

Spring 1964

Spring 1964

Valparaiso University

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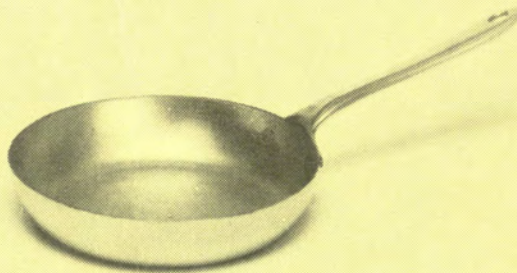
LIGHTER



VOL. VI, NO. 3

SPRING, 1964

**Us . . .
worried
?**



Some of us young people are . . . plenty! Adults may not believe it, but we worry about grades, money, dates — many things bug us. Many of us are unsure about our careers. For some it's easier. They're under less strain because their folks set up life insurance programs early to provide their education. No wonder they have a high regard for the bene-

fits of life insurance. Well-planned insurance programs help take the worry out of future financial uncertainties. All this has convinced me to get the scoop on AAL. As a Lutheran, I'm eligible for the **Special Difference** — LOWER NET COST. And, while my health is good, and premiums are lower, I'll save future dollars. So . . . who needs to worry?

AID ASSOCIATION FOR LUTHERANS • APPLETON, WISCONSIN



THE LIGHTER

*the literary-feature magazine
of Valparaiso University*

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS



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RON SCHEER, senior English major from Grand Island, Nebraska, is the winner of the **Lighter's** short story contest. His story, drawn in part from his own experiences on the plains of the Platte, describe the return of a small-town boy who has made . . . (One can fill in the blank here in anyway he desires.)



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JEANNE CLASQUIN is a junior English major and Alpha Xi from Dedham, Massachusetts. Though this is only her first short story, it was good enough to win second place in the **Lighter** short story contest. The remembrances of many childhood visits to Cape Cod form the backdrop for her narrative.



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HAROLD SCHEUB, VU English Instructor, contributes the third article in his series on Africa. This last essay in his trilogy deals with three nations still boiling under the lid of colonial rule: Angola, Mozambique, and Southern Rhodesia.

TED STEEGE, senior English major from Glendale, New York, managed to pull himself away from the Meek's Wail and his twice-a-week deadline as **Torch** editor to contribute to the **Blighter**. However, we could only persuade him to write another of his famous editorials.

MARCIA YODER, sophomore English major from Old Westbury, New York, is our featured poet for the spring issue. Besides writing poetry — she also contributed to the winter **Lighter** — she spends her spare time participating in softball, swimming, and field hockey.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT

How does the editor of a harmless literary magazine like *The Lighter* write the year's last editorial?

The first requirement is to look back over the past year of editorship: apologize for mistakes, offer a futile wish that the year were longer so that there would be time to use what is just now becoming editorial ability, and look forward to the wonderful job (he, he) that next year's editor is sure to do.

Then too, a final editorial must reminisce about the four years that have suddenly come to seem four hours. Freshman pots, sophomore crises, junior romance, and senior indecision have to be mentioned. And there should be a few ponderous phrases about the development of the University in the past four years — its great strides toward truth, and the highlight of these particular strides. The conclusion of this part of the editorial must be that these were the crucial four years in the course of the school's movement to the light.

No final offering is complete without a glance into the sadder but wiser writer's crystal ball. The glance must reveal great changes to come (a tall, dark stranger perhaps), but a maintenance of the school's unique spirit. When this prophecy is from Valparaiso University's point of view, it must be affirmed that the unique spirit is

Christ-centered and that truly God will be able to survive even though the writer is leaving His home.

You may be asking how this editor of a harmless literary magazine like *The Lighter* knows all this. And you may be wondering why she doesn't just come right out and say these things instead of being cute about them. For once in her life, she has a serious answer.

The reason that we are sure that a final editorial should include all of the above is that these are the thoughts that really do pass through the mind of anyone who might have a chance to express the thoughts that go through a May senior's mind. In one way or another, we are all spending a last few weeks saying goodbye to these things that have become important to us. And whatever particular things are the important ones, we have the same thoughts about them: that we are just now coming to understand and appreciate them, that our contact with them is the most important part of their existence, and that although they will change for us, they will still be here.

The answer to the second question is a little more difficult. It is not that we do not have the proper editorial thoughts, although we do admit to a penchant for the cute. It is just that since we do have a chance to take one last stand, we would like to stress some-

thing else.

Put quite simply it is this (and this is the real point of everything we have said): If college has taught us anything, it is that human experience is common to all. All editors say the same things because all editors feel the same things, at least sentimentally.

We happen to think that this should be the point of an education, even a Christian education. Whatever else those teachers who try to "make us think" have in mind, they are trying to show us that our own lives really are related to the history, literature, and theology they describe.

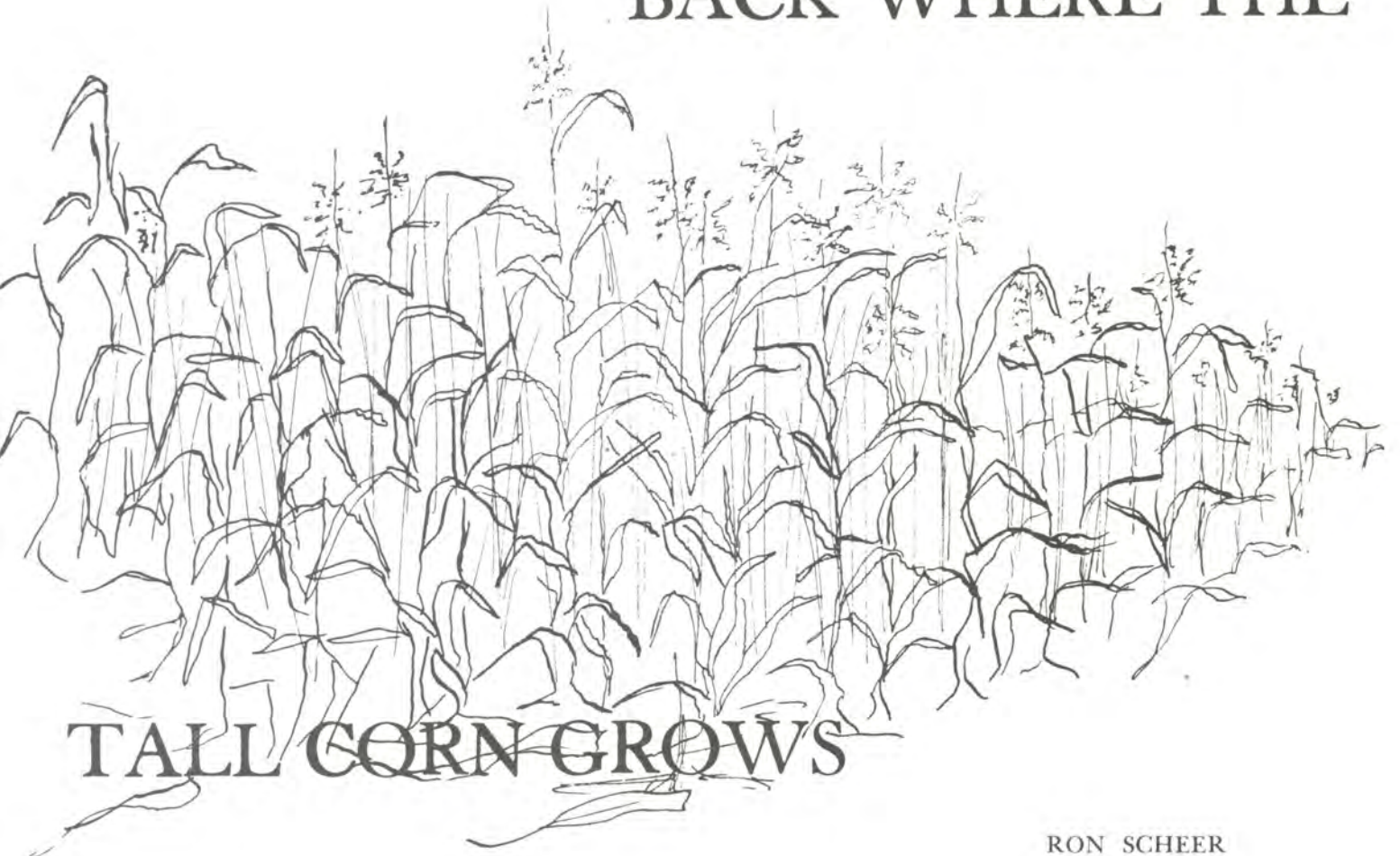
You see, the reason this all sounds corny is that it is true.

* * * * *

Speaking personally, I should like to sincerely thank the people who have helped *The Lighter* to regain a certain degree of security this year. Mr. Paul Phipps, my faculty advisor, has been a constant and steady support to an editor who is hardly ever constant and steady. Richard Nehring, my assistant editor, has made me feel that whatever happens, we would all go down together. The editors of the Torch and the Beacon, Ted Steege and Paul Smruga, and the officers of the Student Senate have been very helpful to the editor of a harmless literary magazine.

S.J.M.

BACK WHERE THE



TALL CORN GROWS

RON SCHEER

Winner, First

Prize, 1964

Short Story Contest

"Badwater," the bus driver's voice squawked over the PA. Ben opened his eyes, and sure enough, there it was.

"Badwater, Nebraska," someone snorted behind him. "Who in the world would want to live here?"

Ben stood up in the aisle, brushing wrinkles out of the clothes he had lived and slept in for the past six hundred miles. He turned and saw that it was a bleached blonde with sunglasses who had made the remark. "It may be Badwater, but it's home." She said nothing, only stared back.

As he stepped down from the Greyhound's upper deck, the bus swooped up to the Lincoln Hotel and gushing and wheezing stopped short at the curb. The driver

whipped through the door ahead of him and began tearing boxes and suitcases from the luggage compartment.

"Never seen anybody round here work that hard," some old devil sitting on the hotel veranda wisecracked. The driver made no comment, leaped into the air-conditioned bus, and drove off with a brumbling roar, leaving Ben on the sidewalk with his battered suitcase.

The heat was suffocating. His first impulse was to get a beer.

"Say, ain't you that Benny Carter who's been in the Peace Corps and to Aferca and all?" the old man on the veranda asked.

"Never heard of him," Ben said, shaking his head. He started to cross the street.

"Well if you ain't him, you must be new round these parts," the man said, raising his voice.

"Must be." And then he saw it, a banner stretched across Main Street: WELCOME HOME BENNY. It hung limp without stirring against the burning sky, high over the burning pavement.

Now he knew he needed a beer. And wearing his sunglasses and sitting unnoticed in the darkest corner of Smitty's Tavern, he managed to get quite drunk before staggering home to Aunt Beatrice.

She met him at the door, surprised. He threw one arm around her, a half-hearted embrace.

"You've been drinking!" She was bubbling with wrath.

"You noticed that," he muttered,

dropping the suitcase.

Seeing Mrs. Walrust pausing to watch from her front porch across the street, Aunt Bea gently closed the door and pulled the shade.

"Watcha do that for? It must be a hundred ten in here."

She clenched her teeth. "Get into the bathroom. I want to talk to you."

"And I've—" She grabbed his raised arm and shoved him into the bathroom ahead of her. Aunt Bea kept roomers upstairs, and for family discussions not meant to be overheard the bathroom was the most sound-proof in the house. "And I've got something to ask you too."

"It can wait." She closed the door. He was about to sit down on the stool and then jumped up, gesturing her to take the seat. "You almost ruined everything." Aunt Bea folded both arms over her bosom and leaned against the door. He sat down heavily without putting down the lid. "What everything did I almost ruin? That ridiculous sign on Main Street?"

"I want you to know that much time and preparation has gone into your homecoming, and I—"

"My homecoming!" You're the only one in town knew I was gone."

But there was no stopping her. Her mind was set, he could tell, and she had closed it tight as a bear trap to reason.

"Next week Saturday is the Goldwater Rally," she explained. He nodded and sat back; the stool seat groaned under his weight. "There will be a parade, a rodeo at the fairgrounds and a carnival on Main Street. Senator Blackhead is going to be here from Omaha and there are going to be all kinds of important people in town, and you're going to be one of them."

"Why me?"

"Eli Fokesy and I decided that we needed some one young and important from Badwater to — you know — add some color."

"I'm the same color as everybody else in this town, just tanned a little, that's all."

"Keep quiet and listen. Mayor Grinn wants you to ride with him in the parade."

"Not on one of his god-awful horses, I won't."

"You get to sit on the speaker's stand with all the other dignitaries

at the picnic. I've been talking to Mayor Grinn about giving you some kind of award."

"For what?"

"And Eli Fokesy is putting your picture on the front page of this week's newspaper. He's been interviewing your high school teachers and Reverend Proude and Mr. Peters at the grocery store and is writing a feature article about you and what you think of your two years in the Peace Corps."

"But that's ridiculous. None of those people know anything about me, and how does he know what I did in the Peace Corps?"

