

Winter 1959

Winter 1959

Valparaiso University

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LIGHTER



WINTER ISSUE

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1959

THE LIGHTER . . .

The Literary-Humor-Variety Quarterly

. . . Of Valparaiso University

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying "Glorry to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased!"

And the angels went away from them unto heaven. . . "

Luke 2:13-15

Maybe it was the starless darkness of the winter night, or maybe it was the icy chill chronic to our office in the Union. I couldn't be sure. Maybe it was just the melancholia into which I've fallen of late, but I couldn't help but notice that "Peace on Earth" was one thing which the University had very little of this past year.

To begin with, I suppose we were more publicity conscious and nervously aware of the public eye this year than any other. The Centennial came and finally went — and left us all just a little bit tired from the perpetual excitement of it all. And with the Centennial came monumental dedications — a chapel, a library, a dormitory. And with these monumental dedications came monumental debts. Operating in the red is, of course, nothing new to Valpo. But the perennial, enervating tension of working with red figures — whether they were before the administration on rising building costs or before the students on rising tuition fees — began to wear down on both groups. It could even take the edge off either's "Merry Christmas."

"DIRTY LINEN"

There were other occurrences which, though less general, were equally trying. A fatal automobile accident after a Homecoming party, a suicide, syndicated notoriety through vice off-campus, a freshman stampede, a bolt-from-the-blue conclusion to Homecoming traditions, fires in Dau Hall, student aviators on a lark, an end to campus drinking, and still more. Incidents similar to these, I'm told, are nothing new to the campus — but the sheer concentration of all them in the

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LIGHTER STAFF

EDITOR-in-CHIEF Dick Lee

Associate Editor Jack Lawson
 Business Manager Wayne Kiefer
 Copy Editor Iris Limberg
 Art Editor Jim Jordan
 Photography Consultant Ed Schmidt
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Literature: Jan Brass; *Poetry:* Julie Becker; *Music:* Lee Gihring; *Advertising:* Wayne Kiefer, Ken Booster, Fred Winter; *Copy:* Sue Hampel; *Circulation:* John Schmueser; *Assistant Photographer:* Arnold Frautnick; *Photographer's Assistants:* Barbara Eden, Dianne Schmidt; *Calendar Folding Assistants:* The Women of Delta Chi Epsilon Sorority.

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Volume II Number 2

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(Continued from page Three)

year past has been a bit overwhelming. And not a little saddening and depressing. Who would have imagined that Valpo had so much dirty linen!

There has been very little "normal" about this year, and the abnormal has ranged from the profoundly comic to the profoundly tragic. From Mary Alice's kind words for Pope John (which set some members of the constituency into cries of "Romanism!") to a hanging, pyromania, and worse (which set some members of the University faculty to serious rethinking of our religious and psychological counseling systems.) The trivial and truly trying, the passing of a brief irksome incident and the ever-present and ongoing thorn in our side — all were interwoven in the bizarre fabric of this past year. To think on it for long at all makes the head swim.

"BUT, BY HIS GRACE . . ."

But if the campus has had very little peace in 1959, by His grace it has nevertheless had a full, rich, measure of "Good Will Toward Men." We have remained a community which continues to love the Truth — and because this is still true we can love one another. Without the love of God there could have been no "Good Will Toward Men." The problems of the campus were met with patience, understanding, courage, and a minimum of hasty lovelessness. Perhaps, as the University is repeatedly called upon to defend and purge itself, it will eventually approach closer fulfillment of its defined ideals. At least, in the meanwhile, there is something organically fruitful in crisis.

From the beginning, no one expected the running of a Christian university in a secular world to be an easy task, and when indeed it isn't there should be no disappointed wringings of hands and shakings of heads. The struggle of the University is part of that larger struggle begun centuries ago in a lowly stable. And since that first Christmas the unceasing war between the Manger Babe and the world has **never been easy**. We surely should not expect it to be easy in our times, for the battles of this continuing warfare will grow only more fierce as the years roll on toward eternity. This, perhaps, is not a very cheerful prediction for the New Year, but it is a very real one.

"Merry Christmas!"

And so finally, I guess it is because of our problems which we share in common, and not despite them, and because of our spiritual community which Christmas realized, that we can most truly wish for each other a "Merry Christmas!" To all its readers, and to its few contributors, THE LIGHTER extends the Season's Greetings.



Yes, once again THE LIGHTER is running its annual short story contest to bring out all the O. Henrys, de Maupassants, and Faulkners! Here's your chance to win \$25—or \$15—or \$10 in THE LIGHTER's second annual short story contest! Submit as many entries as you like!

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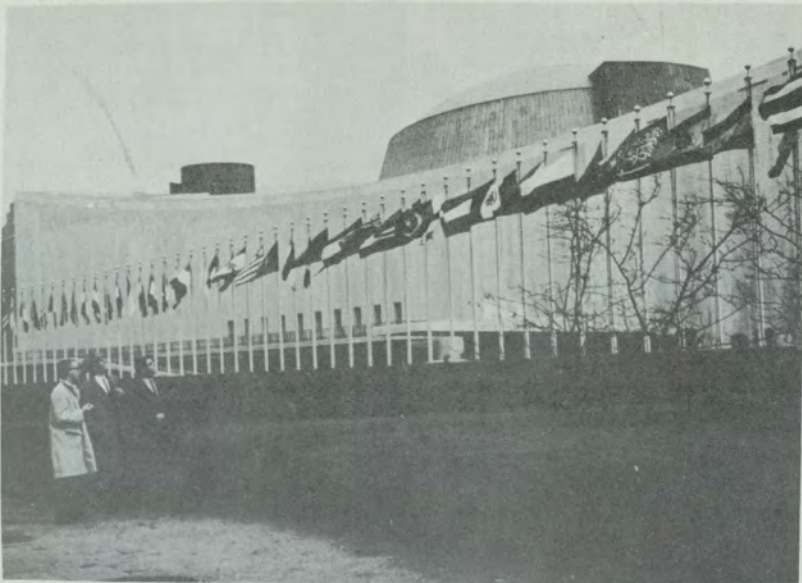
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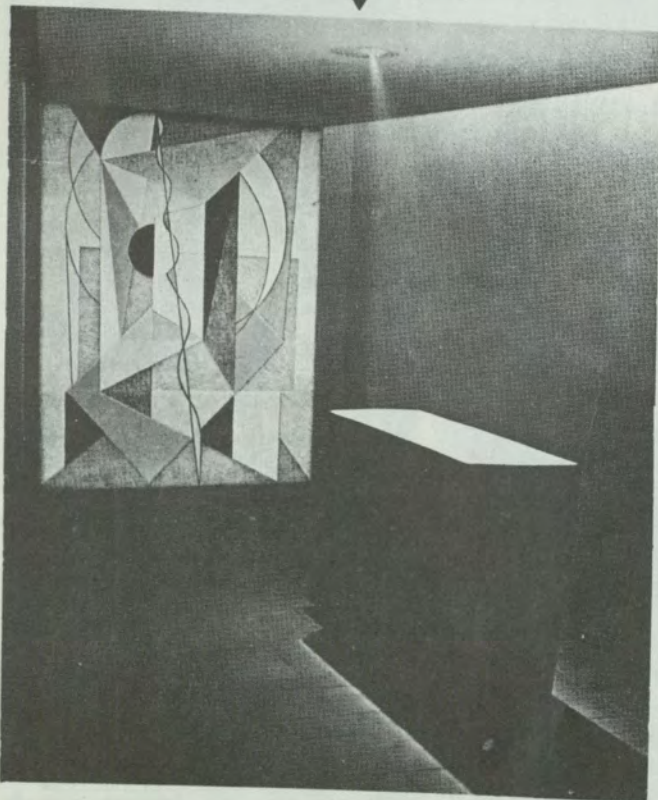
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TORCH editor Jim Nuechterlein, **LIGHTER** editor Dick Lee, and **LIGHTER** associate editor Jack Lawson study the Concourse of Flags encircling the entrance to the United Nations Building.

In the UN Building is this Chapel-of-all-the-Nations, a quiet room for prayer and meditation for the delegates. The background mural syncretizes the religious symbols of all the member nations.



Across the street from the entrance to the UN the countries under yoke of the U.S.S.R. have erected a stark reminder of the injustice, tyranny, and imperialism of Russia. ➔

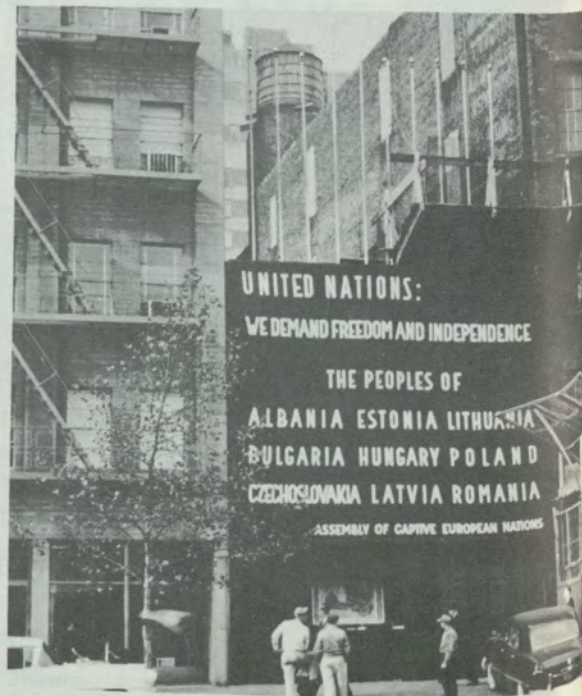
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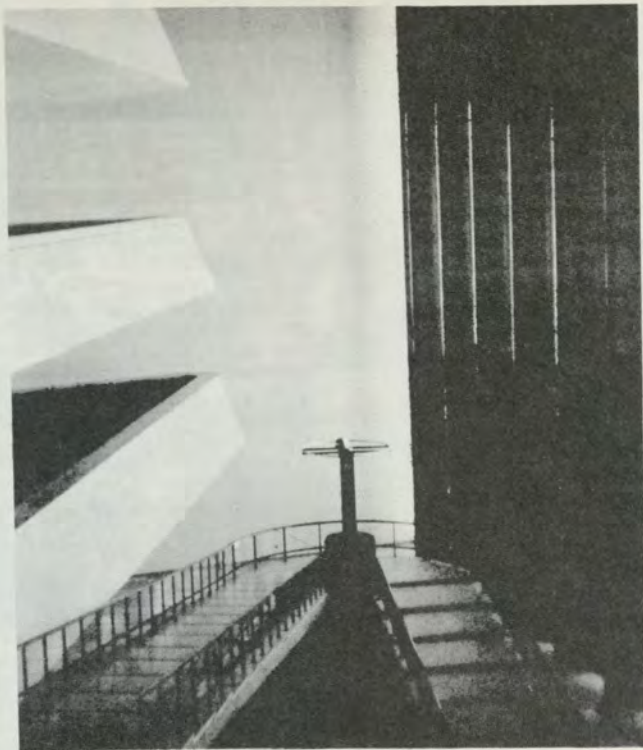
PHOTOS BY DICK BARKOW

by Lowell Thomash

Valpo Alumb and World Traveler

About a month ago the students of Valpo (YOU!) spent a sizeable chunk of their student council dues on a project to clean up and better the publications on campus. As one of the campus publications benefited by this outlay, **THE LIGHTER** thought its readers might like to know why and how this money was spent — ergo, the following review of the weekend of November 12, 13, and 14, 1959.





The Promenade around the "Great Plumb." The first visit of a national dignitary to the UN (most recently Krushchev) is staged ceremonially on this great ramp. "The Great Plumb" is a steel ball suspended by a 100 foot tungsten wire and which is designed to always form a perfect perpendicular no matter where the earth is on its axis.

The occasion was the 35th annual Associated Collegiate Press Convention held this year at the Hotel New Yorker in New York City. This association includes the thousands of college newspaper, yearbook, and magazine editors across the country. The convention is for the purpose of mixing ideas with staffs from Maine to California, from Podunk U. to the Big Ten and Ivy League. Nearly 1200 editors attended this convention this year.

Valpo's Sextet

Representing Valpo's publications were Dick Lee and Jack Lawson from y(our) favorite quarterly, Jim Nuechterlein and Dick Barkow from the TORCH, and Dave Koene-man and Bill Seefeldt from the BEACON. The first four rented a 1960 Chevrolet sedan and rodded the 850 miles down the state turn-pikes after dodging late classes on Wednesday. The others flew.

Arriving in New York was a driving experience to leave one in no further fear of Hell. At the hotel the boresome foursome happily abandoned the car and stretched limbs cramped from fifteen hours in the saddle. The door-man was our first introduction to the eagerly outstretched palm for a tip. We saw so many similar waving palms while there that we sometimes thought we

were in the South Seas. I'll bet our student's pocketbooks frustrated a good many of them.

"Isn't it a Small World!"

Wouldn't you know it! The first delegates we met in a convention of 1200 people in a city of 9 million people were two students from Concordia-Morehouse. Dropping our bags we dashed off on a tour of the United Nations building ar-

ranged by the convention sight-seeing service. This was a real revelation to all of us, and our Photo-story tells our experiences there better than further copy. Lunch was at Sardi's for lobster, and we sat eating superb food and staring at all the "show-folk."

The opening convocation was Thursday evening in the Grand Ball Room with guest-speaker Chet Huntley, NBC news commentator and co-partner in the award-winning Huntley-Brinkley Reports on television. This was an evening of delightful celebration as eager and inquisitive college students quizzed him for two hours on every subject from U.S.S.R. — U.S.A. co-existence to the moral degeneracy revealed by the quiz show scandals. What an excellent Centennial lecturer Mr. Huntley would have made, we thought.

