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NOW — Let's Start To Move—

Certainly it does not take much fore­thought to see many of the problems which are now arising concerning the new East Campus. And one of these problems which all Greeks are going to have to face sooner or later is that of when to start moving.

In other words, one of these days the members of IFC and ISC are going to have to take definite action about their new houses. Undoubtedly everyone is aware that it is going to have to come soon, so why not start the ball rolling and help the situation?

The administration cannot take the first step. They can, and have indicated that they are willing to, help. Rather it is up to the individual organizations to come up with concrete suggestions and plans through the ISC and the IFC, and then work them out with the admin­istration.

A few suggestions have been offered so far, and we feel that these represent a definite start. One of these was to establish a cooperative revolving fund of $300,000 to $400,000, and then each organization pay off its allocated debt over an agreed period of time. This way both the Greeks and the adminis­tration will help to move each other and something concrete will have been done.

Any way you look at it, the problem now rests in the hands of the various groups! The sooner you begin to plan the sooner your organization will be able to move. Discuss it NOW at your meetings, have your Council represen­tative bring suggestions NOW to his meetings, interest your alumni NOW in the movement, and above all consider it prayerfully.

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ABOVE THE COVER

Our cover artist for this issue was Marlene Nofz. Many of you will rem­ember her illustrations in the last issue of VU for the short story, "The Pool." This time she turns her talent to de­picting a humorous situation revolving around this season. Here a "V" man is trying to gift wrap the ring which he hopes to give away in a short while to a very special girl.

ABOUT THE STAFF

Another group of willing workers for this issue — this time we really gave the artists a work-out: besides the cover artist, Marlene Nofz, Marlys Neiland contributed for the Christmas story. And again our art editor, Carol Meyer, de­serves many thanks for advising and illustrating. Bob Kusch is back with another thought-provoking article, and Pat Yung taxed her Christmas imagina­tion and came up with an intriguing bit of seasonal fancy. To whet our ap­petites Rhoda Heinecke and Lynda Krupski tracked down some of our campus cooks and emerged with some delicious recipes. Again our thanks to all who helped put out this issue . . . including Pres. Kretzmann who willingly submitted his Christmas tidings.

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In a few hours our University family will again be disrupted, and we will be heading in all directions for our annual Christmas vacation period. Some will be going home to families not seen since September; others will be filling vacation jobs; many will be devoting their time and energies to term papers due a day or so after vacation ends; and some—some will fortunately be going home to rediscover the true meaning within this Christmas-tide.

Unfortunately it is all too often the case nowadays in the crush and confusion of Christmas shopping, work and merriment, that we go home for a vacation and pay little attention to the true spirit and message of this season.

I'll no doubt be accused of plagiarizing, yet I feel that the admonition "Put Christ Back into Christmas" is also very very applicable to our own Christian students, faculty, and administration.

Let's go home to enjoy our families and friends; let's make diligent use of our time; yet also let us remember—remember what it is that we are celebrating and its application to us.

Of course we cannot leave our friends without wishing you all a merry Christmas; a merry and indeed a blessed one.

It's rather hard to be a senior and not be aware of some of the peculiarities within a campus such as ours. "Course coming away from a Student Council meeting in October where the question of "what did your group think of the Homecoming VU?" was met with many indifferent, "I don't care" looks, this co-editor was mightily disguste. On a campus like this where criticism seems to be the extracurricular activity, a response like that was more than disheartening.

Oh, there were one or two comments—some meek inquiry about putting cartoons one on a page or something—this meaning "we really don't care what's written in VU, but putting all your cartoons on one page spoils the fun of skipping the articles and just looking at the cartoons."

One comment mentioned having an entirely humorous magazine. Nuts!!! Look through one of these all-humor (?) college "comic books" like Illinois' Shaft or Michigan State's Spartan. On twenty four pages, you might find ten amusing jokes.

In a way the college "comic books" are as bad as Life magazine. They all spoil the reader, because it's easier to look at pictures or jokes or cartoons than read. Instead of reading for information or good humor, students look at pictures or how many different costumes some Italian movie star has.

To please all our "comic book" readers, VU has included more pictures in this issue, but VU still aims for that audience that relaxes from the day's studies by appreciating a well-written short story, etc. Nothing in VU is overly literary. If you think VU is too literary, may I suggest a refresher course in Lit 52?

One encouraging criticism lately has been the objection to the "Talk to the Man Upstairs" type of religious song that can be heard anywhere right now. Both Time and Newsweek's (Nov. 27) religion sections reviewed an article by a Methodist professor in the Christian Century, condemning this type of popular song and the religion it typifies. The popular song writers have shown the poorest of taste in dragging religion down into the gutter of their $$ signs and "hit" records.

But maybe the best suggestion of all would be to eliminate term papers completely!!!!!!

Another thing I note with warm feeling is the rejection of semester pledging, 6-3, by the IFC this year. Last year the IFC approved it by the reverse margin. Rather than say cool heads prevailed, I prefer to compliment the Valpo spirit shown.

After all, a fraternity or sorority at Valpo exists for a group to learn to live with each other and to mingle socially. For what else does anyone join? Certainly the semester pledging encouraged by national fraternities, and more particularly first semester pledging, is not in line with the Valpo idea of Greeks. The attitude of one representative of a national fraternity urging semester pledging is striking: "pledge freshmen the first semester and get their fees for all four years."

Even though Valpo fraternities have nationalized, they and the sororities, I believe, have kept the Valpo spirit of the importance of the individual alive. All of college and Greek life here should be and is for the experience of the individual. The individual should not be merely a means for running a high-class Greek organization.
WHOM WE'D LIKE TO FILL
OUR CHRISTMAS STOCKING
— Judy Johnson —
Introduction: Valpo students are hep on current affairs (?), and very little slips by unnoticed. However, there have been a few radical changes in the life of Christmas' favorite mythical hero, of which few students are aware.

The time is December 24, 1954. The place: where else? The North Pole.

