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ware

Stick out your thumb &

**HITCH**

**HIKE!**

The stories told with **Auto**, a triple-italic sans serif in various fonts & sizes

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Stick out your thumb &  
**HITCH  
HIKE!**

the stories told by ANNEKE CHRISTIANS, KATHERINE GILLIESON, TEIJA NIEMI, PEPIJN NOLET,  
ASHLEY RINGROSE, MARTIN TIEFENTHALER, ULLA & HANS and ULRIKA YLIOJA  
the stories translated by JOEL SHANE » HAWAII and ROOS BEUKERS » AMSTERDAM  
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COMMERCIAL PREFACE X 3

Reading these stories  
is a hitch-hike;  
*you'll get a feel of*  
***Auto typeface***  
*without spending*  
*a penny.*

*roman and italic pairs together* AUTO 1 LIGHT with AUTO 1 LIGHT ITALIC 42 PTS with auto-leading  
AUTO 1 BOLD ITALIC 64 PTS

[03]

COMMERCIAL PREFACE X 3

Reading these stories  
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*without spending*  
*a penny.*

*roman and italic pairs together* AUTO 2 LIGHT with AUTO 2 LIGHT ITALIC 42 PTS with auto-leading  
AUTO 2 BOLD ITALIC 64 PTS

[04]

COMMERCIAL PREFACE X 3

Reading these stories  
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**Auto typeface**  
without spending  
a penny.

*roman and italic pairs together* AUTO 3 LIGHT with AUTO 3 LIGHT ITALIC 42 PTS with auto-leading  
AUTO 3 BOLD ITALIC 64 PTS

[05]

*When we were 19 my friend Rachel and I decided to hitch-hike from Ottawa around the easternmost provinces of Canada. I wanted to hitch-hike around the maritimes as this is a great way to meet local people.*

KATHERINE GILLIESON

## Vignettes of **a hitch-hiking trip**

AUTO 1 ITALIC HERE

SO WE STARTED OFF ON THE 417 EAST OUT OF Ottawa towards Montréal, Rachel holding the sign, me standing behind her desperately hoping that no-one I knew would drive by and tell my mom, who thought we were taking a bus tour. This neurosis made it seem like an eternity to me but we got a ride out of the city with a guy who was about our age and driving a small tin can car with a big crack across the front windshield. He drove very fast, I soon realised he was overtaking every car on the road, doing well over 130 km/h for most of the trip -- we got to Montréal in less than an hour and a half, when the average drive is about 2 hours. I spent the entire time thinking: at this speed, in this car, if we hit anything, we are toast. I guess it builds character.

### **From the outskirts of Montréal to Rivière-du-Loup**

Montréal is notoriously difficult to cross if you're hitch-hiking – cars never go straight through the city. Sure enough it took us the better part of a day to get stranded on an off-ramp somewhere near Longueuil. From there we got picked up by a man in an enormous white car with a burgundy velvet interior – an old Crown Victoria or Chevy Malibu or something. Luckily he was going far, all the way to Rivière-du-Loup

which is several hours east and near the provincial boundary with New Brunswick. The man wasn't too old, maybe mid-40s, and he had a bushy handlebar mustache and spoke very joal (Québec french slang). Rachel didn't speak french, so I had to sit in the front seat to make small talk, it's only polite after all. The man sold silos to farmers for a living, so we talked about selling silos in Québec, and about silos generally. At some point the conversation became more personal and he told me what a lonely life it was and I started to worry that this might be uncool – it turned into a very long 6 hours for me while Rachel, oblivious, had peace and quiet and the whole back seat to herself... *in the end the silo salesman let us off near Rivière-du-Loup where we were able to get some bad food and stay at a bad motel. For those who don't know, a motel is a motor hotel, made for long distance drivers. And desperate hitch-hikers.*

AUTO 2 ITALIC HERE

### **Somewhere in deepest New Brunswick**

At some point after we had managed to make our way into New Brunswick, it was pouring rain and we got a lift from a couple of Native guys driving back from a rock concert to their reserve. They offered us beer and told us about the concert. They were *Mi'kmaq*s, very friendly guys,

