

Spring 1961

Spring 1961

Valparaiso University

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LIGHTER



SPRING 1961

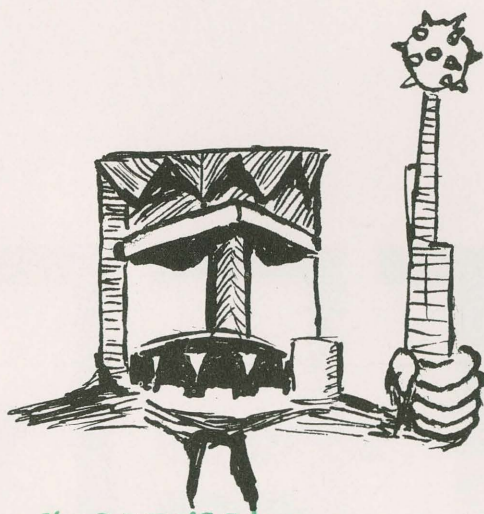
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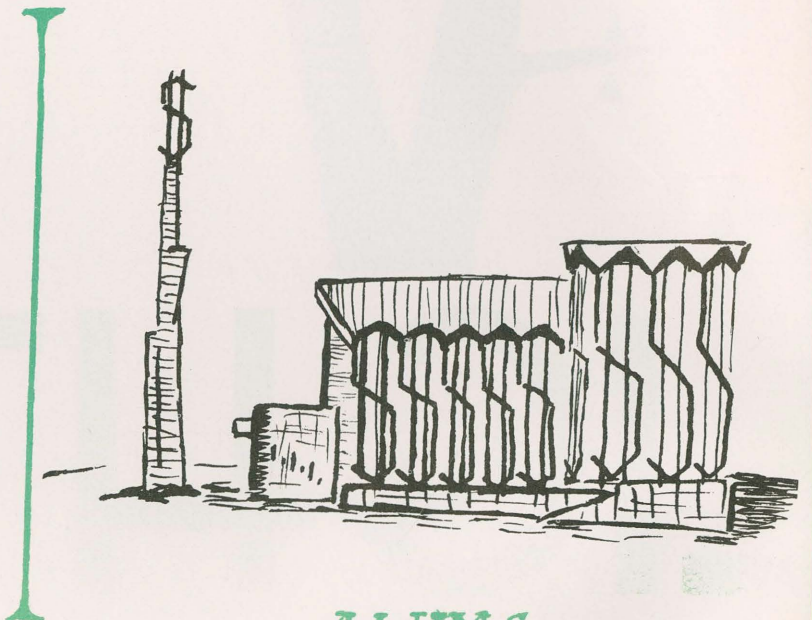
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62 W. LINCOLNWAY

"We have no ambition to put together another periodical of togetherness, just as we do not attend college for "adjustment." The only reason for college is education. We call education 'entertainment and enlightenment'."

-- from COLLAGE MAGAZINE

1961

SPRING

THE LIGHTER . . .

The Literary-Humor-Variety Quarterly

. . . of Valparaiso University

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COVER by Chuck Whitman
VOLUME III NUMBER 3

OPINION ON THE BIAS --The Editors

THE WAGING OF PEACE . . .

In facing up to the brute fact that any sort of atomic world war would accomplish little more than horrible destruction and suffering for a large mass (if not all) of humanity, we feel that President Kennedy and his administration have shown themselves to be not only strongly committed to high moral and ethical ideals, but also exceedingly prudent and realistic — indeed a rare combination in our day. The “waging of peace” is, for the present administration, much more than a high-sounding maxim. Already the top administrative body of a Peace Corps has been made a physical reality, and “commander-in-chief” Sargent Shriver is presently hard at work acquiring a strong task force — a task force, that is, of well educated and highly dedicated young men and women.

Basically the purpose of the Peace Corps is to foster more friendly relations between the United States and the countries it would serve. It hopes to do this by sending its members to foreign countries (only, however, upon their request) for such specific purposes as rendering technical advice and assistance, communicating and living with and learning about the people of the country, and generally showing a willingness to know and sympathetically understand the aspirations of the country and its individual constituents.

We feel that a Corps such as this could have, at least in conception, many positive and far-reaching effects. It is not impossible to imagine such an organization even being instrumental in preventing a third, and perhaps final, world war. Potentially the Corps could provide for real international communication — the lack of which seems to be a primary cause of world tensions. Admittedly, such communication is not the pill to cure all the world's ills, but at the very least it does provide a means whereby motives — both national and international — can be more accurately judged.

To be sure, if humanity's goals are not essentially humanitarian, then world war seems inevitable; if such things as jealousy, greediness, and desire for power are man's prime motivators, then it seems that the hope for the human race seems to be little more than total annihilation. On the other hand if concern for his fellow is or can be made a dominant drive in man; then, it seems to us, that humanity can and will

aspire to accomplishments, some of which are probably even beyond our conception. If the later statement is true, then the clarification of communication for which the Peace Corps can be responsible will be invaluable in hastening the realizations of such goals as international understanding and cooperative human aspiration.

It is difficult to know how many of the thousands who have indicated that they want to be a part of the Peace Corps are acting out of a general concern for and benevolence toward humanity. Shriver intends to do all that he can to avoid the glory seeking, the draft-dodging, and other similarly undesirable types. In fact he goes to great lengths to explain how rigorous and unglamorous a tour of duty in the Corps will be. It is also impossible to know at this point if a peace such as an organization like this one seems inclined to promote is really what the United States or any other country wants. An honest desire for peace and a willingness to endure a certain amount of self-sacrifice is almost required as a national attitude if the Peace Corps (seemingly an embodiment of this attitude) is to be successful. Without this attitude the Corps failure seems almost inevitable — a failure which, if it is forthcoming, could well be prophetic of world disaster and destruction.

It is our hope, then, that the Peace Corps will succeed. More than this, however, we feel that as university students — most likely candidates for Peace Corps duty — we should all become well informed as to the specific nature and needs of the Corps and become vitally and verbally committed to its goals.

Our has been called rather detogatorily a “silent generation.” Support — active support — of the Peace Corps could well serve to prove that our silence has not been unthinking; that, in fact, we are now, after a period of disciplined and searching contemplation, ready to *act* in a prudent, yet daring and forceful manner.

IS IT WORTH IT? . . .

Tuitions going up . . . again! “What a drain on the pocketbook!” “Does this school think we're made of money?”—Etc., etc., etc. These comments are probably a fair representation of the general campus reaction to the latest rise in tuition, and

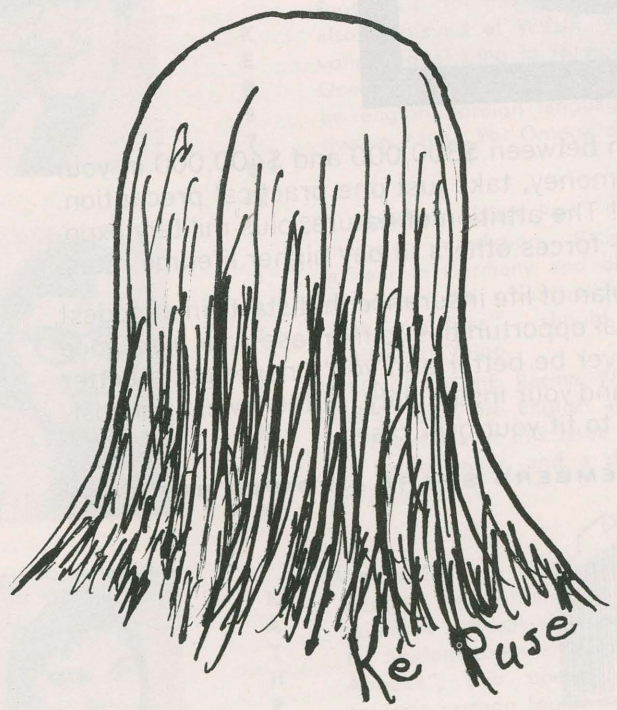
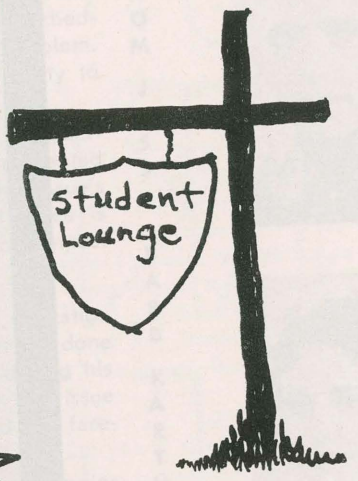
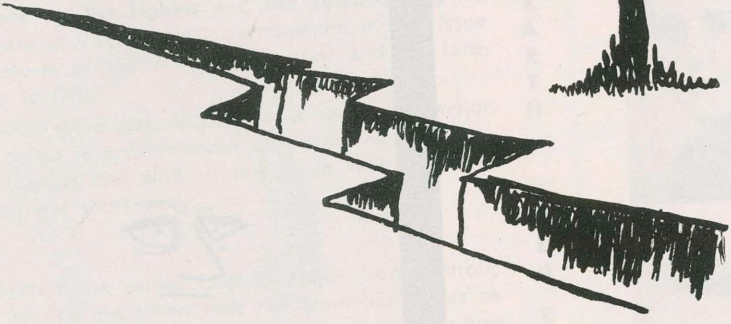
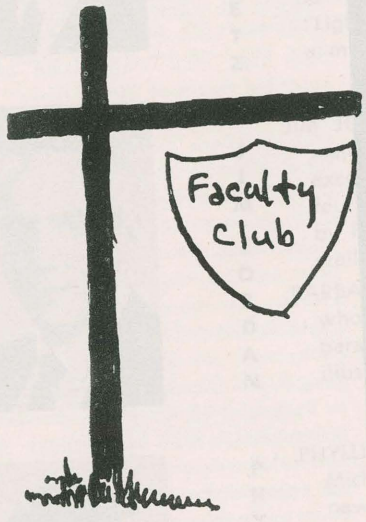
there is good justification for them. Attending Valparaiso University is becoming, every year, a more and more expensive proposition. The fact that there are excellent reasons for the rise in tuition, such as faculty salaries, laboratory equipment, etc., in no way negates the above statement. It costs money, a lot of money, to attend Valparaiso University. Now, that's all settled. Tuition has gone up and will continue to go up. We gripe about it and will continue to gripe about it . . . and we pay it and will continue to pay it. So we've reached a point where a rather pointed question presents itself. *Is our education worth it?* Unfortunately, after four years of muddling through this phenomena known as “college education,” we have to give that question a negative answer. We've paid cold, hard cash for a liberal arts education and we haven't gotten our money's worth.

The first thought that comes to mind is “demand a refund,” but we're not in a position to do that either. A minor type parable follows by way of explanation. A man bought a vacuum cleaner. He took it home, put it into the hall closet and didn't give it another thought. After a year or so, our friend took the vacuum cleaner out of the closet, went back to the store, and demanded his money back. When asked why, he replied that he hadn't gotten his money's worth. The complaint manager asked him what the trouble was with the vacuum cleaner, but our friend couldn't answer that one, since he'd never made use of it. He didn't get a refund.

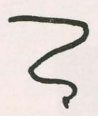
We're somewhat in the position of the man with the un-used vacuum cleaner, aren't we. We've paid for a liberal arts education and we haven't taken advantage of it. We've shelved the whole thing. The University catalogue shows great variety in courses offered, yet how often do we take a course that we don't have to take? Aren't our electives often determined by “what's easiest” rather than by “what's new”? How many of us take a course in math or philosophy simply because we want to find out what these fields are all about. Or, how many of us sign up for a 7:30 class because the prof that's teaching it is the best and toughest in the field? Rather, don't we sign up for the 10:30 class because that particular professor is easy — even though

Continued on Page 29

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

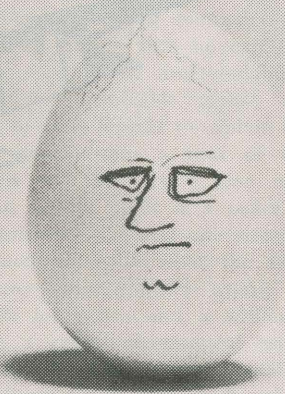


-- And never the
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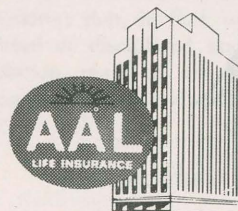
YOUR
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As a college graduate, you are slated to earn between \$300,000 and \$400,000 in your lifetime. Before you get going after all that money, take just one practical precaution. Guarantee your insurability for life insurance! The attrition of nature, plus military exposure, makes some young men uninsurable — forces others to pay higher lifetime rates.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS



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CHUCK GOETZ, Valparaiso, Indiana, is a senior government major who plans to go into law. Chuck's effort for this issue is "Phlebus Among the Plebians: Brave New Schedule Revisited," an unusual approach to an old problem. Chuck refuses to take responsibility for any similarity to actual persons, living or dead.



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JIM JORDAN, Valparaiso, Indiana, is a physical education major in his senior year. This popular cartoonist has done excellent work for **The Lighter** and **The Torch** during his four years here at Valpo. He is represented in this issue by his caricatures of the WVUR radio staff and the farewell cartoon to O.P.



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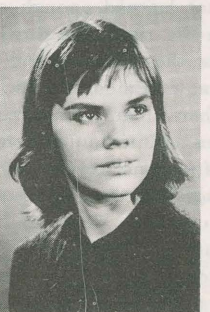
PHYLLIS KERSTEN, is a senior English major from Detroit, Michigan. Phyllis has taken time out from her duties as news editor of **The Torch** to do an excellent bit of writing to go along with our WVUR picture feature.



