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VU

Vol. 5, No. 1

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Homecoming Issue

OCTOBER 1953



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COVER:

The cover photo was taken by Kurt Jordan, photography editor of VU magazine. Subject is Ralph Starenko, a senior, and Crusader right tackle.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY
ANYWHERE, U.S.A.

Dear "Bill":

Everybody on campus seems to think strangely, and, if such is possible, mysteriously of you. You are noted for your bright and witty quips. Yours is presumably a typical college mind. Indeed, here you represent the most typical cross-section possible of all Valparaiso University students. Your humor is collegiate — and truly enjoyable; your thoughts are sharp and clear—and far-sighted. I have a lot of confidence in you, "Bill"—all 1,700 of you this year. I know you'll read, and respond to what I have to say to, and request of you.

Valparaiso University is today on the threshold of universally recognized greatness. Through the many unique innovations undertaken and accomplished through student initiative, we have grown in greatness and stature, and stand willing, ready, and confident to face the scrutiny of the world. A university cannot attain these laurels without the effort of its students; for, in essence, the university and the students are one.

Now we would remind you that we are seeking to continue the flow of more students through our portals — students like you, for we're proud of each of you. As in past years, we invite you to cast your eyes and influence among the brothers, sisters and friends at home. By so doing, you may confidently feel that you too have had a hand in directing the future leaders of our nation in the most profitable path.

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What Do You Say, "Bill"?

Cordially yours,

ED MISSIONS

Valparaiso University

P.S.—Messrs. Rechlin and Young, and Mrs. Ferguson will be most happy to receive names and addresses of prospective students at any time. Office phone is 4-2161.



Soliloquy

over a

Seven Seven

by LOUISE KOHZER

She simply has to go. The momentous decision is made. The die has been cast. We can't take it any longer. And it all depends on me.

I must go through with it. I can't let them down. No one would defy me if I commit this act of procuring freedom for the masses. The self-appointed dictator has had her reign. For I, vice-president of Schola Cantorum, have been unanimously elected to murder our housemother on this fateful evening.

We all hate her. That vote, too, is unanimous. Even our prudish corridor president and our party-poopierish counselor have cast their lot with us lesser beings in denouncing her existence. And they *both* are prune faces. They're the sort of individuals that sympathetically moan, "that's the way it goes," when some unsuspecting freshman forgets that 10 p.m. is "zero hour," while deep down inside, their little black hearts beat happily as they mark up another red-letter day when they gleefully give the sinner a datejerk.

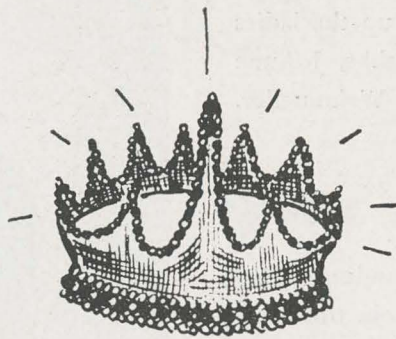
"Remember the rules, girls. No wearing of shorts on the first floor. After all we don't want to shock these nice young men," she twitters. I hate her twitter. She is just jealous because she can't wear shorts. She doesn't have pretty legs. She has big fat legs. Heavy round legs like Grecian pillars.

continued on page fourteen



H.R.M. MARION QUANDT

presenting Her Majesty . . .



MARION, The Queen

by BETTY SCHULTZ

The story of a queen—Valpo style—is the story of a typical American coed, prettier than most, with large brown eyes and short brown hair. She's Marion Quandt, a twenty-year old junior from Woodland, Wisconsin.

The petite brunette—she's 5'3" tall, and weighs 118 pounds—was chosen to reign over Homecoming, 1953, from a field of nine nominees, in an election open to all University men. She was nominated by Theta Chi fraternity.

What is the Queen like? On first acquaintance she seems rather too reserved, but this impression is soon dispelled by her quick smile and her ready sense of humor. Her dark eyes look even bigger in moments of repose, and crinkle at the corners when she laughs.

"Sports—any kind," she answers to queries about her interests. She loves to ski, and does this as often as she can at home in Wisconsin during the winter. Hiking and golf come next in her affections, and swimming also claims a lot of her time.

Along more domestic lines, Marion enjoys baking, chocolate chip cookies being her specialty. She's the "third youngest" of eight children, having five brothers and two sisters.

She likes steak, the colors red and brown, and summertime, but doesn't especially care for history.

Her love of children is reflected in her choice of elementary education as her major field of study, although she admits to a yearning to become an airline

stewardess, and says she may change her mind about teaching yet.

"I want to go to Europe more than anything," she exclaims, "especially Switzerland!" and directs her present course with this dream in mind.

So there you have her—a number of not-at-all-unusual qualities and characteristics adding up to a not-at-all ordinary girl, Her Royal Majesty, Marion, the Queen.



A Queen in bobby sox, with her attendants, admires a coronation gown. From left to right, the court: Jeannine Aschmann, Marion, Marlene Wehmuller, JoAnne Muster, and Lael Brischke.

HER MAJESTY'S ATTENDANTS

Two blondes and two brunettes make up the ladies of the Queen's court. They are Lael Brischke, JoAnne Muster, Jeannine Oschmann, and Marlene Wehmueller.

Lael . . .

Lael is a small, blue-eyed brunette, standing 5'2½" in her socks. Formerly of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, this nineteen-year-old junior recently moved to Cincinnati, Ohio. She is a member of Alpha Xi Epsilon sorority, and is majoring in elementary education. She was the nominee of Kappa Iota Pi fraternity.

JoAnne . . .

Also planning to teach the elementary grades is blonde, blue-eyed JoAnne Muster of Valparaiso. Nineteen-year-old JoAnne's extra curricular activities include a part-time job as a proofreader for the Vidette-Messenger. Tau Kappa Epsilon nominated sophomore Jo.

Jeannine . . .

