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VU



October 14, 1955

Homecoming Issue

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ANNEX

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Johnson's

CHICKEN

DINNER



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On U.S. Road 6



Phone

Valparaiso

4-7702

CONTENTS

Between The Two of Us	Jack Nelson & Herb Busching	p. 2
HRH Queen Marlene		p. 3
Fraternity Pledging, 1955-56	Wayne Anderson	p. 6
Theme Righting	Evelyn Rau	p. 7
European Holiday	Marjorie Martin	p. 8
The Full Measure	Ted Zorn	p. 10
Quiz Yourself		p. 11
Cartoons	Al Daniel	p. 11
The Omen	Nancy Gehring Schlueter	p. 12
The New Valpo	Jo Ann Parrish & Art Strohmmer	p. 14
Valpo Growth Chart	Dennis Cawdrick	p. 15
VU Spotlights V. U.		p. 16
Ode to A Green Pot	Carla Husebo	p. 18
Cartoon	Lorelei Sojeck	p. 19
The Good Ol' Days	Marlene Lacey	p. 20



ABOUT THE COVER

VU magazine will select for its covers this year pictorial topics which represent the seasons here at Valpo. Symbolic of Homecoming is the Crusader shown on the cover of this issue. The smiling rider is June Criston of Valparaiso.

ABOUT THE STAFF

With the first issue of Vol. VII of the VU, the editors found themselves lucky in having a capable and talented staff. Special thanks should go to Marlene Lacey and Shirley Lepisto, our associate editor and business manager, whose suggestions and aid were responsible for many of the more salient features of this magazine. Art work and cartoons were provided by Marlene Nofz and her staff, while several willing and able frosh joined the feature staff. The short story is a product of Dr. Friedrich's course in Short Story Writing. Wayne Anderson contributed the article on the new and old systems of fraternity rushing, while Ted Zorn, an English major, wrote the first in a series of four articles that promise to be eye-openers. About all we can say to all of these as well as the rest, from typist to delivery boy, who helped with this issue, is thanks for VU.

STAFF

Co-Editors	Herb Busching	Artists	Marlys Nieland	Circulation Staff	Elaine Arndt
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Art Editor	Marlene Nofz		Don Eckart		Carol Warmbier
Business Manager	Shirley Lepisto		Bert Haerther		



by Jack Nelson

Between The Two Of Us . . .



by Herb Busching

Probably one of the most frequently quoted stanzas in the famed Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is the one which goes:

Come, fill the cup, and into the fire of Coming Spring
Your Winter's Garment fling,
For the Bird of Time has but a little Way to Flutter,
And the Bird is on the Wing.

This brings up the eternally frustrating question or idea of time and just what to do with it. Actually, it would seem that those who follow the admonition of the Persian tent-maker are few. When you stop and think about it, the "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die" clan is generally made up of people who are basically unhappy and constantly running from something. Either that or running toward something. Even they don't seem to know.

Although Valpo students aren't the type to "eat, drink and be merry," they do fill their lives with activities to the point where there doesn't seem to be enough time. This, in a way, is just as bad as wasting time. All of us, no matter how busy, should have time for those things which are necessary to life, including being alone. Loneliness is not to be avoided as much as many of us try to avoid it. Sometimes it is only while you are alone that you can come to learn yourself, and that is one of the most important things anyone can do during his life.

On the other hand we have those that watch time pass with "leaden steps." They find themselves with time on their hands, but have no idea what to do with it. Consequently, they spend much time wasting their time. The wasting of time has become a wholesale business in Valparaiso, and we all engage in it frequently. It really is a pity, as I am sure all of us could find some way to make those empty hours really count.

There, in a nutshell, we have the two extremes. Ideally, we should try for the happy medium. Unfortunately, most of us lie in the extremes. Maybe about the best thing we could do is to take a little precious time to take stock of ourselves and our lives. It should prove interesting and perhaps profitable.

* * * *

While browsing through the library this summer, I was happy to find that Kenneth Graham's *Wind in the Willows* has finally found its way to the adult section. This especially pleased me since I was tired of sneaking into the juvenile section to get it. In the hopes that the quiz on page 11 will arouse someone's interest, I can assure that time could not be better spent than reading or re-reading this book. Try it once.

If it is possible to define the limits of an era in a time unit as brief as a year we might define 1955 as a new era on the Valparaiso campus. With the impending completion of Dau and Kreinheder Halls, plans for the Deaconess chapter house, and the opening of the Valparaiso Union the student body is witnessing the first permanent shift of student population to east campus since the dedication of Guild and Memorial Halls in 1946. Most students are optimistic about plans for a new chapel and the further development of the new campus. Although much of this optimism is crystallized by conveniently forgetting about the university's perennial financial problems and the slow process of building, the fulfillment of the needs of the campus are in sight. It would not be unrealistic to say that 1955 is the beginning of a period of more rapid transition from old to new than any other time in the university's history.

What about the student? Where does he fit into the picture? The enrollment of the university is increasing steadily, but it is still the individual student who really determines the success of the university's expansion.

Both students and alumni may draw some lessons from the physical growth the campus is experiencing.

We should, first of all, be made aware of our own general importance to the university, or our responsibility in representing the university. Physical expansion, especially here at Valpo, must remain a by-product of total growth. The unique objectives of the university require it. Students, perhaps more than alumni, fail to realize their responsibility to the university. Ultimately, the student is the representative of the university even while he is in the classroom. Valpo is judged more by the lives of the students it has molded than by public relation pamphlets.

Secondly, we should examine our own behavior in the light of our personal responsibility to fellow students. Our new buildings should impress us with the dignity of the university. What rightful place can noisy dormitories, deadly gossip, and apathetic or slothful students have in a Christian university?

For Valpo to grow successfully we must consciously enter this period of transition with our personal responsibility in our mental and spiritual foreground. Our current physical expansion is challenging us to grow in our own dimensions. We can do it.

HRH QUEEN MARLENE

Photography by Don Eckart and Bert Haerther

Her Royal Highness, Queen Marlene Wehmüller, graciously reigns over the Homecoming festivities this year.

The attractive blond-haired, blue-eyed queen was elected from nine other candidates by the university men. Marlene, who is 5'7", has been in the Homecoming queen's court the past two years.

The queen is a 20-year-old senior from St. Louis majoring in speech and drama. She is a member of the University Players and Alpha Psi Omega, dramatic groups; Gown and Gavel, the honorary society for senior women; and Alpha Phi Delta sorority, of which Her Majesty is secretary.

Interesting people have a variety of interests, and Queen Marlene is no exception. Her hobbies range from her artistic talent of drawing to music and modern dancing. She took piano lessons for six years, and she prefers classical music.

Tennis and horseback riding are her favorite sports. Her Majesty also enjoys modeling for the Coronet shop here in town.

The queen has an older sister, Betty, who graduated from Valpo in 1953. Her father is a jeweler.

Congratulations to Valpo's Homecoming queen — Her Royal Highness, Queen Marlene.



Studying her script for a U. Players' dramatic production.



Social life rounds out the Queen's activities.



Drawing — another of Her Majesty's talents.



