

3-1956

## VU Magazine, vol. 7, no. 3, Sports Illuminated

Valparaiso University

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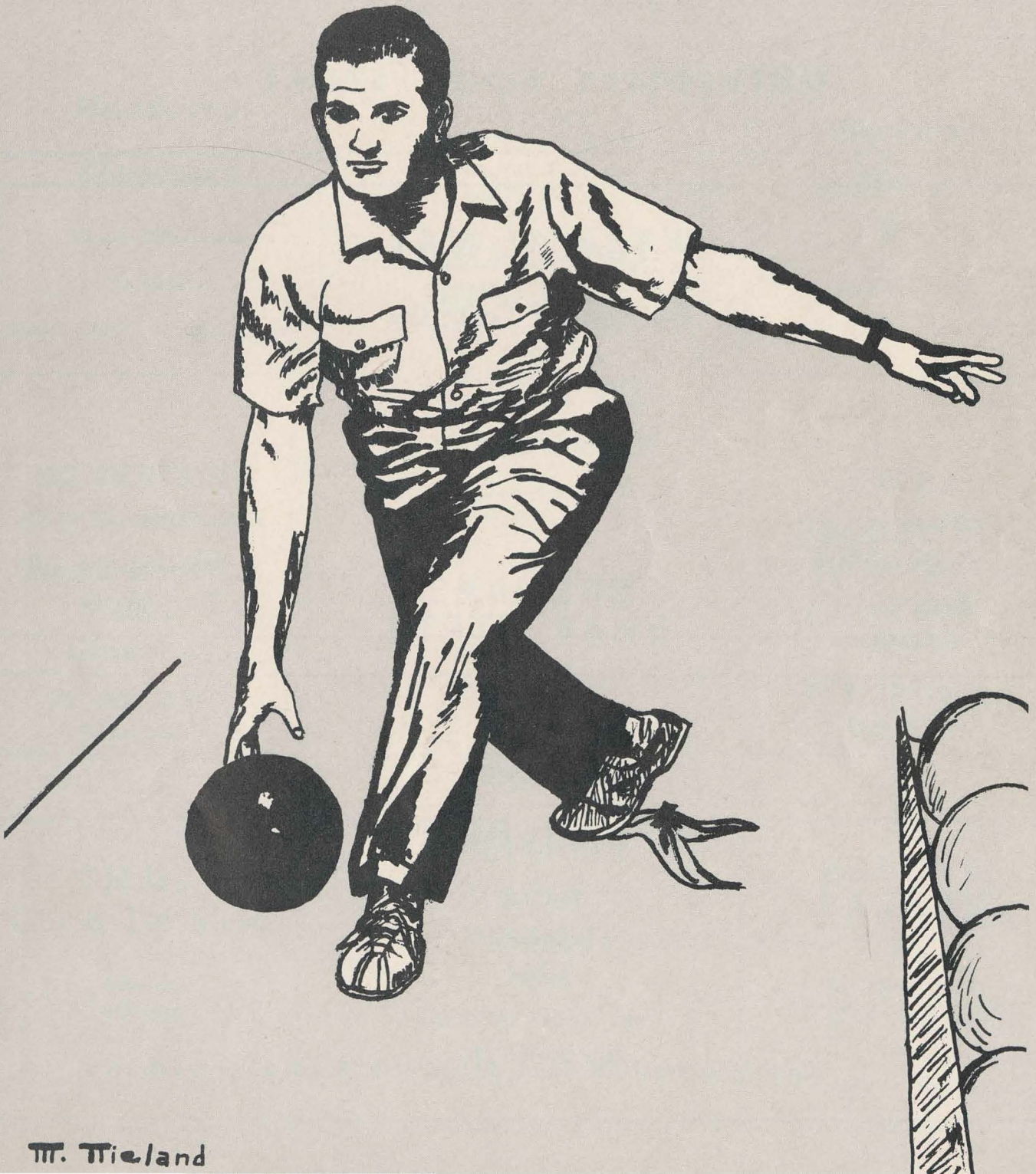
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Wearing the perfect sports 'match mates' — khaki Bermuda shorts with blouse and belt of navy striped cotton by Regent of Boston.

## CORONET SHOP

"Charge it of course"

# MARCH 23, 1956

## SPORTS

ILLUMINATED

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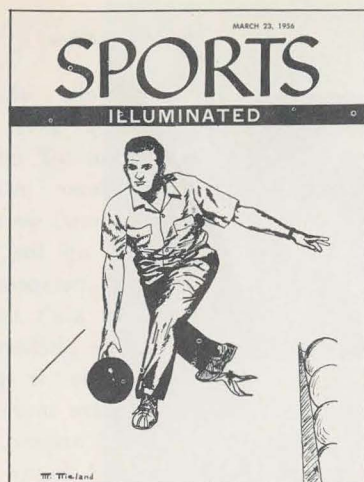
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MARCH 23, 1956

Vol. 7, No. 3



**COVER:** Bowler — Drawing by Marlys Nieland

Our cover man this week is Jed "Great" Day, World Champion Bowler. Our staff artist has portrayed Mr. Day bowling in his famous slipshot manner. For more details, see Page 16.

### AN SI SPECIAL

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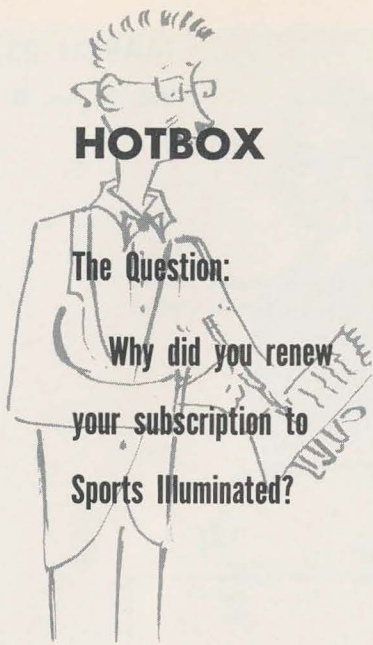
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## HOTBOX

The Question:

Why did you renew  
your subscription to  
*Sports Illuminated*?



HARRY MULLIGAN — Physical Culturist,

Kokomo, Indiana



“Uh, well, uh. Youse see, they give me the money an tol’ me to subscribe some magazine. Youse know, we uses it to decorate up the office an impress perspective rasslers. I ain’t never read it, but the pitchers is good. Yeah, they is good, especialy the colored ones. Youse otta have more pitchers. Nobody reads the reading part. I asked around, an everybody says the same. More pitchers and funny cartoons. With girls, especial.