"Man . . . I Mean it's Like 'The Village'"

That night the LIGHTER-TORCH contingent of the Valpo delegation went "slumming" in Greenwich Village while the BEACON went to see GYPSY and THE MUSIC MAN.

Walking up from the subway station we began our wild night of staring at the natives of the Village. Standing at the first corner were two men with plucked eyebrows, eye-shadow, and lipstick. Ah well! I guess it takes all kinds. We mumbled a few "Pardon me madames" and passed by on the other side. The Village is located intermingled with the campus of New York University and consists of several blocks of garrets and brothels. It is by no means cheap living — the flats are all definitely high rent districts. To live in the Village one must not only be a Bohemian, but a rich Bohemian.

Walking up and down looking in the pottery, leather, jewelry and paint shops — we decided to try

(Concluded on page 8)



The view from our hotel — the largest in the city — frames the famous New York Skyline at dusk.



Broadway's "Old Smokie" lets off steam every ten seconds over the Great White Way.

(Continued from page 8)
one of the beatnik spots called "THE BIZARRE." It was.

Crushed Kumquats?

Upon entering the dinginess, the first thing you saw when your eyes got used to the dim light was a large empty fishbowl full of sump water. Under it was a card advertising "Rare South African Antidiluvian Wrestling Fish." If one was "so far out" as to admit that he saw only an empty fishbowl with scummy water, the management accused him of being "ye of little faith." An interesting use of Scripture, we thought.

We sat down amid weird, ghastly paintings on the dungeon-like walls, the wet sawdust, and the waitresses dashing around in leotards and looking beat. I ordered something from the menu which challenged you to eat it. It came — four scoops of ice cream, chopped dates, crushed kumquats,

and topped with something which looked like floor sweeping compound. It was good — both bites I took of it.

What spoiled our appetites most was the "entertainment" provided by one horribly commercial beatnik who sat on a barrel of salted smelt and read his wretched, limping verse at the top of his voice. After he told us about his "stillness in the rush of time" for the fifth time, we decided to leave. On the way out he shouted after us, "It's all right if you can wear a Brooks Brothers' suit . . . dress has nothing to do with being beat, man . . . it's all state of mind." I'm sure that it must be. We rounded off the evening strolling through the comparative normalcy of Times Square.

Short Courses in Newspaper Magazine, and Annual Editing

The Friday sessions began in workshop fashion. We had the

great pleasure of "sitting at the feet" of professional newspaper and magazine people who were at the top of their profession. Here many ideas were picked up which made the trip worthwhile in itself. Unfortunately, all the ideas couldn't be transplanted to Valpo's campus — for reasons of budget and constituency primarily.

The convocation that afternoon featured Norman Cousins, editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and left this reporter with a batch of notes which might produce the great American novel. After this, the editor of THE TORCH and the editor of THE LIGHTER subwayed out to Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary, Riverside Church, and Grant's Tomb. While walking up and down the quadrangles we mused about the holy ground of the two graduate schools. That evening we ate dinner in an out-of-the-way Chinese Cafe. The menu of Shrimp sub-gum, won-ton soup, and Ming Bok Toy was delicious — but reminded me of eating weeds for some reason or another. Late that night we spent over Scotch in the Lamp Post Inn solving the world's dilemmas with students from Scranton, The University of Miami, and Mount Holyoke.

(Continued on page 37)



Page 8



Whew! It's a long way up! Dick Barkow saves an elevator fare and goes up the Empire State Building the hard way.

← Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, and Sidney Blackmer entertained Valpo's publications staff on convention in Tennessee Williams' SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH.



"CHRISTMAS WHIMSY..."

by
Chuck
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This is not a condensation of our cover — but the LIGHTER's party editor dropping in for Moxie and to visit his twin who manages the Student Union. He has been a great inspiration to the staff this issue. He recommends this article below. So do we. — Editors.

It was George S. Kaufmann, I believe, who some years ago got in Dutch with the American quirk of criticism-by-reflex (a form of criticism, that is, which makes up in immediacy what it lacks in depth. You see this every day in "letters to the editor" of virtually any publication).

Kaufmann commented on a television show just before Christmas that he, for one, had had his fill of "Silent Night." And the public roared in protest.

Now then, would anyone care to join me in forming a military Scrooge Society? I propose to declare a saturation with not only "Silent Night," but also with Christmas. Sounds anti-American, anti-democratic, misanthropic, and even a little irreligious, doesn't it?

The Offense of Christmas

My point is this: our age has ostensibly placed Reason on the throne of honor, but we fail to pay it homage. Christmas is one of the major offenders. Christmas brings with it every year a whole train of useless irrationalities, sentimentalities, and, in short, frank elevation of folklore and legend over fact and rationality.

The really amazing thing is the persistence of popular legend — and even uncertainty — in flat contradiction to the plainly extant truth. Some illustrations may make this clear.

A favorite scholarly argument has gone around in circles for centuries: what language was current in Judea when Christ lived? We are so wrapped up in the senti-

mentality of our Christmas carols that we ignore therein the plain evidence which answers this question. If the angels sang in German, "Von Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her," is it not reasonable to assume that their listeners spoke and understood it?

Evidence is stronger, however. We know, in fact, that the angels were bilingual, as they sang Vulgate Latin as well: "Gloria in excelsis Deo."

This would seem to effectively squelch those idle speculators who insist that Christ spoke Aramaic.

Another ridiculous contention: that a "Martin Luther" originated the Christmas tree. People who say this are obviously confused, and are thinking perhaps of Martin Luther King. There was no such person as "Martin Luther." It is highly likely, research has shown, that this fictional personage may be an unwitting splice of "Billy Martin" and "Luther Burbank." It is easy to see then how the latter, a horticulturist who created new species of trees, might be identified as creator of the Christmas tree.

Scholars, disagreeing as late as the Civil War, now unite in stating that the Christmas tree was known in Tahiti (by the native name, "Tannenbaum") at least three years — and this is significant — before the birth of Martin Luther King. So this hypothesis — the creator-King — is discounted.

Another scholarly revelation, startling as it may seem, is the fact

that the Wise Men were Germans. We need only point to that line, so often mistranslated, which reads, "We three kings of Aryan tar . . ." Long puzzled by the word "tar," language researchers only recently recognized the obvious reference to the coal-rich Saar Basin, tar being a byproduct of coal. We thus have the home of the Wise Men neatly pinpointed geographically. And they said it couldn't be done!

"Santa Kouts"

Not all legends can be disposed of so easily, however, even with rigorous scholarship. Santa Claus is one. The truth is, nobody knows anything about the origin of this portly delivery boy — except for one fact: his origin is Midwest American. The name "Santa Claus" is clearly derived from that of a small southern Indiana town.

Not really an important fact, it becomes interesting when we realize it as only a geographical accident. It could so easily have been otherwise: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Kouts."

We can be reassured, of course, that rational scholarship is doing its best to clear up the "Santa Claus" mystery, in preparation for exorcising him from the Christmas scene.

In fact, research is moving in a tempo of frenzy as a result of a recent State Department financial grant. Not so much the "red" flaunted in the traditional costume, but the socialistic aura of the annual dole has aroused our government's concern.

"Auld Lang Syne"

One such attempt to thwart the spread of folklore, however, is about as effective in the total picture as a Chapel speaker without a microphone. Fortunately, there are a few other concentrated efforts at present to purify Christmas of its irrelevancies. Valpo, happily, is in on one of these; we see it exemplified in the annual Christmas vespers: "Put mass back into Christmas."

But this brief discussion of Christmas perversions has only scratched the surface of the problem — sort of skimmed the snow off the ice, to use a seasonal metaphor. The ice, of course, would not be there if the maintenance men of history had been on the ball and swept away each little flake of superstition and legend as it fell.

About all we rationalists can do is cast Christmas on the heap and center our attention on a pure, uncorrupted, thinking man's holiday — say New Year's Eve, for example.

Alfred E. Neuman appears courtesy of Mad Comics.

The Myth of the Fallen Welfare State

... by Marvin F. Granger

(The following article is both an analysis and a point of view. The author wishes to clarify the issues in the recent discussion of Michigan's political and economic climate. Secondly, he believes that Michigan has been the victim of an irresponsible smear-campaign that has taken on national dimensions.)

To the casual outside observer, Michigan at the present time is in one big mess. It is true that Michigan is in a mess, but it is not true that the mess is one. Michigan has two problems that are quite different. One is its industrial employment situation, and the other is its tax crisis. The mistake in the national press and the public mind has been to lump these two problems together as one. The problem in the industrial situation is not a political one; however, it has been made political after the fact. The tax crisis is political and has followed from a breakdown in the political give-and-take process

in the state capital.

Michigan has not lost important industry, nor is there at present a threat of such a loss. About two years ago, an air rifle company in Plymouth, Michigan, announced to its 700 employees that it was picking up and moving to Arkansas. Immediately, newspapers in various parts of the country pointed to its departure as a result of bad labor relations and an unfavorable tax climate in Michigan. As a matter of fact, the company's employees were non-union. They were paid \$2.24 an hour and the company feared that if it should reduce the wage rate, the employees might organize. So the firm moved to the hills where it could pay a dollar less an hour without being threatened by "Reutherism" or some other restriction on its "freedom." As far as taxes are concerned, over 30 other states have stiffer business taxes. Michigan's principle business tax is a 6½ mill Business Activities Tax. It is one of the few large industrial

states that does not have some kind of tax on corporate income.

There has been in recent years a shift toward decentralizing the automotive industry. The reasoning behind this is quite simple. As the large auto firms expand, they want their manufacturing plants oriented to suppliers and to raw materials. They want their assembly plants oriented to the market. Consequently, expansion has tended to place manufacturing plants outside the Detroit area. Yet of the \$3,272,000,000 invested in transportation equipment expansion during the past three years, \$1,282,000,000 has been invested in Michigan. The total investment in Ohio and Indiana has been \$712,000,000, about half of the Michigan figure. This does not confirm the wild speculation about the auto industry fleeing from Michigan. The fact that about 40% of expansion investment goes back into Michigan expresses confidence in the state's future rather than fear.

Michigan's economic plight has, according to analysis, economic rather than political causes. Several months ago the Haber Economic Report was issued. This report, sponsored by the Upjohn Institute for Employment Research, concluded a year and a half of intensive study of Michigan economic problems by Professor William Haber, University of Michigan economist and his staff. Haber called Michigan's difficulty primarily one of "retarded growth." In 1953, Michigan employment was at a peak of 42% of the state's population. In May of this year the employment rate was 33.5% of the population. Michigan has suffered a net loss of 130,000 jobs since 1953. At present the state is 5% under the national full employment rate. The report says that the main causes of Michigan's economic decline are clear. "1. A 'Feast-or-Famine' mixture of industry which is heavily concentrated in durable goods manufacturing. 2. A shift in the nature of defense production away from wheeled vehicles and toward aircraft, electronics, and missiles." (Michigan has lost 125,000 defense jobs since 1953.) "3. The continued decentralization of the automotive industry. 4. — efficiency — increasing plant and equipment, often called 'automation,' which permits production of more goods with fewer workers."



THIS CARTOON APPEARED IN THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

State, Williams Getting 'Bad Press'

By WILLARD BAIRD
(State Journal Capitol Bureau)

and its sixth-term Democratic Governor, George Romney, is done the better than any other state in the nation. Tuesday, March 3, 1959

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Point of No Return

Quite a few states are in serious, not to say desperate, financial straits, but Michigan seems to be the state of the lot.

Mr. Williams and another pro-welfare statesman, Walter Reuther, the state has tried to do much in the way of political maneuvering with too little regard to its car-

presidential nomination next year. An injury to Michigan's reputation as a

universities, its impending \$110 million deficit, its embarrassing need, born of desperate

'No Future There'

(Editorial in Phoenix, Ariz., Gazette)

When the people lose confidence in a political administration strange and disturbing events can occur. The people of the state of Michigan have lost confidence in the administration of Governor "Boss" Williams. Under such

period in the history of the world and during that time the state almost went broke. The U. S. is well on its way into another great boom and Michigan is begging its taxpayers to pay off in advance so that it can meet payrolls!

Washington Taxpayers Rebel
Michigan Gets Detroit's Welfare Benefit Burden
How Five Fell on Hard Times

The reference to "retarded growth" in the Haber Report is important. Michigan's decline is a decline in terms of its own illustrious past. When one reads in outside news sources that Michigan is going downhill, the implication usually is that Michigan is losing more than it is gaining industrially. This is not true. At present Michigan is gaining new industry and expanding old industry at a greater rate than Indiana, whose officials have done so much sanctimonious finger-pointing recently. Michigan growth is very much a reality. It is, however, a growth that has lessened due to reasons given above and other economic reasons.

In terms of population, Michigan growth is exceeded only by Florida and California. Projected rate of growth by the Bureau of Census shows 3,000,000 new Michiganders by 1975. Since 1954 the state's population has grown by 24%, 42% of which are under 20 years of age. This phenomenal growth has contributed to the state's economic problems; however, population increase of this nature shows a massive vote of confidence in the future of the state. Michigan has the world's largest pool of skilled labor, and is increasing its lead as automation places greater emphasis on skill. Michigan spends more of its tax revenues on higher education than any other state in the Union. It is providing for its own increasing demand for professional people.

While the state's present economic problem is not primarily political, it is in grave danger of bringing economic repercussion upon itself if it cannot solve its main political problem — the tax crisis. Michigan has received much adverse publicity this past year and a half because of its political strife. The squabbling in the state capital has given anti-liberal, anti-labor elements in the country tons of ammunition for distorted interpretations and full-scale smear campaigns against Michigan, its Governor, and principle labor leaders. While Michigan's tax crisis is the battleground, the roots of the conflict can be discovered only by analyzing

political developments in the state since 1948, the year that Michigan's six-term Governor G. Mennen Williams entered the state-house.

