

Car Crazy

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When my daughter was very young she was already car crazy! I just had not realized it until the day I was trading in our 1960 Chevy Bel Air two-door hard top. When I heard that a friend had traded in his Super

Sport we drove right over to the dealership, because I wanted that car. It was a 1964 Impala with a 327 V8 engine and an automatic transmission. I knew the car had been really well maintained. We took the car for a test drive and it drove like a new car; but when I checked out the body, I found a couple



areas that I wanted touched up before I would take possession of it.

So far, it seemed like everyone in the family was pleased with my decision to trade up. The dealer said he would take care of everything that I found wrong with the car and it would be ready in a couple days.

Our daughter could not have been more than six years old at this time, and had not said a word until we went back to the dealership. I drove right into the service area with our car and that's when she started crying, and at first we had no idea what the heck was wrong. Finally, in between her sobs, she told me that she didn't want me to sell our 1960 Chevy; she wanted me to keep that car! I was shocked that she had become so attached to that car at such a young age; she thought the car was part of our family!

Later, when our daughter was in high school and had passed her driver's training, I decided she should also learn to drive a stick shift. My daughter and I drove my work car to the store to pick up a few items. The car was a little two-door Falcon that had a stick. I got in on the passenger side and told my daughter she was driving. She pleaded with me that she did not know how to drive a stick shift, but I insisted that it was now time to learn. The drive out of the supermarket was on an incline, which meant she had to stop, and then move out with traffic. Each time my daughter would get to the road, a car would come along; she would have to stop and then try to start out again sitting on the incline. I think that old Falcon almost did a wheelie a couple times before we finally got out on the road!

Sometimes we let her take the family car, depending on where she was going, and who all were going with her. If it were a gang of kids, we'd have her drive my work car.

I did not know this until years later, but it seems that it didn't matter which car she borrowed, she thought she needed to find out for herself how fast they would go! Thank God nothing happened at those speeds. I don't have a clue where she got her daredevil blood! Some of those work cars were just beaters, and I didn't even know how fast they would go.