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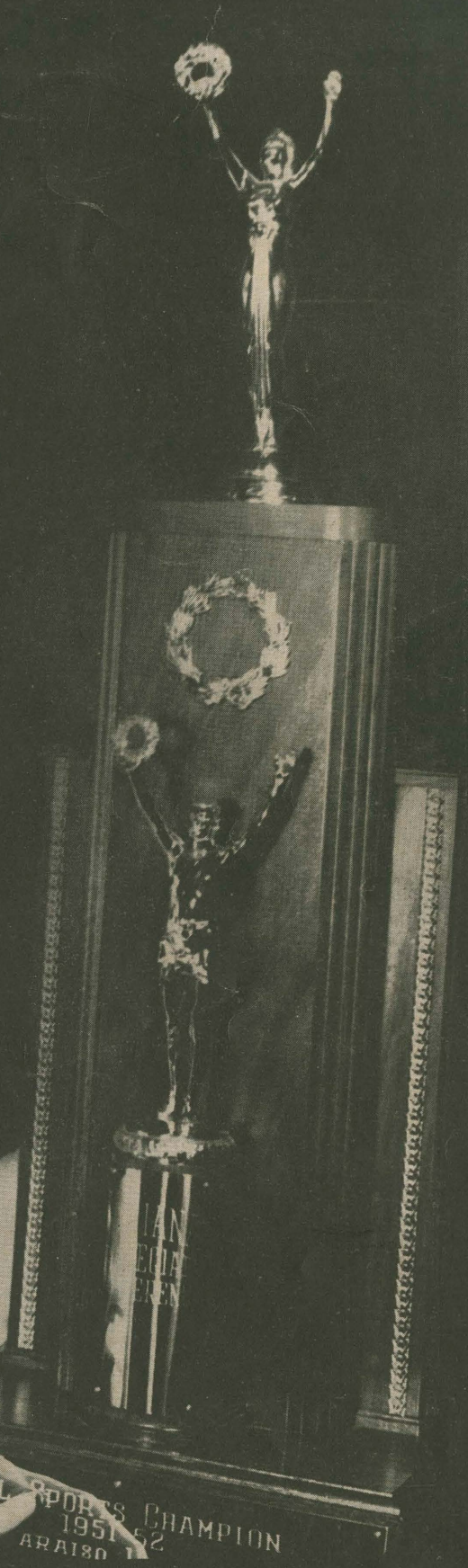
Valparaiso University

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VU

magazine



in this issue

Homecoming
The Only Blue



Welcome Back!

... come in to see us for a visit before or after the game
... we've a world of new and different things for you to
browse among—things we bet you won't find back
home, as well as a host of national brands to supply
everyone's needs.

... we've expanded again, too, mostly in our basement
where you'll find the Gourmet Shop and our budget
departments and of course the toy department with
a more unusual selection than ever (Christmas
minded folks are already coming in). On our Fashion
Floor (second) you'll find a delightful array of the
new styles for fall and winter... it'll be good to see
you again!

LOWENSTINES'

VU

OCTOBER, 1952

VOLUME IV, NO. 1

magazine



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OUR COVER:

Gracing our cover this month is Miss Jeannene "Chris" Westerhold, a Junior from St. Louis. Chris is an English major and a member of Kappa Tau Zeta. Kurt Jordan, for the interest of camera fans, took the picture with a 4x5 speed graphic. Chris is holding the all-sports trophy of the ICC that Valpo won last year. If someone is looking for a "Miss Football of '53," we think we have a good candidate on the cover of this issue.

H O M E C

By Bob Witte

ALL agree that last year's homecoming was the greatest ever. Indeed, with the use of a little imagination—or the “Memories of Homecoming” booklet if you're unfortunate enough to be either a habitual TV viewer, a confirmed engineer, or a rabid exponent of behaviorism—you'll recall the unprecedented grandeur of everything from the festive parade down Lincolnway to the impressive array of costly out-of-state cars parked strategically in front of the more venerable fraternities. Surely these memorable incidents will afford us a wealth of reminiscent material for senility.

But even a casual observer of past homecomings will concede that, in

this era of planned economy, birth control, and block schedules, we can no longer leave the success of future homecomings to a happy combination of fortuitous events and the last minute efforts of an over-worked Homecoming committee. Stated more positively, if homecomings are to continue being “the greatest ever,” we, or more correctly, the University must formulate and activate a long range program which will insure progressively bigger and better celebrations for the duration of Valpo's existence. In hopes of starting a movement toward the realization of planned homecomings, we offer this purposely over-simplified program, subject to the Administration's approval, for your earnest consideration.

(1) The University should establish a department of Homecoming whose express purpose would be to disseminate the spirit of bigger and better homecomings among students, and to assist, advise, and coordinate the numerous activities of the Homecoming committee. To smother the inevitable barrage of protests from scholastic dogmatists on campus and, at the same time, dress the nascent department with a tinge of academic respectability, perhaps a talented scholar of national repute could be installed as its head. (It goes without saying, however, that the more practical courses offered by the department would still be taught by seasoned ex-officers of the Homecoming committee.)



O M I N G

Then, too, the department must be accorded a generous financial allotment by the University Budget committee for enticing embryonic homecoming chairman and queens to Valpo. A word of caution to those of you who contemplate taking a few homecoming courses. Manipulate your schedule so you can squeeze in at least half of these offerings: 51 Elements of Float-building, 52 Elements of House-decorating, 101 Chicken Wire and Its Applications, 117 Origin and Evolution of Homecoming, 144 Seminar for Homecoming Committee Officers, and 170 Cultural Significance and Philosophical Implications of Homecoming (prerequisite: Homecoming minor.)

