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## VU Magazine, vol. 3, no. 4

Valparaiso University

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# VII



Spring Issue

May 1952

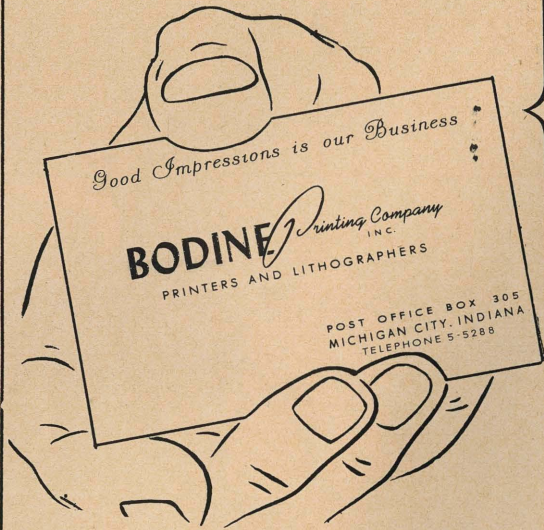




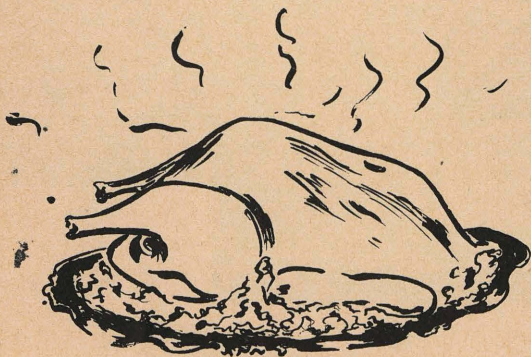
**CORONET**

"one stop" source for...

creative design  
finished artwork  
composition and proofs  
offset lithography  
letterpress printing  
bindery and finishing



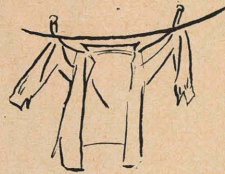
**Strongbow Turkey Inn**  
has  
food you'll remember



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**Behind Student Council Building**



# campus carousel

Father -- a kin you love to touch.  
...Sundial

\* \* \*

The eager relatives gathered for the reading of the will. It contained one sentence: "Being of sound mind, I spent every cent I had."

\* \* \*

The waste involved in investment without research is illustrated by the man who spent two hundred dollars on a cure for halitosis and then found out that no one liked him anyway.

...Shaft

\* \* \*

John: "Marcia, I love you. Love, do you hear me? Love, love, love, the most wonderful thing in the world."

Marcia: (coldly) "What is love? Just a psychic hypermatamorphosis leading to typercenesthesia and meglomania resulting in an angiopathic nearosthenia."

John: "On second thought, Marcia, never mind."

...Sundial

\* \* \*

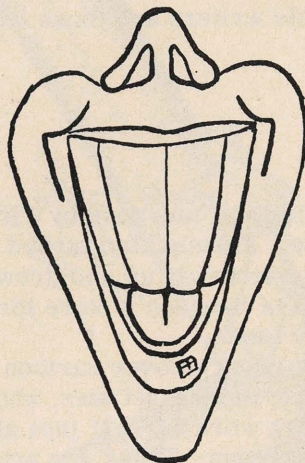
A college student is one who enters his alma mater as a freshman dressed in green, and emerges as a senior dressed in black. The intermediate process of decay is known as a college education.

\* \* \*

Pledge: "Who put these lousy flowers on the table?"

Active: "The fraternity president."

Pledge: "Pretty, ain't they?"



The average girl would rather have beauty than brains because the average male can see better than he can think.

...Sundial

\* \* \*

An econ professor distributed a copy of the exam to his class. One student read it and exclaimed:

"Sir, this is exactly the same exam you gave last semester."

"That's all right," said the professor, "I've changed the answers."

...Shaft

\* \* \*

Poise is that quality which enables you to buy a new pair of shoes while ignoring the hole in your sock.

...Sundial

\* \* \*

Philosophy prof: Now describe to me vass iss däss Platonic love.

Soph: Warming chairs, burning lamps, playing records, sitting around a sorority house and leave at 10.

...Freud

"Oh, here's the place mother told me to stay away from -- I thought we'd never find it."

...Sundial

\* \* \*

Home from the Capitol, a business man looked out the window and saw a big log floating down the river. He pointed out to a friend. "See that log," he said, "That's just like Washington. If you examine that log closely you'd find 10,000 ants on it -- and each one thinks he's steering it."

...Panther

\* \* \*

Coed: Daddy, the girl who sits next to me in class has a dress just like mine.

Dad: So you want a new dress?

Coed: Well, it would be cheaper than changing colleges.

...Sundial

\* \* \*

A lecture is that process whereby ideas pass from the notebook of the students without affecting the mind of either.

...Sundial

\* \* \*

A young man took his city-bred girl friend into a night club which was decorated elaborately in cowboy style.

They were there a short time when the girl arose and excused herself to go and have her face made-up.

She returned a moment later, her countenance a blushing red. "Ted, you'll have to help me. Am I a heifer or a steer?"

...Kitty Kat

\* \* \*



# VU POINT

The only impeccable writers are those who never wrote.

William Hazlitt

## *So long*

To spring fever, to the wonderful times at the dunes, to term papers (which should all be finished by now), to those sessions out in the bull pen, to skipping classes for a game of golf, and to everything that spring means and brings to this campus we dedicate this final issue.

In speaking of the last issue, what would be more fitting than the usual goodbyes? At this time of the year graduating seniors often come out with a hearts and flowers goodbye --reluctant to leave dear old Valpo or even more reluctant to go out and face the years ahead.

So, by leaving the posies etc. to the more romantic writers, we shall simply bid you farewell. It's been pleasure mixed with hot water, budget cutting, budget adding and things to account for in bringing VU to you this year.

If, throughout the year, anything has appeared in these pages to offend anyone or anything, we simply apologize. We've brought you students what we thought you would like--don't know if we succeeded or not. So now it's just "So-long, it's been fun bringing this to you during the past year."

## *The Arts*

In the last two issues of VU we failed to mention anything about our cover artists. We feel they have done such a good job that they really deserve recognition.

If you remember the December issue, you will recall the little boy opening a big Christmas box. That piece of work (which received many

compliments) was done by Flossie Klettke. Flossie also turned New Yorker artist on us and drew the replica of Swanson's store for our parody issue.

This issue's cover cartoon was handed to us by Bob Oates, who has done art work for VU just about since it began. Thank you artists, for a job well done to make our covers attractive.

## *Behind By-Lines*

Just about all the old staff writers are with us again this issue except for some of the seniors who wanted to take it easy.

However, we do have two new writers. First there is Dieter Regalla who through his article is taking you on a trip through his native country, Germany. Dieter is a law student here and this is his first year on Valpo's campus.

And then we have Bill Weichel. This is his first year, here, too, but he's from Canada. Readers of the TORCH may have seen previous articles by both these men during the past year.

Last, but not least (cliches again) we have Mrs. Kumnick and her article on Lembke hall. I'm sure you all know her. If not, just ask one of her "boys".

## *To My Successor*

Now I'd like to introduce to you (if you don't already know the man) Dick Hanneman, the newly appointed editor for next year. Dick has acted as assistant editor this year and

has also held editorial positions in the office next door to ours.

I feel Dick will give you some good issues in the year to come. So here's giving him all the headaches that go with the job: the "censoring", the armchair journalists, late deadlines, letters from readers, tiffs with Student Council, paste, ink and typewriter ribbons all over the place and the sometimes satisfied feeling that comes when the magazine returns from the printers and he sees his "brain child" completed. From here on Dick, it's in your hands.

## *Next Year's VU*

By Dick Hanneman

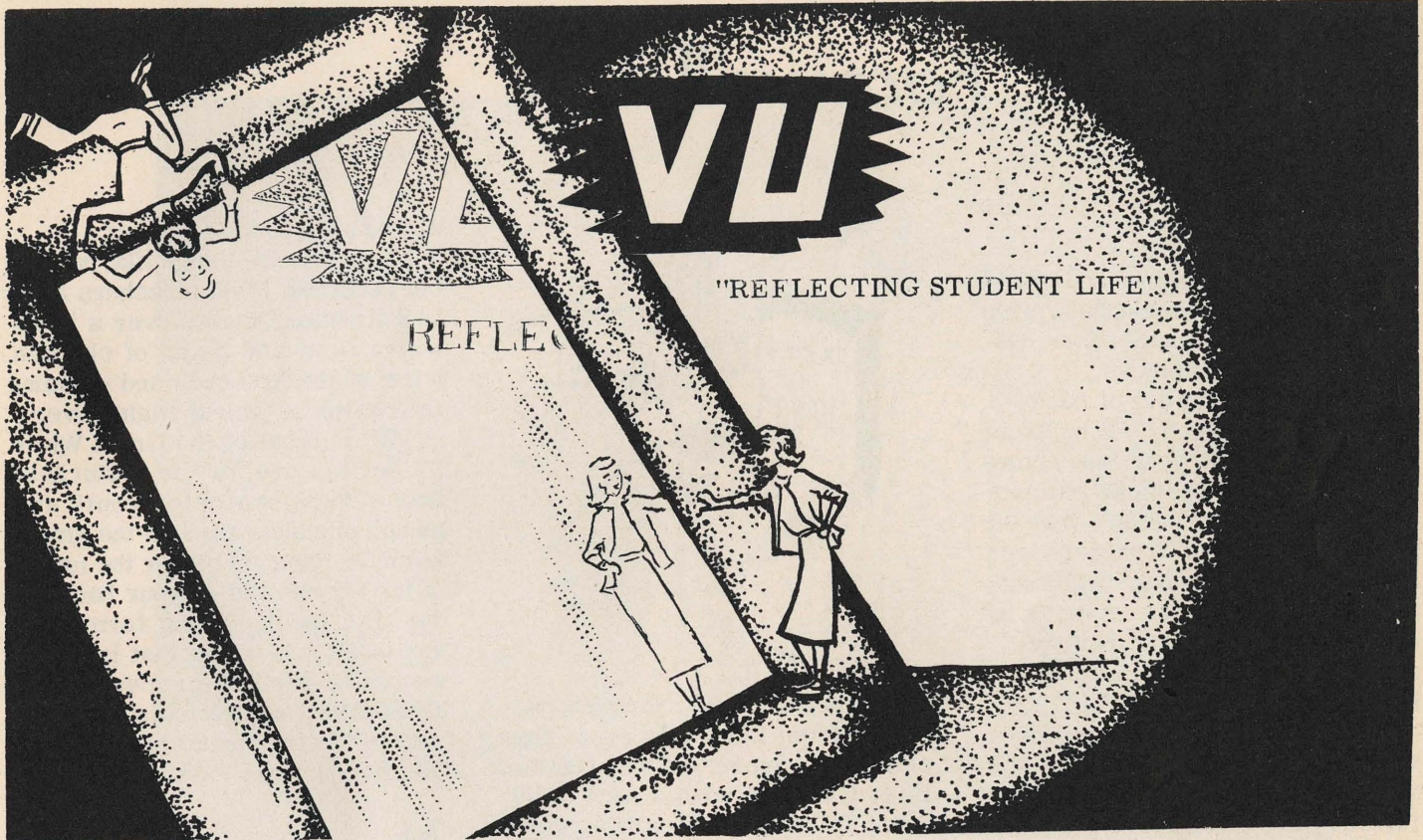
Next year I hope to continue some of the present features of VU, change some, and add others. It is sometimes difficult to determine what is good for a magazine and what is not. VU, next year entering its fourth year of publication, is still in the process of finding itself. Next year I hope this process will come to an end.

