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5-1955

## VU Magazine, vol. 6, no. 4

Valparaiso University

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VU

May  
23rd 1955

ARCHIVES  
VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY



Art. Tieland

In Spring a Young Bee's Thoughts Turn To . . .



**DISTINCTIVE**

**LINE**

**of**

**GREETING**

**CARDS**

**FOR ALL**

**OCCASIONS**



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**Valparaiso**

**4-7702**





HERB



JACK

## THE NEW EDITORS

The application for co-editorship by Jack Nelson and Herb Busching, and their subsequent selection as co-editors of VU, for 1955-6 continues the novel approach to the publication, started by this year's co-editors.

A magazine originates primarily in the ideas of editors. In previous years when VU tried to operate with only one editor, it attempted to do a job most magazines perform with several editors. This approach helps a feature to be discussed and criticized before it is ever published with the result that it is more likely to please its readers.

Even as Co-editors Kurt Jordan and George Schenk were able to blend photographic and composition talents with mutual writing ability, so, too, do Jack and Herb bring different talents to the editor posts. Jack has written feature articles for the *Torch* for two years and is at present Feature Editor. Herb served as *Torch* reporter in his first semester here, and as Managing Editor in the second semester. This year he is Assistant Editor.

Jack, an English major, and Herb, an Engineer, will combine writing and composition ability to bring the campus a better VU in 1955-6.

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## ABOUT THE COVER

Our artist for this cover was Marlys Neiland. As usual we have tried to depict typically humorous events in the life of college students. We feel that the situation is self-explanatory, especially with the current craze for spring, shorts, and sentiment. Marlys is a sophomore and will be able to lend her talents to next year's staff.

## ABOUT THE STAFF

It's rather hard to express an editor's feeling to his staff who have helped to make the issue what it is. Needless to say that without the help and suggestions of Carol Meyer and Rhoda Heinecke, our art and feature editors, we would not have been able to publish a magazine. Bob Kusch has again submitted another of his thought-provoking articles. The short-story writer for this issue was Connie Steinberg who tried her efforts with the "I-as-protagonist" type of writing. We hope that she will see fit to submit more stories to next year's editors. Our thanks also go to Pat Yung who helped with some of her home spun poetry. Buck Haeseler, VU editor in '51, dropped in to visit and helped with some of the layout work. Our thanks to all who helped to produce VU, Vol. VI.

## STAFF

Co-Editors ..... Kurt Jordan  
 ..... George Schenk  
 Advisor ..... Prof. Karl Krekeler  
 Art Editor ..... Carol Meyer  
 Feature Ed. .... Rhoda Heinecke

Contributors ..... Buck Haeseler  
 ..... Bob Kusch  
 ..... Pat Yung  
 ..... Connie Steinberg

Artists ..... Marlys Nieland  
 ..... Marlene Nofz  
 Business Mgr. .... Elsie Gehrke  
 Circulation Mgr. .... Elaine Arndt  
 Typist ..... Shirley Lepisto



## SIDE

by Kurt Jordan



by



## SIDE

by George Schenk

On journalism staffs, last-issue-time often serves about the same function as New Year's Eve: a time of sobering reflection. (For many the sobering undoubtedly comes a little later.) Looking over the last year for VU I think it an understatement to say that it has been a good one. Both George and I feel that progress, both artistic and literary, has been evidenced. We doubt if there will be any more discussions, as there were last year, as to whether or not VU is wanted on campus; the mere fact that even after complete distribution many calls were received for VU is sufficient proof that it was read. But we are not bragging. Many things were left undone, and Jack and Herb have plenty of room to make improvements.

This last editorial I'd like to devote to a few words about the core of campus government, the Student Council. Any visitor to any of the meetings this last year would be struck by one prominent attitude: total and complete indifference on the part of the majority of the representatives! And I'm not trying to be sensational by being blunt. This editor has had the questionable privilege of being a representative on the Council for the last two years. And the attitude this last year certainly was not healthy. Many reasons for the lack of spirit could be cited. But sufficient to say that unless the various groups start sending interested delegates to the meetings, student government on this campus will soon be extinguished. Election time is just growing cool — the new officers have been installed and next September another regime will take over. I sincerely hope that next term will not be a repeat of this year. Pete Krentz has proven himself an excellent leader — he has an excellent staff with which to work. Now the job is up to the various groups to send representatives who are interested; who have the courage to voice their opinions; who have the integrity to dissent when they feel something is out of line; who vote wisely, not merely voting to get the meeting adjourned. No matter how we look at the matter, the Council is no stronger than the individual delegates.

To Herb and Jack, next year's eds., I say congratulations — for taking a job with many heartaches, but a job which rewards one with the feeling of something accomplished.

## From the New Editors

There comes a time at the end of each year when future editors are asked to project into the future and to formulate in black and white some of their thoughts about their publication. Here are a few about next year's VU.

For the campus we feel VU should be a source of both informative and interesting writing. As a college magazine it should stimulate thinking and present topics that will appeal to all readers.

VU should serve as an outlet for student talent in magazine composition, art work, feature writing, and photography.

Unfortunately VU will be published only four times during the year — at Homecoming, before Christmas recess, April 1, in early May. It is obvious that the magazine's off-campus influence as a representative of the university is limited.

One of the comforting things about being a graduating senior is sitting back and reviewing the school's progress during the year. If anyone wishes to be very materialistic about it, he could say the school has progressed in a materialistic sense tremendously with new buildings, bigger enrollment, and financial help.

But stop. At a University, especially a Christian one, progress should never be measured in these terms. If Valpo's students have come closer to God, during the year, only then has it progressed.

On a lower level, the publications of the University's student body should reveal some sort of improvement in reflecting student thought. If the publications are stagnant, this shows that the students cannot, or are not energetic enough to express themselves very well.

I may be accused of blind pride, but I feel that this year has been the Golden Year for the publications, at least in the reflection of student thought and in the generally high quality work. To compare the publications of the last four years is difficult, to be sure, but the class of 1955 has produced, as a whole, the best editors and publications.

Take the *Torch*, for example. Although I have sometimes heard the rather blase remark "Anything in the *Torch* to-night?" there is no denying the fact that Editor Ernie Kanning's editorials have been widely read and discussed. The students were interested because the editorials were lively, penetrating, and not always on the trivial issues of the campus. The rest of the *Torch* has improved, notably the feature pages.

While the *Beacon* is not out at this writing, I have seen enough of Editor George Nickelsburg's ingenuity to know that the *Beacon* will have a fresh approach with some unique and painstaking photography and well-expressed thought. Nickelsburg has conscientiously rewritten most of the poorly-written copy handed him by groups on campus, instead of merely printing it as an ordinary editor would do.

Not only has VU improved in presenting high-quality short stories, articles concerning the University, and entertaining pictorial humor for the "picture-reading" public, but it has justified its existence in at least presenting one article per serious issue in helping the student think about himself. This is in addition to the idea of co-editorship to produce a better magazine. A magazine takes ideas, and two heads are always better than one even if the salaries are only half as much.

At any rate, next year's editors will have some standards to live up to. May they do better!

We are optimistic that a large active staff can offset this deficiency by substituting quality for quantity.

Next fall VU, and the other campus publications, will be located in the Valparaiso Union. We hope the new office will be crowded with new ideas for VU. Quality seems to thrive on constructive criticism and suggestions.

For the past few years VU has had its first issue on campus on the evening of the Homecoming bonfire. We shall carry on with this perhaps little-known tradition. The April 1 issue of VU will be a parody of a nationally known magazine.

With the assistance of our advisor, Mr. Krekeler, and the enthusiasm of a large staff we look forward to the new year with VU.