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OTTO PAUL KRETZMANN — local university president:



“On this auspicious occasion, I need only commend *Sports Illuminated* for the fine work it has done here on the campus among the university family and also in the outside world. Your periodical contributes to the ultimate aim of higher education.

That is, the formation of a total individual, ready to take his place in society as a representative of Valparaiso University. I wouldn’t miss an issue, especially those with large amounts, of colored pictures.”

MAYBELLINE MONROE — coed,

Valparaiso University



“Umm, well, boys, I sort of see it this way. Every girl, if she is wanting to catch a man, which one generally is, if you know what I mean, should be a well rounded individual. It is for this reason that I dabble in most everything, sports being one of

my most active hobbies. I like to read up in your magazine and impress my boyfriends with all the things I know about fishing and things. This way, I am never at a loss for conversation. Yours is a good mag, even though you don’t have many colored pix.”

OCTAVIUS BOLIVAR — London, England

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“I didn’t! Some idiot keeps sending it to me for a Christmas present.”

FABIAN AUGUSTUS — Head, maintenance

department, local university



“After some 60 years of emptying wastebaskets in the dormitories of this university, I have discovered that 9 out of 10 students read *Sports Illuminated*. Last year, when your magazine was banned from the campus, I was forced to buy a subscrip-

tion of my own. I will keep this up until you are back in the wastebaskets. I like the stories on yodeling and bullfighting, but why do you have so many pictures?”



### SPORT IN ART

## TENNIS ANYONE?

Tooloose LaTruck, 1880-1882

LaTruck was a tennis enthusiast during the early part of his life, but after spraining his big toe in childhood, he was forced to retire from the game. His love for tennis, however, remains a constant theme in many of his great paintings.





## HISTORY'S OLDEST SPORT

by Charlotte Thiele

Russians, Italians, South Africans — people from the whole world — are grabbing their skis and tennis rackets and rushing to the Olympics. They swoop down slopes and bat balls around vigorously; but how many of them consider the origin of the Olympic games? How many of them, concerned with their individual sports, realize that the most individual sport of all, the sport of the leading Greeks, has been eliminated from the competitions?

When ordinary heroes were jumping at the apples of Aphrodite and tossing discs and javelins around, Socrates was thinking — he was thinking of the greatest sport of all — poisoning! One of the cleverest indulgers in this sport of all time, he showed the importance of wits in the game of poisoning. Surely, he could have imbibed hemlock long before he did, but would another time have been sportsmanlike? NO! First he had to set up this play —

think up some revolutionary thoughts which would rile the masses. Only when he was the center of attention, when each Greek awaited his next move, did Socrates show his form. Arching his finger, lowering his arm in a backstroke, he raised it quickly, grabbed the goblet and downed the hemlock in one smooth, magnificently executed play. His timing was perfect, his stroke was masterful.

As a sport, poisoning has definite rules. To be eligible, one must first be alive. There are two types of poisoning — the first come-first served method, and the do-it-yourself method. To be eligible for the first method, the player to be poisoned must be well-trained either as an obnoxious character or an innocent-but-in-the-way type person. This method is generally a spectator sport, with the players always unaware of the outcome (and often unaware of the game). It is best if the victim has poor taste buds or an affinity for strange-tasting foods. Often, he must

get a big kick out of habitually exchanging goblets with the evil-eyed minister of state or jealous wife, but a clever player will need no such practice.

In the second case, nearly anyone can qualify. Above all, though, it must be someone who is filled with melancholy and rue and has access to sleeping pills. Although the do-it-yourself method is an easier game to play, it is definitely dull from the spectator's point of view.

Equipment is not very important in poisoning. A gold and silver jewel-encrusted goblet filled with the best burgundy is, of course, the most desirable instrument, but a coke glass will do, and even hollowed-out logs have been known to serve the purpose. Since this sport is especially adapted for the individual player, poisons themselves are chosen by each to his own taste.

Cleopatra was one of the first women to take up the sport, and she was

such a success at it, that nowadays it has become mainly a woman's sport. It has been said, however, that some Romans gave Cleo a run for her title, but she came out on top. They generally came out feet first.

There is one period in history known as the Golden Poison age: the period when the Borgias were scattering poison up and down Italy. It appears that the success of the Borgias is due in part to the ambidexterousness of Lucretia, who could pour arsenic in an official's drink with her left hand while dropping cyanide into her husband's ear with her right (Claudius in *Hamlet* trained under the Borgias.) Then there was her brother, Ceasere, who made poisoning a national sport in Italy and was generally acknowledged to be world's champion until someone turned the tables (er . . . goblets) on him.

The championship of the distaff side, however, is undeniably in the hands of Queen Catherine de Medici. The sport was her life-long hobby, and it was widely known that she had one of the best-stocked poison cabinets in the country.

There was a revival of this sport in the court of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, but lately it is losing status as a national sport. It is a sport, however, for everyone from 6 to 60. Little Willy was not disturbed by his age when he added powdered Drano to the baked apples and served them as apple sauce. Delivering them with a drop serve, Willy didn't blink an eyelash when his mother chokingly remarked, "Willie, you left out the sugar." As young as Willy was, he showed no more agility in his poisoning than the two sweet sisters in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Having perfected their Elderberry wine move, they cleverly eliminated thirteen sorry old bachelors with very little trouble and a great deal of enjoyment.

More than anything, poisoning is an exciting game. One never knows what lurks in the white powder in the milk or in the capsule in the coffee. Arsenic may be everywhere, but for each player, it has a special, poisonous meaning.

