

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

35 Year

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 31, 1953

35

Vol. 36, No. 6

LYNX DEFEAT HENDRIX!

Down Warriors To Break 23 Game Losing Streak

Jip Walters

The Lynx, those valiant Black Knights—
Played the game to the hilt—

And returned with the deserved prize of Victory—

Screams of joy and shouts of laughter thunder and resound, roll and return over the battleground infested with swarms of jubilants. Faces streaked and eyes red with tears of joy, and molten masses covering the field—and the victory was ours!

A calm had prevailed in the dressing room. Scattered sentences here and there, the last-minute work of adjusting equipment, of taping ankles and elbows and knees and hands. It wasn't an air of determination, nor one of complacency. It was a matter-of-fact air.

Monday they had rested. Then Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday it was rock and sock.

Not much talk—a lot of energy and enthusiasm and a lot of gritted teeth—and a carload of desire. They had known they could, but had not quite decided whether they wanted to bad enough or not.

Time For Decision

But it was just a few minutes before somebody had to decide. The team was ready physically, and the regular pregame hush had fallen on the small band of Warriors. Then a big fellow, recognized as the leader of the band, stood up and read a rather brutal bit of news and cold facts clipped from a newspaper. It said something about the Lynx of Southwestern losing 23 football games in a row, and that they would probably keep the record clean when they went to war against some fellows from Hendrix College over in Arkansas, now only minutes away. It sort of sounded like the Lynx didn't want to win one. Well, Reg said he was tired of it—tired of losing—and everybody either audibly or mentally agreed with him. So they swarmed out, loosened up, came back in, tightened up their belts, and went back out to take the turf against some other fellows who wanted to win.

Slow Start

The battle started slowly. The Hendrix Warriors ripped off some good gains at first and then the Lynx held. Then we started moving but a fumble gave them the ball, and they shook a man loose in the secondary and shot him a pass and they had six points. They missed the conversion.

It looked like a repeat performance when the Lynx lost the ball and the Warriors drove deep into hometown territory.

But then, sumpin' happened.

Big Mistake

The Warrior quarterback drew back to throw the ball, and was rushed a bit by some never-say-die Lynx linemen. So he threw hurriedly, and a little fellow caught it and began scooting for the other end of the field. Jimmy "Digger" Higgason was a warrior, all right, but he wasn't from Hendrix. Twisting and turning, he scampered a full hundred yards to glory ground and six points worth of cheering from the thousand in attendance. Then another monster-155 pound Crawford Street—got back to try for the extra point. The ball was snapped and the kick was in the air. After a couple of eternities it dropped—right over the crossbar—and we led 7-6.

That's the way it was at the half



—Photo by John McKinney

National Science Foundation Fellowships—1954-1955

The National Science Foundation has recently announced that it plans to award approximately 750 graduate and post-doctoral fellowships for study in the sciences for the 1954-1955 academic year. These fellowships which are open only to citizens of the United States will be awarded solely on the basis of ability. They are offered in the mathematical, physical, medical, biological and engineering sciences, including physical anthropology psychology (excluding clinical psychology) physical geography and interdisciplinary fields.

Students studying for either their masters' or doctoral degrees are eligible for graduate fellowships at the first year, intermediate or terminal year levels of graduate study. College seniors majoring in the sciences and who expect to receive a baccalaureate degree during the 1953-1954 academic year are encouraged to apply for the awards. Individuals who have received a doctoral degree or who can produce evidence of training in a field of science equivalent to the training represented by a doctoral degree in science are eligible to apply for a postdoctoral fellowship.

The selection of predoctoral Fellows will be based on test scores of scientific aptitude and achievement, academic records, and recommendations regarding each candidate's abilities. Postdoctoral applicants will not be required to take the examinations. The evaluation of each candidate's qualifications will be made by panels of scientists chosen by the National Academy of Sciences. The final selection of Fellows will be made by the National Science Foundation.

The annual stipends for predoctoral Fellows range from \$140 to \$180; the stipend for postdoctoral Fellows is \$3400. In addition to providing limited allowances for dependents and travel, tuition and certain required fees will be paid by the Foundation. The tenure of a

KD All Sing

The annual Kappa Delta All Sing will be held next Thursday, Nov. 5, in Hardie Auditorium at 7:30. Tickets will go on sale Monday in the cloister. Seats may be reserved until next Wednesday at noon but all unclaimed reservations will be sold after that time. Student tickets are 75 cents and adults, one dollar.

