



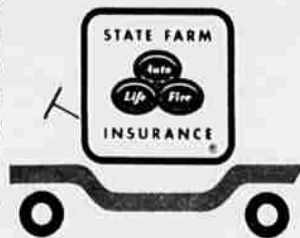
DENVER DENTIST EXULTS OVER CRUSHED GRILLE

Last year he saved \$32 by insuring with State Farm. "That's swell," said his plumber, "but how do they pay off on claims?" So he's been wondering. Now his claim's been paid so fast and fairly he knows State Farm was a good deal in every way. ■ Low rates for careful drivers—so low that one car owner 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!

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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...

IN A DREAM were we created and in a dream shall we live our days.

For all of us are always children seeking the warm womb of safety. The symbol of our sanctuary is the roof above us, the carpet under our feet, a hand to touch, possession.

The few bulwarks against the great gray cold are our hearth, our mate, our progeny, the fruits of our toil. Yet, even if we are kings or heroes, we own nothing.

We plant a tree, but the sun and rain and the mysterious earth give it life. We love and are loved, yet we cannot own the beloved nor he us. We create a child, but it is ours only by birthright. The house we build, the work we do, the owning is all a part of the whole and the whole is not ours.

We long for the shelter against wind and rain, the fire against cold and snow. We seek, we despair, we seek again to be impervious to fear and the fear of it, to life and the living of it, to pain and the threshold. Whatever our courage, whatever our curiosity, we are the timid traveler in the universe.

In our sleep we slay the dragons of our days. In the light we stumble from error to disaster, from quick joy to lingering sorrow. There is a time we survey the pitiful few possessions, the corner of our world. It is never enough. We are aware of this with an ache in our bones.

Then why the dream and the awakening? Why the living, not the dying? Perhaps eternal hope springing, perhaps the clinging to a tomorrow better than today. Or perhaps we are yet children learning to walk as men and there will still come a time when we shall rise with fearlessness and know this dream was not enough and this roof and hearth were not enough.

Then we will know what is: the bright flame of the spirit and the warm heart of love. And one thing more: that life itself is a prayer of glory.

Patty Johnson