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PAT MARTIN, Forest Park, Illinois, is a senior Deaconess majoring in religion. Pat's academic work has included a year in Germany and distinction in honor's work last semester. Her contribution in this issue — "Truth Shall Make You Free" — should be required reading for every student at Valpo.



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KATHE RUSE is an unclassified transfer student from Chicago, Illinois. Kathe has done triple duty for this issue, contributing a satirical view of the campus entitled "A Transfer Student Looks at Valpo, or: How Do I Get to Foundry Annex?", two poems, and the rather unfortunately accurate cartoon found on page three.

CHUCK WHITMAN, is a sophomore government major from Detroit, Michigan. Chuck is president of the Human Relations Club, was instrumental in forming the Hebrew language class, and has been active in the University Players. Chuck did the fine cover for this issue.



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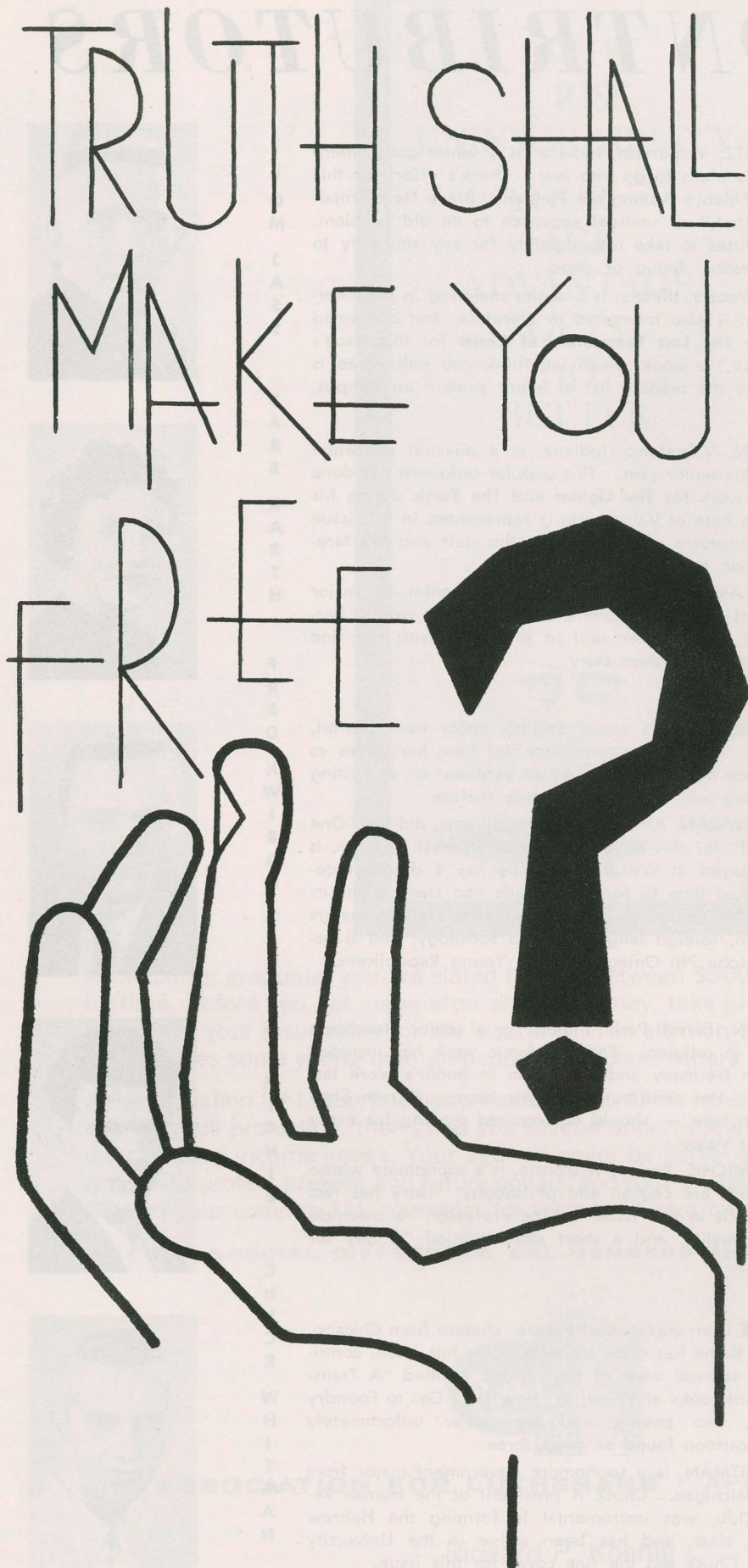
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AN ESSAY by Pat Martin

"An ye shall know the Truth, and Truth shall make you free." Christians supposedly base their lives upon the Truth which is in the Church of Christ. Yet so many Christians will not expose their faith in this Truth to the questions and the criticisms of the agnostic and the unbeliever. Some few Christians have such clear sure faith that their simple answers are all foregone conclusions, and they see no sense in seriously bothering with the unnecessary questions of the misguided souls outside the fold. Some few have truly such simple minds and faith that their witness can never go beyond the depth of "Jesus saves." Yet many Christians do not expose their faith to certain questions because of fear. It is to these Christians I speak. What is this fear? Fear of losing their faith? Fear that they have not the Truth? Why are so many Christians afraid even to ask the questions which penetrate to the core of their faith? To many Christians Reason is a dark shadowy form which threatens their faith, and all times they feel they must protect the Truth. Protect to them means to remove from all points of contact. Protect means to hide from attack. What kind of truth turns and runs in fear? Who in his right mind would stake his very life upon a truth that must live in constant fear? If I must fear the unbeliever and the agnostic then perhaps I had better join them, for either I have not now access to the Truth, or there is something greater than this Truth. Anything greater than this Truth deserves to claim my life.

The Doubtful and the Faithful

Here we want to see faith, which admits the possibility of doubt concerning the Truth and faith's access to the Truth, and consider and attempt to answer some of the questions which can and must be asked. Look around. The questions which are usually attributed or relegated to the "left field" agnostic or atheist are not only being asked by them. They are also being asked by the young Christians. It is not enough to say that the poor souls only ask the questions because they do not believe enough. One cannot dismiss these people and their questions simply because he feels that they have not learned enough or they have not learned the right things. Rather, one should look at the questions and answer them. If one knows the Truth he should share it with others. He should not turn and run. At times a Christian discovers that he is closer in his response to God to the inquiring, sincere agnostic than to the brother in the faith. Surprized, shocked, he tries to face the situation. He turns to the brother in an attempt to find out why. Instead of answers, or even sympathy, too

often he finds fear in the brother. Evasion follows fear. Then censure. The Christian, repulsed, takes his doubt to himself and concludes that he is perhaps not a Christian after all.

Christianity does have access to the Truth! The Christian need not apologize, excuse, or evade — he need only speak. But to speak he must know where he is. He must constantly reexamine those vital roots of his faith — his answers must come from the very fabric of his life. The Christian must be able to communicate with those who ask the questions, no matter what the question or who the questioner. We at least must try — we dare not walk away.

We Are Alone

Most of us have been led down a very narrow path in religion; some of us have been led down a narrower path than others. Some of us have been on this path longer than others. It is as though our faith were a train restricted to its narrow parallel tracks. As one fears the disaster that can occur when a train leaves the tracks, we fear to leave our tracks. So we are on the train, and it takes us on. For some of us it has been a long train ride already, going through elementary school, high school, and college in the "church system," where the community has often afforded us too much security. We have been given all of the "right" formulas to guide us and keep us on our way. But somewhere along the line some of us get off the gravy train, or whatever train you choose to call it, and suddenly we find that there are some questions which we have to answer *ourselves* — the narrow tracks are gone. We are alone.

The Luxury of Honesty

We must find out where we are. We discover that the disaster which we feared has not wiped us off the face of the earth. The bond which binds us to Christ has gone beyond the confines of the track. The forgiveness of sins, which is the reality of our lives, is not restricted to narrow bounds. We start out to see where we are by looking within ourselves. Perhaps the view is pretty barren. Perhaps the "connection" leading "above" is obscure and seems dangerously weak. All right. It is at least being seen. At least we are facing it. We are being honest with ourselves. Honesty seems to be a luxury which few of us feel we can afford. Within ourselves we begin to find out where we stand before God. With our personal faith which is our access to the Truth we can begin to find answers to some of the myriad questions which pour in upon us.

Having taken the first step, having looked within ourselves, where do we go from there? We turn to the others who also have

access to the Truth; perhaps they can help us find some of the answers for the questions which we confront. We turn, in other words, to the Christian brother. It is amazing what we find. In some cases we find genuine sympathy, if not empathy. These people probably, somewhere, sometime, got off their first train. Others are indifferent or busy; their faith is not of such concern to them. They cannot see why our faith should be of such concern to us. Some seem almost incredulous that the earth has not swallowed us. Those with ultra-sure faiths may find our questions foolish, hardly worth an answer. If we press the point, they may react with anger.

Why? Why should these people react with anger? What does this anger imply? Is it, as was suggested above, fear? If they are so sure that each and every word of the Bible is to be taken literally, why do they hesitate to discuss some of the passages of the Bible which seem to go beyond the realm of possibility? Or why do they not take it seriously when someone says that evil means nothing to him, that original sin speaks nothing to him? How are they going to make this meaningful to me or anyone else? I know they may well "feel sorry" for me, as one is "sorry" for those on a train when it goes off the track. But pity is not needed. Only insights, only truth. I ask only that they look into their individual lives, where they stand before God, and from the roots of their lives and faith tell me how those questions are answered for them.

At times the problem of communication seems almost insurmountable. We find that we are apparently speaking two different languages. However it seems impossible that we would not find some common ground if we sincerely so desired. If we so desired.

It has been suggested that the brothers are perhaps too ignorant or lacking in knowledge to even talk about some questions. If this is true then should they not seek to find out more so that they can speak more intelligently about the questions and the possible answers which the faith might have to offer? It hardly seems fitting that any Christian, least of all a university student, should be satisfied to simply plead ignorance in a matter, and thus evade consideration or problem. Has the Christian no responsibility to answer the questions sincerely put to the faith? How can a thinking Christian or agnostic or unbeliever respect a faith that will not or cannot even face the problems? Perhaps when asked a question I have no ready answer for it, but at least I can take it to myself and attempt to come to grips with it.

Just as disconcerting as the evasion of questions is the answering of questions with the raising of hackneyed phrases. Certainly, God is love, but those three words are hard-

ly enough to solve all possible problems. The raising of hackneyed phrases seems to indicate that there is hallowed ground on which one dare not tread. The question is, however, why is the ground hallowed? As long as the "I" or the person posing the questions is sincere and the faith is sincere, is there such a thing as hallowed ground?

Philosophy Possible Tool

If one is justified in asking questions on any ground, "hallowed" or not, perhaps a tool for this would be philosophy. Philosophy is a discipline in which the mind is trained to be better able to search after the truth. The mind is also taught how better to comprehend and communicate. Philosophical assertions are found at the very heart of the Christian faith. For example, the doctrine of the Trinity involves philosophical concepts. That God is three persons in one substance is undeniably a philosophical assertion. It would seem reasonable, consequently, that those who desire to fully understand their Christian doctrines and to communicate them would want at least to taste of the discipline of philosophy. Yet it was suggested by one of our sisters in the faith that it was not a wise idea to encourage all students in the university to take at least one class in philosophy. She said that it would just confuse most of them.

Creator also of Thinkers

I might be an idealist, but it would seem reasonable to me to assume that university students are capable of weathering at least one philosophy course. If the confusion meant is a confusion in faith, with the implication that this would be dangerous to the faith, this does not seem a legitimate reason to me to cease from encouraging the study of philosophy. I, for one, am confident of the strength of Christianity to meet and converse with the philosophical traditions, but it is possible that this is also an example of my incurable idealism. Strangely enough, though, our LORD was also the creator of the minds of the great thinkers. These thinkers sought and seek truth — we might just be able to learn something from them. Even more important, we can witness to them and to our contemporaries who with lesser brilliance follow or attempt to follow in their footsteps. However, to witness I must be able to communicate. I cannot communicate unless I know the other's language. Besides, who are we to dismiss as irrelevant and spurious the questions which have been dealt with by the finest minds of the ages?

One student commented to me that theologians did not need to know such things as philosophy. To be a theologian

Continued on Page 29

A

Day

For

Swimming

a short story by
LAURENCE MICHIE



The two lay in their swimming-suits on the beach. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Richard?" The woman propped herself up on one arm as she looked at the lanky figure beside her. She was tanned and healthy-looking.

"Richard, why don't you take a swim? You've been laying around all week without getting any exercise. You'll be a complete wreck, for crying out loud."

He rolled over on his stomach and grabbed a handful of sand. "I don't feel like a swim," he said. The sand trickled down into little joining pyramids. "You can go in if you want to, though." He smoothed out the sand with his palm and started writing her name in it.

"I don't need exercise. You do. What are you doing?"

"I'm writing Susan in the sand." He again smoothed it out and turned onto his back.

"Richard, for crying out loud, why don't you do something? I mean, don't just lay around all the time."

"You're really concerned, aren't you, Susan?" He was looking straight up at the sky and shielding his eyes with his arm.

"Of course I'm concerned. Naturally. I don't want you to die or something."

"No, I mean it, you really do care, don't you, Susan?"

"Oh, if you're going to be that way again. ." She gave a sigh of exasperation and sat up to look out over the lake, "I might as well not say anything."

"Good," Richard said, and closed his eyes.

"Richard, look, that stupid old man is still out there. Honestly, he's been out there every day for a week and he still hasn't caught anything. You'd think he'd give up or learn how to fish or something."