A black Cadillac comes speeding down the four lane highway. Its driver, lost in a cloud of cigar smoke, turns the shiny car off the road and screeches to a stop in front of a prefab ranch house. He takes a deep breath, opens the door, and gathers up an armful of packages.

"I guess that's about it; there's still much to be done." Dashing through the back door to his office, he pauses momentarily to pick up the mail from the hall table and to greet his wife.

"Hello, dear. More last minute reminders . . . Boy, give me the good old days, when all kids wanted candy canes. Today they're satisfied with nothing less than trains, planes, boats, and cars . . . Look at this one!"

Lembke Hall
Valparaiso, Ind.

Dear S.,
I've been a good freshman all semester. Please bring me a new green Ford convertible.
"Here's another."

Memorial Hall
Valparaiso, Ind.

Dear S.,
Please bring me a tall, dark, handsome fraternity man with a new green convertible. A Ford, preferably.
"Oh well, guess I'd better get to work. Call the airport, will you, dear. Tell Rudolph I want my jet ready in two hours. Now that Alaska and Hawaii are on my delivery list, I have all that territory to cover."

He turns and heads for the door marked "Private, S. C. & Co." He enters, nodding momentarily to one of the modern conveniences of his office, a pert blonde secretary with a distinguished form.

The business man in charge of the world's largest corporation does appear to have much last-minute checking and packing to do.

Later, at the airport, his jet is warming up, and he dons his oxygen helmet. Off he hops to Hawaii, up to Alaska, down through the southeastern United States, leaving tokens of his esteem for big and little alike.

He's almost finished now; the jet turns northward. Passing over northwestern Indiana as the sun rises, he smiles. Lights are just being turned on in the houses below. Little boys and girls are scurrying to and fro under fir trees. The red-coated figure settles back, "Well, my job for this year is over."

He glances over the plain below him, and something seems to hold his gaze. "Great scott, I forgot about Valpo!"

The jet is braked on a campus-like plain with only a huge excavation and two castle-like buildings in sight. He alights and sadly surveys his surroundings. "What could they want?" He thrusts his hands in his pockets. "What's this?" He pulls out a paper.

Valparaiso U.

Dear S.,
When can we have our new Student Union?
Chuckling, he walks over the excavation. "No, it's too cold now. I'll send it in time for their Easter vacation. After paying $12.50 a semester, they'll be surprised to get it from me!"
"Poetry?" On Christmas . . .

The Night After Christmas

’Twas the night after Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
But a hungry grey mouse.
The stockings all empty
On the floor had been flung.
The toys were abandoned,
No carols were sung.
The children were snuggled
All close in their beds,
Held there while Dad
Applied ice to their heads
And Mama in her kerchief
And I in my cap
Retired after midnight
To catch a short nap. —
When out on the street
There arose such a fuss,
We knew in a moment
It was Dr. Pill’s bus,
It rattled and clattered
Like coal in the clink,
His motor was smoking,
His lights on the blink.
His horn had a voice
Like a sledgehammer’s blow,
And his four wheels were chugging
Through the new-fallen snow.
He was making his regular
Christmas night call
To check on our pulses,
Our tummies, and all.
As he came up the stairway,
His eyes twinkled bright,
But when our groans reached him,
He cried out “Good Night!”
He bent to his bag,
And the chain ‘cross his belly
Shook as he searched
For his old menthol jelly.
He ransacked his satchel
For cough syrup and pills
And enough analgesic
To cure all our ills.
With a smile on his face,
A quick jerk of his head,
He plastered and pasted
And put all to bed.
He turned on his heel
And cut out the light.
He put on his earmuffs
And pulled out of sight.
We heard him exclaim
Ere he left us that night,
“Now keep under cover,
Pipe down, and sleep tight!”

as JONATHAN KEATS may have written about “Jingle Bells.”

A bell that jingles is a joy forever.
Its tintinnabulation pleases, it will never
Pall upon our eager ears; but still will keep,
As all the lovely way it jingles, deep
Within our hearts, the ecstasy of youth,
When, all in an uninclosed sleigh (in truth,
Drawn but by one lone mare) we took delight
In riding, ah! so gaily through the night.

as T. S. Eliot may have written about “Jingle Bells.”

We are the jingling bells,
We are the loud bells.
Ringing together
All on a leather strap. Alas!
Our metallic voices,
Speaking above the hollow laughter
Of the youths riding
Uncomprehendingly in a sledge (Carissimi Dio!)
Open and with only one dull horse,
Sound yet quiet and meaningless.
This is the way the bells jingle,
This is the way the bells jingle,
This is the way the bells jingle,
Not with a klang, but a tinkle.

* As Printed in VU, December 1951.
Spiced tea again? cried the boys at Pi Deltas, and trudged off through the snow with blisters and welts...
The old man sat on a trunk, dangling his whip on the dirt floor of the stable. He dragged it slowly back and forth, leaving small furrows in the dust. When he looked up he saw Tommy enter the stall, carrying the filly’s harness.

“I’m back,” he thought. “It’s been a long time, but I’m back. Thirty years since I cracked the Grand Circuit. Thirty years since I was the leading driver in the country. And I got a good one to come back with. Miss Malinda is as good a filly as I’ve ever trained, even when I was top man for J. Gunderson Bell’s great stable. And no one knows anything about her, so the other fellows won’t expect her to be so tough. It’s lucky for me, too, that the young drivers have never heard of me, and the older ones — well, how many drivers keep on racing for thirty years?”

The old man frowned when he thought of the ominous big brick building where he had lived for more than a quarter of a century. It had had a high fence around it, and uniformed men and women had always walked around in it giving orders. They’d always laughed at him. When he told the doctor how he had planned a machine that would produce electricity by perpetual motion, the doctor had scratched his temple and shaken his head; and when he’d mention to a guard how he had just about perfected a formula for extracting gold from coal tar, he had to go to a clinic the next day and take some silly tests. Even when he had told the doctors and nurses how he had once been the leading racing driver in the country, they’d laughed at him.

The old man shook his head trying to forget those days. He didn’t remember them often anymore; just once in a while. “If any of those doctors were here tonight, I’d show them,” he muttered. “Me and Miss Malinda would.”

