

Spring 1960

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Valparaiso University

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LIGHTER



SPRING ISSUE

this healthy feeling of disapproval still provides a fertile atmosphere for satire, which is essentially an attacking objectification of ridiculousness. It has probably never been more necessary to seriously laugh at conduct that does not agree with our faiths — and at conduct that does. We must come close to home.

Twenty-Three . . . Skidoo!

In the roaring twenties, an often over-rated period for which our present neurotically longs, it was easy to find humor in swallowing goldfish and to laugh at Chaplain's quixotic vagrancy when our own lives seemed secure. But such times were built on sand and soon showed financial, political, and spiritual cracks. In disillusioned dissolution, bewilderment and fright, we looked to ruthless wit for the satiric spirit. Will Rogers gave way to Fields, Marx, Paar, and Berman. Regrettably, ours is still a world where gall and rudeness flourish successfully. We are losing the imagination which enables us to be more than what we are; worse yet, we are losing the sense of humor which is our consolation for what we are. Gleason's "The Poor Soul" and Skelton's "Freddy the Free-loader" are as voices crying in the wilderness.

What have these times, so ludicrously out-of-joint, to do with you and me lost at Valpo? Simply this: that for all our protestations of nonconformity we are yet all-too-willing to be the children of our fathers. So enmeshed are we in the Silent Generation that we have given assent to nonsense by our very silence. Glib wit thrives too well in our shallow *antipathy* while good humor withers sick-unto-death from our lack of *sympathy*.

"This Sickest Sick Joke"

To read the satires which are being written in the average college humor magazine causes me to doubt the etymologist who taught me that *wit* and *wisdom* stem from the same root. I see irrepressible, and unfortunately all too irresponsible, irreverence which has not bothered to learn the bounds of good taste delight in rocking the boat without first stirring the waters. A real rarity is a good-humored satire . . . a satire motivated by constructive and sympathetic love. All too commonly an adolescent and vitriolic pin prick from a puerile poison pen, founded on outrageously few facts, sallies forth enarmored behind a courageous pseudonym. At Valpo we cannot justify such abysmal acidity to the academic world, let alone the Church. From either point of view it would be difficult to defend much of our own Winter

LIGHTER. "But as stale or juvenile as the college humor magazine may be at its worst," a NEWSWEEK reporter observed last year, "it is still one of the few places where criticism *can* find voice and talent take root."

"It would be a profound and portentous tragedy if the critical spirit were to die in the universities and colleges. If they are steeped in fear or a lack of understanding, then where is intellectual freedom to come from?"

The campus' LIGHTER by its very name proceeds on the premise that too much seriousness can be a dangerous thing. Operating on that premise, however, ironically involves the campus in a serious coming-to-terms with satire. If we believe that the *hope* for healthy legitimate satire in any way justifies preliminary abortive attempts — "so let it be done, so let it be written." If not, then change the format. Killing the organ outright is too cowardly to be even considered. In every respect the campus humor magazine can only be as worthwhile as the campus, the *whole* campus, seriously takes it and makes it.

As we grow older (and some of us are doing it very fast these days!) we discover *more than the* contradictions within the Church, the State, and the Society. We discover the contradictions within the human nature which underlies all three and which is not without our own selves. Upon that realization some of us are growing into maturity and the wisdom which teaches us not to take even ourselves too seriously.

About Our Cover . . .



In Spring, it's Valparaino! Too soon the Monsoon! The LIGHTER photographer, Ed Schmidt, snapped this photo of the Chapel during a thunder and electrical storm — the lightning is not a superimposition!

LETTER to the EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Generally, it is too seldom that THE LIGHTER gets a "Letter-to-the-Editor." However, it seems that some copies of our last issue left campus over the Christmas recess — and one off-campus reader has kindly taken the trouble to write to us. Although THE LIGHTER is inclined to think his praise rather extravagant (aye, and even disagree in some parts); nevertheless, it is good to hear from an old grad, and we hope he will continue to enjoy this touch with his Alma Mater.

Dear Editor:

As a '57 alumnus of Valpo, I was confident that on graduation of my class, all the talented students had left and that the old school would soon go to the dogs. I was very happily surprised, therefore, when I recently came across a copy of your most excellent literary work, THE LIGHTER. Such a high quality publication certainly indicates that the lamp of higher education is still lit at Valpo. (And no doubt it is lit in certain editorial offices far into the night!)

You have shown excellent taste in selecting photographs which show that while other changes have been made, Valpo still has the most beautiful co-eds.

THE LIGHTER as the name of this publication, in itself is most interesting to me. The rather heavy reading of the college routine of study is pleasantly relieved by THE LIGHTER reading you offer. The name, "LIGHTER," seems to put this magazine in a special place among Valpo's publications. All are named consistent with Valpo's motto. The BEACON, TORCH, and CRESSET — these symbolize light givers. But each of these must be lit before giving light. THE LIGHTER, by name, indicates that it is the source, basic to lighting things up. Your choice of name has been most fortunate.

I should like to commend THE LIGHTER for its role of contributing to Valpo — in keeping with the motto of our beloved university: "In Thy Light do we see Light." It is good to see your policy of putting all the aspects of "light" — light humor, light reading, and spiritual light — into one publication. It may at first appear that these do not belong together. We may feel a tension between our humor and our faith, or between our secular reading and our devotional reading. But is it being honest with ourselves to try to compartmentalize our lives to remove these tensions?

A Christian should not have to make separate compartments and forget his faith when attending to humor or other reading. It is good to see at least in THE LIGHTER there are no compartments. I've enjoyed the reading, and I hope THE LIGHTER stays lit for Valpo for years to come.

Sincerely,
Don Patterson, Vicar
Zion Lutheran Church Columbus, Ohio



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For the 21st consecutive year, the new life insurance paid-for by members of Aid Association for Lutherans has exceeded that of the previous year. AAL now has 570,000 members who own \$1,616,771,826 of life insurance – a 13 per cent increase in total insurance in force.

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A COMPARATIVE REPORT SHOWING GROWTH DURING PAST 10 YEARS:

1949		1959
\$510,112,399	Total Insurance in force	\$1,616,771,826
\$58,144,293	Paid for new business	\$228,437,218
\$2,014,144	Surplus refunds to members (during year)	\$6,025,079
379,741	Number of certificates	680,937
\$118,225,820	Assets	\$302,664,451
109.95%	Ratio of assets to liabilities	110.04%
\$53,561,811	Benefits and surplus paid to members and beneficiaries since founding date - 1902	\$134,113,381



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NITE LITE

Takes You To . . .

THE GATE OF HORN



Bob Gibson, Jo March and Frank Hamilton swing through a rousing chorus of "If I Had A Hammer" — a rather violent desire, but real folksey.



Bob Gibson willingly subjects himself to breathless questioning by a young stage-struck member of the LIGHTER contingency.

This month the *LIGHTER* decided to take a jaunt into Chicago and delve into the music inherent in the backgrounds of certain ethnic and national groups. Undeniably, the best place in Chicago to pursue such an interest is the *Gate of Horn*, situated at 732 North Dearborn Street in the hog butchering capital of the world.

At the present time, the *Gate of Horn* is the folk music center of Chicago. The club consistently offers the top artists in the folk music field, and it draws a large audience to listen to them. During the past several weeks, the *Gate* has presented Leon Bibb, Odetta, Will Holt and others of equally excellent reputation. We were fortunate in being able to hear Bob Gibson run through a fine set. At the moment, Josh White is performing with the same brilliance that has kept him at the top of his field for the last twenty years. He'll be at the *Gate* til the end of this month, followed by the Clancy Boys, a new group from the West Coast who do wonderful things with a harp.

The *Gate of Horn* is an example of the low overhead, cellar type clubs that have sprung up since the decline of the big, glittery night clubs. The *Gate* is situated in the basement of an ancient hotel and makes no pretensions of being anything else. The room is small and completely filled with checker-board sized tables. The stage is little more than a low platform, backed with black velour drapes. All of this unpretentiousness is indicative of the fact that people come to the club to listen to the music and not to be awed by spectacular surroundings. The atmosphere, dim and informal, fits in well with the entertainment presented. Evidencing the appeal the *Gate* has for College students is the fact that several of the employees are students. Our waitress, Pat, goes to school during the day at De Paul and Jo, another waitress, is presently working on her Master's Degree in sociology at the University of Chicago. The bartender is a medical student when he is not serving up various and sundry



liquid concoctions to most enthusiastic admirers of his particular talents.

Concerning the show, we can only say that it was quite entertaining, in excellent taste, and delightfully varied as to style and subject matter. Jo March, a gal who has done quite a bit of work in the jazz field, ran through a fine set of ethnic and contemporary folk songs. We liked the wistful mood she created with a Gallic song, "She Moves to the Fair," and then the nice switch she made with a semi-poof on the Kingston Trio's "Rioting in Africa," followed with "My Brooklyn Love 'Sou-ong'." Gibson made a great entrance with a community sing type thing and had the audience in the aisles before he'd been on stage five minutes. He ran the gamut from the low, bluesy "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" impressed with "We Are Marching to Pretoria," another audience participation number, "Supe Skier," a takeoff on "The M.T.A." "The Jordan River," a spiritual, "Shenendoah," "If I had a Hammer," and a hilarious satire on the recent Chicago Police Department scandals.

Mr. Gibson was kind enough to talk to us after the show. He considers the tremendous popularity of folk music to be an indication of the public's desire to make their own music. Folk music encourages participation — everyone can sing it and, with a little practice, can strum out a few chords on a guitar. If he looks to anyone to be tops in his field it would be Pete Seeger and Odetta. Gibson is also firmly convinced that folk music belongs on the college campus, as he feels that such an atmosphere would give it the freedom it needs to grow and develop.

Our evening at the *Gate of Horn* was an extremely enjoyable one and we encourage Valpo students who are looking for a good time to visit the *Gate*. On weekends it is advisable to make reservations. The *Gate* has been in business for four years and from the looks of things it will continue for many more. Drop in sometime and you'll understand the superlatives we've used.



Gibson brings down the house with his opening number, "We Are Marching to Pretoria." The audience sang along, and things began to swing immediately.



Still Life Scene at the gate. The meaning of the club's name, which is based on a tale from Homer, is indicated on the match cover.



The Of Roma

by MONROE

"Class, today we will take up the works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," stated Miss Kraft as she surveyed the small assembly of students before her. "Shelley's poems are outstanding examples of the Romantic movement in English literature."

As she continued, her crisp words floated over the group of students in English 171 and settled here and there as the more intent pupils took them down as notes. However, they made no impression on either the ears or the notebook of one Samuel Armstrong Peters, who sat in the third seat of the last row. His only interest in Percy Bysshe Shelley was that he would have to sit through a fifty-minute lecture on his life and poems before lunch. So, in an effort to get in as comfortable a position as possible, he slid his big frame a little lower and rested his head on the top rung of the hard straight-backed chair.

Sam Peters had only two problems in this world. One, he didn't have a date for his fraternity's spring formal, and two, he was currently flunking English 171. The first problem was easily solved by simply not going to the formal. This solution seemed inevitable anyway since the formal was Saturday night and this was already Friday morning, but there was no such easy solution to the second problem. Sam Peters and the Romantic poets of Merrie Olde England were definitely not getting along.

Actually, his troubles in English stemmed not from Keats or Shelley, but rather from Miss Kraft. This course in Romanticism was supposed to be a snap, but that was before the English department pulled an under-handed double-cross by putting

old Mrs. Wells out to pasture and bringing in this Miss Kraft. She was fresh out of graduate school and had all kinds of new ideas on how the course should be taught; most of which spelled W-O-R-K!

Slumping a little lower in his seat, he look at her. Only her head and shoulders were visible behind the large, wooden lectern, but Sam knew that she was wearing the same brown tweed suit and ridiculous thick-soled brown loafers that she had worn every other day. Her hair was pulled back tightly into a bun, and the slanting points of her black rimmed glasses jutted out from the sides of her head like the wings of a bat. She wore absolutely no make-up and although she was young, perhaps his own age of twenty-four or so, she reminded him of a straight-laced WAC sergeant he had known in the Army.

