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VU Magazine, vol. 2, no. 2

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VU



**VU's
VALENTINES**

35¢

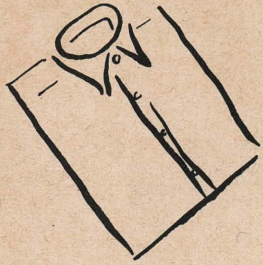
John Rosenbaum

Special This Issue:

STUDENT SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

February 1951

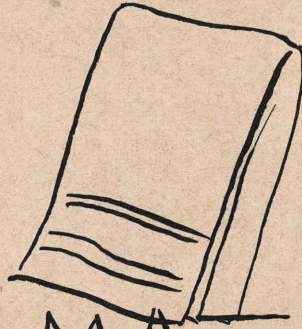
THE HOUSE OF WASH



WE
IRON
'EM

TOO

SHIRTS - FLATWORK



WASH-O-MAT

BEHIND THE STUDENT COUNCIL BUILDING

THERE MUST BE A
REASON

PARRY'S QUALITY FOODS



WHY SO MANY STOP AT

PARRY'S

OFFSET PRINTING
IN ONE AND
MULTIPLE COLORS

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Letters To The Editor



"REFLECTING STUDENT LIFE"

Vol. 2, No.2 February, 1951

Dear Editor,

I was very happy to get the copy of VU and to learn that two members of our Eastern District serve on the editorial staff. The magazine in general is well done.

My personal preference is for a large number of pictures in a magazine, and this desire you have gratified. For the information of readers outside the immediate university, I think it is well to provide informative captions. You have done this, except in the case of pages 12 and 13, the home-coming snapshot album.

Possibly a page of good, clean humor with emphasis on University life could be used instead of short stories. Pages like #22 "Keep off the Grass" appeal to me.

Rev. H. Bielenberg, Editor
The Lutheran Witness,
Eastern District Edition

Oil City, Penn.

Dear Editor,

We have received your excellent school magazine, and were very pleased to find that it has been prepared with our typewriters.

R. J. Kane, Manager
International Business
Machines Office

Calumet City, Illinois

Dear Editor,

Thank you for sending us a copy of VU Magazine. It seems to be an interesting job exceedingly well done for a publication of this kind. The art is interesting too.

A. H. Kirchhofer, Managing Editor
Buffalo Evening News

Buffalo, New York

Photo

Credits



Cover, Jordan; pages 4, 5, and 6 Jordan; page 7 and 8 Jordan and Hanneman; page 9 Jordan; pages 14 and 15 Henry; pages 16 through 20 Jordan, Henry Fetzer; page 21 Henry.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Buck Haeseler Editor-in-Chief
El Jordan Staff Photographer
Flossie Klettke Staff Artist
Rev. A. P. Klausler . Faculty Adviser

BUSINESS STAFF

Del Hoepfner Business Mgr.
Lois Scheppe Subscription Mgr.
Dorothy Mesenbrink . Circulation Mgr.

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campus carousel

FOR MEN ONLY

From the New York Times of Jan. 15, 1951: "War jitters have hit college campuses across the nation, and many students are adopting a what's-the-use attitude because of the uncertainty of world conditions and their own futures, a survey showed today."

Valparaiso university is no exception in this present emergency. Both Pres. Kretzmann and Dr. Jox commented recently on the wave of hysteria that has swept our and other campuses: enrollment and scholastic averages have dropped while an indifferent attitude towards scholastics and enlistments have increased.

"I can only tell them the facts and hope they realize that the best thing to do is to remain in college," said Pres. Kretzmann. "You've got to think it over carefully and not act hastily. A few weeks ago, two men withdrew from the university to enlist. Now they found that college students are deferred until June and still choose their branch of service, and both have applied for readmission to Valpo this semester."

At the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges in Atlantic City, N.J. last month, a proposal concerning the relationship between military manpower and higher education was drawn up and presented to the government. Main points of the proposal include the following:

1. ROTC units in colleges in preference to special units set up by the army.
2. Right of inductee to select branch of service regardless of draft board action (Now in effect)
3. Training of college women.
4. Increase of ROTC; start draft at 19 year age limit.
5. Deferments to ministerial and medical students, also graduate students in math, engineering, and physical & biological sciences.
6. Deferments for those who have completed two years of college in June 1951 and have a satisfactory standing.
7. Deferment until the end of the year for the student who reaches his 19th birthday while in college.
8. Federal scholarship or loan program.
9. Help for small colleges threatened by lack of students.

That plan was submitted to congress. Another proposal, the "Indiana plan," concerning manpower was presented to congress last month.

In a speech delivered to the House of Representatives, Hon. William G. Bray of Indiana summarized the plan as follows (based on Truman's minimum 3,000,000 man armed force):

There are now 1,200,000 career men in the army, which leaves 1,800,000 men to be supplied by induction to meet the quota. At the present time there are 3,750,000 men between the ages of 19-23 to meet their demand--a surplus of 1,950,000.

Normally, there are 500,000 men 19-20 years old in college, which still leaves a surplus of 1,450,000 men from 19-23 if service postponement for college is granted. By adding together the annual inductions required to maintain the armed forces (900,000) and the qualified men annually reaching the age of 19 (750,000) we find that our pool of surplus men is reduced 150,000 every year.

On this basis, it will take 19 years to absorb the surplus in manpower currently existing before bringing the demand for inductees to the point where men will be unable to finish college prior to entering the service

These figures are approximate, and as yet nothing has been stated about the strength of the proposal. But the fact remains that the student who stays in school and keeps his grade average up is doing the only sensible thing in the light of the information cited.

ON THE COVER



The chief joy in editing this publication, as you can see above, is selecting the cover girl for each issue. Breaking the tradition of all previous VU covers, this time we have TWO beautiful girls instead of only one.

Our VU Valentines are Shirley and Beverly Prahm, sophomore twins from Southbridge, Mass. They are 19 years old (Beverly being the older by eight minutes), are blond, blue eyed, and major in sociology. Vital statistics: 5'6" and 124 pounds; bust 34", waist 25", hips 35".



That's My Pop!

BY JO BAUER

For twenty-five long years Daddy has been preaching, living, and working for Valparaiso university. I never fully realized what it was all about until I came to the university as a student. Wherever I went or whenever I was introduced to anyone it was always, "She's the dean's daughter."

At first this made me feel a little strange, and I often wished Daddy were a professor again, or anything else but a dean. His position made me feel as if I had to be smart, clever, and an especially good girl at all times. How often I wished I could go to another school where people would know me for just myself and not always say in passing, "There's the dean's daughter."

In the beginning I felt a little left out of campus "talk" as I always had the feeling that other kids were cautious about what they told me for fear of my reporting everything to the dean. However, it was not long before this was knocked out of me, and I suddenly felt very proud to be called Jo—daughter of the dean. I became proud, not for myself, but of the dean—my daddy. I became proud of the never-ending love for the school he showed in his every action, of his lovable oddities, and even of the traditional funny stories and jokes that circulated campus concerning his brisk mannerisms and his stogies.

Daddy is an old-country man in many ways,

(Continued on next page)



This is the second time Jo has appeared in VU. Last April she was featured as the magazine's candidate for Cherry Blossom Queen. In this issue she writes about her "Life With Father."

(Continued from previous page)

coming from a long line of sturdy stock. The traditional German papa is thought of as recognizing himself in a superior way toward the women in his household and demonstrating it in his home life. How ironical this seems to me when I think of Daddy. I am always proud to tell people that during my mother's illness of the past two years Daddy has helped my sisters and me with the household duties and has cooked many a meal that tastes like "real home cookin'." In spite of all the things Daddy does at home, he manages to get a great deal of reading done. I guess all of these traits stem from his early youth and the influence his mother had on the family.

Many of Daddy's principles were formed by Grandma Bauer, who was a very energetic and pious woman. Her family's fortune was lost during the great depression of the late nineteenth century. Through consistent economy and self-denial she managed to give all of the children a good schooling. I have often heard Mother tell how Daddy put himself through school including graduate work at Columbia, Cornell, and Harvard university, pretty much on his own, in Spartan fashion.

Daddy has many diversions and side-lines awaiting his arrival from a busy day at the office. He can paper a room, any size or shape in an almost professional manner, in much less time than any paid professionalist. He is also very adapt in painting woodwork and laying concrete, not to mention masonry jobs around the house. But Daddy, like any hard working eight hour a day man, needs something in the relaxing line too. Instead of golf Daddy gives his fishing tackle a good workout come spring and summer. But when he doesn't feel like going fishing, he just putters around in his 12 x 20 plot of ground, planting this and hoeing that and soaking up rare Valparaiso sunshine.

