

The Story of 6S367

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(photos by the author)

The Mustang's story is interwoven with my entire life, beginning with the day I was born. That day marked its first appearance as a pace car for the Indy 500. Apparently, my dad, who was not welcome in the delivery room, went out to the car in the parking lot of the hospital with his brother to listen to live coverage of the race. Like much of America, he was caught up in the sales hype and had set out to own a Mustang like so many others. The design that really caught his attention in particular (and that of my uncle) was the fastback. From early promotions and advertising, they knew that it was not to be released until sometime in Au-



gust or September, so they patiently waited. My dad did eventually talk to a salesman in late 1964 at Jordan Ford in San Antonio and ordered his fastback: Prairie Bronze, C-code 289, 3-speed, outside remote rear-view mirror, and spinner hubcaps. My uncle Lonnie was gifted his fastback from his parents for graduating

from college in 1965. He and his dad also went to Jordan Ford and ordered his: Silver Smoke Gray, A-code 289, 4-speed, front disc brakes, and special handling package. They both be-



came members of several clubs, including the National Council of Mustang Clubs (sponsored by Ford) and the Sports Car Club of America (SCCA). Their primary activity was participating in and creating Time/Speed/Distance (TSD) rallies, at which they were both quite successful.



My dad's path took a slightly different turn when, in late 1966, he was having warranty work completed at Jordan Ford when his Mus-

tang was stolen off their lot. The car was recovered minus the radio within a few days. My dad requested a compression test on the motor and discovered that several cylinders were out of spec, so he made a decision to trade in his '65 for the newly introduced '67. Jordan Ford offered a straight trade, minus options. My dad ordered that Candy Apple Red fastback with a C-code 289, front disc brakes, deluxe interior, air conditioning, 4-speed, upper and lower consoles, 6,000-rpm tachometer and trip odometer, and 1966 spinner hubcaps. In that car, he was the SCCA Alamo Region TSD (non-mechanical) Champion in 1968, 1970, and 1971.



Throughout the late 1960s, my family was involved in many driving events via SCCA, including Trans-Am and Can-Am races. While Mustangs were seemingly everywhere, Shelybs were always talked about in an otherworldly sense: they were the ultimate race cars and something that regular Mustang guys could only aspire to own, including my dad and uncle. I knew one when I saw it, almost always painted white with blue stripes, which is why that combination has been burned into my psyche as the iconic color for a Shelby.

Time moved on, and so did my family, from Texas to Arizona, in the early '70s. My uncle

tired of his Mustang and sold it around 1971. My dad continued driving the '67, retiring it to the parking lot beneath a pine tree in favor of a 1975 Continental Mark IV. My family also went through a divorce, car activities came to a close, and priorities sent my life in a different direction, but I still remained a Mustang fan. My uncle, meanwhile, suffered from seller's remorse, and about ten years following the sale of his fastback, he went in search of it. He contacted owner number 2, who had sold it but still had contact information. Owner number 3 also had sold the car but had contact information for owner number 4. Owner number 4 was not interested in selling, but my uncle convinced him to trade straight across for a '65 GT fastback, to which he agreed. The car had been repainted twice—first root beer brown and then pastel yellow—and still retained the majority of its original sheet metal. A slow restoration on that car then ensued around 1981, which resulted in a return to its original Silver Smoke Gray and a custom interior.

By the time I was a senior in high school, I was able to purchase my first car, a '73 Mercury Capri. After several months of unsatisfied driving, I set out to find my first Mustang. That car would turn out to be a '65 C-code coupe, purchased in 1982 for \$2,500. On that car, I learned how to install headers, do a brake job, change oil, and perform other regular maintenance that has served me a lifetime. I had always loved the idea of bringing a car back from the dead, and I found the perfect candidate in a factory '65 GT coupe, which was basically a rolling shell. This was the first car I had ever attempted a restoration on, and it was a good one. Finished in Poppy Red, with an A-code engine, 4-speed transmission, and black interior, it had received the factory Cobra dress-

up package and aftermarket taillights, which consisted of wide red lenses with horizontal aluminum bars. The car needed most of its parts, and through a classified ad in the local newspaper, I discovered a seller of Mustang cars and parts, and I frequently bought parts from him that were hard to find elsewhere.

