

# Doug Drove a Hot Rod Cadillac CTS-V Coupe!

Only a few mailboxes were scattered along an arrow-straight two-lane mile. Corn fields on all sides. It's Ohio. Telephone poles passed us by like a picket fence. The corn was a solid green wall of blur. Ron had his foot in it, and my bulk was slammed back into the seat. Not sure what that g-force indicator was reading, but my neck felt like I was riding a Saturn V rocket into the sky... My cheeks were pinned to my ears. I'm the dude in that



'Thirties footage of the rocket sled!  
"Say, Ron, what IS the displacement on this rascal?" Ron: "You know, I don't really care, Doug. Its supercharged LS1 engine does sport 550 horses though..." What my buddy meant was *you shouldn't have to ask, dude*. I think he had it to about 120 mph in a blink of an eye. This is a sub-12-second quarter-miler. In my day that made it a funny car over at *beautiful* National Trails Raceway. Vroom!



Ron stepped on the brakes. Done! Without a chute, those 15" Brembos stopped us like a giant hand had pressed us into the asphalt. No fade, no lingering around. Straight to ZERO. Hanging from the seatbelt, I was thankful I hadn't done a face-plant right there on his new glass. I was grinning from earlobe to earlobe, and wondering.... Is it my turn now, Ron? Is it MY turn?

Ron pulled over and I walked to the other side, knees a bit shaky. Adjusting the mirrors I bought myself a little time to think. Do I really want to get onto it in my friend's rocket ship?

*Oh hell yeah, I wanted to get into it!* But I didn't stomp on it. I brought it up genteelly. I think I hit about 100, because we were doing over 90 when I finally found the courage to look down from the road. By the time we were pulling back into the hotel parking lot I had an idea. "Say, Ron, old buddy, if there's anyone from Georgia sitting out front under the portico, would you mind if I...



...BUZZED THE TOWER??? Ah hah hah hah haaaaaaah!

Lucky for everyone concerned, no one I knew was sitting under the portico. So I didn't get to light up those tires for my fans... like a ground-bound Maverick doing a fly-by in his F-14 Tomcat. Ron Zahn, you are my hero. Barb, can we live in a double-wide trailer and buy a new CTS-V coupe? -- Doug Bailey