

Fall 1959

Fall 1959

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter\\_62-03](https://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Valparaiso University, "Fall 1959" (1959). *The Lighter, 1959-2003*. 94.  
[https://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter\\_62-03/94](https://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03/94)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of English at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lighter, 1959-2003 by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at [scholar@valpo.edu](mailto:scholar@valpo.edu).

*Ghost written  
for Jack Lawson*

## From the Editor's Desk

The first year of LIGHTERS are now filed away in the morgue and are a part of the past. If there is anything which we have learned this year, it is this: There is so much left undone, so much left to explore. After three issues we have come to realize that this year but lays a foundation — and that the real building is yet to be done. We hope that the foundation is sturdy — and that it will support a college humor magazine that will continue to grow and re-echo the lighter side of Valpo campus life.

If we were to consider those things that we wish we might have done — or which we couldn't do for one reason or another, we shouldn't know where to begin. Our only justification will always be that we did get a small fuse to flicker — and our hope is that THE LIGHTER will explode rapidly into another credit for our University and another service to its students. This, from the beginning, was the intent of the magazine.

Maybe some year not too distant we will return to campus and find THE LIGHTER coming out monthly, fifty pages thick, and enthusiastically supported by a large sector of the student body. Only then on that day will we be able to see clearly what we've been able to do this year. The answer yet lies in what is ahead. When we think of it, our work this year was a small price to pay for a piece of Valpo's future.

But, the hour is on the morning side of midnight — and still the office in the Union is hellishly hot. Before we lock up and go find a cool one — we want to express our thanks to each staff member who has helped to lighten the load. And while we're finishing up the year — for someone else it is a beginning. The '58-'59 LIGHTER wishes next year's editor the very best of good luck. Dick, take what is good from our foundation and build upon it — correct our mistakes and be guided by them — and when you begin next fall — Go for broke! It's your baby  
ow!

## LETTER to the EDITOR

To the editors of THE LIGHTER:

This past year, like most of the students and some of the faculty, I watched with interest the resurrection of Valpo's campus humor magazine. From the start yours was not an easy task, and you were forewarned of the uncounted censors — from the lowliest freshman to the sternest keeper of the truth. By now you know how precariously the future of a college humor magazine lingers in the limbo between execution by official fiat and financial anemia. All of you are to be congratulated for holding your heads in the lion's mouth so skillfully.

But you were never alone. There is a certain revitalizing irreverence for sacred cows inherent in the college humor magazine which renders it almost indestructable. From the grave of one defunct publication another inevitably rises — and this is true wherever the student's pen is light and unafraid. Concurrently with THE LIGHTER, The University of Chicago's PHOENIX, dormant for twenty years, arose this year from its old ashes. And you were in good company, too. A score of distinguished writers have risen from the pages of such as THE LIGHTER. Among them: Robert Benchley and J.P. Marquand of the Harvard LAMPOON; Peter Arno and Lucius Beebe of the Yale RECORD; and F. Scott Fitzgerald and Booth Tarkington of the Princeton TIGER.

But soon the tumult of the deadlines will have died away for you. And quietly you will remember that you served your Centennial Year preserving a good campus humor magazine for Valpo. In this year you have championed the one enduring, if often rudely buffeted, institution in an educational world where complex times have forced drastic changes.

The campus is thankful to you — perhaps more than it ever realizes. And I am thankful, too — for you have renewed the mad, but delightful, game. Now I guess it's my turn to run with the ball.

Dick Lee

FALL ISSUE

LITERATURE

Let Farmer's State Bank make Money for You!



Current Interest on Students' Savings Accounts — 2%

HAVE SUNDAY DINNER  
WITH US!

  
**Wellmans**

For Reservations: Call HO 2-1663

"OPEN BOWLING EVERY WEEKEND"

# Prospectus

In almost any venture, it sometimes takes more courage to take the second steps than the first — for added to the original fears inhibiting the first steps there is now the additional fear of not being able to live up to your own past. This is somewhat the feeling of THE LIGHTER on the threshold of its second year.

In its first year a tradition was established. A certain format jelled, and for many students all the succeeding LIGHTER staffs need do is periodically refill the mold. To a degree, this is good — and THE LIGHTER is happy that it was able to please as many as it did. But amid a general acceptance there were voices of discontent — and this was to be expected also.

For whenever a magazine sets out to be a literary-humor magazine it immediately becomes the unfortunate servant of two masters — the literary and the humorous. Biblical injunction and a day's experience make us acutely aware of the futility and fatality of such service — and yet THE LIGHTER still tries to walk this tightrope, the not-quite-legitimate son of strange bedfellows.

Skimming readers inclined only toward the humorous may find parts of the magazine plodding and almost sub-terranean — and deeper readers inclined only toward the literary may find parts infantile and frothy. Unfortunately, the balance between the two is a delicate hairline. Therefore, while remaining wary of pitfalls involved in being "all things to all people," THE LIGHTER again this year will try to mirror both interests as equally as it is enabled. Ideally, the magazine is aimed at the broad reader who will enjoy every page.

THE LIGHTER is not a miniature of any other magazine — neither a PLAYBOY nor THE CRESSET, neither PUNCH nor THE SATURDAY REVIEW. Ultimately, only the campus itself should be reflected between its covers. If THE LIGHTER is to have a distinct spirit of its own, it must be distilled from the campus which contributes to it. In the final analysis, dear reader, THE LIGHTER is *You*. We hope you will like yourself this year.

FALL



1959

## THE LIGHTER . . .

The Literary-Humor Quarterly

. . . Of Valparaiso University

### LISTINGS

ON ART AND TWIGS . . . . .	Page 6
FORMULA FOR THE FUTURE . . . . .	Page 8
NIGHT LIFE: COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES . . . . .	Page 10
LIGHTER CONFIDENTIAL: WEHRENBURG HALL . . . . .	Page 13
AN ELECTION PRIMER FOR 1960 . . . . .	Page 14
CHRIST IN THE CONCRETE CITY: A REPORT . . . . .	Page 15
INSIDE EUROPE WITH THE CENTENNIAL TOUR . . . . .	Page 18
ARCHIBALD MacLEISH's <i>J.B.</i> : A DISCUSSION . . . . .	Page 22
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCULPTURE . . . . .	Page 24
THE SILENT GENERATION . . . . .	Page 26
LIGHTER LOVELY . . . . .	Page 27
ONE FOOT SHELF: REPORT ON RECORD CLUBS . . . . .	Page 31
DREAM . . . . .	Page 33

### LIGHTER STAFF

Editor ..... Dick Lee  
 Associate Editor ..... Jack Lawson  
 Business Manager ..... Wayne Kiefer  
 Copy Editor ..... Iris Limberg  
 Art Editor ..... Jim Jordan  
 Photography Consultant ..... Ed Schmidt  
 Advisor ..... Professor Paul Phipps  
*LITERATURE*: Jan Brass; *POETRY*: Julie Becker; *MUSIC*: Lee Gihring;  
*ADVERTISING*: Wayne Kiefer, Ken Booster, Karl Winter; *COPY*: Sue Hampel;  
*CIRCULATION*: John Schmuesser and the fall pledge class of the Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity;  
*CARTOONING SPECIALTIES*: Nick Kutansky; *ASSISTANT PHOTOGRAPHER*: Arnold Frautnick.

COVER DESIGN BY JIM JORDAN.

Volume II Number 1

Hopefully to be published quarterly by and for the students of Valparaiso University. Excerpts may be reprinted with credit. All material becomes the property of THE LIGHTER and cannot necessarily be returned. Address all correspondence, complaints, or contributions to THE LIGHTER, Box 272, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Represented for national advertising by College Magazines Corporation, 420 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

*light  
up  
in  
style!*



# WINDPROOF LIGHTERS

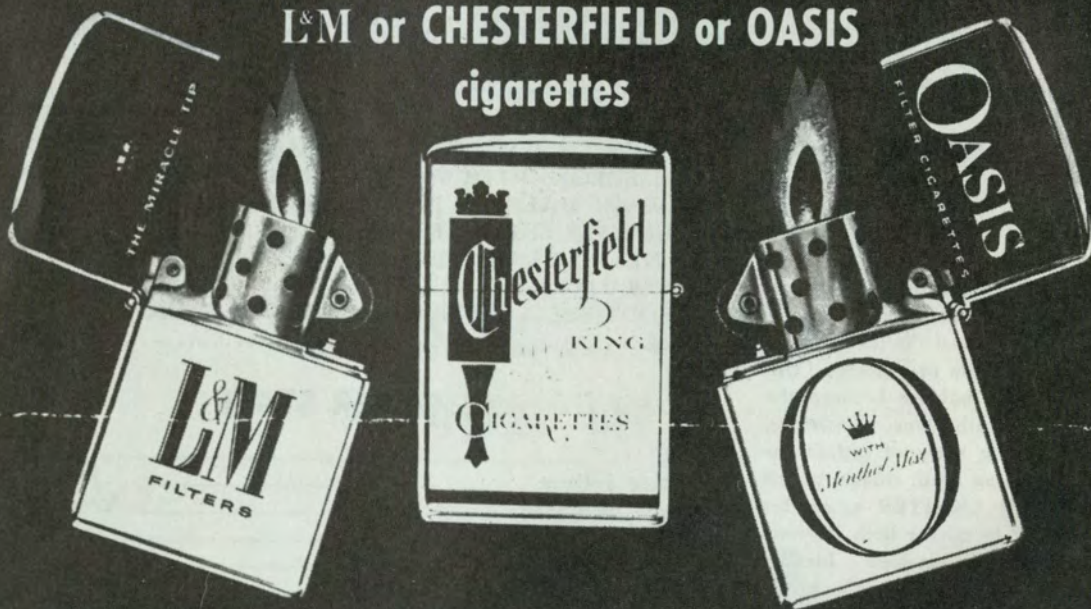
**YOUR CHOICE OF HIS OR HER SIZE!**

Here's the best lighter offer yet! Windproof lighters—in your choice of sizes! Just tell us which of the 3 great cigarette package designs (shown below) you want reproduced in beautiful full-color baked enamel on your lighter. Order as many lighters as you wish—but order now! Offer expires January 31, 1960.

**SEND ONLY 60¢ AND THE BOTTOM FLAP FROM 10 PACKAGES OF**

**L&M or CHESTERFIELD or OASIS**

**cigarettes**



**IDEAL COMPANION GIFTS—3 Great Liggett & Myers Brands to Choose From**

**L&M  
CO-ED  
SIZE**

ACTUAL  
SIZE



**SPECIAL OFFER—Order as Many Lighters as You Wish!  
LIGHTERS, P. O. BOX 85A, MT. VERNON 10, N. Y.**

I enclose 60¢ (no stamps) plus the bottom flap from 10 packages of L&M or Chesterfield or Oasis, for each lighter. (First Class Mail.) Please send

**FULL SIZE**

- L&M Lighters
- Chesterfield Lighters
- Oasis Lighters

**CO-ED SIZE**

- L&M Lighters
- Chesterfield Lighters
- Oasis Lighters

*(Please print plainly)*

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**BOTTOM FLAP**

This offer expires Jan. 31, 1960 and is not valid for shipment into states where prohibited, taxed or regulated.

**NOTICE:** If you are sending in for more than one lighter be sure you have provided sufficient postage to cover additional weight of coins and paper flaps.

# Instructor Rating Sheet

*Check appropriate category*

1. **Classroom poise:**  
None . . . Needs coffee . . . Needs two cups . . . Drown him . . .
2. **Rate of pacing back and forth in class:**  
Chess player . . . Steam shovel . . . Expectant father . . . Voodoo war dance . . .
3. **Amount of personal experience in lectures:**  
Now when I was young . . . Permit me to become autobiographical . . . Mother was a bouncer . . . My parole officer says . . .
4. **Holds attention of students:**  
Wake me early . . . Rarely . . . By hypnotism . . . Biting nearest student . . . Balancing on window sill . . .
5. **Outline of lecture:**  
A, 1, 2, 3, B, 1, 2 . . . A, B, A, C, B . . . C, 1, 2, B, C, Q, M . . . P, U . . .
6. **Homework assignments:**  
Snap course . . . What? Read the *whole* book? . . . Since it's the only course you're taking . . . Sleep? What's that? . . .
7. **Ability to answer questions:**  
Slips me at the moment . . . Look it up in the text . . . That's a good question . . . Class, where are you going? . . .
8. **Gestures:**  
Paralyzed . . . Drat that mosquito . . . Windmill . . . Whirling dervish . . . Hold onto your notes . . .
9. **Order and odor of jokes:**  
Sure it's funny, I told it to him . . . Tune in same time next year . . . What died in here? . . . Laugh or flunk . . .
10. **Appearance:**  
Just got up . . . Fire Sale . . . Marked down from \$29.95 . . . Paris label . . .
11. **Vocal delivery (Volume):**  
What's the secret? . . . Maybe he's just gargling . . . Who's *he* mad at? . . . Hello Ambrose, I'm outside the Coliseum! . . .
12. **Number of A's given:**  
Dime a dozen . . . What am I bid? . . . Bring your ration book . . . Marry my daughter, first . . .
13. **Rate of delivery:**  
Lockjaw . . . Hiccups . . . Babbling brook . . . "Sold, American" . . .
14. **Window stare:**  
Storm coming up . . . Moth on the pane . . . Likes to help the contractor . . . Hang on prof, this is the fourth floor . . .
15. **Can be impressed by:**  
Good notes . . . Any notes . . . Keeping both eyes open . . . Asking him questions he can answer . . .



