

As a teenager I traded cars quite frequently. I had acquired a gray '47 Ford two-door sedan; soon after, my brother Warren traded his yellow '49 Ford convertible for a gray '47 Ford four-door sedan.

When I would see my friends, they would tell me that they had seen me in town the night before and I would tell them, "No, you did not!" I would have to explain to them it was probably my brother Warren they saw. This got old real fast, so I decided I would take care of the problem.

I didn't particularly care for the gray color, so to solve the problem of mistaken identification, I would paint my car black. I bought my supplies and our neighbor said that I could borrow his compressor and spray gun. This was back when you did not want to leave masking tape on any surface for too long. After I had finished my chores, I sanded down my car. Next, I masked off all the chrome and covered the windows. Now I would be ready the following morning to do my painting after doing my chores.

However, my mother had other plans for me in the morning! She had many flower gardens in our yard and Mom decided this was the day they needed to be weeded.

I tried to explain that I would weed the flower gardens after I painted my car, but my mother would not hear of it. She said it would be too hot by then to work in the flower gardens; and I told her that was exactly why I needed to paint my car first, before it got too hot!

This was about the time my brother Warren came on the scene to see what all the noise was about! \ Warren is a couple years older than I am and we have been more than brothers, we've been buddies all our lives!

My mother told Warren to make me weed the flower gardens and his reply was that I had already promised to weed the flower gardens after I finished painting my car. I don't recall now, but it wouldn't surprise me if Warren ended up helping me weed the flower gardens.

After the evening chores were done, Warren drove into town to see a classmate. I stayed home to get the masking tape back off my car. I had

just finished when Warren called asking me to come pick him up because his car would not start.

I was not looking forward to driving down our gravel road with my fresh paint job, but I could not turn him down. I asked him where his car was and he told me he was at his classmate Dick Henvey's home. I told Warren it was going to take me a while to get there, because I didn't want to get dust on my fresh paint job!

By the time I made it to the paved road, the bugs were now out which I wasn't looking forward to either, with the fresh paint job. So again, I drove real slow the remaining four miles to town.

I pulled into the driveway of Warren's friend and could see his car, but did not see Warren or his classmate. So I decided to see if I could find the problem with Warren's car. I opened the hood and the first thing I checked on just happened to be the problem. It was a loose battery connection. I tightened it up and tried the starter and the car fired right up.

Now I was not a happy camper! I slammed the hood shut, got back in my car and tore down the driveway backwards. All of a sudden my car felt like I might have just hit something. When I got out to see what had happened, I found out that I had just rubbed off the new paint from my rear fender against a telephone pole that was next to the driveway.

About this time Warren and his friend come out of the house, I told Warren his car is fixed! Warren said he wasn't comfortable now using his car and asked if I would drive his car back home and let him borrow my car. I said, "SURE, WHY NOT!"