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Winter - 47

 **Lantern** 

Experience
is the best
teacher!



HOCKEY STAR

CAL GARDNER
says—

EXPERIENCE? *New York Ranger Cal Gardner has 15 years of hockey behind him, including two years with the junior champions of the world and "a most valuable player award."*

I'VE SMOKED MANY
DIFFERENT BRANDS...
AND COMPARED. **CAMELS**
ARE THE **CHOICE**
OF **EXPERIENCE**
WITH ME!

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
N. C.



Let your "T-Zone" tell you why...
**More people are smoking
CAMELS than ever before!**



Your "T-Zone"
Taste...Throat

...that's your final proving
ground for any
cigarette.
Try Camels.
See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone"
to a "T."

● You'll read about it . . . hear about it . . . you'll see it for yourself—in sports, in business, in homes all over America, smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands during the wartime cigarette shortage has found Camels the "choice of experience"!

Why? Hockey Star Cal Gardner says, "Of all the brands I tried, Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

And that's where *you'll* find the answer—in *your* "T-Zone." Try Camels and let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

THE LANTERN

Winter, 1947

Vol. XVI, No. 2

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*I spoke a word
And no one heard;
I wrote a word,
And no one cared
Or seemed to heed;
But after half a score of years
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.
Preachers and teachers all are we,*

*Sowers of seed unconsciously.
Our hearers are beyond our ken,
Yet all we give may come again
With usury of joy or pain.
We never know
To what one little word may grow.
See to it, then, that all your seeds
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.*

JOHN OXENHAM

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A LITTLE LIGHT

It seems that anything goes in the Promotion Department.

Last year we had an opportunity to become a charter subscriber to a certain magazine. The opportunity came in the form of a letter to the effect that if we did not reply negatively in a specific number of days, we would be considered charter members. The letter was accompanied by the first edition of the magazine.

We looked the magazine over, filed it under "Requests for Charity," and didn't bother to answer.

We received four more free issues of the magazine before we got the first chummy little note.

The second note was not so little or so chummy.

The third note wanted to know where the deuce our subscription money was and did we know we were breaking our contract.

The fourth note was, in fact, a letter from a credit reporting association, threatening to place us on their black-list if we didn't pay up. (Our debt was \$4.50.) We filed that letter with all the rest, and held our temper.

Two months later we got a letter explaining that the magazine was not living up to the expectations of the owners, that various editorial changes were to be made, and that a number of the present editors were to be dismissed. But the interesting part of the letter was the very beginning. Here, as close to verbatim as we can remember, it is.

Dear Subscription-Canceler,

We have never blamed you for canceling your subscription to ".....", etc. We carefully filed that letter with all the rest—without answer.

* * * * *

We heard, at a recent PTA meeting, the finest explanation of that game of cards known as "Bridge" that we ever hope to run across.

"Bridge is a game where everyone tries to tell everyone else what cards he has in his hand; and just in case there is someone who has not caught on, one hand is exposed."

* * * * *

We saw a picture, in a recent newspaper, of a gentleman waving goodbye before embarking on a trip to South America. The gentleman wore a heavy tweed overcoat and a Homburg, sported a white mustache and goat-co ensemble, and carried the suggestion of a paunch. We were not, therefore, the least bit surprised to find that such a gentleman was employed by a near-by museum in the capacity of "Curator of Mollusks".

* * * * *

In a **veddy** prominent jewelry store in Philadelphia, the men who work in the diamond



department do not speak to the men who work in the silversmithing department.

* * * * *

Male supremacy may be waning in most parts of the United States, but we heard of a "pub" near Haverford College where it is absolutely gone. A sign in that section of the "pub" wherein the booths are located proclaims:

"Men permitted only when accompanied by a woman."

* * * * *

We saw a comment on communism the other day that we would like to have had every American woman share. On a crowded 7th Avenue subway in The City, a woman, holding a tiny infant, tried frantically to maintain her balance by clutching one of the straps above the seats. Meanwhile a man sat before her complacently reading "The Daily Worker."

* * * * *

On a bus not long ago we heard two women discussing the care and feeding of plants. The first one mentioned that she had read somewhere that plants growing indoors should be watered with the water at room temperature. This astounded the second, who explained, "Why, I always use cold water; it's so refreshing."

* * * * *

The reputation of one woman in particular, and all women in general, almost received a nasty smudge a short time ago.

Involved in a discussion concerning intuitions, one of our friends referred to the religious intuitions of the clergy. "Take, for instance," he said, "the case of the nun and her entrance into a monastery."

We had to leave soon afterward but we understand that someone did finally get that nun out of the monastery and back to the cloister.

* * * * *

The following poem, to be sung to the tune of "Manyana," appeared in a publication not long ago. We pass it on not only for its intrinsic worth but because it is the highest intellectual attainment of the particular magazine in which it appeared.

"The U. N. did a split for us,
We liked it mighty fine:
The British got their dander up
And darn near broke our spine.
We're going to throw a party for
John Bull, and spike his wine,
With hammers and with sickles,
For dear old Palestine."

Chorus

"Hagana, Hagana, Hagana, is good enough for me."



MINISTER TO HISTORY

Campus opinion about Dr. Maurice Whitman Armstrong was varied.

"He's swell!"

"He certainly knows how to make a course interesting."

"I like him, but his course scares me."

"I like his course, but he scares me. There's something about his eyes—they're so penetrating."

When this last comment was relayed to the owner, those hazel eyes gleamed from their deep setting with a gently sardonic humor. A humor which is, perhaps, one of Dr. Armstrong's most distinguishing traits. A humor which divides itself, roughly, into two types: those deliberate puns and witticisms which he admits to injecting into his lectures in an effort to keep apathetic students alert, and the genuine feeling for the incongruous which is an inordinate part of him. And it is a humor which no amount of world pessimism can dry up. It comes from a confidence, inspired by a profound knowledge of history, that "This, too, shall pass away". That quotation, in fact, seems generally to express Dr. Armstrong's faith, a faith built on the feeling that we are all under Divine Control and that everything will come out properly in the end. Empires may rise and fall, western civilization may perish by its own atomic hand, but somewhere there is, and will continue to be, a people

readying themselves, consciously or not, to assume the burden of carrying on. History has proved this in the past, he feels, and the historical cycle will be maintained.