One day, I was there shopping for more stuff, and the owner said he had something special in his garage. When he opened the door, there before me sat a genuine 1966 GT350. He said he bought it to flip (perhaps the only thing that he was honest about), and it was indeed for sale. To me, it was the most beautiful car in the world—it had been freshly painted white with blue stripes, the interior was immaculate, and it was a 4-speed to boot. He was asking about \$10,000, which was well beyond my means, as I had only recently paid off the loan on my '65 coupe for a quarter as much. Over the next several months, I continued buying parts from the seller, always stopping by the garage to gaze on the Shelby. I knew virtually nothing of the cars and how to identify them, so I purchased a Shelby Buyer's Guide written by Rick Kopec, which helped tremendously with photos and information. Then, on one of my outings for more parts, the seller announced that he had a buyer for the Shelby, and it would probably be gone by my next visit. I thought \$10,000 was a fair price (but in all honesty, I hadn't compared prices with other Shelys), and so I immediately began searching for a loan for the car. I hit up every bank I could think of, and I was turned down each time. For some reason, all the loan officers felt that an expensive loan to a 22-year-old on a 20-year-old car was just too great a risk. While disappointed, I never gave up, and I finally did find a bank that was willing to give me a

chance. I recently found a loan document in my old Shelby file where the car was described as a 1966 Mustang, nothing more, to help divert attention from the fact that it was actually a very special car built by a shop that built race cars. Incidentally, leading up to the purchase, I called the phone number listed in the back of the Shelby Buyer's Guide and had started leaving a message about a Shelby I was interested in buying and where I could find more information about the cars. The line clicked about halfway through my message when I heard someone say, "Hello." It was Rick Kopec, and he began asking questions about the car and what details I knew. From him, I learned that it was one of the 252 carryovers (I had very basic knowledge of them), and what I learned from Rick led me to believe I had a solid car. On the day I was to close the loan, the owner let me borrow the car for the day, as the bank needed to conduct a physical inspection before loaning the money. Words can hardly describe the elation I felt driving around a real Shelby—the sounds, instant horsepower, and unmistakable design gave me the same sensation as riding on a roller coaster. It passed inspection and even overheated/boiled over, but I could hardly care less because it was about to be mine, and I figured I could solve any issues on my own.



The first days of ownership of my GT350 (6S228) were almost indescribable. I preferred

to drive that car on every possible occasion. My adventures began almost immediately as I started planning my first road trip in the fall of 1986. My first destination would be my hometown of San Antonio to visit family and then up to Albuquerque, where the Mustang Club of America (MCA) was holding a national show.



It was about a fourteen-hour drive, and the car hummed along the first nine hundred miles and then developed a hard knocking sound coming from beneath the car. I pulled into a lube shop, and they could not determine where the noise was coming from or detect anything wrong. The vibrations were greatly reduced at 30 mph, and so I drove in the right lane for the remainder of the drive. Limping into the driveway, my uncle came over and helped me tow the car to the auto shop at a high school where he was a teacher. Once on a lift, with the help of the school auto shop teacher, we discovered that part of the noise was a transmission seal that came off the tail-shaft and was wobbling around the yoke. The yoke would not come out because it had been hammered into the tail-shaft (hammer marks were clearly visible on the yoke), and the driveshaft had been wedged between the transmission and the third member. The removal required a crowbar to pry the driveshaft out so that the transmission (a T10) could be removed. Once out, we determined that the T10 had grenaded from the inside, and

gears and synchros were nearly impossible to locate. I then made the decision to swap in a Toploader 4-speed. We sent the driveshaft to get shortened, and within three days, the dead car was alive again, and I headed north to Albuquerque. The MCA show was a hoot, and I was even surprised by meeting my roommate's parents, who were there for the show. I won a second-place trophy for '65-'66 Shelbys, never mind that mine was one of only two entries. Yes, the car was nitpicked, and several Shelby guys questioned certain features of the car, most of which I did not have answers for. Nevertheless, the trip was a great success, and the car returned to Phoenix without a hitch.

