

Early Autos

My second oldest brother, Val, was in the automobile business. He sold Fords. They were something to see in the 'A' and 'T' days. Having cars at our disposal, and having sister 'Billie' as a chauffer, we traveled all over Southern Illinois. Few roads were paved, and hills were steep. In winter they became so muddy, and then the mud dried into stone-like clods which were almost as hard as cement. The hills were sp steep that the gasoline would not feed to the engine. Many times Billie would back down the hill, put the car in reverse and back up the hill in order to get to the other side. You think I'm kidding? It's Gospel!

Once a poor man in our town committed suicide and left a wife and little daughter. Both Mom and Billie were 'do-gooders' at heart. They decided we'd ask them to go along on one of our car trips. The widow and her daughter and I sat in the rear seat. The girl was chubby and aggressive, and I continued to move further and further toward the side of the car. I inadvertently hit the latch on the door and fell out. Our guest waited until they reached the top of the hill before she said "Mrs. Hudgens your little boy fell out of the car awhile ago".... Moma nearly died, but so did I! I remember seeing the car going on and I tried to die, but St. Peter wouldn't take me. So I feigned illness and let them carry my limp body to the top of the hill before I finally let an eyelash flutter a little so they wouldn't bury me on the hillside.