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"Say, Doc," said an anxious student in the health center, "if there's anything wrong with me, don't give me a long scientific name. Say it so I can understand it."
"You're just plain lazy."
"Uh, thanks. Now gimme a scientific name. I gotta tell my prof."

— Sundial

First frat man: If the dean doesn't take back what he said this morning I'm going to leave college.
Second frat man: What did he say?
First man: He told me to leave college.

— Octopus

Young wife: This is terrible! Not a thing in the house to eat. I'm going home to mother.
Husband: Believe I'll go with you.

— Jack-O-Lantern

She: How was your party last night?
Voice on phone: We're having a swell time.

— Octopus

A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.

— Octopus

The medical officer was testing the water supply. "What precaution do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant in charge.
"We boil it first, sir," the sergeant replied.
"Good!"
"Then we filter it."
"Excellent!"
"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer."

— Sundial

A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his son in the technique of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, "Son, after you have fitted the glasses to the customer, and he asks, 'What is the charge?' you should say:
"'The charge is ten dollars.'
"Then pause and watch for the flinch.
'If the customer does not flinch, you say: 'That's for the frames; the lenses will be another ten dollars.'
'Then you pause again—but this time only slightly—and again you watch for the flinch.
'If the customer doesn't flinch, you say: 'Each.' "

— Octopus
From the President

It is a pleasure and privilege for me to extend a word of welcome to VU for the academic year 1951-1952 and to wish it a safe journey through the many treacherous shoals of collegiate journalism.

May I express a few pious but relevant hopes for VU?

I hope it will be literate. The growing illiteracy of much collegiate writing is dismaying. Let the writing be much above the drab level of themes and term papers!

I hope it will be intelligent. Each article should be the result of imaginative thought. VU can well become a model for us if its writers will think their subjects over and through.

I hope it will be relevant. So much collegiate journalism, in these great and trying times, is petty and obsolete. Let VU strike hard at the heart of some of our real problems and the campus will cheer.

My good wishes for another good year.

O. P. Kretzmann

Homecoming

After weeks of anticipation and preparation, that hectic week end is finally here. This is the time when the alums come back to us with stories of "how I wish I were back at Valpo" or "you can't beat working—imagine, no more homework, term papers, etc."

They return to the old familiar buildings, the traditional events of Homecoming and memories of the years they once spent on the campus. The conversations between the alums and their old friends are familiar ones, recalling the past years with a faint glimmer of "it would be nice to come back for a while."

Hobo day is over; the queen has been crowned. University residences are proudly showing their house decorations, and soon we will view the parade, with the game climaxing all events.

And in a few hours Homecoming will be past. For some students it is their first, with others yet to come, and to the seniors, this is it. But no matter who you are, from frosh to seniors or alumni, the VU staff wishes you the best for a good, rousing, Homecoming weekend.

Just a Thought

For the last several weeks we have been hearing quite a bit of talk about the drinking situation at colleges. It has been widely discussed, and greatly preached on. This is neither the time nor the place to give a long sermon or dissertation on the problem, but a word to the wise may be sufficient. Homecoming is a time of gala celebration and house parties. As university men and women, we are adults, not juveniles who think it is "cute" to eat, drink and be merry.

So let us begin right now to set a slow, easy pace, not only this week end of week ends, but all along. A good Homecoming need not necessarily mean a lost week end.

Behind By-Lines

Beginning with this issue of VU we will give you a brief (very brief) sketch of those people who bring you the printed pages.

Introducing the Homecoming Queen and her court to you in this issue is Dee Fast, a senior, who is majoring in English. Another senior English major is the short story writer, M.J. Hagen. M.J. is serving her fourth year as a TORCH reporter, while Dee in on the BEACON staff.

Three TORCH editors, Dick Hanneman, Kayo Gockel and Dorrie Watts also helped in this issue with the "How to" article, "Meet the Coach" and homecoming article respectively.

On Our Cover

Our Homecoming cover for this issue was drawn by Ruth Wenholz. Look through the various spectators shown. Can you pick out the rugged individualist who is so proud of his Hobo day beard that he refuses to shave, the misplaced Carroll student, returning football player, the gal with an obvious crush on one of the football players and any number of others?

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Contents

HOMECOMING............................................................... 4
A general review of Valpo's wild week end
THE HUNT................................................................. 10
A sordid account of illegal deer hunters
SPECTATOR SPECIAL.................................................... 12
Football fans and how we see them
MEET THE COACH....................................................... 14
An epistle on "how to leave pro ball and like it"
WORLD PREMIER......................................................... 16
Valpo takes a stab at the big time

Departments

Campus Carousel......................................................... 1
VU Point....................................................................... 2
Heavenly View............................................................ 6
How To—................................................................. 19

VU magazine is published four times during the 1951-52 academic year by the VU staff of Valparaiso university under the auspices of the Student Council. Editorial, business office located at 468 College Avenue. Subscription rates: $1.10 per year by mail anywhere in the United States. Per copy: 35 cents. Address all correspondence to VU Magazine, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana.
Homecoming! The magic word that sets off the magic mood of industry and imagination each fall. The word that has been the theme of many a nostalgic essay and column, and that embodies all the best of fall campus activities.

