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The Dunes

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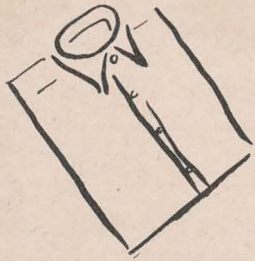
SPECIAL FEATURES:

Report From Europe
Spring Humor Section

Katherine Bowden
Faculty

May, 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

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

In the latest issue of VU, in an article called "The Shanty Goes Alpine," it says that an Alpine village moved into the Shanty. When is it going to finish moving?

That was February, and two months later nothing much in addition has been accomplished. Do we have to wait until next fall to see the finished job?

Dorothy Langermann

Valparaiso, Indiana

****No. Reports from reliable sources indicate that the job will be finished by commencement. —Ed.**

Dear Editor,

As the father of a couple of students at Valpo, I'm interested in anything which appears in print about the school. So, upon the too-rare occasions when VU is published, I read it from cover to cover.

I think it is very well done, and that it is a real credit to the school. I admire the courage of you students in putting it together. Keep it up, keep it clean—and you'll continue to have something that will give you great satisfaction, will help weld the student body together, and will help show "outsiders" what Valpo is.

Richard G. Henry

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Dear Editor,

Thanks for the copy of VU.

It's a very interesting publication and gives a fine VU of life at Valpo. While we enjoyed every page of it, we obviously a little more than enjoyed that middle spread on Tampa and the Cigar bowl. We especially enjoyed "That's My Pop" and "Miss Rebel Goes to College."

Clyde Shaffer
Chamber of Commerce

Tampa, Florida

STAFF ASSISTANTS

Typing: Georgiana Rupprecht, chief typist; Eunice Wilke, Pat Orpin

Art: Dick Renius, Bob Oates, Ron Thompson

Composition: Florence McElroy, Gerry Schultz, Bob Bornholt

Business: Nancy Kussrow, Asst. Business manager, Jean Schneider

Photography: Dick Hanneman, Jack Henry



"REFLECTING STUDENT LIFE"

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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

BUSINESS STAFF

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

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VU POINT

Next Year's VU

Retrospect

It hardly seems a year ago that Carlton Ihde asked me to write a couple hundred words on my ambitions for the 1950-51 issue of VU. I was more or less acutely reminded of this last week when it came time for me to ask Editor-Elect Ellie Schulz to do the same for the 1951-52 volume.

When I took over VU last fall, I was determined that my foremost objective was to definitely establish the magazine. I am happy to report that this has been done. VU has successfully survived the formative year following its conception and birth, and is now accepted as a regular university publication.

This was a year of change. We sold our 1000 subscriptions, used advertising to become financially solvent, were accepted by the student procurement office for outside distribution, joined the National Scholastic Press association, and formulated a fundamental editorial policy.

We have run 28 pages of 8 1/2 by 11, compared to last year's 24 pages of 8 by 10. We have used art work on our covers, contracted for National advertising, and did all our work with a separate, independent staff. With these changes, we also hope that the magazine has improved in choice of subject, style, and composition.

Special recognition should be given to those on the "higher echelon" of the VU staff. Their cooperation and efficiency made VU a full success.

So, Miss Schulz, VU is all yours. I've moved to the office next door.

Hither and Yon

Just after the last issue, we decided that picture features on the new Engineering-Speech building and the new Valpo movie would prove interesting to on and off campus readers. Not much material was available on the former, and our copy deadline came a week before the movie staff was due to arrive, so we decided on the Choir tour and much requested humor pages.

We might remark, however, that work on the new building is progressing nicely. This was especially brought to mind after we read a recent news article from Southern Methodist university.

It seems that SMUs \$8 million building program had slowed to a walk and efficiency experts were called to investigate. After reading their report, the administration issued orders to co-eds telling them to stop sun-bathing on dorm roofs and balconies. Reason: it was disturbing the steelworkers.

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BY ELLIE SCHULZ

This fall, VU will enter it's third year of publication. It has, I believe, passed its two year stage as an "experiment," and is ready to join the TORCH and BEACON as a full-fledged publication. As editor, I will strive to further the magazine in every way possible, with the help of Business Manager Nancy Kussrow.

No longer will you see on the masthead that VU is published "under the auspices of the Student council," but rather it will be published directly, as other publications, by the Student council. No longer will there be a period of subscription selling, for the magazine will be subsidized by the council. VU was fortunate in having two editors who were willing and able to "stump" the campus selling subscriptions to over 1000 students each year, but from now on all will be able to enjoy it without solicitation.

Under the new change in publication also comes the appropriation for at least four issues. They will appear Homecoming, Christmas, Easter, and just prior to commencement. The 1951-1952 VU will be similar to this year's edition, and of approximately the same size. I hope I shall measure up to the pattern of leadership in editing, composition and policy set up by Editors Ihde and Haeseler.

In next year's VU I would like to change the policy of the covers. As plans are now, and if capable artists and cartoonists are available, the covers will carry some sort of art work which will relate to some phase of campus life.

The girl on the cover will not be dropped, but will have a page or two inside all her own. On these pages we will present a VU "Dream Girl."

If it is at all possible, we would also like to have one parody issue as a take-off on some national magazine. This issue would then take campus life and treat it in both writing and magazine make-up in a way similar to the national magazine.

In every way we will strive to make the 1951-52 VU a cross section of campus life. It will contain special articles, pictures, humor, cartoons and short stories. We will try to make it a 50-50 proposition between the humorous and the little more serious. Each part of VU will somehow reflect the Valparaiso university student—his life—his views—his campus and the world in which he lives.



Report from Europe

BY PROF. THEODORE HOELTY-NICKEL



Theodore Hoelty-Nickel

The travels and impressions of Valpo's Music

Department head after a six month visit to the continent

Anyone interested in education, especially in the type of education which concerns itself with imparting cultural values to men and women, could find no better means for absorbing such cultural values than to travel and live in Europe for a period of six to twelve months. It has never been so evident to me—and I have traveled a great deal in various parts of the world—that we in America need to see the world situation from a point of view apart from the usual newspaper or magazine opinion.

Travel in Europe sounds like a good way to spend a vacation and certainly those who have had the opportunity to do so are to be envied. However, the traveler who is fully prepared to get something out of his trip will be taxed to the utmost in meeting and absorbing the many valuable impressions and factual lessons presented. It does make a difference, after all, whether you have been living with a background of a thousand years of history or whether you are the product of a pioneering country. Most American cities bear testimony that they have just begun to be cities. On the other hand, most European cities have been centers of commerce and culture for thousands of years. At every step your contact is with one of the things intimately connected with the life of a people who lived long before the Declaration of Independence. If you put your hand out to press a door knob, for instance, you realize that this thing is wrought of metal by someone who never saw a machine. When you order a meal, you learn that the recipe for this meal has been a standard formula of people long before there was any gas or electricity.

This continuity through the centuries lies in ways of thinking, in problems of politics, in questions of economics, in music and art, and in religion. An exhibition of drawings by high school students, for instance, would immediately proclaim an appreciation of art usually not found in young countries. The

performance of a musical composition—especially of the classical school—will reveal a traditional interpretation based on scholarly research. The student of theology will find himself in a maze of philosophical speculation as he attends a lecture of a university professor or sits in on a theological debate. Many a tourist may pass by all this and forget about it, but a thinking visitor will constantly be stimulated. The effect may be that you become fatigued in a short while.

Bad Boll Conferences

This strain was intensified almost to the point of explosion by the men of our Bad Boll commission who had to spend hours and days of listening and evaluating, answering and debating with the scholars of the Lutheran church in Germany and Europe, some of the deepest and most essential questions of theology. Surviving this ordeal, you knew you had an education.



The Bad Boll conference in London. At far left is Rev. George Pearce, pastor of the church. Dr. Nickel, outstanding in his bright tie, waits to be served tea.



At left, Dr. Nickel visits friends in Norway. Left to right: J.P. Miller (of Minneapolis, Minn.), Mrs. Christian Oegland, Dr. Nickel, Mr. Oegland, Mrs. Miller, and Oegland's son (who is now studying Business in America). Above: a scene in Germany's Black forest, taken from the window of the hotel where Dr. Nickel stayed. He described the scenery here as "incomparable."

The German pastors and theologians showed a tremendous interest in our Lutheran church here in America, its organizations, its schools, and its publications. Their own problems are tremendous. Describing the plight of many of their Lutheran churches and congregations, one of the church leaders said, "We are a waste land. Many of our people have no house of worship they may call their own. Some of our pastors are obliged to preach as often as ten times a week, grinding out sermons with little or no opportunity for meditation. Eight million refugees scattered throughout the Western zones have little or no hope of being absorbed in the German economy. Throughout the Eastern zone, there is persecution of all Christians who refuse to accept the Communist philosophies...these are the days when the believer looks to the church in despair—the church outside of Germany, which in its security, cannot truly understand the great trials and temptations of its German fellow Christians, who in their hour of trial and temptation often feel themselves forsaken of God and man..."

In three sessions, each covering a period of five days, the delegates of our Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, met with more than 300 German pastors and church leaders in long and earnest discussions of matters relating to faith, doctrine, and church practice. The climax was reached in a five day session in Berlin, which meeting was attended by delegates from behind the Iron Curtain. From early morning until late at night, these men unburdened their heavy hearts looking for words of comfort and hope and cheer. My thoughts turned to our Lutherans in America and our institutions of learning, enjoying a God-given heritage of freedom to worship in a land of abundance. I asked myself: what have we done,

what are we doing for these our suffering brethern? How many of us do not act according to the principle "Shall I be my brother's keeper!"

