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My Love Affair With The Cigar

To the uninitiated, "The Good 5¢ Cigar" is nothing more than a cutesy-cute 19th-century presidential slogan. But to the 10,000 some-odd readers of URI's bi (soon to be tri) weekly, "The Good 5¢ Cigar" is that located, tolerated and yes, even liked, rac.

We, at any rate, would like to think that more people feel better about the Cigar, because we do give it a lot of our time. The public at large doesn't (and shouldn't) realize that Cigar people sometimes stay up all night editing the libelous scrawls submitted by J-majors.

So when at 8 a.m., some poor soul meanders into the office and asks, "Is this where I write classifieds?" sometimes the only response is a grunt from an unshaven, disgusted copy reader: "Huh? Oh yeah. Sure pal, right over there . . . "

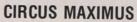
While we feel that the Cigar has been improving over the years, there are always those who attack it for misspelling a name or misinterpreting a quote. The alleged worthlessness, or for that matter, the Cigar's worth is met by a healthy cynicism on the part of the editors.

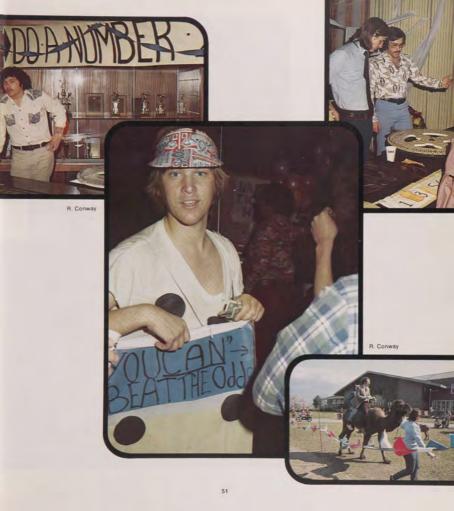
All the while, I think, we realize that we are not godlike, Woodward and Bernstein, Redford and Hoffmann, — all of the above or some of the above.

We're none of the above; we're what this country really needs. We're The Beaco (ooops) I mean, The Cigar!

Paul "Smoky" Senzer













R. Conway