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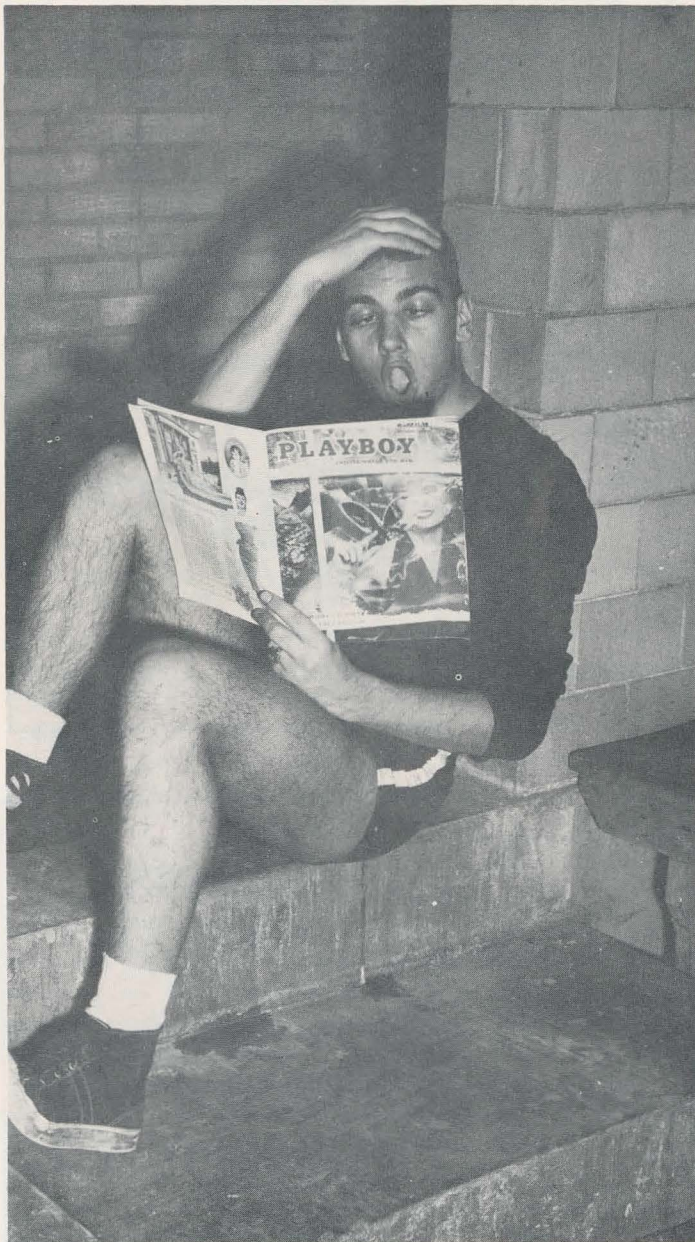
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# TRAINING A CINDERMAN

**One of the Midwest's best sprinters in spring competition is Quigly Beans. Here is how Quig keeps in top shape for all his meets---**

**Quigly studies his American Literature rigorously every evening.**



One of the greatest sprinters in the history of track trains on the campus of beautiful Valparaiso University, a small midwestern school. On a recent visit to Valparaiso, an SI reporter stopped in to see how sprinter Quigly Beans keeps himself in top physical shape for his dazzling cinder feats.

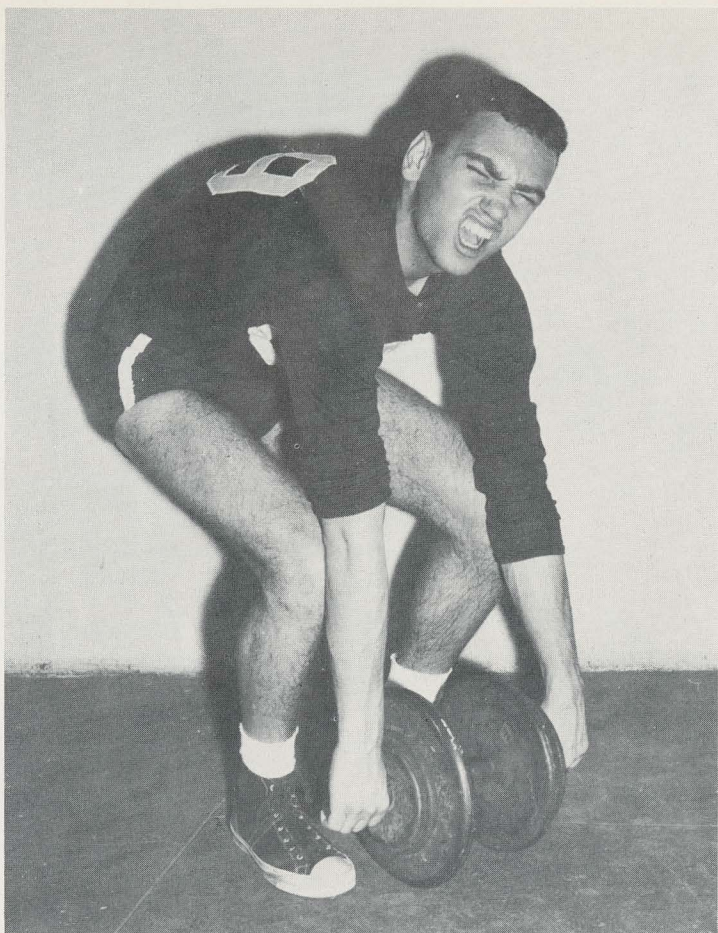
Quig raises himself at 9 o'clock each morning and after walking briskly from Lembke Hall, the new, modern men's dorm, to a local restaurant across the street, he downs a healthful breakfast of black coffee and two fortified chocolate doughnuts.

A busy day of studying follows breakfast. Quig is majoring in physical education, and he regularly attends two classes — 183, Principles of Bowling and 172, Advanced Tiddewink Coaching. Quig starts on homework assignments at 1 p.m., knocking off at 2 for a fifteen-minute coffee-break.

At 3 Quigly is driven to the gymnasium to start his physical conditioning. The coach, Walt Reiner, said, "Quig works until he's all pooped out." Under Reiner's supervision Quig does calisthenics and wind sprints for nearly fifteen minutes. After taking a fifteen-minute break Quig resumes his intensive training on his own. He said, "I don' like to bodder da coach cuz he allus tinks I don' work hard 'nuf, an' really I'm jus' bein conditioning wise cuz ya know it's had to overexert yasef."

Quig, without even exerting himself, easily whips most of his opponents from the nearby Immanuel school.