This combination of history and religion may seem to be a difficult thing; yet Dr. Armstrong seems to have made the merger with little effort. When determining his future while still a student at Dalhousie University, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, he asked himself how he could best serve his fellow men and obtain for himself the largest measure of satisfaction. After some reflection, and with outside influence from the forty divinity students who were his dormitory mates, he decided to enter the ministry. Thus began a life as a saddlebag preacher which led him from the open frontier of Alberta through a depression stricken charge in a factory town to graduate work at Harvard—from which he garnered not only a rich storehouse of experience and memories, but also, and what is more important, a Mrs. Armstrong and a family.

At Harvard began his double life, one might say, as teacher-minister; and this arrangement proved most gratifying. In his classes Dr. Armstrong could and can bring the church to those who would not otherwise attend. In his classes he reaches those persons whom he might never reach from a pulpit. Yet he is never a preacher, but rather a seer.

When Ursinus College contacted him, Dr. Armstrong, attracted by the thought of a small school and small classes (he thought), accepted an appointment. And at Ursinus he has been able to continue in his two roles: one as professor of history at the College, and the other as supply minister for a Philadelphia congregation.

A great believer in a close student-teacher relationship, in a student being able to derive more from casual discourse than from rigid text-books, he has introduced several innovations into campus life. Early in the spring he takes his classes out under the shade trees and he himself remembers vividly that which was taught to him during rambling walks with his professors. "I hope," he says, "that my classes assimilate more knowledge outside. At least they get more fresh air that way."

The more fortunate students have experienced the even greater treat of attending classes at his home. With young Ainslee crawling about his feet, Dr. Armstrong proves himself able to win in competition with even the most enticing of diversions. And the fortunate seminar groups look forward to physical as well as mental stimulation, for Mrs. Armstrong is often on hand with banana splits or hot was-

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

TRAITOR'S SON

RAY HALLMAN

Just ten years ago in the little French farming village of Poix, located on the edge of the great Argonne forest a few miles from Chalon-sur-Marne, lived Marcel LePauvre with his father, mother, and brother and sister. Marcel, or Mark, as his father and most of the eighty-odd inhabitants of the village called him, was five years old and quite pleased with life as he knew it.



Lately, however, the attitude of the people of the village had changed; they had always been happy and carefree, now they were serious and fearful. Everywhere he went people seemed to be talking of war — talking as though war was a great tragedy or disaster. After all, war could not be so bad. Had he not spent two weeks in Paris with grand'pere and seen the huge monuments dedicated to the great soldier-heroes of France? And had not grand'pere told him some thrilling stories of the Great War? It was only logical that if war was so bad the people would want to forget it. No, it just did not make sense.

Nevertheless, Mark was happy here. It was true that there were few boys of his own age to play with, but then he did not have much time for play. He had made pets of all the livestock and enjoyed feeding them, collecting the eggs, and milking the cow. Then, too, each Sunday was a thrilling new experience when his father would take him for a long walk through the forest, showing him all sorts of wild-life and telling him many funny little stories. It just seemed to Mark as though there were too many days between Sundays.

Then it came. No one was surprised—no, not even Mark. After all, everyone had been talking of war with Germany for almost a year. Mark had heard the war fought a hundred times through someone else's mouth, and each time there had been a happy ending, so he was looking forward to it as a thrilling new experience.

Well, the Germans passed through quickly and the war was over as far as Mark was concerned. Nothing notable had happened and he and his family returned to the life they had known before the war, except that his father no longer took him on those long Sunday walks which had been so dear to him.

How far distant those days seemed now. The Germans had been in control of France for almost four years; and, although their little village was far too remote to be of military importance, the feeling of humiliation accorded by the defeat of France was high among

the villagers. Several of the men had been taken into Germany for slave labor, and each week the Germans made a collection of fresh farm products from all of the homes of the village. That is, all of the homes except Mark's. When Mark would ask his father why they never took anything from them, he had always made a joke of it, saying, "Maybe it is because they do not like our things." Mark had seen German officers come to speak with his father many times, but each time his father would have some chore for him to do and he never could find out just what was taking place. He only knew that when they left they never took anything with them as he had seen them take from the other houses in the village.

Then came the news the villagers had been praying for—the Allies had invaded the coast of Normandy. At once the spirit of old seemed to return to the village and the people again seemed to have hope. Mark noticed that his father alone did not seem overjoyed at the news. But then, as far back as he could remember, his father had never shown any great enthusiasm for anything. Time dragged by for two months and everyone in the village waited hopefully, expectantly, until one day late in August the Americans arrived.

It seemed to Mark that the entire village had gone mad. Men and women were hugging and kissing the soldiers as though they were long-lost brothers. Even more confusing to Mark, the people were giving the soldiers wine, butter, eggs, tomatoes, apples, and all kinds of things that they had hoarded from the Germans. The Americans, however, were different; they were giving candy and cigarettes to the people. Mark remembered now the time he went to the village store for bread; the store-keeper seemed as though he did not want to sell him their half-loaf. As he was leaving the store the store-keeper had said, "Someday things will be different." This must be what he meant. How unlike the Germans to give anything away, especially cigarettes and candy. "Candy", he thought, "maybe father will let me trade some eggs or something for candy. We have more than enough."

But where was his father? He hadn't seen him since the Americans arrived. He walked slowly down the main street of the town until he saw his father in the center of a circle of Americans. The Americans had guns but he knew his father had turned his into the Germans a long time ago. As he watched, the circle, with his father still in the center, began to move off toward the court-house and, as they started up the steps, he thought again of the candy.

"I'll go ask mother", he thought. "She won't be so busy."

THE COMEBACK

DALE WHITE

He lay there in the blinding, beating glare of light that fell upon the ring, hearing the taunts and boos of the crowd. His awkward and feeble attempts to rise were a sorry sight to those who had watched other champions, other old young men of thirty-two, try to come back up the slippery ladder of ring success. Above him he sensed the pointing finger of the referee, tolling out the count, and it seemed that as the hand completed the long stroke of time above him, the finger pointed at his face and said, "look at you . . . look at you . . . look at you." "Take it easy," he thought, "you can get up any time; rest while you can. When you do get up one hundred and eighty pounds of eager, dangerous kid will come charging at you. Six . . . seven . . . eight . . ." now, come on, boy! UP . . . up!!"