# On Art And Twigs

By Richard R. Caemmerer, Jr.

After he hung up I got to thinking. "Give us about two thousand words on art, prof, you know, somethin' interestin' . . . we're working on a change of pace for the LIGHTER this year." So I got to thinking. Why didn't he let me know what kind of a change? Looks to me like he's trying to pull a fast one. Probably wants me to put in print why photographs of girls in bathing suits aren't art . . . start a big argument to increase circulation. Might even want me to harangue a bit on the Valpo student being a cultural boor. But that's the *Torch's* job. Perhaps putting the best construction on his request and writing a piece that might prepare the campus for its new art renaissance would suffice. It will at least guarantee a change of pace for the LIGHTER.

For the past year strange hints of a new era for Valpo have been seen at various spots about campus. "Modern art" they call the stuff, and Valpo sits with open mouthed stares and wonders if this stuff is also going

on in the outside world. "What is it?" "Why is it?" The alert ones consider and ask questions, the majority pass drowsily by on the other side. Perhaps the alert ones should have some answers, and maybe the majority might be interested in knowing what they're missing.

It's not easy to answer questions about modern art in writing. All we might hope to do here is give some information, and if you feel that you don't like modern art, we might even change your mind. When all is said and done, however, you'll eventually have to look at these works of art with your own eyes. This is the hardest part of learning about art, but the ones that make the effort generally find the experience worthwhile.

Our first impressions of modern art are bewildering to say the least. The Union mural. The chapel paintings. So many different styles. So much color. So complicated. And this is true. This variety of modern painting is a reflection of the com-



plexity of modern life. True, this art can give us mental and emotional indigestion, but so does living. And with art we are at least offered a wide range to choose from.

Because there is such a wide selection, it's often easy to pick the first thing that comes along. The painting with a quick appeal or one that is easy to understand at first glance can often wear thin, not unlike what happens after whistling a pop tune ten times in a row. It is also important not to fool yourself. People often pretend to like a work of art when they dislike it or when they don't even understand it. If you don't like it, let's face it, you don't like it. No artist paints expecting everyone to like what he does, because not everyone has to like the same thing. But don't admit you have no eye for pictures. Everyone who can see has an eye for pictures.

During a lifetime each of us sees millions of pictures. Little Orphan Annie Don't Be Half Safe L.A. Beats Sox Put A Tiger In Your Tank Would Yoooo Like To Be Queen For A Day Boy Stabbed In Subway Station Switch From Hots To Kooool — all kinds of pictures, pictures that try to give you a moment's entertainment, that try to inform you about something that you'll no doubt forget tomorrow, that try and convince you that what was heretofore a luxury is all of a sudden a necessity, that make you sick, mad, cheerful, confused. They attempt all sorts of things and they're all quite easy to understand. And then you run into a painting.

Now you're upset because you don't understand what you are seeing. The painting is not trying to sell you anything, or inform you about yesterday's news, and what is most confusing, it takes quite a bit of study. This is because although we've seen hundreds of thousands of paintings we have yet to look at painting as an art. The art of painting is like a language which we have to learn to read. Some paintings read like a first grade primer, others like a complex college text. Some paintings read like prose, others like poetry, and still others like mathematics. The only difference between painting as an art and language is that there is only one language or art. There is no foreign tongue.

The best of the modern artists can be looked upon as pioneers just as are explorers or scientists. For this reason modern art is at the same time more difficult to look at and also more exciting than the art we are already used to. Pioneers in many areas of endeavor such as the Wright brothers, Galileo, Fulton, all had to put up with a great deal of ridicule. And when you investigate the lives of the modern artists of times past you will learn to keep an open mind about the art you don't like or understand today. Van Gogh, for instance, did hundreds of paintings and sold only one . . . for about five dollars. Today that one painting is worth \$30,000 and what is more important, its artist is considered great. Consider the people of Van Gogh's time who missed so very much simply because they failed to accept that which was different.

A very common complaint about art these days is that the paintings have very little to do with our everyday lives. And very many of them don't . . . which contributes to their value. Such paintings contain a kind of poetry which is able, if given the chance, to lift us out of the ordinary. But the majority of modern art, if studied, will show us interpretations of everyday life: the beauty and ugliness that is found in people, the joy and sorrow, the snazzy and the honky-tonk, the love and hate, the good and evil. Modern art clearly shows us individual reactions against prejudice or tyranny, the effects of war on the land and its people, the effects of industrialization, the concern or lack of it for God, the liberties and boundaries of the individual. There is no attempt on the part of the artist to solve these problems or create problems where there aren't any. He can, however, with his art help us to see and understand them, because artists serve as the eyes and ears of society. Beyond these practical matters, art serves as a symbol, a visible symbol of the human spirit in search for beauty and perfection.

Well I can hear it now. "Prof, this all sounds pretty much like a snow job. Sure, art is a great thing. It's been around long enough. But all this doesn't explain this modern stuff. What we need is an explanation of these modern paintings."

Everyone wants to understand art.

Listen to what Picasso has to say about attempts to explain pictures.

"Why not try to understand the song of a bird? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand it? But in the case of a painting people have to understand. If only they would realize above all that an artist works because he must, that he himself is only a trifling bit of the world, and that no more importance should be attached to him than to plenty of other things in the world which please us, though we can't explain them. People who try to explain pictures are usually barking up the wrong tree."

This apparent dead end leads us to home. We've started an Art Department, two artists are now on campus teaching and producing paintings and sculpture, the art courses are filled with students listening to the story of art, and discovering the creative processes first hand. Thirty-six students have been spending three weeks drawing nothing but twigs. And there's a reason for all of this. These teachers, these students, and this university is in the process of investigating the potential of the total man. Not only is art a part of this total, but as anyone will tell you who has drawn twigs for three weeks . . . trees are more exciting now.

---

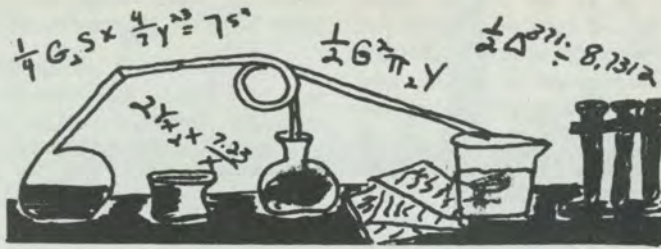
Doctor Hays tells us that the girl who elopes in her sophomore year makes the error of putting the heart before the course.

---

In Mason City, Iowa, there was a little girl by the name of Carmen Cohen. Her mother called her Carmen, of course, but her father, for reasons only he could explain, always hailed her by her last name, Cohen. As a result, by the time she became a freshman at Valpo she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen.

---

"I'm afraid," sighed a frustrated husband, "my poor wife can never have a child." "Inconceivable?" asked a friend. "Unbearable," said the husband. "Impregnable," the friend concluded.



# Formula...

By Ernest P. Johnson

F=ma. Do you know what that means? I know but I'll bet your idea isn't the same as mine. Here's what it means for me: Future=Master of Arts.

What does the future equal for you?

Maybe it will be Uncle Sam. Or, for you young ladies, maybe your future holds an MRS degree that you will add to your Valpo sheepskin — they're coming back in style again, you know.

Or maybe F=ma means a job — teaching out in Mason City, Iowa, or working back home in the industry of Merchantville, N.J. Questions such as the following might be going through your mind: How can I learn more about my area of work? How can I advance to better jobs in my field? How can I be a better provider? Why didn't I continue my schooling when it would have been easier?

Again we are right back where we began — does YOUR future equal M.A. (or M.S. or Ph.D.)? IT SHOULD AND IT CAN INCLUDE GRADUATE STUDIES! And, before all of you stop reading, let me say that I intend to show why EVERYONE SHOULD ATTEND GRADUATE SCHOOL and how almost EVERYONE CAN ATTEND GRADUATE SCHOOL by delving into the following points: 1) there are innumerable advantages in graduate study; 2) there IS a vast amount of aid available if you inquire about it; and 3) there are NOT as many prohibitive entrance requirements as you might think. This article is not keyed for that "brain in the front row of Physics 103," but it is keyed for YOU, Joe and Jane College.

Why attend graduate school? The most basic reason is in the value of education *per se*. Surely all of us who are saving and slaving to earn our B.A. are fully aware of education's enhancement of our lives. If

we didn't appreciate education, we wouldn't be here. And, continuing our education will further enhance our lives. In this era of political tensions and technological advances, further knowledge is crucial to better understand our fellow man whatever his color, race, creed or nationality. Only with this understanding of and appreciation for his contributions can our lives take on a deeper and a higher meaning.

In addition to the aesthetic and philosophical enrichments, there are practical values.

Graduate study in major fields coupled with undergraduate emphases in other fields will produce a more versatile person whose career choices are multiplied. And, additional training in the same area as one's undergraduate major will lead to the increased professional skill necessary for original research, outstanding leadership and advancement in the future.

Beneath all of these values lies the factor of things temporal and materialistic such as increased earning power. It cannot be denied that in many instances — though not in all — men and women (for graduate school is surely not a "for men only" proposition) with graduate training are better paid and hold better jobs. An example of this might be the science profession. Personnel with master's degrees usually draw nearly \$75 a month more than those with bachelor's degrees. The figure soars to \$200 a month more for a Ph.D. One study shows, however, that money is not the factor foremost in the minds of today's young Ph.D.'s. They rather deem fulfillment of individual capacity and worth to society as goals more honorable.

In contrast to the somewhat ideological consideration of the many benefits to be reaped from additional study, there is a more practical question: How? The requirements imposed on the future graduate student are strict but hardly impossible.

The problem of financing is an imaginary obstacle. In fact, the outlook for financial aid is even optimistic if there is an average amount of initiative on the part of future graduate students. Clamors about the prohibitive cost factor have often arisen because students really don't want to go to graduate school. In short: AID IS AVAILABLE.

Aid is of five types: 1) fellowships, both university-administered and private; 2) assistantships, both teaching and research; 3) loans; 4) part-time campus employment; and 5) remission of tuition and/or fees. Of the five types, only the first two need any additional comment.

Fellowships are presented usually without requirement of services; for this reason they are considered non-taxable by the federal government. They are given primarily upon merit, sometimes with consideration of financial resources. Stipends range from less than \$100 to more than \$2000.

Under the general type are the "big four" on VU's campus: Woodrow Wilson, Danforth, Atomic Energy Commission and National Science Foundation. These grants are few in number and the competition is keen. To be considered, one must first be nominated by his school (Dean Allen E. Tuttle is in charge of this at Valpo) and then favorably pass rigid screening interviews and examinations. In addition to the basic stipend, there may be allowances for dependents.

Other fellowships, administered by universities and corporations, have equal stipends but less "honor." In these also there may be allowances for dependents. There is an endless number of fellowships available in every field of academic pursuit at many institutions of higher learning. Some have stipulations such as field of study or hometown but others are open to all. The ones with stipulations are often those awarded by companies to their em-

# For The Future



ployees' families. Two fellowships are:

- 1) Graduate Fellowships, Middle East Institute — \$2000 annually to candidates less than 28 years old who wish to continue studies in Middle Eastern subjects at the School of Advanced International Studies at The John Hopkins University in Washington, D.C.
- 2) University Scholarships—\$1050 per academic year to eight students who wish to undertake graduate study at the University of Wisconsin in any field.

With the large number of fellowships of this type available, a student with a sincere desire to attend graduate school should be able to do so. One word of caution: Do not be a "fellowship hog." The "fellowship grapevine" may be your undoing.

Assistantships are the second type of aid that requires comment. Since services are required, such as teaching or laboratory work, assistantships are usually deemed taxable. The same factors are considered in awarding assistantships as in granting fellowships. The scope of the areas covered, the number of schools and the stipends involved are similar.

Further information (including lists of aid available) can be found in *A Guide to Graduate Study*, in *Scholarships, Fellowships and Loans* and in similar reference books and catalogues. They can all be found in our library. (And, if the catalogue for which you are looking isn't in the library, why not order one for the library when you order one for yourself.)

A bachelor's degree is generally prerequisite to entrance. In some instances there are language requirements, especially for the Master of Arts degree. The latter may be made up after entrance in many cases. Tests, too, may be required of the prospective student. The most common tests are the Graduate Record

Examinations or the Miller Analogies Test.

Despite the many requirements, however, the emphasis must still be on the fact that anyone may attend graduate school if he wants to badly enough. Although "B's" are often called for, frequently a school will stipulate "top one-fourth of the class." Hence, there is some institution for everyone. If the applicant's qualifications should happen to be dubious, some schools even have "conditional" entrances.

After you have decided on your area of study, find out which schools offer the required curriculum. *A Guide to Graduate Study* is a good reference.

Scrutinize the catalogues — investigate the number of faculty members in your department (a small faculty may indicate a new department), and the number of graduate students; compare library resources (especially the bound magazines that will be used for individual research) with those of other schools; and consider geographic factors.

When this factual material has been investigated, talk to your advisor and your favorite professors about graduate schools. Ask professors who attended the school in question; ask professors who attended other schools for appraisals of the school you are considering. See what kind of alumni "your" school boasts. Since there is some correlation between good students and good professors, a leader of today might indicate a good professor in his graduate school days.

