The Classic Chevy Club of Tucson

Special edition of prior year members participating in the "Getting to Know You" articles. These articles have been a great asset to our monthly newsletters. It sounds simple, but getting to know people can be seriously hard. Sometimes it can take a life time. There is no finite time that tells you, you know this person now.

"I think a lot of what we learn about others isn't what they tell us. It's what we observe. People can tell us anything they want." - Iain Reid

There are many times we don't have the chance to sit down and chat with our fellow members. We're either too busy or too rushed to think you know another person… These articles have been very interesting and sometimes valid information to others. If you haven't written a story about yourself think about it. Some members have either left the club or passed away.

Before you assume,
learn the facts.
Before you judge,
understand why.
Before you hurt someone,
feel.
Before you speak,
think.

I have reviewed all newsletters that I've written and issues done by Jack Monahan. This Historical '*Getting to Know You*' edition will catch you up on prior years …

Jeri Dettmann

Get to know Matt & Suzanne Villella

Matt's dad helped him purchase his first car in 1987. Matt had saved about $1,000 from teenage jobs in places like K-Mart, a fried chicken joint, and a few other now□extinct establishments (he insists their demise wasn't his fault). With that money — and his dad's guidance — the choice was made to buy a 1956 Chevy. His dad was a true "car guy," having built or restored a '33 and '36 Plymouth and later a '55 Chevy, all while serving as president of the Antique Automobile Club of Tallahassee, FL.

As you might imagine, teenage Matt wasn't exactly in love with his classic car at the time, though he was often amazed by the beautiful vehicles he saw around him. Between the TLC required to keep the '56 running, the hole in the gas tank, and the plexiglass windows with no A/C, driving it in the southern heat was…an experience. Even worse, there was only one white and blue '50s era Chevy with gold rims in town, so everyone always knew exactly where he was — and more importantly, where he wasn't (school). He eventually passed the car to his younger brother and happily upgraded to a more A/C friendly early□80s Nissan Sentra. Little did he know he'd one day wish he'd made a different choice. Still, those early years gave him a lasting respect for classic cars, which eventually led him to the CCCT.

We met in Tucson in the mid 90s. After some strategic bribery, Suzanne agreed to marry Matt in 1998, and off we went on a 26.5 year Air Force adventure. Matt flew A-10s (and occasionally a desk), while Suzanne learned new streets, schools, and communities as she raised our children. After a brief stay in Tucson through 2000, we moved all over the world — Alaska, Las Vegas, Ohio, DC, Las Vegas again, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Germany, and finally back to Tucson.

It was in Ohio that a friend reintroduced Matt to classic-ish cars with his 1973 Corvette. After some encouragement, Matt joined him and bought our 1970 Corvette Coupe in 2006. Suzanne even had to load it onto a trailer by herself a few times during moves across the country. Like our kids, the Vette made almost every move with us. When we left for Germany, it was stored in a climate-controlled garage, and after returning to Tucson in 2018, Matt had it shipped from Pennsylvania. A series of unfortunate events turned "Patriot" into a world□class garage shelf for a while, but realizing he needed a community of like□minded classic car folks (and some help), Matt found this club. Thanks to your advice and guidance, Patriot is now back on the road and making it to meetings and events.

Today, Matt flies for FedEx — and insists it's not his fault if anything arrives late. He's also involved with the 390th Memorial Museum here in Tucson. Suzanne is an artist who shows her work locally and served as president of the Southern Arizona Arts Guild from 2022–2024. If you need art, she knows where to point you. We both enjoy golfing and working in the yard, and Matt still loves spending time in the garage. Together we've raised three great young adults who have seen a good portion of the world. We're grateful to be part of the Classic Chevy Club of Tucson and look forward to many more shows, cruises, and events.

1. My Dads '55 (orange) pre/post restoration photos
2. The family [(L-R), oldest daughter, Matts mom, Matt, Suzanne, our son, our youngest daughter) at Matts Air Force final flight and retirement.
3. Matt at "Corvettes at Carlisle
4. Suzanne being awesome
5. Matt and his dad going for a ride

Van Pershing

I was born in Phoenix and went to Carl Hayden High School and Arizona State University. As a mechanical engineer I worked the automotive, material handling, and archery industries for my entire career.

My first car was a 1953 Henry J. At 17 years old I thought I had died and gone to heaven. A couple of years later a friend bought a Corvair and after driving it I knew I had found my true love.

After serving a mission in Chile for my church, then getting married and serving as a drafted "volunteer" in Viet Nam, in 1970 a found a '65 Corvair Corsa for $300. Again I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. It was my daily drive and followed us from Tempe to Indiana, Denver and back to Arizona. It's been restored at least three times but is still my daily driver...in the winter (no AC!) As a college student I worked evening at a Circle K. One night a young man saw my Corvair parked outside and came in all excited to show me his new Yenko Stinger. After a short ride I was in love! I couldn't afford the $3500 then and I can't afford the $80,000 now. So I made one.

Twenty-five years ago and needing a pickup, I began my search. I really wanted a 67-72 C10 but didn't especially want to mess with emissions, etc. At a yard sale I saw a '65 C20 for a reasonable price. Not my first choice, but it had factory air and a big back window...and no emissions required. So I took the plunge. The smoking 292 six, the granny 4-speed and the 5.53:1 diff had to go. I bought an '83 Suburban that was from Minnesota that could have been painted with rust remover and reported stolen! So, the 350/700R4, power steering, front sway bar, tilt steering wheel and myriad of other parts found a new home in the C20. A nice Dana 60 with highway gears added to the mix and we have the "near" perfect pickup truck….my daily driver in the summer!

"Travel makes one modest. You see what a tiny place you occupy in the world." –

"Getting to know Cesar & Jackie Hernandez"