HER MAJESTY MARLENE



◀ SHARON
BAUER



◀ BETH
ELLENBERG

JUDY
JOHNSON ▶



SHARON
STANTON ▶



THE COURT

SHARON BAUER

Sharon Bauer, a junior, graces the queen's court for the second time. Sharon, the 20-year-old daughter of the Dean, is majoring in home ec. Her extra-curricular activities include the Home Ec club, of which she is vice-president.

JUDY JOHNSON

Blue-eyed, brown-haired Judy Johnson calls Evanston, Illinois, her home. She is majoring in home ec, and is social chairman for the Home Ec club. A 19-year-old sophomore, Judy is an alternate Student Council representative for her dorm.

BETH ELLENBERG

Maywood, Illinois, is the hometown of Beth Ellenberg, an 18-year-old sophomore. Psychology or sociology will be her major. Last year Beth was her corridor president. Semi-classical records and piano playing are her hobbies.

SHARON STANTON

Last year's Field Day queen, Sharon Stanton, is an 18-year-old sophomore sociology major from Birmingham, Michigan. She likes to sing, and shrimp is her favorite delicacy. Bowling and watching football are her leisure-time choices.

Fraternity Pledging, 1955-56

by Wayne Anderson

In the last few years on Valpo's campus, as well as on other campuses, there has been a trend which has been changing in varying degrees the nature of fraternity rushing and pledging and even the mental tone of the fraternities. Some veterans whose education was interrupted by military service have come back, taken stock of the situation, and commented on "the breakdown of fraternity spirit". Others have breathed a sigh of relief and voiced a loud "It's about time," referring to the diminishing number of well-worn paddles and accidentally chipped beer mugs, as well as the strengthening bond between the university and the fraternity. But to better understand just what this trend is changing and where it is leading us, we should examine both the old style of rushing and pledging, and the new constructive rushing and pledging.

The old rushing technique was, as are most American traditions, highly competitive. The rules were few and easy to follow. The main idea was to help the rushees pour as much beer down their freshman throats as possible. This rushing program was surpassed in open mindedness only by the pledging routine. It was the object of each pledge-master to prove to his pledges and the rest of the university that his fraternity was the best on campus. The pledge-master usually attempted to prove this, illogical as it may seem, by embarrassing, insulting, and working the pledges to and often beyond the limits of their endurance. Somewhere in most programs was the opportunity for the actives to exhibit their strength by paddling and their ingenuity by discovering more embarrassing and repugnant duties for the pledges to perform. The pledge who could not appreciate the elephantine charge of an active bulling his way across the room, paddle in hand, and the smack of his paddle as he tried to upend

the jack-knifed pledge, obviously wasn't good fraternity material. Nor was the pledge who could not carry a mouthful of gagging liquid made of everything from curry powder to alum through the house to the fire place to be considered a man who could be relied upon to carry his weight in fraternity activities.

A common attitude among the actives was "We went through it. These pledges should too." Others would say: "It teaches the pledges humility," but they failed to draw the line between humility and degradation. Seldom, if ever, was any thought given to how this type of pledging stood in relation to the ideals or goals of the university.

The "new look" in rushing and pledging will be less exciting, but more in keeping with Valpo's standards. Since the Inter-Fraternity Council stopped the serving of alcoholic beverages to freshman at smokers a few years back, the pledges have stayed sober when looking over possible fraternal affiliations. As a result, both active and rushees have been able to develop more of an acquaintance with each other than inebriated bar room camaraderie. The results have been good. The number of pledges has not changed noticeably, and both fraternity and rushees have been able to better judge each other. The new word in pledging programs is "constructive." The pledge programs of all of the fraternities this year, by Inter-Fraternity Council regulation, will eliminate physical violence and personality degradation. Instead, increased emphasis will be placed on service to the fraternity, university, and community. Academic and social progress of the pledges will be watched more closely by the fraternities. The pledge programs will not test the resistance of a pledge's hide to paddles, embarrassments, and insults, but rather attempt to determine which fit into the

group, which are co-operative, and which are energetic. Generally speaking the object will be to set up a situation similar to fraternity life, and determine whether the pledge is capable of being a good fraternity man and a credit to the fraternity when in university affairs on campus.

Perhaps none of the fraternities on Valpo's campus have had pledging programs solely of one type or the other. But many of them are very close to a complete "old style" or a completely "constructive" program. Each year it seems that the average program has become more and more constructive, but entirely on an individual basis. Nevertheless, last spring the administration, prompted by some incidents connected with pledging stopped "Hell week" just before "Hell night." Therefore, this fall, when the IFC met, it recommended that the constructive pledging program be adopted by all of its members. For some of the fraternities, this will mean a radical change, for other fraternities, less or no change will be entailed. If the goals of this new program are reached, it will mean identification of the fraternities' interest with that of the university. Most of the best ammunition of "anti-fraternity" people will be taken away with the old type of rushing and pledging.

There are still, however, several questions to be answered in the next two semesters. Did the change come too fast? Should we have waited until the individual fraternities adopted these measures themselves? Will this program introduce co-operation with the administration or opposition to its enforcement? Can the fraternities maintain the "esprit de corps" of their pledge classes? These and many other questions will be answered after we have seen how the fall and spring pledge classes carry out the new plan.

Theme Righting

by Evelyn Rau

"For your next theme, elaborate on some particular aspect or phase of the Homecoming festivities," dictated Dr. Friedrice to the eager members of his freshman comp class. "Themes are due on Friday."

Friday came — soon enough — and was immediately followed by Saturday, paper-grading (and golfing) day for Dr. Friedrice. The first theme to fall into his hands (it didn't really fall, he just picked it up) happened to be one which must have been written by an athletic fellow. Its title was, naturally, "The Football Game," and what it amounted to was a play-by-play description of the game. It looked something like this after Dr. Friedrice had graded it:

It was exactly $\frac{2}{3}$ yd.
 "... then, with fourth down and only $1\frac{1}{2}$ yd. to go, Howie
 Crunchabone plays end!
 Crunchabone, V.U.'s quarterback, slipped through the line to gain
 the first down. Clem Kjzevokoffski ~~mashed~~ ^{tackled} the DePauw block, clearing
 the way for Sam Czynurkov, who was finally ~~tackled~~ ^{he was mashed} by the Tiger's Shorty
 Frotzengeezer, after a gain of approximately ~~4 $\frac{3}{4}$~~ ^{5 yds.} yards. . . ."

In short order, the fellow was given a D (inaccurate details, but the names were spelled correctly), and was forgotten. The second theme to be marked was one written by a girl whose high school English teacher had told her that Roget's *Thesaurus* was the indispensable weapon of theme writers. Her masterpiece in linguistics, a la Roget at \$6.50, turned out like this:

"... and the polychromatic cortege peragrated gradatim up the
 paramount thoroughfare of Valparaiso, as myriads of embullient earthlings
 delineated the flanges of the pavement."

Dr. Friedrice dismissed this paper quickly with an A because the girl was a pretty blond, and anyhow he wanted to play golf that afternoon and didn't have time to fiddle around with difficult translations.