Aberdeen, South Dakota, claims brown-haired, blue-eyed Jeannine Oschmann as its own. Jeannine is nineteen, a sophomore, and a home ec major; she hopes to go into the field of fashion, possibly as a model. Jeannine was nominated by Rho Lambda Tau fraternity.

Marlene . . .

A brown-eyed blonde, Marlene Wehmueller hails from St. Louis, Missouri. She is a sophomore and is eighteen years old. The tallest member of the court, she is 5'7". Marlene is a member of Alpha Phi Delta sorority. Majoring in drama, she is also on the art staff of VU. She was the candidate of Kappa Phi Tau fraternity.



Phone call from a loyal subject is our guess, but the Queen's not naming names.



Queens have to study, too, says Marion, and proves it in a studios pose.

NATIONALIZATION

AT VALPO ... *Good and Bad*

by GEORGE SCHENK

To take a hard look at a hastening trend on a college campus and appraise it before it runs its course provides an infrequent pleasure. The gradual nationalization of fraternities on campus, starting in 1951 and continuing until last spring with Valparaiso's fourth such nationalization, brings the division of the eight purely social fraternities to the four-four point between locals and nationals.

Realizing that no one observer is qualified to make valid *general* criticisms of the nationalization trend, this writer will attempt to present facts and ask pointed questions to guide the reader in making his own evaluation. To be sure, the trend has both good and bad facets. We will try to pinpoint the most valid criticisms; it remains for the reader to decide whether his impression of nationalization will be positive or negative.

The Old Discrimination?

Nationals do bring color and creed discrimination clauses to the campus. Two nationals on campus now have such clauses. These nationals entered the campus after giving the chapter-to-be permission to work for the elimination of such clauses from the inside.

Would it be consistent, then, to say that these national chapters have

a moral obligation to Valparaiso and themselves to cooperate with, or start movements to oust the clauses?

(In considering this question in regard to Valpo's Christian fraternities which open their meetings with a prayer addressed to Jesus Christ, the religious Jew is ignored. He obviously cannot attend such meetings without offending his conscience.)

Would it be correct to say that every chapter or fraternity should retain the right to choose its members with whom the chapter body, and not the national body, must live? If the chapter discriminates of its own accord, this rests upon its collective conscience. Must the chapter allow a rule passed by someone of a different outlook and of different ideals control its conscience? Or should it have the freedom to follow its own conscience?

A New Discrimination?

The costs of a national may or may not prevent an individual's joining, depending on his finances. Just how much more than a local will a national cost? Is the cost actually high enough to keep a person who would join a local from joining a national at Valpo?

The table on page seven is the result of a survey of the costs of the four locals and four nationals on campus. The costs are *averaged* into a local and a national average.

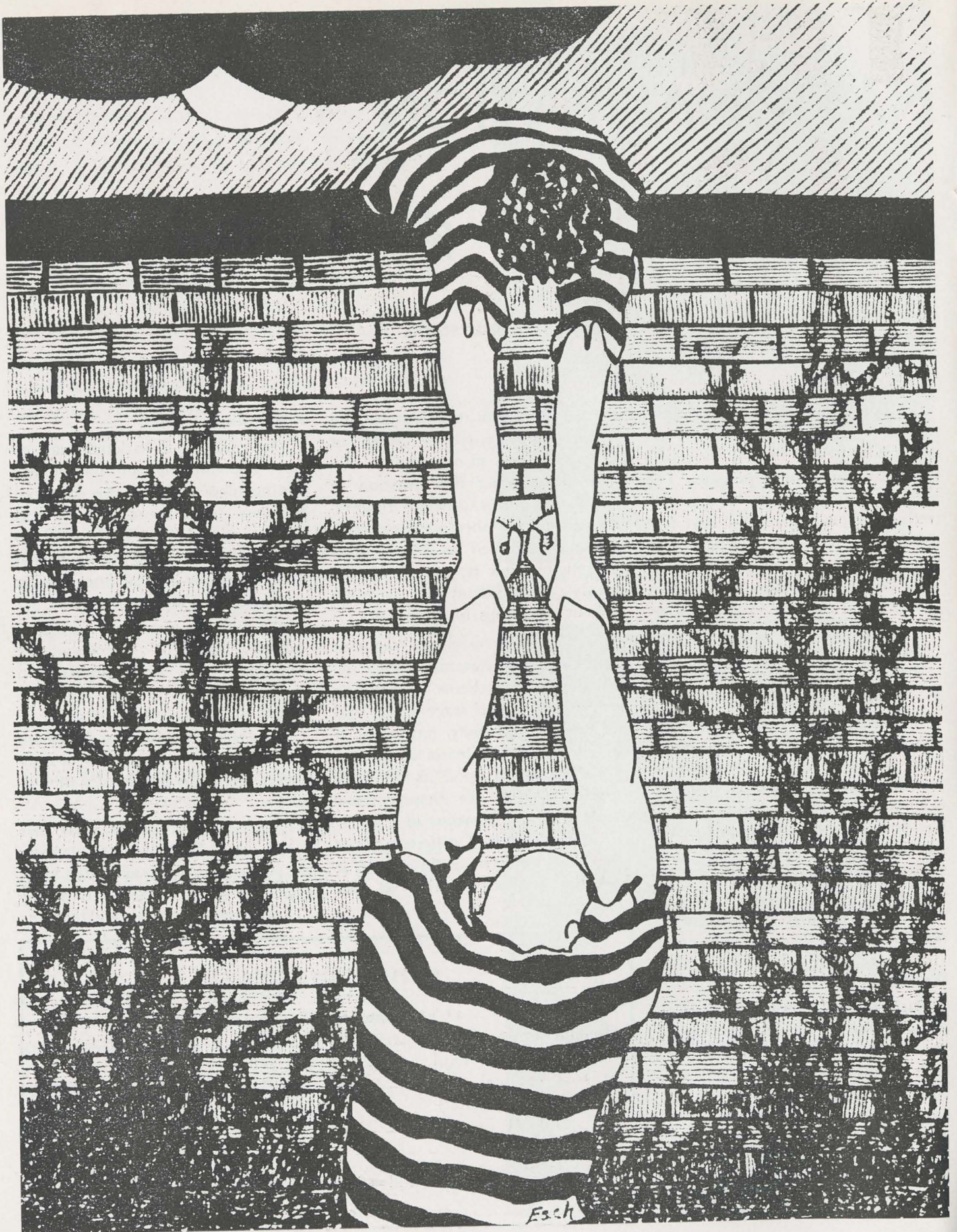
The costs of nationals as locals are also included so as to obtain as complete a picture as possible for the difference.

