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Valparaiso University

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# VU

DECEMBER 14, 1955

*Christmas Issue*





**Mrs.**  
**Johnson's**  
**CHICKEN**  
**DINNER**

●  
**One Mile West**  
**Of Road 49**  
**On U.S. Road 6**  
  
●  
**Phone**  
**Valparaiso**  
**4-7702**

**WASH**  
**O**  
**MAT**

**Automatic**  
**Laundry**

●  
**We Iron**  
**Shirts And**  
**Flat Work**  
  
●  
**505 Freeman**  
**Phone 3-8314**  
  
●  
**BEHIND**  
**ENGINEERING**  
**ANNEX**

**DISTINCTIVE**  
**LINE**  
**of**  
**GREETING**  
**CARDS**  
**FOR ALL**  
**OCCASIONS**

●  
**UNIVERSITY**  
**BOOK**  
**STORE**





## CONTENTS

Between the Two of Us .....	Jack Nelson & Herb Busching	p. 2
Cartoon .....	Lynn Mack	p. 3
VU Goes Soliciting .....	Rhoda Heinecke & Evie Rau	p. 4
A Letter To Santa .....	Evie Rau	p. 6
Pledging, ——Or——? .....	Jack Leal	p. 7
The Good Shepherd .....	Dennis Cowdrick	p. 8
Westphalian Homecoming .....	Ursula Reimler	p. 11
The Singing Crusaders .....	Sheila MacKay & Kathleen Plackemeier	p. 12
Christmas Traditions .....	Marjorie Martin	p. 14
The Full Measure .....	Ted Zorn	p. 16
Editing a Magazine .....		p. 17
Rate Your Date .....		p. 20



### ABOUT THE COVER

Dr. Gieseler, Chapel Committee Chairman, lights the last candle of Valpo's Advent wreath. Story on page 14.

### ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Here we are again, getting *VU* out just in time for students to read on the trip home. As usual, this magazine (such as it is called) is coming out through the courtesy of several people. Ursula Reimler, a senior, wrote the short story on page 10 especially for the Christmas issue. Evie Rau did double duty this issue, and Rhoda Heinecke deserted *Torch* for awhile to give us a hand. Editorial orchids (shades of Walter Winchell) go to Jack Leal for his pertinent, tongue-in-cheek article on fraternal "dynamite." Ted Zorn also deserves praise for making us think a little; "thinking is becoming a rarity these days." If we had the money, we would undoubtedly shower our art and photography staffs with all sorts of gifts. We don't have the money, so all we can say is thanks. Lest we forget . . . thanks to our advisor, Mr. Carl Krekeler; Dean Tangerman; Miss Olson; and Dr. Friedrich for their help and advice with this issue. As for Busching, Lacey, and Nelson . . . we just sat around and supervised, and also found time to wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

## STAFF

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Associate Editor .....	Marlene Lacey		Don Eckart		Jack Leal
Art Editor .....	Marlene Noz		Henry Spannake	Typist .....	Carol Warmbier
Business Manager .....	Shirley Lepisto				





## Between The Two Of Us . . .

by Jack Nelson



by Herb Busching

If there are any would-be Hemingways or Spillanes reading this space-filler who think that writing is simply a bed of roses and paychecks, let them be warned. Know ye from henceforth that it "ain't" all it's cracked up to be, and that there is nothing more terrifying than the sight of a blank piece of paper in a typewriter. Strong men have been know to take to weak tea after a session with their Muse (or Muses, as the case may be).

As the VU makes its periodic appearance on campus, the editors are faced with the pleasant duty of filling a blank page with print, and this is not quite as easy as it sounds. It may be said, however, that once the first paragraph is written, the rest is easy. Most people lose interest midway between the first and second sentences anyway, and they generally end up wandering off to the nearest "eatery" to indulge in the blissful raptures of a coffee break. This, incidentally, brings up a point. Why doesn't someone write on the coffee break or the "coffee-breakers"? I don't know why not, and I don't much care, but here goes.

"Coffee-breakers" seem to fall into categories. Either that or I'm pushing them there. It doesn't make much difference. First and most delightful, we have the dunkers. These people take their social life into their hands every time they sit down to coffee. They immediately dunk everything in sight into the coffee. If they can get away with it without an accident, it isn't so bad, but many of them find themselves sitting with one half a soggy doughnut in their hand and the other half floating around in the coffee cup like a half-submerged whale. What to do? The more uncouth fish it out with a spoon and eat it. Others wait until it falls apart and drink it. Still others forget the whole thing and order another cup of coffee. This is undoubtedly very intelligent, but rather expensive.

Other people buy coffee just to be able to slush it around in the cup. They will seize the cup with both hands, look into the murky depths of coffee like a Svengali looking at Trilby, and begin to move the cup around in a circular motion, laughing wildly all the time. They generally drink alone, and it's a good thing too. A group of these in one place at one time could start another Johnstown flood.

Many people take coffee breaks so that they can smoke and discuss philosophy. The philosophy is generally pretty secret stuff, so they send up smoke screens or communicate with each other by means of smoke signals. They order one cup of coffee, smoke one package of cigarettes, and occupy the same booth for hours. They are very popular with the waitresses.

Some people take coffee breaks because they like coffee. This is sort of silly when you get around to it, if you ever bother getting around to it. But then, who cares? Coffee break, anyone?

\* \* \* \*

Since the Christmas season has broken out in its full glory of commercialism (18 carols for \$2.00, etc.) it remains for all of us, as individuals, to realize the true meaning of Christmas. Although it is hard to define, I think a part of it lies in the feeling most of us have when we leave the mid-night service before vacation. It might be a good idea if we made a New Year's resolution to preserve this feeling till next Christmas . . . make it a year round festival of the heart.

\* \* \* \*

By the way, in case you're interested in finding out just how editors feel about the whole thing, just read the article on page 17.

Fortunately, we have no radio in the VU office. The diet of almost 24 hours of popular music which disc jockeys are willing to feed us produces only indigestion. We prefer classical music.

Unfortunately, we who like classical music are a minority group, surrounded by the enemy. We can't change this status unless we learn to appreciate the primitive rhythm pounded out by a reputedly brilliant drummer (i.e., perhaps a Borneo cannibal). We cannot be converted by a screaming trumpet; consequently, we are called "stubborn." This does not bother us, but we would like to become optimistic for a moment to consider how we might achieve a partial victory over our brethren in the opposite camp. There are three doors to victory or escape.

Those who wish to listen to classical music may do so if they: A, belong to a symphony orchestra; B, have enough money to attend concerts frequently; C, own an FM radio. (A.) is a solution for a minority of the classical music fans. Not everyone has the patience or talent required to become a good musician. (B.) is a solution for those music lovers in the upper money brackets. But we submit this with reservations. It is not unusual to find jazz and pop concerts in once hallowed places. Consider Carnegie Hall. (C.) is a solution for those who can afford an FM radio — if they are big enough to intimidate their roommates who may complain about too much classical music. (C.) gives us another solution, however.

If popular music is really popular, then why don't radio manufacturers and broadcasting stations get together and broadcast popular music over PM (popular music) stations and classical music over present stations. A greater profit for each would result because more people would buy more expensive PM radios to hear this music. Know any important stockholders?

\* \* \* \*

We are beginning to wonder what the maintenance department has been maintaining. It surely was not their building, but a coat of paint is advised for it. Our buildings here are old enough as it is, let's not make them all look it. Remember the home front too.

