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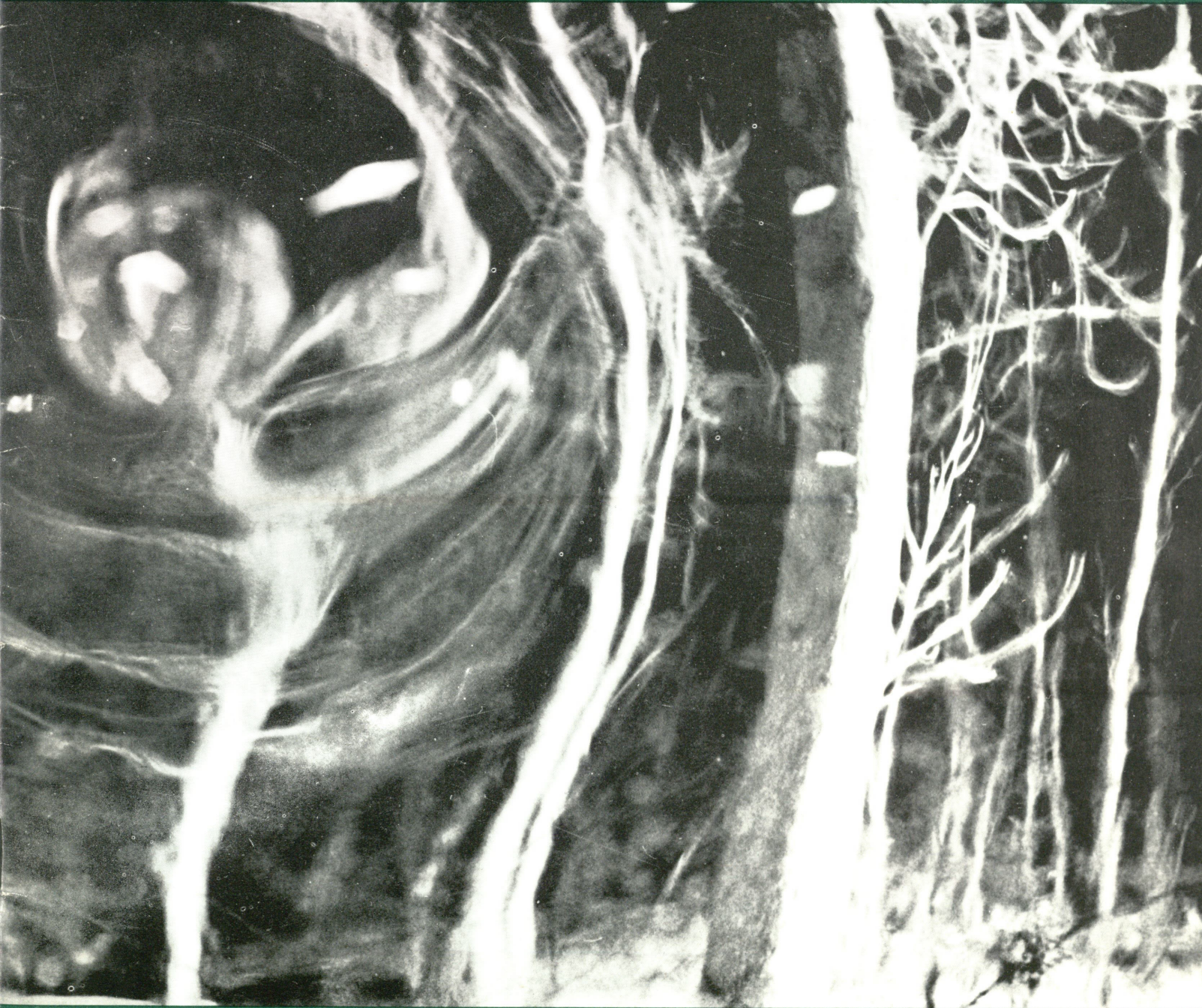
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# THE LIGHTER

VOL. II

MARCH, 1965



VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

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# THE LIGHTER

*the literary-humor magazine  
of Valparaiso University*

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## IN THIS ISSUE:

- 2 That was the semester that was
- 6 Book review — John Updike's *The Centaur*
- 8 Feature Poetry
- 10 I wonder if an orange — a short story
- 13 Selected Maxims (for the realist)
- 14 The girl in the trash basket — a brilliant play
- 19 Short story contest — money
- 20 Season of decision — a short story
- 24 "Talitha Cumi" — a parody
- 26 The Spa — an excursion

## ABOUT THE COVER:

Through the bottom of the glass at the SPA . . . for more absurd pictures, see page 26 or go out there yourself.



# That was

- . . . Late gorgeous summer
- . . . Coach Zimmermann puffing across East Campus full speed—berms, sweat socks, blast jacket
- . . . Crunching down Mound to class midst gold, red, and brown
- . . . Dr. Kreckeler frantically calling Bio. majors—can't find his best metal-handled butterfly net



- . . . Went to the libs 12 times today—counted each time
- . . . Spied note on O.P.'s desk from "Walt F."
- . . . Concerned as to the welfare of Mr. Sander's tulips
- . . . Dr. Hoffman still can't find chalk
- . . . Senior applying to Columbia grad school—form reply: "All students attending foreign colleges must . . ."
- . . . Baby bassinet constantly in back seat of Prof. Engelder's car—one must be prepared
- . . . Prof. Dowitz deep in contemplation, squeezing bag after bag—which has more pretzels?

# the semester that was



COMPILED BY "THE GROUP"

ART:  
PETER BRAMHALL



- . . . Saw Happy Herbie today—he wasn't smiling!!!!!!!
- . . . Prof. Widiger still lighting the wrong end of his cigarettes
- . . . Charlie is still a dirty ol' man
- . . . Dr. Dronberger and her Buster Brown shoes
- . . . Dr. Brockkopp finally wrong—it was a girl
- . . . Coed knee-deep in snow as result of passing plow
- . . . Sliding down the hill on union trays
- . . . No carbonated drinks at Union—New prohibition?

- . . . Wet and deep, but finally snow!
- . . . Gigantic hole in Prof Scheub's shoe— pulling an Adlai Stevenson?
- . . . Reciting "Humpty Dumpty" in Dr. Friedrich's class
- . . . Mufflers, earmuffs, sweaters, rubbers, mittens—winter and Dr. Phipps have arrived
- . . . Back from vacation—50 million Developmental Reading bulletins in the mail
- . . . Coffee break from 10 to 2 at Biology office—must be nice
- . . . Dr. Boyd's constant vigil at the Union
- . . . Seen through Chapel windows—Belafonte changing his shirt—mmmmmmmmmm!
- . . . Street lights that go to Deaconess and no further—symbolic?
- . . . Rumors about all night pajama party at Dau-Kreinheder
- . . . Dr. Sitton sitting in his robe at home at 10:30 a.m.
- . . . The big, black foot on Mr. Pick's desk
- . . . Mr. Knodt tipping his stocking cap in greeting
- . . . The well-dressed Prof. Hughes—olive corduroy suit, striped tie, and gold silk vest?
- . . . Guildie girlies are smoking cigars these days
- . . . A turkey in the libs?
- . . . Studying in reference room at libs—Palmer's lung power is still adequate
- . . . So Prof. Brockkopp is going to have a boy
- . . . Rival schools sending spies to hygiene class—basketball season again

ART/PETER BRAMHALL



- . . . Slightly slurred carols
- . . . Pre-pruned, green-sprayed Christmas trees
- . . . Understand this university couldn't afford 60¢ to buy  
Baby Jesus straw
- . . . O. P. reported on Lankenau's first floor—after hours?
- . . . Stacks of Books prohibiting view of check-out desk
- . . . Chapel lacking heat for Christmas vespers
- . . . Dr. Must's first plane ride—shaky knees?
- . . . Panic-stricken all-nighters
- . . . Its been real . . .



# The Centaur

## by John Updike



The Centaur by John Updike  
(Fawcett: \$ .60)

Man is an unfortunate creature that stands midway between heaven and earth. Being half man and half god, he walks the earth with weary and tormented steps, yearning for some sort of deliverance. His mortality proves to be a gentle blessing from the gods; yet although man fears the snapping shears of Atropos, perhaps he fears even more the continued spinning of the thread of life throughout immortality.

George Caldwell is such a man: a high school science teacher dogged by failure in whatever he does, afraid of death and yet inwardly eager for it, aware of his earthly uselessness and yet unable to alter his fate. Caldwell is a blameless man. In his failures we see a noble hero — a man perhaps (his lower, material half of his centaur-like existence) but one with his head in the stars (his spiritual, upper half.) Caldwell's nobility reaches Classical Greek proportions interpreted by Updike in a modern context.

*The Centaur* deals with disturbing themes typical of Updike's acute sense of reality. As in his *Rabbit, Run*, the hero is a victim of family degeneration — George's father was a famous minister who lost faith on his deathbed; George, thrown out of work during the Depression, is forced to take a teaching job; and his son Peter becomes an unsuccessful artist who shares his attic studio with stacks of dusty, unfinished canvasses and a Negro mistress. As in *Rabbit*, the hero possesses unsurpassable human compassion for the outcast and the misfit (the homosexual hitchhiker, the high school janitor, the drunken beggar); but his feeling for people never

becomes sticky or oversentimental. Updike's comprehension of reality and his perceptiveness prevent the maudlin and the melodramatic from pervading his novels. Through George's over-ruling compassion we also feel compassion for him, his poverty and failure, that is so seldom bestowed upon him (the most worthy of all) by his fellow men. His supervising principal — a lecherous meddler —, the school board, fellow teachers, and students never cease to mock him. His classes are a "multi-colored chopper" in which he is daily ground. In fact, all forces seem to combine to destroy him . . . "His blood sunk like rain into that thankless land."