The author of the next theme was not doing very well in Grammar O, and his words could scarcely be found between Dr. Friedrice's encouraging remarks. It ended up looking like this:

... after that a bunch of us ^{went} guys goes down to the Blue
 Gander watch your relative clauses which was lots of fun. While we set ^{were you waiting tables?} theresome guys come up
 and said use direct quotation do we want to fight, so we did comma splice and beat run-on those other bums
^{sentence}
 all"

The author of the lovely mess received no mercy whatsoever, because it took Dr. Friedrice so long to write in all the corrections that he missed the first round (of golf, that is) that afternoon.



Doris Boerger at the Fountain of Trevi ("Three Coins in the Fountain")

EUROPEAN

HOLIDAY

by Marjorie Martin

"It was like a dream come true to realize that I was finally in Europe." This was the reaction of two of our globe trotting Valpo-ites as they landed in Rotterdam, Holland, last July 8th.

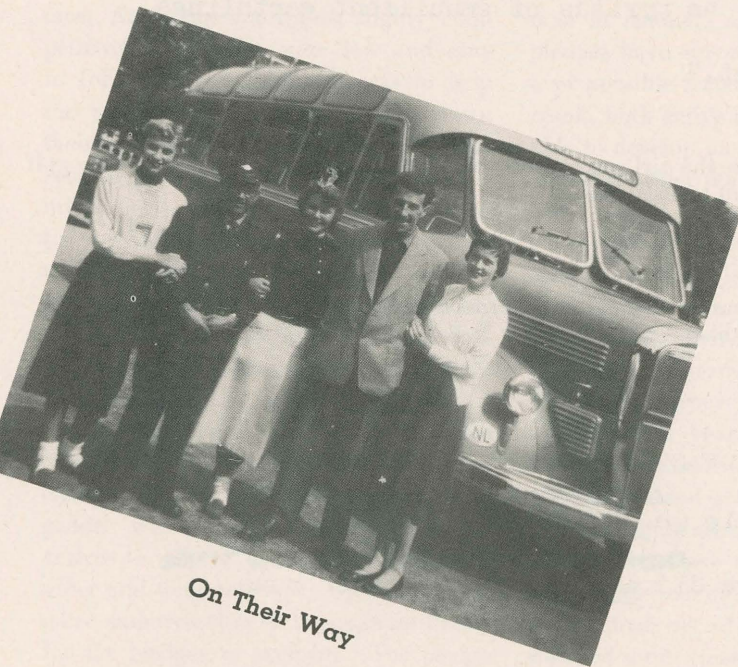
After their nine-day boat trip on the "Groote Beer," Marjorie Schmidt ('57), Lynne Zummallen ('58), Doris Boerger ('56), Berdene Ringenberg ('56), Joy Katzel, Nelma Ver Haar, and Miss Anne Brauer of the University Relations department were more than glad to sight the continent on which they would be spending the next eight weeks.

Those next never-to-be forgotten eight weeks left the voyagers with many varied impressions, and with a desire to return and see more of Europe.

Some of those impressions were odd and varied. They range all the way from a realization that it is extremely easy to meet men in Italy (leave it to the girls!), to an observation that the English aren't quite as formal as they're made out to be.

On their bus, accompanied by two Dutch guides, the tour made its way through seven European countries; namely Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, and England. Venice's canals and gondolas, Germany's war ruins, and the dollhouse atmosphere of Holland remain vivid in the minds of the travelers as they look back on their summer's experiences. The gaiety of "Paree," and, of course, its connection with fashion, appealed to the girls. In fact, two of them even ventured into Jacques Fath's — but didn't stay too long. It seems that their wrinkled travel clothes just didn't fit into the plush atmosphere!

Those of you who have watched a college girl move into a dorm at the beginning of a semester are no doubt wondering just exactly how fourteen people (especially six Valpo girls) could possibly get all their luggage for such an extensive trip into one bus. Believe it or not, but each of the girls was allowed only two suitcases. This considerably limited the individual wardrobes. Consequently, after a week, the members of the tour knew each other more by what they wore than by their faces!



On Their Way



Bon Voyage

In a European Garden

Rome, with all its historic relics and buildings proved to be the most impressive city to the traveling Valpo-ites. The Appian Way with the Coliseum in the background added to the novelty of viewing other people and their ways of life in a different country.

A carriage ride one night in an old-fashioned, horse-drawn buggy took the travelers back a few years, and was one more entry in their list of once-in-a-lifetime experiences.

Holding to the old adage that "the best laid plans of men and mice oftimes go astray," the tour had its share of unforeseen excitement. Some uneven steps near the Coliseum in Rome and, three days later, a span of water between two boats resulted in a sprained ankle and a dunking for Margie; while the tail end of Hurricane Edith caused some discomfort for the whole group on the return trip. An ocean liner is no row-boat, but "Edie" was more than just a squall. Lynne had an especially hard time chasing her soup around the bowl at supper one night. Then after falling over backwards and landing in a conglomeration of people and food she suddenly lost her appetite, and the group left the dining cabin with no regrets.

For those of you who are putting off enrolling in a Medieval European history course, let me suggest that you take the proposed trip to Europe next summer first — it makes the course more interesting, they say!



The Happy Wanderers

THE FULL MEASURE

by Ted Zorn

Prowling around the house the other night in search of something interesting to do before going to bed, I turned on the television set to see what was on at that time. The picture snapped into focus with Steve Allen seated at the piano in the middle of a pleasant, easy arrangement of a pretty Harold Arlen tune. The rest of the program was the usual blend of casual humor and nonsense, but after it was over there were a few ideas that seemed to have suggested themselves to me. As one often does when confronted by a successful young man, I tried to imagine just of how much value a college education would be to a person like Mr. Allen. Or, along the very same line, just what kind of mark such a man would make for himself in college. Let me say, first, that I know nothing at all of Steve Allen's academic career, and I am using him as an example of a certain type of person characterized by similar gifts and talents who may be encountered more than infrequently in the college scene. For Mr. Allen's talents, intelligence, and worth as an entertainer I have nothing but respect.

Still, what would such a person do in a college or university? Again, I am only speculating, but don't we generally see such types as the campus politicians and "wheels" and the fraternity good-time boys? It is hard to picture one with such diverse talents and so gregarious a personality in a strictly academic surrounding. It is not unreasonable to assume that he would be disinterested or neglectful in his studies and would receive generally poor grades. At any rate the chance for that happening

is not illogical. On the basis of this, the consensus would class his college career as a failure. Yet isn't it probable that such a person's talents and future assets would be best developed in that part of college life which lies outside the normal curriculum. In this case grades are hardly an accurate indication of the success of his college life. It is indeed unfortunate that so many, especially here at Valparaiso, consider grades to be such an important part of a college education.

It is difficult to trace the root of this tendency towards overconcern with grades because the grading system is so old and well established, but the danger is that it is likely to continue with the expansion of college education in this country. As business and industry hire the increasing number of college graduates, they are forced to use the only available means at hand to evaluate the graduates they are interviewing. Unable to interview fully, they must infer much about a person's intelligence, diligence, and other character traits from his scholastic record.