"Eli knows what he's doing. He's coming over as soon as I let him know you're here to get some of your impressions for next week's paper."

"Hey, what's this between you and old Fokesy anyway?"

"Didn't you know? Eli and I are heading the county committee to elect Barry Goldwater president."

That was it. That was what she had been saying all along.

"That's what you've been saying all along."

"And you're going to behave, you hear?"

Two years ago Badwater had noted his departure with indifference, but the image of crew-cut, grinning lads in sport-shirts with button-down collars in foreign jungles had penetrated far into the Corn Belt. Badwater needed a hero bad, and it had made him one, assuming that behind his blushing modesty he yearned to have their esteem. They were being generous, and he would be overwhelmed with gratitude.

"The poor bastards," he muttered.

Actually he had gained local fame by default. Curly Grinn, four-year letterman, who passed footballs instead of English, sent basketball fans into states of screaming ecstasy, ran like the wind, and drove whole rows of green and white pep club girls to weeping hysteria, got into a fight over a platinum blonde sophomore from Indian Creek and then enlisted in the Navy when she turned up pregnant.

Rodney "Square" Root, the algebra whiz and winner of the Farmer's Bank scholarship, flunked out

of Harvard — or rather was ostracized out of Harvard — and had settled for a demeaning education at the state university, where they called him a snob for wearing white shirts to classes. He had fallen between two stools. And there was a rumor that one night his roommate and several other students had dragged him into the john and tried to stuff him down one. The nervous break-up which sent him home before Thanksgiving was a sure sign that he was unfit for college, and the bank manager, J. Harrison Bourgeois, withdrew the scholarship.

Sandy Goode, the southpaw from the other side of the tracks, had signed up with the White Sox, but after one bad season gave up baseball for a life of sin with a Rush Street beatnik. And there had been Randy his brother, who had joined the Air Force to be a career man. In the class prophecy he was the first astronaut to fly to Mars nonstop. But in the Air Force he got only as far as Florida on a training mission where his jet caught fire two miles above the Everglades. The entire crew bailed out and was reported to have been eaten by alligators.

Badwater needed a hero bad.

With the immediate marriage and/or departure of nearly nine out of ten Badwater High School graduates, there was no one in town that Ben knew from youth and/or cared to see again. Except for Sheriff Jones' boy Jiminy, who kind of liked Badwater and planned to stay — maybe be sheriff some day like his old man. It wasn't that Jiminy didn't give a damn or that he was lazy. He simply lacked ambition; and he was happy.

"Jiminy!" Ben called from the front porch as the mud-spattered '46 Ford rattled to a stop on the dusty street. He hadn't changed a bit, of course, sitting behind the wheel, grinning, beaming like Christmas from under a floppy hat. Ben bounded over the lawn and leaped into the car.

"Where ya bin?" Jiminy hit him in the shoulder.

"Africa."

"Din miss ya."

"You bastard."

They chugged and rattled out of town, churning up clouds of dust

that drifted over the tall, tassled corn. And it was like he had never been gone. The endless, flat horizon and the burning summer sky never changed. They had been there as long as God, maybe longer.

Indians and buffalo and generations of prairie dogs had come and gone, and the government had divided the Platte valley into an infinity of square miles, like a window screen. Germans and Bohunks had turned up the sod, and along the railroads straggly towns clustered around ten-story high elevators now filled with government grain. Maybe there was TV and running water in the farm homes and electricity in the barns and in the shed a tractor with power steering — maybe civilization had dug in out here, but not for long. Centuries from now this country could be deserted and barren, but that same sun would go on baking the earth, and the land would lie flat and unbroken as far as the eye could see.

Jiminy had hired himself out to a farmer Mahoski, west of town, who asked only that during rainless July and August he irrigate and do his best to nurture his 113 acres of corn. Though an important responsibility, it was not an arduous task, requiring maybe four hours of the day carrying the wet, cold, and muddy siphon tubes down the ditch and resetting them in rows that hadn't been watered, the other twenty hours spent in some state of watchfulness.

"Have a beer," Jiminy shouted over the roar of the irrigation pump. He reached into the icy water and handed Ben a dripping can.

Jiminy's uncle Seth ran the Lincoln Hotel in town. Whether or not he made any money at it no one seemed to know, Seth included. The Joneses never had heads for figures, and as long as the monthly income, when stretched, would cover the monthly bills, Seth saw no point in keeping books.

Mrs. Seth Jones, as the old devil on the veranda would put it, was no longer in these parts. She had looked at life with Seth and taken to the open road before staying a day longer. She left behind a child, now seven, named Walter, who like a number of Badwater

Joneses in generations past was retarded enough to be classified mentally defective.

Walter was not a child's name, but childish names like Billy, Bobby, and Sluggo are names of endearment, and because Walter did not have the brain of a five-year-old he was dear to no one. He was not a pretty child, which accounted for some of it. And not being able to talk and dribbling food down his shirt front didn't help matters either.

People pretended he wasn't there, and therefore he was never in the way. Hotel guests ignored him as he came up beside them, open-mouthed, staring at their faces with unblinking eyes, slightly crossed. They ignored him as he tore small fistfuls of hair out of a squalling cat, and they learned not to notice when he fell down flights of stairs in his clumsiness, sitting dazed on the landing never crying. And no one ever scolded or had to come running to his assistance; he was a perfect child.

Only Malone cared.



You couldn't say Malone wasn't a prostitute — she was. But no common or ordinary one by any means. She kept a small room on the third floor of Seth's hotel, and it was as clean and orderly as a library. Like as not when you walked in she would be deep in a book on Barth or Buddhism, and not before reaching the end of a chapter would she tear herself away. If you had no time to wait you took your money elsewhere; it was as simple as that. Or she might be in the middle of "Swan Lake" or

Brahms' "First" on the stereo. The same rule held. You either sat through two and a half movements of Brahms or pulled some Hemingway or Shakespeare off the book shelf and read. Patience is worth two of anything else; and patience invariably paid off.

Malone frowned on alcohol and personally threw any hooligan out the hotel front door for taking a nip. There was absolutely no profanity on the premises; she wouldn't stand for it. And it was widely known around town (though seldom admitted) that she had talked many young first-comers into saving their money and going back home for a cold shower, always sending them away with thirty or forty minutes of motherly advice.

There was no drinking among the young bucks who wanted to work up courage to climb the back fire escape, and the swearing stopped because Malone didn't like it. Emotional problems were rare, as most of them finally reached Malone's sympathetic ear. She would break an appointment with Mayor Grinn himself to hear a tale of woe, to comfort, console, and offer guidance. And you couldn't deny the cultural influence she had on the community during those hours of waiting, sublimating desire to Brahms and Hemingway.

There were certain elements in Badwater who, out of principle, wanted Malone "and her kind" out of town. Superfluous clamoring really, as Malone was the only one of her kind there, and it could hardly be said that she was undermining Badwater morals. As a matter of fact, Malone and young Rev. Hardly at the Methodist church were good friends. She directed many of her problem cases to him for consultation, and in the past three years church attendance there had increased 23%, a fact which the Ladies Guild credited to their FEP (Fill Every Pew) campaign. But Rev. Hardly knew better.

Ben and Jiminy lay side by side under a massive, silent cottonwood tree, the sunlight burning on a dried pasture slope before them.

"Let's go see Malone," Jiminy said, "tonight."

"The two of us?"

"She's teaching me French."

"French what?"

"French poetry," he said simply.

"I don't believe it."

Jiminy finished the can of beer, pressing his nose flat against the top.

Once two separate papers in earlier days, the *Badwater Republican-Democrat* now appeared every Thursday cold from the press, an aggregate of advertisements laced with the catalogued trivia of recent local events. All of its news passed over back yard fences and dinner tables days before along with the really interesting and unprintable scuttlebutt that makes it around town almost before it happens.

Editorial comment in the small town weekly is absurd. After all, what can a man say about the Boy Scout Picnic or the new police car that is worth saying and hasn't been said already? And in that best of all possible worlds, the small town, where radical talk about new schools or street improvement is regarded with something between suspicion and hatred, a newspaper man lets sleeping dogs lie. If he is wise, he concerns himself only with making ends meet and remembering some good stories to tell at the American Legion. These duties performed, he may consider his future intact.

Whatever induced Eli Fokesy to do more than what was expected of him, no one seemed to know. Eli simply discovered a horn to blow, and the temptation was too much. Championing the Conservative cause in Badwater, Nebraska, was as safe and sure as the front doors of the Presbyterian Church, but with the Democrats in Washington, there was a certain ring of clashing swords about it. Leaning back in his chair on late summer afternoons with his feet and a nip of gin on the head desk, letting his eyes wander over the tender, supple form of Lucille Luce, society editor and circulation manager, Eli felt himself committed for once in his life to Something, and it felt good.

The idea for the Goldwater Rally was partly Beatrice Tilly's, but he had jumped on it instantly. Together they would win Badwater and Wimpsap County for the Goldwater Cause — double-handedly, you might say. And with the cooperation of Beatrice's nephew Ben, a hero image recently returned

from the African jungles, beloved by one and all, they couldn't lose.

The Tuesday morning interview with this boy wonder, however, did not go so well. For one thing, he realized too late that he had misjudged his first step and got off on the wrong foot.

"Let's face it, boy," he said warmly over his first gin and tonic, "you're going to be the biggest celebrity to hit this town since William Jennings Byran."

"That's some distinction, I suppose," was the only reply, and Eli knew at once he wasn't going to like Ben. He thought he sensed a note of ridicule in everything the boy said.

"You were in Tanganyika, I take it."

Ben nodded, expecting to be asked where that was in Africa exactly, which most people asked, too embarrassed to admit they didn't know where it was at all.

"Where is that in Africa exactly?"

"Between Kenya and Rhodesia."

"Oh," Eli said flatly. "Pretty uncivilized, I suppose."

"Not actually. I've known worse places in this country."

"That so?" Eli sipped from his glass. "Heh, heh. Could be, could be. Tell me, what have you been doing for the past two years in Africa?"

"Not much, actually."

"Don't be modest boy; I've heard about some of the projects you young people are doing over there. What would you say was your greatest achievement?"

Ben stretched out on the living room carpet and stared at the ceiling. He thought of the blonde from Minneapolis who was always sunburned, her peeling body an open invitation, tender, inflamed, slippery with a constant coat of zinc oxide. Irreproachable, she drove him mad with lust until after one rainy season, her skin returning to its natural Northern paleness, on an excursion to the Serengeti with a group of English students, she shared her sleeping bag with him under the bone-colored Africa moon.

"Oh, we did a lot of things."

"I believe your aunt mentioned something about a school."

"Can't imagine what she was talking about. I was in charge of organizing a program for sewage

removal."

"Oh." Eli slowly set his glass on the table. "You didn't do anything else?"

"What more would you want? It was a full time job."

Eli made a few scribbled notations on the back of an envelope, asked for another drink, drank it, and after an hour of halting conversation lit a cigar.

"Tell me, boy, what do you think of the Conservative movement in America?"

"I'm afraid I don't know." Ben sat opposite him, both feet on the coffee table. "What is it?"

"Well-uh," Eli coughed, cleared his throat, "it's a growing concern among the people of America for less government spending, decentralization of power in—uh—Washington, and—uh—the enhancement of the rights of the individual."

"Oh. And Barry Goldwater stands for all this?"

"Haven't you read *Conscience of a Conservative*?"

"Sure, but you honestly don't think he was serious about all that, do you?"

"Of course. A man of Goldwater's integrity wouldn't lie."

"He's a politician, isn't he?"

One more gin and tonic and Eli was ready to make his way to the door and with unsteady steps across the front porch. He turned, remarking with a sweeping gesture that it was nearly as hot as one dry day back in 1933 when his uncle—, whereupon he fell backward over one of Aunt Bea's sturdy potted ferns and dropped into the zinnia bed, leaving a gaping hole in the porch trellis and entangling himself in yards of trumpet vines. More or less recovered, he retrieved his glasses from the crushed petals and broken stalks, left his apologies for Aunt Bea, muttered something about getting back to work, and drove off in his old Chevy coupe.

The *Republican-Democrat* ran a three column picture and a four column banner headline that week complete with a row of old-fashioned stars ***BENNY IS BACK***. It had been hard work getting the special issue out in time for the Rally, but it had been worth it, every minute. Lucille Luce, circulation manager (who would do wonders for any man's circulation, as the old devil at the

hotel repeatedly put it) had come to work that day in a backless sundress, displaying a pink cleft both fore and aft and promising better things to come. The *Republican-Democrat's* lights had burned late that night.

The rough draft of Eli's write-up was a bit gin-soaked, and printed in the newspaper it did not lose the original Fokesy glow. Ben's years at Badwater High School were so glorified that he hardly recognized them as his own. Coach Tuffen-gruff, in a burst of eloquence, called him "a fine young man who has set a high goal and will go far on the gridiron of life." Mr. Wilson the principal, who hadn't smiled in seventeen years, credited "Ben's success to a high school education that any community would be proud of," neatly side-stepping the many times he had ached to drag Ben into that plain, drab office and horse-whip him. Mayor Grinn, a high school hero himself, as tradition had it, and true size 36 athletic supporter of the Badwater Bison, topped them all with: "this tireless young man is full of spirit and fire and has only begun his quest for greater things. He is a credit to our community and to the nation."

