

# Don't Scratch That ITCH!

New Antiseptic Cream  
Believes Intense Itch  
In Seconds—  
Fights Further Infection!



Doctors were scratching may cause painful infection! With new antiseptic Nozain you can now relieve maddening itch in seconds, and thus fight that dangerous urge to scratch! Nozain's greaseless formula—discovered by Nozain skin specialists—works 3 ways at once to relieve itchy torments.

1. It's anesthetic! New Nozain relieves pain of itch. Ends misery in seconds!
  2. It's antiseptic! Fights germs. Helps prevent agonizing itch from spreading.
  3. It's medicated! Soothes irritation. Speeds healing.
- So safe it needs no prescription. Ideal for cuts, burns, scrapes, severe sunburn, too. Great for children. Only 75¢ and \$1.25 a tube. Get relief... or return unused portion and get your money back!

Satisfaction guaranteed  
by Nozain



## Foot Relief QUICK-ACTING FOOT PLASTER

If you use Mohakin, try Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. It's much softer, more protective and cushioning. Its convenience to cut in sizes not available in ready-made pads. Much more economical, too. Relieves calluses, corns, tender spots. Eases new or tight shoes, self-adhering.



## Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

## ATTACKS CALL FOR DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

Effective relief anytime, anywhere. Powder, cigarette or pipe mix...

Ask your druggist

COVER: Time stands still at great moments—and they happen so often in childhood. A man conquers worlds, a woman falls in love, but a child slipping a soda wouldn't trade her estate for either. (Leo Aarons photo.)

## FAMILY WEEKLY

179 North Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Ill.  
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AS YOU WERE SAYING...



## Lesson in Oriental Logic

I'D ALWAYS been fascinated by the picturesque symbols my Chinese laundryman drew on my tickets. Then one day I was startled to discover they were always the same. I was a little frightened. Was I marked for death by some hideous tong? One day I mustered my courage and asked him what the symbols meant.

He smiled shyly. "Is code. Ticket always same each different customer. Each laundry too much same. Each customer different. Ticket tell about customer, not about laundry. You understand?"

I wasn't sure I did. "What does mine say?"

"You get mad?"

"Of course not," I blurted, getting a little mad.

"Okay. Your ticket say, 'Old man. High. Very thin. Dark glasses. Big ear, nose, foot. No hair. Crooked teeth. Maybe pay next time.' That is all, kind sir."

I don't remember what I said, but I took my laundry and beat a hasty retreat.—Frank Spicker, Clarkston, Wash.

**HIGH-FLYING PROJECT.** Our church organization, faced with the problem of raising funds to meet our charity pledge, discarded several projects before we hit upon an idea that has paid rich dividends. We engaged a young

pilot-photographer to take aerial views of our little community and had enlargements made of the photo that would be of greatest interest to residents. Then we went house-to-house selling the picture. Results were beyond our wildest hopes—and the money is still coming in!—Mrs. Violet H. Donchatz, Kimball, W. Va.

**THE STRANGER AND THE WAITRESS.** My sister's first job was in a strange town as a waitress. A man walked in, noticed she was new, then ruffled up his hat and coat and sat down. He told my sister he was hungry but had no money. She told him to order and she would pay for it. He did—donuts and coffee—then gave her a dollar tip.

When he left, everyone laughed. The man was the mayor of the town. He said he just wanted to find out what kind of heart she had.—Mrs. Irene Jesson, Trenton, N. J.

### We Pay \$10 for Your Letters

We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If we print your letter, you will receive \$10. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Letters cannot be returned. Address: Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.



EVERYBODY came to the Rotary picnic. All the young members and the old members. The new minister in the self-conscious sport shirt. The old lady wearing sandals. The children in feather headdresses. They were all there.

The great elms were, too, and the river and the twilight. The men stood under the cook tent and ladled up fried chicken camouflaged in batter and rich with promise. They doled out the fat green pickles and the ears of corn. And the baked beans glued in the hot thickening of themselves.

The children played baseball and ran foot races. The little ones stood apart, their round stomachs stretching their T-shirts taut, their round eyes eager and timid.

There were young mothers and there were grandmothers. There were businessmen in aprons, pouring coffee. There was the child who fell down and pierced the sunset with his wails, and the bud of womanhood aware of herself and her fresh blue dress and her soft mouth.

The minister said grace and the college professor led a

round of new words to old music and a boy played an accordion as fast as his fingers would let him.

And the great elms stood a little apart and listened.

It was sunset first and then twilight and after that the dark. And the fire-flies came to replace the gnats and the hesitant moonlight speckled the river.

On the loudspeaker somebody called a lost child and the president read the names of the committee and asked the picnickers to clap for every one.

Then the baskets were packed with the reproach of dirty dishes and the sweaters were gathered up and sticky fingers washed under the faucet and the last car drove away.

But the elms remained and the long grass roused itself and, down by the river, the frogs sang.

Everybody who had come to the Rotary picnic was gone.

Except the trees and the river and the grass. They waited for the next visitor.

The peace of night.

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