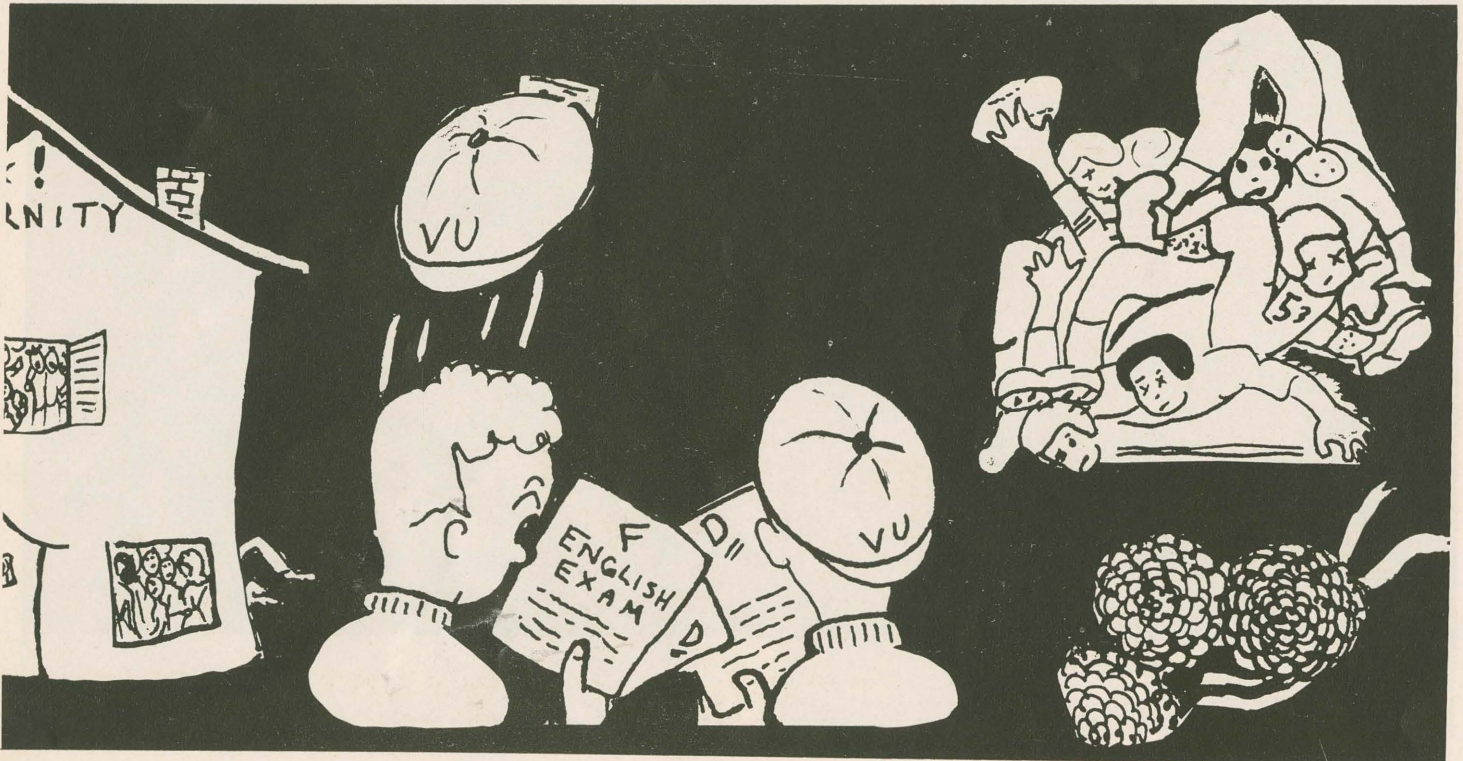
(2) In conjunction with the newly

established Homecoming department, the University should commission the Psychology department to develop an unambiguous five or six dimensional index to be employed by homecoming judges in evaluating floats and house decorations for beauty, originality, workmanship, etc. Assuming the materialization of this all-inclusive index, we can predict a Utopian type homecoming competition in which the best projects receive automatically the coveted trophies. Scientific certainty will replace the dubious judgments of biased humans.

(3) Lest returning alumni be lost in our scramble for bigger and better homecomings, the Homecoming department should create a Homecom-

ing club restricted to alumni who pay a nominal fee of . . . say 25 cents. The prime aim of this private club would be to facilitate its membership's quest for that ephemeral sense of belonging; it could provide shelter, congenial companionship, and stimulating refreshments on Homecoming Sunday. Or as an alternative it could furnish transportation to and from Dyer, Indiana and vicinity.

Please keep in mind that we've concentrated on only the major obstacles to bigger and better homecomings. Much has been left unsaid, and rightly so since the proposed program isn't even a "divine experiment" yet. But, good or bad, here's our contribution toward bigger and better homecomings.





NINA ARNOLD



JO OETTING



JUDY SPECKHARD

The Royal Ladies

By Georgiana Rupprecht

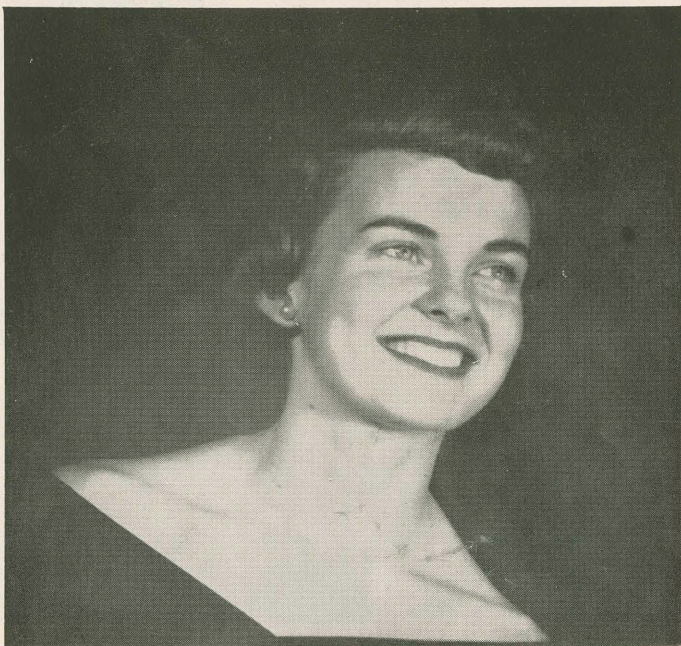
Her majesty Nina Arnold is Valpo's 1952 Homecoming Queen. Nineteen-year-old Nina is a sophomore majoring in physical education. The 5'3", brown-haired Queen claims Fort Wayne, Indiana, as her home town. She was nominated by Phi Delta Psi and Theta Chi fraternities.

The Queen's court consists of Dotty Hartmann, Jo, Oetting, Dolly Reinhardt, and Judy Speckhard. Dotty is a twenty-year-old junior majoring in elementary education, and comes from Baldwin, Illinois. She is a member of Gamma Phi sorority.

Dark-haired Jo is a sophomore. This nineteen-year-old native of Madison, Nebraska, is a member of Alpha Xi Epsilon sorority. She is registered in the pre-nursing program.

Dolly (Althea on more formal occasions) hails from St. Louis, is nineteen years old and a junior. A member of Alpha Phi Delta sorority, she is majoring in both physical education and history.

