



PAZO  
lets you  
be active  
in comfort

## Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

Recent research reveals fast new way to shrink hemorrhoid tissues, stop pain and itching—all without surgery. It's a combination of six modern medications in one complete formula: The Pazo Formula.

**NEW, RELIABLE RELIEF.** Pazo is the only leading formula with these six active ingredients to shrink and soothe hemorrhoid tissues. Research shows this new combination brings symptomatic relief even to long-time pile sufferers.

**CLINICALLY TESTED BY DOCTORS:** Pazo actually proves to do more than just shrink hemorrhoids. It also relieves pain and itching promptly, fights infection, promotes healing, and lubricates membranes.

**AVAILABLE NOW** in stainless ointment and suppositories. Ask for...

**THE PAZO FORMULA**

## FEET HURT?

Cut This Cushioning Foot Plaster  
To Right Size, Shape For Fast Relief!



**EXTRA PROTECTION WHEREVER FEET HURT!**  
When shoes pinch or rub, cushion feet with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. Thicker, softer, more protective than ordinary moleskin — yet costs no more. Easy to cut to right size, shape. Fast relief for corns, calluses, tender spots. Self-adhering. 19¢, 40¢, 50¢, \$1.15.

**Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX**

## Live a "regular life" without laxatives

Now, stop fighting constipation with laxatives or "bulks" that work unnaturally, uncomfortably! Stay "regular" with REGUTOL®. It's not a laxative, yet helps restore regularity as no laxative can. REGUTOL tablets simply make the moisture in your colon keep waste soft for easy, normal elimination. Hospital-proved... safe, not habit-forming.



## AVOID Shopping in Rush Hours

## Stop the Itch

of insect  
bites...  
heat rash

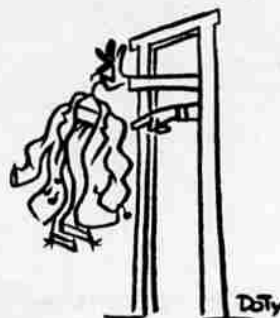
Now, get relief fast. In a jiffy D.D.D. Prescription stops tormenting, raw, fiery itch of insect bites, heat rash, athlete's foot, eczema, other itch troubles. Stainless, cooling, antiseptic. Helps prevent infection—promotes healing. Don't suffer. Ask druggist for D.D.D.—liquid or creme.



## Advice to a Well-Pressed Suitor

You go a-courting, my artless lad,  
Decked out like a faultless fashion ad.  
And there's no question that you'll impress her  
As being a very snappy dresser.  
But if you're figuring to propose,  
Then do your wooing in rumpled clothes,  
With undarned socks and buttons a-dangle.  
The Helpless Bachelor—that's your angle.  
For, son, the way to the feminine heart  
Is to look as if you'll ravel apart  
Without the care of a woman's hand—  
And hers will be ready on demand.

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith



# Quips and Quotes

*Any young man who's working his own way through college these days probably isn't married.*

—Franklin P. Jones

It was the worst night of the winter. Wind whipped the snow with biting fury, drifts piled up at corners, and sidewalks became treacherous with ice. Through the blizzard a little man, head down, inched his way to the neighborhood bakery. He pulled open the door against the lash of wind and stepped inside, exhausted.

"Two sweet rolls," he panted.  
"You came out in this weather just for two sweet rolls?" the baker asked incredulously. The man nodded.

"Tell me," the baker inquired, "are you married?"  
The little man snapped back his answer: "You don't think my mother would send me out on a night like this, do you?"

—Edward C. O'Connor

A vain, well-to-do member of the bridge club showed up at the weekly meeting with a new hairdo piled high atop her head. "It's beautiful," said one of the more timid ladies in the club. "It almost looks like a wig."

The aristocratic woman drew herself up in annoyance. "It is a wig," she said coldly.

"Well, my goodness," soothed the little lady, "I would never have guessed it!"

—Wilfred Beaver

As Dad wended his way wearily toward the front door after a hard day's work, his young son jumped out of the bushes, shouting: "Up with your hands, pardner. I got you covered with this here six-gun, so don't draw."

"Wait a minute, son," said the father, eyeing the space helmet, rocket gun, and astronaut wings that the boy was sporting. "You're talking Western, not space age."

His son was puzzled only a moment. Then he said: "Pardner, I'm from West Mars!"

—Jan Struckmeyer

## Fully Winterized By Al Kaufman