This pressure from outside is partly responsible for the undergraduate's abnormal attention to the grade he receives on his work. The rest is probably the result of his own immaturity. The attitude is all too prevalent that the important thing in a given course is the grade. We seem to place in a secondary position such things as the content and personal worth of the study. Everybody seems to be able to quote his grade point average to the second decimal place. Indeed, that is apparently the only thing that many students retain

from the previous semester. Those who have an average of over 2.5 are too often judged to be highly intelligent, when in reality they may be uninspired drudges or clever imitators.

But the students are not the only ones at fault for the preoccupation with grades. Some courses simply do not offer anything more than a grade to work for. Others are taught at such an elementary level that even the average student is retarded by the professor's slow, meticulous pace and soon losses interest. Or the professor might by his own continual attention to an intricate personal marking system, help to make his class too grade conscious.

Neither student nor professor has ever been fully in favor of our conventional grading system, but as long as we continue to work with it we should deal with it honestly. For the student this means that he should discover the truly valuable things in a given course and make these a part of his personal system of beliefs. Intellectual and spiritual growth should be the main objectives, and the opinion of one man, his instructor, be placed in a subordinate position. He must also be honest with himself and not go to the other extreme by false rationalizing away of failures caused by sloth or thoughtlessness.

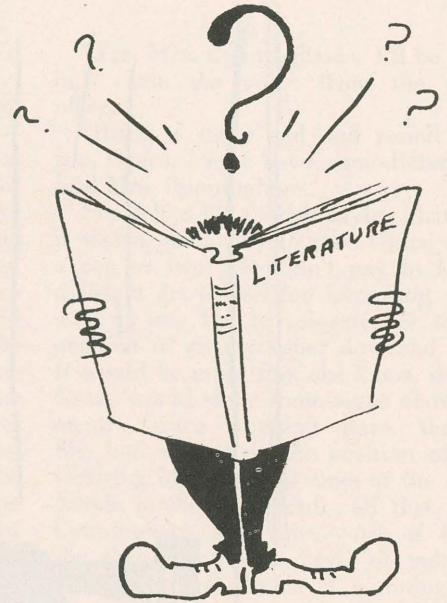
The instructor has a duty in this also. For, while in the basic stages of study, his job is primarily to lead and correct, he should, after a certain stage, give the student something that demands more than mere following. For if one has to struggle and fight for something, he will know its worth far better, and he will instinctively hold on to it more firmly.

QUIZ YOURSELF

After several years of observation, it has come to our attention that many people read books other than text books. As a test for those of you who read, here is a list of literary domiciles (homes). The problem: To whom would you be writing if you wrote letters to the following addresses:

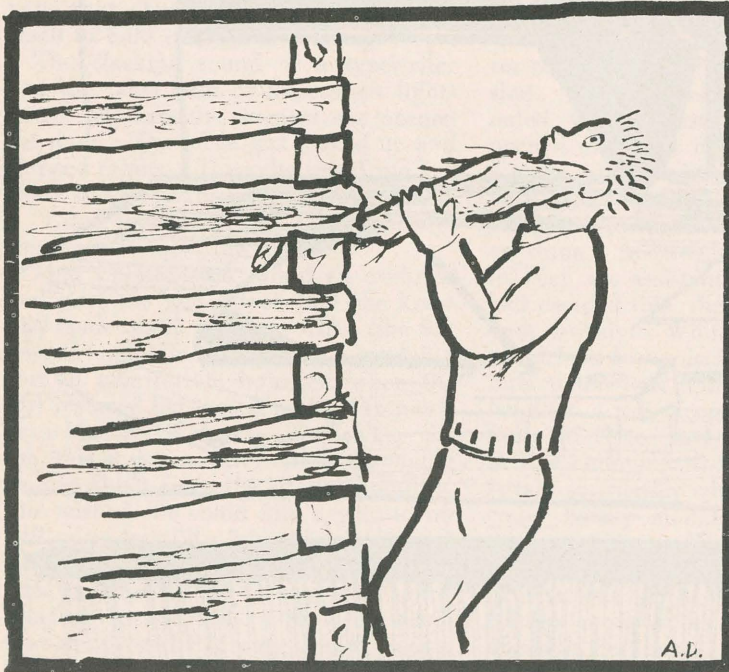
- (a) 221 B. Baker Street
- (b) Tara
- (c) The Okefenokee Swamp
- (d) Dunsinane
- (e) The Wild Wood

- (f) Mudville
- (g) The Wild Frontier
- (h) Thornfield Hall
- (i) The Pequod
- (j) Wonderland

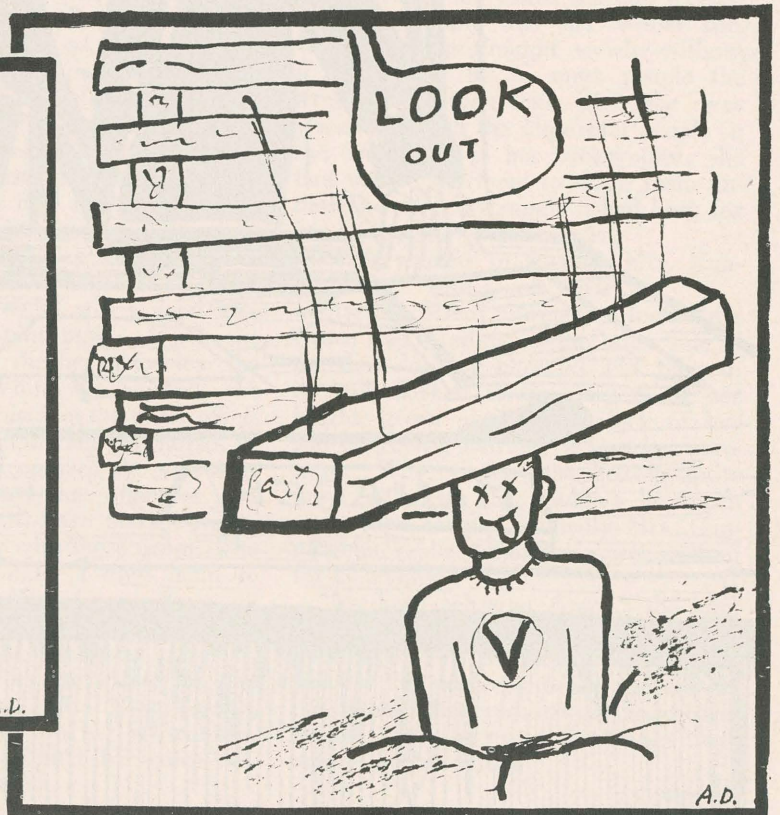


(Answers and rating table on page 15.)

