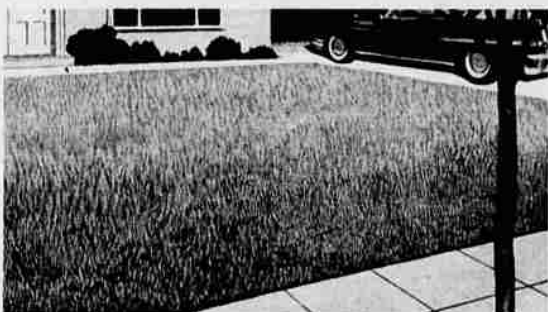




weeds in your lawn?



spray WEED-B-GON—



**get rid of weeds,
roots and all!**

Use the *ORTHO Lawn Sprayer* and spray lawn weeds away! Or use a sprinkling can. It's the easy way to wipe out oxalis, plantain, dandelion, chickweed, dock, thistle, wild onion... even poison oak and poison ivy. Killed with WEED-B-GON, weeds don't grow back. Most die from the roots up with one application.

Economical... control costs less than 2¢ per 100 sq. ft. with WEED-B-GON.

E. W. M. E. U. S. PAT. OFF. 1 B. GON



California Spray-Chemical Corp.

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I WAS JUST THINKING ...

...THEY'RE INSTITUTIONS in their towns. They're the ones who are quoted in the newspapers whenever there's remembering to be done.

They're the ones who were the community builders in the days when the towns were wide spots in the road. And now they have become "boosters," instead. The years have not sent them doddering to old folks' homes but rather to a richer enjoyment of their independence.

In our town the institution's name is Dave Steel. On his 77th birthday recently, a motley assortment of friends young and old gave a surprise party for him at the Elks Club. It was the logical setting because he's been a member for 50 years and helped to organize the chapter in our town after he retired from the grocery business.

The cynicism of a Sinclair Lewis might falsely label him a Babbitt, yet he is principally joined to the effort of maintaining the rascally charm of his individuality. If he associates more with youth than with age, it is not that he rejects his own years. He fails to find them a handicap.

Recently, with the smoke of his constant cigar wreathing his smooth white hair, he went to the doctor's office for the first time in his life and with real embarrassment. He discovered, he said, that he'd been feeling a little tired after he climbed the stairs to the Elks Club or after dining at 10 o'clock in the evening on a top sirloin. The doctor, a boy of 45, merely clapped him on his straight shoulders and went enviously back to work on sick people.

Dave is a fountain of anecdotes, and age cannot wither their quality. He maintains a hotel apartment filled with the beloved remnants of his home, but he travels to Kansas City for Christmas and to Florida for the rest of the Winter.

He is one of the principal characters of our town. But he is something more. He has retained the gallantry of another era, incorporating it into the shrewd comprehension of a new age.

The secret of the Dave Steels is not simply that they grow old gracefully.

They have retired from business but not from the love of life.

Patty Johnson



COVER

April showers pose no problem to a resourceful mailman. But what about the tail-wagging pup? Does he want to get in out of the rain, too, or does he just want a share of the postman's lunch? Painting by Joe Haramy.

**Family
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