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Valparaiso University

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VU



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Homecoming Issue

October, 1950

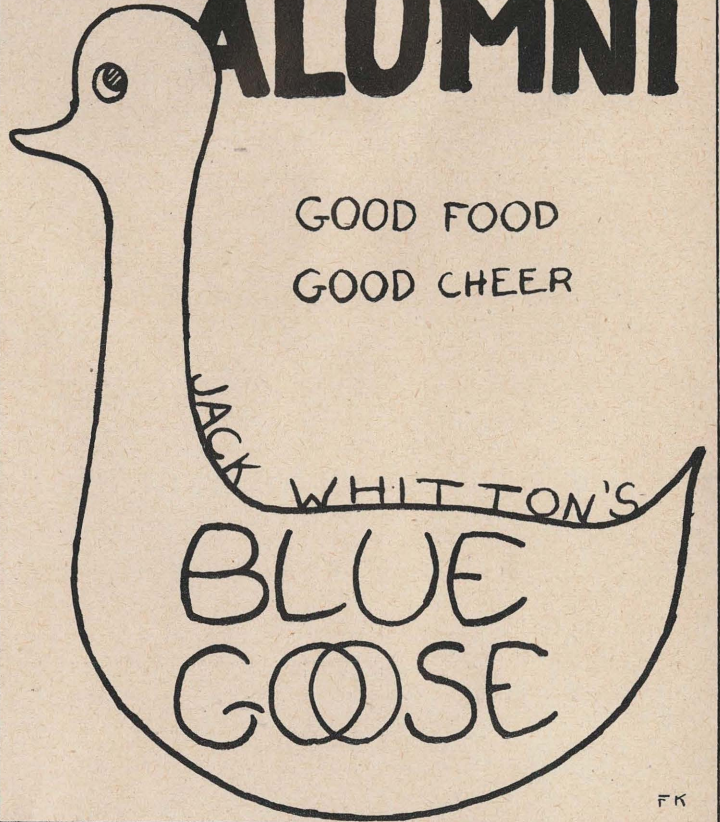
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Letters To The Editor

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Editor of VU:

Last year I wrote your distinguished predecessor a somewhat mournful letter in which I pointed out that the editing and publishing of a campus magazine is a singularly unrewarding task. I have found no reason for changing that discouraging observation. The editing of a college journal, like the way of the transgressor, is hard.

On the other hand, it is still worth doing. Properly handled, it can make a great and lasting contribution to our sense of community and our campus morale. In the "proper doing" lies the rub.

I have high hopes and far dreams for VU. It should and can become the most accurate and most permanent reflection of Life at Valpo in these uncertain and clouded years. It can point the way to greater things for all of us--higher ideals, warmer loyalty, deeper convictions.

You will have vexing problems. Please do not listen to the voices of those who want to make VU a cheap imitation of the Harvard Lampoon, the Yale Review, or the Police Gazette. These voices will be many, and they must be resisted with a stout heart and a clear mind.

Your task will be to make VU distinctively Valpo. It should live and breathe the spirit of our students who know and think and believe. It should represent Valpo at its highest and best.

I wish you well in your undertaking. There will be dark and lonely moments. They come to all journalists. You and your staff will survive them, I know, in the convictions and assurance that you are doing something high and good for your Alma Mater.

Faithfully yours,
O. P. Kretzmann

Photo

Credits



Cover, Jordan; page 3 Gehrke and Jordan; page 9 Jordan; composite in middle pages made from TORCH files and contributed pictures by Jordan; page 14 and 15 Mehrstens and Jordan; page 16 Fetzer; page 18 and 19 Hanneman and Jordan; page 20 Gehrke and Jordan.



"REFLECTING STUDENT LIFE"

Vol. 2, No. 1 October, 1950

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campus carousel

WELCOME ALUMNI

Instead of publishing a Christmas issue as our first offering of the year, the VU staff decided to dedicate the first issue to the Alumni returning for Homecoming. It's an opportunity for all you former Valpoites to see, read, and subscribe to the magazine.

We hope you will note that several changes both editorially and physically have been made in the magazine. Our page size is now 8 1/2 x 11 instead of last years 8 x 10. You will see national and local advertising has been accepted.

Briefly, our editorial policy will be to present a distinctive magazine that will reflect student life.

VU is still in the experimental stage, but at least we have reached the position in which we know where we're going.

This issue, plus the two others to follow, are all yours for \$1.00 delivered on campus or \$1.10 mailed out. We hope you appreciate our efforts enough to take a full subscription and perhaps send one along to someone else.

MAKE OR BREAK

Almost everyone who subscribed to VU this year did so on the promise that never again would they be asked to purchase a subscription.

The Board of Student Publications made it clear that this year was the final test. If the students showed their interest in the magazine by purchasing it and reading it with enthusiasm, the Board would recommend to Student council that it be completely subsidized as is the TORCH and BEACON.

If, however, the students viewed the magazine with a cold or indifferent attitude, the magazine was to be scrapped, tossed out, tromped upon, and never again undertaken.

Naturally, we of the VU staff believe that there definitely is a place for such a magazine on this campus. And from the amount of subscriptions sold, we also believe that there is a definite interest on the part of the students to have VU permanently.

The second experimental year for VU has started. Next year's plans are up to the Publications Board, and the Student council, but mostly up to that vital factor called "student opinion."

VU CONTRIBUTORS

Most distinguished of our contributors this issue is Engineering Dean Herman C. Hesse. The Dean has recently written a few articles for technical magazines, and we are proud to have the influence of a guaranteed prize journalist.

Dick Broecker offers an exciting article in his short story "The Safest Driver." It is a new switch on a not so new story type, but one that offers real interest in the fiction line.

Elmer Bernard's basketball forecast is the answer to the sports enthusiasts on campus as far as this season's chances are concerned. In addition, the Valpo schedule is included as an advance game preview.

The reader may recall that last year's editor, Carlton Ihde, made a good prophesy when he forecasted this year's VU to be akin to the "Hobo News." For closer appraisal of his prediction, see the center pages.

Wally Pretzer's story on the University Players and Ensign Ken Fetzer's story-and-picture page on the Naval Reserve are designed to give VU's readers a little background on campus organizations.

We also think you'll enjoy Topsy Dallman's article on what happens to a Freshman between orientation days and Homecoming. And in addition to all these features we have the work of three cartoonists and our master photographer to add a little life and sparkle to the pages. Let us know what you think of Vol. 2, No. 1.

ON OUR COVER



ANN HAJEN

Cover girl this issue is Homecoming Queen Ann Hajen, superimposed on a background of football players.

Ann, whose sister Ruth was last year's queen, is a 19 year old Kappa Tau Zeta from Hinsdale, Ill. A sociology major, she has green eyes and brown hair, and is interested in sports. Vital statistics: 5'4" and 110 pounds, bust 34", waist 24", hips 36". She is attended by Margaret Zimmerman, Lois Bahl, and Carolyn Sauer.

HOMECOMING OPEN HOUSE



BEFORE: About three days ago the room looked like this. Then the men realized open house was due...



AFTER: Comes the true Homecoming spirit! A few hours of work and the room begins to gleam.



And what happens to all the "stuff" that is cleaned up? Here, the KTZs graphically illustrate how everything is safely stuffed into a closet.



The finished product: with the house spic and span for the closest inspection (except for that closet), the actives entertain their guests.

The Safest Driver

a short story BY DICK BROECKER

"We certainly are lucky--we should even be more thankful." The Chief's words bang around in my head. Why does he go on and on? I've got to think of something else--

It all happened like this. This afternoon I was driving home--me--Don Banks. The safest driver of the year. I had put over eighty thousand miles on my car this past year without an accident. Quite a record for a fellow who has to travel all over the state at all times of the day and night, in sunshine and rain, in wind and blinding blizzards. Tonight I was going to give a speech to start Ridgeville's Safest Driver contest for the coming year.

