the CREIGHTONIAN

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$14,000,000 Building Plan Set

KOCU and Creightonian Announce New Staffs

Miss Carleen Hess (arts and sciences, 4th year) and Michael D'Arcy (A2) will head the staffs of The Creightonian and campus radio station KOCU, respectively, during the spring semester.

Other members of the university newspaper staff will be:

James Pruss (A-sp), news editor; Mary McGrath (A4), city editor; Larry LaChapelle (A3), editorial page editor; Chuck Maxwell (A3), sports editor; Gloria Sweeney, society editor; Rita Brennan (A4), assistant news editor; Yvonne Heenan (A2), assistant city editor, and Bernie O'Connor (A3), assistant sports editor.

KOCU staffers will include:

Tom Mack (A2), program director; Mike Badura (A1), chief announcer; Bill Kirwin, chief engineer; Peg Parish (A2), traffic; Joanna Nelle (A2), promotion; Bill James (A3), continuity; Kent Weber (A1), continuity assistant; Jerry Durnford (A2), music; Mary Knutson (A1), music assistant; Hugh Sweeney (A2) and Tom Swanson (A2), sports, and Jack Brown (A3), news.

Announcement of Creightonian staff positions was made Thursday evening at a Press club dinner at the Fireside Inn. KOCU staff members were elected earlier.

In their new jobs, Miss Hess and D'Arcy will succeed Miss McGrath and Brown. Carleen was Creightonian society editor during the fall semester and Mike was chief announcer for KOCU.

Larry La Chapelle, A4, won the best All-Around Story trophy for the first semester. Larry won the award with his editorial entry which also received the best editorial award.

Other best story awards went to Carleen Hess, A4, Best Society story; Charles Maxwell, A3, Best Sports story, and Yvonne Heenan, A3, Best News story.

Miss Heenan also received the award for best cub-reporter of the first semester.

These best story and reporter awards are presented every semester by the Press club.

Lyle DeMoss, assistant general manager of Meredith Inc., was guest speaker at the banquet.

Robert T. Reilly, director of public relations, was toastmaster for the evening.

Awards were presented by the Rev. R. C. Williams, S. J., director of communication arts, and David A. Haberman, instructor in journalism.

Story at Left — —Photo by Dick Kurtz.

Michael D'Arcy, station manager, and Tom Mack, program director, discuss plans for next semester on KOCU.

Alum Editor Gets News Position

Stephen M. Murphy, Arts '50, has just been appointed assistant news director of Meredith WOW—WOW-TV. The appointment was announced Wednesday by James McGaffin, news director.

Mr. Murphy is a former managing editor of the Creightonian. He has been employed as a newsman for WOW since his senior year at Creighton.

He will also hold the title of morning news editor at the Meredith stations.

Intramural Basketball Schedule

Mon. Eve., Feb. 6
7 M—Hangovers vs. Combines
7 S—Tigers vs. Agnew Angels
8 M—Delta Sigma Delta vs. Phi Beta Pi
8 S—Colts vs. Bud's Boys

Tues. Eve., Feb. 7
7 M—Delta Sigma Pi vs. Zips
8 M—Blue Trotters vs. Cardinals

Wed. Eve., Feb. 8
7 M—Jokers vs. Combines
7 S—The Best vs. Bud's Boys
8 M—Phi-Chi vs. Phalanx
8 S—Phi Rho vs. Zips

M—Main S—Small

Alumni Are Host To Team During Eastern Swing

Creighton's almni are making certain that the basketball squad will never forget their Eastern tour. A series of dinners, shows, and side trips have been scheduled for the team.

The Buffalo, N. Y., alumni group treated the team to dinner after the Canisius game.

The next day the same group sponsored a trip to Niagara Falls and Canada.

Following the St. Francis game tonight at Brooklyn, the team will enjoy a buffet supper at Michel's. The New York alumni, who are sponsoring the dinner, have a full Saturday planned for the team.

Under the sponsorship of Charles H. Juergens, a CU alum, the team will go on a sight-seeing tour of New York, see the "Tea House of the August Moon," attend dinner and end the day at "Cinerama Holiday." The tickets for "Cinerama Holiday" are provided by the Omaha Alumni.

Similar events are planned for the team's trips to Chicago, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis.

CU Is Second Organization In Blood Drive

Creighton university ranked second in total organizational blood donations during the last 12 months, according to a regional report released recently by the Red Cross.

The last blood drive on campus netted 258 pints of blood for the center.

The Very Rev. Carl M. Reinert, S. J., president of the university and chairman of the Omaha and Douglas County blood program, said, "I wish to extend my thanks to all of the students and faculty who contributed to the blood drive during the past year. Their contributions either at the blood center or while the bloodmobile was on campus are greatly appreciated."

Father Reinert then went on to urge all students who had signed up to contribute, but had been unable to do so, to please make a contribution now.

Any student who wishes to contribute may do so by calling the Red Cross Blood Center, 2549 Farnam, and making an appointment.

Letters have been sent to all students who signed as participants during the last drive but were unable to contribute at that time urging them to do so now.

Father Reinert also reminded the entire student body that the need for blood is as urgent today as it has been in the past.

We're Sorry

In the last issue of the Creightonian a story appeared reporting that Thomas J. McShane, founder of the annual McShane Oratorical medal, will resume residence in Omaha Feb. 1.

McShane's name was given as James J. McShane. The **Creightonian** apologizes for the error.

President Announces Fund Raising Drive

A major building and expansion program costing in excess of 14 million dollars will be launched by Creighton university this spring, the Very Rev. Carl M. Reinert, S. J., university president, announced.

A Greater Creighton Building Fund campaign for $1,750,000 is being planned this year to help underwrite the first $3,193,000 phase of the ten-year program. This includes the replacement of some present buildings, construction of additional facilities, faculty development and a program of increased research, scholarships and university services.

The expansion plan has been under study for several years and was endorsed by the Board of Lay Regents at its January meeting. Father Reinert said. Original plans to launch the nation-wide fund raising program last fall were postponed to avoid a conflict with the United Community campaign.

Major parts of the first three-year phase are a $659,000 men's dormitory, a $474,000 student center, a $1,550,000 plant for the Creighton University High School, renovation of the present Creighton Prep building for use by the Arts and Commerce colleges, and a $360,000 fund for faculty development, scholarships and university services.

Construction Started

The men's dormitory and the student center are already under construction and will be financed in part by a loan agreement with the Federal Housing Authority.

The $14,232,000 program is the first such long-range development plan since the University was founded in 1878, Father Reinert said. The last major building addition was the construction of the Administration building in 1929.

"Creighton University must plan boldly for the future if we are to continue to give the kind of educational program demanded by increased enrollment and by the growth of the Omaha area," Father Reinert emphasized.

"After careful deliberation and planning we are launching this program to prepare our arts and professional schools for the demands which are, in part, already before us."

"Last fall our enrollment rose seven per cent to 2,650 students, with an increase of 395 students in liberal arts alone," the president said. "Like other universities, we face an even greater increase every year before 1960."

Campaign To Start March

Father Reinert explained that the critical need for buildings and facilities exists at Creighton, even without the expected surge of students now in high schools and grade schools. "Creighton has not added any major facilities in the last 27 years, and many of our buildings are antiquated for present-day teaching," he said.

"We are indebted to the members of our Board of Lay Regents and President's Council for the time and counsel which they have contributed to the preparation of these plans," Father Reinert said.

"I am confident that the challenge before us will meet with the whole-hearted approval of Omaha's business and civic leaders as well as our 15,000 alumni in all parts of the country. It is with their combined help that we hope to accomplish these important plans."

An intensive fund campaign is to be carried on in Omaha between March and July and on a nation-wide basis among alumni and friends from August to December.

The following projects are part of the second phase of the ten-year plan:

Med Grads Generous

A new library building, $950,000; a new medical school center, $1,000,000; equipment for the medical center, $1,000,000; a men's dormitory, $750,000; a girls' dormitory, $600,000; a science building, $1,500,000; equipment for the science building, $500,000; a commerce school building, $500,000; a Little Theater building, $250,000; annual funds for faculty development, research, scholarships and university services, $1,000,000.

The University president explained that $1,015,000 in government loans and reserve funds are available for financing of the initial $3,193,000 phase. The $1,750,000 campaign fund goal would cover only part of the additional $2,178,000 needed. "This means that our $1,750,000 campaign fund goal is a minimum figure, and it is actually less than our real need."

The University plans to re-evaluate periodically the 1959-66 phase of the development program. Detailed site and architectural planning is being limited to the projects in the first phase.

Graduates of the Creighton medical school have contributed a special fund of $600,000 which may be used for the projected medical school center, Father Reinert said. He credited Creighton alumni with having contributed a total of more than $1,500,000 toward the University's needs in the last 10 years.

New Boosters Aid School's Program

An increase of interest in Creighton activities has been assured with the formation of a new Creighton organization, The Creighton Booster committee.

The group, at present membering 35, has been sanctioned and approved as an arm of the Creighton Alumni council. By following the Alumni Association constitution to provide good fellowship among Creighton alumni, the group aims to take an active part in promoting the spiritual, intellectual and athletic activities of Creighton.

