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USED BY ATHLETES
DIAPARENE ANTISEPTIC POWDER

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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

Case of the Locked Car

ONE MORNING as I picked up my laundry, I noticed a man, his arms full of parcels, desperately trying to get into his car. I went over to help and saw a small girl in the car gaily waving at her father. The man had left his keys in the car, the child had locked all the doors, and there they were—gesturing at each other.

The father kept pointing at the door lock, but the child just waved back. Finally, a woman from the laundry came out and held a stick of chewing gum near the top of the window. The girl immediately rolled down the glass. The thankful father then unlocked the door, and the predicament was solved.—R. J. Roberts, Landis, N. C.

LEARNING HOW TO WONDER. My eight-year-old daughter received a diary as a gift, but she seemed to feel something concrete had to happen every day in order to write in it. I tried to explain you could write anything in a diary—things you just wonder about, for instance. "But," she said, "I don't wonder." As I thought about school, television, piano lessons, teeth straightening, and all the other things, perhaps she didn't have time to wonder.

So the two of us have made more time for wondering, and

the other day I saw the first results: she came in and told me I had a beautiful garden. "In the middle of Winter?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "a garden of icicles." I think she's learning to wonder.—Elizabeth S. Christensen, Racine, Wis.

A STRANGER MEETS TWO YOUNGSTERS. Recently I passed by a car in which two small children were waiting for their mother. I almost stopped to say something, then I remembered. Years ago, I left my two youngsters in the car while I dashed in to buy a stamp. A woman passed and said to them, "You're so cute I think I'll take you home with me." When I came back, the three-year-old was holding his brother tightly and crying—no one was going to take them anywhere! So I remembered, blew the two children a kiss, and hurried on.—Mrs. Dennis E. Cowan, Austin, Tex.

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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

... IT'S BEEN a long time since I told you that I love you. I suspect we take it for granted, as we do the rising and setting of the sun.

But a man can see the sun rise and not feel it and we can love one another and forget to let it show. I don't want that to happen to us.

You see me now beside you and I look the same as on other days and my conversation across the breakfast table is no more than before. There is no way you may sense this sudden awareness of you, this warmth the recognition of you gives me unless, in the accustomed intuition we have developed together, your perception is the same as my own.

I love you even as I open my lips to register a minor complaint or relive the failure of yesterday. I love you because you are a part of my day and beside me now with the dear and familiar cloak of our togetherness wrapped round about you.

I love you when we are apart and I long for you, though to tell you so is an admission of weakness. I love you when

we are together yet apart. I love you in anger and in impatience, for love gives privilege even as it bows beneath its own demands.

I love you as though I were owned by you and you by me and sometimes I love you most deeply when I am suddenly aware that love is not possession and that, though I am armed with it, I cannot probe the innermost recesses of your being. And therefore must I also remain a mystery.

Yet love lives both in knowing and in mystery, in the seen and unseen, in desire and satiation.

And, though I love your failings no more than my own, love gives me a tolerance of them. The faults with which I punish myself I see with tenderness in you.

I set these words down not for myself but for all you who have seen love rise within you and forgotten in the years to let it show.

And surely, then, you know far better than I that love hidden away is a prisoner. But the sharing of it is a thing of glory.

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