After you have decided upon your school, file your application and FILE EARLY for both aid and admission. Give careful thought to what you say, and think through the ideas you want to express on your application form. Deadlines for aid applications usually fall in September, October, or November, and the announcement of winners is made the

following March or April.

DON'T write a corporation or foundation asking what you should major in to receive its fellowships as many have done in the past.

Now you're just about in. Don't forget to take those necessary tests and as a final test maybe you would like to arrange a visit to the campus you have chosen.

There really IS a fellowship just perfect for YOU! YOUR grades ARE good enough. There IS a school that suits YOU to a T! YOUR FUTURE SHOULD AND CAN INCLUDE GRADUATE STUDIES!

Will F=ma for you?

## FOR MORE INFORMATION ON GRADUATE SCHOOL

The Men of Alpha Pi, Senior Men's Honorary Fraternity, cordially invite all students interested in eventual graduate studies to a highly informal meeting on Thursday, November 5, at 7:30 in the Student Union Great Hall. This meeting — primarily a question and answer period and social hour — with guest speaker Dr. Moody E. Prior, Dean of the Graduate School at Northwestern University, is to acquaint Valpo undergraduates with graduate school opportunities. Dr. Allen E. Tuttle, graduate studies advisor on campus, will moderate the discussion period. Coffee and cookies will be served.

# NIGHT LIGHT GOES TO THE COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES

PHOTOS BY ED SCHMIDT and ARNOLD FRAUTNICK



By Jo Greiner

In this "beat" era one of the most fascinating places Night Life has gone for a single evening is the "College of Complexes" on the ever-famous Rush Street in down-town Chicago.

The very first impression one receives is that in essence the place is a dingy hole. However, as the evening passes the dinginess brightens and the personalities frequenting the place take precedence. On the outside there is a large window painted yellow with a picture of a boy and girl. The sign in the photo above is on the door and welcomes you as you enter. Upon entering you trade



Beatnik boy and Beatnik girl greet new students in the College of Complexes at doorway. On the inside money is exchanged for metal chips which, with an I.D. card, will buy booze.



Two mirror-images of the Schwepps' man exchange the "gloomy" word with one another.



The M.C. directs a question from one new student in the College of Complexes to the Beatnik panel.

your money for metal coins which are traded again throughout the evening for beverages of one sort or another! The front part of the College is a bar with tables placed here and there. On the wall are Greek letters, names and sayings, a distinct indication that this is a favorite spot of the beat generation and through these writings they have unloosed many suppressed ideas and desires.

A second doorway leads to a back room where discussions are carried on by five or six beatniks. At various times there are impromptu lectures or jazz sessions, but there is never a

moment of dullness for there are never ending questions for beatniks to answer and innumerable suppressed desires that can only be released by improvising on a piano or by taking up the "soap box" on any topic imaginable.

On the particular evening which Night Life visited the College of Complexes Miss Beatnik of Chicago was one of the panelists. She was a stereotype. Although she had attended college for one semester she would have passed for a sixteen-year-old. She had long, dark straight hair, wore little make-up and was

sloppily attired. The oldest beatnik there was a man in his forties; a college professor. He was casually dressed in a trenchcoat.

The majority of the audience was college students, although older people were in attendance. A "standing-room-only" crowd shows the popularity of the College of Complexes.

For a different evening; one in which you will discover how the beat generation lives and thinks, Night Life suggests you try the College of Complexes.



Miss Beatnik of Chicago answers a question from the floor of the College of Complexes where the members of the Beat Generation entertain themselves and curiosity-seekers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES, CONTINUED



Artists and poets of the Beat Generation hang their works on the walls of the College of Complexes.

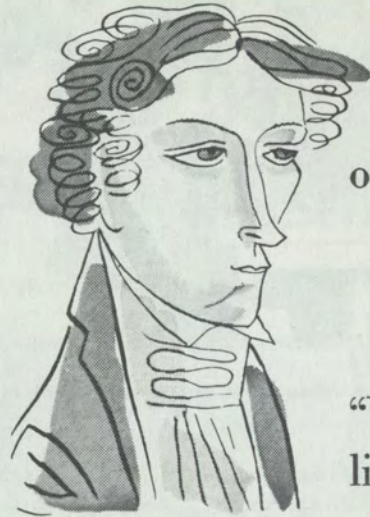


For less qualified artists and for lesser permanence a blackboard of Beatnikisms covers one wall.



Musicians, as well as artists and poets, have the opportunity to "express themselves" in the musical idiom of the Beat Generation.

# KEATS



on Life Savers

"Why not live sweetly?"

from *The Dove*, line 1



Still only 5¢



SURE I'D LIKE TO PLEDGE, BUT I'VE GOT BETTER WAYS TO SPEND MY TIME!!

PARSON



By Tom Pain

Sure, I'm one o' da lost souls in da big joint. Aroun' here dey call it da "Y." Don't get no wrong notion, though, dere ain't nuttin' recreational 'bout dis place an' no pleasure trip besides.

Some of da guys aroun' here are trustees, on pro . . . but most of 'em is like me, three time losers. A few of 'em have made the break, at least for a year or so, but dey always come back. Society don't want 'em neither. I suppose ya wonder how a guy like me makes it in here. It ain't easy. For a lousy 135 smackers, I gets 4½ months with no way, mind you, to bust da rap. Da last place I was in was no patsy joint, but I never knew when dey warned us, dat anything could be as tough as dis. In here we got boids from all o' da tracks and a few "stoolies" to boot. In a way, it's all like a big bird cage, with the guards watchin' to pounce on you da foist time you flutters out of line. Dere are sure some real LuLu's here. Dis one guy's name is Carpintel. He's da toughest guard in the lot. Da rest of da boids refer to 'im as da "Pink Plague." You know, one of dose guys what thinks da pen is mightier dan da sword. An old schooler.

I remember da foist time I goofed. Lights out was at eleven bells an' all da rest of da boids was nicely perched on da roost. Stupid me, I forgets da rule and ZAM, under da cell door comes da warning from da "Plague." Tryin' to tell 'em I'm new around here is all da wise. Smart Greenie, is all da answer I get.

(Continued on page 37)



From  
"THE PEN"  
of  
Tom Pain

## LIGHTER CONFIDENTIAL



# A Student's Election Primer For 1960

By Marvin F. Granger

All of the presidential hopefuls campaigning throughout the country are saying that it is still too early to say whether or not they will run. Actually the first presidential preference primary is little more than four months away. Even though announcements have been few, it is not at all difficult to tell who wants to be president. For instance, here in Indiana in a matter of just a few weeks Vice-President Nixon, Senator John Kennedy, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Senator Stuart Symington and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson all had speaking engagements. All of these gentlemen are making "good will" tours of the country. It's the same good will that pervades the nation before every election.

The atmosphere in the two parties is beginning to indicate what they will be like when the going gets tough. The Republican party is, compared to the Democrats, relatively calm. One reason for this is that the Vice-President does not yet feel that New York Governor Rockefeller is a real threat to him. This means that the Republicans have only one real candidate so far. President Eisenhower has successfully avoided talking about candidates; however, some Rockefeller backers have been heard saying that the Nixon trip to Russia was almost as much support from the President as Nixon needs at this stage of the game. If the Democrats can get through the primaries without creating (or revealing) a lot of friction, they will have performed a minor miracle. They have several issues that have already started to boil. National and state party leaders are very much divided over whether the candidate should be a strong liberal or a moderate. There are quite a few liberals running, but the moderates seem to be the most favored potentials. As usual, the South has issued warnings about nominating a liberal. In reply, National Chairman Paul Butler has said the party no longer needs to cater to the South. Another problem is the geographical difference

among the Democratic candidates. There are men running from the east, midwest, south, and west, in other words, from everywhere. Since the Republican candidate is likely to be a Californian, all kinds of speculation has arisen as to what this means for the Democrats. While the President has been quiet, former President Truman has seemingly been pushing Senator Symington of his home state, Missouri. Recently Truman criticized "Johnny-come-lately liberals" whom, he says, don't know the meaning of the word liberalism. This has not been interpreted as an endorsement of either Senator Kennedy or Humphrey.

We might look briefly at the situation of each of the candidates, what will help him and what will hurt him, and what he is counting on.

*Vice-President Richard Nixon* — Mr. Nixon has been consistently far ahead of his only opposition, Governor Rockefeller, in all of the polls. There are Nixon organizations ready to spring up in almost every state. The Vice-President has been trying to live down the mistrust that many felt toward him due to his questionable campaigning methods when he ran for the Senate, and his unpopularity during his first years as vice-president. Nixon used to be considered a conservative, but has molded himself into the "modern Republican form during recent years. He hopes to hold the considerable lead he has presently by working hard to show Republican leaders that he will be a strong candidate.

*Governor Nelson Rockefeller* — Those who are seriously advancing Rockefeller are of the liberal minority in the Republican Party, with only a sprinkling of support otherwise. (For example, the Rockefeller for President Club in Michigan is headed by "Young Turk" Republican legislator George Salade of Ann Arbor who has voted consistently with liberal Democrats in the state legislature. Salade is counting on independent support for his candidate more than on the Republican organization.) Governor Rockefeller has only lately talked as if he takes himself seriously

as a candidate. He says he will wait to see how things look around the first of the year before he makes any statements. The governor has no great love for Nixon and would undoubtedly like to oppose him for the nomination if he thinks he has a ghost of a chance to succeed. Rockefeller has much experience, though not in elected offices. He is not as much a party man as is Nixon and not so well known across the country. These handicaps could be overcome perhaps if he were to hit the campaign trail.

*Adlai Stevenson* — The twice defeated Democratic candidate stands more and more as a giant shadow over the other Democrats seeking the nomination. Mr. Stevenson has said repeatedly that he is a "retired politician" and not a candidate for anything. However, there is increasing enthusiasm among party leaders in various states for a third try for Stevenson. Their thinking is that this time he would be running against a politician instead of a military hero; and, even more important, he may be the only man who can heal the wounds and bring unity after the pre-convention battles are over. Also some leaders feel the party should run a man of experience who could provide not only energy but wisdom, and these men say that Stevenson fills the bill here. However, the former Illinois governor is still divorced, still an "egghead," and still a reluctant candidate. These factors are said to have worked against him before.

*Senator John Kennedy* — On nearly all of the major opinion polls, Senator Kennedy has steadily maintained a narrow lead over all the other Democratic prospects. He has been favored by the public for his work on the McClellan Committee during the past two years. His part in the passage of the labor reform bill in the last session of congress seems not to have hurt his good position with labor. He received a standing ovation on October 12 at the UAW-CIO national convention. John Kennedy would receive much attention as a candidate whether he

(Continued on page 32)





# The Cross, The Crown, And Christ

## *in Concrete Cities*

On an evening last winter a small group of men, some clergy, others laypeople, formed the players' company called Cross and Crown Productions. For a long time these men had felt that drama should be re-introduced to the Church. They felt it could be an effective means for revitalizing Christian worship and witness. To this end, Cross and Crown Productions, Inc., was born.

There was much to do. Plays had to be chosen, a cast had to be assembled, and there was no money. From February until May, Cross and Crown's contribution to drama for the Church was a presentation of *The Wall*, a play dealing with racial tension in the community. The play was given on various weekends during this period.

To be able to maintain a full-time touring company over an extended period of time was the goal of Cross and Crown. In April, a notice was sent to individuals whom

(Continued on next page)

Art used by permission of Professor Richard Caemmerer and *The Cresset*.

(Continued from preceding page)

the board felt would be interested in touring with a play during the summer. Auditions were held and a cast of four men and two women was chosen.

### Christ in the Concrete City

Cross and Crown had the good fortune to obtain the rights to a play called *Christ in the Concrete City* by P. W. Turner, an Anglican clergyman. The play attempts to show, using both an historical and contemporary setting, how we crucify Christ every day of our lives. It is a powerful piece which requires the audience to answer, either negatively or affirmatively, to God. It is a play that cannot be performed without both performer and viewer being profoundly moved.

The cast consisted of three men from Concordia Senior College in Fort Wayne, Walt Frankel, George Tharp and Don McClean; Ruth McRee and Juliana Becker from Valpo; and Prof. Paul W. F. Harms, also of the Senior College. With this group for part of the summer season were Bob Anderson and John Jungemann, both recent graduates of Valpo.

### Taking the Show on Tour

The first performances were given on June 28, 1959, at Immanuel and Faith Memorial Lutheran Churches. The following day we hit the road, none of us having any idea of what the summer would bring. Our equipment consisted of a podium, five cloaks, two light stands, a station wagon and one tired looking U-Haul trailer. There was no money, and though we were set to tour until August 30, the itinerary showed only ten definite bookings. It looked like a lean summer with much time to rehearse and little opportunity for performing.

Our booking agents had met with extremely luke-warm responses from most Missouri Synod clergymen, and really, one could not blame them. Play-acting in the chancel? It did sound somewhat radical.

Then came the explosion:

Performance at the Senior College Chapel in Fort Wayne with three hours advance notice. Response: Most enthusiastic. Contacts were made with ministers in that area for dates during the last week in August.

Cleveland, Ohio. Two day's advance notice had been given to one

congregation. Response: Come again, soon! The next day was spent in phoning all of the members of another congregation in Cleveland. Response: Again most enthusiastic.

