

with a nasty welt on his head. Although somewhat amazed at her findings, she turned and gave full credit to grandpa and his nimble, Superman-like ability. Casting it off in a nonchalant and a "not so unusual" manner, he graciously accepted her comments. Although from Jane he had accepted the credit, grandpa silently thanked the sharp-cornered chest at the foot of his bed.

Now a neighborhood hero and school-boy favorite, because of Jane's story,

grandpa continued his Superman day-dreams with more confidence in himself as to his abilities and his commando technique. Not once again as long as grandpa lived did Jane ever criticize, make fun of, or even consider having those "little men in white coats" from the bug house come visit grandpa. So if you're ever down on Archington Avenue, and you pass a little white and green house, and you hear a cry, "I'm Superman Grandpa ,that's me!" —take heed.

A Modern Drugstore

RICHARD G. FINLEY

Who is the person who has not walked into a drugstore without being promptly and completely confused? Who is the person who has not bent an ear to the sage advice of a bespectled clerk, "Pardon me sir, but I would suggest that you take this other aisle to the prescription counter, we have had no word from five customers who went the other way two weeks ago. We are still searching for them."

Who is that person? Not I.

Let us stroll slowly down the street to an imposing looking window. A tasteful arrangement? Hardly. A colorful display? Well, yes, in its own way. A beacon of light offering guidance to all those suffering or in good health? Precisely.

A beautiful girl looks down with sparkling eyes, smiling directly at *You!* A gigantic tube of Pepsodent below proclaims that she uses Pepsodent with Irium, further warning that if you should fail to do likewise, you will spend an unhappy and toothless old age.

Below in pleasing disarray are spread several boxes of their delicious chocolate covered tidbits at only 69 cents for five pounds, after which you should rinse your mouth with Listerine to remove all decaying substance from between your teeth.

Buy your War Savings Bonds and Stamps here. Save 20 per cent on hot water bags which is just the thing for your complexion, made by Elizabeth Arden with the new sweep second hand. Let us wander inside before we become confused.

"Mayi helpya buddy," war times you know.

"Well, yes, a three cent stamp, please."

"A three cent stamp?" his voice rises to high pitch and cracks on the last word. He looks around him, a bit confused. "I don't know, you might ask at the back of the store." Your wandering continues.

A similar greeting, inquiring if they can "getcha sumpthin," brings you face to face with a young woman surrounded by a welter of jars. Lipstick and mascara have been used liberally to produce a dubious effect, which is enhanced by the popping of her bubble gum. You ask again for a stamp. Her eyebrows rise and she directs you to a front counter as if talking to one mentally weak.

A firm resolve to find your stamps or die in the attempt is born within, and with firm, measured stride, you make your way between the bathing suits and the Cashmere Bouquet. I wish you luck, my brave soul, I died in the attempt.