



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



AS YOU WERE SAYING...

Where Charity Begins

RECENTLY A NEIGHBOR took our nine-year-old daughter along on a shopping trip to keep her young toddler company in the car while she went into the store. She parked in a metered zone and, not knowing how long she'd be gone, she gave our little girl an extra coin to put in the meter if time ran out.

When she came back and noticed that the red flag was up, she asked why the coin hadn't been inserted. Our daughter replied, "Well, the meter by the car in front of us turned red first. So I put the money in there because I thought they needed it more than we did."

I believe the world could use more of that philosophy.—*Rev. Roy F. Easterly, Tryon, N. C.*

SUNSHINE FOR SHUT-INS.

A few years ago a wonderful lady, a shut-in, conceived the idea of a club for shut-ins whereby we could communicate with one another and share our thoughts. Today the club, "The World Inside," has spread throughout the country.

There are no dues, and the only requirement is that members be shut-ins. We write cards and letters to one another, and our monthly paper, "World Inside News," helps us keep track of birthdays and those who are ill.

We're proud of our little group. Without it, many of us would gradually grow despondent and give up.—*Mrs. Laura F. Johnson, Lyerly, Ga.*

GRANDDAD WAS A SAINT.

During the Depression, most of us kids were lucky if we got an apple or a piece of chewing gum once a week. One of my fondest memories was going to town with Granddad on Saturdays.

It was always a special treat, even though we'd sometimes walk the whole seven miles. When we got tired, we'd rest under a shade tree and Granddad would tell stories. When we got to town, he'd give me a whole dollar to spend whatever way I wished.

It wasn't until many years later I realized that Granddad, a farm laborer, had to work a full day in the fields to earn each of those dollars.—*R.L.G., Cottdale, Fla.*

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

... I'M NOT superstitious. It's silly.

When I broke a mirror this morning and the man at the next desk said, "Oh, boy! Seven years!" I just laughed and found another one. My hand was steady as a rock while I applied lipstick.

Maybe not steady as a rock exactly, but I was in a hurry...

Actually, I walk under ladders all the time. The reason I may seem nervous is because ladders do fall down sometimes and painters do spill paint.

But I don't want anybody to think I'm afraid. That's why I don't walk around them...

For example, if a black cat crosses my path, I never turn around and go another way. I know I did it the last time, but that's only because I remembered there was a short-cut on the other road.

It turned out to be a little farther...

Let me explain. In our family, we always stamped white horses. You lick your thumb and stamp it in your hand and make a wish when you see a white horse. Sure, it's silly and we don't believe it. We just do it for fun, sort of.

So we were on a trip and Bernie saw something white in a field. I should have remembered she doesn't see very far without her glasses and I suppose I could have told her it wasn't a horse, but we weren't having much fun, anyway.

Well, we got on a detour of thick clay and, after the cloudburst, the clay turned to paste and we got lost and then the left rear tire moaned and died and nobody had an umbrella. Or a jack.

If it had been a white horse that Bernie had seen and not a white mule, maybe...

I was just wondering about that mirror. If this is 1957, that means that by 1964...

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