

---

## My First Corvette by Terry Brim

As I sit here computer in front of me, fingers twitching, the deadline has come and gone for submitting an article for the "Corvette Corner" part of our newsletter. Needless to say since I dropped English Composition twice in college (I was an Electrical Engineering geek with a slide rule hanging from my belt what can I say), I am more than a little nervous about starting something, but I wanted to show you that if I can write an article for Corvette Corner anyone can!

All of us I'm sure have a story about how and why we came by our first Corvette. The year was 1967 and I had just graduated from college (yeah I finally did pass English Comp 101) and since I grew up in a Ford only family, first thing I did was buy a

***I had a new love in my life named Clyde. She was a Black/Red 67 Corvette. I was hooked!***

brand new Ford LTD! (what was I ever thinking). A few weeks later through

a mutual friend I met Becky. For a while things were going good, or so I thought, then one day out of the blue, she dumped me (ouch). A few weeks later, I ran into Becky and her new beau. Yep you guessed it, he was driving a corvette, a red 65 convertible no less. Well, the light bulb went off in my head, no wonder Becky dumped me, it was my car, not me! The next

week I started looking for a vette. As luck would have it, I spotted a Black/Red 67 convertible at

the old Stingers Ford dealer here in town. As I sat down with the salesman to negotiate the deal that would get Becky back, he asked me what kind of difference I was looking at to trade my almost brand new Ford LTD for this piece of plastic. Undaunted I said no more than my car plus \$1500. To this very day, I remember his words "son, as much as I would like to do that I just can't.....how about \$1100 difference (negotiation was never my strong suite, at least back then). Armed with my new vette, I went looking for Becky. After a couple of dates

in my new corvette, it became obvious.....it wasn't the car after all, the chemistry just wasn't there. By then however, it really didn't matter, I had a new love in my life named Clyde. She was a Black/Red 67 Corvette. I was hooked!

A few months later a



### ***My Redheads***

friend approached me

to see if I was interested in going out with a red head named Louie. As it turned out this red head would watch Clyde drive out of the NCR parking lot every day after work and drool over him (I was just excess baggage at the time). Needless to say, 34 years and 5 corvettes later, Clyde is gone, but the red head is still around. Louie and I still reminisce about those good ole days whenever we take our 70 roadster out for a drive.

[Continued on Page 2](#)

---

## ***My First Corvette***

Continued from page 1

We have had her for 22 years, through sickness and health, we have stayed with her. After all she is also a red head, born the same month Louie and I were engaged (May 1970).

As for Louie, she always tells people who ask if I would ever sell my vette..... "Terry would probably sell me before he would ever part with his vette"..... Well, Louie not a chance, so long as you continue to run strong, look good and don't rust out!.....:)