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## VU Magazine, vol. 1, no. 3

Valparaiso University

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VU

35¢  
June  
1950



VU Views the Dunes



# campus car

## Dunes Doings

Every day last month the sun shone a little longer and a little stronger, and just like in Chaucer's time, folks longed to go on pilgrimages. Weekend afternoons at the Dunes, at least 90 per cent of the disciples of sun, sand, and water were Valpo students. Celeste Mehlberg won the annual sun tan contest with a coffee-tone complexion — her reward for many hours' basking on the Alpha Xi roof. Convertibles blossomed on campus, loaded to the gunwales with the many new friends of the drivers. Classes headed for the bull pen on South Campus, and VU regrets that it has no accurate data on the number of man-hours snoozed away in classrooms wafted with lilac-scented zephyrs.

Remnants of the **Beacon** staff gathered at the Dunes one afternoon late in May to consume a hundred hot dogs and to swig gallons of Coke. A huge party of men from Lembke played softball nearby. One of the Lembke-men slipped off with a cute little Beacon typist from Altruria Hall for a walk down to the beach, and the derelict editor, eyes glazed with too many hot dogs, failed to count the sunburned noses of those who got on the bus for the return trip.

Later that night Mrs. Rodewald received a frantic telephone call from a couple stranded at the park. Rising nobly to the occasion, she whipped her new gray Ford "machine" to the Dunes and rescued the two young wanderers from what might have become an overnight predicament.

Yet another harbinger of spring is expected momentarily at the KTZ house. The coeds' little mascot Kappie is — that is, she — you know — uh, well — Kappie's in a family way! The girls, having gently chid the little beast for her spring-time indiscretion have dropped the argyles they were knitting for their boyfriends to weave little garments, and are seeking kind homes for the future foundlings.

## Next Year's Song Fest

The evening of Field Day, 1950, saw the Phi Psis and Gammas walk home with armfuls of trophies for their athletic and musical prowess. Although the music generally sounded better than ever before, we can't help but wonder if the Greeks who founded the custom almost fifteen years ago would recognize Song Fest today. You know at one time, Field Day participants would go home to eat, then return for Song Fest still attired in sweat shirts and dungarees.

Witness today's sorority uniforms, the precision marching of the groups to the dais, the commercial firm that will preserve your song for posterity at \$2.00 a record, and the dramatic presentations of sororities seeking to emulate the Aeschylan choruses of antiquity — then hear our suggestion.

Why not hold Song Fest on South Campus next year? Let the judges sit somewhere in Music Hall by an open window where they can hear what's going on, but not where they can deduct two points for an unshaven face, smudged lipstick, or a director's miscue. Let the fraternities and sororities flop on the grass around the bull pen and just sing.

Before Greek rivalry leads to year-round practicing at 7 a.m., full symphonic accompaniments, or buckskin and feathers regalia because some group decides to sing "Indian Love Song," why don't the Greeks re-emphasize the **song** in Song Fest? If a fraternity or sorority wants dollar fines for missed practices, that's up to them.

## Next Year's Clean-Up Day

VU joins the **Torch** in lamenting the demise of Clean-Up Day — the noble experiment tried last year to prepare the campus for Founders' Day. For the sake of those new to Valpo this year, the university provided students with an excuse from classes and plenty of rakes, ladders,



brooms, and dust cloths. By noon the campus literally sparkled. Windows glistened and not a single cigarette butt lay on all the newly-combed grass. Students took off for the Dunes, the Blue Goose, or Newberry Library, having traded the administration a clean sweep-down, fore and aft, for a day off from school.

We don't mean to belittle the efforts of the Maintenance Department. The brave little crew did manage to rearrange a lot of the dirt around the bushes on campus and it didn't look **too** bad for the L.U.A.'s silver anniversary. But think what hundreds of students could have done in a matter of hours in giving the grounds a manicure!

## Ordeals and Verb Wheels

Woeful graduates — big F's, D's and C's staring them in the face — gathered in the gym for final exams the week before most students faced the semi-annual ordeal. The happy A and B seniors frolicked at the Dunes, lined up jobs for the future, and cast haughty stares at the scholastically unfortunate. VU didn't have to send reporters to cover the exams at the gym, as graduating editors were well represented there.

Della Krentz, the dean's secretary, would show up at two-hour intervals, pass out the exams sealed in individual envelopes, then call for the students' efforts later.

Gym classes were cancelled for the week and seniors sat at tables spaced widely apart all over the basketball court. Here we must commend the department of foreign languages on its progressive attitude in helping students hurdle the obstacle of undesired but required courses.

Several seniors had ingenious little cardboard devices called "verb wheels," which we understand are now available in the bookstore. Cleverly designed to help students unravel the knot-tiest conjugations or translate the most difficult passages, these gadgets were manipulated with

(Continued on page 21)

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# They Pay Their Way

Valpo students earn extra cash to finance college careers in many unique ways.



Blond CAROL JEAN KIEL, one of six students working at public library, makes 50 cents an hour on Sundays.



Pre-legal BOB "SMILEY" STEPHAN earns 80 cents each hour he delivers flowers for the Central Floral Company.

When editors took a camera tour around town to see how many ways students earned spare cash for themselves, the survey showed that ingenious Valpoites could deliver flowers, stamp books, operate switchboards, plow fields, jerk sodas, sell socks, drive trucks, handle advertising, pump gas, sell groceries, or sling hash.

None of these jobs were connected with student aid (with the exception of the town library job), and the large income these students net is in addition to the thousands of dollars awarded by the university for part-time work.

Some employers in town apparently hadn't heard that Congress recently boosted the minimum wage to 75 cents per hour, but in general workers found they were adequately im-bursed for the leisure hours they had to sacrifice. Few will probably ever make the temporary jobs their permanent profession, but all those interviewed agreed that the experience would prove valuable to them later in life.

Outside work sometimes interferes with study, some of the workers said. This varies usually with the number of hours worked each week and the individual's capabilities. We do not recommend that beginners tackle schedules like those of Lois Schweppe, who works 40 hours a week for the telephone company, or of Dee Voll, who works weekdays for Lowenstine's and Sundays for Mrs. Johnson's.

So the next time you get the wrong change, the wrong number, the wrong size, the wrong flavor, regular instead of Ethyl, medium instead of rare, the flowers don't match, or the truck doesn't come, just take it easy.

It might be a poor overworked fellow-student of yours merely trying to turn an extra buck.

