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Vu magazine is published four times during the academic year 1956-57 by the Vu staff of Valparaiso University under the auspices of the Student Council. Editorial and business office is located at the Valparaiso Union. Subscription rates are $1.10 by mail anywhere in the United States. Price per copy, 25 cents. Address all correspondence to Vu Magazine, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Reproduction rights granted all college publications. Please credit.
As Vu begins its ninth year, the co-editors pause to specifically state the purpose of Vu. We hope that Vu will primarily give students an outlet for their creativity—whether this may be in art, photography, writing (poetry, essays, short stories), musical compositions, or whatever. We hope that Vu will encourage students to express themselves in any printed medium they choose. This invitation to be original is extended to all members of the University family.

Letters voicing the reader’s opinion of Vu or offering constructive criticisms and suggestions are always welcome. Drop all letters and contributions for publication in the campus mail box (addressed to Vu Magazine).

Vu tries to be a middle-of-the-road magazine in order to satisfy, at least partially, the widest possible range of readers in the best possible manner. A middle-of-the-road policy does not, however, suggest a wishy-washy stand. Vu is published for the students and by the students. By being a general magazine, Vu is attempting to meet many of the interests of most of the students. The articles do strive, however, to be timeless, rather than reproductions of TORCH news articles or BEACON pictures. Vu should be just as interesting to the reader five years from now as it is today.

In appraising Vu, evaluate it only on the basis of the criteria we have here outlined. Don’t compare it to what you think Vu should be. Judge Vu in terms of how successfully it fulfills its purposes.

Just for self-defense: Articles printed in Vu do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors. Replies—whether approvals or attacks—to articles (especially the one in this issue entitled, “Have We Reached an EDUCATION AD ABSURDUM?”) would be appreciated. (Remember that the articles, not the author nor the editors, should be attacked!) We will indeed be surprised if education students and the education department have no reaction to this article. We don’t expect you to take this sitting down—unless, of course, you don’t care.

The old-timers probably noticed that the printing of Vu has been changed from capital V, capital U to capital V, lowercase u. The purpose behind the change is to aid the readers in avoiding the gross injustice of mispronunciation. Indignant Vu requests: “Pronounce my name correctly—’V-u’!”

Words! Words! Words! What would we do without them? We certainly wouldn’t print magazines, and we wouldn’t build libraries, and we wouldn’t have presidential campaigns. As a matter of fact, the only thing we could do would be to stake off a hunk of land, plant a few vegetables, try and find a stray cow or pig or guinea hen and go into business on our own for our own! We wouldn’t have any competition—or at least we wouldn’t know about it. Imagine how peaceful the world would be with no words!

Or would it? If I couldn’t tell you that my land was my land, how would you know? If I couldn’t tell you that my vegetables and pigs and cows and guinea hens were mine and better than yours, how would you know? Maybe we would only think in blobs of color or pictures or unrefined snorts and sniffles, without words. Chances are we would all die of vitamin deficiency without even realizing it, or be killed by our neighbor, whose blobs of color or pictures or thoughts were in vague terms of his land plus our land, and didn’t suspect that he could borrow or lease it by asking politely for it. Maybe words are important after all!

There are, of course, words AND words. To us, French words are incomprehensible, German words are long, Russian words are backwards, and Arabic words aren’t words at all; they’re imaginative squeaks (when spoken) or squiggles (when written.) Sometimes even English words are pretty vague in their meaning. Nevertheless, we use ours, and Frenchmen use theirs, and Germans and Russians and Arabs use theirs. Apparently they all mean something to the people who are using them; probably they mean more than the people suspect.

Around here, we don’t talk much about sharing hunks of land and vegetables and guinea hens anymore, but we do use an abundance of words. Generally speaking, we are very casual about picking our words. So what if there are words AND words? So what if we don’t care exactly what words we use? So what? If we are casual enough, we may start saying guinea hen instead of cow; we may even start other people thinking that guinea hens are cows! They would be disappointed if they wanted milk!

