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EDITORIAL:

CROWS ET AL.

While perusing some quaint folklore the other day, I found the following account of a crow kingdom. Most everyone knows that crows are often like humans in many of their actions; in fact this crow kingdom resembled some friends and groups so closely that I thought I would describe this kingdom for the benefit of our readers.

Once upon a time there lived a kingdom of crows near a big lake and a huge metropolis. Now all these crows were going to college and most of them belonged to one or more organizations. All the girl crows were eager to join the groups called “croworities,” and all the boy crows were anxious to join their boy groups called “crowternities.”

This was a happy crow college. Most of the student crows went to classes every day, every day but Monday, that is. Monday, the classes were not well attended for many crows decided to stay in their cozy little nests and rest from the vigorous activities of their weekends. Of course this was much to the consternation of the professors, but still the college kept going and growing from year to year. Yet as the enrollment increased the intellectual level of the campus slowly lowered because the college needed to enroll many crows, and especially many athletic crows so that the school would win many crow games. Of course this also helped to impress those crows who had not decided which crow college to attend. But most of the crows were relatively happy in their complacency, and just so long as they were able to amass enough credits to graduate, that alone was enough to keep them sustained year to year.

A rather curious thing about these crows, however, was their dealings with their respective croworities and crowternities. Oddly enough, most of the girl and boy crows worked especially hard for these organizations, and many of the crows felt that it was better to work more for their organizations than on their studies.

To many an outsider crow observing the activities, it seemed that twice each year the crow organizations fairly bristled with activity. To these observers the fact was evi-
Dear Editor:

We are plain, simple, virtuous college students and we think your magazine is simply scadalous and a waste of time for a pious soul's reading.

Furthermore, your calendars and pictures of girls are dreadfully immoral and degrading to anyone who reads it from our house. If you think you are fooling us with that cartoon on page 19 you are mistaken. We know how the girls look that usually appear with the sultan.

We suggest you just publish all the terribly interesting stories in the *Ladies Home Journal*. They are all very romantic and they use excellent short story techniques.

The Phi Delts

Dear Phi Delts:

*Ex-Squire* realizes the error of its ways and is trying to prevent any immoral exposure of its girls. In the picture of our arty editor on pages 10-11, we have tried to cover everything possible except that we ran out of shoes. We hope this does not offend you.

Dr. Friedrich, our short story adviser, likes the short stories in the *Woman’s Home Companion* much better so we are taking our romantic stories from it.

J. & S.

Dear Padnah:

I all is from the gee-reatest state in this all union, Texas, and I all objects to you all printing thet insultin artical by Bernard Doorty on Texas. Efun Doorty evah comes close to this hyar border, I all intends to hang him from the tallest oil well in Texas, which is about sixty foot higher then the Emperor State buildin.

Futhuh more, efun the Yoonited States wants to offand its gee-reatest alley, Texas, than we all is signing up a treety with the Sophi Et Yoonyun.

Pecos Bill

Dear Youse:

That there Boinahd Doitty just aint a good woiter nohow noway. If Mr. Doitty wuz to come ovoih to Brooklin, he'd see how inkirrect he is. If youse really tinks Brooklin aint woith a querter and is jist a mess of unkultoorred boobs, youse bettah quit publishin youse magazine jist to make fun of people. We resents the implecashon that we dont know no English. We konsider New Yoyk speech to be the offishal langwich of the countree.

If youse dont apoligiss, we will jine up with them fellas from Texas and sign a tree tea with the Soviyet Onion.

Rocky Gritsiano, Ex-Squire

Dear Rocky and Pecos:

Mr. Bernard Dorrity, who wrote the ar­
ticles about Texas and Brooklyn, wishes you to know that of course he is very sorry, but he only presents the FACTS, even though he despises Brooklyn and Texas. This is the first time he has heard of any resentment.

Before contacting Russia, please read Mr. Dorrity’s article on “Clods and Slobs I Have Known in the Soviet Union.” This is another in Mr. Dorrity’s series of FACTUAL articles.

J. & S.

Dear Editor:

The Stupid Council resents the pub­lication of *Ex-Squire* by VU, Inc. and hereby gives official notice that it will not reimburse VU for the $6000 cost. We are not called Stupid for nothing. This outrage is going into committee, and we expect prompt action even before the Student Union is finished.

