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Winter Issue

December, 1951

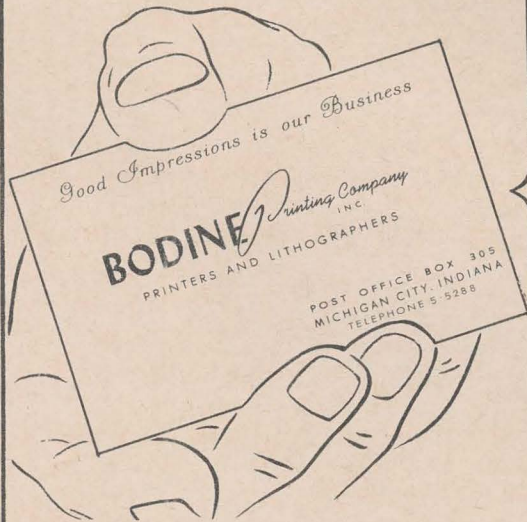
Merry
Christmas

from
all of us

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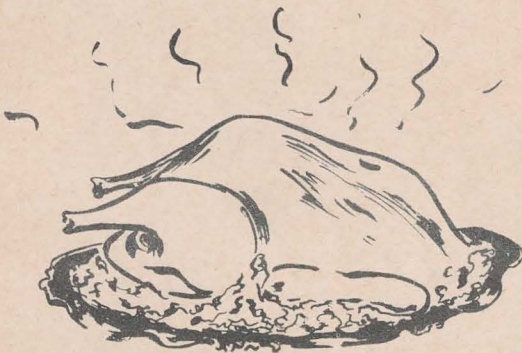
3 Lincolnway Valparaiso, Indiana

"one stop" source for...



creative design
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Stronbow Turkey Inn

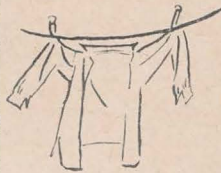


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Definitions:

Louse: A fellow who would marry Ava Gardner for her money.

Necking: A form of davenports.

Sympathy: What one girl offers another in exchange for details.

Synonym: A word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Tomorrow: Today's greatest labor-saving device.

...Mis-a-sip

* * *

Have you ever heard some of the remarks members of the female sex come out with when a new man is around? Here are some:

Athletic girl: What can he do?

Chorus girl: How much has he?

Literary girl: What does he read?

Society girl: What is his background?

Religious girl: What church does he belong to?

Senior girl: Where is he?

* * *

Once there was a traveling salesman. He was new on the job. But he had heard all about farmer's daughters. So when it got late, instead of staying in town, he went to the nearest farm house. The people were very hospitable; they invited him to spend the night. They had a daughter. And, as usual, there were only two bedrooms, one for the old couple; and the salesman was told to sleep in the daughter's room. About nine o'clock they all went to bed for a good night's rest. The next morning the farmer got up, his wife got up, the salesman got up and the daughter came home from college.

* * *

...Sundial

A senior was being severely criticized by his professor. "Your last paper was very difficult to read," said the prof. "Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

"Yes, sir," replied the student, "which part didn't you get?"

* * *

The moon was bright, the road was dark;
The perfect place to stop and park,
Both gave a sigh that sounded harried;
For, alas, alack, these two were married.

And then there was the freshman who raised her hand in religion class and asked the prof how many minutes were left in the period.

* * *

Ohio State's magazine the Sundial ran an article on the Evolution of a Coed, and we particularly liked the various coed's mottos. They went something like this:

Frosh: Mother knows best

Soph: Death before Dishonor.

Junior: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Senior: Boys will be boys.

* * *

The old fashioned girl who used to say "ask Father," now says "give it more gas Joe; the old man is gaining on us."

...Sundial

* * *

Plagiarism is copying from one book. When you copy from two or more, that's research.

* * *

If she looks young, she is camouflaged.

If she looks old, she is young but dissipated.

If she looks innocent, she is fooling you.

If she looks shocked, she is acting.

If she looks languishing, she is hungry.

If she looks sad, she is angling.

And is she looks back, FOLLOW HER.

...Shaft



VU POINT

The only impeccable writers are those who never wrote.

William Hazlitt

At Christmas

Once again time has come to supply more material for this so-called editorial page, and what could be more appropriate at this time but Christmas? Oh yes, Christmas, the time when the campus buzzes with activities ranging from Christmas concerts to carolling and social events such as formals.

It's a time when you and I and the profs are fed up with the class room quizzes and term papers, and are ready to go home.

Throughout the weeks preceding Christmas vacation, an air of some sort of spirit prevades on campus. Perhaps it is the idea that classes will soon be over for three weeks, or it may be the familiar "Christmas spirit" taking hold of us because of the carols ringing out over campus day and night.

But most of all I think it is the true, deep feeling of the real meaning of Christmas coming over us all, being climaxed by the traditional midnight vespers when the entire university family gathers in chapel to worship together and sing the praises of God's wonderful gift of His Son.

As a final word, have a good vacation and we'll be seeing you next year.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

More Than a Thought

After the first issue of VU was distributed, it seems there were some inconsistencies as to the purpose and type of the magazine.

When VU was organized back in November, 1949 by Carlton Ihde and some BEACON staff members, it was set up as a "slick" magazine, a variety publication. It was never intended to be a literary magazine. Such publications are in a separate field. And Valpo has none.

The Nov. 18, 1949 issue of the TORCH carried a big front page article on the organization of the magazine. Within the article were given statements on plans for the birthday and following issues. It was to be patterned after today's typical picture-story magazine and has worked on that basis ever since.

So, you see, it was not set up to be a literary masterpiece, nor was it to be a lewd humor magazine as one often finds at other colleges and universities.

Perhaps if Valparaiso University ever got a Journalism Department or School, a publication such as a literary magazine would come into existence and take its place along side of the TORCH, BEACON and VU. However, that time has not come and we are getting off the subject.

Just to set some of you straight, when the cover says Homecoming Issue or Christmas Issue, it does not mean that the magazine is devoted entirely to that specific occasion. It is merely a tie-in between the date of publication and an event or holiday at hand.

There has been further statement that VU doesn't please anyone. How, may we ask can one publication that has to be in the middle of the road cater to every, single soul on this campus? Too much of any one thing will cause people to complain. People moan about the policy, and when something new is tried, something is added to give it more interest, zip and appeal, they still moan because it's too different or not "like it used to be."

Enough said in hopes that many of you are straightened out.

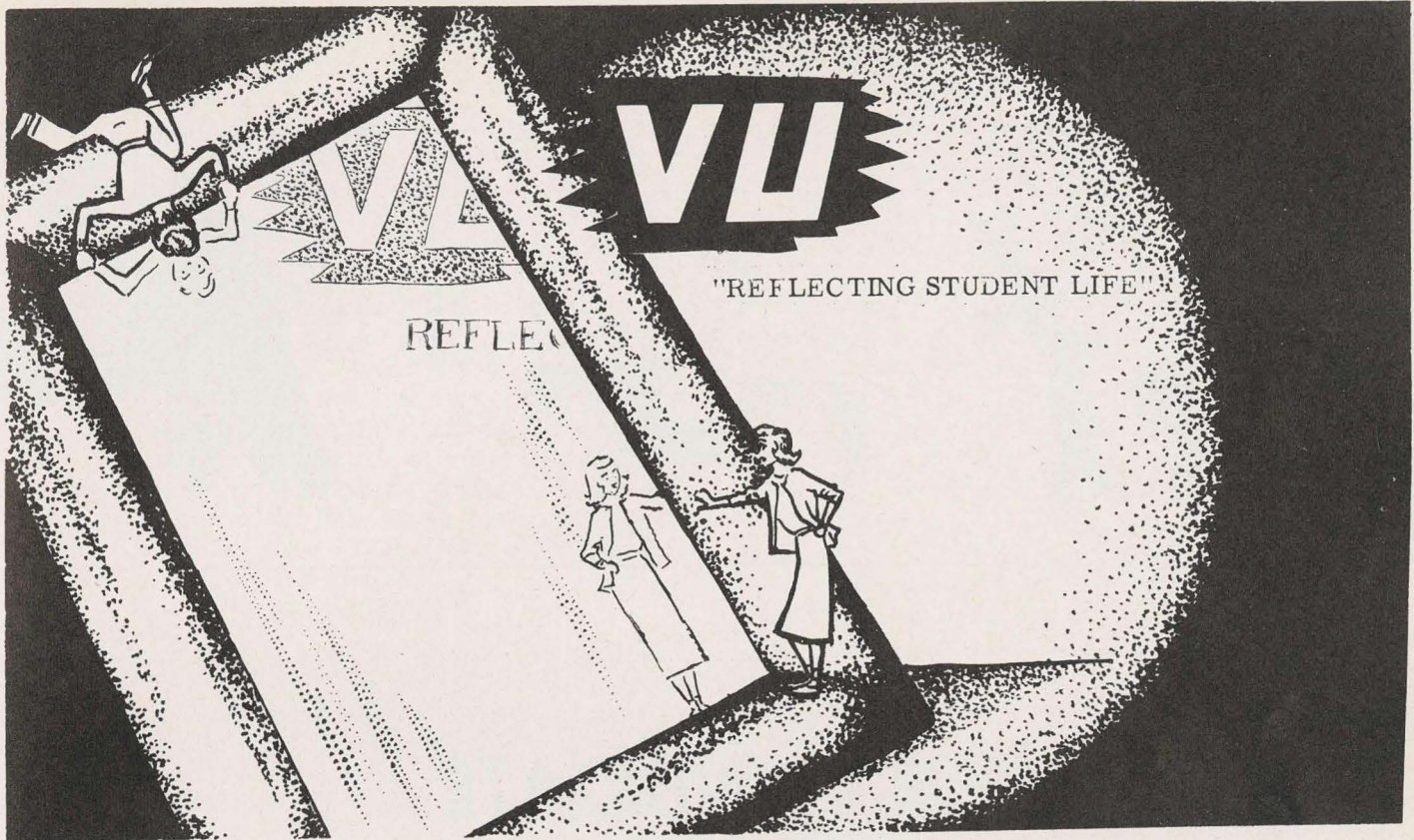
Behind By-Lines

Many of last issue's writers are again back with us for this issue, but several new names also appear. We extend a note of welcome to one of the editorial wheels on campus...none other than Wm. Haeseler III, of the TORCH. You no doubt, know enough of this character, so we won't go on a long essay.

