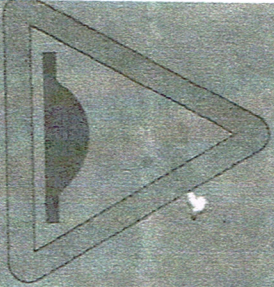


Imagine—He Towed Them 775 Miles!



Humps for 1/2 mile

HERE'S a new road sign you may see around. For the first time, special humps like this are to be used on public roads to cut speeds and prevent accidents. They'll be a different colour from the road, four inches high, about 100 yards apart. They've been used in other countries for years.

GERALD ELLISON, 2 Baberton Mains Tce., Edinburgh, spent his holiday in Spain with his wife, Margaret, and three children.

At the end, they set off home along with friends, Larry Kivlin and his wife and two children.

Everything went well until about 100 miles from Paris.

Larry's Vauxhall 2000 Automatic broke down.

They were in a village that didn't even have a garage. They bought an ordinary rope. Gerald hitched the disabled Vauxhall to his Volvo 145 and set off, towing his friend. And he towed him all the way home to Edinburgh—through France, England and Scotland!

The rope broke only once. In Folkestone, they tried to get the car repaired. But it was going to take a week.

They bought a proper tow rope and carried on right through London. Fog bothered them there, but they made it safely on to the M1.

They made good time up the motorways, with only one big fright.

A front tyre blew out when they were cranking along and for a moment Gerald and Larry thought it was curtains for them all.

The trip took three days and covered 775 miles! A never-to-be-forgotten journey.

He who hesitates isn't necessarily lost.



MRS. ELIZABETH MURRAY, 15 Turnberry Rd., Island,

was driving into Glasgow. It was dark. She was on dipped headlights.

Suddenly, she noticed a large mass on the middle lane, right in front of her.

It was a thick tree branch, with lots of foliage.

Three teenage girls risked their lives by coming out on to the busy road and pulling it all away from beneath her car.

"Not all teenagers are vandals," she writes. "In a moment of the number of adult motorists who saw such an obvious hazard on the road and did nothing about it!"

He was dying to get there first. He did and didn't!

MY FIRST CAR

I was an ancient Standard, says comedian Les Dawson. So old, the number plate was in Latin.

Two-tone colour. Black and rust.

I paid forty quid for it in 1958 when I was an electrician, just out of the army.

I lasted eight months, during which it developed every fault known to mankind.

I was spending more on oil than on petrol.

At Torquay, on a lovely summer's eve, it was being so much smoke, a policeman started at me.

"Take that heap away, it's blotting out the sunset!"

Eventually, I gave a bloke a tenner just to tow it away out of my sight.

Shee, I've had a Ford 10 van, Vauxhall Super, Rover Cresta, Mercedes, Corina, Herald, Triumph 2000. All second-hand. All automatic sloppers.

Now I've a new Triumph 2.5 P.J. and my wife Margaret has a Stage. She's fond of motoring. I'm not a great one for the driving these days.

