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VU Magazine, vol. 1, no. 2

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VU

35¢

April
1950



In Spring, a Young Man's Fancy

campus car

Music, Music, Music

After 1000 students left the Auditorium with their ears ringing after Ray Anthony's appearance here, the KIPs herded the bandsmen in their green cord coats and polka-dot ties and pert, 21-year-old Betty Holliday in her shimmering, gold satin formal over to an exclusive gathering at 606 Brown. Betty, who's married to a Washington, D. C., musician, offered a few songs and left pretty early. Meanwhile, econ-instructor Bob Tank drove "The Man With a Horn" to Gary to catch a train for Chicago where he was to meet his wife and fly back to New York with her. Bob managed to wheel the Tank car back to Valpo in time to catch the tail-end of the party and give a few licks on the piano to show the "nation's favorite college band" how it should be done.

The party later adjourned to the Waffle Shop where we managed to squeeze into a booth with Eddie Butterfield, Billy's cousin, who doubles on trumpet and trombone in the band. Eddie explained that to miss the bus leaving from Lembke Hotel at eight the next morning would mean a \$20 fine, plus the absentee's having to pay his own travel expenses to Scranton, Pa., where the band appeared the following day. Butterfield claimed that Anthony worked his men harder and demanded better conduct than any other outfit in the country.

Eddie ordered two three-minute soft boiled eggs and some crackers. We were horrified to see the soupy mess the waitress brought him, but he spooned his way through like a gentleman. "I been taking Vitamin B pills lately," he said. "Seems to give me more energy and a better appetite."

To hear Eddie tell it, it seemed to have been a long time since the band had seen such a royal reception after a college performance.

You no doubt know that Frankie Carle, originally scheduled to appear here at Valpo, collapsed the week before in Cleveland. If the poor man had to collapse at all, we're glad it wasn't on the Auditorium stage. Just think how eagerly our Bach-loving Department of Music would have leaped at the opportunity of pointing out a moral!

Our Contributors

We're especially proud to publish for the first time the words and music to Valpo's new fight song, along

with a piano arrangement drawn up by Bob Tank. Instructor Bob wrote the music and his brother Bill, a soph student, composed the lyrics. For a glimpse into the busy life of Bob Tank, see VU's picture-feature on the faculty's human dynamo.

Another faculty-member featured in VU this issue is Professor Richard Schoenbohm, director of the a cappella choir. Students are doubtlessly familiar with the goings-on of the choir on tour and at daily practices, but editors felt that "The Schoenbohm Story" — an intimate glance at the director's background, written by Helen Wachholz — would appeal to many of VU's readers.

Bob French, sports editor of the *Torch* last semester, presents his views on the subsidization of college athletes in his article on NCAA's Sanity Code. It is interesting to note how Valpo's athletic scene stacks up with those of the universities under fire at the present time for disregarding the Code.

An investigation into the possibilities of a Greek Row on Valpo's new campus, and the need of Greek unity in the form of a revitalized Pan-Hellenic Council, is the subject of Ray Klug's article, "Fraternity Row" Ray, who graduated in January this year, spent much time gathering information on this topic before he left campus.

"Doomsday — Janutober 31" is a satire on the endless round of Registration Day stumbling blocks and bottle-necks, concocted by Paul Gandt, transfer student from Milwaukee. Although the subject matter may be dated, VU felt that Gandt had handled the topic in a timeless manner.

Yes, Yes — We Know

Shortly after Christmas vacation VU editors met out at the secluded Strietelmeier manse, sipped sassafras tea brewed by Mrs. S., and doped out plans for the second issue. Assignments were made — VU was rolling. Editors dug in to meet pressing *Beacon* deadlines. This was in January. They struggled through final exams, knocked out copy and pictures for the 1950 *Beacon*, edited various fraternity publications, and toyed with the *Student Directory*. One day the assistant editor nonchalantly swung around in his swivel chair and, spying a calendar, cried, "Egad, it's March!"

"Time for another VU, eh?" the editor said, stretch-

ounsel



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April, 1950

ing and cupping a hand over his mouth to stifle a yawn.

The two rummaged in the files, blew some dust off the accumulated copy, and came up with the second edition of VU. Here it is, we hope you like it.

On the Cover

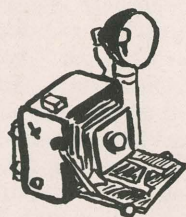
Appearing on the cover of the second issue of VU is Miss Lorraine Lange, freshman residing at Guild Hall. Last year Lorraine was an honest-to-goodness



New York career girl who lived in a Manhattan apartment. John Borkowski spotted her in a group portrait of freshmen he had taken for the *Beacon* and decided she was the one for VU. When VU first invited Lorraine to come over and pose for the portrait that appears on the cover, she refused to believe we were on the level.

When, with great reluctance, Lorraine finally showed up, Borkowski got to work. He achieved the unique picture by superimposing an image of Freshman Dick Heintze in the palm of Lorraine's hand. In regard to the photo's interpretation, we refuse to comment as to whether or not Lorraine's disdainful look is typical of a Valpo coed being showered with male attention. Flowers courtesy of Central Floral Company.

photo credits



Cover portrait and pictures on Pages 4, 5, 8, 9, 18, and 19 are by John Borkowski, VU's retired photography editor. Pictures on 20 and 21 are by El Jordan. Pictures of fraternity houses on Pages 14 and 15 are from the *ATO Palm*.

VU MAGAZINE, published three times during the 1949-50 academic year by the BEACON staff of Valparaiso University under the auspices of the Student Council. Editorial office located at 468 College Avenue. Telephone: 962-W. Subscription rates: \$1 per year delivered to campus residences and dormitories; \$1.10 per year by mail anywhere in United States and possessions. Per copy: 35 cents. Address all correspondence to VU MAGAZINE, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana.

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Piano arrangement of Valparaiso University's new fight song written by Bill and Bob Tank.

The Schoenbohm Story

A Man with a Song in His Heart

By HELEN WACHHOLZ

The Valparaiso University a cappella choir ranks among the best college choirs in the nation. Its reputation may be attributed to the achievements of a group of fine singers under the extremely capable direction of a true artist, Professor Richard Schoenbohm.

The 78 singers in the choir this year were personally chosen by Director Schoenbohm. Each year when he announces try-outs, hopeful singers stand in long lines in front of his Music Hall studio. The possibility



Prof. Richard Schoenbohm

that they may be chosen for a choir of such high standards is the motivation for long hours of waiting and tired feet. With such a large group to choose from, Professor Schoenbohm can afford to be highly selective. Almost every section of the United States is represented in the final group. Even a foreign country provided one chorister this year in the person of Henriette Scholten, soprano soloist from Holland.

Choir members receive no scholastic credit for their singing. Every day they meet for an hour rehearsal in the Auditorium, but the only compensation they get is the satisfaction and enjoyment of singing with a group of such high caliber.

A casual air exists between Professor Schoenbohm and the members, who chat with "Papa Dick" and take to him their personal problems and triumphs. Yet they respect "Papa Dick." Promptly at 12:30, when rehearsals begin, the members take their places on the stands and all horse-play ceases. Professor Schoenbohm makes many demands on the choir members. He requires that the singers tax themselves to the utmost. He makes them use all the vocal ability they possess and every ounce of energy to achieve the effects he wants. He expects them to respond to his conducting exactly and without hesitation.