Jacqueline was born in Cuba and came to the USA in 1968 with her parents and one older brother to get away from communism. I was born in Guatemala and came to the USA in 1976 with my older brother and two sisters six months after a 7.5 earthquake which destroyed a large part of the country. Jackie and I crossed paths when we started having a few classes together at Bell High School and fell in love in our senior year in 1980. We both graduated HS, went to college and as soon as I received my Certificate in Machine Shop Technology and AA degree, I asked her to marry me (that is a funny story for some other time). We married on May 7th, 1983 and will celebrate our 42nd anniversary this year. We have two great kids (ages 40 & 38), and three grand pups. My love for cars actually started when I was a kid, looking at beautiful American and European cars in Guatemala. As an example, the owner of the house where we lived had a 1967 Plymouth Belvedere and a 1964 Buick Wildcat. When I was 16 years old I got my driver's license. I had started working part time in a small auto shop to learn auto mechanics and to save money for my first car. My brother's first car was a 1967 Caprice 2-door and then upgraded to a white 1971 Camaro RS with a split-bumper, a 350 V-8 and automatic tranny. Those two cars were the ones I tinkered with and learned to do tune-ups, brakes, etc. and practiced driving sometimes to get to school. One day in October of 1979, one of my step-father's friends offered him an old car as payment for painting his 1967 Chevelle Malibu. The car offered was a 1956 Chevy Bel Air, 4-door, with a 283 V-8 motor and Powerglide transmission. It was really a rust bucket… a BIG project that I was all too happy to undertake. I paid my step-father $300 for it. It was so bad that Jackie called it the "Flintstone's car" because you could see the ground when you sat inside the car as the floors were rusted through. I had my work cut out for me, but I enjoyed every step of the way to bring that car back to life. The engine and transmission were rebuilt, repaired all the rust damaged floor with new sheet metal riveted and sealed in place, installed new upholstery including the headliner, carpet, seats, side panels, and package tray. Found a nice set of Rally wheels and got new tires, replaced the front and rear bumpers for nicer ones I found in a junkyard (had to keep expenses to the minimum) and installed a stereo with 8-track, equalizer and about 8 speakers. I remember listening to the cassette soundtrack from the movie Grease…. It sounded so good!!! After all that was done, I sanded the car and applied brown primer with my step father on December 31st 1980. That made a great difference in how the car looked. It was a decent daily driver now. Eventually we painted the car in two-tone burgundy and ivory white to match the interior upholstery. Had it about two years and when it developed transmission problems, I sold it for $1,500 and upgraded to a 1976 Cadillac Seville. Loved that Seville's style and performance. Went from a former rust bucket to a top luxury car and learned to appreciate those older Cadillacs as I owned three other Sevilles later on and a 1985 Eldorado Biarritz. In 1995 we made the decision to move from LA to Tucson. Jackie and I were both able to graduate from the University of Arizona in 2000/2001 and both obtained our BS degree. I was soon promoted to Shift Supervisor and later to Continuous Improvement Manager while working for Parker Hannifin in Tucson. In June of 2009, Parker made an acquisition in Gardena, CA and asked me to transfer there to help them in the transition process. We had just finished building our dream home in Vail, AZ in 2007. Long story short, we moved back to CA and stayed there until the end of October 2019 when we decided to start our early retirement plan and returned to Tucson. In 2021, I saw a CL ad for a 1972 Pontiac Lemans in Cave Creek. We took a drive to go check it out and decided to buy it as a project. It had the original exterior paint and interior upholstery, but needed restoration.

Continues with Cesar & Jackie Hernandez

We had the interior and vinyl top done complete and a new exterior paint in Natural Khaki green. Had the two bumpers re-chromed, a set of new tires, stereo system, alarm, power door locks, and complete front suspension and shocks upgraded. The 350 engine and TH350 transmission had been rebuilt 6 years earlier by the previous owner. We were ready to go cruising! Joining the CCCT has been fun for us as we have met lots of great people and can participate in their monthly activities and car shows in and near Tucson. We look forward to making more great memories with our family and new club member friends who live in this great city.

"High School Days"

With Chip Foose

Jackie with Dave Kindig of Bitchin' Rides at the LA Classic Car Show

The flowers of the past are dead — but their wilted beauty and potpourri aroma enrich the present with memories. ~Terri Guillemets

Meet Robert Marcelain

Our family, two of my uncles, owned a Standard Oil Service Station back home in North Chicago. Most of us kids, brothers and cousins, started working there at an early age, for me it was 12 years old. That is when my love of cars and trucks took root. Being around them, learning from my uncles, the smells, the greasy fingers, I was hooked for life.

Also contributing to my love of cars was my dad, he took extra special care of them, yes, they got dirty, but they did not stay dirty for long. A trait of his that was passed along in my DNA. He also owned a 57 Chevy that I immediately fell in love with. Unfortunately, he sold it before I was old enough to drive. One of life's regrets.

The family were GM car lovers, mostly Chevys with a couple of Buicks thrown in for good measure. Actually, it was only the two Uncles who owned the station had Buicks, I think to kind of display their good fortune.

Fast forward about 100 years (ha ha) and I am still playing with cars. Besides your normal everyday family vehicle, I have owned three Corvettes (C4, C7 and C3) in that order, two 1948 Chevy coupes and a 1971 Chevy C10. It would be very remiss not mentioning the non-Chevys that I had, three Mustangs & two Chargers. Hope that I won't get thrown out of the Club for that. Keep in mind those were years ago when I was young and dumb.

What I enjoyed doing back in the day was to purchase a car, enjoy it a while do some work on it then flip it. I would like to say that I always made a profit on the sale, but I'd be lying, but don't tell my wife. She believes that I'm money-making machine when it comes to flipping cars, she would be heartbroken to learn otherwise. And, I'd be sleeping in the garage if she did.

I currently have a 1971 C10 and a 74 Corvette coup. I have owned the C10 longer than any other "classic" car of mine. Bought it in 2017. I think it is a keeper.

What was my favorite car, you ask? Loved them all, the C10 is up there at the top followed by my second 1948 Chevy, "The Green Hornet" still have regrets selling that one, but had to sell one to buy one.

I'm proud and happy that my son and two of my grandsons also have a love for classic/custom cars. The tradition will carry on.

Marcelain - Continues

The Green Hornet (48 Chevy) and 71 C10.

74 Corvette

My first 48 Chevy

Surround yourself with people who make you happy. People who make you laugh, who help you when your in need.
People who would never take advantage of you. People who genuinely care. They are the ones worth keeping in your life. Everyone else is just passing through.

"Take time to get to know people. Understand where they are coming from, what is important to them. Make sure they are with you." - Jack Welch

Getting to Know me: Anthony Warren

I think "the first day of the rest of my life" can be traced back to the day I entered the classic car hobby. It was the Wednesday of spring break my senior year of high school. Like most rowdy teenagers, I was at the Auto Mall getting my car's oil changed. As I sat in the waiting room, I read a Yelp article about "10 things to see in Tucson". This obscure place called the Franklin Auto Museum popped up just 3 miles away from where I was sitting. A car museum in Tucson? How could a native like myself not have heard of this? I had to see it, so as soon as I got the keys back, I headed over.

When I got there, I was the only visitor and a friendly gentleman by the name of Bill Maynard greeted me. Bill proceeded to spend 2 hours guiding me through this gem of a museum, gave me the history of all 26 cars, and had some great stories too. I was in heaven! The very last car on the tour was a 1934 Franklin Club Sedan- a Pebble Beach winner and a beautiful automobile. He opened the driver's door and told me to hop in- a real surprise. Looking out over the long hood, seeing the shiny hood ornament, and sinking into the sofa-like seat was inspiring. Knowing that I was now hooked, Bill asked me "Tony, what would you think about being a volunteer? I'll show you how to drive it then."

The rest has been history, and I now get to drive our fleet as often as I want. I started the very next day, and felt a great sense of peace just being around the old cars. Some time passed, and I was appointed Curator of Collections. I will never forget the great deal of trust placed in me at the age of 19, and it only furthered my love of classic cars. I have not only been trusted running a business by our outstanding director- Bourke, but I learned a great mechanical skill set from Bill over the years. He was my mentor, and whenever a car needed service, it was he and I who would do the work. Bill was completely blind, and referred to me as his hands. He had been a mechanic at the museum since his youth in 1950, so he knew the cars inside and out from memory! I can rebuild an old AC fuel pump or adjust valves on a Franklin with my eyes shut now!