Next year's issues will contain pro and con articles on pertinent campus questions. They will also contain a liberal quantity of fiction. Multiple color covers will appear on each issue. One issue, probably the third, will be a parody on a national magazine.

If the budget is increased, there will be an increase in the number of pages per issue from 24 to 28.

I applied for the position of editor of VU because I feel that it can be the most important campus publication. Next year, I hope that VU will reach that level.





Volume III

SPRING ISSUE

Number 4

*Staff*

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# The Seniors' Farewell

Last night we sat down and talked the whole situation over again. This time we didn't pick any bones, because we meant business.

It's been getting out of hand—a real national tragedy. It happens every year. Every year June comes and floods the American campus with graduate tears. Every year the same old combination pops up: mortar boards and choked esophagi. Someone began the whole mess by calling it "The Seniors' Farewell," and violins began whining in the background.

Then we got wind of it. Someone said: "Yeh, you Seniors are all alike. Come June 1st and the first look at those sheepskins, the old emotional breakdown will hit you, too."

Who, us? What would we shed salt water for? After weathering two world wars, a strenuous period of hazing, coming of age, and eight semesters of finals, we should drench South Campus with sentimental sobbing! Not us. None of this dreamy-eyed reminiscing for us...

It was September, 1948. We were new at the game, and they slapped symbolic green on our noggins to emphasize the point. For two weeks an assortment of red-coated males and their counter-types dashed about after us, with torches by night and wicked sneers by day. They, someone said, were sophomores, and we, they added, were being hazed. So for two weeks we did exercises at dawn, carried our books in buckets, and walked with one foot in the gutter. Then, one Sunday night, an angel in white appeared to us in Altruria's lounge. She told us stories, and the next day the "pots" were gone. Hazing was out the window and so was our campus colleagues' civility. We had murdered tradition.



In trepidation we removed ourselves from the public eye. Then came Homecoming and we presented East Campus with a new baby. After it was put in position, gasps arose on the Hill, then smiles, and finally a roar of recognition. We'd broken a record in building frosh bonfires. Everyone loved us again!

That year gave us the firsts in everything and by June we were feeling every inch of smugness for belonging to the College Joe and Jane Category.

That was four years ago. Something must've happened in between. There's still nothing established to solve this problem of "Graduation Tragedy."

Someone popped up then with a reminder of the times we celebrated that first important birthday—the one that comes after 20. Then we English majors brushed away the tears after discovering that there'd be no more weekends in that quaint little Chicago library across from "Bughouse Square."

And how about that spring Hollywood invaded us, and profs suddenly discovered that a wealth of talent had been buried in their classes all semester.

But we still weren't crying. Memories like that just didn't balance with what we were expecting the future to serve us on a

diamond-studded salver.

Maybe it's the things like passing out on Brown Field bleachers after two sleepless nights over a luke-warm float and a sea of chicken wire; or the first snow and warming the chorus of "Silent Night" over a candle in front of the Great White Father's house; or the hysteria of finals week, watching youth and beauty slip away through the smoke from the midnight oil; or the luxury of hot Dunes sand on your back the day after the big Spring formal; or, and there it is again, that last day, watching another procession of black-robed intellectuals file down the aisle to the strains of "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past."

Memories. Four years of them. And now they tell us, "We're through with you. Right outside there's a great big world waiting. Here's your pass, now go get it."

So, we're on our way soon, and we're still emotionally sound at the thought. So what if we won't see each other again, maybe never. What if we've just witnessed our last Homecoming, our last pledging, our last Field Day and Song Fest, our last look at the old place. Look what's out there beyond those city limits: opportunity, excitement, mystery, intrigue.

Then someone in the group got up after all this and said, "Well, kids. I'm stumped. Maybe we're just hard-hearted or cold blooded, but it's beyond me what's so heart-rending about this whole situation."

We all agreed. The funny thing about it, though—there was so darn much coughing, the poor guy could hardly concentrate on blowing his nose.

...I ois Pertram

\*\*\*

Famous last words: He'll never ask that on a test.





**HEAVENLY VIEW**

**JOANNA RATHER**



## How to

# Be a Hit at the Dunes

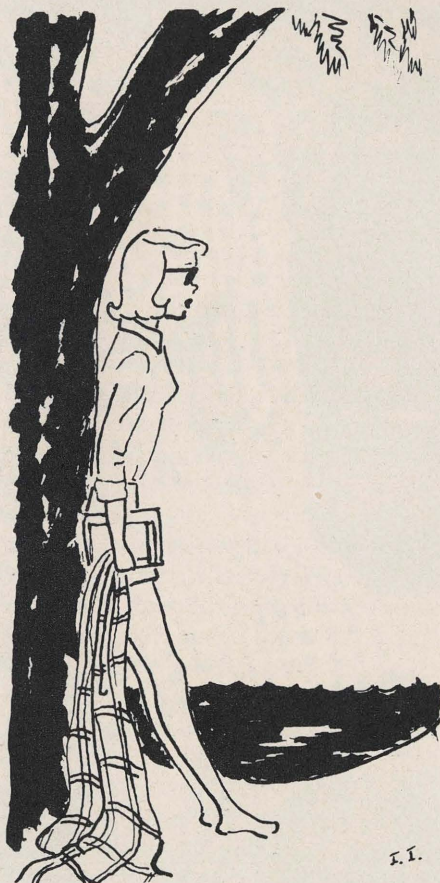
Now that this wonderful weather is here and the April rain clouds have metamorphosed into clichés of spring, all paths (meaning Route 49) lead to the dunes. (Note: for the remainder of this article, the term "dunes" refers to Johnson's beach, last turnoff to the left before reaching Dune's state park. It costs 12 cents to enter the park, and the author could not afford to enter).

Since the present freshmen know nothing about these mounds of sand along the south shore of Lake Michigan, it is fitting and proper that they be fully explained by an older and more experienced senior. Years of experience have proven that the dunes are no place for a neophyte college student.

Students of geology will immediately recognize the dunes as one of the stops on their field trip last October. They know the 32 degree critical angle of the lee side, the why and wherefore of the "singing sand," and the general topographical characteristics of the dunes. This knowledge will help some. Similarly, students of botany and ornithology (that class is for the birds) are well versed about the floral and plant life and the different species of seagulls.

These courses offering some information concerning the dunes are all well and good, but nowhere can you find a course to tell you just what to do at a dunes party. And after all, dunes parties are the chief economic asset of the dunes and an integral part of the education of a Valparaiso university student.

First, it must be explained that trips to the dunes are seasonal and spontaneous. Scientists have been marveling for ages about the amazing seasonal instincts of various animals. Swallows return to Capistrano, seals go back to the Ber-



ing straits, and salmon swim up the Columbia river. A similar phenomenon is observed by the species homo sapiens in the vicinity of Valparaiso, a town in Indiana 14 miles south of Lake Michigan. Just like the swallows, seals and salmon, they have a strong, driving conviction or urge to go to the dunes.

You can easily spot this phenomenon coming. Profs start noting a decided slump in class attendance, and the slump of those students in attendance. Term papers, book reports, texts, and anything else academic is tossed to the winds. Geographers say it is seasonal, biologists claim it as an annual re-awakening, music majors whistle light-hearted melodies, English majors wax poetic, and engineers

forget stresses and strains and twirl their slide rules like professional baton artists.

Now that the seasonal aspect has been presented, let us consider the proper time and arrangements for dunes parties. The question of time is easily answered: any afternoon. Of course Saturday and Sunday are favorites, and occasionally students get the notion to go swimming early in the morning—sometimes as early as two or three a.m.

Arrangements depend on the type of parties. Generally there are three varieties: private couple, two to six couples, and the "mixed brawl." Private couple parties are usually quiet, harmless, and quite inoffensive. The second category of dunes party is usually the most enjoyable since the individual has most of his friends with him.

Therefore, we will devote the remainder of this article to a discussion of the more violent "mixed brawl" function. It is at such gala outdoor events as these parties that students are most frequently sunburned, thrown in the lake, infected with poison ivy, buried alive in the sand, wired to an electric fence, and rolled down the steepest dune inside a barrel.

You don't have a successful dunes party unless someone is clubbed accidentally by a baseball bat, stumbles on a group of Saeger's lake sunshine and health club devotees off on a backwoods dune, or is inadvertently left behind. When you get back and your roommate asks, "What happened at the party?" you can't just say that you went swimming and laid in the sun. That would be admitting that the party was a flop.

Instead, if you can take off your hat, hold it reverently over your



heart and solemnly say, "One poor soul didn't return. We buried him in the sand and forgot where we buried him," your party will always be remembered.

Of course, as in any other social function, certain types of individuals stand out. For example, there is the athletic individual who demonstrates his prowess by kicking sand in the faces of 98-pound weaklings and playing catch with a bowling ball. Then there's the sunbathing Suzie. Around campus she wears puritan fashioned blouses and ankle-length skirts, then shows up at the dunes in a two-piece bathing suit made from one-half yard of material.

The dunes romeo is always around. He usually spirits some gal off the main beach and up to the top of Mt. Tom "to see the beautiful scenery." Net result: both wind up with a case of poison ivy. Other popular categories include the studious characters with four texts and a typewriter (filled with sand,) the camera fiends, the pseudo-artists, the sports fiends who toss baseballs and construct human pyramids, the "ooglers" who walk up and down the beach and eye the co-eds, the architects and engineers who construct sand castles and Burmese tiger pits, and "When I swim, everybody swims" characters who while away their time by tossing everyone and anyone into the lake.

If you really want to be a success at your dunes party, why not start a tag-team wrestling match in the middle of a crowded sunbathing area. If anyone tells you to go away, stand up for your rights and rub sand into his eyes. When this gets tiresome, enjoy yourself by pouring buckets of freshening lake water on sleeping sunbathers.

After this, how about a nice piece of the watermelon that someone put in the lake to cool? You don't know who's melon it is, but after all he wouldn't deny you part of it. Thus fortified with new energy, toss all the gals into the lake—don't worry about such trivialities as wrist watches getting wet or the fact that they aren't

wearing bathing suits.