Psychological tricks help him obtain results. He talks to the choir as it sings, urging the youthful singers to use clearer tones, more power, more emphasis. Through understanding and patience, he gets them to produce the exact tonal effects he calls for. He requires that his singers memorize their music. In this way they can keep their eyes on him and watch his every motion. As he directs, Professor Schoenbohm uses many tactics the audience never sees. A raise of his eyebrow, a frown, a twitch of the mouth, or a certain movement of his hand — all have specific meaning and he expects the choir to respond to each motion. As any true musician, Professor Schoenbohm is satisfied only with perfection. He accepts no mediocre results.

At the age of eight, Richard Schoenbohm sang his first solo as a boy soprano. After attendance at an academy for boys, he began studying for the ministry. With only one more year remaining to complete his



Choir members, 78 strong, line up for picture in Auditorium after triumphant tour of the South.

theological studies, he entered the field of music, having decided that his chief interest and greatest abilities lay in that field. He did his undergraduate work at Iowa State Teachers College and at Michigan State Normal. For graduate work he went to the Institute of Musical Art in Detroit and finally received his master's degree in music from the American Conservatory in Chicago. For several years he was director of music at the Howell and later at the Mt. Clemens high schools, both in Michigan. He came to Valparaiso University in 1936.

Professor Schoenbohm is not only a capable director of choral music, but an accomplished singer as well. Dr. Walter Damrosch asked him to sing the baritone solo in the "Abraham Lincoln Song," which was conducted by Damrosch himself. At the National Music Camp of Interlochen, Michigan, young Schoenbohm sang the role of Mephistopheles in *Faust*. For some time he was a member of the chorus of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

The choir director's family is also interested in music. Richard, Jr., sings in the a cappella choir and spends many hours in Music Hall practicing just as diligently as any of the choir members. Mrs. Schoenbohm is also a musician in her own right. She studied music at Washington University in St. Louis and now gives piano lessons to students in Hammond, Indiana.

She is genuinely interested in her husband's choir work and keeps a big, thick scrapbook with clippings and programs of concerts from the time when her husband first began teaching music. The enthusiastic reviews of critics in newspapers all over the nation are reason enough for her pride in her husband's work. She has graciousness and poise indicative of an intelligent person; she is an extremely interesting conversationalist; and she maintains a beautifully furnished home that reflects her artistic tastes.

Mrs. Schoenbohm usually goes along with her husband and the choir on annual concert tours. She is, in her own words, "the nurse maid for the singers." On any long trip, one of the 78 people is sure to have a headache, sore throat, or cut finger. She ably cures, comforts, and sympathizes with the unfortunates. Choir members who have been on tours with her speak highly of her, commenting especially on her kindness and helpfulness.

The choir has made an extensive concert tour almost every year since Professor Schoenbohm came to Valpo. The group returned last month from a successful trip in the South, traveling as far as Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. In other years they have gone to the East Coast and north to Canada. During the year they generally make shorter trips for concert appearances in Mid-West cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, and Milwaukee.

In future years the choir plans to tour all over the United States. Its music and singing will spread the fame of a truly great organization, the Valparaiso University Choir, and its director, Professor Richard Schoenbohm — the man with a song in his heart.



Tales of Long Ago

Students have foibles, too, this prof reveals

By HAMMOND ECKS

I could tell that he had been expecting me, for he had given his bald head an extra-high polish.

"I haven't always been Napoleon," he said, pulling his right hand out from under the left lapel of his tweed jacket. "I used to be an artist — worked in ivory, you know."

The twinkle in his eyes showed me that I was expected to be amused by that old chestnut, and so I forced a chuckle. I knew he meant that he had spent many years as dean and professor at Eden University.

"Gary," he continued, "you don't mind my calling you by your first name, do you, Gary?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I don't mind at all. But my name is Hammond, sir, Hammond Ecks."

"Ecks-sellent," he said. I winced inwardly but continued to smile at him. "Are you by any chance the son of old 'Fried' Ecks who attended Eden in 1950?"

"Yes, sir, my father was editor of Eden's yearbook in 1950," I said. "The *Bacon*, you know."

"Ah yes," he chuckled. "I never think of the *Bacon* without Ecks. Your father was quite a problem for me, Gary — I mean Hammond. Ecks felt so close to the *Bacon* that he couldn't tear himself away from it to attend classes. For that reason he was always jumping from the frying pan into the fire. He was a queer duck, Ecks."

"You must have met a lot of queer ducks in Eden," I suggested.

"Yes," he said, "among the faculty members as well as the students. I shall never forget the instructor in art who failed a student who had painted a beautiful

oil called 'Altruria Hall at Sunrise.' The instructor insisted that the painting wasn't realistic because it didn't show several girls in evening dresses clambering up the fire escape.

"Then there was the member of the Department of English who boasted of having made a contribution to the *Atlantic*. He didn't explain that he made it while crossing the ocean on his way to Europe."

I gave no hint that I, too, had read *Joe Miller's Joke Book*. Instead, I said, "But what were the students like at Eden University?"

"Ah, yes, the students," he replied. "How well I remember Stonewall Gernegross. He was the hero of the campus — that is, until his mother paid us a visit. According to Stonewall, he was practically the first American soldier to land in Normandy, and he fought for ten days without rest until he was severely wounded. Fortunately eight months in an Army hospital had put him back on his feet, but his scars still made it necessary for him to cut most of his classes. According to his mother, however, Stonewall's military service of two weeks in an Arkansas training camp had been ended when he was sent home after tripping over his rifle and shooting himself in the little toe of his left foot.

"Then there was Rolando Fernandez, the Latin from Manhattan. The blood of kings flowed in his veins, he said; and that, he thought, accounted for his charm. 'I just can't keep up with my studies, Dean,' he used to tell me, 'because the girls are always after me. Oh, how I dream about the time when I'll be back among the palm trees of my father's estate and have time and quiet for reading Aristotle and that kind of stuff.' Rolando's father was actually a spaghetti cook in a New York bistro.

"But the man I remember best is Aleck Smart. When he spoke to members of the faculty either inside or outside of class he was always extremely polite. I don't remember clearly what he looked like, but I remember many of his remarks. 'I really didn't know what sin was until I met you,' he once said to his instructor in religion. When asked which course in physical education he wished to take, he said, 'I think I'll try the Romantic Movement.' When his counselor told him, 'I believe you will like Advanced Composition,' he answered, 'If you believe that, you'll believe anything.' When an instructor who had spoken at a convocation

In accord with VU's policy of publishing the works of aspiring authors, the editors accepted the article "Dreams of Long Ago", written under the pseudonym of Hammond Ecks.

The author actually is a senior member of the Department of English. We feel that his writing shows great promise of literary masterpieces to come.

asked him if he had heard his last speech, he replied, 'I hope I have.' When a professor of English asked him for the problem he wished to investigate for his term paper, he said, 'How about investigating the Sir Philip Sidney-Penelope Rich affair?' Yes, yes, Smart was a scoundrel, but that was his only failing."

"But surely there were some queer ducks among the women, too, in those days," I said.

"Women? Ah, yes, to be sure," he answered. "I shall never forget Iona Beam, the girl with the incandescent eyes. Whenever I made an attempt, no matter how feeble, to be funny in my class lecture, Iona's eyes would sparkle and her eyelashes would flutter madly in appreciation. How grateful I used to be to little Iona!

"Then there was Mary Lamb, the little girl who always had to leave the campus a few days before Christmas vacation started. She would come to my office dressed in a pinafore, her hair in pigtails, and tell me; 'I'm so scared, sir, to travel on the train all by myself all the way to Milwaukee. My mother's aunt is coming to Chicago to get me, and she can come only on Wednesday.' Mary didn't realize that I knew she had spent the previous summer working as a waitress in the toughest clip-joint of Calumet City.

