The Car That Got Away
(Thank Goodness!)

By Sandy Kuivenhoven

Your first car is a special thing. When I was 19 years old and still without a vehicle, my father did what any father would do for his daughter, he bought me my first car. Now understand, my dad had a passion for those lovely little British cars, and this was just one more way to add another to the fleet he already had without my mother killing him.

So one day when I came home from work, my father was eagerly waiting to accompany me to the garage to show me the car he had bought for me (yeah, sure). There sat a 1966 black MG Midget. Cute enough for sure, but he failed to realize that I had grown up my entire life with MGs, and I knew you drove the one that (if you were lucky) would start. Now, I was not ungrateful for what the man had done, but I wanted a car that would actually go and get me there. Sweet as his intentions were, I politely declined the vehicle, but that did not stop my father. He was determined, come hell or high water, that the Midget was going to be a part of the family somehow.

Next in line was my younger 16 year old brother, Ed. When he came home, the same off er was made to him, and like a fool, the boy accepted. For the record, my first car ended up a Ford Maverick named Merv, but that is another story.

Now, one would think this story would have a happy ending, but noooooooo! Every week day, approximately 5:30pm, we would receive a call from my brother Ed on the road home, asking for someone to come and help him with the Midget. He still refers to that year as the "Endless Summer" due to continuous issues with the vehicle. It had either started and then stopped somewhere on the way leaving him stranded due to belts, pullies, battery, generator, or just didn't even feel like starting in the first place. Needless to say, the array of things that could and would go wrong were so typical MG. I always had to laugh, that could have been me. Sometimes, I am actually smarter than I look and really do understand those lovely little British cars! Thanks anyway Dad and good try!

(My little brother Ed, unavailable for further comment!)