

"Of course, unmarried girls can use them!"



New tiny tampon 25% MORE ABSORBENCY

No bulky applicator

A wonderful new, safe kind of internal sanitary protection — that's Pursettes tampons. The exclusive pre-lubricated tip does away with bulky cardboard applicators — makes insertion easy, gentle, medically correct. So much more comfortable to use than ordinary tampons.

Designed by a doctor, Pursettes are daintier and smaller in size, because they are compressed in a unique way. Yet they are 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons. A box of 10 tucks into a tiny purse. 40's also available. At drug-stores everywhere.

Pursettes®



By CAMPANA

Free Offer

CAMPANA COMPANY,
Box FW6, Batavia, Ill.
Please send me a FREE
supply of Pursettes. I
am enclosing the K, M
or T from a box of my
present sanitary protec-
tion plus 15c for post-
age and handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
ZONE _____ STATE _____



CONNIE MACK, Jr.
son of the late beloved owner of
the Philadelphia Athletics, says:
"Each FLORIDA
community offers some of
the features for which
FLORIDA is famous, but—

"CAPE CORAL HAS EVERYTHING!"

"The minute I saw Cape Coral, I knew that it was for me. I liked the careful planning, the location, the integrity of the developers. I bought my homesite and stayed on to join the management of Cape Coral as Associate Director."

- CAPE CORAL challenges comparison!
- CAPE CORAL invites inspection!
- CAPE CORAL, on Florida's beautiful Gulf Coast, is offered and sold on merit alone for as little as \$20 down and \$20 per month!

See for yourself why Cape Coral is already the choice of over 6,000 families!

Send for and read the exciting
"CAPE CORAL STORY"
It's yours for the asking
ABSOLUTELY FREE
SEND NO MONEY, PLEASE!



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MEMBER
Lee County & Ft. Myers - Dade County - Florida State

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Gulf Guaranty Land & Title Co., Dept. 5517
1771 N. Tamiami Trail, Fort Myers, Florida
Please rush my FREE copy of "The Cape
Coral Story" in full color.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

BUNIONS

**SUPER-FAST
RELIEF!**

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
speedily relieve painful
pressure on sensitive
spot, soothe and
cushion it. Enjoy
real relief as mil-
lions do with Dr.
Scholl's — world's
largest-selling aid
for Bunions!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

KILLS RATS LIKE LIGHTNING



ALSO KILLS
MICE,
ROACHES,
GOPHERS
ONLY 49¢

STEARNS' ELECTRIC BRAND PASTE

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE CO., Chicago 2, Ill., Dept. F W

Shop locally for
products and services
advertised in
FAMILY WEEKLY

ZIP EPILATOR
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
GUARANTEED to remove
UNWANTED HAIR
MORE COMPLETELY and
MORE LASTING than any
cream hair remover or razor, or
your **MONEY BACK**
Originally \$3.00, now \$1.10.
Good stores, or sent postpaid,
plain wrap, for \$1.10. Dept. 6W
JORDEAU INC., South Orange, N.J.



by Dick Emmons

Art by Bob Bonfils

pop's a party pooper

directions, upset me, and then thundered across my prone form.

"Call the Marines!" I yelled to my ever-helpful wife.

Instead, she called the children to cake and ice cream, at which signal a dozen or so of the hungrier ones tramped back across me and sprinted for the huge table we had carefully set on the lawn.

I rose groggily and stumbled off to help feed the smaller guests, many of whom were grappling with the slabs of ice cream by hand. En route I noticed some shoving going on among several of the larger boys at the far end of the table. I raced over there to break it up just in time to catch a caramel-topped cupcake full in the face.

A full-scale cake war threatened to break out, and it was only my quick thinking which prevented it. "Hold it, boys!" I shouted. "It's time to distribute the favors."

I realize now that we had made a major tactical blunder in the choice of favors, but at the time of purchase it had seemed that new squirt guns would please everyone. They did.

Instantly the air was filled with flying slugs of water and, for reasons I am not prepared to cope with, most of them were directed at me. One little fellow, perched on the jungle gym, took full advantage of his position to pour shot after shot down my neck.

Drenched to the skin, bruised and shaken, I announced that the birthday party was over. One or two of the more timid little girls took me at my word and went tripping off home, their balloons flying out behind them. But the main task force, deploying skillfully around the flower beds, continued to fire broadsides at everything that moved.

It was nearly dark when the troops dispersed and we had restored some semblance of order.

"It was a grand party, dear," my wife beamed, "I'm sure all the children had a fine time! We'll have to do it again."

"By all means, let's," I mumbled dazedly. "How about 1968?"

OUR TWIN SONS recently held a party for their friends on the occasion of their sixth birthday and I am profoundly grateful that it can never happen again.

The production we put on that afternoon resembled nothing so much as a Cecil B. DeMille mob scene in miniature. There were times when I pleaded with my wife to call the state militia.

The whole affair started about a week ahead of Dickie's and Davie's actual anniversary when, at supper one evening, my wife and I casually asked the boys if they would like to have a party.

"A party!" Davie piped.

"Oh, boy!" Dickie squealed.

They bolted the rest of their meal while my wife and I talked about invitations and guest lists. As soon as they were excused from the table, they ran outside and invited every kid within a three-block radius.

The party had been scheduled for 4 p.m., but the first little guest—a small high-tension wire named Bobby Something-or-other—arrived at 3:15. Apparently the other guests up and down the street had been waiting for just such a development because by 3:20 we were hip-deep in towheads and hair ribbons.

The twins, unable to contain themselves, met each successive arrival half a block from the house, ripping open their presents on the run and letting the wrappings blow where they might. In no time our end of the block resembled the city dump.

"Okay, kids," I called when everyone had arrived. "Now we're going to play a game. Now we're going to play a game! NOW WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME!" I roared over the babble.

"Now if everyone will be quiet a minute, I'll explain what we're going to do. I have scattered some bright, shiny pennies in the grass around me and when I say go—not yet, kids—when I say go—here now, you're not supposed to start until—oof!" Tiny forms rushed from all