Members meet once a month informally at a noonday luncheon at which time the floor is open to anyone for sugestions.

Their first will be a Dutch luncheon with the basketball team following their current Eastern jaunt. This will be held Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8 p. m. in the Creighton cafeteria.

Films of the Seton Hall, Holy Cross and other eastern games will be shown if they are available, otherwise films from Globe-Trotter games will be shown. The get-together will also provide an opportnity for members to meet the basketball team and their coach "Tommy" Thomsen.

During the past semester the students of Creighton have been busy writing—writing term papers, writing book reports, writing assignments, writing essays, and just writing. Some of this muscular exercise has been pleasant, some necessary, some distasteful. Despite the student's attitude toward writing, however, it is the one activity which we all share in our daily school work and daily living. Just as we share this activity day in and out, so also we like to share the results of someone else's labors. Thus, every year in the mid semester vacation which becalmes the campus we present a few of the best examples of our "writing." These selections represent a multitude of ideas in a variety of forms. It is impossible to group these works. As you read these articles, however, perhaps the following captions can guide your eye and your mind along a common vein.

I Know Someone Like . . .

Essay in Parallel Odysseus

By John C. Slaughter, A1

It was once said that time is the common denominator of all things, and that, given time, every wrong will right itself, every pain will kill itself, and every joy will be had by man. Time has changed the face of the land, time has changed the people who live on the land, and time has changed the thoughts which live in the people. What is thought today, and the way in which it is thought, is not necessarily the same as that which was thought twenty, fifty or ten thousand years ago. With each man who dies dies a little of his age, perhaps a thought, perhaps merely a word, but enough to have changed everything that was into that which is.

As we look at the Odyssey and the character of Odysseus, we must remember that a great deal of time has elapsed since the conception of the story and its hero, and in that interval old ideas and values have been flung away and new onces born and nurtured, so that what we look for in a man might not be found in a man of the time of Adysseus, though he be full of the finest ideals of that age.

"This is the story of a man, one never at a loss." In these twelve words are Odysseus. No matter how we would write, nor how long, we could say nothing more about this man. It has been said. There is no more. Though I would match each word with a thousand more, I could not say what has been said.

But We Will

There is no need to proceed further, to proceed to an examination of happenings to prove this man's worth. Already we know that this is a man, an example of the fullest and most complete development attainable. "This is the story of a man . . ." Why should we write further? Why should we point to Odysseus's burning love for his wife and his desire to return to her and then say that this is one to whom the deapths of love are not unknown, one who is not a stranger to the primum mobile of the passions? Can there live a man who has not known love? Not if we would believe Aquinas.

Is there any value in saying that this man is a vain man, and then gesturing with a limp paw to the affair with the Cyclops when that final boast nearly cost the life of Odysseus and the lives of his men? We know that a man is proud. What is a man who is not proud? Why he is not a man, but a limp Ceeoda, content to grovel in human wastes for his food. And then, if we wished to go further, we might point to that affair with Melanthios and say, with all proper smugness, that here is a man who knows the whiplash of fury and anger and the way in which the gut knots itself before the coming storm. We would then, having made the necessary observations, marvel at the self control which kept this tempest from its course, and we might say in wonder, "What a mind he has, and what power of the will, that he control so great a fury as a man's anger." But we realize that there is no need to do this and we can drive such notions from our minds, for in twelve words has this all been said.

More Than a Man?

If then, compounded with the fact that this ". . . is the story of a man" we have the fact that it is not merely the story of a man, though that would easily in itself be sufficient, but it is also the story of a man who ". . . was never at a loss" we cannot but know of what sort was this fellow. What point could we have in casting jaundiced eyes upon those hours of despair through which Odysseus sat shrieking and weeping upon the beach of Calypsos island, when we surely know that if this man can never be at a loss then this shrieking can be little more than an outburst of emotion, such as the French frequently are given over too although unlike the French we can be sure that Odysseus will eventually throw off this yoke and emerge once again a calm and wise fellow.

Why then should we point to those twenty years of fruitless toil, in which countless means and devices were tried without success to bring Odysseus to his home, and yet, with each defeat the effort expended was multiplied and increased and forces were gathered to give it another go. Is these need to express surprise at such an act? There is none. There is no more reason to express surprise that through twenty years a man should labor than there is need to express surprise at the handling of Polyphemos, Laodamas, Circe or any of the others. Such feats must, of necessity, be mere child's play for of such talents that he is "never at a loss."

Undecided

By Helen Olivier, N1

"Oh, I do wish your father would come and put up a clothes line; it wouldn't take him long. He has always been so useful to have around. It was good of him to help me find this house. Of course, there are a few things that will need to be changed and repaired when he has time. I do hope I'll like it here."

"Yes," said my young niece." Father said he hoped you would settle here for a while. He loves you, Aunt Helen, but he says you go from one want to another, and that you don't know what you want most or first. He says you never have; otherwise you would be married."

"What did he mean by that, Aunt Helen? Why didn't you ever marry? I would like to hear your side of the story."

"Well child, your father is right. I had a numbe: of eligible young men around in my day. I brought them to meet the family and paid close attention to the remarks.

"My brother Frank, your father, didn't approve of Ted. 'He's not your type,' he said. Mother and dad didn't like Walt because he was from the East. They liked Harold, but I though he was a hick. And so it was with one prospect after another. I wanted to marry someone who would fit into our family (our family with all its idiosyncrosies).

"You see, my dear, I wasn't very smart then, but now I know what your father and the rest of the family have always known. You should choose a partner and let the family adjust to him and him adjust to the family. In-laws keep life interesting; but I don't know whether I should consider marriage at my age or not. I'll have to think it over. What do you think, dear?"

Murder . . . Unincorporated

By Carole Alter, N1

For as long as I could remember she had been the one respected, admired and loved by everyone she came in contact with. She was a wonderful person, kind to everyone, a worker for any good cause; but for some unknown reason I could not stand to be near her. She was beautiful and charming; but I could not even tolerate looking at her.

It was unusual, for I was not a person of quick likes or dislikes. I prided myself on picking the right kind of persons for a friend. Plainly she was the right kind of person, but I did not want her for a friend or even for a casual acquaintance.

At first I disliked her, but then my dislike turned to hate, a smoldering spark ready to leap into flame. Hour after hour, as I lay in bed I would plot her murder. Yes, murder, for by this time my hate had grown so strong I felt I had to kill her.

I was saved from becoming a murderer though; the reason for my dislike had been removed. Her naturally curly hair had become straight.

Odysseus Laertiades . . . King of the Greek Frontier

By Michael Badura, A1

In commenting on the recent movie "Ulysses," a recent issue of Variety, the show business trade paper, contained this statement: " 'Ulysses' is being billed as the Greek Davy Crockett." I wonder if the person who originated that statement realized the significance of it. Ulysses, or as Homer called him, Odysseus, was not entirely unlike that famous personage whose name is splashed across every young American boy's tee-shirt today.

Like the fabulous "Davy," who was "born on a mountain top in Tennessee," Odysseus also was born in a mountainous region on an island whose name is not important for our purposes here. Another respect in which these two were alike was the dead-eye marksmanship. "Davy" "killed him a b'ar when he was only three," and Odysseus, while only a tender tot, bagged a wild boar.

Seriously though, a certain degree of comparison does exist between these two figures.

First of all, they were both real characters whose stature as national heroes, so to speak, grew through the legends handed down by the traveling minstrels. In each case, these two were not as great in reality as they were in legend, where they were looked upon as supermen.

And in the second place, both Davy Crockett and Odysseus Laertiades were not merely legends as such; they were, by virtue of their feats of daring and of their devotion to what they believed an honest cause, "ideals." They were models for others to follow.

But, as is the case in many comparisons, our comparison between the American frontier hero and the fabulous Ithacan does not hold true in every respect. Odysseus (the legendary one, not the historical one) was a plaything of the gods. For example, he couldn't return home to Ithaca after the long Trojan War because he was prevented from doing so by the God of the Sea, who bore a grudge against him. Now, on the other hand, our good friend Davy Crockett had no cause to fret about any such gods plotting against him.

But, aside from the part the gods and fate play in the make-up of the character Odysseus, there is not too much difference between the coon-skin capped frontiersman and the ancient warrior. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if Odysseus becomes just as popular as Davy Crockett after the movie "Ulysses" has been thoroughly exposed to the movie-going public. Who knows. Maybe the department stores across the nation will be featuring Ulysses tee-shirts in the near future.

Just Another Horse

By Lorraine Collins, A1

But that is. Really, that's she. That's Taffy!

She was standing alert with her tiny ears pricked forward and working back and forth, ever so slightly. Her deep, dark eyes snapped intelligently, reflecting bright glints from her coat that danced with the highlights of polished gold. Like gently drifted snow bursting with the brilliance of diamonds, her white mane and tail softly fell into waves and were gently caressed by a loving breeze.

That was the picture of Taffy, my new horse, that filled my mind. However, to the person ignorant of horses, she was a rather repulsive sight. All that they could see was a ragged, mangy-looking, awkward colt covered with long white hair accumulated during the winter and not yet shed, except for a stray patch of yellow that protruded here and there. A strained, lifeless tail hung a full two feet from the ground, and her limited mane was chopped in about three different lengths. Few people could see anything about her that merited my vivid description. But those other people didn't know!

