

Stuffed Nose
Wake You Up?



Just 2 Drops
and Soon...



Sweet Dreams!



Brings you hour
after hour relief
...while you sleep!

When a cold fills up your nose and spoils sleep—open your nose fast with Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops. Breathe again... so you can sleep again.

You'll enjoy hours longer relief because Vicks Va-tro-nol stays in the nose hours longer than thin, watery nose drops and sprays.

So night or day, whenever you need fast relief, long-lasting relief from stuffiness of head colds—use speedy Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops as directed and breathe again. Try it and see!

VICKS®
VA-TRO-NOL®
NOSE DROPS



Rescue at the Rock Pile



As You Were Saying...

OUR 20-month-old son Marc is at the "climbing age," and recently he explored a huge rock pile near our back yard. Going up was easy but, once there, he found that getting down wouldn't be so simple. The height and the shifting rocks scared him.

Just then our dog appeared. She waited anxiously at the bottom during Marc's first feeble attempts, then clambered swiftly up the awkward pile. When she felt his little fists dig into her fur, she carefully led the way back down until both were on solid ground.

As I watched this scene from my kitchen window, I wondered just how dumb are dumb animals?—Mrs. Donald E. Redman, Huron, O.

CHARITY AT THE SUPERMARKET. One morning the line at the supermarket checkout counter was stalled because an elderly lady was a penny short for her purchases. The clerk was momentarily at a loss until a little girl, next in line, held up her small hand. In it was a penny.

"Use mine," she said. "I was going to buy a candy bar, but I lost one of my pennies, so I don't have enough anyway."

This child's readiness to help another, despite her own distress at missing a candy bar, surely indicated the kind of home training she'd had.

Needless to say, she got her candy bar. Generosity like hers is contagious. The man in line behind her paid for it.—C.G.M., Tupelo, Miss.

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 HAVE been nauseating my friends and alienating my acquaintances with smug superiority.

Acknowledging their staccato sneezes and streaming eyeballs, I say, "Well, I haven't had a cold for four years."

I don't say that any more.

At the moment, I don't say anything. My glands are swollen, my throat is sore, my eyes burn, my back aches, and I have blown my nose 4,572 times since yesterday.

I take vitamin pills, tomato juice, orange juice, and aspirin every hour on the half hour. I took yellow and gray capsules until the doctor gave me brown and white ones. If they were puce and pistachio, they wouldn't help.

Medicine and science have made some dandy strides. In the past 100 years they've joined hands and frolicked across the diseases which once laid waste this earth.

In the matter of the common cold, they're still tiptoeing. I know they can't help it. Or me. Almost every symptom in the books can turn into a cold. And frequently does.

Poets and sages have written diatribes on colds. Literary masterpieces have been based on that aching agony which turns a maestro mute and a philosopher into a pygmy snuffling away like a moron.

No matter how I rationalize, I am not cured nor even consoled. The last time I peered in a mirror, my nose was frayed like Christmas paper the morning after and running a 2-minute mile.

No, I haven't had a cold for four years. I have a lot of resistance, you know. That's why it's going to take me four years to get over this one.

Me and my big mouth.

Patty Johnson

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