

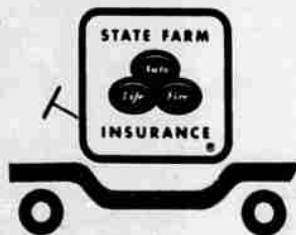


## DENVER DENTIST EXULTS OVER CRUSHED GRILLE

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!

**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...*

**O**NE OF THE most flattering, and most terrifying, things that happens to me is when one of you sends me for my verdict something you've written.

I should have realized that it happens to most of us with the temerity to trust our words to print. Immediately we don the mantle of the seer and assume the mien of the sage.

We're in trouble.

You send me poems. You send me essays. You send me short stories. You say:

"I wrote this and sent it to a publisher. What do you think of it?"

Or you ask me to print your poems.

I wish I could. I wish I knew more than you do. But how do I know I do?

I try to answer the letters. I know how you feel. I know how I feel when I set down the words which have been curled around my heart. They are my precious blood, and I submit them to you for your pleasure or indifference. They would be safer with me, but shadowed, and they crave sunlight.

So do you. You want my praise and acceptance. You need to know that this part of you is good and that it must follow you have achieved. It will hurt you if I am cruel or disinterested or brutally unkind.

**S**OME OF YOUR words are far better than my own. Some of them are the work of a wondering child who struggles for a latch he cannot reach. I wish none of you saw in me the oracle or the teacher. I am cast into despair by my own illiteracy when you confront me.

I have never yet given a loving lie to the gifts of your thoughts, though I have sometimes had to search for the truth. Sometimes it has not been necessary when the words shine like stars on the page. Yet even those I can only admire, never analyze.

You honor me and I am humble. But do not see me as your guide to glory. I can only walk beside you and hold your hand in mine.

*Patty Johnson*