I knew something (or things) was up with the car, not the least of which was that the tach was not mounted but had been provided by the previous owner (PO) of the car. The Shelby Buyer's Guide had many photos of Shelby-unique items, but virtually nothing on the interior. Carryover cars had perhaps the most work done to the interiors (not including R-models), and I soon set about tearing the back seat out of the car to see what was there. Sure enough, it was a bit of a mess (but a cool mess) and was as it should have been. To this day, I'm still shocked a bit at the condition of the car that was only 20 years old at the time. The fiberglass covers of the overrides were present, and what looked like an inner tube sealed the traction bar to the opening through the floor pan. The eyebolts with the oversized washers were present, but the limiting cables to the axles were not. Finally, the override bars were supported by wires above the axle that were hung through the eyebolts for the cables. There were no brackets welded to the top of the axle housing. Perhaps my most satisfying find was the car number that had been written on a

folder label on both side panels in the interior and the third panel of the fold-down. Having the original back seat (in addition to all the other hardware) gave me great confidence that I had a legitimate Shelby. Up front was a different story—I did check prior to purchase that all three Ford VINs were present and that it had its SFM stamp adjacent to the right shock tower. What I did discover was that the car had been in an accident, and I immediately suspected that the PO knew of the car's condition but had not been forthcoming.

Despite the drama of newfound information, I was not swayed in my ownership, and I had a long-term goal to correct and replace those things on the Shelby that needed attention. I continued to drive it as often as possible, and attention followed almost everywhere that I went. One such occasion was a visit to a music store one night, and I parked the car near the front of the store (this being 1987). Before I continue with this part of the story, I have to explain another incredible detail in my experience that has stayed with me to this day. The PO of my car sold Mustangs, and on his lot, he had a '65-'66 fastback shell that I happened upon during one of my visits. It was white with blue stripes, and it most definitely was a shell with almost no removable parts still on it. I wasn't sure exactly what I was looking at, but Jim (not his real name) confirmed that it was a real GT350 that he had cut the VIN numbers out of. Of all the cars I wish I had a photo of, my greatest disappointment has always been that I took no photos of it. The extra holes were in the shock towers where it had been lowered, the holes in the quarter panels were present, and even the override brackets were welded to the floors in the interior. There appeared to be little wrong with the shell other than being a

little dinged up. From my interactions with the local chapter of SAAC (which I joined shortly after buying my car), I had learned that a certain Shelby related to the club had been rebodied, 6Sxxx, and it was not mine. Fast forward to the music store, and, as often happened, a guy came out of nowhere very excited to see the car. He commented that he had once owned one and loved it, but that it had been rolled and was never the same since, so he sold it. He then told me its number—6Sxxx. Putting the two together was like a jigsaw puzzle for cars. The chapter for this car came to a temporary close perhaps a month later. On one of my many trips for parts, I discovered the Shelby near the entrance of the building, almost a complete car, and Jim commented that he had a buyer on his way to pick it up. It had fastback VIN numbers welded in place of the original San Jose VINs, and Jim proudly proclaimed that the car now had a new life. I had always wondered about the fate of that car, and it was always stunning to me that a real GT350 was running around as a basic fastback, its owner unaware of what an incredible car it really was. Thirty-five years later, I believe I've discovered its fate.