QUEEN OF SPRING — BONNIE LONG



# VU's FINAL REPORT ON

## THE GOVERNING

by Rhoda Heinecke

Next year a portion of the new campus planning will become a reality with the opening and functioning of the Student Union. With all campus activity focused on the Union, a well-organized directional agency is a definite must. This board, whose official name is the Valparaiso Union Board, will coordinate all the Union activities and thus be responsible for most of the extra-curricular activity of the campus. Their duties will include planning special and regular events, scheduling the use of the facilities, and thus assuming the responsibility for the success of those events.

At the present time, this Board is laying the groundwork for the efficient functioning of the Union in the future. To get the necessary background to do this, they have studied Union programs at other schools and have evolved a plan for the governing of our own Union.

The Union Board consists of a Student Chairman, three members of the Administration, one member of the faculty, eight student representatives and one alumni. The ratio of nine students to the other five members shows the heavy concentration in student leadership, carrying out the Valparaiso idea of student government. This board oversees the activities of the Union Director, Mr. Al Looman, who will in turn oversee the work of the various committees and subcommittees and coordinate them into a workable program. All policy decisions will be in the hands of the Board.

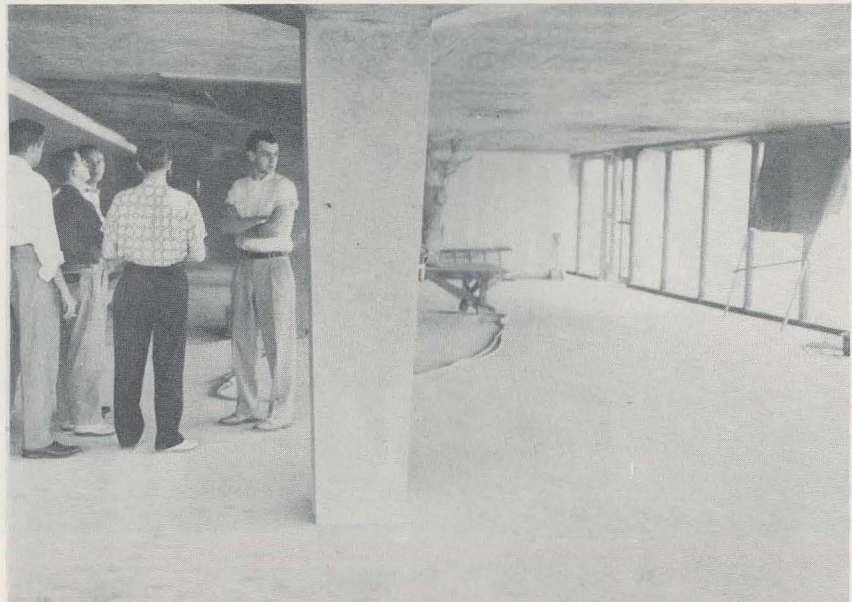
The student committees who will work under Mr. Looman include the House, Fine Arts, Public Relations, Entertain-

ment and Recreation. Each of these is broken down into various subcommittees to cover all facets of Union activity.

The House committee is divided into three subcommittees: Personnel, Food and Operational Regulations. The Food committee will act as an intermediary body between the students and Mr. Harmon and will work with the Student Council Food committee. The Personnel committee will see that all personnel provide the best service possible for the student body. The Operational Regulations subcommittee will have an extremely important function in seeing that all regulations (necessary in a program of this size) are followed by the student body and that these regulations are the most practical for their purpose.

The Fine Arts committee includes the subcommittees on Music, Pictorial Arts and Literature and Dramatic Arts. The Music committee will bring in outside talent to the campus in the form of recitals and will be in charge of the Listening Room — this includes building up the record library and providing literature on music for interested students. The Pictorial Arts committee will provide art exhibits from both campus and off-campus sources. Visiting lecturers and dramatists will be scheduled by the Literature and Dramatic Arts committee, who will also provide various literary publications. It will work with the Lyceum committee as a consultative body.

*(continued on next page)*



Glass-Walled East Exposure of Cafeteria



# THE UNION

## BOARD



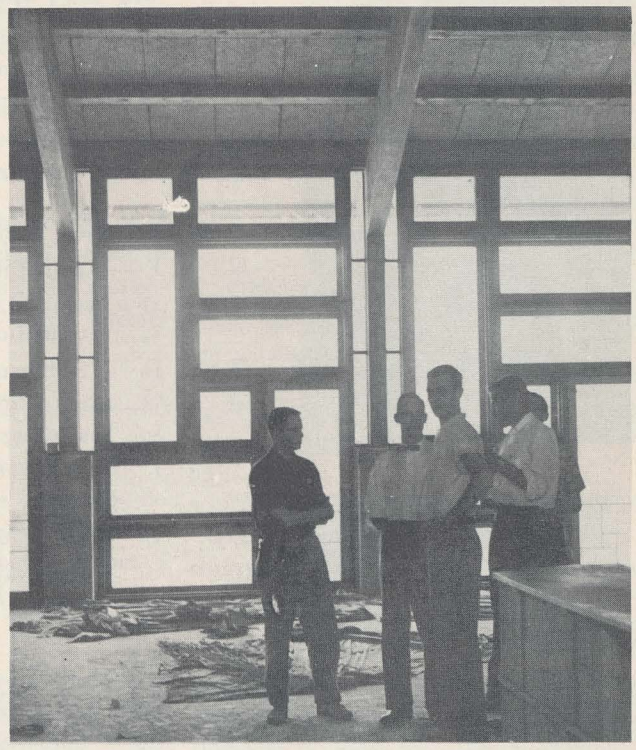
The Valparaiso Union Board

The subcommittees of Press, Publicity and Hospitality make up the Public Relations committee. Press Relations will publicize Union activities off campus, exchanging material with other Unions, and will work with the University Public Relations department in publicizing the University. Publicity is responsible for on-campus announcements of all Union events. Hospitality will invite off-campus groups to the Union, entertain all off-campus groups, and act as a guide service.

The Entertainment committee is divided into two subcommittees — Audio-Visual and Social. The main duty of the Audio-Visual committee is to oversee the movies to be presented at the Union. The Social committee will integrate Union activities into the campus social activities. The Student Council Chairman will work with the Entertainment department head for this purpose.

All recreational facilities of the Union will be supervised by the Recreation committee, including Hobbies and Crafts, Bowling, and Billiards and Ping Pong. The Hobbies and Crafts group will comply with student demand in providing supplies, literature, and information for various hobbies and crafts. The committee on Bowling will supervise the bowling alleys and next year will be in charge of a national Bowling Tournament to be held here. The Billiards and Ping Pong committee will have similar duties and will also take charge of national tournaments in these two sports to be held here at Valparaiso.

The Valparaiso Union Board and Mr. Looman have a special function in that they are not only responsible for the running of the Union, but they will also be establishing campus traditions. Of course, the program set up is a flexible one, and if any portion of it does not prove to be feasible, the governing Board can make the necessary changes.



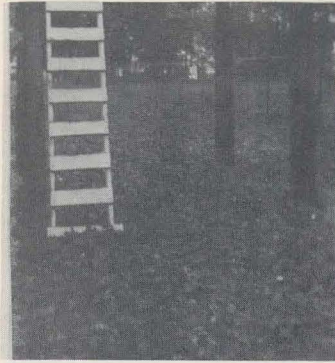
In these pictures VU shows some new views within the Union as well as a photo of the governing board. Within the pictures are shown members of Student Council and Al Looman who have made frequent checks on the Union's progress.