This year's August was one of those dry, hot ones with a relentless, withering south wind and every evening a rim of storm clouds in the west that blotted out the sunset and promised rain that never came. In the sand hills north of town the poor folks' corn turned white and brittle, and the alfalfa dried up and simply refused to grow. The farm wives, looking ahead to the slim harvest, started pinching two pennies for every one before.

As the dry days turned the countryside to tinder, the accounts of prairie fires in the grade school Nebraska history books became the honest-to-gosh reality again, and the volunteer fire fighters of Badwater grew edgy and nervous. One Sunday afternoon a section of crisp meadow west of town had gone up in clouds of smoke, burning down a dilapidated cowshed and frying a couple of cows in it. The fire equipment had no sooner returned to town than the siren rang and the Badwater volunteers were off again to stamp out the

flaming countryside somewhere else.

For two weeks the fire siren had wailed so often that the old devil on the hotel veranda was beginning to wonder if there was anything outside of town left to burn.

"Them gol-durn tourists from New Yoark throwing ceeegrets outta the car," he muttered, "that's what it is all right."

The grade school set was bicycling back from the Platte in their swimming suits carrying B-B guns and the afternoon's take of dead birds and snakes, when they met the the fire trucks roaring out to another blaze. Word was that the carnival for the Saturday rally was setting up on Main Street, and only two boys hopped off their bikes to watch the passing trucks, to wave and throw stones. The others, intent on beating each other back to town, paid no notice. After two weeks of running to watch the volunteers sprinting and panting to the fire house to leap on the departing trucks, the excitement had worn off. Even fat old Harley the barber, who never quite got there in time, had lost his laughing, pointing, hooting audience of ten-year-olds.

Aunt Bea was distraught, of course. The sirens undermined her surface composure and added to her nervous turmoil a growing conviction that the entire Goldwater Rally was going to be a fiasco. A cloud of imminent catastrophe followed her about, and as the Big Day grew hourly closer and closer only the hurly-burly of preparations kept Aunt Bea precious inches from her wits end.

It was Friday afternoon and Senator Blackhead's secretary had just called from Omaha to say that the Senator had been delayed and that his private plane would not be landing at the Grand Island airport until seven o'clock that night.

"Until when?" she said into the receiver, warding off hysteria by sheer will power. "But the opening ceremonies are at seven-thirty on the hotel veranda!"

"The Senator is very sorry for the delay. Perhaps the—uh—ceremonies could begin a little later."

Aunt Bea hung up, breathed deeply three times, then went to the bathroom and took a tranquili-

zer. It was not until six o'clock when riding out of town in Mayor Grinn's Grand Prix and seeing the Badwater police diverting traffic off Main Street that she began to get back her confidence. She did not know whether it was the presence of the police, or the big quiet car speeding her to Grand Island, or the tranquilizer, but the further from Badwater they drove, the better she felt.

Malone met them at the door. "Didn't expect to see you two tonight."

Ben and Jiminy stepped inside.

"Hey, sure enough here we are," Jiminy drawled, grinning.

"We were downstairs in the lobby waiting for Senator Blackhead to show and thought we'd come up to say good evening."

"Well, you're just in time." She pulled a little handkerchief from inside her blouse and dabbed at her brow. "Walter was in here today while I was out shopping and hid half my things."

Jiminy flopped his cowboy hat on the TV. "Heck, you know well as I do where he always puts them. Under the bed." He got down on all fours and lifted one edge of the spread.

"I've looked there, Jiminy. He's put them some place else this time."

Ben pulled the sofa from the wall. "Here's a teddy bear and a stuffed tiger."

"Those are Walter's, not mine," she said, dropping into a chair with a sigh. "Does anyone have a cigarette?"

Ben lit one and handed it to her. "Did he take those too?"

"Yes. And my lighter."

Ben looked at her. "He doesn't know how to use that thing, does he?"

"I don't think so."

"Sure he does," Jiminy said from the kitchen. "I taught him."

Badwater had got accustomed to the idea of sirens wailing and the fire trucks roaring out of town, but when the hotel burned down right there on Main Street, it surprised everyone. Eli Fokesy had been sitting in the lobby chewing his finger nails when someone in the crowd gathering outside yelled fire. It took only three minutes for a boy to run around the corner to the fire department and come back shouting that there

wasn't a fireman in town except Harley the barber.

Eli charged across the lobby and after battling with the folding door finally got inside the phone booth.

"What do you mean there aren't any firemen in town?" he shouted into the receiver.

"My men are fighting two grass fires in the next county," Chief Greenberg shouted back on the other end of the line, "and I'm doing the best I can. I just called Clarksville and there are two trucks coming from there. And if you'll get off the line I can get another one from Indian Creek."

Eli slammed down the receiver and charged out of the booth running headlong into Seth Jones who was waiting outside.

"What's happening?" Seth whispered, with a blank look on his face.

"Your goddam hotel is burning down! Get your people out."

There was a crash somewhere upstairs. Eli turned white and ran out the front door, arms and legs thrashing.

The moment Aunt Bea had seen the smoke her heart stopped. She pushed through the crowd with Mayor Grinn close behind and the Senator hovering undecidedly by the parked car. She stumbled against a farmer in blue jeans and a sport shirt and realized that she was crying and couldn't see. Someone helped her to her feet.

"There's Ben!" Mayor Grinn shouted.

"Where. I can't see."

"Up there," he said pointing. "In the tree."

"Tree!" She wiped her eyes.

"How the hell did he get up there?" Mayor Grinn asked the man next to him.

"He climbed outta that winder right above 'im there." It was the old devil who sat on the hotel veranda. "And you know whose winder that is, doncha Mayor? That's Malone's winder." He let out a cackle.

Mayor Grinn turned scarlet.

"What!" Aunt Bea said, wide-eyed. "Who did he say?"

"Shut up, Beatrice," the Mayor grumbled.

Jiminy appeared at the window and held out a bundle to Ben who reached up and took it from him.

"Will somebody please tell me what he's doing!" Aunt Bea shouted.

Malone stepped to the window and looked out.

Aunt Bea gasped.

Malone pulled her skirt up to her hips and climbed over the sill.

"Shameless," muttered some woman in the crowd. "Shameless." Jiminy helped her reach a branch of the tree, disappeared into the room, came back with his cowboy hat, and climbed out after her.

Aunt Bea turned and saw Eli Fokesy pushing his way through the crowd. "Where have you been?"

"You know damn well where we've been," Mayor Grinn said.

"You know what that boy has done? He's ruined everything!"

Aunt Bea was dumb with fear, anger, hysteria.

"Oh, he has, has he," the mayor shouted. "And where were you when this all started? Sitting on your can, I suppose. Why didn't you have your eyes open?"

"But I was—"

"You know damn well I didn't like this idea from the beginning. I knew some damn fool thing like this would happen. You dragged me into this thing, Fokesy, and you better damn well get me out!"

"Wh-wh-wh" Eli stuttered.

Someone in the crowd screamed.

All three were in the tree, climbing down. A man reached up from the ground and took the bundle from Ben. Part of the blanket fell away showing a head and shoulder of a small boy.

"It's a child." The word spread through the crowd.

Aunt Bea was faint; suddenly she felt herself being pulled along by the arm.

"Let me through. One side here. I'm the mayor. Let me through." The mayor shoved his way to the front of the crowd with Aunt Bea close behind. "Somebody get a ladder and help those people out of that tree!" he shouted.

Ben leaped down from the tree. "Somebody get a ladder for crying out loud!" His hands were bleeding. He wiped them on his shirt and looked up. "You all right?"

"Just passing the time of day," Jiminy shouted back, one leg sticking out of a clump of leaves. Ma-

lone clung to a branch above his head.

Ben knelt beside the bundle.

"Who is it?" a woman asked coming forward from the crowd.

"It's Walter."

"Oh," she said flatly and drew back.

He turned back the blanket. The boy's clothes were burned black, and in one hand he clutched Malone's lighter. "Somebody get a doctor!"

Mayor Grinn knelt beside him. "It's all right, boy." He put one fat hand on Ben's shoulder. "He's dead."

Above there was the crash of falling timber.

"All right. All right!" the mayor shouted, waving his arms. "Where's that ladder? Help this lady out of the tree."

"Here come the fire engines," someone yelled.

"It's about time."

Ben was standing in his room, packing a suit case. Aunt Bea stood in the door shouting.

"Of all the windows in that hotel, you had to come out of that one. Of all the windows, mind you. You know what people all over town are asking themselves and each other tonight?"

"No, what." He slammed a handful of shorts into the suit case.

"They're saying, what was Benjamin Telly doing up in that room with that—that—woman. You're no better than your father."

"Don't open up that can of beans."

"And now you're walking out."

"You bet your life. I never should have come back to this town."

"Do you know what you've done to Eli and me? You've ruined us." "I should care."

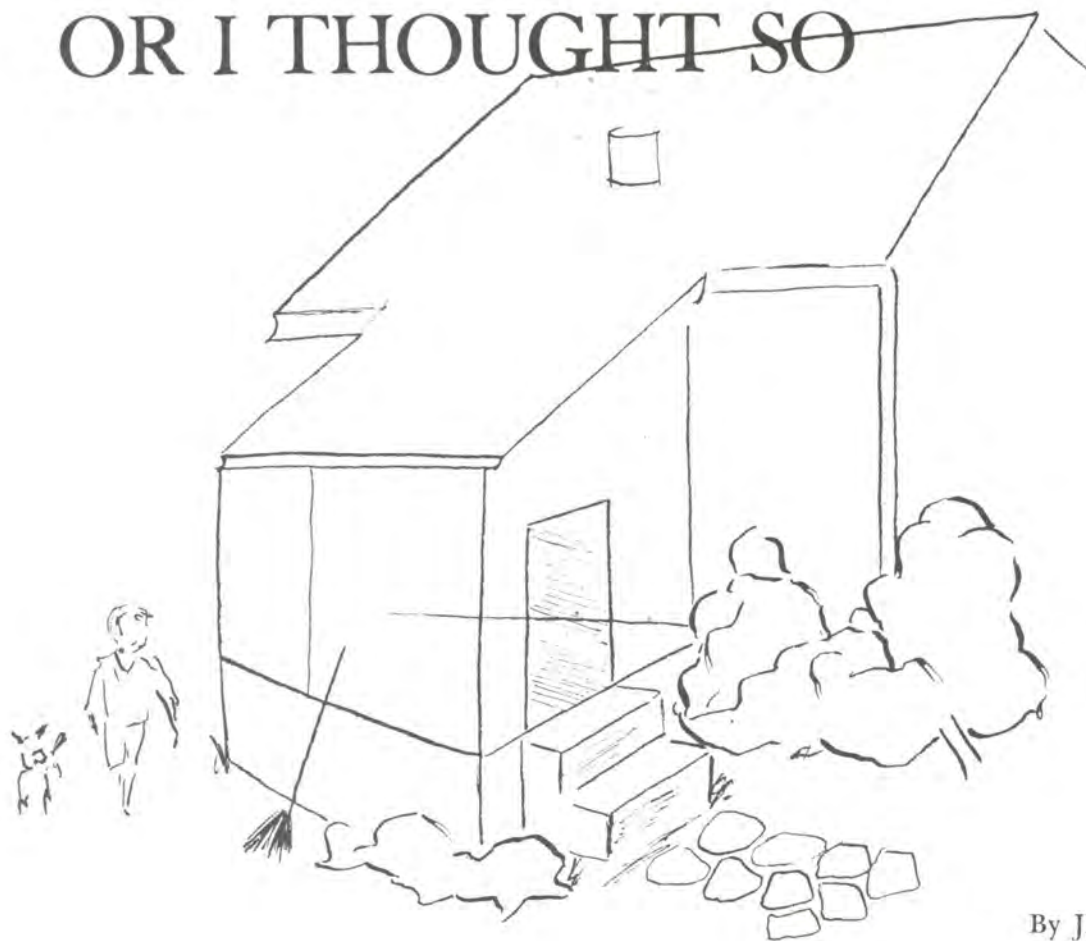
"And what about Barry Goldwater?"

"Are you kidding He's nuts."

He walked out the front door and waited on Main Street for the 1:00 westbound Greyhound. Someone had torn down the welcome home banner; the carnival had packed up and moved out. The bus arrived, and he took a seat near the back as it anxiously pulled away from the curb. The town slipped by the windows and was gone. "Poor bastards," he muttered.

The bus drove out into the starless, prairie night.

OR I THOUGHT SO



By JEAN CLASQUIN
Winner, Second
Prize, 1964
Short Story
Contest

A very young blond, barefoot boy stepped from the kitchen to the back porch, letting the screen door slam behind. The sand on the porch made a crunching sound under his feet. He stuffed his wrinkled T-shirt into his khaki shorts. He was awfully thin. Adjusting his thick glasses he turned toward a green bird cage sitting on a weather-beaten wooden bench. In it there was a small gray bird laying on its side, obviously dead.