For the many Monday nights before the glorious week-ends, Greeks meet to pool their ideas and their energies. Behind drawn drapes they hold heated discussions on what will and what will not comprise "a real winner" in house and float decorations. Finally a vote is taken, and win or loose, all the members of all the organizations begin working together in hopes of hearing their Greek name come over the mike when the winners are finally announced.

Of course, the reverend alumni are kept uppermost in campus thoughts in these pre-Homecoming days, for it is to them that the week-end is dedicated, and it is they who are coming "home."

Alumni breakfasts, lunches, dinners and other gatherings are planned to pay tribute to our predecessors, and to get them together to talk over old times. They invade their old campus homesteads, and, it is for them, and only them, that their followers gladly forsake beds for that old standby, the floor.

First of the festivities is always Hobo day. Under the supervision of Instructor Bob Tank, it holds every promise of meeting, if not surpassing, the gaiety of years past. For weeks the campus men grow beards, and compete with each other on this day, not for who has the bluest beard, but for who has the longest and bushiest of the bunch. Leg after leg, masculine, that is, pass before the eyes of the audience at the Premier theatre, where the parade cluminates, until finally the most beautiful are selected.

This year's Hobo day was climaxed by the lighting of the long-worked-on bonfire. And something new was added, since Her Royal Highness lighted the torch for the bonfire. The torch, in turn, was given to the president of the freshman class who rightfully finally set the railroad ties ablaze.

Consoling Feature

House decorations were also judged on Friday night. The lights, mechanical abilities and general
KAPPA PHI TAU displays its winning house decoration of the 1950 Homecoming. To the right are a group of students working industriously on their float for the all-important parade.

originality and appearance were all taken into consideration before the difficult decision was made.

A consoling feature to this year's participants in the house and float competitions is that second place plaques will be awarded to sororities and fraternities this year.

Too, this year's royalty will really be treated as such. Under the chairmanship of Tom Lewis, a float is being constructed that will really be a credit to our queen. Lowenstines' department store and the Central Floral company generously donated materials to make the float a beauty to behold.

New Attraction

Who the queen is was kept a deep and guess-provoking secret until the actual crowning took place. Her royalty was emphasized by having six men from the junior honor guard march behind her float. They will be dressed as knights, since the basic Homecoming theme this year will be that of the Crusader.

This year will also have the new attraction of a queen's platform to be constructed near the football field. Her honor guards will also sit with her on this platform, as will, of course, her court.

Perhaps one of the finest additions to this year's celebration is that alumnus Dave Michel of the Bodine Printing company will take charge of preparing a 48 page pictorial review of this year's Homecoming. This booklet, which is expected to sell for 75 cents, will also contain an article by Pres. O.P. Kretzmann and another from the alumni.

The combined beauty and fun of this year's Homecoming will owe its thanks largely, of course, to its faculty advisers, Van Kussrow, Prof. E.J. Buls, Dr. F.K. Kruger, Richard Koenig, and Robert Tank.

Crusader's Horse

Thanks also will be due to Homecoming Chairman Ray Bopp, and his four main assistants John Schroeder, Don Engerer, Wayne Summerfield and Roger Johnson.

Their co-ordinated efforts, together with those of sub-committees and the whole university family are making this Homecoming one of the most memorable of all.

It can become a thing that will at once arise in thoughts of Valpo students and alumni when they hear the word Homecoming. It can become a part of the magic mood created by this magic word.

Perhaps the part of Homecoming that can most achieve this is the emphasis on the Crusader, and the crusading spirit of Valpoites.

In a campus-wide contest, a name will be chosen for the Crusader's horse, and "mascot" Mel Doering. It is hoped that a large selection of appropriate names will be turned in so that when one is finally chosen, it will become a thing that automatically pops into the minds and onto the tongues of any and everyone talking about the biggest time of our campus year.
Photographer El Jordan discusses VU layouts and poses with Her Majesty, the Queen, and two of her attendants. From left to right, Jordan, Dolly Borchelt, Carol Amling and Gloria Blau.

As VU's first Heavenly View, we present to you, Her Majesty, the Queen, Miss Gloria Blau. And right along side of her, sharing the spotlight in Homecoming festivities, are her four attendants.

After fraternitites, sororities and some Independents got together and nominated a bevy of beauties for the honor, the five royal personalities were finally chosen by the campus men, the connoisseurs of the finer things in life.

Among the queen's attendants, we have Nan Hatch, Carol Amling, Dolores Borchelt and Katie Lehman.