It seems TORCH personnel are all over the place, for we also have Paul Schuette, paper columnist and ex-feature editor with us. As this is his last semester around dear old V.U., we thought we'd give him a chance to contribute his talents to a more outstanding publication. (Who are we trying to kid?) Another newcomer is Jerry Speckhard who did the epic on the national side of fraternities. A member of Valpo's first national fraternity, Jerry is a senior.

Judy Gassen, who did the work of art on those beloved profs, is the only frosh on the editorial staff, as of this issue. Hailing from some place in Illinois, this gal wants to hit the field of journalism after graduation, come that great day several years from now.

E.H.S.



Volume III

WINTER ISSUE

Number 2

Staff

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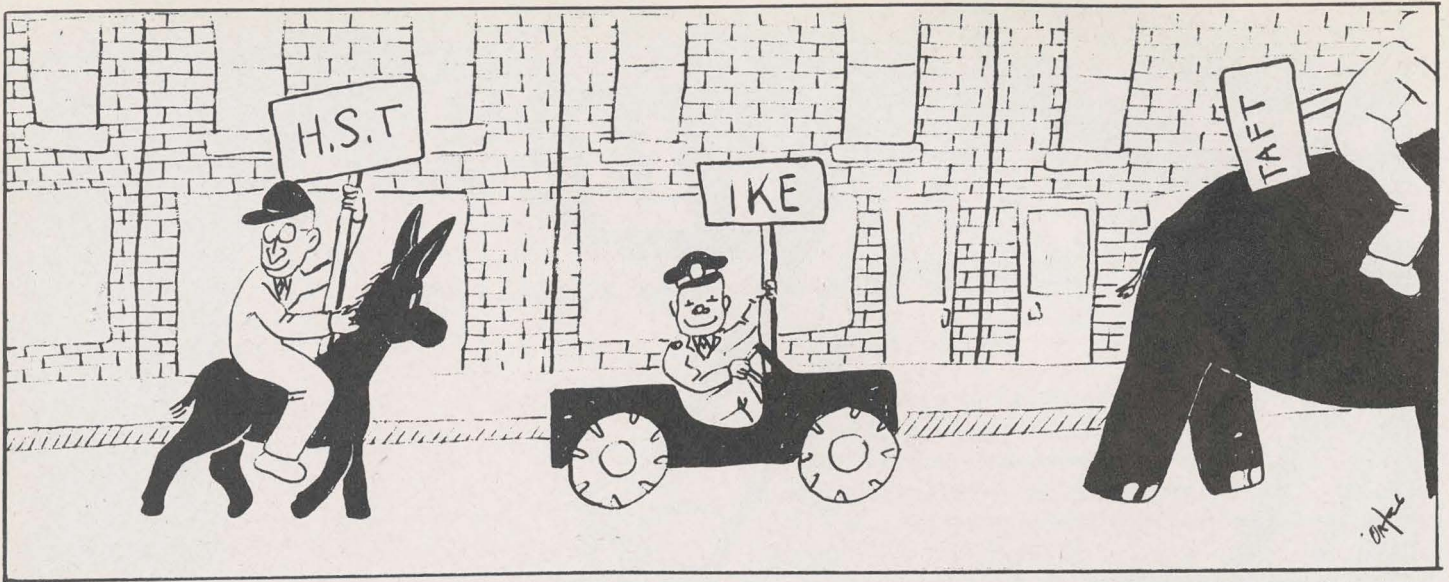
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How to

PICK YOUR CANDIDATE

BY PAUL SCHUETTE

With two people already declared as candidates for the '52 presidential nomination, and dozens of others on the verge of doing likewise, it isn't a bit too soon to start looking about for the right man for the job. This is particularly important now, the international situation being what it is, and with more influence to be peddled than ever before. It's a big job. As an aid in making the right selection, VU presents this summary of the political events of the last few months to clear up any confusion there may be in the student's mind about who to vote for and why.

The two openly seeking the nomination at this writing are Robert Taft, an Ohio politician, and Earl Warren, governor of California. Taft, called Mr. Republican in some quarters and other things in other quarters, has the backing of some pretty important people, much too important to be mentioned in a magazine of this size. Warren also has some backers, of course, and if he manages to get that Hollywood crowd behind him, there is no telling what kind of campaign the public will see.

Then there is Dwight D. Eisenhower, who refuses to talk politics, but who, nevertheless, has been announced by others as a candidate for both the Democratic and the Republican nomination. This is, of course, impossible. It would tend to destroy the two party system as we know it in America, and

throw innumerable ward-heelers on the unemployment rolls. Professional politicians are reportedly irked at Ike's reluctance to commit himself. They would appreciate, so the report goes, even "a wink or a nod" to indicate which way he is jumping, but stubbornly Ike is unwinkingly, unnoddingly going about his job of getting Europe ready to receive the Russians.

It was thought that the Eisenhower situation would be cleared up when Ike returned to Washington early in November. Various reports stated that (1) Ike would tell Truman that he wasn't a candidate (2) Truman would tell Ike that he wasn't a candidate (3) the two would trade, Ike going into politics and Truman going back into the field artillery, or (4) both would resign and make room for new blood.

As it turned out, Ike returned to Paris without telling any secrets. He reportedly talked politics with Sen. Duff during a phone conversation, but Bell Telephone refused to confirm this. Duff is going over to France sometime this month, so that should settle everything, maybe.

Gov. Thomas Dewey, who has quite a bit of experience with presidential campaigns, is also an Eisenhower man, and has announced that the man who worked with him in the '44 and '48 campaigns will be available to conduct Ike's campaign. This has led some to believe that Dewey has secretly sold

out to Truman.

On the Democratic side of the fence, there is little to work with. Everybody except an occasional Dixiecrat is waiting for Truman to declare his intentions before making a move, and no one is quite sure what Truman is waiting for. Bess is reported to be against Harry's seeking another term, and Margaret has announced that she will go on singing regardless of what happens, but the whole thing is still pretty much up in the air.

The issues to be contested in the election are not definite as yet, but there is a good bit of denunciation going on as a warm-up. With Truman denouncing Congress for practicing reckless economy, Taft denouncing the administration's reckless spending, and the AAA denouncing reckless driving, the voter's first impulse would seem to be to stay safely at home election day, but this, too, may prove to be reckless. The good voter must make some effort to determine what each candidate stands for.

"Utter Failure"

First off, and this is a healthy sign for the nation, all of the men in the field, including Truman, have come out strongly in favor of honesty. In fact, Truman has gone so far as to say "95 per cent of U.S. workers are honest and do a good job." Why he picked the other five per cent to work for the government no one seems to know.

For the last several weeks Taft has been scampering about the nation making campaign speeches, so it isn't too hard to find out where he stands. He is definitely opposed to the administration's foreign policy, but he has hinted that he favors a foreign policy of some sort. He is against the U.N. because it has proved an "utter failure," but he favors an international organization if it is "properly set up." This statement led him into a brief encounter with Sen. Brien McMahon of Conn., who accused Taft of being an isolationist. Taft countered this accusation by condemning the Democratic foreign policy as the reason for Russian strength. McMahon denied this, saying that Russian strength had been built up within Russia. The only man who could settle this, Joe Stalin, refused to become involved in any argument. Meanwhile, Philip Jessup was in Washington denying everything.

Now that Taft's foreign policy is cleared up, one might take a look at his domestic policy. Addressing a group of industrial leaders in Pittsburgh, he spoke against inflation in no uncertain terms, for it causes "instability in labor relations and production." Moving south, he told a group of Alabama farmers that he is in favor of price supports, but against the principle of subsidy. He also announced rather cautiously that "the Republican party is not against the principle of civil rights," which may be looked upon as a triumph for democracy. Taft expressed confidence that the majority of Americans favor the principles of the Republican party, which probably makes Truman wonder at times why in the world he is in the White

House. This should clarify Taft's position.

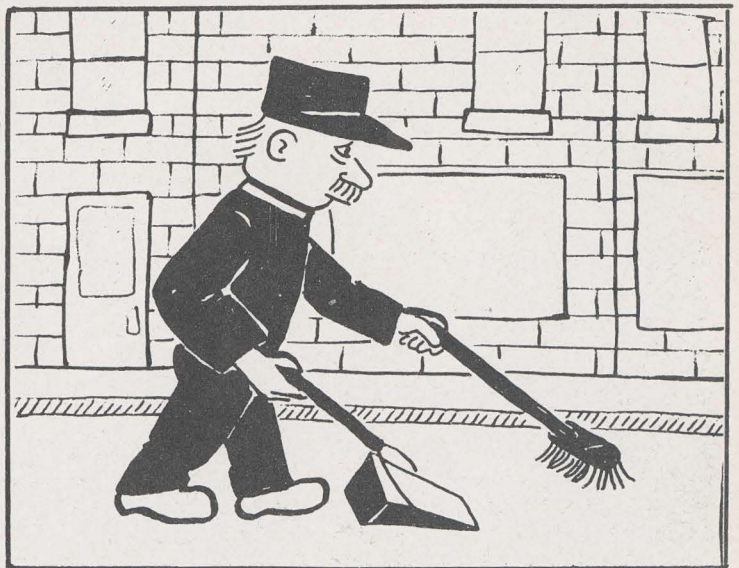
Examining the principles of the other office seekers is a bit harder. To date, the only definite stand taken by Warren is a firm opposition to corruption, and no one can quibble about that. Truman insists that the Democrats can stand upon their record and is content with denouncing McCarthyism. McCarthy is ignoring everything in favor of his crusade against the people who are communists, people who look like communists, and people who he thinks should be communists. MacArthur's statements need not be considered in an article of this type, for by his own admission he is talking Americanism, not politics. Eisenhower isn't saying a thing about anything, and he may prove to be the wisest of the lot come voting time.