Caldwell sees everywhere signs of his impending death. Referring to his one-time cable splicing job: "It used to frighten him to bury something so alive down in the ground. The shadow of the wing tightens so that his intestines wince: a spider lives there! . . . In the shuffle of his thoughts his own death keeps coming to the top . . . Death that white width for *him*?" Like a knell the note of death sounds for George throughout the book. "The arc of the windshield wipers narrow with every swipe . . . The purr of the motor is drawing them forward into a closing trap." "The atmosphere feels pregnant with a hastening fate." "Cassie, I want to be frank with you . . . I hate nature, It reminds me of death. All nature means to me is garbage and confusion and the stink of a skunk!" In his science class George describes man as a "death-foreseeing, tragic animal." The country he lives in is a "dead land," and his car happens to be a hearse. His death in him is "like a poison snake."

Yet this story of tragic proportions — emphatically and realistically modern in narration — is artistically interwoven with a Greek myth which relates factually to the novel while giving it richer meaning. Mythologically, Chiron the noble centaur and “instructor to heroes” was the necessary sacrifice given to the gods for Prometheus’ ancient theft of fire. At a wedding, amidst the confusion when another centaur tried to kidnap the bride, guiltless Chiron was wounded by a poisoned arrow. After long wandering the earth in pain and agony, Chiron begged for deliverance from his unhealed hurt; the gods heard his prayer, and he willingly sacrificed his immortality and died like any man. Zeus, however, set him in the sky as a glorious constellation, the archer Sagittarius, to “assist in the regulation of our destinies.”

The dual-person point of view (George as Chiron, Peter as Prometheus) is skillfully brought across to the modern reader, although a knowledge of Greek myths is most helpful in fully appreciating the comparisons made. All the major persons in the novel are compared to mythological characters although not always mentioned by classical name. George makes many sacrifices for his son (Prometheus) and finally gives his life. As Chiron, Caldwell is blameless and victimized by accidents of fate. One of his students shoots a silver arrow into his ankle at the beginning of the novel. His whole life (mostly shown by flashback, as the action of the book covers only three days) is an accident for which George must pay the supreme price — his immortality. Through a series of images in Peter’s mind after George’s death, we see that his heroic kindness toward his fellow men is forgotten by the town. Not even his memory remains immortal. That his sacrifice for Peter proves fruitless seems to underline the futility of George’s life. In a flash of insight, young Peter realizes the *he* is killing his father, just as Prometheus was the cause for Chiron’s death. The eyes of heaven are watching George for a blasphemous error. As centaurs are half men and half horses, equine imagery is often used and subtly woven into the contemporary situation. The book makes a rather complete analysis of the father-son relationship, which is necessary for the mythological metaphor. That George has an impassioned interest in the stars is vindicated by his becoming a constellation in the end. George actually longs for this death as a salvation from the many accidental poison arrows that attack him throughout his life. The wedding in the myth — especially the bride theft — becomes apparent in George’s many references to his wife and wedding, but the idea is en-

larged in the book by recurring sex imagery as Pandora’s Box unleashed on the world. George himself, though human above the waist, is purely animal below. It is in this region (where man and beast are coupled in the centaur) where George feels the snake of death “wrapped around [his] bowels.” And it is because he is a centaur that he must die. The comparison is apparent. His wife half-jokes that George should “‘Get close to nature. It would make a whole man of you.’” Swallowed by nature in a grave, he does become wholly a man in his voluntary submission to mortality.

The extended metaphor which Updike attempts is unbalanced although an interesting dual-level approach to a modern novel. The story alternates between third person omniscience (presumably that of the gods) and the first-person view of Peter relying on memories of his father. Placing George in a mythological context is plausible and the comparisons to Chiron are valid and apparent; Prometheus seems to be slighted and Peter embodies a slightly less apparent parallel to the Greek character. In this sense then Chiron outweighs Prometheus, although this is not to say that mythologically the book does not cohere. The degeneration of minister to Caldwell to Peter rather parallels the sequence of God, God and yet hybrid man and horse, (Chiron), and finally man (Prometheus). The second dimension added by Updike’s genius gives the modern reader a deeper insight into a tragedy already perceptively related; and Updike’s typical attention to particular details, colorfully portrayed, endows the myth with a realism that makes the combination into a refreshing and classic novel.

JAN KARSTEN



There was a girl, no not any girl,  
Whose flowing hair  
parted over her shoulders,  
As she lay in the grassy field  
of a New England farm,  
Hidden from sight of those who passed  
on the powdery, dusty road.  
The sun was too hot,  
The insects too many,  
But she seemed a part of the heat  
the bugs, the dry, hard earth.  
The faded blue dress was not much of a dress,  
And it folded loosely around her otherwise naked body,  
A tanned, shimmering frame.  
With her calloused foot she teased a weed,  
twining it around her toe, pulling it from the ground,  
the dirt still dangling on its roots.  
It was hot, even for an August day,  
But she would like it more scorching.  
All alone with a merciless sun,  
Weeds that scratched her legs and tickled her face.  
But most of all the heavy heartbeat,  
the vibrations that throbbed in perfect timing,  
as if one with the deep, brown ground she laid on.

## Feature Poetry



That spirit which roams, searches and wraps  
itself around,  
Has touched me with a joy of living, happiness  
that people like you do exist.  
It has encompassed my small heart and made it  
burst forth into spring  
Exploding into sunshine, wind and bright, green buds.  
The tears that had grown cold and unable to spill,

Are gone now, for any sadness in me is but a trifle  
compared to the peacefulness I have found in you.  
And yet when you will go, and I know you must,  
Then my grief will be that there are so few  
Who can share the gaiety of this life and its people.  
I do not love you as marriage loves,  
but as the cloud that gives itself completely to the sun,  
which leaves as its light moves on to give warmth  
to other places.

LINDA C. EKBLAD is a junior English major from New Hyde Park, New York, and has been writing excellent poetry, rich in vivid parallelisms, for several years. She studied poetic technique and expression under Robley Wilson, former Valparaiso instructor and author of *All That Love Making*. Miss Eckblad's poetic style is highly subjective, but even this subjectivity has a universality in its expression: a young woman becoming aware of the world and the people around her.

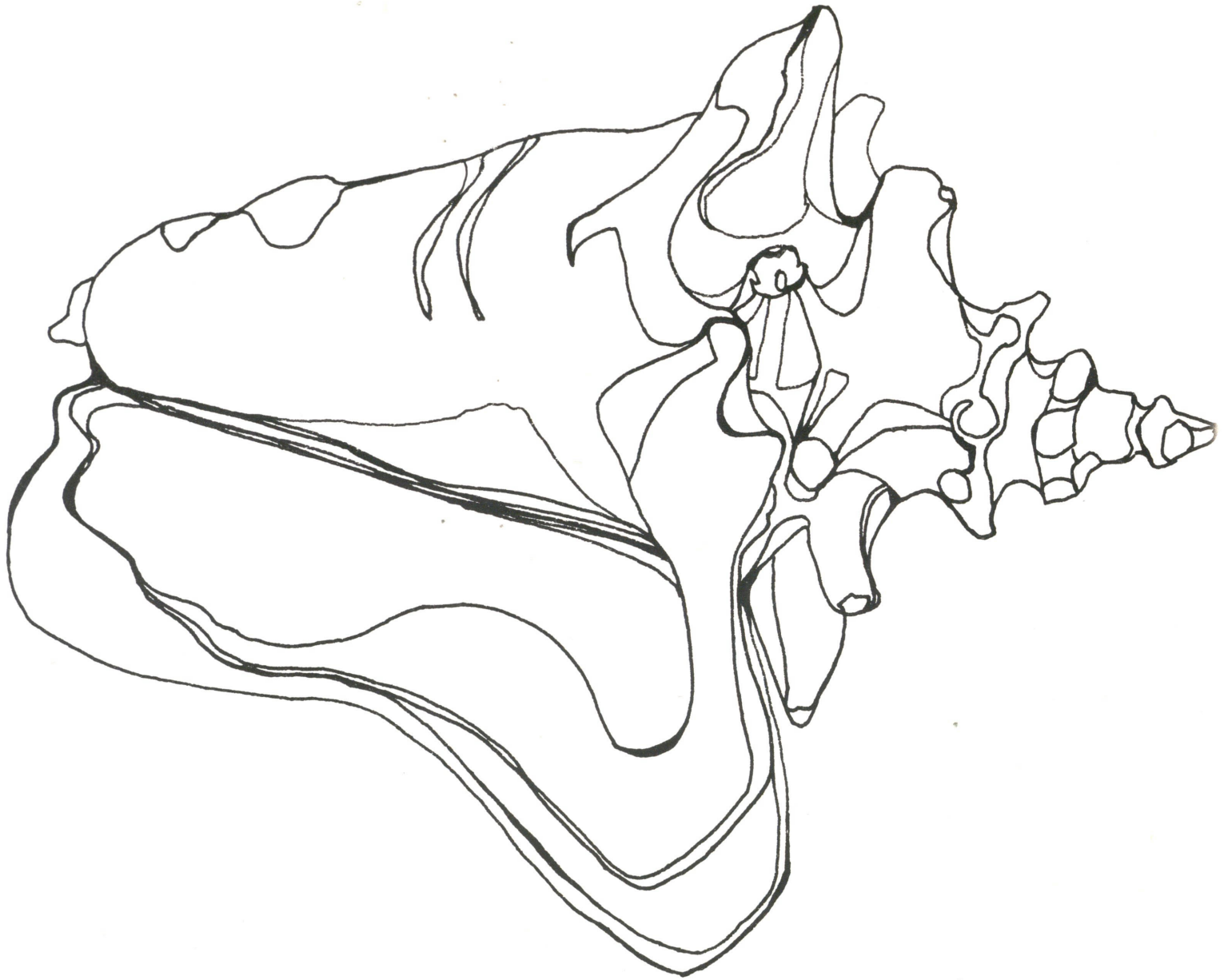


PHOTO/MIKE FADDOW

When the brittle walls of winter's grave  
Melt into the month of March,  
The little strength I have, I spend  
In crumbling down this shroud of soil.  
To stand in April's life,  
How beautiful if the move to May  
Is the sharing of the crow which slashes  
'cross the sky.

