Living with a Legend

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Fridays at Freddy's - Sharing the Fun

– Steve Sloan

Freddy's is a burger joint here in Pasadena, Texas that has hamburger patties as thin as paper, and yet if you order a double with cheese and bacon they're actually quite tasty. But this story isn't about what goes on inside that place. It's about what happens in Freddy's parking lot every Friday evening – what we call a cruise-in. It's where anyone with a car they like to show just cruises in, picks a parking spot and opens his hood. There's no judging, no prizes, no fees – just show what you got, and a chance to check out what all the other drivers brought.

It's right up my alley. Come when you want and leave when you're ready, with a chance in-between to meet other owners and check out their cars. If your car is clean and shiny, that's fine. If it has a little road dirt on it because you actually drive it (gasp!) that's okay too. No one cares. At our local Freddy's, on an average Friday night you'll find around 40 or 50 vehicles: everything from '40 Fords, to early Hemi Cudas, late model muscle cars and customs like a Corvair with a V-8 in the front. Yeah, that's a strange one you won't see every day.

You've probably all participated in something like this at one time or another. But the last one I went to, I had more fun that I planned on thanks to two young boys that I met. I had left Robyn and our daughter to chaperone our 1966 GT350 while I walked around with our two sons checking out the other cars that evening. On our return to the Shelby I noticed a small crowd around it. Robyn drew my attention to one young lad in particular.

She described how she had seen him and his family walking among the other cars until he spotted ours. At that point he broke out into a dead run to get a closer look. His enthusiasm was boundless and contagious. I'm not a very good judge of age, but I guessed he was about 8 years-old. And according to his mom, he was already a full-blown "car nut" and knew what he was looking at. I was thrilled to be able to share my car with this young man and his slightly older brother.

They both obviously identified my 1966 Shelby GT350 as a "Mustang," but that's okay. Some purist don't want to face it, but we all know that early Shelbys are just Mustangs with a few modifications and some rub-off from Shelby American's racing success. For these two brothers to even recognize the fifty year-old car as a Mustang shows quite a bit of automotive savvy for their age.

It was starting to get late and things were beginning to wind down when it dawned on me that it would be fun if I could give these two guys a ride. So after clearing things with their mother, that's what I did. They had to go one at a time because there

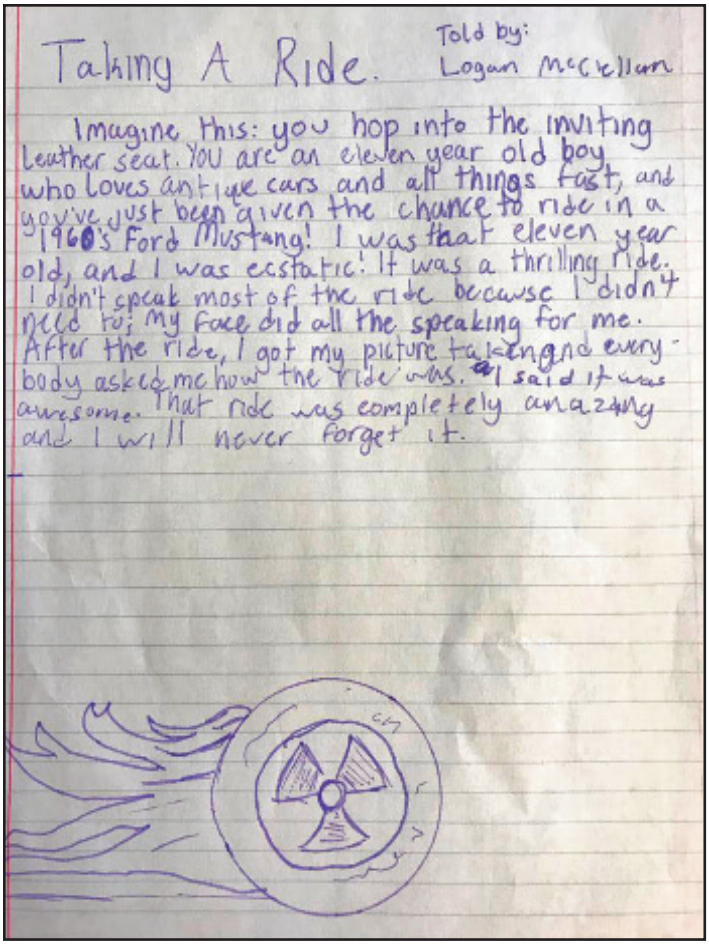
are no rear seat belts in my car (that's factory correct for a carryover). And I didn't push the car too hard because I didn't want to take any undue risks with my valuable passengers.

