

5-PIECE SETTING
Sunkist
 Petal Design stainless steel
YOURS FOR ONLY \$1.50
 and 12 trademarks from Sunkist Oranges or Lemons

Made by International Silver Company

*Knife, dinner fork, salad fork, teaspoon, soup spoon.

Exclusive Sunkist Petal Design. Harmonizes with any decor. Stays bright without polishing. Brand new and fully guaranteed. And unbelievably inexpensive—a 50% saving to you!

Start your set of lovely Sunkist Petal Design stainless steel today. Just mail the coupon with \$1.50 and 12 trademarks from Sunkist Oranges or Lemons (slice them off *thin* and wrap in wax paper before inserting in envelope).

Literature describing additional pieces is sent with each place setting.

Sunkist

Oranges • Lemons
 from California and Arizona.

Sunkist, Division 10406, 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...



The Club for Summer Fun

FOR THE last two years the mothers in our neighborhood have faced Summer vacations without a qualm—we've formed a "Garage Club" for our children. Instead of rushing out to settle minor disputes all day, two mothers meet with the youngsters three mornings a week in our garage, where they play games and do handicraft work.

The mothers alternate, so each has some free time without having to worry about where her children are. And the kids love it. They even draw up rules of order and charge two cents dues! The whole neighborhood is looking forward to the club again this year.—G.S., Galveston, Tex.

PAYMENT IN PRAYER. While driving on a back road in Lancaster county, one of my tires went flat. Since I wear a brace and it is impossible for me to stoop over, I despaired of changing it myself. Then a young Amish man walked up and volunteered his help. When he had finished, I offered him money, but he said simply, "Oh, no. Just say a prayer now and then."—Joseph Quinn, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOU CAN'T BEAT CAMPING. I think any family which hasn't camped in a tent in one of our great national

parks is really missing something! I went for the first time last year and had a wonderful time! I rode horseback, went fishing, met new friends, hiked, swam, and saw beautiful scenery. Since then, I've loved the out-of-doors and I know I'll go camping again.—Donna Osborne, Walla Walla, Wash.

BATTLE OF THE BLACKBOARD. I once forgot my brief case, and as a result our family embarked on a word-learning project. My wife wrote "portfolio" on our kitchen blackboard that day, and when I saw it, my blank face told her I didn't have the slightest idea what the word meant. Since then, one of us sneaks a word on the board each day and the rest try to define it. It's fun and it makes for family discussion and frequent bouts with the dictionary!—Kenneth J. Shively, Council Bluffs, Ia.

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

... ON A PLANE he met a group of men who played a game of guessing one another's occupations.

They knew at once that he's a banker. He has a look of conservative dignity about him. He's a tall man with thinning hair close to white. His eyes behind the rimless glasses are narrow and piercingly blue. He dresses with restraint except for the days when his color blindness betrays him.

I suspect I know him a little better than most. I know his passion for knowledge, his hero worship of Lincoln, the insomnia during which he suffers over the errors his nature will not allow him daylight to confess.

Yet I suspect, too, that I don't know him nearly so well as I like to believe. I sense his fears and hidden doubts but sometimes I am surprised by his moods and mannerisms.

He lives in a small town. He calls himself a country banker and he has a true affection for his town. He takes pride in the fact that he is on a first-name basis with both the farmer and the famous.

Sometimes he is childish, a failing common to most men. Sometimes he discloses a sensitivity common to few men. He writhes under what he considers his handicaps and sometimes ignores the real ones in the shadow of those imagined.

I have seen him lose his dignity by design. He has a touch of broad humor close behind his Scandinavian facade. Though he is considered astute and sometimes brilliant, he was nearly expelled from school and lived a rebellious childhood because he knew he had been unwanted.

With his own family, he is loving and severe, generous and penurious, obtuse and understanding, bullish and lambish.

I know all these things because I see him through a glass darkly but face to face.

Though I turn 80 and he 110, I cannot bring myself to call him by a solemn title. He has remained always to me as he was the only time he ever spanked me and I leaned against his knee and sobbed,

"I love you, Daddy."

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