When I was a young girl with saucered eyes  
and a hang-open mouth,  
I stood by a window in the top of the house  
And looked around the summer town.  
At rooftops, lampposts, lacy leaves,  
spires, churches, road black strips.  
And a sky so big that all the wonder of  
those summer days  
could not fit the small thing that was me.  
Tears, laughter, everything  
exploded in the young girl I once must have been.

A rocking chair and foam-white hair  
With a sweater for the draft,  
The obsolescent man sits down and dreams,  
Rocks back and forth and back.  
Lonely eyes are closing  
In the unwanted, drooping head;  
Gnarled hands hold each other in the lap  
While rocking chair back and forth and back.  
The grooved face so tan is quick growing gray,  
The chest lifts less with each strained breath.  
Silence precedes a softer silence—  
The rocking chair is still.



*N. Arndt*

## I WONDER IF AN ORANGE

CHARLES MINTZLAFF

Mike pulled the towel over the mound of sand and patted it down into the shape of a pillow. One advantage in coming this far up the beach was a certain degree of privacy. You didn't have a big gawky crowd hanging around the minute you started something a little different.

He scooped out a deeper spot for his rump and piled more sand up on the other side to imitate the profile of a chaise lounge tilted slightly backward. The project was getting more involved than he had planned, but he was in no hurry. Finally satisfied, he picked up the paperback he had been reading, *Acids, Bases, and the Chemistry of Covalent Bond*, and regarded his handiwork. That was the problem. How do you get into the thing? It would have to be wider, and probably deeper, to really work. And then, even if it did, the sand would keep caving in on you. That, he decided, was probably why he had never seen anyone else do it before. It was reason enough anyway. He picked up the towel again and spread it out on the flat sand. Lying on your stomach was better for reading anyway—easier on your eyes, or neck.

But before he could start reading again he noticed her. It wasn't particularly strange that small groups, or more likely couples, should come up this far, but this was only a child, six or seven at the most he guessed, and apparently alone. She was making the kind of sound a child would make. Mike had heard it before, not often, but enough to recognize it. It was a soft, half singing, half humming that would break off every now and then with a final, critical "humph," then slowly strain into motion again. It made him think of the stiff, jerky sound of a new machine that had not yet learned to work smoothly under the strain of an idea. The object of the girl's attention was something in her hands, a mussel shell he supposed. You could find them easily enough if you bothered to look.

As she came closer, Mike could see her terry cloth tee shirt was printed across the front: "I love my Daddy — My Daddy loves me." Underneath he could make out the outline of a faded pink swim suit so nearly matching the color of her pale legs that at first glance it gave the illusion of semi-nudity. Apparently she was not one of the regular summer crowd.

The humming broke off again and she stopped a few yards away. Mike watched as she turned the shell over in her hand. Finally she must have felt him staring. She looked back at him for a few seconds, and then suddenly she threw the shell down onto the sand a few feet from him.

Mike was caught unprepared for a second and a little embarrassed, but he decided to take it as an invitation. "You dropped this," he said sliding over a little stiffly to reach it.

"It hurts."

He ran a finger lightly over the worn edge. "It's not sharp."

"No, I don't mean like that." She knelt down on the sand next to him and pointed to the soft iridescent pink of the inside. "In there; that funny color hurts when you look at it hard."

He puzzled with it a moment, trying to work up some idea of pain, but handed it back to her unsuccessful. She wetted her thumb and rubbed the smoothness of the inside. "Sort of like you wonder how the color got into it, and then when you wonder hard enough, it starts to scratch inside you."

Gradually he realized that she meant to be taken seriously. "How does it feel when it scratches you?"

"Not really scratches. It just sort of feels funny. Strange, like when somebody runs his finger nails across a blackboard and it squeaks."

This made him wince a little. "I think I know what you mean. Something like the way you feel when you rub talcum powder between your fingers. like this." He pinched a little sand between his thumb and forefinger to show her what he meant.

"I don't know what that is."

"Baby powder."

"Oh." She dropped the shell and took a large handful of sand and began rubbing it between her palms so that it sprayed out in little showers. "But it's different from that though. I mean, when you rub it in your hands, your hands feel funny, but then you try to think why it feels funny and you feel funny all over. Inside too, in your throat. As if you itched in your throat, but you couldn't reach in to scratch it."

"So you cough, because that makes your throat scratch itself."

"No! You don't either, because it's not the kind of itch you scratch. It's just all dry and squeaky. If it were just an itch, you'd scratch it and it would scratch the itch away. Why do you scratch an itch?"

"You just said it. You scratch it because that scratches the itch away."

"But it doesn't really. I mean itch is just a little thing that hurts, but scratch is something that hurts more. So you scratch it, and then you think it just hurts like a scratch, and it doesn't itch anymore. But really it does too. It itches, but you think it's just the scratch that hurts."

Mike shifted around so that he was sitting cross-legged facing her. "I guess I hadn't really thought about it like that before."

"If you think about it, it still itches really." Her delicate face was tightening into a frown that finally shattered and broke into brightness. "Hey! What's the difference between an orange?"

"The what? . . . Oh! I know. A bicycle, because the camel can't button his vest."

For a moment defeat darkened her glow, but she wouldn't give up. "Yes, I know. But that's not the real answer. It's just a pretend answer that you say because you don't know the real answer."

"Well, what is the real answer then?"

"You don't know. Nobody knows what the real answer is so you just make up a pretend answer and you say that, but you don't really know what the real answer is. Nobody knows."

"Well, how do you know there is a real answer if nobody knows it?" He was sorry when he had said that. The look on her face showed all the exasperation that he deserved.

"You just know there has to be a real answer because there is. But when you think about it real hard, you feel all funny inside because you can't think of anything." She sat back and started to pile sand over her outstretched legs. Her face tightened up into a frown again and he thought maybe she was thinking, so he tried to think too. "I wonder if an orange . . ." but then she broke off as if the frown had grown so tight it pinched off her words.

"If an orange what?"

"I wonder . . . I wonder if an orange anything. You try to think about it, but you can't think about it because you don't know what you're thinking about."

He looked back at the book he had left on the towel. "That sounds familiar."

"So you just wait for it to start you thinking, and you feel all funny inside." She paused and then started over. "It's like when you have the hiccups so you hold your breath till they go away." She pinched her nose and puffed out her cheeks to show someone holding his breath. "But then when you got rid of your hiccups, you think maybe they'll come back again, so you feel funny until you hic again."

"But what happens if you never hic again?"

"Then . . . gee, then I guess you'd feel funny all the time. You'd always be waiting for the . . ."

"Jenny!"

The voice startled both of them. It came from a largish woman a little too old to be the girl's mother who would have looked better in something else than the Bermudas she wore.

"Oh, that's my Aunt Alice." Jenny pronounced the name as if it were the flu. "I live with her during the summer. I'll have to go back now."

"Jenny, I warned you not to go away so far." Aunt Alice was close enough to give Mike a little sideways glare. He guessed that the warning had included something about talking to strangers. "Hurry up now. We're going to open the sandwiches now. We'll have to start for home pretty soon."

Jenny got to her feet and brushed the sand off her knees. "Well, good-bye Mister."

"Don't you want to take this along?" Mike handed her the shell.

Jenny shot a glance up at her Aunt. "No, I don't think so."

"I think you'd better take it. You may need it someday." He pressed it into her hand.

"Can I keep this, Aunt Alice?"

"Well all right; Just come on." She took the girl a little roughly by the arm and headed her away without saying anything to Mike.

He watched them a little. Jenny walked away, holding on to her Aunt with one hand and clutching the shell in the other. Then he picked up his book again. How was it? Like losing the hiccups, and then waiting, feeling all funny because you think you might hic again.

Yes, he thought, that's probably just the way it is.

