

Sunkist

Petal Design Stainless Steel

5-piece place setting
yours for only \$1.50

and 12 trademarks
from Sunkist Oranges
or Lemons.



Sunkist Petal Design, made by International Silver Company and brought to you exclusively by Sunkist Growers, is a delightful pattern made to harmonize with any decor.

It's brand new. It's fully guaranteed. It stays bright without polishing. And how inexpensive... a 50% saving to you! Just \$1.50 for this 5-piece starter set, plus 12 trademarks from Sunkist Oranges or Lemons (slice them off *thin* and wrap in waxed paper before inserting in envelope).

Start your set of beautiful Sunkist Petal Design stainless steel by mailing the coupon. Literature describing complete offer is mailed with each place setting.

Sunkist Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST", Division 10404
Wallingford, Connecticut
Enclosed is \$1.50 in cash for EACH
5-piece place setting of "SUNKIST"
Petal Design tableware plus Sunkist
trademarks as described above.
Number of place settings.....
cash enclosed.....
NAME (Please Print).....
ADDRESS.....
CITY STATE.....
Offer limited to Continental U.S.A.



AS YOU WERE SAYING...



Hidden Faces

SUNDAY MORNINGS I look across rapidly cooling breakfasts on the table at three newspapers with faces hidden behind them. I try to swallow my impatience and whisper a thanks for our freedom of reading—and of reading the truth in our papers.

How good it is to be an American housewife with no more to worry about than whether the children let their eggs get cold, or just how many times I have to warm over my husband's coffee!—Mrs. Wynona Troup, Waco, Tex.

DOOR TO THE WORLD. All my life I've wanted to travel, and now I have—at least by writing letters to people all over the world as well as around the U.S. I "met" a girl from an Indian university in Bombay, a Chinese boy living in Jamaica, a charming girl in England, a "hepster" from Virginia, and a "long-hair" from Kansas.

Of course, I've actually met only one of my new friends in person, but through our letters I feel close to all of them. I've learned, too, that the people of the world aren't strangers, but next-door neighbors. And perhaps I've helped my friends know a little about America, too.

A stamp on an envelope is like a knock on the door of a friend's house: it opens the way to many friendly hours.—Miss Virginia Schuster, Nampa, Ida.

BEING A MOTHER ISN'T ENOUGH. It took me nine years to realize that just being a mother doesn't necessarily mean your children will always love you. When my second son was eight, his resentment toward me began to come into the open, and it took many months of patience, understanding, and effort on my part to win back his love.

Such a heartbreaking incident—for us both—might have been avoided if I'd just remembered that you only get out of any project what you put into it, and my children are my greatest project.—Mrs. B.G., Grand Junction, Colo.

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

... WHAT YOU see written here today, is created only under duress and because I must eat.

This is a day I did not wish to sit at my typewriter and say anything. I have a hunger in me more demanding than the need for food and this cannot assuage it.

Had I been as free as the world should be, today is a day I would have chosen to sit in this same place and never write a line. I would have curled up in my chair and dreamed awake, the most wonderful way of all.

And I would never disclose to you a single one of my dreams. Though each word I have written is true and honest, I cannot share all my desires and hopes with anyone.

When I write, I belong not entirely to myself but to all who choose to know me. And here they can read my sadness and my longings, my remembrance and my anticipation.

But I cannot grant anyone the right to open the last door of myself as it springs open unbidden today. Some among us feel compelled to fling the final vestige of themselves before the world. That betrays insecurity, as though they

beg acceptance they fear they cannot know. Perhaps sometimes the door within myself is open a little in the same way.

But it is not proper that a man should relinquish his last stronghold, that he should betray his heart's desire completely and leave nothing as his sanctuary in the night for comfort and in the day for glory.

This is my day to glory in myself. This is my day to be a part of the sun and clouds, my hour to seek my soul with pleasure and delight. I am alone and the house is still, but I have an obligation, signed and sealed, to meet with you and your knowing eyes.

I hereby discharge it the only way I can. I can give you today no part of myself to fit a part of you. For I am weak with a certain joy and strong with a special knowledge and filled with a peculiar blend of laughter and tears.

I grant you now this same respite from me. And now you must leave me.

There are times when the heart must be permitted to sing only to itself.

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