Perhaps you'd like to let the air out of the tires of your roommate's car, or get an armlock on a gal and ask her to accompany you a long trail seven into the woods. You'd really be popular then—everyone would be just aching to get their hands on you.

But one added word of caution before embarking on a dunes party. If you are allergic to sand, don't go. You will find sand in your clothes,

hair, mouth, car, shoes, and blanket, and soon there will be sand all over your room, in your books, bed and water. The more violent the party, the more sand will be picked up on the trip.

Well, frosh, I hope you learned something in this story. And incidentally, while you're digging out at the dunes, if you find a watch, a set of car keys and \$4.68 rolled up in a red sock, they're mine.

... Bill Hughes





# Why Don't You Come to Germany?

Say, boy, what about a big trip this summer? Wouldn't you, too, really like to travel once? It need not be quite around the world. I am sick of classrooms and books, you know? The other night I dreamt that this colossal liner, the "United States," which is now being built, would carry me safely across the Atlantic.

Every afternoon amidst the "top tunes of the day in Chicago" I listen to the sensational offers of TWA or AA with such tremendously low prices. Don't you think they would give us a special deal, I mean, for clean-cut college kids? So then let's call 3-2232 Dearborn right now, all right?

While you are circling four-motored over the Rhine-Main airport at Frankfurt, or are passing Helgoland, an island 15 miles apart from the shore which would be the equivalent to the Statue of Liberty, you can't see much of the destroyed German cities with 75 per cent and more bombing or shooting damages.

Perhaps in Frankfurt, the center of the former American occupation zone and one of the outstanding economically flourishing cities, you might not see any remnants of war damages at all. Everything ironed out within seven years. Isn't that something?

Incidentally, you know some German, don't you? The Valparaiso German department or the conversation of your grandparents have certainly left footprints in your memory. It is easy to get the German way of greeting. Just take morning, day and evening; translate it; put "good" before it; and you have "Guten Morgen, Guten Tag, Guten Abend." That will do it for 24 hours.

In Frankfurt the TWA travel bureau is right in front of the station. The station naturally is



nothing like Grand Central terminal in New York. Germany doesn't have so many superlatives, so many enormous things—everything is smaller, rather the neat and romantic type. Many streets in cities like Heidelberg or Rothenburg are so narrow that two cars cannot pass each other. The streets of course run through the town crooked and bending, just as our ancestors saw them suitable.

As you know, there are no blocks, and Muenster, a city with more than 100,000 inhabitants, doesn't have a single traffic light. Policemen with blue uniforms and long white gloves take care of the traffic at busy intersections.

West Germany is a small state but is preparing to set up 12 new divisions for the united defense against communism. It is just as big as Michigan and Indiana together, but has more than 48 million people.

The distance from Frankfurt to Munich is only 200 miles, a little more than one hour with a "Golden anniversary Cadillac"!! Shorter than a round trip to St. Louis is a jaunt from Hamburg, the port at the North Sea, to Munich, about 450 miles. (Perhaps you better consult your map now!)

And then ask the Germans how many people, factory workers or office employees ever get that far north or south when their residence is in the Ruhr valley? Comparatively very few. You can imagine, the bicycle is the car of the average man. It is rather strenuous to pedal that old thing. I'd rather step on the gas pedal. And both are simply movements with the foot. Isn't that true?

Suppose you have embarked in Hamburg, passed the smiling faces of some German policemen and port authorities, how about going south along the Rhine? The federal railroad makes it from Hamburg to Cologne in two hours. The landscape is entirely flat; no hills; lots of green meadows; herds of cows being milked three times a day.

And you can't overlook the cathedral in Cologne, even when you are watching the German Ford plant—of course they make cars there—on the other side of the Rhine. The cathedral lifts up its two mighty towers, undestroyed in spite of air raids, right near the main station, the Hauptbahnhof. There you listen to the advertisements of "Cologne water" salesmen, 4711, the pure and world-famous beauty water.

I think we better leave the train now. Unless you have brought a car along, I would suggest travelling by motorcycle. This traffic means, by the way, is the dream of each youngster between 16 and 25. Mediciners object against driving it as the steady draught affects lungs and other interior organs badly. How much gasoline do they use? I'd say about 70 miles to a gallon, but without soft, upholstered seats, radio, and heater. Of course, the wind blows right in your beautiful face. Seven gallons of gas from Hamburg to Munich,



right across our nine Federal States, is that too much?

We can use the autobahn, a four lane highway, or smaller country roads. We'll do the latter, because we want to enjoy the blossoming fruit trees in the lower Rhine region and visit some wine cellars. Every wine dresser in these small villages along the hilly Rhine shores will be happy to lead us deep in an old rock where he keeps his wine.

It's cold in here. But what is showing without tasting? "Have some," he will say, "from this one, then this, and over here we have an outstanding crop, 1947." Never decline his generous offers. But when you—watch your head—come back out in the sun, you know, it is an awkward feeling. Maybe your buddy better drive the motorcycle now!!!

If you like Hamburgers, hot dogs, bar-b-q's, or chocolate malts, remember, you can't get things like that in Germany. But don't give up your whole trip because of these minor details. Other people, other food!! Lots of potatoes, a moderate piece of meat included in a meal for 50 American cents, beans, carrots or peas, all that will satisfy your appetite. No cold water, unless you ask for it, very seldom jello, and no butter and rolls as necessary ingredients of the meal. Of course, ice cold

Coca Cola—everywhere.

We eat five meals a day, breakfast second breakfast, (mainly for those who start working at six!) dinner always at noon, coffee in the afternoon (chiefly for ladies and housewives who waste their time!!!) and supper at night.

Did you ever taste that good German beer? That stuff, which according to Life magazine helped Germany to win the two bobsled gold medals at Oslo this year?

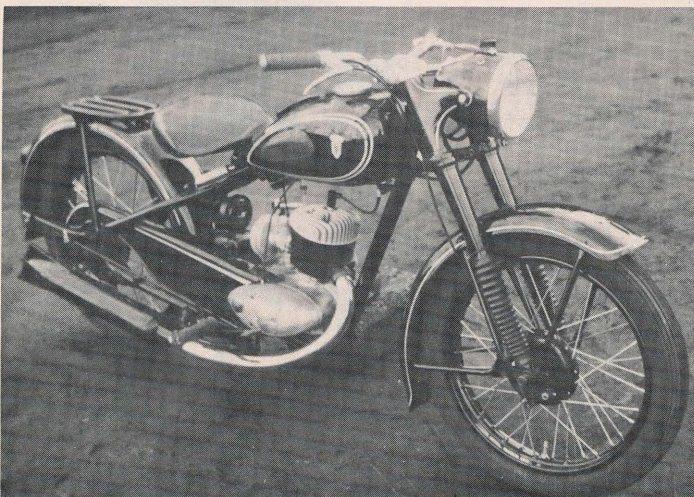
Oh, you are still a minor? Of course we have minor laws in Germany. And never try to escape a German policeman. Some of them still have that frightening Prussian look, but that is only on the outside. They won't arrest you, they just take your name and address. Daddy gets the bill. Not for the beer, only for the fine. And when he is a fine fellow, your Daddy, he won't even mention that incident to you, will he?

The Black Forest is still further south. You mean you'd rather like to go to that place in St. Louis? That's o.k. with me. We'll look then at one of the old university cities, Heidelberg, Tubingen, Marburg, or Wurzburg. There is no limited campus, you can't tell the transition from the town to the university. The tremendous amount of bikes, however, will show you the way.

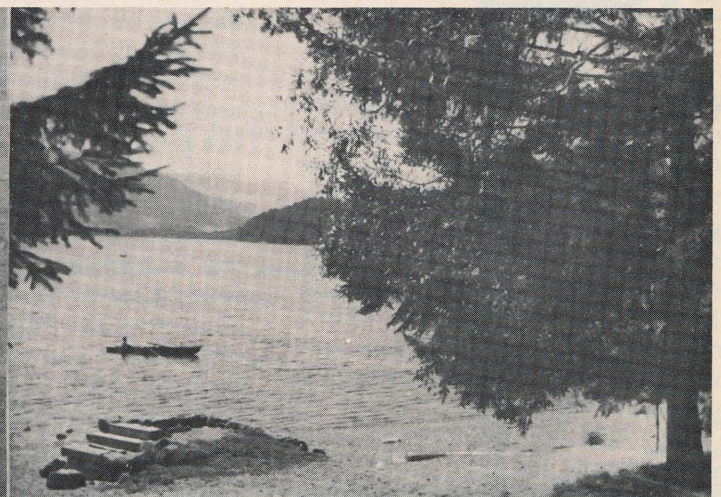
Ask these people over there where the geography department or the School of Medicine is. They might answer you in English, realizing that you are from the States. Of course, that's what you hate, because you want to learn the language. "That's the rector of our university, you would say president," and they point at a tall, upright man with some gray hair and a briefcase under his arm. As soon as he approaches, all of the students turn toward him and lift their hats, provided they know him personally.

Unless the students are fraternity brothers or otherwise well-acquainted, the formal "Sie" is prevailing. Everybody addresses the other person with Mister (Herr) so-and-so. And whenever you meet somebody, be sure to shake hands, not only at election campaigns, but every single day. In a way it makes meetings more personal, I think.

And then there is the briefcase. They are smaller than those our lawyers carry around for the short way from the Buick parking place to the A-L building. In Germany briefcases have nothing to do with academic dignity. They are just a necessity. You have to transport your books on your bike. Your rented room, your home during the semester, might be at the other end of the town. You can't go home



That's the one you should be driving on this summer. DKW fabricate, 92 h.p. engine, 56 m.p.h. speed, mileage 130 miles a gallon



Lake Titi in the marvellous landscape of the Black Forest in Southwest Germany.





Population of a Westphalia village (6000 inhabitants) celebrates its 800th year anniversary. Federal, state and local flags are out.

West Germany's Cadillac: A Mercedes Benz production. 115 h.p. engine, mileage '13 a gallon, peak speed about 110 miles p.h.

after each period! So you just throw everything in the case; then close it. Doesn't make any difference, but be cautious with liquid stuff!!



When going to class scheduled at 8 p.m. never worry if you are 10 minutes late. Starts at 8:15 anyway! That's the so-called "academic quarter." Be sure to remember, all academic events scheduled for the full hour start 15 minutes later. Why? Just tradition. You know, tradition is a seductive and significant word everywhere.

One might find fraternity members walking publicly with their gayly colored ribbons across the chest and their caps on their heads. That doesn't necessarily mean militarism or social classification.

It used to be the rule.

In Gottingen it is still customary to have parades for candidates who have just passed their state exams after almost 20 years of education—ever since their seventh birthday. They are carried or driven around by their friends in a funny outfit, mostly with a horse pulled cart, happy because of the successfully passed test. Even these older and more mature students want to celebrate the entrance into serious life and reckless competition.

