



Feeling  
"HALF-  
THERE"  
due to  
Upset  
Stomach?

Settle Your  
Stomach in  
Seconds with  
Milk of  
Magnesia!

Scientific tests show that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia actually settles your stomach in seconds! That's because Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered!

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Milk of Magnesia  
REGULAR • FLAVORED

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Wearers... Use  
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## He Forgot to Remember

As You Were Saying...

**M**Y FATHER, like most men, was good at forgetting dates, but he was honest enough to admit it. So, as his family grew, he established a custom of giving birthday presents to everyone on his own birthday. He said it would be easier to remember. It was a big day for all of us, just like Christmas, and mother always baked a Johnny Cake (cornbread) which Father loved.

One year, for a Sunday dinner, Mother had prepared some Boston beans and baked a Johnny Cake to go with it. When Father came to the table, he looked at the cake, then disappeared. He came back loaded with packages and laughed jovially, "I bet you thought I forgot what day it was."

He had. We never told him he was a week early.  
—Mrs. Richard E. Marsh, Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

**I Draw Her a Picture.** During inclement weather, I sometimes have to drive to school to pick up my older children, leaving my 3-year-old asleep at home. I'm never gone more than ten minutes, but often she wakes up and, finding herself alone, begins crying.

After one such occasion, I tried to reason with her, explaining that she knew I'd only be gone a short while, and, since she couldn't read, I wasn't able to leave her a note. But she replied that she could look at pictures.

So now, whenever I go out and she's asleep, I leave a glass of milk and some cookies and prop a "note" alongside it: a picture of a child in school, or one of a woman shopping. She feels so mature now when she "reads" her note from mother, knowing I'll be home before her tea party is over.  
—Mrs. M. A., Paris, Tex.

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## I Was Just Thinking...

... How about a rock 'n' roll Western, set in an isolation booth?

This is strictly off the top of my head, of course, and we'll have to run with it to see if it scores, but I'm giving the idea to the world for only one reason.

It's inevitable.

Some of us old-timers can remember the early days when it was possible to distinguish between Hindemith and Hammerstein. Crosby never borrowed from Caruso, nor vice versa.

Today vocalists who find it difficult to gyrate with a guitar are singing "Lonesome Road" to empty studios, and television plays laid somewhere east of the Mississippi can't pay the rent on the dinner jackets worn by the actors. Such horse-and-buggy approaches to modern entertainment leave the rating colder than the sponsor's eye. Meanwhile, the audience is back at the ranch.

I've found the ideal solution. It is necessary to give the

public a triple dose of what it wants. According to the experts, what it wants are double-talk lyrics, string-twangers, hired guns, and questions with answers valued astronomically—before taxes.

So open with a fast chorus of Purple People Eaters to Jack Barry on Front Street in Dodge City. And who is that spitting, instead of bullets, the principal products of Portugal? Why, it's our familiar friend, Wyatt Earp. Now, the gimmick is that, if he wins, he takes the Wagon Train to Cheyenne where Vint Bonner will be the challenger. Hal March, the emcee for this portion, will be assisted during the commercials by a group of unemployed Indians. Theme music? Witch Doctor.

Any agency or network concerned with the public pulse will consider I have given the world a blessing greater than indoor plumbing.

Somehow I can't get over the notion I was born 30 years too soon. Or too late?

*Patty Johnson*

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