He glanced up at the filly’s stall. Last year he’d only raced her up around home, up on the rocky tracks of Vermont and New Hampshire. She’d won every start, too. Nothing could touch her up there. She hadn’t much of a record, to be sure, but what animal could make a decent record on those bull rings? It was all the better this way. If some of these colts had raced up there, they wouldn’t have such a good record either. If his filly had raced in New York, her record could easily have been ten seconds faster. He’d show them tonight.

A low nicker from the filly’s stall interrupted the old man’s thoughts, and he suddenly realized that Tommy was in there harnessing her. He got up from the trunk and noticed two men walking past the door of the barn. “The three-year-old pace ought to be quite a race tonight,” one of the men said.

“Yeh,” the other answered, “but how can they beat Bucephalus?”

The old man sat down on the trunk again. “How can they beat Bucephalus?” He knew how. He had it all planned. Bucephalus, the big black, had been the fastest two-year-old pacer in the world the year before. But Bucephalus could be beat. He had one fault: he couldn’t leave fast. “But Miss Malinda can,” the old man said to himself.

The door of the filly’s stall opened, and Tommy led Miss Malinda out. The old man gave her an admiring glance as Tommy snapped her into the cross-ties. “’Bout time to go your last warm-up, ain’t it, Mr. Stein?” Tommy asked.
A WASTE OF TIME (Con.)

Bucephalus had pulled away by several lengths, and the old man noticed he was pacing easily. He clucked to the filly again. She responded, but during the last quarter she failed to gain on the big black. The old man glanced at his watch as he went under the wire. "Two-ten" it read. "Just right," he said to himself.

He slowed the filly down, stopped her, and turned her around. Slowly he jogged her back toward the barn. The big black came pacing along beside her. The old man glanced at the colt. He was big and powerful, the old man saw, and he wasn't even breathing hard.

"Hi," his driver said. "You in our race?"

The old man nodded. "How much'd you go?" he asked.

"Around eight," the young man said. "My name's Cox."

"Stein," the old man said.

"This your first start here?" Cox asked. "I haven't noticed you before."

"Yeh, the filly's the only one I got," the old man said. "You're lucky," Cox replied. "I got nineteen. Four other ones going tonight besides this big lug, and he wears you out driving him."

"I know what you mean," the old man said. "I trained thirty-four one year. How much can the black go?"

Cox smiled. "I really don't know," he answered. "I know he's the fastest thing I've ever sat behind. I just wish I could get him to leave. If he could get out of there as fast as he can finish, they'd never beat him."

"What did you draw?"

"Eight," Cox replied. "Don't make much difference. He'd still be way back when they left even if he drew the rail. All I can do is turn him loose when he gets started and try to run the rest of them down. He always has so far, but there'll come a day, I suppose, when he won't be able to."

"That'll be tonight," the old man thought. "Here's my gate," he said. "See you in about forty-five minutes." He guided the filly toward the chute.

"Yeh," Cox said. "Luck to you!"

Miss Malinda jogged back to the barn, where Tommy and the old man unhitched her. "Be extra careful tonight," the old man said as Tommy led the filly into the stable. "This is the one."

Tommy turned back and grinned. Then he shut the stall door.

The old man walked over to a folding chair and sat down. "Number eight," he thought. "We got number three, so I know we can get out on top. If we go to the half in in around two, maybe we can then come the last half in a minute, or even fifty-nine seconds, but he won't pace the first half better than four. No telling how many traffic jams he'll run into back there either."

He dozed off in the chair, but suddenly he was awakened by a voice coming over the loudspeaker. "Introducing the winner of the fourth race, the two-year old pace. It's Little Bucy, owned by the Hickory Hill Stable of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and driven by Mr. Brady Cox. Little Bucy is a full sister to last year's world champion two-year-old pacer, Bucephalus. Bucephalus will be in the next race, which is the feature of this evening — the Victoria pace for three-year-olds, for a purse of ten thousand dollars."

The old man got up and walked to the filly's stall. He and warm up.

After this it is the usual game planning, readying, tensing, and hoping that this game — at least once — we'll bring back a Big Ten scalp.

At 7:30 the National Anthem is played by the Purdue Band, the buzzer sounds, and another game has started into history.

Mistakes are made, good playing on both sides predominates, the other team happens to be stronger, faster, and more accurate, and for this game it doesn't appear in the cards to have Valpo win. But still the fun, the excitement, the unexplainable something called team spirit has again prevailed.

This time the team loses by twelve points. But few regrets are had, the team is tired, and, oh well, tomorrow is another time of tests, studies, and practice. And after all, there is the ICC championship to look forward to with eager hopes.

The team comes home munching hamburgers, ham sandwiches, and downing malted milks. Again card games, group singing, and discussion of the yells with cheer leaders occupies most of the interests. No one studies.

Once again the boys had the backing of the school. Our cheer leaders, always working, always striving for more yelling and spirit, had little trouble with an enthusiastic large Valpo crowd — even though the team did lose 62-50.
In these photographs VU tries to depict the various and sundry events which transpire at a typical game. The practice shots, the workings of the cheer leaders, the game itself. Here Chet Meisberger "lays up" two more points for Valpo. Also shown is part of the large crowd which was in attendance at this particular game. Finally Coach Sueens counsels his boys; part of the strain and tension that accompanies a close situation with a few remaining minutes in the game is shown in this photograph. The timing-clock in the background is mute evidence of the cause of the tension.

"Hooray for the Gammas!" Fifty icy noses glistening. Tried sniffing a whiff ... coffee ... hot and steaming!
These persons are familiar faces on our campus... yet can you identify them from this angle? Turn this page upside down for the correct answers.