*lead in* AUTO 2 ITALIC 9/12 PTS » *author* AUTO SMALL CAPS 9 PTS » *title* AUTO LIGHT & BLACK 32 PTS  
*body text* AUTO REGULAR 9/12 PTS » *subtitles* AUTO BLACK 9/12 PTS

[06]

and even though they were smoking pot and drinking while driving in a ratty old car through a thundershower, they seemed concerned for our safety. I was dying to ask what it was like on the reserve, but lost the nerve through some sort of latent euro-shame. Plus why would they want to get all political after having seen a good concert? *After a few sharp and frightening skids they let us off, still in heavy rain, somewhere on the way to Fredericton.*

### **From New Brunswick to P.E.I.**

It looks like the island is near the mainland if you look at a map but the bridge over to P.E.I. is almost 13 km long. We could have taken the ferry across but decided to hitch to stay true to our plan... This didn't work out quite as we had hoped as there is a hefty toll to cross the bridge (something around \$30) and motorists probably thought we were trying to get across free (you only pay when you cross on the way back) and so no-one wanted to pick us up. We debated defacing our Charlottetown sign by adding "will pay toll" but finally got a lift from a couple in a small blue car. When we got to the island our sense of geography totally changed; instead of huge open spaces everything seemed local, walkable even -- and due to some drizzly, unpleasant weather no doubt, a bit less pictu-

resque than I had been lead to believe by L.M. Montgomery. I took many pictures of some interesting seaweed I saw on the beach and not much else.

### **From P.E.I. to the youth hostel in Halifax, Nova Scotia**

A high-school teacher in a sensible, fuel-efficient hatchback picked us up in Prince Edward Island and gave us a lift all the way to Halifax; he was obviously concerned for our wellbeing and kept asking us about our plans, and if our parents knew where we were, etc. For some reason Rachel (maybe bored after being excluded from all the French) decided this was the time to get creative and told this guy an extensive and complicated web of lies. She became an ex-ballet dancer who had had to abandon her career due to an injury; we were going to set up a business in Halifax; etc., it was too long ago to remember all the intricacies. *I had trouble keeping track of it all myself and started to worry that this completely bogus story would arouse suspicion, not least because we were a bit scruffy from hitchhiking for over a week, on top of looking otherwise counter-culturally inclined.* Ack. But friendly straight schoolteacher man drove us all the way to the door of the hostel in Halifax anyway and it was probably the safest ride we got on that trip.

---

☞ **If someone else is hitch-hiking along the same road as you**, it's not polite to stand too close – it inevitably becomes a bit of a race to see who gets a ride first. *The good thing about being a pair of young women is we usually got picked up quickly where there was a lot of traffic. In some places, I remember getting out of one car and barely having the time to get my bearings when another car would stop and ask where we were going. Have to be a bit careful about the rides you accept though! We also took side roads where cars only rarely appeared; we waited hours for a car to pass in some places.*

☞ **For anyone who wants to hitch-hike in Canada**, here's a little piece of advice: don't let the days run long. *Start as early in the morning as possible and stop taking rides more or less as night falls or you may end up waiting for hours in the dark or getting a ride that could leave you stranded on an empty highway in the middle of the night. It is good to stay optimistic too: being stranded can be nice if the stars are out.*

body text AUTO REGULAR 9/12 PTS » subtitles AUTO BLACK 9/12 PTS  
notes AUTO 2 BLACK ITALIC and ITALIC 7.5/10 PTS

# Back some 30 years ago we had a dream...

**a story by Teija Niemi / Helsinki, Finland**

*title* AUTO BLACK LF 73/76 PTS » *author* AUTO BLACK 13 PTS

[08]

**... to see the party scene of downtown Helsinki. But we were far away, we had just missed a train – the next one would not arrive for another hour. Taina, my elder sister, wanted to hitch-hike. I was only 18 and inexperienced, but I went along with her plan...**

body text AUTO BLACK with AUTO 3 BLACK ITALIC 36/42 PTS

[09]

... somewhere, next to the road, we stuck our thumbs and in no time a car stopped. The driver, well, was thirty-something. He promised to give us a ride to Helsinki, but not before he changed his clothes! So Taina took the front seat and we drove to his home...