Many of you may have seen these young women on campus but do you know their interest, their majors, where they come from? Let us introduce them to you.

First on the list we have Her Majesty. This 21 year old beauty hails from the Windy city, Chicago. Since she was a freshman, Gloria has worked at the Shanty and has been active in numerous campus activities.

In case anyone is interested, she lives at the Gamma Phi house, and is a home economics major. After she graduates in June, 1952, she hopes to make her mark in the field of interior decorating. This 5'6" blonde with the sparkling blue-green eyes, has a most interesting hobby of collecting unusual wine glasses.

Cont. on p. 8

Right: Her Majesty, the Queen, Miss Gloria Blau.
And a good queen she is. She is well liked by all her fellow students, not only for her beauty, but for the woman she is. Her sparkling eyes and cheery smile are always with her. Gloria is gracious in every thing she does.

Independent Elected

This year the Independents placed a name on the queen's ballot, and for the first time in many years, the nominee has won a place among the annals of Valparaiso beauties.

She is Dolores Borchelt. The youngest member of the court is 19 years old and has Manitow, Ill., as her home town.

A petite blue eyed blonde, "Dolly," as she is known to all her friends, is very much interested in the field of sports. Many of her future plans after she finishes her college career include the aim of being a top grade stenographer. And who doubts that she will succeed?

One of Her Majesty's shining attendants is Carol Amling. This blue eyed blonde is from out California way. Santa Ana, Calif., to be exact.

Small, but lively, this beauty is interested in the world of sports. She not only limits her activities to the spectator's side of the game, but participates as well.

Carol is a member of the Kappa Tau Zeta sorority, and is majoring in history. She is also a senior, and upon graduation this coming June, she plans to teach. And who would mind having a teacher such as Carol?

Another Kappa Tau Zeta on the queen's court this year is Nan Hatch. This woman of royalty comes from St. Joseph, Mich., and is a second semester junior. She transfered to dear old Valpo last year and is an English major.

Planning to teach after graduation, this blue-eyed blonde lists drawing as one of her hobbies. Among many of her other interests, is the field of sports.

The only beauty on the court that is not fair haired is brown eyed, brown haired Katherine Lehman. This 21 year old senior is a Hoosier gal, hailing from South Bend.

A member of the Alpha Phi Delta sorority, she is majoring in both English and music. Her future plans center around both subjects, for upon graduation in June, Katie wants to teach each one.
For the past two years she has been a member of the University Choir. In addition, she is extremely interested in sports, placing tennis on the top of her list of favorites.

Lights Bonfire

Throughout the royalty this Homecoming of 1951, one finds a dominating factor running through all the beauties. Have you noticed? That is, four out of the five are blue eyed blondes—Carol Amling, Nan Hatch, Dolores Borchelt, and even Her Majesty the Queen, Gloria Blau. The only one that isn't fair haired is Katie Lehman, whose long, dark, shiney hair stands out among the bevy of golden locks.

Last night Her Majesty reigned royally. She lighted the bon fire, and officially started the Homecoming festivities rolling. This afternoon she, along with her four attendants, will ride in regal splendor through the city of Valparaiso, throwing her bright, cheerful and gracious smile to all on-lookers.

They are the true beauties of Valparaiso University. When one looks at this year's royal women and knows each one of them, one knows they are beauties not only among their physical qualities.

Their actions, their goals, their ideas, everything that they are reflect in their personalities. These women are Valparaiso, the women who will some day leave the campus and establish themselves in their chosen field. Wherever they may go, they will carry this royal honor and their queenly grace with them.

And to you, Her Majesty, Gloria, and to all your attendants, Carol, Nan, Dolly and Katie, VU wishes the most glorious Homecoming you ever had, and as trite as it may sound, the best in everything that you may do.

Never before in the history of Valparaiso University has an alumni Homecoming queen been elected. But this year things will be different.

Some time ago all university fraternities unanimously elected 95 year old Mrs. Helen Butler Strait to be honorary alumni queen.

She graduated from Valparaiso 75 years ago, and is the only living person from the scientific class of 1876. Shortly after 1900 Mrs. Strait paid her last visit to Valpo's campus.

Throughout her life, she has been active in educational work in Florida. At the age of 93 she was still addressing audiences of 10,000.
White pin-points of snow struck the windshield as the black sedan jolted over the ruts in the frozen side road. Buck brush scraped against the fenders of the car as it moved forward.

The thin man at the wheel ground out a half smoked cigarette in the dashboard ash tray. "This should be about it, shouldn't it, Pete?" he said. The big car neared a clearing.

"Pretty soon now, Kid," Pete said, "Up ahead about 50 yards. Don't start spottin' till I give the signal to spot."

The car slowed to a stop and the thin man turned off the motor. Pete stretched over the seat and pulled a cold army rifle from under a khaki blanket on the back seat cushion. He brought it up carefully and held it in mid-air with one hand while he rolled down the window. Then he brought the gun around with its barrel sticking through the open window.