1. Professor Gordon Graves - Math Dept.
2. Professor Hoelty-Nickel - Music Dept.
3. Asst. Prof. John Strietelmeier - Geog. & Geol. Dept.
4. Mr. Wm. Tackett - Education & Psych. Dept.
5. Dr. M. A. Bichsel - Music Dept.
6. Mr. Henry Collins - Music Dept.
7. Dr. Walter Friedrich - English Dept.
8. Dr. E. H. Essig - English Dept.
9. Dr. Walter Fedder - English Dept.
10. Mr. Henry Collins - Music Dept.
11. Dr. A. A. Bissell - Education & Psych. Dept.
12. Mr. Wm. Tackett - English Dept.
15. Professor Gordon Graves -
The Trouble With Quantity

by BOB KUSCH

America reads more than any other nation in the world. One needs only to glance at the numerous literary reviews and book selections in Sunday newspapers to verify this. America has a people that absorb ideas from every corner of the world. Newspaper and magazine articles are written about every state that claims a political boundary. Articles come at us juxtaposed neatly (or, in tabloids, not so neatly) each so arranged and headlined so that they demand our attention. Not only does this literature describe — it also presents the living thoughts of people over the world today. Americans have the innate desire to read everything that suggests even the slightest hint of being important. This, of course, is admirable. But it also brings with it a peculiar problem.

The American heart lies with quantity. “Let us top last year’s record” is the old and familiar refrain, the secret and impelling force of numerous organizations. America builds things big. Our skyscrapers are a concrete proof of the temper of our minds. America likes fast success. “Ah! to become famous overnight” is the dream that one reverts to when plodding along the wearying path of schedule. And if plodding becomes overtaxing so that our purposes are distorted by the difficulties that loom up before us here and now, then the dream takes on a new and prominent place in our reverie. Ambitious dreaming now occupies the center of our mental energy — a place that is set aside for thought. This too, presents a problem.

The American mind, cast in the ideal of quantity and confronted with a vast amount of literature, is dedicated to the project of absorbing as much reading material as time and capacity will permit. To read voluminously, to spend one’s spare time in an attempt to cover the literature that is spread before us in oppressively mountainous quantities is the end and function of one who slips into the delusion that intelligence is measured by quantity and not by reflection. What results from this in the matter of reading books is the disposition to pass hasty opinion upon one book and then turn immediately to read the next. An excellent illustration of this is found in the thought of G. G. who writes a monthly column for the Cresset.

One of my readers — a preacher named Meier from upper Michigan — sent me a book called The Screwtape Letters for Christmas and I finally got around to reading it last night. It’s really screwy all right. The man that wrote it makes out like he has got hold of some correspondence between a senior devil and a young tempter out on his first job. The young tempter is working on some English guy and there is a lot of advice from the old devil . . .

This, obviously enough, is an extreme case. In this cursory evaluation, there are no qualities of imagination, insight and judgment. What exists in the printed page is infinitely more meaningful than whatever our friend has apprehended. We are likely to classify such an evaluation as “unintelligent” and merrily pass by on the other side of the road.

But have we just claim to do this? If we have given no more reflection to this book — or any other book — than our staunch and unilluminating friend, then we too exist in the same pit. Surrounded by an overwhelming supply of literature, we have just enough time to glance at one work and go on to the next. We too lack imagination and insight.

This is the problem, and here positive constriction must begin. I think that I anticipate your reaction at this point. “He will advise us to read less and reflect more on what we read.” To a certain point, you guess rightly. One must read extensively to formulate any kind of background for judgment at all, but when one is so immersed in books of various types that reflection is snuffed out afterward, then reading to acquire intelligence is valueless. To commit facts to memory is useless also, if facts do not stand in relation to knowledge that we have already made our own. A. N. Whitehead terms such facts “inert.”

Unbiased reflection is probably our chief illuminant. It is here where the dangling threads of unrelated concepts are bound up, where one forms intelligent judgments and cultivates insight. Tastes are trained in those meditative moments when we realize simply and finally what is closest to us. From this proceeds the ability to deliver vibrant thoughts forcibly and intelligibly. The effect of such thinking strives toward a good end also. The impact of clear reflection forces another to reflect also.

And if reflection is wretchedly difficult, then have courage and steadfastness. The beam of light is ahead.
CHRISTMAS in the year of our Lord 1954 ought to be very happy for all of us. The clouds of war are farther beyond the horizon than they have been for a decade. Although some of us have been struck by illness and death, God has given grace and comfort for the hour of trial. It can be and should be a good Christmas for all of us.

It will be an expectant and waiting Christmas for the University. The "Building for Christ" offering which will culminate in two hours on March 20 represents one of the great moments in the history of the University. I hope that all our members, especially our students as they go home for the sacred holiday, will remember this effort in their intercessions and say a challenging word for it whenever circumstances permit.

When you read these words, Christmas at Valpo will be almost ended. The last carol will have been sung, the halls and houses will be dark, the midnight vesper will be over — and most of you will be going home for Christmas. There is something good and holy about this annual repetition of the same customs and traditions, something steady and sad in a tottering world, something with the touch and taste of eternity in it.

And this is true only because Christmas for us at Valpo is not buying and selling, nor giving and taking. It is simply and forever the everlasting memory of the birth of a Savior from sin. He came to us because we could not come to Him. But now — since Christmas has been — we can come to Him and accept Him as the King of our lives and the Lord of our hearts.

In this spirit — the true spirit of Christmas in heaven and on earth — I hope and pray that the holidays will be blessed and good for all of us.

O. P. Kretzmann
TORCH Editor Ernie Kanning is found stabbed to death with his own TORCH in his office by alert Student Council President Dave Snyder, who enters to find out why no TORCHES have been published for six weeks. Snyder has just come from tennis, his favorite racket.

Baffled, Snyder calls in the astute master sleuth of them all, Sherlock Theiss, to look over the scene of the crime. Theiss discovers blood on Kanning's cheek, sizes up the situation, and says "Elementary, my dear Snyder, this man cut himself while shaving and didn't use a styptic pencil.

Intuitively sensing foul play, Theiss rounds up some suspects in the TORCH office and looks them over. TORCH news editor Kitty Connie Steinberg and Billboard Brown are still typing articles for the November 18 TORCH. African explorer Hemingway Eifrig, attractive Coed Marion Quandt, BEACON Editor George Nickelsburg, and the TORCH'S ace dictionary expert, Marshall Rousseau, are other suspects. Nickelsburg's beard is from staying up all week; he is determined to put out the '55 BEACON before next Thanksgiving!