It is evident from the table that the average initiation or pledging fee of the four nationals is \$23 more than that of the eight locals at one

continued on page eighteen

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES

	Local av.	National av.	Grand ave.	Dif.
House (semester)	\$65	\$67	\$66	\$1
Initiation fee as local	\$15	\$11	\$13	
as national		\$36	\$36	\$23
Social fee (semester)				
as local	\$24	\$24	\$24	
as national		\$31	\$31	\$7
Extra cost of national = 6 (semesters) X \$7) + \$23 = \$65				



THE ONLY WAY HE'D KNOW—

by CHARLES COOLEY

Cy disdainfully spat a mouthful of tobacco juice into an improvised spittoon in the corner of the bare cell. He went back to the high window and looked out through the bars to the compound and the tall omnipotent walls beyond. The late evening light shed a faint glow on his gray hair.

He was a big man, strangely incongruous with the confining surroundings. In spite of his years, his expression of stoic calm denied the strength of the bars he looked through. Yet, that compound he watched with its towering walls had had its way with him and branded its cold and unfeeling stamp of pain on his face.

He noticed the portable one-man guard house that stood by the far wall, the wall by the woods. A slight rain had fallen earlier that day, which accounted for the shack being there, but it had not been removed as it should have been.

"Somebody'll get it in the neck," he mumbled, his voice as heavy and drab as his countenance. Then, going over to his bunk, he sat down and shifting the wad of chew to the other side of his mouth, he leaned back on his elbows and spoke to his cellmate, Tim, who was sprawled on the bunk above.

"It won't work, Tim; I'm sure a' it. It's a long way from this rotten cell to t'other side of thet wall out there, shack house er no shack house."

Tim did not answer. He was lying on his back with his knees in the air, smoking a cigarette and flicking the ashes into a sawed-off tin can on his chest.

"Ev'n if we do get out o' here," Cy continued, "there's the cop 'at's suppose ta be roamin' th' woods just waitin' fer any jumpers."

"You can outwit any copper where there's trees and bushes and you know it," Tim told him without looking down. "You didn't have no trouble in those woods in Brown County. It was only when you stepped out they got you."

Cy's big features furrowed as he replied dogmatically, "I toll ya, Tim, thet Brown County was different. I knowed the lay o'land there."

"But that cop in the woods is only a rumor, Cy; maybe there ain't nobody there at all."

"It's awright for a young un like you ta think thet every thin' would jus' be rosy an' nice all th' way, but I got more sense," Cy said solemnly. "Ya might as well make yer min' up thet yer stuck right here."

"I know it's askin' a lot of you, to

go along with me, Cy," Tim insisted, "but Amy would be waitn' for us out there, and we could get a farm somewheres and make a go of it, I'm sure." Then he added, "You know I could never do it alone, Cy, but with you. . ."

"But with me," Cy cut in, "I ain't so sure we could do it together."

"What we got to lose though?" Tim asked.

"I suppose ya ain't got nothin' ta lose since ya got so long t'go, but me, I'm a short timer; sides thet. . ."

Tim interrupted. "Where you got to go when you get out? Huh? You ain't got no place! You got no one waitin' on you." Tim swung his legs over the side of the bunk and sat up. "I got a girl waitin', Cy; I got Amy and she's out there now, just waitin' for me. If we could make it—then we three could be together."

"But what'd happen if we didn't make it?" Cy asked as he got up and, jamming his hands in his pockets, looked squarely at Tim.

"You know that as well as me," Tim shot back, "I ain't tryin' to cover up the fact that it's a long shot. It's just that we ain't got nothin' to lose." Then after a long pause, he continued quietly, "I'd rather be dead than rot here for twenty years, with Amy out there waitin' and all."

Cy's heavy features remained unmoved. He just turned and spat vehemently into his can. He went over to the barred window again and looked out over the long level compound to the towering grey wall on the other side, where the little shack house stood. He began to speak as though reciting from memory; his heavy voice sounded and reechoed faintly in the bare cell. "We could grab Romero when he walks by t'night, an' cop his keys, an' be off down th' corridor, to the lobby gate. We'd grab that cop th' same way, take his keys, an' get out the lobby ta the compound. We'd wiggle across ta that shack house they got out ther, move it over ta th' wall, an' then climb up it ta th' top an' over. Simple!"

"Then it's settled," Tim said triumphantly, jumping down from his bunk.

"Settled, my foot!" Cy told him. "Thet's about th' craziest idea I ever heard of; 'side's thet, it jus' plain stinks. If ya think thet I'd. . ."

"Awright, awright!" Tim cut in, "so it is crazy, so it does stink!" He walked over to the other side of the cell and started pulling off his shirt. "You better get ready for the sack before the lights go out, though, instead of stargazin' out that window."

Cy turned and silently obeyed.

That night Cy's big body moved restlessly from one side of his bunk to the other. Even though the blanket lay crumpled at his feet, sweat kept coming out on his wide forehead. He would wipe it off, mumble, and then lie still a while, only to move again. Then he heard Tim getting up. He sat straight up in the bunk when Tim crawled down and started dressing himself.

"What ya think you're doin'?" Cy whispered loudly.

"None of your business," Tim retorted.

"But ya can't get out o' here alone, ya crazy fool," Cy insisted.

Tim turned toward Cy, as he finished buttoning up his shirt and inquired flatly, "Did I ask your opinion?"