We still think you should have picked something more intellectual like the *Atlantic Monthly*. Just because three fourths of the campus reads *Ex-Squire* doesn’t mean you have to publish it. Furthermore, our stupid president, Dave Snide, thinks the whole bunch of clods on campus will think too much about women and get married instead of turning out to be good scholars like he thinks he is.

The Stupid, Stupid Council
ACCENT ON ELEGANCE

To those unacquainted with the campus of Valparaiso University the Ex-Squire reporter takes this opportunity to mention a new trend, the accent on elegance.

This new accent is not only seen in the advance styles of dress, but also can be noted in the change of the local beaneries to cater to the fashionable set. The roving reporter happened to find Miss Laura Fountain and Mr. Jud Peter in the cafeteria.

When asked why they chose this place in which to eat, Mr. Peter replied, “Oh, I think this place is so cozy.” Miss Fountain added, “And you meet all the important people here, too.”

The recent trend to add elegance to the fashions can be noted in this couple. A glance at the lass would indicate her choice for the comfortable, but smart. Her escort is wearing the latest in hat fashion and dinner clothes — Mr. Peter has chosen a blue gabardine suit set off with velvet cuffs. Satin-faced lapels give it additional elegance. Fashion experts agree that hats are a “must.”

The trend in elegance may also be noted in the trend toward modernistic decorations. Recent innovations in the cafeteria include art exhibitions by the best artists: Bilekey, Wizzmar, Churchmound.

For the after-show-snack, elegance is again the keyword. The couple here shown chose the tops in current likes: tea and milk.

Other spots on campus that prove to be favorites for the college set are the Shanty and a spot called the Hole. Here, too, the Ex-Squire diner noted that elegance was the new requirement. The Shanty is a small, cheerful spot at College and Union. Elaborate murals of an Alpine village adorn the walls; these undoubtedly are a further extension of the elegant craze.

The Hole, inelegant as it sounds, nevertheless caters to those interested in home-cooked food. Actually it is a basement redone to look like a cellar. Occasional dramatic skits by the owners provide a variety of entertainment for the critical person desirous of the very best in elegance.
CULTURE? ON CAMPUS

No doubt about it. There are definite channels for outlets of creative art on this campus. Anywhere you gaze, there it is. Evidences of the great center of culture can be viewed from the illustrious perspective paintings hanging in the art galleries of Kroenke Hall, or by noting the preened ears of the seven S. A. I. members attending a Sunday afternoon Bach concert.

And when it comes to lyceum programs, one can hardly shove his way through the teeming herd jamming the doors at the auditorium. If one can persevere long enough to obtain a seat (probably after he has trampled upon some devoted faculty member), the patron of the arts will be rewarded in hearing some excellent Irish octet ditties.

But perhaps we should break down culture into three categories and analyze it subjectively. First we have music. To the average listener (and according to a recent poll taken by the educational department 91% of the music listeners at this institution are average, which fouls up the statistical men completely), music is a rather mysterious art, with a mathematically complicated technique. Technicians sometimes make cryptic statements about it that cannot always be checked by the non-professionals who form its rightful audience, which is the understatement of the year.

And then there are those student recitals which are going on constantly but no one ever seems to know why, where, when, or how except the diligent performer and her roommate. Now and then an outcast Bohemian may wander into Recital Hall looking for a lost chorale. Immediately he is clamped into a front row seat and the score is thrust into his hands.

Concerts are always being held, and occasionally a triumvirate plus one Student Aid page-turner may give us some fine classical compositions, but only music majors attend and the rest of the pseudo-intellectuals are mentally conjugating German irregular verbs.

Since we’re touched lightly upon the great ivy-twined edifice located in the sunken kettle-hole, let’s delve into the museum of modern art located there. One picture hanging elegantly over the fire-extinguisher is “Flowers in Vase” (a reasonable attempt). This is an absolute riot of color footloose and fancy free splashing madly about on the canvas. Another interesting sketch is one of two monstrous egg-headed children smiling, as if insanely happy over their I. Q. being 36.7. The “Imbibing Gentlemen,” a discreet inside view of a fraternity rush smoker, is done in high-toned conda crayon — another Van Gogh replica distinguished by the masses.

Shakespeare, the “immortal bard,” as his affectionate wife used to call him, is slowly seeping onto our campus with King Lear being produced next fall. We really need some snappy entertainment on the modern stage, and soon we’ll have it in our very court-yard inn. Prediction: the groundlings will jam it to capacity. But let’s hope the declamations will be more than a young man representing the Daughters of American Revolution on Memorial Day.

