

Are your clothes getting compliments—or just getting by?

Are their colors as bright, their fit as right . . . as could be? If not, maybe it's your washing care that's wrong.

Just make it a rule to shun strong soaps and rough handling . . . treat nice washables (those that show and those that don't) tenderly with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then your clothes'll pop out of the tub looking oh-so-lovely, time after time!

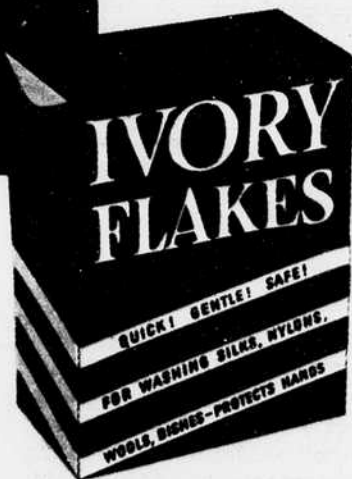
Keep your washables lovelier with this special care

HELP YOUR GIRDLE hold its shape, and yours—give it frequent sudsings in Ivory Flakes . . . the fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory.

NYLONS need the best of care—Ivory Flakes care. Strain tests prove that nightly sudsings in Ivory Flakes cut down stocking runs as much as 50%.

YOU'LL DAZZLE the crowd with your sweaters if you help preserve their flattering color and fit with Ivory Flakes care.

If it's lovely to wear... It's worth
Ivory Flakes care



The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory
99⁴⁴/100% Pure

JAUNTY CORDUROY makes a dashing slack suit, and one that'll wash like a breeze in Ivory Flakes. You'll find no soap is milder, or kinder to nice things.

"WHO WAS THAT LADY...?"

Continued from page ten

later it carried 587 jokes "with the names of the authors to such as are known."

The years pass. Joe Miller has gone through countless editions and picked up weight until the number of original Joe Miller gags now stands above 5,700. The 20th century opens, and sales of "Joe Miller's Jest's" decline and die. But the jokes themselves have not been buried with the book.

Our last stop is on a Sunday afternoon at the Brown Derby in Hollywood, where the celebrated comedian, Bernie Yakyak, and his writers are clustered around next week's script. One writer pulls a thin red book from the pocket of his pea-green sports jacket.

Joe Miller Rediscovered

WRITER: Oh, baby, here's some good stuff. What's more, it's never been tapped. It's a reprint of the original Joe Miller, 1739. All in the public domain.

YAKYAK: Stuff for us?

WRITER: Try this one. "A dog coming open-mouthed at a sergeant upon a march, he run the spear of his halbert into his throat and killed him. The owner, coming out, raved that his dog was killed, asked the sergeant why he could not as well have struck him with the blunt end of the halbert. 'So I would,' says he, 'if he had run at me with his tail.'"

OTHER WRITERS: (musing) Hmmm.

YAKYAK: No good. Milton Berle used it last week.

FIRST WRITER: All right, here's another. "Sir William Davenant, the poet, had no nose. One day, a beggar-woman followed him crying, 'The Lord preserve your eyesight, sir, the Lord preserve your eyesight.' 'Why, good woman,' said he, 'do you pray so much for my eyesight?' 'Ah, dear sir,' said she, 'if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you'd have no place to hang your spectacles on.'"

"Here's a Switch, Boss"

SECOND WRITER: That's no gag. We don't know any radio comedians without noses.

THIRD WRITER: Maybe it could be a gag about just an ordinary guy with no nose. Not a movie star.

YAKYAK: What kind of crazy talk is that? You don't like Hollywood, why don't you go back where you came from?

FIRST WRITER: I got the switch, boss. It's a little moron joke. One little moron says to the other little moron, "What would happen if you lost your nose?" And the second little moron says, "I couldn't smell."

YAKYAK: So?

FIRST WRITER: So the first little moron says, "And what would happen if you lost your mouth?" And the second little moron says, "I couldn't talk."

SECOND WRITER: Better get to the punch-line.

FIRST WRITER: Then the first little moron says, "And what would happen if you lost your ears?" And the second little moron says, "I couldn't see."

YAKYAK: Couldn't see?

FIRST WRITER: I'm coming to it, boss. The first little moron says, "Why couldn't you see if you lost your ears?" The second little moron says (this'll kill you, boss), "I couldn't see because my hat would fall down over my eyes."

YAKYAK: Write it in, Mac, write it in! A lulu!

Ah there, Joe Miller, happy illiterate! Are you listening, boy?
The End



"I can't believe it, Judson — you, a loyal and trusted employee, asking for a raise!"