I kept thinking of the speech--Gov. Johnson and the award--Ann and a family--yesterday's raise--the robins and the branches of the oaks that were covered with buds ready to open at a moment's notice. I could hardly keep my mind on driving. Only another mile and I would be home.

Let's see--I'd have to wash the car, fix that short in the lights, shine my shoes, shower, shave. I hope Squirt had gotten my suit from the cleaners.

Squirt is my younger brother, Bob. Twelve years younger. Since Pop died about fifteen years ago right after Bob was born, Bob always looked up to me. He consulted me before every decision--on anything from a new suit to a bottle of shaving lotion.

"Hey, Squirt, what time is it?"

"Five to six," said Squirt, as he set my newly shined shoes next to the dresser. Noticing me in an awkward position, he tossed the flannel shine cloth.

"Watch where you're throwing that shoe rag, Buster. Hey, get a load of you. So that's why you were in a hurry. Where you going, Squirt?"

"Just out with the guys. Say, you better hurry if you're going to pick Ann up at seven. You still have to wash the car and get dressed."

"Quit changing the subject, Squirt. Out with the fellas dressed like that?"

"Okay, okay. Remember that girl I was telling you about--the one I took to the wienie roast--she's having some girls over and we might drop in for a while."

I smiled and nodded my approval.

"I've got to take off, handsome. Don't mess up the speech too much tonight. Just try to keep your mind on it."

"Get out of here, Squirt."

At last I was ready. As I went out of the front door, the hall clock clanged off key. Seven o'clock. Exactly no time to get to Ann's. I

hated to take the canyon road at that time of night, those shadows just about drive you crazy. But if I went to Cyprus Corners, I wouldn't get there to seven thirty. Canyon road it would have to be. I'd really have to push it to get Ann and make it to the auditorium on time.

* * * *

It seemed I hit that winding section of the road on the nose every time. Not light, not dark, just in between. No good with lights, worse without 'em.

I picked up too much speed on the hill that curved into the hairpin. Couldn't brake 'er too much, or she'd start to skid; still I couldn't hold 'er in. I took a chance and eased 'er to the outside. Lights came at me around the bend, and I couldn't pull back.

I slammed the brake with my left foot and kept the momentum moving with the accelerator. Rubber grabbed asphalt. I swerved and missed him as the tires screeched and squealed.

Somehow I stopped the car off to the side of the road. I sat there shaking all over. My hands ached from holding the wheel so tightly. My throat and mouth were dry and sticky. I opened the door, and looked back up the road. In the darkening twilight I saw no sign of the other car. I walked almost all the way back to the sharp bend. "He must have gone on," I thought.

I turned feeling the sting of the night air on my hands and face. I shoved my hands into my pockets and started back whistling softly. Then I noticed it. The guard rail had been broken through. I staggered to the edge of the road--afraid to look down the steep, sloping side of the ravine--somehow so sure of what I would find.

As I climbed through the broken pieces of timber my foot kicked a broken piece of glass. I looked down into the ravine and noticed a little flickering yellow; the dancing tongues spread. There it was, a dark hulk resting on a ledge a hundred feet down.

Without thinking, I started down. I slipped and grabbed for some bushes--I almost screamed as the branches tore through my hands. I must've rolled about twelve feet before I was stopped by a clump of brush.

I thought to myself: Why am I going down to help? I probably wouldn't be able to make it anyway. I might get down there and find the guy dead, or maybe the car would blow up just when I got there.

I crawled up to the road on my hands and



He sped down the narrow Canyon road at twilight, heading for his safety award--and a brush with death.

knees. Only when I stood up did I become conscious of the bruises on my legs and arms, and the cold sweat that wet my shirt under my arm pits.

I didn't turn back as I started for the car. Nobody would know who did it.

* * * *

The dashboard clock showed twenty-five minutes past seven as I pulled up in front of Ann's bungalow. I straightened my tie and brushed off my suit. I had to look as natural as possible when Ann opened the door. My brain searched wildly for an excuse.

"Don! What happened?"

"I--I had to fix a flat tire."

"You got that dirty fixing a flat tire?"

"What's the matter, don't you believe me? I had trouble fixing a flat tire."

"Certainly, I believe you. Now hurry and wash up. We're going to be awfully late. We had better take the Canyon road, don't you think?"

"Let's go the other way, Ann. I--I would just as soon not go that way at night."

"Don't be silly, Don. We're late as it is. It will take forever to go the long way."

"Oh, all right. Have it your way, but I still would rather go the other way. Come on, I'm ready."

Neither of us said anything for a time. I

couldn't say anything, I was afraid I would let something slip.

We passed the spot where the car had left the road. There were no signs that anybody had seen the fire. I didn't see any light from below as we went by.

Ann turned quickly and spoke. My whole body jerked as she started.

"What's the matter, Don? You were as white as a sheet when I opened the door. Don't you feel all right?"

"Sure I feel all right. I--I'm just scared of giving that speech, that's all."

Ann must have sensed that I didn't feel like talking because she didn't say anything more.

We finally got to the auditorium. Ann was still silent. I looked for Chief Wilkes, the master of ceremonies, but it didn't look like he was there yet.

We walked down the aisle to the seats reserved for the dignitaries and the "safest driver" of the year, and it seemed like everybody stopped what they were doing to stare.

Just as Ann and I sat down, Chief Wilkes came and said, "I'm sorry I'm late folks, but there has been a terrible accident on the Canyon road. If you don't mind let's get right on with the main speaker.

"We certainly are lucky to have a driver on
(Continued on page 17)

VALPO'S COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

BY DEAN H. C. HESSE

From a Three Dimensional Aspect

The College of Engineering of Valparaiso university occupies a rather unique position in the institution. It is an undergraduate school, but much of the study and training is of professional calibre; its students concern themselves with many of the liberal arts college activities, but have many functions and duties peculiar to their own division; and it occupies a building specifically designed for professional instruction.

In a broad sense engineering education at Valparaiso university may be considered in a three dimensional sense. The first of these dimensions is purely professional: The division into the fields of Mechanical, Electrical, and Civil engineering. Engineering may also be considered from a functional point of view, which concerns itself with the diversified activities of the engineer in the fields of development and research, design, production, operation, and sales and service.

College training in either case is essentially the same. The first two years are devoted to a study of the basic sciences, and the so-called "language" of engineering which includes English, mathematics, and drawing. Professional training and technical competence are achieved in the last two years to properly prepare the graduate to take his place in the field of industry.

The second dimension in engineering education is concerned with the development of the cultural aspects of the profession. Since engineers must take their place in the world as citizens and as human beings, they must have a thorough understanding of at least some of the fundamentals of literature, art, history, and government. This type of auxiliary training has been adopted by practically all institutions of engineering education in this country. The graduate engineer in the United States is therefore no longer narrowly professional, and it cannot be said that he is strictly or entirely a technician in any sense of the word.

The development of the engineer in the professional and cultural sense, as essential as it is, however, leaves something to be desired. Here at Valpo we have adopted a third dimension in engineering education--that of the spiritual. In this, Valparaiso university has something distinctive to offer. Work in engineering and in the allied cultural fields is given in an atmosphere of religious consciousness. In common

with the other units of the University, the College of Engineering aims to guide its students toward a life of larger Christian service and to become socially conscious human beings.

Engineering at Valparaiso university dates back over 75 years. Civil engineering was offered as early as 1873, at the very foundation of the institution. Higher mathematics, surveying and engineering, taught by Professor M. E. Bogarte, constituted the chief courses. It appears that in 1898 a two-year program in Civil Engineering was offered in the so called "Scientific department" of that period. In 1903, a department of Manual Training, now that of Industrial Arts, was established. In 1909, the course of study was changed by Professor R. C. Yeoman to a three-year curriculum in Civil engineering. Gradually other divisions of en-

gineering were included. Finally in 1917 the School of Engineering, now the College of Engineering, was organized. This school included civil, electrical, mechanical, and chemical engineering. In 1920 the standard four-year program was adopted for all departments in accord with the best practice in schools of engineering.