Daddy can recall the days when he didn't have an office—or even a desk! That was back in 1926 when he first came to Valpo after the Lutherans took over. In those days, the pro-

fessors were really pouring on the work in an attempt to get Valpo accredited, and the students didn't exactly appreciate it. Some of the more adventurous scholars formed the "Coffin Club"—an organization threatening to terrorize the campus unless the scholastic standards were lowered. But Daddy and his associates won out with the aid of shotguns and midnight guard duty.

For a while when Valpo was just starting out as a Lutheran university, Daddy even was faculty adviser of the TORCH and RECORD (as the BEACON was then called.) In 1931-32 the whole family went to Cornell university where Daddy received his PhD; then in 1946 he was made Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. Now he really has a lot of jobs: dean of the faculty, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, head of the department of history, acting head of the department of home economics and art plus the university library, and ex-officio member

of all administrative and faculty committees. To make it simple, he is the official go-between for the administration and faculty and the watchdog of students' academic progress.

His heart and soul are in the school and its future progress. These twenty-five years have really made Valparaiso university home to Daddy. I shall always be proud to look up to him and say. "That's my Pop!"



A student-eye view of the dean in his office. This is a typical pose as he answers questions about scholastics, petitions, or general advice.

Did you ever seriously consider what would happen if everyone went around campus arrayed in the costumes that the national magazines and moving pictures portray as the "latest in typical college fashions?"

Quite a few of the more popular weekly or monthly publications devote several pages on many occasions to models garbed in slick stitched outfits in all sorts of collegiate poses. It seems in these picture stories that the average male student always attends class in an immaculate royal blue suit (with his left hand neatly inserted in his left coat pocket for that snappy campus appeal.)

Every girl is dressed to meet the Maharaja of Magador with matching rhinestone earrings, necklace, bracelet, and scatter pins. They are posed in front of the classroom buildings or at the student union, standing with their "cheese" smiles and trying to look intellectual.

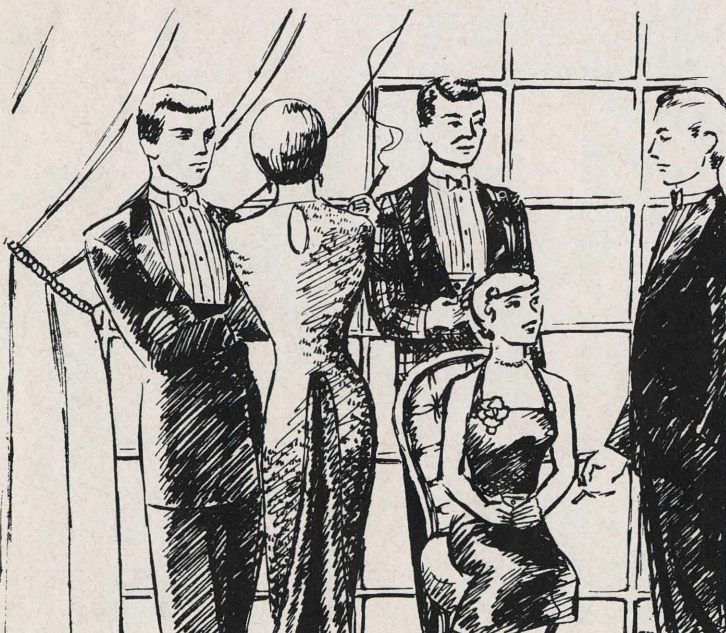
Movies too, have a way of coloring college life to suit their super colossal etc. imaginations of their writers and directors. In these film versions of university life, the students change costumes at least seven times a day, sing and dance in major production numbers at the slightest provocation, and cruise around in new Cadillac convertibles.

For Valpo's answer to the challenge of college fashions, turn the page and see the reaction of a typical freshwater college in northwestern Indiana.

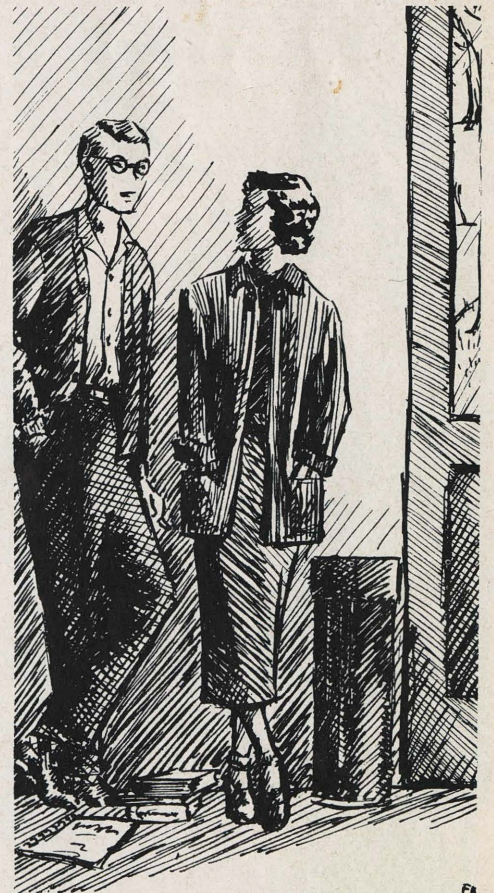


College Fashions---according to the movies

COLLEGE FASHIONS



This picture could have come from any leading magazine, and captioned as being the "typical every-day apparel" for college.



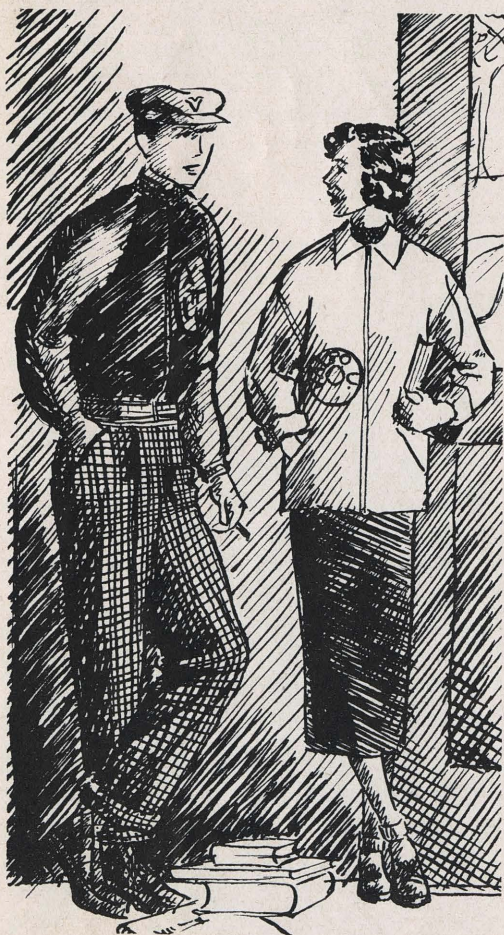
This pose isn't as stilted looking as the one to the left, but have you seen students in outfits like these attending classes? Here?

In response and reaction to the opinions of designers, writers, and movie moguls on how the average college man and woman appears, Valparaiso university had developed the "Casual Look."

It was one of those fashion movements that developed all by itself. No one introduced the style, no French designer influenced the students, no strict customs or traditions were laid down. Valpo scholars simply dressed for comfort instead of show; as middle classmen rather than pseudo aristocrats; for pleasure instead of the dictates of modern fashion.

Perhaps the tie stickpin has been replaced with a spot of gravy, and the billowing circle skirt with jeans. Style's French angora sweater has become a university sweatshirt, and blue serge suits are preferred to ultra modern tartan dinner jackets for formals. Instead of Cadillac confertibles, you're more likely to find Ford coupes.

Who buys the creations manufactured and sold as "College fashions," I'm not sure. At Valpo the styles are comfortable, practical, and--well--casual.



The Casual look: V-hat, fraternity jacket, slacks, argyles, loafers. For the gals, short cut hair, blouse or sweater, Valpo jacket, plain skirt, bobby socks.