In 1948, Williams was a lonely man in Lansing. The legislature was 23-9 in the Senate and 59-39 in the House. All other state officials were Republican. By 1954, most elected state officials were Democrats and the legislative balance was Republican 22-11 in the Senate and 58-51 in the House. In 1959, all elected state officials are Democrats and the legislature stands Republican 22-12 and the House 55-55 (Republicans organized the House due to the illness of a Democratic member). In the 1958 election, the 12 Senate Democrats outpolled the 22 Senate Republicans by over 100,000 votes. It is significant that the Senate has experi-

enced little change since 1948 while there has been a consistent growth in Democratic popular strength.

And now what about the current unresolved dilemma in the state capital over new taxation? There is little disagreement about the need for new basic taxes. The governor has called for new taxes every year since 1948 and has warned of the impending doom if they are not voted. So the conflict is principally one of where the taxes should come from. Williams opened the 1959 legislative session by calling for \$140,000,000 in new taxes to balance the state budget and begin to pay off the \$100,000,000 state debt. He asked the legislature to authorize him to use a \$50,000,000 Veteran's Trust Fund as a temporary solution to the state's crisis. He recommended

(Continued on page 35)



FROM THE FORT LAUDERDALE NEWS



Letter To The Editor

By Harold Kern

Editor-in-Cheese
The Confessional Lootheran

Dear Sir:

In the past several weeks there have been several articles and editorials in your paper depicting the college student as the elite of the academically talented, who possesses all the traits necessary to become a world leader. Among the outstanding traits you list responsibility. It would be an advantage to you and your readers if you would allow me to conduct you on a word tour of a midwestern university campus.

We shall leave my house at 8:30 a.m. to go to the far campus. It is some distance away, so we decide to drive. As we approach my car, we notice another car parked on the street blocking the driveway. Now this can't be a student's car — they are too responsible. Well, let's walk, and look over the campus on the way. As we cross the street to enter the campus a low-slung sportscar whips around the corner almost running over us. It isn't the driver's fault. He couldn't see the stop sign because

SATIRE

A Potpourri of Spiked

a car was parked on the yellow line blocking it from view. The sign which says "no parking here to corner" obviously means the corner one block back, not the corner ten feet in front. Any student can tell you that. What's that you ask? What are the little stickers on the rear windows of the cars? I hadn't noticed, probably some Legion or Lodge membership sticker. As we go through the entrance to the campus I must caution you not to be alarmed at the amount of waste paper, pop bottles, and beer cans under the bushes and on the lawn. There are many children in the neighborhood and they are impossible to control.

Proceeding down the sidewalk — watch out, the bicycle! — I'm sorry sir, are you hurt? I'm sure the boy didn't mean to hit you. He was obviously in a hurry to get to the library to study; that's why he didn't stop to apologize and help you to your feet. Those are the science buildings to your right. The new shrubs and evergreens were planted just recently. Don't you think they add to the beauty of the campus? I don't know why the planters left so many footprints in the dirt.

You would like to know about a Joseph Strumkovich? Where he is from? I don't have a directory handy, but a short distance from here in room 124 of Sandwich Group there is a desk which might contain the answer. Professor Dunkleberger gained much information from this desk while compiling a university history. Let's cross the street here, and be careful of the water; it rained hard last night. Jump back! the car — well, I'm sure your suit will dry quickly. The student in the car was probably in a hurry because he was late for class. His electric clock was undoubtedly slow this morning. Some high-flying person broke an electrical wire last night and electricity was shut off for awhile. What? You want to leave. We aren't half finished with our campus tour. Oh, you want to write another editorial? My only regret is that when we pass the phone booth on the way back there are only two people in it.

Sincerely yours,
Ethyl Petrol

DIET DOES IT!

By Ruthie Diersen

Dear Hortense,

Today I began the Schmalz Brother's Diet Plan which guarantees a loss of at least three pounds a week. I can honestly say that it is more fun than any other diet I have been on, and I can't imagine why I haven't heard of it before yesterday.

I was window shopping at the new shopping center, when Tina Grossbauch stopped me in front of the Fannie May's. I hardly recognized her. She has lost so much weight! Her eyes seem so far apart and her clothes just hang, but she looks wonderful! She told me all about her success with the Schmalz Diet. I rushed right over to the drugstore and was lucky enough to get the second to the last "Pound-off Kit." They're only \$7.98 including alphabetized color calendar, calorie counter, a diet, a month's supply of diet gum, and an explanation sheet.

It's an easy diet to follow, and very safe, and they mention something about body chemistry and psychology in the instructions. Here's how it works: you should start the plan on the eve of the full moon (that's the best part, starting at night, and not in the morning), then you look up the date on the color calendar; the color indicated is checked with an alphabetized key which allows you to eat anything beginning with that initial! It's a wonderful thing and so completely safe. I knew you would want to know about it right away. I just can't wait till tomorrow, because it's Thursday, the 17th. December 17th is a yellow day and corresponds with "E" on the alphabet chart. This means I can eat eclairs.

Love,
Ilse

CARNIVAL

Prose Written With Tongue-in-Cheek

THE KINGDOM of VALPAROOSKY

By Loretta Rahmel

Once upon a time there was a Nordic kingdom called Valparoosky. Literally translated, the name meant "Vale of Paradise." It was indeed a paradise. Under the wise rule of its king, Otto I, the kingdom flourished. All of the inhabitants, both great and small, sang happily as they went about their daily work. Directly under the king in authority was the prime minister, whose name was Luther. Luther had originally been a member of the priesthood, but since his elevation to the rank of prime minister, he had not been able to devote as much time to his clerical duties as before. Robert and Kenneth, his closest friends, were members of the priesthood. Together with Luther, they formed a triumvirate with the avowed purpose of knitting the people even more closely together, by imposing a stricter regulation upon their moral lives. Working in close conjunction with the other members of the priesthood, they drew up a master plan of action.

One of the practices of the people was, as far as they were concerned, a barbaric one. This was the annual custom of gathering for the purpose of lighting a huge bonfire. The people gathered in a ring around the bonfire and watched the flames. Sheer barbarism; it must be abolished! Soon a huge temple was erected almost on the site of the former barbaric bonfire. Now the people could focus their attention more directly upon candles, brass, and colored glass and forget their pagan customs.

What a glorious structure this building was! It stood on a knoll

and commanded the attention of everyone for miles around. The priesthood was especially proud of this fine edifice and immediately took it over for themselves. They proudly showed visitors from neighboring kingdoms through the temple. It almost seemed as though the temple was worshipped instead of the God which they had trapped inside of it. At the same time three other steps were undertaken. For one thing, the rate of taxation was increased. The people murmured among themselves, but they were helpless to do anything about it. Pleasant laughter was changed to unsmiling grins when prohibition went into effect one fall.

Smiles disappeared altogether when it became apparent that some of the women citizens would be forced to bow under the yoke of Communism. All of the chapters of the D.V.R. (Daughters of the Valparoosky Revolution), who had been independent of each other, were to be housed in a large commune. Soon rumors began to the effect that an underground movement existed. Overnight a crime wave broke out in this heretofore happy country. It all started with a scandal in the nearby Bureau of Food and Drug Administration just outside the city walls. Subversive activities were reported, and investigations were begun of vice, prostitution, and racketeering in this Bureau. This just seemed to be the beginning of a widespread chain of events . . . such as a suicide, arson, plane-hopping, and finally culminating in a scandal concerning the convent of the temple itself.

The triumvirate imposed even stricter laws to save the people from themselves. As these laws were passed, the scandals actually increased, causing the laws to become even more stringent. This vicious circle finally led to a government linked with the secret police. The populace became more antagonistic. Emigration increased. Finally the population became so small that the number of people governed became less than the number of people governing them. The great buildings now stood empty. The once great kingdom of Valparoosky had fallen, and great was the fall thereof.

LOVE and the AD MEN

By Margaret Query

The word love may be defined as a tender and passionate affection for one of the opposite sex. To realize the vast role that love plays in the daily life of the American public, one must cast his eyes toward the men who are engaged in that so-called profession known as advertising. Ad men apparently perceive more clearly than anyone else just how deeply love has penetrated and colored the ordinary routine of American life.

In the air-conditioned, well-carpeted advertising offices of New York City, today's copy writers create a new critical standard of passion as they link almost every product to love and romance. Objects that have formerly been considered as nonerotic are in today's ads associated with the most tender scenes and the most romantic moments. Young American lovers of today are not moved by love poems or poems, but rather by anything usually considered nonerotic such as a pair of shoes or a place setting of sterling silver.

Pick up any women's magazine today and you're likely to see a medieval knight bounding away on his white charger with a beautiful damsel as his captive. The damsel is, of course, improbably clad in a lace-trimmed bra and panties which are sold by "Might-form"! Is the knight overpowered by the beautiful body of the maiden which is revealed by such brief apparel? No, indeed, he is inspired by the new detachable straps and the elastic back-panel which allows uninhibited movement. Thus, the damsel, who had been blithely leaping through fields of daisies in her dainty attire, captured the heart of the knight, who in turn captured her to live forever by his side.

(Continued on page 36)

One

Christmas

Without Angels



Christmas on campus is a pretty emotional thing — particularly to this writer who is about to enjoy his last Christmas season at Valpo. God alone knows where the rest of my Christmases will be spent — or if there will be any more for me or for anybody for that matter. I guess there is no harm in looking at each Christmas as your last — and possibly there is some good in it.

DO WE "WORSHIP" TOO MUCH?

By the time one becomes a senior at Valpo, certain patterns in the campus' trading of God become evident. For one thing, it seems that we are becoming less and less able to talk about God without opening such conversations with a prayer and concluding them with a benediction. When I consider the rather widespread reaction to the campus chapel — ranging from dulled antipathy to overt rejection — I sometimes wonder if we don't worship too much. On too many occasions we have given the impression that God cannot be encountered outside of hymn-singing and psalm-soothing. In four years time — and most recently within the last year — I have seen students brought to personal calamity because in certain life-situations hymns and psalms just didn't click. Then again, it may be that we do not worship too much — but not well enough.

THE "MESS" IN CHRISTMAS

If poor worship is a problem, and I believe that it is, it does seem to be particularly prevalent around Christmas time. What is written hereafter I am compelled to discuss — even though it runs the grave risk of being badly misunderstood. What is to follow is not an attempt to take the "mass" out of Christmas — nor the "Christ" but rather the "mess." There can, indeed, be no doubt about the mass, that is, public communal worship does have supreme spiritual values for all sorts and conditions of men. It can also be poison when substituted for God. The manipulations of symbols and language which are devoid of mean-

ing to the thought patterns and spiritual needs of the students approaches black magic. Choirs, chimes, chantings, brass and colored glass can arouse highly religious emotions — of this there can be no doubt. One night at the theatre or at a political rally will bear this out. Consequently, one has to be religiously careful how he uses these aids to worship or how he lets them affect him — lest these aids to worship become the objects of worship. The vigilance is well worth the good that they can do. But when we begin to use words sonorously for effects devoid of meaning — then we are doing nothing more nor less than turning the invocation into an incantation.

SENTIMENTALIZING THE MANGER

You see, getting sentimental over shepherds or becoming artistic with a creche can secularize Christmas just as readily as reducing the holiday to Santa Claus and Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer. From the time that you and I first recited in the Sunday school Christmas pageant to our singing in the Chapel Choir at Christmas vespers Christmas has been choirs of angels, a strange star, visionary dreams to Joseph and the three astrologers, incense, myrrh, gold, and a haloed doll. In all this art and sentiment the plain fact that the eternal God is now our brother somehow gets swamped. The unprecedented birth of a baby to a virgin gets submerged. We worship, adore, and chant to we know not what.

"INCARNATION DAY!"

The name of the holiday is "Christ's Mass," but I sometimes think it would serve our spirits a better turn to once think of Christmas in terms of "Incarnation Day" or the "Festival of the Invasion of Time by Eternity." The Lord knows that I'm not suggesting that Christians *en masse* join the few scholars who project their thinking into the realm of pure theology and the philosophy of religion. For

A DISCUSSION

by

FRITZ SCHULTZ

even those spirits cannot find their highest satisfaction in those subjects alone. What I am suggesting is that in all the candle-light and burnished brass of our worship this Christmas we pause to think out what we are worshipping. This does not mean we are to put our hearts away. It does mean that the mind and the heart should be put into our worship together — on a continuum — not the latter to the right hand and the former to the left.

SACRED, SOCIALIZED EMOTIONS

If worship becomes a sacred group emotion, then we are worshipping with only a part of our created selves. As we should not worship our God only on part of a day during part of a week, we ought not to worship with only a part of ourselves, but altogether. Some intellectual understanding must precede worship — or else it is meaningless. If we succumb to authority or confessions or liturgics or the spell of music — without first seeing in the Manger Babe a meaningful world and God-view — then we are no longer free men. Faith has been imposed from the outside and becomes a matter of environment and example. Religious exercises and emotions, antiphons and the *Puer Natus*, become the substance of religion. And when this happens people do not cease to believe for one reason or another, but because they have not the "religicus" temperament to worship with the stiff-necked saints.

GOD AND PERSONALITY

To too many of our students it has never struck them that religion is a matter upon which critical discussion is possible. Not to believe implicitly in every tenet of the faith of their fathers is a sign of willfulness which will not fail of punishment here or hereafter. They have been given to understand that people adhere to other faiths and un-faiths only from obstinacy or self-interest; in their hearts they know they are false, but they deliberately seek to deceive others. At Valpo it is a shock for them to room with a non-Lutheran and find that he is not immoral, vicious, or stupid. True universal Christianity, they painfully discover, increases their intellect rather than eliminates it. God does not will to violate any human personality even for the high purpose of saving personality, for God will not let even His ends justify wrong means.

