SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
From Green Beanies to Mortarboards
By CAROL COX, ESTHER RENDBRACH

The class of '49 has done several things for which some legitimate boasting is in order. When we think of those gayly stagy moments through which every freshman passes, we were forced to poll a "tag-a-war" with our elders, the illustrious sophomore class '48. The brainy muscular members of our class won that little tussle and we were truly proud.

The next year our class took ALL the honors! Our "muscle-men" again won the grand from the "scrarmacy" freshmen. Again we were proud. After the tug-owar, the "tag-a-war" game came the tussle -- a parody on "Little Red Riding Hood" -- won the honors. Our self-portraits took a deep breath and nearly hit the ceiling.

In the Homecoming parade during the same school year, our class took the honors with our float which was a boat christened the "D. S. Sophomore." The next year in the Homecoming parade we used the name of our class (The Forty-Niners) and had a covered wagon with a real "forty-niner," carrying a shot gun. Again we took first place. The same year our class shot, "A Burlesque on Burlesque," won for us the coveted (tan) cup.

We are proud of these little firsts from our class days, but they are not so important as the "firsts" our Greyhound football and basketball teams have won. Our class has been only a small part of something that has been more proud of our own accomplishments, but we are more proud of our school and the name it has won for Halff in athletics, music and yes, even academic honors!
THE PRESIDENT SAYS...

THE WORLD NEEDS YOU.

We attended a commencement program in the mid-twenties where a very capable and brilliant speaker brought a message to the graduating class upon the theme, "The World Awaits You." In the address, he spoke of how the business and professional world was standing with outstretched arms ready to receive each member of the graduating class and offer to him the most wonderful opportunities for success and happiness. It made a wonderful address. All who heard it were much thrilled by it. We all agreed that, even in the mid-twenties, the speaker was looking at the world through rose-colored glasses and that some of the graduates who that night were elevated to the top of the mountain of expectation were later disillusioned by being let down into the valley of practical reality.

I am sure that the graduating class at Indiana Central this year, we want not say, "The World Awaits You," but we would say with all sincerity, "The World Needs You." The world today needs very desperately that quality of life which the educated Christian man and woman can give. It needs the honesty, the integrity, the sincerity, the steadfastness of purpose and willingness to serve which are the most important assets which you take from this institution. You may be sure that in many places the world is not aware of that need, and, even if it were aware, it is usually not receptive. You will be the exception if you find it enabling you with outstretched arms ready to bestow rich gifts upon you in exchange for the wisdom you can apply to the solution of its problems. Rather, it will resist change. It will resist many of your suggestions and prefer to go along in its old same ignorant ways. But if improvement is to come to the world it must come through the courageous efforts of enlightened and consecrated men and women like yourselves. Through the civilization of our day, we have been given education and motivation to wish more clearly the need for it better world. To our civilization, you are obligated to give of your energy and ability to make the world of tomorrow a more perfect and happy one.

You may not be received with enthusiasm out in the world of business and society. You may even find resentment and hostility on the part of many other people, but every defect and evil of our civilization cries aloud that our world NEEDS YOU. May you each one face it with faith and courage and may a rich share of God's bounties of happiness and success be yours as you go forth with determination to make our world a better one.

I. LYNDE ESCH.

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In the Professions

The following is the result of interviews, asking "What are you doing next summer and fall?" Aside from those " wolves" who answered, "Nothing much, what are you doing?" we found that seniors have a few ideas of what they would LIKE to do.

Laverne Bailey: Ball State summer school—coach home ec and English.
Sylvia Brown: Elementary teacher.
Cecil Carter: summer school—coach home ec and English.
Kathleen Carrelloch: summer school at Ball State—who knows?
Bob Bonavito: summer school—Bannegrade Theology Seminary.
Lewis Brown: summer school—teach in elementary school.
Ada Mae Burgess: stay at home—teach high school English.
Kathy Carner: summer school at Ball State—who knows?
Dona Callis: work in Park Department—coach in high school.
Carol Cox: summer school—teach high school English.
Jim Cuddy: work in grocery—coach and teach math.
Bob Dentan: work at Kingman—teach physical ed.
Peter Evans: summer school—pre-medical graduate work at University of Detroit, Washington U. at St. Louis.
Sylvia Farnsworth: sold and fish in Wisconsin—Still looking—
for a job in social work, that is.
Barbara Flexner: work in Park, Washington, humber camp—
coach in high school.
Marjorie Filling: summer school, summer school at Butler—get married in August; after that, sorry. 
Norman Horner: Drop dead; or—
lab technician at Fairmont Glass Co.
Ada Howard: summer school at Indiana State—hope to teach home ec.
Polly Hutchinson: counselor at Nutrition Camp, Bridgeport, Ind. 
Donna Jeffers: supervisor and mission work in New Mexico.
Chas Ingham: summer school—move to Dayton and attend Bonnerkne. 
Kathy Kaye: recuperate—teach English and history.
Bert Keck: work in Indianapolis.
George Kent: sell veget-able blands, etc. for J. H. Cox, Mfg—
L. U. Mass., and Lewis College.
Ray Kennedy: summer school—coach and teach social studies.
Cal Kistler: summer school—teach math and physics at Green- town High School.
Manfred Klee: work at U. S. Rubber—coach in high school.

Surprise for Dean Cravens

Miss Cravens, who has been Dean of Women and a member of the staff. She was born.

May need some hours and permission to spend the form Harner: Drop" dead; cr

These are merely a few of the many activities which called for flowers and gifts. Her friends never did forget her. Then there are the reports she gets and will continue to get (we hope) concerning the success of her girls, the letters written to her by her wandering daughters. These are merely a few of the things that make for the nom-

tality deeds.

Many girls remember her chas-
ing away the lavers at 12:15 in her bright red toga and her Roman sandals. Others will remember her crashing room parties to quiet the noise down to a roar. All of them remember securing late and permission to spend week ends at home. We soon found that the "how was the dance?" and that down deep in her heart, Miss Cravens wanted to hear about the girls galore. There are hundreds of things we will remember about Miss Cravens and we all will remember that we will remember her, her loyalty, her loyalty, her concern, and her loving care for her many adopted daughters.

Julianne Herrig Ackard—Mad-
am Lace.
Paul Alexander—Louis Pautz.
Rosalie Babbitt Belcher—Burg.
Robert Banks—Rockefeller.
Robert Bonidew—Father Flan-
age.
Lucille Brown—Mighty Mouse.
Lewis Brown—Dugs Bunny.
Ada Mae Burgess—Cobina.