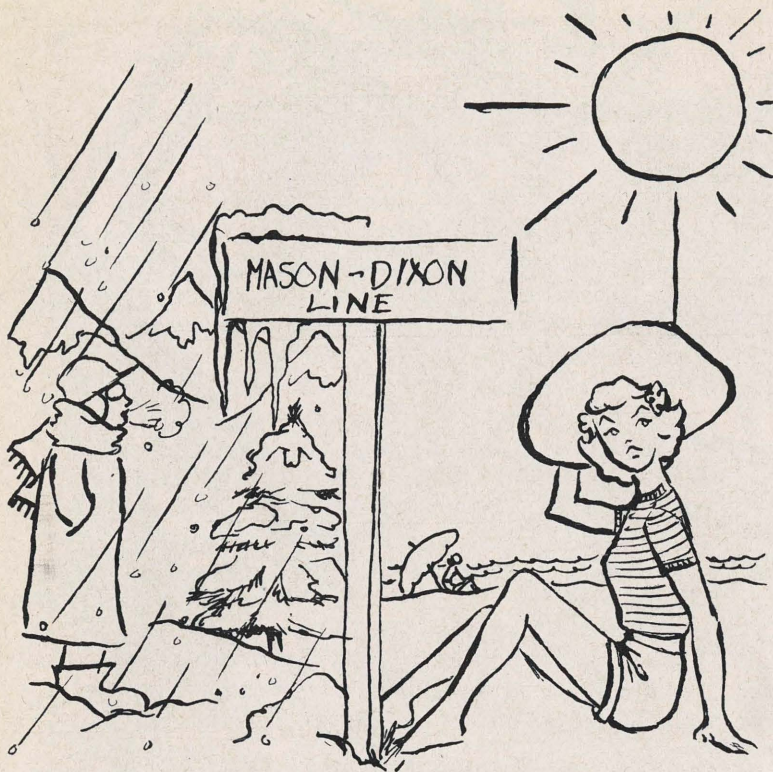


Hermine Winkelblech, Carol Wiese, Mary Ann Dinkelmann, Mary Jane Hagen, Marilyn Schultz, and Donna Bruggeman model Valpo's "Casual Look" attire for outdoor extracurricular activities.

Valpo Has the Casual Look



College fashions—the casual look of Valpo. Relaxed, informal, comfortable, and still neat. But then, how casual can you get?



Valpo's Miss Alabama Tells About Her Experiences 'Up North'

I stared in amazement. "My gosh," I thought, "don't tell me I have to learn a new language! That's no Latin or German I've ever had."

Bravely I gathered my wits about me, though, (I needed something for protection) and decided to play along. Smiling politely I said,

"Pardon me, ma'am, but Ah didn't catch that last word." (This was only a mild understatement, but in this case, I felt it was highly justified.)

It was the stranger's turn to look amazed.

"What strange creep is this!" she said to herself. Then it dawned on her and an understanding look covered her face. "Why, of course, this is one of those foreign students. I'll show her how nice we Americans are." So she tried again very slowly asking,

"What coun-try are you from?"

I smiled with relief. So this foreign student did know some English after all, but why hadn't she used it at the beginning. She might know that there are a few college students who don't know quite everything at the beginning of a semester.

Slowly we two explained in very carefully picked words just what "country" (since when do the states call themselves countries?) each

(Continued on Page 25)

Miss Rebel Goes to College

BY LOIS TONN

It was a great day for this rebel, when after a sixty day trek from the deep South I jumped eagerly from the car, scanned the horizon, finally spotted Valpo, and first put my foot on its great campus. There was only one thing that came between me and the view...that was a sheet of falling rain. My breathless moments of soaking in this long awaited sight abruptly came to an end, however, when I decided the precipitation was here to stay, and I headed for Penney's shoe department for red boots!

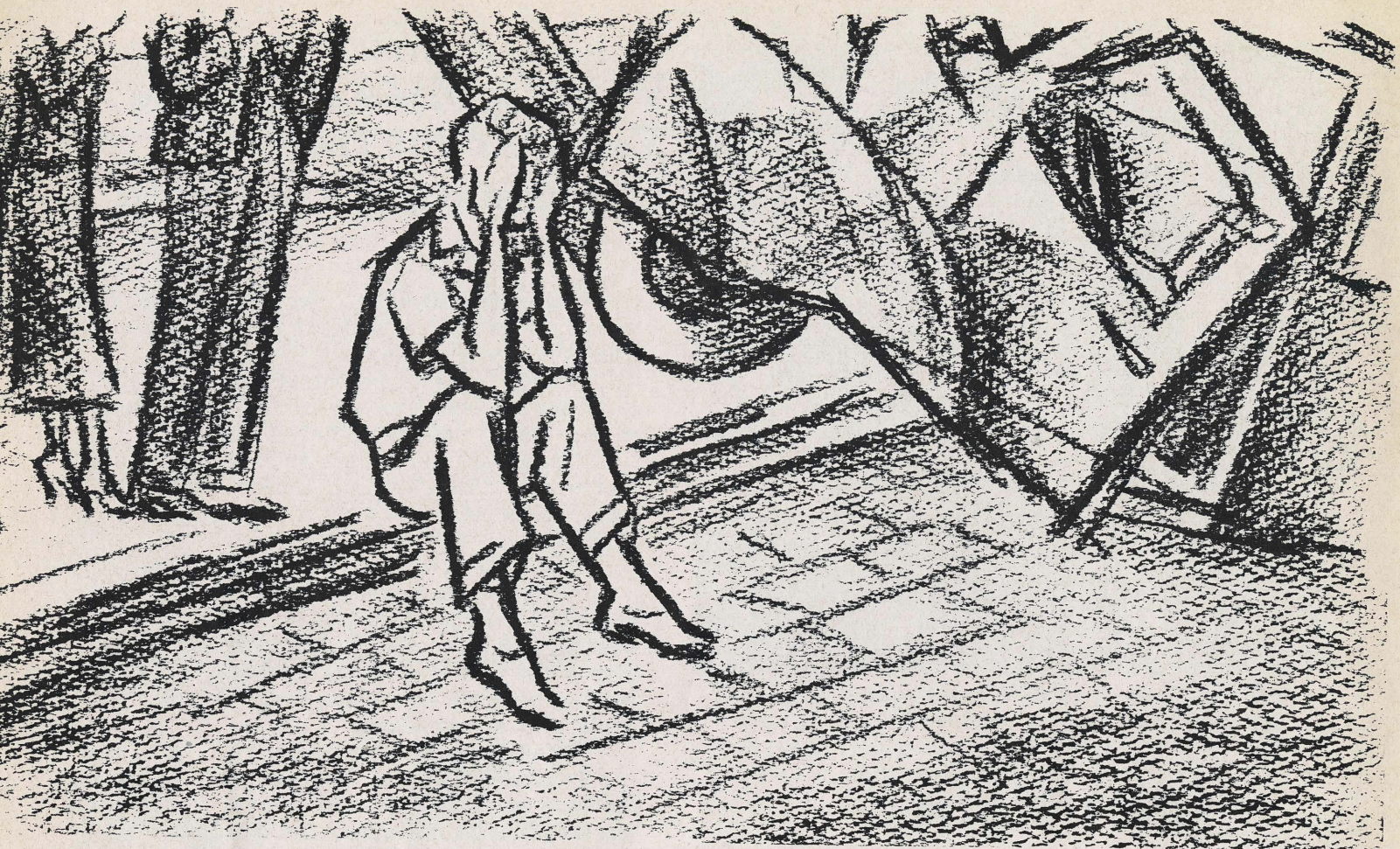
The rains had come and showed no indication of leaving. Nor could this little girl: my belongings had been dumped in my new room, and my parents had bid me a fond farewell and departed with the car...the only easy way of getting out of Valpo.

Realizing that I could not remain in my Memorial room alone for the rest of the year (what if 150 other girls did the same thing?), I bravely went to the door, managed to get out into the hall, and stood there waiting for someone to come up and say hello. Someone approached.

"Hellohowareyouandwhereareyoufrom?" the stranger asked.



This is the Dixie club where the author (arrow) met with fellow Southerners to share good times and their problems of life above the Mason-Dixon line.



The Victim

BY PAUL SCHUETTE

Early dusk. The streets of North Junction were deserted, for at this time of the day most of the inhabitants of the village were at supper. There were no witnesses to the accident at the junction, but nearly everyone heard the terrible sound of the collision.

Minutes after the crash, a small crowd was already gathering at the scene. Despite the oppressive twilight heat, a cold chill passed over the bystanders as they stared in stunned silence at the smashed vehicles. It was an ugly sight.

