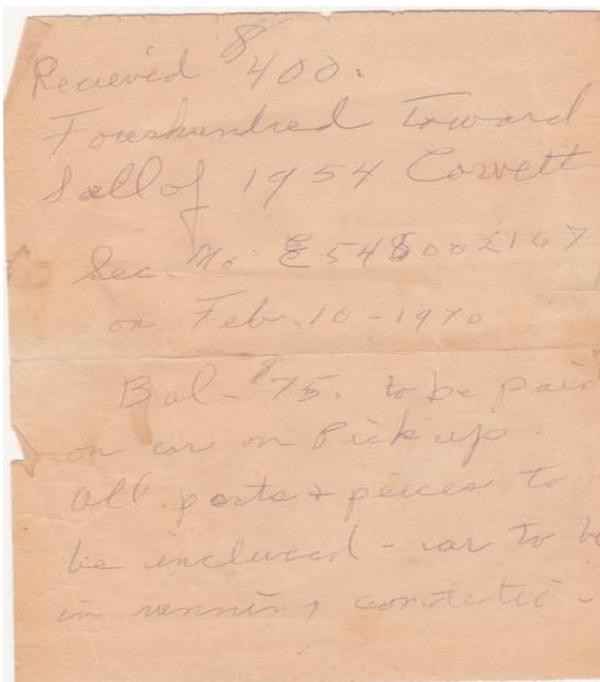


My "Corvette" Story by: Adam Ford #55365

This is the story of how our 1954 Corvette has been in the family history for 3 generations and 52 years. My grandfather (Ray) wanted to get my father (Glenn) a car for his 14th birthday back in 1970. My father was in no way a speed demon or reckless but like any good father, Ray wanted to get him a car that wouldn't be tempting. Insert a 6 cylinder, 2 speed automatic Corvette. My grandfather found one for sale. It was a basket case, which he paid \$400 for. \$400 seems insanely cheap now, but back in 1970 finished driving 1954 Corvettes were around \$1000.



Original Receipt – Paid \$400.00 in 1970

My Grandfather also wanted to teach my father the valuable lesson of working hard on something. If my father wanted to drive the car, he had to restore it. They used their one car garage to restore the car (see picture 3). Since reproduction parts weren't a thing, they had to buy another basket case 1954 Corvette and put the parts together to hopefully make one car.

Picture 2- Taken in 1973. Working in the driveway. Grandfather (Ray) working on engine. Father (Glenn) and friend Doug working on the body.



My father used to walk around Carlisle wearing a sandwich board. The front of the board saying "53-55 Parts Needed" and the back saying "53-55 Parts Have".

Picture 3- Also a work in progress. Taken 1973



They painted the car in the driveway of that one car garage. When my father asked what color could they paint it, my grandfather said, "Any color as long as it is Polo White". They finished the car and my father drove it all throughout high school and college all while never leaving his sight.

Finished- Photo taken around 1975



Photo taken 1985. Aunt Becky in the car. Hyattsville, MD.

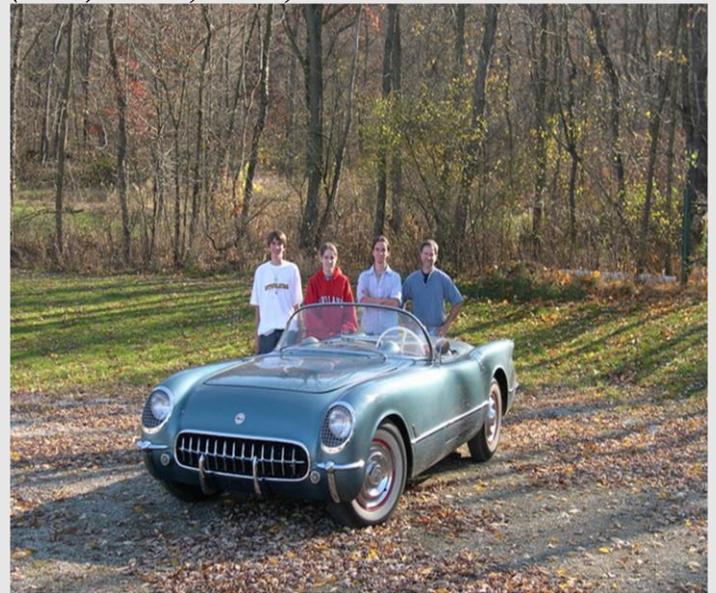


My father can attest the moment he knew he was going to marry my mother (Laura) is when he left her drive the car. They moved and lived just outside of Washington DC. For a while the 1954 Corvette was their only car. My father used to drive it to work in the mid 1980's. As we moved to Syracuse then back to Pittsburgh, the 1954 was put into the garage and became a glorified shelf. 3 kids were born, careers grow, life happens. Finally in 1999, the car came out of the garage and the 2nd restoration began. This time with I was involved.

Adam(L) and Glenn(R) Photo taken 2000



(LtoR) Jacob, Sarah, Adam and Glenn taken 2005



Like his father told him, my father said if I wanted to drive the car then I'd better go to work. My father, grandfather and I spent 4 years restoring the 1954. We painted the car ourselves. All of my siblings each got to spray parts of the car. It took another year after paint to assemble the car. It looks just as good now almost 16 years later than it did that day. We drive it everywhere including to Carlisle almost every year.

It always amazes people when they ask a 36-year-old how long have I owned the car, and I respond by saying "52 years". People love the pictures and the story. As I tell everyone, it's more the memories that are special to me. My father was able to restore this car with his father and his kids. It could be a Vega or a Pinto, its more the time wet sanding in a non-heated garage in February with my father that's special.

*(Lto R) Adam Ford, Bobby Ford(grandmother),Ray Ford(grandfather) & Glenn Ford
Photo taken: 2010*



My Grandfather passed away this past January. 60 days later, his wife (my grandmother) passed away too. They both instilled so many valuable life lessons. Hard work, passion, determination, and humility are just some. Many of these lessons were taught through cars. Today we have restored and own 3 corvettes (1954, 1955, 1956) I know I cherish the time working on all these cars because of the spark my grandfather gave my father.

Thanks,

Adam Ford