



Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Hello, Out There!

Every writer, at one time or another, wonders if anyone ever reads his stuff.

Even though I've been faithfully pounding out weekly opinions on my typewriter, and rushing like crazy to get them to the office to meet deadlines, I still wonder if anyone really reads what I've written. It's like scattering seeds in a hurricane. You assume some of them will stick someplace, but sometimes you wonder if most of them don't just go off into the air and disappear.

I wonder if the Apostle Paul ever wondered if the folks in Thessalonica got his letters, or if Onesimus really delivered that note to his slavemaster, Philemon, or if the Philippians were too busy with that fight in the church to read his epistle. I imagine he did. And because he did, I am somehow able to justify my own doubt.

Don't misunderstand. I know there are some folks who read this

column faithfully. My mother. My dad. Jackie's mother. Maybe the editor. And a few old friends who are always afraid I'll expose them for what they were. But for the most part I never know who's out there, sitting under the hair dryer, eating a sandwich, lounging in their bathtub, or getting ready to wrap a fish — reading my column.

That's the reason every columnist welcomes reader response. Occasionally someone will get angry enough, or delighted enough, to sit down and write a letter. It doesn't happen often. But as the guy said, who had been thrown out of five bars and was finally dumped into a paddy wagon, "It's better to be wanted by the police than not wanted at all."

So, it's good to get letters from readers. Unfortunately, no one has ever sent money. But recently there has been some helpful information.

For instance, several weeks ago I wrote a column about the unnamed

Good Samaritan who puts plastic jugs filled with water along Interstate-95 in case some motorist has an empty radiator or dry battery. Now, thanks to Mrs. A. Topper on 41st Avenue, the unnamed Samaritan has a name. He is Don Thompson who lives at 8055 W. 20th St. It seems Don has been doing this for years. Mrs. Topper called Don's mother, Mrs. W. Stefanski of Tropicology, and confirmed it was her son who uses this method to help his fellow man. She also discovered Don is low on plastic jugs. So, if anyone out there really reads this column, instead of writing me a letter, why not take your empty plastic milk jugs by Don's house.

Next time it might be you standing beside the road with a dry radiator, wondering if anyone cares enough to help out. And that's almost as bad as wondering if anyone ever reads what you've written.