A new convertible lay on its side, halfway up on the sidewalk. Twisted steel testified to the force of the impact. The hood of the car was sprung, and it gaped open with what seemed almost like a look of surprise. Nearly ten feet from the car a young girl's broken body lay face down on the pavement.

One bystander, a middle-aged woman,

moaned softly and clasped her tiny son closer to her breast. Even the most callous of those in the group were filled with an almost overwhelming pity at the sight of the small, feminine figure sprawled awkwardly on the concrete. Both men and women stood paralyzed, unable to comprehend the tragedy they beheld.

On the opposite side of the street was the other car. The ancient coupe lay on its top, one wheel still spinning crazily on the twisted axle. Huddled in the maze of the wreckage was the driver. There was no movement in the car. Even the spinning wheel was slowing, like a wheel of fortune coming to its clicking halt, pronouncing the end of the game.

One of the last to join the group was the village druggist. The slight, gray-haired man walked quickly from his store and hurried up the street to the junction. He too was affected by what he saw, but his years gave him a greater calmness, even in the face of such a tragedy as this.

"I guess somebody better phone for an ambulance," he said quietly.

The sound of his voice broke the spell that shock had cast over the group. One man ran down the street toward the telephone office in the next block. Others began to move toward the smashed cars to give to the victims what help they could.

"Why, that looks like Judge Reeves' car," said one of the men as they drew near the crumpled convertible.

"Jeez," replied one of the others in a shocked tone. "Can that be Sandy Reeves lying in the street?"

It was. Sandy Reeves, whom everyone in North Junction had known and loved since she had been a golden-haired toddler. The daughter of Judge Reeves, head of the most prominent and most respected family in the county. Sandy Reeves, who had been the pet of every town merchant; the sweetest and prettiest little girl in town grown up into the sweetest and prettiest young lady in town. Only a few days before, Sandy had celebrated her twenty-first birthday.

The druggist caught a sob in his throat. "If somebody's killed that girl..." He had passed many an ice-cream cone over his drug store counter to Sandy.

Somebody had. She must have died instantly, for the back of her skull was crushed. They turned the body over gently to hide the wound. Death had drained all the charm from the once lovely face.

He sat by the wreck of his ancient car and murmured 'I stopped, I stopped.' But the crowd was hostile--- they were certain that the kid had taken her life.

"I'll get a blanket," whispered one of the men.

The rest said nothing, but turned and walked slowly to the other car. Only the druggist remained, staring down at the still figure. Now it was he that seemed to be in need of a reassuring voice. He couldn't seem to believe that this cold and lifeless form at his feet was really Sandy.

For 18 years Sandy had been his favorite customer. The little druggist had never married, and Sandy had been to him a substitute for the daughter he could never have. He had watched her grow up, helped her with the tiny problems that are so immense to a child, been a second father to her.

And now she was gone. It seemed to the druggist as though something vital had been torn from his life, and there was nothing in this world that could fill the gap. He was lost, fumbling, unable for the moment to react to the loss.

Finally, he too turned to join the others. His face was set and hard like a mask as he came up to the other car.

He saw the driver of the coupe sitting on the curbstone. His thin face was bleeding from several small cuts but other than that he was unhurt. He seemed dazed, bewildered.

The little druggist looked at the faces of those surrounding the youthful driver. By the

expressions on their faces he knew that they had been told whose body it was that lay on the highway. Each of them looked as if he had lost one of his own family.

Suddenly the druggist whirled and faced the youth on the curb.

"You killed her! You murdered little Sandy Reeves!"

No one in the group had ever heard the usually mild, quiet druggist speak in that tone before. He trembled with rage as he looked down upon the dazed figure slumped on the curb.

With frightened eyes the youth looked up at the druggist, but said nothing. Shock seemed to have made him incapable of speech. He looked guiltily from face to face like a scared, sensitive child. He had never before found himself in anything like this. He couldn't seem to remember what had happened. Why was he sitting here? Why were all these people standing around him?

A tall, lanky farmer turned to the druggist. "He's even got liquor on his breath. Probably was tight as a tick and didn't stop for the sign."

An angry mutter ran through the crowd. They didn't like this happening in their town.

Too much had been written about crazy, hopped-up kids plunging recklessly down the highways in their ancient cars for them to be forgiving.

"A drunk killer should be strung up before he kills anymore innocent kids,"

said someone in the rear of the group.

Almost involuntarily they pressed closer, surrounding the crouched figure on the curb. Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I stopped, I stopped!" he shouted. "She was the one that didn't! It was her fault!"

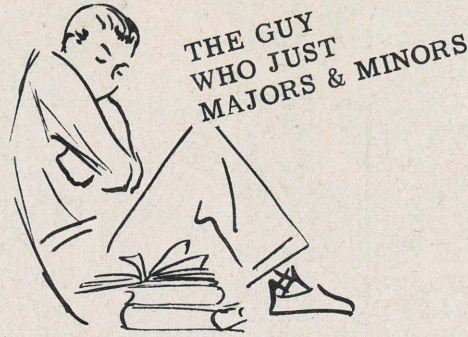
The denial only angered the crowd further. Muttered threats were heard as a growing rage swept through the group like an electric charge. The druggist's face was working in fury. He looked as if he were about to strike the youngster. The crowd posed menacingly, ready to back the druggist's first move.

Then they heard the wail of approaching sirens. The sound seemed to act as a restraining force on the crowd. They backed off a bit, waiting. The youth seemed grateful for the reprieve, but he was still tense, uncertain as to what awaited him.

In a few moments an ambulance pulled up to the junction with a state police car close behind. Two state



(Continued on Page 22)



Characters

IN THE

Classroom

BY BOB TANK



Year after year on thousands of college campuses students come and go...but the characters are always the same. After one or two class sessions every student can be placed in a classification set up by generations of students before him. The term "student" need not limit our discussion since Webster defines a student as "one who attends school," so there is no need to worry about learning or passing or anything else. The next time you have a chance, look around and see if you can identify some of these characters. You might have to look in the mirror.

First, there's the sorority girl. She can easily be spotted because she is never alone. This kind sticks together. She usually attends every class except when it's formal time or initiation time. Then, of course, who can be bothered with classes and other trivial details? She has convinced herself that she is of more than average intelligence because she made the choice she did. After all, SHE picked the sorority, the sorority didn't pick her. When quizzes are handed back, an immediate conference is called to see if all of the sisters had the same things marked wrong.

Then, there's the fraternity man. This one also goes under the name "Joe College." When he does manage to get to classes before Chapel time, it's because he hasn't gone to bed yet. Sometimes it's because of a pinochle game, sometimes it's because of a bull session. Once a year it's because of studies. Even if he doesn't attend classes regularly, he can readily be spotted by a string of suitable monograms at-

tached to his jacket. Rumor has it that because of fierce pride in his brotherhood, this method of identification goes right on down through every layer of clothing up to and including the B.V.D.'s. Further research will prove or disprove this rumor. At midsemester time he has the peculiar habit of sending a junior brother in the same course to take the exam, and then come back and report to him. The last row of seats seems to be reserved for those of this group. If called upon in class, he always has an answer ready and it's always the wrong one.

Another large segment of the campus population can be placed in a class labeled "athletes." Perhaps a better way to say it would be "those out for the team." Very often this character expects to ride through his four years of college on his reputation. He can't understand why he flunks, or even gets a "C"...after all, didn't he score the winning point in the third game of the season two years ago? The instructor who does this just doesn't have any school spirit. Whenever this character gets an excuse for an out of town game he stretches it to include the day before and the day after the period covered by the excuse. This type can easily be singled out by his conspicuous absence during the season.

