungary. Probably a typical student would know less about the Hungarian revolt than the neighbor. Parents who pay to send their children to college expect them to know more than mere subject matter. A student who cannot discuss the major political issues with his parents is showing little gratitude for their personal sacrifice.

Finally, knowledge of current issues is the mark of an educated person. There is no excuse for complete ignorance of a contemporary subject. Any student who pretends to have achieved anything through his education should be able, for his own personal satisfaction, to speak on current affairs with some knowledge. Yet, there are seniors who do not know where

Would you notice if THE SKY FELL



by

Marilyn Evers

world because such knowledge is the mark of an educated, informed person.

The first point to be considered, that of the individual's duty to his country, can be illustrated using the example given previously. During the past few months the threat of war has once again hung over the world. That the United States has not sent troops to the Middle East came about through a series of circumstances that could easily reverse. If troops should be sent, men of college age would be among the first to go. Yet, what does the average student know of the crisis? Because he wants to listen to music and not to the news, the student pays no attention to the reports. The same idea holds true among women students. They are going to marry and raise families in a world influenced by the generation now in college; yet they remain oblivious to the outside forces in their lives and continue in the whirl of social affairs. This generation is the group that will soon be in charge of the nation. The college student has a definite duty to the nation to keep informed.

Hungary is located or what nations are considered among the Arab states. Personal gratification plays a large part in education. The student owes it to himself to find out all he can in regard to the problems facing the nation and the world.

With the average day crammed with classes and meetings, the student may validly argue that he has no time to make a concentrated study of a non-academic matter. Such concentration is not necessary. By paying attention to news broadcasts, one can gain enough knowledge of a subject to converse about it. Everyone on campus is exposed to a newspaper or a news magazine. A swift scanning of the material will point out the major issues, while a closer perusal will reveal meanings behind the reports. As long as students have eyes and ears, the deficiency of the student body in knowledge of contemporary affairs is deplorable. The leaders of tomorrow owe it to the nation, to others, and to themselves to look and listen today.

FRACTURED

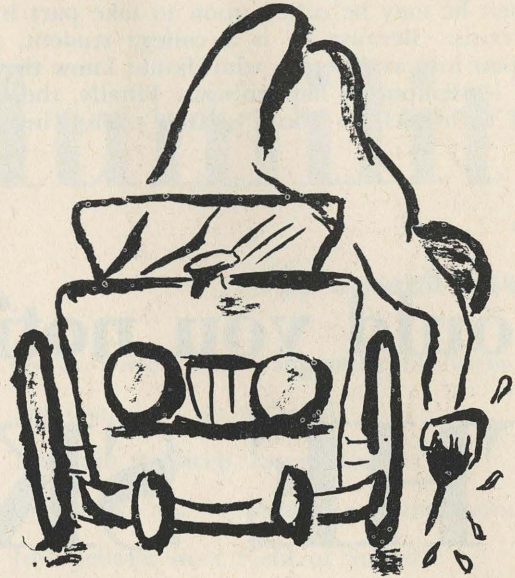
Once upon a time, there dwelt in the land of Mully Uilly Gue a wise chieftain named Glooglum. He was proud of his wealth and many possessions, and his people were proud of his wisdom and bravery.

In the nearby land of Balgalan, however, there dwelt a wicked chieftain. He was jealous of Glooglum and all his wealth. He especially coveted Glooglum's glorious golden throne, and with his tribesmen plotted to steal the throne. Since Glooglum's spies, however, learned of the scheme and warned him of the danger, Glooglum built himself a grass hut, which he mounted on greased poles twenty feet high. In this he stashed the golden throne. By day the tribesmen kept watch over the hut, and by night he himself slept in a grass hut under it. For many years he thus protected his precious golden throne. Then one night as he slept, the grass floor of the grass hut gave way, and his golden throne fell on him. Glooglum was dead.

Moral: From this sad tale we can deduce, "People who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones."



Em Eifrig



Well, up around Chi-town is a beat up old field, left after the flyboys flew—well, it doesn't matter where. Now, as all cats know, these spots are just what's needed for a drag strip, and a strip's what all cats need. Our boy, Churning Ernie, buzzed on out there, cased the place, and staked claim to it for the Flying Pistons to use for their rods.

For several months they tore the strip clean, timing better than any of the other cats around. But Ernie wasn't satisfied, and, after he had "mommied" his rod for days, he came up with the solution. Now his "baby" was ready to roll. His secret was in the oiling. Man, how that cat oiled. He oiled until the rod was more like four wheels around a basket of butter. Old Churning slipped behind the gear, and off he went. Well, about the time he had her through she sprung a leak and got out of control. Ern jumped, but his baby smashed into the wall and looked more like a grease blotch than the real cool rod it had been.