Doesn't that make a pretty good picture, one that is worth seeing, I mean? Don't want to tell you all the secrets about Germany, special recipes, hospitality, or functioning of the democratic set-up. People who never talk about anything else but politics can easily make you nervous. You have deserved a whole summer of rest. Yes sir!! Whether Eisenhower or Taft gets the Republican nomination, your fellow citizen will take care of that. And even the Michigan Finance Corporation can wait another three months until they get you as a customer for America's foremost automobiles. No advertisements in radios over there. That by itself would be a reason for coming over, wouldn't it? Just think what it would sound like to actually get 15 minutes of music in 15 program

minutes. And don't forget to see me over there. Good luck aboard the "United States"!

...Dieter Regalla

Traveler (to waitress): "I see tipping is forbidden here."

Waitress: "Bless your heart, apples were forbidden in the garden, too."

...Panther



A little boy was saying his good-night prayers in a very low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.

Wasn't talking to you," replied the wee one.

...Panther





## how to pass

**B**RING the professor newspaper clippings dealing with his subject. Demonstrates fiery interest and gives him timely items to mention in class. If you can't find any clippings dealing with his subject, bring in any clippings at random. He thinks everything deals with his subject.

**L**OOK alert. Take notes eagerly. If you look at your watch, don't stare at it and shake it unbelievably.

**N**OD frequently and murmur, "How true!" To you, this seems exaggerated. To him it is quite objective.

**S**IT in front, near him. (Applies only if you intend to stay awake.) If you're going to all the trouble of making a good impression, you might as well let him know who you are, especially in a large class.

**L**AUGH at his jokes. You CAN tell. If he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly, he has told a joke.

**A**SK for outside reading. You don't have to read it. Just ask.

**I**F you must sleep, arrange to be called at the end of the hour. It creates an unfavorable impression if the rest of the class has left and you sit there alone, dozing.

**B**E sure the book you read during the lecture looks like a book from the course. If you do math in psychology class and psychology in math class, match the books for color and size.

**A**SK any questions you think he can answer. Conversely, avoid announcing that you have found the answer to a question he couldn't answer, and in your younger brother's second-grade reader at that.

**C**ALL attention to his writing. Produces an exquisitely pleasant experience connected with you. If you know he's written a book or an article, ask in class if he wrote it.



# Valpo Interviews

## Muggsy Spanier

With all the finesse of a hippopotamus on a pogo stick, I arranged, or rather bungled up plans for, an interview with Chicago's own Dixieland hero, Muggsy Spanier. Born in the Windy City an indefinite number of years ago, Muggsy rose to Dixieland fame in its early years in what is now one of the Jazz Capitols of the world.

Then, during the height of his career, adverse situations led Muggsy to a downfall brought on by too much dissipation. For years no one heard much of Muggsy Spanier. Old jazz fans asked about him often, and got only sad nods of the heads from one-time pals. Things looked bad, they said. It looked like Muggsy was washed up.

But now, with a comeback rarely surpassed, Muggsy has come back home to Chicago, where he was welcomed by cheering jazz addicts of a past generation, and heralded for the first time by those of the new age.

He made his first return appearance at the Chicago Railroad Fair in the summer of 1950. Few people who passed the billboard outside his small stadium-like show place recognized the name that was advertised. But the bawdy barker and the big, red letters that said DIXIELAND attracted a large number each day. There, outdoors, where the trains roared by and whistled every five minutes, and where the acoustics were just this side of impossible, Muggsy thrilled thousands upon thousands of people, many of whom, self included, kept coming back for more and more.

Muggsy Spanier again became a familiar name in Chicago, and his music became the symbolic story of Chicago's old time jazz bands. One of the old school, Muggsy was able to produce the favorite old songs of a generation ago with real feeling and finesse.



So it was then, that in the summer of 1951, just as Autumn was approaching, Muggsy was finally able to draw and keep drawing, a gigantic crowd of oldsters and youngsters, both, at Chicago's famed "concert hall," The Blue Note.

When I found that Mr. Spanier was in Chicago, and at the Fair, I hurried down loaded with my then-new flash-bulb camera, and a friend from the U. of Illinois newspaper, who had had some experience along the journalistic lines. Friend flashed a press card, and we went through the gates. Getting to Muggsy, however, was much more of a job.

After the show, I raced to the wings, full of hope, enthusiasm, wonder and was promptly kicked out. I was reminded by Friend that such was the life of a journalist. So, spirits still fairly high, I ran to the left. Kicked out. Patiently I waited. Until member after member of the band filed out, sneered, and walked by to some group or another of waiting friends. Disillusioned, I was about to leave, journalism or no journalism, when the drummer came out, waved and said "Hi, kid!"

Too excited to speak at first, I soon flew the feet he had walked

since his startling salutation and blurted, "I love muggsy spanier, and I'm from valparaiso university, that is in Indiana, and i'm not on the paper yet, but i think i will be in fall, i hope, and, oh, do you think i could talk to muggsy spanier, and i'd do anything for an interview if only you'd just arrange it, and oh...!"

Somehow or another, the man with the drums laughingly caught the name Valparaiso, and lo and behold, he had a cousin who had graduated from the School of Pharmacy years ago when Valparaiso still had such a thing, and was well known for it.

My story came out slower then, and an interview was arranged for the very next evening. The time came, and I with it. I knocked on the door that was Muggy's. At the words, "Come in!", I opened the door for a close up view of my idol. There he sat, on the edge of a bed, in his shorts, putting on a pair of socks! After my retreat there came a wait, and then, finally, THE interview.

The mission satisfactorily completed, I went home, typed up a story, and held my breath while waiting for a word from my good master, the Feature Ed.

It was with great happiness, months later, that I read of Muggsy's debut at the Blue Note. The Chicago T ran a full column on his comeback, as did the S-T, which also carried an early picture of him, and a caption to the effect that Chicago was glad to have him back.

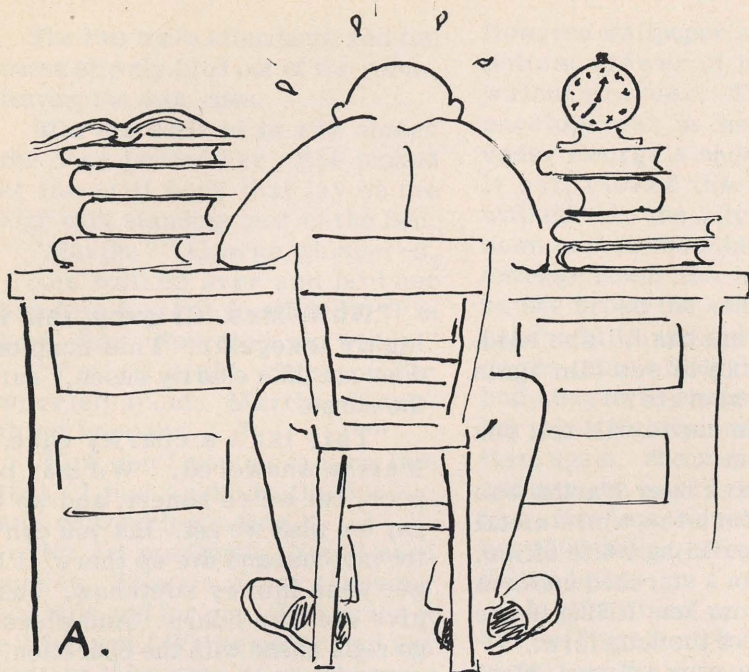
I wrote a special delivery letter to Mr. Muggsy Spanier, c/o The Blue Note, Chicago, Ill. I waited. I got no answer. So I went anyway, again with Friend, this time more for moral support than for professional advice. As we approached,

Cont. on p. 24

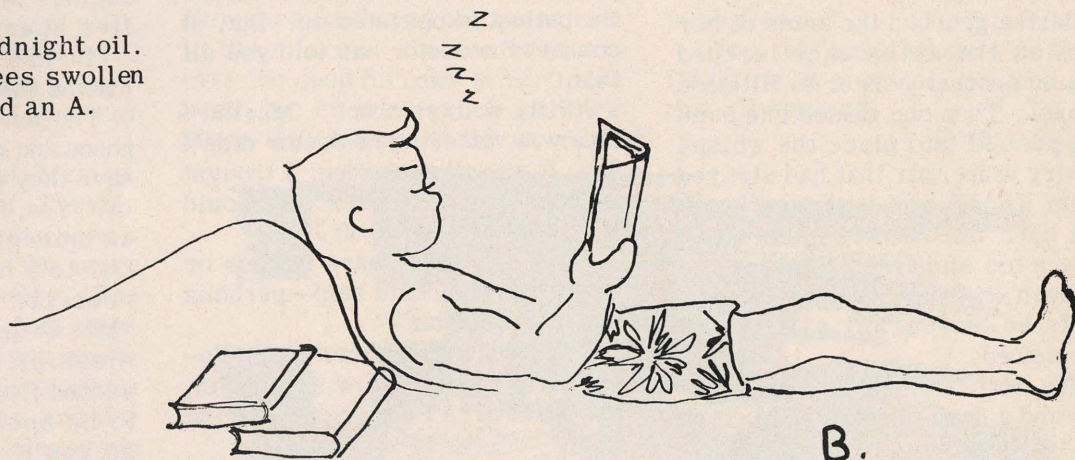


# EXAM TIME

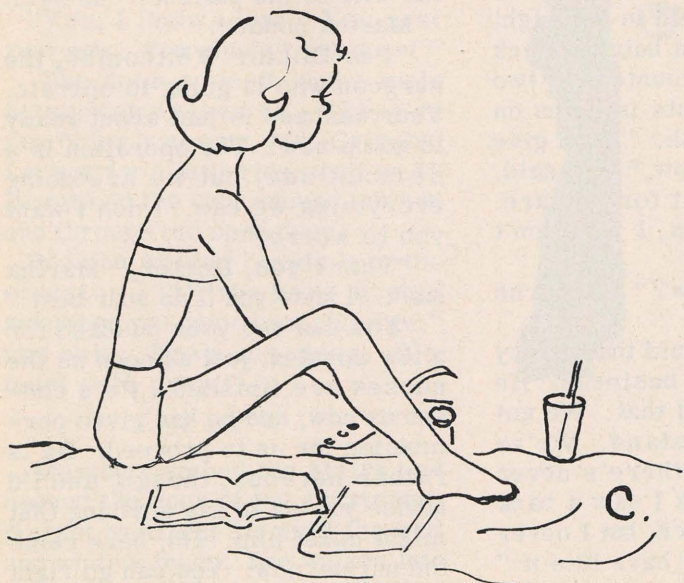
A VU artist gives you three sure ways to study so you can pass each final.