Mr. Peters, isn't there anything else you can do besides stare?" she said suddenly looking up and breaking into Sam's reverie.

He flushed.

"As infrequently as you honor us with your presence, it seems that you could make better use of your time," she continued mercilessly.

"Yes ma'am," returned Sam humbly, as he reddened further under her penetrating gaze. "With those damned horn-rims you can't tell where she's looking," he muttered to himself.

Forty long minutes later the Chapel bells sounded an end to the class, and Sam left as quickly and as unobtrusively as possible.

"Sammy boy!"

"There's our man!"

"Hi Sam!"

A chorus of voices greeted him as he walked into the living room of the Kappa Chi fraternity. Bob Blakely, fraternity president, Chuck Laymeyer, and Don Rawson, co-chairmen of the spring formal committee, had been in deep conversation but had brightened considerably at Sam's arrival.

"Sam, old boy! Sit down," cried Chuck holding out his hands as though he were welcoming a freshman rushee.

"Whatever you guys want, I ain't got it," returned Sam good-naturedly as he sat down.

The three young men clustered around him as Bob Blakely revealed the reason for their sudden joy.

"Sam my boy, old Kappa Chi is in one hell of a fix. In fact, the fate of the whole spring formal may rest on your shoulders. It seems that Dean Hockney and his wife can't make it tomorrow night, and we need another faculty chaperone. He told us that he's sure that Helen Kraft is free. Since she's new on campus she would probably be glad to come if we could get her fixed up with a date. So-o, seeing as how you're older than the rest of us, and since you haven't got a date yet, we thought --"

"Oh no you don't!" exclaimed Sam jumping up. "Not me! Pick on somebody else! You've got the wrong boy for this detail."

"But Sam, it's for the good of the fraternity."

"Over my black and blue battered body!"

"Come on, Sam, she isn't that bad."

"You need new glasses. Get somebody else."

Age The ntics

S. DAVID

"All the rest of the guys have already got dates."

"Well then get another prof or somebody!" said Sam.

"We've tried, but no one else is available."

"Come on Sam, let's talk this out over a beer," said Chuck taking his arm. They led him away to the beer room despite his loud protests.

"Brotherhood, hah! For the good of the fraternity, phooey! You owe a few back house dues and they make you take Dracula's daughter to a formal to make it up! Nuts!" Sam muttered blackly to himself as he trudged toward the Faculty Administration Building where Miss Kraft's office was located. He climbed the six flights of stairs up to the third floor and walked down the corridor to the door marked, "Miss Helen Kraft — English." He hesitated for a few minutes to stuff down the lump that had suddenly arisen in his throat. Finally, he knocked nervously on the door. Miss Kraft's crisp voice bade him to come in.

Opening the door he found her sitting behind a cluttered desk in one corner of the small, one-window office. There was a slight haze in the room, and he noticed that a cigarette had been hastily crushed out in an ash-tray.

"Well, Mr. Peters," she said putting on her bat-glasses. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit? Don't tell me that you are finally getting worried about your grades."

"No, nothing like that." He did his best to force out a small chuckle. "No . . . I . . . uh . . . came to see you about some-

thing else. You see, my fraternity, Kappa Chi, has a spring formal scheduled for tomorrow night, and Dean Hockney, who was to be one the chaperons, can't make it. So . . . uh . . . we thought that maybe you would like to go . . . with me that is."

Miss Kraft was definitely surprised.

"Well I don't know," she replied slowly. She pondered for a few uncomfortable moments while Sam nervously shifted from one foot to the other and then said, "Why not? Yes, why not? I think that I would like very much to go, Mr. Peters." Well there it was. Sam's worst fears were realized. Now he would have to go through with it. He made the arrangements to pick her up the next evening at 7:30 at her apartment and beat a hasty retreat out of the stuffy office.

"Well, that's that," he sighed as he walked back down the stairs.

At 7:15 the next evening, Sam wheeled his old Ford aimlessly down the streets in the general direction of Miss Kraft's apartment. He was early, but he had gotten out of the fraternity house as soon as he could. When the word had gotten out that he was taking "Iron-maiden" Kraft to the formal, every frustrated comedian in the house had to make his little joke. Personally, Sam could see nothing funny in the situation at all.

He lit up a Marlboro and turned over in his mind the few facts about the Roman-ticists he had read up on that afternoon. Although he would not be able to carry on a full-scale literary conversation, maybe he could get by with a few enlightened questions.

Finally, at 7:30, he parked the car in front of the two-story structure that served as housing quarters for unmarried faculty members. He straightened his tie in the rear-view mirror, got out, straightened his shoulders, and walked bravely up to Miss Kraft's apartment. He knocked on the door.

"Come in, the door's open!" a voice penetrated through the door. He opened the door to find Miss Kraft's head peering out of a door of an adjoining room.

"Just make yourself comfortable," she smiled, "I'll be out in a moment."

"Yes ma'am," said Sam as he settled himself on a low sofa in the modern, contemporary styled living room. On either side of the sofa were two end tables with odd shaped wire-mesh lamps. His gaze skipped over two long Chinese paintings on the wall and fell on a large book-case filled with novels, small volumes of poetry, and a row of text-books.

Suddenly the door on the far side of the room opened, and Miss Kraft came out. At least she resembled Miss Kraft.

"Holy Smoke!" thought Sam as he rose from the couch.

"Do you like it?" she smiled. She wore a close-fitting blue sheath dress that did things for her that brown-tweed could never hope to match. Her dark brown hair was still pulled back but into a fashionable French roll. She had shed her glasses and wore enough make-up to smoothly accentuate the best features of her face. A pair of long silver earrings dangled delicately from her small ears, and with the benefit of a pair of black high-heeled shoes, she was at least three inches taller.

"Well, do you like it?" she asked again.

"Y-yes ma'am," he stammered.

He helped her on with her coat, and they went out to the car. Sam opened the door for her, and they drove off toward the country club. As they drove along, Sam searched his store of literary facts to open a conversation.

"Shelley is really a great writer," he started awkwardly. "I especially liked his poem about the Grecian urn."

"That was Keats," she answered with a laugh, "but really, I don't feel like talking shop tonight."

"Yes ma'am," answered Sam mechanically.

"Oh stop calling me 'ma'am'," she smiled, "you make me feel like a sixty-year-old spinster. After all, we are about the same age, and I would really like it if you would call me Helen, Sam."

"OK . . . Helen," he hesitated.

As they drove along the conversation was kept alive by observations on the weather, the impending evening, Sam's battered '51 Ford, and on college life in general. It wasn't too difficult to keep a conversation going with Helen Kraft. She was a good listener and possessed a quick wit that added a sparkle to her conversation.

Continued next Page

LIGHTER
SHORT-STORY
CONTEST FIRST
\$25 PRIZE
TO MONROE DAVID
Other Winners to
be Announced in
Summer Issue

It took Sam a little longer than he had expected to reach the country club and when they entered the gaily decorated ballroom, the dance was already in progress. They walked over to the other chaperones consisting of Dr. Moody and his wife and young Prof. Kelly and his wife.

Kappa Chi picked its chaperones with the same care and diligence of a football coach picking his starting line-up. The Moodys were in their seventies, near-sighted, and both partially deaf. Prof. Kelly was head of the art department and had lived in Greenwich Village when he had taught at Columbia. He was still in trouble with the University administration for one of the parties he had thrown earlier in the year.

Helen fell into conversation with Mrs. Kelly, and Sam shouted a few polite comments to Dr. Moody. He gave it up as a lost cause when it seemed that the old man's only reply was, "Oh yes, very nice."

Standing in the background, he tried to look as unobtrusive as possible. He considered in turn the decorations, the band, the dance floor, and the refreshment table. Suddenly he felt a tug on his coat.

"If you're not going to ask me to dance," said Helen looking up at him, "I guess I'm going to have to ask you."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he answered. The band was playing a slow number so it seemed pretty safe. Of course, he still wasn't sure if she did the waltz or the two-step.

On the floor she proved to be a rather good dancer. In fact, she was very good. He had no trouble leading her through a couple of slow numbers, but then the band broke into a wild version of something that sounded like a cross between "Rock Around The Clock" and "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

"I guess we had better sit this one out," he said generously.

"Why, is it too fast for you?"

"No, but —"

"Then come on slowpoke!" she cried gleefully.

They whirled and spun to the wild beat of the music. Helen followed every intricate step smoothly as they twisted and turned. The other couples began leaving the floor and soon they were the sole center of attraction. Hands began to clap in beat with the music and a few voices cried, "Go-go-go!" The music ended in a crashing crescendo and for the first time they realized that they were alone on the floor. The crowd gave them a standing ovation as they retreated to the safety of the sidelines.

"I didn't realize we were alone out there," she said sheepishly.

"Would you like to go outside?"

"Yes, let's."

They strolled out on to the terrace and sat down on one of the white garden benches. It was a warm, clear night and the sky was sprinkled with stars.

"It's just beautiful out here," she sighed. "Are you enjoying yourself, Sam?"

"Yes, but I'm a little bewildered," he replied.

"Why?"

"Well, you seem so . . . uh . . . different."

"You mean I don't act like a starch-laced English teacher?" she laughed.

"Well yes . . . uh, I mean no!"

She laughed again, "Mr. Peters, in life, as in English 171, you have a lot to learn."

They sat silently listening to the music coming from the ballroom. Sam turned his head slightly and looked at her. She was looking up at the stars. The soft light shone on her hair and gave it a bright luster. Her long earrings sparkled, and her parted lips were moist and desirable. He turned his head a little more and tipped it toward her. The perfume that she wore seemed to slowly engulf him. Helen Kraft was definitely beautiful. He kissed her.

Suddenly she started.

"Well, Mr. Peters! I think we had better go back!" The classroom crispness returned to her voice like the crack of a whip.

"Huh? Er . . . yes ma'am," he jumped up.

She hurried quickly back into the ballroom and headed straight for the powder room. Her cheeks were very red. Sam didn't know whether she was embarrassed or angry, but he suspected the latter. As he watched her retreating form, he wondered if it was too late to drop English 171.

When she rejoined him he could see by the steely glint in her eyes that Miss Kraft, the "iron-maiden" English teacher had returned. Throughout the rest of the evening they danced and made small talk. He succeeded in getting a few laughs out of her, but that was all. Although no mention was made of the incident on the terrace, it remained as a barrier between them.

After the formal was over he drove her home and walked her to the apartment door.

"Well, it's been a very enjoyable evening. I hope that you had a good time," Sam said with polite stiffness.

"I did, Sam. I had a very nice time," she replied looking up at him. "Thank you for taking me."

"I have to be going. See you in class on Monday," he said as he turned to leave.

"Sam?" he heard her voice behind him, "couldn't you step in for a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, I would like to," he answered.

They entered the small living room and Helen headed for the small kitchenette. "Just make yourself comfortable, I'll have the coffee on in a jiffy."

Sam lit a cigarette and wandered idly around the room. Walking over to the bookcase, he ran his fingers over the top row. He noticed a large, red-bound volume entitled, "The Record — 1959." Pulling out the book, he leafed through it. He turned to the K's and saw Helen's picture smiling up at him from the bottom of the page. To the right of the picture there was a good-sized list of extra-curricular activity credits. Helen was quite active as a graduate and as an undergraduate student.

"Wonder why she's such a prude now?" Sam asked himself.

As he turned the remaining pages he came across a letter that had been stuck in the back cover. It was a letter of acceptance from Dean Henshaw, the head of the English department. Most of it dealt with how happy the University was to be able to accept her application and all that general Mickey Mouse, but the last paragraph caught Sam's attention:

In view of your very active extra-curricular life in your past college career, I feel that I must remind you that our University is an old and respected institution. Usually we do not hire young teachers, but in your case we have made an exception. You will, therefore, make every effort to conduct yourself in a manner becoming to a member of the profession at all times. In connection with this I would suggest that you minimize your personal attractiveness while in the classroom. This is required of all of the members of the department.