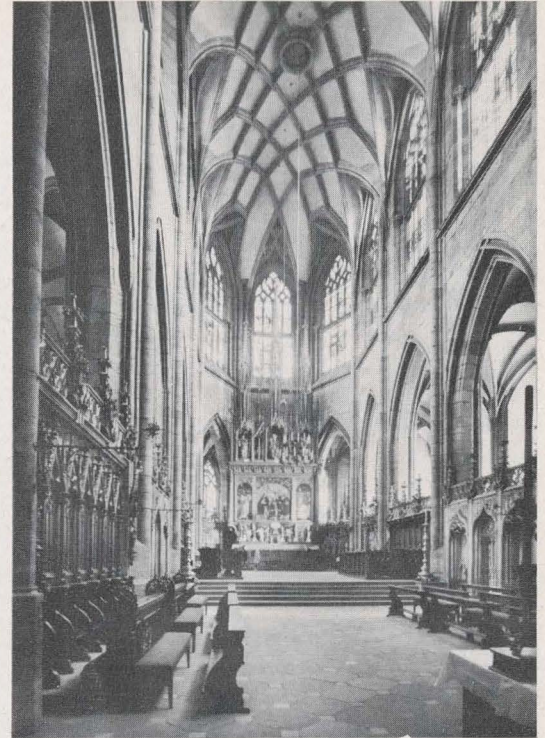
Danger Zone

It was somebody's genius, but an evil one, that conceived the plan that divided Germany into two major zones, East and West. What this really means is best illustrated by the situation in Berlin where there are actually four zones, the French, British, and American, representing the Western, and Soviet Russia representing the East. The sections of Berlin controlled by the Western powers cannot be reached on land except by passing through the Russian zone. The control exercised by the Russians in this particular corridor is of such a nature that most people traveling to Berlin would like to avoid transportation by automobile or train. However, the only other means of reaching Berlin is by air and for the average German as well as for the average traveler in Europe, this is prohibitive, and so hundreds of travelers find themselves at the mercy of the Russian border patrols, who take a stupid delight in all kinds of chicanery to make the transition as unbearable as possible.

The American people read all about the Berlin folly when the airlift was on, but only a day's visit to Berlin would give the visitor a true picture of the insane situation. As you drive through the busy American sector, you behold one of the largest and finest post-war buildings, yet on top of its flagpole you see the Soviet flag. Right in the middle of the U.S. sector the Russians were granted one of the most striking buildings, the Rundfunkhaus--the Broadcasting Station. You ride the Berlin subway or elevated through various sectors, but the transportation system is in the hands of the Russians. You walk on



Above: the cathedral in Freiburg, still standing amidst the ruins of the old German city. Before bombing, the British dropped flares around the building to protect it; when the planes came they destroyed every building around it, but left the cathedral unharmed. At right is the interior of the church, still preserved exactly as the Freiburg architects designed it many years ago.



one side of the street and the shops are open and are doing business, while the other side—Russian—is practically without life. A German resident of Berlin takes a paper published in the American zone into the Russian sector and he may be considered a spy, may be arrested and simply disappear. The money in one section of the city is worth only one-seventh as much as in the other section, but it is considered a crime to carry the more valuable money into the Russian sector. Herr Mueller works in the Eastern sector of Berlin and he is paid with Eastern marks, but he has to buy his coal and food in the Western sector where he lives. He needs seven Eastern marks for one D mark and as a consequence, he cannot exist or support his family on his earnings...Whenever the Russians wish to go in for a little more irritation, they plunge the Western part of the city into darkness—they control the power plant.

Germany Against Communism

The population of the Western sector of Berlin, a hardy and a defiant people, are quick to take advantage of the one loophole in this whole sad arrangement. Berlin is the only zone in the whole of Europe where the people can cross over into the Eastern or Western sectors of the city without a lot of red tape. Here is one opportunity to get news from behind the iron curtain. Here the Western Germans can keep in touch with their friends and relatives in the Russian zone and can supply them with at least a limited supply of goods. Thus these Germans are most anxious for the American Army of Occupation to remain in Berlin. These citizens have become a symbol for the whole of Western Germany in their will to resist Communist infiltration and in their readiness to fight, if need be, on the side of America and the Western European coun-

tries against any threat from the East.

This threat is realized not only by the Germans but by the British, the French, the Belgians, the Swiss, the Hollanders and the Scandinavian countries. It was always the first topic of conversation in whatever country I happened to be. On trains, in hotels, in restaurants or in private homes the pattern of the questions was always the same: what will the United States do? How will the Korean war end? Can America fight in Korea and also protect Europe?

When you see the tragic picture of destruction in most of the larger German cities you can well understand why no German wants another war. When you observe the results of the demilitarization program in Germany you can appreciate the sentiment of the individual German who exclaims: Enlistment? Military training? Ohne mich! Both as a soldier on various battlefronts and later as prisoner of war in various camps he has become utterly disillusioned as to any moral obligation on his part ever to bear arms again. With the great majority of the German population of the Western zone, he realizes, however, that through the Marshall Plan, America, more than any other of the United Nations, has been responsible for the large measure of rehabilitation of the German people and the stabilization of their economic and social life. As a result he has enjoyed all those benefits of freedom which can be found only under a democratic form of government, and the German standard of living, is today higher than that of several countries who are maintaining armies of occupation (one might call them armies of protection) in his country.

It is therefore my opinion, based on many interviews with Germans of all stations in life, that the

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Valpo in the Athletic World

BY MEL DOERING

Communism may be Valparaiso's toughest opponent in athletics next year in that world crisis determines the manpower and athletic power of the campus. A consolation is that any large manpower draft will equally handicap opposing teams. At present, however, Valpo's sports mentors look forward to another good year.

They also look forward to a year of hard work, because the manpower shortage has already hit the coaching ranks. Gone from the full-time staff are Walt Reiner and Guy Wellman.

Hiring a new man to fill this vacated position is not contemplated in view of the departmental budget cut necessitated by an expected small enrollment drop.

Athletic Director Karl Henrichs is reportedly combing Valparaiso and vicinity for a part-time assistant football coach. This man, possibly Don Findling or another former Crusader grid star, will have a position equivalent to Guy Wellman's during the 1950 football season.

Head Football Coach Emory Bauer's full-time assistant, barring the slim possibility that Walt Reiner may obtain his release from the Navy in time to return to this important spot, will probably be Wilbur "Strings" Allen.

Holding out hope for a repetition of last year's undefeated season is the recent Selective Service Board assurance that, unless all-out war comes, scholastically eligible students—like Joe Pahr, Royce Rowedder, Bob Kuska, Dennis Tuomi, Eli Rapaich, Bob Grobengieser, Tom Marshall, and many others of the 1950 varsity and freshman squads—will be deferred to continue their college studies.

Also helpful is the Indiana Collegiate Conference (ICC) rule making freshman eligible for varsity competition. This, coupled with the fine response to Director Henrichs' annual letter asking Lutheran



pastors to do a little student recruiting for Valpo among the high school athletes in their congregation, makes another perfect season a possibility.

But the Cigar Bowl squad will have a much harder job in 1951. The two weakest teams on last year's schedule have been replaced. No other changes were made, not even in the order in which the teams will meet, but all opposition is expected to be comparatively stronger.

Butler, a conference foe, replaces Defiance in the opener,

which will probably be the toughest football game of the season. Carroll of Waukesha, Wis., replaces Carthage in the Homecoming game. This spot will probably be taken over later by Evansville, the only conference team the Crusaders will not face in 1951.

Membership in the ICC has definitely improved Valpo's football situation. Near the top rung on the small college football ladder, Valparaiso can reasonably expect to hold its own. Participation on a big-time level would require a much larger enrollment than Valpo anticipates in the foreseeable future.

Approximately the same thing is true of the basketball situation in regard to conference membership. All ICC teams can and do crash the fringe of big-time collegiate basketball. They form a strong, well balanced league, which will gain in prestige and traditional rivalries as time goes on.

Because it offers a longer and more flexible schedule, basketball is the sport in which Valparaiso has chosen to make its big play. Because of its Lutheran character, the university is anxious to display its athletic teams before as large Lutheran audiences as possible. This it has been able to do in basketball by scheduling appearances in such cities as Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit and St. Louis.

The basketball prospectus for 1951-52 is every bit as promising as it was for the recently completed season, which ended so dishearteningly with four straight setbacks. An experienced, balanced and potent roster will report to Head Basketball Coach "Strings" Allen next season, despite the graduation loss of All-American Jim Ove, Captain Bill Schroer, Lyall Waters and Cal Luther.

Director Henrichs and Coach Allen are well aware of student opinion which holds Allen responsible for last season's disappointing 12 won-10 lost record. Henrichs feels that it would be a mistake to dismiss

Continued on Page 14

1951 Football Schedule

Sept. 22	Butler	There
	29 Indiana State	Home
Oct. 6	St. Joseph	There
	13 Augustana	Chicago
	20 Carroll	Home
	27 Ball State	There
Nov. 3	Luther	Home
	10 Wheaton	Home
	17 Open	Home

Ever thought about having another member of your family on campus? VU's Associate editor investigates those

Brother-Sister Combinations

Although a popular proverb states, "All that glitters is not gold," many Valparaiso university students seem to think so, especially those who have brothers or sisters here. "Hey, Sis, got a buck?" is often the core of a conversation between a university brother and sister.

On the whole, the 23 brother-sister combinations on campus do not see each other to any great extent. But when they do, one or the other seems to be a "convenient source of patronage for monetary woes," as Jerry Schultz put it. And Jack Henry calls his sister, Edith, a "good loan." But according to Edith, he doesn't appreciate it when she tries the same trick. As for Paul Schuette's opinion, he said, "I like having Pam here when I'm broke and she has money, but I dislike having her here when she's broke and I have the money."



The Schuettes:

Pam and Paul

One night Paul was in the Hole and Pam came to him and asked for some money. "Don't you have any at all?" he asked.

"No," was her answer.

"Then you had better go home," he told her as he reached into his pocket for some change.

"Oh, by the way," Pam added, "I borrowed some money from Don Weitz the other day and told him you would pay him back."

After several interviews, I came to the conclusion that some campus men are a little lazy. Carl Buettner seems to use Jean as his secretary. "I like to have her here so she can write home. That way I don't do anything." Edith Henry, too, often writes home



The Henrys:

Jack and Edith

for both herself and Jack. He also likes to use her "to haul stuff home." But Edith balks at this. Jack has too many clothes for one laundry case, so his mother sends additional clothes of his in Edith's case.

BY ELLIE SCHULZ

"And, he won't get them, so I have to bring them to him," she complains.

And then there is the 50-50 proposition between many brothers and sisters. "I won't tell, if you don't tell." The Buettners have such an arrangement, and so do the Henrys. "But," adds Jack, "she can find out too easily what I do, if I go to the city or something. She can keep too good a check on me and then sometimes holds it over my head." Then, too, Jack said she sometimes rides him at home about his dates.