Cy lay back down again and reaching for the blanket, he pulled it up and over his sweating body. He listened to Tim fumbling around in the darkness and then he sat up again. He threw the blanket off and swinging his legs over the side, started putting on his shoes.

"Now where do you think you're goin'?" Tim asked.

"Ya think I kin lay here an' let ya get killed?" Cy returned profoundly.

"What do you care for anyway—you're a short timer!" Tim said, and then added more slowly, "Go on back to bed, Cy; you ain't got no call to help. It's my hand and I get all the winnin's. You got nothin' to win and everythin' to lose."

"If I want any yap outta ya, I'll kick it out," Cy said thickly, and buttoning up his trousers, he reached for a chew of tobacco.

Tim just looked at him and then, reaching for his cigarettes, he lit one and took a deep drag. "Now, if Romero only stops to mouse us again," he said, blowing the smoke through his nose. "If we kin only get him before he yells."

"If—" Cy replied through the wad of tobacco in his mouth, "talkin' 'bout it don't help us none!"

Tim did not answer; instead, he pressed himself against the bars, listening to the sounds in the corridor. Presently the sound of the shuffling feet of Romero came from the other end of the long corridor. Tim listened awhile to Romero baiting prisoners at the other end and then, stubbing out his cigarette, he leaned back in the corner of the bars and the wall.

Cy took a final spit in the can and then went over to the other corner. He watched Tim across the cell. "We got a while ta' wait afore Romero gets here, Tim." Then after a heavy silence, he whispered again. "Amy'll be tickled pink, if'n she's there."

I been thinking about her, too," Tim added. "She'll be there—I know it. She's got to be."

"Cut the chatter," Cy warned, "here 'e comes!"

The sound of Romero's feet came closer and closer, until he stood in front of the cell. He looked in with a smirk on his face. For a minute he was puzzled, and, leaning forward, he squinted into the darkness of the cell. Cy's arm was out through the bars and his hand was tight on Romero's throat. Romero started thrashing with his legs and his hands clawed with desperation at Cy, but Tim leaped to Cy's side and, reaching out, held Romero tight against the bars. There was a little noise; then only a gurgling sound from Romero mingled with the grunts of exertion from the two convicts. The night guard thrashed violently for only a minute, and when he relaxed, Cy eased him to the floor, and, reaching over his body, he fished the chain of keys out and handed them to Tim.

Tim took the keys, and, unlocking the door, he creaked it open. He stepped out cautiously and, peering first one way and then the other, lifted a beckoning hand to Cy, then started down the corridor. He had taken only a few steps when he realized that Cy was not following him. He stepped back into the cell and, straining to see in the dark, demanded, "Cy! What you waiting for?"

"I was jus' gettin' up a good mouth full o' chew," Cy said, talking through the saliva. "I been achin' to spit on this spotless floor fer six years an' I want it ta be a big one."

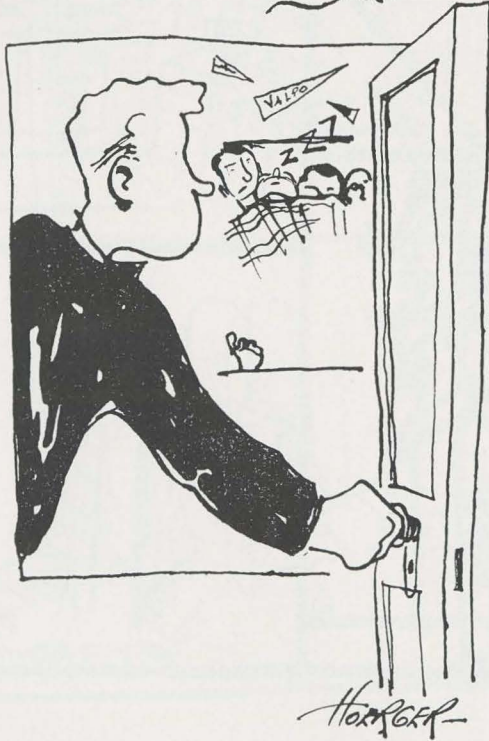
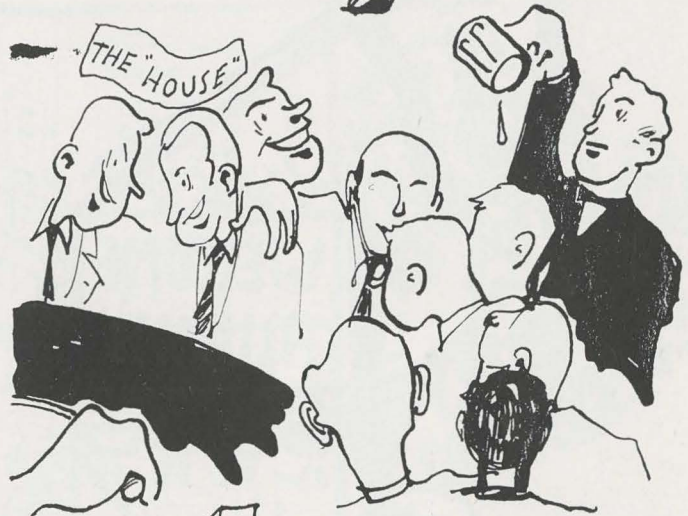
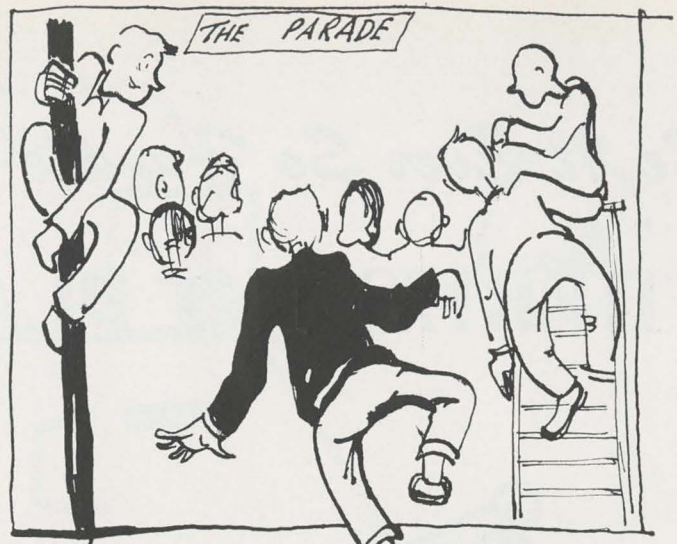
"Well, spit and let's go," Tim said nervously, stepping into the corridor again and looking up and down.