Yours truly,

C. Harold Henshaw, Dean

"Well, well, well," thought Sam, "no wonder all those old bats in the English department look like refugees from a cemetery."

Quickly he closed the book and put it back. Helen was coming out of the kitchenette.

"Sorry I took so long," she said, "did you find something to while away the time?"

"Oh yeah," replied Sam, "I was looking at your paintings."

They talked about the paintings for a while, but Sam's heart wasn't in the conversation. He wanted desperately to apologize for the kiss on the terrace. During a

Continued on Page 34



**JUNIOR
LIGHTER
LOVELY**



Swinging in with Spring is junior **LIGHTER LOVELY** Judy Steffen. A perfect choice for the queen of Valpo's Midwestern Springtime, Judy comes, conveniently for us, from Western Springs, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. This Spring, however, is the first time for Judy to share the cherry-pink blossoms on Old Campus with all the other lovely Valpo coeds -- for she is a transfer student from Lyons Township Junior College, near her home.

Concerning Valpo, she says, "I love it!" with a warm Spring smile. "I chose Valpo because my sister studied here, and because I knew some of the students on campus. I was interest-



ed in getting into a relatively small department of Speech and Drama where I would be able to get the maximum amount of experience. I also wanted to continue studying in the atmosphere of a small campus." No doubt Judy herself helps to make that atmosphere on our small campus a friendly one.

This Nineteen-year-old jumped right into Valpo activities. As social chairman of Guild Hall, she enjoyed her work in the production of Guild's MARDI GRAS skit which won second place.

This Springtime will almost be too busy for Judy to get to the Dunes, a favorite Valpo Spring pastime, as she is dashing from rehearsal to rehearsal of the Spring Weekend musical KISS ME KATE. Judy serves as stage-manager and says, "It's fun and good experience -- though it does take a great deal of time." She hopes that with her English major and Speech and Drama minor she will be able to direct young people in high school plays when she begins to teach.

Judy can't wait for Spring to really come, because her favorite outdoor sport is swimming. She is a trained life-guard, and she teaches swimming in the Physical Education Department. Golf and Tennis are her other favorite outdoor sports. But should the April Showers keep our Springtime LIGHTER LOVELY indoors, her spirits won't be dampened. She equally enjoys reading, sewing, and playing the piano.

"In Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of. . ." Yes, she's datable. As she puts it, "No rings, no pins, but. . ." After college, Judy thinks first of career -- then of travel, "Auntie Mame" style. First Hawaii, then Germany, France, Switzerland, then. . .then. . .and then. . .

"It's Spring! Off we go!"





Photographed by
ED SCHMIDT

ONE FOOT SHELF



Cultural Exchange Program Reviewed

Lee Gihring

Not many of us may be aware of it, but a few years ago President Eisenhower initiated a Cultural Exchange Program primarily, it is supposed, for the purpose of bringing the U.S. and some of our foreign relations (including Russia) more closely together through mutual cultural enrichment. Thus it is that U.S. musicians, sent to foreign countries with the approval and financial backing of the State Department to spread good foreign relations through the universal language of music, have become known as our cultural ambassadors.

Now this is certainly a well-conceived idea. Unfortunately, the program's effectiveness as far as the U.S. is concerned is doubtful. The President's purpose is being carried out and perhaps culturally all the countries involved are benefiting to a certain degree, but it could be much improved.

Just who are our cultural ambassadors in music? Those who have participated involve mostly leading U.S. musical figures — such men as Louis Armstrong, singers Jerome Hines and William Warfield, the symphony orchestras of Philadelphia, Boston and New York, and traveling troupes like that of a couple of years ago that Russian audiences went wild over in performances of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*.

A story is told that one of our foreign ambassadors after hearing an American orchestra give an outstanding concert abroad was quoted as saying afterward, "This is fine, but why don't they send some jazz groups once in a while?" This remark stimulates controversy in two areas. The first is that we *are* sending samples of our jazz music abroad. The trouble is, as might be indicated by the ambassador's remark, that not enough jazz is reaching the ears of Europeans. Foreigners crave our jazz music — strange and unintelligible as it may seem to them on first hearing. Sec-

condly, our fine symphony orchestras are the best advertisement that the U.S. can display abroad culturally, although at present, we lag far behind Europe and Russia in the quality of art that is being produced. We should, however, still attempt to compete on foreign shores and particularly with Russia on the very level at which they are offering their best in music. Accordingly, our orchestras, which are, for the most part, equal to, possibly even better in quality and virtuosity than Russia's, should display their "wares" in an increasing number of tours and appearances.

However, the U.S. is hindered in its attempts to send the finest musical organizations in this country abroad for a number of reasons. The policies of the State Department have hindered it. For example, because Americans *in toto* do not fully accept a higher level of music and other arts, the influential men in Washington consider that the mere existence of such feelings in the minds of Americans is sufficient to deny orchestras the privilege of making these good-will musical tours. Neglect of art in this country is the excuse used to forego the operation of cultural stimulation abroad. This sickly situation arises from the fact that the appreciation of art and music is geared to the tastes and climate of the wealthy minority in this country; as such, it is foolish to expect that the rest of the populace will be much more than apathetic in its attitude towards cultural exchange.

Not all the blame can be directed at public opinion and its present corrupting influence, however. The feeling of individuals has entered in here, too. For instance — late last Spring, Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, one of our finest orchestras, turned down a bid to lead his orchestra on a foreign tour this past fall which would have included extensive concertizing behind the Iron Curtain. Reiner

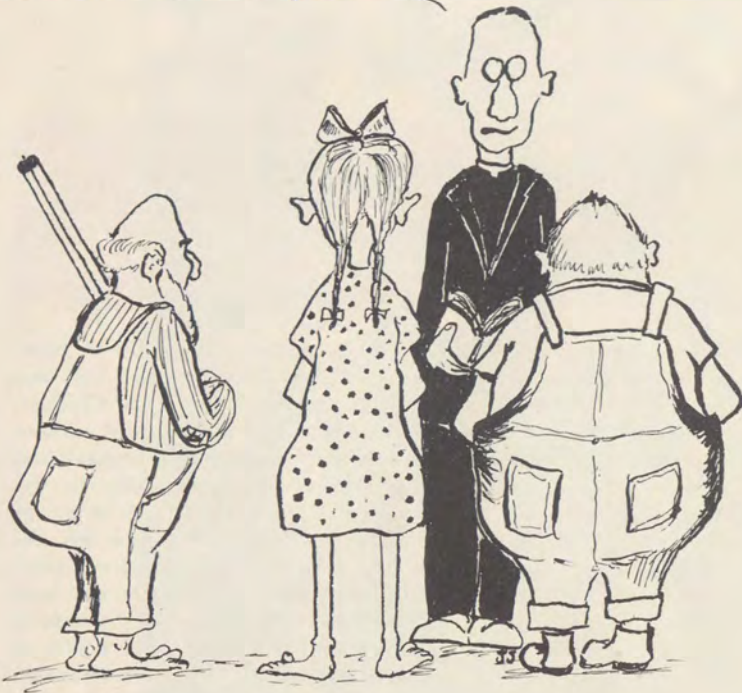
had a real opportunity not only to boost the stock of his fine ensemble, but also to raise the prestige of the city of Chicago, to say nothing of the international acclaim which such a trip would have brought him and the orchestra personnel. But he bypassed all of this by his refusal to accept the invitation. The reasons for his decision are as yet officially undetermined. Initially it was announced that he had been in disagreement with the State Department over the projected itinerary and length of the tour. This is not hard to understand, for Reiner (who draws \$80,000 a year) is a hard man — cold and stern by nature, although a fine musician. Such propaganda, therefore, is not easily cast aside. Later, however, it was announced that Reiner felt that the orchestra's schedule was too heavy to undertake such a trip in early fall with the load of regular Chicago concerts starting in October. This statement is probably more true than the first explanation, but there is no virtue in selfishness and Dr. Reiner, who prefers to spend his summers by himself in Connecticut, played the role here, I believe, of the man who just couldn't be bothered.

These examples should make my point evident: that the feeling of selfish individuals and the smudge of public opinion must be forgotten if the Cultural Exchange program is to continue to progress effectively and in the light of the objectives for which it was organized. It is no secret that in Russia, art is a weed garden — contrived to suit the purposes of the state rather than to reflect the sentiments of the composer. Russians are eager to send their artists to our shores and they do (Oistrakh, Gilels, Moscow State Symphony) and as in all of Russia, the people and individuals have no voice in such matters. This seems like the policy we should or ultimately must adopt in order to preserve our role in the Cultural Exchange.

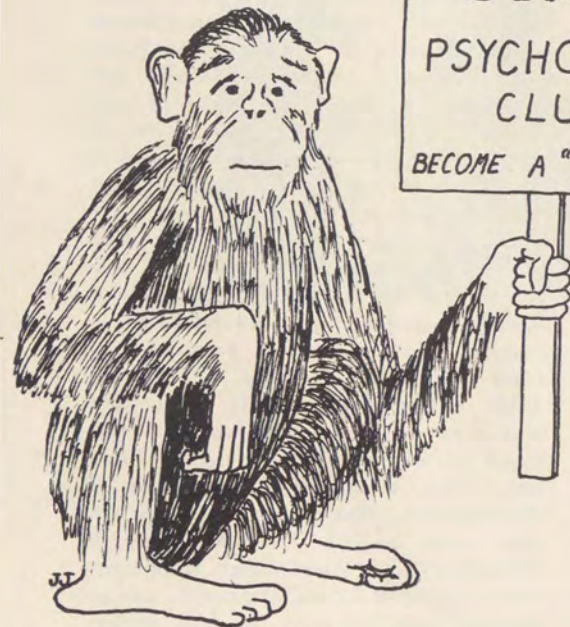
KAMPUS KARTOON KALEID

"DO YOU, MISS WORMLEY, TAKE THIS MAN,
HOWIE FANG,..."

"GEE! IF ONLY DAD COULD SEE ME IN
MY NEW 'RHYTHMS COURSE' OUTFIT."

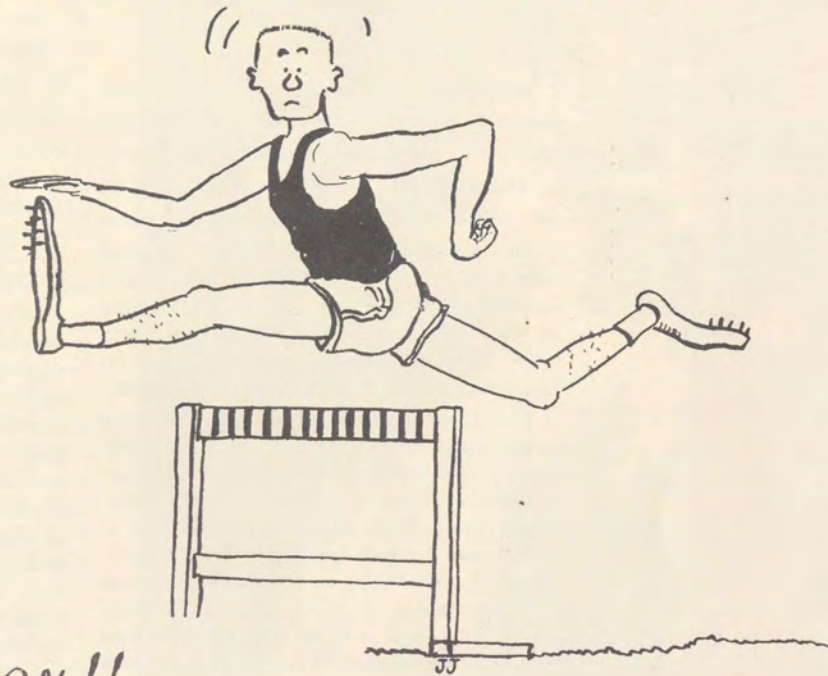


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BECOME A "PSYCHO"



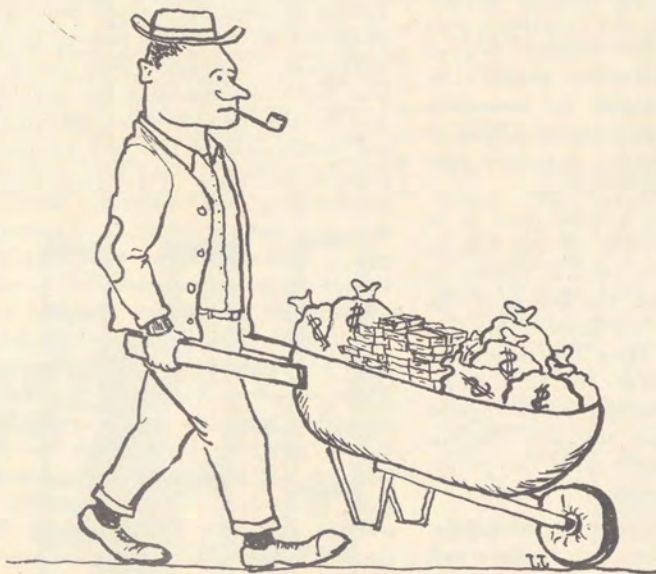
OSCOPE WITH JIM JORDAN

RRRRIIIIPPPP!!



