

**CLEAR UP NASAL
CONGESTION
FASTER WITH**



3 NASAL SPRAYS IN ONE!

1. Thonzide
melts away
congestion **FAST!**

2. Antibiotic
kills dangerous
germs **FAST!**

3. Decongestants
shrink swollen
membranes **FAST!**



Stuffed-up nose is a three-deep misery... mucus, germs, swollen membranes. Watery mist sprays can't even get through mucus! But new **SUPER ANAHIST NASAL SPRAY** melts away mucus with exclusive Thonzide. So, its antibiotic kills germs on contact... while its miracle decongestants shrink swollen membranes. You breathe easy, faster! Get **SUPER ANAHIST NASAL SPRAY** throughout the U. S. and Canada. Also in nose-drop form. © 1967, ANAHIST CO., INC.

SUPER ANAHIST
Antibiotic
NASAL SPRAY

A Development of the
Anahist Research Laboratories

An Old Man Plants a Garden



As You Were Saying...

ONE SPRING I watched an elderly man dig a barren plot of ground so narrow it might have been a footpath if it hadn't been so close to a wall. Curious, I asked what he intended to do.

"I'm digging a flower garden," he said with a quizzical smile. "As the flowers blossom, they will remind me of the bloom of youth. As they spread their beauty, they'll remind me of the growth of life and all its fragrance. Even as they wither and die, they'll remind me of my misspent years." Then he sighed and went back to work.

The old man is dead now, but his flowers still thrive. The wall they beautify is a prison wall, and the old man was a lifer who spent most of his years behind bars.—Warren G. Rowlett, Jefferson City, Mo.

Who's the Believer? When I operated a motel near an Indian village in New Mexico, tourists often asked me if Indians believed in God or still clung to their old symbols. I usually told them this story:

One harvest time my neighbors hired an Indian to help them put up the crops. At the noon meal on the first day, everyone started eating as soon as the food was passed—everyone except the Indian. Asked if he wasn't hungry, he said, "Yes, but I am waiting for someone to thank God for this wonderful food."—Mrs. W. J. Currie, Orange, Calif.

Bedside Gardens. Here is an idea for helping shut-ins pass the time. Take a cardboard egg carton and separate the top and bottom, setting one half inside the other for reinforcement. Then, in the 12 individual sections, place some good soil and plant different seeds in each section.

I've given these bedside gardens to people of all ages, from 4 to 80, and all showed an intense interest in watching the various plants grow.—Mrs. S.F.N., Tampa, Fla.



I Was Just Thinking...

... THE ONLY big story he won't cover will be his own obituary.

He will one day die, as he has lived, on the job and there will be few who know him who will not hurt inside, for he has a peculiar knack of making strangers into friends.

He is a man whose beat is the world. He writes on planes, in hotel rooms, in night-club offices, and he manages somehow to make a page come alive, whether he writes of the marriage of a movie princess or the murder of an Ohio housewife—or the awesome spectacle of man against atom.

He is not typical of his craft, except perhaps of its finest traditions. He is a

tall and hawk-nosed man with a beer-suds twinkle in his eye, but there is a kind of elegance about him as though he might be confidante of both wrestler and royalty, as indeed he is.

He lives in a hurry. He's in a hurry to get far away from yesterday and far beyond tomorrow. Yet there is gentleness and Irish warmth in him and perhaps it is those qualities as much as his talent to tell the story of schmaltz and shill which give him his stature.

Such a man ought to be more cynic than leprechaun, but experience has given him the wisdom beyond cynicism and the right to dream the rainbow's end. He will never reach it. He would-

n't want to, for there lie peace and contentment and they are dust to him.

I met him when he betrayed fatigue only by the nervous gnawing of his lip. He had no time to sleep. He might miss the mood for next day's column or the lead for next week's story. He might miss a connection between Hong Kong and LeHavre.

He is not a great man nor a genius. Nor is he right to live each day as though tomorrow might not come. But he has written words I will never forget and I see him as a kind of symbol of his trade.

This is Bob Considine.
A newspaperman.

Patty Johnson

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