



AS YOU WERE SAYING...



Sick Call

WE LIVE in a small town where nearly everyone is, or was, a rancher or stockman, so nearly everyone owns a dog. There are almost as many dogs as residents, but even this did not prepare me for what happened recently.

Our son was given a pup, and shortly afterward the pup was hit by a car. The next day there was a knock at the door. Upon opening it, I was startled to see a yardful of boys and dogs. They were waiting quietly and seemed concerned.

A spokesman said, "We brought our dogs to see Stevie's dog. Is he all right?"

After a short, quiet visit, the group departed just as quietly, some of them wagging their tails, and all of them relieved to know the pup was recovering.—Mrs. Roy Church, Soda Springs, Idaho.

THE PROFESSOR LEARNS A LESSON. Friends chided me for accepting an invitation to talk to third graders (because I'm a college professor), but I went ahead. I'm glad I did because, if I was ever critical of contemporary



schoolteaching, my criticism turned to deep admiration.

I described my Summer work of excavating southwestern Indian pueblos, and two days later I received two packets of letters. From them, I learned more about what the children are learning in school than they learned from me.

The youngsters, in art and words, described what they had heard, but they also showed what they had been taught in English and spelling (in writing the letters); in penmanship (the writing was painstakingly produced); in art (the illustrations were so carefully drawn); and in etiquette (never before had I had such an attentive audience and never had I received 80 "thank you" notes following a single appearance).—Dick King, Austin, Tex.

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.



... IT SEEMS doubtful that I'll ever be much of an asset to the human race.

When I ought to be washing, I'm reading. When I ought to be cleaning, I'm writing.

And what I ought to be, I'm not.

I love clean things. There is a sense of order inside me which prohibits slovenliness. I like clean walls and clean cups and a fragrance in me.

But there is no method for madness like mine.

When I ought to be working, I'm dreaming. When I ought to be busy, I'm lazy.

And what I oughtn't to be, I am.

I ought to be efficient. I ought to be orderly. I ought to keep charts and files and lists. I ought never to leave for tomorrow what could be done today.

But I do and, what's more, I don't care.

I'd rather watch a cobweb sparkle in the sun than wipe it away the moment I see it. I'd rather the sparrows nest in the garage if they like it than tear down the twig from the wall.

I'd rather the dust motes twinkle than take my eyes off the skyline. And I don't care who knows it.

I abhor filth. My fastidious streak won't permit bohemian manner or mood. I'm no fishwife, no outcast from order.

But I see no point in doing the dishes when a dream's coming on. I see no reason why soapsuds should interfere with love.

Houses were made to be lived in and so was this world. Maybe I don't do a very neat job in either one and maybe often I don't even try.

But sometimes inside a tidy house dwells a barren heart.

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