

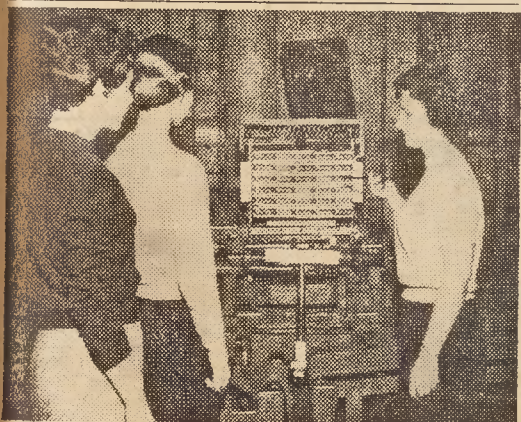
Cigarette Typifies American Progress



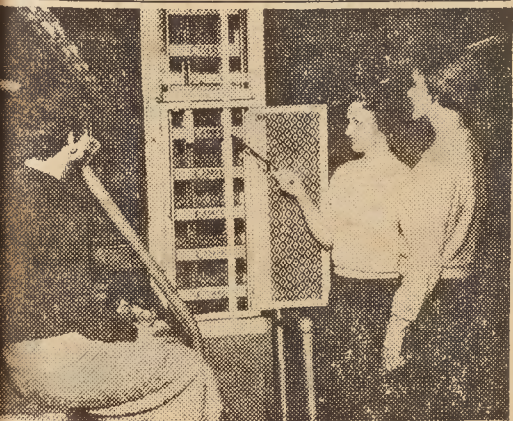
Two visitors from Salem College—Carol Cooke and Marcia Stanley—are greeted by the plant receptionist of Reynolds Tobacco Company, on their arrival for a personalized tour of Reynolds.



The two visitors, and their guide for the occasion (guide at right) pause to watch an inspector at one of the hundreds of cigarette making machines that enter into the daily production at Reynolds. All the guides are experienced in manufacturing and know how to explain in easily understood terms the production activities.



Each of the many cigarette departments at Reynolds contains multiple rows of machines for the making and packaging of cigarettes. The conveyor systems include a private "elevator" for each new carton of cigarettes. Here you see the guide giving the two visitors she is showing around an inside view of one such set of "elevators".



Cartons are encased and ready for shipment the very day cigarettes in them are made. The two visitors look into a case packing machine that has mechanically counted and grouped the necessary number of cartons to fill a case. As the guide is explaining, the machine's operator will next slip an empty case over the opening and the machine will pack and deposit it on the conveyor belt at right.

Winston-Salem is a good town for sightseers and tourists. They can see Old Salem and Salem College—(founded in 1772). Then they can ride through the spacious campus of Wake Forest (brand new).

But in between these two dates—1772 and 1956—is an event of world renown, the founding of Reynolds Tobacco Company—1875.

When you leave North Carolina and even go as far as Yankeeland, people don't always say "Winston-Salem — well, you must know Bill Barnes, All-American," and most of them have never heard of Salem College. But, inevitably, someone will hold up a pack of Winstons, Salems, Cavaliers, or Camels. You find that everyone has heard of Winston-Salem.

You like to think of Reynolds Tobacco Company as an institution, for it has meant as much to the town or the city of Winston-Salem, almost since its founding. With 12,000 employees, 80,000 stockholders, and 40,000 visitors a year, its scope would surprise even the farseeing young man whose initiative, so many years ago, gave it its start.

If you live in Winston-Salem, even if you live there nine months out of the year, you feel that you are lucky to be able to get the "inside dope" on why Reynolds is one of the most successful business enterprises in the United States and the world. And you feel that it will give you a certain insight into the American System, and why it works so well.

The Company cannot help but be proud of itself. So it gives you a guided tour to let you see for yourself what Progress — in the name of machines — has done. You see a machine that produces over one thousand perfectly formed cigarettes per minute. You see bobbins of cigarette paper.

Along the course of the tour, you see how the blended shreds of tobacco are supplied repeatedly to each machine. You are told that this tobacco comes not only from the United States, but from the Near East. You hadn't realized before that tobacco goes through a "Properly Aged" and an "Expertly Blended" stage.

You see the machines for Winstons and Salems—the filter-tip cigarettes. As fast as the machine severs the cigarettes it feeds them into the assembly unit in pairs — with the brand-name ends facing each other.

The assembly unit fits a double-length filter precisely between the facing ends of the pair . . . wraps tipping material around those ends and the double-length filter . . . slices through the middle of that combination—thus completing two filter-tip cigarettes at a clip.

You see many processes going on. The cigarette is alone. Then it goes into company with nineteen more, and finally it ends up in a carton among other cartons in a cardboard box ready for shipping.

Next time you light a cigarette you look at it with wonder.

A man is fascinated with the machine work of Reynolds. But a woman always notices other things. She sees the soft green colors throughout the plant. She observes the clean floors. She smiles back at the workers who seem proud of their plant and the work they are doing.

And she sees a picture of a family—a man, a woman and a little girl—lying in a little shelf on a worker's machine.

You notice throughout the plant the motto — "We Believe in Ourselves And in Our Fellow Workers—We Believe in Our Company and its Products—Their Good Name is Our Good Name". You know this is true.

You decide that in this case Progress is good. You're proud to be an American.

—Marcia Stanley

Auction Pays

The Y. W. C. A. auction held in chapel on Tuesday, March 19, resulted in the sale of some twenty-six items for a total of \$346.50. This figure is only slightly less than the total of previous years.

Master of Ceremonies and auctioneer a la mode Don Britt succeeded in boosting the price of Mr. Wendt's cake to \$13.00, of Dr. and Mrs. Gramley's three tables of

bridge to \$41.50, and of his own famous "dinner for eight girls with dates supplied" to \$45.00.

There were some real bargains at the auction, among them the weiner roast for ten people offered by Sisters' dormitory, which went for only \$8.00, and the trip to Farmer's Dairy Bar for eight girls offered by South Dormitory, which went for only \$6.00.

The proceeds from the auction will be sent to the World University Service to aid in bringing foreign students to the Salem campus.

Rude Awakening

By Frank Kinney

The cost of neglect is despair—dark, lonely, forlorn despair. Women who neglect to protect and care for their beauty, who give no thought to their appeal; women who forget that their claims to happiness are their good looks are due for a rude awakening.

The quest for security is a never ending one. You can not for one day forget that men see only the face you present to them, that they judge you by the way you look. Look well and you are received well—look poorly and your reception will be poor.

Make the hours your man spends with you be hours that he treasures in his heart because you are the beauty in his life. Allow the full bloom of your lovely features to show by framing them with a flattering hairdesign, carved, fashioned and waved at The Hairdesigners Beauty Salon, 416 N. Spruce St.

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