

1968 GTO - My Favorite Car

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While on a roadtrip last Sunday, I saw two caravans of classic cars. They were all dolled up - looking better than they had in the showroom. Bright colors were all over the place.

It took me back to my college days. My dad, not realizing the power under the hood, bought me a 1968 GTO. That thing could really move! Going up a mountain, I could pull up behind a truck at 80 miles an hour and be going 120 by the time I was around him (not that I ever did that...). That GTO had about 400 horse power with a slushbox transmission. It took a while to get used to that.

The car was beautiful to look at. It was a gunmetal metallic gray with a paint job that looked about three inches deep. But what was the most impressive thing about that car was how comfortable it was. You get tired of sitting in most cars within an hour or two. But that car would let you ride all day and feel as fresh as when you got in.

The repair bills finally got the best of me. Unfortunately, just about every trip I took, something went wrong. On one trip it was a broken timing belt. Another time the coil just fell off! I had to get rid of it. I moved up to a Toyota sub compact.

Even though it only got about twelve miles per gallon, I wish I still had that car. It would be a great one to put back into showroom condition. Ron M.