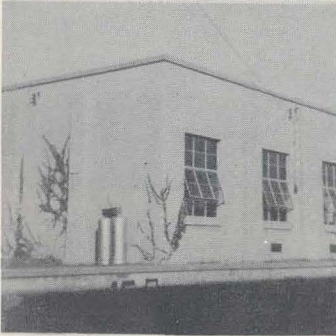
# SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW YOUR CAMPUS?

VU is willing to bet that you don't. See if you can recognize these familiar campus landmarks when they are separated or abstracted from their usual background. To make sure all the athletes get one, VU threw in number one. Caution: not all the pictures are connected with something academic.

After making your guesses, turn the page upside down for the answers and determine your score. For your grade and rating, see the grade curve below.



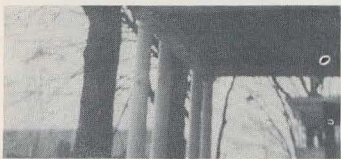
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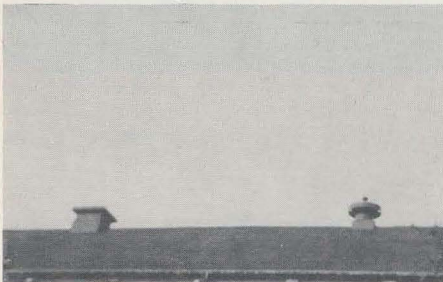
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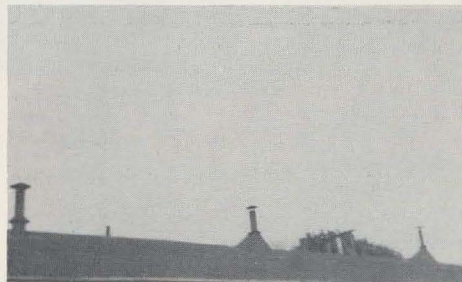
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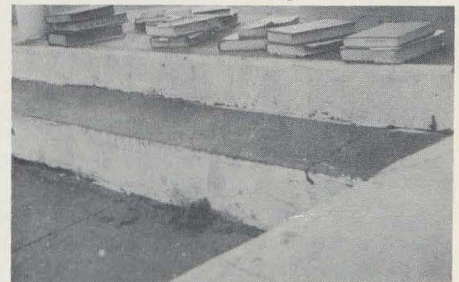
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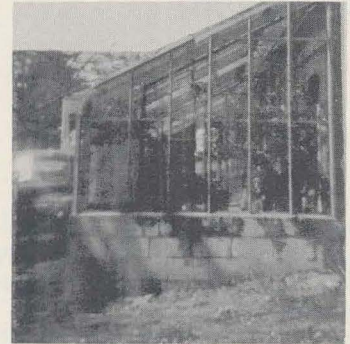
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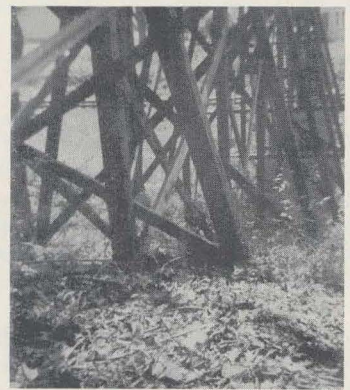
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11



10



9



8

## ANSWERS

- 1—Ladder to press box on Brown Field.
- 2—Heating building behind Kroencke Hall.
- 3—No, this is not Lambda Chi's fire escape; this is behind the Music Bldg.
- 4—Alpha Phi's porch.
- 5—Roof of Auditorium.
- 6—Roof of Dorm C.
- 7—Shanty steps at breakfast.
- 8—Acid house back of Science Hall.
- 9—Lower half of Student Bridge.
- 10—Greenhouse back of Biology building.
- 11—Roof of Alpha Phi's porch.

### No. Right Grade Rating

- 0—1 F New English instructor.
- 2 F+ Amer. Lit student on first test.
- 3 D— Amer. Lit student on second test; Congratulations on improvement!
- 4—5 D Freshman Engineer.
- 6 D+ Senior Engineer (In four years, he found out what #2 is.)
- 7—8 C Lawyer (In Law School, the lowest grade is C.
- 9 B— Student aid on Maintenance.
- 10 B *Torch* Editor (he peeked).
- 11 A Jordan & Schenk (Who else?)



# IMITATION of DARKNESS

by George Schenk

I could not imagine I was here or even that this place actually existed. My senses told me there were no flames since it was not hot.

My guide was dressed in pink. He carried a grey stave which seemed to match his costume rather oddly. "Why pink instead of—?"

"Instead of maroon or carmine?" he asked. "In our own ways, we manage to be fashionable enough for the modern conception of this place."

"Indeed, this is interesting," I said, "But I never thought to see a church here. And what are those foolish women doing going into it? Look at those ridiculous flowered hats. And all the pastel pink suits and the roses on their suits."

He sneered. "Oh, those. Those are the hypocrites. Even here hypocrites are looked down on although they supply part of our population. We tempters all respect an out-and-out atheist or agnostic more than a Christian hypocrite. The atheist comes right out, stands for his belief, and lives it."

I noticed the women came out and went into the church again after awhile. "But why are they entering the church again? Shouldn't they be suffering?"

His face took on a blush color. "You have passed through the gates a day now and do not realize that this is the greatest punishment of all? These women are those who went to church once a year at Easter to show off their new costumes. Since church was the place

they could show off to the most people, and since their foolish minds deemed it proper to go to church once, they desecrated the purpose of church by going there."

My guide read my unspoken question. "The actual punishment of this place is that people must repeat the last act they thought important before their deaths. Since it was so important to them and many times caused their deaths, they have an eternity to repeat what their foolish minds thought was so important. You have seen and will see that most of these acts are trivial or worthless when ultimately compared to Health, Morality, or Love."

"How interesting! The confusion I find to be equal to any doom of which I had thought. But surely the punishment must be sterner than merely eternal boredom."

"Ah, you are deeper than I thought at first, George," smiled my guide. "Yes, the most horrible punishment of all is underneath. These things know they do wrong, and yet they recognize they can do nothing about it. Their conscience bothers them continually, every moment."

"This is not so on earth," I said. "The stupid humans can pacify their consciences most of the time. They merely forget about their wrong deeds even though they receive no forgiveness. I know many idiots who crack mentally under this strain. This is an unimaginable fate: I should have thought of it and used it in "Don Juan" rather than the idea of merely being without pain."

A man lay in some sort of gutter with his face in the mud across our path. He moved forward, writhing his body in some sort of grotesque fashion. His motion was painfully slow, like that of a worm. I noticed he never looked up to breath, or to see where he was going.

"That man there," he said, "is a Realist. He is one of the few who are allowed to progress in arriving at a final act to repeat. He had realized that there were no ideals in life on earth which he could ever perfectly attain. He then gave them up, thinking he would be happy in the things he could do without breaking any ideals. Eventually he came to the conclusion he could do nothing without forsaking some ideal or without loving God or man.

"On earth he thus could not escape from doing nothing; here he is content in a sense because he sees the same thing, mud, all the time. He never fails an ideal because he has none, yet he still moves forward, making progress."

"At least on earth, he was more intelligent than most humans," I said. "Is his punishment now that he knows one can be a Christian and a Realist, too?"

My guide showed his teeth at my use of the word. "Somewhat. The real conflict is between his conscience and realism. He looks to be the most content of the things here; his mind, though, cannot rest because it cannot resolve the two."

I shuddered at the sight of this worm-like creature. "Why must I go further?"

(continued on next page)



"Peace," said he. "You are here only to observe and not to question us."

"There is one thing I am curious to know," I said. "Are most of things here those foolish Romans, or the mixed masses from the Church of England?"

