

TRUE LOVE

By Judith C. Smith

True Love, a 1937 Black Chevrolet, was the most beautiful car that I have ever owned. She, and I say she because there was a certain feminine appeal about her, was given to me on my seventeenth birthday. I had been in the car a year earlier at my grandmother's when it was painted grey and it was 19 years old at the time.

So, I awakened to find "True Love" that day with her new fresh coat of black paint, sparkling in the sun. Her white sidewall tires new and clean and hub caps that were polished so brightly that I could see myself in them for at least twelve feet away. It gave her an air of dignity. Inside, there was a new set of seat covers, clock, radio and a heater.

True Love had something special that set her apart from all the other cars in our neighborhood and that was a rumble seat. All my friends used to toss a coin to see which ones would ride in this seat. True Love was in every parade, and always won the prize for the best decorated car. Everyone looked forward to parades just to see what True Love's decorations would be.

Last but not least, I must mention her unusual sounding horn, there was nothing like it. The sound was a cross between the whistle of a train and the toot

of a bus. One could hear her coming long before she was in sight. Finally, True Love had to be sold in order to purchase a newer model car for college use, but I shall always remember her new and shiny on that perfect seventeenth birthday.





Joey & Judy - True Love