It’s easy to say one word and mean another, but it’s usually silly to expect people to think you meant the first when you’ve said the second. It’s not always easy to choose the right word, but it is easy to see that the results are well worth the trouble.

have as much fun reading Vu as the editors have editing it. As Char phrased it:

“What fun it is to edit!
You rage
To fill the page
So you can put the Vu to bed.
It’s a labor-saver, too.
When Vu comes out
You’ve read it!”

Vu
Before I came to Valpo, I had the naive idea that college men were all alike. However, my experience in the University cafeteria has revealed that there are at least four basic types, all of them frustrating to the cafeteria ideal of speed and efficiency.

Lowest on the scale of human development is the cave man. He shuffles through the line with shoulders bent forward and arms dangling, making his wants known by awkwardly jabbing his finger at the plate glass or by grunting and moaning on some rudimentary level of verbal communication. His brow furrows into a baffled expression, and the pain of thought clouds his close-set eyes when he is asked whether or not he will have gravy. After a long and heavy silence, he signifies his decision with a nod, takes his plate, and drags his tray, dub-like, down the line.

On the whole, he is not so trying as the more extroverted muscle man. This fellow would think it unmanly to be courteous. His ideal of acceptable social behavior is based in direct proportion on the amount of noise he can make. He back-slaps his buddies, bullies the people behind the counter, and loudly and indiscriminately criticizes everything from the size of the tossed salad to the way the sandwich girl wears her hair. When he gets his bill, he inevitably yelps in indignation, keeping one eye on the audience he has provided for himself by holding up everyone. Finally, he clomps in virile fashion to a crowded table and pushes his way in.

More suave is the lord-of-the-manor type. Although he appears to the casual observer to be sauntering prosaically enough, actually he is astride a prancing white horse. He draws up before the roast beef and pauses a moment. Then, when all eyes are upon him, he condescends a smile and paces forward with imperial disdain, pausing long enough, if properly coaxed, to order his sauerkraut and wiener. He pays his bill in the manner of one distributing largess, while the customers pile up behind him like a retinue of peasants.

In this crowd there is likely to be the court philosopher, the most distinctly collegiate type—in short, the intellectual. Perpetually distracted and very much in earnest, he peers at the green beans as if they alone held the answer to the fate of democracy.

He appears to be mentally reading Carlyle, and his order comes out in spurts, as if painfully interrupting his train of thought. His decisions are made, one is certain, on some sound scholarly basis, even though he frequently forgets to tell anyone what they are. The vegetable girl puts his plate on his tray, the cashier counts out his money for him, and a kind friend leads him to a table.

It would speed up cafeteria service if these four groups could be eliminated from the campus, but in that unlikely event the cafeteria would have to close for lack of business.
The Drowning Harlequin

by JOE ARGUELLES

As I walked,
I saw a harlequin
Laughing, clinging onto seaweed
In the icy ocean dark.
He smiled at me,
And floundered
In the breakers that lashed at him
With a thousand arms—
Trembling, ancient arms
All white.
"I've lost my love," he cried.
"Oh, I held her when she died;
I saw her lips; they were so red;
But when I kissed them, she was dead."
His laughter then
Was drowned
By the frothing clamor, the icy tongues
From
The seething ocean dark.

Then a piano-player dressed in black,
With a buffon’s face, all white,
With lips of velvet, dusky-red,
And a giant’s hands, white-dead in color,
Sat perched upon
A shaggy, bearded,
Sea-green rock
And
Played a Mozart minuet.
O’ while the harlequin
Gurgled the seas blue-green
In his laughing throat,
And sea-brine
Burned deep within his eyes,
The sea gulls swept
And pecked
The trembling, aged sea
All white upon the rocks,
And Mozart danced aloft
Upon
A distant, fading wind.
I Was
Dying to be Alone

by ED EASTON

...and people were everywhere. Horrified faces were staring upon my crumpled body.