The boy spoke, "I'll bury you later, outside that window of my room. I think that'll be O.K.—the sun won't—."

There he stopped; the phone rang. He ran in, and the screen door swung all the way back, remained open. He picked up the black receiver, large in his hand and said nothing. So there was silence, then "Hullo, hullo."

"Yes," the boy answered, "I'm

not supposed to answer the phone, but forgot, so what do you want?"

"Your parents," the voice answered.

"Well they're not here," the boy answered, "that's why I'm not supposed to answer the phone, so what else do you want?"

"Well, where are they?" the voice returned.

"They went to see my grandmother; she went to the hospital last night, D.O.A. So you can't talk to my parents or me anymore. I have to close the door before something comes in, maybe a boa constrictor. Goodbye," and he hung up.

He walked back out and closed the screen door. Grabbing the wooden post by the steps with one hand he swung out, one leg and arm hanging over the porch's edge. Straight out from the back of the house was a stretch of beach, then

the ocean. The top edge of the sun was just coming up over the end of the ocean. He swung there whistling something from the *Nutcracker Suite*.

He swung back onto the porch and said, "When I see you standing there with that Morton I get worried. You shiver so. Why don't you go up and get that white terry cloth robe? I think it's on the floor 'cause a crippled old man came into my room last night. He was cold, so I put it on while he ate his pomegranate seeds. He left it on the floor, but he was a cripple, so I don't mind. However, it's a good thing my mother didn't see; she doesn't often believe."

He walked over to the weather-beaten bench and picked up a purple and other purple striped beach towel lying next to the cage. Some of the paint peeling off the bench stuck to the towel.

"From now on you must take better care of my robes," he remarked, brushing off the chips, "I've got to keep up my men's morale, you know."

He wrapped a narrow end of the towel around his neck letting it drag lengthwise behind him and descended the porch steps. He strode boldly down the narrow path through the sand weeds, adjusting his clear plastic glasses. Fifteen yards of bold stride, the beach towel sweeping the sand behind him, brought him to a beach. His free hand he placed above his sparse eyebrows as a visor. He pivoted to the right, then slowly to the left.

"No enemy in sight," he announced, then proceeded toward the water.

He walked in the shallow, soaking the end of the towel. Down the beach, ahead of the boy, came three other young boys running and screaming. As they drew nearer the wader you could hear them yell, "It's Napoleon, Napoleon. I bet his horse got caught in a bear trap again."

The towelled boy stopped and remarked, "The people are revolting; take cover, men. I'll speak with them."

Two of the group of three threw themselves on the sand in a mock bow while the third, a tall boy remained standing and asked, "How are the troops today, Napoleon?"

The boy answered slowly, "I am not Napoleon; you do not even recognize me. I am *Louis XVI* of France. It is 1789, and you are revolting."

"Louis XVI of France," the three mocked.

"You needn't believe me," the lone young boy responded, "but you are revolting all the same. If I were you I would at least ask permission to enter camp, though I doubt you'll be able to speak with anyone; it's time for mess call."

"Hey king," demanded one of the two kneeling on the sand, "let's see your castle."

"My Versailles is no place for you three," answered the frail boy, "but you can look for it yourself over the hill," he added nodding his head back.

The tall boy who was still standing spoke up. "Aw right, I'll tell you again who we are. I'm Peter,

and that," he said pointing to a red-haired, freckled kneeler, "is Jon. And the other one," he continued pointing to the other dark, long-nosed kneeler, "is Milton."

"Milton Kaplan," Milton interposed.

"His father runs the delicatessen in town that sells loxanbagels," Jon remarked.

"That's a lie," Milton retorted, "my father *owns* all the Kaplan delicatessens anywhere. Besides that he owns a yacht and . . ."

"Where?" interrupted Peter.

"Never mind," Milton went on, "I'll tell you when you tell me where your father keeps *his* yacht and Jon's too.

"I never saw any Kaplan delicatessens . . . my father doesn't own a yacht," remarked Louis XVI, "and neither does my mother or my grandmother who is D.O.A."

Jon laughed, "I didn't know they drafted grandmothers."

"They didn't draft her, she's just D.O.A.," the lone boy answered.

"May I continue," said Milton. "I was going to tell how my brother wrecked the other Cadillac, but Dad says we'll get a Rolls. What do you own?" he addressed Louis XVI.

"I own Versailles, and all these lands," he answered.

"He owns Sagamore Beach," Jon laughed. "You know what he is, he's crazy. My father has conferences with Henry Cabot Lodge."

"My mother says your father has conferences with a psychiatrist," said Peter.

"That's a lie," Jon said, "and besides that my ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

"So didn't mine," Peter added.

"Mine too," Milton piped up.

Peter began, "My father was about the greatest hero in World War II, but he's probably a trillionaire by now."

"You don't say," and with that Jon whistled and went on, "My mother says that's where your father met your mother, at the Follies in France."

"My mother says your mother has no right to talk that way because we put twice as much in the collection plate Sundays as you," Peter reported.

"When you go," added Milton.

Peter and Jon regarded Milton then snickered.

Little Louis XVI stared long and

hard then spoke, "You know what you're doing, you're fibbing, and what's more you don't even know what you're talking about."

Jon answered, "Who's fibbing? You know what he is, he's crazy, that's what. Let's get out of here."

"Yeah," added Peter, "let's go look for Veersay."

So the three fell on each other howling, then ran on down the beach. The young boy walked several steps up from the water, which had risen up his legs some, spread out his towel, and threw himself on his stomach. Elbows on the towel, head on his hands, he faced the tall sand grass.

He called out, "Hey, Sinclair, you may come out now. There's no one here to make fun of your one eye."

He waited a few moments then began, "I'm so glad to see you today. It's so lovely you shouldn't be crying. It's a terrible thing about your cousin getting tangled in the underplants like that. The zoo keeper asked if I saw him, but of course I didn't tell. If you want some wine just help yourself; it's running low, but the grapes have been pretty sour this year, and the locusts heavy . . ."

"To whom are you speaking?" asked a very British female voice.

The boy rolled over to one elbow and tilted his head up. There stood an older, very thin girl. She wore loose red jersey slacks, and a loose red jersey top with a hood on it. She had very short, dark straight hair over which was a white cap with a visor turned backwards, and "Andy" written on the back.

"Sinclair," he answered, then added pointing to her yellow tinted ski goggles which nearly covered the upper half of her face, "and what are those for?"

"Protection from the sun," she answered, "I have very sensitive eyes."

"Aren't you hot in all that?" he asked.

"No, that's for protection too."

"You're from England, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose," she answered, "but why aren't you swimming?"

"Protection from the man-eating syndrones which lurk beyond my knees," he said. "My mother has told me not to go past my knees, and I suppose that's why. Won't

you be seated?"

"Thanks," she said, "and what is your name?"

"Charles," he answered, "and yours?"

"Anthea — — Anthea Jennifer Henneker-Heaton."

"And what do I call you," he asked, "Andy?"

"No, just Anthea. My mother named me that; it's dactylic tetrameter or so. I'm twenty-four, and you're about seven I suppose."

"I suppose," Charles answered, "I don't often run into people like you, that is people who can answer me. They usually just listen. How come you're here?"

"I was asked to leave the camp where I was working; I suppose I'm different, or so. I think they began to worry most though when I said I wanted to become a white muslin, and also said I was in favor of hiring the morally handicapped."

"That doesn't worry me a bit," said Charles, "I was just thinking that myself. I was just going to tell Sinclair . . . oh where *did* he go? He must have gone back to the studio; he was working on a portrait . . . of you, I think. Anyway, why don't we go to my house and have jello and milk; that's all I can fix."

"Well where are your parents?" she asked.

Charles explained, "They went for the day to see my grandmother who was D.O.A. at the hospital last night."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Anthea, "but why aren't you along?"

"I don't see any point in visiting the dead," he answered, "I'll never get around to seeing all the living, so why don't you come to my house."

The two rose; Charles grabbed up his towel, and they started toward the house. Once inside the boy served two helpings of red jello and two glasses of milk.

"If you'll excuse me," said Charles, "I didn't get my codaliver this morning."

His head back, mouth wide open, Charles squirted the yellow oil down his throat.

"It's a funny thing," Charles began seating himself opposite Anthea at the table, "I should look this way for the way I take care of myself. I never stay up late, even when the relatives come. I never

get to play parchesi or dominoes or whatever they play after I go to bed. You see anyone whose feet don't touch the floor when he sits on a chair has to go to bed at ten o'clock, and they never start playing 'till ten or so."

"That's very logical," said Anthea.

After swishing the jello between his teeth several times Charles answered, "I suppose, they're all very logical, all but me they say. My mother thought I ought to see a psychiatrist, but decided against it when she remembered Jon's father sees one."

"I think you're quite all right, chap," said Anthea.

"They think I lie, except my father, and he thinks I fabricate. But I don't, not like Jon and Peter and Milton. At least *I know* what I'm talking about."

"So do I, or at least I thought so," said Anthea. "You're an unusually bright seven, so I might ask you who *does* know?"



Charles said adamantly, "I know what I know . . . just because they don't know what I do. They have to be that way, logical or *something*, but I don't know why, and they don't either for sure."

"Well one time," began Anthea, "I told them about how on a lake out of Roxbury I blew across in a punt to my father's houseboat where I was to spend the night. The last thing I remembered before dozing off was someone yelling 'Batten down the hatches boy, we're headin' fer a big 'un.' The next morning I awoke and the houseboat had sunk over halfway, and was leaning far to the starboard. And they didn't believe me."

"Well, what difference does it make if they do or not?" demanded Charles. "Besides, how do they know?"

Anthea said slowly, "That's about what they asked me."

"That's a good one; I'll have to tell it to morton. He loves true stories. Besides, I still don't see what difference it makes, because *you* knew anyhow."

"I thought so," said Anthea, "I thought so."

"Well let's go back out; it's too hot in here," said the boy.

Charles took up his towel, held the door open for Anthea, then let it slam. Out on the clear beach again they walked slowly. Anthea placed one bare foot in front of the other, destroying the tracks some bird had left in the sand.

"Don't do that; no one will ever know that a sand piper walked here," Charles laughed.

Anthea asked, "How do you know what kind of tracks I ruined? Look behind you; they might have been penguin tracks."

Charles did turn around, but there were human foot prints.

"Speaking of Mother Goose rhymes do you know what I like?" Charles mused, "I like the one about the crooked man that walked a crooked mile, who had a crooked sixpence and the crooked style, who had a crooked cat that caught a crooked mouse, and they all lived together in a little crooked house."

"You like pretty nearly everything, don't you," said Anthea.

"Well I'm not afraid of much of it," he answered.

They walked a little farther, then Charles spread the towel and sat, but Anthea remained standing.

He began, "You can sit down here if you like."

"No thank you, old chap," Anthea replied. "I have to see a gentleman whom I'm quite sure will find me a job, perhaps."

"I'm awfully sorry to see you go so soon. Come back; I'll introduce you to some people I know. And why don't you take off your goggles when you go to see the gentleman," he advised.

"Definitely . . . goodbye." Anthea walked away down the beach.

Charles stared, then rolled to his stomach where he called out, "Hey, Cyril, you can come out now; I've a story to tell . . . well you don't

have to if you're afraid."

Charles put his head down, closed his eyes and slept soundly for a good while. When he awoke the water was just lapping at his feet and the sun beginning to roll away. He got up, folded the towel, and walked to the house, adjusting his glasses. He walked over to the cage with the dead bird, laid the towel next to it, then entered the kitchen. His parents, red and perspiring were sitting at the table.

"Hello son," his father greeted, "and what did you do while we were gone?"

"I talked to three boys and some of my better friends. I talked especially to Anthea Jennifer Henneker-Heaton, dactylic tetrameter, and there's her jello bowl!"

His mother and father turned slowly, and there were two empty bowls and two empty glasses. They turned to Charles again, their faces drawn, and sighed.

Charles regarded them a moment then said softly, "Or I thought so anyway."

And the boy bowed his head.

SPRING AND THINGS!

