

THE NAVIGATORS

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Paul—Let's go to Navy Scotchman!

Joe—No let's stay home for a change, I haven't got any money.

Paul—That's all right Joe I haven't got but a quarter myself; that'll buy us a bowl of chile a piece and then think of all the fun we'll have with Doris and Louise and all that bunch.

Joe—Well, all right then we'll go. Say listen is Alex going too?

Paul—I don't know I haven't asked him.

Alex enters upon the scene, making sweet memories of a night in heaven spent at Navy the night before.

Paul—(Loudly) Ah! Look what I've got here Scotchman. I've got me a little "Spik!" You old sun of a gun....

Joe—Going with us to Navy this afternoon, Alex?

Alex—What? Going to dear old Navy again? Gosh I've got a lot of experiments to write up men, but mmmmm.....well I guess I

wouldn't do any good if I stayed here, I think I might as well go and see my sweet little Babe; yes by Joe I know I'm going. Are you ready?

Joe—Yes, but say what are we gonna wear down there?

Paul—Let's wear cits, whatya say? Alex—Suits, and HOW?

Joe—I wonder where I can borrow a good suit?

Alex—Red's got a good looking blue suit he'll let you wear.

Joe—He has? Fine. Let's go up, let me try it on.

The Three Navigators journey up to room X. The Scotchman Joe with the borrowed navy blue attire on gazes upon the mirror and sights with much self-satisfaction of the hour when Doris would see his newly acquired suit. They then proceed to their respective mansions undergoing a metamorphosis that prepared them to give our southern neighbors a royal treat.

A shrill whistle was heard—the southbound freight was waiting. Our heroes rush forward and soon afterwards the shadows of Aggieland are bidding God-speed to the three val-

ient cavaliers on board of the disappearing freight dragging a cloud of dust on its trail.

Three Artillerymen make good.
CURTAIN.

TO AGGIELAND.

Let's have a toast, my comrades, We've toiled the long year through. Think of the things we've seen and done

And the things we'd like to do.

We've been through battles, ole Army,

We've fought a clean hard fight, Let's split a bottle between us And fight them over tonight.

Think of the times, old army, We've grabbed our ankles and grined

And come up smiling after it all With a bloodshot battered end.

Think of the times, ole comrades, You've wakened to reveille, Those hated notes of a bugle That meant another day.

Think of the times, ole army, That you have stood retreat, And then the dying notes of taps Lulled you off to sleep.

You've heard those same taps, army Through silvery bugles blown, And your heart went out to a comrade, Who at last had been called home.

There are tears in your eyes, old army, But tears you do not regret. Those are not baby or womanly tears That make your cheeks so wet.

It's a pouring out of your soul, army, For a school you love so well And you'd fight for it to the end, army, Though it meant everlasting hell.

So then have a toast, ole army, For "the school we think so grand" It's bred in us, it can never die— The Spirit of Aggieland.

—Fitzpatrick.

*"The sun never sets
on Chesterfield's popularity!"*



"Globe trotters", we can imagine Dr. Freud as saying, "are people whose nurses dropped them onto an escalator in early childhood. They buy a sun helmet, a guide book, and a first-class passage to the Pyramids, and are never heard from again."

Nevertheless, the most confirmed *voyageur* owns to a thrill at finding a carton of Chesterfields in a tiny cafe on the Left Bank,

or a package of the same on a card table at the Army Club at Simla, or on meeting an Arab camel-boy whose only English is "Sooch popular mos' be deserve!"

For Chesterfield's popularity never saw a sunset; travel as far as you will, this cigarette will always be somewhere ahead, ready to bring good taste and good tobacco home to you.

Such popularity must be deserved—and it IS!

CHESTERFIELD

MILD enough for anybody...and yet...THEY SATISFY