They seemed to enjoy their short rides in spite of those limitations, but I was the big winner in this deal. In my book, giving rides to young enthusiasts like these is just about the most fun you can have with a Shelby. The excitement of watching their faces as I pressed the throttle far surpasses any feelings I might have about trophies won at judged events. It was truly a joy to have been trusted with this honor. And I want to thank their mother, Valentina McClellan, for allowing me that privilege.

Now for the best part of this article: I'm going to stop writing and turn this over to the two young men who gave me so much enjoyment. Yes you, faithful reader, get to be in on the very first published automotive commentary by these two budding authors.

What follows is each young man's personal recollection of the events that evening.

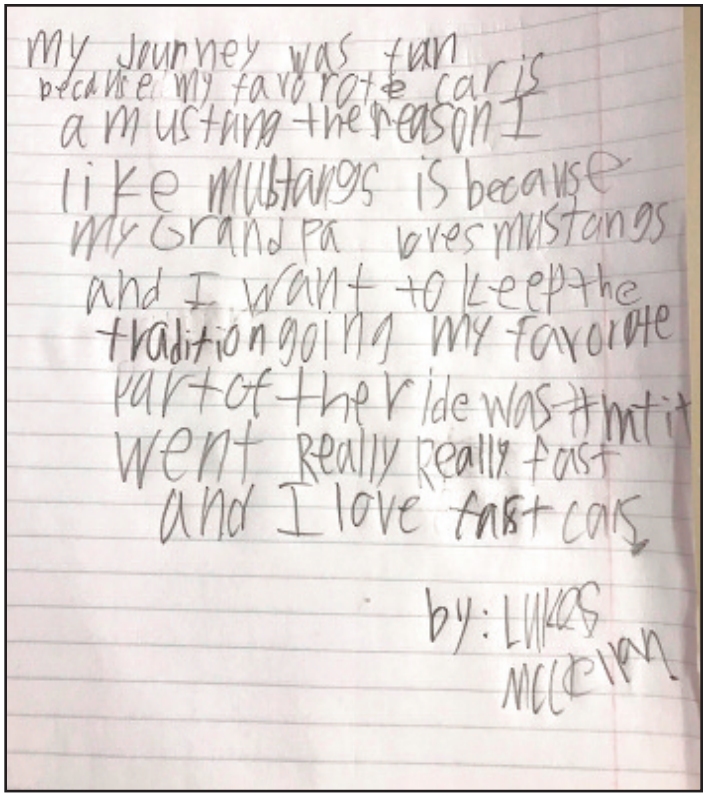
Taking A Ride
by Logan McClellan


Taking A Ride. Told by: Logan McClellan

Imagine this: you hop into the inviting leather seat. You are an eleven year old boy who loves antique cars and all things fast, and you've just been given the chance to ride in a 1960's Ford Mustang! I was that eleven year old, and I was ecstatic! It was a thrilling ride. I didn't speak most of the ride because I didn't need to; my face did all the speaking for me. After the ride, I got my picture taken and everybody asked me how the ride was. I said it was awesome. That ride was completely amazing and I will never forget it.

Life is great when you're living with a legend and you're blessed with opportunities to share the fun with young enthusiasts like this.

My Journey
by Lukas McClellan


My journey was fun because my favorite car is a mustang the reason I like Mustangs is because my Grandpa loves mustangs and I want to keep the tradition going my favorite part of the ride was that it went really really fast and I love fast cars.

by: Lukas McClellan

The details of 6S087's 36-year rebirth were covered in the Winter, 2017 issue. Once the car was finished, Steve Sloan began picking up where he left off in 1979, when he bought the car. After being without it for more than three and-a-half decades, it was time to get reacquainted. He became, in effect, a new owner and experienced most of the first-time adventures that a new Shelby owner might typically encounter. This is the eighth installment.