Two songs will be given by each participating organization. The program will include: AOPi, "Prayer" from Hansel and Gretel and "Gypsy"; Tri-Delt, "I'll be Seeing You" and "Louisiana Hayride"; Chi O, "Wonderful Guy" and "I'm Biding my Time"; ZTA, "Whistle a Happy Tune" and "My Heart Stood Still"; ATO, "Wanderer's Song" and "Soldier's Chorus from Faust"; KA, "How High the Moon" and "Surrey with the Fringe on Top"; SAE, "When Day is Done" and "Here Comes the Showboat"; and SN, "Battle Hymn of Republic" and "Embraceable You."

Proceeds will be sent to the KD's adopted Korean war orphan.

fellowship is for one year and can be arranged to begin at any time after June 1, 1954, but normally must not be later than the beginning of the 1954-1955 academic year at the institution of the Fellow's choice.

Homecoming Week Well Under Way

Since we won last week's ball game from Hendrix, the spirit of the Homecoming game is very high. If we did it once we can certainly do it again, and that's exactly what we're planning to do.

This week-end is going to be filled with gaily-decorated frat and sorority houses, open houses, dances, parties, pep rallies and a ball game.

Starting things off in high gear were the Chi Omega's who gave an open house and pep rally Friday evening from 6-9. Immediately following this there was a dance in Voorhies until 12.

This morning at 11 will be the judging of the best decorations. The ball game will be at 2 p.m. As for the half-time entertainment, it will be nothing but fabulous. First of all, the homecoming queen, Elizabeth Carter, and the two princesses, Margaret Jones and Lisa Rollow will be presented to the student body. Next will be the awarding of the trophies for the best homecoming decorations. For the humorous part of the half-time entertainment, there will be a greased pig race between two members of each fraternity and independent organizations. This should prove to be one of the funniest events of the year. After the ball game, there will be fraternity open houses which will last until 5:30. After the open houses everyone will go rest for a while in order to be ready for the climax of Homecoming—the Student and Alumni Homecoming Dance. This party will be a formal in the Field House from 9-12. The music will be furnished by Bill Justis and his orchestra and the tickets will cost you 1 dollar, stag or drag.

Gracey Fund For Juniors

There has been provided at Southwestern a fund for one year to be known as The Marianna Gracey Award for Summer Study Abroad. The grant to be made for the summer of 1954 will be for \$200.00, a sum sufficient to cover room, board and tuition for a six weeks' term of study in any European university.

This fund is for juniors who are returning to Southwestern for the following academic session. The award, based on leadership, character, need, and scholarship will be made by a special committee composed of the Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Admissions and Student Aid, the Dean of Women, and the Dean of Men, after the approval of the applicant's summer courses by the Faculty Committee on Curriculum and Instruction. It is hoped and expected that the recipient of this award will feel the same enthusiasm for conveying his or her experience to fellow students as Marianna Gracey did during her senior year after a summer in Europe as an exchange student in 1950.

Miss Gracey came to Southwestern from Covington, Tennessee, in the fall of 1947, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with distinction in Spanish, in 1951. On May 1, 1953, she assumed her duties as Assistant to the Dean of Women at Southwestern a position for which she was particularly well qualified by reason of her charm of personality and unusual abilities. The whole college community was greatly shocked and saddened by her untimely death on the morning of July 4, 1953, as the result of a heart attack.

It is hoped that student groups, alumni, friends of Miss Gracey, and other interested persons will contribute from time to time sufficient additional funds to make this a permanent award. Contributions for this purpose may be sent to the Bursar and Business Manager, Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis 12, Tennessee.

and that's the way it stayed until the final whistle. It is unnecessary to mention that the Lynx drove deep into Hendrix territory once, but bogged down; but it is not unnecessary to mention that whenever the Warriors got inside our

(Continued on Page 4)

And Pandemonium Reigned

Okay, so we did fumble six times . . .
So we did get penalized nearly a hundred yards...
WE WON, DIDN'T WE!!
And we won it the hard way, too; inside our own ten yard line. That's the place that any football player will tell you separates the men from the boys in a game—those last ten yards are the hardest to get.

