

# When I Was a Boy...

OLD CARS

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## Torn Corvette

When I was a boy in 1956, my dad bought a used 1955 Corvette. He brought the car home, and was extremely proud of it. I was 15 at that time, and was an experienced driver (though I didn't have a driver's license).

I asked him if I could take the car around the block. In doing so, I was going down a tight side street when an oncoming car approached. To be sure I did not scrape up the driver's side of the car, I moved very tightly towards the parked cars on my right.

Unfortunately, the front wheel opening caught on the bumper of a parked car that ripped the entire side

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of the Corvette off from the front wheel well to the back end. My father was not very happy when I returned, having destroyed his car after he'd had it only a few hours.

The car dealer had been well experienced in the art of fiber glass repair, and restored the car within four weeks. I did not get to drive the Corvette again until I was almost 18. This picture shows me at the wheel, again (at 18).

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