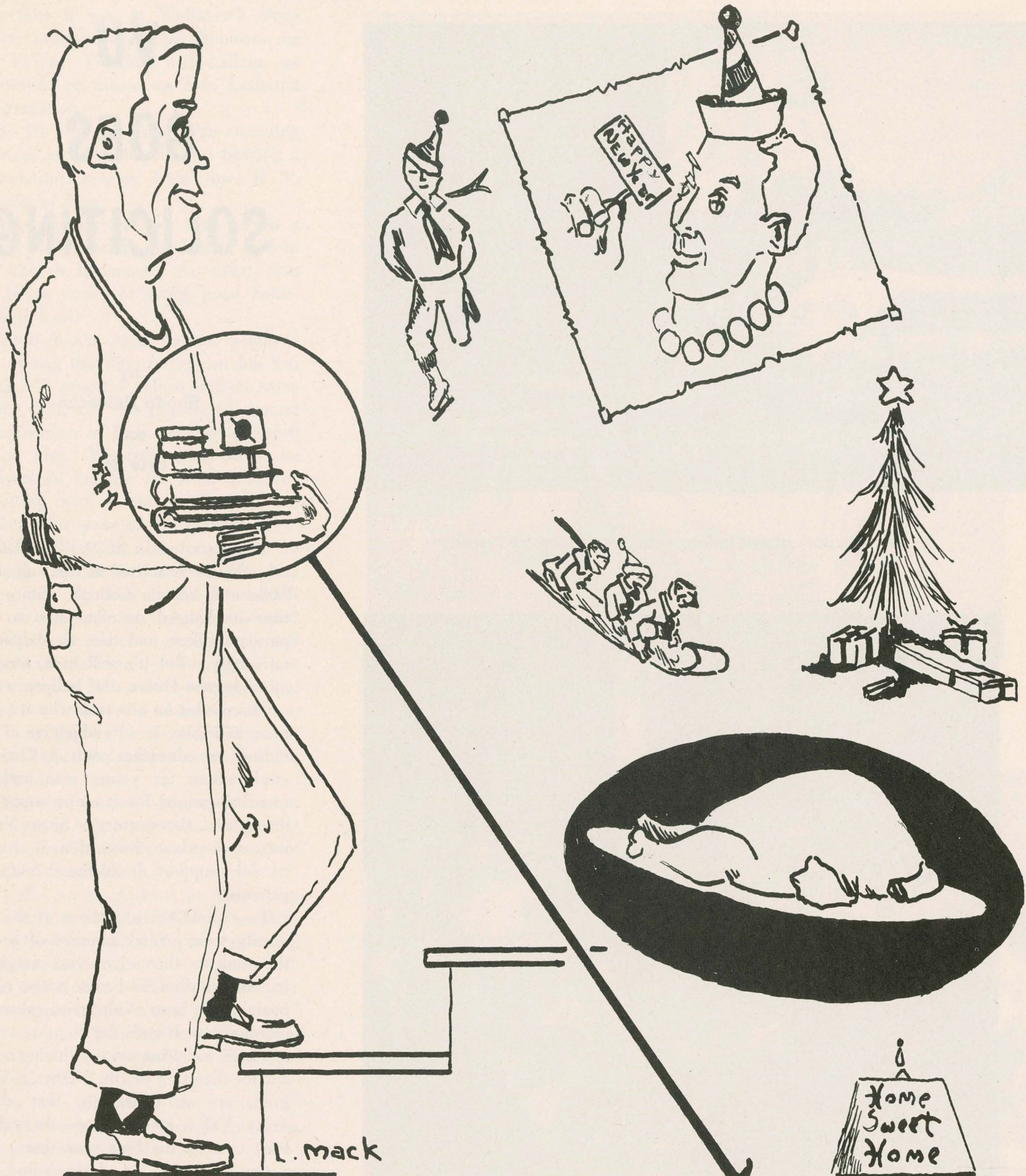
\* \* \* \*

A writer in the *Iowa State Scientist* parenthetically added this statement to his article; "There are still those who regard the stories in Genesis as authoritative, but, if one looks far enough, he can find people who believe almost anything."

No doubt a statement such as this is unfamiliar and shocking to a Valpo student. Very consciously approaching another December twenty-fifth, we too are shocked at the global perspective of Christmas. The geographic area covered by Christmas is not so great as one might think. In the United States we often accept the magnified picture of a world-wide Christmas. We must acknowledge that not all 160,000,000 of us confess Christianity. If we add to this millions of Moslem, Jews, Hindus, and Buddhists, just a fraction of those who have no Christmas, our picture of a world-wide Christmas becomes appallingly distorted.

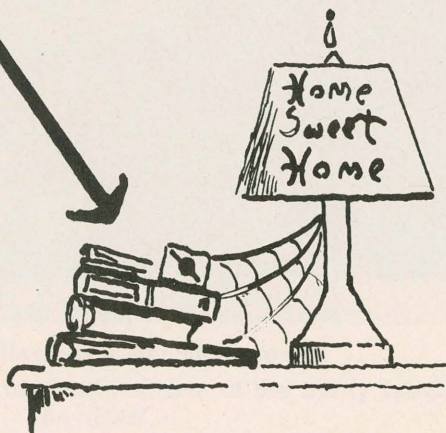
It might be said of us at Christmas that we live above our Christian average but below our Christian potential. Now would be an ideal time to harness some of this resurging Christian spirit and direct it to enlarge our boundaries. Much can happen through our efforts at Christmas just as it happened through the shepherds' story many years ago.





L. Mack

**HOME, WHERE I CAN  
REALLY STUDY!**







Valpo solicitors arrive before church services on Sunday



Hungry solicitors were well fed by the Ladies Aid

# VU GOES SOLICITING

by  
Rhoda Heinecke  
and  
Evie Rau

It all started in 1859. The University, that is. It started as the Valparaiso Male and Female College. Since that time it changed its name first to Valparaiso college and then to Valparaiso university. But it's still here, terminal moraine, the Dunes, the bullpen, et. al.

There must be a reason why it is still here, and there is. Its objective of providing an education with a Christian environment for young men and women has gained for it many supporters throughout the country. Since Valparaiso is a private institution, it receives its sole support from these interested patrons.

To explain the objectives of the university to a greater number of people, the students themselves visit neighboring communities, and some not so neighboring, to keep Valparaiso alive by gaining new friends for it.

These soliciting trips, which are under the direction of Jim Siebert, a Valpo grad, are an experience that almost every Valpo student goes through at least once in his four years here.

On November 13, forty Valpo stalwarts set out for Zion Lutheran church in Hinsdale. Early Sunday morning we climbed drowsily into a bus along with Don, a photographer, and your VU reporter. To wake us up when we arrived at Hinsdale, there was the usual college tradition — black coffee. But



this time it was at Walgreen's Drug Store, instead of at the Tropicana or the Union. Fortified with caffeine, we descended en masse on Zion Lutheran congregation.

By 10 a.m. the group was attending services at Zion church, and hearing a stewardship sermon from Rev. H. P. Scherer of Zion.

After the services, we were served a family style meal by the Ladies' Aid in the church basement. As usual, this led to an excess of eating good home-cooked food.

After dinner each student ventured out among the Zion homes on his list. Your VU reporter helped out on some of the calls, and was chauffeured around by a member of Zion who had attended Valpo also. We had expected to be nervous in making the first calls, for soliciting was a completely new experience for some of the students.

On our first call, we proceeded to go through all the information Jim had given us. We had gotten about half-way through all the things we wanted to talk about when we were interrupted by a kindly snicker — "You sound just like my son. He's a freshman at Valpo, you know." For the next few minutes, we were the recipients of information about Valpo, and gained some facts we didn't know.

This visit increased our confidence in ourselves as super salesmen. Bounding up the walk to the next house, we knocked triumphantly.

"Hello, we're students at Valparaiso university, and would like to explain our school to you." We were grinning from ear to ear.

In a loud shout, "We don't want any — a man can't even rest on Sunday!"

We stopped grinning, and stammered, "But aren't you a member of Zion congregation?"

The door slammed.

