



## GRANDPA'S LAST DRIVE

My Grandfather, John Tyler Ewing, never drove a car that I remember. In fact he never adjusted very well at all to machinery of any type. He preferred the "old fashioned way" for his generation.



The story goes that he bought a new Model T Ford automobile and learned to drive it a little. On the way to Fiveforks, where the country store was located, he saw his friend coming from the opposite direction. Now it was customary when traveling by buggy or on a mule or horse, to pull abreast of each other and stop and visit a little. Talk about the weather; ask about the condition of crops, etc. They both saw no reason why they could not do the same in their Model T Fords.

Neither of them being experienced drivers, instead of pulling abreast of each other, they ran into each other, and Grandpa's Model T wound up in the ditch. They worked and pushed until they got it out of the ditch, then both went on their way.

Uncle Carl, Grandpa's youngest son, said that when Grandpa got home he was going to park the car back in the garage; instead he drove right through the back of the garage. Grandpa never drove again. Thereafter, when he needed to go someplace that he could not go in his buggy, he asked one of his sons to drive the Model T for him.

Grandpa did not like this story told in his presence.

By Thomas H. Ewing  
(Story told to me)  
Sep 2000