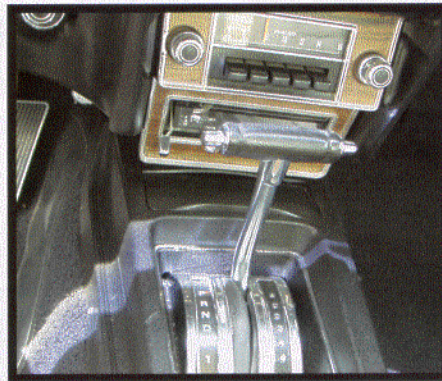


*Family
Jewel*

Linda Tolhurst inherits her dream car.



In 1968, Bobbie Scott saw a '69 Mustang in a showcase in Lockport Motors Inc. in Lockport, New York. At the time she worked for General Motors but something about this Mustang fascinated her. She stopped at the dealership and asked the salesman for information on the car. She was so impressed, that, after convincing herself that she deserved it, decided to order a Mustang. She figured it was her money she could buy what she wanted with it. So without even talking to her husband, Bobbie ordered her Mustang with the price tag totaling \$3,352.74. And Bobbie didn't just choose any Mustang, she ordered a 1969 Mach 1.

At this same time Linda, Bobbie's daughter, was a freshman at Texas Women's University in Denton, TX. Bobbie wrote Linda about the car and mailed along a brochure and asked Linda to pick out the color she liked. Linda remembers talking to her Mom and telling her "AHH it figures! I am 2,000 miles away; you are buying the car of my dreams, and I can't drive it 'til summer!" Before this, the only vehicle Linda had to drive was the family's 1960's Cutlass. Linda told her mother to pick the "blue" as it was very close to turquoise and that was and still is one of her favorite colors.

On January 31, 1969, Salesman Stoops of Lockport Motors Inc. delivered the car to Bobbie. However, the car was titled to her husband Joe, as was customary then.

As there were only two other Mach1s sold in the area, Bobbie felt like a "big shot" driving her car around, loving the attention it brought her. When Linda would come home for summer breaks while attending college, she would attempt to take the Mustang out for a "Joyride," only to be foiled by having to take a sibling along. Linda didn't care though; she was driving her dream car.

Bobbie soon realized that a car of this nature could also draw some unsavory attention. Numerous attempts were made to steal the car; fortunately none of the thieves were successful. Her dad Joe decided enough was enough. He wasn't going to have the car stolen so he parked the car in the yard and no one was allowed to drive it, not even Bobbie. That, however, didn't stop the attempts on the Mach 1. They remember people, as the car sat in the yard, attempting to steal parts off the Mustang. Joe again decided to open a bay in the garage and backed the car in. He put an old rug on top of it, along with some



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tires to hold it down. After many years, the car became a "junk collector." Linda's parents felt that no one could get to it, nor would they allow any of the kids near it. So, the Mach sat there, under the junk for nearly six years.

Throughout the years the car was in storage Linda graduated college, married her high school sweetheart Pete, and had 3 wonderful boys: Rob, Scott and Aaron. But through this time, Linda never let the dream go of some day owning the Mach 1. When Pete and Linda would take trips to visit her parents, she would always "check" on the car to see how it was weathering storage. She remembers one time making the trip and finding the Mustang partially unburied and the hood up. She asked her Dad what was going on, and he informed her that her sister wanted to fix it up to race it. This broke Linda's heart; it was always her dream to restore the Mach to its iconic beauty and keep it showroom perfect. She voiced her protest, and to her surprise, was able to sway her parents' decision. The Mustang was once again placed back in storage.

Many times, Linda offered her father \$3,000 for the car, only to be turned down. He would tell her that he'd sell the car to a stranger before he'd sell it to her. Although this hurt Linda deeply, she found out later that she wasn't the only child in the family that wanted the car. Her parents were trying to keep peace.

In November 1997, with the weather cold and threatening snow, Linda received a phone call from her father. "Linda, you can have the Mach 1. Your sister doesn't want it. But! There are 3 conditions: 1) You have it fully restored to original. 2) You have to trailer it to all the shows. 3) You're not allowed to drive it anywhere." Linda was taken aback by the call let alone the conditions. After composing herself, Linda explained to her father that she felt the conditions were unacceptable. With as much tact and reasoning as possible, she explained that "an engine like that can't sit and just idol. It needs to be opened up or it will be ruined." After some discussion, Joe agreed, and allowed her to take the car and do with it as she wished.

Fearing her father might change his mind,

Pete and Linda rented a trailer, and without hesitation, raced to New York to get the car. Thoughts kept going through her head on things she would like to do to the car and pictures began to form of what the car would look like finished.

They had to unbury the Mustang before preparing to load it on to the trailer. Because it sat for so long, the brakes had locked up and the tires had dry rotted. When they put a wrench on it to help pull it onto the trailer the only sound Linda remembers hearing is the squeal of the tires scraping on the floor. To this day, Linda hates that sound.

Once home, Pete and Linda asked a trusted mechanic his opinion on the car. He gave the car a thorough inspection and informed Linda he felt more than comfortable this car could be restored and was well worth any effort anyone put into it. That was all Linda needed to hear to put her in high gear. She informed him that she wanted the engine thoroughly gone over and in perfect running condition, even though it hadn't been started in 20 years. She wanted the brakes fixed and she wanted it drivable.

The next big project was finding someone to restore the Mach 1. Linda and Pete went to local car shows and inspect the cars, paying close attention to the detail and the quality of workmanship and began to ask the owners many questions. Linda recalls how she would pump the tires up and drive around her yard and daydream of it being fully restored.

Pete's boss recommended Ore Industries in Erie, PA, as they had handled repairs on one of his prized cars. The people at Ore fully agreed the car was well worth restoring and agreed to take on the monumental task. After two years and many hours of blood, sweat, and tears, Linda's Mach 1 was rolled out of the garage, purring like a kitten, and looking like it had just come off the showroom floor. Linda will never forget the first time she took her Mach for a ride, and the thrill she had knowing that her dream had come true.

I guess you could say that Linda comes from a GM family with a Mustang heart. As her Dad use to say "You work where you have to in order to pay for the toys you want." **MT**

