



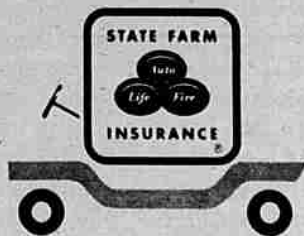
ST. LOUIS WOMAN TICKLED WITH TWISTED BUMPER

Last year she saved \$27 by insuring her car with State Farm. "Fine, Alice," said her hairdresser, "but are they good about paying claims?" So she's been wondering. Now her claim's been paid so fast and fairly she knows State Farm was a real bargain 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...

THE AGE of specialization hit me right between the gas pumps the other day.

While my car was having five gallons, a man drove in to leave his to be washed.

"Oh, no!" cried the attendant. "We don't wash cars here."

The man's foot suspended in mid-air. He looked as though he'd been hit on the head with a tire iron.

The man said not a word. He got back in his dirty car and drove away.

A few weeks later one of the tires on my car went flat half a block from another station. I was overjoyed at the proximity until I trudged over and found the attendants there never leave the station to change a tire, even if a squad of 40 is on duty. I was able to prevail only by falling on the cement and loosening a flood of tears in the antifreeze.

Many of my friends have a dentist for tooth-cleaning, another for tooth-pulling, and a third who peers into miniature cavities of their offspring. And it's well-known, of course, that general practitioners of medicine have gone to a just reward. They have been succeeded by eye men, ear men, tonsil men, and men whose field is confined to the third toe on the left foot.

Specialization has covered the country like a coat of many colors. Even in my business. I'm a column writer, so I do not compose sonnets, interview athletes, or write copy for tooth paste. And even this column is limited to the obscure byways of my lost thoughts.

Recently, and with some timidity, I entered a drug-store to buy a drug. In such times as these, I expected to be confronted by nothing except rows of ipecac and bianthrozolomine.

But there were life preservers, plastic dishes, monkey wrenches, and baby dolls. There were picnic kits and cotton knits and goldfish bowls and catnip balls.

For aspirin, I went to the cafe on the corner.

Patty Johnson