And Hendrix didn't get 'em from us.
I have never seen a Southwestern football team so completely master of the field on defense, as I did Friday afternoon. They fought with a determined spirit, an almost savage fury. It was as though they knew this one was theirs, and nobody was going to take it away from them, no matter what happened.

Hendrix tried, to be sure. First, she ran the ends, but Tosh and Edens and Dees put a stop to that. Then she tried up the middle, but Germany, Smith, Weed, Brankstone, and Tanner made them switch to passes.

You know what happened then.
They were going pretty good with those passes—they even scored a touchdown by one. And when they got the ball after a Lynx fumble deep in our own territory, the quarterback decided to throw another pass.

But he threw to the wrong man.
Jimmy had to reach up and behind him for the ball, and for this reason he was almost nailed at the goal line, but he managed to get away. Coming down the field at a slight angle toward the left sideline, he was met by their right end—who didn't want to chat. Jimmy faked him out of rather important article of wearing apparel, and continued on his way. At mid-field two very large tackles actually had their hands on him; but he stopped on a dime, handed each nine cents change, and was off again. It was anticlimatic that he simply ran past the safety man at the thirty and went on to score.

And Crawford looked like he was kicking a tin can when he made the extra point.
At the start of the second half, it was evident that Hendrix had given up trying to score by passes and end sweeps. They were content to batter that part of our line between the tackles and bring us to our knees with brute force.

That's where they made their big mistake.
General Bob Neyland, a gentleman rather well-known in football circles around these parts, made the statement that a team is no better than its tackles. I do not affirm or deny the statement.

But if it is true, then we were world-beaters out there Friday, for our tackles saved the game for us. I counted, in the second half, 43 plays run between guard and tackle and tackle and end and right over tackle. As you know, they didn't do much with them when the chips were down.

Undoubtedly Bill Hughes played the greatest game of his life, and Jim Gillis was not far behind him. Joe Clarke had the annoying habit of showing up in the Warrior backfield as they were beginning a play, and breaking it up rather forceably.

How can you single out any individual star, when that game, above all other games, was one won by teamwork? Take George Gracey, who made that all-important two feet necessary for a first down late in the fourth quarter. Or Jim Turner, who made a number of tackles that resulted in a loss for the enemy—and he plays defensive halfback. Or Petesey Street, who "ate" the ball rather than try and kick and risk getting it blocked. Or all the rest of them who sat it out on the bench and died a little each time something went against us.

I think we have a team, now instead of thirty football players.

Re-Pate-tion

This column concerns two "unsung heroes" of Southwestern—two men without whom the college could not function for long—men who get altogether too little recognition for the work they do and the long hours they keep.

Indispensable

The first of these indispensables is Mr. John A. Rollow, the college engineer. This is the familiar "Mr. Johnny" who makes the heat work in the winter, inspects buildings, fixes buzzers, replaces light bulbs makes cabinets, repairs furniture, make the bells work, sets up public address systems for speeches and parties, moves chairs, sets up tables for outdoor banquets and so on, ad infinitum. He is often called upon to show how a job may be accomplished best in the shortest length of time, and usually ends up doing the majority of the work himself.

Prevents Chaos

Without Mr. Johnny and those who work under him, Southwestern would soon be in a state of utter chaos.

Another man who does a tremendous job and receives little credit is Mr. Charles Pack, Manager of the Dining Hall and the Lynx Lair, whose schedule runs from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., seven days a week.

Busy Man

Mr. Pack, in addition to working out the menus for 21 meals each week, seeing that the dining hall service is as efficient as possible, supervising the maintenance of the Lair, and keeping a constant inventory in both places, is called upon to plan the menus and supervise the service at innumerable luncheons, dinner meetings, and banquets.

He is always ready to listen to any justified criticism which the students may have, and to act on it if possible.

Requests Menus

Already this year he has had the Dining Hall enlarged and modernized, and now he has requested that any students who have suggestions for improving the menus, particularly for the Sunday evening meal, see him as soon as possible.

Our heartfelt thanks to these two men who do so much to make Southwestern the fine institution that it is.

