Superman Grandpa

In a quaint little white and green house on Archington Avenue one sunny afternoon, Jane, the mistress of the house, was knitting a sweater. As she worked over her masterpiece, she listened intently to the voice coming from grandfather's room. Once again his imaginative mind was working overtime, and his daydreaming gremlins were carrying him off to a land of oblivion. Jane listened, "Whish, with a quick change of clothing, I stand before you as Superman!" Now grandpa, attired in his suit of red flannels and beating madly on his sunken chest, was in the throes of portraying his favorite character. After the first hard pound had sent him sprawling to the floor, he stood upright, admiring himself before the mirror. "Superman Grandpa, that's me. No one can top my physique", he said as he stared at his puny, wrinkled, spindle-legged body. "These curly, raven locks", he added as his hand stroked his gray-fringed, bald head, "are always neatly groomed regardless of what hair raising adventure I have just experienced". Jane laid aside her knitting as she continued to listen to grandpa's ramblings. She moved her chair so that she might command a better view of grandpa as her interest was mounting. "My dynamic biceps and powerful forearms can never be equalled", raved grandpa. At this Jane's jaw dropped open but a suppressed giggle quickly bubbled forth as she gazed upon grandpa's magnificent, toothpick-like arms. As the afternoon drew to a close, Jane reluctantly retired to prepare dinner, and grandpa continued his escapades of holding up bridges, buildings, and trains. After saving approximately twenty-two lives during the afternoon, he decided to return to his normal life for the remainder of that day.

Dinner was served, and grandpa emerged from his room the quiet, sedate little fellow whom the community knew. After he had eaten, he followed his journalistic tendencies by pursuing the evening paper. Before long his tired head began to nod as he answered the sandman's call.

The hours slowly ticked away until the chimes announced the midnight hour. A peaceful quiet pervaded the house. Outside the same creepy silence prevailed. However, a shadowy figure stealthily crept toward the open window in grandpa's room. Fingers appeared in the sill, and the window slowly was raised higher. Grandpa turned in his bed, and the thief's eyes narrowed as he peered hard and deep into the gloomy room. His hands had stopped the movements of the window now, and he sprang lightly to the ledge, preparing to drop quietly to the inside. Once again grandpa stirred in his sleep; his eyes opened slowly. Immediately they fell upon the unexpected intruder. Scared beyond control and, forgetting that the visitor was practically between himself and the door, grandpa, in a mad, wild frenzy, leaped from his sleeping position and jumped for the door. While in flight, his two feet came in contact with the surprised, and now upraised, head of the unwelcome visitor. His shouts and yells had awakened Jane who scurried down the hall to the rescue. A heavy thud resounded through the house as the thug's heavy carcass hit the floor. In a flash grandpa had bounded out the door and stood nervously tense at Jane's side. Cautiously inspecting the room, Jane discovered the housebreaker unconscious.
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 schoolboy favorite, because of Jane’s story, grandpa continued his Superman daydreams 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.

“May I help ya 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 sumthin,” 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.