

BUZ SAWYER



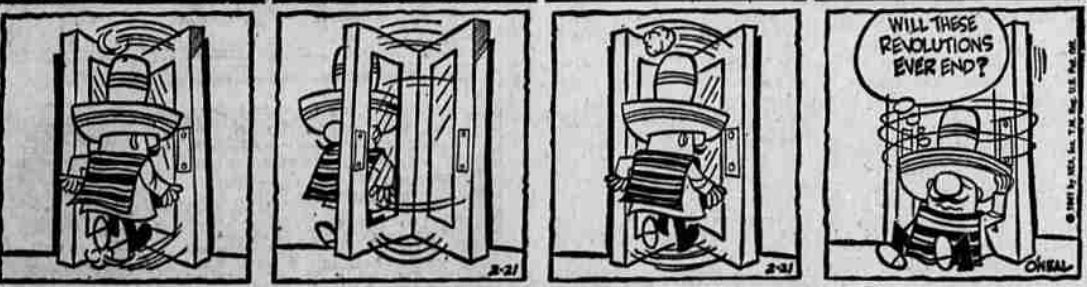
STEVE CANYON



L'L ABNER



SHORT RIBS



GASOLINE ALLEY



REX MORGAN



BEETLE BAILEY



STEVE ROPER



BUGS BUNNY



BLONDIE



ALLEY OOP



CAPTAIN EASY



OUT OUR WAY



MAJOR HOOPLE



Camera Angles Amuse, Outwit Child for Best Results

By IRVING DESFOR
Of the Associated Press

Baby pictures are still the inspiration for most amateur photographers. Fortunately the results need be only reasonable facsimile of the youngster to the prejudiced eyes of the picture-taking mother or father in order to be rated successful. To other viewers, however, the usual

attention of a captive audience to outright boredom. Yet baby pictures are potentially of universal interest and good photos can hold the attention of all. But like anything of value, they require some effort on the part of the photographer, a bit of know-how and a generous helping of psychology.

To Your Health

Don't Put Blame On Hormones

By Dr. JOSEPH G. MOLNER

"Dear Doctor Molner: Would you please set me straight on hormone therapy? I am 52 years old and have not menstruated for over two years.

"I've been on hormones off and on for 11 years, but they don't help me a bit. Could this be nerves?—E.G."

After 11 years, and you still feel as miserable as your letter indicates (I left out the details), I'd begin to have a strong suspicion that the reason is something other than the lack of hormones from menopause.

It's been popular for women to blame any sort of vague or unexplainable discomfort on menopause. Well, this doesn't make sense. Women have been going through menopause for millions of years. They got past it without hormones, just as youngsters have been struggling past the hard years of adolescence for a long time before we had any medical terms to describe their confused, blundering, groping instincts to grow from children into young adults.

Medicine doesn't much change the rigid problems of living. It can now help us over the hard spots, and save our lives in instances where, when you and I were young, death would have been certain. I do not belittle the enormous accomplishments of medical art and science, but I think maybe I should remind every friend of mine that medicine cannot perform ALL desired miracles just because it can do some wonderful things. The wonders of science do not mean that—presto!—we are in a never-never land where nobody grows old, or stubs his toe, or gets sick, or dies.

In recent years we have been able to inject hormones, or give them by mouth, to ease the shock which the system encounters from menopause.

With or without extra hormones, the body presently adjusts and hormones from the several endocrine glands of the body take over.

In a case such as the one we're discussing today, I'd think that, after 11 years, a complete physical examination would be the thing with which to start, rather than trying to make a choice between only two things—hormones or nerves.

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Children can't be ordered into position like adults nor can they be expected to remain in place like a still life. Taking their pictures must be made into a pleasant activity instead of an ordeal. The photographer or an assistant must amuse or outwit a child with a variety of tricks to maintain interesting expressions and actions that make worthwhile pictures.

The stage is set first with proper equipment. A camera that will focus for close-ups—from three to five feet—is an asset. A tripod is essential since it eliminates camera movement, remains focused on a set area and leaves the hands free until the instant of shooting. The third item is lighting equipment.