*In spring a young man's heart turns to . . .
Many things that aren't thought through,
Love,*

and girls,

and "the finer things,"

*These are the thoughts the season brings.
In spring a young man's heart turns . . .
From all the subjects that he learns,
But love,*

and girls,

and little schemes,

*Are the things on which he dreams!
In spring a young man's heart . . .
Wants him to become a part
Of love,*

and girls,

and evening walking:

*Having fun without much talking!
In spring a young man . . .
For many reasons never ran
From love,*

and girls,

and Cupid's wings,

*But chased along behind these things!
In a spring a young . . .
But just that one,
Love,*

and girls,

and silent bliss:

*Will shun these like a monster's kiss.
In spring . . .
The ring
Of love,*

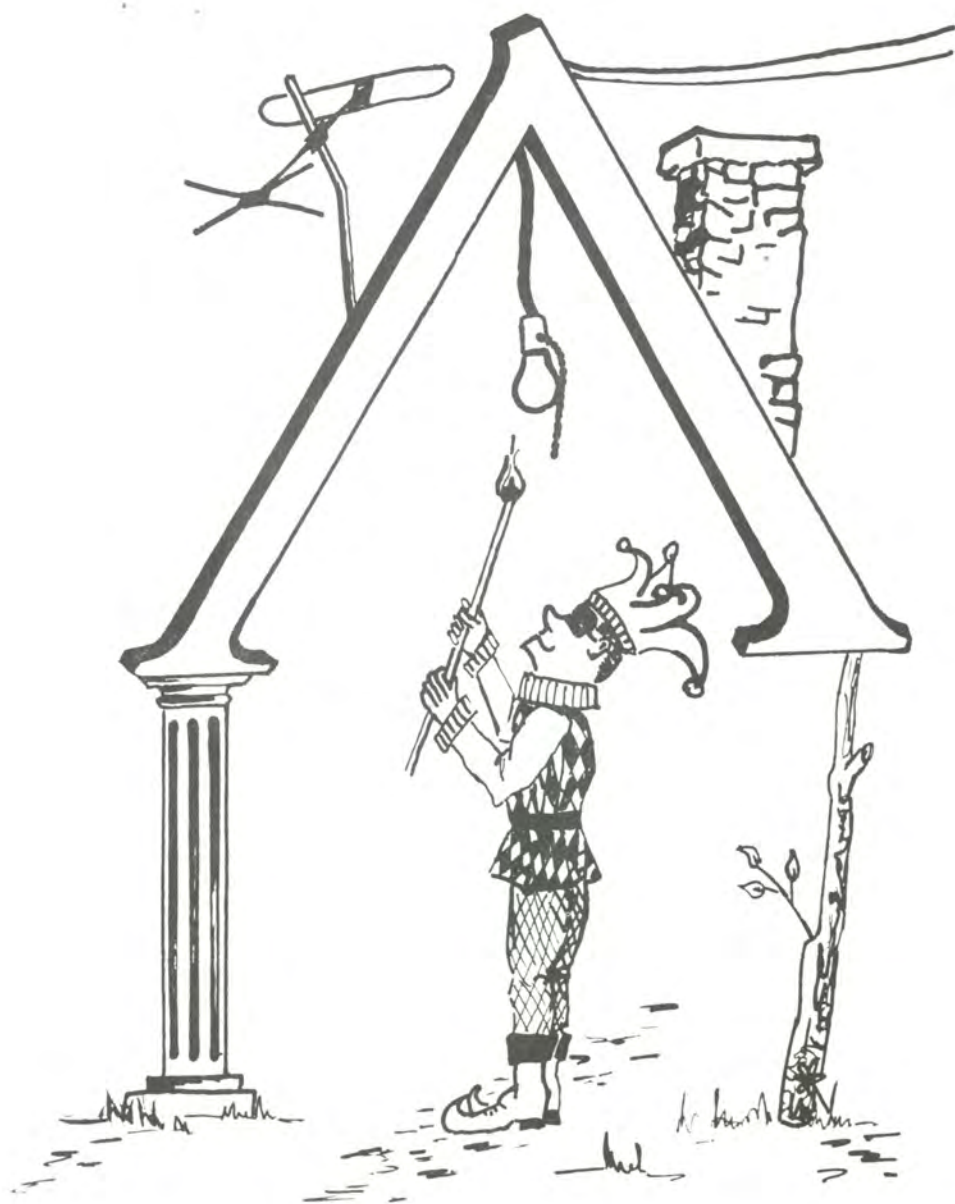
and girls,

and lusty cheer

Echoes through; we know it's here.

—Geoff Stein

THE BLIGHTER



THE BLIGHTER GOES TO VALPARAISO....



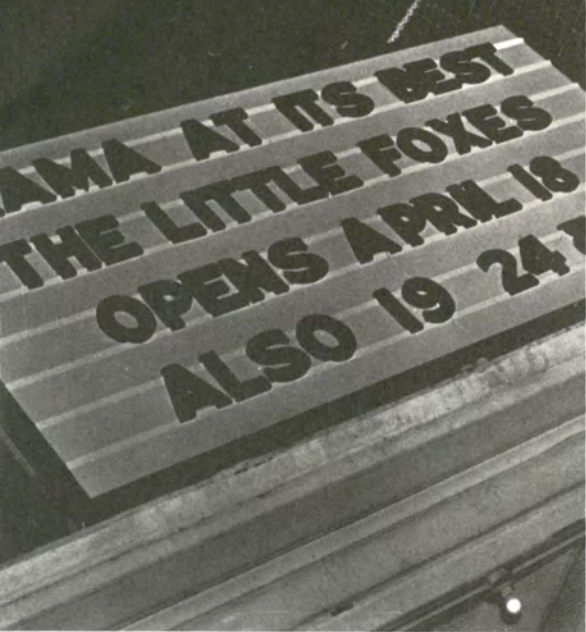
What to do when all else fails?
A night on the town in exciting
Valparaiso — a good place to live,
a good place to shop.



Start with a relaxed dinner
at a swank drug store . . .

Or join your friends at an
intimate supper club.





Have an evening at the theatre . . .

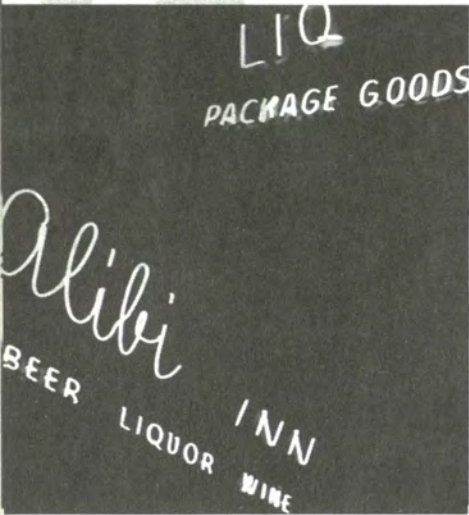


Or go dancing with the crowd.



And there is always the thrilling Premier Theatre . . .

After the main event of the evening . . .
What else? Bar-hopping . . .



From one sophisticated gathering place for young moderns . . .

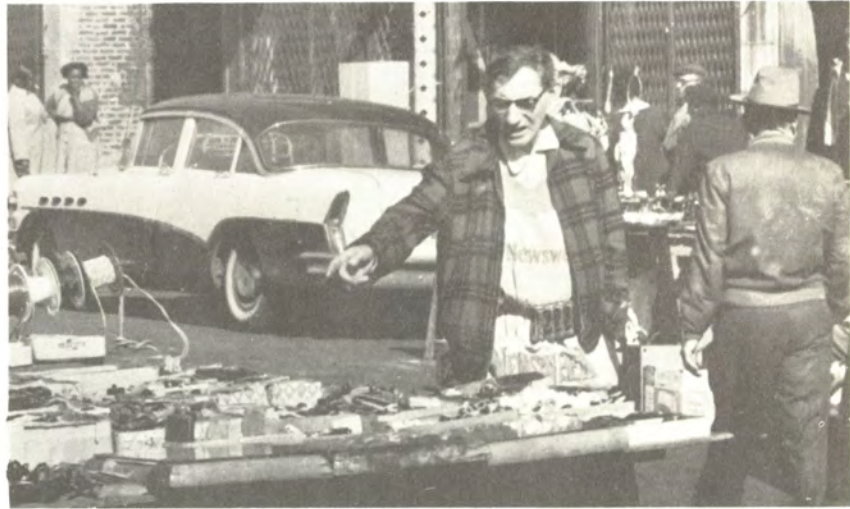


To all the others.

But don't give up with the dawn.



Have a sober breakfast.



Shop at one of our lovely stores.



Join the local high school crowd
in some fun.



And who knows? . . . If you
stay out with the good people
of our fair city long enough,
you may even see a . . . (you
know).

Reveal Another New Dormitory Soon

First Building On Wanatah Campus To Be Twentieth Dorm



Proposed dorm for Wanatah extension

Yesterday President James Todd announced the signing of a contract with the S. Hoddy Construction Company for the erection of a new men's dormitory. The dormitory, housing 450 students, will be the twentieth dorm built on the Valpo campus since 1960. Although full details of the construction have not been released as yet, the *Torch* discovered that the new dorm will have much the same furnishings as the last two, including

wall-to-wall carpeting in the individual rooms, personal telephones, optional television sets, and individual washroom and showering facilities.

Several of the new innovations include a lounge where drinks of various kinds will be served five nights a week and a basement key club for dorm residents which will be open on week-end evenings. The most radical experiment to be found in the new dorm is the inclusion of two 12'x12' study rooms on the top floor.

The new dormitory culminates an extensive expansion of university facilities which has gone on in the last twenty-five years. Beginning with the construction of Wehrenberg Hall in 1960, the university has constructed eleven women's dorms and eight men's dorms to accommodate its present enrollment of twelve thousand students. (President Todd pointed out that this number is still quite small in comparison to that of other universities with selective admission policies — Ohio State, NYU, etc.)

The most exciting revelation about the new dormitory was that it is to be the first building on the Wanatah Extension campus. Since the Extension land was purchased in 1963, nothing has been built there because of the massive land reclamation project that had to be completed before construction could begin. President Todd noted that the university is considering instituting bus service from the new dormitory to old campus, but

The Torch

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70th Year of Publication

A Parting Word - - - an editorial

As we close up shop for the year and say goodbye to one of the most rewarding—if the most frustrating—jobs we've ever had, we'd like to offer a few parting suggestions about unfinished business which we'd like to see the leaders of tomorrow carry on after we're gone.

First of all, we think it's about time that we up here on White Campus realize that the problems of our non-white fellow students are as much our concern as our own. After all, even though Black Campus is almost half a mile away, we ought to be concerned about the troubles they've had—the rats in Lembke Hall, for example; and it hardly seems fair that a group which comprises 45 per cent of the student body should still have to carry on sit-ins in the Union.

Another problem we'd like to see tackled is that of discrimination in fraternities. We know there's been great progress made in this field—only 45

First Classroom Building In 20 Years

Next fall, students in the History, English, and Philosophy Departments will have their classes in Mound Group, the recently announced classroom center for the College of Arts and Sciences. The new center, situated southeast of Graland Hall, is another big step forward in the university's program to increase classroom space to meet the demands of the burgeon-

it might be nice to do something about those groups who still discriminate. We don't mean to be pushy, but we'd like to see somebody give some thought to the idea of applying pressure to the national organization at conventions, where such changes are considered.

Then, too, it would be a good idea if fraternities gave serious thought to working together to obtain better housing. Seven times since 1954 the University has tried to work something out, but there's always a number of objections. Last time, as we remember, several groups dropped out of the planning because they discovered that prevailing winds would force them to breathe the same air as one of their neighbors. We thought at the time that perhaps a type of perfume could be developed for each group to give it a distinctive, individual air. But whatever steps are necessary, we think something should be done. Even though the death rate per thousand due to fraternity house fires has declined 30 percent in the past five years, it remains above tolerable levels. There is only so much room in the fraternity section of the University Graveyard even for ashes.

Now that tuition has climbed to \$85,000, and it looks as if rising faculty salaries will necessitate another increase next year, the University might well consider a fixed tuition plan for each freshman class. In that way a student would know in advance, for instance, that if he enters this year his B.A. will cost him less than \$150,000—not much more than a six-month vacation on South Mars.

A question we'd like somebody to answer: whatever happened to the \$2,000 of student contributions which was supposed to purchase a statue outside the Library back in the early fifties?

Some people have asked us how we will manage to put out two issues a day next year: "Isn't that twice as much work as a daily paper?" they usually say. The answer is quite simple: this year we published 12 pages a day, but next year we will publish two 8-page issues daily. Obviously, the increase in work is only 33 percent.

At any rate, it has been a rewarding year, and we wish every success to next year's editor. A word of advice to next year's staff: work closely with new University President W. G. Sanders, but don't be deceived by his mild manner—he might put something over on you.

O.P.K.



Freshmen will arrive in style next year

The eight airy, tasteful remodeled classrooms in Mound Group, formerly the offices of the Department of Maintenance, bring to twenty-four the number of new classrooms established by the university in the last twenty years. Lembke Center, opened at the beginning of the spring semester, contained the other sixteen.

With the addition of the eight new classrooms in the center, the administration now feels that class periods can be lengthened from the present thirty minutes to thirty-five minutes. Morning classes at 5:30 will no longer be necessary either, the new starting time being 5:45. It is hoped that evening classes will end before ten o'clock in the near future.

Torch Calls For Staff To Meet Expansion-Again

"We need typists, reporters, circulation assistants, even a few extra editors. Anybody can apply. We're not particular."

Freshman Orientation To Change

Plans for next year's freshman orientation week have been geared to the make-up of the new class, committee chairman Will Cumm announced today.

In order to provide the freshman with the real Valpo "Hi!" the committee is making plans to gear its activities to the quality of student that has increasingly filled the freshman class.

"We feel," stated chairman Cumm, "that any student who can pay \$35,000 a semester (the recently announced tuition rate) deserves the very best."