That marked the beginning of Taffy's and my life together. The next step was breaking her. This gave rise to a few minor diffieulties, such as the time that she just decided to lie down while I was riding her or the way that she would almost ride fences to try to get rid of me. When we got over this inevitable beginning, though, our friendship began to grow. It probably was an understanding as that between any two humans because a farm girl, lacking human companions, and a horse, hungry for attention, found comfort, and even love, in one another.

As a result of our constant companionship, we began to think as one. If I were in a far-away mood while riding her, she would kind of look back and then continue carefully to keep from disturbing my thoughts. When we felt in a playful mood, I would slap her with my hand and she immediately would respond with good-natured bucking. Or if she were standing still while I was sitting on her, she would reach back, grab my shoe with her teeth, and hold it in front of her.

"Come on, Taffy; give me my shoe." Then, without fail she would drop it.

All was not so perfect, however, and dark hours came when Taffy ate some poisonous weeds. She was lying down, too sick to rise, when I first saw her. During those terrible days that followed, I spent all of my spare time with her. Whenever she saw me coming, she would raise her head, nicker her recognition, and beat the ground with her feet, wearing the hide off her legs and face as she struggled to rise. Those moments almost tore my heart out, but a very concerned and capable veterinarian was treating her, and I knew that he could cure her. I knew that the time would come again when I would put my arms around Taffy's neck and she would bring her head back and snuggle her nose in my back, encircling me in the curve of her neck the way that she used to do.

But what's the matter with me? What am I talking about? Taffy's dead.

Parasitus Collegius

By John Donahue, A2

The world is infested by tiny and huge parasites which prey on man and beast. They cover the world in search of an unearned living off unsuspecting, helpless creatures. Often an animal will turn parasite on its own species. The largest of these traitorous parasites is the Parasitus Colegius, the college parasite, usualy a product of frustration or laziness. Its activities are not limited; and although it usually has a few favorite victims, there is nothing to stop it from expanding if necessary.

In the matter of studies it is forced to limit its victims to the members of its individual classes. When an exam is imminent, it loves to bury itself in its victim's chair and absorb his learning. The Parasitus Collegius is a vacant listener but able to sap the student of all preparation for a test and prevent him from studying his best. P. C. expects you to spend all of your time trying to stuff a semester of teaching into its one-celled brain with the result that it becomes mentally bloated for a test and deflates soon after, ready to sponge again.

Another equally important field of endeavor for the Parasitus Collegius is the lunch. No doubt it is happiest when devouring a student's meager lunch. It looks with large, drooling, brown eyes at the plump paper sack, and cries out its mating call, "I'm hungry." From then on, it's a matter of who can eat the fastest. The P. C. always wins by a sandwich and two grapes, give or take a few potato chips.

The victim is fortunate to have three ways to prevent malnutrition and ulcers; find a good hiding place, learn to gobble food at an enormous rate (very impracticable because a Parasitus Collegius has specially adapted jaws which can work in four different directions, thereby chewing two separate things at the same time), or pack a triple lunch—which most college students can't afford.

The Elephant Man

By D. A. McGuire, FA4

Nugg hugged the damp, moss-covered wall. Perspiration ran down his unshaven face. He remained motionless. His body was as tense as a leopard waiting for the kill. He could hear the great animal in the dark corner pause and strain. Once or twice he felt the breeze created by the angry fanning of the muscular trunk. Great tusks ground and rubbed on the straw covered floor in an orgy of hatred. But the most important noise of all was the clank of iron on concrete. Nugg knew that the chain held his life in the firm metal loops that bound the mad elephant to the steel piling set deep into the earth.

In a frenzy of frustration the huge, seven ton bull pulled on the bracelet that was holding him by the left rear leg. The shackle cut deeper and deeper and finally buried itself in the thick skin.

More infuriated than ever, the animal tore and ripped at the post. Turning, he would wrap the snake-like trunk around and around the chain and lift it over the tusk. Using this primitive force of leverage, he would raise the chain and post a little—but it would not yield.

Nugg inched his body along the wall toward what he thought was an opening into the larger room of the winter, underground elephant quarters. Darkness hampered his motion and sense of direction. His calloused hands felt the wooden trough and water tub where Tuska daily ate his hundred pounds of hay and fifty pounds of oats.

"It's no use trying to slip by that furious beast, now," Nugg thought. "Better to wait a couple hours. Maybe he'll get tired and go to sleep."

Nugg slipped down to the floor. Folding his legs under him, he began to pack straw around his chilled feet. They were cold from the long hike through the forest in the deep snow. He thought of the dead prison guard that he had left hunched over in the red-stained, disturbed white pattern of footprints. And now he was back where he used to be.

"Been a long time," he thought, "since I've been with Tuska, the Asiatic elephant. At that time I was master, the master of the beast's destiny. Now it's different. What has happened to Nugg?—Me, Nugg, master of the elephant, the king of all beasts."

He remembered the first day he ever saw Tuska. The beast was unloaded from the train into the trailer. Nugg has been tremendously impressed, and maybe a little frightened. But the frightened man, Nugg, changed when the elephant was placed in the open pit from which he could never escape.

It was then he became the animal trainer of the Parkside's Zoo biggest attraction—Tuska, seven tons of heel on feet. The animal became his to train.

"Where did ya' buy him, Al?", he had asked his boss.

"From the circus, got a deal on him. They say he's not any good to them—too mean."

"Don't they know you can't train an Asiatic bull elephant well enough to trust him around people?"

"Guess not, Nugg," Al said, "But he's good enough for our purpose. We can keep him in that pit. He's somethin' for visitors to see. Just look at them tusks. Must be seven feet long at least. Eddie says he weighs closer to eight ton."

"King of the beasts I'd say."

"Well he's all yours, Nugg, be careful of the king—don't let him make you serve him."

"Will do, I'll show him who's boss, who's master. Nugg never forgets that for a moment."

Now Nugg pulled a little more straw around his feet. "It used to aggravate me," Nugg thought, "I'd be in the pen with him and nobody would pay any attention to me, not even you, Tuska. You acted like I was a dog or an elephant flea. You would just sit there and eat until you were restless. When you would turn, I'd have to run back. I did a lot of running until I got that leg chained to the piling.

"From that moment on I spent many hours on you," Nugg said to the black breathing form looming in the dark opposite corner. "When everyone would go home, I'd go into the other pit and yell at you, stupid, but you wouldn't respect me until I beat you with the pole-hook."

At every move the animal made, Nugg used to beat him on the feet. Thus it seemed Nugg felt a sense of power over the animal.

"Get back you fool, Tuska."

The animal stirred and turned and continued to pick at the pin that held the shackle.

"Nugg," Al would say, "You don't have to chain that animal. He can't get out of the pit. It's fifteen feet deep and elephants can't climb steep, concrete walls. You got to keep him chained."

"Ya, so he don't get frisky. That's good enough reason. Besides I'm teaching him some manners."

"Manners, you call them? You're makin' that beast meaner 'n he was when the circus sent him here. This constant beating and clubbing him will not result in any good. Watch out, Nugg, if he ever gets hold of you, you're a goner."

"I'd beat him bloody if I had my hook here," Nugg said in a low tone. "I'd show him Nugg never forgets how to treat a mean beast." That's what he had told Al, but that was before they sent Nugg up the river.

He recalled his last conversation with Al. He had said, "Al, if you go to the Zoo commission on me I'll . . ."

"You'll do nothing, Nugg, I'm no dumb animal. You leave him alone Nugg or I'll fix it so you never work for a Zoo again."

"I don't mother Tuska none."

"Like hell you don't, Nugg, and furthermore I found out why."

"Why?"

"Cause of what an elephant did to you before you came to the Parkside Zoo. It was on account of an elephant that you left the circus and lost your trainer job. Eddy heard about it. He told me. You made a fool of yourself, and you blame an elephant."

"You're a liar."

"You were a coward, Nugg. You refused to work with the animals without a gun and hook, and a woman made a fool of you by training the beasts without any weapon. You can't beat an animal, and expect him to be tame."

"Ya, Nugg, the elephant man, lost his nerve. Now you're getting even with all elephants by taking it out on Tuska. You hate him because he reminds you of your cowardice. You're a bad one Nugg and no good can come of this cruel method of yours. You lay off Tuska. That's an order!"

"I've handled a lot of elephants and I've never been fraid. Eddy is crazy as hell about me turning chicken. That liar."

Now Nugg muttered, "I didn't say what I was thinking, but right then Al lost his life. I knew I'd have to kill him. He was threatening to fire me . . . I'd have lost all my chances of training that beast. That's when I got the idea. One enemy gets rid of another."

Nugg's reflection was interrupted by the renewed clank of the chain. The elephant was pulling at the ring. Nugg knew he couldn't pull the piling out of the ground, but the very thought of what would happen if Tuska did get loose terrified the man. Nugg found it hard to think with the noise of the restless animal fooling with the chain. The sound of the sensitive trunk pulling and rattling the chain grew lounder. The stump sized hooves plummeled and tromped the post and ring. The animal was furious, again. As furious as he was on that fatal day when Nugg had suddenly pushed the helpless director, Al, into the pit at feeding time, and watched Tuska crush him beyond recognition.

