

# SEA & SKI

positively prevents sunburn

(OR YOUR MONEY BACK)



THE ALL YEAR AROUND PRODUCT

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING SUNTAN LOTION



Having a wonderful tan!

## NAILS SPLIT, BREAK?

NO NEED FOR COSTLY UNPROVED REMEDIES... JUST DRINK

## KNOX Gelatine

Medical journals report at least 7 out of 10 women restored problem fingernails within 3 months... by drinking daily one full envelope (about 5¢) of Knox in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. Knox Unflavored Gelatine provides nourishment from within... the food factors in this product. At your grocer's.

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: For reprints of the only clinical reports published in medical journals, write Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y.

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Slow down when coming to an intersection.

## New NP-27<sup>®</sup> Treatment Kills Athlete's Foot Fungus Under Skin Surface—Even Penetrates Into Toenails

Promotes growth of healthy tissue, guards against infection coming back.

Latest laboratory tests prove NP-27 Liquid not only works under skin surface, but even penetrates into toenails to kill fungus where it breeds and spreads. Works in the vital under-surface skin layers where ordinary remedies cannot reach.

Using new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment, doctors in two leading clinics found that Athlete's Foot, Ring Worm and other fungus infections, even stubborn cases, clear

up usually within two weeks—often in less than 7 days.

As part of Treatment, new NP-27 Medicated Powder dries the foot perspiration that helps fungus grow, eliminates surface fungus, deodorizes and soothes chafed skin, guards against re-infection.

New NP-27 Treatment guarantees effective relief, or full refund from druggist. Save on special introductory price. Regularly \$1.87, new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment now for limited time only \$1.59.

## A talk with a friend

# STRIKE UP THE BAND!

"AND IN CONCLUSION, the band will favor us with the famous march, *American Patrol*." The perspiring young student announcer with the hesitant voice and the tight-fitting jacket had just completed his chore of announcing the first public concert of the newly formed band of my daughter's elementary school.

It took me back a few years to the hot evening in Maryland when I visited a city park to hear an open-air concert. The neighborhood women were fanning themselves with the evening paper. The men were in shirt-sleeves, many tapping their feet in time with the bass drum. The kids were stuffing themselves with candied apples on sticks. And the mustachioed conductor waved his baton as though this were a command performance. In a way it was.

With the stirring rhythm of the finale (*On the Mall* by Edwin Franko Goldman) still ringing in my ears, I headed back to my rented room to pick up a copy of a current magazine. In it, to my amazement, was a piece by a noted writer telling of the passing of many old-time American institutions. He was burying the old-time band concert as a thing of the past. Yet I had just come from one, and a very fine one.

I wrote a stirring rebuttal, telling of my recent experience. One of the letters I received when my story appeared came from the man who ran a leading band-instrument company in Indiana. He said his factory was busier than ever, band concerts weren't dying at all, and what instrument did I play? Well, it turned out that both of us were trombone players.

He was a man well up in his 70's and he said playing the trombone was the best job in the band because nowadays the trombonists follow right behind the drum majorettes. In his day he followed behind a towering, perspiring drum major.

Since that evening in Maryland I have seen many a high-school band, several Rose Bowl parades, military bands swinging up Fifth Avenue, and college bands entertaining between halves of football games.

It's my observation that I have never seen an organization, whether it's a college football team, a military organization, or a Legion post that didn't have a great esprit de corps when it swung along behind a fine marching band. It's significant that the military organization most famed for its esprit de corps also has the daddy band of 'em all, the U.S. Marine Band, which has had such illustrious conductors as John Philip Sousa.

As for the drum majorettes (and the occasional criticism they generate), I think they're here to stay. The critics of high-kicking majorettes fall into two categories: (1) those who have knotty, unattractive legs themselves, and (2) that gray group of wet blankets who said Lindbergh wouldn't make it, that lipstick was evil, and that Alexander Graham Bell had better seek gainful employment and stop tinkering at all hours of the night.

Richard Kerr