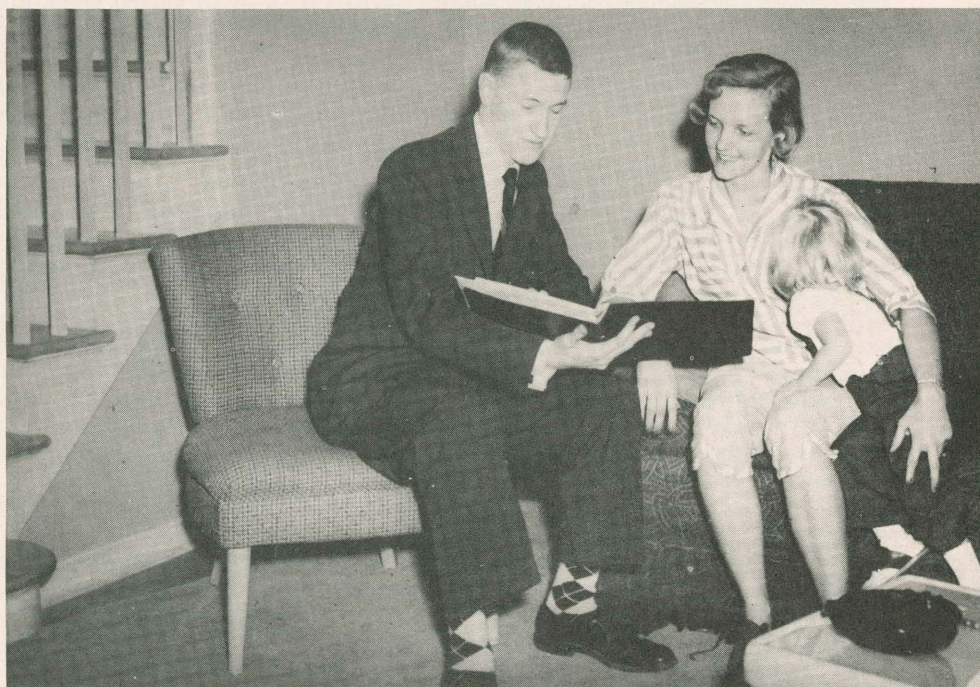
Well, we have to learn to take the bitter with the sweet.

After proceeding through the remaining ten calls without any further mishaps, we reported back to the bus for the ride home.

Inside the bus, there was a warm feeling. We felt good because together we had informed and made a few more friends for "dear ol' Valpo."



**Valpo's salesmen are busy all afternoon ringing Hinsdale doorbells.**



**Solicitor Siess sells the university to one of the many families he visits.**



6

# A Letter to Santa

Memorial Hall  
East Union Street  
Valparaiso, Indiana  
December 14, 1955

Mr. Santa Claus, President  
Gifties, Inc.  
North Pole, Earth

Dear Mr. Claus:

At the close of another fiscal year ending December 25, 1955, it is once again time for my annual correspondence. Before I begin the business at hand, however, I should like to take this opportunity to convey my hearty thanks for all the past favors you have rendered.

I believe you will find that my recent conduct has been above reproach. If your investigators have been operating lately, they will have noted that my bed has been made every day since yesterday. The room would be in perfect order (of course), if only my roommate were not so sloppy. I always eat everything that is put on my plate, and I even ate spinach once. I never stay out after dark, and retire every night at 9:30 P.M. As you probably have discovered, I frown upon such vices as smoking, drinking, and card-playing. I am sure your investigators have found me competent, industrious, and on the whole, very agreeable.

If you have been sufficiently impressed by the preceding account, I should like to have you consider the following requisitions:

1. A male human, age 20, approx. six feet tall, handsome, agreeable, equipped with car and money.
2. A complete wardrobe including all the bare necessities such as cashmere sweaters and skirts in all colors, a mink coat, Paris designed frocks, etc.
3. A little runabout for use on campus - - a Corvette or Jaguar would do nicely.
4. A four-room suite in the dormitory, including a plush sitting room, a bedroom, a kitchen, and a bath; maid service included, of course.

Modest though this list may be, it includes most of my gift suggestions, and I earnestly hope you have these few items in stock. Thanking you in advance, I am

Yours very truly,

Ima Plumpwun



# Pledging,



or



by Jack Leal

There is weeping and moaning and gnashing of teeth on the Valparaiso campus. Fraternity men are threatening secession and other drastic measures to show the powers that be that privileges are being taken from them. It all seems to evolve about the new proposed pledging program. After all, actives old and new have been looking forward to the new pledge classes with hungry eyes blazing with homicide and revenge. Now it appears that traditional third-degree pledging programs are to be revised to something short of baby coddling. Ulcers and manic depressives are in the process of blooming within the actives' groups.

The trouble reaches its boiling point whenever one mentions the word pledging. There's no doubt that everyone has his own idea as to what pledging is, and this ranges from eating raw oysters (gold fish are no longer in fashion) to searching for the rabbit that an active saw on Route 6 at the junction of 49 last Saturday night. It had a black front paw! Everyone also has an idea as to what a pledging program should include to make these weak, silly pledges true, forthright staunch members of a fraternity. Some men still quake at the thought of any sort of fire and others wouldn't dare think of coming late to a meeting. The thought of having to build a fire by rubbing two sticks together and the memory of standing at attention while the wind and snow gently caressed you at 10° below are still too vivid! But look, haven't these methods made men out of boys? Why certainly, say some. These are part of our tradition and other ways won't do.

Perhaps it's time for all of us to stop and consider just why we're all up in the air. Let's ask ourselves: what is pledging? How should pledging be carried out to make it serve its purpose? And how can pledging meet the purpose it ought to have?

Some feel that pledging is signing up for a fraternity and going through a period of trial and error for a short time. Afterwards one attends a banquet, utters a few words, receives a certificate and pin, and then sleeps for forty hours. There seems to be a strange idea with some people that pledging should mean something else. They believe that to pledge is to

promise that you are going to abide by the rules of the fraternity. They also feel that the rules should be general in nature so as to make the pledge feel that trying to live up to these rules isn't going to change him overnight into a different person. These people feel that unless the rules aren't this general our fraternities are going to turn into factories on a mass production basis. There is something to their argument.

Aside from being wined and dined and impressed with lavish entertainment, the pledge soon finds out that better times have passed once he "signs up." Some still wonder why the actives had to be awakened at 5:30 in the morning to the strains of the fraternity's sweetheart song and still for the world can't figure out why every act had to be criticized by lengthy cross examinations with the verdict in black marks. Some still remember how one had to walk on all fours balancing a glass of cold water between the shoulders. (This was done, of course, in one's bathing trunks or suitable substitute.) And how can one forget the pleasures of having chewing tobacco stuffed into one's mouth while having to recite the Greek alphabet backwards? We can never forget the attempts made to convert us to discriminate eaters; after all, we all eat a peck of dirt in our lifetime and we might as well get it all at once. (To this, some say: "Hope it tastes better the second time.") But we all cherish the memory of having to search for a four-leaf clover in a farmer's field at midnight and bumping into a not too friendly bull. Now to our amazement, some people are trying to do away, in part, with these joys of pledging. They insist that there is a difference in regard to personal dignity and vanity. They claim that the above acts do not help the pledge distinguish between the two. They further maintain that so long as the individual pledge is not physically harmed and his stature as an individual is not removed, then it's all right to make him do those things. In other words, don't mangle your members trying to get into a farmer's field at night, and let's do away with the luxury of Pepto Bismol. After all, the Student Health Service is already overburdened and the budget won't allow for stomach pumps. They also say that pledging should be a little

more positive in regard to the pledge. Don't tear him down and let the pieces be, but help him put them together to make a better person out of him. It seems to be a pretty good idea.

