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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

The Truck Driver and the Lady

I'VE OFTEN heard it said that our highways would be safer if there were no trucks on them. I disagree.

When my sister took her first long drive last Winter, she had to go through the mountains in a storm at night. Snow and ice made visibility poor and driving dangerous. Then a truck loomed in front of her, but because of the weather and steep curves she didn't dare pass it.

Farther on, both she and the truck driver stopped at an isolated roadside lunchroom, and he asked if she had been following him. She admitted it and apologized, explaining how frightened she was. Then this gruff gentleman put his arm around her shoulder and said, "Little lady, stick behind me the rest of the way, and I'll take you where you're going."

He did, too. But when they got into town, he gave a double toot on his horn, waved his hand, and drove off, and she never had a chance to thank him.—*Pearl V. Robison, Idaho Falls, Idaho.*

THE UNSIGNED CARD. My neighbor, a working widow with a nine-year-old son, has a hard time making ends meet. The other day, her voice choked with emotion, she showed me a birthday card her youngster had given her. It was unsigned. She said when he presented it he explained,

I was just thinking...

... I sit in the twilight on the plane homeward bound and remember the city apartment.

I see still the magnificence of the view. From the clean glass of the tower, the lake spread below like a surging carpet. Its walls beyond were crystal in sunlight and misted in fog. I might have been lonely and yet I could not be, for the view and the city were mine.

"I could write in this tower," I said. "Surely I could write immortal words."

I could envision myself with only glass between me and the world, with nothing above but the lowered sky. It was hard to accept the fact that I could never possess it, that I held it only for a little time as a jewel I might never wear.

But now the night closes in on me, higher than the tower, higher than the walls, far from the lake. Soon I will be

"I know we don't have very much money, so you keep it until it's my birthday, then you can give it back to me."—*Mrs. Ernest L. Ross, San Bernardino, Calif.*

INGENUITY ON THE DESERT. Driving along a lonely stretch of the Mojave desert recently, we noticed a woman standing alone near a parked car. Stopping, we asked if she needed help.

She laughed and pointed at the trunk of the car. "My husband's in there."

Then we heard a knock and a voice, "O.K. Open Up!"

A man crawled out and explained sheepishly, "No dark-room for miles, and I had to load some film. Can't miss this beautiful scenery—no telling when we'll be back this way again."—*Hannah L. Miller, Sarasota, Fla.*

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Patty Johnson

home again in a world which can never know the towers and the magnificence.

Spread before me are the lights of my town. I have never seen it this way before. In this night it wears its own splendor. Its neon glows like fire, its brilliance is set in the squares of its lighted blocks. And the brown river reflects the sparkle and is a living beauty of its own.

Something far more precious than the city tower seizes me. I catch my breath at an unrecognized heritage as though I see sudden radiance in a plain face I love.

Tomorrow I will awake among the woods and meadows and there will be a robin singing at my window and I will again assume the mantle of my little world.

Perhaps I needed to be away for a time to remember.

This is truly beloved. This is home.

FAMILY WEEKLY, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Leonard S. Davidow, 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, Honore Singer, Jerry Klein, New York.

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