With the depression of the early thirties came a smaller demand for engineers, and enrollment decreased. As a result, instruction in advanced engineering was discontinued in 1940, and the College of Engineering became the Department of Engineering in the College of Arts and Sciences. At the same time a cooperative arrangement

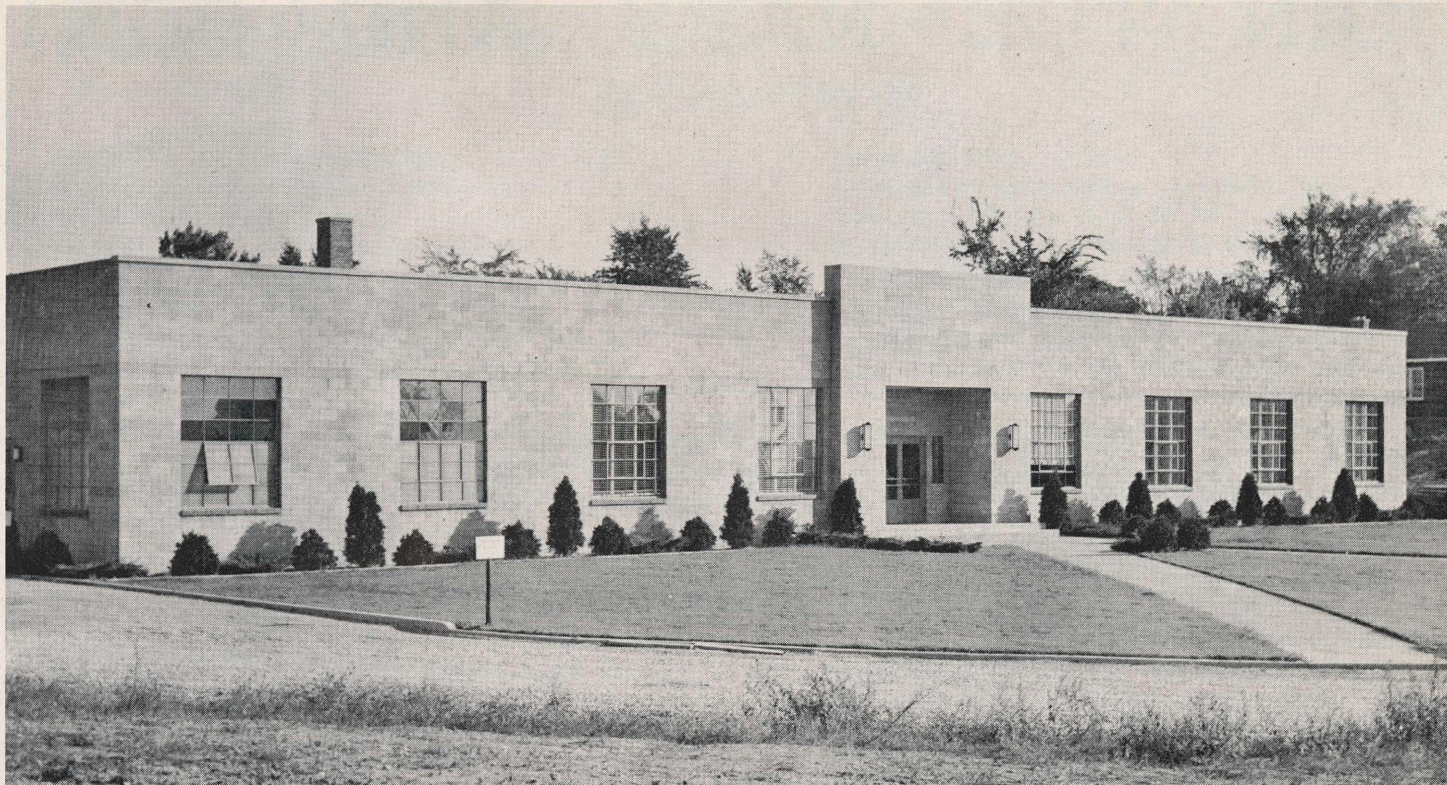
was made with Purdue university under which students completed the first two years at Valpo and the last two years at Purdue.

Although this arrangement with Purdue university was most satisfactory, the recent expansion of Valparaiso university led to an increasing demand for the restoration of the four-year engineering curricula in certain fields. This demand was fostered by Valpo's Engineering Society who submitted plans for a new building and a program for furnishing and obtaining the necessary finances and labor to construct a new laboratory. In response to this unique venture on the part of the students, the Board of Directors approved plans for the re-establishment of the College of Engineering and the re-introduction of advanced instruction in civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering.

(Continued on page 21)



DEAN HESSE



The new Engineering laboratory is the pride and joy of Valpo's engineers. It contains six offices and a major section for each of the three major departments. Each section of civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering has its own instrument room and tool shop, with access to lecture and computation rooms.



The new heating, ventilating, and air conditioning building constructed this summer by Prof. Kruger, William Azman, and Otto Woike.



Interior of the building is not complete. It will contain a study room and library, a heating unit, and three engineering testing rooms.

JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE!

As a public service feature, VU is presenting this specially drawn ad for the interest of all red-blooded American youth between the ages of 18 and 26. Our staff artist depicts here the possible life of a Navy recruit based on actual reports from armed forces veterans.

This energetic, intelligent young man (right) is Hubert Van Schuyler II of a prominent freshwater university in Northwestern Indiana. Like many college students his age, Hubert decided that there was a real future in the US NAVY. See for yourself how he rose up in the ranks in the pictures below, and you too may decide that the NAVY has a career in store for you.



HUBERT VAN SCHUYLER II



The Navy through its excellent physical education program can build you up like this.



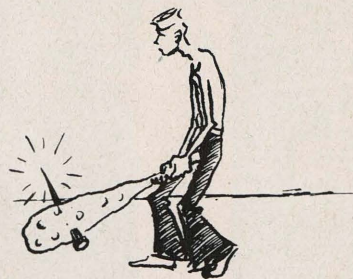
The Navy offers you a good job for life. Look at the soft life this man has.



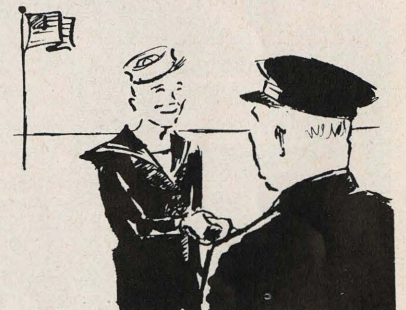
You are sent free to local scenic spots in the world such as this friendly peninsula.



Only the best in food is served to men in the US Navy. Observe these racks of wholesome chow.



All the latest modern weapons to use against the enemy are provided for you.



Good opportunity for advancement! This man has just been promoted to Seaman apprentice.

THIS AD IS SPONSORED BY VETERANS HERE ON CAMPUS FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY, CIVIL, AND SPANISH AMERICAN WAR. OF COURSE YOU ARE NOT OBLIGATED TO JOIN IN ANY WAY---YOU CAN ENLIST OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL IF YOU WISH; IF NOT THE DRAFT BOARD WILL SEND SOMEONE AFTER YOU.

Basketball Forecast

BY ELMER BERNARD

Hoping to catapult Valparaiso university's Crusaders into the national collegiate spotlight, Coach Wilbur "Strings" Allen is taking a squad composed of returning lettermen and promising sophomores into some of the biggest stadiums in the country this year.

Highlights of the 1950-51 cage card will be reached when Valpo plays St. Bonaventure in the Buffalo auditorium on Dec. 7, Wayne university at Detroit coliseum on Jan. 9, Wheaton college in the Chicago stadium Jan. 20, Butler at Indianapolis Jan. 27 and Washington university at St. Louis Feb. 29.

Climaxing the schedule will be the journey to Madison Square Garden March 1, when the Allenmen meet Clair Mee's Blackbirds of Long Island university.

This will mark the fourth appearance of the Crusaders in the Garden and the fourth time they meet L. I. U. Valpo has won one of the three previous games.