After this nightmarish episode has passed, complete with a night of hellish indecision and humility, one wonders as to what on earth this period of dedication has accomplished. True it may have made us more poker-faced than ever before. It also may have indoctrinated us in the tactics of eluding dogs in a cornfield at three in the morning with a paddle as an only weapon. And it may have proved another point — that cold, muddy water isn't the best solution to removing shoe polish and axle grease. Again our friends come to the point and say that pledging should do more than just require the pledge's resourcefulness. It should have a deeper meaning and be such that the pledge realizes that throughout life he's going to be faced with conforming to society's requirements. This goes in hand with making the pledge realize he can still be the same Joe Blow that he was before pledging and that there are some who as authorities set general rules for social conduct.

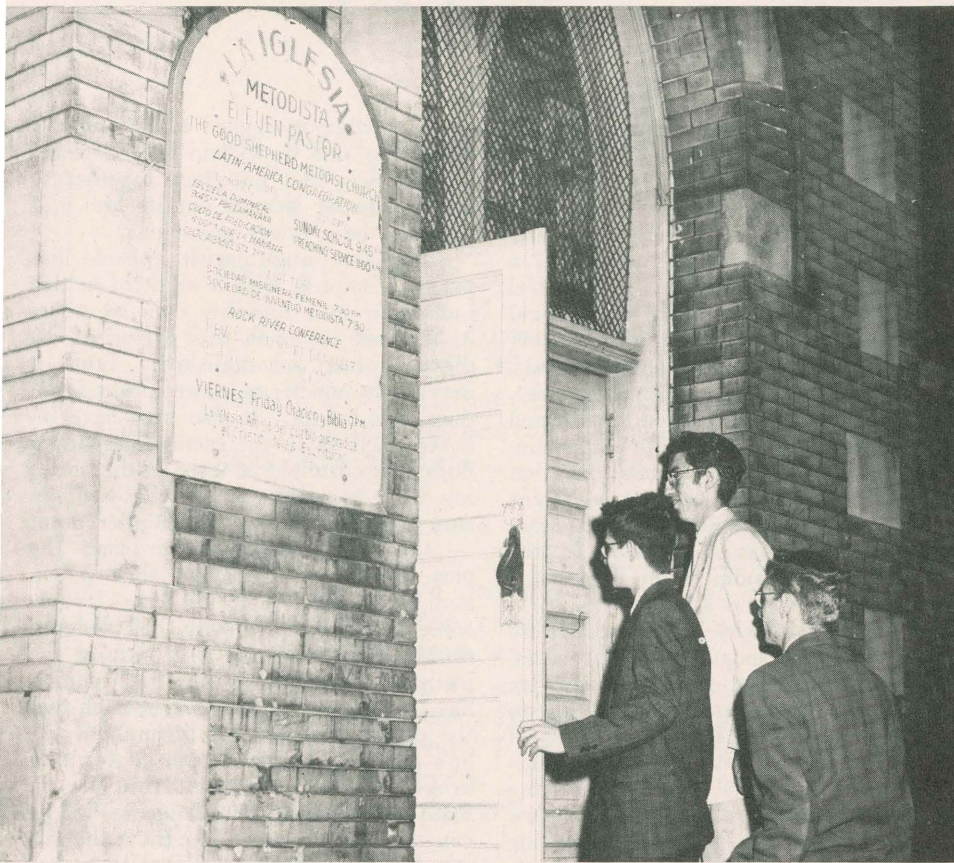
Now university officials have suggested a program of pledging which is broad enough to include all fraternities. The new program is not going to work a hardship on any one fraternity because it still allows for most traditional pledging. It does, however, try to put on the brakes in regard to those acts which might have a harmful physical effect on the pledge.

Perhaps now is the time for all fraternities to take a different attitude toward pledging. Let's look at pledging as a period where we can find out more about the pledge and attempt through a constructive pledge program to help him. If work is expected of him, get him to do it for the university, community, or the fraternity house. We can carry this a little further if we bear in mind that pledging is a period of discovery, and membership a period of development. We must not at any time lose sight of the fact that the function of a fraternity, throughout pledging and membership, is to aid the university to develop character in the individual. The university has a hard enough job — let's not make it harder.



# The Good Shepherd

by Dennis Cowdrick



Several of Valpo's students are members of a rather unique group in Valparaiso. This is the Post-Hi Methodist Youth Fellowship group, which is composed of students and townspeople beyond high school age. Although the group meets regularly in the basement of the Methodist church, it is inter-denominational, and students of Valparaiso Technical Institute and university students are among its members.

As one of their projects this year, the group, under the guidance of Professor and Mrs. Oliver Smith, selected a Spanish-Mexican mission in Chicago which was in need of financial aid. The church is called "The First Spanish-Mexican Church of the Good Shepherd," and the pastor is the Rev. Constantino Gonzales.

Recently the members of the Post-Hi MYF, along with a VU reporter and a photographer, visited the church. Upon arrival, they discovered that there was a language barrier between them and the members of the congregation, because the visitors couldn't understand Spanish and the congregation couldn't understand English. They soon discovered, however, that this barrier could be overcome through the universal language — music. The hymns were sung in two languages at once, and several musical numbers were presented during the course of the service.





The Scripture reading was given by a student from Valparaiso, and a young man from the Moody Bible Institute delivered the sermon. It was first given in Spanish and then translated into English for the benefit of the students in the congregation.

The church itself is a small stone building badly in need of repairs. Many of the windows are broken, and it is necessary to place buckets on the floor whenever it rains because of the many holes in the roof. It is, however, a house of worship to these people, and they are doing their best to make needed repairs.

The Post-Hi MYF is attempting to help the congregation raise money for the purchase of necessary articles and the making of repairs. As a step in this direction, they recently sponsored an organ concert by Richard Akehurst, a music major at Valparaiso university. They hope that their efforts have aided this struggling congregation in building for the future.



**Students from the university, Valpo tech, and the Moody Bible Institute participate in the service. Below, Rev. Constantino Gonzales talks with some of the Spanish-speaking members of his congregation after the service.**







M of z



# Westphalian Homecoming

by Ursula Reimler

The yellow passenger bus stopped in front of the little inn "Zum roten Gockel." Katrin walked to the door and stepped out of the bus. The conductor smiled at her, stepped back into the bus, and slammed the door. She watched the bus disappear around Husman's barn and then she turned to look around. The other passengers were walking off in various directions, each one hurrying to get home. It was the 22nd of December.

Katrin started to walk home. It was a good half hour's walk from the inn to her home in the neighboring village. She passed the last houses of Friedenkamp and marched briskly toward Mollenhausen. She thought of her father, who was the teacher in this little Westphalian village where she had lived all her life except for the three years spent studying in Munster. She was going home now for the Christmas holidays.

The sharp December wind cut her face, and she gritted her teeth and lowered her head. The apple and pear trees at the roadside stretched their naked twigs toward heaven, the sky was heavy and gray, and the air smelled like snow. In the distance she saw a windmill outlined against the darkening sky. Maybe she could stop in for a short chat at Miller Koester's. Mother Koester would surely have a cup of coffee ready.

She crossed the yard and went into the ground floor of the mill. The wings of the windmill were banging back and forth in the wind. She looked around and saw a head with a green stocking-cap and flour-covered face peek down at her from the upper floor. The door shut and she saw a little hunchbacked man descend the shaky stairway.

"Katrin Scholte," the little man cried. He shook her hand vigorously. "When did you decide to come home?" "Christmas vacation," she said and smiled at him.

Miller Koester had always been her friend. During her grade-school days she used to pick apples for him and

then sled on the hill where the windmill stood. She remembered how he used to wave his arms furiously at her when she and the neighborhood children would take their sleds to the side on which the wings of the windmill stood. When the wings were turning in the wind, it was dangerous to be nearby.

"Your guardian angel is working overtime when you are up on that hill," he used to say as he wiped his brow. Now he took her arm and led her to the living quarters of the mill.