!! QUESTION !!

WHERE IS HE GOING?



1. TO BUY BOOKS?
2. TO PAY TUITION?
3. TO PAY CARL ROBERTS?
4. TO PAY MR. ANDERSON?
5. TO THE ROYALEE?

WHY LITURGY?

By Anna Lysed

Much has been said and written, both positively and negatively, in the last decade or so about the liturgical revival within the Lutheran Church. This article is not intended to add to the reams of material already available in this field, but rather to present some basic social and theological reasons why Lutherans worship as they do. However, before we touch upon Lutheran worship *pre se*, man's relationship to his God must be considered.

The Christian concept of God has been often explained, with respect to how it differs from "heathenism," as the difference between a revealed and a natural religion. While the natural religions of man are of man's own manufacture, expressing themselves in whatever way they would best meet the needs of the originators, Christianity rests upon a God who has revealed Himself to mankind, providing man with that which he needs to meet life and its problems. These needs are not to be interpreted in the light of physical wants and desires, but as the more tormenting needs of the spirit, the feeling of guilt and unworthiness in the sight of a completely holy and just God, and the resultant fear of death and the concern for eternal life. The Christian has received the manifestation of God in the presence of Christ as revealed in the Scriptures. It is from here that Lutheran theology proceeds.

The Old Testament is quite clear in its directives for the worship of the Chosen People. These various rituals existed in complete harmony with the beliefs of the people for they were so directed by God to present in visible form the mercy He had shown them through His Holy Covenant. The New Testament has abrogated the ancient rituals for the very obvious reason that the Covenant with the people was now fulfilled through the Messiah.

When one takes the time to investigate, it becomes quite obvious that symbols and ritual are a necessary component of every day living. The raised hat indicates respect, the "ritual" of shaking hands depicts friendliness, the "rite" of kissing expresses love. Upon the death the symbol of flowers is used to convey sympathy. Likewise the flag, the ring and the pin are symbols of the nation, school and fraternity, respectively.

Returning now to the New Testament, it was mentioned previously that the symbolic ritual of the Old Testament has been fulfilled and we note that no new rituals comparable to those found in the Old Testament are prescribed. However, can we say that the New Testament holds no directives at all?

Let us briefly review the events that compromise the basis for our faith. In the Old Testament we have the account of Man's creation, his fall and condemnation and God's promise of a deliverer symbolized by the Covenant and visualized by the worship ritual. This promised deliverer arrived when Christ came to earth as man. The revelation of God, in order to be a revelation, had to assume external form, and this was done in the person of Jesus Christ. The cry of Christianity to the world is "Behold! — this happened for us" . . . yes, it is still happening since Christ lives and acts in His Body, the Church, and gives Himself through His Words and Sacraments.

This is the reason that we must be very careful in asserting that we have not been given any directions for worship in the New Testament. Our Lord lived among people and visibly demonstrated His salvatory mission by His signs, miracles, suffering, death and bodily resurrection and ascension. In response to this, as members of that visible organization, the Church, which exists wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, we have been directed to give witness of our salvation, to assemble together for instruction, prayers, and the breaking of bread, and in such manner to show forth His death till He comes again. These directives cannot be understood in any other way than as the method whereby we give our response to the Eternal God of our salvation. Such passages of Holy Writ are clear injunctions for public worship and once public worship is mentioned, social relationships and communications are necessary, requiring certain symbols and ritual commonly agreed upon in order to achieve unity and understanding. The Trappist monk in his life of silence, the Quaker meeting and the sectarian revival all make use of symbol and ritual for communication regardless of how vocal some of them might be in denouncing it. It is evident, then, that the problem no



longer centers in choosing between the presence or absence of liturgy, but rather what "type" of liturgy shall be used. To make a choice with intelligence the doctrine and history of the Church must be considered.

Doctrinally, all that was said and done concerning the life of Christ becomes an integral part of our worship. Christian theology, from its earliest beginnings, has interpreted these events in the light of a dual concept referred to as the sacramental and sacrificial approach. The sacramental side may be inadequately defined as all that which God, through His Son, has done for us. The sacrificial side of faith is that which we have been discussing: man's response to his God. It is God's gift to man that he has received salvation, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting through unfathomable Grace. Man's response is praise, adoration, and a spreading of this "Good News." That involves his offering of himself and all that he has as an acceptable sacrifice, through the blood of Christ. This was never more vivid and personal than when our Lord "took bread . . . and gave it to His disciples, saying, "Take, eat; this is My body, which is given for you;" . . . and when He took the cup . . . and gave it to them saying, 'Drink ye all of it; this cup is the New Testament in My blood, which is shed for you for the remission of sins. This do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me'." Such has been the pattern of Christendom ever since that night. Under the symbols of bread and wine, Christ's holy Death is shown forth in remembrance; His holy Presence is realized, and He, as the holy Food, is received. To this day, the essence of The Lutheran Service is God's merciful love coming to man in Word and Sacrament and man's grateful response in prayer, praise, and thanks-



giving. There is no Sacrament without the Word, and the Word is incomplete without its being accompanied by the Sacrament.

The Lutheran Church, claiming twenty centuries of doctrinal and spiritual existence, has been given the gift and responsibility of possessing God's audible and visible Word. The believer's individual response to this gift of salvation may be accomplished in various ways, but can be covered in the generalization that his entire life should be lived as a witness to the Grace that has been bestowed upon him. However, as members of the Body of Christ, we must also function corporately. This Body, The Communion of Saints, gathers to offer its united sacrifice to Its Head as Scripture has so enjoyed. It is here that we cease to act as individuals, but as parts of a larger, more glorious body, the Church. It is here that our individual approaches to God are subjugated for the benefit of the larger body. To eliminate chaos and confusion, and to see to it that all things are done decently and in order, we must incorporate and integrate our personal symbolic actions with those of our brethren and arrive at a liturgy that is theologically and aesthetically acceptable to the Church at large.

The question now remains as to what form or forms we, as members of the Lutheran Church, should use for our corporate worship. In making our decision we must forget certain facts. The Church is larger than the congregation, a district or even a Synod. The name "Lutheran" includes over 70 million people today. To plan without consideration of their development is a denial of the unity of faith which we have with them in spite of our differences. Neither can we erase the unity of faith that we have with the Church of the ages, a unity to which the Reformers paid great heed when they considered the worship to be used in the Church of the Reformation.

Continued on Page 34



By Marvin F. Granger

"I am but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home."

"God bless America,
Land that I love."

This article has been written primarily to pose a question to Lutheran students. The author has no special preparation for posing the question except an interest in the problems and involvement in the conflicts of a secular world. There really isn't anything special about that. We all to one degree or another find ourselves so interested and involved. But what do we do when we act? What happens when we find it necessary or desirable to take a stand toward solving these problems and conflicts?

As a Lutheran who is interested in American public life and has participated in American party politics, I have found not only a tension but a conflict between the spirit of the Lutheran social ethic and the spirit of the American democratic process. It is, of course, a conflict between my own understanding of both traditions. But I have recognized the conflict in others also; and thus, it is perhaps worth discussing.

"What is Truth?"

Some of the peculiarities of the American tradition might be mentioned here. I think very basic to our way of life is a suspicion of political and social truth. It is an institution in our tradition that policy is formed in response to changing situations. Basic to this is the implication that truth changes. We are involved in constant conflict over the right answers to particular questions. But we seldom talk about theories; and, with elections every two years, long range planning based on distinctive political ideas doesn't have a chance. Most of us agree that democracy is good, but we come up with a variety of definitions of what it means. We like the American way of life, but we don't know what it is. We pride ourselves on our two-party system; but, in reality, our parties are rallying points for many points of view.

We maintain implicitly that power corrupts, and consequently, we do not give very much of it to any one person or group for very long. Those who have been given power are quite restricted in their use of it. Ultimate political power rests with 178,000,000 of us, and we have evolved quite an elaborate process for delegating who is to put our power to work behind policy and how they are to do it. We talk a lot about preserving what we have because we like what we have. And yet we are under the constant pressure of new situations demanding our attention and action. We have an ongoing debate between those who fear losing what we have and those who welcome change toward improvement. We fear creeping "isms," but we demand action.

This society that I have been describing is a fluid one. The ideal of public rule is certainly tarnished in practice, but we believe that it is approximated in practice to a great enough degree that we prefer it generally to those alternatives that we see elsewhere in the world. But public rule depends on a public that is willing to take on the responsibility of ruling. It is a simple truth that the greater the number of those 178,000,000 power holders who do not care about what happens to their power, the greater the chance that they will lose it. Our tradition has been dependent upon public participation in order to survive as what we like to think is a "free" society. There is much concern today over the apparent apathy to public questions on the part of a large segment of our society.

"Right or Wrong, Still My Country"

It is not my purpose here to extol the virtues of the American democratic tradition. I am simply pointing out what I believe to be the social-political "facts of life" in our society. These are the modes of our social existence. They may be wrong and ultimately destructive, or they may be the best that history has procured. The important thing for our discussion is the recognition that this is the structure of the process in which we all, to a greater or lesser degree, participate.



It seems to me that the Lutheran in a society like this has some peculiar problems or at least questions which he ought to recognize. Probably the basic one is not different than any Christian faces in any society, that is, What ought one's attitude toward, and role in society be? This question has been answered by a number of theologians in different ways depending upon their understanding of the relationship between the Church and the world. The question as I have asked it here is addressed to the individual Christian in the society, and not as the broader question of the relation of the Christian community. The individual, it seems to me, is faced with a number of decisions in any society; however, in ours, a great deal more weight is thrown upon the individual's shoulders both as an individual and as a participant in the various vocational, political, and social groups that are constantly interacting. Now, I am aware that some will be quick to tell me that the Christian's concerns are, by virtue of his faith, not bound to social concerns, and that he has been lifted be-

THE KINGDOM in the MIDDLE



yond the mundane life of natural man. Even though some may consider this an ideal, as a matter of fact, Christians do not escape social-political questions nor response to them. I would assert that there is a problem here that we ought to face up to.