The hain clanked and twanged. Nugg got up and inched his body past the trough. The trunk swished by. The sensitive finger formation on the end of the trunk picked at his jacket barely brushing it. He could reach out and touch the bristles on the leathery snake. Tuska strained and bellowed. His tremendous trumpeting rang and roared in the dark concrete pit. The bracelet cut deep into the tree-stump size leg, ripping the hide away. Blood flowed freely, hot slippery blood.

Nugg's perspiration dripped from his forehead and fell on the floor. For a moment he thought he would be better back in the prison cell that they had just escaped from.

He thought no one would ever find him in the elephant pit. He was right. No person would—just Tuska.

What would happen if the animal broke the chain? The idea terrified Nugg. He knew how much it would be to die like Al died rather than like the guard whom he bashed in the head not more than ten hours ago. That was death. But not a vicious death; a death of jungle savagery.

Tuska retreated and began working on the ring again. The grating noise of the great ivory spears on the ring seemed to grow louder, amplified by cold, high walls. Nugg cried aloud, "You fool, Tuska, it's steel. You stupid elephant, you can't break steel. You'll have to tear your foot off to get free. You'll have to . . ." The cries drifted into nervous laughter, and echoed in the smelly pit. The voice made the elephant grow even more furious. Soon the laughter was the hollow cry of a mad man.

The only sound, other than Nugg's screaming was the clank of an iron chain and ring as they fell to the floor and three feet thundered across the floor dragging a bloody leg.

Unus Viginta

"Wake up, Unus," Mrs Viginta called, "You must get up and eat breakfast."

"Why, Mother?"

"Well, I don't know, but it is in the book. Besides, it will soon be time for your lessons on television."

"Have you ever seen 'the book,' Mother?"

"No, but . . . "

"How do you know what it says then?"

"Well, I don't know, but . . . Oh, Unus, just get dressed and don't ask so many questions." Mrs. Viginta hurried out of the room, relieved to be free of an unpleasant situation. She said nothing about the incident when she entered the kitchen, but her distracted manner soon disturbed her husband's contented munching, and he asked about it. She burst out, "Oh, Vi, I'm so worried about Unus; he doesn't seem to realize that he is not supposed to ask questions." Then she told him all the disagreeable details, ending with "What am I going to do with that boy-"

Mr. Viginta rose from the table. kissed his wife in an offhand manner, looked out the window, and mumbled, "I have got to go to work; don't worry about Unus, dear; he's just going through a phase."

Unus came to breakfast shortly after his father left: he was still in his questioning mood, but he was more cautious now because he knew from previous experience that his mother would not or could not answer his questions. He sat down to his breakfast of frozen beef and powdered eggs, and another question occurred to him immediately. "Wasn't there anything else to eat?" He had eaten the same thing for breakfast the day before, the before that and every day as long as he could remember. He checked himself though, because his questions only upset his mother when she did not answer them.

His mother noticed how slowly he was eating so she worried him along, "Hurry up and eat, Unus, and don't gulp your food. You don't want to be late for school, do you?"

Unus kept eating slowly, questioningly. He looked out the window at the moving countryside and asked, "Where are we?"

"Washington, D. C.," said his mother hopefully.

Unus looked at the broad vistas of concrete and the vehicles zooming in every direction and gave an unimpressed, "Oh, where's that?"

"Oh, Unus, you know that; Washington, D. C. used to be the capital of the country, before: It was a little section of land between New York and Virginia."

"I thought that section of land was called Maryland."

"Oh, Unus! Go turn on the set and pay attention to the teacher today."

Unus finished his breakfast and went to the school room, which was the living room; he reclined in view of the television set and turned it on "School with a Smile with Miss Francine." The tube warmed up and out bubbled Miss Francine.

"Good morning, kiddies. How are we all this morning? Oh, that is fine, fine. Today, first off we are going to study geography and that primitive land of Africa. The people there are so backward that they still walk where they want to go, sometimes. The roads are so bad that in some places they do not even have concrete. We have a treat coming up. kiddies, a picture of a tree they still have not gotten rid of over there."

"What's a tree, Mother?"

"Oh, I don't know; it's a big tall thing that grows."

"Is Dad a tree?"

"Oh, Unus!"

"Well, he's a big tall thing and he grows; or, at least, he used to."

Pay attention to the teacher, Unus."

Miss Francine flowed on in a never ending waterfall of words. 'Yes, here it comes, kiddies; see a tree. A tree is one of those curiosities of nature which once infested our own beautiful country. Which brings us right into our history lesson for today. Today we are going to cover the most glorious period of our history."

Without thinking Unus burst out with, "Again! Mother; didn't anything happen before that time? Nothing has happened since."

His mother flared up, "Don't talk like that, Unus! Pay attention. Don't think, just listen!"

". . . so it was during America's Golden Age that we got rid of all those old fashioned things like tress. grass, rivers and weather. Just 100 years in 2056 the last bit of concrete was poured, solidly cementing this country together. Of course, there was a lot of opposition to the bill that made it all possible. The reactionaries in congress fought it with all sorts of sentimental arguments like 'saving the natural beauty of the country.' As you kiddies know, the forward thinkers won out. The capitol was moved to Detroit and went underground; every square inch of the country was covered with concrete; every family received a modern autohome; the whole country became a super, super highway.

"Just think how lucky you are, kiddies, how lucky we all are. You are always warm and dry in your homes; you get to travel all over the country all the time; you never have to worry about food, and there is no such thing as snow, or rain, or sunburn anymore.

"That last development I mentioned came severals after 2056. Our brilliant scientists succeeded in controlling the weather, Naturally, they maintain a constant overcast, so that there is no road glare for any of your fathers. Yes, kiddies, remember how lucky you are that the government takes such good care of you, Well kiddies, that is all for school today; but I will see you tomorrow."

"Come and eat lunch, Uni dear." Mrs. Viginta said immediately. (She had been listening because she liked to hear them tell how lucky she was.) Unus sat down, looked at his meal, and could not contain himself any longer.

"Haven't we got anything else to eat besides frozen beef, powdered eggs, stored wheat, and stockpiled potatoes?"

"Why, Unus, you know we don't. All, our food was grown in the 20th century, and they didn't grow anything besides what we have on the table, but they grew so much that we don't have to grow any at all. The government gave your father and me enough to last the rest of our lives when we were married. We will never go hungry: you know that."

Unus ate his plentiful, but old. food in silence. When he was finished eating, he decided to go up front to the driver's compartment where his father was working. He looked at the maze of wires in front of his father and asked. "What's wrong, Dad?"

"Oh, our homrepulser went out this morning again. You know the automatic pilot is no good without it. We almost had an accident. It was a lucky thing I was here when it happened. I had to steer the hom myself for over an hour until we got out of the heavy traffic. When two homs collied traveling 80 or a 100 miles an hour, there is nothing left but debris. The police come out and pick up the wreckage so that it doesn't block the highway."

Just then Mrs. Viginta came forward, looked around, and exclaimed, "Isn't this a wonderful invention? Just think, a complete house on four wheels that is capable of going 150 miles an hour. In about 10 years, Unus, we will drop you off in Detroit; oh, but we will wait until they draft you, don't worry. You will be processed and married; they will give you a hom of your very own, and you will be on your own. It almost makes me cry."

It did not make Unus want to cry. Rather, another question occurred to him. What if he did not want to get married at 20. Wisely, he kept this question to himself.

His mother had come forward to tell them dinner was ready. It was the usual, plentiful but tired, frozen beef, powdered eggs, stored wheat, and stockpiled potatoes. After dinner the family spent a quiet evening in front of the television set.

Mr. Viginta read the newsmachine reports. "Hmmm, they are are thinking of extending the highway out to the twelve-mile limit. That's a good idea; the highway is getting too crowded nowadays. Here's another item. construction of an eight-lane bridge to Europe. That's a silly waste of money. Who wants to go over there anyway? There is nothi . . . "

Suddenly, the newsmachine began clickingly excitedly. The television variety hour cut out, and a strange face appeared on the screen. It was young face and smiling. It spoke, "There has just been a revolution: the republic is finished; I am now the dictator, your glorious leader. That is all, carry on."

Mrs. Viginta, distracted again, said, "My, my, isn't that nice? Time to go to bed, Unus."

"But—"

"Time to go to bed!"

"Why?"

"It's in the book."

"Thus, Unus Viginta, United States citizen of the 22nd century, speeds safely through life.

Dr. Wilhelmj Lauds Music Series on TV

The music appreciation series on the "Creighton University of the Air" radio series came in for high praise last week from Dr. Charles M. Wilhelmj, director of research at the medical school and a classical music enthusiast.

"Creighton is making a definite contribution to the cultural advancement of the community by this series," Dr. Wilhelmj said. "Classical music is being brought before the public in a most intelligent and interesting fashion by this Creighton program. I have listened to it regularly since its inception and have been happy to note its development to a high level of performance."