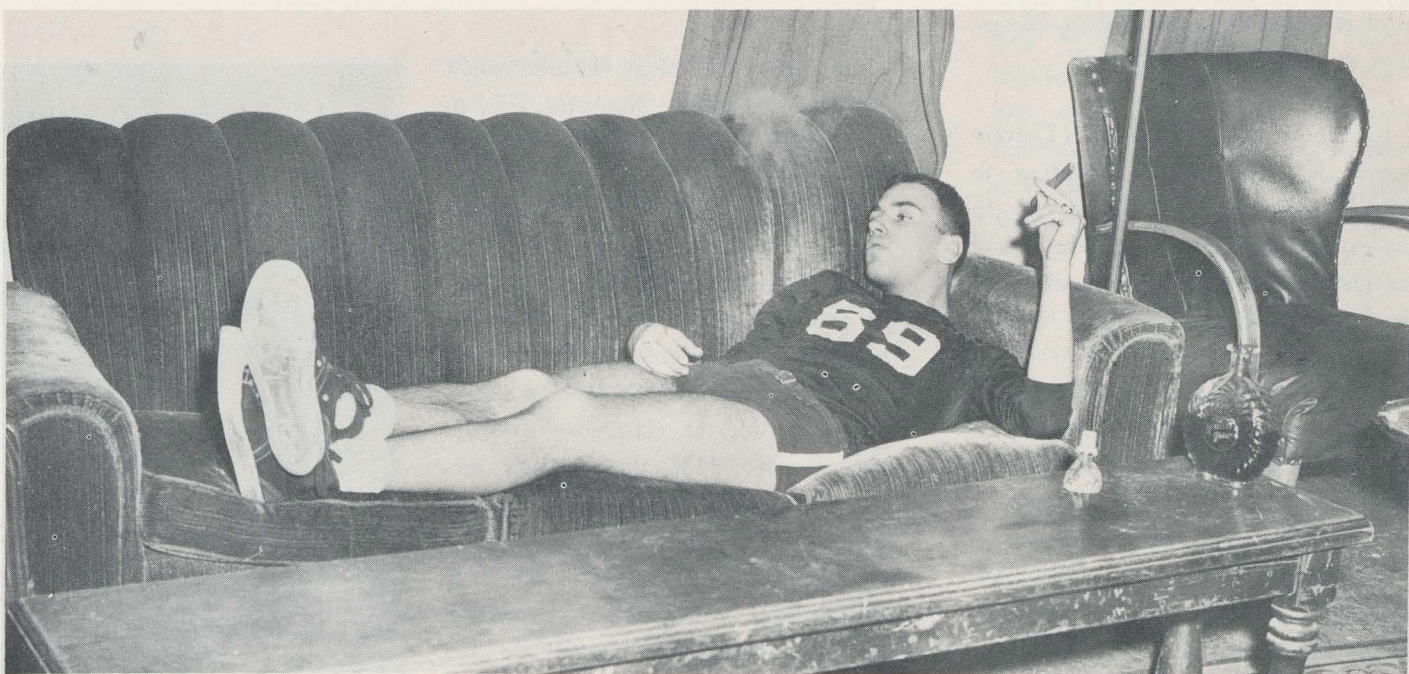
Diet is particularly important for a standout athlete like Quigly. At suppertime his meal consists of four slices of bread, potatoes, cheese, beans, and a generous serving of fried bologna. The star sprinter usually passes up dessert. "I wanna keep in shape," he explains.



Our cinderman excels in weight-lifting.

At 8 every night Quig faithfully performs his difficult finger exercises for a full fifteen minutes as part of his rigorous training. These exercises are so complicated that they require his complete concentration. Since it isn't good for Quig to get off his schedule, the interview with this modest, world-famous sprinter ended as Quig entered his daily reverie.

**SPECIAL:** In our next issue SI will take its readers to mysterious Tibet to view the Tibetans' famous world series of ice fishing.



Quigly relaxes with mineral water and a licorice stick.

## CONVERSATION PIECE

### SUBJECT:

### DR. CARL KREKELER

By Rhoda Heinecke

A good-looking man with a definite western twang who recently set a new record in Indiana mud caves — that's Carl H. Krekeler, Ph.D., one of the few great little bug catchers left in the sports world today.

Krekeler, presently serving on the staff of Valparaiso University (fresh-water college in Indiana), is probably better known as a square dance caller and man-about-town, bon vivant, and bridge enthusiast.

Catching cave beetles is probably one of the more exclusive sports in the English-speaking world, and Krekeler is becoming known as one of the better practitioners of the sport. His excellence in this field is corroborated by a fellow-traveler in the Biology department at Valparaiso, Dr. William Bloom, who thundered, "Krekeler is."

Krekeler was born in 1920 in Leavenworth, Kansas, which, according to him, is "a good place to be from." In the early part of his life, Krekeler had no idea of the great future ahead of him in the sports world.

The oldest in a family of six children, he led the way to St. John's at Winfield, Kansas, and was followed by three sisters and one brother.

After graduating from St. John's, Dr. Krekeler attended Concordia Seminary in St. Louis and graduated from this school in 1945. During his years at the Seminary, he first became interested



in the subject of biology when he taught at Bethany College, Mankato, Wisconsin, from 1942-44 for his vicarage.

On one of his stints at summer school, he enrolled at Arkansas University in the summer of 1943. Being a great sports enthusiast, he took a course in Physical Fitness Through Physical Education. Not enough men signed up for the course, so Krekeler was transferred to the women's section, which was being taught by the acting head of the Physical Education department, June Paulson. She shel-lacked him in tennis, so he married her. Two children, Nancy, 8, and Barbara, 3, have slowed her down somewhat, so that now he can take her





a scholarship. It was here that he became a square-dance enthusiast. The ratio of men to women was about 6 to 60, so Dr. Krekeler had to participate in the evening square dances, regardless of his opinions on the matter.

After the summer spent at Marine, he received a call to Milwaukee, and was ordained as a minister there, serving as assistant pastor at Trinity church.

In 1947, wanting to teach in one of the Synodical schools, he was interviewed by several Lutheran high schools and Valparaiso. He accepted the Valparaiso offer as staff geneticist. Since that time, he has branched into ecology, which led him into the sport of beetle catching.

In 1948, he began his work on his Ph.D. on the topic "Speciation of Indiana cave beetles", and it is here that Krekeler, the great sportsman, first hit his stride. In eight of the caves, Krekeler found eight new species of cave beetles, an item which has excited the practitioners of this rare sport the world over.

He was accompanied on one expedition by Dr. William Bloom, and in gratitude for the aid received, named one species after him, *Pseudanophthalmus bloomi*. (This has created a new game among sports enthusiasts at VU—"Can You Pronounce This?")