Peril as Well as Power

Joseph Sittler, in his *The Structure of Christian Ethics*, says "There is a strain in Protestant piety which makes it susceptible to the temptation to interpret the counsel to keep oneself 'unspotted from the world' in terms of quietism. The very historical matrix within which Protestant Christianity arose guarantees that the actual situation of the solitary individual before God should be insisted upon as the impact-point of the message of alienation, forgiveness, restoration. Insistence upon the inescapable responsibility of the individual has both prophetic power and peril. Its power is in its truth; its peril is in its tendency to make a false stopping point out of a true starting point, to force a definition of scope out of a point of impact, to restrict responsibility to the dimension within which it was learned." Professor Sittler's remark is important here. The purpose of this discussion is to bring awareness to the peril without undermining the truth of the power of the basic Christian relationship to God. Certainly the issue I am discussing here is of less importance than the "impact-point" of which Professor Sittler speaks; nevertheless, the issue is important.

One of the questions we ought to ask ourselves is how well the Lutheran concept of the orders of creation fits into our life in America. The orders of creation are the structures within which human existence is possible. Some basic orders of human life are the family, marriage, the state, law, and economic interdependence. It is within these orders that man is to accept his life from God in trust, and it is through these orders that he is to give it back to God in obedience. But there has been some disagreement and much confusion as to what the orders of creation are and what they

mean for social ethics. In his discussion of Christian freedom, Werner Elert reasserts the Lutheran understanding of Christian-freedom as freedom to do what one ought to do. This freedom is real for the Christian because he has been declared righteous by God through Christ even though his life in the orders of creation points always to his unrighteousness. Professor Elert concludes his discussion of Christian freedom by saying, "He who holds this liberty enshrined in his heart knows that all ropes can be torn to shreds and observes with a knowing smile the rust on all chains. He knows that all revolutionary movements become of necessity stagnant, and that all political programs are motivated by self-interest." While this is beautiful and true, it can be misleading. George Forell, in an article entitled *The Christian Basis for Social Action*, quotes another theologian who gave this analogy to the Christian's position in society, "A surgeon who is operating on a patient stricken with appendicitis does not believe that because he may be successful in this operation the patient will never die. In this sense the surgeon does not believe that the operation has ultimate significance. Yet he will do everything in his power to prolong the patient's life to the best of his ability. He is a doctor. To preserve human life is his calling. He must be faithful to his calling. The fact that his efforts will be ultimately frustrated, since nobody can escape death, does not enter into his considerations." T. A. Kantonen adds to this, "It is not necessary to harbor illusions about the facts of sin and death, as regards either cultures or individual persons, in order to do constructive work for the betterment of society."

"God Wills the Status Quo?"

The point made in the last paragraph is important because it helps to protect us from naive self-deception. Such deception is easy if we do not seriously ask the question about the relation of our theological ethic to present-day society. As an example,

one may be tempted to interpret the order of economic interdependence as meaning that the economic competition in our society is a God-given configuration of existence. This is done as a matter of fact; and in doing it, one places God's creative seal on the capitalist economic system. The distortion and potentially destructive character of this action is that it is done unconsciously. A similar problem arose at the time of the Lutheran reformation. Many Christians were led to believe that an absolute political order and a patriarchal social order were God-given structures. Again, the unfortunate aspect of the situation was not that they defended the old order against the new, but rather, that the protective and defensive fervor of Christian faith was thrown into support of cultural relativities. The lesson to be learned I think from these and other examples is that where cultural creativity is not encouraged among Christians, they can easily fall into the self-deception of thinking that they are free from the social-political turmoil of their times, when in reality they are in the thick of it. In a society founded on public rule such as ours, I think this is a problem that the Christian especially the educated one, should think about.

"Should Christians be Idealists?"

One of the more popular works on interpersonal witnessing of Christians in our society is Richard R. Caemmerer's *The Church in the World*. The excellence of Professor Caemmerer's treatment of Christian witness should not lead us to lose sight of the fact that he does not deal with the problem of social creativity and the Lutheran ethic. He is concerned basically with the problem of bringing men to Christ from a situation where they have deified the relativities of human life, where they have become fat and satisfied with themselves in their economic well-being. Materialism is not only an opposing religion.

Continued on Page 33



F. C. Mann

"I believe in Henry Ford Almighty, Maker of things, And in His begotten, 'Norman Vincent Peale-ism,' born of Perverted Wisdom, deigning not to suffer, was syndicated, insensitive to Life, but never buried. He created a Hell of Anesthesia and every day rises again from the pages of the press. He ascended into a sugar-coated haven and sitteth on the left hand of the Ford, from whence we are judged.

I believe in Sigmund Freud, the wholly organized Society, the communion of fools, and the life free from Neuroses."

Such is our creed, such is our God. This new and Terrible God we worship today is called Security. It is a Triune God; physical Security, mental Security, spiritual Security. A God great indeed, glorified and exalted by all men, a cure for all the pains of living — and of dying, having His chief temples in the Stomach, the Mind, and something our forefathers called the Soul.

Strange Altars: The Color TV Sets

Soldiers of the faith battle zealously on all fronts against the arch-enemy, Life. Fanatically running from nothing to nowhere, men of the ranks grub and sweat eight hours daily to secure the means of grace and salvation, the pay check, and then, grimly chewing Miltown, rush out to enjoy their heavenly reward, granted by Security. Devoutly, the faithful collect the holy icons of their belief — the Automobile, the High-Fi set, and the Credit Card. Three times a day they religiously offer sacrifices to their God, neatly packaged and frozen. To His glory they build skyscrapers and clear slums, drink martinis and watch television, read the newspapers and play golf.

Peace of Mind

Reverently, they bend the knee before the altar of Education, Science, and Technology. Following the banner of mental

THE MODERN CREED or ... THE GREAT HERESY

by FRANKIE MANN

Security, the leaders of the Holy Army realize the importance of indoctrinating the young in order that society might remain assured of the progression and continuation of the inventions and ideas that have brought security and *peace of mind*. Youth must be taught that all things must be in accord with the Holy Scriptures of the scientist's formula and the text-book. Guardians of the faith must constantly remain vigilant against such subversive concepts as "truth" or "beauty." Such abstract notions are dangerous in a world of materialism.

The Third Person of the God-head, spiritual Security, once so sorely neglected, is now gaining phenomenally in popularity and in followers. The Gospel has been spread — going to church regularly is an insurance against the possibility of the existence of Hell! A great religious revival presently is gaining momentum in this country, especially among the Christians (those who follow the teachings of Christ in so far as they are not inconsistent with a life of sin).

Our generation, the Silent Generation, is partially a product of this security-conscious thinking. In the midst of these attitudes have we been raised and in this world we will someday take our place. But why are we silent and what does our silence mean?

The Quiet Men

Some of us remain silent because we have been so conditioned as not to feel strongly about anything because strong feeling is the result of not being satisfied, of insecurity. We have been trained to seek the *golden mean*, never the extreme, different, or radical. This *golden mean* has often come to mean mediocrity, which, of course, is always stable, always secure. We have been force-fed popular ideas, not for digestion, but rather for regurgitation at the proper moment. It is impossible to

fully escape the influence of the materialist's philosophy so we have been taught to ignore its logical consequences and inadequacies. We must not think beyond our animalistic needs because if the reality of our own madness were recognized the structure of our castle-in-the-air society might collapse. We must frantically run from the moment of birth to that of death, never meeting Life, never facing the fact that living is filled with struggle and pain. We must constantly be in motion, active, anesthetizing our senses (a la Peale) with the trivial and the trite. To sit and to think would lead to the discovery that man is not secure and, perhaps, never intended to be secure. This silence of complacency is the silence of weakness, of acceptance of the god, Security.

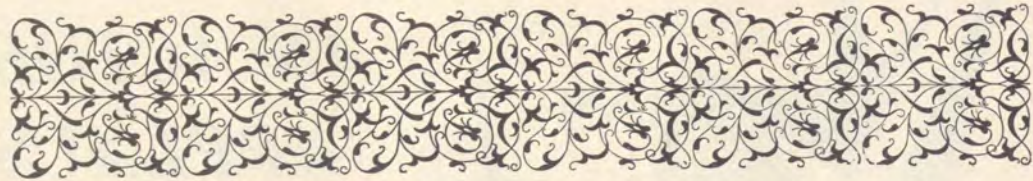
Youth is Wasted on the Young?

If this attitude was characteristic of us all, it still might be worthwhile to apply the pitchfork to the seat of our apathy. However, there exists another silence, a silence of strength. Even on this campus the quiet sound of independent thought might be sensed, almost, but not quite, lost in the noise of the world's rantings about "Progress," "Technology," and "Science." A few yet can be found that retain the flame of youth, the willingness "to try," even to make a mistake, to live, to struggle with Life, even to savor Life's difficulties. These of our generation dare to love Life in the face of the fact that Life may be taken from them in the white flash of nuclear destruction. Such are unwilling to pay the cost of the "Modern Creed." Somehow they still believe in the values of things that must be abandoned in the all-out search for security — literature, works of art, often born of frustration and insecurity, and the old-fashioned God that commanded His disciples, "But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Here We Stand"

Within our generation we find two opposing elements that are irreconcilable, the influence of the "Modern Creed," and what might be called "The Great Heresy" of our time, ideas difficult to hold in the world today. This heresy stems from the boldness and courage that have always been Youth's prerogative, and today, perhaps, Youth's duty. This world needs a few more worthy rebels, a few more heretics, men like Socrates, Kierkegaard, Luther.

The time will come for us to shake off our silence and to speak. Much of the future history of civilization will depend to which side we adhere — the "Modern Creed" or the "Great Heresy." What is needed are a few more heretics.



POETRY CORNER

Poetry from all students is more than welcome at any time at the LIGHTER office. Deadline for Summer issue is May First.

By Bruce Rademacher

Alone

I pace and brood and think of her
My far away cause of desire
The mail is in! With hope I search.
A note, a promise, that I require,
But no letter comes.

Each day my tortured soul despairs.
Thoughts, imaginings, they plague me.
Sad, fearful nights of silent tears,
My hope for the morrow waning,
And no letter comes.

Insensitize myself with drink,
Glossing over hard reality.
Perhaps hope is useless, it seems,
Destined to know but loneliness,
For no letter comes.

To Death Returneth

What do I know of love?
Me! Lonely, sad, sorrowful self.
Tempted beyond my reason by an angel.
Can I call this insanity love?
Yet this something insane was not returned.
A one-way madness ending in hurt, —
An angel's toy. Am I to blame?
There's nothing real to judge by!
Times to come I'll be more hard.
This love, this something will fester inside.
Pride-hurt love soon turns to bitterness, —
The shame of refusal leaves an open wound.

Psychic Swamp Scene

Forest shrouded in a death-gray mist;
Trees cowering under a covering cloud.
Visible shapes vanish, then appear
As dismal phantoms from another world.
Silence is a cloak worn by trees,
Hauntingly broken by a rasping raven.
The mute river crawls slowly by,
So dark and deep with things unknown.
Black earth buried 'neath pliant leaves,
Filling the air with a smell of decay.
Monotonous day like the day before,
With no break in the cloud of eternity.

Coming Soon

Leaves swirling gently to the ground,
Whirling, twirling around and around.
Nude branches open to the sky,
Raising bare arms as if to cry.
Soon all the leaves will be down.
The wind will be making a mournful sound.
Now the wind is only a sigh.
A sign of winter drawing nigh.

By Rosina Hay

I Looked Upon A Dark Dead Tree

I looked upon a dark dead tree
With knobby arms and wrinkled skin.
From my blind view these death shrouds hid
The life, that tiny spark within
Which, slumbering like an unborn child,
Protected from cruel winter's blast,
Grew stronger, till at spring's kind song
Burst the confining walls at last
And with a thousand tiny leaves
Of emerald green, the boughs adorned
That I, stunned I, in marvel stood
And wondered wherefore I had mourned.

My Freedom Ceased When I Began To Be

My freedom ceased when I began to be;
With greedy hands they seized and moulded me.
They gagged me, bound me, masked me,
shaped my mind,
Made me to follow, unresisting, blind,
The manners, customs, rules, which I was taught
By those who were, before me, broken,
caught.
My will subdued ere it had chance to know.
And all around me others are the same —
Submissive pawns of this dire social game.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls?"

