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As You Were Saying...

FRIENDS of ours recently moved to another community. A few days after settling down, the wife found a freshly baked lemon pie on her kitchen table.

It remained a mystery until a week later she heard a knock on the back door. There stood a neighbor woman who asked for the return of her pie plate. She explained she often welcomed newcomers with little gifts like that.

"It's a nice way to get acquainted," she said.—N.E.B., Harlingen, Tex.

Whispered Wisdom. When I was younger I was extremely shy and self-conscious, until one day a friend whispered, "You wouldn't worry so much about what people think of you if you knew how often they do."—Betty McGlaughlin, Roswell, N.M.

My Penny Plan. I live on a corner lot and, because of the neighborhood children, my lawn is a problem. They're all nice youngsters, but healthy and active, so all attempts to dissuade them from cutting across the grass failed. Then I had an idea.

I offered to pay each child a penny a week to stay off the grass and let a different one be "traffic cop" for a week at a time. Now each Saturday morning they come to collect and make a big occasion of it. They're all enthusiastic about the plan.

I am, too! It costs me only a few pennies, I save my lawn, and the children have extra money for candy.—Mrs. L.H., Lead, S.D.

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 are withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Letters cannot be returned. Address Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



I Was Just Thinking...

THE WIND is a woman in anger.
The wind is a child who is lost.
The wind coils itself around my heart in the Winter night and in the Summer storm. It is the ghost that haunts the housetop and wakens me with its sobbing.
The wind is a proud thing, more free than I and yet a companion of man's ingenuity. The wind curls the wet hair of the waves and sculpts the sand. Its fingers scoop the sugary snow and sprinkle the grains on the treetops.
The wind soothes the tired mind and terrifies the lonely spirit. Its song is a monotone across the desert and a melody through heat.
On the hilltop, the wind is my adversary. On the meadow, it cradles the sighing grain. In the valley it cannot reach, it is an echo.
Sometimes it knocks against my window like a

stranger begging sanctuary. Sometimes it rattles its cold chains on the roof and sweeps the rain down my cheeks.

The wind is the father of storm and the mother of fertility and the child called the breeze. In its strong hands it bears seed and scavenger. Its feet trample the wheat and destroy the fruit. But its gentleness blesses the fruitful.

Though the wind works for man, it may also destroy him. Though it has become servant, it will not be slave. The giant of its unseen breath crumbles stone and lays waste the city. It is power and might shrouded in secrecy and man is a sightless speck in its universe.

As it loves me with its soft breath and hates me with its fury, so do I also love and hate.

The wind is a woman in anger.
The wind is a child who is lost.

Patty Johnson

Family Weekly 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Leonard S. Davidow, President; John W. McPherrin, Publisher; Walter C. Dreyfus, Associate Publisher; Ben Kartman, Editorial Director; Patrick O'Rourke, Advertising Director; Melanie De Proft, Food Editor; William A. Fetter, Art Director; Robert Fitzgibbon, Managing Editor; Associate Editors: Kevin V. Brown, Jack Ryan, Thomas Gorman, Honore Singer, Jerry Klein, New York; Peer J. Oppenheimer, Hollywood.
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