... after a short while he came back, with a hair full grease, wearing a suit and full of enthusiasm. Finally, the night of his dreams had come true: 'a beautiful lady sitting next to me in my own car', he must have thought – but behind his back we couldn't stop laughing. Half an hour later we arrived, politely thanked him, and waved goodbye. That must have been a big disappointment for him, but his expectations were a bit too high (and we were on our teens). ☺

body text AUTO LIGHT with AUTO 3 LIGHT ITALIC 34/38 PTS  
smaller body text AUTO LIGHT with AUTO 3 LIGHT ITALIC 10/16 PTS

[10]

Stick out your thumb & **HITCH HIKE!**



Dump your old petrol engine, this Auto runs on electricity.

**ALRIGHT.**  
**WHO'S**  
**THE FIRST**  
**TO LEAVE**  
**THE CAR?**

– No more hitch-hiking. *Now some other stories from the road.*

title AUTO BLACK SMALL CAPS 80/76 PTS » description text AUTO LIGHT with AUTO 2 LIGHT ITALIC 13 PTS

[12]

**TRAVELING  
WITH AN OWN CAR  
TAKES YOU TO MEET THE LOCALS  
IT TAKES YOU TO THE AREAS WHERE YOU WOULD NEVER  
END UP WITH A BUS, TRAIN OR TAXI**

---

WE LIVED IN DENMARK  
BUT AS SOON AS OUR KIDS GREW OLDER  
**THERE WAS  
NOTHING  
TO KEEP US  
AT HOME ANYMORE**

*on top various weights & sizes of AUTO ITALIC SMALL CAPS form just single typographic colour  
on bottom various weights & sizes of AUTO SMALL CAPS build strong colour contrasts*

[13]

**Well, we left**  
Many times  
**WE SLEPT IN THE CAR**  
**somewhere**  
beside a highway  
**OUR CAR BECAME**  
*an instant*  
**HOTEL**

a story by **Ulla & Hans** who live their 5th year in India

*nice mix, nice mix!*

[14]

But such hotels don't have a shower, and we often tended to be **dirty** as did our clothes. It was no way to live for too long – we had to spend a night every now and then in a real low-budget hotel. That changed once when in a hurry we took our bucket of dirty clothes back to the car.

An instant hotel became an instant laundry: at our destination (Kolkata, India) we discovered that driving on the bumpy Indian highways had washed our clothes perfectly. To celebrate our luck we booked a night in a luxurious hotel (3000 rupees/night) and decided to wash our clothes in the car from then on. ☺

*big size body text AUTO 3 LIGHT ITALIC 32 PTS with auto-leading*

*small body text AUTO REGULAR 9 PTS with auto-leading » leaf-symbol MAC: OPTION + A*

[15]

**THE BACKSEAT was**  
an arena for all sorts  
of gambling and  
gaming, of course,  
because we were three  
kids. In that small  
space we tend to  
create *much conflict.*

a story by Ulrika Ylioja / Helsinki, Finland

>

intro text AUTO BLACK and REGULAR weights with AUTO 2 ITALIC 39/55 PTS  
author AUTO LIGHT/BOLD 12 PTS

[16]

**BUT MOSTLY** *the fights*  
were brief: our parents  
stopped the car, they  
shone a crushing gaze at  
us from the front seats  
and asked with the voice  
of murderers: “Alright.  
Who’s the first to leave  
the car?”

>

body text AUTO 2 ITALIC is passable for long text masses – here in BLACK and REGULAR weights

[17]

**IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE *the backseat***

*was silent as a graveyard and the three kids shut their mouths for the rest of the trip.*

>

**ONE TIME MY BROTHER *didn't stop***

*quarreling as the threats had no effect on him. My mother took him from the car, held him tightly and lifted him over a deep ditch, shaking with anger. 'Calm down now!', she said, and then to her horror she accidentally lost her grip and my brother rolled down the wet ditch. The episode must have seemed quite strange to those who passed by who only saw my mother's temper, not love for my brother. Well, after that he knew when not to cross the borders!*

<

body text AUTO 2 ITALIC is passable for long text masses – here in BLACK and REGULAR weights

[18]

PEPIJN NOLET / AMSTERDAM / THE NETHERLANDS

## Where are the polkadots?

Some people buy a car because of its driving capacities. Because the car has a superior suspension, a splendid roadability or a smashingly quick acceleration at the traffic lights. A real car to speed yourself through some curves.