Long story short, that car and I were inseparable for many more years. I drove to several out-of-state car shows and completely immersed

myself in Shelby car culture. In the late '80s, I enlisted in the Army, and I even had plans to take it to Germany to be able to drive on the Autobahn. As luck would have it, I never made it to Germany, but the car did go with me to Colorado. Shortly before I was to ship to boot



camp, I let my buddy borrow the car, and while he was in a parking lot, he got rear-ended by a drunk driver. This one particularly hurt, as the quarter sheet metal was original and pristine,



as was the trunk lid. But, as I always reminded myself, driving a Shelby always had its risks, this being one of them. The car did indeed get fixed and spent the following three years in Colorado. I joined the local Mustang club in Colorado Springs and continued to attend shows there, one of which required me, an owner of a '69 Boss 429, and an owner of a '70 Cobra Jet Mach 1 to drive through a hailstorm. We all suffered hail damage that day, which resulted in my car's second repaint in three

years. A year later, I was newly married, out of the Army, and resuming life in Arizona. My first child arrived, and we agreed to name her Shelby. Another event that was on the horizon was the Mustangs Across America rally that was to take place in April of 1994. My uncle wanted very much to attend, so we registered with the intent of joining in Williams, spending the night in Flagstaff, and then continuing with the group as far as Holbrook. During the overnight stop, I happened to spot a '65 Shelby and proceeded to track down its owner. That person turned out to be Tony Sousa, whom I had never met. We spent a good deal of time that evening visiting and talking cars. The next morning, we met in the parking lot together, and I tagged along as far as Holbrook before we parted ways. Later that year, Tony's Shelby was featured in Mustang Monthly, and the article pointed out the great lengths Tony would go to ship his car across the country just to be able to participate in various events. He was a Shelby guy through and through, as nice as they come, and was taken much too soon.

Shortly after that, health concerns from my time in the Army resurfaced, and we were faced with possible financial hardship. Should we or should we not sell the car to meet our obligations? I very reluctantly agreed to sell under the condition that I could search for another Shelby if/when I returned to good health. I had recently returned from a Mustang show in Tucson where I had run into a member of the Colorado club who had relocated to Arizona. I shared my dilemma that the car might be put up for sale, and he expressed interest. After returning home, I placed a call to my friend, letting him know that the car was indeed up for sale. Unlike the seller from whom I purchased the car, I shared every detail that

I knew, all the good and the bad. I did have a price in mind that I thought would be out of reach, hoping he would turn me down and therefore draw out the process. To my great dismay, he accepted, and we closed the deal about a month later. We drove down to Tucson to drop it off and sign away the title, and from there, I was on my way for necessary medical treatment. Needless to say, my procedure was successful, but my marriage was not, ending just a few years later. I soon found myself as a single dad raising two children and just barely covering my bills. My dad's '67 fastback then became available, and I acquired it—it was not a Shelby, but it did turn into an outlet to focus my energy and love of cars. A few years later, around 2004, my uncle's health took a turn for the worse, and he decided to sign over his '65 fastback to me rather than have it leave the family once again. And so life continued, without my Shelby, but I was still beyond blessed to have the two fastbacks that I had grown up with. I was eight years removed from being a Shelby owner, and I found myself saying something I swore I would never, ever say: "I used to own one of those" whenever I saw one at a show. The drought was well underway, and it would be another twenty years before I could call it over.

As 2005 arrived, almost ten years had passed since I sold my Shelby, but raising my two daughters as a single dad, plus reordering my life to put it back on track, had taken priority. I was still as determined as ever to one day find an early Shelby, but that day was still in the distant future. Reminders seemed to be everywhere. I crossed paths several times with a '68 GT350 after picking up my daughters from school, but I never managed more than a "nice car" and was never able to start a conversation.

It was all so exhilarating and depressing at the same time. I had also become addicted to eBay around the same time, looking for Shelbys, yet the cars seemed to be increasing in price faster



than my income could keep up. One such car that did pop up was 6S2117. A tree had fallen on it, crushing the roof and a good part of the passenger's side of the car. My spirits rose at the prospect of something I might be able to afford, and as I had learned with my first Shelby, these cars were meant to be restored, not



sent to the wrecking yard. I clearly remember a conversation with a coworker to whom I showed photos from the eBay listing, and he was dumbfounded that I would want to buy a car that was practically destroyed. Still, as a single dad working the overnight shift at a bank, even the reduced price of that car was way over my budget. (The 2019 Registry shows that the auction for 6S2117 was pulled early,

which certainly did not help my cause.) By the time 2007 rolled around, I had remarried and decided that my first goal was to finish my education and begin a career I had always dreamed about—teaching.