And then every year we have the dutiful Christmas productions put on by V. T. and subjects which are about as awe-inspiring as a treasurer’s report. Here dramatics are transcended into religion, but the outcome leaves us searching for still more stars for our crown.

Incidentally, have you ever attended the grade-school productions at the Memorial Opera house? I hear the critic teachers go absolutely wild over them.
1) Upper Left
The car for the specially-privileged athlete presented from the student-aid committee.

2) Upper right
The car designed for the overly plump faculty member; usually driven by one certain engineering professor.

3) Middle
The newest of press cars designed for publications staffs. Paid for with funds from sale of old Beacons.

4) Lower right
The very finest of automotive engineering being used by Public Relations; with automatic propaganda dispenser on side.

5) Lower left
A recent invention for that faculty member who dislikes cars, bicycles, and walking.
Tennis, everyone will tell you, is a game for the real athlete. Since it is impossible to play tennis alone, (so I've been told) the manner in which you approach the situation is important.

What to Wear

Proper procedure begins with what you wear. White from tip to toe is traditional . . . but who wants to be traditional? For the sake of variety, we recommend a casual combination of colors that will attract attention . For the eager co-ed (who desires the eye of the smooth, athletic fraternity man,) this will be a cool combo of tennis red along with Oxford gray . . . to keep his mind off the ball. For the male tennis player who is looking for a feminine partner, may we suggest the traditional white . . . but not too white. The more wrinkled your shirt, and the grayer your shorts . . . the quicker she will be convinced that you're just the he-man she's been looking for all these years. Your shoes, perhaps the most important of all, should be as dirty as possible. (This hints at rugged individuality.) Girls, don't have your sneakers in top shape . . . you're liable to fall. If we neglected to cover anything in the above paragraph, use your own discretion.

The Sporting Gesture

On a par with the proper attire as a criterion is the sporting gesture. It's the "little things" that count. Here are some pointers for boistering that feeling of sportsmanship.

1. When the game begins, the question of who is to serve first is determined by flipping the racquet. If you are not satisfied with the results, feel free to use the racquet on your opponent. Nobody expects you to give yourself the worst of it. If the sun shines in your opponent's eyes . . . let it! Your turn will probably come when you change courts (or so he thinks).

2. By the rules, you change courts after the odd game — 1, 3, 5, etc. (But who goes by the rules?) When your opponent walks over to take the court you're just getting acquainted with, make a face at him. If he looks startled . . . turn on the tears (men . . . growl). He should take the hint!

3. As you stand ready to serve, don't ask him if he's ready. You can tell by looking at him. If he isn't ready . . . now's your chance . . . give it all you've got!!

4. Your first serve in a social game should be returnable. If, however, you are able to burn it in . . . go ahead.

5. When the first ball served to you is out, the logical move would be not to hit it. For our purposes, try to return it. If your opponent disputes the point, either stick up for your rights, or bat him over the head!

6. In regard to returning the balls to the server after a point has been scored, remember two things: He needs and wants all three balls in his hand when he serves . . . and he doesn't want to have to chase after them. Collect all the balls on your side of the net after the point and hold them 'til you think he's frustrated enough. When he begins to get red, then, and only then, is the time to return them. Toss them over slowly, one by one.

7. Relative quiet is a fairly good rule. However, an even better idea is to disregard that one, and talk as much as you can. This will undoubtedly bore your partner. Good!

The Spectator

The spectator at a casual social match should make every effort to interfere. Annoying babble isn't enough. The distracting yells and whoops will go over in an even bigger way. If you think one or both of the players is growing disgusted . . . all well and good. Keep it up and see how much patience they have.

The above is a key to poor sportsmanship. You may abide by these suggestions if you like. It might lead to an entirely different type of game, if you're willing to take the chance. If, however, you want to remain friends with everyone and still show your face on the court . . . better use the paper to start a fire.
The Editor's note: All characters in this story are entirely fictional and any resemblance to persons either living or dead, is purely coincidental.

"Hello Bob, you old son-of-a-gun!"

"Hi! What's new?"

"Just got back from Valpo. Easter vacation. Did you hear about the little scandal brewing out there?"

"No."

"Doesn't surprise me. It's the biggest hush-hush intrigue since the 1954 BEACON. They been keeping it quiet."