Bill also had this old white coupe sitting in his front yard (I'd always give him a ride to work and see it). It was a '65 Corvair that he had got running just before going blind. I always asked about it, and as it turned out, he was the former president of the Tucson Corvair Association- an avid Corvair afficionado for over 40 years. He would start it up occasionally to let it run, but it never left the yard. One day I just asked, "Why don't we take the Corvair to work? I'd be happy to drive you around in it". I can still see his smile! And thus, my affection for Corvairs began. We registered it, and joined the recently re-booted TCA together. Fast forward a couple years, and I now get to call myself the President of the Tucson Corvair Association. I am on Corvair #3- a '65 Monza convertible 4-speed (it's an infectious disease really!) I can't picture life without a Corvair now, and without being a part of the Classic Chevy community!

Getting to Know me: Anthony Warren (Continued)

Between the museum, TCA, and now the CCCT, I have cultivated a lifelong love affair with classic cars, been taught a valuable mechanical skill set, have made friends, and have been mentored by men that I look up to in every way. I'll never be able to give back to these organizations what they've given to me, but I hope I have many years ahead to try! Bill is no longer with us, but if he was, I'd tell him that that one day changed the entire course of my life for the better!

September 2023 Newsletter

I think one of my favorite feelings is laughing with someone and realizing half way through how much you enjoy them and their existence.

FRIENDS ARE THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE YOU SMILE BRIGHTER, LAUGH LOUDER AND LIVE BETTER...GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER

Getting to know someone else involves curiously about where they came from and who they are.

Quote: Unknown

Do you ever look at someone and just think "I'm so glad I met you"

Meet Howard and Jeanie Newcomb

Jeanie and I have both wanted a hot rod for some years now. Both our dads owned service stations when we were growing up, Jeanie in Oregon and me in California, and cars were just a part of our lives. Once we retired and saw the Dettmanns with a car here in Tucson, we really got into the idea of finding a car. We had a couple of cars get away before we found our current ride.

My dad used to take the three of us kids to the Los Angeles Auto Show at the Pan Pacific Auditorium, back in the day when you could actually climb into the cars. I always loved the "concept cars". My dad owned a 1929 DuPont Speedster back then, before my parents divorced, and even as a little boy, I thought it was really cool to have people interested in the car we were driving, and that baby sure turned some heads. Only 25 Speedsters were built in 1929, and only a very few still exist. My dad's car (Number 903) is in the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles. He would take us out in the hills in the 1950s, in the area between the coast and the San Fernando valley, and race around on the dirt roads in "The Dupie". That car came from the factory with an exhaust cutout, which allowed bypassing the muffler with a lever on the floor. That thing sounded to me like a huge fire engine. I loved that.

I had pedal cars as a small child, and all manner of wheeled devices, and go-carts as I got older. (Back then, you could drive an unlicensed vehicle on neighborhood streets without attracting too much unwanted attention.) In high school, a group of us were about as likely to be found under our cars on weekends as we were to be found driving them. We broke a lot of parts, but also learned to repair the damage. We would go to sprint car races and motorcycle races at Ascot Park and to Lions Drag Strip to see the likes of Don Prudhomme and Don Garlits and Art Arfons. Then, on a 1320-foot dragstrip, 8-second times for double-A fuelers were remarkable. I still love the smell of nitromethane and rubber smoke and the deafening symphony of a fire-breathing V-8 internal combustion engine.

Getting to know you.....

Written by Bob and Debbie Rosenberg -

Hello Fellow CCCT members, this is Bob and Debbie Rosenberg. We would like to let you 'all know a little bit about ourselves:

First of all, Bob comes by his love of old cars from way back in the 1950's when rolled up jeans and white T-shirts were cool. With his first car in 1953, a 1941 Ford coupe, he found that getting down and dirty was fun and the girls actually did like the boy with a souped-up car. James Dean didn't have anything on him! Except maybe a '50 Merc ... He even had a 1929 Ford hotrod roadster pickup and a little later a '32 Ford roadster that he tooled down Pacific Coast Highway, letting it all out, flying down Culver Blvd and stopping off at the local drive-in hangouts. Eventually life goes on and one grows-up, well sort of! Bob graduated high school in 1954, goes down the aisle and begins his insurance career. Somewhere along the way he came to his senses. He finds Deb working his front desk, wises up and heads down the RIGHT aisle this time, following soon thereafter with another 1929 Ford roadster and eventually including a 1933 Pontiac Sedan ....

Deb's interest in cars comes early for her too - watching my Two Big Brother's dragging home some old Ford jalopy, car parts, and building motorized go-carts. All much to our Dad's chagrin and wonderment that 'The Boys' got any of it to run. My first car was a red 1958 Triumph TR-3. After it broke down bringing it home, got it fixed and I began to learn what a clutch is… and …. does! First gear was Not synchronized so I also learned what grinding gears sounded like and how to get out of an intersection in a hurry. Drove it back and forth to college, learning many things, but also that thieves like unlockable cars - stolen top and side windows. Not really the car for me -- so a couple of years later I bought a 1956 T-bird - turquoise blue. Loved that car - me and my T-bird… For 12 years we went lots of places together. Even moved up to Reno, NV for a year and showed those people what a car really is.... But no 'hot-rods' for me. I had to work and finish college. Came back home to San Fernando Valley and found myself working for Bob and finally finished college. Waiting for Bob at the end of that aisle brought me Him, and eventually me into the world of hot rods, car shows, runs, rallies, and breakdowns, parts and more parts. Old cars also brought us car clubs with good people and fun times.

There you have it, a very short bio of our car years.....Debbie and Bob

Getting to know you.....

Gary & Shannon Smith, we both grew up in West Virginia (WV), went our separate ways in our early 20s and as luck would have it, to my delight we reconnected some 25 years later in Tucson, Arizona! We live on the northeast side of Tucson and love taking drives up Mt. Lemmon-that mountain is magical!! We enjoy traveling, cruises, trips back to "da hills" of WV, etc. We also enjoy & spend a lot of our time at our condo in Pinetop, Arizona.

We have been members of the CCCT now for several years, dating back to the late 90's.

As for cars I think it started literally when I was a child around 7 years old. I really do not know why but anything with wheels has always intrigued me! It can be motorcycles, cars, a little red wagon, as long as it has wheels on it!

My car is a 1966 Chevelle Malibu convertible – I purchased this car in San Bernardino, Ca. while stationed at Norton Air Force from a friend for a sum of $500, at that time it was bone stock, hub caps, 282CI, 2 speed power-guide transmission, no power top and the only option on it was an AM radio! The year was 1974.

It was a "plain jane" type of car back in those days with hub caps, pale blue in cover, just boring so my plans were to keep it for 6 months and sell it for something better. I guess the only reason I never sold it was: (1) it was a convertible and (2) I really like the lines of the car, the design, it just grew on me after a time!