Here he comes. Duck that right and close in on him. Grab his arms and clinch, and when the ref breaks it up, clinch again. Keep waiting for that beautiful peal of the bell, and that eternity of rest in sixty seconds. God, he's just a kid—wild and crazy—he thinks he has me now—wait for that right again and smack him. Now, ah! that hurt him. Look at him smile. Now you know he's hurt. Funny thing, even we boxers have our pride. If you're hurt, you smile; if a hundred exploding fists cut your face into a bleeding, bruised pulp, you smile. I wonder why? Why did I smile when he flattened me a minute ago? I used to be champ two years ago. I didn't have to smile for anybody. There's the bell. Now look good, going back to the stool and Gus's worried face. Keep walking straight and grin. It'll make Mary feel better.

The cold water flowed down over his face and back, making him shiver, and the sharp smell of the salts stung his nostrils and cleared his head. Sam turned slightly and saw his wife's pale face, looking so lost in the masculine horde about her. She was worried. He could see the hands held to her face, but she dropped them and waved, catching sight of his confident, unraised glove.

"What do you think," Gus said; "Can you take him?"

"Sure!" Sam answered, "just give me time. Notice anything?"

"He drops his left, just a little, when he sets up his right. Pulls it in and down. There's your sign."

"I'll watch him," he answered, as the bell rang out, and he bounced off the ropes in the corner to the center of the ring.

"What are you thinking, boy, as you and I put on a show for the folks? You think I'm a has-been, don't you? Maybe you're right. But I've been out under these lights, close to two hundred times and you learn a lot. Each time

I get out here, you fellows look a little younger. You're a fool, Sam. It's you who are older. If you'd had enough sense to save the big gates, you wouldn't have to go through all this again. You wouldn't be running the danger of losing the only fine thing that ever entered your life, Mary. You can't blame her. What wife would want to stand by and see her husband become a dull, beaten has-been? But I'm not . . . but you are (he answered himself), you are. Look at this kid. Gus said he was a push-over and he almost killed you in the last round. O.K., Sammy, let's teach him a lesson!"

Sam moved in, jabbing sharp lefts into the kid's mouth, and as he clinched, gave him the thumb in the eye. He could hear the kid's curses, and knew the fury in the wild rights and lefts that bounced off his shoulders. "There goes that left down." He almost laughed; it felt so good to see the blood spurt out of the boy's nose. "That's the best right I've thrown in two years." Sam crossed him with the right again and the boy went down on one knee. Sam strode to a corner, but in spite of his good spirits felt suddenly tired. A dull, throbbing pain came to tighten his chest, and in his arms that heavy feeling that used to come in the tenth round was there already. "I'll have to get him soon," he thought; "I'm getting tired." The bell rang out again, ending the round, and he watched the kid weave his uncertain way back to his handlers.

The stool felt even better to Sam this time. Gus's gentle hands kneaded his arms and legs, loosening them, but it was no use. When he got up to go out again, Sam felt old and worn. One good punch, he knew, would finish either him or the kid. "Let him drop that left just once more, just once more, and I'll finish him." The kid hit him with a fast low punch that bent him over, and the lights whirled as blow after blow found his aching face. "Let him hit you," he thought; "one of these times he'll drop that left. Puzzled, aren't you, fellow? Wondering why I don't go down, huh? I can take it, boy. I keep telling Mary that, but she says I'll be able to absorb only so much, when one of you boys will hit me, and some little veins will let go in my brain, and then more and more, and soon I'll be like the stupid punchies that bum their way around Stillman's. But I'll quit before then I can still stop plenty like you." Just then the left went down; and putting everything he had behind his right, Sam brought it up from the floor, feeling the sharp, satisfying thud of his fist against the kid's chin. He went down and stayed there.

The old exuberance was gone; he didn't feel especially happy—just very old and tired. The shower had done some good, but people

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WOLF - DOG

AN EXCERPT FROM THE LIFE OF ANDREW SHIPMAN

FAY HORNER

In the depths of the Canadian north woods, a leaden sky prophesied the approach of winter. The baring trees clung to their protective leaves as long as possible, then reluctantly bade them farewell one by one and gave themselves to successively more vigorous shudders. Blithe, chattering birds, awed by the tempest soon to descend upon their placid summer surroundings, huddled on the branches so recently their homes and plotted the journey southward. Small animals hurried about the intricate business of storing for the season. The atmosphere was lightly tense, like a spider's taut thread, threatening lest it break, but delicate and shimmering and promising the soft, sparkling beauty of a frigid winter.

One of the "animals" thus bustling was one Benjamin Martin, hunter, trapper, fisherman. A native of the woods like his fathers before him and a hardened outdoorsman, Ben, like his part Belgian-shepherd, Buff, felt little emotion about the change of seasons, though both, with prodding, would probably exhibit some semblance of exhilaration with the coming of spring. Indeed, the substance of any emotion in either was chiefly directed towards the other and the magnificent country in which they lived. Ben and Buff loved the great forests, the furry animals, the icy streams, and crisp azure skies as city dwellers love their parents and friends. Every function of the out-of-doors was designed to benefit someone or something, and in her great benevolence Nature cared meticulously for those who obeyed her laws and bore down relentlessly for those who did not.

So it was that through the years Ben and his faithful Buff lived like brothers in their small cabin far from the man-made cities. In times of strife they became even closer, so that Ben was occasionally given to wondering what essential differences marked him as one kind of being and Buff as another. Certainly, Buff possessed in the ultimate those qualities Christian churches set aside as ideals: kindness, sportsmanship, honesty, sincerity, affection . . . and this despite the wolf blood which ran in his veins. Was it true, then, what the scientist had said in an old magazine he'd read? Something to the effect that man's superiority was due only to his conception of past and future and his opposing thumb?