Allen's main problem this year is replacing last year's high scoring forward, Bob Metcalf, and center George Schreiber both lost via the graduation route. Of the 22 men trying out for the squad 11 men are lettermen, 10 are sophomores and two are transfer students.

Back this year as captain of the Crusaders is senior Bill Schroer, one of the leading free-throw artists in the nation the past several years. Schroer has long been a favorite of V. U. fans because of the hustle he always displays on the

local basketball court.

Fighting for the starting center post are veterans Jim Ove and Willy Doehrman. Alternating between guard and the pivot last year, Ove has more cage experience than any other player on the team. Besides playing with Lawrence college and Marquette university, the tall Milwaukeean was a member of the Great Lakes and Corpus Christi naval station teams, two of the leading quintets in the nation during world war II.

Doehrman is a junior from Fort Wayne who was a forward most of last season until he was switched to the pivot spot. In the season's finale against Loyola last year he showed great promise by scoring 21 points and doing a good job of rebounding.

Allen is probably better situated at Forwards than any other position. Besides Schroer, he is relying on Ned Knape plus sophomore Tom Plinke and John Sekulich from last year's freshman team. Doehrman might also see some action at the position and there is a possibility that Eric Domroese will play both guard and forward.

The guards who probably will see most of the action this year will be Dave Allen, Milt Brackmann, Cal Luther, Joe Pavicic, Jerry Schoenfeldt and Bill Berning. Brackmann, Luther and Schoenfeldt saw considerable action on last year's team.

Newcomer to Valparaiso's cage scene is Dave Allen. Transferring to Valpo from Northwestern when his father assumed the coaching reigns, Allen won All-State honors when he was one of Illinois' brighter prep net stars at Waukegan high school. During his high school playing days he operated at the pivot post, being switched to guard while a freshman at Northwestern.

Luther is starting his fourth year as a Crusader. Berning thrilled freshman basketball followers last year with his set shots. Many V. U. fans remember the Fort Wayne player's brother, Hank, who was a Crusader hoop star a few years back.

Domroese was one of the first of last year's sophomore crop who showed the ability to quickly adapt himself to big time college ball. He won a starting berth almost immediately and played a fairly consistent brand of ball throughout the entire season. His height makes him a valuable asset around an opponent's backboard. He was often called upon to use his height to its greatest advantage when he made the center jump.

Pavicic is familiar to many local fans who saw him play with Gary Emerson high school a few years back. Other men fighting for starting berths are Russ Wittmer, Dick Norris, George Ankley, Roy Martin, Bill Strutz, Don Spitz and Mel Puscheck. (Continued on Page 21)

1950-1951 SCHEDULE

Nov. 25	Hope college	Here
Nov. 27	Concordia, St. Louis	Here
Dec. 2	Western Ontario	Here
Dec. 7	St. Bonaventure	Buffalo
Dec. 9	Ball State	There
Dec. 13	Wheaton	Here
Dec. 16	Loyola	There
Dec. 19	Western Mich.	Here
Dec. 21	Ohio Wesleyan	Waukegan
Jan. 6	Indiana State	There
Jan. 9	Wayne	Detroit
Jan. 13	St. Joseph	Here
Jan. 16	Western Mich.	There
Jan. 20	Wheaton	Chicago
Jan. 27	Butler	There
Feb. 3	Indiana State	Here
Feb. 10	Butler	Here
Feb. 15	St. Joseph	There
Feb. 17	Ball State	Here
Feb. 23	Concordia, St. Louis	There
Feb. 24	Washington U.	There
Mar. 1	Long Island U.	There
Mar. 6	Loyola	Here

VU PRESENTS

THE HOBBO DAY



NEWS

*For Your Homecoming
Snapshot Album*



The University Players

BY WALLY PRETZER

For the past several years, play production at Valparaiso has centered around the work of the University players, the extra-curricular organization existing on campus for those students interested in dramatics. This will no longer be the case. The Players have become a part of the new department of speech and drama established on the campus this fall. Members of the organization will work and cooperate closely with the departmental activities.

Last spring Dr. Vera T. Hahn, advisor to the Players, saw her long-felt desires materializing. Valparaiso's dramatic art activities were becoming centralized into one closely-united department. This noteworthy action was about the first taken on this campus in regards to dramatic art since the University became a Lutheran university back in 1925.

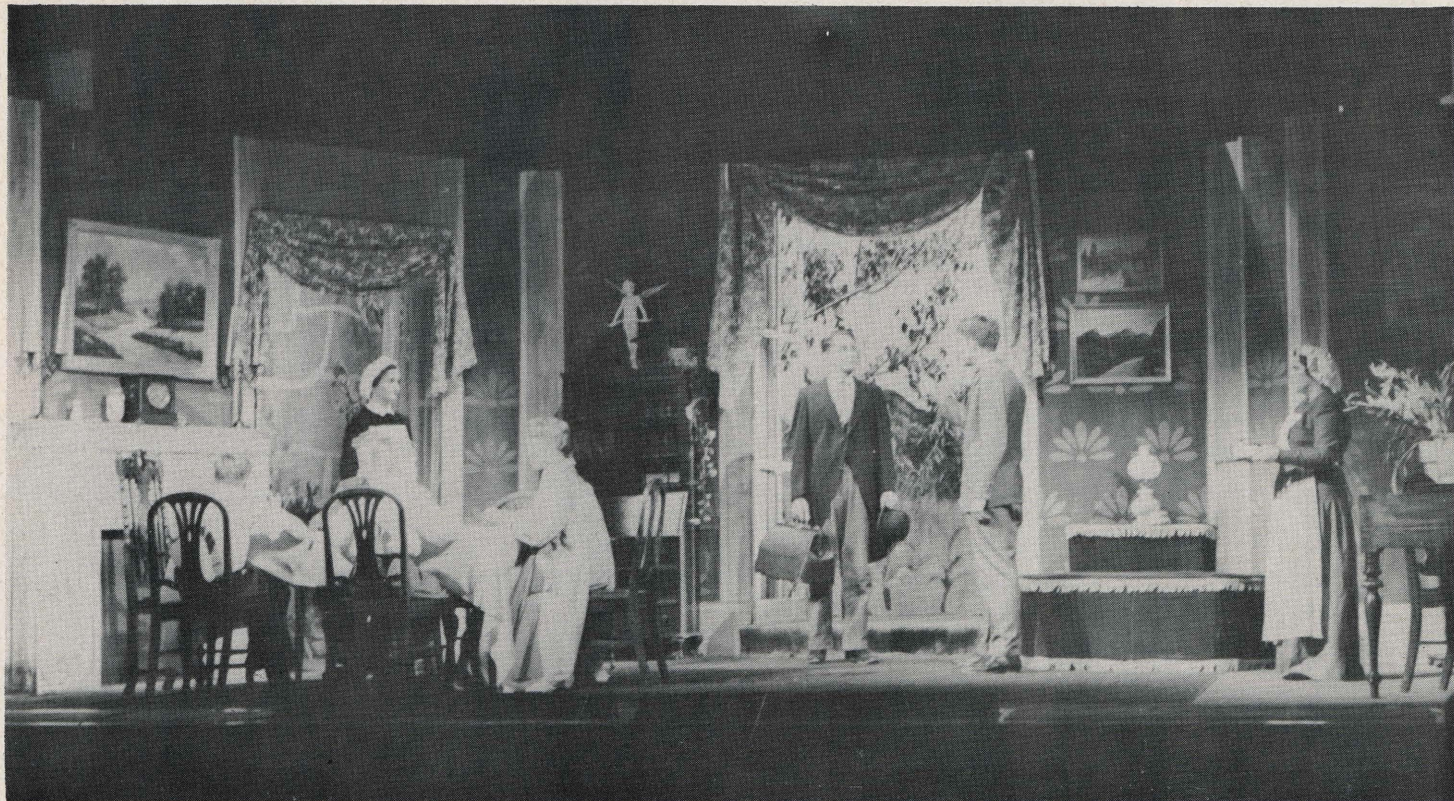
Until about 1930 the work in dramatics was carried on by an organization called the Valparaiso University Dramatics club. In the late spring of 1928-29, the present Beta Iota chapter of the national honorary dramatic fraternity, Alpha Psi Omega, was founded, and the activities of this dramatics club were subsidized by the cast. During its first year of operation, Beta Iota's membership rose to 20 members, and one of the plays produced, George Bernard Shaw's Candida, was taken on tour.

