



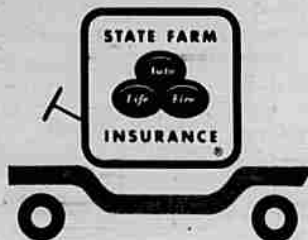
TULSA TYCOON PLEASSED WITH RUINED RADIATOR

Last year he saved over \$32 by insuring his car with State Farm. "Grand, Anthony," said his golf partner, "but if you should have a claim...?" So he's been wondering. Now his claim's been paid so fast and fairly he knows State Farm was a shrewd buy in every way. ■ Low rates for careful drivers—so low that one out of two may save \$10, \$20, \$30 or more. More full-time agents and salaried claims men than any other company—to give you "hometown service" wherever you drive. ■ No wonder six million car owners have chosen State Farm, and made us—for nineteen years straight—the world's largest car insurer!

YOU DON'T GIVE UP PROTECTION TO GET STATE FARM'S LOW RATES!

the careful driver's (and careful buyer's) car insurance / State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company / Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

In Texas, savings have been returned as dividends.



I was just thinking...

WHAT HAVE I DONE to deserve this?

A tangled jungle of office problems. A quarrel. An alienation of minds and understanding. A future which creeps onward but never upward. A procession of days, a nightmare of nights.

What have I done?

I am eating my breakfast beside the kitchen window. A sprinkling of birds seasons the sky. The oyster of dawn releases the pearl of sunlight.

There is no dawn in me. I resent my misfortunes. I am torn by my uncertainties. My confidence is shaken by the dismal circumstances of this dreary day.

How have I failed? Have I been too foolish, too wise?

The bacon and eggs are cold. The toast is limp. The bed is rumped, and there is dust on my unmade heart.

I well remember that life creeps in its petty pace. I remember that most lead lives of quiet desperation. I recall the bell tolls for me.

PRESENTLY I will wash the dishes, make the bed, lock the door, and go out into the dawn. I will sit at my typewriter and perform the duties for which I am paid. Tonight I will unlock my door and cook my dinner and face again the night.

Is this all there is to be? Where is the bright promise of my springtime? Will I live my lifetime always reaching and never grasping?

Across this world there are millions of us who will. Why should I expect more?

Tonight before I lie in my bed it would be well for me to fall on my knees, neither in futility nor regret. For, if I never know the pinnacle, if I never solve the problem, if I am never more than a little life, there has been something more.

This morning at my breakfast table, the birds flew out of the depths of my self-pity, and across the meadow the dawn came to me.

Even when my eyes were blind to it, my heart remembered and was blessed.

Patty Johnson