

Summer 1960

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Valparaiso University

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# LIGHTER



SUMMER ISSUE





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**The Farmers State Bank**

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WITH US!**

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# Retrospectus

At The Editor's Desk  
Spring Weekend, 1960

Dear Dave and Julie,

I am writing this letter to you publicly for my last editorial because there is much of it I wish that the entire campus might also be able to read. I am sitting in the muggish, hot office which will soon be yours while staring numbly out at another all-too-familiar dawn and over the paste-ups for this year's last issue of the *Lighter*. As usual, I am not particularly happy with it. In keeping with the tradition of too much of our work this year, this letter is likely to be rather sleepy, ill organized, and unpolished; but I do want to try to forearm you for next year with the complex of experiences I have had with Valpo's "publications' bad-boy."

## Lesson One

In the first place you will discover that your role as an apologist frequently precedes and well-nigh supplants your work as a journalist. You will be amazed at the herd of critics to whom you will be expected to account next year — not the least of which is your own conscience. In one camp will be some of your fellow students who scarcely escaped Grammar Zero and loudly advocate four warmed-over *Police Gazettes* from you yearly — to the professor whose writing for the past twenty years has been wholly on inter-office memos. But on another level will be the few concerned students like yourselves who thanklessly work with you for a better publication (your only road is up!) and the unsung saints of the faculty and administration who yet are unafraid to believe in you and all their students despite the disappointing performances with which we frequently betray their trust. You will have to decide to which group you will listen and the earlier the better.

## Lesson Two

Another one of the things that will be expected of you next year is consistent perfection, and I mean no discredit to either of you when I predict that you will fail this expectation. If you proceed as we have done this year (and I do not wholly advise it!) you will have the most stumbling experience of your college career. At first you will quite democratically search out the tastes of the majority of your readers with fatal experiments and find that they either couldn't care less or have no taste. Then you will quite autocratically decide for yourself what you want in the *Lighter* and then discover the campus is

Concluded next page

SUMMER

1960



THE LIGHTER . . .

The Literary-Humor-Variety Quarterly

. . . of Valparaiso University

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COVER PHOTO by Ed Schmidt - - - COVER DESIGN by Jim Jordan

Volume II

Number 4

THE LIGHTER is published four times during the academic year by and for the students of Valparaiso University. Excerpts may be reprinted with credit. Remember, he who steals trash, steals trash. All material becomes the property of THE LIGHTER and cannot necessarily be returned. Address all correspondence, complaints, or contributions to THE LIGHTER, Box 272, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Material from contributors does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the LIGHTER editorial staff.



ill-equipped to produce what either you or they want. You could try writing an issue yourself, I suppose, but you'll likely find that you yourself cannot produce what you yourself would like to read. In the midst of this utter loneliness, you will have only your own good sense of humor to keep you company. Knowing each of you as I do, I predict that you will be in excellent company at those moments.

### Take Your Humor Seriously and Vice Versa

Ostensibly a humor magazine is to make people laugh, and I suspect that the *Lighter* this year was most humorous in those areas in which it took itself most seriously. You will find that the *Lighter*, like the University of which it is a part, at times got bigger before it got better. The year of inception, I'm told, was difficult; I know the year of transition was similarly difficult; it is my hope that this third year can be the *Lighter's* real beginning. Few publications survive their first years without accumulating a fund of memories which they would rather forget. And no publication which has experienced the public trial given the *Lighter* is without its record of immaturities which are not easily forgotten. As encouragement and as a warning, our record of the first two years is part of your heritage and must be accepted as a mature individual must accept the accomplishments and indiscretions of his youth.

At time the obstacles will seem insurmountable: the lack of a tradition and a clear definition of the *Lighter's* purpose, student apathy and the dearth of willing and thoughtful contributors, an insufficient budget, your own lack of time and experience, more criticism than compliments, and the thousand vicissitudes of your singularly unrewarding task. The editing of the *Lighter*, like the way of the transgressor, is hard.

### A Moral Support

On the other hand, it is still worth doing. Properly handled, the *Lighter* can make a great and lasting contribution to our frighteningly fleeting sense of community and campus morale at Valpo. Furthermore, you will survive it all and find strange comfort in your scars. A year from now you will not think these statements as mock-heroical and melodramatic as they likely seem to you now.

There are no *Ten Commandments* to a successful *Lighter* issue after issue that I can suggest. If yours were the editorship of the *Torch* or the *Beacon*, I might hazard a formula, but you know as well as I do that the *Lighter* could leave the campus tomorrow and scarcely be missed. Unless you relish living with your bags packed, I hope that you will rescue the *Lighter* from being a rather gratuitous "extra" and make

it become an indispensable part of the University. Let the *Lighter* entertain and illumine; let it make the campus laugh and let it make the campus think. Let it represent the University as it is and as it hopes to be. Let your criticism be sharp and unafraid and let it be constructive and in love.

### "To Thine Own Self Be True . . ."

When "the tumult and the shouting" die away for you a year from now as it now does for me, you will be alone with your consciences — often our most exacting and unforgiving critics. I hope that yours will acquit you, and that you will know what it is to err, to confess it, and good-naturedly try again. As you yourselves and the University are in the process of *always becoming* — so also is y(our) magazine. The first real *Lighter* always lies in what is ahead, and I cannot think of more capable hands into which to put its future. Your experience with this year's *Lighters* should make your beginning next fall considerably less blind than was ours. I know that your opportunity to get ahead on your credit hours in Summer School through the newly created full-expense *Scholarship Program For Publication Editors* will give you the badly needed time to do a better job next year than we were able to do. If you think on it, your work this year was a small price to pay for a page in Valpo's future.

But enough of this playing of Polonius to Laertes, for like all Poloniuses (Polonii?), I, too, run the risk of being stabbed by unseen melancholy — either from within or without. Before I turn out the lights and lock-up this morgue, I want to warmly thank you and all of those friends of the *Lighter* who carried it along this year. Dave and Julie, you have all our best wishes for next year; in all events, successes and failures, I am sure you will remember these days as good beyond measure.

My best,

Dick Lee VU '60 (retired)

### About Our Cover —

SUMMER TIME . . . AND THE  
LIVIN' IS EASY

Students agree that the best thing about finals is when they're over . . . and 2500 final-fatigued Valpoites are free to emigrate from campus into three months of glorious vacation.

Dave Mayhugh and Brenda Rudolph took a head-start on their vacation picknicking for the *Lighter's* Summer Issue Cover.

The *Lighter* wishes all its readers good luck on their finals and a pleasant summer. See you next fall.

# LETTER TO THE EDITOR



To the Editor,

You and your staff are to be congratulated for effectively pursuing the maddening, but delightful, game of publishing a campus magazine.

Yours was a difficult task, perhaps more so than for those of us who began the magazine last year, since student interest generated by the novelty of a new magazine in its first year may well wane away as the next years succeed it.

It has been gratifying for me to watch you improve the quality and value of the *Lighter*. Your pages have been entertaining, stimulating, and as most surviving campus magazines are — controversial.