HOMECOMING JOY

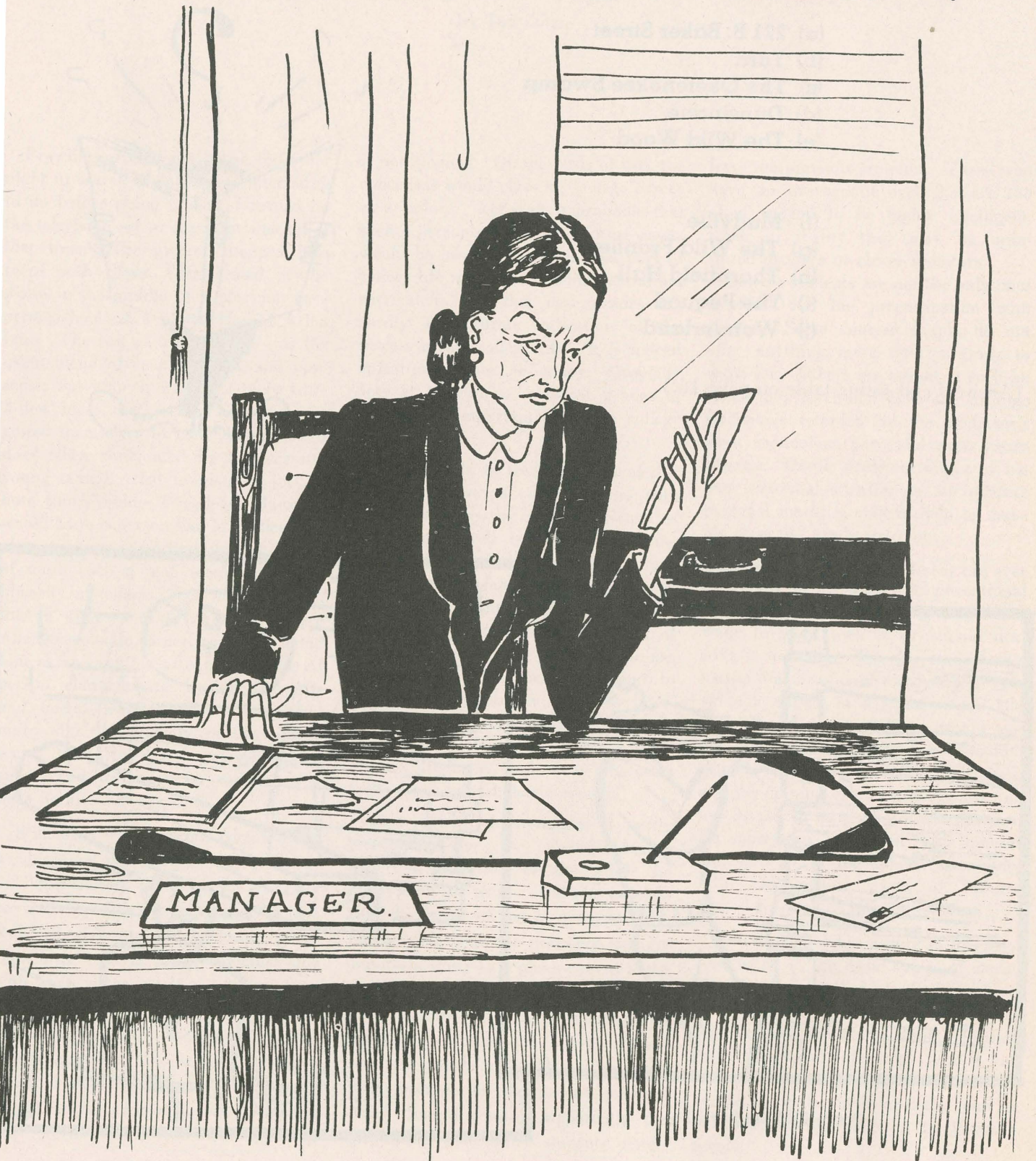


Don't light the fire !!



A.D.

THE OMEN



THE OMEN

by Nancy Gehring Schlueter

It was not a long walk from her home to the office, but Mrs. Cunningham found herself breathing heavily as she hurried to the door at the end of the hall. She hated her office. It was badly located, and her heart sank when she thought of its old-fashioned furniture. She felt especially sorry for herself when she remembered the plushy offices provided by other firms for their advertising managers.

With her hand on the brass door-knob, Mrs. Cunningham felt a curious urge to read the neat, black letters printed on the glass that spelled out VELDA H. CUNNINGHAM, ADVERTISING MANAGER. She wondered if that smug feeling inside were showing in the smile that she knew was tugging at the corners of her mouth. Why should she care if it did? She had a right to have pride in her work, didn't she? That thought somehow made her angry, and her anger increased as her eyes moved down to the smaller print on the door. She knew without reading that they spelled out, GRACE SOMMERS, ASSISTANT ADVERTISING MANAGER. Perhaps she could arrange to have that changed; the glass was too small to hold that much printing.

The clacking sound of a typewriter and the faint hum of fluorescent lights struck her ears the moment she opened the door. The office girl looked up and stopped typing. Then she rose from her chair and stood there like a stone image.

"Good morning, Mrs. Cunningham," she said.

Mrs. Cunningham raised an eyebrow and gave the girl a look that she knew had made many a person wilt. She felt herself having to give way to a grudging sort of admiration, however, when the girl resumed her typing without so much as a blush. Of course, it wasn't a virtue, this stoicism. Nowadays the young people didn't have the proper humility. She wished she could find a way to instill some humility into this girl.

Mrs. Cunningham quickly walked across the room to her private office. How relaxing it was not to have to watch that snippy girl. It was silly, of course, to allow the girl to irritate her. The girl was probably envious of her, as so many other people around the offices

were. Thinking of it that way helped restore her good humor.

The desk chair groaned as Mrs. Cunningham eased into it. She felt tired — as if she had already put in her usual five hours. The feeling reminded her of Richard's tiresome way of joking, like his telling her that old age was creeping up on her. Not too long ago she had had to remind him that he was five years older than she. That had stopped him. Feeling faintly embarrassed, she opened the lower right-hand desk drawer and fished out a small mirror. The image that looked back at her was reassuring; not at all the face of a middle-aged woman. Middle-aged—the thought was rather shocking. She tilted the mirror and noted with satisfaction that there were very few strands of grey in her thick, black hair, and that her skin had almost no lines. Well, it was relatively unlined provided she didn't let bright light shine on her face. With that in mind, she reached over and pulled the draperies closer together. She felt something like a cheat doing that, but she justified herself with the thought that she wasn't nearly as vain about her appearance as most women were.

Mrs. Cunningham returned the mirror to its place and slammed the drawer shut. She hunched over the desk and noted with distaste the stack of unopened mail that had accumulated during the past five or six days. It might be wiser to let Grace take care of it, she thought. Grace never objected to doing anything. Anyway, it was a good idea to keep an assistant busy. When she had decided this, she began to clear the desk briskly. While she worked, she could hear low voices in the outer office, interrupted now and then by bursts of laughter. She recognized the voices as those of Grace and that offensive girl. It was annoying to have one's own assistant so friendly with those people who could hardly manage a civil hello to their superior. Mrs. Cunningham allowed her annoyance to take the form of a vicious jab at the buzzer. Her irritation mounted as she waited for the effect of her buzz. Mrs. Cunningham, who prided herself on her self-control, found it difficult to pitch her voice low.

"Grace," she called.

"Yes, Mrs. Cunningham. I'll be right in," came the voice from the outer office.

"Bring a steno pad and pencil with you, Grace. I may have some dictation," said Mrs. Cunningham.