Suddenly, Theiss finds an important clue, a paper doll. He has deduced the murderer! Who is it and what was the motive for the crime? Before Sherlock Theiss names the guilty party, he wants to know if YOU can deduce who had a motive for stabbing Kanning. — For solution, see Page 20.
the talk was on Modern Poetry!

some time. And surprisingly enough,
dent interest in and out of classes for
Richard Ellman of Northwestern Uni-
versity presented an address. Not only
this recent convocation and the lecture
was the lecture much better attended,
but it elicited much discussion and stu-
convocation held last April 30 when
ly so! This recognition of excellence
vocations of this type have taken on a
university students—and perhaps right­
is certainly one part of the whole prob-
le student who asks himself,
student has acquired 128 credit hours
and quality points for graduation he
not think of “education” in terms of culture or intellect. From
English Literature 51 he will not re-
member a few interesting things that
may make his reading in later life more
enjoyable, but rather he will remember
whether he got “B” or the prof “gave
him a C.” Why don’t students con-
ider college as the chance for a vast ex-
perience of learning rather than a col-
lection of grades in getting straight A’s
or in getting by with Cs?

Unfortunately there are too many
people, on this campus as well as on
many others, who assume that once a
person has acquired 128 credit hours
and quality points for graduation he
is educated person, or at least he is
through “learning.” Too often students
and advisors alike ignore the cultural
and intellectual progress of an individu-
ial in a mad chase after credits for a
major or a subject useful in the major
field; or else the student ignores it in
an effort to “just get by.”

One good question that needs asking
is: Does Valpo have a cultural and in-
tellectual tone on the campus? If so,
where is it, what is it, and how is it
displayed?

One recent prominent example of the
campus regard for intellectual achieve-
ment was displayed at the November 19
honors convocation. The attendance was
practically nil. And yet it is not un-
common for this to happen because con-
vocations of this type have taken on a
certain aura, seemingly distasteful to the
university students—and perhaps right-
ly so! This recognition of excellence
is certainly one part of the whole prob-
lem of education where improvement
could be made.

A comparison could be made between
this recent convocation and the lecture
convocation held last April 30 when
Richard Ellman of Northwestern Uni-
versity presented an address. Not only
was the lecture much better attended,
but it elicited much discussion and stu-
dent interest in and out of classes for
some time. And surprisingly enough,
the talk was on Modern Poetry!

Apparently the difference between
these two convocations was that the lat-
ter held some interest, some attraction
for students. Assuming that recognition
of scholastic achievement is the best way
for the University to encourage a full
(whole) education, the major fault with
the University’s recognition of a certain
scholastic standard of say a two-point
freshman, is that his name is merely put
in the Torch and read at convocation.
That is the extent of his recognition.

Is this criticism just? Certainly it
must be admitted that little more than
this is done. And even such honor so-
cieties as Alpha Pi and Gown and Gavel
have come to be more service organiza-
tions than their originally-intended pur-
pose of honor and service recognition.
For a good example, witness the recent
use of both societies to collect names of
prospective students last week and also
needs to do is to provide something
more for the good student, to stimulate
more students into learning and using
more of what is and can be made avail-
able to them, VU presents some sugges-
tions. None of these are original, yet
if they could be utilized, Valpo would
be providing a means towards the end
of a better-educated student.

I—For senior honor students and stu-
dents who have distinguished them-
selves in service: the privilege of
voluntary class attendance and other
class privileges, with distinct respon-
sibilities. Here is a chance
for a student to go beyond the
scope of a course into something
in which he is particularly in-
terested. Perhaps he could have
discussions with fellow senior hon-
or students instead of a class on
some days.

ARE YOU GETTING THE
MOST FOR YOUR MONEY
FROM YOUR COLLEGE EDUCATION

the desire to have them solicit funds.

Even with recognition of scholastic
honor, there is absolutely no recognition
for those students who have given much
of their time to work for University
organizations and campus groups such
as clubs and Greeks and publications.
Certainly the student who asks himself,
“Why knock myself out for Valpo when
nothing comes of it?” definitely has
made a point, especially in the present
setup. True, students participate in ex-
tracurricular activities because they
enjoy doing something, but lack of recog-
nition can discourage willing workers
easily.

When the subject of the cultural tone
of the campus is broached, some will
automatically cringe at stepping on toes,
but without the risk of literary chichan-
ery, it can be asked: Does Valpo have
any real, better-than-average cultural
life? Is the campus geared to medioc-
ity, making it basically weak?

Valpo does have a few well-done
plays, a few concerts which accomplish
too little in helping the great majority
learn about music, a few lecturers
brought to the campus, one Fine Arts
Festival, which came to the campus last
year. Are these all so outstanding as to
claim a high cultural tone, something
not available in classes? Where can
someone yearn more about art, opera, or
about the background that is so use-
ful in appreciating the plays and con-
certs Valpo does have?

Assuming that what the University
II—Honor organizations with a defi-
nite honor program with privileges
and responsibilities. “What pur-
pose do we serve?” should be ask-
ed by such organizations. Dis-
ussions and recommendations of
campus problems could be had by
such groups with better results than
Student Council could achieve. Al-
pha Pi has started such discus-
sions; perhaps a combined Alpha
Pi-Gown and Gavel could hold
such joint discussions where a
“bull session” is held on a particu-
lar problem.

III—More convocations with more
outside speakers. Honor convoca-
tions should be revised to eliminate
tedious reading of names and repiti-
titious speeches. Perhaps an hon-
orary seating of upperclass schol-
ars could be substituted. An excel-
ent speaker would draw more stu-
dents to any convocation including
the above revised honor convoca-
tion and make them worthwhile.
What about panel discussions?
Have they been forbidden?

