

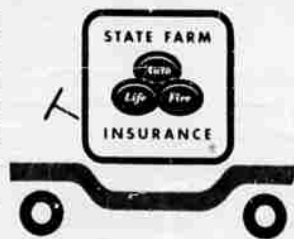


## TACOMA MAN HAPPY WITH SMASHED DOOR

Last year he saved \$37 by insuring with State Farm. "Fine," said his brother-in-law, "but what happens if you have a claim?" 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*



*I was just thinking...*

**G**RANDDADDY was a failure. When he died, he left nothing much more than a roof over my grandmother's head. And he died far from the roots of his birth, far from those who had known him for very long.

He started out as a teacher in a hill-country school. Grandmother was one of his pupils. But they couldn't live on a teacher's salary, so he turned to storekeeping.

I suspect Grandmother was the real guiding force, though Granddaddy sometimes went to market without her and sold shoes and managed the grocery department and worked long hours. I don't remember him in the days of his wedding picture with the thick mustache and the wavy brown hair. When I met Granddaddy, he was bald, but the brown eyes Grandmother loved were still bright and the chuckle was still contagious and the heart grew larger with the years.

Granddaddy lost the store to those who took advantage of his heart and chuckle and never paid him their bills. He lost the family home and the building. He and Grandmother moved to our town and started over again at retirement age.

That was a mistake, too. Granddaddy opened a little loan company. He was eager to lend money to the unfortunate, impractically reluctant to ask for it back again. He couldn't bear to collect on a loan, so he didn't.

When he died, the loan company was a frail wraith. The old car which ran like a wheezy sewing machine was sold, and the debts were paid with the family's help.

Of the two, my grandmother was the more unforgettable. A long time goes by without anyone in the family even mentioning Granddaddy's name. Then perhaps someone recalls how life defeated him and how little he complained.

He was gentle and peppery and happy, even in humiliation. He was a simple man, Granddaddy.

If this is failure, it cannot be so bad.

*Patty Johnson*