DEATH HAUNTS THE HIGHWAYS

 YOU play tag with death when you curees around corners on wet pavements these anthems, the time and place and fatalities statistics continue to pile up, appearing in the press every day, but they don’t strike home. P famille can mean a great deal “I’lil get by” says the reckless driver.

The facts are not pleasant reading. One hour every hour of the day in some part of the country on some road side there is a scene of horror. The hospital sides turn away from the dead to care for those who may have a few hours of agony to live out at the hospital.

The next time you are tempted to pass on a road curve, think of your own car as a use that hour your dashboard as a missile, projectile, contemplative, with a velocity of 50 or 60 feet per second. Think of the smashed ribs, the broken fingers, the broken legs, the broken limbs, the splintered glass, the lacerated tendons and arteries.

You probably have never seen a good-sized auto accident, with cars piled up in a mass of broken glass, with a metal frame, with concrete fence posts torn from their holes. You haven’t seen the injured, shocked, stunned, moaning creatures, trying to move themselves from the wreckage and stand up, only to fall again, blood oozing from their wounds, lying still until they are lifted with stretchers.

You haven’t seen these things. But they occur every day. And if you want the facts, gruesome as they may be, read “And Such Is Life,” by F. N. Farris, an article which appeared in the August issue of Readers Digest. If a copy is not easily available, a reprint of the article can be obtained free through the reprint editor, Readers Digest.

The facts are not pleasant reading. One can hardly imagine a last of a whole year in which no one was involved in a head-on collision, her head smashed, her skull caved in, the fender torn, the windshield, the car overturning, and the razor edge of the grill slashing her throat as cleverly as the knife of a medical surgeon.

And death is sometimes more subtle in his methods. The driver who tried to make a bad start, lost control of his car, and hit an object which caused the car to overturn, was involved in a head-on collision, her head smashed, her skull caved in, the fender torn, the windshield, the car overturning, and the razor edge of the grill slashing her throat as cleverly as the knife of a medical surgeon.

The facts are not pleasant reading. One can hardly imagine a last of a whole day in which no one was involved in a head-on collision, her head smashed, her skull caved in, the fender torn, the windshield, the car overturning, and the razor edge of the grill slashing her throat as cleverly as the knife of a medical surgeon.

And death is sometimes more subtle in his methods. The driver who tried to make a bad start, lost control of his car, and hit an object which caused the car to overturn, was involved in a head-on collision, her head smashed, her skull caved in, the fender torn, the windshield, the car overturning, and the razor edge of the grill slashing her throat as cleverly as the knife of a medical surgeon.

The facts are not pleasant reading. One can hardly imagine a last of a whole year in which no one was involved in a head-on collision, her head smashed, her skull caved in, the fender torn, the windshield, the car overturning, and the razor edge of the grill slashing her throat as cleverly as the knife of a medical surgeon.