

Kill cooking odors fast with Colgate's new Floriant

Makes air smell
flower-fresh

One Spray of Colgate's new Floriant instant-action Air Deodorant quickly kills unpleasant household odors—cooking, smoking, bathroom, pets, musty closets, baby's room, and sick room. Get it at your grocery or drug store. Be sure to keep an extra Floriant handy in the bathroom.



Woman Nearly Itches to Death

"I nearly itched to death. Now I am bappy," says Lanacane user Mrs. D. Howard of Los Angeles.

Here's blessed relief from the itching tortures and misery of rash, eczema and skin irritations with an amazing new scientific formula called LANACANE Skin Ointment. This stainless medicated cream kills harmful bacteria germs while it softens and dissolves infected skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer another minute. Get LANACANE today at all druggists.

CHECK ASTHMA AGONY

With the first few puffs of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR Cigarettes you get relief from bronchial asthma symptoms. Ask Your Druggist

ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES

COVER: "Come on, now—hatch!" Well, we hate to mention it to our cover girl, but nature sets her own pace. One of childhood's most wonderful experiences is discovery, and it's Spring, the best time of the year to wander and wonder! (John Mechtling photo from FPG.)

FAMILY WEEKLY

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AS YOU WERE SAYING...



Cheers for a Losing Team

BEING a cheerleader for a brand-new high school isn't always an easy job, but our wonderful school spirit helps me. For instance, last year our basketball team didn't win a game. In fact, we've lost 35 straight games in our two-year history! But our home town sticks with us. We now have a new gym and, all in all, we're proud of our school and our team, even if we haven't won that first game yet!—Miss Sharon Bowerman, Wenatchee, Wash.

WHEN THE NEED IS GREATEST. We have a private home and school for spastics in our city, and its operators, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Foster, have devoted their lives to it. Often they have hit rock-bottom in finances, only to have generous citizens help them out. Once, with the treasury empty and little food left, they found a bushel of potatoes and cabbage on their porch. Another time a man handed Foster an envelope and said, "Here's five. I wish it could have been more." Foster was trying to get a loan and the money was very welcome—especially when he opened

the envelope and found the "five" was \$500!—Mrs. Margaret K. Morgan, Owensboro, Ky.

TWO KINDS OF BOYS. A friend of mine, confined to a wheel chair, often watched birds in the big tree outside her window. One day she saw two boys knocking down nests and destroying the eggs. When they saw her, they ran away.

Later two other boys came by, and one of them reached up and did something to the nest. When he noticed her at the window, he came up and said, "I put back an egg that fell out. I had to wrap it in a leaf so the birds wouldn't know I'd handled it!"—Ethel B. Stevenson, Eugene, Ore.

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.

I was just thinking...



Patty Johnson

... ONE OF THE bitterest drinks that I know is marriage on the rocks.

My old friend sat beside me and endlessly pleaded the folds of her dress. I could not halt the flow of her words. I would not, if I could. She was my friend.

"I married too quickly," she said. "I had known him only three months and he was being shipped out. Just a few weeks and then he was gone.

"When he came home, we were strangers. We tried. But I had mistaken desire for understanding and similarity for sympathy. We were like opposite sides of a coin, welded together.

"I thought it might be better when the children came. We both love them, even if we cannot love each other. At last, we faced things squarely. We sat down together and talked it out. Neither of us believes in divorce. Neither of us can make this marriage work.

"But we have two little girls who need us. They need a home and two parents. What do you do?"

I swallowed hard. I couldn't answer.

She did not look me in the face. The tears spilled down

into her lap and mingled with the pleating of her skirt.

"That was years ago," she said. "We're still together. We speak. We never quarrel. He goes to the office in the morning and comes home at night. He's wonderful with the children. They adore him. Sometimes I think I can't bear the sight of him another day, knowing that we must live together with nothing but the chains of our mistakes to hold us.

"But he is no more real to me than he was the day we were married. I feel nothing for him. Nothing. He is a part of all my life which I must endure like a disease for which there is no cure. And, if we were to be divorced, the children would suffer more than we do. He knows that, too."

She attempted a smile. I looked carefully out the window as she wiped away the tears and rose to leave. As I had known she would be, she was remorseful for having disrobed her agony before me.

"I think it must have been the war years," she said. "Our generation didn't have much of a chance. We lived to seize the moment.

"Sometimes a moment lasts forever."

And then she closed the door and walked into the night.

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