

NEW!

Squeeze Bottle for Gentle Murine



Applies one
soothing drop
at a time

Discover this neat new
way to soothe your eyes
...and so relax tension

Murine's new *squeeze* bottle instantly dispenses one soothing drop at a time. Can't spill, leak or break.

Gentle Murine is an aid to your eyes' own natural moisture. It's the safe way to float away discomforts of smoke, dirt, wind or glare. Soothes and refreshes your eyes, and so relaxes tension. Use comforting Murine morning and night—and any time your eyes feel tired. Get Murine—now more convenient than ever in the new squeeze bottle.



MURINE IS ALSO STILL AVAILABLE IN FAMILIAR GLASS BOTTLE
WITH SEPARATE DROPPER.

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HAS THE ARMY CHANGED ELVIS?

(Continued)



Of course, the Army had cut Elvis' hair, but reading that article made me wonder if he had changed in other ways, too. Finally, I told him about the article and asked him whether he thought the Army had changed him.

"Nobody could study something for two years without changing," he answered thoughtfully. "I'm no different in that than anybody else. I think a lot more about the world today than I did back home. When the papers talked about Communism or Berlin or Moscow, I turned to the entertainment section. I always thought that it was only movie publicity when I read that East German youths were arrested for carrying my picture. But since I've been over here, I know differently. The way the Communists see things, I'm one of the cold-war criminals. I'm not only a millionaire-capitalist, I'm a youth leader, a tool of American big-business imperialists, used for stirring up trouble among German youth. At least that's what the East German papers say.

"When I was drafted, I guess I had an anti-Army prejudice. I was taken in by movies depicting the Army as a huge machine tangled up in red tape. I expected the men to be too slow or lazy to do anything. But I learned things are different. The Army is strictly professional."

AT THE END of a day at camp, we usually have a song fest. Elvis joins in but never raises his voice louder than the next man's. Whenever anyone asks him for a song, though, he's quick to oblige. We usually ask for the slow ones like "Danny Boy" and "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." He sure knows how to put them across.

"You sing those ballads fine, Elvis," I told him one night. "Does it mean we're making you give up rock-'n'-roll?"

"I sing to make people feel good," he answered. "I don't know for sure what songs I'll sing when I go home because I don't suppose they've been written yet."

The Elvis Presley I know always answers such questions thoughtfully and considerately. Maybe it's one of the ways the Army has changed him. I didn't know him before he stepped off that troopship in Bremerhaven, so I can't say for sure. But I doubt that he was ever like the person some writers make him. The Army has matured him, but I don't think even the Army could have changed anyone as much as Elvis would have had to change, if such stories about him were true.

I know Elvis as a good soldier and a fine man. I'm proud to have him serving in my platoon.



A subdued Elvis dates pert Margrit Buerger, plays a quiet guitar, seems aware the world is watching him.



Elvis and his buddies are eager for Stateside news.