"How did it happen?"
"Oh, it's terrible!"
"They say he was killed instantly."

For the next few hours I was mauled, hauled, and overhauled. I was fairly exhausted when I was laid in the soft satin folds of my stylish casket. Shortly thereafter people began to arrive.

"He looks so peaceful," exclaimed Mrs. Lark.

Peaceful indeed! I was suffering from a severe case of claustrophobia, my highly starched collar felt like a noose, and my feet were cramped and twisted. All these annoyances were accompanied by a feeling of self-consciousness.

"He was such a nice fellow," said Mr. Ross.

At this remark I came close to rolling over. Mr. Ross was always scolding me, especially since I had crushed his begonias last summer. I felt quite embarrassed at the way he went snooping at all the flowers about me. He seemed almost envious; nevertheless, these flowers were mine.

Mrs. Turner was at one end of the room. I couldn't see her, but her gib-gab could be heard everywhere. She was so busy gossiping that she had forgotten to pay her last respects. Didn't she know that this was no place for gossip? She could have awakened the dead.

Evening finally came and I was more than thankful. The next morning, however, brought a new host of visitors. One time I noticed two small heads peaking just over the edge of my casket—they were the Jacksons' two monsters. I expected the worst.

One of them started pulling on the satin quilt that protruded over the edge of the casket. I was sure something was going to rip, but this was avoided when the second monster attracted the other's attention by upsetting a bouquet of flowers.

I can remember many other people that visited me, but time is short, and at the present time I have other things to do....
Dedicated to
that institution of institutions
of higher learning . . .

The COFFEE BREAK

To make enumeration
Of the whole conglomerate
Of things that make college collegiate
Would take the same amount of time
As it would take a four-lined rhyme
To become an epic of formidable exaggeration.
But there are some incidents that have impressed themselves on my little mind to such a degree
That to dislodge them would be an impossibility.
The English prof who sits and nurses two cups of coffee, so that he can hear the noise from the jukebox (into which he just put a quarter)
Is the inspiration for this dissertation.

He reminded me of the extracurricular activity
Known as the Coffee Break, an indispensable constituent of this collegiate business of creativity.
Sitting in corner booths at local dives,
All sorts of loquacious individuals gather to discuss the ephemeral, eternal, financial, and sensational—
Topical topics considered to be educational.
Future mathematicians and logicians, bacteriologists and psychologists, musicians and electricians, engineers and lawyers,
Constitute an interesting but very noisy chorus.
So world problems aren’t all solved!
But this I know without a doubt:
If given credit for all hours out
Of classes, drinking coffee,
We’d graduate, due to our garrulous powers,
With approximately six-hundred-and something annual credit hours!

by SHARON DENNIS
This puzzle was originated for your enjoyment—believe it or not! If you get irritated at some of the vague definitions, submit your own puzzle in revenge. The clues in quotes are taken directly from Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary! If you don't believe us, check for yourself. (Dictionaries certainly can "beat around the bush" trying to hit a word, can't they?) We were afraid we'd be insulting your intelligence if we included a key to the crossword puzzle, but we needed the space filled. No peeking beforehand, of course, but the answers are on page 19.

ACROSS:
1. "an elongate depression, usually with an outlet, between bluffs, or between ranges of hills or mountains"
6. a place where four-legged mammals are kept in an effort to rob them for human consumption
9. "an exclamation expressing sorrow, pity, or apprehension of evil"
10. "any plant of a ... type of the family Araceae, ... having the flowers in a fleshy spike subtended by a leafy bract"
12. "a syllable applied to the 6th tone of the diatonic scale in solmization"
13. a girl's name, especially remembered for a French woman
14. a division of "skilled warriors" who are "charged with enforcing law and order" as their "duty"
15. "patternmaker" (in the U.S. Navy)
16. "a short click on a telegraph sounder, forming a letter or part of a letter"
17. "any of a genus (Quercus) or of its related genus (Lithocarpus) of hardwood fagaceous trees and shrubs, the fruit of which is a rounded nut"
18. "the great trunk artery which carries blood from the heart to be distributed by branch arteries through the body"
21. "being one (or pl., some) indiscriminately of whatever kind"
22. "infrequency; scarcity"
25. "a prefix from Latin expressing motion, direction, or change to or toward, adherence or addition, proximity, or merely intensification"
28. "shillings"
29. "bill of sale"
30. "a long, tapering medieval dagger"
33. the comparative form of a word meaning "marked by duplicity"
36. "to sketch as a pattern or model"
38. "the grain of a cereal grass or the plant itself"
39. "at any time"
40. "a mass of metal solidified in a channel leading to molds in the pig bed"