"Maybe I should drive up a little," the thin man said.

"No," Pete said. "This is the way they go through here and down to the river." He fingered the smooth steel barrel of the gun.

"Maybe they won't see us back this far, Pete," the thin man hunched over the steering wheel. "Maybe they'll think we're on the other side when we start shootin'" he said.

"Wassa matter, Kid," Pete said, "Max knows what he's doin'. There ain't nobody shootin' but us this trip." Pete looked toward the Kid and his heavy black brows drew into a V. The thin man puffed hard at his cigarette.

"C.K.," he said. He leaned forward and fumbled with the radio. He turned up the volume and the sound came out clear and strong.

"Shut that damn thing off," Pete said. "You want the whole county to hear ya?"

"Naw, Pete. Naw, I'll shut it off." He leaned back and stared out the window.

"Max said the warden was snooping around Flint's place yesterday. He was with another guy—somebody Max didn't know." The thin man looked cold, and as he talked his breath came out in puffs of steam. "Wonder if they found anything," he added.

"Just let 'em come around my place," Pete said. He spat out the window. "They'll find more'n they're lookin' for if they come around my place."

The bushes on either side of the car were hanging heavy with the wet, new snow, and small triangular drifts banked the corners of the windshield. The car was cold with the motor turned off, and the thin man whom Pete called "the Kid", started shivering. His light gabardine trousers clung to his boney knees, and he pulled a corner of the blanket covering the front seat over his legs.

"Wassa matter, Kid? You cold?" Pete asked. "Naw, Pete, I ain't cold," the Kid said. "What if they catch us though, Pete? What if somebody hears when the gun goes off?"

"Nobody's goin' to catch us, so quit your whinin'," Pete looked out into the darkness. The thin man leaned over the wheel and rubbed at the frost coated
windshield with a damp glove.

"Here they come! Through the brush over there!" His voice sounded dry, and his round eyes grew wide behind his thick lenses.

"Let 'er go," Pete said. He nestled the long rifle against his shoulder and squinted through its sights. The spot light glared on a small patch of brush and snow ahead.

The big does crashed through the thicket into the yellow glare. They stood still for a moment, staring into the light. Pete squeezed the trigger of the rifle. Crack! The doe closest to the car reared on her hind legs. Crack! The gun kicked slightly against Pete's shoulder. The other deer slumped into the white snow.

"You got 'em Pete!" the Kid said. He opened the door and stepped down onto the ground.

"Get back in here, you damn fool!" Pete said, "There might be a couple more comin' through." They waited silently for five minutes.

"O.K., Kid, let's go," Pete said. "Bring the knife. We might as well do the skinning here." Pete walked toward the deer.

"Got this one right between the eyes," he said, looking down at the doe nearest the car. "Couldn't 'a done better in the daylight."

Dark blotches of red stained the snow where the deer were lying. The thin man handed Pete one of the knives, and glanced at the doe Pete had shot between the eyes. He covered his mouth and coughed.

"Maybe we better not skin 'em out here, Pete. Maybe we should take 'em back the way they are," he said.

"Shut up and start skinning," Pete said. "We gotta wait for the others anyhow."

He knelt down, placing one knee on the doe's stomach, and began working rapidly, slashing away the thick hide in short, deft strokes. The Kid straddled the other deer, and started chopping into the loose skin of the animal's neck. Beads of sweat stood out on his pale forehead, and he gripped the handle of the knife tightly. Pete moved swiftly and soon he stood up wiping his knife on his pants. He looked down at the Kid bent over the bloody mass of limp flesh.

"Take the other one back to the car an' I'll finish up," he said. The Kid didn't answer. Sweat trickled down his nose as he hacked away the hide of the deer.

"I said I'd finish, get up from there, and haul the other one to the car."

"Oh, yeah, Pete, sure." The Kid rose quickly and walked over to Pete's doe. He grabbed it below the ribs and carried it toward the car. Its legs hung to the ground making a wide double trail through the snow. He put the deer in the back of the car and threw a burlap sack over it. As he started back, two men carrying rifles pushed their way through the brush into the clearing. The Kid's mouth dropped open, and he stepped backward.

"It's O.K., Kid, it's just us," one of the men said. "How many you get?"

"Two big does," Pete said, "Fat as fools." He looked up from his work. The taller of the two men walked over to the doe.

"Better cover up them guts," he said. "Old man Flint said the warden was prowling around."

"Yeah, Max, that's wat the Kid was saying'," Pete said. "Well, no damned warden is gonna pin anything on me." He put the heart and liver of the deer in the bucket, and got up, stretching his thick arms. The knees of his denim overalls were wet and there was Cont. on p. 20
Spectators,

I didn't think she was coming.

Wha hoppened?