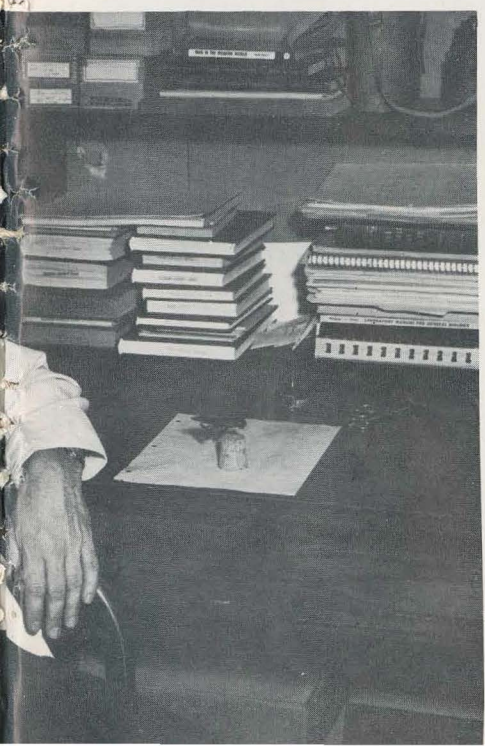
Aside from his status in the sports world and his position as a biological scholar at Valparaiso, where he is now an associate professor (as of 1955), Krekeler is also chief naturalist of the Indiana Dunes State Parks in which capacity he supervises the naturalist program in the eight state parks with naturalists.

In his final comment on sports, Krekeler opined, "I'm too young for golf."

at tennis, but still admits that he has yet to win a game of badminton against his wife. Krekeler made no mention of any competition from his wife in the field of beetle catching, however.

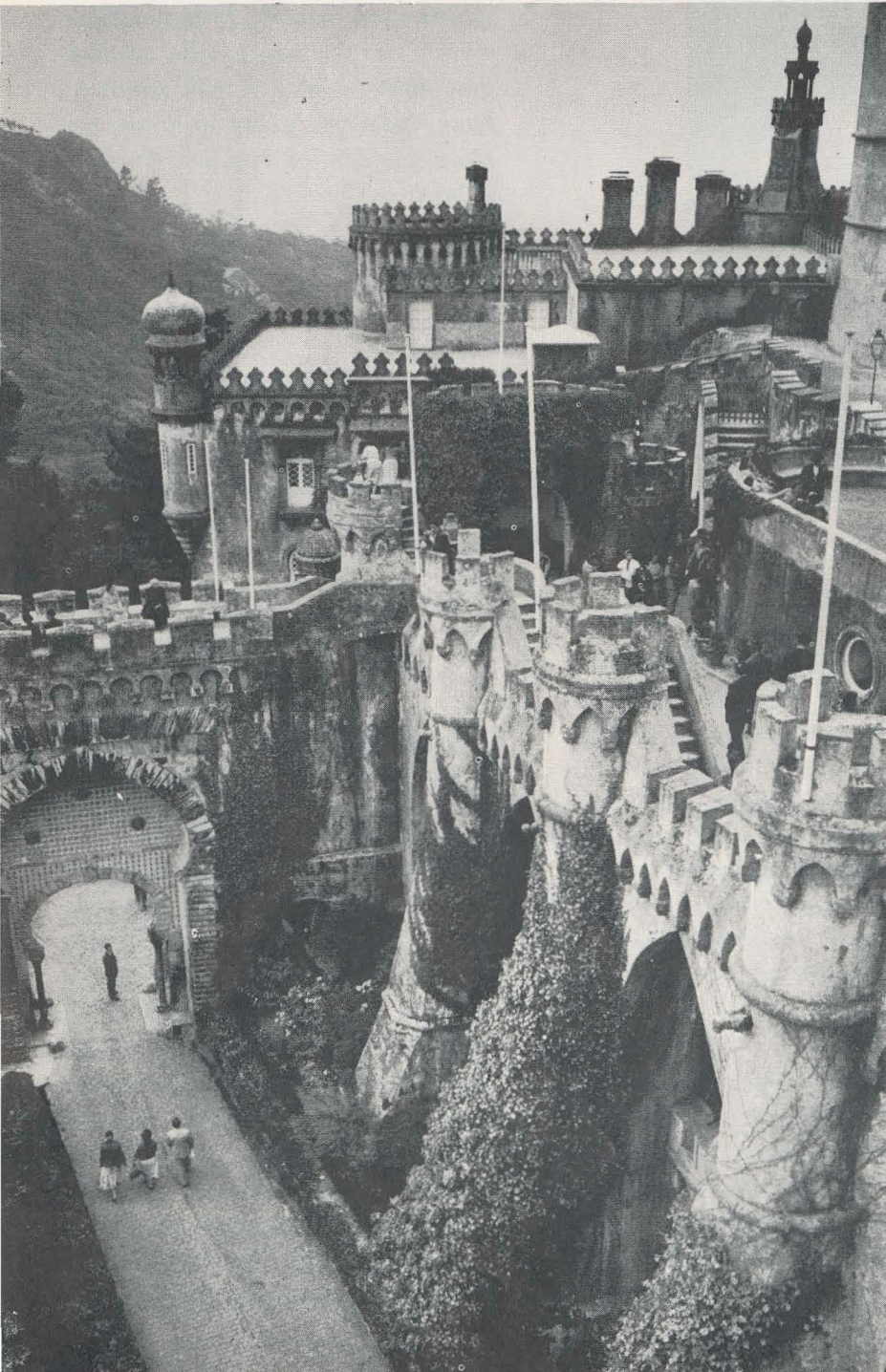
He was married while still at the Seminary, and was the first student to be allowed to do so in the history of this Synodical school. Even here he was a pace-setter.

Never one to fear education, and believing this to be his field, he began graduate work while still at the Seminary at Washington University in St. Louis. He continued graduate work at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, on



