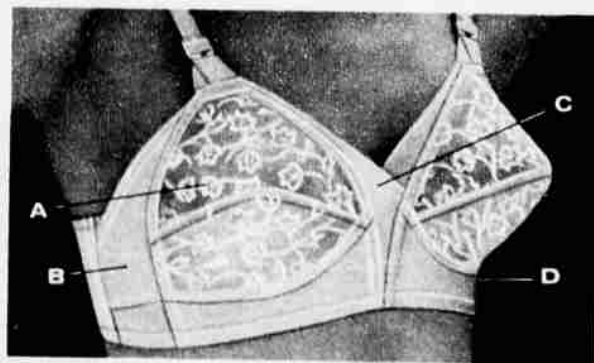




AMERICA'S #1 BRA
IS ELASTIC — ALL AROUND!

playtex™ LIVING BRA

No other bra gives such Heavenly Comfort
and perfect fit because the elastic
features are Playtex exclusives.



Compare these features. There's not another bra like it! That's why Playtex Living Bra gives you more comfort, better fit, the most beautiful fashion lines.

A. Beautifully designed cotton or nylon cups—lined and reinforced—raise you naturally, youthfully.

B. Bias-cut elastic sides give fabulous fit . . . day-long, date-long comfort. Never gap or bind.

C. Elastic criss-cross front dips low for smooth separation. Keeps bosom high with graceful curves.

D. All elastic back stays low—won't shift, slide or ride.

Exclusive all-elastic bias design (except for cups and straps) breathes when you breathe . . . gives you that gloriously free-and-easy feeling.

In white or black (guaranteed not to run) Sizes 32-42.

A, B, C Cups . . . \$3.95. D Cups slightly higher.

Playtex Living Long-Line Bra with all-elastic Magic Midriff that assures one smooth unbroken line from bust to hips. So important for today's new fashions! Plus all the elastic Playtex features that give you the ultimate in comfort and fit. Sizes 32-44.

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... DO THE FARMERS get as sore as I do about the way everybody else talks down to them?

A carefully disreputable fellow gets on the television screen to sell pig pills.

"Wal, now, by cracky," he drawls, shifting his cud. "Why don't yew try some o' this here dandy tonic?"

If I were a farmer, I'd buy a case of it just for the satisfaction of throwing it in his face.

Farmers aren't glamorous. They're not perfect, either. They get angry because it does or doesn't rain or because the government does or doesn't do something about it.

But I'll be doggoned if they're several million illiterate imbeciles who wear one-strap overalls, hay hanging from a lip, and should have worn braces when young.

Several farmers I know Winter in Florida or fly to New York for a week end. And their wives have more of this world's goods than a lot of us poor white trash who huddle together in the cities and sneer.

Farmers have college degrees these days. In my state, there's a great agricultural college where a man takes four years to learn farming and animal husbandry. A farmer has to know about crop rotation and contour farming and the pros and cons of checking. He has to be buyer and seller, mechanic and bookkeeper, king and slave. And he has to love hard work.

Naturally he doesn't wear a gray-flannel suit and a homburg. He gets a "farmer tan" because he has to protect himself from chaff and the burning sun. Alone with his land, he doesn't always have time to keep up on the last word from the avant garde.

For all his possessions these days, he has remained in touch with simplicity and with the warmth and beauty of living. I suppose he really doesn't care that Hollywood, television, and the city snobs depict him as a stupid lout who went thataway.

But I think we're biting the good, solid hand that feeds us.

Patty Johnson