A little history of the car: I've owned the car for the last 46 years, in the late 70s it was stolen, stripped and was brought back home on a flat-bed trailer after being half buried in an orange grove in Redlands California. It's also been wrecked a couple of times and so forth, good times and bad!

In the last 10 years I've rewired the car bumper-to-bumper, new rear end, new 700R transmission, and most recently a new rebuilt 327 engine, probably 10 grand or more far exceeding my $500 investment in 1994.

Thank you Gary & Shannon for the great article.

Getting to know Ron & Lilla Kurz

A little about us: we met, got married and raised our family in San Diego CA. We have 2 sons, the youngest still lives in San Diego and is single. The oldest has been in the Air Force 21 years and is currently stationed at Langley AFB in Virginia with his wife and our 4 grandkids. We have been active in car clubs for years and are still members of Street Masters and Over the Hill Gang San Diego. We both retired from the University of California San Diego, Ron as a Machinist in 2013 and myself in 2014 from the Office of the Registrar. We moved to Tucson in 2016.

Now for the cars: Ron bought his '69 Camaro RS/SS in 1972. We bought the '69 Camaro SS convertible in 1980 just before we were married. At the time we never thought of them as show cars, they were daily drivers! He bought the '64 Corvette in 1989; it took Ron 3 years to do a frame-off restoration. We have other Chevy projects; '63 Corvette convertible, '56 Nomad, '33 4 dr. Sedan original un-restored. And quite a few non-Chevy projects as well. Why? Because he wanted plenty to keep himself busy in retirement! All of the cars he buys are projects and he does all of the work on them himself, currently having 16 classics. It has been a success so far, keeping busy in retirement!

Get to know "Leonard and Delianna"

Delianna and I met some 18 years ago this past March. We were introduced by a mutual friend we both knew. Yes, it was considered a blind date, but Delianna had already done some investigating of her own. Lucky for me, the information she acquired was incorrect, because she had misspelled my last name. So, we agreed to our first date which we scheduled for a Wednesday night at Chuy's on Valencia at Midvale. The evening turned out great even with one of her four brothers watching me the whole time from Pizza Hut's parking lot. After that first date, we never looked back and we were never apart! We joined our families together and Delianna with two girls and I with my two boys instantly became a family of six. At the time, our children's ages were 16, 12, 8, and 7. We would pile up in Delianna's fairly new 2001 Rodeo Isuzu. I myself had a 1976 Chevy Scottsdale which didn't provide enough room for all of us, but the main thing was we were happy!

A couple of years went by and one day Delianna and I were out for a drive in my Chevy truck . I asked her if I could show her a truck, I was thinking about buying? She said yes. As I headed down the street, to where the truck was located. She turned to me with a puzzled face and said "Why did you bring me to my Aunt's house"? My expression was probably a smile from ear to ear or like the Grinch's facial expression as he was thinking of a plan. I explained to her the truck I had been looking at in the back yard was an old Chevy truck either a 1955 to 59 Chevy truck. Considering all the trips I had made looking at this old truck, I had never stopped to ask if it was for sale. Well, to my delight I was able to close the deal with Delianna helping all the way! The truck was finally on its way to my house, but of course on the back of a tow truck. Some time and money were spent to get the 59 Chevy going, but I know it doesn't look that way. LOL

In the years owning the truck, I never thought of my truck as being part of a car and truck show. I never even gave it a thought about joining a car club and hanging out with other people who enjoy cars and trucks. Then one day, I met a few of the guys from Leyva Rides as they participated at a car show at a church. They inspired me got me hooked talking about cars and trucks. I met Caballo who asked me if I wanted to join the club and maybe participate in the upcoming show at Golden Pin Lanes. Well my truck had been parked for a while and the bed of the truck had become a catch all. With my new desire and the support from Delianna to get my truck on the road. I was able to clean, wash, and wax the truck. Okay, well at least clean it and purchase two front new tires. The day of the car show Delianna surprised me by getting up early and being ready at 5:30 a.m.… We joined a few of the members and participated in our first caravan to Golden Pin lanes. To no surprise that day, I did not win a trophy, but I did win the 50/50 prize which gave enough money to buy the other two tires for my truck! Delianna, also enjoyed herself that day. While sitting under the shade of the canopy she too acquired a truck! She was now the proud owner of her dads old 1948 Chevy truck. As we left the car show, we realized we had a great time and had made new friends. Soon after, we became part of the Leyva Rides and Classic Chevy Club. I never would have thought she would have wanted to be part of the clubs. We are currently working on her 1948 Chevy truck which the color reminds you of "Kermit the frog". She has already installed two new windows, seat reupholstered, new tires, and is looking into a new color to paint her truck. With a few more adjustments still to come we will soon be riding in a painted truck! It has been a lot of fun for both of us to be part of Leyva Rides and the Classic Chevy Club. See everyone real soon!

Get to know

"Hector & MaryLou Lopez"

Hector was born & raised here in Tucson. My first fascination with cars was in the 1st grade with a snap together VW Beatle. That's where I became interested in auto mechanics & restoration. Years later my Dad & I built a model T-Bucket with a working engine & lights, unfortunately a couple years later that T-Bucket fell prey to me learning to shoot a BB gun.

In 7th grade as part of assignment I was asked to write out a detailed outline on how to begin & complete a classic car restoration, I got an A+ on that. Back then I was into Big Daddy Ed Roth custom car creations. I built some of his models such as the Alley Cart, bubble window T-Bucket & thought that Rat Fink was the coolest.

Part of my die-cast collection contains a custom 57 Nomad wagon with Rat Fink coming out the top. In high school my 1st. Chevy was a 51 Deluxe Coupe 2 dr., sold it when I met my 1st. love, a Turquoise & India Ivory 56 2dr. Bel Air Sedan. Back in 1971 we Retro fitted a 348 cu in motor, sadly it was totaled 2 weeks later just after it had been painted yellow & white.

Came across my 3rd 56 2dr.Bel Air coupe years later, deal was supposedly the owner of the 56 had agreed to sell it to someone else but no money's had been exchanged, as I was talking to the guy he kept looking over my shoulder at my 63 Impala SS. That's when a stroke of genius hit, I asked him if he would like to drive it, he said yes, after the ride he was all jazzed with the 63, I pitched him a deal, to trade straight across for his 56 and he went for it.

Before all that the guy told me the 56 had tranny issues, I didn't tell him that I had run into that problem before (ha ha) I came by the following day with some tools, a new tranny filter & fluid & drove it home. The look on his face was priceless.

Ahhh.. this is kind a where I met MaryLou, who was also born and raised in Tucson. She was the proud owner of a Yellow & Black 4 dr. Torino. Quick short story, I had met up with my good friend on the way to our Sunday cruse at Kennedy Park, he tells me: "hey I just saw the 56 with a bunch of girls in it turn the corner on two wheels". My reply was "that's my new girlfriend", and that's when she was converted to a Chevy lover. That's when I knew she was the one for me. Eventually we traded in the big yellow banana (as it was christened) for a 79 2dr.Chrysler LeBron, a year later we had Hector Jr. then 2 ½ years later we had Chris.