Happy Homecoming, St. Joe!

I think I should 'a stayed in bed.

Which way did the ball go, Dean?

What nice shoulders!
and How They See Them

Atta boy, Eli!

Offside!!!???

HER with HIM?

Everyone sees the spectators at a football game, but just what goes on in their minds? Your guess is as good as ours. On these two pages we give you our interpretation.

Hm, nice cheerleaders!

...but, they can't do that.

There is something crooked here.
"Team balance." That's the motto of Valparaiso's newest athletic coach, Ken Suesens, who will inaugurate his collegiate coaching career on the hardwood of the Crusader gym this year.

Suesens has indicated that he'll try to steer away from the policy of many collegiate coaches who feature one "big gun" on their teams. He works on the principle that as long as it takes five men to make a team, it's foolishness to limit the scoring threat to just one or two big men.

When asked about the chief differences between professional and college ball, he pointed out that the afore-mentioned principle generally separates the professional and "amateur" sports.

In pro basketball, the scoring is usually evenly divided between members of the team and seldom does the squad depend on one man for its scoring punch.

Suesens is an advocate of a fast style of ball. The fast break has fast found favor in the eyes of hardwood mentors the country over, especially in the last decade.

Suesens expressed an optimistic caution when asked about the material on the Crusader squad for the coming year. He was impressed by the spirit the team has shown in the first month of practice.

Top Speed

The new coach had his men on the court early this semester, running them through three practices a week and then stepping the action up to daily practices two weeks ago.

Suesens dislikes long practices, favoring short, fast and active periods. According to him the squad "should be ready to go at top speed right away." Valpo's roundballers found that out, but quick.

The former pro mentor likes the Valpo schedule for next season. Indiana, Marquette, Dartmouth and Evansville have been added to the card, none of which figures to be a breather. In addition to the 10 ICC games, there will be home-and-home series with Western Michigan, Loyola, Wayne and Concordia.

Noticeable by its absence will be the tour through the courts of the East. After the Long Island, N.Y.U. etc. affair, officials at the V.U. gym are content to stay in the field houses of the Midwest.

Plenty of Experience

The Crusaders, however, will be seen in most of the more important basketball centers of the Midwest. Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis and Indianapolis all will host Coach Suesens' charges this winter.
As far as personnel is concerned, Suesens has plenty of experience at each spot. Only three men, Jim Ove, Bill Schroer and Cal Luther will be absent this year.

At the center position, he will have to choose from Don Bielke, 6'8" sophomore, Don Spitz, 6'4" senior and perhaps Willy Doehrman a senior from Fort Wayne.

Bielke performed well on last year's freshman squad and shows promise of nailing down the pivot post. Spitz languished in the shadow of Ove last season and was never given the opportunity to exhibit his talents to any great extent. Doehrman seems to have recovered from a back injury which plagued him all last year and should be a good bet to start at either the forward or center position.

Other forwards competing for starting berths will be veterans Tom Plinke and Ned Knape along with Doehrman and soph Bob Jarm. Plinke and Knape both saw a lot of action last season, Tom starting the season at forward, and "Snapper" filling the shoes of Bill Schroer who was declared ineligible in mid-year.

Frosh Eligible

At guards, Suesens has Dave Allen, Bill Berning and Eric Domroese as returning lettermen. Allen and Domroese are seniors, Berning a junior. Up from the frosh squad is John Mader, an aggressive guard.

Beginning this season, freshmen will be eligible to compete in varsity basketball. Valpo has made use of this ruling in football this season, but hasn't been able to use frosh on the hardwood.

Among the frosh who look good to Suesens are John Lebo, Harold Bohnke, Charles Addis, Fred Thurston and Otto Nobrega, a 6'5" student from Brazil.

Nobrega has already distinguished himself around V.U. athletic circles by kicking a football barefoot with the inside of his foot. And he does a better job of it than many of the men who use the old fashioned method of applying their toe to the pigskin.

The race in the Indiana Intercollegiate conference will be close this season, with Evansville having perhaps the better of it. Valpo and Indiana State should offer the roughest competition. The Sycamores took the ICC crown last year.

So here's hats off to coach Suesens with the hope that his first year here will be a successful one.

SUESENS, at home. VU's photographer catches the coach and his family at their home on Chicago Street. Left to right you have Coach Suesens, Dickie, Mrs. Suesens and their newest edition of the family, Pam.

COACH SUESENS gets together with part of his 1951-52 basketball team to discuss various plays and strategy. From left to right: Eric Domroese, Willie Doehrman, Bill Berning, Ned Knapp, Joe Pavicic and Suesens.

A Note

(Ed. Note: The following article was taken from an August issue of the Sheboygan Press, Sheboygan, Wis.)

The cage teams at Valparaiso University will have a pair of mascots as long as popular Kenny Suesens of Redskin fame is coach at the Indiana school.

