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COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING

WITH ANTISEPTIC

Campho-Phenique

(Pronounced CAM-fo-FIN-ee)

USE IT FOR

MINOR BURNS, CUTS
SCRATCHES,
ABRASIONS



Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam... stops pain instantly, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. Campho-Phenique is highly antiseptic. Wonderful for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils; to relieve itching and to guard against infecting insect bites. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.

A Brand Name
is a maker's
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437 FIFTH AVENUE
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Better than aspirin
even with buffering for
**TENSE NERVOUS
HEADACHES**



Nervous tension headaches need the special relief Anacin® gives. Here's why Anacin is better than aspirin, even with buffering added. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven ingredients. Anacin acts to (1) relieve pain, (2) calm nerves—leave you relaxed, (3) fight depression... and Anacin Tablets do not upset the stomach.
3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

As You Were Saying...

Singing on the Rails

Fare Enough!

Toward evening, the passengers in the dome car of the speeding train were growing bored. The most restless were a little 4-year-old girl and her 6-year-old brother. Their mother, who had kept them entertained all day, was quite weary.

So, when the little girl came and stood near my seat, I invited her to climb up beside me to relieve the monotony. Chattering like a squirrel, she suddenly announced, "I can sing 'Let the Blessed Sunshine In'" and, without further encouragement, stood up on the seat and started singing.

Her brother, not to be outshone, ran up, joined in. I put aside my adult pride, and timidly added my inaccurate alto to their childish sopranos. Next, their mother smiled and sang with us. Then, one by one, the other passengers looked up, laughed good-naturedly, and joined in. Soon the whole car was harmonizing "Let the Blessed Sunshine In," and our spirits were lifted mightily as the train sped westward into the setting sun.—Miss Margaret Edwards, Enid, Okla.

Our city policemen and firemen are privileged to ride the buses free to and from their stations. Most of them, of course, thank the driver when leaving or exchange some pleasantries with him.

I have noticed one fireman, however, who always adds a warm "Good luck!" to his "Thank you." It seems such a nice gesture, particularly when today's heavy traffic makes driving so hazardous.—Gertrude Annal, Altoona, Pa.



Without further encouragement, she stood up and began singing.

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 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



I Was Just Thinking...

... THE KITCHEN is rich with the smell of baking. Bits of tinsel sparkle on the living-room floor. Now that everything is beginning to be ready, I should be cleaning and dusting.

I cannot. I sit surrounded by the warmth of Christmas and emotion as rich as the cookies and bright as the tinsel.

There is delight in spending time with the little things of this season, moving the brass candelabrum from the piano to the coffee table and back again to admire the effect, bringing down the china cherubs from the bedroom to become the perfect foil for the candles.

And buying the tree...

It's small. It was one of the cheapest ones at the supermarket, but when I saw it, I knew it was to be mine. Now it stands in the sunlight of the windows and it is clothed in ropes of beads with little gold ornaments at its fingertips. There are only a few ornaments this year but they were selected with loving care. My tree takes

pride in them.

The Christmas angel is bright beside the green plant. The twin white tapers will cast a gentle light across the piano keys. The house is quiet, waiting for the day of all days, the night of all nights. And we are happy, the house and I.

So even though there is only the Winter wind to keep me company, I am not alone. Somewhere from inside me and my house is the sound of music, the tinkle of bells, the anticipation of love and laughter and peace.

There will be no lights this year for the tree. The presents beneath it will be few. And the generous dreams of shopping and baking have fallen prey of the budget and suffered accordingly.

Yet in this stillness surrounded by these few symbols of Christmas, I am filled with a joy which cannot be bought or sold, only given or received.

For my tree will be lighted by a Star and my heart by the greatest Gift.

Patsy Johnson

Family Weekly

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