The Buettners:

Jean and Carl

Quite often, both brothers and sisters have fixed each other up with dates, and because of each other get to know more people. Gordie Faust said that if it wasn't for his sister, Marilyn, he would not know half the women he does. And Ned Knape introduced Eunice to "lots of people." Fred Telschow and Carl "Bitz" Buettner also helped their sisters, Louise and Jean, in getting acquainted. As far as dates go, Jean said that the night she doubled with Bitz was not bad, but very, very funny. But Edith Henry and Annette Krentz don't think doubling with their brothers works out too well. Edith added that last year friends used to ask her with whom she was going steady when she was seen with Jack all the time. She said that after they learned he was only her brother, the questions stopped.

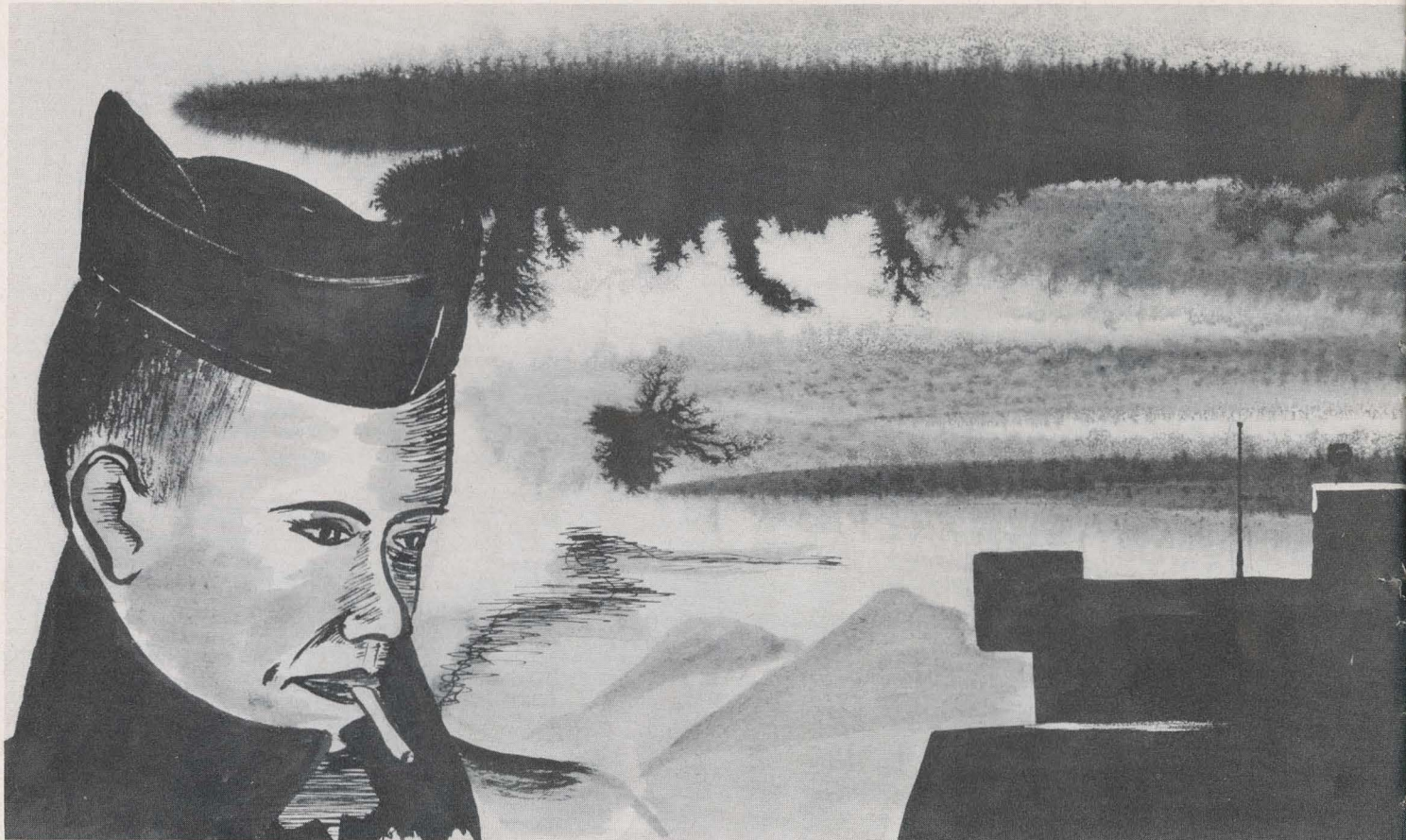


The Telschows:

Fred and Louise

And then we have those who do little favors for each other. Fred Telschow said, "We do things for each other...help each other out." He helps Louise with her studies and she sews on stray buttons for him. Dorothy Berry uses her brother's car, and in turn, she types all his themes and papers because

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Sedition

BY BILL WAMBSGANSS

It was raining, a slow, steady rain. The monsoon season had set in, and we were in for plenty of it. Squinting my eyes, I could follow the engine light of the train that pierced the wet blackness along the tracks to the station platform. When the train ground to a halt, I quickly jerked open the sliding panel of a car marked "Reserved for Occupation Personnel," and sat down on one of the bamboo wickered seats that faced each other.

The Japanese conductor called off each stop in a high pitched voice. I thought of old Parvo. That Greek could really imitate those Jap conductors. We rode in silence for better than half an hour.

The conductor interrupted my thoughts with a shrill: "Chin-jee-koo." I got off, turned up my collar against the cold rain, and walked the three blocks to the Mitsubishi Officer's quarters. There, Glenn and Sergeant Houseman were waiting for me outside the motor pool gate.

Glenn bit his lip with his yellow, decaying teeth and said, "I don't like this, Sergeant." He was military to the minutest detail. Houseman looked down at

me, shivering, and said nothing. Then I spoke.

"Haglet sounded terrible when he called. We've go to be careful, or else. Now get this straight, he's under arrest to quarters. We've got to hurry. His room is 304. Glenn, you go left, I'll head in the main entrance, and Houseman stays outside. We'll meet back here in fifteen minutes."

No one was at the main desk. I turned left, saw Glenn down at the other end of the corridor, and motioned for him to stand still. I knocked on 304. Lt. Haglet said: "Come in."

I opened the door, looked around, and nodded for Glenn to come on. Haglet drew himself up straight, looking quite military in spite of his monstrously protruding belly.

"Am I glad to see you guys," Haglet said. "That letter is bustin' things wide open. They can get all of us for sedition. Colonel Gen thinks I wrote it, and knows that I opened some of Colonel Renner's mail. I'm not even supposed to call or talk to you guys. Anyone follow you?" He lit up a cigarette, the brown stains showing clearly on his otherwise well manicured stubby right hand.

"Not that I know of," I said. "I fixed the sign out sheet."

"Above all, boys," Haglet pleaded, "Stick with me. I don't know how this whole mess is gonna turn out, but we did right. He's got me in hot water, but Colonel Renner ought to be doin' plenty of sweatin' hisself now."

"We'd better head back, Lieutenant," I said.

"Sedition" is a true story selected from those submitted in Dr. Friedrich's Short Story Class

157 Koreans, 212 Chinese, and 97 other foreign nationals. Everything checked—foolproof. The Sergeant of the Guard walked in.

"Who's the O.D. tonight, Turbel?" I asked.

"Datilla," he replied.

"I can imagine what condition he's in." Turbel shrugged his shoulders. "These figures are accurate," I said, "one of your boys loused up the count.

Turbel fired back, "We counted twice—1135."

"We need 1136," I said.

The phone rang, and I held my breath. "Sims? found him? Playing piano at the officer's club? Relax, Turbel you heard." I didn't like Turbel. He was an apple polisher first class. Too bad; he was such an intelligent chap.

Some one poked me on the shoulder. "Can I see you a minute, Sergeant?" I turned around and faced Corporal Pitt. He was a good natured kid, but soft, just like the globs of beer fat that hung over his belt. "Major Taggart was in the mailroom today, asking me a lot of questions about the letter," he said. "I didn't tell him anything." "Good," I replied.

We went back to the barracks. Someone was filling the oil heater, and four boys were on their knees rolling the dice. Pfc. Bond was winning again.

The orderly came through the barracks shouting: "Company meeting at 0900 tomorrow in the auditorium."

The next morning was bleak and gray. At 0900 the company was assembled inside the walls in the cold auditorium. Little light passed through the incongruous church stained windows. Soon, short, stocky Colonel Renner strode in and some one snapped "Tenshun!" Then, "At ease!"

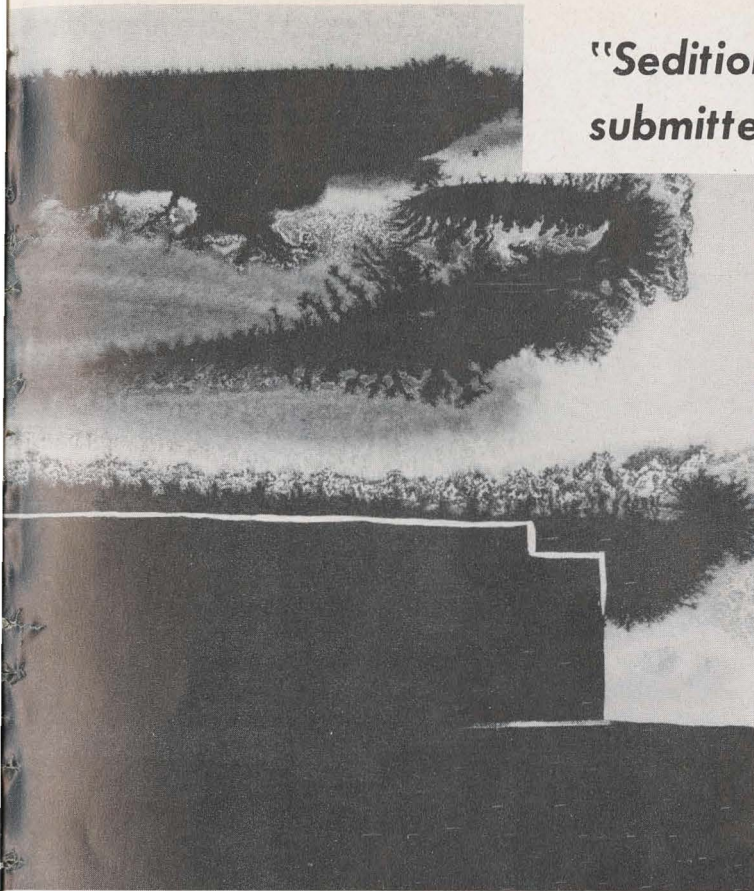
The iron gray haired man mounted a platform, his uniform baggy and unpressed. His steel eyes looked nervous behind his thick, flashing glasses, but he spoke assuredly. "There's been a petition circulating with a lot of signatures. If things were so wrong, why didn't you men come to me? I'm not wholly inaccessible. This amounts to sedition. If anyone knows anything about this, he had better report to me immediately."