A -- Burn up the midnight oil. This method guarantees swollen eyes, a tired mind and an A.



B--Hibernate at the quiet dunes. All you'll get out of this is rest and a sun burn on one side.



C--Move your desk to the beach or the backyard. A glaring sun and ants do wonders for those final grades.



# BEEF STEW

Editor's Note: This story was written for the short story class last year. The author is a 1951 grad.

They rounded the corner of Jamaica avenue on two wheels, and the driver turned the siren on full blast. Martha Grigsby took her red, gnarled hands from the arms of the tiny seat and pressed them over her ears. She closed her eyes, and deep wrinkles formed on her forehead and around her mouth.

The intern adjusted the ice pack that covered the abdomen on the man lying next to her in the ambulance. Then he replaced the grey cotton hospital blanket and sat down.

Martha grabbed the arms of her seat as the ambulance lurched around another corner to Hillside avenue. Then she raised one hand and pushed into place the wisps of wiry white hair that had strayed from under her battered black felt hat. She slowly opened her blue eyes and fixed them on the smooth, thin face of the intern.

"Is he feeling any pain now?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Grigsby. I gave your husband a dose of morphine before we left the house. He wouldn't have been able to stand the ride otherwise."

She took the clammy, blue-veined hand that lay limply on top of the blanket to her hand and looked past her husband's head out of the narrow window in the rear of the ambulance. A woman pulling a wagon filled with brown paper bags and cartons turned around and stared after it. The driver of a car stopped along the side of the road and leaned his head out the front window. A little girl on a tricycle waved.

They swung into the driveway, and Martha read the sign over the gate, "Saint Mary's Hospital—Ambulance Entrance."

"You can go right inside," the intern said. "They will tell you at the information desk where to go. There will be certain forms to

fill out."

"But my husband," she said. "Will I be able to see him again before they operate?"

"Yes. The nurse will tell you the room number."

A few minutes later Martha was standing before the white metal desk in the sparkling white office. A thin nurse in a starched uniform sat across from her, filling in the blank spaces of the long form.

"Just one more thing, Mrs. Grigsby," she said. "The hospital requires a 50 dollar payment before the patient is operated on. But, of course, the doctor has told you all this."

"Fifty dollars now!" Martha's face was white. "The doctor didn't say. It was all so sudden. I thought we could pay it off later. We could both work and pay it off."

"Well, you must have friends or neighbors who could help—perhaps a son or daughter?"

"We just moved here from Topeka. We don't know a soul yet, and there aren't children," Martha said.

"You have no savings or other money?"

Martha opened the worn leather handbag that she held in her right hand. She took out a bulging black change purse and counted out two dollars and 54 cents in coins on the white metal desk. "I can give you two dollars now," she said. "I'll need the rest for carfare. About the savings, I just don't know."

"You don't know?" the nurse asked.

"George always said that money wasn't a woman's business. He always took care of that. We got a long, you understand. We've worked hard, but there's never been much. I think I saw a bank book on the table once, but I never asked. He wouldn't have like it." Tears were filling her eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Grigsby, this is highly irregular. This hospital does not take charity cases," said the nurse.

"This isn't a charity case," Martha answered. "We may be poor, but we're honest, and we'll pay for what we get. But you can't let my husband die up there. I'll get your money somehow. Just give me five hours. And please go right ahead with the operation."

The two women's eyes met, and the nurse lowered her gaze. "All right," she said. "I'll give you five hours."

"I'd like to see my husband now," Martha said.

The nurse picked up the office phone and dialed once. "What room have they put Mr. George Grigsby in? Yes, he was just brought in—an emergency case. Yes, I see. I'll tell her." She hung up the receiver and turned to Martha. "Mr. Grigsby is in 214. Take the elevator across the hall to the second floor, and turn left. He is to be operated on immediately, so you'll have to hurry."

A tall, grey-haired man met Martha in front of 214. "Are you the wife of the patient?" he said.

Martha nodded.

"I'm Doctor Whitcombe, the surgeon who is going to operate. Your husband is just about ready to go up now. The operation is a serious one, but we are doing everything we can. I don't want you to worry."

"Thank you, Doctor," Martha said. "I know you'll do your best."

"You can see your husband for a few minutes, just as soon as the nurses are finished. He's conscious now, and he has given permission for us to proceed. He is rather nervous, though, and I'd advise you not to say anything that might upset him. Oh, here come the nurses now. You can go right in."



The two male attendants and the nurse silently filed out of the room, leaving the door open.

Martha walked in and closed the door behind her. She looked at the still body that lay on the high cart standing next to the bed.

"Martha?" George whispered.

She walked over and laid her hand on his hot forehead. "I'm here, dear. Now don't you worry."

"I'm all right. It's you I'm worried about. Martha, if anything happens...."

"Now don't you go talking like that. I just spoke to the doctor, and everything's fine."

"No, let me finish. You'll need money. There's plenty there for the bills and for you. I've saved it all for you. We've never had any kids to take care of us when one passed away, so...."

"George, don't you talk that way. You're going to get well, and we'll pay the bills back. I'll go to work again. We'll get along." Martha brushed her hand over her eyes.

"You don't understand, Martha. You don't have to work. There's plenty of money. There's been a bank account, a good one. We never did talk much about money. You understood just how I felt about it. But now it's time you know. There's a big brown envelope in the bottom dresser drawer, and it's all for you. I took the money out of the bank when we left Topeka, and I didn't get a chance to put it in a safe place.

"Yes, I know, dear. You just rest now. You mustn't get upset."

The door opened, and a male attendant walked in. "They're ready for you now, Mr. Grigsby. Let's go for a little ride, shall we?" He pushed the cart around the bed and through the open door.

Martha walked beside it to the elevator. "I'll be here at your side when you come back, George," she said. Pray, my dear. We must both pray."

\* \* \*

Martha climbed the stairs and opened the door of the apartment. Bright sunlight flooded the red and white kitchen. She walked into the bedroom with the pink and green

flowered wallpaper and opened the bottom drawer of the scratched walnut dresser. The fat brown envelope was in the back corner under George's shorts. She took it out, closed the drawer, and walked into the kitchen. She sat down next to the table and laid the envelope down. Her hands trembled as she broke the seal. She pulled out the bills and spread them out on the table. Suddenly her whole body began to shake. She closed her eyes tightly and then opened them again. She looked at the bills and began to count: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten 1000 dollar bills and two ten-dollar bills.

Martha stood up and steadied herself against the table. She picked up the money and walked into the bedroom. Then she held the bills tightly against her chest. Her eyes looked at the reflection in the mirror. She ran her hand over the deep furrows in her forehead, the crow's feet around her sharp blue eyes, and the wrinkles

that crisscrossed her pale, sunken cheeks. She held out her rough, gnarled hands, still clutching the money. "Oh, God," she blurted out. The sobs came then, dry and hard and deep.

\* \* \*

It was raining when Martha climbed the front stairs to the hospital. She stopped in the lobby and she brushed the heavy drops off the shoulders of her tight drey jacket. She turned to the left and walked into the office.

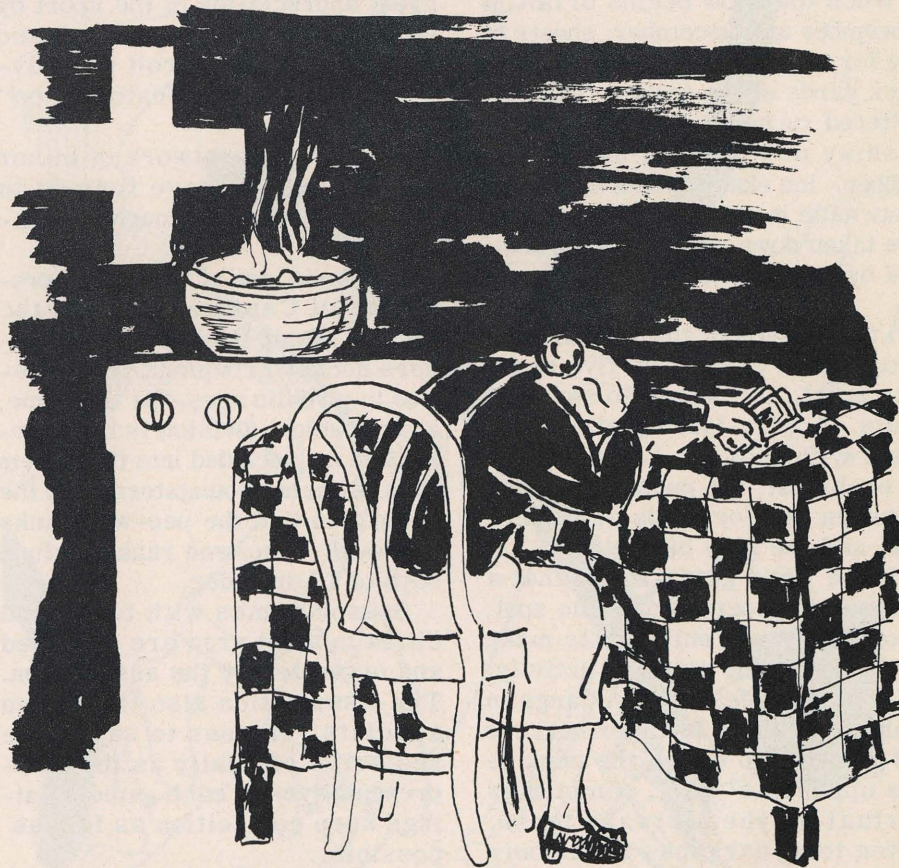
"Why, Mrs. Grigsby, how are you today?" the nurse asked. She looked at the wet coat. "This is a bad day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's coming down quite hard."

"This is a happy day for you, though, I'm sure. I hear your husband is going home in the morning. These two weeks certainly have flown."

"Yes, that's the reason I'm here. I'd like to pay the bill now and get that all settled."

Cont. on p. 19





# A Game Called Hockey

A few months ago, the Harlem Globetrotters played in an exhibition basketball game in the Valparaiso gymnasium. At half time, a young boy about knee-high to "Goose" Tatum, stepped up to the foul shot line and sank a swisher with the ease of a pro.

In late fall and early spring footballs spiral through the air the hands of youngsters in the early stages of grade school education.

That's the United States. In Canada, the small fry play a game called hockey almost year round. With their return to school in September, the kids haul their battle-tried hockey sticks and a rubber ball off to school, along with their books. Recess always brings an up-an'-at-'em game of hockey which might well draw a sell-out crowd of rabid fans if tickets were sold.

When the snow begins to fall in November and December, sheets of ice form in many of the fields and back yards of the towns. The old, battered rubber ball is replaced by a shiny new puck of hard India rubber. Ice skates which have hung from nails in attic walls all summer are taken down and hurriedly donned by the eager kids.