There will be much opportunity this Christmas to become lost in the stars, as there always is every Christmas. Should you find the stars and the angels more in worship than the *logos* in *sarcos*, then I would hope for some spaces in your togetherness with them. And what is more, Christmas then becomes strangely and inexpressibly "Merry" in a sense you had perhaps never thought possible.



*chaos mindlessness confusion
cruelty famine disease
starvation sobbing fighting
loneliness misunderstanding
executions despair blindness
hopelessness destruction death*

to
this
pathetic
parody
of
existence

to
this
frantic
screaming
darkness

a Light has come
Gloriously
Brilliant
Marvelous
Lucidity
the most impossible incredible of answers

Art courtesy The Seminary Press
Poem by Julie Becker

The Log

NITE LITE

At the Log delightful appropriate
Holiday Atmosphere is the decor
throughout the year. →

By Jo Greiner

A Sunday evening with nothing to do? When this problem confronts the Nite Lite crew, the solution is not far away. In fact, it is just a drive of about twenty-five miles west on State Route 30. There on either side of the road are two establishments capable of turning an all too quiet Sunday evening into something a little special.

As you enter the Log, an atmosphere-filled dining room is conducive to a meal more interesting than the usual Sunday evenings of a pizza or a cheeseburger ordered out. For those who wish, a before dinner cocktail is served. Throughout the evening spent here a feeling of quiet sociableness prevails. A party room makes accommodations for a large number of people who would enjoy The Log on a little livelier basis. This room is also available for organizational activities such as fraternity and sorority functions.



The piano bar at the Village Pump lends itself easily to a song or two. "Hail to the Brown and Gold . . ."

GOES TO THE 'LOG' and LONG'S VILLAGE PUMP



The "old gray mare" at the Village Pump.

Across from the Log is Long's Village Pump. Here, too, an enjoyable meal is served. The casualness of Lang's takes precedence over its many other fine qualities. A living room type setting makes it possible to enjoy an after dinner drink in a homey atmosphere. Something unique to this room is the idea of a piano-bar with hassocks placed around it. The interior decorations are done in such a design that some would call it modern Spanish while others would classify it as American western.

They didn't tell us about the Village Pump at Orientation week . . .



Nite Lite feels that these two highway caberets bring within reasonable proximity to the campus an occasional excursion into more than the usual Sunday night routine of a Premier movie or a cup of expresso at the Union. We suggest that if you favor date parties where several couples head for the same environment, the better place to go is Long's Village Pump by virtue of the unique piano bar which affords group songs and general togetherness (shades of the old Altruria Hole). If your intentions are not so inclined then the Log affords a quieter surrounding for one or two couples who desire an enjoyable evening of becoming better acquainted in a casual play-boy atmosphere. We are confident that once you taste the distinction of these elegant surroundings you and your date will anticipate a repeat performance of a Nite out 25 miles west on Highway 30.

An evening at either place is special and tends to be a little more expensive than the usual show date but it is not too extravagant to be enjoyed occasionally. Hope we see you there?!

ONE FOOT SHELF ♦ ♦ ♦

Review of the Current
and choice Christmas
Record Albums

By Lee Gihring

Christmas is that time of year when, among other things, we are awed by the brilliant singing of choirs loudly chanting the Christmas theme in gay carols and songs. The staple of the Christmas repertoire is without any doubt, Handel's famed oratorio, *Messiah*. When Handel composed this majestic music in the unimaginable span of three weeks, we may be sure that he was fully aware of its greatness; for, upon its completion when asked what had been the inspiration for such a magnificent work to be written in such short time, he was able to reply only, 'I did think that I saw all heaven before me.'

The composer was never boastful of his achievements in the *Messiah*; but there is room for the record collector to boast of the merits of several recordings of this music among the ten now listed in the Schwann catalogue. To consider all of these completely is beyond the limits of this column; but a few remarks covering most of these recordings should give you a better idea of the version you may want to add to your collection this Christmas.

RCA Victor leads the parade with three recordings of the oratorio all of which, unfortunately, have only questionable value as being first class performances or deluxe sounding by today's standards. Two of these recordings are worth considerable comment. LCT 6401 is a re-hash of an older recording which was originally issued by RCA on the old 78 speed disc some 20 years ago! Sir Thomas Beecham is the conductor with his own Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Although the sound is of course highly inferior (no amount of effort by the sound engineers has made acceptable such a dated recording) the performance is nonetheless masterful. This is to be expected, however, for the LCT series of Victor is typically a collector's item; not one of the recordings is recent; in fact, all trace their origin to the old 78 speed pressings. RCA retains these old recordings only for their high degree of musical value and the exceptional performances which all of them contain. Beecham's conception of the work is marvelous in all respects and consistently first class thruout. Excluding sound, this has to be one of the top choices among the ten available versions. In addition, it is one of the few *Messiahs* listed

that is a "complete" version without cuts or omissions.

The most interesting of the three Victor versions is a spanking new one (LD 6409; in stereo, LOS 6409) again with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus. The sound is excellent; the performance, a strange one only because of the novel orchestration. Beecham performs the work according to a transcription by Eugene Goossens, a noted English conductor. It is a four record set, the music being divided into two sections, one big, one small. The big section comprises a self-contained "concert edition" of the oratorio. The smaller segment includes all the remaining solos and choruses left out of the larger section, a not too desirable arrangement for listening continuity to mind. Furthermore, the Goossens orchestration, conceived in a way which Handel supposedly would have orchestrated the music, if he were living today, places emphasis on reinforcing the choruses with heavier instrumentation and giving more weight to the heretofore unnoticed brass and woodwind sections — truly a novelty to those of us that like a conservative "old-fashioned" *Messiah*. This production is sure to send the purists into a huff as soon as it hits the Christmas market — ah, but it'll sell.

Columbia represents the *Messiah* in two recordings, both available in either monaural or stereo; the first (M2L-263; M2S-607 in stereo) is again a brand new pressing done by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The four soloists on this release are perhaps the best of any of the recorded *Messiahs*. The recording is a two record set and an abridged version of the work.

The other Columbia version (M2L-242; stereo, M2S-603) is similarly abridged but in a shockingly novel manner. Versatile Leonard Bernstein leads his New York Philharmonic in a 2-record performance which, like the new Beecham version, sent the purists into a long hue and cry about the "old way of doing things" upon its release. Bernstein has utilized an edition of the work by a 19th century English composer, Ebenezer Prout, in which the three sections of the original score are consolidated into two giant portions. The second section of the original score is inverted with one portion placed

at the end of Part 1 and another portion standing at the beginning of Part 2. This is all OK if you want a chopped up *Messiah*; if not, forget this version, for in addition, it is obvious that the performance is not quite up to snuff all the way through. In many spots the orchestra is too loud and overly ambitious. In general, the performance may be said to lack the refinement and feeling of majesty we find so necessary in Handel.

Of the four *Messiah* recordings remaining on Westminster, London, Somerset and Angel, the latter (Angel 3510-C) must get my vote as the most acceptable. Sir Malcolm Sargent, a real Handel veteran, leads the Philharmonic Orchestra and famed Huddersfield Chorus in a performance which is now more than four years old, but one which has lost none of its sparkle and radiance. It certainly compares favorably with more recent versions. If you're a middle-of-the-roader, you'll like this set. The orchestra is big, the sound is lush and Sargent's conception of the music more romantic than baroque. For a "complete" version of the *Messiah*, this one stands out as my preference although the London and Victor sets are surely not far behind.

So many paragraphs could be written about these recordings, for no two of them are even slightly similar. The best idea would be to hear a few of them yourself and then make a choice since they vary noticeably in these respects: sound, dynamics, and the size of the chorus and/or orchestra.

In conclusion, just a sampling of a few other records appropriate to the season: The Roger Wagner and Robert Shaw Chorales distinctive and always appealing among outstanding choral groups sing beautifully once again on two special Christmas discs: the Shaw Chorale in Volume 1 of Hymns and Carols (Victor LM 2139; stereo, LSC 2139) and the Roger Wagner album, Joy to the World (Capitol P-8353; stereo, SP 8353) . . . Johnny Mathis, Bing Crosby, the Norman Luboff Choir, Percy Faith, the Hi-Lows and a few others all combine in 'Seasons Greetings' on Columbia's CL 1394; stereo, CS 8189 . . . Carols on the organ, chimes and bells may be heard on 'Christmas Sound Spectacular' (Victor LPM 2023; stereo LSP 2023) . . . Finally, carols by a band, if you will, features the Deutschemeister ensemble on Westminster 6024; stereo, 15048.



SOPHOMORE
LIGHTER
LOVELY





To help THE LIGHTER welcome in the Yuletide Season is sophomore LIGHTER LOVELY, Jan Anderson, a pretty package from tip to toe. Born in the heart of New York City, our Christmas lady says she loves Valpo - - - but yet still wouldn't want to trade the big city for anything.

At the end of this, her sophomore year, she tentatively plans to return east to train for service in white - - - a career in surgical nursing at a New York hospital. But she says, with a glittering, friendly smile, "I may decide to finish my four years at Valpo first - - - and then go into nurses' training. It is a decision which I will make this year."

With the determination of a chill, wintry wind - - - and yet with the radiant warmth to melt anyone away, Jan means what she says. She's planning for "six years, anyway" of working hard and having fun. With her quiet charm and sense of good humor,



LIGHTER CALL



EN O'CONNELL
Guild

Themes by
BARBARA



she lightly calls herself a "Bacheloress," and then, in the same gay and lighthearted tone, adds that when she does marry she wants ten children. Her two older sisters have made her an "aunty" eight times.

As a student, anatomy labs and psyche courses don't leave this LIGHTER LOVELY merry maid much time, but she does try to squeeze in time to sing, to try her hand at oil painting, and to cut a breezy, pretty picture on ice. Our Christmas LOVELY cooperated beautifully by preferring most winter sports.

Good things come in small packages, especially at Christmas, and so does our Jan. She's 5 feet 6 inches and 123 pounds. This graceful belle would brighten anyone's Christmas spirits, and the LIGHTER is pleased and proud to present her as its Christmas surprise for its readers. And Jan has a wish for all of you, which we heartily echo. . . .



DOT ALL

A

Sun	Mon
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14	15
21	22
28	29

FEBRUARY 1960

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28	29					

GIL CIESAR — Alpha Xi



APRIL 1960

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DIANNE SCHMIDT — Delta Chi



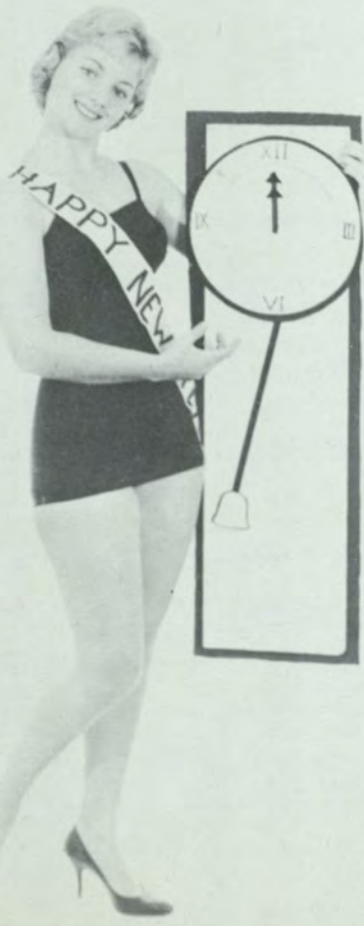
JUNE 1960

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NINA KOHLS — Pi Delta Chi



LIGHT
CA



PATRICIA ROME — Memorial

JANUARY 1960

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24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



SANDY SCHULZ — Alpha Phi

MARCH 1960

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



KAREN O'CONNELL
Guild

CAROL BRAUN — Dau ...

MAY 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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29	30	31				

Themes by
BARBARA

JULY 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
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31						

JUDY TANGERMANN — Sigma Theta



SEPTEMBER 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

JACKIE BROADHURST — KTZ



NOVEMBER 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

CHARLENE DINDAS — Altruria



DOT ALLWARDT — Gamma Phi

AUGUST 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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28	29	30	31			



JUDY WIESE — Kreinheder

OCTOBER 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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23	24	25	26	27		
30	31					



LOUISE HAGGE — Phi Beta Chi

DECEMBER 1960

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31





Photographed by
ED SCHMIDT

... A Blessed Christmas

A SHORT, SHORT-STORY IN ALLEGORY

. . . by Francis Walker

There was not a little commotion among his servants on the day of the departure, for it was the first time that the master's son had left home. At the invitation of the master, they had all dutifully gathered at the main gate to wave their farewells . . . for an invitation from the master was scarcely to be distinguished from a command. They stood huddled together in the cold; for it was winter, and the first chill winds were driving down the last dry leaves from the trees. And in the air were snowflakes.

But all of them had wanted to be there, too, and there were not a few tears to be seen . . . especially among the older servants who had been with the master from the beginning. They remembered how the master had always been so very fond of his fine son and how wherever one was seen the other was also to be found. The boy had never had a real mother that he could remember, and his father had taken on the job of being both parents. It had been a strange relationship — almost a brotherly one. Damon and Pythias themselves could not have rivaled the affection that the two held for one another. And from this love there proceeded a spirit which seemed to inspire all the servants in the master's vast empire. Someday, it was to be the younger man's.

"Do you suppose he'll be back soon?" the chauffer asked. "He sure didn't give me much to pack. Hardly enough for a weekend."

"Michael overheard the boss saying that this was to be a business trip which might take months!" the parlor maid chimed in excitedly. Every corner of the estate from top to bottom was buzzing with expectancy. There was something in the air beyond that which met the eye. Something even beyond the traditional solemn celebration of the approaching Christmas season.

