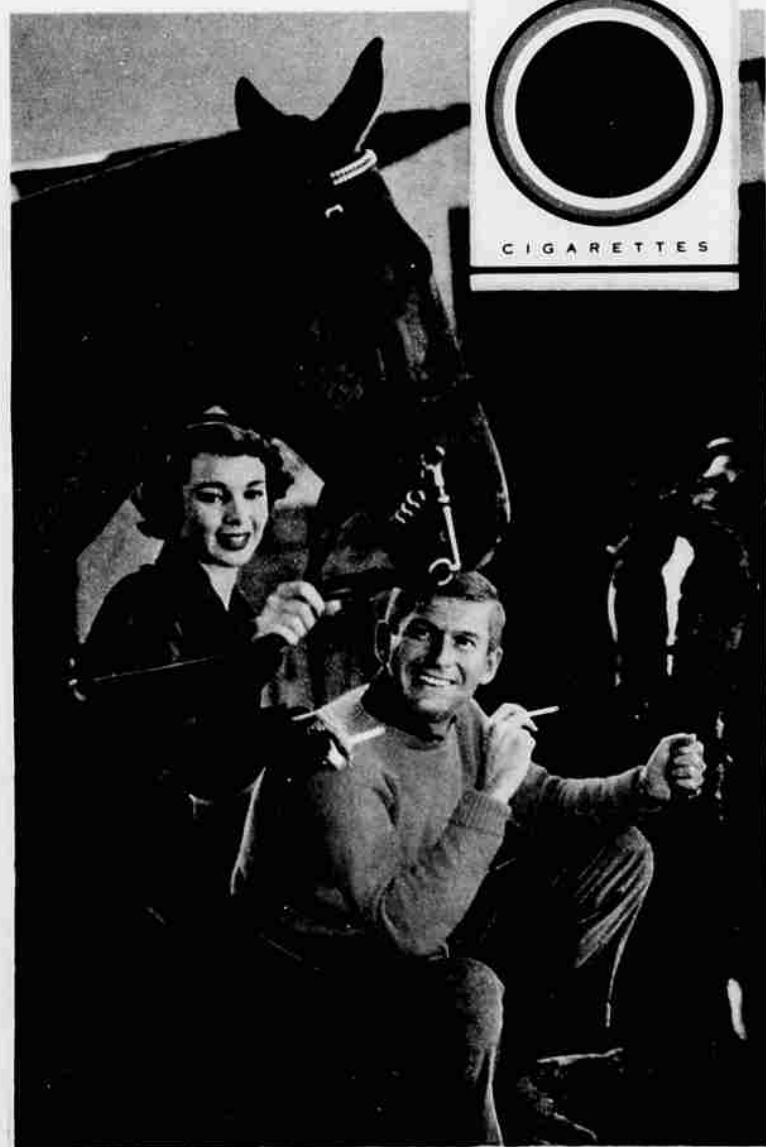


Light up a *light* smoke —Light up a Lucky!

WHEN YOU SMOKE A LUCKY, YOU'RE SMOKING LIGHT!

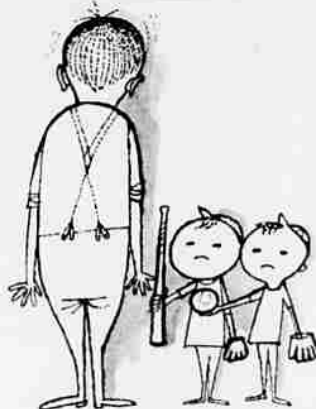
You're smoking tobacco that's superbly light, golden rich, wonderfully good-tasting. You're smoking quality tobacco that's toasted to enhance the lightness, to make the taste even better. Try Luckies. You'll agree a light smoke's the right smoke for you!



THE BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE
YOU EVER SMOKED!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company*—Tobacco IS OUR MIDDLE NAME

Child's Play Is Man's Work



by Dick Emmons

I DON'T KNOW what's the matter with kids nowadays. Why, when I was a boy (and Ossie Bluege was at third base for the Senators), we kids used to entertain ourselves by the hour. The only times I'd see my father was once or twice a week in the woodshed—and even then we didn't talk much.

Today's youngsters are completely different. At least the ones we were handed when leaving the hospital. Take our five-year-old twin sons, for instance.

You will? Good.

The minute I come home from the office at night, depressed by business worries and the fact that I hadn't been able to brush my teeth after meals, the twins hit me. It is difficult to walk from the corner to our house with a small boy riding on each instep yet keep your brief case intact, your trousers up, and your outlook sunny.

I know it is unfatherly of me, but once, just to escape this ball-and-chain routine, I sneaked through adjoining back yards, hugging the shadows and all available cover. I might have made it, too, but the Williams' Airedale flushed me into the open where I was easy prey for Davie and Dickie.

I wouldn't mind this so much if, after a few minutes' sportiveness, the boys would go off and burn down somebody's garage or otherwise busy themselves. They don't, though.

Last Saturday, for instance, directly after breakfast I got that familiar weighted feeling in the general area of the pants cuffs. Looking down, I asked jovially, "Well, what do you two adventurers plan to do with yourselves today? A nature-study hike perhaps? A hair-raising voyage aboard your pirate ship? A re-enactment of Custer's Last Stand?"

"We wanna play baseball," they chorused.

"Excellent," I replied warmly. "The national pastime. Good, clean, hard competition with youngsters your own age is the —"

"We want *you* to pitch, Daddy!" Dickie announced.

"No, catch," Davie amended.

"Pitch and catch," Dickie compromised.

"You fellows go ahead. Daddy will have another cup of coffee and join you in the home half of the seventh," I said quickly.

They stared up at me. "You want us to fill the gas tank with mud again, Daddy?" Davie asked.

"We'll let the water out of the fish pond and hide the stopper if you don't come out now," his brother promised.

I looked to my wife for reinforcement. She failed brilliantly. "Why not play a little while, then the boys will probably think of something to do by themselves."

Thirty-nine innings later, I called the game on account of exhaustion amid a duet of "boos."

I limped back to the house, favoring a hip bruise received while sliding into something that resembled our red and white doghouse but was really third base.

"Who won?" my wife asked brightly.

"I did," I chuckled. "The boys are going to dream up things to do by themselves for the rest of the day. I'm a free man."

My wife smiled demurely. "Well, almost. When they dashed by here, they yelled something about building a fort. I told them you'd help them get it started and—"

"I will not!" I screamed.

"They have your good tool set out in the back yard," she purred. By nightfall we had the strongest outpost this side of Ticonderoga.