



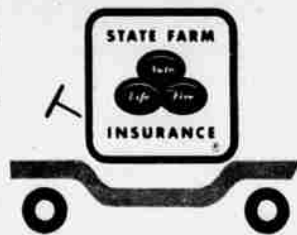
## ST. LOUIS WOMAN TICKLED WITH TWISTED BUMPER

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...*

**T**IME IS THE RIVER in which we drown today in the swift current of tomorrow.

Only in looking backward are we able to see what we sacrifice.

I know this because, as you do, I swim faster and faster, holding my head only a little above the water, fighting for the future beyond the bend.

Morning is the race to begin, night is the necessity to float. Always, always, we struggle on to the ocean.

And so we pass the petals on the apple tree and the ripe fruit which follows. We see them only from the corner of an eye. We hurry below the stars in the cottonwood. We hasten downstream from the tender grass. If we rest a moment in the sunset, there is no time to let the sky wrap us in clouds. Inside us there is the impatience to keep swimming, arms reaching, waves closing behind.

**W**HERE ARE we going, all of us swimming in the current of our lives? Where will it end except the ocean, the limitless beyond in which we will find rest? Why do we never stop on the sand of the shore or lie for a while under the branches touching the water?

This moment, this day, this night to come are soon gone. How will we spend them all?

We will plunge again into the river, as before. We will face the waves parting us from peace. We will go on and on offering ourselves in a winnerless race.

I am no less a swimmer than you. As I sorrow for myself, so must you share the sadness. For you and I give away the delight of every day, the happiness of every hour as though they were nothing.

Time is a stream no longer. It is the roar which deafens us. It is the flood which blinds us.

The tragedy is never the one among us who does not swim. It is all the rest of us who do.

*Patsy Johnson*