I had one for years and never even knew it. 'That is, I knew I had an uncle, all right, but—well, let me tell you what happened.

My father's brother—Uncle Fred—was just a natural-born wanderer. He went to sea right after he got out of school and traveled around the world for years as an engineer on tankers and freighters and ships of all kinds.

When I was a kid he used to stop at the house for a couple of days, sometimes for a couple of weeks. He used to bring me little souvenirs of his travels—Indian curios from Central America, a drum from Africa, coins and toys from Iceland and India, Portugal and Peru. He'd tell me about his adventures at sea, and we got along swell.

Sometimes as he was leaving, Dad or Mother would urge him to “drop anchor” in our town, hot lie'ol always smile and say maybe someday he would.

Weeks or months later we'd get a card from him from Liverpool or Marseilles or Honolulu. He always said the sank thing oil his cards. “Arrived safely. This is an interesting port.”

A couple of months ago Uncle Fred died suddenly on an inbound freighter just outside of San Francisco. Dad got busy at once making all the necessary arrangements and assigning the expenses.

It was then that Mr. Ashley, a New pork life agent and a good friend of Dad's for many years, came over and told us what Uncle Fred had done.

It seems that back in the days when Uncle Fred used to visit us so often, he made up his mind to do something nice for me as a way of repaying Dad and Mom for the kindness they'd shown him over the years.

Uncle Fred had met Mr. Ashley over at our house and asked his advice. Between them they had worked out a plan.

As Mr. Ashley himself said to Dad, "The most sensible thing for hire was life insurance. It would build up a fund for his own old age, so he would never be a burden to you. If he died, it would help to repay you for allyou had done for him."

Mr. Ashley took some papers from his briefcase and gave them to Dad to sign. Dad looked at the top one, swallowed kind of hard and said, "Are you sure Fred carried this much lifeinsurance?"

"Quite sure," Mr. Ashley said. "And your brother asked me—in case I ever had to get in touch with you about this—to give you two messages. First, that he hoped you would apply part of the money you will receive toward his nephew's education. And second, that he arrived safely in an interesting port..."