

A Thanksgiving Drive with a Friend

By Bob Kocher

Some of my fondest memories of driving my old cars are the great conversations I've had with them. Yes, I talk to my cars. They all have names, and quite often they converse with me. The following is a conversation I had a couple years ago with one of my best friends.

I was driving down the road, over the river, and through the woods a few days ago talking to Bill (that's my car), and he reminded me that Thanksgiving is almost here. Bill said cars have lots to be thankful for. "Oh yeah," I said, "Give me an example." "First of all," he said, "I am thankful for the good care I receive. You know, all the oil changes on a regular basis, washing and waxing when I need it, and new tires when the old ones get bald." I told Bill I'm thankful, too. I'm thankful he looks good when I wash him and that his engine runs well after all the miles and oil changes he's had.

As we drove into some traffic Bill continued. He said he is thankful for having the brakes replaced when needed so that he can slow down for animals in the road or stop for kids in the crosswalk. Ole Bill was making me feel pretty good, and I started thinking how he has never failed to start for me, and he has always kept me warm in the winter and nice and cool in the summer.

The next thing I knew Bill was at it again. This time he was telling me that not only was he thankful but very happy that I obey the rules of the road. He went on to say that he is glad I never drink and drive him. He said he forgives me for the two parking tickets because he knows I tried to get back to the car before the meter expired. I am thankful Bill gives me good gas mileage. It helps me justify keeping him even as old as he is.

As people years go, he is about 104 years old. They say 5 and 1/2 people years equals one car year, and Bill is nineteen. I turned Bill's keys off and told him to get some rest. I am thankful that my car is a living, breathing entity and a good friend. We talk a great deal as we drive. Thinking about it, I couldn't get along without my car. Could you? I am thankful we live in a country where you can buy the car you like and drive it anywhere you like. A country with filling stations, parts stores, plenty of dealers and used car lots every where. I am glad we have laws that make cars as safe as possible. And last there are salvage graveyards for that old faithful friend to

go to when it's over.

Have a great Thanksgiving and don't forget your friends.

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