Richard sat up too. "Maybe he just likes to sit in a boat and throw out a line and reel it in again."

"But how can it be any fun if he never catches anything? He must be crazy or something."

Richard stretched out on the sand again.

Susan looked at him. "I mean, it's not quite normal to go fishing for a whole week and never catch even one fish."

"Maybe he catches lots of fish. Or what if he doesn't? At least he's doing something that he thinks he knows how to do and nobody tells him how to do it. And if he did catch a fish he probably wouldn't know what to do with it."

Richard watched her walk away. She was tall and moved gracefully, even hopping over the hot sand on the way to the grass.

Mr. Owens, the owner of the resort, passed her as he headed for the beach. He was an ugly little man with dirty clothes and a weathered face.

"Hullo, Mrs. Michels. You giving up for the day?"

"No, I'm just going to get some sun-tan oil."

"Well, I'm going down to talk to your husband for a minute. Hurry back." She was almost to the cabin and was no longer even listening. Mr. Owens walked onto the sand stood beside Richard.

"Getting a nice tan, Mr. Michels?"

"Yeah. I can feel it all over. You can serve me for dinner tonight."

"What?"

"I said, I'm getting a nice tan, thank you." Richard started tracing triangles in the sand.

"Have you been in swimming today?" Mr. Owens indicated the lake with an expansive movement of his arm.

"No. Today just doesn't seem right for it."

"Well, - it's kinda healthy just soaking up the sun sometimes," Mr. Owens said.

Susan picked her way back across the sand, carrying a dark plastic bottle. She laid down on her stomach beside Richard.

"Here, rub some on my back, will you?" She drew the straps of her bathing-suit off her shoulders.

"Well, see you folks around," Mr. Owens said, "and if you need anything, just holler." He shuffled back toward the buildings.

"Good-bye," Susan said absently. "What did he say to you, Richard?"

"That I ought to get my money's worth out of the resort." He kneeled beside her and put some oil in his hands.

"He reminds me of my boss. My ex-boss." He started rubbing her shoulders and back.

Continued on Page 29

The Kite

*Above the trees
Beyond the hill,
Awing on the breeze,
Alive and athrill,
Rippling and tugging,
Swooping and — shrugging,
Then placidly sailing
Aloof and aloft and unailing:*

*Up there
Somewhere
Enveloped in the bare
And brilliant sky,
Lofting and dancing
Sun-colt prancing*

*herea
loneonthe
hillam*



by
**George
Tharp**



JUNIOR LIGHTER LOVELY

“Lori” Carrier

Sweet and lovely Lori Carrier, a vivacious, blue-eyed blond, graces these pages as our Junior Lighter Lovely. Lori, 21 years old, 5'-6½", 130 lbs., was brought up in Detroit, Michigan, where she was chosen Miss Metropolitan by the Detroit Bankers Association.

For the past year and a half she has made her home in the warm tropical climate of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. It is there that Lori plans to make use of her majors in elementary education and art by teaching the first grade in a parochial school. She hopes to school them in firm Christian principles upon which they may base their later education. Religion also plays a very important part in Lori's personal life. To enrich her faith and understanding of religion was one of her main reasons for choosing to come to Valparaiso. Lori has been very much impressed with the religion program at Valpo, and finds her religious pursuits here most gratifying.

Lori expresses her artistic talent via charcoal sketching and oil painting. She most enjoys painting landscapes and outdoor scenes



because these express her "love of nature and the plain and simple things in life." Lori enjoys painting animals too, taking a special delight in horses. Bowling, swimming and skiing rate almost as high with Lori as does horseback riding.

Lori's choice in music corresponds with the mood she is in at the moment. Her taste varies from Johnny Mathis, to the Kingston trio, to Mantovani. As varied as her moods are the people she finds interesting. She finds an enlightening conversation "with a person who has a deep understanding of the particular subject being discussed," more enjoyable than an elaborate and expensive evening out. People are an important part of Lori's life and if granted one wish, it would be to be able to help less fortunate people in any way she can.

With her warm interest in and understanding of others, and her own brand of vitality, Lori is an exceedingly charming gal to all who make her acquaintance.







THANKS TO:

GARFIELD PARK CONSERVATORY

Thomas Iverson, Horticulturist Foreman

LYNN SCHWARTZ — Copy

JOANNE SOKOL — Attendant

NORM KOERWITZ — Asst. Photographer

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Phlebus Among the Plebians:

Brave New Schedule Revisited

by Chuck Goetz

The sun radiated its warmth down onto the green university campus and its ivy colored buildings. The sun had no choice — the catalog says, “the sun radiates its warmth down onto the green university campus and its ivy colored buildings.” The sun is yellow.

Part of the university tradition includes the wrinkled man who shuffles his way along the shaded walk. Because he hunches over his cane, he looks neither to the left or to the right. He knows every inch of the walk. He always looks at the spot two inches in front of his feet as he walks.

He enters Jackson Hall, which must be built when Andrew Jackson was President.

The door through which he finally passes is called to read, “Phleous, University is decaled to read, “Phlebus E. Oats, University Psychiatrist.”

Phlebus has been there for twenty years. He has never missed a day on the job. Phlebus is as healthy as an animal.

. . . The campus campanile chimed nine times. As the last vestige of an echo disappeared, the door knob turned and a head peeked around.

“Dr. Oats?” The voice was uncertain.

“Why didn’t you knock?” The voice, as it always did, sounded whiney and devoid of emotion.

“Sorry.” He was quite timid.

“Enter.”

The lad closed the door and stepped forward. “My name is Griswold Gribbel.”

“Lie on the couch and tell me your problem.”

He lay down and spoke, “My girl — that is she used to be my girl — Petunia Slatt, won’t speak to me.”

“How long has it been since she spoke to you, Mr. Gribbel?”

“Three months. Is she trying to tell me something?”

“How has this affected you, Mr. Gribbel?”

“I can’t eat, sleep, or study.”

“I can solve your problem, Mr. Gribbel. Regimentation is the answer. Here is a schedule for your daily activities. Follow it. Leave.”

After Griswold had gone, Phlebus entered something into a little black book which he replaced in his inner coat pocket, laid his prince-nez on the desk, leaned back in his chair, and began to contemplate.

His reverie was broken at ten o’clock when a young lady strode firmly into the office and purposefully made her way to Phlebus’ desk.

“My boyfriend, Grizzy Gribbel, won’t talk to me. What can I do? I can’t eat, sleep, or study.”

“Miss Slatt, I know exactly what you should do. The answer is regimentation. Here is a daily activities’ schedule for you. Follow it. Leave.”

After lunch, Phlebus had an appointment with Professor Dribbley.

“Dr. Oats, I have two students who are literally driving me out of my mind.”

“Good,” thought Phlebus.

“They won’t study and are continually disrupting my classes. What should I do?”

“The answer, Professor Dribbley, is regimentation — organization of your existence. Here is a daily activities schedule for you. Follow it. Leave.”

During the week two more professors were seen entering Phlebus’ office. Each had the same problem as Professor Dribbley, and each left with one of Phlebus’ schedules tucked hopefully into his pocket.

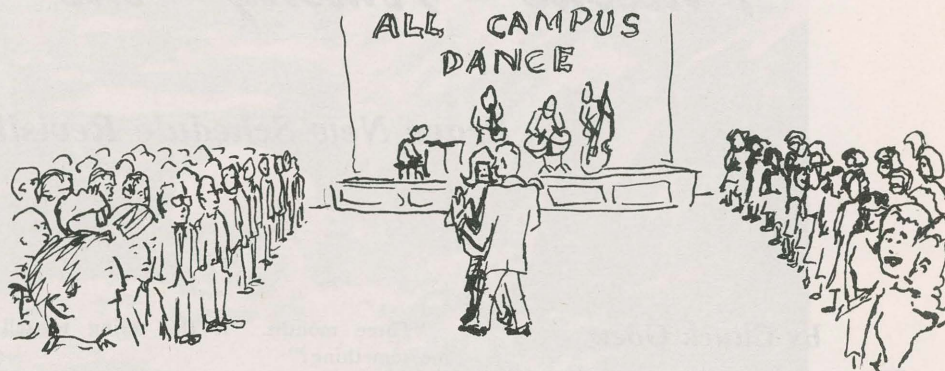
On Friday afternoon, Phlebus was lying

Continued on Page 30



A TRANSFER STUDENT

A mid-term transfer student has many advantages in coming to a new school. He lacks the sweet naivete of the Freshman and has instead a healthy scepticism. Furthermore, he sees the school when it is not trying to impress anybody: fully disillusioned after finals and really not gung-ho for the new semester. The following are excerpts from the letters of a transfer student. Every student-body has its pet gripes and oddities. Most of them are pretty common, but — well, read on.



Feb. 3

Dear Sweetie,

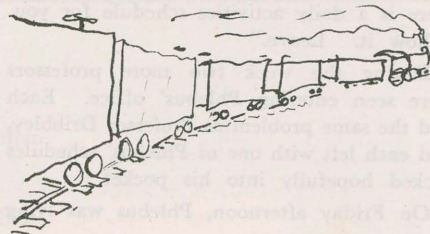
— First day of classes and I've learned three things: 1) When the Pennsy passes, Bogarte Fire-Trap responds with a comforting rock and classes cease for three minutes, 2) I have two un-cutttable classes, and 3) Always carry a heavy coat and knee boots if I have a class in Greenwich Group.

Feb. 5

—Last night I went to one of the thrilling campus dances. The events were as follows: Arrived at 8:30 to find four girls and 38 boys there. 9:30 — Same thing except that by this time about three courageous couples actually danced. 10:00 — Someone raided the dorms and brought over about thirty girls; whereupon, about six courageous couples danced. The girls stood on one side of the room facing the boys clumped on the other side of the room. 11:00 — Feeling rather exhausted and conspicuous, I left and returned to the Women's Compound in time to find that I have five late-minutes for not signing out.

Feb. 8

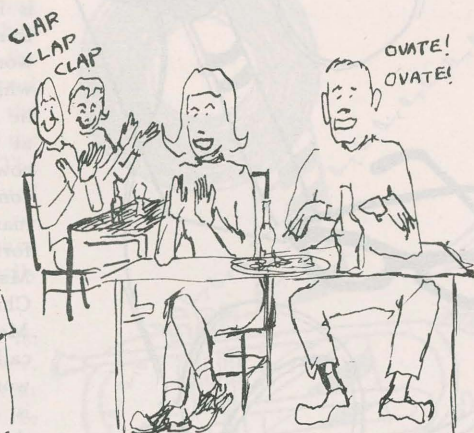
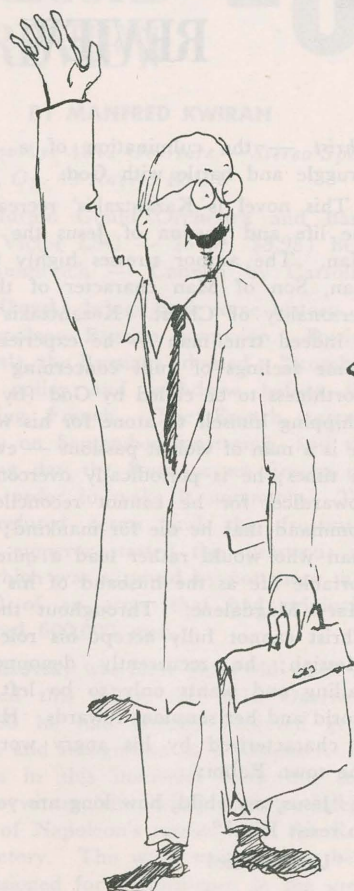
—According to all the college catalogues, a university is supposed to provide "intellectual challenges" so I thought you might like to hear some of the intellectual challenges I've met so far at VU. By far the most challenging thing I've done yet is learned to shave my legs in the shower. The second most challenging thing was finding a place to study. I eliminated my room since I counted 17 visitors (not counting 4 roommates) one afternoon. The library, besides being the social gathering place on campus, always seems to be closing as I walk in. The classrooms are either quite public or quite locked. I finally decided on the halls of the Women's Compound between 1:00 and 4:00 a.m. . .



LOOKS AT VALPO

OR:

*How
Do
I
Get
to
Foundry
Annex?*



Feb. 10

—I made an important discovery! The U has a beautiful new student union conveniently placed next to the chapel; so if anyone wants to meet friends for coffee, intellectual stimulation, or making love, he goes to the C. I. . . .

Feb. 14

—I was quite bewildered about this campus for awhile. Most universities are centers of radical thought. There is at least one movement going on: a strike against censorship, a philosophy club, or something. I think this is the only campus in the U.S. where Barry Goldwater is a campus hero. I finally found out what the movement here is: transferring out. . .

Feb. 16

—Yesterday I saw a copy of the campus newspaper. One column seems to be especially popular. Here they carry on a running battle between the sexes, along with an occasional request to change the format of the LIGHTER. It seems that the students are running out of comic books. There is also a small feud between the "conformists" and the "individualists." This one is not too important, however, as I am told that the watchword of the campus is "togetherness" . . .

Feb. 20

—I saw a professor outside of the Faculty Lounge! The brave soul had actually dared to go into the C. I. There was a ten minute standing ovation . . .

Feb. 21

—I am beginning to think that there is still hope for this place. I saw someone reading a book that wasn't required: *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. May the true university spirit live on to spite the spirit of "adjustment"!