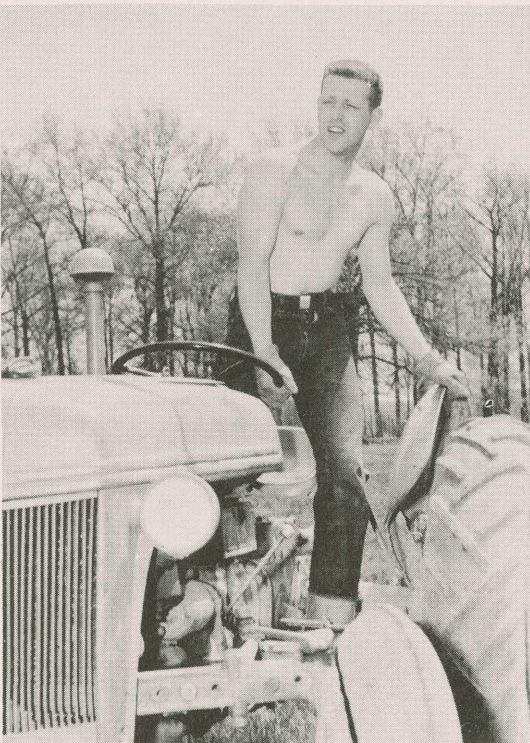




Beacon-staffer LOIS SCHWEPPE handles long distance calls 40 hours every week.



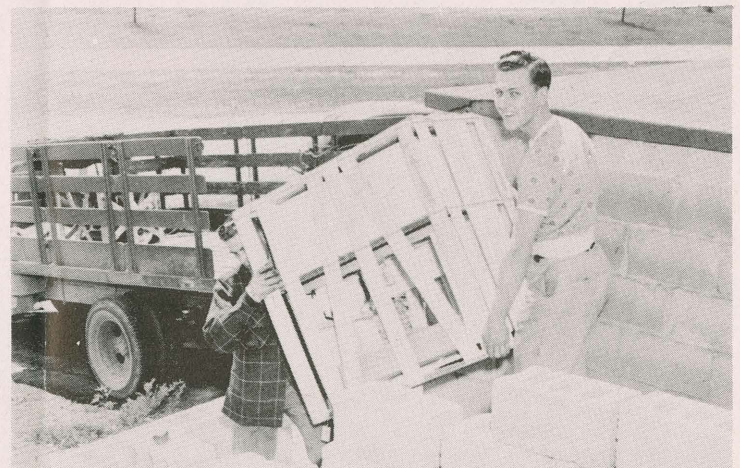
FRANK SPECHT, unclassified student, dishes out toothpaste, sundaes, and philosophy at Meagher's drug store.



City-boy HARRY HENDERSON earns \$1.25 per tilling the good earth near Valpo.



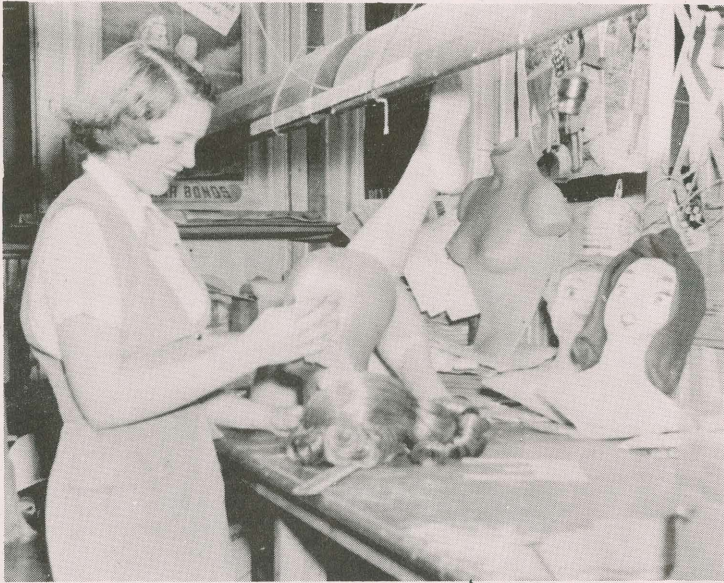
HELEN ELIOPOULOS, from San Francisco, sells women's apparel every weekend at Harvey's dime emporium.



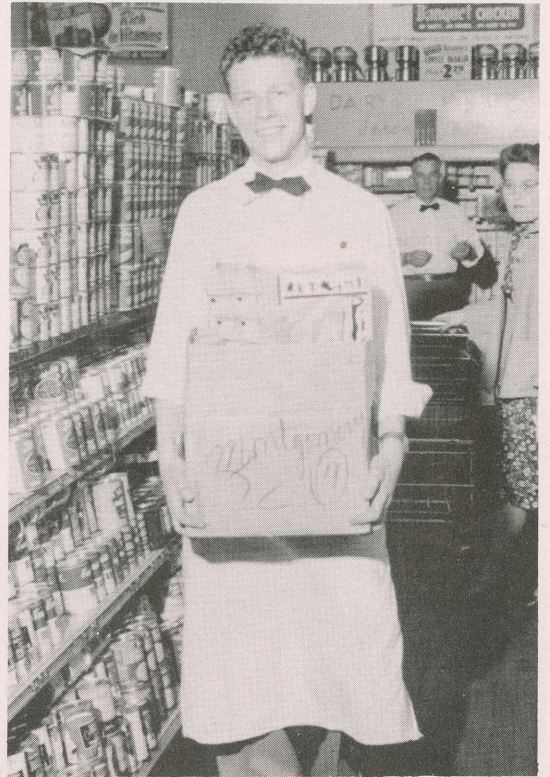
BOB LOESCH drives a truck for Sears Roebuck delivering heavy items like ironers around town with his helper.



# These Varied Jobs Represent Only a Few . . .



DEE VOLL makes up displays and advertisements for Lowenstine's and works Sundays at Mrs. Johnson's.



At National grocery store, BOB NOVOTNY learns how to be a clerk.

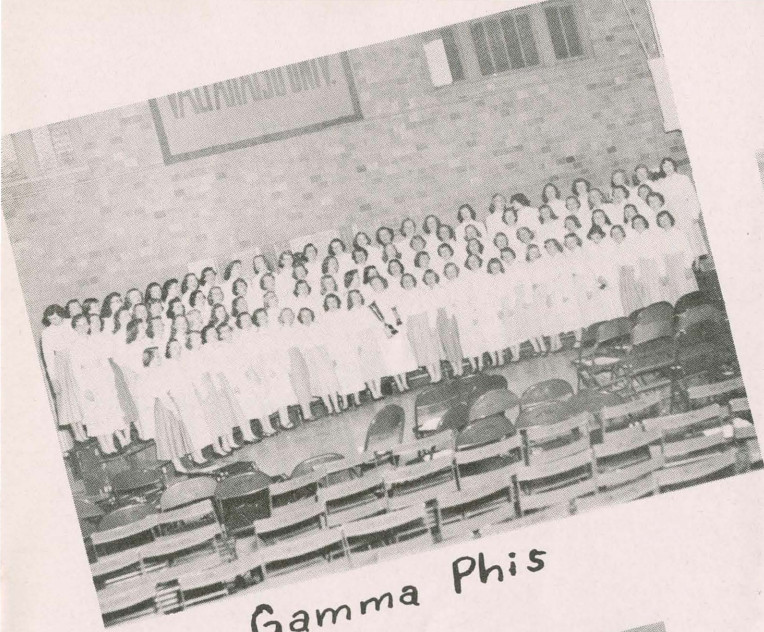


DON HEINITZ pumps gas for Bill's Marathon station every night.