Selected  
**MAXIMS**  
(for the realist)

Every silver lining has its cloud

The early worm gets eaten by the bird

A penny saved is a penny taxed

(so is a penny spent)

The wages of sin are money

All that wiggles is not jello

Learn to take the rotten with the poor

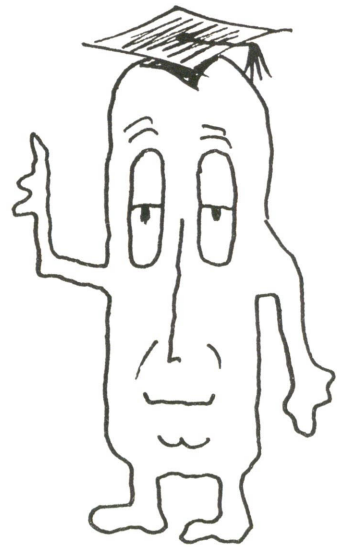
Broads are the way that leadeth to destruction

Knock and you shall be sued for libel

Do unto others lest they do unto you

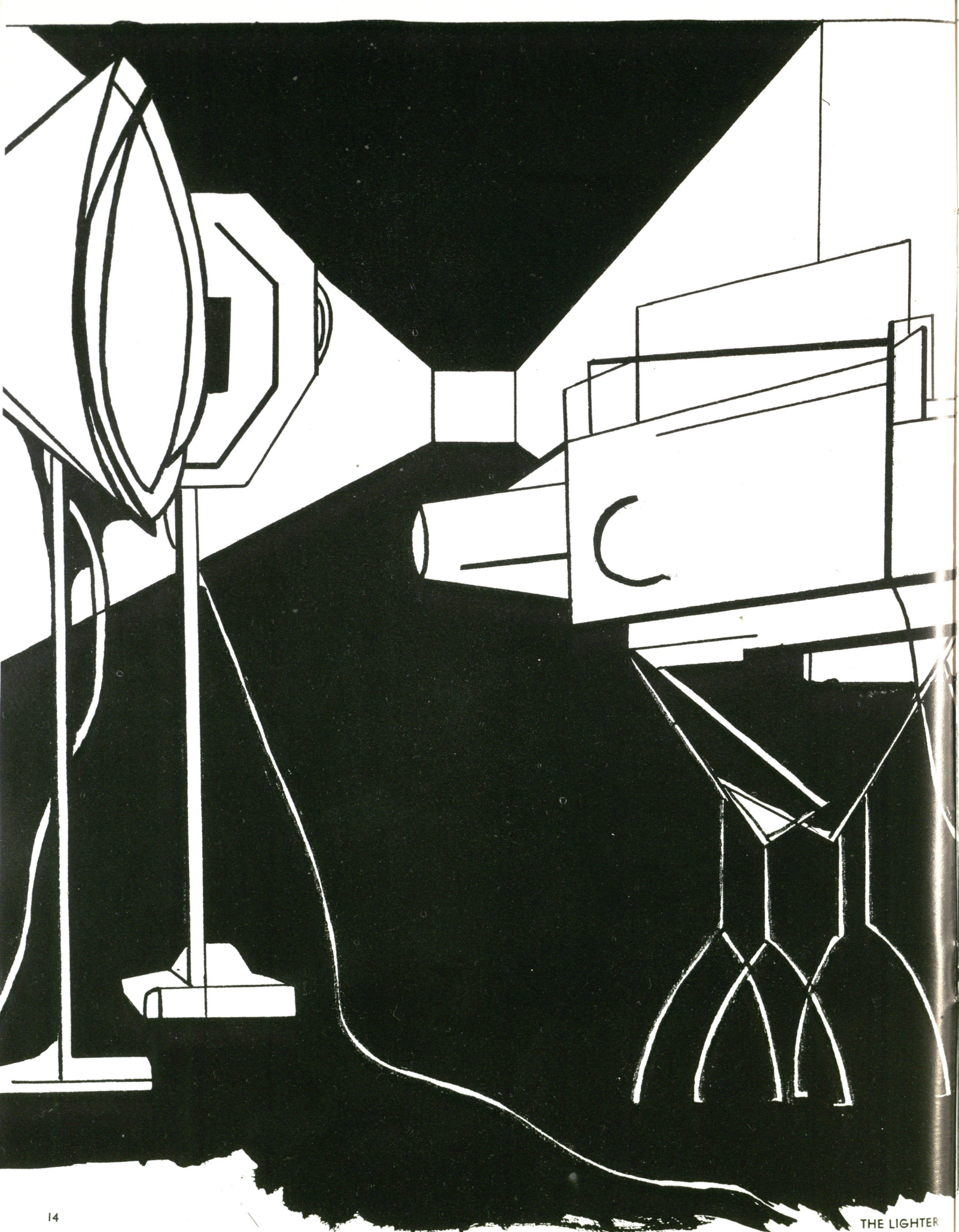
Not a heck of a lot comes to him who waits

People who live in glass house shouldn't



compiled by the  
F. B. T.





# THE GIRL IN THE TRASH BASKET

## *A Parable*

BUSY CITY STREET CORNER. NIGHT.

Large, woven-wire trash basket in the center of the picture. Player piano playing offscreen. Beautiful girl with long hair and wearing a black dress and black stockings walks to the trash basket, pauses, climbs up on the rim, crosses her legs and strikes a brief pose by putting her left hand up behind her hair and shifting her right hand around behind her on the far rim of the basket. Passersby look at her without interest. Bored, she starts to jump down from the basket, but instead loses her balance and jackknifes back into the basket. Player piano stops offscreen.

Next shot, her feet sticking out of the top of the basket. She is doubled up and struggling to get out, but cannot. She stops struggling.

\*Title: I WILL BE CALM.

Passersby look at her without interest. A few give a what-a-crazy-kid look, but do not help her out.

\*Title: I WILL NOT *BEG* FOR HELP.

Next shots are a montage sequence showing the passage of time: lights going out in the store windows, etc. Two truck driver types come by, look at her, nudge each other, look at her, roll the basket around a few times, peer down into the basket, give a puzzled look around several times.

\*Title: ANYBODY LOSE THIS DAME?

They roll her around a few more times and then leave.

No passersby now. Street is deserted.

\*Title: I KNOW SOMEONE WILL HELP ME.

Car passes by. Person passes by, but does not even see her.

\*Title: I WILL BE CALM.

Close shot of girl and basket. The image freezes.

(Flashback series begins.)

CITY STREET. DAY.

Same girl dressed in dark, high-necked jersey and faded blue jeans walking happily down the street. Camera follows behind her. Snare drum marching-tattoo (120 a minute) following offscreen. Suddenly she stops and bends down to pick up a dime off the sidewalk; the moment she does this, the drum major's whistle stops the snare drum.

Closeup of shiny dime, and girl's face filled with joy.

*Das*

Next shot, girl bounding up the steps to the entry of her apartment building.

INTERIOR. APARTMENT ENTRYWAY.

Next shot, girl drawing letters out of her mailbox. Closeup of opened card saying plainly, SO THIS IS YOUR 21ST BIRTHDAY. Closeup of girl's face filled with joy. Second letter opened, and card exactly like the first pulled out: SO THIS IS YOUR 21ST BIRTHDAY. Closeup of girl's face filled with joy. Third letter opened contains same card, and same closeup follows; fourth letter opened contains another of the same, and close shot shows girl's face filled with intense joy as she fishes the shiny dime out of her pocket. Girl then holds all her treasures in cupped hands and then elevates them sacerdotally, her face filled with immeasurable joy as the scene fades.

CITY STREET. TWILIGHT.

Shot of entry door of apartment building, darker now with the late afternoon light. Girl emerges, in black dress and stockings as described before, bouncing down the steps as the scene fades.

EXTERIOR. FRONT OF BAR.

Closeup of sign taped to window: NO ONE UNDER 21 WILL BE ADMITTED. Soft drum roll offscreen as camera pulls back to follow the girl from the sign in through the door.

INTERIOR. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR.

Drum roll continues through cut to inside of bar. Large, father-figure bartender with white shirt, black bow tie, and apron standing hands-on-hips behind the bar; girl advances to him. Drum roll broken off. Girl pushes down the stool cushion with her fingertips and then looks up at the bartender, still hands-on-hips. Girl sits down, swivels once around to look at the bar, then looks up at him. Bartender holds out his hand palm-up demandingly.

\*Title: HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Girl gives him a glad-you-asked-that smile and pulls papers out of her dress pocket.

Overhead shot with bartender on the left, girl on the right, and bar counter vertical between them. She deals out a birthday card face up on the counter. Bartender shakes his head. She deals out second birthday card; he again shakes his head. With some hesitation, she deals out third birthday card. He pauses a second, then shakes his head. She deals out fourth birthday card. (Drum roll precedes each card dealt.)

Closeup of bartender's poker-face, then closeup of girl's face, then several rapid alternating closeups between the two.

Return to overhead shot. Drum roll begins again, and the peak of the tension is reached; at this point, the bartender reaches under the counter and pulls out a champagne bottle and a champagne glass and sets them up in front of her on the counter, stopping the drum roll. Closeup of girl's face and triumphant joy, then a father-figure smile from the bartender. Player piano begins playing loudly offscreen.

From girl's eye-level, zoom to clock over bar: seven-thirty. Close shot of girl filling her empty glass by holding the bottle in both hands.

Cut to second zoom shot: eight-thirty. Close shot of girl filling empty glass as before. Sleazy-looking man sidles up to the girl. Girl frowns at him. Man continues sidling. Closeup of man's lewd and mustachioed smirk. Closeup of girl's innocent but troubled gaze away.

Bartender confronts the two.

\*Title: IS HE BOTHERING YOU?

She nods her head with conviction, shaking her long hair slightly. Bartender points a lethal finger at the man. Quick close shot of man's wincing face. Bartender leaves.

Next shot, zoom to clock, now nine-thirty, then pan to girl and man who is sidling again. Bartender suddenly appears behind the man, towering over him, and pulls him up by his sleazy coat collar, drags him off the stool, and pushes him out the door.

Cut to close shot of bartender hands-on-hips behind the bar, with father-figure smile. Bartender wipes his hands on his apron. Girl so appreciative she shuts her eyes and shows her dimples. She drinks the last of her drink, then bursts ecstatically through the swinging doors as player piano crescendos.

EXTERIOR. FRONT OF BAR. NIGHT.

Quick cut to shot of entrance, where girl steps outside, then grand-jetes once on the sidewalk between two passersby. Cut to girl walking down the street, weaving in and out of the slower pedestrians. Cut to same sequence as first where she climbs up on the trash basket, as the scene fades.

(Flashback series ends.)

CITY STREET CORNER. DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT.

Close shot of girl and basket. Still no one on the street. Closeup of her still-open eyes.

\*Title: I CAN'T SLEEP.