"Spewey!"

Tim heard Cy relieve himself. He waited another minute and then Cy came out.

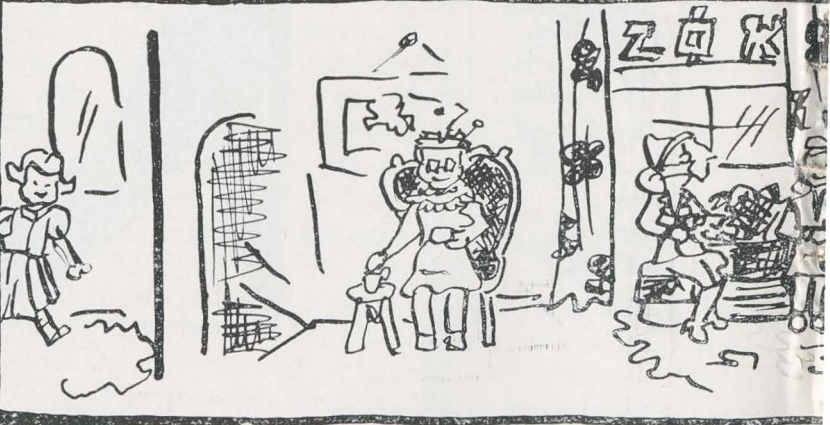
"Had ta get another chaw," Cy noted dryly, and fell in step with Tim.

continued on page sixteen



Be It Ever So Humble--

THERE'S NO PLACE!





Something New--THE MACE

by JODY GUELZOW

On Sunday, May 31, 1953, a sterling silver, gold and ebony ceremonial mace was presented to the University as a memorial to Louis Bangert by Olive Bangert Kurtz and Edward Kurtz, his daughter and son-in-law. It was carried in procession for the first time at the Baccalaureate service by Dr. M. Alfred Bichsel, Marshall of the University.

Designed by Florence Halter, the mace was constructed by the company of which she is an officer, the Associated Metalcrafts, Inc., of Philadelphia. The mace, 36 inches long in its entirety, has a head of sterling, while the seals and medallions on the head are of gold. The shaft of the mace is ebony, with a silver knob in the middle and a silver finial at the end.

On the face of the head are four large seals in gold. These are the

seals of the University, the seal of the state of Indiana, Martin Luther's coat of arms, and the Christogram—the Greek letters of Chi and Rho. On top of the head are 12 small medallions on which appear the symbols of the various disciplines of the University and several abstract concepts.

Among the disciplines pictured are the humanities, law, engineering, the fine arts, the physical sciences and the social sciences. The abstract concepts symbolized are faith, hope, charity, truth, wisdom and patriotism. The flame of knowledge, executed in gold, rises from the very top of the mace.

A mace, originally a heavy spiked club for breaking armor, has since become the staff that is carried in front of a dignitary as a symbol of authority.

SOLILOQUY

continued from page three

Second floor is known to the dorm and its occupants as the "noisy floor." She hates noise. We like noise. We like to sing. We sing: "party, party, party, party." But our singing carries. Especially mine, since I am vice-president of Schola Cantorum.

She then turns up her radar set (a birthday present from the dean) in order to pinpoint the noise and makes a flying leap from the first floor, landing in the guilty room. (Usually ours.) "Girls," she says, "I hate to break this up, but. . . ." We stop singing. Our friends leave the room. She is just jealous. She can't sing melodies. She can't even hum all three stanzas of "Hail to the Brown and Gold," in the same key. Of course, not very many of the faculty ever has.

My roommate and I have many friends. Many of these friends like to come and visit us. Some even study with us. We like to study together—especially around 11:30 at night when things are generally peaceful. And when we study together, we thump our legs on the floor simultaneously. This adds rhythm to our reading; keeps our legs trim, too. Stupid housemother doesn't like the thumpings, probably because we live in the room above her. She is just jealous. She wants us to have fat ugly legs.

We also like to greet our friends. I guess she doesn't like for us to be friendly. But we like to yell from our second story window across the court and be friendly. Echo sounds nice, too.

I'm a Phy. Ed. major. By taking Advanced Judo 195, (Lab fee, \$15, band-aids, \$5) and therefore being so athletically well-adjusted, I have devised a sure scheme for the murder. This is where the Physical Education program proves its worth.

Tonight after House Council meeting, (I am the W.A.A. representa-
continued on page twenty-one

OPEN LETTER TO A VALPO MOTHER . . .

You Should See Your Daughter Now!



She used to come into the Shanty every morning and order a big healthy breakfast of fruit juice, eggs, toast, cereal, and milk.



And we remember when she was the best-dressed frosh on campus, with all her clothes spanking neat from Mother's tender care.



She was very particular about whom she dated, and concentrated on upperclassmen.



- Loty Schroeder

And she used to think Student Bridge was a card game.

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THE ONLY WAY

continued from page ten

As the convicts stole down the long dark corridor, the few remaining prisoners who were still awake bid them odd farewells. There was Tony who told them they were fools because he had tried the same thing two times and never made it. There was Andy, who wanted to go along, even though he was a short termer like Cy. When they were nearly to the end of the corridor, the heavy MacIntyre reached his hairy hand out of his cell and grabbed Tim by the front of his shirt. "Looky 'ere, Tim boy," he said, "I got a message what's got to get to Mooye Dobberman. Ye know 'im well, boy. Do yer friend Mac a favor."

"But I ain't goin' near those bums again, Mac," Tim protested. "I got a girl out there and we two and her is going to walk the straight and narrow."

