

## DREAM CARS



*SUBMITTED BY MIKE KOSKO*

In this dream I am driving a beautiful red Cadillac on a country road near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Sitting with me on my front seat is the most desirable girl of Bedford, Pa., Quintella Penelope Dall (“Q.P.” for short).

She is dressed in tan cotton twill pants, leather sandals, and a brown-stripe V-neck tee shirt. Her natural blond hair is cut fairly short and looks like a silken loose cap upon her head. She has on rich lipstick and a heart-shaped gold pendant.

“Doesn’t this boat go any faster?” she said, her blue eyes narrowing.

“She’s a fast car,” I answered, “and I’m glad it is. But a car like this you should try to cruise in.”

“Cruise in?”

“Go rather slow. To be cool.”

“Oh. It’s not really cool. A convertible with its top down would be cool.”

“You mean breezy cool?”

“Yeah,” she said.

“I don’t think we’re on the same wavelength,” I said, with a touch of sadness.

“Forget wavelength, Let’s eat.”

“What about romance?” I asked.

Not until after we eat , she said firmly, I m hungry.

Okay, okay, I responded.

There s a steel diner up ahead.

I want fried chicken and whipped potatoes and pan gravy and corn bread and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie a la mode. I m Q.P. Dall, and you can spend your money on me.

All right, all right, I flapped. And I bought this car to impress you. It s a 1959 Cadillac Coupe de Ville. It has an engine of 390 cubic inches, 325 horses, and a compression ratio of 10.5 to 1. And look at those tail fins. Two bullet-shaped taillights projecting on each side, above a glittering, massive rear bumper.

What s compression ration? she inquired, almost mispronouncing the words.

It s the extent to which the combustible gases are compressed within the cylinder. It is calculated by ----

Oh let s eat, she said petulantly. She was looking in her pocket makeup mirror now.

If ladies be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it, I said, moving my head around.

What?

Shakespeare.

Oh. Let s eat, she repeated. And the dream ends, but the old cars never really die. 🚗



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