The Valparaiso squad was assured of at least one more staunch supporter this morning when the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Kenneth B. Suesens was recorded. The nine pound two ounce girl joins the Suesens' two-year-old Dickie as a potential mascot.
DEAN HESSE talks over some engineering problems with actors Jimmie Lloyd, Clark Howatt and Robert Clarke in one of the scenes of the movie. In the background, Valpo students watch the goings-on.

TOM NEAL displays the form which lately brought him newspaper recognition. In addition to the Hollywoods boys, Lloyd, Howatt and Clarke, are former Coach Allen and Eric Domroese.

WORLD PREMIER

Valparaiso students, faculty, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Fire department, Valparaiso citizens and the press all turned out early last month to hail the world premier of "Venture of Faith," the LLL produced movie which was filmed on the campus last May.

In order to give you the account of the world premier in both pictures and words, members of the TORCH and VU staffs were on hand for the occasion. We stood among the crowds of people, both before and after they had seen the movie, and listened to their comments.

When the roving mike man asked one gentleman what he thought of the film, (before he saw it, that is,) he remarked, "I have to see it first." But after the first showing was over, complimentary remarks on acting, story, filming and music were heard coming from the small clusters of people who gathered to discuss the film.

Small flags decorated the Lake theater marquee, spot lights illuminated the night and a man with a roving mike interviewed the celebrities upon their arrival.

Photographers' cameras flashed all evening, especially when Abraham Lincoln Tidd, a Valpo graduate of 1888, stepped out of one of the cars.

Inside the theater, guests were ushered to their places by wives of the members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Before the movie began, T.G. Eggers, producer, stated, "We bring to you something that has not been accomplished anywhere else. We hope you appreciate
the picture as much as we enjoyed making it."

In a short speech, Pres. O. P. Kretzmann remarked, "You see the reflection not only of the spirit of Valpo, but also of the younger generation."

With an appropriate musical background of Valpo’s Alma Mater played in several variations, the story of the construction of the engineering building unfolded before the audience.

After watching the filming of the movie on the campus during May, most of the student reactions revolved around, "MUCH better than I expected."

Audience reaction was obvious. When scenes showing the townspeople appeared, whispers and gasps were heard, and when students were seen there was more of the same. Even when Dean Hesse made his appearance, his wife could not suppress a giggle or two.

Throughout the filming of "Venture of Faith," students watched and learned that the movie business isn't all glamour. Eight to nine hours was the minimum working day while on location, and occasionally the necessity of shooting scenes over and over, until they were perfect, created a strain that would test the patience of Job.

Hollywood actors starring in the film were Marjorie Lord and Robert Clarke. In addition to them were Margaret Fields, Jimmy Lloyd, Clarke Howat, Ralph Brooke and the lately publicized Tom Neal.

And that was Valparaiso's first World Premier ... the "Venture of Faith" made its first public appearance, and the people liked it.
IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG!

Which way did they go?

Whew!!!!

I want to send a letter home.

A tradition here?

Yes, but how did you know?

Yes, but how did you know?

You mean those guys in front of A-L aren't profs?

You skipping too?
How to be a Football Player

Editor's Note:
First in a series to help the fuddled frosh.

Saturday afternoons, about this time of the year, as you sit next to your radio (radio: a television set minus screen. Manufacturers claim that they will never sell although a few have been made.) More than likely you'll hear a rousing roar, blotting out the announcer's voice. At this point a little tingle goes down your spine, and you know that somewhere, somebody has scored a TD. Ever wonder why it wasn't YCU?

Now a TD is an abbreviation of the word touchdown (Webster: the act of scoring by being lawfully in possession of the ball on, above, or behind, the opponent's goal line when the ball is declared dead.)

All this monkey business concerns itself in an American game, known the world over as Football. Why it's called a game remains a mystery to all. Every week there are scores of football players injured, some seriously. A game is supposed to be a form of amusement—maybe this slaughter amuses some people—obviously it does.

Well then, why not YCU play it? Many people ask this question of themselves and come up with the stock answer, "don't think I could." With this in mind, and knowing that football will probably always remain an integral part of the American way of life, it is the aim of VU to instruct its readers, one and all, in the simple art of how to begin a football career.

First of all, we must touch on the physical qualifications involved. Starting from the top, the helmet being a required part of equipment, the pigskin prodigy must have a head. Any spectator will tell you that in order to stand the punishment of an ordinary "game" this head must be hard.

The next physical qualification we will, for simplicity's sake, classify as the trunk. This necessitates mammoth shoulders, (See cut) a barrel chest, tapered waist, narrow swivel hips and legs like limber logs.

Do not be alarmed at the rapidity with which we passed over the above. EVERY red blooded American male (and some females) can easily fit the description. Besides, there are more important parts to consider.

