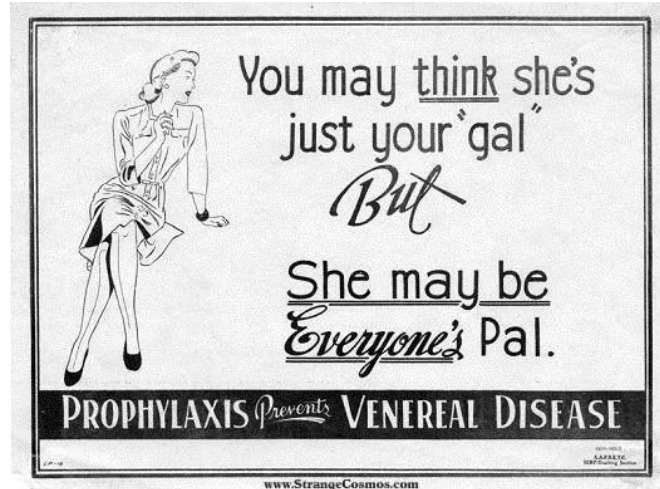


## Prophylaxis



By Mort Laitner

WWII, 1944, somewhere in the lower forty eight, a young mid-western illustrator is given a war assignment.

His boss barks out the order, “Draw me a young innocent women who may be a tramp!”

Artist thinks out loud, “Tough assignment - a true contradiction.” The artist meekly asks, “Boss, do we have the by-line?”

The boss snarls, “Yea, ‘You may think she’s your ‘gal’ but she may be everyone’s pal.’”

The illustrator knows the US Army is paying his salary. His poster should get soldiers to wear protection-like helmets protecting their heads. Public Health enters the fray, but will it promote trust between the sheets?

The kid imagines a bedroom scene with his girlfriend looking up and asking, “Don’t you trust me?” He shakes his head trying to figure out how he would respond.

He queries, “Boss you got any suggestions?”

“Yea, put some lipstick on her and put her legs in nylons with the seam in the middle of each leg.”

The boss, starting to enjoy himself, adds, “Make sure her legs are crossed, the skirt is knee length and pose her arm like she’s holding a cigarette but don’t put one in her hand.”

“Thanks, boss great advice, any jewelry on her?”

“Kid, don’t over do it. Keep it simple. Just one wrist bracelet. We want to show her angel and devil side.”

Three hours later the illustrator carries in his finished product. He proudly lays the sketch on the boss’ desk.

“Kid, you have done it! It’s a masterpiece! Is she or isn’t she fooling around? This will keep those soldiers guessing. We may not be medics, but I think we just saved a few lives!”

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