INTERIOR. APARTMENT HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING.

Next shot is a closeup of an elevator dial, with the pointer moving down to the first floor position. A bell rings once offscreen. Camera pulls back to the opening elevator door, where a man emerges, then re-enters to get his attache case, then struggles to get the self-closing doors open so he can get out. He is young and thin, and impeccably dressed in a narrow-shouldered, pinch-waisted suit with hacking pockets, and a neat knotted tie. The case in one hand, his bowler hat under one arm and a zipped up umbrella in his other hand, he walks to the entry door, and out into the street.

CITY STREET.

A low close shot up at the man silhouetted against the city skyline and early morning light. He puts on his bowler hat, hangs his umbrella on his arm, and bares his gloved wrist to see the time. Closeup of watch showing six-thirty.

Long shot from across the street of the man looking around to see if anyone else is watching. He snaps his head with each direction change; after three direction changes, he makes a quarter turn. He does this full circle, then puts his attache case down on the sidewalk, puts his umbrella between his legs, opens the case and takes out a banana. Closeup of banana, followed by closeup of sly smile and nervous eye movements.

Camera tracking the man walking along briskly while eating the banana.

#### CITY STREET CORNER.

Next, close shot shows the man, with the banana skin held delicately by the unopened end, looking for a trash basket.

He sees the basket, goes to it, and then sees it is occupied. He drops his attache case in surprise. The girl does not move. He pokes at her right ankle with his umbrella. Closeup of the point of the umbrella pressing down on the black stocking.

\*Title: STOP THAT.

Again startled, he gestures apologetically. Then he tucks his umbrella under his armpit and seizes the rim of the basket, peering down at her face.

\*Title: YOU SHOULDN'T BE IN THERE.

#### ANOTHER STREET CORNER.

Cut to garbage truck with two men emptying similar trash basket on similar street corner. Loud slow-beat bass drum.

#### CITY STREET CORNER.

Cut back to man, who is carefully tipping over the basket; he tries to pull the girl out, but only succeeds in dragging girl and basket on the sidewalk. Cut to next attempt: putting one foot on the side of the rim and pulling. This only makes basket move in a semi-circular arc.

#### CITY STREET.

Camera tracking slowly (but inexorably) moving garbage truck.

#### CITY STREET CORNER.

Next shot, the successful attempt: man straddling the basket and sliding the girl out by leaning over her. Drum stops. She sits there for a moment, then rises as he is righting the basket and putting the banana skin into it. Then girl comes over to him, and throws her arms around him while sobbing gratefully. His hands are clenched at his sides.

\*Title: OH MY PRINCE! MY PRINCE!

Pan to garbage truck rounding the corner coming to the basket. Close shot of the two garbage men, who look exactly like the bartender and the sleazy-looking man.

## *D. H. Bowman*



ART/PETER BRAMHALL

*Announcing . . .*

*the THETA CHI*

*Short Story Contest*

*\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$*

*First Prize . \$100.00*

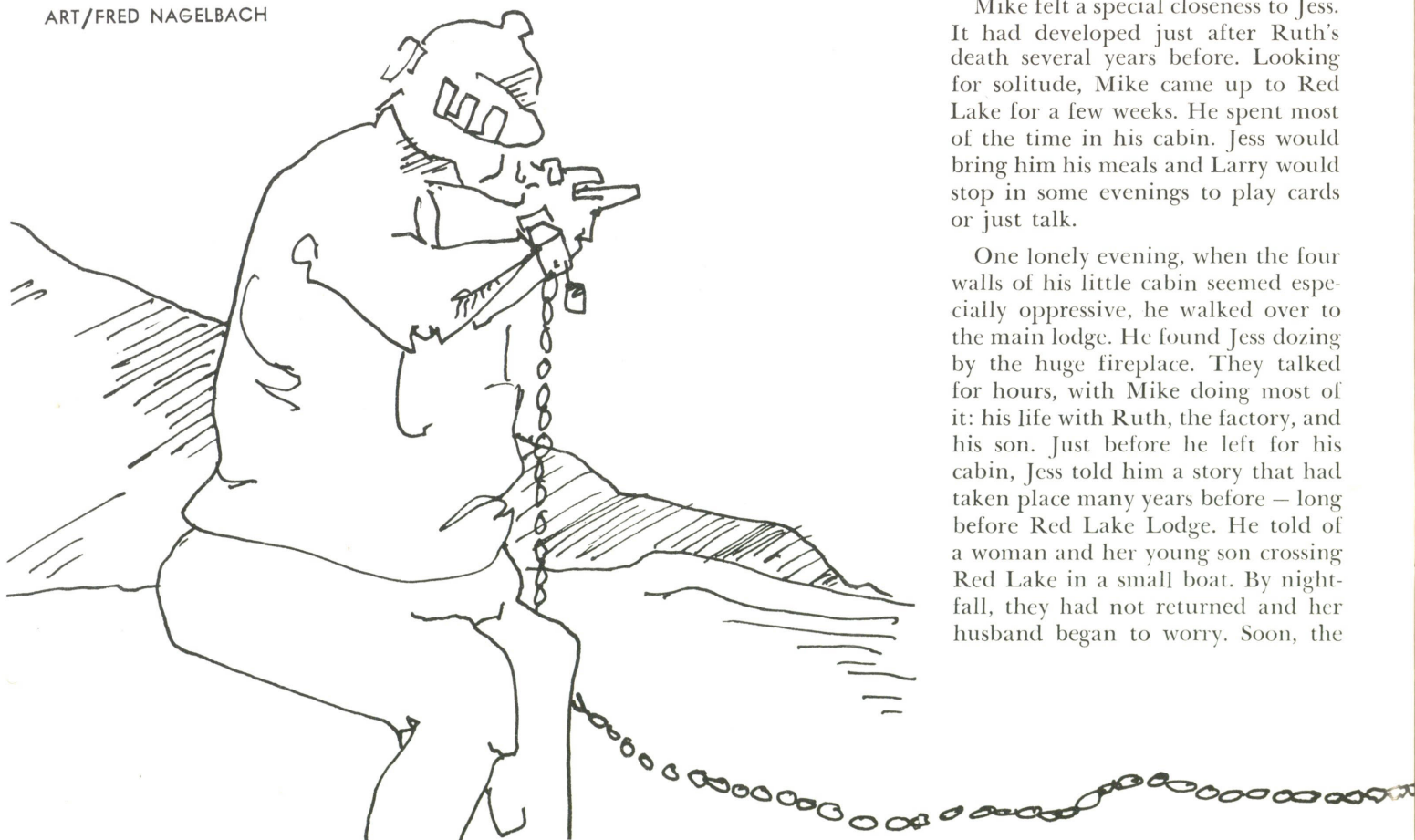
*Entry Rules:*

- 1. All entrants must be full-time Valparaiso University students.*
- 2. All entries must be submitted in some sort of container (preferably a large envelope). No trash cans please.*
- 3. All entries must be typewritten on standard 8 x 11 unlined paper and securely stapled together.*
- 4. The first page of the entry is for the author's name and address. The rest of the entry is in no way to indicate the name of the entrant.*
- 5. All entries become the property of the Lighter.*
- 6. All entries must be submitted by 12:00 noon of April 21, 1965. (In other words you have Easter Recess to complete your story).*

# SEASON OF DECISION

George P. Miga

ART/FRED NAGELBACH



Mike Hollis could not remember ever having been so cold, as he sat huddled in the bow of the out-board motor boat. "Jess, can't you get any more speed out of this thing? I'm about to freeze to death," he complained.

"I got her pretty-near wide open now, Mr. Hollis," shouted Jess in the chill November wind. "This ole motor's gettin' like me in its old age; cranky and slow movin'. We'll be to the lodge in another twenty minutes."

Mike groaned and buried his head a little deeper into his parka. With his back to the wind, he faced Jess, who sat at the motor, framed against the widening wake which heaved the thin ice along the rocky shore. The low, steel-grey clouds almost seemed to touch the ridges flanking the inlet which connected the lodge with Red Lake.

In a way, Mike envied Jess and his simple and unhurried life. Although in his late sixties, Jess all but ran Red Lake Lodge when Larry McGarvey was away with a client. His principle duty was that of cook, but on occasion he would become the guide.

Mike felt a special closeness to Jess. It had developed just after Ruth's death several years before. Looking for solitude, Mike came up to Red Lake for a few weeks. He spent most of the time in his cabin. Jess would bring him his meals and Larry would stop in some evenings to play cards or just talk.

One lonely evening, when the four walls of his little cabin seemed especially oppressive, he walked over to the main lodge. He found Jess dozing by the huge fireplace. They talked for hours, with Mike doing most of it: his life with Ruth, the factory, and his son. Just before he left for his cabin, Jess told him a story that had taken place many years before — long before Red Lake Lodge. He told of a woman and her young son crossing Red Lake in a small boat. By nightfall, they had not returned and her husband began to worry. Soon, the

wind picked up and the temperature dropped, preventing him from looking for them. The next morning, he walked out on the then frozen lake. About a half-mile from shore, he found the over-turned boat and the body of the boy frozen in the ice. He never found his wife.

Mike became aware of the engine throttling back and, almost simultaneously, the grinding of the prow on the loose gravel of the shore.

"Here we are, Mr. Hollis. I'll take your bags right up to the cabin. If you like, you can go straight to the lodge and warm up. I'll have cats on the table in about an hour."

"Is Larry around?"

"No, Mr. McGarvey took a party up to the high camp this afternoon, but he oughta be back by supper time."

"Well, in that case I'll get cleaned-up and relax a little before dinner. Here, I'll take the bags."