It was evident enough that the time for the young man to go out into the world for his living had come. His father, the master, had thought that his working among the servants of his estate would be good for his son . . . and no small boon for the morale of his servants. He could, of course, have opened many doors for his son through his connections with the great and near-great of the world, but he thought it better for his son to go it alone. The Master fancied himself a self-made man, and it was true enough that he had built up his own empire from nothing with no help from anyone. His son was to have it the hard way, too. Nothing was to be handed to him upon a silver platter.

It was well known throughout the city, however, that the two were parting on the best of terms. The old man had promised to keep

in daily touch with his son, and the young man was completely obedient to the will of his father. He packed his things carefully and planned to travel as lightly as he could. He was almost through when he came to a little wooden cross among his boyhood belongings — he pondered over it a moment. His father had given it to him many years ago — so long ago that it seemed that he always had had it with him. But tomorrow was going to be Christmas, and it seemed sort of depressing to think of a cross in the festival season — so he hurriedly pushed it in among his other things. Later, he thought, he would get it out again.

"Mornin' Marse," interrupted an old voice. "Yo' father wants me t' take yo' things down to the station."

"What? Oh . . . yes, of course." the son absently mused. "Here, take these first will you. Thanks. I'll bring the rest" And he followed the aged servant slowly out of his room and down the staircase. He looked back only once. It did not hurt once to look back he found out.

And then he looked ahead to Old Gabe, the servant who had come to help him with his things. His father did not keep many servants in their house, although in the mansion there were many rooms. He had felt that he and his son could very well manage with just one or two — and the rest of them could be kept busy in the field to do the thousand little jobs necessary to the running of his vast empire. The domestic which he had chosen for his son was Old Gabe — a loyal servant and friend to the family as long as any in the family could remember. Gabe himself, stoop-shouldered and be-whiskered, never seemed to tire in his service . . . and he had just returned from a very special errand for the master.

It had been a ticklish bit of business then and promised to arouse trouble indefinitely. It seems that one of the family had fallen in love with a girl in the next city . . . and now she was pregnant. She was only fourteen or fifteen at the most and pretty scared at first about the whole thing — particularly since she was going with another fellow at the time and had promised to marry him. But Gabe in his calm and fatherly way had calmed her and had assured her that his master would make it worth her while if she would remain quiet about the whole affair and go ahead with the marriage. He would also square with her fiance, he promised.

When Gabe had gone, the girl was still troubled; and she knew her husband-to-be was not inclined to be broad-minded about things

like this. He had been brought up in a strictly religious family, and a pregnant bride would be difficult to explain away. She hated to draw him into her shame — and she knew how people in the village would gossip about both of them. They just wouldn't understand. And she was not sure exactly how to explain it if they would have listened. Yet there had been something in Gabe's words, and she tried not to be frightened. It would take a lot of courage on both their parts, but somehow The Lord would provide, she thought.

The whole thing had come upon her so suddenly and without warning that she could not even remember the night it happened. It probably started late in the Spring, she thought. She was dizzy now and had to lie down. It was nearing the day and she was often sick. She hoped her new husband would not be angry with her. But she couldn't blame him if he was. It's hard for a man like him — with his strict bringing-up to marry a girl in a maternity wedding gown.

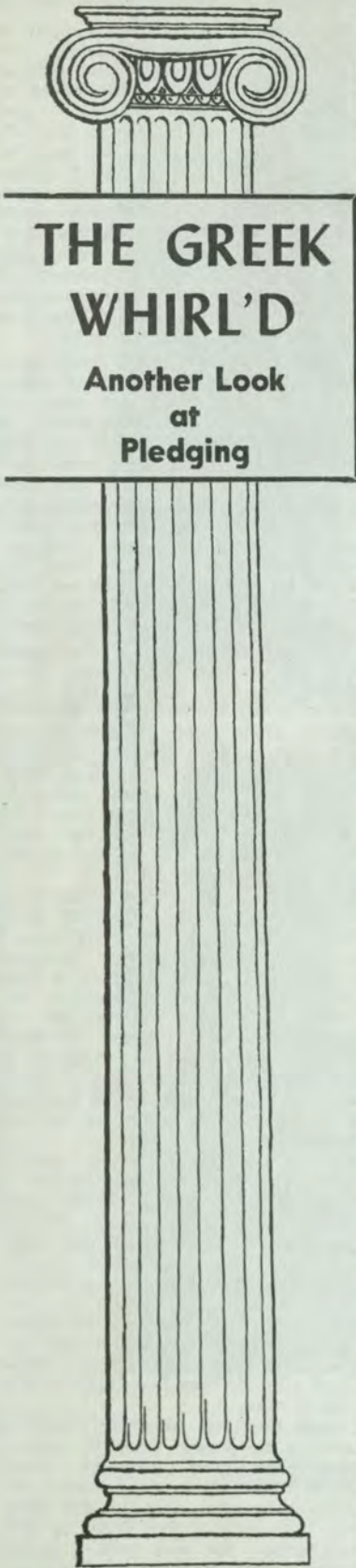
The son of the master was at the bottom of the long, long stairs now . . . and faithful Old Gabe stood ready to open the door for him. There were a few of the servants neaby to say goodbye. Some with premonition had misty eyes, and they turned away in order not to embarrass him. He was so young and fine, so truly like his father — a chip off the old block some said.

His father and he had said their goodbyes yesterday and they were over. They had been brief, monosyllabic, almost without emotion. Some might have expected a long check list of do's and don'ts — but there were none. No advice, no admonitions, no reading of Kipling's **IF**, no playing of Polonius to Laertes. Just a kiss and a word, and they were done. The son had promised to call whenever he had the chance.

Gabe had put the young master's few belongings out on the snow, and the son could no longer look back as he stepped out on the great door. The night was very cold, but the trip would not be long. He should arrive on Christmas morning. He could not tell when he might be able to return to his father, but he did not cry. He felt a strange new feeling come over him; he was beginning to feel like a man.

And the next morning when he arrived he knew what it was to be a man — and a stranger. When he arrived he made a small cry from a manger, and the girl from the next city picked him up into her arms. He was such a pretty baby. This was his first Christmas away from home, and he did not know when he would return.

THE END



**THE GREEK
WHIRL'D**
Another Look
at
Pledging

By Carl Ziegler

For the next five minutes I would like to have you analyze the fraternity pledging program at Valparaiso University. No, don't stop reading. I think that the time has come when we ought to evaluate critically our actions in regard to the fraternity pledging program, its purpose, and the main function of a university.

At the outset, let me make it clear that the purpose of this article is not to degrade the value of a fraternity, but rather to make you think. In the process of thinking I hope that you can divorce yourself from your fraternity long enough to take a rational, critical look at the situation in respect to the purpose of the university and also the purpose of your own fraternity.

First, let us consider why a university exists. Because we do attend Valpo, I think that the purpose of the university is two-fold. It definitely does have the purpose of education; this is the reason why we came to a university; to acquire knowledge and to prepare ourselves for an occupation for the rest of our lives. The reason we came to Valpo is that this is a Christian institution of higher education. By our very attendance here we do show that God does play an essential part in our education and lives.

With the purpose of this university in mind, let us now consider the purpose of a fraternity. Ideally speaking, we can say that it is in entire agreement with the standards and policies of the university. In other words, a fraternity also supports the value of education and the importance of God in education.

Α Β Γ Δ Ε Ζ Η Θ Ι Κ Λ

"Tempus Fugit!"

Now after we have considered what the purpose of a fraternity and Valparaiso University is, let us make a critical evaluation. I think that the following comments will apply to all national fraternities and Valpo is unfortunately not uniquely different. Pledging does take time. The amount of time it does take from the student's academic life I will let you judge — when you consider that the grades dropped in over eighty per cent of the students who pledged a fraternity. The degree to which they dropped is an entirely individual matter. The point to be considered is, and this I believe to be essential, that the fraternity is not encouraging the academic standards of the student. It is true that fraternity study hours exist, usually three hours a night, which are enforced to some extent by the respective

fraternities. When we consider, however, that the university expects the student to study a minimum of two hours outside of class for every hour that is spent in class, this is hardly enough for the student to do justice to his studies. But what about the other hours during the day. Is it not possible for the student then? Well, consider your own program. For the most part, if you are carrying the average load of 16 hours, you are in lectures or time-consuming labs for a good portion of the day. I think that it would be safe to say that over an hour and a half of your day is spent eating your three meals.

Μ Ν Ξ Ο Π Ρ Σ Τ Υ Φ Χ

"Busy Day, Busy Day!"

Now let us add to this the duties of the pledge. First, there are always the dishes to be done, and in the majority of fraternities there seems no person to be more qualified than a pledge. Second, there remain the personal duties such as washing the car, polishing shoes, or cleaning up the room, again which the majority of fraternities enforce. Thirdly, there exists the work that must be done for the upkeep of the house, and for nine weeks this is the responsibility of the pledges. In addition to the regular house duties there remains the special projects that the pledges must do for the fraternity, and in some fraternities who subscribe to the merit and demerit system there remains demerits which have to be worked off in working hours.

Now, let me make this clear. All the above may have a purpose, and I certainly would not deny this entirely. The main point is, however, that this time that is being invested in the fraternity for a period of nine weeks could and should be spent on more constructive academic work. Let me put this in the form of a question. "Why are you spending over \$1500 a year to come to Valpo?" Or in view of the fact that only half of the amount it costs to educate a student is paid by the student himself through tuition, "Why is Valpo spending almost the same amount of money to educate you?"

Ξ Ο Π Ρ Σ Τ Υ Φ Χ Ψ Ω

Look into the Future

If we look into the future, and I think that most of the faculty and graduating seniors will agree on this point; the future employer is interested mainly in the person who has done well academically, and he is secondly interested in the extra-curricular activities of the student, and the same applies

to those who are interested in grad school. One semester which has been hampered by pledging a fraternity can well make all the difference in affecting the grade point of the individual, and this in turn can make all the difference in being accepted into graduate school or getting the job that he wanted.

I hope that this article has brought to mind at least one idea, and that is that inconsistencies exist between what the university and the fraternity stand for and how the pledging program relates to the two. I think that it would only be just after I have evaluated the pledging program to give my opinions as to how it can be improved so as to complement and not contradict the purposes of the fraternity and university.

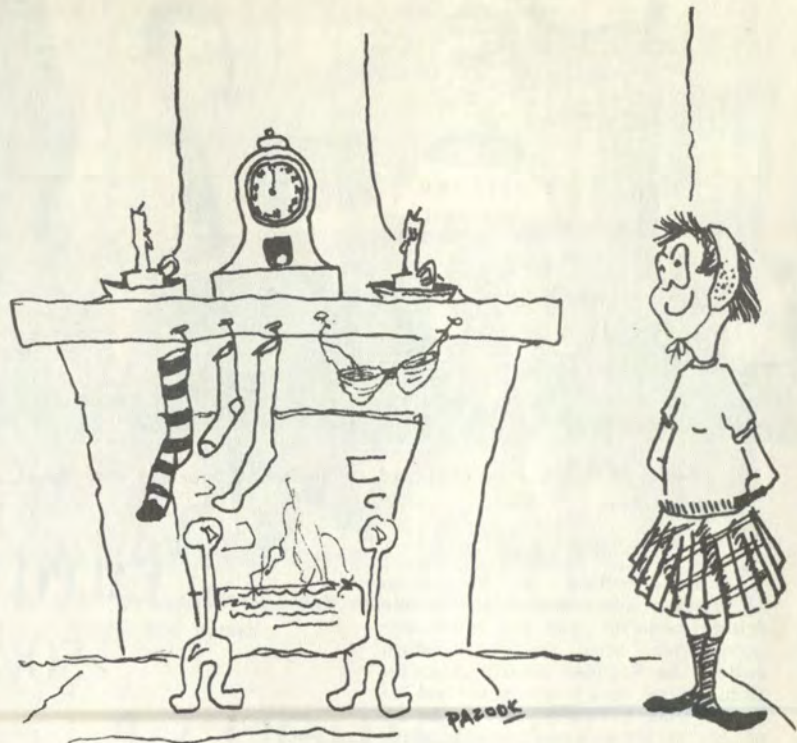
Γ Δ Ε Ζ Η Θ Ι Κ Λ Μ Ν

The University or the Fraternity?

Let us now ask who should solve the problem? It could either be the university, the fraternities, or both. My preference would be the fraternities. The crucial question, however, still remains, and that is what can be done to solve this problem. My first suggestion would be to forget the attitude that pledging is something I went through; my grades suffered, and therefore so can yours. To this let me say, "Grow up." The second suggestion I have would be to regard the student's main purpose at the university as an academic one. Throw out the personal duties of the pledge; they are not serving the fraternity in the least, but only the lazy active. Abolish this ridiculously childish game which consumes valuable study time. In its place substitute a system which requires the pledge to work a certain number of hours during the total pledging period, dividing this within reason to the amount of hours that should be spent in constructive work at the fraternity per week, and likewise per day.

You may have been wondering by this time why doesn't he say anything about sororities since they are also included in the word "Greek." The answer is two-fold. First of all, I know only what I have been told about sororities and therefore could not make a valid criticism. The second reason I have failed to mention sororities is that their pledging program is only for three weeks, and from all outward appearances it does appear to be more constructive than the fraternities.

There is no reason why any organization which has as much value as a fraternity has, must have a pledging program which is incongruent with the purpose of the fraternity and also the university with whom it is directly connected.



"GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMAN"





IS IT TRUE THAT THE "HEALTH" CENTER

The Health Center has systematized its socialized therapy into visual aids and mobiles.

By Tom Pain

Upon enrolling in Valparaiso University I found that one of the fringe benefits was my automatic acceptance into an organization called the Student Health Association. Now many students feel as I did that a health service is an office to which one reports with any illness or infirmity for medical treatment. However, in addition to therapeutic medicine (so I was told by those in the higher wash-rooms) there is the practice of prophylactic medicine, and instruction in the intelligent use of available medical remedies in future life. I was urged to take advantage of the opportunity to visit the Health Center whenever there arose a need for medical attention.