When I met her family, her Dad had a brand new 1979 short bed stepside, Scottsdale P/U. We watched it go through 2 brothers & 1 sister in law. Years later, after everyone beat it up and it had a blown engine it got parked at her grandfather house. One day I received a call from her Mom asking if I thought she could get $500 for dad's truck. I hung up the phone and told MaryLou I'll be right back, I shot over to the bank for some money, went over to mom's and handed her the money & came home to show MaryLou the title. We still have that truck and the family still calls it Dad's truck.

Eventually I sold the 56 that MaryLou was seen turning the corner on two wheels due to it was rear ended, it was repaired but it was never quite right. The 56 we have now (Plum Crazy) was bought back in 1982 for $500.00 all it needed was a battery, carb & starter and I could have driven it. But I was determined this one was going to be a work of art, so I tore it apart. Long story short after raising a family and maintaining 2 homes and Marylou complaining there was no closet space in our house due to storing parts for the 56. We decided we needed an enclosed garage. We bought a bigger house & wouldn't you know it, it came with an enclosed garage. 37 years later-it was finished on April 24, 2019 around 3:30 AM so it could be at its first car show, the 2019 Chevy Showdown.

GETTING TO KNOW PAT & SANDY CROAN

Greetings. We are Pat and Sandy Croan and we've recently (actually been a year) moved to Tucson from Temecula, CA. We've been married for 31-years, both retired, and have a son and daughter. Before moving to Tucson, and for about 13-years we were members of a southern California car club where I served as president for the last 9-years. We really enjoyed those experiences and look forward to some more good times with the CCCT. We also understand and appreciate the work that goes into a successful club; thank you.

Our involvement in the car culture happened in 2003. I wanted to buy a cheap old convertible car that we could drive the kids around the wine country where we lived, and maybe get them involved fixing it up. I really didn't have a preference of car, as long as it wasn't a F**d. When you enter $5k or less into the search field in the classic car ad's you don't get much to choose from. Corvair's were affordable and I found one on Ebay that didn't sell.

I cleaned, replaced, upgraded, and learned until the car was fairly presentable. We joined a couple of clubs and started going to car shows. The car won several awards, it's been invited to two Concours d' Elegance car shows in Palm Springs, and found its way into the local Tucson Corvair Club newsletter when we crashed a Ferrari gathering.

Here's likely the only time you'll see a picture of a Corvair parked between a Tucker and a Packard Caribbean:

This picture was lifted from the Tucson Corvair Club newsletter:

Beauty and the Beasts

On March 15, Patrick Croan was winery hopping with a friend from Williams when he pulled into the parking lot of the Thornton Winery in the heart of Temecula Valley wine country. The lower parking lot was full of Farraris - all colors from blue to silver, but lots of red. They parked in the upper partking lot and walked down to get a closer look. There were lots of spectators. There was a long row of red ones and suddenly one of them pulled out. It hit Patrick that a red Spyder parked in that spot would make a great picture! Being a good Corvair guy, he couldn't help but crash their party. He ran back up the hill and pulled the Spyder around. Some walked by and couldn't be bothered but most thought it was a really cool car. The Ferrari guys started taking pictures and Patrick started taking pictures. Patrick says, "I think if it had been anything but a Corvair we would've been snubbed."

In 2018/19 I took everything off the car that could be removed and had it repainted from red to crème Brule and had a leather interior installed to match. I restored nearly everything this time and did plenty of upgrades. I had already replaced the motor with a newer, larger displacement performance engine in the past, but to be different, this time I installed a DIS and fuel injection system with water/

Sandy and I are happy to be in Tucson and to be members of the CCCT. Looking forward to gathering and getting out and enjoying our cars with everyone

Get to know…

JERRY and JERI DETTMANN

My interest in cars started at age 16. My father had purchased a 1950 Ford, which was the car I learned to work on. It was in the family for 1 year and during that time I had to replace one clutch, nine transmissions, and one u-joint and the thrust washers in the third member. In 1965 I joined the Air Force and purchased a 1958 Chevy Bel Air with a 283 and a Turbo-glide transmission. That transmission lasted for 2 years at which time it was replaced with a 3 speed.

A year later when having new tires installed I was told the upper and lower ball joints needed replacement. Not having the tools I opted to sell the car and buy and newer one, a 1964 Chevy Impala SS, with a 300 HP, 327 and Muncie 4 speed. Now it was time to make the car mine so I had chrome wheels and red line tires installed and then took the car in for an alignment. It turned out the ball joints had also seen their day and needed to be replaced. So I purchased a center punch and drill and replaced them.

The Impala was kept until 1976 after Jeri and I were married purchased a house and had our first child. The car was almost given away, but at the time who ever thought it would be a classic. Then we purchased a 1972 Chevy Nova which we kept until 1981. Now with a new house and a second child cars were not the first thing on my mind so they were put on a very back burner.

It wasn't until around 1997 that talking with a friend at work I started thinking about cars and the possibility of getting something that could be a hobby. But this also was not to be a reality because of space in the garage and other interests at the time.

This brings us to 2012 on a trip to Ohio to visit some relatives, my wife has an x-uncle that had a 1939, Chevy Business Coupe he need to sell because of a divorce. He lived on a farm so the car was in a barn and not taken care of the way he or I would have liked. We decided to buy the car, had it shipped back to Arizona and after 4 years we sold the car to purchase a 1964 Chevy Malibu the first of January 2017. It still needs some work but the body, paint and interior are all in great shape so most of the expensive work is done.

By Rick and Carol Timberlake

Rick arrived in Tucson in 1958 and stayed in the area until 1985 (but as an Air Force brat, went overseas for two years during that span). Graduated from Rincon HS and the University of Arizona.

Carol came to Tucson in 1983 in search of a new life and job opportunity. The job opportunity was managing a branch credit union office onsite at Lear Jet. Meeting Rick who was also employed at Lear Jet at the time took care of the new life part.

We were married in 1984, and in 1985 moved to SoCal for work. We both worked in aerospace, ultimately retiring from Northrop Grumman in 2010. Two years after retiring, we returned to Arizona to be closer to grandkids in Queen Creek.

As long-time car enthusiasts, we have been into early Mustangs, then on to street rods. We took the Chevy plunge in April 2015, buying a 1964 Chevelle Malibu station wagon. The car had been built near the San Diego area about 10 years ago, used for a short while, then parked for maybe 8 years as the owner moved to Sierra Vista and was building a home. Needing money to finish the house, he decided to sell the car.

We have had to clean, and clean and clean! And re-wire, and get it to run right (it stalled every time you made a right hand turn). Changed wheels and tires, and did lots of things to complete the car – and that work is still in progress. And, of course, it is never done!

Memory of loss members

I know for certain that we never lose the people we love, even to death. They continue to participate in every act, thought and decision we make. Their love leaves an indelible imprint in our memories. We find comfort in knowing that our lives have been enriched by having shared their love.— Leo Buscaglia

Get to know…

RICHARD WAER

Freedom. That's the word that kept running through my mind when I bought my first car, a 1963 Chevy II, after high school. She had a 194 CID straight 6, a sketchy Powerglide, a rough body, and she was ALL MINE. I kept her through college, swapping the straight 6/Powerglide for a 'Vette 327 with 12.5:1 compression backed by a TH350 and going through rear tires at a steady rate. In my senior year the electrical system fried itself so I gave her up.