I poked Glenn. "I hope no one gets scared. That's what the old boy is trying to do."

The Colonel turned the meeting over to Major Taggart and stalked out. The timid Major with pharmacist training, now ironically classified as "Infantry officer" was at a loss for words. He said, "Company dismissed."

I walked over to Block 7 and checked the temperature in the solitary cells. Forty degrees. One blanket and a cot. The prisoners' mess was equally cold. I walked back to the infirmary and the turnkey gate guard admitted me. The puffy-faced, red-eyed medical

Continued on Page 20



"Houseman's waiting outside. Is there anything we can do?"

"No, just sit tight," Haglet said. "Tell that Mississippian to move hisself for a change. Be plenty careful, those CID boys may be watching."

He clasped my hand tightly, and then we left. In a minute we met Houseman again. "What did he say—how is he? Did he ask anything about me?" he asked.

"He's okay. I think he feels better now," I said. "He said for you to get in gear for a change. Above all, let's not talk about this anymore."

We headed for the station, and were back within the hour. The rain hadn't let up at all. I walked to the main entrance. The Japanese guard opened the huge iron gate and saluted me. I looked up at the prison clock--2100 hours. I ducked inside the shake-down office, and Corporal Riley greeted me with "Block Eight is short one, Sergeant."

"That's just great. This is all I need." I said. I grabbed the telephone. "Switchboard—ring Block Eight. Hello, Corporal Sims, yeah, I know. Check all details? Prison mess? Okay, call back in fifteen minutes at the Adjutant's office. Check!"

Dry-mouthed Riley just smirked. We were good buddies, and often cried in each others beer. He was pale and gaunt, and as lazy as they come.

I headed up to the office. Corporal Ellan came in, waddling like a duck, with his short legs and disproportionately long torso. He glanced over my shoulder while I checked the figures. 670 G.I.'s,

Maps in Memorial

BY BARBARA BRADLYN

Did you know that one of the world's finest map collections is right here at Valparaiso university?

Perhaps you have wondered just what lies beyond those two closed doors along the hallway in the basement of Memorial hall. It's not a laundry or furnace room as you might have suspected, but a government map depository containing thousands of Army charts and maps. Supervisor and curator for the very valuable collection is Prof. Erwin J. Buls of the Department of Geography and Geology.

At the end of the last war, the government found that it had a large number of maps which were taking up needed storage room. The Army's solution to this problem was to distribute these maps to one hundred colleges which had adequate storage space and would benefit from the use of the maps. Apparently the government felt that we met their specifications, for soon several tightly bound boxes arrived in which there were maps of the entire world.

The first job that the cartography department encountered was that of filing the maps so that they might be readily located when needed. Working hand in hand with Chicago university, the members of the department soon devised a suitable filing system. This system calls for the division of the twenty storage cabinets into sections. Each section bears the name of a continent and is placed in alphabetical order. Each continental section is then filed according to scale of miles, countries, and finally cities. It is therefore possible for a person to have before him, for example, a map of the United States, a map of a

Filing maps in the Memorial Hall Depository



Prof. Buls

particular section, say the northeastern portion, a map of a certain state such as New York, and lastly a map of a particular city in that state. The city maps are so finely detailed that veterans who have served overseas have been able to pick out the exact houses where they were billeted while in the service.

These maps now number twenty-two thousand. They are used during class discussions and are of invaluable aid to cartography majors in particular. Since many of the maps are of foreign make, they do not have standard symbolization. By studying the various types of maps, the students not only learn what surveys have been made, but they learn the numerous symbols and the differences in the degree of mapping.

There is an unusually large percentage of maps of areas which were prominent during the last war. There is, for example, a series of Italian maps which is larger and more detailed than any other series here at Valpo. This series was started at the time of Napoleon and has been in the continual process of being compiled ever since. These maps are now used by the army in wartime in planning campaigns and locating strategic areas.

The army obtains maps from every government existing in the world today, and brings them up to date by surveys, aerial photography, translating names, and standardizing the symbols. This is a big job which has not yet reached completion. Mr. Buls showed me one map which the government has not yet had a chance to translate. It was a map of Russia, written in Russian and based on Russian symbols.

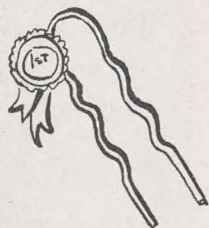
For a fairly clear picture of the depository, visualize dark, wood cabinets with their shiny brass handles and neatly lettered labels. Imagine long, high tables of light, unpainted wood covered with an array of brightly colored maps.

The cartography department is putting a great deal of time and effort into this project. It is because of important programs as this that Valparaiso continues to be regarded as an excellent school for geography in the country.

campus carousel

It was a Sunday afternoon and the TORCH librarians were clipping the latest edition for the morgue files. When both staplers jammed however, Business Manager Don Weitz was called upon to repair the gadgets. For a good 20 minutes Don struggled with one of the staplers, working with a hammer, pliers, screwdriver, and other assorted tools. Pausing to mop his brow with a handkerchief, he heard the click-click of the other stapler—there was Gloria Guetzke casually working away.

"You fixed it!" he exclaimed. "How?"
 "With a bobby pin," she smiled.





The Scene—News Editing class. The topic—discussion of the current news of the day.

Instructor Datisman: The 22nd amendment has just been added to our constitution, which limits the president to two terms. **Mr. Gockel,** what was the previous amendment?

Student Gockel: The 21st.

Dr. Friedrich issued a classis statement a few weeks ago during Shakespeare class. Nan Hatch, a few minutes late for class, dashed up to Arts Annex 207 and collapsed in her chair, panting noticeably. The good doctor glanced at her and inquired, "Passion or asthma?"



In the Height-of-Ironical-Events Department we have Bob Oates. Evidently the law student was so intent on briefing his cases that he mislaid his overcoat—then much to his chagrin recalled that he left it in the then-locked Lost and Found office.



One typical rainy day, Dr. Meyer was lecturing to his Social Geography class about low-pressure areas. He described why and how they caused rain, and traced such an area from Alaska to Illinois.

"Now," he said, turning to the class, "the low-pressure center is in Chicago. What kind of weather will we have in Valparaiso?"

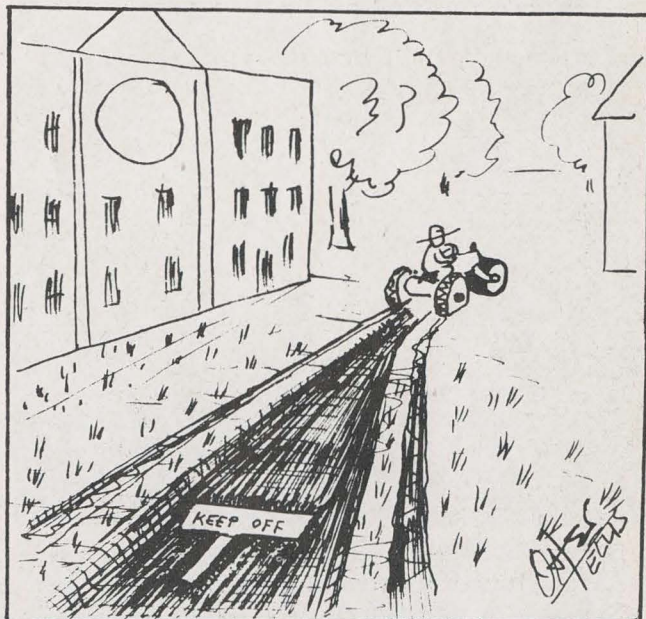
"Rain," was the answer.

"Correct," answered Dr. Meyer. "Why?"

"Because it always rains in Valparaiso," was the unconcerned reply.

Dick Hanneman returned from his Soph lit class the other day highly elated. It seems he had just written a three page summary in his exam book on a poem, and was complimenting himself on one of the finer composing jobs of his academic career. His topic: William Wordsworth's greatest poem, "The Tiger."





The Choir To



At 2:30 p.m. on April 20, the 74 members of the Valparaiso University choir prepare to leave on their 1951 spring tour: 1000 miles in eleven days.



Ruth Ziegler, Olive Springborn, and Grace Tacke read the review of their concert in Walt Luhr's paper. Scene is Concordia college in Milwaukee.



At the Coliseum in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Vern Braun bursts into song, surprising Olive Springborn, Marelyn Schultz, and Herb Ebert.



In Kohler, Wis., the traveling songsters were taken through the Kohler company plant. In Cedar Rapids they likewise visited the Quaker Oats company.

...in pictures



Everyone took pictures. Here, Marian Kraft snaps Lola Kohnke and Bob Meyer as Paul Barth looks on. This also was taken at Concordia Milwaukee.



The two Greyhounds stopped at Dubuque to let the choir members see and take pictures of the Mississippi flood. Second from right: Prof. Schoenboehm.



Choir members eat dinner at St. John's Parish hall in Sheboygan, Wis. Larry Middelstadt (arrow), Choir president, waits to give the announcements.



Finding their dinner hosts precipitated a confused search in Davenport, Iowa. After this concert came Pekin, Ill., then back home.

VALPO IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

Continued from Page 6

Allen, whose ability is highly regarded by other coaches. Allen insists that he can stand the pressure of student opinion.

Henrichs believes, and in this he has the concurrence of most members of Allen's class in Principles and Practices of Basketball Coaching, that Allen is a capable basketball tactician and a thorough student of the game. He points out that the university would acquire a reputation, which it cannot afford, as a graveyard for coaches, should it release Allen, the fourth coach in four years, after his second season.

Allen will have to iron out whatever extraneous problems were at the bottom of last season's inconsistent play. Next year's personnel will undoubtedly present a better balanced scoring attack, which alone may eliminate some difficulties. Allen also will have to master his game-time nervous tension which often made him unintelligible to his players. Coach, players and students will have to pull together next year if Valpo is to have the kind of basketball season it is capable of.

