

1967 Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

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When my younger brother was coming up on his sixteenth birthday, I knew he needed a car but was not going to get one. I knew this better than he did. The life of a sixteen year old with a car is much different than the life of a sixteen year old taking the bus.

Because he lived with our Mother, there were rules he had to follow. Needed a license, insurance, car, and money in the bank. I loaned him the money he needed and for his birthday got him this bug. After school he came to my house and worked for me to repay his debt and fix on his car. You should hear some of his stories: Getting passed on the road by your own tire, the Peach, stolen car, dimes, hot-wiring a car, picking a lock, and the most exciting... catching fire on the freeway. After high school, I hired my brother full-time and he was able to take his Ghia all the way down, then do a beautiful job of restoring and customizing it.