Others base their choice of cars on how prestigious the brand is. Well, I find this charming, those fanatic members of some **2cv club** on holiday, driving in columns of 2cvs. However, thinking of a **Citroen Ds** or a **Ferrari** doesn't turn me on. You could make me believe that **DAF** is a type made by **Porsche**.

No, my choice for a car will always be colour-based. I always wish for more people to do the same. In Holland, and actually in the whole of western Europe, most cars are of a darkish colour. The darkness dominates the streets. Most people claim that the weather is to blame when a city like **London** or **Berlin** leave a gloomy and miserable impression. I advise those people to a look at the cars that drive around. Their colours are black, metallic grey, plain grey. And even if they have some colour, it is usually one of the most ugly and depressing colours that exist, deep purple, muddy red, filthy green. *I call it the misery of the dark-coloured car.*

Heading towards the south of Europe things start to brighten up. Not only due to more hours of sunlight or due to the cheerful disposition of the inhabitants. These southerners own the skill of creating good joyful atmosphere by using brighter colours. Take a good look and you will see that almost all cars are white. And even though not all cars are immaculately white – perhaps because they lack the tradition of cleaning their cars every Saturday – on the whole it surely produces an almost serene peacefulness.

Of course this is partly because of the warm climate. Around **the Mediterranean** one would not last long in a black car, even with a cool sea breeze.

The question, however, remains unanswered. Why do we always choose dark colours for our cars? And why do we actually choose just one colour on a car. For you have seen them, the cars that drive around with substitute doors with a different colour after having had a collision. Or d.i.y.-ers who at one point decided to paint their roofs but eventually lacked either the money or the time to finish the job. Or those who decorated their cars as if it were a jungle. Those are the cars I love to stop for at the traffic lights, for these cars tell a story and are a feast to the eyes.

However, rescue seems to be on the way. Gradually, the car industry realizes that would-be customers can turn into buyers by attracting them with brighter coloured cars. **The new Mini** as well as **the Smart** have painted the various parts of the car in different colours. How long before large family cars will have a variety of colours? I would also approve of cars covered with different patterns or designs. Like polkadots or painted grains of wood. This may all sound a bit too heavy: cute for that one special car, but not for all. But then... *Imagine how colourful, cheerful and happy the city streets would look like!*



on top paragraph AUTO REGULAR/BLACK and on below AUTO LIGHT/BOLD

Stick out your thumb & **HITCH HIKE!**

In my childhood, our family had an orange Volkswagen Beetle. One day riding on the highway, I pushed my nose against the back window and wondered aloud: 'Daddy, why does everyone pass us?' But the Beetle showed its teeth in some situations. Often, when a supermarket announced a diaper sale, my father took a cruise and returned with the whole interior fully packed with diapers. Three small kids have their needs. ~ Ulrika Ylioja, Finland



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EVERYONE IS  
A BEGINNER ONCE  
SOME SAY YOU SHOULD  
STAY AS ONE

*What went wrong and who got wiser?  
The stories by the first-timers.*

*title* AUTO LIGHT ITALIC SMALL CAPS 36/32 PTS » *subtitle* AUTO 1 LIGHT ITALIC 13/16 PTS

[21]

## MY FIRST... DRIVING LESSON

AUTO 1 BOLD ITALIC

The lesson was nothing like it should be. It was not in a fast fancy car next to a very handsome instructor. On the contrary, I was put in a purple car with quivering windows, together with a middle-aged bald man, my father. ¶ This is not what I had pictured, being a 17 year old girl. Nevertheless, it was a trip to remember. ¶ I had never droven a car, apart for driving whilst sitting on my father's lap. This is logical, as I had not turned 18 yet. I hadn't got the foggiest about pedals and their uses. Thus my first lesson had a labourious kick-off. ¶ *After being very clumsy and feeling uneasy for a while I started to feel a bit more confident. At least, I thought I did. My self-assurance turned into uncertainty at the point of taking a turn a bit too wide. The oncoming car swayed aside, avoided a collision and came to a standstill. The driver got out and walked our way. Both my father and me intuitively felt this meant bad news and we quickly swapped places. Our instinct proved us right. This man turned out to be a policeman in civies. And I almost hit him!* ¶ My father talked his way out of a huge fine by apologising about one hundred times. All I did was sitting next to daddy looking and feeling sheepish. ¶ Driving seemed to be so easy, but it was harder than I had ever imagined. Lucky me. I have been in possession of my driver's license for one and a half years now and have not been signalled to stop by a policeman (in plain clothes) yet.