I was happy to learn that the dues amounted to only \$26 a year which entitled one to all the benefits available to insure him of his health throughout the University year.

Upon my first encounter with this health club I was swiftly introduced to the efficient procedures involved in the road to a quick recovery which are compatibly geared to conform to the crowded schedules of an academic life.

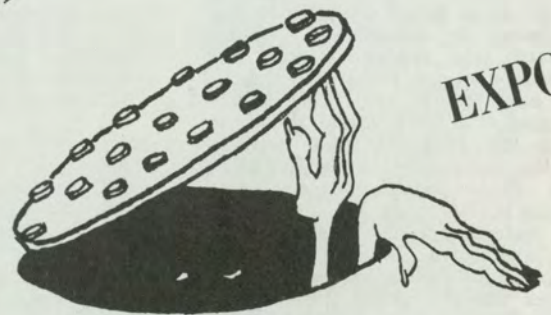
The nurse on duty at the desk received me most graciously, heard my complaint with stimulated concern, then told me to come back for an appointment with the doctor the following week, giving me a bottle of aspirins and advising me to get plenty of sleep.

A week later, my condition being none the better, I returned to the Health Center for his appointment and joined the lonely crowd of others who were ahead of me on the waiting list. After missing lunch and two afternoon classes I was summoned by a second nurse who ushered me into the doctor's office. She shoved a thermometer into my mouth and promptly made her exit. Fifteen minutes later the doctor arrived and began his diagnosis.

IS BRINGING

VALPO CLOSER TO SOCIALISM?

EXPOSE'



EXPOSE'



"The Rack!" . . . psychoanalysis costs extra.

Depending on the way in which the patient answers various questions, he is given one of four common orders to restore him to health. The first and most common is a bottle of aspirin. The second is a bottle of Bufferin along with orders to go back to the dorm and stay in bed for three days. The third is the new wonder drug Anacin with advice to return in a week if there is no improvement in condition. The fourth alternative is a trip to the nearest drugstore to have a prescription filled which is probably well worth the \$8 paid out of the students own pocket.

Students are really fortunate that their health is so well cared for, and that they need never worry



"The Great Unwashed" are received quickly and need not wait long . . . single file please . . .



Each day new uses are found for the sterilizing machine . . .

about their physical condition as long as there is the Student Health Association. Perhaps the underlying philosophy of this group can best be expressed in its own words as found on page 38 of the Valparaiso University Bulletin.

"During the student's stay on the campus, we endeavor to establish a feeling of friendliness and confidence so that the student will feel at ease when consulting a physician in future years. Advice on when a doctor is needed, and when not, will be given to avoid undue medical bills in future life and to prevent procrastination when immediate medical care is indicated."

And as Dr. Drone Bugger says, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, quite like socialized medicine!"

?? LIGHTER ??

? CONFIDENTIAL ?



Yes, Doctor — case number 696969 is among those in the "cold file."

Lighter Lit



THE RIDDLE OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM

By Jan Brass

Why are you not a Roman Catholic? The only time that Protestants ever allow this question to enter their minds is on Reformation Day, and then this question passes quickly, usually unanswered. Indeed, to really fully answer such a question would involve a monumental study and would require the length of a book in which to expound.

Dr. Jaroslav Pelikan, a Protestant student of Roman Catholicism and professor of historical theology of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, has undertaken this perplexing task. **The Riddle of Roman Catholicism**, as his book is entitled, is indeed complex and the theme baffles most non-Roman Christians. This book presents a sophisticated practical and theological discussion of the differences and similarities between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, with special emphasis on a clear and insightful rendering of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice. It would be well to point out here some of Dr. Pelikan's significant conclusions and reserve actual critical analysis to a theologian.

The Roman Catholic Church has always been concerned with two themes in its development: identity and universality. It has tried to achieve these two seemingly opposite attributes simultaneously. Using this as a basic theme for his discussion, Dr. Pelikan examines, in turn, the history of the evolution of the Roman Catholic Church, the idea of church organization, the doctrines of church and state, the seven sacraments, Mariology, Thomism, and the Roman Catholic view of culture.

Perhaps the most significant section for Valpo students, Professors, and Lutherans in general is the



The Reverend Doctor
Jaroslav Jan Pelikan

concluding Part III, in which Dr. Pelikan considers the problem of a divided Christendom and discusses some areas of conversation and common interest in which we may be able to realize fully the universal Church of Christ on earth. Here one finds a discussion of the bases for unity among Roman Catholics and Protestants, and the methods by which both sides can approach such unity with the least measure of sacrifice from each. But since the Roman Catholic and Protestant's are separate and likely to remain so for some time, Dr. Pelikan also cites their mutual responsibilities toward each other. Neither group can afford to overlook the other, as the last chapter, "The Challenge of Roman Catholicism," points out. There are several questions coming from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, which constitute its continuing challenge to Protestant Christianity. Dr. Pelikan suggests that Protestantism examine its Christianity in the light of such questions. He starts these answers, but it is up to all Protestants to finish them.

And where did all of these differences have their origin? Bishop Lilje, as quoted by Dr. Pelikan, admonishes, "each generation of Protestants must re-think the decision of the sixteenth century." This does not mean unconstitutional surrender, but rather points toward the formulation of a policy for reunion.

Are Protestants able to understand the riddle and meet the challenge of Roman Catholicism? The final ground for unity in the church is not what men have done or can do for themselves, but what God has done for them. The Christian ecumenical movement rests on this one question alone: "What think ye of Christ?"

SICK, SICK JOKES FOR OUR SICK, SICK READERS

"Broke my kid of biting his nails."
 "Really? How?"
 "Knocked his teeth out!"

* * *

"But mother, none of the other fellas have to wear high-heeled shoes."
 "Shut-up, for heaven's sake, we're almost at the Draft Board now!"

* * *

"Say! I heard you got into a helluva fight last night, Orville."
 "Yeah. Somebody said I was queer, so I hit him over the head with my purse."

* * *

The latest in drinks: Vodka and milk of magnesia. It's called a Phillip's Screwdriver.

* * *

The Lone Ranger and Tonto found themselves surrounded by 500 screaming Indians ready to attack. "Tonto," the masked man said, "looks like we're in for trouble!" His companion turned to him and said, "What do you mean we, pale-face?"

* * *

"Waiter, there is a fly in my soup."
 "That's very possible; the chef used to be a tailor."

YOOMER?

Professor: "What would you administer to a person who had just taken a large dose of hydro-cyanic acid?"
 Pre-theologue: "The sacrament."

* * *

Overheard at the Old Style: "I had an operation and the doc left a sponge in me."
 "Got any pain?"
 "No, but, boy, do I get thirsty!"

* * *

"I don't care what you're inventing, Mr. Whitney, keep your cotton-pickin' hands off my gin."

* * *

The poor benighted Hindoo,
 He does the best he kindoo;
 He sticks to caste
 From first to last;
 For pants he makes his skindoo.

* * *

It seems that the last three presidential elections have proved these political facts: Roosevelt proved that you can be elected president forever. Truman proved anybody can be elected president. Eisenhower proved that you don't even need a president.

There was a faith-healer of Deal
 Who said, "Although pain isn't real,
 If I sit on a pin
 And it punctures my skin,
 I dislike what I fancy I feel."

* * *

A daring young salesman of Leeds
 Rashly swallowed six packets of seeds.
 In a month, silly ass,
 He was covered with grass
 And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.

* * *

There once was an old man of Lyme
 Who married three wives at a time;
 When asked, "Why a third?"
 He replied, "One's absurd!
 And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

* * *

A maiden who walked on the Corso
 Displayed overmuch of her torso.
 A crowd soon collected
 But no one objected,
 And some were in favor of more so.

* * *

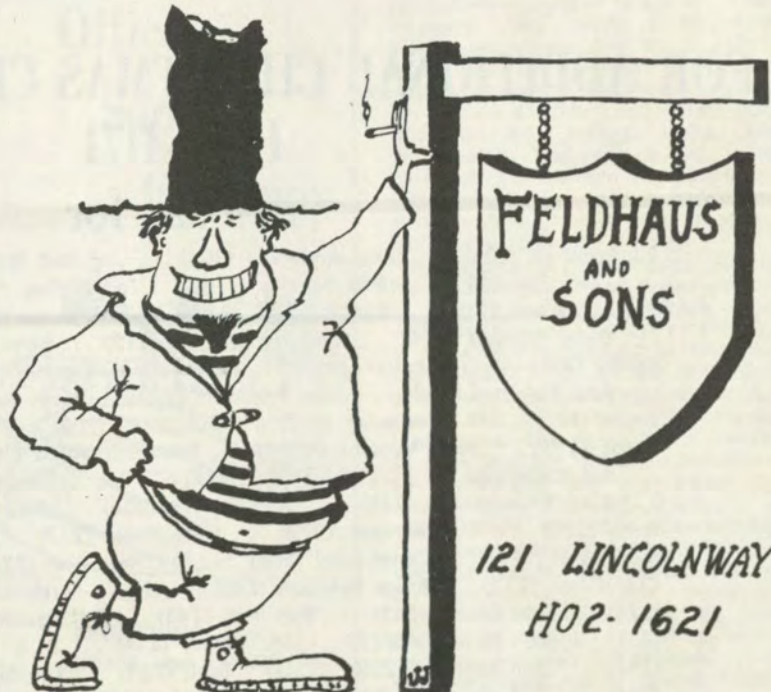
There was an old cynic, Diogenes,
 Familiar with all the ontogenies:
 With a hatred inhuman
 He avoided the women —
 So he left us none of his progenies!

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... Steve Chippas (216) ... Merlyn Copeland (212) ... John Crawford (224) ... Denny
Culley (219) ... Dick Eggers (236) ... Harold Eschenbrenner (214) ... John Fischer (216)
... Karl Fjeldstad (237) ... John Friedman (233) ... Sam Gercken (231) ... Ron Gran-
strom (232) ... Al Graupner (207) ... Bill Gruhl (203) ... Dick Heinkel (227) ... Ed
Heide (210) ... John Henschen (239) ... Dave Hershfield (204) ... Dale Johnson (205)
... Bob Kellerman (217) ... Bart Koch (228) ... Rod Kramer (229) ... Al Kremske (207)
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(224) ... Dick Traugott (223) ... Fred Winter (242) ... Ken Worley (220) ... Howie
Young (232) ... and Mike Rodman (217).

(Continued from page 11)

both a moderate Corporation Profits Tax and a graduated income tax as permanent sources of new revenue. He had asked for this before, but this time he had the backing of many House Republicans and the Blue-Ribbon Citizens Tax Study Group headed by ranking House Republican Rep. Rollo Conlin. The House passed a bill incorporating William's recommendations with only minor alterations. The Senate killed the bill and offered in its place an increase in the state sales tax in the form of a 1% use tax. Williams and House Democrats balked at any reliance on sales taxes for new revenue insisting that the sales tax is a basically unstable source of revenue.

After months of attempted compromise, House and Senate Republicans proposed their use tax again in addition to a one mill increase in the Business Activities Tax. This would provide \$128,000,000 in revenue — 7½ million from business and most of the rest from the increased sales tax. The Senate Republicans agreed that if the governor would sign the bill, they would release the 50 million dollar trust fund to end the immediate crisis. Williams conceded defeat. However, the attorney general announced after the passage of the compromise plan that he would contest the constitutionality of the use tax to the state supreme court. The Michigan constitution limits sales tax revenue to 3%. He maintained that the use tax was a sales tax in disguise. Republicans then refused to release the trust fund until the court passed judgment on their use tax. The court declared it unconstitutional. Senate Republicans immediately moved to repeal the increased business tax that had passed with it. They failed in this. They naturally never released the trust fund.

The Senate adjourned in the middle of November without any new major taxes. The state is about where it was in January. The trust fund is there, but not available. There is no corporation tax, no income tax, no extension of the sales tax. All taxes passed were minor ones.

The Michigan situation has been distorted by outside newspapers and national magazines in several respects. Here are some quotations from several newspapers: **Hartford (Conn.) Courant** sermonized on the "radical spending" of the Williams' administration and expressed this concluding doubt that "even now, with the state treasury empty, he sees any error in his ways." **Chicago Tribune**: "Governor Soapy Williams' Michigan Welfare State is bankrupt, in fact, from overspending its revenue." **Kansas City Star**: "... so the bubble of the welfare state bursts, and as it does, we see a pointed lesson for the nation..." **Los Angeles Times**:

a substantial rise in population accounts for part of the 100% increase in state spending during Williams' regime... but the remainder is due to the highly advanced concept of paternalism in which the state has greatly increased its support of various welfare programs and taken over the responsibilities of local governments." **U.S. News and World Report**: "Over the past

decade — the years in which the Williams' administration has been in office — total state spending has gone from about 500 million dollars annually to more than one billion dollars."

These quotations prove but one thing. That is that Michigan and G. Mennen Williams have served as whipping boys for what is in reality a problem all over the country. This is not to excuse the political immaturity that has caused Michigan to make itself available to these half truths and false interpretations. Yet simple facts show these quotations to be extremely unfair.

According to the February 13, 1959 edition of **U.S. News and World Report**, state spending in ALL states is now more than five times what it was in 1946. By this standard, Williams could spend 2½ billions instead of one billion and still not exceed what is average in the nation in relation to 15 years ago. The magazine says, "Put your finger anywhere on a map of the United States and odds are you'll find a state in serious financial difficulty... The chances are about four to one you will point to a state in which people are about to be asked to pay higher taxes, perhaps sharply higher ones... State spending is soaring... Deficits in state budgets are common." According to this, the fault lies not in Williams' spending, but rather in the failure of the Michigan legislature to arrive at new taxation.