On to Detroit! We had planned to be in Detroit for two weeks. The itinerary showed one previously set date. Again, we got on the phone, calling pastors and congregations. Result: *Christ in the Concrete City* was performed every night and in three Sunday morning services during our two week stay. We were at the International Walther League Convention in East Lansing and the next night at the Detroit Women's Prison. Our living quarters there consisted of an empty house with wall to wall carpeting which the English District Mission Board allowed us to use free of charge.

By this time bookings were no problem. The schedule was full until the thirtieth of August. The drama was performed in the chancel of churches in much of Michigan, in the Chicago and Milwaukee areas, and for three conventions at the Valparaiso University Chapel. We wound up the tour in Fort Wayne.

### "Actors Before the Altar!"

A book could be written about our

experiences — some of them hilarious, others quite moving. The drama was performed for old people and young, for prisoners and children, for non-Christians and the "pillars" of the Church. There were only a few negative reactions to our doing the play in the chancel. This fact we found amazing. The comment heard most often was, "This cannot die — This must go on."

At this time, Cross and Crown is in the process of getting a cast to tour during the winter and spring. A woman in England who heard about the organization is coming to join us this month. Other people are being recruited in New York and St. Louis. Those of us who were in the cast this summer, although we are now in school, are presenting the play on week-ends whenever we are able to get together.

Cross and Crown is convinced that Christian drama has a definite place in the Church today, and that actors are most effective instruments for communicating the idea of the gospel to others. They recall that God, when He wanted to communicate with men assumed the role of a man and performed among them. When God confronts an audience, it is always drama of the highest order.



In the final moments of the stirring religious drama, CHRIST IN THE CONCRETE CITY, Mary of Magdala (played by Ruth McRee) tells others of His disciples of her meeting with "the gardener."

# Lighter "Lit"

According to THE LIGHTER's recent survey of sales at The University Bookstore this fall the ten best-sellers on campus are the works listed below. If the Bookstore should temporarily be unable to supply you with your choice from this best-seller's list, the Concordia Publishing House will ship any of them to you in a plain brown wrapper.

**I WAS THE FIRST BEATNIK**

— by Saint Francis of Assisi

**The NUN'S STORY**

— Katharine Luther

**SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER**

— Brigitte Bardot

**SMILIN' THROUGH**

— Herbert Umbach

**IT TAKES A HEAP OF LIVIN' TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME**

— The Women of Dau-  
Kreinleder

**WHAT TO DO 'TIL THE MESSIAH COMES**

— David Ben Gurion

**VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD**

— Don Mullin

**THE GRAND INQUISITOR**

— autobiography of Luther P.  
Koepeke

**GRANT WOOD IS MY IDEAL**

— Ernest Schwidder

**IT TAKES A HEAP OF LOVIN' TO MAKE A HOME A HOUSE**

— Tommy Morgano

O.P. was to be the guest speaker at a Notre Dame convocation. In the vestry several fathers were helping him robe. They had brought him his cassock, stole, and collar. When one timidly suggested that he might have a surplice that might fit him, O. P. retorted, "What would I do with a surplice — I'm a Lutheran; I only know how to handle deficits."

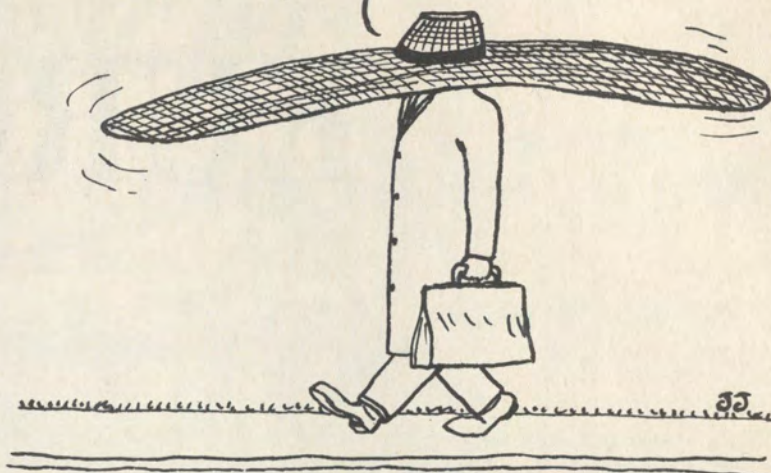
"When Bill danced with me last night he kept letting his hand slip down my back."

"I hope you rebuked him."

"I did; I told him to keep it up."

She was only the optician's daughter — two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

§§  
"THE STARS AT NIGHT...  
ARE BIG AND BRIGHT...  
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS."  
2 §§



**REGISTER HERE**  
HAME MON. TUES.  
PH 75



"HEY KOEPKE! HOW ABOUT YOU  
TAKING THE ENGLISH LINE?"

# INSIDE

# EUROPE.

"Oh, you went to Europe this summer. That was nice." This is what most people reply when an enthusiastic member of the Valpo Centennial tour group begins to unfold his experiences.

"Nice!" he would exclaim indignantly to his listener. "It was tremendous! Fantastic! — but — let me give you a few examples of the interesting, exciting, and sobering incidents that I experienced.

"Of course, since Dr. Boyd, our eminent history professor, was one of the leaders, we knew that we could expect a lecture at least every morning. And we were not disappointed. Soon after the bus started out, we leaned back in our seats, hoping to catch up on the sleep that we had missed the night before. But Dr. Boyd's loud, commanding, 'Ah-h!', coming over the microphone of the bus jolted us to attention. He expounded on the geography, the political and social history, and the present situation of the places which we were to visit that day, whether they included Rotterdam in The Netherlands or Moulins in France. The information that he gave so freely was invaluable to our understanding and appreciation of the things that we saw.

"The first stop after our disembarkation from the S.S. Homeric was London, England. Here, the thing that I remember best was what came

to be referred to as "the ordeal of breakfast in London." The waiters wore 'ties and tails' even at breakfast and the service was *very* leisurely. In the Middle West, we would say 'slow.' We sat at separate tables, and promptly lost our appetites as we were finally served watery scrambled eggs, cold toast, and bitter orange marmalade. The toast was the most unique and frustrating item. It was served dry in airy silver toast racks, and was cold, very thin, and tasted like cardboard. The silver was very elegant, but oh, how I *longed* for hot, buttered toast! In addition, we had to plow through rows of silverware to get to the food. At least we got eggs for breakfast in London. Breakfasts on the continent consisted of hard rolls, honey, butter, and very black, strong coffee. This monotonous fare was called the 'Continental Breakfast.'

There were other aspects of England, however, that were more enjoyable. Our guide to Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon was particularly delightful. He was old and rather crippled, having to use a cane most of the time, but he was a graduate of Oxford, and loved to talk about his old Alma Mater. Something that was especially pertinent to us were his stories about his escapades and the early curfew of ten-thirty (which is still in force today). He had to climb in the window to his room

many times after a rollicking evening at one of the local pubs, for Oxford has no 'buzzer-doors.'

"At Stratford on the Avon River, we stayed at the Shakespeare Hotel, where the atmosphere was quite Elizabethan and where each room was labeled with a Shakespearean play or a famous Shakespearean character. Our room was called 'The Tempest.'

"The beverages in Europe were quite unique. Wine was commonly served at all meals except breakfast. The coffee and milk-drinking Americans had a little difficulty becoming used to the change, but all insisted that they really didn't mind and argued that wine built up one's blood. We had one consolation — there was Coca-Cola everywhere. However, since we paid extra money for all beverages except water, we drank water for nearly every meal. We raised our goblets on high and proposed a toast, 'To Dysentery!'

"Berlin, the highlight of the tour, presented its hilarious as well as its sobering side. The night life in Berlin was 'Raci' (racy), a unique nightclub where each table had a telephone. It was quite a large place, and, instead of walking across the room to ask a girl for a dance, the man called her on the telephone. One found herself dancing with a completely strange man. This was a good way to cement American-Ger-

# UNCENSORED SIDELIGHTS

## From The Centennial Tour

— BY JAN BRASS and SYL CLARKE

man relations. The Russian night-clubs were quite another thing. The musicians drank a shot of vodka after each stanza of each folksong. They sang continuously.

"East Berlin was sobering. Piles of rubble stood everywhere. Many of the buildings looked as if they had been bombed the day before rather than almost fifteen years ago. One of the tour members was privileged to attend a circus performance in East Berlin with some German friends. Circuses are usually very gay and carefree, but the East Germans who attended this one seemed stifled to a certain degree. At times, they seemed afraid to laugh. Of course, the door was manned by a couple of Russian soldiers and there were many East German army personnel in the audience. One could not speak freely or comment on anything he saw, for anyone could be listening and no-one could be trusted. The loss of one's taken-for-granted freedoms is a terrible and frightening thing. By the way, there are enough Russian troops and tanks surrounding Berlin right now to completely annihilate all of the allied forces stationed there.

"The refugee camp, which the tour visited by special request, was another sobering experience. Here were whole families living in one room. Here were students who had left family

and all possessions in order to study at a free university. One wonders, after meeting a student such as this, "How much is education really worth?" Lest we take our educational privilege lightly . . .

"German hospitality was wonderful. The food was excellent and there was lots of it, but we grew tired of Wiener-Schnitzel, peas, and ice cream as a steady diet. After chug-a-lugging Rhine wine at Rudesheim in Germany, we learned a new dance which we would like to introduce at Valpo some time, 'Kissen nicht Dancen.' Freiburg was a friendly city. Eight people gathered on the street corner trying to explain the location of St. Paul's Church to us in German, sign language, and broken English. Finally one man offered to take us to the church.

"Our desire to be rid of American tourists got the better of us in Lucerne, Switzerland, and we set out into the Swiss countryside on bicycles with our knapsacks on our back. However, we were American enough to appreciate seeing Lex Barker in the American Express Office.

"Despite the driving rain in Innsbruck, Austria, we splashed through the puddles, shopping and munching on delectable, calory-filled Austrian pastries. Oh, my waistline! We also enjoyed seeing the fun-loving and boisterous Tyroleans dance in their

dirndl skirts and lederhosen.

"In Venice, *we* sang to the gondolier, who couldn't carry a tune, but who inserted an artistic 'cha-cha-cha' at various points in our song. Venice wasn't the only place where we exercised our vocal chords. Our bus trips were sometimes long, but we amused ourselves by singing songs from (of all appropriate things!) 'South Pacific,' on the jolting, bouncing bus — what a vibrato!

"In Rome, we became momentarily homesick when we saw a restaurant named, 'California.' We entered and dined on 'good old American' hamburgers and french fries. Leaving Italy, we sped through French customs on our way to Nice by telling the officer that we had to catch a train at Nice in half an hour. He waved merrily to us as we sped through the gate, not realizing that our bus was chartered for the whole trip.

"On the sunny beach at Nice, we lay for two days, turning like roasts on a spit on the sharp white rocky beach, in an effort to soak up loads of Mediterranean sunshine. We felt rather over-dressed in our bathing suits as we watched French women run to and fro in scanty Bikinis. We were exhuberant as we drank tea in a medieval courtyard in Avignon, but our spirits were quickly dampened when a maid decided to toss some



The Russian War Memorial erected in West Berlin at the close of World War II. Mr. Wilson's Russian students might enjoy translating the inscription.



The Centennial Tour group poses for its picture in front of the Palais De Versailles. Valpo students Syl Clarke, Gladys Roebert, Jan Brass, and Dick Barkow accompanied the tour through Europe.

Another highly idealized Russian statue showing a little child in the arms of a Russian soldier — supposedly representing "strength protecting innocence." Note the anachronisms of the cape and sword.

scrub-water out the window on us.

"Gaïce Parée! We took the wrong Metro (subway) and walked for miles to an existentialist cafe called, 'Les Deux Magots,' only to find an irate and drunken American arguing with the waiter about the price of wine. In Montmartre, we sat in a smoke-filled carabet and listened to a French beatnik pound out improvised variations on a theme for twenty minutes. On our last night in Paris, we couldn't miss French Onion soup at Pigalle Square.

The trip ended appropriately — the French plane on which we were to 'jet' home lost its hydraulic fluid and we were grounded for seven hours. Oh! One thing more — Beware! Be sure that your vaccination certificate is signed! Customs officials have no qualms about giving on-the-spot vaccinations to unsuspecting American tourists — they shoot on sight!"

After this long recital, all the listener can say is, "Whew! Wow! Where's my travel agent?!"



# If You Don't Send Us Your Jokes, You'll Have to Read Ours

A Saint Joseph football star went to a sterling but absent minded priest every week for confession. The priest had the habit of marking the number of sins on his sleeve with a piece of chalk in order to mete out the proper penance.

"Father," said the player one day, "I ran clear across the field to clip a player in our last game."

"That was very wrong, my son," said the priest, making a chalk mark.

"When he fell, I kicked him in the teeth."

"How terrible, my son! Will you never learn Christianity?!"

"And when the referee wasn't looking, I chewed off a piece of his ear."

"Saints preserve us! You're a disgrace to your fine teachers and college!" (And by this time the chalk marks were clear up to the priest's elbow.) "What was the team you were playing, my son?"

"Valparaiso," said the player.

"Oh," beamed the priest, rubbing off every mark on his sleeve. "I guess boys will be boys."

The story above doesn't mean that Christian brothers on separate roads don't lend encouragement to one another. Several years ago Valpo had lost six consecutive games and was about to lose its seventh to St. Joe. During the half a very dejected Em received a penciled note, reading, "Cheer up, Coach! We have no team either." It was signed "Sister Bernadette, Saint Ursula's Convent."