"What's the deal?"

"Well, you remember Dr. Flunkem—head of the English department? Anyhow, they had a little revolt out there—the faculty I mean. Tremendous. Greatest thing since Herpolsheimer's legendary farewell speech. The TORCH was going to write up the whole thing, but the editor majors in English and he's smart enough to know there's a difference between writing editorials about the freedom of the press and a practical thing like exposing your major department head."

"Well, you major in English too, don't you?"

"Natch. If I didn't, I wouldn't be telling you this story in the stream of experience style. I guess the only reason I majored in English was for the senior spaghetti supper. That's one thing Doc Flunkem can do—cook good spaghetti. But like I was saying, this whole thing started right after Christmas vacation when the freshmen term-papers came in. This year they were particularly lousy. They were about as interesting as George Schenk's column in the TORCH, and Doc Flunkem was boiling. I guess he figured that the students couldn't be at fault because the Student Procurement office had showed him all kinds of statistics about how we were getting high-type, mature, intelli-
KANE MUTINY

by Bill Hughes

gent kids. So he figured the blame must be tossed on the faculty. O.P. was pretty calm and level-headed about the whole thing and tried to smooth it over, but no go. It'd be easier trying to sell the CRESSET at $1 a copy in the Royalee.

"Anyhow, Flunkem calls in all the faculty members of the English department and really lays them low. He's ranting and raving, wide-eyed as a freshman on registration day. Dr. Ombrock was sitting, looking aghast, muttering 'I'm shocked.' Flunkem had two little pieces of chalk in his hand, rubbing them together as he talked, using the kind of language he requires his students to use in their short stories. All of a sudden, just when he's reaching his fire and brimstone peak, this Professor Kane jumps up and tells the Doc to keep quiet.

"Well, the room is suddenly bursting with silence and Flunkem and Prof. Kane are glaring at each other. The Doc was once Acting President and Dean and what not all about 15 years ago you know, and a member of his department telling him to pipe down is about as inconceivable as a heroin ring at the Deaconess house. This guy Kane came from some other university and started right off as a full professor and there was a little academic politics involved in there too. Finally, Kane says, 'Dr. Flunkem, you're sick. Under Article 184 of University Regulations, I am relieving you how he'd break Kane, but his fire is gone and he strides out of the room leaving Kane in command.

"You can't keep a thing like this quiet. Word got out, and pretty soon Kane got so much mail that you'd think he was on the prospective contributor list of University Relations. Pretty soon all the faculty was taking sides, and trying to reconcile the argument was tougher than trying to get university approval for an all-campus pajama party. Doc Flunkem filed countercharges with O.P., and there were even rumors about the Student-Faculty council being revived to discuss the case. I guess it was Dean Brower who suggested holding trial proceedings at the next faculty meeting, and both sides agreed.

"I know just what happened because the trial was held in Dorm B and I was only 14 rooms away. Doc Flunkem had Dr. Salvage as his counsel, but Prof. Kane didn't reveal his lawyer until the trial began. He was cagey as a新鲜man co-ed on a blind date with a Lamb-da Chi. Turns out that Kane has got Dr. Wailing to represent him, and Wailing shows up in his Navy commander's uniform with a black knit tie and new white bucks. Real cool.

"Everybody figured that Flunkem would win out, seeing how he had so much prestige and pull and all. Lawyer Salvage broke down the witnesses from the English department except for Dr. Ombrock who was still muttering 'I'm shocked.' Salvage stressed that this sort of thing never happened before and that Flunkem had full right to criticize his teaching staff. Kane looked pretty worried, but Doc Wailing pressed his fingertips together and looked soulfully confident. It really looked like Doc Flunkem had it all sewed up — he was even reading 'Romantic Movement' termpapers and gleefully writing 'unacceptable' on the covers.

"Then it happened. The defense took over and Wailing put Prof. Kane on the stand. It developed that Kane had kept a diary of Flunkem's suspicious actions — he thought the Doc was a paranoid or manic depressive or something. He told how Flunkem always wore the same faded canary-colored tie to class and everybody called him 'Old Yellowstain.' Then he mentioned the spaghetti supper for graduating English majors in 1954 when the Doc discovered some strawberries missing from the refrigerator. He kept the students locked up in his house for two days and it caused all kinds of trouble because the co-eds never signed in and the Dean of Women ordered out the sheriff with a dozen bloodhounds to find them. The strawberries were never found and Dean Tangerwoman almost died of heart failure when the dogs mistakenly raced off for Cal City. Anyhow, they got Prof. Groober from the psychology department to give them the word about paranoids and such, but he just talked about Pablov and his dog and Donald and Gua and it didn't add much.

