

NOT TALKING MUCH

THREE COURTENAY CITIZENS HAD A FINE RIDE IN AN AUTO—BUT THEY'RE NOT SAYING ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

Loran Nichols, J. E. Fox and Miner Posey went for a trip to the western part of the county the first of the week, Mr. Nichols taking the party out in his large touring car. Just all that happened to them we will probably never know, but we have information concerning enough of the sad accidents which befell them that satisfies us that they are worthy subjects for the sympathy of their friends. If you can imagine how it would feel to be gliding over a prairie road in an auto at the rate of forty miles an hour and all of a sudden have the front wheels of the machine knocked out from below you and the exhaust turned toward the seat you can imagine how these gentlemen felt when they started across the prairie with a firm conviction that inside of a few moments there would not be enough of the machine left to show them the spot from which they started. But they finally decided to approach the spot with due caution and after arriving discovered that they had hit a stone which broke the clamps off the front axle and this was the cause of the machine hitting the ground so suddenly. Ten miles from a blacksmith shop, and not strong enough to carry the machine in, to use an expression of the street, they were certainly up against it. But they finally got rigged up and started for home with gasoline enough in the tank to carry them "a hundred and twenty miles." But for some unaccountable reason the gas evaporated and while they were yet sixteen miles from home the machine refused to travel and they discovered that they were facing another serious problem—no gasoline. Just how far they had to walk to the nearest farmhouse we are not informed, but they finally found a farmer who happened to have about four gallons of the stuff and they again got started toward home. But we are reliably informed that the party had suffered so much affliction that they be-thought themselves to put an end to their troubles by backing into the Jim river, but when within about four inches of the water Mr. Posey, who is more accustomed to roughing it than the others, decided to put his shoulder to the machine, and thus they were saved. They finally arrived in Courtenay during the small hours of Tuesday morning—and they haven't mentioned their trip since.