

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE Window Decorating QUESTIONS?

- ? I have some odd-shaped windows; how can I make them more attractive?
- ? How can I select "ready-made" color harmonies using my favorite colors?
- ? How can I "measure" width for pleated draperies without figuring?
- ? Are cafe curtains good for some formal as well as informal effects?
- ? Can I combine sheer draw curtains with draw draperies—on one fixture?

Read the answers to these and 96 other often-asked decorating questions in this new "treasure chest" of ideas by Kirsch.



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COVER: Out of the shell and into the frying pan—but not just yet. There's still time to look around, enjoy life, and wonder, "Where is everybody?" (Photo by Syl Labrot.)

FAMILY WEEKLY

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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

"He Doesn't Ask Any More..."

WHEN OUR 10-year-old son was just a baby, I wasn't making much money, but my morale was high because I loved just being near him and helping my wife bathe and feed him. I can still remember the thrill of hearing his first words and watching his first steps.

Later I got a better job that involved long hours. The few hours I could spend at home were usually taken up with household chores. Gradually I had less and less time for him, often snapping "I don't know" at one of his questions, or "Not now, maybe tomorrow" at his pleas to play catch.

Today I saw him playing catch by himself in our backyard, throwing the ball against a post. He doesn't even ask me any more.

He's asleep now, but when he wakes it's going to be more than the start of a new day. His dad is going to make it the start of a new life. Boys grow up so fast, we haven't much time.—R.M.W., Coshocton, O.

WEEK-END RITUAL. Lonely aged people yearn for a bit of friendship.

Seven elderly ladies, between 75 and 85, have become my best friends because each week end I call and ask them if there is any place they would like to visit in my car.

Their enthusiasm is as inspiring as their selections: church suppers, ferry rides, concerts, hospital calls, country auctions, historical and scenic sites, or just friendly visits with others.



... IT SEEMED a little odd to me that he did not speak when I passed him in the restaurant.

And then I saw the strange, slick look in his eyes and the grayness of his face. In a moment he had fallen, the table and chair a queer confusion with himself, the dishes scattered and broken.

Someone pushed him at a divan. He lay there, the pallor of death on him, and slept.

Inside me I begged for the clean air of night. I have lived all these years and yet this was the first time, I think, that I have seen a friend die outwardly and not within. Perhaps it is the other way round.

The breeze outside was as I had imagined it. The blade of it cut me and I trembled with the chill. And something more.

The fingers of the trees pressed the moon.

Their happiness and gratitude for the privilege of stepping beyond their four walls is matched only by my own joys: just driving about our beautiful countryside with friends, being welcomed so hospitably by them and their acquaintances and, perhaps best, the mutual joy of sharing long-buried tales from the past.—Mrs. Marjorie A. Stone, Burlington, Vt.

A TEEN-AGER ASSERTS HIMSELF. While visiting at a farm in Connecticut last Summer, I witnessed an unusual incident. A boy of 17 came to ask for work, but only on condition that he receive no pay for it.

"I have enough money," he said. "I just want to learn the value of hard work."

Later, we found that the boy came from a well-to-do family in a nearby community. His parents frowned on letting him work as other boys do and thought he should just enjoy himself. So he had to find out for himself.

I had my opinion of teen-agers before, but it has changed considerably.—J.M., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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It was late, it was quiet. I could have wept.

How is it that a man must torture himself with his own destruction? How is it that we court oblivion to shut out the night? What is it we fear? The universe?

Ourselves?

Perhaps I own no greater right to heaven than my friend who is now and forever in my eyes lying a graven image. I cannot sit in judgment even on him.

But I wish he might have sought the moonlight and not the reflection in his glass. I wish it had been he, needing it far more than I, who stood a little apart in the silent night and felt the majesty of the world asleep.

I wish the sky had looked down on him, as it did on me, and illuminated his sick face.

"Peace," said the moon to me. "Peace..."

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