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*When it's an Exide
...you start!*

As You Were Saying...



Pampered Pandemonium. While driving through a small town in West Virginia recently, we saw a scene that made us wonder about juvenile delinquency and the adult attitude toward it.

The local high-school football team had just won a game from a much larger school and, as they usually do, the kids were packed in cars, shouting out the windows, clanging bells, and having an uproarious time.

What made it so memorable, however, was the fact that the town's police car was leading the procession—slowly. Instead of lying in wait to trap the ones whose enthusiasm might run away with them, the officers were taking an active part in the pandemonium.

We thought it was a wonderful way to allow the teen-agers to let off some well-deserved steam, yet keep a watchful eye on them.—*Evelyn Jackson, Ashland, Ky.*

Spiritual Nourishment. My mother-in-law was always a busy, hard-working woman. She raised a family, did her own housework, participated in church and civic activities, and worked full time in a retail store.

One day, while we were hurrying home from the store to prepare the evening meal, she stopped before a house that was surrounded by a lush garden of flowers and shrubbery. When I urged her to hurry, she said, "In a moment, Jean. Right now I'm feeding my soul."

I've since found that, in the hectic rush of the day, it's a rewarding investment to take a few moments to "feed my soul."—*Mrs. Charles W. Cook, Lorain, O.*

She Knows What She's Talking About. A friend of mine, who had an occasional slight stutter, enrolled for corrective therapy in the local speech and hearing center recently. On the day she was to start, she was sitting in the reception room, fumbling nervously with her handbag, when an attractive young woman next to her asked if it was her first day.

When she admitted it was, the young woman smiled and said, "Don't be nervous. You'll love the lessons, and they'll really help you."

The young woman left the room, and my friend turned to the receptionist and remarked tartly, "It's all right for her to be cheerful about it—she doesn't have a speech defect."

"It would make her happy to know that," the receptionist said quietly. "When she started here seven months ago, we could hardly understand her. She's totally deaf. She can't even hear her own voice."—*Mrs. F. F., Enid, Okla.*

It's De-Lovely! The other day I finally received a long-awaited letter from my boy friend. On the back of the envelope he had jotted:

—Jack:
De-liver
De-letter
De-sooner
De-better!"

Apparently Jack was the postman, for an extra 3-cent stamp had been placed on it and it had been sent airmail, with a little note underneath: "Hope this is better, Jack."

—*Muriel Wilbur, Medford, Ore.*



Family Weekly 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Leonard S. Davidow, President and Publisher; Walter C. Dreyfus, Vice-President; Ben Kartman, Editorial Director; Patrick O'Rourke, Advertising Director; Melanie De Proff, Food Editor; Ralph J. Finch, Jr., Art Director; Robert Fitzgibbon, Managing Editor; Associate Editors: Kevin V. Brown, Jack Ryan, Thomas Gorman, Honore Singer, Jerry Klein, New York; Peter J. Oppenheimer, Hollywood.

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