Dear Abby,

I have been going around with a certain man for ten months and last night I found out he has a wooden leg. Tell me, should I break it off?

. . . Perplexed

Overheard from a deer running out of a Michigan woods: "Whew! That's the last time I'll ever do that for two bucks!"

At Valpo a late instructor may be considered a man of distinction. In fact, he is usually in a class by himself.

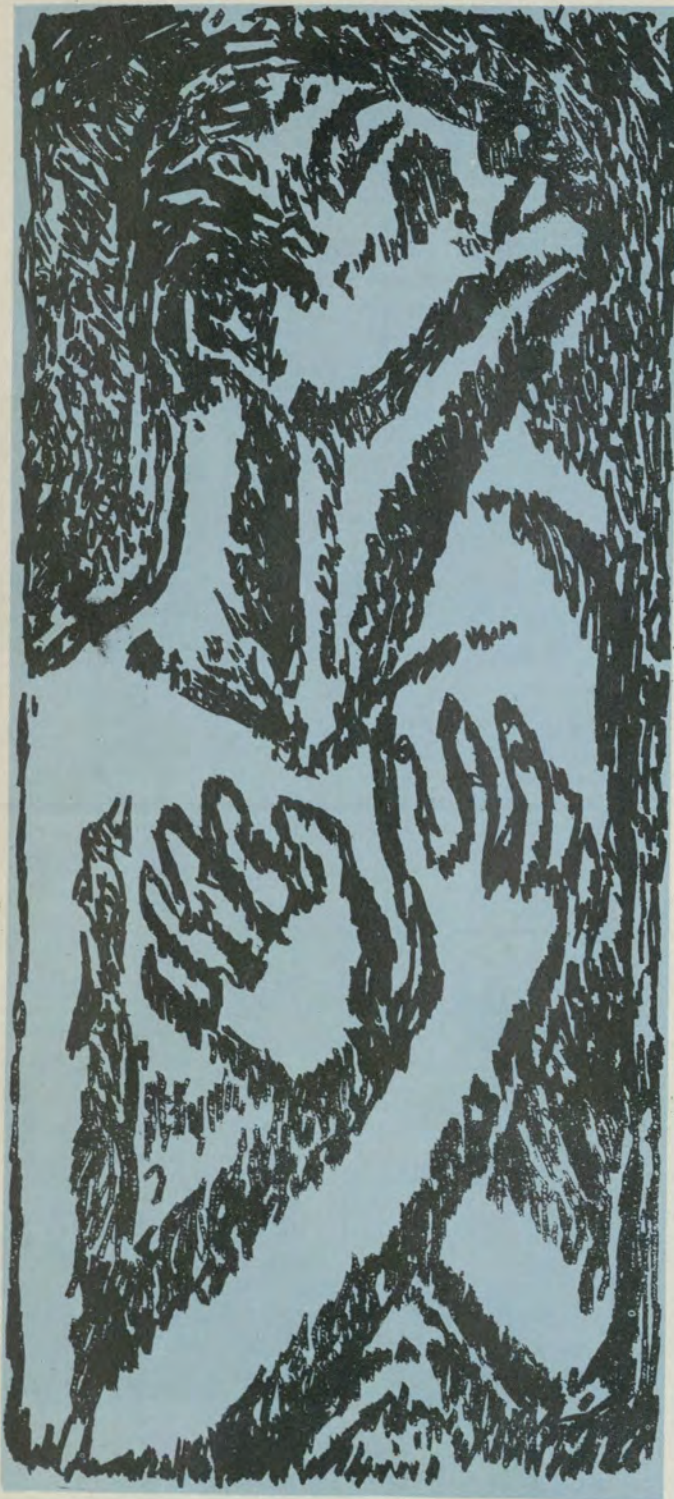
A vet on campus gave us this one: It seems he had bribed his way into a harem while stationed in Turkey, and was amazed to see a fat, bored eunuch playing a hose on a line-up of bewitching ladies. "A religious rite," our informer asked. "Not at all," said the eunuch. "Orders. When one of them sizzles, I send her in to the Sultan."

A Home Ec major was determined to impress her date by fixing a big chicken dinner for him. She plucked the fowl carefully, arranged it neatly in a pot, and put it in the oven. Two hours later she heard a loud banging on the oven door. Investigation proved that it was being made by the chicken. "Lady," it cried piteously, "either give me back my feathers or turn on the gas. I'm freezing to death in this oven!"

Then there's the student who stumbled into a cesspool. He couldn't swim, but he went through all the movements.

"DO YOU HAVE A 'GO NOW...  
PAY LATER' PLAN?"





# J. B.

. . . a review and  
discussion

*In the Spring of 1958 the Yale School of Drama premiered J.B., a religious drama re-enacting in a contemporary setting the Book of JOB, and ushered the American Poet Archibald MacLeish into the world of the theatre. Since that time the play has risen meteorically to classic status in American poetic theatre. Artistically, even commercially, the play has been eminently successful, and even now, almost nineteen months later, it is still to be seen playing on Broadway at the American National Theatre Association playhouse. Philosophically, however, (as our critic, Mr. Schmidt, submits) the play strikes strange notes to Lutheran ears — and the LIGHTER is pleased to print this student's discussion.*

*By Hans Schmidt*

How can the world be justified? How if the world is what we see, can its creator be just? How if God is just, can God be the creator of the world? These enduring questions sound the theme of *J.B.*, and the answer which the playwright MacLeish unleashes explores theological ground which to the Lutheran is neither holy nor solid. But in the shifting of the sand there are grains of truth which we are foolish to disdain.

Man, says MacLeish, depends upon God for all things — and GOD DEPENDS UPON MAN FOR ONE . . . LOVE. This love must be man's free gift to God or it is nothing; contrarily, it is most itself, most free, what is given in spite of suffering, injustice, and death. Admittedly, the presupposition that man has an independent will to either love or not love God at his own pleasure would find few Lutheran supporters — though neither are the latter able to adduce a better answer. Indeed, it would be a fantastic revelation to discover how widely the myth of *Job*, upon which MacLeish launches his gospel, is misunderstood in both our pews and pulpits.

"I heard upon a dry dung heap  
That man cry out who cannot sleep.

If God is God He is not good  
If God is good He is not God

Take the even take the odd."



The Book of *Job*, implies MacLeish, is not justifying the ways of God to man, but rather justifying the ways of man to God! Job's sufferings are not justified because they are "The Will of God," but rather because Job accepts the Will of God. When he asks God for justice, he is answered with size — which is no answer at all. Job's triumph is in the fact that (1) he does not submit out of fear and (2) in the realization that he needs no forgiveness. He does not submit by saying to the blustery boastings of the whirlwind, "You, God, are most assuredly more powerful than I." Instead Job bows his head and forgives God — he returns thanks for his misery. Seemingly, this is the love-of-God returned to God by man without God's first loving man. And although this idea violates Lutheran thought, it must be admitted that it does shed more light on the reason why God has created man than most we can think of. For if we love God out of fear or out of appreciation, we do not really love at all. We only love when we receive and welcome injustice for our love.

The "Why?" of human suffering has become a question asked with a desperate intensity in our era. Never have so many suffered more for so less. "Millions are killed for sleeping the wrong night in the wrong city — London, Dresden, Hiroshima . . . or for walking around the world in the wrong shade skins, the wrong shaped noses, or eyelids." In the face of suffering so gross and brutal and ungodly, the justifying of this sort of a world cannot be simply our blind acceptance of God's inexplicable will. Nor can it be the blinder existentialistic acceptance of the world because the world exists.

Why then do the good suffer? In *J. B.*, Job's comforters become a soap-box orating Communist, a run-down psychiatrist, and a wreck of a priest. But in them we still are able to see Eliphaz — the visionary, Bildad — the traditionalist, and Zophar — the dogmatist. Through them we hear again and again the old answers — that God through nature can be no respecter of persons ("*He maketh*

*His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*") that through suffering God "brings out the best in life" and improves the world, and that we suffer in order that we might know and fear God.

The psychiatrist explains that man needs guilt — not in order that he may suffer for his sins — but in order that he may be defined from the the rest of the universe of blood and seed. It is guilt that conceived the human soul, and therefore guilt should impose no feeling of guiltiness. The communist pontificates that one individual's suffering matters nothing in the "Big Picture" of things, that God is history and has no time for innocence, and ultimately time turned to truth is justice. The clergyman glibly calls upon man for repentance and upon God for retribution. After all, he says, our righteous suffering pleases God.

And for the same reasons Job cursed his comforters J.B. does also. J.B. knows only too well that suffering teaches — we learn to wish we'd never lived! Man suffers because he sees God and sees God because he suffers. If there's one thing God can't stomach, it's man . . . "that scratcher at the cracked creation. That eyeball squinting through into His eye. Blind with the sight of Sight." And what man truly wants retribution? It is grace that we do not get all the justice we deserve! For God's "mercy" is restoration, and nobody wants to live again. It's too hard once. "We never chose the lives we die of . . . we never asked to be born . . . they beat our rumps to make us breathe. But God rewards us by giving our dirty selves back . . . selves we've known too well and never wanted."

J.B. also refutes the psychiatrist who submits that his only sin is being born a man. J.B. will not permit the creator of the universe to become the miscreator of man — and a party to the crimes he punishes. The world cannot be dismissed as a spinning joke. Nor can J.B. side with the Communist and his notion that the institution is greater than the individual. The proletariat loves

God no better than the capitalist, in fact " . . . a poor man's piety is the hope of having, while a rich man has his and he's grateful."

In neither Job nor *J.B.* is the problem of innocent suffering solved, but both offer an opiate. The experiences of Job and J.B. have shaken each out of his old conceptions, and each is searching in agony for a "new God" to answer the facts of life. The problem is no longer "Why do the righteous suffer?" but rather "What is the meaning of faith?" For the Job of international folklore the answer rested in piously trusting where he could not see — a humble confidence in God. His problem is met by a religious experience. For the J.B. of Archibald MacLeish the answer rests in wisely trusting only where he can see — the love that he has for his fellow man and receives from them. His problem is met by an intellectual experience. Suffering is never justified by God's wisdom — but rather by human love for God and for the fellow man. If we suffer, it is only to praise God more. As J.B.'s wife Sally says, "I left you because I loved you and couldn't help you. You wanted justice and there is only love. God does not love, He Is. But we do, and that's the wonder." And J.B. turns to his wife and gives the closing lines of the play: "When it's too dark to see, blow on the coal of the heart. It's all the light we have now. The candles in the churches are out and the lights have gone out from the sky. We'll see where we are — and though it won't burn, the wet soul smoulders."

And so we see that *J.B.* ends in a thorough-going humanism — man-centered salvation by human love. Now Lutherans have nothing against human love that this reviewer knows of — and indeed parts of this play illuminate truths hitherto poorly expressed. But one wonders whether MacLeish had to spend so much time perusing an Old Testament myth that he was forced to scrimp on his reading of the New Testament Christ. Summing up *J.B.*, I'd say he missed Him altogether.

"But it is the spirit in a man, the breath of the Almighty that makes him understand. It is not the old that are wise, nor the aged that understand what is right . . . If He should take back His Spirit to Himself, and gather to Himself His breath, all flesh would perish together, and man would return to dust."

Job — Chapter 32: 8, 9 and Chapter 34: 14, 15.



The  
**LIGHTER**  
Side  
of  
**SCULPTURE**



"And so I asked Squire for a crew-cut!"

"Will someone please start  
my hula hoop for me!"



"It's Ken Harman's second cup of coffe that gets ya..."

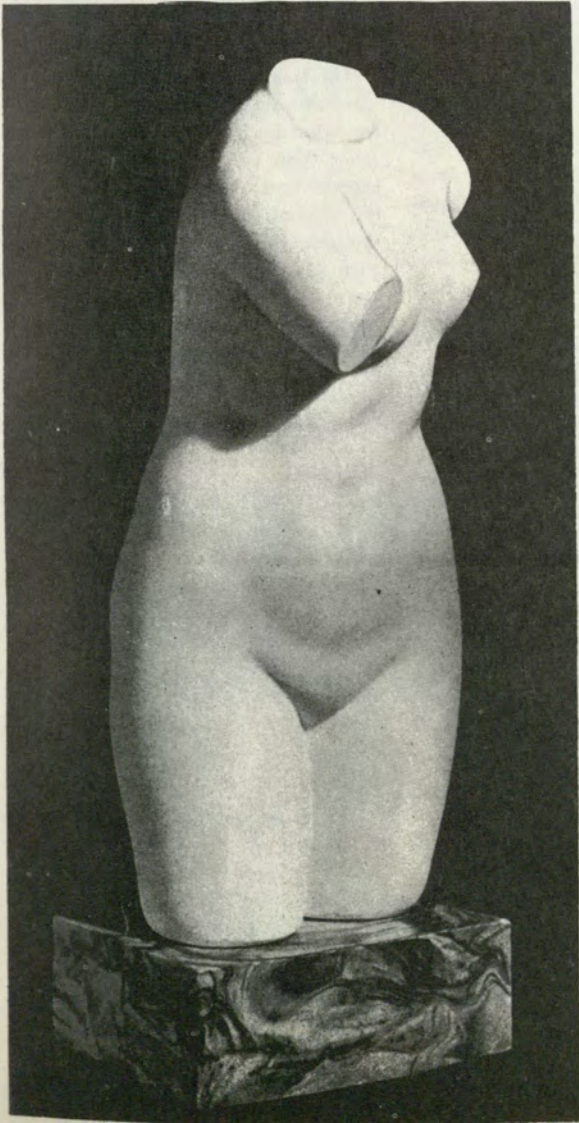
"M-m-m! Chapel can be so uplifting!"