Be sure and attend:

The ball game today and the dance tonight. Visit all sorority and fraternity houses to see the Homecoming displays; this is a great weekend at Southwestern. Live it up!

The Kappa Delta All-Sing Thursday night. Some of the music will be terrific, and competition for the cups is always keen.

The P.R.C. Hymn Sing in Voorhies Friday night. These programs always mean a lot of good group singing and are a great deal of fun.

We say thanks to:

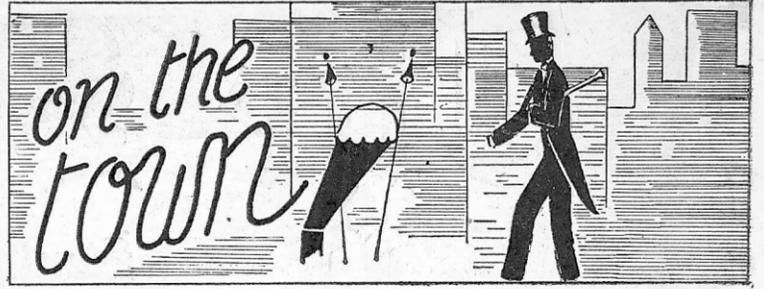
The Lynx football team which did such a tremendous job in defeating Hendrix last week.

Southwestern President Peyton N. Rhodes and Dean A. Theodore Johnson for suspending classes last Saturday, in celebration of the victory.

Thought for the week:

When any organization on this campus uses the gym for a party, how about seeing that the place is properly cleaned up afterwards.

After the Pan Dance last week, Coach Johnson and a small group of hastily recruited student volunteers had to spend several hours pulling out dangerous nails which had been left in the walls, and mopping that whole big floor before the basketball team could begin its Monday practice.



—with Buddy Allison

Be sure and reserve November 7 as the date to go and hear the St. Paul's Cathedral Choir of London at the Auditorium. The group is considered to be one of the two best choirs in England; having been chosen to sing with one other group in Westminster Abbey during the Coronation. This is their first visit to the United States. At their concert in Memphis, they will sing classical works from Mozart, Handel, Schubert, and others; and couple this with contemporaries like Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst. Tickets are on sale now at Hollenberg Piano Co., 79 Madison.

Agnes DeMille will bring her famed troupe of dancers into Memphis for two performances November 14, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. This brilliant new company is called the "Agnes DeMille Dance Theater," and will be one of the three professional ballet companies to visit Memphis this year. I don't know too much about the dancers in this company—but I do know that the advance publicity has been wonderful, and if you like ballet you'd better attend one of the performances. Mail orders only for tickets are being taken at the Hollenberg Co.

The Memphis and Mid-South Piano Scholarship Association has published its 1953-54 Concert Series. January 12 — Ballet Quartet; February 11 — Paul Badura-Skoda, pianist; March 9 — Ljubia Welitch, dramatic soprano; April 2—Claudette Sorel, pianist. For \$3 you can get a student membership entitling you to attend each one of the programs. I believe you can make arrangements for them through the College of Music.

"Martin Luther" began at the Warner Thursday, and is a wonderful picture. It tells the complete story of the beginnings of the Protestant Movement in Germany in a forceful and dynamic way. The actors are new—but they do an excellent job. Prices have been raised for this engagement. Speaking of that, have you noticed that all the good pictures seemed to be raised in price? It seems to me that with the movie industry in the shape that it is today, they better start lowering prices, instead of raising them.

A real good war film is at the Loew's State—"Take The High Ground," with Richard Widmark and Elaine Stewart. On the same plot-level as "From Here To Eternity," it is about a Texas training camp and the things experienced there.

Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy, two of my very favorite movie personalities, are in "The Actress," opening today at the Loew's Palace. It's the story of a strict New England family at the turn of the century, and of the daughter that wants to go on the stage. Jean Simmons steps out of her "heavy" roles into a light, gay, comedy.

A super-western, "Devil's Canyon," is at the Strand. It stars Virginia Mayo and Dale Robertson. It's about 500 men locked up with one woman. Could prove interesting.

The Memphis Little Theater is currently playing "The Happy Time," and it is great—but you'd better hurry out there tonight or you won't get to see it at all. There's a lot of fun in this particular play—about a young adolescent and his advances toward the French maid in the household. Our own Prof. Ray Hill has a part in it.