The "Creighton University of the Air" can be heard on WOW, 590 on the radio dial, every Saturday at 4:30 p. m.

If You Plan to Graduate . . .

All orders for senior graduation announcements must be placed by Wednesday, Feb. 15. The announcements are now on sale in both the Hill and Medical bookstores.

Why, Oh Why Do We . . .

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch . . .

By L. J. La Chapelle

Seems like yew city folk done hooked onto a good 'un this time. Seems ta be goin' over real big.

Ever'time it's said, ever'body gits a big chuckle, an' jist ta make shur it's real funny, theys all got ta join in an' say it theirselves.

An' that's all they says, "meanwhile, back at the ranch." Nuthin' else, jist "meanwhile back at the ranch."

Seems like there's sumthin' real hum'rus 'bout it tho, cuz man, do they ever laff!

Strange part 'bout it—most o' thim folk nivver bin back at the ranch! If'n they was, they'd know better'n ta make fun o' sumthin' thet don't have no fun in it.

Yep, thet's what I said. Don't have no fun in it.

It ain't no fun on the ranch. It's more'n thet. Fun has one heck of a time tryin' ta make ya feel thet God has a hand in it. Fun ain't really got no heart.

It's jist like some o' these crazy movies yew city folk go fer—lots 'a sound and fury meanin' nary a thing, as some writer fella writ one time. Too bad that's all he tht o' life—I'll betcha he nivver was back at the ranch.

The way I sees it, things at the ranch is more'n jist fun. Fun is what a guy has when he goes ta town an' has a couple shots then mebe plays a couple o' hands o' poker with the boys from the Kramer outfit. Er mebe he jist shoots a game o' pool an' then goes to one o' them movies like yew city livers, but thet doesn't even come off as fun most o' th' time. Them movies is all the same—jist a bunch o' fake cowjokes shottin' them "extra" Indians off'n a bunch o' broken down ole nags.

No sir. They ain't no fun back at the ranch. It's more'n thet! It's one o' them things yew got ta know er yew can't even git no idea of. I spose there's guys someplace what could put inta words what I feel in my heart, but chances are—thet guy what kin write ain't got no heart fer things back here at the ranch. So's thet makes him jist as bad off as me! I kin feel it an' can't say it, but he can't say it either if'n he don't first feel it, now kin he?

Can't say thet I envy thet fella, tho. Cuz I kin git my enjoys outa lots'a things what's too plain an' simple fer the like o' him.

Ever'time I run a load o' yearlin's ta th' city, I see all kinds o' things what distracts the folk there from the real things in life. I ain't seen nothin' yit what can compare with the feelin' o' wukkin' with God thet me, the missus, our kids, and all the hands git right here—back at the ranch.

Pass the Glue

By

Paula Lee Kennedy, A3

Now that Christmas is over, here is a practical suggestion for next Christmas. Why spend money, when with little ingenuity and less talent, you can make your own Christmas cards? All you need is paper, glue, glitter, and a pen. With these at hand, Hallmark dims into nothingness.

A single glance at the Christmas cards sent you by less original though more affluent friends will show you that the verse therein is anything but fresh, new, and imaginative. Any idiot could match these verses; and since you are a college student, you will have no trouble.

Juggle Rhyming Words

The first step is to think of several words which rhyme: snow—blow, bell—tell, and jingle—tingle are only a few which will come to mind.

Next, juggle these around until you have produced a three or four-line poem, such as:

It's Christmas time!
I've come to say,
Have a Merry Christmas day!

A longer and more moranic verse could go like this:

Jingle bells
Jingle bells
Jingle the bells
Hear them tingle
See the snow
See it blow
Christmas day is here
I trow!

Sure Fire Greeting Rival Cards

Decorating the card is no problem. Smear a little glue on the paper, sprinkle glitter on top, and add a border of gold paint. Now you have a Christmas card to rival any sold in the stores.

If the end result is unpleasing to your aesthetic sense, go ahead, break down an dbuy them. After all, "Christmas comes but nce a year." But that reminds me of another verse.

Why

By

Donald Whelan, A3

My name, doesn't matter; my profession, photographer-reporter; my job, to take news pictures and to get the facts that go with them. I am working the night shift out of the newsroom, the hub around which my job revolves. It is a slow night, there was a PI (personal injury accident) about six o'clock—a small boy hit by a car. His injuries were not serious. A good human interest story. Small children and old people, always getting injured and always a good angle to develop. It is getting dark early, now that winter is here. That means that we will be having an increase in evening accidents and a good percentage of them will be serious.

"—K double A-312—," the police radio springs to life, "PI involving two cars and a truck, 30th and Dodge."

Never Immune

That was short and without emotion, but it activates a number of people. The rescue unit squadmen jump into their converted truck and speed down the street with their siren wailing—every second counts to them. Police patrol cars in the area converge on the scene giving preliminary first aid, directing traffic and finding witnesses. To me it means several things, another assignment, another trip out into the cold, but worst of all, another bloody tangle of steel and flesh. I tell myself that I am becoming immune to human suffering, but down deep I wonder if anyone can ever get used to it.

All this takes only a matter of seconds and by this time I am in my car and heading toward the accient. I find myself creeping dangerously past the speed limit and I ease off on the gas, remembering that the accident I am headed for, very well could have been caused by just such excessive speed.

Maybe She Will

I turn a corner at ten miles over the safe speed and two blocks ahead are the flashing red lights, the milling crowd that is rapidly growing, the police trying to hold back the curious, and the rakishly angled silhouettes that are the involved autos and truck. But this time I am at the scene. Pulling over to the side of the road (there will be no traffic through this street for some time), I stop and hop out of the car with my camera in my hand. Trotting up to the scene, I recognize a friend on the police accident-investigation squad who is talking to a dazed man. He is holding a not-too-clean rag to his lightly bleeding head. My friend, Tom, gives me the "stinko" sign (another drunk) and points to a light blue, late model sedan. It appears to be the king pin in the tangled, twisted mess of automobiles.

Inside the light blue car (most of her is still in the car) is the body of a young woman. Her long blond hair turning red at the roots as I look at her. I take a quick picture. She is still alive, a barely audible gran escapes her bloody lips, and suddenly I am certain that she will not die, until I again notice the twisted form of her body and the bloody face, and I am no longer certain. I take another picture.

Innocent Suffering

Moving over to the other car, an older one, I become aware of a small boy's crying. Not the hardy cry of a boy that has skinned his knee, but one that is deeper and softer. Looking inside the car, I see a sight that makes me turn aside. A cold shiver begins at my neck and like a tiny rivlet runs down my spine.

A boy is staring over the back of the front seat at the unconscious form of his father behind the wheel. I take another picture. It is always the innocent that are hurt most. Two ambulance attendants place the mans limp body on a stretcher as the boys crying continues. I take another picture, it is my job.

I walk back to Tom, who is still talking to the man with the head injury. "This is the driver of that blue job, he claims the light was green, but we have four witnesses and the truck driver who claim it was red." He volunteers this much information, the rest I will get when he is ready. I take a picture of Tom talking to the bleary-eyed driver.

Protection

I spot the truck driver; he is okay, thanks to his high cab and heavy truck. I take a picture of him and his truck. I also take another of the over-all area showing all three of the vehicles. I now have enough pictures and I start collecting the facts. I can tell you why it happened before I ever begin asking questions. In only three words—alcohol, speed, and carelessness.

The story has settled back into routine. I get the names, ages, addresses and possible extent of injuries of the people involved and a description of how the accident happened.

Now I am back in my car and heading for the newsroom. I drive more cautiously now, well within the speed limit, as I think of those twisted bodies of a few minutes ago. Back in the newsroom, I hand my pictures to the alb man for processing and sit down behind a typewriter. Thoughts flash through my mind. WHY? . . . is the big question. Why do people do this to themselves? Why does it happen day after day without slackening? Why won't they learn? Why? Why?

"An accident involving two cars and a truck at 7:10 this evening has sent four persons to the hospital. Two of the injured are in critical condition and the others have less serious injuries. One of the critically injured, Bonnie Bauer, is not expected to live. The driver of one car . . ."

Sentiment

By Ross L. Shotwell, C2

We say, "The meanest fear is the fear of sentimentality." It is because we are afraid that people will think us "soft."

Who does not remember moments when warm and loving words struggled for utterance and were caught back and replaced by something meaningless? Sentiment, says Mr. Webster, is "tender susceptibility." It is sentiment that makes a marriage and a family. For sentiment is to a marriage what good will is to a business—the intangible factor. No marriage was ever destroyed by it; hundreds have been shattered by the matter-of-factness which is its converse.

Discovers Insulin

In the end, civilization may be more grateful to its lovers and poets than to its statesmen, for it is the former who keep alive what is truly human. It is this gentle human individual thing which can reach out to bind people together regardless of their race, creed, or color.

Back of nearly every humanitarian advance is somebody's sentimental motivation. When Dr. Fredtrick Banting, discoverer of insulin, was a small boy on a Canadian farm, he had loved a playmate named Janie who enjoyed all of the sports that boys like. Then one summer Janie suddenly could do none of these things. She died, of "sugar in the blood." Frederick Banting never forgot. Later, moved to service, he went on into medicine. Today millions of diabetics live because he cared about Janie.

