

Stiff
and
Sore?



Relief can come twice as fast

Science proves Absorbine Jr. acts on tired, aching muscles to reduce fatigue itself—to bring relief twice as fast

Now science proves tired, aching muscles recover twice as fast with Absorbine Jr. as when "nature takes its course."

Medical experts, using the new Electromyograph, prove Absorbine Jr. can bring fatigued muscles back twice as fast as nature can.

Absorbine Jr. treats the cause of sore, aching muscles because it dilates peripheral blood vessel walls. It speeds blood flow at the point of pain and helps fatigued muscles get back to normal faster.

Whenever muscles become stiff and sore from overexertion, use refreshing Absorbine Jr. See how much faster you feel better.



NEW
PRES-O-MATIC
APPLICATOR
No Spill • No Drip
ANTISEPTIC
FUNGICIDAL
LINIMENT

Absorbine Jr.

I DIED THREE TIMES! I DIED THREE TIMES! I DIED THREE TIMES!

Can a person survive being struck directly by a bolt of lightning? Here is the amazing story of a woman who did

By Mrs. GORDON WETZEL as told to James D. Thompson

A LIGHT RAIN had been falling most of the morning, but my brother Okey (short for Orin), his wife Ann, our friend Midge Gallagher, and I decided to go ahead with our plans to play a round of golf.

Actually, Okey was along because of the rain. He owns a landscaping firm and had sent his men home because of the bad weather.

Reluctant at first to accompany three women on the course, he was finally persuaded to join us. Of course, from the first tee on, he was mercilessly teased, especially by me, whenever he outdrove us. "No one asked you to come along anyway. You're just showing off," I would accuse in mock anger.

By the 14th green, the warm drizzle we had been playing in turned to heavy rain. We agreed to play out the hole and then head for a nearby shelter.

When it was my turn, my shot dropped into a bunker, a sandy hollow near the green. While the others waited, I walked to the bunker. With my seven-iron in hand, I stood beside the ball.

Cradling the steel club in my left hand, I studied the

shot and moved my right hand to grip the shaft.

Before my right hand ever touched the club, I was struck by a bolt of lightning! I fell. Breath left me—life left me. I was dead! It was a long time before I learned how I came to live again after I was struck. Okey, Ann, and Midge, hearing the crash of the bolt, ran toward the bunker. Okey reached me first. Just as he got to where I was lying, Midge shouted, "Breathe into her mouth."

Okey said later that the same thought had already popped into his mind, but he had only seen the mouth-to-mouth breathing process demonstrated once on television.

It was an ordeal. The burnt ozone in the air and in my lungs was so strong it nauseated him. He would breathe into my mouth, pause, retch, cough, and choke, then start over again.

Midge stood by Okey while Ann rushed to call an ambulance. As they waited for it to arrive, consciousness returned to me. I became aware of my brother's voice pleading desperately with me to "keep breathing, don't stop." It took every ounce of strength I possessed.

The doctors have said that I was dead! If my brother hadn't administered artificial respiration, I would have remained dead. He had to perform the act three times, because after being revived, my lungs would fail and I would lapse back into nothingness. My brother's presence of mind, his faith, and his courage brought me back to life each time my breathing stopped. Finally, my own lungs recovered enough to take over the job of keeping me alive.

ONCE THE AMBULANCE arrived, I was given an oxygen mask. I rode in a sea of pain. At the hospital I was taken to the emergency room where they had to cut my clothes off of me. The lightning had ripped the zipper out of my jacket and burned a hole six inches in diameter in the front of my shorts and my underclothing. The pain was like a hot searing iron through my body.

I tried to tell those around me of the torture I was in, but I couldn't make anyone understand my words. I was aware of a nurse trying to take my rings off my left hand, and I pleaded with her not to because it hurt so. I forced myself to look at the hand: it was torn apart from burns! I could hear Okey telling me that my husband Gordon was on the way and my children were safe. Then the doctor

Back on the golf course where tragedy struck, Mrs. Wetzel tees off with husband (right), sister-in-law, and brother Orin.