The committee plans to send a special fleet of limousines to O'Hare airport every day for the week before registration in order to meet the many private planes that will be landing

of new classroom facilities in Mound Group the walk to class will be "a brisk way to start the day."

New Chapel Service

After the Chapel Committee meeting last Wednesday, Dean of the Chapel Peter Leergeist stated that the schedule of daily chapel services will be altered due to the addition of a new daily service. According to Leergeist, Lauds will be held every morning at 9:00 a.m. This will necessitate a change of time in the Matins service which will now be held at 6:30 every morning. The three other daily services—Noonday Prayer, Vespers, and Compline—will continue to be held at the same time as before.

With the introduction of the new service, ministerial duties will be shifted around among the members of the Collegiate Chapter. The three subdeacons will handle the Matins service. The Canon Precentor and his chief assistant will officiate at the newly instituted Lauds.

from all over the world. In addition, liveried coaches will meet students who arrive by train or bus, so that the first ride through town will be a pleasant one for all.

Chairman Cumm also announced that dormitory welcomes will take on new life. Strolling violinists will walk through the halls of each dorm during the week before registration, playing songs requested by new students through their personal maids.

The committee also announced that freshmen will receive special counseling this year. A licensed psychiatrist will be assigned to each corridor. "Confidentially," the chairman said, "we'd like to find out what makes someone who can afford these prices come here rather than go to Yale."

I DON'T KNOW; I GUESS I SHOULD CALL THIS:
THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON, ME, AND THE CROWD POEM



*Oh! Thou beautiful sunset . . .
And a wandering woman yet! . . .
After the day's events,
Among which were the voices of our discontent
Of, of course, the Negro situation,
Including Northern segregation and Southern deprivation—
So what were we to think,
My brother, Brendan, and me, of this fink
Who turns up against the setting sun riding
The exact same Harley-Davidson which I was hiding,
At that time, from my brother, Bart,
Whom I "borrowed" it from three weeks before, just as a "lark",
And whom, by then, we both suspected,
Was putt-ting up and down the Pa. turnpike feeling dejected
And very, very insecure and slightly ticked-off
For having to hunt us down in his' 49 MG TD whose engine was diseased with a
really severe cough?
We got scared, to say the least,
At seeing this wandering woman whom my brother, Brendan, said was really
a piece,
As the thoughts ran through our mind
Of having to thumb back to New York, with the Harley somewhere behind,
And worse yet, of having to tell the Harley's master
That we'd "lost" the cycle; but that he could use my mare, Shakespeare, who had,
I hoped, spent three weeks out to pasture.
We were in, of all places, East Liverpool, Ohio
Whose major attraction for us that day was a smoking red silo
That had also attracted many blue firemen,
And some in plain clothes, who had come at the sound of the siren.
The flaming silo we had pretty well forgotten
When the wandering woman, who, by now, I thought was really rotten,
Because she had gone and stolen the bike*

*And had roared off wearing—and this both Brendan and I objected to—pants
 that were far too tight,
 Came roaring back on again, and turned out to be
 My favorite brother Bernie
 Who was pledging a fraternity
 In order to be accepted into the brotherhood
 Of a well-known Jewish organization at U.C.L.A. which he liked, respected
 and understood.
 Neither Brendan nor I could say the same of him
 At that point, so we just shrugged, our thoughts still dim,
 Brendan's especially since he regretted saying his brother was a piece
 And worried that my story-telling habit would suddenly increase;
 But I gave promises, one swoon, and all worrying stopped
 While my favorite brother, Bernie, fell half crooked
 Off the Harley since he'd withdrawn the pint of Jack Daniels,
 Sometime before, because I am too young, from my dungarees that still smelled
 from Ginger and Rye, my cocker spaniels.
 The worrying having ceased, and having seen Bernie as he really was,
 I took advantage, hopped on the Harley, and roared forward with Brendan
 following on his Honda as he still sometimes does
 When he's not, that is, side-tracking to study how many married women hold
 PhD's,
 Or finding out whether Au H²O does or does not wear B.V.D's
 That were manufactured by Southern liberal Democrats
 Who will never ride around standing up in open-air Cadillacs.
 . . . All that was weeks ago and I'm back at school now,
 Though minus my brother Bart's Harley, which is mainly to allow
 My self the walking privileges here, and secondly, to conserve
 On money which I haven't ever had much of, and don't really deserve
 To have, anyway, though that's just my own personal opinion which you don't
 have to accept,*

*Because I'm really just (and love being) another one of the herd except,
 In addition to my passion for Streisand, Fitzgerald, Armstrong, and the Monk,
 I also have secret moments with Chet Baker, Stravinski, Ravel, and Dave
 van Ronk;
 And in addition to having three brothers, Bernard, Bartholomew, and Brendan,
 who all call me "Yo-Yo",
 I am constantly on the verge of getting expelled from the herd because I like
 riding Harleys and because nearly always I
 answer questions asked with the absurds
 "I don't know."*

Marcia M. Yoder, 15-16 April, '64
 to Kaye Francis Weaver because she likes rhymes

The Blighter, on a lark, visited the Student Senate.

(Just what goes on behind closed doors? Who is the real power behind the throne? Is there real power? Are we communicated to? With? About? We came away with these impressions . . .)



"Interest always seems to fall off at this time of the year."

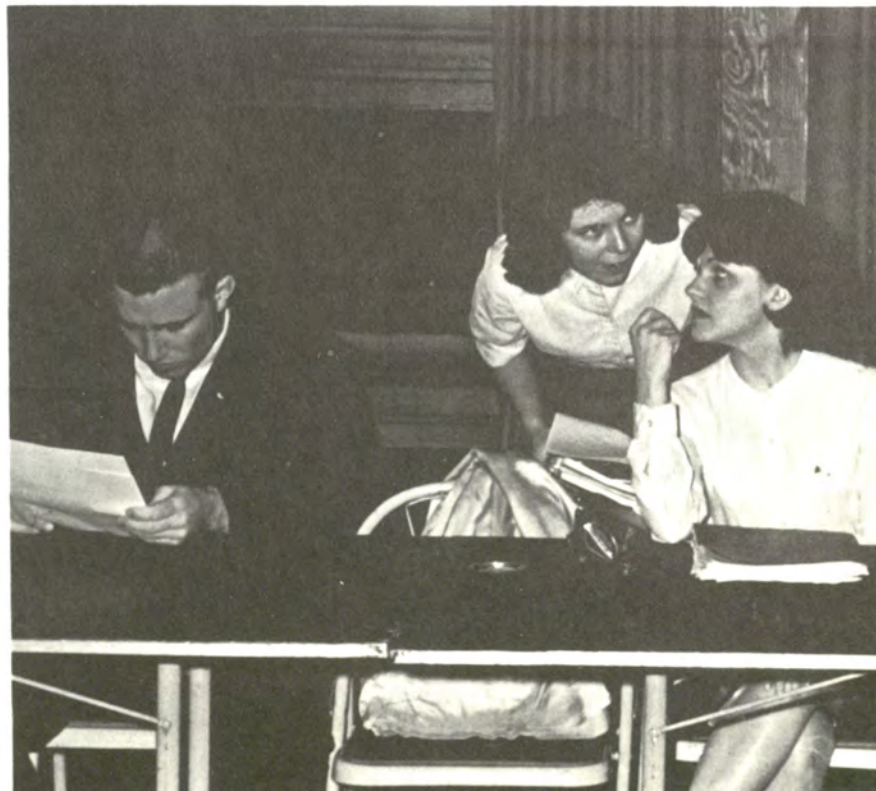


"And please, God, don't let them raise tuition again."



"Coffee, tea, or milk?"

"And then he said, 'meet me in my apartment — right after the meeting.'"





"And furthermore, nobody leaves this room until this vote comes out right."



"But how can x^2 equal π ?"



"John we just can't go on meeting in secret like this."



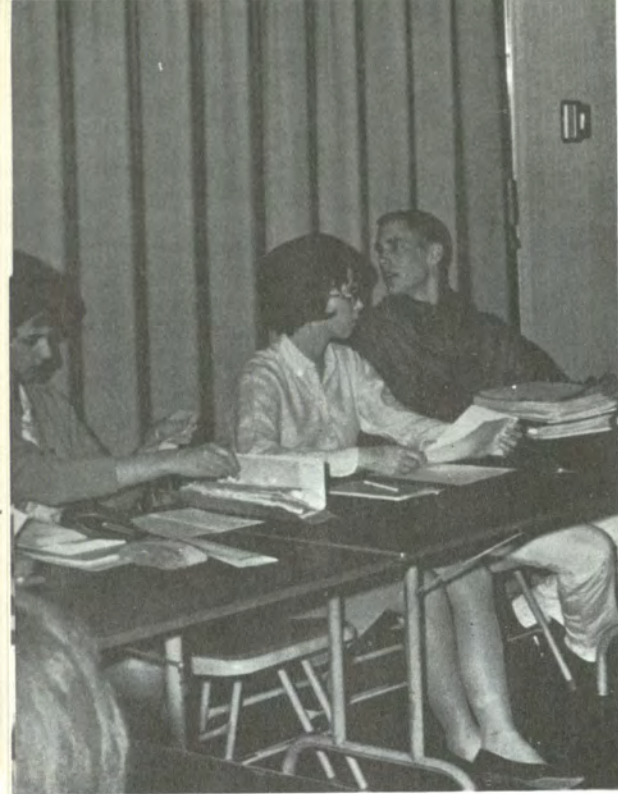
"Yes, I know cigarette smoking causes cancer."



"Tell them it will help faculty-student communications. That always works."

"See? If we do away with THE LIGHTER, we get a month in Washington next year."





"While you're up — Get me a Grants."



"Oh no. Not another plan for reapportionment."



"Wake up! He finally recognized you."

"Well, we put that one over easily enough."



"The Tables Turned"

Valparaiso University
English Department
December 4, 1958

Dear Coach Bauer,

Remembering our discussions of your football men who are having trouble in English, I have decided to ask you, in turn, for help.

We feel that Paul Spindles, one of our most promising scholars, has a chance for a Rhodes scholarship, which would be a great thing for him and for our college. Paul has the academic record for this award but we find that the aspirant is also required to have other excellences, and ideally he should have a good record in athletics. Paul is weak. He tries hard, but has trouble in athletics.

We propose that you give some special consideration to Paul as a varsity player, putting him, if possible, in the backfield of the football team. In this way we can show a better college record to the committee deciding on the Rhodes scholarships. We realize that Paul will be a problem, but--as you have often said--co-operation between your department and ours is highly desirable and we do expect Paul to try hard, of course. During intervals of study we shall coach him as much as we can.

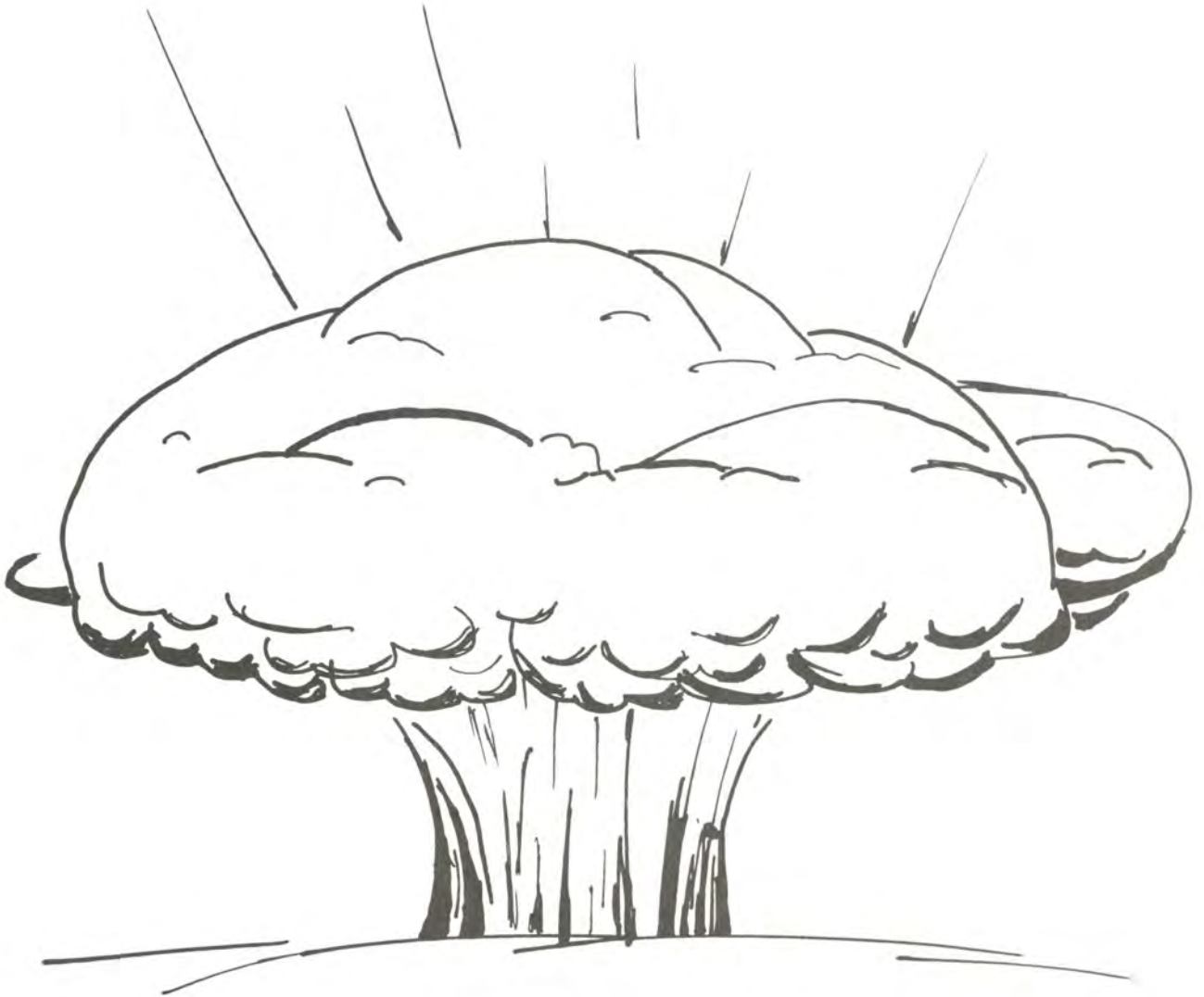
His work in English Club and on the debate team will force him to miss many practices, but we intend to see that he carries an old football around to bounce (or whatever one does with a football), during intervals in his work. We expect Paul to show entire good will in his work for you, and though he will not be able to practice football until late in the season, he can finish the season with good attendance.