Michigan welfare cost per citizen for both institutional and non-institutional welfare is \$16.30. Now compare this with California's \$9.19 per citizen, or Ohio's \$17.71 per citizen, or Arkansas' \$19.17 per citizen, or maybe Oklahoma's \$47.73 per citizen welfare costs. And yet, Michigan is a welfare state! To be truthful, Michigan is not very proud of its welfare expenditures, not because they're too high, but because they are not high enough. Nationally, it ranks 34th.

Michigan's tax load per citizen for all state and local levies stands at \$181.13. Again compare this with California's average of \$237.87, or New York's \$229.31, or Wisconsin's \$184.47. Surely the Williams administration has overspent its income. But it has had to do this to meet even the most basic needs such as keeping the state universities operating, and supporting its mental hospitals and prisons.

New York and Ohio have solved their tax crisis mainly by adopting their governors' recommendations for appropriating new revenue. When the Michigan legislature gets around to taking its public obligations seriously, Michigan, too, will get back on a sound fiscal basis. Until then, the California, Kansas, and New England newspapers will continue to hang Mennen Williams in editorial effigy.

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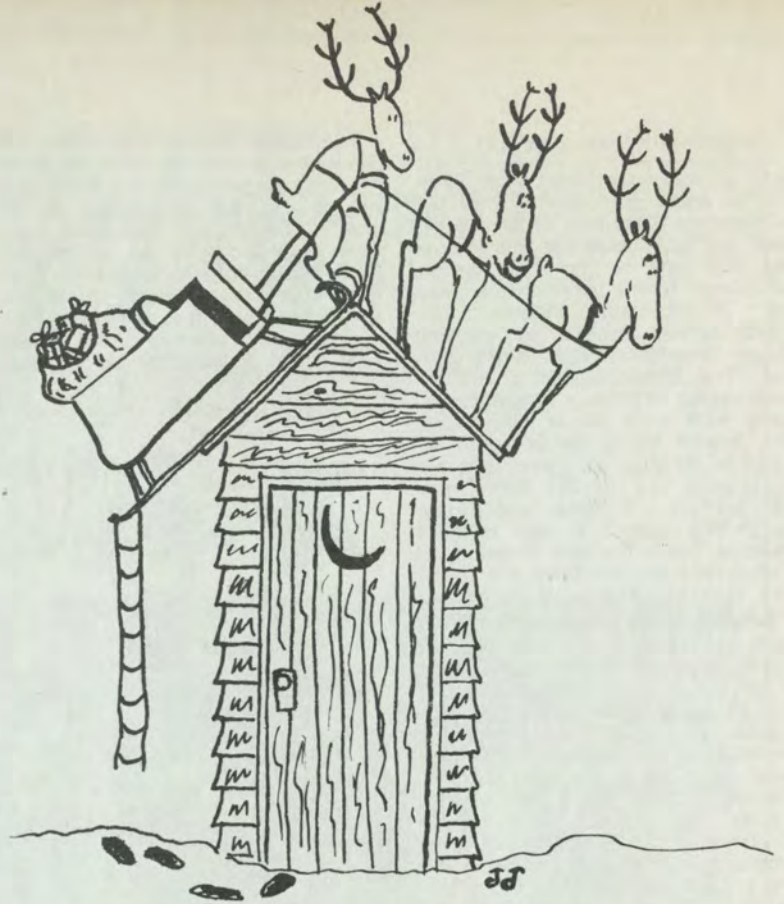
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"EVERYTHING
IN MUSIC"



(Continued from page 13)

Again and again ad men indicate how easily Americans are aroused to lust or moved by formerly nonerotic consumer products. A news ad portrays a middle-aged couple snuggling happily while the woman confesses from an overflowing heart, "He made me feel like a bride again." The middle-aged gentleman proudly holds up a bottle of vitamins exclaiming, "I have taken 'Vita-Peps' for seven days, and I feel like a boy of twenty!" This statement would indicate that the effect of vitamins is plainly amorous!

A well-known cigarette commercial on television depicts the rugged sporting type lighting a cigarette for a lovely young thing. The caption beneath the scene is "The cigarette designed for men that women like." "Smoke 'Barl-moros.'" Even more noteworthy are the beverage advertisements. Many liquids, which were previously thirst quenchers or refreshing pauses and nothing more, have recently picked up romantic overtones. Beer was once a hearty, indelicate refreshment for the hard-working male species. Today beer is not only suitable for feminine lips, but it has acquired an aura of enchantment and romance. A series of beer ads shows attractive young couples parked in convertibles by a lakeside at twilight or on a snow-capped mountain top. Clearly drawn to each other, the couples are always drinking "Splitz" beer out of one glass. "Know the real joy of good living" is the caption below this charming

picture. One cannot be certain whether romance inspired the desire for beer or beer a desire for romance!

It is no secret to the American public that common characteristics such as dull hair, slightly yellow teeth, plumpness, unexpressive eyes, and dry skin are incompatible with affection and sex; and in no instance can a person with any one of these defects find happiness in life. Luckily there is available today an unending assortment of oils, lotions, pills, paddings, cleansers, and paints which will dispose of such faults and open the gates of love for the user. The American woman per se has no alluring fragrance to captivate the male according to the ad men. But with one tiny drop of "Prince Muchabelly" perfume, the ugliest woman becomes a bewitching beauty with men falling at her feet as willing slaves. It might be noted that some thirty thousand women were burned alive during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for being bewitching!

What is to come of all these frivolous and irreverent remarks alluding to love in advertising? One certainly cannot deny the trend toward a general devaluation of love in the near future. Whatever the ultimate meaning of all these things one must be aware that the ad men certainly see a number of truths about American love that have never been reported in our scientific literature! I leave the matter to cultural historians of the future to ponder upon and to explain in their scholarly theses.

**SHOP
PENNEY'S**

CLOTHING
FOR THE
FAMILY

19 Lincolnway
HO 2-1173

PENNEY'S
WAYS FIRST QUALITY

(Continued from page 8)

"Sweet Bird"

Saturday morning came too early and we rode down the elevator with itching teeth. The conference luncheon featured John Scott, an associate from TIME magazine and shrewd observer of the Soviet Empire. From there we hailed a cab to the Martin Beck Theatre to catch Tennessee Williams' current smash, SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH. Paul Newman and Geraldine Page were brilliant in a play which we still have reservations about.

By seven that evening we had checked out, said good-byes to our weekend friends from campuses across the nation, and hit the road in our rented Chevy. The upshot of the whole wild weekend was a fresh understanding of the song — "New York, New York, It's A Wonderful Town!"

Conclusions

The conclusions we drew concerning the convention were these: the best way to improve campus publications were (1) a journalism department and journalism majors. So many of the editors we met were anticipating full-time careers in journalism, and surprisingly few were in non-related fields and in the game only for the extra-curricular kicks. Their attitude was very professional, and they were out to do-or-die for their particular publication. Another way (2) to improve publications was a financial system for the editors and his associates. Editing takes time, and time means suffering marks and missing the chance of earning money elsewhere. Most schools have a salary plan for their editor, and for many people in the staff. In some schools no bigger than Valpo even the reporters were salaried.

Other more general aids, such as a continuity of leadership from year to year, a campus print shop, college wire services, and others were brought up. In any event, there were many, many hints dropped leading to a more efficient running of the campus publication. Since Valpo does not have a full-fledged journalism department, there can be no doubt of the worth of this annual conference — and we cannot afford not to send our publications people to it every year.

"I had the toughest time of my life. First, I got an^oina pectoris and then arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering from these, I got tuberculosis, double pneumonia and phthisis. Then they gave me hyperdermics. Appendicitis was followed by tonsillectomy. These gave way to aphasia and hypertrophic cirrhosis. I completely lost my memory for a while. I know I had diabetes and acute indigestion, besides rheumatism, lumbago, and neuritis. I don't know how I pulled through it. It was the hardest spelling test I've ever had."

RESEARCH



National Foundation research is working to prevent the tragedy of crippling diseases

birth defects
arthritis
polio

JOIN THE **NEW**
MARCH OF DIMES

NIF
THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION

"ONE INCH" SHELF

CHRISTMAS

RECORD

REVIEW?

It seems that the Christmas season never comes and goes without new carols being written or the old carols being worked over by new vocalists. THE LIGHTER has surveyed the recorded music offerings for this Christmas season and has selected the ten top tunes on the market as of this writing. If you should happen not to hear any of these on your favorite disc jockey show in your area, we know you'll be more certain of having a Merry Christmas.

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

— sung by Orval Faubus

WHEE! THREE KINGS

— Fats Farouk on his Exile-o-phone

OH, COME ALL YE FAITHFUL
— Pope John XXIII and his Ecumenical Five

I WONDER AS I WANDER
— Matry Luther on the plucked dulcimer

BEHOLD A BRANCH IS GROWING
— sung by Joyce Kilmer (arranged by Luther Burbank)

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN
— The Hilltoppers

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL!!
— David Ben Gurion

DECK THE HALLS WITH MOTZA BALLS
— cantored by Rabbi Finklestein

O TANNENBAUM!
— Elsa Dronburger and her Stormtroopers

FROM HEAVEN ABOVE TO EARTH I COME
— a duet in plainsong by Jim Mowat and Morey Fisher

A new member of the Junior Honor Guard was serving for the first time as usher at a large and fashionable church, the Chapel, and his self-consciousness gave him a bad case of jitters. As a result of his nervousness some mistakes were made. Among others, a pretty young coed marched down the aisle and seated herself in a row which Prof. Wehling had reserved for the Faculty Senate. The perspiring young usher tiptoed up to her and blurted out hoarsely, "Mardom me, padam, you are occupewing the wrong pie. May I sew you to another sheet?"

Student Rating Sheet

Check appropriate category

1. Classroom behavior:

Rigor mortis . . . Siesta Sue . . . My watch must not be running . . . I must get every word . . . Bubble-gum boys . . . She's learned semaphore . . . Bees in their britches . . .

2. Assignments fulfilled:

Was that due *today*? . . . Field trip all day yesterday . . . Greek test today . . . I lost my book . . . The cat had kittens . . . I spent three hours on this, no foolin' . . .

3. Appearance:

The tie that hangs at home . . . Sweatshirts set . . . Couldn't get down to the Laundromat . . . Levi Louis . . . Windblown . . . Clothes horse . . . I can hardly breathe in this thing . . .

4. Punctuality:

Still there from the day before . . . Did the bell ring already? . . . Post-devotionalites . . . Express train entrance . . .

5. Reception line handshake:

Have a dead codfish, won't you? . . . Two-fingers Tillie . . . Glad to see you ole pal, ole pal . . . Pump handle . . . Didn't need those knuckles anyway . . . Publeeze! This is neither the time nor the place . . .

6. Social outlook:

Recluse . . . "I only want a buddy, not a sweetheart" . . . Post-office pilgrims . . . Like pages in a book . . . Junior Jitters . . . Senior Panic . . . "Walter, lead me to the altar!" . . .

7. Scholastic achievement

Honor roll . . . I've always gotten A's and B's before . . . I only have to get a C, you know . . . I keep a file on blue slips . . . Aw, what are grade points anyway? . . .

8. Can be impressed by:

Jokes . . . No assignments . . . Giving "A's" . . . Not taking roll . . . No pre-vacation class . . . Always arriving ten minutes late . . .

9. Equipment:

None mental . . . Could you lend me a sheet of paper, pal? . . . Pencil behind ear . . . Needles and yarn . . . Briefcase boys . . . Portable library . . .

10. Attention given in class:

Who's that walking her to the Stupe? . . . Got to get this sock finished . . . Haven't written mother in three weeks . . . Test next period . . . Up all night . . .

11. Perceptive ability:

Nobody home upstairs . . . Uh daw, would you repeat that, please? . . . I could have answered the *last* question . . . The osmotic element precipitated indirectly by . . .

12. Corridor conduct:

Traffic hazards . . . Just holding up the wall . . . Welcoming committee . . . Whistler's mother's sons . . . Romeos and Juliets . . .

13. Cultural outlook:

Do we *have* to study this? . . . Two books in this course? . . . My big brother said it was a snap . . . What do you mean "La Traviata?" . . . Let's have class on the lawn . . .

14. Audibility:

Laryngitis . . . Are you chewing gum or asking a question? . . . Whispering hope . . . Don't you shout at me . . . I didn't think there were any foghorns that close . . .

15. Class attitude:

You're my favorite prof . . . As good a place as any to finish a bag lunch . . . Only course I could take . . . Just call on me, I dare you . . . Laugh? I'd die first . . . Just waiting till it stops raining . . .

16. Extracurricular activities:

Why let your studies interfere with your social life? . . . But we have to support the team . . . Classes aren't everything—we need leadership development . . .

THE "FIFTEEN THESES"

— or —

'Who's Got the Church Key?'



By Iris Limberg

In the desire and with the purpose of elucidating the truth, a declaration will be written on the College of the Keg, under the Presidency of the Reverend Father Mammon Liquor, Monk of the Fraternal Order, Master of Intake and Consumption, in the name of Vice Uninhibited, in Fifteen Theses which will be glued to the Chapel door.

1. The life and loves of Mammon Liquor shall be studied and adopted by everyone at the College of the Keg.
2. Therefore, it is intended that the whole life of the revelers shall be impious.
3. Hence the goal of the College of the Keg shall be the development of a well-rounded connoisseur in the various fields of liquor.
4. Therefore, the study of Consumption shall be compulsory for the lower Fifth acquirement.
5. The Consumption is very conducive to thinking.
6. Therefore, there shall be much activity in this College.
7. Therefore, there shall be much potation every weekend at the "sanctum sanctorum" of each Fraternal Order.
8. Therefore, the Formal Celebration in Honor of Bacchus shall be held across state lines in order not to interfere with said Consumption.
9. In addition, there shall be an annual rousing reunion at the Autumnal Equinox for all the distinguished alumni of the Fraternal Order for Rapid Degeneration.
10. The "alcoademic" aspect of this College shall not be neglected.
11. Therefore, everyone shall major in wines, mixed drinks, or beer (foreign and domestic).
12. Therefore, no one shall graduate unless he has earned enough credits in the courses of Libation.
13. In addition, there shall be two honorary societies: The Society of the Mug and the Snifter and the Wobbly Winebibbers' Association.
14. Wherefore, the sober, solemn, and suspicious degrees conferred by the College of the Keg shall be "Distinguished Dipsomaniac" and "Illustrious Inebriate."
15. And thus this shall be a fascinating College.

