

SEP 27 1960

GALLEY

September 27, 1960

The Plight of the Non-Smoker

- 8:00 - 8:30 Walking to breakfast barefoot is a Hindu's Holiday: walking on a bed of hot coals.
- 8:30 - 9:50 Professors camouflaged in a low hanging mushroom cloud, evade my attempts to communicate as they are enveloped in the nearest fall-out, while the cigarette-butt platoon keeps firing away.
- 10:00 -11:20 Half-filled coffee cups adorned with floating cigarette butts face me in Commons as I stumble about blindly, tapping with my white-handled cane, part of my standard equipment at Bennington.
- 11:30 -12:50 Caught between two real cool chain smokers, playing ashtray for butt missers, now my black corduroys are charcoal and I'm turning light gray.
- 1:30 - 2:00 It would seem that the tobacco bushes along the campus avenues are molting since the eyes cannot rove upon the grass without sighting silver threads among the green.
- 6:00 P.M. * * * * *
- Do you feel that you can't see as well as you used to, that you are inhaling when you are not smoking, that you're inhaling 56/100 % oxygen and 99 44/100 % nicotine fall-out?

Well, You Are!

E.C.,R.R.,G.S.,J.S.