Mike watched Jess walking up the incline to the main lodge. He noticed that his limp was becoming more pronounced. Jess had a habit of telling all the newcomers that a grizzly was responsible for his limp. Only Mike and Larry knew it was rheumatism.

Mike closed the door of his cabin and began the short walk to the main lodge. It was a completely black night. He had only the light of the frosted panes of the main lodge windows as a guide. He looked up and by the absence of even the faintest trace of starlight, knew that the clouds were low and heavy. Probably snow by morning, he thought, and tucked his head deeper into the collar of his parka.

As Mike entered the main lodge, he immediately caught the aroma of Larry's special pipe blend. He took off his heavy parka and hung it on a peg near the door. Jess was humming in the kitchen as he came in. "Where's Larry, Jess?"

"He's back there in the stock room. Mr. Hollis is here," Jess called over his shoulder as he pulled a tray of biscuits out of the oven.

Larry came out of the stock room carrying a couple of cases of supplies which he put on the floor by the back entrance. "Hello, Mike. Good to see you," he said as he warmly shook his hand. "Have a good trip?"

"All but the last hour. I damn near froze in that boat."

"I'm sorry about that Mike, but it just wasn't fit to fly you in. And quit making noises like a big-city hunter. After almost fifteen years, you're hooked on this place and you know it."

"Fifteen years," repeated Mike in mock amazement, "after all the money I've spent here you oughta make me some kinda member of the board or something."

"Well," said Larry, "that's what I've been saying for years."

At that moment, Jess limped back into the kitchen, "You two are be-ginnin' to sound like a couple of crotchety ole ladies. Grub's on — get it while it's hot."

Mike and Larry moved into the dining room and seated themselves at the heavy wooden table.

"Seriously, Mike, I've got two new camps now and things are just running me ragged. I could really use a partner."

"Not me, Larry. I've been in my racket too long to just pull up stakes and come up here. Besides, I have a couple of long-term government contracts that I'm tooling up for right now."

"Now, don't make it sound like you're all that important. What are you paying all those Ivy Leaguers that fancy money for? Remember, Mike, you're not getting any younger."

Mike flushed in sudden anger. "Damn it, Larry, you're sounding just like my kid."

"What do you mean, Mike? I just ..."

"Ever since I made Bob superintendent, he's been dropping hints that I ought to retire, that I'm getting too old to keep pace with things. Can you imagine that?" Mike's voice began to rise. "Fifty-eight years old and he thinks I can't handle the company anymore. I really think the kid is bucking for my job. Do you know that we were the second largest producer of extruded aluminum last year? And I started this outfit in a two-by-four shack and Ruth and I spent twenty-five years building it up. Then some lame brain pill-pusher says that I have to take it easy." Mike pounded his fist on the heavy table, scattering the silverware. "The gall of that bastard, telling me to take it easy when I can still out-work anyone on my staff."

The room became very quiet, except for the rumbling of the wind in the huge fireplace and the faint rattling of sleet on the windows. Larry began to stir his coffee. Jess became very noisy with his pots and pans.

Mike looked down at his still clenched and trembling fist and moved it to his lap, avoiding Larry's eyes.

Jess walked into the room and looked down at the untouched food. "Well I'll be danged. I bust my back to turn out the best danged chow this place has ever had and you two just sit there and jabber while it goes to waste." Jess walked over to the cupboard and took down a fifth of bourbon. "Well, maybe you two would rather drink your dinner anyway," slamming the bottle down between them.

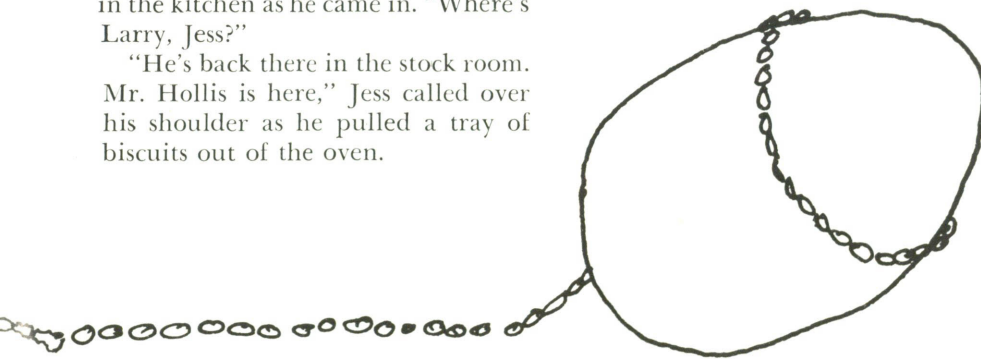
"By the way," said Larry as he poured the drinks, "one of the boys spotted an old bull elk in a ravine a few miles west of here the other day. He said it had a beautiful rack. Are you interested?"

"Yeah, I'll look for him first thing in the morning," replied Mike softly.

"I'm free in the morning, Mike, if you want some company?"

"No thanks, Larry. I don't do any serious hunting for a few days, just a little looking around."

Mike finished his drink, nervously fingering the empty glass. He pushed himself back from the table. "I'd better be turning in. Good night, Larry. Good night, Jess," he called to the kitchen.





"Night, Mr. Hollis. Remember, breakfast at five."

It was still snowing the following morning. Mike was surprised to find almost six inches of snow had accumulated during the night. He glanced at his watch: a quarter to six and still very dark.

Normally, the anticipation of the hunt on the first morning was exhilarating for Mike. But this morning, as he trudged westward from the lodge with his head down and his rifle slung carelessly over his shoulder, his thoughts were a painful review of the previous evening "I really made an ass of myself, flying off the handle like that," he said half aloud.

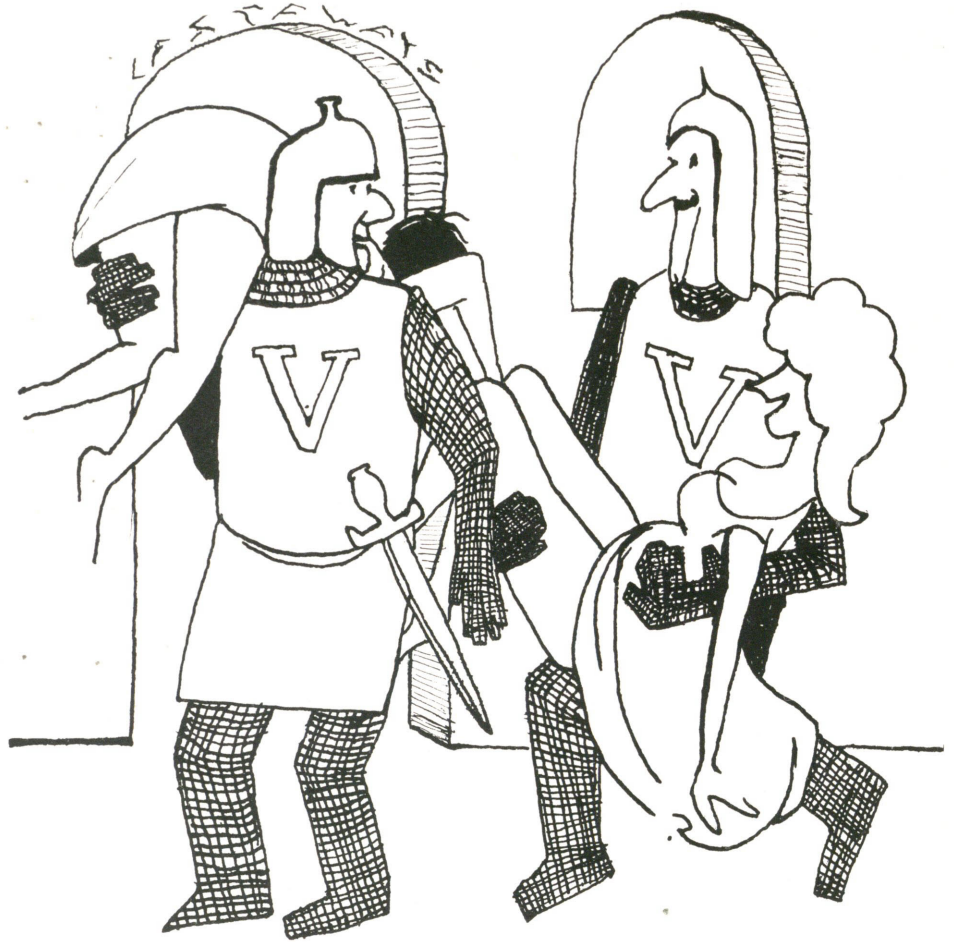
The snow was wet and firm. His boots left clean, sharp impressions as he walked toward the network of gently sloping ridges which swelled from either side of the inlet.

He stopped for a minute to shelter a flame for his cigarette. He inhaled deeply, savoring that special satisfaction of a cigarette immediately after a meal.

It began to snow a little harder. He glanced behind him and for some strange reason felt a sense of gratification that he could no longer see the lodge. Perhaps this was one of the things he enjoyed most about hunting: the complete absence of the pressures he faced almost daily. He was finding it increasingly difficult to meet the demands of his business. It had outgrown his whip-and-chair methods. He had learned, indirectly, that this was one of the primary criticisms of his subordinates: his reluctance to delegate authority. He strongly resented the fact that those college kids, who seemed to have all the right answers at the right time, wanted to shape company policy. He reflected on the union problems he had after the war. What right did they have to tell him how to handle his men?

Now he was sure they all wanted him to get out. This was why he had worked Bob into the business, to have someone he could depend upon. He couldn't be everywhere at once. But now even Bob had let him down by suggesting that he retire. Sure, he had made some mistakes lately, but who wouldn't with everyone working against him and having to keep tabs on everyone.

