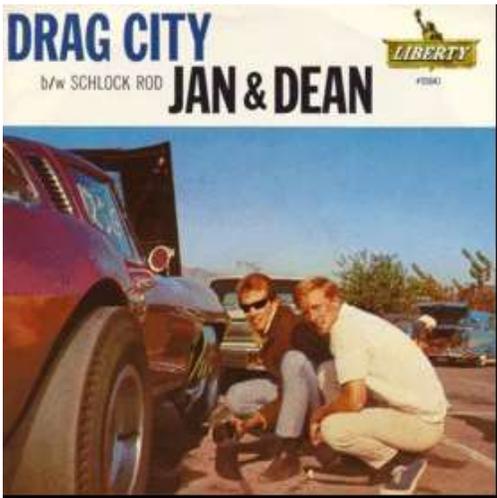


# MUSIC CALMS THE SAVAGE BEAST

My first vehicle which gained me freedom to roam the streets of Versailles in style (very slowly), was the 1953 Chevrolet 3100 pickup that still sits unmoved in my shop. It didn't have a radio but you could get one as an option.

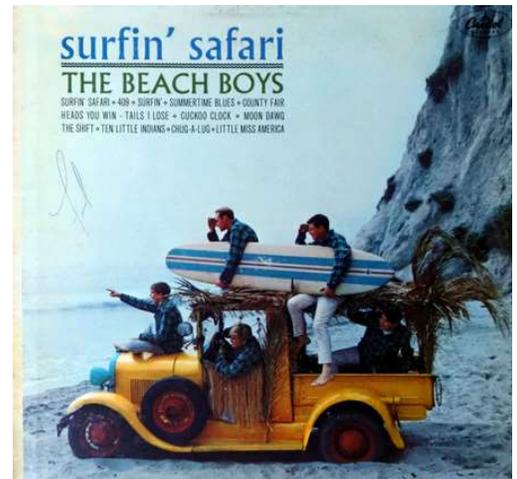


I don't remember ever listening to anything but the 216 humming along while the bias ply tires buzzed along.



Music and cool cars go together like Ike Flatt and Scruggs, Sonny and Cher, Sam and Dave, or the Everly Brothers.

As a kid, I can remember listening to my parent's old albums. The ones that stood out usually had songs about cars as Jan and Dean sang about the Little Old Lady from Pasadena, Dead Man's Curve, and Drag City.



The Beach Boys resonated on our Zenith stereo playing Little Deuce Coupe, Little GTO, or the Little Red Corvette at full blast while I played with my Hot Wheels cars.

Life was good... It wasn't long before I yearned for a faster more modern car. I saved my money stocking shelves at Gerbes and bought my second car for



\$150.00 sight unseen in Seligman, MO. My Grandpa J.L. Petty and I headed out with trailer in tow to pick up the cruiser of my dreams. It was a 1967 Chevrolet Chevelle SS396 car with a 4 speed, 4.11 rear end, and factory tachometer and gauges.

The engine was out and in a shed. We left it there since we had no way to load it. So, I bought a low mileage 66 caprice 4 door hardtop in perfect shape from a lady in Eldon for \$300.00. It had factory air, electric everything, and was black on black. Most importantly it was a 396 car with low miles... Young men are not always the brightest if you didn't know.

I worked on that car as much until it was done.

Before that car was road ready it got what I thought was a rocking sound system with the best components available at the newly built Wal-Mart.

It was probably a Roadmaster or Kraco with a cassette deck. You can't cruise without tunes you know.

I had lots of cassettes with recordings made by listening to the radio and recording my own tunes on my Sony Boom Box. It's what we did back then. Casey Kasem's Top 40 or distant rock stations like KYYS in KC brought us sounds we listened to at the juke box at the drive in, cruising the back roads, or wrenching on our rides. We loved playing whenever we wanted.



That car is long gone but the music lives on. In the garage, at car shows, in the movies, or on the road, music is part of our lives.

So, get out on the road again, head out on the highway, and remember you don't even need a particular place to go.

I guess I need to head to the shop, put my favorite Pandora station on my iphone, and stream it to my Bluetooth portable speaker and put a transistor radio in the seat of my 53 Chevy to listen to on the road.

Oh, and by the way Chuck Berry wrote No Particular Place To Go while incarcerated so make sure and buckle up and obey the posted speed limit.

*MMOCC Member Tim Petty*