"Ah, c'mon," Mac insisted. "Be a good lad and do me th' favor."

"But I can't because I ain't never going to see him again," Tim repeated, as he tried to loosen Mac's grip on the front of his shirt.

"Ya can't do it, Tim boy. They'll catch up with ya." He shook Tim roughly. "They done it to better 'n you."

"Knock it off," Cy cut in. Then, talking to Mac shortly, "The kid's goin' straight, Mac, so he can't take yer message, but I will." Cy took the note, and, sticking it in his shirt, he jerked Tim on down the corridor. They went on with Cy leading the way.

But when they were almost to the lobby gate, Tim stopped short; then he began backing up, slowly at first, and then faster. Cy stood for a second, and then flattened on the floor in the dark. The night guard came sneaking past Cy toward the sound of Tim's retreating steps. Cy was up and on him. The sound of his hard fist echoed faintly as the cop dropped in a heap.

Cy was just pulling the set of keys

from the guard's belt when Tim came running back. "What brought him down here?" he asked. "How come he's down here?"

"Quiet down," Cy told him, "he probably heard Mac talkin' ta ya, an' wondered what th' noise was. Take those keys an' foller me."

As they walked through the lobby gate the cop had left open, Cy reached back and took the keys from Tim. He stepped over to the outside gate that opened to the compound and tried the first key on the ring. It did not work so he tried another. "Ya don't know how lucky we are thet cop come after us," he said as he tried one key after another in the lock.

"How come?" Tim asked from the shadow.

"Cause we'd a' had a nice time knockin' him off if'n he'd been on the other side o' thet gate an' us in the hall." He found the right key. "As 'tis, we jus' walked right through; with him leavin' it open, we didn't even have to look for the key. I never seen such fool luck in all m'life."

They stepped out onto the compound.

"The moon's out, Cy," Tim sputtered, stepping back against the concrete wall.

"Course," Cy remarked, putting his hands on his hips and looking out across the compound to the tall grey wall on the other side. "But with th' moon there's allus a shadder, an' the' way I figger it is thet we c'd get all th' way over t'thet shack an' only get outta th' shade once an' thet is at thet corner." He pointed off to his right.

"I don't give a hoot about your figurin'," Tim cut in. "Let's get out of here. All I want is to get over that wall."

"People in hell allus want ice water, too," Cy retorted, pushing Tim down and then crawling on ahead of him out along the wall. The guards on the top of the wall over

continued on page nineteen

DID YOU KNOW

HOWIE FANG?

Enter this Contest

Next issue the editors of VU plan to run a feature story on that perennial Valpoite, Howie Fang, but we find that our files containing his photographs have been destroyed, and so . . .

We Need a Picture of Howie

to illustrate our story.
Draw Him The Way You Remember Him, and Submit Your Sketches to VU.

- If you have artistic talent. . .
- If you don't have artistic talent. . .
- If you knew Howie. . .
- If you've even just *heard* of Howie. . .

This Contest is for YOU!

A wonderful opportunity to win public recognition for your work. This may be the turning point in your life!

WIN

Publication in VU (That's a prize?)
A carton of Chesterfield cigarettes (*That's a prize!*)

RULES:

1. All drawings must be done on white paper or pasteboard, size 8½ x 11. Drawings must be done in black and white. Crayon, charcoal, water colors, or ink may be used. India ink preferred, but not necessary.
2. Deadline for entering the competition is November 13, 1953.
3. All entries must be submitted, by mail or in person, to the VU office or to a member of the editorial staff.
4. Anyone not a member of the editorial staff of VU

may enter the contest, excepting members of Howie Fang's immediate family. Each entrant may submit as many drawings as he chooses.

5. Each drawing submitted must be accompanied by an OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK, available at the VU office.

JUDGES:

The contest will be judged by the editors of VU and by alumni and faculty members who number Howie among their friends.

NATIONALIZATION AT VALPO . . .

continued from page seven

time. However, in at least two of the nationals the price of a pin, usually jeweled, is included in the fee. This means the pledge must buy the pin whether he would like to buy at that time or not. In the locals the purchase of the pin is at the option of the pledge, who may buy it later or not at all.

The average extra cost of a national for the normal six semesters is thus \$23 plus six times seven dollars for a total of \$65. Subtracting the cost of a pin would make the difference smaller, of course. Is this extra cost actually discriminatory, balanced by the benefits of belonging to a national?

Standards?

Most nationals have high standards and ideals to which all chapters must adhere. Will these standards perhaps serve to uplift the standards, in some ways, of Valpo's locals which have joined nationals? There is also the distinct possibility of a little more pride being exhibited.

Won't the chapters then take care that their actions not only reflect Valpo, but also the reputation of their national body? A bad reputation on any campus for a national chapter will certainly harm the general name of the fraternity.

Will the standards of nationals and the idea of being a national not give a certain amount of inspiration to the new members to do a better job? A conceivable difficulty here is that the fraternity might be over-emphasized in relation to the University and studies.

Services?

Many nationals provide standardized services to ease the burden of a chapter, clerical and otherwise. In many cases something which is done by every local can be done once by a national and given to all the chap-

ters, thus efficiently saving time and energy for each chapter. These helps will aid the chapter in competition on campus, for example, with an arrangement of a song for Songfest or suggestions for rushing.

With the projected move to East Campus, and new houses set in quadrangles planned for the fraternities, the loan service of a national is an attractive feature. Each fraternity is expected by the administration to contribute its share, which it may not have, to the construction of a new house.

Individuality?

Here at Valpo the student initiative and responsibility is high compared to many other campuses. The many activities of the Student Council, the student-built engineering building, and the student-initiated Student Union bear adequate testimony to the students' spirit of doing things for Valpo and themselves. The Greeks have pioneered and followed in this path of doing things themselves for the University and their individual fraternity or sorority.



But does the trend to national fraternities mean that the fraternities

have given up *part* of the hardy Valpo spirit of "do-it-yourself" for "let-the-national-do-it?" Are they sacrificing too big a part of their initiative, leadership, responsibility, and individuality by nationalizing? Just how much freedom will be sacrificed to the rules and regulations of a national?