All my love,
ke



LIGHTER LIT-

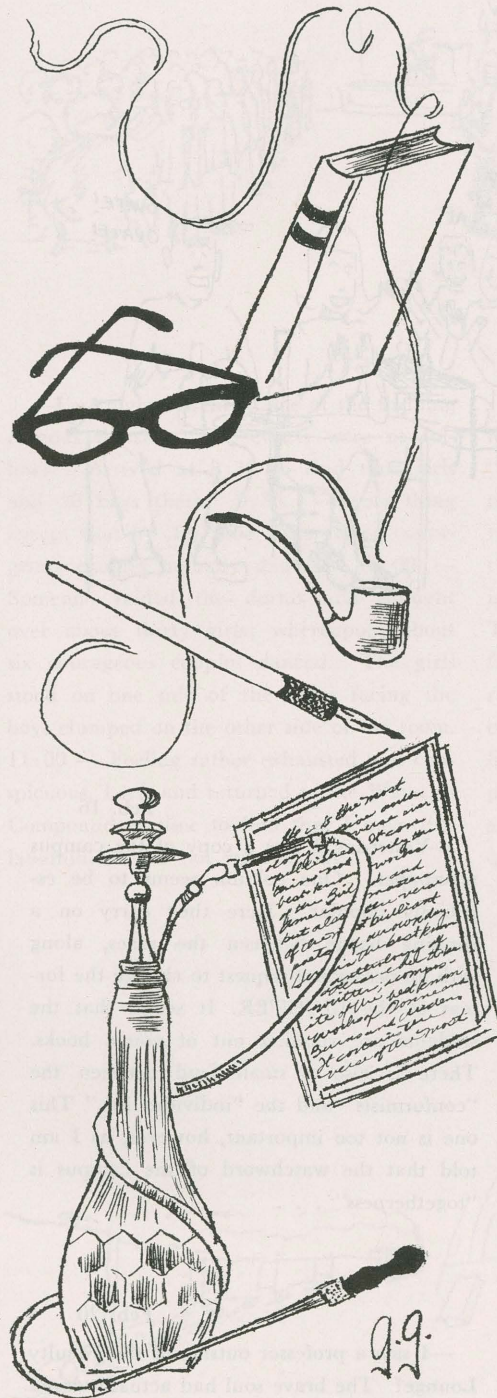
A BOOK REVIEW

BY TOM JASS

The Last Temptation of Christ; Nikos Kazantzakis, (translated from the Greek by P. A. Bien), Simon and Schuster, New York, 496 pages, \$6.00.

The Last Temptation of Christ is the summation of Nikos Kazantzakis' lifelong spiritual struggle with God — a conflict which led him to accept and eventually reject philosophies of Nietzsche, Buddha, Lenin, and Odysseus; only when, in his later years, he turned to Christianity did he realize victory. Throughout his lifetime (which spanned the years from 1883-1957) the tormented Greek author discovered and discarded countless philosophies concerning man's existence and ultimate fate. The search for a god, and eventually the God, was the motivating force in Kazantzakis' life; he spent six solitary months in a monastery cell on Mt. Athos in his fruitless quest for God, accepted the philosophies of Nietzsche while studying in Athens and Paris, then embraced Buddhism while in Vienna, and, after rejecting its teachings, actively campaigned in support of the communist revolution. Within none of the systems did he discover the true meaning and reason for existence; lastly he turned to Christ and the Christian doctrine. Here, and only here, was Kazantzakis rewarded with that truth which he had been pursuing.

In Kazantzakis' writings we can trace his hungry quest and his various unsuccessful experiments with various religions. His treatises concerning Nietzsche, Bergson, and Buddha were the result of his earliest searchings; his epic monument *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel* (acclaimed by many critics to be the foremost book published during the first half of the Twentieth Century) was written during the late 1920's, the period when he discovered whom he hoped to be his messiah — the Greek hero Odysseus. Over a period of thirteen years (1925-1938) he rewrote this epic seven times, until it encircled his total scope of knowledge. He had, however, not yet discovered his savior. In 1946 Kazantzakis published *Zorba the Greek*, a novel whose dominant theme concerns the conflict between action and contemplation. Still unsatisfied, the Greek turned to Christ in his last years, and, as his final and all-inclusive credo, he penned *The Last Temptation of*



Christ — the culmination of a lifetime struggle and battle with God.

This novel is Kazantzakis' recreation of the life and passion of Jesus the Son of Man. The author stresses highly the human, Son of Man character of the dual personality of Christ. Kazantzakis' Christ is indeed true man — he experiences extreme feelings of guilt concerning his unworthiness to be called by God (by nightly whipping himself to atone for his wrongs); he is a man of violent passions — even base at times; he is periodically overcome with cowardice, for he cannot reconcile God's command that he die for mankind; he is a man who would rather lead a quiet, comfortable life as the husband of his beloved Mary Magdalene. Throughout the novel Christ cannot fully accept his role as the Messiah; he recurrently denounces the calling and wants only to be left to the world and her sensuous rewards. His doubt is characterized by his angry words with the town Rabbi:

"Jesus, my child, how long are you going to resist Him?" . . .

"Until I die!"

And it is only at the moment of death that Jesus relinquishes his lust for human life and reconciles himself freely to his dying for the sins of the world. The Last Temptation occurs while he is hanging on the cross; before his pain-racked brain Satan flashed the vision of a contented, peaceful life with Mary Magdalene and their children. Only after refusing this last and cruelest of temptations did the Son of Man accomplish his Father's mission. He had truly forsaken the world and its happiness; he had reached his goal; he had fulfilled his messiahship. It is accomplished!

Kazantzakis' Christ is indeed true man — too human for us to fully accept. The author has been previously branded as a heretic and will undoubtedly be damned by the Christian theologians again for his Man-Christ. But indeed the Greek has given to Christendom something which it has long needed: a Christ who did as true man experience the same passions and lusts as any sinful human being. Too often we Christians tend to minimize the trials and temptations of the flesh which Christ as

Continued on Page 31

A RECORD REVIEW

-ONE FOOT SHELF

BY MANFRED KWIRAN

Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture — Stereo Spectacular, Op. 49 Ravel: Bolero

The Morton Gould Orchestra and Band (RCA Victor LSC — 2345. \$5.98) Bells by Schulmerich — Cannon by Carroll.

Tchaikovsky brings back some history — the Napoleon Russian campaign. During this battle, the Russians adopted a "scorched earth" policy and withdrew before the advancing French. The French entered Moscow on September fourteenth, and the following day the Russians set fire to the city in order to make it untenable. The Czar refused terms and the frustrated French emperor started the disastrous retreat which was survived by not more than 100,000 of an army that had originally numbered 600,000 men.

Tchaikovsky was forty years old when he composed this pillar, the *1812 Overture*. By 1880 he had already achieved great acclaim and recognition as a composer. He presents in this immortal work the cold Russian winter, the cruel, perhaps fateful events of Napoleon's retreat, and the Russian victory. The work was to have been commissioned for performance in the great public square at the consecration of the Cathedral of the Savior in Moscow. To add to this already deeply emotional drama and to bring a more stirring feeling to the audience, real cannon, set off by an electric connection, were to be fired from the conductor's desk. However, the actual premier was not until August 20, 1882 during a Tchaikovsky Concert conducted by Altari at the Art and Industrial Exhibition in Moscow.

Morton Gould is at his best when he presents the *1812 Overture*. To maintain musical rapport for player and listener, a conventional orchestra setting was used with violins to the left, cellos and violas to the right, string basses to the right rear, woodwinds center, brass center right, brass band far right and elevated, and percussion center rear. The body of strings included 22 violins, 9 violas, 8 cellos and 4 basses.

In the opening of the *Overture* we hear the familiar Russian hymn "God Preserve Our People." Dramatically pulsating rhythms tell us of the ongoing battle. Brilliant interscoring above the high points of the battle present pieces of the *Marseillaise*

and Russian folk songs. After the fervor of the battle we are again stunned by the rich quality of the Gould Orchestra and Band bringing us a return of the *National Hymn*. Now there is triumph and the bells of Moscow resound victory, victory — the victory message over the full orchestra.

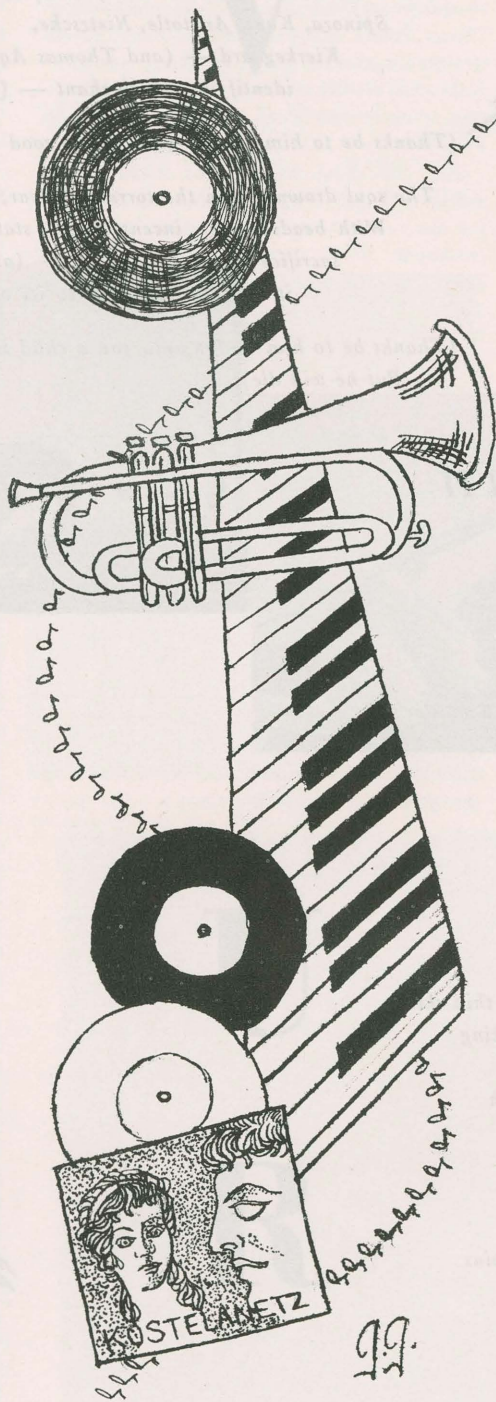
In Ravel's *Bolero* we again have the pleasure of hearing Morton Gould, a man who has long been known for a vivid portrayal of impression through sound, thus doing justice to the composer. Maurice Ravel, born in a town that was half French and half Spanish, is perhaps known for his *Bolero*. In 1928, Ida Rubenstein, the dancer, commissioned Ravel to compose a work expressly for her. *Bolero* — dedicated to Ida Rubenstein — took the music world by storm. When Miss Rubenstein introduced the work in Paris she had the Parisian music public at her feet. In New York, every time Stokowski, Toscanini or Koussevitsky performed the work, they were greeted with wild cheering. The *Bolero* became a fashion fad in America. It was performed endlessly in movie houses, theatres, concert halls and on the radio. Six different recordings appeared simultaneously. Morton Gould, however, tops them all in his presentation. Mr. John Pfeiffer, the musical director of this album, describes it as follows: "Reality today is as remote as the Kremlin of 1812 or the sultry atmosphere of the *Bolero*. But the sharpest impressions of the Kremlin and the insinuating *Bolero* are here at the drop of a stylus."

Under Mr. Gould's care and attention in the supervision of the works, we have a true living room perception of Tchaikovsky and Ravel.

Twilight in Vienna (instrumental) Robert Stolz conducting the Vienna State Orchestra. Recorded in Vienna. (RCA Victor Lsp—1934 Stereo) \$5.98.

Here we have a very vivid impression of one of the world's most captivating cities, created by the man most closely identified with its contemporary music. Robert Stolz conducts the Vienna State Orchestra and Chorus and presents the musical Vienna of today. He is identified the Contemporary musical Vienna as the two Strausses were throughout the nineteenth century. His compositions have become musical

Continued on Page 31



Psalm

*The body is weak — subject to the whims of the mind;
On nicotine, caffeine, Miltown, Dexedrene,
ice cream — (and the body and blood
of our Lord) we live . . .*

(Thanks be to him that giveth us the victory)

*The mind burns — in the wild-fires of soul;
Spinoza, Kant, Aristotle, Nietzsche,
Kierkegaard — (and Thomas Aquinas fight among themselves there
identifying an elephant — (or is it a kangaroo?) . . .*

(Thanks be to him — the giver of all good and perfect gifts)

*The soul drowns — in the torrent of fear;
With beads, water, incense, tears, status symbols, liquor, the
sacrifice of small children — (and symbols of celebrity)
it cries out for help to its own fantasies.*

*(Thanks be to him — for unto you a child is born
— But he will die)*

Dexamil II

*Blue-green world of
(Ice and fire
spires . . .
Wind spins . . . and purple)
Estrangement,
reflected in shifty-blue eyes, and a master's
echo-stone-well voice . . .
Coldness
casting its shadow on auburn hair,
and stained glass
Emptyness
(they try to fill it with their
child-toy thoughts, shrill laughs,
jagged motions—)
in the eyes, in the air, under the thin skin
of conversation and love-making
Some of them see it— and they fight
Scratching and clawing at it with
Self-conscious determination
but even they
are slowly
losing.
Ice and Fire Spires . . . Wind Spins
. . . and Purple . . .
Can you deliver me? . . .
Or is this my struggle
for
identity?*

by

K
E
R
U
S
E



Jack Lawson

W
V



Bob Svoboda



Dick Klage

U
R



Doug Price



Chief engineer Bob Svoboda is one of the big reasons that WVUR is a smooth operation.

VOICE of VALPARAISO

by
Phyllis Kersten

What is WVUR?

If you've ever listened to it, you have a good idea. If you've ever been to the third floor of Benton Hall, you know.

WVUR, "the Voice of Valparaiso University," is a strange composite of things, a wonderful world of its own, a wierd world that defies exact definition.

