

1984 Oldsmobile Delta 88

When I was in need of a car, someone came to my rescue with a 1984 Oldsmobile Delta 88. I think I ended up buying it for about \$500, probably with some kind of payment plan. It was a classic "land yacht"—big, bulky, and unashamedly American. The Delta 88 floated down the road like a cloud, offering a smooth ride but with none of the sporty feel or handling that younger car enthusiasts craved. In its own way, it was magnificent.

This car was all about luxury. It had power everything, which was a big deal during a time when not many cars had those features. Power windows, power door locks, automatic transmission, tilt steering, cruise control, air conditioning—it was basically the epitome of comfort. But here's the thing: nobody in their right mind wanted to be seen cruising around in a car that looked like it belonged to your grandpa. The Oldsmobile Delta 88 screamed "retirement" more than "radical," and, naturally, the girls weren't impressed.

But despite its "grandpa's car" status, there were redeeming qualities. The Delta 88 had power. It could easily reach 95-100 mph with no problem. A car that big should have felt sluggish, but instead, it seemed to float along at high speeds like a gentle giant. That said, it wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. The gas mileage was atrocious—somewhere around 6-8 miles per gallon. It wasn't a car you drove to save money; it was a car you drove for comfort, for the sheer joy of feeling like you were driving a luxurious boat down the highway.

But beyond the speed and comfort, the Delta 88 had a unique feature that made it particularly useful for a group of rebellious teenagers: its sheer size. The car was massive, with a huge hood and trunk. And while it wasn't the ideal ride for impressing girls, it turned out to be perfect for sneaking people into drive-in movies. We'd load up the front seats with two people, maybe one more in the back seat, and then we'd get creative. Down on the floor of the car would be 2-3 more people, and, yes, there would be another 2-3 people stuffed into the trunk. It was like a game of human Tetris, and we called it our "seven-body" trunk. It became a running joke—whenever someone asked if we could fit more people, the answer was always, "We can fit at least seven in here."

It wasn't just for sneaking into movies either. The trunk was large enough to carry all kinds of things, and the huge hood and trunk lid made it a great choice for tandem desert surfing—another one of those things that only made sense when you're young, adventurous, and maybe just a little bit reckless. It was the perfect car for impromptu adventures, and we took full advantage of its spaciousness for all sorts of activities that would make most people shake their heads in disbelief.

The 1984 Oldsmobile Delta 88 may not have been the coolest car around, but it had its moments. It was the car that got us to where we needed to go—whether it was sneaking into a movie, racing down the highway, or just cruising around town. It wasn't about the looks or the gas mileage; it was about what the car represented. It was a symbol of freedom, of rebellion, and of those carefree days of youth. And though it wasn't the car to take to a car show, it will always be remembered for its ability to carry the most important thing: memories.

1984 Oldsmobile Delta 88

Published: Saturday, 06 June 1987 12:21

Hits: 3885

In the end, the Oldsmobile Delta 88 had a certain charm. It wasn't the flashiest car or the fastest, but it had character. It was the kind of car that had enough space to fit a group of friends, enough power to keep up with the best of them, and enough comfort to make long drives bearable. As I look back on those days, I can't help but smile at the thought of that massive "land yacht" cruising down the road, with us packed inside, making memories and taking on the world one adventure at a time.