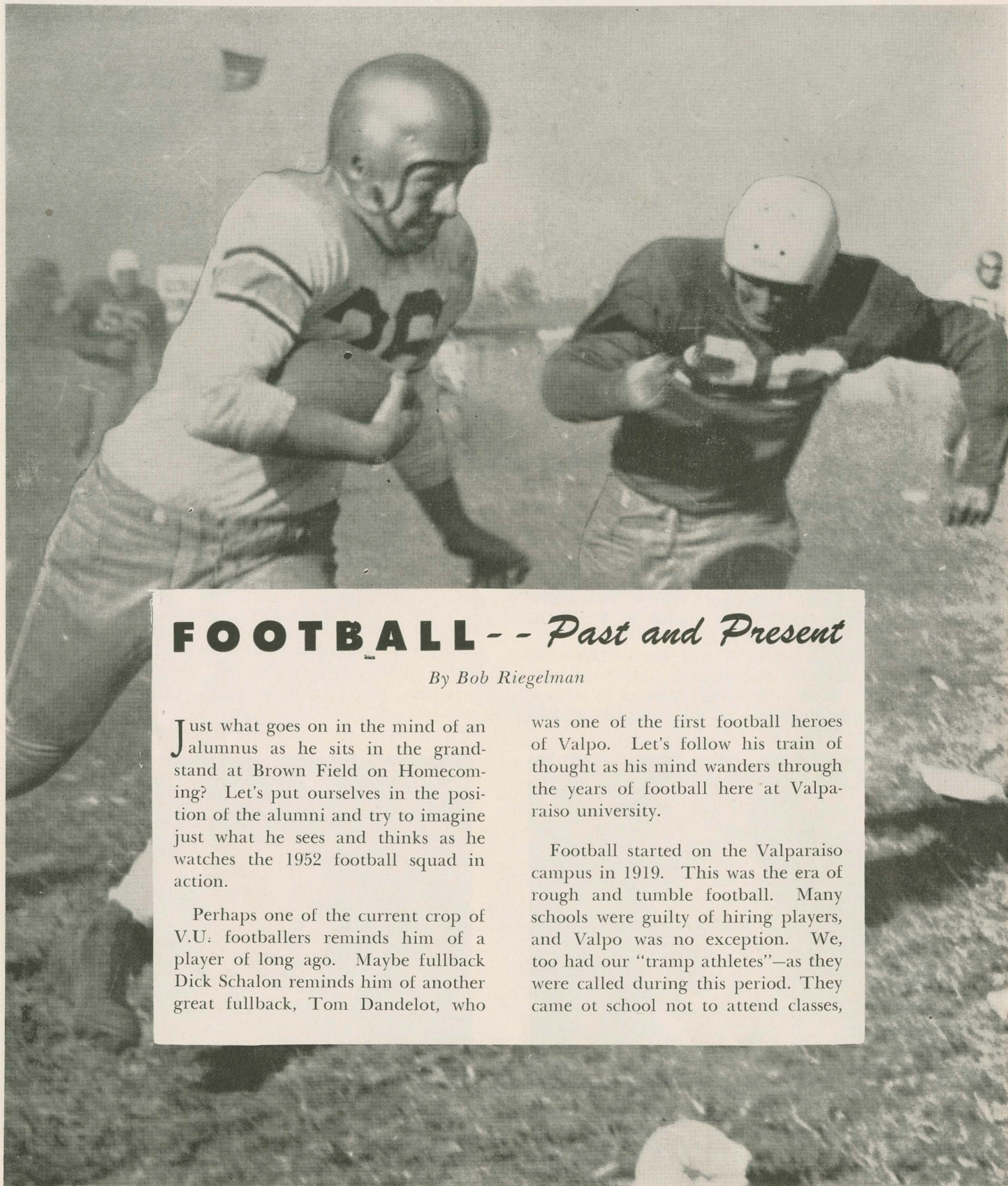
Judy, who is majoring in psychology, is a nineteen-year-old sophomore. A member of Alpha Delta Delta sorority, she calls Clintonville, Wisconsin home.



DOTTY HARTMANN



DOLLY REINHARDT



FOOTBALL -- *Past and Present*

By Bob Riegelman

Just what goes on in the mind of an alumnus as he sits in the grandstand at Brown Field on Homecoming? Let's put ourselves in the position of the alumni and try to imagine just what he sees and thinks as he watches the 1952 football squad in action.

Perhaps one of the current crop of V.U. footballers reminds him of a player of long ago. Maybe fullback Dick Schalon reminds him of another great fullback, Tom Dandelot, who

was one of the first football heroes of Valpo. Let's follow his train of thought as his mind wanders through the years of football here at Valparaiso university.

Football started on the Valparaiso campus in 1919. This was the era of rough and tumble football. Many schools were guilty of hiring players, and Valpo was no exception. We, too had our "tramp athletes"—as they were called during this period. They came to school not to attend classes,

but to play football. To bear out this point, let's take a look at the Valpo-Harvard game which took place in 1920. That game is looked back upon with a mingling of both shame and pride.

Harvard was one of the top teams in the East at this time. The sports world thrilled when they heard that 13 Valpo footballers held 35 Harvard gridmen to a scoreless tie for three quarters only to lose 21-0 in the final quarter. The Valpo gridgers played a great game that day. As the Valpo coach, George Keogan, congratulated the Harvard coach on his victory he was handed a telegram that had been received several hours before the start of the game. The telegram stated that two of the men playing for V.U. that day were not students at Valpo, but had been picked up enroute from the steel mills in Gary. The telegram was signed simply "A Valpo Student." Had we won this game the telegram may have caused considerable trouble.

The "tramp athletes" that were employed during this era of football turned the game into a rough and tumble contest of pugilistic superiority. Players were carried off the field quite often, and few were the players that were unscathed after a game. The same year that Valpo met Harvard, we traveled to Notre Dame to meet the powerful Fighting Irish. This game was one of the roughest games in the history of V.U. football. Early in the first quarter Ray Ecklund, one of the greatest Valpo punters, booted a field goal from the 35-yard line. Valpo held its lead for the entire first half.

In the second half, with the score 3-0 with Valpo on the long end, full-back Tom Dandelot was carried off the field. This injury, along with several others, left Valpo without adequate replacements and by rushing in fresh reserves, Notre Dame was able to overpower our defense and go on to win the game 28-3. This game proved to be so vicious and brutal on the side of Notre Dame that their own supporters were reportedly booing.

In 1923 William Shadoan came to Valpo from Centre College to take over the coaching job. It was said of "Shad", that he had been training in winning ways, having played along with the great "Bo" McMillin on Centre teams. Shadoan's team of 1924 became known as the Miracle Eleven, and Valpo as the "Little Centre that Shad Built."

During Shadoan's two years as football coach, Valpo won 8, lost 5, and tied 3. His Miracle Eleven battled a highly rated LaCrosse State Normal team to a scoreless tie. LaCrosse was rated second only to the University of Wisconsin.

In 1929 Jake Christiansen took over the coaching duties on the Hill. During his stay on the Valpo campus, Christiansen turned out some mediocre teams and also some really great ones. One of the latter was the team of 1931. This team won 8 games while losing only one—the second last game of the season. The Valpo team lost this game to the only real jinx team that they ever ran up against. That was Manchester. No Christiansen-coached team ever defeated Manchester.

In 1932 came the greatest team turned out during the Christiansen regime. Seven straight victories gave Valpo the conference championship and placed them among the eleven untied and undefeated teams in the nation. In the two years, 1931 and 1932, the Uhlans (as they were then called) won 15 games while losing only one.

The following year the Uhlans did not slip a great deal. Once again they won seven games while losing only one. Among the teams they played during this period were Wheaton, Indiana State, Defiance, Ball State, DePaul and Butler. St. Joseph came into the picture only two years later, and thus you find the great majority of the teams we now play on the schedules of twenty years ago.

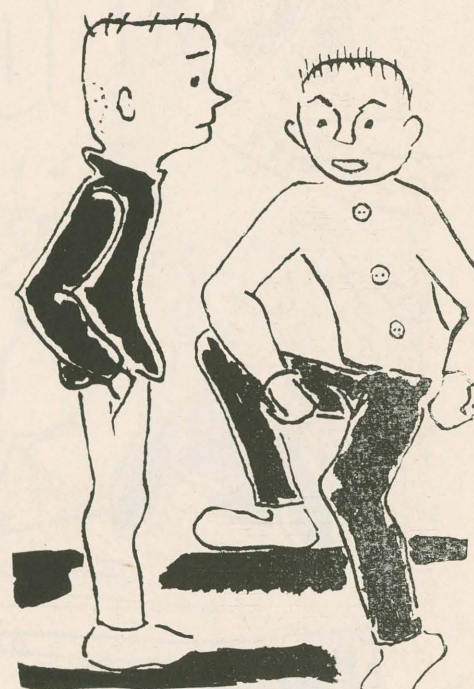
Many familiar names appear on the roster of the great teams listed above. The most familiar of course, is that of Emory Bauer. Others include Pete Rucinski, now a very suc-

cessful high school coach in Chicago, Joe Kawalski, Ray Gauthier, Joe Doran and Ben Brown.