The voice of Valparaiso is first of all many voices. It's people — over 180 of them.

It's the abstract names you always hear — Jack Lawson, general manager; Bob Svoboda, chief engineer; Jim Graebner, program engineer; Dick Klage, comptroller; Doug Price, news director; Bob Cuccia, sports director; Julie Pottenger, construction and studio maintenance; Dick Erickson, continuity; Prof. Malcolm McBride, advisor.

But it's these names and other names doing concrete things — Jack Lawson giving his commentary on the news; Al Miller, freshman from Lembke, phoning in for on-the-spot reports from the downtown fire directly over the air; Bob Svoboda leaning over the console for the thousandth time, checking something in back; Judy Stresney announcing that a white sweater (size 42) was found in the Union, in a voice slightly more alluring than the kind one would normally expect to give lost and found announcements; members of the sports staff paying their own traveling expenses in order to broadcast away-basketball games; Rich Hartmann, assistant news director, giving an L and M commercial.

WVUR is more, though. It's clutter. It's old furniture — sofas and chairs and desks. It's cracked plaster, lowered ceilings, and half-lowered ceilings with exposed beams. It's album covers and travel posters on the wall, records and the station constitution on a table.

It's a business with all the strict requirements and demands of a regular enterprise. It's an organizational set-up which would make many large companies envious: four separate divisions, programming, promotion, finance, and engineering, with delegation of responsibilities in each — from program manager to disk jockies, to the news and sportscasters; from promotion manager to advertising to public relations; from comptroller and accounting to bookkeepers; from the chief engineer to engineers to studio maintenance — all under the supervision of the managing director.

Yes, it's organization — fulfilling contracts and Federal Communications Commission regulations. It's filing program schedules 48 hours in advance, making out advertising schedules, starting a show within three seconds or after the hour, keeping a detailed typewritten log daily.

But, it's as much disorganization. It's the engineer sitting at the console with a



Periodical checks are a must in radio.

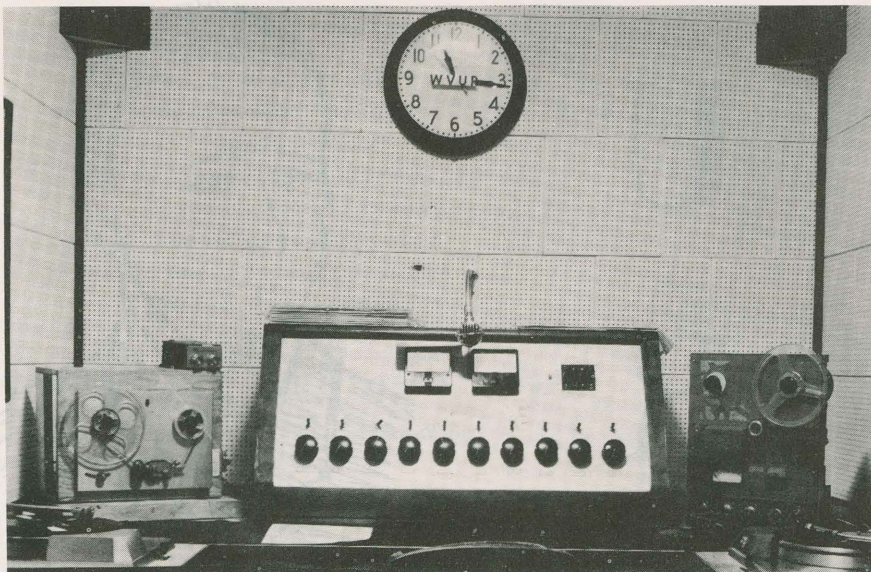
box of cookies lying open before him. It's trying to concentrate on what one's saying over the microphone when three people are talking and gesturing wildly on the other side of the glass window of Studio B. It's trying to tabulate the WVUR listener survey on a desk in the advertising department. It's soldering the ceiling right before a show is supposed to go on the air.

It has to be all these things, though, because it's growth and things growing are always on the move.

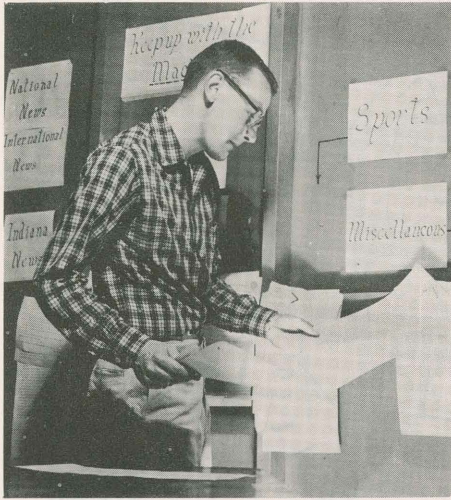
It's hard work — something like 700,000 man-hours. It's fun — sitting in the lounge waiting to go on the air. It's good experience — news director Doug Price is now working on a Michigan station.

It's the helter-skelter flurry of dreams banging against hard reality, but coming true step by step.

It's like flying a plane while engineers are still building the wings and correcting little flaws in the motors — and not only getting off the ground but soaring to unbelievable heights. It's putting in the red



The main console — the electronic center of WVUR.



Newscaster Ron Schmidt compiles material for an up-to-the-minute news broadcast.

light over the studio door which shows that the station is on the air, five months after it officially went on the air.

But what's the real secret behind WVUR's flying start? The secret is that there is no secret. The whole story of the station's existence is told in the signs and notices which cover almost every square inch of desk and wall space in the Benton Hall studios — signs which tell much more than "WVUR — Quiet Please — On the Air."

The signs are as much a part of the "voice of Valparaiso" as anything else. They urge the station personnel to "Keep Up With the Machine!!" and "Think." With a robot setting the pace (in this case the U.P.I. teletype machine), it's no wonder the staff keeps going 91 hours a week, from noon to 1:00 a.m. daily.

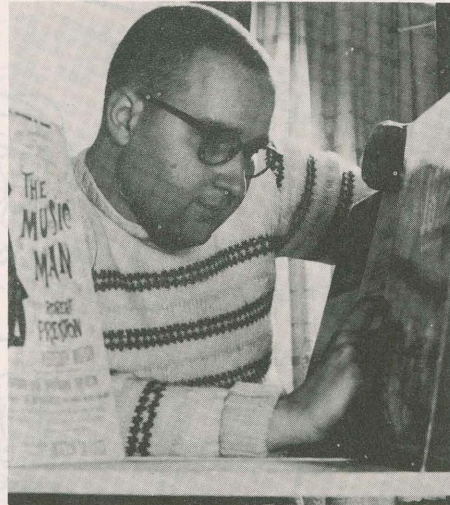
The newsroom voice of Valpo is rather a vociferous one. Abundant signs say "News Worktable," "Keep Neat," "Keep Newsroom Neat." On the wall are smaller signs and arrows, showing announcers where to place the different types of news which come in over the teletype. Arrows point to pegs for weather reports, national, international, and Indiana news, campus and local news, sports, market findings, headlines and human interest stories. There is also a peg labeled "Almanac" with a scribbled note below to "note dates." Even a peg with the heading "Miscellaneous" has teletype copy on it, although it's hard to imagine any story not falling under one of the other categories.

Other signs posted in the room give an insight into news procedures, too. There is a notice of the "News Policy — Effective March 10," about editing and filing teletype copy. Another bulletin warns newscasters that they have to appear at least 10 minutes before their program or they will be suspended for a week. An official looking document from Bob Cuccia gives sports-casters their directions:

1. on 10:00 p.m. broadcasts follow L&M sequence
2. on 3:30 p.m. just sports, no L&M sequence
3. at 3:30 p.m. every day clear old material off the spindle and save local news

Detailed instructions in studio A and B on "Program Format to be Used on All Five Minute Broadcasts" explain the L&M sequence. For those listeners who tune out on commercials, this is the general program schedule:

1. Open with brief news headlines
2. Follow with 10 second line opening billboard as follows: The L&M Newscast — brought to you by L&M! L&M has found the secret that unlocks the flavor . . . flavor that makes your taste come alive. So reach for flavor . . . reach for L & M!
3. Follow immediately with 30 transcribed commercial.



WVUR board member Dick Klage gets ready for his late-evening D.J. show.



John Volk checks for late news developments at the teletype.

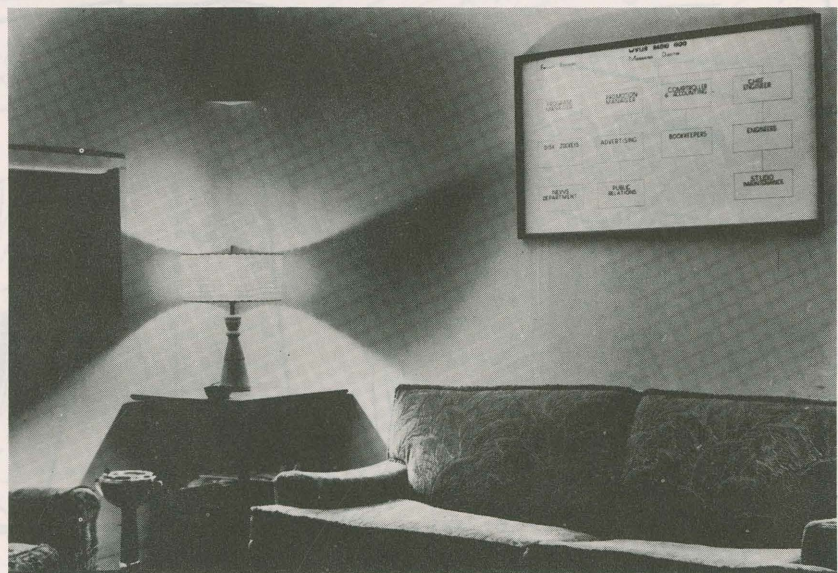
4. Summary of national news events
5. Follow with one minute transcribed commercial.
6. End program with five second live closing billboard . . .

The mimeographed sheet also reminds announcers that "this format must be followed explicitly, as this is set down in contract." The Ligitt and Meyer cigarette company has rights to all news commercials in exchange for purchasing the teletype machine for the station.

