

GRANDPA— Were you in the Revolution

?



We sometimes spend Sundays with Kitty's folks. It's always enjoyable and, aside from the fact that the ham's very good, it's easy on the old budget.

I could see the usually calm atmosphere clouding up when my boy Jack mischievously asked, "Grandpa, were you in the Revolution?"

Now, grandpa's quite a guy. His hair's still brown, his arms are solid, he's proud of his 165 bowling average, and he leaves me panting on the golf course. I thought he was a bit miffed when he snapped, "Guess you're not much of a history student, son. That was way back in 1776. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said Jack with a sly grin, "Pop always says you're a 'minute man,' so I guess I just figured you were one of General Washington's boys."

"What's this, Bill?" grandpa asked, withering me with his best reserved-for-sons-in-law glare.

"I'll talk to you later, Jack," I said, as I loosed my finest Sunday smile in grandpa's direction. "It's this way," I continued. "Jack's heard me tell lots of folks you're a real 'minute man.' I tell 'em that since you got to be a lawyer, years ago, by studying on streetcars and during lunch hours, you've come to regard time as man's most priceless possession."

I could see the trace of a grin developing so I timidly continued the explanation. "I've also told many of my friends that you're still living in the block where you were born because it means minutes to you."

Grandpa was giggling now. "Yep," he said, "but don't think I haven't had to buck some real pressure. That wife of yours, her sister, and their mother, tried to get me out of here twenty-

five years ago. I finally told 'em they'd have to move without me. I sometimes think that's why Kitty married you," he added sharply.

"Dinner's ready!" Grandma called from the kitchen. Kitty and the kids filed out.

"Seriously, though," he rambled on, "I've told the girls right along that it's important for me to get to and from the office quickly. I just can't afford to waste time. It's only a block from here to the bus stop. In 20 minutes I can be at my desk. By the time some of my associates have bucked traffic and parked their cars, I've got my work organized and I've saved a lot of dough to boot. Then, during the day, I can run out to the courthouse or to see clients without wasting time pulling in and out of parking lots."

"Dinner's ready!" Grandma repeated.

"And I don't feel the money tied up in my car is wasted, either. I have plenty of use for it on vacation trips and for some of those golf tournaments out in the country."

"If you don't get in here soon," Grandma cautioned, "there'll be a new monument built to the memory of a couple of 'minute men' I can see from here!"

We caught the threat in her voice and headed for the dining room.

Lifting his face out of a bowl of steaming chicken soup, Jack's eyes twinkled as we sat down, and he chortled, "Well, lookee here, the British are coming!"

Sincerely,

Bill Saver

Relax
WHEN YOU TRAVEL
AROUND TOWN
!

LET CTA

★ DO YOUR
DRIVING!