This next classification as yet has no name since it involves a relatively new species. Let us simply call him the typical music student. It has not yet been determined whether his perpetual daze is because he is majoring in music or the reason he is majoring in music. Whenever two or more travel across the campus they do

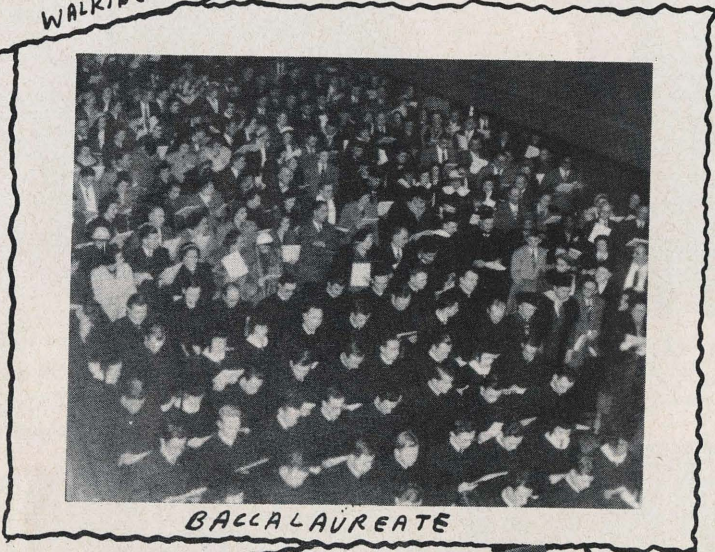
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WALKING TO THE AUDITORIUM



THE OFFICIANTS

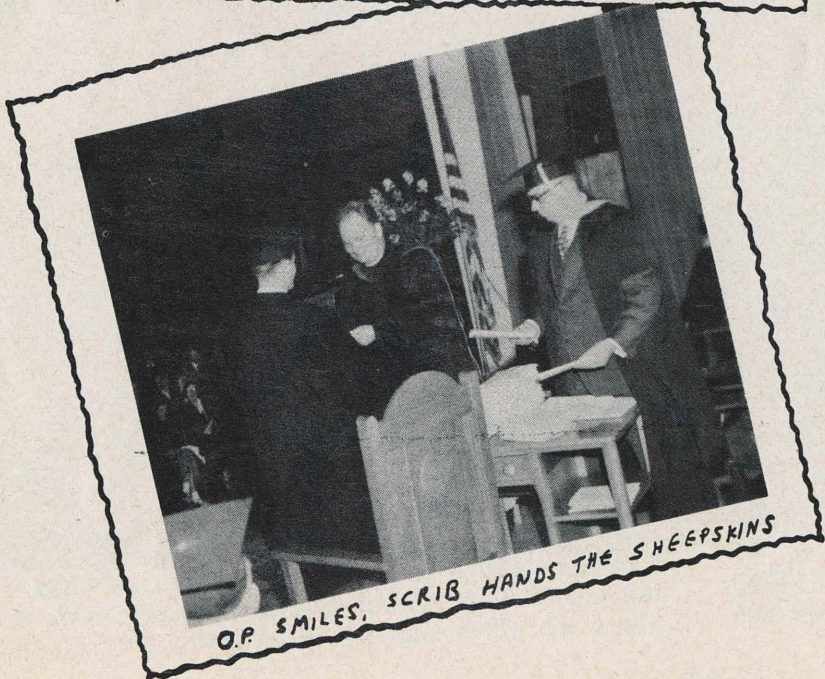


BACCALAUREATE

Photo Album

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY GRADUATION

January Class of 1951



O.P. SMILES, SCRIB HANDS THE SHEEPSKINS



KEN FETZER RECEIVES DIPLOMA*

* THREE DAYS LATER HIS ADDRESS WAS IN CARE OF THE U.S. NAVY.

Football Crusaders Ent



Betty Jo Grubbs of Sarasota, Fla. smiles at the crowd after being crowned Cigar Bowl Queen during the half time ceremonies.



Above, Captain John Knipsel of LaCrosse and V... congratulations from Tampa's Mayor Curtis H. Anderson, while Chamber of Commerce Pres.



Schroeder, Amling, Rowedder, and Dean relax in the Thomas Jefferson before the game. Royce looks as if he's contemplating that 93-yard TD sprint.



The Largo High School band represented Valpo at the game. LaCrosse brought down its own 40-piece marching band all the way from Wisconsin.

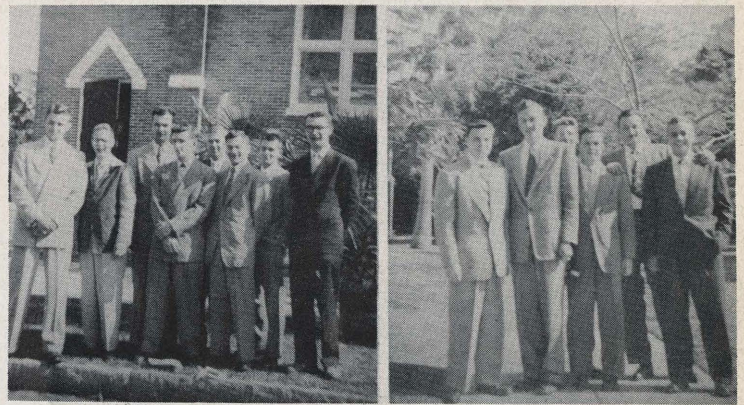
Enjoy Florida Hospitality



Valpo's Tom Fenske receive trophies and Hixon and Egypt Temple Potentate James Andersons. John Dolcator looks on.



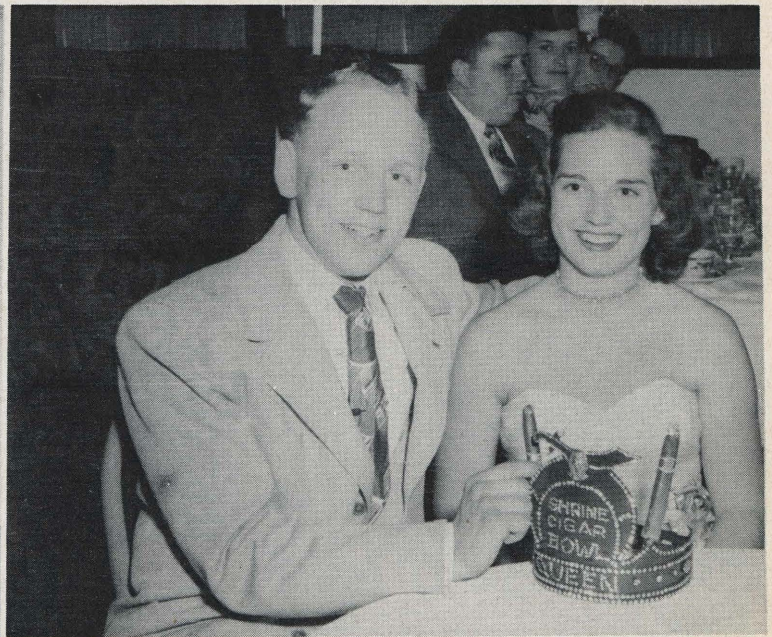
Queens assemble in the lobby of the hotel. Arrow indicates Mary Jane Pohlman, "Miss Valparaiso."



Some of the students who left the snow and cold to head for Florida's sunshine. Quite a number of Valpo scholars were in Tampa for the game.



Harry Knox, LaCrosse Coach Clark Van Galder, Queen Betty Jo Grubbs, Potentate James Anderson, and Rev. Karl Henrichs at the reception.



The victors didn't get all the spoils! Royce Rowedder found Betty Jo unescorted and though we lost the game we won the queen.



Marryin' Sam (Emil Martin) performs a mock wedding at the Rho Tau "Dogpatch Drag" party held last week. The Scragg brothers (Bill Koch and Dick Rath) join right legs with Daisy Mae (Toni Brauer) and Sadie McGoon (Jean Schneider) for the ceremony as the rest of the L'il Abner costumed characters look on.

Student Social Activities At Valparaiso

During the past year, the university has been developing a drive to bring more students to Valparaiso. Special applications were given to those who solicited last summer, students were requested to contact any prospective high school seniors over Christmas vacation, and those presently out working on the public relations program were told to keep a sharp eye out for possible new students.

There was one problem that Valpo students encountered while making contacts among the prospective members of the university family that they hadn't figured on. It seemed that the only contact some young people had with Valparaiso was through the church, and this channel of information naturally emphasized the spiritual values of a Christian university. In many areas, the Christian influence was mentioned to the exclusion of all the other college activities.