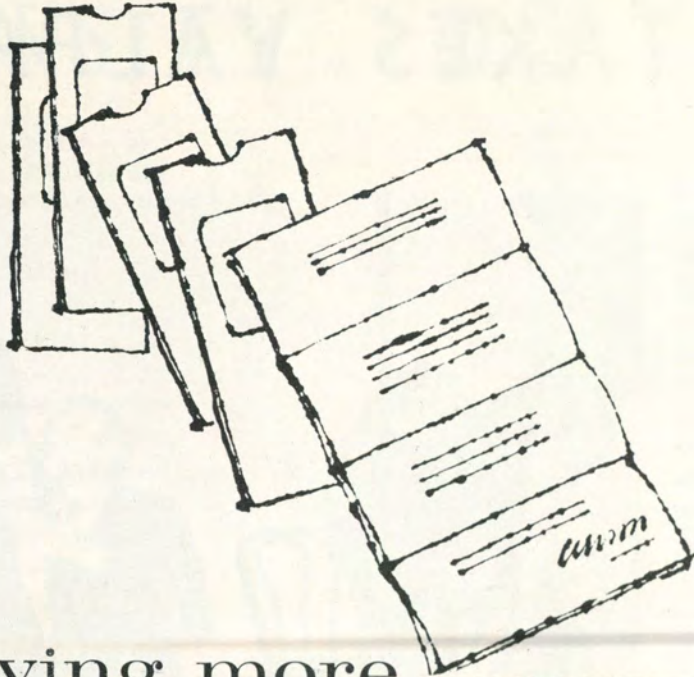
You have recognized the problems and met them with determination and a purpose — namely, to make the *Lighter* a greater asset to the repertoire of student publications which we enjoy at Valpo.

I know that you must feel as I myself felt at the end of Volume I: that if you were to consider those things that you wish you might have accomplished — or which could not be done for various reasons, you would not know where to begin. But in spite of what remains undone, you have furthered a magazine which has been happily acceptable to the student body. Through you, they have had ready access to an outlet for what might be termed student ideas. You are to be commended for always seeking out the best that was available, and you are not to be condemned when the best was none too good. Your critics need only inspect the *Lighter's* wastebasket to be assured of how good your judgment has been.

Now that the final issue of Volume II is on the press, come and join that group of has-been editors. I know that you, as well as myself, feel that Volume III of the *Lighter* is in capable hands. Julie and Dave already have the experience which you and I learned too late, and I am confident that the best *Lighters* are yet to come from them. They have through you, Dick, a solid foundation upon which to begin their work next fall. I wish them the best of luck.

Jack Lawson, Editor  
Volume I (1958-1959)





# serving more LUTHERANS\* keeps AAL growing each year

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

Membership in AAL offers many fraternal and benevolence benefits to qualified Lutherans. The most singular advantage is the Special Difference AAL members share — LOWER NET COST life insurance protection.

**A COMPARATIVE REPORT SHOWING GROWTH DURING PAST 10 YEARS:**

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

\* Eligible are Lutherans of the constituent synods of the Synodical Conference: The Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod; The Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod; The Evangelical Lutheran (Norwegian) Synod; and The Synod of Evangelical Lutheran Churches (Slovak). Also affiliated is The National Evangelical Lutheran Church (Finnish).

**AID ASSOCIATION FOR LUTHERANS**  
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*America's largest fraternal life insurance society*





# NITE LITE... TAKES VALPARAISO

**JULIE BECKER**

We visited *The Second City*, situated in the 1800 block of North Wells Street in Chicago, with more than a little apprehension. Not being personally acquainted with the place, we had only heard that the show was "unusual" and the club was "interesting." Half expecting a pseudo-Bohemian atmosphere and one of those shows that makes an attempt at art but only succeeds in being obscure, we approached the now famous doors (see *TIME* magazine, March 21, 1960) of *The Second City*. Happily, our fears proved to be entirely unfounded. The evening was spent in pleasantly dim surroundings viewing the most refreshing, witty and well-performed show we've seen anywhere in a long time. It was good to see sharp, thought-provoking wit on the stage rather than the usual night club fare of humorless dirty stories and corny sight gags interrupted occasionally by snappy songs designed to keep the lethargic customer's foot tapping, thus prompting him to stay awake.



A scene from Bergman's great film, "SEVEN SEALED STRAWBERRIES!"



The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand - - - satirized from an early news film.

agement will be expanding the room, a welcome maneuver for Chicagoans, since the club is not equipped, space-wise, to seat as many people as it would like. The demand for tickets is great and reservations are a must. Named *The Second City* because of the common reference to Chicago as the "second city" culturally in relation to New York, the club hopes to alleviate Chicago's inferiority complex in this area. As far as we are concerned, they ought to go a long way toward attaining this goal.

Although the club itself is a relatively new operation, having opened in the middle of December, 1959, the group that performs every night is an offshoot of the old Compass Players. Shelly Berman, Mike Nichols, and Elaine May started with the Players, and several members of the present company — including Director Paul Sills, actors Barbara Harriss, Andrew Duncan, Severn Dardin and Howard Alt — were with that group also. The company at *The Second City* is a permanent one, and although the material changes, the personnel remains the same. In July the man-



# UNIVERSITY TO



Our reaction to the performance itself was obviously an extremely favorable one. It is difficult to describe the show and at the same time do it justice, since the pleasure is visual as well as auditory. However, here follows a brief run-down.

As the lights come up, someone runs across the stage bellowing the latest headlines, examples of which are: FLASH! SENATOR KEATING CALLS DEMOCRATIC PARTY SCHIZOPHRENIC! and BEVERLY ADLAND CHOSEN MOTHER OF THE YEAR! Other momentous events are similarly reported followed by a few remarks on newspapers in general. We are taken to a typical DuPont laboratory to see why we really lag behind the Russians. This is followed by a cornball soft-shoe routine and then we are invited to peek in on a *Great Books* Class, already in progress. Three of the class members represent the clod element, while



From TRUE CONFESSIONS — "She was too tempting to men!"



"Pat always fixes breakfast for 'Dicky-boy' in the early A.M."



the fourth, a terribly arty type who seems to be somewhat involved with his mother, is named Ghenges H. Kahn and is a take-off on Sebastian in *Suddenly Last Summer*." It's always been Ghenges and Mummy, Mummy and Ghenges." Sigh. The class is discussing *Oedipus Rex* and Ghenges is quite pleased with the play. After the class makes several inane comments about it, one closes the scene with the statement, "I think he knew it all the time." Following this we saw a fine pantomime of a sculptor and his piece of sculpture which comes to life, Dr. Freud as a young man visiting a colleague for advice — the colleague relates a dream and every traditional symbol in the book is mentioned. There follows a magnificent pantomime of Chaplin in "City Blights," a brilliant satire on Ingmar Bergman — "Seven Sealed Strawberries" — and Jean Cocteau — "Les Vaches Terrible" and another pantomime of the first newsreel ever filmed — the assassination of Arch Duke Franz Ferdinand.



"I had the strangest dream Dr. Freud . . . you see I fell down this long flight of stairs."



The Great Books Class — "I think he knew it all the time."

The second half of the show was as fast paced as the first. Senator Byrd from Virginia talks about the glories of the Southland. He maintains that the Southern attitude toward racial problems is greatly maligned and calls in an old time minstrel show. He puts on blackface and sings: "How I love to pick the massa's cotton, but, the thing I like most is to take this off and be a white man." There are satires on doctors (specialists), Mr. Nixon, a *True Confessions* authentic south-of-the-border romance and a fantastic bit called "A Piece of String" which is impossible to describe.

The show closes with a story from classical mythology. The question: What really became of the centaur? The scene: a dock. A male centaur is waiting, holding his umbrella — his wife finally arrives — "You're late dear" — "Did we miss the boat?" — "Yes, Noah had to sail" — It begins to rain — They huddle on the dock under the umbrella, looking off forlornly into the distance.

No more need be said. The next time you're in Chicago, drop by *The Second City*. You won't regret it.