A home-and-home series with all conference teams, Butler, Evansville, Indiana State, Ball State and St. Joe, plus the same with Western Michigan, Loyola, Wheaton and Concordia provide a strong nucleus for the 1951-52 schedule. A single home game is scheduled with Loyola of the South, and away games are booked with Washington and Indiana.

Additional potential thrillers are assured if arrangements with Chicago Stadium officials, an eastern team and several southern teams are completed. Schedule maker Dick Koenig reports that prospects are good.

In its long range plans, Valpo would also like to include among its basketball opponents Marquette, Notre Dame and Purdue. Valpo now meets Big Ten teams in only one major sport, baseball, disastrously this year (Illinois 18, Valpo 0). This unpredictable pastime is almost relegated to a minor sport by Valparaiso's inclement spring weather.

Fielding a strong team this year, Head Baseball Coach Don Warnke can be reasonably hopeful for the future. He loses only two players at the end of the current season through the graduation process, spark plug second baseman Lee Engert and first baseman Bill Schroer.

In the above three major sports, the ICC championship is awarded on the basis of season play. In golf, tennis and track a conference meet is held to determine the champion.

Valpo competes in one other sport, not sponsored by the conference, bowling. In this, as in golf and tennis, the sport is assigned to a busy member of the athletic department, who delegates direction of the team to a responsible student member.

Student Ric Zalent manages the bowling team under Director Henrichs' supervision. Lee Hochsprung manages the golf squad under supervision of Dick Koenig. Glenn Koepke handles the tennis team,

supervised by "Strings" Allen. This satisfactory but undesirable arrangement produces some surprising results.

This year's track team is, or was, coached by Guy Wellman. Now soldiering in Gary, he has turned over the reins to student Lyall Waters, but still attends as many practices and meets as he can.

Wellman took over the job as head track coach from Walt Reiner, who gave new impetus to the sport last year by constructing a straightaway track on Brown Field. Plans have now been devised to complete a regulation quarter-mile track without damaging the baseball diamond. This could probably still be done this year if students would contribute the necessary labor.

Inexpensive and permitting unlimited participation, track is the ideal sport. Like tennis, it has always been handicapped here by lack of facilities.

Track is the one sport which stands to benefit most from Valpo's conference affiliation. The ICC wants Valpo to develop its track program. Valpo wants to develop it. A little student initiative here could go a long way. ***

BROTHER-SISTER COMBINATIONS

Continued from Page 7

she has the typewriter.

Of course, there is always the brother who is general flunkie all the way around for his sister. When she has something to write, such as petitions to skip a course or to go home or has to write speeches, she comes to her journalistically minded brother. She even has him write her boy friend's letters to the draft board...because he doesn't know how. "I don't mind, but..." the brother remarked. In general, he said he helps her pass her courses all the way around.

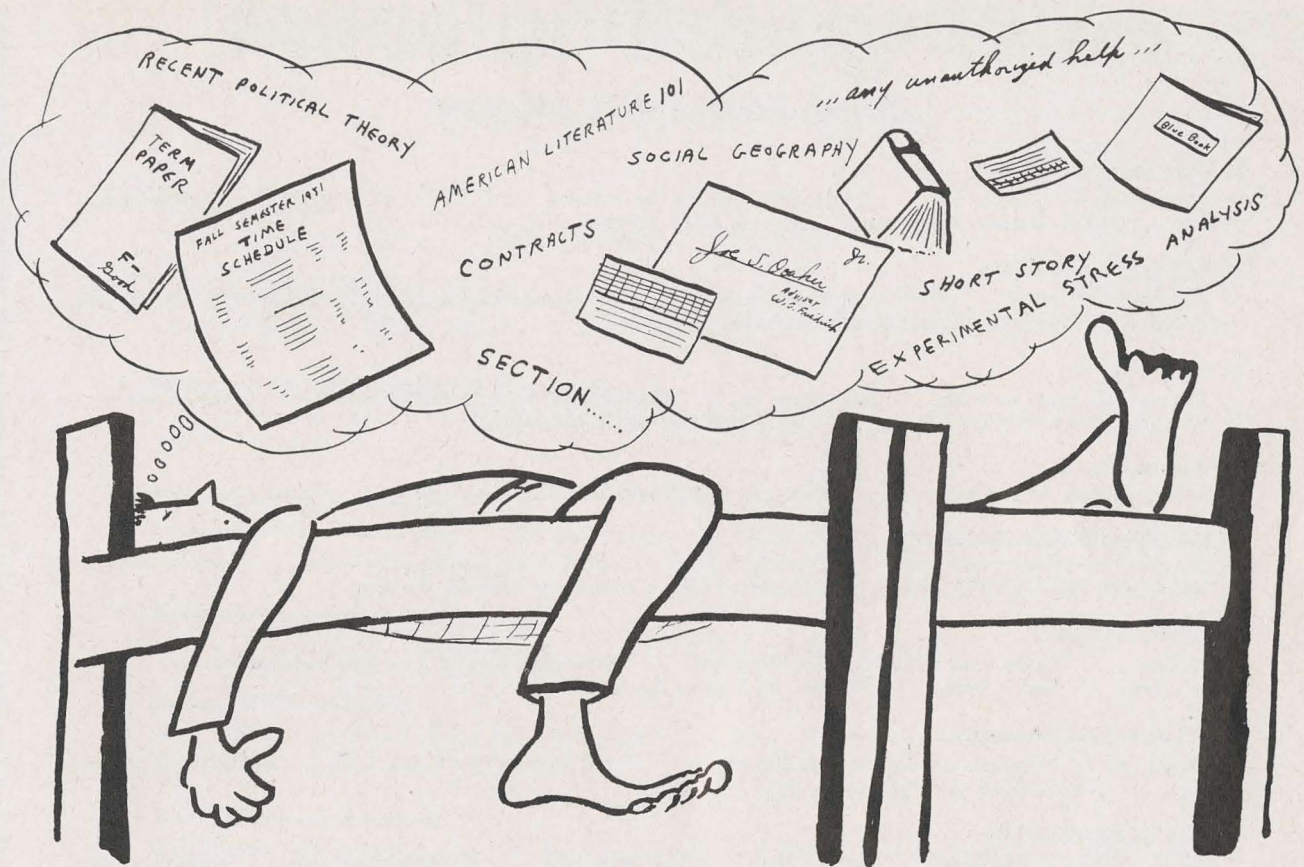


The Schultz:

Marelyn and
Gerry

Most brothers and sisters do not keep very close tab on each other with the exception of Marelyn and Jerry Schultz. Marelyn quite frequently calls the TORCH office to see if Jerry is around. If he is, she reminds him to go to classes. "When I don't," Jerry said, "she tells me off." (Incidentally, Marelyn and Jerry had one instructor convinced for four weeks that they were married. Each day he called role: Mr. Schultz. Mrs. Schultz.) Paul Schuette feels that by having his sister here, his "activities" are restricted. Pam complains that he hears too many things about her too. Jean Buettner says, Bitz knows everything I do, even before I do it."

Continued on Page 24



Take Your Choice and Sleep

BY LOIS TONN

The calendar says spring should be here and people tell me spring is here, however, I refuse to commit myself until I see a flower or leaf or some thread of evidence which will prove that the ole girl is really here and has no retracing steps about her.

And every good student knows that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of what beautiful course numbers and what lovely professor's names should bedeck his registration card come that exciting day in fall. I have a notion you're in quite a trama about it too. (Trama...that's a new word... cross between trouble and drama). Just can't get the ole numbers to add up right, huh? For days now you've read and reread the catalog gleaning bits of hints and scraps of knowledge as to what's actually best for you. You've talked to those wise ones, the juniors and seniors, about the worth and lasting value of the different courses, and still you have such a list it's hard to throw any out and cut it down.

Well, try not to worry too much—I can assure you that we all have gone through the same thing.

I shall speak with assumption that you are all bright, anxious students. You are good, contributing factors in the classroom...the student-centered class

room, of course.

You will want to begin the day with an 11:30... an easy starter, not too great a shocker. May I suggest Dr. Herbert Umbach's American Literature, catalog number 101, his prize course? Fine with you? Good. We'll jot it down. Don't worry about this course—it'll just be another mark on your card. His classes are really up your "A" alley. Requirements: a text book, a well-filled pen, and eagle sharp eyes with which to spot the significant passages.

"Now, Miss Bullyan, what did E.A. Poe contribute to American Literature as we know it today? Right there on page 1846, column A, about line 647—see where the word 'poems' is? Read aloud, please."

Fifteen minutes of frantic searching with the eagle eyes follows. "Poems," she at last gallantly shouts.

"So far. Exactly right! Yes, now we don't take this statement in it's fullest sense..."

His tests are simple. Memorize the book and all outside reading. Don't get flustered and take your time. If he comes in when you're only writing on the third question out of sixteen, don't become alarmed.