Greater Brotherhood?

One outstanding advantage of a national is the size of the fraternity. A pledge not only has many "brothers" on the campus but also all over the country. He may be able to stay at one of the chapter houses of his fraternity while traveling. To visit the chapter house on the opposing school's campus is a big advantage when following the football or basketball teams on away games. A man may feel something of a greater sense of brotherhood when he meets a brother from a different chapter somewhere by chance.

One thing is sure; a freshman living at Lembke Hall can afford to join at least a local fraternity insofar as living costs go. The average house and social fee of \$89 for the locals per semester compares favorably with the rent of \$90 per semester at Lembke.

The writer must stop at this point but would like the reader to continue to evaluate the trend for himself, using the pertinent questions and facts just presented. No matter the circumstances which have brought nationals onto campus, the individual must *not* complacently shrug it off as "O.K.", simply because it "had to come" or is "inevitable." On the contrary the reader must consider the problem and take some stand towards the trend, after studying both its beneficial and detrimental aspects. An attitude of indifference here is as dangerous to freedom as the same attitude towards politics.

THE ONLY WAY

continued from page sixteen
them walked easily in the moonlight, shifting their rifles from one arm to the other and listening to the crickets in the woods singing their evening songs.

"If those glory boys spot us, we're goners," Tim whispered to Cy as he crawled behind him.

"If'n ya don't shut yer yap, they'll spot us sure," Cy answered as he kept on crawling forward.

They reached the first corner, which was dark enough for them to pass without any danger. But when they came to the last corner, the one next to the woods, they found the ground drenched with silvery light. Cy gave Tim only a moment's glance, and then continued to crawl as if it were as dark as the last. Not looking up or around, he crawled on noiselessly. Tim watched him go but did not move a muscle. He stayed there, crouched on his hands and knees, perplexity covering his whole face.

"Wal, Tim," Cy whispered heavily from the other side of light, "quit sittin' ther gawkin' an' git over here!"

Tim looked up and in both directions. He scanned the darkness of the compound as far as his eyes could probe, but still he did not move.

"Get the lead outta yer pants an' c'mon," Cy rasped.

Tim finally got on his feet and made a dash for Cy's voice. He stopped, short of breath, in front of Cy, listening to the faint rattle of the loose gravel he had disturbed. There were no unusual noises from the towers, so he looked down at Cy, who was sitting back on his haunches, listening also. Cy waved him down, and with a disgusted spit he started crawling on.

When they reached the shack they pulled it closer to the wall with only a slight scratching noise. Then Cy sat down, and, pulling his legs up against his chest, he relaxed against the concrete wall.

"What'r we waitin' for?" Tim demanded.

Cy pointed to the sky. "A cloud," he said simply. "An' ya kin jus' hope ther's one afore dawn."

Tim sat down reluctantly and looked up past the mass of towering wall to the quiet sky above.

"Now lissen ta me, Tim," Cy whispered, leaning over toward Tim after he had had a good spit. "This is how we'll do't. When th' cloud comes, I'll stan' up an' help ya up ta th' roof o' th' shack. Then ya pull me up 'side ya. I'll grab th' top o' th' wall. I got strong enough hands ta hole on fer a short piece; then ya clime ta th' top, give me a han' up and then—an' get this—let me down on t'other side easy as far ya kin reach."

"Maybe I should run down there and fluff up a pillow or somethin' so you won't land so hard," Tim noted and added, "Let you down, my foot!"

"Now lissen ta me, wise un," Cy whispered hard. "We got a lot a runnin' ta do, see! An' if'n we jump, it'll take a good bit outta our legs. Sides thet, it'll be quieter. Won't take any longer, neither, fer ya to let me down, an' then t'jump. I kin break yer fall thet way an' we kin be off."

Tim grumbled and, without answering, looked up at the moonlit sky.

They waited in silence.

Then for a minute it was dark, but the moon was out again before Tim had scrambled all the way to his feet. Cy pulled him down beside him and spat on the compound again.

They waited without speaking for a long time. Finally Tim broke the silence. "How come you took that note of Mac's, Cy? I thought you was comin' with me an' Amy instead of goin' back with those guys again."

"I am, boy," Cy assured him, "but I had to quiet Mac down. If'n I wouldn't o' taken thet note he'd a' screamed bloody murder."

Then a large cloud blotted the glow of the moon. Tim was up and

continued on page twenty-two

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RING OUT, WILD BELL

by JODY GUELZOW

"Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." Yes, indeed, students, whether you have been on this campus for three action-packed years or only for six short weeks, you know that when the bell tolls, its ring is for you. But have you ever wondered about the man behind the bell—the man, who for 27 years has reminded students that it's time for class, only to proclaim their freedom from lecture or lab fifty minutes later?

Our man behind the bell is John Lindberg, who, as a young man, in 1895, left his native Sweden to seek his fortune in our land of opportunity. Settling in Porter County, he worked for his uncle for several years before his dream came true—he became a fireman.

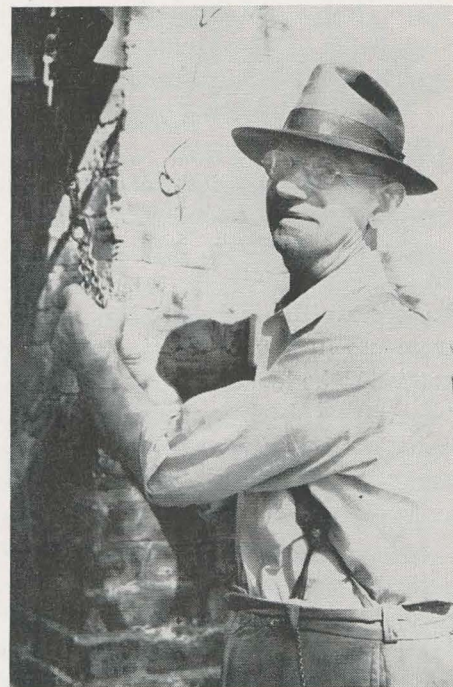
However, he soon decided that the hectic life of that vocation was not for him. In 1926, he and his family arrived in Valpo, and he took his present position with the University.