After 1935, the V.U. football teams became run of the mill until the recent success. However, there were a few highlights during the time lapse. In 1936, although we won only one game, William Karr was named All-American honorable mention. Several men were also placed on the All-State team in succeeding years.

When Emory G. Bauer took over the head coaching responsibilities in 1946, he was faced with the job of rebuilding the teams after football had been discontinued during the World War II years. After much hard work and a losing season or two, Coach Bauer fielded a very powerful football machine in 1950 and 1951. During these two seasons and including the last three games of the 1949 season the Valparaiso Crusaders ran up a string of 21 games without a defeat or tie to mar the record.

Thus we see the great change that has come about in intercollegiate football. The old axiom "brain over brawn" is now more the rule than the exception. Valpo football has come a long way—and so has Valpo.



"No, we're going international."

The Campus . . .

Now in my daydreams I return
And stroll the shady walks
And hear the leaves and smell the grass
And meet the birds in lengthy talks.



Soft grass,
Gay, sunlit grass with leafy shadows speckled;
A strain
Of music through an open window drifting;
Tenacious
Ivy clambering over musty bricks;
And leaves
Which chatter on in endless argument.

The bell
Whose tongue is silent on this holiday,
A welcome friend
Who ends the agonies of classes unprepared,
A dubious friend
Who clanks us out of bed on each new day,
A loving friend
Who calls us to the matins' sacred meditation.

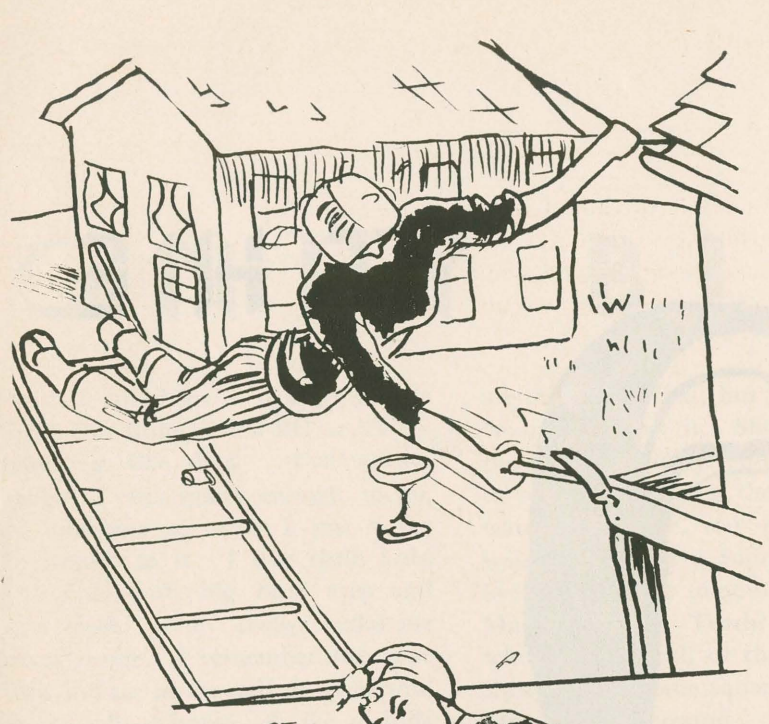
Young strollers,
Gaily dressed, add color to the winding walks.
Their talk
And laughter, like the fragments of a
Melody,
Arouse and tease the watcher's curiosity.

The rock
Impressive in its stark simplicity,
Inscribed
With words oft read by countless curious eyes;
An arch
Of Gothic dignity that testifies
Of Him
Who shows His wonders not in steel and stone,
But in
The gnarled grandeur of a mighty tree.



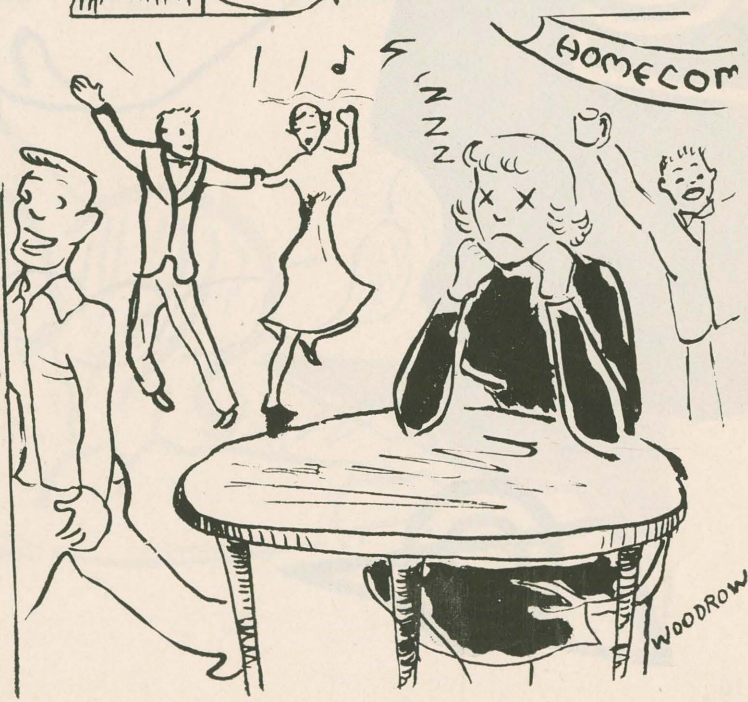
Why waste my time in these nostalgic dreams?
What has such dreaming gained?
I cannot keep my thoughts from dwelling there,
For when I left, some part of me remained.

—H.A.Z.



RAH RAH

WELCOME



THE ONLY BLUE

By Mert Jannusch

I wish I could go to college, maybe even this thing called PU or VU or something like that. I've always thought I was smart enough to go, but somehow or other I just never got around to it. I like little kids, little kids with big blue eyes and shiny teeth. They always make me quiver inside. I remember the time I was hiding in the tall grass behind the red school house. I like to hide in the tall grass, cause those big people don't see me then. Well, I was sitting there, just thinking. I don't know, every once in a while I just sit and think and think, and pretty soon I'm doing something I never thought I could do. This one time I was going to college, ya, a big school with lots of buildings and lots of people and lots of little kids with big blue eyes and shiny teeth. They sure did look nice.

I turned around and looked down the street, not too far away, and there she was. Oh, a beauty if I ever saw one. Now, I'm not one to brag or

anything like that, but when I see a beauty, I know it. She had two of the biggest blue eyes that you'd want to see. I could see them, all kinda watery and nice, way from where I was. I just get a funny feeling all over when I see something like that. Man oh man! Teeth? She had a whole mouth full of them, great big shiny ones. Some square on the bottom, some round, some kinda crooked shaped, but believe me, every one of them was just a shining away.