IV—Finally, why not senior honor
courses for department majors?
Each department could arrange a
course in the philosophy of the
field, such as the senior law course
in the philosophy of law. Or a
combination of departments could
offer a general course in something
like Western civilization where dis-
cussion and outside reading would
be basis for the learning. Perhaps a combined standard of grades and service to the university would determine who would be eligible. Grades certainly do not show the difference between who "knows" the most and who "memorizes" the most.

Voluntary class attendance for senior honor students, honor organizations, better convocations (without taking away from chapel too much), and senior honor courses—these are VU's recommendations. Think them over and talk them over so that your education at Valpo can be made into something even more than it is now. Are you getting your money's worth?

THAT STYLISH (?) COLLEGIATE LOOK

by Rhoda Heinecke

At last Valpo is really collegiate. We have Bermudas and knee socks on campus! The next thing you know some fashionable coed will blossom out in a kiltie skirt down in the Hole and there will be lots of consternation in the Administration building!!

You can tell what fashion magazine a coed reads by observing her wardrobe. Type A coed read the ad that began "And this year, that cool college air is achieved by the Little Boyish Lookie that features the darlingest boy's shirts, etc." The Little Boyish Lookie is a head to foot effect, achieved by cropping your hair so short that pros call you Mr. Smith in class, and wearing tight fitting black velvet pedal pushers with the "darlingest boy's shirt" on top. Whether the darlingest refers to the boy or the shirt the ad doesn't say. A man's tie is added to enhance the effect. What effect they're trying to enhance we don't know. Evidently to look like a boy which is supposed to snare dates by the carload.

Type B coed read somewhere that men like "older women." So she decides to be the Ultra-Sophisticate. This includes earrings and heels. What goes in-between isn't considered to be too important. Items that can be added or subtracted at will include mouton coats, slinky skirts, ropes of pearls, green eye make-up, Clara Bow lips, and pearl pipes.

But Type C coed—ahhh—she read all the top fashion magazines. She's the "Yes, we are collegiate" type to the nth degree. She wears a VU sweatshirt with a jeweled sorority pin dangling on it, charcoal gray Bermuda shorts, argyle knee socks and white bucks. She especially likes to wear this outfit when travelling by various and sundry fraternity houses. She usually looks very nice as she comes, but as she goes—oh, my! When people make snide remarks about her attire, she takes her battle station and erupts with her battle cry, "But this is what they're wearing on all the Big Ten campuses." She'll retire in a huff and go talk to her cronies who assure she looks terrific in her new Bermudas. Sometimes she just can't understand all the hullabaloo—ALL the top fashion magazines said she would be in the height of style.

Type D coed is easily recognized by her fraternity pin. She dresses to please her man. Her hair is waist long—"Calvin just won't let me cut it." Her skirt is very short—"Calvin says I have the cutest knees." And she wears long-sleeved cashmere pullovers.

The fellow she's pinned to has his hair in a brush, drags dreamily on a smelly pipe, has a pair of flannel slacks and wears white bucks. He tops off his wardrobe with a classy frat jacket in the brightest shade his fraternity colors come in. He's the Frat Man who is usually stationed at Altruria for the beginning of the year and thinks nobody, but nobody, can drink beer like the brothers can. He can be easily recognized by the holes in his cashmere sweater where his frat pin once was.

But he's not too much different from Type B College Man, the Ivy Leaguer. He has a brush cut, smokes a smelly pipe dreamily, and wears white bucks. He has a pair of flannel slacks, but tops them with a baggy trench coat. The lawyers add a fillip of green to this outfit by carrying case books and satchels.

Type C College Man falls into two categories. Both wear white bucks, have brush cuts, and smoke smelly pipes dreamily. Number 1 under Type C dresses very casually—a pair of jeans and a slide rule worn jauntily at the hip. Number 2 under Type C dresses even more casually—he wears khaki fatigues without even a slide rule to dress them up.

If you don't recognize yourself in one of these categories, you may not be collegiate, but you're probably normal.
Christmas Culinary

BY LINDA KRUPSKI

Deck the halls with boughs of holly and just sniff that good cooking! It's Christmas in the kitchen, too. Dr. M. Alfred Bichsel, Mrs. O. P. Kretzmann, and Mrs. Dorothea Dunagan contributed these recipes to the hungry VU staff.

Dr. Bichsel is well known for his culinary arts, and here in his own words is his special Christmas recipe for Swiss Cheese Fondue.

"This dish originated in the Canton of Neuchatel in Switzerland and is actually considered the national dish of that state. Recently, many magazines and newspapers have given various recipes for the preparation of Fondue, and I am happy to add one that has been in my mother's family for generations.

In Valpo I have found that the best domestic cheese is Casino which is made in Wisconsin and which Mr. Everett Parry has been kind enough to carry for me. I have also found that a good domestic Rhine Wine makes a reasonable substitute for Neuchatel.

**Ingredients**

Swiss Cheese — 6 ounces per portion  
Rhine Wine — 5 oz. per portion  
Garlic — one to two buds  
Flour — one to two tablespoons  
Kirschwasser (any other dry brandy, gin, or even bourbon make a good substitute) — 1 oz.

Hard crust Pumpernickel or Jewish Rye Bread — one to two pounds  
Salt  
Nutmeg

**Equipment**

Large deep earthen tureen (a chafing dish will not do, too shallow)  
Spirit Lamp  
Wire stirring or beating spoon

Slice and cube the bread and put it aside until you are ready to serve. Grate the cheese with a medium-holed grater. Mix the flour with a sufficient amount of wine to form a fluid paste. Crush garlic very finely and place it in the tureen. Add the appropriate measure of wine and bring to a slow boil.

Then add the grated cheese one handful at a time. Make sure that each handful has been dissolved by using the wire stirring spoon and make sure the mixture comes to a gentle boil before you add the next handful of cheese (this is the most important part of making a fondue and takes the utmost care and patience). After all the cheese has been dissolved and is boiling gently, add the one ounce jigger of Kirschwasser, a bit of salt to taste, then add the flour and wine mixture to thicken the fondue. Add a few shakes of powdered nutmeg, remove from the fire and place on lighted spirit lamp on dining table.

