



Opens Stuffy Nose Fast—You Breathe Easy For Hours!

When a cold fills up your nose, you feel miserable! Can't eat. Can't sleep. Why suffer when you can get fast relief...long lasting relief with new Medi-Mist Nasal Spray. Just two quick squeezes...your nose opens...your head clears!

You can breathe again! No more sleepless nights from a cold-clogged nose. Vicks Medi-Mist spray clears your head fast, relieves stuffiness of head-colds and sinus. It helps dry up sniffles and sneezes of hay fever and other allergies. And you'll get precious sleep while Vicks modern antibiotic helps fight infection.

No sting or burn. Unlike some sprays which are bitter and harsh, Medi-Mist is tasteless and gentle on sensitive nasal tissue. Try Medi-Mist...you'll like it.



New Vicks' Medi-Mist[®]
NASAL SPRAY
Carry handy squeeze-bottle

Lesson from a Hillbilly



As You Were Saying...

A PERT Yankee miss, in the Ozarks for a vacation, spent the first day gleefully collecting post cards about "hillbillies" to mail home.

Next day, when she went to mail the second batch, it occurred to her that she hadn't stamped the first ones. Feeling a little foolish, she asked the elderly postmaster if he still had them.

The old fellow gave her a friendly smile and said, "I knew the folks back home would be expecting them, so I stamped them myself and sent them along."

She has a different opinion of "hillbillies" now. —Mrs. Agnes Parsons, Miller, Mo.

An Idea for Thanksgiving Day. Years ago I received a letter from a minister thanking me for some favor which I had forgotten. He said he spent each Thanksgiving Day writing to people who had befriended him during the preceding year.

My wife and I thought so much of the idea that we began doing the same, spending a few hours to recall the many kindnesses shown us by others—and then letting them know our appreciation.

Each year we invariably add new names to our "thank you" list, and now Thanksgiving Day means more to us than any other day of the year. —Fred McCoy, Bluefield, W. Va.

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...

... "I BELIEVE you're a mystic," he said, "but don't worry about it. A lot of people are."

My dictionary reports that a mystic is a believer in direct communion with God. On that kind of basis, I scarcely have the temerity to qualify.

When the dictionary gets to identifying mystic as an adjective, I come out better.

"Beyond human understanding." Often that, I'm sure.

"Involving some secret meaning." That one I claim. When my typewriter owns my thoughts, I cannot always follow them myself. That may be frank confession, but I feel the words and know that I believe them.

To me come many letters from those who believe and in their own ways. I am given pamphlets and brochures and books. Sometimes the letters indicate concern about my salvation. Sometimes they point to a telltale wonder in me. They say it has no part in true faith.

Doesn't it?

I am aware that I am least among all to proclaim myself. I have walked in a synagogue which moves me with its splendor. I have felt response in me to the shining beauty of a temple and a cathedral. I have been close to many faiths. I am an inadequate member of one.

I have no right here to lay claim to any, for this is not my pulpit as it may not be your Sabbath. Sometimes mine is a day like Wednesday with an awesome moon rising over Rownd Street by the woods. Sometimes it is the young skirt of the morning.

I must find salvation for myself. I can receive no more from others than the kindness of the heart which offers me part of its own.

Each of us, strong as we may be, will know suffering and wonder. Each must then grant another the right to share both wonder and faith, not within one temple and pledged to one belief, but beneath the great blue sanctuary of the sky.

Even God denies no man the right to heaven.

Patty Johnson

Family Weekly 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Leonard S. Davidow, Publisher; Walter C. Dreyfus, Associate Publisher; Ben Kartman, Editorial Director; Patrick O'Rourke, Advertising Director; Melanie De Proft, Food Editor; William A. Fetter, Art Director; Robert Fitzgibbon, Managing Editor; Associate Editors: Kevin V. Brown, Jack Ryan, Honore Singer, Jerry Klein, New York; Peer J. Oppenheimer, Hollywood.

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