Report Impossible

There have also been several minor events which will no doubt have some bearing on the nation's political future. The Truman family extended a warm welcome to Princess Elizabeth and her husband, Duke of something or other, which welcome was looked upon by Colonel McCormick as a sure-fire indication that Truman was attempting to bring the country back into the British empire. This is one of the things which the voter must consider, but not too long.

The National Blue Star Mothers of America elected Mrs. Louise Meyerhoff as president, which probably indicates some sort of trend among the women voters, but, so far, neither of the major parties have taken this as a mandate from the people. Not so with the British election, however. Republicans recognize the return to office of the Conservatives as a clear indication of a GOP victory in '52. Democrats deny this. There are other incidents which promise political repercussions, such as the brewery strike in St. Louis, but a detailed report is impossible at this time.

This report should clear up questions that voters may have had concerning the platforms of the politicians and major parties at the present time. By the way, whatever happened to the Federalist party?



HEAVENLY VIEW

Miss Rowean Bush

The original plan in choosing this issue's Heavenly View was to have IFC select a group of women to be submitted to the Big Ten championship football team. However, after IFC refused to cooperate, the women were selected by another group.

Another Valpo precedent was set this month in the selection of VU's second Heavenly View, Miss Rowean Bush.

Actually, Rowean passed two groups of judges. The first, the Torch Editorial Board, picked eight University women who, they thought, were typical Valpo coeds. They were Nina Arnold, Toni Brauer, Lael Brischke, Rowean Bush, Maryann Dinkelmann, Evelyn Lovekamp, Dorcas Weinhold and Betty Wehmuller. Pictures of these campus women were then sent to the Illinois football team, the Big Ten candidate for the Annual Rose Bowl classic, to select the coed they would most like for their Dream Girl.

So therefore, Heavenly View now presents to you, Valpo's and Illinois' choice of pulchritude, Rowean Bush.

Rowean is a petite 5'5" junior and hails from Lovett, Wyo. She has light brown hair and sparkling blue-green eyes, highlighted by a warm, friendly smile. A home ec major, Rowean has tentative plans

for teaching after her graduation in June, 1953, although she is most interested in interior decorating or fashion designing.

Horsebackriding heads the list as Rowean's favorite sport. This is easily explainable since her father owns a ranch back home in Wyoming. Among her other interests are swimming and bowling, all of which goes to disprove the old-fashioned idea of beauty and fragility being synonymous!

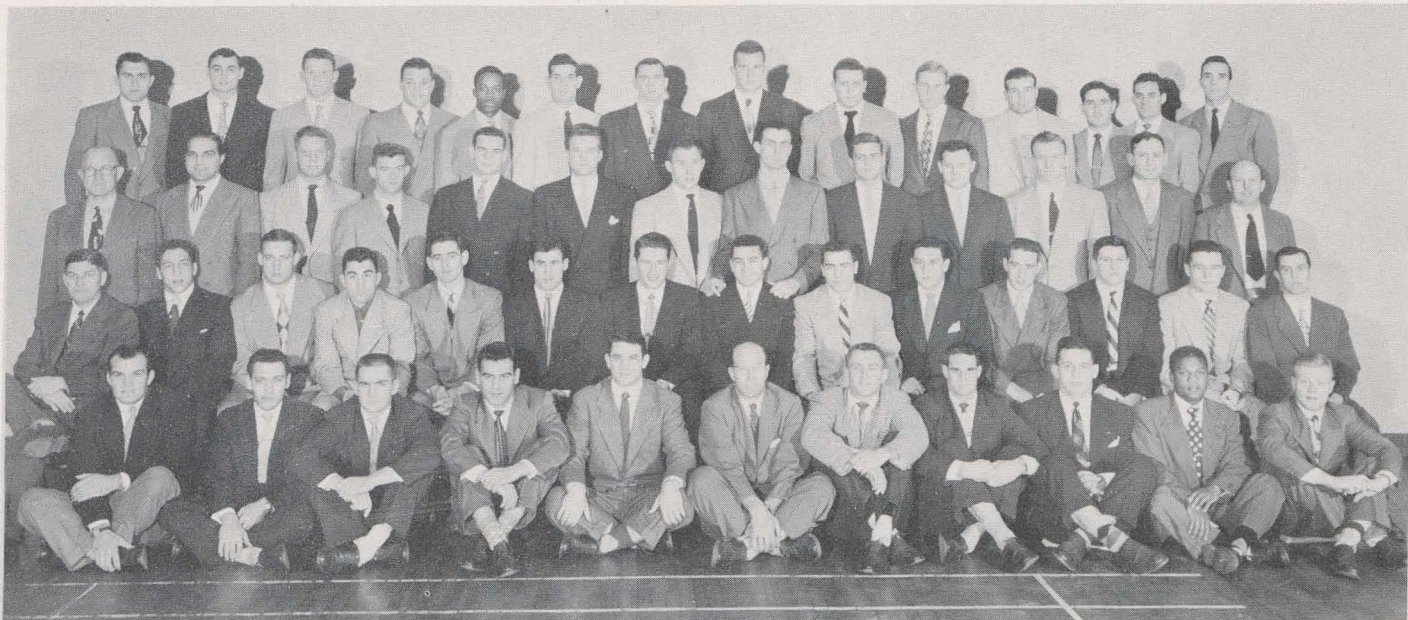
For those of you who may be interested, this 20 year old beauty has just recently accepted a TKE pin, the owner of which is Al Holmes. To you, Rowean, VU extends its warmest best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a very successful future.

Editor's Note: The following paragraphs are taken from the letter accompanying the Illini's choice for Heavenly View.

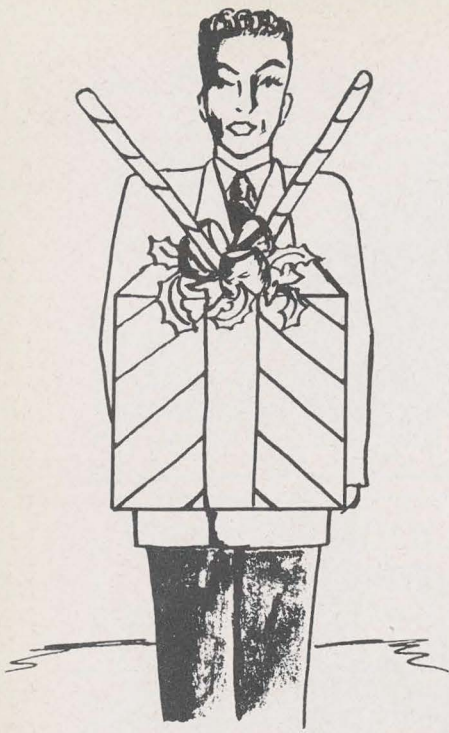
"Members of the University of Illinois football team feel highly honored to have been chosen to select VU's dream girl. We most appreciate that we were selected to perform this task before the season ended—indicating somebody had a premonition we were going to do all right.

"The pictures represented a group of mighty attractive girls and the choice was not easy. But, by consensus, we'll pick Miss Rowean Bush."

They Chose Her — The Fighting Illini







What to Get a Girl For Christmas

BY IBID

If you can afford \$.25 a day for a package of cigarettes, you can afford to buy a television set for your girl friend for Christmas. Such an idea might sound a little unusual—particularly if you don't own one—but it really has its saner aspects.

Now just consider the problem of a Christmas gift. If you give her a picture of yourself, you might be considered egotistical. If you give her a cashmere sweater, the two or three that she already owns will give it no novelty. And if you give her some bewitching perfume, you could very easily lose her—if the perfume lives up to the advertizing. Thus we have the field of prospective gifts narrowed down to a television set and a few little items.

To properly evaluate the advantages of a TV set for Christmas, we must proceed to examine the appeal of the gift, the benefits that you will gain through such a gift, and your \$.25 every day. Foremost in the discussion, of course, is the fact \$.25 is \$.25. And not only is \$.25 just \$.25, but it so happens to be YOUR \$.25.

Taken for Granted

Therefore, you wish to make sure that this investment will be the best investment that you can sink \$.25 into a day and every day. Among the uses for \$.25 we find the following: one hamburger and a coke, one tall one, or almost one-half the price of a movie. But you, nevertheless, cannot forget the fact that everything here mentioned only serves a temporary use and should not be considered with the more permanent use it could serve—that of buying your girl a television set for Christmas.

And in continuing our discussion of the advantages of a TV set for the girl in your life, we arrive at point number two—the benefits that you will gain through such a gift.

First of all, the fact that she will think of you

everytime she turns on the TV set speaks most affirmatively for the purchase of such a gift. And with the purchase of such a gift it is only taken for granted that she will not expect you to take her out as much, as you undoubtedly enjoy TV and would prefer watching it to going to the movies.

And it follows that since you have provided the means of entertainment for the evening she should at least furnish refreshments. That means that you will no longer have to pay for two snacks or even one—which undoubtedly cost more than \$.25.

Matter of Habit

Continuing the discussion on the advantages of giving your girl a TV set we find that it will be a little difficult for her to misplace or lose such a gift and expect you to replace it. This is often the case with jewelry. You give her a pair of earrings; she loses one; and you feel obligated to replace it. If the loss occurs at a moment when you are financially embarrassed, you are in a predicament.

However the \$.25 a day you pay for a TV set becomes a matter of habit, and you should have conditioned yourself to allow for it in your daily budget. The pack of cigarettes you give up every day in order to pay for the Christmas gift will undoubtedly do you more good than any other reason mentioned.

And while you would only give such a gift to a girl for whom you at that time have very serious intentions, there nevertheless exists the possibility that unforeseen developments might cause you to break up. NEVER, you say, as long as she has the television set.

