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## VU Magazine, vol. 6, no. 4

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# VU



SPECIAL SECTION  
YOUNG LOVE  
MAY, 1954

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CARDS  
FOR ALL  
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Student Council  
Building

# VU

MAY, 1954

Volume VI No. 4

# magazine

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### COVER:

Three-color design by Art Editor Roberta Esch.



PEGGY JOHNSON

High Achievement Made by Valpo's

# OLD GRADS

By BETTY SCHULTZ

With the graduation of another class coming up, we on VU were reminded of the many who preceded the class of '54, and became curious about the whereabouts and accomplishments of Valpo's alumni. A little research turned up the fact that many old grads have really done their *alma mater* proud. Some have become world famous, and many more have achieved the deep respect and affection of their colleagues in their own fields.

Scores of Valpo alumni have been named in *Who's Who*. These included college professors and college and university presidents, judges and prominent lawyers, Metropolitan Opera stars and a composer of operas, authors and editors, congressmen, senators, diplomats, physicians, surgeons, bacteriologists, an artist, a cattleman, astronomers, a banker, a governor, and even a bishop.

George W. Norris, who graduated from the law school in 1883, is perhaps the most outstanding of all. As a Senator from Nebraska for thirty years, he became known for his progressiveness in some areas of govern-



George W. Norris

ment, and gained a reputation for integrity and courage.

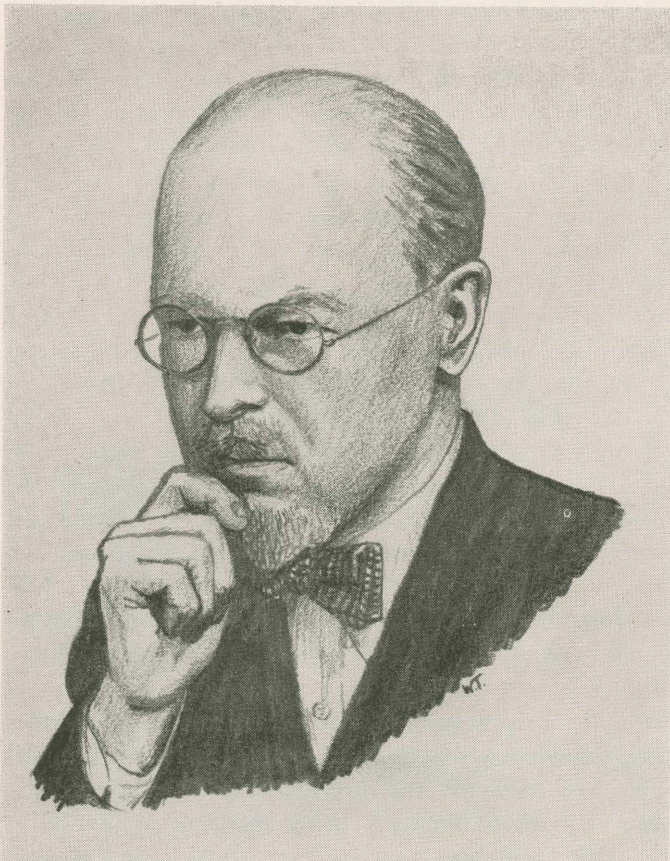
Admitted to the bar soon after graduation from the Northern Indiana Normal School, George Norris taught school for two years before practicing law. His first public office was that of county attorney in Ohio; he later became district judge.

After moving to Nebraska in 1889, he was elected a Republican Representative to the House in the 58th Congress, and was reelected for the next four Congresses, serving from 1903 until 1913.

In 1912 he became a candidate for Senator and was elected for the first of five six-year terms. For his last term, from 1936 to 1943, he ran as an Independent Republican. An unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1942, he retired from public life and died two years later at McCook, Nebraska.

As a progressive legislator, Senator Norris supported many social welfare measures; his most notable service was his fight for federal water power regulation and for public ownership and operation of hydroelectric plants. The Tennessee Valley Authority constituted the culmination of his efforts. Norris Dam, near Knoxville, Tennessee, was named in his honor.

Senator Norris was also largely responsible for the adoption of the twentieth amendment to the Constitution, the "Lame Duck" amendment. This amendment eliminated the old "Lame Duck" Congress, in which members of Congress who had not been reelected, but



Angus Ward

whose terms did not expire for as long as thirteen months after congressional elections, took part in important legislation; the amendment eliminated this by establishing new dates for newly elected Congressmen to take office.

Convinced that the Versailles peace treaty, with the League of Nations incorporated in it, contained serious flaws, Norris vigorously opposed its ratification, just as had opposed U. S. entry into the first World War. In 1941, however, he supported U. S. entry into World War II, after establishing a voting record for preparedness bills and aid measures for the Allies.

In his introduction to Senator Norris' autobiography, *Fighting Liberal*, J. E. Lawrence says of the legislator: "Through two great wars on foreign soil, and through grave domestic strife and crisis, his eternally youthful vision, his courage and his honesty, gave strength, hope and faith to millions of his countrymen."

### Angus Ward, Diplomat

Few, if any, other Valpo alumni have had as exciting a life as Angus Ward, who graduated in 1913. Late in 1949 he figured prominently in the news, when, as Consul-General to Mukden, Manchuria, he was imprisoned by the Chinese Communists, an event unprecedented in American diplomatic history.

In 1948, soon after the Red troops captured the city, Ward was put under virtual house arrest, and not allowed to communicate with Washington. Eleven months later, a former servant sneaked into the consulate, and under pretense of demanding severance pay, started a small riot. Ward and four members of his staff were put into jail on trumped-up charges of beating up the Chinese ex-servant.

Held incommunicado for 28 days, Consul-General Ward was fed only bread and hot water, and spent two weeks in unheated solitary confinement in freezing temperatures.

Outraged protests by the state department went unheeded by Peiping government until the Secretary of State announced that recognition of Red China and the U. N. seat could not even be considered until Ward was released. The Communist government held a hasty trial before a "people's court" and found Ward and his four aides guilty on the beating charge. They were sentenced to three to six months in prison and stiff fines were imposed, but sentence was suspended and they were ordered deported.

In December, Ward and his wife, and the entire consular staff, were put aboard a U. S. freighter at the Chinese port of Taku Bar. Asked by reporters how it felt to be back, Angus Ward answered, "Imagine how you'll feel on the day after St. Peter lets you in."

Ward studied architecture at Valpo, and served with the Army Engineers through World War I. He

entered the foreign service in 1925, as Vice-Consul at Mukden and Tientsin. Subsequent posts were Moscow and Teheran. He returned to Mukden as Consul-General, and at this time his arrest and imprisonment took place.

After his release and return, he was sent to Nairobi, Kenya, and then to his present post as Ambassador to the Court of Kabul, Afghanistan.