Each person has a dishful of cubed bread of which he fastens a cube to his fork and dips into the tureen. Each guest is to stir the mixture before he eats his morsel.

Fondue is a rich and full meal in itself and needs no side dishes as salads. As a rule Swiss people top it off with a cup or two of black coffee and Kirschwasser."

Mrs. Kretzmann

The First Lady of the Campus, Mrs. O. P. Kretzmann, received her recipe from a former parochial school teacher, and it is so good that the President of the University who usually does not care for sweets (we learned from Mrs. Kretzmann) designates this as one of his favorite foods. The three younger Kretzmann's like Russian Fruit Cake, too, Mrs. Kretzmann is kept busy particularly around Christmas preparing this favorite dessert.

To make this Kretzmann's Delight, you'll need:

- 4 eggs separated  
- 1 cup sugar  
- 1 jigger brandy  
- 1/2 lb. pecan halves  
- 1 lb. pitted dates  
- 1 lb. candied cherries  
- 1 cup flour  
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
- 1/2 teaspoon salt  
- Cream sugar and egg yolks. Add sifted dry ingredients and brandy. Add whole fruit and nuts. Add beaten egg whites and mix well. Bake in paper-lined pan for an hour and a half at 325°.

Mrs. Dunagan

Mrs. Dorothea Dunagan is known for the House Council spreads she prepares for the girls in Memorial Hall who serve as the student government there. This recipe is built around an old English custom, of drinking from a Wassail bowl on Epiphany. Americans have changed the traditional event a little — individual servings are made of the punch — but the old English tradition of common supping before the Christmas tree is kept in the Dunagan family. And this tradition is carried out even further at Epiphany when the Christmas greens are burned and the family makes their New Year wishes.

WASSAIL PUNCH (for 30 - 40 people)

- 1 qt. cranberries  
- 4 cups water  
- 2 cups sugar  
- 2 bottles ginger ale  
- 4 oz. lemon juice  
- 6 qts. boiling water  
- 2 tablespoons black tea  
- 2 tablespoons whole cloves  
- 1 stick cinnamon

Cook and strain cranberries; add sugar to hot juice to dissolve. Tie cinnamon and cloves loosely in a muslin bag and boil for five minutes in the 6 qts. water. Tie tea in cheesecloth bag and add to above — cover and let steep for five minutes. Remove bags; add hot cranberry juice, ginger ale, and serve hot.

These recipes represent a part of Christmas in the Valpo kitchen. Besides reminding one of the season's goodness, they also make one very hungry. As soon as you get home, we urge you to try them — we are. In fact we may just stay home and keep on feasting...
open the door and saw Tommy throwing the harness on the filly's back. "Get her ready, Tommy," the old man said. "And don't forget to put her head number on the bridle."

"Okay, Mr. Stein," Tommy said.

The old man stood by the door watching Tommy complete the harnessing. As Tommy led the filly toward the door, the old man put his driving goggles on and slipped the whip under his arm. They hitched Miss Malinda to the sulky and started toward the track, Tommy leading her. When they reached the gate, Tommy gave the reins to the old man. "Good luck, Mr. Stein," he said. "Show these big shots a real race horse."

The old man laughed as he mounted the sulky and guided Miss Malinda on the track. He glanced around and saw six or seven colts jogging slowly back and forth. He looked for Bucephalus, but he wasn't out yet. Then he saw him, a black giant of a colt, come out of the far gate and jog slowly toward him. Three more horses also trotted onto the track. Then the voice of the announcer came over the loudspeaker. "They're all out. Line them up and parade."

Slowly the horses started in single file toward the grandstand. The old man guided Miss Malinda in behind the number two horse. "This is it," he thought as they jogged by the grandstand.

"Number three, Miss Malinda, owned and driven by Mr. Ora Stein, of Shelbourne, Vermont," he heard the announcer shout. Then he listened as the announcer's voice identified horse after horse.

"Number eight, Bucephalus, owned by — " The roar of the crowd drowned out the rest of the announcer's words. "They always cheer a champion," the old man thought. He remembered when he drove Little Bell and Bonnie Bell. The same acclaim had greeted him then.

"Take two scores and jog around the track to your starter, please." The announcer had finished his instructions, and the horses jogged slowly back to the grandstand. The old man's thoughts were on Bucephalus as he jogged Miss Malinda through her scores. After the second one, all the horses paced slowly around the track to the back stretch. At the end of it, the old man saw the starting gate waiting to send the horses on their way.

The old man glanced up as a bay colt jogged past. Then a big black head, a big black neck, and big black shoulders slowly came into view. "Bucephalus!" the old man muttered as the black colt jogged at Miss Malinda's side.

"Well, this is it," he heard Cox say. "Yup," he replied. By the way, I heard over the loudspeaker a while ago that the sister of this colt did pretty well."

Cox grinned. "We were lucky," he said. "She was nearly as tough to race as this big black lug."

The voice of the starter came over the amplifier in his starting gate. "Mr. Stein, you're scoring third. Mr. Cox, you're eight on the extreme outside." The old man saw Cox nod and guide the big black to the outside of the race track. He listened as the starter reviewed all the drivers' positions. Finally the welcome words "Line 'em up" sounded from the loudspeaker.

Slowly the starting gate began to move. The colts lined up eight abreast and began slowly to jog behind it. There were four colts trailing. "Twelve's too many to start on a half-mile track," the old man thought. The chestnut colt beside him, he noticed, was playing a little, anxious to be off. He glanced to his right and saw Bucephalus on the out side jumping up and down. As the gate entered the straight-away it began to increase its speed. The old man clucked to Miss Malinda. He glanced at Bucephalus again, saw he was dropping behind a little, and smiled. As they
approached the starting line, the starting gate suddenly pulled away. "Go," the starter's voice boomed through the microphone, and the old man touched Miss Malinda lightly with his whip.

"They're off," came the shout of the crowd in the grandstand and along the rail.