Football, in former days, was always referred to as a ground game. This in the light of two facts:

1) it is played on the ground, and 2) most of the ground gaining (a phrase used in describing advancement of the ball) was done via charging, pushing, plowing into and knocking over the opposition.

Feet then, are the last of our purely physical qualifications. They are exceptionally conducive to staying on the ground. In fact, one can easily observe that feet are of prime importance in almost all sports (fishing excepted).

Some people feel that the importance of feet in sports has been overemphasized. Very often overemphasis results in more harm than good. The overemphasis of feet, we conclude, has resulted in the predominance of athletes feet.

Aside from the purely physical angle, the football player must also possess mental ability. This is Cont. on p. 23
blood on his hands.

"Did you see them two bucks come through here?" the man with Max said. He pulled off his left glove and ran his hand through a mat of thick grey hair.

"I didn't see no bucks. These does was all that came through here," Pete said. He took hold of the hind legs of the deer and lifted the limp mass of damp, warm flesh over his shoulder. The grey haired man kicked the skin and entrails of the deer under a clump of brush and threw a dead log over them.

"That's damn funny," he said, "They must have circled around and cut through Flint's gully. They sure were beauts." He picked up the bucket and the three walked toward the car. The Kid was sitting in the front seat. Pete walked to the rear and put the deer in the trunk.

"Well, Kid, how'd it go? Max asked. "Who did the shootin'?"

"Pete did," he said. He looked at Max and grinned.

"Next time you'll hafta shoot, Kid—gotta learn to shoot sometime."

"Sure, Max, sure I can shoot."

"Them bucks must have cut through Flint's gully," the grey haired man said. "I can't figure out how come you didn't see 'em if they came past here." Maybe we oughta go over there," he said. "Make another drive through Wilson's flax field before we go."

"Sure," Max said. "How about it, Pete?"

"Watcha talkin' about?"

"Another drive," the grey haired man said, "to get them two bucks."

"Yeah, maybe the Kid here'll get a chance to shoot," Pete laughed.

"How about it, Kid?" Max said.

"Sure," the Kid said, "Sure, I'd like it." He clutched the steering wheel and grinned.

"Move over then," Pete said, "You're goin' to do the gunnin' on this one." The three men got into the car, and Pete turned off the spotlight. He started the motor and backed onto the road.

The thin man huddled into his corner and stared out of the window.

"Drive up to Wilson's. I figure we can chase 'em through the gully into Flint's potato patch. You park on the west end of the patch, and we'll drive 'em right past the car," Max said.

"Yeah," Pete said. "The Kid's goin' to shoot, so drive 'em close, 'ey Kid?"

"Sure, Pete," he answered.

"Ya know, I think the Kid's scared of that warden Old Man Flint saw the other day," Max said. He laughed, and the thin man huddled further into the corner.

"Seems that way," Pete said. "Had a notion to take him home to his ma a while ago. Seems like he's gonna turn out to be a pantywaist." Max laughed. He leaned forward and slapped the Kid on the left shoulder. The Kid winced.

"That's right. You can never tell about these
green ones," Pete said. The grey haired man took the pipe out of his mouth. "The Kid's doin' all right," he said, "Old Man Flint's a damn fool—he don't know a warden from a chicken thief."

"Ain't no difference as far as I can see," Pete said. The Kid snickered and Max laughed loudly. Pete brought the car to a stop at the edge of a field, and Max and the man with the pipe got out.

"If we don't find anything in the gully, they must've backtracked and gone through Wilson's south wood lot," Max said. "We'll be back in a half hour anyhow." He shut the door and started across the field, followed by the grey haired man.

Pete started the car. They drove on silently for a half a mile. The thin man sat close to the door. The butt of Pete's rifle rested on the floor near the door. The barrel lay stiffly in the cleft of space near the window. Once the Kid touched the barrel. It was cold and smooth, and he drew his hand away quickly.

"Relax, Kid," Pete said. He turned the car around and parked it near the field. He turned off the lights.

"They'll be comin' through any minute," Pete said. "Get ready to shoot."

"O.K.," the Kid said. He picked up the gun and stuck the barrel out of the window.

"Looks like it's goin' to clear up," Pete said. "Yeah," the Kid answered. He opened the door and got out, holding the rifle tightly. He swayed for a moment and grasped the door handle.

"Watsa matter, Kid, you sick?"

"No, Pete—no, I stumbled on a branch," the Kid said. "It isn't anything."

"When they come through, I'll flash the spot. Get over by that tree a ways—you'll get a better shot maybe." The Kid walked to the tree. His legs were stiff and his feet sunk deep into the soft snow. He leaned against the rough bark and looked into the blackness of the field. His eyes grew white.

"They're comin'," Pete said. "I hear 'em comin' through the brush—get ready to shoot, Kid." The Kid lifted the rifle to his shoulder and bent forward. The air was silent except for the faint pounding of hoofs in the snow and the occasional swish of the brush. The thin man sucked in his breath and waited.