"That may be true Dr. Kussrow — but think of the dandruff problem!"



"I think I caught it in the shower at the gym, Mrs. Schultz."



"But I can't brush after every meal!"

# THE LACK OF CONVICTION IN THE SILENT GENERATION

By Gail McGrew

Creative writing is difficult almost because of the fact that there is so much to say. Thousands of man hours spent in bull sessions bear this out, and no one has any doubt that his own opinions are of the greatest value, interest, and importance to all possible hearers. This may be true at three in the morning, when coffee has been replenished several times and the cigarette supply is running low. Ideas, usually quite bad, throng into the mind adorned with golden nebulae and come forth in utterance befitting Daniel Webster, Demosthenes, or at least P. T. Barnum. We wonder why we are trudging away at this mundane grind when our superior minds should obviously be gracing the faculties of great universities. We determine at these early hours to write something to stir the minds of men or at least to "shake somebody up."

But at three o'clock the next afternoon thoughts come dragging their feet. "How could I have fooled myself into thinking that I was college material? A stock clerk at Walgreen's now, I think I could cope with that," is a more characteristic sentiment.

The most important and worthwhile things man has said or thought have probably come as a result of the middle point between these times, when our impassioned resolves and idealistic imaginations are tempered and restrained by careful self-analysis and reason. It is at this time that one can discuss calmly, without a tirade of indignation directed at one side or the other of a controversy. Thus I would presume to mention here, in a reasonable and contemplative spirit, a few facets of a problem specific to our situation which disturb me.

Contemporary writers and social critics engaging in their favorite sport of generation-naming have conferred on our the epithet "Silent." It is my thought that we are perhaps thus labelled because we are afraid of the ridicule we may incur by our defense of anything which the group condemns.

I am not speaking here of mere conformity for its own sake. This subject has been so dwelt on in the past several years that its "audience appeal" is at a new low. Our likes and dislikes have become so molded by the opinions of those around us that no longer are we sure which of our likes are true and which are hypocrisy — if we have any likes at all. And this is dangerous. College snobbery and sophistication have reached a point where the prospect ahead seems gloomy if not downright menacing.

What do you like? For what do you have affection? For what things does your heart have a soft spot? See what I mean? These very terms are out of place in our vocabulary. We are losing something.

Why are we afraid of liking anything, or of showing affection? The reaction of a group of college students to a given subject could be calculated to the very word. Imagine these topics coming up in a discussion and the reaction following: *The Reader's Digest*, the *Messiah*, Lawrence Welk, Sunday school picnics, high school proms, Loretta Young, Radio City Music Hall, DuBuque, Fourth of July speeches, fireworks and kittens. My point in using these examples is not that they are good — many of them are bad, aesthetically speaking, and some are second-rate, even of type — but that it has become our automatic reaction to condemn the person who protests his liking for them. Only after one has established a reputation as an odd-ball, an expert or a collector of American folk lore can one state his preferences without fear of ridicule. If the doubter reads, let him defend his affection for any of the above items before a group of his friends.

Our current mode of thinking has made it mandatory for us to accept anyone who dotes on Indonesian folk songs in the original ethnic setting as played by a maniac on a native 17-stringed xznlig, but the guy who likes "Home on the Range" as rendered by Willie Whizbang on the harmonica is really out of it. Be-

cause he is of this peculiar musical bent he is considered as socially unacceptable as the one who neglects Listerine or reads the *Saturday Evening Post*. We would catch ourselves up short if we found our feet tapping to the dulcet tones of the harmonica, but we strive to look cultured and informed as we sit through the strangulated sounds of the xznlig.

Perhaps this is not hypocrisy on our part. More power to the xznlig lovers among us. However, we seem to have reached the place where the harmonica lover can voice no opinion about art, literature music, science, history, philosophy, theology or any other field, for he is typed as a clod by the intelligensia on campus, the group which seems to decide simply by the externals of his taste or preference the value of an individual's remarks on any given subject. This is not as far fetched as it sounds.

This same problem dogs the person who will stand up to say what he is for, what he likes or admires of things other than cultural. Because "motherhood and the American flag" are the symbols of hackneyed sentimental thought, the person who professes regard or affection for either is typed as a sloppy sentimentalist and his comments on art, literature, philosophy etc., are disregarded as a result.

This is the crux of the error of our attitude. No one of any intelligence would advocate that we "enjoy" everything. This smacks of Pollyanna-like fatheadedness. But why should we be afraid of enjoying anything? What basis do we have for our oft-stated comment "corny"? Are we true judges of the issue or do we accept blindly the opinion of those around us? If our "intellect" has only made us scornful of those things which give pleasure to many, who are we to tear down either the things or the many?

The true intellect will search out and select for itself those things to which it holds with affection, not trusting to the dictates of fashion or yielding to the ridicule of contemporaries.

FRESHMAN  
LIGHTER  
LOVELY



**JEANIE**



A rare blending of coed grace and beauty floats up from the LIGHTER'S magic lamp this fall and materializes as the freshman LIGHTER LOVELY. Having vanished from her hometown Chicago, Jeanie Eichmann appeared in Valpo to study clothing and fashions, hoping to couple this training with her own bewitching charms for a career in modeling and merchandizing.

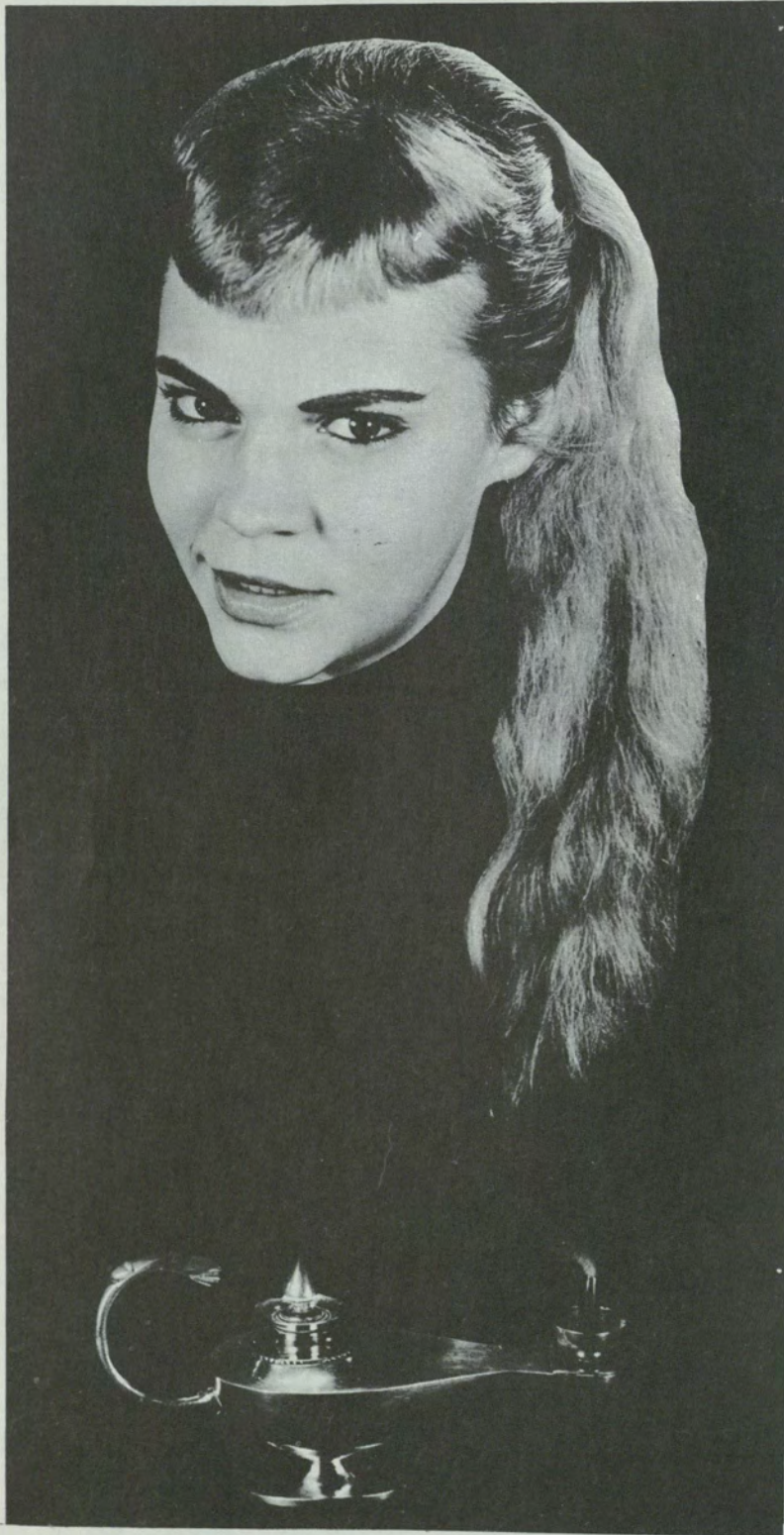
When THE LIGHTER conjured up this pixy vision, they found a



delightfully active and vivacious "Jeanie." A member of W.R.A. she enjoys swimming, dancing, and ice skating. Academically her charms hover around Art in Daily Living and Clothing Design as her favorites.

The lamp polishers of the LIGHTER were pleased to present this spirited, elfish lovely to enchant its reader, but now back through THE LIGHTER'S magic lamp the land of beauty recalls our. . . . .





# JEANIE

ENVISIONED AND PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY ED SCHMIDT



# ONE FOOT SHELF

By Lee Gihring

If you've got some interest in music, recorded music in particular, the chances are good this little problem has run through your mind at one time or another recently: "Should I join a record club?" It's a fact — if you like your Basie, Mantovani — even your Bach enough to buy every big record put out, you'll be laying out quite a bit of cash to satisfy your taste for the "best" in music. Lots of us figure we can save a few dollars by joining one of these attractive-looking record clubs. Let's look at the facts a little more closely.

Some of the major labels, notably RCA Victor, Columbia, and Capitol make stunning offers to attract new members, such as: "Select 6 records for \$3.98 — save \$30." or "Send no money — Get this record and accept one free." With a pitch like this, few of us could go wrong, we say. Most clubs, after joining, require only that you buy a couple of records a year, maybe even none at all if you don't like the choices they offer each month. After you've purchased a few (usually at regular list price, or what they would cost you at your record dealer) you're entitled to a bonus record — free. How much you really save then is determined by how many you buy, under this bonus system. Sounds good so far. But here are the gripes many members make: "I'm buying records blind; at this rate I'll go broke." Another squawks, "By the time I spend 30 or 40 cents postage on each record, I might as well go downtown and buy them myself at list price."

Sometimes a club member purchases records because of his own ignorance. If he doesn't want the selection offered, he has to mail back the card that club sends him for this purpose every month. Failure to do so means he'll get the record anyway, and he'll have to pay for something he never wanted in the first place.

The biggest factor of all in determining the desirability of joining one of these clubs is one's state of musical development. Notice I didn't say taste. Record clubs have classical, jazz and pop divisions. It's easy to make your own choice dependent on which you prefer. The key to the problem is how MUCH of a jazz or classical, etc., fan are you? If the artist or band, for example, of your choice means so much to you that you'll never buy a record by any other jazz man, you're better to steer away from record clubs. The chances are, the clubs won't offer

every record your boy makes, rather a representative sampling from the jazz field; it's also possible that your musical hero may record for more than one label — in which case you'd have to join two clubs and probably still not get all his records.

Ultimately, the decision must rest with you; if you're an audio file that likes music for its own sake, you'll probably get a kick out of joining a record club (as long as you keep it from becoming a financial chaos.) But if your tastes are highly pinpointed and rather specialized, especially in classical music, you'll be better off buying the records you want from your local dealer. He wants your business just as much as the big companies do; he may not make spectacular offers, but you'll get the records you want without a bit of red tape, ignorance on anyone's part, or going bankrupt in the process.



## CONTRIBUTE TO THE LIGHTER

... SHORT STORIES

... CARTOONS AND JOKES

... POEMS AND SATIRES

... REVIEWS AND CRITICISM

THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIGHTER (hopefully three more times during this year) is not a magical occurrence. It flows (and sometimes trickles) from the pens and brushes of the students who contribute to it — from short-story writers, poets, artists, cartoonists, critics, humorists, and satirists. Throughout the year all contributions will be happily received by THE LIGHTER at its office in the Student Union or via its staff members. Deadline date for material in the Christmas issue is November 25. Remember, if you don't write — you're wrong.

(Continued from page 14)

were a leading contender or not. His religion and his youth have both been widely discussed as advantages and as disadvantages for his candidacy. Many political leaders have expressed the fear that the Senator's Catholicism would lose the election for him if he were nominated. Kennedy has made it clear that he is counting on a lessening of religious prejudice in this country since the unhappy 1928 election. Perhaps there is evidence to show that there is less anti-Catholic sentiment. There has been a sharp increase in the number of Roman Catholic governors, senators, and mayors in recent years. People in the Kennedy camp are not so sure that his religion wouldn't help him. They point to a greater number of Roman Catholics in the six major industrial areas of the country and say that this could offset anti-Catholic rural voting. Senator Kennedy is 42 years old. He would be 43 at election time; and no man has ever been elected president at that young age. However, his supporters say that there is a strong public sentiment for youth in the White House due to President Eisenhower's illness, and that the Republican's leading candidate, Richard Nixon, is only 47 years old. His opponents say that the youthful Kennedy will not impress the public as one who is capable of leading us in foreign affairs. Anticipating this, Senator Kennedy will be traveling to Russia and perhaps around the world between now and next spring. Whether he wins the nomination or not, John Kennedy will have the roughest going of any candidate before the convention is over.