I just had to get closer. I had to have a better look. I didn't want to scare her, for if she saw me she might shut her mouth, and then I couldn't see her shiny teeth anymore. Lots of people do that when they see me, and it makes me mad. I don't like to get mad, cause nothing shines then. It all gets red looking.

I crept along the side of the shop windows behind her. I couldn't see her big blue eyes, and I was getting anxious. I had to go faster. I had to get where I could see. See, I had to

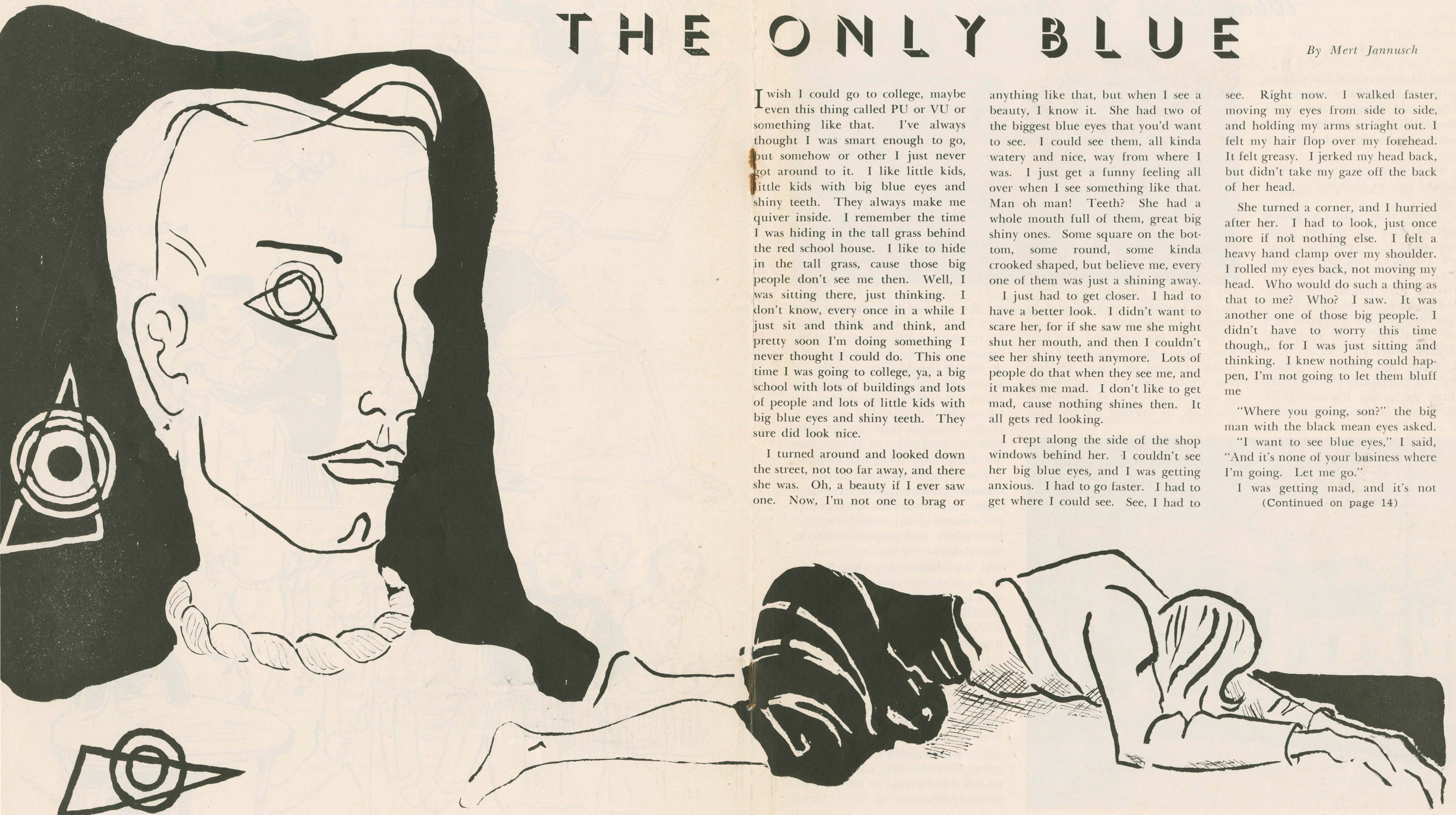
see. Right now. I walked faster, moving my eyes from side to side, and holding my arms straight out. I felt my hair flop over my forehead. It felt greasy. I jerked my head back, but didn't take my gaze off the back of her head.

She turned a corner, and I hurried after her. I had to look, just once more if not nothing else. I felt a heavy hand clamp over my shoulder. I rolled my eyes back, not moving my head. Who would do such a thing as that to me? Who? I saw. It was another one of those big people. I didn't have to worry this time though, for I was just sitting and thinking. I knew nothing could happen, I'm not going to let them bluff me

"Where you going, son?" the big man with the black mean eyes asked.

"I want to see blue eyes," I said, "And it's none of your business where I'm going. Let me go."

I was getting mad, and it's not
(Continued on page 14)



Progress Report: OUR STUDENT UNION

What Does It Mean?

By Mel Doering

When 84 per cent of our student body participating in a referendum last April said, in effect, "Yes. Let's go ahead and build a Student Union as soon as possible," what did it mean?

It meant more than a vote for a swimming pool or ballroom or bowling alley.

It meant more than a protest against the fact that on our whole campus there is no convenient place where a student can meet visitors, play cards, work at his hobby, listen to records, have luncheon meetings, attend banquets, accommodate guests, browse through some magazines or a novel, check out picnic equipment for Dunes parties, etc.

It meant more than a protest against the inadequacy of our present facilities for group discussions, recitals, lectures, concerts, films, exhi-

bits, committee meetings, recreational and social activities.

It meant more than a protest against the fact that none of our present dining halls (Cafeteria, Shanty, or Hole) has an available wash room for men or women, in most states a legal requirement.

It meant more than a continuation of a growing and inspiring tradition among Valparaiso student bodies—a tradition of providing campus improvements and facility needs ourselves when the administration is unable to provide them for us, of helping our University to grow and to fulfill its great destiny.

Your vote last April and your payment this semester of the \$15 of your Student Council fee toward the Student Union fund meant, above all, an endorsement of a philosophy of education. By working and planning

and contributing for a Student Union, you are subscribing to the conviction that your education does not begin and end in the classroom and the study room, but that it is a continuing process which goes on in all of your daily activities. You have shown that you, too, prefer to have these activities—formal and informal—coordinated in a well-considered plan in a well-planned building which will be truly a vital part of the total educational program of Valparaiso University.

Educators everywhere are recognizing that much of what students learn they learn from each other. They are recognizing, too, that much of the best teaching that professors do they do outside the classroom in informal association with students. This recognition on campuses throughout the country has led today to a greater increase, percentage-wise, in the planning or construction of Unions than of any other type of college building.