"Well, by this time, Doc Flunkem was back on the stand and he was really nervous. He was rolling those two little pieces of chalk in his hand and Wailing kept looking at him skeptically like the profs do on registration day when you tell them you can't take a Saturday class because you work. About this time Dr. Salvage left for the Old Style, and that ended the trial. Doc Flunkem suffered a moral defeat — he kept his position and all but had his office moved to the basement of the Music Hall. Prof. Kane left the school with a guy named Willie Keith who had some sort of deal in Yosemite National Park, and that returned things to status quo.

"Oh yes, one other thing. Some guy by the name of Herman Wouk followed the whole story pretty closely and took notes. When he saw Doc Wailing in his commanders uniform he got the idea to take the plot and make a navy story of it. But I doubt if it'll sell."

"Real interesting. Been nice seeing you again."

"Yeah, Bob. So long."

THE END
Ex-Squire's Arty Art Editor:
Carol Meyer
EX-SQUIRE
PICTURES

The Union's Progress
"The Student Union is considered primarily a building by most of us, but more so, it is a program which will serve to unify the student body."

This remark was made by Al Looman, Placement Director and Director of the Union, in a recent interview. Mr. Looman put into this sentence one of the important objectives of Valpo's extracurricular program, the integration of each individual into the University family. Because of his experience as an undergraduate student here, Mr. Looman realizes the importance of such an objective, and with the rest of the University family is extremely anxious to put the Student Union project into operation.

Plans for the opening have been postponed until the end of May. However, it is the hope of the Board to honor the senior class with a dinner during Senior Week. The building being now ninety per cent complete, there is little doubt that the interior furnishings will be finished by this time.

Picture windows occupy the wall overlooking East campus and Highways 2 and 30 in the main dining room, which will seat 250 students. The equipment of the present cafeteria will be used in the new building, but cannot be moved until a time when the entire student body will be absent from the campus. Other facilities for eating are a banquet hall, private dining room, and a social hall. The Union will also have its own bakery. To facilitate easier serving, an elevator has been installed to carry food from the kitchen to the small dining room located on the first level. Other modern conveniences that will be found in the building are radiant heating, public address and hi-fidelity systems.

For the special interest groups on campus, a music-listening room and a crafts and hobbies room has been provided. The corridor connecting the social and the banquet halls will serve as a display area for art. Two television rooms, a barbershop, a game room, four bowling alleys and an information desk will provide recreation and service to the student body. Plans have already been made to increase the number of bowling alleys to eight as soon as possible.

Before the opening of the Union, the offices of the Torch, Beacon, VU, Alpha Phi Omega and Director of the Union will be transferred there. The service and publications organizations, now cramped for space in the old Student Union offices, will be able to provide greater service to the campus community with the additional space and facilities.

Landscaping to be done next fall by a professional firm with the help of students will complete the project.

A group of nine students and six faculty-alumni-administration people will act as the governing body for the Union. All rules and regulations will be set up under the Valpo tradition of student freedom and responsibility.

"Students, this is your Union" may have become a trite phrase on campus, but it is nevertheless a true one.
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**WANDA DREES**

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*Easter Recess Begins*

*Easter Recess Ends*

*Sorority "Hell Night"*

*Termpapers due*
Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later one hermit mumbled, “That was a pretty brown horse.”

Two years later another hermit said, “That wasn’t a brown horse, it was white.”

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. “If it’s going to be this constant bickering,” he said, “I’m leaving.”

All men were born free, but only athletes can go through college that way.

Brown’s party was a roaring success except in one respect — there were no napkins. The store was sold out of paper ones and the linen napkins hadn’t came back from the laundry. So Brown mounted a chair and announced, “Ladies and gentlemen, there are no napkins but at frequent intervals a large, wooly dog will pass among you.”

Lectures are like steer horns — a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in between.

Too much chloroform, Mirich?