DOWN:
1. a thriving metropolis of 12,000 in Indiana well-known to Valpo students
2. the site of a famous battle in Texas' fight for independence which has been commemorated in the slogan, "Remember the Alamo"
3. abbreviation for a southern state
4. a famous advertising slogan for a well-known brand of cigarettes
5. "a measure of length"
6. "a composition for two performers"
7. "Artium Magister"
8. "to recompense"
11. a river which forms part of the southwestern boundary for the greatest state in the Union
14. "a suffix in nouns denoting resulting thing or abstract condition"
19. "a small long-eared mammal, ...technically one of the lagomorphs"
20. "a slender part of a structure, machine, instrument, etc., projecting from a trunk, axis, or fulcrum"
21. a preposition which "expresses the relation of presence or contact in space or time, or of direction toward"
23. one who is not occupied
24. an interjection
26. "to convert to one's service"
28. "a perennial herb of western North America" whose "blossom is the state flower of Utah"
31. "to the same extent"
32. "a prefix denoting on this side"
34. an appellation for a Californian city
35. "in or of the thing or matter"
37. a direction

DO YOU HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR?

See Page 20
Two Goose or Not Two Geese?

by JACK NELSON

As I find myself rounding the turn in the race for a diploma, and I begin to think of my vast store of knowledge, I find that I am lacking one of the most important bits of information a cultured person can have—I do not know the plural of the word mongoose. In fact, I must admit with shame that up to a few weeks ago, I did not even know what a mongoose was. I had a vague feeling that it was French for "my goose," but after reading a bit of Kipling, I discovered my error and became acquainted with the serpent-fighting rodents.

However, I happened to think: "Just what would you call two of them?"

As I meditated on this over a cup of coffee, I realized the earthshaking importance of knowing the plural of mongoose, and was horrified by the implications of my ignorance. I know that this plural must be important, since it always appears on quizzes dealing with plurals in grammar classes. Then, too, I realized that knowing the plural of mongoose is socially necessary.

For instance, they might suddenly invade the campus, and I, the Paul Revere of Valpo U., would dash up the library steps, throw open the door, and shout, "Here comes a herd of . . . .""?

Of what? I would either have to reveal my ignorance to all of the people in the library or leave them to the mercy of the mongoose herd.

Then again, my roommate may someday stroll into my room and casually remark, "I say, there is a cobra in the front room."

"Brother!" I would say; "Remind me to go downtown tomorrow and buy a pair of . . . ."

Again I would be forced, through lack of knowledge, to commit a faux pas. In the course of some conversation, I might drop a remark to the effect that "our mongeese are doing marvelously, as far as the cobra situation is concerned," and my listeners would snicker up their sleeves and say, "English major? Ha!"

Just what does one do in a case like that? Although I realize my lack of knowledge in this area, I feel no burning desire to look up the word in a qualified dictionary and settle the entire problem once and for all. Instead, I think I will have another cup of coffee and forget all about mongeese, er uh, mongeese, or um, mesgeese. Well, anyway, I intend to forget all about them, and I advise the reader to do the same.
Vu Reviews

Shaw's

ANDRO
A bit of faith-shaking is good for us all. Too often the majority of us have our religion fed to us on the conveyor belt of Sunday School Bible history or the thoughtless memorization of confirmation passages. We are in a dangerous furrow of complacency about faith, perhaps thinking that outward forms will keep us on the paths of righteousness. Occasionally, in a religion course or through something we read, we do question our professed values. Because this re-evaluation makes us think, more of us should be exposed to the stimulation afforded by these books or courses.