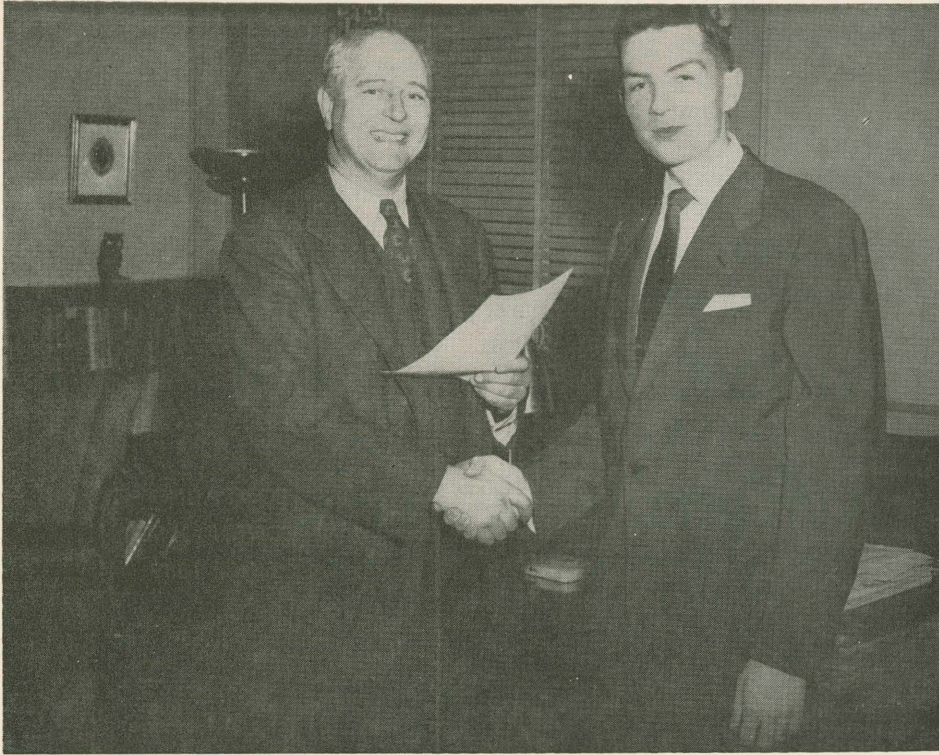
The Union is considered important because, as the campus community center, it teaches student sociability, cooperation, ability to get along well with others, their responsibilities toward others.

It is considered important because as a student-operated building with a student-planned program, it teaches citizenship, the importance of interest and democratic participation in campus and, later, in community affairs.

It gives them an opportunity also to develop leadership. At Valpo this is centrally important because the leadership which will be developed is Christian leadership, which we believe the world today sorely needs.

These ideas about Unions have become, since the first Union was established at Harvard in 1901, the traditional objectives of every Union





Ted Eickhoff, student representative, is shown shaking hands with Michael Hare, the new Student Union architect from New York. Eickhoff signed the contract giving the go-ahead on the Valpo Union.

program. From them, it is obvious that the term "Student Union" is hardly the most accurate name for such a building. In fact, many misconceptions by faculty, administration, alumni, and campus visitors about the use of the Union building, which is properly a community center for the whole University family if it is to carry out its traditional objectives, have resulted from the name "Student Union." In consequence of this, the Association of College Unions (of which Valpo has been a member since our student body first began its Student Union fund in 1949) has recently inaugurated a full-fledged campaign, led by our planning consultant, Dr. Porter Butts, director of the Wisconsin Union, for the substitution of the word "College" instead of "Student" in referring to the Union.

But even the word "Union" has been misleading to many who are unfamiliar with colleges in general, as the greater percentage of our constituency are. Some naively inquire, "What have college students got to strike about? Maybe those stories

about football salaries are true, and now they're forming a union to get higher wages!"

Well, maybe some of us could advantageously give serious thought to a new name for our proposed building.

In the meantime, let us be sure that we fully understand what is meant when reference is made to our Student Union. Part of it I have tried to explain in this article, "Our Student Union—What Does It Mean?" You will have to supply the rest individually and personally.

Whatever else you understand by Student Union, I think you should also know who has been instrumental in the progress being made by your Student Union committee toward the goal of ground-breaking and beginning of construction by May, 1953. of the hard-working students who have been members of the committee since 1949, when I had the privilege of being its first chairman, I think it is fair to say that the Student Union Without taking away credit from any would not now be on the way to be-

coming a reality were it not for Archie Nichols.

A first year instructor in the department of business and economics last year, Nichols contributed the idea which encouraged your committee to go ahead. At a time when the committee was desperate for an idea to increase our fund-raising efforts, instructor Nichols suggested a plan which provided adequate security for a loan at a comparatively small cost to each student over a period of 20 years.

This plan, later revised and adapted to our particular campus situation and now again being re-worked, was the initial idea which launched and shaped all later action by the committee. It was this plan which led to the proposal presented in the referendum held last April.

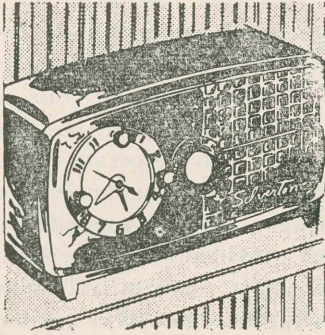
And believe me, the \$12 increase in fees will seem very small in comparison to the facilities which the Union will provide, and the savings in transportation alone which the Union will effect because it will provide these facilities right here on our campus.

Finally, let me point out one more fact about the meaning of our Student Union. For most of us so far, our Student Union has not meant one ounce of personal sacrifice.

It is not good business to borrow the entire amount of the cost of any new building. For a proposed \$500,000 building it is good business practice to have 20 per cent, or \$100,000 in cash before beginning construction. In fact, the Board of Trustees of the Lutheran University Association (which is legally liable for any debt incurred by the student body on our Student Union) has advised us not to begin construction until we have \$100,000 in cash. Unfortunately, at the time we hope to be ready to begin construction in May, 1953, our Student Union fund will have accumulated only a little more than \$80,000. In other words, we are probably going to need \$20,000 additional by the end of this academic

(Continued on page 16)

SEARS



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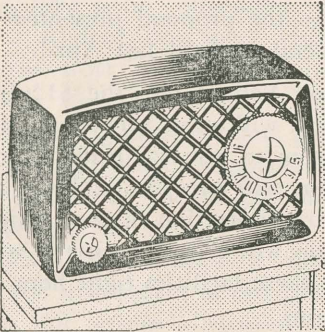


Table Model Radios

Compare Sears Low Price. Light, handy set, ideal for kitchen or bedroom. Direct tuning, 4-in. speaker, brown or ivory finished metal cabinet.

\$13.95



Portable Phonos

Exclusive Syntronic (R) Arm. Newly developed lightweight pickup arm adds extra life to needle, records!

\$37.95

The Only Blue

(Continued from page 11)

good to get mad. I just don't like to get mad, for strange things happen then. I get all kinds of funny feelings. Didn't this man know that?

It snapped. I knew it, but it snapped. To heck with it all. I tried to warn him, but it's too late. This time he won't cut any flowers in the park. This time he won't watch the leaves wither. I don't like to see such stuff. It's no good, none of it.

I slowly reached in my pocket, slid my fingers around my cool blade, rolled my eyes up at his black ones, and shoved with all my might on the blade. I shoved and shoved. I pushed and pulled, I jabbed.

