

LEARNING THE HARD WAY...

Bill Saver



The television fight of the night was just over and I had switched off the set to enjoy a last cigarette before getting ready for bed. Penny was already asleep in her room and Jack was due home any minute from a nearby movie theater where he had gone with a couple of his friends.

Kitty had completed her last chore for the day—putting away in the closet some linens which had been returned from the laundry that afternoon.

"There, that's done!" she exclaimed. "Just didn't seem to find time to do it earlier."

She settled down in a chair opposite me, and I could see that she wanted to talk.

"Had a busy day, eh?" I ventured.

"Oh, not particularly," she replied. "What threw me off schedule was Bob's wife stopping in for a visit. She told me all about the accident to their new car. Too bad, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, that was a tough break for them," I agreed. "I didn't get all the details. Just what happened?"

"Well, he was driving to work yesterday morning," she explained, "and, as you know, the roads were wet and rather slippery. He got into the city all right, but in the heavy traffic, another car skidded into his and banged it up considerably."

"That's tough," I said. "He's only had it about a month, hasn't he?"

"Not quite a month," Kitty declared. "The repair bill will be over \$400 according to the garageman."

"Wowie!" I whistled. "Was the other guy covered by insurance?"

"You know what usually happens in a case like that," she replied. "No, he wasn't. He was driving an old jalopy and doesn't have a dime. Bob's stuck with the bill."

"That's always the way it turns out," I sympathized. "And Bob has always been such a

careful driver. Can't remember him ever having an accident before."

"He had his old car five years, and there wasn't a scratch on it when he turned it in," she observed. "That's why it's such a bad break for him."

"Well, owning a car is a luxury. You must be able to afford it. And sometimes you have to pay through the nose," I observed, not very brightly I'll admit.

Kitty pondered that for a spell, and then said: "Bill Saver, you never were worth shucks as a philosopher. Maybe I oughtn't to tell you what else Bob's wife told me."

"Now, Kitty, you know I was just kidding you," I said, affecting my most cajoling tone of voice. "What else did Bob's wife tell you?"

"In simple words, what you've been trying to tell Bob all 'along," she declared. "That it's expensive to drive to and from work every day—even if you don't run into trouble and get your car smashed up in the process. And so unnecessary, too."

"My dear, I think she's beginning to see the light," I said, nodding wisely. "She means if you don't need to drive—don't?"

"That's exactly it," Kitty asserted, "and that's exactly what Bob has concluded. From now on he's going to drive only to a Rapid Transit station, park his car there, and ride downtown and back on the CTA."

"A lot of people are coming to the same conclusion," I noted. "And they're wise. They're saving money, time, and probably a big repair bill for themselves. Praise be for the enlightenment of Bob—even if it had to come the hard way!"



Bill Saver

says:

CTA surface routes in all sections of the city feed the Rapid Transit lines. Now you pay only one fare.

Transfers are free between surface routes and the "L"-Subway. So, transfer to the "L"-Subway, ride above or below. CTA Rapid Transit is the fastest way to go!