A wonderful way to extract ourselves from this smug attitude of self-satisfaction is to read a play by Bernard Shaw. Almost any play will suffice, but since Shaw is currently on campus, *Androcles and the Lion* is especially appropriate. Although the play incorporates many thought-provoking lines in itself, it is the preface to the play that compels the reader to discover the complexity of religious criticism. What Shaw does to the doctrines of Jesus Christ will either arouse your animosity or transport you into gales of hilarious laughter—but it will surely make you think. Christ, according to Fabian Socialist Shaw, was the best Fabian Socialist ever to walk the earth. This thesis, elaborated upon, digressed from, and minutely dissected, is the basis for one hundred pages of excellent prose that are only too seldom read by college students.

If you lack the time or the patience to bear with Shaw at such length, the play will have to substitute for the preface. *Androcles* is a witty play, as are most of Shaw's dramatic pieces. Consequently, much of the thought may be lost through overemphasis on the humor. In the brief Prologue, Androcles and Magaera, his wife, are in the forest, where they discover the lion. Their conversation, ludicrous as it may appear, is very significant in terms of idea and sets the tone of the entire play. Christianity is not acceptable to Magaera, the woman of the streets, in much the same way that such sidewalk religionists as Jehovah's Witnesses are not acceptable to many people today. Magaera wants to scale the social ladder, a desire not to be fulfilled as long as her husband is a Christian. By this device, Shaw demonstrates the difficulties in conceiving a new religious movement, and, rightly or wrongly, illustrates Christianity in this light.

The band of Shavian saints introduced in Act I furthers the idea of the novelty of the Christian movement. Here we discover an analysis of the personality types which attach themselves to a new and different idea. Spintho, the whiner with an eye for heroism, is the worst of the lot. His shabby ideals and sniveling attitude make him an outcast among the group. The mighty Ferrovious, a misguided salvationist, is an extension of an earlier Shaw character, Rev. Anthony Anderson, *The Devil's Disciple*. Both of these men of faith find the war god, Mars, more gratifying than the gentle Jesus.

The brave tailor, Androcles, is Shaw's second-favorite Christian. Shaw believed with Androcles that every living thing had a soul. For this reason, he often talked to animals in presumably the same manner Androcles uses in conversing with Tommy the lion, referring to the cat as a "clever little lioni-piony."

The outstanding character is, of course, Lavinia. She is Shaw's kind of free-thinking Christian—well-educated, intellectual—who understands religious experience and the purposes underlying her faith. The conversations between Lavinia and the Roman captain point up the true meanings to be found in the play.

Much more can be said for *Androcles* and its preface that cannot be expounded here. Both abound in enough controversial issues to consume a week of sessions. Whatever opinion of Bernard Shaw you may hold, you are certain to become richer in many ways through a careful reading or seeing of *Androcles and the Lion*. 
Education is leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others -- John Ruskin.

What is the task of all higher education? To make man into a machine. What are the means employed? He is taught how to suffer being bored. -- Nietzsche.
HAVING WE REACHED AN EDUCATION AD ABSURDUM?

by MARJORIE SOWATSKY

Education is an adventure, a joy, and a relentless taskmaster. It is a goal that is always just beyond our reach. When once we attain one bit of knowledge for which we have striven, we see vast horizons opening before us. We need never fear that soon there will be no new worlds to conquer—as long as we live we may learn.

Yes, education is a wonderful thing—at least, it should be. When we come down from our cloud of reverie, we must face the fact that much of what is offered to us under the guise of education is little more than nonsense. We find that this is true of colleges and universities as well as of other phases of life. Valparaiso University, too, is guilty of this sin. Even though the majority of courses offered at Valparaiso University do not fall within such a category, still some courses do warrant criticism.