"Come in and warm up a bit," he said and chuckled. "Won't Mother Koester be surprised to see little Katie here?"

They walked into the living room where Mother Koester was sitting at her spinning wheel. The old woman looked over the brim of her glasses and stopped treading the wheel.

"Katrin, you have come home for Christmas," she said and got up from her chair. "Here, take off your coat and warm up a bit."

She took Katrin's coat and mittens and moved a huge armchair in front of the stove. Katrin leaned back in the chair and looked around. Nothing had changed in this little room. The heavy, black oak table, the cane-woven chairs and the white-scrubbed floor were as they always had been.

"How is everything here in Mollenhausen?" she asked.

"Nothing new, except that some people in the village have received news that some of our boys will return from Russia. Maybe Jochen—" Mother Koester stopped. She looked at Katrin who had become very pale. "What is wrong? Are you ill? What has happened?"

Katrin shook her head and put her hand to her forehead. "No," she said, "it's nothing."

She thought back twelve years to the time when she was only fourteen and her seventeen-year-old brother Jochen was drafted and sent to Russia. Christmas, 1943, had been the last Christmas

her family had spent together. Jochen had never come back from the Eastern front. They hadn't known whether he was dead or alive. The war had ended, bringing the occupation forces into the country. All the hopes and beliefs taught to them in their Hitler youth groups had been crushed in a few days, and a great disillusionment had taken place.

The wound which Jochen's loss had inflicted on her family was slowly healing with time. Only her mother had never given up hope. She was always certain that some day Jochen would return. Katrin now looked at Mother Koester thoughtfully. Not very many men she knew could stand the cold in Russia if they had to work on the "colchosen" or in the forests of Russia. She had heard that the German prisoners were not given enough food. Survival of the fittest, of the healthiest, was the slogan in Russia. Katrin got up from the chair.

"I'll have to go home now," she said. "It's getting dark and I'm all warm again. The folks at home don't know that I am coming today. They are expecting me tomorrow. I'll be back to see you some time during the holidays, and I'm looking forward to tasting your stollen, Mother Koester." She shook hands with them and left the house.

When Katrin reached the first houses of Mollenhausen, she started to walk faster through the village. Nobody was on the streets, for it was very cold. Here and there she saw a few lighted windows. The schoolhouse and her home were in the center of the village. When she reached her home, she opened the gate, walked up the steps, and stepped into the dark hallway of the house. As she hung up her coat, the living room door opened, and Dietrich looked out.

"It's Katrin," he cried. "Katrin is here."

She ran into the living room and hugged twelve-year-old Dietrich and her parents.

To Page 18





The chapel choir as they appeared during Michigan concerts.

## *The Singing Crusaders*

by  
Sheila MacKay  
and  
Kathleen Plackemeier

The weekend of November 18 was an exciting and interesting one for the forty members of the Valparaiso University Chapel choir when they gave concerts in Detroit, Lansing, Kalamazoo, and Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The choir left Valpo Friday morning at eight o'clock. With the luggage and the choristers comfortably settled, the seven-hour trip to Detroit began. There was hardly anyone who hadn't brought with him some book that he intended to "crack." A few students made the supreme effort with their German, English lit, and chemistry books, while others played cards or sang. The bus finally arrived at the Detroit destination, Trinity Lutheran church, the Rev. G. Otte, pastor, at 5 o'clock Friday evening.

After a short rehearsal, the choir enjoyed a meal prepared by the Detroit Valparaiso Guild. It's a regular tradition among the members of the choir to sample everything upon the table, and this was no exception. The choir literally



One of the best features of the trip was the delicious food served to the choir before concerts.



"sang for its supper," for it gave an impromptu concert for the ladies who had prepared the supper after everyone had finished eating.

The concert, as planned by Choir Director M. Alfred Bichsel, was a musical service following the form of the Lutheran Holy Communion service in *The Lutheran Hymnal*. The program remained the same for all four stops of the weekend tour.

Bob Schuneman played the organ prelude, "Phantasy in G Minor" by J. S. Bach. As a special highlight of the concert, chapel choir gave the first public performance of "A Christmas Cantata for Choir, Soli, and Organ," composed especially for chapel choir by Prof. Richard W. Wienhorst of the Valparaiso university music department. This beautiful cantata covers the Epistle, the Gradual, and the Gospel.

It snowed Friday night, and before leaving Detroit quite a few choristers couldn't resist the grand sport of snowball throwing. No one is sure whether or not the snowball that hit Dr. Bichsel was thrown accidentally or purposely.

After rendering the Saturday night concert in Lansing at Trinity Lutheran church, the Rev. P. Shroeder's parish, the choir arrived at the newly dedicated Kanley chapel in Kalamazoo Sunday morning. This modern chapel is located on the campus of Western Michigan college. The Rev. V. Boriack is the campus Lutheran pastor.

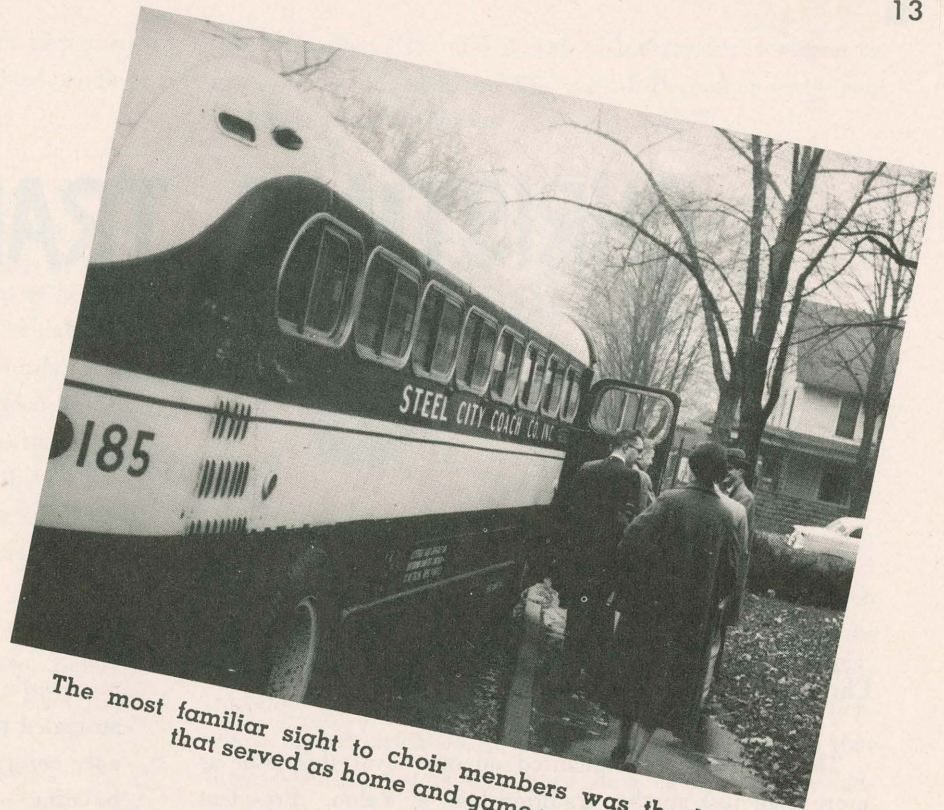
As choir members were leaving the college cafeteria after lunch, they sang "Hail to the Brown and Gold." Students of Western Michigan who were sitting in the lounge looked a bit startled as the foreign strains of Valpo's Alma Mater rang through the room.

Hope Lutheran church in Grand Rapids, the Rev. Ralph Young, pastor, was chapel choir host Sunday evening.

