

Mustangs Become A Family Affair

By Robert Davenport

I would like to introduce the family.

I'm Robert L. Davenport, owner of two Mustangs — a 1965 and 1966 fastback.

My wife, Barbara A. Davenport, owns a 1987 GT Mustang.

My daughter, Dannette F. Davenport, owns a 1987 GT Mustang and my son, Robert O. Davenport, owns a 1968 Mustang Coupe.

Mustangs became a family affair for us back in 1975, when I bought my oldest daughter, Debbie, her school car. It was a brown 1968 coupe I landed for \$1,200.

She used the 289 2V to drive to school and to work. The coupe was equipped with automatic transmission, power steering air conditioning, and it served her well during her high school years.

When she got married and decided to sell or trade the Mustang for a truck, I decided to start a new hobby, so I purchased the Pony from her and began restoring it.

Being a retired chief engineer from the U.S. Coast Guard and now teaching mechanics to high school students in the Port Arthur School District in Port Arthur, Texas, I felt that restoring my daughter's coupe would be both challenging and educational.

I began by overhauling the engine and transmission and then did all of the interior work. Next, I faced my greatest challenge — painting the car.

I decided on a Buckskin color and at the time I really did not know about the color codes for Mustangs. Since it was my first paint job, I had a few runs, but it turned out well.

A few years later, I played around with 1968 coupe and decided that I might like to try my hand at restoring another Pony.

My dream was always to own a fastback and in November of 1986 I went to an auto auction in Houston. There were several fastbacks to be sold and a light blue 66 fastback from Oklahoma caught my eye.

I made up my mind that this was the car I wanted.

When the car came up for bid, the opening price was \$2,000 and two other people apparently wanted the fastback almost as much as I did. Eventually, I ended up paying \$4,700 for my prize.

The following day I drove the car back from Houston to Port Arthur and was pleased that it handled the 100 miles without any problems.

However, when I started the car the following day, I noticed the oil pressure gauge was showing low and then dropped to zero. I drained the oil and dropped the oil pan and found that the oil pump shaft had broken.

While I had the pan off, I decided to inspect the remainder of the engine. I came to the conclusion that an overhaul was in order.

Three days after I had completed the overhaul, my reverse gear in the automatic transmission went out. Undaunted, I proceeded to overhaul the transmission.

With all the mechanical parts replaced, I decided to begin restoring the car. I began with the interior and, after completing the carpet, panels and trunk moved on to the exterior. The body was in great shape — no rust or dents. All I had to do to the exterior was replace a few of the chrome parts.

I now have approximately \$7,000 in the car and I really love it.

In February of 1987 my wife, Barbara, decided she wanted a Mustang. But since she didn't share my love for tinkering with my Pony, she traded her van for a 1987 5.0 litre GT. The car is loaded and is dark blue.

The fever was spreading.

The very next day after my wife purchased her new Mustang, my daughter went down to the Ford dealership and traded her car in for a new 1987 GT. Instead of blue, she chose a red GT with a moon roof.

Six months later my son, Robert, got his Texas drivers license and decided he wanted a car.

I told him the November Houston car auction would be the best place to find a good bargain.

He picked out a silver blue 1965 Mustang fastback and we bought it with a bid of \$4,300. But during the drive back from Houston to Port Arthur he decided he did not like the newly-purchased Pony.

The brakes were bad, the engine overheated and the radio didn't play. He decided he would prefer my 1968 coupe. Now I have the 65 fastback with a 289 4V, automatic transmission, power steering, air conditioning and power brakes. Looks like I will be spending some more time in the garage.

Now that all of us own and drive Mustangs, we decided to join the Southeast Texas Mustang Club in Beaumont. I am now an officer on the board of directors, belong to The Mustang Club of America and we are all showing our Mustangs as various events across the country.

We all showed our Mustangs in Pensacola, New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Beaumont during the past year and we've started a good collection of trophies.

I must admit, however, that winning trophies isn't everything. The most enjoyable part of participating in these shows is meeting and talking to other people who share our love for Mustangs.

What's next?

Well, I have my heart set on owning a 1967 fastback. Who knows, maybe I'll find just what I'm looking for at the next auto auction.

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