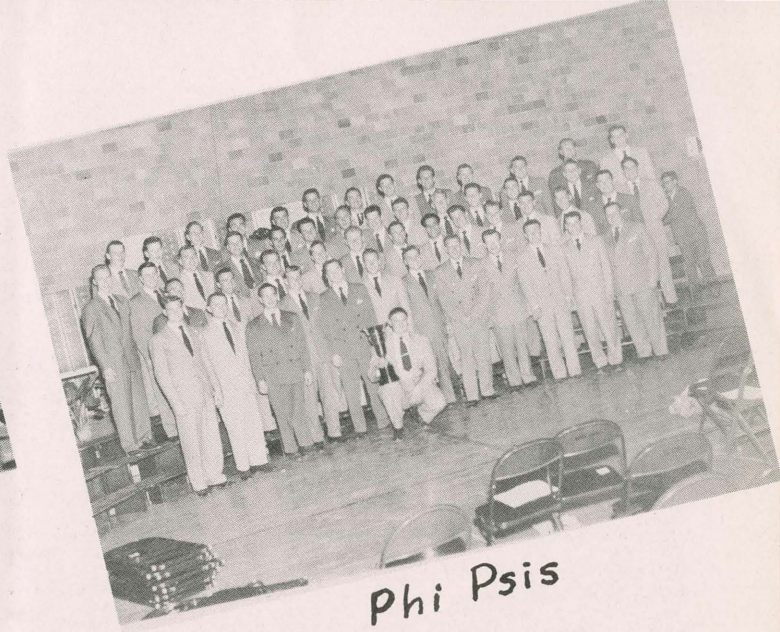


Weekend waitresses at Mrs. Johnson's Chicken Dinners are Mary Schnedler and her sister Jean (not shown).

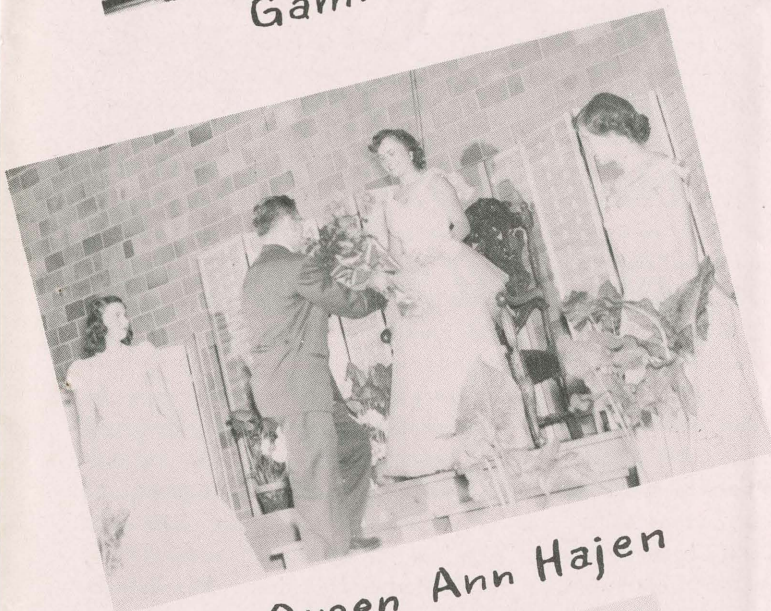




Gamma Phis



Phi Psis

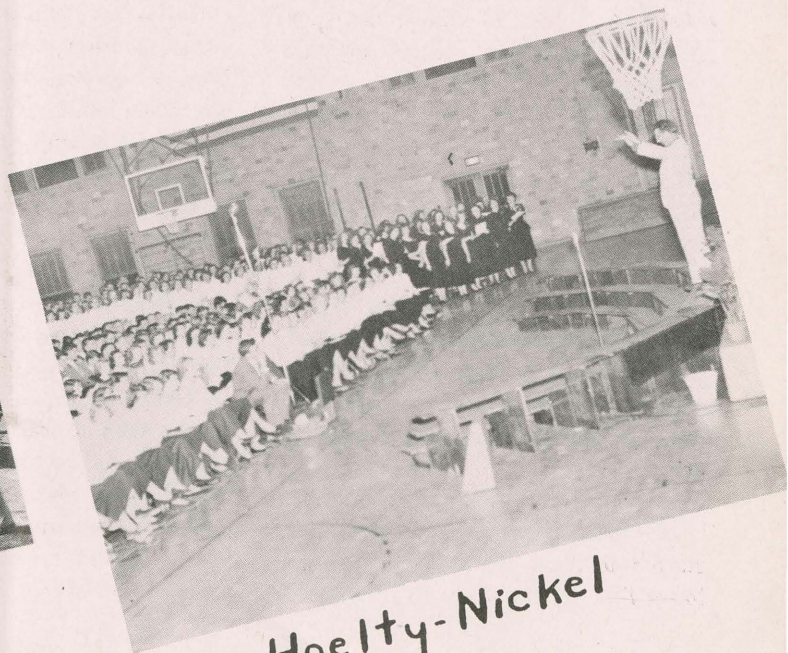


Queen Ann Hajen

# Field Day & Song Fest at V.U., 1950



Field Day Races



Hoelty-Nickel



# That Crazy Little Kid

By PEG LYON

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Helloooooo," he said.

"Helloooooo."

Joey hung over into the rain barrel and looked at himself in the brown still water. His stiff cowlick on the top of his head bent over like a limp feather, and he looked at it for a long time. He had never noticed it before.

"Boo!" he said.

"Boo!"

The sound in the rain barrel was deeper than his voice and it echoed up around his ears and made his head throb. So he only hung there until the rim of the barrel began to cut his middle. He climbed down from the barrel and slammed into the kitchen holding his arm across his stomach.

His mother was washing the dishes. It was hot in the kitchen. There was a wide dark spot on the shoulders of her dress. Joey looked at the spot for a time and then reached up and touched it.

"What do you want?" his mother said. She didn't turn around. Joey brought his arm down stiffly and then put it across his stomach. He kept watching the dark spot on his mother's dress.

"What do you want?" she said, and then she turned around. Joey looked straight into her face, he didn't say anything. His mother touched his arm, the one he held across his stomach.

"What's the matter? Do you hurt?"

