

***Sherman's Story:***  
***The Life Of A 1970 Oldsmobile***



***By Cynthia Bailey-Rug***

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My name is Sherman. I'm a 1970 Oldsmobile and this is my story.

I was born December 18, 1969 in California. I have been pretty lucky- only on my fourth owner, which is not bad for such an old car like me. I have been painted, had an engine replacement in my younger days at only 86,000 miles (so young!!). Not to mention, I have seen plenty of this country from California to my current home in Maryland.

Mom bought me in October of 1992, and when she saw me, said, "that car is as big as a Sherman tank!" which explains my name. Second name I've had, and I do like this one better than "Old Bessy" which my last owner called me. Makes me sound like a cow for cryin' out loud. Luckily for me, it was love at first sight for Mom though. She has always had this thing for big old classic cars like me. Yea, I'm hardly perfect- paint is all faded, I have some rust spots that I would really like her to get fixed, and my front seat could use a reupholstering, but she loves me anyway. She says I am sleek, comfortable and powerful, not to mention I have character. My mom loves me! She will not even let anyone say anything bad about me. When people tell her I'm too old and hard to find parts for so she should scrap me, she tells them to back off and mind their own business! Can you believe it? I'm pretty happy about that, because I sure do not like the thought of ending up in that crusher thing. I have heard about that from other cars- this big plate thing comes down and squishes them flat as a pancake! Nope, that is not for me. I like the open road. God made me for highway driving- for long distances at noticeably high speeds. That is my thing, right there! That crusher? Nope, let them little newer junky cars face that- I am a classic! I deserve to be restored and cherished!

Mom also keeps me clean and makes sure I have regular maintenance. I like that. That thick, nasty oil running through my engine slows me down, not to mention leaves a disgusting aftertaste. And that old antifreeze? YUCK! We just will not even go there...

Anyway since Mom is good to me, I sure try to be good to her. I do not give her a lot of trouble. Although I admit, when the summer comes, I do tend to get a little cranky. Hey, I am forty now, and that means I am no spring chicken for a car! I do not like the heat. I am a General Motors car for pete's sake- anyone who knows us old GM cars with big V-8 engines knows we are cold natured. Can't help that! It's just how God made me, so deal with it! Mom's dad warned her that engines like mine were cold natured when she got me, so it's not like she did not know what to expect.

For fun, I like to race new cars from traffic lights sometimes. So long as there are not any cops around at least. One time, I raced one of those Mercedes sports cars, you know, the little two seater convertible things? I whooped its shiny silver butt! That sure felt good! Us oldsters are not just for looking good- we have substance! Find that in your average four cylinder new car... I dare ya!

My only complaint is I just wish she wouldn't take those dogs out in me. Good grief, that big one drools on my windows and I hate that! It is disgusting! I mean really- does he have any control? At least the little one isn't too bad- she stays snuggled up to Mom since she is scared of cars. She keeps quiet. That third dog is not too bad either, although why he likes to ride with his head hanging out the window is beyond my comprehension... Mom really needs to let that man she's married to take the dogs out in his car instead of using me! I am way too good for the drool and fur. That Chevy Caprice of his however, well, she just is not as cool as me, although I sure will not tell her that. Moody as she is, she will cop an attitude in less time than it takes her to go from zero to sixty. That is the last thing I want to share a driveway with- a Caprice in self pity mode. That is NOT pretty, let me tell ya.

But, all in all, I am pretty happy. Got an owner who loves me and is pretty darn good to me. My heart, er, engine, is still goin' strong. And my body is in pretty good shape for my age. Sure I get a little cranky sometimes but who doesn't? Especially once they hit my age! I hear that old ford pickup truck down the street sometimes, and let me tell you, that is one cantankerous old truck! He is a 1974, younger than me, and darned hateful! Life is way too

short for that nonsense, thank you very much! I'd rather be my age, and still at least maintain my sense of humor! That truck will not even start most of the time! He has rust so bad on his frame it's pitiful! Personally, I think his bitter disposition caused that rust to form. I don't have proof of it though. Not like studies are done on this topic. Guess his owner thinks it's because he's neglected the truck, and he is partly right. If he treated that thing right, the old crank would be in a whole lot better shape! But he hasn't even washed it since 1997, so what does he expect, yanno? A vehicle can only take so much before he starts to rebel.

Well, thanks for reading my story. Guess I'd better go... I hear that darned Chevelle of Mom's husband's calling me again. Sheesh... muscle car my booty... she is so needy!