See you—On The Town!

Calendar of The Week

Today:	2:00	Southwestern vs. Millsaps, football, here.
	4:30	Fraternity Open Houses.
	9:00	Formal Dance.
Monday:	6:00	Intramural basketball.
Tuesday:	4:30	Eta Sigma Phi, library.
	4:30	Modern Dance, gym.
	6:00	Intramural basketball.
	8:00	Sigma Chi lecture, Hardie.
Wednesday:	5:30	Reserved for denominational meetings at PRC.
	7:30	Dedication of Adult Education Center, library.
Thursday:	4:00	Lydel Sims, 206 Palmer.
	7:30	KD All-Sing.
Friday:	7:00	PRC Hymn Sing, Voorhies.
Saturday:		Southwestern vs. Howard, football, there.

The Sou'wester

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
ESTABLISHED 1919



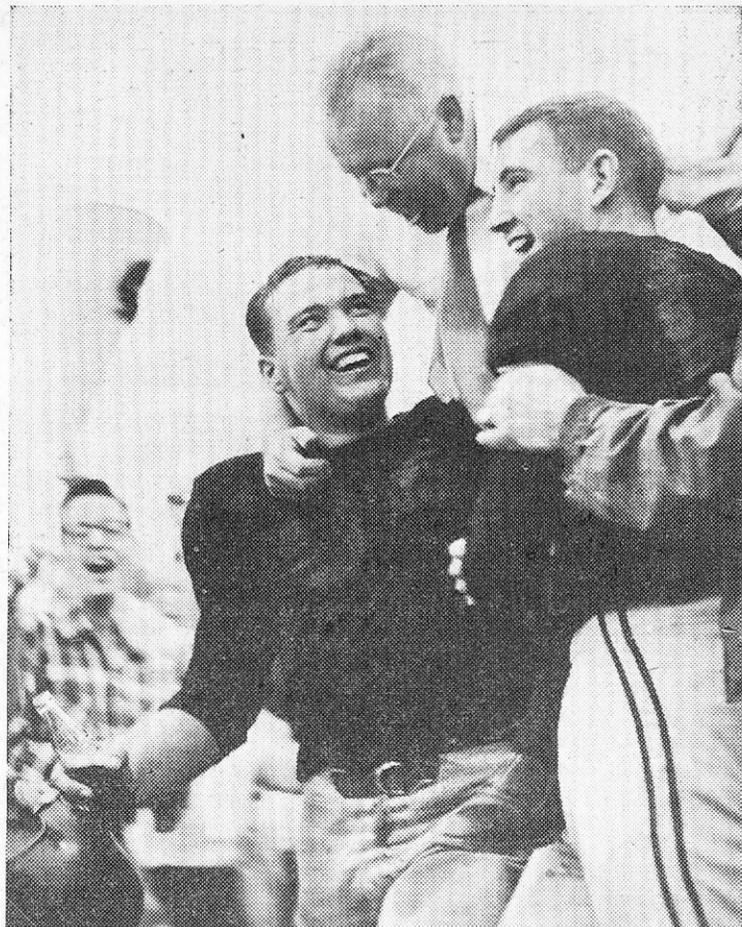
Entered as second-class matter at the post office in Memphis, Tenn., under the act of March 3, 1948.
Published Weekly by the Students of Southwestern