He backed away from her and started to chew the quid inside his lower lip.

"Go outside and play, Joey. Go out and watch the flowers. Go out and wait for daddy."

He went out the door looking at his arm where his mother had touched him with her wet fingers. His mother watched him go. She made a swallowing movement with her throat and the vertical line between her eyebrows got deeper.

"He's seven," she murmured. "He's seven going on eight," and she put her fingers lightly over her mouth.

JOEY LAY ON HIS STOMACH and watched the flowers. It was so hot and still that they stood there for a long time and still they didn't move. He reached out and pushed one of the bushes and then watched the blossoms sway back and forth. Then he thought of his brother Clarence and Harold who wasn't his brother, and he covered his eyes with his hands and lay very still.

He lay very still until he heard his father coming up the front walk. Joey got up and ran around the corner of the house and then he stopped. Clarence was with him. Clarence had his ball mitt hooked around his wrist by the strap. He swung the bat forward and back as far as his wrist would bend. His father said, "Hi, Joey!" Joey came out to meet him slowly. Clarence said, "H'lo, stupid." The father said, "Clarence!"

"Okay, okay."

And then it was Saturday. They were all sitting around the table. Joey looked down at the egg on his plate. He took his fork and pricked the pink film on the top of it and watched the bright insides run down

into the white.

"Going fishing today?" the father asked Clarence.

"Yeah. Me and Harold."

"Harold?" his mother said, and the line in her forehead deepened again. "I don't like that Harold. He's mean and he swears too much. How old is he?"

"Thirteen," Clarence said. "Same as me."

"Well, he swears too much for thirteen."

"Going fishing with Harold, eh?" his father said. "Taking Joey along?"

Joey stopped pushing his fork into the bright part of his egg. He put the fork down on his plate very quietly. He looked at Clarence and felt his eyes go wide.

"Joey!" Clarence said, and he stared at his father. "Oh, dad, no! He's too young."

"He's been with you plenty of times before. You take Joey with you."

His father bent down over his coffee cup and his lips stretched out against the rim. Clarence shoved himself back against the chair.

"Now listen, dad, you know what happened the last time I took him fishing. He got up there in Wilson's cave . . ."

"He got up there in Wilson's cave because you put him up there and scared the living daylight out of him. You knew he didn't know enough to . . . you knew he couldn't get down from there."

"Can I help it if he's stupid?"

"Clarence!" His mother put her fingers over her mouth again.

"Well, can I help it? He never





Joey ran to catch up with them only he stayed away from Harold — and Harold's fishing pole.

says anything, he never does anything except look at bugs and worms and flowers. He never says a word. He stands there and looks at you. He's nuts!"

"Clarence, you listen to me. And sit down. You're not going anywhere. Joey doesn't hurt anybody. He never bothers you. You take Joey along or you're not going anywhere. And that's final."

"He's just . . . sick, that's all." His mother looked down at her plate, and the vertical line was very, very deep.

**HAROLD WAS WAITING FOR THEM** at the bridge. He stood with his legs spread apart, and he was wrapping his fish line around a long crooked stick. There was a small shiny lard bucket next to him. Joey knew what was in the bucket. Worms. He started to smile. Harold turned

around.

"How come you had to bring along the idiot?" He pulled his lips back and showed small gray teeth at Joey. Joey stared at him and moved back a step.

"I had to," Clarence said and he turned his head and scowled at Joey.

"Put him in the cave again, eh, buddy?" He grinned broadly at Clarence and poked his elbow in his ribs a couple of times.

"Nothin' doin'. I got hail columbia the last time. Listen you," he turned suddenly on Joey, "I ain't waitin' for you this time. You can stop and look at your bugs and stuff all you want but I ain't waitin' for you. If you get left behind it's your own darn fault."

Joey smiled and put his lower lip between his teeth.

Harold said, "Let's get going."

They walked across the dam where the water was all backed up. It was

awfully hot. Joey tried to remember when it had rained last but he couldn't remember past yesterday. And yesterday it hadn't rained. He remembered the rain barrel and that there was hardly any water in it at all. It couldn't have rained for a long time. Harold and Clarence jumped down from the dam and started walking along the bank of the river. They didn't look back. Joey stood on the dam for a minute and watched the other two boys and then slid down after them. The cement hurt him where he sat down but he felt a big bubble inside himself and it made him run and kick and laugh out loud. Harold turned around and then grinned at Clarence, tapping his head with his finger.

The river seemed smaller. The river bed was wide and hard and divided into little pieces that were peel-

(Continued on Page 16)

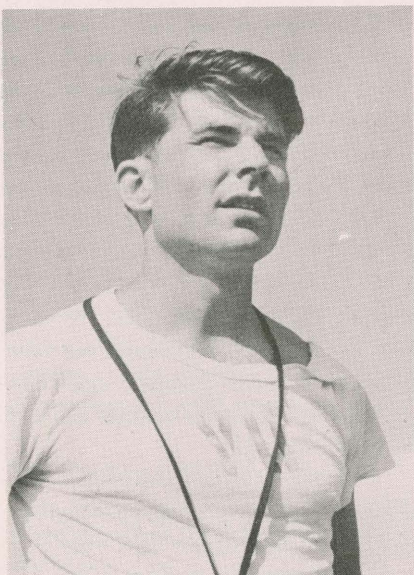


# Reiner Makes It Hurt

By RALPH SKOV



Reiner seems relaxed and fresh even after several muscle-bound huskies drop from exertion.



Line Coach Walt Reiner

Coach Walter Reiner's "Make it hurt!" is running a close rival to the well-known "freshwater college" quotation. Head Football Coach Emory Bauer relies on Walt's enthusiasm for physical fitness to toughen his football players. Besides dishing out daily punishment as line coach, Walt budgets his time in order to coach wrestling and track, teach four phys-ed classes, conduct Bible class every Sunday, audit O. P.'s class in Christian ethics, and advise the V-Club.

At present Walt is personally building a 220-yard track along the south side of Brown Field. He hopes to obtain permission to complete a quarter-mile track around the football field

eventually. By doing most of the work himself, Walt figures to save Valpo about nine thousand dollars. He's already completed runways and pits for high jump, broad jump, pole vault, and shot put.

Like oranges from Florida, Walt is full of vitamins, color, and sunshine. He is one of the playboys from Stiles Hall and an enthusiastic fan of the Shanty's food. When he leads prospective grid-men in calisthenics, he always seems relaxed and fresh even after several muscle-bound huskies have dropped from exertion. Make-it-hurt Reiner is a sure cure for developing any 98-pound weakling, and a three day wonder at trimming



excess lard off overweights.