Continued on Page 19

Student Rating Sheet

Check appropriate category

- 1. Classroom behavior:**
Rigor mortis . . . Siesta Sue . . . My watch must not be running . . . I must get every word . . . Bubble-gum boys . . . She's learned semaphore . . . Bees in their britches . . .
- 2. Assignments fulfilled:**
Was that due *today*? . . . Field trip all day yesterday . . . Greek test today . . . I lost my book . . . The cat had kittens . . . I spent three hours on this, no foolin' . . .
- 3. Appearance:**
The tie that hangs at home . . . Sweatshirts set . . . Couldn't get down to the Laundromat . . . Levi Louis . . . Windblown . . . Clothes horse . . . I can hardly breathe in this thing . . .
- 4. Punctuality:**
Still there from the day before . . . Did the bell ring already? . . . Post-devotionalites . . . Express train entrance . . .
- 5. Reception line handshake:**
Have a dead codfish, won't you? . . . Two-fingers Tillie . . . Glad to see you ole pal, ole pal . . . Pump handle . . . Didn't need those knuckles anyway . . . Puhleeze! This is neither the time nor the place . . .
- 6. Social outlook:**
Recluse . . . "I only want a buddy, not a sweetheart" . . . Post-office pilgrims . . . Like pages in a book . . . Junior Jitters . . . Senior Panic . . . "Walter, lead me to the altar!" . . .
- 7. Scholastic achievement**
Honor roll . . . I've always gotten A's and B's before . . . I only have to get a C, you know . . . I keep a file on blue slips . . . Aw, what are grade points anyway? . . .
- 8. Can be impressed by:**
Jokes . . . No assignments . . . Giving "A's" . . . Not taking roll . . . No pre-vacation class . . . Always arriving ten minutes late . . .
- 9. Equipment:**
None mental . . . Could you lend me a sheet of paper, pal? . . . Pencil behind ear . . . Needles and yarn . . . Briefcase boys . . . Portable library . . .
- 10. Attention given in class:**
Who's that walking her to the Stupe? . . . Got to get this sock finished . . . Haven't written mother in three weeks . . . Test next period . . . Up all night . . .
- 11. Perceptive ability:**
Nobody home upstairs . . . Uh daw, would you repeat that, please? . . . I could have answered the *last* question . . . The osmosive element precipitated indirectly by . . .
- 12. Corridor conduct:**
Traffic hazards . . . Just holding up the wall . . . Welcoming committee . . . Whistler's mother's sons . . . Romeos and Juliets . . .
- 13. Cultural outlook:**
Do we *have* to study this? . . . *Two* books in this course? . . . My big brother said it was a snap . . . What do you mean "La Traviata?" . . . Let's have class on the lawn . . .
- 14. Audibility:**
Laryngitis . . . Are you chewing gum or asking a question? . . . Whispering hope . . . Don't you shout at me . . . I didn't think there were any foghorns that close . . .
- 15. Class attitude:**
You're my favorite prof . . . As good a place as any to finish a bag lunch . . . Only course I could take . . . Just call on me, I dare you . . . Laugh? I'd die first . . . Just waiting till it stops raining . . .
- 16. Extracurricular activities:**
Why let your studies interfere with your social life? . . . But we have to support the team . . . Classes aren't everything—we need leadership development . . .

Instructor Rating Sheet

Check appropriate category

1. Classroom poise:

None . . . Needs coffee . . . Needs two cups . . . Drown him . . .

2. Rate of pacing back and forth in class:

Chess player . . . Steam shovel . . . Expectant father . . . Voodoo war dance . . .

3. Amount of personal experience in lectures:

Now when I was young . . . Permit me to become autobiographical . . . Mother was a bouncer . . . My parole officer says . . .

4. Holds attention of students:

Wake me early . . . Rarely . . . By hypnotism . . . Biting nearest student . . . Balancing on window sill . . .

5. Outline of lecture:

A, 1, 2, 3, B, 1, 2 . . . A, B, A, C, B . . . C, 1, 2, B, C, Q, M . . . P, U . . .

6. Homework assignments:

Snap course . . . What? Read the *whole* book? . . . Since it's the only course you're taking . . . Sleep? What's that? . . .

7. Ability to answer questions:

Slips me at the moment . . . Look it up in the text . . . That's a good question . . . Class, where are you going? . . .

8. Gestures:

Paralyzed . . . Drat that mosquito . . . Windmill . . . Whirling dervish . . . Hold onto your notes . . .

9. Order and odor of jokes:

Sure it's funny, I told it to him . . . Tune in same time next year . . . What died in here? . . . Laugh or flunk . . .

10. Appearance:

Just got up . . . Fire Sale . . . Marked down from \$29.95 . . . Paris label . . .

11. Vocal delivery (Volume):

What's the secret? . . . Maybe he's just gargling . . . Who's *he* mad at? . . . Hello Ambrose, I'm outside the Coliseum! . . .

12. Number of A's given:

Dime a dozen . . . What am I bid? . . . Bring your ration book . . . Marry my daughter, first . . .

13. Rate of delivery:

Lockjaw . . . Hiccups . . . Babbling brook . . . "Sold, American" . . .

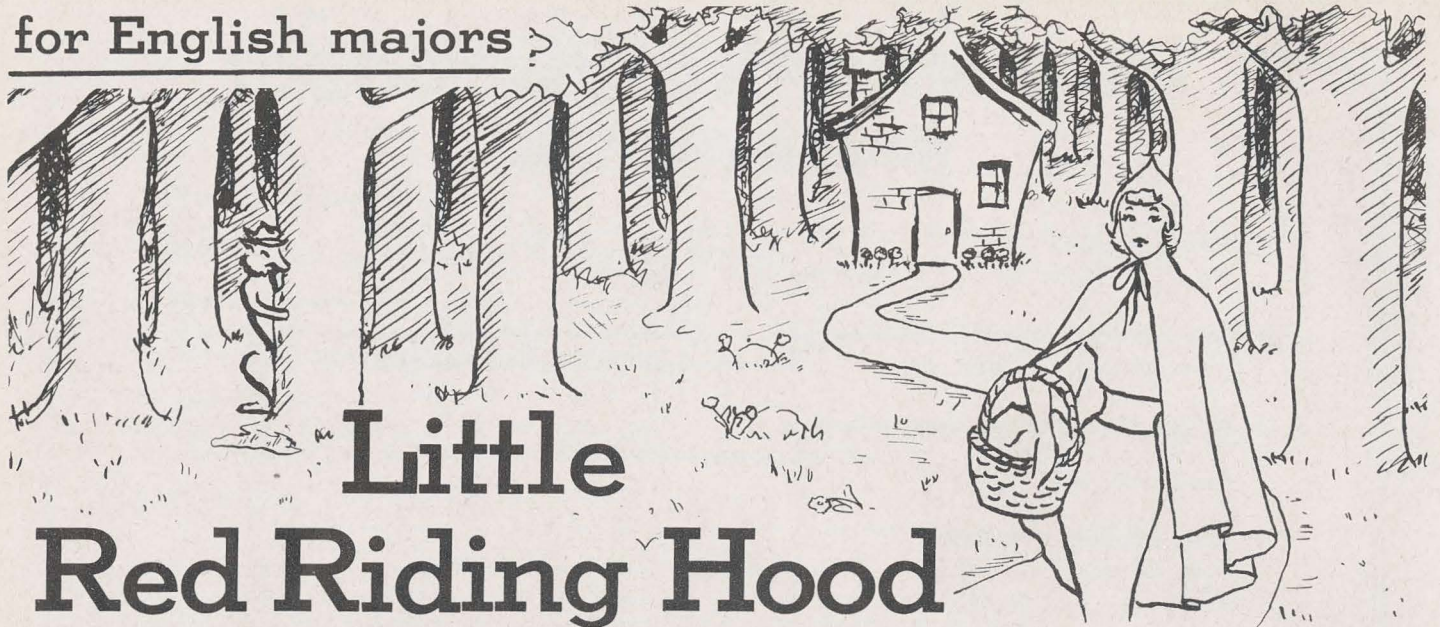
14. Window stare:

Storm coming up . . . Moth on the pane . . . Likes to help the contractor . . . Hang on prof, this is the fourth floor . . .

15. Can be impressed by:

Good notes . . . Any notes . . . Keeping both eyes open . . . Asking him questions he can answer . . .

for English majors



Little Red Riding Hood

BY THE EDITOR

The phrase before each number in this story is a well-known quotation. Test your knowledge of literature by trying to guess the author as you read along. Check your answers on page 24.

The sun was just casting her first rays of light through the white clouds of the new morn. Down in the valley below, a wisp of smoke from a solitary cabin curled through the still air against the background of the tall pines, presenting a breathtaking picture of nature in all her incomparable beauty.

"Never did sun more beautifully steep in his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill (1) said Little Red Riding Hood as she gazed out of her window at this, the parlor of the day (2). Her pet, a playful mongrel named Spot after Lady MacBeth's dog, leaped friskily about the room. "Out damned Spot," (3) she commanded.

Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed, ful streite yetyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe (4). Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye like twilight rosy still with the sun set (5). But today was the day she had set aside to go and visit Grandmother, so Little Red Riding Hood put a lunch basket under her arm and made her way down the picturesque mountain trail.

"How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year," (6) she mused as she entered the forest. To pass the time away she decided to read poetry, and began, "When in disgrace with Fortune..." (7).

"Having trouble with your magazine subscription?" said a voice suddenly.

"I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me," (8) said Red Riding Hood.

"Aha, and a Communist too," answered the tall, handsome stranger as he glanced at Miss Hood's costume. He blocked the path and the following dia-

logue ensued:

WOLF: I'm a big, bad wolf. Whaddya know?

RR HOOD: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know (9). Who are you?

WOLF: I am he that walks with the tender and growing night. I call the earth and sea half-held by the night. (10). Think me not unkind and rude that I walk alone in grove and glen (11). (Aside) I am yet determined to prove a villain and hate the idle pleasures of these days (12).

RR HOOD: What you say may be true. However, the fact has not created in me a sense of obligation (13).

WOLF: O fairest of the rural maids! (14) When I arose and saw the dawn, I sighed for thee (15). Come with me, and I will give you this fraternity pin which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me (16).

RR HOOD: Nevermore (17).

WOLF: When I think of you my heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk (18). And remember—the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts (19).

RR HOOD: Friend, I defy thee! with a calm, fixed mind,
All that thou cans't inflict I bid thee do;
Foul tyrant of both Gods and Human-kind,
Only one being shalt thou not subdue (20).
And that's ME.

At this, Miss Hood stalked away into the forest. She had heard of the Wolf, and knew that he'd sparked

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE AND SLEEP

Continued from Page 15

The bell hasn't rung. He's only come to look about, so just go right ahead. Pretty simple, huh?

Now for something to do the next day. We should be able to find something a bit less exhausting since you may be resting up from the day before. What would be a good one for that purpose...let's see...say, have you ever had anything with Wehling? No? Well, here's your chance and one you will never forget or regret. Wehling, the man of many talents, the idol of the peace reigning societies, and the owner of the famous barn house. You can take his government course called Recent Political Theory 132. Just fits, eh? Fine. May be a trifle distracting over the lunch hour like this, but I'm sure you can count on a twenty minute lunch rest stop for the purpose of relaxation.

What do you say about that? O.K., fill that in and before we know it your week is practically half filled. And you'll love this class. Very quiet, formal, uneventful periods...Gesundheit...with easy tests... three short essay interrogations. This conventional prof (dress, speech, beliefs, and such) may come plowing into his class...Gesundheit...with his bedroom slippers on, but don't let that throw you a bit. We just have to get our mouth in the right position... Gesundheit...and we're off on our discussion.

Oh, but you're looking again at the English department. Just can't keep away from the stuff. Another course? Well, I guess it won't interfere too much with your social and academic life. I tell you what. You've had the bug since your freshman comp days, so why not squeeze in Short Story writing taught by none other than himself Dr. Friedrich. Oh, yes, by all means. Nothing to it. Six or seven short stories per semester...eighty or ninety beginnings...nothing to it. You begin your masterpiece (there's none other like it), "It was dark..."