Speaking rapidly but accurately in his soft Swedish accent, Mr. Lindberg recalls his early years at Valpo. He has watched our growth from a small school just beginning its existence under the auspices of the Lutheran University Association to the medium-sized university that it is today. His blue eyes sparkle as he describes the early University when it was centralized on the present south campus—the old Y.M.C.A., which doubled as a recreational center for the students, the dormitories and rooming houses, Columbia Halls, the pond and rock garden, the old cafeteria and the bakery.

He recalls the planting of the weak saplings on south campus which have grown into the mighty maples we know today. With pride, he remembers that he helped plant the pine tree near the bookstore which traditionally serves as the Christmas tree for the campus.

For eleven years during his twenty-seven year stay on our campus, Mr. Lindberg gave up his position as bell-ringer to serve as custodian in Lembke Hall.

Mr. Lindberg took a large golden watch from his pocket, glanced briefly at the time piece and nodded to show that the interview was over. Slowly he shuffled out the door to signal the start of the 2:30 class.



MR. LINDBERG

SOLILOQUY

continued from page fourteen
 tive) the housemother and I have an appointment. That is where Judo 195 comes in. I need a heavy dummy to practice my homework on. The room will be empty after House Council is dismissed. Just she and me. I will then leap on her from behind the couch, (where I always sit during meetings,) and strangle her with the new improved method of the "death rouse." She won't scream. I'll hold on tightly.

Hm, I shall have to dispose of the body. Well, that's easy. Toss her down the incinerator along with our deteriorated cabbage, worn-out frogs, beer cans, and dirty laundry. Anything goes down our incinerator. That's what we like about it.

The janitor will never suspect a thing. The body will whiz through the grater in a breeze. And all the evidence will be destroyed.

But what if they catch me? I suppose someone might see me and report me to the Student-Faculty Advisory Board. Imagine standing in front of these people like a common criminal! Oh, they wouldn't have time for my case. They're working so hard with more widespread discipline problems. Much more important. Besides murder cases are inconsequential on this campus. Never happen. Besides no penal code has been incorporated in the Student Council constitution yet.

I think I have construed the perfect murder. Glad I watch Boston Blackie every Thursday night. Tonight at 11:30 (quiet hours) the Phantom will strike. But first, I think I'll wash my hair.

A P O E M

*The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
 The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
 Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees;
 No wonder the corn is shocked.*

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VU POINT

WHY

We received a letter in the mail the other day which began by congratulating the editor of this publication as being a rare person. After recovering from this initial shock, we read on, and were informed by the National Scholastic Press Association that magazine editors are becoming fewer and fewer, as the ranks of our colleagues are being thinned by the collapse of more and more attempts at student publication of college magazines.

A rather grim bit of information, we thought; it certainly wasn't encouraging to a brand new editor struggling to put out her first issue. For the primary reason, among the many, for the high mortality rate of magazines on college campuses all over the country seems to be their failure to find a place in the life of the colleges and interests of the students.

Obviously VU faces the same problems—why a student magazine, what kind of a student magazine, and whither the student magazine. It is the opinion of this editor that VU is not expendable.

In the world of people in which we live, we must of necessity get along with one another, and this involves communication. For understanding we need communication of ideas and ideals, of opinion and analysis, of fact and figure. Effective communication takes exercise and practice; the realm of words is not one for the blind traveler.

Magazine writing—and magazine editing,—can be effective exercises in communication for people with creative, critical, descriptive, and satiric abilities. VU can be a workshop for people who want to put something across.

All this does not mean that VU exists for its writers. Writers need readers. So, we on VU will be making every effort, in this and forthcoming issues, to keep you interested and entertained. While we know we can't please all of the people all of the time, we will try to have something for almost everybody in VU. If you can't read, we hope you'll like the pictures.

HELP WANTED

If you think you can write, or draw, or if someone else thinks you can, why not bring your stuff in to the VU office, and let us take a look at it. It may be just what we've been looking for.

GREETINGS

The *other* major publication on campus, our office-mate, *The Beacon*, will be selling Concordia Christmas cards, in contemporary designs, again this year, according to the annual's business manager. Samples and prices will be posted in the office window. VU's business manager says that as soon as he can think of something for us to sell, we'll try to make some money, too.

WE

The masthead on the front page lists a number of new posts on the editorial staff, and a number of people new to VU fill them. Louise Kohzer, associate editor, is a member of the VU staff for the first time this year. She was *Torch* feature editor for two semesters before joining us. Journalism is her major field of interest.

Roberta Esch, art editor, was a member of the art staff last year, and is an old hand at this sort of thing. She hopes to find new artistic talent among the entries in the Howie Fang contest.

Photographer *prima* (the editor is tacked on just to give his job class) is Kurt Jordan, who has been spending most of his spare time in the darkroom ever since he came to Valpo in '51. Kurt took all the shots in this issue.

ACCOMPLICES

Among the people whose work appears in VU for the first time with this issue is Charles Cooley, who wrote the short story, "*The Only Way He'd Know*." Chuck is a drama student who writes stories, plays, and poetry just for kicks. We think you'll enjoy his story and want to see more of his work.

The article on national fraternities on this campus is the result of an extensive poll taken among Valpo's Greek organizations by George Schenk. George compiled the statistics to come up with the conclusions you find on page seven.

Several writers and a number of new artists make their VU debut this issue. Lack of space prevents our saying more about them, but we may have the opportunity in the future.

We want to call your attention to the special announcement concerning the Howie Fang portrait contest.

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How the stars got started...



Jane Greer says: "I was a band singer when a picture magazine asked me to pose in the new WAC uniforms. Hollywood saw my picture, liked it and overnight I was in movies. From then on, it was hard work and perseverance."



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