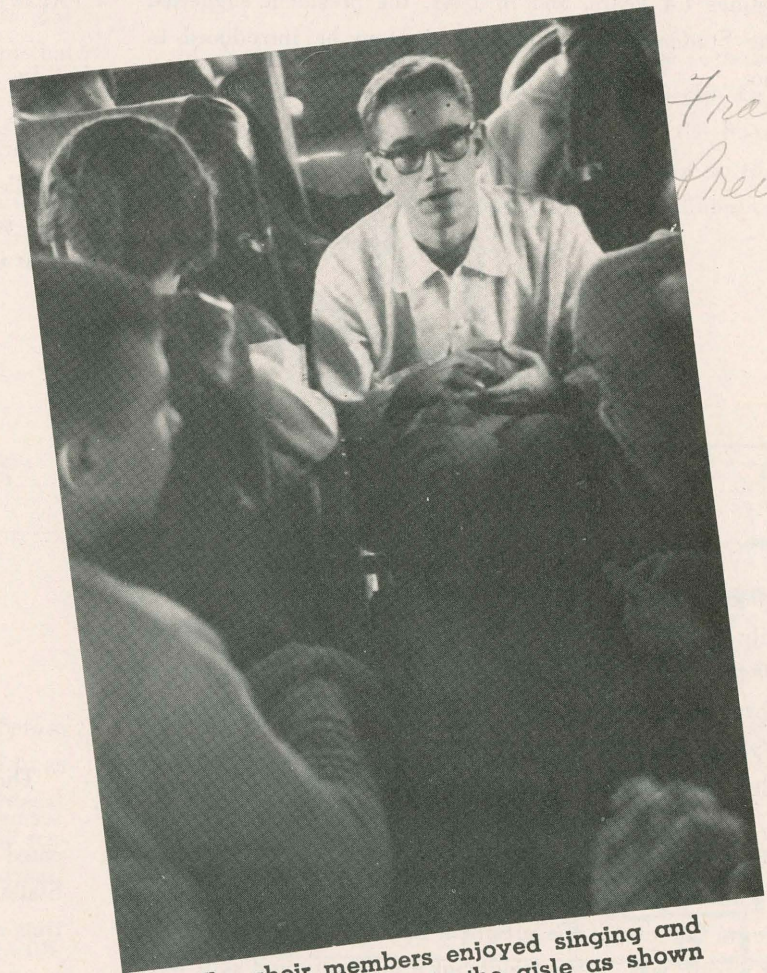
The five-hour trip back to Valpo began about 9:30 Sunday night to conclude a memorable weekend for chapel choir and its audiences.

Housing accommodations for the choristers were provided by members of the host congregations. Women of the Valparaiso Guild prepared the evening suppers for the choir in Detroit and Lansing. The Mr. and Mrs. Club of Hope Lutheran in Grand Rapids included the choir members in their pot-luck supper Sunday evening.

Senior Robert Schuneman is the organist for the choir; Eugene Eckert is president; Cyril Buckett, vice-president; Ramona Drees, secretary-treasurer; and Franklin Preuss and John Scherer, librarians.



The most familiar sight to choir members was the bus that served as home and game room.



The choir members enjoyed singing and also card playing in the aisle as shown above.

Frank  
Preuss

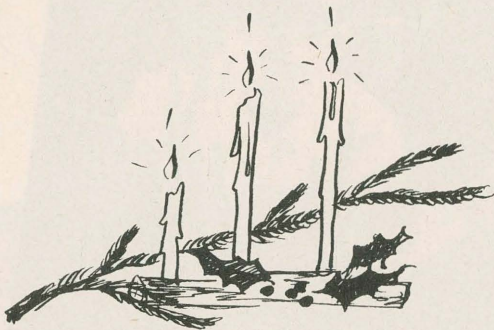


# CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

by Marjorie Martin

Christmas customs . . .

The Advent wreath pictured on our cover this issue is more than just another tradition here at Valpo. President Kretzmann's family has had its own Advent wreath every Christmas for years, and in 1941, the president suggested to the Student Council that the custom be introduced to Valpo.



At that time it seemed like a simple transfer of a typical family tradition to the university family, but since then our Advent lights have become symbolic of the entire Christmas celebration at Valpo. Beginning with the first week in Advent, one candle is lit each week as a tangible representation of the Christmas spirit.

Mrs. Sophia Heidbrink, President Kretzmann's secretary, was called upon to build the Advent wreath that first year, since no one except the president knew exactly what an Advent wreath was. Mrs. Heidbrink's ingenuity and skill were called upon, but she finally found a spare music stand to use as a base. To this she attached evergreen boughs, taper-

ing them upward in the form of a Christmas tree. After she struggled two years with the slippery metal frame, maintenance constructed a wooden frame, which is still in use. The building of Valpo's Advent wreath was Mrs. Heidbrink's annual and rather enjoyable Christmas task until 1953, when APO took it over.

In reality, Valpo students have two Christmas celebrations, one on campus and the other at home. The Christmas celebration here begins with the lighting of the first Advent candle and is climaxed at our own premature Christmas Eve service held the evening before the students leave for their Christmas vacation.



Though our American way of celebrating Christmas seems natural to us, it is actually an unusual and complicated celebration, for the modern Christmas in the United States combines traditions from many different periods of time and faraway places.

Probably very few people realize that they are observing a pagan custom when they decorate their Christmas tree.



The Druids not only decorated their homes with evergreen boughs during the winter season, but also put lighted candles on them as a tribute to their sun god, Balder.

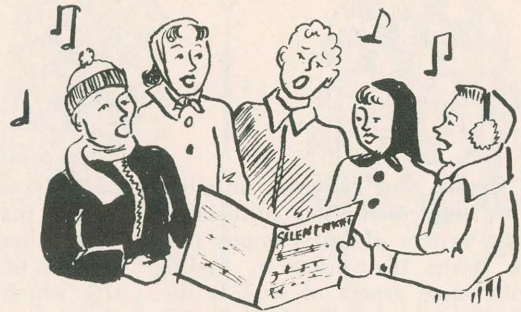
We Christians needn't throw out our century-old Christmas tree tradition. As the story goes, one Christmas Eve Martin Luther was deeply impressed by the myriads of stars in the winter sky and the beauty of the evergreens as he was walking home through the forest. He tried to explain the glory of the scene to his wife and children, but words failed him. He went out, cut down a small fir, and placed lighted candles on it, to represent the starry sky above the stable the night that Christ was born. In keeping with this custom, the evergreen between Lembke Hall and the bookstore is lit every year at Christmas time as our Christmas tree.

The use of Christmas candles, symbolic of Christ, the Light of the World, is said to be a combination of Roman and Hebrew customs. Candles still play an important role in our holiday decorations today.

The symbol of the Star of Bethlehem which is erected each year on the university campus near College Avenue is a favorite Yuletide decoration. The connection of the star with the Biblical story of the wise men is so important that in some countries the Christmas celebration is not begun until the first star appears in the sky on Christmas Eve.

One of the finest and most universal of all holiday customs is that of Christmas caroling. At Valpo, sororities, fratern-

was December sixth and it was customary for someone to dress up as a bishop on the eve of December sixth and distribute toys to children.



Generations of children have been thrilled by awaking on Christmas morning to find that their stockings, "hung by the chimney with care," had been filled by Santa Claus. This tradition is also connected with St. Nicholas. St. Nick, whose favorite trick was to do good by stealth, learned that three beautiful sisters who lived in a cottage on the outskirts of town were so poor that if they wanted to live at all they must live a life of shame.

St. Nicholas went to the three sisters' house secretly one night and threw three gold pieces through the smoke hole in the roof. The gold pieces did not fall on the floor but fell into the stockings which the girls had hung up to dry. The idea that Santa Claus comes down the chimney also stems from this story.

## Holiday Thought



**There will be a test over everything we covered so far, the first day after Christmas vacation.**



nities, and residence halls go caroling the last week before vacation. Along with the president's annual Christmas party given by the freshman women, caroling, the Advent wreath, the star, the Christmas tree, and the midnight service are all a part of Valpo's celebration of Christmas.

