"Racing" (Cont. from C-3)

(Cont. from C-3)
lanta, he hit a telephone phone and
was taken to the hospital. He slipped
out of the hospital that slipped
out of the hospital that sliph and was
in Macon, Georgia in time to start
Sunday's race-which he won.
Red Bygn was one of the 3d
founding membra of the 3d
founding to fifth grade, But by the
age 16, he was manager of a large
automobile repair shop.

During the Prohibition Era, he ran
ilegal Canadian whiskey from the
Clandian border to the White House
for three different presidents, receiving \$100 per carload.

He is credited with coming up with the name, NASCAR.

"Rapid" Roy Hall was a free spirit who was literally hell on wheels. Arriving in Daytona in 1946, Hall cut doughnuts in the street. When arrested, he explained he wanted to go to jail because the Daytona hotel rates were too high.

WHAS CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN

SECOND ANNUAL SOFTBALL

TOURNAMENT

COED

ENTRY FEE: \$125.00

DOUBLE ELIMINATION

SATURDAY, MAY 18

8:00 A.M.

ROUNDSTONE ELEMENTARY

*Contact Mikhael Shaffer

256-7757

Rockcastle Hospital & Respiratory Care Center, Inc. *All teams must be entered by Thursday, May 16.

Contact Person

Tim flock entered 187 races and won 40 times. In 1961, he was banned from NASCAR because of an attempt to unionize drivers for better driving and safety conditions. The ban was lifted in 1965, but he never

ban was iffed in 1965, but he never returned.

Lloyd Seay was a legend long before television and big bucks entered racing. He once won three races over a period of nine days.

Bill Elliott began his career in 1976. He has! 1 poles, I I wins and a \$1-milion bonus. With brothers. Ernie and Dan in the pits, Elliott won the Winston Cup Championship.

The idea of building the 44 acre and 44,000 square foot facility on Highway 51 as a race-oriented visitor attraction 45 miles north of Atlanta was a natural one, based on the early history of stock car racing in and around Dawson County.

Dawsonville is a place where the memory of fast cars, illegal whiskey and whirlwind encounters between memory of past cars, illegal whiskey and whirlwind encounters between the memory of fast cars, illegal whiskey and whirlwind encounters between the past of the past o

car hoods, quarter panels, original artwork, race hero memorabilia, cars, license plates, gas station pumps, boat rack signs and photographs. But probably one of the most viewed activations is a real whiskeys still.

"Before we could set it up we had to sign documents not use it to produce anything," said Marty Williams, President of Thunder Road USA. "But that won't be any problem." Additional information can be obtained by calling 706-216-7223. The website address is:

www.thunderroadusa.com.

Does anyone remember

Does anyone remember bench-type car seats?
This past weekend I took my 1970 Lincoln Mark III to "Snapper" Clark in Irvington, "Alabama. It had developed a few rust spots around one of the headlight covers, which is what will typically occur after a car sits in a garage for â few years along the humid gulf coast.

a garage for å few years along us-mid gulf coast.

"Snapper" is a young man, who like me has had a few women prob-lems in his life. But aside from ask-ing me questions about how to handle women, he is a pretty good body man

ing me questions about how to handle women, he is a pretty good body man and mechanic.

His latest problem centers around his young wife seeming to think they should buy some property and hove out of the country home and acre to his family gas within a few parameters to his family gas within a few parameters to his family gas within a few parameters and the hought of a hig mortgage scares him. He's not a stereotype of what some ortherners refer to as Bubbas because he doesn't chew to bacco, have a pothelly, or drink much beer. He's just set in his ways and doesn't want to go head-over-heeks into debt. This Mark III is not the first Lindon Few owned. There were two others. I had both of them at times in yill few hen! I had a need for speed. Some Freudians might say! have a compulsion for large and flashy cars because of my poor southern upsinging. Growing up in the 1940s and '50s, my family was poor, but when the control of the property of the south of the control of the property of the control of the property of the proper

very meal.

At home it was ice cream and pie or dessert. Later on in life, it became

We had a 1953 green Chevrolet pickup that I was allowed to use on dates. What really stands out about this truck was its bench-type seat. Yessir, the girl could snuggle right up next to you.

Nowadays, that is as old as the discours. The bucket seats did away with intimacy and a lot of other things that went on in the front seat of a car. In 1959 I was in the Navy and stationed at Sandia Base in Albuquerque. New Mexico. My wife lived with her parents in Las Vegas. Usually I was able to get a three-day visched new Seats.

any I was anote to get a timee-day weekend pass to visit her.

One weekend while visiting her, I bought a 1951 Lincoln. It was a big, green four-door monster of a car with an outside sun visor over the windshield, and recessed headlights. I spent every weekend for about six months rebuilding the big flathead V-8 in it.

spent every weckend for about six months rebuilding the big flathead V-8 in it.

Finally, the engine was finished and put back in the car. Everything had been tightened and it was time to go for a test ride.

My brother-in-law, Clayton Cockrell and I headed north from Las Vegas on the highway to St. George. Utah. It was a nice scenic ride through open desert and mountains. After about 50 miles we stopped at a gas station, filled it up with gas and headed back to Vegas.

Everything about the Lincoln was running perfect.

By this time. If the st bough the engine of the control of the co

creased, and then the smoke started rolling out the rear end. I had blown

motor in my prized Lincoln. We made it to the foot of Easy

Mountain and left my hotrod Lincoln on the side of the road and hitchhiked into Vegas. My brother-in-law sold my Lincoln to some kids who later cut the top off and turned it into a desert buggy. I almost cried.

The second Lincoln I owned was a black 1965 sedan with suicide

Outside of three beautiful girls (my children) it was the love of my life. It was tough having to give it

up.
I still remember the words my exwife spoke in the courtroom, prior to
our divorce proceedings. "Say your
prayers, you're going to need them,"
she told me. But I never dreamed she

would hit me that far below the belt.

I wound up with the house and the

13 acres and a large monthly alimony payment, but I lost my Lincoln. It was painful losing that car. Un-less you're a man who loves classic cars, you can probably never under-stand how someone could bond with

a car.

I found my present love sitting in the front of James Hollingsworth's junkyard in Dog River, Alabama in 1996. It was turquoise with a white vinyl top. I bought it for \$600 and drove it home. After six years of personal restoration and several thousands of dollars, my new love looks

sands of dollars, my new love looks awful good.

She's ready to be driven. Now, if I can just find someone who still likes to ride in a car with a bench-type leather seat my life will have gone full circle.



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