The snow had let up a little, allowing Mike to check his position. He



*"But Nero, are you sure this is what coach Reiner meant by the great "Crusader tradition?"*

decided to walk the reverse slope of the ridge he was on because it seemed to be the highest and it afforded him the best view of the rolling country on both sides. He paused for a moment to check the area with his binoculars, then walked a few yards below the rim of the slope and parallel to its crest. He would repeat this procedure every ten minutes or so.

A few yards ahead, he could see a boulder with a large dead tree rooted next to it. It would be a good place to take a break. He leaned his rifle between the rock and the tree while he dug his small thermos of coffee out of his parka.

He sat with his back to the cold rock, thankful for the wind-break. After pouring the coffee, he inhaled the fragrance of the thin wisps of steam. He took several sips, then gingerly balanced the cup on his knee while he reached for a cigarette.

He appreciated Jess going to the trouble of preparing the coffee. It seemed that whenever he needed them the most, Mike could count on Jess and Larry. Then he cursed his sentimentality aloud, "Why the hell should they care about me personally? I'm nothing but a good customer."

He gulped the rest of his coffee, then pocketed the thermos. He picked up his rifle and decided to glass the area once more. He walked to the crest again and sank to his knees to help steady his binoculars. He adjusted them for the range and methodically swept the valley floor.

He was about to start down the slope when something caught his eye. He stood up for a better view. It looked like an elk, but at this range it was difficult to tell. It seemed to be moving away from him. Mike felt a flutter of excitement as he realized that if he ran parallel to the ridge for

several hundred yards, he would have an excellent shot. He unslung his rifle and ducked down below the rim of the ridge. He started at a dead run, but the deep snow and the slope of the ridge soon tired him. He alternately walked and trotted the rest of the way. Finally, he covered the distance and dropped to his knees to catch his breath. After a couple of minutes, he began to breathe evenly again and moved to the crest of the ridge. He didn't bother to get his binoculars out. He used the scope instead, adjusting it to high power. He moved it slowly along the valley floor. The exertion of running made it difficult to adjust his watering eyes to the scope. He closed his eyes and rested his head against the stock of the gun.

He tried again. He moved the rifle to the right, the direction from which the elk would come. There he was, about three-hundred yards away. Mike hastily calculated that, at best, he would have a tricky downhill shot of about a hundred and fifty yards. He focused the crosshairs of his scope on a large flat boulder at the base of the opposite ridge. He would shoot when the elk reached that position. He moved the scope back to the elk, which was very close now. He was certainly worth the trouble. He had a beautiful rack.

As the elk moved closer, Mike could see that he was a battle-scarred old bull. Several of the smaller tines from his rack were missing. His shaggy flanks were covered with frost.

Just a few more yards now. Mike very carefully released the safety and made himself as comfortable as possible. The elk was about ten yards from the flat rock when Mike saw it stiffen. A blur of movement exploded from behind the boulder — a mountain lion!

The cat crouched a few yards in front of the elk, which had stopped stiff-legged in its tracks. With a guttural cough which echoed from the walls of the valley, the cat slowly circled the elk. Without warning, the cat sprung, raking the shoulder of the elk. The old bull tried to retaliate with his hooves, but he was too slow for the agile cat.

The cat again began to circle the elk. The old bull moved with an awkward side motion, attempting to keep his eyes on the cat. The cat

seemed to be enjoying it. He would feint an attack, then quickly retreat before the slashing hooves. The old bull seemed bewildered by the speed and tactics of the mountain lion. His many battles had been with his own kind. Here, he was out of his element.

With a snarl, the cat charged the elk in earnest. He easily avoided the hooves and lowered horns, and viciously clawed the elk's neck and lower chest. He then jumped to the elk's back and sank his fangs into the base of the neck.

With a roar, the old bull reared high on its hind legs and fell, breaking the cat's hold. The elk got up with difficulty, then collapsed to its front knees.

The snow of the valley floor was now churned and spattered with brown clay and blood. The old bull, his flanks heaving and great clouds of steam coming from his nostrils, seemed resigned — his head lolling from side to side. His eyes, tired looking and glazed, were no longer watching the cat.

The mountain lion circled the bull slowly, ready any moment to make the kill. The same nervous cough echoed among the ridges.

Mike, who had watched the entire spectacle through his scope, moved

the crosshairs to the cat and gently squeezed the trigger. The huge cat screamed as it leaped into the air, biting at its shoulder. Then it fell quiet.

Mike watched the elk as it finally regained its feet. It stood there for a moment, then with a stagger, began to move slowly away. Blood gushed from the mortally wounded animal as it moved away, staining his rich brown coat and the white snow beneath his feet.

Mike snapped the rifle to his shoulder and triggered it once. And again. He sat there viewing the scene below him for a long while. Finally, he got up, shouldered his rifle, and began retracing his steps to the lodge. As he slowly walked along the sloping ridge, he thought again about his own problems and especially his son, Bob.

He walked on, admiring the beauty of the country. Soon, the lodge came into sight. He could see smoke curling from the chimney of the main lodge. He suddenly felt a ravenous hunger.

"Well," he said in a voice just above a whisper, "maybe I ought to let the kid jump in and get his feet wet. If he can't handle it, he's no kid of mine."

## MACBETH

Macbeth is not the type of play  
In which one does discover  
The real true meaning of our lives  
Or just who's mother's mother.

It is a play concerned with death  
In all its bloodiest phases,  
Of witches, spots and darkest night  
And ladies who walk in dazes.

Macbeth becomes a hated chap  
who everyone abhors  
And in the end is killed by one  
Who hid behind the door,  
Until his wife and children died  
And then just killed the poor Macbeth,  
With the deepest stab of all.

Susan Hedden

# "TALITHA CUMI"

## I

The rain surprised us, coming with muffled thunder and violet clouds over the flat land. Here there are no hills nor valleys, only the high place where we now sit, our hair wet against our temples. We are alone in the heart of darkness, feeling neither heat nor cold, life nor death. There is only the darkness, and the rain falls steadily.

Last summer, you recall, we burned red under the summer sun, mused on the day of the solstice, carried our chairs to the screened porch, and drank imported beer while the flaming sun burned into the wood, and the green sea swelled toward us in its chains. But today Tim Uhr came, with his Red Flyer, rattling down the sidewalk at my back. I turned at the sound, and saw his smile. Unsettled, we entered the house.

I, a young man, sit, waiting for the rain to pass, for the clouds to part. I am covered by water, my hair is wet, but the sun has not been seen.

## II

We walk the street in perpendicular rain. There is no wind to stir it, only the clouds to send it, and the earth repels it in stagnant pools that stand in steaming drains.

What are these boots that clutch at my feet? They are too small, and in the street wear noisily against the stones. We shuffle along, you with your face framed by a hood, down a street that at once leads upward. In the pools ahead of us I see only your hood. Why is your face concealed?

On that Sunday, we entered a coffee-house and joined the others who were there to meet us. The waitress rose to greet us and we were seated facing from the door. We did things like talk and drank things and coughed while outside, the river flowed softly and darkly past. In deserted hallways above, could be heard the sound of a wind beginning to stir. We laughed uneasily at puns, and from within your hood you chuckled. But then there was the silence.

"Let us go then."



ART/FRED NAGELBACH

III

In an empty barroom, two thin barmaids throw dice. The cook sleeps in the corner, while the bartender whistles sadly and looks at her. One barmaid casts the dice; the game is done.

"I've won!"

He whistles sad refrains.

IV

In winter, we sat before the fireplace and listened to the burning of dry wood. The sound of water in the pipes and the tick of snow on the pane stirred us in a soporific trance, dulled desire, and made of us a mockery of mankind. We celebrated spring in an apartment where, seated about a table, we tasted beer and crackers with assorted spreads. A warm day in winter had prepared us.

V

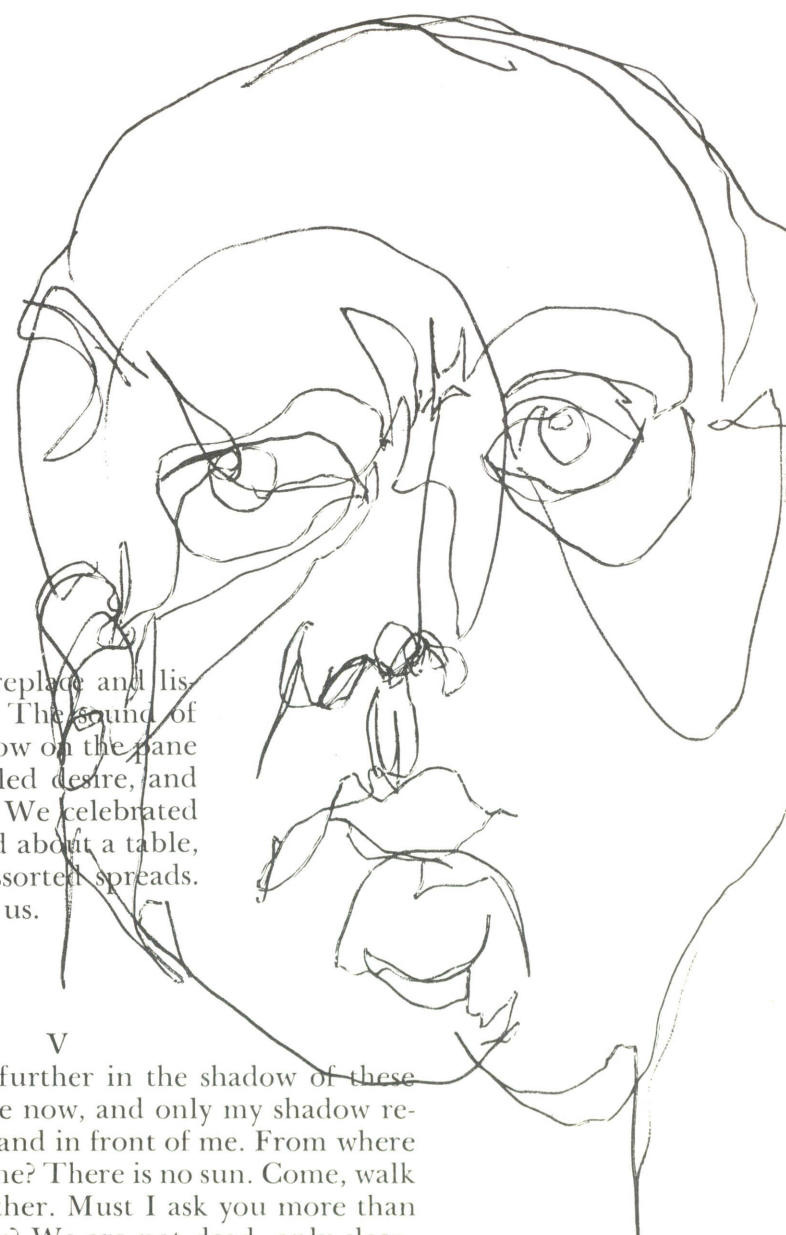
I can walk no further in the shadow of these clouds. You are gone now, and only my shadow remains, both behind and in front of me. From where does this shadow come? There is no sun. Come, walk with me a little further. Must I ask you more than I have asked already? We are not dead, only sleeping. One sees a golden leaf and one recalls. Was it that crucifix that slid from my neck?