"Antoinette de Vere Schmalz, on the other hand, didn't try to appeal to my paternal instinct. When she wanted permission to withdraw from the course entitled 'College and Life,' she appeared in my office wearing a black satin dress. The heels of her shoes

were three inches high, her hosiery was sheer black nylon, and the perfume which emanated from her reminded me of the scene in the *Tabu* advertisements. 'The course may be teaching me something about college,' she said, 'but I'm sure it's teaching me nothing about life.'"

Motif

"Of course I love you, Baby,
I love your darling face;
I have to — for the dough I pay
To keep the thing in place."

— R. S.

A far-away look was beginning to appear in the old gentleman's eyes, and I thought it best to try to recall him to the present. "What do you think of co-education?" I asked him.

But when I glanced up from my notebook, I saw that he was standing erect, his right hand tucked under the left lapel of his tweed jacket.

"Whom have you invited to the state dinner arranged for Friday, my dear?" he asked.

Realizing that he was beginning to confuse me with Josephine, I rushed out of the door.

Some of the delightful characters you meet on these pages



Stonewall
Gernegross



Rolando
Fernandez



Aleck
Smart



Antoinette
de Vere Schmalz

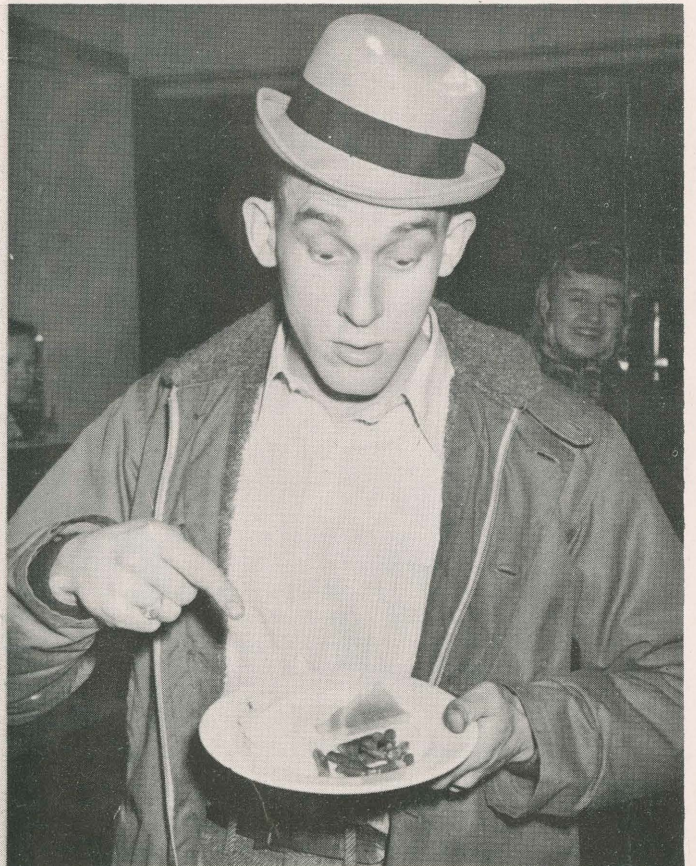


YOGI Goes to the 'CAF'

1. Do you mind waiting in line?



2. Silverware always clean?



3. Are the portions adequate?

Not so long ago students received a little postcard questionnaire from the Personnel Office in regard to their eating habits on campus. Not to be outdone by a measly postcard form, VU decided to conduct its own poll and give it a two-page spread in this issue.

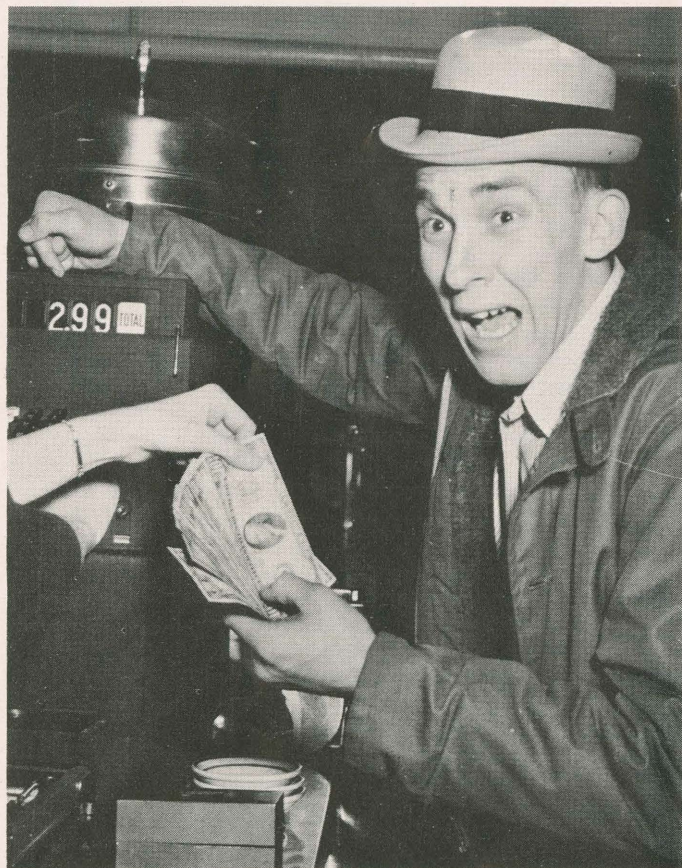
Editors then looked around for a student who could answer on behalf of the entire student body (saving VU all sorts of postage bills and time), and happened to spy Yogi (sometimes referred to as Warren Helming) standing in line at the "Caf." A lovable senior phys-ed major who's hometown is Waterbury, Connecticut, Yogi waits in line at the Cafeteria just about every night.

VU tried to keep the questions as simple as possible (phys-ed, you know), and in order to save Yogi the necessity of thinking up long sentences, brought a photographer along to record his reactions (sometimes exaggerated, we hope!) to our questions.

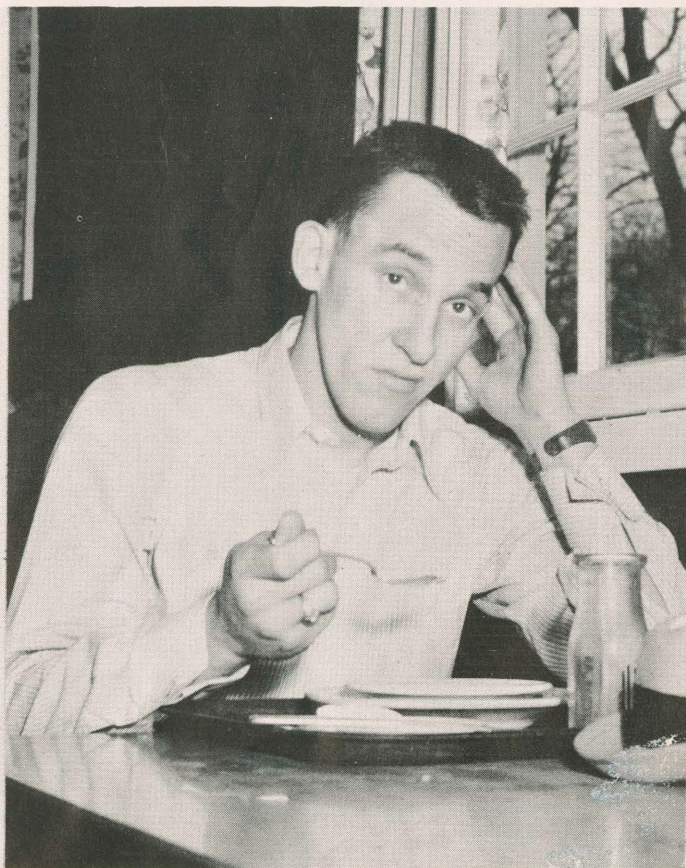
So far as we know, Yogi still waits in line at the "Caf" every night.



