

POOR DEBORAH



Sunk

By PERIODIC PAIN

Every month Deborah was sunk by functional nervous distress. Now she just takes MIDOL and goes her way in comfort because MIDOL tablets contain:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that STOPS CRAMPING . . .
- Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE and BACKACHE . . . CALM JUMPY NERVES . . .
- A special, mood-brightening medication that CHASES "BLUES."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book, explains womanhood's most common physical problems. Written by a physician. Write Dept. 32, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

GAY DEBORAH



SAVED

BY



STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING

WITH SOOTHING

Campho-Phenique

(Pronounced CAM-FO-VEEN-EEK)

USE IT FOR

FEVER BLISTERS
COLD SORES,
GUM BOILS

Not only do fever blisters heal faster, but the same thing happens when Campho-Phenique is used on cold sores, gum boils, wonderfully soothing too, for minor burns, poison ivy, itching of insect bites. And Campho-Phenique is a highly effective, pain-relieving antiseptic for minor cuts and scratches from paring knives, can openers, tin cans, etc.

Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



Cordon Blousey!

Cooking's an art, or supposed to be,
So I never go by a recipe.
Soups or salads or cakes or pies:
I cook ad lib and I improvise.
A dab of that, a little of this:
I throw it together hit or miss.
For art's not art if you bind
and curb it,

So be it beans or banana sherbet,
I blithely sing, "A fig for the book!"
And, golly, am I a lousy cook!

—George Starbuck Galbraith



Quips and Quotes

Like many husbands, he had a hard time getting started for work in the morning. This particular day he sat bleary-eyed at the kitchen table and after a long silence said: "Make mine coffee and a roll—no butter, please."

The wife looked at him quizzically. "Aren't you going to work today?" "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch. "I thought I was at the office already!"

—Giles H. Runyon

As part of a government project, a group of Eskimos was sent on a tour of U.S. cities. When one returned home, he proudly carried a long piece of pipe, which he promptly stuck through the roof of his igloo.

"What's that?" asked his puzzled wife.

"That's something I picked up on my trip," the Eskimo said proudly. "When you want heat, you just bang on this pipe." —Frances Benson

Words I Was Sorely Tempted to Speak to a Young Caller

Yes, dear, I love your picture, I think it's perfectly fine. I especially like that up-and-down, Squiggly, six-foot line. Now why not take your crayon And draw that whole design For your Mommy on her fresh-painted wall, Like you did for me on mine?

—Barbara Gardner

Supermarketeers By Bob Gustafson



I was just thinking...

IN THE DARK hours of my life there were two dreams. One was a book bearing my name. One was a cottage with roses around its door.

In the passage of years, the pressure of time, I had half-relinquished both. In the velvet night I lay in my alien bed and could not find the cottage lane, could not conjure the book. The loss of them I reconciled in scorn for my romanticism, rejection of a childlike faith.

Today there is no way to put into words the joy which is mine. Beside me on this table are the key to my cottage, the book filled with my

thoughts. I need not be reminded that these are tangible and not half so great as the verities which can neither be seen nor touched. I know the cottage is weathered and has no roses. I know the book is neither bound in vellum nor inscribed in gold. But I knew both dreams at once from long association of hope and yearning.

I sit in the light of my own hearth and admire the skill of artists who gave my hesitant words a color and appeal they never owned. Perhaps this little house will not last me all the days of my life. Perhaps this little book is only a wayside toward the road's end. Yet both are

a culmination, though I played small part in them, and I bask, therefore, in gratitude, not in glory.

Yet all of you who have seen dreams come true will understand that life does not often give pure delight rising like a fountain from a well seemingly dry. When it happens, its sweet waters fill the heart to overflowing.

And so I am impelled to share this with you, not so much for my own sake as for all of you whose dreams are dust.

Wait a little while. Never give up. Dreams, blessed dreams, do come true. I know! I know!

Fatty Johnson