### Scientists Prominent

Another diplomat boasting a Valpo education was James G. Bailey ('94), who served in Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Portugal. In 1917, during the Bolshevik revolution, he was a member of the U. S. legation in Russia. In addition to his diplomatic duties, he liked to paint; his work brought him to the attention of art connoisseurs, and several of his landscapes hang in a Paris museum.

Among the numerous Valpo grads prominent in science, particularly outstanding is Dr. Ruben L. Khan ('09), a world reknowned bacteriologist. Dr. Khan's most famous achievement is his discovery and development of the Khan precipitation test, which is a quick test for the presence of syphilis. The League of Nations Health Committee invited him to explain and demonstrate the test before its members in both Copenhagen and Montivideo, and he was invited by Mussolini to go to Italy to make similar demonstrations.

In 1910 and years following, the exploits of Katherine Stinson were frequently featured in magazines and newspapers all over the country. One of the U. S.' first woman aviators, this Valpo grad did stunt flying as early as 1910, the year she graduated.

Author and patriot B. J. Cigrand, who attended Valpo from 1883 to 1886 and received his Master of Arts degree here, is the father of a national holiday, Flag Day, celebrated June 14. The observance of Flag Day was begun in 1892, due to the efforts of Dr. Cigrand. Among his works are *The Story of the Great Seal of the United States*, *The Life of Alexander Hamilton*, and *The Real Robert Morris*.

Lowell Thomas, author, lecturer, and radio and newsreel commentator, is a 1911 graduate of Valpo. A former reporter in Chicago, English instructor at Princeton, and associate editor of *Asia Magazine*, he entered the field of radio and made many war broadcasts from both the European and Far Eastern theaters. In 1949 he undertook his well-known Tibetan expedition.

The list goes on and on, but we are unable to include more than a few of the names. No review of alumni who have achieved the heights would be complete, however, without mention being made of Walter Gilbert ('22), who went on to play third base for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Oh, What Is So Rare As. . . .

# A DAY at the DUNES

By LOUISE KOHZER

About this time of the spring semester those long-awaited climatic conditions are at their peak. Yes, it's Dunes weather! Or, as the English majors say it: time for epidermis-toasting has arrived, or, as those in the music circles express it vocally, "I bet you can't tan like I can tan," (melody: Can-Can song).

There are many obvious signs of this perennial calamity on campus. Suddenly bare, bare East Campus (bare except for the deteriorating Student Union sign) comes to life with all sorts of multi-colored specks. Through binoculars from Dorm C, these are recognized as women from the Gothic cloisters on the hills.

Professors can tell too. Wide open spaces in classes and little intimate hints written on the board in chalk inquiring, "Bull-pen, yes?" Or, in the more liberal classes, students rush pell-mell in the southern direc-

tion and end up "at the pen" panting for ten minutes before the professor spies his vagabond class.

Now if one successfully manages to be "desperately ill," about the time of a 2:30 German class, he may be found out at the Dunes communing with nature and her prime evils. Let's go on from that setting.

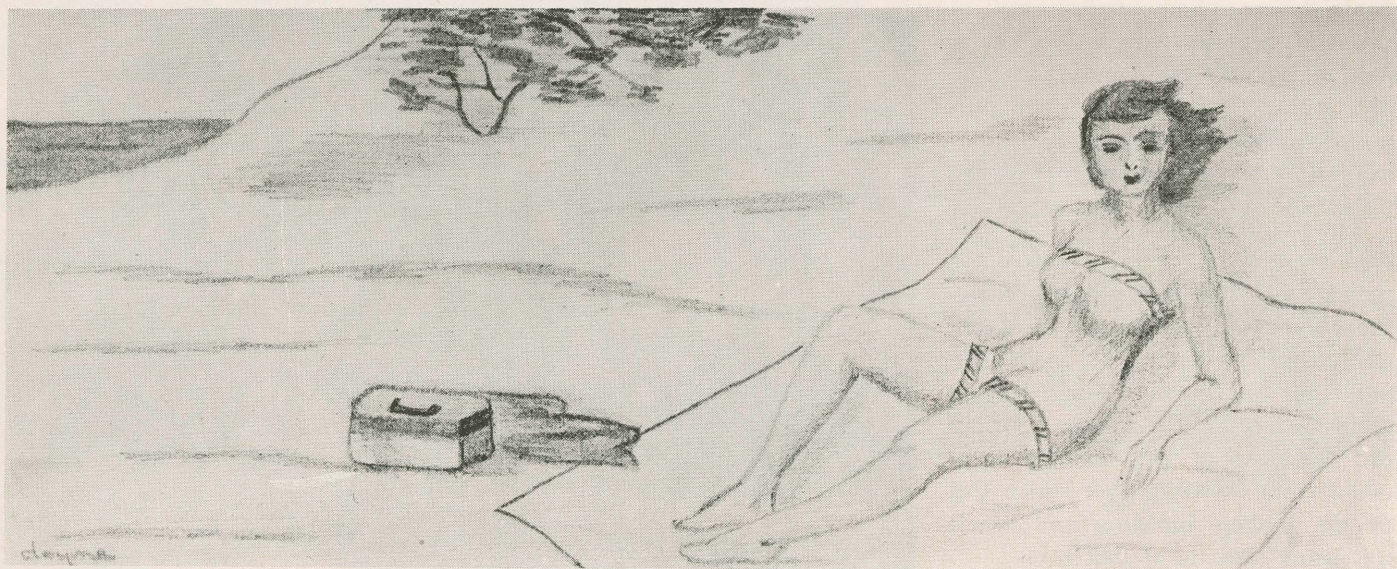
One of Old Mother Nature's strangest mysteries of life is the problem of the transmigration of sand. I can go to the beach and stand perfectly upright, touching nothing but the soles of my feet to the sand for a period of five minutes, even holding my hands straight above my head, and by the end of that time, there will be sand in my ears, crusts on my eyelids and particles on the back of my neck, to say nothing of the compact grains ground into my hair. It's absolutely marvelous.

Lying supine (or even prone, for

that matter) in pagan submission to the beating rays, one is able to gain an undercover view of the many activities on the beach. And there are many. Needless to say, the volleyball enthusiasts infest the Dunes and find unlimited joy in bouncing the ball off one's head. The individual can and possibly does spend the remainder of the day cowering in the sand-pit in self-defense. Also there is an abundance of pesky little annoyed urchins who enjoy a robust, scuffling game of tag around one's head. Like rabbits, they multiply in less than five seconds. And what really makes the game interesting is when they all decide to pounce on one to "bury you alive."

A little dog trotting by can almost give the same effect. But, then, if one is at all acquainted with little

*(continued on page fifteen)*





# The Straight Scoop on

# THE BULL PEN

By JUDY GUELZOW

Hello, young lovers! It's spring again. The weather is warm, the birds are back from a winter vacation, and East Campus is decked out in a new green coat. Undoubtedly you will be going out to East Campus before too very long, and when you do, stop to take a new look at the Bull Pen.

