

Free Wheeling

By Paul Crowell
CAPSULE HUMOR—From here on everything you read will be funny (it says here), meaning that the proprietor of Free Wheeling wears occasionally, as probably you do, of the endless speculation on whether the motor age is leading us, accident wise, anyhow. Let us then, for the moment, digress while we examine some selections of humor contributed, collected and preserved by the State Department of Motor Vehicles.

"Safety" sign over the door of a Midwest auto finance company: "Don't lose control of your car—keep up those payments!"

Excerpt from a tearful letter received in the Driver's License Division from a lad whose license had been suspended. "I thought that maybe you all would help me to get my license back. I am losing out on all the good times I used to have with the girls, due to no way of traveling."

A slightly befuddled motorist pulled up to a traffic cop: "Shay, pardon me officer, but where am I?" The officer replied, "You're at the corner of Main St. and Elm." Motorist: "Jush cut out the details. What town am I in?"

Fjord: A Swedish automobile.

Motoring along US 301 the other day I did a double-take approaching a filling station obviously operated by either a crafty or a cross-eyed manager. Take your pick. A banner, stretched across the front of the place, read: "WE FLIX FATS."

If an Englishman tells you he has a stranger in his saloon, don't be alarmed. He only means his sedan automobile is equipped with a choke. If you're still interested, other English equivalents for our auto items include wing for fender and boot for trunk. Also, his cubby locker is our glove compartment, and if he's driving a drophead it's a convertible here. What we call a bumper guard the English refer to as an over-rider. A shock absorber is a damper and English pedestrians get to the other side of the street via zebra crossings. We call 'em crosswalks.

His windshield is a windscreen and he signals a turn with a winking indicator. The English starter is known as a commencer.

The village blacksmith was chairman of the local Culture Society. At one of the monthly concerts the vocalist was loudly applauded after singing "The Village Blacksmith." As he prepared to sing an encore, the chairman leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "When you sing that one again, put in a word about the repairing automobiles, too."

At the Motor Vehicles Department's truck weighing station near Wilson recently I watched a heavily laden tractor and semi-trailer grind to a stop on the scale beam. The driver emerged, leaving his companions sitting in the cab. His companions, by the way, were a couple of generously dimensioned women. He waited with patience while station operators weighed the big vehicle, accepted a stamped ticket, then paused with a frown knitting his brow. He was some 950 pounds over the legal limit. A moment later, though, his face brightened as he turned and announced to the women, "You gals get outta that truck now and let them weigh it again."

Not too many biennia ago Tar Heel legislators, studying some traffic accident statistics submitted by (gulp!) the Motor Vehicles Department, were stunned to read:

DRIVERS INVOLVED
 IN ALL ACCIDENTS

Male 708
 Female 74
 Other 1

Red faced officials rushed forward with the explanation that it was a printer's error. "Not Stated" should have been where "Other" was.

Sir Thomas Urquhart, Scotland's famed translator of Rebels who lived in the village of Cromarty on Black Isle, became so overjoyed at news of the restoration of Charles II that he died in a fit of laughter.

The sands of Arabia's deserts sometimes reach a temperature of 170 degrees Fahrenheit.

SARAH AND THE SEA

By June Reed Ruff

SARAH was a small woman, delicately boned, and as thin as Winter shadows. She had dark eyes that harbored secret dreams, and small, keen ears that listened to incessant sea-sounds.

The years had been kind to Sarah, her dark brown hair showed only a wisp of gray, and the tiny lines around her eyes and mouth only added to her look of innocence. In many ways, Sarah was innocent, for her home was off the beaten track and she heard little of the world's perambulations.

A wood fire blazed brightly on the stone hearth, by its light Sarah's nimble fingers restored the worn heel of a heavy woolen sock. "The wind is wild tonight," she mentioned, jabbing the heavy steel darning needle through the sock, with ease born of long practice.

The dim, comfortable room still echoed the inviting aroma of supper's stew and hot biscuits. Sarah bit the thread free of the finished darn, then paused to listen to the roaring-breaker sounds outside of the cabin. She awarded the window an apprehensive glance, knowing that beyond the cabin's sod roof, gray clouds were gathering like mouldy dough, obscuring the frozen moon.

She angled her head slightly to look at Aaron. There was security in his angular, weather-etched face. For a moment, Sarah wondered how he would look at the helm of a ship, his lean, muscular arms challenging the thrashing night of the sea, to hold his storm tossed vessel on course.

