

## Tom Dawson Remembers His Father's 'El Camino'

My father's favorite vehicle of all time, (and he had some beauties), was a 1973 Chevrolet El Camino. More precisely, it was an El Camino 'Super Sport.' That meant it had SS stripes and badges on the grille and tailgate. In 1973, that was pretty much the extent of Detroit high performance. Nevertheless, he loved that car/truck. Yellow with black SS stripes, 350, automatic, power steering and brakes, bench seat. Nothing special. Nineteen seventy-three was a year where Chevrolet and GM must have bought steel from the third world or somewhere because the 'tin worm' loved that El Camino. I know he had the rust repaired and the car repainted at least twice.

At this point in his life, Dad got back to his roots and raised beef cattle on his farm in White Hall. The El Camino was not his primary farm truck, but he didn't baby it either. It was, after all, a truck. The farm also was home to many groundhogs, much to his chagrin. Dad always kept a 2-22 rifle with a scope behind the seat. One day, as was often the case, he spies a varmint down by the corn crib about 40 yards away. Dad was a pretty good shot. He grabs his rifle, sneaks next to his car, lays the gun on the driver's side of the bed, shooting across the passenger side, and lets one rip! Nothin'! The groundhog turns and looks at him. OK, you no good son of a...*BLAM!* Another miss! Now the critter kind of smiles at him. Enough of this. Dad sneaks down by the corn crib and *KABLOOEY!* 'rest in peace' you varmint you!

Feeling vindicated and smiling to himself, he turns to come back to the car to put his trusty rifle behind the seat. 'YIKES!' "My truck, my beautiful El Camino!"

There on the passenger side of the bed are two rather large, ugly bullet holes! You see, with a 2-22, high-powered rifle, the scope sits about two inches above the barrel and dad used soft-nose shells. These shells make a small hole going in and a rather large, ugly exit hole. Good for taking care of varmints, not good for El Caminos. Especially when the wiring harness runs right through the line of fire, unknown to dad at the time.

Now, it was dad's and several of his friends habit to stop down at the old Southern States feed mill and have a cup of coffee and spread a little manure, if you get my drift. His first trip was uneventful, but on the next visit, one of the guys spied the wounded El Camino in the parking lot. Being crack shots themselves, they all had to see, and instantly knew what had happened.

Now it starts, the fodder was there, and it lasts for months. Insult to injury, the State Trooper felt no sympathy when he heard the story. "Sir, your car needs brake and tail lights. Get it fixed!"

As was my normal routine, I stopped by after work to say hello, (I lived almost next door). There sits the poor baby licking it's wounds, and I noticed, (hard not to), the dastardly deed. Being the smart-alec that he raised, I suggested that if that beast of an El Camino is still alive after dinner, I would give him a hand and we could push it off a cliff! With that, I heard, "Why don't you shut up and go home where you belong!"

You could only push my Dad just so far. End of story!

*Continued from page 1... 'President Parrish'*

involved in regional activities ranging from planning tours and monthly events to promoting membership and taking responsibility as chief judge. He served as assistant chairman of the 2000 AACA Founders Tour and later as national meet chairman for the 2006 Eastern Spring Meet and chief judge for the 2015 Eastern Spring Meet, both in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Both Bob and Dot are dedicated car people with a passion for Chevrolets. AACA has truly become an extension of their family, as they are eager participants in many region, national meets and tours. Together they have raised two fine sons, Bob Jr. and Scott, who have provided Bob with more recruiting opportunities in six grandsons ranging in age from six to 16. There has to be a car guy or two in there somewhere.

Please join with Chesapeake Region President Paula Ruby and husband Gary November 13 and extend a warm CR welcome to A.A.C.A. President Robert and Mrs. Parrish!--Bill Wurzell, Editor

## TECH TALK with: Gary Ruby

Hope all is well with you, last few weeks have been rough for me. First trip to the hospital was for kidney stones, got better so we could go to the Hershey meet. We came home from Hershey on Sunday and got the cars put away and I told Paula I was getting in my chair and resting. Within a half hour I started getting chest pains, then it went to my back. Next came the real fun part, everything in me came out. Off to the hospital we went, I was admitted and was a patient there until Thursday afternoon. This time it was my Pancreas, last time it almost did me in.

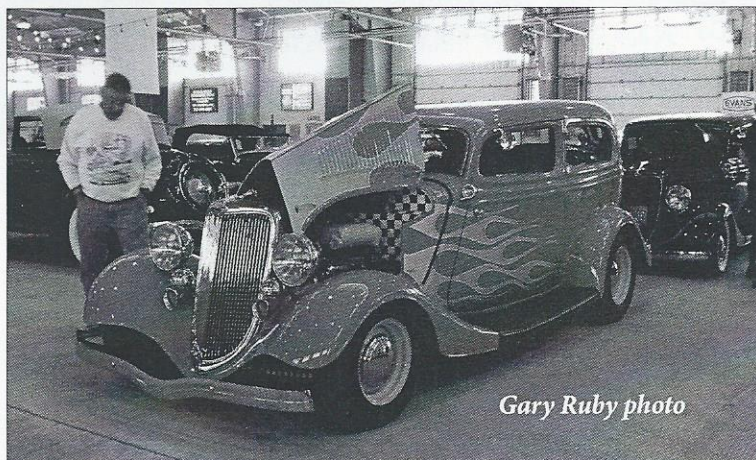
Back to the happenings at Hershey. Paula and I had a pretty good time. We had two car corral spots and there were big crowds every day. Lots of picture takers and dreamers, talked to hundreds of people about our cars. We took the 1985 Buick LeSabre Collector Edition and my 1951 Ford Victoria. We sold the Buick, which was a great car, just awarded its Grand National this year. Lots of lookers on the Ford Vicky and a bunch of trade offers, but nothing I wanted to bring home. The weather was just great on Wednesday through Friday.

Ran into a lot of club members from AACA and the Early Ford V8 Club, and a bunch of people we know from going to the big shows. One of the things I didn't think I would see was several vendors selling Trump signs and bumper stickers. Everywhere you looked was Trump stuff. Talked to one vendor and he told me he came with a pick up load of yard signs and sold out and was working on his second load. I was told you had to preregister for the car corral. This year the parking lot on the east side of The Giant Center was also full of cars for sale. I asked about that and was told they were 'day of show' spots, must be a change for this year. I would have never seen them if I didn't have my electric scooter. I felt many of the cars in the car corral were way over priced.

Saturday and the BIG show, the weather didn't cooperate, we had light rain most of the morning, but the judging went on. There were lots of empty spots. We also brought our 1956 Chevy Bel Air Convertible and it received it's First Junior. Paula and I were happy...but, she was soaked!

While at the show, the car next to me was disqualified for not having his fire extinguisher next to his car and he was nowhere to be found. While speaking to the judges, they said they may start checking fire extinguishers to see if they are up to date and working. One judge noted he had been rolling them over with his foot and a lot were the out of date. So, be warned that you need to check fire extinguishers now. How many years has yours been laying in the trunk and unchecked?

Hope to see you at our last few events of the year, get out and have some fun! See Ya, Gary



Gary Ruby photo

From Jalopyrama...Ken Stevenson's  
1934 Ford Two-Door sedan