Then one spring a new element appeared in the lives of Ben and Buff. The element altered the course of their peaceful lives, yet they—cr anyhow Ben—accepted the change willing-



ly, even eagerly. In fact, he and his heretofore well-ordered emotional status caused it. The element was a woman—a sweet, slight, ethereal girl whose love for Ben was so great that she left home and friends without a qualm for the life he offered her.

Ben realized that the hardships she would have to bear might prove overwhelming for her, but his protests were extravagant in their weakness—and when he returned to his woodland cabin after a visit to town in early June, Jane came with him.

Strangely enough, Buff did not object to Jane.

Life settled into a new routine only slightly different from the old. It was the second addition to the family that necessitated a really new schedule. Ben, Jr., like most juniors, descended upon his parents with a resounding howl and thereafter exerted a most exacting power over them. Buff often waited several hours for his dinner while the baby toyed with Ben's and Jane's sympathies and finally dropped off to slumber like the bored little tyrant he was.

Little Ben was born in June a year after Jane had come to live with Ben and Buff. After his arrival her delicate frame seemed even more frail.

One October night Ben returned early from a journey he had made alone. Buff had been left behind at Jane's request. The dog knew only that something was very wrong with those he loved. He understood not at all why Ben had chased him back into the cabin when he had left at dawn nor why he rushed in so quickly when he returned. Jane had not risen from bed all day, and the next day Ben himself did not leave the cabin—nor did he for some days to come.

* * *

The first snow of the winter laid a glistening blanket over every object it touched. Christmas came and went in the Martin cabin and there were only two decorations: a small candle-lit tree on the heavy center table, and a large pine wreath placed on a rough wooden cross at one end of a long white mound in a clearing some fifty yards beyond the cabin. Surprisingly, the snowfall had been so gentle that a fine white ledge lay along the horizontal planes of the letters JANE EMERY MARTIN etched in the crosspiece, so that they looked like the work of a master craftsman.

Ben Martin hunted alone now, for Buff had been designated to "baby-sit" with little Ben during the day. The hunters' routine had been

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LUCKY HARRY

RAYMOND TANNER

Harry Jameson was 36 years old and a coal passer in the United States Navy of 1898. He was a little wiry sailor, and he had a dirty job down in the bunkers. He had the dirty job by choice. Down in the bunkers he never missed a dice game. The men couldn't gamble on deck, so they went to the bunkers. They put on shoes and shorts and went to the bunkers to sweat and roll dice. The sweat and the coal made them all look alike, but you could always tell which one was Harry—Harry had the money in front of him. Harry was lucky.



Harry was lucky with more than the dice; he was lucky with everything. It was rumored that the admiral lived in fear of the day Harry fell overboard, for with Harry's luck the seas would probably dry up and permit him to walk home. That, of course, was merely rumor, but it was plain fact that the ship Harry was on almost always had good duty and better weather. It was plain fact, too, that he could have had a higher rate if he wanted to leave the bunkers. And it was a fact that the money he made gambling—and there was plenty of it—went back to a pretty wife and three cute kids in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

The boys who knew him best said that Harry's luck was bound to run out. They'd brag about how lucky he was and then they'd say, "It can't last. His luck has got to run out."

And Harry's luck **was** running out. He didn't know it; even the boys who expected it didn't know it. But it had started, who knows just when, to run out.

It was running out when the squadron of ships lay-to, in the spring of 1898, in the Gulf Stream ninety miles North of Havana, at a place called Dry Tortugas.

Harry had been there before. He'd stopped, not too long ago, when the place was a fumigating station rather than the dilapidated fort it was now. So the first chance he had he went top-side to look around and watch the great sea turtles from which the place got its name.

A man as lucky as Harry can't be a dumb-bell, and there was plenty besides gambling odds tucked away under the short black hair. In fact, Harry was pretty smart, particularly about places. So that, with the fellows who hung around him because he had money and those who hung around him because he was lucky, there were those who hung around him because he was smart.

It was these last two who gathered around him up on deck every time the ship dropped

anchor, and asked him questions. They were up there now to find out about Tortugas.

Harry told them about Tortugas and Harry was honest. He was honest like the bartender who honestly holds your money for you one night and sells you drinks when you come back for it the next. So all the time he was answering their questions he was edging them toward the bunker companionway. He told them how Dry Tortugas became famous when Dr. Mudd was sent there for treating President Lincoln's assassin, and he told them how this same Dr. Mudd was given his freedom for stopping an influenza epidemic in the prison.

Harry told them all that, and when he finished he had them half way down to the bunkers. He won three hundred dollars that afternoon. Nobody would have believed you if you had told them his luck was running out.

* * *

A couple of days later, with another game going, a signalman came down off deck with news. "Torpedo boat DuPont just got in from Key West," he said. "She's over at the Old Man's ship now."

The "Old Man" was Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, Commander of the Fleet.

"What does she want?" Harry asked.

The signalman lit a cigarette, striking the match on a "No Smoking" sign. "Old Fitzhugh Lee is getting nervous," he said through the smoke.

"Who's Fitz U. Lee?" somebody asked.

Harry knew that. "American Consul General in Havana," he said.

"Yeah," said the signalman, "a big-shot. He told the Strategy Board in Washington he wants a man-o-war in Havana harbor."

Harry put down a five dollar bill and picked up the dice. The signalman dropped five ones on Harry's five and Harry snapped the dice against the bulkhead. They stopped rolling with a six and a five up. Harry let the money lie. "Who's going?" he asked.

The signalman dropped a ten dollar bill on the money on the deck. "The Texas," he said.

Harry smiled wryly, "They're lucky." He snapped the dice again and they stopped with a five and a deuce up. "That's good duty." He picked up all but five dollars. "Yeah, that's good duty."

Somebody said that it wasn't "good," it was wonderful; and somebody else said that he'd been there; and the signalman said, "Wish to hell it was us going," and went up on deck.


"That's all it takes," Harry said; "Somebody tells you 'weigh anchor, proceed to Havana, and report to the American consul.' They tell you that and you're all set. No more island and turtles and hungry sharks."

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

THE MAR

FOUR POEM

I Would Not Say



I would not say
That circumstance
Could ever be the reason
That I should find
Within your glance
A hint of springtime season.