No list of Christmas customs or traditions is complete without Santa Claus. Santa Claus is actually a corruption of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. St. Nicholas day



# A FULL MEASURE

by Ted Zorn

The simple but almost unailing recipe for the columnists, editorialists and letter writers of our campus publications seems to consist in finding fault with some aspect of student life. Depending on the length of the article or letter, these may be simple criticisms or may be extended to offer possible solutions for the problem discussed. In the past year or two, practically every possible university "problem" has been discussed in print — often more than just a few times. We have had outcries against the general academic program, against the elementary education program, against fraternities and sororities, against drinking on campus, drinking off campus, smoking, necking, and Christmas caroling. Perennial subject matter is found in the chapel programs, chapel attendance, the social program, lyceum programs, and the athletic department. The deplorable class spirit among the sophomores, juniors and seniors, the faults of the freshman initiation program, and the Greek pledging setup are also annual sorespots. This year, beards on the male students, Bermudas on the coeds, dancing, and the rest of the gripes about the Union have furnished new grist for the journalistic mills.

Now criticism certainly has a place in an awake, alive, and especially in a growing institution. And I should add that many of these critical comments are both thoughtfully and well expressed, and therefore both desirable and necessary. But the whole matter has reached a saturation point, so that it is now difficult to think of anything that has not been already written about several times. This poses a difficult situation indeed for the writer who has no thoughts or message of his own to express but yet desires to be somewhat original. Perhaps he considers taking a healthy cut at the Torch, VU, or Beacon, but even these have previously been through the treatment. You can see that the critical writer has a genuine problem here. The chapel speaker can innovate by introducing silent meditation, but editors are not inclined to accept blank columns.

Also, the letter-writer or columnist is able to see that his readers are becoming immune by overdose to the same complaining on the same subjects. Ap-

parently something must be done if the things that the journalistic crusaders write about are as important as they seem to be. There is a possible alternative which may at least be more effective in producing action. South campus could become sort of a Hyde Park or Bughouse square area, and outraged students could there rally some supporters around their little soapbox and thus not only convince more people to their way of thought, but also possibly call more attention to their cause by stimulating a little action. As a possible outgrowth we might have bands of gumshoeing vigilantes patrolling the various campus vice spots, ripping the barely lit cigarette from the mouth of the startled smoker and stamping it out underfoot. Others could prowl through the fraternities searching for the alcoholic imbibers, and, with a righteous oath, spill the foul fluid from out of his glass.

Perhaps some of these actions would go yet farther. Consider how much more exciting and colorful college life would be with a few torchlight processions or a healthy riot or two per semester. Practically all of the world's great colleges — take Oxford, Cambridge, the Sorbonne, Harvard or Yale as an arbitrary sample — have a tradition and a history colored by many student uprisings, strikes, and riots. Valparaiso is looking for recognition and publicity, yet there have been no large scale raids or riots here, at least not in recent years. Instead of complaining about a certain course or a particular department, how much more effective would it not be to blockade the classroom or the classroom building the night before with a barricade of furniture, telephone poles, and mammoth snow balls. If a social or lyceum program proved disappointing to a sizeable group they could, rather than write about it, voice their displeasure by burning in effigy the offending committee chairman. And if this does not accomplish its end, then the threat of possible lynching would certainly make the offender more interested in correcting his faults. This system could also prove effective in application to unpopular professors and administration officials. Undoubtedly only a few riots, picket lines or building burnings would

be sufficient to prove that the pen is not mightier than the sword.

But the day of such colorful student activities is only a dream and a myth of something past. Only in a few occasional outbursts can this spirit be discerned. There is, in reality, not a great deal wrong with the way in which the journalistic campus critics are handling the matter. Much of their complaining is both legitimate and necessary. Certainly, also, even overdone criticism is better than the other extreme of smugness and complacency. But there are certain parts of college life that I think should not be matters for crusading group reform. One of the attractive things about life on this campus is the fact that the student can still live his life without too many restrictions either in the form of arbitrary rules or artificially imposed mass opinion. The student here is, to a large degree, able to choose for himself what general type he shall fit under, whether he shall emphasize the academic or the social part of university life, or how he shall combine the two. This idea of individual choice extends to many other aspects of student life, and I think we should strive to keep the campus as free as possible from mass influences. By the time he has entered college, a student should be allowed and encouraged to act for himself and not purely because of group pressure. Scholarship and academics are part of the university's purpose and therefore more properly something that can be treated as a group concern. But such things as campus dress and etiquette are things that the student could and should judge for himself. To make such matters something of seeming importance and concern for the whole student body as a group, would seem to indicate some lack of faith in the intelligence, pride, and good taste of our students. I believe that this student group here demonstrates, in general, a healthy attitude of Midwestern common sense, and there are very few instances of groups that choose to go to the extremes in the way they act and think. Nothing, I think, would be more indicative of our starting to become stereotyped as a campus than to have group rules and group opinion dominate our individual lives.



## Editing a Magazine

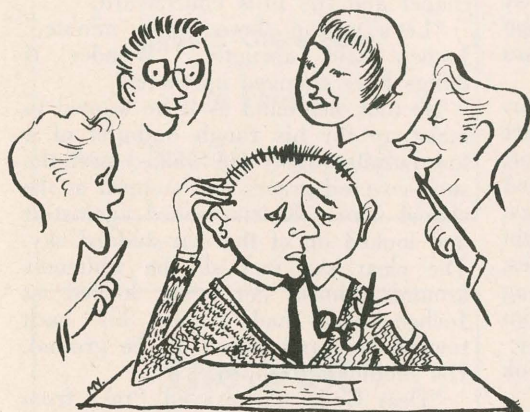
Some appear to think that running a magazine is easy, but, from experience, we can say that it is no picnic because readers are hard to please.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.



If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting news.

If we do get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we do not appreciate true genius; and if we print them, *VU* is filled with junk.

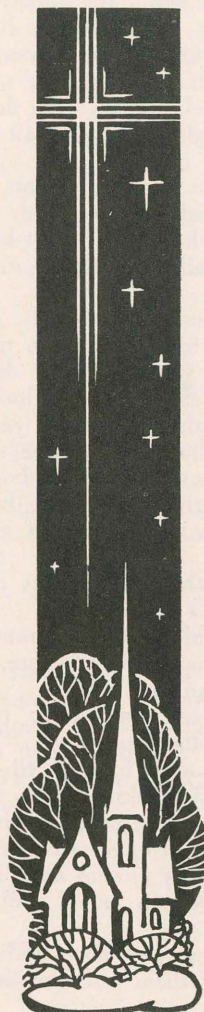
If we make a change in the other fellow's copy, we are too critical.

If we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

And we did.

We stole it from *Today's Health*, who in turn got it from the *Journal of the Student American Medical Association*.



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Cont'd

"Why didn't you write you were coming today?" her father asked. "I would have been at the bus stop to meet you."

Katrin looked at her mother and noticed that she held a letter in her hand. There was a strange light in her eyes.

"What do you have there, Mother?" Katrin took the letter from her mother's hand.

"It's from Jochen," said her mother. "He is on his way home. He is one of the 9,000 prisoners the Russians released two months ago. He should be home tomorrow. We didn't have enough time to write you the news, but he will be with us Christmas Eve."

"Ha!" crowed Dietrich, "I don't even know my big brother. Wait till he sees me."

Katrin sat down and stared at her mother as if she didn't understand. But slowly the feeling that her greatest hope had become a reality drove the tears into her eyes.

Jochen came home the next day. Mr. Scholte had gone to the depot to meet him. When they came to the door, Katrin met them eagerly. She looked at a young man of twenty-eight years. His face was sunburned, and the skin was drawn tautly over his cheek bones. His worn field-gray uniform hung loosely about him, and he had a grim smile on his face.