"Ha, you still use those small-minded terms, like the rest of your race! There are no Catholics or Protestants here. They are not known by those names.

The only ones who come here are those who have not apprehended Christ. They are a pitiful lot who have had no faith to obtain guidance.

"They all come here thinking their wisdom is great. They end up doing what they did on earth: acting without thinking or having a goal. Now they realize what this place is — knowing what a vacuum existence is without a goal for the spirit, and not having that goal."

A vehicle I recognized as what must be a Rolls Royce raced by on a road off to the right and failed to slow up for a car coming on the road in front of us. The second car hit the Rolls Royce, crumpling its pink and maroon two-tone fender, and overturned the car near a grey post supporting the pink stoptlight.

I started to rush forward, but my guide grabbed my hand. "You are most impetuous; there is no need to worry. The people here are already dead. There is no second death or injury here."

A man with a dull-looking blank face stepped out of the wreckage. He said nothing. He did not smile or curse or cry. He looked about dumbly and finally started walking back down the road.

My guide scowled at the sight of him.

"You don't seem very proud of your subjects," I said.

"There was no battle in tempting that one here. The only passion he had in life was the Automobile. He had no conviction to corrupt. When he went to

worship, he was most concerned about a parking space; he once changed churches because one had a parking lot.

"This was the prevailing thing in your era in the country across the sea from yours. A man was judged by the cost of his car. No one was considered happy unless he had one. While thousands starved, the Spoiled Generation in your country made a car the goal of their lives, and drove cars at high speeds to save time for no reason other than to live the rest of their lives at high speed too. They sacrificed the medical treatment of their children for their car payments."

## LOVE

*(Dedicated to married card players)*

Love is like a game of cards,  
You're the Jack, she's the Queen,  
She passes, you make a bid and get  
a play,  
You play your Ace with a Diamond,  
Win her hand, steal her Heart,  
Get her as a partner.  
You raise the Deuce and she lets go  
a Tray.  
She gets a Grand Slam, and you hit  
the deck,  
And you Penny-Ante the rest of your  
life.

"You are more bitter than I ever was in anything I ever wrote," I said.

"And why not? Here we must take in Shallow Ones like this one; we can have no standards as they do above. Because this Shallow One made speeding through a stoplight his goal, he lost his life and came here."

A number of cars came down the road. The first car had a woman dressed in a pink gown and a man in a grey formal suit. There were no horns blowing, and the woman was not smiling. She had a vacant look on her face as though her self was turned inward.

My guide pointed to her. "That woman is another Shallow One. She be-

longed to society on earth. She looked on a husband as just another possession to be gotten to keep up with the rest of the girls of her clique. Otherwise she would not have been able to move socially as well. Her husband was simply a set of clothes to her — something to be had to satisfy a whim of her age, and then only used at just the 'right' occasion."

"Ah, I wrote about the same thing, society, in my play Pygmal—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted.

"At any rate," I said, "I am glad to find that the people here are materialists. This proves the pastors of my century were right in denouncing it."

"Just what do you mean by materialism?" he queried.

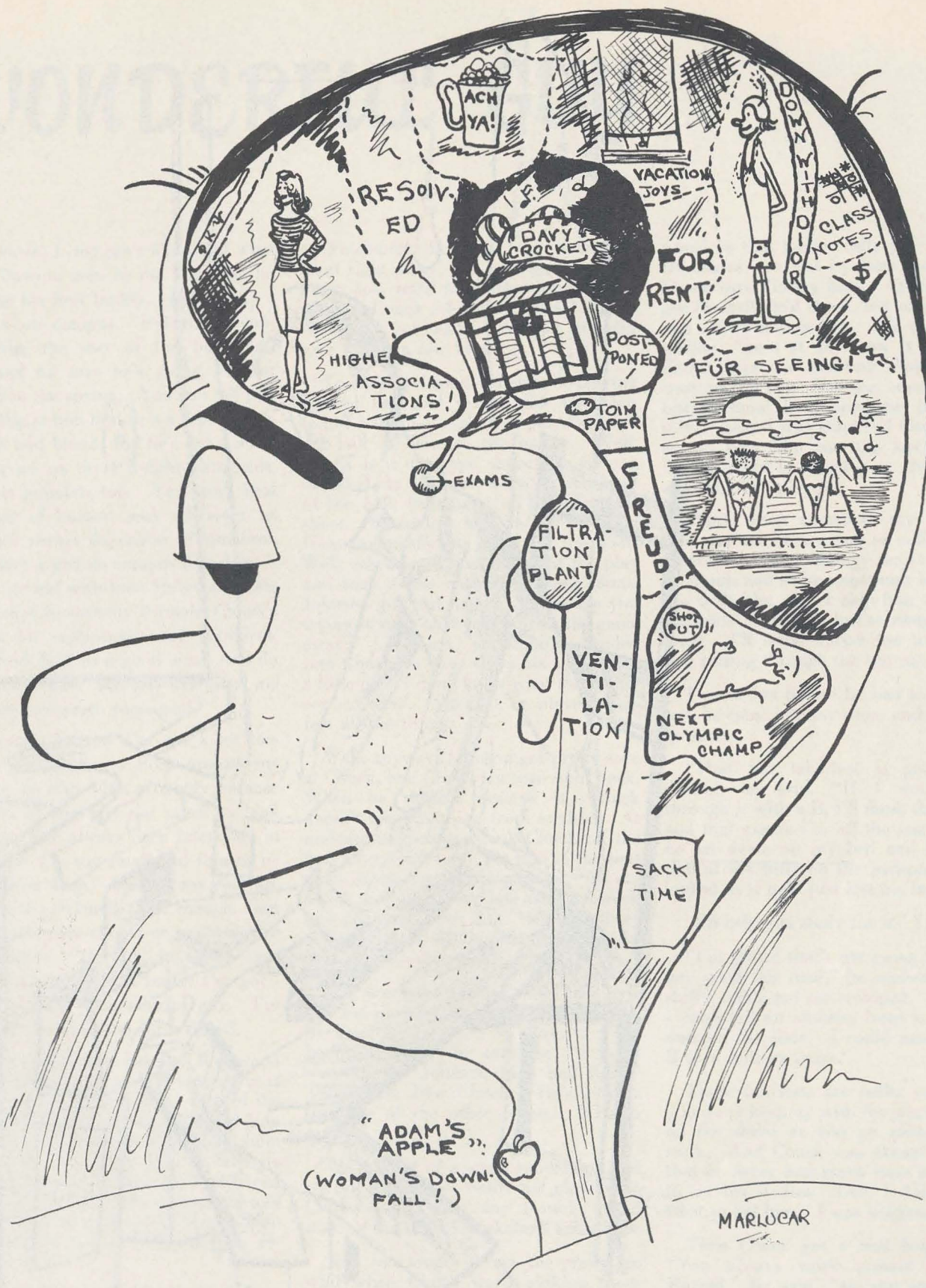
"A preoccupation with physical things," I answered, "as opposed to mental activity. I suppose Plato was right when he indicated thinking and leading were much higher activities, and that there must be a life hereafter to reward the thinkers, who never receive their proper reward in life. I have always berated not thinking."

"Cannot there be a materialism of knowledge too?" he asked. "What is the difference between physical or mental pleasure if either contributes to the neglect of the spirit? If a man spends his time learning without loving others and Him, he will come here too. We have many intellectuals, as you would call them, here who were nothing but brain machines."

"Then I too have been wrong," I replied. "It's enough. Soon you will want to show me what Plato's doom is. I want to go now; I know what peace the Christian has, and what I must do. I must tell others about love instead of criticising them. What a shallow life without Christ!"