There usually is an old beat-up Dodge racing around campus with Walt at the throttle. Sometimes he forgets that it isn't a new Cadillac converted into a hot rod, and the auto exhibits a few scars and wounds because of this. Anybody doing less than 65 m.p.h. on the open highway



Fifty minutes to the "Loop."

gets the word that he's a Sunday driver. Walt says it takes 50 minutes to drive from Valpo to the "Loop."

During previous summers Walt has taught over three hundred people how to swim, but this summer he plans to get his master's degree from Springfield College in Massachusetts, where he got his A.B. last spring. Before starting college, Reiner spent four years overseas with the Navy's amphibs. He was on the first boat to hit Omaha Beach in the Normandy invasion, and saw action in every theater of operations.

Walt Reiner's favorite hobby centers around sailboats. He has been sailing since a tender age, if you can picture him as ever having been tender. He wants to build a 42-foot boat some day and sail to the Mediterranean Sea, maybe all the way around the world.

## How to Save \$9000



Reiner grades gravel for his Brown Field track.

## On Your Mark!



He is also the track team's exacting coach.

**Someday, Walt Reiner wants to build a boat and sail to the Mediterranean, or maybe all around the world!**



# VU's Photographer Spends Sunday Afternoon at the Dunes



It's a sunny Sunday afternoon and the bus is waiting, so Dodge Hall heads for the Dunes.



Undrape the clothes from your shapely limbs, but it's too cold to go in the water.



Meet Milferd Eggerding, the sultan of swat. Hawkeyes claimed there was no hole in the bat.



It seems that some Dodgers neglected their table manners in attacking the ample provisions.



Catherine Ham and Margaret Ford show proper picnic technique for disposing of wienies.



Eating by the edge of the lake, men of Dorm B and their dates eat hot dogs garnished with sand.

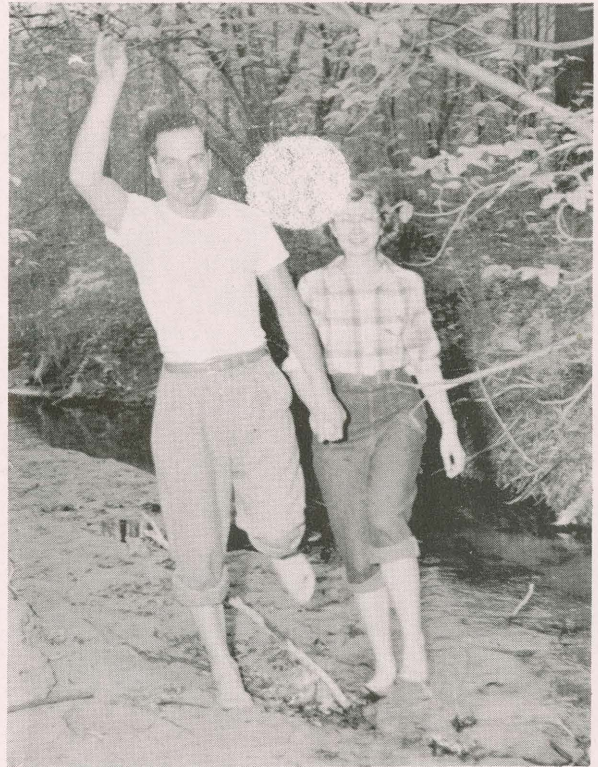


## Sunday Evening . . .

VU thought it would be a good idea to send its photographer out to the Dunes on a Sunday afternoon when students and faculty-members were getting away from it all. El Jordan moseyed around the beach taking pictures of the groups that would give him something to eat for free. Hundreds of students were there, soaking up sunshine, letting the sand trickle through their toes, playing ball, and toasting hot dogs.

Dorm B, the Hawkeyes, and Dodge Hall held big parties, while many others traveled out in couples and foursomes, or stag.

Some people left for home when the sun went down, others didn't seem to mind the darkness. All along the beach from Michigan City to Gary, fires glowed as if in preparation for a huge pagan rite.



Marty Gaudian and Kathy Rubow ditch Hawkeye party for secluded wading.



Hawkeyes polish off hot dogs, pop, and potato salad with toasted marshmallows.





At dusk some couples just seemed to be waiting for the sun to go down.



Watching the Lake Michigan sunset, others made plans for the future.



## That Crazy Little Kid . . .

(Continued from Page 9)

ing. They looked like saucers. Joey picked up one of the small ones and put it in his pocket. Some places, there was no water at all. Little sections of dry land came up through a string of long puddles. Along the river bank the trees were dull with dust and the grass was brown and hung limply over the steep bank. Nothing moved. It was like in the garden when the flowers didn't move and he had to push against the bush. He ran up near the bank of the river and brushed the long dusty grass with his hands and then he ran and caught up with Clarence and Harold.

Harold said, "Hot. Dad says all the crops south of here burnt up. He says they're talking about opening up the dam to get some water down south of here."

"When they goin' to open it up. That oughta be something to see."

"I don't know. Sometime soon, I guess. If we don't get any rain."

Joey walked up between them. He watched the pole in Harold's hand swing back and forth as he walked. The bumps on the pole were rough and scratched. He put out his hand and touched the rough part of the pole. Harold jerked the pole away and yelled.

"Keep your hands off that pole, you crazy kid!"

Clarence reached over and grabbed Joey by the back of his shirt collar. He pulled on it hard and Joey felt the collar tighten around his neck. Clarence shoved him and Joey was sent sprawling.

"Keep your hands off that pole, Joey. Can't you keep your hands to yourself?"

"That dumb brother of yours ever put his hands on this pole again . . ."

Joey didn't say anything. He felt a bitter lump come up in his throat but he swallowed it. He looked at Harold's pole and he didn't want to touch it anymore. He wasn't curious about the rough bumps on the pole. Clarence watched him until he got to his feet and then they started out again along the river bank. Joey felt his knees shaking a little but when he stopped to pick up the pink claw of a crawdad, he forgot about them. He wanted to show the claw to Clarence but instead, he put it very carefully in his pockets. He would show it to his mother when he got home. And his father, he would let his father see it too.

"We're almost there," Harold said. "It's just around the next bend."

"Think there'll be any fish?"

"Yeah, sure. Right under the cliff is the only place on the whole river where any water's left. There ought to be a lot of fish under there."

"And I'll bet they'll be plenty hungry, too, huh?" Clarence looked over at Harold and started to walk a little faster.

"You know, the best place to fish from is the cliff by Wilson's cave."

"Can we get to it?"

"Sure, if we stretch a log across the drop-off."

"Oh, boy," Clarence said, "I can just see all of them fish trapped down in that hole."

Joey ran to catch up with them only he stayed away from Harold and Harold's pole.

They rounded the bend and Harold said, "There she is." He pointed the pole toward the big cliff that hung over the bend in the river. The water in the bend of the river was low. Even the small stones on the bottom of the river were up in the air. They were very white and a lot of them had turtles sitting on them. Joey started to run. As he ran past Harold and Clarence, Harold reached out with the pole and hit Joey across the seat with

it. Joey ran as fast as he could. He was scared—of Harold, of the pole.

