Trudy Gets Hitched

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by Y.D. Davey & T. Ricotta

Travels With Trudy Trudy Gets Hitched



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If you were a trailer, you would know how it feels to have blocks in the places you're supposed to have wheels.

Trudy the Trailer felt precisely that way, at the back of a car lot, day after day.

A trailer like Trudy is a house built to travel, on highways of blacktop, and back roads of gravel.

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A cottage with kitchen, a bathroom and bed, just right for a husband and wife who've just wed. To travel, two wheels on this home are required, and a car out in front that's too strong to get tired.

But a car out in front that would pull and would guide her, would be of no use: Trudy's wheels... were inside her!

Yes, the fellow who managed the lot, sure enough, had put them inside her... with all kinds of stuff! Clean me out, put my wheels on, I'm ready to go... All I need is a friend who is ready to tow.

A partner who's happy through sunshine or shower; one who can make many smiles per hour.

> There was one special car that Trudy looked up to. The car she hoped, someday, she might be hooked up to.

> > It was Ollie the Auto she loved and admired; Ollie the Auto...who had just been re-tired.

"With our owners, we'll visit America's sights. The canyons and caves, the valleys and heights.

> The parks and the forests, the farms and wide spaces; the monuments, too. Oh yes, all these great places!

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San Francisco's a place we could start with, by golly. We'll go up and down hills... with a cable car trolley!

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We can camp out at night in a park on a ridge. What a view we could have of the Golden Gate Bridge.



Yosemite Park is one place you can view them. Some are so big, you can walk or drive through them!





It's very romantic to kiss or be kissed, near the thundering water, in the spray and the mist.

When that mushy stuff's done, we, then, can go where we can ring in the New Year, in...

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