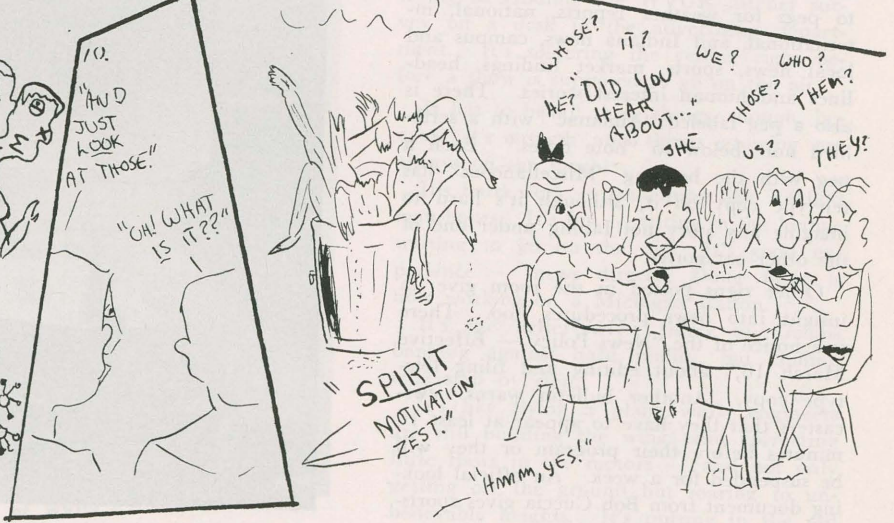
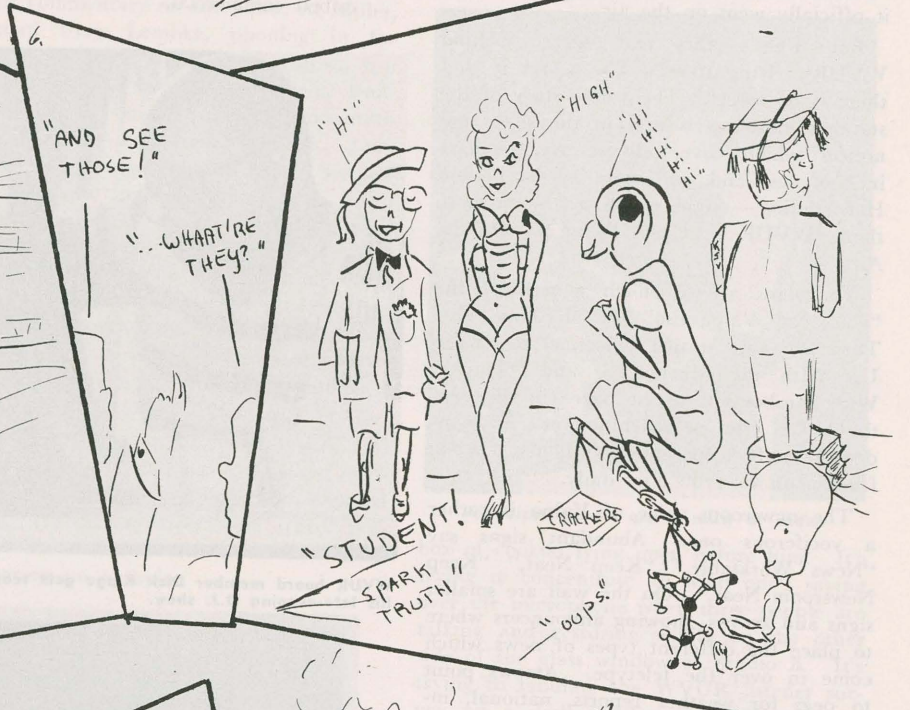
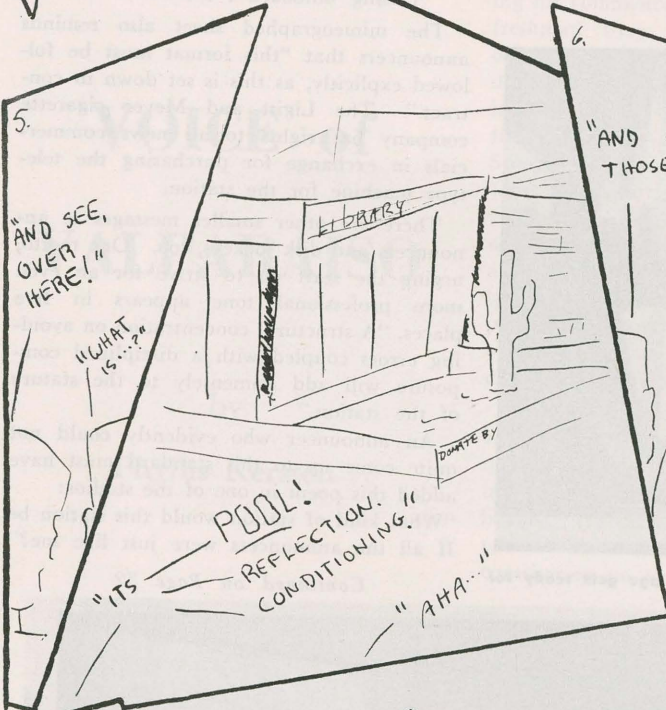
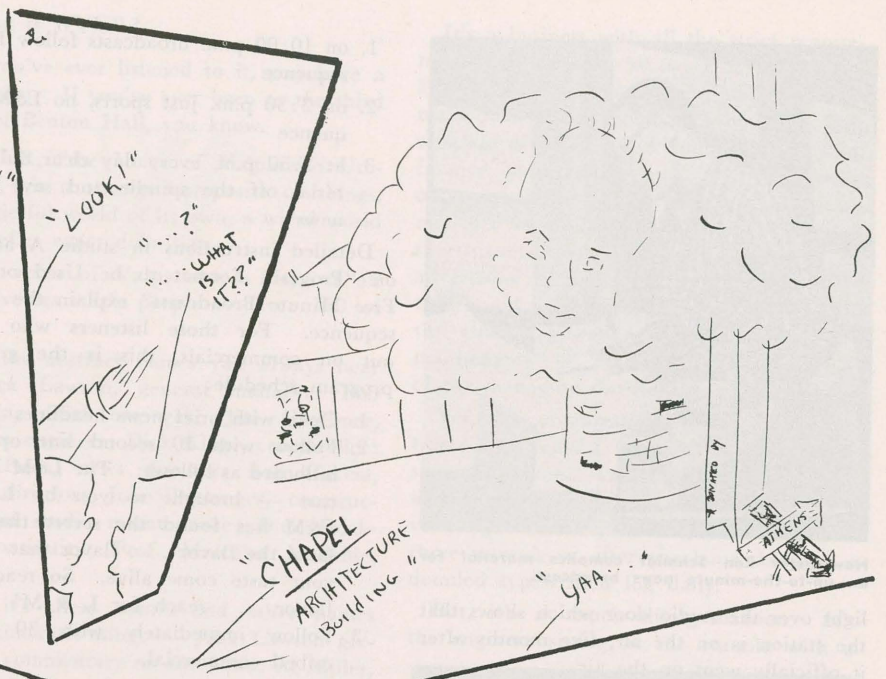
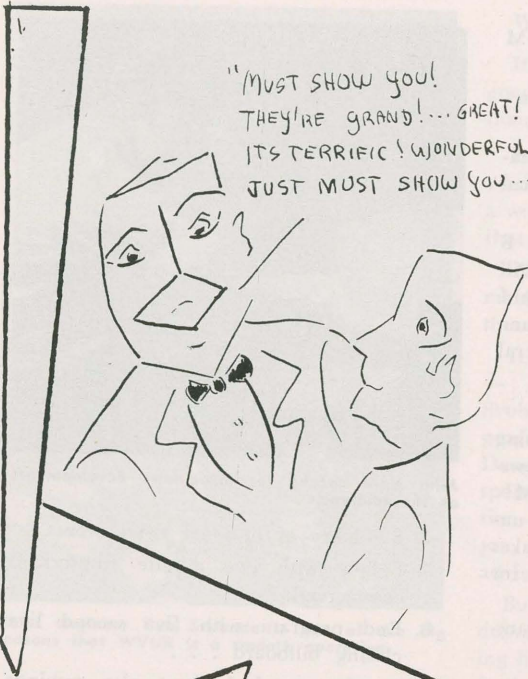
There are other smaller messages to announcers and disk jockeys, too. One motto, urging the staff on to strive for an even more professional tone appears in five places, "A structural concentration on avoiding errors coupled with a disciplined composure will add immensely to the stature of the station."

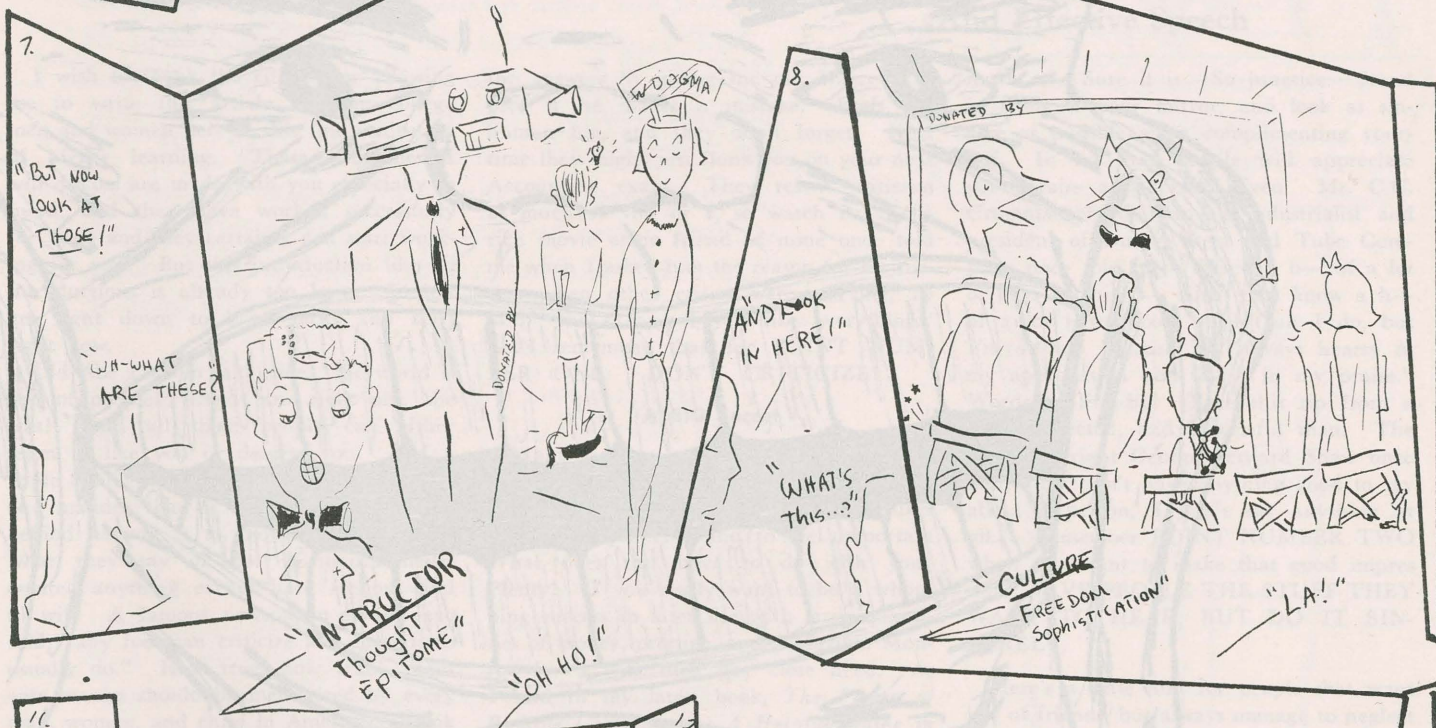
An announcer who evidently could not quite come up to this standard must have added this poem in one of the studios: "What kind of station would this station be If all the announcers were just like me?"

Continued on Page 32



Visitors are always welcome in the comfortable WVUR lounge.





Sincerely,
Claude Smil.
//



J.B.

How to be Friends With Everybody And Make Them Like Liking It

by

Claude Smile, B.B.B.S. DHD, FLN

**Prof. of Human Dynamics
At the Smile Institute
Of Dynamic Relations
And Effective Speech**

I wish to thank the editors for allowing me to write this article for you college men and women here at this fine institution of higher learning. These principles I will discuss are made with you especially in mind, and they have worked successfully for years and they certainly can start working for you! But this introduction like all introductions is already too long. So lets get right down to brass tacks and start right now.

Old Abe Lincoln said once, "the world is full of people." And how right old Abe was! And all these people can either learn to like you or despise you. And a triple bonded gold guarantee to make someone madder than a hornet with a singed behind at you is to thoughtlessly criticize what they say or do. Criticism never created anything except hard feelings and ill will. A famous newspaper editor once said, "any fool can criticize and most fools usually do." How true, how true! This wise maxim should be memorized by every man, woman, and child in America. Think if the whole world adopted it! It is so good that I'll repeat it again. Any fool can criticize and most fools usually do. The famous Napoleon Bonaparte lost the battle of Waterloo because one of his marshalls made a wrong turn somewhere and didn't show up with the badly needed reinforcements. Did Napoleon criticize him? No sir, he did not. He never said a word about it and that is why he is remembered and well liked. The old Chinese have an ancient saying, "if you want to gather many pears for pear pudding you don't have to cut down the pear tree." Those heathen Chinese really come up with some good ones some times and this is one of them. Of course this goes double for you smart aleck college kids who know all

the answers by giving the old Harry to a prof if he makes a mistake. Profs are human too, and they don't forget. Next time they might just flunk you on your next Accounting exam. They resent criticism as much as you or I, so watch it. As a rich movie critic friend of mine once told me when I asked him the reason for his success when other critics were starving, he said, "that's easy, I just like everything." Let's remember that for POINT NUMBER ONE: DON'T CRITICIZE!

A BIG Secret

Want to know a really big secret in getting ahead and being well liked? Are you ready? Here it is. Everyone likes getting compliments and to feel important. What does this have to do with you? Plenty! If you really want to be a whopping success in later life with large quantities of money, prestige, and a Marilyn Monroe for a wife then pay close heed. As I said in my latest book, *The Power of Positive Compliments; A Helpful Guide in the Art of Sincere Praise*, there are many everyday phrases that are sure-fire pleasers that should be memorized. Space is limited but here is just a sample: to the professor, "that sure was a real fine lecture you gave, I really learned a lot"; to the clergyman, "that sure was a real fine sermon you gave, I really learned a lot," and so on. Of course you can improvise if you want to just so long as the pattern is there. I can see some of you saying right now, "Soft soap! Flattery! I tried it once, but it didn't work." And it shouldn't have worked — you deserved to fail! Praise must be given sincerely. In my book, *A Thousand Compliments Sincerely Expressed*, my first rule is LOOK sincere. You say it's hard for you to look sincere even when you

mean it? Sure it is. So practice. Stand in front of your mirror, and look as sincere as possible when complimenting yourself. In no time people will appreciate your praise as sincerely given. Mr. C.C. Crummacher, the famous industrialist and president of Inland Steel and Tube Company once told me, "there's a h--- of a lot of guys in this d--- outfit that know a h--- of a lot more about steel than I do, but I'm on top because I'm always hearty in my approbation and lavish in my praise." Words to live by! Take this tip from a rich, respected, and successful man. The great playwright George Bernard Shaw once said, "if I don't have anything good to say about a person, I don't say anything at all." Remember POINT NUMBER TWO when you want to make that good impression. GIVE PEOPLE THE STUFF THEY WANT TO HEAR, BUT DO IT SINCERELY.