At both ends of the ice surface, two piles of snow from five to six feet apart, are heaped to serve as goals. A grim-faced goalie, complete with padding, lines himself in each goal, the puck is dropped between two forwards at center-ice, and the play begins.

Once word gets around that a game is in progress at some spot, droves of young enthusiasts make their way to the scene of activity. With no referees to keep things in order, and about 30 eager beavers all wanting to carry the puck to the opponents' goal, sometimes virtual mayhem breaks loose. Often total darkness is the only dampener to the kids' spirits.

This early training in the fields and on frozen rivers and roads in every Canadian community pro-

vides the nucleus for the smooth, hardskating hockey teams which thrill hundreds of thousands of fans weekly throughout the United States and Canada during the long hockey season.

Naturally only the very best players continue on in the sport professionally to enter major competition, but every young Canadian boy gets his chance to play the game and show his stuff.

Ice hockey originated in Canada and is officially recognized as Canada's national sport. With only a very few exceptions, almost every professional hockey player in the United States and Canada is Canadian born. Many professionals playing the game in England are imported from Canada.

The United States has shown great appreciation of the sport by large attendances and enthusiastic support. From Detroit to Hollywood, the sport is "catching on" increasingly.

An intricate network of minor hockey groups have formed in the past 20 years throughout Canada.

In Ontario, one of the leading provinces of Canadian hockey, the Ontario Minor Hockey Assn. sponsors hockey groupings from pee-wee to juvenile ages. At this time, a paperweight division is being organized and included into the system to familiarize youngsters with the game who find the pee-wee ranks too tough. Pee-wee ranks include boys of 12 or under.

Season games with towns and cities in a set area are arranged and organized by the association. The Association also trains and appoints referees to supervise and serve officially as their representatives at each game. Ratings keep competition as fair as possible.

Playoffs are organized at the end of the hockey season; which for the minor groups, generally means March. Winners are paired

with winners, much the same as State basketball tournaments, to eliminate until a provincial champion can be recognized.

The Canadian kid realizes a great ambition, when his team takes a cup in Provincial competition. To be regarded as proven best in the province is a dream come true to the hockey minor.

After the young hockey players graduate from the minor groups at 18, they step up into an amateur provincial classification.

In Ontario, the Ontario Hockey Assn. supervises various population groupings in Junior, Intermediate and Senior classifications.

It is from the Juvenile and Junior ranks that most professional teams draw the future hockey stars of tomorrow. Occasionally, a player from junior competition will take the big step into the top National Hockey league. Gordon Howe, all-star right-winger with the Stanley Cup champion Detroit Red Wings, signed to play with the Wings at the age of 18. At present, there are several 20 year old players in the N.H.L. who have just passed from junior ranks.

Usually, however, promising junior graduates serve a farming in the United States Hockey league, the Pacific Coast league or the American Hockey league. In Canada, players are seasoned in the better intermediate and senior clubs of the provinces.

The American Hockey league, which includes such teams as Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis and Buffalo, is probably the most competitive of all groups below actual N.H.L. status. This league is so significantly competitive because it is the last jump before the big time for the youngsters and the harbour of last ditch veterans. Caliber of hockey does not differ greatly between American league and the Senior teams of the Northern Neighbour, but the



greater crowd capacity of the States arenas in general, makes larger paychecks possible.

It is the great spirit of competition that makes hockey such a thrilling spectacle. The colorful flashes of end to end rushes, the skill and perfection of rinkwide passes and the rough and tumble body checks combine to provide the basis for the caption which follows the title, namely, "The World's Fastest Sport." It is truly that.

Twelve men in constant motion on an ice-surface at least 85 feet wide and 200 feet long give the spectator plenty to occupy his gaze. The game, played with a goalie, two defensemen and three forwards embodies speed, skill and aggressiveness in its thrill-packed 60 minute duration.

In the old days of Canadian hockey an extra man called a rover, was an additional member of the standard teams. The name of his position indicated his duties. He was to be one of the roving kind—that is, he was to speed around in no fixed positional area, but rather, to fill in where the situation most required him.

The old game was more restricted with regards to passing. There seldom was replacement of players during the whole 60 minutes.

The game of today is a contest of continuous speed with the changing of players, except the goal-keeper, every two or three minutes.

Usually two defense teams, three forward three-man lines, a goalie and a sub-goalie make up a complete squad of a modern hockey team.

The speed and aggressive nature of the game of hockey necessitates the use of repeated body contact among the participants. Top conditioning is a must for the player who must be travelling at his fastest most of the time and yet absorb numerous rugged body checks. Body-checking and tangling along the boards often causes flaring tempers and not-uncommon fights. The hockey player of today must compete with the philosophy that to back down from an opponent is inviting his scorn and rough usage.

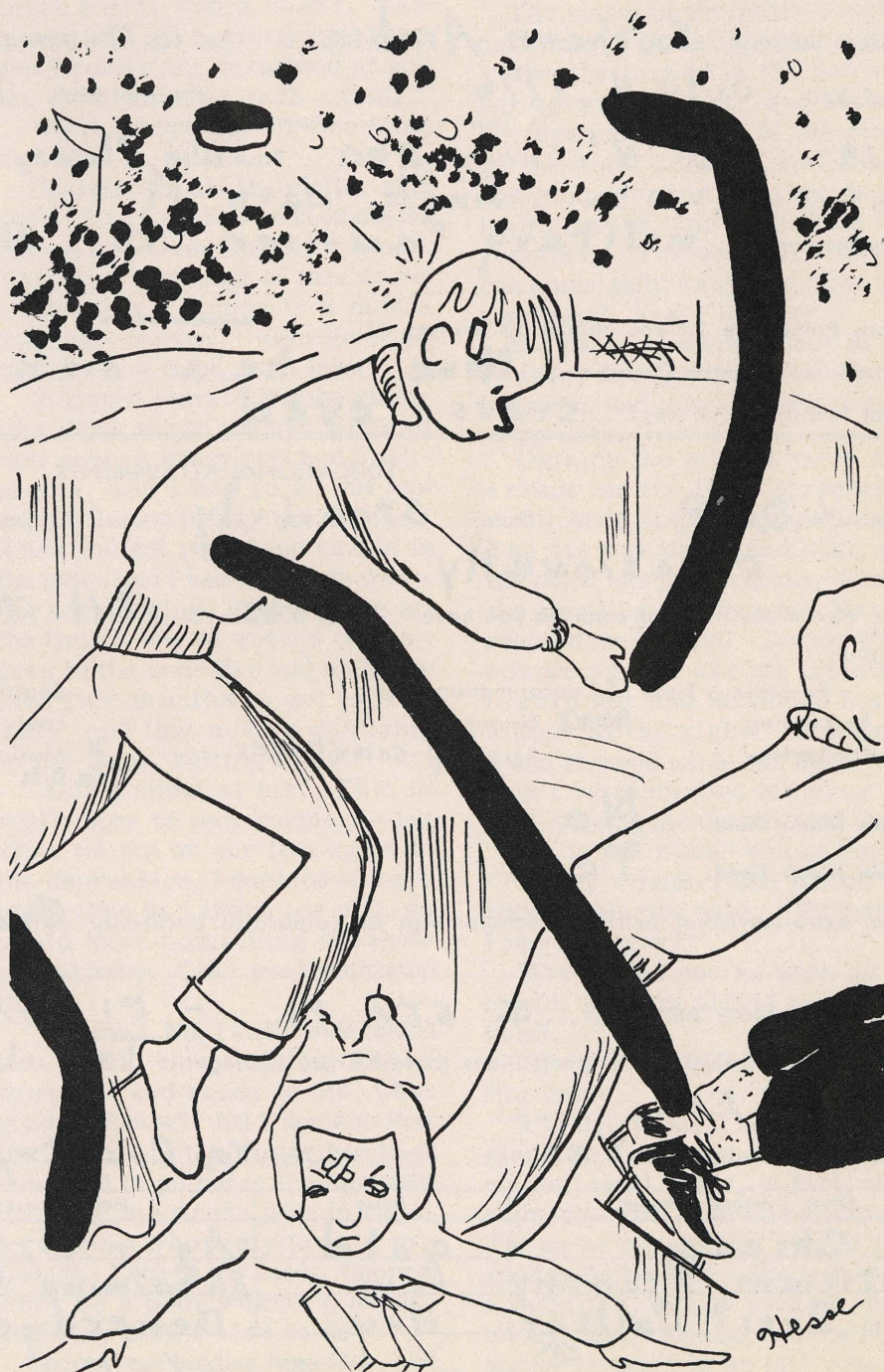
He must be swift enough to evade would-be checks or shifty enough to "deke" his opponent out of position. To score game-winning goals he must avoid his forward opponent, who is supposed to check him, then shift around, skate around or "bull" his way through a hefty pair of defensemen, after which he must shoot the puck he is carrying on the end of his stick into the net past the goal-keeper.

The goal-keeper in ice hockey must have extremely fast, sure reflexes in order to catch, or bat

away the pucks which are driven at great speed in his direction. The only sure way to score on an agile goalie, is to fake him out with a bluff shot at one corner of his net and then to shoot the puck for his unguarded side. This practice is often very difficult with a speedy two-hundred pound defenseman draped over one shoulder, and a goalie who refuses to be pulled out of position.

The rough and ready nature of hockey causes various upsurges

Cont. on p. 22







# VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

PLACEMENT SERVICE

Valparaiso, Indiana



## PERSONAL SURVEY

Name John Greenleaf Ebbstine  
(last) (first) (middle)

Date pretty much

Present Address Westville

Tel. No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-Jack

Permanent Address Southern Arabia

Tel. No. 7comell

Date of Birth July 4, 1776  
(month) (day) (year)

Place of Birth Hospital-Canine Memorial

Age 19 Height 4' Weight 200 Race Win, Place, Show Sex yes

Marital Status (S, M, W, D, Sep.) Single, darn it Social Security No. 111-11-111

Military Service military adviser to Harry S.

Religious Preference (if you choose to express it) \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation of Parent or Guardian None - he's sick

Physical Limitations (if any) Cross-eyed

## EDUCATIONAL ATTAINMENTS

Degree L.D.M.P. Date Steadily Dates in attendance at Valparaiso University

occasionally

If none, how many hours of credit to you have? NONE - still trying

Check one:

Business — Field of Concentration:

Accounting NONE Finance \_\_\_\_\_  
Marketing \_\_\_\_\_ Personal sometimes

Engineering — \_\_\_\_\_

Social Work \_\_\_\_\_

Law — \_\_\_\_\_

Music — Bach + Beethoven

Teacher — High School \_\_\_\_\_

Hours in Major Field No

Hours in Minor Field Yes

Honors, extra-curricular activities, scholarships at Valparaiso University Ground + GAVAL

Fraternity or sorority Affiliations I ETA PI - PI GAMMA IOTA

List Honor and Professional Organizations to which you belong Tri U, Moose, Mice, EIK

High School Attended Yes City-No, Country Texas Year Graduated Never

Other Colleges Attended	Dates	Major Courses Taken	Degrees, if any
U. Chicago	gold	Ag + Sports	third
Morticians Academy	few	Embalming Fluid 101	fourth
Hope Crest College	dry	Beverages 52	fifth

What foreign languages do you read well? English Speak well? No-lisp

Write well? not very

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Last)  
(First)  
(Middle)  
Date: \_\_\_\_\_



Cont. from p. 15

"Oh, of course. Why don't you sit down? I'll look it right up. By the way, I'd really like to apologize for what I said that first day you came in here. You were so upset. I'm sure you just forgot about the money. You understand my position, though, hospital rules and all." The nurse looked up at Martha and smiled.