"Suck violets dry, will you?" I yelled.

He looked at me funny like, and I saw his black eyes grow pale. I knew I could help him if I'd try. A few more little bitty jabs and his eyes wouldn't look at me anymore. They might even turn blue, big and blue, if I kept at it long enough.

Blue, blue eyes! My little girl with the blue eyes, big and blue and pretty and nice. I've got to find her. I looked up, and saw her standing a little ways off, looking at me.

I got up from my knees and walked over to her. Her eyes were bigger and shinier than usual, and I could just about feel my eyes popping from their sockets. She was it. She was the best of them all. Oh, a beauty.

I held out my hand to her, but she didn't move. I looked at my hand. Ugh, what was that? I wiped the red juice on my pants. Again I held out my hand. She looked at me funny like. Most people look at me that way. I think they don't like me, but I can't help it. And another thing, I don't like it.

I could still see a little red. It got a little redder. More and more and more. Stop! Stop! Not now! The blue eyes are here. I can't see red now. I know. I've got to save the blue eyes, the big ones, till later.

I raised my arm and brought it

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down, making my fist land on her head. Her eyes shut, but it didn't matter. I couldn't see blue anyway. I was saving them. Red, all I can see is this stupid red. I wish someone else would take over this red-job. It's getting too much for me. Course, it's not too far from pink, and pink goes with blue. Blue, dear old blue.

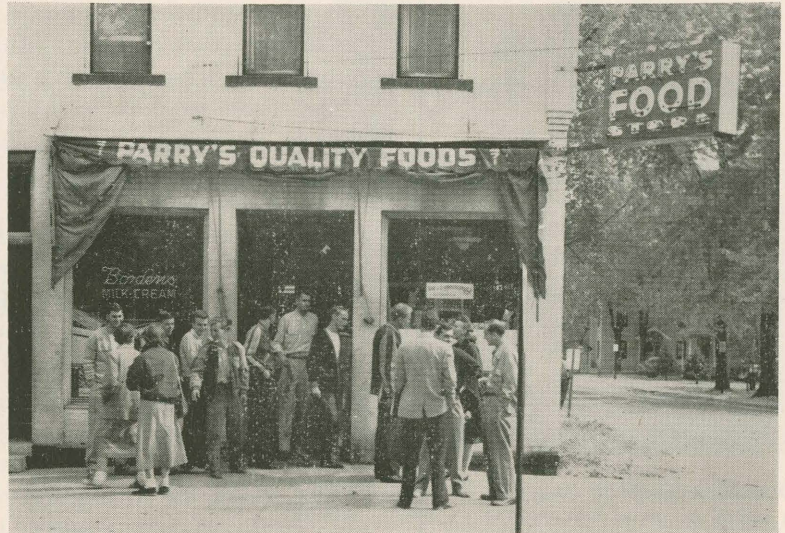
The next I remember I was sitting in a corner with my hands over my knees. My mouth felt slimy, and I rubbed the back of hand across it. I opened my eyes, and there they were. Sleeping real nice. Two little babes, with little blankets over them. Aren't eyes wonderful? I just like them. I crawled on my hands and knees, closer to her. I got real close so I could just about touch them with my mouth. I pointed my tongue out, and just touched the lid. Cool. Maybe they would taste good too. Maybe they had changed color and there was nothing left to do but taste. Oh, blue eyes all mine, and they weren't running away. I put my thumb on the right lid and pushed it back. Ugh! No! Oh no, no, no. Not me too. I saw nothing but white, white with little red lines in it. That man did it when I was sleeping. Just wait!

I looked in the corner and felt that I knew all. I was light and wispy. I felt like floating, yet I couldn't. My eyes opened, by big blue eyes. I didn't need to run around anymore looking, looking and hoping for blue ones. I had them myself, and could look at them anytime I wanted to.

I was all alone, in a room filled with hundreds, hundreds of this and that and red and green, but it didn't bother me. I was the only blue. Me, I was the only one that really was it. Me. For a change, me. I guess that's what I've always wanted. I raised my head, rolled my eyes, and it felt god. I knew they were blue. I could sit in a corner now, and never be alone. I was the only one who saw the light. I was the only blue.

(End)

There Must Be a Reason



PARRY'S

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Progress Report

(Continued from page 13)

year to maintain the time schedule which we have set for ourselves.

Your committee, I know, is working hard on that problem. But I am going to be presumptuous and make a suggestion to those of you whose parents are paying your fees, to whom the Student Union has meant no personal sacrifice as yet. Why don't we make a portion of this amount our goal for our personal contribution to our Student Union? Not in cash (because that, too, would come from our parents), but in work.

Let's urge the organizations to which we belong to sponsor bake sales, concerts auctions, work projects, parties, shows, etc. during the year for the benefit of our Student Union. Then let's personally work as hard as we possibly can for the financial success of these benefits. Who knows, it might even be fun!

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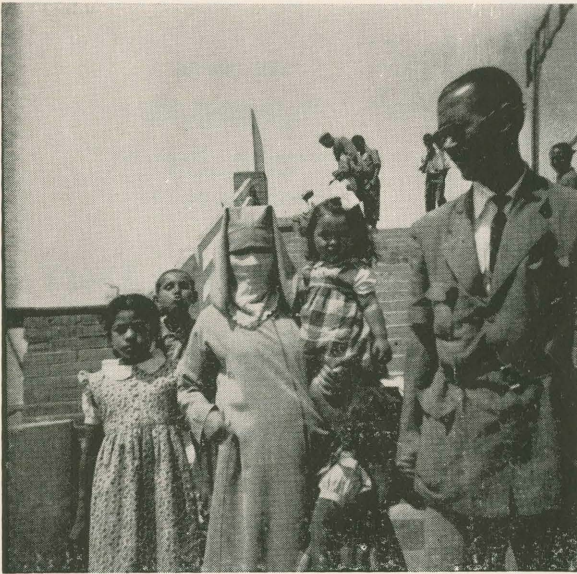
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A family in Casablanca, French Morocco, North Africa. Married women all wear veils.



Children play on seashore of Mediterranean in Casablanca. Tents in background serve as living quarters for the families.

Six Weeks in the Mediterranean

I am convinced that the people of the Mediterranean absolutely need the help of the Americans. This conclusion was reached after spending six weeks in that area as the result of a cruise which I won in the National Propeller Club Essay contest for all high school students.

Casablanca, in French Morocco of North Africa, made me shudder when I saw how the people lived in their homes of mud and in dilapidated apartments. In one house that I saw, a family of ten, including the children and parents, lived in three utterly disorganized rooms that were hardly as large as my little toe. Here they ate, slept, and drank in their cell-like rooms cluttered with the rubble of days, or even of years, past.

Another really shocking sight is that of shoeless children running around the streets begging for money. Some of these children, in addition to their begging, pick up butts and are skilled in the art of picking pockets. This is a condition that should not exist and we Americans should

BY HENRY TOPERZER

THE
EXPERIENCE
OF A
VALPO STUDENT
WHO WON
A TRIP
THROUGH THE
NEAR EAST!

try to correct it by giving these people and children spiritual, economical and moral advice.

