

A MEMBERS PROFILE

Jody of Watsonville, CA

I opened my much anticipated MINI BRIEFS and read the mini items within cover to cover. But there it was, the one that caught my eye. FOR SALE: BUGEYE ROLLER. At last thought I, a home for my orphaned A series engine and trans. Sounded like a quick project. A quick wrench or two on the engine, a few bolts and I could transform a barn lizard into a runner, Thus turning my side patio storage problem (that's were the engine is) it to a much larger "where can I park another car" problem. But I get a head of my self. The ad listed Jody as the contact and the area code was 408. I made the call. I must admit that Jody and I seemed to hit it off right away. We both were trying to out do each other with our car collection tails, a form of bench racing or fish stories in other circles I would imagine. But harmless fun non the less. The bugeye sounded ok and I wanted to have a look.

Jody is a Mini Club Member in Watsonville. A very fine chap and he has many cars, even a Mini. Hydraulics had it laid up when I saw it. After a few calls Jody and I had a date that would work for both of us, and I started worrying that I might like what I saw and cause the bugeye to follow me home. Watsonville is a fair drive from Martinez so I asked Clar to join me and keep me company.

The Sunday morning drive had sun but wet roads that muddied up my just washed car. I tried not to notice that. Jody gave me detailed direction but I misinterpreted the first turn's location and drove way past the exit before I even started looking for it. At one point I was driving back and forth on the freeway trying to decide whether to go way back to find the exit or just FIPO (f..k it press on) and see if I could find his address by dead reckoning. FIPO made more sense so the challenge was on. By some strange coincidence when I found the street that Jody live on I was within a block of his house, but I drove past it by a mile or two before I got sorted out. Jody had seem me go by and wondered what had happened to me.

Jody's cars were assembled in a small lot behind his house, The above mentioned Mini was nose high waiting patiently for its fair share of time and parts. Behind the mini was a fine TVR and setting beside the road was an Alfa Sprint. The bugeye was still a trip away. The Alfa was a 2+2 and as there were 3 of us, it was called into service. Loaded up Jody raced off up the road headed for the hills. Giant redwoods. Deep shadows. Narrow road. Steep hill. This was the LOMA PRIETA. Today, things were quiet. Nothing was moving or shaking. Jody pulled off the main road and stopped at one of those steel gates that I always see and wonder, whats up there anyway. Well today we were going to find what's up this one. And we did. Right to the top. The sun was not allowed to shine on the road and mossy redwoods were in charge of the neighborhood. The exceptions were some clapped out VW vans and Subaru that Jody explained had died going up and down the road and were just pushed aside. We broke out into the sun like the Thresher and pulled into a drive by a quaint mountain cabin/home. Jody's brother and wife were the keeper of this part of the mountain and as it were the bugeye also. A short slip-slide-walk down

across a wet meadow covered with deer tracks and to a large redwood with a forlorn set of bug eyes looking out. After much poking and looking I decided that the car was as represented but my hopeful expectations were not to be fulfilled, a bit more than bolting in a motor and dusting it off. A few years ago the dam thing would have attached its self to me and followed me home. Maybe Clar's glares are having some accumulative effect on me. Back down the mountain. We checked out some other parts that we had discussed and looked over Jody's cars in the lot. The time of day was noticed and Jody raced of to work, late I suspect. I think Jody runs a music shop in Watsonville we really didn't get much past cars in our discussions you know. Nice chap. If your in the area say Hi.

If you are wanting a project, give Jody a call and say I sent you.

Frank Cunningham March 1995