&
I would not say
('Twould foolish be)
That I shall ne'er recover
Yet I would swear
That you would make
A satisfactory lover!

&
For me to say
So bold a thing
Is certainly beyond me
But fact is fact
And this is true:
You, my pet, have won me!

D. C. WHITE

What Purpose Life?


Life is a queer phenomenon,
when you stop to think it o'er:
You don't know where you came
from, when you stepped in
through the door.
You find the crowd assembled;
they are here from everywhere:
The scholar and the scoffer,
poor man and millionaire,
The buffoon and philosopher,
the righteous and the knave,
The dreamer and the toiler,
the aristocrat and slave.
You take your place among them
from youth to twilight years,
And play the part they give you,
with hope and joy and tears.
You ponder o'er the question,
the why, the where and whence,
And what could be the reason
for your seeming hurry hence.
And while you're still bewildered
by the knot you can't untie,
You step outside and close the
door, and bid them all goodbye.

ALBERT J. MAZURKIEWICZ



"And I shall build

To which my



LE STAIR

REFLECTION

Adult Farewell

Two hands meet and the spirit
knows the strength
Not of the grip, but of the quick,
palmed hearts.
And lest the heart alone assume
the mist
Of parting, eyes need meet and
bleed a smile.
A quiet bleeding, even now
abashed,
That strength should know such
easy tenderness.
What is it, then, this marriage
of the hands,
But virgin kiss of souls that
know one womb
And go their sure and ever
common way,
Together or alone.



R. C. WENTZEL

Springtime Fields

Iwalk alone the springtime fields,
The fresh plowed furrows meet
my eye:
I no more contemplate the yields.
What mean these things to me
when I
Have you no more.

&

The purpose in my life is gone;
God's gifts, the fruits, feed not
my own.
The empty night, the weary dawn,
Conceived a house—it was a
home—
Where no love dwells.

&

Oh I did tell the gods that, when
The ashes of our love grew cold,
I'd learn to laugh and love again.
And laugh I do—both loud and
bold.
But when the prying eyes depart
I spill the tears from out my heart.

D C. WHITE

te towers
in the air,
shall climb
by marble stair."

SECURITY or PROGRESS?

JAMES B. MOORE

Shall we have security or progress? Man has been making this choice for the past three thousand years. Fortunately for those of us inhabiting this planet in 1948 there have been enough courageous men sacrificing security for progress.

It took courage for the first man to drop out of the trees and to seek a better life on the ground. Many perished from unknown dangers, but as man adapted himself to his new surroundings, he found living easier and food more plentiful.

It was not the whole tribe that entered the first cave and drove out the saber-toothed tiger, but the courageous and resourceful few who were willing to gamble their lives in order to improve their manner of living; however, their fellow tribesmen were more than willing to move in and benefit from the newly acquired shelter.

For unknown centuries man went without the multi-benefits of fire, because at the first flicker of flame he turned and ran in horror. One day, man, or a small group of men, with courage and resourcefulness, realized what the dancing flame could do for them. After this first man had stood bravely before the fire and cooked his meat, the tribe ate, and agreed on the wonders of this "new meat." Man has never given up the use of fire, although many have perished in the using.

When man first clustered in little groups and traded the pack of the nomad for the hoe of the farmer, many a group was wiped out by jealous, marauding tribes. Where would the wheat fields and cities of today be, if small groups of men and women had lacked the courage to stay with the land and to defend it against the less industrious?

The American Colonists were safe and secure east of the Appalachian Mountains, but many were dissatisfied with this security and turned their wagon wheels over the mountains, into the wilderness of the West. They sought **personal** progress, and security was an unthought of word.

When the Spinning Jenny was introduced into England in 1857, the workers revolted, crying that machines would take away the livelihood of man. Would you sacrifice all the machine-made comforts of today for the thatched hut and turnip patch of one hundred years ago? At that time the men with courage enough to develop and to use these machines were condemned for stealing food from the mouths of the people.

In the United States of America, we are free and equal. We may do whatever our conscience directs us to do. We are the last bastion of democracy surviving on earth. In this country we are individuals; we are men. They

will never dictate to us here—we are free.

In 1933, with the election of our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a new freedom was introduced onto the American scene. This was "Freedom from Want." We are guaranteed to want no longer; we are promised security for all. But, as in all transactions, a price must be paid for the good received. What price are we paying for this new good that we prize so highly? It is the greatest price of all, our courage. A people with guaranteed security needs no courage, for courage is a quality reserved for those who must use it to combat disaster. Once we have lost our courage we hand over to someone else the job of doing our thinking, our planning, and our saving. The socialistic ideas of the present Democratic party state, in unbending terms, the sad story that we Americans are no longer capable of taking care of ourselves. We must be led by the hand to our evening meal for fear that some of us will be unable to find our way to the table.

The individuals down through the history of mankind who have gambled their reputations, their savings, and their lives to improve themselves and their fellow man asked no government for "unemployment compensation", "relief" or "pensions" if they had failed. They were called fools and were forgotten, but from the ones that have succeeded, we have received all that we now take for granted. What government invented and developed the telegraph, skyscraper, subway, sewing machine, electric light, steam engine, and millions of other things large and small that we use from the time we get up in the morning until we go to bed at night? Men like Carnegie with steel and Ford with automobiles worked and saved for their own satisfaction, whether financial or personal, but in the process they have given us steel railroad tracks covering the world and automobiles for the factory worker.

Those who are competent and have self confidence ask nobody to guarantee them their food and shelter. We hear that cry only from the indolent and fearful. The man who will give us progress is the man who is unafraid of his own weaknesses. It is not for the fearful to rule; it is for the courageous. We must not fall into this comfortable manner of thinking, in which we are willing to let a few ill-chosen men crush all who strive for personal success and rule through power of organized minorities, whose members are afraid to strike out for themselves.

The cattle that are taken from the fields every day at sundown are driven by a small boy with a stick back to the shelter of the barn. They are fed and milked regularly. **They have security.**

TO TELL A STORY

STEVEN ARVANITIS

They were sitting on the freshly dried benches, each contemplating his cigarette and following the studied struttings of the few girls who passed close enough to be seen in the quick-coming darkness.

