

Now—guaranteed relief for ATHLETE'S FOOT ... Ringworm...Fungus

Unlike remedies that work only on the surface of the skin, this amazing NP-27 attacks infection under the surface as well as on it. Promotes growth of new skin. Helps prevent reinfection!

GUARANTEE: No matter how severe your case...NP-27 guarantees relief or your druggist will refund your money.

Nothing relieves Athlete's Foot like **NP-27™**

A NORWICH PRODUCT

CONSTIPATION MAY BE NATURE'S FIRST WARNING

...of a sluggish system and the dragged-out feeling that often follows. When constipated, take a laxative that acts overnight in the gentle way nature wants.

Take safe-acting Ex-Lax, as directed, at night. It won't disturb sleep. Next morning, enjoy the closest thing to natural action. Gentle Ex-Lax continues to help you toward your normal regularity. Seldom, if ever, is it needed next day. Get the modern laxative more families use...chocolated Ex-Lax.

WAKE UP RARIN' TO GO

Without Nagging Backache

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

For quick relief get Doan's Pills. They work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains; 2. by their soothing effect on bladder irritation; 3. by their mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

Find out how quickly this 3-way medicine goes to work. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new, larger size and save money! Get Doan's Pills today!

FAMILY WEEKLY

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Lesson from a Box of Candy

WHENEVER I have some unexpected good luck, I always think, "That's the second layer!" It goes back to a train trip I took as a child. The man beside me bought a box of chocolates—probably to keep me quiet. I was delighted and quickly finished off the candy. As I poked through the empty wrappers, my finger pushed into the second layer—chocolates arranged just like a new box of candy! I had eaten my cake, yet I had it, too.

When we're young we accept such little miracles with a thrill we later lose. I can never experience just the same feeling, but I'll never forget it, either.—L. E., Texarkana, Tex.

A NEWLYWED LEARNS A LESSON. When I was first married, I carefully embroidered "His" and "Hers" on my new pillowcases as I talked with an elderly neighbor. "My dear," she said, "you're making a mistake." I was flabbergasted, but she explained quickly that my sewing was lovely; it was the idea that was wrong.

She told me, "You can't think of 'His' and 'Hers' in marriage; you can't go your separate ways. It's better to think of 'Ours' and share everything."

Ten years and three children later, I know how right she

was. We have no individual labels in our home, and when you split troubles five ways, they're never very large.—Mrs. Richard Gramly, Mansfield, O.

GOOD FOR NOTHING. Recently our minister chose the expression, "Good for Nothing," as his sermon text, using it to mean doing good without expectation of reward. It set me to wondering how many of us are purely unselfish when we put that occasional large bill in the collection plate, when we help our neighbors, or when we contribute to community charities and activities. Is it because of our love for God or can it be that we hope to widen the gates of eternity and thus squeeze through?

If we ask ourselves about our motives in this way, it will broaden our lives and our spiritual outlook amazingly.—Lt. Col. William F. Upton, Jr., Sarasota, Fla.

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I was just thinking...



Patty Johnson

... I AM afraid, I fear the whiteness of this page and the antagonism of the black words which do not come.

Sometimes readers tell me of their own longings to preserve a part of themselves, to weave together the fabric of their minds in poetry or prose. As though they seek meat and drink lest they starve, they ask my blessing against their muteness.

I cannot help them, I who suffer as greatly as the least of them. I cannot whisper in their ears the magic to cover the cloth of them with the outpouring of their hearts and spirits.

There is no frustration so peculiarly piercing as that of a writer who cannot write. There is no stranger drain on the mind which feels the words and cannot set them down.

Now and then as I face this paper and this grinning opponent which is my typewriter, both are vanquished and I command them. The words flow from me as a brook, the sentences the current of my being.

Again, I walk for days with an embryo of meaning within

me which struggles for life. When at last I sit here, knowing there will be no victory, the quiet desperation of Thoreau is in my heart and I rip to shreds the paper and my thoughts.

This is a morning of exquisite pain. Here are the blue sky and the blue sea and the fishing fleet and the gulls. There is a prayer in this morning and a respite from my desires. I seek them and I cannot find them.

Though there is a soaring inside and I harbor a longing to share the emotions which move me, it is futile.

Still I know I will not surrender. Perhaps that is the only real solace for one who would write—the constant fight against failure, wearing the plume of promise which cannot be denied.

How does a man write? He writes when he cannot write. He writes when he must write. He fails and succeeds, he tries and gives up, but he writes.

It is agony. Yet above the dark shores of it are the clear and shining heaven of his delight.