



1966 MUSTANG COUPE

By Garry A. Scutt

Since I was in high school back in the 1970's, I have owned several Mustangs. My first was a 1967 coupe with a six-cylinder automatic. It was my baby, and I treated it as such. My next Mustang was a 1966 coupe (also a six-cylinder automatic) that I purchased when I got married. I drove it to work for several years before my dream car became available. My parents' neighbor owned a Tahoe Turquoise 1966 Mustang coupe. I had wanted it from the day I first became a Mustang owner and enthusiast. The neighbors were the original owners and the Mustang had a mere 24,900 miles on the odometer in 1986. I knew the owner well, but every time I mentioned buying the car the response was always, "I'm not ready to sell it." When the day came that the owner changed her mind, walked over to my house, and asked if I might still be interested in buying her Mustang, I could not sell my war-worn '66 fast enough. I then bought her Mustang and only had to drive it across the street. On the day I brought it home, it was showing 25,590 miles. I was ecstatic. I was also newly married, so of course money was tight.

My "new" Mustang was equipped with the 289 2-bbl, automatic transmission, factory air conditioning, console, spinner wheel covers, and tinted windshield. Even the original spare 6.95 X 14 tire was still in the trunk. After a few days, the former owner handed me a folder that contained the original window sticker, which showed a price of \$3,356.41. The folder also contained all the dealer papers related to the sale including the loan papers from the bank that financed the car and a bundle of repair receipts from now-closed Edmond's Ford of Arlington, VA, where she purchased the car new on July 14, 1966. This documentation provided great confirmation of the mileage on the car, as all the receipts were dated and included the mileage at the time of the service performed.

The car needed work, mostly because it was driven so little. The brakes needed attention, the water pump leaked, and the

paint was not in great shape. So I went to work and began the process of bringing this beauty back to as original a condition as my knowledge and bank account would allow. Needless to say, in the 23 years since the Mustang became mine I have babied it. I had the paint freshened to close to the original Tahoe Turquoise color. Mechanically, the car is like a time machine, and it is a joy to drive on a warm Sunday afternoon. My wife, whom I have been married to for nearly 25 years, has been my staunch supporter and, often times, parts provider. I really have the best of both worlds! I have a great Mustang and a wife who shares my passion for a great classic car. I am truly enjoying being a member of MCA and I proudly display my MCA sticker on my Mustang windshield. I plan to be a long-term member.

Whenever I get the chance, I take the Mustang on a drive on the George Washington Memorial Parkway. This road runs from Mt. Vernon into Alexandria, Virginia, my birthplace and hometown to this day, and right alongside the picturesque Potomac River. The windows are down, the 289 runs along with a humble rumble that is music to my ears. I always get a wave or two from those walking along the pedestrian path next to the parkway. My wife thinks I could not smile any bigger. I am proud to own a piece of automotive history, and I remain in contact with the original owner to this day. I own another old Ford, a 1964 Fairlane 500. I enjoy driving it, but the Mustang is my special car. My father, who passed away in 2003, worked with me many times on it, and I think of him often when I drive it or when I am working under the hood. My Dad taught me everything I know about cars and engines, and this makes the Mustang a special connection to him that I will always cherish.

My Mustang now shows just over 38,000 original miles, and I drive it every so often. It is not perfect and I will undoubtedly be working on it for years to come, it serves as a time machine that brings me a great amount of pleasure and revives fond memories of my younger days every time I get behind the wheel. **MT**