

Funny Experiences

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All this is a letter to four women in Polk County, and as it's about a matter which only concerns them and our pants, the chances are that you won't be particularly interested.

To the Four Ladies in a Dodge Sedan on a Country Road Between Tryon and Rutherfordton Last Thursday Afternoon.

My dear Ladies:

The expression of amazement, not unmixed with horror, that I detected upon your individual countenances last Thursday prompts me to write this letter. I do not know your names and that is the reason I am seeking to establish communications by this means.

You see, it was like this:

I had been to Tryon on a visit to some friends and had left there at around 3:30. I was on my way to Rutherfordton, where I was scheduled to make a talk that evening.

While driving along, I happened to notice that my trousers were rather badly wrinkled as a result of two days' driving, so inasmuch as I had a pair of white pants in my bag, I decided it might be a good idea to make a change.

About eight miles east of Columbus there's a side road to the right. I drove up that road about half a mile, turned the car around, and stopped it on the brow of a hill, leaving it in high gear. There wasn't a soul anywhere around and the road didn't give evidence of being traveled to any great extent, so I decided it would be a nice place to make the change.

I got out of the car, opened the bag, hauled out the white pants and unfolded them. They looked nice and neat.

Then I proceeded to take off the ones I had on.

Just as I got them off, the car, for some unknown reason, started slowly down the hill in jerky movements. The gear was evidently slipping.

Now ladies, I'm telling you, there was only one thing for me to do, and I did it. I dropped the pants

in the road and made a dash for the car. Luckily it was moving slowly. Luckily also, it was staying on the road. I caught it before it had traveled more than thirty or forty feet and jumped in and pulled up the brake, bringing it to a quick stop.

Then I went back for my pants.

When I was half way between the car and the pants, your car came up over the brow of the hill.

I don't mind saying that I was horrified.

You probably were, too.

For a moment I hesitated, uncertain as to what to do. But only for a moment. Then I turned around and fled back to the car as fast as I could travel. The fact that my shirt-tail was sticking out straight behind and that my blue-striped shorts were flapping viciously against my legs probably didn't add to the dignity of my appearance.

To tell the truth, I didn't care how I looked. The only thought I had in mind was to gain the protection of my automobile.

I dived in head first and pulled the door to.

I looked through the rear-window mirror and could see you-all coming along at a rather slow pace.

You arrived at the spot where my pants were lying and you deliberately allowed the right wheels of your car—both the front and rear wheels—to pass over the garment.

That was a malicious, spiteful thing to do. I am convinced that you knew they were pants: that they were my pants, because I didn't have any on at the time. You could have gone around them without the slightest difficulty, but did you? No, you didn't.

I have always had the greatest respect and a genuine liking for the people of Polk county. They have always been so thoughtful and considerate—those whom I have met. I did not know that the county had among its citizenship women who would take such an unfair advantage of a man as to deliberately try to destroy his pants.

You probably thought that they were the only pants I had with me, and that you would embarrass

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