6. Are you satisfied when you leave?



4. What about cost?



5. How does the food taste?

By BOB FRENCH

The ruling that college sports are to be carried on by bona fide students of amateur standing has probably involved more college administrations in moral hypocrisy than any other restraint placed upon the American educational institution.

According to the National Collegiate Athletic Association, college sports are supposed to be amateur — and an amateur athlete is one who does not receive financial aid or equivalent inducement for his activity in a sport. With this in mind, it would be interesting to know just how many college presidents have perjured themselves by sworn statements that to their knowledge, their players are not receiving aid directly or indirectly for participation in athletics.

Not too many years ago, the student came to college for an education and took part in a sport if he enjoyed it and was good enough to make the team. The athletic program was carried on primarily in the interest of physical development. College sports started out that way. Over the years, however, it has become a big business enterprise involving millions of dollars annually. Many colleges and universities throughout the nation feel that the most important objective is to have a winning team, even if the players have to be recruited from all over the country and paid for their athletic abilities.

Alumni, students, and the general public are geared to athletic overemphasis, and the recruiting and subsidizing of athletes has reached a point where colleges "bid" for promising players regardless of the fact that the athlete is being induced by liberal compensation rather than educational objectives.

One of the biggest reasons for subsidization is the gradual flaring up of economic determinism in colleges. They have found that there is a lot of money involved in setting up a creditable athletic program with an eye-catching schedule and a popular, winning team. Heavy gate receipts and large net profits are the reward for subsidizing the country's top athletes. This profit is used for carrying on the college's whole intercollegiate and intramural program, and often for building purposes.

Many colleges go to the extreme to build up a winning team because they and many of their alumni believe that victorious teams enhance the prestige of the institution by putting it on the map, so to speak, even though the players in no way are representative of the student body and were secured only through subsidization. Under the pressure of inside and outside forces, colleges have undermined the very objective they were created to achieve. The purpose of a college is to educate the student and give him a well-rounded sense of values. When undue emphasis is placed on the acquisition of a winning team, the college destroys not only a sense of values but also deprives the student of educational facilities like libraries and laboratories, which could be improved if they were deemed more important than subsidized, winning teams.

Coaching has become one of the biggest businesses

College Sports

Big Business

in colleges today. Many coaches receive much larger salaries than the best professors, and a coach with a salary overshadowing that of the college president is not uncommon. Certainly, there is no doubt that the student's sense of values becomes distorted when he realizes that the outstanding scholars of fame and rare ability receive smaller financial reward than many coaches.

This relentless pursuit of victory by colleges is destroying the idea of an athletic sport — that of participation for the sake of the sport, for the fun of the game, and the value of physical development. So much time and strength of the players are demanded in this modern era that some athletes graduate from college knowing little of the school's objectives in the arts and sciences. They go to school, live the sport in which they are subsidized, and often rely on gifts of passing grades from non-ethical professors. According to a recent article in the *Christian Century*, senior athletes at Yale this year adopted a statement deploring the way in which their college years had been drained of educational value by the demands of athletic training.

All of this adds up to the fact that colleges and universities are destroying amateur athletics. They talk amateurism in order to live up to the purpose of collegiate sports, but act professionally in order to build prestige and draw big money. College sports are rapidly becoming little more than minor league farms for professional enterprises.

Many supporters of subsidization argue that athletic training exacts so much time and hard work from the student that he *should* be financially remunerated since other campus workers receive pay. Of course, such a statement can easily be outpointed by referring to the actual purpose of college sports. Football is a game, not a job; it is a sport, not a form of labor. If we put sports in the same category as waiting on tables or



sorting books, then it cannot be said that men play sports for the fun of it. Why do students wait on tables? To earn money — and we cannot say that a football player should play football to earn money while in school.

Still others insist that subsidization allows many young men to get an education who otherwise would not have been able to attend college. This is very true, but there are often students with greater potentialities who need assistance more than subsidized athletes. Is the lack of athletic talents a handicap? Many athletes are led to believe the world is one big racket because of the fuss made over them by subsidization. They leave college with the same outlook.

Today, the world needs statesmen — men with level heads, intelligence, diplomacy, and a sense of balanced values. In this modern age, the world has dire need of well-trained, responsible leaders. An institution of learning fails mankind if it does not do its utmost to turn out the best possible graduates. Its supreme objective should be knowledge and fellowship.

In spite of the apparent pessimism of the above paragraphs, this article is written in the hope that it will not reflect on the many conscientiously-scholastic athletes active under subsidization. Nor does it mean to run down the many institutions who subsidize athletes, but on the other hand have made far greater academic contributions to enrich our way of life. Instead, it is written as a plea for college sports alone.

There are also a number of schools that can boast complete fidelity in respect to their athletic policy. Valparaiso University, for example, has placed athletes under the real control of a faculty committee which regulates competitive sports on a strict, non-partisan basis. Valparaiso lives up to the NCAA's sanity code in spirit and letter—and still is able to produce notable teams. It is a fact that Valpo's coaches receive less

than the university's top-ranking professors.

Eventually the public will realize the deplorable conditions that generally prevail in college sports. Then the problem may be solved. Otherwise, professionalism will envelop the whole of sports, leaving two alternatives: 1) take the professional trend in stride and let gambling syndicates and athletic clubs increase their hold on college sports, or 2) completely erase intercollegiate sports from the picture.

With such a situation facing the world of college sports, there can be only one answer — eliminate subsidization. If subsidization were stopped today, there would not be any serious repercussions. Big colleges could play big colleges, and middle-sized and small colleges could play each other on equal terms. Athletes would come from the normal student body. There would be fun, pride, and real college spirit in intercollegiate contests. Then we would be able to know the difference between a top-ranking, first class college and a second rate institution with a subsidized, winning team.

There is no argument about the necessity of athletics in the college program. Sports can and should be one of the most valuable assets to a college when played correctly. Teamwork stresses cooperation, and cooperation is vitally necessary in today's crowded world. Sports give students vigorous, wholesome diversion from classroom work. Athletics can be one of the campus' most unifying activities.

If college sports can be re-established in their original state, a great contribution to education will have been made. If not, the sad misfortune of college sports will grow worse and further hurt athletics and education. One thing is certain — there is always victory when we uphold a worthy cause, even if we are defeated.