Over the years I've had a variety of cars - 1971 Datsun 240Z, 1993 Porsche 911 RS America (still have it), numerous trucks, SUVs and sedans – that helped me exercise the freedom of going anywhere, anytime. Sometimes those exercises were day trips, sometimes weekend trips and sometimes they were cross-country moves courtesy of the U.S. Navy, but I was always in my car driving to a new adventure. While deployed to Iraq from 2009-10 I frequently thought of taking a long road trip (something which carried a considerable amount of risk in that country) and thought about what it would take to restore the 1958 Cadillac convertible that had been sitting in my grandmother's backyard for 30+ years. It turns out she'd promised it to one of my uncles, so I was out of luck. After returning I purchased a 1967 Camaro convertible and the following spring set out on Route 66 with one of my cousins, starting at Chicago. Due to time constraints, we did all of it except the California leg so that last bit is on my To-Do list once the 383 engine swap is complete.

A few years ago at a family reunion one of my cousins approached me about taking a car off her husband's hands, a 1964 Corvette roadster. He had purchased it from a salvage yard a decade prior and let it sit untouched in his father's garage. The pictures showed the car was in rough shape, and we were doing some work on our house at the time, so I passed. However, a year later they still had it so we worked out a deal and the old gal is currently in the process of a ground up restoration.

Last summer I added another project to the queue, a 1956 Chevy pickup that had been sitting in a farmer's field for 20+ years. She has the big rear window, three on the tree, and a factory V-8 backed by an overdrive transmission. When the cars are finished I'll start working on her.

So why all of the cars/trucks? It's simple: freedom.

Get to know...
Rudy Soto

I was born in Tucson in 1950.

I own three cars all Chevy powered. I have a 1930 Ford with a 350 engine and a Blower. I also have a 1923 T-Bucket that I licensed in 1977, and of course my 1968 Camaro that I bought in December of 1970. I purchased the Camaro from O'Reilly Chevrolet for around $1,700. My love affair for 47 years!

I retired from Ratheon, here in Tucson, a few years ago. During my working career I also painted aircraft and cars.

I am now currently looking for a 1950 Chevy P/U Truck to restore.

8 Best ways to get to know someone:

1. Ask genuine questions
2. Focus on questions that further a conversation
3. Avoid rapid-fire questions
4. Accept the awkwardness
5. Actively listen to their answers
6. Pay attention to **how** they respond
7. Stay present
8. Be honest

NECESSARILY CLASSIC

By Carl Frers

"I've had old cars for a long time, not because they were classics, but because I couldn't afford anything else. My first car was a Model A when I was 15 so I could go to high school 10 miles away (sure wish I had it back!). I spent four years in the Marine Corps ('54-'58), got married in 1960 (she passed away in 2005), worked for the Post Office for 32 years, during that time I started up a camper company building custom toppers and campers for customers (one time I had three people working for me and I was working for Uncle Sam!). In 1991, when we moved to Tucson, I bought all of my woodworking tools and started a cabinet shop (I quit in 2013). I had a 1961 Falcon Ranchero. We bought it new and sold it in 2015. Now I have a 1964 Chevelle Malibu that is mostly original. We bought it from my mother-in-law's estate sale in 1974. Now I do mostly nothing and sometimes less than that. And enjoying the heck out of life, finally. I also sold custom cabinetry at craft shows and I had my own craft show for four years until 2013 (Ginny, my wife, said it took much time and I was ready to quit anyway, so I did)." – Carl Frers

Get to Know…

Rick Acevedo

My interest in classic cars started in 1961. I was 13 years old. That was the year my mother, a widow, purchased a 1957 Bel Air. It was "love at first sight" the day she drove it home! A few weeks later my 18-year-old sister gave me my first driving lesson.

The following year, my older brother purchased a 1954 Bel Air. I set a goal for myself, I wanted a Bel Air too. While attending high school, it took me 3 years working part-time after school and on weekends at a neighborhood "Mom and Pop" grocery store to achieve my goal. My dream became a reality in my senior year. I was the proud owner of a 1955 Bel Air.

In 1970 I sold the car to my best friend for $100 when I enlisted in the military. That was the same year I met my wife Rosemari. She owned a 1969 Pontiac Le Mans. We dated two months, married and recently celebrated our 46th Anniversary. I returned from Viet Nam in 1972 and took advantage of the GI Bill. In 1974 the Le Mans was a trade-in for a new Chevy Nova of that year. My first new car! I am currently restoring the Nova.

In 1980 I found a 1957 truck. It was exactly what I wanted, a short bed step-side with a wraparound window. The restoration of the truck took five years to complete. It then served as my "daily driver" to work. I was employed at Learjet at the time. Two months following the restoration, the truck was t-boned in a mid-day accident caused by an intoxicated female driver who had no car insurance. The truck was totaled. I had invested a good chunk of change on the restoration so I purchased the truck from my insurance company.

The 2nd restoration of the truck was put on the back burner with the purchase of a 1957 Bel Air SW in 1986. It has been a slow labor of love these past years, balancing time and money to bring the SW to its current condition with NO RESTORATION. The non-restoration included the "farming out" of the following: paint job (1988), original engine overhaul (2005), new upholstery and head liner (2006), and update of non-working factory A/C to Vintage Air (2014). All other minor repairs are self-performed.

I have always looked forward to attending and entering the SW in local and some out-of-state (CA, NM and NV) car shows. Nowadays, even more so since my retirement last January. I find conversing with other car enthusiasts at car shows to be enjoyable and knowledgeable.

A Contribution from Our Newest Member

By Louis Adams

My folks moved to Tucson when I was two and I have lived here for over 55 years so I'm about as close as you can be to a native Tucsonan without being born here. My name is pronounced 'Louie' although spelled Louis due to my father's French Canadian roots. I started driving when I was twelve in my brother's Baja Bug and have loved cars ever since. I bought my first vehicle when I was 15 and

I couldn't drive it for 9 months until I got my license (at least that is what I let my parents believe). It was a '57 Chevy truck I got from a neighbor. Since then, I have had over 50 cars of many different styles, makes and models.

I have always been fond of the 1955-1959 Chevy Workforce Trucks. When I set out to get this one I wanted to get something that was a little unusual. The NAPCO 4WD trucks were interesting to me, so I kept a look out for one that wasn't perfect but not in need of a total restoration. I found an original 1955 Chevy dealer conversion NAPCO 4WD and have been working on it for the last year and a half. The drive train needed some work and has been restored by Mark at Western Differential. The rest of the time has been spent fixing 60 years of wear and tear and other repairs. My goal is to get it back to being a reliable driver while keeping it as original as possible.

