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MOMMY!... MOMMY!...
MOMMY!

To mothers, that cry means that
there's another cut, scratch, scrape,
or burn. It also means she should
get iodine—but she often doesn't,
because iodine burns and stings,
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D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves
raw, red, itchy—caused by eczema, rashes,
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Greaseless, stainless. 45¢ trial bottle must
satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Ask
your druggist for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.



Quips and Quotes

Dimension Dilemma

Now that they're building garages longer,
(I was a great exhorter)
The trend is strong—and growing stronger—
To make the autos shorter!

—Dick Emmons

Prototype

To tell the truth,
The average youth
Of that strange in-between age
That's gone to pot—
That's noted, if not
Notorious, as the "teen-age"—
Is an odd mixture, often crude,
Self-indulgent, lazy, rude,
Proud of what he doesn't know,
Fooled by loud and empty show—
Just like (and I have to own up)
The average grownup.

—Ethel Jacobson

Nothing kindles a flame in a
girl's heart like a man with money
to burn.

—Hal Chadwick

The easiest way to convince your
children that they don't really need
something is to get it for them.

—Charles Ruffing

The man of the house was puzzled when delivery men
appeared at his door with a new automatic dishwasher.
"Sure you've got the right address?" he asked.

They showed him an invoice with his name and address.
"Do you know anything about this?" he asked his wife.
"Of course," she said. "Don't you remember me telling
you I'd bought something to keep my hands nice?"

—Hugh Burr



"You know what signals I'm referring to, Ashley!"



I was
just thinking...

WINTER has set our calendars back
some 50 years.

In a few hours, we have become iso-
lated in a whirling world of snow. Noth-
ing moves except the wind and the
crystal knives. The drifts rise. We are
unable even to open the door to the
world.

What had been a busy highway is
gone. There are lights across the road
somewhere, but they are beyond the
wall between us and civilization.

The telephone is silent, prey of the
weight of winter on its veins. Our lane
is a desolate waste. Our shrubs are
mounds of sculptured sugar, our trees
grotesquely dwarfed by the riding tide
of white.

The world is still. It is eerie, terrify-
ing, that between this afternoon and
nightfall, we have lost transportation,

communication, and every proud ad-
vance of our achievement.

This is still nature's empire. The city
behind us is a lifeless village. A child
will be born this night by candlelight.
A man will die 50 feet from his own
doorstep. Nothing we have invented or
designed will save him from the heavy
hand of a force we cannot conquer.

We are safe here and warm, but only
because we had the foresight to order
a tank of fuel oil or another bin of coal.
Or because our electricity has not yet
forsaken us. We have food only because
the basement cupboard is well stocked.
But we are without eggs. Our neighbor
has no milk for his children. In the
morning, he or we will wrap ourselves
against the storm and wade the snow
to trade possessions.

We have known the easier ways and

we are fat and soft and unaccustomed
to the fight for survival. Some of our
houses may burn, and the fire engines
cannot come. Some of us will fight the
insidious decay of boredom and find no
help in ourselves. It will be a day or two
before anyone can plow our lane. It may
be more than that before the 200 cars
that are stranded on the highway are all
towed away.

We are ill-equipped to battle more
than the weather, to be thrown back to
the resources which were inherent in
our grandfathers.

We fight against panic. In the wild
whiteness of this winter snow, cut off
from all the creature comfort the turn
of the century never knew, how far have
we come?

Patty Johnson