

# Free Wheeling

By Bill Crowl

MIX UP—Late in 1945 I was living in North China and there I saw the biggest traffic snafu I ever hope to see. And curiously enough it all stemmed largely from what we preach so everlastingly hard in this column — motoring courtesy and consideration.

Chiang Kai-shek's forces were still in charge of North China when the territory was occupied by the First Marine Division, an outfit I called home for three years. Anyhow enroute to China the powers-that-be promulgated orders that to conform with the customs of the country all military traffic would drive to the left, a most commendable gesture we all agreed.

I suppose at the time Old One had on hand several thousand assorted wheeled and tracked vehicles ranging from motorcycles to ten-wheeled tank retrievers. To have this traffic, once disembarked, flowing smoothly along the ancient streets of Peiping was indeed a stroke of planning genius. Or so it would seem.

The kicker came though as the first string of Jeeps timidly crept into the main thoroughfare, bearing obediently to the left side of the street. All went well for awhile, then a blast from the police whistle brought the column up short.

In a torrent of pidgin English, the Chinese cop demanded to know "what the dickens we were doing."

Patently we started to explain, seizing on the opportunity to show the Chinese we all were obliging joes. We were guests; we would drive as the Chinese drive. So we thought.

Meanwhile an uninterrupted stream of cars, trucks and tanks had begun to pour in from the anchored ships off Taku Bar. At the gates to the city, drivers began swinging their vehicles to the left as ordered. Traffic began to thicken up. Still we were stalled by the outraged policeman who by now had been joined by a number of his countrymen.

Then several more carloads of Chinese bigshots pulled up on the RIGHT side of the avenue, mind you, entirely contrary to the Chinese traffic code.

A couple of Chinese lumber trucks appeared on the confused scene—also on the right.

Then hundreds of curious coolies, tugging at rickshaws, joined our growing number. They packed

the right side of the now choked thoroughfare even tighter.

Finally, like Zorro to the rescue, a Marine colonel made an entrance, bustling with authority.

"What's all the flap?" he demanded. An ear-shattering horn down the line somewhere answered him. He looked around dazed.

The Chinese cops, meanwhile, had gone into a huddle with our division interpreter who, at first, was as confused as the rest of us. Suddenly a light dawned on his face; he smiled and a moment later laughed aloud.

The colonel was incensed. "And what's so confounded funny, Captain?" he shot out. The colonel's patience was showing signs of wear.

"Well," began our language man, "it seems that before our arrival the Chinese government published an order regarding traffic—"

"You don't mean—" exploded the colonel.

"Yes sir, that's it. The Chinese decided in honor of the American troops to direct all traffic temporarily to the right—to conform with our way of driving."

SUDDEN THAWT—It's better to drive so that your license will expire before you do!

IDIOCY—Call me a fuss-budget if you will, I'm still saying baby shoes belong in the nursery—not dangling from a rear view mirror. A western state police commander found the problem of motorists addicted to hanging baby shoes, dice and other trivia from their mirrors serious enough to get out a press release condemning the practice.

Not to be outdone, our own highway patrol chief, Col. James R. Smith claims the fad is "not only silly but could easily lead to an accident."

The lawbooks say that no vehicle may be operated unless the driver's vision through any required glass is normal. Or words to that effect. Col. Smith, and myself for that matter, can find no logical explanation for such idiocy.

Clear, normal vision is a prime requisite for safe driving. Anything that tends to obscure it, however remotely, is an inexcusable, dangerous practice. Col. Smith says the same thing and he's been a policeman 30 years.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE RECORD

# Captain Bailey Flies New, Speedy F-104A Starfighter

Captain Jack E. Bailey, Flight Commander of the 83rd Fighter Interceptor Squadron at Hamilton Air Force Base, is now flying the new ultrasonic F-104A Starfighter with the 83rd Fighter Interceptor Squadron, the first ultrasonic Fighter Squadron in the world. Hamilton Air Force Base is a midway point of our nation's Pacific coast line. The first operational F-104A Starfighter squadron will provide day-and-night protection for a vast area in which there are a million homes, exclusive of industrial areas.

Captain Bailey and his F-104A ultrasonic Starfighter can outrace the sun from New York to San Francisco. It can outclimb any aircraft now in operational use, and zoom into the upper stratosphere when the mission demands. The Starfighter packs awesome firepower, and carries the sidewinder missile with an infrared tracking device that feels the presence of alien aircraft by heat radiation.

The F-104A Starfighter is the highest flying and highest climbing fighter the Air Force has ordered into tactical utilization. The Starfighter will fly twice the speed of sound climbing straight up. They call the Starfighter a "missile with a man in it." Captain Bailey is one of the men in the missile.