Little buzzer on the wall
Who is fairest of them all?
If it is me then why the hell,
Don't you ring your little bell?

Little buzzer on the wall
You always buzz those down the hall.
Don't you know to make me happy
You must ring and make it snappy?

I love you buzzer, yes I do.
You buzzed and made my dreams come true.
Is he handsome? Is he tall?
Will he ask me to the ball?

Little buzzer on the wall
You are the meanest of them all.
You made me think it was my lover
And 'twas just a package from my mother.

RCS

AN ACTOR WHEN THE APPLAUSE SUBSIDES...

by
A.
E.
A.

An actor when the applause subsides and a stillness invades an already empty place . . . When the play is ended and the time for putting the pieces into some semblance of order is appropriate . . .

If the pieces are scattered far enough can they be put back together? Still an element . . . a strange lingering thing hovers in the air like the sweetness of some long passed away memory . . . dear enough to be called upon at will . . .

And there is the other . . . that waking sadness which won't allow its name to be spoken or thrust meaninglessly upon a careless tongue . . . and time . . . time entwines and tangles threads too fine . . . yet tautly stretched and strengthened . . . and in forgetfulness . . . no, yet in the back of the mind . . . in some deep entrenched inner place something beats and throbs . . . and the disturbance lurks and the rhythm ceases not to inflame.

Is it easy . . . so sensitive to light . . . easy enough for you now? How is your rest? Troubled . . . quiet . . . uninterrupted by a sometimes fleeting, unguarded remembrance of things passed into obscurity or indifference. And your mind . . . bothered, restless, inquisitive about reaction . . . infrequent tolerance of the fact that it existed with us . . . more in us than with us. Does it end with a whimper or with a brilliant flash of finality and conclusion? Is the wholeness of the thing realized, sensed, and concluded?

Is this pitted scar visible to those who have experienced . . . or is this etching only a self-inflicted scourge for sympathy? Do we invoke from a pitying god a peace of a kind? Does our assumed suffering merit us a kind of pleasant peace? Or is this restful quiet complacency?

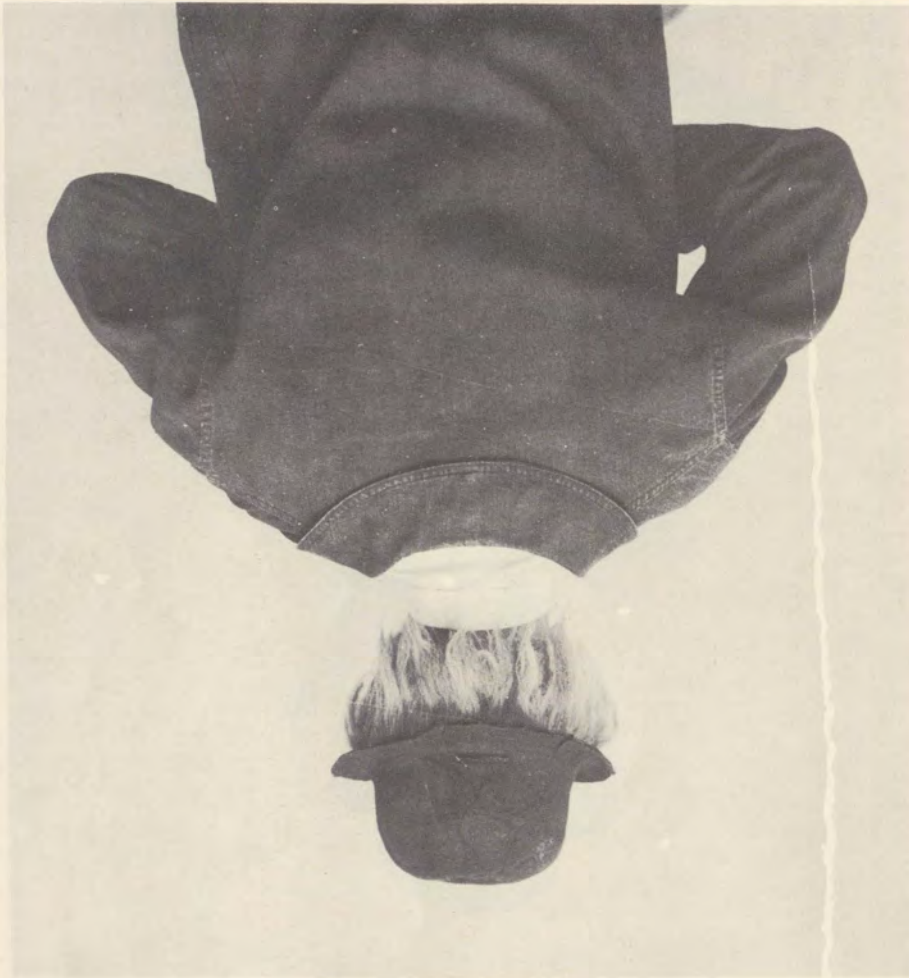
Where was the joy of it? Did it, too, lurk in the scars waiting to be remembered and turn its jaws loose on our memories? Nothing to salvage in scars . . . it was never possible to wreck what was ill-fated in its conception.

And space . . . the thousand miles of summer . . . the thousand words thought and not spoken . . . the unuttered words of space dying out in vacant places . . . places of fear and discovery . . . silent places where unmarked passages never converge into wholeness. Or silent because the life in them dwells in hidden crevices masked by sham and the hypocrisy of what we claim to be. No response . . . just acceptance and recognition of what exists . . . no excuses . . . just facts . . . no matter how they crumble and shatter upon pictures painted under an earlier deceit.

Naked truth and the desire to live with oneself in wholeness . . . not sectioned and selected and rearranged by the parts we play . . . by a will insensitive to danger.

Discovery and loss . . . pitiful portions upon which guilt can be thrust creditably . . . when was it over . . . has it ever started? Seeming to exist only in an attempt to find our presumed selves . . . and never finding.

We never quite ascended . . . our broken wings too heavy with doubt, suspicion, and weighted with cares nonessential. An incessant thing it is which never conquers anything and tramples its own desire in a wake of self pity and deception. This denial of the freedom to desire the unattainable . . . the right to be wrong . . . for what? This never really happened . . . it never really mattered . . . except to me. And with its dying a part of me, too, dies and dies and dies.



that they smell something, sweet," stock yards," says Norman, "is the only bad thing about the collected together in one place, cause there are so many animals. St. Louis is the stock yards center. Norman's favorite spot in trade for the needs of the coming the city once a year to pasture and here, he and his father went into before Norman came to school Missouri, a town near St. Louis, is a farm boy from Shucksville."

Norman (Susan's first cousin) slighter Slovenly. Vincent Wormley as the Spring girls, we are featuring Norman also. Thus, especially for the time ought to be coeducational national, we feel that our magazine. Since our campus is coed, too readily to the men on campus, our magazine has been directed. We feel that the pictorial part of make an innovation in this issue.

THE LIGHTER has decided to

STOLENLY SCIENTER

SENIORi

JUNIORi

SOBNOBOEi

FRESHMANi

FRESHMAN!

SOPHOMORE!

JUNIOR!

SENIOR!

SLIGHTER SLOVENLY



The LIGHTER has decided to make an innovation in this issue. We feel that the pictorial part of our magazine has been directed too heavily to the men on campus. Since our campus is coeducational, we feel that our magazine ought to be coeducational also. Thus, especially for the girls, we are featuring Norman Vincent Wormley as the Spring Slighter Slovenly.

Norman (Susan's first cousin) is a farm boy from Shucksville, Missouri, a town near St. Louis. Before Norman came to school here, he and his father went into the city once a year to barter and trade for the needs of the coming year. Norman's favorite spot in St. Louis is the stock yards because there are so many animals collected together in one place, "Th' only bad thing about the stock yards," says Norman, "is thet they smell somethin' awful."



I could be such a "dear" —
But nobody'll let me.

This is Norman's second year at Valpo as a farming major. Norman is eagerly anticipating the arrival of a Phi Beta Kappa chapter on Valpo's campus as he aspires to membership in that group. "I want ta go back home after I finish m' book learnin' an' show m' pappy how ta make a whole pile a money," Norman informed us enthusiastically. He is hoping that within the next ten years or so his family will be able to enjoy all of the modern conveniences that he finds here at Valpo.

Girls, Norman wants us to be sure to mention that he is available for dates and that he hopes you like his poses. He will not be at all offended if you use him as a pin-up. If you get in touch with him, he will be only too happy to send you a wallet-size photo of himself in one of his "DeLighter DeLush" poses.



Rome wasn't built in a day —
and neither was I.



So I ask you — What's she got that I haven't got anyway?

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AND PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ED SCHMIDT

WHAT'S LUTHERAN IN EDUCATION?

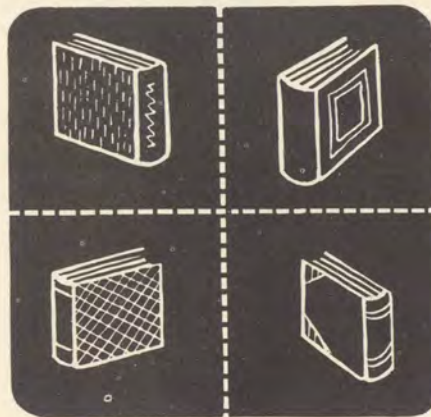
A REVIEW

By Allen Hart Jahsmann,
Concordia Publishing House, \$2.00

This very enlightening investigation of the Lutheran philosophy of education should be read especially by three large groups: all Lutherans, all educators and those interested in education in general, and all Valparaiso University students. Immediately one notices an abrupt raising of eyebrows. This book, all 170 pages of it is of great significance to Valpo students, especially since the Religion Department changed the religion program. Much criticism of the change has resulted, as well as a great amount of praise, but, in addition to the more specific discussions, questions have been raised regarding the critical analysis of Lutheran education in general. The theoretic objective of Valparaiso University is to provide a Lutheran education. Perhaps an evaluation of Valparaiso's educational theories and practices is in order in the light of this Lutheran philosophy as Mr. Jahsmann presents it. By the way, Mr. Jahsmann is a member of the Missouri Synod Lutheran Board for Parish Education. The Lutheran view of education has two main distinguishing features. It accepts the Bible as the primary source and basis of faith and the Lutheran thinks in harmony with Biblical theology. Secondly, Christ is the focus of the scriptures and justification by faith in Him is the central doctrine. The central core of this Lutheran philosophy, as Mr. Jahsmann so aptly states it, is that "Learning is conceived of as a development of the total Christian personality." When taken and adopted with its full implications, this statement expresses the basic ideal of Valparaiso University in education.

Mr. Jahsmann stated that the chief objective of parish education is to make the Gospel of Jesus Christ effective in the whole man — to develop a Christian philosophy of life and an integrated Christian personality. This statement sounds as if it could apply to the religion courses at Valparaiso.

In order to meet God's standards, Lutheran education strives to attain certain goals. Lutheran education should be Christ-centered, grounded in the fundamentals of Christian doctrine, directed Godward, functional and related to life, continuous and diligently pursued, efficient, and comprehensive.



In his second chapter on "Responsibilities and Rights in Education," Mr. Jahsmann lists five reasons why a general education such as that available at Valpo is important in the total development of the Christian man.

1. In order to come to faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to grow in it, every individual must be able to read or at least understand a language.
2. The more extensive a person's general education, the more intelligently he can understand the Bible, the messages of the church, and the church's worship and work.
3. In the training of pastors and teachers of the church, some of whom are needed later as professors, writers, and other leaders of the church, a very extensive general education is required.
4. Man is also to 'subdue the earth,' to

make it serve his purposes, which involves every conceivable activity of man in dealing with the physical universe.

5. Then, there is the physical, mental, and moral condition of men, once perfect, but now highly imperfect, and afflicted with no end of disease, ignorance, and error. This calls for doctors, lawyers, scientists, philosophers, statesmen, etc., who will help to solve the problems of mankind."