She felt a bit foolish saying that, but it was a good way to take Grace down a peg or two. It didn't pay to let an assistant get to feel too important. Anyway, it was fun to relegate her to the position of stenographer now and then. It would be more fun, she knew, if only Grace would show some signs of resentment. Grace wouldn't dare, though. She had an eye on the position of Advertising Manager, as some of the other people in the office had. Of that, Mrs. Cunningham was sure. All of them, she thought, like a flock of vultures, waiting for her, Velda H. Cunningham, to retire. It was ridiculous, really. Why, retirement was as much out of the question as a cut in salary. Richard understood this, and the president of the company, Mr. Martin, surely did too. This position for which she had worked years to attain was her whole life. Without it, she thought — why without it she would be to most people the wrong-side-of-the-tracks girl she was years ago. All the important people in the firm knew of her background; she had had to tell them to make them understand what a struggle it had been for her to become what she was.

"You wanted to dictate, Mrs. Cunningham?" said a soft voice.

Startled, Mrs. Cunningham looked up. Grace was standing on the other side of the desk looking cheerful and relaxed. A smile lurked at the corners of her bright, green eyes, and a lock of her short, greying hair lay across her forehead. Why, Grace was getting quite grey, although she couldn't be much more than forty. Suddenly Mrs. Cunningham realized that Grace was waiting for an answer.

"My head aches so, Grace," she said. "I believe the dictation will have to wait until later. In the meantime you can go over this correspondence and answer the letters that require an immediate answer. And be sure to let me see them before they're mailed."

to page 17

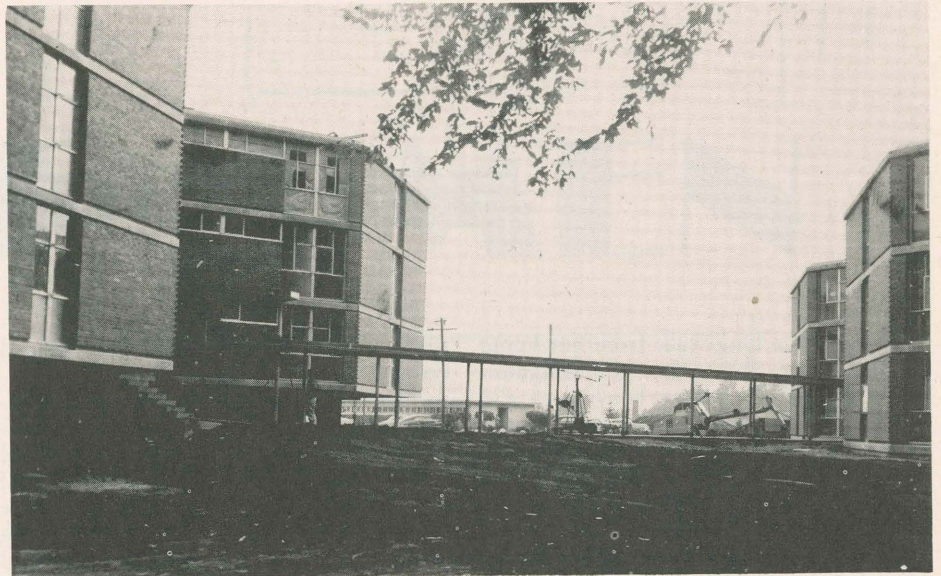
THE NEW VALPO

by

Jo Ann Parrish

and

Art Strohmer



KREINHEDER AND DAU HALLS

A new Valparaiso is about to be born. One can see the beginnings of it in the new Valparaiso Union and men's dormitories.

Greeting both the new freshmen and the returning upperclassmen this year was the sight of these ultra-modern, octagonal-shaped new men's dorms, Dau and Kreinheder, named after two previous presidents of the University — William Herman Theodore Dau (1926-30) and Carl Oscar Kreinheder (1930-40). In keeping with the modernistic trend so evident in the new Union, these dorms are a worthy and needy addition to the ever-growing East Campus.

The basic idea of having the living quarters situated around a centrally located lounge is unique in itself. The octagonal structure of the two units with the use of geometric angles is becoming more widely used in present-day constructions. The angles used in the dorms fit together into a specific pattern in order to provide more space in a small area. Much wasted space is thus eliminated.

The Valparaiso Union, with which the university family and guests are already familiar, is the center of student activities, both social and extra-curricular. It houses the student publications,

the *VU*, *Torch* and *Beacon*, the Student Council and APO offices, as well as the bowling alleys, cafeteria and snack bar, and the Great Hall for banquets and large gatherings.

But a great deal is yet to come. Among the things most needed is a new Deaconess chapter house. The present location of the student deaconesses is so far from the old and the new campuses that many students forget they are part of the university.

It is very difficult for the girls to establish a feeling of unity among their own students because they are widely separated from each other. Only thirteen girls reside in their present chapter house; thirteen more live in the annex; but the other twenty-six upperclass students must live in six private homes. The freshman students live on campus. Under these circumstances the only time they can be together as a group is at 6:30 p.m. when they conduct vespers. There are also the usual crowded conditions — in one instance six girls share the same closet.

However, today's students can look forward to the day when their new house will be completed. Although some of the present plans are still tentative, the blueprints are on the architect's drawing board. Present plans

include a two-story building of modern architecture, built in such a way that a third floor can easily be added when the increased enrollment warrants it. The original two stories will house seventy-five students, with a maximum of two in a room. It will be constructed on the four and one-fourth acre tract of land, which has already been purchased by the Lutheran Deaconess Association on the new campus, near the present Union.

The deaconesses in the field are contributing a chapel for the new structure. There will be a large lounge on the first floor, and a smaller one on the second story. Tentative plans also include a library in either a separate room or a book nook. Cooking and washing facilities will be provided in the basement. A recreation room, a counselors' meeting room, and a practice room equipped with a piano are also in the plans. The house mother's quarters will be on the first floor.

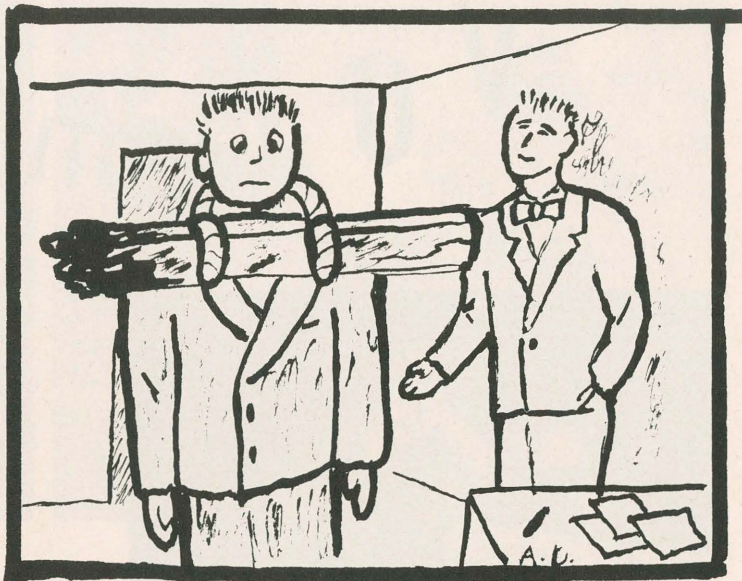
When this dream becomes a reality, the spirit of Valparaiso will more easily include also the deaconess students. Then the hardships of today and yesterday's inadequate facilities will be forgotten and all of Valpo will profit from a more unified university.