*Senator Hubert Humphrey* — Senator Humphrey's bandwagon started off rather slowly and has failed to gain momentum. He has been marked as a northern Liberal "radical" although he deserves this no more than some of the other candidates. Humphrey is energetic and outspoken. He gained some favorable publicity from his eight hour talkathon with Soviet Premier Khrushchev earlier this year. If the present trend continues, Humphrey's importance at the convention will be comparable to the governors of California and Pennsylvania. He will be in a position of influence but not taken very seriously as a candidate. However, he could change that if he

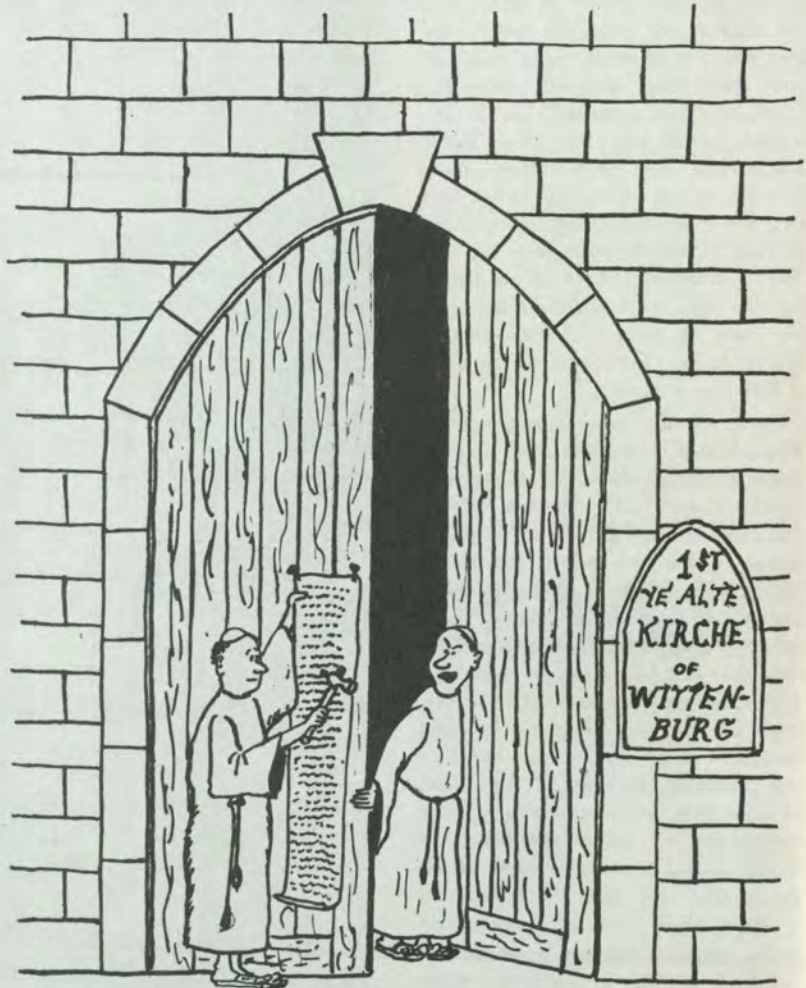
defeated Kennedy or Symington in some of the important primaries.

*Senator Stuart Symington* — Senator Symington apparently has the backing of former President Truman. The importance of this is uncertain since Governor Harriman had Truman backing in 1956 and was soundly defeated for the nomination by Stevenson. Symington has several advantages. He was Secretary of the Air Force under Truman and is a recognized authority on our guided missile and rocket programs. He has been the outstanding congressional critic of the Eisenhower Administration's missile program. Symington is considered a liberal, yet well-liked by southerners. He would have more appeal to the business community than most Democrats since he is a successful businessman. Stuart Symington is handicapped by not

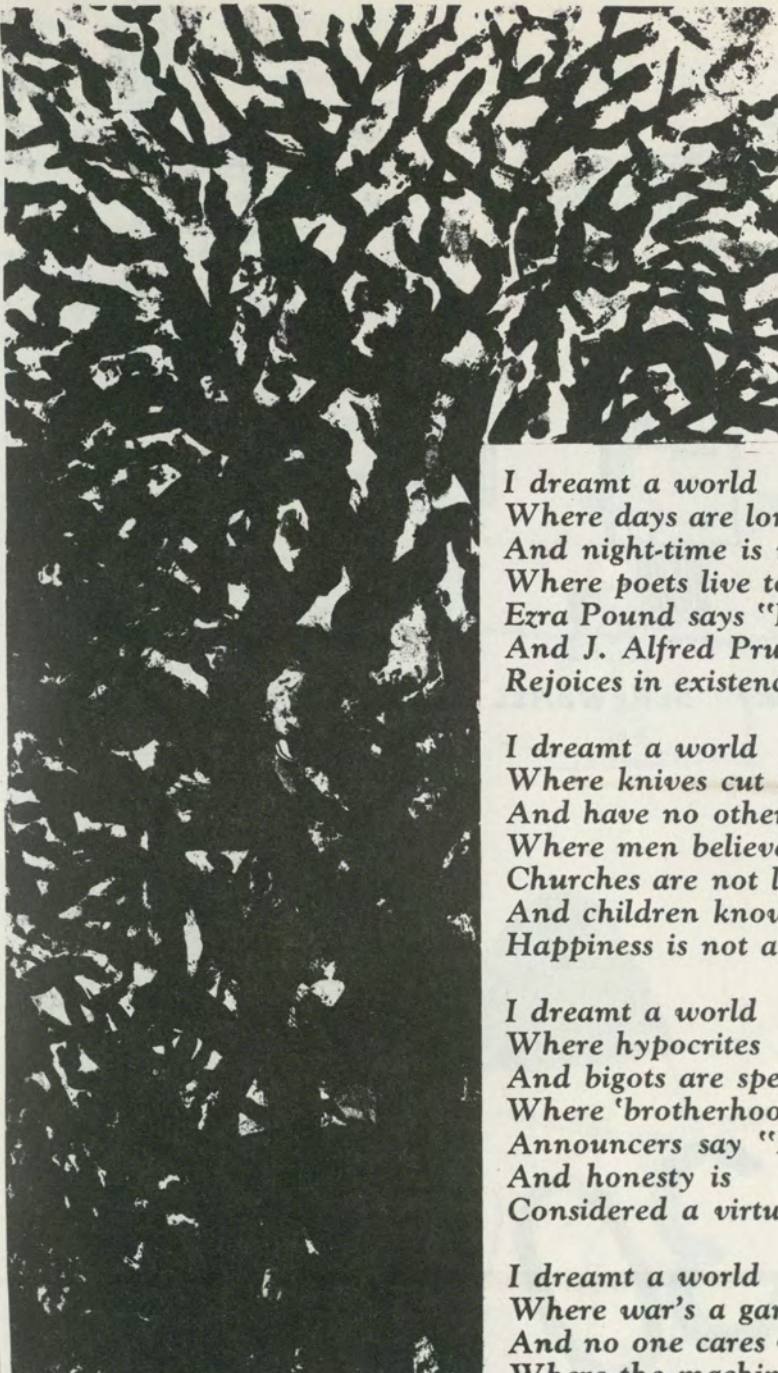
being a very forceful personality and by a reputation as a poor public speaker. These are important since the advent of television campaigning. Symington would be more likely than the others discussed here to pick up disenchanted Republican votes. This could be a strong point for him.

*Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson* — Senator Johnson is the only serious southern contender for the Democratic nomination. He is best characterized as a moderate; in fact, he has been criticized for cooperating too extensively with the President. He is a forceful and respected congressional leader. His one serious drawback is his heart. He suffered a serious heart attack a few years ago and has apparently recovered fully. This is, however, a

(Continued on page 35)



"O.K... O.K... KNOCK OFF THAT HAMMERING!  
YOU'LL BREAK UP THE CHURCH."



# DREAM

by Juliana Becker

*I dreamt a world  
Where days are long  
And night-time is much longer.  
Where poets live to be a hundred.  
Ezra Pound says "Praise to God!"  
And J. Alfred Prufrock  
Rejoices in existence.*

*I dreamt a world  
Where knives cut bread  
And have no other usage.  
Where men believe that God is love.  
Churches are not locked  
And children know that  
Happiness is not a figment.*

*I dreamt a world  
Where hypocrites  
And bigots are speechless.  
Where 'brotherhood' is not a dirty word.  
Announcers say "Don't buy"  
And honesty is  
Considered a virtue.*

*I dreamt a world  
Where war's a game  
And no one cares who wins.  
Where the machine is not worshipped.  
Politicians admit failure  
And governments are  
Really for the people.*

*I dreamt a world  
Where I am free  
And freedom is exalted.  
Where intelligence is not a burden.  
Money doesn't talk  
And the Song of Fear  
Is considered quite obscure.*

# THEATRE

## Cat on A Hot Tin Roof Streetcar Named Desire The Rose Tattoo

These titles recall wonderful evenings of entertainment to movie-goers everywhere . . . entertainment-with-an-insight from the sensitive pen of Tennessee Williams. The first weekend in December The University Players are presenting Williams' first Broadway success and minor masterpiece, **THE GLASS MENAGERIE**. Being performed in-the-round, theatre-goers will recognize the same arena style in which university audiences so enthusiastically received **LIGHT UP THE SKY** two years ago.

The play is deeply rooted in a part of United States history unknown to the student generation, for it recalls the tenaciousness and impoverishment of Americans during the Great Depression. Structurally, **THE GLASS MENAGERIE** is a delicate reminiscence framed by a narrator, and a fragile, but deeply gripping, reality pervades each retrospective scene. What the narrator remembers is always revealing and affecting. Arena staging or no arena staging you will be drawn into the play beyond the role of a mere witness. The desperately nagging and addled mother, the willowy crippled sister, and the breezy gentleman caller — all will become your intimates. One and all you will see the slough of their lives luminous with human bravery. You will spend an evening treading on crystal, seeing lives lived past logic and routine sociology. Mark your calendars now — December 4, 5, and 6.

Valpo used to be a college where the freshmen entered topped with green and left topped with black. The intermediate process of decay was known as an education.

"I heard a student in the new Russian course was thrown out of school for cribbing."

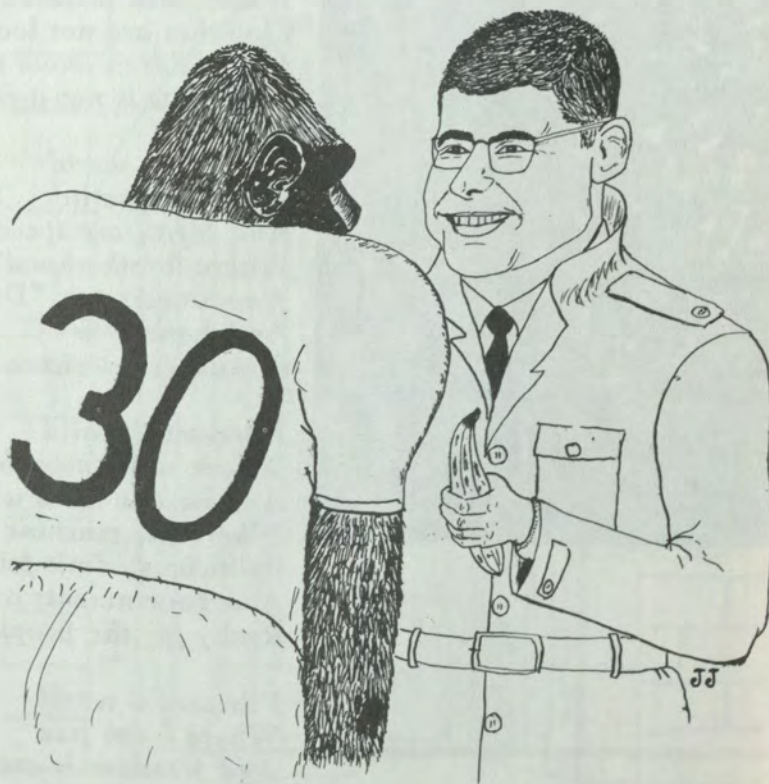
"Yep!"

"What happened?"

"He sneezed while he was taking his first exam, and Mr. Wilson thought he was conjugating a verb for the person sitting in front of him."



"HEY SCREWBALL, GOTTA LIGHT?"



