

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

# Thanks, Dad...



Us car guys are familiar with a common answer to the question “Is it for sale?”

“No, I’m going to save it and give it to my son/daughter/niece/nephew/friend/mistress/etc.”

Such is the situation with this well-kept 1971 Chevelle. Years ago, the original numbers-matching 350 engine was getting tired, mostly due to cam lobes being worn off.

Not everyone had gotten the memo about the reduction of zinc in our trusty, favorite motor oils. The result was a big loss of power due to a couple cylinders being cancelled out to carry the load for the two lame cylinders. The engine was effectively sidelined.

Although this no doubt made the world safer for the Spotted Owl, we’re talking about a Special-order Chevelle 2-door hardtop with buckets and console, but NOT an SS.

All SS Chevelles since ‘69 came with the big-block, and this one had the small-block 2-BBL 350.

Time for a new car, anyhow so the owner decided to fix this one up for his wife. A new 290-horse crate engine was purchased from the local GM dealer, and the old engine was placed in the crate and shoved in the corner.

The new intake was for a 4-BBL so an Edelbrock carb with electric choke and chrome air cleaner was selected. Ceramic-coated Hooker headers and Flo-Pro mufflers run to a full dual system.

The Burnt Orange paint had faded a bit, so the car was repainted the stock color. The Rally Wheels wore new rings & caps along with a fresh set of white-letter tires and the car was all set for the gentler female touch.

His wife drove it for the times she needed a car, but unfortunately she passed away not long after. The car sat in the garage.

Anyone who saw this car asked if it was for sale. They were told it was going to be a

gift for his toddler daughter when she turned 16 and was old enough to drive. Sounds reasonable, so any interested parties put their checkbooks back in their pockets.

At long last, the daughter turned 16 and was able to get her driver’s licence. Dad handed her the keys and told her to go ahead and take it to Banff for an outing with her friends.

A trip to the mountains is always a treat. The trees, the lakes, the wildlife, the mountain air all make even the food and drinks taste better.

That evening, when the daughter wheeled the Chevelle up the driveway after a wonderful, refreshing day of enjoying her friends and Mother Nature, she handed the keys back to dad.

When asked how she liked it, she gave the answer many young people give: “It’s a nice car, runs great, lots of power, kind of sporty, gets lots of looks...but it doesn’t have even one cupholder, no wi-fi, nobody bothers with CD’s any more, no backup camera...should I go on?



Would you please sell it and buy me a new Honda like my friend Brittany drives.”

This is certainly something to ponder. A lot of us “established” car people are used to hot rods, and have built (or paid to have built) a few creations through the years. We know why we do it.

But young people have no intention of settling for the quirks of older cars and trucks. They want to just turn the key and go, with one hundred percent reliability... and a warranty to back that up.

New vehicles with their rack and pinion steering, disc brakes, killer stereo systems and power-just-

about-everything-as-standard-equipment have captured the hearts of the upcoming generation.

So if someone comes to your door asking if that old thing is for sale...give your head a shake before you answer.

In the meantime, if someone needs a real cool Chevelle, I know where there is one. It’s not being used at this time.

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