Today, as with the Valparaiso University Dramatics club, Beta Iota and the University players exist as closely-connected organizations. Through work in the players, students gain the necessary points for membership eligibility in Alpha Psi Omega. Points are obtained as a result of contributions to the plays that are produced every year on campus.

Only recently this feeling was again experienced when the University players opened its season with a two-night performance of Lindsay and Crouse's sparkling comedy of family life, Life with Mother. To best illustrate all the necessary projects and processes involved in producing a play, let us use this recent production of Life with Mother as an example.

Choosing people for the 16 roles in the play was not an easy task, director Dr. Vera T. Hahn soon found out. The part of father, an extremely dynamic and powerful role, created the greatest problem. Following a series of try-outs last spring, during which several men tried for the part, Jim Tobias, a junior, was chosen. Janet Brocks, graduating senior, was to play the role of mother, the protagonist in the play.

After a few rehearsals, Dr. Hahn and the cast realized the short amount of time they had left to prepare the play. Plans to present it on



David Czamanske, Nancy Kussrow, John Graebner, Dorothy Kupke, Norm Robertson, Jim Tobias, and Leila Finzel are shown in "Life With Mother."



Backstage activity

were called before the school year ended.

Actual consideration of the play, however, began long before the first rehearsal and even before the selection of the cast. Dr. Hahn spent many hours reading and rereading the play both from the literary and the technical points of view.

She cut certain passages, altered others and added, modified and eliminated action so as to make the play adaptable to our stage and to make it conformable to the circumstances under which it was given. After this editing process, the next step of the director was that of plotting the action and visualizing the characterization.

Because of the great time span between the last rehearsal in the spring and the first one this fall, much of the work on movement had to be repeated at the first few rehearsals. Any misunderstandings or broad problems of interpretation had to be straightened out. Following these clarifications, the play was ready for the next rehearsal step: the consideration of the meaning and interpretation of the play in detail.

The play was starting to take shape. "Speed up the dialogue; pick up your cues faster," Dr. Hahn constantly stressed during the polishing period. She also checked the timing of the movements, listened carefully for the emphasis of important lines, and criticized the play for smoothness.

While Dr. Hahn was directing her actors in the auditorium, the backstage part of play production was in process at the Dramatic art workshop in Lembke basement.

Here Mr. Kussrow, technical director of all productions, and his production staff were busy designing and making costumes, devising, building and painting the set, planning the stage lighting, determining ways and means of finding properties, and discussing make-up for the play. Simultaneously, the publicity and ticket committees also were at work informing the

May 17 and 18 were abandoned. However, with the sanction of the University players, Dr. Hahn resolved to give it in the fall. Try-outs were then conducted again so as to replace vacancies left in the cast due to graduation; accordingly, Dorothy Kupke, a senior this year, was selected for the role of mother. A few rehearsals spent in plotting the action of the play

public of the play and getting the tickets printed.

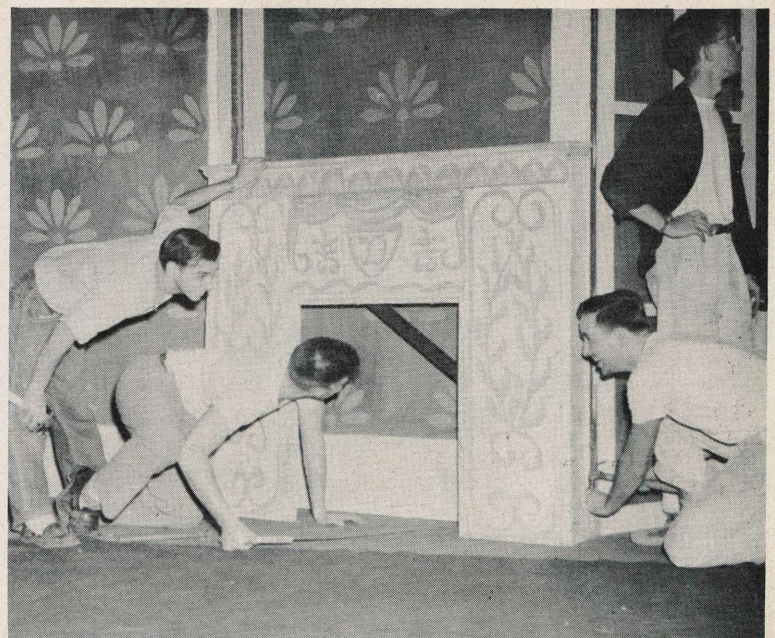
Working on backstage committees is not always an easy task, but it always proves to be an enjoyable one. Sometimes the tasks are very challenging and produce many problems, as was discovered in working on Life with Mother. One problem was that of changing the hair of those actors playing members of the Day family from their regular colors to a "carrot-top" red. Only one member of the family, David Czamanske, had a color of hair slightly resembling the proposed change.

Finding costumes for the play was another great challenge. Since it was almost impossible to obtain costumes of the late '80's and early '90's unless they were rented, the costume committee made adaptations of clothes worn during that time.

When the curtain rose and the play began, the audience saw a well-equipped stage and well-trained actors playing their respective roles. However, these things could not have been accomplished successfully without all the time that was devoted to the making of the play.

Perhaps next time you go to the auditorium to see a Player's production, you can appreciate a little more all of the effort that has gone into it.

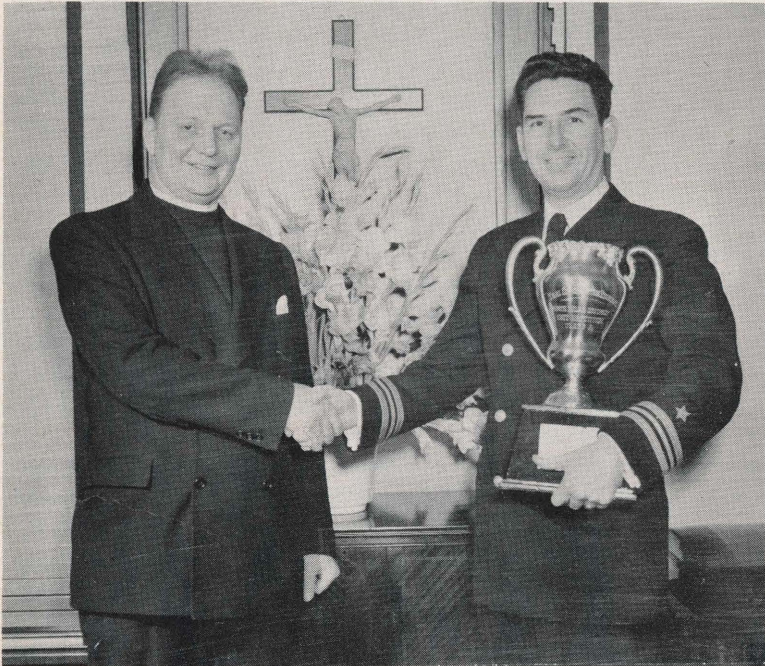
Life with Mother was only one of the several plays to be produced this year. The second University players' production probably to be presented in November will be concerned with the serious side of life. The season will continue with the traditional Christmas and Lenten plays and will close with the annual spring production planned of a gay, sparkling musical comedy.



Stage settings for "Life With Mother" are set in place by Dick Kofsky, Don Holtz, Dave Brewer, and Norm Robertson who seem to be enjoying the process immensely.

