

## CAR SHOPPING

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Back in the early sixties, my teenage brother-in-law had been working for me all day so he would have some spending money for a date he had that night, but when he got ready to leave in his '55 Ford, it failed to start. I felt sorry for him because he had worked hard all day and had been planning on this date for some time, so I let him have the keys to my new car. It was a white 1962 Corvair Monza coupe with red interior. The Monza had the 110 horsepower engine with a four-speed transmission. Later that evening I got a phone call from my father-in-law, and he told me that there had been an accident with the Corvair. He told me that no one had been injured and he was going to drive over to the site of the accident and wanted to know if I wanted to go with him. You bet I did!

By the time we got to the scene, the police had my brother-in-law in the police car making out an accident report. I looked around for my car, but did not see it! There was a wrecker at the scene, so I went over and asked the driver if the car had already been removed. He said no, the car was still there! He pointed to a deep ditch and said the car was in there.

My brother-in-law said he met a car that crossed the centerline and he had to take the ditch to avoid being hit head-on. The car was not totaled, so my insurance company had it repaired, but it never handled as well after the accident. I drove the Monza another year, but decided to trade it off just to get out of making car payments on a car that had been rolled over!

I thought I needed a new Ford with the 427 cubic inch engine and a four-speed. When I went to check one out, I told the salesman I wanted to drive one first and he told me he would have to go along with me. I told him that was fine with me.

I took the car out to the freeway and stopped the car. I told the salesman I wanted to see how much power this beast really had. In first gear my foot stayed out of the throttle, but when I caught second gear my foot was mashed to the floor and the beast broke loose pretty good. This was when I noticed the salesman sliding down in his seat. I caught third gear just as hard. Again I noticed the salesman sliding down even more. By the time I was in fourth gear, the salesman was almost under the glovebox and looked as white as a ghost.

When we got back to the dealership, I told the salesman I better not buy the beast because I figured I would either end up dead, or in jail with that much horsepower! However, I would buy a new 1963 1/2 Ford Galaxie fastback with a smaller V8 engine.



The picture shows the car the day we purchased it with my-two-year old daughter and me checking out our new ride.

By the way, a few years later the truth finally came out that my brother-in-law rolled the Corvair while he was trying to run over an opossum!