Buying a Shelby was still on hold, but the fire remained. My best bud, Mark, called me one afternoon and suggested that we make a visit to a SEMA-type event that was in our area. Carroll Shelby was scheduled to sign autographs, and Mark knew as well as I did that time was short if I ever had a chance of meeting him. So, on a Saturday in July 2007, we made our way over to the stadium in Glendale, Arizona, and I brought an original 1966 GT350 sales brochure



for him to sign. We patiently waited in line and finally got the opportunity to shake Shelby's hand. My buddy Mark was busy snapping pho-

tos, and he even managed to take one of Shelby actually signing his autograph. Another was with me, my two daughters, and Mark's daughter, but unfortunately, Mark never made it into the frame.

Time marched on, and I was finally able to earn my degree and start my career as a teacher. My buddy Mark was an avid Hot Wheels collector, and I was able to focus a lot of energy on those in addition to my two Mustangs. By 2020, COVID-19 had hit, and my buddy Mark had been diagnosed with leukemia. He passed in December of that year, but life continued moving on.



Just a few months later, I was once again struck by another car for sale. It appeared in a Facebook group in 2021 and was a 1966 GT350, sitting in foliage and having very obvious rust issues. Knowing that most sheet metal can be sourced for '66 Mustangs, I had a discussion with my wife about whether the car could be restored and whether she would be willing to go in on it. She agreed, having tolerated my years of Shelby enthusiasm and trusting that I knew what I was in for. I contacted the seller and quickly discovered that there were several interested buyers, and the price was rising. The car itself was not unknown. Several who were commenting knew the seller personally and

had seen the car in person. It was legitimate and had been owned for about 40 years. About two weeks later, the listing was mysteriously pulled, and I wrote the seller with another offer to buy the car. In fact, the owner was a member of the family, and the seller, a close relative, had been asked to list the car for the owner. At some point, the owner began to regret his decision and decided to pull the ad. Undoubtedly, there are some who recognize the car. I was never informed of its Shelby number, but I stayed in contact with the family member in case a decision was made to sell the car. I wrote several times a year, keeping in touch for about three years, until a Sunday morning in April 2024, when 6S367 appeared for sale through a well-known dealer. The car



had been involved in a serious front-end accident that had damaged most of the sheet metal



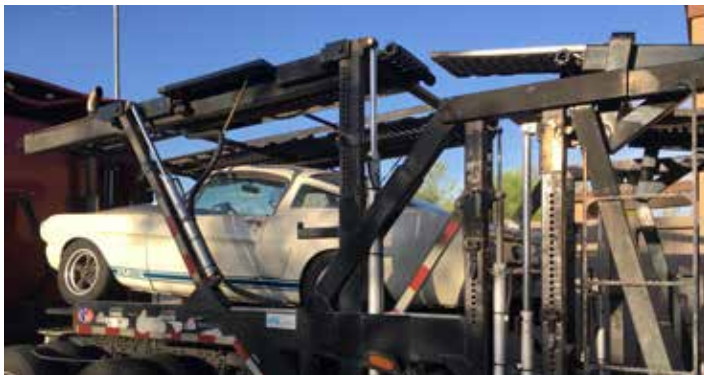
on the front and right corner of the car. I immediately contacted the seller and was provided additional photos and information. He did not want to disclose the VIN, but he did indicate that it had lived its entire life in California. He promised that it had its original engine and transmission (an automatic, but with two four-speed cars, I was ready for something different), retained its original Shelby tag, and had all three Ford VINs present. Negotiations continued on Monday, and by Tuesday morning, we had come to an agreement on price. This did not come without a lot of help, notably from a good buddy from my early Shelby days, who offered insights and other help to get me over the finish line. It also required the sale of my entire Hot Wheels collection—quite the endeavor. After wiring the money, the car arrived exactly three weeks after that Sunday morning when I discovered it online.