He merely smiled. "No, you will stay with me forever, G. B. S. Your conscience will not rest easily, but you can do nothing about it. Nothing, now."





The Average Mind of the Average Student







# A WONDERFUL GUY

You know, I just can't figure out what Chuck Dawson sees in me and why he made me his best buddy. He's really a big man on campus. Everybody considers him the star of the basketball team, and he says he's going out for baseball in the spring. You can tell just by looking at him that he's a real athlete. He's tall and blond, and he's got a build like you see on those weight-lifting ads. Chuck is popular, too. You can't beat his sense of humor, and, wherever he goes, he's always the center of attention. There isn't a girl on campus that doesn't want to go out with him. He's constantly being asked to sorority formals. Chuck's running for sophomore class president, and I think he'd be a good one. And do you know what? The guy has asked me to be his campaign manager!

Of course I know I'm not a bit like Chuck. People never flock around me like they do him. It's probably because I'm kind of shy and not much to look at. Sure, I've always been interested in sports, but I'm too small and thin to be any good at them. Besides, my eyes are pretty weak. Chuck says, though, that good rooters are almost as important as good players. "Harold," he always says to me, "you're the best rooster I've got." Chuck is really a wonderful guy. I'm sure lucky to have him for a friend.

Chuck transferred here to Westwood U. last September, and he rooms next door to me in Wright Hall. One of the first nights of school, he wandered into my room and asked me if he could bum a cigarette. He acted just as friendly and casual as if he'd been my best friend all his life. I gave him a cigarette and fixed each of us a cup of G. Washington coffee, and he stayed and talked to me for over an hour.

It seems he went to Fairbanks College last year, but he says he wasn't too happy there. Chuck is just wild about basketball, you know. In fact that's his main purpose in coming to college. Over

at Fairbanks, he made the basketball team right away, and he was doing real great, too, until he started having run-ins with Coach Johnson. I guess Johnson is really a hot-head. That guy sure did give Chuck a low blow.

You see, Johnson believes in playing control ball and insists that his team follow a lot of complicated plays to work the ball in close to the basket. Well, Chuck is a dead-eye, especially at long shots. Lots of times, when he gets hold of the ball, he'll hang up the play and shoot. When he's hot, he can sink 'em from practically the center of the floor. Well, whenever Chuck dropped the play and took a few chances on long shots, Johnson got real nasty. "What are you trying to do," he'd yell, "throw the game away?" Johnson particularly landed into Chuck on days when his shots were a little off. I don't know what that Johnson expected. After all, no player's perfect all the time.

Well, anyway, Johnson got pretty sore at Chuck, and Chuck got sore right back. When he doesn't deserve it, Chuck doesn't take anything from anybody. At mid-season, Johnson took Chuck off the first string and didn't put him in the next game more than a few minutes. In my book, that's a pretty low trick. Chuck quit the team after that. He said there wasn't any use wasting his time when he didn't get to play much.

But, you know, Chuck never told anyone but me what happened over at Fairbanks. "Since we're so close to Fairbanks College," he told me, "I don't want to put Johnson in a bad light." That's just like Chuck. He's always thinking of the other fellow. What a guy!

We're kind of a small university, and we don't get many really hot players, so Chuck didn't have any trouble at all making the varsity basketball team here.

Now you ought to see the crowd go wild when Chuck starts sinking those long shots of his. He is really a flashy player.

Did you see the game we played with Parker College last week? What hap-

pened in that game really got me sore. Of course, we lost by four points, but Chuck sure did try hard. Everytime he got the ball, he'd shoot, but somehow he just wasn't hitting 'em. The coach kept yelling, "pass it in, pass it in," but Chuck kept on shooting, hoping he'd start getting hot. You see, once he starts hitting those long ones, he just can't miss. Gee, it was stupid of Coach Bowser to take him out the last quarter. Chuck might have got hot. He's really a terrific ball player.

Chuck often comes to my room to talk, and we have a cup of coffee and a cigarette. I'm a biology major and lab assistant, and so he sometimes brings his bio with him, and I help him study for the tests. He really has to struggle with them. I'll never forget the trouble he had getting through the last one.

Two nights before he had to take the test, he came into my room and was really upset.

"That bio lab test is getting me down," he said. "If I don't come through it with a B, I'll flunk the course, and that means I'm off the team." Then he sat down on my bed and began to pull at the tufts on the bedspread. He looked as if he'd just lost his last friend.

"I'll help you study for it," I said.

"I'm afraid that's not going to do me any good this time," he replied. "That stuff's really got me stumped. You see, I can't tell an amoeba from a speck of dust on the slide. I could never pull a B in a million years."

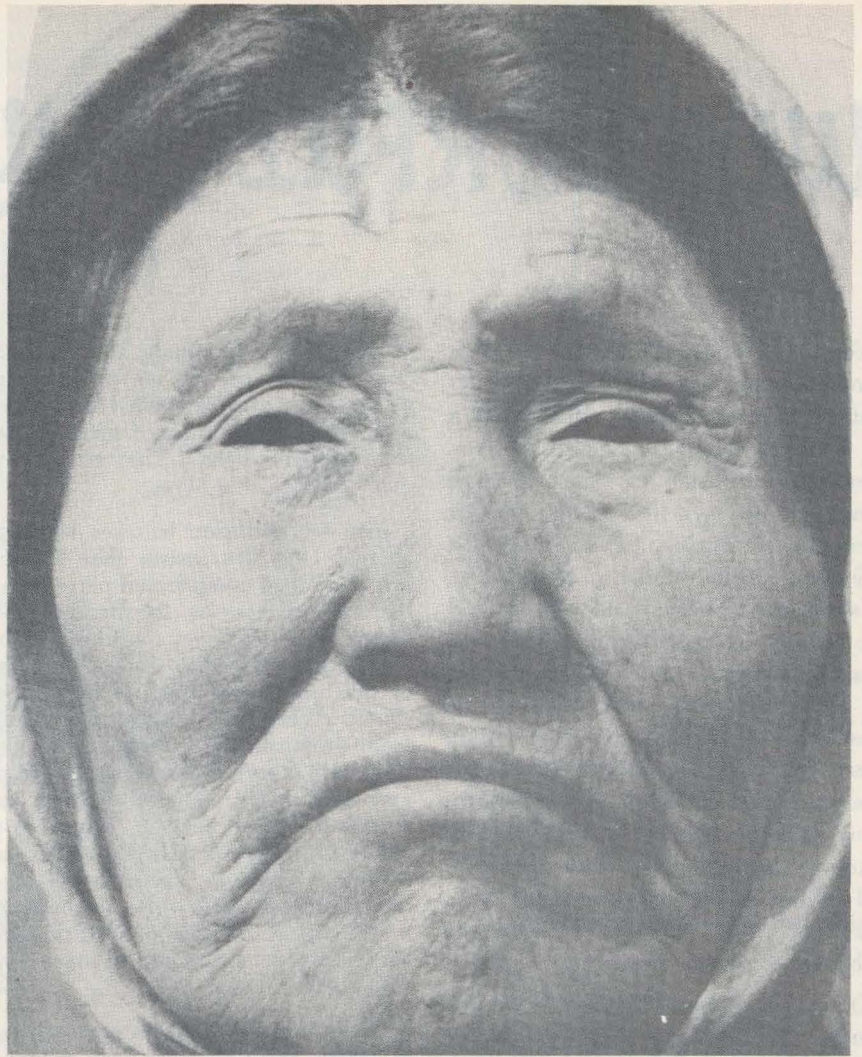
Those lab tests are really rough. If you don't keep up with the work and see all the slides as you go along, you're sunk. And Chuck was always so busy that he never had much time left to put in on his studies. Gee, I didn't know what to tell him. I was helpless.