JOEY STOOD ON THE BANK and watched his brother Clarence push the big log across the deep part under the cliff. When it was all ready, Clarence came over to Joey and gave him a short pole and a couple of worms. Then he followed Harold across the log and pulled himself up into the cave. Joey watched them a while and then unrolled the line from around his pole. He took one of the long night crawlers between his fingers carefully. It was dry and gray but it still wiggled a little bit. He pinched the long worm into two, laid one half gently across his knee and put the other on his hook. He didn't thread the hook down the middle of the worm like Clarence did. He pushed the curved hook through the center of the worm and then walked over to the deep pool. Clarence and Harold looked down at him from the cave in the cliff.

"Hey, you crazy! Get away from there. *You ain't gonna fish there!*"

Joey put his pole behind him and looked down into the pool. There were a lot of fish in the hole. Bullheads, mostly. One big bullhead came up close to the surface, rolled over slowly, and showed his yellow-green belly to Joey. The fish's belly shone in the sunlight for a second, then the fish waved his tail and floated down to the bottom of the pool again. Joey looked up and smiled at Clarence and Harold. Harold shouted, "Get away from there."

Joey walked across the hard caked river bed to the other side. He put his pole down on the bank carefully and began to look at things. He looked at the dusty trees and limp grass that hung over the river bed and he peeled up another of the mud saucers. The sun was awfully hot. Joey went over to one of the puddles and put his hand in the water. It was hot. A crawdad



lay on the bottom of the puddle and it looked at Joey with its tiny black eyes. Joey put out his hand to touch the crawdad but it curled its tail up underneath itself, pushed, and what Joey touched was a cloud of muddy water.

The sun was too hot. He began to feel sick in his stomach so he went over and climbed up the bank of the river and sat under one of the dusty trees.

When Joey woke up, the first thing he saw was that Clarence and Harold had gone into the back of the cave. Their poles jutted out from the mouth of the cave and were held down with two big rocks. The next thing that Joey saw was the water.

The water was coming down the river in a big rush and he heard the roaring of the dam.

"Hey," he said softly. "Hey."

THE FOAMING WATER WAS IN FRONT of him now. It flooded in the puddles and crept up toward him on the bank. The log from the big stone to the bank under the cliff moved, swayed for a moment, then was pulled away. Joey wondered what happened to the crawdad that was in the puddle. And then Clarence and Harold came to the front of the cave. They stood there for a long minute and they didn't say anything. They didn't move. They didn't look over at Joey. They just looked at all of the water coming down, filling up the thirsty river bed. Harold looked over the side of the steep bank and pointed down to where the log had been. Clarence looked over the side, too. They looked up the wall of the cliff above them. It was smooth and white in the afternoon sun. Clarence looked over at Joey and yelled.

"Joey!"

Joey stood and looked at him, then he took one of the mud saucers out of his pocket and began to crumble

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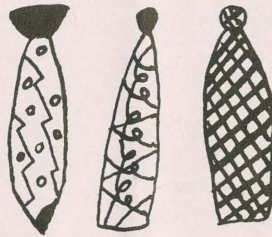
# Victory Through Deceit

By NORM ROBERTSON

"Now I'm going to see to it that you get something besides those drabby strings you've got now."

"Pam, my neckties are not drabby and they're not stringy. It's just that I have sensible, conservative tastes. I don't like to walk around looking like a fugitive from a musical comedy, that's all."

"Well, come on, let's go in this place here. And don't get that de-



fiant look on your face either. You look like a little boy vowing he won't take castor oil."

"All right, all right, let's get it over with."

"Oh, here are the ties right here."

"Say, there's a nice looking pair of shoes over there. Just a minute while I take a look."

"No you won't. You stay right here. Anyway here comes the salesman."

"Yes ma'am. Something in a necktie?"

"Yes. How much is this red one?"

"That one's a dollar, fifty cents."

"Don't stand there making faces like that, John."

"If the gentleman doesn't care for that one perhaps he'd like this yellow and brown."

"Do you like this one, John?"

"Oh — er — sure. That's (gulp) ah, very nice."

"Oh, come over here and look at it.

You can't even see it from way over there."

"I guess this one is too drab — let's see now."

"Too drab she says!"

"Come here. Let me see this yellow and gray on you."

"That is a very smart tie, ma'am."

"Say, this nice, plain dark blue is pretty nice, Pam."

"Oh, there's no life in that."

"For heaven's sake! What do you want it to do — get up and dance?"

"Oh, don't be that way. Now this yellow and brown is rather nice."

"You could *hear* that thing a block away."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"Now here's something nice in a bow, ma'am."

"What's he think I am? A be-bop fiend? Next he'll want to sell her one that lights up."

"Now what are you mumbling about?"

"Well, if you want to know, all that I want is that nice quiet blue tie, period."

"Oh, now, John!"

"Look. I'm just a quiet sensible business man and I don't want to go around looking like a barber pole."

"All right. We'll just take the plain blue one if that's what you want . . . after all I want you to have what you like. Give me the money and I'll pay for it while you go call a cab."

"All right, sure. Here, I'll go out front and get one."

"Will the plain blue be all then, ma'am?"

"Don't be silly! Put that awful thing back and give me those first three and that nice bow tie. He'll wear them."



By EL JORDAN



VU's smiling photographer

## Just Like Hollywood

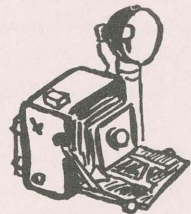
Every photographer is eager for the day when one of his portraits will grace the cover of a magazine. I am no exception. The photo of Dolores Streger you saw when you picked up your copy of VU is mine, and I am immensely proud of it. The picture was really easy to take with a model like Dolores to focus on, and a \$250 Speed Graphic and the Dunes for a back-drop made the job that much simpler.

The only thing that went wrong was the weather — it was too chilly — and my developing — the first prints were too grainy. A return trip gave me the shots that I wanted, however, and Dolores looked even better the second time in her bathing suit. Through it all she was the perfect model. She posed as I asked her to, and she always apologized when she jumped and kicked sand into my face. She didn't complain of the weather, but she was glad to stand still while Editor Ihde and Ruth Skornia, who accompanied us to the Dunes, wrapped her up in blankets between shots. Appearing on the next page are other pictures of Dolores that I snapped. I think that the best one is on the cover. Perhaps you disagree. In any case you'll have to admit that our model is nothing short of sensational.

For those interested, I shot the pictures at 1/200th at f:11 with a K-2 filter to darken the sky. The sun in the background and a supplemental flash took care of the lighting.

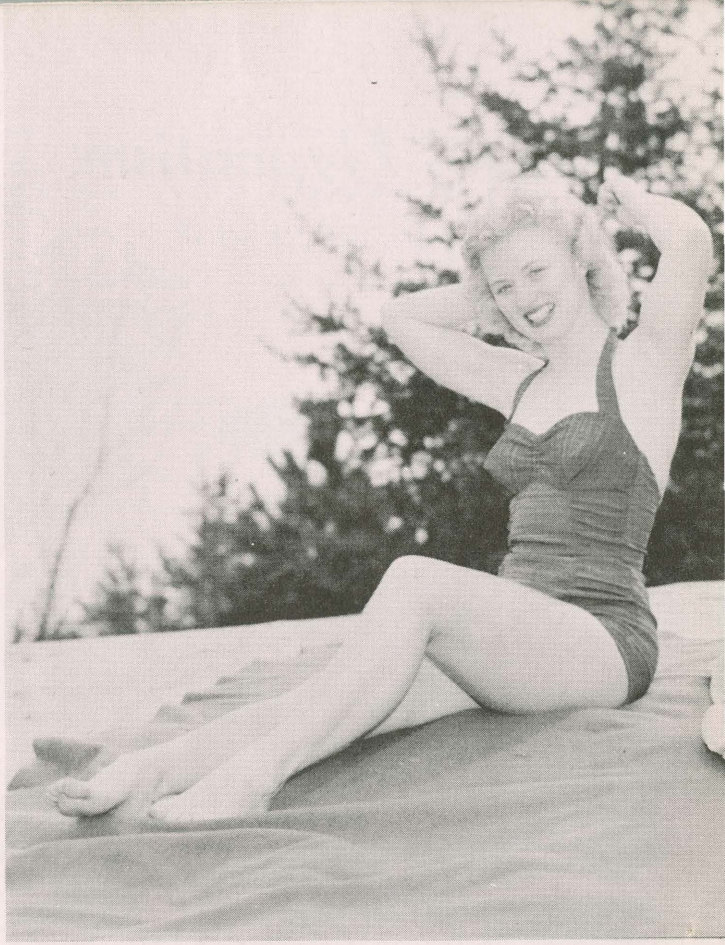


A model with goosepimples just won't do!



Did VU choose the right shot for the cover? Or do you think one of these would have been better?







# Campus Hypnotism

By DON HILTPOLD



During the closing weeks of school, students in Clinical Psychology met in Faculty Lounge for one of the most breath-taking of all psychological demonstrations — an act of hypnosis in which Professor Rudolph Waldschmidt of the Department of Psychology put a sophomore student into a psychic trance. While the student was under hypnosis, Waldschmidt showed the class various methods of hypnotic and post-hypnotic suggestion.

The teacher began the experiment with the student seated in an easy chair. He directed him to gaze intently at an ornament suspended a few inches over his eyes. Waldschmidt then began speaking instructions in a low, soft, monotonous

voice.

“When I count to ten, you shall be asleep. You are falling asleep. Your eyes are growing heavy, and you are falling asleep.”

Over and over again he repeated these instructions. After 90 seconds, the subject had relaxed and to all appearances was in a trance. His breathing was regular and his eyes were closed. Waldschmidt continued his instructions for some five minutes before he moved to the next phase of the experiment.

He instructed the subject to open his eyes, stand, move to a window and identify what he recognized. The subject complied in a groggy fashion. In a heavy, rasping voice, he recited names of objects he could see. Wald-

schmidt then instructed him to return to his seat.

Waldschmidt next tried hypnotic suggestion on the subject. He told the student his left arm had no feeling. Waldschmidt then stuck a pin into his arm, and the lack of movement indicated that no pain was felt. He followed with the suggestion that feeling had returned to the arm. The pin was again applied—but this time the subject pulled his arm away. During the entire experiment, Waldschmidt never stopped his monotonous flow of words to the student.

At the conclusion of the demonstration, Waldschmidt gave the sleeping subject a post-hypnotic suggestion. He told the student that upon awakening some questions would be directed to him, and that these questions were to be answered clearly and forcefully. Waldschmidt then brought the student back to consciousness in much the same manner as he put him to sleep.

When he was questioned, the student answered in a strong, clear voice and a very frank manner, despite the fact that he is of a diffident nature and has a speech impediment. Waldschmidt, after the round of questions, dismissed the subject and explained to the class that such a post-hypnotic suggestion lasted for a little while after it was given. With a smile he said that the sophomore would probably get a better grade in the speech class he had to attend the following hour.

Waldschmidt further stated that hypnosis, despite opinion to the contrary, was a definite reality, and that it was a valuable tool in psychotherapy. He warned the amateur to proceed with caution since hypnosis could prove dangerous if used incorrectly.

Members of the class, seemingly hypnotized themselves to a lesser extent, only wished that the rest of their classes that day would prove as exciting.





Keep it up, Al. Another million and we'll have our quota.

## campus carousel

(Continued from page 3)

admirable dexterity as students filled in page after page of blue books.

One source suggested that "verb wheels" might possibly constitute "unauthorized help" in the eyes of the Honor Council, but we feel that as long as the foreign language students signed the no-cheat certification, surely the department must have sanctioned the use of the indispensable little tools.

### VU's Cover Girl

VU's only excuse for neglecting to run a cover shot of Dolores Streger earlier this year is that we were saving the best for the last. The pert little home ec and psych major will become Mrs. Walter Pelz, homemaker, on June 10. Her fiance

is a parochial school teacher in Seymour, Indiana, who intends to obtain a master's degree in organ music at Northwestern. Dolores, who already has had her picture published in the Chicago **Tribune** and other big dailies, said she had an exciting week in Canada last summer when she caught a yard-long Great Northern and several days later dropped an entire new set of fishing tackle overboard.

No scholastic slouch, Dolores is winding up her college career with a 2.5 average. Although she's worn an engagement ring for many months, she has to disappoint the many hopeful swains who call her at the Delta Chi house for a date.

Her father is a mortgage broker in Chicago, and she's a graduate of Luther Institute, famous for the illustrious alumni it sends to Valpo. Vital statistics: 21 years old; 5'3"; 112-lb.; 34" bust, 24" waist, 35" hips; blue eyes and **naturally** blond hair. Favorite hobbies: fishing, swimming, basketball, and Walter.



# Next Year's VU

By BUCK HAESELER, VU EDITOR-ELECT

At the Student Council meeting of May 16, VU magazine was unanimously voted to be continued for another year, and I was elected to head the staff of the publication. The event itself was inconsequential; the important factor is that the students and their representatives *want* to continue the magazine.

When Carlton Ihde and his ambitious BEACON staff undertook the project of VU, they tackled a problem of unknown proportions. You just don't write up copy, send it to the printers, and get back a magazine: you run the whole turmoil of organizational, editorial, and financial barriers before you can even consider actual publication. To the pioneers of this magazine we owe real admiration.