All too often the Bull Pen connotes outside classes and nothing else. With the warm weather and student restlessness come continued pleas to the instructor to "go outside to the Bull Pen." But the pen wasn't originally built to be a makeshift classroom. No, siree.

Fourteen years ago, the graduating class of 1936 was struck with spring fever at the same time they had to decide upon a gift to leave to their Alma Mater. Some romanticist in the class came up with the idea of a pen to be used for pinning. The idea stuck. Bull Pens for such purposes were traditional on other campuses, why not at Valpo?

The plan was put into action. The engineers of the class drew up a sketch and when it was approved by the other eighty-five members of the class, they proceeded to make the molds for the bench tops and for the table surface in the center. Bricks for the base of the benches were taken from the old street which ran by the biology building and which was being torn up at that time.

\* \* \* \* \*



Construction was started several weeks before graduation and continued until the last possible minute. The work was done by the students themselves with no cost to the class except the price of the concrete and the molds. On the Saturday before graduation, the Bull Pen was dedicated along with several trees on East Campus which were donated by the Guild. Since 1936, several repairs have been made on the pen, but otherwise it is the same now as it was fourteen years ago.

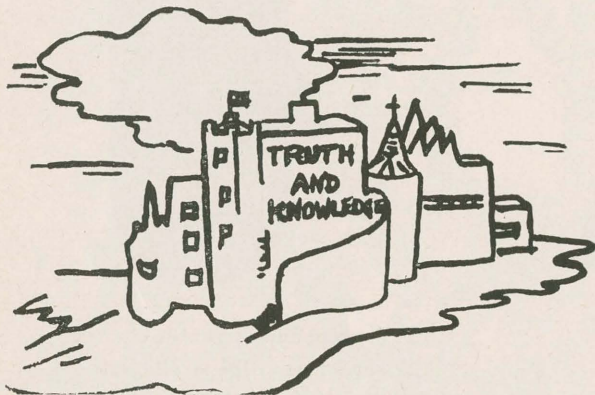
So, lovers, when next you visit East Campus, look at the Bull Pen and think of its original purpose. Pinning coming up?

\* \* \* \* \*

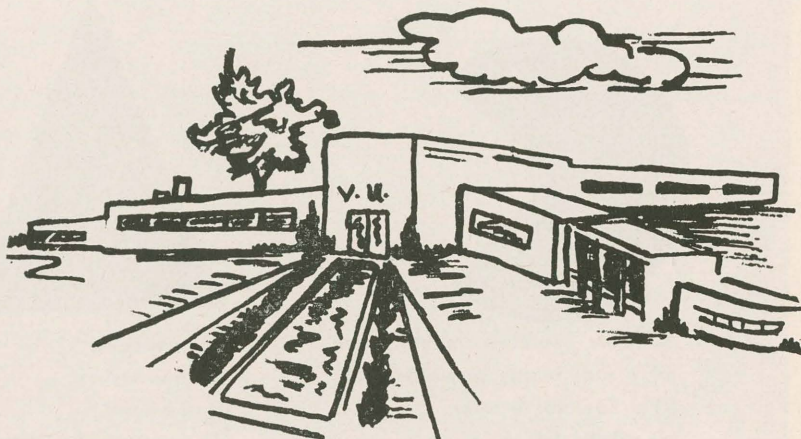


# HOW VALPO LOOKS . . .

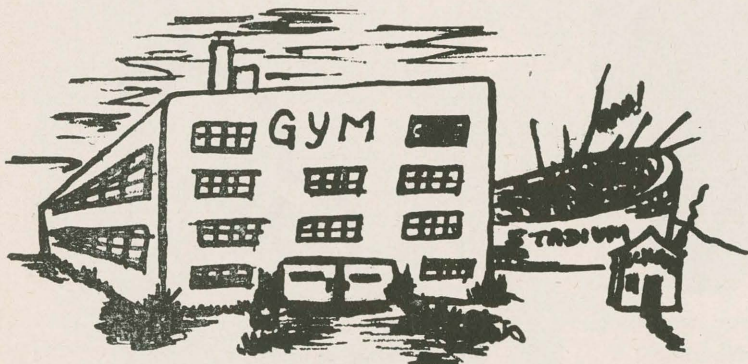
To O.P.



To Public Relations



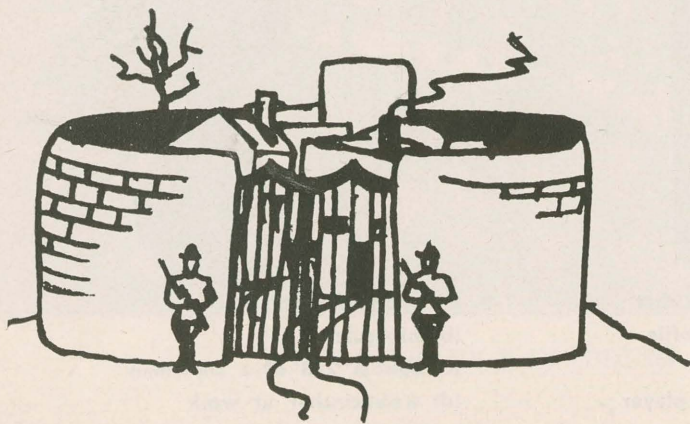
To The Athletic Director



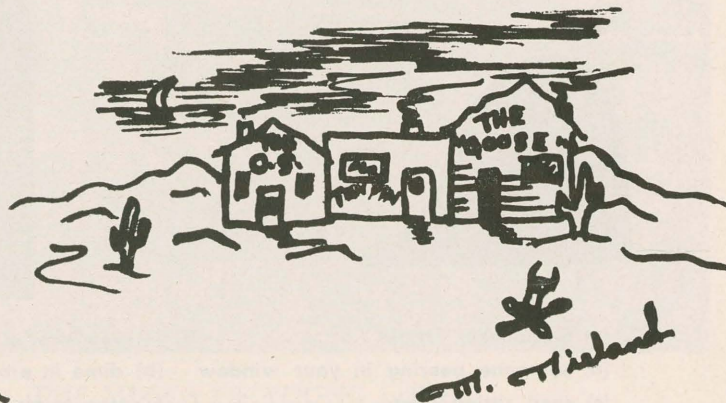
To The Bankers



To Prospective Students



To Present Students



W. W. Ireland

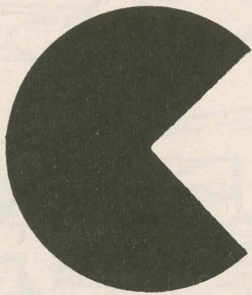
TAKE THIS

# RUDE-SHOCK TEST

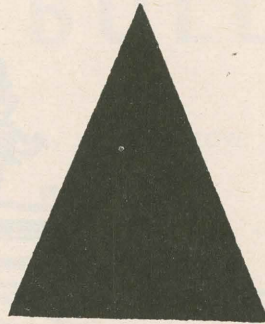
(key on page 14)

FOR THE KEY TO YOUR PERSONALITY

if you think this is...



