

# Kill cooking odors fast with Colgate's new Florient



Makes air smell flower-fresh

- Just one quick spray kills bad odors from cooking, smoking, bathroom, pets, musty closets, baby's room, sick room.
- Wick deodorants are too slow — some aerosols too weak, freshen just for the moment, but Florient really kills bad odors fast.
- So economical, too — it lasts and lasts.
- Keep an extra Florient in your bathroom.



## Keep America Green



PREVENT FOREST FIRES

## FILLS CRACKS AND HOLES



**FIX IT QUICK!**  
No muss — no fuss with easy-to-use Plastic Wood. Resists grease and water.

For surest results always use GENUINE **PLASTIC WOOD**  
Handles like putty — hardens into wood!

## Relieve Dry, Irritated Skin Fast



### HOSPITAL-PROVED dermassage

SOOTHES—COOLS—PROMOTES HEALING—HELPS PROTECT YOUR SKIN! NO WONDER OVER 4,000 HOSPITALS USE DERMASSEGE!

Now with creamy-white, soothing Dermassage you and your family can get fast, comforting, medicated relief from many common skin conditions produced by sun, wind or water. Take a tip from thousands of nurses: A massage with Dermassage relaxes tense, tired muscles, too... helps keep your skin soft, smooth and supple—relieves that dry, irritated uncomfortable feeling fast! Ask for Dermassage—at your favorite drug counter today.



## BUNIONS

**SUPER-FAST RELIEF!**

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve painful pressure on sensitive spot, soothe and cushion it. Enjoy real relief as millions do with Dr. Scholl's — world's largest-selling aid for Bunions!



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

## DRIVE SAFELY

## OH, MY ACHING BACK

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 16 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!

# DOES FATHER REALLY KNOW BEST?

(Continued)

love do not die. And the answer to this curious dilemma of our age?

For each of us it must be a personal answer.

It came for me with the sudden loss of my own father; all the long discussions and arguments with him about politics and art and literature, the interchange of thoughts and opinions, became part of the past; the matter of who was right or wrong was suddenly the least important thing in the world.

What was important was that he was gone, that this wonderful, precious relationship was over, in earthly terms at least. And I knew then that the gap between the generations is never so wide as the gap between life and death, between having and losing.

I recall a moment years ago when, as a boy of 16 in a bitter argument with my father, I said those ugly things youth utters against age and authority, words no child should say to a parent.

I remember my father saying, "Bill, I forgive you before you ask because I know you don't mean those things, not for one instant, not a word."

I was even more angry because callow youth within cried out that I did mean them, and I wanted him to know that I did.

Later, when anger had cooled enough, I knew he had been right; I had not meant those words at all. When I tried to explain, he brushed it aside. It was all right, it was forgiven and forgotten long since. He grinned and we shook hands.

### I Join the "Older" Generation

Some 24 years later, a moment came when my own son hurled his anger at me, his adolescent revolt against the controls of this adult world, in words that seemed to echo across the years—my own words, almost verbatim, hurled back at me out of the past.

Suddenly, in that moment, I knew the hurt my own father must have felt at my 16-year-old rage, hurt he had somehow kept well hidden.

How could I have said those things? How could my son cry out like this now? How could any child cry out like this against his parents who only want to help him?

And then I recalled my father's reply, his immediate forgiveness in the midst of my juvenile fury. I used those words again; I forgave my boy at once: "I know you don't mean words like that. Not for a moment."

Later that night my boy came to me. He started to tell me how he hadn't meant any of it. "You were right, Dad. I was just—sore. I didn't mean that stuff."

I grinned—and we shook hands across a quarter of a century of time.

The key lies in recognition of the simple,

precious relationship of love—on both sides—for what it is; it lies in having the courage to hold on to what is good and worthwhile, warm and real. It lies in learning the meaning of simple, human respect, one for the other, based not on any Victorian concept of dictatorial authority but on love.

### Father-Son Rivalry

One of my Greenwich Village friends is a portrait painter who ranks with the best. His son also is a painter. A rivalry developed between these two that was never in the open, but always present in some measure. They argued about methods, techniques, ideas, goals.

Then the father's eyes began to fail. The son, concerned, pleaded with the father to give up painting. The more he pleaded, the more the father seemed to drive himself.

"I thought Dad was going to paint himself blind to keep up with my output, as he saw it," the son told me. "It wasn't a rivalry any more. I was just terrified about Dad. I went to him and told him if he would quit, I would quit."

The father shook his head angrily at the suggestion. The next day he showed up at his son's studio with a package for the boy. He seemed to have forgotten about the previous night or the argument.

They talked, as they often had in the past, about painting, about the young man's high talent and how far he might go. The son could not recall when the relationship had been so warm or close. In this talk there was new appreciation, each for the other, and the son felt it so strongly that he spoke to his father about it.

"The gulf between us," the father said, "has only been in our minds, not in our hearts, and when we speak with our hearts, the gulf vanishes. Always remember that when you paint."

"What's in the package you brought, Dad?"  
"A symbol of what I mean. Open it after I leave."

When the father was gone, the son opened the package and found in it his father's thoroughly cleaned, well-kept, and ready-to-use brushes and paint. It was a gift of today to tomorrow, and it bound together the meaning and importance of both.

The son told me, "You see, I am both a son and a father myself. Even now with a five-year-old boy, I know that the gap is there and I want to bridge it in every way I can. Dad showed me the way with his gift of those brushes."

The answer is found not in theories but in the respect and love that bind one generation to the next; it is found in the warmth of the human heart.

For the truth is that, with father or child, the heart always knows best.