No.	2469	The Second City	1842 NORTH WELLS
			CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS
			Est. Price 1.91
			Fed. Tax .09
			TOTAL \$2.00
			ADMIT ONE





# LIGHTER LIT... SUMMER READING THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS

By Vance Packard

The Hidden Persuaders by Vance Packard  
By Jan Brass

Wherever two or three men in gray flannel suits are gathered together along Ad Alley — Madison Avenue — figuring how to part you from two more dollars, the subject of motivational research (M.R.) and how and whether to apply it to you is never long absent from the discussion. These conniving ad-men have had a great deal of help from the social scientists and psychoanalysts, perhaps better known as "The Hidden Persuaders." This is the title of a recent eyeopening study on motivational research and its effects written by Vance Packard. For the last fifteen years, Mr. Packard, a former newspaperman, has been writing articles and books on new developments in the social sciences. He is also author of *The Status Seekers*, a more recent and more popular book due to Mr. Packard's already well-established reputation.

In this almost frightening disclosure, Mr. Packard asks and answers such questions as: "Why do marketing psychologists call deep freezers 'frozen islands of security?'" "Why do cars keep getting longer and longer, despite the current trend toward compactness?" "Why did politicians in 1956 suddenly start worrying about 'father images?'" "Why are many of us afraid of banks?"

In reading Mr. Packard's answers to these questions, with facts and figures, one begins to see something of himself in one or another of the numerous psychological types of buyers. Revelations (or perhaps exposee's) of the Davy Crockett fad, for which Americans spent \$300,000,000 in 1955; or the methods used in revitalizing the psychological values of the prune which

had hitherto carried several adverse connotations, are startlingly true and cause the reader to seriously consider whether he may be part of the buying mass of impulsive idiots.

As "Babes in Consumerland" buying "Our Eight Hidden Needs" with "The Built-in Sexual Overtone," we are influenced by self-images, symbols representing the class we wish to attain, and the "father image" in politics.

Mr. Packard takes a significant quote from *Advertising Age* magazine that sums up the main considerations behind the new psychological trend in advertising, made possible through M.R.: "In very few instances do people really know what they want, even when they say they do." This is the *raison d'etre* for the "depth approach" in advertising — the attempts to channel men's unthinking habits, purchasing decisions, and thought processes through psychoanalysis, ink-blot tests, depth interviews, high-speed cameras recording the eye-blink rate of the woman in a supermarket, and other various perceptible or imperceptible devices.

One interesting study made by the ad-men into the toothbrushing habits of Americans, showed some very irrational behavioral patterns. Although most people said that they brushed their teeth for reasons of health, the great majority of those tested brushed their teeth at the time of day when such brushing was least helpful — right after rising in the morning and before breakfast — after decay germs from the day before had had all night to work and before breakfast would bring on a host of new germs. Toothpaste manufacturers discarded their claims for stopping the work of decay germs, and

started promising a "clean mouth taste." One company appealed to the extrovert in man through the slogan, "You'll wonder where the yellow went . . ."

The ad-men are constantly working to keep the lady of the house, who does about 65 percent of the family buying, dissatisfied enough to purchase a new refrigerator, electric range, or television set every two or three years, whether the old one was worn out or not. This "psychological obsolescence" accounted in a large measure for the rise in the gross national product in 1956 to \$400,000,000,000.

However, this power of persuasion has not only been used on the consumer, but also upon the American as Mr. John Citizen, in molding many of his political views since 1956. This was the year when both candidates represented extremes: the "father image" or the "grandfather image" on the one hand, versus "the man-next-door image" on the other hand. The ad-men are starting early on the average American, catering to the "moppet set" on television and even in the Buick or Plymouth showrooms. However, several groups, notably religious ones, have severely criticized this "below-the-belt" approach, forcing the ad-men to search for newer, subtler sales pitches.

Mr. Packard raises two questions in his evaluation of these techniques in motivational research and their effects on American buying: the question of validity and the question of morality. M.R. is still in the experimental stages, although it has advanced far from its humble beginnings under Dr. Ernest Dichter of the Institute for Motivational Research. It is *not* a cure-all for the marketing problem. Some of

Continued on page 22

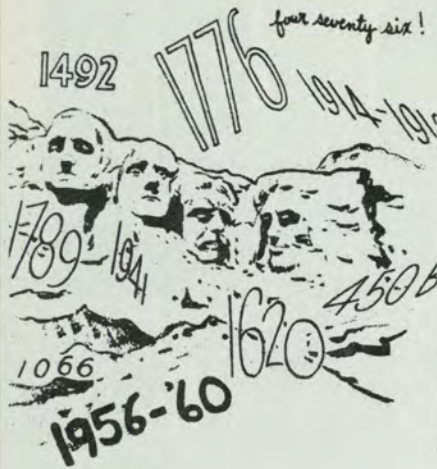


FOR SENIORS ONLY . . . !

# "FRESHMEN, FEIGN FEAR AND FALSEHOOD"

A Short History of the Class of '60

by John Wall, Historian



the study of

# HISTORY

at

# Valparaiso University

Valparaiso, Indiana

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The LIGHTER would like to thank Mr. Wall for submitting his diary for a scrapbook history of the graduating seniors. As for the seniors, we hope this will strike their memories. Four years is, after all, an incredibly short time. Underclassmen will appreciate Mr. Wall's complete objectivity concerning the excellence of his class.*

Four years ago next fall, 800 wide-eyed freshmen gathered in the humid Great Hall of the Union — slipping wet and perspiring over one another in some ridiculous name-finding game while awaiting the President of the University to welcome us. At last a hush came over the mob . . . a Pickwickian person with white, wind-swept hair stepped to the microphone, paused, looked at us, paused again, and then asked: "Well, whom did you expect — Elvis Presley?" This was our first meeting with O. P. and the beginning of a four year merry-go-round at Valpo. There are seniors who would like to take a brass ring at Commencement and go around again.

### The Beginning of the End

As freshmen we were enthusiastic collegiates and wore our Pots proudly — both times (once in the shower). We hustled right in and wrote a class song (the title of which is the title of this diary) which made up in gusto what it lacked in literate lyrics. No one seemed to think that *pretending* fear and falsehood was a particularly poor ideal.

As Freshman we showed the seniors every respect which we were never to receive, waiting servilely as they filed out of our second-story-chapel. Our manners, we thought, were at least one way of getting them to come at all. Shortly after Thanksgiving of that year the chapel burned to the ground, and an historic landmark which we had only briefly come to know vanished. Later, in our Junior year, with the opening of the new chapel, affectionately dubbed our "liturgical field house," many of the low-church among us learned about saying the Gospel to one another in antiphonal psalm reading. We realized later that year that much work remains to be done, however, in saying it to one another *outside* the chapel.

### Darwin Apologia

The Biology's Department's perennial "Genesis and Evolution" public discussion was presented to us as shocked Freshmen . . . as it has been to every class since . . . and some of us are still having trouble with looking at Adam as an advanced protoplasmic globule.

Homecoming 1956 came and we asserted ourselves by electing one of our own members Homecoming Queen . . . we built the biggest bonfire to be seen before that time and apparently forever after . . . and saw the last Hobo Day really worthy of the name.

Miss Olson's *For Women Only* programs stirred up much interest . . . mostly among the men. The All-School Follies were held in their usual poor taste and ill-prepared state. Since we won so often ourselves, we showed our contempt for the whole business by not even entering in our Senior Year.

### Mortality Rate

As Freshman engineers we were the first class to use Graland Hall . . . and many 1956 Freshman engineers will graduate this spring as business, math, or physical education majors.

Over the Christmas recess the showing of the *Martin Luther* film stirred up enough controversy in Chicago that some of us finally began to ask, "Who's He?"

In the spring was our big inroad into the Greek world and the yellow-brick road to becoming BMOC's and BWOC's. The largest pledge class went to Lambda Chi Alpha — about a quarter of the total rush class . . . and the Gamma Phis continued to swell their ranks to D.A.R. proportions.

Before we went home after our first big year, the University Players presented *Macbeth* . . . regrettably the last bit of Shakespeare we were to see on campus in the next four years.