– Anneke Christians, Oostrum, the Netherlands

## MY FIRST... AUTOMOBILE

AUTO 2 BOLD ITALIC

I was working at McDonalds while in highschool and bought my first car from another staff member. It was a Holden vc (1980 model I think) and green. I didn't know much about cars, and still don't, but \$1100 seemed like a good price. ¶ I paid cash for the car and brought it home. ¶ I then tried to get it registered but they told me it needed \$1400 worth of work done on it before I could get it on the road. I'd then have to pay around \$500 to get the plates and insurance. ¶ *So now my \$1100 car was looking very expensive. The previous owner didn't want it back either. I parked the car out the front of my mum's unit for months thinking of what to do. I then tried to sell it for anything but no one wanted to buy it (obviously knew more than me).* ¶ The car sat outside our unit for 4 months before the council put a sticker saying the car is illegally parked and would be removed in 2 weeks. But after 3 days it was gone. ¶ Deciding to cut my losses, I forgot all about that little green car. ¶ Three months later I told a friend this story and they said they would buy it for \$200 and ay to have it retrieved from the impound lot. Usually a \$150 fee. I rang the council only to find that they never picked up my car, it was gone before the councils set pickup day. ¶ It was then I realised my car, my first car, had been stolen before I ever got to drive any where besides around the block. ¶ I didn't bother calling the police. The removable tape deck for the stereo is still in my mums garage somewhere.

– Ashley Ringrose, Surry Hills, Australia

## MY FIRST... AUTOMOBILE

**AUTO 3 BOLD ITALIC** Before I bought my first car at the age of 32, I had borrowed at least 50 from various friends. My first car cost me about \$200, of which \$150 were for the stereo. One can imagine the shape the car was in. ¶ When I told my father about the price, he generously offered to buy me the car as a gift. ¶ Never having received any money from my dad before, I rejected the offer, knowing that had the price been \$2000, he would have said, "Oh, that's a good price, congratulations for buying your first car!"

– Martin Tiefenthaler, Vienna, Austria

## MY FRIEND'S FIRST... AUTOMOBILE

**AUTO 1 BOLD ITALIC** My friend bought an old, bright yellow car for really cheap and he and his dad were going to fix it up and make that my friends first car. His dad worked as a mechanic so there was no trouble with doing the work. ¶ Every day after he finished his normal jobs both my friend and his dad would work on the car. Acid wash the engine, all new parts, metallic green paint job, kick ass stereo and all the other trimmings that car freaks love and mechanics like to fiddle with. ¶ I hear the dad was found talking to the car late at night. ¶ Three months later it was finished.

¶ A week later my friend smashed it into a van while driving stoned, the car and even the stereo were totally rooted. His dad cried that day. ¶ I never got the see that little green car, and my friend never got to live at home again either. He's on speaking terms again with his dad and worked for him as an apprentice mechanic.

– Ashley Ringrose, Surry Hills, Australia

## MY FIRST... CAR ACCIDENT

**AUTO 2 BOLD ITALIC** So far my only accident with a car happened when I went into a slide on an icy bend in the road. Before I knew it I found myself about 20 meters in a dense forest, with the motor stalled, breaks floored. ¶ There was not a single scratch on the car, but it took me more than half an hour to get out of the woods again because the trees were so tightly spaced!

– Martin Tiefenthaler, Vienna, Austria

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Do you have a

# STORY

## IN A POCKET?

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This PDF is just a little fragment of the road culture out there.  
We didn't hear how your grandpa succeed with his three-wheeler trick  
or what happened when an auto mobile arrived to his village for the first time.  
Tell us! – We're curious. Write to [info@underware.nl](mailto:info@underware.nl)