Valpo's Naval Reserve

BY KEN FETZER,
ENSIGN, USNR



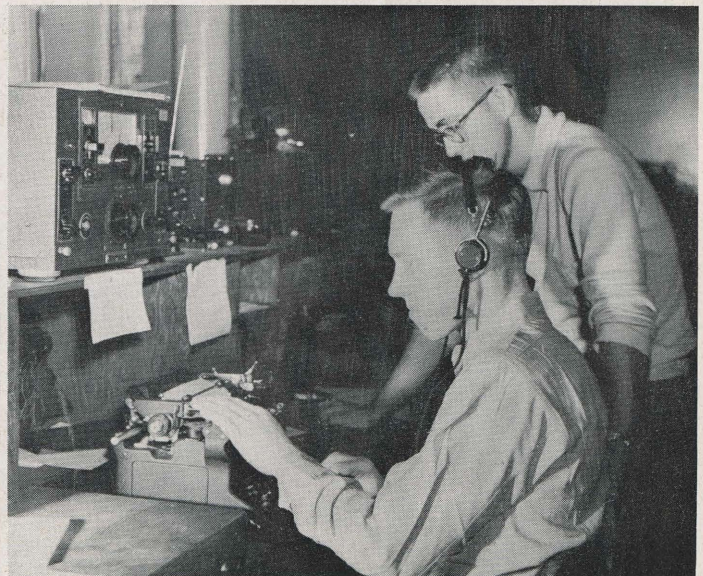
In April 1948 the Reserve unit received a citation for proficiency. L. A. Wehling, LCDR, USNR, former commander of the unit, is shown receiving congratulations from Pres. Kretzmann.

Ed Rehberg, '51, ETM3 USNR, did not seem to be a popular fellow as he sat at the U. S. Naval Reserve recruiting table in the gym during registration days this fall. The Korean situation seems to have frightened Valpo's male population away from the armed forces. Despite the prevailing crisis, Valpo's Naval Reserve unit Electronic Warfare Company 9-170, has had but two men called to active duty, and both have received deferments to continue their studies.

In the weekly Tuesday evening drill sessions on the third floor of the old Engineering building, campus reservists study the construction, operation, and theory of radio, radar, and electronic equipment. Here, learning by doing is emphasized and the sailors may be seen delving into the mysteries of schematic diagrams and ardently constructing and repairing the complex-looking equipment, valued at \$50,000, used at the station. Communication watches are in operation with similar units in the Ninth Naval District and each week the men at the radio keys keep in touch with other Naval Reserve stations receiving orders and information. Technical and general interest movies are shown each week and typical (that is, good) Navy coffee is served.



Author Ken Fetzer and Ed Rehburg listen to Bill Shewan explain workings of Navy radio.



Jack Hiller and Dave Jordan receive the weeks orders by radio.

THE SAFEST DRIVER (continued)

the streets of Ridgeville that has driven over eighty thousand miles this past year without an accident. With a record like that it only seemed fitting to pick Don Banks for the "Safest Driver of the Year Award. And particularly after what has happened tonight, we should even be more thankful for a driver like Don. I would like to present the driver of the year, folks, Don Banks!"

"Don...Don," Ann whispered.

"The Chief is waiting for you to come up."

"Oh--yeh." My head is whirling like a top. I get up slowly, my feet not too sure under me. The applause stops and the click, click, click, of my heel plates is almost deafening in the utter silence. I stumble up the steps, shake the Chief's hand--mine slimy with perspiration--I turn and look at the audience. I look but all the faces are out of focus--swimming here and there. I can't remember any of the speech. They're all waiting. I have to say something.

"L--Ladies and Gentlemen. I--I would like to take this opportunity. I mean--I would just like to say--I mean--I would--This is--I guess this is--is no time to be making speeches. So--" A hand takes hold of my arm--the Chief--he must think he understands my predicament.

"Don's right folks. This is no time to be making speeches. I know some of you must be wondering by now if one of your family or friends were in the accident. If you have to go up the Canyon road, please be careful. We don't want anymore accidents tonight."

Everything is closing in. "Ann. Ann. Over this way," I called. Here comes the Chief, too.

"Say, Don, you can go by way of the canyon road to take Ann home, can't you?" said Chief Wilkes. I got the call just before I came over here, and I had to round up a couple of the boys and send them out in my car."

"I--I'm awfully sorry, Chief, we--we weren't going home right--"

"Sure we will, Chief."

"Thanks, Ann. I guess courting can wait at a time like this."

"But--" They didn't hear me. Ann moves over to let the Chief in.

"Tell us about the accident, Chief," Ann said.

"Well, it seems like some fool took the hairpin turn too fast and forced the other driver off the road. That's all the party said when they called. But don't worry, we'll get the guy. If we can get a plaster cast of his tire tracks, we'll have him inside of a week. He won't get away."

I remembered that I parked on the side of the road. They won't miss finding that. I can't think. If they would only quit their chattering--accidents, murder--

"Don, be careful. You almost went off the road. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Why should there be something the matter?"

"Here we are, Chief. If you don't mind, Ann

and I will go on."

"I wish you could stay a while, Don. You or Ann might be able to help in identifying the body. The boys are bringing it up now. It looks like more than one went over. I better get over there."

"Don't you think that we had better stay, Don?"

They've brought up three bodies already. All those curious people standing around joking and laughing. But that man, over there, walking to his car looks like he's seen a ghost. Another one looks. He lifts back the sheet, stares, and whimpers a mournful wail--his hands claw at his face--

"Don?"

"Wa--What?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?"

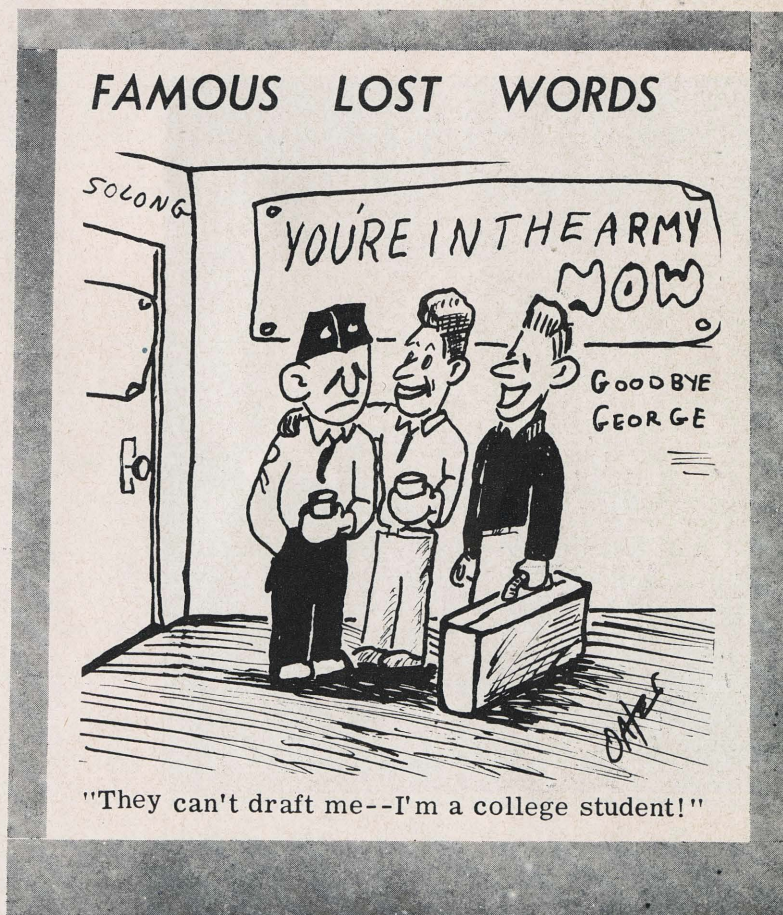
"No, did--did you say anything?"

"Never mind, here comes the Chief. He's calling to you."

I wonder what he wants. Maybe we can go, or, maybe, maybe he's found out something. I'm going crazy. I did it! I did it! But I can't tell them. I can't.