"Now look, sister. What's wrong with that? 'It was dark.' It stinks! It smells! What should you say? Get the thought over that it was dark by implication...immediate scene. None of this synoptic stuff."

So you start again. "It was morning..."

"Sister! Are you sure you know what we're aiming at? That makes me think of the time my wife and I were in England..."

And there's your short story course. More "A's" racked up.

Oh, don't tell me...you've got your eyes cast in the engineering direction. You're jealous of those dangling, important-looking slide rules. Those all-knowing things which, it was told me in a confidential moment of weakness by one of those engineers, are even used in English Lit classes. If you want to be slide rule happy, the class and course I'd suggest is Mortimer's "Experimental Stress Analysis." Lovely course...study beams here. Which ones have stress and which don't. Which ones hold up a chicken coop and which don't. Which ones hold up wires and which

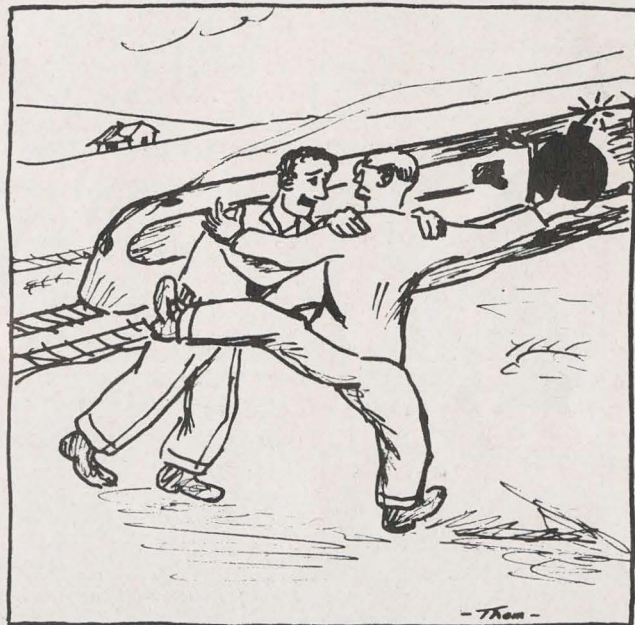
don't. And so on. Lovely course.

Got room for a geography course? Best one in the department—social geography by Dr. Meyer. Very simple this is, as long as you know what social means and what geography means. Also location analysis, areal correlation, and regional differentiation. Clear your throat, organize your time, and get set for the "Q-Q" questions. No he doesn't stutter... that means quality and quantity questions. You may need a slide rule to get the table and chair even with the concrete cracks, but that's one disadvantage of a basement class, I suppose.

And now before I forget it, I'd best mention something about another school around here or the dear souls would feel slighted. I'd be the last to wish that upon them. And they're such honorable men. Sometimes one wonders about them, but then I guess they'll pull through. There are some reforms on the way too...too many sparks in their collective eyes.

Now if you want something interesting and quite the unordinary in the way of a conducted class, just pick any law course and you have it. Just be sure that if you pick one of Moll's "Contract" gatherings, you will wangle a seat farthest from the window. Otherwise you may be nominated as the chief fresh air engineer and as a lawyer, that word has a poor connotation to you! The boys in your class will all be your friends, and through careful planning the class can be quite hilarious and worth your while.

Now then, you're all set in the way of things to do. Your problems are all solved and that didn't take long at all. Wasn't even hard either with two heads instead of one. Dunes, you say? Good, let's not let our studies interfere with our education. ***



"I know they interfere with your lectures, Prof, but..."

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BANQUETS AND PARTIES

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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



SEDITION

Continued from Page 9

officer was standing by while one medic administered penicillin to a colored boy. Many prisoners were lined up on sick call. They preferred any excuse to get out of their cold, damp, poorly lit cells. Two prisoners were still in the infirmary sick from drinking anti-freeze while on motor pool detail. Two of their less fortunate companions had died from it.

We had stew, fried fish and dehydrated potatoes at mess. The Mess Sergeant twisted his brow when the half full trays were returned. After dinner, Pitt ran up to me outside the mess hall, looking paler than ever.

"The Provost Marshall questioned me in the Colonel's office. I told him you sent the letter. I had to. He said he'd court martial me."

My knees almost buckled. I was ordered to report to Colonel Renner at 1400. I walked up the concrete steps, feeling like sponge rubber. I knocked at the door, entered, and saluted. The Provost Marshall stood staring out the window to the court and guards beneath. He was of medium height, slightly balding, and wore a dark mustache. He talked quickly. "Sit down, Sergeant. Now I want to ask you some questions, and I want you to answer them truthfully," he said.

"You know about a certain letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did Haglet write it?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"How many men signed it?"

"170."

"What did Haglet say when he showed it to you?"

"He didn't show me any such letter to which you refer," I said. "I typed the letter myself."

"That's all, Sergeant. Don't leave the company area."

I saluted and left. That night I set out to forget my troubles. The club was fairly deserted. Ned, the slender piano-player approached me and said, "An AP correspondent is around, Sergeant."

I easily spotted the correspondent by his civies, and introduced myself. He smiled, and without saying a word, produced a card: Grover Town, AP correspondent, 5 ft. 9 in, 165 lb, blue eyes, 44 years of age. He was wearing a cocked hat, a trench coat, and dark rimmed glasses.

"Are you the Sergeant with your name signed first on a certain 'letter'?" he asked.

"That's right," I replied, "How did you know about that?"

"I happened to see that letter lying about 'carelessly' in the Stars and Stripes office. I sent a story back to the states. Washington won't be too happy."

My head was swimming a little bit. "Would you be interested in hearing a good story, Mr. Town?" I asked him, eagerly wishing to unburden myself.

"What do you think I came here for?" he answered.

"You've seen the place from the outside, haven't you?" I asked. He nodded.

I continued. "I can remember the first day I came here. It was raining. That was five months ago. All

of us were glad to get settled after a week at the Replacement depot. I can remember reporting to Lt. Haglet, the adjutant, a great, big fat blustering fellow. 'Busbee!' he bellowed at a prison chaser, "get these guys some chow and a bunk. All of youse report back here in the morning. It's about time they sent us some replacements."

"I was assigned to the Adjutant for yard work and personnel work. Haglet was trying to reorganize the stockade. The Commandant then was a young major, a good guy, but too much playboy. He was relieved and Colonel Renner assigned here. Since then it's been hell. Guards started pulling eight on and four off. We were required to salute indoors. Prisoners doing six months are thrown in with those doing 20 years, even life. No effort is being made to rehabilitate or train them. They stay cooped up in their cells, and the cells aren't heated. Men aren't trained properly to handle the prisoners—there's not even a permanent chaplain assigned here. The G.I. prisoners go out of here most often very bitter. The Koreans and Chinese aren't much of a problem. This is like a vacation for them."

Town sat just listening, never interrupting.

"Up to two weeks ago, when we built our own barracks, we enlisted men slept in our own "private" cell block inside the prison walls. Of course, our doors weren't locked. The stockade is the largest civil prison in Japan, taken over by the occupation troops. Some of the men taken captive on Doolittle's raid were supposed to have been imprisoned here for a while."

I lit up a cigarette. "What tops it all, is the terrible food situation. I, along with a lot of others got a good dose of ptomaine. Enlisted men and prisoners alike get horribly depressed here. It's the worst assignment in the occupation, and it's the army at its worst!"

"Haglet's been relieved and is under arrest to quarters. You see, Haglet is a 32nd degree Mason. He did Colonel Gen wrong back in the states. Renner and Gen are buddy-buddy. They set out to prove Haglet incompetent. Haglet got wind of it, and opened the Colonel's mail. The rest of the story you know."

I paused. My glass and its contents had grown slightly warm. "Anyway," I continued, "about the letter, I wrote it, listing all of these conditions and got the men to sign it. I sent the signed copy to the Stars and Stripes, and the unsigned one to the Inspector general. I figured they couldn't nail us that way."

Town got up. "That's about all I need to know," he said. "You'll probably be having a "Time" correspondent out here in a few days. Good luck, Sergeant. I'll see what I can do to get some of this back to the states."

A few days later, a staff car with two stars on its side pulled up outside the main gate. The Colonel had suddenly removed many restrictions.

Coincident with the General's visit was the transfer of eight officers, including a Colonel and a Major. There was rejoicing in the Enlisted men's club that night. It was raining, but it didn't much matter! ***

COLLEGE GIRLS CHEER HADACOL



At left: Miss Irene Siken-tanz, 3323 Cleveland Avenue, Port Huron, Mich.



At right: Miss Elaine Krupzak, 5082 Lapeer Road, Port Huron, Mich.

Hadacol May Relieve Cause of Troubles When Due to a Lack of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Iron, that Interfere with Fun and Studies!

The marvelous benefits of HADACOL, today's great nutritional formula, are equally helpful to young and old alike who are suffering from a lack of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Iron and Niacin.

Here's what these two pretty coeds, who may have been suffering from such deficiencies, have to say: "We are two college students writing you this letter. Before taking HADACOL we were nervous, restless and unable to sleep at night. We found we were foggy all day and ached all over. Now after taking only 3 bottles of HADACOL we are different persons. We are full of life and energy and our aches have completely disappeared. Thank you for your wonderful discovery of that remarkable product, HADACOL."

This is typical of thousands of letters telling how HADACOL relieves the real and basic cause of deficiency distresses. For HADACOL provides more than the minimum daily requirement of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Iron, plus helpful quantities of Phosphorus and Calcium. It builds up the hemoglobin content of the blood (when Iron is needed) to send



these precious Vitamins and Minerals surging to every part of the body and to every body organ.

Why not find out today why thousands say, "Only HADACOL gives you that Wonderful Hadacol Feeling." At your druggist: Trial size only \$1.25; large family size, only \$3.50.

SENATOR DUDLEY J. LE BLANC

The Best Friend You Ever Had

Senator LeBlanc has been in public life since he was quite a young man and has always advocated the cause of the oppressed and downtrodden. It was he who introduced the law in Louisiana that gives every deserving man and woman in Louisiana a pension of \$50.00. It was he who introduced the law creating the office of Service Commissioner, the duties of which office is to see that every deserving ex-soldier and veteran receives his just reward from the Federal and State Government. It was he who has consistently fought the battle of the school teachers in the halls of the legislature. He worked untiringly for



Senator Dudley J. LeBlanc

the farmers and the laboring man.

