



Now!  
**Shave your  
 tender zone**  
 without  
**skin irritation**  
 or your money back!

**Special live action lather does it!**  
 Colgate Instant Shave actually shaves the "Tender Zone" under your chin as smoothly as your face. Amazing live action lather is charged with activated moisture that softens whiskers for the quickest, closest shave possible. Helps prevent nicks, scrapes, razor burn. Get Colgate Instant Shave.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** If not completely satisfied with Colgate Instant Shave, send the package to Colgate-Palmolive Company for a full refund.

New  
**COLGATE**  
 Instant Shave  
 No better  
 shave cream  
 at any price **69¢**

If you prefer tubes, there's nothing better than Colgate Brushless or Colgate Lather.

"Magic" powder anchors  
**False Teeth**

Users marvel at the way pleasant, white PERMA-GRIP Dental Plate Powder holds. False teeth stay in place for hours. Alkaline, tasteless. Get PERMA-GRIP.

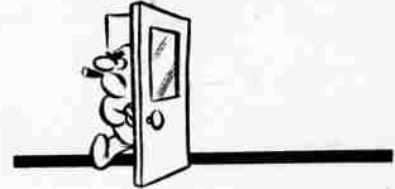
**DRIVE** SLOWLY  
 CAREFULLY  
 SAFELY  
 THE LIFE YOU SAVE  
 MAY BE YOUR OWN

**Why "Good-Time  
 Charlie" Suffers  
 Uneasy Bladder**

Unwise eating or drinking may be a source of mild, but annoying bladder irritations—making you feel restless, tense, and uncomfortable. And if restless nights, with nagging backache, headache or muscular aches and pains due to over-exertion, strain or emotional upset, are adding to your misery—don't wait—try Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills act 3 ways for speedy relief. 1—They have a soothing effect on bladder irritations. 2—A fast pain-relieving action on nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 3—A wonderfully mild diuretic action thru the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. New, large, economy size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!



# Quips and Quotes



Some June graduates apparently think that a sheepskin is for pulling the wool over the boss' eyes.  
 —Frank G. McInnis

**We've Channeled Our Emotions**  
 She sees a melodrama  
 That leaves her shedding tears.  
 Her husband snickers at her—  
 In fact, he almost jeers.

"You're being awfully silly  
 To weep about their woe.  
 You shouldn't waste emotion  
 On folks you do not know."

He turns back to the TV  
 (His is a different case).  
 He yells and shouts and bellows  
 When a man rounds second base.  
 —Lavonne Mathison

**The Language Barrier**  
 The climate of our slang has changed.  
 It's certain, as a rule,  
 What Mamma in her day called hot,  
 The kids now say is cool.  
 —Alice McClure

The father had taken his nine-year-old son to a movie without paying much attention to the billing. That was a mistake. The feature proved to be a torrid love film that was bound to raise some delicate questions.  
 During one prolonged embrace, the father heard the boy say, "Wow!" and readied himself for a lecture.  
 "Didja see that, Dad, didja?" the boy whispered. "Didja see the muscles in that guy's arm when he squeezed her!"

## My Daughter's Being Educated

Some modern educators and a travel agency recently talked me into believing a trip to Europe this Summer would contribute to my daughter's knowledge. Here are excerpts from her letters:  
 Took a boat on the Tems River and saw the Tower of London where several queens, including Mary Queene of Scotch, were beheaded. Also saw Madam Truso's Waxworks with replicas of such people as Muscleeeny and Richard the Line-Hearted. . . .  
 Visited Reems, France, which is the shampain district and saw how sham-

pain is made and tasted some. Also saw a statue of Joan Dark. . . .  
 Got to Venis and road in gandolers on the canals and saw the famous Bridge of Size. Fed the pidgins in the great square in front of St. Marx. . . .  
 Had wonderful time in Florence (they spell it Freeze here) and saw pictures by Mikeangelow, Leonard D. Vinchy, and others. Didn't have time to see the runes of Pompay. . . .  
 In Paris and saw the Looover and the fishermen on the Sane River and Noter Dame Church and the Latin ¼. . . .  
 —Parke Cummings



## I WAS JUST THINKING...

IF YOU HEAR I've been playing golf, I want everyone within shot, preferably ear, to take the comment as lightly as I hit my drives.  
 Actually, they're not even a short trip. And there's little purpose in my "addressing the ball." It won't make it to its destination anyway. I have occasionally tried stamping it, but only into the ground.  
 My volunteer instructor said that even Ben Hogan had to start somewhere. I have often wished I knew the place.  
 It took some time to learn to bear the grip. Mine consists of interlocking fingernails which tend to cut through to the bone on either hand.  
 "Now, pretend you're holding a towel against your side between your arm and your body," said the instructor, ignoring my agony.  
 I inserted my elbow into my floating rib, which promptly would have been if it weren't already. If you feel that's a confusing statement, you should have been me.

I bent my legs and flexed my knees. It was all I could do to keep from sitting down two feet off terra firma. I raised the club and managed to hook my elbows under my clavicle.  
 The instructor seemed to be coughing. Or was he chuckling?  
 "Everybody makes a few mistakes," he murmured. "Let's try a hole."  
 I did that right away. I made a dandy hole in front of the first tee.  
 "Aim at the green!" the instructor shouted, but I couldn't see it from where I stood. I looked for it all the time I was swinging at the ball. After the six strokes through the trees, it took me 12 more to get to the green.  
 It was a warm morning and the golf bag was heavy. Every time I picked up the ball, it squirted out of my hands farther than I could hit it. I could have swum across the English Channel faster.  
 We played for four hours. One was a water hole and the water was dirty. One was a woods hole. I think a groundhog ran away with my ball.



One hole was alongside the railroad track. Everybody on the train was laughing.  
 But my family was amazed when I went home and proudly told them my score of 47.  
 I forgot to mention that was for three holes.

Patty Johnson