

**They Were Wont
To Speak Thus
of Dobbin, But—**

By ANONYMOUS

My first reason for loving Lizzie is that she travels so long for so little. One gallon of gas at 15 cents will do her for twenty odd miles. I say odd, because it's odd how close she keeps to twenty.

And, again, I love my Lizzie because if she loses any part, no matter how large or complicated, I can get it at the nearest notion counter for a few cents. And last summer she bent her front axle an expert mechanic straightened it out for a paltry one dollar and fifty-four cents. I have found that, except for

tires, I need for her support only what those who own Packards or Jordans would regard as tips.

*Lizzie has worn well. Like Cleopatra
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.*

Every morning sees some change in her. If it isn't a spark plug gone on a vacation, it is a broken fan belt or a dead tail light. Yesterday she flew up a hill like an untrammelled Pegasus; today she barely staggers to the top. But this variety only endears her to me. It proves her humanity, her always mutable femininity.

She and I have lived and loved together. For over twenty-four moons we have experienced together life's ups and downs. I could not throw her in as part payment for any other car, not even for another Elizabeth. Through storm and sunshine we have traveled together, Lizzie and I; the wetter the

weather, the pleasanter has been our companionship. Often on a winter's day she has refused to budge until, with my own hand, I have caressed, coaxed and cajoled her. Then with a snort of affection, she has suddenly started up, and off we've gone.

So patient is Lizzie. So long-suffering and uncomplaining. Never a cross word has she spoken. Never has she back-fired. Only once did she give up and that was when she was utterly famished for want of gas. She has been a faithful pal, and when I get to the other shore I know she will be there waiting to take me to St. Peter's residence.

Even now as I write these words she is standing quietly in our lovely little portable garage awaiting my morning advent. Well do I know how her little frame will quiver when I turn on the spark, give her some gas, and step on the starter! Never fear, Lizzie, I'll be with you! Good night, little helpmate!

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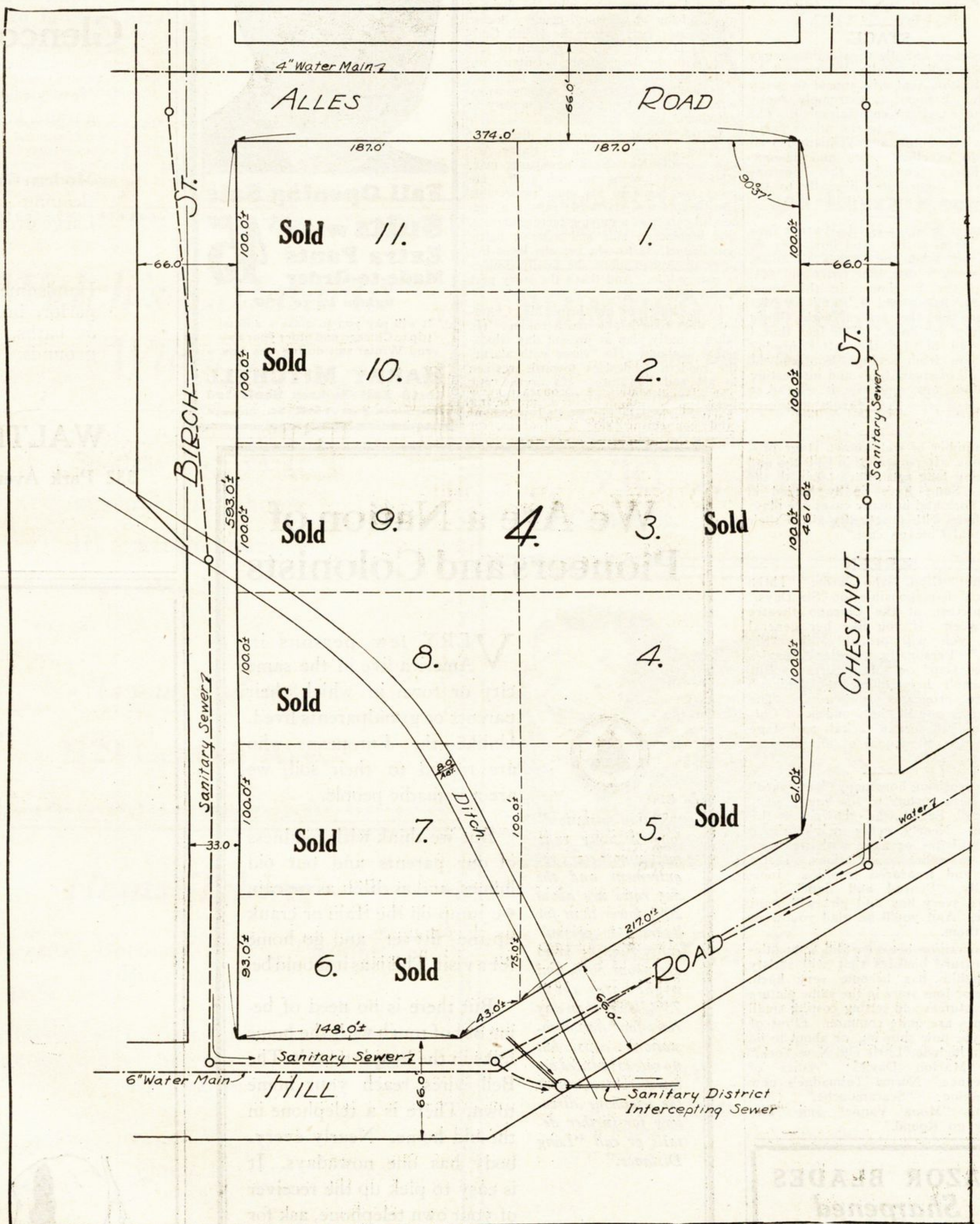
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