Any gift you would give her of a more personal nature such as earrings, a sweater (cashmere of course), or perfume removes all possibility of getting

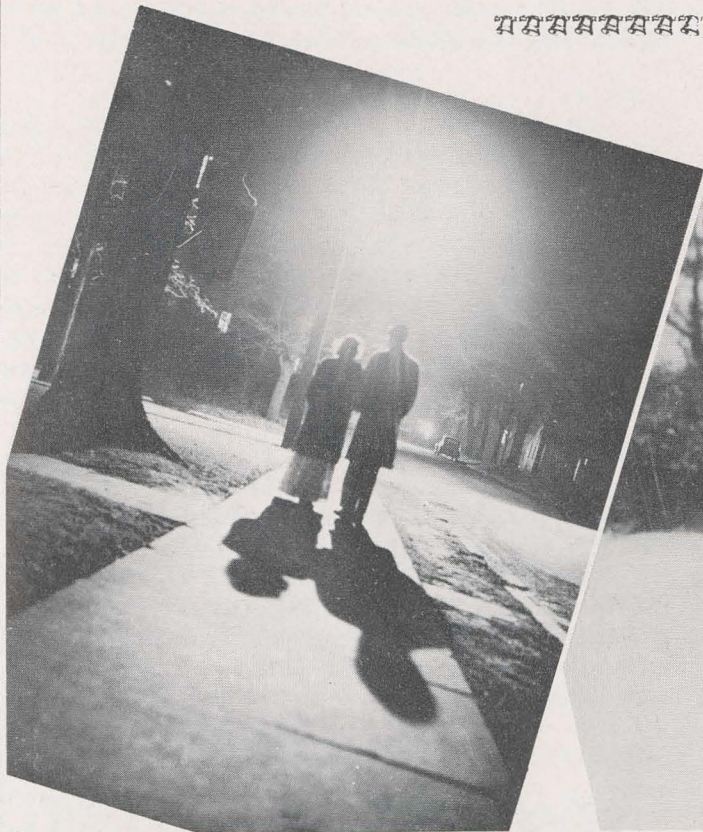
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# Christmas: V.U.

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NATIONAL FRATERNITIES

PRO

Much discussion has taken place on whether it is advantageous to the students and the university to establish national social fraternities on our campus. All the arguments that I will present for their establishment here will be based on facts about TKE or on facts which came to light when we, the old AE's, investigated various nationals to decide with which one to associate. All of these arguments will not hold true for many of them. Enough so that it would be beneficial to bring more of them to our campus.

Probably the greatest charge leveled against nationals is the supposed financial problem. This problem is almost completely eliminated when actual figures are set down. For example, the semester expense for each member of TKE is one dollar more than the amount paid by students living at Guild or Memorial.

This expense not only includes the house fee and national dues, but also all social fees, formal expenses and building fund assessments. For our national dues the members get the national periodical, the fraternity songbook and pledging guides. Every two years each chapter sends a member to the national conclave, all traveling expenses being paid by the national office.

Social Advantages

Members get further advantages in the purchasing of fraternity pins, ornaments or other standardized clothing and equipment. A national fraternity, in buying in lots of hundreds, will be able to purchase equipment more cheaply than a local fraternity, buying in lots of 10 or 20. These savings are passed on to the local chapters.

Although many local fraternities have built up strong alumni organizations, it seems doubtful that they could effect as highly organized an alumni group as do national fraternities. We, as Tekes of Valparaiso, will have alumni gatherings here as do the other fraternities on campus.

But we have the opportunity to join graduate chapters set up at larger schools, should we continue our schooling after graduation. The larger cities of

the midwest all have Teke clubs, which meet for social purposes as well as to keep in contact with the national fraternity itself.

There are many social advantages offered to chapters of a national fraternity. Members from other schools occasionally drop in our chapter house on their way through Valpo. In meeting these students, many ideas and viewpoints are exchanged. This helps to give the various chapters a three dimensional view of how other chapters are run and where improvements can be made. Tips of conducting successful parties are passed on.

Already, in the short time that TKE has been on campus, members from chapters at Butler, Purdue, Illinois, Beloit, Miami (Fla.), Minnesota, Drake, Indiana and Virginia have stopped by at the chapter house. A transfer student finds his social life made easier if he can step into an organized group.

Acts as Guide

One of our members transferred to Purdue this year and has already become an integral part of the chapter there. Any Teke, in traveling around the country, need only stop at a chapter house for an evening of fellowship and a night's lodging.

A national fraternity also offers prestige to the local chapter and its member. Just as the members of a local fraternity have a common feeling of unity, so the members of the national, speaking now in terms of thousands, have a communal bond and feeling of unity.

As for any fraternity on this campus, the fact of being a national does not, nor is it intended to, raise its prestige among the other fraternities. The prestige of each fraternity here rests on the actions of the fraternity and the individual members which compose it. The national fraternity, with its many years of experience in all phases of fraternity affairs, can ably counsel the local chapter in its constant efforts to secure and maintain respect among the other greek

Cont. on page 20

BY JERRY SPECKHARD

are they worth it?

CON

"We're going national because we're a progressive organization." Heard that before? Progress is the one word that sums up the answer to the question of why Greeks should go national. Is nationalization progress? I say no.

The fraternities on this campus were founded by men who believed they had a cause that was worth organizing. They did not feel that compliance with so called national standards was important. So why should we now adjust ourselves to standards that were set up by people who have had no contact with the particular problems and circumstances that exist on this campus?

Regardless of the fact that individual chapters of a national organization can adjust the financial requirements to fit their particular campus, the biggest objection to national fraternities is the matter of cost.

Fraternities cost money. Everyone is aware of that. For the most part, the money goes to the cost and upkeep in the house and to social functions. In a national fraternity, money must also be paid to the national organization. It's true that some of this money eventually finds its way back to the individual organization to be used for improvements. No doubt the same effect could be attained by merely increasing the local dues. There is no advantage here that could be termed progress.

Prestige Added?

Contacts after graduation are often brought up as a benefit of belonging to a national fraternity. If a man must rely on such contacts for a job or a promotion, it is plain to see that in the long run he isn't going to get too far.

Eventually, a man has to learn to rely on himself. He has to be able to make his own contacts, make his own breaks. If a man doesn't think he can do this, then perhaps national fraternities are his answer. Is the idea of contacts after graduation a progressive idea? For the moment maybe, but in the long run, we both know the answer.

Valpo's campus has more social functions than

any individual could possibly handle. There is always something to do for the unorganized. For those who are organized there is even a greater variety. Local fraternities on this campus have long handled the situation adequately.

There is no need for more social activity here. Except for a few touchy topics, we stand nothing to gain, as a campus or as an organization, from national fraternities. And what we do lack can be obtained without the help of nationals. Still no progress.

Does belonging to a national fraternity add to the prestige of an individual? For those who say yes, I say, "How?" Prestige comes from being organized, not from belonging to a particular organization. Individual prestige stems from the feeling of being accepted by a group. The name of the group isn't important for prestige. If you have a personality in fitting with the ideas of any group, you will be accepted by that group.

Nationals Abolished

That's where you get your prestige, from acceptance. For the most part, to speak of prestige is to speak of an individual thing. Prestige, says Webster, is originally from the Latin "praestigium" meaning delusion or illusion. Anyone who says that membership in a national fraternity offers more prestige than does membership in a local fraternity, is suffering from delusion and illusion. Let's face the facts.

On our campus the fraternities are an intrigal part of the university as a whole. Growth of fraternities here has corresponded with the growth of the university.

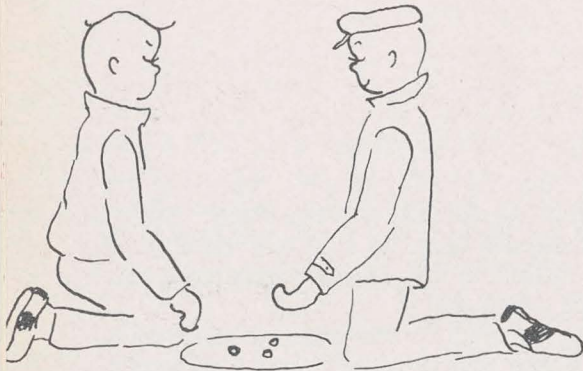
Princeton abolished all national organizations in 1875. Today there are many local social organizations on that campus. Princeton contends that to say, "I'm a Princeton man" is a much greater

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BY DICK HANNEMAN

Excerpts from the Handbook

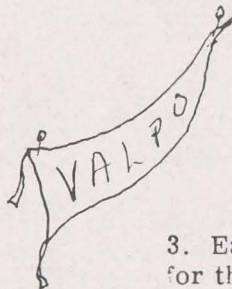
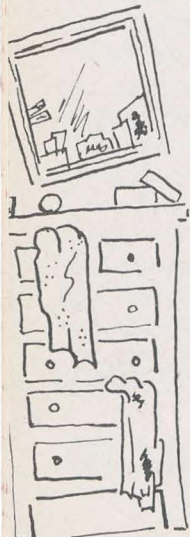
By Iris Ide



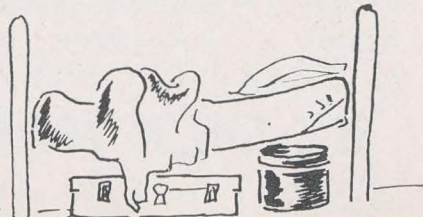
1. No forms of gambling are permitted.



2. Dining facilities are all operated solely for the convenience of students and are not profit making ventures.



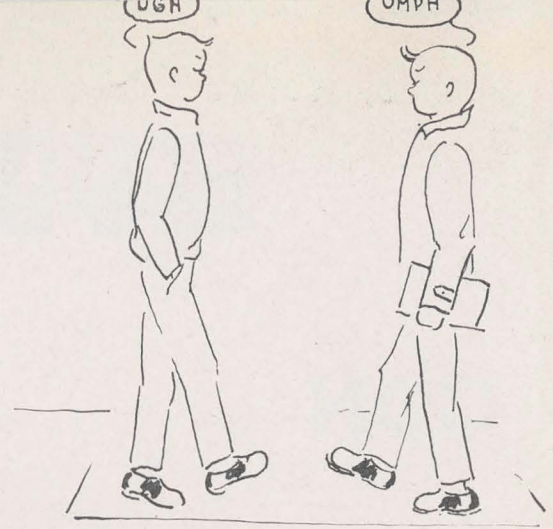
3. Each student is responsible for the cleanliness of his room.