Sincerely yours,
Dr. Walter G. Friedrich
Head of the Department of English

THE BLIGHTER LOVELY



and only man is vile..



THE END

The Lighter staff wishes to thank all those who have contributed to the magazine this year.

Special thanks is due to those who contributed to the short story contest and to the judges, Mr. Rex Cunningham, Mr. Robert Smith, and Mr. Phil Raesor.

In addition to the first and second prize winners (whose stories are printed on pages 4-13), third prizes have been awarded to:

Marcia M. Yoder ("Happy Thirty-seventh Birthday")

Barbara Stuhr ("The Executive")

In addition to the recognition given to this work in the short story, the Lighter wishes to recognize the following contributions:

Best Poetry, 1963-1964: Marcia M. Yoder

Best Essay, 1963-1964: Charles Mintzlaff

ATHLETICS and the PURSUIT of ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE

an invitation to a dialogue

By Rich Nehring with Jerry Guth

The chief purpose of the university community is the pursuit of academic excellence. This does not imply that the chief value of the university is equated with this purpose, but that the activities of the university as a social institution are directed toward providing the proper atmosphere conducive to such an endeavor. Ideally, this would mean that every activity which is institutionally part of the university should promote the pursuit of academic excellence, or, at a minimum, not openly hinder it. Working off of these basic presuppositions, we can analyze the relationship between athletics and the pursuit of academic excellence, both in fact and in regard to a more complementary relation between the two.

Our primary assertion here is that *the wholehearted pursuit of academic excellence is basically incompatible with the present system of intercollegiate athletics*. We feel that this assertion is justified by the fact that participation in intercollegiate athletics, as the system now stands, unavoidably leads to a conflict of values within the individual participant.

Ideally, we could conceive of the student-athlete as having three individual choices which he could possibly make. He could decide to subordinate athletics to his academic pursuits; he could seek a balance between the two; or he could subordinate his academic pursuits to athletics. The tragedy today is that such a choice really does not exist. Because of the whirl of practice, competition, and travel, the athlete is forced to sac-

rifice his academic pursuits for the sake of his participation in athletics. Of course, if one is to participate in athletics, some sacrifices of time and effort are obviously necessary. However, when the demand for the individual's time becomes so great that his academic work is done with the idea of getting by with the absolute minimum, such sacrifices become incompatible with the purposes of the university.

The possibility exists here that a well-balanced person could give equal value and effort to both, but this idea seems to be nothing more than a public-relations myth, promoted by athletic departments to mislead professors and spectators who are unacquainted with the academic frauds involved. Sooner or later, there is bound to be a serious conflict here between the ever-increasing demands of the academic world and the creeping professionalism of the world of intercollegiate athletics.

In stating that the prime purpose of the university community as an institution is the pursuit of academic excellence, we nevertheless feel that such a purpose should be forced upon individuals in the university community as the prime value or purpose in their own lives. We can readily conceive of an individual holding excellence in athletics to be the center of his life, and, though this is not central to our own lives, we do not feel that such an individual should be boot-ed out of the university simply because of this. However, if this prevents him from meeting the academic standards set by the univer-

sity, then he has no choice but to leave and pursue his purposes elsewhere.

However, when part of the institutional structure of the university — namely, intercollegiate athletics — is in conflict with this chief purpose, then we feel that the university should take steps either to reform or to change radically this institutional structure so that it is more in line with the purpose of the university.

As we see it, the chief reason for the conflict between academic excellence and the current system of intercollegiate athletics lies in the overwhelming emphasis placed upon winning. Winning is regarded today as the prime end of intercollegiate athletics, for it is only winning which produces the reams of publicity on which the university thrives and which insures the occupational security of the coach. This we feel is basically irrelevant to the purposes of athletics itself, namely the joys of participating and striving for improvement by both the individual and the group.

Our disparagement of the over-emphasis on winning does not mean that we also discount the will to win. The competitive spirit is essential to both academic and athletic pursuits. Lacking it, the individual has no stimulus within himself to push on to greater levels of achievement; he can only wallow in the boredom of mediocrity.

But here we assume, perhaps in a fit of youthful idealism, that athletics at a university is meant to be amateur and not pre-professional preparation. From the point of view of the amateur, participation

in athletics is not and cannot be his whole life. Though he has a definite commitment to athletics, he realizes that this commitment is qualified. In the time which he allots to athletics, he will work to give his all, *but only within that time*. He realizes that other activities take precedence over athletics, and that his participation in athletics will thus be limited by this commitment to other activities.

The protestations of the NCAA to the contrary, we do not feel that the current system of intercollegiate athletics is primarily an amateur one. The outside pressures placed on athletics force them to make their participation in intercollegiate athletics the central activity in their lives, whether they like it or not.

First of all, the individual athlete is obligated to spend twenty to thirty hours a week in practice, skull sessions, competition, and traveling. Obviously this cuts into the time he has available for studying. Even the gifted and conscientious student-athlete is forced to compromise here. True, he can maintain his academic average, but this is done by carefully allotting his time to each course so that all papers are dashed off before the deadline and all examinations are carefully crammed for. Whether he learns anything or not becomes inconsequential; he has met the minimum requirements for eligibility and a degree, which is about all the coach is interested in anyway.

Not only the individual's time, but also his values, are shaped by the pressure to win. Although he enjoys athletics, playing together with a team, and so on, he may well hold that other activities are more valuable and desirable after a certain point has been reached in his participation in athletics. Here the system is largely inflexible; one normally does not get excused from games or meets so that he can study!

This radically critical view which we have taken thus far against the current system of intercollegiate athletics does not mean that we also disparage athletics. Our only point of contention is with the present institutionalizing of athletics in a way which conflicts with the aca-

demical task. We feel that participation in athletics, when evaluated properly, has much to offer to the individual within the university community, and we would even risk the assertion that it is just as essential as the so-called cultural activities.

First of all, we feel that participation in athletics is justified simply on the basis that it is an enjoyable activity. The specific reasons why this is so vary from individual to individual, but the chief idea behind all of them is that one participates for the sake of the activity itself, and not for its derivative benefits. If this motivation is lacking, we personally feel that the basic idea inherent in athletics is lost as well. What remains is a stifling obligation to school, country, or waist-line reduction.

However, derivative benefits do exist and to deny them would be foolish, to say the least. The old dictum about a sound mind in a sound body has not yet been disproved by the educational psychologists, at least to our knowledge. Physical fitness as obtained through athletics is most likely the best means available for one who desires to escape the lethargic life of the sedentary scholar. Despite our attitude about the purpose of the university, we do not take the viewpoint that a person is simply a mind enclosed in a sustaining mechanism. Competition, sweat, and fatigue can be just as stimulating as reading a good book or grappling with an exciting idea; to ignore this is to ignore a significant part of human existence.



Thus we feel that the pursuit of academic excellence is not incompatible with athletics itself. The question which stands before us then is how will athletics be institutionalized within the university. Here we feel that athletics at the university should be amateur athletics, not only in name, but also in fact. This means that the university is not to be considered as a minor league and culling center for professional sports. It also means that athletics is to be regarded officially as a secondary activity, an avocation, with the implication here that the academic pursuits of the individual take precedence over his participation in athletics.

What does such a viewpoint mean for the present system of intercollegiate athletics? Obviously we feel that changes are necessary; otherwise we would not have bothered to write this article. For a start, we feel that there are basically two ways of going about this: either reform or radical change.

A reform of the system would necessitate considerable changes within the present system, but the basic pattern would still remain intact. First of all, competition would be limited, both in regard to the number of times one has to compete and to the type of competition he would be going up against. By this, we mean that competition would be primarily against schools with a similar philosophy and policy on athletics; thus, we would cease worrying about those private and state schools with their "professionalized" sports. Secondly, this would call for a change in attitude toward and among the personnel of the athletic department. Primarily, they would be considered as professors in physical education and thus be evaluated on the basis of their performance in the classroom, and not for their "results" elsewhere. Only secondarily would they be coaches, with the firmly established and ungrudgingly given acceptance of the idea that one's academic work takes precedence over his participation in athletics. Such an approach, which is not too far removed from the commonly accepted procedure, would be the most likely method of putting athletics into a more complementary relationship with the academic task.

The other, more individually

oriented approach would be a radical departure from traditional American procedure. Instead of the conventionally team-centered approach to athletics, the university could have a club system. These would basically be autonomous or semi-autonomous groups, organized by individuals interested in a particular sport. Competition here would be conducted on a highly informal basis with all-comers meets for the individual sports and games with both collegiate and non-collegiate organizations in the team sports. Such a system — which is the primary method of athletic organization in the Continental and Commonwealth countries — would emphasize participation on a much wider basis and would allow for individual differences in emphasis in a way not possible in the accepted system here. The club system presupposes a broad system of physical education behind it which is both instructive and stimulating.

As stated in the introductory note, it was not our intention to give a complete study of the problems involved here. We have only selected those elements which we think are essential to the major problem. Our basic purpose is to stimulate a thorough-going re-evaluation of the place of athletics within the university. We feel that the present system is becoming more and more unworkable as the post-Sputnik academic revolution progresses. We also assert that athletics can have a highly beneficial role in the lives of those within the university community. However, a strong tension exists between athletics and academic work which cannot be ignored. This is a difficult problem which currently calls for thorough research and bold decisions; we can no longer be content with a cheap uncritical acceptance of the *status quo*.

RETROSPECT

*I watched the pale amulets
That hid your once-known hands,
And thought again the timeless thoughts
That held my mind in bands.
The golden helmet glistened still,
As I remembered then,
How splendid to the touch it was —
It was, but not again.
I stamped the shining thoughts away,
But wished that I could tell
You needed me again once more,
I'm wrong, but just as well.
But yet, down deep and close inside
You hold a little thought,
Like books once read should not be burned,
How poorly time has taught.*

—Geoff Stein



NEW NATIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

By HAROLD SCHEUB

In the Charter of African Unity (signed by the heads of African states and governments on May 25, 1963), the Organization of African Unity (OAU) proclaims as one of its major purposes the eradication "of all forms of colonialism from Africa." The parliaments of Africa have responded with courageous plans and prophecies laced with threats, but lately, internal problems in individual countries have diluted that firmness of purpose somewhat, or have at least shelved immediate definitive action regarding these remnants of colonialism on the continent. Or so it appears, on the surface.

An anxious sigh thus sweeps cautiously across the savanna and veld of the remaining colonial strongholds in southern Africa — but those very sighs of relief are indications that the colonial empires are in decline and that the final spasms are in sight. The festering wound, while it may be momentarily obscured by more immediate problems, is nonetheless still a festering wound: Africans in Angola, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia and South Africa continue to exist under an oppression that has become intolerable. The demand for freedom is strengthened by the very tightening of restrictions in these minority-dominated countries, and the restlessness of dominated Africans is matched by the restlessness of Africa's free nations.

Afro-Asian diplomatic activities continue unabated in the United Nations, and constantly threaten to wholly reject the counsel of moderation emanating from the West. Not so diplomatic are the activities which are taking place in Africa itself where, despite the problems of individual African governments, freedom fighter training has become intensified.

Within the next two years, three new nations will emerge in southern Africa: Angola, Mozambique and Southern Rhodesia (the latter will become Zimbabwe upon independence).