1. (a) your mother's mouth open  
(b) a doll buggy minus wheels  
(c) a football helmet  
(d) what's left of a pie



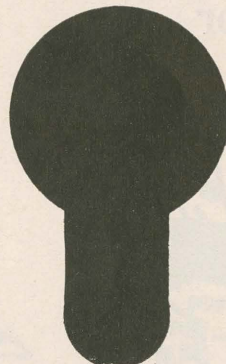
2. (a) teepee  
(b) mountain  
(c) diamond  
(d) small child's clothing



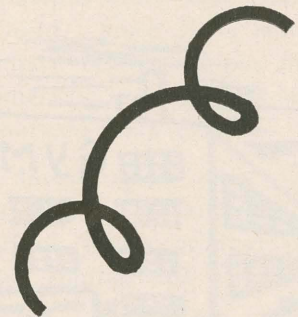
3. (a) a man  
(b) housemother's profile  
(c) shark alongside a life raft  
(d) lima bean sprouting



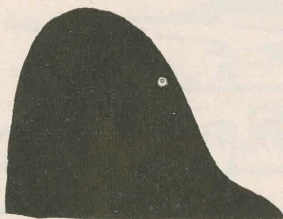
4. (a) an umbrella  
(b) Sager's Lake  
(c) caterpillar upside down  
(d) cantaloupe with 4 bites out



5. (a) skull without crossbones  
(b) chemistry experiment  
(c) a keyhole  
(d) foot with no toes



6. (a) bed spring  
(b) hair after a Toni  
(c) path of man to dorm after date  
(d) glasses



7. (a) Studebaker fender  
(b) someone peering in your window  
(c) snail sitting down  
(d) you before a diet



8. (a) you after a diet  
(b) dime in profile  
(c) tree trunk  
(d) basketball player



9. (a) open compact  
(b) binoculars  
(c) bottom 2/3 of a snowman  
(d) waist-cincher at work

# YOUNG LOVE



STUDENT BRIDGE IN SPRING...THE MECCA OF YOUNG LOVE

# EAST HALL

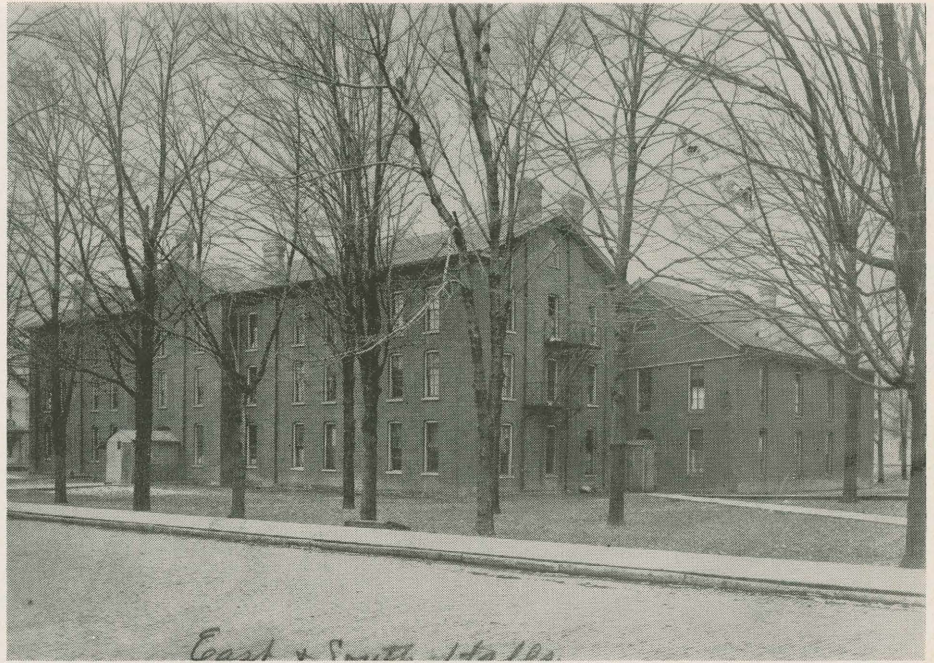
"With great alacrity my conversant flung open the vehicle door and leaped to the ground. I followed, and for the first time stood within the cheerful shadows, before the broad, red walls of the Northern Indiana Normal School."

George Todd had come all the way from Missouri to attend the well-known college in Valparaiso, Indiana, and he tells his story—of life and love at the predecessor of V.U.—in an old, old novel written by someone who calls himself Hubert Gar. The novel, titled *East Hall*, can be found in the University Archives, the only copy in the possession of the University.

"Hubert Gar" is apparently a pseudonym, for the name can not be found in the records of the normal school. Written probably in the very first part of the 1900's, and published by a J. M. Traughber, the novel depicts the school in the 1890's.

George Todd tells his own story, beginning with his introduction to real learning with the advent of a new teacher in grade school. John Cloud was a graduate of the Indiana Normal School, and the first college graduate who'd ever taught at Grapevine. He was expensive, and considered by some folks too high-flown for their little grammar school, but he was a good teacher, and the kids learned all kinds of advanced subjects, like algebra and botany, from him. George was especially inspired by Cloud, and was encouraged to attend his instructor's alma mater up in Indiana.

So, George took the long train trip to Chicago, and from there took a local to Valparaiso, where he found a bus waiting to take him to "College Hill." He was enrolled immediately upon his arrival by the "principal" of the college himself,



East Hall, which once stood on Greenwich street, across from the present University parking lot.

and then given over into the hands of another student to arrange for a room and board.

George had his choice of rooms, ranging in price from thirty-five to eighty cents a week. His guide showed him a fifty-cent room first. "...It has a new carpet—just got it down yesterday—a good bookcase, two tables, three chairs, and otherwise generally furnished, as you see. Each bed is furnished with two sheets, which are changed once a week, pillows, and a comfort; you furnish the rest—towels, soap, coal, and so on." George agreed this was pretty fair, and decided to take this room, ordering a ton of coal to boot.

