

1982 Ford Escort



I gotta tell ya, my in-laws pretty much gave me this car – and it was worth every penny. Actually, I'm a bit too harsh. The '82 Escort was not a bad little car for just buzzing around. The particular one I had was a 5 speed on the floor, which was a bit fun. Aside from an impossible to locate smell inside the cabin, there were only two things I didn't like about this Ford: 1) The starter was located in the very front of the engine, just behind and below the front bumper. If you so much as pointed the nose at a mud puddle, the starter would short and have to be rebuilt or replaced; 2) It simply would not stop when the brakes were applied. Yes, the brakes worked, but the car was so light that the wheels tended to lock up and slide with what I would consider only moderate force on the pedal. Patrick Guyse found this out while following me to Kentucky as I drove the Monte Carlo. I had to make a somewhat abrupt stop and all I saw in my rear view mirror was Patrick's face getting larger and larger as the Escort slid towards me. It eventually bounced off my back bumper (the car, not his face). No harm done to either. Incidentally that bit of interstate travel was done on Patrick's first day of having a license, so good times!

I also think this is the one on which Johanna learned to drive a manual. As I recall, that lesson resulted in someone road-raging on us, which in turn resulted in me diving into their open window head first at a stop sign. Ah, the memories. Speaking of memories, I'm noticing a pattern in that I have no idea what happened to this car, either.