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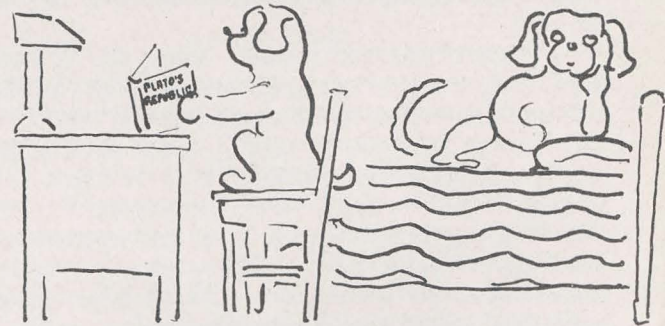
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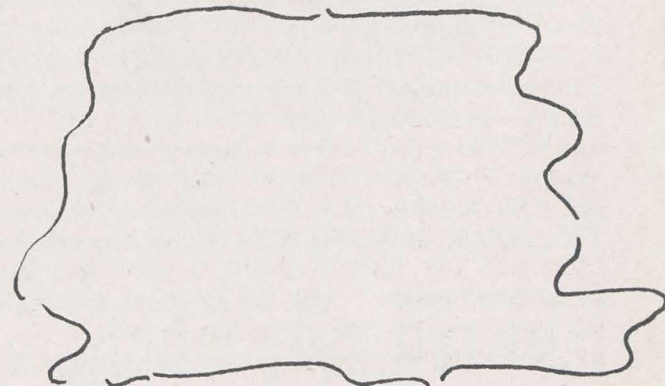
4. Students of Valpo are recognized for their friendliness.



5. A visit to the bull pen in spring gives new stimulus to a class.



6. No pets are to be kept in residence halls.



7. The university does not permit dancing on its campus.

QUIZ TYPES

Here and There

BY JUDY GASSEN

All professors have different methods in making you believe that a quiz is just a check to be used for your own benefit in determining what progress (if any at all) you are making in the dear professor's class. And Valpo profs are no exception.

Group one, in a general sense, is the one of "HE WHO HATES TO GIVE QUIZZES AND WILL TRY TO ELIMINATE THEM WHENEVER POSSIBLE." Finer calculating and deeper thinking will make one realize that this seemingly innocent character will pop up with a quiz every other class period.

All the time that he is passing out the questions, this man states over and over again that he simply loathes giving quizzes. Sample questions are given below, but you must realize that all of the trade secrets of this closely organized society cannot be disclosed.

- (1) Since you have read nine of Shakespeare's plays, you should have no difficulty in identifying the following speeches and giving the play, character speaking, scene, act, line, and page in your book.
 - a. Yes, yes!
 - b. Forsooth!
 - c. How dast you?
 - d. Egad!

Of course you must realize that this question isn't up to par because the poor man was still suffering from his week end when he was inspired to create this particular example.

"I AM GOD'S GIFT TO EDUCATION" is the opinion of the second group of quiz givers. "Only in my class can you absorb so much with so little effort," says this man. He enters the room with a sneer written on his joyous little face and passes out 10 page quizzes.

Since he is certain of his own supremacy in the teaching field, he sees no reason why all students shouldn't get A's. He makes it all the easier by grading on a straight curve with 100 as A, 99 as B, 98 as C, and then comes the big break. To earn a D, you must only score 97-96 points. Questions

usually run as follows:

- (1) Relate this course to the principle outlined by Newton in his Third Dissertation.
- (2) Give your own plan for establishing theiostic nobosis in South Morphia.

Third classification in this subversive society is the "WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A QUIZ?" man. He appears to be most democratic in his classroom procedures by letting the class decide when they shall have their tests. This way, he very nicely splits the class and causes bitter feuds.

These battles go on between those with heavy dates Sunday night who are opposed to Monday quizzes and those who have beer brawls scheduled on Tuesday night and will be in no condition for anything on Wednesday.

Of course there is still Friday, but honorable professor will find it necessary to be out of town attending a conference of the Basket Weavers' association on that day. That leaves the poor man without a quiz, causes his students to be bitter enemies and makes the administration most unhappy when they find that no quizzes have been given. When all finally arrive on the agreeable day, the questions run as follows:

- (1) A bird in hand is worth
 - a. less due to inflation
 - b. more due to the recent rains
 - c. 5 beers
- (2) Who wrote your text book and what outstanding qualifications does he (and there you have a hint—the author is a he) possess to make him properly qualified to write such a book?

The meek little prof who stands a full four feet shorter than his smallest student is also near sighted. He is so near sighted that he can't see a book in front of his face and therefore, appears also to be far sighted. He falls into the "I HOPE YOU STUDENTS DON'T MIND, BUT THE ADMINISTRATION SAYS THAT I HAVE TO GIVE YOU SOME QUIZZES

Cont. on page 24

They Called Him H.R.

BY DORRIE WATTS



Hair stood up in little paint brushes on the head that lay poking out of the covers. Suddenly the head jerked straight up, and a stocky eleven year old leaped out onto the cold wooden floor. Hurriedly he pulled his stiff wool socks on, stuffing his dirty underwear cuffs in securely. He struggled with the knots in his army-surplus boots, and finally managed to squirm his feet into them.

After having jumped into his washed-out dungarees, he walked to the window, still buttoning up his heavy plaid shirt. He smeared off the steam on the window and peered out. It was still dark, but the brilliance of the snow shown in the light thrown off by the silver of a moon that sat alone in the endless sky.

Then, with quickened pace, he walked to the unfinished chest that held his total belongings and picked up the shiny, new air-rifle that lay gleaming on the rough surface. He picked it up with almost reverent hands, and then laid it down again.

He shoved himself into the peeling leather jacket that his mother said was once his father's, and went back to the awe-inspiring rifle. Clutching it to him, he crept out through the only other room in the house, hoping he would not wake his mother who lay sleeping on the second-hand sofa pushed close to the oil burner.

Once outside, he stood silent for just a moment, feeling every snow-flake that the strong wind rushed into his face. Then he started out, intent on the biggest adventure of his impoverished life.

Homer Rush Shamblin—they called him H.R.—plodded through the rapidly deepening snow, across the railroad tracks, past the frozen rivelet that ran through the cemetery, through the "better section" of town, and, finally out through the undeveloped fields that bordered the north edge of the lazy, "friendly," little village.

The wind was sharper now, and the snow had penetrated his thick boots leaving his socks sodden masses. His raw, bony hands were almost frozen to the metal of the rifle, his one new possession, but he kept on. The time was just about here now, and he was keenly alert to everything about him.

This was his one chance. He couldn't fail. He had to prove, once and for all, that he WAS tough, that he WAS rugged and daring. His teachers were always saying it was a bluff, a "shield," this I-don't-

give-a-darn attitude of his. He could smoke, cuss as good, if not better than any fifth Infantryman, and he was the only one in the whole fourth grade that consistently disobeyed Miss Jerome and gave all the smart-aleck and incorrect answers, despite the fact that he was rounding his second year in her room.

The first day of school this fall had been the start of the same old thing over again. "Homer!" the younger, smarter kids in the class screamed at him as he slumped away from the hated brick building. "Homer Rush Shamblin! The dumbest boy in the class! His mother does the washing for Mary Jane and Timmy's mother!"

Christmas Came

At first he didn't hear. He swore he didn't. But the shrillness, the repetition—. The next thing he knew the Arthur kid, old man Arthur's only son, was flat on the sidewalk, kicking, panting and shrieking for help.

"Shut up!" he yelled. "Shut your filthy, lousy little mouth." And just as Miss Jerome rounded the corner of the building, there he was—sitting on Arthur's stomach, beating his stinkin', no-good little head against the solid, hard cement.

He was suspended for two weeks. It wasn't bad. In fact, it was pretty good. He could see being permanently suspended. It would save a lot of trouble all the way around.

When he came back it was worse for the most part, but one thing did his closed heart good. They called him H.R. No one ever even hinted that his name was Homer Rush, or that his mother did other's mothers' wash.

Then Christmas came. Christmas was the worst time of all the year. He always skipped school on the last day before vacation. Where was he supposed to get 50¢ for a present?

On the 24th he wandered aimlessly through the brightly illuminated streets, not knowing or caring where he wound up. His mother was working overtime at Mary Jane's house. Her folks were having a party that night and needed someone to "help out."

Nothing Better

Without really knowing where he was, he stood in front of the one-story frame building that used to be Harris' Fine Foods store and listened thoughtlessly to the little group that smilingly stood out in front playing trumpets and tamborines and nodding a "Thank-you and God bless you" to every-one that passed, dropping a coin in the red bucket that stood at their feet. He hated to admit it, but there was something warm about these fools; something cheery in the off-key carols they played.

They floundered their way through a half dozen songs or so and were ready to go inside when the guy with the big ears hollered cheerily, "Hi, Kid! Come on in!"

"Naw!"

"Ah, come on! Soup's on!"

Well, what the heck, there was nothing better to do. Inside two long tables stretched out. Bowls of hot soup, plates of rolls and thick mugs of coffee lay on the tables, amidst the tarnished silver. At one end of the hall was a huge tree, with a star right at the top, and lots of presents underneath it. He wondered who they were for. At the other end of the warm room stood a cross and some candles. Above it was a big blue banner that said, in red and gold letters, SALVATION ARMY.

The fella that had called him in led him to a place at one of the tables, next to a skinny, toothless, bald-headed guy in a black sweater, who looked up and grinned, "Hi, Mac! Help yourself to some grub."

He slushed the soup down. Darn good. Better than the crap his mother usually tried to scrape together. He was wondering when and how to leave, when the toothless guy next to him gave him a poke and said, "Come on."