### Sophomores = Wise Morons?

As Sophomores our Homecoming Queen returned as Miss Indiana . . . chapel continued quite cozily in the gym . . . and now we, too, were to learn what it meant to "rush!"

Minus Much appeared in the *Torch* and was immediately taken to the campus heart . . . Howie Fang was re-introduced for a short revival . . . Gary Kriek was a short-term runner-up as the campus character . . . and finally, in our senior year, Susan Wormley was to take over for all three.



The Msrs. Caemmerer and Schwidder invaded the campus . . . and it certainly must be admitted that it will never look the same after their work . . . Some are still wondering how the keg, commode, and geisha girl got into the "Extra-Curricular Student."

An Oregon pastor gave the Gross Memorial Lectures that year . . . and happily has been lecturing at Valpo ever since. We had been around enough by the end of our sophomore year to begin to see the devil at work on our campus. Some saw it in the disintegrating campus morale . . . others in creeping selfishness . . . still others in the loosening morality concerning the honor system. As our campus increased in size we began to see signs of the necessity to operate more by the law and less by the Gospel.

**The Glory That Was Greece**

As Juniors we returned to campus quite sophisticated . . . in fact, sophistication was the big word that year. This was our Centennial Year, and we wanted to grow up. The Greek world began to show serious cracks as the fraternities and sororities pledged fewer and fewer replacements . . . Professor Bertram took over the religion department with new NTR courses . . . and being a "man of faith" was no longer going to be an easy matter at Valpo . . . if it ever is anywhere.

That year the old VU magazine was resurrected under a new title . . . the Lambda Chis and Alpha Phis made the *Confessional Lutheran* for their streetdance . . . the former's ritual was given an expose . . . and the sororities voted down nationalization.

Other big news that year was engineering accreditation . . . now we had a fully accredited University for our Centennial Year . . . Madam Cozzini and her socialist platform hit virgin ears at Valpo and started the B. and E. Club's tradition of "boom" programs . . . the sororities reacted to the socializing tendencies of the New Women's Dorm . . . and the Centennial speakers came and spoke to half-filled chapels.

**We Begin to Commence**

As seniors we suddenly became aware that our college days were ebbing . . . we took O.P.'s course . . . Christmas caroled with more than the usual spirits . . . built our last floats . . . and savored each day knowing the like would never pass our way again. Russian entered the curriculum as we prepared for a world nyet to come. The O Delts and O Chis went national, ending the local fraternities on campus. Spring came at last after a rather un-Valpo-like mild winter, and graduation loomed closer and closer.

*Continued on page 22*



"HEY LOOK! THERE GOES ABRAHAM LINCOLN."



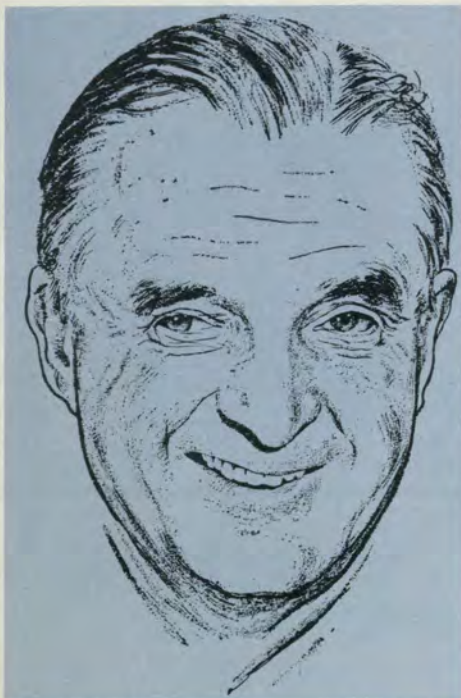
"I WONDER IF THEY EVER GO ON STRIKE?"



They're Off and Running - - - And You'll be Watching!

# HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CAMPAIGN

BY MA



In this year's first issue of the *Lighter*, I wrote an article entitled "A Student's Election Primer for 1960." Part of the parade has passed since that time and it seems that something more substantial can be said now about the candidates as well as about the coming conventions at Los Angeles and Chicago.

### "There's a Rocky Road Ahead"

On the Republican side Mr. Nixon has the major responsibility of avoiding any splits in his party between now and the end of July. This is of special importance to him because he has a ready and willing opponent waiting in the wings in case Nixon stumbles.

Rockefeller is not dead. He withdrew reluctantly from the race, and I believe he is now sorry that he did so. When Rockefeller withdrew Nixon was riding high in the major polls as the Republican candidate that no Democrat could defeat. Now, however, Stevenson and Kennedy are both running a few percentage points ahead of Nixon in the same polls. If Nixon appears increasingly vulnerable, many Republicans are going to start flirting with Governor Rockefeller again. The New York govern-

nor is and will be doing extensive traveling throughout the country looking very much like a candidate.

### "It is No Secret . . ."

It is no secret that Nixon wants Rockefeller to be his running mate. Rockefeller is not interested and I do not believe he will accept second place on the ticket. He considers himself a bigger man than Nixon. He thinks it would be beneath him to run for the vice-presidency.

If Rockefeller has given up hope for this year, he wants to keep the way open for 1964 in case Nixon should lose in November. This door would be partially closed to him if he were part of a defeated ticket this year. Another point is that Rockefeller is a liberal. Nixon has recently reaffirmed his basic conservatism. The New York governor would not be in a position to defend and stand on the record of even a moderately conservative Nixon administration at the end of either the next four or eight years.

### The "Benson Blues"

Nixon appears to have a clear road to the nomination if he is cautious. He has the President's endorsement and is the established candidate of the Republican organizations in almost every state. The polls, Governor Rockefeller, and the farmers seem to be the only unpredictable factors in his path. The farmers are perhaps the greatest threat.

If anything at all was proved by the Wisconsin primary, it was that farmers and Secretary of Agriculture Benson are not getting on very well. The implications of this could be sad for Nixon since he comes out of the same administrative "family." Many farmers in Wisconsin did not vote for Mr. Nixon because of their feelings about Mr. Benson. If this happens elsewhere, Republicans may resurrect the Rockefeller candidacy since he is not tied to the Benson record. I believe that the Vice-President can successfully clear himself of the Benson handicap once he is nominated. Then he may say anything he pleases about Benson, and he is not expected to offer many kind words. After the convention, Nixon can run on a Nixon farm program; however, until then, anti-Benson farm votes in the primaries could hurt the Vice-President.

### The Big Three!

The Democratic situation is a bit complicated and difficult to summarize. In terms of strength, I would line up the Democratic candidates in this way: John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Stuart Symington, Adlai Stevenson, and Hubert Humphrey. However, I believe that barring a darkhorse, there are really only three Democrats who will go to the convention as serious candidates. They are John Kennedy, Stuart Symington, and Adlai Stevenson. There are important "ifs" involved with all three men.

Senator Kennedy is extremely strong in terms of delegate strength at the present time. He has over a third of the large California delegation, about two thirds of New York's 114 votes, over half of New Jersey's 41 votes, over 50 of Illinois' 69 votes, and 20 of Wisconsin's thirty votes. This is in addition to a solid New England block. He is likely to get the support of Mayor Daley in Chicago, Governor Williams in Michigan, Mayor Wagner in New York, and possibly Governor Lawrence of Pennsylvania.



Sketches of the Candidates



# THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

## A Student's Election Primer for 1960: Chapter Two

NGER

### Rome + West Virginia = Waterloo?

This appears impressive. However, most of it hangs on Kennedy's ability to keep his bandwagon rolling without failure at any major point along the way. He survived Wisconsin, but at this writing he seems to have almost insurmountable obstacles in West Virginia where Symington and Johnson committees are working full time in support of his opponent, Senator Hubert Humphrey. A loss in West Virginia on May 10 would hurt Kennedy's chances considerably; because in this state where Catholics make up but four percent of the population, a Kennedy defeat will be interpreted as an anti-Catholic expression. Kennedy could meet his Waterloo in West Virginia.