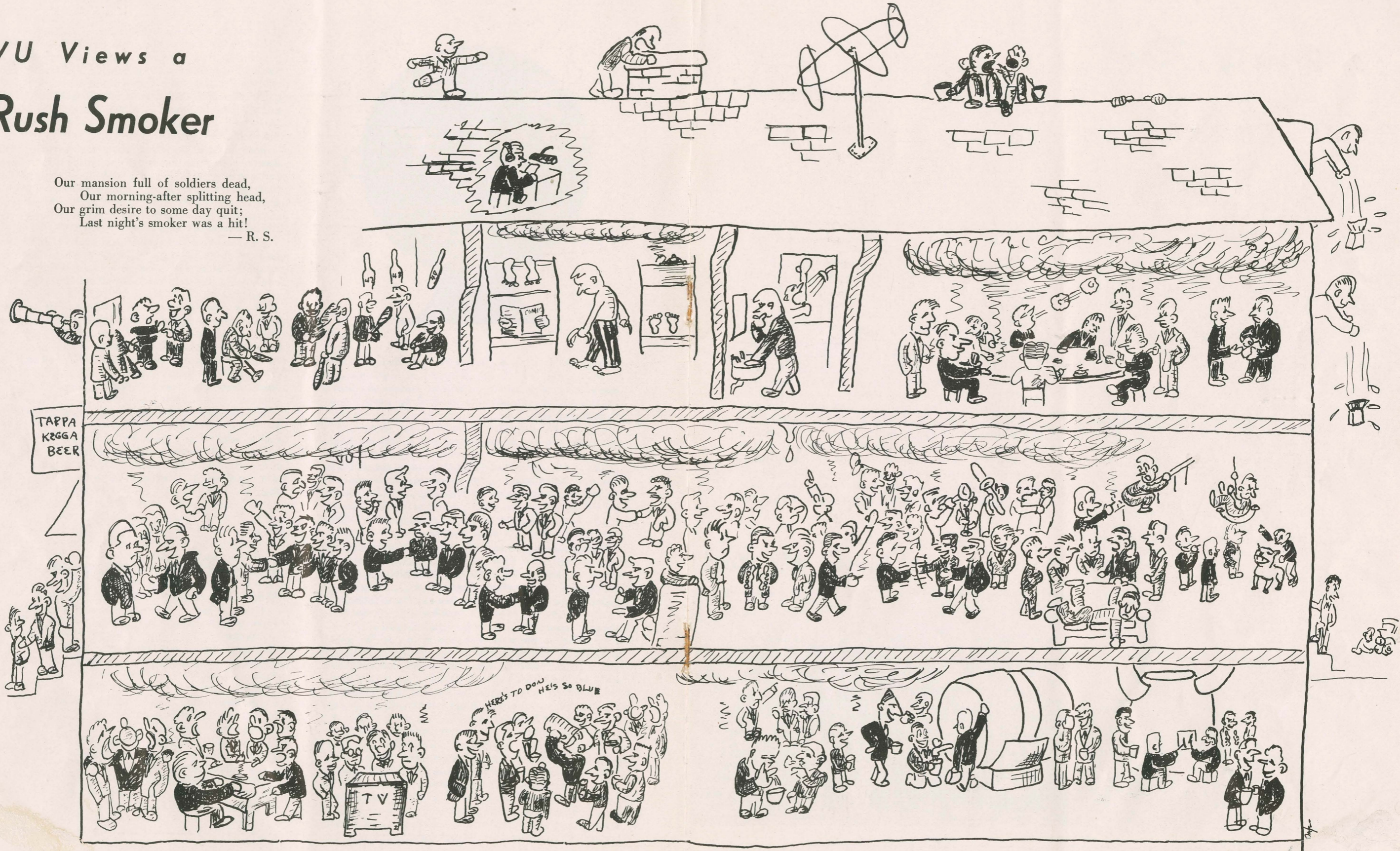
Five P. M. Fatigue

Work, labor, sweat . . . walk, ride, walk;
 Home at last . . . ah-h-h, how soft a chair,
 How comfortable a corpulent, padded divan . . .
 The paper; news . . . , no, funnies first—let's see . . .
 Cartoons, comics, caricatures . . . satire . . .
 Sports . . . editorials . . . headlines . . . ho-o-o hum.
 "Dinner ready yet?"
 "No."
 Finger that dial . . . sweet tea-time tempos,
 "Da da da di dum di dum-m-mmm," calm, quiet,
 cooling;
 Muscles relax, releasing tensions,
 Soft, soothing solitude . . .
 Limp, liquid laziness . . .
 Blessed, blissful blinking . . .
 Slumped in sleep . . . steeped in slumber;
 Medicine of Morpheus . . . sleep . . .
 . . . Sleep . . .

— R. S.

VU Views a Rush Smoker

Our mansion full of soldiers dead,
Our morning-after splitting head,
Our grim desire to some day quit;
Last night's smoker was a hit!
— R. S.



Fraternity Row

By RAY KLUG

While Valparaiso University has witnessed an unprecedented growth in enrollment during the past few years, until now housing facilities for students have remained relatively inadequate. An entirely new campus with many buildings will be built in future years in order to provide new and adequate structures for the housing, classroom, and recreational requirements of larger student bodies to come.

General plans for East Campus are still in the embryonic stage. A master plan such as is necessary cannot be mapped overnight. Notable progress has been made, however, with the Lutheran Laymen's League promoting the construction of an administration and classroom building, the Alumni Association collecting funds for a fieldhouse, and the University Guild working for the erection of a new chapel — all on the new campus. These, as well as the new library, will become realities in the foreseeable future. The question arises, what about fraternities and sororities on the new campus? Will they, too, be provided space? If so, where and how?

Three years ago, when Guild Hall neared completion, Greeks became concerned about the university's rumored, "forced" move of sororities from their houses to the new women's dormitory. Sororities and fraternities rallied together to discuss the possible effects of such an eventful step and to decide what they could do to prevent it. Greeks then feared that this enforced migration would be the first step in dissolution of sororities.

In spring of the year 1947, upperclasswomen met with Pres. O. P. Kretzmann to see where the administration stood. President Kretzmann posed the advantages of attractive housing in Guild Hall, but on the other hand admitted the sororities had certain intimate social advantages which they could maintain, perhaps better, in their own houses. He was surprised to learn that sororities preferred to retain individual houses when the new dormitory with all its modern conveniences had been offered to them. No definite conclusions were reached in this meeting, but at a second one held shortly thereafter, President Kretzmann told the representatives of each sorority and fraternity who gathered in his office that the sororities were to decide for themselves whether or not they would move to Guild Hall, and that sororities and fraternities financially able to build their own houses would be given permission to do so by the university.

It is now known that the irate Greeks were misled by false rumors declaring that the sororities were being "forced" to move to Guild Hall. The administration, now as then, maintains that Greeks have a decided place on campus and sees no reason for their dissolution. Greeks *had* learned, however, that through the complete cooperation of each house a critical item could be clarified and settled. The events proved that

Greek organizations could, if they were willing, gather into a unified body. Egon Guba, editor of the *Torch* in 1947, proposed the formation of a Pan-Hellenic Council. This group was to be swifter-acting than IFC or ISC and was to meet occasionally with President Kretzmann on a discussion basis. Its duties, however, were not to overlap with either the Inter-Fraternity or Inter-Sorority Councils, or with the Student Council. The proposal was accepted and the Pan-Hellenic Council was born.

The Council then wrote a letter to the Board of Directors of the university asking that each Greek-letter organization be given the opportunity to establish its separate, private residence on the new campus, the buildings to be in conformance with the general architectural design of the entire campus.

In planning housing on the new campus, the Board first had to decide how many students would be enrolled at the university. Board members now envision an enrollment of approximately 4000 students in future years. A university committee is currently preparing a plan to determine the exact number and type of buildings needed on East Campus. Area studies indicate that for an enrollment of 4000, there will be room for everything but faculty housing. Space for fraternity and sorority houses definitely will be allotted on the new campus. It is doubtful, however, if many fraternities will be in a financial position to build new houses on East Campus in the next few years. None of the sororities own the houses they occupy, and most of the

When Will Your



University of Michigan

fraternities still have years to go before they can burn the mortgages on their present houses. It will still be many more years before these organizations have sufficient funds to begin planning new structures.