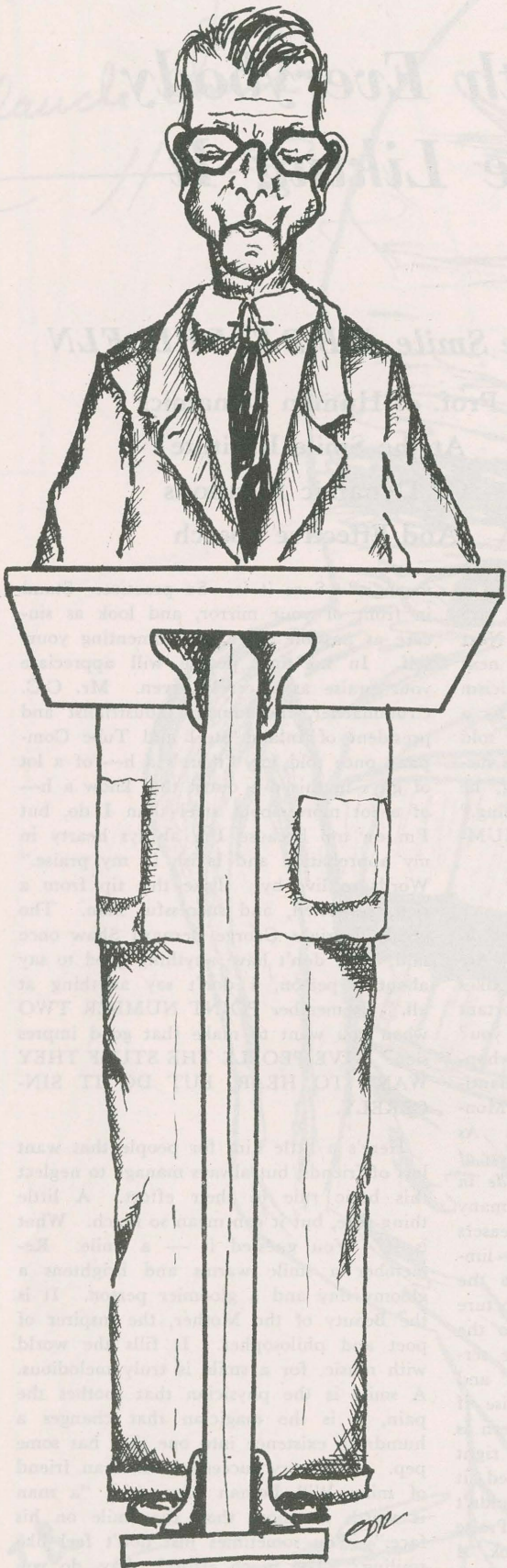
Here's a little hint for people that want lots of friends, but always manage to neglect this basic rule in their effort. A little thing sure, but it can mean so much. What is it? You guessed it — a smile. Remember a smile warms and brightens a gloomy day and a gloomier person. It is the Beauty of the Mother, the inspirer of poet and philosopher. It fills the world with music, for a smile is truly melodious. A smile is the physician that soothes the pain, it is the magician that changes a humdrum existence into one that has some pep. As a very successful salesman friend of mine Will Loman once said, "a man is worth no more than the smile on his face." You sometimes just don't feel like smiling? Too much effort? Say, do you really want to get ahead or not? Look at

Continued on Page 32

The Professor

by

Laurence Michie



The professor taught English. And he liked to say it just like that. I mean, when people asked him what he taught, he'd say it. English. Not English grammar or English drama or English literature or English poetry or English letter-writing. Just like that he'd say it. English. And he'd look up from his coffee or whatever as if to say, I am a master of that language. And he was, really. He even had a degree that said so. Ask him what is the subjunctive mood or who was Kafka and he'd answer, boom crash and finale.

And he had a funny way of talking. He said things and dared them to come back into his brain. Sometimes they would. Like he'd say, Hamlet is just a sophisticated murder mystery (this always woke the dull louts up. . . . for a minute, anyway), and pretty soon it would sneak back in and snuggle up to him. His brain was something like a rectangle with fuzzy little holes and queer hallways inside, and old Hamlet-sophisticated-murder-mystery would go chugging around and tickling the fur and having a helluvagoodtime until he got bored and maybe started humming Irish Washerwoman or said good Lord or maybe even looked tired and said turn to act II on page 315 of your books.

This is how it would go when one got back in, and he usually decided to Get Those Tests Back or to take his wife out to dinner that night or to start working on his novel again..

OPINION — Cont. from page 2

he may be dull. What about outside reading? How often do we take a professor up on his suggestion that we investigate this or that book in our spare time? Isn't our usual reaction to suggestions of this sort one of writing the title in our notes and then promptly forgetting the whole idea? When was the last time you rushed off to read everything you could get your hands on about Justinian, or anyone else, because his name was mentioned in a history lecture and he interested you? Rather, doesn't the interest wain as soon as we step out of the classroom? Do we ever, voluntarily, write an independent research paper because a particular subject brought up in class interested us enough to want to find out more about it? Don't we always try to get by with as little effort as possible, rather than expending more energy than is absolutely necessary? Do we ever do more than fulfill the minimum course requirements?

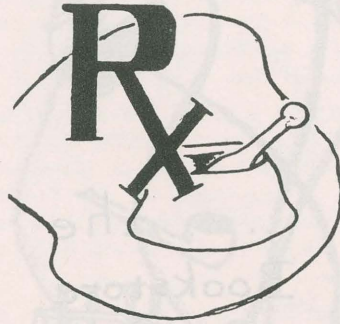
Let's move away from the classroom for a moment. Do we make it a point to attend recitals put on by members of the faculty and students in the department of music? How many department sponsored lectures do you make a year? And then there are dramatic productions, concerts, art exhibits, art films — cross out the last item, they were discontinued because not enough people attended. The point is, the University offers, outside of the classroom, the liberal arts in many guises.

The liberal arts education we are paying for is extremely available — it's presented on a veritable silver platter — and we aren't taking advantage of it, we aren't really buying it. It seems to us rather stupid to spend well over \$6,000.00 over a period of four years and not get our money's worth.

TRUTH — Cont. from page 7

one just needs to know the religious terms and the doctrines of one's particular denomination. I turn to the Lutheran Hymnal on page 53 where the Athanasian Creed is found. It reads: "... Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly . . . We worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance . . . God of the Substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; Man of the substance of His mother, born in the world; Perfect God and perfect Man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting." This Creed contains, in fact revolves around, philosophical concepts. Yet the theologians which are the ones who interpret the faith to me need know no philosophy. This I do not understand. The Athanasian Creed ends with the verse: "This is the catholic

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faith; which except a man believe faithfully and firmly, he cannot be saved." This Creed promises damnation to me except I believe it. Yet how can I even understand it without understanding the philosophical concepts involved in it?

Ah, but one dare not forget the protestation that when one reaches the everyday life in the common little parish he will have no need for philosophy. To begin with, all people who think at all about life have some sort of philosophy of life. Secondly, while I may not sit around and discuss ontological being with the average Mr. Christian I can use all the insights available into the meaning of life to enable me to make Christianity relevant to Mr. Christian. After all, under no circumstances can I speak relevantly in simple crystalized formulas. My insights must arise out of my life as an individual before God and an individual in God's communion of saints.

However, how can I speak as an individual without defining my position at least for myself? How can I call myself a Christian without examining the roots of the faith? It is not enough for me to simply say, "I believe what the Church believes," although I do not know what the Church believes. No, I must know what I believe — where I stand.

If we can overcome our fear or hesitancy, or whatever you wish to call it, then we can ask the questions which will show us where we stand individually before God. Then we will be able to share the insights of our brothers in Christ. Then we will be ready to go forth to others and need not fear for our faith, our access to the Truth.

I close with a quote from a person who has some deep religious feeling and insight: "Christianity is not a tool to defend yourself against people who assail you — but a tool to go among the people who are around you to provide for them a positive witness."

SHORT STORY — Cont. from page 9

"Oh, stop thinking about that old grouch, for crying out loud. Forget about him. Oh, that feels good." She arched her back as he rubbed in the oil. "You've still got awfully strong hands."

"I was an athlete in high school, remember?" He laughed unpleasantly.

"Yeah, in high school. That was a long time ago."

He didn't say anything. He just quit rubbing her back and stretched out on the sand again.

"Oh, Richard, don't be like a little kid. You know I didn't mean anything by that."

"No?"

"Oh, Richard, for crying out loud." She adjusted the straps of her bathing suit over her shoulders. "I wish you wouldn't be that way all the time."

They didn't say anything for a while. The old man out on the lake started rowing in toward the dock. Susan watched him.

"Richard?"

Nothing.

"Richard, what do you call it when you row a boat and drag a line behind you?"

"I don't know. Cheating maybe."

"No, it's called trowing or something." She looked intently at the old man in the boat.

"Why do you worry about that old man? He doesn't worry about you." Richard looked up at her as he spoke.

"I don't care about him. I only want to know what you call that kind of fishing." She explained it slowly, as she would to a three-year-old child.

"I just wondered," he said. He stood up.

"Where are you going?" Susan squinted her eyes against the sun as she asked the question.

"I'm going to take a swim." He walked toward the dock, whistling.

"Well, for crying out loud. You'd think you'd make up your mind or something."

He walked out on the pier and made a perfect dive into the lake.

PHLEBUS — Cont. from page 15

on his couch, contemplating as usual, when the phone rang him to his feet.

"Dr. Oats, this is Dean Phinck. May I see you yet this afternoon?"

"Yes. Come at once."

Five minutes later, the Dean was snuggled up on the couch, pouring out his woes.

"Dr. Oats, I sent Griswold Gribbel and Petunia Slatt to see you. They have been the direct cause of more trouble than I'm sure I've ever experienced at one time. My office is in a turmoil."

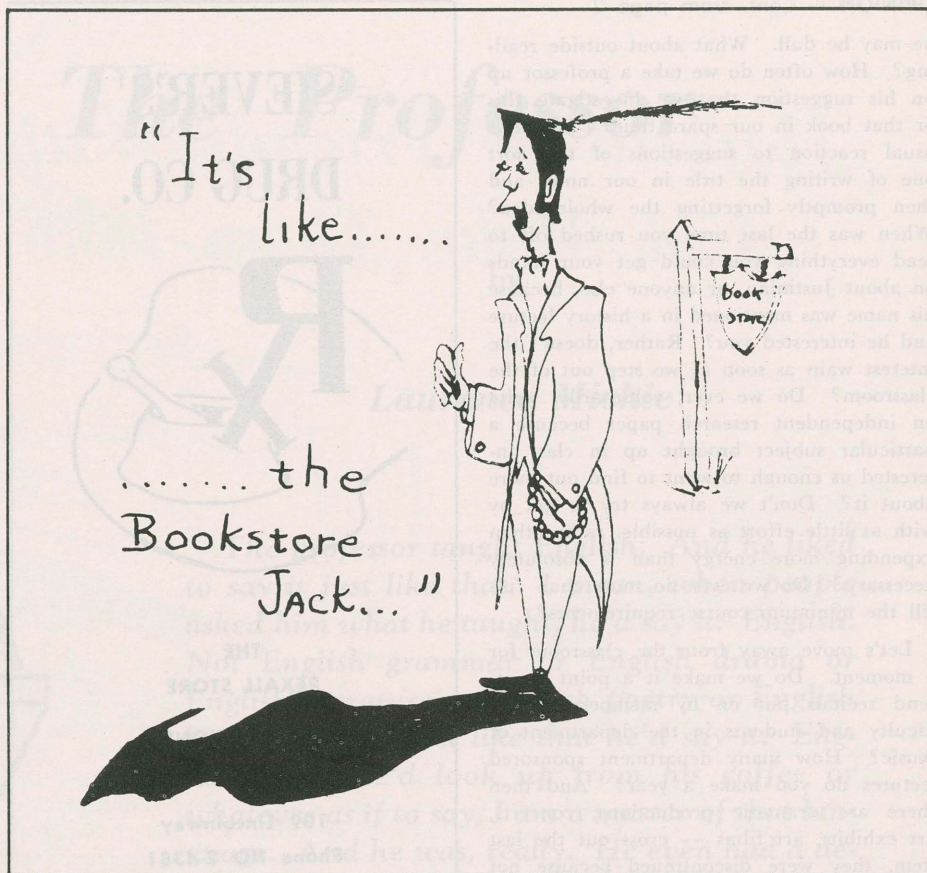
"Of course," mused Phlebus silently.

"I don't know where to turn. Three professors, on top of it all, are driving me to my wits' end. I can't eat, sleep, or administrate. Whatever shall I do?"

"Fear not, Dean Phinck. I know the answer." Phlebus sighed and went on, "in fact, I know everything."

The Dean thought he noticed a far-away tone in Dr. Oats' voice.

Phlebus returned to the situation at hand. "Most psychiatrists predicate their therapy on the assumption that humans are com-



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plex animals, full of emotions. I have pursued a different, and highly successful theory that humans are merely machines. Using this theory as a basis, I prescribe regimentation. That is the only answer. Believe in me, Dean Phinck! Here is a schedule of daily activities which you must diligently follow. You may leave."

... Two weeks later, Phlebus was sitting at his desk, chuckling over a book by Freud. The phone rang.

"Phlebus, you'll be happy to know that today two students, three professors, and a Dean entered here at THE INSTITUTION. They're beyond hope or help. Keep up the good work. By the way, our latest in the schedule line is on its way by mail. Very soon now, Phlebus, we'll be ready to move and your work will be rewarded."

Phlebus smiled contentedly and cradled the receiver into place. Locking his office door, he proceeded to shuffle his way across the campus walks and down Main Street to his little bungalow. It was entirely surrounded by hedge and poplar trees. The most inquisitive eye could not penetrate the foilage and see the yard.

Phlebus walked into the house and took off his clothes. He peeled off his skin, revealing a body covered with hair, and went out to the back yard. He climbed his favorite tree, hung by his tail, and was soon fast asleep.

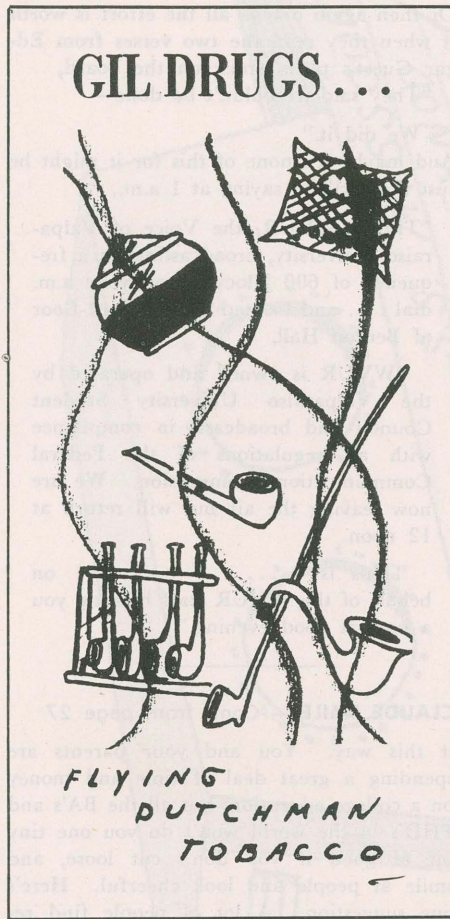
True Man definitely did encounter and overcome. Our image of Christ is too small; by ignoring (or not fully realizing) the struggle He endured between His flesh and spirit, we cancel his human side and make him Son of God only. Deep within our minds too many of us feel that since Christ was the Son of God he did not really experience physical, gnawing temptation, but rather engaged in some sort of hazy, half-hearted intellectual conflicts with Satan. We have reduced the victory of Christ to that of an easy, small triumph of a God in the realm of sinful humans. It is blasphemy for anyone to suggest to us that Jesus had to deal with and overcome such base human emotions as sex and cowardice. Kazantzakis presents us with such a Christ, and anyone who reads this epic novel will never again dismiss lightly the victory which Christ gained. Never again will one muse — after all He was True God; His task was not too very difficult; He couldn't have fallen anyway; never again will Christ's Son of Man aspect be minimized.