"Don, come over here will you. I'm very sorry, fella. I didn't think that this could happen to such a swell guy. I would have given anything if it wouldn't have happened to you. Over here, Don. Chief Wilkes pulled back the sheet.

"O God! My brother!"



freshman diary

from orientation to homecoming

BY TOPSY DALLMANN

We arrived at Valparaiso on Labor day, and like most eager and curious freshman began to swarm all over the place. The day was appropriately spent moving in midst much confusion, trying to remember names and places, looking for lost relatives or new roommates, or gritting your teeth in preparation for "all those things" you heard about college life.

That evening we had our get-acquainted party. SC Pres. Bill Boltz and Herb Gronauer were on hand to introduce us to the more simple facts of the school, then the gals were initiated into what is lovingly called "hours." They were 11 o'clock that week, and we thought that was pretty strict until we found out they had been moved up to 10 the next week.

September 5th marked the first day of Orientation week, and we trudged to the gym for our tests. For three hours we pushed pens until our thumbs and brains were driven to a numb dullness. We wondered what good pen pushing would do in the line of a college education.

Due to some oversight on the part of the



Those registration lines seemed endless. When we finally arrived at the head of the line, 7 o'clock classes awaited us.



We arrived at Valpo rather bewildered at the new atmosphere and rather confused about what to do and where to go.

university, that night was somehow left free and the buzzers in Dodge and Altruria began clanging away. Somehow the campus men had advance information of a few traditions, and we gals found ourselves on South campus.

The rest of Orientation week was "highlighted" with more tests, learning the history of the university, suffering through physicals, and trying to learn about and sign up for seven or eight extracurricular activities.

Saturday, the 9th, proved to be the headliner of the week as we saw the Freshman Jamboree. It was an introduction to college entertainment the way we thought it would be, and after the terrific show we began to feel that Valpo was really something more than a dull class routine.

Sunday morning we went to church, and the only other activity of the day was a Gown and Gavel reception at night. It was a day of rest in preparation for the next-day slaughter.

Monday, Sept. 11th was a cold, wet, dreary day. Just perfect for registration. We stood hours in line to get our seven o'clock and Satur-

day classes, and found that with registration and the advent of the upperclassmen we had to stand in line for the bookstore, cafeteria, the business office, and every other activity.

September 13th--at least it wasn't a Friday--classes started. We wished for the carefree days of Orientation week, but were carried along into the nose-to-the-grindstone pace of classes. Homework turned out to be the kind that must be done even if it took hours to accomplish. "Nothing like High School," we moaned.

The Freshman class really organized at our first meeting September 17th. That was when haz...I mean initiation officially started. An article affectionately referred to as a "pot" soon teetered precariously on our heads, and at any time some overenthusiastic class member would break out with the alma mater or fight song. The pass word was "Square those pots, Frosh!"

Juniors and seniors for some reason seemed to look down on the sophomores taking it out on us. While they mumbled something about taking it and giving it out, we freshmen lost our cock-eyed optimism and were subjected to the sophomores wrath.

We presented our version of Stunt night which was fairly successful although the species of red-coated people whooping it up in the audience refused to let the show continue for more than 30 seconds at a time.

Classes got tougher as time progressed.



Then there was Stunt night. The whole class cooperated in presenting what talent we had, but the Sophomores were tough to please.

Those comp themes came due every week, and every instructor gave us the idea that his course was to come first. Everyone was pouring it on right from the beginning.

The all-campus hayride on Sept. 22 was a break for us, and the buzzers in Altruria and Dodge started going full force again. Again, it was another one of those social affairs that we expected at Valpo, and we returned from our first all-campus event exhausted and happy that it was a success.

Next night we had the thrill of seeing our football Crusaders in action against Defiance. We were really proud to be students at Valparaiso university, and this spirit grew even more when we heard the scores of the other games.

By the second week in October we were no longer wandering around looking as if we would fall through the ground at any moment. We knew quite a bit about some traditions, and were given an active part in planning for the big event of the semester: Homecoming.

We started work on the bonfire at least three weeks ago, we began planning our float and house decorations. Now the weekend has arrived and we can survey our supposed handiwork.

These first few weeks have been a fast and confusing whirl of curricular and extracurricular activities. Once you have been exposed to Valpo life from Orientation to Homecoming, you sort of find yourself wrapped up in Valpo's spirit and you have that feeling that it is a wonderful place to be part of.



The bonfire kept us busy day and night for the last week. We just kept building, and hoped no one would burn it down.

PICTURE-CRIME

for the intellectuals



Although roommate Del Hoepner has been stabbed, Don Becker, Marty Huebner, and Bob Gentzke are far too busy in academic studies to bother about removing the body.



As soon as he finds time between his other important calls, Inspector Cannibal Slobb (Bill Koch) examines the scene of the crime. "This is murder," he announces.



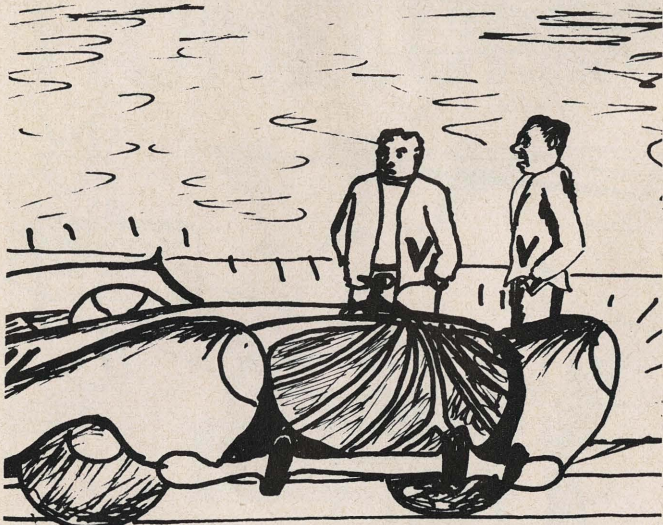
Beauty queen Ellie Schulz, WAVE officer Margaret Zimmerman, vaudeville song-and-dance team Audrey Haeseler and Hubert Velpec, student Howard Metzger who was asleep when subpoenaed, professional swimmer Pat Orpin, gangster Bill Wrege (now sought by the Senate crime committee), and fireman Ben Vogler were taken by Slobb's agents from whatever they were doing and rushed to Valpo. Here, the Inspector tries to work out clues in the best Sherlock Holmes style.



After a week of continuous grilling, Inspector Slobb suddenly jumps to his feet. "The victim was stabbed," he said in an epoch-making statement. Using this brilliant deduction as a basis for further conjecture, Slobb soon has a whole pattern worked out, and much to the surprise of the assembled suspects, he reveals his solution, and names the one he believes to be the guilty party. CAN YOU DEDUCE WHO IT IS? For the solution of this crime, look on the next page.

Picture-Crime Solution

Said Slobb, "I knew the Beauty Queen and WAVE were too refined to stab anyone, the vandeville team was too disinterested in murder, the stu- dent had no motive, the gangster was in Kansas City at the time, the fireman's alibi was fool- proof, so I'm taking with me the one in the bathing suit."



-THOMPSON-

"Wonder how many meal tickets that cost?"

BASKETBALL FORECAST (continued)

Don Spitz is a 6'3" transfer student from Concordia seminary in Missouri whom Allen regards as a good prospect. Filling out the roster are two center candidates: Lou Schroer and Lyle Waters. Should Waters fill the position, Ove and Doehrman could be shifted to their old positions at guard and forward respectively.

Allen this year will stick pretty much to the break type of offense which brought the Crusaders 15 victories against eight defeats last year. Allen had an approximate 80% victory return in his coaching career at Newcastle, Ind., Waukegan, and Valpo.