Aaron was a good man. The years of their marriage had been pleasant, in spite of hard work, and the heartbreaking disappointment they shared when they learned Sarah could never bear a child. In a way, Aaron seemed to thrive on the incessant toil, perhaps it helped him to forget he would never have a son. But there was no escape for Sarah, in work or anything else. Her heart was like an empty cradle, a constant, aching reminder of her barrenness.

Children were meant to harbor a woman's dreams, and to soak up her endless tenderness, like small thirsty blotters. A woman is born to mother a child, with wisdom and emotional depth only a child can bring into being. And if there is no child, when the dream of one is hopelessly dead, if a woman is to live without bitterness she must find another dream. Even an insignificant dream is better than no dream at all.

She gathered up the mended sock and replaced thread and needle in her neat darning basket. Maybe tomorrow would be a good day to walk along the beach in search of curious marine creatures, and bright sea shells washed in by the raging tide. In her mind's eye, Sarah could see the wide sky heartbreakingly blue against scattered white wisps of storm clouds, while the sun discovered sparkling jewels in the platinum sand, and it's own reflection in the amazing green water.

Sarah rose and walked to the window to peer out at the blind, black night. Her dream of the sea was a small dream, but it comforted her and she cherished it, although she knew that tomorrow she would rise and gaze out on a familiar white world, where morning sounds would be muted by the weight of new snow. There would be the protesting creak and crack of pine boughs shattering the frozen stiffness to fling their icy burdens earthward, while austere, silver-sheened peaks ringed the valley like a crown.

Tomorrow would be just another day on the small, isolated mountain farm. But somewhere far away, the sea Sarah had never seen would throb against an alien shore, scattering small secrets from its dark depths upon the sunlit sand.


Fishermen along the coast of Brazil go to sea on peeled-log rafts called *jangadas*. Centerboard, sail and steering are complete the craft's primitive design.

Approximately 100,000 new cases of tuberculosis are being reported annually, at the rate of one every five minutes.

Jute, East Pakistan's chief export crop whose fiber makes cloth and burlap bags, grows 2 to 10 feet tall. It is planted in water, usually in small jungle patches. Harvested with long knives, the stalks are tied in bundles and left for three days until leaves drop off. Then the bundles are placed under water for two weeks. The soft pith of the plant ferments and the long, tough fibers can be stripped easily from the stalks.

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NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Alfred Hughes and wife, Faye Hughes dated March 16, 1954, and recorded in the Registry of Yancey County, N. C., in Book No. 33, page 201, to secure the indebtedness therein named, and default having been made in the payment of the same, and the Trustee therein named having been requested to exercise the power of sale therein, the undersigned Trustee will on the 26th day of February, 1957, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the Courthouse door in Burnsville, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder the following described real estate, situated in Crabtree Township, Yancey County, N. C., and bounded as follows:

Adjoining the lands of Stanley Gurley, John Thomas heirs and others; Beginning on a beech, Stanley Gurley's corner and runs about south 12 degrees west with Gurley's line 13 4-5 poles to a chestnut oak stump on top of a ridge; thence continuing with the said Gurley line about south 19 degrees west 83 poles and 4 links to a stake on a ridge in the John Thomas heirs' line; thence a southeasterly course with the height of said ridge and the Thomas heirs' line 38 1-4 poles to a small sourwood; thence north 40 1-4 degrees east 28 poles to a stake at the Stanley Gurley road; thence south 28 1/2 degrees east with said road 7 poles to the ford of a branch; thence south 79 degrees east 6 1-4 poles to a stake on the west side of a drain; thence with said drain north 15 1/2 degrees east 9 poles to stake; thence north 64 deg. west 25 poles to a small branch; thence up and with said branch 22 1-4 poles to a bunch of small locusts; thence north 74 degrees west 20 poles to the beginning, containing 8 acres, more or less.

This being the property conveyed by Joseph Hughes and wife, Essie Hughes to Alfred Hughes and wife, Faye Hughes by deed dated January 26, 1949, which deed is of record in the registry of Yancey County, N. C., in Book No. 101, page 516.

This the 25th day of Jan. 1957.
 Mary C. O'Donnell, Trustee,
 Charles Hughes, Attorney.
 Jan. 31, Feb. 7, 14, 21

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The boldly modern styling you see just hints at how deep-down modern the '57 Fords really are!

New Ranchero rides, handles and looks like a modern car. It's a rugged truck that carries over half a ton—more than many standard pickups. Ford's all-new Tilt Cab Series brings modern design to the big-truck field. It's America's lowest-priced* Tilt Cab line.

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The trucks shown here just touch the sweeping changes in the new Ford line for '57. See your Ford Dealer for complete details on the truck to fit your job.

*Based on a comparison of factory-suggested list prices.

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