The biggest advantage of new Greek houses is that more living space and more modern facilities will be provided. Present houses are over-crowded and antiquated. There would also be the prestige of owning a new structure. On the other hand, certain difficulties may arise in being the first fraternity to build on the new campus. One of these is the distance from the present university site. The general area temporarily selected for Greek housing is on the northern edge of East Campus facing LaPorte Avenue. Having a new house may not be much of an advantage if a fraternity is divorced from the university family because of location. It is to be inferred, however, that by the time any fraternity is ready to build, several more university buildings will have been erected on East Campus.

The Pan-Hellenic Council has become inactive until future needs demand it be re-organized. Since then each fraternity considering a new house has gone ahead on its own. When the time comes, however, and fraternities actually are in a position to build, it will be necessary for Pan-Hellenic to be called together again. No fraternity can hope to build on the new campus without consulting others. It will be necessary to divide the selected area into individual lots for each organization. This will necessitate a general plan for all houses. Do the fraternities want a fraternity row in the strictest sense of the word? That is, do they want to build their houses next to one another in an even line? Or do they want to construct a fraternity boulevard whereby houses are placed unevenly along a winding road? Perhaps Greeks may desire a quadrangle, or still another non-geometric arrangement.

These problems will have to be solved by fraternities working together. Pan-Hellenic must also consider the possibility of a central heating unit, which could serve all houses jointly and be financed and controlled by all houses acting together. To have such an arrangement would be a marked financial advantage.

In many cases the basic premise upon which Greek organizations operate is house first and campus second. Most people are aware of the fact that it is impossible for the university's social system to satisfy the desires of each student. There must be some smaller unit in which the student can be an individual, and be treated in a fashion that makes him more than just a cog in a machine. But the tendency toward smaller units can become so great that the spirit of the university may be pushed into the background. Some Greeks forget that among their main duties should be the support of the university in all its endeavors, the promotion of a more friendly campus spirit, and the provision of leaders in activities and campus undertakings. With the recent increase in enrollment, it is especially the Greeks' responsibility to set an example for the unorganized underclassmen to follow.

Any Greek organization which does not foster such ideals has defeated its purpose and can present no valid reason for existence. Greeks have the power and the organization to make campus spirit and campus life as strong and stronger than Greek spirit. They can demonstrate this by their attitude toward the construction of new fraternity and sorority houses on East Campus. It would be well for them to re-organize the Pan-Hellenic Council when the time for building approaches and cooperate on a group basis in establishing a fraternity "village." It would be to their own individual interests to do so. The time may not be too far distant.

Fraternity Own One of These Houses?



University of North Carolina



University of Illinois

Doomsday—Janutober 31

By PAUL GANDT

Doomsday, Janutober 31 — 13:00 m.m. to 17:00 midnight — A to F.

A to F . . . Jones belonged in G to L but who was to know the difference? Yeh. This Jones he was quite a character. When the rest of the world was conforming, Godfrey and Jones got away with sitting idly by — de-winging malarial mosquitoes or humming China's national anthem. And when the greater student body of a certain widdle midlester college struggled to prevent itself from becoming just another institution steeped in stagnant water, Jones occupied himself with a plot against the organization of registration.

Needless to tell you . . . he had something on his hands. He theorized, on paper, a scheme whereby J could slip in with the A's and B's not to mention C's and D's and E's and F's. This plan was not completely without motive either. I should like to impress the reader with the idea that Jones was after all a Christian lad. But then . . . his problem required a certain amount of . . . a certain amount . . . well, Jones pledged a fraternity in his sophomore year and found that he had it . . . whatever it was.

Doomsday, Janutober 31. A to F.

Veteran — white — age 24. The local business office was on his side. Perhaps it was because of this that he found it difficult to understand the reason for living in an orange crate four blocks from the campus as the something or other flies.

Jones didn't have a car in the world . . . nor the price of shoes in his pocket . . . but the business office was on his side. In looking back to his freshman year he suddenly remembered that he didn't even have a pot to haze in.

Doomsday, Janutober 31. A to F.

Some fellows may think that nothing but good could ever come from dating a gal who works in the business office. Well, Jones might have looked upon it that way, too . . . had it not been for one rather disheartening experience. It seems that Jones was always getting into these things. He called his girl on the phone and made a date for the 31st of Janutober the year when he was a sophomore (how well he remembered) and unlike most dates . . . he made this one with the purpose in mind of having Gracie do him a favor. Would she please tear up his dorm bill? Now that wasn't much to ask. She said she would. He said she would never regret the move.

Gracie left town unexpectedly before she could take care of the favor so she left her best girl friend a note to tear up the you-know-what. The G. I. checks came in on the day that Gracie left the note and the girl friend out of jealousy tore up the you-know-what. But Jones wasn't a hard nose. He bore his burden like the veteran he was. By the end of the week his fellow students had to take action against the onslaught of griping. They saved their coffee money . . . went to chapel and dropped the change into a box labelled "Jones's Relief."

But Jones was the kind of a guy who could look a charity-minded society in the face and remember a good joke that he had heard . . . all in the wink of a second. Sociology would call him a cynic . . . others called him Teacher Material.

Doomsday, Janutober 31, A to F.

In looking over the time schedule for the semester, Jones had to laugh because he recalled the way in which he came upon the course he pursued. During freshman orientation one of the profs had stressed the importance of following a life's work which would draw upon one's special abilities. However, all of those listening to the lecture knew that the speaker himself came upon his job through a quirk of fate. Dr. Lum-dee-dum became a teacher because he had to. That is to say, he commuted during college and had to arrange his program to suit the hours of his buddy who drove the car from the steel slums every day. The driver was going to be a teacher so good old Lum-dee-dum had to be one, too. And now good old Jones found himself in a similar position. Again it was a quirk of fate. It was Lum-dee-dum's daughter who worked in the business office and Lum-dee-dum taught the better part of the engineering courses. Well, that's the way the slide rule bounces.

Doomsday, Janutober 31, A to F.

On paper the theory of undermining regulations at registration looked good . . . but the day was here and now . . . trying the scheme out seemed to be another matter. Yes, Jones was nervous when he entered the registration line with all the A's and F's. He was somewhat relieved when he noticed one of his fraternity brothers helping with the registration. It occurred to him then and there . . . "We ABO's got to stick together." He recalled the old adage . . . "It's not what you know . . . it's who you know" . . . and for another moment he felt secure. But when it came



You think that is unheard of . . . for a professor to petition.

time for the helping hand . . . Jones's brother turned his back . . . coughed and whistled "Music, Music, Music."

Put another nickel in . . . in Jones's relief tin.

We won't go into what ran through Jones's mind at that moment. It's not who you know, it's how they know. It looked to Jones as if the whole world knew. He blushed and wondered whether he should go through with it. But he was a veteran wasn't he? It took courage to fight the war didn't it? He was an officer wasn't he? A new surge of determination swept over him and he filled out four more blue cards.

A to F. Married..... Single..... Do you have any friends or relatives attending or teaching at this university? Yes . . . Professor Lum-dee-dum.

Somehow Jones sneaked by the first hurdles of the day and when things really began to look brighter a new obstacle presented itself. His pen ran dry . . . ? No, nothing like that. Professor Lum-dee-dum died

. . . ? No. No, nothing like that. Jones found that he didn't have the prerequisites necessary to take Reinforced Concrete I. He fully explored the list of his past courses, but nowhere could he find Reinforced Bubblegum I. You have to take Reinforced Bubblegum I before you can even think of taking Reinforced Concrete I. Professor Underwear insisted. Jones mentioned that Professor Lum-dee-dum was practically his father-in-law — but all to no avail.