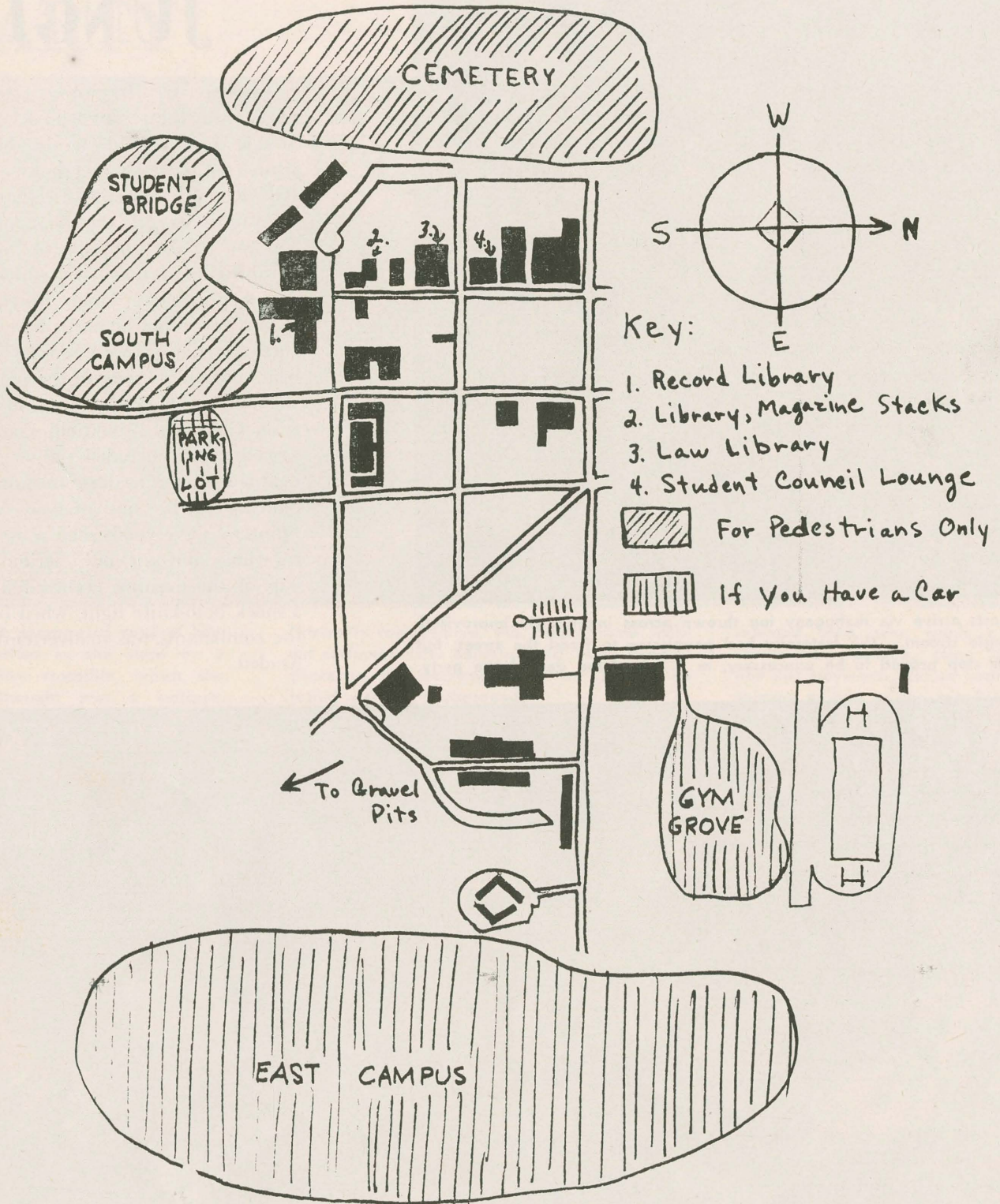
The board listed in the catalogue at \$1.40 a week was recommended to George as "'substantial—it's not bon-ton, but there's plenty of it, a variety, and none ever go hungry'" by one of the students, who had saved enough money in two terms, by eating this instead of the presumably more bon-ton two-dollar fare, to buy

eight volumes of Chambers Encyclopedia.

After his first supper at college, George went home to unpack. His coal had come (whether the whole ton or just a hodful he doesn't say), so he built a fire in the stove, and then made a trip to the "variety" store on College Avenue to buy a cake of soap, a lamp, and can of oil.

"Altogether, by evening, I was comfortably domiciled. And with supper over, seated in my rocking chair, my feet up on the stove fender and my lamp, through a chimney scrupulously clean, dispensing a bright light, it was consciousness of coziness that I felt as I took up my new Harkness Caesar, opened at the first, and began upon those school-worn lines: *Gallia omnia est divisia in partes tres*. For awhile employing myself with the commentaries of the great Roman, I then threw down the book, reviewed the events transpiring with me since

(continued on page eighteen)



A MAP FOR YOUNG LOVERS

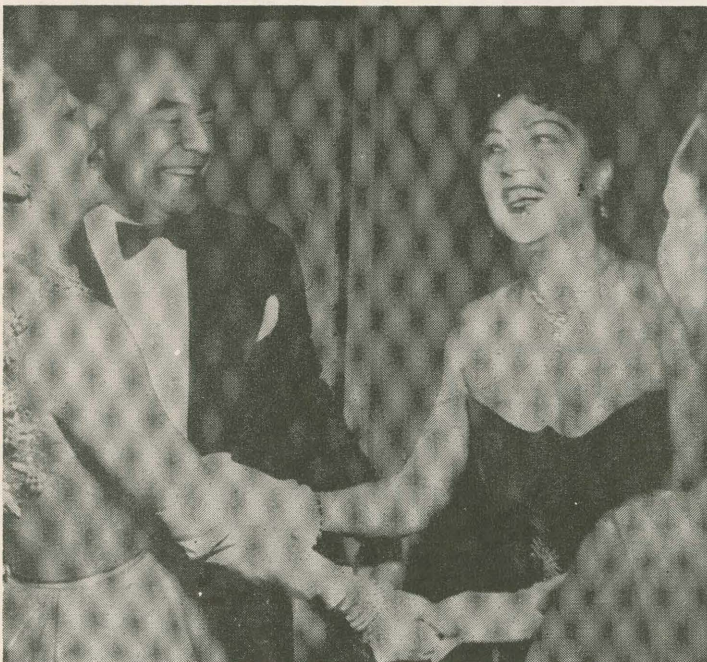
... highlighting secluded and atmospheric spots where they can go to talk things over.

## VU Goes to a JUNGLE



Guests arrive via mahogany log thrown across ingeniously improvised jungle stream. The fraternity had permission to flood the street, but this step proved to be unnecessary, as it rained the day of the party.

Typical of fraternity costume parties was the recent Rho Rho Rho Jungle Frolic, held at the historic white-columned chapter house. The Rho Rho Rho's went all out for the shindig, shut off the heat months ago and let the humidity of the Valparaiso climate take over, which produced jungle-like mold, fungi, and even a few vines on walls and furniture. Invitations were sent by drumbeat, and guests rode to the party on the backs of elephants borrowed from Chicago's Brookfield Zoo. Costumed guests included native chiefs, medicine men, traders, missionaries, dancing girls, and Great White Hunters. Everybody had a wonderful time, and the only serious mishap of the evening occurred during a mock bolo-knife fight, when one of the combatants was inadvertently beheaded.



