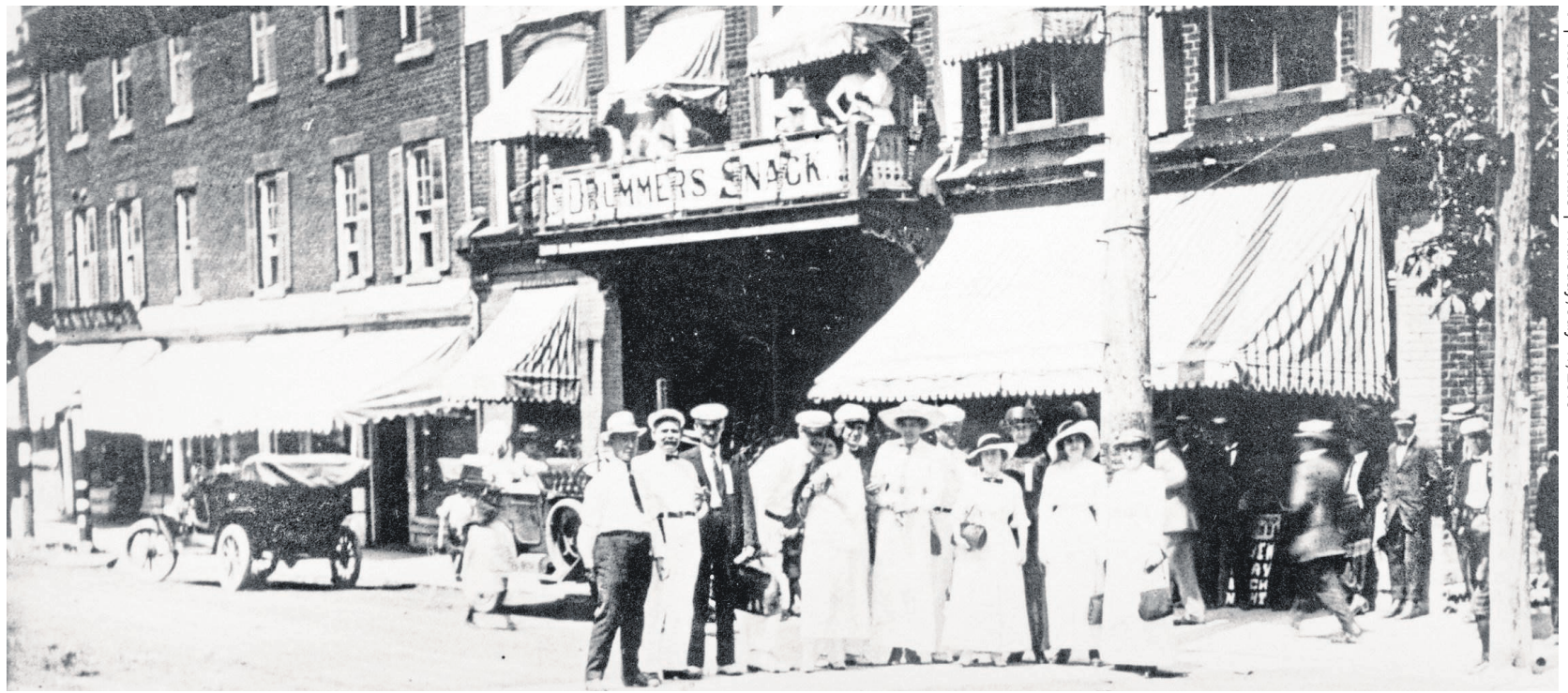


THE WAY WE WERE

The Drummers Snack banner spans the McGibbon Hotel, while excited crowds gather on the streets below in July 1912.

EHS photo



OPINION

A 'BARN FIND' IN A TORONTO GARAGE?

'67 MUSTANG A LONG-TERM PROJECT, WRITES TED BROWN



TED BROWN
Column

I have never considered myself an impetuous person when it comes to purchasing things. I research every aspect of the purchase long before buying it.

The Sidekick gives me a hard time about my cautious behaviour - I've taken months of 'research' before deciding. But a few weeks ago, that theory went out the window.

It was a Friday morning, and I enjoyed my coffee while checking

emails. One caught my eye: it was a 1967 Mustang for sale. Hmm ... I read it to the Sidekick.

"Call the number," she said in her typical matter-of-fact, damn-the-torpedoes attitude.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. As usual, I retreated into my 'cautious' mode.

"Oh, call the telephone number," she said, "What's the worst thing that can happen?"

I knew the answer: I could become the owner of a 1967 Mustang without the required two months of research and obligatory background check. I sent an email to ask for details (that seemed safe).

The seller responded in minutes, outlining some of the history of the car.

I learned that he was the second owner and purchased it from the estate of the first owner in June of 1979. When he bought it, the car was 12 years old and had 18,000 miles (not kilometres). He also said it needed some body work and wiring repairs - neither issues seemed that monumental.

We agreed to meet at his place in Toronto.

I found the car was pretty much as he described it. A wiring harness was destroyed, so the motor wouldn't start.

I could turn the water pump fan and the crankshaft was free to turn, so the motor was not seized up.

There was some rust, but nothing more than I'd expect on a 52-year-old car. And all four tires were flat, no big surprise.

Equipped with a V8 automatic, it was parked in the fall of 1992. And 27 years later I was looking at it.

We've all read about those 'barn finds,' where a car was parked in some remote barn a half a century ago and 'discovered' decades later.

All was not perfect with my find - one front wheel was seized up, requiring transporting it home on a flatbed. Once home, I inflated the tires and three of the four held air. The spare in the

trunk also holds air, so it replaced the leaking tire.

So we now have a 'project car' ready to be built/restored.

Since I had no time to research it prior to purchasing it, I now can shop around for the parts that we'll need.

I learned a lot of background from the seller, and he gave me the service invoices to back up the repairs; he also had a few stories about the car.

He first spotted it as he visited a family member at Mount Sinai Hospital in 1978. Parked in the same place every day, he decided to leave a note under the windshield wiper telling the owner that if the car was ever for sale, he'd be interested in purchasing it.

A year later, he received a call from the ex-

ecutor of the estate of the original owner. Did he still want the car?

The rest was history, and that 1967 Mustang became a longtime member of their family, with 18,000 miles on it when he bought it and 68,000 miles when he sold it to me. Two of his three kids came home from the hospital in that car, and it was the subject of many fond family outings.

And now the '67 starts another new life with the Sidekick and I.

It will be a long-term project - years, for sure. But I'm excited to take it on. And in doing so, maybe we'll create a few memories of our own.

Ted Brown is a freelance journalist for the IFP. He can be contacted at tedbit@hotmail.com.

Furnace

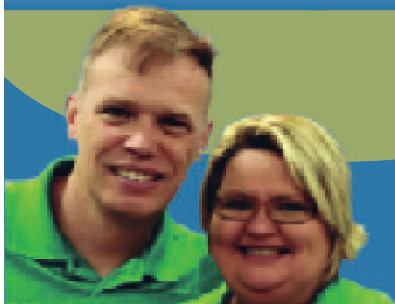
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