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Hamptons Cottages and Gardens

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EDITOR'S LETTER



Post-Season Rally

I HAVE NEVER BEEN A CAR GUY. I GREW UP DRIVING my dad's two cars—one a beat-up station wagon that we called “work car,” because that's what he drove to work, and the other a Jeep Wagoneer, which in retrospect was pretty cool, although we deemed it simply “big bus.” Both cars broke down constantly, giving me agita that still courses through my veins today. I do not know how to change a tire. When those red warning lights go on, I have conniptions. Funny noises, like a pebble stuck in a wheel well? I can barely contain myself. These are among only a few reasons I did not own a car until I was 37, and why I still take either the bus or the train between the city and the Hamptons almost exclusively. ■



But man, the vintage cars on display at the annual private car and art show at the Bridge golf course every September make me want to rev up and gun it into the sunset. Shamin Abas, Bob Rubin, and Jeffrey Einhorn have created a stellar event, one that caps off the season and lingers on the memory deep into fall. It's a good thing, because summer flies by so quickly, and I'm never ready to let go of it quite so soon.



Kenzell

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Dude, There's My Car!

September's annual private event at the Bridge golf course always gets my heart racing.



TOP: TOM MCWILLIAM