A brown-gowned administration official greets her fellow chaperones. Her jewelry is gold. The Rho Rho Rho's had thoughtfully provided a quiet room far from the noise of the party for the chaperones, who played Scrabble all evening.



One couple, somewhat confused, came to the wrong party. They stayed anyway, had a wonderful time, and by the time the third bowl of punch was gone, nobody knew the difference. They won first prize for most original costumes.

# PARTY



A sarong-clad coed is horrified as she steps on a live crocodile, which she thought was a suitcase.



Extremely conservative, this couple came without costumes, later demonstrated "dirty boogie" dance to the merrymakers. Note fungus-infested walls in background.



Talented coed, who wants a stage career after college, came dressed like Rita Hayworth, did an impromptu shimmy as part of the entertainment.



Rho Rho Rho chancellor stares suspiciously at cameraman as guests eat refreshments, jungle style. Listed on the menu were "sauteed missionary, French-fried rice, and breadfruit and butter."



Pledges clean up littered fraternity house and gardens after departure of last guests at dawn.



# The Poetry Corner

Why Do I love thee, Sir?  
 Because--  
 The wind does not  
 Require the grasses  
 To hide my face, when  
 He passes,  
 But I love him  
 Because--  
 He wears glasses, too!

She's a pretty little wench  
 Sitting there upon the bench  
 Looking very coy and shy  
 At every passing college guy.  
 Ah, such eyes.  
 Concentric thighs,  
 It's too bad  
 She's bald.



A bunch of germs were hitting it up  
 In the bronchial saloon;  
 Two bugs in the edge of the larynx  
 Were jazzing a gar-time tune.  
 Back in the teeth, in a solo gam,  
 Sat dangerous Ach-Kerchoo;  
 And watching his pulse was his light  
 of love--  
 The lady that's known as Flu.  
 —Sundial

\* \* \*

I once knew a girl named Passion,  
 I asked her for a date;  
 I took her out to a night club,  
 And my, how Passion-ate!

Roses are red,  
 And violets are blue,  
 That's what the poets *all* say,  
 But I always thought violets were  
 violet.

The birds do it  
 The bees do it  
 The bats do it  
 Join the Air Force.

\* \* \*

The quiet little freshman coed from the country was on her first college date, and thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countrified; she had put on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hairdo, and was all prepared to talk understandingly about music, art, or politics.

Her hero took her to a movie and then to the favorite college cafe.

"Two beers," he told the waiter.

She, not to be outdone, murmured: "The same for me."

\* \* \*

"But, darling, I couldn't elope tomorrow—I have two cuts already."



A canny Scotsman was arguing with the conductor as to whether the fare was five or ten cents. Finally the conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot, Mon," screamed Sandy. "First you try to rob me and now you drown my boy."

\* \* \*

Two boys returning from Sunday

School were discussing what they had learned. "Do you believe all that stuff about the devil?" one asked.

"Naw," replied the other, "it's just like Santa Claus—it's your old man."

## KEY TO TEST on page eight then you . . .

- (a) were wise to come to college.  
 (b) shouldn't have come to college.  
 (c) haven't seen "Prince Valiant."  
 (d) are an only child.
- (a) live in Dorm D.  
 (b) have 3 classes on 4th floor.  
 (c) like him, don't you?  
 (d) spent last night baby-sitting.
- (a) have no imagination.  
 (b) have 28 late minutes.  
 (c) have had it, brother.  
 (d) are a slow eater.
- (a) are a true Valpoite.  
 (b) have been peeking.  
 (c) chose head lettuce salad.  
 (d) had to catch the bus for the field trip.
- (a) got hungry in lab.  
 (b) flunked the course.  
 (c) have been peeking!  
 (d) need bigger shoes.
- (a) need thicker sheets.  
 (b) can skip the bread crusts now.  
 (c) should have left earlier.  
 (d) have new horn rims.
- (a) ride a bike to school.  
 (b) ought to check on 5c.  
 (c) are a nature lover.  
 (d) are a nurture lover.
- (a) quit too late.  
 (b) have filed for your degree.  
 (c) own a dog.  
 (d) might as well have watched on TV.
- (a) look all right, c'mon!  
 (b) and 5c ought to get together.  
 (c) should get ahead.  
 (d) are no hourglass yourself.

# ALLENS BAKERY

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LONGINES  
WITTNAUER



DIAMONDS - SILVERWARE

## First State

Bank

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## THE DUNES

(continued from page five)

dogs, one knows that it is not content with just trotting by. He, too, loves the embalming waters of wonderful, scenic (that's what it says on the folders) Lake Michigan. I have never stretched myself out on a beach for an afternoon's nap, that a dog, fresh from a dip, did not take a key position just to the left of my tightly closed eyes and shake himself vehemently.

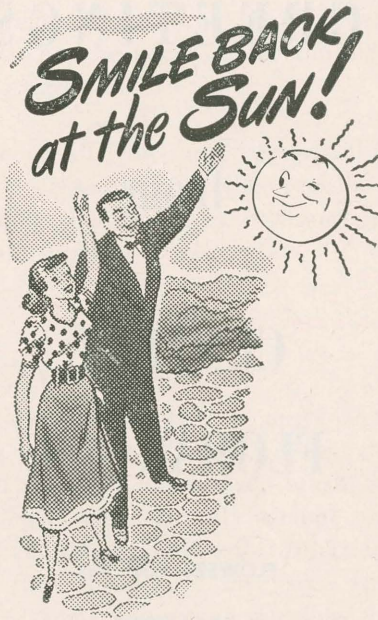
Try smoking on the beach sometime. This is a challenge to even the most adventurous of spirit. Whisk a crunchy (with sand, of course) cigarette out of the pack, thrust it casually into the mouth, and try to light it. Although the trusty weather reporter has stated the velocity of the wind is merely 1/4 M.P.H., one can always count on some nasty blasts hiding behind a Dune and emerging gustily to trounce on six booklets of matches. After throwing a nicotine fit, the usual procedure is to pull up the stakes and bathing suit and drag home.

\*\*\*\*\*



"Let me see if I have anything scheduled for that night, Dorothy." (...J...J... James, Johnson, Jones...Hmmm.)

\*\*\*\*\*



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# HOW TO MAKE A HIT WITH--

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## IF YOU'RE A BOY

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### The Playgirl

The nice part about this type is that you really don't have to do much to make a hit with her. You should be a Greek, however—"fraternity men are so much fun. . ." Fun is her only interest and life ambition, so you'll have to cut most, if not all, of your classes, particularly now in the spring, and take Playgirl riding around in your convertible (with your new Hollywood muffler going full blast). Talk about your low grades—you'll soon have them—because it makes her feel better about her minus .08 average. You don't have to take her to fancy places, but she likes lots of parties, and you'll really impress her if you have a good party trick, like playing a tune on your teeth with spoons.