# THE DUNES

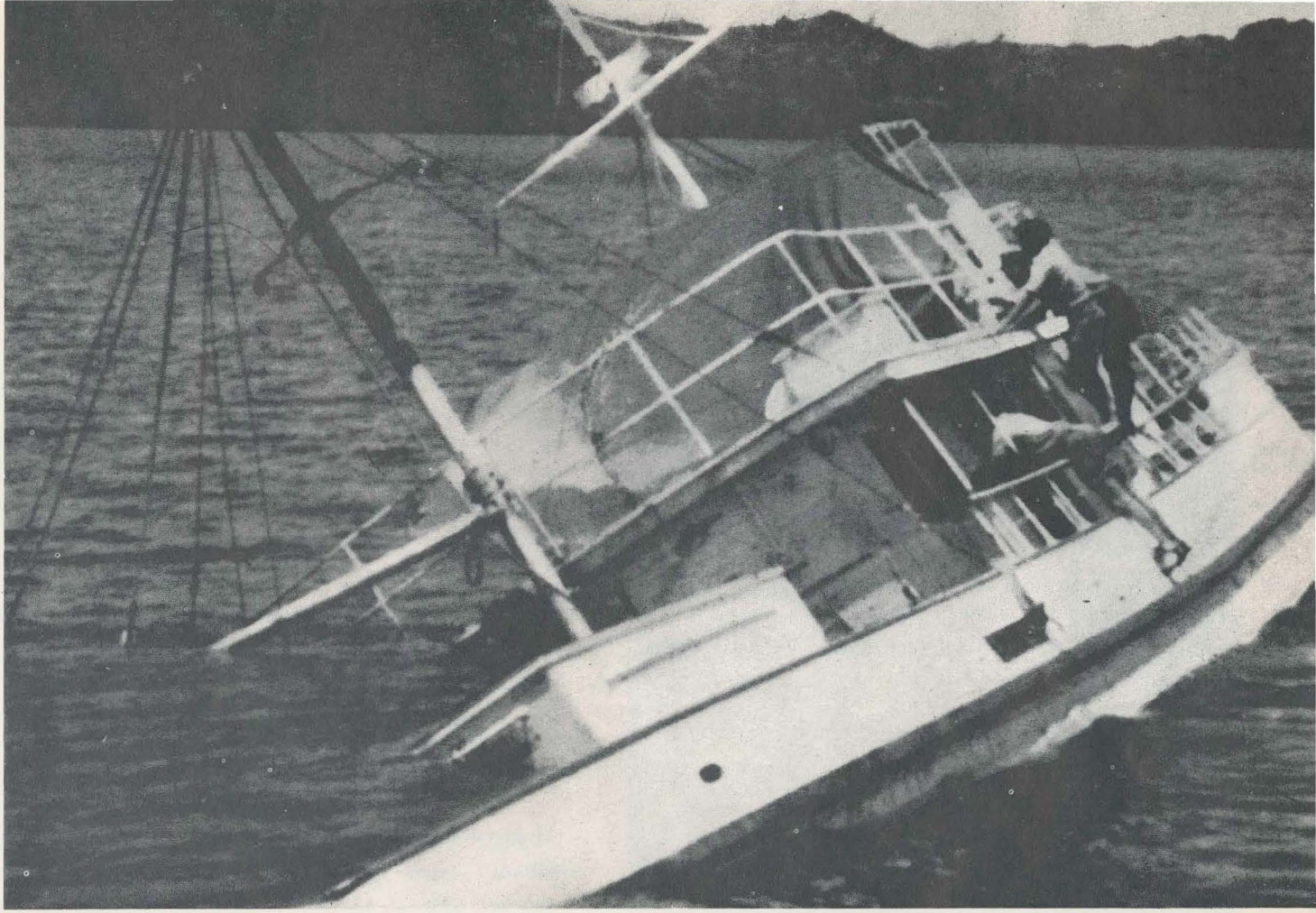
One of the many summer cabins scattered over the Dunes.



*The Indiana Dunes State Park, located near the flourishing tourist town of Valparaiso, has long been recognized as one of the world's leading recreational centers, even rivaling France's Riviera. Our top-notch photographer, Ima Kamra, took her camera and shot these typical scenes of the resort area in its busy season.*



Small boy holding large minnow he caught with safety pin and worm in Lake Michigan.



Students enjoy a day of fun boating on the calm waters of Lake Michigan.



A Valparaiso student can take his water painting seriously.



Each spring students from nearby V.U. can be found running foot races on the gently sloping dunes.



## DO-IT-YOURSELF

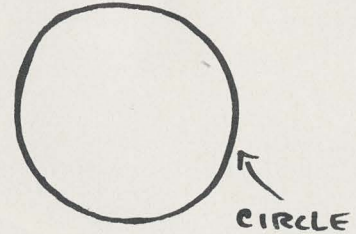
# BUILD YOUR OWN TURTLE TRAP

by Evie Rau

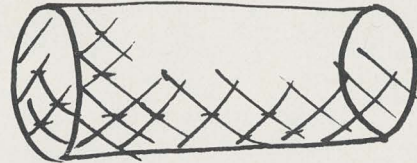
Next summer when you go turtle-hunting, you will really appreciate this labor-saving device. You can rest peacefully in your hammock while other sportsmen chase all over the lake after their prey. This trap will soon make the old-fashioned rowboat-and-net method obsolete. Said Dean Hesse, 1955 national turtle-hunting champion, of the SI trap, "This is a good trap." Simple to construct, this trap will take you only two or three days to complete, and you'll thank yourself all hunting season for using this little time and effort to make your own turtle trap.

Materials for this trap are inexpensive and easy to obtain. All you need is 50 feet of chicken wire, 30 feet of heavy baling wire, greenish-blue paint, and a piece of fish net.

First of all, cut the baling wire into lengths of 15 feet each. Form each of these into a circle.



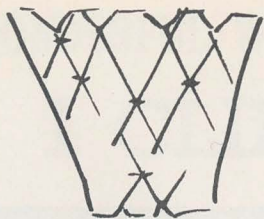
Now then, fasten the chicken wire onto these two rings, forming a cylinder six feet long.



Then cut ten sectors of chicken wire as shown in the diagram.



Turtle-trap making proves to be easy and simple.



Attach the rounded edges of the sectors to the baling wire and attach the straight sides of the sectors to each other, forming a funnel-type arrangement.

The inner openings of the funnel should have a diameter more or less than five inches, depending upon the size turtle you wish to capture, and the raw edges of chicken wire should extend inward to permit the turtle to crawl in, but to prevent his escape. Let a piece of fish net dangle loosely from the upper edge on the inside of the narrow entrance. This will get the poor turtle all snared up when he tries to escape. Paint the whole works greenish-blue for camouflage. Now your trap is ready for operation.

Bait the trap by placing pieces of raw fish or clams in it, and — for a decoy — a goodlooking female (turtle). Now take your trap to a likely spot in the lake and submerge it: remember to anchor it and mark the spot. Now your work is done, and you can sit back and relax while your SI turtle trap goes to work for you.



