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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

The Compleat Physician



MY BROTHER, a physician, was killed in an airplane crash during World War II. I still remember his many unselfish acts of goodness before he was called into service.

One cold afternoon, for instance, I drove with him to a farm to see a patient who was recovering from an operation. To his astonishment, my brother discovered her not in bed but in the barn milking a cow. Her only excuse—and it was a good one—was that the cow needed milking.

My brother sent her into the house to prepare for the examination, then he sat down, finished the milking job, stored the milk, bedded the cow down for the night and with great dignity returned to his patient.—Mrs. Noell B. Smith, Danville, Va.

HOW TO RUN A FARM. During a recent fathers' meeting of our local Future Farmers of America group, the discussion turned to ways of keeping youths interested in farm careers. Most of the men complained that their sons

were only interested in hurrying through school and getting into some other line of work.

One highly successful FFA dad, who's had no trouble holding his three sons on the farm, sat quietly through the discussion until he was asked, "Mr. Amos, how do you do it?"

"Well," he replied slowly, "you've got to make each boy feel that he, personally, is a vital part of the farm's operation, not just an unimportant farmhand."

I didn't fully appreciate this psychology until a few days later when I drove past his farm. There, over the driveway, was a sign, "Jim, Dick, & Bob Amos & Father."—P.G., Carpinteria, Calif.

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

... HOW FRUSTRATING to be made aware of limitations. Sometimes the cords of mine cut into my heart. I long to be free of myself and my boundaries and to rise unhampered into the unknown.

I cannot. In a sense, I am enslaved by what I do and don't do, by what I am capable, and incapable, of achieving.

It's a difficult business learning to live with myself. It's like sharing a lifetime of sleeping and eating and breathing and talking with a stranger within.

And sometimes I find I must cry out against my keeper or challenge him in flagrant violation of my strength.

Each man has his own stranger and his own boundaries. I sat in a restaurant one night and looked about me at the faces of those I shall never know. Suddenly I seemed to see beyond them and into the limits. Here sat a woman who longs for youth and cannot acquire it by any artifice. And

there a man filled with a fear he is ashamed to admit and not powerful enough to conceal. Beyond them a child who will grow and mature and die and never know his dreams.

I have my longings, too. I long to shed my cares and fears. I long to defy the world to defeat my desires. I long to realize each wish I wish and every hope I hope.

But the stranger within me is with me still and the cords have not slackened. What I need most of all is the understanding of both and the knowledge that I am truly a prisoner of neither.

Perhaps a man becomes more through tolerance of himself than through tension. Perhaps great men are only those who accept the fences I fight.

I must come one day to know that I am myself, limitations and all. What I give to myself and the world, however small my gift, will never be given again.

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