You can place your confidence in a man who has by his past activities demonstrated to you that he is your friend. If you are suffering from deficiencies of Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Iron, don't hesitate, don't delay, buy HADACOL today.



THE CLUB

21 NORTH WASHINGTON ST.

JUST A GOOD PLACE
TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS

MIXED DRINKS FINE FOODS
BY CHEF PETE HANEY

John H. Morhouse

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Continued from Page 18

it with full twenty gals, he'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em (21). But even as she proceeded to Grandmother's house, the Wolf too was speeding there via a short cut.

Little Red took her time, as she walked her mind wrestled with the problem of Plato vs Pragmatism. She even stopped once to read the latest issues of the Saturday Review of Literature, PMLA, CBEL, DNB, and VU obtained on her last trip to the Newberry.

Soon, however, she walked up the flagstone path to the quaint little cottage, and knocked on the door. "Come in," said the Wolf who lay in bed disguised as Grandma.

Little Miss Hood entered to find "Grandma" looking devilish with the covers pulled up quite high. The real Grandmother had been locked in a closet by the dastardly Wolf. Dialogue as follows:

WOLF: Hail to thee, blithe spirit! (22) (Aside) Though this be madness, yet there is a method in 't! (23).

RR HOOD: Why Grandma! Why have you such big eyes?

WOLF: The better to see with. I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions, I see the frontiers and boundaries of old aristocracies broken (24).

RR HOOD: Why Grandma, what big ears you have!

WOLF: Just talent, chile.

RR HOOD: Why Grandma, what big teeth you have!

WOLF: Forsooth! Make remarks about my halitosis and pink tooth brush will you? (Leaps from the bed and chases Miss Hood).

RR HOOD: Help, ho! Ho, help! The Wolf!

GRANDMA: (from closet) Oh woe! Oh woeful day! Most lamentable day, most woeful day! That ever, ever, I did behold. Oh day! Oh day! Oh Day! Oh hateful day! Never was seen so black a day as this. Oh woeful day, oh woeful day (25).

WOODCHOPPER: (Entering) Peace, O lady fair! Out with you Wolf, and return no more. Vile worm!—Oh Madness! Pride! Impiety! (26). (Exit Wolf with Woodsman in close pursuit).

Well, the Woodsman finally succeeded in driving the big, bad Wolf across the primrose-lined flagstones, down the mountain trail, and far out of the general vicinity. It was later said of him,

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn (27).

Red Riding Hood visited and comforter her Grandmother, and returned home to find that Spot had given birth to puppies in her absence. She immediately named one after MacBeth's dog, and for years after that she was heard to give her daily morning command, "Out, out Brief Candle." (28).

REPORT FROM EUROPE

Continued from Page 5

German people will resist to the utmost any attempt of the communists to gain control of the Western zones. The American occupation authorities in Germany, both military and civilian, have worked hard to establish a feeling of mutual confidence between themselves and the German population. Mr. John McCloy, our high commissioner in Germany, has been a most fortunate choice of President Truman for this most important post in Europe. He is highly respected and he has gained many friends in Germany in his official and social contacts.

Returning to America I find that many Americans are still disinclined to accept Germany into full membership of our great democratic family. Many Germans are still barred from entering the United States. Concert artists are still prevented—by a form of boycott—to appear in our concert halls. Not every member of the National Socialist government in Germany was a war criminal. A comparatively small group of men brought disgrace upon the German people. As a result the German nation has suffered a complete defeat and was brought to its knees in deep humiliation. Most Germans accept this defeat as inevitable and just, but they want to forget the horror of it all. They have experienced something of the spirit of free people, and they want to build for themselves and for their children a future in this new spirit.

A fellow Lutheran invited me to his home shortly before I left Germany. We had a long discussion on the problems facing the German people today. I shall never forget his final words: "You have defeated us. You have destroyed our militarism. You have introduced us to a democratic way of life. You have given us freedom from want, freedom of thought, freedom of religion...Take from us one last great burden that makes us feel as if we were second-class citizens. Permit us to enter the great family of democratic nations so that our people may mix freely with the people of your countries and thereby establish a bond of friendship and brotherly love. Thus we will be united and will stand together without fear in the dark days that lie ahead. May God protect us all from our enemies..." ***



The Bad Boll Commission. Left to right: Dr. Nickel, Pres. Roschke and Dr. J. T. Miller of St. Louis, Prof. M. J. Naumann of Springfield, and Missouri Synod First Vice-President Dr. Harms, leader of the conference. Picture taken in Germany.



Most unusual picture of the trip was taken by Mrs. Miller in a small German village. The telephone pole has just broken away from the steel transmission tower, and the man strapped to it is apparently falling to his death. He broke the strap however, landed on the house, and escaped injury.



"I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me."

CASBON BROS.
ELECTRIC
CO.

APPLIANCES
ELECTRICAL
SUPPLIES
RADIO
REPAIR

123 LINCOLNWAY PHONE 85

Quotations from
'Red Riding Hood'

1. Wordsworth
2. Emily Dickenson
3. Shakespeare, MacBeth
4. Chaucer
5. Byron
6. Milton
7. Shakespeare, sonnet 29
8. Costello
9. Keats
10. Whitman
11. Emerson
12. Shakespeare, Richard III
13. Crane
14. Bryant
15. Shelley
16. Browning
17. Poe
18. Keats
19. Longfellow
20. Shelley
21. Lowell
22. Shelley
23. Shakespeare, Hamlet
24. Whitman
25. Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet
26. Pope
27. Coleridge
28. Shakespeare, MacBeth

Quotation Score Card:

- 24-28.....Impossible
20-24.....Amazing
15-20.....Excellent
10-15.....Very good
Below 10.....Drop lit

VUPOINT

Continued from Page 2

In this issue VU presents it's first "exclusive" story— Dr. Hoelty-Nickel's "Report from Europe." After reading the article, we were very glad that we had asked him to write it, and we feel that the reader will also appreciate his interesting observations.

Other articles in this issue that you will probably want to re-read are Lois Tonn's "Take Your Choice and Sleep," and Mel Doering's "Valpo in the Athletic World." For a short story, we went to see Dr. Friedrich. He allowed us to use one of those turned in to his class, and although no grades were given on the stories, we'd rate "Sedition" pretty high.

The cover on this issue was done by Dick Renius, as was the illustration for "Sedition." Dick is a newcomer to the VU staff, and we were mighty happy to find such talent on campus.

VU also takes this opportunity to congratulate the victorious candidates in the recent Student council election. To the new officers: Marv Rammelsberg, Warren Zschoche, Mary Heinecke, and Don Weitz we wish success in reaching the objectives stated in their platforms. Student council took a step forward in adopting residence representation; it is up to the new officers and next year's council to use the system to its best advantage.

BROTHER-SISTER COMBINATIONS

Continued from Page 14

In general, both the men and women agree it is pretty good to have a member of the family on campus. "I'm glad Louise came here," said Fred Telschow. "It's nice having a member of your family on the same campus for the same reason that you like to be with members of your family any other time." Quite a few agree that they keep each other from getting homesick. Or else they just don't see each other often enough not to like having a brother or sister on campus.

The Roehs:

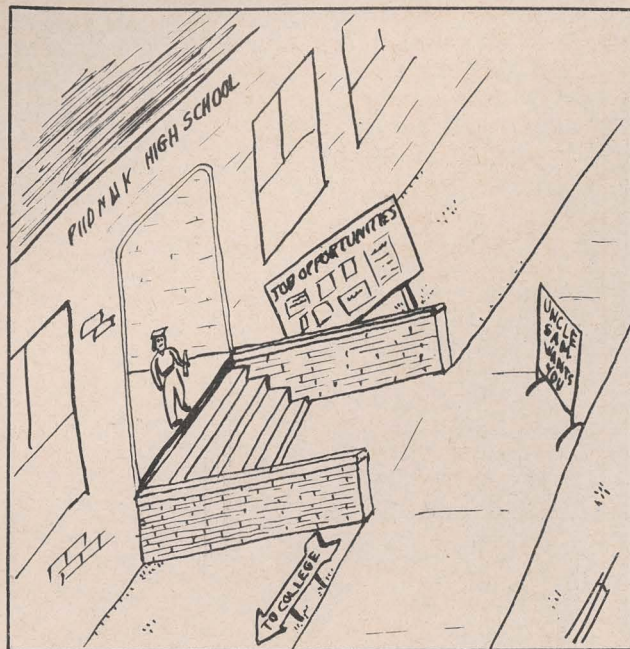
Ken and
Marilyn



Ken Roeh says that having his kid sister, Marilyn, here, more or less seems to bring home right to him. So far, he's gotten a big kick out of watching her. "One nice thing," he added, "is that she does not keep on my tail."

But then we have one who simply said, "I'd rather be out at UCLA," when asked if he appreciated his younger sister being here.

What can you do?



What can you do

to help Valpo reverse the national trend toward declining enrollments?

Valpo alumni, friends of the university, and Lutheran pastors all across the country are working hard to help.

But you are still the best salesman your university has!

Here are ten suggestions:

- 1) Talk to your friends about Valparaiso University.
- 2) Take a genuine, continuing interest in their future plans.
- 3) Offer them sound advice from your background of collegiate experience.
- 4) Bring them to the campus.
- 5) Ask your high school principal for names of qualified graduates.
- 6) Ask your pastor for names of other prospective students.
- 7) Speak before youth groups at Walther League meetings and summer camps.
- 8) Arrange with the University Relations office to show the Valpo movie.
- 9) Follow up all contacts.
- 10) Don't misrepresent the university—favorably or unfavorably.

Next year will be a critical year for all American colleges and universities.

Yet Valparaiso can maintain a representative enrollment with your help.

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 8...THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE



“I don’t
go for a wild
pitch!”

Clean-up man on the baseball nine, this slugger doesn’t like to reach for ‘em . . . wants it right over the plate. And that’s the way he likes his proof of cigarette mildness! No razzle-dazzle “quick-puff” tests for him. No one-whiff, one-puff experiments. There’s *one* test, he’s discovered, that’s *right down the alley!*

It’s the test that proves what cigarette mildness *really* means. 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. 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
than any other cigarette!