Take Personal Inventory

Bernard Baruch once said, "When in doubt, follow your heart and not your mind." If great people are not afraid of sentiment, then why are we? I think it is because we have been brought up to live our lives in compartments. Sentiments does not belong in business, we say. And it does not belong in science. Where does sentiment belong then? How can we keep sentiment alive, especially as we grow older.

Leisure Needed

Perhaps our greatest obstacle is the lack of leisure. Sentiment cannot live in an atmosphere of clock watching and getting ahead. It is in the little things that sentiment is at its best—in the gift given simply because "this reminds me of you." Ernie Pyle, the beloved war correspondent, never was too busy with columns or deadlines to sit down and listen to the woes of a lonely soldier, or to write letters home for the wounded boys. Just as they have the heart for sentiment, great people always somehow have the time as well. In the last years of his life, Robert Louis Stevenson lived on the island of Samoa When his friend Mataafa, the Samoan chief, was put in prison by the European authorities, Stevenson, though he was then ill and tired, went again and again to visit him. He always brought some little gift for him.

Samoans Build Road

Deeply moved by this kindness, the Samoans labored long hours to build a road for Stevenson. And when he died they buried him high on a hilltop and made a rule that no firearms should ever be used on the hill, because they wanted him to sleep in peace.

Too many of us condemn true sentiment along with sentimentality, and so live on the surface of things when we really want to speak and act from the heart. In our terrifying and impersonal world, what fools we are if we do not keep alive the little candles, the lovely light of sentiment!

Little Card

Blessings on thee, little card,
For whose grades I worked so hard.
Never ceasing in my foil,
Oft I burned the midnight oil.
Bloodshot are my eyes and strained.
Weary is my head and pained.
When the night cop walks his beat
And no others trod the street
I am working hard and fast,
Papers to the floor are cast.
Blessings on thee little card
For whose grades I worked so hard.

Blessings on thee, little card,
Thou art not praised by bard.
Weary of my toil am I,
Still my toiling fingers fly,
Minutes fly to meet the hours,
Soon the sandman tries his powers.
When the east is red with dawn
Still my fingers labor on.
But my brain can work no more,
So I lie down, stiff and sore,
Blessings on thee, little card,
For thee I have great regard.

The Fatal Card

By

George Slaharek, A2

The first man I met in the club was John Martin. I was just home from four years' service in India. He reminded me of the England I had left four years ago and awakened many fond memories. He stared at me and held my hand in his own for a rather long time. We discussed the events gone past and the many things that had happened at home. The conversation ran onward, and eventually I arrived at the reason why I had been very happy to see John Martin. I lit my pipe and asked, "Don't you think that after four years away I deserve something in the nature of one of your famous stories?"

A queer little twinkle came to John's eyes — the preparatory twinkle.

"I'm waiting," I said, "and in India I learned patience."

"There is one story," he went on, "but I doubt whether it would amuse you. It is very unsatisfactory, but it is most curious. In fact I'm not sure it is not the most curious story in the world."

"Very good." I settled back in my chair.

"It is not really my story," he began, "and you may have heard it before. There are at least three different accounts of the strange experience of Lord Dunsay.

Restful Journey

"It seems that Lord Dunsay had overworked himself and was in need of a rest. He journeyed to Brussels, to decide the route he would travel in his pilgrimage of Europe.

"It was at Brussels that he met the Count d'Arnout who decided for him. Dunsay's father had had dealing with the Count, and soon the men found much to talk about. The Count ultimately invited the son of his old friend to his chateau and the invitation was soon accepted.

"It was here that the fatal card was presented to our friend. The Count soon showed himself to be a much traveled man. There was hardly a good hotel in Europe that the Count did not know. On the last evening the card was proffered and accepted. The Count scribbled a few words on it, and handed it over. 'This will be of use to any of the hotels I have mentioned,' he said. 'Often a stranger is not given the most comfortable room.' One of Dunsay's weak points was his ignorance of foreign languages and hence Dunsay did not recognize the language.

Interruped Inquiry

"Didn't he inquire?" I asked.

"He was about to inquire when the Countess came into the room. He put the card in his pocket and forgot all about it. The next morning he journeyed to Paris and was driven to one of the hotels that the Count had mentioned. He became acquainted with the inn-keeper and was soon very comfortable."

"He stayed for two weeks at that hotel, and would have been well content to stay there for months. Then Dunsay remembered the Count's card. So one fatal day he inquired.

"By the way," he said, "I think you know the Count d'Arnout." The proprietor shrugged his shoulders. Then Dunsay took out the card and handed it over.

"He never understood why. He just took the card out of the case and handed it over. Then a queer pang raced through his mind—of shame or horror—or fright. He tried to pull himself together. What significance could the mere handing over of a card with some half-dozen words scribbled on it possibly have?

"It was certainly rather curious," he continued with irritating deliberation. "The hotel proprietor behaved so very oddly. He looked angry, insulted, and—disgusted. He handed back the card and Dunsay later told me, 'I faced him shivering like a criminal.'

? ? ?

"With another look of disgust the proprietor spat on the floor and walked over to the telephone. Soon three detectives arrived and they took him away in the middle of the night. He protested, but he could do nothing. He was put on a train with three detectives and escorted to the German frontier. Obviously they found the mere presence of the Englishman unspeakably offsensive.

Repeat At Prague

"He showed the card at Prague?" I guessed.

"Not exactly, the card was asked for. Dunsay chose a quaint little hotel, and just by chance, he remembered that it was one of the hotels that the Count had recommended. Five minutes later, a man in uniform had come into his room.

"You 'ave come from Berlin?" he snapped.

"Yes."

"An' you 'ave ze card?"

"Dunsay attempted to bluster, and then adopted a belligerent attitude

"'I absolutely decline to hand over the card'," Dunsay spoke warmly.

"Half an hour later the Earl of Dunsay was confined in the filthiest cell of the prison of Prague. He found himself a prisoner in an Austrian dungeon, unable to eat the appalling food he was given, and helpless and stunned. He became physically ill. The card had been returned to him, and he spent hours with it in his hands trying to fathom its mystery.

"Why didn't he destroy the card?"

"For two reasons. In the first place he could never convince himself that the card held any undue significance at all. In the second place he never gave up hope that the day should come when a complete explanation would appear."

Revolt

"He remained in the prison for three weeks. Then one night he was taken away. The ride was bumpy and painful. He was placed in a huge motorcar and the next day he was over the Italian border.

Home Again

"Dunsay left and finally came to Naples, convinced he must solve the enigma. He stayed at the Hotel de Roma and immediately ran into Jim Winters and his wife. The relief of findin,; an old friend here in Naples was extraordinary. Winters was a loyal, a level-headed man of the world, the sort of man you went to when in trouble.

"'I've a mighty queer story to tell you, Jim,' he said.

"'Fire away.'

"'But you may—' Dunsay hesitated.

"'Have another brandy and tell me the yarn,' suggested Jim Winters, and they filled up their glasses.

"Dunsay looked sharply at his friend as he finished and was enormously relieved to see him laughing outright.

"'I can't believe that half a dozen words on a card caused all the trouble,'

"'I might,' continued Dunsay, nervous again, 'show you the card.'

"'Show me the card,' said Jim, laughing again, 'and if I can, I'll translate it for you. And if it's very awful,' he added with mock seriousness, 'mum's the word.'

"In silence Dunsay handed over the card. Jim Winters glanced almost carelessly at it, and then turned very white.

Ouster

"'How dare you, Dunsay,' he shouted. 'My God, if I'd ever thought . . .'

"He threw down the card and rushed from the room.

"In a half hour the hotel keeper notified Dunsay that the room would be wanted the next day.

"Dunsay went south, and his fears increased. At night he would awaken in an agony of fear. Finally there came a general nervous breakdown. And then one night he had a particularly bad fright and the next morning he was so ill that he was unable to leave his bed.

"The local doctor advised him to return to England to consult his own physician.

"As soon as Dunsay arrived, he asked for an immediate appointment withc Dr. Alden, a first class neurologist.

"Dunsay told the story, and to his surprise, the doctor was not astonished. When the tale was finished, the doctor spoke.

"'So far as I can see, your unfortunate adventures have grouped themselves round some words on a card. Very well, the first thing to do is to solve the mystery of those words.'

"'But that's the one thing, doctor, that I don't feel I have courage enough to do.'

Words

"Alden smiled. 'Just give me the card, and then we'll see what can be done. I'm almost positive I have already solved the mystery.'

"'You believe . . .'

"'Show me the card, and I promise that not a human soul shall be told anything about it.'

"'Your word of honor?'

"'My word of honor.'

"Dunsay took out his card-ase.

"'Here it is,' he said, and held out the card.

"The doctor took it up and examined it carefully. He turned it over and held it up to the light.

"Then he smiled. 'Exactly what I expected to find, he said.

"Dunsay sat down and stared at him. 'I don't understand . . .'

"'There is nothing on the card,' said Dr. Alden. 'Both sides are quite blank'."

Number Please!

For all of you who send mail to CU. We've a new postal zone, "31" by number. The name's the same; just change our number.

