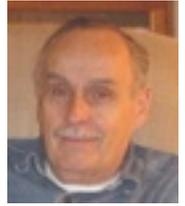


SAINTHOOD

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Over the years I have been blessed in many ways! My first wife and I were married at a very young age, and heaven knows she was a saint for putting up with some of the things I did those earlier years.

Even some of the projects I would drag home, it was a wonder she didn't make me sleep in the garage. As I look back, I'm sure the neighborhood was also wondering if I had lost my mind.

One of the cars I dragged home was a 1939 Ford two-door sedan with no front clip, no engine, no interior, and covered with surface rust. When that car was finished it looked like a 1940 Ford with a bright red paint job. The dash was the only way you could still tell that it was not a true '40.

Pictured is a 1955 Ford F-100 that I thought at the time needed saving. I did manage to drive this one home, however I will admit, it ended up being traded off before getting it finished.



My first wife died July 2nd of 1990. We had been married 33 years! A few years later, I was again blessed to find someone else who is not only a saint, but also a great nurse mate. She had also been married 33 years when her spouse died.

Rosemarie has now put up with me 19 years. Which means we have both been married over 50 years, but not to each other!

A few years ago I bought another car that looked like it should have gone straight to the junkyard. This was a 1936 Chevy Master two-door humpback.

The engine had been rebuilt, but was stuck big time because it had not been started in years. I knew that my wife would not like her car sitting outside while I worked on this project, so I had a wrecker pick the car up and take it straight over to our pole barn, so it would be out of Rosemarie's sight. Even my daughter asked me, "What were you thinking when you bought that project?"

I took the spark plugs out and added Mystery Oil to each cylinder. Then, using a floor jack, with the weight of the car resting on the engine crank, I did manage to get the engine so that it would turn over.

Finding trim parts for the '36 Chevy seemed impossible. While on this quest, I found a dealer who wanted to buy the car and said he would finish it for himself, so I sold it to him. Maybe I should be giving up on the idea that I can still do what I did 40 years ago.