Answers to Quiz Yourself

Now . . . Rate yourself
Deduct 10% for each incorrect answer

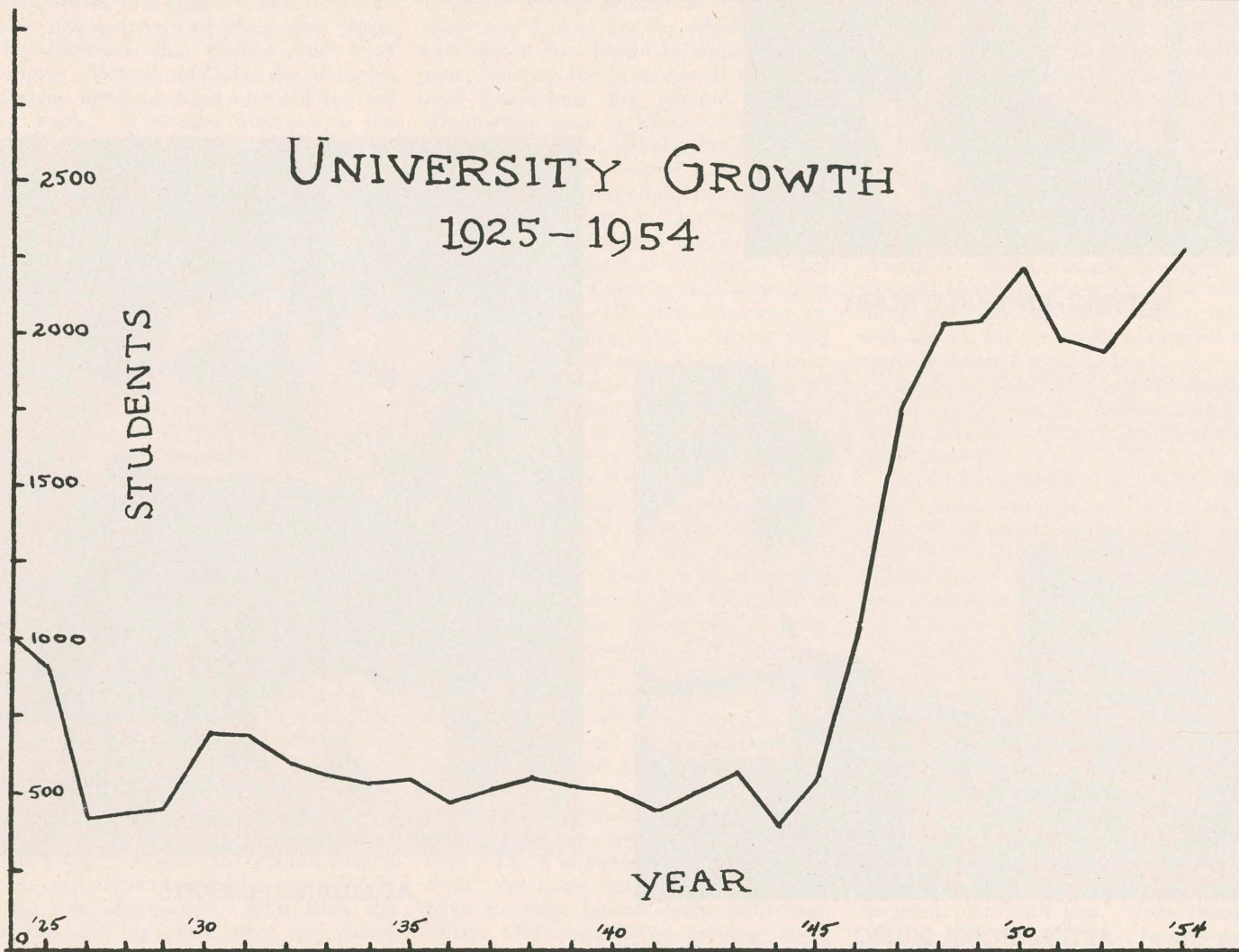
- (a) Sherlock Holmes
- (b) Scarlett O'Hara
- (c) Pogo
- (d) Macbeth
- (e) Mr. Badger (in *Wind in the Willows*)
- (f) Casey (in *Casey at the Bat*)
- (g) Davy Crockett
- (h) Jane Eyre
- (i) Captain Ahab (in *Moby Dick*)
- (j) Alice

- 100%....You peeked!
- 90%....Bookworm!
- 80%....Head of the English department
- 70%....English major
- 60%....English major who cuts classes
- 50%....Took Kid lit.
- 40%....Average
- 30%....Comic book kid
- 20%....Engineer
- 10%....Need glasses
- 0....Can't read



"Da-will dis tie do? I got it a fire sale during Valpo homecoming."

UNIVERSITY GROWTH 1925 - 1954



V U

SPOTLIGHTS

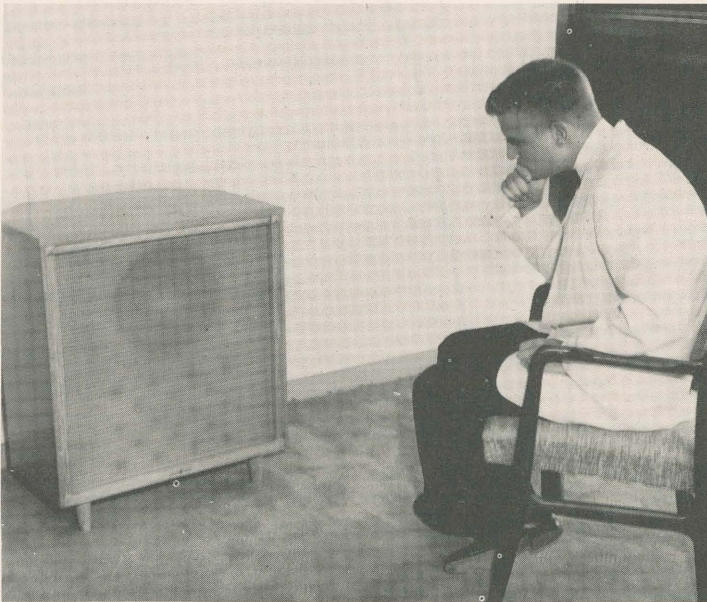
V. U.