Nikos Kazantzakis' novel is crammed with ideas and situations which will be undoubtedly foreign and shocking to Christians: Christ was indeed a carpenter in early life — ironically, however, a maker of Roman crosses; Judas was the strongest and most loyal of the twelve, hence he was called upon by Christ to perform the ultimate act of devotion — the betrayal; Christ's mother, Mary, cursed God for giving her such a fool for a son, and she constantly chided her son to relinquish his insane ideas of saving and advises him to settle and raise a family; many of the cherished accounts of the life of Christ recorded in the Bible (the Annunciation to Mary, the Heavenly Host at the Savior's birth, the visit of the Magi, and the coming of the Holy Spirit at Christ's baptism) were in reality nothing but mythical dreams.

The Last Temptation of Christ is an important book, an epic which contains power, violence, love, and above all faith. The Christian certainly cannot agree in whole with the author's presentation of Christ's life and death, but should certainly read and ponder this novel — especially with the idea of meeting Christ, the Son of Man, true God and true man, the Savior who overcame human temptation and sin.

ONE FOOT SHELF — Cont. from page 19

trademarks of modern Vienna, especially *Zwei Herzen im Dreivierteltakt* ("Two Hearts in Three Quarter Time"), *Ich Liebe Dich!* ("I Love You") and *Adieu, Mein Kleiner Gardenoffizier* ("So Long My Charming Officer"). In this recording, however, Professor Stolz, honorary citizen of the city of Vienna, serves only as conductor of the works of other Austrian



composers in re-creating the music of Vienna. Only two of his compositions are represented: *Oft Genuengt ein Glaschen Sekt* ("Sometimes a Little Drink is All That's Needed"), which he wrote with Ernst Marischka, and *Behalt Mich Lieb, Cherie* (Stay True to me, Cherie"), written with A. Morenau.

The most familiar selections for us will probably be Franz Lehar's and Ludwig Herzer's *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz* ("Yours is my Heart Alone"), and "The Third Man Theme," Anton Karas' music of a war-torn Vienna that should never have been. It is of the new and modern Vienna that these songs and instrumentals are about — the Vienna that came into being with the departure of the last Russian soldier in 1955, the Vienna of the rebuilt opera, the busy, crowded streets, the traditional coffee houses and the new espresso places where "the old dads" hang up their hats or berets. It looks very much like the old Vienna, except for the espresso, of course. It looks like the Vienna of the wine gardens of Grinzig, the Vienna Woods and the homes of Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner, Haydn, Mozart and the younger Strauss — houses where they were born, grew up, lived at various times, had tragic moments, Vienna of many love affairs, and where they composed some of their finest music — it is the Vienna where they died.

Some of the titles show the romantic pic-

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ture of Vienna more than others: *Frasquita Serenada* ("My Little Nest of Heavenly Blue"), *In Einem Kleinen Cafe von Hernals* ("A Little Cafe Down the Street"), *Zwei Maerchenaugen* ("Two Eyes"), *Madonna Du Bist Schoener Als Der Sonnenschein* ("When Day is Done"), and *Ein Kuss in der Daemmerung* ("A Kiss at Sunset").

The sounds of old Vienna and modern Vienna — a bundle of joy, romance and mood-music — love music at its best.

WVUR — Cont. from page 23

Another notice asked disk jockeys to give their listeners a break "by not scheduling certain musical selections which are being repeated too frequently. Among the "taboo" recordings are "Taboo," "Theme from a Summer Place," "Unchained Melody," "Wonderful by Night," "Grand Canyon Suite," and "Swan Lake." Little signs also encourage broadcasters to use general interest announcements (of club meetings and university events) on their show and to "urge the students to drop in and tell these advertisers that they heard the ad on WVUR." The last two items in front of the announcer's microphone in the studio are an L & M Sweepstakes promotion sheet and an Indiana weather bulletin.

On the large bulletin board outside of the lounge is a more serious message from the comptroller. It reads,

"In regard to the future station policy about money: the only budget that has any amount left is the engineering budget. They have \$230.00 left. This money is for transmitters, emergency, and radio tubes . . . All of the other WVUR budgets and accounts are closed. *No exceptions* . . . I will accept bills from no person on the WVUR staff except the head engineer, and then only to the amount of \$230.00. This notice is in effect as of March 9 and these bills shall not be dated later than March 1 since I have not authorized any bills since this date."

What makes all the work on WVUR, now a station without any money, worthwhile? The answer probably differs with each member of the staff, but perhaps some of the reasons why station personnel continue to put in hour after hour show up on the same bulletin board. Maybe it's the letters of congratulation from Altruria Hall or Student Council or the Alumni Director. Maybe the reason is in the simple line of commendation from President's office,

Jack—

Thanks very much. I got a good deal of information out of the news releases. Please keep it up whenever there is anything worth knowing. WVUR is doing fine.

O.P.K.

Or then again maybe all the effort is worth it when they read the two verses from Edgar Guest's poem stuck on the board,

"They said it couldn't be done—

We did it."

And maybe it's none of this for it might be just the thrill of saying at 1 a.m.,

"This is WVUR, the Voice of Valparaiso University, broadcasting on a frequency of 600 kilocycles on your a.m. dial . . . and located on the third floor of Benton Hall.

"WVUR is owned and operated by the Valparaiso University Student Council and broadcasts in compliance with all regulations of the Federal Communications Commission. We are now leaving the air but will return at 12 noon.

"This is on behalf of the WVUR staff bidding you a cordial good evening."

CLAUDE SMILE — Cont. from page 27

it this way. You and your parents are spending a great deal of time and money on a college education, but all the BA's and PHD's in the world won't do you one tiny bit of good if you don't cut loose, and smile at people and look cheerful. Here's one suggestion. A lot of people find religion helpful. When they're really in the dumps and feel depressed, many of them will go to some nice church on a sunny Sunday morning and very likely they will come out of services smiling. This is explained more fully in my book, *Make Yours A Cheerful Religion*. Ever see the famous painting, the Mona Lisa? Did you notice her smile? Well, believe it or not scholars for centuries have been trying to figure out what she is grinning about. Stop to consider for a moment if she hadn't smiled, but frowned instead. Say her husband bawled her out because the coffee was lousy that morning, or she had burned the toast. Da Vinci would never have become the famous artist he became, and no one would remember Mona Lisa today. Helen of Troy's smile was supposed to have launched a thousand ships! So you can see a smile is important. The wise old Hindus of India in one of their Sacred Books say, "A smiling Man is a happy Man." So keep POINT NUMBER THREE in mind: SMILE.

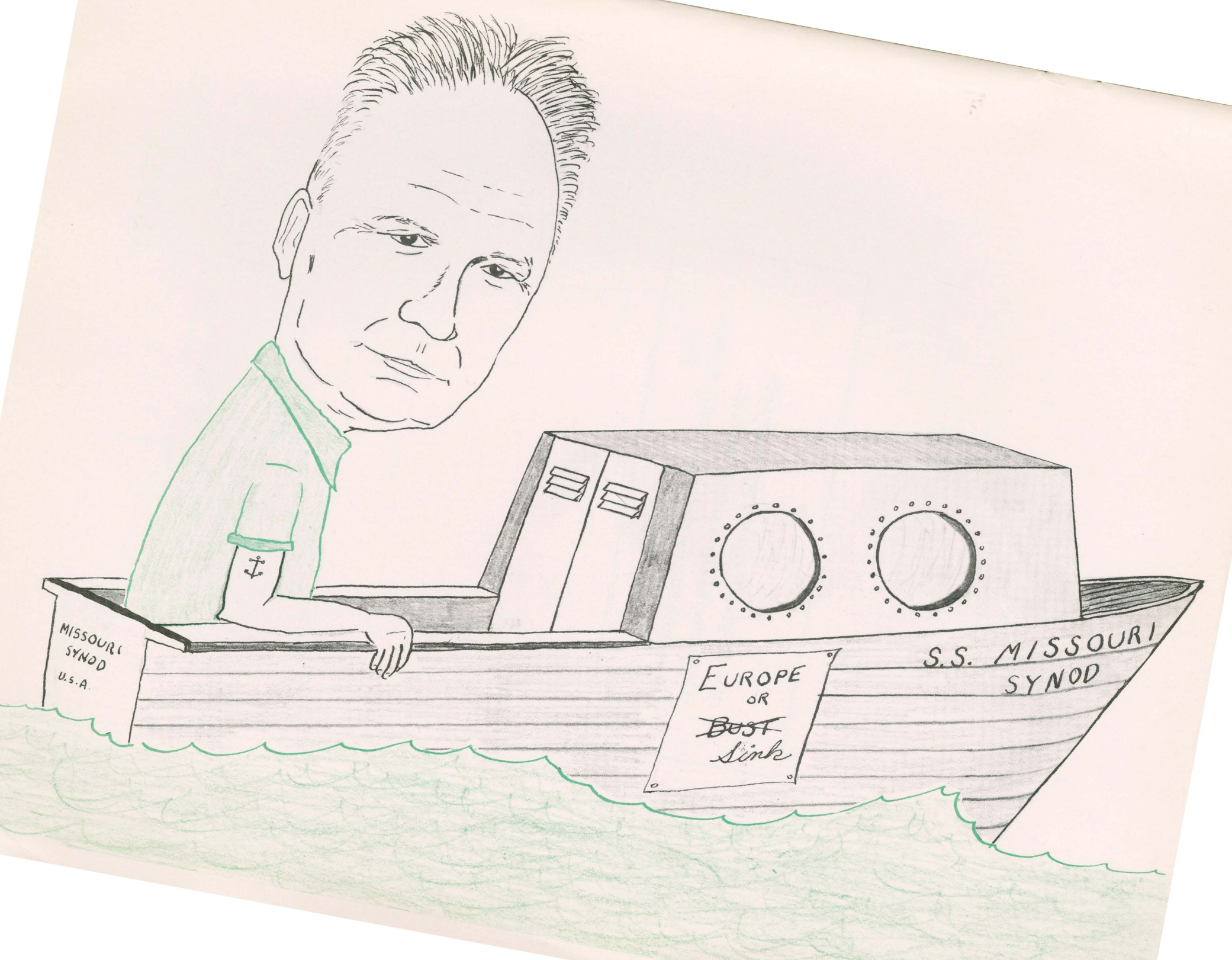
After you have mastered the first three points on your Golden Road to Success and Popularity there is one remaining thing that must be learned. Learn to be an interesting and cultured conversationalist. And the very first rule is let the other person do the talking. This is important. Girls, on your dates don't chatter like a parakeet. He's not interested

in what you're saying. Not one bit! He's interested in himself, the old ego. Instead, let him do the talking. Just look interested and give him a sympathetic smile of understanding (remember POINT NUMBER THREE!) and he will remember you as a charming conversationalist, and just possibly that Special Someone. I was at a high class dinner party once and I met a corporation lawyer. I had never met one before and so we talked or rather he did. For nearly four hours he spoke of corporate taxes in great detail and finally when the party was over and he left, I heard him tell the host that I was "most stimulating." Me stimulating? Hardly. Why, I never said a thing. If I had I would have changed the subject, for I know as much about corporate taxes as I do of the sex life of the albino giraffe. Theodore Roosevelt once said, "keep your mouth closed, eyes open, and carry a big stick and you'll be well liked." Here's a second hint for those of you who are more loquacious. If you insist on talking make it interesting. Above all don't try and give a rehash of what you learned in Ancient Philosophy class, or try and discuss some poem you read for English Lit. Instead be bright, witty, and cheerful. Clip out stories you especially enjoyed from your favorite magazines and memorize them. As Old Abe Lincoln once said, "I like man if I like his stories, and his stories are what I like." A good start in your collection would be my recent book, *A Treasury of American Anecdotes*. So if you want people to really like you — POINT NUMBER FOUR: BE A GOOD LISTENER, BUT BE READY TO PULL OFF A GOOD ONE ONCE IN A WHILE.

Well looking back over this essay I see that much else could have been included. This little article doesn't pretend to cover the whole field of Human Dynamics and Psychology. But I feel the faithful memorizing on your part of these four points can practically guarantee an enriched life full of friends and wealth. Of course it is only a start. A fuller discussion of success in life is made in my books, *How to Make Friends and A Lot of Money*, *Be a Success in Everything Overnight* and *Smile His Way to His First Million, the Story of C. C. Crummacher*.

Will Rogers America's most beloved humorist once remarked, "I never met a man I didn't like who never criticized, complimented a lot, had a nice smile, and was an interesting conversationalist."

R.F.



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W

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Too much togetherness accentuates cavities.

E.K.