

HEAT FRAZZLED?



What you may need is the **NERVE NUTRITION** you get from **RYBUTOL** high-potency vitamin and mineral formula.

Are hot, restless nights making your nerves "scream"? Are lack of appetite and that worn-out-with-summer feeling keeping you on edge? You may simply need the *nerve nutrition* provided by **RYBUTOL**—the high-potency Vitamin B₁ and B₂ formula containing 11 important vitamins and 9 minerals in every Gelucap.

Nutritionists now believe a critical shortage of certain B-complex vitamins, particularly Vitamin B₁, can result in poor *nerve nutrition*.

One daily Gelucap of **RYBUTOL** supplies you with 15 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B₁ and 3 times the requirement of B₂—enough not only to maintain daily needs but to help correct definite deficiencies. You don't need to worry about surplus vitamins storing up—your body discards those you don't need.

And look what else this *multiple* vitamin and mineral formula, **RYBUTOL**, gives you: 100% of your minimum daily requirement of Vitamin C and iodine plus iron for red blood cells and 3 micrograms of Vitamin B₁₂.

Relax and enjoy summer! Don't let jumpy nerves from vitamin lack spoil your fun. Take high-potency vitamin B₁ and B₂ **RYBUTOL**—you're guaranteed to feel better in 7 days or money back!

**SPECIAL
SUMMER OFFER**

SAVE \$3.55
RYBUTOL

Bottle of 250

REG. \$13.50
NOW \$9.95
Limited Time Only
VAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA



AS YOU WERE SAYING...



The Goose That Wasn't Cooked

WHEN BUDDY WON a goose at a carnival, his whole family had visions of a succulent Christmas roast. But that was more than two years ago, and the fatted goose still struts around the back yard, waddling and honking.

It seems the goose entwined her affections around the heartstrings of Buddy's family. And, as they explain it, "You just can't cook and eat a lovable family pet!"—Earl L. Allison, Mount Carmel, Ill.

A LIFT AT THE LAUNDRY. I went to the laundrette one cold dreary morning, and the weather plus my mountain of laundry depressed me. As I began loading the machine, the little woman next to me (with a huge pile of laundry) quietly hummed a tune as she worked. She didn't seem to be conscious that she was humming, but it certainly cheered me up. I'd found my inspiration for the day!—Mrs. Ira Luttrell, Oklaunion, Tex.

GESTURE AT A FUNERAL. While attending a funeral I noticed that, as the procession left the church for the cemetery, a huge truck pulled to the curb and the driver

removed his cap. He waited until the whole procession had passed before driving on.

I'm sure this man was a complete stranger to the bereaved family, but by his token of sympathy he showed respect to a whole community.—J. H. Rhoades, Newcastle, Wyo.

A PLACE TO PLAY. A neighbor's back yard has become a sort of recreation headquarters for their two boys and for other teen-agers from miles around. They've installed a basket for basketball practice, and the boys play there for hours. When people comment about using the yard this way, the mother explains, "Well, our job now is rearing the boys. When they're grown, then we can have a nice yard and lawn."—M. R., Jefferson City, Mo.

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

... HE WAS 87, bald and bent. Under the black robe was the artificial leg on which he stood in unsteady dignity. His voice trembled.

The old man was a symbol of the years with Pasteur, the books written for young men to study, the triumph of achievement. It was fitting that he should stand alone under the lights of the great auditorium and that the young men, 100 of them, should face him and echo his words.

The old man read:

"The regimen I adopt shall be for the benefit of my patients according to my ability and judgment, and not for their hurt or for any wrong..."

The young backs were stiff and straight. The wave of the answering voices swept the shore of faces behind them.

"I will give no deadly drug, though it be asked of me..."

Will it be asked? The old man knows. His remembrance

encompasses the tragedies the young men have yet to see.

"Whatsoever house I enter, there will I go for the benefit of the sick, refraining from all wrongdoing. Whatsoever things I see or hear concerning the life of men, in my attendance on the sick... I will keep silence thereon, counting such things to be sacred secrets..."

One of the young men will sit at the bedside of a man who pleads for the release of death and remember. Or forget. One of them will become a confessor and face his conscience. Which of them is it to be?

On the 100 faces turning for the recession, there is quiet exultation now, and on the face of the old man, with a leg sacrificed on a cancerous altar, there is peace.

This is the Oath of Hippocrates, a part of the ages of reaffirmation of faith.

To these young men, to this oath, we give our lives.

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