Be sure to check out the Tucson Corvair Association newsletter at http://corvairs.org/TCA_corvairsation.htm

Paul and Janett Bradford

In May of 1955 I got my first new car where I grew up in Rapid City, SD. It was was a 1955 Sea Mist over Neptune Green four door V-8 Chevy Belair with 3speed and overdrive. A year later I married my wonderful wife Janett and we left almost immediately for Los Angeles. Then in 1957 Uncle Sam requested my service and I was eventually stationed in Phoenix. Ten years later in 1967 the company I was working

for transferred me to Tucson. (I'm not sure what I did to deserve that!) Anyway almost 50 years later we are still here. And so is the Chevy.

As our family grew to include two girls and three boys the Chevy was not big enough to hold the whole gang and it was finally put out to pasture (in the back yard) in favor of a string of Station Wagons. I always intended to restore the car "someday" but with all the kid's activities; Sports, Boy scouts etc. there was never time. As the boys became teenagers they each began restoring the Chevy.

Then when our youngest son was fourteen in 1982 he completely refurbished the interior and changed the color to the red and white it sports today. By the time I retired from Raytheon in 1999 it was in need of some serious mechanical work but once again restoration was put on the back burner as we decided to sell the house and travel year around in a motorhome. Now after visiting all 50 states and Canada I hope to complete the restoration to make it a daily driver. WITH AIR CONDITIONING!

BIO OF MEMBER JIM MORRIS (and father of Member Steve Morris)

It all started when my son Steve bought his buddy's 72 Chevelle Malibu. I had not paid much attention to Chevelles although my older brother at one time had a Chevelle station wagon.

Well we started working on that old Chevelle and about 1991 I had an opportunity to buy a 1967 Chevelle Malibu that was pretty hot for a street car. That one became my daily driver for about fifteen

years. Now it's my project car. It's an original Tucson car and I am the third owner and its always been in Tucson (no rust)

The project is to turn it into a L79 type 327, with about 350 hp and try to get the performance out of it that would have been expected in 1967, with an e.t. of 14.0 or about 100 mph in the quarter mile. Steve and I have figured out these Chevelles pretty well and do much of the work on them ourselves.

We moved to Tucson in Oct 1969 and raised two children here and have enjoyed the city and the weather. My wife passed away last year, so now I spend my time on the car and home maintenance.

By George Lipphardt

I moved to Scottsdale, Arizona in the mid-fifties with my family. About1964, we moved to Tucson, and I've lived here ever since.

In 1964, during my senior year at Palo Verde H.S., my dad allowed me to drive his 1959 El Camino around, and to school as well.

I passed the Elkie on to my older brother, when I went into the Navy after high school. He blew up the engine, and I never saw it again.

I went to work at the Tucson Police Department in 1970, and bought a brand new Monte Carlo in 1972. I kept that car for about 12 years. I retired from the police department in 1995.

Later in life, I always wanted to get a classic car, but it wasn't until 2015, that I finally stepped up and bought my gold, 1970 El Camino SS.

I married my wife Karen in 1973, and we have three wonderful children and eight grand children. Unfortunately, they don't have the same interest in classic cars as I do.....maybe someday?

My Angel Baby...She's Real Fine
By Melisa Hadinger

For as long as I can remember, my dad was a collector of classic Chevys. He had them in the garage, in the driveway, parked on the street, and even on the grass in the back yard. I know this is where my love of Chevys sprouted. Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted a classic Chevy.

In 2007 my dad was diagnosed with prostate cancer. By the time he caught it, it had metastasized throughout his entire body in the form of bone cancer. There was nothing they could do other than "keep him comfortable." The inevitable happened and my dad passed away on August 6, 2009. My daughter, Alli was just 7 months old and I was newly pregnant with Samantha.

My dad had 6 classic Chevys and enough parts to supply a full garage. It was decided that my brothers and I would each be willed a classic. Justin got the 61 Impala, Travis opted for the 63 409 (and the 78 corvette), and I got the 56 210 Post. The 59 Bel Air and the other 63 Impala along with miscellaneous parts were donated to the Classic Chevy Club of Denver.

In January 2011, our '56 named "Angel Baby" was picked up by Spud and Roy Hester. We

named her Angel Baby because that's what my Dear ol' Dad called me. I knew the restoration would be a long process and even more, an emotional process. I cried as she was towed away. As the years passed and Tim and I raised our young family the Hesters worked on Angel Baby and were more than patient with our modest and slow finance schedule. They were so generous with their time, advice and friendship.

In 2012 Tim and I hit some hard times and had to pull Angel Baby from Spud and Roy's shop. We made arrangements for storage and spoke to the Hesters. After divulging our sad story, the Hesters surprised us with their kindness and generosity once more. They stored Angel Baby for us. The tears flowed again.

Thankfully, after some time we were able to get the project going again. Over the years we would visit the shop and see all the stages of our full frame-off modification. It was incredible. Looking back at the pictures we also saw our babies turn into

little girls. Alli even found a wrench Roy had been looking for for 2 years in a hole in his shop.

...more

More of Angel Baby…

I'm sure I took several hundred pictures and I'm glad I did. It'll make for a great scrapbook.

In 2016 the anticipation was extremely high. We knew the Hesters were close to completing the massive transformation of Angel Baby. In the fall we were told she'd be home in the very near future. On Thanksgiving Day 2016 Angel Baby was delivered. As you can imagine we had so

much more to be thankful for. The waterworks were on high.

We had 17 Hadingers in town for the holiday weekend, so everyone got a ride...or two! We aren't flashy people, but we held our heads high and drove the family around with pride.

Tim, Alli, Sammie, and I will forever be grateful and thankful for Spud and Roy Hester. Our hearts are full. We drive her with pride and smile at the lookey-loo's. We absolutely love the '56. She truly is beautiful. And I feel like I have a piece of my Dear ol' Dad.

Melisa , Tim, Sammie and Alli

Greenbrier Stimulus Package

By Ron J. Bloom

There it sat, "my" '62 Greenbrier across the street, all complete and intact, with 20-year-old tires, and sitting on blocks. The only problem was it belonged to my neighbor, Dusty. From time to time I would venture over and ask Dusty, "Want to sell?" His answer was always the same, "No, one of these days I'm going to fix it up." So I would take a look at it through the windows. It was so full you could not get one more thing in it.

So, on a nice sunny day in May of 2009 the mailman brought me a stimulus check for $250.00. Good, I can use that money; buy more parts for my '61 two-door. But instead, I went to Dusty and again asked him, "Hey, Dusty, want to sell the Greenbrier?" This time he hesitated. My heart was pounding, was this the day? Dusty finally took a big breath and said, "You know, I believe I will. I turned 80 last week; don't really have the time anymore to fool with it." I could not believe it after all these years. "Great! How much?" He said, "Make an offer." O boy, now what am I going to do? He is my neighbor; I sure don't want to offend him. So I said, "Well I can get my hands on $500.00 would you consider that?" Dusty asked me if I was going to keep it or sell it. I said, "O my! I am going to fix it up and drive it. I would never sell it." "Good," he said, "how about you give me $250.00 and take it home." I said, "Don't move I will be right back."

Ron's Greenbrier not long after he brought it home from Dusty's.

