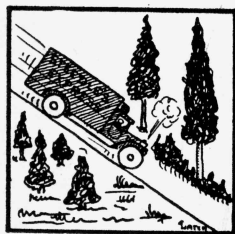


## Pat Steedle and His Truck Imitate Submarine on Highway at Reading

Imagine "Pat" Steedle, Riverton expressman, politician, Rotarian, song leader, former Boy Scout and what not, sitting in the darkness along a Pennsylvania highway in his X Y Z's drying his clothes over a bonfire.

The nite was dark but not stormy, not yet. A moving van was moving (and how it was moving!) winding its way hither and yon, over the hills and through the dales, in the vicinity of Reading. The gloomy silence was broken only by the muffled drone of a powerful truck motor and the occasional croak of a frog from a nearby pond.

In the cab at the throttle, alone, sat our good friend "Pat"—steering wheel grasped in his hands—a newly lighted Cinco between his teeth—eyes glued on the road before him and between puffs—snatches of "Sweet Rosy O'Grady" filtered through the chinks in the cab.



"Pat," thoroughly enjoying his cigar as well as his singing, did not reckon that he had come upon a right smart down grade—nor did he notice that a passenger car was following close in his wake—that is, not until he came to the bottom of the grade where he found a curve waiting for him.

### A Bridge at 2 A. M.

From then on things popped—"Pat" dropped his melody and swallowed his Cinco in one operation when he found the passenger car crowding him off the road at the curve. He managed by a series of Houdini calisthenics to bring the truck back on the road only to find the passenger car on a narrow bridge—a six-foot concrete abutment and darkness to the right of the abutment and all three rushing forward to meet him.

"Pat," famous for rushing in where others fear to tread, in the split second that was left to decide, chose darkness—and darkness he got—by the buckets full. He gave the wheel a cut to the right and the big truck loaded with four tons of paper hurtled over a 15-foot embankment and down into space.

"Pat" said the sensation was that of a pea in a pod being kicked around on a cobblestone pavement. In the darkness of the cab and with water rushing in from every direction, "Pat" said right then and there he was prepared to meet his maker, but made a grab for the handle on the door only to find that he had hold of the gear shift lever which he doubled trying to open the door.



### Shouts for Aid in Vain

Then spitting out another quart of water, as the truck rolled over again, he made another try for the door and this time pulled the starter button from the floor boards by the roots. Finally and luckily enough for "Pat" the truck made its final lunge and came to rest in the middle of the pond, leaving one door exposed and through this "Pat" made a hurried exit.

After collecting himself, he sat upon that exposed portion of the truck protruding from the water and "hollered" at passing motorists who were, at 2.00 a. m., either going or had been places, and got only his echo for an answer.



Finally becoming disgusted with human nature in general, he climbed down from his man-made island and swam ashore, dragging the cigar lighter from the dash board with him (believe it or not) where he built himself a fire and proceeded to dry his clothes.

Came the dawn—"Pat" got relief. The truck, and its contents were damaged but "Pat," wise ole' owl that he is, believes in insurance, and after a few hours of mourning for his favorite truck, he is again wearing the "Steedle Smile."