### Sweet Young Thing

Get a boyish crew cut to appeal to her maternal instinct. Take her flowers and candy, because she's been told it's the proper thing to do. Don't offer her a cigarette—she doesn't smoke, and would prefer it if you didn't either. Invite her to church, and be sure to get her in on time. Tell her about your family of fourteen brothers and sisters, and ask her all about her father and mother. Smile at and talk to small children on the street, and stop kicking dogs. Be very real and earnest about your studies, and dig up some profound ambitions for the future.

### The "Arty" Type

You *must* wear horn-rimmed glasses (a little down on your nose) if you are going to even attract Arty

Type's attention. Let your hair grow down over your collar a bit, and you have a very good chance, particularly if you trim it with a dull hedge-clippers. Lay all your clothes out on the tennis courts, and tromp on them until they have a rather shabby air. Buy a few Bing Crosby shirts and at least one turtle-neck sweater. Invite Arty Type to the Museum of Modern Art and to lectures on existentialism, and take her to the Hole for deep, rousing discussions afterwards. Take her books of poems and bottles of red wine. Invite her up to your studio-apartment, decorated in black and brown, and read drama aloud to her. Frequently express your dissatisfaction at the outmoded conventions and morals of ordinary people, and secretly admit that you've read the *Manifesto*.

---

## IF YOU'RE A GIRL

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### Brain:

Acquire one pair of well-worn horn-rimmed glasses. Purchase the *Compleat Angler's Works on Thoreau's Fishcalls*. Balance an almanac of assorted facts on your head at all times. Speak six languages fluently so that you can discuss the crisis in Indo-China with ease. Raise your hand to all questions asked in class, even if you do not know the answer; recite an assorted fact (see head) that you have learned for the day. Mentally review how to conjugate Latin verbs at basket-ball games. Be sure that you are elected president of the Liturgical Study Group (it has never been revealed to the campus exactly what they study, but it must be something highbrow). Also memorize a few conversational tidbits like Einstein's theory of relativity and the theory of evolution.

## AFTER YOU LEAVE, WHAT THEN?

After you leave Valparaiso University, will you forget all about it?

You won't want to. And you won't be able to.

For one thing, you will receive occasional publications of the University to tell you about new courses offered, new buildings planned, changes that are taking place. You will also plan to revisit the campus on special occasions, such as Homecoming.

But there is a way to assure a more direct, personal contact with your Alma Mater.

That is, through your close friends at home who will be following you to college.

If they choose to attend Valpo, as you did, they will bring back a reminiscent touch of campus each time they return home.

From them you will be able to learn all about the little things that had so much significance for you--the little things which for you really ARE Valparaiso University.

If you'd like that kind of personal contact with Valpo after you've gone, perhaps just a word or two of encouragement from you now will help make it possible.

Remember that advising your friends to enter Valparaiso will also be a favor to them. They will receive, as you, in the degree to which they apply themselves, an excellent, accredited education in a sound, happy Christian environment.

### Athlete:

Run to all classes, not neglecting to jump all hedges, and race around the field track twice a day. Eat plenty of lettuce salads, even if you hate mayonnaise, as this will keep you lean and springy. Become a private cheerleader at all games, rising noticeably out of the stands to click your heels when Athlete makes a down. Be sure to ask permission to polish his cleats when not in use. And if this doesn't work, change your major to Phys. Ed. even though you simply *adore* Caesar.

### Big Wheel:

Steal a yellow convertible. Then check B. W.'s class card so that you will be on the right corner at the right time. Be sure to join the best sorority, wear only cashmeres, and

go out of your way to be friendly to his fraternity brothers (as he undoubtedly has them). Tell him how he reminds you of Montgomery Clift when he asks you for the algebra assignment.

Above all, you must be attractive. If you do not fall into the "real doll" category start saving your money for plastic surgery.

### Shy Type:

Walk around with a naive look on your face at all times. When the word "sex" is mentioned, blush becomingly, and abruptly change the subject. (He undoubtedly thinks it's just the Latin word for "six" anyway.) Walk around in sneakers--he probably is an ultra conservative who hates people that even cough.



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## EAST HALL

(continued from page ten)

leaving home, and then went to bed and enjoyed, unpestered by a dream, the sweets of slumber."

The next morning, awakened by a train at five, George dressed and then strolled about the campus until the breakfast bell rang at six. After 8:30 chapel, he made the rounds of his various classrooms to register for his courses. In the Latin room he found his future classmates all engaged in lively conversation and quips in Latin, which continued until the teacher made his appearance to enroll the students and assign them fifteen lines. At the end of the day George had his schedule completed: geometry, rhetoric, elocution, penmanship, and Caesar.

Through an announcement made in chapel, George found a roommate, a returned student who wanted to room with someone taking Caesar and geometry. George introduced himself to the fellow, named

O. R. Blazer, mentioning that he took both courses. Blazer was pleased by this and said, "I always do my own work. But I find it always agreeable to have a roommate who is also a classmate. We have the same programme, save that I have bookkeeping where you have rhetoric. You see me and I see you. Do you think we can abide together harmoniously?"

"I have not the least doubt of it," George answered, and the two new acquaintances, upon discovering that both liked to rise at 6 a.m. and go to bed at 10:30 p.m., clinched the agreement, and Blazer moved in.

George was well settled in campus life before The Girl entered the picture. But one day she transferred to his Latin class from another section, and he was immediately smitten. He asked one of his friends if he knew the girl who had asked all the questions about the *ut* clause.

"You mean the girl who ain't very tall—just on the medium—with

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the crow-colored hair and the ice-cream skin and the pair of black diamonds stuck in her head for eyes?" asked the friend.

"Yes..."

"The one that has the bow-shaped lips and the ideal waist and the pretty ears?"

Having established the fact that they are both thinking about the same person, the friend told George that the young lady in question was a Miss Grace DeWitt, and gave him the rousing advice: "A fellow will never obtain a girl's good graces and be on the high road to happiness by simply standing off at a distance and looking sheepish at a girl."

George took this to heart and soon became acquainted with the young lady, by dint of erasing her section of the blackboard every morning, when they wrote their Latin conjugations on it. He was too bashful, however, to make a formal call upon her at East Hall, and things remained at this impasse until at last he and another fellow ran into Grace and her roommate on their way to Sager's Pond for a boat ride. The four decided to make it an outing together, and George and Grace got along beautifully, in spite of the fact that their boat overturned. Grace took the dunking in good spirit, particularly in view of the fact that it was mostly her fault, and George got permission to call on her.