Pretty Good Joes

Following the others, he picked up his ladder-backed chair and carried it to the end of the room. They sang a few hymns, and a tall, thin fellow gave a talk on loving one another. And then they passed out the presents under the tree. His was long and narrow, wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with red and silver cord. He unwrapped it in a flurry, anxious to see what could be inside. For a moment he sat there stunned. It was too good to be true. An air rifle. Something he had dreamed of owning for a long, long time but had never thought of as becoming a reality.

Finally he left the group, thanking them shyly for his gift. On the way home he decided that maybe those people really had something in all this Christian charity biz. Anyway, at heart they seemed to be pretty good Joes. They hadn't made one crack

Cont. on page 22



I was a week before Christmas

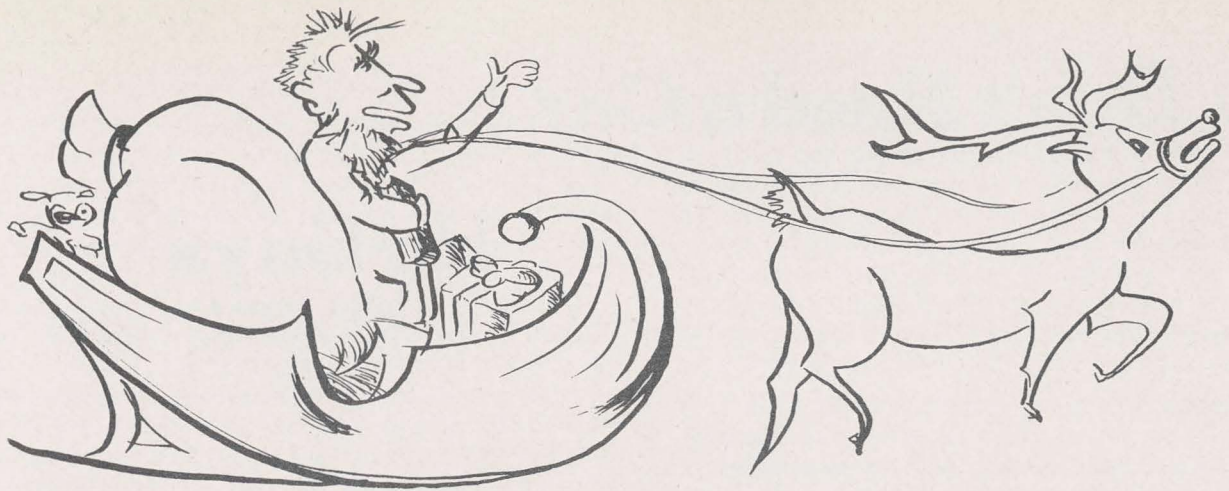
By M. J. Hagen



T'was a week before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
For the cupboard was bare; we were all low on cash,
And even a mouse won't eat left-over hash.
All the girls in the house were tucked snug in their beds,
And visions of term papers danced in their heads.
I was sitting alone reading essays by Paine
And nursing a cold that I'd caught in the rain.
When all of a sudden I heard such a clatter,
I jumped from my chair to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a streak;
The weather outside was still drizzly and bleak.
But there on the porch crowding up near the door,
Was a whole mass of people—'bout 50 or more.
Their leader stepped forward so lively and quick;
He was all bundled up and he looked like St. Nick.
In file after file his carollers came,
He gave them the key and he called them by name.
They stood there a minute—then what do you know,
They started in singing out there in the snow.
The sound it arose and went out in the night,
Till the drear and the cold seemed a beautiful sight.
And the moon peaked out from behind her shroud
And shone on the carollers singing so loud.
Then the snow started falling all fluffy and white
Like small flashing stars making everything bright.
The music went right down the chimney flue
And into the house—then suddenly two
And three and six and seven, then all—
All the girls stumbled out into the hall.
You've never seen such an array of caps
And pajamas and night gowns arise from their naps.
All in a body they swarmed toward the door,
Pushing and crowding behind and before.
They rushed to the windows in charging bands,
Packed close as grapes on Italian fruit stands.
They pushed up the windows and threw up the shades.
The trees in the snow looked like grand colonades.
And the moon shone down softly a'lighting the faces
Of all the young carollers still in the places.
We listened in rapture to all of their singing
Of Christ child and shepherds and Christmas bells ringing.
And as I was listening I heard a reply
Like voices of angels up there in the sky
A'floating along with the moon beams and snow
And echoing the praise of the songsters below.
We stood there in silence, the voices were dying.
Outside in the snow we could hear the wind sighing.
The song finally ended—the music was done;
The girls drifted back to their beds, one by one.
As the carollers left, the whiteness that snowed
Folded them into the dark of the road.
But I heard them all call as they faded from sight,
MERRY CHRISTMAS to all and to all a goodnight.

And then I remembered—tomorrow's the day
That I hand in my paper to Friedrich—but say—
Maybe old Santa will give me an A.





WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO 'JINGLE BELLS'

HAD THE THEME OCCURRED TO VARIOUS WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS

William Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold
An open, one-horse sleigh,
Especially one with jingling bells,
Which of much joy and laughter tell,
As the sled goes racing through the cold
(Bells ringing all the way!)
The sleigh is the bearer of the bell
And I could wish them both to be
Bound to each other throughout eternity.

John Keats

A bell that jingles is a joy forever.
Its tintinnabulation pleases, it will never
Pall upon our eager ears; but still will keep,
As all the lovely way it jingles, deep
Within our hearts, the ecstasy of youth,
When, all in an uninclosed sleigh (in truth,
Drawn but by one lone mare) we took delight
In riding, ah! so gaily through the night.

T. S. Eliot

We are the jingling bells,
We are the loud bells.
Ringing together
All on a leather strap. Alas!
Our metallic voices,
Speaking above the hollow laughter
Of the youths riding
Uncomprehendingly in a sledge (Carissimi Dio!)
Open and with only one dull horse,
Sound yet quiet and meaningless.

This is the way the bells jing-
le, this is the way the bells jing-
le, this is the way the bells jing-
le, Not with a klang, but a tinkle.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Bells emit a tinny sound,
Or that sleighs are made for slumber,
As they (open) skim the ground.

Bells are jingling! Bells are jangling!
And the scrap-heap's not their goal:
"Brass thou art, to brass returneth"
Was only meant for bells that toll.

Sounds of jingling yet remind us
We can make our lives sublime
(Like the bells we hear behind us,
Ringing in three-quarter time.)

Ringing that perhaps some others,
Hearing, will begin to waltz.
(Except those jivey, hopped-up brothers
Who can't endure that type of schmaltz.)

Let us then be up and ringing,
As the bells before us rang,
Our racket skyward flinging,
Learn to jingle and to klang.

*(Hitherto unpublished fragments by some who gave up
the attempt for various reasons:)*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

*(Who stopped after two lines to have a beer
with Schiller.)*

Was klinget so spät durch den Nebelschein?
Es ist, mein Geliebte, ein schönes Glöcklein.

Edgar A. Guest

*(Who became so interested in the problem of just what
DID make 'em jingle, that he gave up poetry and de-
voted his life to acoustical science.)*

It takes a heap o' somethin' in these bells to make 'em jingle,
Whether they're in great big bunches, or all of 'em single.
I s'pose you just got to keep on ringin'
Leastways I always do. But y'know,
The thing that really makes 'em ring is—

(Here the MS ends.)

by A. K. Zilch

You Don't Need a Car...

He Says

BY BUCK HAESELER

How many times have you wished you had a car here at Valpo? Before you think about it any more, carefully study the facts presented in this story and then draw your conclusion.

Back in '48 I wrote: "Six rules for being popular are (1) own a car; (2) have a sixth grade intelligence; (3) own a car; (4) be well dressed; (5) own a car. Rules 2 and 4 may be omitted if the car is a convertible."

This is not true. Exaggerated stories about "four wheel personalities" are strictly baloney. Take me for example. During my sophomore year I drove an amazing 10 year old Ford that had the remarkable ability to climb up the side of a sand dune and even the steps up from the Guild hall parking area. This did not impress my girl Suzie at all. "Get a new car," she demanded.

I did. My junior year I returned with a sleek black limousine and waited for Suzie's attention. None came. "Why?" I asked. "You said all I needed was a new model."

"But you have no radio!"

Still determined to fight back, I purchased a radio. By the time this was paid for, the second semester had begun and a newer model was out. "You gotta buy THIS year's car," Suzie demanded. Still I continued to try and meet the standards and obtained a 1951 model. But then Suzie demanded a convertible.

I was defeated. Later on, still fighting (my way out of debt), I learned that the girl who had persuaded me to purchase all the improvements was the daughter of the local Ford dealer, and Father gave her 10% of the dough he made off me.

Many of you non-owners don't realize it, but there is tremendous competition among car owners for rank in the upper aristocratic class. Those who bought their own cars consider themselves much

above those whose fathers gave them automobiles. And then, of course, there is classification according to the make, model, year and accessories of the car.

But no matter what kind of contraption it is, 98% of the car owners will tell you that a car is a great asset on a date. The other 2% haven't returned to campus yet.

Of course there are problems.

Consider the case of Hermann Phophenheimer who was driving along Cambell road with his date, and he asked her for a kiss. Slowly she shook her head from side to side. Then he asked her if she wanted to go somewhere and get something to eat. She still shook her head from side to side.

Right away he knew something was wrong. Investigation showed that the poor girl had caught her nose in the windshield wiper.

And then there's the case of Abercrombie Horsefeathers. He took his steady gal Agnes Schmaltz out to the dunes, and they watched the moon over Lake Michigan. As he took her tiny hand in his, her whole body shivered. His hand was shaking, and as he kissed her they both shuddered and quaked. Moral: Never leave the engine running when you're parked.

If there's any argument against having a car, it's that the machines are too expensive. Research has proved beyond a doubt that cars are more expensive than women! There's lots more than gas and oil to worry about, and if you do a lot of driving, you're in for at least \$5 a week.

On campus, this isn't too bad. You can take collections from your riders to help pay for the cost of driving them around. If they refuse to toss a coin in the pot, drive out to Route 30, jam the accelerator to the floor, and when the buggy starts to shimmy the rider most always agrees to come across with some legal tender.

