

Have you a "camera taste"?



The Hindu Fakir tosses a rope into the air, swarms up said rope hand over hand, and pulls it in after l.im. Marvelous! One skeptical tourist took a snapshot of the miracle. Result: no miracle, no climb, nothing.

You can't photograph a cigarette's flavor, of course. Can't *taste* it, either, if it isn't there. Mildness can be overdone, you know — to the point where there's no taste at all. But never in Chesterfields. They've got flavor and body, and it doesn't take a hypnotist to prove it.

Not that there's even a hint of harshness in Chesterfield. There's none smoother. But all the full, rich, subtly blended tobacco flavors are kept intact to do their pleasant duty—to satisfy. Isn't that what a cigarette is for?