Then Chuck got a real bright idea. "You always work around the lab, Harold," he said, "so you sure ought to be able to get the key to the test. I know it's cheating, but I've just got to stay on the team."

*(continued on page 19)*



# Local News In Pictures



On Registration Day, woman faculty member listens to student explaining why he can't take a Saturday class.

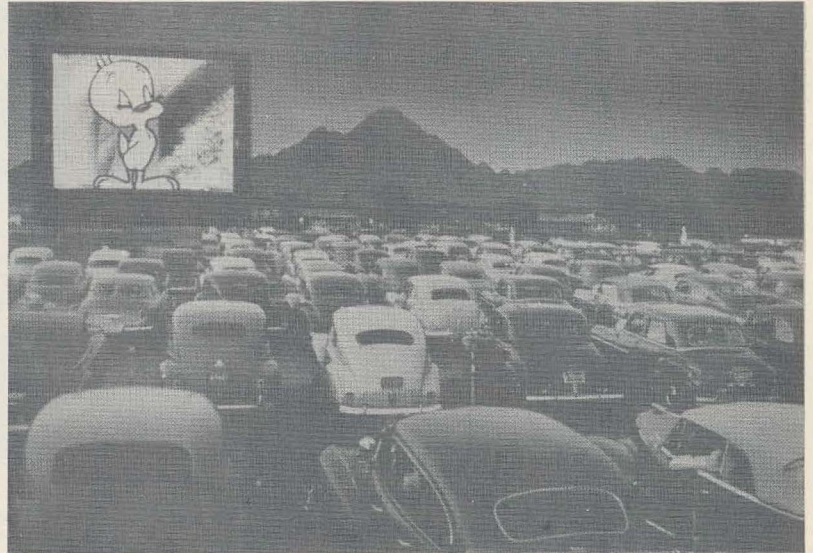


The Board of Trustees has its annual Spring Meeting on South Campus.





University Relations staff member searches for patron plan member who forgot to mail in \$10.00 annual contribution.



Scene of recent scandal at 212 Drive-In near Michigan City. Co-eds involved here in third car from left in second row.



Law School students rest in front of the auditorium during morning Chapel service.



# LOCAL NEWS IN PICTURES

(Continued)



(Above) Prominent faculty members enjoy a brew at the Blue Goose. Left to right, Walter G. Frydrich, Vert T. Hone and Board Chairman W. C. Dickmire.



(Left) It's love at first sight as demure coed admirably watches date chug-a-lug the foamy malt in the Corral.



A Geology field trip brought many students out for dune climbing at Lake Michigan. Leading group is John "Sandyfoot" Streitmeier.



Several university-owned houses are being converted to sorority annexes to accommodate growing student population. Above is new Gamma Phi annex on Locust Avenue.



# A FORWARD BELIEF

by Bob Kusch

It is natural to believe in ourselves! When we hear stories of how, for instance, Mme. Curie worked with pitchblende to produce a stain of radium or how, to use a contemporary example, Robert Frost wrote poems in obscurity until he was forty, we are reinforced in the belief that, despite the enticing allurements of the world, we have the power to progress with a strong, steady glow. Life is not a runaway carriage skirting the abyss of disaster; we, in some sense, have control over it.

But mere stories of great men and women who have conquered apparent failure, who have seized their own inner light and have impressed it upon the world, are not the only motivating forces at work. Propriety, a more convincing speaker, demands self-confidence and determination. During our most impressionable years, we have been told to put our foot upon failure, to crush it with determination. And poets have helped. Matthew Arnold wrote a most convincing survey of determination when he said:

But tasks in hours of insight willed,  
Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled.

And E. E. Cummings wrote of his father, a Unitarian minister:

so naked for immortal work  
his shoulders marched against the  
dark

Arnold's insight is a generalization upon every man's experience — that no matter how troubled the waters become, or, to put it more practically, no matter how alienated we seem to be from a goal formulated long ago, we can and must have the strength to go forward. Cummings' father is illustra-

tive — "his shoulders marched against the dark".

With determination in itself one cannot quarrel. It is only when determination is bound up with goals which are indistinguishable from the more human, the petty, the capricious desires that a reinvestigation of the rock of our lives must be initiated. For life, however else it may be interpreted, may be interpreted in terms of goals, the goals which are born here at Valparaiso and, if not born, at least are shaken into a somewhat awkward reality. But goals are many; our experience with them is widened here. We may come to this university to make an impression and, after engaging a strain of Auld Nick, we are either impressed or not impressed with the goals of the university. Not to be impressed may be disastrous — it is, in any case, monstrous.

I have spoken of determination and of goals; the very justification for determination lies upon the goals to which it is given. One of the goals, quite obviously, must be a birth into knowledge, not only the knowledge of mute facts which rain down upon from the podium, but rather more. The English historian and essayist, Thomas Babington Macaulay, has given, quite simply, a lucid account of the intellectual objectives of a man:

If a man brings away from  
Cambridge self - knowledge,  
accuracy of mind, and habits  
of strong intellectual exertion,  
he has gained more . . . . .

Macaulay might have been a nineteenth-century Englishman, far back in time and far away in space, but his observations are accurate — and therefore

applicable — to us in the Valparaiso of here and now. Macaulay is not obsolete because self-knowledge, accuracy of mind and habits of strong intellectual exertion are not obsolete — these are still the outline for achievement, even more, for life.

But above this stands a plane far higher, and far better, in which the intellect is taken into account but is not given the most important place in the whole man — I mean the Christian life. It is here that determination is finally married to its only worthy partner. To strive on this plane is to create a more sensitive intellectual curiosity, not for dumb facts, but for details of everyday human experience which can (and must be) related with professed faith. Questions which arise here are not questions of the relations of mathematical formulas to each other, but rather questions at the very heart of life. For instance, how does your reading essays by Huxley or poems by Auden relate with Christian faith? Or, to make the problem more complex, how does the solving of a mathematical problem — let us say, in integral calculus — find the justification for its being done in Christian faith?

These are not academic questions. They are practical questions, practical because they take us, just as we stand moving through our experiences, and shake us into examining whether we stand on unthinking faith or faith imperishable. These questions require determination, they require Macaulay's list of virtues; indeed, if we adopt Macaulay, he finds his justification here. The answers do not lie above us; rather they lie in the fabric of experience and this territory can, and must be, explored.