Was someone wondering why he came to Valpo? Even those who are not Lutheran can find a solid Christian basis for their life in modern society.

The relationships of the individual are important in his education. The relationships developed at Valpo in daily Chapel and vesper services, not discounting all of the organizational relationships, are very valuable to the complete Christian growth of the individual. Current psychological theories as well as directives from God's Word advocate the methods of vital group activity. Mr. Jahsmann then calls for improvement, saying that these methods deserve to be used in Lutheran education much more than they are used at the present time.

This Lutheran philosophy of education points out quite clearly Valparaiso's *raison d'etre*. Mr. Jahsmann has very admirably covered every facet of education from the Lutheran point of view, including an extremely insightful analysis of the Lutheran position in the conflict between church and state regarding the financing of education. Mr. Jahsmann's exposition is clear and precise, and each page is significant to his total pattern of presentation. He has quoted Professors Strietelmeier and Bretschler, as well as President Kretzmann in the book, which action should go to prove that Valparaiso University plays a significant part in the formation and practice of the Lutheran philosophy of education.

Janice Brass

My Life in Art...

First I guess I better explain about the title because, golly, when you look at it, you would think that I was an artist that paints, and I'm really not at all. (I do like to crayon though.) Well, anyway, when I was in the library looking at the books, I saw this one called *My life in Art*. I don't know what it's about because the name of the writer looked real foreign, and I knew I wouldn't understand it; besides, it was awfully big. But when they asked me to write for this magazine they said that they wanted me to write a kind of biography of myself so that people would really get to know what I was like, especially the mean people that always attack me. So I thought that this would be a good title for a true-life story, and that's why I'm using it.

I am an only child with a mother, a father and a hamster. My hamster's name is Joseph. I think there is something the matter with my hamster: it barks and has long droopy ears, a long tail that wags and is two feet high and three feet long. But my father says that all hamsters are like this and not to worry about it. My father is the smartest man I know. My father counts cars. He goes out every morning and climbs up to an overpass over the highway and counts all the cars that go underneath. He always tries to count more cars than he did the day before. Father comes home at night very sad if he doesn't count more cars than he did the day before. He is very fair and counts little teeny cars as just one-half and he counts station wagons as two. He loves his work real much and says he is a symbol of democracy and the self-made man. He is running for president this year and I am so glad because he is a man of the people, not like those other men who are running for president who use big words all the time and never even lived on a farm or anything. My mother sells needles door to door for a living. Sometimes I go along but not since I got bit by a mean dog and had to get shots from a doctor when my leg turned green.

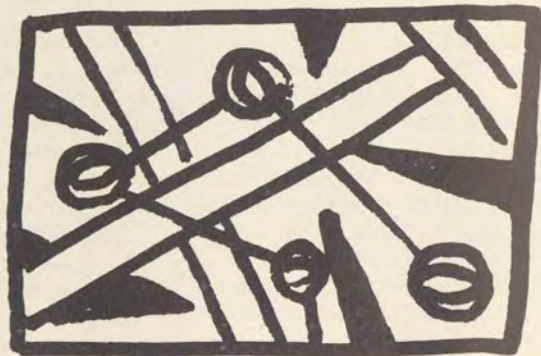
I wasn't very happy in school. Everyone made fun of my name and called me 'Worms' or 'Wormey' which was pretty mean and all when you come to think about it. Besides my father says that there will always be Wormleys and that our name will never die so I guess that shows those kids something.



*me, in a swing with
a little bird in the
tree.*

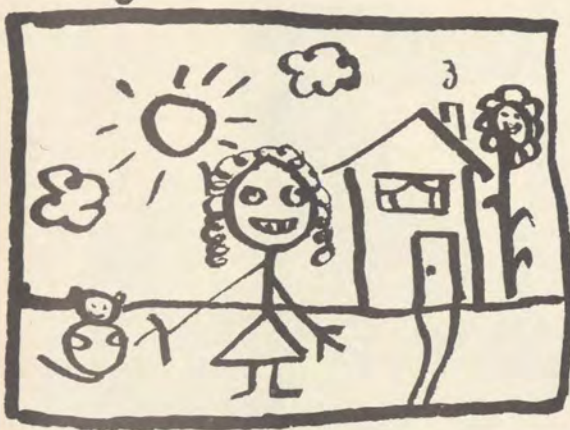
The kids tried to make me do bad things like the time they tried to make me smoke a cigarette and I recited "tobacco is a filthy weed and from the devil doth proceed" fifty-three times and they finally gave up. After that they called me 'chicken worm'. But I was very loving and even in high school when they made fun of my clothes and all I realized that I was far above them and I kept ignoring them, except I cried a lot after school.

I remember one real bad thing I did, and I am going to tell it because they told me to write about the real me and you can't leave out bad things if you do that. I just hope it doesn't shock anyone or anything cause I sure don't want to get the magazine in trouble. Well, my mother always told me that I would be struck dead from Heaven if I ever said a bad word and so I naturally never did. But one time I got to wondering what it would be like to say one and so I was on the swing in the park and I breathed real deep and crossed my fingers and said H. E. DOUBLE TOOTHPICKS outloud and I fell off the swing and broke my leg and that really taught me a lesson and I've never said a bad word since. Except just now when I'm writing this article and that doesn't count since I am saying it for an example and don't really mean it or anything.



*I expressed myself
once — ✖ ✖
I don't understand
it at ✖ all.*

by Susan Wormley



Our house and me and the sun is shining.

Since I'm kind of poetic and all when I write and you've probably been wondering why I'm so deep and all I guess I should talk about how I have been influenced by poets which I have liked. I sort of picked up this liking for poetry by myself since my father can't read; he was slow in school and the teacher made fun of him and called him 'stupid Wilfred' (that is my father's name) and this broke his spirit he says, and my mother hates books because they're evil she says. Well, I sent away for a book of poems and wrapped the book in plain brown paper and read it in the attic. The book of poems was written by Edgar Guest and I suppose you could say that he has been my biggest influence in my life. Next comes Mary Margaret McBride. Well, my mother discovered me reading Edgar Guest's poems one day and she read them and said they were very earthy but if I wanted to fill my mind with trash and become a scarlet woman she wouldn't stop me. I was hurt to the quick and it was then that I realized that you have to suffer for and even have to go against your mother for art. I am not sorry because . . . Edgar Guest has opened up a whole new world for me — "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home" — Has it ever been said better? No. He made me look deep into life and see what it really means and so I understand what life is all about and all. And I think that because I had to suffer for him he means all the more to me. I wrote him a poem once and I will write it here even though it's pretty personal.



my teacher in the 3rd grade — she is dead now.

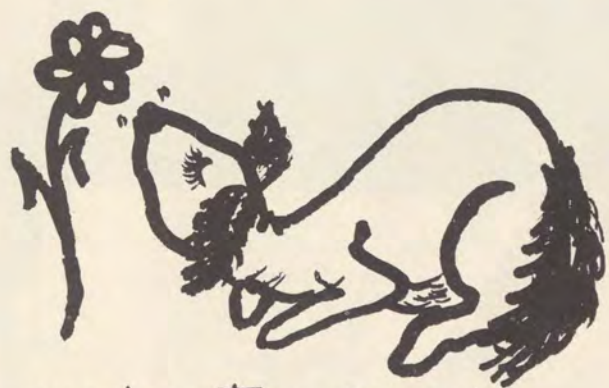
To you o' Edgar Guest
 I owe all o' my happiness.
 O' you are the th' best
 O' you are the th' best
 O' you are the th' best
 O' Edgar Guest.

I became horribly depressed when Edgar Guest passed away and then I learned what it is like to suffer in your soul. Part of me died with him and I know that I am not the happy cheerful Susan I used to be. Sometimes I feel that I can't go on, everything I have is gone and I am always looking for my Edgar

To the Editor of the *Lighter*:
 Dear Sir,

I came across this unfinished article in Susan's room and thought I ought to explain about it's unfinishedness. Last weekend on a visit home, Susan passed away after drinking five bottles of iodine and then pasting her mouth shut with rubber cement to prevent her stomach being pumped. She had evidently become overstimulated when riding a half-wild yak through town in an attempt to raise money for a memorial to Edgar Guest. I regret she was unable to finish the article.

Sincerely,
 Mrs. Wilfred Wormley



my hamster, Joseph, smelling a beautiful flower.

WVUR

By Carol Blomstrand

Something new is in the air!

Yes, our campus is attracting attention in another new field.

Now in experimental operation at various points on campus are the first attempts at radio broadcasting via a carrier-current transmitter. The up-and-coming station, now called WVUR, struggled into existence just this year under the promotion and guidance of Jack Lawson, a second-year law student at Valpo.

As the chairman of the newly-formed Communications Board, Lawson received the "go" sign from the university last September and proceeded to build a radio station.

First, Lawson, with the assistance of Dr. Albert Wehling, secured through the university, the use of room 34, on the third floor of Benton Hall (old engineering building). Here, he and his committee set up plans for future establishment of radio broadcasting equipment.

On October 8, Mr. Richard Hoadley of WCCR at Purdue University agreed to assist Lawson in the building of the agreed-upon Heath Kit type transmitter. Hoadley, incidentally, is the leading authority on carrier-current communication in the Midwest. Shortly after, Lawson went to Purdue to observe the operation of WCCR and gained insight into the efficiency of such a station.



Early this year, Bill Polnow, Bob Svoboda and Dick Bresen worked out technical problems connected with WUVR in their Wehrenberg Hall "lab."

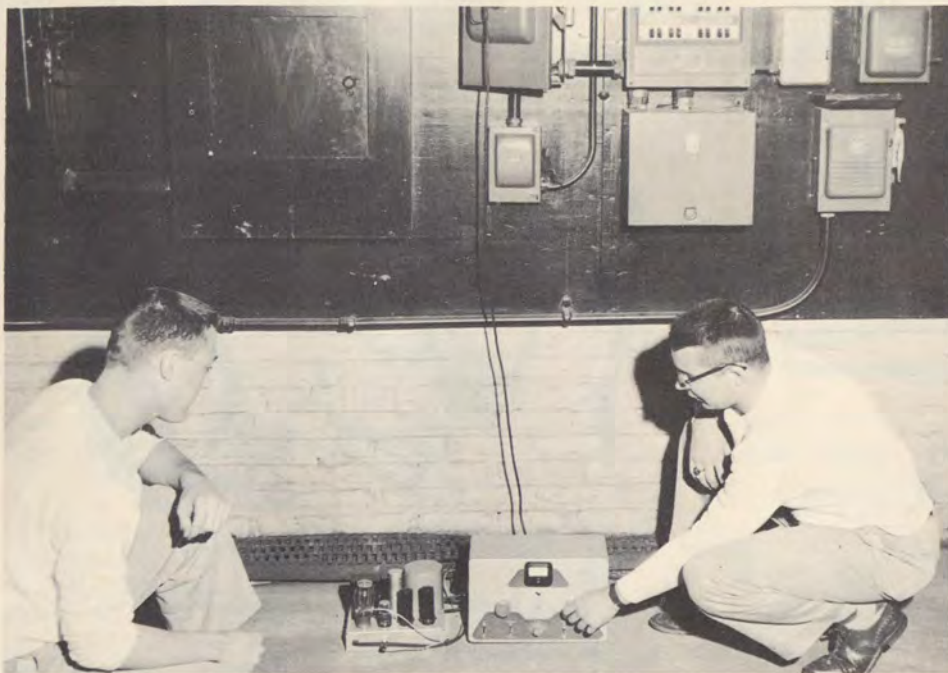
ON THE AIR!

Most important, the staff of technicians, working on a volunteer basis, are students of the university, some of whom are already working with radio techniques in the campus Ham Club. Spearheading this work are William Pollnow and Robert Svoboda. Through the technical advances of these people the official on-the-air date is drawing closer. The console is not yet a reality but the building of it will be completed in the near future.

