

Norma asked Errol for more Cecil stories and I am sure Errol has plenty. However, most all of my stories from my youth would almost always include Cecil. So, I must tell another one on us. One Sunday after we were driving age, Cecil, Virgil or Harold (I don't remember for sure, maybe both) and I, wanted to go swimming down to Beard's Mill on the McShan to Carrollton road. So, we borrowed Uncle Dee's old panel wagon, probably a 39 chevy panel wagon, blue with black fenders. That was error no. 1, taking it without asking. And error no. 2, was borrowing some gas from the grist mill up at Burgess store as the store was not open, and the grist mill engine only had a small amount we could borrow. The road was graveled at the time. Cecil was driving. There was only one seat, the drivers, and the rest of the panel wagon was tires, wheels, tools, plows, etc and the other passengers could take their pick of what to sit on. Cecil knew we would have to conserve all the gas we could in order to make it down there and back. On each hill he would knock it out of gear and coast to save gas and would let it get as fast as we could in order to coast further. At Union Hill Church, at that time, the hill was steep and has a small curve and deep ditches on the side of the road to allow for drainage. Cecil had her going good, lots of speed for a long coast, when we came over a small rise and there meeting us was another car. Cecil had two choices. One, hit the oncoming car head on. Two, take the ditch. He took the ditch. The window was open and the panel wagon tilted to where the window as acting like a plow, sending dirt flying all through the panel wagon. Plows and tools were flying around but we would have been ok, but, there was this big stump right in the middle of that dad barn ditch. That stopped us quick, taking the bumper, the radiator and oil pan and I am not sure what all else, but it did quite the number on Uncle Dee's panel wagon. We were worried that Uncle Dee was going to kill us. He wasn't mad. He wasn't upset. However, we worked all that summer to pay him for the panel wagon.....Oh, did I say that the insurance company also paid him for the panel wagon.....Big lesson for some big boys.....well, good lesson for some dumb boys...Uncle Dee was ok...We got smarter sometimes later...[1](#)

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