East Hall saw George quite regularly after that, and he and Grace attended numerous lectures and concerts together. George became more and more enamoured of Grace (who still called him "Mr. Todd"), and was heartbroken when she had to leave school in the middle of the term because of her sister's wedding. He himself was forced to leave soon after, due to lack of funds, and taught school for two years before returning to Valpo.

Grace had also returned and after a time, they renewed their acquaintance, though George had a serious rival in the person of a Mr. Dallam. At graduation time, spurred on by

his increased love for Grace, and in spite of rumors that she was engaged, George felt that four years of courtship gave him the right to propose and did so passionately at Flint Lake: "Will you be engaged to me? Do you love me? Do you?"

"Grace raised her head, and on me full and fair fixed those matchless eyes, now shining with tears. I was all aroused and trying for self-control. But as I awaited for the verdict, no longer to be delayed—which I knew was there upon her lips—I almost trembled. And, in a voice low and nearly controlled, that verdict was:

"Of course, Mr. Todd. I love you better than all the world."

George kissed her then, for the first time, of course, and, fortunately he liked it and kissed her again.

The lovers had to wait a year to get married, as Grace had promised her father that she would wait until she was twenty-one. After the wedding, they set up housekeeping "in an unpretentious cottage of our own—a cottage painted bright, over whose corners and portico pillars and flowering creepers climb, around which splendid roses bloom, by which a pair of fountains pitch their spray to make the grass grow green. We live together, trusting each other's affections, living for ourselves and helping the world to live."

They became parents of a son, but were unable to find a suitable name for him for sometime. This dilemma was solved happily when Grace was struck with the perfect name—H. B. Brown DeWitt Todd. "That's the name" she exclaimed to George, "yours and mine and the president's of the Northern Indiana Normal School, all three together—a triumvirate. And we will call him Brown."

So George and Grace and little Brown worked out their destiny, their minor and their major problems. Young love triumphed then, in the days of \$1.40 board-a-week, just as it does now when Valpoites pay that for one day's three squares.

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# VU POINT

## SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

This being the last issue of the year, we got a bit nostalgic in planning its contents, and suddenly realize that it has turned out to be a kind of old grads' issue. A story on alumni "greats", a revelation about the Bull Pen, and a resume of a Valpo novel are all peeks at the good old days. Mrs. Katharine Bowden, University Archivist, contributed generously of her time and knowledge to the alumni and East Hall articles. Jody Guelzow, a regular writer for VU, obtained most of the material for her article on that South Campus structure from a member of the class of '36, Professor Daniel Gahl.

And now, leaving the old grads for awhile, we should like to extend our congratulations and best wishes to that hardy band which, having survived four gruelling years of social doings, extra-curricular activities, and studies, and having managed to keep classes from interfering too much with college life, is now about to venture into the wide, wide world, like wolves in sheepskin clothing—the Graduating Seniors!

## OH, BY THE WAY. . .

Now is a fine time to be telling you, we realize, but we sort of hoped it would catch on all by itself. We're talking about the fact that the name of this magazine is properly pronounced in one syllable—"view," and not "vee you," as most people say it. You'd be surprised at the amount of time it saves, not to mention the fact that it gives the name real meaning to pronounce it correctly. VU—view. It's a pun—get it?

## LAST STAND

The only newcomers this issue are artists—that is, they draw. Walt Thielhart, S. C. prexy, climaxed a year of real achievement with the appearance of his work in VU. He did the portraits of George Norris and Angus Ward. Doyme Burrows, a junior transfer student from Colorado College, did the dunes drawing on page five. The "How Valpo Looks" cartoons are the work of Marlys Nieland, a freshman majoring in business.

## THIRTY

Every editor, in the last issue of whatever it is he edits, writes a farewell column titled "Thirty," and now it's my turn. Working on VU this past year has been both enjoyable and educational for the most part, but

I will admit that there were times when I thought I must have had rocks in my head to apply for the job.

I hope you readers have enjoyed the magazine as much as we on the staff wanted you to. Associate editor Louise Kohzer, art editor Roberta Esch, and photography editor Kurt Jordan have all worked especially hard to help me put out the magazine, and to all of them go my particular thanks. I want to thank business manager Bill Wagner, too, for managing to keep our heads above the red ink, and circulation manager Marion Dallman for all the stamps she licked. I am grateful to Mr. Victor Hoffman, retiring faculty advisor—this is *his* last issue, too—for his readiness with counsel when asked and his reluctance to act as censor.

And, finally, I should like to introduce you to the co-editors of next year's VU, Kurt Jordan and George Schenk.

E. A. S.

## NEW BROOMS

As in years past when future editors voiced their doubts as to the exact status of VU on campus, so we maintain the reason the value of VU is being questioned is the diversification of opinion among the student body and faculty as to "Why VU?" A good question to ask about this time is, just what is the purpose of VU?

To answer this, we submit the following:

1. VU should be an outlet for campus talent, such as writers from the short story classes and illustrators from the art classes.

2. VU should present an accurate focus of campus issues and campus life. This would also promote good public relations.

3. VU should feature coverage of items which are too lengthy for the TORCH to cover adequately.

These we present as our "platform."

One of the problems we face this coming year is obtaining a faculty adviser who will take an active interest in the publication. We hope to tap the many fine resources of the English department for this purpose.

Another item in the offing is continuance of the fine tradition of having a parody issue, which will come as the third issue.

Perhaps the idea of co-editorship will puzzle some people. As co-editors we feel we can blend our talents, ideas, and mutual criticism to continue to maintain and improve the standards of VU in 1955.

Kurt Jordan and George Schenk

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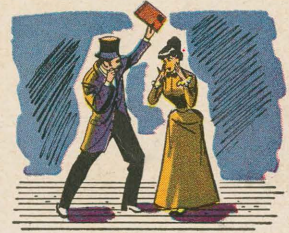
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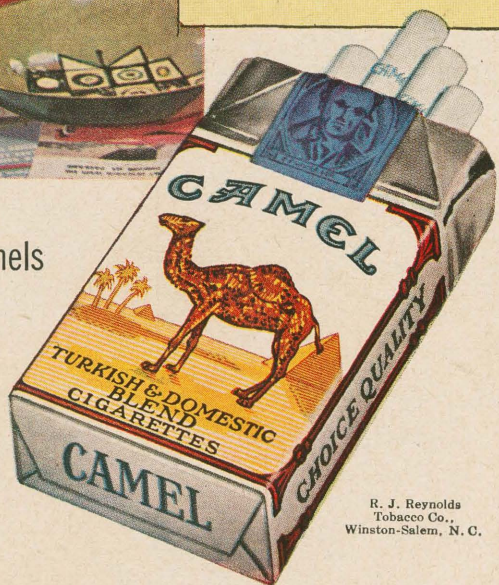
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