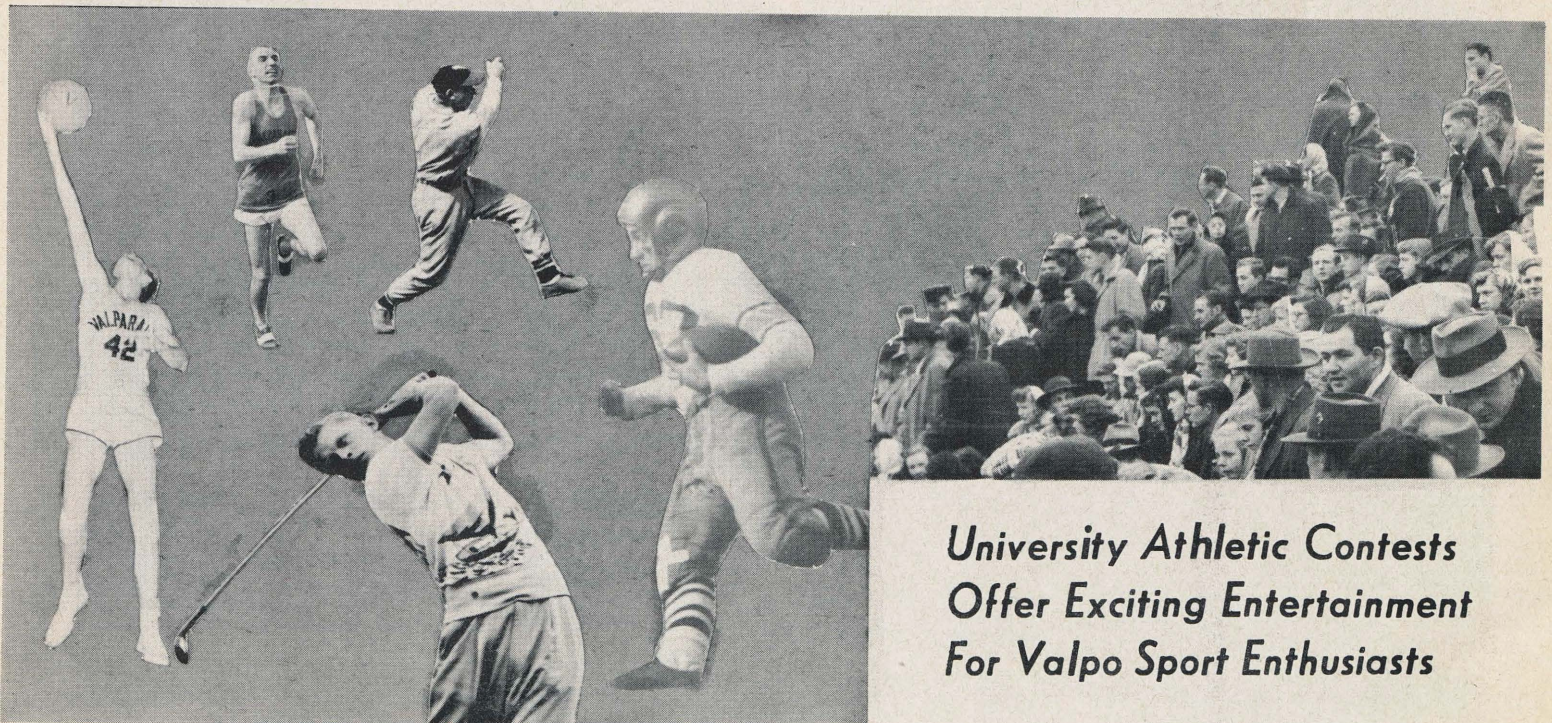
Many young people, before meeting one who has been to Valpo, believed that Valparaiso was a seminary. One woman in western New York told her husband, "We've got to support Valpo, that's where they train our good Lutheran ministers." When the solicitor explained that the school was a regular university, she replied "It can't be...the only time they talk about it

is in church."

A girl in Ohio thought Valpo was "sort of like a monastery," and your time was spent marching to classes and chapel services. Many prospective students asked if Valpo was "like a regular university" with social activities and people enjoying themselves occasionally. Unless you have worked for Valpo in the field, it is hard to conceive what the average high school student imagines the university to be like.

Next time you meet a prospective Valpo student, show him the pictures on these pages. VU, in its policy to reflect student life, believes these pictures give a clear indication that Valparaiso university is socially a normal college. What we have attempted to portray is the various functions actually sponsored by university groups, and these are in addition to the social activities carried on by individual students, such as movies, bowling, the "Hole," or student bridge.

When you look at these five pages of campus social life, consider also how our social activities would be improved if we could have a Student Union. At present, we have our extra-curricular activities scattered, and such a union would do much in coordinating student social life.



*University Athletic Contests
Offer Exciting Entertainment
For Valpo Sport Enthusiasts*



High point in the AE-Alpha Xi "Hole" show was a song-and-dance routine performed by Bill Leonard, Joyce Buss, Marty Christiansen, and Bill Luecke.

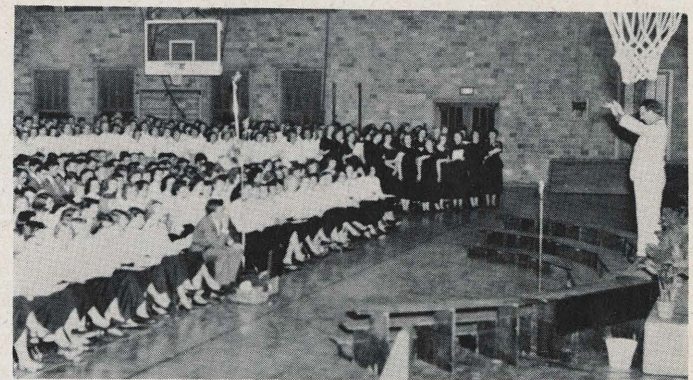


SC Prexy Bill Boltz convulses the audience of rush-ees and actives at the last Sig Chi smoker. This year's round of smokers has just begun.

Fraternities And Sororities

Sponsor Many

Social Functions



All of Valparaiso university's Greeks join in sing at the close of song fest. Dr. Hoelty-Nickel is leading the chorus of nearly 1000 voices.



Sorority rush parties are mammoth production extravaganzas. The basement of the gymnasium is completely decorated with new walls and elaborate construction material as you can see in this shot of last years Gamma Phi party.

Other Greek social events not pictured on this page include hayrides, dunes parties, carolling, and house parties as pictured on page 16.

Student Council Presents Other Activities



Woody Herman and the band give out with "Perdido" at their concert in the auditorium last fall. Tony Pastor presented a show before Christmas, and last week Stan Kenton and his orchestra gave a show for the students. Last year Ray Anthony and band entertained; they were the first name band to play such a concert. All the bands were sponsored by the Student Council Social committee headed by Herb Gronauer. The committee plans further activities for this semester.



Pres. Kretzmann clasps the hand of Kirsten Flagstad, who appeared here under the sponsorship of a university administration committee.



Vocalist Dorothy Fischer sings "Upstairs" backed up by the Carl Scott Quartet from Gary.



New Lyric State players present "Gianni Schicchi", an Italian opera by Puccini under the sponsorship of the Lyceum committee.

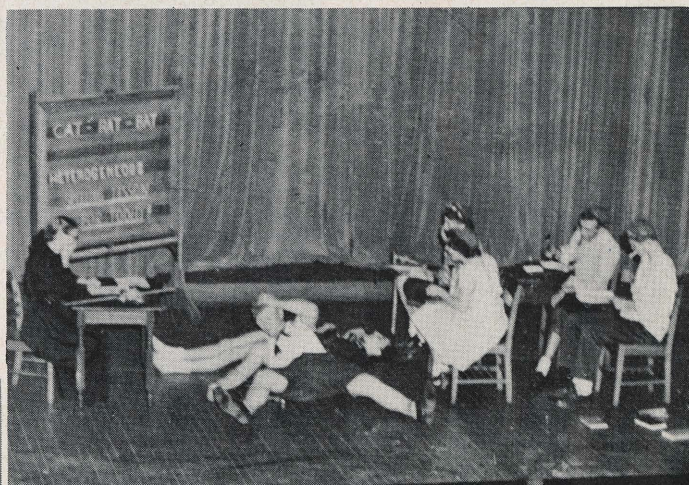
**In Addition,
Students Form
Their Own
Social Groups**



The Keystone Club composed of students from Pennsylvania here at Valpo presents a skit in the all-staters show held in the auditorium.



Members of the Valparaiso Independent association, a chapter of the National association, work in the Indie lounge under the Shanty.



Tex Gray took an unintentional spill in a Stunt Night show that was long remembered as the high point of the comedy act.



Backstage crew of the University players prepares the actors for their stage performance. The Player's work in cooperation with the Drama department.



Skaters "crack the whip" up on the Guild Hall ice rink. The rink has night lighting, music, and a shanty for changing skates.

The Shanty Goes Alpine

BY IRIS IHDE

Pandemonium broke loose when five artists attempted to design the murals for The Shanty. Never before had these students of Michaelangelo been given an opportunity like this to be temperamental.