Professor Underwear suggested a course in Argentine literature but no one was going to pull the wool over Jones's eyes. He would petition. That's it. He would petition. Professor Underwear got huffy. He said that no one was going to pull the Reinforced Bubblegum I over his eyes. He would petition, too. You think that is unheard of . . . for a professor to petition. Ha . . . in fact, ha, ha. Underwear knew what he was doing. How do you think he got his B. V. D.?



Dean's Daughter Becomes VU's Cherry Blossom Queen

Each year the Indianapolis *Star* sponsors a state-wide contest among Indiana colleges and universities to choose the Hoosier state's candidate to the national Cherry Blossom Festival in Washington, D. C.

The only requirements are that the girl be between the ages of 18 and 25 and that her home be in the State of Indiana. The *Star* has a local contest chairman (this year it was Mel Doering, editor of the *Torch*) submit photos of the school's entry so that the judges can see for themselves. Last year Donna Brueggeman, a Kappa Tau Zeta junior, was nominated and won

honorable mention in the contest. This year Valpo's choice was Jo Bauer — Dean Walter E. Bauer's 19-year-old daughter. Someday the *Star's* judges will have to account for their overlooking the state's most qualified contestant when they awarded the prize to a Ball State coed this year.

Jo (for Johanna) Bauer is a petite 5' 5½" coed who could easily be mistaken for Shirley Temple. Although she wound up her freshman year with a 2.0 average in 1949, Jo took a "D" in physiography last semester just to show she's human. She intends to major in English and history and minor in German. Claiming she "just wants an education," Jo also plans to leave Valpo with a teaching license.

An independent sophomore at the time VU went to press, Jo said she expects to sign on a sorority's dotted line this semester. Jo dates one fellow in particular, but has been seen at the local cinema with occasional interlopers.

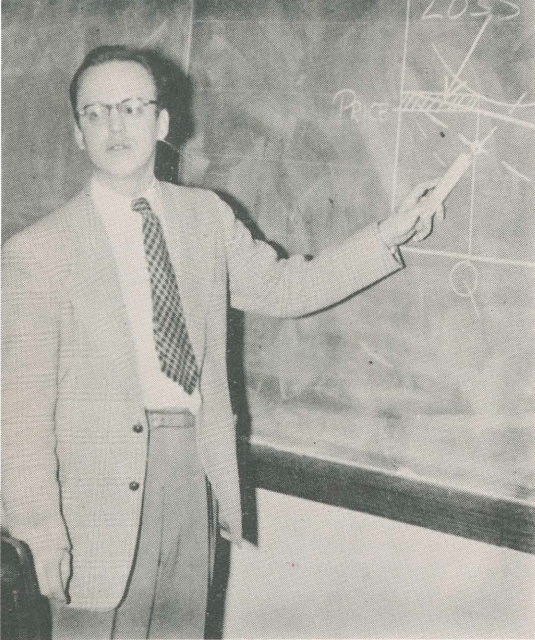
The attractive brown-haired, brown-eyed student works from noon to one every day running the university's switchboard in Music Hall. She's already spent a summer as counselor at Camp Arcadia in Michigan. Jo forthrightly imparted some vital statistics to VU's reporter: weight, 130 lb.; bust, 35"; waist, 25"; and hips, 35".

Valpo's Cherry Blossom Queen committee told VU's reporter that they wanted to see the Indiana coed who, in the opinion of the *Star's* judges, was able to surpass Jo Bauer in either beauty or popularity.

Left: VU's
photographer
catches Jo in
Torch office.



Right: Valpo's
"hello" spirit
really is old
stuff to Jo.



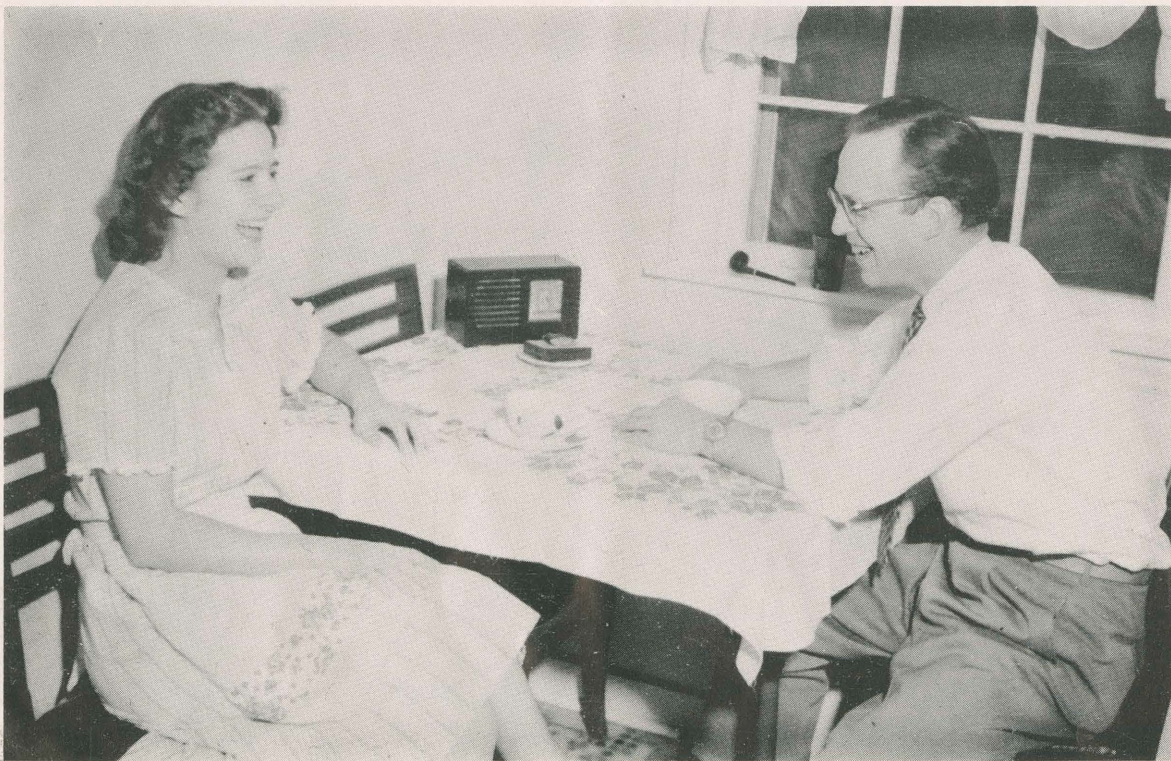
Bob Tank — man about campus.

One of the most energetic instructors Valpo has seen in many years is Robert Tank, economics teacher who considers it slothful to sleep more than six hours a night. His wife, Bernie, an understanding '47 Gamma Phi alumna, and his one-and-a-half-year-old daughter Cindy watch with amazement as Bob rushes off to classes, attends scores of meetings every week, paints the house, plays piano with Bill Morthland's orchestra on weekends, cruises all over the Mid-West in his new "standard-standard" Chevvie, installs a television set in his house, installs a P-A system in the Hole, takes pictures for the *Beacon*, experiments in his darkroom, and works for his master's degree at the University of Chicago.

An honorary member of Kappa Delta Pi, Tank spends much of his time in conference with committees advising them on business and legal matters. He also is a member of Alpha Phi Omega. He was a member of Alpha Tau Omega at the University of Wisconsin where he earned his Ph. B. in 1943. He attended classes here at Valpo as an unclassified student in 1946-'47.