South Africa (which, in spite of protestations to the contrary, remains a *colonial* territory) is not yet ready for full revolt. This will come, inevitably, and today freedom fighters are being trained in guerrilla tactics in Congo (Leopoldville), Tanganyika and Algeria, aided by arms and know-how from Egypt, Russia, China and Algeria. The Report on Apartheid, published in April by the special committee of the Security Council, states, "A political, economic, and social system, built on the domination of one race by another by force, cannot survive. What is at issue is not the final outcome but the question whether, on the way, the people of South Africa are to go through a long ordeal of blood and hate. If so, all Africa, and the whole world, must be involved."

It is not a question of which race

will survive the years ahead: of this, there is no question. If a single race must prevail in South Africa (and this is the substance of the aims of the Verwoerd government), then that race will be the black race. The white race in South Africa continues to create an atmosphere which will make any kind of multi-racial society completely impossible when independence does come to the black African. The overcrowded Bantustans, the uncertainty of African existence from one day to the next, the constant tightening of legal and extra-legal screws by Verwoerd government and the consequent and continual robbing of the African of his dignity, the continued preparation of the freedom fighters—these are preparing the way for the immense explosion which will come in the late sixties.

But before freedom comes to South Africa, independence will come to Africans in Angola, Mozambique and Southern Rhodesia.

Angola and Mozambique are Portuguese territories, both claimed by Portugal over 400 years ago during the golden age of Vasco da Gama and Portuguese exploration. Both have been considered overseas provinces of Portugal since 1951, and both have been ruled harshly and, at times, savagely. Of the two countries, Portugal would be most loath to part with Angola: that country's oil, fishing industry,

farming products and mining (diamonds, iron) are essential to the economy of Portugal. Mozambique, primarily an agricultural land, is not nearly so essential. But because of the organization of its freedom fighters, Angola will probably fall first—or at least widespread revolution will rend Angola before anything quite so broad can get started in Mozambique.

Freedom fighting activities in and around Angola have intensified considerably during the last six months, and will continue to build up, especially after bordering Northern Rhodesia receives her full independence this summer (Angola will thus become vulnerable on another front, most of the thrusts during the three year rebellion having been made from Congo—Leopoldville). Portugal has done little for the African peoples of either land: today, 99 percent of the Africans in those two countries remain illiterate, universities are nonexistent. While the Portuguese army steps up its attacks on Africans in Angola, hundreds continue to pour out of the country—12,500 in March alone, 560,000 in all, according to Roberto.

In Angola, the lines have been drawn. Holden Roberto's 7,500 rebels, constantly in training in camps throughout Congo, continue to swoop down into northern Angola on guerrilla raids. Portugal continues to build up her army in Angola—an army of 60,000 and a strong air force. The greatest boon to the rebel movement in Angola came late in 1963 when the Revolutionary Government of Angola in Exile (GRAE) was given full recognition by the OAU. This is especially significant because one of the things that has kept the Angola revolt from gaining necessary speed has been the fragmentation of the revolutionary movement into various jealous camps. The OAU action gave Roberto, leader of the *Uniao das Populacoes de Angola* (UPA), the necessary backing he needed and solidified his revolt. Former enemies of Roberto allied with him to form the GRAE. They did so not without hesitation, for a wide spectrum of political attitudes and leanings are reflected by these various camps—but Roberto's position had then become too strong to ignore. Hence, the most important

single achievement in Angola's quest for freedom has now been achieved: the consolidation of power within a single group. Money and arms can now be sent to this centralized organization, rather than to divergent organizations which might well have concluded by using the weapons on one another than on the common enemy.

Roberto, who first looked to Washington for help (and was refused it) has now turned to other countries, notably Russia and China, and to a lesser extent Algeria and Egypt. And the Liberation Committee of the OAU has helped considerably (the most recent grant was a sum of \$84,000), and there have been some offers of African soldiers from armies of other countries on the continent. There is also a real possibility that a Mau Mau-like organization may get started in Angola. Roberto recently offered Portugal terms for a settlement — reasonable terms — but Portugal turned them down immediately. It seems doubtful that the United States or Britain will intervene before it is too late (Roberto recently excoriated western countries because his men captured arms from the Portuguese which were made in the U.S., Britain, France and West Germany), and the chances of widespread revolt during the latter part of 1964 are good.

All things considered, it is likely (1) that Angola will be openly at war with Portugal within the next eight to twelve months, (2) that Roberto will continue to receive help from Russia and China, particularly arms, and (3) that Portugal will fall within eighteen to twenty-four months (her own financial problems in maintaining the overseas army, the pressures of world opinion, the attrition of guerrilla warfare will weaken her).

Mozambique is a greater problem, largely because the freedom fighters are not so well organized. But in that heavily forested land, guerrilla activities from Nyasaland have lately begun on a very small scale, and there is evidence that this will develop into something much bigger. The revolutionary government has its headquarters in Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika, and has received aid from Algeria, Russia,

China, Egypt and the Liberation Committee of the OAU. The revolt, led by Dr. Eduardo Mondlane (head of the *Frente de Libertacao de Mocambique*—FRELIMO), will also trouble the Portuguese army and secret police on the Tanganyika border. A rather cautious Mondlane is now being pushed hard by extremists, and it is likely that the revolt will become more pronounced by the end of 1964. If Angola falls, it is likely that the Portuguese will leave Mozambique without much of a struggle. But as long as Angola remains in Portugal's hands, it is likely that the Portuguese will dig in at Mozambique and Angola will be free within two years.

In the past few weeks, Southern Rhodesia's government (a white minority government which patterns its activities after the South African government) has passed from extremist hands into "extreme extremist" hands: into the hands of racist Ian Smith. Smith's government, as he visualizes it, will shortly directly parallel the Verwoerd government. Sir Roy Welensky, the architect of the now defunct Central African Federation, aimed his government toward a system of life and politics called "partnership"—even then, however, the degeneration of a partnership of Africans and whites to apartheid was evident—and, given the attitudes of the white minority in the south, inevitable. The inevitable has now happened, an extremist government is in power, the "partnership" dream has indeed become apartheid, and one can only conclude that this means that the end of Southern Rhodesia as a white-dominated country will come that much sooner. Relatively minor skirmishes have already occurred, Joshua Nkomo (head of the People's Caretaker Council) has been exiled to a remote part of the country, and it is unlikely that the Commonwealth meeting in Britain will confront this tense problem this year (because of the elections in Britain).

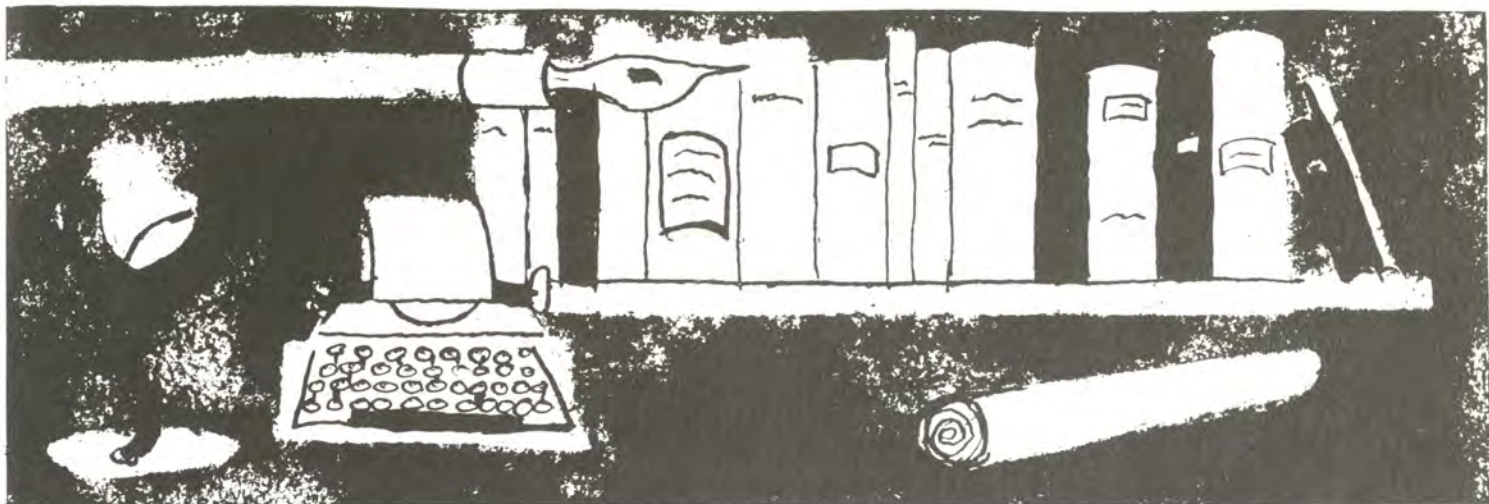
Southern Rhodesia is presently a British colony, having internal self-government (run by the white minority in the country). Britain hesitates to grant complete independence to the council until it can be certain that the white

minority will give away to Africans in government. If Smith's government prevails, it may very well declare its independence, and war between the races will result (such a war is already inevitable, given the Smith government; independence would simply hasten it). There is a possible way to avoid a war. If Smith's government fails (and it surely will), retired Roy Welensky will come back to power, form a government, and prepare the way for African-domination of Southern Rhodesia's parliament. (It is believed that Welensky has undergone a considerable change of heart and is now in full support of an African government in Southern Rhodesia.) Another possibility is that the recent changes in government might bring the two antagonistic African factions together (Nkomo's Caretaker Council and Ndabaning Sithole's Zimbabwe African National Union); if this occurs, and Smith's government remains in power, then a concerted African revolt, aided by OAU and countries outside of Africa, will become a real possibility.

These are only brief sketches of the three countries that will become independent within the next two years, and they do not sufficiently probe the complexities involved in each of the country's situations. But several things are clear: (1) Africans are clamoring for independence, and are willing to fight for it; (2) freedom fighters are becoming organized, and aid and arms are now available or can be attained; (3) as long as the white minorities cling to government and refuse to grant Africans their full rights, war and guerrilla activity are inevitable. When these countries attain their independence, then the full attention of Africa can be directed toward the greatest problem of them all: South Africa.



From the Reble



LIGHTER LIT

THE HIGH COST of DYING,

By Ruth Mulvey Harmer,

Collier Books,

228 pages, \$.95

Ruth Harmer presents a convincing argument. It is unfortunate for the reader that she presents it twenty-five or thirty times without re-wording it. She repeats her main points monotonously: funerals cost entirely too much, the American people and undertakers are to blame, there is a solution to the problem. She gets around to stating these after several chapters on the historical development of funeral practices, including some properly gruesome rituals of ancient Egyptians, Norsemen, Romans, and Anglo-Saxons. When she begins to elaborate her points, the book can be sporadically interesting.

The author is greatly interested in the psychology behind the American way of death. Americans, when it comes to funerals, are their own victimizers. One reason for the overwhelming popularity of large, showy funerals is the fallacious conception that such displays are somehow necessary for maintaining prestige in the community. Americans have come to believe that "nothing is too good" for the corpse. Mrs. Harmer also claims that gaudy

funerals may, through the sheer expense and artificial beauty involved, help in assuaging the guilt feeling of the family concerning the departed "loved one." She holds, and reasonably so, that perhaps in spending a ridiculously large amount for a funeral, good old Harry is, indeed, "paying off" his late spouse for the abuse that she received from him during her life. Another important factor in the perpetration of exorbitantly priced funeral services is the exploitation of the grief and shock of the relatives. At the time immediately following the death, the family is reluctant to discuss fees. They want to get the details taken care of as quickly as possible, to avoid delay at all cost. Thanks to the mortician, their wish is fulfilled: the services are performed at all possible cost, and more.

Mrs. Harmer gives us a portrait of the average undertaker as an unscrupulous, scheming ghoul, and she documents the picture with many gruesome, factual examples. She devotes several pages to describing the rise to power of one par-

ticularly offensive character, Hubert Eaton, who is the director of the infamous Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Los Angeles. His tactics, especially in negotiating real estate coups for the re-zoning of land for burial plots, are brutal. More horrifying examples are given of morticians in the act of managing the bereaved customer. It is certainly shocking to hear of placing hidden microphones in a coffin display room in order for the undertaker to set the highest price possible for a buyer, or of a mortician's banquet at which the grisly, supposedly witty menu includes such dishes as "Blood Solvent" and "Cavity Filler." The most unscrupulous practice, however, is that of establishing impossibly high prices for services rendered and materials provided. The going rate for the average funeral is the amount arbitrarily obtained by multiplying the cost (exorbitant itself), of the coffin by "five or six."

The high cost of dying is, to Mrs. Harmer, the real tragedy of death. She gives several poignant examples of new widows plunged

into debt by unnecessarily lavish funerals.

This is the beginning of her crusade for reform. She advocates funeral associations as the most effective remedy. A member pays a small initial fee and is assured of a dignified funeral in the sensible range of \$150 to \$300. The primary function of the groups is, however, to reform and educate the public's views on death and funerals. This is the thesis of Mrs. Harmer's book: that the American way of death is an "essential blasphemy." By placing emphasis upon the body we are denying the basic spiritual meaning of death, pursuing our own whims, and doing a great disservice to the dead. She's right. It is time for a change.

—Linda Thomas

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