The shorter and younger of the two spoke first, and his voice seemed to bring the other out from a deep, puzzled meditation. "So nobody wants to listen to your story. You can't find anybody to listen to it. There's not a wench around who's got enough up top to know what you want to say and listen to you tell it all the way."

The other man turned in his place on the bench and looked more squarely at his partner. He spoke in a low tone of frustrated resignation, and his voice was tired. "Yeah, there isn't one who wants to hear me all the way. Sure, I can start out telling it if they're either in a lovin' mood or if they got enough booze in them, but it either bores them, sobers them, or they want me to forget my troubles and give full credit of their supposed beauty. They want me to tell them I love them, or some such miserable thing. Some give me that cold look down their nose as if to say 'I've-heard-that-before-so-take-it-someplace-else-Johnny'"; and he began a gesticulating pantomime, comical to watch, but without any drollery to his listener, who knew the weight of the matter of which the other spoke.

"Or I get that blank look from them dumb broads who know nothing outside of the next drink or the next guy coming their way or the next stupid foolish thing in their shallow small lives; or I get one who's had some psychology in school and figures me for a psycho and tells me I hate white rabbits and was scared by a leprous Ubangi when I was small. Yeah, I get all the goons and foul balls. I get all the dry mouthed empty headed little things, but I can't get one who will absorb what I've got to say when I tell my story. Not a one will hear my story."

The youth drew easily on a newly lit cigarette. He expelled the smoke in an abortive attempt at smoke rings, and seemed to be giving much thought to the puzzle that such broken wisps of smoke had come from the perfect oval of his lips. He looked up at his friend "I can't figure it out. I can't see that it would be so hard to find, out of the hundreds of women you've met since you got out, a female that's the right type. Why, I've told more stories to more women in the last year or so, ever since I've been free to drive to the darkest spots and work the right angles. You must have one sure solid tale to relate, buddy; it



sure must be an epic. If I was a little less inclined towards masculinity and had a figure to stop eating butter about, I'd let you feed me your line. Oh, that's right. It ain't a line. It's something you got to say to get off your chest—something that only wants a receptive female audience, the right atmosphere, and no loving nor anything. That's enough to prove you're sincere. But, yeah,

who can you tell it to so that it'll be all over? Ha, you got a real problem!"

The younger conversationalist saw that the other wanted to speak, to find in talk temporary balm for his frustration. "O.K., go ahead and spill out whatever you want to say. I'm listening with the patience of a proverbial job and with the understanding of a wedding guest held by a glittering eye."

"You know, friend, I ain't holding you here by the seat of your pants. I'm not looking for sympathy, just that I want somebody to hear me out. So don't do me no favors; to blazes with it. You can shove off and....."

"I'm sorry," interrupted the youth, "Go ahead. You wanted to say something. I don't mean to sound like a dope. Talk. I'm here to listen only because I want to."

The other man began nervously to turn a heavy gold ring around and around on his index finger. His speech came easily and without pause for words. "Well, I read a story a few years ago, a sort of Frenchy thing, but good anyway; interesting reading it was. Anyway, the thing ran so that a guy gets sent to a dungeon by the king for no real reason; and he spends thirty years in a rat hole talking to the walls and going off his noggin, all the while dreaming of the day when he would get out. After he gets out he sees a new world, one different from the one when he went in. So he starts out trying to get squared away, but he finds that the people don't give a merry tinker's damn for him. He's old time stuff, so nobody bothers with him. So he starts looking for somebody, just a one certain anybody that he can latch on to, somebody who can comfort him. And the book goes on telling how the poor slob was tossed around by everybody, and finally, after not having had a happy moment except for the initial freedom when he was let out, the guy ends up back at the walls of the castle where the dungeon was and cries and screams that he wants to get back in. And when he is told to get the hell away, he ups and dies. He dies from loneliness. He couldn't find anybody to hear him and comfort him. He couldn't find himself in his new life so he just dies. And the whole

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

ENDLESS

G. G. CLAMER

The night was black everywhere. I couldn't see a thing. All I could do was stand and listen, listen to the ceaseless splashing and flopping of the waves as they beat against the bulkheads. The utter blackness made me forget the noise of the restless sea, and all seemed silent until I awakened from my dreams and the restless seas again filled my head with small splashes. It was this way all the time. It seemed it would never cease. Over and over again it repeated itself.

The low whispering breezes coming in off the water chilled me now and then, and involuntarily I would shiver. I tried to forget impending dangers—to direct my thoughts to other paths. But the idea was there; it would not be lost, could not be shaken off. With each roll of the ship a new and more grotesque thought would find its way into my mind. Every minute seemed to present a million different and harrowing thoughts to plague my imagination.

The blackness was overpowering. It was all around and seemed almost a part of me. It obscured everything. I might have been lost in an endless night or some black chasm that stretched into nowhere. The very blackness of my mind seemed to merge into the night and lose itself in the expanse.

I was trying desperately to look at the water, trying to open my eyes wider, trying to see, to be warned of any danger from a torpedo,

which would mean death. I was trying, I was straining, I—wait! I saw a greyness, a dim line which stretched back into obscurity. Its greyness below me was like a long straight path stretching unerringly through the night to somewhere beyond. It came quickly toward me without swerving or altering its course.

I was going to push a button. I was going to turn in an alarm. I was going to—it was too close. It was too dark. I was cold, tired. There was a red glow on my left. That was the first light I had seen. It was the first thing which had broken the unbearable blackness. One severe convulsion racked my body, and then water—an endless amount of water—surrounded me and beat at me. Everything was mixed up and whirling. I tried to swim. Blackness raged in my mind and then red, a dark red. Noise pounded my ears. I was tossed up and down and the wind blew, dashing waves into my eyes. Spray fell on me. Dark grey clouded my head and red splotches like blood rained down. Blackness swept in. Hammers beat at my ears. Black, red grey—all whirled before me in a mad frenzy and melted together in a deep cone. The noise became less, and the whirling grey and black subsided. I became warm. The red glow faded into the endless night whence it had come and once again all was black, an inky darkness that reached through immeasurable space and into a land of endless peace.