MERRY XMAS,
TBM !!



ISNT FATE
WONDERFUL,
LOVER!!





The end of the line . . . have your change ready . . . **LOTS OF CHANGE!**

By Jan Brass

Ranivalpoe Institute
December 16, 1959

Dear Mama,

Well, how are all the folks back home? I think that I'm finally a part of this institution, but I find that my troubles here have already assumed tremendous (this is the new word of the week in Freshman Comp) proportions and I guess they will probably continue. Anyhow, I live in one of these residence halls with 299 other women and **WE HAVE TO SHARE ONE TELEPHONE!** And that's not all, for the city put in a new telephone system and I can't call my boyfriend from the dorm without spending a dime!

The big shock of my life came when I went to eat at the Ranivue Cafe in the Student Union and found signs all over reading: **TWO TEASPOONS OF SALAD DRESSING ONLY ON EACH SALAD! THIS MEANS YOU!** or **NO CHECKS CASHED DURING BANKING HOURS** or **PLEASE RETURN ALL DISHES AND TRAYS FROM THE BOWLING ALLEY, POOL HALL, AND COFFEE TABLE** or **WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR LEAVING COFFEE GROUNDS IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP — WE USE IT FOR SWEEPING COMPOUND** or **WE AGE OUR COFFEE DISCRIMI-**

NATELY or **5c DIP OF ICE CREAM ONLY 10c**, and I don't know what all. I also found that everything is breaded so anyone who doesn't like breaded meat is out of luck. And you know, this is the only eating place owned by the institute and the lines are so long. Please send my parka, for the line winds around outside the building and winter is coming fast. It's amazing what trouble we have to go through to get something to eat around here.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about all the excitement and frustration at registration. That system certainly needs some improvement. I swear, sometimes people become downright bestial. Early in the morning of that awful day, all of the students crowded in front of the registration hall and when the doors were opened, the rush was so forceful that some of my girl friends almost got trampled. The papers carried the headlines the next day: **STUDENTS NEARLY TRAMPLED IN LOCAL INSTITUTE RUSH!** (they got the facts a little twisted but the idea was there). Anyway, the registration hall floor was covered with beautiful wall-to-wall canvas — I have never seen such unique floor covering! The din was terrible — professors were the main cause of most of the noise, for they barked at long lines of timid students

“A Letter to Mama”

cowering rabbit-like in front of their oppressors. Other professors strutted about like the cocks in our chicken yard — **MY WAS I IMPRESSED!** We had to fill out a ticket to see each person at each table and the lines were as long as the one I remember standing in when I bought our World Series tickets last year. When I finally did get to the front of the line, I was told that my ticket was invalid and that I would have to find an empty seat in another section. Oh, me! Since I brought my little Corvair bomb with me, I had to have a sticker-sign on it, someone said. So I had to fill out a large ticket and present it to a lady who demanded \$5 before she would give me my sticker-sign, and there wasn't even any free installation! What a gyp! I guess that this thing gets me a parking place on campus, but I walk anyway because there isn't any place to park.

Mamma, please send me some paper and pencils and other writing supplies quick! I just can't afford to buy them at the bookstore. I sometimes wonder why I'm going to college when I can go into that business and make a sizeable little profit for myself by getting a monopoly at some small college somewhere.

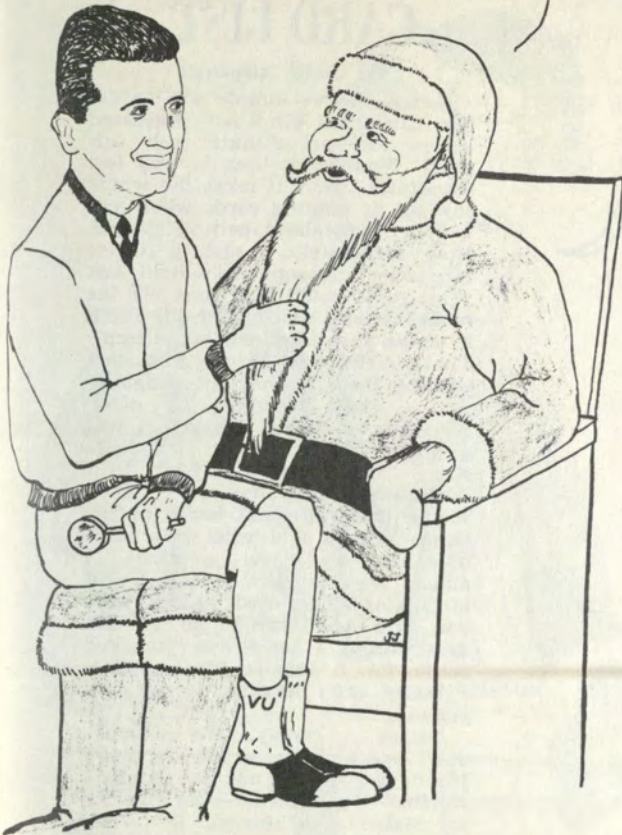
On our first day of winter last week, our heat went off. I had heard that the service of maintenance was available, so I called them and learned that I had to fill out two requisitions in triplicate as president of the dorm and get them signed by three different people. The heat went off on Saturday afternoon, and we didn't have any heat until Monday morning. Will you renew my prescription for cold capsules, because I caught a cold from last weekend. Oh, another thing, our corridor toaster has been in the maintenance repair shop for nine weeks and still isn't fixed.

Well, I found out who my advisor is. It's Herr Doktor Friedricht. He's such a busy man and belongs to so many committees, that trying to see him is worse than trying to get an audience with the Pope. I still don't really know what I'm doing.

Other than these few little minor things, I'm having a ball in the institute. I think it's the greatest if I could only get used to the conditions.

Your loving but
bewildered daughter,
Quasi Modo

"AND WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS, LITTLE BOY?"



BESIDE A 7 FOOT CENTER

BYRON



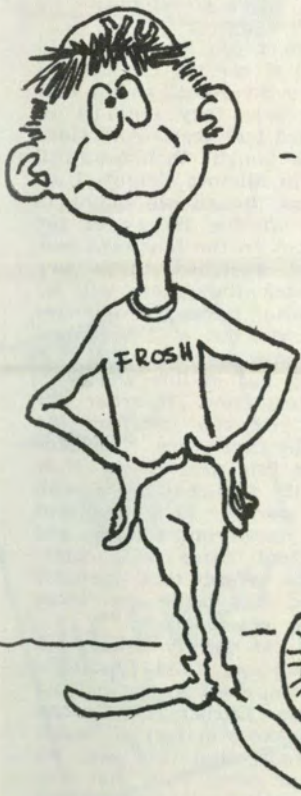
on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

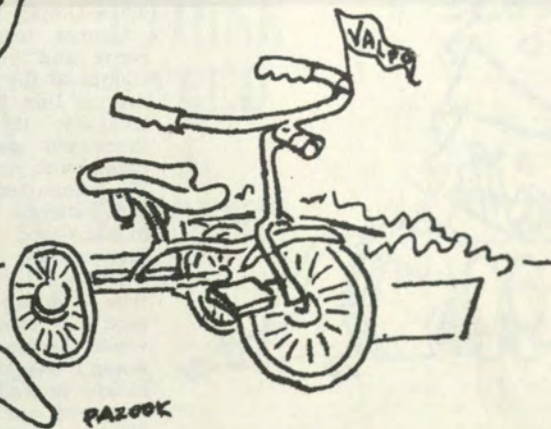
From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢



- WEHRENBERG BOYS
GET PRACTICAL TOYS-
FOR-XMAS



LIGHTER Contributors

PAST
PRESENT
AND THINKING
ABOUT IT!

Deadline for Consideration of
Material for the Spring Issue is
February 15. To our Winter
Issue Contributors —
MERRY CHRISTMAS
BOTH OF YOU!

CHRISTMAS CARD LIST

By Judy Alspaugh

George, we've simply got to get our Christmas card list organized before the last minute rush this year. You know how it was last Christmas. Why it takes the whole joy out of sending cards when you wait so long about getting started. Now, fortunately, I kept a list of everyone who sent us a card last year; so if you'll just read off the names on our mailing list, I'll check to make sure they sent us a card. That's right dear — you just start reading there at the top. Abbatie-los . . . okay, Abernathy . . . okay, Akenside . . . okay, Allens . . . just a minute dear, I can't find their name. You can scratch them dear. Andersons . . . okay. Isn't it a shame that you don't know in advance who is and who isn't planning to send you a card. I almost wish there were some kind of a Christmas card union. Are you sure Allens aren't on the list dear? And I have them marked down for a four-cent stamp too. I really can't imagine what happened.

Aurins . . . okay. We certainly don't know many A's do we dear? Maybe we should add the Amberworths. I'm almost sure they're on Mabel and Harry's list. No, George. Don't even let me start this business of adding names. We've simply got to cut down somewhere. Let's go on dear . . . Barnes . . . okay . . .

George, don't you think it would be all right if we put the Livingstons on the three-cent stamp list? I'm almost sure they sent us an unsealed card last year. And since the Wendes bought that beautiful new home in Mimosa Heights I almost feel as though we ought to take them off the three-cent list and put them on the four-cent one. If we just switched those two names I think the others will be okay. I also have the Wendes marked down for a fifteen-cent card. The ones they sent last year were simply out of this world.

George, tomorrow I'll order our cards and you can pick up the stamps at the post office. No standing in line this year dear. Now let's see: 197 five-cent cards with three-cent stamps, 73 fifteen-cent cards with three-cent stamps, and 35 fifteen-cent cards with four-cent stamps. And that includes a nine-card allowance for those last minute emergencies.

George, I can hardly believe it's true, I mean our final Christmas card list completely organized six weeks before Christmas. George, doesn't it make you feel all warm inside to know that this year we can send our cards with that true Christmas spirit? George, where are you going . . .



THE ELEGANT ELEPHANT

Once in the land of Terrafirm
I viewed a drinking pachyderm
It was a very curious sight
For he was very elephantight.

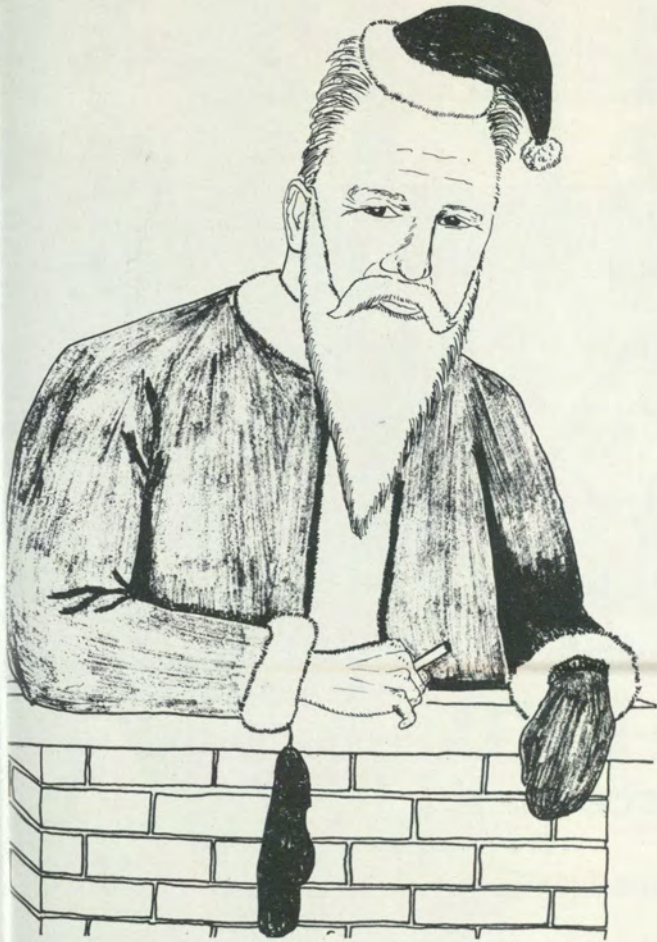
Suddenly he began to pirouette --
A ballet dancing elephant yet.
What we call the D. T.'s
Were his elephantiasis.

But then he paled and ran away
As if he had seen the ghost of Judgment Day.
And now you can see him by the sea
Gingerly sipping elephantea.

--- JEFF MALAK



"SEE! HE WAS REAL."



**VICE BOY asks this
Question...**

**Do You Think You're
Santa Claus?**

"Why No! I Think I'm A
University President!"

"I Think for Myself!"



**"I THINK
I NEED
A
MATCH!"**



THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE—BUT L&M DID IT!

They said it couldn't
be done...
They said nobody
could do it...
but —

L&M is
LOW
in tar

with
MORE
taste to it!



Don't settle for one without the other!

©1959 LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY

"THEY SAID you couldn't have a cigarette with both low tar and more taste, too. But L&M did it," says TV's Jack Lescoulie.

LOW TAR: L&M's patented filtering process adds extra filter fibers electrostatically, crosswise to the stream of smoke . . . makes L&M truly low in tar.

MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow-burning tobaccos brings you more exciting flavor than any other cigarette!

LIVE MODERN—CHANGE TO MODERN L&M

Magnified diagram shows extra filter fibers added crosswise to the stream of smoke in L&M's patented Miracle Tip.

