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COVER: All bundled up and ready for Jack Frost, our cover girl poses for her first pin-up picture—although, if she's like a lot of other very young ladies we know, it's probably not the first time she's been pinned up, at that! (Photo by Leg Aagons.)



AS YOU WERE SAYING...

## Stranger with a Heart



I WAS AT THE ticket window in Grand Central Station in New York City before I discovered I didn't have enough money to get home. The fare to Muncie, Ind., was \$60.58, but I had only \$52.50.

I was telling my plight to the ticket agent when the man standing behind me in line—a complete stranger—reached over and handed me a \$10 bill.

"Mail it to me when you can," he said.

You can imagine my feeling of gratitude and renewed faith in my fellow man. In this rush-rush world of ours, it's wonderful to know there still are people like that almost anywhere you go.—Wesley B. Eley, Muncie, Ind.

**THE LAND OF MANANA.** Before we left the States for Mexico, my husband was working under pressure. He was still running in high when we came here, and wasn't sure he wanted to stay. Then he began to shift gears.

One day he came home and said, "I just saw a crowded bus push a stalled car up the street. Everyone was good-natured about it. Nobody was in a hurry. I might like it here."

Just recently he came in smiling and said, "A rickety old

car ran into mine this morning. The driver got out, shrugged his shoulders, and grinned. Then I got out, shrugged my shoulders, and grinned. Know what? I think my ulcers are gone." Sure enough they were!—Mrs. Kate Sladek, Monterey, Mexico.

**YOUNG PLANTS NEED CARE.** Recently I planted some chrysanthemums in my choice flower bed. In a few weeks they were doing fine, but needed to be staked and tied if they were to grow straight and blossom fully.

As I was tying the young plants, I started thinking. How much like plants are children! They need a good home with the right kind of love and discipline to make them grow straight and blossom fully.—Mrs. R.W., Anderson, S. C.

### 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*

. . . I'M ONE OF THOSE old-fashioned things like gas jets and feather boas. I went out of style a while ago and never made a comeback.

Probably I ought to be packed off to the Smithsonian and preserved for posterity.

I can't stand to owe money.

Installment-plan living is fashionable these days. You don't need indoor plumbing if you have a television set. If you can afford a bicycle, the thing to do is get a Mercedes-Benz. On time, that is.

Owing money makes me sick.

Getting something for nothing is easy now. You pay nothing down and 10 cents a week. Then, when you're too old to care, you have the mortgage paid on the swimming pool.

I lie awake nights wondering if my bills are paid.

Some of my friends wear mink stoles and own three cars. Some of them pay a little bit each month to the grocer and a little bit each month to the milkman. And some of them sneak downtown for a quick loan to build a lanai across the back of the new house because the neighbors have a new patio but lanais are newer than that.

I don't have charge accounts. They're too easy.

Maybe one day the ship whose cargo is my fortune will make it to harbor. Or maybe I'll spend a lifetime buying bonds and annuities and still end my days at the poor farm. Maybe when I'm a very old party I'll still be working and saving and counting the slow pennies and doing my shopping through the windows.

I worry about paying my way in life. I suffer over the things I'll never have.

But what I have is mine.

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