

## "I'm the happiest person in the world—

Since Kellogg's  
ALL-BRAN overcame  
my irregularity"

Millions of people have discovered this gentle, natural way to get relief from constipation due to lack of good food bulk. As Ellen Drozd, Lancaster, Mass., writes:

"I tried everything imaginable. Finally bought Kellogg's All-Bran. Now I'm the happiest person in the world—since it overcame my irregularity. I also enjoy the flavor."

If constipation is your problem, put your trust in nature and try Kellogg's All-Bran.

All-Bran restores the natural laxative bulk that so many of us fail to eat. This is why All-Bran often works in cases where chemical or drug-type laxatives (intended for tempo-



rary relief) don't seem to help.

All-Bran is made from the vital outer layers of wheat. It has the delicious flavor of old time bran muffins. Wholesome, nutritious and inexpensive.

Made by Kellogg's, All-Bran is the original, ready-to-eat bran cereal. Eat All-Bran for 10 days. See if it doesn't bring you natural regularity.

If not satisfied in every respect, simply return the empty carton and get twice what you paid. That's a promise from Kellogg's of Battle Creek, Mich.



An ounce of prevention daily (in the form of All-Bran) can do wonders to help keep you regular.

## What To Do About ARTHRITIS PAINS

If you're suffering from arthritis . . . if your pains are severe and persistent, see your doctor without delay. If your arthritis-pains are not acute . . . but annoying, nagging and moderate, try DOLCIN tablets—the world's best-known, most widely-used product in its field. Clinical studies prove that the special DOLCIN formula is fast-acting, easy-to-take and does not cause dangerous side-effects. Don't delay! If you want some fast relief from moderate, cursory pains of arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis or muscular aches . . . ask your druggist for DOLCIN® tablets today! Take them whenever such pains occur!



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## NAGGED BY BACKACHE?

—why put up with sluggish kidneys . . . when relief is often so swift and easy to obtain?

Nagging backache can result in loss of sleep and energy. Often this misery is caused by sluggish kidneys and a mildly irritated bladder. These conditions can also cause restlessness, dizziness and trips to the bathroom during the night. For 50 years, people have found swift, effective relief by using De WITT'S PILLS. This famous diuretic stimulant for the kidneys 1) flushes congestive waste material out

of the kidneys; 2) increases circulation of blood through the area; 3) reduces irritation of kidneys and bladder; 4) fights infection and resists reinfection of the urinary tract.

You don't have to wonder when De WITT'S PILLS are at work—you can see. When "the blue comes through" you know De WITT'S PILLS are already in action. Get De WITT'S PILLS today. No prescription needed.

De WITT'S PILLS . . . "the blue comes through"

## Foot Relief

QUICK-ACTING FOOT PASTER

If you use Molekio, try Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. It's much softer, more protective and cushioning. So convenient to cut in sizes not available in ready-made pads. Much more economical, too. Relieves callouses, corns, tender spots. Eases new or tight shoes, self-adhering.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

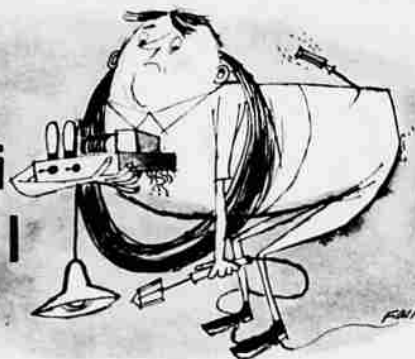
## FAST

Soothing Relief From  
ITCHY TORMENT

Due to Skin Irritations  
RESINOL OINTMENT  
AND SOAP

Sample Free, Resinol 16, Balto. 1, Md.

## The hi-fi and I



by Dick "Call Me Marconi" Emmons

I WAS SITTING in the kitchen on a recent rainy Saturday afternoon, trying to decide the best strategy to avoid waxing the floors, when my wife sneaked up and kissed me on the forehead. It was a bad omen.

"I know just the thing to cure those rainy Saturday blues," she sang out.

"I don't have those rainy Saturday blues," I pouted. "Matter of fact, I am feeling more like a fleecy pink."

She plopped a large box in front of me and blew off some dust. "Remember that install-it-yourself, home hi-fi outfit I gave you for Christmas, 1953? Here, install it yourself."

"I'll wax the floors," I offered quickly. "Give them that no-human-ever-set-foot-here look they talk about in ads."

She shook her head. "This is the perfect time for building my hi-fi. The Jameses and Gillinghams are coming over tonight, and we can dance to it."

I groaned. "The set you bought is more than three years old, sweetheart. You don't want an old, outmoded piece of equipment sitting around where people can poke fun at it, do you?"

"I don't want it sitting around at all. I want the speaker imbedded in the living room wall and the vital parts concealed in the hall closet," she snapped. "I also want speakers in the recreation room, the master bedroom, and the kitchen."

"Nothing in the linen closet?" I asked. "I imagine the washcloths would welcome a little 'Basin St. Blues'."

The lines around her mouth hardened, and I hurriedly opened the box and immersed myself in the instruction pamphlet. "Any boob can install this set," it said reassuringly.

"The speaker cabinet comes to you with one wall off so that you can get into it." I got into it but it was dark, so I got out again, blinking slightly.

I read on, "You have bought what is known in hi-fi parlance as a woofer-and-tweeter combination speaker." I shuddered. "Attach the FM-antenna wire to the input terminals of the crossover network and attach the crossover network to the appropriate speaker connections."

"Tell you what," I told my wife brightly. "Why not get the old Gramophone from the attic, dig up some records, and—"

"And look at stereopticon slides between sets, I suppose," my wife grated.

"What's the matter, Marconi, is it too tough for you to handle?"

"Not a bit," I answered resolutely. "It's just that we don't speak the same parlance. You're sure a little man with 14 years' experience in advanced electronics didn't come with the outfit?"

"Tom Gillingham installed one for Betty," my wife said quietly. "Frank James installed one for Jeanne."

I reddened. In no time at all I was up to my earlobes in preamplifiers, low-capacitance cables, solder, tuners, switches, plug-and-collar inputs, and a labyrinth of unconnected wires, most of them pointing sneeringly at me.

I worked feverishly, my every movement coinciding with a small, ugly chant that was running through my head. Tom Gillingham installed one for Betty. Frank James installed one for Jeanne.

By 7 p.m. I had the speaker imbedded in the wall. By 7:30 I had the amplification equipment hooked up to the record player in the closet. By 8 I was able to free myself from the closet and crawl out, the player arm giving one last, nasty scratch down my spine.

At that moment, the Jameses and Gillinghams arrived. My wife quickly filled them in on my afternoon's work. "And now," she trilled happily, "we'll put on some records and try it out!"

"You try it out," I mumbled. "I'm going to take a shower and get into some clean clothes."

Even over the noise of the shower spray I could hear the deep POW.

Then it got very dark in the bathroom. When I wrapped a towel around me and dashed into the hall, I realized it was very dark everywhere.

"Halloo!" I called. "Any survivors?"

"I think we're all right," one of the girls replied. "Only I'd like a thorough medical examination to be sure."

Frank and Tom were already at work in the hall closet by flashlight. Pretty soon the lights blazed on again and with them a tremendous gush of hi-fi music. "A bit of wire trouble," Tom explained. "Natural mistake for a beginner."

I stood there victoriously drinking in the lovely melody, transfixed by the wonder I had wrought.

My wife was proud of me, too. I could tell by her tenderness as she said, "You're dripping on the rug, dear."