Courses that are intellectually inferior should be revised or else abolished from the curriculum of Valparaiso University. The education courses that I have taken at Valparaiso come under this classification. These courses—"Public Education," "Principles of Secondary Education," and "Guidance in the Secondary Schools"—need to be changed drastically before they can ever begin to appeal to anyone of average or better-than-average intelligence.

One reason for the lack of appeal of these courses is the fact that the courses are tediously repetitious. All three courses tell us, until we stop up our ears in protest, that education today must be "education for life adjustment." Unless we as teachers can put such a program into effect, we will be failures—or so we are told. After this fact has been drilled into us, we are given a list of the "Seven Cardinal Principles of Education." Later we are told that no one follows these seven objectives today; still we must know them. The most popular and overworked theme presented in these three courses is the theme of democracy. Democracy is

the god of the classroom and the god of life itself. It is heresy to think that another way of life could be as good or better than the democratic life. Individual ideas are no longer seen as a vital part of democracy, but rather as its enemy.

A second reason for the lack of appeal of these three education courses is the childishly-written textbooks. The authors of the three texts seem to vie with each other for the distinction of having written the most boring and most confused book. The text entitled Foundations of Secondary Education, by Carl Franzen, is the worst of these texts. Franzen's style is offensively familiar, with learned phrases interjected throughout the text to illustrate the amount of knowledge possessed by the author. One example of the confused thinking of Franzen should be sufficient. In the chapter entitled "Education for Health" Franzen discusses worry and the fact that we must find a way to get worry out of our system. He uses Mary, the mother of Jesus, as an example of the harm that repressed worry can do. He states that Mary was wrong when "she kept all these things and pondered them in her heart"—she should have aired her troubles. Thus Franzen distorts the meaning of the Biblical text. Texts for all three of the courses contain a multitudinous number of tables filled with useless information. So many of the dates and figures are listed on each table that no single fact is retained by the reader.

In the droning monotony of the subject material and the absolutely unchallenging textbooks we can see how radically the education courses differ from the educational ideal of vast, unreachable goals. It is time to fight against such intellectually inferior courses. If these courses cannot be revised satisfactorily, then they should be abolished. We are attending college to grow intellectually; why should we have to subject our minds to such nonsense?
Whichever You Prefer
by LORRAINE HAUKG

Since it's just like pulling a rabbit out of a hat, why don't you reach in and try your luck? Luck at what? At choosing the next president of the United States, of course!

Although helping to choose this man is accomplished simply by putting an X in a little box, surveys have shown that most college students have very little to do with this process. To them the only important thing about their 21st birthday is that thereafter they are allowed to enter bars. That they can also enter the polls is of little consequence to them.

Polls? North and South? Or political pulls? Or maybe the Gallup poll? Anyone knows that's fixed! Who would want to enter any of those? Most students seem to decide to ignore political duties.

For most novelty seekers who are willing to go to the presidential polls, we have some rules which will make selecting the right candidate much easier. Selecting the correct candidate is of the utmost importance—any politician proclaims that countless disasters will befall this country if you, the voter, select the wrong president.

To eliminate worry about which candidate to select, here is the first rule: Select the man who makes the most lavish promises. Back in World War I the candidate stated that if he were elected, he would direct the fighting, that war would be the "war to end all wars." Obviously, he was the correct man to vote for at that time. Fortunately, the voters of that era understood our first rule, and they did elect the candidate. The peace we have enjoyed since that "war to end all wars" has certainly been a boon to mankind. (Little skirmishes like the one from 1939 to 1945 must be overlooked.) An even more wonderful life will be yours if you select the candidate who promises to give your country "peace, prosperity, and progress." Who could ask for more? Now we are promised not only peace, but also a good life with this peace!