Have You Ever Seen . . .

A Blizzard

By
Roger E. Schulte,

In the morning the snow fell softly, steadily; the flakes were large and white. The gray sky cast no shadows. As the day advanced the flakes grew smaller and harder, and the sky could no longer be seen. The prairie disappeared under a white cover; roofs and trees became topped with a layer of white. Men moved about their barns sniffing the air, studied the sky and snow and laid out extra feed for the animals. In the house extra blankets were brought from storage and, as the wind came up in the night, were spread across the beds.

Working in Drifts

The next morning the families slept later than usual. The wind was strong and steady; and after it was light, the men worked through the drifts, already a few feet high, to do the chores, bring out more feed and hurry back to the warmth of the house. As the light grew stronger, so did the wind. Nothing but blinding whiteness could be seen from the windows. Babies cried and children were restless as their elders sat by the fire. Around them rafters and joists were strained by the unrelenting force; and the evergreens in the windbreak, their spines bent by the wind, squealed in pain.

Like Orator

Through the night and the following day the storm continued and even grew stronger. On the morning of the fourth day, like a long-winded emotional orator at the climax of his speech, it reached such a furry that it stuttered. Sheets of snow swirled over the giant drifts and slammed against the buildings. Like the orator as he becomes exhausted, the pauses grew longer and the blasts weaker and, as the clearing sky darkened, came to a conclusion.

Children Laugh

Stars were glittering as the men forced open the doors. Children laughed and scampered off to bed wondering where they had left their sleds. The men took a last look and then went to bed. A glowing moon rose in the east to soften and smooth the white mountains around the houses. A calm, silver majesty covered the earth.

The Requirement

By Ed Vitzthum, A2

It is not uncommon in the late afternoon to hear the oft repeated phrase, "Gee, I'm glad class is over." Classes may be over formally speaking, but there is one class that never ends from dawn to dusk and that is the class in daily living. True, we never consciously attend this class, take notes, or write term papers; but the tests we take are very, very real and we can flunk this course far more easily than we can physics, or history, or math; it is very hard to get an "A" out of life.

This class in daily living might be listed in our catalog of life as Experience 1 and 2. We are registered for this course the day we are born and we don't finish it until the day we die. There are no withdrawals from this course.

Just Ask

Our instructors for Experience 1 and 2 will be Right Reason and Conscience. Both are very wise instructors and are sometimes a little demanding, but it's best to listen to them. The only reason so many people get "D's" and "F's" in this course is that they think they know more than their teachers.

In this course, we have a test every day; as a matter of fact, that's all the course is, just a long series of tests. When we take a test in this class we have a big advantage; the teacher will tell us the right answer to every question if we just ask. Some of these tests will be harder than others, but they shouldn't cause any trouble if we have paid any attention at all.

High Curve Ahead

What's in the tests? Really, they aren't very complicated. Each day presents a new set of circactions. We can respond in one of two ways, by doing right or by doing wrong. These circumstances can be any persons or things that influence us by our association with them.

In this course an "A" is especially to be desired, but only a very few can ever earn one. A few more will earn "B's," but there won't be very many of these either. Most students of Experience 1 and 2 will receive "C's." They are the ones who do neither more nor less than is required of them. The sad part is the large number who receive "D's" and "F's." Unfortunately for them, this is one course that can not be repeated.

The curve for this class is high and an "A" is hard to earn, but it can be done with a little effort. We may pass or fail any of the other courses in our curriculum, but in the final analysis, the most important consideration is, "Did I get an 'A' out of life?"

A Big Thrill

By
Al Revers, A1

Old Mexico is a beautiful country that holds many sights and splendors. Along with their people's customs, one may see desert, jungle and mountainous country. Mexico has modern cities and ancient pyramids, but its greatest attraction is the bullfight. This sport, brought in from Spain many years ago, draws 60,000 people a week, today! To me the color and glory of a bullfight are beyond the realm of any activity in the United States. To the tourists it may be an unforgetable sight; to the natives of Mexico it is the sport for kings.

Tickets for the bullfight go on sale on Sundays, the day of the fight; you may choose either the sunny or the shady side of the arena; that is, if you get your ticket in time, for they have a capacity crowd every week.

We arrived at the arena early; people were coming in by the droves. A band was trying desperately to entertain these anxious, thrill-hungry fans with its unique Spanish music. The crowd seemed to hear or see nothing; they were too intently watching the empty ring below.

Matadors Enter

At 2 p. m. sharp, the trumpets sounded and the gates in the bullring opened! The matadors entered, attired in their brilliantly decorated costumes.

The ring was cleared once again! The trumpets blarred, and when the gates flew open, a toro charged into the arena immediately! This bull was the maddest animal I had ever seen. He was running around the ring menacingly, looking for something to gore! He pawed the ground and snorted as if to beg for a challenger—anyone—anything, to smash and kill.

It has been stated that the undomesticated bull is the most brutal of all animals; even the ancient Romans recognized and appreciated their deadliness! A bull usually is wicked and savage, without a trace of mercy! It will gore, and continue to crush its victim no matter how helpless it is. It's an arrogant creature that has no concern for anything but itself! But the bull is also strong and courageous; when the king of beasts was paired off with bulls, the lion lost, every time.

Only One Fight

This toro weighs almost a ton; it is black, with large horns. He is chosen because of his courage and strength; he is well-built and handsome, but he shall never leave the arena alive! The toro may kill or maim his matador, but the bull makes only one bullfight. The people here are not concerned about the bull; they are here to see how brave one of their countrymen can get when his life is in peril.

The bull has his neck muscles weakened before the matador enters the ring with him. This is called "pic-ing"; it is done to force the bull to keep his head down; this enables the matador to get closer to the charges. Pic-ing is executed by a man on a padded horse, using a pointed lance.

Toro Charges Cape

The matador enters the ring, carrying a silk cape; it is red on one side and yellow on the other. The matador stands straight and calm, as the toro charges the cape. It becomes evident that the matador knows these bulls well; if there is such a thing, he knows the psychology of the toro, for he seems to predict the toro's next move. The matador waves the cape so tantalizingly that it distracts the bull's attention away from his body!

After every charge the bull turns around quickly, readying himself for another charge, and all the while, getting madder and more determined to make contact with his horns. There comes one moment when, after a series of passes, the bull is bewildered, or perhaps hesitates to contemplate his next move; during this moment the matador completely ignores the bull. He turns his back to the toro and gestures to the crowd, dragging his cape on the ground behind him!

Blows in Face

Everyone is watching the bull intently but the one man that should; he is busy strutting and showing off, but the crowd loves it: They like him and show it by waving white handkerchiefs; their applause is deafening. The matador has become inspired! He walks up to the bull and blows in his face. The bull is furious now; he swings his horns from side to side, trying to hook that body just once, but the agile matador eludes every move.

The matador guides the bull's charges with the cape. To bring the bull closer to his body, he pulls the cape closer as the toro is charging; sometimes he exposes his whole body to the bull! The charges are getting extremely close now! There is evidence of blood from the bull's neck left on the matador's beautiful costume. The crowd has now been cheering "ole" with every beautifully executed pass; they are witnessing a championship performance.

The Kill

To prove his ability and courage further, the matador got on his knees and didn't even twitch a muscle as the bull's horns rushed passed his face.

It is now time for the "moment of truth." The bull shall receive only one more opportunity to avenge his foe! Now the matador must perform the most dangerous feat—to kill the bull! Here is the point where most bulls have finally caught up with their elusive foes. There is a sudden deadly hush from the crowd; for the first time of the performance they are quiet and still! The matador seems unruffled; he momentarily gazes at the bull and runs toward the charging bull with a sword covered with a short cape. At the moment of contact, he leaps into the air, slips the sword between the horns, and sinks it to the hilt in the nape of the animal's neck. The crowd lets out a sigh of relief as the bull crashes over, dead.

Chaos

By
John Slaughter, A1

You wake up in the morning, and you feel pretty good. Registration will be your first real contact with college: you're pretty excited You've got your classes picked out, and although some upper-classmen have assured you that you haven't a chance in the world to get them, especially with a two-o'clock registration appointment, you still feel confident.

You show up at the gym fifteen minutes early, but it's past two before you get inside. One look at the wailing, bewildered-looking mobs wandering vacantly around the place convinces you that this might be a rough show after all, and so you hurry over to one of the tables to fill out your schedule card.

You've just sat down when you hear a loud-hailer boom out across the room:

"Attention. ATTENTION. English 51, A, Able, is now close." You are jerked upright by the bored, nasal voice. Isn't 51, A, one of your classes? You grab your list; sure enough. One. That's not too bad. Then you see the board.

They Can't

You stop for a minute before you realize what it is. You let your glance run leisurely over it, still not too concerned. "What's this? What . . . Why they've close one, two . . . all of them. They've closed me out!" You feel your heart start to slug beneath your shirt as you leap to your feet. "No. Not to me!" Perspiration beads on your forehead. Then, as suddenly as you began to panic, you stop. You feel calm again. "So what. There are other classes." You snatch up a schedule blank and feverishly begin to work up a new schedule.