"I understand. Now, if you'll tell me...."

"Here it is. Would you care to see the figures? It comes to \$320.40. The doctor's fee is separate, of course."

Martha paid the bill, picked up the receipt, and walked out of the room. She did not answer the nurse's "Thank you."

George was sitting up in bed when Martha opened the door of 214. His cheeks had touches of color in them, and his eyes were bright. His iron grey hair, thinning at the temples, was carefully combed. "Hello, dear," he said. "You're always right on time. It gets so lonesome in here. I just watch the clock until you come."

Martha walked over and kissed her husband on the cheek. She settled herself in the overstuffed chair next to the bed.

"The nurses are real nice to me, you know? They stop in every once in a while just to talk. Imagine, with an old codger like me." George chuckled. "I sure will be glad to go home, though. I can't wait to sink my teeth into one of your beef stews. The soup here's just like water. Of course, I've got to take it easy at first." George paused and looked at his wife. "What's the matter with you, Martha? You're not saying a word. You're always so quiet when you come."

"George, I've got to talk to you about something."

"Well, what is it? After being married 40 years, this is no time to hold back."

"It's about the money, dear." Martha drew her eyebrows together in a deep frown and looked at her husband.

"Money? Oh, you mean the savings. Well, what's the matter?"

"George, you're making it so

hard."

"I don't understand you, Martha. Don't beat around the bush."

"All right, if you're not going to help me. You've got to tell me where you got all that money." Martha's eyes flashed.

"What?" George asked. Then he laughed. He laughed until the tears flowed down his cheeks and he had to hold his sides. "I shouldn't get going like that," he said. "That cut still bothers me a bit."

"There's nothing funny, as far as I can see," answered Martha.

"Now, calm down. What do you think I did, rob a bank? That money was all honestly come by, and I really am surprised at you for even thinking such a thing."

"Well, where did it come from then?"

"Martha, what's the matter with you? For 18 years I've been saving that money—ten dollars a week. Now, that's enough of this cross examining. Money is a man's business, anyway." George's jaw was set in a tight, hard line.

"Eighteen years!" Martha shouted. "You mean we had some of that money when you had pneumonia, and I had to go out and scrub floors to pay the doctor? When you got your hand caught in the lathe, and I had to take in washing and ironing, it was there all the time? We've worked out fingers to the bone day and night the last five months to get to New York, and that money was lying in the bank, rotting away."

"Don't shout at me! This is really none of your business—but after we got on our feet again in the depression, I decided to save right then and there for you, so you'd have something if I ever passed away. Can't you understand that?"

"For me? No, I can't understand that at all. Now that I'm old and worn out and ready to die, what good is it now? All I know is that I've frozen in the winter and been ashamed to go out in the summer because my dress was in rags. I couldn't show my face to my friends. Look at my hands, George. They're a poor woman's hands, and they didn't have to be."

George was holding his sides, and

his breath was coming in short, heavy blasts. "You'd better leave now, Martha," he whispered and turned his face to the wall.

Martha picked up her handbag and stalked out of the room, closing the door with a bang. She took the elevator down and hurried through the hushed lobby. She stood on the steps for a moment. The rain was coming down faster now, and the sharp wind blew the drops hard against her cheeks. She turned up the collar of her jacket and stumbled down the steps.

\* \* \*

The sound of the phone ringing cut through the silent, hot night.

Martha turned in the bed and sat up with a start. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the clock on the night table. Two fifteen. She jumped out of bed, ran to the living room, and picked up the receiver. "The hospital? Yes, I can come right away, but what has happened? Yes, I'll hurry."

She put the receiver back in the cradle, dragged herself to the bedroom, and threw on her clothes in the dark.

Outside the streets were dry, except for the little streams of water still flowing in the gutters. The air was damp and still, and the moon was just breaking through the swirling clouds when Martha reached the hospital. Doctor Whitcombe walked across the lobby toward her and motioned her to a door at the right. He opened it and stepped aside for her. "We won't be disturbed in here," he said, closing the door behind them. "This is just a small waiting room."

"They wouldn't tell me on the phone," Martha said. "Why can't I see him now?"

"We called you as soon as we could, but I'm afraid your husband...."

"He's dead," Martha said in a flat voice.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Grigsby, sorer than I can say. He was doing so well until today, in fact, until right after your visit this afternoon. The nurse reports that he was very restless after that. She suggested a sedative, but he said no, he'd be all right. Around one the night nurse stopped in on her rounds.



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It seems that he had burst the stitches and hemorrhaged quite badly. I got here as soon as I could, but he was dead when I arrived. I assure you that everything possible was done for him, but for a man of his age—I can't understand what happened."

"I know, Doctor. Everything was done. It couldn't be helped. Maybe it was best this way after all." Martha rested her elbows on her knees and held her head in her hands. "He was a good man, Doctor. He'll forgive me." She rocked back and forth in the red leather arm chair.

"Now, Mrs. Grigsby, you mustn't blame yourself. I know you were a devoted couple. If I can help with any of the arrangements, please don't hesitate to ask. You just moved here, didn't you?"

"Yes, we did. George was to be laid off at home. Then, he heard of this job in New York. It's hard to find a place when you're almost 70, you know, so we moved. Thank you, Doctor, but I'll get along. The landlady's been very kind. She'll help."

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you now. Another emergency just came in. You'll be all right?"

"All right," she echoed. "Yes, I'll be all right." She stared out of the wide window at the streaks of pink just showing on the horizon.

\* \* \*

"There now, Martha, why don't you set those packages down on the couch, and I'll make us some coffee. You look like you need some," Mrs. Schulz said.

"Please, Mrs. Schulz, I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"A little coffee is no trouble at all. I always have to have it on the stove for John anyway."

"Well, it might taste good at that. I don't know why, but I do feel a little weak."

"No wonder you feel weak. You haven't set foot out of those rooms upstairs for a month, ever since the...."

"Ever since the funeral. I know, but I just haven't felt up to it."

"Oh, there goes the phone. I won't be a minute." She hurried out of the room. Martha lay back on the soft cushions of the couch

and closed her eyes.

Margaret was back in five minutes with two cups of steaming coffee. "That was Bella Harrison on the phone. We've been friends for years, ever since high school, and I just don't know what I'd do without her." She took a sip of coffee. "Now didn't it feel good to go shopping today? I always say you should have proper respect for the ones that have passed on and all, but you just can't shut yourself up like in a cloister. Besides, there's all that money. Why shouldn't you enjoy it?"

"Yes, the money," Martha said slowly. "It was wonderful of you to go with me today. Did you like the dress?"

"Oh, yes, it's a very nice dress. Grey is such a pretty color, too."

"I thought it would be proper."

"Well, proper to be laid out in maybe."

"For heaven's sake, such talk. You've been up in that apartment alone too much, thinking too much."

"I have been thinking a lot. Sometimes it seems as if I could almost talk to George. If I could only see him just once again, you know what I'd do? I'd set him down at the kitchen table and make him a pot of beef stew just the way he always liked it. He was crazy about beef stew. I know he'd forgive me then, I know it."

"What's all this talk about forgiving? You're tired, Martha. Now I want you to go right upstairs and go to bed, and don't get up until I call you in the morning. I'll bring you a nice hot breakfast on a tray. No back talk now. You need some sleep."

Martha set the cup and saucer down on the end table and picked up her packages. "You're so good, Margaret," she said. She walked through the living room doorway and slowly climbed the long flight of stairs.

\* \* \*

Margaret Schulz walked to the telephone in the dining room, picked up the receiver, and dialed. "Oh, Bella," she said into the telephone, "I'm so glad you're home. You must think I've forgotten you, but these last four days have been so



hectic. What happened? Well, you know that nice old lady that lived upstairs. It's the saddest thing.

"Tuesday we went shopping together, and she was so tired that I sent her straight up to bed and told her not to stir until I brought her breakfast up in the morning. Well, I went up around nine that night just to see if she was resting comfortable, and there she was all slumped over the kitchen table, and her nice new dress that she just bought all laid out on the bed, too. Oh, yes, it was just terrible.

"I called that nice Doctor Whitcombe right away, and he came in just a few minutes. Heart attack, he said it was. And you know what? She was holding all the money her husband left her in her hand, too. Great big bills. Almost 10 thousand dollars. All that goes to the State now, John says. Isn't that a shame? After Mr. Grigsby had saved all

## LEMBKE LADY

What is it like to be the only woman permitted to live in Lembke hall, our dormitory for men students? I call it an education. There is not a dull moment from breakfast time to lights out at night. To me good old Lembke hall, as our freshman students fondly call it, has been home the past 11 years. It is surprising how home-like one can live among a group of some 175 men for whom the dormitory can at best mean a home away from home.

Just what all belongs to a woman's day in Lembke hall? The high-light of the morning is mail time. Sometimes it begins with the dorm breakfast served to all residents from concessions profits and dorm fees and with equipment given us by the members of the University guild. (Thank Heaven for the guild.)

But getting back to mail time--that old mail bag just cannot arrive too soon. Every now and then a disappointed young man follows you into the living room and tells you how miserable the non-arrival of a letter makes him feel. A mother understands that.

Sometimes the opposite happens. A student confides the contents of a

that just for her, too.

"What? Oh, yes, of course, we took out the money for the funeral. She was laid out in her new dress, and she really looked real nice. No one was there, though, but us and the doctor. She had no relatives, and we were the only folks that knew her here. The funniest part of it was, there was this huge pot of beef stew on the stove. She must have put it on right before she died. That kind of struck me as being odd, because we ate downtown right before we came home that day. It had all boiled over and burned to the stove, too. It was a terrible mess to clean up. It's a good thing the burner wasn't turned up any higher.

"By the way, Bella, do you know anyone looking for an apartment? I'd be glad to let any of your friends have first choice."