If the promises of both campaigners seem quite similar, you must go one step further: Select your candidate on the basis of his home life. Every candidate has a mother—surely the best reference to check to see whether the candidate has the personal qualities he needs. The candidate's wife—if he still has one—is also a good reference. However, don't rely on her judgment if she has been foolish enough to divorce him. Every candidate has children, and most candidates have a dog. If his dog is of the same breed as yours, it is important, for this means that his choices would be your choices! If his children's adventures are like yours, if they roughhouse with their father and do dishes with their mother, this is important, for it means that you wouldn't mind if his children would be yours.

For at that time. Fortunately, the voters of that era understood our first rule, and they did elect the candidate. The peace we have enjoyed since that "war to end all wars" has certainly been a boon to mankind. (Little skirmishes like the one from 1939 to 1945 must be overlooked.) An even more wonderful life will be yours if you select the candidate who promises to give your country "peace, prosperity, and progress." Who could ask for more? Now we are promised not only peace, but also a good life with this peace!

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By now everyone should have made his selection of a candidate—everyone except the government majors, that is. To you who have not yet made a choice based on either the candidate's promises or his family and dog, we offer our sympathy. You must meticulously examine the events of the past months and analyze them. The party platform and the politicians' speeches must be viewed in the light of your beliefs. Then you must make your selection. This method can be more like finding a needle in a haystack than pulling a rabbit out of a hat.
NO MORE THE BRONZE

by JOE ARGUELLES

No more the bronze shall clash by night,
Those sounds of pride eschewing might,
Like green-deep seas shouting their dread,
Sparing wan life no more; instead
Vain blood, bright red under the moon,
Had flown beneath the bronze too soon:
Kings gripped their swords with furies fast
And heeded not the lightening cast
By languid eyes who knew so right
The dream of kings who ruled by night
In dusty chambers cluttered thick
With gilt-edged swords and mortals sick,
Who dreaded long the battles near
And filled their cups with blinding fear.
Those deathless kings by bronze were stilled;
Their sons, too, have long since spilled
Roy'1 blood upon this bronze-wrought beach,
And crept towards night, O' dumb for speech.
The dreams of voiceless kings, among
These sea-washed wastes, now afloat,
By time's dark tides, like tongues decayed,
Frothing green where kings were laid.

THE BOY WHO WANTED THE SUN

by JOE ARGUELLES

The sun blazed upon the crooked black trees
Like a disc of time that the gods couldn't seize;
Blazed upon the wandering boy with the ebony hair
Who fell exhausted into an antique chair;
A chair that stood in the middle of the plain,
As strange as all the mysteries the earth could contain.
Unblinking, the boy peered into the far-away sun;
Wanting to have it, wondering if it could be done;
To hold that burning disc, to bring it crashing to this earth,
Smouldering, burning, so he could watch it in all his mirth.

Such a dream, such a dream, he gazed too far;
He saw beyond the dusty hills, beyond the things that are.
How quiet he sat while blue-yellow grass
Was blown by wily winds that sounded of brass on brass.
The old trees creaked an ancient tune, a far-away song
Of angels with flaxen hair so long, so long;
A mellow tune of twilight times and milk-moon nights
Whence stars crashed silently with proud and brilliant lights.
But the boy sat quietly as the far-away sun fell down.
The milk-moon sat on darkened hills, a diamond crown.
Casting nocturnal shadows on the boy's lonely face
For his sun was out of reach, lost in unseen space.
NOVEMBER FUNERAL
by ED VISNOW

Charles Osborn, four and a half,
Knew the turtle had life,
And it made him laugh.
Charles Osborn at the age of thirteen
In slim-hipped freedom
In the fields could be seen.
Charles Osborn at twenty-one
Wished he could go with
The setting sun.
Charles Osborn at forty-eight
Knew when the afternoon train
Was late.
Charles Osborn, fifty-five,
Couldn’t drink like that and stay
Alive.

