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**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER**

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**ITCHING
Sunburn • Heat Rash
Poison Ivy • Chafing**

Relieve Fiery Misery Fast
With Soothing Lanolin

RESINOL Medicinal OINTMENT

AS YOU WERE SAYING...



**How
to Survive
a Flood**

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD was flooded recently by a nearby creek. Within minutes there was two feet of muddy water spilling over my floors and furniture. As I waded through it, trying to set my valuables on a higher level, I thought nothing worse could ever happen.

Finally, in tears, I stumbled next door. There I found them standing in water up to their knees and laughing. On the steps leading to the second floor sat my neighbors' 12-year-old son. He had a rod and reel and was calmly fishing into the living room.

Soon the water receded and, as I went about cleaning up my once-shiny floors, I kept chuckling to myself at the sight of that young fisherman. My troubles didn't seem so big then.—Mrs. E. J. B., West Plains, Mo.

EPITAPH TO A CAREFREE YOUTH. I used to wonder about what people called "the degeneration of the younger generation." My younger brother, in his high-school and college frivolities, seemed irresponsible. Even when graduated and headed for a career, I questioned his aim.

Then he had a recurrence of a childhood disease, rheumatic fever, and needed an operation. At the hospital his attitude was still the same—gay, frivolous, carefree. "Is it really true?" I asked myself on the way home. "Is this generation so completely uncaring?"

He died after the operation, and my "irresponsible" brother was gone. But inside the drawer of his hospital nightstand he left an epitaph: "If I do not survive this operation, my body is to be turned over to heart specialists for research. Perhaps the incurable condition of my heart will save someone else's life."

That was the end of my "frivolous" brother, a member of the "degenerating younger set."—Ethel Hale, Pataskala, O.

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... I MAY possibly be the first person ever to meet one of America's greatest golfers in her petticoat.

I didn't actually meet her, but I did spend the morning with her. I had a wonderful time.

The dressmaker in the converted office once owned by a color-mad architect was altering her collection of fine tweed skirts. When I walked in, it seemed to me there was something vaguely familiar about a customer with a turned-up nose, twinkling blue eyes, and freckles to match her curls.

Not until she asked about another appointment after practice did it dawn on me.

Practice? Ballet? Arpeggios? Card tricks? Golf?

Patty Berg!

Patty is a superb golfer. She conducts clinics just as well. But that day she gave one of her most successful performances before an audience of three dressmakers and me.

When she sneezed, it was a production. The wild walls shook and the bolts of yard goods slithered across the tables. Patty had a gamin grin on her face.

"My goodness," gasped the dressmaker. "Are you through?"

Patty wasn't. She sneezed, and the leaded windows rattled. The dressmakers clutched at their hairpins.

"God bless you!" cried the dressmaker.

Patty favored me with a Mickey Rooney smirk.

She plucked plaintively at the fit of a skirt, decided for alterations, decided against. Sighed.

She surveyed her image in the mirror, giving every indication she'd rather be on the golf course. She asked to press a skirt.

"Okay if I press it on the right side?" she asked.

The dressmaker was horrified. Patty chuckled. The sun set her crisp hair afire. We waited to see the same thing happen to the skirt.

When she had gone, we looked at each other.

"Isn't she fun?" the dressmaker asked.

It was an understatement. I've never seen Patty on the golf course, Patty demonstrating her form. But Patty in her petticoat playing to a gallery of four was nothing short of pure delight.