FOR THE “EX-SQUIRE”
FEMME FATALE,
WE PRESENT TWO
STUNNING SUMMER
OUTFITS NOW
FEATURED AT THE
CORONET SHOP
IN DOWNTOWN
VALPARAISO

The black swimming suit worn by Miss Suzanne Hesterman is by Catalina. Miss Carol White’s ensemble combines toreador slacks by Phil Rose of California and a white orlon sweater by Canterbury.

3 Lincolnway CORONET SHOP Phone: 4-0511
Shucks, Maw, we didn’t need to go to college...
Porter County, a mysterious land of swamps and clear gurgling streams... set in the midst of historical northern Indiana... The name is derived from an old Indian place name, Portiumugh-countium, meaning, "Students, this is your Student Union".

Its sounds are the beating of water on white sand; the gallup-plop, gallup-plop of squidy shoes slurping through the open fields; the far-off soothing whistles and roars of the Pennsylvania railroad; the tinkle of glasses and chortles of the natives at one of the well-known nighteries; and the sad ballads of lonesome college men.

Its sights are gray smoke arising on the slate gray horizon; the brown and gray of flat prairie landscape; the gray waters of Lake Michigan just lying there; and on the campus of Valparaiso University, a woman dressed in brown and gold framed against the background of gray-haired college professors.

Traveling through this fabulous landscape with its varieties of grays and browns, I found many tourists unable to tear themselves away from some of the livelier resort areas.

At sunny Saeger's Lake, the influx of tourists is so great that one of the aborigines, whose land borders this Mediterranean of the Midwest, has set up a lucrative car lot business. Farther to the north, bordering Lake Michigan, a play area has been set up for the benefit of the students of Valparaiso University, called the dunes area. Here beautifully developed blowouts and

Continued on Page 18

These Geology Field Trips are Really Rough!
magnificent growths of poison ivy attract nature lovers from all parts of the college campus. It is advisable to cover this area at the off-season, i.e., when classes are not in session at the citadel of higher learning. You may want to make a stopover at one of the more sophisticated fun areas, Lake Eliza, where the Hoosier cultural flavor is especially strong. There are beautiful and spacious accommodations for tourists with modern conveniences and clean rest rooms. In the city of Valparaiso, the cultural and artistic center of Porter County, many well-known nighteries light up the streets with their neon lights. This is one of the liveliest towns in Porter County.

Good food is extremely cheap in the environs of Valparaiso. A delicious native dish, called Parry's Sandwich, can be bought for only ten cents.

After viewing the region and meeting the quaint natives, I can only echo the traditional aborigine greeting, "To The Dunes!"

Refresh at the Dunes

The Most Modern of Conveniences
How to Beat Your Wife

- In An Argument -

I'm a vet, married, attending the University here. For obvious reasons I must remain anonymous. But here, safe from the eyes of all women, I can pass on my secret to the men; at last I have found out how to KEEP my wife happy. And myself I might add.

It all started when I became disgusted with the University's courses; none of them helped me get along with my wife. As yet the Progressive Educators had been unable to inject a "How to Keep the Little Woman Happy" course into the curriculum.

I took Logic figuring it would help me reason calmly and intelligently with my wife, Virginia. I passed the course with an "A" and flunked it on Virginia. Later, my Logic prof confessed it didn't work with his wife either.

Things came to a head one day when my sweet, lovable wife was fixing lunch. "Will, I'm fixing corned beef sandwiches. Do you want anything on them — mayonnaise?"

"Horse radish will be fine."

"No, there isn't any. How's catsup?"
she said.

I said I didn't want catsup, the sandwich would be fine plain. There was nothing wrong with a good corned beef on Swedish rye with dill pickles.

Virginia brought my sandwich on a plate. It consisted of two extra thin pieces of enriched white bread daintily sliced diagonally. I supposed that was the advantage of marriage; a bachelor is apt to get sort of fussy about his food, but a man who's been married for awhile can eat pretty nearly anything.

I took a healthy bite, and catsup squirted onto my hands_ Virginia looked askance. "Dear, what happened? Are you all right?"

About this time my hands were gory with Heinz' 57 Varieties. "Hm, catsup. Well," I said magnanimously, "I said no catsup, but that's all right. You probably forgot." After all, anyone, including the little woman, could make a mistake.

Virginia stared at me intolerantly. "Of course I didn't forget. Only after I had the sandwiches made they looked so dry. We didn't have any mayonnaise so— " She stomped angrily out of the room. I retired to seek the advice of my friend Ed, a psych major.

