Over the Back Fence

**Amusing morsels and bits of wisdom…
overheard and read here and there.**

Ford Runneth Through By a Sharp Pen

I FOUND this piece in my father's 1919 Tumbleweeds yearbook from Dakota Wesleyan in Mitchell, South Dakota, where he was a pre-theology student.

It states that the author is anonymous, but my dad, Paul Gladstone Dibble, was the yearbook editor and it's exactly the kind of thing he would have written himself. Of course, this kind of foolishness might have been frowned on by the Methodist powers that be.

My Old Tin Can

The Ford is my auto; I shall not walk. It maketh me to lie down beneath it. It leaveth me stranded in deep waters. It vexeth my soul. It leadeth me in the path of ridicule for its namesake.

Yea, though I ride through the valleys, I am towed up the hills. I fear all evil for my sparkplug corrodeth. My rods and my bolts discomfort me. It preparest a puncture in the presence of trouble. It anointest my hands with grease. My radiator boileth over.

Surely curses and punctures shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall plead before the Ford in vain forever.

—Birney Dibble, Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Hidden Value

WHEN MY HUSBAND, Todd, was building a cedar fence and deck for our new home, I purchased a shop vacuum.

After Todd used the vacuum to pick up the sawdust and clean up dog-hair clippings and other things, he told me, "You must have

bought a cheap version of the Shop-Vac. There's no attachments, just the hose."

A bit confused, I decided to use the vacuum myself and thought I should empty the vacuum's bucket first. Out came the wood shavings, the dog hair and the sawdust—and out came the instructions and all of the attachments.

To this day, I call my husband "Tim," from Tool Time, the fictitious show from TV's Home Improvement.

—Mary Gordon, Graham, Washington

Swell for Any Swelling

ONE DAY, while she was sitting on the porch, a lady said to her friend, "Well, you know, Ruth, medicine has no mind of its own to know where it's being applied. It just does what it's supposed to do.

"Why, the other day, Fred dropped a hammer on his foot; oh, the swelling. It was awful. I used Preparation H on his foot. It took the swelling down quick, and he was able to get his shoe back on."

—Harold Kirgan, MacClenny, Florida

Carefree Ramblings

WHEN WE were young, my brothers and I and our friends used to double- and triple-date at times because we didn't have access to many cars.

One time, my brother was sitting in the backseat with a girl, and she said she sure could go for a hamburger. "Pitch in, fellas," my brother shouted. "I've got a gold digger on my hands."

On another note, my wife wonders why I'm always sitting in the house while she's working on her flower beds and garden. I told her I was raising couch potatoes.

—Joe Juntunen, Carlton, Minnesota