Kennedy had to take the popular road to the convention via the primaries if he were to be considered at all. His religion is the major factor against him. Only by entering and winning primaries could he impress skeptical party professionals. If he doesn't do this, he will fail.



PORTER MAGAZINE

SUMMER, 1960

### Symington . . . "The Organization Man"

Sentaor Stuart Symington has taken the organizational route to the convention. He is campaigning to win the favor of delegation leaders around the country, and has not entered any primaries. His greatest assets as a candidate are the facts that he would be a strong candidate in both the North and the South, and that he is a retired business executive who could pull many Republican votes because of this.

Symington appears to be a compromise candidate in that he has no real enemies and not very much enthusiastic backing either. Those who favor Symington usually base their position on more practical concerns. In spite of his lack of expressed support, Symington probably has the best chance of all the candidates of being nominated at Los Angeles.

### "The Shadow"

Adlai Stevenson is also being discussed more frequently now as a compromise candidate. He has had a great deal of latent support all along, and if Kennedy should slip, Stevenson's bandwagon would gain great momentum overnight. He is now on an excellently timed speech making tour of the country following his recent return from South America. He remains a giant shadow hanging over the other candidates although he is becoming less and less a shadow.

### Harry vs. Adlai

It is my opinion that there are two camps taking shape in the Democratic party that will probably be fighting it out on the convention floor. I will call the one camp the "Old Pros." The other might be called the "Neo-F.D.R." group. The first group centers around the figure of Harry Truman; the latter around Adlai Stevenson. One might call the first group the practical politicians and the second the intellectuals.

Among the candidates I see Stuart Symington and Lyndon Johnson as the representatives of the "Old Pros." John Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, and Adlai Stevenson are the "Neo-F.D.R." lights.

### "The South Shall Rise Again"

The first group will go to the convention in a strong position. Stevenson has failed twice, Kennedy is a Catholic, and Humphrey an ultra-liberal. The "Old Pros"



can tack the "can't win" label on all three of these men. Johnson will be the second strongest man at the convention in terms of delegate strength. All of this strength, however, will be out of the South. Thus he is not a practical possibility as a candidate. However, as a bargaining agent for the South, Johnson will be very strong. I see him as the greatest potential power behind Stuart Symington. If Symington can scrape up enough Northern and Western votes to add to the Southern block, he may have the nomination in the bag.

### Harry Likes Stu

Truman will endorse either Symington or Johnson. If he should choose Johnson and bring some Northern and Western backing with him for Johnson, then Symington will probably throw his weight behind Johnson also. However, Truman is expected to endorse Symington which would then leave Johnson little choice but to deliver the South to Symington.

### A Game of Political "Musical Chairs"

The "Neo-F.D.R." camp is also in a strong, but less stable position. The Kennedy block of votes going to the convention will be about the same size as Johnson's

*Continued on page 22*



ΑΠ  
ΑΠΓΜ  
ΑΥΩ  
ΟΔΚ

# VALPO'S HONOR SOCIETIES

ΠΣΑ  
ΑΛΔΣΑΙ  
ΓΘΥ  
ΦΒΚ

## A Closer Look

By Ernest P. Johnson

Honor societies: What are they? Does Valpo have any? How are their members chosen? Do they really "honor?"

If "honor" connotes academic achievement (as I feel it should), then one must label with care VU's various organizations. With few exceptions, Valpo's groups are professional or leadership societies. Now, this is not to say that the professions and leadership are not worthy things to be honored. Indeed they are; but, all too often, a mantle of scholastic excellence is assumed to accompany these non-academic distinctions. This further honor is often deserved, but equally often it is not. The point is that we should honor both leadership and scholastic success, but we should also make a distinction between the two.

### Area and General Honoraries

For the sake of argument, VU's societies can be divided into two groups: *area* and *general* honoraries. Within the first group one finds both academic groups and professional organizations (the latter dedicated to the improvement of a particular profession and open to all students studying in the given area regardless of academic attainment).

Valpo has seven such organizations: Alpha Mu Gamma — languages, honorary; Alpha Psi Omega — dramatics, professional; Gamma Theta Upsilon — geography, professional; Pi Gamma Mu — social sciences, honorary; Pi Sigma Alpha — government, honorary; Appian society — engineering, honorary; and Sigma Alpha Iota — women's music, professional. There are also professional societies in each of the three areas of engineering. Though the professional groups are generally open to all students in a given area, there are some standards that must be attained prior to membership. Prominent among these are

minimum academic achievement and proven interest in the profession. Two of the above organizations, Alpha Mu Gamma and Pi Gamma Mu, are currently inactive. The others claim varying degrees of life ranging from all-campus presentations to strict departmental discussions.

### What price Glory?

But, what of the two groups that have collapsed — does their death really show the true colors of the intellectual concern on our campus? Do we perhaps too often honor for the sake of honoring? My guess is that this is why the groups folded — no real interest on the part of the faculty parties concerned, more lip-service once a year, no programs to create or hold interest, just something that looks good on the record or in the catalogue. I submit that we either revive these groups and strengthen the others or drop them completely. The *status quo* is nothing but a big hypocrisy.

As to general honoraries, only freshman women have anything truly academic — Alpha Lambda Delta. Membership in this national organization is based solely on scholastic attainment; all frosh women achieving a 2.50 grade average their first semester are automatically accorded membership.

The roster of upperclass honoraries claims Alpha Pi and Gown and Gavel (for senior men and women, respectively) and the two Junior Honor Guards for the corresponding junior students. These organizations, despite a requisite 2.00 grade average, must be deemed essentially groups that recognize extra-curricular achievement.

In addition to the "B" average, Gown and Gavel uses an activity checklist — with an accompanying point system — and character considerations to determine membership. The latter are handled by faculty references supplied by the prospective mem-

bers. Gown and Gavel elects as many or as few women as qualify.

### Alpha Pooh

Alpha Pi has similar criteria — grade requirements are identical and extra-curricular activities are given similar attention, though no checklist or point system exists. The character considerations, however, are handled by the men themselves with no voice of the faculty considered. Alpha Pi may elect as few men as it likes but no more than sixteen, the constitutional maximum.

The trend in recent years seems to have been to elect sixteen whether the men chosen were outstanding leaders or not. Most of this "electing just to be electing" has stemmed from two factors: 1) The men of Alpha Pi seem reluctant to omit any man who was on the Junior Honor Guard during his junior year and 2) The men of Alpha Pi are obliged by tradition to count money at Immanuel church on Sundays and it seems unfair to strap a few men with this grizzly task.

The pressure for these loose election policies arises primarily from an equally liberal plan of picking the Junior Honor Guard. The Honor Guard is obliged by tradition to usher in Chapel, and that means that sixteen men need be elected or the work-load is too great. And then it is awkward not to tap these men into Alpha Pi after they've served so faithfully in Chapel. It seems such a pity that men, already involved in numerous other activities, should have additional responsibilities shoved upon their shoulders just to be "honored." But, even with all this considered, it still appears ridiculous to elect a man just because he was elected to something the year before.

### Hymnals, Hymnals, Hymnals!

I cannot help but think that the "top"



male leaders is a changing group — some men join more activities after their election to Honor Guard, others drop some of their campus activities. Some men are obviously gaining undue recognition while others slave unnoticed. An error in electing the Junior Honor Guard is only compounded a year later in selecting the new members of Alpha Pi. I feel that the men of Alpha Pi — if they can ever rid themselves of the “services” they are expected to perform — might well be more stringent in selecting their successors. Only in this way can Alpha Pi or any of VU’s honor groups offer true recognition for high extra-curricular attainment.