Moral: Just ask Ern; he'll tell ya: "Oil the rod and smear the child."

FABLES

Evie Rau



Venn I vas lasten veek by mein freund, Klaus' haus, ve haben ein biggen time mit much talken und singen. Die gute Frau, she kommt too, und maken me feel, ach, so homische mit her flavorischen cooken und baken. But Klaus, ach, gut old buddischen of mein, he bin knowen was ein guter taste vas, und right away he bringen two biggen steins of beer. "Ach, Klaus," I say, "you ist ein smarten fellow."

Right avay ve starten to trinken. But Klaus, his beer vas getrunkvay before mein vas even ein droppen gone. Because, veen I vent to trinken es, I saw dis tinischen bittischen bugger a-schwimmen und a-tvitchen in mein beer. Klaus see das I bin trinken mein beer nicht, und venn I tell about das tvitchen bugger, he get real excitischen und he say das ist ein terriblen ting to given.

Moral: But I just laffen und say: "Ach, Klaus, your beer ist all getrunck, but 'der tvitch in stein save mein!"

Thith ith the thtory of Chrithtopher and hith mouthe. Now Chrithtopher had thith little white mouthe which he kept in a cage made of thteel. Chrithtoper wath a very mean little boy, though, and he wanted to make thome thoup out of hith mouthe. One little mouthe wathn't enough for a whole pot of thoup, though; tho, when hith grandmother gave him a horthe for hith birthday, he dethided to uthe this horthe in the thoup, too. He jutht didn't apprethiate nithe gifth. Chrithtopher boiled hith mouthe and hith horthe in a big kettle for three whole dayth. When he finally tathted the thoup, it wath tho terrible that he got real thick and almotht died.

Moral: Hith grandmother alwayth had thaid that you "thouldn't cook a gift horthe with a mouthe."



THE BAD ACTOR (from page 13)

marriage. They like to stomp around and shout about their independence and the joys of freedom. Tish! What they all really want and need is a good lass, a hot meal each night, and a slather of little ones to keep things lively. It's up to the wise woman to make them see what's best for them—without letting on to them, of course."

Well, that started me to thinking, and before long I was singing at my work, bright as a bird in a tree. That night I sat up late in my room and figured out a plan of action.

"Patrick Joseph, me boy," I whispered into the darkness, "you might as well surrender. 'Tis useless to fight an Irish girl once she's set her mind to a thing." I fell asleep finally, smiling and confident.

Well, the days passed and became weeks, and I pursued my plan of action faithfully. Each day I dressed with the care of a queen, though it meant more than a mite of extra work for me. By being extra friendly to John Casey, the old coachman, I gleaned some information which I thought would prove useful to me. I found out, for instance, that Patrick was especially fond of stew, the real old-fashioned kind that we make in Ireland. Naturally, the next time he came to the kitchen there was the black-bottomed iron pot, ready to bubble over with the best Irish stew that the daughter of Bridget Hartigan could make.

Well, Patrick looked as if he would bust open with joy and homesickness when he saw that. He sat himself down at the table and ate a full four plates of the stew. When he was finished, he leaned back in his chair and looked at me with twinkle of County Cork in his eyes.

"Mary Kate, me lass," he said, "faith, and you're an angel from heaven. How could you be knowing that me very soul was thirsting for the taste of Irish stew? Oh, girl, you'll make some man a braugh wife some day. I'm only glad that I'll be around here to eat your cooking before you do get married."

In short, I fell in love with the great lummo. I cooked him special dishes; I listened for hours on end as he told of his travels; I sewed on his buttons and ironed his shirts. Still, there were few signs that the situation was improving. True, he spent much of his free time in the kitchen, but 'twas hard to tell if it was my "Irish Violets" perfume—bought at dear cost at the corner store—or the smell of hot apple pie which attracted him. Occasionally he even took me for drives in the second family carriage, but no signs of a serious attachment came from him.

In a space of time the strain began to tell on me. Here it was, six months since he came, and it might have been six days for all the progress I'd made. Even Mrs. Spaulding noticed that I wasn't myself.

"Katie, you're not looking very well," she said to me one day. "I think perhaps you need some time off, a vacation. You've been working too hard."

"Sure, it's not a vacation I'm needing," I said, "unless it would be a honeymoon." The words fell out themselves before I realized it, and I stood there, wishing I could pull them back.

"Oh, so that's it," herself said, patting my hand. "I must say, I rather suspected something of that sort. It's Patrick, the second, isn't it? Well, I wish you luck, my dear. To tell the truth, we're getting tired of Irish stew every week."