Students who live on the hill have little trouble when the car runs out of gas. They merely get a push to Lincolnway and then coast into Al Raders gas station. But this isn't much help when the student doesn't have money to buy the petrol.

Each car owner must fill out a form for Dr. Jox giving the description, insurance and purpose of possessing a car at the university. I understand that most people use for their reason "travel to and from school."

Undoubtedly, this travel reason is sound financially. For riders to St. Louis the charge is usually \$2.50, to Buffalo \$5, to Cleveland \$3 and to Rochester \$6. Other distances over 500 miles are usually split up evenly between the passengers. Of course the trouble comes when the driver takes his girl friend with him. She travels free, and he loses the money that another passenger would pay.

Some of these trips home and back are real adventures. A couple years ago Bill Wrege rode along in a car from Buffalo to Valpo after Christmas vacation. The trip usually takes 11 to 13 hours. This trip took 24 hours.

Bill didn't mind too much that the 1935 model had no heater. But, after they still weren't to Erie, Pa., and had already fixed one flat besides plugging the leaky radiator, he began to wonder. Before they arrived at the Indiana border, two more flats were repaired and the muffler abandoned somewhere along Route 6. Besides, the speedometer wasn't working and they had no oil pressure.

Then the trouble began. Just when they clamped on the exhaust pipe so it wouldn't scrape along the road, one of the pistons was shot. The scene of the difficulty was a cold, windswept prairie somewhere this side of Kendalville.

Bill and his fellow passengers succeeded in getting a push to the nearest gas station after numbly trying to wave down passing cars for half an hour, but found that a new part would cost more money than they had. They decided to use their American ingenuity and fix it themselves. And they did, too!

From that day on, Bill always inspects a vehicle before he accepts a ride.

Still think you want a car on campus?

Just a Short One

With all due respects to Dorothy Parker's "Just a Little One," we'd like to give you a take-off on it. This is also written in reverence to the administration, seeing there is no form of such goings-on in fraternity houses.

I like this fraternity house Horace. How did you ever manage to find such a nice fraternity house? Imagine, discovering such a place in 1951.

Oh, I don't know, Horace—what are you going to have? Well, I guess I'll take one then, too; please, just a short one.

It will be funny to see the effect of it on me, little me, who isn't accustomed to these things. You'll watch out for me if anything happens, won't you? I don't think anything will, but just in case. But don't let me take any horses home. It doesn't matter so much about the mongrels around here, or rats, or cats, but my house mother gets awfully fussy about horses. She just doesn't understand us coeds.

But really, I don't think anything is going to happen to me from this stuff. Because, it really is just a short one. You know, I love that shirt you have on. Oh, did Clara give it to you? Ah, wasn't that just too swell of her.

You know, you ought to stick around this place more often. Oh, I know you live here, but you should spend all your time here. You ought to stay here because all the boys are so nice, and you do such nice things. This is a place where you can get real short ones that don't do you any harm. Oh, sweetheart, do you really think I should? Oh, well, get me just a short one. Now remember.

Was Clara here with you last Saturday? This place must be awfully becoming to her. Next to being in a dungeon, I don't know of any place she could go that the light would be more flattering to that mug of hers. Really? A lot of people say she's good looking? They must be blind. Why, Horace dear, I'm not being that way at all. Now, to me, that hag looks like something that would eat her young and be glad she did it. Now really, Horace, are you trying to kid me? At my age? I can't believe that she wears those clothes intentionally.

Well, we live and learn, I guess. Clara dresses well; she has good taste. Honestly, I think she's the worst shirt-picker-outer I ever saw.

You really are my friend. I haven't got a friend in the whole world. Do you know that? No, not one.

What do you care if I'm crying? I guess you'd cry too if you didn't have a friend in the world.

No, I don't think another drink would hurt me; and it sure wouldn't make me feel any better. But what's the use of feeling better when life's so awful? Oh, all right. But please, make it just a short one.

Horace dear, I don't want to stay here much longer. It's getting so dark and stuffy. It really is the kind of place Clara would like. I know I shouldn't talk like that about the girl you were once pinned to, but I can't help it. She is a terrible woman; a plain louse of the world. I feel just awful that you trust that thing Horace. I hate to see anyone play you for a sucker. And you know, lots of women do that. No, I wouldn't. Now, please don't do that Horace. You mustn't kiss my cheek. It just wouldn't be fair to

Cont. on page 24

Fraternities Sororities

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THERE MUST BE A
REASON



WHY SO MANY STOP AT

PARRY'S

FK

Cont. from page 10

organizations. and the university itself.

The national office acts as a guide and a stimulant to the local chapter. It makes recommendations for improvements and gives suggestions for better pledging, better studying and, perchance, better "party-ing." It gives awards and trophies for achievement, such as scholarship and house improvement. Further awards are given for officer efficiency and general over-all chapter improvement. This stimulates good leadership.

The national fraternity is also of value to the school itself. The Teke magazine recently carried to over 100 campuses the story of Valpo's history and growth. From time to time, articles written by Valpo Tekes will appear in this magazine, describing our life and activities on this campus.

And yet, with all this contact between the local chapter and the national office, each chapter retains its individuality. It keeps its own traditions and customs. All alumni of AE were asked to become alumni members of Teke.

The local chapter's prime loyalty lies with the school. All the rules and regulations laid down by the school, as well as those passed by our inter-fraternity council, are observed. The national office is a coordination body, not a governing body. It guides, not directs! It attempts in no way to interfere with the individuality of the chapter or its members. It only serves to coordinate, guide, and stimulate the chapters to attain the ideals set up by the chapters as a group.

This, is a national fraternity.

Editor's Note:

And here's a little ditty from "finer literature" for those of you who are more intellectually inclined.

Tobacco, tobacco, sing sweetly for tobacco!

Tobacco is like love, Oh love it;

For you see, I will prove it.

Love maketh lean the fat men's tumor,

So doth tobacco.

Love still dries up the wanton humor,

So doth tobacco.

Love makes men sail from shore to shore,

So doth tobacco.

'Tis fond love often makes men poor,

So doth tobacco.

Love makes men scorn all coward fears,

So doth tobacco.

Love often sets men by the ears,

So doth tobacco.

Tobacco, tobacco, sing sweetly for tobacco!

Tobacco is like love, Oh love it;

For you see I have proved it.

...Tobias Hume

Cont. from page 11

privilege than to say, "I belong to such and such a fraternity."

With local organizations on this campus, the university has been the most important part of the answer to: "Where are you from?" If national fraternities are allowed to become predominant on this campus, a definite tendency could be established to mention the organization, then your school.

Chapters of the same fraternities vary from good to bad on different campuses. If you're talking to a person from a different school, you will in all likelihood be judged by the Greek letters, not the university. I don't think you could call that progress either.

Have you ever noticed how, at other schools, when the name of a student is mentioned in print it is always followed by the Greek letter organization to which he belongs. Happily, things haven't degenerated to that level on this campus. Such social classification is, however, one of the by-products of national fraternities. Movement in that direction isn't progress either.

Becoming affiliated with a national organization is giving up all the things that you stand for. It is throwing away the traditions that men have attempted to establish for many years, in favor of a name that has a certain amount of overall recognition.

I believe that at least in a certain sense, it is an admittance of defeat. It seems to indicate a certain amount of dissatisfaction with your present organization. While this isn't necessarily true in all cases, it certainly plays a part in some.

A local can think for itself, act for itself, and is responsible to itself for its own success. If it does succeed, it is because of the work of its individual members. It does not rely on its name for success, it must rely on its actions. The local is distinctive. It is the only organization of its kind anywhere.

The national is in many cases a name, not an organization. It does not enjoy the same individual distinctiveness of a local. How many freshmen come to college without knowing the first verse of "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi?" How many pledge that organization because of the name I do not know, but there must be some.

On this campus, the fraternity system is fine. There is always room for progress, but that progress can best come from within the present local organizations. There is no need to go national. National fraternities do not offer progress, they only offer better known names. ***

I almost married a girl. We had a great deal in common. I loved sophomore lit, she loved sophomore lit. I loved parties, she loved parties. I loved culture, she loved culture. We would have gotten married. Too bad we hated each other.



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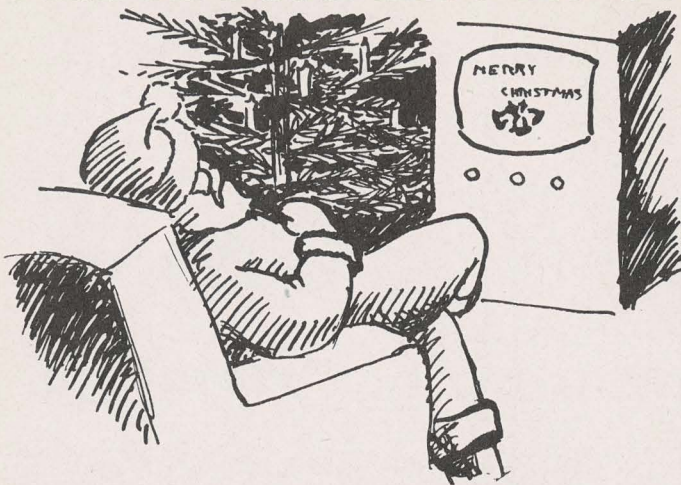
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Cont. from page 3

them back. With a TV set, however, this is eliminated by your purchasing the set in your name and just installing it in her living room. If she decides to break-up, you take the set back to your house. The same thing happens if you decide to break-up.

And of course if you don't have the affair terminated it makes a substantial piece of furniture for your home—and hers. That just about takes care of the major arguments that one puts forward for personal benefits.

And in logical order we come to the number one reason for buying your girl a TV set for Christmas—the appeal involved. Of course it will make a hit with her. It will also eliminate any competition by showing her that you think enough of her to choose such a unique gift. It will show her that you are the more serious type who looks ahead into the times when you will start furnishing her house and yours.

The appeal to the fact that you have provided her with a means of entertainment when you are not there is another very important angle. And to the parents, it will appeal to their better senses that you are in a position to take care of their little girl in the "fashion to which she has been accustomed." Thus you show foresight in preventing the usual question asked by some fathers about your financial status.