In Piraeus I found the presence of the Greek navy stood foremost in the way of life. If it were not for the navy, the young men would neither know where to lay their heads, or from where to get their next meal. Even though they are in the navy, they must not be under strict supervision of the government for they seem to have much time on their hands. Since the government does not really set up rules which are enforced, life for a person is quite hazardous because he is not protected by certain regulations. If you had seen these various conditions as I have, perhaps you would join me in saying that there is indeed a really essential and desperate need for helping these people across the ocean in the Mediterranean.

Prevalent in Salonika is the unemployment of many men who seem to have absolutely nothing to do; but by

the sight and condition of the city they have, I should say, a great quantity of work before them. If there is no employment in a city, a person soon loses his initiative to go out into the world and try to search for new avenues of improvement and development in living, learning and governing.

I think that this person who has no initiative whatsoever is literally throwing his life away. To make this point clear, I shall refer you to Hosea 13:3 which says, "Therefore they shall be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

I also found in Istanbul, Turkey, a large majority of men who seemed to have nothing to do except eat and sleep. Among these men are the villagers and sailors who find it quite hard to make a living from the land or the sea.

All in all most of the people are extremely poor because, here in Turkey, there is no type of organization where everyone can show his ability to further himself and his country. We Americans should be grateful that in our country there exists a fine government whereby each individual,



Saint Sophia mosque in Istanbul, Turkey, is also known as the Blue Mosque. Author of article is in the foreground.

whether artisan or unskilled laborer, whether rich or poor, has the right to choose and to follow the particular field into which he wants to enter.

In concluding I want to bring to you again the fact that these Mediterranean countries will have to receive some earnest and zealous help from us if they are to survive in this world spiritually, economically and morally.



Author and two members of Merchant Marine kneel in front of a house in mining area in Karagatch, Turkey, on the Sea of Marmara.

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WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

Three men, named Smith, Jones, and Rheingold, all died at the same time. Rheingold was a millionaire, but Smith and Jones had just enough to get along on. Smith and Jones, consequently, were buried in ordinary graves, but Rheingold was entombed in a magnificent mausoleum.

Three days after the burials, it began to rain furiously. It poured and poured. The rain began to seep into the graves of Smith and Jones, but Rheingold's tomb was quite dry. The ghosts of the three men were talking the situation over. Smith said, "Water's pouring into my grave. I'm soaking wet." And Jones said, "Yes, my grave is drenched, too." And Rheingold said, "Ah, but my bier is the dry bier."

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree. For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle, D.D.

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VU POINT

WELCOME:

Somehow "welcome's" to alumni at Homecoming are always hollow words with little appeal to the people they are addressed to. VU magazine would like to offer a hearty welcome to you alums—and we mean hearty—because we have a reason.

A campus and its university are not stable, stationary things. They're always moving somewhere. The campus changes are easy to notice. If you haven't been here since last October, you can see the completed Kroencke hall in what used to be nothing but the dust bowl. If it's been more than a year since you've returned to Valpo there are numerous other outward changes that will attract your attention.

Unless you are a recent graduate, you will notice that the student body has grown in size and so has the list of faculty members. But there are some changes that don't come to the eye with only one quick glance at the campus every year.

That's where our reason for wishing you a hearty welcome comes in. We're certain that you are interested in these changes on the campus. For instance, class tradition is now something passé, and so are a lot of other things that you once thought would never change.

If you'd like to keep up with these things, we offer you VU. For just \$1.35 and your name and address, we'll be happy to keep you posted for the remainder of the year with three more issues. VU is four years old. It's part of the present university. You probably won't want to miss what VU has to say, so why not drop into the office and get your subscription? Right next door to the TORCH, on College Avenue.

WHO DID IT?

This issue of VU was, for the main part, written by students who have not contributed to it in the past. The editors are constantly searching for new material submitted by new writers. If there's a book in every man, there certainly should be an article or story in YOU. Humor? Short story? Serious articles? Poetry? We'll look at anything, just drop it in the office or contact one of the editors.

"The Only Blue" was written by Mert Jannusch, a senior. When Mert sets his mind to it, he can grind out good fiction faster than most of us can write a

letter home. We're anxiously awaiting comment on this, his latest story.

Bob Riegleman, a soph, has been writing sports for the TORCH since he first stepped onto the campus. For his article on page 6 he spent a good deal of time in the archives room up in the library. We hope you enjoy looking back into Valpo's football past.

Henry Toperzer is only a frosh, but he's had an experience that a good many of us will only have the opportunity to dream about. Read about the six weeks he spent on a cruise in the Mediterranean.

Iris Ihde did the great majority of the art work in this issue. In addition, she helped with the cover idea and design. She is a senior and an English major.

Bob Witte is another senior who's contributing to VU for the first time. Bob is majoring in psychology. He wrote the article entitled "Homecoming" for this issue, and we're inclined to agree with what he says about this annual occasion.

Mr. Doering (we must stop calling him Mel now that he's graduated) has written for every existing campus publication. In 1949 he was TORCH editor and now he's employed by the Public Relations Department. Mel was instrumental in getting the ball rolling on the Student Union.

The poem, "The Campus" was written by Howard A. Zielke while he was a student on campus. We're certain that it expresses a feeling many people have.

POLITICS:

We had good intentions of printing an Eisenhower v. Stevenson article in this issue. A number of circumstances made us change our minds, the foremost of which is the fact that the TORCH has been carrying weekly stories on the election and the candidates.

The student interest in politics this year seems to be a happy thing. There is very little intense partisanship—that has been supplanted with a little more common sense. In a little more than a week it'll be all over and the country will once again be a place of honest, upright people, instead of the scoundrels, etc. that we're hearing about now. Come to think of it, about that time Valpo ought to be returned to normal too, with the after effects of Homecoming a thing of the past.

An
Invitation

To

You

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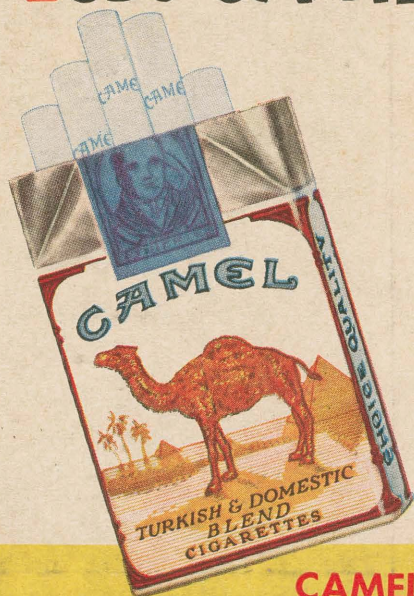


...*But only Time will Tell*

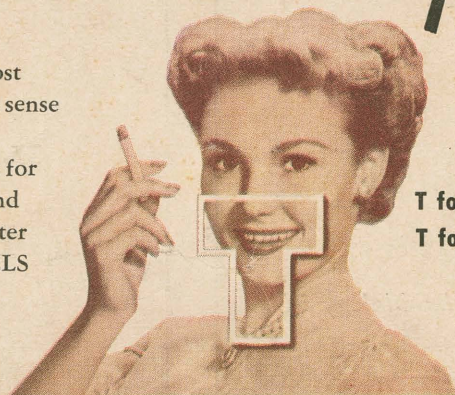


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