As the horses paced into the first turn, Miss Malinda sped into the lead. The old man glanced around at the pack of horses behind him, but he couldn't see Bucephalus. Bucephalus hadn't got away good at all, he realized. He guided Miss Malinda to the rail as they sped into the backstretch and then gently eased her back. A bay colt came up fast on the outside, and the old man let him go to the front. "Just like I planned it," he thought. Behind him he could hear the thundering of the horses hoofs, but when he glanced sideways, no horses were in sight.

As they passed the quarter pole, he glanced at his watch. Thirty and two-fifths. Just about right. They moved around the turn and into the stretch for the first time. He could now hear the announcer's voice over the speaker:

"As they come into the stretch for the first time, it's Red Hanover showing the way, Miss Malinda is close up second, Frisky Laddy is third — the volume of the announcer's voice suddenly increased — and Bucephalus is starting to move on the outside, and passing horses. He's ninth, he's eighth, he's seventh, and still coming on. He's sixth — "

The old man pulled Miss Malinda out from behind Red Hanover and clucked to her. She breezed past the pace-setter and took the lead.

"Miss Malinda is now in front," he heard the announcer say. "Red Hanover second. The half in one-oh-two. Frisky Laddy third and Bucephalus fourth on the outside, going the long mile."

The filly sped into the lower turn. The old man glanced sideways again as they entered the backstretch, but he could see no one. The filly was pacing as fast as she could, he knew, and she couldn't keep up this clip for the whole half. But Bucephalus had been straining for an eighth of a mile already, and he'd have to get tired some time. The old man glanced sideways again and still saw nothing. "Maybe he's shot his bolt already," he thought, but instantly he knew better. A horse didn't get to be a world's champion because he could pace a good half-mile. He had to be able to go all the way.

At the three quarter pole, a shadow came into view. Miss Malinda was still a good two lengths to the front, but the old man could see the shadow creeping closer. He touched Miss Malinda with the whip, but he realized she was pacing as fast as she could. He could hear Cox's whip playing a tattoo on Bucephalus' sides. As they rounded the turn, the nose of the black colt almost touched the old man's shoulder. "You were right, Cox," he thought, "that animal of yours is really a big black lug." He was tempted to put an old trick into play, the trick of hitting your own horse, and, as you drew the whip back, bringing it across the other horse's nose. It was usually very effective.

As they rounded the turn into the stretch, the old man noted that Bucephalus had failed to gain; but he was pacing on the outside, going farther than the filly. Then the announcer shouted: "As they come into the stretch, it's Miss Malinda by a length; Bucephalus is second; Pan-American is third, but far back. It's a two-horse race."

The old man clucked to the filly and lifted the lines from her back. Straight and true she pounded for home, but the old man could feel her tiring. Bucephalus was gaining. The old man clucked to the filly again. Now Bucephalus wasn't gaining; now he was gaining.

"They're at the sixteen pole," the announcer said. "It's Miss Malinda by a length, Miss Malinda by three quarters of a length, Miss Malinda by — "

The old man glanced to his right. Bucephalus' nose was at Miss Malinda's saddle bag. He looked at Cox. Cox's right arm was rising and falling as he laid the whip on Bucephalus' heaving sides. Cox was drawing closer, the old man saw. Now the head of Bucephalus was at Miss Malinda's neck. The big black was going to beat her after all. He was — . Suddenly Bucephalus staggered, and in a split second a thousand thoughts went through the old man's brain: "He's done. He can't make it. Miss Malinda's tired, but the black's through. We're going to win. The wire is only fifty feet more. We're going — "

"Look out!" Cox was shouting at him. The old man looked up and saw Bucephalus stagger, then start to fall toward him. He quickly wrenched the left rein to swing Miss Malinda out of the way, but he knew it was too late. He tightened his grip on the lines waiting for the shock. Suddenly he felt the big black colt crashing into the filly, and he saw Cox hurtle through the air. When the two horses crashed to the ground, the old man clinched the lines in his fists and sailed forward. When the slack in the lines was taken up, he catapulted to the track. Everything spun around him for an instant, then slowly

(Cont. on Page 20)
started to clear. He was all right, he realized. He got up and looked around. The two horses were lying on the track thrashing and kicking, trying to rise. He saw Cox lying face down on the track. From all directions the track people were running toward him. He glanced again at Miss Malinda and a shudder convulsed him. Her left front leg was doubled up under her body. Broken!

The crowd was reaching him now. He saw Tommy kneeling on Miss Malinda’s head to keep her from trying to get up. Three men were working over Bucephalus, frantically unbuckling his harness. An ambulance drove up and stopped on the track beside Cox. Three white-coated attendants leaped out. One rushed over to the old man and asked him if he was hurt. He shook his head.

Suddenly a roar went up from the grandstand. The old man saw that Bucephalus was getting up. Blood was flowing from three places where the hide was skinned off, but otherwise the big colt seemed unhurt. The track veterinarian was bending over Miss Malinda. Slowly he rose and walked over to the old man.

“T’im sorry, sir,” he said. “We’ll have to destroy her.”

A lump came into the old man’s throat. He’d known it from the first. He swallowed hard, and tears came into his eyes. Then he nodded. The veterinarian turned, picked up his satchel, opened it, and took out a needle and an injector.

The old man staggered over to the filly. “O, God,” he said. “why, why, why?” He knelt beside the filly and put her head on his lap. Her deep brown eyes looked up at him. He stroked her face. “Baby,” he said, softly, “Baby, Baby —” The veterinarian bent over the filly and stuck the needle into her neck. She shuddered, tossed her head and neck wildly, and then fell back. Her eyes gradually became glazed, then they closed.

The old man got up. As he arose, he again heard a roar from the grandstand. He saw Cox get slowly to his feet and walk toward him. A huge white patch was plastered on Cox’s right cheek, and there was dried blood on his jaw and neck. Cox glanced at Miss Malinda’s body and then turned away.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Stein,” he said, “It was my fault. I should have taken hold of my horse when he started to flounder. I really can’t tell you how sorry I am.”

The old man stared at the ground and said nothing. He felt Cox take him by the arm. Slowly he was being guided down the track. “She was all I had,” he mumbled.
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