As a preliminary result of their work, the technicians succeeded in broadcasting the basketball game between Wheaton and Valparaiso on Wednesday, February 24, via phone lines to several dorms and spots on campus. Phone lines are being installed to form what is called a "radio loop" by which to transmit programs. By April 1, all dormitories should be included in the "loop." It is hoped that by next fall, fraternity, sorority and other off-campus housing units will be provided with continuous programming also.

Wehrenberg Hall houses a test transmitter set up to operate at approximately six hundred kilocycles. This facility has proved fairly successful in this proceeding.

In the final culmination of the schedule of programs to be presented on radio to the students, emphasis will be given to programs of their special interest. News of the campus and national events, disc-jockey portions, forums, and various areas of interest will be included in the schedule. Anyone with a program idea of his own is encouraged to contact Jack Lawson at HO 2-6969.



Old Jokes Never Die

... they Just Fade Into the Lighter

In the post war period college humor magazines, critics insist, have become nothing more nor less than "joke books," pale re-circulations of old, old jokes with little effort at originality. Whether this be true or not, THE LIGHTER has surveyed the most frequently re-appearing jokes in the present period from the few humor magazines which continue to trod their tenuous existence. The "top ten," for about the last ten years seem to be the following. They're probably the same ones your Grandfather laughed at — and if the present trend continues, so will your grandchildren. Read 'em and wince!

He: May I kiss you?

She: No, I have scruples.

He: That's OK, I'm vaccinated.

Coach: Say, what's our star halfback look so down in the mouth for?

Quarterback: His old man keeps writing him for money.

He: That's a pretty dress you have on.

She: I wear it to teas.

He: Whom?

She: I'm perfect.

He: I'm practice.

Professor: Do you like Kipling?

Stude: I don't know. How do you kipple?

Optometrist: Have your eyes been checked lately?

Student: No, they've always been brown.

"Pardon me, but do you know the way to the post office?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"Well, it's two blocks up and then one to the left."

"Somebody ate my porridge," bellowed Papa Bear.

"Somebody ate my porridge," cried Baby Bear.

"Oh, shut up both of you," snapped Mama Bear. "I haven't even served it yet!"

She: "I'm a good girl.

He: Who asked you?

She: No one.

He: Then no wonder.

"Does your tongue burn after you drink a lot?"

"Don't know. Never been drunk enough to light it."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

That is its worst side. It is also a point of view toward human values. It reflects a deeply rooted understanding, usually naive, of man, society, and the world. One might pose the question to Professor Caemmerer that Martin Heineken asks in his *Truths We Live By*, "Should Christians be Idealists?" What should be the Christian's position amid the social-political conflicts that surround him? Professor Caemmerer asserts that "When we study the world, are we not concerned about the forces in economics and society and politics which draw and pull men back and forth into groupings. We are concerned about the hearts of people." But our concern for the hearts of people cannot be an alternative to concerning ourselves with the "forces in economics and society and politics." Our living in the latter should be given new meaning and perspective by the former. To treat them as alternatives is to invite the self-deception that has burdened Christians of our tradition in the past.

It seems to me that the Christian faith gives one a true perspective toward life. In Christ, the ultimate questions of life are met and answered for the individual reuniting him with God. He can afford to confront the relative questions of human life with the conviction that his ultimate destiny is beyond them. The analogy of the surgeon and his patient well expresses this true perspective.

The Burden of Our Tradition

T. A. Kantonen, in his *Resurgence of the Gospel*, says, "It is the business of the secular power directly to attack natural evils, such as poverty, unemployment, and other unwholesome and unjust social conditions. And it is the business of the Church to sensitize the consciences of men to the existence of these conditions, to give a vision of the goals to be sought, and to create the will to seek them." And Joseph Sittler writes, "Accurate descriptions of contemporary life which point out its perils and corruptions, its thrust toward the 'thingification' of man, are to be regarded as challenges to the scope and creativity of ethical life, and not as excuses for failure or devout rationalizations for lack of positive effort."

The Lutheran American has two distinctive traditions in his past. One emphasizes the existential facts of life in the divinely appointed orders of creation. The other emphasizes the changing character of the social-political-economic facts of life. Accepted without thought, these traditions are not complementary. Responsible adaptation of them to each other is necessary if we are to "see life steady and to see it whole." It would seem to be a very important part of a college education for a Lutheran Christian.

THE AGE OF ROMANTICS

(Concluded)

lull in the conversation, he took a deep breath and said, "Helen, I hope you can forgive me for the way I acted on the terrace tonight. With the starlight and music and all, I . . . uh guess I got carried away."

"I know Sam," she answered, "I shouldn't have acted the way I did either. You have to understand that I must take care to behave in a manner that becomes a member of my profession at all times."

"Good old Dean Henshaw," thought Sam, "the old buzzard."

"You've been very sweet," she continued, "and I hope that we can see more of each other."

"Yeah, especially in class, eh?" laughed Sam.

"And maybe out of class too?"

"Well, I do have my English troubles. Maybe we could get together for some extra help?" he ventured.

"Sure, I'd be glad to help you," she smiled.

They talked for a little while longer, and then Sam rose to leave. She got his coat, and they went to the door together. Before opening the door, he turned around and looked at her standing in front of him. She looked beautiful even without the benefit of starlight and music.

"Thanks for going with me, Helen," he said, "I had a real good time."

Suddenly she stood up on her toes and kissed him gently on the lips. "Thank you, Sam," she whispered.

As the door closed behind him, he walked down the hall and out to his car. He gunned the motor and rolled down the street. Lighting a cigarette, he turned on some soft music on the radio.

"Hmmm, I wonder how many credits I need to declare a major in English?" he thought with a smile.

The End

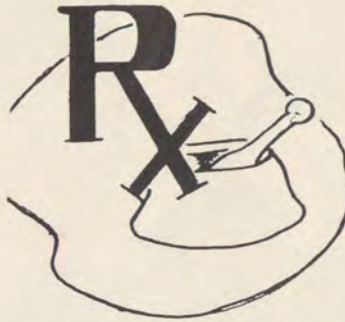
Did you hear about the fellow who spent all his time throwing rocks at arctic birds? He didn't leave a tern unstoned.

"Sure I'm a good shot, watch me get that Albatross!"

"They laughed when I stood up to sing at the Royalee — how did I know I was under the table?"

"Hooray," cried the rabbit running out of the forest fire, "I've been de-furred!"

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WHY LITURGY?

(Concluded)

According to the "Reformation" meaning of the word "reform," it was the purpose of our Lutheran fathers to return the form of the Church, its doctrines and its practices, to its purity; the doctrines, to the teachings of Scripture, and the practices, which Scripture neither commanded nor forbade, to that stage of development where they were in accord with the teachings of Scripture. Thus, the authority of Scripture in liturgical matters is an authority of norm rather than one of source; hence liturgy is Scriptural not if all of its content can be demonstrated to have Scriptural origins, but if its contents, from whatever source, do not conflict with Scripture. Therefore, the forms of public worship are intended to represent not merely the piety of the worshipping congregation, but its continuity with the people of God in preceding generations.

As the beginning of this article states, it is not the author's intention to present the various individual aspects of the Church's liturgy nor what he feels should be added to or deleted from it. Let it suffice to say that the Church must have a liturgy. Recognizing that the New Testament Church is a living organism, existing from the Day of Pentecost until the Day of Judgment, that it is catholic as well as evangelical, this expression of our worship cannot typify the narrow feelings of a specific age, but it must place each decade of its existence within the Church's historical context. It is for the Christian of every age to study and re-evaluate his liturgy, realizing that he is walking with his fellow-believers through the entire heritage of his church, along the same paths the saints, martyrs, and reformers of the past 1900 years have trod, all following in the footsteps of their Blessed Lord. When the believer unites with his brethren on Sunday morning as they prepare to receive their Lord in Word and Sacrament, time will stand still, for it is "With angels and archangels and all the company of heaven that he lauds and magnifies his Lord's glorious name, evermore praising Him and saying Holy Lord God of Sabaoth!"

"Hell, yes," said the devil, picking up the phone.

"I understand you have a poor opinion of Sam."

"I wouldn't say that, but I'll bet his parents wish birth control were retroactive."

"I don't like your boyfriend at all!"

"Why?"

"He whistles dirty songs."

CRUSADER CARICATURES



LETTER FROM RESIDUE, NEBR.



By Gigi

Dear Editor:

I've been thinking an awful lot about your problems at Valpo lately and have come to the conclusion that those of us who have stayed down on the farm and close to the soil have a certain perspective in seeing through those problems that you right there on the spot are likely to miss. Dorcas tells me that I'd be neglecting my Christian duty if I were not to write my criticisms to you from time to time. I guess I have fallen a little slack in my patronage these past years since I last sent you that check in 1948 to buy a set of Edgar Guest's poems for the library. But I've had my debts, too. Now that all that new acreage we're holding fallow under government subsidy is paid for, we still have *both* Dorcas' car and my car to finish up and our trip to Disneyland to save for. What with all our bills and contributions to Billy Graham promised, it seems that we hardly have anything left over to splurge on the kids at Valpo. It'll do 'em good anyway to be crowded a bit and rough it a while. Makes 'em appreciate what they're getting, I think, and builds their character. And as you know — you are in our prayers.

I read in my CONFSSIONAL LUTHERAN about that Masonic fraternity on your campus again. I'll just bet that a lot of your problems stem from that lodge's ritual and the devil-worship they must be practicing. (I could tell you some pretty droll stories about how we used to roll out-houses and hoist the brewer's carriage on to the Methodist preacher's roof when we were kids, but I'll save that for another letter.) I'd help you more with this problem, but I've got to get this letter finished so I can get over to the American Legion hall to coach our team for the big basketball game we have this weekend with the Knights of Columbus. I'd just like to warn you that most of us in the International Lutheran Implement Dealers aren't likely to send you another cent if you don't clean up those pagan Greeks!

Of course, it is just possible that those gangs with those foreign letters in their names aren't the whole problem. Seems to me that your new-fangled religion courses haven't scared the Old Nick out of some of the kids yet. Maybe you ought to go back to more memory passages and hymn-singing. I bet a lot of that trouble could have been avoided if you had stuck to teaching in German. I know it kept

me so busy learning my lessons in both German and English that I had little time for shenanigans like that. I've often thought that there's something more worshipful in *Gott* than *God*, haven't you? Maybe some of the kids mightn't understand the language — but kids want to know too much these days anyway.

Down at Zion last Sunday after services some fellows who play on the dart-ball league with me mentioned how glad they were to see the progress you are making in encouraging the campus to "grow up." At our last play-off with St. Paul's we observed that kids want to play too much these days anyway. Teach 'em to do the constructive things. Our last district dart-ball league tournament (St. Paul walloped the tar out of Our Redeemer, 16 to 2!) netted \$33.18 *more* than the fish-eater's Street Carnival at Our Lady of Sorrows! Seems to me the ecumenical movement would eliminate a lotta healthy competition.

Somebody mentioned on our last Valpo Sunday that you'd been running in the red for the last couple years. Well, I don't want to pretend to be always telling you what to do all the time, but I think you should have coached your one Miss America candidate not to laud Pope John so much. Reverend Zeitgeist and the folks down at Zion aren't as broad-minded as I am about that sort of thing. When I heard she was a Catholic, what she had said made perfect sense. What does bother me, however, is why you let a Catholic mix with our kids anyway. Now I'd be the last to shout "Romanism!," but I want to warn you that good Lutheran People — Missouri Synod — aren't going to contribute if they think any part of their donation is going to be used to bring the Pope to this country or elect Kennedy. Nosiree!

Well, I guess I've covered all the news that we get about Valpo out here in Residue. I did hear that some of your students are going into the Ministerial training program after they leave Valpo. Keep up that good work and maybe some of us can persuade synod to take you in as a prep school for the sem. Anyway, it is good to hear at least something good about Valpo. I've always said that as soon as you get your house in order, you'll have no trouble raising money. Meanwhile, somehow the Lord will provide.

Regards,
Gigi