Captain Bailey, son of Mrs. Myrtle Bailey of Burnsville, North Carolina, was born in 1923 in Jonesboro, Tennessee. He graduated from the Clearmont High School of Day Book, North Carolina, and attended the New Mexi-

co A & M College at Las Cruces, New Mexico. He entered the Air Force in May, 1941 at Jackson, Mississippi, and received his commission in 1950. Prior to coming to Hamilton, Captain Bailey served with the 74th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron at Thule Air Base, Greenland.

During World War II, Captain Bailey flew 32 combat missions in B-26 and B-25 aircraft from December 1941 to December 1944 in the Pacific Theater.

Captain Bailey resides with his wife, the former Jessie Stokes Tyler of Lexington, Kentucky, who graduated from the University of Kentucky in 1945, and their three children, Betty, Jack and Susan, in quarters at Hamilton Air Force Base.



ALTAR BOUND . . . Singer-actor Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall, widow of Humphrey Bogart, will soon marry, according to Hollywood reports.

## ADMINISTRATIVE NOTICE NORTH CAROLINA YANCEY COUNTY

Having qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of W. N. King, deceased, late of Yancey County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Decedent to exhibit the same to the undersigned Administratrix at her home at Burnsville, N. C., on or before the 8th day of March, 1958, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons owing the Estate will please make immediate payment.

This 8th day of March, 1958, IDA KING, Administratrix of the Estate of W. N. King, Deceased.

March 13-20-27, April 3-10, 17

## Attention Hemorrhoid "Pile" Sufferers

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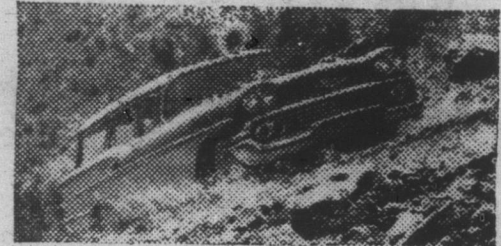


1 SPECTACULAR STYLE—Proved by leading designers of women's fashions!

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2 SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE—Chevy proved it on a round-trip run over the Andes!

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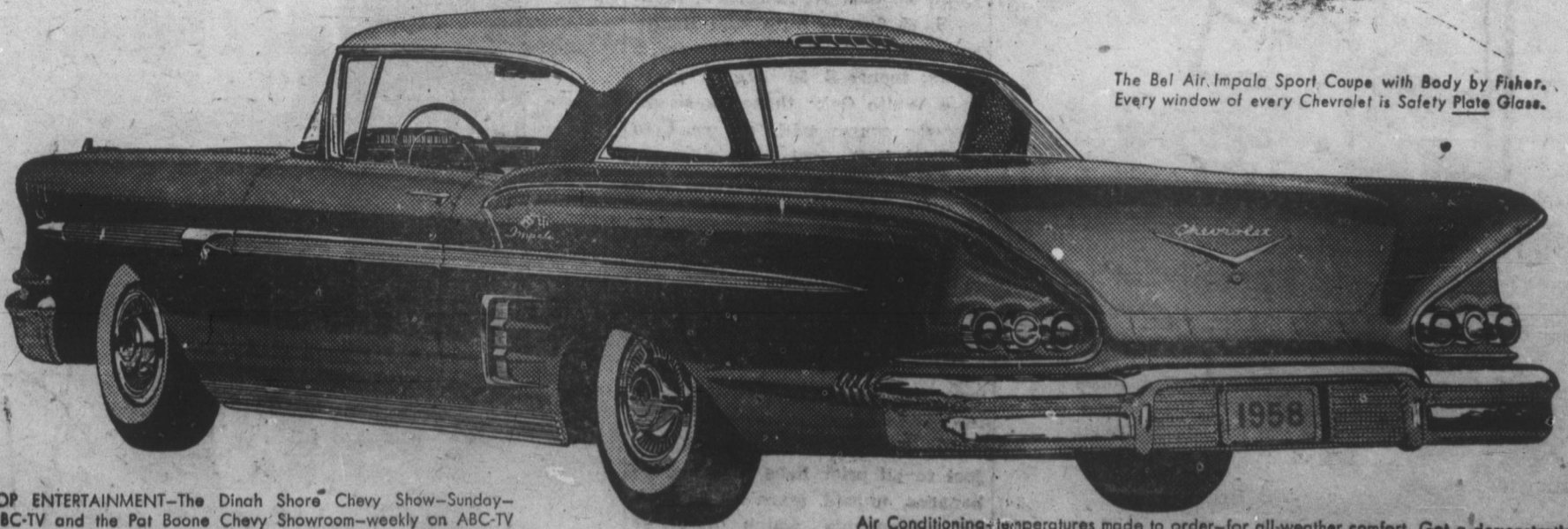


3 SPECTACULAR VALUE—Your Chevrolet dealer's ready right now to prove it!

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