Still more time passed, and Patrick Joseph O'Donahue was as far from a proposal as he had been the day we met. The whole business boiled over one fine morning in April. I was in the kitchen mournfully rolling pie crust when Patrick came in.

"Oh, Mary Kate, me love," he said. "And what kind of delicacy would your golden fingers be making now?"

At this point the door flung open and a tall, slender man with wavy black hair, handsome as ever you'd see, rushed into the room. Patrick looked up in surprise.

"Ah, Catherina, my heart!" cried the young man. "The time is here! I have come for you. Let us fly away together!" His brilliant white teeth flashed beneath the glossy black mustache.

"Now what in the name of all the saints would this be?" asked Patrick, glaring at him.

"I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your mouth, Patrick Joseph O'Donahue!" I said. I walked across the room and the handsome young man put his arm about my shoulders. "This is Tony, my intended," I answered, smiling up at him.

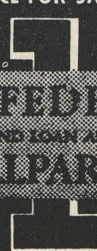
"Come Catherina," said Tony. "Let us leave this horrible place and go into the wild, free world together. This morning I decided that I could stand the dull, everyday working world no longer. I have quit my job, just like that—poof!" He snapped his fingers.

"Mary Kate," said Patrick, "will you kindly explain to me what all this blather and foolishness is about?"

"Patrick, you've told me so many wondrous tales of your free life," I said, "that I've decided that is what I'm wantin' from now on, and Tony feels the same way. We're goin' to be married this afternoon and

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE NIGHT BEFORE

by
The Co-eds

'Twas the night before finals
When all through the house
Not a creature was sleeping,
Not even a mouse.
The 'jamas were hung in the closet with care
In hopes that we'd have some No-Doz to share.
The coffee was Nestle's—we felt as if dead
While visions of work to do dazzled our heads.
And O.P. in chapel and Dean Bauer in class
Had sincerely suggested that all of us pass—
When down in the study hall we all grew sadder
For our grades had been going from worse to still
badder.
We held our books tightly—awaiting a flash
Of brilliant knowledge—I guess we were rash —
For when morning came there was still something to
know
Which we hadn't absorbed—(we are terribly slow).
Then off to our finals and, as we did fear,
Our sleepiness cost us an additional year!

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(Continued from Page 18)

then we're going into the world to live like merry vagabonds."

Patrick looked horrified. "Mary Kate, you can't mean it!" he said. "That was only talk. It's no life for a good girl like yourself."

"But what about the joys of liberty that you're always talkin' about?" I said. "No cares, no responsibility—"

Patrick jumped from his chair and stamped across the room to me. "Katie, can't you tell a man's useless talk when you're hearing it?" He glared at Tony. "How could you think of doing this to a fine girl like Mary Kate? No, I can tell by your face that you're not one to be trusted." He pulled me away from Tony's arm and looked down at me sternly. "Mary Kate, I can see that I must save you from yourself," he said, "even if I must marry you myself."

"No, Patrick," I said. "Sure, I wouldn't want a man who'd marry me from pity. Besides, you're not the marryin' kind and you'd be miserable."

"When did I say such a thing, now?" Patrick asked. He put both hands on my shoulders and looked down at me. "Why, foolish girl, can't you see that I've been daft with love for you since the day we met?"

He turned to Tony and pointed to the door. "Away with you, you blatherin' idiot," he said, masterfully, "and don't let me catch you hanging about my betrothed again or I'll take my fists to you!" He turned

and put his arms around me. "We'll hear no more of this foolishness, my girl," he said.

Standing on tiptoe I looked over his shoulder and winked at Tony. Sure, I'd have to send a fine lot of goodies to Mrs. Basco and the little ones. It was a good thing that Tony had always come in the morning, when Patrick wasn't about. I put my head against Patrick's broad shoulder and sighed with relief.

"Before you leave, Tony," Patrick said suddenly, "let me give you some advice. Don't ever go on the stage. You're a terrible actor!" His big hearty man's laugh echoed in the kitchen, and the pots rattled on their shelves.

INTELLIGENTSIA

(Continued from Page 7)

Surely there could be no greater challenge to us consecrated Christian, American citizens—regardless of our I.Q.—than this: not only "to make America safe for democracy," but, more important, to point Americans to Christianity, where we need have no fears.

Before we can adequately meet this tremendous challenge as teachers, we must have the proper training. With such a goal in mind, how can any one say that an education course is "intellectually inferior"? Before trying to teach young people to be effective Christian citizens, YOU are responsible for training yourself to be the most successful teacher. Will you accept this responsibility?

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