

Dutch Mandel

We're Changing the Calendar

By **DUTCH MANDEL**

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We celebrate some asinine things in this country. How do I know? That Thomas Crapper Day (Jan. 27), the Festival of Extraterrestrial Abductions Day (March 20), National Dance Like a Chicken Day (May 14) and National Toasted Marshmallow Day (Aug. 30) are etched on calendars ahead of truly worthwhile endeavors is beyond belief.

I propose a calendar whose months highlight a different image of sexy lithesome models: Jaguars, American Muscle, Vintage Ferraris and Porsches. Yes, car calendars are already big business, but we need one that marks car guy-specific holidays.

Hello, Darleen, get me marketing on the phone, stat...!

In the great bizarre world there are holidays that already work for car guys, like National Battery Day (Feb. 18), Eight-Track Tape Day (April 11), Ugly Truck Contest Day (July 20) and Petroleum Day (Aug. 27). We can embrace these, but we still need a national holiday dedicated to those who care for cars.

We all care for cars, yes, but I'm talking about a day to celebrate those who give support to our Car Jones. Call it National Car Guy Day, and anyone who comes in contact with you and your ride gets his or her due appreciation. (Before feminists rise to smite me with a knockoff hammer, know I believe being A Car Guy is gender-neutral. My mom, who dragged my dad to his first car race, was The Ultimate Car Guy.)

Such a holiday would allow me to fete Mark the Wrench, whose passion for my E-Type nearly eclipses my own. The effort he puts into making our baby run like a metronomic thing of beauty is second to none.

Then there's Dinesh the Driving Doc (urologist), whose heated, armed-to-the-gills storage facility coddles my car. Thanks for being a good landlord, Dinesh.

Tammy the Underwriter works hard to make sure I get the best insurance quote. Then there are the other Hagerty Insurance folks who prop up The Dawn Patrol with caffeine and carbohydrates; they'd get props from us.

I'd throw thanks Chuck Bennett's way, for all who have benefited from his Zymol wax coverage. (And a nod to Barry Meguiar, for giving those collector cars Zymol doesn't dress a fair coating.) Corky Coker would get a card. His Coker Tires slips new, original shoes onto more cool athletes than Air Jordan and And 1 combined.

As for Thomas Crapper Day, well, we probably should include it, too. How else do we toast the guy who invented the device (and subsequently the indoor room) that allows for quiet, contemplative reading of your favorite car magazine?



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