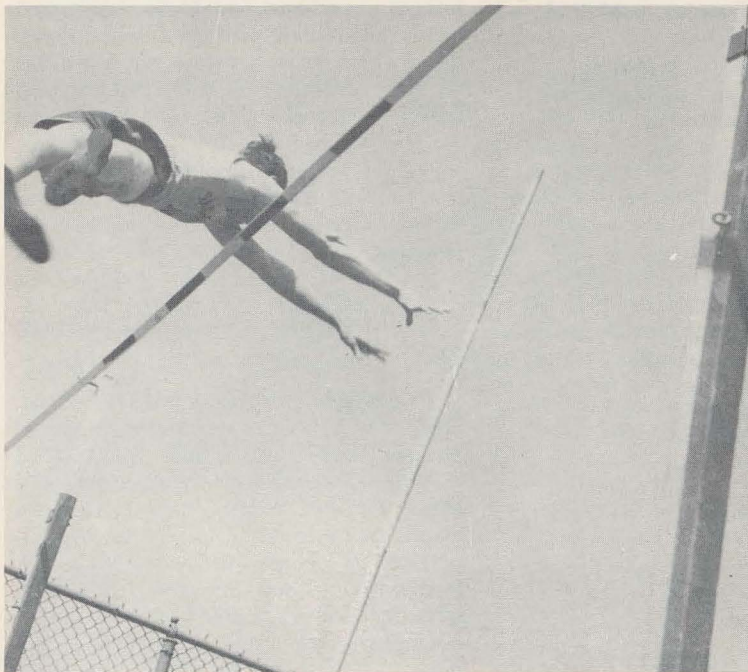
## Spring Sports



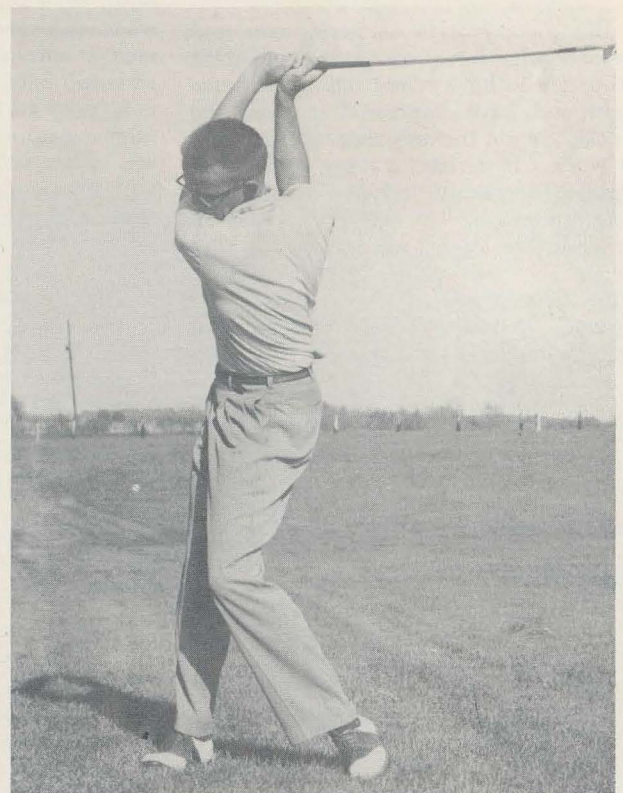
If the above athletes are a mystery to the public, VU will try to explain the identities of the athletes and their various professions during the spring: The man going over the high jump in the upper left is Cliff Gorham, and his partner in the pole vault is Med Walsh. Incidentally, don't let Med's proficiency fool you — after the picture was shot, he tipped the bar off. The golfer is Rog Kettleson, and the man with the racket on the next page is Ted Zorn. The men on the diamond are a mystery even to VU so that the reader is offered the chance of guessing himself.

**CROSSING THE BAR**

PHOTOS BY ECKART

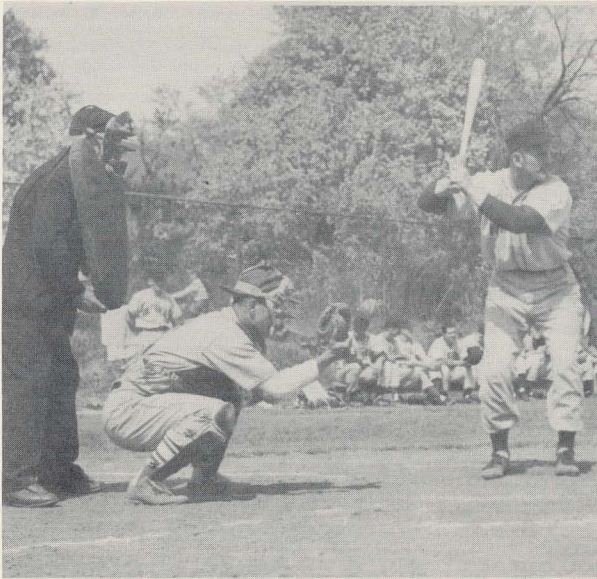


**FAREWELL TO ARMS**

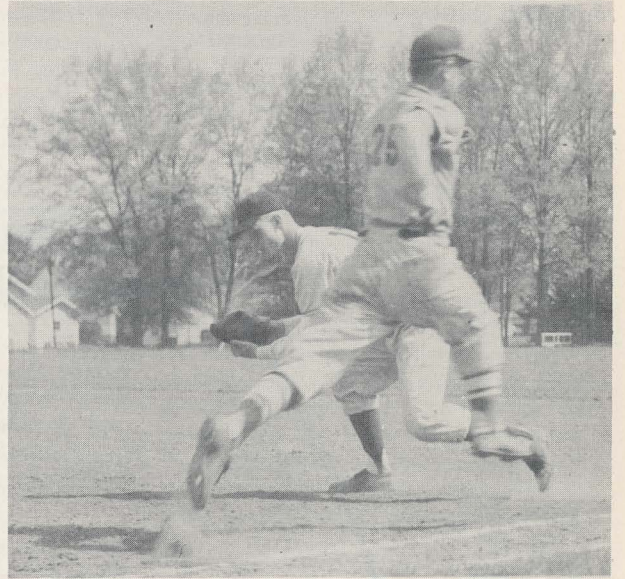


**PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD**

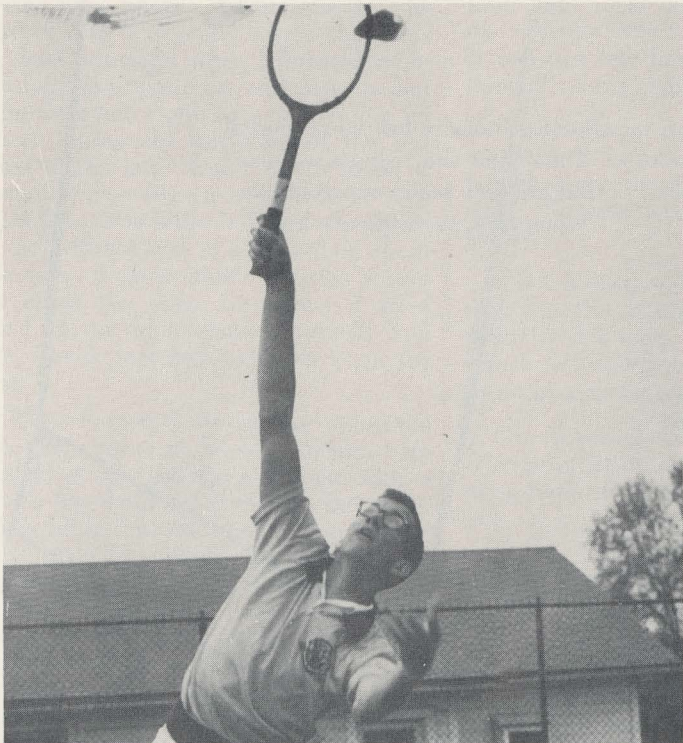




HE STOOPS TO CONQUER



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# SHELLEY



on Life Savers:

“So sweet. the sense faints picturing them!”

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



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## BERMUDA SHORTS

By Pat Yung

These shorts that come from Bermuda  
Are the subject of much debate.  
They've been worn on beaches here and there,  
And on Valpo's campus of late.

There's no doubt that they're comfortable,  
Few will scoff at that.  
But it all depends on who's wearing 'em  
Whether they show skin and bones or fat!

The short and dumpy wear 'em,  
The tall and thin do too,  
And when they're donned for classes . . .  
They flatter very few.

If you can wear 'em,  
Go right ahead and try.  
But don't pout and wonder  
When the frat boys pass you by.

Of course they're lots more modest  
Than these short shorts we see.  
But are they really unpretending  
When they overexpose a knee?



## A WONDERFUL GUY

(Continued)

I was stunned. I've never cheated in my life, and I never intended to. But then it dawned on me that if Chuck didn't pass that test, his life here at Westwood would be ruined. I knew he wouldn't have thought of cheating if it wasn't that he was backed up against a wall.