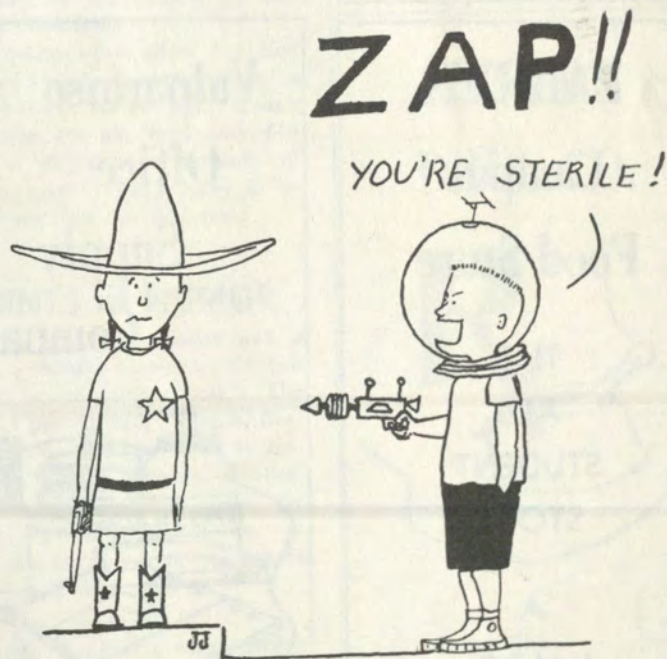
(Continued from page 32)

touchy issue with the public and it could hurt him as a candidate. Senator Johnson has recognized that it doesn't help him to be associated with the south and has tried to win western support to balance it.

There are several favorite sons who will be influential in the convention at Los Angeles. Pennsylvania Governor *David Lawrence* will lead a large delegation. He is a Catholic and says he lost rural support in his state because of it. He has expressed concern over the possibility of John Kennedy having the same problem. Governor *Mike Disalle* of Ohio is powerful, but non-committal. Governor *Robert Meyner* of New Jersey would like to be president as would Governor *G. Mennen Williams* of Michigan and Governor *Pat Brown* of California. Meyner is not well-known. Williams has been branded a labor candidate because of his long association with Walter Reuther of the UAW-CIO who was himself a political issue in 1958. Brown is a Catholic who has been increasingly suggested as a vice-presidential candidate if either Symington or Stevenson should be nominated. Brown says he won't bargain for the job, however.

Even though he probably won't be a favorite son, Representative *Charles Halleck* has been suggested as a vice-presidential possibility. He has represented this (second) congressional district of Indiana for 25 years in the House. During this past session of congress Halleck was considered the President's right hand man; in fact, he was personally credited with many of the President's legislative successes. Even though he is House Minority Leader, he is in a bad bargaining position since he will not lead a delegation to the convention and is not Governor Harold Handley's favorite personality.

These are rather subjective observations on the national political situation as of the end of October, 1959. 1960 is going to be a great election year and probably a heated one. One thing is sure; no one with any political sensitivity at all is going to be bored.



**Hurry To  
CLARK**

**DON'S SUPER 100**

**GAS**



**CASH DIVIDENDS ON**

**ALL GAS AND OIL**

**409 LINCOLNWAY**

**SCENTS of HUMOR**

Then there's the cross-eyed professor who had no control of her pupils.

Then there was the cow who imbibed ink and mooded indigo.

An airline hostess who was serving lunch gave one man a tray, but did not disturb the man sleeping beside him. Suddenly the plane gave a lurch, and the diner's soup fell on the sleeping man's lap. The latter awoke with a start, grabbed a handkerchief, handed it to his seatmate and asked solicitously, "Do you feel better now?"

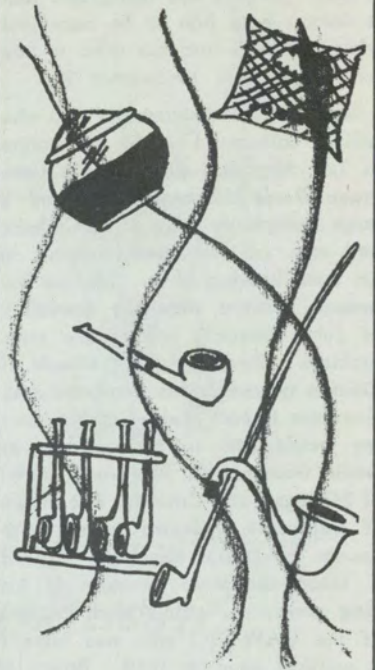
Fraternity man to Frosh: "I'd me happy to have a battle of wits with you, but I never attack an un-armed man."

The person who says he can live on garlic and limburger cheese alone would probably have to.

"Was it very crowded at the Royalee last night?"

"Not under my table."

**GIL DRUGS . . .**



Specialists in  
fine pipes and  
imported tobaccos

**PARRY'S  
Campus  
Food Store**

**THE  
ALL  
STUDENT  
STORE**

**A  
VALPO  
TRADITION**

**ACROSS FROM  
ADMISSIONS OFFICE**

**Valparaiso  
Office  
Supply  
Company**



**EVERYTHING FOR  
SCHOOL and OFFICE**

**72-74 Lincolnway  
Phone HO 2-5184**

**BOB'S PIZZA**



**FOR  
THE BIGGEST  
AND BEST  
PIZZA  
IN TOWN**

**Hours: 3 p.m. - 1 a.m.  
7 DAYS A WEEK**

**TABLE SERVICE  
CARRY OUT**

**306½ E. Lincolnway**

# Foodland

"THE HOARDS"



FREE DELIVERY SERVICE  
 Phone HO 2-3128  
 1404 E. Lincolnway

## Nielsen's Carry Out

Formerly Jack's Chicken Bar

**B-BQ RIBS & CHICKEN**

**PAN FRIED CHICKEN**

**SANDWICHES**

**SALADS**

**FRENCH FRIED**

**SHRIMP**

**PERCH**

**PIKE**



WATCH FOR OUR  
 "SPECIAL" MENU

(Concluded from page 13)

Da second time you get nailed is always a sure loss and my crime was even worse den most. Hiding food. Dis broad I know from home sends me some "goodies" and what I an' da other boids in my cell didn't finish, I stashed. One o' da other "stoolies" finds da hiding place, eats what's left and den toins in da woid to Pink Plague Carpintel. I figures it's da same one what squealed last time when a guy was caught wid a pizza dat was brought in over da wall. Anyway I gets caught and ends up in solitary.

All dis is bad enough for a strong man to take, but a guy can't stay strong what with the food problem the way it is here. Dere ain't enough seeds in dis cage to feed even half of its boids and besides dey got trustees workin' dis angle, too. Soup and sandwiches is all da chow we get. Only two meals a day an den nuttin' to write home about. A guy gets sick of it, but never quite fed up.

Da little things are what really gets to a guy, like no privacy. No lights, no cardplayin' in da cell, no broads, no pizza, no nuttin'. Ya gotta' be in da sack by one anyway so why sweat da COURSE.

It's a tough hill to climb, but anyways you'll see, I guess, where a mere 135 bucks will get you. It ain't like it was life but with only 4½ months at da start an' setbacks all along da way, a guy's lucky if he ends up wit' less den five years.

## SCENTS of HUMOR

"I dismiss you," an analyst told a patient. "You've been a difficult case, but you're cured at last." The overjoyed patient said, "Thanks, Doc. I have only one more favor to ask. Kiss me!" The analyst recoiled. "I told you, man, you're cured," he insisted. "I will NOT kiss you. In fact, I shouldn't even be lying here on the couch with you!"

At the risk of differing with Dorothy Parker, THE LIGHTER submits that men often make passes at girls who wear glasses. It really depends on their frames.

Professor: "What did you find out about the salivary glands?"  
 Stude: "I couldn't find out a thing, Professor; they're too darn secretive."



THIS AD WORTH 25c

On Cash Purchase

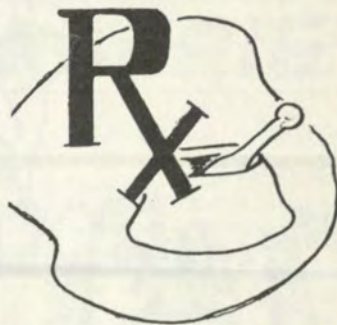
OR \$5.00

On A New Bike At

**VALPO BIKE SHOP**

On Or Before Dec. 15, 1959

## SIEVER'S DRUG CO.

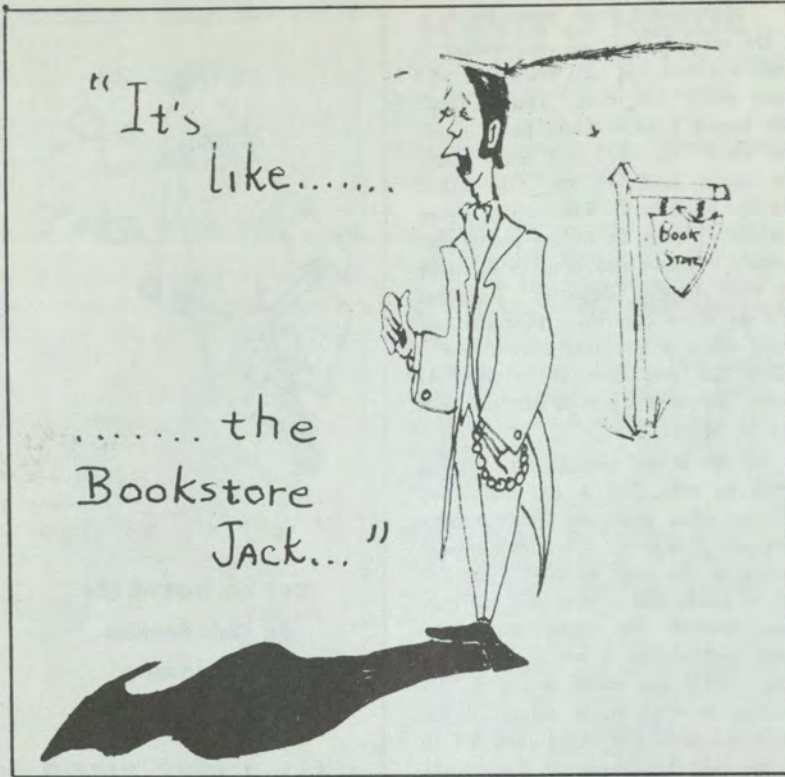


THE

REXALL STORE

PRESCRIPTIONS  
 FOR EVERY NEED

109 Lincolnway  
 Phone HO 2-4381



## LOVE ME ... LOVE MY DOG



## BUT IS IT ART...?

Does *Art Film* mean a film about art? Not at all. It is meant to show that artistry is possible in the use of the camera, and that all movies need not be Westerns and whodunits with stereotyped plots.

A good example of what is meant by "Art" in films can be seen in the next series presentation, Sunday, November 8. The program consists of three short films of an experimental nature, *In the Park*, with Marcel Marceau, *World Without End*, a documentary, and *Lot in Sodom*, a silent film. These experiments are vastly different from the usual and promise to be of considerable interest.

In 1925 the German Golden Age of film making was nearing its end. One of the last of the fabulous pictures produced during the post World War I period was *Tartuffe*, adapted from the play by Moliere. This silent feature, with all the finest actors in Germany, is a high-water mark in the use of the camera, in acting brilliance and in setting design. Deliciously funny, this fine old movie shows that the 20's produced more than just Charlestons and Gin. *Tartuffe* can be seen November 22.

The French alone seem to have the ability to project a serious love affair onto the screen without sentimentality or inflated bosoms. *Devil in the Flesh* is a perfect example of a technique that wins prizes every time it is used. A fine combination of camera, acting and music, this story of a passionate romance between two adolescents leaves an unforgettable impression. No soap-opera, *Devil in the Flesh* is usually reserved for adults. It will be shown December 6.

The last of the series for the current semester will be Sergei Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevski*, a spectacular propaganda film glorifying the Leader principle. The Battle on the Ice is one of the most thrilling battle scenes ever filmed, and this scene alone is worth the price. The Battle Scene (and the rest of the film) will be shown January 10.





# THE VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY THEATRE

*A Season of Distinguished Plays*

Nostalgic Comedy. . .  
Contemporary Opera. . .  
Poignant Drama. . .  
Reading Theatre. . .  
Shavian Wit. . .  
Fabulous Musical. . .

**SOME GLAD SONGS  
SOME SAD SONGS**

VIVACE

GLAD SONG

OCT. 30 - NOV. 1

**"AH WILDERNESS"**

EUGENE  
O'NEILL

ALLEGRO

NEW SONG

NOV. 15

**THE PRANKSTER AND THE EXPERIMENT**

LENTO

SAD SONG

DEC. 4-6

**THE GLASS MENAGERIE**

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

AGITATO

BLUE SONG

JAN. 29-30

**UNDER MILKWOOD**

DYLAN  
THOMAS

BRILLANTE

MARCH

MAR. 17-19

**ARMS AND THE MAN**

BERNARD  
SHAW

MOLTO VIVACE

MEDLEY OF FAVORITES

MAY 4-7

**KISS ME, KATE**

COLE  
PORTER

Still young and beautiful at age 75!

**THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...**



**But America's most famous lady does it!**

No Paris design of '59 is more lovely than this ageless beauty, a gift from France 75 years ago. Miss Liberty has welcomed millions to these shores with the words, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . . I lift my lamp beside the golden door."



A cigarette that's Low in tar with More taste to it!

**THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...**

**But L&M does it!**

When you're in New York be sure to see Miss Liberty. And right now, enjoy an L&M - Low in tar, with More taste to it. That free drawing, pure white Miracle Tip is so advanced, L&M can use the light, mild premium quality tobaccos you need for full, rich tobacco taste. That's why L&M is *Kindest to your taste!*

**Live Modern with L&M**  
**KINDEST**  
**TO YOUR TASTE!**

©1959 LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