Most experts agree that flash-on-camera or the light bar do not make for interesting, sparkling lighting. They recommend a three-light setup. The lights can be a flash or strobe with two extensions or three photoflood reflector units. They are most manageable on adjustable light stands but clamp-on reflectors will do the job when attached to bridge lamps or chair backs.

The picture-taking area should be about three feet from a plain background. Spread a plain blanket on a low table or use a chair or bassinet top depending on the child's age. The camera is placed about four feet in front of the youngster, just above his eye level. All arrangements should be made with a doll as a stand-in for focusing and lighting to spare the youngster as much as possible from the preliminary adjustments.

The main light is placed almost two feet to the right of the camera and about a foot higher. It is angled down to the child and can be shifted slightly as the child moves. With Tri-X or Super-Hypan film in the camera, the exposure will be 1/50 at f/18 with the photofloods.

The other lights will not alter the exposure but will add sparkle and highlights to the face and figure. They are placed behind the youngster, on either side, about two feet away and two feet above his head. They are aimed to give an edge light or one of them could be aimed at the background alone.

When everything is set, the youngster is brought in and playtime begins. I've seen Josef Schneider, well known baby photographer, use pennies as a photo prop. He put them between pages in a book as the child gleefully discovered them or turned a small sock inside out to retrieve one. Hide several in the blanket fold and the search will keep them occupied for several picture-taking moments.

Hand puppets will get animated reactions from some youngsters while others like to play with pipe cleaners or balloons.



LOOK AT THE BABY — Baby looking at photographer in response to a clucking sound makes a heart-warming picture. Daylight coming from window at left provided the light needed for an exposure of 1/50 at f/8.

Bedtime Story

Blacky Crow Visits Big River Cousin

By THORNTON W. BURGESS
Dame Fortune's kind when she doth send A relative who proves a friend.

—Blacky the Crow

Blacky the Crow, with some other Crows, had reached the broad brown marshes near where the Big River entered the ocean. There he had met a stranger. At first Blacky had mistaken the stranger for one of the other Crows with whom he had been traveling. It was only when the stranger spoke that Blacky took real notice of him.

"What's the matter with your voice?" asked Blacky. "What is the matter with my voice?" replied the other Crow. And when he said it, his voice was not so harsh or strong as the voices of his friends. Blacky looked at him sharply.

"I don't believe I've seen you before," said Blacky, and stared very hard. He saw at once that the stranger was smaller than the rest of the Crows.

"I don't believe you have," replied the stranger. "Where did you come from?" "From the Green Forest way up the Big River," replied Blacky. "Where did you come from?" "I didn't come. I live right around here," replied the stranger. "My name's Fish Crow. I'm a cousin of yours."

"Fish Crow," repeated Blacky. "I never heard of you before. I didn't know I had any cousin named Fish Crow." The other chuckled. "Then you've learned something," said he. "There's nothing like learning. I always say that the more one learns the better off he is."

"Spoken like a true Crow," replied Blacky.

"What brought you and your friends down here?" asked Fish Crow.

"Hard times, Cousin. Hard times," replied Blacky. "I don't find times so hard as you are not so easy in the summer, and once in a while we'll have a short spell of really bad times, but it isn't often. I suppose when you say 'bad times' you mean times you have difficulty in finding enough to eat."

"Certainly," replied Blacky. "Of course. Nothing else that I can think of would mean really bad times. Give me enough to eat and I don't care much about anything else."

"I always get enough to eat," said Fish Crow.

"You are lucky," replied Blacky. "Just what do you eat? Of course we've only just arrived, but I haven't found much yet."

"Do you like fish?" asked his cousin.

"Well," replied Blacky, "I like it when I can't get anything else. It isn't my first choice for a meal, but in winter I often have been glad to find a dead fish along the Big River."

"Do you like corn?" asked Blacky. "Yes, I like some in the spring," replied his cousin, "but I don't bother with it much. There are other things I like better. Not caring much about corn keeps me out of a lot of trouble."

"What do you mean?" asked Blacky. "If you don't know, you ought to," replied his cousin.