Bob Tank — with gray hair coming through at the age of 29 — wins VU's nomination as a student's friend and man-of-affairs.

A Day in the Life of Bob Tank



Bernie has coffee waiting when Bob, per usual, comes home late.

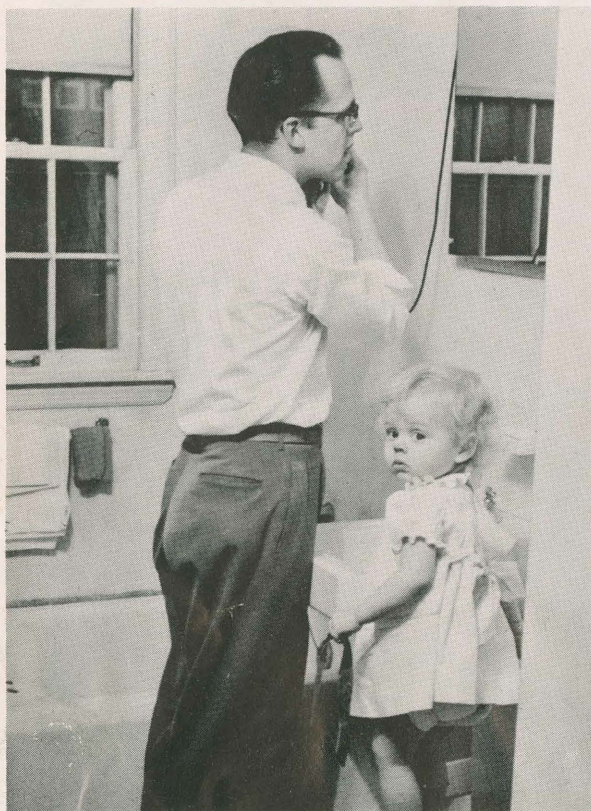


TOP: Bob put 20,000 miles on his new Chevie in 10 months.

BOTTOM: Active in fraternity affairs, Tank meets with Bob Knospe, Ed Peper, and Norm Cobb of KDP's executive committee.



Amateur photography, too.



Little Cindy is eager spectator.

editor's mail box



Dear Editor:

I've gone through the first issue of VU faithfully. Perhaps you and the staff haven't made up your minds on the definite editorial purpose or trend of VU. You'll have to wrestle that through so you don't wander off into all directions editorially.

Best wishes to you and the staff,
ALFRED P. KLAUSLER

Managing Editor,
The Walther League Messenger.

Dear Editor,

I especially liked Wehling's article, the Crusader story, and the picture story of the Delta Chi formal. I thought it was good. I was impressed.

I'm glad Valpo finally did it. It's been on the tip of the pen for so many people, but it's always so much easier to leave it undone. I hope my check will reach you in time to assure my receiving the next issue.

HARRIET NITSCHKE

Hitchcock, South Dakota

(Miss Nitschke, '48, was feature editor of the *Torch* for two years, 1946-47 and 1947-48. — Ed.)

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed reading Professor Wehling's article (Reflections on Intolerance), but I don't subscribe to his views. Christianity is a way of living, it is not like a set of clothes you can put on and take off at pleasure.

DONALD J. MILLER

Bethesda Lutheran Home,
Watertown, Wisconsin

Dear Editor,

At this opportune time, I wish to compliment you on the first issue. There is a place for this publication, and in time it should grow in importance on the campus.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely yours,
KATHARINE E. BOWDEN

University Librarian.

Dear Editor,

For content VU is good. The color work was excellent.

The staff has done a good job and I am envious. The envy is derived from the fact that Valpo has a literary magazine, Wittenberg does not. Keep up the good work!

MARVIN S. HORNSTEIN

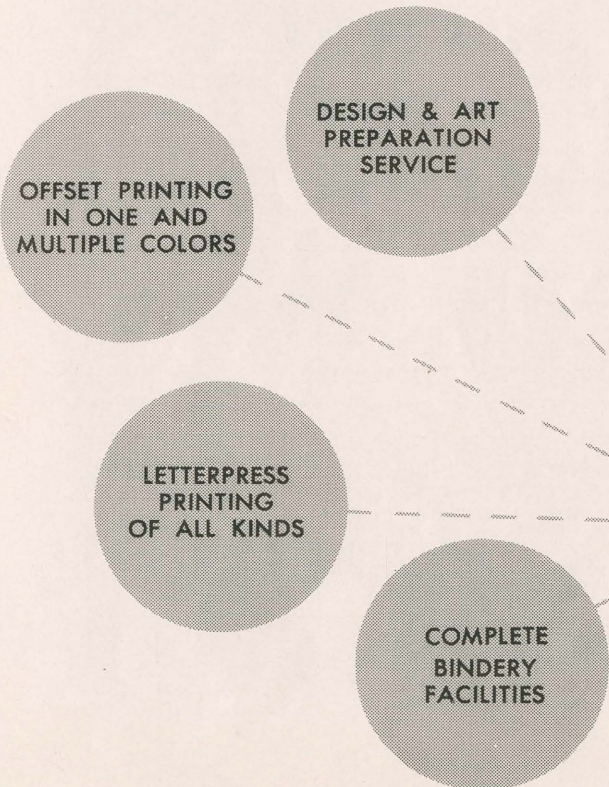
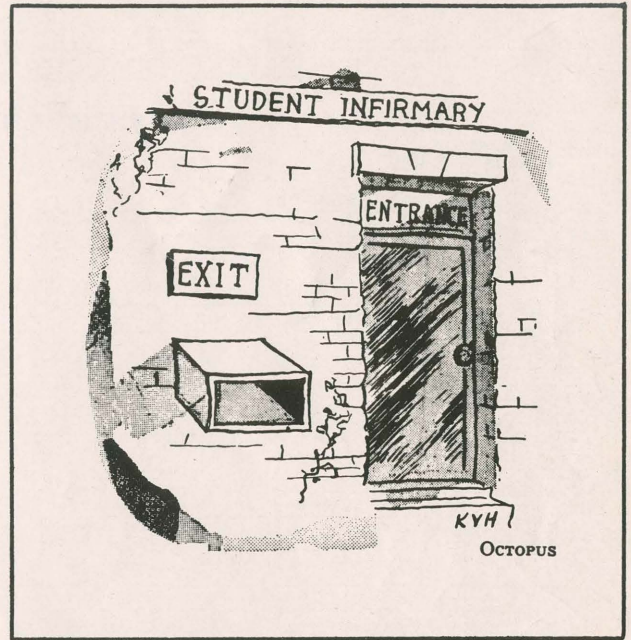
Business Manager,
The Wittenberg Torch,
Wittenberg College,
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Editor:

You did a good job on VU. Congratulations!

Sincerely yours,
REV. KENNETH L. AHL

Executive Secretary,
Armed Services Commission,
Washington, D. C.



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Hail to the Brown and Gold

Valparaiso University Fight Song

Music by
ROBERT G. TANK

Lyrics by
WILLIAM G. TANK

Marcho de Valpo

HAIL TO THE BROWN AND GOLD, All our loy - al - ty to you we hold;

For vic - try's al - ways near, So we'll ring out a cheer to the glo - ries that will

ne'er grow old. RAH! RAH! RAH! HAIL TO THE BROWN AND GOLD, To a

team that al - ways will be true; And so our hat's off to you, our team that's

fight - ing a - new for Val - po's BROWN AND GOLD.

1. 2.