Editor Buddy Allison
Managing Editor Robert Pate
Sports Editor Carl Walters
Society Editor Esther Jane Swartzfager
Feature Editor Elaine Vickrey
Reporters: Nita Saunders, Dot Harris, Burton Henry, Dottie Hurley, Mary Chapman,
Lloyd Templeton, Mary Frances Files, Diane Worthington, Marian McClelland, Guy Davis.
Typists Miriam Heard, Libby Shaifer
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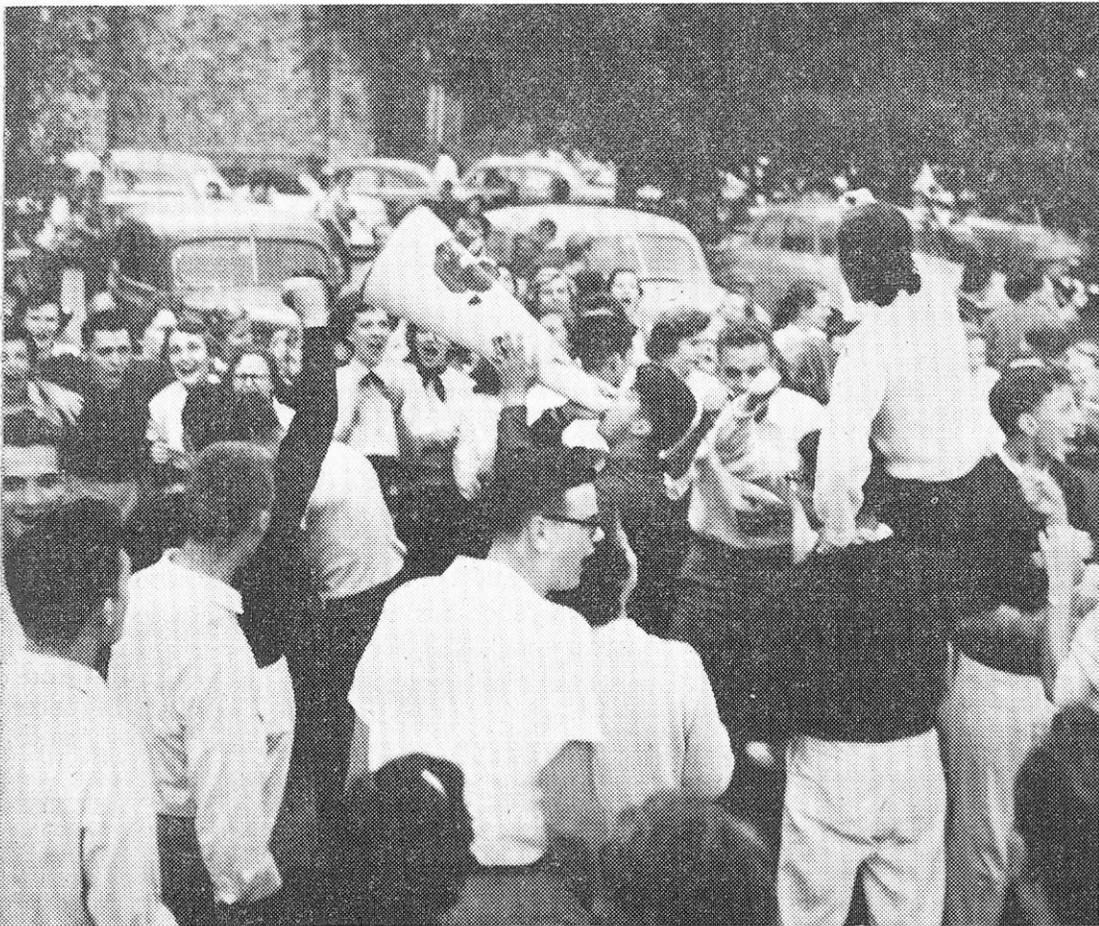
VICTORY DANCE—Southwestern students in a co-ga-line of victory at the Parkside Restaurant after the Lynx Cats had defeated Hendrix 7-6. They later danced out into the street, stopping traffic in their enthusiasm.

—Photo by John McKinney



A HAPPY BURDEN—Coach Genn A. Johnson shows no fear at riding on the shoulders of Reg Germany and Sonny Colvert. And it doesn't look like they mind carrying him one bit. Why should they? The Lynx had just won their first game in 24 starts.

—Photo by John McKinney



LIVING IT UP—This cheering group is part of the throng that staged a celebration after the Southwestern victory last Friday. Immediately after this picture, they surrounded President Rhodes shouting: "No school tomorrow"! Class were suspended Saturday.

—Photo by John McKinney

Spanish Club 'Electra' Cast

The Southwestern Spanish Club held its first monthly meeting on Thursday, October 22, at the home of Dr. Martin W. Storn.

Dr. Peyton N. Rhodes, Southwestern president, addressed the group in Spanish on his recent tour of Mexico. The main topics of the address were the ruins of ancient civilizations and interpretations of present circumstances in Mexico.

The following people have been cast in the major roles in Sophocles' "Electra," the Southwestern players next production which will be presented November 23-24.