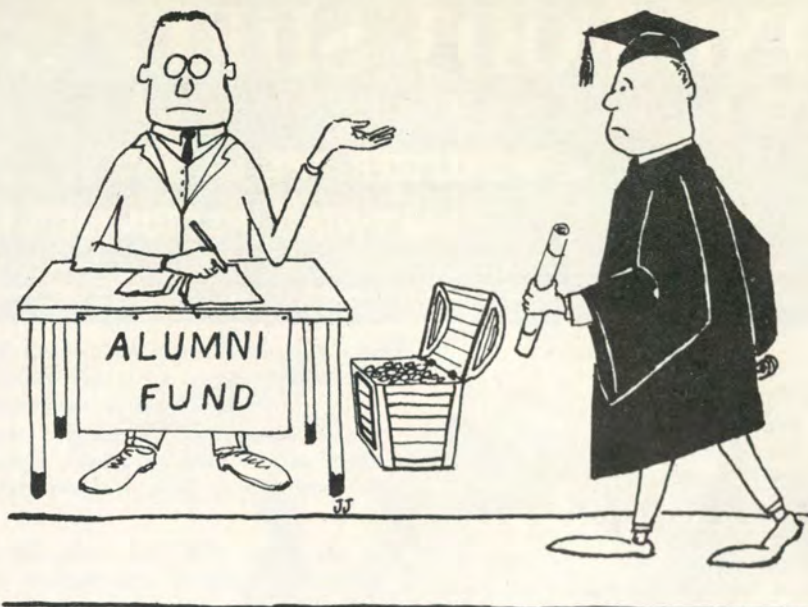
As for purely academic honor societies on the upper level, things do not augur at all well for the future. Phi Beta Kappa, national honor society for liberal arts students, has respected Valpo applications for a local chapter and has pointed out some serious deficiencies. Though some of these weak points have been strengthened, others — such as too many business, education, home-ec, and physical education majors in the College of Arts and Sciences; too meager an endowment; and too small a book collection — remain unchanged. Until these inadequacies are removed, VU seems confined to local academic honoraries — if it ever chooses to create any.

#### Awards Day Fiasco

The present dispatching of all academic “honoring” with two convocations each year and nothing else seems a mockery hardly befitting an institution supposedly dedicated, at least in part, to intellectual pursuits. And, as far as convocations honoring leadership go, a total of 356 students and faculty members attended Valpo’s latest Awards Day celebration. Can one assume anything other than that VU’s students and faculty simply don’t care?

As to other national groups — Mortar Board (women’s leadership), Omicron Delta Kappa (men’s leadership), and the like — many of these will probably follow close on the heels of Phi Beta Kappa, if and when that comes.

At this time, however, there is room for additional professional and/or extra-curricular groups. For example, there are no honoraries in the natural sciences, in law, in publications, and in the humanities. But, for any of these groups (or for any of the “big” honoraries) to come to Valpo, it will take genuine interest and effort from people on the campus itself and this seems sorely lacking, if not non-existent.



“SOMETHING ABOUT SOME HONOR CODE.”



# ONE FOOT SHELF ...

## THE WURLITZER PIPE ORGAN

... and "WIND INSTRUMENTS I HAVE KNOWN!"

### MUSIC REVIEW

By Lee Gihring

Among the super hi-fi releases that tempt record lovers these days is the current output of discs featuring the mighty Wurlitzer pipe organ, a massive instrument rarely used today. With the help of record manufacturers, however, it is experiencing a renewed interest among those who like music that blends gay, nostalgic, and gaudy effects all in one. You may have to go out on a limb to take the fare that's offered on these recordings; nevertheless, many of the younger generation will appreciate a class of music that our parents once revered as 'hot stuff!'

The Wurlitzer pipe organ (not manufactured in the last 17 years) originally appeared in early movie houses as accompaniment to silent films. With their size and number of unusual stops, these organs produced multiple sound effects with many flute and reed voices. As the instrument grew simultaneously with the nickelodeon, honky-tonk piano and steam calliope, it both excited and soothed listeners with its massive majesty and lush tonal mixtures. This organ has managed to do justice to the emotionalism and sentiment of the Romantic age through its expressive wide range and many devices for changing and sustaining volumes. Today the Wurlitzer organ serves to recreate an atmosphere which has all but vanished.

Here are a few records I would recommend as excellent examples. Incidentally, for hi-fi fans, many of these are replete with the sounds of wind, ocean, train whistles, the xylophone, sleigh bells, castanets and chimes.

*Oklahoma and South Pacific*, Urania-UCS 57, Gordon Kibbee. Excerpts from these two Rodgers and Hammerstein scores tastefully played with the registration suited to the mood of each song; catches the optimistic note of R. & H.'s music.

*Eddie Osborn at the Wurlitzer Pipe Organ*, Replica 33 x 511. 14 selections including *Tiger Rag*, *Bicycle Built for Two*, *In my Merry Oldsmobile*, *Blue Skies* and *Hot Toddy*. A jaunty rhythm which bounces and chuckles to the accompaniment of the "ooh-gah" from the Klaxon Horn.

*Organ Treasures*, United Artists-UAS 5055, DonDeWitt. From a 35 rank Wurlitzer, vivid, sparkling, sometimes rambunctious effects, never used just for the sake of effect as in other recordings, however. Pay attention to *June is Bustin' out all Over*.

*And the Pipes Will Play*, Columbia CL 1398, Bert Buhrman and Richard Mosque. Rich sonorous playing of sentimental ballads: *When Day is Done*, *Star Dust* and a few light classics. This record avoids the synthetic electronic effects, concentrates on a true pipe organ tone.

*Giant Wurlitzer Pipe Organ*, Vol 6 Audio Fidelity, AFSD 5904, Leon Berry. Full range of percussive and novelty effects in a set of familiar pops pieces: *76 Trombones*, *Moonlight and Roses*, and others.



## The Anna Russell Wrestle

The recent concert here by Anna Russell left doubts in the minds of many, I have found, that this woman is all she's billed to be. The fact is that many students did not enjoy the concert; indeed, a few left at the intermission. Quizzed on this peculiar action, a few reported that they either didn't think she was funny, or that the concert itself was "poor." What these individuals mean by poor I'm sure I don't fully understand, but I'll play a hunch and say that the program failed to meet their expectations of a comedienne who was billed as an all-out hilarious entertainer.

What needs to be settled by these remarks will be brief and I hope not as insulting as it will seem. To begin with, one man's goose is another's gander, as the saying goes, and those who are attracted to one kind of humor may reasonably be expected to be bored by another kind, unless they are completely flexible human beings. Anna Russell takes no less for granted when she walks on a stage than does an artist, let us say, like Victor Borge, who doesn't have to take much for granted to begin with. Borge has an audience fairly in the palm of his hand the moment he peers out from the wings. His humor is nothing new to us, and given the opportunity, we can laugh at the same old digs about Truman and the Democratic Party and the 101 ways to play Happy Birthday many times over and still be amused. Not knowing the first thing about music, we can hear and understand Borge without the slightest bit of difficulty.

Madame Russell, on the other hand, must rely on persuasiveness and often a subtle approach to evoke laughs from her audience. Unlike Borge, her gibes at music in general and personalities in particular, reach a sophisticated level making her understandable only to those more familiar with musical literature. To those of her audience who are musically inclined, her satire is doubly amusing since the things she mimicks are creatures of no one's imagination. They really do exist — though it must be admitted that they are slightly overdone. What Miss Russell needs ideally is an audience that is familiar with the very situations she pokes fun at: everything from Wagner's *Ring Cycle* to the off-pitch choir boy. She rarely has this kind of audience, save at Carnegie Hall in New York or some other highly musical center. To put it simply, many of her audiences lack the musical knowledge which is often necessary to make her humor intelligible. To those who feel Anna Russell isn't funny, I hope this will provide some measure of relief. It is in no way a reflection on the intelligence of her audience. I only hope that everyone noticed how artfully she made each particular personality that she spoofed clearly

Continued on page 22





**SENIOR  
LIGHTER  
LOVELY**





Featured in this Summe Issue as senior *Lighter Lovely* is Lou Jeanne Bray. Calling Pittsburgh, Pa. her home, she will complete a major in social work and a minor in psychology this year.