From my first Shelby purchase some 38 years earlier, I knew that there were unscrupulous actors associated with these cars, and times haven't really changed. The seller did deliver as promised, and I was even encouraged when he said that if he had misrepresented it in any way, he would buy the car back, no questions



asked. Prior to the car arriving, I received a package with paperwork, receipts, and the

original owner's manual that I was able to use to identify previous owners. The car was indeed a two-owner car (with me being the third owner) and had been involved in the accident



the year before, in 2023. It then changed hands four times, with none of the subsequent owners bothering to title the car in their names. Once I was able to contact the family of the second owner, I was eagerly asked what remained with the car. Did it still have a Paxton supercharger, original GT350 owner's manual, original Koni owner's manual, five original



Shelby ten-spoke wheels, signed glovebox, early factory tach, original Ray Brown seat belts, and probably one or two things I've forgotten about? The answer to each was no; none of that was still with the car. A quick email to one of the flippers revealed that, indeed, all of the parts and manuals had been stripped from the car. Most of it was for sale, but at a price. I was able to buy back the original Ray Browns, but

they came at a premium.

Over the next several weeks, I communicated with the family of the second owner and was pleasantly surprised to discover that not everything went with the car when it was sold. The fold-down back seat, second original California black license plate, original keys, and a collection of memorabilia were offered, and I gladly accepted. In my mind, the back seat was maybe the greatest addition to the car that I had. A few weeks earlier, I had removed the interior of the car and discovered, just like on 6S228, the sequence number of the car on both side panels. However, the number on these panels turned out to be 376, nine cars later than mine, which apparently was a result of dyslexia or not caring what seat went with what car back at LAX. I did look for a number on the fold-down seat when I picked it up in California, and the panel appeared to be blank. Upon closer inspection after returning home, I did indeed discover, printed very faintly, the number 376 written in the same white pen, under a coat of dust. Part of what makes this remarkable is that, according to the Registry, 6S376 was delivered with the package shelf, which indicates that it, and perhaps all '66 Shelybs, arrived at SAI with their back seats from Ford.



Prior to my purchase of 6S367 (when I was in pursuit of the blue '66), I had considered that if I bought that car, I wanted to document as much about it as possible. This idea evolved into making a YouTube channel devoted to the restoration of the car, and when the deal was completed for 6S367, I began filming videos with the help of my granddaughter that documented the process of bringing the car back to life. I was able to post new episodes about once every two months, and then, in late 2025, I received news of a medical setback. In addition, my wife and I went through the process of moving, which put the Shelby on the back burner.

As I write this in late July 2026, assuming my health continues on an upward trajectory, I anticipate new episodes in the next few months. As the car sits, all of the damaged sheet metal has been either repaired or replaced. I was adamant that no aprons were to be removed from the car (except for the battery apron) and that the Ford VINs and Shelby VIN would remain attached to the unibody. Needless to say, I was quite happy that the body shop doing the work was able to accomplish all of that and more. My next step, and likely the subject of the next video, will be to remove the entire front suspension and have the wheel wells dry-ice cleaned. I'll also try to have them address the floor pans, where several areas of red oxide paint are visible. With that work done, I'll re-assemble the front with reconditioned or replacement parts, install new wiring from front to back, and finally put the engine and transmission back in the car. Ideally, I hope to do this within a year. Additionally, when the time comes, the final bodywork will be completed and a fresh coat of Wimbledon White will be applied.



Immediately after buying the car in 2024, the purist in me decided that I would maintain the origins of the car and keep it stripe-delete. That soon gave way to deciding on putting stripes back on, just the way the second owner did shortly after he took ownership. I plan on keeping the car in the family (as with the other two fastbacks), and with the back seat, I'll be hauling around as many grandkids as I can fit and letting them begin soaking up the incredible aura that an early Shelby Mustang brings.

Mark's YouTube Channel link and QR Code

<https://youtube.com/@garagegrandpa66shelby?si=62kQL-iy3wP7eiV>