(VALPARAISO UNION)

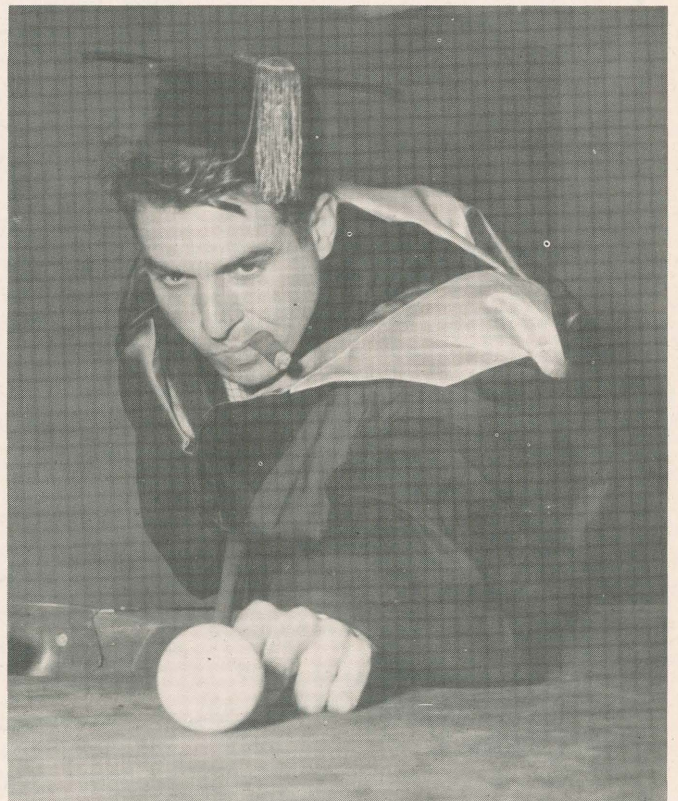


GETTING AN EARLY START

Since the opening of the Valparaiso Union, there has been a stir in the fashion circles of the university as to the proper attire at the Union. The VU herewith presents a comprehensive picture study of fashionable dress at the Union.



AFTER-DINNER MUSIC



ACADEMIC PURSUITS



STUDENT AIDS



SUNDAY-NOON DINERS

She looked at Grace and noticed that the smile lines around her eyes had disappeared, and that a frown of something like concern had taken their place. The difference that change made was nothing short of startling, she thought. It made her look tired and old beyond her years. "I wonder how people see me," Mrs. Cunningham suddenly wondered. Could it be the way she saw Grace now?

"I'm very sorry you're not feeling well," said Grace. "Headaches can certainly be miserable. Would you like me to get you some aspirin? If you think it would help, I'll be glad to get you some."

When she spoke, the youngish, soft-spoken voice seemed incongruous with her appearance. Mrs. Cunningham felt a momentary rush of pity, but suppressed it by reminding herself that feeling maudlin about one's subordinates never paid. Subordinates were apt to take advantage of one's feelings.

"No thank you, Grace," she said. "It's just eye strain, I think, I did a tremendous amount of paper work at the house last night. Perhaps I should leave a bit early today and get some rest." Her eyes ached just from talking about them, and she could feel a slight moistness at their corners. She felt pleased that she had managed that; no small feat to convince yourself of a lie of your own invention. She wished that Grace would take her silence as a hint to leave.

"Before I go, Mrs. Cunningham," said Grace, "I want to remind you of your appointment with the president at 1:30 this afternoon." With that, she walked into the outer office and closed

the door softly behind her.

When the door had closed, Mrs. Cunningham swung around in her swivel chair and looked out the window. She saw that it had begun to snow steadily now, crusting the branches of the trees, and blanketing the ground with a shimmering coat of white. Nasty weather. Why some people thought snow so beautiful she would never understand. She shivered slightly and noticed that her hands felt cold and wet. Then it seemed to her that a ball of ice was slowly forming in her stomach. What she needed, she thought, was something to eat. Food usually settled her nerves. She glanced at her watch and saw with relief that she had more than two hours before her appointment. She wondered what the president had on his mind. She had gone in to see him before at her own request, but he rarely called her in unless there was some complaint. She decided that some oversensitive underling had probably complained about what he or she thought was unfair treatment. That kind of situation was not hard to handle. But the decision did not bring her the feeling of calm that she had expected. Mrs. Cunningham guessed that it was not really worth worrying about, whatever it might be. After all, whatever the president had in mind could not be so bad that she had to spend two hours worrying about it.

With a last distasteful look at the falling snow, she swung around to the desk. For a moment she sat motionless. Well, she knew one thing: she would have to keep herself busy until one-thirty. Christmas was coming soon,

and she could go over copy for the various women's magazines. How irritating it was to have to worry about advertising copy designed to interest adolescent girls and moronic housewives. And when she ran her eye over the copy and saw the emphasis on snob appeal, her exasperation grew. When she caught herself staring blankly at the copy, she knew that she would not be able to accomplish anything that day. With her attention wandering like that, she would only have to do everything over later. But it was not like her to be so upset about the unknown. The whole thing was silly, and she was impatient with herself for the practical-minded woman she knew herself to be.

Her desk phone rang, and she jumped. Before there was a second ring she heard herself saying, "Mrs. Cunningham speaking."

"Mrs. Cunningham, this is Mr. Martin. I was wondering if you would mind if we postponed our talk until after the holidays. Something very important has come up and I should take care of it today."

"Of course I don't mind, Mr. Martin," replied Mrs. Cunningham. "That would be quite satisfactory to me. Perhaps if you told me what it was that you wanted to see me about I could help you now."

She could feel her heart pounding against her ribs. It was painful, and seemed to be constricting her breathing.

"Well, I cannot explain in any great detail now," the president answered. "But the board of directors of the company have asked me to discuss our retirement plan with you. They thought

... to next page

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THE OMEN (cont'd)

perhaps you might be wondering about it, and that if we talked it over, you could get a clearer picture of it."

Mrs. Cunningham could hear the president's voice droning on, but the words meant nothing to her. With more control than she thought possible, she cradled the receiver back on its base. The voice stopped, but it went on in her mind, repeating itself endlessly. She felt as drained of feeling as if someone had given her a numbing blow. Her thoughts were whirling, and all she was conscious of was the desire to run. Then the thought came slowly but intensely: Richard! Richard would help her decide what to do. She had to get home as quickly as possible.

Suddenly she realized that she had put on her hat and coat without being aware of doing it. Her knees felt weak as she walked into the outer office, but she forced herself to walk past Grace and the girl, who seemed to be trying to stare through her. With a quick motion she pulled open the door and rushed out. Slivers of pain shot upward from her ankle as she tripped over the threshold. She felt herself falling forward and tried desperately to check her fall by clutching the doorknob. When she heard the door slam against the wall with a crash, Mrs. Cunningham took a deep breath and straightened up. And then, with a feeling akin to horror, she saw a crack spread horizontally across the glass, cutting the printed words of the first line in half, like a red pencil crossing out a mistake.

ODE TO A GREEN POT

by Carla Husebo

Green little Pot,

You're so very dear to me;
You may not come from Paris,
But you're fashionable, I see;
For all the mighty freshmen
Are wearing you these days;
They're not Hedda Hoppers,
But they're cute in their own ways.

Green little Pot,

You're so comfortable to wear;
I love the way you make me sweat,
And tend to muss my hair;
You look quite pretty frontwards,
But backwards you're the top;
I always will adore you,
My green little Pot.

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"The Good Ol' Days"

by Marlene Lacey

The Union changes many things
For better, though, I must agree —
Until I think on mem'ry's wings
Of all the pleasant times that we
Enjoyed the "Hole" — the days that
used-to-be.

But now it's closed, at least in part —
The *biggest* part, if I may say.
So now we have no place to dart
With friends for "coffee breaks" so gay,
Because the Union's "miles and miles"
away.

I truly wish the "good ol' days"
Of laughter, fun, and gaiety
Would soon return with their old ways
So we could chat and sip hot tea
And take a "break" at the "Hole"
conveniently.

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