WOLF-DOG

(Continued from Page Six)

strangely disrupted, subordinating itself to the needs of a squalling child. Ben still came home at sundown and was met fervently by a great princely dog and tolerantly by a minute adorable baby, who gurgled approval of his coming home at all only if fed immediately—and then broke into a smile. It was at times like these that the Canadian found the impetus everyone occasionally needs to go on living.

A typical Arctic winter roared from the North and thrashed the stately green forest into a whirling white. Ben found it difficult if not impossible to trap adequately for food, let alone for pelts. Several husky blows confined him for days at a time and put the three isolated inhabitants on more strict rations. The baby became grumpy and thin and cried more often than it had when first deprived of its mother. Ben's heart ached as he was forced to ration the food supply to the barest essentials for Buff and himself so there would be enough for his son. As the winter wore on, Ben returned home to find Buff waiting at the window, devoid of the energy to run to meet him.

One day Ben arrived at his usual hour, whistled at the clearing, and was mildly surprised not to see Buff appear at the window. He trudged closer and whistled again, thinking the dog had not heard. No Buff. A sudden pain shot through him who had become hardened to the meaning of fear. He gave no conscious thought to any specific danger, but an ingrained hunter's instinct told him the order of things was not as it should be.

With a sudden surge of nameless emotion, wretchedly uncomfortable, Ben thrust through the cabin door.

The main room was nearly a complete shambles. The hand-hewn walnut table stood one end in the center of the floor. The spun cotton curtains Jane had made were intact at only one window; at the others they hung askew or not at all. The bed clothes were torn and dragging on the floor. Only a small wooden cradle stood upright in one corner. It did not rock. In one great stride he reached the cradle's side and saw there his son lying still.

Then he saw Buff. The dog lay on the floor a little behind the cradle, his great bulk heav-

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

TO TELL A STORY

(Continued from Page Eleven)

thing is telling us that we got to have somebody in our world. We all got to have a special something to keep us at least half happy and half sane and running on all gears. This poor slob was out of date. He was old and nobody wanted to have his life as part of theirs, even if only for a little while.

"Well, anyway, I got sort of a meaning for me, for myself, out of thinking on that again. I'm wanting something that I can't seem to find. But I've got friends, good home, and I got a sort of social life too. But can't you see that I've got to get somebody to help me get my own foothold? And what I want is the help only a woman can give. I want one that's not of this frigid beauty that passes for the real thing. She's got to be damp in the lips, and a little messed up in the hair, and not one that's always looking around while I'm talking to her. I hate that. I hate that like I used to hate things that hurt me when I was a kid. I hate to be talking to a girl and have her looking around like she's expecting a latter day miracle or the coming of the Messiah. I want a girl who will make me feel like I'm the big gun, even only for a little while."

Now the words came out slowly, in a half moan. They became pleading, begging words asking for a meaning. They came out with the reality of emotion from deep in his throat; and they seemed a part of him.

"I don't want no moon or stars, no soft guitar pouring love music on my mood. I just want her and me to comprise my world for the little while I'm laying my soul down, open and bare and naked for her to cover with her womanness. I want to have that world for myself—my world. Mine to make beautiful and clean for the time I've got it. That's what I got to have. I want it, and I got to have it."

His hands were now open loosely before him. He looked down at them as he stopped

speaking. The hands dropped to his side, and he drew them up his thighs as if to dry them.

The youth was genuinely surprised that his friend could have been so thrown off balance, and sat in embarrassed silence. He lit a cigarette so that he might be doing something, so that his attention could be turned away from his companion, so that he could avert his eyes from that questioning stare.

And then there was a laugh. A low laugh gaining in volume, trembling as it rose, which suddenly became the full-chested laugh of absurd comedy. And this glorious, booming, most magnificent of all laughs, this surging, passionate laugh stopped, descended into a choking rumble; and there was silence and the hard breathing of exertion.

"Oh, my God! You looked like a kid all nervous after having found out about life from his minister." And with a half smile on his face, the older man made a sweeping bow before his astonished friend. "You have just witnessed my little play in one act on how the unadjusted goon-veteran will act when he starts blowing off steam. Man! You looked like you wanted to crawl into a hole just to get away from me. I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, and I'm sorry I blew off. But that was it. Now you know what I'm looking for. Yes, **it is she**, the woman who was tagged with my name and who will listen to what I've told you, and when I finish will love me, and kiss me, and cry with me. Hell, she's due to come soon, kid.

He reached into his pocket and produced a crumpled pack of cigarettes, lit one, and stood up and inhaled deeply as he stretched. The other rose also, and put his arm around his friend's shoulders. "Well, I think we could both go for a brew. Let's grab a couple before we get back to working." And they walked slowly, turning the conversation to the worth of the various beers, and again they were just two men walking in a night in which many men walked.

LUCKY HARRY

(Continued from Page Seven)

The signalman came down again. "The DuPont just left; the Texas weighs anchor tomorrow. Hell, I wish it was us."

"Yeah," Harry said, "my luck must be running out."

Everybody laughed.

* * *

Harry was alone in the bunkers the next afternoon. Almost everyone was on deck to watch the Texas put to sea. "Maybe we're lucky at that," Harry thought; "the cruise won't last much longer and the Texas might get stuck there in Havana after we go home. It's been almost seven months since we've been home, and one candle in a Scranton, Pa. window is better than all the lights of Havana. But I would certainly rather sweat out the rest of

the maneuvers in Havana than in this hole. What's happened to my luck?"

The signalman had the answer, at least the tentative answer, to that. He came tumbling down the companionway, grinning, and grabbed Harry. "Your luck holds, sailor," he beamed; "the DuPont just got back with orders for the Texas to drop anchor."

Harry punched him lightly on the arm and grinned back at him. "No kidding?" How come?"

"Old Fitz U. Lee fixed it. He didn't want the Texas."

"Who did he want?"

The signalman clapped him on the back. "He wants us, sailor; he wants Captain Sigbee and his boys, and that's us. In three days we'll be saying 'Here we are, Havana; here we are with the good ship, U. S. Maine.'"