Next year, VU will still be in the trial stage. Perhaps by the 1951-52 academic year the students will realize the aim of a permanent VU structure completely subsidized by Student Council. At the meeting on the 16th, Carlton Ihde advised the members to subsidize completely the 1950-51 VU, since next year's staff will not have the BEACON staff behind them to supply material and manpower. The only argument to this recommendation was the ever present lack of council funds, and that necessarily killed the subsidization motion.

As a result next year's VU will be similar to this volume in that there will be three issues sold on a subscription basis. The Christmas, Easter, and June issues will again be sold at 35 cents per copy, with a year's subscription for \$1.00. It is also hoped that advertising can be contracted to make up the financial deficit created by a possible low subscription rate.

But while next year's VU will be

similar in cost, it will not be similar in size. In all probability the page size may jump from the present 8 x 10 inches to 8½ x 11½ in order to accept national advertising. Advertising should increase the number of pages per issue.

The general style of the articles contained may also undergo some



Buck Haeseler

change. There will probably be more pictures and less copy, and perhaps there will be no comment that "VU reads like the *Saturday Review of Literature*." During the next few weeks, and for the first part of the fall semester, I shall inquire among the students about what type of stories and articles they would like to see in VU.

In general everything points to a successful year. I have assembled an experienced and conscientious staff in which I know I can place complete confidence. Interest in the magazine is so intense that the same day my editorship was approved, four

students asked for positions on the publication.

The new VU office will be set up in the Student Union Building directly across from the office of the S. C. prexy. From here will emanate what we hope is the volume of VU which will definitely make itself a campus necessity to be incorporated into the Student Council constitution.

\* \* \*

(Welcome, Mr. Haeseler, it's all yours. We of the *S. R. L.* hope to become next year's first VU subscribers. May next year's version of the campus *Hobo News* avoid all *sesquipedalia verba*, may it meet the tenets of Dr. W. G. Friedrich and his staff, and may it always be allowed to appear in Boston.—C. H. I. & D. W. H.)

## That Crazy Little Kid . . .

(Continued from Page 17)

it in his hand.

"Joey! Go home and get daddy!" Clarence's voice went high when he said "daddy." It sounded funny to Joey and he smiled.

"Go on home and get your old man, you crazy kid!" Harold leaned way out of the cave as far as he could and yelled at Joey. Joey backed up a few steps.

"Joey!" Clarence screamed, "Go home and get daddy. Please, Joey!"

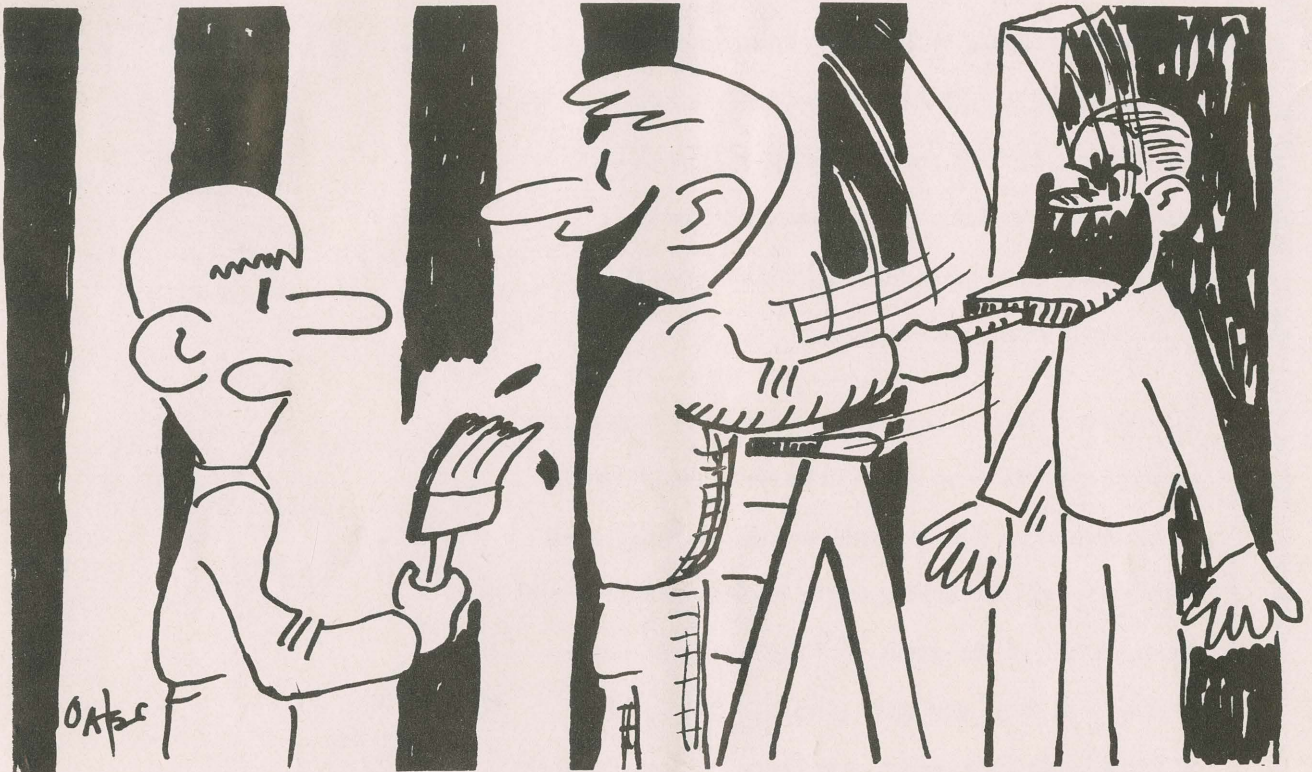
Joey pulled his eyebrows down and put his lower lip in between his teeth again. Clarence had spoken to him with a different sound. And then he got scared. All of a sudden he got scared and his knees felt funny again. Harold screamed at him, "Joey, go on home!"

Clarence started to cry. "The dumb kid won't talk to anybody but himself. He won't talk. Joey! Please go tell daddy."

Harold picked up his pole and threw it at Joey.

Joey started to run.





Boy, I'd like to see Jim's face when he sees what we did to his room!

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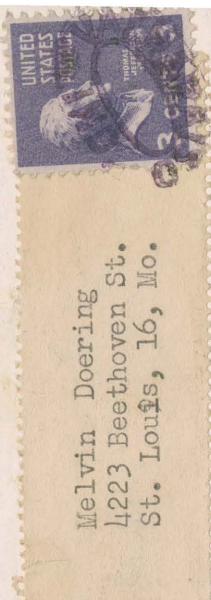
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