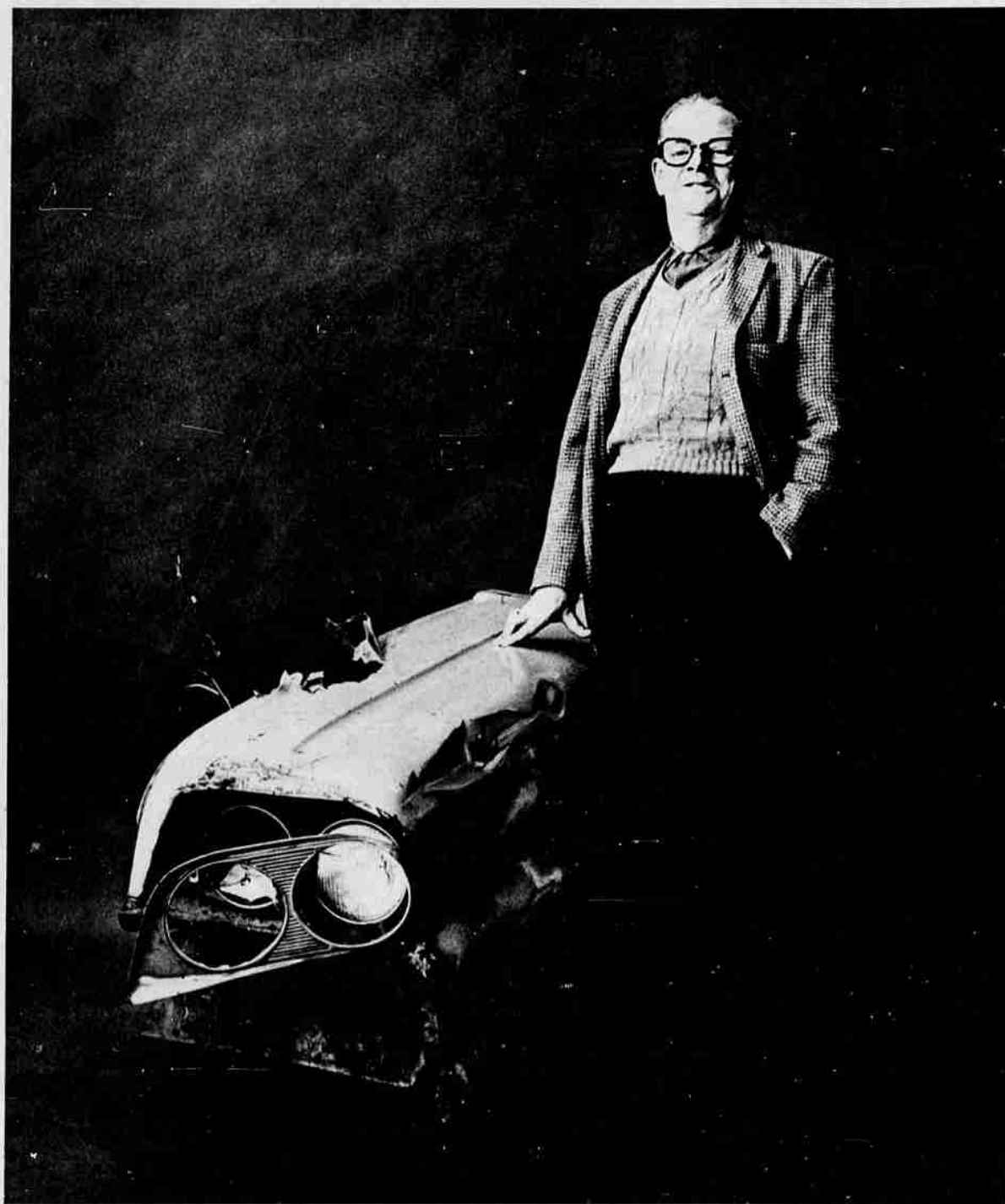




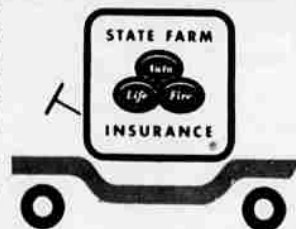
CANTON CLERK JOVIAL ABOUT CRUMPLED FENDER

Last year he saved \$32 by insuring with State Farm. "That's swell," said his barber, "but how are they on paying 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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In Texas, savings have been returned as dividends.



I was just thinking...

THE DOOR to my office opened a few minutes ago and a bear walked in.

I made it in one bound over to the file cabinet, where I tried to push the fellow from the next desk into a drawer. I feel his coat sleeve is permanently damaged, not to mention his reputation. His wife also walked in moments later.

But the bear, said the trainer who followed him, is harmless. He only bites if you fail to present him candy from the palm of your hand. He is not going to eat out of my hand if I can help it, but I couldn't help his using my typewriter.

While I was pasted to the file cabinet, he waggled his 325 pounds on my chair and washed my typewriter keys with his tongue. They are still a little gummy. He has obviously been eating a great many chocolates.

I hope no one telephones because it is difficult to reply, "I can't speak to you now. There is a bear here."

It reminds me of the day a mechanical rabbit suddenly took off on a telephone cord. The girl at the next desk was making a long-distance call to the director of a mental hospital. All at once, viewing the rabbit bouncing down the line, she became semihysterical and had to hang up. She said she couldn't explain that a rabbit was walking on her telephone. Not to a psychiatrist.

As a child, I had fascinating nightmares concerning animals. Often I awoke in the night and called Mother to the rescue. After I regaled her with the details, Mother had to sleep with the light on. Even at that, she got Father up one night, too, to describe a monkey on the foot of the bed.

But this is no imaginary bear. The trainer is taking him away. He brought him over to tell me good-bye, and I have made some effort to crawl in the wastebasket.

There is one blessing. The trainer didn't bring everybody. He says the alligator is waiting in the car.

Patty Johnson