They visualized and dreamed, searching, they said, for an appropriate design. But finally, the bare yellow walls of the campus restaurant prompted them to lay aside the aesthetic and get down to plaster walls and yardsticks. The chief consoler of the five was the art instructor, Mr. Stanley Bielecky, for everything they attempted was "possible," according to him.

The Shanty's rugged-looking tables, and the dark wooden decor made everyone enthusiastic about an Alpine theme.

A series of crises arose. The management hung an electric clock in the middle of a village street scene, but for some unknown reason it came down the next day. And what could they use for a cash register in the inn? Surely one never sees them in a rustic cafe, but meal tickets had not been invented either.

Between semesters most of the "slapping of the wall" took place. After hours of calculating, measuring, looking at the walls with half-closed eyes and saying "Wait until it's done. Then it'll look better," an Alpine village moved into The Shanty.

Soon you'll be ordering your braunschweiger sandwich with a German accent.



Bill Sinischo explains details of the mural to author Iris Ihde, who seems to be enjoying the assistance immensely.



Eltaine Poehner confers with instructor Stanley Bielecky on the finer points of the painting.



Completed mural affords a new background for patrons of the university restaurant. Students like the Alpine scene in the Shanty because "it's different."

THE CLUB

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YOUR
COMFORT IS OUR FIRST
CONSIDERATION

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APPLIANCES

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PHONE 85

(Continued from Page 11)

troopers got out of the police car and made their way through the crowd to the side of the driver.

"Alright, let's move it back," said the one with corporal stripes on his sleeve, "we'll take care of this."

"He's drunk, officer," cried one of the crowd. "He's a killer!"

"Okay, okay. Just back up and let us have a little room here." He turned to the other trooper. "Better look around and see if you can find out what happened. Get some pictures, too, while I talk to the kid here."

The younger trooper moved off. He examined both the vehicles and the road. After this, he took several pictures of the cars. The job was done quickly, and in a short time he returned to the corporal.

"Get anything from the driver?" he asked.

"Not much," replied the corporal. "The kid's from Ganville. Claims he can't remember what happened, it went so fast. Somebody must have run the stop sign though, the way it looks."

"Could have been either one. There aren't any skid marks."

"We better take the kid along down to the post anyway, and run a drunkometer test on him. He has got liquor on his breath. Says he only could have had one or two drinks, but we'll see. May as well get a blood sample from the girl, too, before they take her away. It will take a few days to get a result on it from the state lab, but we might need it."

"Okay, but let's make it fast. This crowd is feeling mighty mean. Kid that was killed is a Reeves girl, Judge Reeves' daughter."

They had to help the youngster to the patrol car. He was trembling so violently that he couldn't use his legs properly. Whispered accusations of "killer" and "drunken murderer" followed them as they walked through the crowd, now split into small groups, but all still gazing with angry eyes at the departing officers and their charge.

Within a half hour they were in the laboratory at the state police post. The technician on duty obtained a breath sample from the youth. While the sample was being run through the drunkometer, the driver sat slumped in a chair, his hands covering his face. He moaned softly, repeating over and over, "I couldn't have killed her, I couldn't have." Finally the test was completed.

"He's not lying," the technician reported. "Alcohol content in his blood stream is only .01, so he did have only a couple of drinks."

"Well, I guess that's that," said the corporal. "I guess we'll have to believe your story

and let you go. Nobody else saw the accident, nobody that's alive, anyway."

The funeral of Sandy Reeves was the largest in the history of North Junction. Nearly the entire town turned out to pay their respects to the memory of the lovely girl, overtaken by death before well started on the road of life. The townspeople were bitter that her killer was to go unpunished.

* * * * *

Several days later, the police corporal walked into the office of his superior.

"Got the test back from the state lab on that Reeves girl killed in the North Junction accident. Blood content showed .30 alcohol...she must have been dead drunk."

"Is that right! Well, we'll worry about that later. Right now you better get over to Ganville. Some young fellow shot himself a few minutes ago."

CHARACTERS IN THE CLASSROOM (Continued from Page 12)

so in paralled fifths or octaves just to spite the rules of harmony. At the end of four years they can easily be spotted. They are hunch-backed from pouring over counterpoint problems or barrel-chested from so many breathing exercises. When this one strays into social science or other liberal arts courses, as he must do to fulfill his degree requirements, he is still in a world all his own. As the History of Economics lecture progresses, he is busy with his harmony assignment. He very seldom misses a class but he might as well stay home.



THE COUNTRY
CLUB KID

Similar to this type of student is the country club kid. To gain this distinction, you must first submit yourself to three years of liberal arts courses, then you may enter law school. What happens inside those hallowed doors no one knows; eminent scholars have tried to penetrate the secrets of this inner sanctum but have failed.

(Continued on next page)

HEADQUARTERS FOR
BANQUETS AND PARTIES

SMACKIN'
GOOD
FOOD

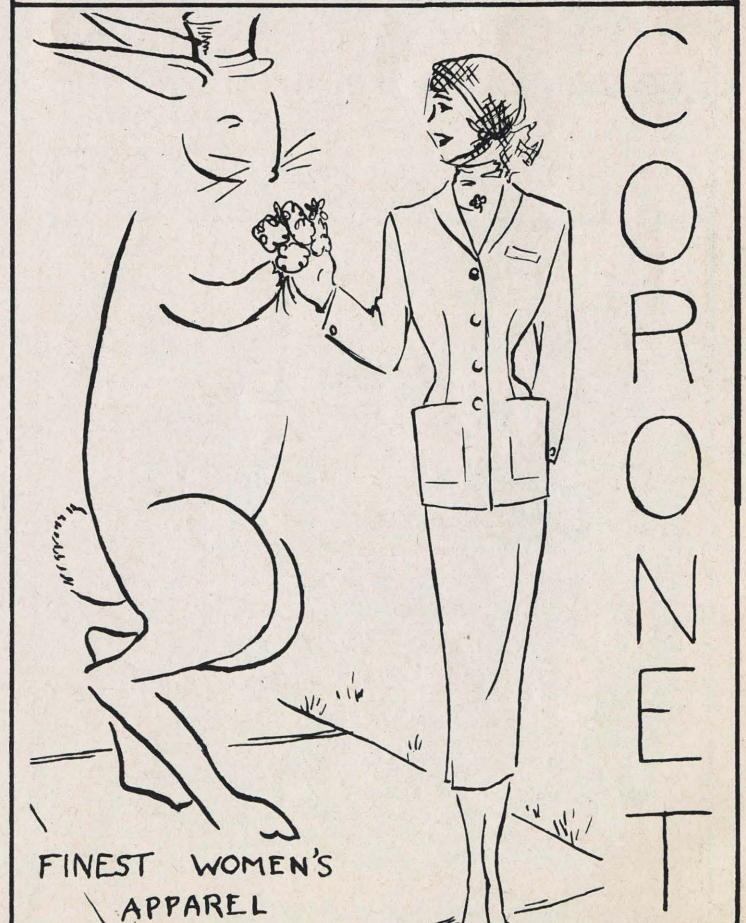
HOTEL LEMBKE
CAFETERIA

OPEN DAILY

7:00-10:00

11:30-2:00

5:00-8:00



MEET YOUR FRIENDS

AT
JACK WHITTON'S

BLUE GOOSE

GOOD FUN
GOOD CHEER



CHARACTERS IN THE CLASSROOM

(Continues from previous page)

With their powerful minds, these law students are able to throw up mental barriers that the ordinary human cannot tear down. All we know is that they undergo rigorous country club training by having to go to classes only in the mornings. However, we are concerned with this individual before he is admitted to the charmed circle. Already as a freshman in Geography or English he beams with an air of superiority. HE is going to be a lawyer. Therefore he feels that these undergraduate courses designed for ordinary mortals are just a waste of time...and often ends up with a "D" in the subject. Then he starts crying in spite of the fact that he probably got more than he deserved. It's "unconstitutional," he says. (This is the only legal term with which he is presently acquainted.)



THE
B.M.O.C

A smaller group that cannot be overlooked is that one which is made up of B.M.O.C.'s or B.W.O.C.'s. These people do not let studies interfere with their education. You don't have to look far to find one of this kind. He usually breezes into class late...if at all. He'll do fairly well on the exams but can't understand why he doesn't do better. If any classes are missed, he doesn't bother to seek an excuse right away. After all, important positions are filled and weighty decisions are made by this group...so if they want to miss class, they'll miss class. So there, too.