**The Huntress and her prey.**



**A tasty repast awaits the triumphant turtle-trapper.**

# JED DAY, CHAMPION

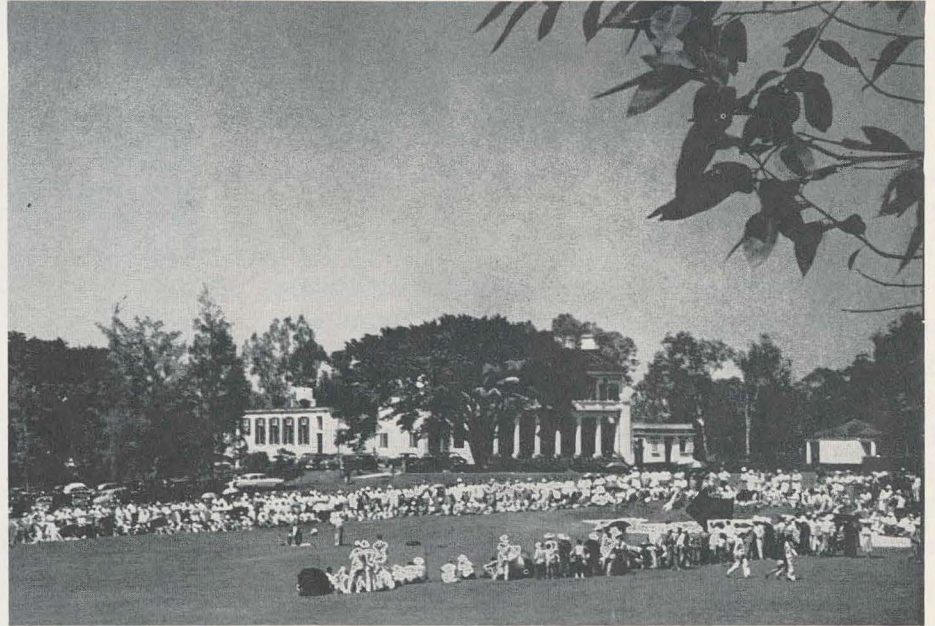
By Howie Fang

"It's talent, pure talent." These are the words that champion bowler Jed "Great" Day uses to describe his fabulous career. Having won all available championships, including the national doubles championship (at this time, Day bowled in two alleys at once), Day now rests on his laurels at his home in Valparaiso, Indiana.

Day began his now legendary career one day when he wandered into a bowling alley by mistake, thinking it was a bar. (He was making a nationwide walking tour of bars.) Someone handed him a bowling ball, and a star was born. At first the going was rough. It took Day several years before he learned to let go of the ball before hitting the pins. This naturally gave him a handicap in bowling circles.

His big chance came when he was entered in the national bowling tournament by V.U. At that tournament the famous banana peel incident occurred. (See front cover.) Just as Day was about to release his ball, he stepped on a banana peel and slid down the alley. He fell into the pit, knocking down all ten pins and the pinboy and setting up a chain reaction which knocked down all the pins in the next eleven alleys. In this extraordinary fashion, Day became the first man in history to ever bowl a perfect 300 without letting go of his bowling ball.

As hobbies, Day lists reckless living and sleeping. His parties are well-known in the little town of Valparaiso, and are well attended by local dignitaries. When questioned as to what he planned to do in the future, Day said, "I think I'll take up ballet to limber up my muscles."



Crowd watches Jed Day during a landbowling exhibition.



Hacking?! Whaddyuh Mean, Hacking?

TOM MESSELMAN  
PROFILE

# THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

## I CLIMBED MOUNT TOM

by Sir Ed Pillory



Sir Ed Pillory

We stood at the foot of the unconquered peak, gazing in wonder at its cloud-shrouded heights. There were four of us — our guide Twelvesing, Picklewurst, Montmorency, and I. With resignation written on our faces and sheer terror gleaming in our eyes, we began the climb — a climb that was to result in tragedy, triumph, and blisters.

### *The first day.*

It was raining — the cold, biting rain that you find on a windy day in the stockyards. It was the kind of weather to drive a man mad. It did. Montmorency flipped his lid about half way up the first ridge. He seized our beer rations, cut the guide line that held him to Picklewurst, and rolled down the slope. We left him there, singing, drinking beer, and throwing beer into the lake. We were saddened by this loss. It was expensive beer.

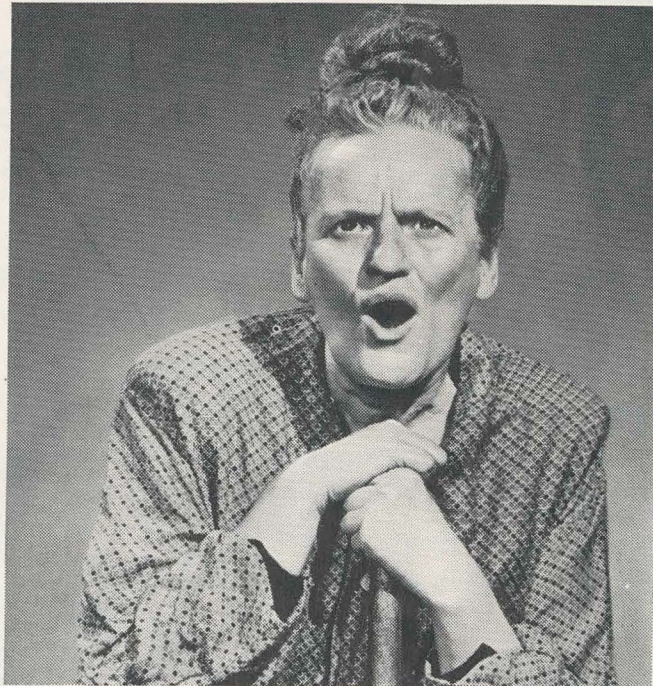
### *The second day.*

After breaking camp in the cold, pink light of dawn, we put on our haversacks, grabbed our pickaxes, and attacked the second, and most difficult, slope. Despite the fact that we were numbed with fatigue, dying of thirst, and tired of the whole thing, we realized that triumph was ahead. The peak gleamed scarlet in the sunlight (at this season of the year it was covered with big red poppies — real big pop-

pies). Twelvesing dug his pickaxe into a nearby cactus and pulled himself up. I followed, hanging onto the rope for dear life. I was scared. Picklewurst grabbed what he thought was a big rock and began to climb up. A cold fear gripped our hearts, and a cold sweat streamed down our faces as we saw the rock move. It was no rock — it was a turtle. The place was crawling with turtles. The last time we saw Picklewurst he was headed north on the back of a real big turtle. That night we made camp with heavy hearts and empty stomachs. (Picklewurst had been carrying the bologna.)

### *The third day.*

This was it. The long awaited day had arrived. Singing mad madrigals, Twelvesing and I arrived at the top of Mt. Tom. It was a glorious morning as we stood there at the tiptop of the Valparaiso Moraine. The vultures were singing and the real big poppies were waving in the breeze. It was a time for high and noble thoughts, and Twelvesing rose to the occasion. Pushing his way through the real big poppies, he stood at the edge of the real big peak, tears in his eyes, he said, "My, you could spit real far from here."



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**COMING EVENTS**

**THURSDAY, MARCH 22**

**Fencing**

Duel, 2 PM — behind auditorium, Valparaiso, Indiana — between two unidentified members of English department.