VI

In the funeral parlor, behind a sliding door, can be heard the sound of Doggy lapping water. Hooded, he lies among Hyacinth bulbs, sent by the Lodge, that have not as yet bloomed. We approach the coffin and peer into the straw-filled hood.

"The horror! The horror!"

"Mon semblable."



*Alum - John Feaster*

*St. Louis, Missouri*

In an attempt to answer the well-grounded wail of lack and interesting places to go for an evening out, the LIGHTER packed up and traveled North on Highway 49 through Chester-  
ton and then about five miles West on U.S. 20. Hidden from view by woods on the South  
side of the Highway is the SPA. The LIGHTER was honored to be the guest of Mr. Kerrigan,  
proprietor and host of the SPA. To say that we were impressed is not enough. The wine list  
is superb; the cuisine, exquisite; the hospitality is beyond possible reproach; and if this were  
not enough, the atmosphere is totally and wonderfully enhancing. Below, you will find Mr.  
Kerrigan's greeting as found on the menu because we believe that he can best tell you about  
the SPA.

... came into being in 1931, when  
the first meals were served in the farmhouse on this  
site overlooking the Little Calumet River, once an  
Indian camp-ground. Since then, through expansions, fires, and  
many changes, we have maintained our dedication  
to that segment of the public who wish to dine well, in  
pleasant surroundings. We cherish the tradition of the  
Irish Inns, where a visitor is first an honored guest,  
secondly a patron, and where cares are left at  
the threshold. And where for centuries the  
traditional greeting has been  
"A hundred thousand welcomes".

**Tom Kerrigan**



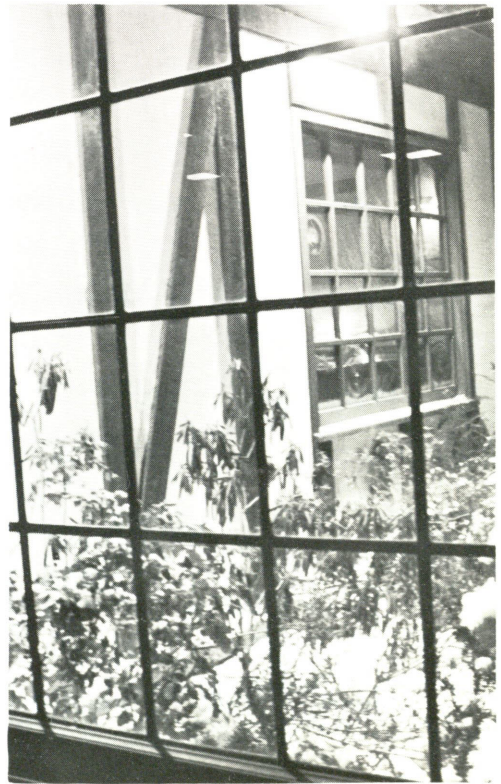
PHOTOGRAPHY/NANCY FERGUSON

After a fine repast one may withdraw to another room and relax in front of the hearth where you will be politely greeted by Finnigan (an Irish Wolfhound). The fire and rustic setting almost magically encourages trouble free conversation and fellowship.

In an effort to resist melancholy, we will say no more except that the LIGHTER highly recommends that you visit the SPA . . .



May the road rise  
to meet you;  
May the wind be  
always at your back;  
May the sun shine  
warm on your face  
And the rains fall  
soft upon your fields.  
And, until we meet again,  
May God hold you  
in the palm  
of His hand.



Love is a bunch of pick-a-pack breakfast cereals:

You try one kind and see if you like it,  
But sometime or another you get tired of it,  
Then you try another kind  
and another . . .

until  
you've tried them all  
but then you try them

a second time around,  
and maybe even a third.

And every once in a while a new one comes out,  
so you try that one for a while—

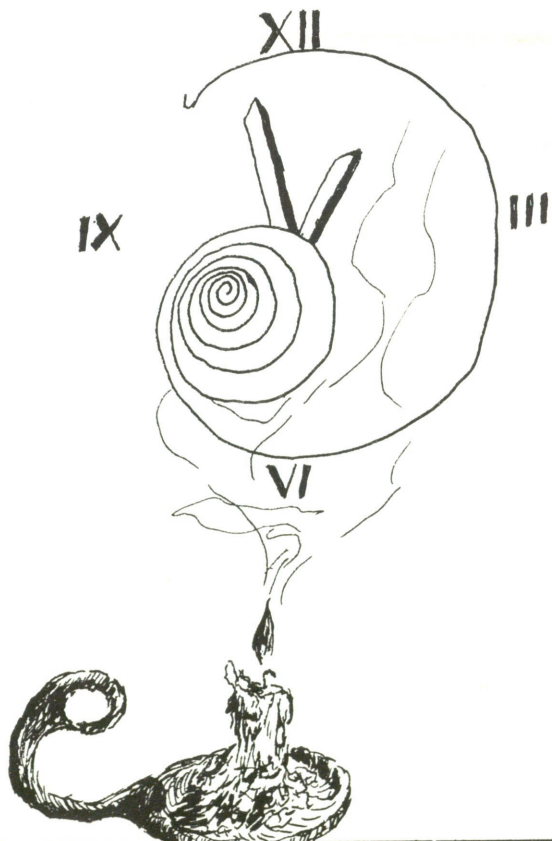
But then,  
Some people like to sleep late— like me—  
and never bother getting up  
for breakfast.

Chere Peterson

### NEITHER NOW

I long to have  
The mind beneath the leathered brow,  
And yet—  
I want my re-born youth to feel.

John E. Softy



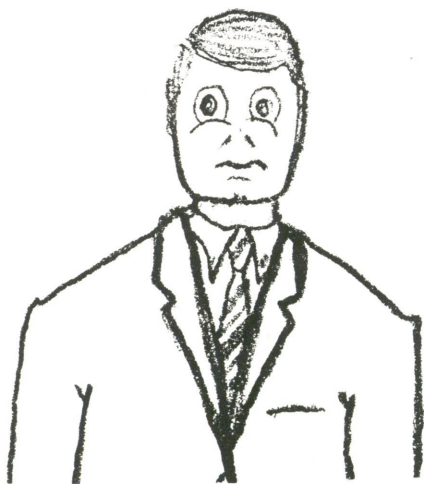
short candle  
fatigue.  
time for  
quiet music,  
relaxation.  
party?  
wind the clock a little tighter  
burn the candle a little shorter.

peter bramhall



sometimes little boys do naughty things  
 and they get spanked.  
 sometimes little girls do naughty things  
 and they get put in a corner.  
 when girls are little,  
 they get away with more than boys—  
 but,  
 then they grow up and get caught . . .

Chere Peterson



The train ride home was very long so I stood up to stretch my legs and this little old lady grabbed my seat ! ! ! !



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*"Do you know what two men who love each other are called?"*

*"No, what are two men who love each other called?"*

*"Christians."*

*Lady to two beatniks at a bus stop: "Crosstown buses run all night?"*

*Beats: "Doo dah, doo dah."*

funny thing happened on my merry way to the john—  
i barfed all over

the beautiful,  
luxuriously thick  
red pile carpet;

all over  
the fine tapestried,  
Louis XVI  
love-seat;

all over  
the gold, bone-white  
damask silk  
draperies;

and i didn't tell a soul—  
just rinsed out my mouth  
and returned to the party.

Chere Peterson



ART/PETER BRAMHALL

## *Lovey's . . .*

*the place to stop  
after the game . . .  
for Sunday night . . .  
or just a study break*

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winter's mantle of white  
covering a drab, grey landscape  
and  
a solitary tree  
starkly Naked  
with arms lifted up  
Seeking  
the source of the Whiteness  
which covers it—  
basking in its warmly cold  
embrace.  
a familiar image—  
for this is my Soul.

Steven Borchardt

life  
to value life so much  
that the cutting steel wire,  
though it slashes  
and cuts,  
is still to hold on to  
for it is life  
raw and sharp  
but still life.

peter bramhall

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