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**MOMMY!... MOMMY!...  
MOMMY!**

To mothers, that cry means that  
there's another cut, scratch, scrape,  
or burn. It also means she should  
get iodine—but she often doesn't,  
because iodine burns and stings,  
upsets youngsters. Here's good  
news. Science has discovered a  
new kind of iodine that stops in-  
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ANTISEPTIC. Where other types  
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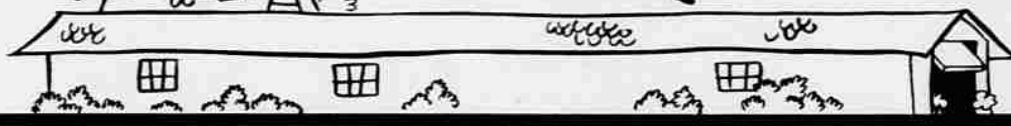
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**ITCH STOPPED  
IN A JIFFY**  
or money back

Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid  
D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves  
raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes,  
scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles.  
Greaseless, stainless. 45¢ trial bottle must  
satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Ask  
your druggist for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.



# Quips and Quotes



## Dimension Dilemma

Now that they're building garages longer,  
(I was a great exhorter)  
The trend is strong—and growing stronger—  
To make the autos shorter!

—Dick Emmons

The man of the house was puzzled when delivery men  
appeared at his door with a new automatic dishwasher.  
"Sure you've got the right address?" he asked.

They showed him an invoice with his name and address.  
"Do you know anything about this?" he asked his wife.  
"Of course," she said. "Don't you remember me telling  
you I'd bought something to keep my hands nice?"

—Hugh Burr

## Prototype

To tell the truth,  
The average youth  
Of that strange in-between age  
That's gone to pot—  
That's noted, if not  
Notorious, as the "teen-age"—  
Is an odd mixture, often crude,  
Self-indulgent, lazy, rude,  
Proud of what he doesn't know,  
Fooled by loud and empty show—  
Just like (and I have to own up)  
The average grownup.

—Ethel Jacobson

Nothing kindles a flame in a  
girl's heart like a man with money  
to burn.

—Hal Chadwick

The easiest way to convince your  
children that they don't really need  
something is to get it for them.

—Charles Ruffing



"You know what signals I'm referring to, Ashley!"



*I was  
just thinking...*



**W**INTER has set our calendars back  
some 50 years.

In a few hours, we have become iso-  
lated in a whirling world of snow. Noth-  
ing moves except the wind and the  
crystal knives. The drifts rise. We are  
unable even to open the door to the  
world.

What had been a busy highway is  
gone. There are lights across the road  
somewhere, but they are beyond the  
wall between us and civilization.

The telephone is silent, prey of the  
weight of winter on its veins. Our lane  
is a desolate waste. Our shrubs are  
mounds of sculptured sugar, our trees  
grotesquely dwarfed by the riding tide  
of white.

The world is still. It is eerie, terrify-  
ing, that between this afternoon and  
nightfall, we have lost transportation,

communication, and every proud ad-  
vance of our achievement.

This is still nature's empire. The city  
behind us is a lifeless village. A child  
will be born this night by candlelight.  
A man will die 50 feet from his own  
doorstep. Nothing we have invented or  
designed will save him from the heavy  
hand of a force we cannot conquer.

We are safe here and warm, but only  
because we had the foresight to order  
a tank of fuel oil or another bin of coal.  
Or because our electricity has not yet  
forsaken us. We have food only because  
the basement cupboard is well stocked.  
But we are without eggs. Our neighbor  
has no milk for his children. In the  
morning, he or we will wrap ourselves  
against the storm and wade the snow  
to trade possessions.

We have known the easier ways and

we are fat and soft and unaccustomed  
to the fight for survival. Some of our  
houses may burn, and the fire engines  
cannot come. Some of us will fight the  
insidious decay of boredom and find no  
help in ourselves. It will be a day or two  
before anyone can plow our lane. It may  
be more than that before the 200 cars  
that are stranded on the highway are all  
towed away.

We are ill-equipped to battle more  
than the weather, to be thrown back to  
the resources which were inherent in  
our grandfathers.

We fight against panic. In the wild  
whiteness of this winter snow, cut off  
from all the creature comfort the turn  
of the century never knew, how far have  
we come?

*Patty Johnson*