

My Car's Story

By Joe

I guess it's about time to let you in on the real story of my 1967 Mustang. It all began when I was about 10 years old and my Dad took me to a Ford dealership in New York. A brand new 1964 1/2 Mustang just arrived and we went to take a look at it. I had the opportunity to sit in the driver's seat of that amazing car and I knew right then and there what my future would hold. I had to have one, but my credit was pretty poor and my credit cards were maxed out! Fast forward



about 9 years and I am now serving my country in the United States Marine Corp stationed in Camp Pendleton California. My family was moving to California to be with me so I needed a practical family car quick. Did I mention that I was 19 yrs old at the time and had little to no common sense? Needless to say, in desperation, I came upon this car lot in San Diego and heard this faint whinny coming from behind all the station wagons. You guessed it, it was a green 1967 Mustang coupe. The previous owner purchased it new in North Carolina and drove it to California but decided to trade it in for another vehicle. Long story short, late in the Fall of 1973 I purchased that green pony for \$895 and drove her back to the base. A lot has happened between then and now, but one thing is for certain, this car has been been part of many important moments in my life.



If that car could talk, what a tale it could tell. Although I have owned other Mustangs in my life, I never had the heart to get rid of "my very first". Yeah, I may talk about all the problems she has given me, but when it's all said and done, that coupe has always held a soft spot in my heart. I know she has a lot of work that needs to be done to her, which I'm sure drives a few of you crazy wondering why it's taking me so long. She certainly is not the prettiest, nor the fastest, and Lord knows she is not the most comfortable car to drive in this miserable heat, especially without A/C. But there are days when all I have to do is sit inside, crank the 289 to life, and let my mind wander back to the days when changing spark plugs or swapping out the water pump was such a simple task. What a bunch of great memories. Will I ever finish getting her to where I want? I

sure hope so, but then again, a big part of me never wants to say....it's done. Oh by the way, that bottom picture is of my son Michael sitting on the car when we were stationed in Camp Lejeune NC back in 1976. It feels like I just took that picture yesterday. Boy, does time fly by!