"Jochen," she whispered as she took his bony hands, "I am Katrin."

"It's unbelievable," he murmured. "If I didn't see Mom and Dad here, I'd think I was a stranger."

"Well, you're no stranger to me," said Mother Scholte resolutely. "You are still my son, and, first of all, I'll fatten you up. How skinny you are! I'm surprised that the wind didn't blow you right on home from Russia. Now get out of those filthy clothes and clean up. Meanwhile Katrin and I will fix supper."

She smiled, blew her nose audibly, and pushed all of them into the living room.

After supper Jochen suggested taking a walk to Miller Koester's. "Katie, you'll go along, won't you?" he asked. She nodded.

As they walked down the village street, Katrin couldn't help sensing something strange in Jochen's manner. She was not able to speak to him, for the happenings of the last hours were still keeping her heart in turmoil.

"You don't have to be afraid of me," he said to her and laughed. "Although I look like a Russian now, I won't hurt you. So you are all grown-up, all done studying, and have a nice job. You

have done all the things I should have done. Too late now for me to go and study at the university. Twelve years behind barbed wire are wasted years. What's there to do now? The luckier ones of my age are sitting pretty, and it'll be difficult to break into something new. I might as well have stayed in Russia and worked on one of the 'col-chosen.' At least nobody gets ahead there."

He laughed again. It was a bitter and hard laugh.

Katrin looked at him horrified. This was not her brother Jochen. This was a bitter man who had turned old before his years.

"I don't feel like going to Koester's," he said. "Let's go back. Just changed my mind."

They turned and walked back in silence. Suddenly Katrin wanted to cry. Hot tears were stinging her eyes. She was thankful it was dark so Jochen couldn't see her face. They passed the chapel and the little churchyard.

"Let's go up there for a minute," Jochen said abruptly. "Wonder if things have changed up there."

He took her hand as if he wanted to make up for his rough outburst of a few minutes ago. He walked past the snow-covered graves and stopped at the chapel door. Katrin leaned against it and looked up at the star-studded sky. The clear sky and all the whiteness around calmed her. She looked at Jochen, who had turned his back toward her, and stared at the ground. His shoulders drooped.

"Dear God," she prayed, "take from him this bitterness. Give him back his faith and his love for You and for his family."

"Nothing changed, I guess," he said to her. "You know, I'm getting old. Let's go home and have some tea with vodka. You'll like that. That's what we had in Russia during the winter. I know how to fix it."

"Tomorrow is Christmas," she said shyly. "We'll all be here at church. You'll love Dad's children's chorus."

He nodded absentmindedly and they went home.

The next afternoon Jochen, Dietrich, and Katrin decorated the Christmas tree, and a fine smell of pine trees and wax candles drifted through the rooms. They all got ready for the Christmas service.

In church, Jochen sat next to Katrin. When the clear voices of the children rang out the first measures of "Come All Ye Shepherds," Katrin looked at Jochen. His expressionless face was cold and hard like that of a stone statue.

Then Dietrich's clear, young voice broke forth with the solo while the rest

To next page



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of the little ones hummed along, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

Katrin listened. It didn't sound like her mischievous little brother. His clear soprano filled the little chapel and seemed to caress and sooth troubled hearts.

"Christ, the Savior is born!" He ended his jubilant melody and left its echo in the hearts of his listeners. Jochen had covered his eyes with his hands. Then he took Katrin's hand and held it for a long time. When they got back home, Jochen sat down on the couch and looked at the members of his family.

"My first Christmas at home again," he said. "I couldn't have come home at a better time. You'll have to have much patience with me, for I almost lost my faith out there on the steppe. The little spark of faith that's left kept up my morale in Russia. Teach me to become one of you again, and help me to love again."

And then he smiled at them. Katrin saw that it was a tender smile, one without bitterness and pain.

**STOLEN GOODS**

A THOUGHT IN PASSING

Shakespeare said it . . . "Crazy man . . . Crazy" . . . Hamlet, Act IV, Scene III.

— *Sundial*, Ohio State University

\* \* \* \*

The scene is a dress rehearsal of "Noah's Ark." Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?"

And the heavens open and a voice comes to him. "The floodlights, you sap."

\* \* \* \*

"What did you say this morning, professor?"

"Nothing."

"Of course, but how did you express it this time?"

— *Old Line*, University of Maryland

\* \* \* \*

If all the freshmen in the world were placed in a line holding hands, they would reach more than halfway across the ocean.

A lot of people are in favor of this scheme.

— *Arizona Kitty Kat*,  
University of Arizona

\* \* \* \*

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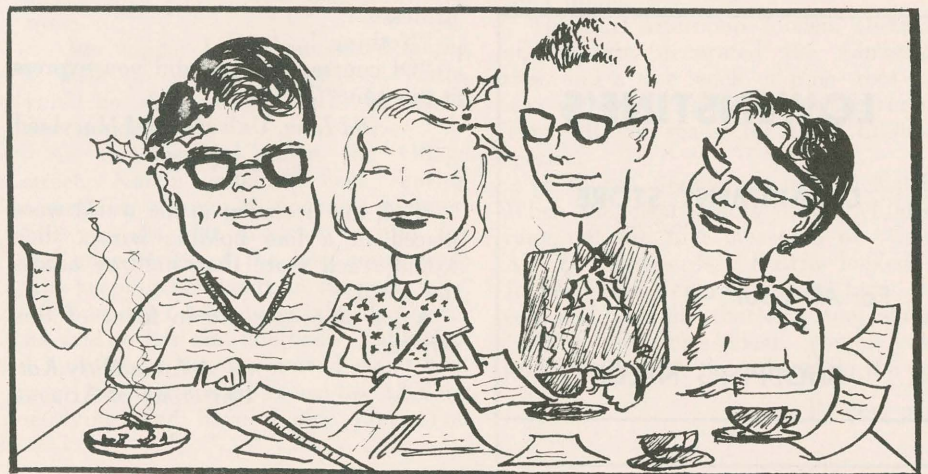
Frosh and bewildered upperclassmen! Now is your chance to rate your date with this tried and proven Date Rate Sheet. Check one and tally. Ladies first. . . . What about his . . .

1. Appearance  
Little Lord Fauntleroy . . . 5 o'clock shadow . . . Ivy League . . . Levis and bucks . . . B. O. Plenty . . .
2. Personality  
Hero . . . BMOC . . . Howie Fang . . . Has a car . . . It's a convertible . . .
3. Chivalry  
Who, *him*? . . . Sir Walter Raleigh . . . When chaperoned . . . "Let's go Dutch" . . . Wanna wrestle? . . .
4. Table Manners  
Home Decorator . . . "Emily Post says" . . . Slurp . . . Mama tol me not tu talf wish my mouf full. . . . Stable manners . . .
5. Conversation  
Daaaaah . . . Quotes Nietsche . . . "Stop me if you've heard this before" . . . "And then I" . . . Why talk? . . .
6. Plans for the evening  
O. S. . . . Student Bridge . . . to the dunes . . . the Bucket . . . None of your business . . .

Men's turn:

1. Appearance  
Just stepped out of a band box . . . Bermuda Betty . . . "Just some old rag I threw on" . . . Imported from Paris — Illinois . . . Never mind . . .
2. Personality  
Clinging vine . . . Gold digger . . . "Down, boy" . . . Ho-hum . . . Strictly business . . .
3. Punctuality  
"You're late again" . . . Never heard of the word . . . Bring a book . . . "I thought our date was *tomorrow* night" . . . Waiting at the door . . .
4. Poise  
Just out of finishing school . . . Finished . . . Plays football . . . Poison . . . Drops things . . .
5. Conversation  
Good listener . . . "My mother told me" . . . Chatter box . . . "Have you heard the latest about . . ." . . . Why talk? . . .

## Merry Christmas





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