COMEBACK (Continued from Page Five)

turned to look at his red, bruised face as he walked the short distance to the station with his wife. On to Cleveland—a fight a week. Detroit . . . St. Paul . . . Chicago . . . Des Moines . . . and God knows where else.

Strange that Mary hadn't said anything to him. Usually she talked of little abstract and personal things, but there was not a word tonight. He pushed open the door leading into the empty, echoing shell of the station and followed her inside. Five years of married life had educated Sam to an intuitive sense of his wife's manner and, when she turned to face him, a premonitory feeling of trouble came over him. He looked down upon her small, lovely figure and saw there all that really mattered to him. Looking into her blue eyes, noting the suggestions of tears there, Sam felt a guiltiness and self-hatred at the thought that he could cause them.

"What's the matter, Mary?"

"You'll never give it up, will you, Sam? You'll never get the ring out of your blood. You know you won't, don't you?"

"Aw, now, Mary, Don't let's start that again. I'll give it all up some day, you know that. But not yet. I've got a lot of good fights left in me."

He turned, facing away from her, as if to go to the ticket window.

"Sam."

"What, honey?"

"I'm not going with you."

"Not going with . . ."

"I can't go on, Sam. I can't go on watching you take that beating night after night. It isn't worth it, Sam. And you won't quit it, you know you won't. You'll let them beat you 'till you struggle around like the other old-timers. You're too old, Sam. Oh, why can't you see that you're too old?"

"The ring's my life, Mary. It's the only thing I know."

"We can go back home, to Washington, Sam, back to where we've been so happy the past two years. I called Father tonight and he said you can have your job back in the firm."

"You were happy there, but I never was. I've tried to make my own way, Mary. There are some things in a man's life that he can't change and still be a man. Pride is one of those things. There's only one road ahead for me and I've got to take it."

"You needn't smile," she said with fury.

"It's a habit of mine," Sam answered. "I always smile when I'm hit hard."

"I'll wait for you here. I'll wait for five minutes, and if you're not back in that time, I'll have my answer. Sam, please, go get us two tickets to Washington."

He bent down and kissed her, then hurried down the broad stairway to the ticket window. Stopping before the grilled cage, he turned to look at Mary, watching him from above. She is so lovely, he thought; my Mary is so beautiful and good. She deserves the very best that life can give.

"Well?" said the ticket-seller impatiently.

"Give me," Sam said slowly, "give me a ticket to Cleveland—one way."

WOLF-DOG (Continued from Page Twelve)

ing, the blood on his creamy fur and face matted, but freshly bright. One eye strained itself open and closed quickly upon perceiving Ben. One paw flipped feebly toward the hunter, then dropped—still.

In a flash of insight Ben realized what had happened in his cabin that day. Overcome with hunger and weakness, the wolf in Buff had at last achieved a staggering triumph. The warm flesh of a young baby had proven too tempting to a starving animal. Ben's dearest friend had killed his only son!

Rage swept down over Ben as a tidal wave upon a barren shore. It blinded him, engulfed him, and hurled him into a bottomless whirling pool of tumultuous emotion. In obedience to some primitive animal impulse he raised his

hunter's ax high over his head and brought it crashing into the dog's massive skull.

As he stood shaking, convulsed in the backwash of his emotion, an impoverished infant wail penetrated the death-silence of the cabin. Ben's turbulent mind perceived no meaning in the sound. Only after some minutes did the crushed man turn and see the child from which the cry arose—saw him kick one tiny foot from beneath a fold of the coverlet.

The man stumbled to the cradle. His urgency threw his weight forward and he fell sprawling over an object in his path he had not noticed. Cursing, he raised a foot to strike the object away and then jerked it to a stop, petrified by what he saw.

He had fallen over the torn, mangled body of a very thin, very dead she-wolf.

M. W. ARMSTRONG (Continued from Page Three)

sail. Dr. Armstrong himself, however, has voiced a preference for the "supply store dip."

Actually, however, he has little leisure time for supply store dips or, in fact, for hobbies of any sort. He regrets he can't devote many hours to his main hobby, bird life. A hobby

which permitted him, incidently, while at Dalhousie, to serve as bird warden for the Canadian government.

A man of informality, of humor, of deep abiding faith in the rightness of the Divine Plan, Dr. Armstrong daily leads us, on campus and off, toward the culmination of that great Plan.

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Don't write home for dough—get it from your old Uncle Pepsi! You never had it so good . . . just make us laugh and you're in like Flynn!

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Even daffier than the definitions is the fact that we pay a buck apiece for any of these we can't resist. That's why we're shooting one rock to *Louis W. Geier of New Orleans* for our lead-off definition: Refresher course—a path to the nearest bottle of Pepsi.

Father—the kin we love to touch.

Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.

Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.

Twins—insult added to injury.

Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.

JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



The guy who drew this had a caption in mind, but before he could put it on paper, the man in the white coat collected him. So we'll pay \$5 for the best titles we get. Or send in your own original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: \$15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr., of St. Louis Univ.*; \$5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland of Syracuse Univ.*; *David S. Steiner of Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French of Hotchkiss School.*

HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines of Knoxville, Tenn.*; *Ned Curran of Fordham University*; *Melvin Harrison of Brooklyn, N. Y.*; *Paul Pavalon, of Madison, Wis.*; and *Francis J. Chupa of Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?
She: Why, you, silly!

He: May I kiss you?
She: (Silence).
He: May I please kiss you?
She: (More silence).
He: Say, are you deaf?
She: No, are you paralyzed?

She: Your head is like a doorknob.
He: How come?
She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks Pepsi-Cola with a straw.
She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.
He: That is a problem.
She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.

Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?

LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a deuce in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell of Austin, Texas*:

Muffinhead Moron, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on

the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and strained myself!"

\$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?

"You might say I'm
careful, that's why I say
Chesterfields SATISFY me!"

Risë Stevens

METROPOLITAN OPERA'S
WORLD FAMOUS
CARMEN

SATISFY YOURSELF

...like *Risë Stevens*, that *Chesterfields*

are **A ALWAYS MILDER**

B BETTER TASTING

C COOLER SMOKING

THE RIGHT COMBINATION...
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD