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**NEXT
TO
NOTHING
GOES TO
WAIST
WITH
WISH-BONE.**

Low Calorie Italian really lets go with sassy, slightly garlicky flavor. Just enough to make salads snap to attention! And Wish-Bone's so stingy with calories you stay slim while you eat happy! Try Wish-Bone's three other low calorie dressings, too: French-Style, Garlic French-Style and Russian —just for flavor!

**WISH-BONE
LOW CALORIE
ITALIAN**



from the girls without this scorecard

By Ralph Schoenstein

One night last week, I was strolling down the hallway of my apartment house, gaily bearing some orange peels and egg shells to their final resting place, when a middle-aged lady opened her door, looked at me in horror, and cried, "You dump the garbage?"

"Why, yes," I replied. "It just doesn't seem to get into the incinerator on its own."

She ran her startled eyes from my bearded cheeks to the hairy knees that bulged fetchingly below my mini-Bermudas.

"But you," she said, "are a man."

"Check," I replied. "They can't put anything past you."

"You must be some wonderful help to your wife. My husband wouldn't be found dead dumping garbage."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't get much dumped in that condition," I said. (It is not without reason that I have been called the Noel Coward of sanitation.)

"My husband," she said, "he doesn't even wanna know about garbage—or dishes or anything! He says that he has his job and I have mine."

As I walked back from the incinerator to my napping wife, I fell to thinking about the roles of the male and the female in modern society. Because of a certain accident of birth, I have always played the male, but, like so many other young husbands, I often find myself doing things that a previous generation did not consider especially virile, things like bleaching laundry.

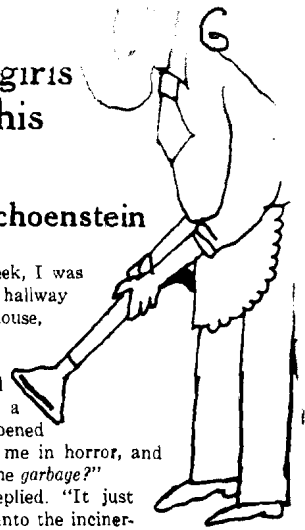
I happen to bleach the laundry because I also wash it. You see, my wife is afraid of being raped in the basement laundry room and I am not, so on many a cold night (and on warm ones, too) I go from the incinerator to automatic without even pausing to baste a roast.

When my wife's mother learned that I was our family's Mr. Clean, she was as horrified as my friend at the incinerator.

"Men aren't supposed to do laundry!" she cried. "Men are supposed to make money and go bowling."

Her outcry echoed in the hearts of millions of older Americans, the folks who had their matrimonial jobs neatly parceled out and assigned for life. It was easy to tell a woman in the old days: She was the one who had babies and worked the stoves and wore the bras. And the men? Oh, those silly, overgrown little boys, they played poker and drank beer and dropped dead well-insured.

My own father belongs to this group, to the domestic traditionalists, the cliff-dwelling cavernmen. I will never forget the look on his face the first time he caught me changing my daughter's diaper. It was a look to match the one that Mr.



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Illustration by Tomi Ungerer