

MAVERICK
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I guess some people might consider me to be a bit of a maverick, and they are probably right. I will have to admit as a kid I never did like following rules much!

When I was younger, I thought there were just too many rules. No running, no talking, no bikes, no skating, no swimming, no fishing, no hunting, do not touch, do not walk on the grass. It seemed to me that if you were a kid you were not allowed to do anything! Even my grandparents on my Dad's side of the family thought kids were to be seen, but not heard! Jeepers creepers what could a kid do!

I don't think I was what you would consider a bad kid. I just didn't like having to follow so many rules. I remember when my mother called me by both my first and middle name it meant I'd just been caught breaking some rule!

I'm not sure at what age I was when I got it in my head that "rules were made to be broken!" Even to this day, my wife might agree with some people who think I still have not gotten over that idea.

Now let's fast forward me into the mid 70's. Ford came out with a car called "Maverick Grabber." Now with a name like that you'd have thought the car would have fit right in with me, just like an old pair of slippers. But it did not!

I am not sure why I traded in my sharp '72 El Camino for a new 1976 Maverick Grabber with a six-cylinder engine. It probably had to do with better gas mileage and my wife liking the looks of the Maverick Grabbers. I do have to admit the car looked cool, but that was all it had going for it. I think the mounted police could have kept up with that car.



Every time I drove that Maverick Grabber it made me wish I had my 1972 El Camino back!