Jennie Lee Davis, Barbara Cason, Malcolm Whatley, Elizabeth Carter, Kirk Osoinach and Dan Adams.

Curtain time will be 8:30 in Hardie. Tickets are .60 for students and .75 for adults.



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Victory!

(Continued from Page 1)

ten-yard stripe our line—our ripping, tearing, clawing line—gave nothing at all.

The fray ended with the ball on our four-yard line.

Players and spectators swarmed onto the field and hoisted Higga-son, Germany, and Coach Johnson into the air and paraded around with them like they were monster trophies gained from some bloody conquest long before. Eds and Co-eds formed a snake dance, gave fifteen cheers for everybody, and Coach Oscar Wright was picked up and ovated. Next in line for an air ride was President Rhodes, who was carried around the seething mob amid the shouts of "No school tomorrow"! And we didn't have any, either!

From Fargason Field the mob moved to Fraternity Row, stormed the Kappa Sigma House, yelling and dancing. Then to Pete's Park-side where they formed a conga line—Bunny Hop, stopping traffic and making merry in general.

Julian Nall swallowed a lump in his throat and said, "This is just what we needed."

To say it was the best thing that has happened in years would be saying the least, to say the most.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Sir,

Intramural sports director, Bill Mabry, announced that speedball will replace touch football next season. Also, he announced that volleyball will be moved up one week. In the schedule for sports is a double round of basketball for this season.

It now appears that touch football is out now, and perhaps for ever. If this is the case, then it is the personal opinion of the writer that intramural sports at Southwestern have been shorn of its most valuable and rigorous sport for non-varsity men. Physical and athletic make-up is necessary for a well-rounded man.

It is the feeling that an injury, while not a happy thing to talk about, happens anywhere, anytime, and under any circumstance. Injuries are not justifications for eliminating sports. Talk has circu-

lated that three injuries in the course of one week prompted the dismissal of touch football. Is this a valid reason for its elimination? The New York Yankees in their drive for the pennant in 1950 suffered twenty-eight major injuries in the month of June, and 158 for the entire season. Did they discontinue?

Accidents will happen as long as sports involve physical contact. So, it is the opinion of this writer that touch football should be continued because:

(1) It is the backbone for a successful intramural program for non-varsity men.

(2) It is essential for the build-up of a rigorous make-up for those who would be participating.

Injuries are inherent in any sport—and life itself is subject to them—are the risks too great?

Ken Silvey

Bryan Smalley

No Slow Boats Back To China Girls Begin Intramurals

Marian McClelland

No "Slow Boat (back) to China" for Keith Wong, China's addition to the number of exchange students on Southwestern's campus.

"The folks here are very friendly, the classes are interesting, and the food is marvellous!" says Wong, with a slight lisp.

Small, dark Keith was born in Hong-Kong, China, some 24 years ago. When his pre-medical studies at the university there were interrupted by the war, he journeyed to Australia, where he attended the University of Melbourne. He studied there six months before coming to the United States, and Southwestern. Keith lives here in Memphis with his sister and brother-in-law.

Wong's main ambition is to complete his medical studies here and return to Hong Kong for a career in medicine. His main worry—he speaks Australian, rather than "American." Just doesn't "dig it" yet.

He doesn't have much time at the present for recreation or pastimes, but he loves soccer, swim-

ming, and horseback riding. Women's intramural basketball started Thursday, October 29, when AOPi challenged Chi O and KD played Tri Delt. The games scheduled for Friday were postponed due to open house, pep rally and backward dance. Other games will be played on Mondays and Tuesdays of the next few weeks. The schedule as it now stands is as follows:

Oct. 29—AOPi v. Chi O and KD v. DDD.

Nov. 2—Chi O v. KD and ZTA v. AOPi.

Nov. 3—Chi O v. ZTA and KD v. Fresh.

Nov. 9—ZTA v. DDD and AOPi v. Fresh.

Nov. 10—DDD v. Fresh. and KD v. AOPi.

Nov. 16—ZTA v. KD and Chi O v. Fresh.

Nov. 17—DDD v. Chi O.

We hope Keith will continue to be so enthusiastic about his studies and about the school—but meanwhile, we must all get together and help him brush up on his English—"American"!

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