This 21 year old beauty greets people in a way which makes them feel they have been friends for years. Such behavior is understandable, for Boots says, "People are my hobby and I love all kinds." She is especially fascinated by teenagers in the 13-16 age bracket. It would seem that such an attitude is an ideal one for a prospective social worker. As a further aid to her work, Boots feels that she has learned a great deal about various aspects of the racial issue during her stay at Valpo.

Boots is often heard gently boasting about her 17 year old sister who will be a math major at Michigan State next year and also her 16 year old brother who excels in basketball.

Her plans for next year include doing social work in Chicago and completing requirements for a master's degree at the University of Chicago.





With a sparkle in her eye that indicates an effervescent personality, our *Lighter Lovely* goes on to say that she loves to dance -- tap, ballet, modern -- sing, play the piano and tackle the uke whenever the spirit moves her. When she is not dancing or singing herself, she listens to records -- particularly jazz.

The coming of summer will give her time to indulge in her favorite sports which are swimming, golf, tennis (although she admits to losing to her younger sister), and horse-back riding.

Boots' other "likes" include cooking, clothes, the city, people who have definite aims, professors who are intellectually stimulating, and theology that can be practically applied.

With such varied interests as these, it is obvious that Lou Jeanne is quite a girl. Her moods are as varied as her interests, running from serious to silly, from desiring a "jazz" atmosphere to enjoying peaceful solitude.

To sum up, Boots is every aspect of summer rolled up into one charming gal.







THANKS TO:

JOHNSTON SPORTS STORE — The Boat  
GORDON RAYNER — Dance Lighting  
MARTY PFLUGHOEFT — Guitarist

Produced and  
Photographed by  
ED SCHMIDT





# INFORMATION

## FOR PUBLIC LIFE . . .

### What to Look for in Summer T.V.

BY MARVIN GRANGER

Most people who denounce television usually add that they wouldn't own one or that they very seldom watch it. These people are not only unfair; they are missing out on a wonderful opportunity for self-education. I say "self-education" because TV will not do it for them. They must use their TV set rather than let it use them, and then complain when it doesn't make them well.

There is a difference between TV education and TV entertainment. In the latter case, one flicks on the set to pass away the time. This is entertainment for escape. It's easier than going to a movie and it's much easier than reading a book. This time spent before the screen is not always wasted; however, usually it is wasted because much of the material coming over the air ways is not worth watching. People who are enslaved to their TV sets have chosen to be.

I believe that television presents greater opportunities for intelligent participation in our national public life than "the weekly news magazine distributed everywhere in the free world" or the five minute excuses for newscasts on the "pop" radio stations. TV lets you meet people and events without telling you what they mean. If you want them interpreted, TV offers three excellent news organizations of analysts to do the job.

NBC has the most outstanding news organization in television. Here are its top public affairs programs:

*The Huntley-Brinkley Report*, Monday thru Friday, 6:15 CDT or 6:45 EDT.

*Meet the Press*, Sunday, 5:00 CDT. Panel of leading news men interview public figures. Recently almost all presidential candidates have appeared on this program.

*World Wide 60*, Saturday, 8:30 p.m. CDT. Frank McGee narrates 60 minute treatments of significant topics each week. Recent topics have been "Castro after one Year," "Germany — 15 Years Later," and programs on architecture and baseball.

*Journey to Understanding*, series are scheduled to cover important events. During the past year, this program gave the best overall coverage of the Khrushchev visit to the U.S.A. and of the Eisenhower peace travels. It will provide a series on the upcoming Eisenhower trip to Russia, Japan, and Korea.

CBS offers a few top reporters, analysts, and programs.

*Douglas Edwards*, Monday thru Friday, 6:15 CDT.

*Face the Nation*, Sunday, 4:00 CDT. Stuart Novins and Newsmen interview important figures. Recent guests were President Nasser (U.A.R.), Gov. LeRoy Collins of Florida, and presidential candidates. (This program is too often preempted by sports.)

*Small World*, Sunday, 5:00 CDT. Edward R. Murrow moderates conversations between various countries. Recently Tennessee Williams (Key West, Florida), London Times Drama critic, Dilys Powell (London), and Yukio Mishima, Japanese playwright and actor (Tokyo) were guests as Murrow moderated from Tokyo.

*Eyewitness to History*, series scheduled to cover important events such as the Khrushchev trip to the U.S.A., and the Eisenhower peace travels. Walter Cronkite is moderator.

ABC news has progressed a long way in a short time. In regular public affairs broadcasts, it now excels CBS news. Two years ago, ABC offered little of value. Some of its best presentations are:

*John Daly and the News*, Monday thru Friday, 6:00 CDT.

*College News Conference*, Sunday, 2:30 CDT. Panel of college students interview important guests. Recently Senators Kennedy and Symington, James Carey (United Electrical Workers), and Adlai Stevenson were interviewed.

*Open Hearing*, Sunday, 3:00 CDT. John Secondari interviews important guests. Recently he has talked with George Romney (American Motors), Stuart Symington, and Secretary of Labor Mitchell.

*Campaign Roundup*, Sunday, 3:30 CDT. This program is an election year series covering the primaries and speech-making activities of the candidates. Its only deficiency is in the inadequacy of a few of its local reporters in various cities, example is Paul Harvey in Chicago.

#### JOKES . . . FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

School was out and little Julius came bursting into the house crying bitterly.

"The kids beat me up, Mommy. They said I have a big head."

"Now Julius, don't you listen to them," soothed his mother. "It's not true that you have a big head."

So, partly convinced, Julius returned to school the next day. That afternoon the scene was repeated, and again his mother repeated her words of reassurance.

"So now calm down," she said, "because I would like you to run down to the store and get me nine pounds of potatoes."

"Okay, Mom. Gimme a bag to put them in," replied Julius.

"A bag! What do you need a bag for?" asked his mother. "Carry them in your cap."

The judge arraigned the little boy in court. "You mean to tell me," the judge said in disbelief, "that you shot grandmother for 25 cents?"

"You know how it is, Judge," the culprit replied, "two bits here, two bits there . . . it adds up."

"Grandmother! Use the bottle opener — You'll ruin your gums."

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## SUMMER READING . . .

Concluded from page 9



these researchers have taken tools from clinical psychology and applied them to mass behavior without bothering to check the validity of the transfer. On the moral question, many contend that the public has been so profusely bombarded with advertising appeals, that its psyche may become damaged by all of these assaults. Others ask confusedly, "How do you know what to believe?" Mr. Packard concludes after pointing out the advantages and disadvantages of this innovation in advertising, that, in his own opinion, the most serious offense of these depth-men is the invasion of the privacy of men's minds. He declares emphatically, "*It is this right to privacy in our minds — privacy to be either rational or irrational — that I believe we must strive to protect.*"

Mr. Packard presents a fast-moving analysis of a new national phenomenon, which it would be well for all of us to understand better. He proves that the old warning is even more true today than ever before: "Let the buyer beware!"

## ONE FOOT SHELF

Concluded from page 16

evident — the absolute necessity of satire.

This brings us to the second excuse for leaving — that the concert was "poor." Any artist's success is measured by how well he achieves what he is trying to accomplish in front of an audience. That Anna Russell, in her own way, is an artist of some stature ought not be disputed. Her act is famous the world over and her recordings owned by countless music lovers. This alone should be some indication of the excellence of her art.

Now it is possible to give a poor concert once in a while, even for a great artist. But I don't believe Anna Russell picked Valpo to have an off-night. If anything she was at the peak of her stylistic perfection. Furthermore, with many Lyceum adherents seeing her for the first time, it betrays shortsightedness to ridicule an artist's efforts whose background we may little know or style even less understand, no matter how highly we value our own opinions. Certainly we are entitled to them, but it would seem more advisable to first stir the waters before rocking the boat.

## CLASS OF '60 HISTORY

Concluded from page 11

In four years' time rings and pins had been passed, and now weddings were to be planned, jobs to be secured, and graduate schools to be applied to for the unlucky-in-love. It all happened so fast, these four years, that we've never had time to sum them up.

We were the last class to worship in the old chapel . . . the first to take our final semester finals . . . the first class to have a Freshman Homecoming Queen . . . and fail to produce a student council president . . . the first class to have non-compulsory chapel attendance . . . and the last to even remotely honor the Student Bridge . . . the first class to have our fraternity Hell-nights turned off — and then on again . . . and the last to see Freshman hazing.

What has been written here is only the surface of our four years . . . each member of the Class of 1960 has his own highly individual memories . . . and we all have those which will seldom find words . . . at least not here.

## PRESIDENTIAL RACE

Concluded from page 13

Southern block. Much of Kennedy's block will be composed of latent Stevenson support. Humphrey's main strength will be labor support. Labor leaders will probably line up behind Humphrey for convenience until they can see more clearly which way the wind is blowing. Stevenson will go to the convention with little open support although he will be the second choice of many delegates in all other camps. His strength is the most difficult to calculate. It is very likely, however, that if Kennedy loses ground on the third ballot, most of his delegates will soon thereafter line up behind Stevenson unless Symington or Johnson are on the brink of victory. In that case, Kennedy's strength would split seriously, and probably put the near-victor over the top.

### "Hubert Humphrey Sat on a Wall . . ."

The "Neo-F.D.R." camp is handicapped primarily by the fact that Senator Kennedy will not have the control over his block that Senator Johnson will have. It is further handicapped by the uncertainty of Senator Humphrey's position. It is possible that Humphrey's support could go to Symington as much as it could go to Stevenson or Kennedy.

If he threw his support to Kennedy early he could probably put Kennedy over the top. This is not likely, however. If Symington should be near victory, Humphrey and Kennedy would probably line up behind Stevenson. There is a possibility

though that Humphrey would switch camp to support Symington in such a situation. The latter is possible because of the large element of labor in Humphrey's camp.

### Will Labor Endorse Management?

As far as labor is concerned, it seems as though Humphrey and Symington are the favorites. There have been rumors of Walter Reuther's possible support of Kennedy. This is a realistic possibility. Symington appears to be the most likely recipient of labor support in the long run however. Kennedy and Stevenson are not popular with many labor leaders.

The Stevenson and Symington camps both have their eye on Kennedy as a vice-presidential candidate. If the "Neo-F.D.R." camp were in a strong enough position, a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket could very well come out of the convention. Many news papers have said this would be the strongest possible Democratic ticket. If the "Old Pros" are successful, then Symington would want Kennedy as his running mate. I believe Senator Kennedy would be much more receptive to a Stevenson bid than to one from Symington. The role of the Symington forces in the "stop Kennedy" primary effort has been considerable.

If Kennedy were to get the nomination with Humphrey's support, a Kennedy-Humphrey ticket would be a strong possibility.

## PARRY'S Campus Food Store

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ADMISSIONS OFFICE





"Say Lud, isn't that the Nineteenth Hole over there?"





# LIGHTER'S FUTURE EDITORS WRITE TO THEIR READERS

DAVE MAYHUGH



JULIE BECKER

As I sit here thinking about my first editorial for the *Lighter*, I become more and more aware of the big responsibility that will ultimately lie on Julie's and my shoulders. As editors of next year's *Lighter* we must necessarily take many things into account. We must make decisions, meet challenges (and deadlines), accept with humility the criticism that is our due, stand confidently against criticism that is not valid; and in all this remain true to our readers, our school, and ourselves.

During its second year of existence the *Lighter* has suffered from some pretty severe growing pains. Definition of purpose has been primary among these pains. This is a question which is difficult not only in relation to our campus magazine but also to human life. Philosophers and theologians for thousands of years have tried and are still trying to give ultimate purpose to life. I do not intend to put the purpose of the *Lighter* on the level of importance equal to that of man, but I do want to show how difficult this question is and how subject to change and alteration the answer must be.

Nevertheless I do think the *Lighter* has a purpose. Of course a pat definition is impossible since there are many things the *Lighter* can and should do. Perhaps I can best express it by alluding to two connotations of the title word.

First and foremost I want the *Lighter* to be an illuminator. When there is any issue either inside or outside the university that deserves criticism or is open for debate the *Lighter* will be able to serve as an outlet for student opinion and discussion. In this way we can shed light on those areas that need viewing and see what student thought concerning them is. Secondly, as light reveals, so also will the *Lighter*. There is a good deal of talent on the university's campus which if exploited could be enjoyed by all. The *Lighter* wants to publish the efforts of student creativity both in writing and art work. Of course before we can publish student material we must have students who contribute material . . . and herein lies your opportunity and responsibility.

Julie and I are very much like the ant and the rubber tree over next year's *Lighter*. We have many ideas and we want to do many things. With your help as critics and contributors the *Lighter* can be of great service to the university as an instrument of student expression, both critical and entertaining. You may depend upon us to work to the best of our ability . . . we are counting on you to give us something with which to work.

As this school year closes, I'm becoming increasingly aware of the frightening fact that next year I will be together with Dave, responsible for the *Lighter*. This word *responsibility* is the keynote to the frightening aspects of the job. The printed word is terribly final. When it's good, nothing much is said and one can relax and bask in the glory of it all. But when it's bad . . .

Let's get back to that word "responsibility." To whom are we responsible? One of the dissimilarities (there are others) between the *Lighter* and magazines which have a national circulation is the fact that we enjoy a captive audience. You don't walk into Siever's Drug Store and, out of a wide selection, choose the *Lighter* from the magazine rack. Rather, through the Student Council you choose to have the *Lighter* published and distributed to every student and faculty member on campus. It is as if to say, "This is our magazine . . . now read it!" We are therefore responsible to the entire campus.

Fine. We have a purpose: to entertain and provoke (constructively) the campus. Such an aim is impossible to accomplish. The campus contains a wide variety of individuals who hold varying opinions and pursue different interests. How does one go about entertaining the dim-wit whose reading level hasn't progressed beyond salivating over underlined passages in *From Here to Eternity*? On the other hand, we have to intellectually stimulate the guy who not only thinks T. S. Eliot is God, but understands every obscurer reference in the "Wasteland" without a key. Obviously we cannot please the entire campus consistently. Much of the content of the *Lighter* will be a result of the personal tastes of the editors. We hope that in these areas our tastes are similar to your. It seems to me, however, that there is a level upon which, no matter how much our interests may differ, we can come together. We can laugh at ourselves. Humor of the satirical and whimsical variety, having things of common concern as its subject, ought to provide a meeting ground for the various campus tastes. We shall continue to represent the fields of political science, philosophy, art, religion and literature. Not only do we want to entertain the reader, we want to provoke him to some serious thought. The *Lighter* may make you angry at times. That's fine. Apathy is a disgusting disease.

I am optimistic concerning the *Lighter*, because I am convinced that there is the necessary talent on the campus to put out a good magazine. If the law of averages has any validity at all, this must be true.