"If you do this for me," he suddenly said, "I'll never forget it. And I'm sure I can fix it so we won't get caught."

The next afternoon I went over to clean up the lab. Professor Brown's student-aid had just brought in the lab tests which she had mimeographed, and the doc was filling in a copy with the answers. After he finished, he shoved the key-copy and the rest of the tests into the bottom drawer of the file next to his desk and put on his coat. "Harold," he said to me, "don't forget to flick the lock on the door so that it will lock automatically after you leave."

As soon as he had gone, I took the key-copy of the test out of the file-drawer and started for Chuck's room. I left the door to the lab open so that Chuck would be able to put the key-copy back that night when he had finished studying it. He could then lock the door when he left the lab.

The next morning I ran into Chuck at Joe's Coffee Shop. "Gosh! Harold," he said to me, "I'm really sorry, but I was so dead last night when I finished memorizing those questions and answers that I fell into bed right away and forgot all about taking the key-copy of the test back to the lab. Don't worry about it though. Doc Brown will think he misplaced it. You know how absent-minded he is." Chuck was so all keyed-up about the test. I guess that's why he forgot all about the open lab door. I tried hard not to think about it myself. You see, Chuck just had to get a B on the test.

When Professor Brown saw me in the lab that afternoon, he was furious. He rushed at me waving a forceps with a frog's leg dangling from the end of it. "You idiot!" he shouted. "You left the door open last night. Don't you know the equipment in here is worth a lot of money? Somebody could have walked off with the whole place. One more trick like that, and I'm going to find myself a new lab assistant." I was more relieved than anything that he hadn't mentioned the missing key-copy of the test. If he had realized that that had been stolen, he might not have counted the test.

When I got back to the dorm, I told Chuck what Brown had said. I realize now that I shouldn't have done that, for it certainly made Chuck feel bad. "Listen, Harold," he said, "I don't want you to be in hot water with the prof. I'm going over there right away and tell him what happened."

I really had to talk fast to keep him from seeing Brown. I simply can't get over how he wanted to risk getting kicked off the team just to keep me out of trouble. What a friend that guy has turned out to be!

A couple of days later, Chuck barged into my room with a broad grin on his face. "Take a look at that, my fair-feathered friend," he said, handing me his bio test. He'd gotten a nice fat B plus on it.

"And now we're going to celebrate," he said. "I'm going to take you down to Andy's Tavern and buy you the biggest and best drink you've ever tasted."

According to my mother, my dad used to drink pretty heavily now and then in the years just before he died. I guess that's why she used to ask me to be sure to stay away from all liquor.

I told Chuck that my mother was against my doing any drinking, but that didn't bother him at all. "All mothers are a little old-fashioned, Harold," he said, "but I bet your mother is one of the sweetest little women in the world." It was just like him to see how much I thought of my mother.

Well, we went down to Andy's place, and Chuck introduced me to a lot of fellows down there. "Say, fellows," he said, "I want you to meet my best buddy."

I felt a little strange at Andy's that day, but I've really learned to like the place by this time. I'm really glad that Chuck is helping me learn the ropes. I mean in a social way.

But Chuck showed his gratitude and friendship in other ways too. Once he even took off a whole day to help me out.

You see, I had been dating Mary Lou Baxter quite a bit. I don't know what she saw in me. She's one of the first girls I've ever dated, and she's the first one that's seemed to like me. She's a student in the biology lab in which I am an assistant, and I give her a lot of help. Well, you can't imagine how surprised I was when she asked me to one of her sorority dances. She didn't even seem to mind that I'm far from being an

Arthur Murray. "You sure are lucky to have a good-looking girl like that," Chuck said to me when I told him about the invitation.

One day Mary Lou had to get information for a term-paper from the Newberry Library in Chicago. I didn't want her to go by herself because the library is in a terrible neighborhood. The day she picked to go was one on which I had to work in the lab, and I hated to beg out of it since old Doc Brown was still pretty sore at me. I mentioned this to Chuck, and sure enough, right off the bat he offered to drive Mary Lou into Chicago for me. It sure was swell of him, because he cut two classes that afternoon to do it. While they were there he even took Mary Lou to a movie she had wanted to see for a long time. He wasn't able to get home until after midnight, and he had a seven o'clock lab the next morning. That's what I call being a real friend.

A few days later Chuck asked Mary Lou to help him with his English term-paper. You see, Mary Lou is an English major, and Chuck needed a good mark on the paper to pull up his grade. I guess they really worked on that paper. Anyhow, Chuck went over to see her every night for a week.

It wasn't long and Chuck and Mary Lou were going steady. Chuck felt funny about it at first, I guess. "I think Mary Lou is a wonderful girl," he told me, "but I don't want to cut in on you."

"You aren't cutting in on me," I told him. "Mary Lou and I are washed up for good anyhow. Besides, I guess we were never more than good friends, anyway." This must have made him feel a lot better, because he never mentioned anything about it again. It was just like Chuck to worry about me. But, after all, it wasn't his fault that Mary Lou quit liking me. I'm glad she found herself a guy as nice as Chuck. There's no one else on campus that I'd rather see her go out with. Gee, she certainly is a sweet kid!

Class elections are coming up pretty soon now, and I've been awfully busy making campaign plans for Chuck. It takes a lot of time and work, but it's good for me. It was really nice of Chuck to let me be his campaign manager. "You know, Harold," he said, "you don't get around enough. This job will give you a chance to get out and meet a lot of people." It's funny how Chuck looks out for me. I just don't understand it. He's really a wonderful guy, and I'm sure lucky to have him for a friend.



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## ET CETERA\*

\* From various and sundry collegiate newspapers.

**Bookstore Millionaires.** At Toledo University a columnist of the *Campus Collegian* complained about the skulduggery going on at the campus bookstore, found that students received \$1.50 for selling \$5 used textbooks, which were then resold for \$4 by the bookstore.

**Sleepyheads.** A bright cafeteria waitress at Concordia College - Moorhead greeted early-morning breakfasters with "Good morning, and what do you think of our foreign policy?" — got replies of "Huh?" and "Ya, how did the elections turn out?"

**Playing No Favorites.** A coed from Ball State, where coeds outnumber the males, had a field day during a weekend at Purdue, where females are practically non-existent, by having eight dates with seven different men during two days.

**Shifty Shaft.** The *Manchester Oak Leaves* finally came up with a good definition for the slang word "shaft:" a "low blow." The *Oak Leaves'* definition for "low blow?" — — the "shaft!"

**Calculated Bermudas.** Oxford English students visiting Oberlin College had this to say about American clothes: "But Bermuda shorts are really \*#%œ\$®°¢%. They're calculated to make the worst of the female figure. Men's clothes are appalling here . . . You look like you've just come out of the woods."

**Bigamy?** Contrary to the old saying that half the married people in the U.S. are women, the U.S. Census found that the U.S. has 814,000 more married women than men. Conversely, Utah has 633 more husbands than wives!

**Frozen Foods Maybe?** *The DePauw* apparently felt its president was too high up in the proverbial ivory tower when it headlined his talk to the students: "Humbert Stressed Bird's Eye View For Seeing Life."

**Anyone For . . .** A Kansas State Teachers College ruling closing the courts on Sunday mornings so that people might attend church, drew a blast from the *Bulletin*, which asked whether the Seven Day Adventists were so "trustworthy" that the courts did not have to be closed on Saturdays for them too. The final blow came when a reader named Mik Mohammed requested the courts be closed on Fridays so as not to defile the Moslem sabbath!



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