

New for CORN



First complete pad treatment

1. For Fast Relief—extra-soft moleskin pads.
2. For Sure Removal—separate medication Phenylum[®] promotes growth of new skin tissue that pushes corn out.
3. For Healing Comfort—special ointment soothes tender new skin area.

Guaranteed to do all 3
or your money back. **59¢**

BLUE-JAY
CORN PAD Treatment
Bauer & Black
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY



EARN BIG MONEY plus PRIZES

Schoporella
No investment, no experience needed! Highest cash commissions! Fabulous free gifts! It's easy to sell, full or part time, to nurses, beauticians, waitresses, housewives, etc. For your FREE giant sales kit (no cost, no obligation), send name, address to:
**UPLAND Uniform Corp., Dept. FW-99
255 WEST 28th ST., New York 1, N.Y.**

PHOTO CREDITS

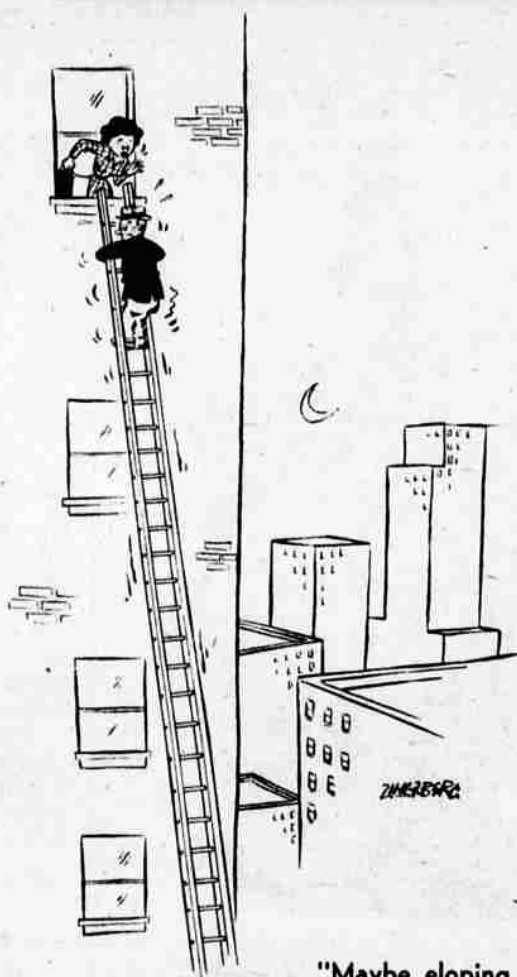
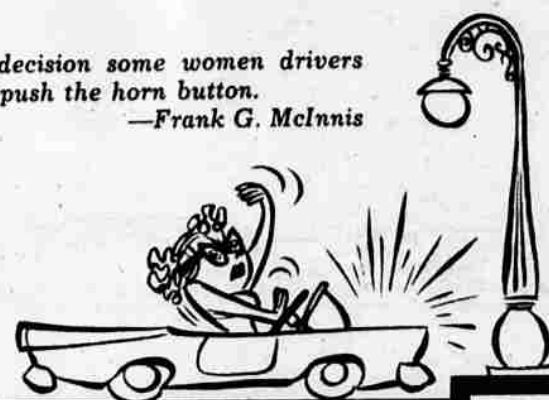
Page 2: Underwood & Underwood.
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Rip Van Winkle Couldn't Sleep with Nagging Backache

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling. Doan's Pills work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 2. by soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. by mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. New, large size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!

Quips and Quotes

The only sound decision some women drivers make is when they push the horn button.
—Frank G. McInnis



"Maybe eloping
wasn't such a good idea after all!"

The elderly bachelor was impressed upon visiting the family of friends. Modern children, it seemed, could do everything. For example, the six-year-old browsed through a primer on nuclear energy and later deftly did border rolls and other tricks with a toy six-shooter. The bachelor was even more amazed when the youngster skillfully assembled a toy machine gun and then carefully set off a miniature satellite. When the boy disappeared in the house, the bachelor started to comment on how grown-up today's children are, but he was interrupted by a wail from the bathroom:

"Momma, come help! I can't button my pants!"

—Don Carle Gillette

PARENTAL PREROGATIVE

I minimize my children's brains,
Pooh-pooh their little talents.
I gravely doubt reported gains
And strike a minus balance.
I sigh about their manners and
Their looks—you can't deny it.
But this I hope you understand:
You'd better never try it!

—Richard Armour

VITAL STATISTICS AS RECORDED BY MY WIFE

To get a man to keep his room tidy,
you have to tell him 15 times a day.

The trouble with supermarkets is
that when you get ready to check out,
there are 100 people ahead of you.

It's terrible the way old newspapers
and magazines accumulate—I throw out
a ton every week.

Husbands always insist on telling a
joke that everybody has already heard
1,000 times.

When a man plays poker, he isn't
content with just the game: he has to
drink a gallon.

Just let a woman give a man the eye,
and he'll come running a mile a minute.
—Parke Cummings

LATE, LATE NEWS

On every hour the station gives
Five minutes of the news to date
For busy folks like me who think
To turn it on—five minutes late.

—Betty Isler



*I was just
thinking...*

THIS is peacefulness—a charcoal fire in the patio, a puppy asleep on the terrace.

This is restfulness—the quiet light across the meadow, the trees singing a lullaby.

This is loveliness—the soundless softness of the end of day, the gathering in of the swallows.

This is tenderness—the slim slice of moon rising on a star, the kitten batting with velvet paw the errant flight of a petal.

Out of the night of the long procession of days, out of the pit beneath the pendulum of time, is this coming again to the road that leads home.

We labor and are heavy-laden. We bow our shoulders under the weight of our burdens. We awaken to the heavy-lidded

dawn and sacrifice the blessed tranquilizer of slumber to the struggle.

We leave the cup of contentment; we forsake the familiar fragrances for the confusions of working and worrying and wondering. We embark on the treadmill beyond which the Great God Ultimate sits in cynical contemplation. And always and forever he is beyond our reach.

This evening which comes with the momentary relinquishing of the race is within our grasp, yet often we cannot see for the film of other desires. Often we cannot recognize our own yearning after what we can never possess.

Here in a patio beside a sleeping puppy, a kitten and a gentle fire, in this instant of sun sleep and moonrise, is all we had hoped for, all we have worked for and we know it not.

This is peace and rest. This is tender love. All that we yield for the Ultimate, all that we offer to the Unknown cannot suffice.

Here is what we sought and could not find, save at the end of our own road.

This is Homecoming.

Patty Johnson