... Lois Perensman

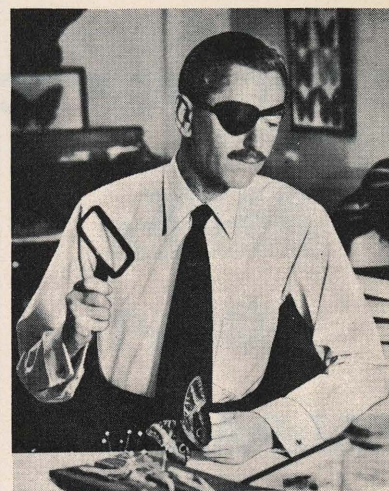
letter to me which might best have never been written. Occasionally I am called upon to remind some forgetful son to write that anxiously awaited letter to his best girl friend—mother.

College men do not ask to be "mothered" away from home. They feel too grownup for that. But the motherly touch is always appreciated. It means most at the beginning of the school year when home seems so far away and you are so "green" in the ways of group living.

And then there is the sick one who sends his room-mate down to knock at your door in the middle of the night. A visit to the bedside while you are down and out always means a lot to our Lembke residents.

Are the men grateful for motherly service? Almost without exception, yes. You sew on a missing button or mend a torn garment and the student will even write home about it. Our volunteers who help with the dishes after our dorm breakfasts even thank you for the touch of mother's home kitchen they felt in handling the dormitory kitchenware.

As each school-year draws to a close, parting time is not easy. One learns to love these sons who



## The Man In The Hat<sup>^</sup>away Shirt

(For sales talk see

March issue of VU, page 17)

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hail from such good homes. Some of them consider themselves fortunate to be assigned to Lembke hall for another year. Others who reside elsewhere during their upper-classmen years, stop in to visit with us.

All of them can be assured of one thing: They will always be remembered especially by the one lady who alone is privileged to reside in Lembke hall.

...Mrs. Kumnick



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Game by Game Scores in Valparaiso University 21-Game Winning Streak. (From Valparaiso University Bulletin, Jan. 15, 1952.)

Okay, so you won a few in a row; let's not overdo it.



Cont. from p. 17

which sometimes result in actual fisticuffs or stick-swinging. The fans on the whole, however, recognize and applaud the aggressive, smart player who makes an exciting rush without the use of penalizing tactics.

In the minor leagues, a referee and a linesman are used to handle the games, make decisions and mete out penalties to players who violate the rules.

The major leagues employ a referee and two linesmen as skating supervisors.

"I play hockey...what's your excuse for your face." Many joke writers have satirized the rough nature of ice hockey. Accidents are common to the game. The sharp skates which liven the game with speed sometimes cut. The hockey sticks with their narrow blades often cause cuts and bruises.

The hard, black rubber puck can cause painful injuries when hoisted goalwards into the air. The mystery will always remain why more burly defensemen are not more often injured by the flying discs. Many of the major league caliber defensemen of today drop to their knees in front of an opponent to block his shot with their chests. Sometimes faces rather than chests take the punishment which a swiftly moving slap-shot can administer.

A defenseman now playing with last year's champion Toronto Maple Leafs of the National Hockey league can claim similarity of appearance with a patch-work quilt. Bill Juzda, rugged rear-guard of the Leafs has received gashes in his hockey career, requiring over 200 stitches in his face alone.

Defensemen are not the only ones to suffer mishaps in the game. Maurice "Rocket" Richard, speedy right forward with the Montreal Canadians of the N.H.L., has also suffered more than his fair share of painful injuries in his hockey career. In his first year with the Canadians, Richard broke his leg in a set-to along the boards. In his comeback the next year, he encountered a setback, when his

**A**

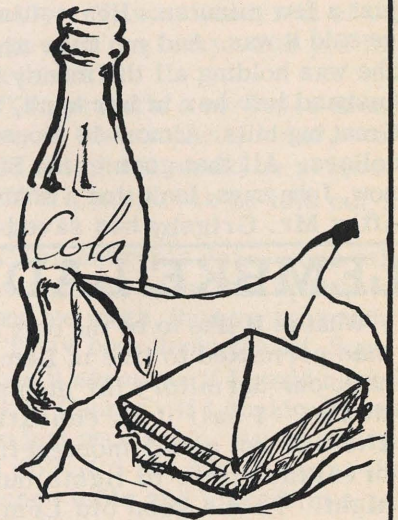
**Quick**

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**Lunch For A**

**Spring Day**



**PARRY'S**

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other leg was broken in a heavy crash to the ice.

Undaunted the plucky French-Canadian returned once more to garner hockey fame as one of the all-time greats. At present, Richard is but a few goals from the all-time scoring record set by Nels Steward of 317 goals.

One Saturday night, a few years ago, Richard appeared for a tough game at his teams' dressing room haggard and worn from moving



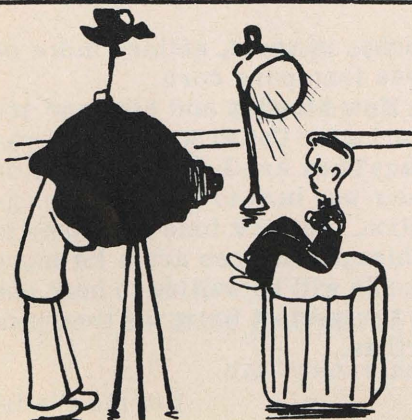
## Hotel Lembke Cafeteria



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furniture for a friend all day. It is a French-Canadian custom to assist one's neighbours and relatives with such things. In this case however, there was no moving van available—so Richard loaded the furniture from one spot to another on his back.

Before the game he complained that he would probably not be able to skate around the ice that night to warm up. But his warm up rounds must have proved successful, for Richard set a record for National league scoring that night with five goals and two assists.

Hockey is truly a game of stamina. Setbacks through injuries are inevitable to every pro hockey player. It is the feeling of team belonging and the desire to stay up there with the best that drives these men on in the face of obstacles which they must face.

Monetary rewards are not exceedingly high even in the big league. The average top-notch doesn't get much over 10,000-12,000 dollars per season.

Despite the disagreeable aspect of injuries in hockey, the game has become a sort of community bond for many a Canadian community. Many small centers, who have not yet achieved a town status, or are but very small towns, finance the erection and functioning of an artificial ice arena often worth 200 thousand dollars.

I can think of a small town in southern Ontario, when asked for an example of this community spirit centering around a local hockey squad.

The town, which has a recently constructed artificial ice arena of the latest design, boasts of a population of not many more than 2,500.

At a playoff game, only recently, a capacity crowd of 2,250 people cheered their victorious team on to victory.

Two minor hockey entries of this town have won provincial championships under C population rating. Three teams were entered. The third team was defeated in the seventh game of a best-of-seven

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series playoff.

What about the other community functions, don't they enter into the picture? Of course. But on Thursday and Saturday night don't bother placing a telephone call with anyone in this town between 8-10:30 p.m.—everyone's at the hockey game.

... Bill Weichel





5 LINCOLNWAY

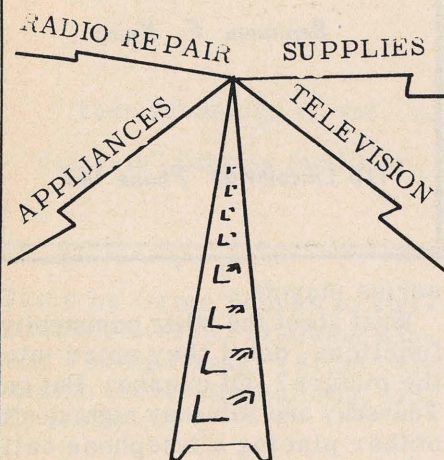
PHONE 120

# Old Style Inn

Dick Batchelor

Carrie Hayden

## Casbon Bros. Electric Co.



Phone 85

Cont. from p. 12

we saw Truck Parham, Muggsy's bass fidler, and composer of "Down, Down, Down in Uncle Charlie's Sellar," sitting out in front, filling the warm air with smoke from his cigarette.

Hesitantly I approached. I said hello and started to explain who I was and what I wanted. Wonder of wonders! I was interrupted by "Wait a minute! I remember you! You're the girl with the paper and pencil from a college in Indiana, aren't you!"

So again, an interview with Muggsy Spanier was arranged.

On the musical side, Muggsy said that his greatest fans still seemed to be the oldsters. He is not yet well enough known by the younger generation, many of whom are now favoring progressive jazz. He said that there were definitely many good things to be said for the progressive style, notably such men as George Shearing, but that he and his followers still favored the old, unrestrained, meaningful melodies from the Southland.

He explained how Dixieland is a form of expressing emotion in the raw for the people who write it. He told how some songs are used for a variety of things. Example: "High Society" is played at weddings, funerals, and other similar occasions in the deep South.

Most of all, said Muggsy, he likes the spontaneity of Dixieland jazz. It is, so to speak, completely unrehearsed. It is doubtless that same piece is every played EXACTLY alike any two times. All the members of Muggsy's band improvise as the mood moves them. Which gives a very satisfying effect, we might note.

We were surprised at what we heard from Truck Parham and Darnell Howard (clarinetist, whose Mother was a slave, played the fiddle, and rapped his knuckles with her bow when Sonny Boy failed to practice.) According to them, the colored people, particularly in the North, are decreasing their love for Dixieland, at least openly. Why? Because our dear old radio "jokers" have made Dixieland appear to be something gaudy and

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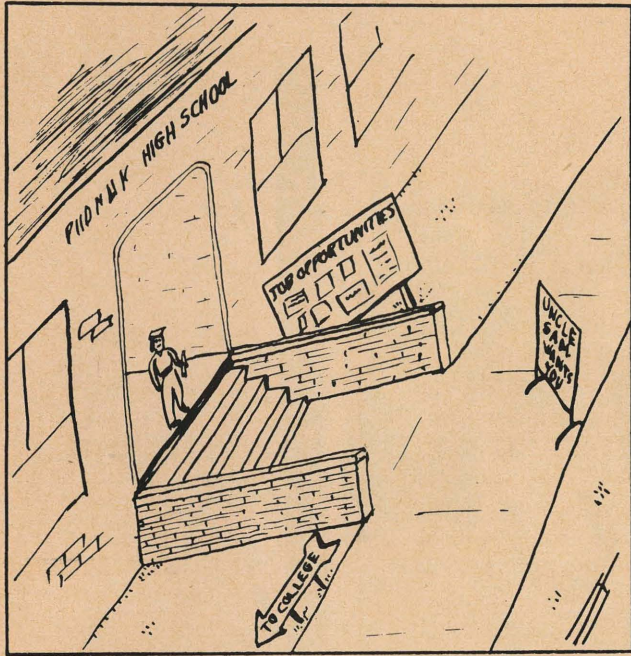
hicky, in short, nothing more or less than pure corn.

Now Muggsy and his band are touring the United States and Canada. They are very definitely on their way back to fame and recognition. The next time they come to Chicago, chances are a lot more people will be waiting to hear one of the greatest living old time jazz artists.

...Dorrie Watts



## *What can you do?*



## *What can you do*

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- 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.

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on Cigarette Tests!*

## No. 17...THE MAGPIE



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