You've got it finished now. You had to see the Dean, and get an O.K. to miss Mass, and you had to have four out of five classes opened, but the doc said the injuries were only minor and you'd live. You drop the new schedule in front of the checker.
She quickly runs down your schedule and announces, with obvious satisfaction, that you've a conflict, that this simply won't do and that you'll have to do the whole bloody thing over. She smirks.

You're scared now. You demand to know the conflict. She shows you. You look. You heave a sigh of relief and point out her mistake. You might think you had broken her heart, but she passes you and you don't care.

They Didn't

Youfallstumblerunleap over to the IBM desk for your class cards. You know the girl here, and so you skip the line. But you just make it. You get the last 51, B, card. You clutch the cards with feverish hands and lurch over to the next table where a woman stuffs your hands, pockets and mouth with blank forms. "Fill them." you are told.

As you flee over to a table to fill out the papers, you see a fellow surrounded by Jebs and profs. "But there's got to be some way," you hear an exasperated voice explode.

You sit at a table and spread out the IBM cards. You try not to notice the greedy looks of the others at the table and proceed with your work. For a minute you think you might have to fight one of them, but he regains control of himself, wipes his face where the saliva had dribbled down, and goes back to work.

They Do?

You finish your papers and go over to the ROTC desk where you are processed like so much meat.

You fall down the steps to the ROTC room, but you know it's the last stop, and so you drag yourself down the hall. Here you wait for an hour, surrounded by rifles with fixed bayonets, hand grenades, and a sergeant marked "CAUTION. HIGH EXPLOSIVE." You finally get out of there with a tunic two sizes too big, shoes two sizes too small, shirts with more hole than shirt, and no pants. You feel great.

You've just staggered through the door when you run into your buddy. He asks you how it went, and without giving you a chance to tell him, he tells you that he registered in the morning, got everything he wanted, and was through in an hour. You want to kill him. Slowly.

If you get wound up in a sentence—throw it away.—Bess Sondell.

Lack of confidence is not the result of difficulty; difficulty comes from lack of confidence.—Seneca.

CREIGHTONIAN

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The Man In Room 210 East

By
Bob Daley, A2

It was raining when they came. A little-more-than-ordinary rain, ominous with a continuous sort of steadiness. The sun had not shone for three days, but I forgot about that when they came shining in, her giggling like a schoolgirl, and him smiling to watch her. I was just finishing up after the previous patient who has been at 210 East. That one had had a twisted ankle, and was only there for three days, but every night there had been a great amount of litter on the floor, and he had demanded a lot of service during the day. He had wanted his water changed two or three times, and sometimes four times a day.

Even though they had troubles of their own, this couple greeted me and joked with me. When he got into bed, having put on a pair of new bright-striped pajamas you could tell were bought for coming here, he sagged the bed deep. He must have weighed a lot, maybe a hundred and eighty, maybe a hundred and ninety, when he first came. She took a place close to his bed, and you could tell that she liked to be close to him, and didn't mind sitting there in a dull hospital at all, as long as he was there.

I had to go down to the first-floor supply room to get him a set of long bedclothes. The regulars didn't come near covering him, because when he laid out full, his head almost touched the bedspread. About an hour after that, I came to 210 East with the ice-water cart, and gave him a sparkling, fresh pitcher and a clean glass. I took a look at the chart the doctor (I found out later it was Doctor O'Donnel) had hung at the foot of the bed. It said that my new patient was there for observation of an acid stomach condition. We got enough of those, and I was glad that's all it was. Glad especially for her.

I liked to come to their room. It was first for my morning clean up, and although I tried to be quiet, I always woke her up. She slept on a cot beside his bed, and she would sit up and rub her eyes and say, trying to grin the sleepiness away, "Good morning, Bob." That always made me a little more cheerful than if she had said "Oh, it's you, orderly," like most of my patients did. He was always awake, no matter how early I came in, and she would gather her robe about her and bend over and kiss him on the lips.

Things seemed to be going smoothly enough for them, until Dr. O'Donnel spoke to me, about a week after their arrival. "Orderly, that man in 210 has cancer. Don't let him know it, but try to give him some special attention." From then on I could never joke with her. She didn't really have time to joke, she took so much care of him, always sitting close so he would not have to speak loud, and stroking his dark hair with her white hands.

I wasn't there when the doctor told him about the operation, but I was in the cafeteria one day when she was there, and I took my tray over and ate with her. Her voice was hopeful and she ate pretty well. "Dr. O'Donnel thinks that Lee could go home two weeks after the operation, she said. "He says they've stopped lots of them when they've caught them this early. He didn't want me to tell Lee that it's cancer. I guess they have a better chance if they don't know."

I took her tray up for her and walked back to the room with her. "I've seen a lot of them at the same stage and the operation cured them," I said, and I think it helped her, even though I didn't believe it too much myself.

I helped get him ready for the operation. He wasn't wearing the bright pajamas any more, but a white hospital gown. I and another orderly lifted him onto the cart, and anyone could tell he didn't weigh as much as when he entered the hospital. His thinness made him look taller, and it almost seemed he wouldn't fit on the cart. He was very quiet and he kept looking at her, to see if she knew it was hurting him. He kept a straight face most of the way to the operating room on eight, but he winced when the cart bumped across the threshold of the elevator. I think from the look on her face she got bumped, too. I was careful to lift the cart when I went out, so he would not have to suffer again.

He was in the operating room three hours, and I passed 210 once while I was going around picking up bedpans, and she was in there on her knees with her head bowed down.

After the operation he picked up pretty well, and as I was straightening the room one day, I asked how everything was. She said, "He's eating pretty well now, Bob, and I think we'll be able to say good-bye any day now," and to her husband, "isn't that right, Lee?"

"Yeah, I think so. And Bob, you've been swell to take such good care of us, getting that cot for JoAnn and all."

"That's all right, Mr. Harden, I've enjoyed taking care of you, and I'm glad to see that you're getting better," I said.

But then, a little after that, I was talking to the nurse on the six-to-nine morning shift for 210, and she told me that he had started having trouble keeping his meals down. I sensed something wrong myself, while I was in there to fill his pitcher. His wife was sponging his forehead with a hot, wet cloth and in the short time I was there, he coughed hard three times, a kind of funny cough, like it started deep inside him, and came out without him wanting it to. And then he needed the pan and would spit out a mouthful of the mucous material he brought up.

I never saw her out of the room but once after that. She was in the cafeteria, and I was just ahead of her in the line. I had ordered a good deal of food, but I noticed that she had only a small bowl of tomato soup. She looked terribly thin down here alongside the doctors and nurses, and her face was ashen. Conversation was difficult for me, but I knew I had to say something. "How's Mr. Harden?" I finally ventured to say, and at the pitiful look on her face I wished I hadn't spoken at all. Her eyes were all bloodshot, and she didn't smile. She wasn't nearly as pretty as when she had come. But her voice didn't falter as she said, "The operation was not successful." She turned and walked away.

I watched her walk, shoulders sagging, and somehow I could not interest myself in eating. After collecting the dishes, I returned them to the counter.

From that day on, I spent much of my time helping out in 210 East. Between being unable to keep his food down, and coughing up phlegm, Mr. Harden needed many changes of white gowns and bed clothing. He continued to lose weight, and now covered far less of the bed than when he had come. He lay there weakly, completely encased in the white of the sheets, until it seemed they would finally cover even the remainder of him. The nurse came in every four hours with her hypodermic needle. He never let on, but I think he knew he was dying. He asked me to bring up magazines, and he always wanted the religious ones.

Then one day he didn't want any magazines, and he looked thinner than ever. His brows and cheekbones stood out behind the tight skin so that you could see the outline of his skull. His wife was deathly pale from lack of rest and worry, but she never stopped sponging his forehead, and you could see that the soft touch of her hand was all he could enjoy any more. Now he was receiving hypos every two hours, but the pain only seemed to increase.

One day during visiting hours, as I was filling the water pitchers, I overheard Mrs. Harden conversing with one of the visitors. "Oh, yes, we got a temporary foreman to take care of the plant while Lee is here. But pretty soon Lee can go back and take over." Visitors seldom had much to say. The room was filled with flowers, to me an onimous signs of this man's inevitable death.

The mornings were earlier now, and the sun struck 210 full about six, while I was cleaning up there. It was just a month and a half since the Hardens had come. I was sweeping when Mrs. Harden awoke. "Good morning, Bob," she said, attempting cheerfulness. She got up and bent over to kiss her husband. Suddenly I noticed her fumbling weakly under the covers. She found his wrist. "Lee, Lee, Lee, Honey, wake up . . ." She moaned agonizingly and threw herself across his bed. The only sound in the room was her sobs and the creaking of the bed springs. Then, "He's dead, he's dead, he's deaaaad . . ." Her voice trailed off into a convulsive sob.

I left her there, sobbing in the bright sunlight, and went to find the nurse. She went to Mrs. Harden, and I went on down the hall to notify the desk clerk. I felt completely helpless. At a time like that there wasn't much for an orderly to do, so I continued my cleaning. In the next room, 208, was a man who had overdosed himself with sleeping tablets and had been found in time. My activity awakened him, and he yawned and said, "You missed me with water again last night, orderly. Try not to let it happen again."