A big chunk of the student body falls into this next classification. It's easy to place an individual into this slot. He is majoring in something and minoring in something, most of the time he is not even sure. The decision as to which minor he should take is based upon the times the classes are scheduled. Rather than take a Saturday class, he'll change minors... sometimes he'll even change his major. According to statistics gathered at the sectioning tables at registration, every individual of this type is working on Saturday. He is in college for one of two reasons: father said go to school or work (This was a very easy decision to make),

(Continued on Page 26)

MEMO

VALPO DRY CLEANERS

... that well-groomed look...
... reasonable prices...
... prompt service



MISS REBEL GOES TO COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 9)

other hailed from and ended up after four hours laughing hilariously when it finally hit us that we were from the same country and even spoke the same language...if one wants to go so far as to compare this mile-a-minute Yankee talk and jabber with the sensible flowing poetry brewed in the Southland.

Thus I conquered my fear of meeting the Yankee girls. Now to brave it outside the dorm and encounter the reknowned Yankee boys. They were not gentlemen like the ones at home, I had been warned.

Once out on campus the girls I had met recognized me and gaily called, "Hi, there! What's with you?" This scared me to death and I jumped fifty feet looking to see what was with me! It might be one of those boys following me! After playing the jumping-jack for about two weeks, someone told me that "What's with you?" is a kind of greeting. "Oh, yes," I thought to myself. "That must correspond to our greeting of 'Hey, thah, come on in and make with this mint julep.'" Now I was beginning to see things...

If only I didn't have to repeat so much. As soon as I closed my mouth after my say, someone would look around, scratch his nose, and say, "My stupidity, honey, but please say that again... faster."

I managed to get a job in the Shanty and I shall never forget my first day there. Proudly I came back to the kitchen with my very first orders and prepared to recite them. Sounding off, I plowed through six of them when I happened to glance up to my audience. There they were... all seven of them...staring at me with an amused look on their faces and idle hands. After all the dishwashing machines had been stopped and every outside disturbance done away with, I tried again. This time they got me...hooray!

Things were going swell even with all the new environment. I persuaded a loyal fellow southerner to let me in on the secret of which direction was the southern direction and pointed my Confederate flags accordingly. South Campus became my second home. But oh, how strange it looked piled with snow when those winter days came.

That was the great time my coat came out of cold storage. That's the reason they had to invent cold storage, you know...it's a place for us southerners to keep our coats when we don't use them for three hundred and forty nine days of the year.

Soon I found my haven...with no help from my associates who were trying to hoodwink me into the Alaskan Bear Society. Delightedly I scampered off to my refuge every two weeks, the DIXIE CLUB. Here a fair sized number of my fellow southerners plotted and planned in secret huddles our moves for the next two weeks. We

cheered each other onward and sadly left at the end of the meeting saying goodbye to our comrades. But my buddies didn't have to worry about me. I had been thoroughly indoctrinated before my trip.

"Nevah forget foh one moment that you all are ah southerner, honey-chile," admonished one loyal Confederate citizen clutching his Confederate bank notes. "Live up to our fine tradition...one we shall nevah lose...Civil War or no Civil War! You all show them we haven't been licked yet." Then muttering to himself and apparently confident of my loyalty, he said, "We hate to lose you all, honey."

One day while I was sitting around one of the tables in the Hole with a few of my friends, I suddenly heard some wonderfully familiar chords striking up on the juke box. No! It couldn't be, but it was...most definitely! "Dixie!" in this ice-encrusted land! I hadn't been deserted after all! With a faint smile on my lips and a hopeful look in my eyes, I staggered to my feet and stood at attention while the artist beat out those unmatched notes.

The well known traditions of Valpo soon became dear to me. The Christmas carols sounding over a snow-covered campus, the German band taking every opportunity to display their music, the transition in the spring to Valparaino, the seniors going around with beaming faces if they had managed a B and an exemption in Fluid Mechanics or Legal Ethics or Man and His Destiny, and the many other things which many of you no doubt can add.

But, I must be off to class...German, with a southern accent.



"Still think this is better than taking finals?"



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Typing: Georgiana Rupprecht, Florence Wilson, Letha Bieberich

Composition: Janet Taschner, Bob Kranz, Roger Horlbeck, Elly Schulz

Photography: Jack Henry, Ken Fetzer, Dick Hanne-man

Business: Nancy Kussrow

Art: Ron Thompson

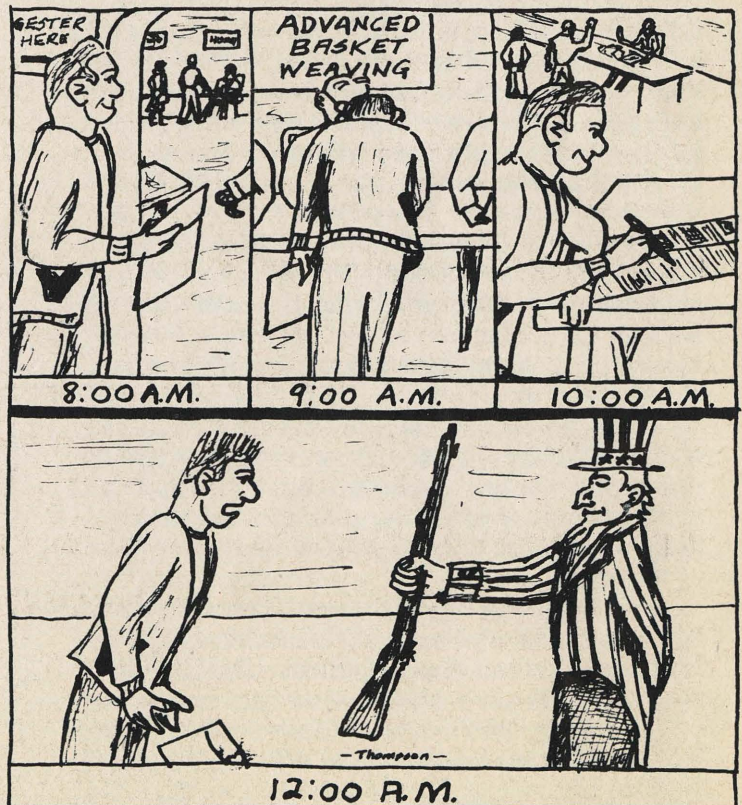
CHARACTERS IN THE CLASSROOM (Continued from Page 24)

or Uncle Sam said "Stay in school or get a uniform." He is not particularly interested in learning anything...and shows it. His class attendance is fairly good since he's discovered it's less work to attend class and take notes than it is to stay home and have to read up on the missed material. Look in the back of the room for this one. After he's finished the Chicago Tribune, he'll stay awake if possible.



THE SCHOLAR

Finally, of course, we have the scholars. They came to learn. They are not as conspicuous as their brothers and sisters mentioned above because they stick to business. Regular class attendance, intelligent discussion, good marks... all of these are characteristic of this group. As far as Valparaiso university is concerned, naturally all of the students enrolled here fall into this last group. The other examples were taken from OTHER campuses.



In 1951 . . .
one large university
lost 50 students per
day for one week. . .
another expects 50%
drop in enrollment.



In 1951 . . .
Valpo has room for
more new students,
and offers more new
courses than it ever
has before in history.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

officially

welcomes VU magazine to the small group of publications used to interpret Valpo to prospective students, . . .

(Several hundred copies of this issue will be distributed among field men who are making personal calls on possible registrants. VU joins the Torch, the new guidebook, the catalog, brochures and personal letters in introducing interested high school seniors and others to the various aspects of life at Valpo.)

gratefully acknowledges your splendid cooperation in furnishing names and addresses of prospective students, . . .

(Through this advertisement in the pages of VU magazine, the administration wishes to thank personally each student who contributed to the long list of prospective students' names which were gathered shortly after the Christmas vacation.)

urges you to continue to support the procurement program by contacting these and additional prospective students.

(As students, you are the best and most direct representative of Valpo in your home community. During the coming Easter vacation, you can do a real service to your university and to your friends by encouraging them to join the Valparaiso family. Turn in new names and addresses to Mr. E.H. Ruprecht's office directly or through the campus mailbox.)

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 5...THE OPOSSUM

*"Thereby hangs
a tale!"*

THE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they *still* left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there *is* a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is...

The sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why...

More People Smoke Camels
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