SELF-EXPRESSION
by CHARLOTTE

If I were a hawk—
I'd squawk.
If I were a mule—
I'd vociferously balk.
As a melodramatic actor
I'd stalk
From the stage
Or
As Elvis the Pelvis I'd roll and I'd
rock—
And my fans would all gawk.
If I were a key
I would lock—
But I'm not—I am ME,
So I talk and I talk
And
I
talk.
VIEW RE: VU

Nearly all of the items on the table of contents in this issue are contributions, rather than assignments. Ellen Sweet is now teaching social studies in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Jack Nelson (one of last year's Vu co-editors) is teaching languages in Houston, Texas. Carol Steinke comes from Pennsylvania, and wrote her essay spontaneously. Joe Arguelles' poems come from a collection which he has been compiling since he was in high school in Rochester, Minnesota. Mike Utech is a vet and a transfer student from the University of Wisconsin. After a stint in the US Army and one semester at the University of Iowa, Ed Visnow has returned to Valparaiso, where he started out several years ago in the field of creative writing. After having raised a family, Mrs. Lillian Stodola is now in our elementary education department. A philosophy major and a member of Pi Delta Chi, Sharon Dennis is now in her third year at Valpo; her "pome"-writing is merely a diversion. Marjorie Sowalsky, too, is a junior, and is, obviously, in secondary education with a major in English; Marilyn Evers, a history major, celebrated Shaw's 100th anniversary by studying his plays this summer. Lorraine Haugh, a senior home economics student, is celebrating her first chance to vote by studying the campaigns. Ed Easton, a sophomore, has no declared major. His article was an impromptu theme written last year for his Freshman Composition class. Most of the articles have been illustrated by Marlene Noz, a biology major, and Bert Haerther, general campus photographer, helped out with the pictures.

BIG LEAF CONTEST!!

In the middle of Vu magazine this month, there is a design of GENUINE Valparaiso autumn leaves—leaves which have fallen from trees on South Campus! To stimulate students' interest in South Campus, the Vu editors are happy to announce that they will award $5—that's right: FIVE DOLLARS!—to any Valpo student who can find the original leaves which were used to make this design. Hurry! Hurry! and don't forget: Entries limited to five per reader.
BUOYS AND GIRLS!

We need your help -- if you want cartoons in Vu. Please submit any and all cartoons you may find and/or make up to the Vu mailbox in the business office! Draw them in India ink, 2 1/4” or 3 1/2” wide.

Merci

by CAROL STEINKE

The amount of attention the upperclassmen showed us innocent freshmen is indeed praiseworthy. The upperclassmen, under the leadership of a traditions committee, took not only our problems but, in a sense, also our very existence into their hands.

Through their foresight we girls economically saved our lipstick. Nobody had to think about appearing conspicuous in red clothes. Neither the guys nor the girls had to worry about catching colds, for our heads were always protected by a lovely green “pot”.

We shall be eternally grateful to the upperclassmen for their ingenious suggestion for not losing our books by letting us carry them in a shopping bag. They were always thinking of our welfare and felt compelled to protect us from certain campus evils—south campus, Student Bridge, .... They even made sure that our brains stayed in shape by letting us exercise them with a long list of ultra-important data to memorize.

Then these considerate students decided to pamper us even more with a few special, freshmen-only privileges, such as buttoning, walking in the street, and lighting cigarettes to show our appreciation for their generous consideration. We were especially fond of one privilege—the air raid—because many of us had never before been allowed to jump under a table during a meal.

We could go on and on enumerating the innumerable noteworthy considerations the benevolent upperclassmen have so generously showered upon us undeserving freshmen, but that isn’t necessary, for I’m sure the upperclassmen know these deeds better than we.

Therefore, in summary, we freshmen gratefully say, “Thank you. We’ll always remember with undying gratitude your unselfish concern for our welfare.”
Refreshing new idea in smoking

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menthol fresh
rich tobacco taste
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Take a puff, it’s springtime! Refreshing as this spring scene looks—that’s how new Salem tastes. Full rich tobacco flavor with a new surprise softness. Try all-new Salem...first cigarette of its kind. A wonderful new experience!

Salem refreshes your taste...you’ll love ’em!