**Rollerskating**

Exhibition — members of Alpha Mi sorority — Union Great Hall — 7 PM, Valparaiso, Indiana.  
All-school rollerskating party — Gym 11 PM — Valparaiso, Indiana.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 23**

**Filibustering**

Finals — National Filibuster Contest — Auditorium, 11 AM, Valparaiso, Indiana.

**Pinochle**

Guild Hall Tournament Finals—Room 121 — 1 PM, Valparaiso, Indiana.  
National Pinochle Club — Nome, Alaska — 5 PM.

**Bullfighting**

Valparaiso Spanish Dept. Exhibition fight — Mexico City — 8 PM.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 24**

**Bearbaiting**

Timbuctu, Africa — 9 AM  
Sydney, Australia — 11 AM  
(same bears)

**Turtle Racing**

Buckingham Palace — London, England — 1 PM  
Memorial Hall — Valparaiso, Indiana — 1:30 PM.

**Tiddlewinks**

Playoffs, International Tiddlewink games — Paris, France — 4 PM.

**Can-Can**

Exhibition Game—Delta Sigh House, Valparaiso, Indiana — 8 PM.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 25**

**Garbage Skow Regatta**

Cannes, the Riviera — 3 PM.

**MONDAY, MARCH 26**

**Madrigal Singing**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania U. vs Valparaiso U., Indiana in National Madrigal Singing Tournament, — 12 PM.

Octavius Madrigal Society Concert — Barcelona, Spain — 3 PM.

**Hai Jlai**

Valparaiso U. vs Harvard — Lisbon, Portugal — 6 AM. U. of Australia vs Purdue — Havana, Cuba — 3:27 PM. Panamboko College vs U. of Chicago — Patagonia — 5 PM. Okefenokee U. vs La Sorbonne — Edinburgh, Scotland — 9 PM.

**TUESDAY, MARCH 27**

**Marble Finals** — Valparaiso, Indiana.

Friedrice vs Rumbach — 1 PM.  
Hessee vs Rheine — 1:30 PM.

**Rangerman vs Dey** — 5 PM.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28**

**Cricket**

National Tournament — Moscow, USSR — 10 AM.

Phi Ki's vs Bambda Chi — Gym — Valparaiso, Indiana.

**Table Tennis**

Exhibition games — Mato Grosso, Brazil.

20th  
HOLE

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

### SNOW TROUBLE

Deah suh:

Y'all just have thuh best spohrts magazine Ah have evah laid mah two blueh ehyes on. It's so much fun tuh read while Ah'm in thuh hospital with mah broken leg. Ah followed ya directions on how tuh make skis, but they just don't work on these Suthen hills. Could it be because we don't have any snow?

Crippedly y'all,  
Belle

\* We are sending you postpaid a carload of snow to use for your skis. We think they will work then. —ED.

### LIKES SI

Dear Sir:

I've been reading *SI* for the past two months and I really like it lots, but when are you going to print my article? I wish you'd hurry up and print it.

Sincerely,  
Evie Rau.

\* See this issue. —ED.

### NOSEY

Dear Sir:

I am delighted to receive my issue of *SI* each week. I find it very informing. Could you please tell me how many points I got for breaking a light bulb against John Carroll?

Inquisitively yours,  
Bob Jarm

\* We don't know either. —ED.

### FOREIGNER

Howdy Pahnner:

Ah'm way out heah in West Texas, and Ah really enjoys *SI*, since it's jest about mah only contact with civiliza-shun. Ah reads it frum cuver to cuver while Ah'm ridin thuh range.

However, Ah wish y'all would hav uh story on brandin cattle. We all think it'd be uh very timely sobject, since brandin time is jest round thuh corner for me and mah nabors in thuh surroundin 200 miles (all five of us).

Ah have one more complaint. About two months ago, y'all had a windmill do-it-yasef. As y'all know, we don't have much water round here, so Ah

started working on this sure-fire wind-mill right away. It works jest fine, exceptin that instead of drawing *water*, like Ah wanted tuh, Ah struck nother *oil well!* Y'all can't imagine how disgusted (and dry) Ah am. Can't y'all please suggest somethin'?

Hopefully y'all,  
Tex

\* We'll gladly swap a tank of water for a tank of oil. Meet us at the border at midnight March 31. —ED.

### HATES SI

Dear Sir:

I think your magazine is a waste of money and paper. I don't see why you are even allowed to call it a magazine. From now on your magazine is official-ly banned at Valparaiso University.

Pete Krentz  
Student Council President

### GET LOST

Dear Eds.

I think you have a swell magazine. Your article on bullfighting in the last issue was excellent. I would like, however, to call your attention to a new and hitherto unknown sport. I had the opportunity of seeing this played while attending a banquet for the Grand Lama of Tibet. It is just like baseball,

only played with sugar cane and ripe mangos. Why don't you send somebody to Tibet to investigate? Better yet, why don't you go to Tibet and stay there for awhile?

Yours,  
E.D. Day

### DO IT YOURSELF PROBLEM

Dear Sir,

I read your book all the time. In your last issue, you told how to build yourself a home hockey arena. I started this project, but my little sister ate the book and I am now stuck with a basement full of chopped ice . . . what shall I do?

Sincerely,  
Desperate

\* Add two parts gin, one part vermouth, several jars of olives, and chase your little sister around in it. —ED.

### FINAL NOTICE

Editors:

Final notice. More money and more beer or we quit.

Lacey, Nofz, Lepisto, and Arndt

\* You're fired. —ED.

NOTICE: DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL THERE WILL BE NO ISSUE OF *SI* NEXT WEEK.



"But I thought it was third base."

PAT ON THE BACK

## WALTER GEORGE FRIEDRICH



Friedrich prepares to blast away with favorite shooter



For Walter G. Friedrich marble-shooting has always been an obsession. Last week in the final round of the world championship marbles tourney, Walt's long hours of training finally paid big dividends. In spite of a troublesome hangnail, Friedrich whipped dfending champion Walter Reiner on a five-foot shot from the edge of the rug. Reiner, a mibs champ for the past eleven years, dejectedly said, "I just wasn't up to it."

As a reward for his heroics, Friedrich received a bag of new marbles and a gilded copy of Keats' *Ode on the Elgin Marbles*. Friedrich said that since winning the contest he has received seventeen offers from challengers. His immediate plan calls for complete rest after the trying match.

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all there! And so is the pleasure of smooth, easy-going smoke that *feels* good to you. The smoke feels as good as it tastes! Enjoy new Cavaliers today.

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