

It was a sunny spring day when the young mother took three of her children to the Doctor. It was a routine check. She was comfortable with this duty, drove to the city-owned parking garage near the Doctor's office, left her Plymouth Two Door Station Wagon, so the attendant could park the vehicle securely.

She pocket her receipt, and walked the enthusiastic trio a few doors away and into the Medical office. In due time, tests were made, shots given, and all four with lollypops energetically left that Office.

They was on schedule, the children with pleasant reminders from the Doctor, and that visit. The car claim check was given the same attendant. The four began testing, who could make the candy last longest. All the while the mother recalled tasks ahead.

Many delightful conversations later, the mother realized it had been 15 minutes since requesting her transportation. The attendant confided there was a delay. Soon the three youngsters began to show their restlessness, expecting every car heard nearing the exit to be theirs.

At last it was delivered. As the mother was paying for the parking the children began shouting "The door's broke".

Their passenger door had been squashed to half size, window broken, the door remnant wired to the body post. The children could not get into the car.

A civil discourse began. Then a shouting match. Then screaming.
The attendant insisted the car had been delivered to them with this destruction.
The boss was called. He affirmed the previous damage.
Now tears from the mother and children, the four being wronged.

As the mother had to get the children home, feed them for afternoon school, she drove home. In those few miles, nothing fell off he the right side of the car, and that was comforting. And the three children did not fall out the gap.

An irate phone call to the Mayor's office coaxed a promise of justice.

Their return call confirmed the report given at the garage. The station wagon passenger door was in that same condition when the car was parked.

Explaining that to the husband on the evening was not difficult. There was no way the children could have entered that morning with a door wired shut.

And the car was not safe.

While considering options the next day, the mother had a phone call from the City Attorney's office. Without apology, the mother was to go to any garage, have the repair made, tell that garage to bill the city. What a relief!

The family had a reputable friend with a garage. The husband asked the wife to make arrangements while he worked. One consideration developed. To match the existing paint much of the driver side of the car would have to be painted. The garage owner volunteered to paint entire car, no cost. The mother was to select the color.

A loaner was provided while the car was repaired.

In due time, the family was called. The repair was complete. "Come and see if you approve the work done." Seemed an odd statement.

On the next afternoon the husband and wife drove the loaner into the garage. He saw the Plymouth, now an off-blue color, parked behind it. The wife says, "I don't see our car."

This second oddity, also missed by the husband, was answered by, "That's it in front of us."

The smiling Garage owner, greets them, "What do you think?".

And without thinking the husband circles their car, extolled the repair, and believing the color had been selected by his wife, said it was the exact color he would have chosen.

The wife had nothing to add.

In driving home, she quietly complained, "The garage painted our car the wrong color."

Now there could be no color correction.

The husband would never know the color desired. Within the week both learned to hate the off-blue 1955 Plymouth Station Wagon.