

CARS I REMEMBER



BY FRED NICHOLLS

About a week after I got the 1938 Ford Coupe, Miss Wilson called and asked me to stop at her home. We had the customary chat in the living room, and finally she said; "I want you to see my new car". Through the kitchen to the garage, turned on the 25 watt light, and there set under the covers and blankets the shape of a beetle. We uncovered it, and revealed a new 1967 Volkswagen sedan, black with a red interior. I looked inside, the seats already covered with a blanket, and the front floor with a piece of rug. We covered it up, and back in the living room she showed me the invoice, \$1,810.10 , and of course Paid In Cash.

As the years rolled by, I would occasionally stop and visit with "Gertie", who by now was getting the three score plus twenty years of life. Finally one day she told me that had to quit driving. Not a word of the VW was mentioned. The first day of April, 1991 she called and asked me to stop. The customary living room chat, and finally she said; "Mr. Nickle, I want you to have the Volkswagen.". I told her I would pay her, but at the time I didn't have any empty garage space. I could leave it in her garage. The speedometer read 5,989 miles. Shortly after I bought the car, she fell in her home and broke her hip. From the hospital she was sent to a nursing home. She resided there for a year before her death.

Before that time I had moved the VW to a friend's garage. I realized that the VW was a very collectible car and could be shown in AACA in 1992, but I had my share of show cars, and didn't want anymore. I drove it only a few times, and in the fall of 1993 decided to sell it. I advertised it in HMN and a VW club publication. I received three calls. It went to Atlanta, GA. Then it was written up in a magazine as the most original VW on the East coast.

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