"Go to it, Kid," Pete said. The light flashed on. The Kid blinked his eyes. Two antlered deer ran in front of the car, stopping in the center of the pool of light.

"Watcha waitin' for," Pete hissed. "Shoot you fool." The Kid's eyes watered, and he hugged the gun to his shoulder.

"Shoot, dammit, shoot!" Pete yelled. The thin man pulled the trigger. Crack! The sound shattered the stillness, and the deer ran toward the opposite side of the field. Pete flashed the spot light after them.

"Shoot, Kid!" Pete yelled again.

The Kid stood still with his back to the tree. Sweat was streaming down his cheeks. Suddenly he ran forward.

"O.K., I'll shoot!" he said. He started in the direction of the deer, stumbling and running through...
Cont. from p. 21

the thick drifts of crusted snow.
"I'll shoot, yeah, I'll shoot," he screamed. He squeezed the trigger and the report echoed through the woods. The deer dashed out of sight into the thick underbrush.

"Come back here you damn little fool," Pete yelled. "Where the hell you think you're goin'!" The Kid ran fast through the deep snow, waving the gun above his head. Pete threw the spotlight on him

"Stop, you fool Kid." The Kid stumbled about half way to the woods and fell to his knees. He got up and started running again. He stumbled. The sound of the gun cut the air, and the Kid pitched forward in the pale snow. The yellow light glaring on his sprawled body.

"Kid," Pete yelled, "Kid!" He ran to the crum­pled heap in the snow. "Wassa matter! Wassa matter, Kid?" Pete's voice shook as he grasped the narrow shoulders and turned over the thin still body of the Kid. Pete let go of the shoulders and the limp figure fell back into the snow.

"Damn Kid," Pete said, "damn, scared, crazy Kid. Now what in the hell—damn fool Kid."

Daughter of first film star: How do you like your new father?
Daughter of second film star: Oh, he's very nice.
Daughter of first film star: Yes, isn't he? We had him last year.

—I'd love to go out with you, Wilbur. But I always study on weekends.
essential in that it is most necessary to have something between the ears if one is interested in going to college, and everybody knows that if YOU want to score that Saturday TD you must play on some college team.

Let us use the case history of the Pennsylvania Pulverizer, Ivan Pigskin, who was all-state in high school and wanted to matriculate at a small freshwater college.

After discussing with his high school coach, the various means of gaining admission, Ivan sent the following letter in triplicate to the president, athletic director and football coach of a certain university.

Dear Sir:

As you can probably guess from the letterhead on this stationery, my name is Ivan Pigskin, an All State (Pennsylvania) football hero.

One of your more energetic alumnuses has told me that maybe I could get a job playing football for you for the next few years. Of course, I am not merely offering my services for nothing.

I am a poor boy and I cannot afford to pay my way and so I would like to make a few suggestions to you as to how you can snap me up for your school.

First of all, I would like to come home on weekends after the football season and so I would need a car. I am not fussy as to what model. Then I would need a liberal spending account. I think $50 dollars a week would suffice.

That is all I ask, but of course, I have not asked for room, board, books etc as I assume that they will be automatically included.

If you have any doubts about my football abilities, please check enclosed records. I anxiously await your reply,

Sincerely,

Ivan Pigskin

A few days later, Ivan received three air mail special delivery letters from the president, athletic director and football coach of PU, the college from which he was seeking admission. The actual letters have been lost, but here is a brief summary of what one of them said.

Dear Ivan,

We at PU were most interested to hear from you. I personally am very happy to learn that you are considering us for your college career.

As you know, a college is primarily an educational institution. After reading your letter, I can plainly see that you are far above average intelligence. Your football record also is most commendable.

After checking over with our committee on admissions and degrees, I am happy to tell you that we of PU would welcome you here to our campus.

At a special Board of Directors meeting, it was decided that we could give you all that you asked for in your letter, and besides that, in order for you to be most comfortable while in school, I have arranged for you to live with me in my home. My wife has also agreed to this.

A special representative of the university will be at your home next week. He will fly you to our campus in order that you may look things over. At that time I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting you personally.

Yours for better football players at PU...

Sincerely,

(name withheld)

Coach

So there you have it, aspiring athletes. If you can meet the qualifications there's nothing to getting in the football game.
"Writing home?"
"Yeah."
"Mind making a carbon copy?"

— Sundial

"Were you copying his paper?"
"No sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

— Wisconsin Octopus

"So you bought a home in the country?"
"Yes, five rooms and a path."

— Chaparral

"What time do you get up in the summer?"
"As soon as the first rays of the sun come in my window."
"Splendid! Then you, too, like to go out while the dew is still fresh on the grass."
"Not exactly. My room faces West."

— Octopus

The real reason money is called Jack is because a queen takes it.

— Octopus

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