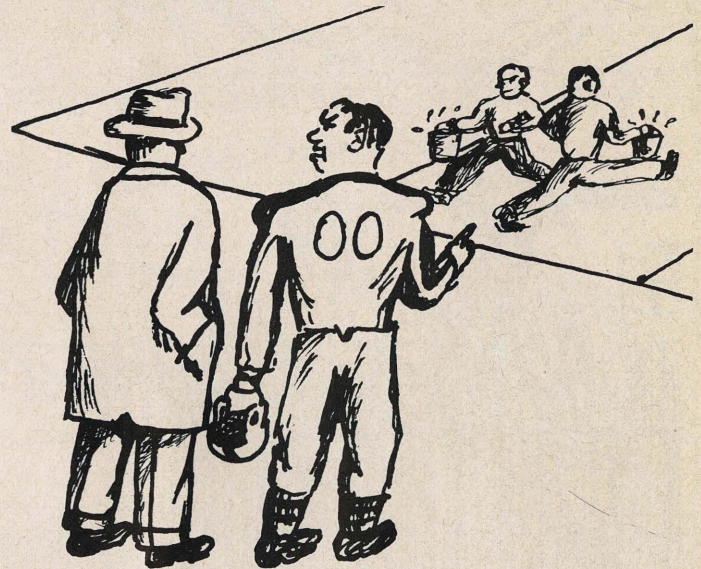
Twice at Newcastle Allen's teams won state championship titles. He was a member of the 1927-28 national championship team while at Butler under Coach Tony Hinkle and his Waukegan teams were perennial conference champions.

Allen has no easy job this year. Though he has an abundance of talent his schedule stacks up among the toughest in Crusader history. Valpo fans should see a lot of interesting basketball this year.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING (continued)

During the summers of 1948 and 1949, the new laboratory building was erected and equipped through the labor and efforts of the student body. It is an example of a thoroughly adequate educational facility, and is a living monument to the initiative and enterprise of this unique group of students and friends. At the present time the full four years of engineering instruction in the fields of civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering are being offered, and the College of Engineering is looking forward to its first graduation class in over a decade.

The equipment for the Engineering Laboratories building is thoroughly adequate for the basic undergraduate work given in the College of Engineering and is being constantly augmented by purchases or gifts. Although no project or enterprise, no matter how large or small, can ever be said to be complete, it may well be asserted that the equipment in the three divisions of civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering is representative of the most modern practice in schools of comparable size.



-THOMPSON-

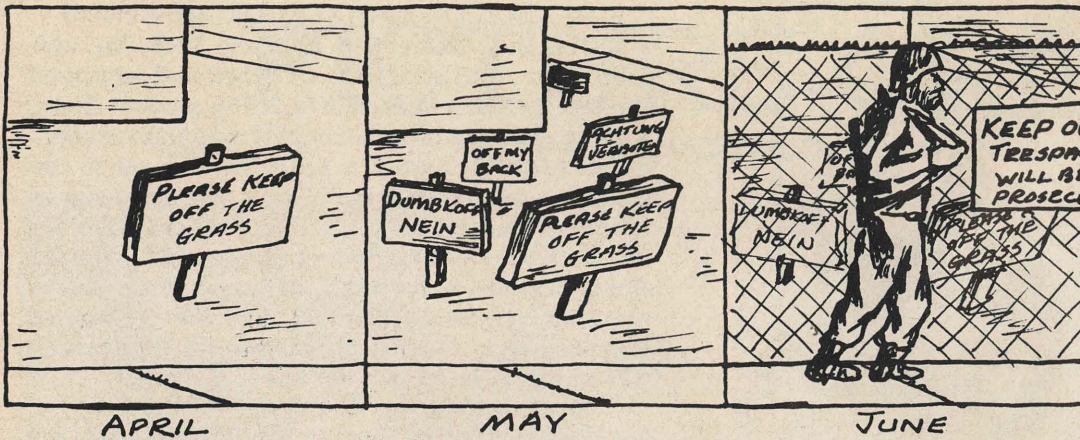
"Aren't you carrying the two-platoon system a little too far?"

Bottled Beauty

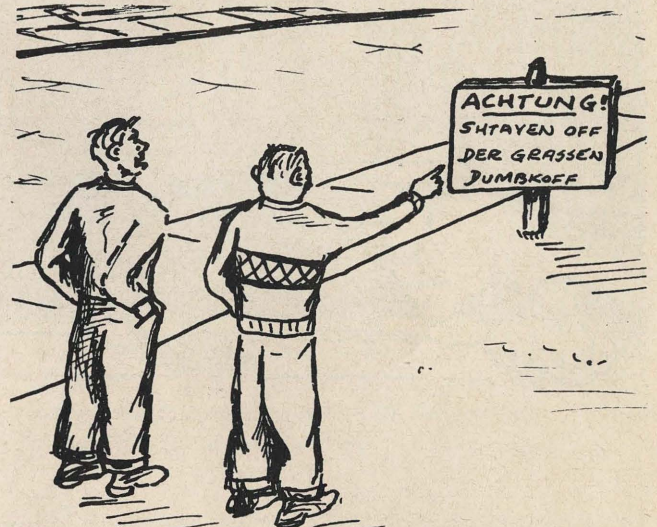
I am Heinz's fifty-seven varieties;
Saucy, full of beans,
Juicy, diced and mashed,
Green, but fresh and ripe,
Sweetened, spiced and seasoned,
Rich in vitamins added,
Tasty, pickled, condensed, and soupy,
From three to seven servings,
Shake well, serve warm:

Heinz has fifty-seven varieties;
I have more,
I am a woman.

--R.S.



“Keep off the Grass...”

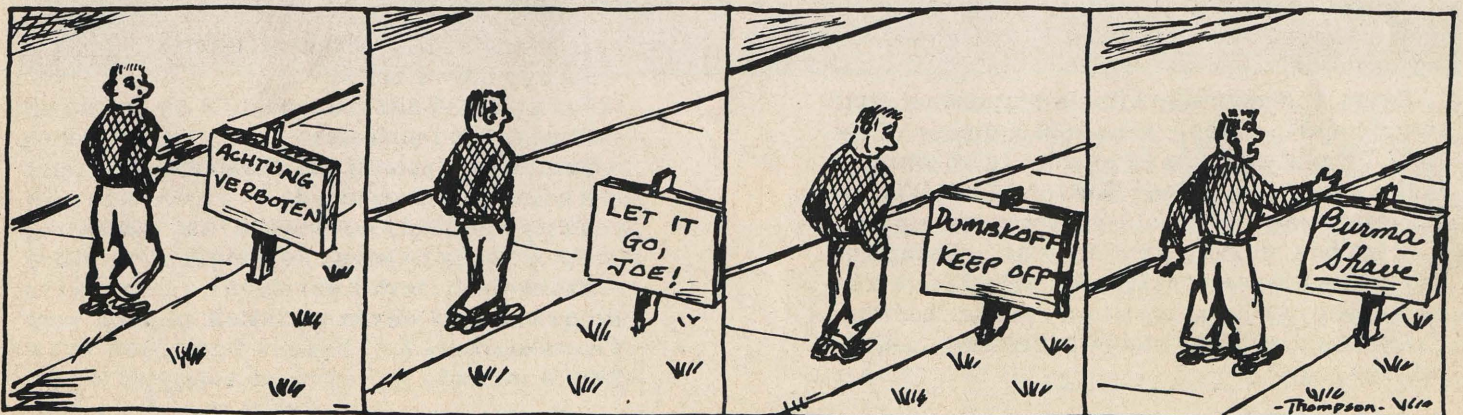



"Don't ask me, I took Spanish myself."



"Well, we kept off it--now let's see them cut it."

Cartoonist Ron Thompson satirizes a familiar campus theme





HAPPY HOMECOMING

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Memorial Hall

Number 2...THE FLICKER

"One question...Where do I flick my ashes?"

Don't think our neat-pleated friend with the drape-shape doesn't know the score! He's plenty hep to all those tricky cigarette tests! If you're in the groove, they're not fooling *you*, either. You know, from your own smoking experience, that just one puff of this brand...then one puff of that brand isn't going to give you the answer you want. What can you possibly tell by a quick inhale and exhale, a whiff or a sniff?

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