And of course if the family doesn't have a TV set already, you can cease to worry about any other suitor giving you competition—if father realizes that if you go so does the television set. He might attempt to postpone your marriage to enjoy the benefits of TV a little longer, but you will at least make a hit with him.

Now comes the question—do you think you should enjoy all these benefits for \$.25 a day? If you say NO you can always pay it off twice as fast by paying double the amount (which isn't too much if you smoke two packs of cigarettes a day). If you say YES, you, too, will rate at Christmas time with the gift of a television set.

Cont. from page 15

about his unkempt appearance, and no one had raised a question when he told them his name was H.R.

Back at school after the holidays he took the rifle with him. Everyone stared when they saw him coming, the rifle tucked tenderly under one arm. The question of the day was where on earth H.R. had ever gotten an air rifle like that? Speculations ran wild, and it was hinted, ever so subtly now and then, that maybe, just maybe, of course, he had stolen it from the sports department of the big department store downtown during the crowded pre-Christmas shopping season.

Finally, during the afternoon recess, the Arthur kid ambled up to him. It was their first encounter since the fight.

Cont. on next page

"Where's ya get the rifle, H.R.?"

"Santa Claus," had been the caustic answer.

"Yeah? What cha' gonna do with it?"

This was a question H.R. had not prepared for. The thought of really using the air rifle never really occurred to him before. Oh, sure, he had toyed with the idea, but not really thought.

Searching for a retort, his mind worked quickly.

"Kill something of course. Bird, I s'pose."

Arthur's eyes widened. "You wouldn't dare!" he said.

And that had been it; that had decided H.R. Kill a bird he would. He could picture vividly coming to school next day with the stiffbody of a bird shoved into a paper sack. He'd show Arthur and Miss Jerome and all the others that thought he couldn't do it.

Now, walking through the crisp crust on the ground, the feeling of power surged through him. He was lord and master of all that his eyes could see. He was almighty, with life or death dependent on his wishes.

He crouched, looked around and poised the rifle. Nothing was in sight. Tension and a new surge of power flooded him. This was it.

As the minutes passed and not a sign of life appeared, H.R. felt the jitters coming on. He had to do something. He had to have a bird to show that Arthur kid. A bird he had killed himself.

Then he heard the faint chirping of a little English sparrow. He looked up the tree a few yards away. There it sat on one of the bare limbs. It was only a sparrow, but it was a bird.

H.R. aimed the rifle. For just a second he was perfectly still. Then the sound of a shot shattered the stillness. The bird dropped from the tree instantly. It had been impossible for H.R. to miss.

For a full five minutes H.R. did not move. He had killed the bird. He had showed the Arthur kid and Miss Jerome and all the others. He had done the unbelievable; he had killed a bird.

He stood, feeling for the first time the ache in his legs that the cold and the crouching had put there. Stiffly he walked over to where his victim lay.

Reaching the spot, he stooped and picked the sparrow up. The feathery body was warm in his hand, and the dark blood trickled between his fingers, falling in the small red puddle that marred the virgin snow.

Suddenly all the power and all the glory drained out of H.R.'s body. He felt hollow. He stared at the little body that lay in his hand. The small, helpless body. He never thought it would be like this; he never actually realized that, because of him, a life would be over.

Something warm, wet and salty crawled down H.R.'s rough cheek. With his other hand he brushed it away. He laid the bird gently down in its pool of blood, and heaped a little mound of snow over. He didn't care what the Arthur kid thought of H.R.

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year



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THIS SEMESTER, SO IF YOU WILL ALL REPORT TO CLASS TOMORROW, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU" group. His questions stump everyone but the dumbest athletes, but nevertheless, the administration is happy once more and peace is restored to the quiet campus.

- (1) True or false
 - a. You are attending Valparaiso University.
 - b. The earth on which you live—and don't confuse this with the one on which you wish you live—is round.
 - c. Correctly spell your full name. If you can't give all the letters in their proper order in your middle name, please make a guess.

Speed demon himself is the prof who decides that he will not take up valuable lecture time with such trivial things as quizzes. Therefore, he presents his quizzes on Friday or Saturday evenings when he is sure that none of his students will have anything to do. Since he is very definitely in favor of saving time, he gives only one question.

- (1) Write a five hundred word essay on the principles discussed in class the day that only half of you put in an appearance.

"JUST BECAUSE YOU SAW ME OUT LATE LAST NIGHT DOESN'T MEAN THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CONJURE UP A QUIZ," says one hero of our group of honored schemers. He piles into class with no papers clutched in his hot, feverish little fist. He waits until the class period is almost over before he slyly reaches into his hidden pocket and digs out a 14 page quiz. His questions are usually completion and run about like this:

- (1) The _____ of the _____ is closely _____ related to the _____ because of the _____ found in the _____ or beyond the _____. Why?
- (2) John Jones, not to be confused with J.P. Jones, was master of _____. Familiar?

P.S. Written with all apologies to V.U. profs. ***

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dear old Clara. We've got to play fair with it.

Honestly, do you honestly mean that she isn't your best friend? Well, how was I to know? And after you brought her here Saturday night. Do you know what I did Horace? I broke a date that night, just because I thought you were going to call.

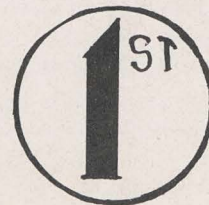
Oh, all right, just a short one, because now we're real friends, and Clara doesn't mean anything to you. I'm glad you realize how awful she is. You know, I was worried about you sweetie!

Yes, I think we ought to dearie, have just a short one before we leave. Friends are the best things in the world, aren't they? Of course, next to my dear dumb animal friends. But animals really are much better than people. Gee, I love animals.

I know. Before we go, let's go and pick up a lot of stray dogs that we find around here. Yes, there are lots. Haven't you ever noticed them come into classrooms? Gosh, you've been here on the five year plan; you should have!

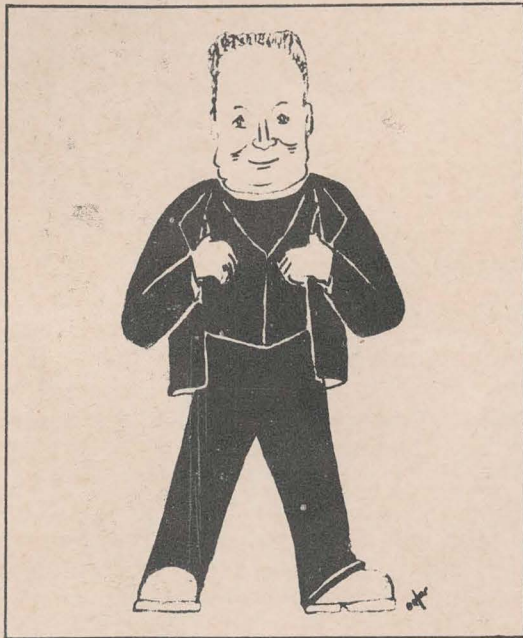
Oh, maybe we can find a horse somewhere! I've never had one. Isn't that a shame? Oh, I'd like a nice old plow horse. Oh, I'd like to take care of it and comb its hair and oh, it would be so nice. I need a horsie, honestly I do. Oh, that old house mother won't mind. A horsie would be so nice. Let's have one and then go get a horsie—just a short one, honey, just a short one.

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No other university administration can boast an equal record by its students.

You, as students, have often been critical of student behavior and student attitudes, and rightly so. When you have lost sight of the ideal, when you have stopped trying to improve, when you have stopped criticizing . . . then you shall no longer be worthy of the name of Valparaiso UNIVERSITY.

But look at the credit side of the ledger. With God's help, Valpo students have done more for themselves and their school than any other student body. YOU are the best!

What About Your Friends?

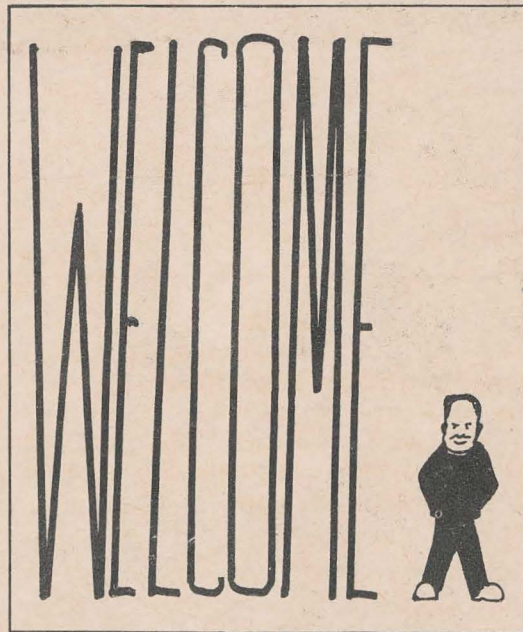
The administration of Valparaiso University wants to enroll more of the same calibre students next semester and next September. Are there any more at home like you?

Probably . . . of course, there are. And you know them better than even their neighbors, teachers, or pastors. You are Valpo's most effective booster—better than our alumni, pastors, teachers, Guild members, Walther League and Laymen friends. These are all working to see that the best students come to Valpo. Won't you, too, help find the best for Valpo?

Here's what you can do:

- 1) Talk to your friends about Valpo.
- 2) Take a genuine interest in their future.
- 3) Bring them to the campus, if possible.
- 4) Give them advice based on your college experience.
- 5) Give their names and addresses to Mr. E. H. Ruprecht. (You can do this through the campus mail.)

Mr. Ruprecht's office will send them an official information booklet about Valpo.



Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!

No. 12...THE SQUIRREL



“They
had me
out
on a
limb!”



This nimble-minded nutcracker almost tumbled for those tricky cigarette mildness tests. But he worked himself out of a tight spot when he suddenly realized that cigarette mildness just can't be judged by a mere puff or one single sniff. Smokers everywhere have reached this conclusion—there's just *one* real way to prove the flavor and mildness of a cigarette.

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