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Department Store

FOR THE Military Ball

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Romantic lace handkerchief in white, black, pastels and vibrant tones...Each

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New filter cigarette brings flavor back to filter smoking! WINSTON



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You're bound to enjoy Winston's finer flavor. And you're sure to appreciate Winston's finer filter. This exclusive filter is unique, different, truly superior! It works so effectively—yet doesn't "thin" the taste. WinStons are king-size for extra filtering action. Easy-drawing, too—there's no effort to puff!

Try a pack of WinStons—the filter cigarette that brings flavor back to filter smoking!

WINSTON...the easy-drawing filter cigarette!



FINER
FILTER!

FINER
FLAVOR!

KING SIZE,
TOO!



Givin' 'Em Ell

The Very 1st Thanksgiving



By ELLIE ELLIOTT

In days of yore (the illegitimate past tense contraction of "you are"), there lived in the wilds of Massachusetts (spelled B-O-S-T-O-N) a tribe or two of savage but noble Indians. These Indians were highly civilized and socially acceptable (by their own standards, of course). They were also happy, in their peculiarly sadistic sort of way.

There came a fateful day, however, when (as is bound to happen to a happy society) a noble band of Puritanical reformers, led ever onward by their stirring battle-cry of "Glumph!", invaded these peaceful wooded shores. Leaping on nimble toes from ship to shore, from boulder to boulder, the Pilgrims descended upon these fair, unblemished shores, armed with muskets, beads, a meagre supply of chateaubriand, beads, a sliver of soap (the clan motto being "Cleanliness is the luxury of the poor savage. BE DIRTY!"), beads, the family Bible (New Revised Standard, of course), beads, a Bach violin sonata, beads, a high fidelity phonograph for the Bach, beads, and a few stray members of the Ballet Russe.

(It might be well to note here that a man named Plymouth, not being so nimble-footed as his compatriots, encountered some misfortune while disembarking from his ship. They called it Plymouth Rock.)

Once ashore, the stalwart immigrants discarded this mundane col-

lection of equipment (except for the Bach, which, of course, we all know is not mundane), seized upon a rusty power saw that was buried in the sand, and trundled off to the woods.

For the edification of those who have never ventured overseas, I must pause to explain that Massachusetts is wooded with evergreens: pine, hemlock, spruce, and a few stray ashes. These trees, along with some corn, barley, rye, orange pekoe, and subversion, had been hand-planted by the great Indian chief Shompansave. Each tree was dear to the hearts of all good Indians, and thus the Indians were naturally perturbed when they spied the Pilgrim fathers chopping up the slope with the heretofore unknown power saw.

The Indians, suddenly overcome with compassion, offered the trees as gifts to the Pilgrims. The Pilgrims, however, had a law that said "You can't get something for nothing." Therefore, they expediently cut down all the trees and all the Indians, dragging the whole mess back to camp, where the women and children sat around the fire singing Christmas carols in joyful anticipation of the coming holidays (only four months away). The resourceful Pilgrim fathers set up the green trees in artistic arrangement, and decorated them with the red Indians. Then there was much dancing and merrymaking and singing of more Christmas carols. This was the first Thanksgiving.

★ ENDS TODAY — "A STAR IS BORN" ★