When I returned with the money from my stimulus check, Dusty said, "I will have to find the title, but go ahead and take it home." Then added, "I just want you to know the last time I drove it, I just barely made it down the drive way. I think the clutch is out."

Ron and Lynn Bloom with their finished Greenbrier.
Photos by Jerry schneider Tucson AZ.

I asked him if he knew the history of this Greenbrier. I was thrilled to find out he was the original owner, brought it brand new in California and drove it home. WOW, that makes me the second owner. I have the original title dated September 11, 1962, with a sticker price of $2385.00 and a California Registration fee of $2.50.

The next day the guys went with me to push my Greenbrier home. After all the stuff had been removed, I was able to see the inside for the first time. The headliner was perfect—not a mark on it. The front drivers seat was down to the springs, no problem I can recover that. However, the rear seats were not in it. I asked Dusty about the seats he said they were in the garage hanging up; he had taken them out and never used them. They looked brand-new, right off the show room floor, original fabric and all.

I said to myself, "it don't get any better than this." But my next discovery was even more surprising. In the back I saw an A/C evaporator. I went to the front and sure enough, there was another one. Whoa! Dual A/C! Dusty said, "I had A/C put in, got to have air, beings we are in the desert. I have a whole bunch of spare parts, if you want them. One

Greenbrier - continued

The front A/C cluster, yes that is a row of gauges underneath.

of these days I will dig it out and you can have it all." Wonderful! Was I ever happy!

Pushing the Greenbrier home I said, "Wonder if it will run?" The gas tank was half full of 25-year-old gas. So I changed the oil and filter, put in a new battery and primed the carbs. Thirty seconds later the 80 hp is running, quiet, no noise, unbelievable!!! Talk about Corvair tough.

I installed brand new brake shoes, rebuilt the master cylinder and the wheel cylinders, and added new 14" whitewalls. Let's see if this thing will even drive. With much revving, I coaxed the van a few feet—for sure, the clutch is out.

So out comes the drive train and a new clutch gets installed. The undercarriage is all but perfect. The desert is so kind to vehicles—no cancer, maybe one day I will do the rotisserie thing but not now, I just want to drive it.

Next step was the interior. The front seat gets upholstered, the headliner is painted white, it is perfect. All the inside panels get recovered, red and white. The windows get tinted, lots and lots of cleaning with Awesome. I removed dog dish hubcaps, storing them in a safe place, and replaced them with three-prong spinners wheel covers.

Now I need tags and registration. A trip to the Arizona DMV for inspection, and the agent informs me, "Guess what?It is not in the system." (Wonder how come?) "So now what?" I asked. The DMV agent said, "Its not stolen, but you will need to have a notarized bill of sale." I head back to see Dusty for a bill of sale. No problem, I am soon headed back to the DMV with bill of sale in hand. I was told I would need to sign a non-operation paper stating that the van had not been driven, no accidents or tickets. Really! OK, I'll sign it. As she slid the new title over to me, she asked, "You want the old title?" I replied, "You bet I do!" I have my new tags and can now drive the "barn door." (Reference to the van's wind resistance.)

For the first trip in the Greenbrier I chose Palm Springs. All is good, great gas mileage (18mpg) A/C cooling; really having a nice day. People are going by giving the Greenbrier thumbs-up making me proud. Everything went smoothly until people started going by blowing their horns and giving the good luck sign. That is when I looked out the rear view mirror to see that I was laying down a nice deep blue haze, some refer to it as mosquito control. The last 100 miles took 12 quarts of oil. Fortunately, my good friend, Jim Mills, was there with his motor home and trailer. I drove his Rampside back to Tucson and he trailered my Greenbrier.

Back home, I pulled the engine to find the # 5 cylinder with busted rings; maybe because I had put 102 heads on, maybe the timing was too fast, or maybe old age had finally caught up. I had access to a XXZ 110 replacement engine that was in a '65 convertible. The engine was rebuilt and, because it was a replacement engine it had provisions to be used by a car or a truck. We were able to move the oil filler tube to the correct position. I also decided I was tired of shifting and converted to a Powerglide.

Ron and Lynn's Greenbrier is ready for its next trip

My friend Everett Ray painted the van white with red stripe,and a clear coat. Oh how it shines! Everett Ray, you did an outstanding beautiful job.

I added new red carpet from Clark's and put in new window fuzzies to quiet the window rattle and wind noise. I put on a valance spoiler from a '93 Ford Aerostar on the front, and it drives and hugs the highway so nice. The AM radio works great. I was going to put up a sign "have waterbed will travel," but my wife nixed that idea. It takes a trophy every now and then to make my labor of love all worthwhile.

In Loving Memory of Jack Monahan

John F. "Jack" Monahan, 72, of Tucson, AZ, died of lung cancer on May 17, 2018, at Peppi's House hospice center in Tucson.

Born August 15, 1945 in Gary, Indiana, he attended Holy Angels Cathedral School and Horace Mann High School (class of '63), served as a machinist in the U.S. Navy, and graduated with a bachelor's degree in accounting from Indiana University. After a career in accounting at Arthur Andersen and other organizations, he attended DePaul University for an additional bachelor's degree in education and then the University of Chicago for a math education master's degree. He went on to teach middle-school math and science in the Chicago Public Schools and later in Vail, AZ.

A skilled, self-taught remodeler and mechanic, he re-habbed several homes over the years but was most proud of his restored Lancia sports car and his rebuilt and restored 1965 Chevy Malibu convertible.

He crewed frequently on sailboats racing from Chicago to Mackinac Island, and was an active member of the Columbia Yacht Club as well as the Point Judith Yacht Club in Rhode Island. He was also a regular participant in the Classic Chevy Club of Tucson, showing his car and editing the club newsletter.

Volunteering was very important to him and he gave time and energy to many organizations, including the following:

Arizona:

- Osiris-Rex Ambassador
- Honored with a minor planet being named after him for his commitment to the program; planet's name is "75842 Jackmonahan" (see 75842 in link below) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meanings_of_minor_planet_names:_75001–76000
- 390th Memorial Museum Foundation volunteer
- TROT (Therapeutic Riding of Tucson) volunteer
- Pima County Parks and Recreation nature volunteer

Illinois:

- Big Brothers Big Sisters
- Special Olympics

Jack was preceded in death by his parents, David Dempsey Monahan and Margaret Wilson Monahan. He is survived by his wife of 25 years, Patricia "Pat" McDonald Monahan and their golden retriever, Ceili; two brothers, David Wilson Monahan and William Dempsey Monahan; and two sisters, Peggy Frick and Terry Monahan; nieces and nephews Kathy Monahan, John Monahan, Bob Monahan, David Monahan, and Max Monahan Plenke; and 5 grand-nieces and nephews.

A memorial service will be held on June 18, 2018 at the Arizona Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Marana, AZ. In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation in Jack's name to Big Brothers Big Sisters of America, Steady Strides Riding Center, a non-profit therapeutic riding center in Tucson at 8987 E. Tanque Verde, Ste 309-389, Tucson, AZ 85749, or Special Olympics.