

Naturally, since the discovery of my own diabetes, I've gotten to know a great many other diabetics. Let me tell you about two extremes. One fellow who has a very mild case belongs to that fraternity of the living dead. Obsessed with a fear of the weather, he is usually ridiculously bundled up. He's afraid of infection, so he shuns anybody who has the slightest sniffle. He's afraid of overexertion, so he does almost nothing. He spends most of his mental energy worrying about what *might* happen. He bores other people telling them "how awful" his problem really is. His real ailment is not diabetes. Rather, he's a victim of health excusitis. He has pitied himself into being an invalid.

The other extreme is a division manager for a large publishing company. He has a severe case; he takes about thirty times as much insulin as the fellow mentioned above. But he is not living to be sick. He is living to enjoy his work and have fun. One day he said to me, "Sure it is an inconvenience, but so is shaving. But I'm *not* going to think myself to bed. When I take those shots, I just praise the guys who discovered insulin."

A good friend of mine, a widely known college educator, came home from Europe in 1945 minus one arm. Despite his handicap, John is always smiling, always helping others. He's about as optimistic as anyone I know. One day he and I had a long talk about his handicap.

"It's just an arm," he said, "Sure, two *are* better than one. But they just cut off my arm. My spirit is one hundred percent intact. I'm really grateful for that."

Another amputee friend is an excellent golfer. One day I asked him how he had been able to develop such a near-perfect style with just one arm. I mentioned that most golfers with two arms can't do nearly as well. His reply says a lot. "Well, it's my