



* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Fashions

New Wash-'N'-Wear Bras

can't ever gap or slide

by Ruth Stone, Perma-lift Foundation Stylist

TODAY I HAVE some wonderfully exciting news for you about two new spring bras by "Perma-lift" that have absolutely everything we ever wanted in a brassiere.

First of all, they're both styled of fine, soft, wash-'n'-wear cotton—and you know what that means. No wrinkles, no ironing. These bras can even be laundered in your own washer and dryer.

Secondly each bra has a special "Neveride" Band that prevents sliding and slipping, and a wonderful "no-gap" elastic top that hugs you firmly, yet gently. The shoulder straps are different, too—smooth, flat, dainty, and won't ever roll, wrinkle or pull apart.

Both "Perma-lift" Bras have Magic Insets in the cups that guarantee firm, lasting uplift, no matter how often the bras are washed.

Style #132, at right, is a new circular stitched cup design that gives you a round, natural look for Spring's new casual look. Style #109, left, is a regular style with pretty embroidery.

The price is a real surprise too—only \$2.50 for either bra. I'd suggest you buy both for your new Spring finery.

Free Booklet

Write for my free booklet, "Facts About Figures" c/o Ruth Stone, Dept. "FW", A. Stein & Company, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Illinois.

I'll stay downtown, thank you!

by Dick Emmons



"Ann was teetering on the brink, aiming herself at our mattress for a target."

EVERY SO OFTEN my wife Helen comes down with a malady known unscientifically as the Wifely Weeps, an eerie sort of ailment which leaves its victims sitting in corners tearing up old dollar bills.

"What's it like—outside?" she'll ask wistfully during one of these attacks. "I mean in the world of real people?"

"I wouldn't call Mr. Elliott people exactly," I'll reply defensively. "A day taking orders from him and you'd be glad to get back to the graham-cracker gang."

"Try me!" Helen will whinny. "Trade places with me for just one day!"

I'll shake my head.

"Half a day?" the girl will plead.

"I don't like to sound superior," I'll say slowly at this point, "but the kids get you down because your approach is not positive enough. Friendliness is all right if it wears a toga of firmness."

She'll smile frostily and I'll know my advice has been sadly wasted.

I came home the other night to find her idly swallowing lighted kitchen matches, a glazed look in her eyes.

"Where are our pretty, little golden-haired twins?" I asked gently, knowing the symptoms.

"The last I saw of them they were trying to force your typewriter down the laundry chute," she mumbled vacantly.

I sucked in my breath. "Well, we'll put a stop to that! Where's Ann?"

"She's planning a public parachute leap off the garage roof. The advance ticket sale has been brisk."

I gulped and dashed for the back yard. Ann, umbrella in hand, was teetering on the brink, aiming herself at our mattress

which was laid out below as a target.

"Young lady," I said in my drill-field tone, "climb down here this instant!"

"Step back, Daddy!" Ann warned. "I've got 27 cents riding on this one!"

"Did you hear what I—I—" I started. Then I broke for cover as the girl plummeted toward me. I moved just far enough to get the full impact. There was a roaring in my head and somewhere Hawaiian guitars were strumming crazily.

At that instant the twins whooped out of the house. "Grizzly!" Davey cried. "Pot him, Dickie!"

"Now just a moment, you two—" I ordered, struggling upright. My command was cut off as Dickie, firing at point-blank range, caught me full in the face with a squirt of green ink.

I reeled toward the house, gasping and shaken. "I see you tried the positive approach," Helen said dully.

"Do you go through this sort of thing every day?" I choked.

"Sometimes it's worse," she said. "You should be here when it rains all day and the children have to stay indoors."

I shuddered at the thought.

"Let's look at the bright side of it, though," I offered.

"Bright side?"

"Sure. By 1970 the kids'll be away at college or married or someplace and—"

The girl broke into uncontrollable sobbing, but for the life of me I couldn't tell whether it was because she felt she was about to lose her young ones or because it was going to be so long until she did.

"There, there," I said, unable to think of anything more heartening.