Ed told me I had to use a little imagination and delicacy when Virginia was emotional. "Okay, what do I do when we argue, and I finally give in, even tho she's wrong? Then she isn't satisfied either and makes me go back and agree to every bit of her faulty reasoning and her wrong logic."

"There's just one solution," said Ed. "You've got to beat her to the punch and grab the wrong side for yourself."

"That's hard to ask; I do have my pride."

"False pride," Ed said. "There's something about reason that brings out the savage in a woman. What a husband should do is bring out the best in his wife. Give her a chance to prove how tender, generous, forgiving, etc., she is. This makes it easier to get along and improves her character."

The next night Virginia suggested a movie downtown. I countered with bowling with Ed and Gert and suggested saving money by seeing the movie in the neighborhood later on.

"But don't you see, by then we'll already have seen the picture, and it will be the ideal time to go bowling," she said.

Now I tried Ed's advice even though deserting my logic was hard to take. "I was thinking of expense; the movie will cost more."

Virginia frowned, but a gleam in her eyes showed through. "Oh, how much will the movie cost?"

"Let's see, tickets and gas. About $2."

"Don't forget a quarter for parking."

That was the give away. My wife will always be extra honest whenever she figures she has me. "How much for bowling?"

"Hm, 40c a line, three games apiece, and 35c for refreshments. Hm, I guess the movies cost $2.25 and bowling $2.75. I must have figured wrong, I guess. Well, let's get the car out and go to the movies," I sighed.

Virginia didn't move. "Well, you did have your heart set on bowling, and fifty cents isn't so much."

"No," I said, "we should save money. We can—"

"No, I'll take the money from my penny bank; it's my treat." She kissed me on the forehead.

I got my bowling ball from the closet feeling like a heel. I called Ed and frankly told him so. It wasn't fair to trick Virginia like this.

"Remember," Ed said, "we men were born to suffer. As long as the ladies think they're happy making us happy, we're okay."

WASHDAY — SULTAN'S DAY OFF
TALKING SHOP WITH EX-SQUIRE

For those girls whose major problems usually revolve around what to present to their favorite men, in the line of gifts and such, the Ex-Squire shopper offers these ideas.

For the “extra-special” man on the list may we suggest an “Old Style” bottle guard. It protects all sorts of kinds and sizes of bottles for the man who travels or for the man who just stays home and carries his from room to room.

For the “sick friend” we offer the unusual gift—a full gallon of Harmon’s Special Delight: three parts ersatz, two parts Hawaiian Punch, and just a dash of red pepper.

For those girls who men over forty we have the finest assortment of Poncher’s refined zest pills (with aspirin). Life’s thrilling experiences can be had by all.

EDITORIAL: (Continued from Page 1)

dent that during these times, weeks of work for the organizations would take place, but the attention to school work was nil.

These two times of the year were Crowcoming and crow-getting. The first event usually occurred in October when all the alumni crows returned to the different nests to renew acquaintances. To prepare for this event all the crows would spend weeks of preparation in building crow floats and relining their nests. Then on the big Crow Day there would be a parade and a football game in which the college would show off its prize athletic crows; in the evening there would be gala crown parties. The next week of classes the professors would be quite lenient for all the crows were so weary that it took them a while to recuperate.

The next big event in their crown lives was the task of crow getting. This project entailed much planning, much work, and much time away from classes. In the spring every crow who was a member of an organization would get together with his fellow crows and try to induce non-members to join his organization. This necessitated much preening of the crows’ looks and personalities, as well as the giving of parties to impress the prospective members. Especially the croworities devoted much fuss and work on their parties which were intended to show the non-members how much fun organized crown life really is.

Once again classes had to be missed, the crows were all in a state of nervous flutter for weeks, and the poor teachers could only shake their feathery little heads and squawk that this was just another example of crown campus life.

Once not too long ago an unfortunate crown stirred his feathers and became a little irate at the values some of his crown friends held. This little crown even asked other crows if school work shouldn’t come first before other activities. But he was quickly labeled as a radical crown, and other crows soon laughed at him for thinking so stupidly that crows go to college to get an education and learn to think and evaluate.

Well, this is just another interesting sidelight into the life of crows. Isn’t it amazing how closely they resemble us humans at times?

MILTON on Life Savers:

“Sweet is the breath”

from Paradise Lost, The Beautiful World, line 1

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