

Mustangs, Madness & Machs

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Once upon a time (spring of 1996) in the far-off land of Fern Park at a Bob Evans Cruise-In, we parked our 1965 fastback and took a look around. That is when we spotted the sassy, red hussy of a 1970 Mach 1 with a "For Sale" sign in her back window that totally seduced David:

She said: He loved that '65 Mustang 2+2 fastback like a son. He saw its potential that day in St. Cloud under thick coats of Corvette paint with its beige seats and ivory living room carpeting. He spent months stripping paint, cursing rust, rebuilding the interior, finding cheerleader pom-poms in just the right color to display in it, finding parts, taking photographs detailing its re-birth and finally, finally showing it to the world. I believed his love ran deep and true and my pride in his craftsmanship was boundless . . . until that fateful day when his eyes glazed over with lust when he saw the Mach. Anyone could see she was a homewrecker in the making! But, alas, David was blinded by her sexy looks and come-hither glances.



He said: I loved that '65 fastback, but rust spots were sure to be popping out any day and I was never truly happy with the 302 engine knowing a 289 belonged in it! Besides my wife's laments about the lack of power steering and air conditioning were subjects of major nagging.

She said: I only drove it to the mechanic's shop occasionally and my dislocated shoulder usually healed in a day or two! However, air conditioning would have been nice to get to summer shows and cruises.

He said: When that Mach 1 pulled in and lifted up her hood, I was a goner. That 351 Cleveland engine sent a shiver up and down my spine. I could see myself tenderly cleaning her and accessorizing her as

she deserved. Her glossy red paint just begged for my touch with my California duster. All she wanted from me was a new headliner, tires and some interior touch up. I couldn't resist her allure.

She said: Are you having a mid-life crisis? I can't believe you'd dump your faithful '65 for a younger model! You've invested hundreds of hours of work in that car. How could you give it up?!?

He said: Look, dear! The Mach has power steering AND air conditioning! You could drive it in comfort and we could go to summer shows out-of-town, too! The paint is awesome and I won't have to do much work on it and it's sure to hold its value with less maintenance than the fastback.

She said: Okay, okay! BUT sell the fastback first (thinking to buy a little time for his infatuation to pass-or for someone else to buy her). But David sewed things up with the owner quickly (the Cad!) and two months later the '65 fastback was headed for Holland and we were driving south to Stuart to pick up the red bi___ that had captured my husband's affections.

He said: The Mach gave me quite a ride up I-95 with her 351-C under me. The earth moved. I saw fireworks-I knew she'd be with me forever!

She said: I'm surprised he didn't sleep with her in the garage! My own home! He was out with her every free minute and taking HER to Kody's cruise every Friday night. The air conditioner broke almost immediately and the power steering was so touchy that if I were to sneeze, I'd risk driving her into a light pole. Our household projects fell by the wayside as he catered to her every whim. The fastback was like a son, but the Mach was definitely his MISTRESS! I was jealous!

He said: There's room for both of you in my life-I've plenty of love to share! My feelings for her are different than my feelings for you-REALLY!

She said: Yeah, right! I'll just have to learn to live with it . . . but I had a plan. He wanted rear window louvers to dress up the bi___ so I bargained for something I wanted-an ear of his pierced like Harrison Ford. And so it went, redoing her interior got me a room addition. Finally there wasn't anything else I wanted, LOL, so I began pointing out the slut's tiniest wrinkles to begin the process of turning her away. He wanted to do a Hertz clone. . .Well, dear, let's sell the Mach and have some fun doing a new project car. I kept selling him on a brassy, bold Hertz replica and finally he relented.

In the fall of 2005 the Mach went to her new master in Maitland and two months later we found a suitable '65 fastback body that became transformed by a very lengthy process into a '66 Hertz replica...with no air conditioning. A fact that came back to bite me. Fast forward to a beautiful fall day in 2014 when David called me out to the driveway to show me my (traitorous) cousins driving up in the MACH!

She said: OMG! What is SHE doing here?!

He said: I found out she was for sale and your cousins negotiated the deal because I knew how much you wanted air conditioning. And they will help us sell the Hertz, so we are all set.

She said: @@\$ #\$^\$ %^&^*%

And to top it all off-the first thing we had to fix was the air conditioning.